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George Bernard Shaw

MAJOR BARBARA
巴巴拉少校

乔治·萧伯纳

Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
外语教学与研究出版社

George Bernard Shaw

Major Barbara

巴巴拉少校

乔治·萧伯纳（爱尔兰） 著
唐玉娟 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

Chinese translation copyright © Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press 2010

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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ACT I

第一幕

(It is after dinner on a January night, in the library in Lady Britomart Undershaft's house in Wilton Crescent. A large and comfortable settee is in the middle of the room, upholstered in dark leather. A person sitting on it (it is vacant at present) would have, on his right, Lady Britomart's writing table, with the lady herself busy at it; a smaller writing table behind him on his left; the door behind him on Lady Britomart's side; and a window with a window seat directly on his left. Near the window is an armchair.

（这是一月某天的晚餐后，事情发生在薄丽托玛·安德谢夫太太的威尔顿新月区住宅的书房里。在书房中间有一张宽大而又舒适的长沙发，表面还包着暗色的皮革。要是有人坐上去——现在是空着的——就会看见薄丽托玛太太坐在右边的书桌前，正专心写着什么；在左后方有一张小一点的书桌；他的背后，即太太的侧面则是房门；而在正左方有一扇窗，窗下是可以坐的窗台。窗户旁边是一把扶手椅。

Lady Britomart is a woman of fifty or thereabouts, well dressed and yet careless of her dress, well bred and quite reckless of her breeding, well mannered and yet appallingly outspoken and indifferent to the opinion of her interlocutory, amiable and yet peremptory, arbitrary, and high-tempered to the last bearable degree, and withal a very typical managing matron of the upper class, treated as a naughty child until she grew into a scolding mother, and finally settling down with plenty of practical ability and worldly experience, limited in the oddest way with domestic and class limitations, conceiving the universe exactly as if it were a large house in Wilton Crescent, though handling her corner of it very effectively on that assumption, and being quite enlightened and liberal as to the books in the library, the pictures on the walls, the music in the portfolios, and the articles in the papers.

薄丽托玛太太是一位五十岁左右的女士，她衣着得体，但好像又不注意个人服饰；她有良好的教养，但好像对培养孩子又漫不经心；她举止得体，但又直言不讳，对谈话者的意见也不理不睬。她为人亲切，却又独断专行、随心所欲，脾气倔得让人无法忍受。她是上流社会那种喜欢指手画脚的贵妇人，孩提时就任意妄为，终于变成一位苛刻严厉的母亲。如今她阅历丰富、老于世故。说来也奇怪，由于局限于自己的家庭和本阶层之内，她认为宇宙好像就只是威尔顿新月区的一栋大房子，正是基于这种想法，她有效地管理着她的这个角落；而书房里的书籍、墙上的画、收藏的乐谱以及报纸上的那些文章，这些无一不表明她很有见

识，而且宽宏大度。

Her son, Stephen, comes in. He is a gravely correct young man under 25, taking himself very seriously, but still in some awe of his mother, from childish habit and bachelor shyness rather than from any weakness of character.)

她的儿子斯蒂芬走了进来。他是个行为端正、严肃正统的年轻人，还不满二十五岁，却自命不凡，但对母亲还依然有些敬畏。这并不是他性格软弱，而是自童年时代就养成的习惯，以及单身男子的腼腆。）

STEPHEN: What's the matter?

斯蒂芬：有事吗？

LADY BRITOMART: Presently, Stephen.

薄丽托玛太太：斯蒂芬，稍等。

(Stephen submissively walks to the settee and sits down. He takes up The Speaker.)

（斯蒂芬顺从地走到长沙发边坐下。他拿起《演讲者》来。）

LADY BRITOMART: Don't begin to read, Stephen. I shall require all your attention.

薄丽托玛太太：不要看，斯蒂芬。我要求你全神贯注。

STEPHEN: It was only while I was waiting—

斯蒂芬：只有等候的时候，我才——

LADY BRITOMART: Don't make excuses, Stephen. (He puts down The Speaker.) Now! (She finishes her writing; rises; and comes to the settee.) I have not kept you waiting very long, I think.

薄丽托玛太太：别找借口了，斯蒂芬。（他放下了《演讲者》。）行了！（她终于写完，站起来，朝长沙发走去。）我想，我没让你等很久吧？

STEPHEN: Not at all, mother.

斯蒂芬：当然没有，母亲。

LADY BRITOMART: Bring me my cushion. (He takes the cushion from the chair at the desk and arranges it for her as she sits down on the settee.) Sit down. (He sits down and fingers his tie nervously.) Don't fiddle with your tie, Stephen: there is nothing the matter with it.

薄丽托玛太太：帮我把靠垫拿来。（他从书桌旁的椅子上取来靠垫，在她要坐到沙发上时为她铺好垫子。）坐吧。（他坐了下来，紧张地拨弄着自己的领带。）别乱动你的领带了，斯蒂芬，领带没有问题。

STEPHEN: I beg your pardon. (He fiddles with his watch chain instead.)

斯蒂芬：对不起。（他又玩起他的表链。）

LADY BRITOMART: Now are you attending to me, Stephen?

薄丽托玛太太：斯蒂芬，你现在在听我讲话吗？

STEPHEN: Of course, mother.

斯蒂芬：当然，母亲。

LADY BRITOMART: No: it's not of course. I want something much more than your everyday matter-of-course attention. I am going to speak to you very seriously, Stephen. I wish you would let that chain alone.

薄丽托玛太太：不行，不能想当然。我要你比平时更专注，不要像往常那样的理所当然。我得认真地跟你谈一谈，斯蒂芬。我希望你别碰那条表链了。

STEPHEN: (hastily relinquishing the chain) Have I done anything to annoy you, mother? If so, it was quite unintentional.

斯蒂芬：（赶紧松开表链）母亲，我惹您生气了吗？要是有，那的确不是存心的。

LADY BRITOMART: (astonished) Nonsense! (With some remorse) My poor boy, did you think I was angry with you?

薄丽托玛太太：（吓了一跳）胡说！（有点后悔）我可怜的儿子，你以为我生你的气了？

STEPHEN: What is it, then, mother? You are making me very uneasy.

斯蒂芬：那到底怎么了，母亲？您让我深感不安。

LADY BRITOMART: (squaring herself at him rather aggressively) Stephen: may I ask how soon you intend to realize that you are a grown-up man, and that I am only a woman?

薄丽托玛太太：（朝他摆出一副咄咄逼人的架势）斯蒂芬，我想问你，到底要多久你才知道自己已经长大成人，而我只是一个妇人？

STEPHEN: (amazed) Only a—

斯蒂芬：（惊讶地）只是一个——

LADY BRITOMART: Don't repeat my words, please: It is a most aggravating habit. You must learn to face life seriously, Stephen. I really cannot bear the whole burden of our family affairs any longer. You must advise me: you must assume the responsibility.

薄丽托玛太太：请不要重复我说过的话，这是个很讨人厌的习惯。你要学会认真地面对生活，斯蒂芬。我真的不能再忍受独自承担家庭重担了。你得给我出谋划策，必须承担起责任来。

STEPHEN: I!

斯蒂芬：我！

LADY BRITOMART: Yes, you, of course. You were 24 last June. You've been at Harrow and Cambridge. You've been to India and Japan. You must know a lot of things now; unless you have wasted your time most scandalously. Well, advise me.

薄丽托玛太太：对，你，当然了。去年六月你就二十四岁了。你在哈罗公学和剑桥大学学习过。你去过印度、日本。如今你应该很懂事了，除非这么多年以来你一直都在可耻地虚度光阴。好了，给我些建议吧。

STEPHEN: (much perplexed) You know I have never interfered in the household—

斯蒂芬：（茫然不知所措）您明白，我从不过问家务事——

LADY BRITOMART: No: I should think not. I don't want you to order the dinner.

薄丽托玛太太：当然，我知道本不该让你过问，我又没让你安排每顿的饮食。

STEPHEN: I mean in our family affairs.

斯蒂芬：我的意思是，我们家族里的事。

LADY BRITOMART: Well, you must interfere now; for they are getting quite beyond me.

薄丽托玛太太：好吧，眼下你必须得管管了，因为我实在没有办法了。

STEPHEN: (troubled) I have thought sometimes that perhaps I ought; but really, mother, I know so little about them; and what I do know is so painful—it is so impossible to mention some things to you—(He stops, ashamed.)

斯蒂芬：（左右为难）我有时也曾想，或许我应该过问一下；然而，母亲，我确实对家务事知之甚少；而我所知道的，实在是说不出口——而有些事跟您说，也不大可能——（他戛然而止，面露愧色）

LADY BRITOMART: I suppose you mean your father.

薄丽托玛太太：我想，你说的是你父亲吧。

STEPHEN: (almost inaudibly) Yes.

斯蒂芬：（很轻微地）嗯。

LADY BRITOMART: My dear: we can't go on all our lives not mentioning him. Of course you were quite right not to open the subject until I asked you to; but you are old enough now to be taken into my confidence, and to help me to deal with him about the girls.

薄丽托玛太太：亲爱的，我们总不能一辈子都不提他吧。当然了，在我问你之前，你没谈及这个话题是完全正确的。但现在，你也长大了，我相信你能帮我想办法，就你妹妹的问题与他周旋。

STEPHEN: But the girls are all right. They are engaged.

斯蒂芬：但是姑娘们都还不错。她们都已订婚。

LADY BRITOMART: (complacently) Yes: I have made a very good match for Sarah. Charles Lomax will be a millionaire at 35. But that is ten years ahead; and in the meantime his trustees cannot under the terms of his father's will allow him more than 800 pounds a year.

薄丽托玛太太：（沾沾自喜地）是啊，我为萨拉安排了一门很不错的亲事。查尔斯·洛马克斯在三十五岁时就会成为百万富翁。但那是十年以后的事了，在此期间，按照他父亲的遗嘱，他的受托人每年最多就拿八百英镑给他。

STEPHEN: But the will says also that if he increases his income by his own exertions, they may double the increase.

斯蒂芬：但遗嘱也说，要是他靠个人奋斗而使收入增加，他们要另外给他一笔钱，相当于增加额的一倍。

LADY BRITOMART: Charles Lomax's exertions are much more likely to decrease his income than to increase it. Sarah will have to find at least another 800 pounds a year for the next ten years; and even then they will be as poor as church mice. And what about Barbara? I thought Barbara was going to make the most brilliant career of all of you. And what does she do? Joins the Salvation Army; discharges her maid; lives on a pound a week; and walks in one evening with a professor of Greek whom she has picked up in the street, and who pretends to be a Salvationist, and actually plays the big drum for her in public because he has fallen head over ears in love with her.

薄丽托玛太太：要是靠查尔斯·洛马克斯的奋斗，只有可能使其收入减少，而非增加。在接下来的十年，萨拉每年至少还需要八百英镑，即使如此，他们也会像教堂的老鼠一样过着贫困潦倒的生活。而巴巴拉呢？我还以为巴巴拉将会是你们三个当中最有成就的。但她做了什么呢？加入救世军，解雇女仆，一周就用一英镑，还有一天晚上往家里带回一个希腊语教授，说什么在街上结识的，那人佯称自己是一名救世军，却在公众面前为她击大鼓，那不过就是因为他无可救药地爱上了巴巴拉。

STEPHEN: I was certainly rather taken aback when I heard they were engaged. Cusins is a very nice fellow, certainly: nobody would ever guess that he was born in Australia; but—

斯蒂芬：当我听到他们订婚时，真的吓了一跳。库森斯是个多好的人啊，真的；没有人会料到他出生于澳大利亚，但是——

LADY BRITOMART: Oh, Adolphus Cusins will make a very good husband. After all, nobody can say a word against Greek: it stamps a man at once as an educated gentleman. And my family, thank Heaven, is not a pig-headed Tory one. We are Whigs, and believe in liberty. Let snobbish people say what they please: Barbara shall marry, not the man they like, but the man I like.

薄丽托玛太太：嗯，阿道弗斯·库森斯会是个很不错的丈夫。毕竟，没有人会对希腊语有微词，而且马上会让人觉得这是一位受过教育的绅士。感谢上帝，我们家可不是顽固的保守分子。我们都是辉格党人，相信自由。就让势利鬼说他们的去吧，巴巴拉要跟一个他们不喜欢的人结婚，但这个人却是我喜欢的。

STEPHEN: Of course I was thinking only of his income. However, he is not likely to be extravagant.

斯蒂芬：当然，我想到的只是他的收入。不过呢，他也不太可能铺张浪费。

LADY BRITOMART: Don't be too sure of that, Stephen. I know your quiet, simple, refined, poetic people like Adolphus—quite content with the best of everything! They cost more than your extravagant people, who are always as mean as they are second rate. No: Barbara will need at least 2000 pounds a year. You see it means two additional households. Besides, my dear, you must marry soon. I don't approve of the present fashion of philandering bachelors and late marriages; and I am trying to arrange something for you.

薄丽托玛太太：对这一点别太肯定了，斯蒂芬。我知道像阿道弗斯这样安静纯朴、又斯文得体的读书人——只要每件事都做到最好就满足了。他们花钱比你说的那种人还要铺张浪费，你口中那种人一般都像二流货色那样小气吝啬。不对，巴巴拉每年需要至少两千英镑。你懂了吧，这就是说要添两个新家。另外，亲爱的，你也该结婚了。我就不赞成现在那些单身汉过着灯红酒绿的生活，还时兴晚婚；我正在想法儿给你张罗呢。

STEPHEN: It's very good of you, mother; but perhaps I had better arrange that for myself.

斯蒂芬：母亲，您真是太好了，但或许让我自己准备要好些吧。

LADY BRITOMART: Nonsense! You are much too young to begin matchmaking: you would be taken in by some pretty little nobody. Of

course I don't mean that you are not to be consulted: you know that as well as I do. (Stephen closes his lips and is silent.) Now don't sulk, Stephen.

薄丽托玛太太：荒唐！你年龄还太小，对说媒的事情还不懂，你会被长得漂亮的无名小丫头骗的。当然，我并不是说不跟你商量，你知道我不会那样的。（斯蒂芬闭上嘴唇，无言以对了。）不要绷着张脸，斯蒂芬。

STEPHEN: I am not sulking, mother. What has all this got to do with—with—with my father?

斯蒂芬：我没绷着脸，母亲。所有这些事与——与我父亲又有何关系呢？

LADY BRITOMART: My dear Stephen: where is the money to come from? It is easy enough for you and the other children to live on my income as long as we are in the same house; but I can't keep four families in four separate houses. You know how poor my father is: he has barely seven thousand a year now; and really, if he were not the Earl of Stevenage, he would have to give up society. He can do nothing for us: he says, naturally enough, that it is absurd that he should be asked to provide for the children of a man who is rolling in money. You see, Stephen, your father must be fabulously wealthy, because there is always a war going on somewhere.

薄丽托玛太太：我亲爱的斯蒂芬，钱从哪来呢？要是我们都住在一起，你和其他孩子靠我的收入生活是足够了，但我可负担不起分住在四处的四家人啊。你是知道我父亲有多穷的。如今他每年收入仅仅只有七千英镑，说真的，如果他不是斯蒂芬尼奇伯爵的话，那就只有停止一切社交活动了。而对我们，他也帮不上什么，这其实也很在理，要让他来供养一个大富翁的孩子，那真是太荒谬了。你明白吧，斯蒂芬，你父亲肯定非常有钱，因为总是有什么地方爆发战争。

STEPHEN: You need not remind me of that, mother. I have hardly ever opened a newspaper in my life without seeing our name in it. The Undershaft torpedo! The Undershaft quick firers! The Undershaft ten inch! the Undershaft disappearing rampart gun! the Undershaft submarine! and now the Undershaft aerial battleship! At Harrow they called me the Woolwich Infant. At Cambridge it was the same. A little brute at King's who was always trying to get up revivals, spoilt my Bible—your first birthday present to me—by writing under my name, "Son and heir to Undershaft and Lazarus, Death and Destruction Dealers: address, Christendom and Judea.” But that was not so bad as the way I was kowtowed to everywhere because my father was making millions by selling cannons.

斯蒂芬：母亲，这一点，您大可不必提醒我。有生以来，我几乎没

有哪一次翻开报纸时，在上面看不到我们家的名字。安德谢夫水雷！安德谢夫速射枪！安德谢夫十英寸口径炮！安德谢夫隐显兰帕特枪！安德谢夫潜艇！如今还有安德谢夫空中战舰！在哈罗公学时，同学都叫我“伍利奇的孩子”。在剑桥也是如此。在国王学院时，一个捣蛋鬼老是无端生事，还弄脏了我的《圣经》——那是您送我的第一份生日礼物——他在我姓名下方这样写道：“安德谢夫与拉扎勒斯的子嗣，死亡与毁灭的贩徒；地址：基督教世界和犹太教区”。但更令人不快的是，我无论在哪里都受人追捧，原因就在于我的父亲靠贩卖军火而发了大财。

LADY BRITOMART: It is not only the cannons, but the war loans that Lazarus arranges under cover of giving credit for the cannons. You know, Stephen, it's perfectly scandalous. Those two men, Andrew Undershaft and Lazarus, positively have Europe under their thumbs. That is why your father is able to behave as he does. He is above the law. Do you think Bismarck or Gladstone or Disraeli could have openly defied every social and moral obligation all their lives as your father has? They simply wouldn't have dared. I asked Gladstone to take it up. I asked The Times to take it up. I asked the Lord Chamberlain to take it up. But it was just like asking them to declare war on the Sultan. They WOULDN'T. They said they couldn't touch him. I believe they were afraid.

薄丽托玛太太：不仅仅是军火，还有拉扎勒斯以筹备军火贷款为借口而发放的战时公债。斯蒂芬，你也知道，这真是叫人深恶痛绝啊。那两个男人，安德鲁·安德谢夫和拉扎勒斯，完全把欧洲置于他们的掌控之下了。正因为如此，你父亲才能够这样为所欲为。他凌驾于法律之上了。你觉得，俾斯麦、格拉德斯通以及迪斯雷利，他们谁能够像你父亲一样，终生都公然反抗一切社会义务和道德责任？他们肯定不敢。我向格拉德斯通提出过，要求他处理。我也向《泰晤士报》提出要求干预。我还向内侍大臣提出过。但是这简直就像让他们对苏丹宣战一样。他们不肯啊。他们说他们对付不了他。我想呢，他们是害怕。

STEPHEN: What could they do? He does not actually break the law.

斯蒂芬：他们又能干什么呢？实际上，他并没有触犯法律。

LADY BRITOMART: Not break the law! He is always breaking the law. He broke the law when he was born: his parents were not married.

薄丽托玛太太：没触犯法律！他一直都在触犯法律。他一出生就犯法了，他父母都没结婚呢。

STEPHEN: Mother! Is that true?

斯蒂芬：母亲！此话当真？

LADY BRITOMART: Of course it's true: that was why we

separated.

薄丽托玛太太：自然是当真了，这就是我们分开的原因。

STEPHEN: He married without letting you know this!

斯蒂芬：他结婚时都没让你知道此事！

LADY BRITOMART: (rather taken aback by this inference) Oh no. To do Andrew justice, that was not the sort of thing he did. Besides, you know the Undershaft motto: Unashamed. Everybody knew.

薄丽托玛太太：（诧异于这种推断）噢，不是这样的。说实在的，这可不是安德鲁行事的风格。更何况了，你也知道安德谢夫的座右铭“问心无愧”。众所周知了吧。

STEPHEN: But you said that was why you separated.

斯蒂芬：但是您说这是您们分开的原因啊。

LADY BRITOMART: Yes, because he was not content with being a foundling himself: he wanted to disinherit you for another foundling. That was what I couldn't stand.

薄丽托玛太太：是的，因为他不满足于自己是个弃儿，他还想剥夺你的继承权，而把它拱手让给另一个弃儿。这就是我无法忍受的。

STEPHEN: (ashamed) Do you mean for—for—for—

斯蒂芬：（惭愧地）您的意思是，为了——为了——为了——

LADY BRITOMART: Don't stammer, Stephen. Speak distinctly.

薄丽托玛太太：别结结巴巴的，斯蒂芬。说清楚。

STEPHEN: But this is so frightful to me, mother. To have to speak to you about such things!

斯蒂芬：但这实在让我烦透了，母亲。竟然要跟您谈这种事！

LADY BRITOMART: It's not pleasant for me, either, especially if you are still so childish that you must make it worse by a display of embarrassment. It is only in the middle classes, Stephen, that people get into a state of dumb helpless horror when they find that there are wicked people in the world. In our class, we have to decide what is to be done with wicked people; and nothing should disturb our self possession. Now ask your question properly.

薄丽托玛太太：对我来说也不是什么高兴的事，尤其是如果你依然这么孩子气，动不动就弄得自己很难堪，那你反而会把事情弄得更糟。斯蒂芬，只有中产阶级发现这世上还有坏人时，才会吓得哑然失神、无能为力。在我们这个阶层，我们得决定如何对付坏人；没有什么能够扰乱我们的自制力。行啦，提点像样的问题吧。

STEPHEN: Mother: you have no consideration for me. For

Heaven's sake either treat me as a child, as you always do, and tell me nothing at all; or tell me everything and let me take it as best I can.

斯蒂芬：母亲，您没有为我设想过。看在上帝的份上，要么就当我是小孩，一如您一贯的做法，什么都别对我说；要么就告诉我一切，由我自己来处理吧。

LADY BRITOMART: Treat you as a child! What do you mean? It is most unkind and ungrateful of you to say such a thing. You know I have never treated any of you as children. I have always made you my companions and friends, and allowed you perfect freedom to do and say whatever you liked, so long as you liked what I could approve of.

薄丽托玛太太：当你是小孩！什么意思？你真是又残忍，又没良心，居然说出这种话来。你知道的，我从未把你们任何一个当成小孩。我一直当你们是我的同伴、我的朋友，给你们绝对自由去做想做的，说想说的，只要获得我的批准就行了。

STEPHEN: (desperately) I daresay we have been the very imperfect children of a very perfect mother; but I do beg you to let me alone for once, and tell me about this horrible business of my father wanting to set me aside for another son.

斯蒂芬：（绝望地）我敢说，我们一直都是满身缺点的孩子，却有一位十全十美的母亲；但我求您别管我了，仅此一次，给我说说吧，居然还有这么恐怖的事，我父亲为了别的儿子，要对我不管不顾。

LADY BRITOMART: (amazed) Another son! I never said anything of the kind. I never dreamt of such a thing. This is what comes of interrupting me.

薄丽托玛太太：（感到惊讶）别的儿子！我根本就没这么说。我做梦也没想过这种事。这就是你打断我讲话的结果。

STEPHEN: But you said—

斯蒂芬：但是您刚才说——

LADY BRITOMART: (cutting him short) Now be a good boy, Stephen, and listen to me patiently. The Undershafts are descended from a foundling in the parish of St. Andrew Undershaft in the city. That was long ago, in the reign of James the First. Well, this foundling was adopted by an armorer and gun-maker. In the course of time the foundling succeeded to the business; and from some notion of gratitude, or some vow or something, he adopted another foundling, and left the business to him. And that foundling did the same. Ever since that, the cannon business has always been left to an adopted foundling named Andrew Undershaft.

薄丽托玛太太：（打断他的话）斯蒂芬，行了，你要乖，耐心听我把话说完吧。安德谢夫家族是城里圣安德鲁·安德谢夫教区的一个弃儿传

下来的。那是很久以前，詹姆斯一世统治时期了。这个弃儿呢，被一位制造武器和枪械的人所收养。后来这位弃儿就接替了这份产业；大概是出于感恩的想法，或立下了誓言什么的，他也收养了一个弃儿，最后把产业留给了他。而这个弃子也照做了。从此以后，军火生意一直都由一名收养来的弃儿接管，都叫做安德鲁·安德谢夫。

STEPHEN: But did they never marry? Were there no legitimate sons?

斯蒂芬：可是他们就永不娶妻？就没有合法的儿子么？

LADY BRITOMART: Oh yes: they married just as your father did; and they were rich enough to buy land for their own children and leave them well provided for. But they always adopted and trained some foundling to succeed them in the business; and of course they always quarrelled with their wives furiously over it. Your father was adopted in that way; and he pretends to consider himself bound to keep up the tradition and adopt somebody to leave the business to. Of course I was not going to stand that. There may have been some reason for it when the Undershafts could only marry women in their own class, whose sons were not fit to govern great estates. But there could be no excuse for passing over my son.

薄丽托玛太太：哦，不是这样的。他们也结婚，就跟你父亲一样；他们很富有，能给自己的亲生子女买地，让他们过上很富裕的生活。但他们总是要收养一个弃儿，栽培他并把产业交给他；当然啦，他们为此也老是与自己的太太大吵大闹。你父亲也是这样被人收养的；如今他假装说自己有责任把这一传统坚持下去，要领养一个人来接替这份产业呢。对此，我当然是无法忍受的。以前安德谢夫家族的人只能娶他们自己阶层的女人，所生的儿子当然没资格管理如此庞大的产业，这样做还是情有可原的。但现在没有理由忽视我的儿子啊。

STEPHEN: (dubiously) I am afraid I should make a poor hand of managing a cannon foundry.

斯蒂芬：（犹豫地）我担心，我也不擅于管理军火制造厂。

LADY BRITOMART: Nonsense! you could easily get a manager and pay him a salary.

薄丽托玛太太：荒唐！你可以毫不费力地找到一名经理，付他薪水就行了。

STEPHEN: My father evidently had no great opinion of my capacity.

斯蒂芬：很明显，我父亲认为我的能力不行呢。

LADY BRITOMART: Stuff, child! you were only a baby: it had nothing to do with your capacity. Andrew did it on principle, just as he did every perverse and wicked thing on principle. When my father

remonstrated, Andrew actually told him to his face that history tells us of only two successful institutions: one the Undershaft firm, and the other the Roman Empire under the Antonines. That was because the Antonine emperors all adopted their successors. Such rubbish! The Stevenages are as good as the Antonines, I hope; and you are a Stevenage. But that was Andrew all over. There you have the man! Always clever and unanswerable when he was defending nonsense and wickedness: always awkward and sullen when he had to behave sensibly and decently!

薄丽托玛太太：孩子，胡说八道！你当时不过是个小孩子，这与你的才能没有任何关系。安德鲁是根据原则才这样做的，如同他所做的每件荒唐的坏事一样，都是根据自己的原则。当初我父亲表示反对，安德鲁竟然当面对他说，历史告诉我们，成功的机构只有两家：一家是安德谢夫的企业，另一家就是安东尼王朝统治下的罗马帝国。那是因为安东尼王朝的每位皇帝的继承人都是收养的。真是一派胡言！我坚信，斯蒂芬尼奇家族的人与安东尼家族的人一样优秀；而你就是斯蒂芬尼奇家族的一员。但安德鲁就是这种脾气。现在你该了解他了吧！当他为他的愚蠢和恶毒辩解时，总是显得聪明又机智，让人无以辩驳；而当他必须表现得明智像样一点时，又总是显得很笨拙、闷闷不乐的！

STEPHEN: Then it was on my account that your home life was broken up, mother. I am sorry.

斯蒂芬：母亲，那么，都是因为我的缘故才导致了你的家庭生活的破裂。我很抱歉。

LADY BRITOMART: Well, dear, there were other differences. I really cannot bear an immoral man. I am not a Pharisee, I hope; and I should not have minded his merely doing wrong things: we are none of us perfect. But your father didn't exactly do wrong things: he said them and thought them: that was what was so dreadful. He really had a sort of religion of wrongness just as one doesn't mind men practising immorality so long as they own that they are in the wrong by preaching morality; so I couldn't forgive Andrew for preaching immorality while he practised morality. You would all have grown up without principles, without any knowledge of right and wrong, if he had been in the house. You know, my dear, your father was a very attractive man in some ways. Children did not dislike him; and he took advantage of it to put the wickedest ideas into their heads, and make them quite unmanageable. I did not dislike him myself: very far from it; but nothing can bridge over moral disagreement.

薄丽托玛太太：唉，亲爱的，我们之间还有其他分歧呢。我真的不能忍受一个放荡的人。我想，我并不是一个伪善的人；我本也不该介意的，他不过就是做错了事而已，我们谁都不是完人嘛。而确切地说，你的父亲也没有做错什么事，他口中说的，心里想的，却都是这些事，这

才是最可怕的。他完全就是在拿错误当信仰了。人们不会介意别人做点伤风败俗的事，只要这些人能鼓吹道义，承认自己干了坏事就行了；而我呢，却无法原谅安德鲁，因为他嘴里说着不道德，同时又做着仁义之事。如果他一直住在这个家里，你们长大后就会不讲原则，一点是非观念都没有了。亲爱的，你要知道，在某些方面，你父亲还是个很有魅力的人。孩子们都喜欢他；凭这一点，他就把最邪恶的思想灌输给了他们，结果这些孩子都变得难以管教。我呢，也并不讨厌他，一点都不讨厌他；但是，无论如何道德上的分歧是不能妥协的。

STEPHEN: All this simply bewilders me, mother. People may differ about matters of opinion, or even about religion; but how can they differ about right and wrong? Right is right; and wrong is wrong; and if a man cannot distinguish them properly, he is either a fool or a rascal: that's all.

斯蒂芬：这一切真把我弄糊涂了，母亲。人与人互相有分歧，有可能是观念上的，甚至是信仰上的，可是，人们又怎么会在大是大非的问题上存在分歧呢？对就是对，错就是错；一个人要是不能正确地辨别是非，那他要么是傻子，要么就是无赖，我是这么看的。

LADY BRITOMART: (touched) That's my own boy (She pats his cheek!) Your father never could answer that: he used to laugh and get out of it under cover of some affectionate nonsense. And now that you understand the situation, what do you advise me to do?

薄丽托玛太太：（感动）这才是我的好儿子！（她轻轻地拍他的脸颊。）你父亲绝对回答不了这种问题，他过去就只是发笑，说些甜言蜜语就敷衍过去了。既然你对情况都了解了，那你建议我怎么办？

STEPHEN: Well, what can you do?

斯蒂芬：唉，您能做什么吗？

LADY BRITOMART: I must get the money somehow.

薄丽托玛太太：我必须设法要到钱。

STEPHEN: We cannot take money from him. I had rather go and live in some cheap place like Bedford Square or even Hampstead than take a farthing of his money.

斯蒂芬：我们不能要他的钱。我宁愿到一个便宜的地方去住，比如贝德福德广场啊，甚至是汉普斯特德，也不愿拿他的一分钱。

LADY BRITOMART: But after all, Stephen, our present income comes from Andrew.

薄丽托玛太太：不过话说回来，斯蒂芬，我们如今的收入都来源于安德鲁啊。

STEPHEN: (shocked) I never knew that.

斯蒂芬：（惊呆了）我一直都不知情啊。

LADY BRITOMART: Well, you surely didn't suppose your grandfather had anything to give me. The Stevenages could not do everything for you. We gave you social position. Andrew had to contribute something. He had a very good bargain, I think.

薄丽托玛太太：那么，你不会认为钱还是你外公给的吧。斯蒂芬尼奇家不可能满足你的一切要求。我们给予你社会地位。安德鲁也必须贡献点什么。我想，他这桩买卖是相当划算的。

STEPHEN: (bitterly) We are utterly dependent on him and his cannons, then!

斯蒂芬：（痛苦地）也就是说，我们全都是靠他和他的军火养活的！

LADY BRITOMART: Certainly not: the money is settled. But he provided it. So you see it is not a question of taking money from him or not: it is simply a question of how much. I don't want any more for myself.

薄丽托玛太太：才不是，钱的问题是早就定好了的。不过，是他给的钱而已。现在你明白了吧，不是要不要拿他钱的问题，而是要拿他多少钱的问题。我自己呢，也不会再问他要了。

STEPHEN: Nor do I.

斯蒂芬：我也不要。

LADY BRITOMART: But Sarah does; and Barbara does. That is, Charles Lomax and Adolphus Cusins will cost them more. So I must put my pride in my pocket and ask for it, I suppose. That is your advice, Stephen, is it not?

薄丽托玛太太：但是萨拉要，巴巴拉也需要。也就是说，查尔斯·洛马可斯和阿道弗斯·库森斯要多花她们的钱呢。因此，我想，我必须放下自尊，去找他要吧。这就是你的建议，对吗，斯蒂芬？

STEPHEN: No.

斯蒂芬：不。

LADY BRITOMART: (sharply) Stephen!

薄丽托玛太太：（发怒地）斯蒂芬！

STEPHEN: Of course if you are determined—

斯蒂芬：当然了，您要是决定——

LADY BRITOMART: I am not determined: I ask your advice; and I am waiting for it. I will not have all the responsibility thrown on my shoulders.

薄丽托玛太太：我还没有决定，我需要你的建议，我在等你说呢。我不要一个人承担所有责任。

STEPHEN: (obstinately) I would die sooner than ask him for another penny.

斯蒂芬：（固执地）我宁肯去死，也不再要他一分钱。

LADY BRITOMART: (resignedly) You mean that I must ask him. Very well, Stephen: It shall be as you wish. You will be glad to know that your grandfather concurs. But he thinks I ought to ask Andrew to come here and see the girls. After all, he must have some natural affection for them.

薄丽托玛太太：（顺从地）你的意思是，得我去求他咯。好啊，斯蒂芬，那就如你所愿吧。你要是知道了你外公跟你看法一致，你会感到很高兴的。不过，他认为我该不该把安德鲁请过来，看看姑娘们。归根到底，他对她们还有一点亲情吧。

STEPHEN: Ask him here!!!

斯蒂芬：把他请过来!!!

LADY BRITOMART: Do not repeat my words, Stephen. Where else can I ask him?

薄丽托玛太太：斯蒂芬，别重复我说的话。那我还能请他上哪儿？

STEPHEN: I never expected you to ask him at all.

斯蒂芬：我绝对没料到你要叫他来。

LADY BRITOMART: Now don't tease, Stephen. Come! you see that it is necessary that he should pay us a visit, don't you?

薄丽托玛太太：别奚落我了，斯蒂芬。得啦！你知道，他来拜访我们是有必要的，不是吗？

STEPHEN: (reluctantly) I suppose so, if the girls cannot do without his money.

斯蒂芬：（不情愿地）我看是吧，要是姑娘们真离不开他的钱的话。

LADY BRITOMART: Thank you, Stephen: I knew you would give me the right advice when it was properly explained to you. I have asked your father to come this evening. (Stephen bounds from his seat.) Don't jump, Stephen: it fidgets me.

薄丽托玛太太：谢谢，斯蒂芬，我就知道你会给我不错的建议，只要我把事情原委给你说清楚了。我已经约了你父亲，今晚就过来。（斯蒂芬从座位上跳了起来。）别突然一下跳起来，斯蒂芬，这弄得我心烦。

STEPHEN: (in utter consternation) Do you mean to say that my father is coming here tonight—that he may be here at any moment?

斯蒂芬：（完全惊慌失措）您的意思是，父亲今晚就要过来——他随时都有可能到？

LADY BRITOMART: (looking at her watch) I said nine. (He gasps. She rises.) Ring the bell, please. (Stephen goes to the smaller writing table; presses a button on it; and sits at it with his elbows on the table and his head in his hands, outwitted and overwhelmed.) It is ten minutes to nine yet; and I have to prepare the girls. I asked Charles Lomax and Adolphus to dinner on purpose that they might be here. Andrew had better see them in case he should cherish any delusions as to their being capable of supporting their wives. (The butler enters: Lady Britomart goes behind the settee to speak to him.) Morrison: go up to the drawingroom and tell everybody to come down here at once. (Morrison withdraws. Lady Britomart turns to Stephen.) Now remember, Stephen, I shall need all your countenance and authority. (He rises and tries to recover some vestige of these attributes.) Give me a chair, dear. (He pushes a chair forward from the wall to where she stands, near the smaller writing table. She sits down; and he goes to the armchair, into which he throws himself.) I don't know how Barbara will take it. Ever since they made her a major in the Salvation Army she has developed a propensity to have her own way and order people about which quite cows me sometimes. It's not ladylike: I'm sure I don't know where she picked it up. Anyhow, Barbara shan't bully me; but still it's just as well that your father should be here before she has time to refuse to meet him or make a fuss. Don't look nervous, Stephen, it will only encourage Barbara to make difficulties. I am nervous enough, goodness knows; but I don't show it.

薄丽托玛太太：（看着她的手表）我约的九点。（他深深地吸了一口气。她站起身来。）请按铃吧。（斯蒂芬走到小书桌前，按了按上面的一颗按钮，接着就在旁边坐了下来，胳膊肘支在桌面上，两手抱着头，表现出一副被哄骗之后倍受打击的样子。）八点五十了，我得叫姑娘们准备准备。我特意邀请了查尔斯·洛马克斯和阿道弗斯来吃晚餐，是为了让他们也在这里。安德鲁最好跟他们见见面，免得他痴心妄想，还以为他们有能力养得活自己的妻子。（男仆走了进来，薄丽托玛太太来到长沙发后面，跟他说话。）莫里森，去楼上客厅，叫所有人都下楼到这里来，马上。（莫里森退了出去。薄丽托玛太太转向斯蒂芬这边。）斯蒂芬，给我记住，我需要你全部的支持和权威。（他站了起来，想要重新找回一点这些品质的痕迹。）亲爱的，给我一把椅子。（他把靠墙的一把椅子推到母亲所站的位置，就在小书桌旁边。她坐下来，而他朝扶手椅走去，一屁股就坐了上去。）我不知道巴巴拉对此会怎么想。自从她当上了救世军少校以后，就变得越来越我行我素了，还对周围的人发号施令，连我有时候都觉得好害怕。这哪里像个淑女，我真是搞不

懂，她是在哪里学来的。无论如何，巴巴拉都吓不倒我；不过，她还没来得及拒绝跟他见面，或是大发牢骚时，你父亲就已经到了。斯蒂芬，不要那么紧张；这样只会让巴巴拉横生枝节。上天作证，我也够紧张的，但我却不会表现出来。

(Sarah and Barbara come in with their respective young men, Charles Lomax and Adolphus Cusins. Sarah is slender, bored, and mundane. Barbara is robuster, jollier, much more energetic. Sarah is fashionably dressed: Barbara is in Salvation Army uniform. Lomax, a young man about town, is like many other young men about town. He is affected with a frivolous sense of humor which plunges him at the most inopportune moments into paroxysms of imperfectly suppressed laughter. Cusins is a spectacled student, slight, thin haired, and sweet voiced, with a more complex form of Lomax's complaint. His sense of humor is intellectual and subtle, and is complicated by an appalling temper. The lifelong struggle of a benevolent temperament and a high conscience against impulses of inhuman ridicule and fierce impatience has set up a chronic strain which has visibly wrecked his constitution. He is a most implacable, determined, tenacious, intolerant person who by mere force of character presents himself as—and indeed actually is—considerate, gentle, explanatory, even mild and apologetic, capable possibly of murder, but not of cruelty or coarseness. By the operation of some instinct which is not merciful enough to blind him with the illusions of love, he is obstinately bent on marrying Barbara. Lomax likes Sarah and thinks it will be rather a lark to marry her. Consequently he has not attempted to resist Lady Britomart's arrangements to that end.

（萨拉与巴巴拉走了进来，还带着她们各自的男友，查尔斯·洛马克斯和阿道弗斯·库森斯。萨拉体型修长，无趣而平庸。而巴巴拉长得更健壮，更乐观，也更有活力。萨拉打扮得比较时尚，而巴巴拉穿的却是救世军制服。洛马克斯是个习惯于出入社交场合的男人，跟很多其他这类人都差不多。他有幽默感却又很轻浮，由于这个毛病，他常常在最不适宜的时候，忍不住突然爆发出一阵阴阳怪气的笑声。库森斯则是戴眼镜的学者，他身体瘦弱，头发稀疏，声音婉转，但他比洛马克斯的毛病更复杂。他的幽默感充满了智慧，令人难以捉摸，其中夹杂着暴躁的脾气，这让别人对他更是琢磨不透。他生性仁慈，富有良知，但行事冲动，时而无情地嘲弄他人，时而又焦急万分，这两种性情一生都在纠缠着他，长期的积压已经使他的身体受到了明显地损伤。他做事坚决果断，固执己见，一旦认定就不屈不挠，毫不容忍别人的不同意见；但天性又使他成为这样的人——确实如此——能替人着想、有绅士风度、善于解释问题、而且性情温和，对人总带三分歉意、虽有实施谋杀的能力，可对人绝不会凶残或者粗俗。由于某种不太宽厚的本能，他不会因为爱情的幻觉而迷失，而又是这种本能使他一心想要娶巴巴拉为妻。而洛马克斯喜欢萨拉，觉得要是能与她结婚，肯定非常有趣。所以，他没

有反对薄丽托玛太太为此而进行的安排。

All four look as if they had been having a good deal of fun in the drawingroom. The girls enter first, leaving the swains outside. Sarah comes to the settee. Barbara comes in after her and stops at the door.)

四人好像在客厅里玩得非常开心。姑娘们先进来，把男友们都留在了外边。萨拉朝长沙发走了过来。巴巴拉紧随其后，在门边停了下来。）

BARBARA: Are Cholly and Dolly to come in?

巴巴拉：查理和多利要进来吗？

LADY BRITOMART: (forcibly) Barbara: I will not have Charles called Cholly: the vulgarity of it positively makes me ill.

薄丽托玛太太：（严肃地）巴巴拉，查尔斯不叫查理，叫得这么粗俗，真让我倒胃口啊。

BARBARA: It's all right, mother. Cholly is quite correct nowadays. Are they to come in?

巴巴拉：没关系，母亲。查理现在表现得很不错了。他们要进来吗？

LADY BRITOMART: Yes, if they will behave themselves.

薄丽托玛太太：可以，叫他们都规矩点。

BARBARA: (through the door) Come in, Dolly, and behave yourself.

巴巴拉：（在门口）多利，进来，表现好点。

(Barbara comes to her mother's writing table. Cusins enters smiling, and wanders towards Lady Britomart.)

（巴巴拉走到母亲的书桌边。库森斯面带着微笑，慢悠悠地朝薄丽托玛太太走了过来。）

SARAH: (calling) Come in, Cholly. (Lomax enters, controlling his features very imperfectly, and places himself vaguely between Sarah and Barbara.)

萨拉：（叫着）查理，进来。（洛马克斯走了进来，强忍着自己的表情，显得很别扭，他心不在焉地走到萨拉和巴巴拉的中间。）

LADY BRITOMART: (peremptorily) Sit down, all of you. (They sit. Cusins crosses to the window and seats himself there. Lomax takes a chair. Barbara sits at the writing table and Sarah on the settee.) I don't in the least know what you are laughing at, Adolphus. I am surprised at you, though I expected nothing better from Charles Lomax.

薄丽托玛太太：（专横地）你们全都坐下。（他们都坐下了。库森

斯走向窗边，在那里坐下来。洛马克斯在一把椅子上坐下。巴巴拉就在书桌边坐下，而萨拉坐在了长沙发上。）阿道弗斯，我真是弄不明白，你为什么要发笑。你真让我感到意外啊。查尔斯·洛马克斯如果这样，我还不觉得奇怪呢。

CUSINS: (in a remarkably gentle voice) Barbara has been trying to teach me the West Ham Salvation March.

库森斯：（声音非常柔和）刚才，巴巴拉正在教我西哈姆救世军进行曲。

LADY BRITOMART: I see nothing to laugh at in that; nor should you if you are really converted.

薄丽托玛太太：我看那也没什么可笑的，你也该明白这一点啊，要是你真的信奉救世军的话。

CUSINS: (sweetly) You were not present. It was really funny, I believe.

库森斯：（亲切地）您刚才没在场。我认为真的很好笑。

LOMAX: Ripping.

洛马克斯：非常好笑。

LADY BRITOMART: Be quiet, Charles. Now listen to me, children. Your father is coming here this evening. (General stupefaction).

薄丽托玛太太：查尔斯，安静。听我讲，孩子们。你们的父亲今晚要来这里。（所有人都愣住了。）

LOMAX: (remonstrating) Oh I say!

洛马克斯：（反对）哦，是嘛！

LADY BRITOMART: You are not called on to say anything, Charles.

薄丽托玛太太：我没请你讲话，查尔斯。

SARAH: Are you serious, mother?

萨拉：母亲，您是认真的吗？

LADY BRITOMART: Of course I am serious. It is on your account, Sarah, and also on Charles's. (Silence. Charles looks painfully unworthy.) I hope you are not going to object, Barbara.

薄丽托玛太太：当然是认真的。萨拉，这是为你着想，也是为洛马克斯着想。（一阵沉默。查尔斯摆出一副痛苦而不屑的样子。）巴巴拉，我希望你不要反对。

BARBARA: I! why should I? My father has a soul to be saved like anybody else. He's quite welcome as far as I am concerned.

巴巴拉：我！我干嘛要反对？我父亲也有一颗需要拯救的灵魂，与其他任何人一样。照我看啊，他相当受欢迎呢。

LOMAX: (still remonstrant) But really, don't you know! Oh I say!

洛马克斯：（还在反对）但是真的，你们难道不知道！喂！

LADY BRITOMART: (frigidly) What do you wish to convey, Charles?

薄丽托玛太太：（冷淡地）你有什么要说吗，查尔斯？

LOMAX: Well, you must admit that this is a bit thick.

洛马克斯：那么，您总要承认，这有点过分吧。

LADY BRITOMART: (turning with ominous suavity to Cusins) Adolphus: you are a professor of Greek. Can you translate Charles Lomax's remarks into reputable English for us?

薄丽托玛太太：（和颜悦色地转向库森斯，暗藏不悦）阿道弗斯，你是希腊语教授。你能为我们把洛马克斯的话，用规范的英语解释一下吗？

CUSINS: (cautiously) If I may say so, Lady Brit, I think Charles has rather happily expressed what we all feel. Homer, speaking of Autolycus, uses the same phrase.

库森斯：（小心翼翼地）薄丽托玛太太，请允许我这么说，我认为查尔斯已经恰当地表达了我们每个人的心声。《荷马史诗》在提起奥托吕斯科时，也用到了相同的词。

LOMAX: (handsomely) Not that I mind, you know, if Sarah don't.

洛马克斯：（慷慨地）我倒是不介意，你们也知道，只要萨拉不介意就行啦。

LADY BRITOMART: (crushingly) Thank you. Have I your permission, Adolphus, to invite my own husband to my own house?

薄丽托玛太太：（咄咄逼人地）谢谢。阿道弗斯，我邀请自己的丈夫到自己家来，你允许吗？

CUSINS: (gallantly) You have my unhesitating support in everything you do.

库森斯：（殷勤地）无论您做什么，我都绝对拥护。

LADY BRITOMART: Sarah: have you nothing to say?

薄丽托玛太太：萨拉，你没有话要说吗？

SARAH: Do you mean that he is coming regularly to live here?

萨拉：您是说，他来了是要长期住这儿了？

LADY BRITOMART: Certainly not. The spare room is ready for him if he likes to stay for a day or two and see a little more of you; but there are limits.

薄丽托玛太太：当然不是。要是他想呆上一两天，多了解了解你们，那间客房就给他住好了，不过这也是有限度的。

SARAH: Well, he can't eat us, I suppose. I don't mind.

萨拉：好吧，我想他也吃不了我们。我不介意。

LOMAX: (chuckling) I wonder how the old man will take it.

洛马克斯：（轻声一笑）我很想知道，老头儿是怎么看的。

LADY BRITOMART: Much as the old woman will, no doubt, Charles.

薄丽托玛太太：查尔斯，很可能和老太婆看法一致。

LOMAX: (abashed) I didn't mean—at least—

洛马克斯：（窘迫）我不是那个意思——至少——

LADY BRITOMART: You didn't think, Charles. You never do; and the result is, you never mean anything. And now please attend to me, children. Your father will be quite a stranger to us.

薄丽托玛太太：你没想过，查尔斯。你从来都不想，可最后呢，你自己都不知道要说什么。好了，请专心听我说，孩子们。你们的父亲对我们还很陌生。

LOMAX: I suppose he hasn't seen Sarah since she was a little kid.

洛马克斯：我想，萨拉还是小屁孩儿时，他就没见过她了吧。

LADY BRITOMART: Not since she was a little kid, Charles, as you express it with that elegance of diction and refinement of thought that seem never to desert you. Accordingly—er—(impatiently) Now I have forgotten what I was going to say. That comes of your provoking me to be sarcastic, Charles. Adolphus: will you kindly tell me where I was.

薄丽托玛太太：不能说她还是小屁孩儿，查尔斯，谈吐措辞优美、想法不落俗套这些优点从来都跟你沾不上边。因此——嗯——（急躁地）我准备说什么来着，我都忘了。查尔斯，是你惹得我要挖苦你一下，所以才这样了。阿道弗斯，请你给我说说，我讲到哪里了。

CUSINS: (sweetly) You were saying that as Mr Undershaft has not seen his children since they were babies, he will form his opinion of the way you have brought them up from their behavior tonight, and that therefore you wish us all to be particularly careful to conduct ourselves well, especially Charles.

库森斯：（亲切地）您说到，安德谢夫先生最后一次见到孩子们的

时候，他们还都是小孩子，所以他会按照他们今晚的表现，来评价这么多年来您抚养孩子的成绩，所以说，您希望我们大家要特别注意，行为要端正点，尤其是查尔斯。

LOMAX: Look here: Lady Brit didn't say that.

洛马克斯：注意，薄丽托玛太太可没说这个啊。

LADY BRITOMART: (vehemently) I did, Charles. Adolphus's recollection is perfectly correct. It is most important that you should be good; and I do beg you for once not to pair off into opposite corners and giggle and whisper while I am speaking to your father.

薄丽托玛太太：（激烈地）我说过，查尔斯。阿道弗斯的记性真不错。你们要守规矩，这是最重要的一点。我这次就算求求你们了，在我与你们父亲谈话时，不要成双成对地躲到两边墙角，咯咯咯地傻笑，或者窃窃私语。

BARBARA: All right, mother. We'll do you credit.

巴巴拉：好的，母亲。我们一定会为你增光的。

LADY BRITOMART: Remember, Charles, that Sarah will want to feel proud of you instead of ashamed of you.

薄丽托玛太太：查尔斯，记好了，萨拉所盼望的就是以你为荣，而不是以你为耻。

LOMAX: Oh I say! There's nothing to be exactly proud of, don't you know.

洛马克斯：哦，我明白！其实没什么引以为荣的，您也知道。

LADY BRITOMART: Well, try and look as if there was.

薄丽托玛太太：好，试着让别人觉得你有。

(Morrison, pale and dismayed, breaks into the room in unconcealed disorder.)

（莫里森突然闯了进来，他面色灰白，惊慌失措，显得手足无措。）

MORRISON: Might I speak a word to you, my lady?

莫里森：太太，能否借一步说话？

LADY BRITOMART: Nonsense! Show him up.

薄丽托玛太太：荒唐！带他上来。

MORRISON: Yes, my lady. (He goes.)

莫里森：好的，太太。（他离开了。）

LOMAX: Does Morrison know who he is?

洛马克斯：莫里森知道他是谁吗？

LADY BRITOMART: Of course. Morrison has always been with us.

薄丽托玛太太：当然了。莫里森一直都跟着我们的。

LOMAX: It must be a regular corker for him, don't you know.

洛马克斯：对他来说，这肯定是一件惊天动地的大事，对吧。

LADY BRITOMART: Is this a moment to get on my nerves, Charles, with your outrageous expressions?

薄丽托玛太太：查尔斯，在我神经非常紧张的时候，你又说些讨厌的话让我心烦。

LOMAX: But this is something out of the ordinary, really—

洛马克斯：但这确实不同寻常啊，真的——

MORRISON: (at the door) The—er—Mr Undershaft. (He retreats in confusion.)

莫里森：（在门边）那位——呃——安德谢夫先生驾到。（他茫然地退下了。）

(Andrew Undershaft comes in. All rise. Lady Britomart meets him in the middle of the room behind the settee.

（安德鲁·安德谢夫入内。全体起立。薄丽托玛太太来到房子中间，站在长沙发后面迎接他。

Andrew is, on the surface, a stoutish, easygoing elderly man, with kindly patient manners, and an engaging simplicity of character. But he has a watchful, deliberate, waiting, listening face, and formidable reserves of power, both bodily and mental, in his capacious chest and long head. His gentleness is partly that of a strong man who has learnt by experience that his natural grip hurts ordinary people unless he handles them very carefully, and partly the mellowness of age and success. He is also a little shy in his present very delicate situation.)

从外表上看，安德鲁是一位身材略胖、性格随和、上了年纪的人，他为人和善有耐心、个性率真、很讨人喜欢。然而从他脸上又看得出来，他行事缜密，总是在等待和倾听，从他宽广的胸膛和高高的额头又可以看出，他的身心都储藏着令人生畏的力量。他之所以性格随和，一方面是由于多年的经验使他明白，他要是随性而使，不控制好自己的力量，就会使普通人受到伤害，另一方面是由于他年事已高而且事业有成，这使他变得老成起来。此刻，他处境相当微妙，使他稍显害羞。）

LADY BRITOMART: Good evening, Andrew.

薄丽托玛太太：安德鲁，晚上好。

UNDERSHAFT: How d'ye do, my dear.

安德谢夫：亲爱的，你好。

LADY BRITOMART: You look a good deal older.

薄丽托玛太太：你看上去老了很多。

UNDERSHAFT: (apologetically) I AM somewhat older. (With a touch of courtship) Time has stood still with you.

安德谢夫：（带歉意地）我确实有点老了。（有点恭维地）可你却一点都没变呀。

LADY BRITOMART: (promptly) Rubbish! This is your family.

薄丽托玛太太：（迅速地）胡说！这就是你的家人。

UNDERSHAFT: (surprised) Is it so large? I am sorry to say my memory is failing very badly in some things. (He offers his hand with paternal kindness to Lomax.)

安德谢夫：（吓了一跳）这么多人啊？我很抱歉，我的记性在有些事情上真是越来越差了。（他像个仁慈的父亲，对洛马克斯伸出手来。）

LOMAX: (jerkily shaking his hand) Ahdedoo.

洛马克斯：（忙不迭地与他握手）您好。

UNDERSHAFT: I can see you are my eldest. I am very glad to meet you again, my boy.

安德谢夫：我看出来了，你是我大儿子。儿子，我很高兴又与你见面了。

LOMAX: (remonstrating) No but look here don't you know—(Overcome) Oh I say!

洛马克斯：（抗议）不，喂，喂，是这样的——（简直受不了了）我说！

LADY BRITOMART: (recovering from momentary speechlessness) Andrew: do you mean to say that you don't remember how many children you have?

薄丽托玛太太：（半天说不出话来，好不容易恢复过来）安德鲁，你真不记得自己有几个孩子吗？

UNDERSHAFT: Well, I am afraid I—. They have grown so much—er. Am I making any ridiculous mistake? I may as well confess: I recollect only one son. But so many things have happened since, of course—er—

安德谢夫：这个嘛，我恐怕——他们都长这么大了——呃。难道我犯了什么可笑的错吗？我还是坦白了吧，我只记得有一个儿子。不过，那之后发生了好多事情，当然——呃——

LADY BRITOMART: (decisively) Andrew: you are talking nonsense. Of course you have only one son.

薄丽托玛太太：（果断地）安德鲁，你胡说些什么啊。当然你只有一个儿子。

UNDERSHAFT: Perhaps you will be good enough to introduce me, my dear.

安德谢夫：亲爱的，恐怕还是得你来作个介绍吧。

LADY BRITOMART: That is Charles Lomax, who is engaged to Sarah.

薄丽托玛太太：这是查尔斯·洛马克斯，他与萨拉订婚了。

UNDERSHAFT: My dear sir, I beg your pardon.

安德谢夫：亲爱的先生，真是抱歉。

LOMAX: Not at all. Delighted, I assure you.

洛马克斯：没关系。挺开心的，真的。

LADY BRITOMART: This is Stephen.

薄丽托玛太太：这是斯蒂芬。

UNDERSHAFT: (bowing) Happy to make your acquaintance, Mr Stephen. Then (going to Cusins) you must be my son. (Taking Cusins' hands in his) How are you, my young friend? (To Lady Britomart) He is very like you, my love.

安德谢夫：（点头）斯蒂芬先生，认识你，我很高兴。（走向库森斯）那你肯定是我儿子吧。（握住库森斯的双手）年轻的朋友，你好吗？（又转向薄丽托玛太太）亲爱的，他长得很像你。

CUSINS: You flatter me, Mr Undershaft. My name is Cusins: engaged to Barbara. (Very explicitly) That is Major Barbara Undershaft, of the Salvation Army. That is Sarah, your second daughter. This is Stephen Undershaft, your son.

库森斯：过奖了，安德谢夫先生。我叫库森斯，是巴巴拉的未婚夫。（清楚明白地）那位是巴巴拉·安德谢夫，救世军的少校。那是萨拉，您的小女儿。而这位是斯蒂芬·安德谢夫，您的儿子。

UNDERSHAFT: My dear Stephen, I beg your pardon.

安德谢夫：亲爱的斯蒂芬，对不起。

STEPHEN: Not at all.

斯蒂芬：不要紧。

UNDERSHAFT: Mr Cusins: I am much indebted to you for explaining so precisely. (Turning to Sarah) Barbara, my dear—

安德谢夫：库森斯先生，我非常感激你如此清楚向我介绍。（转向萨拉）巴巴拉，亲爱的——

SARAH: (prompting him) Sarah.

萨拉：（提醒他）萨拉。

UNDERSHAFT: Sarah, of course. (They shake hands. He goes over to Barbara.) Barbara—I am right this time, I hope.

安德谢夫：当然了，萨拉。（他们互相握手。他又来到巴巴拉面前）巴巴拉——我希望，我这次是对的。

BARBARA. Quite right. (They shake hands.)

巴巴拉没错。（父女握手。）

LADT BRITOMART: (resuming command) Sit down, all of you. Sit down, Andrew. (She comes forward and sits on the settle. Cusins also brings his chair forward on her left. Barbara and Stephen resume their seats. Lomax gives his chair to Sarah and goes for another.)

薄丽托玛太太：（继续命令）坐下，全都坐下。安德鲁，你也坐下。（她走上前，在长沙发上坐下。库森斯也往前挪椅子，在她左边坐下。巴巴拉和斯蒂芬还是坐在原处。洛马克斯让萨拉坐他的椅子，自己另找了一把。）

UNDERSHAFT: Thank you, my love.

安德谢夫：谢谢，亲爱的。

LOMAX: (conversationally, as he brings a chair forward between the writing table and the settee, and offers it to Undershaft) Takes you some time to find out exactly where you are, don't it?

洛马克斯：（一边给安德谢夫搬了把椅子，放在书桌和沙发中间，一边与他攀谈起来）要搞清楚我们每个人，可得花一点时间，对吧？

UNDERSHAFT: (accepting the chair) That is not what embarrasses me, Mr Lomax. My difficulty is that if I play the part of a father, I shall produce the effect of an intrusive stranger; and if I play the part of a discreet stranger, I may appear a callous father.

安德谢夫：（接过椅子）洛马克斯先生，让我为难的倒不是这个。我的苦楚在于，我要是作为一个父亲而来，那我最终会变成一个擅自闯入的陌生人；而我要是作为一个谨言慎行的陌生人而来，结果我又成了无情无义的父亲。

LADY BRITOMART: There is no need for you to play any part at all, Andrew. You had much better be sincere and natural.

薄丽托玛太太：你完全就不用充当什么，安德鲁。你只要真诚、自然就好了。

UNDERSHAFT: UNDERSHAFT (submissively) Yes, my dear: I daresay that will be best. (Making himself comfortable) Well, here I am. Now what can I do for you all?

安德谢夫：（听从地）好的，亲爱的，这大概就是最好的方法了。（放松下来）好吧，我已经来了。要我为诸位做点什么吗？

LADY BRITOMART: You need not do anything, Andrew. You are one of the family. You can sit with us and enjoy yourself.

薄丽托玛太太：安德鲁，你什么都不用做。你是这个家的一份子。你可以开开心心地陪大家坐坐。

(Lomax's too long suppressed mirth explodes in agonized neighings.)

（洛马克斯长时间强忍着笑，现在终于大笑起来，就像拼命挣扎的马在嘶叫。）

LADY BRITOMART: (outraged) Charles Lomax: if you can behave yourself, behave yourself. If not, leave the room.

薄丽托玛太太：（忍无可忍）查尔斯·洛马克斯，如果你还懂礼貌，就请礼貌一点。否则，就请离开房间。

LOMAX: I'm awfully sorry, Lady Brit; but really, you know, upon my soul! (He sits on the settee between Lady Britomart and Undershaft, quite overcome.)

洛马克斯：真是对不起，薄丽托玛太太。但是，说真的，天哪！（他显得很无奈，只好坐在薄丽托玛太太和安德谢夫之间的沙发上。）

BARBARA: Why don't you laugh if you want to, Cholly? It's good for your inside.

巴巴拉：查理，如果你想笑，为什么不笑呢？这样对你身体有好处。

LADY BRITOMART: Barbara: you have had the education of a lady. Please let your father see that; and don't talk like a street girl.

薄丽托玛太太：巴巴拉，你可是接受过贵族小姐的教育的。这一点，要让你父亲看到呢，说话就别像个街头女孩儿了。

UNDERSHAFT: Never mind me, my dear. As you know, I am not a gentleman; and I was never educated.

安德谢夫：亲爱的，别在意我。你知道的，我又不是绅士，我可从没受过什么教育。

LOMAX: (encouragingly) Nobody'd know it, I assure you. You look all right, you know.

洛马克斯：（鼓励地）我保证，没有人晓得。您看上去还不错，真

的。

CUSINS: Let me advise you to study Greek, Mr Undershaft. Greek scholars are privileged men. Few of them know Greek; and none of them know anything else; but their position is unchallengeable. Other languages are the qualifications of waiters and commercial travellers: Greek is to a man of position what the hallmark is to silver.

库森斯：安德谢夫先生，那我提议您学学希腊语吧。希腊语学者可都是享有特权的人。他们当中，只有少数几个人懂希腊语；而他们所有人对其他的知识也是一无所知，但他们的地位却是无法撼动的。要是学其他语言，也就只够资格做餐厅侍者，还有东奔西走的推销员，而希腊语对一位地位显赫的人来说，就如同给银器打上了印记。

BARBARA: Dolly: don't be insincere. Cholly: fetch your concertina and play something for us.

巴巴拉：多利，别虚情假意了。查理，把你的手风琴拿过来，给我们来一段。

LOMAX: (doubtfully to Undershaft) Perhaps that sort of thing isn't in your line, eh?

洛马克斯：（迟疑地看着安德谢夫）这种东西您可能不怎么喜欢吧，呃？

UNDERSHAFT: I am particularly fond of music.

安德谢夫：我尤其爱好音乐。

LOMAX: (delighted) Are you? Then I'll get it. (He goes upstairs for the instrument.)

洛马克斯：（欣喜若狂）真的？那我这就去拿来。（他上楼拿乐器去了。）

UNDERSHAFT: Do you play, Barbara?

安德谢夫：你会乐器吗，巴巴拉？

BARBARA: Only the tambourine. But Cholly's teaching me the concertina.

巴巴拉：就会手鼓。可查理在教我拉手风琴哩。

UNDERSHAFT: Is Cholly also a member of the Salvation Army?

安德谢夫：查理也是救世军成员吗？

BARBARA: No: he says it's bad form to be a dissenter. But I don't despair of Cholly. I made him come yesterday to a meeting at the dock gates, and take the collection in his hat.

巴巴拉：不是，他说当一个异教徒有失体统。但我对查理还没失去信心。昨天我们在码头门口有个集会，我让他参加，他还拿着他的帽子

去收募捐款了呢。

LADY BRITOMART: It is not my doing, Andrew. Barbara is old enough to take her own way. She has no father to advise her.

薄丽托玛太太：安德鲁，那可不关我的事啊。巴巴拉长大了，有她自己的主张了。她没有父亲来给她提意见。

BARBARA: Oh yes she has. There are no orphans in the Salvation Army.

巴巴拉：噢不，她有父亲。在救世军里面，是没有孤儿的。

UNDERSHAFT: Your father there has a great many children and plenty of experience, eh?

安德谢夫：你那边的父亲有很多孩子吧，他还有很多经历，对吗？

BARBARA: (looking at him with quick interest and nodding) Just so. How did you come to understand that? (Lomax is heard at the door trying the concertina.)

巴巴拉：（突然饶有兴致地看着他，点了点头）没错。您是怎么知道这个的？（大家听到洛马克斯在门边试拉手风琴。）

LADY BRITOMART: Come in, Charles. Play us something at once.

薄丽托玛太太：洛马克斯，进来。立刻为我们拉一曲吧。

LOMAX: Righto! (He sits down in his former place, and preludes.)

洛马克斯：好嘞！（他坐到刚才的地方，开始拉序曲。）

UNDERSHAFT: One moment, Mr Lomax. I am rather interested in the Salvation Army. Its motto might be my own: Blood and Fire.

安德谢夫：稍等，洛马克斯先生。我对救世军非常感兴趣。其格言也可以用在我身上：血与火。

LOMAX: (shocked) But not your sort of blood and fire, you know.

洛马克斯：（震惊地）这哪里是您说的那种血与火啊，这您也知道。

UNDERSHAFT: My sort of blood cleanses: my sort of fire purifies.

安德谢夫：我的那种血可以让人的心灵纯洁；我的那种火可以使人的灵魂净化。

BARBARA: So do ours. Come down tomorrow to my shelter—the West Ham shelter—and see what we're doing. We're going to march to a great meeting in the Assembly Hall at Mile End. Come and see the shelter and then march with us: it will do you a lot of good. Can you play anything?

巴巴拉：我们的也是。明天，来我的收容所吧——西哈姆收容所——看看我们所做的事情。我们打算游行到迈尔恩德的会议厅去举行一场大会。来吧，看看收容所，再跟我们一起去游行，您会受益匪浅的。您会什么乐器吗？

UNDERSHAFT: In my youth I earned pennies, and even shillings occasionally, in the streets and in public house parlors by my natural talent for stepdancing. Later on, I became a member of the Undershaft orchestral society, and performed passably on the tenor trombone.

安德谢夫：我天生就会跳踢踏舞，就凭这个，我年轻的时候，在街上、小酒馆儿里，可赚了不少便士，有时候还能赚到几个先令呢。那之后，我还加入了安德谢夫管弦乐队，演奏次中音长号，还算行吧。

LOMAX: (scandalized) Oh I say!

洛马克斯：（震惊）哦，我知道了！

BARBARA: Many a sinner has played himself into heaven on the trombone, thanks to the Army.

巴巴拉：多亏了救世军，许多罪人都是凭借吹长号而步入天堂的。

LOMAX: (to Barbara, still rather shocked) Yes; but what about the cannon business, don't you know? (To Undershaft) Getting into heaven is not exactly in your line, is it?

洛马克斯：（对巴巴拉，还是一脸的震惊）对，但他是做军火生意的，你不知道吗？（转向安德谢夫）进天堂这种事，也不是您所感兴趣的吧，对吗？

LADY BRITOMART: Charles!

薄丽托玛太太：查尔斯！

LOMAX: Well; but it stands to reason, don't it? The cannon business may be necessary and all that: we can't get on without cannons; but it isn't right, you know. On the other hand, there may be a certain amount of tosh about the Salvation Army—I belong to the Established Church myself—but still you can't deny that it's religion; and you can't go against religion, can you? At least unless you're downright immoral, don't you know.

洛马克斯：唉，是这个理儿嘛，难道不是吗？做军火生意是必不可少的，这个是肯定的，我们不能没有枪啊炮啊的，但你也知道，这又是不对的。另一方面，救世军是有些胡说八道的地方——我自己信仰的是英国国教——但你不能否认，救世军终归也是宗教啊，你总不能反对宗教，是吧？除非你完全就没有道德可言，是这样吧？

UNDERSHAFT: You hardly appreciate my position, Mr Lomax—

安德谢夫：洛马克斯先生，你可能还不太理解我的立场——

LOMAX: (hastily) I'm not saying anything against you personally, you know.

洛马克斯：（仓促地）您知道，我说些话不是要对您本人进行攻击。

UNDERSHAFT: Quite so, quite so. But consider for a moment. Here I am, a manufacturer of mutilation and murder. I find myself in a specially amiable humor just now because, this morning, down at the foundry, we blew twenty-seven dummy soldiers into fragments with a gun which formerly destroyed only thirteen.

安德谢夫：知道，我都知道。但是再仔细想想。我呢，是个制造商，制造的东西有破坏性，还能置人于死地。现在我情绪特别好，因为就在今天早上，我们在铸工车间里，用一炮就把二十七个士兵模型炸成了碎片，可是以前，一炮就只能炸掉十三个。

LOMAX: (leniently) Well, the more destructive war becomes, the sooner it will be abolished, eh?

洛马克斯：（温和地）是啊，战争越具有毁灭性，就越能被尽快消除，是么？

UNDERSHAFT: Not at all. The more destructive war becomes the more fascinating we find it. No, Mr Lomax, I am obliged to you for making the usual excuse for my trade; but I am not ashamed of it. I am not one of those men who keep their morals and their business in watertight compartments. All the spare money my trade rivals spend on hospitals, cathedrals and other receptacles for conscience money, I devote to experiments and researches in improved methods of destroying life and property. I have always done so; and I always shall. Therefore your Christmas card moralities of peace on earth and goodwill among men are of no use to me. Your Christianity, which enjoins you to resist not evil, and to turn the other cheek, would make me a bankrupt. My morality—my religion—must have a place for cannons and torpedoes in it.

安德谢夫：完全不对。战争越具有毁灭性，我们就越为之神魂颠倒。不，洛马克斯先生，你以惯用的理由来为我的行业进行辩解，我很感激你；但我并不因此而感到羞愧。我不像有些人，将自己的道德标准与所经营的事业彻底分开来。我那些生意上的对手把所有闲钱都花在了医院、教堂以及其他慈善组织上，以慰藉自己的良心，而我呢，却把闲钱都用在了实验、科研方面，以完善各种摧毁生命与破坏财产的手段。我一向如此，今后还要坚持。所以说，你们在圣诞卡上写的世界和平、人类友善，这些道德准则对我来说，简直是毫无用处。你们的基督教，号召你们要宽恕恶人，要容忍他们，但我如果信了，那就只有破产了。我的道德准则——我的信仰——必须为枪炮和水雷留出一席之地。

STEPHEN: (coldly—almost sullenly) You speak as if there were

half a dozen moralities and religions to choose from, instead of one true morality and one true religion.

斯蒂芬：（冷淡地——几近阴沉地）照您所说，似乎有很多道德准则和宗教信仰可以供人挑选，而非只有一种真正的道德准则和宗教信仰。

UNDERSHAFT: For me there is only one true morality; but it might not fit you, as you do not manufacture aerial battleships. There is only one true morality for every man; but every man has not the same true morality.

安德谢夫：在我看来，真正的道德准则只有一个，但不一定适合你，这是因为你不制造空中战舰。对每个人而言，真正的道德准则都只有一个；但人与人的道德准则不尽相同。

LOMAX: (overtaxed) Would you mind saying that again? I didn't quite follow it.

洛马克斯：（脑筋没有转过弯来）麻烦您再说一下吧？我实在没听懂您说的。

CUSINS: It's quite simple. As Euripides says, one man's meat is another man's poison morally as well as physically.

库森斯：这很简单。正如欧里庇得斯说的，一个人眼中的肉，在别人眼里却是毒药，无论对身体还是精神来说，都是如此。

UNDERSHAFT: Precisely.

安德谢夫：正是如此。

LOMAX: Oh, that. Yes, yes, yes. True. True.

洛马克斯：噢，原来是这样。对，对，对。正确。正确。

STEPHEN: In other words, some men are honest and some are scoundrels.

斯蒂芬：换而言之，有些人很诚实，有些人却是恶棍。

BARBARA: Bosh. There are no scoundrels.

巴巴拉：胡扯。这里没有恶棍。

UNDERSHAFT: Indeed? Are there any good men?

安德谢夫：真的？难道还有好人？

BARBARA: No. Not one. There are neither good men nor scoundrels: there are just children of one Father; and the sooner they stop calling one another names the better. You needn't talk to me: I know them. I've had scores of them through my hands: scoundrels, criminals, infidels, philanthropists, missionaries, county councillors, all sorts. They're all just the same sort of sinner; and there's the same

salvation ready for them all.

巴巴拉：没有，都没有。没有好人，也没有恶棍，大家不过是同一天父的孩子；大家越早停止这种相互谩骂的行为，就越好。您不必对我说，我明白他们。我跟好多人都打过交道，各种各样的人都有：恶棍、犯人、异教徒、慈善者、教士，还有县议员之类的。他们犯的罪其实是一样的，他们都能得到救赎。

UNDERSHAFT: May I ask have you ever saved a maker of cannons?

安德谢夫：恕我冒昧地问问，你拯救过军火制造商吗？

BARBARA: No. Will you let me try?

巴巴拉：还没有。您愿意让我试一试吗？

UNDERSHAFT: Well, I will make a bargain with you. If I go to see you tomorrow in your Salvation Shelter, will you come the day after to see me in my cannon works?

安德谢夫：好吧，我来与你谈一桩买卖。我明天要是去你们救世军收容所看你，你后天是否愿意来我的军火工厂看我呢？

BARBARA: Take care. It may end in your giving up the cannons for the sake of the Salvation Army.

巴巴拉：小心哦。结果可能是，你为了救世军，而放弃了军火。

UNDERSHAFT: Are you sure it will not end in your giving up the Salvation Army for the sake of the cannons?

安德谢夫：你能肯定吗？难道结果不会是你为了军火而放弃救世军？

BARBARA: I will take my chance of that.

巴巴拉：我愿意碰一碰运气。

UNDERSHAFT: And I will take my chance of the other. (They shake hands on it.) Where is your shelter?

安德谢夫：我也愿意碰一碰运气。（两人握手，把此事定了下来。）你们收容所在哪里？

BARBARA: In West Ham. At the sign of the cross. Ask anybody in Canning Town. Where are your works?

巴巴拉：在西哈姆。有十字架标记之处。到坎宁镇一问便知。您的工厂在哪里呢？

UNDERSHAFT: In Perivale St Andrews. At the sign of the sword. Ask anybody in Europe.

安德谢夫：在圣安德鲁的佩里维尔。有刀剑标记之处。在欧洲一问

便知。

LOMAX: Hadn't I better play something?

洛马克斯：要不要我弹奏一曲啊？

BARBARA: Yes. Give us Onward, Christian Soldiers.

巴巴拉：好。来一曲《基督士兵，向前进》吧。

LOMAX: Well, that's rather a strong order to begin with, don't you know. Suppose I sing Thou'rt passing hence, my brother. It's much the same tune.

洛马克斯：一开始就弹这首，情绪有点太激昂了吧，你觉得呢？我看，我还是唱一首《我的兄弟，你正走过今生》。调子都差不多。

BARBARA: It's too melancholy. You get saved, Cholly; and you'll pass hence, my brother, without making such a fuss about it.

巴巴拉：这首让人太伤感了。查理，你会得到救赎的；兄弟，你也将走过今生，但不要这样大惊小怪嘛。

LADY BRITOMART: Really, Barbara, you go on as if religion were a pleasant subject. Do have some sense of propriety.

薄丽托玛太太：得啦，巴巴拉，你又来了，搞得好像宗教是个令人愉快的话题一样。请注意一下你的言行。

UNDERSHAFT: I do not find it an unpleasant subject, my dear. It is the only one that capable people really care for.

安德谢夫：亲爱的，我可不觉得这个话题有什么让人不高兴的。只有这个话题，才是有能力的人真正喜欢的。

LADY BRITOMART: (looking at her watch) Well, if you are determined to have it, I insist on having it in a proper and respectable way. Charles: ring for prayers. (General amazement. Stephen rises in dismay.)

薄丽托玛太太：（看看她的表）好吧，要是你们打定主意要谈论宗教，那我坚决要求在谈论的时候，必须正正经经、体体面面地。查尔斯，去打铃，该祈祷了。（全体愕然。斯蒂芬慌张地站了起来。）

LOMAX: (rising) Oh I say!

洛马克斯：（站起来）哎哟！

UNDERSHAFT: (rising) I am afraid I must be going.

安德谢夫：（站起来）抱歉，我要告辞了。

LADY BRITOMART: You cannot go now, Andrew: it would be most improper. Sit down. What will the servants think?

薄丽托玛太太：安德鲁，现在你还不能走，这太不合礼仪了吧。坐

下。仆人们会做何感想？

UNDERSHAFT: My dear: I have conscientious scruples. May I suggest a compromise? If Barbara will conduct a little service in the drawingroom, with Mr Lomax as organist, I will attend it willingly. I will even take part, if a trombone can be procured.

安德谢夫：亲爱的，我良心会不安的。我提议咱们各退一步吧？如果让巴巴拉在客厅简简单单地主持一个仪式，由洛马克斯先生来当风琴手，我也就乐意参加。要是找得到长号的话，我还可以参与演奏呢。

LADY BRITOMART: Don't mock, Andrew.

薄丽托玛太太：安德鲁，别开玩笑了。

UNDERSHAFT: (shocked—to Barbara) You don't think I am mocking, my love, I hope.

安德谢夫：（惊讶——对巴巴拉）亲爱的，我希望，你不会认为我在开玩笑吧？

BARBARA: No, of course not; and it wouldn't matter if you were: half the Army came to their first meeting for a lark. (Rising) Come along. Come, Dolly. Come, Cholly. (She goes out with Undershaft, who opens the door for her. Cusins rises.)

巴巴拉：不，当然不会；就算是也不要紧，有一半的救世军在第一次参加集会时，都是来找乐子的。（起身）过来吧。多利，来。查理，来呀。（安德谢夫为她打开门，和她一起走了出去。库森斯也站起来。）

LADY BRITOMART: I will not be disobeyed by everybody. Adolphus: sit down. Charles: you may go. You are not fit for prayers: you cannot keep your countenance.

薄丽托玛太太：每个人都不听从我了，这可不行。阿道弗斯，坐下。查尔斯，你可以离开。你不适合参加祷告，你是根本就坐不住的。

LOMAX: Oh I say! (He goes out.)

洛马克斯：哦，这我知道！（他走出去了。）

LADY BRITOMART: (continuing) But you, Adolphus, can behave yourself if you choose to. I insist on your staying.

薄丽托玛太太：（继续）但是，阿道弗斯，只要你愿意，你是能管住自己的。我坚决要求你留下来。

CUSINS: My dear Lady Brit: there are things in the family prayer book that I couldn't bear to hear you say.

库森斯：亲爱的薄丽托玛太太，您那本家庭祷告书上，有些话听您读起来，我实在不能忍受。

LADY BRITOMART: What things, pray?

薄丽托玛太太：请问你，是哪些话？

CUSINS: Well, you would have to say before all the servants that we have done things we ought not to have done, and left undone things we ought to have done, and that there is no health in us. I cannot bear to hear you doing yourself such an unjustice, and Barbara such an injustice. As for myself, I flatly deny it: I have done my best. I shouldn't dare to marry Barbara—I couldn't look you in the face—if it were true. So I must go to the drawingroom.

库森斯：好吧，你就非得在所有仆人面前，说我们做了什么不该做的事情，而该做的事情却又没有做，你还说，我们这些人都不健全。听着你这样不公正地谴责自己，还有巴巴拉，我实在忍受不了。就我自己而言，我断然否认这种谴责，我已经尽力了。要真是如此，我哪里还敢娶巴巴拉——我也不可能去面对您。这样看来，我还是去客厅算了。

LADY BRITOMART: (offended) Well, go. (He starts for the door.) And remember this, Adolphus (he turns to listen): I have a very strong suspicion that you went to the Salvation Army to worship Barbara and nothing else. And I quite appreciate the very clever way in which you systematically humbug me. I have found you out. Take care Barbara doesn't. That's all.

薄丽托玛太太：（生气的）好，你出去吧。（他走向门口。）不过记住一点，阿道弗斯，（他回头来听）我真的很怀疑，你参加救世军不为别的，就是为了追求巴巴拉而已。不过我也非常欣赏，你敷衍我时所惯用的伎俩。我现在已经把你看透了。小心，巴巴拉也会把你看透的。就这样吧。

CUSINS: (with unruffled sweetness) Don't tell on me. (He goes out.)

库森斯：（神色平静，显得亲切）不要说出去哦。（他走了出去。）

LADY BRITOMART: Sarah: if you want to go, go. Anything's better than to sit there as if you wished you were a thousand miles away.

薄丽托玛太太：萨拉，如果你想离开，也离开吧。人是坐在那里，心却跑到千里之外去了，那还不如离开。

SARAH: (languidly) Very well, mamma. (She goes.)

萨拉：（无精打采地）好吧，妈妈。（她也离开了。）

(Lady Britomart, with a sudden flounce, gives way to a little gust of tears.)

（薄丽托玛太太身体忽然颤了一下，流出一股热泪。）

STEPHEN: (going to her) Mother: what's the matter?

斯蒂芬：（朝她走过来）母亲，您没事吧？

LADY BRITOMART: (swishing away her tears with her handkerchief) Nothing. Foolishness. You can go with him, too, if you like, and leave me with the servants.

薄丽托玛太太：（迅速用手帕擦掉眼泪）没什么。犯傻了。你想走的话，也跟他走吧，留我和仆人在这儿。

STEPHEN: Oh, you mustn't think that, mother. I—I don't like him.

斯蒂芬：噢，您一定不要那样想，母亲。我——我又不喜欢他。

LADY BRITOMART: The others do. That is the injustice of a woman's lot. A woman has to bring up her children; and that means to restrain them, to deny them things they want, to set them tasks, to punish them when they do wrong, to do all the unpleasant things. And then the father, who has nothing to do but pet them and spoil them, comes in when all her work is done and steals their affection from her.

薄丽托玛太太：其他人都喜欢。女人的命运就是这样不公平。女人必须抚养孩子；这就意味着要管束他们，对他们想做的事要拒绝，给他们安排任务，他们犯了错你得给他们处罚，所有这些讨厌的事，全都要去做。而父亲呢，什么都不用做，只管宠着他们、哄着他们，在母亲的任务完成之后闯进他们的生活，而孩子们对母亲的感情也被夺走了。

STEPHEN: He has not stolen our affection from you. It is only curiosity.

斯蒂芬：他并没有夺走我们对你的感情。只不过是好奇而已。

LADY BRITOMART: (violently) I won't be consoled, Stephen. There is nothing the matter with me. (She rises and goes towards the door.)

薄丽托玛太太：（粗暴地）斯蒂芬，你用不着安慰我。没什么大不了的。（她站起身来，走向门口。）

STEPHEN: Where are you going, mother?

斯蒂芬：母亲，您要去哪里？

LADY BRITOMART: To the drawingroom, of course. (She goes out. Onward, Christian Soldiers, on the concertina, with tambourine accompaniment, is heard when the door opens.) Are you coming, Stephen?

薄丽托玛太太：当然是去客厅了。（她走了出去。门一开，就传来手风琴弹奏的《基督士兵》，同时还有手鼓伴奏。）斯蒂芬，你要来吗？

STEPHEN: No. Certainly not. (She goes. He sits down on the

settee, with compressed lips and an expression of strong dislike.)

斯蒂芬：不，当然不来。（她离开了。他坐在长沙发上，嘴唇紧闭，脸上一副十分厌恶的神情。）

ACT II

第二幕

(The yard of the West Ham shelter of the Salvation Army is a cold place on a January morning. The building itself, an old warehouse, is newly whitewashed. Its gabled end projects into the yard in the middle, with a door on the ground floor, and another in the loft above it without any balcony or ladder, but with a pulley rigged over it for hoisting sacks. Those who come from this central gable end into the yard have the gateway leading to the street on their left, with a stone horse-trough just beyond it, and, on the right, a penthouse shielding a table from the weather. There are forms at the table; and on them are seated a man and a woman, both much down on their luck, finishing a meal of bread (one thick slice each, with margarine and golden syrup) and diluted milk.

（在一月的清晨，救世军西哈姆收容所的院子显得格外地寒冷。院里的房屋其实是一间旧仓库，才刚刚粉刷过。房屋的人字屋顶一直延伸到院子的中央，房屋底楼有一扇门，楼上的阁楼同样有一扇门，不过没有阳台或阶梯，上面只装配了一个可以升降袋子的滑轮。人们要是从底楼那扇门走到院子里，会发现从左边的小路穿过大门可以直通街道，小路旁边是一个石头做的马槽，而右边则是一个雨篷，可以给篷下的桌子遮风挡雨。在桌子旁边有几张条凳，此刻凳子上面坐着一男一女，他们显得都很落魄，正吃着面包——每人吃一厚片，上面都抹了人造黄油和餐用糖浆——喝着兑得很淡牛奶。

The man, a workman out of employment, is young, agile, a talker, a poser, sharp enough to be capable of anything in reason except honesty or altruistic considerations of any kind. The woman is a commonplace old bundle of poverty and hard-worn humanity. She looks sixty and probably is forty-five. If they were rich people, gloved and muffed and well wrapped up in furs and overcoats, they would be numbed and miserable; for it is a grindingly cold, raw, January day; and a glance at the background of grimy warehouses and leaden sky visible over the whitewashed walls of the yard would drive any idle rich person straight to the Mediterranean. But these two, being no more troubled with visions of the Mediterranean than of the moon, and being compelled to keep more of their clothes in the pawnshop, and less on their persons, in winter than in summer, are not depressed by the cold: rather are they stung into vivacity, to which their meal has just now given an almost jolly turn. The man takes a pull at his mug, and then gets up and moves about the yard with his hands deep in his pockets, occasionally breaking into a stepdance.)

男人是个个失业工人，他年轻、机灵，不仅巧舌如簧、装腔作势，而且头脑灵活，除了正直诚实、有利他人的事之外，他无所不能。女人呢，就是个随处可见的普通老太婆，贫穷而饱经风霜。她看起来有六十岁了，但可能只有四十五岁。他们要是富人，戴着手套、披着围巾，身上裹着厚厚的毛皮和大衣，他们还是会冷得全身发麻，可怜兮兮；而眼下刚好是一月里寒冷刺骨又阴湿的一天；只需看一眼到处是污垢的仓库，还有铅灰色天空下刷得灰白的院墙，任何一位有空闲的富人都会直奔地中海而去的。而对这两位而言，去地中海就如同登月一样遥不可及，也自然不会为这种幻想而苦恼了，越是临近冬天，他们越是要把衣服一件件地抵押在典当行里，而不是穿在自己的身上，最后他们不但没有因为寒冷而愁眉苦脸，反而变得欢快活跃起来，刚刚才吃过饭，他们现在显得很兴奋。男人从杯中喝了一口，站起身来在院里转悠，两只手深深地插进衣袋里，时不时还跳上一段儿踢踏舞。）

THE WOMAN: Feel better otter your meal, sir?

女人：吃了饭，好多了吧，先生？

THE MAN: No. Call that a meal! Good enough for you, props; but wot is it to me, an intelligent workin man.

男人：没有。那也叫饭么！给你吃呢，可能还过得去；但怎么能给我吃这种饭呢，我可是又用脑又出力的人。

THE WOMAN: Workin man! Wot are you?

女人：出力的人！你是干什么的？

THE MAN: Painter.

男人：油漆工。

THE WOMAN: (sceptically) Yus, I dessay.

女人：（怀疑地）是啊，我信。

THE MAN: Yus, you dessay! I know. Every loafer that can't do nothink calls isself a painter. Well, I'm a real painter: grainer, finisher, thirty-eight bob a week when I can get it.

男人：是啊，你信！我明白。那些啥也不会的二愣子，都自称是油漆工。但我确实是个真正的油漆工，能漆木纹、抛光，有活儿的时候一周能挣三十八先令。

THE WOMAN: Then why don't you go and get it?

女人：那你为什么不去找活儿呢？

THE MAN: I'll tell you why. Fust: I'm intelligent—fffff! it's rotten cold here (he dances a step or two)—yes: intelligent beyond the station o life into which it has pleased the capitalists to call me; and they don't like a man that sees through em. Second, an intelligent bein needs a doo share of appiness; so I drink somethink cruel when I get

the chawnce. Third, I stand by my class and do as little as I can so's to leave arf the job for me fellow workers. Fourth, I'm fly enough to know wots inside the law and wots outside it; and inside it I do as the capitalists do: pinch wot I can lay me ands on. In a proper state of society I am sober, industrious and honest: in Rome, so to speak, I do as the Romans do. Wots the consequence? When trade is bad—and it's rotten bad just now—and the employers az to sack arf their men, they generally start on me.

男人：我给你说说吧。首先，我聪明——嘶！这里真是太冷了（他跳了一两步）——没错儿，我的聪明程度远远超出了资本家对我进行的职位安排，而他们不喜欢能够识破他们的人。其次，一个聪明人总需要点乐子吧，所以呢，我一有机会就喝他个烂醉。再有呢，我为了支持我的阶级兄弟，自己尽量少做，把一半的活儿都留给了工友。还有，我够机灵，知道哪些事受法律约束，哪些事不受它约束；受法律约束的，我就按资本家的要求去做，能捞一把是一把。如果活在一个正统的社会，我能做到头脑清醒、勤劳肯干，还诚实可信；可在这儿呢，也就是说，要入乡随俗嘛。但结果如何呢？生意差的时候——目前就糟糕透了——那些老板就要裁掉一半的人，他们通常都拿我开刀。

THE WOMAN: What's your name?

女人：你叫什么名字？

THE MAN: Price. Bronterre O'Brien Price. Usually called Snobby Price, for short.

男人：普赖斯。勃朗泰·奥布赖恩·普赖斯。人称自大狂普赖斯，简明好记。

THE WOMAN: Snobby's a carpenter, ain't it? You said you was a painter.

女人：自大狂是个木工，对吧？你却说你是个油漆工。

PRICE: Not that kind of snob, but the genteel sort. I'm too uppish, owing to my intelligence, and my father being a Chartist and a reading, thinking man: a stationer, too. I'm none of your common hewers of wood and drawers of water; and don't you forget it. (He returns to his seat at the table, and takes up his mug). Wots YOUR name?

普赖斯：不是那种自大狂，而是上流社会的那种。我很傲慢，因为我聪明嘛，另外，我爸还是宪章派的，一个看书读报、动脑子的人，还开过文具店呢。我可不是你们这种砍柴挑水的，你可别忘了。（他返回桌边的凳子坐下，举起杯子来。）你叫啥名儿？

THE WOMAN: Rummy Mitchens, sir.

女人：拉梅·米琴斯，先生。

PRICE (quaffing the remains of his milk to her) Your elth, Miss Mitchens.

普赖斯（面对着她，将剩下的牛奶一饮而尽）米琴斯小姐，祝你健康。

RUMMY: (correcting him) Missis Mitchens.

拉梅：（纠正他）米琴斯太太。

PRICE: Wot! Oh Rummy, Rummy! Respectable married woman, Rummy, gittin rescued by the Salvation Army by pretendin to be a bad un. Same old game!

普赖斯：啥！噢，拉梅，拉梅！一个体面的已婚女人，拉梅啊，为了得到救世军的拯救，你竟然假扮成一个堕落女人。这招太过时了！

RUMMY: What am I to do? I can't starve. Them Salvation lasses is dear good girls; but the better you are, the worse they likes to think you were before they rescued you. Why shouldn't they av a bit o credit, poor loves? They're worn to rags by their work. And where would they get the money to rescue us if we was to let on we're no worse than other people? You know what ladies and gentlemen are.

拉梅：那我该怎么办？我挨不了饿。她们救世军都是些好姑娘啊，但她们更希望在拯救你之前，你是越坏越好啊。为什么她们就不该得点称赞呢？可怜的姑娘哦！她们一直干活儿，都累得筋疲力尽了。要是我们承认自己跟别人一样，并不怎么坏，那她们还会到哪儿找钱来救我们呢？你知道那些出身高贵的小姐、先生都是什么人吧。

PRICE: Thievin swine! Wish I ad their job, Rummy, all the same. Wot does Rummy stand for? Pet name props?

普赖斯：一群猪！不过，我还是愿意做他们做的活儿。拉梅指的是什么？大概是乳名吧？

RUMMY: Short for Romola.

拉梅：是罗莫拉的简称。

PRICE: For wot!?

普赖斯：啥的简称？

RUMMY: Romola. It was out of a new book. Somebody me mother wanted me to grow up like.

拉梅：罗莫拉。是当时一本新书里的人。我妈妈希望我长大后就要像她。

PRICE: We're companions in misfortune, Rummy. Both on us got names that nobody cawnt pronounce. Consequently I'm Snobby and you're Rummy because Bill and Sally wasn't good enough for our parents. Such is life!

普赖斯：我们都很不幸啊，拉梅。我们俩的名字都是别人读不出的。结果呢，我成了“自大狂”，你成了“拉梅”，因为比尔、萨莉这些名字，咱们父母都认为不够好。这就是命哪！

RUMMY: Who saved you, Mr. Price? Was it Major Barbara?

拉梅：是谁拯救的你，普赖斯先生？不会是巴巴拉少校吧？

PRICE: No: I come here on my own. I'm goin to be Bronterre O'Brien Price, the converted painter. I know wot they like. I'll tell em how I blasphemed and gambled and wopped my poor old mother—

普赖斯：不，我自己来这儿的。我要当勃朗泰·奥布赖恩·普赖斯，改邪归正的油漆工。我晓得他们喜欢什么。我要给他们讲，我如何辱骂上帝，拿钱去赌，又是如何毒打我那可怜的老母亲——

RUMMY: (shocked) Used you to beat your mother?

拉梅：（吓一跳）你打过你母亲？

PRICE: Not likely. She used to beat me. No matter: you come and listen to the converted painter, and you'll hear how she was a pious woman that taught me me prayers at er knee, an how I used to come home drunk and drag her out o bed be er snow white airs, an lam into er with the poker.

普赖斯：没有。她过去常常打我。不打紧，你来听我这个浪子回头的油漆工讲吧，听听我母亲有多虔诚，当我还在她怀里时就教我祷告，再听听我又如何喝得酩酊大醉，回家就抓住她满头的白发，把她拖到床底下，最后用火钳把她痛打一顿。

RUMMY: That's what's so unfair to us women. Your confessions is just as big lies as ours: you don't tell what you really done no more than us; but you men can tell your lies right out at the meetins and be made much of for it; while the sort o confessions we az to make az to be wispered to one lady at a time. It ain't right, spite of all their piety.

拉梅：这简直对我们女人太不公平了。你们的忏悔跟我们的差不多，全都是谎话；你们跟我们一样，根本不会讲你们到底干了些什么，但你们男人却能在大庭广众下满嘴胡说，人们为此大加赞赏。而我们呢，却只能小声对一个女士忏悔，还是单独进行的。尽管大家都是一心向善，可还是不行。

PRICE: Right! Do you spose the Army'd be allowed if it went and did right? Not much. It combs our air and makes us good little blokes to be robbed and put upon. But I'll play the game as good as any of em. I'll see somebody struck by lightnin, or hear a voice sayin "Snobby Price: where will you spend eternity?” I'll ave a time of it, I tell you.

普赖斯：对！你以为呢？军队干的事要是正当的话，还能允许存在吗？不太可能。军队就是来维持秩序的，要把我们都变成傻瓜蛋，受人

抢夺、任人欺侮。但是我跟他们一样，我也会耍这套伎俩。我会亲眼目睹有人给雷劈了，或者是亲耳听到一个声音说："'自大狂'普赖斯，你要到何处度过来世？"我给你讲，这一刻总会到来的。

RUMMY: You won't be let drink, though.

拉梅：不过，你可别想再喝酒了。

PRICE: I'll take it out in gorspellin, then. I don't want to drink if I can get fun enough any other way.

普赖斯：就当做接受福音传播的代价吧。要是别的事儿也能找到乐子，我才不喝呢。

(Jenny Hill, a pale, overwrought, pretty Salvation lass of 18, comes in through the yard gate, leading Peter Shirley, a half hardened, harl worn-out elderly man, weak with hunger.)

（珍妮·希尔，脸色灰白，疲惫不堪地从院门走了进来。在这位十八岁的漂亮救世军姑娘后面，跟着上了年纪的的彼得·舍里，他身体快累垮了，神情仍然坚定，由于饥饿他已经虚弱无力了。）

JENNY: (supporting him) Come! Pluck up. I'll get you something to eat. You'll be all right then.

珍妮：（扶着他）来吧！打起精神来。我去给你拿点吃的来。这样你会好些的。

PRICE: (rising and hurrying officiously to take the old man off Jenny's hands) Poor old man! Cheer up, brother: you'll find rest and peace and appiness ere. Hurry up with the food, miss: e's fair done. (Jenny hurries into the shelter). Ere, buck up, daddy! She's fetchin y'a thick slice o breadn treacle, an a mug o skyblue. (He seats him at the corner of the table).

普赖斯：（站起身，赶紧殷勤地从珍妮手上扶过老人）可怜的老头儿！老兄，高兴点，你会在这儿找到祥和、平静，还有快乐的。赶紧去拿点吃的东西，小姐，他快不行了。（珍妮匆匆忙忙地走进棚屋里。）唉，老爷子，精神点！她要给你拿一块厚厚的面包，涂了糖蜜，还有一大杯牛奶哦。（他让彼得在桌子角边坐下。）

RUMMY: (gaily) Keep up your old art! Never say die!

拉梅：（欢快地）老就得有老的样子啊！别死啊死的！

SHIRLEY: I'm not an old man. I'm ony 46. I'm as good as ever I was. The grey patch come in my hair before I was thirty. All it wants is three pennorth o hair dye: am I to be turned on the streets to starve for it? Holy God! I've worked ten to twelve hours a day since I was thirteen, and paid my way all through; and now am I to be thrown into the gutter and my job given to a young man that can do it no better than me because I've black hair that goes white at the first

change?

舍里：我还不老。我才四十六岁。我跟以前一样。还不满三十，头发就开始灰白了。其实呢，只需三便士的染发药水就行了，因为白头发我就该被赶到街上去挨饿吗？圣洁的神哪！从十三岁开始，我每天都要工作十到十二个钟头，一直都是我自己挣钱，而如今呢，我却被扔到了臭水沟，工作也让给了能力跟我差不多的小伙子，就因为我的黑发过早变白了？

PRICE: (cheerfully) No good jawrin about it. You're ony a jumped-up, jerked-off, or spittle-turned-out incurable of an ole workin man: who cares about you? Eh? Make the thievin swine give you a meal: they've stole many a one from you. Get a bit o your own back. (Jenny returns with the usual meal). There you are, brother. Awsk a blessin an tuck that into you.

普赖斯：（快乐地）抱怨是没用的。你不过就是个出身卑微的老工人，都病入膏肓了，被人像吐唾沫一样给扔掉，谁还在乎你啊？呃？应该让这些偷窃成性的猪请你吃饭，他们从你身上偷走那么多。总要还些给你啊。（珍妮带着平常的饭量回来了。）老哥，快来吧。祈祷完，就痛痛快快地吃吧。

SHIRLEY: (looking at it ravenously but not touching it, and crying like a child) I never took anything before.

舍里：（贪婪地盯着饭，却不开口吃，然后就像小孩一样哭了起来）我可从没有白吃过别人的东西。

JENNY: (petting him) Come, come! the Lord sends it to you: he wasn't above taking bread from his friends; and why should you be? Besides, when we find you a job you can pay us for it if you like.

珍妮：（拍拍他）来，来！这是上帝赐予你的，上帝在上天之前也接受过他朋友的面包，你干嘛不接受呢？何况，一旦我们给你找到工作，你如果愿意也可以还我们的。

SHIRLEY: (eagerly) Yes, yes: that's true. I can pay you back: it's only a loan. (Shivering) Oh Lord! oh Lord! (He turns to the table and attacks the meal ravenously).

舍里：（热切地）对，对，那倒是。我可以还给你们的，这只是借啊。（颤抖着）噢，上帝！噢，上帝！（他转回到桌边，饿狼般地大吃起来。）

JENNY: Well, Rummy, are you more comfortable now?

珍妮：对了，拉梅，你现在好多了吧？

RUMMY: God bless you, lovey! You've fed my body and saved my soul, haven't you? (Jenny, touched, kisses her) Sit down and rest a bit: you must be ready to drop.

拉梅：上帝保佑你，亲爱的！你给我饭吃，还拯救了我的灵魂，不是吗？（珍妮感动地吻了吻她）坐下来休息一会儿；你肯定都快累趴下了。

JENNY: I've been going hard since morning. But there's more work than we can do. I mustn't stop.

珍妮：我从早上起就一直在努力工作。但还有很多活儿都还没干哪。我绝对不能停下。

RUMMY: Try a prayer for just two minutes. You'll work all the better after.

拉梅：那就试试祷告吧，只要两分钟。祷告后你做事就更有劲儿了。

JENNY: (her eyes lighting up) Oh isn't it wonderful how a few minutes prayer revives you! I was quite lightheaded at twelve o'clock, I was so tired; but Major Barbara just sent me to pray for five minutes; and I was able to go on as if I had only just begun. (To Price) Did you have a piece of bread?

珍妮：（她眼睛一亮）真是太神奇了，祷告上几分钟，就让你重新打起精神！十二点时我忙得都头昏眼花了，实在太累了；巴巴拉少校马上让我祷告了五分钟，最后我又精神百倍，就像刚开工一样。（对普赖斯）你吃了面包吗？

PRICE: (with unction) Yes, miss; but I've got the piece that I value more; and that's the peace that passeth hall hannerstennin.

普赖斯：（虚情假意地）吃了，小姐，但更可贵的是，我的灵魂得到了救赎，这种平静是言语无法形容的。

RUMMY: (fervently) Glory Hallelujah!

拉梅：（热心地）感谢上帝！

(Bill Walker, a rough customer of about 25, appears at the yard gate and looks malevolently at Jenny.)

（比尔·沃克是一个年约二十五岁的壮汉，他出现在院门口，恶狠狠地看着珍妮。）

JENNY: That makes me so happy. When you say that, I feel wicked for loitering here. I must get to work again.

珍妮：那让我太高兴了。你这样一说，我倒觉得在这里闲着，真是罪过啊。我要回去做事儿了。

(She is hurrying to the shelter, when the new-comer moves quickly up to the door and intercepts her. His manner is so threatening that she retreats as he comes at her truculently, driving her down the yard.)

（她快步朝收容所里走去，这时新来的这位迅速走向门口，挡住了她的去路。他态度十分蛮横，凶悍地向珍妮步步逼近，使得她顺着院子直往后退。）

BILL: I know you. You're the one that took away my girl. You're the one that set er agen me. Well, I'm goin to av er out. Not that I care a curse for her or you: see? But I'll let er know; and I'll let you know. I'm goin to give er a doin that'll teach er to cut away from me. Now in with you and tell er to come out afore I come in and kick er out. Tell er Bill Walker wants er. She'll know what that means; and if she keeps me waitin it'll be worse. You stop to jaw back at me; and I'll start on you: d'ye hear? There's your way. In you go. (He takes her by the arm and slings her towards the door of the shelter. She falls on her hand and knee. Rummy helps her up again.)

比尔：我认识你。你就是那个夺走我的姑娘的人。就是你让她甩掉我的。好啊，我准备把她找出来。别以为我还想着她，你懂吗？但我要让她知道，也要让你知道。我要给她点厉害瞧瞧，看她还敢不敢一脚把我给蹬了。现在你进去叫她出来，否则我就进去拽她出来。给她说，比尔·沃克找她。她知道是怎么回事；别让我一直等下去，否则可就更麻烦了。你也别跟我顶嘴；不然我就拿你开刀，听懂了吗？这边儿。往里走。（他抓住她一条胳膊，然后把她往屋门口一扔。她手撑着地，跪在了地上。拉梅又把她搀了起来。）

PRICE: (rising, and venturing irresolutely towards Bill) Easy there, mate. She ain't doin you no arm.

普赖斯：（站起身，鼓起勇气向沃克走去，却又战战兢兢地）哥们儿，放松点。她可没招惹你。

BILL: Who are you callin mate? (Standing over him threateningly.) You're goin to stand up for her, are you? Put up your ands.

比尔：你叫谁哥们儿？（他恶狠狠地恐吓普莱斯。）你是不是打算给她帮忙啊？

RUMMY: (running indignantly to him to scold him) Oh, you great brute—(He instantly swings his left hand back against her face. She screams and reels back to the trough, where she sits down, covering her bruised face with her hands and rocking and moaning with pain.)

拉梅：（愤怒地跑过来叱责他）唉，你这个畜生——（他迅速把左手向后一甩，刚好打在她脸上。她一声尖叫，踉踉跄跄地后退到水槽边上坐了下来，双手护着青肿的脸，晃晃悠悠地疼得直呻吟。）

JENNY: (going to her) Oh God forgive you! How could you strike an old woman like that?

珍妮：（走向她）噢，愿上帝宽恕你！你怎么可以打这样一位老太

太？

BILL: (seizing her by the hair so violently that she also screams, and tearing her away from the old woman) You Gawd forgive me again and I'll Gawd forgive you one on the jaw that'll stop you prayin for a week. (Holding her and turning fiercely on Price) Av you anything to say agen it? Eh?

比尔：（使劲揪住珍妮的头发，使得她也尖叫起来，并把她从老妇身边扯开）你再说一声上帝宽恕，我就给你一耳刮子，那你一周都别想再祷告了。（揪住她，凶恶地转向普赖斯）难道你要表示反对？呃？

PRICE: (intimidated) No, matey: she ain't anything to do with me.

普赖斯：（被胁迫着）不，老兄，她跟我毫无瓜葛。

BILL: Good job for you! I'd put two meals into you and fight you with one finger after, you starved cur. (To Jenny) Now are you goin to fetch out Mog Habbijam; or am I to knock your face off you and fetch her myself?

比尔：好样儿的！我就算让你吃上两顿饱饭，也只需要一根手指，就能把你打趴下，你这只快饿死的狗杂种。（又转向珍妮）那现在，是你去叫莫格·阿比詹姆出来；还是让我打得你脸蛋儿开花，再亲自找她去？

JENNY: (writhing in his grasp) Oh please someone go in and tell Major Barbara—(she screams again as he wrenches her head down; and Price and Rummy, flee into the shelter.)

珍妮：（挣扎着想要摆脱他的控制）请你们派人进去叫巴巴拉少校——（他把她的头往下摁，她又一声尖叫，普赖斯和拉梅溜进了屋内。）

BILL: You want to go in and tell your Major of me, do you?

比尔：你想进去向你们少校告我的状吧，是吧？

JENNY: Oh please don't drag my hair. Let me go.

珍妮：求你了，别拽我的头发。放了我吧。

BILL: Do you or don't you? (She stifles a scream.) Yes or no.

比尔：到底是不是？（她强忍着，没喊出来。）是不是？

JENNY: God give me strength—

珍妮：上帝赐予我力量——

BILL: (striking her with his fist in the face) Go and show her that, and tell her if she wants one like it to come and interfere with me. (Jenny, crying with pain, goes into the shed. He goes to the form and addresses the old man.) Here: finish your mess; and get out o my way.

比尔：（挥起拳头揍她的脸）去给她瞧瞧吧，给她讲，要是她也想挨揍，那就来碍我的事儿吧！（珍妮疼得直哭，走进屋里去。而比尔走到凳子边，跟老人讲话。）喂，收好你的烂摊子，就给我滚蛋。

SHIRLEY: (springing up and facing him fiercely, with the mug in his hand) You take a liberty with me, and I'll smash you over the face with the mug and cut your eye out. Ain't you satisfied—young whelps like you—with takin the bread out o the mouths of your elders that have brought you up and slaved for you, but you must come shovin and cheekin and bullyin in here, where the bread o charity is sickenin in our stummicks?

舍里：（一下跳起来，生气地对着他，手里还端着杯子）你敢对我放肆，我就拿这杯子把你的脸打个稀巴烂，把你的眼珠也挖出来。你们还不满足——你们这些兔崽子——你们的上一辈含辛茹苦把你们抚养成人，你们不但抢走他们的饭碗，还要来这儿横行霸道、胡作非为，这里可是施舍面包的地方，面包吃在肚子里，我们心头不好受。

BILL: (contemptuously, but backing a little) Wot good are you, you old palsy mug? Wot good are you?

比尔：（蔑视地，身体却稍稍向后退）你有什么用，你这个老不死的？你还有啥用？

SHIRLEY: As good as you and better. I'll do a day's work agen you or any fat young soaker of your age. Go and take my job at Horrockses, where I worked for ten year. They want young men there: they can't afford to keep men over forty-five. They're very sorry—give you a character and happy to help you to get anything suited to your years—sure a steady man won't be long out of a job. Well, let em try you. They'll find the differ. What do you know? Not as much as how to beeyave yourself—layin your dirty fist across the mouth of a respectable woman!

舍里：比你有用多啦。我就跟你比干活，干一天的活，或者找个你这年龄的胖酒鬼也行。来吧，瞧瞧我有啥本事，我在霍罗克斯公司都工作十年了。他们那里要找年轻人，超过四十五岁的人，就请不起啦。他们深表遗憾地说——可以给您推荐，也乐于帮您找到适合您年纪的工作——一个踏实可靠的人肯定不会一直失业的。好啊，让他们来试用你。他们会看出差别的。你知道个啥？你就连如何管好自己都不知道——还拿你的脏蹄子打一个值得尊敬的女人！

BILL: Don't provoke me to lay it acrost yours: d'ye hear?

比尔：别把我惹毛了，不然连你一块教训，听到没？

SHIRLEY: (with blighting contempt) Yes: you like an old man to hit, don't you, when you've finished with the women. I ain't seen you hit a young one yet.

舍里：（蔑视的表情让对手泄了气）好嘛，刚刚才对女人撒完气，又准备对老头子动手了。我还没见你找个小伙子来比划比划呢。

BILL: (stung) You lie, you old soupkitchener, you. There was a young man here. Did I offer to hit him or did I not?

比尔：（被激怒）你胡说，你这个吃剩饭的臭老头。这儿有个小伙子。我刚刚还说要打他呢，不是吗？

SHIRLEY: Was he starvin or was he not? Was he a man or only a crosseyed thief an a loafer? Would you hit my son-in-law's brother?

舍里：他肚子里有啥货哦？他也算男人么？不过就是个好吃懒做的二流子。你敢跟我女婿的哥哥比划比划么？

BILL: Who's he?

比尔：他是谁？

SHIRLEY: Todger Fairmile o Balls Pond. Him that won 20 pounds off the Japanese wrastler at the music hall by standin out 17 minutes 4 seconds agen him.

舍里：鲍尔斯池塘的托杰·费麦尔。他在戏园子里战胜了那个日本摔跤手，赚了二十英镑，坚持了十七分四秒都没倒。

BILL: (sullenly) I'm no music hall wrastler. Can he box?

比尔：（郁闷地）我又不是戏园子的摔跤手。他会拳击吗？

SHIRLEY: Yes: an you can't.

舍里：会啊，可你不会。

BILL: Wot! I can't, can't I? Wot's that you say (threatening him)?

比尔：什么！我不会，是吗？你说什么（吓唬他）？

SHIRLEY: (not budging an inch) Will you box Todger Fairmile if I put him on to you? Say the word.

舍里：（一动不动）要是我让托杰·费麦尔来，你敢不敢跟他比赛拳击？说话啊。

BILL: (subsiding with a slouch) I'll stand up to any man alive, if he was ten Todger Fairmiles. But I don't set up to be a perfessional.

比尔：（垂头丧气）我谁都不怕，哪怕是十个托杰·费麦尔我都敢打。可我从没说自己是行家啊。

SHIRLEY: (looking down on him with unfathomable disdain) YOU box! Slap an old woman with the back o your hand! You hadn't even the sense to hit her where a magistrate couldn't see the mark of it, you silly young lump of conceit and ignorance. Hit a girl in the jaw and ony make her cry! If Todger Fairmile'd done it, she wouldn't a got up

inside o ten minutes, no more than you would if he got on to you. Yah! I'd set about you myself if I had a week's feedin in me instead o two months starvation. (He returns to the table to finish his meal.)

舍里：（一脸不可琢磨的高傲态度，鄙视他）你打什么拳击！你不过就是挥起一巴掌，打人家老太太！你懂不懂，打人要打长官看不到伤痕的地方，你这个狂妄自大、其实一无所知的傻瓜。给人家姑娘一嘴巴，就只会让她哭！要是费麦尔来这么一下，她十分钟内都站不起来，不信让他揍你一拳看看。对！要是我吃了一周饱饭，而不是饿了两个月的肚子，我都能狠狠地揍你一顿。（他回到桌边，继续吃饭。）

BILL: (following him and stooping over him to drive the taunt in) You lie! you have the bread and treacle in you that you come here to beg.

比尔：（紧随其后，探身凑近他，好让他听清楚自己的辱骂）你胡说！你不过就是来这儿讨饭的，来吃人家的面包涂糖稀而已。

SHIRLEY: (bursting into tears) Oh God! it's true: I'm only an old pauper on the scrap heap. (Furiously) But you'll come to it yourself; and then you'll know. You'll come to it sooner than a teetotaller like me, fillin yourself with gin at this hour o the mornin!

舍里：（潸然泪下）噢，上帝！没错，我不过是垃圾堆里一个老叫花子。（愤怒地）但你下场也好不到哪去，不信就走着瞧吧。跟我这样滴酒不沾的人一比，你的下场来得还要快，一大早就给自己灌满了杜松子酒！

BILL: I'm no gin drinker, you old liar; but when I want to give my girl a bloomin good idin I like to av a bit o devil in me: see? An here I am, talkin to a rotten old blighter like you sted o givin her wot for. (Working himself into a rage) I'm goin in there to fetch her out. (He makes vengefully for the shelter door.)

比尔：你个老骗子，我可不是酒鬼；但我现在要把我那女人好好教训一下，总得让肚子里有点倒腾人的东西，懂吗？我这是干嘛呢，居然跟你这个快死的老东西白费口舌，却不给她点颜色瞧瞧。（勃然大怒）我去把她给拽出来。（他报复心切，朝门口走去。）

SHIRLEY: You're goin to the station on a stretcher, more likely; and they'll take the gin and the devil out of you there when they get you inside. You mind what you're about: the major here is the Earl o Stevenage's granddaughter.

舍里：你就等着被抬到警察局吧；把你关起来之后，他们会把你肚里喝的酒啊，连带那倒腾人的东西全都给弄出来。你知道自己在干什么吗？这里的少校就是斯蒂芬尼奇伯爵的外孙女儿。

BILL: (checked) Garn!

比尔：（突然一愣）什么！

SHIRLEY: You'll see.

舍里：你会明白的。

BILL: (his resolution oozing) Well, I ain't done nothin to er.

比尔：（渐渐地泄了气）但是，我没对她怎么样啊。

SHIRLEY: Spose she said you did! who'd believe you?

舍里：要是她说你有呢！谁会信你啊？

BILL: (very uneasy, skulking back to the corner of the penthouse) Gawd! There's no jastice in this country. To think wot them people can do! I'm as good as er.

比尔：（心神不宁，偷偷溜回到棚屋的角落）上帝啊！这个国家哪里有公道可言啊。想想他们这些人又会做什么呢！我一点都不比她差。

SHIRLEY: Tell her so. It's just what a fool like you would do.

舍里：那跟她讲啊。讲讲你这种傻瓜会做啥事情。

(Barbara, brisk and businesslike, comes from the shelter with a note book, and addresses herself to Shirley. Bill, cowed, sits down in the corner on a form, and turns his back on them.)

（神清气爽的巴巴拉，一副繁忙的样子从屋里走出来，手里还拿着笔记本，她先跟舍里讲话。由于害怕，比尔坐在凳子的一边，背对着他们。

BARBARA: Good morning.

巴巴拉：早上好！

SHIRLEY: (standing up and taking off his hat) Good morning, miss.

舍里：（起身摘帽）早上好，小姐。

BARBARA: Sit down: make yourself at home. (He hesitates; but she puts a friendly hand on his shoulder and makes him obey.) Now then! since you've made friends with us, we want to know all about you. Names and addresses and trades.

巴巴拉：坐吧，不用拘束。（他犹豫着，巴巴拉却友好地用手按在他肩上，让他坐了下来。）那么！既然你跟我们都成为朋友了，我们想知道你所有的情况。姓名、地址以及职业，等等。

SHIRLEY: Peter Shirley. Fitter. Chucked out two months ago because I was too old.

舍里：彼得·舍里。装配工人。两个月前被开除，原因是我太老了。

BARBARA: (not at all surprised) You'd pass still. Why didn't you dye your hair?

巴巴拉：（毫不吃惊）你看起来还行。怎么不染发呢？

SHIRLEY: I did. Me age come out at a coroner's inquest on me daughter.

舍里：我染过。但验尸官审讯我女儿的案件时，我把年龄给说出来了。

BARBARA: Steady?

巴巴拉：没什么不良嗜好？

SHIRLEY: Teetotaller. Never out of a job before. Good worker. And sent to the knockers like an old horse!

舍里：我从不喝酒。以前从未丢过工作。一名好工人。如今像匹老马一样被扫地出门了！

BARBARA: No matter: if you did your part God will do his.

巴巴拉：不要紧，只要你尽了自己的本分，上帝也会尽他的本分。

SHIRLEY: (suddenly stubborn) My religion's no concern of anybody but myself.

舍里：（突然固执起来）我的信仰是我自己的事，与别人无关。

BARBARA: (guessing) I know. Secularist?

巴巴拉：（揣测）我知道了。世俗论者？

SHIRLEY: (hotly) Did I offer to deny it?

舍里：（激烈地）我有否认吗？

BARBARA: Why should you? My own father's a Secularist, I think. Our Father—yours and mine—fulfils himself in many ways; and I daresay he knew what he was about when he made a Secularist of you. So buck up, Peter! we can always find a job for a steady man like you. (Shirley, disarmed, touches his hat. She turns from him to Bill.) What's your name?

巴巴拉：你干嘛要否认？我想，我父亲就是个世俗论者。我们的圣父——你我共同的圣父——采用各种方法以实现他的理想；我敢说，他把你造就成一个世俗论者，自然有他的想法。好啦，打起精神来，彼得！我们会给你这样踏实的人找到差事的。（舍里怒气全无，举手碰帽，以示敬礼。她又转身对比尔说）你叫什么？

BILL: (insolently) Wot's that to you?

比尔：（傲慢地）与你何干？

BARBARA: (calmly making a note) Afraid to give his name. Any trade?

巴巴拉：（平静地作着笔记）不愿透露名字。职业呢？

BILL: Who's afraid to give his name? (Doggedly, with a sense of heroically defying the House of Lords in the person of Lord Stevenage) If you want to bring a charge agen me, bring it. (She waits, unruffled.) My name's Bill Walker.

比尔：谁不愿透露名字？（固执地，想以英雄般地藐视斯蒂芬尼奇的家人来反对整个贵族院）要是你想告发我，就去告发好了。（她沉着地等他说完）我名叫比尔·沃克。

BARBARA: (as if the name were familiar: trying to remember how) Bill Walker? (Recollecting) Oh, I know: you're the man that Jenny Hill was praying for inside just now. (She enters his name in her note book.)

巴巴拉：（好像知道这名字，努力回想着）比尔·沃克？（想起来）噢，我知道了。珍妮·希尔刚刚在里面就是为你祷告的。（她在笔记本上写下他的名字。）

BILL: Who's Jenny Hill? And what call has she to pray for me?

比尔：谁是珍妮·希尔？她干嘛要给我祷告？

BARBARA: I don't know. Perhaps it was you that cut her lip.

巴巴拉：我不知道啊。大概就是你打破她的嘴吧？

BILL: (defiantly) Yes, it was me that cut her lip. I ain't afraid o you.

比尔：（示威地）对，是我打的。我可不怕你。

BARBARA: How could you be, since you're not afraid of God? You're a brave man, Mr. Walker. It takes some pluck to do our work here; but none of us dare lift our hand against a girl like that, for fear of her father in heaven.

巴巴拉：你怎么会怕我呢，你连上帝都不怕。你是一个勇敢的人，沃克先生。到我们这儿干活得有点胆识；但我们也不敢抬起手打这么一位姑娘，因为我们怕她在天上的圣父啊。

BILL: (sullenly) I want none o your cantin jaw. I suppose you think I come here to beg from you, like this damaged lot here. Not me. I don't want your bread and scrape and catlap. I don't believe in your Gawd, no more than you do yourself.

比尔：（生气地）我不想听你唠叨。你以为我到这来是向你要饭的吗，就像这个破落户一样。才不是呢。我不要你们那些残羹剩汁。我不相信你们的上帝，和你一样不相信。

BARBARA: (sunnily apologetic and ladylike, as on a new footing with him) Oh, I beg your pardon for putting your name down, Mr. Walker. I didn't understand. I'll strike it out.

巴巴拉：（愉快地表示歉意，与他以一种新的关系，优雅地讲话）噢，不好意思写下您的姓名了，沃克先生。我刚刚误会了。这就删掉它。

BILL: (taking this as a slight, and deeply wounded by it) Eah! you let my name alone. Ain't it good enough to be in your book?

比尔：（把这当作是轻视，大受伤害）干嘛！你别动我的名字。难道你本子上就不能写我的名字吗？

BARBARA: (considering) Well, you see, there's no use putting down your name unless I can do something for you, is there? What's your trade?

巴巴拉：（思考）嗯，你看啊，你的名字我记下来也没有用，除非我能为你做点什么，对么？你干什么工作的？

BILL: (still smarting) That's no concern o yours.

比尔：（依然懊恼）那也不关你的事儿。

BARBARA: Just so. (very businesslike) I'll put you down as (writing) the man who—struck—poor little Jenny Hill—in the mouth.

巴巴拉：这样吧。（一本正经地）我就这样写（写着）一位——打了——可怜的小珍妮·希尔——嘴巴的人。

BILL: (rising threateningly) See here. I've ad enough o this.

比尔：（恫吓地站了起来）别说了。我已经受够你了。

BARBARA: (quite sunny and fearless) What did you come to us for?

巴巴拉：（十分愉快，且无所畏惧）你到底为什么而来？

BILL: I come for my girl, see? I come to take her out o this and to break er jaws for her.

比尔：我为我的女人而来，懂吗？我要带她离开这儿，好好教训她一下。

BARBARA: (complacently) You see I was right about your trade. (Bill, on the point of retorting furiously, finds himself, to his great shame and terror, in danger of crying instead. He sits down again suddenly.) What's her name?

巴巴拉：（得意地）看看，我这样写你的职业没错吧。（比尔本想狠狠地还她几句，却不知为何突然想要哭，这令他感到羞耻且恐惧。他突然又坐了下来。）她叫什么名儿？

BILL: (dogged) Er name's Mog Abbijam: thats wot her name is.

比尔：（执拗地）她叫莫格·阿比詹姆，这就是她的名儿。

BARBARA: Oh, she's gone to Canning Town, to our barracks there.

巴巴拉：噢，她去坎宁镇了，去我们营地了。

BILL: (fortified by his resentment of Mog's perfidy) is she? (Vindictively) Then I'm goin to Kennintahn arter her. (He crosses to the gate; hesitates; finally comes back at Barbara.) Are you lyin to me to get shut o me?

比尔：（愤怒于莫格的背叛，又来劲儿了）真的？（气愤地）那我到坎宁镇找她去。（他快步走到门边，犹豫着，最后又折回到巴巴拉身边。）你在骗我吧，是想把我赶走？

BARBARA: I don't want to get shut of you. I want to keep you here and save your soul. You'd better stay: you're going to have a bad time today, Bill.

巴巴拉：我才不想把你赶走呢。我想你呆在这儿，好让我拯救你的灵魂。你还是留下来吧，比尔，今天你会倒霉的。

BILL: Who's goin to give it to me? You, props.

比尔：谁会让我倒霉？你吧，有可能。

BARBARA: Someone you don't believe in. But you'll be glad afterwards.

巴巴拉：一个你不信任的人。不过，事后你会感到高兴的。

BILL: (slinking off) I'll go to Kennintahn to be out o the reach o your tongue. (Suddenly turning on her with intense malice) And if I don't find Mog there, I'll come back and do two years for you, selp me Gawd if I don't!

比尔：（想要开溜）我得去坎宁镇了，免得听你絮絮叨叨的。（忽然又满怀恶意，对巴巴拉发火）要是我在那儿找不到莫格，我还得回来，为了你我不怕坐两年牢，你就等着吧！

BARBARA: (a shade kindlier, if possible) It's no use, Bill. She's got another bloke.

巴巴拉：（尽量和善一些）没用的，比尔。她有新男友了。

BILL: Wot!

比尔：什么！

BARBARA: One of her own converts. He fell in love with her when he saw her with her soul saved, and her face clean, and her hair washed.

巴巴拉：是她本人发展的一个信徒。他一见到莫格就爱上她了，那时她的灵魂已经得救，一脸纯净，头发也洗得干干净净的。

BILL: (surprised) Wottud she wash it for, the carroty slut? It's red.

比尔：（吃惊）她洗头发干嘛？这娘儿们头发像胡萝卜一样。她头发可是红的。

BARBARA. It's quite lovely now, because she wears a new look in her eyes with it. It's a pity you're too late. The new bloke has put your nose out of joint, Bill.

巴巴拉如今她好看极了，因为从她眼里流露出一股全新的神情。可惜啊，你来迟了。这位新男友早把你一脚踢开了，比尔。

BILL: I'll put his nose out o joint for him. Not that I care a curse for her, mind that. But I'll teach her to drop me as if I was dirt. And I'll teach him to meddle with my Judy. Wots iz bleedin name?

比尔：我才要把他一脚踢开。并不是我他妈的还在乎她，懂吗？我得教训她一顿，甩我就跟丢垃圾一样。我还要教训那男的，他连我的女人都敢碰。这小子叫啥来着？

BARBARA: Sergeant Todger Fairmile.

巴巴拉：托杰·费麦尔中士。

SHIRLEY: (rising with grim joy) I'll go with him, miss. I want to see them two meet. I'll take him to the infirmary when it's over.

舍里：（起身，显得又严肃又高兴）我跟他一起去，小姐。我想瞧瞧他两人的会面。结束之后，我会带他去医院的。

BILL: (to Shirley, with undissembled misgiving) Is that im you was speakin on?

比尔：（毫不掩饰满脸地疑惑，对舍里说）他就是你刚提起的那人吗？

SHIRLEY: That's him.

舍里：是啊。

BILL: Im that wrastled in the music all?

比尔：那个在戏园里摔跤的？

SHIRLEY: The competitions at the National Sportin Club was worth nigh a hundred a year to him. He's gev em up now for religion; so he's a bit fresh for want of the exercise he was accustomed to. He'll be glad to see you. Come along.

舍里：他以前参加全国运动俱乐部的比赛，一年能赚一百英镑呢。为了宗教，他现在放弃了。所以说，他正好精力有点旺盛，好久没摔过啦。看到你，他肯定会很高兴的。走吧。

BILL: Wots is weight?

比尔：他体重多少？

SHIRLEY. Thirteen four. (Bill's last hope expires.)

舍里一百八十六磅。（比尔最后一丝希望破灭了。）

BARBARA: Go and talk to him, Bill. He'll convert you.

巴巴拉：去跟他聊聊，比尔。他会改变你的信仰的。

SHIRLEY: He'll convert your head into a mashed potato.

舍里：他会把你的脑瓜打成土豆泥的。

BILL: (sullenly) I ain't afraid of him. I ain't afraid of ennybody. But he can lick me. She's done me. (He sits down moodily on the edge of the horse trough.)

比尔：（闷闷不乐地）我才不怕他哩。我谁都不怕。但我会败给他的。这女人可害苦我了。（他坐在马槽沿上，心中很是不快。）

SHIRLEY: You ain't goin. I thought not. (He resumes his seat.)

舍里：你不走了？我猜你也不会走。（他又坐回原处。）

BARBARA: (calling) Jenny!

巴巴拉：（喊着）珍妮！

JENNY: (appearing at the shelter door with a plaster on the corner of her mouth) Yes, Major.

珍妮：（出现在门口，嘴角贴了一块胶布）是的，少校。

BARBARA: Send Rummy Mitchens out to clear away here.

巴巴拉：让拉梅·米琴斯出来收拾这儿。

JENNY: I think she's afraid.

珍妮：我想，她害怕出来吧。

BARBARA: (her resemblance to her mother flashing out for a moment) Nonsense! she must do as she's told.

巴巴拉：（一下子变得像她母亲一样勃然大怒）胡说！她必须服从命令。

JENNY: (calling into the shelter) Rummy: the Major says you must come.

珍妮：（冲屋里喊）拉梅，少校说你必须得出来。

(Jenny comes to Barbara, purposely keeping on the side next Bill, lest he should suppose that she shrank from him or bore malice.)

（珍妮向巴巴拉走去，有意朝着比尔这边走，以免他认为自己躲着他，或对他心怀恨意。）

BARBARA: Poor little Jenny! Are you tired? (Looking at the wounded cheek) Does it hurt?

巴巴拉：可怜的小珍妮！你累了没有？（打量她带着伤痕的脸）还疼不疼？

JENNY: No: it's all right now. It was nothing.

珍妮：不疼，现在已经好了。本来就没什么。

BARBARA: (critically) It was as hard as he could hit, I expect. Poor Bill! You don't feel angry with him, do you?

巴巴拉：（讽刺地）我想，他就只有这么点力气吧。可怜的比尔！你不会还生他的气吧？

JENNY: Oh no, no, no: indeed I don't, Major, bless his poor heart! (Barbara kisses her; and she runs away merrily into the shelter. Bill writhes with an agonizing return of his new and alarming symptoms, but says nothing. Rummy Mitchens comes from the shelter.)

珍妮：噢，不，不，不，我根本没生气，少校，愿上帝保佑这个可怜的人吧！（巴巴拉吻了吻她，愉快地跑进屋里。比尔又感到那种新的、吓人的征兆，这让他很难受，坐立不安地，但他一声不吭。拉梅·米琴斯从屋里走了出来。）

BARBARA: (going to meet Rummy) Now Rummy, bustle. Take in those mugs and plates to be washed; and throw the crumbs about for the birds.

巴巴拉：（上前来迎拉梅）拉梅，赶紧地。杯子、碟子都拿进去洗了，面包屑丢给鸟吃吧。

(Rummy takes the three plates and mugs; but Shirley takes back his mug from her, as there it still come milk left in it.)

（拉梅拿起三副杯碟，舍里却一把从她手里夺过他的杯子，因为杯里还有点牛奶。）

RUMMY: There ain't any crumbs. This ain't a time to waste good bread on birds.

拉梅：没有面包屑了。这年头儿，哪里会把好面包浪费给鸟儿吃哦。

PRICE: (appearing at the shelter door) Gentleman come to see the shelter, Major. Says he's your father.

普赖斯：（出现在门口）一位绅士前来参观收容所，少校。他自称是你父亲。

BARBARA: All right. Coming. (Snobby goes back into the shelter, followed by Barbara.)

巴巴拉：好的。我这就来。（“自大狂”回到屋里，巴巴拉尾随其后。）

RUMMY: (stealing across to Bill and addressing him in a subdued voice, but with intense conviction) I'd av the lor of you, you flat eared pignosed potwalloper, if she'd let me. You're no gentleman, to hit a lady in the face. (Bill, with greater things moving in him, takes no notice.)

拉梅：（偷偷溜到比尔身边，低声跟他讲着话，却底气十足）我本来要揪你去见警察的，你这个猪鼻大耳的二流子，要是少校同意，我老早就这么干了。你太没教养了，居然打一位小姐的脸。（比尔心里正谋算大事，理都不理她。）

SHIRLEY: (following her) Here! in with you and don't get yourself into more trouble by talking.

舍里：（跟在她后面）好了！你进去吧，不要口无遮拦，自讨没趣了。

RUMMY: (with hauteur) I ain't ad the pleasure o being hintroduced to you, as I can remember. (She goes into the shelter with the plates.)

拉梅：（傲慢地）如果我没记错，我还没这个荣幸认识你吧。（她端起碟子走进屋去。）

BILL: (savagely) Don't you talk to me, d'ye hear. You lea me alone, or I'll do you a mischief. I'm not dirt under your feet, anyway.

比尔：（粗暴地）别跟我讲话，听到没。你要再惹我，我就动手了。都想把我踩在脚底下，没门儿。

SHIRLEY: (calmly) Don't you be afeerd. You ain't such prime company that you need expect to be sought after. (He is about to go into the shelter when Barbara comes out, with Undershaft on her right.)

舍里：（平静地）你不用操心。你又不是什么重要人物，才没有人想搭理你呢。（他正要走到屋里去，巴巴拉走了出来，在她右边的是安德谢夫。）

BARBARA: Oh there you are, Mr Shirley! (Between them) This is my father: I told you he was a Secularist, didn't I? Perhaps you'll be able to comfort one another.

巴巴拉：噢，你在这里，舍里先生！（站在两人中间）这是我父亲，我给你提过，他是世俗论者，对不对？说不定你们俩会聊得来。

UNDERSHAFT: (startled) A Secularist! Not the least in the world: on the contrary, a confirmed mystic.

安德谢夫：（吃惊）世俗论者！怎么可能；刚好相反，我是虔诚的神秘论者。

BARBARA: Sorry, I'm sure. By the way, papa, what is your religion—in case I have to introduce you again?

巴巴拉：那我很抱歉。顺便问问，爸爸，您的信仰是什么——说不定我以后还要介绍您呢？

UNDERSHAFT: My religion? Well, my dear, I am a Millionaire. That is my religion.

安德谢夫：我的信仰？好吧，亲爱的，我是一名百万富翁。这就是我的信仰。

BARBARA: Then I'm afraid you and Mr Shirley wont be able to comfort one another after all. You're not a Millionaire, are you, Peter?

巴巴拉：那我担心，您和舍里先生很难沟通了。您不是百万富翁吧，彼得？

SHIRLEY: No; and proud of it.

舍里：不是，但我引以为傲。

UNDERSHAFT: (gravely) Poverty, my friend, is not a thing to be proud of.

安德谢夫：（认真地）我的朋友，贫穷有什么可骄傲的。

SHIRLEY: (angrily) Who made your millions for you? Me and my like. What's kep us poor? Keepin you rich. I wouldn't have your conscience, not for all your income.

舍里：（恼怒地）是谁为你赚得百万身家的？我，还有跟我一样的一群人。到底是什么让我们一直受穷？可你们却一直富有。我不想让你感到内疚，尽管你的收入颇丰。

UNDERSHAFT: I wouldn't have your income, not for all your conscience, Mr Shirley. (He goes to the penthouse and sits down on a form.)

安德谢夫：不管你内心多么纯洁，我也不想拿你的收入，舍里先生。（他走进棚屋，在凳子上坐下。）

BARBARA: (stopping Shirley adroitly as he is about to retort) You wouldn't think he was my father, would you, Peter? Will you go into the shelter and lend the lasses a hand for a while: we're worked off our feet.

巴巴拉：（舍里准备反驳，巴巴拉机智地拦住了他）你不会想到他是我父亲吧，彼得？请你到屋里去，给那些女孩搭把手吧，我们已经忙得脚底朝天了。

SHIRLEY: (bitterly) Yes: I'm in their debt for a meal, ain't I?

舍里：（厉害地）好吧，我还欠她们一顿饭，是吧？

BARBARA: Oh, not because you're in their debt; but for love of them, Peter, for love of them. (He cannot understand, and is rather scandalized.) There! Don't stare at me. In with you; and give that conscience of yours a holiday (bustling him into the shelter.)

巴巴拉：唉，不是因为你欠她们的，是出于对她们的爱，彼得，出于对她们的爱。（他觉得不可理喻，大为反感。）行了！别瞪着我看。进去吧，让你的良知小憩片刻（催他进屋去。）

SHIRLEY: (as he goes in) Ah! it's a pity you never was trained to use your reason, miss. You'd have been a very taking lecturer on Secularism.

舍里：（一边进屋）唉！可惜了，你从没受过训练，不懂得如何运用你的理智，小姐。否则你完全可以成为世俗派一名优秀的演讲者。

(Barbara turns to her father.)

（巴巴拉转身面向父亲。）

UNDERSHAFT: Never mind me, my dear. Go about your work; and let me watch it for a while.

安德谢夫：别管我，亲爱的。做你的事去，让我自己看一会儿。

BARBARA: All right.

巴巴拉：好的。

UNDERSHAFT: For instance, what's the matter with that out-patient over there?

安德谢夫：比如，那里有位门诊病人是怎么啦？

BARBARA: (looking at Bill, whose attitude has never changed, and whose expression of brooding wrath has deepened) Oh, we shall cure him in no time. Just watch. (She goes over to Bill and waits. He glances up at her and casts his eyes down again, uneasy, but grimmer than ever.) It would be nice to just stamp on Mog Habbijam's face, wouldn't it, Bill?

巴巴拉：（打量着比尔，他态度依然如故，憋了一肚子火，神情更显郁闷）噢，我们立刻就能把他治好。瞧着吧。（她来到比尔身旁，等候着。他抬头来瞥了她一眼，眼帘又垂下，显得很不自在，比之前更痛苦了。）只要在莫格·阿比詹姆脸上踩一脚，就舒服多了，对不，比尔？

BILL: (starting up from the trough in consternation) It's a lie: I never said so. (She shakes her head.) Who told you wot was in my mind?

比尔：（惊慌失措地从马槽上跳起）胡说八道，我绝对没这样说过。（巴巴拉摇了摇头。）谁跟你讲我在想些什么的？

BARBARA: Only your new friend.

巴巴拉：是你的新朋友啊。

BILL: Wot new friend?

比尔：什么新朋友？

BARBARA: The devil, Bill. When he gets round people they get miserable, just like you.

巴巴拉：恶魔啊，比尔。当他在人身上附体，这人就会变得很痛苦，像你这样。

BILL: (with a heartbreaking attempt at devil-may-care cheerfulness) I ain't miserable. (He sits down again, and stretches his legs in an attempt to seem indifferent.)

比尔：（强颜欢笑，装作毫不在乎）我不痛苦。（他重又坐下，伸长了双腿，显得无关紧要的样子。）

BARBARA: Well, if you're happy, why don't you look happy, as we do?

巴巴拉：好吧，如果你开心，那你看起来怎么不像我们这样开心呢？

BILL: (his legs curling back in spite of him) I'm appy enough, I tell you. Why don't you lea me alown? Wot av I done to you? I ain't smashed your face, av I?

比尔：（不由自主地缩回双腿）我开心得很，我告诉你。你来招惹我干什么？我怎么惹你了？我打你的脸了吗，我有吗？

BARBARA: (softly: wooing his soul) It's not me that's getting at you, Bill.

巴巴拉：（温和地，争取他的灵魂）并不是我要招惹你，比尔。

BILL: Who else is it?

比尔：那还有谁？

BARBARA: Somebody that doesn't intend you to smash women's faces, I suppose. Somebody or something that wants to make a man of you.

巴巴拉：我想，是个不想你再打女人脸的人吧。大概是要把你变成男人的某个人或者某件事物吧。

BILL: (blustering) Make a man o ME! Ain't I a man? eh? ain't I a man? Who sez I'm not a man?

比尔：（叫嚣起来）把我变成男人！我不是男人吗？嗯？难道我不是男的？谁说我不是男的？

BARBARA: There's a man in you somewhere, I suppose. But why did he let you hit poor little Jenny Hill? That wasn't very manly of him, was it?

巴巴拉：我想，你身上也有那么一点男子气概吧。那你怎么会狠心打可怜的小珍妮？那一点都不够男人，不是吗？

BILL: (tormented) Av done with it, I tell you. Chock it. I'm sick of your Jenny Ill and er silly little face.

比尔：（苦恼）我跟你说，我受够了。给我打住。我烦透了你的小珍妮，还有她那张傻兮兮的小脸。

BARBARA: Then why do you keep thinking about it? Why does it keep coming up against you in your mind? You're not getting converted, are you?

巴巴拉：那为什么你老惦记着呢？为什么她的脸一直在你脑袋里打转啊？你不是也要改邪归正了吧？

BILL: (with conviction) Not ME. Not likely. Not arf.

比尔：（坚决地）我才不呢。不可能。绝对不可能。

BARBARA: That's right, Bill. Hold out against it. Put out your strength. Don't let's get you cheap. Todger Fairmile said he wrestled for three nights against his Salvation harder than he ever wrestled with the Jap at the music hall. He gave in to the Jap when his arm was going to break. But he didn't give in to his salvation until his heart was going to break. Perhaps you'll escape that. You haven't any heart, have you?

巴巴拉：正确，比尔。一定要坚持下去。拿出你的实力来。别让我们轻易就把你打败了。托杰·费麦尔说，他跟救世军较了足足三个昼夜的劲，最后才败下阵来，可比在戏园子里跟日本人摔跤费劲。他之所以那么轻易就败给日本人，是因为他胳膊都快扭断了。而他向救世军投降，是因为他精神都快崩溃了。或许你能躲过此劫。你根本就没有感情，对不对？

BILL: Wot dye mean? Wy ain't I got a art the same as ennybody else?

比尔：你什么意思？难道我就跟别人不一样，没有感情吗？

BARBARA: A man with a heart wouldn't have bashed poor little Jenny's face, would he?

巴巴拉：一个有感情的人是不会打可怜的小珍妮的脸，你说呢？

BILL: (almost crying) Ow, will you lea me alown? Av I ever

offered to meddle with you, that you come noggin and provowkin me lawk this? (He writhes convulsively from his eyes to his toes.)

比尔：（几乎哭起来）哎呀，你就饶了我吧！我找你麻烦了吗？你就非得对我这样喋喋不休、没完没了的？（他从头到脚，全身上下都在抽搐。）

BARBARA: (with a steady soothing hand on his arm and a gentle voice that never lets him go) It's your soul that's hurting you, Bill, and not me. We've been through it all ourselves. Come with us, Bill. (He looks wildly round.) To brave manhood on earth and eternal glory in heaven. (He is on the point of breaking down.) Come. (A drum is heard in the shelter; and Bill, with a gasp, escapes from the spell as Barbara turns quickly. Adolphus enters from the shelter with a big drum.) Oh! there you are, Dolly. Let me introduce a new friend of mine, Mr Bill Walker. This is my bloke, Bill: Mr Cusins. (Cusins salutes with his drumstick.)

巴巴拉：（一手坚定地搭在他胳膊上抚慰他，柔和的声音令他无处可逃）是你的灵魂让你难受，比尔，不是我啊。我们这里的人全都经历过这种痛苦。跟我们走吧，比尔。（他胡乱地看了看四周。）在人间要表现出男子气概，在天上才能得到永生。（他已经在崩溃的边缘了。）来吧。（屋里传来一阵鼓声；巴巴拉迅速回头，比尔这时才恍然从她的符咒中苏醒，不觉大吃一惊。阿道弗斯从屋里走了出来，带着一面大鼓。）噢！多利，你来了。我给你介绍一位新朋友，比尔·沃克先生。比尔，这是我的男友，库森斯先生。（库森斯用鼓槌致敬。）

BILL: Goin to marry im?

比尔：要嫁给他？

BARBARA: Yes.

巴巴拉：对。

BILL: (fervently) Gawd elp im! Gawd elp im!

比尔：比尔（热心地）上帝保佑他！上帝保佑他！

BARBARA: Why? Do you think he won't be happy with me?

巴巴拉：为什么？你以为，他跟我在一起不快乐？

BILL: I've only ad to stand it for a mornin: e'll av to stand it for a lifetime.

比尔：我就忍受了你一个上午，可他却要忍受一辈子啊。

CUSINS: That is a frightful reflection, Mr Walker. But I can't tear myself away from her.

库森斯：沃克先生，你这样说，真是让人心惊胆战。但我就是离不开她啊。

BILL: Well, I can. (To Barbara) Eah! Do you know where I'm goin to, and wot I'm goin to do?

比尔：那我就行呢。（对巴巴拉）喂！我要去哪儿，去干嘛，你都知道吧？

BARBARA: Yes: you're going to heaven; and you're coming back here before the week's out to tell me so.

巴巴拉：知道，你要去天堂；不过，要不了一周，你就会回来，告诉我所发生的事。

BILL: You lie. I'm goin to Kennintahn, to spit in Todger Fairmile's eye. I bashed Jenny Ill's face; and now I'll get me own face bashed and come back and show it to er. E'll it me ardern I it er. That'll make us square. (To Adolphus) Is that fair or is it not? You're a genlmn: you oughter know.

比尔：你胡说。我要去坎宁镇，把唾沫吐在托杰·费麦尔脸上。我打破了珍妮·希尔的脸，现在我要让自己的脸也挨一拳，再回来给她瞧瞧。跟她比起来，我肯定会被打得更惨。这样我俩就扯平了。（对阿道弗斯）这样公不公平啊？你是一位绅士，你该明白的。

BARBARA: Two black eyes wont make one white one, Bill.

巴巴拉：比尔，拳脚是不能解决问题的。

BILL: I didn't ast you. Cawn't you never keep your mahth shut? I ast the genlmn.

比尔：我又没问你。你就不能闭上你的臭嘴吗？我在问这位先生。

CUSINS: (reflectively) Yes: I think you're right, Mr Walker. Yes: I should do it. It's curious: it's exactly what an ancient Greek would have done.

库森斯：（思考状）对，我觉得你没错，沃克先生。对，我也会这样做的。真是不可思议，要是古希腊人，一定也会这样做的。

BARBARA: But what good will it do?

巴巴拉：这么做有什么用？

CUSINS: Well, it will give Mr Fairmile some exercise; and it will satisfy Mr Walker's soul.

库森斯：当然了，这样就算给费麦尔先生一点教训，还可以让沃克先生的灵魂得到满足。

BILL: Rot! there ain't no sach a thing as a soul. Ah kin you tell wether I've a soul or not? You never seen it.

比尔：鬼扯！根本没有灵魂这回事。你怎么晓得我有灵魂没有？你从来都没见过。

BARBARA: I've seen it hurting you when you went against it.

巴巴拉：我看到你的灵魂在伤害你，当时你背叛了它。

BILL: (with compressed aggravation) If you was my girl and took the word out o me mahth lawk thet, I'd give you suthink you'd feel urtin, so I would. (To Adolphus) You take my tip, mate. Stop er jawr; or you'll die afore your time. (With intense expression) Wore aht: thets wot you'll be: wore aht. (He goes away through the gate.)

比尔：（压抑的情感再次爆发）你要是我的女人，胆敢这样还我的嘴，我就好好教训你一顿，让你今生难忘，我说到做到。（对阿道弗斯）你听我的吧，老弟。让她住嘴，不然你会短命的。（激烈地）就这样，她会折磨死你，把你折磨死。（他从大门走了出去。）

CUSINS: (looking after him) I wonder!

库森斯：（眼神追随着他）我看也是！

BARBARA: Dolly! (indignant, in her mother's manner.)

巴巴拉：多利！（大发雷霆，神态像她母亲）

CUSINS: Yes, my dear, it's very wearing to be in love with you. If it lasts, I quite think I shall die young.

库森斯：在，亲爱的，跟你恋爱可真累啊。这样下去，我很有可能短命哦。

BARBARA: Should you mind?

巴巴拉：你介意吗？

CUSINS: Not at all. (He is suddenly softened, and kisses her over the drum, evidently not for the first time, as people cannot kiss over a big drum without practice. Undershaft coughs.)

库森斯：决不。（他突然温柔起来，隔着鼓吻她，显然已不是第一次，因为不经常练习，就不可能隔着鼓接吻。安德谢夫咳了一声。）

BARBARA: It's all right, papa, we've not forgotten you. Dolly: explain the place to papa: I haven't time. (She goes busily into the shelter.)

巴巴拉：行了，爸爸，我们可没忘了您。多利，给爸爸讲讲这里的情况吧，我实在没空。（她匆匆走进屋去。）

(Undershaft and Adolpbus now have the yard to themselves. Undershaft, seated on a form, and still keenly attentive, looks hard at Adolphus. Adolphus looks hard at him.)

（此刻院里只留下了安德谢夫和阿道弗斯两人。安德谢夫坐在凳子上，依旧密切关注着周围，他紧紧盯着阿道弗斯。而阿道弗斯也注视着他。）

UNDERSHAFT: I fancy you guess something of what is in my mind, Mr Cusins. (Cusins flourishes his drumsticks as if in the art of beating a lively rataplan, but makes no sound.) Exactly so. But suppose Barbara finds you out!

安德谢夫：我想，你能猜出我想什么吧，库森斯先生。（库森斯把鼓槌挥动起来，如同在咚咚咚欢快地打鼓，其实一点声音也没用。）完全正确。但要是巴巴拉发现了你的本意呢！

CUSINS: You know, I do not admit that I am imposing on Barbara. I am quite genuinely interested in the views of the Salvation Army. The fact is, I am a sort of collector of religions; and the curious thing is that I find I can believe them all. By the way, have you any religion?

库森斯：您也知道，我不认为我在欺骗巴巴拉。我纯粹是对救世军的观点很感兴趣。事实上，我可以算是一个宗教收集者，而不可思议的是，我觉得自己对任何宗教都可以接受。那顺便问一下，您有信仰吗？

UNDERSHAFT: Yes.

安德谢夫：当然有。

CUSINS: Anything out of the common?

库森斯：有非凡之处吗？

UNDERSHAFT: Only that there are two things necessary to Salvation.

安德谢夫：那就是，要想灵魂得救，必须具备两点。

CUSINS: (disappointed, but polite) Ah, the Church Catechism. Charles Lomax also belongs to the Established Church.

库森斯：（感到失望，仍不失礼貌）噢，教堂问答那一套吧。查尔斯·洛马克斯也是国教教徒。

UNDERSHAFT: The two things are—

安德谢夫：这两点就是——

CUSINS: Baptism and—

库森斯：受洗和——

UNDERSHAFT: No. Money and gunpowder.

安德谢夫：不，金钱和军火。

CUSINS: (surprised, but interested) That is the general opinion of our governing classes. The novelty is in hearing any man confess it.

库森斯：（震惊，但饶有兴致）我们统治阶层普遍都是这种看法。新奇之处就在于，竟然有人对此供认不讳。

UNDERSHAFT: Just so.

安德谢夫：正是如此。

CUSINS: Excuse me: is there any place in your religion for honor, justice, truth, love, mercy and so forth?

库森斯：很抱歉，请问您还相信荣耀、公正、真理、大爱、仁义诸如此类的东西吗？

UNDERSHAFT: Yes: they are the graces and luxuries of a rich, strong, and safe life.

安德谢夫：是的，有了富有、充实、安定的生活，才能让你过得更体面、更奢华。

CUSINS: Suppose one is forced to choose between them and money or gunpowder?

库森斯：要是被迫在这些与金钱军火中，做一个选择呢？

UNDERSHAFT: Choose money and gunpowder; for without enough of both you cannot afford the others.

安德谢夫：选金钱与军火，两者缺一不可，否则你就无法为其他东西买单。

CUSINS: That is your religion?

库森斯：这就是您的信仰？

UNDERSHAFT: Yes.

安德谢夫：没错。

(The cadence of this reply makes a full close in the conversation. Cusins twists his face dubiously and contemplates Undershaft. Undershaft contemplates him.)

（这个回答使谈话戛然而止。库森斯满脸疑惑，纠结着眉头凝视安德谢夫。安德谢夫也凝视着他。）

CUSINS: Barbara won't stand that. You will have to choose between your religion and Barbara.

库森斯：巴巴拉是不能忍受的。您得在您的信仰与巴巴拉之间有所取舍。

UNDERSHAFT: So will you, my friend. She will find out that that drum of yours is hollow.

安德谢夫：你也是，朋友。她会发现的，你那面鼓中间其实是空的。

CUSINS: Father Undershaft: you are mistaken: I am a sincere Salvationist. You do not understand the Salvation Army. It is the army

of joy, of love, of courage: it has banished the fear and remorse and despair of the old hellridden evangelical sects: it marches to fight the devil with trumpet and drum, with music and dancing, with banner and palm, as becomes a sally from heaven by its happy garrison. It picks the waster out of the public house and makes a man of him: it finds a worm wriggling in a back kitchen, and lo! a woman! Men and women of rank too, sons and daughters of the Highest. It takes the poor professor of Greek, the most artificial and self-suppressed of human creatures, from his meal of roots, and lets loose the rhapsodist in him; reveals the true worship of Dionysos to him; sends him down the public street drumming dithyrambs (he plays a thundering flourish on the drum.)

库森斯：安德谢夫老爷，这您就错了，我可是虔诚的救世军。您不理解救世军。这是一支充满快乐、博爱和勇气的军队；它驱逐了恐惧、忏悔和绝望，而那些动不动就提地狱的福音会教徒所宣扬的就是这些；救世军大步向前进，与魔鬼进行决斗，他们吹着喇叭、敲着大鼓、载歌载舞、手举大旗、挥舞棕榈叶，这支来自天堂的军队现在已成长为一支成功突围的幸福驻军了。它把失魂落魄的人从酒馆里找出来，让他成为一个男子汉；它还把整天烧饭洗碗的可怜蛋儿拯救出来，看！变成了女人！当然，还包括上流社会的男男女女，他们都变成了圣父的儿女。像我这样可怜的希腊语教授，原本是最矫揉造作、最自我压抑的人，而救世军却让我摆脱了以前的清规戒律，敢于吟诗作赋，真正懂得了对希腊酒神的崇拜，并且还能在大庭广众之下敲出“酒神赞歌”（他手舞足蹈地敲着鼓，响声如雷。）

UNDERSHAFT: You will alarm the shelter.

安德谢夫：你会吓到这屋里的人。

CUSINS: Oh, they are accustomed to these sudden ecstasies of piety. However, if the drum worries you—(he pockets the drumsticks; unhooks the drum; and stands it on the ground opposite the gateway.)

库森斯：嗨，他们已习惯了这种出其不意、忘我的虔诚。但是，要是鼓声搅扰到您——（他把鼓槌放进衣兜，取下大鼓，面对门口把它放下。）

UNDERSHAFT: Thank you.

安德谢夫：谢谢。

CUSINS: You remember what Euripides says about your money and gunpowder?

库森斯：您还记得欧里庇得斯是怎么提到您的金钱与军火吗？

UNDERSHAFT: No.

安德谢夫：不记得。

CUSINS (declaiming) One and another

库森斯（朗诵）同族兄弟，

In money and guns may outpass his brother;

为了金钱，为了武器。相互残杀；

And men in their millions float and flow

芸芸众生，川流不息；

And seethe with a million hopes as leaven;

终日奔忙，皆为名利。

And they win their will; or they miss their will;

有人得志，有人失意；

And their hopes are dead or are pined for still:

有的希望破灭，有的雄风依旧。

But whoe'er can know

殊不知；

As the long days go

时光荏苒；

That to live is happy, has found his heaven.

人间是天堂，活着即幸福。

My translation: what do you think of it?

我的翻译，您认为如何？

UNDERSHAFT: I think, my friend, that if you wish to know, as the long days go, that to live is happy, you must first acquire money enough for a decent life, and power enough to be your own master.

安德谢夫：我的朋友，你也知道，既然时光荏苒，活着即幸福；那我认为，首先你一定要获得足够的金钱，这样才能过体面的生活，其次呢，要有足够的权力，做你自己的主人。

CUSINS: You are damnably discouraging. (He resumes his declamation.)

库森斯：您真是让人丧气。（他继续朗诵。）

Is it so hard a thing to see

上帝的精神——

That the spirit of God—whate'er it be—

雾里看花——

The Law that abides and changes not, ages long,

天理永存，不可改变。

The Eternal and Nature-born: these things be strong.

上帝与众生，坚如磐石。

What else is Wisdom? What of Man's endeavor,

那何为智慧？何为人力？

Or God's high grace so lovely and so great?

上帝恩典，何其宽大？

To stand from fear set free? to breathe and wait?

是摆脱敬畏？还是苟延残喘？

To hold a hand uplifted over Fate?

或者为了命运而奋力一搏？

And shall not Barbara be loved for ever?

何不永远爱恋巴巴拉？

UNDERSHAFT: Euripides mentions Barbara, does he?

安德谢夫：欧里庇得斯提过巴巴拉，真的吗？

CUSINS: It is a fair translation. The word means Loveliness.

库森斯：这样翻译是合理的。这个词指的就是“可爱”。

UNDERSHAFT: May I ask—as Barbara's father—how much a year she is to be loved for ever on?

安德谢夫：冒昧问一句——作为巴巴拉的父亲——永远被爱恋的她每年收入多少？

CUSINS: As Barbara's father, that is more your affair than mine. I can feed her by teaching Greek: that is about all.

库森斯：作为巴巴拉的父亲，您比我更关心此事吧。我靠教授希腊语就可以养活她，仅此而已。

UNDERSHAFT: Do you consider it a good match for her?

安德谢夫：你觉得这对她来说是一桩好姻缘吗？

CUSINS: (with polite obstinacy) Mr Undershaft: I am in many ways a weak, timid, ineffectual person; and my health is far from satisfactory. But whenever I feel that I must have anything, I get it, sooner or later. I feel that way about Barbara. I don't like marriage: I feel intensely afraid of it; and I don't know what I shall do with Barbara or what she will do with me. But I feel that I and nobody else

must marry her. Please regard that as settled.—Not that I wish to be arbitrary; but why should I waste your time in discussing what is inevitable?

库森斯：（倔强，而不失礼貌）安德谢夫先生，从诸多方面看呢，我这个人意志薄弱、缩手缩脚、事业无成；而且我的健康状况也不尽如人意。但只要我认为非得到不可的，我就努力争取，只是早晚而已。我对巴巴拉，就是这样。我不喜欢结婚，对此我很担心；我不知道如何与巴巴拉相处，也不知道她会如何与我相处。不过我觉得，除了我，没人能配得上她了。请您注意，这事我已决定了——我不是要任意妄为，可要我和您谈论一件既成定局的事，那不是浪费您的时间么？

UNDERSHAFT: You mean that you will stick at nothing not even the conversion of the Salvation Army to the worship of Dionysos.

安德谢夫：你的意思是，你会坚持到底，即便是变救世军为对酒神的崇拜。

CUSINS: The business of the Salvation Army is to save, not to wrangle about the name of the pathfinder. Dionysos or another: what does it matter?

库森斯：救世军要做的是拯救灵魂，而不会纠缠于谁是开拓者。管它是酒神，还是其他的，那又有何关系呢？

UNDERSHAFT: (rising and approaching him) Professor Cusins you are a young man after my own heart.

安德谢夫：（起身靠近他）库森斯教授，你就是称我心意的小伙子。

CUSINS: Mr Undershaft: you are, as far as I am able to gather, a most infernal old rascal; but you appeal very strongly to my sense of ironic humor.

库森斯：安德谢夫先生，据我目前所知，您是个十恶不赦的老坏蛋；但您却引起我强烈的兴趣，这是由于我玩世不恭的幽默感。

(Undershaft mutely offers his hand. They shake.)

（安德谢夫默默地伸出他的手来。他们握手。）

UNDERSHAFT: (suddenly concentrating himself) And now to business.

安德谢夫：（突然聚精会神起来）还是言归正传吧。

CUSINS: Pardon me. We were discussing religion. Why go back to such an uninteresting and unimportant subject as business?

库森斯：请您见谅。我们还在讨论宗教哩。为什么要回到这种无趣又无价值的话题，把它当正经事呢？

UNDERSHAFT: Religion is our business at present, because it is

through religion alone that we can win Barbara.

安德谢夫：宗教就是我们此刻的正经事，只有通过宗教，我们才能赢得巴巴拉。

CUSINS: Have you, too, fallen in love with Barbara?

库森斯：怎么，您也爱上巴巴拉了？

UNDERSHAFT: Yes, with a father's love.

安德谢夫：当然啦，父爱嘛。

CUSINS: A father's love for a grown-up daughter is the most dangerous of all infatuations. I apologize for mentioning my own pale, coy, mistrustful fancy in the same breath with it.

库森斯：父亲对成年女儿的爱，在所有糊涂事中是最危险的。我都不好意思在您面前提我的感情，那显得多么苍白无力、难以启齿，又不可信任啊。

UNDERSHAFT: Keep to the point. We have to win her; and we are neither of us Methodists.

安德谢夫：要切题。我们得争取她；但我们都不是照章办事的循道宗教徒。

CUSINS: That doesn't matter. The power Barbara wields here—the power that wields Barbara herself—is not Calvinism, not Presbyterianism, not Methodism—

库森斯：那不要紧。巴巴拉在这里支配别人的力量——也是支配巴巴拉自己的力量——不是喀尔文教派，不是长老会教派，也不是循道宗教派——

UNDERSHAFT: Not Greek Paganism either, eh?

安德谢夫：更不是希腊的异教，对吗？

CUSINS: I admit that. Barbara is quite original in her religion.

库森斯：这一点我承认。巴巴拉在信仰上，是相当有创意的。

UNDERSHAFT: (triumphantly) Aha! Barbara Undershaft would be. Her inspiration comes from within herself.

安德谢夫：安德谢夫（喜悦地）哈哈！这才是巴巴拉·安德谢夫。她的奇思妙想就来源于她自己的内心。

CUSINS. How do you suppose it got there?

库森斯那您觉得，这又是怎么来的呢？

UNDERSHAFT: (in towering excitement) It is the Undershaft inheritance. I shall hand on my torch to my daughter. She shall make my converts and preach my gospel.

安德谢夫：（兴奋之极）那是安德谢夫的遗传。我要把我手中的火炬传给我女儿。她要为我召集教徒，宣传我的福音。

CUSINS. What! Money and gunpowder!

库森斯什么！金钱与军火！

UNDERSHAFT. Yes, money and gunpowder; freedom and power; command of life and command of death.

安德谢夫对，金钱与军火；自由与力量；支配生死的权力。

CUSINS: (urbanely: trying to bring him down to earth) This is extremely interesting, Mr Undershaft. Of course you know that you are mad.

库森斯：（温文尔雅地，想要把他唤回到现实中来）这真是太有趣了，安德谢夫先生。当然您也知道，您太疯狂了。

UNDERSHAFT: (with redoubled force) And you?

安德谢夫：（语气加重）那你呢？

CUSINS: Oh, mad as a hatter. You are welcome to my secret since I have discovered yours. But I am astonished. Can a madman make cannons?

库森斯：噢，我也是个疯子。既然我已经知道了您的秘密，那么您也可以知道我的。但我依然很吃惊。一个疯子居然能造出军火？

UNDERSHAFT: Would anyone else than a madman make them? And now (with surging energy) question for question. Can a sane man translate Euripides?

安德谢夫：造军火的，不是疯子还能是谁啊？那好，（情绪高涨）我也来问你。神志清醒的人能翻译出欧里庇得斯来吗？

CUSINS: No.

库森斯：不能。

UNDERSHAFT: (reining him by the shoulder) Can a sane woman make a man of a waster or a woman of a worm?

安德谢夫：（用力摁住他的肩膀）神志清醒的女性能把没用的废物变成男子汉，把可怜蛋儿变成新女性吗？

CUSINS: (reeling before the storm) Father Colossus—Mammoth Millionaire—

库森斯：（面对暴风骤雨，感到天旋地转）我的巨人老爹——超级富豪——

UNDERSHAFT: (pressing him) Are there two mad people or three in this Salvation shelter today?

安德谢夫：（催促他）那今天，有几个疯子在这救世军收容所里，两个还是三个？

CUSINS. You mean Barbara is as mad as we are!

库森斯您是说，巴巴拉也是疯子，跟我们一样！

UNDERSHAFT: (pushing him lightly off and resuming his equanimity suddenly and completely) Pooh, Professor! let us call things by their proper names. I am a millionaire; you are a poet; Barbara is a savior of souls. What have we three to do with the common mob of slaves and idolaters? (He sits down again with a shrug of contempt for the mob.)

安德谢夫：（轻轻地把他推开，瞬间完全恢复了平静）嗨，教授！还是让我们用更体面一点的称呼吧。我是大富翁，你是诗人，巴巴拉是灵魂的救星。我们三个人怎么要跟这群做苦力的崇拜者搅和在一起呢？（他耸了耸肩，又重新坐下，对大众表示了鄙夷之情。）

CUSINS: Take care! Barbara is in love with the common people. So am I. Have you never felt the romance of that love?

库森斯：当心啊！巴巴拉可爱这些普通大众了。我也是。您从未感觉到这种浪漫的热爱之情吗？

UNDERSHAFT: (cold and sardonic) Have you ever been in love with Poverty, like St Francis? Have you ever been in love with Dirt, like St Simeon? Have you ever been in love with disease and suffering, like our nurses and philanthropists? Such passions are not virtues, but the most unnatural of all the vices. This love of the common people may please an earl's granddaughter and a university professor; but I have been a common man and a poor man; and it has no romance for me. Leave it to the poor to pretend that poverty is a blessing: leave it to the coward to make a religion of his cowardice by preaching humility: we know better than that. We three must stand together above the common people: how else can we help their children to climb up beside us? Barbara must belong to us, not to the Salvation Army.

安德谢夫：（冰冷而又嘲讽）你像圣弗朗西斯一样热爱过贫困吗？你像圣西米恩一样热爱过肮脏吗？你也像护士和慈善家那样热爱过疾病和苦难？这些感情可不是什么美德，而是最违背人类天性的恶习。热爱这些普通大众，也许能讨得伯爵外孙女的欢心，也能让大学教授满意；不过，我曾经就是个普通大众，一个穷小子；在我看来，这根本就没有什么浪漫可言。让穷人自己去说贫穷是福吧；就让懦夫去宣扬谦恭，把怯懦看成宗教信仰吧；我们才没那么傻哪。我们三人一定要比普通人站得更高；不然，我们怎么才能帮助他们的后代跟我们一起攀登呢？巴巴拉必须属于我们，她不属于救世军。

CUSINS: Well, I can only say that if you think you will get her away from the Salvation Army by talking to her as you have been talking to me, you don't know Barbara.

库森斯：那好，我只想说，要是您以为仅凭您刚才对我说的那些就想让她脱离救世军，那您就太不了解巴巴拉了。

UNDERSHAFT: My friend: I never ask for what I can buy.

安德谢夫：朋友，我能买得到的，又何必去求呢。

CUSINS: (in a white fury) Do I understand you to imply that you can buy Barbara?

库森斯：（气得脸色发白）我没搞错吧？您是说，您要拿钱收买巴巴拉？

UNDERSHAFT: No; but I can buy the Salvation Army.

安德谢夫：不，可是我能把救世军给收买了。

CUSINS: Quite impossible.

库森斯：绝不可能。

UNDERSHAFT: You shall see. All religious organizations exist by selling themselves to the rich.

安德谢夫：你会明白的。一切宗教组织都是靠把自己卖给富人而存在的啊。

CUSINS: Not the Army. That is the Church of the poor.

库森斯：但救世军不会。它是属于穷人的教会。

UNDERSHAFT: All the more reason for buying it.

安德谢夫：那收买它，就更有理由了。

CUSINS: I don't think you quite know what the Army does for the poor.

库森斯：我想，您还完全不了解救世军为穷人们做的事吧。

UNDERSHAFT: Oh yes I do. It draws their teeth: that is enough for me—as a man of business—

安德谢夫：噢，我很清楚。让他们不能作恶嘛，在我看来，这就够了——作为一个生意人——

CUSINS: Nonsense! It makes them sober—

库森斯：胡扯！救世军让人们戒酒——

UNDERSHAFT: I prefer sober workmen. The profits are larger.

安德谢夫：我喜欢不喝酒的工人。利润才更大。

CUSINS: —honest—

库森斯：——诚实——

UNDERSHAFT: Honest workmen are the most economical.

安德谢夫：诚实的工人是最经济实惠的。

CUSINS: —attached to their homes—

库森斯：——有家庭观念——

UNDERSHAFT: So much the better: they will put up with anything sooner than change their shop.

安德谢夫：这再好不过了，他们才会忍辱负重，绝不跳槽。

CUSINS: —happy—

库森斯：——快乐——

UNDERSHAFT: An invaluable safeguard against revolution.

安德谢夫：这是千金难买的保障，不会搞革命。

CUSINS: —unselfish—

库森斯：——无私心——

UNDERSHAFT: Indifferent to their own interests, which suits me exactly.

安德谢夫：对于他们的自身利益漠不关心，这正合我意啊。

CUSINS: —with their thoughts on heavenly things—

库森斯：——只关心天堂的事情——

UNDERSHAFT: (rising) And not on Trade Unionism nor Socialism. Excellent.

安德谢夫：（起立）不关心工联主义，也不关心社会主义。棒极了！

CUSINS: (revolted) You really are an infernal old rascal.

库森斯：（反感）您真是个地地道道的老流氓。

UNDERSHAFT: (indicating Peter Shirley, who has just came from the shelter and strolled dejectedly down the yard between them) And this is an honest man!

安德谢夫：（指着彼得·舍里，他刚从屋里走出，情绪低落地沿着院墙闲逛，正走过两人中间）这位，就是一个诚实的人！

SHIRLEY: Yes; and what av I got by it? (He passes on bitterly and sits on the form, in the corner of the penthouse.)

舍里：没错，那有什么用？（他气愤地走过去，在大棚墙角的凳子

上坐下。）

(Snobby Price, beaming sanctimoniously, and Jenny Hill, with a tambourine full of coppers, come from the shelter and go to the drum, on which Jenny begins to count the money.)

（“自大狂”普赖斯笑容满面、假装虔诚，珍妮·希尔手拿装满铜子儿的铃鼓，两人一起从屋里走出，来到大鼓边，珍妮把铜子儿倒在鼓上，开始清点起数目来。）

UNDERSHAFT: (replying to Shirley) Oh, your employers must have got a good deal by it from first to last. (He sits on the table, with one foot on the side form. Cusins, overwhelmed, sits down on the same form nearer the shelter. Barbara comes from the shelter to the middle of the yard. She is excited and a little overwrought.)

安德谢夫：（回答舍里）噢，你的雇主自始至终肯定捞了不少好处吧。（他坐在桌上，一脚搭在旁边的凳子上。而不知所措的库森斯，就坐在靠近屋子的这张凳上。巴巴拉从屋里走出，来到院子中间。她依然兴奋，也显得有点疲惫。）

BARBARA: We've just had a splendid experience meeting at the other gate in Cripps's lane. I've hardly ever seen them so much moved as they were by your confession, Mr Price.

巴巴拉：我们刚才在克里普斯巷的侧门举行了一次忏悔交流会，真是棒极了。普赖斯先生，我好像从未见过大家这样，你的忏悔真是感人啊。

PRICE: I could almost be glad of my past wickedness if I could believe that it would elp to keep hathers stright.

普赖斯：这都要感激我以前犯的罪过啊，但愿这些能帮助其他人走上正道。

BARBARA: So it will, Snobby. How much, Jenny?

巴巴拉：能帮到的，自大狂。珍妮，多少钱？

JENNY: Four and tenpence, Major.

珍妮：差两便士就五先令了。

BARBARA: Oh Snobby, if you had given your poor mother just one more kick, we should have got the whole five shillings!

巴巴拉：噢，自大狂，如果你再踹你可怜的母亲一脚，我们就刚好有五先令了！

PRICE: If she heard you say that, miss, she'd be sorry I didn't. But I'm glad. Oh what a joy it will be to her when she hears I'm saved!

普赖斯：小姐，她要听到你这话，她肯定后悔没让我多踹她一脚。不过，我太高兴了。噢，她听说我得到救赎，别提会有多高兴呢！

UNDERSHAFT: Shall I contribute the odd twopence, Barbara? The millionaire's mite, eh? (He takes a couple of pennies from his pocket.)

安德谢夫：请让我捐出余下这两便士，好吗，巴巴拉？大富翁的一点意思嘛，行吗？（他往衣兜里掏出两便士来。）

BARBARA: How did you make that twopence?

巴巴拉：您是怎么赚来这两便士的？

UNDERSHAFT: As usual. By selling cannons, torpedoes, submarines, and my new patent Grand Duke hand grenade.

安德谢夫：跟平常一样啊。就靠卖军火、鱼雷、潜水艇，以及我新的专利产品——大公爵型号的手雷。

BARBARA: Put it back in your pocket. You can't buy your Salvation here for twopence: you must work it out.

巴巴拉：还是收进您衣袋里吧。您休想再用两便士，就把救世军给收买了，您要为之倾尽全力。

UNDERSHAFT: Is twopence not enough? I can afford a little more, if you press me.

安德谢夫：两便士不够？你要是坚持，我可以多付一些。

BARBARA: Two million millions would not be enough. There is bad blood on your hands; and nothing but good blood can cleanse them. Money is no use. Take it away. (She turns to Cusins.) Dolly: you must write another letter for me to the papers. (He makes a wry face.) Yes: I know you don't like it; but it must be done. The starvation this winter is beating us: everybody is unemployed. The General says we must close this shelter if we cant get more money. I force the collections at the meetings until I am ashamed, don't I, Snobby?

巴巴拉：您哪怕出两万亿，也还是不够。您双手沾满了罪恶的血，除了善良的血液，其他任何东西都清洗不了。金钱是不管用的。拿走吧。（她转向库森斯。）多利，你要再为我写一封信给报社。（他做了个鬼脸。）是的，我知道你不喜欢写，可还是得写啊。今年冬天闹饥荒，这让我们大为受挫，每个人都没了工作。上头说了，如果再筹不到钱，就得把收容所给关了。每次集会上，我逼着大家凑份子，就觉得害臊，对不对，自大狂？

PRICE: It's a fair treat to see you work it, miss. The way you got them up from three-and-six to four-and-ten with that hymn, penny by penny and verse by verse, was a caution. Not a Cheap Jack on Mile End Waste could touch you at it.

普赖斯：小姐，看您那样做，真是叫人满意呢。您让人掏钱的样子，那才叫厉害呢，先是三个半先令，后来差两便士就五先令了，您一节一节地哼着圣歌，他们呢，一个一个便士往外掏。那些卖便宜货的小

贩们，简直没法儿跟您比。

BARBARA: Yes; but I wish we could do without it. I am getting at last to think more of the collection than of the people's souls. And what are those hatfuls of pence and halfpence? We want thousands! tens of thousands! hundreds of thousands! I want to convert people, not to be always begging for the Army in a way I'd die sooner than beg for myself.

巴巴拉：没错，但我宁愿不这样做啊。到头来，我逐渐觉得让大家凑钱，比拯救人的灵魂更重要。何况，这满满几帽子的硬币，又有什么用？我们还差几千镑！几万镑！几十万镑！我要改变人们的信仰，不是成天去为救世军乞讨；如果我是为自己行乞，我宁肯去死！

UNDERSHAFT: (in profound irony) Genuine unselfishness is capable of anything, my dear.

安德谢夫：（带有深意的讽刺）亲爱的，真正的大公无私，就意味着无所不能啊。

BARBARA: (unsuspectingly, as she turns away to take the money from the drum and put it in a cash bag she carries) Yes, isn't it? (Undershaft looks sardonically at Cusins.)

巴巴拉：（未起疑心，她转身从大鼓上取下钱，放入自己带的钱袋里）对，难道不是吗？（安德谢夫嘲讽地瞧了瞧库森斯。）

CUSINS: (aside to Undershaft) Mephistopheles! Machiavelli!

库森斯：（悄声对安德谢夫）恶魔！真是不择手段！

BARBARA: (tears coming into her eyes as she ties the bag and pockets it) How are we to feed them? I can't talk religion to a man with bodily hunger in his eyes. (Almost breaking down) It's frightful.

巴巴拉：（眼里噙着泪水，一边扎紧钱袋放进衣袋里）我们要怎么养活他们啊？我不可能对着一个人大谈宗教信仰，而他的眼里却流露着肉体的饥饿吧。（快要崩溃了）这太可怕了！

JENNY: (running to her) Major, dear—

珍妮：（朝她跑过来）少校，亲爱的——

BARBARA: (rebounding) No: don't comfort me. It will be all right. We shall get the money.

巴巴拉：（重新振作）别，别安慰我。没关系。我们会弄到钱的。

UNDERSHAFT: How?

安德谢夫：怎么弄呢？

JENNY: By praying for it, of course. Mrs Baines says she prayed for it last night; and she has never prayed for it in vain: never once.

(She goes to the gate and looks out into the street.)

珍妮：当然是祷告了。贝恩斯太太说她昨晚就在祷告，她祷告从没落过空，从来都没有。（她走到门边，看着外面的街道。）

BARBARA: (who has dried her eyes and regained her composure) By the way, dad, Mrs Baines has come to march with us to our big meeting this afternoon; and she is very anxious to meet you, for some reason or other. Perhaps she'll convert you.

巴巴拉：（拭去泪水，重新平静下来）顺便说一句，爸爸，贝恩斯太太今天下午要来跟我们一起游行，参加大型集会，不知为什么，她急于想见见您。大概是，她想改变您的宗教信仰吧。

UNDERSHAFT: I shall be delighted, my dear.

安德谢夫：亲爱的，我很荣幸。

JENNY: (at the gate: excitedly) Major! Major! Here's that man back again.

珍妮：（在门口，兴奋地）少校！少校！那人又来了。

BARBARA: What man?

巴巴拉：谁啊？

JENNY: The man that hit me. Oh, I hope he's coming back to join us.

珍妮：打我的人。噢，但愿他是回来加入我们队伍的。

(Bill Walker, with frost on his jacket, comes through the gate, his hands deep in his pockets and his chin sunk between his shoulders, like a cleaned-out gambler. He halts between Barbara and the drum.)

（只见比尔·沃克从门口走了进来，短外套上沾着霜，双手深深插入衣兜里，下巴深深隐于双肩之中，活像一个散尽钱财的赌鬼。他来到巴巴拉和大鼓中间，停了下来。）

BARBARA: Hullo, Bill! Back already!

巴巴拉：你好，比尔！又回来啦！

BILL: (nagging at her) Bin talkin ever sense, av you?

比尔：（数落她）你的嘴都没有停过，是吗？

BARBARA: Pretty nearly. Well, has Todger paid you out for poor Jenny's jaw?

巴巴拉：差不多吧。这么说，托杰为珍妮那一巴掌出气了吧？

BILL: NO he ain't.

比尔：没有，他没有。

BARBARA: I thought your jacket looked a bit snowy.

巴巴拉：我还以为，你外衣上沾的是雪呢。

BILL: So it is snowy. You want to know where the snow come from, don't you?

比尔：那就是雪。想知道雪是这么来的，对吧？

BARBARA: Yes.

巴巴拉：当然了。

BILL: Well, it come from off the ground in Parkinses Corner in Kennintahn. It got rubbed off be my shoulders see?

比尔：好吧，这雪是坎宁镇帕金斯角地上的。是从我肩膀上滑落下来的，懂了吗？

BARBARA: Pity you didn't rub some off with your knees, Bill! That would have done you a lot of good.

巴巴拉：可惜啊，你的膝盖上怎么没擦上点雪呢，比尔！这样对你很有用的。

BILL: (with your mirthless humor) I was saving another man's knees at the time. E was kneelin on my ed, so e was.

比尔：（有点苦中作乐的意味）那时候，我还在挽救别人的膝盖呢。他就跪在我头上，就是这样的。

JENNY: Who was kneeling on your head?

珍妮：谁跪在你头上啊？

BILL: Todger was. E was prayin for me: prayin comfortable with me as a carpet. So was Mog. So was the ole bloomin meetin. Mog she sez "O Lord break is stubborn spirit; but don't urt is dear art." That was wot she said. "Don't urt is dear art"! An er bloke—thirteen stun four!—kneelin wiv all is weight on me. Funny, ain't it?

比尔：托杰。他替我祷告，却把我当成了垫子，他还挺舒服的。莫格也在跪。参加这场该死的大会的所有人都跪着。莫格还说："上帝啊，请让他改掉这犟脾气吧，但不要把他可爱的心都伤了。"这就是她说的，"不要把他可爱的心都伤了！"她那位——一百八十六磅！——全身的重量都压在我的身上，跪在那里。很好笑，是不是？

JENNY: Oh no. We're so sorry, Mr Walker.

珍妮：噢，不。沃克先生，我们感到很遗憾。

BARBARA: (enjoying it frankly) Nonsense! of course it's funny. Served you right, Bill! You must have done something to him first.

巴巴拉：（坦率地笑着）废话！这当然好笑了。比尔，你是自作自

受。肯定是你先纠缠他的。

BILL: (doggedly) I did wot I said I'd do. I spit in is eye. E looks up at the sky and sez, "O that I should be fahnd worthy to be spit upon for the gospel's sake!" a sez; an Mog sez "Glory Allelloolier!"; an then a called me Brother, an dahned me as if I was a kid and a was me mother washin me a Setterda nawt. I adn't just no show wiv im at all. Arf the street prayed; an the tother arf larfed fit to split theirselves. (To Barbara) There! are you settisfawd nah?

比尔：（顽固地）我就是照自己说的去做的。我朝他吐了口水。他抬起头望着天，说："噢，为了上帝的福音，我被吐唾沫也算值了！"莫格也说："光荣的主啊！"接着，那家伙就喊我老兄，就像摁小孩一样把我摁在地上，就像以前我妈每周六晚上给我洗澡一样。我连他的边都没挨上。街上有半数的人都在祈祷；剩下一半都在哈哈大笑，肚子都笑破了。（对巴巴拉）好啦！这样你称心了吧？

BARBARA: (her eyes dancing) Wish I'd been there, Bill.

巴巴拉：（眼睛里灵光一闪）真希望我也在场，比尔。

BILL: Yes: you'd a got in a hextra bit o talk on me, wouldn't you?

比尔：对，那你就能痛痛快快地跟我唠叨个没完了，是吧？

JENNY: I'm so sorry, Mr. Walker.

珍妮：我真抱歉，沃克先生。

BILL: (fiercely) Don't you go bein sorry for me: you've no call. Listen ere. I broke your jawr.

比尔：（恶狠狠地）谁要你向我道歉，我又没求你。给我听着。我打烂了你的嘴巴。

JENNY: No, it didn't hurt me: indeed it didn't, except for a moment. It was only that I was frightened.

珍妮：没有，那伤不了我；真的，只不过疼了一下子。当时只觉得害怕。

BILL: I don't want to be forgive be you, or be ennybody. Wot I did I'll pay for. I tried to get me own jawr broke to settisfaw you—

比尔：我又不要你原谅，不要任何人的原谅。我惹的事，我负责。我是想，我的嘴巴要是被打破了，那你就满意了吧——

JENNY: (distressed) Oh no—

珍妮：（难过）噢，不要——

BILL: (impatiently) Tell y'I did: cawn't you listen to wot's bein told you? All I got be it was bein made a sight of in the public street for me pains. Well, if I cawn't settisfaw you one way, I can another. Listen

ere! I ad two quid saved agen the frost; an I've a pahnd of it left. A mate n mine last week ad words with the Judy e's goin to marry. E give er wot-for; an e's bin fined fifteen bob. E ad a right to it er because they was goin to be marrid; but I adn't no right to it you; so put anather fawv bob on an call it a pahnd's worth. (He produces a sovereign.) Ere's the money. Take it; and let's av no more o your forgivin an prayin and your Major jawrin me. Let wot I done be done and paid for; and let there be a end of it.

比尔：（不耐烦地）给我听着，你就不能好好听我说话吗？结果呢，我自个儿的痛苦，却成了大庭广众之下每个人的笑料。既然，这样不能让你满意，那就用其他法子吧。听好了！我本来存有两个英镑，救急用的，眼下还剩一个了。我的一个兄弟，上周跟他未来的老婆吵架。把人家给打了，结果被罚了十五先令。他就该这么干，他们都要结婚啦；。但我却不该打你，所以说，再加五先令的罚款，正好是一镑。（他掏出一英镑来。）给你钱。接着吧，别再跟我啰嗦什么宽恕、祷告啊，还有你们那位少校也别再跟我扯了。这事儿就这样吧，我也赔钱了，大伙儿谁都不准再说了。

JENNY: Oh, I couldn't take it, Mr. Walker. But if you would give a shilling or two to poor Rummy Mitchens! you really did hurt her; and she's old.

珍妮：噢，沃克先生，我不能拿你的钱。但你该拿一两个先令给可怜的拉梅·米琴斯！你真把她打疼了，她是老人啊。

BILL: (contemptuously) Not likely. I'd give her anather as soon as look at er. Let her av the lawr o me as she threatened! She ain't forgiven me: not mach. Wot I done to er is not on me mawnd—wot she (indicating Barbara) might call on me conscience—no more than stickin a pig. It's this Christian game o yours that I won't av played agen me: this bloomin forgivin an noggin an jawrin that makes a man that sore that iz lawf's a burdn to im. I won't av it, I tell you; so take your money and stop throwin your silly bashed face hup agen me.

比尔：（鄙夷地）想都别想。我要是再见到她，一定再教训她一顿。她不是威胁我吗？让她去叫警察抓我啊。她还没原谅我，根本不会原谅。我对她做了什么，我可没放在心上，就像她——（手指着巴巴拉）像她说的，我问心无愧——不过杀头猪而已。我受不了的是你们基督教那套说辞，什么宽恕啊、良知啊，唠叨个没完没了，让人觉得身上背满了包袱。我给你说，我不吃这一套；快把钱拿走，别让我再看到你那挨了揍的臭脸。

JENNY: Major: may I take a little of it for the Army?

珍妮：少校，请允许我为救世军收下这点钱吧？

BARBARA: No: the Army is not to be bought. We want your soul, Bill; and we'll take nothing less.

少校：不行，军队是不能出卖的。我们需要你的灵魂，比尔，其他的，我们一概不收。

BILL: (bitterly) I know. It ain't enough. Me an me few shillins is not good enough for you. You're a earl's grendorter, you are. Nothin less than a underd pahnd for you.

比尔：（尖刻地）我懂。钱不够嘛！我本人，还有我的这么点钱，都入不了你的眼。你是伯爵他外孙女，对吧。没有一百英镑，你又怎么会收呢。

UNDERSHAFT: Come, Barbara! you could do a great deal of good with a hundred pounds. If you will set this gentleman's mind at ease by taking his pound, I will give the other ninety-nine (Bill, astounded by such opulence, instinctively touches his cap.)

安德谢夫：来，巴巴拉！用这一百英镑，你可以做不少好事了。要是你收下他的钱，就能让这位先生舒坦，那我来掏其余九十九镑吧（比尔因为这种阔绰而大为震惊，不由自主地抬手向他致敬。）

BARBARA: Oh, you're too extravagant, papa. Bill offers twenty pieces of silver. All you need offer is the other ten. That will make the standard price to buy anybody who's for sale. I'm not; and the Army's not. (To Bill) You'll never have another quiet moment, Bill, until you come round to us. You can't stand out against your salvation.

巴巴拉：噢，爸爸，您太慷慨了。比尔掏了二十个银币。您再掏十个。那刚好凑齐了，正好够收买一个人的灵魂啦。我不会出卖自己，救世军也不会。（对比尔）比尔，你永远都别想安宁了，除非你来投靠我们。你躲不过的，你得让灵魂得到救赎。

BILL: (sullenly) I cawn't stend aht agen music all wrastlers and artful tongued women. I've offered to pay. I can do no more. Take it or leave it. There it is. (He throws the sovereign on the drum, and sits down on the horse-trough. The coin fascinates Snobby Price, who takes an early opportunity of dropping his cap on it.)

比尔：（愤愤地）我躲不过的，是戏园子里那些摔跤的，还有嘴巴不饶人的女人。我就给钱。其他的我也做不了。要还是不要，你们就看着办吧。钱给你们。（他把钱丢在了大鼓上，接着在马槽上坐下。“自大狂”普赖斯看到金币，着魔了一样，他眼疾手快，迅速拿自己的帽子盖在了那金币上。）

(Mrs Baines comes from the shelter. She is dressed as a Salvation Army Commissioner. She is an earnest looking woman of about 40, with a caressing, urgent voice, and an appealing manner.)

（贝恩斯太太由屋里走了出来。她身穿救世军的长官服装。大概四十岁左右，看上去热情诚恳，她的语调亲切而又急促，行为举止富有感染力。）

BARBARA: This is my father, Mrs Baines. (Undershaft comes from the table, taking his hat off with marked civility.) Try what you can do with him. He won't listen to me, because he remembers what a fool I was when I was a baby.

巴巴拉：贝恩斯太太，这是我父亲。（安德谢夫从桌旁走过来，脱下礼帽表示致敬。）看看您能把他怎么办吧。他根本不听我的；他就对我孩提时的傻样子还念念不忘。

(She leaves them together and chats with Jenny.)

（巴巴拉撇下二人，又跟珍妮聊起来。）

MRS BAINES: Have you been shown over the shelter, Mr Undershaft? You know the work we're doing, of course.

贝恩斯太太：您参观这个收容所了吗，安德谢夫先生？当然，您知道我们所做的工作吧。

UNDERSHAFT: (very civilly) The whole nation knows it, Mrs Baines.

安德谢夫：（彬彬有礼地）全国上下都知道，贝恩斯太太。

MRS BAINES: No, Sir: the whole nation does not know it, or we should not be crippled as we are for want of money to carry our work through the length and breadth of the land. Let me tell you that there would have been rioting this winter in London but for us.

贝恩斯太太：不对，先生，全国人民并不知情，否则我们的工作就不会陷入僵局了，因为我们缺少资金使之推广到全国上下，每一个角落。我给您说吧，伦敦要少了我们，今年冬天早该发生暴动了。

UNDERSHAFT: You really think so?

安德谢夫：您真这样认为？

MRS BAINES: I know it. I remember 1886, when you rich gentlemen hardened your hearts against the cry of the poor. They broke the windows of your clubs in Pall Mall.

贝恩斯太太：我就这么认为。我想起了1886年，那时你们这些有钱的先生们狠起心肠来对付穷人。最后呢，他们就砸坏了蓓尔美尔街你们俱乐部的窗户。

UNDERSHAFT: (gleaming with approval of their method) And the Mansion House Fund went up next day from thirty thousand pounds to seventy-nine thousand! I remember quite well.

安德谢夫：（脸上流露出对他们做法的赞同）到第二天，市长基金就从三万英镑上升到七万九千英镑了！我记得很清楚！

MRS BAINES: Well, won't you help me to get at the people? They won't break windows then. Come here, Price. Let me show you to this

gentleman (Price comes to be inspected.) Do you remember the window breaking?

贝恩斯太太：那好，您何不帮帮我的忙，开始体谅这些穷人呢？这样，他们就不会砸窗户了。普赖斯，过来。过来见见这位先生（普赖斯走了过来等她发问。）你还记得砸窗户这件事吗？

PRICE: My ole father thought it was the revolution, ma'am.

普赖斯：太太，我老爹还以为那是闹革命哪。

MRS BAINES: Would you break windows now?

贝恩斯太太：那么，你会去砸窗户吗？

PRICE: Oh no ma'm. The windows of eaven av bin opened to me. I know now that the rich man is a sinner like myself.

普赖斯：噢，不会，太太。天堂的窗户已经对我敞开。如今我懂了，富人也罪孽深重，跟我差不多。

RUMMY: (appearing above at the loft door) Snobby Price!

拉梅：（出现在顶楼门口）“自大狂”普赖斯！

SNOBBY: Wot is it?

自大狂：怎么啦？

RUMMY: Your mother's askin for you at the other gate in Crippses Lane. She's heard about your confession (Price turns pale.)

拉梅：你妈在找你呢，就在克里普斯巷子的侧门那边。你今天的忏悔，她听人讲了（普赖斯脸色变得苍白。）

MRS BAINES: Go, Mr. Price; and pray with her.

贝恩斯太太：走吧，普赖斯先生，跟她一起祷告吧。

JENNY: You can go through the shelter, Snobby.

珍妮：自大狂，从收容所里走吧。

PRICE: (to Mrs Baines) I couldn't face her now; ma'am, with all the weight of my sins fresh on me. Tell her she'll find her son at ome, waitin for her in prayer. (He skulks off through the gate, incidentally stealing the sovereign on his way out by picking up his cap from the drum.)

普赖斯：（对贝恩斯太太）我这会儿还不能面对她；太太，我的罪孽深重，我良心不安啊。跟她说，回家见她的儿子吧，我边祷告边等她。（他鬼鬼祟祟地穿过大门，临走时顺道捡起放在鼓上的帽子，趁机偷走了那一块金币。）

MRS BAINES: (with swimming eyes) You see how we take the anger and the bitterness against you out of their hearts, Mr

Undershaft.

贝恩斯太太：（眼里噙满泪水）安德谢夫先生，您明白了吧，看看我们是如何打消他们怨恨，不再对你们愤恨不平的。

UNDERSHAFT: It is certainly most convenient and gratifying to all large employers of labor, Mrs Baines.

安德谢夫先生：贝恩斯太太，对于要雇佣大量劳力的雇主来说，这无疑是最省事、最可喜的事了。

MRS BAINES: Barbara: Jenny: I have good news: most wonderful news. (Jenny runs to her.) My prayers have been answered. I told you they would, Jenny, didn't I?

贝恩斯太太：巴巴拉，珍妮，我有好消息，天大的消息啊。（珍妮向她跑过来。）我的祈祷灵验了。我跟你说过的，我的祈祷从来都很灵验，珍妮，对不对？

JENNY: Yes, yes.

珍妮：对，对。

BARBARA: (moving nearer to the drum) Have we got money enough to keep the shelter open?

巴巴拉：（朝大鼓这边挪了一点）我们有足够的钱让这家收容所继续开下去了？

MRS BAINES: I hope we shall have enough to keep all the shelters open. Lord Saxmundham has promised us five thousand pounds—

贝恩斯太太：我希望，我们有足够多的钱，能让所有收容所都开下去。萨克斯蒙丹勋爵向我们许诺，要捐五千英镑——

BARBARA: Hooray!

巴巴拉：万岁！

JENNY: Glory!

珍妮：荣誉归于上帝啊！

MRS BAINES: —if—

贝恩斯太太：——如果——

BARBARA: "If"! If what?

巴巴拉：“如果”！如果什么？

MRS BAINES: If five other gentlemen will give a thousand each to make it up to ten thousand.

贝恩斯太太：如果再有五位绅士，每人捐出一千，总共就凑齐一万英镑了。

BARBARA: Who is Lord Saxmundham? I never heard of him.

巴巴拉：萨克斯蒙丹勋爵是谁？我从未听过他。

UNDERSHAFT: (who has pricked up his ears at the peer's name, and is now watching Barbara curiously) A new creation, my dear. You have heard of Sir Horace Bodger?

安德谢夫：（听到这个新贵的大名，他早已经竖起耳朵；此刻饶有兴致地看着巴巴拉）亲爱的，他是新册封的。你总该听过霍勒斯·包杰爵士吧？

BARBARA: Bodger! Do you mean the distiller? Bodger's whisky!

巴巴拉：包杰！你是说那个酿酒的？卖威士忌的包杰！

UNDERSHAFT: That is the man. He is one of the greatest of our public benefactors. He restored the cathedral at Hakington. They made him a baronet for that. He gave half a million to the funds of his party: they made him a baron for that.

安德谢夫：是他。他可是我们最伟大的慈善家之一啊。他翻修了哈金顿的大教堂。为此，他被封为准男爵；他又掏出五十万捐给他的党派，为此他又被封为男爵。

SHIRLEY: What will they give him for the five thousand?

舍里：那这次捐了五千英镑，他会被封个什么？

UNDERSHAFT: There is nothing left to give him. So the five thousand, I should think, is to save his soul.

安德谢夫：什么也没有封。这样看来，这五千镑是为了让他自己的灵魂得救吧。

MRS BAINES: Heaven grant it may! Oh Mr. Undershaft, you have some very rich friends. Can't you help us towards the other five thousand? We are going to hold a great meeting this afternoon at the Assembly Hall in the Mile End Road. If I could only announce that one gentleman had come forward to support Lord Saxmundham, others would follow. Don't you know somebody? Couldn't you? Wouldn't you? (her eyes fill with tears) oh, think of those poor people, Mr Undershaft: think of how much it means to them, and how little to a great man like you.

贝恩斯太太：天主会令他如愿的！噢，安德谢夫先生，您该有些富有的朋友吧。您能不能帮帮我们，把余下五千英镑给凑齐？我们准备今天下午在迈尔底路大礼堂举行一次盛大集会。如果到时我能宣称，有位绅士愿意支持萨克斯蒙丹勋爵的提议，一定还有其他人追随的。您不会不认识这样的人？您不能么？还是您不愿意？（眼里噙满泪水）噢，想想那些可怜的穷苦人吧，安德谢夫先生为穷人们设想，这对他们来说是多么重要，而对于您这样一位贵人，他们又是多么地微不足道啊！

UNDERSHAFT: (sardonically gallant) Mrs Baines: you are irresistible. I can't disappoint you; and I can't deny myself the satisfaction of making Bodger pay up. You shall have your five thousand pounds.

安德谢夫：（故作殷勤）贝恩斯太太，您真让我难以言拒。我不会让您失望的；我也忍不住要一睹为快，想看看包杰掏腰包的样子。您放心，那五千英镑没问题的。

MRS BAINES: Thank God!

贝恩斯太太：感谢上帝！

UNDERSHAFT: You don't thank me?

安德谢夫：您都不谢我吗？

MRS BAINES: Oh sir, don't try to be cynical: don't be ashamed of being a good man. The Lord will bless you abundantly; and our prayers will be like a strong fortification round you all the days of your life. (With a touch of caution) You will let me have the cheque to show at the meeting, won't you? Jenny: go in and fetch a pen and ink. (Jenny runs to the shelter door.)

贝恩斯太太：唉，先生，别这么愤世嫉俗了，要做好人，就别不好意思了。天主定会赐福于您的；我们的祈祷将如同坚强的堡垒，让你今生的每一天都受到保护。（还有点警惕）您要让我在大会上展示一下您的支票吗？珍妮，进去取笔，还有墨水。（珍妮跑向屋门口。）

UNDERSHAFT: Do not disturb Miss Hill: I have a fountain pen. (Jenny halts. He sits at the table and writes the cheque. Cusins rises to make more room for him. They all watch him silently.)

安德谢夫：不用劳烦希尔小姐了。我带着自来水钢笔呢。（珍妮停了下来。他在桌旁坐下，签着支票。库森斯起身，给他让出位子来。所有人都看着他，一言不发。）

BILL: (cynically, aside to Barbara, his voice and accent horribly debased) Wot prawce Selvytion nah?

比尔：（无不嘲讽地对巴巴拉说，他的话相当粗俗）瞧啊，你们救世军值几个钱啊？

BARBARA: Stop. (Undershaft stops writing: they all turn to her in surprise.) Mrs Baines: are you really going to take this money?

巴巴拉：停下。（安德谢夫停止了签字，所有人都诧异地看着她。）贝恩斯太太，你确实要接受这笔钱吗？

MRS BAINES: (astonished) Why not, dear?

贝恩斯太提案：（吃惊）亲爱的，为什么不接受呢？

BARBARA: Why not! Do you know what my father is? Have you

forgotten that Lord Saxmundham is Bodger the whisky man? Do you remember how we implored the County Council to stop him from writing Bodger's Whisky in letters of fire against the sky; so that the poor drinkruined creatures on the embankment could not wake up from their snatches of sleep without being reminded of their deadly thirst by that wicked sky sign? Do you know that the worst thing I have had to fight here is not the devil, but Bodger, Bodger, Bodger, with his whisky, his distilleries, and his tied houses? Are you going to make our shelter another tied house for him, and ask me to keep it?

巴巴拉：为什么不接受！我父亲他是做什么的，你了解吗？难道您忘记了，萨克斯蒙丹勋爵就是那个卖威士忌的包杰吗？难道您忘了，我们到郡议会去请愿，要求他们停止在高空张贴包杰用火红字体做的威士忌广告；如此一来，那些被酒侵蚀的可怜虫，难得在码头睡上几个小时的觉，一觉醒来后一抬头，就不会再看到那些罪恶的广告，也就不会再发酒瘾了，您不记得了吗？我在这里要面对的最大敌人，不是什么恶魔，而是包杰，是包杰，还是包杰，还有他的威士忌，他的酿酒厂，和他那些连锁酒馆啊，您难道不知道这些吗？您打算让我们收容所变成他的另一家连锁店，由我来掌柜吗？

BILL: Rotten drunken whisky it is too.

比尔：只要喝他的酒，会就烂醉如泥。

MRS BAINES: Dear Barbara: Lord Saxmundham has a soul to be saved like any of us. If heaven has found the way to make a good use of his money, are we to set ourselves up against the answer to our prayers?

贝恩斯太太：亲爱的巴巴拉，萨克斯蒙丹勋爵的灵魂也需要拯救，就像我们一样。如果上帝就要让他的钱好好发挥作用呢，这个结果不正是我们祈祷的吗？那又怎么能违背呢？

BARBARA: I know he has a soul to be saved. Let him come down here; and I'll do my best to help him to his salvation. But he wants to send his cheque down to buy us, and go on being as wicked as ever.

巴巴拉：我明白，他的灵魂也需要拯救。那就请他上这儿来，我一定竭尽所能帮助他，拯救他的灵魂。但他想送一张支票，就把我们给收买了，然后呢，又继续像从前一样作恶。

UNDERSHAFT: (with a reasonableness which Cusins alone perceives to be ironical) My dear Barbara: alcohol is a very necessary article. It heals the sick—

安德谢夫：（说得合情合理，唯独库森斯知道话中暗含的嘲讽）亲爱的巴巴拉，酒精这东西可是很有用的。它能治病——

BARBARA: It does nothing of the sort.

巴巴拉：一派胡言。

UNDERSHAFT: Well, it assists the doctor: that is perhaps a less questionable way of putting it. It makes life bearable to millions of people who could not endure their existence if they were quite sober. It enables Parliament to do things at eleven at night that no sane person would do at eleven in the morning. Is it Bodger's fault that this inestimable gift is deplorably abused by less than one per cent of the poor? (He turns again to the table; signs the cheque; and crosses it.)

安德谢夫：那换个说法吧，酒精可以帮助医生，这样说总没问题了吧。对于成千上万的人来说，酒精能让他们忍受现在的生活；要是他们变清醒了，就没法忍受现状了。酒精还能帮助国会议员忙到晚上十一点，而正常人在上午十一点也做不出这样的事来。很不幸，这么珍贵的礼物却被不到百分之一的穷人给滥用了，这是包杰的罪过吗？（他再次转向桌子，在支票上签字，然后划线。）

MRS BAINES: Barbara: will there be less drinking or more if all those poor souls we are saving come tomorrow and find the doors of our shelters shut in their faces? Lord Saxmundham gives us the money to stop drinking—to take his own business from him.

贝恩斯太太：巴巴拉，要是所有这些需要拯救的可怜的灵魂明天看到他们面前的收容所已经关门了，那么喝酒的人会减少还是会增加啊？萨克斯蒙丹勋爵呢，他捐出钱来让人戒酒——这是在抢他自己的生意。

CUSINS: (impishly) Pure self-sacrifice on Bodger's part, clearly! Bless dear Bodger! (Barbara almost breaks down as Adolpbus, too, fails her.)

库森斯：（顽皮地）对包杰来说，他完全是在献身，再明白不过了！上帝保佑亲爱的包杰！（巴巴拉忍不住要哭起来，连阿道弗斯也辜负了她。）

UNDERSHAFT: (tearing out the cheque and pocketing the book as he rises and goes past Cusins to Mrs Baines) I also, Mrs Baines, may claim a little disinterestedness. Think of my business! think of the widows and orphans! the men and lads torn to pieces with shrapnel and poisoned with lyddite (Mrs Baines shrinks; but he goes on remorselessly!) the oceans of blood, not one drop of which is shed in a really just cause! the ravaged crops! the peaceful peasants forced, women and men, to till their fields under the fire of opposing armies on pain of starvation! the bad blood of the fierce little cowards at home who egg on others to fight for the gratification of their national vanity! All this makes money for me: I am never richer, never busier than when the papers are full of it. Well, it is your work to preach peace on earth and goodwill to men. (Mrs Baines's face lights up again.) Every convert you make is a vote against war. (Her lips move in prayer.) Yet I give you this money to help you to hasten my own commercial ruin. (He gives her the cheque.)

安德谢夫：（撕下支票并把支票本放入衣兜，同时起身，从库森斯身边经过，来到贝恩斯太太面前）贝恩斯太太，我也算是大公无私了吧。想想我的事业吧！再想想那些孤儿寡母！男人和小伙儿们都让弹片炸得支离破碎，还让瓦斯熏得面目全非（贝恩斯太太身子缩了一下，而他还在面不改色地继续讲！）真是一片血海啊，却没有一滴血是为正义而流的。庄稼也毁于一旦！爱好和平的农民，无论男女，都被迫顶着两边军队的战火，耕种着他们的土地，要不然就得挨饿啊！而那些坏心肠、气焰嚣张的懦夫，却呆在家里面，鼓动其他人为了维护他们的民族虚荣心而作战！所有这些都能让我赚钱，这类消息见报越多，我就越富有，也越繁忙。而你们的工作却是，宣传全世界的和平，全人类的和睦相处。(贝恩斯太太脸上又容光焕发。)只要你们改变了一个人的信仰，也就多了一个人反战。（她动了动嘴唇，祷告起来。）然而，我仍然把钱捐给你们，好让我的事业尽快破产。（他把支票给了她。）

CUSINS: (mounting the form in an ecstasy of mischief) The millennium will be inaugurated by the unselfishness of Undershaft and Bodger. Oh be joyful! (He takes the drumsticks from his pockets and flourishes them.)

库森斯：（爬上长凳，幸灾乐祸地狂欢）人类将要开创千禧年了，这都是因为安德谢夫与包杰的大公无私。噢，欢快起来吧！（他从衣兜拿出鼓槌，挥动起来。）

MRS BAINES: (taking the cheque) The longer I live the more proof I see that there is an Infinite Goodness that turns everything to the work of salvation sooner or later. Who would have thought that any good could have come out of war and drink? And yet their profits are brought today to the feet of salvation to do its blessed work. (She is affected to tears.)

贝恩斯太太：（拿过支票）我活得越久，就越坚信，无止境的仁慈迟早都会把一切都变成拯救人类的事业。谁会想到，人类的福祉还能来自于战争与酒精呢？而今天，它们带来的利润竟然全都给了救世军，以帮助我们神圣的事业。（她感动地落泪。）

JENNY: (running to Mrs Baines and throwing her arms round her) Oh dear! how blessed, how glorious it all is!

珍妮：（向贝恩斯太太跑来，双手搂住她）噢，亲爱的！这一切是多么神圣、多么光荣啊！

CUSINS: (in a convulsion of irony) Let us seize this unspeakable moment. Let us march to the great meeting at once. Excuse me just an instant. (He rushes into the shelter. Jenny takes her tambourine from the drum head.)

库森斯：（激烈地嘲讽）让我们抓住这无以言表的瞬间吧。让我们马上向伟大的集会出发吧！抱歉，请稍等。（他冲进屋里。珍妮从鼓面上拿起她的小铃鼓。）

MRS BAINES: Mr Undershaft: have you ever seen a thousand people fall on their knees with one impulse and pray? Come with us to the meeting. Barbara shall tell them that the Army is saved, and saved through you.

贝恩斯太太：安德谢夫先生，一千人跪倒在地，只为同一信念而祈祷，您看到过吗？和我们一起去参加大会吧。巴巴拉要给他们说，救世军得救了，这都是您的功劳。

CUSINS: (returning impetuously from the shelter with a flag and a trombone, and coming between Mrs Baines and Undershaft) You shall carry the flag down the first street, Mrs Baines. (He gives her the flag.) Mr Undershaft is a gifted trombonist: he shall intone an Olympian diapason to the West Ham Salvation March. (Aside to Undershaft, as he forces the trombone on him.) Blow, Machiavelli, blow.

库森斯：（很快从屋里出来，带了一面旗子、一把长号，走到贝恩斯太太和安德谢夫中间）贝恩斯太太，一走到街上，您就来举旗吧。（他递旗子给她。）安德谢夫先生是位有天赋的长号吹奏者，他会给西哈姆救世军进行曲配上雄伟的低音伴奏。（他把长号强行塞到安德谢夫手上，低声对他说）吹奏吧，阴谋家，吹吧！

UNDERSHAFT: (aside to him, as he takes the trombone) The trumpet in Zion! (Cusins rushes to the drum, which he takes up and puts on. Undershaft continues, aloud) I will do my best. I could vamp a bass if I knew the tune.

安德谢夫：（他接过长号时，低声对库森斯说）这是天国里的号角声！（库森斯又冲到大鼓前，把大鼓抬起来挂上。安德谢夫扯开嗓子继续说）我会全力以赴的.如果知道曲调，我就能给点低音伴奏了。

CUSINS: It is a wedding chorus from one of Donizetti's operas; but we have converted it. We convert everything to good here, including Bodger. You remember the chorus. "For thee immense rejoicing—immenso giubilo—immenso giubilo.” (With drum obbligato) Rum tum ti tum tum, tum tum ti ta—

库森斯：就是多尼采蒂歌剧中的一节婚礼合唱，不过我们改了一下。我们把一切事物都改造成好的，也包括包杰。您还记得这段合唱吧。“我欣喜若狂——极大的喜悦——极大的喜悦。”（一边打着鼓）叮咚嘀咚咚，咚咚嘀哒——

BARBARA: Dolly: you are breaking my heart.

巴巴拉：多利，你太令我伤心了。

CUSINS: What is a broken heart more or less here? Dionysos Undershaft has descended. I am possessed.

库森斯：在这儿就算是伤了一两颗心，那又怎么样呢？酒神安德谢

夫大驾光临；我也被灵魂附体咯！

MRS BAINES: Come, Barbara: I must have my dear Major to carry the flag with me.

贝恩斯太太：巴巴拉，别这样，我一定要与我亲爱的少校一同高举旗帜。

JENNY: Yes, yes, Major darling.

珍妮：对，对，亲爱的少校。

CUSINS: (snatches the tambourine out of Jenny's hand and mutely offers it to Barbara.)

库森斯：（一把夺过珍妮手中的铃鼓，静静地交给巴巴拉。）

BARBARA: (coming forward a little as she puts the offer behind her with a shudder, whilst Cusins recklessly tosses the tambourine back to Jenny and goes to the gate) I can't come.

巴巴拉：（颤抖了一下，把铃鼓放下，往前迈了几步；库森斯抓起铃鼓，把它粗鲁地丢给珍妮，朝大门走去）我不能去。

JENNY: Not come!

珍妮：不去！

MRS BAINES: (with tears in her eyes) Barbara: do you think I am wrong to take the money?

巴恩斯太太：（眼里含泪）巴巴拉，你就认定了，我不该收这钱吗？

BARBARA: (impulsively going to her and kissing her) No, no: God help you, dear, you must: you are saving the Army. Go; and may you have a great meeting!

巴巴拉：（冲动地走过去，吻了吻她）不，不，上帝保佑你，亲爱的，您一定要收下，您救了救世军啊。走吧，愿你们举行一次出色的大会！

JENNY: But arn't you coming?

珍妮：可你不来吗？

BARBARA: No. (She begins taking off the silver S brooch from her collar.)

巴巴拉：不了。（她开始摘下衣领上带有“救”字的银质别针。）

MRS BAINES: Barbara: what are you doing?

贝恩斯太太：巴巴拉，你在做什么？

JENNY: Why are you taking your badge off? You can't be going to

leave us, Major.

珍妮：你干嘛要摘掉徽章啊？少校，你不能就这样丢下我们。

BARBARA: (quietly) Father: come here.

巴巴拉：（安静地）父亲，过来。

UNDERSHAFT: (coming to her) My dear! (Seeing that she is going to pin the badge on his collar, he retreats to the penthouse in some alarm.)

安德谢夫：（走向她）亲爱的！（明白她想把徽章别在他的衣领上，他有些惊慌地躲到大棚里去。）

BARBARA: (following him) Don't be frightened. (She pins the badge on and steps back towards the table, showing him to the others) There! It's not much for 5000 pounds is it?

巴巴拉：（追着他）不要害怕！（她把徽章戴在他衣领上，退回到桌边，让其他人看他）瞧啊！花了五千英镑，还不值吗？

MRS BAINES: Barbara: if you won't come and pray with us, promise me you will pray for us.

贝恩斯太太：巴巴拉，你要是不跟我们去祷告，也向我保证，你要为我们祷告啊。

BARBARA: I can't pray now. Perhaps I shall never pray again.

巴巴拉：现在我无法祈祷了。或许，以后我都不再祷告了。

MRS BAINES: Barbara!

贝恩斯太太：巴巴拉！

JENNY: Major!

珍妮：少校！

BARBARA: (almost delirious) I can't bear any more. Quick march!

巴巴拉：（几乎神志昏迷）我再也受不了了。赶快出发吧！

CUSINS: (calling to the procession in the street outside) Off we go. Play up, there! Immenso giubilo. (He gives the time with his drum; and the band strikes up the march, which rapidly becomes more distant as the procession moves briskly away.)

库森斯：（向外面大街上的游行队伍招呼）走吧，我们走。奏起来，赶快！极大的喜悦。（他用鼓打起拍点，乐队奏起进行曲，队伍迅速远去了，声音也渐行渐远。）

MRS BAINES: I must go, dear. You're overworked: you will be all right tomorrow. We'll never lose you. Now Jenny: step out with the old flag. Blood and Fire! (She marches out through the gate with her

flag.)

贝恩斯太太：我要走了，亲爱的。你太劳累了，明天会好起来的。我们绝不放弃你。那珍妮，带着这面旧旗，赶快走吧。血与火！（她举起旗子，踏步走出了大门。）

JENNY: Glory Hallelujah! (flourishing her tambourine and marching.)

珍妮：光荣归于主啊！（挥动起她的铃鼓，也踏步走了。）

UNDERSHAFT: (to Cusins, as he marches out past him easing the slide of his trombone) "My ducats and my daughter"!

安德谢夫：（一边滑动着伸缩的长号，一边踏步走，经过库森斯时对他说）“我的金币和我的女儿啊”！

CUSINS: (following him out) Money and gunpowder!

库森斯：（跟他一起出去）金钱与军火啊！

BARBARA: Drunkenness and Murder! My God: why hast thou forsaken me?

巴巴拉：醉酒与谋杀啊！我的主，您为何要弃我而去？

(She sinks on the form with her face buried in her hands. The march passes away into silence. Bill Walker steals across to her.)

（她一屁股坐在凳子上，低着头，以手掩面。游行队伍走远了，一片寂静。比尔·沃克偷偷溜到她身边。

BILL: (taunting) Wot prawce Selvytion nah?

比尔：（嘲讽地）救世军值几个钱啊？

SHIRLEY: Don't you hit her when she's down.

舍里：别再打击她啦，她已经够失落了。

BILL: She it me wen aw wiz dahn. Waw shouldn't I git a bit o me own back?

比尔：我失落的时候，她都这样打击我。难道我就不该替自己报报仇？

BARBARA: (raising her head) I didn't take your money, Bill. (She crosses the yard to the gate and turns her back on the two men to hide her face from them.)

巴巴拉：（抬起头）比尔，我可没收你的钱。（她顺着院子来到大门边，背对着两人，让他们无法看到她的脸。）

BILL: (sneering after her) Naow, it warn't enough for you. (Turning to the drum, he misses the money.) Ellow! If you ain't took it summun else az. Were's it gorn? Blame me if Jenny Ill didn't take it

arter all!

比尔：（在她身后讥笑）就是嘛，你嫌不够。（转身来到大鼓边，钱已不见了。）噢呵！你要是没收，有人可收了。上哪儿去啦？我敢打赌，肯定是珍妮把它拿走了！

RUMMY: (screaming at him from the loft) You lie, you dirty blackguard! Snobby Price pinched it off the drum wen e took ap iz cap. I was ap ere all the time an see im do it.

拉梅：（从顶楼门口朝他大声叫喊）你胡说八道，你这个恶棍！“自大狂”普赖斯拿帽子的时候，顺便就摸走了鼓上的钱。我从头到尾都在，亲眼所见。

BILL: Wot! Stowl maw money! Waw didn't you call thief on him, you silly old mucker you?

比尔：混蛋！偷了我的钱！你为啥不喊捉贼，你个蠢蛋，你个叫花子？

RUMMY: To serve you aht for ittin me acrost the face. It's cost y'pahnd, that az. (Raising a paean of squalid triumph) I done you. I'm even with you. I've ad it aht o y—. (Bill snatches up Shirley's mug and hurls it at her. She slams the loft door and vanishes. The mug smashes against the door and falls in fragments.)

拉梅：就是要让你尝尝滋味，谁让你打我脸。这下你可损失了一个金币。（带着无聊的成就感，十分得意）我报仇了。我跟你扯平了。我让你——（比尔操起舍里的杯子，朝她砸过去。她“砰”地一声关上顶楼的门，离开了。杯子砸在门上，击得粉碎，一块块掉落下来。）

BILL: (beginning to chuckle) Tell us, ole man, wot o'clock this morrun was it wen im as they call Snobby Prawce was sived?

比尔：（开始暗自发笑）老头子，给我们讲讲，今天上午几点钟，那个叫“自大狂”普赖斯的家伙灵魂得救的？

BARBARA: (turning to him more composedly, and with unspoiled sweetness) About half past twelve, Bill. And he pinched your pound at a quarter to two. I know. Well, you can't afford to lose it. I'll send it to you.

巴巴拉：（回头看着他，神情更显镇定，态度和蔼如初）大概十二点半吧，比尔。他偷走你那一镑，是在差一刻到两点的时候。我明白了。这样吧，你丢不起这一镑。我会寄给你的。

BILL: (his voice and accent suddenly improving) Not if I was to starve for it. I ain't to be bought.

比尔：（他的声音、音调骤然大变）我就是饿死，我也不收。我不会被收买的。

SHIRLEY: Ain't you? You'd sell yourself to the devil for a pint o beer; ony there ain't no devil to make the offer.

舍里：真的？一杯啤酒，你就可以把自己出卖给魔鬼了，不过呢，没有哪个魔鬼会出这个价。

BILL: (unshamed) So I would, mate, and often av, cheerful. But she cawn't buy me. (Approaching Barbara) You wanted my soul, did you? Well, you ain't got it.

比尔：（毫不羞耻）说对了，老家伙，那是常事儿了，我高兴着哪。但要是她买我，没门儿。（靠近巴巴拉）你想挽救我的灵魂，是不是？算了，你办不到。

BARBARA: I nearly got it, Bill. But we've sold it back to you for ten thousand pounds.

巴巴拉：就快了，比尔。但是为了一万英镑，我们又将你的灵魂卖回给你了。

SHIRLEY: And dear at the money!

舍里：太不值了！

BARBARA: No, Peter: it was worth more than money.

巴巴拉：彼得，不对，挽救灵魂，是不能用金钱来衡量的。

BILL: (salvationproof) It's no good: you cawn't get rahnd me nah. I don't blieve in it; and I've seen today that I was right. (Going) So long, old soupkitchener! Ta, ta, Major Earl's Grendorter! (Turning at the gate) Wot prawce Selvytion nah? Snobby Prawce! Ha! ha!

比尔：（对挽救灵魂依然抵触）没用的，现在你劝服不了我啦！我不信那套；今天是看懂了，我是对的。（准备离开）再见啦，讨饭吃的老头儿！再见，伯爵的少校外孙女！（转向大门口）灵魂值几个钱啊？“自大狂”普赖斯！哈哈！哈哈！

BARBARA: (offering her hand) Goodbye, Bill.

巴巴拉：（伸出手）再会，比尔。

BILL: (taken aback, half plucks his cap off then shoves it on again defiantly) Git aht. (Barbara drops her hand, discouraged. He has a twinge of remorse.) But thet's aw rawt, you knaow. Nathink pasnl. Naow mellice. So long, Judy. (He goes.)

比尔：（大吃一惊，才摘下帽子，又挑衅地戴上）去你的吧！（巴巴拉垂下手去，非常气馁。他感到一阵刺痛，很自责。）唉，没啥大不了的，懂吗？不是针对你。我没坏心眼儿。再会了，姑娘。（他走了。）

BARBARA: No malice. So long, Bill.

巴巴拉：没坏心眼儿。再会，比尔。

SHIRLEY: (shaking his head) You make too much of him, miss, in your innocence.

舍里：（摇了摇头）你也太高估他了，小姐，太天真了。

BARBARA: (going to him) Peter: I'm like you now. Cleaned out, and lost my job.

巴巴拉：（走向他）彼得，如今我跟你一样。钱财耗尽，工作也没了。

SHIRLEY: You've youth an hope. That's two better than me. That's hope for you.

舍里：你还年轻，还有希望。仅凭这两点，就比我好。你还有希望。

BARBARA: I'll get you a job, Peter, the youth will have to be enough for me. (She counts her money.) I have just enough left for two teas at Lockharts, a Rowton doss for you, and my tram and bus home. (He frowns and rises with offended pride. She takes his arm.) Don't be proud, Peter: it's sharing between friends. And promise me you'll talk to me and not let me cry. (She draws him towards the gate.)

巴巴拉：彼得，我要给你找份活干。对我来说，年轻就已足够了。（她数了数钱。）我身上的钱还够，咱们可以到洛克哈兹去喝杯茶，你还可以到罗顿屋小住一晚，还有我回家的电车票、公交车票。（他自尊心大受伤害，皱着眉头站起来。巴巴拉扶着他的胳膊。）别太清高了，彼得，大家是朋友，一起分享嘛。答应我，你得跟我聊聊，别让我哭啊。（她把他向大门口拉。）

SHIRLEY: Well, I'm not accustomed to talk to the like of you—

舍里：不过，跟你这种人聊天儿，我不习惯——

BARBARA: (urgently) Yes, yes: you must talk to me. Tell me about Tom Paine's books and Bradlaugh's lectures. Come along.

巴巴拉：（迫切地）就要，就要，你就得跟我聊聊。跟我讲讲汤姆·佩因的书，还有布拉德洛的演说。赶紧走吧！

SHIRLEY: Ah, if you would only read Tom Paine in the proper spirit, miss! (They go out through the gate together.)

舍里：啊，小姐，读汤姆·佩因的书呢，你得确切把握书中的涵义！（他们一道走出了大门。）

ACT III

第三幕

(Next day after lunch Lady Britomart is writing in the library in Wilton Crescent. Sarah is reading in the armchair near the window. Barbara, in ordinary dresss, pale and brooding, is on the settee. Charley Lomax enters. Coming forward between the settee and the writing table, he starts on seeing Barbara fashionably attired and in low spirits.)

（次日午饭后，薄丽托玛太太正在威尔顿新月区住宅的书房中写着什么。萨拉坐在窗口的扶手椅上，看着书。巴巴拉身着平常的衣服，面容惨淡，坐在长沙发上沉思着。查尔斯·洛马克斯走了进来。来到躺椅与写字桌中间时，他才发现虽然巴巴拉衣着入时，但情绪却很低落。）

LOMAX: You've left off your uniform!

洛马克斯：你不穿制服了！

(Barbara says nothing; but an expression of pain passes over her face.)

（巴巴拉一言不发，脸上却掠过一丝痛苦的神情。）

LADY BRITOMART: (warning him in low tones to be careful) Charles!

薄丽托玛太太：（低声警告他）查尔斯！

LOMAX: (much concerned, sitting down sympathetically on the settee beside Barbara) I'm awfully sorry, Barbara. You know I helped you all I could with the concertina and so forth. (Momentously) Still, I have never shut my eyes to the fact that there is a certain amount of tosh about the Salvation Army. Now the claims of the Church of England—

洛马克斯：（非常关心，同情地挨着巴巴拉在长沙发坐下）实在太抱歉了，巴巴拉。你知道啊，我在尽力帮助你，比如说为你拉手风琴什么的。（郑重地）不过，我一直都看得真切，从某种程度上说，救世军还真是有些胡诌。就像英国国教所主张的——

LADY BRITOMART: That's enough, Charles. Speak of something suited to your mental capacity.

薄丽托玛太太：查尔斯，够了。聊点与你的智商相符的话题吧。

LOMAX: But surely the Church of England is suited to all our capacities.

洛马克斯：但是英国国教肯定与我们大家的水平都相符吧。

BARBARA: (pressing his hand) Thank you for your sympathy, Cholly. Now go and spoon with Sarah.

巴巴拉：（紧握着他的手）查理，谢谢你的同情。好了，去跟萨拉呆会儿吧。

LOMAX: (rising and going to Sarah) How is my ownest today?

洛马克斯：（起身，走向萨拉身边）今天如何啊，我的小宝贝儿？

SARAH: I wish you wouldn't tell Cholly to do things, Barbara. He always comes straight and does them. Cholly: we're going to the works at Perivale St. Andrews this afternoon.

萨拉：巴巴拉，请你不要吩咐洛马克斯做这做那的。他老是言听计从，让做什么就做什么。查理，我们今天下午准备到圣安德鲁佩里维尔的工厂去。

LOMAX: What works?

洛马克斯：什么厂？

SARAH: The cannon works.

萨拉：军火厂。

LOMAX: What! Your governor's shop!

洛马克斯：什么！你们老爸的厂！

SARAH: Yes.

萨拉：是的。

LOMAX: Oh I say!

洛马克斯：噢，我明白了！

(Cusins enters in poor condition. He also starts visibly when he sees Barbara without her uniform.)

（库森斯进来了，身体情况欠佳。看见巴巴拉没穿制服，很显然也大吃了一惊。）

BARBARA: I expected you this morning, Dolly. Didn't you guess that?

巴巴拉：今天一个上午我都盼着你来，多利。难道你想不到？

CUSINS: (sitting down beside her) I'm sorry. I have only just breakfasted.

库森斯：（在她身旁坐下）抱歉。我才吃完早饭。

SARAH: But we've just finished lunch.

萨拉：但我们刚都吃完午饭了。

BARBARA: Have you had one of your bad nights?

巴巴拉：你又一整晚没睡好？

CUSINS: No: I had rather a good night: in fact, one of the most remarkable nights I have ever passed.

库森斯：没有，我昨晚过得很愉快，事实上，我还从没经历过这样难忘的夜晚。

BARBARA: The meeting?

巴巴拉：那个集会？

CUSINS: No: after the meeting.

库森斯：不是，是集会以后。

LADY BRITOMART: You should have gone to bed after the meeting. What were you doing?

薄丽托玛太太：大会之后，你该回家睡觉才是。你做什么了？

CUSINS: Drinking.

库森斯：饮酒。

LADY BRITOMART: (Adolphus! SARAH (Dolly! BARBARA. (Dolly! LOMAX. (Oh I say!

薄丽托玛太太：（同时）阿道弗斯！萨拉（同时）多利！巴巴拉（同时）多利！洛马克斯（同时）噢，真的！

LADY BRITOMART: What were you drinking, may I ask?

薄丽托玛太太：我请问，你饮的什么酒？

CUSINS: A most devilish kind of Spanish burgundy, warranted free from added alcohol: a Temperance burgundy in fact. Its richness in natural alcohol made any addition superfluous.

库森斯：一种最烈性的西班牙勃艮第红葡萄酒，保证没有添加任何酒精，也就是所谓的节制饮酒。其实它本身就有很丰富的天然酒精，任何添加成分都是多余。

BARBARA: Are you joking, Dolly?

巴巴拉：多利，你是在说笑吧？

CUSINS: (patiently) No. I have been making a night of it with the nominal head of this household: that is all.

库森斯：（有耐性地）没有，和我一起度过这愉快夜晚的人，就是这个家名义上的主人，仅此而已。

LADY BRITOMART: Andrew made you drunk!

薄丽托玛太太：安德鲁让你酗酒！

CUSINS: No: he only provided the wine. I think it was Dionysos who made me drunk. (To Barbara) I told you I was possessed.

库森斯：没有，他只供应酒而已。把我灌醉的，应该是希腊酒神才对。（对巴巴拉）我告诉过你，我被附体了。

LADY BRITOMART: You're not sober yet. Go home to bed at once.

薄丽托玛太太：你还没清醒吧。立即回家睡觉去。

CUSINS: I have never before ventured to reproach you, Lady Brit; but how could you marry the Prince of Darkness?

库森斯：我以前从未斗胆指责过您，太太，不过，您怎么会嫁给这个黑暗王子呢？

LADY BRITOMART: It was much more excusable to marry him than to get drunk with him. That is a new accomplishment of Andrew's, by the way. He usen't to drink.

薄丽托玛太太：要说嫁给他，总比与他一起喝得酩酊大醉更情有可原吧。顺便提一下，这可是安德鲁的一项新才艺。他过去可从不饮酒啊。

CUSINS: He doesn't now. He only sat there and completed the wreck of my moral basis, the rout of my convictions, the purchase of my soul. He cares for you, Barbara. That is what makes him so dangerous to me.

库森斯：他现在也不喝。他不过是坐在那里，就把我的道德基础彻底摧毁，还击垮了我的信念，然后还收买了我的灵魂。他很关心你，巴巴拉。对我来说，这就是他的危险之处。

BARBARA: That has nothing to do with it, Dolly. There are larger loves and diviner dreams than the fireside ones. You know that, don't you?

巴巴拉：多利，这两者一点关系都没有。有些大爱与梦想，比家庭所包含的东西更重要。这你懂吧，对不对？

CUSINS: Yes: that is our understanding. I know it. I hold to it. Unless he can win me on that holier ground he may amuse me for a while; but he can get no deeper hold, strong as he is.

库森斯：当然，这是我们达成的共识。我明白。我也坚守。他只能暂时嘲弄我，除非他可以从更神圣的高度来征服我；不过就算他再强大，也不能把我彻底掌握。

BARBARA: Keep to that; and the end will be right. Now tell me what happened at the meeting?

巴巴拉：那就坚持下去，必定会有好结果。好吧，告诉我，昨天举

行的集会怎么样？

CUSINS: It was an amazing meeting. Mrs Baines almost died of emotion. Jenny Hill went stark mad with hysteria. The Prince of Darkness played his trombone like a madman: its brazen roarings were like the laughter of the damned. 117 conversions took place then and there. They prayed with the most touching sincerity and gratitude for Bodger, and for the anonymous donor of the 5000 pounds. Your father would not let his name be given.

库森斯：这次集会太让人吃惊了。贝恩斯太太情绪激动，差点没死过去。珍妮·希尔歇斯底里地，完全失控了。而黑暗王子演奏他的长号，简直发狂了；那声音极其刺耳，如同地狱发出的狂笑。此情此景，竟然有一百一十七个人进行了忏悔。他们出于最感人的真诚和感激之情，为包杰祈祷，也为那位捐出五千英镑的无名人士而祈祷。你父亲还不愿透露自己的名字哩。

LOMAX: That was rather fine of the old man, you know. Most chaps would have wanted the advertisement.

洛马克斯：老爷子这样做，还真够意思。多数人都想借此大作宣传呢。

CUSINS: He said all the charitable institutions would be down on him like kites on a battle field if he gave his name.

库森斯：他说，如果他说出姓名，所有慈善机构都会对他怀恨在心的，就像战场上的风筝一样。

LADY BRITOMART: That's Andrew all over. He never does a proper thing without giving an improper reason for it.

薄丽托玛太太：这才像安德鲁说的话。他每做一件正经事，都要为之找一个不正经的理由来。

CUSINS: He convinced me that I have all my life been doing improper things for proper reasons.

库森斯：他让我相信，我这一生都在打着正当的名号做不正当的事。

LADY BRITOMART: Adolphus: now that Barbara has left the Salvation Army, you had better leave it too. I will not have you playing that drum in the streets.

薄丽托玛太太：阿道弗斯，既然巴巴拉离开了救世军，你最好也退出吧。我不想让你在大街上敲锣打鼓了。

CUSINS: Your orders are already obeyed, Lady Brit.

库森斯：薄丽托玛太太，我早就遵从您的命令了。

BARBARA: Dolly: were you ever really in earnest about it? Would

you have joined if you had never seen me?

巴巴拉：多利，你真的是诚心诚意加入救世军的吗？要是你没遇到我，你还会加入吗？

CUSINS: (disingenuously) Well—er—well, possibly, as a collector of religions—

库森斯：（不老实地）那个——呃——怎么说呢，也许吧，作为一个宗教收集者——

LOMAX: (cunningly) Not as a drummer, though, you know. You are a very clearheaded brainy chap, Dolly; and it must have been apparent to you that there is a certain amount of tosh about—

洛马克斯：（奸诈地）不过，你不是去当鼓手的，是吧。多利，你这家伙头脑清楚、够聪明；你肯定早就明白，救世军真有点像垃圾——

LADY BRITOMART: Charles: if you must drivel, drivel like a grown-up man and not like a schoolboy.

薄丽托玛太太：查尔斯，你要非得胡言乱语，至少也要表现得像个成人，别跟个学生似的。

LOMAX: (out of countenance) Well, drivel is drivel, don't you know, whatever a man's age.

洛马克斯：（局促不安）哎哟，胡言乱语就是胡言乱语嘛，任何年龄都会啊。

LADY BRITOMART: In good society in England, Charles, men drivel at all ages by repeating silly formulas with an air of wisdom. Schoolboys make their own formulas out of slang, like you. When they reach your age, and get political private secretaryships and things of that sort, they drop slang and get their formulas out of The Spectator or The Times. You had better confine yourself to The Times. You will find that there is a certain amount of tosh about The Times; but at least its language is reputable.

薄丽托玛太太：查尔斯，在英格兰的上流社会，各个年龄段的男人都会胡言乱语，可他们使用的是无聊的规范用语，表现得也很智慧。而学生呢，却只会用粗陋的俚语胡说八道，就跟你一样。当他们到了你的年龄，成为了某位政要的私人秘书或类似的职位，他们就把俚语给丢掉了，说的也全都是《观察者报》或《泰晤士报》里的规范用语。你最好也学着点，看看《泰晤士报》。你会发觉，《泰晤士报》也有点神叨叨的，然而至少它的语言还是值得称赞的。

LOMAX: (overwhelmed) You are so awfully strong-minded, Lady Brit—

洛马克斯：（不知所措）您不愧是有主见啊，薄丽托玛太太——

LADY BRITOMART: Rubbish! (Morrison comes in.) What is it?

薄丽托玛太太：废话！（莫里森走进来。）有事？

MORRISON: If you please, my lady, Mr Undershaft has just drove up to the door.

莫里森：太太，回您的话，安德谢夫先生驾车前来，刚刚抵达门口。

LADY BRITOMART: Well, let him in. (Morrison hesitates.) What's the matter with you?

薄丽托玛太太：好吧，让他进来。（莫里森犹豫着。）你怎么回事？

MORRISON: Shall I announce him, my lady; or is he at home here, so to speak, my lady?

莫里森：太太，我应该通报他的光临呢，还是，怎么说呢，通报他回家来了？

LADY BRITOMART: Announce him.

薄丽托玛太太：通报他的光临。

MORRISON: Thank you, my lady. You won't mind my asking, I hope. The occasion is in a manner of speaking new to me.

莫里森：谢谢，太太。但愿您别介意我这样问。这种场合，可以说，我还是第一次碰到呢。

LADY BRITOMART: Quite right. Go and let him in.

薄丽托玛太太：做得不错。去请他进来吧。

MORRISON: Thank you, my lady. (He withdraws.)

莫里森：谢谢，太太。（他退出。）

LADY BRITOMART: Children: go and get ready. (Sarah and Barbara go upstairs for their out-of-door wrap.) Charles: go and tell Stephen to come down here in five minutes: you will find him in the drawing room. (Charles goes.) Adolphus: tell them to send round the carriage in about fifteen minutes. (Adolphus goes.)

薄丽托玛太太：孩子们，快去准备吧。（萨拉和巴巴拉上楼拿户外穿的大衣。）查尔斯，去告诉斯蒂芬，五分钟后到楼下来，你去客厅找他吧。（查尔斯离开。）阿道弗斯，告诉他们，大概一刻钟后派马车过来。（阿道弗斯离开。）

MORRISON: (at the door) Mr Undershaft.

莫里森：（在门边）安德谢夫先生到。

(Undershaft comes in. Morrison goes out.)

（安德谢夫走进来。莫里森退出。）

UNDERSHAFT: Alone! How fortunate!

安德谢夫：你一个人！我多幸运啊！

LADY BRITOMART: (rising) Don't be sentimental, Andrew. Sit down. (She sits on the settee: he sits beside her, on her left. She comes to the point before he has time to breathe.) Sarah must have 800 pounds a year until Charles Lomax comes into his property. Barbara will need more, and need it permanently, because Adolphus hasn't any property.

薄丽托玛太太：（起身）不要煽情了，安德鲁。坐下。（她在长沙发上坐下；安德鲁在她的左手边，也坐下。还不等他喘过气来，她就直截了当地说。）查尔斯·洛马克斯继承财产前，萨拉每年得有八百英镑。巴巴拉需要更多，还是长期的，因为阿道弗斯没有一点财产。

UNDERSHAFT: (resignedly) Yes, my dear: I will see to it. Anything else? for yourself, for instance?

安德谢夫：（顺从地）明白，亲爱的，我会留心的。别的呢？比如，为你自己？

LADY BRITOMART: I want to talk to you about Stephen.

薄丽托玛太太：我想跟你谈的，是斯蒂芬。

UNDERSHAFT: (rather wearily) Don't, my dear. Stephen doesn't interest me.

安德谢夫：（很厌倦地）别，亲爱的。斯蒂芬可激发不了我的兴趣。

LADY BRITOMART: He does interest me. He is our son.

薄丽托玛太太：但我有兴趣。他是我们的儿子。

UNDERSHAFT: Do you really think so? He has induced us to bring him into the world; but he chose his parents very incongruously, I think. I see nothing of myself in him, and less of you.

安德谢夫：你真这么想？是他让我们把他带到这个世界来的；不过我看，他选择我们做父母并不合适。我在他身上一点都看不到自己的影子，也看不到你的。

LADY BRITOMART: Andrew: Stephen is an excellent son, and a most steady, capable, highminded young man. YOU are simply trying to find an excuse for disinheriting him.

薄丽托玛太太：安德鲁，斯蒂芬是个出色的儿子，也是个稳重、能干，思想高尚的年轻人。而你呢，不过是想寻找借口来剥夺他的继承权。

UNDERSHAFT: My dear Biddy: the Undershaft tradition disinherits him. It would be dishonest of me to leave the cannon foundry to my son.

安德谢夫：我亲爱的薄丽，是安德谢夫的传统剥夺了他的继承权。我如果把军火厂留给我的儿子，那就是欺骗。

LADY BRITOMART: It would be most unnatural and improper of you to leave it to anyone else, Andrew. Do you suppose this wicked and immoral tradition can be kept up for ever? Do you pretend that Stephen could not carry on the foundry just as well as all the other sons of the big business houses?

薄丽托玛太太：安德鲁，如果你把它给其他人，那才不近人情、极不合理呢。你认为，这种恶毒、缺德的传统还能一直维持下去吗？你还要伪称斯蒂芬不能把工厂经营下去，不能像其他所有大商行的公子们一样有经营头脑？

UNDERSHAFT: Yes: he could learn the office routine without understanding the business, like all the other sons; and the firm would go on by its own momentum until the real Undershaft—probably an Italian or a German—would invent a new method and cut him out.

安德谢夫：没错，他是懂得办公室的日常事务，但对商业却一窍不通，如同其他大商行的公子一样；公司只会按照以前的惯例继续，直到那位真正的安德谢夫——可能是意大利人，也可能是德国人——会开辟一条新的道路，接着就取代了他。

LADY BRITOMART: There is nothing that any Italian or German could do that Stephen could not do. And Stephen at least has breeding.

薄丽托玛太太：无论是意大利人还是德国人，他们都没什么了不起的。他们能做，斯蒂芬也能。更何况，斯蒂芬他至少血统纯正。

UNDERSHAFT: The son of a foundling! nonsense!

安德谢夫：他是弃儿的儿子！又胡说了！

LADY BRITOMART: My son, Andrew! And even you may have good blood in your veins for all you know.

薄丽托玛太太：也是我的儿子，安德鲁！甚至有可能，你自己血管里也流着贵族的血，只是你不知道罢了。

UNDERSHAFT: True. Probably I have. That is another argument in favor of a foundling.

安德谢夫：不错。可能我真有呢。这又是一条有利于弃儿的理由。

LADY BRITOMART: Andrew: don't be aggravating. And don't be wicked. At present you are both.

薄丽托玛太太：安德鲁，不要那么讨厌。也不要那么刻薄。目前你两条都占了。

UNDERSHAFT: This conversation is part of the Undershaft tradition, Biddy. Every Undershaft's wife has treated him to it ever since the house was founded. It is mere waste of breath. If the tradition be ever broken it will be for an abler man than Stephen.

安德谢夫：这段谈话就是安德谢夫传统的一部分，薄丽。每一位安德谢夫太太都是如此对待丈夫，这是自这个家创建之日起就有的。这简直是白费口舌。要是传统被打破了，那一定会有位比斯蒂芬更能干的人出现了。

LADY BRITOMART: (pouting) Then go away.

薄丽托玛太太：（撅着嘴）你给我走。

UNDERSHAFT: (deprecatory) Go away!

安德谢夫：（轻蔑的）走！

LADY BRITOMART: Yes: go away. If you will do nothing for Stephen, you are not wanted here. Go to your foundling, whoever he is; and look after him.

薄丽托玛太太：不错，走吧。如果你不能为斯蒂芬做些什么，这里也不需要你。去找你那个弃子吧，管他是谁，你照看他去吧。

UNDERSHAFT: The fact is, Biddy—

安德谢夫：事实是，薄丽——

LADY BRITOMART: Don't call me Biddy. I don't call you Andy.

薄丽托玛太太：别叫我薄丽。我没叫你安迪。

UNDERSHAFT: I will not call my wife Britomart: it is not good sense. Seriously, my love, the Undershaft tradition has landed me in a difficulty. I am getting on in years; and my partner Lazarus has at last made a stand and insisted that the succession must be settled one way or the other; and of course he is quite right. You see, I haven't found a fit successor yet.

安德谢夫：我不会叫自己的妻子薄丽托玛太太的，这样不合情理。亲爱的，说真的，安德谢夫传统已经让我陷入困境了。这些年来，我越来越老了，我的搭档拉扎勒斯终于表态，坚持认为一定要想方设法解决好继承权的事，当然他说得很对。你也看到了，我一直都还没发现一个合格的继承者。

LADY BRITOMART: (obstinately) There is Stephen.

薄丽托玛太太：（顽固地）有斯蒂芬哩！

UNDERSHAFT: That's just it: all the foundlings I can find are

exactly like Stephen.

安德谢夫：那正是问题所在，我可以找到的弃儿，都跟斯蒂芬差不多。

LADY BRITOMART: Andrew!!

薄丽托玛太太：安德鲁！

UNDERSHAFT: I want a man with no relations and no schooling: that is, a man who would be out of the running altogether if he were not a strong man. And I can't find him. Every blessed foundling nowadays is snapped up in his infancy by Barnardo homes, or School Board officers, or Boards of Guardians; and if he shows the least ability, he is fastened on by schoolmasters; trained to win scholarships like a racehorse; crammed with secondhand ideas; drilled and disciplined in docility and what they call good taste; and lamed for life so that he is fit for nothing but teaching. If you want to keep the foundry in the family, you had better find an eligible foundling and marry him to Barbara.

安德谢夫：我希望这个人没有社会关系，也没接受过学校教育，也就是说，这个人要不是个强人的话，他就完全没有取胜的希望。但我就是找不到这种人。如今这些幸福的弃儿们，幼年时就被慈善组织、教育部门或监护机构争相抢夺；要是他表现出一点点的才能，那些中小学校长们也要把他抓牢；接着就培训他如何赢取奖学金，如同训练赛马一样；可装在他们脑袋里的却是些旧观念；通过反复训练、严格要求使其顺从，具备他们所谓的高尚品味；最后这些孩子却一生都碌碌无为，只能去教书。如果你真想让工厂由我们家族来经营，那最好找一个合格的私生子，让他与巴巴拉结婚吧。

LADY BRITOMART: Ah! Barbara! Your pet! You would sacrifice Stephen to Barbara.

薄丽托玛太太：什么！巴巴拉！你的心肝儿！你居然为了巴巴拉，而舍弃斯蒂芬。

UNDERSHAFT: Cheerfully. And you, my dear, would boil Barbara to make soup for Stephen.

安德谢夫：乐意之至。而你呢，亲爱的，也想把巴巴拉煮烂熬汤，再拿给斯蒂芬喝吧。

LADY BRITOMART: Andrew: this is not a question of our likings and dislikings: it is a question of duty. It is your duty to make Stephen your successor.

薄丽托玛太太：安德鲁，这不是我们个人好恶的问题，而是责任问题。你的责任就是让斯蒂芬成为你的继承人。

UNDERSHAFT: Just as much as it is your duty to submit to your

husband. Come, Biddy! these tricks of the governing class are of no use with me. I am one of the governing class myself; and it is waste of time giving tracts to a missionary. I have the power in this matter; and I am not to be humbugged into using it for your purposes.

安德谢夫：这就好比你的责任是服从你的丈夫一样。得了，薄丽！统治阶层这些伎俩对我是没有用的。我本身就是统治阶层的一员；你在浪费时间，就像对传道者发宣传册一样。我在这件事上有决定权，你再怎么胡乱哄骗，我也不会为你使用这个权力的。

LADY BRITOMART: Andrew: you can talk my head off; but you can't change wrong into right. And your tie is all on one side. Put it straight.

薄丽托玛太太：安德鲁，你都把我头说晕了，但你也不能把错的说成是对的。你的领带全歪向一边了。把领带正过来。

UNDERSHAFT: (disconcerted) It won't stay unless it's pinned (he fumbles at it with childish grimaces)—

安德谢夫：（惊慌失措）正不了，除非把它别起来（他孩子气地扮怪相，紧张地系着领带）——

(Stephen comes in.)

（斯蒂芬走了进来。）

STEPHEN: (at the door) I beg your pardon (about to retire.)

斯蒂芬：（在门边）请原谅（正要退出。）

LADY BRITOMART: No: come in, Stephen. (Stephen comes forward to his mother's writing table.)

薄丽托玛太太：不用了，斯蒂芬，进来。（斯蒂芬向前走到他母亲的书桌边。）

UNDERSHAFT: (not very cordially) Good afternoon.

安德谢夫：（言不由衷地）下午好。

STEPHEN: (coldly) Good afternoon.

斯蒂芬：（冷漠地）下午好。

UNDERSHAFT: (to Lady Britomart) He knows all about the tradition, I suppose?

安德谢夫：（对薄丽托玛太太）我想，这个传统，他都知道吧。

LADY BRITOMART: Yes. (To Stephen) It is what I told you last night, Stephen.

薄丽托玛太太：对。（对斯蒂芬）就是我昨晚告诉你的事，斯蒂芬。

UNDERSHAFT: (sulkily) I understand you want to come into the cannon business.

安德谢夫：（悻悻然地）我知道你想进入军火行业。

STEPHEN: _I_ go into trade! Certainly not.

斯蒂芬：我，去做生意！不可能。

UNDERSHAFT: (opening his eyes, greatly eased in mind and manner) Oh! in that case—!

安德谢夫：（张大眼睛，身心放松了许多）噢！既然如此——！

LADY BRITOMART: Cannons are not trade, Stephen. They are enterprise.

薄丽托玛太太：军火不是生意，斯蒂芬。这可是事业啊。

STEPHEN: I have no intention of becoming a man of business in any sense. I have no capacity for business and no taste for it. I intend to devote myself to politics.

斯蒂芬：无论什么样的生意，我都不想做。我没有生意头脑，对生意也毫无兴趣。我想从政。

UNDERSHAFT: (rising) My dear boy: this is an immense relief to me. And I trust it may prove an equally good thing for the country. I was afraid you would consider yourself disparaged and slighted. (He moves towards Stephen as if to shake hands with him.)

安德谢夫：（起身）我的好孩子，这对我真是莫大的安慰啊。我相信对国家来说，这同样也是一件好事。我还担心你会自以为被轻视、受冷落呢。（他朝斯蒂芬走去，看起来是要跟他握手。）

LADY BRITOMART: (rising and interposing) Stephen: I cannot allow you to throw away an enormous property like this.

薄丽托玛太太：（起身阻挠）斯蒂芬，我不准你就这样放弃一份庞大的家业。

STEPHEN: (stiffly) Mother: there must be an end of treating me as a child, if you please. (Lady Britomart recoils, deeply wounded by his tone.) Until last night I did not take your attitude seriously, because I did not think you meant it seriously. But I find now that you left me in the dark as to matters which you should have explained to me years ago. I am extremely hurt and offended. Any further discussion of my intentions had better take place with my father, as between one man and another.

斯蒂芬：（顽固地）母亲，我求您了，请别再把我当孩子了。（薄丽托玛太太向后缩了一下，他的口吻深深地刺痛了她。）昨天晚上之前，我还没把您的态度当真，因为我想您不是认真的。可现在，我发觉

有些事情您多年前就该跟我说，而您却一直让我蒙在鼓里。我很伤心，也很生气。要深入讨论我的前途问题，也最好限于父亲跟我，两个男人之间进行。

LADY BRITOMART: Stephen! (She sits down again; and her eyes fill with tears.)

薄丽托玛太太：斯蒂芬！（她重新坐下，眼里含泪。）

UNDERSHAFT: (with grave compassion) You see, my dear, it is only the big men who can be treated as children.

安德谢夫：（充满怜悯之情）亲爱的，你看，只有大人物才会让别人拿他当孩子看。

STEPHEN: I am sorry, mother, that you have forced me—

斯蒂芬：母亲，真对不起，是您逼我的——

UNDERSHAFT: (stopping him) Yes, yes, yes, yes: that's all right, Stephen. She wont interfere with you any more: your independence is achieved: you have won your latchkey. Don't rub it in; and above all, don't apologize. (He resumes his seat.) Now what about your future, as between one man and another—I beg your pardon, Biddy: as between two men and a woman.

安德谢夫：（阻止他）对，对，对，对，斯蒂芬，没关系。她再也不会干涉你了，你独立了，拥有自由出入大门的钥匙了。别再说了，更不要再道歉了。（他又坐回原位。）好了，就你的前途问题，我们两个男人聊聊吧——抱歉，薄丽，是两男一女之间的对话。

LADY BRITOMART: (who has pulled herself together strongly) I quite understand, Stephen. By all means go your own way if you feel strong enough. (Stephen sits down magisterially in the chair at the writing table with an air of affirming his majority.)

薄丽托玛太太：（恢复了平静）斯蒂芬，我非常理解。你要是自以为长大了，那你就走你自己的路去吧。（斯蒂芬威严地坐在书桌旁的椅子上，那神情俨然他已经是成人了。）

UNDERSHAFT: It is settled that you do not ask for the succession to the cannon business.

安德谢夫：这么说，你不要求军火生意的继承权。

STEPHEN: I hope it is settled that I repudiate the cannon business.

斯蒂芬：我可以肯定的是，我断然拒绝军火生意。

UNDERSHAFT: Come, come! Don't be so devilishly sulky: it's boyish. Freedom should be generous. Besides, I owe you a fair start in life in exchange for disinheriting you. You can't become prime

minister all at once. Haven't you a turn for something? What about literature, art and so forth?

安德谢夫：好了，好了！不要发脾气了，这样太孩子气。我们要自由，就得对人宽厚啊。更何况，我剥夺了你的继承权，作为弥补，我得在你事业起步时助你一臂之力。你不可能立刻就成为首相吧。你其他方面的才能如何？文学、艺术这些怎么样？

STEPHEN: I have nothing of the artist about me, either in faculty or character, thank Heaven!

斯蒂芬：不管从才能，还是性格来看，我都没有一点文学细胞，感谢主啊！

UNDERSHAFT: A philosopher, perhaps? Eh?

安德谢夫：那就，当一个哲学家吧？如何？

STEPHEN: I make no such ridiculous pretension.

斯蒂芬：我才没有这么荒谬的打算。

UNDERSHAFT: Just so. Well, there is the army, the navy, the Church, the Bar. The Bar requires some ability. What about the Bar?

安德谢夫：那好吧。这样，还有陆军、海军、牧师、律师呢。做律师可要能力呢。那律师如何？

STEPHEN: I have not studied law. And I am afraid I have not the necessary push—I believe that is the name barristers give to their vulgarity—for success in pleading.

斯蒂芬：我没学过法律。我担心，要为辩护的取胜进行奋力一搏，我做不到——我想，那就是律师对他们粗俗行为的阐释。

UNDERSHAFT: Rather a difficult case, Stephen. Hardly anything left but the stage, is there? (Stephen makes an impatient movement.) Well, come! is there anything you know or care for?

安德谢夫：很难办哪，斯蒂芬。那就没什么可做了，去从事舞台表演，怎么样？（斯蒂芬显得很不耐烦。）唉，算了！你究竟会什么，喜欢什么？

STEPHEN: (rising and looking at him steadily) I know the difference between right and wrong.

斯蒂芬：（起身，坚定地看着他）我明白是与非。

UNDERSHAFT: (hugely tickled) You don't say so! What! no capacity for business, no knowledge of law, no sympathy with art, no pretension to philosophy; only a simple knowledge of the secret that has puzzled all the philosophers, baffled all the lawyers, muddled all the men of business, and ruined most of the artists: the secret of right and wrong. Why, man, you're a genius, master of masters, a god! At

twenty-four, too!

安德谢夫：（完全被逗乐）不可能吧！匪夷所思！没有生意头脑，不懂法律知识，不具备艺术细胞，也不懂哲学；你却知道人世间的秘密，是与非的秘密，这秘密却让所有哲学家困惑不解，难住了所有的律师，令生意人胡思乱想，也毁掉了那么多的艺术家。哎哟，伙计，你是天才，是大师之大师，是神啊！才二十四呢！

STEPHEN: (keeping his temper with difficulty) You are pleased to be facetious. I pretend to nothing more than any honorable English gentleman claims as his birthright. (He sits down angrily.)

斯蒂芬：（拼命地耐住性子）你就尽管取笑吧。我自认为我所做的，是英国任何一位正人君子都与生俱来的。（他气愤地坐下。）

UNDERSHAFT: Oh, that's everybody's birthright. Look at poor little Jenny Hill, the Salvation lassie! she would think you were laughing at her if you asked her to stand up in the street and teach grammar or geography or mathematics or even drawingroom dancing; but it never occurs to her to doubt that she can teach morals and religion. You are all alike, you respectable people. You can't tell me the bursting strain of a ten-inch gun, which is a very simple matter; but you all think you can tell me the bursting strain of a man under temptation. You daren't handle high explosives; but you're all ready to handle honesty and truth and justice and the whole duty of man, and kill one another at that game. What a country! what a world!

安德谢夫：噢，这是任何人都与生俱来的。瞧瞧那位可怜的小珍妮·希尔吧，救世军的一个姑娘！如果你叫她站到街上，教语法、地理或数学，甚至是交谊舞，那她会以为你在取笑她；但是毫无疑问，她肯定能讲道德和谈宗教。你们都差不多，都是值得尊敬的人物。你们肯定答不出口径为十英寸的大炮，其抗爆破应变力是多少，这不过是个很简单的问题；但是你们却自认为能回答我，一个人在面对诱惑时会承受怎样的压力。你们不敢碰烈性炸药；但你们乐于玩弄诚实、真理、公理，还有人类的职责，却又耍尽花招，互相厮杀。怎样的国家！怎样的世界啊！

LADY BRITOMART: (uneasily) What do you think he had better do, Andrew?

薄丽托玛太太：（不自在地）安德鲁，你觉得他最好从事什么行业呢？

UNDERSHAFT: Oh, just what he wants to do. He knows nothing; and he thinks he knows everything. That points clearly to a political career. Get him a private secretaryship to someone who can get him an Under Secretaryship; and then leave him alone. He will find his natural and proper place in the end on the Treasury bench.

安德谢夫：噢，那要看他自己怎么想。他一无所知，却以为自己无

所不知。这充分说明，他适合从政。推荐他去给某位大人物做私人秘书，要是这人可以让他当上次长，之后就不用再为他操心了。最后，他可以很自然而然、顺理成章地在下院政府大臣席中找到一席之地。

STEPHEN: (springing up again) I am sorry, sir, that you force me to forget the respect due to you as my father. I am an Englishman; and I will not hear the Government of my country insulted. (He thrusts his hands in his pockets, and walks angrily across to the window.)

斯蒂芬：（再次跳起来）先生，我很抱歉，是您让我无法再尊重您，尽管您是我父亲。我是一个英国人，我无法再听任您羞辱我的国家政府。（他把手放入衣兜里，生气地走到窗边。）

UNDERSHAFT: (with a touch of brutality) The government of your country! _I_ am the government of your country: I, and Lazarus. Do you suppose that you and half a dozen amateurs like you, sitting in a row in that foolish gabble shop, can govern Undershaft and Lazarus? No, my friend: you will do what pays US. You will make war when it suits us, and keep peace when it doesn't. You will find out that trade requires certain measures when we have decided on those measures. When I want anything to keep my dividends up, you will discover that my want is a national need. When other people want something to keep my dividends down, you will call out the police and military. And in return you shall have the support and applause of my newspapers, and the delight of imagining that you are a great statesman. Government of your country! Be off with you, my boy, and play with your caucuses and leading articles and historic parties and great leaders and burning questions and the rest of your toys. _I_ am going back to my counting house to pay the piper and call the tune.

安德谢夫：（微带粗暴地）你的国家政府！我，就是你的国家政府，我，还有拉扎勒斯！难道你以为，你和五六个同样的业余人士，在议会里坐成一排、七嘴八舌、你一言我一语，就可以控制安德谢夫和拉扎勒斯了吗？不行，我的朋友，你要做些可以让我们赚钱的事。当我们需要战争时，你就要开仗；当我们需要和平时，你就要维护和平。当我们决定贸易方面需要新举措时，你就赶紧确定并制定新的措施。当我提出任何要求以保证我的利润时，你会发觉我的要求也是举国上下的要求。当其他人提出任何要求以减少我的利润时，你就得出动警察和军队。而做为回报，你会得到我在报纸上的拥护和称赞，你会以自己是一个伟大的政治家而自豪。说什么你的国家政府！得了吧，儿子，去玩你们那些什么决策委员会，什么社论和历史性的聚会啊，什么伟大领导和紧要问题，还有你们其他的那些把戏去吧。我呢，打算回我的会计室去，付钱给吹笛手，让他吹一首曲子。

STEPHEN: (actually smiling, and putting his hand on his father's shoulder with indulgent patronage) Really, my dear father, it is impossible to be angry with you. You don't know how absurd all this

sounds to ME. You are very properly proud of having been industrious enough to make money; and it is greatly to your credit that you have made so much of it. But it has kept you in circles where you are valued for your money and deferred to for it, instead of in the doubtless very oldfashioned and behind-the-times public school and university where I formed my habits of mind. It is natural for you to think that money governs England; but you must allow me to think I know better.

斯蒂芬：（竟然笑了，一手放在父亲肩上，显得非常宽容）我亲爱的父亲，实际上我根本不可能对您生气。您不明白，这一切听在我耳朵里，是多么地荒谬。您确实应该深感自豪，一辈子勤勤恳恳地挣钱；而且非常值得称赞的是，您挣了大把大把的钱。不过这把您限制在一个小圈子里了，您因为金钱而受到尊重，也因为金钱别人才听命于您，而相反，我的思维习惯是在公立学校和大学里养成的，这些地方无疑是相当过时，跟不上时代的。您觉得金钱统治了英格兰，这情有可原；但请您一定允许我说，我在这方面了解得更清楚。

UNDERSHAFT: And what does govern England, pray?

安德谢夫：那我请问，是什么统治着英格兰？

STEPHEN: Character, father, character.

斯蒂芬：性格，父亲，性格。

UNDERSHAFT: Whose character? Yours or mine?

安德谢夫：谁的性格？你的，还是我的？

STEPHEN: Neither yours nor mine, father, but the best elements in the English national character.

斯蒂芬：不是您的，也不是我的，父亲，而是英国国民性格中的最佳部分。

UNDERSHAFT: Stephen: I've found your profession for you. You're a born journalist. I'll start you with a hightoned weekly review. There!

安德谢夫：斯蒂芬，我为你找到适合的职业了。你是个天生的新闻工作者。我来给你创办一家专门歌功颂德的刊物，每周一期。就这样！

(Stephen goes to the smaller writing table and busies himself with his letters.)

（斯蒂芬走到小书桌旁，忙着写起信来。）

(Sarah, Barbara, Lomax, and Cusins come in ready for walking. Barbara crosses the room to the window and looks out. Cusins drifts amiably to the armchair, and Lomax remains near the door, whilst Sarah comes to her mother.)

（萨拉、巴巴拉、洛马克斯，还有库森斯一同走了进来，准备出发。巴巴拉穿过房间，来到窗边向外眺望。库森斯和颜悦色地走到扶手椅边，洛马克斯停在门口，而萨拉走向了母亲身旁。）

SARAH: Go and get ready, mamma: the carriage is waiting. (Lady Britomart leaves the room.)

萨拉：去准备准备，妈妈，马车在等着呢。（薄丽托玛太太离开房间。）

UNDERSHAFT: (to Sarah) Good day, my dear. Good afternoon, Mr. Lomax.

安德谢夫：（对萨拉）亲爱的，你好。洛马克斯先生，下午好。

LOMAX: (vaguely) Ahdedoo.

洛马克斯：（含糊地）啊，您好。

UNDERSHAFT: (to Cusins) quite well after last night, Euripides, eh?

安德谢夫：（对库森斯）欧里庇得斯，昨晚之后，你还好吧？

CUSINS: As well as can be expected.

库森斯：跟料想得差不多。

UNDERSHAFT: That's right. (To Barbara) So you are coming to see my death and devastation factory, Barbara?

安德谢夫：那还好。（对巴巴拉）那么，你准备来看我的死亡与毁灭之厂了，巴巴拉？

BARBARA: (at the window) You came yesterday to see my salvation factory. I promised you a return visit.

巴巴拉：（在窗边）昨天您已经光临过我的救世之厂了。我向您保证过，要回访的。

LOMAX: (coming forward between Sarah and Undershaft) You'll find it awfully interesting. I've been through the Woolwich Arsenal; and it gives you a ripping feeling of security, you know, to think of the lot of beggars we could kill if it came to fighting. (To Undershaft, with sudden solemnity) Still, it must be rather an awful reflection for you, from the religious point of view as it were. You're getting on, you know, and all that.

洛马克斯：（向前走到萨拉与安德谢夫之间）你们会觉得这很有意思的。我去过这家伍尔维奇兵工厂；它会让你相当有安全感的，知道吗，想想那些叫花子，真要是交起战来，我们得杀死好多叫花子哩。（突然对安德谢夫一本正经起来）不过呢，从宗教的本意来讲，这种看法对您来说肯定不太好。您年纪也不小了，您明白吗，也该想想这些事情了。

SARAH: You don't mind Cholly's imbecility, papa, do you?

萨拉：爸爸，您别介意查理的愚蠢，好吗？

LOMAX: (much taken aback) Oh I say!

洛马克斯：（很吃惊）唉，你怎么这样！

UNDERSHAFT: Mr Lomax looks at the matter in a very proper spirit, my dear.

安德谢夫：洛马克斯先生看待事情非常恰当，亲爱的。

LOMAX: Just so. That's all I meant, I assure you.

洛马克斯：本来就是嘛。我向您保证，这就是我的意思。

SARAH: Are you coming, Stephen?

萨拉：你去吗，斯蒂芬？

STEPHEN: Well, I am rather busy—er—(Magnanimously) Oh well, yes: I'll come. That is, if there is room for me.

斯蒂芬：噢，我很忙——呃——（宽宏大量地）那好嘛，好，我去。还是，看看有没有我的位置吧。

UNDERSHAFT: I can take two with me in a little motor I am experimenting with for field use. You won't mind its being rather unfashionable. It's not painted yet; but it's bullet proof.

安德谢夫：我的小车上可以再坐两个，我正在试车阶段，看看它的野外使用效果如何。你不会介意吧，车子有点难看。虽然没有刷漆，但是可以防弹。

LOMAX: (appalled at the prospect of confronting Wilton Crescent in an unpainted motor) Oh I say!

洛马克斯：（想到可能坐着未油漆的汽车穿过威尔顿新月区，很震惊）噢，天哪！

SARAH: The carriage for me, thank you. Barbara doesn't mind what she's seen in.

萨拉：谢谢，我还是坐马车吧。巴巴拉不在乎，她坐什么车都可以。

LOMAX: I say, Dolly old chap: do you really mind the car being a guy? Because of course if you do I'll go in it. Still—

洛马克斯：我说，多利老伙计，你真的在乎那辆车的怪样子？你要在乎的话，我就去坐啦。不过——

CUSINS: I prefer it.

库森斯：我就坐那辆吧。

LOMAX: Thanks awfully, old man. Come, Sarah. (He hurries out to secure his seat in the carriage. Sarah follows him.)

洛马克斯：太感谢了，老家伙。走，萨拉。（他赶紧出去，到马车上找好位置。萨拉跟在他身后。）

CUSINS: (moodily walking across to Lady Britomart's writing table) Why are we two coming to this Works Department of Hell? That is what I ask myself.

库森斯：（抑郁地走到薄丽托玛太太的书桌边）为什么我们俩要去那个地狱工程部？这就是我心里的疑问。

BARBARA: I have always thought of it as a sort of pit where lost creatures with blackened faces stirred up smoky fires and were driven and tormented by my father? Is it like that, dad?

巴巴拉：我总认为它是一条沟壑，那些迷失方向的生物，熏得乌黑的脸，经受着我父亲的驱使和折磨，搅动起冒烟的火。是不是这样，爸爸？

UNDERSHAFT: (scandalized) My dear! It is a spotlessly clean and beautiful hillside town.

安德谢夫：（颇为反感）亲爱的！那可是一个位于山坡上的小镇，一尘不染，相当漂亮。

CUSINS: With a Methodist chapel? Oh do say there's a Methodist chapel.

库森斯：有卫斯理公会教派的小教堂吗？确实该有这样一个小教堂。

UNDERSHAFT: There are two: a primitive one and a sophisticated one. There is even an Ethical Society; but it is not much patronized, as my men are all strongly religious. In the High Explosives Sheds they object to the presence of Agnostics as unsafe.

安德谢夫：有两个，一个是老式的，一个是发展得很成熟的。甚至还有道德社团呢，但是没有多少人去，因为我的工人们全都是忠实的宗教徒。在烈性炸药厂房里，他们反对不可知论者的出现，因为那不安全。

CUSINS: And yet they don't object to you!

库森斯：但他们不反对您！

BARBARA: Do they obey all your orders?

巴巴拉：他们服从您的所有命令吗？

UNDERSHAFT: I never give them any orders. When I speak to one of them it is "Well, Jones, is the baby doing well? and has Mrs Jones made a good recovery?" "Nicely, thank you, sir." And that's all.

安德谢夫：我从不对他们下命令。当我对他们某个人讲话时，我这样说："怎么样，琼斯，孩子还好吗？琼斯太太身体都恢复了吗？""不错，谢谢您，先生。"就这样。

CUSINS: But Jones has to be kept in order. How do you maintain discipline among your men?

库森斯：但是琼斯必须守规矩吧。您是怎么在您的工人中，维持纪律的？

UNDERSHAFT: I don't. They do. You see, the one thing Jones won't stand is any rebellion from the man under him, or any assertion of social equality between the wife of the man with 4 shillings a week less than himself and Mrs Jones! Of course they all rebel against me, theoretically. Practically, every man of them keeps the man just below him in his place. I never meddle with them. I never bully them. I don't even bully Lazarus. I say that certain things are to be done; but I don't order anybody to do them. I don't say, mind you, that there is no ordering about and snubbing and even bullying. The men snub the boys and order them about; the carmen snub the sweepers; the artisans snub the unskilled laborers; the foremen drive and bully both the laborers and artisans; the assistant engineers find fault with the foremen; the chief engineers drop on the assistants; the departmental managers worry the chiefs; and the clerks have tall hats and hymnbooks and keep up the social tone by refusing to associate on equal terms with anybody. The result is a colossal profit, which comes to me.

安德谢夫：我不管。就靠他们自己。你知道吗，琼斯无法忍受的是，他管理的人违抗他，或者是琼斯太太与另一个太太相互扬言要争取社会平等，而这个太太的老公每周却比琼斯少拿四先令！当然从理论角度来看，他们都该反抗我。而实际上，他们人人都让自己的手下各司其职。我绝不干涉他们。也绝不威吓他们。我甚至连拉扎勒斯都不威吓。我只说，有些事情要完成；但我绝不命令任何人去做。提醒你们，我并不是说没有命令，没有怠慢，甚至没有威吓。师傅斥责徒弟，把他们呼来喝去的；开车司机冷落扫地工；有技术的工人怠慢无技术的；工长使唤、威吓无技术的工人和技工；助理工程师找工长的茬儿；总工训斥助理；部门经理让总工担惊受怕；而职工呢，一到周末就戴着高高的礼帽，捧着赞美诗书，拒绝与任何人进行平等交往，以保持他们自己的社会优越感。结果就是钵盘满载，而且全都归我。

CUSINS: (revolted) You really are a—well, what I was saying yesterday.

库森斯：（反感的）您真是一个——反正，就是我昨天说的。

BARBARA: What was he saying yesterday?

巴巴拉：他昨天说什么了？

UNDERSHAFT: Never mind, my dear. He thinks I have made you unhappy. Have I?

安德谢夫：亲爱的，不要紧。他以为，我令你不快了。是这样的吗？

BARBARA: Do you think I can be happy in this vulgar silly dress? I! who have worn the uniform. Do you understand what you have done to me? Yesterday I had a man's soul in my hand. I set him in the way of life with his face to salvation. But when we took your money he turned back to drunkenness and derision. (With intense conviction) I will never forgive you that. If I had a child, and you destroyed its body with your explosives—if you murdered Dolly with your horrible guns—I could forgive you if my forgiveness would open the gates of heaven to you. But to take a human soul from me, and turn it into the soul of a wolf! that is worse than any murder.

巴巴拉：穿着这条庸俗又傻兮兮的裙子，你以为我高兴得起来吗？我！我一直都穿制服的。您知道您对我做了什么吗？昨天我的手里还握着一个人的灵魂。我让他步入了生活的正轨，面对灵魂的救赎。但是当我们收下您的钱，他一转身又喝得酩酊大醉，对我们嗤之以鼻。（深信不疑地）为此我永远不会原谅您。我要是有孩子，您用您的炸药摧毁了他的肉身——您用您可怕的枪炮杀害了多利——我都可以饶恕您，只要我的饶恕能替您打开通向天堂的大门。可是您从我这里拿走了一个人的灵魂，还把他变成了一匹狼！这比任何谋杀都要歹毒。

UNDERSHAFT: Does my daughter despair so easily? Can you strike a man to the heart and leave no mark on him?

安德谢夫：我女儿这么容易就绝望了？你伤害了一个人的心，就不给他留点伤痕吗？

BARBARA: (her face lighting up) Oh, you are right: he can never be lost now: where was my faith?

巴巴拉：（脸上容光焕发）噢，您说得对，如今他不会再迷失了，我的信心上哪儿去了？

CUSINS: Oh, clever clever devil!

库森斯：噢，聪明，聪明的恶魔！

BARBARA: You may be a devil; but God speaks through you sometimes. (She takes her father's hands and kisses them.) You have given me back my happiness: I feel it deep down now, though my spirit is troubled.

巴巴拉：您可能就是恶魔；但上帝有时也通过您来传话。（她捧过父亲的双手，吻了吻。）您将快乐交还给我了，我现在感到很快乐，尽管我的精神还饱受困扰。

UNDERSHAFT: You have learnt something. That always feels at first as if you had lost something.

安德谢夫：你总学会了东西吧。一开始都是这样，有所失才有所得嘛。

BARBARA: Well, take me to the factory of death, and let me learn something more. There must be some truth or other behind all this frightful irony. Come, Dolly. (She goes out.)

巴巴拉：好了，带我去死亡工厂吧，让我再学点东西吧。一定还有什么真相，还隐藏在这可怕的、让人啼笑皆非的事情当中。来，多利。（她走出去。）

CUSINS: My guardian angel! (To Undershaft) Avaunt! (He follows Barbara.)

库森斯：天使，我的守护神！（对安德谢夫）走开！（他跟巴巴拉走了出去。）

STEPHEN: (quietly, at the writing table) You must not mind Cusins, father. He is a very amiable good fellow; but he is a Greek scholar and naturally a little eccentric.

斯蒂芬：（安静地，坐在书桌旁）父亲，您千万不要在意库森斯说的。他是个和善的好小伙；但他是搞希腊语的学究，自然就有点古怪了。

UNDERSHAFT: Ah, quite so. Thank you, Stephen. Thank you. (He goes out.)

安德谢夫：啊，很对。谢谢你，斯蒂芬。谢谢你。（他出去了。）

(Stephen smiles patronizingly; buttons his coat responsibly; and crosses the room to the door. Lady Britomart, dressed for out-of-doors, opens it before he reaches it. She looks round far the others; looks at Stephen; and turns to go without a word.)

（斯蒂芬神气十足地笑着，认真地扣好衣服钮扣，朝门口走过去。薄丽托玛太太身穿户外服装，在斯蒂芬到达门口之前，打开房门。她环顾了一下房间，看了看其他人，再看看斯蒂芬；转身走了，一句话也不说。）

STEPHEN: (embarrassed) Mother—

斯蒂芬：（感到尴尬）母亲——

LADY BRITOMART: Don't be apologetic, Stephen. And don't forget that you have outgrown your mother. (She goes out.)

薄丽托玛太太：斯蒂芬，别道歉了。不要忘记，你已经长大，不需要母亲了。（她走了出去。）

(Perivale St Andrews lies between two Middlesex hills, half

climbing the northern one. It is an almost smokeless town of white walls, roofs of narrow green slates or red tiles, tall trees, domes, campaniles, and slender chimney shafts, beautifully situated and beautiful in itself. The best view of it is obtained from the crest of a slope about half a mile to the east, where the high explosives are dealt with. The foundry lies hidden in the depths between, the tops of its chimneys sprouting like huge skittles into the middle distance. Across the crest runs a platform of concrete, with a parapet which suggests a fortification, because there is a huge cannon of the obsolete Woolwich Infant pattern peering across it at the town. The cannon is mounted on an experimental gun carriage: possibly the original model of the Undershaft disappearing rampart gun alluded to by Stephen. The parapet has a high step inside which serves as a seat.

（圣安德鲁的佩里维尔坐落在两座米德尔塞克斯小山之间，小镇的一半位于北山坡上。这是一座几乎无烟的小镇，白色的砖墙，屋顶是窄窄的青石板或红瓦片；高高的树木，圆圆的屋顶，还有钟塔，瘦长的烟囱；不仅环境优美，小镇也很美。镇上最美的景色，要到东边约半英里的斜坡顶上眺望，而那里就是处理烈性炸药的所在了。铸造车间隐蔽在小镇与山坡的低洼地带，几只烟囱就像硕大的柱子，耸立在中间。沿着山坡，是一座水泥平台，周围修有护墙，让人想到防御要塞，因为这里有一尊已废弃的伍尔维奇大炮越过护墙，窥视者城镇。大炮设在一辆试验炮车之上，大概正是斯蒂芬提过的“安德谢夫伸缩炮台”的原始模型。护墙里面有一处高高的阶梯，可以供人坐下。

Barbara is leaning over the parapet, looking towards the town. On her right is the cannon; on her left the end of a shed raised on piles, with a ladder of three or four steps up to the door, which opens outwards and has a little wooden landing at the threshold, with a fire bucket in the corner of the landing. The parapet stops short of the shed, leaving a gap which is the beginning of the path down the hill through the foundry to the town. Behind the cannon is a trolley carrying a huge conical bombshell, with a red band painted on it. Further from the parapet, on the same side, is a deck chair, near the door of an office, which, like the sheds, is of the lightest possible construction.)

巴巴拉正好倚靠在护墙上，眺望小镇。在她左边是大炮；而在她右边是一间厂房的尽头，厂房由桩柱搭建而成，需要三四步阶梯才能走到厂门口，厂门往外敞开着，入口处就是一块木质的楼梯平台，平台的一角摆放着一个消防水桶。护墙距离厂房很近，中间留有一段距离，正是一条沿坡而下的小径，可以经过锻造厂房直通小镇。大炮的后方则是一辆手推车，装载着一颗巨型的圆锥炸弹，上面漆着一道红杠。再往护墙的远处看去，靠近办公室门口，有一把帆布椅；跟厂房一样，办公室也尽可能使用轻型材质建造而成。）

(Cusins arrives by the path from the town.)

（库森斯沿着小径，从小镇过来了。）

BARBARA: Well?

巴巴拉：如何？

CUSINS: Not a ray of hope. Everything perfect, wonderful, real. It only needs a cathedral to be a heavenly city instead of a hellish one.

库森斯：一线希望都没有。一切都那么完美，美妙而又真实。只差一座大教堂就成天空之城了，哪里还是地狱之城哦。

BARBARA: Have you found out whether they have done anything for old Peter Shirley.

巴巴拉：你查到没有，他们帮老彼得·舍里忙了吗？

CUSINS: They have found him a job as gatekeeper and timekeeper. He's frightfully miserable. He calls the timekeeping brainwork, and says he isn't used to it; and his gate lodge is so splendid that he's ashamed to use the rooms, and skulks in the scullery.

库森斯：他们给他安排了一份差事，看大门，兼计时员。他真是一筹莫展啊。他把计时当成脑力劳动，说对此不习惯；还说他的门房太好，他住那儿会觉得害臊，所以就窝在厨房洗涤室里面。

BARBARA: Poor Peter!

巴巴拉：可怜的彼得！

（Stephen arrives from the town. He carries a fieldglass.）

（斯蒂芬从小镇来了。他手里还拿着一副望远镜。）

STEPHEN: (enthusiastically) Have you two seen the place? Why did you leave us?

斯蒂芬：（热情地）你们游览过此地了吗？你们为什么把我们撂下了？

CUSINS: I wanted to see everything I was not intended to see; and Barbara wanted to make the men talk.

库森斯：我想参观那些不让我参观的地方，巴巴拉想跟工人们聊聊天。

STEPHEN: Have you found anything discreditable?

斯蒂芬：你们发现了为人所不齿的地方没有？

CUSINS: No. They call him Dandy Andy and are proud of his being a cunning old rascal; but it's all horribly, frightfully, immorally, unanswerably perfect.

库森斯：没有，他们称他棒安迪，还为他这样一个奸诈的老滑头而

自豪；不过这里真是尽善尽美，让人毛骨悚然，觉得恐怖，虽然有点邪恶却也无可厚非。

(Sarah arrives.)

(萨拉也到了。）

SARAH: Heavens! what a place! (She crosses to the trolley.) Did you see the nursing home!? (She sits down on the shell.)

萨拉：上帝啊！这地方真棒！（她径直来到推车旁。）你们看了疗养院吗！？（她在炸弹上坐了下来。）

STEPHEN: Did you see the libraries and schools!?

斯蒂芬：参观图书馆和学校了吗？

SARAH: Did you see the ballroom and the banqueting chamber in the Town Hall!?

萨拉：你们看到市政厅里的舞池和宴会厅了吗!?

STEPHEN: Have you gone into the insurance fund, the pension fund, the building society, the various applications of co-operation!?

斯蒂芬：你们调查了保险基金、退休基金、住宅互助社团，还有各种各样合作组织了吗!?

(Undershaft comes from the office, with a sheaf of telegrams in his hands.)

（安德谢夫由办公室走过来，手里拿着一扎电报。）

UNDERSHAFT: Well, have you seen everything? I'm sorry I was called away. (Indicating the telegrams) News from China.

安德谢夫：好了，你们都参观完了吧？不好意思，刚才被叫走了。（手指着电报）来自中国的新闻。

STEPHEN: Good news, I hope.

斯蒂芬：我希望，是好消息。

UNDERSHAFT: Very.

安德谢夫：很好。

STEPHEN: Another Japanese victory?

斯蒂芬：日本人又获胜了？

UNDERSHAFT: Oh, I don't know. Which side wins does not concern us here. No: the good news is that the aerial battleship is a tremendous success. At the first trial it has wiped out a fort with three hundred soldiers in it.

安德谢夫：噢，我不清楚。哪一方获胜，我们这里都不关心。不关

心，好消息就是空中战舰取得了一场大捷。首次试用，它就消灭了一座装有三百名士兵的堡垒。

CUSINS: (from the platform) Dummy soldiers?

库森斯：（从炮台上）模型士兵吗？

UNDERSHAFT. No: the real thing. (Cusins and Barbara exchange glances. Then Cusins sits on the step and buries his face in his hands. Barbara gravely lays her hand on his shoulder, and he looks up at her in a sort of whimsical desperation.) Well, Stephen, what do you think of the place?

安德谢夫不，是活生生的人。（库森斯与巴巴拉互望了一眼。接着库森斯到高台上坐下，以手掩面。巴巴拉面色沉重，手搁在他肩膀上，他又抬头来看着她，表情有点绝望，显得很古怪。）好啦，斯蒂芬，你认为这地方如何？

STEPHEN: Oh, magnificent. A perfect triumph of organization. Frankly, my dear father, I have been a fool: I had no idea of what it all meant—of the wonderful forethought, the power of organization, the administrative capacity, the financial genius, the colossal capital it represents. I have been repeating to myself as I came through your streets "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War." I have only one misgiving about it all.

斯蒂芬：噢，非常壮观。真是成功的组织工作的典范。坦白说，亲爱的父亲，我一直都太傻了，我以前不知道这些都意味着什么——令人惊叹的远见，强大的组织力量，卓越的管理才能，理财的天赋，还有它所代表的巨额资金。我从您的大街上一路走来，心里一直在想："和平的胜利跟战争的胜利一样，都能让人名声大噪啊。"我对所有这些，就只有一个疑虑。

UNDERSHAFT: Out with it.

安德谢夫：讲出来。

STEPHEN: Well, I cannot help thinking that all this provision for every want of your workmen may sap their independence and weaken their sense of responsibility. And greatly as we enjoyed our tea at that splendid restaurant—how they gave us all that luxury and cake and jam and cream for threepence I really cannot imagine!—still you must remember that restaurants break up home life. Look at the continent, for instance! Are you sure so much pampering is really good for the men's characters?

斯蒂芬：好的，我忍不住要想，您所提供的满足了所有工人的任何需求，这可能有损他们的独立性，也可能减弱他们的责任感。我们在那家奢华的餐厅里尽情享用了茶点——他们给我们供应地好丰盛啊，有蛋糕，有果酱，还有乳脂，我真的难以想象，才花了三便士！不过您得记

住，常去餐馆会破坏家庭的和睦。瞧瞧欧洲大陆，那就是例子！您真这么肯定，过分纵容对工人的性格会有好处吗？

UNDERSHAFT: Well you see, my dear boy, when you are organizing civilization you have to make up your mind whether trouble and anxiety are good things or not. If you decide that they are, then, I take it, you simply don't organize civilization; and there you are, with trouble and anxiety enough to make us all angels! But if you decide the other way, you may as well go through with it. However, Stephen, our characters are safe here. A sufficient dose of anxiety is always provided by the fact that we may be blown to smithereens at any moment.

安德谢夫：你知道吗，孩子，当你计划组建一个文明社会时，你必须下定决心，弄清楚困难和焦虑是好事还是坏事。要是你认定了它们好，那我觉得，你根本就不用组建什么文明了；正是因为有了困难和焦虑，我们就可以做大好人了！可你要是认定它们不好，你就得把困难和焦虑给做绝了。但是，斯蒂芬，我们这里的人性格都还不错。实际上，我们随时都可能被炸得粉身碎骨，这一点，就是我们提供的最大焦虑了。

SARAH: By the way, papa, where do you make the explosives?

萨拉：问一下，爸爸，你们在哪里制造炸药？

UNDERSHAFT: In separate little sheds, like that one. When one of them blows up, it costs very little; and only the people quite close to it are killed.

安德谢夫：在分开的小工棚里，跟那个一样。就算其中一个爆炸了，那损失也很小；并且，也只有离这个工棚很近的人，才会被炸死。

(Stephen, who is quite close to it, looks at it rather scaredly, and moves away quickly to the cannon. At the same moment the door of the shed is thrown abruptly open; and a foreman in overalls and list slippers comes out on the little landing and holds the door open for Lomax, who appears in the doorway.)

（斯蒂芬离工棚很近，他惊慌万分地看看工棚，很快走到大炮一边去了。与此同时，工棚门突然推开，一个工头身穿着工作服和布边拖鞋，走了出来，站在平台处把门，洛马克斯也在门口出现了。

LOMAX: (with studied coolness) My good fellow: you needn't get into a state of nerves. Nothing's going to happen to you; and I suppose it wouldn't be the end of the world if anything did. A little bit of British pluck is what you want, old chap. (He descends and strolls across to Sarah.)

洛马克斯：（假装镇定）我的好伙计，不要弄得紧张兮兮的嘛。你不会有事的。我想，你就算真有事了，那也不是世界末日啊。英国人的

胆识呢，你还缺那么一点点，老家伙。（他走下梯子，转悠到萨拉身旁。）

UNDERSHAFT: (to the foreman) Anything wrong, Bilton?

安德谢夫：（对工头）毕尔顿，什么事？

BILTON: (with ironic calm) Gentleman walked into the high explosives shed and lit a cigaret, sir: that's all.

毕尔顿：（平静地，有点嘲讽）老板，是这么回事，这位先生走进烈性炸药工棚，就点起烟来。

UNDERSHAFT: Ah, quite so. (To Lomax) Do you happen to remember what you did with the match?

安德谢夫：噢，知道了。（对洛马克斯）你还记得你是如何处理划过的火柴吗？

LOMAX: Oh come! I'm not a fool. I took jolly good care to blow it out before I chucked it away.

洛马克斯：噢，得啦！我不是傻子。我特别小心地吹熄了，然后再扔掉的。

BILTON: The top of it was red hot inside, sir.

毕尔顿：老板，火柴头还是火红的。

LOMAX: Well, suppose it was! I didn't chuck it into any of your messes.

洛马克斯：哎哟，那又怎样！我并没把它扔到你那些烂摊子里。

UNDERSHAFT: Think no more of it, Mr Lomax. By the way, would you mind lending me your matches?

安德谢夫：别再想了，洛马克斯先生。噢，对了，介意我借你的火柴一用吗？

LOMAX: (offering his box) Certainly.

洛马克斯：（递给他火柴盒）当然可以。

UNDERSHAFT: Thanks. (He pockets the matches.)

安德谢夫：谢谢。（他将盒子放入衣兜。）

LOMAX: (lecturing to the company generally) You know, these high explosives don't go off like gunpowder, except when they're in a gun. When they're spread loose, you can put a match to them without the least risk: they just burn quietly like a bit of paper. (Warming to the scientific interest of the subject) Did you know that Undershaft? Have you ever tried?

洛马克斯：（向大伙进行大致地讲解）你们知道吗，这种烈性炸药

不像黑火药那样，只有把它装在枪里才会爆炸。当把它平铺开时，你可以拿火柴点，没有什么危险的，这就好比一张纸被慢慢点着了。（对该话题产生了科学方面的兴趣）您明白吗，安德谢夫？您曾试过吗？

UNDERSHAFT: Not on a large scale, Mr Lomax. Bilton will give you a sample of gun cotton when you are leaving if you ask him. You can experiment with it at home. (Bilton looks puzzled.)

安德谢夫：大范围地试验还没有，洛马克斯先生。毕尔顿可以给你一点强药棉样品，走的时候你问他要吧。你在家里可以做一做试验。（毕尔顿看起来茫然不知所措。）

SARAH: Bilton will do nothing of the sort, papa. I suppose it's your business to blow up the Russians and Japs; but you might really stop short of blowing up poor Cholly. (Bilton gives it up and retires into the shed.)

萨拉：毕尔顿不能给他，爸爸。我觉得，炸毁俄国人、日本人，都是您自己的事；但您要是想把可怜的洛马克斯也炸飞，那还是就此打住吧。（毕尔顿不理会这件事了，返回到工棚里。）

LOMAX: My ownest, there is no danger. (He sits beside her on the shell.)

洛马克斯：小亲亲，一点都不危险。（他靠近萨拉，在炸弹上坐下。）

(Lady Britomart arrives from the town with a bouquet.)

（薄丽托玛太太手捧花束，从镇上来了。）

LADY BRITOMART: (coming impetuously between Undershaft and the deck chair) Andrew: you shouldn't have let me see this place.

薄丽托玛太太：（迅速走到安德谢夫与帆布椅之间）安德鲁，你真不该让我参观这地方。

UNDERSHAFT: Why, my dear?

安德谢夫：为什么，亲爱的？

LADY BRITOMART: Never mind why: you shouldn't have: that's all. To think of all that (indicating the town) being yours! and that you have kept it to yourself all these years!

薄丽托玛太太：原因就别管了，你就是不该，仅此而已。想想所有这些（指着小镇）都是你的！这么些年，你却一直都对我守口如瓶！

UNDERSHAFT: It does not belong to me. I belong to it. It is the Undershaft inheritance.

安德谢夫：它不属于我。我属于它。它是安德谢夫遗传下来的。

LADY BRITOMART: It is not. Your ridiculous cannons and that

noisy banging foundry may be the Undershaft inheritance; but all that plate and linen, all that furniture and those houses and orchards and gardens belong to us. They belong to me: they are not a man's business. I won't give them up. You must be out of your senses to throw them all away; and if you persist in such folly, I will call in a doctor.

薄丽托玛太太：不是。你那些荒唐的军火，隆隆作响的铸造厂可能是安德谢夫遗传下来的；但是所有的餐具、亚麻织品、家具啊，还有房屋、果园和花园，这些统统都归我们两个人。这些都该属于我，这不是男人关心的事。我不会放弃的。你肯定丧失理智了，居然要对这一切撒手不管；如果你非要坚持这种愚蠢行为，我就去请医生来。

UNDERSHAFT: (stooping to smell the bouquet) Where did you get the flowers, my dear?

安德谢夫：（弯腰嗅了嗅花束）亲爱的，你从哪里拿的花？

LADY BRITOMART: Your men presented them to me in your William Morris Labor Church.

薄丽托玛太太：是你的工人们送给我的，就在威廉·莫里斯工人教堂里。

CUSINS: (springing up) Oh! It needed only that. A Labor Church!

库森斯：（一跃而起）噢！就差这个了。工人教堂！

LADY BRITOMART: Yes, with Morris's words in mosaic letters ten feet high round the dome. NO MAN IS GOOD ENOUGH TO BE ANOTHER MAN'S MASTER. The cynicism of it!

薄丽托玛太太：对，圆屋顶上就刻着莫里斯的名言，那还是十英尺高的马赛克字体呢。“没有人配做别人的主人。”太玩世不恭了！

UNDERSHAFT: It shocked the men at first, I am afraid. But now they take no more notice of it than of the ten commandments in church.

安德谢夫：恐怕最初，这句话的确吓到了工人。但如今，他们根本就不在意了，如同对教堂中的十诫一样。

LADY BRITOMART: Andrew: you are trying to put me off the subject of the inheritance by profane jokes. Well, you shan't. I don't ask it any longer for Stephen: he has inherited far too much of your perversity to be fit for it. But Barbara has rights as well as Stephen. Why should not Adolphus succeed to the inheritance? I could manage the town for him; and he can look after the cannons, if they are really necessary.

薄丽托玛太太：安德鲁，你故意开这些亵渎神灵的玩笑，是想让我放下遗产问题吧。算了吧，你做不到。我不会再为斯蒂芬求情了，他遗

传了你身上太多的任性乖张，他不适合。但巴巴拉跟斯蒂芬一样，也有权力。为什么不让阿道弗斯继承这笔遗产呢？我能帮他打理这个镇，他能照看那些军火，要是真的有这个需要的话。

UNDERSHAFT: I should ask nothing better if Adolphus were a foundling. He is exactly the sort of new blood that is wanted in English business. But he's not a foundling; and there's an end of it.

安德谢夫：只要阿道弗斯是个私生子，那我真的别无他求了。他正好就是新鲜的血液，英国商业就缺这样的人。但他并非私生子，这事就此打住吧。

CUSINS: (diplomatically) Not quite. (They all turn and stare at him. He comes from the platform past the shed to Undershaft.) I think—Mind! I am not committing myself in any way as to my future course—but I think the foundling difficulty can be got over.

库森斯：（圆滑地）那可不一定。（所有人都转过身来，看着他。他从平台上走下，经过工棚走向安德谢夫。）我想——注意了！我并不是千方百计要为自己的将来做打算——但是，我觉得，私生子这个困难是可以克服的。

UNDERSHAFT: What do you mean?

安德谢夫：你想说什么？

CUSINS: Well, I have something to say which is in the nature of a confession.

库森斯：好吧，我想说的，也可以算是坦白吧。

SARAH: (LADY BRITOMART. (Confession! BARBARA. (STEPHEN.)

萨拉：（薄丽托玛太太、巴巴拉、斯蒂芬）坦白！

LOMAX: Oh I say!

洛马克斯：噢，天哪！

CUSINS: Yes, a confession. Listen, all. Until I met Barbara I thought myself in the main an honorable, truthful man, because I wanted the approval of my conscience more than I wanted anything else. But the moment I saw Barbara, I wanted her far more than the approval of my conscience.

库森斯：对，坦白。大家，听好了。在我还没碰到巴巴拉时，我认为自己基本上算一个体面的、真正的男子汉，因为我对得起自己的良心，这比其他一切都更重要。然而从我看到巴巴拉那一刻起，我就想要得到她，这远比我的良心还重要得多。

LADY BRITOMART: Adolphus!

薄丽托玛太太：阿道弗斯！

CUSINS: It is true. You accused me yourself, Lady Brit, of joining the Army to worship Barbara; and so I did. She bought my soul like a flower at a street corner; but she bought it for herself.

库森斯：这是真的。薄丽托玛太太，您本来就责怪过我，说我参军是为了追求巴巴拉，我本意也的确如此。她收买了我的灵魂，如同在街角买了一朵花一样，但她是买给她自己的。

UNDERSHAFT: What! Not for Dionysos or another?

安德谢夫：什么！不为酒神，也不为其他？

CUSINS: Dionysos and all the others are in herself. I adored what was divine in her, and was therefore a true worshipper. But I was romantic about her too. I thought she was a woman of the people, and that a marriage with a professor of Greek would be far beyond the wildest social ambitions of her rank.

库森斯：酒神和所有其他的神，全部都在她那里呢。我爱慕她身上那种神圣的东西，这样看来，我才是一个真正的崇拜者。但是我对她同样也有幻想的成分。我当时觉得她就是个平凡女性，而跟一位希腊语教授结婚，对她这个社会阶层来说，已经大大出乎她的野心了。

LADY BRITOMART: Adolphus!!

薄丽托玛太太：阿道弗斯！

LOMAX: Oh I say!!!

洛马克斯：嘿，小子！

CUSINS: When I learnt the horrible truth—

库森斯：而当我得知了可怕的真相——

LADY BRITOMART: What do you mean by the horrible truth, pray?

薄丽托玛太太：请问，你说可怕的真相到底是什么？

CUSINS: That she was enormously rich; that her grandfather was an earl; that her father was the Prince of Darkness—

库森斯：她极其富有；她的外公是一位伯爵，父亲是黑暗王子——

UNDERSHAFT: Chut!

安德谢夫：啧！啧！

CUSINS: —and that I was only an adventurer trying to catch a rich wife, then I stooped to deceive about my birth.

库森斯：——而我，就是一个冒险家，想方设法要攀上一个富有的老婆，于是我就卑鄙地向她隐瞒了自己的身世。

LADY BRITOMART: Your birth! Now Adolphus, don't dare to

make up a wicked story for the sake of these wretched cannons. Remember: I have seen photographs of your parents; and the Agent General for South Western Australia knows them personally and has assured me that they are most respectable married people.

薄丽托玛太太：你的身世！得啦，阿道弗斯，不准胡编乱造这些缺德的故事啦，不就是为了那该死的军火嘛。我还记得，我看过你双亲的相片；更何况，澳大利亚西南部的总代理本人还认识他们，并向我保证，他们是一对非常正派的已婚夫妻。

CUSINS: So they are in Australia; but here they are outcasts. Their marriage is legal in Australia, but not in England. My mother is my father's deceased wife's sister; and in this island I am consequently a foundling. (Sensation) Is the subterfuge good enough, Machiavelli?

库森斯：他们在澳大利亚确实如此，但在这里他们却要遭社会唾弃。他们的结合在澳大利亚是法律认可的，在英格兰却不是。我母亲是我父亲亡妻的妹妹，这样的话，我在不列颠岛就是一个私生子。（所有人一片哗然。）这个托辞还不错吧，大阴谋家？

UNDERSHAFT: (thoughtfully) Biddy: this may be a way out of the difficulty.

安德谢夫：（若有所思地）薄丽，这可能就是走出困境的一条出路哩。

LADY BRITOMART: Stuff! A man can't make cannons any the better for being his own cousin instead of his proper self (She sits down in the deck chair with a bounce that expresses her downright contempt for their casuistry.)

薄丽托玛太太：胡说八道！一个人造不出好枪炮，难道变成他自己的表弟就能造出好枪炮来了？（她用力坐到帆布椅上，表明她完全在蔑视他们这样的诡辩。）

UNDERSHAFT: (to Cusins) You are an educated man. That is against the tradition.

安德谢夫：（对库森斯）你是受过教育的人。这可就有悖传统了。

CUSINS: Once in ten thousand times it happens that the schoolboy is a born master of what they try to teach him. Greek has not destroyed my mind: it has nourished it. Besides, I did not learn it at an English public school.

库森斯：只有万分之一的机会，某个学生很庆幸地，从一出生就注定要成为他们所努力培养的大师了。希腊语没有破坏我的心智，而是滋养了我心智的成长。而且，我没有上过英国的公立学校呢。

UNDERSHAFT: Hm! Well, I cannot afford to be too particular: you have cornered the foundling market. Let it pass. You are eligible,

Euripides: you are eligible.

安德谢夫：嗯！那么，我没有资格对此进行挑剔了，你已经把私生子市场都给垄断了。就这么定了。你入选了，欧里庇得斯，你合格了。

BARBARA: (coming from the platform and interposing between Cusins and Undershaft) Dolly: yesterday morning, when Stephen told us all about the tradition, you became very silent; and you have been strange and excited ever since. Were you thinking of your birth then?

巴巴拉：（从平台上走来，停在库森斯与安德谢夫中间）多利，昨天早上，斯蒂芬给我们说起这一传统时，你就缄默不语了。从那时候起，你就一直很奇怪，还很兴奋。难道，那时候你就在想你的身世了？

CUSINS: When the finger of Destiny suddenly points at a man in the middle of his breakfast, it makes him thoughtful. (Barbara turns away sadly and stands near her mother, listening perturbedly.)

库森斯：当一个人正吃早餐时，命运之神突然眷顾，这当然会让他浮想联翩了。（巴巴拉难过地转身离去，站到她母亲旁边，烦躁不安地听着。）

UNDERSHAFT: Aha! You have had your eye on the business, my young friend, have you?

安德谢夫：啊哈！我年轻的朋友，你的两只眼睛早就落在这单生意上了，对不对？

CUSINS: Take care! There is an abyss of moral horror between me and your accursed aerial battleships.

库森斯：留心了！有一条阴森恐怖的道德鸿沟，横跨在我和你那些可憎的空中战舰中间呢。

UNDERSHAFT: Never mind the abyss for the present. Let us settle the practical details and leave your final decision open. You know that you will have to change your name. Do you object to that?

安德谢夫：暂时先别管这条鸿沟了。让我们解决实际的细节问题吧，你最终的决定，可以先不谈。你知道吧，你得改名换姓。对此，你有异议吗？

CUSINS: Would any man named Adolphus—any man called Dolly!—object to be called something else?

库森斯：一个人名叫阿道弗斯——昵称又是多利！——难道还会拒绝其他称呼吗？

UNDERSHAFT: Good. Now, as to money! I propose to treat you handsomely from the beginning. You shall start at a thousand a year.

安德谢夫：好。那么，至于钱的问题！我想从一开始就要厚待你。你就先拿一千镑一年吧。

CUSINS: (with sudden heat, his spectacles twinkling with mischief) A thousand! You dare offer a miserable thousand to the son-in-law of a millionaire! No, by Heavens, Machiavelli! you shall not cheat me. You cannot do without me; and I can do without you. I must have two thousand five hundred a year for two years. At the end of that time, if I am a failure, I go. But if I am a success, and stay on, you must give me the other five thousand.

库森斯：（突然一阵发热，他的眼镜下面闪现出顽皮的光芒）一千镑！你竟然敢拿这么可怜的一千镑，给一个百万富翁的女婿！不行，老天作证，大阴谋家！你别想糊弄我。你没有我不行；而没有你，我却照样行。我一定要在两年内，每年拿两千五百英镑。两年结束时，我要是失败了，我就离开。不过我要是成功了，我就留下不走，而你得再付给我五千英镑。

UNDERSHAFT: What other five thousand?

安德谢夫：什么叫再付五千英镑？

CUSINS: To make the two years up to five thousand a year. The two thousand five hundred is only half pay in case I should turn out a failure. The third year I must have ten per cent on the profits.

库森斯：这样的话，两年内就是五千镑每年啊。两千五百镑只是半薪，以防我最后可能失败嘛。第三年，我必须拿到利润的百分之十。

UNDERSHAFT: (taken aback) Ten per cent! Why, man, do you know what my profits are?

安德谢夫：（很吃惊）百分之十！嗬哟，小子，你知道我的利润有多少吗？

CUSINS: Enormous, I hope: otherwise I shall require twenty-five per cent.

库森斯：我希望，是巨额利润，否则我就要求百分之二十五了。

UNDERSHAFT: But, Mr Cusins, this is a serious matter of business. You are not bringing any capital into the concern.

安德谢夫：但是，库森斯先生，这可是个严肃的商业问题。你还没有为公司带来任何资本啊。

CUSINS: What! no capital! Is my mastery of Greek no capital? Is my access to the subtlest thought, the loftiest poetry yet attained by humanity, no capital? my character! my intellect! my life! my career! what Barbara calls my soul! are these no capital? Say another word; and I double my salary.

库森斯：什么！没有资本！我精通的希腊语，难道不是资本？我掌握了人类所获得的最玄妙的思想，最高尚的诗歌，难道这不是资本吗？我的性格！我的才智！我的生命！我的事业！以及巴巴拉所谓的，我的

灵魂！难道这些都不是资本？再多一句，我就把我的薪水翻倍啦！

UNDERSHAFT: Be reasonable—

安德谢夫：讲点道理——

CUSINS: (peremptorily) Mr Undershaft: you have my terms. Take them or leave them.

库森斯：（不容分说地）安德谢夫先生，条件我已经说了。要么接受，要么拒绝。

UNDERSHAFT: (recovering himself) Very well. I note your terms; and I offer you half.

安德谢夫：（镇定下来）很好。你的条件，我都知道了，我付你一半。

CUSINS: (disgusted) Half!

库森斯：（反感）一半！

UNDERSHAFT: (firmly) Half.

安德谢夫：（坚决地）一半。

CUSINS: You call yourself a gentleman; and you offer me half!!

库森斯：你自称是有身份的人，但你却只付我一半！

UNDERSHAFT: I do not call myself a gentleman; but I offer you half.

安德谢夫：我并没自称是有身份的人，但我只能付你一半。

CUSINS: This to your future partner! your successor! your son-in-law!

库森斯：这样对您未来的搭档！您的继承者！您的女婿！

BARBARA: You are selling your own soul, Dolly, not mine. Leave me out of the bargain, please.

巴巴拉：多利，你在出卖你自己的灵魂，而不是我的。这笔交易，跟我个人一点关系都没有。

UNDERSHAFT: Come! I will go a step further for Barbara's sake. I will give you three fifths; but that is my last word.

安德谢夫：行啦！我再退一步，就为了巴巴拉。我支付你五分之三，这是我的最终决定。

CUSINS: Done!

库森斯：就这么定了！

LOMAX: Done in the eye. Why, _I_ only get eight hundred, you know.

洛马克斯：就这样成交了。唉，我每年才只有八百英镑，你知道吧。

CUSINS: By the way, Mac, I am a classical scholar, not an arithmetical one. Is three fifths more than half or less?

库森斯：顺便说说，兄弟，我是一个古典文学家，不是算术家。五分之三比一半多，还是少？

UNDERSHAFT: More, of course.

安德谢夫：当然是多。

CUSINS: I would have taken two hundred and fifty. How you can succeed in business when you are willing to pay all that money to a University don who is obviously not worth a junior clerk's wages!—well! What will Lazarus say?

库森斯：我本来是可以接受二百五十镑一年的。您甘愿付那么多薪水给一个还不如低级文员的大学老师，您在这方面做得多么成功啊！——好啦！拉扎勒斯会说什么呢？

UNDERSHAFT: Lazarus is a gentle romantic Jew who cares for nothing but string quartets and stalls at fashionable theatres. He will get the credit of your rapacity in money matters, as he has hitherto had the credit of mine. You are a shark of the first order, Euripides. So much the better for the firm!

安德谢夫：拉扎勒斯是个文雅而有浪漫气息的犹太人，他所关心的只有弦乐四重奏，还有高档剧院的正厅前排座。无论你对金钱多么贪心，他都会信任你的，正如他一直以来信任我一样。欧里庇得斯，你是个一流的行骗专家。对公司而言，这再好不过了！

BARBARA: Is the bargain closed, Dolly? Does your soul belong to him now?

巴巴拉：多利，交易结束了吗？现在，你的灵魂就属于他了？

CUSINS: No: the price is settled: that is all. The real tug of war is still to come. What about the moral question?

库森斯：不，价钱是定下来了，仅此而已。真正的战争，还没打响呢。还有道德问题呢？

LADY BRITOMART: There is no moral question in the matter at all, Adolphus. You must simply sell cannons and weapons to people whose cause is right and just, and refuse them to foreigners and criminals.

薄丽托玛太太：阿道弗斯，根本就没有道德方面的问题。你只需要卖枪啊炮啊给那些正义之师，不卖给外国人和罪犯就行了。

UNDERSHAFT: (determinedly) No: none of that. You must keep

the true faith of an Armorer, or you don't come in here.

安德谢夫：（断然地）不，绝对不行。你一定要坚持作为一名兵器制造者所要有的真正信仰，否则你就不要来这里了。

CUSINS: What on earth is the true faith of an Armorer?

库森斯：兵器制造者究竟有什么真正的信仰呢？

UNDERSHAFT: To give arms to all men who offer an honest price for them, without respect of persons or principles: to aristocrat and republican, to Nihilist and Tsar, to Capitalist and Socialist, to Protestant and Catholic, to burglar and policeman, to black man white man and yellow man, to all sorts and conditions, all nationalities, all faiths, all follies, all causes and all crimes. The first Undershaft wrote up in his shop IF GOD GAVE THE HAND, LET NOT MAN WITHHOLD THE SWORD. The second wrote up ALL HAVE THE RIGHT TO FIGHT: NONE HAVE THE RIGHT TO JUDGE. The third wrote up TO MAN THE WEAPON: TO HEAVEN THE VICTORY. The fourth had no literary turn; so he did not write up anything; but he sold cannons to Napoleon under the nose of George the Third. The fifth wrote up PEACE SHALL NOT PREVAIL SAVE WITH A SWORD IN HER HAND. The sixth, my master, was the best of all. He wrote up NOTHING IS EVER DONE IN THIS WORLD UNTIL MEN ARE PREPARED TO KILL ONE ANOTHER IF IT IS NOT DONE. After that, there was nothing left for the seventh to say. So he wrote up, simply, UNASHAMED.

安德谢夫：武器谁都可以卖，只要他给的价格公道，你根本不用考虑这个人有什么道德原则，无论是贵族还是共和党人，是虚无分子还是俄国沙皇，是资本主义者还是社会主义者，是新教徒还是天主教徒，是盗贼还是警察，是黑人、白人还是黄种人，形形色色、境况不同的人，无论什么国籍、什么信念，做了什么蠢事，还是犯了什么罪。第一任安德谢夫在厂房里写道："既然上帝赋予了手，人就应以手持剑。"第二位题字："所有人都有权作战，没有人有权做评判。"第三任写道："赐人类以武器，献上帝以胜利。"而第四位缺乏文学细胞，因此他一个词都没有题；但是他在英王乔治三世的鼻子底下把军火卖给了拿破仑。第五位安德谢夫是这样写的："手中持有利刃，和平才会获胜。"第六任就是我的主人，他最是最优秀的。他写道："人类只有时刻准备互相杀戮，才会有所作为，否则就一事无成。"此后，第七位就无话可说了。因此他简简单单地写道："问心无愧。"

CUSINS: My good Machiavelli, I shall certainly write something up on the wall; only, as I shall write it in Greek, you won't be able to read it. But as to your Armorer's faith, if I take my neck out of the noose of my own morality I am not going to put it into the noose of yours. I shall sell cannons to whom I please and refuse them to whom I please. So there!

库森斯：我的大阴谋家，我肯定会在墙上写下点什么；只是，我准备用希腊语题词，你是看不懂的。但关于你们兵器制造者的信仰，即便是我挣脱了我脖子上的道德枷锁，我也不准备再安上你们的枷锁。我要把军火卖给我愿意卖的人，而不会卖给我不愿卖的人。就这么定了！

UNDERSHAFT: From the moment when you become Andrew Undershaft, you will never do as you please again. Don't come here lusting for power, young man.

安德谢夫：从你变成安德鲁·安德谢夫那一刻起，你就不要再想为所欲为了。到这里来，你休想贪求权力，小伙子。

CUSINS: If power were my aim I should not come here for it. YOU have no power.

库森斯：要是权力就是我的目标，我才不会为此而来呢。你没有任何权力。

UNDERSHAFT: None of my own, certainly.

安德谢夫：当然了，没有个人权力。

CUSINS: I have more power than you, more will. You do not drive this place: it drives you. And what drives the place?

库森斯：我不但有比您更大的权利，也更有意志力。你驾驭不了这个地方，而是这里驾驭了你。那这个地方，又是什么在驾驭呢？

UNDERSHAFT: (enigmatically) A will of which I am a part.

安德谢夫：（高深莫测地）一种旨意，我也是其中一份子。

BARBARA: (startled) Father! Do you know what you are saying; or are you laying a snare for my soul?

巴巴拉：（震惊）父亲！您知道您在说什么吗，或者说您是有意在给我的灵魂下套？

CUSINS: Don't listen to his metaphysics, Barbara. The place is driven by the most rascally part of society, the money hunters, the pleasure hunters, the military promotion hunters; and he is their slave.

库森斯：巴巴拉，不要听他的玄学。驾驭这个地方的是社会上那些十足的恶棍，追求金钱、追求享乐的无赖，还有扩军竞备分子；而他，就是这些人的奴隶。

UNDERSHAFT: Not necessarily. Remember the Armorer's Faith. I will take an order from a good man as cheerfully as from a bad one. If you good people prefer preaching and shirking to buying my weapons and fighting the rascals, don't blame me. I can make cannons: I cannot make courage and conviction. Bah! You tire me, Euripides, with your morality mongering. Ask Barbara: SHE understands. (He suddenly takes Barbara's hands, and looks powerfully into her eyes.) Tell him,

my love, what power really means.

安德谢夫：不一定。记住兵器制造者的信仰。谁来订货，我都愉快地接受，好人也罢，坏人也罢。你们好人要是喜欢传道，而不买我的武器去跟恶棍进行战斗，可就别怨我了。我可以生产军火，可我无法生产勇气与信心。得啦！欧里庇得斯，我对你这种道德交易感到厌烦。问问巴巴拉，她明白我的意思。（他突然抓起巴巴拉的双手，激动地凝视着她的双眼。）亲爱的，告诉他，权力到底是什么。

BARBARA: (hypnotized) Before I joined the Salvation Army, I was in my own power; and the consequence was that I never knew what to do with myself. When I joined it, I had not time enough for all the things I had to do.

巴巴拉：（着了魔一样）加入救世军之前，我自己决定一切；结果呢，我从来不知道自己该干什么。加入救世军以后，我有好多事情要做，时间却总是不够。

UNDERSHAFT: (approvingly) Just so. And why was that, do you suppose?

安德谢夫：（认可地）正是如此。那你觉得，这是为什么？

BARBARA: Yesterday I should have said, because I was in the power of God. (She resumes her self-possession, withdrawing her hands from his with a power equal to his own.) But you came and showed me that I was in the power of Bodger and Undershaft. Today I feel—oh! how can I put it into words? Sarah: do you remember the earthquake at Cannes, when we were little children?—how little the surprise of the first shock mattered compared to the dread and horror of waiting for the second? That is how I feel in this place today. I stood on the rock I thought eternal; and without a word of warning it reeled and crumbled under me. I was safe with an infinite wisdom watching me, an army marching to Salvation with me; and in a moment, at a stroke of your pen in a cheque book, I stood alone; and the heavens were empty. That was the first shock of the earthquake: I am waiting for the second.

巴巴拉：要是昨天，我会说，因为我受上帝的支配。（她恢复了镇静，全身又充满与父亲一样强大的力量，把手抽了回来。）但是你出现了，让我明白了，我其实就在包杰和安德谢夫的控制之下。今天我感觉——噢！我该怎么说呢？萨拉，你还记得在我们还是孩童时的在戛纳发生的那次地震吗？——第一次地震带来的惊吓根本不重要，哪里比得上我们后来等待地震第二波时那种惊恐万分的心情。今天在这里，我又有了同样的感觉。我站在原以为永恒的岩石上；接下来，我脚下的岩石毫无先兆地就开始晃动，最后坍塌了。我原本以为有无穷无尽的智慧在眷顾我，让我安然无恙，还有一支救世大军在与我一同前进；突然间，你的钢笔在支票簿上一挥，我立刻就变得孤立无援了，上天也变得空荡荡

的。这只是地震的第一波，我还在等待第二波呢。

UNDERSHAFT: Come, come, my daughter! Don't make too much of your little tinpot tragedy. What do we do here when we spend years of work and thought and thousands of pounds of solid cash on a new gun or an aerial battleship that turns out just a hairsbreadth wrong after all? Scrap it. Scrap it without wasting another hour or another pound on it. Well, you have made for yourself something that you call a morality or a religion or what not. It doesn't fit the facts. Well, scrap it. Scrap it and get one that does fit. That is what is wrong with the world at present. It scraps its obsolete steam engines and dynamos; but it won't scrap its old prejudices and its old moralities and its old religions and its old political constitutions. What's the result? In machinery it does very well; but in morals and religion and politics it is working at a loss that brings it nearer bankruptcy every year. Don't persist in that folly. If your old religion broke down yesterday, get a newer and a better one for tomorrow.

安德谢夫：得啦，得啦，我的女儿！别对你那微不足道的小灾难看得太重了。我们这里付出了多年的劳动和心血，还有数以千计的现金，就为了制造一种新型的枪炮，或一挺空中战舰，结果呢，却犯了头发丝儿那么一点点错误，那我们该怎么做？丢弃它。废弃掉，不再为此耗费一个小时，一个英镑。你看，你给自己设定了一种你所谓的道德或宗教，或随便什么。但它与事实不相符。那么，把它废弃掉。之后，找一个与事实相符的。这就好比如今的世界问题一样。它废弃了老式的蒸汽机和发电机，但它却不废弃那些旧的成见、过时的道德规范、古老的宗教还有不合时宜的政治体制。后果如何呢？我们在机械方面做得很好；然而我们在道德、宗教和政治方面，却茫然不知所以，就这样一步一步走向破产。别再执意做这种蠢事了。要是你的旧信仰昨天瓦解了，那么就在明天找一个更新、更好的信仰呢。

BARBARA: Oh how gladly I would take a better one to my soul! But you offer me a worse one. (turning on him with sudden vehemence) Justify yourself: show me some light through the darkness of this dreadful place, with its beautifully clean workshops, and respectable workmen, and model homes.

巴巴拉：噢，我真的很乐意为了自己的灵魂找一个更好的信仰！但你给我的，却更差。（突然对父亲大发脾气）为自己辩解吧，至少也让我看到了一丝光亮，在这可怕的黑暗之所，居然还有干净漂亮的车间，体面的工人，以及模范家庭。

UNDERSHAFT: Cleanliness and respectability do not need justification, Barbara: they justify themselves. I see no darkness here, no dreadfulness. In your Salvation shelter I saw poverty, misery, cold and hunger. You gave them bread and treacle and dreams of heaven. I give from thirty shillings a week to twelve thousand a year. They find

their own dreams; but I look after the drainage.

安德谢夫：整洁和得体都不必辩解了，巴巴拉，它们都在证明着自己。在这里，我看不到黑暗，也看不到恐惧。在你的救世军收容所里，我却看见了贫穷、不幸、寒冷与饥饿。你给他们面包、糖稀，还有天堂的梦想。但我给的呢，是一周三十先令到一年一万两千镑的待遇。他们自己的梦，自己去找；而我关心的，只是他们排放的污秽。

BARBARA: And their souls?

巴巴拉：那他们的灵魂呢？

UNDERSHAFT: I save their souls just as I saved yours.

安德谢夫：我也挽救他们的灵魂，就如同我挽救过你的灵魂一样。

BARBARA: (revolted) You saved my soul! What do you mean?

巴巴拉：（厌恶地）你救过我的灵魂！这又怎么说？

UNDERSHAFT: I fed you and clothed you and housed you. I took care that you should have money enough to live handsomely—more than enough; so that you could be wasteful, careless, generous. That saved your soul from the seven deadly sins.

安德谢夫：我供你吃，供你穿，给你房子住。我关心的是，你要有足够多的钱来过上体面地生活——钱越多越好；这样的话，你才可以挥霍、无忧无虑、大方慷慨。这样做，才算挽救了你的灵魂，使你免受七宗罪之苦。

BARBARA: (bewildered) The seven deadly sins!

巴巴拉：（迷惑不解）七宗罪！

UNDERSHAFT: Yes, the deadly seven. (Counting on his fingers) Food, clothing, firing, rent, taxes, respectability and children. Nothing can lift those seven millstones from Man's neck but money; and the spirit cannot soar until the millstones are lifted. I lifted them from your spirit. I enabled Barbara to become Major Barbara; and I saved her from the crime of poverty.

安德谢夫：对，七宗罪。（掰算着手指）食物、衣着、取火、租金、税收，还有名望与小孩。除了金钱，没有任何东西能搬走压在人脖子上的石磨；石磨抬走了，心灵才能飞翔。我搬走了你心灵上的石磨。我让巴巴拉变成了巴巴拉少校；我也把她从贫穷的罪恶中拯救了出来啊。

CUSINS: Do you call poverty a crime?

库森斯：难道您称贫穷是罪恶？

UNDERSHAFT: The worst of crimes. All the other crimes are virtues beside it: all the other dishonors are chivalry itself by comparison. Poverty blights whole cities; spreads horrible pestilences;

strikes dead the very souls of all who come within sight, sound or smell of it. What you call crime is nothing: a murder here and a theft there, a blow now and a curse then: what do they matter? they are only the accidents and illnesses of life: there are not fifty genuine professional criminals in London. But there are millions of poor people, abject people, dirty people, ill fed, ill clothed people. They poison us morally and physically: they kill the happiness of society: they force us to do away with our own liberties and to organize unnatural cruelties for fear they should rise against us and drag us down into their abyss. Only fools fear crime: we all fear poverty. Pah! (turning on Barbara) you talk of your half-saved ruffian in West Ham: you accuse me of dragging his soul back to perdition. Well, bring him to me here; and I will drag his soul back again to salvation for you. Not by words and dreams; but by thirty-eight shillings a week, a sound house in a handsome street, and a permanent job. In three weeks he will have a fancy waistcoat; in three months a tall hat and a chapel sitting; before the end of the year he will shake hands with a duchess at a Primrose League meeting, and join the Conservative Party.

安德谢夫：罪恶中最糟糕的一种。其他所有罪恶，与贫穷比起来，就是美德，其他所有羞耻，与之相比，则显得有骑士风范。贫穷摧残着整座城市；传播着可怕的瘟疫；所有人，哪怕只是看见它、听到它、或闻到它，都会遭受灵魂的重创。你们所谓的罪恶什么都不是，这里谋杀，那里盗窃，今天打架，明天吵架，这些有什么大不了的？不过是生活中的意外和疾病，伦敦城里就连五十个名副其实的职业罪犯，都没有。然而这里的穷苦人、生活悲惨的人、肮脏下流的人，还有吃不饱、穿不暖的人，却数以百万计。他们毒害着我们的身心，他们破坏着社会的幸福，他们迫使我们抛弃了自己的自由去组织不近人情的暴行，唯恐他们起来反抗我们，再把我们拖入他们贫穷的深渊。只有傻子才惧怕罪行，而我们大家都害怕贫穷。行啦！（转向巴巴拉）你说你在西哈姆差点就挽救了那个恶棍，可你埋怨我将他的灵魂再次拖向了毁灭之路。这样吧，带他到我这儿；我会为了你的救赎，将他的灵魂再拉回来。不是凭借几句话，或什么梦想；而是凭一周三十八个先令，漂亮大街上一处不错的房子，以及一份永久的工作。三周后，他就会买一件高档背心；三月后，他就会拥有一顶礼帽，以及教堂里一个固定席位；到年底，他会出现在一个高档社团的聚会上，握着一位女公爵的手，还会加入保守党。

BARBARA: And will he be the better for that?

巴巴拉：难道他这样就算过得更好了吗？

UNDERSHAFT: You know he will. Don't be a hypocrite, Barbara. He will be better fed, better housed, better clothed, better behaved; and his children will be pounds heavier and bigger. That will be better than an American cloth mattress in a shelter, chopping firewood,

eating bread and treacle, and being forced to kneel down from time to time to thank heaven for it: knee drill, I think you call it. It is cheap work converting starving men with a Bible in one hand and a slice of bread in the other. I will undertake to convert West Ham to Mahometanism on the same terms. Try your hand on my men: their souls are hungry because their bodies are full.

安德谢夫：你知道他会的。别装伪善者了，巴巴拉。他吃得好了，住得也好了，穿得也好了，人也规矩了；他的小孩也增重了，个子也高了。这样当然比起收容所里的美国布褥垫好多了，劈着柴禾，吃着面包和糖稀，还时不时地被迫下跪，以感激上帝的恩赐，我想，你们管这个叫作膝盖操练吧。这是廉价劳动，让一群挨饿的人皈依，让他们一手拿《圣经》，一手抓面包。按同样条件，我完全能让整个西哈姆区的人都改信伊斯兰教。你在我的工人身上试试，他们的灵魂才叫饥饿呢，因为他们肚子里都装满了。

BARBARA: And leave the east end to starve?

巴巴拉：那就该让东城的人，去挨饿吗？

UNDERSHAFT: (his energetic tone dropping into one of bitter and brooding remembrance) I was an east ender. I moralized and starved until one day I swore that I would be a fullfed free man at all costs—that nothing should stop me except a bullet, neither reason nor morals nor the lives of other men. I said "Thou shalt starve ere I starve"; and with that word I became free and great. I was a dangerous man until I had my will: now I am a useful, beneficent, kindly person. That is the history of most self-made millionaires, I fancy. When it is the history of every Englishman we shall have an England worth living in.

安德谢夫：（他充满活力的话锋一转，变得悲痛起来，沉思着回首往事）我曾经就是个东城人。我整天说教，饿着肚皮，直到有一天我发誓，无论如何，我都要成为一个衣食丰足的自由人——除了子弹，没有什么能阻止我，哪怕是理性、道德规范，抑或是其他人的生命。我说：“我挨饿，不如你挨饿”；因为这句话，我变得自由而伟大。我曾经是个危险的人，直到我下了这个决心为止，如今，我是个有用之人，一个乐善好施、为人亲切的人。我猜，大多数白手起家的大富翁都是这样发迹的吧。一旦这成为每位英国人的经历，我们就有一个宜居的英格兰了。

LADY BRITOMART: Stop making speeches, Andrew. This is not the place for them.

薄丽托玛太太：别发表演讲了，安德鲁。这里不是演讲的地方。

UNDERSHAFT: (punctured) My dear: I have no other means of conveying my ideas.

安德谢夫：（泄气的）亲爱的，只有这样我才能表达我的想法啊。

LADY BRITOMART: Your ideas are nonsense. You got oil because you were selfish and unscrupulous.

薄丽托玛太太：你的想法都是胡诌。你发迹，是因为你自私自利，不择手段。

UNDERSHAFT: Not at all. I had the strongest scruples about poverty and starvation. Your moralists are quite unscrupulous about both: they make virtues of them. I had rather be a thief than a pauper. I had rather be a murderer than a slave. I don't want to be either; but if you force the alternative on me, then, by Heaven, I'll choose the braver and more moral one. I hate poverty and slavery worse than any other crimes whatsoever. And let me tell you this. Poverty and slavery have stood up for centuries to your sermons and leading articles: they will not stand up to my machine guns. Don't preach at them: don't reason with them. Kill them.

安德谢夫：根本不是。我比任何人都更操心贫穷和饥饿这些问题。你们的道德家对此却不操一点心，而把它们说成了美德。我情愿做贼，也不要做叫花子。我情愿做杀手，也不要做奴隶。我不想成为其中之一；然而你如果非要我二选一，那么，老天在上，我就挑更勇敢、更道德的。我厌恶贫穷，还有奴役，莫过于厌恶其他任何一种罪恶。让我告诉你们吧。贫穷和奴役，这么多世纪以来，一直都在对抗你们的说教和社论，但它们却对抗不了我的机关枪。别跟它们说教，跟它们没有道理可讲。杀了它们。

BARBARA: Killing. Is that your remedy for everything?

巴巴拉：杀戮。这就是您对所有问题的解决方法？

UNDERSHAFT: It is the final test of conviction, the only lever strong enough to overturn a social system, the only way of saying Must. Let six hundred and seventy fools loose in the street; and three policemen can scatter them. But huddle them together in a certain house in Westminster; and let them go through certain ceremonies and call themselves certain names until at last they get the courage to kill; and your six hundred and seventy fools become a government. Your pious mob fills up ballot papers and imagines it is governing its masters; but the ballot paper that really governs is the paper that has a bullet wrapped up in it.

安德谢夫：这是能确定罪孽的最后证词；也是唯一可以推翻社会制度的强大杠杆；也只有这样做，你才能说“必须如此”。放任六百七十个傻子到大街上去，三名警员就能将之驱散。然而让傻瓜们聚集在威斯敏斯特的议会厅里，让他们体会各种礼仪，由他们自封各种称谓，最终，他们就有胆量杀人了；这六百七十个傻子就组成了一个政府。你们这些虔诚的暴民还在填写选票，误以为这样能支配你们的主人；但是真正起支配作用的选票，其实就是包在选票里的子弹。

CUSINS: That is perhaps why, like most intelligent people, I never vote.

库森斯：或许正因为如此，跟大多数聪明人一样，我从不投票。

UNDERSHAFT: Vote! Bah! When you vote, you only change the names of the cabinet. When you shoot, you pull down governments, inaugurate new epochs, abolish old orders and set up new. Is that historically true, Mr Learned Man, or is it not?

安德谢夫：投票！得啦！你投的票，只是更换了内阁名单而已。你一旦开了枪，就能推翻政府，开创新的纪元，取消旧的秩序，创建新的秩序。学者先生，从历史角度来说，这是否是事实？

CUSINS: It is historically true. I loathe having to admit it. I repudiate your sentiments. I abhor your nature. I defy you in every possible way. Still, it is true. But it ought not to be true.

库森斯：从历史的角度上，的确如此。我很厌恶，却又不得不承认这一点。基于情感，我拒绝接受您的看法。我憎恶您的人格。无论在哪一方面，我都没法认同您。但是，这就是事实。尽管这不应该成为事实。

UNDERSHAFT: Ought, ought, ought, ought, ought! Are you going to spend your life saying ought, like the rest of our moralists? Turn your oughts into shalls, man. Come and make explosives with me. Whatever can blow men up can blow society up. The history of the world is the history of those who had courage enough to embrace this truth. Have you the courage to embrace it, Barbara?

安德谢夫：应该，应该，应该，应该，应该！难道你打算说着“应该”度过一生，就跟我们其他道德学家一样？把你的“应该”变成“必须”，小子。来跟我一起制炸药吧。只要能将人炸毁，也同样能将社会摧毁。世界历史是由那些勇于接受这一事实的人所创造的。巴巴拉，你敢接受吗？

LADY BRITOMART: Barbara, I positively forbid you to listen to your father's abominable wickedness. And you, Adolphus, ought to know better than to go about saying that wrong things are true. What does it matter whether they are true if they are wrong?

薄丽托玛太太：巴巴拉，我坚决不许你听你父亲这番讨厌的混账话。另外，阿道弗斯，你也该清楚，不要把错的说成是对的。如果这是错的，即使是事实，那又怎么样呢？

UNDERSHAFT: What does it matter whether they are wrong if they are true?

安德谢夫：如果这是事实，即使是错的，又有何关系呢？

LADY BRITOMART: (rising) Children: come home instantly.

Andrew: I am exceedingly sorry I allowed you to call on us. You are wickeder than ever. Come at once.

薄丽托玛太太：（起身）孩子们，赶快回家。安德鲁，我很后悔，我不该让你来看我们。你比以前更邪恶了。赶快走。

BARBARA: (shaking her head) It's no use running away from wicked people, mamma.

巴巴拉：（摇摇头）妈妈，躲开坏蛋是毫无用处的。

LADY BRITOMART: It is every use. It shows your disapprobation of them.

薄丽托玛太太：肯定有用。这说明你对他们不满。

BARBARA: It does not save them.

巴巴拉：这样拯救不了他们的灵魂。

LADY BRITOMART: I can see that you are going to disobey me. Sarah: are you coming home or are you not?

薄丽托玛太太：我明白了，你打算反抗我。萨拉，你要不要回家？

SARAH: I daresay it's very wicked of papa to make cannons; but I don't think I shall cut him on that account.

萨拉：我猜想，爸爸造枪炮，确实是坏透了；但我觉得，我不能为此就伤害他呀。

LOMAX: (pouring oil on the troubled waters) The fact is, you know, there is a certain amount of tosh about this notion of wickedness. It doesn't work. You must look at facts. Not that I would say a word in favor of anything wrong; but then, you see, all sorts of chaps are always doing all sorts of things; and we have to fit them in somehow, don't you know. What I mean is that you can't go cutting everybody; and that's about what it comes to. (Their rapt attention to his eloquence makes him nervous.) Perhaps I don't make myself clear.

洛马克斯：（试图从中调停）你看啊，事实就是，邪恶这个概念，就是有那么一点胡扯。这没用。你得看事实啊。我不是要说什么来赞成不对的东西；不过，你们也知道，形形色色的人做着形形色色的事情；无论如何，我们总要让每个人都胜任各自的角色吧，就是这样。我的意思是，你不能老是伤别人的心；这就是我想说的。（他们全神贯注于他的辩解，反而让他紧张。）我可能没有表达清楚。

LADY BRITOMART: You are lucidity itself, Charles. Because Andrew is successful and has plenty of money to give to Sarah, you will flatter him and encourage him in his wickedness.

薄丽托玛太太：你说得非常清楚，查尔斯。因为安德鲁事业有成，有足够的钱拿给萨拉，所以你就奉承他，鼓励他为非作歹。

LOMAX: (unruffled) Well, where the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered, don't you know. (To Undershaft) Eh? What?

洛马克斯：（平静的）那是，不是说哪里有死尸，老鹰就成群，不是吗。（对安德谢夫）嗯？对吧？

UNDERSHAFT: Precisely. By the way, may I call you Charles?

安德谢夫：对极了。顺便说一下，我可以称呼你查尔斯吗？

LOMAX: Delighted. Cholly is the usual ticket.

洛马克斯：很荣幸。平时大家都叫我查理。

UNDERSHAFT: (to Lady Britomart) Biddy—

安德谢夫：（对薄丽托玛太太）薄丽——

LADY BRITOMART: (violently) Don't dare call me Biddy. Charles Lomax: you are a fool. Adolphus Cusins: you are a Jesuit. Stephen: you are a prig. Barbara: you are a lunatic. Andrew: you are a vulgar tradesman. Now you all know my opinion; and my conscience is clear, at all events (She sits down again with a vehemence that almost wrecks the chair.)

薄丽托玛太太：（激烈地）你竟敢叫我薄丽。查尔斯·洛马克斯，你是个傻瓜。阿道弗斯·库森斯，你是个伪善者。斯蒂芬，你是个自命不凡的人。巴巴拉，你是个疯子。安德鲁，你是个粗俗不堪的商人。现在，你们大家都知道我的看法了；我在任何事情上，都胸襟坦荡。（她又坐到帆布椅子上，几乎把椅子坐垮了。）

UNDERSHAFT: My dear, you are the incarnation of morality. (She snorts.) Your conscience is clear and your duty done when you have called everybody names. Come, Euripides! it is getting late; and we all want to get home. Make up your mind.

安德谢夫：亲爱的，你就是道德的化身。（她嗤之以鼻。）你当然胸襟坦荡、恪尽职守了，你现在把每个人都骂了个遍。算了，欧里庇得斯！天不早了，我们都要回家了。做决定吧。

CUSINS: Understand this, you old demon—

库森斯：听清楚，您这个老恶魔——

LADY BRITOMART: Adolphus!

薄丽托玛太太：阿道弗斯！

UNDERSHAFT: Let him alone, Biddy. Proceed, Euripides.

安德谢夫：别打断他，薄丽。继续，欧里庇得斯。

CUSINS: You have me in a horrible dilemma. I want Barbara.

库森斯：您真是让我进退两难啊。我想要巴巴拉。

UNDERSHAFT: Like all young men, you greatly exaggerate the difference between one young woman and another.

安德谢夫：跟所有年轻人一样，你把年轻女孩之间的差别过分夸大了吧。

BARBARA: Quite true, Dolly.

巴巴拉：非常正确，多利。

CUSINS: I also want to avoid being a rascal.

库森斯：我也不想当一个恶棍。

UNDERSHAFT: (with biting contempt) You lust for personal righteousness, for self-approval, for what you call a good conscience, for what Barbara calls salvation, for what I call patronizing people who are not so lucky as yourself.

安德谢夫：（极度蔑视）你贪求个人正义与自我肯定，自己称之为问心无愧，巴巴拉称之为灵魂救赎，但在我看来，你只不过对比你不幸的人摆出一副屈尊俯就的样子罢了。

CUSINS: I do not: all the poet in me recoils from being a good man. But there are things in me that I must reckon with: pity—

库森斯：我没有，我身上的诗人气质让我做不了一个好人。但我身上有些东西，又必须正视，比如怜悯——

UNDERSHAFT: Pity! The scavenger of misery.

安德谢夫：怜悯！那不过是苦难的清道夫。

CUSINS: Well, love.

库森斯：还有，博爱。

UNDERSHAFT: I know. You love the needy and the outcast: you love the oppressed races, the negro, the Indian ryot, the Pole, the Irishman. Do you love the Japanese? Do you love the Germans? Do you love the English?

安德谢夫：我明白。你爱那些穷苦百姓，流浪汉。你爱被压迫的民族，黑人，印度佃农，还有波兰人和爱尔兰人。你爱日本人吗？你爱德国人吗？你爱英国人吗？

CUSINS: No. Every true Englishman detests the English. We are the wickedest nation on earth; and our success is a moral horror.

库森斯：不。所有真正的英国人都憎恨英国人。我们是世界上最邪恶的民族；从道德上讲，我们的成功真是让人毛骨悚然啊。

UNDERSHAFT: That is what comes of your gospel of love, is it?

安德谢夫：这正是出于你们的博爱信条，不是吗？

CUSINS: May I not love even my father-in-law?

库森斯：我连自己的岳父大人都不能爱吗？

UNDERSHAFT: Who wants your love, man? By what right do you take the liberty of offering it to me? I will have your due heed and respect, or I will kill you. But your love! Damn your impertinence!

安德谢夫：谁想要你的爱，小子？你凭什么擅自把你的爱给我？我只需要你应有的重视和尊重，否则的话，我就宰了你。别跟我谈你的爱！该死的，你太无礼了！

CUSINS: (grinning) I may not be able to control my affections, Mac.

库森斯：（咧着嘴笑）我也无法控制自己的感情，老兄。

UNDERSHAFT: You are fencing, Euripides. You are weakening: your grip is slipping. Come! try your last weapon. Pity and love have broken in your hand: forgiveness is still left.

安德谢夫：你在回避问题，欧里庇得斯。你已经不行了，你的拳头慢慢松了。得啦！就亮出你最后的武器吧。怜悯、博爱已经被我打败了；剩下的，还有饶恕。

CUSINS: No: forgiveness is a beggar's refuge. I am with you there: we must pay our debts.

库森斯：不，饶恕是给乞丐的庇护。我同意您这个看法，我们必须要赎罪。

UNDERSHAFT: Well said. Come! you will suit me. Remember the words of Plato.

安德谢夫：说得不错。好啦！我对你还算满意。还记得柏拉图的话吗？

CUSINS: (starting) Plato! You dare quote Plato to me!

库森斯：（惊讶）柏拉图！你竟然敢跟我引用柏拉图！

UNDERSHAFT: Plato says, my friend, that society cannot be saved until either the Professors of Greek take to making gunpowder, or else the makers of gunpowder become Professors of Greek.

安德谢夫：我的朋友，柏拉图说只有希腊语教授开始制造火药，或者制造火药者变成了希腊语教授，社会才会被拯救。

CUSINS: Oh, tempter, cunning tempter!

库森斯：噢，引诱人的撒旦，奸诈的撒旦！

UNDERSHAFT: Come! choose, man, choose.

安德谢夫：好啦！抉择吧，小子，做出选择。

CUSINS: But perhaps Barbara will not marry me if I make the wrong choice.

库森斯：但我要是下错了决定，巴巴拉可能就不跟我结婚了。

BARBARA: Perhaps not.

巴巴拉：很可能不会。

CUSINS: (desperately perplexed) You hear—

库森斯：（完全不知所措）您也听到了——

BARBARA: Father: do you love nobody?

巴巴拉：父亲，您谁都不爱吗？

UNDERSHAFT: I love my best friend.

安德谢夫：我爱我的挚友。

LADY BRITOMART: And who is that, pray?

薄丽托玛太太：那么请问，是谁？

UNDERSHAFT: My bravest enemy. That is the man who keeps me up to the mark.

安德谢夫：我最无畏的敌人。正是他让我不断进取。

CUSINS: You know, the creature is really a sort of poet in his way. Suppose he is a great man, after all!

库森斯：你知道吗，这家伙还确实有那么一点像诗人。我看，他简直就是个伟人呢！

UNDERSHAFT: Suppose you stop talking and make up your mind, my young friend.

安德谢夫：我年轻的朋友，你还是闭上嘴巴，做决定吧。

CUSINS: But you are driving me against my nature. I hate war.

库森斯：但你是在强迫我违背我的本性啊。我讨厌战争。

UNDERSHAFT: Hatred is the coward's revenge for being intimidated. Dare you make war on war? Here are the means: my friend Mr Lomax is sitting on them.

安德谢夫：仇恨是胆小鬼因为受到威吓而进行的报复。你敢对战争开战吗？这里就有方法，我的朋友洛马克斯先生就在上面坐着。

LOMAX: (springing up) Oh I say! You don't mean that this thing is loaded, do you? My ownest: come off it.

洛马克斯：（弹起来）哦，我的天！难道你是指，这东西里装有炸弹，是不是？我的天哪，别开玩笑了。

SARAH: (sitting placidly on the shell) If I am to be blown up, the more thoroughly it is done the better. Don't fuss, Cholly.

萨拉：（平稳地坐在炮弹上）要是我被炸飞了，那就炸成碎片才好哩。不要一惊一乍的，查理。

LOMAX: (to Undershaft, strongly remonstrant) Your own daughter, you know.

洛马克斯：（对安德谢夫表示强烈抗议）您自己的女儿哦，看清楚了。

UNDERSHAFT: So I see. (To Cusins) Well, my friend, may we expect you here at six tomorrow morning?

安德谢夫：我看着哩。（对库森斯）好了，朋友，明天早上六点钟，我们希望你能来这里上班。

CUSINS: (firmly) Not on any account. I will see the whole establishment blown up with its own dynamite before I will get up at five. My hours are healthy, rational hours eleven to five.

库森斯：（决断地）绝对不可能。就算这里整个厂区都被您自己的弹药炸毁了，我也坚决不会在早上五点就起床。我的上班时间是十一点到五点，既益于健康，又合情合理。

UNDERSHAFT: Come when you please: before a week you will come at six and stay until I turn you out for the sake of your health. (Calling) Bilton! (He turns to Lady Britomart, who rises.) My dear: let us leave these two young people to themselves for a moment. (Bilton comes from the shed.) I am going to take you through the gun cotton shed.

安德谢夫：你高兴什么时候来都行，要不了一周，你就会六点来上班，在这里一直呆下去，直到我为了你的健康着想把你赶回家。（喊道）毕尔顿！（他又转身对着薄丽托玛太太，她站起身。）亲爱的，我们还是让这两个年轻人单独呆一会儿吧。（毕尔顿从工棚里过来。）我准备带你们去强化棉车间转转。

BILTON: (barring the way) You can't take anything explosive in here, Sir.

毕尔顿：（挡住去路）先生，您不能把易爆物带入内。

LADY BRITOMART: What do you mean? Are you alluding to me?

薄丽托玛太太：你什么意思？你在说我吗？

BILTON: (unmoved) No, ma'am. Mr Undershaft has the other gentleman's matches in his pocket.

毕尔顿：（无动于衷）不是的，太太。安德谢夫先生的衣袋里，装着那位先生的火柴。

LADY BRITOMART: (abruptly) Oh! I beg your pardon. (She goes into the shed.)

薄丽托玛太太：（唐突地）噢！我很抱歉。（她走入工棚内。）

UNDERSHAFT: Quite right, Bilton, quite right: here you are. (He gives Bilton the box of matches.) Come, Stephen. Come, Charles. Bring Sarah. (He passes into the shed.)

安德谢夫：毕尔顿，很对，做得很对，给你。（他将那盒火柴递给毕尔顿。）来吧，斯蒂芬。来吧，查尔斯。拉着萨拉。（他进入工棚。）

(Bilton opens the box and deliberately drops the matches into the fire-bucket.)

（毕尔顿打开盒子，小心翼翼地将火柴倒入消防桶里。）

LOMAX: Oh I say! (Bilton stolidly hands him the empty box.) Infernal nonsense! Pure scientific ignorance! (He goes in.)

洛马克斯：唉，我说！（毕尔顿麻木地递给他空盒子。）莫名其妙！对科学简直是一无所知。（他入内。）

SARAH: Am I all right, Bilton?

萨拉：毕尔顿，我行吗？

BILTON: You'll have to put on list slippers, miss: that's all. We've got em inside. (She goes in.)

毕尔顿：小姐，您必须穿上布边拖鞋，这就行了。里面就有。（她走了进去。）

STEPHEN: (very seriously to Cusins) Dolly, old fellow, think. Think before you decide. Do you feel that you are a sufficiently practical man? It is a huge undertaking, an enormous responsibility. All this mass of business will be Greek to you.

斯蒂芬：（很认真地对库森斯说）多利，老朋友，好好想想。想清楚了，再做决定。你认为，你真的是实干家吗？这是个庞大的事业，需要多大的责任心啊。这么多的生意，你可是一窍不通哦。

CUSINS: Oh, I think it will be much less difficult than Greek.

库森斯：噢，我觉得，这总没有希腊语高深吧。

STEPHEN: Well, I just want to say this before I leave you to yourselves. Don't let anything I have said about right and wrong prejudice you against this great chance in life. I have satisfied myself that the business is one of the highest character and a credit to our country. (Emotionally) I am very proud of my father. I—(Unable to proceed, he presses Cusins' hand and goes hastily into the shed, followed by Bilton.)

斯蒂芬：好了，我就想在离开之前说完这些话。别让我说过的是是非非，让你产生偏见，而放过一生中难得的大好机会。我甚感满意，这是一家最具特色的企业，是我们国家的光荣。（神情地）我以我父亲而深感自豪。我——（他再也说不下去了，拍了拍库森斯的手，匆匆地进入工棚，后面跟着毕尔顿。）

(Barbara and Cusins, left alone together, look at one another silently.)

（巴巴拉和库森斯两人相对无言，周围一个人也没有了。）

CUSINS: Barbara: I am going to accept this offer.

库森斯：巴巴拉，我打算接受这个提议。

BARBARA: I thought you would.

巴巴拉：我就知道你会。

CUSINS: You understand, don't you, that I had to decide without consulting you. If I had thrown the burden of the choice on you, you would sooner or later have despised me for it.

库森斯：你知道的，不是吗，我得先下定决心，再征求你的意见。我要是将抉择的重担抛给你，那你早晚会为此而轻视我的。

BARBARA: Yes: I did not want you to sell your soul for me any more than for this inheritance.

巴巴拉：对，我不想你出卖自己的灵魂，无论是为了我，还是为了这份遗产。

CUSINS: It is not the sale of my soul that troubles me: I have sold it too often to care about that. I have sold it for a professorship. I have sold it for an income. I have sold it to escape being imprisoned for refusing to pay taxes for hangmen's ropes and unjust wars and things that I abhor. What is all human conduct but the daily and hourly sale of our souls for trifles? What I am now selling it for is neither money nor position nor comfort, but for reality and for power.

库森斯：困扰我的并不是这灵魂交易，我已经做了太多次的灵魂交易，我不在意。我为了教授职位，出卖过灵魂。我为了一份收入，出卖过。我还怕因拒交税款而坐牢，也把灵魂出卖了；因为税款就是拿来养活行刑台上的那些刽子手的，是为了发动非正义的战争，也是为了我所憎恨的其他事。灵魂除了人不是能为了些微不足道的事而出卖，还有其他什么用呢？我现在出卖灵魂的目的，不是金钱，不是地位，也不是舒适，而是现实和权力。

BARBARA: You know that you will have no power, and that he has none.

巴巴拉：你不会拥有权力的，这你知道，他也没有。

CUSINS: I know. It is not for myself alone. I want to make power for the world.

库森斯：我明白。这不仅仅是为了我个人。我想为全人类创造权力。

BARBARA: I want to make power for the world too; but it must be spiritual power.

巴巴拉：我也想为全人类创造权力，但那必须是精神上的权力。

CUSINS: I think all power is spiritual: these cannons will not go off by themselves. I have tried to make spiritual power by teaching Greek. But the world can never be really touched by a dead language and a dead civilization. The people must have power; and the people cannot have Greek. Now the power that is made here can be wielded by all men.

库森斯：我觉得，一切权力都是精神上的，这些炮弹不会自行爆炸。我一直想借助教授希腊语，来创造精神权力。然而这个世界完全不会因为一门过时的语言、消亡的文明，而受到真正的影响。人民可以没有希腊语，但一定要有权利。现在，这里所创造的权力能被全人类所支配。

BARBARA: Power to burn women's houses down and kill their sons and tear their husbands to pieces.

巴巴拉：炸毁女人房屋的权力，杀害她们儿子的权力，把她们丈夫炸成碎片的权力，是吗？

CUSINS: You cannot have power for good without having power for evil too. Even mother's milk nourishes murderers as well as heroes. This power which only tears men's bodies to pieces has never been so horribly abused as the intellectual power, the imaginative power, the poetic, religious power that can enslave men's souls. As a teacher of Greek I gave the intellectual man weapons against the common man. I now want to give the common man weapons against the intellectual man. I love the common people. I want to arm them against the lawyer, the doctor, the priest, the literary man, the professor, the artist, and the politician, who, once in authority, are the most dangerous, disastrous, and tyrannical of all the fools, rascals, and impostors. I want a democratic power strong enough to force the intellectual oligarchy to use its genius for the general good or else perish.

库森斯：我们不能只拥有为人类造福的权力，而没有给人类带来灾祸的权力。即使是母亲的奶，都既抚养了英雄，也哺育了杀人犯。这种权力只不过把人身炸成碎片，真正令人恐惧、为人滥用的是智慧的力量、想象的力量，还有诗性的、宗教的力量，因为这些力量可以奴役人

的灵魂。作为一个希腊语教师，我教给知识分子以镇压平民大众的武器。现在，我想给平民大众以反抗知识分子的武器。我爱普通大众。我想把他们武装起来，来反抗律师、医生、牧师、文人、教授、艺术家以及政客，这些人一旦大权在握，就是最危险、最歹毒、最专横的蠢蛋、恶棍和骗子。我需要一种强有力的民主力量，足以迫使有知识的寡头政府发挥其才智，为普通人造福，否则的话，就将其灭亡。

BARBARA: Is there no higher power than that (pointing to the shell)?

巴巴拉：没有比这东西更大的权力了吗（手指着炸弹）？

CUSINS: Yes: but that power can destroy the higher powers just as a tiger can destroy a man: therefore man must master that power first. I admitted this when the Turks and Greeks were last at war. My best pupil went out to fight for Hellas. My parting gift to him was not a copy of Plato's Republic, but a revolver and a hundred Undershaft cartridges. The blood of every Turk he shot—if he shot any—is on my head as well as on Undershaft's. That act committed me to this place for ever. Your father's challenge has beaten me. Dare I make war on war? I dare. I must. I will. And now, is it all over between us?

库森斯：有，不过这种权力可以摧毁那些更大的权力，正如老虎会吃人一样，因此人类必须首先控制这种权力。最近一次土耳其人与希腊人作战时，我已承认这一点了。我最棒的一个学生已经出发，为希腊而战了。我给他的临别礼物，不是柏拉图的《理想国》复制本，而是一把左轮手枪，还有一百发安德谢夫制造的子弹。他射死的每个土耳其人——要是他能射中的话——都应该由我，还有安德谢夫来负责。我当时的举动，已经把我自己跟这里永远绑在一起了。你父亲发起的挑战，已经击败了我。我敢向战争宣战吗？我敢。我一定要宣战。我准备宣战。而现在，我们之间就此结束了吗？

BARBARA: (touched by his evident dread of her answer) Silly baby Dolly! How could it be?

巴巴拉：（看到他很害怕听她回答的样子，深受感动）傻孩子多利！这怎么会呢？

CUSINS: (overjoyed) Then you—you—you—Oh for my drum! (He flourishes imaginary drumsticks.)

库森斯：（欣喜若狂）这么说，你——你——你——噢，我的大鼓呢！（他舞动着手，好像在打鼓。）

BARBARA: (angered by his levity) Take care, Dolly, take care. Oh, if only I could get away from you and from father and from it all! if I could have the wings of a dove and fly away to heaven!

巴巴拉：（被他的轻浮惹恼）当心，多利，当心。噢，我要是能抛弃你，抛弃父亲还有所有这一切，那该多好啊！但愿我拥有一双鸽子的

翅膀，飞向天堂而去！

CUSINS: And leave me!

库森斯：那就离开我啊！

BARBARA: Yes, you, and all the other naughty mischievous children of men. But I can't. I was happy in the Salvation Army for a moment. I escaped from the world into a paradise of enthusiasm and prayer and soul saving; but the moment our money ran short, it all came back to Bodger: it was he who saved our people: he, and the Prince of Darkness, my papa. Undershaft and Bodger: their hands stretch everywhere: when we feed a starving fellow creature, it is with their bread, because there is no other bread; when we tend the sick, it is in the hospitals they endow; if we turn from the churches they build, we must kneel on the stones of the streets they pave. As long as that lasts, there is no getting away from them. Turning our backs on Bodger and Undershaft is turning our backs on life.

巴巴拉：对，离开你，以及所有这些调皮捣蛋、制造事端、孩子气的男人。但我不能。我在救世军里短暂地快乐过。我逃离了世俗，躲到一片乐土里，那里有激情、祷告，还有灵魂救赎；但只要我们一旦缺钱用，就得回来找包杰，是他挽救了我们的人，是他，还有黑暗王子，我的爸爸。安德谢夫和包杰，他们的手伸向了任何地方，我们给挨饿的同胞吃的，都是他们的面包，因为再没有其他面包了；我们照看病人的地方，都是他们资助的医院；要是我们厌恶他们修建的教堂，那我们只好跪在他们所铺的石头路面上。如果这种情况一直持续，那我们就不可能摆脱他们。抵制包杰和安德谢夫，就是背弃生活。

CUSINS: I thought you were determined to turn your back on the wicked side of life.

库森斯：我本以为你下定决心了，要抵制生活中邪恶的一面。

BARBARA: There is no wicked side: life is all one. And I never wanted to shirk my share in whatever evil must be endured, whether it be sin or suffering. I wish I could cure you of middle-class ideas, Dolly.

巴巴拉：没有邪恶的一面，生活原本就是一个整体。我绝对不会逃避忍受邪恶的责任，无论这是罪孽还是受苦受难。我但愿，能矫正你中产阶级的看法，多利。

CUSINS: (gasping) Middle cl—! A snub! A social snub to ME! from the daughter of a foundling!

库森斯：（生气地）中产阶——！自大狂！对我竟然还这么傲慢自大！你还不是私生子的女儿！

BARBARA: That is why I have no class, Dolly: I come straight out of the heart of the whole people. If I were middle-class I should turn

my back on my father's business; and we should both live in an artistic drawingroom, with you reading the reviews in one corner, and I in the other at the piano, playing Schumann: both very superior persons, and neither of us a bit of use. Sooner than that, I would sweep out the guncotton shed, or be one of Bodger's barmaids. Do you know what would have happened if you had refused papa's offer?

巴巴拉：正因为如此，我才没有阶层，多利，正是所有人的心灵孕育了我。我要是中产阶级，我就应该背弃我父亲的事业；而我们就都应该住在一间富于艺术气息的客厅，你在屋角看评论，我在另一屋角弹着舒尔曼的曲子，两个养尊处优的人，却一无是处。与其这样，我还不如来强化棉车间扫地，或者去包杰那里做招待女郎呢。你知道，你要是拒绝爸爸的要求，后果会如何吗？

CUSINS: I wonder!

库森斯：我想知道！

BARBARA: I should have given you up and married the man who accepted it. After all, my dear old mother has more sense than any of you. I felt like her when I saw this place—felt that I must have it—that never, never, never could I let it go; only she thought it was the houses and the kitchen ranges and the linen and china, when it was really all the human souls to be saved: not weak souls in starved bodies, crying with gratitude or a scrap of bread and treacle, but fullfed, quarrelsome, snobbish, uppish creatures, all standing on their little rights and dignities, and thinking that my father ought to be greatly obliged to them for making so much money for him—and so he ought. That is where salvation is really wanted. My father shall never throw it in my teeth again that my converts were bribed with bread. (She is transfigured.) I have got rid of the bribe of bread. I have got rid of the bribe of heaven. Let God's work be done for its own sake: the work he had to create us to do because it cannot be done by living men and women. When I die, let him be in my debt, not I in his; and let me forgive him as becomes a woman of my rank.

巴巴拉：我会抛弃你，跟一个接受这一提议的人结婚。归根结底，我亲爱的老母亲比你们任何人对这件事的理解都更透彻。我见到这地方时，也有和她一样的想法——觉得我必须拥有它——我绝对，绝对，绝对不放手；只不过，她想要的是房屋、厨房炊具、亚麻织品，还有瓷器，而我真正想要的，则是挽救所有人的灵魂，并非只是那些身体挨饿的脆弱灵魂，手拿一片和糖稀的面包高呼感激的人，还有那些吃饱穿暖、争强好胜、自命不凡还盛气凌人的家伙，他们不仅坚持维护自己那么一点点权利和尊严，还认为我父亲应该心存感激，因为是他们为他挣那么多钱——他们这样想也没错。这才是真正需要救赎的灵魂。我父亲绝不会再奚落我，说我的皈依者都是通过向他们贿赂面包来的。（她变得理想化起来。）我不会再用面包来贿赂他们了。我也不再用天堂来收

买人心。让上帝为自己去工作吧，上帝因为这工作而创造人类，但我们没法做到。当我死去，让他对我怀有歉意吧，而不是我要去感激他；让我宽恕他吧，这样才符合我这个阶层女人的身份。

CUSINS: Then the way of life lies through the factory of death?

库森斯：那么，生命的道路，就贯穿在这家死亡工厂里了？

BARBARA: Yes, through the raising of hell to heaven and of man to God, through the unveiling of an eternal light in the Valley of The Shadow. (Seizing him with both hands) Oh, did you think my courage would never come back? did you believe that I was a deserter? that I, who have stood in the streets, and taken my people to my heart, and talked of the holiest and greatest things with them, could ever turn back and chatter foolishly to fashionable people about nothing in a drawingroom? Never, never, never, never: Major Barbara will die with the colors. Oh! and I have my dear little Dolly boy still; and he has found me my place and my work. Glory Hallelujah! (She kisses him.)

巴巴拉：是的，把地狱变成为天堂，把人类改造成上帝，掀开阴暗山谷里永恒之光的面纱。（双手抓住他）噢，你以为永远失去我的勇气了吗？你以为我是个背弃信仰的人吗？我曾站在街上，把人们放在心上，与他们谈论最神圣、最伟大的事，我这样的人难道会退步，会傻兮兮地跟穿着入时的人在客厅里喋喋不休、说着废话吗？决不，决不，决不，决不，巴巴拉少校就是死，也要光荣地死去。噢！况且还有我亲爱的小男孩多利；他已经为我找到我的位置和工作了。光荣的上帝啊！（她吻了吻他。）

CUSINS: My dearest: consider my delicate health. I cannot stand as much happiness as you can.

库森斯：我最亲爱的，想想我脆弱的身体吧。我跟你不一样，我经受不住这样的幸福。

BARBARA: Yes: it is not easy work being in love with me, is it? But it's good for you. (She runs to the shed, and calls, childlike.) Mamma! Mamma! (Bilton comes out of the shed, followed by Undershaft.) I want Mamma.

巴巴拉：是啊，与我恋爱可没有那么简单，对吗？不过这对你有益。（她跑向工棚，像小孩一样喊叫）妈妈！妈妈！（毕尔顿从工棚走出来，后面跟着安德谢夫。）我找妈妈。

UNDERSHAFT: She is taking off her list slippers, dear. (He passes on to Cusins.) Well? What does she say?

安德谢夫：亲爱的，她还在脱拖鞋。（他往前走向库森斯。）如何？她说什么？

CUSINS: She has gone right up into the skies.

库森斯：她要勇往直前，直到天际。

LADY BRITOMART: (coming from the shed and stopping on the steps, obstructing Sarah, who follows with Lomax. Barbara clutches like a baby at her mother's skirt.) Barbara: when will you learn to be independent and to act and think for yourself? I know as well as possible what that cry of "Mamma, Mamma," means. Always running to me!

薄丽托玛太太：（从工棚出来，在台阶上停下来，挡在萨拉前面，萨拉身后则是洛马克斯。巴巴拉一把抓住她母亲的裙子，就像一个婴儿。）巴巴拉，你什么时候才能学会自己做主，独立行动、独立思考？我再明白不过了，你大声喊“妈妈，妈妈”意味着什么。老是躲到我这里来！

SARAH: (touching Lady Britomart's ribs with her finger tips and imitating a bicycle horn) Pip! Pip!

萨拉：（以指尖轻轻地碰薄丽托玛太太的肋骨，模仿自行车的打铃声）嘀！嘀！

LADY BRITOMART: (highly indignant) How dare you say Pip! pip! to me, Sarah? You are both very naughty children. What do you want, Barbara?

薄丽托玛太太：（很生气）萨拉，你怎么敢对我喊“嘀！嘀！”呢？你们两个都是捣蛋鬼。巴巴拉，你到底要干什么嘛？

BARBARA: I want a house in the village to live in with Dolly. (Dragging at the skirt) Come and tell me which one to take.

巴巴拉：我想在村里找一处房子，与多利一起生活。（拽着她的裙子）您来给我说说选哪一处嘛。

UNDERSHAFT: (to Cusins) Six o'clock tomorrow morning, my young friend.

安德谢夫：（对库森斯）明早六点见，年轻的朋友。

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Arthur Schopenhauer

STUDIES IN PESSIMISM

悲观论集

（德）叔本华 著
张锐 译
刘俊池 张丽 审校

Unless suffering is the direct and immediate object of life, our existence must entirely fail of its aim. It is absurd to look upon the enormous amount of pain that abounds everywhere in the world, and originates in needs and necessities inseparable from life itself, as serving no purpose at all and the

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FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS

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FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 BEIJING

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu

Beijing, China 100089

http://www.fltrp.com

图书在版编目（CIP）数据

悲观论集：英汉对照 /（德）叔本华著；张锐译．—北京：外语教学与研究出版社，2011.12

（外研社双语读库．学·书系）

书名原文：Studies in Pessimism

ISBN 978-7-5135-1629-7

Ⅰ．①悲…　Ⅱ．①叔…　②张…　Ⅲ．①英语 - 汉语 - 对照读物②哲学理论 - 德国 - 近代　Ⅳ．①H319.4: B

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字（2011）第279266号

出版人　蔡剑峰
责任编辑　邓　芳　马　睿
版式设计　张苏梅
封面设计　袁　璐
出版发行　外语教学与研究出版社
社　址　北京市西三环北路19号（100089）
网　址　http://www.fltrp.com
版　次　2012年2月第1版
书　号　ISBN 978-7-5135-1629-7

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举报电话：（010）88817519
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总序

外研社自创立之日起就一贯秉承“记载人类文明，沟通世界文化”的宗旨。上世纪90年代以来，我们陆续出版了“九十年代英语系列丛书”、“大师经典文库”、“英美文学文库”等系列经典图书，在最大限度满足国内英语学习者阅读需求的同时，也为中华民族引进和吸收海外优秀文化发挥了重要的桥梁纽带作用。

在多年出版实践中我们发现，对原版图书简单地以外语形式呈现，会使一些初级和中级外语学习者望而却步；而纯粹的译著，在翻译过程中又容易失掉原著中的某些精妙之笔，甚至丢失信息，因为每种语言都蕴含着其他语言无法精确对应的情致、智慧和对真善美的洞见。文化交流本身是一个双向互动的过程，因此在大量引入外文作品的同时，我们也不能忽略本民族文化在世界范围内的推广和传播，即把中国文化传递给世界。

基于上述考虑，我们应时推出“外研社双语读库”，立足经典，涵盖中外名家名作，涉及社会科学各个领域，以书系划分，采用双语编排，对文化背景附有注释。旨在积累世界各民族精粹文化的同时，向世界传递中国文化，为国内广大英语学习者提供题材广泛、质量过硬的双语经典读物，也为社科各领域学者了解西方学术经典提供优质的研究素材。

2010年1月，双语读库“文·书系”出版问世，该书系收录了20部西方经典著作，多出自19和20世纪著名作家、学者、思想家和哲学家笔下，作品的题材丰富，包括传记、小说、游记、杂文、回忆录等。该书系自问世以来，受到了广大英语爱好者的欢迎和好评。

2010年3月，外研社和中国外语教育研究中心联合设立“外汉翻译教学研究基金”项目，选取百余部国外经典学术著作，面向全国高校公开招募翻译项目组，参与投标者遍及全国近百所高校，在国内具有较大影响力。中标的译者多为全国重点高校的翻译专家、学者及中青年翻译人才，经过层层选拔脱颖而出；每个中标项目组还聘请相关领域的专家顾问，为其提供专业领域方面的支持和帮助，以确保译文的准确性和权威性。

此次推出的双语读库“学·书系”拟收录该“基金”项目中的优秀译作分批次进行出版，并细分为哲学辑、经济学辑、历史学辑、地理学辑、语

言学辑、社会学辑、教育学辑等。“学·书系”依旧采用英汉对照编排，可作为社科各领域的学术研究读物以及中、高端英汉双语读物使用。

“学·书系”所选原作虽为经典名著，却也无法避免时间和空间上的局限性，希望读者朋友们能“取其精华，去其糟粕”。各篇译作均为译者倾尽全力、呕心沥血之作，不足之处，还请各位读者批评、指正。

译者　序

爱因斯坦在《我的世界观》（1930）中写道："〔有一句话〕从我的青年时代起就对我是一个真正的启示；在我自己和别人生活面临困难的时候，它总是使我们得到安慰，并且永远是宽容的泉源。这种体会可以宽大为怀地减轻那种容易使人气馁的责任感，也可以防止我们过于严肃地对待自己和别人；它还让我的人生观给了幽默应有的地位。"这句话就是"人虽然能够做他想做的，但不能要他想要的。"而说这句话的人正是亚瑟·叔本华（Arthur　Schopenhauer，1788-1860），德国哲学家、美学家、唯意志论代表之一。

叔本华1788年出生于但泽（今波兰格但斯克）的一个富商家庭，1793年举家移居德国。1809年，他就读于哥廷根大学，1811年入柏林大学专攻哲学，1813年获耶拿大学哲学博士学位，后研究过印度哲学。1819年，叔本华任柏林大学的无俸讲师，与黑格尔竞争失败后辞去教职。1831年，他定居美因河畔的法兰克福，专事著述。其哲学著作一直不为人注意，直到1851年他出版了一部主要著作《附录与补遗》。这是一部涉及许多主题的论文集，本书《悲观论集》所译的九篇随笔就是由英译者托贝桑（T.　B.　S.），即托马斯·贝利·桑德斯（Thomas　Bailey Saunders）从中选录并结集的。它们分别是：《论人世的痛苦》、《论存在的虚空》、《论自杀》、《不朽：一则对话》、《心理观察》、《论教育》、《论女人》、《论噪音》和《几则寓言》。这九篇随笔反映了叔本华关于人生的种种思考，是其表述悲观主义哲学思想的集大成之作。叔本华文笔流畅，思路清晰，言辞犀利却不乏幽默，读来如于一静夜聆听智者的幽思独语。

在那样一个遥远的时空里幽思独语的叔本华对于中国读者却不是一个太陌生的名字。大凡受过高等教育的人，无论喜欢哲学与否、无论真正阅读过哲学与否，叔本华的名字都曾经或正在或明或暗地摇曳在他的意识中吧。到百度上，输入叔本华的名字，搜索出来的结果则以数百万计；如果想找人聊聊叔本华，也可以轻而易举地在网上找到"叔本华吧"、"叔本华小组"。在这样一个并不太热衷哲学的国度，叔本华受到如此礼遇是有原因的——这原因既有社会的，也有文化和文艺的。叔本华是20世纪初中国在敞开思想之门拥抱世界时，最早被中国知识精英所注

意、欣赏、译介的西方哲学家之一。最为大家所熟知的就是国学大师王国维对他的热爱。王国维在《〈静安文集〉自序》中说："余之研究哲学，始于辛壬之间。癸卯春，始读汗德之《纯理批评》，苦其不可解读，几半而辍。嗣读叔本华之书而大好之，自癸卯之夏以至甲辰之冬，皆与叔本华之书为伴侣之时代也。"

王国维之所以对叔本华"大好之"，在我看来，除了由于王国维在精神气质上与叔本华的悲观主义哲学气质相近之外，还主要因为叔本华与东方哲学思想有着独特的渊源。叔本华哲学的三大来源是康德、柏拉图和古印度经典《奥义书》。尽管都是叔本华哲学思想的基石，此三者作用却各不相同。是东方哲学思想从根本上决定了叔本华的哲学气质，使其在西方哲学史上具有承前启后重要历史地位，并赋予其内在超越性。这里的东方哲学思想不仅限于古印度的吠檀多派哲学和佛教思想，还包括中国文化。叔本华在其两部主要著作《作为意志和表象的世界》（1818）和《自然界中的意志》（1836）中都不同程度地阐述了他对中国文化的理解。了解这一点后，读者就断然不会惊诧于叔本华文字间弥漫的与佛家"四大皆空"思想近似的虚无主义以及其禁欲主义与朱熹惊人的相似了。作为深谙中国文化精神的王国维，相比较康德而言，自然更为喜爱叔本华思想中浸润的东方哲学气质，也就无怪乎"自癸卯之夏以至甲辰之冬，皆与叔本华之书为伴侣之时代也。"

叔本华对王国维的影响加深了国人对叔氏的兴趣，却也有人因此诟病王国维于1927年自沉昆明湖是其二十余年沉溺于叔本华之悲观哲学的恶果。余译《悲观论集》之前有此同感，但译后却有了不同看法。毫无疑问，悲观主义的确是叔本华哲学思想的核心之一。甚至我们可以说，叔本华的形而上学体系不仅仅是处理形而上学问题的另一种方式，而且还是从形而上学角度，对生命和存在的悲观看法所做出的精细辩护。然而，消极厌世乃至自杀却并非叔本华悲观主义哲学的终极指向。叔本华在肯定人世的痛苦与存在的虚空的同时，在谈及人该如何承受这人世的痛苦与虚妄和人生于世的矛盾时，却主张要直面现实的冷漠、丑恶及惨淡："我们的箴言应当是决不屈服，决不向人生的艰难困苦退却，让我们从不幸和灾难中汲取新的勇气。你绝不能向灾难屈服，而应勇往直前。"

悲观主义哲学虽然在客观上具有使人意气消沉的消极作用，但却可以使人认识到其自身以及全人类的局限，从而摆脱盲目乐观和幻想，提高人类面对现实的理性精神和自觉意识。他在《论人世的痛苦》中历数

了人类的缺点和劣行之后说道："它们是人性的弱点，而我们是人类的一员；他人的毛病我们一样都不少，是的，即使是那些我们正在为之如此愤慨的缺点，仅仅是因为它们在我们身上还没有显露出来……事实上，坚信这个世界和人类最好从未存在过几乎会令我们心中充满对彼此的宽容。"他甚至还不无幽默地提议人们彼此不要互称"先生"，而是"难友"，然后他解释说："这也许听上去怪怪的，但是它却符合事实；它使我们正确看待他人，并提醒我们时刻记得人生中归根结底最必不可少的东西——宽容、耐心、尊重、爱世人，这些每个人都迫切需求，因而每个人也都有义务对他人不吝施与。"在《论存在的虚空》中，他又对那些孜孜以求，将人生陷入永远无法满足的欲望追求之中的人们，提出了"享受当下的一刻"的忠告，因为"大多数人当生命走到尽头时回首过往，就会发现从始至终他们一直都是在'暂时'地活着：他们会惊讶地发现，他们不屑一顾，未加享受就令其溜走的恰恰是他们毕其一生期许盼望的生活。"

当然，我们也要警惕并甄别叔本华在《论女人》和《论噪音》中所表达的与现代民主平等理念不相符的观点。叔本华天性孤僻，尤其与其爱好文艺的母亲二人互相厌恶，不能相容：母亲对他不但"没有什么慈爱"，反倒训诫他"不得夸夸其谈和有空洞的伤感"；而他则"为了她跟别人耍弄风情而生气"。应该说，《论女人》中对女性的轻视与偏见与他和母亲关系不睦不无关系。此外，在叔本华所处的时代，男性的社会地位普遍高于女性，而女性受教育的机会也远远少于男性，从而导致女性的见识修养总体说来低于男性。由于时代的局限性，叔本华没有意识到这一点，而对女性产生偏见也是情有可原的。叔本华生于富贵，成年后"继承了一份相当的资产"，生活优渥，兼之他"反对民主思想，憎恶1848年的革命"，故而对普通劳动者的生活只流于观察层面，缺乏切身体会。这一点也体现在了《论噪音》中他对劳动者带有歧视色彩的批评上。

据此我们似乎可以判断，叔本华的"知"与"行"并不完全一致，但是我们还是应该宽容这样一个生活在两百年前，并非完美无瑕，甚至偶尔阴郁刻薄、言不由衷的哲学家，因为我们也可以像爱因斯坦那样，从他那里获得"真正的启示"，畅饮那口永恒的"宽容的泉源"，以悲悯的眼光看待人类世界，洞悉外部世界及我们自身的缺点与局限，知晓有些事情是可以盼望、可以践行但未必可以达到的，从而不仅宽容接纳外部世界并与其建立和谐的关系，而且还宽容接纳自身，达到了自身欲望与实现能力的和谐。联想到时下充斥着物质生活与精神世界的偏执与浮躁、时

常见诸各种媒体的成功人士的“抑郁”，我们是不是应该静静地捧上这本小书，默然体味哲学家那一针见血到有些冷酷的言语之下闪烁着的睿智、达观乃至一丝淡淡的幽默呢？

译者

2011年夏

ON THE SUFFERINGS OF THE WORLD

Unless suffering is the direct and immediate object of life, our existence must entirely fail of its aim. It is absurd to look upon the enormous amount of pain that abounds everywhere in the world, and originates in needs and necessities inseparable from life itself, as serving no purpose
at all and the result of mere chance. Each separate misfortune, as it comes, seems, no doubt, to be something exceptional; but misfortune in general is the rule.

I know of no greater absurdity than that propounded by most systems of philosophy in declaring evil to be negative in its character. Evil is just what is positive; it makes its own existence felt. Leibnitz[1] is particularly concerned to defend this absurdity; and he seeks to strengthen his position by using a palpable and paltry sophism.[i] It is the good which is negative; in other words, happiness and satisfaction always imply some desire fulfilled, some state of pain brought to an end.

This explains the fact that we generally find pleasure to be not nearly so pleasant as we expected, and pain very much more painful.

The pleasure in this world, it has been said, outweighs the pain; or, at any rate, there is an even balance between the two. If the reader wishes to see shortly whether this statement is true, let him compare the respective feelings of two animals, one of which is engaged in eating the other.

The best consolation in misfortune or affliction of any kind will be the thought of other people who are in a still worse plight than yourself; and this is a form of consolation open to everyone. But what an awful fate this means for mankind as a whole!

We are like lambs in a field, disporting themselves under the eye of the butcher, who chooses out first one and then another for his prey. So it is that in our good days we are all unconscious of the evil Fate

may have presently in store for us—sickness, poverty, mutilation, loss of sight or reason.

No little part of the torment of existence lies in this, that Time is continually pressing upon us, never letting us take breath, but always coming after us, like a taskmaster with a whip. If at any moment Time stays his hand, it is only when we are delivered over to the misery of boredom.

But misfortune has its uses; for, as our bodily frame would burst asunder if the pressure of the atmosphere was removed, so, if the lives of men were relieved of all need, hardship and adversity; if everything they took in hand were successful, they would be so swollen with arrogance that, though they might not burst, they would present the spectacle of unbridled folly—nay, they would go mad. And I may say, further, that a certain amount of care or pain or trouble is necessary for every man at all times. A ship without ballast is unstable and will not go straight.

Certain it is that work, worry, labor and trouble, form the lot of almost all men their whole life long. But if all wishes were fulfilled as soon as they arose, how would men occupy their lives? what would they do with their time? If the world were a paradise of luxury and ease, a land flowing with milk and honey, where every Jack obtained his Jill at once and without any difficulty, men would either die of boredom or hang themselves; or there would be wars, massacres, and murders; so that in the end mankind would inflict more suffering on itself than it has now to accept at the hands of Nature.

In early youth, as we contemplate our coming life, we are like children in a theatre before the curtain is raised, sitting there in high spirits and eagerly waiting for the play to begin. It is a blessing that we do not know what is really going to happen. Could we foresee it, there are times when children might seem like innocent prisoners, condemned, not to death, but to life, and as yet all unconscious of what their sentence means. Nevertheless, every man desires to reach old age; in other words, a state of life of which it may be said: It is bad

to-day, and it will be worse to-morrow; and so on till the worst of all.

If you try to imagine, as nearly as you can, what an amount of misery, pain and suffering of every kind the sun shines upon in its course, you will admit that it would be much better if, on the earth as little as on the moon, the sun were able to call forth the phenomena of life; and if, here as there, the surface were still in a crystalline state.

Again, you may look upon life as an unprofitable episode, disturbing the blessed calm of non-existence. And, in any case, even though things have gone with you tolerably well, the longer you live the more clearly you will feel that, on the whole, life is a disappointment, nay, a cheat.

If two men who were friends in their youth meet again when they are old, after being separated for a life-time, the chief feeling they will have at the sight of each other will be one of complete disappointment at life as a whole; because their thoughts will be carried back to that earlier time when life seemed so fair as it lay spread out before them in the rosy light of dawn, promised so much—and then performed so little. This feeling will so completely predominate over every other that they will not even consider it necessary to give it words; but on either side it will be silently assumed, and form the ground-work of all they have to talk about.

He who lives to see two or three generations is like a man who sits sometime in the conjurer's booth at a fair, and witnesses the performance twice or thrice in succession. The tricks were meant to be seen only once; and when they are no longer a novelty and cease to deceive, their effect is gone.

While no man is much to be envied for his lot, there are countless numbers whose fate is to be deplored.

Life is a task to be done. It is a fine thing to say *defunctus est*; it means that the man has done his task.

If children were brought into the world by an act of pure reason alone, would the human race continue to exist? Would not a man rather have so much sympathy with the coming generation as to spare it the

burden of existence? or at any rate not take it upon himself to impose that burden upon it in cold blood.

I shall be told, I suppose, that my philosophy is comfortless—because I speak the truth; and people prefer to be assured that everything the Lord has made is good. Go to the priests, then, and leave philosophers in peace! At any rate, do not ask us to accommodate our doctrines to the lessons you have been taught. That is what those rascals of sham philosophers will do for you. Ask them for any doctrine you please, and you will get it. Your University professors are bound to preach optimism; and it is an easy and agreeable task to upset their theories.

I have reminded the reader that every state of welfare, every feeling of satisfaction, is negative in its character; that is to say, it consists in freedom from pain, which is the positive element of existence. It follows, therefore, that the happiness of any given life is to be measured, not by its joys and pleasures, but by the extent to which it has been free from suffering—from positive evil. If this is the true standpoint, the lower animals appear to enjoy a happier destiny than man. Let us examine the matter a little more closely.

However varied the forms that human happiness and misery may take, leading a man to seek the one and shun the other, the material basis of it all is bodily pleasure or bodily pain. This basis is very restricted: it is simply health, food, protection from wet and cold, the satisfaction of the sexual instinct; or else the absence of these things. Consequently, as far as real physical pleasure is concerned, the man is not better off than the brute, except in so far as the higher possibilities of his nervous system make him more sensitive to every kind of pleasure, but also, it must be remembered, to every kind of pain. But then compared with the brute, how much stronger are the passions aroused in him! what an immeasurable difference there is in the depth and vehemence of his emotions!—and yet, in the one case, as in the other, all to produce the same result in the end: namely, health, food, clothing, and so on.

The chief source of all this passion is that thought for what is absent

and future, which, with man, exercises such a powerful influence upon all he does. It is this that is the real origin of his cares, his hopes, his fears—emotions which affect him much more deeply than could ever be the case with those present joys and sufferings to which the brute is confined. In his powers of reflection, memory and foresight, man possesses, as it were, a machine for condensing and storing up his pleasures and his sorrows. But the brute has nothing of the kind; whenever it is in pain, it is as though it were suffering for the first time, even though the same thing should have previously happened to it times out of number. It has no power of summing up its feelings. Hence its careless and placid temper: how much it is to be envied! But in man reflection comes in, with all the emotions to which it gives rise; and taking up the same elements of pleasure and pain which are common to him and the brute, it develops his susceptibility to happiness and misery to such a degree that, at one moment the man is brought in an instant to a state of delight that may even prove fatal, at another to the depths of despair and suicide.

If we carry our analysis a step farther, we shall find that, in order to increase his pleasures, man has intentionally added to the number and pressure of his needs, which in their original state were not much more difficult to satisfy than those of the brute. Hence luxury in all its forms; delicate food, the use of tobacco and opium, spirituous liquors, fine clothes, and the thousand and one things than he considers necessary to his existence.

And above and beyond all this, there is a separate and peculiar source of pleasure, and consequently of pain, which man has established for himself, also as the result of using his powers of reflection; and this occupies him out of all proportion to its value, nay, almost more than all his other interests put together—I mean ambition and the feeling of honor and shame; in plain words, what he thinks about the opinion other people have of him. Taking a thousand forms, often very strange ones, this becomes the goal of almost all the efforts he makes that are not rooted in physical pleasure or pain. It is true that besides the

sources of pleasure which he has in common with the brute, man has the pleasures of the mind as well. These admit of many gradations, from the most innocent trifling or the merest talk up to the highest intellectual achievements; but there is the accompanying boredom to be set against them on the side of suffering. Boredom is a form of suffering unknown to brutes, at any rate in their natural state; it is only the very cleverest of them who show faint traces of it when they are domesticated; whereas in the case of man it has become a downright scourge. The crowd of miserable wretches whose one aim in life is to fill their purses but never to put anything into their heads, offers a singular instance of this torment of boredom. Their wealth becomes a punishment by delivering them up to misery of having nothing to do; for, to escape it, they will rush about in all directions, traveling here, there and everywhere. No sooner do they arrive in a place than they are anxious to know what amusements it affords; just as though they were beggars asking where they could receive a dole! Of a truth, need and boredom are the two poles of human life. Finally, I may mention that as regards the sexual relation, a man is committed to a peculiar arrangement which drives him obstinately to choose one person. This feeling grows, now and then, into a more or less passionate love (I have treated this subject at length in a special chapter of the second volume of my chief work.), which is the source of little pleasure and much suffering.

It is, however, a wonderful thing that the mere addition of thought should serve to raise such a vast and lofty structure of human happiness and misery; resting, too, on the same narrow basis of joy and sorrow as man holds in common with the brute, and exposing him to such violent emotions, to so many storms of passion, so much convulsion of feeling, that what he has suffered stands written and may be read in the lines on his face. And yet, when all is told, he has been struggling ultimately for the very same things as the brute has attained, and with an incomparably smaller expenditure of passion and pain.

But all this contributes to increase the measures of suffering in human life out of all proportion to its pleasures; and the pains of life are made much worse for man by the fact that death is something very real to him. The brute flies from death instinctively without really knowing what it is, and therefore without ever contemplating it in the way natural to a man, who has this prospect always before his eyes. So that even if only a few brutes die a natural death, and most of them live only just long enough to transmit their species, and then, if not earlier, become the prey of some other animal,—whilst man, on the other hand, manages to make so-called natural death the rule, to which, however, there are a good many exceptions,—the advantage is on the side of the brute, for the reason stated above. But the fact is that man attains the natural term of years just as seldom as the brute; because the unnatural way in which he lives, and the strain of work and emotion, lead to a degeneration of the race; and so his goal is not often reached.

The brute is much more content with mere existence than man; the plant is wholly so; and man finds satisfaction in it just in proportion as he is dull and obtuse. Accordingly, the life of the brute carries less of sorrow with it, but also less of joy, when compared with the life of man; and while this may be traced, on the one side, to freedom from the torment of care and anxiety, it is also due to the fact that hope, in any real sense, is unknown to the brute. It is thus deprived of any share in that which gives us the most and best of our joys and pleasures, the mental anticipation of a happy future, and the inspiriting play of fantasy, both of which we owe to our power of imagination. If the brute is free from care, it is also, in this sense, without hope; in either case, because its consciousness is limited to the present moment, to what it can actually see before it. The brute is an embodiment of present impulses, and hence what elements of fear and hope exist in its nature—and they do not go very far—arise only in relation to objects that lie before it and within reach of those impulses: whereas a man's range of vision embraces the whole of his

life, and extends far into the past and future.

Following upon this, there is one respect in which brutes show real wisdom when compared with us—I mean, their quiet, placid enjoyment of the present moment. The tranquillity of mind which this seems to give them often puts us to shame for the many times we allow our thoughts and our cares to make us restless and discontented. And, in fact, those pleasures of hope and anticipation which I have been mentioning are not to be had for nothing. The delight which a man has in hoping for and looking forward to some special satisfaction is a part of the real pleasure attaching to it enjoyed in advance. This is afterwards deducted; for the more we look forward to anything, the less satisfaction we find in it when it comes. But the brute's enjoyment is not anticipated, and therefore, suffers no deduction; so that the actual pleasure of the moment comes to it whole and unimpaired. In the same way, too, evil presses upon the brute only with its own intrinsic weight; whereas with us the fear of its coming often makes its burden ten times more grievous.

It is just this characteristic way in which the brute gives itself up entirely to the present moment that contributes so much to the delight we take in our domestic pets. They are the present moment personified, and in some respects they make us feel the value of every hour that is free from trouble and annoyance, which we, with our thoughts and preoccupations, mostly disregard. But man, that selfish and heartless creature, misuses this quality of the brute to be more content than we are with mere existence, and often works it to such an extent that he allows the brute absolutely nothing more than mere, bare life. The bird which was made so that it might rove over half of the world, he shuts up into the space of a cubic foot, there to die a slow death in longing and crying for freedom; for in a cage it does not sing for the pleasure of it. And when I see how man misuses the dog, his best friend; how he ties up this intelligent animal with a chain, I feel the deepest sympathy with the brute and burning indignation against its master.

We shall see later that by taking a very high standpoint it is possible to justify the sufferings of mankind. But this justification cannot apply to animals, whose sufferings, while in a great measure brought about by men, are often considerable even apart from their agency. (Cf. *Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, vol. ii. p. 404.) And so we are forced to ask, Why and for what purpose does all this torment and agony exist? There is nothing here to give the will pause; it is not free to deny itself and so obtain redemption. There is only one consideration that may serve to explain the sufferings of animals. It is this: that the will to live, which underlies the whole world of phenomena, must, in their case satisfy its cravings by feeding upon itself. This it does by forming a gradation of phenomena, everyone of which exists at the expense of another. I have shown, however, that the capacity for suffering is less in animals than in man. Any further explanation that may be given of their fate will be in the nature of hypothesis, if not actually mythical in its character; and I may leave the reader to speculate upon the matter for himself.

Brahma[2] is said to have produced the world by a kind of fall or mistake; and in order to atone for his folly, he is bound to remain in it himself until he works out his redemption. As an account of the origin of things, that is admirable! According to the doctrines of Buddhism, the world came into being as the result of some inexplicable disturbance in the heavenly calm of Nirvana[3] , that blessed state obtained by expiation, which had endured so long a time—the change taking place by a kind of fatality. This explanation must be understood as having at bottom some moral bearing; although it is illustrated by an exactly parallel theory in the domain of physical science, which places the origin of the sun in a primitive streak of mist, formed one knows not how. Subsequently, by a series of moral errors, the world became gradually worse and worse—true of the physical orders as well—until it assumed the dismal aspect it wears to-day. Excellent! The Greeks looked upon

the world and the gods as the work of an inscrutable necessity. A

passable explanation: we may be content with it until we can get a better. Again, Ormuzd[4] and Ahriman[5] are rival powers, continually at war. That is not bad. But that a God like Jehovah should have created this world of misery and woe, out of pure caprice, and because he enjoyed doing it, and should then have clapped his hands in praise of his own work, and declared everything to be very good—that will not do at all! In its explanation of the origin of the world, Judaism is inferior to any other form of religious doctrine professed by a civilized nation; and it is quite in keeping with this that it is the only one which presents no trace whatever of any belief in the immortality of the soul. (See *Parerga*, vol. i. pp. 139 *et seq.*)

Even though Leibnitz contention, that this is the best of all possible worlds, were correct, that would not justify God in having created it. For he is the Creator not of the world only, but of possibility itself; and, therefore, he ought to have so ordered possibility as that it would admit of something better.

There are two things which make it impossible to believe that this world is the successful work of an all-wise, all-good, and, at the same time, all-powerful Being; firstly, the misery which abounds in it everywhere; and secondly, the obvious imperfection of its highest product, man, who is a burlesque of what he should be. These things cannot be reconciled with any such belief. On the contrary, they are just the facts which support what I have been saying; they are our authority for viewing the world as the outcome of our own misdeeds, and therefore, as something that had better not have been. Whilst, under the former hypothesis, they amount to a bitter accusation against the Creator, and supply material for sarcasm; under the latter they form an indictment against our own nature, our own will, and teach us a lesson of humility. They lead us to see that, like the children of a libertine, we come into the world with the burden of sin upon us; and that it is only through having continually to atone for this sin that our existence is so miserable, and that its end is death.

There is nothing more certain than the general truth that it is the

grievous sin of the world which has produced the grievous suffering of the world. I am not referring here to the physical connection between these two things lying in the realm of experience; my meaning is metaphysical. Accordingly, the sole thing that reconciles me to the Old Testament is the story of the Fall. In my eyes, it is the only metaphysical truth in that book, even though it appears in the form of an allegory. There seems to me no better explanation of our existence than that it is the result of some false step, some sin of which we are paying the penalty. I cannot refrain from recommending the thoughtful reader a popular, but at the same time, profound treatise on this subject

by Claudius[ii] which exhibits the essentially pessimistic spirit of Christianity. It is entitled: Cursed is the ground for thy sake.

Between the ethics of the Greeks and the ethics of the Hindoos, there is a glaring contrast. In the one case (with the exception, it must be confessed, of Plato), the object of ethics is to enable a man to lead a happy life; in the other, it is to free and redeem him from life altogether—as is directly stated in the very first words of the *Sankhya Karika*.

Allied with this is the contrast between the Greek and the Christian idea of death. It is strikingly presented in a visible form on a fine antique sarcophagus in the gallery of Florence, which exhibits, in relief, the whole series of ceremonies attending a wedding in ancient times, from the formal offer to the evening when Hymen's[6] torch lights the happy couple home. Compare with that the Christian coffin, draped in mournful black and surmounted with a crucifix! How much significance there is in these two ways of finding comfort in death. They are opposed to each other, but each is right. The one points to the affirmation of the will to live, which remains sure of life for all time, however rapidly its forms may change. The other, in the symbol of suffering and death, points to the denial of the will to live, to redemption from this world, the domain of death and devil. And in the question between the affirmation and the denial of the will to live,

Christianity is in the last resort right.

The contrast which the New Testament presents when compared with the Old, according to the ecclesiastical view of the matter, is just that existing between my ethical system and the moral philosophy of Europe. The Old Testament represents man as under the dominion of Law, in which, however, there is no redemption. The New Testament declares Law to have failed, frees man from its dominion, (Cf. Romans vii; Galatians ii, iii.) and in its stead preaches the kingdom of grace, to be won by faith, love of neighbor and entire sacrifice of self. This is the path of redemption from the evil of the world. The spirit of the New Testament is undoubtedly asceticism, however your protestants and rationalists may twist it to suit their purpose. Asceticism is the denial of the will to live; and the transition from the Old Testament to the New, from the dominion of Law to that of Faith, from justification by works to redemption through the Mediator[7] , from the domain of sin and death to eternal life in Christ, means, when taken in its real sense, the transition from the merely moral virtues to the denial of the will to live. My philosophy shows the metaphysical foundation of justice and the love of mankind, and points to the goal to which these virtues necessarily lead, if they are practised in perfection. At the same time it is candid in confessing that a man must turn his back upon the world, and that the denial of the will to live is the way of redemption. It is therefore really at one with the spirit of the New Testament, whilst all other systems are couched in the spirit of the Old; that is to say, theoretically as well as practically, their result is Judaism—mere despotic theism. In this sense, then, my doctrine might be called the only true Christian philosophy—however paradoxical a statement this may seem to people who take superficial views instead of penetrating to the heart of the matter.

If you want a safe compass to guide you through life, and to banish all doubt as to the right way of looking at it, you cannot do better than accustom yourself to regard this world as a penitentiary, a sort of a penal colony, or (Greek: *ergastaerion*) as the earliest philosopher called

it. (Cf. Clem. Alex. Strom. L. iii, c, 3, p. 399.) Amongst the Christian Fathers, Origen[8] , with praiseworthy courage, took this view (Augustine *de cìvitate Dei.*, L. xi. c. 23.), which is further justified by certain objective theories of life. I refer, not to my own philosophy alone, but to the wisdom of all ages, as expressed in Brahmanism and Buddhism, and in the sayings of Greek philosophers like Empedocles and Pythagoras; as also by Cicero, in his remark that the wise men of old used to teach that we come into this world to pay the penalty of crime committed in another state of existence—a doctrine which formed part of the initiation into the mysteries. (Cf. *Fragmenta de philosophia.*) And Vanini[9] —whom his contemporaries burned, finding that an easier task than to confute him—puts the same thing in a very forcible way. "Man, he says, is so full of every kind of misery that, were
it not repugnant to the Christian religion, I should venture to
affirm that if evil spirits exist at all, they have posed into human form and are now atoning for their crimes." (*De admirandis*
naturae arcanis; dial L. p. 35.) And true Christianity—using the word in its right sense—also regards our existence as the consequence of sin and error.

If you accustom yourself to this view of life you will regulate your expectations accordingly, and cease to look upon all its disagreeable incidents, great and small, its sufferings, its worries, its misery, as anything unusual or irregular; nay, you will find that everything is as it should be, in a world where each of us pays the penalty of existence in his own peculiar way. Amongst the evils of a penal colony is the society of those who form it; and if the reader is worthy of better company, he will need no words from me to remind him of what he has to put up with at present. If he has a soul above the common, or if he is a man of genius, he will occasionally feel like some noble prisoner of state, condemned to work in the galleys with common criminals; and he will follow his example and try to isolate himself.

In general, however, it should be said that this view of life will enable

us to contemplate the so-called imperfections of the great majority of men, their moral and intellectual deficiencies and the resulting base type of countenance, without any surprise, to say nothing of indignation; for we shall never cease to reflect where we are, and that the men about us are beings conceived and born in sin, and living to atone for it. That is what Christianity means in speaking of the sinful nature of man.

"Pardon's the word to all!" ("Cymbeline," Act v. Sc. 5.) Whatever folly men commit, be their shortcomings or their vices what they may, let us exercise forbearance; remembering that when these faults appear in others, it is our follies and vices that we behold. They are the shortcomings of humanity, to which we belong; whose faults, one and all, we share; yes, even those very faults at which we now wax so indignant, merely because they have not yet appeared in ourselves. They are faults that do not lie on the surface. But they exist down there in the depths of our nature; and should anything call them forth, they will come and show themselves, just as we now see them in others. One man, it is true, may have faults that are absent in his fellow; and it is undeniable that the sum total of bad qualities is in some cases very large; for the difference of individuality between man and man passes all measure.

In fact, the conviction that the world and man is something that had better not have been, is of a kind to fill us with indulgence towards one another. Nay, from this point of view, we might well consider the proper form of address to be, not Monsieur, Sir, mein Herr, but my fellow-sufferer, *Socî malorum, compagnon de miseres*! This may perhaps sound strange, but it is in keeping with the facts; it puts others in a right light; and it reminds us of that which is after all the most necessary thing in life the tolerance, patience, regard, and love of neighbor, of which everyone stands in need, and which, therefore, every man owes to his fellow.

Notes

1 莱布尼茨（Leibnitz，1646—1716），德国哲学家、数学家、自然科学家。

2 梵天（Brahma），音译“婆罗贺摩”，亦称“大梵天”，是印度婆罗门教和印度教的创造之神。

3 涅（Nirvana），印度佛教名词，旧译“泥日”、“泥洹”等，意为“灭”、“灭度”、“寂灭”、“无为”等，为佛教全部修习所要达到的最高理想，一般指通过修持断灭“生死”、“烦恼”而获得的一种精神境界。

4 奥马兹德（Ormuzd），祆教中代表光明及善之神。

5 阿利曼（Ahriman），祆教中代表黑暗及恶之神。

6 许门（Hymen），古希腊罗马神话中的婚姻之神。

7 中保（The Mediator），指耶稣，见《希伯来书》，8:6。

8 奥利金（Origen，约185—254），古罗马基督教神学 家、哲学家。

9 瓦尼尼（Vanini，1584—1619），文艺复兴时期意大利哲学家。

论人世的痛苦

人生若不以遭受苦难为当下的直接目标，我们的存在则定然全无目的。无量的苦痛在这世上无处不在，它源于与生活本身密不可分的基本需求与必需之物，若视其为不服务于任何目的，仅为偶然之结果，则实为荒谬可笑。每一个孤立的不幸事件在降临时，看上去无疑都像是一场意外，然而总的说来不幸却是必然的法则。

大多数哲学体系都宣称，灾祸的本质是消极的，而据我所知，没有比此言更荒谬的了。灾祸恰恰是积极的；它使人们感知到它的存在。莱布尼茨尤其热衷于为此谬论张目；为增强其观点的说服力，他不惜使用一眼就会被人看穿并遭人唾弃的诡辩术。i好运才是消极的；换句话说，幸福和满足感总是意味着某种欲望的结束，某种痛苦状态的终结。

这就是为何我们通常发现欢愉并非如我们期望的那样尽兴，而痛苦却比我们所能想象的还要刻骨铭心。

人们常说，这世上的欢愉远胜痛苦，即便并非如此，至少此二者也能持平。若读者希望马上判断此言正确与否，就让他比较一下这两只动物各自的感受吧——其中一只正在吞食另一只。

陷入任何不幸与苦痛时最好的安慰就是想一想身处比你的苦境更难堪者，这是一种人人皆可享受的慰藉。然而，对于整个人类而言，这又意味着怎样一种可怕的命运啊！

我们就像一片牧场中的羔羊，在屠夫的注视下欢闹嬉戏，而他把我们一个又一个地挑选出来作为宰杀的对象。与此同理，当我们春风得意时，全然没有意识到厄运也许已在不远处等待着我们——疾病、贫穷、肢体残疾、丧失视力或丧失理智。

时间在不断地向我们施压，就像手持皮鞭的监工，总在驱赶着我们，从不让我们有片刻喘息，存在的痛苦大部分就在于此。若时间在某时停下了他的手臂，那一定是他把我们转交给了厌足的痛苦。

然而，不幸自有用处。因为正如若没有了大气压人的身体骨架会爆炸散碎一样，人的生命若不再遭受各种匮乏、艰辛与困苦之扰，如果人们到手的一切都达到了目的，他们就会因自大而不可一世，即便他们不会爆炸散碎，他们也会表现出肆无忌惮的蠢行——不，何止于此，他们会发疯的。进而，我可以说，任何时候，一定量的忧虑、痛苦或烦恼对

于每一个人都是必要的。一艘船如果没有压仓物就会飘摇不定，无法按直线航行。

工作、忧虑、苦役和烦恼共同构筑了几乎所有人一生的命运，这一点确定无疑。然而，若所有愿望一经出现就会得到满足，人们又将怎样度过其一生呢？他们又该如何打发他们的光阴呢？如果这世界是一座奢华安逸的天堂，一片流着奶和蜜的乐土，在这里每个男子都能毫不费力地马上赢得他心爱的姑娘，那么人们即使不会厌足致死也会上吊自杀；否则就会出现战争、大屠杀和互相残杀。这样，人类最终会把更多的苦难施加于其自身，远远多于现在需要承受的出于大自然之手的苦难。

当我们刚刚步入青春，憧憬未来生活之时，我们就像是剧院里的小孩子，在大幕拉起之前，兴致勃勃地坐在那里，迫不及待地等待着好戏上演。我们对即将真实发生的一切懵懂不知，这真是一种福气。设若我们能够预见，我们将看到，在很多情况下，小孩子们就像是无罪的囚徒，没有被处以死刑而是被判处无期徒刑，却全然没有意识到这样的判决对于他们究竟意味着什么。尽管如此，每个人都渴望活到高龄；换句话说，活到一种可以用这样的话来评价的人生状态："今天很糟糕，明天会更糟；如此下去直到最糟糕的一天。"

你若尽可能地去想象太阳在其运行过程中照见了多少各种各样的哀伤、痛苦和磨难，你就会承认太阳要是能让地球上产生像在月球上那样少的生命现象，要是地球表面至今仍像月球表面那样澄澈明净，该有多好啊！

你还可以将生命看作一段无益的插曲，搅扰了非存在的欢乐祥和。并且，无论怎样，即便你的一切还算如意，你活的时间越长，你就会越清楚地意识到，总的说来，人生充满失意沮丧，不，它更是一场骗局。

如果两个年少时的朋友暮年时再次相逢，经历了一生的睽隔，见面后的主要感觉将是对整个人生的完全失望，因为他们的思绪将回溯至过去，那时生活似乎如此美好，就如黎明玫瑰色的光芒在他们面前铺展开去，生活对他们承诺了很多——然后却又兑现的太少。这种感觉将完全左右双方的思想，两个人甚至会因此认为对此无需言传；然而各自又会悄悄地将它拾起，形成二人不得不谈的全部话题。

一个在世时看到了两三代后人的人，就像是一个坐在集市上魔术摊子前好长时间，连续看了两三次表演的观众。这些把戏本来只应该给观众看一次的；而当它们失去了新鲜感，骗不了人的时候，它们就变得索

然无趣了。

没有一个人的命运令人十分羡慕，而命运悲惨者却不胜枚举。

活着是一项必须完成的任务。能说*defunctusest*（都结束了）是件好事；它意味着这个人已经完成了他的任务。

如果生儿育女仅仅是纯粹理性行为的结果，那么人类还会繁衍生息吗？难道一个人就不能发发慈悲让下一代人免担生存之重负吗？即使无法做到，无论如何也不要由他自己残忍地将这一重担强加到下一代人身上。

我猜想有人会对我说，我的哲学令他不快，因为我说出了真理；而人们更愿意得到确认说一切主的造物都是美好的。那么去找神父吧，让哲学家们清静清静！无论如何，不要要求我们用我们的信仰去迎合你们所学到的教义。那是那些流氓伪哲学家们才会愿意为你们做的事情。请他们给予你们喜欢的任何学说吧，你们一定不会空手而归的。你们的大学教授一定会宣讲乐观主义；而掀翻他们的理论既轻而易举又令人惬意。

我已经提醒读者了，每一种健康幸福的状态、每一种心满意足的感觉，在其本质上都是消极的；也就是说，它的本质是脱离苦痛，而苦痛却是存在的积极要素。因此，任何特定生命之幸福与否的衡量标准不是其愉悦与满足，而是其脱离痛苦——脱离有积极意义的灾祸的程度。如果这一观点正确，那么与人类相比，低等动物的命运似乎要幸福些。让我们进一步检视这个问题。

无论人类的幸福和苦难会以如何多样的面目示人，引导人们趋前而避后，其全部的物质基础就是身体的愉悦或者身体的苦痛。这个基础非常有限：仅为健康、食物、免受潮湿寒冷的侵袭、满足性欲本能的需要；要不然，连这些事物都没有。因此，就真正的身体愉悦而言，人类不见得就比野兽得到的多，除了已知其神经系统可能要发达一些，使他对各种愉悦感受更为灵敏，但要牢记一条，他也同样对各种苦痛感觉更为剧烈。然而，与野兽相比，他内心掀起的情感波澜不知要强烈多少倍！他情感的深度与强度和野兽相比是怎样的天差地别啊！——然而，人类与动物一样，最终也只是为了获得同样的结果：即，健康、食物、衣物，等等。

这一强烈情感主要源于对匮乏与未来的考虑，这一考虑，对于人类而言，极大地影响了他的所作所为。这个考虑才是他的忧虑、希望、恐

惧的真正源泉。与野兽局限于当下的那些快乐与痛苦相比，人类受到这些情感的影响要深切得多。由于拥有沉思、记忆和前瞻的能力，人类就像是拥有了一台能够凝缩和存储快乐与悲伤的机器。但是野兽却没有此类装置。每遭受一次痛苦，它都像是初次蒙难一样，即便同样的事情它此前也许已经历过无数次了。它没有累积感受的能力。因而形成了其恬淡无虑的性情：这是多么令人羡慕啊！但人类却迥然而异，他会思索，由此产生的是所有的情感体验。尽管他与野兽拥有共通的愉悦与痛苦的要素，但思索却令他对幸福与痛苦分外敏感，以至于他一会儿突然兴高采烈甚至乐极生悲，一会儿却又陷入绝望的深渊而自杀身亡。

如果我们进一步展开分析就会发现，人类的需求与那些野兽的相比本来并不是那么太难满足，但是为了增加快感，人类有意增加了需求之物的数量及对其要求的迫切程度。由此产生了各种各样的奢侈品：珍馐美味、烟草鸦片、烈酒华服，以及林林总总超出了他所认为是其生存必需之物。

而远远在此之上还有一个快乐的源泉，因而也是痛苦的源泉，它自成一体、奇异独特，是人类为其自身设置之物，也是其运用思考能力产生的结果；它在他的心中不仅占据了与其价值完全不相称的地位，它还几乎超越了其他所有兴趣爱好的总和——我指的是野心和荣辱感；一言以蔽之，就是他如何看待别人对他的看法。这个源泉的表现形式多种多样，通常都很奇怪。它成了他几乎要付出所有努力想要达到的目标，而他所付出的这所有的努力却并非植根于其身体的愉悦或痛苦。事实是，人类不仅有与野兽一样的快乐源泉，还有心理快感。这些心理快感可以划分为许多等级，从最无谓的琐事或者最不值一提的闲谈到最高级别的智力成果；但是如影随形的厌足感会与痛苦一道将其抵消。厌足是一种野兽并不知晓的苦痛形式，无论怎样，在其自然状态下是无法知晓的；只有那些最聪明的野兽在受到驯养之后才会表现出些微的厌足迹象；而在人类那里，厌足则已成为十足的祸根。这群可怜虫以塞满腰包为人生的一大目标，却从未向头脑填塞过任何东西，这个现象为厌足的痛苦提供了一个突出的例证。当把他们转手送给无所事事加以折磨时，他们的财富就变成了一种惩罚；因为，为了逃避这一折磨，他们四处奔走，穿行于世界各地。他们每到一地就迫不及待地想要知道它有何好玩之处，就好像是打听哪里可以领到失业救济金的乞丐！匮乏与厌足是人类生活的两极，此言非虚。最后，我要提一句，至于两性关系，人类陷于一个

奇怪的约定，迫使他固执地选择一个人。这种感觉有时会演变成一种或强或弱的性爱（在我的主要著作的第二卷里专门有一章详细讨论了这一主题。——作者注），而其产生的欢乐很少，痛苦却无穷。

然而，仅仅比野兽多了思考能力就会产生这样一个宏大而崇高的人类苦乐结构，真是奇妙啊；同样奇妙的是，人与野兽基于同样狭窄的悲喜基础，却将自己暴露于这样强烈的情感，这样激情的狂风暴雨，这样剧烈的感情的万丈波澜之中，以至于他所遭受的一切痛苦都写在他脸上的纹路里，旁人也能从中领略到。然而，一切说白了，他一直为之奋斗的最终不过是和野兽获取的相同的东西罢了，而野兽为此付出的情感和痛苦与他相比要少得多。

但是，所有这一切都有助于增加人类生活中痛苦的程度，而这痛苦与快乐完全不成比例；还有这样一个事实：死亡对人类而言是真实存在的，使得人生的痛苦令他更加难以忍受。野兽本能地逃离死亡，却并不真正清楚它是什么，因而不会用人类本能的方式来思考它，而人类的眼前却总是浮现死亡的图景。因而，即使只有一些野兽得以自然死亡，而大多数只活到繁衍后代，然后迟早会成为其他某个动物的美餐——而另一方面，尽管人类竭力试图将所谓的善终变为必然的法则，但是有很多人却不能得尽天年——由于上述原因，野兽要比人类占有优势。但事实是，人类和野兽一样，都很少有得尽天年的；因为他不自然的生存方式、工作和情感压力，导致了这个种族的退化，所以他的目标通常很难达到。

与人类相比，野兽更满足于仅仅存在；植物则完全满足于此；而人类从中找到的满足感则与其迟钝愚笨的程度成正比。因而，与人的一生相比，野兽的一生悲哀更少，但同样快乐也更少；究其原因，一方面是其摆脱了忧患、焦虑的折磨，另一方面，野兽并不真正知晓希望。野兽就这样被剥夺了享受希望所给予我们的最大的快乐和愉悦的权利，以及心中对幸福未来的憧憬和激情四溢的幻想，而此二者都要归功于我们的想象力。如果说野兽远离了忧烦，同样，从这个意义上讲，它就也没有了希望；在这两种情形下，因为它的意识都仅限于当下时刻，所以它也只能照顾到实际摆在它面前的东西。野兽体现了当下冲动，因此它本能中存在的恐惧与希望的基本要素（它们不会波及太远），只有与摆在它面前的客体相关并且在那些冲动所及的范围之内时，才会出现，然而人类的视域范围却遍及其一生，并向过去和未来延展。

据此得出，野兽与我们相比有一个方面显示了真正的智慧——我指的是，它们安详恬静地享受当下的一刻。它们那宛如天赐的内心宁静经常令我们汗颜，因为在很多时候，我们让想法和忧虑搅得不得安生、难以满足。事实上，那些我一直在谈及的盼望、前瞻所带来的愉悦不是毫无代价就可以享受的。人类因热烈盼望、欣然期待某种特殊的满足感而产生的喜悦是真实快乐的一部分，与真实快乐紧密相连，只不过是被提前享用了而已。之后，这被提前享受的快乐是要被扣除的；因为我们对某事越是欣然期待，当它真正来临时获得的满足感就会越少。但是野兽是不会期待快乐的，故而，其快乐也不会打折扣；所以当真正快乐的一刻来临时，那快乐完完整整、丝毫无损。同样，灾祸也仅以其本身固有之重量加诸野兽之身；而轮到我们，对其到来的恐惧常常使它具有十倍于其自身的令人痛苦的力量。

野兽就是以这种特有的方式，全身心地投入当下一刻，也正是这种特有的方式使我们增加了诸多从家养宠物中获得的快乐。它们是当下一刻的化身，在某些方面，它们使我们感受到了摆脱忧愁烦恼的每个小时的价值，而这些时光恰恰是由于我们冥思苦想、心事重重而通常不予理会的。然而野兽这一更安于仅仅存在的特点却被人类这自私而残忍的造物滥用了，人类常常将其运用到无以复加的地步，使得野兽除了苟延残喘以外已别无其他。鸟儿天生就是要翱翔半个世界的，而人类却将其关在一英尺见方的空间里，让它在对自由的渴望与嘶鸣中慢慢死去；因为在笼中，它不是为欢乐而歌唱。而每当我看到人类是如何虐待狗——他最忠实的朋友——如何用锁链拴住这种聪明的动物时，我都会对这种兽类感到最深切的同情，同时对它的主人感到怒火中烧。

我们接下来会看到，站在一个更高的角度上看，这也许会合理解释人类的痛苦。但是这个合理的解释并不适用于动物，尽管它们的痛苦在很大程度上是由人类造成的，但是即便没有人类的介入，它们的痛苦也是相当深重的。（参见《作为意志和表象的世界》，第2卷，第404页——作者注）于是，我们被迫发出疑问，这所有的折磨苦痛之存在究竟是为何原因，有何目的？这里没有任何事物能令意志暂停；它没有否认其自身并由此获得救赎之自由。只有一种考虑也许可以用来解释动物的痛苦。这就是：生存的意志，它处于整个表象世界之下。在动物那里，生存的意志必须通过自身输送养分以满足其欲望。它是通过形成现象的不同等级来做到这一点的，每一等级的存在都是以牺牲另一个等级为代

价的。然而，我已经阐明过，动物容纳痛苦的能力要弱于人类。对于它们命运可以做出的任何进一步解释，在本质上，即使不是有意虚构的，也都将是假说。我还是将其留给读者自己思考吧。

据说，梵天是出于某种堕落或者错误才创造了这个世界；并且为了弥补他的过失，他要自己留在其中直至他做出补救。作为一种万物起源的说法，这真是妙极了！根据佛教教义，这个世界的形成是由于某种神秘莫测的力量搅扰了涅槃的神圣宁静，其神圣得自赎罪，其存在已甚久远——而这变化乃天数如此。我们必须将这种解释理解为在其底部有某种道德理念作为支撑；尽管阐释它的是一种与物理科学领域极为类似的理论，该理论认为太阳起源于远古的一缕薄雾，至于这缕薄雾是如何形成的则无人知晓。之后，由于一系列的道德过失，这世界逐渐变得越来越坏——物理学对世界形成发展的顺序也做出了如此推测——直到它呈现出今天这样悲惨的景象。妙极了！希腊人认为是某种神秘的自然规律创造了世界和诸神。一个说得通的解释：在能得到一个更好的世界之前，我们可以对此心满意足了。还有一种说法，奥马兹德和阿利曼是一对死敌，他们之间战争不断。这个说法不坏。但是，像耶和华那样的一个神完全可能是由于一时兴起而创造了这个充满着悲哀和痛苦的世界，并且因为这个创造令他心情愉快，于是他很有可能为自己的作品鼓掌叫好，并且宣布万物皆尽善尽美——这是根本骗不了人的！在所有文明民族所宣扬的宗教教义中，犹太教对世界起源的解释是最为逊色的；犹太教是唯一一个没有对灵魂不朽表现出任何信仰迹象的宗教，它对世界起源的解释与此如出一辙。（见《附录与补遗》，第1卷，第139页及其后诸页——作者注）

莱布尼茨认为，在所有可能出现的世界之中，这一世界是最好的。即便他的看法正确，也不能证明是上帝创造了这个世界。因为他不仅是整个世界的创造者，还是可能性本身的创造者；因此，他应该如此安排可能性，让它为更美好的事物留有余地。

有两件事情令人不可能相信这个世界是一个全智、全善，同时也是全能的存在的杰作。首先，是无处不在的苦痛；其次，人作为其最高级的产品，虽然是按照他应有的样子仿制而成的，却有着明显的缺陷。这些事例都使我们不可能相信这些观点。相反，它们却正好支持了我一再反复申明的观点。我们应该把这个世界看作是我们自己恶行的结果，因而最好从未存在过，这些事例就是我们可靠的证据。尽管在前一个假说

中，它们形成了对造物主的强烈控诉，并提供了讽刺挖苦的素材；在后者中，它们则构成了对我们自己的本性、我们自己的意志的诉状，并教我们学会谦卑。它们引导我们认识到：我们就像是一个放荡之人的孩子，背负着罪孽降生于世；只因必须不断地赎罪，我们的存在才如此悲惨，存在的终点才是死亡。

是深重的“世间之罪”带来了悲切的“世间之苦”，没有什么比这条普遍真理更确凿无疑的了。我这里指的不是二者在经验王国中的物质联系；我指的是形而上的因果关联。因而，唯一能让我勉强接受《旧约》的就是人类堕落的故事。在我看来，它是那本书中唯一具有形而上真理的故事，尽管它以寓言的形式示人。把我们的存在看作是某一步行差走错的结果，是某种我们正在为之受苦受难进行偿还的罪孽的结果——在我看来这是对关于我们的存在最为恰当的解释了。我忍不住要向勤于思考的读者推荐克劳迪乌斯的[ii]一篇关于这一主题的论文，它通俗易懂，但同时又意蕴深刻，展示了基督教最本质的悲观主义精神。它的题目是：此地受诅为汝之故。

希腊人的伦理学和印度人的伦理学之间对比鲜明。对于前者而言（必须承认，柏拉图是个例外），伦理学的目标是使人能过上幸福的生活；而后者，其目的则是把人从生活中完全解脱出来，拯救出来——就如《数论颂》开篇就直截了当地阐明的那样。

与此类似的是希腊人与基督徒的死亡观念的对比。这一点在佛罗伦萨艺术展览馆里精美的古代石棺上以明显的形式鲜明地展现出来，它以浮雕的方法呈现了古代一系列婚礼仪式，从正式求婚到新婚之夜许门高举火炬照亮幸福的一对新人踏上回家之路。对比一下基督徒的棺椁，上面蒙着黑色的丧布，棺顶立着一个有耶稣受难像的十字架！这两种在死亡中寻求安慰的方式是多么意味深长啊。它们彼此相反相对，却又都是正确的。一个表明生存意志的肯定，其永远保持对生命的确信，无论生命形式的变化如何峻急。另一个以受难和死亡的象征，直指生存意志的否定，直指超脱尘世这个死亡与魔鬼的领地。而在生存意志的肯定和否定的问题上，基督教义终于在这一点上说对了。

根据基督教会对此的观点，《新约》与《旧约》相比表现出的不同，就是我的伦理学体系与欧洲道德哲学之间的区别。《旧约》把人说成是在上帝的律法的统辖之下，然而其中没有救赎。《新约》则宣布上帝的律法已然失效，将人从其统辖之下解救出来，（参见《罗马书》第

7章；《加拉太书》第2、3章——作者注）并取而代之以宣扬恩典的王国，而恩典的获得要靠信仰、热爱世人以及完全牺牲自我。这是一条摆脱人世罪恶的救赎之路。《新约》的精神毫无疑问是禁欲主义，无论你们的新教徒和唯理论者怎样曲解它以迎合自己的目的。禁欲主义是对生存意志的否定；从《旧约》到《新约》，从上帝的律法的统辖到信仰的管束，从因行律法称义到通过中保救赎，从罪孽与死亡的领地到信仰基督而获永生，这样的过渡，当取其真正的含义时，意味着从仅在道德层面的美德过渡到生存意志的否定。我的哲学揭示的是正义和人类之爱的形而上的基础，并且指出这些美德经完美践行后必然导向的目标。同时，我的哲学坦白承认，一个人必须背弃这个世界，生存意志的否定是救赎之路。因而，它真正与《新约》的精神一致，然而所有其他的欧洲道德哲学体系表述局限于《旧约》的精神之中；也就是说，在实践上同时也在理论上，这些体系形成了犹太教，而犹太教只不过是专制的有神论而已。那么，从这个意义上说，我的学说可以称作是唯一正确的基督教哲学——无论这一声明在那些见识浅薄，无法洞察事物内核的人们看来是如何地吊诡。

如果你想要一个安全的罗盘指引你度过一生，并为你消除所有的疑惑，帮助你正确看待人生，你最好习惯于将这个世界看作是一座监狱，一处罪犯流放地，即最早的哲学家所谓之（希腊语：*ergastaerion*，罪犯流放地）（参见亚历山太的革利免的《杂记》，卷3，章3，第399页——作者注）。在基督教教父中，奥利金勇气可嘉，坚持这一观点，（奥古斯丁，《上帝之城》，卷11，章23——作者注）某些客观的人生理论进一步证明了其正确性。我指的不仅仅是自己的哲学，而是所有时代的智慧，体现在婆罗门教和佛教的教义中的，以及像恩培多克勒和毕达哥拉斯那样的希腊哲学家们的名言中的；还有西塞罗的话，他指出古代的智者常常这样教导我们：我们降生于世就是为了清偿在另一个存在状态中所犯下的罪行——这一学说为了解古希腊、罗马的神秘宗教仪式提供了途径。（参见《哲学断简》——作者注）瓦尼尼——被他的同时代人处以火刑，因为他们发现烧死他比驳倒他要容易一些——以一种非常有说服力的方式表达了同样的观点。“‘人，’他说，‘一生如此充满各种各样的痛苦，以致于，若不是因为这会招致基督教徒的反感，我将斗胆断言，如果魔鬼确实存在，他们也已幻化为人形，正在为其犯下的罪行赎罪。’”（《论令人惊叹的自然奥秘》；对话卷，第35页——作者注）

而真正的基督教义——我用的是这个词的正确含义——也将我们的存在看作是罪与错的结果。

如果你能习惯于这样看人生，你就会相应地调整你对未来的期许，不再把人生中所有大大小小的不顺心的事——它的痛苦、它的忧虑、它的悲伤——看作异乎寻常或者不合常规了；不仅如此，你会发现万物都像应该的那样。在这个世界上，我们每个人都以其特有的方式在为存在遭受惩罚。罪犯流放地的坏处之一是那群在此流放的人员；而如果读者配得上拥有更好的伙伴，他就不需要我费口舌提醒他当下不得不忍受的一切。如果他有一颗超越常人的心灵，或者如果他是一个天才，他就会不时地感觉自己像是个高贵的政治犯，被判处在囚船上与普通罪犯一起服苦役；而他会自行其是，试图与世隔绝。

不过，总体而言，我们必须承认说这种人生观能使我们思索所谓的绝大多数人的缺点，他们的道德缺陷、智力不足乃至这些缺陷所导致的卑鄙面相，无需惊讶，不要说那些义愤填膺的话；因为我们从来都不应该停止反思我们身处何地，从来都不应该停止反思我们周围的人正在罪孽中受孕，在罪孽中诞生，并在活着偿赎这罪孽。这就是基督教里人之罪恶本质的真正含义。

“宽恕是适用于所有人的箴言！”（《辛白林》，第5幕，第5场——作者注）无论人类干过哪些荒唐事，不管他们有何种缺点，有什么斑斑劣行，让我们对此宽容吧；记住，当这些毛病出现在他人身上时，我们所见的也正是我们自己的蠢行和劣迹。它们是人性的弱点，而我们是人类的一员；他人的毛病我们一样都不少，是的，即使是那些我们正在为之如此愤慨的缺点，它们也不过是在我们身上还没有显露出来。这些缺点并不浮于表面，而是潜藏于我们本性的深处。而一经唤起，它们就会暴露无遗，就像我们现在从别人身上看到的那样。一个人，确实可能会有别人没有的缺点；也无可否认，有些人的恶劣品质的总数庞大；因为人与人之间的个体差别无可计量。

事实上，坚信这个世界和人类最好从未存在过，这一点几乎会令我们心中充满对彼此的宽容。不仅如此，从这一观点出发，我们不妨可以考虑一下对别人称呼的恰当方式，不是Monsieur,Sir,mein Herr（先生），而应该是my fellow-sufferer, *Socî malorum, compagnon de miseres*（难友）！这也许听上去怪怪的，但是它却符合事实；它使我们正确看待他人，并提醒我们时刻记得人生中归根结底最必不可少的东西

——宽容、耐心、尊重、爱世人，这些每个人都迫切需求，因而每个人也都有义务对他人不吝施与。

ON THE VANITY OF EXISTENCE

This vanity finds expression in the whole way in which things exist; in the infinite nature of Time and Space, as opposed to the finite nature of the individual in both; in the ever-passing present moment as the only mode of actual existence; in the interdependence and relativity of all things; in continual Becoming[1] without ever Being[2] ; in constant wishing and never being satisfied; in the long battle which forms the history of life, where every effort is checked by difficulties, and stopped until they are overcome. Time is that in which all things pass away; it is merely the form under which the will to live[3] —the thing-in-itself[4] and therefore imperishable—has revealed to it that its efforts are in vain; it is that agent by which at every moment all things in our hands become as nothing, and lose any real value they possess.

That which has been exists no more; it exists as little as that which has never been. But of everything that exists you must say, in the next moment, that it has been. Hence something of great importance now past is inferior to something of little importance now present, in that the latter is a reality, and related to the former as something to nothing.

A man finds himself, to his great astonishment, suddenly existing, after thousands and thousands of years of non-existence: he lives for a little while; and then, again, comes an equally long period when he must exist no more. The heart rebels against this, and feels that it cannot be true. The crudest intellect cannot speculate on such a subject without having a presentiment that Time is something ideal[5] in its nature. This ideality of Time and Space is the key to every true system of metaphysics; because it provides for quite another order of things than is to be met with in the domain of nature. This is why Kant is so great.

Of every event in our life we can say only for one moment that it is; forever after, that it was. Every evening we are poorer by a day. It

might, perhaps, make us mad to see how rapidly our short span of time ebbs away; if it were not that in the furthest depths of our being we are secretly conscious of our share in the exhaustible spring of eternity, so that we can always hope to find life in it again.

Consideration of the kind, touched on above, might, indeed, lead us to embrace the belief that the greatest *wisdom* is to make the enjoyment of the present the supreme object of life; because that is the only reality, all else being merely the play of thought. On the other hand, such a course might just as well be called the greatest folly: for that which in the next moment exists no more, and vanishes utterly, like a dream, can never be worth a serious effort.

The whole foundation on which our existence rests is the present—the ever-fleeting present. It lies, then, in the very nature of our existence to take the form of constant motion, and to offer no possibility of our ever attaining the rest for which we are always striving. We are like a man running downhill, who cannot keep on his legs unless he runs on, and will inevitably fall if he stops; or, again, like a pole balanced on the tip of one's finger; or like a planet, which would fall into its sun the moment it ceased to hurry forward on its way. Unrest is the mark of existence.

In a world where all is unstable, and nought can endure, but is swept onwards at once in the hurrying whirlpool of change; where a man, if he is to keep erect at all, must always be advancing and moving, like an acrobat on a rope—in such a world, happiness in inconceivable. How can it dwell where, as Plato says, "continual Becoming and never Being" is the sole form of existence? In the first place, a man never is happy, but spends his whole life in striving after something which he thinks will make him so; he seldom attains his goal, and when he does, it is only to be disappointed; he is mostly shipwrecked in the end, and comes into harbor with masts and rigging gone. And then, it is all one whether he has been happy or miserable; for his life was never anything more than a present moment always vanishing; and now it is over.

At the same time it is a wonderful thing that, in the world of human beings as in that of animals in general, this manifold restless motion is produced and kept up by the agency of two simple impulses—hunger and the sexual instinct; aided a little, perhaps, by the influence of boredom, but by nothing else; and that, in the theatre of life, these suffice to form the *primum mobile* of how complicated a machinery, setting in motion how strange and varied a scene!

On looking a little closer, we find that inorganic matter presents a constant conflict between chemical forces, which eventually works dissolution; and on the other hand, that organic life is impossible without continual change of matter, and cannot exist if it does not receive perpetual help from without. This is the realm of finality; and its opposite would be *an infinite existence*, exposed to no attack from without, and needing nothing to support it; (Greek: haei hosautos dn)[6], the realm of eternal peace; (Greek: oute giguomenon oute apollumenon)[7], some timeless, changeless state, one and undiversified; the negative knowledge of which forms the dominant note of the Platonic philosophy. It is to some such state as this that the denial of the will to live opens up the way.

The scenes of our life are like pictures done in rough mosaic. Looked at close, they produce no effect. There is nothing beautiful to be found in them, unless you stand some distance off. So, to gain anything we have longed for is only to discover how vain and empty it is; and even though we are always living in expectation of better things, at the same time we often repent and long to have the past back again. We look upon the present as something to be put up with while it lasts, and serving only as the way towards our goal. Hence most people, if they glance back when they come to the end of life, will find that all along they have been living *ad interim*: they will be surprised to find that the very thing they disregarded and let slip by unenjoyed, was just the life in the expectation of which they passed all their time. Of how many a man may it not be said that hope made a fool of him until he danced into the arms of death!

Then again, how insatiable a creature is man! Every satisfaction he attains lays the seeds of some new desire, so that there is no end to the wishes of each individual will. And why is this? The real reason is simply that, taken in itself, Will is the lord of all worlds: everything belongs to it, and therefore no one single thing can ever give it satisfaction, but only the whole, which is endless. For all that, it must rouse our sympathy to think how very little the Will, this lord of the world, really gets when it takes the form of an individual; usually only just enough to keep the body together. This is why man is so very miserable.

Life presents itself chiefly as a task—the task, I mean, of subsisting at all, *gagner sa vie*[8]. If this is accomplished, life is a burden, and then there comes the second task of doing something with that which has been won—of warding off boredom, which, like a bird of prey, hovers over us, ready to fall wherever it sees a life secure from need. The first task is to win something; the second, to banish the feeling that it has been won; otherwise it is a burden.

Human life must be some kind of mistake. The truth of this will be sufficiently obvious if we only remember that man is a compound of needs and necessities hard to satisfy; and that even when they are satisfied, all he obtains is a state of painlessness, where nothing remains to him but abandonment to boredom. This is direct proof that existence has no real value in itself; for what is boredom but the feeling of the emptiness of life? If life—the craving for which is the very essence of our being—were possessed of any positive intrinsic value, there would be no such thing as boredom at all: mere existence would satisfy us in itself, and we should want for nothing. But as it is, we take no delight in existence except when we are struggling for something; and then distance and difficulties to be overcome make our goal look as though it would satisfy us—an illusion which vanishes when we'reach it; or else when we are occupied with some purely intellectual interest—when in reality we have stepped forth from life to look upon it from the outside, much after the manner of

spectators at a play. And even sensual pleasure itself means nothing but a struggle and aspiration, ceasing the moment its aim is attained. Whenever we are not occupied in one of these ways, but cast upon existence itself, its vain and worthless nature is brought home to us; and this is what we mean by boredom. The hankering after what is strange and uncommon—an innate and ineradicable tendency of human nature—shows how glad we are at any interruption of that natural course of affairs which is so very tedious.

That this most perfect manifestation of the will to live, the human organism, with the cunning and complex working of its machinery, must fall to dust and yield up itself and all its strivings to extinction—this is the naive way in which Nature, who is always so true and sincere in what she says, proclaims the whole struggle of this will as in its very essence barren and unprofitable. Were it of any value in itself, anything unconditioned and absolute, it could not thus end in mere nothing.

If we turn from contemplating the world as a whole, and, in particular, the generations of men as they live their little hour of mock-existence and then are swept away in rapid succession; if we turn from this, and look at life in its small details, as presented, say, in a comedy, how ridiculous it all seems! It is like a drop of water seen through a microscope, a single drop teeming with infusoria; or a speck of cheese full of mites invisible to the naked eye. How we laugh as they bustle about so eagerly, and struggle with one another in so tiny a space! And whether here, or in the little span of human life, this terrible activity produces a comic effect.

It is only in the microscope that our life looks so big. It is an indivisible point, drawn out and magnified by the powerful lenses of Time and Space.

Notes

1 生成（Becoming），指处于由非存在到存在，或由某种质到另一种质的过程中的事物或现象。

2 存在（Being），（1）源 出拉丁文esse，与“思维”“意识”相对，是物质的同义语；

（2）源出 拉丁文esse或ens。在译为“有”时与“无”相对；在译为“存在”时与“非存在”相对。

3 生命意志（the will to live），亦译“生存意志”，描述作为世界本质的意志之特征。

4 自在之物（the thing -in-itself），表示自行存在之物。

5 理想（ideal），意为永恒的理念和形式；每一同类的完满性的代表。

6 haei hosautos dn，希腊语，意为“永远保持不变”；

7 oute giguomenon oute apollumenon，希腊语，意为“既不成为存在也不会消失无踪”。

8 gagner sa vie，法语，意为“谋生”。

论存在的虚空

存在的虚空表现在事物存在的整个过程中；表现在时间与空间的无限性上，这与个体在时间与空间上的有限性相反相对；作为实际存在的唯一方式表现在稍纵即逝的当下一刻；表现在万事万物的相互依存与相互关联之中；表现在不断生成却从未存在；表现在不断盼望却从未满足；表现在形成生命史的漫长斗争之中，在此期间的每一次努力都遭遇重重阻滞，直到客服困难方才罢休。万物消逝于时间之中；时间不过是一种形式，在这种形式的表面之下，生命意志——作为自在之物，因而也为不朽之物——已经向其揭示了它的一切努力归于徒劳；时间是一种媒介，通过它，我们手中的一切无时无刻不化为乌有，无时无刻不失掉其拥有的真正价值。

曾经存在过的不再存在；它的不再存在与从未存在是一样的。但是，对于此时此刻存在的所有事物，在下一刻你必须说，它曾存在过。因而，重于泰山的过往不如轻如鸿毛的当下，因为后者是一种真实，与前者是有与无的关系。

一个人万分惊诧地发现，经过成千上万年的非存在之后，他突然存在了：他短暂地活了一段时间之后，就再次进入成千上万年的非存在。他的心对此抵触，感觉这不可能是真的。思索这一主题时，理解力最为粗糙的人也不能不隐约悟到时间在其本质上为理想之物。这一时间和空间的理念性是所有真正的形而上学体系的核心；因为它为我们理解另一种与自然秩序相比迥然而异的事物秩序铺平了道路。康德的伟大正在于此。

我们生命中的每一事件只有在某一刻我们才能说它是存在的；因为从那以后，它就成为了过去。每个日落时，我们就又少了一天。若非我们在内心的最深处隐秘地意识到我们还享有永不枯竭的永恒之泉，我们总是可以祈盼在其中再次获得生命的话，看到我们短暂的生命如此快速的流逝也许会让我们发疯的。

基于上述这种思考，我们确实可能会相信最大的“智慧”就是让享受当下的一刻成为人生的最高目标；因为那是唯一的现实，其他都只是思维游戏罢了。而另一方面，这样的行为同样也可称之为愚蠢至极：因为那些在下一刻就将不复存在的、像梦一般彻底幻灭的东西，根本就不值

得认真地去努力追求。

我们存在赖以建立的全部根基就是当下——转瞬即逝的当下。它以运动不息的形式就藏在人类存在的本质之中，令我们不可能得到汲汲以求的片刻安宁。我们就像是一个跑下山坡的人，只有不断奔跑才能保持不倒，如果停下脚步就必然会摔跤；或者，又像是一根立在指尖上的小棒；或者像一颗行星，要是在其运行的轨道上停止向前，就会掉落到太阳上去。不息是存在的特征。

在一个万物无常的世界，无一物可以恒久，一切都一股脑地被急速变化的漩涡裹挟向前；在这世上，一个人如果想立足于世，就必须永远向前移动，就像是走钢丝的杂技演员——在这样一个世界里，幸福是连想一想都是不可能的。在这个地方，如柏拉图所言，“不断生成却永不存在”是存在的唯一形式，怎么会有幸福的容身之地呢？首先，一个人永远不会幸福，他只是终其一生孜孜以求他认为会令其幸福的东西；他很少会达到目标，而即便达到了，也只会品尝失望的滋味；最终，他多半要遭遇船难，回到港湾时，船桅与帆索尽失。到那时，无论他曾快乐还是哀伤，结局都是一个；因为他的一生只不过是不断消逝的当下一刻而已，而现在，它结束了。

同时，令人惊异的是，在人类世界和在动物世界的情形大体相同：这一千变万化、永无休止的运动产生并得以持续的动力是两个原始冲动——饥饿本能和性本能；也许还要再加上一点儿厌足的影响，但除此以外，别无其他。而在人生的剧场中，这些就足以构成原始动力，驱动一台如此精密复杂的机器，上演一幕如此变化多端离奇诡谲的场景！

再仔细些观察，我们会发现无机物质呈现出化学力量之间的不断冲突，最终导致其分解；而另一方面，没有物质的不断变化就不可能有有机生命，如果得不到外界永恒的助力，有机生命也将无法存在。这是一个有限存在的王国；而与之相对的将是一个无限的存在，不受来自外界的攻击，也不需要任何外力支持；（希腊语：*haei hosautos dn*），永恒安宁的王国；（希腊语：*out egiguomenon oute apollumenon*），某种没有时间，没有变化的状态，完整而且单一；对它的否定认识构成了柏拉图哲学的主要含义。生存意志的否定就为进入这样一种状态打开了大门。

我们生活的一幕幕场景就像是粗线条的镶嵌画。在近处观看则毫无效果。你得站远些才能发现其中的美。所以，试图获得我们渴求已久的

东西最终只会发现它有多么空洞虚无；尽管我们一直生活在对更美好事物的企盼之中，我们同时也常常感到痛悔，渴望逝去的一切能够重来。我们把当下看作是只要它一刻不停就要忍受的东西，仅仅是追求目标的必由之路。因而，大多数人当生命走到尽头时回首过往，就会发现从始至终他们一直都是在暂时地活着：他们会惊讶地发现，他们不屑一顾，未加享受就令其溜走的恰恰是他们毕其一生期许、盼望的生活。有多少人能说直到他颤抖着双腿步入死神的怀抱时，都从未被希望愚弄过呢！

另一方面，人是多么贪得无厌的造物啊！他获得的每一次满足都为某种新的欲望埋下种子，因而，每个个体意志的欲求都没有尽头。那么，这是为什么呢？真正的原因仅仅在于，就其自身而言，意志是万世之主：一切从属于它，因而，没有单独哪一样事物能令其满足，除了全部，无穷无尽的全部。基于上述全部理由，想到这一点我们一定会心生同情：意志，这个世界之主，当它以个体形式呈现时，其真正所得是多么微少；通常仅够维持肉身完整。人之如此悲惨正在于此。

活着本身主要表现为一项任务——我所指的是生存的任务，即*gagner sa vie*。谋生的问题解决了，人生就已经是个重负了，而后又来了一个新任务，就是如何处理已经争取到的东西——如何避开厌足，厌足就像是一只食肉猛禽，在我们的头顶盘旋，一看到不受需求困扰的生命时，就随时准备俯冲下来。第一项任务是为了赢得目标；而第二项则是为了消除目标到手的感觉；如果不能消除这种感觉，它也成了一个重担。

人类的生命肯定是某种错误。此中道理不言而喻，只需我们牢记人是需要与必需之物的合体，欲壑难填；即便这些需求得以满足，他的全部所得也只是无痛的状态，在这种状态下，他一无所有，剩下的只有被弃之于厌足的感觉。这是存在本身并无真正价值的直接证据，因为，如果这种对生活空虚的感觉不是厌足，还有什么是呢？如果生活——对其渴望构成了我们存在的核心本质——真的拥有积极的内在价值，那么根本就不会有厌足这样的情绪了：仅仅存在本身就会满足我们，而我们也将一无所求。但实际情形是，我们除了奋力求索以外别无生存乐趣；我们似乎满足于自己的目标，不过是因为其遥不可及，要克服重重困难才能实现——这只不过是个幻象罢了，一旦目标实现，这种幻象就会烟消云散；当我们专心从事某种纯粹智力活动时，也就是说，在现实中，当我们抽身出来，就像一场戏剧的观众那样，从外面审视生活的时候，情

形就会有所不同。甚至性快感本身也毫无意义，只不过是挣扎与渴求，目标一旦达到，快感即随之消失了。每当我们不是专注于上述情形之一，而是被抛到存在本身时，其本质上的空洞虚无与毫无价值就会清晰地呈现在我们面前；这就是我们所说的厌足。渴求奇特怪异的事物是人类本性中与生俱来、根深蒂固的倾向，它表明我们是多么喜欢看到无聊透顶的事物的自然进程遭到打断。

这一生存意志的最佳表现形式，即人类有机体，无论其机体运作如何机巧复杂，都定将归于尘土，其自身及其一切努力都定将归于乌有——总是言出必行的大自然，就是以这种不加矫饰的方式宣布：这一意志的整个斗争过程，就其本质而言是毫无意义、毫无收获的。如果其自身还有那么一点点价值，无条件的、绝对的价值，人类的生命就不可能这样仅以虚无告终。

如果我们不再从全局审视世事，特别是人类匆匆一现的存在假象及其快速的世代更迭；如果我们不再如此，而是转而观察人生细节，比方说，就像是观察一幕喜剧中展现的细节，那么人生看上去将是多么荒诞滑稽！它就像是显微镜下一滴布满纤毛虫的水珠，或者是一小块奶酪，上面爬满了肉眼看不见的螨虫。看到它们在这样狭小的空间里，这样辛勤地奔忙、互相争斗，我们会怎样开怀大笑！而无论是在显微镜下还是在人类短暂的一生中，这样极端的行为都会制造出一种喜剧效果。

唯有在显微镜下，我们的生活才会看起来如此巨大。生活只是一个极微小的点，只是被宏大的时空之镜拖长放大了而已。

ON SUICIDE

As far as I know, none but the votaries of monotheistic, that is to say, Jewish religions, look upon suicide as a crime. This is all the more striking, inasmuch as neither in the Old nor in the New Testament is there to be found any prohibition or positive disapproval of it; so that religious teachers are forced to base their condemnation of suicide on philosophical grounds of their own invention. These are so very bad that writers of this kind endeavor to make up for the weakness of their arguments by the strong terms in which they express their abhorrence of the practice; in other words, they declaim against it. They tell us that suicide is the greatest piece of cowardice; that only a madman could be guilty of it; and other insipidities of the same kind; or else they make the nonsensical remark that suicide *is wrong*; when it is quite obvious that there is nothing in the world to which every mail has a more unassailable title than to his own life and person.

Suicide, as I have said, is actually accounted a crime; and a crime which, especially under the vulgar bigotry that prevails in England, is followed by an ignominious burial and the seizure of the man's property; and for that reason, in a case of suicide, the jury almost always brings in a verdict of insanity. Now let the reader's own moral feelings decide as to whether or not suicide is a criminal act. Think of the impression that would be made upon you by the news that someone you know had committed the crime, say, of murder or theft, or been guilty of some act of cruelty or deception; and compare it with your feelings when you hear that he has met a voluntary death. While in the one case a lively sense of indignation and extreme resentment will be aroused, and you will call loudly for punishment or revenge, in the other you will be moved to grief and sympathy; and mingled with your thoughts will be admiration for his courage, rather than the moral disapproval which follows upon a wicked action. Who has not had acquaintances, friends, relations, who of their own free

will have left this world; and are these to be thought of with horror as criminals? Most emphatically, No! I am rather of opinion that the clergy should be challenged to explain what right they have to go into the pulpit, or take up their pens, and stamp as a crime an action which many men whom we hold in affection and honor have committed; and to refuse an honorable burial to those who relinquish this world voluntarily. They have no Biblical authority to boast of, as justifying their condemnation of suicide; nay, not even any philosophical arguments that will hold water; and it must be understood that it is arguments we want, and that we will not be put off with mere phrases or words of abuse. If the criminal law forbids suicide, that is not an argument valid in the Church; and besides, the prohibition is ridiculous; for what penalty can frighten a man who is not afraid of death itself? If the law punishes people for trying to commit suicide, it is punishing the want of skill that makes the attempt a failure.

The ancients, moreover, were very far from regarding the matter in that light. Pliny[1] says: "Life is not so desirable a thing as to be protracted at any cost. Whoever you are, you are sure to die, even though your life has been full of abomination and crime. The chief of all remedies for a troubled mind is the feeling that among the blessings which Nature gives to man, there is none greater than an opportune death; and the best of it is that everyone can avail himself of it". (*Hist. Nat. Lib.* xxviii., 1.) And elsewhere the same writer declares: "Not even to God are all things possible; for he could not compass his own death, if he willed to die, and yet in all the miseries of our earthly life, this is the best of his gifts to man". (Loc. cit. Lib. ii. c. 7.) Nay, in Massilia[2] and on the isle of Ceos[3], the man who could give valid reasons for relinquishing his life, was handed the cup of hemlock by the magistrate; and that, too, in public. (Valerius Maximus; *hist. Lib*. ii., c. 6, § 7 et 8. Heraclides Ponticus; *fragmenta de rebus publicis*, ix. Aeliani; *variae historiae*, iii., 37. Strabo; Lib. x., c. 5, 6.) And in ancient times, how many heroes and wise men died a

voluntary death. Aristotle, (*Eth. Nichom.*, v. 15.) it is true, declared suicide to be an offence against the State, although not against the person; but in Stobaeus exposition of the Peripatetic[4]philosophy there is the following remark: "The good man should flee life when his misfortunes become too great; the bad man, also, when he is too prosperous." *And similarly:* "So he will marry and beget children and take part in the affairs of the State, and, generally, practice virtue and continue to live; and then, again, if need be, and at any time necessity compels him, he will depart to his place of refuge in the tomb." (Stobaeus. *Ecl. Eth.*. ii., c. 7, pp. 286, 312) And we find that the Stoics actually praised suicide as a noble and heroic action, as hundreds of passages show; above all in the works of Seneca[5], who expresses the strongest approval of it. As is well known, the Hindoos look upon suicide as a religious act, especially when it takes the form of self-immolation by widows; but also when it consists in casting oneself under the wheels of the chariot of the god at Juggernaut[6], or being eaten by crocodiles in the Ganges, or being drowned in the holy tanks in the temples, and so on. The same thing occurs on the stage—that mirror of life. For example, in *L' Orphelin de la Chine* (Traduit par St. Julien, 1834.) a celebrated Chinese play, almost all the noble characters end by suicide; without the slightest hint anywhere, or any impression being produced on the spectator, that they are committing a crime. And in our own theatre it is much the same—Palmira, for instance, in Mahomet, or Mortimer in *Maria Stuart*, Othello, Countess Terzky.[iii] Is Hamlet's monologue the meditation of a criminal? He merely declares that if we had any certainty of being annihilated by it, death would be infinitely preferable to the world as it is. But there lies the rub!

The reasons advanced against suicide by the clergy of monotheistic, that is to say, Jewish religions, and by those philosophers who adapt themselves thereto, are weak sophisms which can easily be refuted. (See my treatise on the Foundation of Morals, § 5.) The most thorough-going refutation of them is given by Hume[7] in his *Essay on*

Suicide. This did not appeal until after his death, when it was immediately suppressed, owing to the scandalous bigotry and outrageous ecclesiastical tyranny that prevailed in England; and hence only a very few copies of it were sold under cover of secrecy and at a high price. This and another treatise by that great man have come to us from Basle[8], and we may be thankful for the reprint. (*Essays on Suicide and the Immortality of the Soul*, by the late David Hume, Basle, 1799, sold by James Decker.) It is a great disgrace to the English nation that a purely philosophical treatise, which, proceeding from one of the first thinkers and writers in England, aimed at refuting the current arguments against suicide by the light of cold reason, should be forced to sneak about in that country, as though it were some rascally production, until at last it found refuge on the Continent. At the same time it shows what a good conscience the Church has in such matters.

In my chief work I have explained the only valid reason existing against suicide on the score of mortality. It is this: that suicide thwarts the attainment of the highest moral aim by the fact that, for a real release from this world of misery, it substitutes one that is merely apparent. But from a *mistake* to *a crime* is a far cry; and it is as a crime that the clergy of Christendom wish us to regard suicide.

The inmost kernel of Christianity is the truth that suffering—the Cross—is the real end and object of life. Hence Christianity condemns suicide as thwarting this end; whilst the ancient world, taking a lower point of view, held it in approval, nay, in honor.[iv] But if that is to be accounted a valid reason against suicide, it involves the recognition of asceticism; that is to say, it is valid only from a much higher ethical standpoint than has ever been adopted by moral philosophers in Europe. If we abandon'that high standpoint, there is no tenable reason left, on the score of morality, for condemning suicide. The extraordinary energy and zeal with which the clergy of monotheistic religions attack suicide is not supported either by any passages in the Bible or by any considerations of weight; so that it looks as though

they must have some secret reason for their contention. May it not be this—that the voluntary surrender of life is a bad compliment for him who said that all things were very good? If this is so, it offers another instance of the crass optimism of these religions,—denouncing suicide to escape being denounced by it.

It will generally be found that, as soon as the terrors of life reach the point at which they outweigh the terrors of death, a man will put an end to his life. But the terrors of death offer considerable resistance; they stand like a sentinel at the gate leading out of this world. Perhaps there is no man alive who would not have already put an end to his life, if this end had been of a purely negative character, a sudden stoppage of existence. There is something positive about it; it is the destruction of the body; and a man shrinks from that, because his body is the manifestation of the will to live.

However, the struggle with that sentinel is, as a rule, not so hard as it may seem from a long way off, mainly in consequence of the antagonism between the ills of the body and the ills of the mind. If we are in great bodily pain, or the pain lasts a long time, we become indifferent to other troubles; all we think about is to get well. In the same way great mental suffering makes us insensible to bodily pain; we despise it; nay, if it should outweigh the other, it distracts our thoughts, and we welcome it as a pause in mental suffering. It is this feeling that makes suicide easy; for the bodily pain that accompanies it loses all significance in the eyes of one who is tortured by an excess of mental suffering. This is especially evident in the case of those who are driven to suicide by some purely morbid and exaggerated ill-humor. No special effort to overcome their feelings is necessary, nor do such people require to be worked up in order to take the step; but as soon as the keeper into whose charge they are given leaves them for a couple of minutes, they quickly bring their life to an end.

When, in some dreadful and ghastly dream, we reach the moment of greatest horror, it awakes us; thereby banishing all the hideous shapes that were born of the night. And life is a dream: when the moment of

greatest horror compels us to break it off, the same thing happens.

Suicide may also be regarded as an experiment—a question which man puts to Nature, trying to force her to an answer. The question is this: What change will death produce in a man's existence and in his insight into the nature of things? It is a clumsy experiment to make; for it involves the destruction of the very consciousness which puts the question and awaits the answer.

Notes

1 普林尼（Pliny，23—79），罗马作家、博物学家、百科全书编纂者。

2 马西利亚（Massilia），法国城市马赛的旧称。

3 喀俄斯岛（the isle of Ceos），希腊神话地名。

4 逍遥学派（the Peripatetic），古希腊亚里士多德学派弟子。

5 塞内加（Seneca，公元前4—65），古罗马哲学家、政治家和剧作家。

6 世界主宰（Juggernaut），印度教主神之一毗湿奴的化身。

7 休谟（Hume，1711—1776），英国哲学家、经济学家、历史学家，不可知论的代表人物。

8 巴塞尔（Basel），瑞士西北部城市，在莱茵河畔。

论自杀

据我所知，除了迷信一神教者，即犹太宗教信徒外，没有人把自杀看作是一种罪行。尤为令人惊异的是，无论是在《旧约》，还是在《新约》中，都找不到任何针对这一行为的禁止性，或者是直接的否定性言论；因此宗教教师们只得把定自杀有罪的理由建立在他们自己杜撰的哲学基础之上。这些所谓的哲学基础太脆弱了，所以执笔这类东西的写手们要以强烈的言辞表达他们对自杀行为的厌恶，以弥补论证的不足；换句话说，他们强烈抨击自杀行为。他们告诉我们自杀是最为怯懦的行径；只有疯子才会犯此罪行；凡此种种陈词滥调；除了这些，他们还毫无理性地说自杀是错误的；然而，显而易见，这个世界上的每个人都无可非议地拥有处置自己生命和肉体的权力。

自杀，如我上述所言，实际上已经被当作当作一种罪行；一个人犯了自杀之罪后，会遭到不体面地埋葬，个人财产也会遭到没收，在平民百姓普遍盲从的英格兰尤为如此；正因如此，在审理自杀案时，陪审团几乎无一例外会判定自杀者精神错乱。那么，现在请读者以自己的道德情感来判断自杀是否为犯罪行为吧。假设你听说一个熟人犯了罪，比方说，犯了杀人罪或者盗窃罪，或者有施暴或诈骗行为，想想你听到这个消息时会有什么感觉，再把它和你听到他自杀了时的感觉比较一下。前者将激起你强烈的愤慨和极度的反感，你会高声呼吁对其进行惩罚或者报复，然而，对于后者，你会满怀悲伤与同情，还会在思想中掺杂着对他勇气的钦佩，而不是把它当作一种罪恶行径来进行道德谴责。谁没有相识、朋友、亲戚自愿离世的？难道这些人都要被看作是可怕的罪犯吗？绝对不！我倒是认为应该要求神职人员解释一下，他们有什么权利走上讲坛，或者拿起他们的笔，认定很多深受我们热爱和尊敬的人做下的事情为一种犯罪，并且拒绝体面地安葬那些自愿放弃人世的人们。他们无法从《圣经》中找到可靠的依据来证明他们有理由谴责自杀。不，他们甚至连站得住脚的哲学依据都没有。一定要让他们明白，我们想要的是证据，光是些咒骂的词语是糊弄不了我们的。即便刑法禁止自杀，这个论点在宗教上也是得不到支持的。况且，这种禁止本身就很荒唐。有什么样的刑罚能吓倒一个连死都不怕的人呢？即便法律惩罚企图自杀的人，它惩罚的也是那些因为缺乏技巧而自杀失败的人。

再者，古人对此有截然不同的看法。普林尼说：“人生并不趁人心意，实在不值得不惜一切代价将其延长。无论你是谁，即便你的生活充满了恶行和罪行，你也必将死去。对一颗痛苦的心灵而言，最主要的医治方法就是令其感觉到在大自然赋予人类的福祉中最大者莫过于适时地死去；而其最大的优点莫过于它可以为每个人所用。”（《博物志》第28卷第1章——作者注）在另一处，普林尼又宣称：“就连上帝也不能事事尽能掌握；因为要是他想死，他就无法办到，而尽管我们的尘世生活充满苦痛，死亡却是上帝赐予人类的最好礼物。”（引自同书第2卷第7章）不，在马西利亚和喀俄斯岛上，一个人只要能给出放弃生命的合理理由，地方法官就会递给他一杯毒芹汁，而且还是当众递给他。（瓦勒里乌斯·马克西穆斯，《历史》第2卷，第6章，第7及第8节；赫拉克利德斯·蓬杜斯，《国家事务断章》，ix；伊良，《各种历史》，iii.,37；斯特拉博，第10卷，第5,6章——作者注）在古时候，有多少英雄豪杰、智者哲人都是自杀身亡的。亚里士多德，确实曾宣称自杀是对国家的犯罪，尽管并非针对个人的（《尼各马科伦理学》，第五卷，第15章——作者注）；但是斯托拜乌在对逍遥学派哲学的阐述中有这样的言论：“好人在难堪厄运重负时就该了此一生；坏蛋在太过一帆风顺时也应如此。”类似的言论还有：“于是他将娶妻生子，参与国家事务，并且一般都应该做好事并活下去；另一方面，倘若有必要且贫困交加时，他就会离开人世在坟墓中找到避难之所。”（斯托拜乌，《伦理学摘录》，第二卷，第7章，286,312页——作者注）而我们发现斯多葛学派实际上嘉许自杀为一种高贵而英勇的行为，正如在几百段文献中展示的那样；尤其是塞内加塞内加在其著作中对此极为赞同。众所周知，印度教徒将自杀视为一种宗教行为，特别是当寡妇以自杀的形式殉葬时；此外还包括投身于世界主宰的巨车轮下，或为恒河里的鳄鱼所吞食，或者溺于神殿的圣水池中，凡此等等。同样的事情也在舞台上演绎着——而舞台是人生的镜子。例如，在一出著名的中国戏剧《赵氏孤儿》中（由圣·朱利安翻译，1834——作者注），几乎所有高贵的人物都以自杀告终，但在全剧中没有一处暗示，观众也没有产生一丝印象觉得他们是在犯罪。而在我们的戏剧舞台上大致也是如此——例如，《穆罕默德》中的帕尔米拉，或者《玛丽·斯图亚特》中的摩提墨尔、奥赛罗、德尔茨克伯爵夫人[iii]。哈姆雷特的独白难道是一个罪犯的默想吗？他只是在宣布，倘使我们能够确信死亡将使我们彻底毁灭，那么死亡将远胜这现实世界。然而，问

题难就难在这里！

一神教，即犹太宗教的神职人员，还有那些随声附和的哲学家们对自杀提出的反对理由都是些站不住脚的诡辩，不堪一击。（见我的论文《论道德的基础》，第5节——作者注）休谟在他的《论自杀》中对这些理由予以了淋漓尽致的驳斥。当时在英格兰盛行的盲信之风令人震惊，基督教会的专制统治令人发指，所以这篇文章一经发表立刻遭到查禁，直到他死后，它方才引起人们的兴趣；因而只有少量抄本秘密出售而且价格昂贵。这位伟大人物的这篇和另一篇论文辗转通过巴塞尔传到了我们这里，而我们也要感谢它们得到了重印。（已故的大卫·休谟所著《论自杀》与《论灵魂不朽》于1799年在巴塞尔出版，由詹姆斯·德克尔出售——作者注）这是英吉利民族的巨大耻辱：一篇出自一名英国一流思想家和作家们之手的旨在冷静理智地驳斥那些攻击自杀的流行论调的纯哲学论文，，居然像一篇下流作品似的，被迫在那片土地上东躲西藏，直到最后才在欧洲大陆找到安身之所。同时，这也表明了基督教会在处理此类问题时，一点也没有良心不安。

在我的主要著作中，我曾解释说现存唯一令人信服的反对自杀的理由立足于道德这一点上。这个理由如下：自杀妨碍了最高伦理目标的实现。自然死亡是对这个痛苦人世的真正解脱，而自杀行为却用一个似是而非的行为取而代之。然而，“错误”毕竟远非“犯罪”；而基督教神职人员却希望我们将自杀视为一种犯罪。

基督教最内在的要义在于：遭受苦难——十字架——是人生的真正的终点与目标。所以，基督教谴责自杀是因为它阻碍了这一目标的实现；在古代，人们由于视野较低，赞同这一观点，不，甚至是向它致敬。[iv]但是，如果这算站得住脚的反对自杀的理由，那么这就意味着要承认禁欲主义；换而言之，它的合理性仅仅建立在一个比欧洲伦理哲学家们所采取的更高的伦理立场上。如果我们在谴责自杀时，放弃那个更高的立场，那么在道德上也就失去了站得住脚的理由。一神教的神职人员不遗余力、异常狂热地攻击自杀行为，但是这既得不到《圣经》上任何章节的支持，也无任何有分量的思想作为支柱；因此，他们争辩的背后看似一定有某种隐秘的原因。会不会是这样——自愿放弃生命者是对声言万物皆善之人的嘲弄。倘若如此，这就提供了另一个例证证明一神教的乐观主义愚不可及——谴责自杀以逃避因自杀而被谴责。

人们通常会发现，一旦一个人对生的恐惧超过了对死亡的恐惧时，

他就会结束自己的生命。但是，对死亡的恐惧会产生相当大的阻力；这些阻力就像是站在这个世界出口的哨兵。若这一终点的特征果真是纯粹消极的，是存在的陡然终结，那么也许目前活着的人都已经结束生命了。死亡有其积极的一面；它是对肉体的毁灭；而一个人不愿意这样，是因为其肉体是生命意志的体现。

不管怎样，与这个哨兵的搏斗主要是由肉体的不幸与精神的不幸之间的对抗所导致的，它通常并不像从远处看上去那样困难。如果我们的身体承受了巨大的痛苦，或者这痛苦持续了很长时间，我们就会忽略其他方面的忧苦；而是把全部心思都放在身体康复上。同样，巨大的精神痛苦使我们对身体痛苦不再敏感；我们藐视它；不，如果它超越了精神痛苦，就会分散我们的注意力，而我们因其能暂时停止精神创痛而欢迎它。就是这种感觉令自杀不再痛苦；因为在一个备受精神创痛折磨的人看来，死亡带来的身体痛苦完全不重要。在那些受某种纯粹病态而夸张的恶劣心情驱使而自杀的人那里，这一点尤为明显。对于这些人，我们既不需要特别费力地去控制他们的情绪，而要想让他们走这一步也不需要去刺激他们；只要负责看守他们的人离开两三分钟，他们就会快速结束自己的生命。

在痛苦可怖的梦魇里，当我们达到最恐怖的一刻时，我们就会被惊醒；从而驱散了所有暗夜生出的可怕形象。而人生就是一场梦：当最为恐怖的瞬间迫使我们将其中断时，同样的事情也将发生。

自杀也可以被看作是一场实验——一个人类向大自然提出的问题，试图强使其给出一个答案。这个问题就是：死亡将对人类的存在以及人类对事物本质的领悟产生怎样的改变？这个实验设计欠佳，因为要想做成这个实验，就要毁灭那个提出问题并等待答案的意识。

IMMORTALITY[v]: A DIALOGUE

THRASYMACHOS[1] —PHILALETHES.

Thrasymachos. Tell me now, in one word, what shall I be after my death? And mind you be clear and precise.

Philalethes. All and nothing!

Thrasymachos. I thought so! I gave you a problem, and you solve it by a contradiction. That's a very stale trick.

Philalethes. Yes, but you raise transcendental questions, and you expect me to answer them in language that is only made for immanent[2] knowledge. It's no wonder that a contradiction ensues.

Thrasymachos. What do you mean by transcendental questions and immanent knowledge? I've heard these expressions before, of course; they are not new to me. The Professor was fond of using them, but only as predicates[3] of the Deity, and he never talked of anything else; which was all quite right and proper. He argued thus: if the Deity was in the world itself, he was immanent; if he was somewhere outside it, he was transcendent[4]. Nothing could be clearer and more obvious! You knew where you were. But this Kantian rigmarole won t do any more: it's antiquated and no longer applicable to modern ideas. Why, we've had a whole row of eminent men in the metropolis of German learning—

Philalethes. (Aside.) German humbug, he means.

Thrasymachos. The mighty Schleiermacher[5], for instance, and that gigantic intellect, Hegel[6]; and at this time of day we've abandoned that nonsense. I should rather say we're so far beyond it that we can't put up with it any more. What's the use of it then? What does it all mean?

Philalethes. Transcendental knowledge is knowledge which passes beyond the bounds of possible experience, and strives to determine the nature of things as they are in themselves. Immanent knowledge, on the other hand, is knowledge which confines itself entirely with

those bounds; so that it cannot apply to anything but actual phenomena. As far as you are an individual, death will be the end of you. But your individuality is not your true and inmost being: it is only the outward manifestation of it. It is not the thing-in-itself, but only the phenomenon presented in the form of time; and therefore with a beginning and an end. But your real being knows neither time, nor beginning, nor end, nor yet the limits of any given individual. It is everywhere present in every individual; and no individual can exist apart from it. So when death comes, on the one hand you are annihilated as an individual; on the other, you are and remain everything. That is what I meant when I said that after your death you would be all and nothing. It is difficult to find a more precise answer to your question and at the same time be brief. The answer is contradictory, I admit; but it is so simply because your life is in time, and the immortal part of you in eternity. You may put the matter thus: Your immortal part is something that does not last in time and yet is indestructible; but there you have another contradiction! You see what happens by trying to bring the transcendental within the limits of immanent knowledge. It is in some sort doing violence to the latter by misusing it for ends it was never meant to serve.

Thrasymachos. Look here, I shan't give twopence for your immortality unless I m to remain an individual.

Philalethes. Well, perhaps I may be able to satisfy you on this point. Suppose I guarantee that after death you shall remain an individual, but only on condition that you first spend three months of complete unconsciousness.

Thrasymachos. I shall have no objection to that.

Philalethes. But remember, if people are completely unconscious, they take no account of time. So, when you are dead, it's all the same to you whether three months pass in the world of consciousness, or ten thousand years. In the one case as in the other, it is simply a matter of believing what is told you when you awake. So far, then, you can afford to be indifferent whether it is three months or ten thousand

years that pass before you'recover your individuality.

Thrasymachos. Yes, if it comes to that, I suppose you're right.

Philalethes. And if by chance, after those ten thousand years have gone by, no one ever thinks of awakening you, I fancy it would be no great misfortune. You would have become quite accustomed to non-existence after so long a spell of it—following upon such a very few years of life. At any rate you may be sure you would be perfectly ignorant of the whole thing. Further, if you knew that the mysterious power which keeps you in your present state of life had never once ceased in those ten thousand years to bring forth other phenomena like yourself, and to endow them with life, it would fully console you.

Thrasymachos. Indeed! So you think you're quietly going to do me out of my individuality with all this fine talk. But I m up to your tricks. I tell you I won t exist unless I can have my individuality. I m not going to be put off with mysterious powers, and what you call phenomena. I can't do without my individuality, and I won t give it up.

Philalethes. You mean, I suppose, that your individuality is such a delightful thing, so splendid, so perfect, and beyond compare—that you can't imagine anything better. Aren't you ready to exchange your present state for one which, if we can judge by what is told us, may possibly be superior and more endurable?

Thrasymachos. Don't you see that my individuality, be it what it may, is my very self? To me it is the most important thing in the world.

For God is God and I am I.

I want to exist, I, I. That's the main thing. I don't care about an existence which has to be proved to be mine, before I can believe it.

Philalethes. Think what you're doing! When you say I, I, I want to exist, it is not you alone that says this. Everything says it, absolutely everything that has the faintest trace of consciousness. It follows, then, that this desire of yours is just the part of you that is *not individual*—the part that is common to all things without distinction. It is the cry, not of the individual, but of existence itself; it is the intrinsic element in everything that exists, nay, it is the cause of anything existing at all.

This desire craves for, and so is satisfied with, nothing less than existence in general—not any definite individual existence. No! that is not its aim. It seems to be so only because this desire—this *Will*—attains consciousness only in the individual, and therefore looks as though it were concerned with nothing but the individual. There lies the illusion—an illusion, it is true, in which the individual is held fast: but, if he reflects, he can break the fetters and set himself free. It is only indirectly, I say, that the individual has this violent craving for existence. It is *the Will to Live* which is the real and direct aspirant—alike and identical in all things. Since, then, existence is the free work, nay, the mere reflection of the will, where existence is, there, too, must be will; and for the moment the will finds its satisfaction in existence itself; so far, I mean, as that which never rests, but presses forward eternally, can ever find any satisfaction at all. The will is careless of the individual: the individual is not its business; although, as I have said, this seems to be the case, because the individual has no direct consciousness of will except in himself. The effect of this is to make the individual careful to maintain his own existence; and if this were not so, there would be no surety for the preservation of the species. From all this it is clear that individuality is not a form of perfection, but rather of limitation; and so to be freed from it is not loss but gain. Trouble yourself no more about the matter. Once thoroughly recognize what you are, what your existence really is, namely, the universal will to live, and the whole question will seem to you childish, and most ridiculous!

Thrasymachos. You're childish yourself and most ridiculous, like all philosophers! and if a man of my age lets himself in for a quarter-of-an-hour's talk with such fools, it is only because it amuses me and passes the time. I've more important business to attend to, so Good-bye.

Notes

1 特拉西马库斯（Thrasymachos，约公元前459—前400），古希腊著名修辞学家、柏拉

图《理想国》的主人公之一。

2　内在（immanent），源 自拉丁文immanens，意为“在内部的”，其现代含义出自康德，为“超验”的对称，表示某物存在于它自身之中。

3　谓项（predicates），简单判断中表示事物的性质或事物之间的关系的概念。

4　超验（transcendent），西方哲学史用语。指超越于经验，为经验所不能达到，存在于认识之外而与认识无关的。

5　施莱尔马赫（Schleiermacher，1768—1834），德国哲学家、基督教新教神学家。

6　黑格尔（Hegel，1770—1831），德国古典唯心主义哲学家，在客观唯心主义基础上提出系统的辩证法理论，其哲学成为马克思主义哲学的理论来源之一，主要著作有《哲学全书》、《逻辑学》等。

不朽v：一则对话

特拉西马库斯——腓拉礼提

特拉西马库斯：现在请用一个词告诉我，我在死后将会怎样？请注意，用词要清晰、准确。

腓拉礼提：全生全灭！

特拉西马库斯：我就知道你会这样！我给你提了一个问题，你就用一个自相矛盾的说法来应付。这套把戏都老掉牙啦。

腓拉礼提：是的，但是你提出了超验的问题，却期望我以只适合描述内在知识的语言来回答它们。那就难怪会自相矛盾了。

特拉西马库斯：你说的超验问题和内在知识指的是什么？当然，我以前听说过这些提法，我对它们并不陌生。教授喜欢使用这些术语，但仅用来作为上帝的谓项，除此之外他从未提及；这是完全正确而恰当的。他是这样论证的：如果上帝自身存在于世界之中，那么他就是内在的；如果上帝存在于世界之外，那么他就是超验的。没有比这更清楚、更明显的了！你听明白了吧。但是康德的这番长篇废话再也骗不了人了：它已过时，再也无法适用于现代观念。你看，在德国学术的中心早已是群英荟萃了——

腓拉礼提：（旁白）他指的是德国骗子。

特拉西马库斯：举个例子吧，伟大的施莱尔马赫，还有睿智的黑格尔；在今天这个时代，我们已不再说那些废话了。我要说的是这些废话已被我们远远地抛在身后，我们再也无法忍受它们了。那么，这些废话还有什么用处？它们还有什么意义？

腓拉礼提：超验知识超越了可能的经验范围，并竭力界定事物自身的性质。而另一方面，内在知识则完全受限于可能的经验范围；所以，它仅能应用于实际现象。你作为一个个体而言，死亡就是你的终点。但是，你的个体性却不是你真实而核心的存在：它只是其外在表现。它并非自在之物，而仅为以时间形式体现的现象；因而有始有终。但是，你的真实存在既不知道时间，也不知道开始与终结，更不知道任何一个个体的局限性。它存在于每一个个体中，且无处不在；没有一个个体能脱离它而存在。所以，当死亡来临时，一方面，你作为个体散灭了；而另一方面，你仍存在于万事万物之中。这就是我所说的在你死后你将全生

全灭的意思。很难为你的问题找到一个比之更准确同时又简洁的答案了。我承认这个答案的确自相矛盾；但这仅仅是因为你的生命存在于时间之中，而你不朽的那部分却存在于永恒之中。你也可以这样解释这件事情：你不朽的那部分在时间上易逝却永生不灭；但这样一来你就陷入了一个新的矛盾！你看看，妄图将超验知识置于内在知识的限制之内造成了多大麻烦。滥用内在知识，以期达到它不该达到的目的，这可以说是对它的歪曲。

特拉西马库斯：注意，我一点儿也不在乎你的不朽论，除非我死后仍为一个个体。

腓拉礼提：哦，在这一点上，我也许会满足你。假设我保证你在死后仍为一个个体，不过得有一个条件，你首先要有三个月完全失去意识。

特拉西马库斯：我不反对。

腓拉礼提：但是，你要知道，倘若人们完全失去意识，就不再考虑时间的问题了。所以，当你死了，意识世界里过去了三个月还是一万年，对你来说是一回事。这两种情形是相同的，只要你醒来时相信别人告诉你的话就可以了。那么，到目前为止，你就可以对在你恢复个体性之前过去了三个月还是一万年忽略不计了。

特拉西马库斯：是的，若果真如此，我想你是对的。

腓拉礼提：如果恰巧那一万年过去了，没人还记得要唤醒你，我猜那也没什么大不了的。继短暂的生命之后，经历了这么长一段时间的非存在状态，你一定已经相当习惯了。不管怎样，你肯定对这一切毫不知情。此外，如果你知道使你处于目前生命状态的那种神秘力量，在那一万年间从未停止产生和你一样的其他现象，并赋予其生命，你就会完全释然了。

特拉西马库斯：哦！你居然以为说这些漂亮话就能毫不费力地令我放弃我的个体性。可是，我不吃你这一套。我告诉你，要是我不能拥有我自己的个体性，我就不存在了。什么神秘的力量，还有你所谓的现象是骗不到我的。我不能没有我的个体性，我是不会放弃它的。

腓拉礼提：我猜你是说，你的个体性是一个如此可人的东西，光辉灿烂、完美无缺、无与伦比——你都想不出还有什么比它更好的了。如果我们可以根据别人的描述进行判断，你不愿意用一个可能更好、更持久的状态来取代你目前的状态吗？

特拉西马库斯：难道你不清楚，我的个体性，无论怎样，都是我自己本身吗？对我而言，它是这个世界上最重要的。

因为上帝是上帝而我是我。

我要存在，我，我。这才是首要的。在我相信你说的那个存在之前，我可不在乎它，因为它是不是我的还有待证明呢。

腓拉礼提：想想你都在做些什么吧！当你说我，我，我要存在时，不止你一个人在说这句话。一切事物都在说这句话，哪怕是只有一丝意识迹象的万事万物。那么，由此可见，你的这一欲望只是你非个体的一部分——因为这一部分为万物所共有，毫无区别。它不是个体的呼声，而是存在本身的呼声；它是存在着的万物的内在元素，不，它是万物存在的原因。这一欲望只针对整体，因而也只满足于作为整体的存在——并非任何确切的个体存在。不！这不是它的目标。它如此似乎仅仅是因为这一欲求——这一“意志”——只能以个体形式获得意识，因此，它才看起来除了个体之外，其他概不关心。这儿有一个幻象——的确，这是一个个体深陷其中的幻象：但是，他如果详加思索，就可以打破枷锁，解放自我。我认为，个体仅仅是间接地具有如此强烈的存在欲望。只有“生命意志”才是真正而直接的欲求者——万事万物皆为如此。那么，因为存在为意志的随意之作，不，纯粹为意志的反映，所以哪里有存在哪里也一定会有意志；而即便意志在存在本身中得到满足的那一刻——我的意思是，就其永不止歇，永恒向前推进而言——也根本无满足可言。意志毫不顾及个体：个体不关它的事；尽管，如我所言，实际情形似乎如此，因为个体除了对其自身有意识，对意志并无直接意识。其结果是使个体用心维持自身存在；而若非如此，就将无法确保种族的延续。综上所述，显然个体性并非一个完美的形式，而是存在不足的；所以，摆脱它并非是失而是得。别再为此事烦恼了。一旦彻底认清你是什么，你存在的真意，即普遍的生命意志，那么整个问题对你而言，就会显得幼稚而荒谬至极了。

特拉西马库斯：你自己才幼稚且荒谬至极，就像所有的哲学家一样！要是我这个年纪的人肯花上一刻钟时间与这样的傻瓜聊天，那仅仅是因为我没事找乐、打发时间而已。我还有更重要的事情要去办，那就再见吧。

PSYCHOLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS

There is an unconscious propriety in the way in which, in all European languages, the word person is commonly used to denote a human being. The real meaning of *persona is a* mask, such as actors were accustomed to wear on the ancient stage; and it is quite true that no one shows himself as he is, but wears his mask and plays his part. Indeed, the whole of our social arrangements may be likened to a perpetual comedy; and this is why a man who is worth anything finds society so insipid, while a blockhead is quite at home in it.

Reason deserves to be called a prophet; for in showing us the consequence and effect of our actions in the present, does it not tell us what the future will be? This is precisely why reason is such an excellent power of restraint in moments when we are possessed by some base passion, some fit of anger, some covetous desire, that will lead us to do things whereof we must presently repent.

Hatred comes from the heart; contempt from the head; and neither feeling is quite within our control. For we cannot alter our heart; its basis is determined by motives; and our head deals with objective facts, and applies to them rules which are immutable. Any given individual is the union of a particular heart with a particular head.

Hatred and contempt are diametrically opposed and mutually exclusive. There are even not a few cases where hatred of a person is rooted in nothing but forced esteem for his qualities. And besides, if a man sets out to hate all the miserable creatures he meets, he will not have much energy left for anything else; whereas he can despise them, one and all, with the greatest ease. True, genuine contempt is just the reverse of true, genuine pride; it keeps quite quiet and gives no sign of its existence. For if a man shows that he despises you, he signifies at least this much regard for you, that he wants to let you know how little he appreciates you; and his wish is dictated by hatred, which cannot exist with real contempt. On the contrary, if it is genuine, it is

simply the conviction that the object of it is a man of no value at all. Contempt is not incompatible with indulgent and kindly treatment, and for the sake of one's own peace and safety, this should not be omitted; it will prevent irritation; and there is no one who cannot do harm if he is roused to it. But if this pure, cold, sincere contempt ever shows itself, it will be met with the most truculent hatred; for the despised person is not in a position to fight contempt with its own weapons.

Melancholy is a very different thing from bad humor, and of the two, it is not nearly so far removed from a gay and happy temperament. Melancholy attracts, while bad humor repels.

Hypochondria is a species of torment which not only makes us unreasonably cross with the things of the present; not only fills us with groundless anxiety on the score of future misfortunes entirely of our own manufacture; but also leads to unmerited self-reproach for what we have done in the past.

Hypochondria shows itself in a perpetual hunting after things that vex and annoy, and then brooding over them. The cause of it is an inward morbid discontent, often co-existing with a naturally restless temperament. In their extreme form, this discontent and this unrest lead to suicide.

Any incident, however trivial, that rouses disagreeable emotion, leaves an after-effect in our mind, which for the time it lasts, prevents our taking a clear objective view of the things about us, and tinges all our thoughts: just as a small object held close to the eye limits and distorts our field of vision.

What makes people hard-hearted is this, that each man has, or fancies he has, as much as he can bear in his own troubles. Hence, if a man suddenly finds himself in an unusually happy position, it will in most cases result in his being sympathetic and kind. But if he has never been in any other than a happy position, or this becomes his permanent state, the effect of it is often just the contrary: it so far removes him from suffering that he is incapable of feeling any more

sympathy with it. So it is that the poor often show themselves more ready to help than the rich.

At times it seems as though we both wanted and did not want the same thing, and felt at once glad and sorry about it. For instance, if on some fixed date we are going to be put to a decisive test about anything in which it would be a great advantage to us to come off victorious, we shall be anxious for it to take place at once, and at the same time we shall tremble at the thought of its approach. And if, in the meantime, we hear that, for once in a way, the date has been postponed, we shall experience a feeling both of pleasure and of annoyance; for the news is disappointing, but nevertheless it affords us momentary relief. It is just the same thing if we are expecting some important letter carrying a definite decision, and it fails to arrive.

In such cases there are really two different motives at work in us; the stronger but more distant of the two being the desire to stand the test and to have the decision given in our favor; and the weaker, which touches us more nearly, the wish to be left for the present in peace and quiet, and accordingly in further enjoyment of the advantage which at any rate attaches to a state of hopeful uncertainty, compared with the possibility that the issue may be unfavorable.

In my head there is a permanent opposition-party; and whenever I take any step or come to any decision though—I may have given the matter mature consideration—it afterwards attacks what I have done, without, however, being each time necessarily in the right. This is, I suppose, only a form of rectification on the part of the spirit of scrutiny; but it often reproaches me when I do not deserve it. The same thing, no doubt, happens to many others as well; for where is the man who can help thinking that, after all, it were better not to have done something that he did with great deliberation:

"Quid tam dextro pede concipis ut te
Conatus non poeniteat votique peracti?"[1]

Why is it that common is an expression of contempt? and that uncommon, extraordinary, distinguished, denote approbation? Why is

everything that is common contemptible?

Common in its original meaning denotes that which is peculiar to all men, i.e., shared equally by the whole species, and therefore an inherent part of its nature. Accordingly, if an individual possesses no qualities beyond those which attach to mankind in general, he is a common man. Ordinary is a much milder word, and refers rather to intellectual character; whereas common has more of a moral application.

What value can a creature have that is not a whit different from millions of its kind? Millions, do I say? nay, an infiniture of creatures which, century after century, in never-ending flow, Nature sends bubbling up from her inexhaustible springs; as generous with them as the smith with the useless sparks that fly around his anvil.

It is obviously quite right that a creature which has no qualities except those of the species, should have to confine its claim to an existence entirely within the limits of the species, and live a life conditioned by those limits.

In various passages of my works (*Grundprobleme der Ethik*, p. 48; *Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, vol. i. p. 338.), I have argued that whilst a lower animal possesses nothing more than the generic character of its species, man is the only being which can lay claim to possess an individual character. But in most men this individual character comes to very little in reality; and they may be almost all ranged under certain classes: *ce sont des espèces*. Their thoughts and desires, like their faces, are those of the species, or, at any rate, those of the class to which they belong; and accordingly, they are of a trivial, every-day, common character, and exist by the thousand. You can usually tell beforehand what they are likely to do and say. They have no special stamp or mark to distinguish them; they are like manufactured goods, all of a piece.

If, then, their nature is merged in that of the species, how shall their existence go beyond it? The curse of vulgarity puts men on a par with the lower animals, by allowing them none but a generic nature, a

generic form of existence. Anything that is high or great or noble, must then, as a mater of course, and by its very nature, stand alone in a world where no better expression can be found to denote what is base and contemptible than that which I have mentioned as in general use, namely, common.

Will, as the thing-in-itself, is the foundation of all being; it is part and parcel of every creature, and the permanent element in everything. Will, then, is that which we possess in common with all men, nay, with all animals, and even with lower forms of existence; and in so far we are akin to everything—so far, that is, as everything is filled to overflowing with will. On the other hand, that which places one being over another, and sets differences between man and man, is intellect and knowledge; therefore in every manifestation of self we should, as far as possible, give play to the intellect alone; for, as we have seen, the will is the common part of us. Every violent exhibition of will is common and vulgar; in other words, it reduces us to the level of the species, and makes us a mere type and example of it; in that it is just the character of the species that we are showing. So every fit of anger is something common—every unrestrained display of joy, or of hate, or fear in short, every form of emotion; in other words, every movement of the will, if it's so strong as decidedly to outweigh the intellectual element in consciousness, and to make the man appear as a being that wills rather than knows.

In giving way to emotion of this violent kind, the greatest genius puts himself on a level with the commonest son of earth. Contrarily, if a man desires to be absolutely uncommon, in other words, great, he should never allow his consciousness to be taken possession of and dominated by the movement of his will, however much he may be solicited thereto. For example, he must be able to observe that other people are badly disposed towards him, without feeling any hatred towards them himself; nay, there is no surer sign of a great mind than that it refuses to notice annoying and insulting expressions, but straightway ascribes them, as it ascribes countless other mistakes, to

the defective knowledge of the speaker, and so merely observes without feeling them. This is the meaning of that remark of Gracian[2], that nothing is more unworthy of a man than to let it be seen that he is one—*el mayor desdoro de un hombre es dar muestras de que es hombre*. And even in the drama, which is the peculiar province of the passions and emotions, it is easy for them to appear common and vulgar. And this is specially observable in the works of the French tragic writers, who set no other aim before themselves but the delineation of the passions; and by indulging at one moment in a vaporous kind of pathos which makes them ridiculous, at another in epigrammatic witticisms, endeavor to conceal the vulgarity of their subject. I remember seeing the celebrated Mademoiselle Rachel as Maria Stuart: and when she burst out in fury against Elizabeth—though she did it very well—I could not help thinking of a washerwoman. She played the final parting in such a way as to deprive it of all true tragic feeling, of which, indeed, the French have no notion at all. The same part was incomparably better played by the Italian Ristori; and, in fact, the Italian nature, though in many respects very different from the German, shares its appreciation for what is deep, serious, and true in Art; herein opposed to the French, which everywhere betrays that it possesses none of this feeling whatever.

The noble, in other words, the uncommon, element in the drama—nay, what is sublime in it—is not reached until the intellect is set to work, as opposed to the will; until it takes a free flight over all those passionate movements of the will, and makes them subject of its contemplation. Shakespeare, in particular, shows that this is his general method, more especially in *Hamlet*. And only when intellect rises to the point where the vanity of all effort is manifest, and the will proceeds to an act of self-annulment, is the drama tragic in the true sense of the word; it is then that it reaches its highest aim in becoming really sublime.

Every man takes the limits of his own field of vision for the limits of the world. This is an error of the intellect as inevitable as that error of

the eye which lets us fancy that on the horizon heaven and earth meet. This explains many things, and among them the fact that everyone measures us with his own standard—generally about as long as a tailor's tape, and we have to put up with it: as also that no one will allow us to be taller than himself—a supposition which is once for all taken for granted.

There is no doubt that many a man owes his good fortune in life solely to the circumstance that he has a pleasant way of smiling, and so wins the heart in his favor.

However, the heart would do better to be careful, and to remember what Hamlet put down in his tablets—"that one may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

Everything that is really fundamental in a man, and therefore genuine works, as such, unconsciously; in this respect like the power of nature. That which has passed through the domain of consciousness is thereby transformed into an idea or picture; and so if it comes to be uttered, it is only an idea or picture which passes from one person to another.

Accordingly, any quality of mind or character that is genuine and lasting, is originally unconscious; and it is only when unconsciously brought into play that it makes a profound impression. If any like quality is consciously exercised, it means that it has been worked up; it becomes intentional, and therefore matter of affectation, in other words, of deception.

If a man does a thing unconsciously, it costs him no trouble; but if he tries to do it by taking trouble, he fails. This applies to the origin of those fundamental ideas which form the pith and marrow of all genuine work. Only that which is innate is genuine and will hold water; and every man who wants to achieve something, whether in practical life, in literature, or in art, must follow the rules without knowing them.

Men of very great capacity, will as a rule, find the company of very stupid people preferable to that of the common run; for the same reason that the tyrant and the mob, the grandfather and the

grandchildren, are natural allies.

That line of Ovid's,

Pronaque cum spectent animalia cetera terram,

can be applied in its true physical sense to the lower animals alone; but in a metaphorical and spiritual sense it is, alas! true of nearly all men as well. All their plans and projects are merged in the desire of physical enjoyment, physical well-being. They may, indeed, have personal interests, often embracing a very varied sphere; but still these latter receive their importance entirely from the relation in which they stand to the former. This is not only proved by their manner of life and the things they say, but it even shows itself in the way they look, the expression of their physiognomy, their gait and gesticulations. Everything about them cries out; *in terram prona!*

It is not to them, it is only to the nobler and more highly endowed natures—men who really think and look about them in the world, and form exceptional specimens of humanity—that the next lines are applicable;

Os homini sublime dedit coelumque tueri

Jussit et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.

No one knows what capacities for doing and suffering he has in himself, until something comes to rouse them to activity: just as in a pond of still water, lying there like a mirror, there is no sign of the roar and thunder with which it can leap from the precipice, and yet remain what it is; or again, rise high in the air as a fountain. When water is as cold as ice, you can have no idea of the latent warmth contained in it.

Why is it that, in spite of all the mirrors in the world, no one really knows what he looks like?

A man may call to mind the face of his friend, but not his own. Here, then, is an initial difficulty in the way of applying the maxim, "Know thyself "[3].

This is partly, no doubt, to be explained by the fact that it is physically impossible for a man to see himself in the glass except with

face turned straight towards it and perfectly motionless; where the expression of the eye, which counts for so much, and really gives its whole character to the face, is to a great extent lost. But co-existing with this physical impossibility, there seems to me to be an ethical impossibility of an analogous nature, and producing the same effect. A man cannot look upon his own reflection as though the person presented there were a stranger to him; and yet this is necessary if he is to take *an* objective view. In the last resort, an objective view means a deep-rooted feeling on the part of the individual, as a moral being, that that which he is contemplating is not himself (Cf. *Grundprobleme der Ethik*, p. 275.); and unless he can take this point of view, he will not see things in a really true light, which is possible only if he is alive to their actual defects, exactly as they are. Instead of that, when a man sees himself in the glass, something out of his own egotistic nature whispers to him to take care to remember that it is no stranger, but himself, that he is looking at; and this operates as a *noli me tang ere*, and prevents him taking an objective view. It seems, indeed, as if, without the leaven of a grain of malice, such a view were impossible.

According as a man's mental energy is exerted or relaxed, will life appear to him either so short, and petty, and fleeting, that nothing can possibly happen over which it is worth his while to spend emotion; that nothing really matters, whether it is pleasure or riches, or even fame, and that in whatever way a man may have failed, he cannot have lost much—or, on the other hand, life will seem so long, so important, so all in all, so momentous and so full of difficulty that we have to plunge into it with our whole soul if we are to obtain a share of its goods, make sure of its prizes, and carry out our plans. This latter is the immanent and common view of life; it is what Gracian means when he speaks of the serious way of looking at things *tomar muy de veras el vivir*. The former is the transcendental view, which is well expressed in Ovid's non est tanti—it is not worth so much trouble; still better, however, by Plato's remark that nothing in human affairs is worth any great anxiety—(Greek: *oute ti ton anthropinon*

axion esti megalaes spoudaes.) This condition of mind is due to the intellect having got the upper hand in the domain of consciousness, where, freed from the mere service of the will, it looks upon the phenomena of life objectively, and so cannot fail to gain a clear insight into its vain and futile character. But in the other condition of mind, will predominates; and the intellect exists only to light it on its way to the attainment of its desires.

A man is great or small according as he leans to the one or the other of these views of life.

People of very brilliant ability think little of admitting their errors and weaknesses, or of letting others see them. They look upon them as something for which they have duly paid; and instead of fancying that these weaknesses are a disgrace to them, they consider they are doing them an honor. This is especially the case when the errors are of the kind that hang together with their qualities—*conditiones sine quibus non*—or, as George Sand[4] said, *les défauts de ses vertus*.

Contrarily, there are people of good character and irreproachable intellectual capacity, who, far from admitting the few little weaknesses they have, conceal them with care, and show themselves very sensitive to any suggestion of their existence; and this, just because their whole merit consists in being free from error and infirmity. If these people are found to have done anything wrong, their reputation immediately suffers.

With people of only moderate ability, modesty is mere honesty; but with those who possess great talent, it is hypocrisy. Hence, it is just as becoming in the latter to make no secret of the respect they bear themselves and no disguise of the fact that they are conscious of unusual power, as it is in the former to be modest. Valerius Maximus[5] gives some very neat examples of this in his chapter on self-confidence, *de fiducia sui*.

Not to go to the theatre is like making one's toilet without a mirror. But it is still worse to take a decision without consulting a friend. For a man may have the most excellent judgment in all other matters, and

yet go wrong in those which concern himself; because here the will comes in and deranges the intellect at once. Therefore let a man take counsel of a friend. A doctor can cure everyone but himself; if he falls ill, he sends for a colleague.

In all that we do, we wish, more or less, to come to the end; we are impatient to finish and glad to be done. But the last scene of all, the general end, is something that, as a rule, we wish as far off as may be.

Every parting gives a foretaste of death; every coming together again a foretaste of the resurrection. This is why even people who were indifferent to each other, rejoice so much if they come together again after twenty or thirty years' separation.

Intellects differ from one another in a very real and fundamental way: but no comparison can well be made by merely general observations. It is necessary to come close, and to go into details; for the difference that exists cannot be seen from afar; and it is not easy to judge by outward appearances, as in the several cases of education, leisure and occupation. But even judging by these alone, it must be admitted that many a man has a degree of existence at least ten times as high as another—in other words, exists ten times as much.

I am not speaking here of savages whose life is often only one degree above that of the apes in their woods. Consider, for instance, a porter in Naples or Venice (in the north of Europe solicitude for the winter months makes people more thoughtful and therefore reflective); look at the life he leads, from its beginning to its end:—driven by poverty; living on his physical strength; meeting the needs of every day, nay, of every hour, by hard work, great effort, constant tumult, want in all its forms, no care for the morrow; his only comfort rest after exhaustion; continuous quarreling; not a moment free for reflection; such sensual delights as a mild climate and only just sufficient food will permit of; and then, finally, as the metaphysical element, the crass superstition of his church; the whole forming a manner of life with only a low degree of consciousness, where a man hustles, or rather is hustled, through his existence. This restless and confused dream forms the life

of how many millions!

Such men think only just so much as is necessary to carry out their will for the moment. They never reflect upon their life as a connected whole, let alone, then, upon existence in general; to a certain extent they may be said to exist without really knowing it. The existence of the mobsman or the slave who lives on in this unthinking way, stands very much nearer than ours to that of the brute, which is confined entirely to the present moment; but, for that very reason, it has also less of pain in it than ours. Nay, since all pleasure is in its nature negative, that is to say, consists in freedom from some form of misery or need, the constant and rapid interchange between setting about something and getting it done, which is the permanent accompaniment of the work they do, and then again the augmented form which this takes when they go from work to rest and the satisfaction of their needs—all this gives them a constant source of enjoyment; and the fact that it is much commoner to see happy faces amongst the poor than amongst the rich, is a sure proof that it is used to good advantage.

Passing from this kind of man, consider, next, the sober, sensible merchant, who leads a life of speculation, thinks long over his plans and carries them out with great care, founds a house, and provides for his wife, his children and descendants; takes his share, too, in the life of a community. It is obvious that a man like this has a much higher degree of consciousness than the former, and so his existence has a higher degree of reality.

Then look at the man of learning, who investigates, it may be, the history of the past. He will have reached the point at which a man becomes conscious of existence as a whole, sees beyond the period of his own life, beyond his own personal interests, thinking over the whole course of the world's history.

Then, finally, look at the poet or the philosopher, in whom reflection has reached such a height, that, instead of being drawn on to investigate any one particular phenomenon of existence, he stands in

amazement before existence itself, this great sphinx, and makes it his problem. In him consciousness has reached the degree of clearness at which it embraces the world itself: his intellect has completely abandoned its function as the servant of his will, and now holds the world before him; and the world calls upon him much more to examine and consider it, than to play a part in it himself. If, then, the degree of consciousness is the degree of reality, such a man will be said to exist most of all, and there will be sense and significance in so describing him.

Between the two extremes here sketched, and the intervening stages, everyone will be able to find the place at which he himself stands.

We know that man is in general superior to all other animals, and this is also the case in his capacity for being trained. Mohammedans are trained to pray with their faces turned towards Mecca, five times a day; and they never fail to do it. Christians are trained to cross themselves on certain occasions, to bow, and so on. Indeed, it may be said that religion is the *chef d'oeuvre* of the art of training, because it trains people in the way they shall think: and, as is well known, you cannot begin the process too early. There is no absurdity so palpable but that it may be firmly planted in the human head if you only begin to inculcate it before the age of five, by constantly repeating it with an air of great solemnity. For as in the case of animals, so in that of men, training is successful only when you begin in early youth.

Noblemen and gentlemen are trained to hold nothing sacred but their word of honor—to maintain a zealous, rigid, and unshaken belief in the ridiculous code of chivalry; and if they are called upon to do so, to seal their belief by dying for it, and seriously to regard a king as a being of a higher order.

Again, our expressions of politeness, the compliments we make, in particular, the respectful attentions we pay to ladies, are a matter of training; as also our esteem for good birth, rank, titles, and so on. Of the same character is the resentment we feel at any insult directed against us; and the measure of this resentment may be exactly

determined by the nature of the insult. An Englishman, for instance, thinks it a deadly insult to be told that he is no gentleman, or, still worse, that he is a liar; a Frenchman has the same feeling if you call him a coward, and a German if you say he is stupid.

There are many persons who are trained to be strictly honorable in regard to one particular matter, while they have little honor to boast of in anything else. Many a man, for instance, will not steal your money; but he will lay hands on everything of yours that he can enjoy without having to pay for it. A man of business will often deceive you without the slightest scruple, but he will absolutely refuse to commit a theft.

Imagination is strong in a man when that particular function of the brain which enables him to observe is roused to activity without any necessary excitement of the senses. Accordingly, we find that imagination is active just in proportion as our senses are not excited by external objects. A long period of solitude, whether in prison or in a sick room; quiet, twilight, darkness—these are the things that promote its activity; and under their influence it comes into play of itself. On the other hand, when a great deal of material is presented to our faculties of observation, as happens on a journey, or in the hurly-burly of the world, or, again, in broad daylight, the imagination is idle, and, even though call may be made upon it, refuses to become active, as though it understood that that was not its proper time.

However, if the imagination is to yield any real product, it must have received a great deal of material from the external world. This is the only way in which its storehouse can be filled. The fantasy is nourished much in the same way as the body, which is least capable of any work and enjoys doing nothing just in the very moment when it receives its food which it has to digest. And yet it is to this very food that it owes the power which it afterwards puts forth at the right time.

Opinion is like a pendulum and obeys the same law. If it goes past the centre of gravity on one side, it must go a like distance on the other; and it is only after a certain time that it finds the true point at which

it can remain at rest.

By a process of contradiction, distance in space makes things look small, and therefore free from defect. This is why a landscape looks so much better in a contracting mirror or in a *camera obscura*, than it is in reality. The same effect is produced by distance in time. The scenes and events of long ago, and the persons who took part in them, wear a charming aspect to the eye of memory, which sees only the outlines and takes no note of disagreeable details. The present enjoys no such advantage, and so it always seems defective.

And again, as regards space, small objects close to us look big, and if they are very close, we may be able to see nothing else, but when we go a little way off, they become minute and invisible. It is the same again as regards time. The little incidents and accidents of every day fill us with emotion, anxiety, annoyance, passion, as long as they are close to us, when they appear so big, so important, so serious; but as soon as they are borne down the restless stream of time, they lose what significance they had; we think no more of them and soon forget them altogether. They were big only because they were near.

Joy and sorrow are not ideas of the mind, but affections of the will, and so they do not lie in the domain of memory. We cannot recall our joys and sorrows; by which I mean that we cannot renew them. We can recall only the ideas that accompanied them; and, in particular, the things we were led to say; and these form a gauge of our feelings at the time. Hence our memory of joys and sorrows is always imperfect, and they become a matter of indifference to us as soon as they are over. This explains the vanity of the attempt, which we sometimes make, to revive the pleasures and the pains of the past. Pleasure and pain are essentially an affair of the will; and the will, as such, is not possessed of memory, which is a function of the intellect; and this in its turn gives out and takes in nothing but thoughts and ideas, which are not here in question.

It is a curious fact that in bad days we can very vividly recall the good time that is now no more; but that in good days, we have only a very

cold and imperfect memory of the bad.

We have a much better memory of actual objects or pictures than for mere ideas. Hence a good imagination makes it easier to learn languages; for by its aid, the new word is at once united with the actual object to which it refers; whereas, if there is no imagination, it is simply put on a parallel with the equivalent word in the mother tongue.

Mnemonics should not only mean the art of keeping something indirectly in the memory by the use of some direct pun or witticism; it should, rather, be applied to a systematic theory of memory, and explain its several attributes by reference both to its real nature, and to the relation in which these attributes stand to one another.

There are moments in life when our senses obtain a higher and rarer degree of clearness, apart from any particular occasion for it in the nature of our surroundings; and explicable, rather, on physiological grounds alone, as the result of some enhanced state of susceptibility, working from within outwards. Such moments remain indelibly impressed upon the memory, and preserve themselves in their individuality entire. We can assign no reason for it, nor explain why this among so many thousand moments like it should be specially remembered. It seems as much a matter of chance as when single specimens of a whole race of animals now extinct are discovered in the layers of a rock; or when, on opening a book, we light upon an insect accidentally crushed within the leaves. Memories of this kind are always sweet and pleasant.

It occasionally happens that, for no particular reason, long-forgotten scenes suddenly start up in the memory. This may in many cases be due to the action of some hardly perceptible odor, which accompanied those scenes and now recurs exactly same as before. For it is well known that the sense of smell is especially effective in awakening memories, and that in general it does not require much to rouse a train of ideas. And I may say, in passing, that the sense of sight is connected with the understanding (*Wierfache Wurzel* § 21.), the sense

of hearing with the reason (*Parerga* vol. ii, § 311.), and, as we see in the present case, the sense of smell with the memory. Touch and Taste are more material and dependent upon contact. They have no ideal side.

It must also be reckoned among the peculiar attributes of memory that a slight state of intoxication often so greatly enhances the recollection of past times and scenes, that all the circumstances connected with them come back much more clearly than would be possible in a state of sobriety; but that, on the other hand, the recollection of what one said or did while the intoxication lasted, is more than usually imperfect; nay, that if one has been absolutely tipsy, it is gone altogether. We may say, then, that whilst intoxication enhances the memory for what is past, it allows it to remember little of the present.

Men need some kind of external activity, because they are inactive within. Contrarily, if they are active within, they do not care to be dragged out of themselves; it disturbs and impedes their thoughts in a way that is often most ruinous to them.

I am not surprised that some people are bored when they find themselves alone; for they cannot laugh if they are quite by themselves. The very idea of it seems folly to them.

Are we, then, to look upon laughter as merely O signal for others—a mere sign, like a word? What makes it impossible for people to laugh when they are alone is nothing but want of imagination, dullness of mind generally—(Greek: *anaisthaesia kai bradutaes psuchaes*), as Theophrastus[6] has it (*Characters*, c. 27.). The lower animals never laugh, either alone or in company. Myson[7], the misanthropist, was once surprised by one of these people as he was laughing to himself. "Why do you laugh?" *he asked*; "there is no one with you." "That is just why I am laughing," said Myson.

Natural *gesticulation*, such as commonly accompanies any lively talk, is a language of its own, more widespread, even, than the language of words—so far, I mean, as it is independent of words and alike in all nations. It is true that nations make use of it in proportion as they are

vivacious, and that in particular cases, amongst the Italians, for instance, it is supplemented by certain peculiar gestures which are merely conventional, and therefore possessed of nothing more than a local value.

In the universal use made of it, gesticulation has some analogy with logic and grammar, in that it has to do with the form, rather than with the matter of conversation; but on the other hand it is distinguishable from them by the fact that it has more of a moral than of an intellectual bearing; in other words, it reflects the movements of the will. As an accompaniment of conversation it is like the bass of a melody; and if, as in music, it keeps true to the progress of the treble, it serves to heighten the effect.

In a conversation, the gesture depends upon the form in which the subject-matter is conveyed; and it is interesting to observe that, whatever that subject-matter may be, with a recurrence of the form, the very same gesture is repeated. So if I happen to see from my window, say two persons carrying on a lively conversation, without my being able to catch a word, I can, nevertheless, understand the general nature of it perfectly well; I mean, the kind of thing that is being said and the form it takes. There is no mistake about it. The speaker is arguing about something, advancing his reasons, then limiting their application, then driving them home and drawing the conclusion in triumph; or he is recounting his experiences, proving, perhaps, beyond the shadow of a doubt, how much he has been injured, but bringing the clearest and most damning evidence to show that his opponents were foolish and obstinate people who would not be convinced; or else he is telling of the splendid plan he laid, and how he carried it to a successful issue, or perhaps failed because the luck was against him; or, it may be, he is saying that he was completely at a loss to know what to do, or that he was quick in seeing some traps set for him, and that by insisting on his rights or by applying a little force, he succeeded in frustrating and punishing his enemies; and so on in hundreds of cases of a similar kind.

Strictly speaking, however, what I get from gesticulation alone is an abstract notion of the essential drift of what is being said, and that, too, whether I judge from a moral or an intellectual point of view. It is the quintessence, the true substance of the conversation, and this remains identical, no matter what may have given rise to the conversation, or what it may be about; the relation between the two being that of a general idea or class-name to the individuals which it covers.

As I have said, the most interesting and amusing part of the matter is the complete identity and solidarity of the gestures used to denote the same set of circumstances, even though by people of very different temperament; so that the gestures become exactly like words of a language, alike for everyone, and subject only to such small modifications as depend upon variety of accent and education. And yet there can be no doubt but that these standing gestures, which everyone uses, are the result of no convention or collusion. They are original and innate—a true language of nature; consolidated, it may be, by imitation and the influence of custom.

It is well known that it is part of an actor's duty to make a careful study of gesture; and the same thing is true, to a somewhat smaller degree, of a public speaker. This study must consist chiefly in watching others and imitating their movements, for there are no abstract rules fairly applicable to the matter, with the exception of some very general leading principles, such as—to take an example—that the gesture must not follow the word, but rather come immediately before it, by way of announcing its approach and attracting the hearer's attention.

Englishmen entertain a peculiar contempt for gesticulation, and look upon it as something vulgar and undignified. This seems to me a silly prejudice on their part, and the outcome of their general prudery. For here we have a language which nature has given to everyone, and which everyone understands; and to do away with and forbid it for no better reason than that it is opposed to that much-lauded thing,

gentlemanly feeling, is a very questionable proceeding.

Notes

1 这两行诗的作者为古罗马讽刺诗人尤维纳利斯（Decimus Junius Juvenalis，约60—140）。

2 葛拉西安（Gracian，1601—1658），西班牙耶稣会会士、巴洛克体散文家。

3 “认识你自己”（Know thyself），相传是刻在德尔斐的阿波罗神庙的三句箴言之一。

4 乔治·桑（George Sand，1804—1876），法国女作家，以捍卫妇女解放的权利而闻名，主要作品有《安蒂亚娜》、《康索埃洛》、《魔沼》等。

5 瓦勒里乌斯·马克西穆斯（Valerius Maximus，约公元前20—50），罗马拉丁语作家。

6 狄奥佛拉斯图（Theophrastus，约公元前371—前287），古希腊逍遥学派学者，亚里士多德的继承人。

7 米松（公元前7世纪—前6世纪），传说是一位悠闲的智者。柏拉图在编撰《智者》时将他列为“希腊七贤”之一。

心理观察

在所有欧洲语言中，person这个词普遍用于指称一个人，这种无意识的用法非常恰当。*persona*的真正意义是“面具”，就像古代戏剧舞台上演员经常佩戴的那样；的确，没有一个人会尽展真实自我，每个人都戴着面具，扮演着自己的角色。整个社交场合确实就好比是一场永不落幕的喜剧；一个有价值的人会觉得社会交往枯燥乏味，而一个蠢蛋却在其中游刃有余，其原因就在于此。

理性完全可当得起预言家的称号；因为它在向我们展示目前行为的后果和影响的同时，不也告诉我们未来将如何了吗？当我们被一种卑下的情欲、一股勃然的怒气、一种贪婪的欲望所攫住，就要做出我们马上会为之悔恨不已的事情时，理性就成了一种绝佳的控制力量，其原因恰恰就在于此。

仇恨发自内心；鄙视源于头脑；此二者都不大受我们控制。因为我们无法改变内心；其主要部分由动机决定；而我们的头脑则处理客观事实，并在其中应用永恒不变的法则。任何一个特定的个体都是特定内心与特定头脑的结合体。

仇恨与鄙视截然相反、彼此排斥。甚至在很多情况下，仇视一个人并非源于其他，而仅仅是那个人的优点迫使我们不得不表示敬意。况且，如果一个人开始仇恨他所遇到的所有让他不痛快的人，那他就不会余下多少精力去干别的事了；然而，他却可以不费吹灰之力地对他们个个加以鄙视。发自真心地鄙视恰恰是毫不掺假的骄傲的反面；它静静地躲在那里，丝毫不显露存在的迹象。因为如果一个人表露出对你的鄙视，想让你知道他是多么的瞧不起你，那么他也就对你表示出了至少同等程度的关注；他的愿望受仇恨支配，而仇恨与真正的鄙视是不可能并存的。相反，如果这鄙视是真的，那么只要坚信被鄙视者毫无价值就行了。有一点不可忘记：对一个人纵容和友善并不代表不鄙视他，而是为了我们自己的安宁；这将避免激怒对方；而一个人一旦被激怒往往会危害他人。然而，这一纯粹的、冷酷的、发自内心的鄙视一旦表露出来就将换来对方刻骨的仇恨；因为遭受鄙视的人没有条件同样以鄙视的武器予以还击。

忧郁大大有别于情绪欠佳，而与情绪欠佳相比，忧郁距离欢快愉悦

的气质更近些。忧郁招人喜欢，而情绪欠佳则惹人厌恶。

抑郁症是一种折磨，它不仅仅使我们没来由地对当下的事情大发脾气，不仅仅使我们无缘无故地杞人忧天，还导致我们对过去所做的事情无端自责。

抑郁症表现为不断寻找令人忧虑、愤怒的事情，然后反复琢磨、无法释怀。其产生的原因是内心病态的不满，通常还伴有先天的烦躁气质。这种不满与烦躁所导致的最极端形式就是自杀。

任何事件，无论它多么琐碎，只要激起了不快情绪，就会对我们的心情造成后遗效应，在后遗效应持续期间，它就会阻碍我们清晰、客观地看待周围的事物，而我们的所有思想也会染上它的痕迹：这就如同一个小物件摆在眼前就会限制、扭曲我们的视野一样。

使人们铁石心肠的是这样一件事实：每个人自己都承受着，或者自认为承受着达到了他所能够承受的极限的烦恼。因此，如果一个人突然发现自己处于异常幸福之境，大多数情况下，他会因此而变得很有同情心和爱心。但是，如果他从未经历不幸，或者幸福成了他的常态，这常常会产生相反的效果：幸福使他远离苦痛，以致于他无法对痛苦感同身受。所以，穷人常常比富人表现得更乐于助人。

有时候，对于同一事物，我们似乎既渴望又不渴望，对其感觉既欢喜又不安。比方说，假如在某个确定好的日子，我们将参加一次关键的考试，通过了会有利于我们在未来诸事顺遂，那么我们就会渴望它马上举行，而同时，我们一想到它的来临就会战战兢兢。而在此期间，要是我们听说考试破例延期了，我们就会既欢喜又恼怒；因为这个消息既让我们大失所望，又给了我们片刻的解脱。同样，要是我们盼望一封载有某项确切决定的重要信件，而它却没有如期而至，情形也会如此。

在类似情形中，实际上有两种不同的动机作用于我们；其中一个是较为强烈、却离我们较为遥远的欲望，它渴望参加考试，并获得对我们有利的结果；而强度较弱，但离我们较近的愿望则想保持当下的宁静安详，以及因而得以继续享受抱有希望的好处，尽管这希望充满着不确定性，但相比较而言却要好过可能于我们不利的结局。

在我的头脑中有一个永远和我作对的冤家；每当我采取什么步骤或者做出什么决定——尽管我也可能对此事经过了深思熟虑——然而，在此之后，它仍会对我所做的一切表示不满，虽然它并不一定每次都是正确的。我想，这只是反思精神的一个纠错方式而已；但它却常常对我无

端指责。毋庸置疑，很多其他人也是如此；因为有谁能不去想最好没有做过他经过深思熟虑之后所做的事情呢？

“你以自己的能力做了什么样的事情，

而又无悔当初的尝试和最后的成功。”

为什么普通一词是表达鄙视的字眼？而脱俗、非凡、出众却表示赞许？为什么普通的事物惹人鄙视呢？

普通一词的原意是为所有人特有的，即整个物种所共同拥有的，因而是其天性中固有的部分。因此，如果一个个体不具备超越整个人类普遍共有的品质，那么他就是个普通人。平常这个字眼就温和得多，用于指智力特点；而“普通”则更多用于指伦理特质。

要是一个人与千百万个同类毫无差别，那么他还能有什么价值？我说的是千百万人吧？不，何止千百万，应该是无数的人类，一个世纪接着一个世纪，从大自然那永不枯竭的泉眼中汩汩而出，从不止歇；大自然慷慨地制造着人类，就好像铁匠在铁砧上击出的毫无用处的火花。

很明显这是非常正确的：一个人如果没有异于其他人的素质，其生存权利就完全应该限制在人类物种所受的限制之内，过一种由这些限制条件所决定的生活。

在我的各种著述中（《伦理学的两个基本问题》，第48页；《作为意志和表象的世界》，第1卷，第338页——作者注），我都曾论证了低等动物只拥有其物种的一般特性，而唯有人类能声称具有个体特征。然而，实际上，大多数人的这一个体特征少得可怜；他们几乎全部都归属于某些类别：“就物种而言”。他们的所思所欲，就像他们的面孔一样，与整个物种的其他个体毫无二致，即便不是如此，至少也与他们所属类别的其他个体一致；他们的个性因而普普通通、平淡无奇、无足轻重，以这种方式存在的人也为数众多。通常，你能预测出他们的言行。他们没有任何特殊的印记或标志能让你将其区分开来；他们就像机器生产出来的商品那样一模一样。

那么，如果他们的本性融于整个物种的本性之中，他们的存在又该如何才能超脱出来呢？平庸这个诅咒令人只具备一般属性，只具有存在的一般形式，这使得他们与低等动物无异。依照天性，任何高级的、伟大的、高贵的事物理所当然就要孤独地存在于世，而在这个世界上，没有比我刚才提及的那个作为普遍用法的词语，即普通，更适合的词来表达低级、可鄙的事物了。

作为自在之物的意志是一切存在的基础，一切造物的必要组成部分，万事万物的永恒元素。那么，意志就不仅为所有人类共有，还为所有动物共有，甚至还为更低级的存在形式所共有；而从这个意义上讲，我们与万物相似——即从这个意义上讲，万物充溢着意志。另一方面，把一种存在置于另一种存在之上，并使人与人之间产生差别的是智力与知识；因此，在每一次自我展示中，我们都应尽可能只表现智力；因为正如我们已经看到的那样，意志为我们普遍共有的部分。意志的每一次激情展露都是普通的、低俗的；换而言之，它使我们降格至物种水平，使我们仅仅成为其典型和范例；这样一来，我们所呈现的就只是物种的特点了。所以，每一股怒气——每一次毫无禁忌展露的欢悦、憎恨或恐惧——简而言之，每一种情感形式，都是普通的；换而言之，意志的每一个活动都是普通的，即便它是那样强大，以致在意识中压倒了智力，并使人看上去更像是行使意志的生命，而非认识世界的生命。

如果向这种强烈的情感让步，那么最伟大的天才也会把自己置于与凡夫俗子相同的水平。相反，如果一个人渴望绝对的不普通，换句话说，也就是超凡脱俗，他就应该永远不让他的意识被意志活动所占据和主宰，无论他如何为之诱惑。比方说，他必须能够注意到别人对他没有好感，自己对他们却毫无恨意；不，如果一个人不在乎令人生气、粗野无礼的言辞，而是直接将其归因于讲话者在见识上有所缺陷，就像他如此归结无数其他错误一样，只是观察到了却不为所动，那么他就是一个伟大的智者，没有标志能更确定无疑地表明这一点了。这就是葛拉西安所谓之："没有什么比让别人发现自己只是一个普通人更加丢人的了。"

戏剧是表达激情与情感的特有领域，但即便在戏剧中，这些激情与情感也容易显得普通与低俗。这一点在法国悲剧作家的作品中尤其常见，他们设定的目标别无其他，唯有勾勒激情；一会儿沉溺于缠绵悱恻，显得荒唐可笑，一会儿又插科打诨，努力掩饰其主题的俗不可耐。我记得曾看过大名鼎鼎的瑞秋小姐饰演的玛丽·斯图亚特：当她对伊丽莎白大发雷霆时——尽管她演得不错——我还是禁不住联想起洗衣女工。她在临终那场戏中的表演剥尽了所有真正的悲剧感，实际上，法国人根本不知道什么是悲剧感。同样的角色由意大利的里斯托里扮演却是无与伦比；意大利人确实在很多方面与德国人不同，但是其天性却与德国人一样，能够理解和欣赏艺术中深邃的、严肃的、真实的东西；这一点与法国人形成了鲜明的对比，法国人无处不暴露出其在这方面毫无感觉。

只有当与意志相对的智力在戏剧中起作用，直到智力自由地翱翔于所有意志的激情活动之上，并且将其作为思索的主题之时，戏剧才能获得高贵的，亦即超凡脱俗的，不，崇高的元素。莎士比亚尤为如此，这成了他的惯用手法，这在《哈姆雷特》中尤为明显。只有当智力上升到能够揭示出所有努力终将徒劳无益，而意志接下来做出来的会是自我毁灭的行为时，悲剧一词才实至名归；直到那时，戏剧才达到其最高目标——变得真正崇高起来。

每个人都会把自己视域的尽头当作是世界的尽头。这一错误无论对于肉眼——它让我们认为天与地在地平线上交合——还是对于智力而言，都是难以避免的。这解释了很多事情，其中之一就是：每个人都用他自己的标准来衡量别人——其长度与裁缝的皮尺大体相当，我们还不得不容忍这一点：没有人会允许我们比他高——这是一个一旦想当然就永远不变的假设。

毫无疑问，很多人交上好运仅仅是由于他以悦人的微笑赢得了人心的青睐。

然而，人心最好谨慎些，切记哈姆雷特在记事簿里写下的："一个人可以尽管满面都是笑，骨子里却是杀人的奸贼。"

人们身上一切绝对原初的，因此也就是真实不虚的东西，就像自然力一样无意识地发挥作用。掠过意识领地的东西也就因此而转化为思想或者图画；因此，如果它被表达出来，它不过是一种在人与人之间传递的思想或者图画。

因此，任何精神或者性格真正而且持久的特质，就其起源而论，都是无意识的；也只有当它无意识地起作用时，才能产生深刻印象。要是人有意识地训练任何类似的特质，这就意味着人已经将其打磨；它就成了刻意为之的，因而也就成了造作之物，亦即欺骗之物。

如果一个人无意识地去做一件事，他就会游刃有余；但是如果他试图费心费力地去做，他就会一败涂地。这种说法适用于解释那些形成所有真正作品精髓实质的原初灵感的来源。唯有自然而然产生的东西才是真正的、站得住脚的；一个人要想取得点成就，无论是在实际生活中、在文学上，还是在艺术上，都必须在不认识规律的情况下遵循规律。

能力极强的人往往更喜欢找一群非常愚蠢的人，而非普通人来作伴；出于同样的原因，暴君和暴民、祖父与孙辈都是天然的盟友。

奥维德的这行诗：

“动物弯曲着腰，面对着大地。”

就其本意，这句话只能适用于低等动物；但就其隐喻意义和精神含义而言，啊！几乎所有人类也都是如此。他们所有的计划、规划都融于其身体享乐和身体康泰的欲望之中。他们或许真的有个人兴趣，兴趣范围通常也相当广泛；但是这些个人兴趣所受重视程度仍完全取决于它们与之前所述身体享乐和身体康泰的关系。这一点不仅从他们的生活方式和他们的言辞中得到证实，甚至还表现在他们的眼神、面部表情、走路姿态和手势之中。他们的一切都在呼喊着：“弯腰向着大地吧！”

接下来的诗行并不适用于他们，而只适用于更为高贵的、天赋更高的生命体——那些在这个世界上真正思考并环顾四周的人，那些构成杰出的人类样本的人：

“他唯独给了人类一副庄严、崇高的表情，

并且要求他们以喜悦的眼神眺望天空中的星辰。”

没有人清楚其体内究竟蕴含着怎样的做事能力和承受痛苦的能力，直到有什么出现激起了这些能力：就像是一口平静如镜的池塘，没有任何迹象表明这里的水能从悬崖峭壁上奔腾而下，发出雷鸣怒吼；或者作为喷泉高高喷向空中。当水寒如冰时，你不知道其中潜藏的热量。

即便借助全世界所有的镜子，人们也无法真正了解自己的模样，其原因何在？

一个人可以在脑海中浮现出朋友的面孔，却不能想出自己的模样。那么，这是在运用“认识你自己”这句格言时碰到的第一个难题。

无疑，其部分原因在于一个人必须将脸孔正对着镜子且纹丝不动，否则要想看清镜中的自己在身体上是办不到的；眼神非常重要，实际上，一张脸的全部特征就体现在眼神上，然而在照镜子时，眼神在很大程度上无法表现出来。在我看来，与这种身体上的不可能性并存的是伦理上的不可能性，此二者性质类似，而产生的效果相同。一个人无法像面对陌生人那样注视自己镜中的形象；而这却是其客观地观察自身的必要条件。最后，客观的看法意味着作为伦理动物的人要深切地感觉他在凝视打量的不是他自己；而且，除非他能采取这种客观视角，否则他就无法真正看清事物，而且也只有他充分注意到事物纯粹客观的、切实存在的缺陷，才有可能做到这一点。与此相反，当一个人注视镜中的自己时，某种出自其自我本性的东西就会对他悄声低语，提醒他要当心：“他正在观察的不是陌生人，而是他自己”（参见《伦理学的两个基本问

题》，第275页——作者注）；这起到的作用类似于“别碰我”，从而妨碍了他形成客观看法。实际上，要是没有一点敌意的影响，一个人似乎不可能形成这样的客观看法。

生命呈现在一个人面前的样子取决于他是施加还是放松其智力的能量：一方面，生命显得如此短暂、琐碎、匆匆易逝，没有任何事情值得他浪费情感；没有什么是真正重要的，无论是享乐还是财富，甚至是名声；无论一个人曾遭受怎样的失败，他都不曾失去太多——而另一方面，人生又似乎如此漫长、如此重要、如此珍贵、如此重大，而又如此充满艰辛，以至于如果我们想要从中获益、确保收获，并实施计划，就不得不全心全意投入其中。后者是一种对生活内在的、普通的看法；即葛拉西安在提及以严肃认真的方式看待事物时，所谓的“对生活太过认真”。前者却是超验的观点，奥维德的话将其表达得相当恰切：“一切并不那么重要”——不值得费这么大劲；然而，柏拉图表达得更为贴切，在人类事务中没有什么事值得人万分焦虑——（希腊语：*oute ti ton anthropinon axion esti megalaes spoudaes.*）这种心理状态的产生源自智力在意识领域中取得了主导地位，在这里，智力获得了自由，不再纯粹为意志服务，从而客观地看待生命现象，因此也总能洞察生命现象虚无徒劳的特点。而在后者的心理状态中，意志占据了主导地位；而智力的存在仅仅是为了给意志照亮满足其欲望的道路。

一个人的伟大抑或是渺小，就取决于他更倾向于上述两种生活观的哪一个。

能力超群的人并不介意承认自己身上的缺点和不足，或者让别人看到这些东西。他们将缺点和不足看作是他们已经为之付出了代价的东西；他们还认为这些缺点和不足给他们带来了荣耀，而不是耻辱。当这些缺点、不足是与他们的本性直接联系在一起“成为必不可少的条件”时，那就更是如此了。或者如乔治·桑所言：“每个人都有自己的美德所带来的缺点。”

与之相反，有些品德高尚、才智无瑕的人却从来不承认自己那些屈指可数的小缺陷，而是小心翼翼地将它们遮掩起来，对任何有关他们存在这些不足的暗示都相当敏感；这恰恰是因为这些人的全部优点不过是没有差错和不足。因此，一旦这些人被发现做了任何错事，他们的声望立刻就会大打折扣。

对于能力平平的人来说，谦虚只是诚实；但对于天赋异禀的人而

言，谦虚则是虚伪。因此，后一种人如果坦然显露对自己的重视，毫不掩饰对自己才能出众的意识，那这种做法跟前者表现出谦虚一样都是得体的。瓦勒里乌斯·马克西穆斯在《论自信》一书中有关自信的一章里，对此举出了一些相当恰当的例子。

不去剧院看戏就像梳洗打扮不照镜子一样；但做出决定之前不征求朋友的意见则更加糟糕。因为一个人可以对其他各种事情都有极为准确的判断，但一遇到与自己有关的事就出错；原因就在于这时候意志会突然插进来，扰乱了智力的判断。因此，我们应该征求朋友的意见。医者不能自医；他要是生病了，就得找一个同行来。

对于我们所做的一切事情，我们都或多或少地盼望尽快结束；我们急不可耐地盼望事情尽快完成，而当一切终于结束的时候，我们都会很高兴。然而，对于那一切的最后一幕，那总的结局，我们却总是希望来得越迟越好。

每一次分别都让我们提前品尝了死亡的滋味；而每一次重逢则让我们预先体验了复活的感觉。即便是那些曾经彼此漠不关心的人，在经过了二三十年的暌隔之后，重新聚首时，也会感到是那样的喜悦；其原因就在于此。

人与人之间真正的根本差别在于智力：然而仅仅通过泛泛的观察是不能对人与人之间的智力差别做出比较的。我们有必要走近他们，进行细致入微的观察；因为我们无法从远处就可以对这种差别一览无遗；并且，很难从外在表现判断出这种差别，因为它并不像人们在教育、休闲、职业等方面呈现出的差别那样明显。不过，就算仅仅根据这些差别进行判断，我们也不得不承认很多人享有的存在度至少是他人的十倍——换而言之，他存在的次数是别人的十倍。

在此，我谈论的不是那些野蛮人，他们的生活通常只是比丛林中的猿猴高出一个级别而已。拿一个那不勒斯或者威尼斯的脚夫为例（在北欧，由于要应付冬天，人们必须考虑更多的事情，因而做事深思熟虑）；从头到尾看看他过的生活吧：为贫困所迫、靠体力谋生、依靠辛勤劳作满足每日，不，每时的需求、拼命干活、没完没了的吵闹喧哗、不是缺这就是少那、对明天毫不关心、唯一的安慰就是精疲力竭后的酣眠、不断与他人争吵、没有片刻的自由可用于思考、唯一可以享受的感官愉悦就是温暖的气候以及仅能果腹的食物，还有教会带给他的无知的盲目崇拜——这是他生存中的形而上学的要素。上述这些情形构成了一

种生活方式：一个人对自己奔波的一生，或者更确切地说，被追逐催逼的一生只是浑浑噩噩地有所意识而已。这场躁动不安、杂乱不堪的梦境构成了千百万人的一生。

这样的人只考虑此刻施行他们意志所必需的东西。他们从来不把自己的生命看作是一个相互关联的整体，更不会从整体上考虑生存本身。在某种程度上可以说，这些人存在着，但却又不曾真正地认识到自己的存在。所以，这样浑浑噩噩地活着的暴民或奴隶的存在比起我们更加接近动物的存在——后者的存在完全局限于当下。不过，也正因如此，他们的存在比我们少了很多痛苦。不仅如此，因为所有快感就本质而言，都是否定的，也就是说，快感的产生在于摆脱匮乏或苦痛，所以，持续、快速地在开始任务和完成任务之间进行转换永远与这些人所做的工作相伴，而工作与休息，产生需求和满足需求之间的转换形式更为明显——所有这一切就成了产生快感的永恒之源。而这种生活方式对他们是有好处的，其确凿证据就是我们经常在穷人，而不是富人中见到幸福的脸庞。

谈完这类人之后，接下来，让我们看看清醒而理性的商人吧。他们一生投机买卖，长期盘算计划，小心谨慎实施，修建房屋，供养妻儿，传宗接代，也积极参与公众活动。显然，这种人比起上面所说的那一种人具有更高程度的意识，故而其存在也具有更高程度的现实性。

接下来，我们来看看学者，例如，一个研究过去历史的专家。他可能已经达到了把存在看作整体的程度；他的视线超越了其本人存在的时间段，超越了其个人得失，思考的是整个世界历史的发展历程。

最后，让我们来看看诗人或者哲学家。在这样的人身上，深思达到了如此的高度，以至于他并不是受到某种驱使去探索存在中的某一个别现象，而是愕然面对存在本身这个巨大的斯芬克斯之谜，进而将存在作为他研究的课题。他的意识已经达到了能够反映世界本身这样清晰的程度：他的智力已经完全抛弃了其作为意志奴仆的作用，而是将世界呈现在他的面前；这个世界召唤他去探究它、思索它，而不是让他成为其中的一部分。如果说意识的程度就是现实的程度，那么，我们要说这样的一个人是最切实存在的人，而如此形容他是合情合理、意义重大的。

这里简述了意识的两极及其中间级别，每个人都可以从中找到自己对应的位置。

我们知道人是优于一切动物的，甚至是在接受训练的能力方面也是

如此。伊斯兰教教徒接受的训练是，在祈祷时把脸朝向麦加，每天五次；他们无不奉行。基督徒受到的训练是，在某些特定的场合在自己的胸前划十字、鞠躬，等等。实际上，宗教可以说就是人为训练的“杰作”，因为它训练的是人们的思维方式。众所周知，开始这个训练过程无论怎样早都不过分。只要你在小孩五岁之前，极其严肃认真地不断向他灌输，那么，没有什么明显荒谬的东西是不可以牢固植入他的脑袋的。因为训练人就跟训练动物一样，只有从小开始才会获得成功。

贵族和绅士被训练成只将自己的承诺奉为神圣——狂热、死板地笃信荒唐可笑的骑士精神；在必要时，他们不惜为维护信仰而死，他们还真的将国王视为某种更高级别的生物。

还有，我们出于礼貌说的客套话、恭维话，尤其是对女士毕恭毕敬、细心周到的行为，都是训练的结果。我们对于良好的身世、地位、头衔所怀有的尊崇也同样出自训练。具有同样特点的是我们对别人的侮辱所产生的怨恨感；我们怨恨的程度可能恰恰取决于侮辱的性质。例如，英国人认为别人说他不是绅士是极大的侮辱，如果指他说谎，那就更是火上浇油；法国人不能容忍别人说他是胆小鬼；德国人则难以接受别人说他愚蠢。

许多人从小接受训练，在某一方面坚守气节，然而在其他各个方面的表现却乏善可陈。比方说，不少人不会盗窃钱财，但是却会随手拿走任何可以不用付钱就可以直接享用的东西。一个商人往往会毫无顾忌地欺骗你，但绝对不会偷窃财物。

要是一个人大脑中专门负责观察的功能不需要任何感官刺激就能启动的话，这个人的想象力一定很强。据此，我们发现：当外部物体带给我们感官的刺激越少，我们的想象力就越活跃。独自一人长期呆在囚室或者病房之中，那里的寂静、昧、黑暗都会增加想象力的活跃程度；在诸如此类的影响之下，想象力会自动开始活动起来。反之，当我们的观察能力直面大量素材时，例如，在旅行中，在熙熙攘攘的人群里，或者在光天白日之下，想象力就会停止工作；甚至在我们试图唤醒它的时候，它仍然无法活跃起来：它好像知道那并不是适合工作的时间。

不过，如果想象要结出真正的果实，它在此前必须已经从外部世界获取了大量素材。唯有通过这种方式才可以填满它的储藏室。想象接受滋养的方式跟身体获取食物的方式大致相同；身体获得食物，需要消化的时候正是它最没有能力进行任何工作，乐享无为的时候。不过，身体

在以后适当的时候所展示的力量却完全有赖于这些食物提供。

意见就像是一个钟摆，遵循着与之相同的运行规律。如果它越过了重心的一边，那它必须以同等距离摆回到另一边；只有经过一段时间之后，它才能找到那个刚好可以静止的点。

通过对比，空间距离会使事物看起来变小，因而其缺点和不足就消失不见了。所以，由缩小镜或照相机暗箱反映出来的景色看起来都比现实景色漂亮得多。时间距离也产生同样的效果。在我们的记忆之眼中，很久以前的一幕幕事件以及参与其中的人物，都披上了一件迷人的外衣，因为记忆只看见了它们的轮廓而漏掉了令人不快的细节。当下却没有这样的优势，因而在我们的眼中它总是充满着缺陷和不足。

然而，在空间方面，离我们近的小物体会显得大，而当它们距离非常近时，我们就会除了它们之外什么也看不见了，然而一旦我们与这些东西拉开了一段距离，它们就会显得微小而难以辨认了。在时间上也是同样的道理。日常生活中的事件和事故只要离我们很近，就会使我们情绪波动、焦虑、恼怒、动情。此时，它们显得是那么大、那么重要、那么严重。然而，一旦它们顺着永不止歇的时间长河渐行渐远时，它们就会失去全部意义；我们不再念念不忘，很快就会将其彻底忘却。它们意义重大只是因为它们离我们很近。

由于欢乐和悲伤并不是头脑中的理念，而是意志的属性，所以它们不会停留在记忆的领地中。我们无法回想起我们的欢乐和悲伤——我的意思是——我们无法将其复原。我们只能回想起当时与之相伴的理念，特别是我们被引导而说出的话；我们只能通过这些来测量我们当时的那些感情。由此，我们对于欢乐和悲伤的回忆总是有欠完整，一旦时过境迁，我们就会漠然置之了。这就解释了为什么有时候我们试图重温过往的欢愉和苦痛，却总是徒然。就其本质而言，欢愉与苦痛都隶属于意志；而意志，就其自身而言，是没有记忆的，因为记忆是智力的一种功能；而反过来说，智力只提供和汲取思想与理念，但这些不是这里讨论的问题。

奇怪的是，在倒霉的日子里，我们都能颇为生动地回想起逝去的美好时光；但在幸福的日子里，我们对不幸时刻却只有十分冰冷而不完整的记忆。

与纯粹的理念相比，我们对实实在在的物体和图像的记忆要深刻得多。因此，那些想象力丰富的人学习语言也更容易些；因为在想象力的

帮助下，新词能马上与之相对应的实际物体建立联系；然而缺乏想象力的人只能将其与自己母语中的对应词联系起来。

记忆术不仅指通过运用直接的双关语或者俏皮话间接地记住某事物的技巧；其实，这个词应该用来表示一门系统研究记忆的理论，并借助这门理论的真正本质及其各个属性之间的关系，来解释它的专有属性。

在生活中的某些时刻，在没有什么特别外在原因诱发的情况下，我们的感觉清晰度达到了罕见的高度；如果仅从生理学上找原因，那么这应该归功于某种自内而外发生作用的、被增强了的敏感性。这些时刻在记忆里留下了难以磨灭的印象，因为它们完整的个性而得到存留。我们对此给不出任何理由，也无法解释为何在与此类似的成千上万个瞬间中，唯有此刻被特别铭记。这似乎仅为一种偶然，就像在岩层中发现了一个动物样本，而其所属的整个物种目前早已灭绝；或者，我们打开一本书，不经意间发现一只昆虫恰巧夹在书页之间。此类记忆总是甜美而愉悦的。

有时候，早已忘却的一幕幕往事会莫名地蓦然浮现于记忆之中。在很多情况下，这可能是因为我们现在嗅到了一缕曾经和那些往事相伴的淡淡的气味，这种气味再次出现，一如从前。因为，众所周知，嗅觉特别容易勾起人们的回忆，而且一般说来，头脑中的一系列联想只需要些微的刺激就可以展开。顺便提一下，视觉与理解力相关（《论充足理由律的四重根》，第21节——作者注），听觉和推理相关（《附录与补遗》，第2卷，第311节——作者注）；而正如我们在这里所看到的一样，嗅觉与记忆相关。触觉和味觉更需要有可供碰触和品尝的物质，它们的产生有赖于接触。这两种感觉都没有理念性的一面。

有一点也要算作记忆的独特属性之一：轻微的醉意往往会极大地增强对往昔时光和情景的回忆，与我们清醒时相比，它更能使我们清楚地回想起与之相关的所有情形；然而，另一方面，我们却难以完美地回忆起酒醉时的所言所行；不，要是一个人真的醉了，那就什么都不记得了。那么，我们可以说，醉酒会有助于我们的回忆过往，却令我们记不清当下。

人们需要某种外在活动，因为他们内心怠惰。相反，如果他们内心活跃，那他们就不会愿意被别人从自己的内心世界里拖出来；外在活动搅扰、妨碍他们思考，这对他们而言，往往是最具破坏性的。

有些人一独处就会感到烦闷无聊，对此我并不感到奇怪；因为他们

独自一人时是不会发笑的。对他们而言，独自发笑这一想法本身就是愚蠢的。

那么，我们能否将笑容仅仅看作是对别人做的一个O字型信号——纯粹是个符号，就像一个词语一样？——总的说来，如狄奥佛拉斯图所言：缺乏想象力以及心智迟钝（希腊语：*anaisthaesia kai bradutaes psuchaes*）是造成人们在独处时不可能发笑的唯一原因。（《人物志》27章——作者注）低等动物无论独处还是群居，从不发笑。一次，隐者米松在独自发笑时就被这样一个人撞见。“你笑什么呀？”那个人问道，“又没有人和你在一起。”“这正是我发笑的原因，”米松回答说。

自然的“手势动作”，诸如通常在热烈的交谈中伴随出现的手势动作，本身就是一种语言，甚至是比话语更为普遍的一种语言——我指的是其相对词句的独立性和各国的通用性。诚然，在各国，手势动作的应用程度与其国民性格的活泼程度成正比。在某些特殊的情形下，比如说意大利人，增加了某些独特的、纯粹是他们约定俗成的手势动作，而这一类手势动作也因此仅具有地方价值。

在手势动作的普遍使用中，手势动作与逻辑和语法有某种相似之处，因为手势动作与交谈的形式而不是与其内容有关；不过，另一方面，手势动作却有别于逻辑和语法，因为它不仅与智力有关，更与道德相关；换句话说，它反映了意志的活动。作为交谈的伴侣，它就像一首优美乐曲中的低音部；和音乐同理，如果它准确地跟随着高音的旋律，就会增强其效果。

在交谈中，手势取决于话题表达的方式；有趣的是，观察一下，无论话题会是什么，随着表达话题方式的重复出现，同样的手势动作也会被再次使用。因此，当我恰巧向窗外望去，看到两个人在热烈地交谈着，尽管我听不见一个字，却能相当清楚地了解他们交谈的大概意思；我是说，他们所谈事情的类型和谈话所采取的方式。绝对错不了。说话者正在为某事争吵，他在提出根据，界定其针对性，然后进行透彻的说明，进而以胜利者的姿态得出结论；或者，他正在讲述他的遭遇，或许，在不容置疑地证明他是如何受伤，而又例举最清晰、最确凿的证据，来证明他的对手是多么愚蠢无知、冥顽不灵、难以说服；或者，他正在告诉别人他如何制定了一个绝妙的计划，如何付诸实施，最后又如何获得成功，或者，如何因为时运不济，惨遭失败；或者，他也可能在说他完全不知所措，或者他敏锐地识破了对手的阴谋诡计，并通过坚持

自己的权利或通过动用一点武力，挫败了对手的阴谋、惩罚了他的敌人；如此等等，不一而足。

不过，严格而言，无论我是从道德角度还是从智力角度做出判断，我仅靠手势动作所得出的只是交谈主旨的抽象概念。它是交谈的精华和真正有实质性的内容。无论是什么导致了这场交谈，或者这场交谈的内容如何，这一点始终都是一致的；二者之间的关系就如同一般概念或者类别名称与这个一般概念或类别名称所涵盖的个体事物间的关系一样。

正如我已经说过的，其中最有趣和好笑的就是：就算是脾性各异的人，在表达相同的境遇时，运用的手势动作都是完全一样、固定不变的；如此一来，手势动作就完全像是一种语言里的词句了，每个人都是一样的；正如每个人所选用的词语都会因为受过不同的教育和发音不同而稍有不同，同样，手势动作也会因人而异，稍有变化。当然，毫无疑问，这些众人所使用的固定的手势动作，并不是惯例和约定的结果。手势动作都是原初固有、与生俱来的——一种真正的自然的语言；虽然它可能是受到模仿和习俗的影响才得以固定下来。

我们都知道：演员必须认真研究手势动作，因为这是他们的任务；而大众演说家也是如此，只不过大众演说家的研究范围要稍微狭窄一点。这种研究主要就是观察别人并模仿他们的动作，因为研究手势动作，除了一些非常泛泛的的主导原则以外，没有什么可以适用的抽象规则——举个例子说——手势动作不能出现在话语之后，只能恰好出现在话语之前，以此来宣告话语的到来，吸引听者的注意。

英国人特别鄙视手势动作，将其视为粗俗而有失身份。据我看来，这只不过是他们的一个幼稚的偏见而已，是他们普遍具有的过分拘谨造成的结果。因为我们有一种大自然赐予的语言，人人可用，人人懂得；而仅仅由于它有悖于广为称道的绅士风度就将其废除或禁止，这种做法是否妥当着实值得商榷。

ON EDUCATION

The human intellect is said to be so constituted that general ideas arise by abstraction from particular observations, and therefore come after them in point of time. If this is what actually occurs, as happens in the case of a man who has to depend solely upon his own experience for what he learns—who has no teacher and no book,—such a man knows quite well which of his particular observations belong to and are represented by each of his general ideas. He has a perfect acquaintance with both sides of his experience, and accordingly, he treats everything that comes in his way from a right standpoint. This might be called the natural method of education.

Contrarily, the artificial method is to hear what other people say, to learn and to read, and so to get your head crammed full of general ideas before you have any sort of extended acquaintance with the world as it is, and as you may see it for yourself. You will be told that the particular observations which go to make these general ideas will come to you later on in the course of experience; but until that time arrives, you apply your general ideas wrongly, you judge men and things from a wrong standpoint, you see them in a wrong light, and treat them in a wrong way. So it is that education perverts the mind.

This explains why it so frequently happens that, after a long course of learning and reading, we enter upon the world in our youth, partly with an artless ignorance of things, partly with wrong notions about them; so that our demeanor savors at one moment of a nervous anxiety, at another of a mistaken confidence. The reason of this is simply that our head is full of general ideas which we are now trying to turn to some use, but which we hardly ever apply rightly. This is the result of acting in direct opposition to the natural development of the mind by obtaining general ideas first, and particular observations last: it is putting the cart before the horse. Instead of developing the child's own faculties of discernment, and teaching it to judge and

think for itself, the teacher uses all his energies to stuff its head full of the ready-made thoughts of other people. The mistaken views of life, which spring from a false application of general ideas, have afterwards to be corrected by long years of experience; and it is seldom that they are wholly corrected. This is why so few men of learning are possessed of common-sense, such as is often to be met with in people who have had no instruction at all.

To acquire a knowledge of the world might be defined as the aim of all education; and it follows from what I have said that special stress should be laid upon beginning to acquire this knowledge at the right end. As I have shown, this means, in the main, that the particular observation of a thing shall precede the general idea of it; further, that narrow and circumscribed ideas shall come before ideas of a wide range. It means, therefore, that the whole system of education shall follow in the steps that must have been taken by the ideas themselves in the course of their formation. But whenever any of these steps are skipped or left out, the instruction is defective, and the ideas obtained are false; and finally, a distorted view of the world arises, peculiar to the individual himself—a view such as almost everyone entertains for some time, and most men for as long as they live. No one can look into his own mind without seeing that it was only after reaching a very mature age, and in some cases when he least expected it, that he came to a right understanding or a clear view of many matters in his life, that, after all, were not very difficult or complicated. Up till then, they were points in his knowledge of the world which were still obscure, due to his having skipped some particular lesson in those early days of his education, whatever it may have been like—whether artificial and conventional, or of that natural kind which is based upon individual experience.

It follows that an attempt should be made to find out the strictly natural course of knowledge, so that education may proceed methodically by keeping to it; and that children may become acquainted with the ways of the world, without getting wrong ideas

into their heads, which very often cannot be got out again. If this plan were adopted, special care would have to be taken to prevent children from using words without clearly understanding their meaning and application. The fatal tendency to be satisfied with words instead of trying to understand things—to learn phrases by heart, so that they may prove a refuge in time of need, exists, as a rule, even in children; and the tendency lasts on into manhood, making the knowledge of many learned persons to consist in mere verbiage.

However, the main endeavor must always be to let particular observations precede general ideas, and not vice versa, as is usually and unfortunately the case; as though a child should come feet foremost into the world, or a verse be begun by writing down the rhyme! The ordinary method is to imprint ideas and opinions, in the strict sense of the word, prejudices, on the mind of the child, before it has had any but a very few particular observations. It is thus that he afterwards comes to view the world and gather experience through the medium of those ready-made ideas, rather than to let his ideas be formed for him out of his own experience of life, as they ought to be.

A man sees a great many things when he looks at the world for himself, and he sees them from many sides; but this method of learning is not nearly so short or so quick as the method which employs abstract ideas and makes hasty generalizations about everything. Experience, therefore, will be a long time in correcting preconceived ideas, or perhaps never bring its task to an end; for wherever a man finds that the aspect of things seems to contradict the general ideas he has formed, he will begin by rejecting the evidence it offers as partial and one-sided; nay, he will shut his eyes to it altogether and deny that it stands in any contradiction at all with his preconceived notions, in order that he may thus preserve them uninjured. So it is that many a man carries about a burden of wrong notions all his life long—crotchets, whims, fancies, prejudices, which at last become fixed ideas. The fact is that he has never tried to form his fundamental ideas for himself out of his own experience of life, his

own way of looking at the world, because he has taken over his ideas ready-made from other people; and this it is that makes him—as it makes how many others!—so shallow and superficial.

Instead of that method of instruction, care should be taken to educate children on the natural lines. No idea should ever be established in a child's mind otherwise than by what the child can see for itself, or at any rate it should be verified by the same means; and the result of this would be that the child's ideas, if few, would be well-grounded and accurate. It would learn how to measure things by its own standard rather than by another's; and so it would escape a thousand strange fancies and prejudices, and not need to have them eradicated by the lessons it will subsequently be taught in the school of life. The child would, in this way, have its mind once for all habituated to clear views and thorough-going knowledge; it would use its own judgment and take an unbiased estimate of things.

And, in general, children should not form their notions of what life is like from the copy before they have learned it from the original, to whatever aspect of it their attention may be directed. Instead, therefore, of hastening to place books, and books alone, in their hands, let them be made acquainted, step by step, with things—with the actual circumstances of human life. And above all let care be taken to bring them to a clear and objective view of the world as it is, to educate them always to derive their ideas directly from real life, and to shape them in conformity with it—not to fetch them from other sources, such as books, fairy tales, or what people say—then to apply them ready-made to real life. For this will mean that their heads are full of wrong notions, and that they will either see things in a false light or try in vain to remodel the world to suit their views, and so enter upon false paths; and that, too, whether they are only constructing theories of life or engaged in the actual business of it. It is incredible how much harm is done when the seeds of wrong notions are laid in the mind in those early years, later on to bear a crop of prejudice; for the subsequent lessons, which are learned from real life

in the world have to be devoted mainly to their extirpation. To unlearn the evil (vi. 7.) was the answer, according to Diogenes Laertius[1], Antisthenes[2] gave, when he was asked what branch of knowledge was most necessary; and we can see what he meant.

No child under the age of fifteen should receive instruction in subjects which may possibly be the vehicle of serious error, such as philosophy, religion, or any other branch of knowledge where it is necessary to take large views; because wrong notions imbibed early can seldom be rooted out, and of all the intellectual faculties, judgment is the last to arrive at maturity. The child should give its attention either to subjects where no error is possible at all, such as mathematics, or to those in which there is no particular danger in making a mistake, such as languages, natural science, history and so on. And in general, the branches of knowledge which are to be studied at any period of life should be such as the mind is equal to at that period and can perfectly understand. Childhood and youth form the time for collecting materials, for getting a special and thorough knowledge of the individual and particular things. In those years it is too early to form views on a large scale; and ultimate explanations must be put off to a later date. The faculty of judgment, which cannot come into play without mature experience, should be left to itself; and care should be taken not to anticipate its action by inculcating prejudice, which will paralyze it forever.

On the other hand, the memory should be specially taxed in youth, since it is then that it is strongest and most tenacious. But in choosing the things that should be committed to memory the utmost care and forethought must be exercised; as lessons well learnt in youth are never forgotten. This precious soil must therefore be cultivated so as to bear as much fruit as possible. If you think how deeply rooted in your memory are those persons whom you knew in the first twelve years of your life, how indelible the impression made upon you by the events of those years, how clear your recollection of most of the things that happened to you then, most of what was told or taught you, it

will seem a natural thing to take the susceptibility and tenacity of the mind at that period as the ground-work of education. This may be done by a strict observance of method, and a systematic regulation of the impressions which the mind is to receive.

But the years of youth allotted to a man are short, and memory is, in general, bound within narrow limits; still more so, the memory of any one individual. Since this is the case, it is all-important to fill the memory with what is essential and material in any branch of knowledge, to the exclusion of everything else. The decision as to what is essential and material should rest with the masterminds in every department of thought; their choice should be made after the most mature deliberation, and the outcome of it fixed and determined. Such a choice would have to proceed by sifting the things which it is necessary and important for a man to know in general, and then, necessary and important for him to know in any particular business or calling. Knowledge of the first kind would have to be classified, after an encyclopedic fashion, in graduated courses, adapted to the degree of general culture which a man may be expected to have in the circumstances in which he is placed; beginning with a course limited to the necessary requirements of primary education, and extending upwards to the subjects treated of in all the branches of philosophical thought. The regulation of the second kind of knowledge would be left to those who had shown genuine mastery in the several departments into which it is divided; and the whole system would provide an elaborate rule or canon for intellectual education, which would, of course, have to be revised every ten years. Some such arrangement as this would employ the youthful power of the memory to best advantage, and supply excellent working material to the faculty of judgment, when it made its appearance later on.

A man's knowledge may be said to be mature, in other words, it has reached the most complete state of perfection to which he, as an individual, is capable of bringing it, when an exact correspondence is established between the whole of his abstract ideas and the things he

has actually perceived for himself. This will mean that each of his abstract ideas rests, directly or indirectly, upon a basis of observation, which alone endows it with any real value; and also that he is able to place every observation he makes under the right abstract idea which belongs to it. Maturity is the work of experience alone; and therefore it requires time. The knowledge we derive from our own observation is usually distinct from that which we acquire through the medium of abstract ideas; the one coming to us in the natural way, the other by what people tell us, and the course of instruction we receive, whether it is good or bad. The result is, that in youth there is generally very little agreement or correspondence between our abstract ideas, which are merely phrases in the mind, and that real knowledge which we have obtained by our own observation. It is only later on that a gradual approach takes place between these two kinds of knowledge, accompanied by a mutual correction of error; and knowledge is not mature until this coalition is accomplished. This maturity or perfection of knowledge is something quite independent of another kind of perfection, which may be of a high or a low order—the perfection, I mean, to which a man may bring his own individual faculties; which is measured, not by any correspondence between the two kinds of knowledge, but by the degree of intensity which each kind attains.

For the practical man the most needful thing is to acquire an accurate and profound knowledge of the ways of the world. But this, though the most needful, is also the most wearisome of all studies, as a man may reach a great age without coming to the end of his task; whereas, in the domain of the sciences, he masters the more important facts when he is still young. In acquiring that knowledge of the world, it is while he is a novice, namely, in boyhood and in youth, that the first and hardest lessons are put before him; but it often happens that even in later years there is still a great deal to be learned.

The study is difficult enough in itself; but the difficulty is doubled by novels, which represent a state of things in life and the world, such as,

in fact, does not exist. Youth is credulous, and accepts these views of life, which then become part and parcel of the mind; so that, instead of a merely negative condition of ignorance, you have positive error—a whole tissue of false notions to start with; and at a later date these actually spoil the schooling of experience, and put a wrong construction on the lessons it teaches. If, before this, the youth had no light at all to guide him, he is now misled by a will-o' -the-wisp; still more often is this the case with a girl. They have both had a false view of things foisted on them by reading novels; and expectations have been aroused which can never be fulfilled. This generally exercises a baneful influence on their whole life. In this respect those whose youth has allowed them no time or opportunity for reading novels—those who work with their hands and the like—are in a position of decided advantage. There are a few novels to which this reproach cannot be addressed—nay, which have an effect the contrary of bad. First and foremost, to give an example, *Gil Blas*, and the other works of Le Sage[3] (or rather their Spanish originals); further, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and, to some extent Sir Walter Scott's[4] novels. *Don Quixote* may be regarded as a satirical exhibition of the error to which I am referring.

Notes

1 第欧根尼·拉尔修（Diogenes Laertius，约3世纪），古希腊传记作家，主要记载哲学家的生平。

2 安提西尼（Antisthenes，公元前445—前365），古希腊哲学家、苏格拉底的学生。

3 勒萨日（Le Sage，1668—1747），法国小说家、戏剧家，代表作为《跛行的魔鬼》、《杜卡莱》和《吉尔·布拉斯》。

4 沃尔特·司各特（Walter Scott，1771—1832），19世纪英国浪漫主义小说家、诗人、戏剧家。

论教育

据说人类的智力是这样构成的：一般概念抽取自具体观察，因而其产生的时间点也在具体观察之后。若实际情况果真如此，以一个不得不仅以自己的经验为学习手段——没有老师也没有书本——的人为例，这个人会非常清楚他的哪些具体观察隶属于并体现于他的哪一个一般概念。他对自己经验的这两个方面都了若指掌，因而也能从正确的角度处理他所面对的一切事情。我们可以称之为自然的教育方法。

而与此相反，人为的教育方法就是在你广泛接触真实的、亲眼所见的世界之前，通过听取别人的看法，通过学习和阅读，让你的头脑塞满一般概念。会有人告诉你，在之后的经验过程中你会逐渐获得这些用来形成一般概念的具体观察；然而，在获得这些具体观察之前，你将错误地应用一般概念，从错误的角度出发去判断、用错误的眼光去看待，进而用错误的方法去处理人和事。教育就是这样将心智引入歧途。

这也解释了为什么常常会发生这种情况：我们年少时经过长期的学习和阅读之后，开始接触世界——部分出于对世事懵懂无知，部分出于对事物持有错误概念——我们的举止时而有点紧张焦虑，时而又有点傲慢莽撞。其原因就在于我们的头脑中塞满了当时试图运用却很难正确运用的一般概念。这是先获得一般概念再进行具体观察这样完全违背智力自然发展过程的结果：这是本末倒置。教师不去发展孩子自身的洞察力，也不教他们进行独立判断和思考，而是竭尽全力用别人现成的思想灌满他们的脑袋。对人生的错误看法源自对一般概念的错误应用，而这些错误的人生观将在以后通过多年的阅历加以修正，而完全修正几乎是不可能的。我们触目所见，有常识的学者寥寥无几，而目不识丁者却颇具常识，其原因正在于此。

获取对这个世界的认识可以说是一切教育的目的；实现这一点的方式我已阐述过了，就是要特别强调从正确的一端开始获取这一知识。如上所示，这句话的主要含义是，对一事物的具体观察应先于对它的一般概念；进而，狭窄、特定的概念应先于宽泛的概念。所以，这意味着整个教育体系应该遵循概念在其自身形成过程中必然采取的步骤。然而，每当这些步骤中出现任何省略或遗漏，所学知识就会有欠缺，所获得的概念就会有错误；最终就会形成一个个体独有的、扭曲的世界观——几

乎每一个人都长时间拥有这样一个扭曲的观念，大多数人则终生持有这种观念。一个人只要检查一下自己的心智就会发现：总是要等到一个相当成熟的年纪以后——有时是突如其来地——他才能够正确理解或者清晰认识人生中许多事实上并不太困难或者并不太复杂的事情。在此之前，这些事情是他的世界观里一个个模糊不清的点，其形成原因就在于他在早期教育中跳过了某个特定的功课，无论这功课可能属于哪种教育——无论是人为的常规教育，还是基于个人经历的自然教育。

因此，应该努力发现绝对自然的求知途径，这样教育就可以循序渐进了；而孩子们也会逐渐熟悉世界万物的道理，不会在头脑中输入难以拔除的错误概念了。如果这样做，就要特别注意防止孩子们运用那些他们不太理解含义、也不太清楚用法的词语。满足于这些词语而不是去理解事物——死记硬背各种短语——以备不时之需，这是个致命的倾向，甚至在儿童期就成了天经地义的做法；这一倾向还一直持续到成年期，致使很多学者的知识不过是艰涩词语的堆砌。

无论如何，我们必须花大力气让具体观察先于一般概念形成之前发生，而不是反其道而行之。不幸的是，通常情形却恰恰相反，这就犹如婴儿降世时脚丫先出来，吟诗作对时先写下韵脚！通常的做法是，在孩子还没做什么具体观察之前，就把概念和观点印在其头脑中。而从严格意义上讲，这些概念和观点就是偏见。就是这样，他在之后开始利用这些现成概念作为媒介来观察世界、积累经验，而不是从自己的生活经验中形成自己的概念——后者才是应该采取的方法。

当一个人自己看世界时，他会看到万千世事及诸多侧面；然而这个方法与用抽象概念草率归纳万物的方法相比，却是不那么简便快捷。因此，用亲身经历纠正先入之见是个漫长的过程，也许这项任务永远无法完成；因为每当一个人发现事物的表象似乎与他已形成的一般概念相悖时，他的第一反应就是否认事实证据，认定其片面、偏颇；不，他将对此完全无视，否认它与自己的先入之见存在任何矛盾，目的就是以此保护其先入之见不受损害。正因如此，很多人终其一生背负错误观念的重负——奇思怪想、闪念狂想、无边幻想偏见歧视，这些最终都成了成见。他从未尝试根据个人生活经历和自己看世界的方式来形成基本概念，因为他已经将别人的现成概念拿来为己所用；而正是这一点使他，也使无数的其他人变得如此肤浅鄙薄。

应该努力以自然的方法教育孩子们，而不是这种传授知识的方法。

在孩子的头脑中建立概念的方法莫过于让他们自己去观察，即便不能如此，起码也要同样以观察的方法来验证概念；其结果是孩子获得的概念，即便很少，也将是依据充足、准确无误的。孩子将学会如何运用自己的而非别人的标准来衡量世事，因而也将避免许许多多的奇思怪想和偏颇之见，也不必在之后的人生学校中通过汲取教训才能将这些怪想和偏见根除了。以这种方式，孩子将一劳永逸地习惯于清晰的观点和透彻的认识；他将运用自己的判断力，对事物进行公正的判断。

总的说来，孩子们不应该在他们从原汁原味地获得对人生的了解之前，通过复制品来形成对人生的认识，无论他们的关注点被导向人生的哪个方面。因此，不要急于将书本——只将书本——放在孩子的手心，而是要让他们一步一步地熟悉万千事物——熟悉人类生活的真实情况。而且，至关重要的是要着力引导他们对世界的本来面目形成清晰客观的看法，教育他们永远要直接从真实生活中获取概念，而且形成的观点要与真实生活一致——而不是从其他来源，诸如书本、神话或者他人的谈话中获取这些概念——而后把这些现成的东西直接套用于真实生活。因为这样做将意味着他们的头脑塞满了错误的观念，意味着他们要么错误地看待世事，要么妄图“重塑世界”以适应他们的观点，并且由此误入歧途；而且，无论他们仅仅是在构建人生理论抑或是埋头于实际事务中，他们都将误入歧途。当错误观念的种子深植于儿时的思想，之后结出的偏见之果所造成的危害是难以置信的；因为之后在真实的生活中学到的教训将不得不主要用于根除这些偏见。根据第欧根尼·拉尔修的记载，当安提西尼被问及哪科知识最为必要时，他的回答是“学会忘掉坏东西”（《人物志》第7章——作者注）；而我们能够理解他的用意。

任何15岁以下的孩子都不应该学习有可能成为传播重大讹误工具的科目，诸如哲学、宗教，或者其他必须具有广博见识的学科；因为早年接受的错误概念很难根除，而在所有的智力中判断能力是最晚达到成熟的。孩子应该着重学习那些根本不可能有误的科目，如数学，或者那些即便产生谬误也不会有太大危险的科目，如语言、自然科学、历史等等。总体说来，在人生的任何阶段选择学习什么科系的知识应该取决于当时头脑能否胜任、智力能否完全理解。儿童和青少年时期应该用于收集资料，用于专门且透彻地认识个别和特定的事物。在此期间，全面形成各种观点为时尚早；而终极解释还需留待以后作出。没有成熟的经验是无法形成判断力的，所以，判断力的形成要听其自然；千万不要为了

让孩子提前形成判断力而反复向其灌输偏见，因为偏见会令孩子终生丧失判断能力。

另一方面，记忆力在青少年时期最为旺盛和牢固，所以要特别强化其作用。但是在选择记忆什么的时候要万分谨慎、深思熟虑，因为青少年时期牢固掌握的知识终生难忘。因此，这片珍贵的沃土必须精耕细作，以期结出最丰硕的果实。试想在你生命的头12年中，你认识的人在记忆中有多么深刻，那些年中发生的重大事件给你留下的印象有多么难以磨灭，当时发生在你身上的大多数事情、你听说或者学到的大多数知识回想起来是多么清晰，那么把那一时期记忆力的敏感性和牢固性作为教育的基石就似乎是自然而然的了。只有通过严格遵循方法，系统性规范头脑要接收的印象才可以做到这一点。

但一个人所拥有的青春岁月非常短暂，总的说来，记忆力受限于狭窄的范围；而个人的记忆能力则更是如此。既然实际情况如此，那么将任何一门知识中最本质、最重要的内容放入记忆中，而将其他一切排除在外，就尤为重要了。至于何为最本质、最重要的知识，其决定权应该交由每一知识领域的权威们；他们应经过深思熟虑后作出选择，其结果应该被固定下来，不容更改。进行这样的选择就要筛选哪些知识是一个人要做一般性了解的，而后，哪些又是他从事特定行业或职业必不可少、至关重要的。第一类知识的分类要遵循百科分类方式，分成若干阶段课程，适合一个人所处环境要求他应该具备的普遍修养程度；初始课程应该符合初等教育的根本要求。之后，向上延展至所有哲学思想分支论及的科目。对第二类知识的安排应该交由那些在这类知识下属的几个领域中都真正游刃有余的人；而整个体系都要为智力教育制定一个详尽的规则或标准。当然，这个规则或标准要每十年修订一次。如此分类安排将最大限度利用年轻人的记忆能力，在以后判断力出现时，为其提供极佳的运用素材。

当一个人的整体抽象概念与自己实际观察到的事物建立起一一对应的关系时，就可以说他的知识系统成熟了。换句话说，他的知识已经达到了他作为个体能够达到的最完美境界。这将意味着他的每一个抽象概念都直接或者间接地以观察为基础。每一个概念具有的全部真正价值都仅仅来自观察本身。他还能把每一次观察置于对应的正确抽象概念之下。唯有经验作用方能产生成熟，因而成熟需要时间。我们从观察得来的知识通常和以抽象概念为媒介得来的知识不同。我们以自然的方式获

得前者，通过别人的传授和我们接受的指导——无论它们有益也好、有害也罢——来获得后者。结果就是，在年轻时，我们的抽象概念——即仅仅以词语形式存在于我们头脑中的概念——和真正知识——即我们通过自己的观察获得的知识——之间一般很少有吻合或对应的成分。直到后来，这两类知识才会逐渐缩小差距，伴之以彼此修正谬误；直到两者融会贯通，知识才成熟起来。这一知识的成熟或者完美完全独立于另一种完美，后者可能会有高低之分——我指的是一个人可以将其个人能力提升到的完美状态；个人能力完美的衡量标准不是两类知识之间的协调一致，而是每一类知识所达到的强度。

对一个讲求实际的人而言，最需要掌握的是精确而深奥的处世之道。然而，尽管这方面知识是最为必要的，却也是所有学问中最为烦人的，因为一个人可能活到高龄仍未完成这个任务；但是，他还很年轻的时候，就能在科学领域掌握比较重要的事实。当他还是个初生牛犊的时候——即他的儿童和青少年时期——他就面对着与处世之道有关的最基本也是最艰难的课程，但是往往即便到了晚年，他仍有大量的东西要学习。

研究这门学问本就相当困难，而小说更使这一困难倍增。小说刻画了世间百态、人生万事，凡此种种，实际上并不存在。这些对人生的看法被容易轻信的年轻人所接受，然后就成了他们思想的主要部分；如此一来，原本只是消极状态的无知，被积极的谬误所取代——以一整套虚假的概念开始人生。而在之后的岁月中，这些虚假的概念其实会毁掉人生经验对人的教育，曲解其给予的教训。如果在此之前青年人根本没有光亮引导他们，现在他就会为镜花水月所误导；这种情况在一个少女身上更为常见。阅读小说既强加给人们对事物的错误看法，又使人们生出了永远无法实现的期盼。这通常会对人们的整个人生产生有害影响。在这一点上，那些年轻时没有时间或没有机会阅读小说的人——那些靠双手劳作的人和与之境况类似的人们——处境明显比他们好很多。有几部小说可以免于如此责备。不仅如此，它们还有相反的效果。举个例子吧，首先就是《吉尔·布拉斯》以及勒萨日的其他作品（最好看它们的西班牙原文）；另外，还有《威克菲尔德牧师传》，在某种程度上也包括沃尔特·司各特爵士的小说。《堂吉诃德》可以看作是对我所提及的错误的一种具有讽刺意味的揭露。

OF WOMEN

Schiller's[1] poem in honor of women, *Würde der Frauen*, is the result of much careful thought, and it appeals to the reader by its antithetic style and its use of contrast; but as an expression of the true praise which should be accorded to them, it is, I think, inferior to these few words of Jouy's: "Without women, the beginning of our life would be helpless; the middle, devoid of pleasure; and the end, of consolation." The same thing is more feelingly expressed by Byron[2] in *Sardanapalus*:

The very first
Of human life must spring from woman's breast,
Your first small words are taught you from her lips,
Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last sighs
Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing,
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
Of watching the last hour of him who led them.

(Act I Scene 2.)

These two passages indicate the right standpoint for the appreciation of women.

You need only look at the way in which she is formed, to see that woman is not meant to undergo great labor, whether of the mind or of the body. She pays the debt of life not by what she does, but by what she suffers; by the pains of child-bearing and care for the child, and by submission to her husband, to whom she should be a patient and cheering companion. The keenest sorrows and joys are not for her, nor is she called upon to display a great deal of strength. The current of her life should be more gentle, peaceful and trivial than man's, without being essentially happier or unhappier.

Women are directly fitted for acting as the nurses and teachers of our early childhood by the fact that they are themselves childish, frivolous and short-sighted; in a word, they are big children all their life long—a kind of intermediate stage between the child and the full-grown

man, who is man in the strict sense of the word. See how a girl will fondle a child for days together, dance with it and sing to it; and then think what a man, with the best will in the world, could do if he were put in her place.

With young girls Nature seems to have had in view what, in the language of the drama, is called a striking effect; as for a few years she dowers them with a wealth of beauty and is lavish in her gift of charm, at the expense of all the rest of their life; so that during those years they may capture the fantasy of some man to such a degree that he is hurried away into undertaking the honorable care of them, in some form or other, as long as they live—a step for which there would not appear to be any sufficient warranty if reason only directed his thoughts. Accordingly, Nature has equipped woman, as she does all her creatures, with the weapons and implements requisite for the safeguarding of her existence, and for just as long as it is necessary for her to have them. Here, as elsewhere, Nature proceeds with her usual economy; for just as the female ant, after fecundation, loses her wings, which are then superfluous, nay, actually a danger to the business of breeding; so, after giving birth to one or two children, a woman generally loses her beauty; probably, indeed, for similar reasons.

And so we find that young girls, in their hearts, look upon domestic affairs or work of any kind as of secondary importance, if not actually as a mere jest. The only business that really claims their earnest attention is love, making conquests, and everything connected with this—dress, dancing, and so on.

The nobler and more perfect a thing is, the later and slower it is in arriving at maturity. A man reaches the maturity of his reasoning powers and mental faculties hardly before the age of twenty-eight; a woman at eighteen. And then, too, in the case of woman, it is only reason of a sort—very niggard in its dimensions. That is why women remain children their whole life long; never seeing anything but what is quite close to them, cleaving to the present moment, taking appearance for reality, and preferring trifles to matters of the first

importance. For it is by virtue of his reasoning faculty that man does not live in the present only, like the brute, but looks about him and considers the past and the future; and this is the origin of prudence, as well as of that care and anxiety which so many people exhibit. Both the advantages and the disadvantages which this involves are shared in by the woman to a smaller extent because of her weaker power of reasoning. She may, in fact, be described as intellectually short-sighted, because, while she has an intuitive understanding of what lies quite close to her, her field of vision is narrow and does not reach to what is remote; so that things which are absent, or past, or to come, have much less effect upon women than upon men. This is the reason why women are more often inclined to be extravagant, and sometimes carry their inclination to a length that borders upon madness. In their hearts, women think that it is men's business to earn money and theirs to spend it—if possible during their husband's life, but, at any rate, after his death. The very fact that their husband hands them over his earnings for purposes of housekeeping, strengthens them in this belief.

However many disadvantages all this may involve, there is at least this to be said in its favor; that the woman lives more in the present than the man, and that, if the present is at all tolerable, she enjoys it more eagerly. This is the source of that cheerfulness which is peculiar to women, fitting her to amuse man in his hours of recreation, and, in case of need, to console him when he is borne down by the weight of his cares.

It is by no means a bad plan to consult women in matters of difficulty, as the Germans used to do in ancient times; for their way of looking at things is quite different from ours, chiefly in the fact that they like to take the shortest way to their goal, and, in general, manage to fix their eyes upon what lies before them; while we, as a rule, see far beyond it, just because it is in front of our noses. In cases like this, we need to be brought back to the right standpoint, so as to recover the near and simple view.

Then, again, women are decidedly more sober in their judgment than

we are, so that they do not see more in things than is really there; whilst, if our passions are aroused, we are apt to see things in an exaggerated way, or imagine what does not exist.

The weakness of their reasoning faculty also explains why it is that women show more sympathy for the unfortunate than men do, and so treat them with more kindness and interest; and why it is that, on the contrary, they are inferior to men in point of justice, and less honorable and conscientious. For it is just because their reasoning power is weak that present circumstances have such a hold over them, and those concrete things, which lie directly before their eyes, exercise a power which is seldom counteracted to any extent by abstract principles of thought, by fixed rules of conduct, firm resolutions, or, in general, by consideration for the past and the future, or regard for what is absent and remote. Accordingly, they possess the first and main elements that go to make a virtuous character, but they are deficient in those secondary qualities which are often a necessary instrument in the formation of it. (In this respect they may be compared to an animal organism which contains a liver but no gall-bladder. Here let me refer to what I have said in my treatise on *The Foundation of Morals*, § 17.)

Hence, it will be found that the fundamental fault of the female character is that it has no sense of justice. This is mainly due to the fact, already mentioned, that women are defective in the powers of reasoning and deliberation; but it is also traceable to the position which Nature has assigned to them as the weaker sex. They are dependent, not upon strength, but upon craft; and hence their instinctive capacity for cunning, and their ineradicable tendency to say what is not true. For as lions are provided with claws and teeth, and elephants and boars with tusks, bulls with horns, and cuttle fish with its clouds of inky fluid, so Nature has equipped woman, for her defence and protection, with the arts of dissimulation; and all the power which Nature has conferred upon man in the shape of physical strength and reason, has been bestowed upon women in this form.

Hence, dissimulation is innate in woman, and almost as much a quality of the stupid as of the clever. It is as natural for them to make use of it on every occasion as it is for those animals to employ their means of defence when they are attacked; they have a feeling that in doing so they are only within their rights. Therefore a woman who is perfectly truthful and not given to dissimulation is perhaps an impossibility, and for this very reason they are so quick at seeing through dissimulation in others that it is not a wise thing to attempt it with them. But this fundamental defect which I have stated, with all that it entails, gives rise to falsity, faithlessness, treachery, ingratitude, and so on. Perjury in a court of justice is more often committed by women than by men. It may, indeed, be generally questioned whether women ought to be sworn in at all. From time to time one finds repeated cases everywhere of ladies, who want for nothing, taking things from shop-counters when no one is looking, and making off with them.

Nature has appointed that the propagation of the species shall be the business of men who are young, strong and handsome; so that the race may not degenerate. This is the firm will and purpose of Nature in regard to the species, and it finds its expression in the passions of women. There is no law that is older or more powerful than this. Woe, then, to the man who sets up claims and interests that will conflict with it; whatever he may say and do, they will be unmercifully crushed at the first serious encounter. For the innate rule that governs women's conduct, though it is secret and unformulated, nay, unconscious in its working, is this: "We are justified in deceiving those who think they have acquired rights over the species by paying little attention to the individual, that is, to us. The constitution and, therefore, the welfare of the species have been placed in our hands and committed to our care, through the control we obtain over the next generation, which proceeds from us; let us discharge our duties conscientiously." But women have no abstract knowledge of this leading principle; they are conscious of it only as a concrete fact; and

they have no other method of giving expression to it than the way in which they act when the opportunity arrives. And then their conscience does not trouble them so much as we fancy; for in the darkest recesses of their heart, they are aware that in committing a breach of their duty towards the individual, they have all the better fulfilled their duty towards the species, which is infinitely greater. (A more detailed discussion of the matter in question may be found in my chief work, *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, vol. ii, ch. 44.)

And since women exist in the main solely for the propagation of the species, and are not destined for anything else, they live, as a rule, more for the species than for the individual, and in their hearts take the affairs of the species more seriously than those of the individual. This gives their whole life and being a certain levity; the general bent of their character is in a direction fundamentally different from that of man; and it is this to which produces that discord in married life which is so frequent, and almost the normal state.

The natural feeling between men is mere indifference, but between women it is actual enmity. The reason of this is that trade-jealousy—*odium figulinum*—which, in the case of men does not go beyond the confines of their own particular pursuit; but, with women, embraces the whole sex; since they have only one kind of business. Even when they meet in the street, women look at one another like Guelphs and Ghibellines[3]. And it is a patent fact that when two women make first acquaintance with each other, they behave with more constraint and dissimulation than two men would show in a like case; and hence it is that an exchange of compliments between two women is a much more ridiculous proceeding than between two men. Further, whilst a man will, as a general rule, always preserve a certain amount of consideration and humanity in speaking to others, even to those who are in a very inferior position, it is intolerable to see how proudly and disdainfully a fine lady will generally behave towards one who is in a lower social rank (I do not mean a woman who is in her service), whenever she speaks to her. The reason of this may be that, with

women, differences of rank are much more precarious than with us; because, while a hundred considerations carry weight in our case, in theirs there is only one, namely, with which man they have found favor; as also that they stand in much nearer relations with one another than men do, in consequence of the one-sided nature of their calling. This makes them endeavor to lay stress upon differences of rank.

It is only the man whose intellect is clouded by his sexual impulses that could give the name of the fair sex to that under-sized, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped, and short-legged race; for the whole beauty of the sex is bound up with this impulse. Instead of calling them beautiful, there would be more warrant for describing women as the un-aesthetic sex. Neither for music, nor for poetry, nor for fine art, have they really and truly any sense or susceptibility; it is a mere mockery if they make a pretence of it in order to assist their endeavor to please. Hence, as a result of this, they are incapable of taking a purely objective interest in anything; and the reason of it seems to me to be as follows. A man tries to acquire direct mastery over things, either by understanding them, or by forcing them to do his will. But a woman is always and everywhere reduced to obtaining this mastery indirectly, namely, through a man; and whatever direct mastery she may have is entirely confined to him. And so it lies in woman's nature to look upon everything only as a means for conquering man; and if she takes an interest in anything else, it is simulated a mere roundabout way of gaining her ends by coquetry, and feigning what she does not feel. Hence, even Rousseau declared: *"Women have, in general, no love for any art; they have no proper knowledge of any; and they have no genius."* (*Lettre à d' Alembert*, Note xx.)

No one who sees at all below the surface can have failed to remark the same thing. You need only observe the kind of attention women bestow upon a concert, an opera, or a play the childish simplicity, for example, with which they keep on chattering during the finest passages in the greatest masterpieces. If it is true that the Greeks

excluded women from their theatres they were quite right in what they did; at any rate you would have been able to hear what was said upon the stage. In our day, besides, or in lieu of saying, *"Let a woman keep silence in the church"*, it would be much to the point to say "*Let a woman keep silence in the theatre*." This might, perhaps, be put up in big letters on the curtain.

And you cannot expect anything else of women if you consider that the most distinguished intellects among the whole sex have never managed to produce a single achievement in the fine arts that is really great, genuine, and original; or given to the world any work of permanent value in any sphere. This is most strikingly shown in regard to painting, where mastery of technique is at least as much within their power as within ours and hence they are diligent in cultivating it; but still, they have not a single great painting to boast of, just because they are deficient in that objectivity of mind which is so directly indispensable in painting. They never get beyond a subjective point of view. It is quite in keeping with this that ordinary women have no real susceptibility for art at all; for Nature proceeds in strict sequence—*non facit saltum*. And Huarte[vi] in his *Examen de ingenios para las scienzias*—a book which has been famous for three hundred years—denies women the possession of all the higher faculties. The case is not altered by particular and partial exceptions; taken as a whole, women are, and remain, thorough-going Philistines, and quite incurable. Hence, with that absurd arrangement which allows them to share the rank and title of their husbands, they are a constant stimulus to his ignoble ambitions. And, further, it is just because they are Philistines that modern society, where they take the lead and set the tone, is in such a bad way. Napoleon's saying that women have no rank should be adopted as the right standpoint in determining their position in society; and as regards their other qualities Chamfort[vii] makes the very true remark: "*They are made to trade with our own weaknesses and our follies, but not with our reason. The sympathies that exist between them and men are skin-deep only, and*

do not touch the mind or the feelings or the character." They form the sexus sequior—the second sex, inferior in every respect to the first; their infirmities should be treated with consideration; but to show them great reverence is extremely ridiculous, and lowers us in their eyes. When Nature made two divisions of the human race, she did not draw the line exactly through the middle. These divisions are polar and opposed to each other, it is true; but the difference between them is not qualitative merely, it is also quantitative.

This is just the view which the ancients took of woman, and the view which people in the East take now; and their judgment as to her proper position is much more correct than ours, with our old French notions of gallantry and our preposterous system of reverence that highest product of Teutonico Christian stupidity. These notions have served only to make women more arrogant and overbearing; so that one is occasionally reminded of the holy apes in Benares[4], who in the consciousness of their sanctity and inviolable position, think they can do exactly as they please.

But in the West, the woman, and especially the lady, finds herself in a false position; for woman, rightly called by the ancients, *sexus sequior*, is by no means fit to be the object of our honor and veneration, or to hold her head higher than man and be on equal terms with him. The consequences of this false position are sufficiently obvious. Accordingly, it would be a very desirable thing if this Number Two of the human race were in Europe also relegated to her natural place, and an end put to that lady nuisance, which not only moves all Asia to laughter, but would have been ridiculed by Greece and Rome as well. It is impossible to calculate the good effects which such a change would bring about in our social, civil and political arrangements. There would be no necessity for the Salic law[5]: it would be a superfluous truism. In Europe the lady, strictly so-called, is a being who should not exist at all; she should be either a housewife or a girl who hopes to become one; and she should be brought up, not to be arrogant, but to be thrifty and submissive. It is just because there are

such people as ladies in Europe that the women of the lower classes, that is to say, the great majority of the sex, are much more unhappy than they are in the East. And even Lord Byron says: "*Thought of the state of women under the ancient Greeks—convenient enough. Present state, a remnant of the barbarism of the chivalric and the feudal ages—artificial and unnatural. They ought to mind home—and be well fed and clothed—but not mixed in society. Well educated, too, in religion—but to read neither poetry nor politics—nothing but books of piety and cookery. Music—drawing—dancing—also a little gardening and ploughing now and then. I have seen them mending the roads in Epirus with good success. Why not, as well as hay-making and milking?*"

The laws of marriage prevailing in Europe consider the woman as the equivalent of the man—start, that is to say, from a wrong position. In our part of the world where monogamy is the rule, to marry means to halve one's rights and double one's duties. Now, when the laws gave women equal rights with man, they ought to have also endowed her with a masculine intellect. But the fact is, that just in proportion as the honors and privileges which the laws accord to women, exceed the amount which nature gives, is there a diminution in the number of women who really participate in these privileges; and all the remainder are deprived of their natural rights by just so much as is given to the others over and above their share. For the institution of monogamy, and the laws of marriage which it entails, bestow upon the woman an unnatural position of privilege, by considering her throughout as the full equivalent of the man, which is by no means the case; and seeing this, men who are shrewd and prudent very often scruple to make so great a sacrifice and to acquiesce in so unfair an arrangement.

Consequently, whilst among polygamous nations every woman is provided for, where monogamy prevails the number of married women is limited; and there remains over a large number of women without stay or support, who, in the upper classes, vegetate as useless old maids, and in the lower succumb to hard work for which they are

not suited; or else become *filles de joie*, whose life is as destitute of joy as it is of honor. But under the circumstances they become a necessity; and their position is openly recognized as serving the special end of warding off temptation from those women favored by fate, who have found, or may hope to find, husbands. In London alone there are 80,000 prostitutes. What are they but the women, who, under the institution of monogamy have come off worse? Theirs is a dreadful fate: they are human sacrifices offered up on the altar of monogamy. The women whose wretched position is here described are the inevitable set-off to the European lady with her arrogance and pretension. Polygamy is therefore a real benefit to the female sex if it is taken as a whole. And, from another point of view, there is no true reason why a man whose wife suffers from chronic illness, or remains barren, or has gradually become too old for him, should not take a second. The motives which induce so many people to become converts to Mormonism[viii] appear to be just those which militate against the unnatural institution of monogamy.

Moreover, the bestowal of unnatural rights upon women has imposed upon them unnatural duties, and, nevertheless, a breach of these duties makes them unhappy. Let me explain. A man may often think that his social or financial position will suffer if he marries, unless he makes some brilliant alliance. His desire will then be to win a woman of his own choice under conditions other than those of marriage, such as will secure her position and that of the children. However fair, reasonable, fit and proper these conditions may be, and the woman consents by foregoing that undue amount of privilege which marriage alone can bestow, she to some extent loses her honor, because marriage is the basis of civic society; and she will lead an unhappy life, since human nature is so constituted that we pay an attention to the opinion of other people which is out of all proportion to its value. On the other hand, if she does not consent, she runs the risk either of having to be given in marriage to a man whom she does not like, or of being landed high and dry as an old maid; for the period during which

she has a chance of being settled for life is very short. And in view of this aspect of the institution of monogamy, Thomasius[6] profoundly learned treatise, *de Concubinatu*, is well worth reading; for it shows that, amongst all nations and in all ages, down to the Lutheran Reformation, concubinage was permitted; nay, that it was an institution which was to a certain extent actually recognized by law, and attended with no dishonor. It was only the Lutheran Reformation that degraded it from this position. It was seen to be a further justification for the marriage of the clergy; and then, after that, the Catholic Church did not dare to remain behind-hand in the matter.

There is no use arguing about polygamy; it must be taken as *de facto* existing everywhere, and the only question is as to how it shall be regulated. Where are there, then, any real monogamists? We all live, at any rate, for a time, and most of us, always, in polygamy. And so, since every man needs many women, there is nothing fairer than to allow him, nay, to make it incumbent upon him, to provide for many women. This will reduce woman to her true and natural position as a subordinate being; and the lady—that monster of European civilization and Teutonico Christian stupidity—will disappear from the world, leaving only women, but no more unhappy women, of whom Europe is now full.

In India, no woman is ever independent, but in accordance with the law of Manu (Ch. V., v. 148.), she stands under the control of her father, her husband, her brother or her son. It is, to be sure, a revolting thing that a widow should immolate herself upon her husband's funeral pyre; but it is also revolting that she should spend her husband's money with her paramours—the money for which he toiled his whole life long, in the consoling belief that he was providing for his children. Happy are those who have kept the middle course—*medium tenuere beati*.

The first love of a mother for her child is, with the lower animals as with men, of a purely instinctive character, and so it ceases when the child is no longer in a physically helpless condition. After that, the

first love should give way to one that is based on habit and reason; but this often fails to make its appearance, especially where the mother did not love the father. The love of a father for his child is of a different order, and more likely to last; because it has its foundation in the fact that in the child he recognizes his own inner self; that is to say, his love for it is metaphysical in its origin.

In almost all nations, whether of the ancient or the modern world, even amongst the Hottentots (Leroy, *Lettres philosophiques sur l' intelligence et la perfectibilité des animaux, avec quelques lettres sur l' homme*, p. 298, Paris, 1802.), property is inherited by the male descendants alone; it is only in Europe that a departure has taken place; but not amongst the nobility, however. That the property which has cost men long years of toil and effort, and been won with so much difficulty, should afterwards come into the hands of women, who then, in their lack of reason, squander it in a short time, or otherwise fool it away, is a grievance and a wrong as serious as it is common, which should be prevented by limiting the right of women to inherit. In my opinion, the best arrangement would be that by which women, whether widows or daughters, should never receive anything beyond the interest for life on property secured by mortgage, and in no case the property itself, or the capital, except where all male descendants fail. The people who make money are men, not women; and it follows from this that women are neither justified in having unconditional possession of it, nor fit persons to be entrusted with its administration. When wealth, in any true sense of the word, that is to say, funds, houses or land, is to go to them as an inheritance they should never be allowed the free disposition of it. In their case a guardian should always be appointed; and hence they should never be given the free control of their own children, wherever it can be avoided. The vanity of women, even though it should not prove to be greater than that of men, has this much danger in it, that it takes an entirely material direction. They are vain, I mean, of their personal beauty, and then of finery, show and magnificence. That is just why they are so much in

their element in society. It is this, too, which makes them so inclined to be extravagant, all the more as their reasoning power is low. Accordingly we find an ancient writer describing woman as in general of an extravagant nature (Greek: *Gynae to synolon esti dapanaeron Physei*) (Brunck's *Gnomici poetae graeci,* v. 115.). But with men vanity often takes the direction of non-material advantages, such as intellect, learning, courage.

In the *Politics* (Bk. I, ch. 9.) Aristotle explains the great disadvantage which accrued to the Spartans from the fact that they conceded too much to their women, by giving them the right of inheritance and dower, and a great amount of independence; and he shows how much this contributed to Sparta's fall. May it not be the case in France that the influence of women, which went on increasing steadily from the time of Louis XIII., was to blame for that gradual corruption of the Court and the Government, which brought about the Revolution of 1789, of which all subsequent disturbances have been the fruit? However that may be, the false position which women occupy, demonstrated as it is, in the most glaring way, by the institution of the lady, is a fundamental defect in our social scheme, and this defect, proceeding from the very heart of it, must spread its baneful influence in all directions.

That woman is by nature meant to obey may be seen by the fact that every woman who is placed in the unnatural position of complete independence, immediately attaches herself to some man, by whom she allows herself to be guided and ruled. It is because she needs a lord and master. If she is young, it will be a lover; if she is old, a priest.

Notes

1 席勒（Schiller，1864—1937），英国实用主义哲学家、人本主义者、元哲学家。

2 拜伦（Byron，1788—1824），英国浪漫主义作家、诗人，代表作有《查尔德·哈罗德游记》、《唐璜》等。

3 归尔甫派（Guelphs），中世纪的意大利教皇派，反对神圣罗马帝国皇帝，与皇帝派——吉伯林派（Ghibellines）互相争斗。

4　贝拿勒斯（Benares），印度东北部城市瓦腊纳西的旧称。

5　《萨利法典》（Salic　law），5世纪萨利人的习惯法汇编，主要是一部刑法典和程序法典，其中有一章宣布女儿不得继承土地。16世纪时，这一章被错误地引用为妇女不能继承王位这一现行法律推定的权威依据。

6　托马苏斯（Thomasius，1655—1728），德国法理学家、哲学家。

论女人

席勒颂扬女性的诗歌《女性的尊严》因其对偶风格及对比手法的运用而深受读者喜爱；然而，作为一篇真正使女人们当之无愧的赞美之辞，我认为这首诗还逊色于茹伊的一句话："若没有女人，我们的生命之初将无依无靠，生命之中将无趣无味，生命终了将无人慰藉。"同样的感受在拜伦的《沙达那帕鲁斯》里表达得更为情真意切：

人类之初
定然源自女人的胸怀，
她柔唇轻启教你牙牙学语，
她轻轻拂去你第一颗泪滴；
当男人们耻于照见你临终光景
而纷纷躲避之际，
又是她在倾听你的最后一声叹息。
（第1幕，第2场）

这两段文字暗含了评价女人的正确立足点。

你只需看一看女人的身体结构，就能看出女人天生就不是来干重活的，无论这种劳作是精神上的还是肉体上的。她偿还人生之债的方式不是通过行动，而是通过受苦；通过生儿育女之痛、照看孩子的艰辛、对丈夫的顺从——她应该成为丈夫耐心而可人的伴侣。她既不能有大喜大悲，也不应该表现出很有力量。她的一生与男人相比，应该更为和缓、宁静而琐碎，在本质上既不会更幸福也不会更不幸。

女人十分适合照顾和教育婴幼儿，因为她们自己就很幼稚、肤浅、缺乏远见；简而言之，她们终生都是大孩子——一个介于孩子和成年男人的中间阶段，这里所指的男人是严格意义上的男人。看看一个年轻女子是如何连续几日哄小孩子，如何陪他跳舞，如何给他唱歌的吧；然后再想想若是换做男人，尽管他也会尽心竭力，但又能做些什么。

用戏剧的语言来说，大自然似乎认为年轻女子就应该具有惊人的效果。在短短的几年中，大自然赋予她们妩媚的容颜，慷慨地赐予她们迷人的魅力，这一切却是以其余生为代价；所以妙龄女郎都会令某个男人想入非非，到了一定程度之后，这个男人就会匆匆忙忙地承担起照顾她们的各种各样的光荣任务，终生不辍——若是理智还在指挥他的思想，

似乎他就没有充足的理由走这一步。故而，大自然与对待它的所有造物一样，也给女人装备了保卫其生存所必需的武器与工具，而一旦她不再需要就会将其收回。大自然和对待其他造物一样对待女人，它沿用了惯有的俭省；例如，雌蚂蚁在产卵之后就会失去翅膀，因为此时翅膀不仅多余，而且已经切实危及其养育后代了；同样，在生完一两个孩子后，女人通常也会失去美貌，这很有可能是出于同样的原因。

所以，我们发现年轻女子在内心深处将家务事或者任何一种工作都看作是次要的，这么说实际上并非只是取笑之言。让她们真正上心的只有爱情、俘虏男人，以及与之相关的一切——打扮、跳舞，等等。

越是高贵、越是完美的事物成熟越晚、越缓慢。男人的推理能力和智力在28岁之前不大可能达到成熟；而女人18岁就成熟了。而同样，女人的推理能力也很差——程度非常低。正因如此，女人终其一生都是孩子，除了近在眼前的事物之外什么也看不见，执著于当下一刻，把表象当作现实，做事不分轻重缓急。正是由于他的推理能力，男人才不仅仅像野兽那样只生活在当下，而是环顾四周，考虑过去和未来；而这是很多人表现出烦恼、焦虑以及审慎的根源所在。女人则由于其较弱的推理能力而较少有与之相关的优点与缺点。事实上，她会被说成缺乏远见卓识，因为，尽管她本能地理解眼前的事物，但是其视野偏狭，无以致远；所以，不在场的、过去的、未来的事物对女人产生的影响都要小于男人。故而，通常女人更容易大手大脚、挥霍无度，有时甚至臻于疯狂之境。女人打心眼里认为挣钱是男人的事，而她们要做的就是花掉它——可能的话，丈夫在世时就花完，若不能如愿，在其死后也要如此。而她们的丈夫为了让她们管理家务，就将薪水交给她们，这一事实更使她们对这一点深信不疑。

无论女人推理能力较差会导致多少缺点，至少有一点可以说是值得称道，即与男人相比，女人更重视当下的生活，并且如果当下确实还说得过去，她就会比男人更加积极地去享受它。女人所特有的欢快源泉就在于此，这使得她在男人消遣时适合供他取乐，而当男人不堪忧虑的重负，需要安慰时，给予其慰藉。

在遭遇困难之时与女人商量对策绝对不是个坏主意，在古时候，德国人就是这样做的；因为她们看待问题的方式与我们男人迥然有别，主要是因为她们会走捷径，直奔目标。而且，总的说来，她们能做到只盯住眼前的事；而我们则通常会越过它看向远方，仅仅是因为它近在眼

前。在这种情况下，我们需要有人把我们带回到正确的立足点上来，以便恢复临近而简单的视角。

此外，女人作出的判断绝对比我们的更冷静，所以，她们只针对事物本身而不作更多揣测；与之相反，我们一旦热血沸腾，就会以夸张的方式看待事物，或者幻想实际上并不存在的东西。

与男人相比，女人对不幸者更具同情心，因而对他们更和善、更关切，其原因也在于她们的推理能力较差；而另一方面，她们在正义感、荣誉感和责任感上都逊于男人，其原因也在于此。正是因为她们的推理能力差，当下的环境才对她们有如此的影响力，那些就摆在她们眼前的具体事物才能施展一种力量——这种力量很少被抽象的思维原则、固定的行为准则、坚定的决心，或者普遍存在的对过去和未来的考虑，或者对不在场和不相干的事物的顾及所抵消。因此，她们拥有成为道德高尚者的首要因素，然而她们却缺乏那些成为高尚者通常所必需的次要特质。（在这方面可将她们比作只有肝脏、没有胆囊的动物有机体。请允许我在这里引证我的论文《道德的基础》第17节中说过的话。——作者注）

因而，我们会发现女人最根本的缺陷就是她没有正义感。主要原因还是上面已经提及的事实，即女人不善推理与反复推敲；但这也可以归因于大自然指定其为弱势性别的地位。她们依靠的不是力量，而是手腕；因而她们天生骗人，说谎成性。就像让狮子拥有钢牙利爪，让大象和野猪拥有长牙，让公牛拥有利角，让乌贼能喷出墨汁云团一样，大自然为了让女人自卫防身，也为女人装备了装腔作势的技巧；大自然以体力与理性的形式赋予男人的力量，都以这种装腔作势的形式赐予了女人。故而，装腔作势是女人的天性，而且这一特质在愚蠢女人和聪明女人身上的表现几乎相同。她们无时无刻不在利用这一技巧，就像那些遭受袭击的动物使用防御手段一样自然而然；她们觉得这样做只是在行使权利。因此，一个完全诚实、毫不装腔作势的女人也许并不存在，而且正因如此，她们能敏锐地看穿他人的伪饰，所以跟她们耍花招是不明智的。但是，我刚提到的这种根本缺陷及与之相关的一切，导致了虚情假意、背信弃义、阴险狡诈、忘恩负义等等事端。在法庭上作伪证的女人常常多于男人。其实，也许可以广泛讨论一下是否应该允许女人宣誓作证。不断有人发现有些举止优雅的小姐太太，什么都不缺，却趁人不备在商店的柜台里顺手牵羊，这种事情在各地都时有发生。

大自然已经将物种延续的使命指定给了年轻、强壮而且英俊的男人；这样，人类物种才不会退化。这是大自然对于人类物种的坚定意志与目的，而其表达的形式就是女人的激情，没有比这一条更为古老、更为强大的法则了。那么，需求与兴趣与此相悖的男人可要吃苦头了；首次正式见面时，这样的男人无论说什么还是做什么，他的需求与兴趣都将被无情地碾碎。因为支配着女人行为的固有原则——尽管它是在秘密地、不成文地，不，无意识地起着作用——是这样的："我们完全有理由欺骗那些自以为已经获得对人类物种支配权利，而对个体，也就是对我们不太关注的人。由于我们控制了由我们生育的下一代，人类物种的构成，和其繁荣昌盛都已掌握在我们手中，交由我们负责；让我们恪尽职守吧。"但是，女人对于这一主导原则并无抽象的认识；她们只是将其看作具体事实；她们只是在机会降临时才付诸行动，除此以外，对这一原则别无其他表达方式。她们并不像我们想象的那样良心不安；因为，她们在内心的最深处意识到，她们对某些个体的失职，是为了更好地完成对种族的使命，而后者远比前者伟大得多。（在我的主要作品《作为意志和表象的世界》的第2卷第44章中可以找到对这里所讨论的问题的更为详尽的阐述。——作者注）

由于女人大体上仅为物种延续而存在，而且除此之外别无其他使命，所以，通常情况下，她们是为物种而生，而不是为了个体。她们打心眼里认为物种的事情重于个体的事情。这使得她们的整个生命和存在具有某种轻浮多变的特质；她们性格的总体发展方向与男人有着本质的区别；矛盾冲突在婚姻生活中时有发生，几乎是婚姻生活的常态，其产生的原因就在于此。

男人之间本能的感觉只是漠然，然而女人之间则是实实在在的敌意。其原因在于相互嫉妒——*odium figulinum*（陶工同行间的仇恨）——男人之间的相互嫉妒并不超越自己特定的职业范围；然而，女人之间的嫉妒则与整个性别相关，因为她们只忙一种事。女人们即便在街头相遇，也像是归尔甫派看到了吉伯林派一样。一个明显的事实是，当两个女人初次相识时，与两个男人在相似的情况下相比，她们表现得更为虚情假意和装腔作势；因此，两个女人之间的相互吹捧恭维比两个男人的更为荒唐可笑。此外，通常情况下，一个男人在与他人，即便是比他地位低下的人讲话时，总是保留某种程度的体贴与人性，然而，每次一个贵妇人和一个比她社会地位低的人（我指的不是她的女仆）说话时，

表现出的那种骄横跋扈、不可一世都会让人难以容忍。其原因可能是，相比我们男人，女人们的，地位差异要不确定得多；因为我们有一百个要考虑的重要事务，而她们却只有一个，即讨到哪个男人的欢心；由于其使命的单面特性，故而与男人相比，她们相互间的关系更紧密。这使得她们竭力强调地位上的差异。

只有那些被性欲冲动冲昏头脑的男人才会把美丽的性别这个称号送给矮小、窄肩、宽臀、短腿的女人这个物种；因为女性的全部美感都与性冲动密切相关。我们更有理由说女人是全无美感的性别，而不是称其美丽。她们真的对音乐、诗歌、高雅艺术没有任何感觉和感受；要是她们假装有所感觉、感受，那也只是拙劣可笑的模仿，目的是为了帮助她们取悦男人。因此，她们对任何事物都无法产生“纯粹客观的兴趣”；我认为其原因如下：男人试图直接掌控事物，要么通晓它们，要么就强迫它们服从自己的意志。而女人则无论何时何地都被迫间接获得这一掌控能力，即通过男人获得；而无论她将拥有何种直接掌控的力量，都要完全取决于他。所以，女人天生就把一切都看作是征服男人的手段；而即便她对其他事物产生兴趣，那也是装模作样——只是她通过卖弄风情、佯装感动，以达到目的的一个花招而已。因此，就连卢梭都说：“就其整体而言，女人不爱任何艺术；没有任何正经知识；毫无天资。”（《致达兰贝尔的信》，注解20——作者注）

任何能透过表面看到本质的人都会有同样发现。你只需观察一下女人们在参加音乐会、看歌剧或者戏剧时的专心程度——举个例子吧，她们能在最伟大的杰作的最精彩段落上演时，幼稚而又愚蠢地闲聊个不停。希腊人不允许女人进入剧院，如果这是真的，那他们就太正确了；要是这样，你至少能听清楚舞台上在说些什么。此外，在我们这个时代，说“请女人在剧院里肃静”比“请女人在教堂里肃静”要更加切中要害。这句话或许应该用大大的字体写好挂到幕布上去。

如果你想到整个这个性别中最杰出的人才都从来没能在高雅艺术上创造出一件真正非凡出众、名副其实、独树一帜的作品来，也没有在任何领域带给世界具有永恒价值的作品，你就不能期待女人还能有别的什么成就了。这一点在绘画方面表现得尤为明显，至少，女人和我们一样有能力学会绘画技巧——因而，她们认真培养这种能力；然而，她们却依然没有一件能引以为荣的伟大画作，其原因就在于她们缺少在作画时不可或缺的客观态度。她们永远也跳不出主观视角的圈子。与此十分契

合的是普通女性对艺术毫无真正的感受能力；因为大自然是按照严格程序向前发展——“不是突变式的”。瓦特在他的《关于天才的科学实验》[vi]中——三百年来广为人知的一本书——认为女人不具备任何高级能力。实际情况并不会因为几个特例而有所改变；就整体而言，女人们现在是，而且以后也将一直是彻头彻尾的艺术盲，完全无可救药。通过那种荒唐的结合，她们可以荣享丈夫的地位和头衔，也成了丈夫卑鄙野心的永恒动力。不仅如此，正是由于她们对艺术一窍不通，由她们执牛耳、定调子的现代社会才会如此堕落。在决定她们的社会地位时，应该采用拿破仑的一句话——女人没有社会地位——作为正确的立场；至于她们的其他品质，商福特[vii]的话则千真万确：“她们天生就是用来与我们自己的弱点与愚蠢互通有无的，但这却不包括与我们的理性。男人与女人之间的同气相求非常肤浅，并不触及思想、情感及性格。”她们构成了“次要性别”——第二性，在任何方面都弱于第一性；我们应该体谅她们的软弱；然而，对她们毕恭毕敬则是极为荒谬可笑的，这会让她们看不起我们。当大自然将人类种族一分为二时，并没有在正中间划上一条线。这两部分确实截然相反相对，但它们之间不仅仅有质的区别，还有量的差异。

这是古时对女人的看法，现在东方人也是这么看；这种对女人恰当地位的判断比我们的要正确得多。我们还抱着法国骑士风度的观念、恪守尊重女性的荒唐原则——这是条顿—基督徒式愚蠢的的终级产物。这些观念只会使女人们傲慢自大、专横跋扈；所以，看到她们，人们有时会想起贝拿勒斯的圣猿，它们知道自己被视作圣物，地位不容侵犯，就自以为可以随心所欲了。

但是，在西方，女人，特别是贵妇的地位名不副实；因为被古人正确地称为次要性别的女人，绝不适合成为我们尊崇的对象，她们也绝不适合把头抬得比男人还高，与男人平起平坐。这一名不副实的地位所产生的后果已充分显现。因此，要是这人类中的老二在欧洲也被降低到她原有的地位上，取消那个不仅让全亚洲笑话，还会让古希腊人和罗马人也耻笑的可恶的贵妇地位，那可就太好了。这样的变化会给我们的社会、民风、政治带来难以估量的正面影响。《萨利法典》将失去其存在的必要性：它将因其道理不言而喻而变得多余。在欧洲，严格意义上的所谓“贵妇”是根本不应该存在的事物；她应该要么是家庭主妇，要么就是希望成为家庭主妇的年轻女子；她应该从小就受到教育，学会节俭与

恭顺，而不是傲慢。在欧洲，正是因为有贵妇这样的人存在，下层妇女，即女性中的大多数人比东方女子愁苦不满得多。就连拜伦勋爵也说："想想古希腊女人们的境遇吧——这是个现成的例子。她们现在的地位是骑士制度时代和封建时代愚昧思想的残余所致——是违反自然的人为产物。她们应该一心持家——丰衣足食——但不应该混迹于社交圈子。她们也应该得到良好的宗教教育——但不要读诗，也不要读政治学——除了宗教典籍和食谱以外什么也不要读。听听音乐——绘绘图画——跳跳舞蹈——再时不时地种种花、犁犁地吧。我曾在伊庇鲁斯看到她们很会修路。她们为什么不也去晒一晒草、挤一挤牛奶呢？"

欧洲现行的婚姻法认为女人与男人平等——也就是说，其出发点就是错误的。我们欧洲的是实行一夫一妻制，结婚就意味着权利减半、义务加倍。那么，法律在赋予女人与男人平等权利的同时，也本应该赐予她男性的智力。然而，实际上，法律给予女人的尊荣与特权超过自然给予的量越多，真正享有这些特权的女人数量就越少；那些多占多用的人所享受的恰恰是所有其他人被剥夺了的天赋权利。因为一夫一妻制以及与之相伴相生的婚姻法赋予了女人不正常的特权地位，认为她与男人完全平等，而这绝非事实；看透了这一点之后，精明而稳健的男人常常会对作出如此巨大的牺牲并默认如此不公的婚姻安排心存顾虑。

因此，在一夫多妻制国家中，每一个女子都有男人供养，而在实行一夫一妻制的国家中，成婚女人数量有限；大量女人无依无靠、无人供养；这些女人，如果在上层社会，就成了百无一用、了无生趣的老处女，而在下层社会则被迫从事她们并不适合干的粗重活计；要不就会沦为妓女，生活得既了无乐趣又缺乏尊严。但是，在这种情况下，她们就成了必需品；而且她们公开服务于特殊目的，以避开那些受到命运青睐的女人——那些已经找到丈夫或者有望找到丈夫的女人——所展现的诱惑。仅伦敦城就有80,000名妓女。她们就是深受一夫一妻制之苦的女人！她们的命运悲惨：她们是被奉上一夫一妻制祭坛的人类祭品。此处所述之地位悲惨的女人不可避免地与欧洲那些狂妄自大、自命不凡的贵妇们形成了鲜明的对比。因此，整体看来，一夫多妻制实际上对女人大有好处。而且，从另一个角度看，一个男子，若其妻子身患慢性疾病、无法生育或者逐渐老去，就实在没有什么理由不该再娶一个。很多人都转信了摩门教，诱因好像恰恰都是反对非自然的一夫一妻制的。viii

此外，赋予女人违反自然的权利也就强迫她们接受了违反自然的义

务，然而一旦违反这些义务就会使她们不快乐。理由如下：一个男人通常认为他的社会地位和财产会由于婚姻受到损害，除非他攀了高枝。那么，他渴望的是活的心仪女子的芳心，却不是通过婚姻方式，因为那样要确保她和孩子的地位。无论他的其他方式是多么的公平合理、适宜恰当，如果女人接受了他，并因而放弃了婚姻本身可以带给她的不当特权，那么在某种程度上，她还是很丢脸，因为婚姻是公民社会的基础；她将生活在不幸之中，因为人类的本性是我们过分在意别人的评价。而另一方面，要是她不接受他，她所面临的危险是要么嫁给一个她不喜欢的男人，要么就将作为老处女干巴巴地被束之高阁；因为她有机会找到一生归宿的时期非常短暂。关于一夫一妻制的这个方面，托马苏斯的那篇深奥的学术论文《论纳妾》非常值得一读；因为它阐明了在马丁·路德宗教改革之前的所有时代，所有国家都是允许男人纳妾的；不仅如此，纳妾在某种程度上是法律实际认可的制度，并不受人歧视。是马丁·路德的宗教改革运动才使纳妾制度的地位一落千丈。这被视为对牧师可以结婚的进一步辩护；而从那以后，天主教会在这件事情上就再也不敢慢上半拍了。

争论一夫多妻制毫无用处；人们应该假定它“事实上”无处不在，而唯一的问题是应该如何对其进行规范。哪里有真正的一夫一妻者啊？至少我们都暂时活着，而我们多数人一直都是一夫多妻的。因此，既然每个男人都需要很多女人，那么允许他，不，使他有责任供养很多女人则是再公平不过的事情了。这将使女人降回到她作为附属者的真实而自然的地位；而“贵妇”——这一欧洲文明与条顿—基督教式愚蠢制造出的怪物——将从这世上消失，余下的只有女人，然而却不再是不幸的女人，不再是现在满欧洲都是的不幸的女人了。

在印度，没有一个女人是独立的，根据《摩奴法典》（第148卷第五章——作者注），她必须服从她的父亲、丈夫、兄弟和儿子。一个寡妇纵身跃入燃烧丈夫遗体的熊熊烈火中殉葬固然令人恶心，但是她要是和情夫一起挥霍丈夫的钱财，也同样令人憎恶——这些钱是他辛劳一生所得，欣慰地以为将用以供养他的孩子们。那些恪守中庸之道的人是幸福的——“中庸的人有福了”。

一个母亲给予子女的最初的爱纯粹出于本能，低等动物如此，人类也是如此，所以当孩子在身体上完全不再需要帮助时，这爱就停止了。此后，这最初的爱就应该被基于习惯和理性的爱所取代；然而，孩子却

常常得不到这种爱，特别是在那些母亲不爱父亲的家庭中。父亲对子女的爱则是有所不同，且更易持久；因为这份爱的基础是父亲在孩子身上看到了其内在的自我；也就是说，父爱的源头是形而上的。

几乎在所有国家，无论是在古代还是在现代，甚至是霍屯督人（勒瑞，《关于动物的理智性和完善性的哲学通信》中《关于人类的若干通信》，第298页，巴黎，1802年——作者注），都只有男性后代才有权继承财产；只有欧洲的情形与之有别；然而贵族的情况则另当别论。男人们常年辛勤劳作挣来的钱财，来之不易，之后竟然落入了女人的手里，而女人由于缺乏理性，眨眼间就将其挥霍一空。这种冤屈和不公十分常见、极为严重，应该通过限制女人的继承权来加以遏制。在我看来，最好的办法就是：女人，无论是死者的妻子还是女儿都只应终生享有房产抵押所获利息，但绝非房产或资金本身，除非死者无任何男性后裔。挣钱的是男人，不是女人；因此，女人既无理由无条件地拥有它，也不是可以委托管理钱财的合适人选。当财富——这里说的是真正的财富，即现金、房屋、土地——将要作为遗产交与女人时，她们也不应该获得自由处置权。在这种情况下，应该指定一个监护人；因此要尽一切可能避免给予她们自由控制其子女的权利。女人的虚荣心，即便不见得比男人的更强，但也是相当危险的，因为它完全是以物欲为导向的。我指的是，她们炫耀其自身的美丽，然后夸示其华丽的服饰，炫示其富丽堂皇。她们如此热衷社交活动，其原因就在于此。也正是因为这一点她们才如此喜欢挥霍无度，而其推理能力低下更是火上浇油。因此，我们发现一位古代作家说，女人一般说来天生喜欢奢侈挥霍——（希腊语：*Gynae to synolon esti dapanaeron Physei*）（布伦克的《神秘的希腊诗人》，115卷——作者注）然而，男人的虚荣则通常是以非物质优点为导向的，如才智、学识、勇气等。

亚里士多德在《政治学》（第I卷，第9章——作者注）一书中说道，斯巴达人日积月累起来的最大缺点就是他们过度纵容他们的女人，给予其继承父兄及亡夫遗产的权利，还给予其大量的自主权；他揭示了这是如何导致斯巴达覆灭的。法国不也是如此吗？从路易十三时代开始，女人的影响逐渐深入，导致宫廷与政府逐渐腐化堕落，最终引起了1789年大革命，结下了之后一切动荡不安的苦果。无论怎样，女人所占据的虚假地位是由贵妇制度以最为引人注目的形式表现出来的。它是我们社会结构中的根本缺陷，而这一缺陷，从其核心生发，向着四面八方

扩散其恶劣的影响。

女人天生顺从男人，这一点体现在每个女人尽管具有违反自然的完全独立的地位，却依附于离她最近的某个男人，接受他的导引和统治。这是因为她需要一个主子。在她年轻时，主子是她的情人；等上了年纪，就换成神父了。

ON NOISE

Kant wrote a treatise on *The Vital Powers*. I should prefer to write a dirge for them. The superabundant display of vitality, which takes the form of knocking, hammering, and tumbling things about, has proved a daily torment to me all my life long. There are people, it is true—nay, a great many people—who smile at such things, because they are not sensitive to noise; but they are just the very people who are also not sensitive to argument, or thought, or poetry, or art, in a word, to any kind of intellectual influence. The reason of it is that the tissue of their brains is of a very rough and coarse quality. On the other hand, noise is a torture to intellectual people. In the biographies of almost all great writers, or wherever else their personal utterances are recorded, I find complaints about it; in the case of Kant, for instance, Goethe, Lichtenberg, Jean Paul; and if it should happen that any writer has omitted to express himself on the matter, it is only for want of an opportunity.

This aversion to noise I should explain as follows: If you cut up a large diamond into little bits, it will entirely lose the value it had as a whole; and an army divided up into small bodies of soldiers, loses all its strength. So a great intellect sinks to the level of an ordinary one, as soon as it is interrupted and disturbed, its attention distracted and drawn off from the matter in hand; for its superiority depends upon its power of concentration—of bringing all its strength to bear upon one theme, in the same way as a concave mirror collects into one point all the rays of light that strike upon it. Noisy interruption is a hindrance to this concentration. That is why distinguished minds have always shown such an extreme dislike to disturbance in any form, as something that breaks in upon and distracts their thoughts. Above all have they been averse to that violent interruption that comes from noise. Ordinary people are not much put out by anything of the sort. The most sensible and intelligent of all nations in Europe lays down

the rule, Never Interrupt! as the eleventh commandment. Noise is the most impertinent of all forms of interruption. It is not only an interruption, but also a disruption of thought. Of course, where there is nothing to interrupt, noise will not be so particularly painful. Occasionally it happens that some slight but constant noise continues to bother and distract me for a time before I become distinctly conscious of it. All I feel is a steady increase in the labor of thinking—just as though I were trying to walk with a weight on my foot. At last I find out what it is. Let me now, however, pass from genus to species. The most inexcusable and disgraceful of all noises is the cracking of whips—a truly infernal thing when it is done in the narrow resounding streets of a town. I denounce it as making a peaceful life impossible; it puts an end to all quiet thought. That this cracking of whips should be allowed at all seems to me to show in the clearest way how senseless and thoughtless is the nature of mankind. No one with anything like an idea in his head can avoid a feeling of actual pain at this sudden, sharp crack, which paralyzes the brain, rends the thread of reflection, and murders thought. Every time this noise is made, it must disturb a hundred people who are applying their minds to business of some sort, no matter how trivial it may be; while on the thinker its effect is woeful and disastrous, cutting his thoughts asunder, much as the executioner's axe severs the head from the body. No sound, be it ever so shrill, cuts so sharply into the brain as this cursed cracking of whips; you feel the sting of the lash right inside your head; and it affects the brain in the same way as touch affects a sensitive plant, and for the same length
of time.

With all due respect for the most holy doctrine of utility, I really cannot see why a fellow who is taking away a wagon-load of gravel or dung should thereby obtain the right to kill in the bud the thoughts which may happen to be springing up in ten thousand heads—the number he will disturb one after another in half an hour's drive through the town. Hammering, the barking of dogs, and the crying of

children are horrible to hear; but your only genuine assassin of thought is the crack of a whip; it exists for the purpose of destroying every pleasant moment of quiet thought that any one may now and then enjoy. If the driver had no other way of urging on his horse than by making this most abominable of all noises, it would be excusable; but quite the contrary is the case. This cursed cracking of whips is not only unnecessary, but even useless. Its aim is to produce an effect upon the intelligence of the horse; but through the constant abuse of it, the animal becomes habituated to the sound, which falls upon blunted feelings and produces no effect at all. The horse does not go any faster for it. You have a remarkable example of this in the ceaseless cracking of his whip on the part of a cab-driver, while he is proceeding at a slow pace on the lookout for a fare. If he were to give his horse the slightest touch with the whip, it would have much more effect. Supposing, however, that it were absolutely necessary to crack the whip in order to keep the horse constantly in mind of its presence, it would be enough to make the hundredth part of the noise. For it is a well-known fact that, in regard to sight and hearing, animals are sensitive to even the faintest indications; they are alive to things that we can scarcely perceive. The most surprising instances of this are furnished by trained dogs and canary birds.

It is obvious, therefore, that here we have to do with an act of pure wantonness; nay, with an impudent defiance offered to those members of the community who work with their heads by those who work with their hands. That such infamy should be tolerated in a town is a piece of barbarity and iniquity, all the more as it could easily be remedied by a police-notice to the effect that every lash shall have a knot at the end of it. There can be no harm in drawing the attention of the mob to the fact that the classes above them work with their heads, for any kind of headwork is mortal anguish to the man in the street. A fellow who rides through the narrow alleys of a populous town with unemployed post-horses or cart-horses, and keeps on cracking a whip several yards long with all his might, deserves there and then to stand

down and receive five really good blows with a stick.

All the philanthropists in the world, and all the legislators, meeting to advocate and decree the total abolition of corporal punishment, will never persuade me to the contrary! There is something even more disgraceful than what I have just mentioned. Often enough you may see a carter walking along the street, quite alone, without any horses, and still cracking away incessantly; so accustomed has the wretch become to it in consequence of the unwarrantable toleration of this practice. A man's body and the needs of his body are now everywhere treated with a tender indulgence. Is the thinking mind then, to be the only thing that is never to obtain the slightest measure of consideration or protection, to say nothing of respect? Carters, porters, messengers—these are the beasts of burden amongst mankind; by all means let them be treated justly, fairly, indulgently, and with forethought; but they must not be permitted to stand in the way of the higher endeavors of humanity by wantonly making a noise. How many great and splendid thoughts, I should like to know, have been lost to the world by the crack of a whip? If I had the upper hand, I should soon produce in the heads of these people an indissoluble association of ideas between cracking a whip and getting a whipping.

Let us hope that the more intelligent and refined among the nations will make a beginning in this matter, and then that the Germans may take example by it and follow suit. (According to a notice issued by the Society for the Protection of Animals in Munich, the superfluous whipping and the cracking of whips were, in December, 1858, positively forbidden in Nuremberg.) Meanwhile, I may quote what Thomas Hood[1] says of them (in *Up the Rhine*.): "*For a musical nation, they are the most noisy I ever met with*." That they are so is due to the fact, not that they are more fond of making a noise than other people—they would deny it if you asked them—but that their senses are obtuse; consequently, when they hear a noise, it does not affect them much. It does not disturb them in reading or thinking, simply because they do not think; they only smoke, which is their substitute for

thought. The general toleration of unnecessary noise—the slamming of doors, for instance, a very unmannerly and ill-bred thing—is direct evidence that the prevailing habit of mind is dullness and lack of thought. In Germany it seems as though care were taken that no one should ever think for mere noise—to mention one form of it, the way in which drumming goes on for no purpose at all.

Finally, as regards the literature of the subject treated of in this chapter, I have only one work to recommend, but it is a good one. I refer to a poetical epistle in *terzo rimo* by the famous painter Bronzino[2], entitled *De Romori: a Messer Luca Martini.* It gives a detailed description of the torture to which people are put by the various noises of a small Italian town. Written in a tragicomic style, it is very amusing. The epistle may be found in *Opere burlesche del Berni, Aretino ed altri*, Vol. II., p. 258; apparently published in Utrecht in 1771.

Notes

1 托马斯·胡德（Thomas Hood，1799—1845），英国诗人、记者、幽默作家。

2 布隆基诺（Bronzino，1503—1572），意大利佛罗伦萨机械论的风格主义画家。

论噪音

康德曾写过一篇名为“活力论”的论文，我倒想给活力写一首挽歌。用敲敲打打、四处乱扔东西的方式展示出的过剩生命活力，使我一生中的每一天都深受其苦。真的，有些人——不，有很多人——对此一笑置之，因为他们对噪音并不敏感；但他们同样也是那些对辩论、思想、诗歌、艺术，简而言之，对一切智力影响木然的人。原因在于他们的脑组织的质地非常粗糙低劣。然而，对聪慧的人而言，噪音就是一种折磨。在几乎所有伟大作家的传记或者语录中，我都找到了他们对于噪音的微词；例如，康德、歌德、李希滕贝格、让·保罗；而如果说还有哪位作家尚未对此事发表看法，那只是因为他没有机会而已。

我对噪音反感的理由如下：如果你把一枚大钻石切割为小粒，它将完全失去其作为一整块的价值；而一个分散为小股兵士的军队也将失去其所有的战斗力。所以，人在思考手头的工作时，一旦被搅扰打断，其注意力分散转移，就算是一个伟大的智者也将与常人无异。因为他的优势就在于其全神贯注的力量——将其全部精力灌注于一个主题的力量，这与凸透镜将所有接收到的光线聚于一点是一个道理。噪音干扰阻碍注意力的集中。所以，智力非凡的人总是极为讨厌任何形式的搅扰，因为它们会中途插进来，转移他们的注意力。他们最最反感的就是来自噪音的粗暴搅扰。普通人则对这类打扰不以为意。在欧洲所有民族之中最通情达理，也是最为聪慧者制定了请勿打扰这条规矩，作为第十一条诫命。在所有扰人的形式中，最无礼的莫过于制造噪音。它不仅扰人清静，而且还中断思想。当然，在无事可扰之处，噪音并是不特别令人痛苦。有时候会发生这种情况：某种轻微却持续不断的噪音不断地打扰我，令我心烦意乱好一阵子了，我才清晰地意识到它。我所感到的是思考逐渐变得吃力——就好像我用脚负重行走。最终我才明白是怎么回事。对噪音的概述到此为止，现在，让我谈谈噪音的种类吧。在所有噪音中最不可饶恕的，也是最为可耻的就是甩动鞭子的声音——在狭窄空旷的城镇街道上制造这种声音，那是极其地可恨。我谴责它是因为它使宁静的生活化为泡影；它终止了一切安静的思考。这种甩鞭子的行为居然获得允许，于我而言，这似乎再清楚不过地表明了人类在本质上是怎样地愚蠢与迟钝。只要一个在头脑中有思想一类东西的人，猛然听到一

记尖利的鞭哨声，大脑陷入瘫痪，思维之线断裂，思想遭到扼杀之际，他都不免切实感到一阵痛苦。每次这一噪音响起，都会打断一百个人的某种思考过程，无论这种思考可能是多么微不足道；对于思想家而言，其影响则是令人遗憾的、灾难性的，因为噪音将其思想割裂得粉碎，颇似刽子手用斧头将头颅从身体上砍下。没有一种声音，即便它与鞭哨声同样刺耳，会像这种可恨的声音一样如此锋利地切入大脑；你感觉就像在大脑的内部挨了一鞭子；它对大脑的影响就如同碰触一株敏感的植物，而且影响的持续时间相同。

即便出于对最为神圣的实用主义原则应有的尊重，我也真的看不出为何一个拉着满满一车砾石或者粪肥的家伙有权扼杀可能恰好在一万个头脑中冒出的思想苞芽——这是他驾着车穿过市镇时，在半个小时内，一个又一个地搅扰得不得安宁的人数。锤击声、犬吠声以及婴儿的啼哭声听起来都很讨厌，但是真正扼杀你思想的却只有鞭哨声；它存在的目的就是为了毁掉一个人会不时享受一下的每一个静静思索的快乐时刻。要是车夫除了使用制造出万恶噪音之首的方式赶车之外，再无其他方法了，那还有情可原；但实际情况恰恰相反。这种可恨的鞭哨声不仅毫无必要，而且还毫无用处。甩鞭子的目的是要让马儿理解主人的意图；但是，由于长期滥用，马儿已经习惯了这种声音，因此对此感觉迟钝，根本不为所动。马儿不会因为鞭哨声而跑得快起来。一个突出的例证就是出租马车车夫一面不停地抽动鞭子，一面却在缓慢移动，留意是否有乘客。哪怕他用鞭子轻轻地抽一下马儿，效果都会比这强得多。然而，假如为了让马儿时刻记住鞭子的存在而绝对有必要甩动鞭子，那么发出现在鞭哨声的百分之一就足够了。因为众所周知的一个事实是，在视觉和听觉方面，动物的感觉都很敏锐，哪怕是一点点的迹象都逃不过它们的注意；它们能注意到我们很难察觉的事物。在这方面，训练有素的狗和金丝雀是最为惊人的例子。

因此，显而易见，我们不但不得不忍受一种完全是肆无忌惮的行为，而且还要忍受社会成员中体力劳动者对脑力劳动者的无礼藐视。容忍这样的恶行在城镇中存在就是一桩野蛮暴行，更为过分的是，它本可以轻松矫正：只需警察局发出一纸通告，要求所有的鞭子都要在末梢处打一个结即可。提醒民众注意比他们高的阶级是用头脑工作的这一点是没有坏处的，因为任何类型的脑力劳动，对于街头的贩夫走卒而言，都是极度痛苦的。在一个人口稠密的城镇，若是一个家伙赶着优哉游哉的

驿马或者车马，穿行在窄巷之中，每隔几码就要用尽全身力气甩上一鞭子，那么这个家伙就该立马下车站住，狠狠地挨上五棍子。

即便全世界所有的慈善家和立法者聚到一起，倡导和规定完全废除体罚行为，也无法劝说我改变主意！有的事情比我刚刚提到的还要无耻。你可能常常会看到一个车夫没有赶车，而是独自行走在街道上，竟然还在不断地甩着鞭子；对这一行为无原则的宽容已经令这个无耻之徒习惯成自然了。现在到处都在温和地纵容人的身体以及人身体的需求。那么，一颗正在思考的大脑是不是成了唯一无法获得一丁点儿体谅和保护，更不要说尊重的东西了？车夫、脚夫、邮差——他们都是人类中的“役畜”；要尽一切办法让他们得到公正、合理、宽容的待遇，而且还要为他们未雨绸缪；但是，不应该允许他们肆无忌惮地制造噪音，影响人类更高级的活动。我真想搞清楚，在一记记鞭哨声中，这世界究竟遗失了多少伟大而灿烂的思想？要是我大权在握，我很快就会叫这些人的脑袋里建立起甩鞭子和挨鞭子之间永不磨灭的联系。

让我们寄希望于更有智慧也更有教养的民族会在这件事情上开个先河，然后德国人会以此为榜样，见贤思齐。（根据1858年12月慕尼黑动物保护协会颁布的通告，在纽伦堡明令禁止滥用鞭打和滥甩鞭哨的行为——作者注）同时，我还要援引托马斯·胡德评论他们的一句话：“作为一个爱好音乐的民族，他们是我见过的最为嘈杂的人。”（见《逆莱茵河而上》——作者注）他们这个样子，不是由于他们比其他民族的人们更喜欢制造噪音——你要是问他们，他们就会矢口否认——而是因为他们感觉迟钝；因此，他们听到了噪音，也不会受到太大影响。噪音并未打扰他们阅读和思考，仅仅是因为他们不思考；他们只是吸烟，并以此替代思考。人们普遍宽忍不必要的噪音——例如，摔门这种非常没有礼貌、没有教养的行为——就是人们头脑普遍麻木迟钝、缺乏思想的直接证据。在德国，好像单单是噪音就存心不让人思考似的——仅以其一种形式为例：根本没有任何目的地连续不断地击鼓。

最后，至于本章所谈论主题的相关文献，我虽然只有一部作品要推荐，那是一部很精彩的作品。我指的是由著名画家布隆基诺以“三行诗节隔句押韵法”创作的诗文体书信，题为“罗莫里致路加·马丁尼调查员”。它详细描述了在一个意大利小镇上，人们是如何遭受各种噪音的折磨的。它所运用的悲喜剧写作风格令人忍俊不禁。这篇书信可见于《伯尼、阿雷蒂诺等人的笑话集》的第二卷，258页；好像是1771年出版于

乌得勒支。

A FEW PARABLES

In a field of ripening corn I came to a place which had been trampled down by some ruthless foot; and as I glanced amongst the countless stalks, everyone of them alike, standing there so erect and bearing the full weight of the ear, I saw a multitude of different flowers, red and blue and violet. How pretty they looked as they grew there so naturally with their little foliage! But, thought I, they are quite useless; they bear no fruit; they are mere weeds, suffered to remain only because there is no getting rid of them. And yet, but for these flowers, there would be nothing to charm the eye in that wilderness of stalks. They are emblematic of poetry and art, which, in civic life—so severe, but still useful and not without its fruit—play the same part as flowers in the corn.

There are some really beautifully landscapes in the world, but the human figures in them are poor, and you had not better look at them.

The fly should be used as the symbol of impertinence and audacity; for whilst all other animals shun man more than anything else, and run away even before he comes near them, the fly lights upon his very nose.

Two Chinese people traveling in Europe went to the theater for the first time. One of them did nothing but study the machinery, and he succeeded in finding out how it was worked. The other tried to get at the meaning of the piece in spite of his ignorance of the language. Here you have the Astronomer and the Philosopher.

Wisdom which is only theoretical and never put into practice, is like a double rose; its color and perfume are delightful, but it withers away and leaves no seed.

No rose without a thorn. Yes, but many a thorn without a rose.

A wide-spreading apple-tree stood in full bloom, and behind it a straight fir raised its dark and tapering head. "*Look at the thousands of gay blossoms which cover me everywhere," said the apple-tree; "what have*

you to show in comparison? Dark-green needles!" "That is true, "replied the fir, *"but when winter comes, you will be bared of your glory; and I shall be as I am now*."

Once, as I was botanizing under an oak, I found amongst a number of other plants of similar height one that was dark in color, with tightly closed leaves and a stalk that was very straight and stiff. When I touched it, it said to me in firm tones: *"Let me alone; I am not for your collection, like these plants to which Nature has given only a single year of life. I am a little oak."*

So it is with a man whose influence is to last for hundreds of years. As a child, as a youth, often even as a full-grown man, nay, his whole life long, he goes about among his fellows, looking like them and seemingly as unimportant. But let him alone; he will not die. Time will come and bring those who know how to value him.

The man who goes up in a balloon does not feel as though he were ascending; he only sees the earth sinking deeper under him.

There is a mystery which only those will understand who feel the truth of it.

Your estimation of a man's size will be affected by the distance at which you stand from him, but in two entirely opposite ways according as it is his physical or his mental stature that you are considering. The one will seem smaller, the farther off you move; the other, greater.

Nature covers all her works with a varnish of beauty, like the tender bloom that is breathed, as it were, on the surface of a peach or a plum. Painters and poets lay themselves out to take off this varnish, to store it up, and give it to us to be enjoyed at our leisure. We drink deep of this beauty long before we enter upon life itself; and when afterwards we come to see the works of Nature for ourselves, the varnish is gone: the artists have used it up and we have enjoyed it in advance. Thus it is that the world so often appears harsh and devoid of charm, nay, actually repulsive. It were better to leave us to discover the varnish for ourselves. This would mean that we should not enjoy it

all at once and in large quantities; we should have no finished pictures, no perfect poems; but we should look at all things in that genial and pleasing light in which even now a child of Nature sometimes sees them—someone who has not anticipated his aesthetic pleasures by the help of art, or taken the charms of life too early.

The Cathedral in Mayence[1] is so shut in by the houses that are built round about it, that there is no one spot from which you can see it as a whole. This is symbolic of everything great or beautiful in the world. It ought to exist for its own sake alone, but before very long it is misused to serve alien ends. People come from all directions wanting to find in it support and maintenance for themselves; they stand in the way and spoil its effect. To be sure, there is nothing surprising in this, for in a world of need and imperfection everything is seized upon which can be used to satisfy want. Nothing is exempt from this service, no, not even those very things which arise only when need and want are for a moment lost sight of—the beautiful and the true, sought for their own sakes.

This is especially illustrated and corroborated in the case of institutions—whether great or small, wealthy or poor, founded, no matter in what century or in what land, to maintain and advance human knowledge, and generally to afford help to those intellectual efforts which ennoble the race. Wherever these institutions may be, it is not long before people sneak up to them under the pretence of wishing to further those special ends, while they are really led on by the desire to secure the emoluments which have been left for their furtherance, and thus to satisfy certain coarse and brutal instincts of their own. Thus it is that we come to have so many charlatans in every branch of knowledge. The charlatan takes very different shapes according to circumstances; but at bottom he is a man who cares nothing about knowledge for its own sake, and only strives to gain the semblance of it that he may use it for his own personal ends, which are always selfish and material.

Every hero is a Samson. The strong man succumbs to the intrigues of

the weak and the many; and if in the end he loses all patience he crushes both them and himself. Or he is like Gulliver[2] at Lilliput, overwhelmed by an enormous number of little men.

A mother gave her children Aesop's fables to read, in the hope of educating and improving their minds; but they very soon brought the book back, and the eldest, wise beyond his years, delivered himself as follows: This is no book for us; it's much too childish and stupid. You can't make us believe that foxes and wolves and ravens are able to talk; we've got beyond stories of that kind!

In these young hopefuls you have the enlightened Rationalists of the future.

A number of porcupines huddled together for warmth on a cold day in winter; but, as they began to prick one another with their quills, they were obliged to disperse. However the cold drove them together again, when just the same thing happened. At last, after many turns of huddling and dispersing, they discovered that they would be best off by remaining at a little distance from one another. In the same way the need of society drives the human porcupines together, only to be mutually repelled by the many prickly and disagreeable qualities of their nature. The moderate distance which they at last discover to be the only tolerable condition of intercourse, is the code of politeness and fine manners; and those who transgress it are roughly told—in the English phrase—to keep their distance. By this arrangement the mutual need of warmth is only very moderately satisfied; but then people do not get pricked. A man who has some heat in himself prefers to remain outside, where he will neither prick other people nor get pricked himself.

Notes

1 美因茨大教堂（The Cathedral in Mayence），始建于公元975年，建筑风格是罗马式与哥特式相结合。与科隆大教堂、特里尔大教堂并称德国的三大教堂。

2 格列佛（Gulliver），18世纪英国作家乔纳森·斯威夫特的讽刺小说《格列佛游记》的主人公。

几则寓言

在一片成熟的玉米地里，我来到了一块被脚步无情践踏的地方；只见无数的玉米杆清一色地整齐挺拔，结着沉甸甸的果实，就在其中，我看到了一簇簇形态各异的小花，有红的、蓝的，还有紫的。它们长着娇小的叶片，自然地长在那里，看上去是那么娇媚！但是，我想，它们毫无用处；它们不结果实，不过是些野花野草，只因无人铲除才得以幸存。然而，要是没有这些小花，这片庄稼林立丛生之地就再无可悦目之物了。这些小花儿象征着诗歌与艺术，在单调却依然有用也不无成果的城市生活中，诗歌和艺术扮演着和玉米地里的小花儿一样的角色。

这世上有一些真正优美的风景，但身处其间的人类形象却很丑陋，你最好不要去看他们。

苍蝇应该用来象征胆大无礼，因为所有其他动物最怕碰到人类，避之犹恐不及，而苍蝇却直直地飞落在他的鼻子上。

有两个在欧洲旅行的中国人，第一次进影院看电影。其中一个什么也不干，专心研究放映机，并且成功地破解了它的工作原理。另一个，尽管语言不通，却试图搞清楚影片的故事情节。这里你看到的是天文学家和哲学家的区别。

智慧仅仅是理论上的，并无使用价值，就像是一朵重瓣的玫瑰，颜色悦目，气味芬芳，但凋谢后没有留下一粒种子。

但凡玫瑰皆有刺。不错，但很多有刺的却不是玫瑰。

一棵树冠舒展的苹果树开着满树繁花，在它身后是一株笔直的冷杉，高昂着暗色的锥形树冠。“看看这些欢快地开满我全身的千朵万朵的花儿吧，”苹果树说，“你拿什么和我比？黑绿黑绿的针叶？”“是的，”冷杉答道，“但是当冬天来临时，你将被剥去荣耀，而我却依然是现在的样子。”

有一次，我在一棵橡树下采集植物标本，在一片高矮差不多的植物中间，发现了一棵颜色深黑、叶片紧裹、茎杆笔直挺拔的植物。我碰了它一下，它坚决地对我说：“别碰我；我不适合做你的标本，我和那些大自然只赋予其一年生命的植物不同。我是一棵小橡树。”

一个将流芳百世的人也是如此。他在童年、青年，甚至往往成年，不，整个一生，都混迹于他的同类中，看上去与他们没什么两样，似乎

一样无足轻重。但是，别去碰他；他将不死。时间终将驶来，带来那些知道该如何重视他的人们。

坐着热气球升空的人并不觉得他是在上升；他只是看到地球在他的下方一点点地沉下去。

个中奥秘只有觉察其中真谛的人才会明白。

你对一个人高矮的判断会受到离他距离远近的影响，你对他身体高度还是精神高度的判断受距离影响的方式完全相反。前者，你离他越远，他看起来就越小；而后者则越大。

自然以美包装其每一件作品，例如在桃子或者李子表面抹上一层娇嫩的霜粉，仿佛是呼吸打上去的一样。画家与诗人竭力取下这份光鲜，将其贮藏，留待我们闲暇时欣赏。我们在尚未认识生活本身之前，就深深迷醉于这种美；此后，当我们开始自己观察自然之作时，这美之光鲜褪尽：艺术家们已将其耗尽，而我们也已提前享用了它。因此，这个世界才会常常看上去那样粗鄙无情、毫无魅力，不，实在是惹人生厌。要是让我们自己发现这美的光鲜，情况会好得多。这将意味着我们不应该一下子猛然将其享用完；我们不应该有精美图画、无瑕的诗歌；而是应该以温厚、愉悦的眼光看待所有事物，即使是现在，自然之子有时仍以这种眼光看待万物——自然之子并未在艺术的帮助下提前享用他的审美快感，或者过早地尽尝人生的魅力。

美因茨大教堂封闭于四周环建的房屋之中，所以从任何一个点你都无法看到其全貌。它象征了世间所有伟大而美好的事物。它应该只为其自身的缘故而存在，但是不久之后，它就被滥用于为其他目的服务了。从四面八方涌来的人们想要从中找到支持与慰藉；他们挡住了道路，破坏了它的效果。当然，这没什么可惊讶的，因为在一个充满不足与缺憾的世界里，所有事物都被牢牢抓住，用于满足欲望。无一幸免，不，甚至那些只有在需求与欲望消失不见的片刻才会出现的事物，那些因其自身价值而受到追求的东西——真与美，也概莫能外。

高等院校最能解释和证明这一点——这些院校无论大小、贫富、建于何时何地，其成立的目的都是为了传承人类知识，在总体上都是为了帮助那些智者努力使人类变得更加高贵。无论这些学府建在哪里，不久之后人们就会打着促进上述特殊目的的旗号悄悄混进来，而其真正的目的却是薪水，而且这已成了他们事业前进的动力，并且以此来满足他们自己的某种粗俗而野性的本能。正因如此，我们才在每一个知识领域都

有这么多的骗子。骗子会根据不同的环境呈现出迥然而异的样貌；但归根结底，他对知识本身毫无兴趣，只是竭力学些皮毛，将其用于个人目的，而这些目的大多是自私自利、追求物质利益的。

每一个英雄都是参孙。强者总是落入弱者与庸人的圈套；而到最后，当他失去所有耐心时，就会压垮别人和自己。他又像小人国里的格列佛，被无以计数的小人所擒获。

一个母亲让她的孩子们读《伊索寓言》，希望能够教育他们，提高他们的心智；但是他们很快就把这本书还了回来，其中年龄最长、最早慧的孩子是这样说的：这本书不适合我们；它太幼稚，太愚蠢了。你无法让我们相信狐狸、狼还有乌鸦能说人话；这种故事我们早就不看了！

在这些有希望的青少年身上，你看到了未来的启蒙理性主义者。

冬天一个寒冷的日子里，一群豪猪偎依在一起取暖；但是，当它们的刺开始刺痛对方时，它们又不得不分开。然而，寒冷驱使它们再次聚到一处，而此时它们的硬刺却再次将对方戳痛。如此反复多次偎依与分开，最后，它们发现相互之间在存有一点点距离时最舒适。同样，社会交往的需求使人形豪猪们聚到了一起，不料他们却由于本性中的多刺与难以相处的特质而相互排斥。最终，他们发现能够实现人际交往的唯一条件就是距离适中，它也是礼貌与优雅的准则；谁要是违反这一准则就会受到严厉警告——用英国人的一句话说就是——“请保持距离”。如此一来，相互取暖的需求只得到了非常有限的满足，但人们也因此不会被刺痛。一个自身有些热量的人会选择置身人群之外，这样，他就既不会刺到别人，也不会被别人刺到了。

尾注

i Translator's Note, cf. *Thèod*, §153. Leibnitz argued that evil is a negative quality—i.e., the absence of good; and that its active and seemingly positive character is an incidental and not an essential part of its nature. Cold, he said, is only the absence of the power of heat, and the active power of expansion in freezing water is an incidental and not an essential part of the nature of cold. The fact is, that the power of expansion in freezing water is really an increase of repulsion amongst its molecules; and Schopenhauer is quite right in calling the whole argument a sophism.

ii Translator's Note. Matthias Claudius (1740—1815), a popular poet, and friend of Klopstock, Herder and Leasing. He edited the Wandsbecker Bote, in the fourth part of which appeared the treatise mentioned above. He generally wrote under the pseudonym of Asmus, and Schopenhauer often refers to him by this name.

iii Translator's Note. Palmira: a female slave in Goethe's play of *Mahomet*. Mortimer: a would-be lover and rescuer of Mary in Schiller's *Maria Stuart*. Countess Terzky: a leading character in Schiller's *Wallenstein's Tod.*

iv Translator's Note. Schopenhauer refers to *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, vol. i., § [69], where the reader may find the same argument stated at somewhat greater length. According to Schopenhauer, moral freedom—the highest ethical aim—is to be obtained only by a denial of the will to live. Far from being a denial, suicide is an emphatic assertion of this will. For it is in fleeing from the pleasures, not from the sufferings of life, that this denial consists. When a man destroys his existence as an individual, he is not by any means destroying his will to live. On the contrary, he would like to live if he could do so with satisfaction to himself; if he could assert his will against the power of circumstance; but circum*stance is too strong for him.*

v Translator's Note. The word *immortality—Unsterblichkeit*—does not occur in the original; nor would it, in its usual application, find a place in Schopenhauer's vocabulary. The word he uses is *Unzerstörbarkeit*—indestructibility. But I have preferred immortality, because that word is commonly associated with the subject touched upon in this little debate. If any critic doubts the wisdom of this preference, let me ask him to try his hand at a short, concise, and, at the same time, popularly intelligible rendering of the German original, which runs thus: *Zur Lehre von der Unzerstörbarkeit unseres wahren Wesens durch den Tod: Meine dialogische Schlussbelustigung.*

vi Translator's Note. Juan Huarte (1520?—1590) practised as a physician at Madrid. The work cited by Schopenhauer is known, and has been translated into many languages.

vii Translator's Note. See *Counsels and Maxims*, p. 12, Note.

viii Translator's Note. The Mormons have recently given up polygamy, and received the American franchise in its stead.

i　英译者注：参见《神正论》，第153节——莱布尼茨认为灾祸是消极的，即缺乏好运，而其活跃的和貌似积极的特性是其本质中次要的、并非必不可少的部分。他说，寒冷仅为热能

之缺乏，而正在凝结的水所产生的膨胀的积极力量是寒冷的性质中次要的而非必不可少的部分。事实上，正在凝结的水产生膨胀的力量实际是由于其分子间斥力的增加。叔本华称其整个论证过程为诡辩是正确的。

ii　英译者注：马蒂阿斯·克劳迪乌斯（1740—1815），流行诗人，克洛普斯托克、赫尔德和里京的朋友。他是《万兹拜克信使》的编者，在其第四部分中有上面提及的论文。他通常以阿斯莫斯为笔名写作，叔本华在提及他时经常使用这个名字。

iii　英译者注：帕尔米拉：歌德的戏剧《穆罕默德》中的一个女奴。摩提墨尔：在席勒的《玛丽·斯图亚特》中营救了玛丽并将成为她情人。特尔茨基伯爵夫人：席勒的《华伦斯坦之死》中的一个主要角色。

iv　英译者注：叔本华所指为《作为意志和表象的世界》，第一卷，第69节，此处读者可以找到相同的论点且阐述较为充分。叔本华认为，道德自由是最高的伦理目标，其获得只能通过对生命意志的否定。自杀是生命意志的极端肯定，远非否定。因为这一生命意志的否定在于逃离快乐，而非逃离人生的痛苦。当一个人作为个体毁灭其存在时，他决不是在毁灭其生命意志。相反，如果他能这样做使自己获得满足，如果他能在面对环境的力量时坚持自己的意志，他会选择活下去的；然而，对他而言，环境的力量太强大了。

v　英译者注：不朽一词——*Unsterblichkeit*——在原著中并未出现；就其通常用法，也非叔本华惯用词汇之一。他常用的词为*Unzerstorbarkeit*——不灭。但我更乐于用immortality（不朽），因为这个词与这次小小的辩论所论及的题目具有普遍意义上的联系。如果有批评者对这一选择是否得当存疑，那么我就请他试着把下面这句德语原文译成一句简明扼要，而同时又通俗易懂的英语：*Zur Lehre von der Unzerstorbarkeit unseres wahren Wesens durch den Tod:Meine dialogische Schlussbelustigung*。

vi　英译者注：胡安·瓦特（Juan　Huarte，约1520-1590）是马德里的一名医生。叔本华援引的这部著作广为人知，且已被翻译成多种语言。

vii　英译者注：见《隽语与箴言》，第12页，注解。

viii　英译者注：摩门教徒近来已经放弃了一夫多妻制，转而接受了美国的公民权。

Bilingual Classics
外研社双语读库
文·书系

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外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu

Beijing, China 100089

http://www.fltrp.com

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

本杰明·富兰克林自传：英汉对照/(美)富兰克林(Franklin, B.)著；李梦圆译.—北京：外语教学与研究出版社，2010.6（2012.10重印）

(外研社双语读库)

书名原文：The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin

ISBN 978-7-5600-9773-2

I. ①本… II. ①富… ②李… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物 ②富兰克林，B. (1706～1790)—自传 IV. ①H319.4: K

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2010)第116566号

出版人：蔡剑峰

策划：凯思明工作室

责任编辑：米晓瑞

执行编辑：潘小英　高虹

版式设计：张苏梅

封面设计：袁璐

出版发行：外语教学与研究出版社

社址：北京市西三环北路19号(100089)

网址：http：//www.fltrp.com

版次：2010年7月第1版　2012年10月第3次印刷

书号：ISBN 978-7-5600-9773-2

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总序

外研社自创立之日起就一贯秉承“记载人类文明，沟通世界文化”的宗旨。上世纪九十年代以来，我们陆续出版了“九十年代英语系列丛书”、“大师经典文库”、“英美文学文库”等系列经典图书，在最大限度满足国内英语学习者阅读需求的同时，也为中华民族引进和吸收海外优秀文化发挥了重要的桥梁纽带作用。

在多年出版实践中我们发现，对原版图书简单地以外语形式呈现，会使一些初级和中级学习者望而却步；而纯粹的译著，在翻译过程中又容易失掉原著中的某些精妙之笔，甚至丢失信息，因为每种语言都蕴含着其他语言无法精确对应的情致、智慧和对真善美的洞见。文化交流是一个双向互动的过程，因此在大量引入外文作品的同时，我们也不能忽略本民族文化在世界范围内的推广和传播，即把中国传递给世界。

基于上述考虑，我们应时推出“外研社双语读库”，立足经典，涵盖中外名家名作，涉及社会科学各个领域，以书系划分，采用双语编排，对文化背景附有注释。旨在积累世界各民族精粹文化的同时，向世界传递中国文化，也为广大英语学习者提供更为丰富和实用的学习读物。

读库第一批收录的20部西方经典，多出自十九、二十世纪著名作家、学者、思想家和哲学家笔下，作品题材丰富，类型多样，包括学术作品1部、传记2种、小说3本、游记4部、杂文9辑以及回忆录1册。文章难度介于普及性读物与专业性读物之间，可作为由一般英语学习者向专业英语使用者过渡时的教材使用。

翻开书，这边厢波涛荡荡，那边厢涟漪漾漾。在英语的海洋里戏水，水性再好的人也难免精疲力竭，那就到汉语的礁岛上歇歇脚吧。

买了书是缘，翻开书，则是海边度假了。

译者 序

《本杰明·富兰克林自传》一书记录了本杰明·富兰克林——这位美国开国元勋从默默无闻到功勋卓著的奋斗历程。

也许很多人在读这本书之前就已知道，富兰克林是一位在许多方面均有建树的通才，他不仅是杰出的政治家、外交家，还是一位优秀的科学家、发明家和作家。他是美国独立战争的领导人之一，曾参与起草《独立宣言》和《美国1787年宪法》，是美利坚合众国当之无愧的开国元勋；他担任了美国首任驻法国大使，受到法国人民欢迎，享有很高的国际声誉；他热心于公共事务，创办了美洲第一家会员制图书馆，建立了费城学院（常春藤盟校宾夕法尼亚大学的前身），他还成立了全美首家医院；他在电学、气象学等学科上卓有成就，拥有避雷针等多项发明；他的《穷理查年鉴》极为畅销，为当时许多普通民众的自我教育提供了参考，而其自传更是流芳百世，为人称道，其中记述的他自我完善的道德计划激励了许多代人奋发向上，影响十分深远。

《本杰明·富兰克林自传》一书分为四个部分，是富兰克林在不同时期所写。传记依照时间顺序，从对其祖父一辈的简要介绍开始，写到年轻时作者本人如何开始创业、走向事业成功，最后写到作者在公共事务和科学实验两大方面的成就。但第四个部分尚未完成，富兰克林就离开了人世。尽管《自传》只记录到1757年，富兰克林人生后期的辉煌我们无缘从他笔下读到，但这并不影响本书成为一本流传后世的好书。

《本杰明·富兰克林自传》具有很高的文学价值，它与卢梭的《忏悔录》、歌德的《诗与真》一起，开创了现代西方自传的文学传统，成为研究其他传记作品的基础。阅读此书，我们将读到现代传记文学的奠基之作，并能对当时美洲的人情风貌有个大致了解。

《本杰明·富兰克林自传》的主人公富兰克林并非王公贵族，他的父亲为了寻求宗教自由来到美洲，在美洲也仅仅做着油烛匠的生意，甚至连他继续上学的费用都难以承担。尽管出身如此贫寒卑微，但富兰克林丝毫不以为意，他通过持之以恒的自我奋斗，取得了举世瞩目的成就。这种从贫穷到富裕、从卑微到伟大的自我奋斗、自我实现的历程，淋漓尽致地体现了人们对“美国梦”的追寻。可以说，富兰克林是实现“美国梦”最具代表性的人物之一。阅读此书，将使我们更深入地体会美国文化传统和美国精神的真正含义。

富兰克林是伟大的，但他走向成功的方法并非不可复制，正如他的朋友在写给他的信中所说的一样，他的自传“将为自我教育提供崇高的法则和范例”，使年轻人“早日意识到潜心事业、节俭生活以及自我克制的重要性”。所谓见贤思齐，当我们读到这位伟人在走向成功的道路上曾付出怎样的努力、经历怎样的挫折时，当我们看到他为实现道德完善而制定的修身计划时，即使不去刻意模仿，我们中的许多人也会被他刻苦勤

奋、追求上进的精神所感染，从而激励自己在学习、工作和为人处世上努力实现自我完善。伟人就是有这样的感召力，这就是为什么这本书自首次出版就如此畅销，并被尊为成功励志的传世经典之作，得到众多成功学大师的一致推崇。阅读此书，能激励我们不断改进自己、完善自己。

李梦圆

2008年冬

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PART ONE

(TWYFORD, at the Bishop of St. Asaph's, 1771.)

DEAR SON: I have ever had pleasure in obtaining any little anecdotes of my ancestors. You may remember the inquiries I made among the remains of my relations when you were with me in England, and the journey I undertook for that purpose. Imagining it may be equally agreeable to (After the words "agreeable to" the words "some of " were interlined and afterward effaced.—B.) you to know the circumstances of my life, many of which you are yet unacquainted with, and expecting the enjoyment of a week's uninterrupted leisure in my present country retirement, I sit down to write them for you. To which I have besides some other inducements. Having emerged from the poverty and obscurity in which I was born and bred, to a state of affluence and some degree of reputation in the world, and having gone so far through life with a considerable share of felicity, the

conducing means I made use of, which with the blessing of God so well succeeded, my posterity may like to know, as they may find some of them suitable to their own situations, and therefore fit to be imitated.

That felicity, when I reflected on it, has induced me sometimes to say, that were it offered to my choice, I should have no objection to a repetition of the same life from its beginning, only asking the advantages authors have in a second edition to correct some faults of the first. So I might, besides correcting the faults, change some sinister accidents and events of it for others more favorable. But though this were denied, I should still accept the offer. Since such a repetition is not to be expected, the next thing most like living one's life over again seems to be a recollection of that life, and to make that recollection as durable as possible by putting it down in writing.

第一部分

(1771年写于特怀福德的圣阿萨夫主教家中)

亲爱的孩子：我历来喜欢搜集我祖先的点滴趣闻轶事。你也许还记得和我同在英国的时候，我曾为此长途跋涉，拜访仍然在世的亲戚。想来你可能也同样想了解我生活的经历，其中许多你还并不熟悉；想到将在乡下度过一周清净无扰的闲暇时光，我就坐下来为你写下这些事情。除此之外，我提笔写作还有其他一些原因。我出身贫寒卑微，童年在穷困中度过，后来竟过上了富足生活，在世界上也有了些名望。我的人生走到今天，经历中有很多运气的成分，承蒙上帝眷顾，我的处世之道还算成功。我的子孙们也许希望对此有所了解，以便日后遇到适宜情况或许可以效仿一二。

当我回忆起那种幸运的时候，我有时忍不住想说，如果有机会选择，我会毫不介意从头至尾再过一遍这样的人生；但只恳求能拥有作家的特权，可以在再版时纠正第一版的一些错误。除此之外，我还想改变某些不幸遭遇，让人生更顺利些。不过，即使这个愿望实现不了，我还是会接受让人生重来一次的提议。但由于这样的重演是不会实现的，而与重演人生最相近的似乎就是回顾人生的一切境遇，并提笔写下这些回

忆，让它经久不衰。

Hereby, too, I shall indulge the inclination so natural in old men, to be talking of themselves and their own past actions; and I shall indulge it without being tiresome to others, who, through respect to age, might conceive themselves obliged to give me a hearing, since this may be read or not as any one pleases. And, lastly (I may as well confess it, since my denial of it will be believed by nobody), perhaps I shall a good deal gratify my own vanity. Indeed, I scarce ever heard or saw the introductory words, "Without vanity I may say," etc., but some vain thing immediately followed. Most people dislike vanity in others, whatever share they have of it themselves; but I give it fair quarter wherever I meet with it, being persuaded that it is often productive of good to the possessor, and to others that are within his sphere of action; and therefore, in many cases, it would not be altogether absurd if a man were to thank God for his vanity among the other comforts of life.

And now I speak of thanking God, I desire with all humility to acknowledge that I owe the mentioned happiness of my past life to His kind providence, which lead me to the means I used and gave them success. My belief of this induces me to hope, though I must not presume, that the same goodness will still be exercised toward me, in continuing that happiness, or enabling me to bear a fatal reverse, which I may experience as others have done: the complexion of my future fortune being known to Him only in whose power it is to bless to us even our afflictions.

The notes one of my uncles (who had the same kind of curiosity in collecting family anecdotes) once put into my hands, furnished me with several particulars relating to our ancestors. From these notes I learned that the family had lived in the same village, Ecton, in Northamptonshire, for three hundred years, and how much longer he knew not (perhaps from the time when the name of Franklin, that before was the name of an order of people, was assumed by them as a surname when others took surnames all over the kingdom), on a freehold of about thirty acres, aided by the smith's business, which had continued in the family till his time, the eldest son being always bred to that business; a custom which he and my father followed as to their eldest sons. When I searched the registers at Ecton, I found an account of their births, marriages and burials from the year 1555 only, there being no registers kept in that parish at any time preceding. By that register I perceived that I was the youngest son of the youngest son for five generations back. My grandfather Thomas, who was born in 1598, lived at Ecton till he grew too old to follow business longer, when he went to live with his son John, a dyer at Banbury, in

Oxfordshire, with whom my father served an apprenticeship. There my grandfather died and lies buried. We saw his gravestone in 1758. His eldest son Thomas lived in the house at Ecton, and left it with the land to his only child, a daughter, who, with her husband, one Fisher, of Wellingborough, sold it to Mr. Isted, now lord of the manor there. My grandfather had four sons that grew up, viz.: Thomas, John, Benjamin and Josiah. I will give you what account I can of them, at this distance from my papers, and if these are not lost in my absence, you will among them find many more particulars.

因此，我也会沉浸在老年人的自然爱好中，那就是谈论自己，谈论自己的旧事；我会沉浸其中，但不会使听者厌烦，他们出于对年长者的尊敬不得不听我诉说，而如果把这些事情写下来，读与不读就悉听尊便了。最后（我也承认这一点，因为即使我否认也没人相信），也许我的虚荣心能从中得到极大的满足。的确，我很少听到或看到这样的开场白："我不存一点虚荣心"等，而自负之语随即就出现了。不管人们自己自负的程度如何，他们大多不喜欢他人狂妄自负；但每当我遇到自负之人，都能予以宽容和理解，因为我相信，这自负不管对于自负者本人，还是与他相处的旁人，都颇有裨益；因此在许多情况下，如果人们因为属于人生诸多慰藉之一的自负心而感谢上帝，倒也并不荒唐。

既然提到感谢上帝，我想非常谦卑地承认，我所提及的过去生活中的幸福都来自上帝的眷顾，是他让我悟出了处世之道并取得成功。这一信念让我怀抱期望，尽管我不应妄定他仍将施与我同样的恩惠，使我继续先前的幸福，或者让我在像他人一样遭遇致命的人生逆境时，依然能够承受得住：只有上帝知道我未来的命运，他会祝福我们，即使这种祝福是以施与苦难的形式。

我的一位伯父曾交给我一些笔记（他和我一样爱好搜集家族趣闻），让我对我们家族先人的某些事情有了了解。从这些笔记中我得知，我们家族在北安普敦郡的埃克顿村居住了300年，在这之前还有多少年他不得而知（"富兰克林"原本是一个社会阶层的名字，后来全国各地的人们都开始采用姓氏时，"富兰克林"开始被他们当作姓，也许我们家族从那时起就在此居住了），我们的家族拥有约30英亩的自由土地，并以铁匠生意为副业，一直经营到伯父那个时候，都是由家里的长子继承这门生意的，伯父和我父亲都遵循了这一传统。我查询了埃克顿的登记册，发现只有1555年以后关于他们出生、婚嫁和丧葬的记录，此前的记录在该教区均已无据可考。从那本登记册上我了解到，我是家族里五代人中最小儿子的最小儿子。我的祖父托马斯生于1598年，一直住在埃克顿，直到因年老而不能打理生意才搬到牛津郡的班伯里和儿子约翰一起住。约翰是个染工，我父亲还曾给他当过学徒。祖父后来在牛津郡去世，并葬在了那里。我们曾于1758年见过他的墓碑。他的长子托马斯住在埃克顿的房子里，后来把房子与土地留给了他的独生女。女儿的丈夫

是韦灵伯勒一个叫费希尔的人，他们把土地卖给了伊斯特先生，他现在是那块领地的主人。祖父有四个儿子长大成人，他们是托马斯、约翰、本杰明和乔赛亚。我没把关于他们的记录带在身边，我只能尽我所能向你描述他们的状况，如果那些记录在我不在时不会丢失的话，你可以从中了解到更多细节。

Thomas was bred a smith under his father; but, being ingenious, and encouraged in learning (as all my brothers were) by an Esquire Palmer, then the principal gentleman in that parish, he qualified himself for the business of scrivener; became a considerable man in the county; was a chief mover of all public-spirited undertakings for the county or town of Northampton, and his own village, of which many instances were related of him; and much taken notice of and patronized by the then Lord Halifax. He died in 1702, January 6, old style, just four years to a day before I was born. The account we received of his life and character from some old people at Ecton, I remember, struck you as something extraordinary, from its similarity to what you knew of mine.

"Had he died on the same day," you said, "one might have supposed a transmigration."

John was bred a dyer, I believe of woolens. Benjamin was bred a silk dyer, serving an apprenticeship at London. He was an ingenious man. I remember him well, for when I was a boy he came over to my father in Boston, and lived in the house with us some years. He lived to a great age. His grandson, Samuel Franklin, now lives in Boston. He left behind him two quarto volumes, MS., of his own poetry, consisting of little occasional pieces addressed to his friends and relations, of which the following, sent to me, is a specimen. (Here follow in the margin the words, in brackets, "here insert it," but the poetry is not given.) He had formed a short-hand of his own, which he taught me, but, never practising it, I have now forgot it. I was named after this uncle, there being a particular affection between him and my father. He was very pious, a great attender of sermons of the best preachers, which he took down in his short-hand, and had with him many volumes of them. He was also much of a politician; too much, perhaps, for his station. There fell lately into my hands, in London, a collection he had made of all the principal pamphlets, relating to public affairs, from 1641 to 1717; many of the volumes are wanting as appears by the numbering, but there still remain eight volumes in folio, and twenty-four in quarto and in octavo. A dealer in old books met with them, and knowing me by my sometimes buying of him, he

brought them to me. It seems my uncle must have left them here, when he went to America, which was about fifty years since. There are many of his notes in the margins.

大儿子托马斯跟着他的父亲学了打铁，但他天资聪颖，当时教区的大绅士帕尔默先生鼓励他（我的其他兄弟们也都一样）继续学习。后来他获得了文书资格，在郡里颇有影响，还是北安普敦郡、乡镇以及本村所有公益事业的主要推动者。我听人们讲述了他的许多事迹，他还得到了哈利法克斯勋爵的赏识和资助。托马斯于旧历1702年1月6日去世，而我恰好在他去世四年后的那一天出生了。我记得当时我们听完埃克顿的一些老人讲述他的生平和性格后，你着实吃惊不小，因为这和你所了解的我很相似。

“如果他在你出生的日子去世，”你说，“人们会以为你是他的转世。”

二儿子约翰学做了染工，好像是染羊毛的。三儿子本杰明成了丝绸染工，在伦敦当学徒。他是个聪慧灵巧的人。我很清楚地记得他，因为在我还小的时候他来波士顿找过我父亲，和我们一起住了几年。他活得年岁很高，他的孙子塞缪尔·富兰克林现居波士顿。本杰明死后留下两卷四开本的诗集手稿，都是他自己创作的，其中有些是题赠给朋友和亲戚的应景小诗，下面这首写给我的小诗就是个例子。（在此页空白处有个括号，里面有“在此插入”的字样，但没有给出小诗。）他还自创了一种速记方法，并把它教给了我，只是我从未练习过，现在都忘了。当时他和我父亲感情特别好，所以我的名字也是随他起的。本杰明是个虔诚的教徒，一直坚持去听当时最了不起的牧师布道，并用自创的速记法记下来，他还留有好几卷这样的布道笔记。他还是位出色的政治家，也许就他的地位而言，他在政治上倾注的精力过多了。我最近在伦敦得到一本他搜集的集子，涵盖了1641年至1717年间所有关于公共事务的重要论文。从编号来看，文集中的许多卷已经缺失了，但是仍然留下了8卷对开本、24卷四开本和八开本。一位旧书商偶然得到它们，因为我有时在他那儿买书，所以他认识我，于是就把这些书送到了我这里。这似乎是我伯父去美洲时留在这里的，距今大约已有50年了。书页空白处还留有许多他做的笔记。

This obscure family of ours was early in the Reformation, and continued Protestants through the reign of Queen Mary, when they were sometimes in danger of trouble on account of their zeal against popery.[1] They had got an English Bible, and to conceal and secure it, it was fastened open with tapes under and within the cover of a joint-stool. When my great-great-grandfather read it to his family, he turned up the joint-stool upon his knees, turning over the leaves then under the tapes. One of the children stood at the door to give notice if he saw the apparitor coming, who was an officer of the spiritual court. In

that case the stool was turned down again upon its feet, when the Bible remained concealed under it as before. This anecdote I had from my uncle Benjamin. The family continued all of the Church of England till about the end of Charles the Second's reign, when some of the ministers that had been outed for nonconformity holding conventicles in Northamptonshire, Benjamin and Josiah adhered to them, and so continued all their lives; the rest of the family remained with the Episcopal Church[2]

我们这个卑微的家庭很早就响应了宗教改革，玛丽女王统治时期也始终信仰新教，他们有时还因强烈反对天主教而陷入险境。家里有一本英文《圣经》，为了隐藏和保住这本《圣经》，他们把它打开，用胶带绑在折叠凳的背面。高祖父向全家颂读《圣经》时，便把折凳翻过来放在膝盖上，再翻开藏在胶带下的书页。这时会有一个孩子站在门口把风，如果看见宗教法庭官员来了就赶紧报信儿，高祖父就把折凳翻转回来放在地上，于是《圣经》仍像先前一样藏在折凳下面了。这则轶事我是从本杰明伯父那儿听来的。直到查理二世统治末期，家人都一直信仰英国国教，后来有些因不信国教被开除教籍的牧师在北安普敦郡举行秘密集会，本杰明和乔赛亚改信了他们的教派且终生不渝，家里其他人则始终信仰国教。

Josiah, my father, married young, and carried his wife with three children into New England, about 1682. The conventicles having been forbidden by law, and frequently disturbed, induced some considerable men of his acquaintance to remove to that country, and he was prevailed with to accompany them thither, where they expected to enjoy their mode of religion with freedom. By the same wife he had four children more born there, and by a second wife ten more, in all seventeen; of which I remember thirteen sitting at one time at his table, who all grew up to be men and women, and married; I was the youngest son, and the youngest child but two, and was born in Boston, New England. My mother, the second wife, was Abiah Folger, daughter of Peter Folger, one of the first settlers of New England, of whom honorable mention is made by Cotton Mather in his church history of that country, entitled *Magnalia Christi Americana*[3], as "a godly, learned Englishman," if I remember the words rightly. I have heard that he wrote sundry small occasional pieces, but only one of them was printed, which I saw now many years since. It was written in 1675, in the home-spun verse of that time and people, and addressed to those then concerned in the government there. It was in favor of liberty of conscience, and in behalf of the Baptists, Quakers, and other sectaries that had been under persecution, ascribing the Indian wars, and other distresses that had befallen the country, to that persecution, as so many judgments of God to punish so heinous an offense, and exhorting a repeal of those uncharitable laws. The whole

appeared to me as written with a good deal of decent plainness and manly freedom. The six concluding lines I remember, though I have forgotten the two first of the stanza; but the purport of them was, that his censures proceeded from good-will, and, therefore, he would be known to be the author.

> "Because to be a libeller (says he) I hate it with my heart; From Sherburne town, where now I dwell My name I do put here; Without offense your real friend, It is Peter Folger."

小儿子乔赛亚是我父亲，娶妻很早，1682年左右携妻子和三个孩子迁到了新英格兰。当时非国教的集会均被法律禁止，活动常常受到干扰，这使得与父亲相识的几位颇有影响的人迁往了新英格兰，而父亲也经他们劝说同意一起走，希望在新英格兰能享有他们的宗教信仰自由。他的第一位妻子在新英格兰又生了4个孩子，第二位妻子生下10个孩子，一共17个；我还记得其中13个一同坐在桌边的情景，他们后来都长大成人，各自成家。我是最小的儿子，出生在新英格兰的波士顿，下面还有两个妹妹。我母亲，也就是我父亲的第二个妻子，名叫艾比亚·福尔杰，是新英格兰第一批移民彼得·福尔杰的女儿，科顿·马瑟曾在其所著的《新英格兰宗教史》这本讲述美洲基督教历史的书中提到过他。如果我没记错的话，马瑟在书里称他是“一个虔诚、博学的英国人”。我听说外祖父曾写下过各类应景小诗，但只有一篇付印，我许多年前曾经读过。那首诗写于1675年，是用当时的朴实诗体写成的，写给当时当地的政府人士。诗中的观点主张宗教信仰自由，支持浸信会、贵格会和其他受迫害的教派，将印第安人战争和其他降临于这片土地的不幸归咎于宗教迫害，称上帝给了如此多的审判就是为了惩罚人们可恶的罪行。诗中还力主废除残酷的法律。在我看来，全诗是以大气直白和颇具男子气概的自由风格写就。我仍然记得结尾的六行，尽管诗节的头两句我已经忘了；那几行大概是说他的指责乃出于好意，因此他愿意让别人知道自己是诗的作者。

> “诋毁诽谤他人，我满心憎恶；我住在舍本镇，我的名字也定留在这里；无意冒犯，我是你们真正的朋友，彼得·福尔杰。”

My elder brothers were all put apprentices to different trades. I was put to the grammar-school at eight years of age, my father intending to devote me, as the tithe of his sons, to the service of the Church. My early readiness in learning to read (which must have been very early, as I do not remember when I could not read), and the opinion of all his friends, that I should certainly make a good scholar, encouraged him in this purpose of his. My uncle Benjamin, too,

approved of it, and proposed to give me all his short-hand volumes of sermons, I suppose as a stock to set up with, if I would learn his character. I continued, however, at the grammar-school not quite one year, though in that time I had risen gradually from the middle of the class of that year to be the head of it, and farther was removed into the next class above it, in order to go with that into the third at the end of the year. But my father, in the meantime, from a view of the expense of a college education, which having so large a family he could not well afford, and the mean living many so educated were afterwards able to obtain—reasons that he gave to his friends in my hearing—altered his first intention, took me from the grammar-school, and sent me to a school for writing and arithmetic, kept by a then famous man, Mr. George Brownell, very successful in his profession generally, and that by mild, encouraging methods. Under him I acquired fair writing pretty soon, but I failed in the arithmetic, and made no progress in it. At ten years old I was taken home to assist my father in his business, which was that of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler; a business he was not bred to, but had assumed on his arrival in New England, and on finding his dying trade would not maintain his family, being in little request. Accordingly, I was employed in cutting wick for the candles, filling the dipping mold and the molds for cast candles, attending the shop, going of errands, etc.

我的兄长们都被送到不同行业去当学徒，我则于八岁时进了文法学校，因为父亲希望我——他的第十个儿子——成为牧师。我很小就学会阅读（一定很小，因为我不记得自己有过不识字的时候），加之父亲所有的朋友都认为我一定能成为一位优秀的学者，这也让他对此抱了更大的希望。本杰明伯父对此也很赞同，还提议说，如果我能认识他的字，就把他所有速记下来的布道笔记留给我，作为知识积累的开始。但我在文法学校学习还不到一年，父亲便决定让我转学，去上了一所学习写作和算术的学校。而那时我已逐渐从班上中等水平进步到名列前茅，还进入了更高的年级，准备年终时升入三年级读书。不过，父亲当时考虑到家里人口众多，很难再承担昂贵的大学学费，而且许多受过良好教育的人后来也过得相当穷困——我亲耳听他对朋友们这么说过——这些都使他改变了初衷。我后来去的那所学校是由当时的知名人士乔治·布朗威尔先生办的。布朗威尔先生对学生采取温和、鼓励性的教学方法，因此把教育办得非常成功。在他那里我很快学会了写一手好字，但算术学得不好，没取得什么进步。10岁时，父亲让我回家协助他做生意，卖油烛和肥皂；他以前没有学过这行，是到新英格兰之后才开始干的，因为他发现在这里做染工没什么生意，养不了家。就这样，我开始给蜡烛剪烛芯，填灌蜡烛模子，照管店铺，跑跑腿什么的。

I disliked the trade, and had a strong inclination for the sea, but my father declared against it; however, living near the water, I was much in and about it, learnt early to swim well, and to manage boats;

and when in a boat or canoe with other boys, I was commonly allowed to govern, especially in any case of difficulty; and upon other occasions I was generally a leader among the boys, and sometimes led them into scrapes, of which I will mention one instance, as it shows an early projecting public spirit, tho' not then justly conducted.

There was a salt-marsh that bounded part of the mill-pond, on the edge of which, at high water, we used to stand to fish for minnows. By much trampling, we had made it a mere quagmire. My proposal was to build a wharff there fit for us to stand upon, and I showed my comrades a large heap of stones, which were intended for a new house near the marsh, and which would very well suit our purpose. Accordingly, in the evening, when the workmen were gone, I assembled a number of my play-fellows, and working with them diligently like so many emmets, sometimes two or three to a stone, we brought them all away and built our little wharff. The next morning the workmen were surprised at missing the stones, which were found in our wharff. Inquiry was made after the removers; we were discovered and complained of; several of us were corrected by our fathers; and though I pleaded the usefulness of the work, mine convinced me that nothing was useful which was not honest.

我不喜欢这一行，反而很想去航海，可父亲却明确反对。不过，由于住在沿海一带，我常去海边和水中玩耍，很早就学会了游泳，游得还很好，也学会了划船。我和其他男孩在船上或独木舟上时，他们一般都让我来当头儿，尤其是遇到困难时。在其他时候我一般也是同伴中的头儿，尽管有时我也会把大家带入窘境。我来举一个例子吧，从中可以看出我很早就具有突出的公益精神！只是当时用错了地方。

磨房的贮水池旁边有一片盐沼地，水位升高时，我们常常站在旁边钓米诺鱼。因为过度踩踏，这儿已经被我们弄成一片泥地了。于是我提议修一个码头，好让我们站在上面，还把一大堆石块指给同伴们看，那本是人家要用来在沼泽边建新房子的，但非常符合我们的需要。于是，等晚上工匠们离开后，我召集了许多同伴，像蚂蚁一样努力工作起来，有时两三个人搬一块石头，直到全部搬完，建起了我们的小码头。第二天早上，工匠们发现石块不见了，大吃一惊，后来发现石块已被我们用来建了码头。经过一番调查，发现我们就是搬走石头的人，就向我们各自家里告状，有几个同伴被自己父亲教训了一顿；尽管我向父亲辩解我们建的码头很有用，但他告诉我说，如果不诚实，什么都没有用。

I think you may like to know something of his person and character. He had an excellent constitution of body, was of middle stature, but well set, and very strong; he was ingenious, could draw prettily, was skilled a little in music, and had a clear pleasing voice, so that when he played psalm tunes on his violin and sung withal, as he sometimes did in an evening after the business of the day was over, it

was extremely agreeable to hear. He had a mechanical genius too, and, on occasion, was very handy in the use of other tradesmen's tools; but his great excellence lay in a sound understanding and solid judgment in prudential matters, both in private and publick affairs. In the latter, indeed, he was never employed, the numerous family he had to educate and the straitness of his circumstances keeping him close to his trade; but I remember well his being frequently visited by leading people, who consulted him for his opinion in affairs of the town or of the church he belonged to, and showed a good deal of respect for his judgment and advice: he was also much consulted by private persons about their affairs when any difficulty occurred, and frequently chosen an arbitrator between contending parties.

At his table he liked to have, as often as he could, some sensible friend or neighbor to converse with, and always took care to start some ingenious or useful topic for discourse, which might tend to improve the minds of his children. By this means he turned our attention to what was good, just, and prudent in the conduct of life; and little or no notice was ever taken of what related to the victuals on the table, whether it was well or ill dressed, in or out of season, of good or bad flavor, preferable or inferior to this or that other thing of the kind, so that I was bro't up in such a perfect inattention to those matters as to be quite indifferent what kind of food was set before me, and so unobservant of it, that to this day if I am asked I can scarce tell a few hours after dinner what I dined upon. This has been a convenience to me in travelling, where my companions have been sometimes very unhappy for want of a suitable gratification of their more delicate, because better instructed, tastes and appetites.

我想你可能希望了解我父亲的为人和个性。他身板很好，中等身材，体格健壮；天资聪颖，擅长绘画，也稍通音乐，声音清朗动听，因此有的晚上，他会在忙完一天的工作后，拉起小提琴，唱起圣歌，十分悦耳动听。他也是机械方面的好手，有时使用其他工匠的工具也非常得心应手；但他最杰出的才能还在于处理公私事务中的重大问题时那种良好的理解力和可靠的判断力。的确，从没有人正式聘用他去参与公共事务，由于家里众多子女需要教育，经济又困难，因此他只能围着自己的生意转。但我记得很清楚，当时经常有头面人物拜访他，向他请教镇上或是本教区的公共事务，且他们对他的判断和建议都表现出十分的尊重；也经常有人在私事上遇到困难时向父亲咨询，他还经常被选作某事争议双方的仲裁人。

他常常喜欢请些明练通达的朋友或邻居一起围坐在餐桌旁聊天，而且总是有意谈些睿智或是有用的话题，以提高孩子们的心智。通过这样的方法，他将我们的注意力转向行为操守中善良、正直、谨慎的品德，而很少或完全不去留意餐桌上的食物，不管它们烹调得好不好、合不合时令、味道如何、与同类的其他食物相比有何优劣，因此我从小便受教

导对眼前摆放的是何食物这些事情一向不十分在意，也不去观察；所以到了现在，即使刚吃完饭几个小时，要是有人问我刚吃了什么，我很少能答得上来。这让我在旅途中倒挺方便，而我的同伴们有时会因为没法满足自幼养成的更为精细的味觉和挑剔的胃口而十分不悦。

My mother had likewise an excellent constitution: she suckled all her ten children. I never knew either my father or mother to have any sickness but that of which they dy'd, he at 89, and she at 85 years of age. They lie buried together at Boston, where I some years since placed a marble over their grave, with this inscription:

JOSIAH FRANKLIN,

and

ABIAH his Wife,

lie here interred.

They lived lovingly together in wedlock

fifty-five years.

Without an estate, or any gainful employment,

By constant labor and industry,

with God's blessing,

They maintained a large family

comfortably,

and brought up thirteen children

and seven grandchildren

reputably.

From this instance, reader,

Be encouraged to diligence in thy calling,

And distrust not Providence.

He was a pious and prudent man;

She, a discreet and virtuous woman.

Their youngest son,

In filial regard to their memory,

Places this stone.

J. F. born 1655, died 1744, AEtat 89.

A. F. born 1667, died 1752, — 85.

By my rambling digressions I perceive myself to be grown old. I us'd to write more methodically. But one does not dress for private company as for a public ball. 'Tis perhaps only negligence.

我母亲也同样有着很好的体格：她哺育了自己的10个孩子。父亲于89岁、母亲于85岁时因病去世，在此之前我从没见过他们生病。父母去世后合葬在波士顿，几年前，我在他们的墓前立了一块大理石石碑，上面刻着这样的碑文：

乔赛亚·富兰克林

和

他的妻子艾比亚·富兰克林

合葬于此。

他们婚后相亲相爱共同生活了

55年。

他们没有田产，没有收入可观的职业，

但凭着不懈的劳动和勤勉，

还有上帝的祝福，

养育了一个大家庭，

平安幸福，

养大了13个儿女

和7个孙子

孙女，

声誉卓著。

看到这块墓碑的人啊，

希望受此激励，

勤勉劳作，勿疑上帝。

他是虔诚而审慎的男子，她是谨慎而贤淑的女子。

他们的幼子，

心存孝心，追忆双亲，

特立此碑。

乔赛亚·富兰克林，生于1655年，卒于1744年，享年89岁。

艾比亚·富兰克林，生于1667年，卒于1752年，享年85岁。

我又不知不觉跑题了，由此看来自己真是老了，我以前写作要更有条理些。但是就像一个人不会为参加私人聚会而身着盛装，好似出席舞会，这也许只是疏忽罢了。

To return: I continued thus employed in my father's business for two years, that is, till I was twelve years old; and my brother John, who was bred to that business, having left my father, married, and set up for himself at Rhode Island, there was all appearance that I was destined to supply his place, and become a tallow-chandler. But my dislike to the trade continuing, my father was under apprehensions that if he did not find one for me more agreeable, I should break away and get to sea, as his son Josiah had done, to his great vexation. He therefore sometimes took me to walk with him, and see joiners, bricklayers, turners, braziers, etc., at their work, that he might observe my inclination, and endeavor to fix it on some trade or other on land. It has ever since been a pleasure to me to see good workmen handle their tools; and it has been useful to me, having learnt so much by it as to be able to do little jobs myself in my house when a workman could not readily be got, and to construct little machines for my experiments, while the intention of making the experiment was fresh and warm in my mind. My father at last fixed upon the cutler's trade, and my uncle Benjamin's son Samuel, who was bred to that business in London, being about that time established in Boston, I was sent to be with him some time on liking. But his expectations of a fee with me displeasing my father, I was taken home again.

From a child I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was ever laid out in books. Pleased with the *Pilgrim's Progress*, my first collection was of John Bunyan's[4] works in separate little volumes. I afterward sold them to enable me to buy R. Burton's[5] *Historical Collections*; they were small chapmen's books, and cheap, 40 or 50 in all. My father's little library consisted chiefly of books in polemic divinity, most of which I read, and have since often regretted that, at a time when I had such a thirst for knowledge, more proper books had not fallen in my way since it was now resolved I

should not be a clergyman. Plutarch's[6] *Lives* there was in which I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of Defoe's[7], called *An Essay on Projects*, and another of Dr. Mather's[8], called *Essays to do Good*, which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life.

言归正传：我在父亲那儿干了两年，直到我12岁；我的哥哥约翰本是学做油烛和肥皂的，他此时已经离开父亲，娶了妻，并在罗得岛立了脚，这样看来我注定是要子承父业成为一名油烛匠了。但我仍然不喜欢这一行，父亲很担心，怕如果找不到我喜欢的工作，我就要像他的儿子乔赛亚一样离家去航海了，这让他很烦恼。因此他有时会让我和他一块儿去散步，带我去看木匠、砖匠、车工、铜匠等人的工作，以便观察我的喜好，努力想把我的兴趣固定在陆地上的某个行业里。自那以后，看手艺灵巧的工匠们操持工具对我来说是种乐趣，而且也很有用，我从中学到许多，以致后来家中一时找不到工匠时，零星小活我自己也能干些，而且在我做实验的兴致颇高时，我还能为我的实验制造些小机器。父亲最终决定让我当一名刀匠，本杰明伯父的儿子塞缪尔曾在伦敦学这行，当时他已在波士顿独立门户，我被送去给他当了一阵子学徒，试试看是否喜欢。但是他希望我掏钱付学徒费，这让父亲很不高兴，于是又把我带回了家。

从孩提时代起我就喜欢看书，我所有的那点儿零用钱都花在了书本上。我喜爱《天路历程》，我买的第一套书籍就是约翰·班扬的作品，都是单独发行的小文集。后来我把它们卖了，用卖得的钱又买了伯顿的《历史记录》，我是从小贩那儿买的，很便宜，总共有四五十册。我父亲的小书屋里收藏的主要是关于神学论辩的书，大多我都读过，我后来常常觉得遗憾，在我对知识如饥似渴、孜孜以求的时候，没能读到更多合适的书，因为那时已经确定我不会成为牧师了。我读了普卢塔克的《希腊罗马名人比较列传》，读得很仔细，直到现在也依然觉得花在此书上的时间非常值得。还有一本笛福的书，名叫《论计划》，以及一本马瑟博士的《论行善》，这些书也许让我的思想有了转变，对我后来人生中的某些重要事件产生了影响。

This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son (James) of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England with a press and letters to set up his business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the apprehended effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have me bound to my brother. I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded, and signed the indentures when I was yet but twelve years old. I was to serve as an apprentice till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made great proficiency in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother. I now had access to better books.

An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small one, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my room reading the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned early in the morning, lest it should be missed or wanted.

And after some time an ingenious tradesman, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, and who frequented our printing-house, took notice of me, invited me to his library, and very kindly lent me such books as I chose to read. I now took a fancy to poetry, and made some little pieces; my brother, thinking it might turn to account, encouraged me, and put me on composing occasional ballads. One was called *The Lighthouse Tragedy*, and contained an account of the drowning of Captain Worthilake, with his two daughters: the other was a sailor's song, on the taking of Teach (or Blackbeard) the pirate. They were wretched stuff, in the Grub-street-ballad style; and when they were printed he sent me about the town to sell them. The first sold wonderfully, the event being recent, having made a great noise. This flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by ridiculing my performances, and telling me verse-makers were generally beggars. So I escaped being a poet, most probably a very bad one; but as prose writing had been of great use to me in the course of my life, and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you how, in such a situation, I acquired what little ability I have in that way.

我对读书的热爱最终使我父亲决定让我当一名印刷工，尽管他已经有个儿子在干这一行了（詹姆斯）。1717年，我哥哥詹姆斯从英国回来，带回了一台印刷机和一套铅字，打算在波士顿创立自己的生意。比起我父亲那一行来，我对印刷业要喜欢得多，但我还是渴望去航海。为了避免这种渴望带来令人忧虑的后果，我父亲迫不及待地想把我拴在哥哥那里。我反对了一段时间，但最终还是同意了，签了学徒契约，当时我还只有12岁。我当学徒一直要当到21岁，只有学徒期的最后一年才能拿熟练工的工资。我很快就熟悉了印刷工的工作，成了哥哥的得力助手。现在我可以读到更好的书了。我认识了书店老板的学徒，有时能从他们那儿借本小书，每次我都很小心，要很快归还，还要保持书面整洁。如果书是在晚上借到，第二天一早就要归还，那么常常大半个晚上我都会在房间里读书，怕人家发现丢了书或是有人要买。

过了些时日，一位藏书丰富的精明商人马修·亚当斯先生经常光顾我们的印刷店，他注意到了我，邀我去他的图书室，还非常好心地把我想读的书借给我。当时我迷上了诗歌，也写了几首小诗。我哥哥认为写诗或许有用，于是鼓励我，让我写几首应景叙事诗。我写了一首，叫做《灯塔的悲剧》，讲述沃斯雷克船长和他的两个女儿溺亡的故事，另一首是水手之歌，讲述水手擒获海盗蒂奇（又叫黑胡子）的故事。这两首诗写得很差劲，都是低俗的街头风格，哥哥把它们印出来后，让我去镇

上卖。第一首诗卖得很不错，因为那一事件刚发生不久，也很轰动。这满足了我的虚荣心，但父亲却打击我，嘲笑我的诗作，还告诫我说写诗的人通常都穷得叮当响。因此我没有成为诗人，即使成了，也很可能只是三流诗人，但是散文写作却在我的人生历程中大为有用，也是我取得进步的主要方法，我要告诉你，在这种情况下，我是怎样获得我在这方面的一点小小才能的。

There was another bookish lad in the town, John Collins by name, with whom I was intimately acquainted. We sometimes disputed, and very fond we were of argument, and very desirous of confuting one another, which disputatious turn, by the way, is apt to become a very bad habit, making people often extremely disagreeable in company by the contradiction that is necessary to bring it into practice; and thence, besides souring and spoiling the conversation, is productive of disgusts and, perhaps enmities where you may have occasion for friendship. I had caught it by reading my father's books of dispute about religion. Persons of good sense, I have since observed, seldom fall into it, except lawyers, university men, and men of all sorts that have been bred at Edinborough.

A question was once, somehow or other, started between Collins and me, of the propriety of educating the female sex in learning, and their abilities for study. He was of opinion that it was improper, and that they were naturally unequal to it. I took the contrary side, perhaps a little for dispute's sake. He was naturally more eloquent, had a ready plenty of words; and sometimes, as I thought, bore me down more by his fluency than by the strength of his reasons. As we parted without settling the point, and were not to see one another again for some time, I sat down to put my arguments in writing, which I copied fair and sent to him. He answered, and I replied. Three or four letters of a side had passed, when my father happened to find my papers and read them. Without entering into the discussion, he took occasion to talk to me about the manner of my writing; observed that, though I had the advantage of my antagonist in correct spelling and pointing (which I ow'd to the printing-house), I fell far short in elegance of expression, in method and in perspicuity, of which he convinced me by several instances. I saw the justice of his remark, and thence grew more attentive to the manner in writing, and determined to endeavor at improvement.

镇上还有个小伙子也爱读书，叫约翰·柯林斯，我和他关系很好。我们有时会发生争论，且深得其乐，都很想驳倒对方。顺便说一句，争辩这种嗜好容易成为一个坏毛病，要争辩，人们就必须提出反驳意见，这常常会让其他人非常不悦。因此，争辩除了破坏谈话气氛以外，还让人心生厌恶，或许还让原本可能产生的友谊化作了敌意。我是从父亲那些讲述宗教论辩的书中学会争辩的。后来我发现，除了律师、大学里的

人，还有在爱丁堡长大的形形色色的人之外，智者很少与人争辩。

不知何故，有一次我和柯林斯讨论起女性接受教育是否合适以及她们的学习能力的问题。他认为女性接受教育是不适宜的，她们天生缺乏学习能力。我的意见则恰恰相反，也许有些刻意为了争辩而争辩吧。他天生口才比我要好，现成的词汇丰富，有时我想，他之所以更胜一筹，更多是因为他表达流利，而非其论证强而有力。我们分开时还没有就这个问题达成一致，而且将有一段时间见不了面，于是我坐下来写下我的观点，工工整整地抄好寄给他。他回了信，我又提笔答复，双方各写了三四封的时候，我父亲偶然发现了我的信，读了起来。他没有参与我们的讨论，只是借机和我谈了谈我的写作风格。他评论道，尽管在单词拼写和标点方面我要比我的对手更胜一筹（这得益于印刷店的工作），但在措词的文雅程度、论述方法和条理清晰方面，我都远不如他，父亲还举了几个例子向我证明。我意识到他说得很公正，从那以后特别注意写作风格，决心努力改进。

About this time I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, try'd to compleat the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual occasion for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse; and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and compleat the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work afterwards with the original, I discovered many faults and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious. My time

for these exercises and for reading was at night, after work or before it began in the morning, or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the printing-house alone, evading as much as I could the common attendance on public worship which my father used to exact on me when I was under his care, and which indeed I still thought a duty, though I could not, as it seemed to me, afford time to practise it.

大约就在这时，我看到一本单册的《旁观者》杂志，是第三期。以前我从未读过这本杂志。我买下它，反复阅读，非常喜欢。我觉得它的文笔很好，可能的话想要模仿它。抱着这种想法，我挑了其中一些文章，对文中每句话的观点作了些简短概括当作提示，然后把它们放在一边。几天后，我试着不看原文，用所能想到的合适字词把概括之后的文章观点详尽地表达出来，尽可能和原来一样完整，使之成文。然后我把我写的《旁观者》与原文进行对照，发现了自己的几处错误，便进行改正。但我发现自己词汇贫乏，或者说不能及时想起它们并加以运用，我想如果当初我继续写诗的话，我应该早就会用那些词了。因为写诗时总要搜寻同义但长度不同的单词以符合诗的音步，或是同义但读音不同的单词以配合诗的韵律，这会让我时时需要搜寻各种不同的单词，并使它们嵌入我的脑海，做到可以信手拈来。于是我将其中一些故事改写成诗歌，过了一段时间，当我把原文忘得差不多的时候，我又把它们改写回去。有时我会把记下的文章概要打乱，几个星期后又努力把它们编排出最合适的次序，然后再将它们扩充成完整的句子与文章。这种做法旨在教会我整理思绪的方法。随后，通过将自己的文章与原文比较，我发现了自己的许多错误，并进行了修改；但有时我也喜欢幻想在某些次要的细节上，我十分有幸改进了原文的论述方法或是语言，这鼓励了我，认为自己将来或许也能成为一位还不赖的英语作家，我对此抱有极大的雄心。我做这些练习及读书都是在夜里工作结束之后或是早上开工之前，或者是在周日，周日我总是争取单独呆在印刷店，尽力避免那些大家都出席的公共礼拜。在我还由父亲照顾时他总是一定要我参加，确实我仍然认为参加礼拜是应尽的义务，尽管在我看来我实在没有时间去实践这个义务。

When about 16 years of age I happened to meet with a book, written by one Tryon, recommending a vegetable diet. I determined to go into it. My brother, being yet unmarried, did not keep house, but boarded himself and his apprentices in another family. My refusing to eat flesh occasioned an inconveniency, and I was frequently chid for my singularity. I made myself acquainted with Tryon's manner of preparing some of his dishes, such as boiling potatoes or rice, making hasty pudding, and a few others, and then proposed to my brother, that if he would give me, weekly, half the money he paid for my board, I would board myself. He instantly agreed to it, and I presently found that I could save half what he paid me. This was an additional fund for buying books. But I had another advantage in it. My brother and the rest going from the printing-house to their meals, I remained

there alone, and, despatching presently my light repast, which often was no more than a bisket or a slice of bread, a handful of raisins or a tart from the pastry-cook's, and a glass of water, had the rest of the time till their return for study, in which I made the greater progress, from that greater clearness of head and quicker apprehension which usually attend temperance in eating and drinking.

And now it was that, being on some occasion made asham'd of my ignorance in figures, which I had twice failed in learning when at school, I took Cocker's[9] book of *Arithmetick*, and went through the whole by myself with great ease. I also read Seller's and Shermy's books of *Navigation*, and became acquainted with the little geometry they contain; but never proceeded far in that science. And I read about this time Locke[10] *On Human Understanding*, and the *Art of Thinking*, by Messrs. du Port Royal.

大概16岁那年我偶然看到一本书，作者是个叫特赖恩的人，介绍素食饮食。我决定仔细阅读此书。哥哥当时尚未娶妻，自己也不操持家务，他和学徒们食宿都在别人家里。我不吃荤腥给他们带来了不便，也常常因这种特立独行遭到责备。我自学了特赖恩的一些烹饪方法，比如煮土豆、煮饭、制作速食布丁以及一些其他菜式，然后向哥哥提出，如果他每周把我食宿费的一半给我，我可以自己开伙。他立即同意了，而我发现我还能从他给我的钱中省下一半，于是这些钱便成了我买书的额外基金。但我从中还得到了另一个好处。哥哥和其他人离开印刷店去吃饭时，我可以单独留在那里，迅速吃完自己清淡的一餐，常常只是一块饼干或者一片面包，一把葡萄干或者从糕点店买来的一块馅饼，还有一杯白开水。在他们回来之前，余下的时间里我都在学习，因为饮食清淡节制，头脑更加清醒，理解力也增强，因此进步也比以前大了。

我在学校时算术这科曾经两次不及格，后来又因某事羞愧于自己在数字方面的无知，于是我拿起柯克的《算术》，轻松地从头至尾自学了一遍。我还读了塞拉和舍米合著的《航海学》，对其中包含的浅显的几何学知识也有了了解，但我后来再未深入学习这门科学。我那时还读了洛克的《人类悟性论》和波尔罗亚尔隐修院修士的《思维的艺术》。

While I was intent on improving my language, I met with an English grammar (I think it was Greenwood's), at the end of which there were two little sketches of the arts of rhetoric and logic, the latter finishing with a specimen of a dispute in the Socratic method; and soon after I procur'd Xenophon's[11] *Memorable Things of Socrates*, wherein there are many instances of the same method. I was charm'd with it, adopted it, dropt my abrupt contradiction and positive argumentation, and put on the humble inquirer and doubter. And being then, from reading Shaftesbury and Collins, become a real doubter in many points of our religious doctrine, I found this method safest for myself and very embarrassing to those against whom I used

it; therefore I took a delight in it, practis'd it continually, and grew very artful and expert in drawing people, even of superior knowledge, into concessions, the consequences of which they did not foresee, entangling them in difficulties out of which they could not extricate themselves, and so obtaining victories that neither myself nor my cause always deserved. I continu'd this method some few years, but gradually left it, retaining only the habit of expressing myself in terms of modest diffidence; never using, when I advanced anything that may possibly be disputed, the words certainly, undoubtedly, or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion; but rather say, I conceive or apprehend a thing to be so and so; it appears to me, or I should think it so or so, for such and such reasons; or I imagine it to be so; or it is so, if I am not mistaken. This habit, I believe, has been of great advantage to me when I have had occasion to inculcate my opinions, and persuade men into measures that I have been from time to time engag'd in promoting; and, as the chief ends of conversation are to inform or to be informed, to please or to persuade, I wish well-meaning, sensible men would not lessen their power of doing good by a positive, assuming manner, that seldom fails to disgust, tends to create opposition, and to defeat every one of those purposes for which speech was given to us, to wit, giving or receiving information or pleasure. For, if you would inform, a positive and dogmatical manner in advancing your sentiments may provoke contradiction and prevent a candid attention. If you wish information and improvement from the knowledge of others, and yet at the same time express yourself as firmly fix'd in your present opinions, modest, sensible men, who do not love disputation, will probably leave you undisturbed in the possession of your error. And by such a manner, you can seldom hope to recommend yourself in pleasing your hearers, or to persuade those whose concurrence you desire. Pope[12] says, judiciously:

> "Men should be taught as if you taught them not,
> And things unknown propos'd as things forgot;"

farther recommending to us

> "To speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence."

And he might have coupled with this line that which he has coupled with another, I think, less properly,

> "For want of modesty is want of sense."

If you ask, Why less properly? I must repeat the lines,

> "Immodest words admit of no defense,
>
> For want of modesty is want of sense."

Now, is not want of sense (where a man is so unfortunate as to want it) some apology for his want of modesty? and would not the lines stand more justly thus?

> "Immodest words admit but this defense,
>
> That want of modesty is want of sense."
>
> This, however, I should submit to better judgments.

当我一心要提高自己的语言水平时，我偶然得到一本英语语法书（我想那是格林伍德写的），书末有两篇对修辞学和逻辑学的简略介绍，逻辑学那篇以苏格拉底式的论辩实例结尾。不久之后我又得到了色诺芬的《回忆苏格拉底》这本书，其中有许多使用同种方法的例子。我为之深深着迷，于是采用它，放弃了自己突兀的驳论和独断的论证，而是谦卑地提问和质疑。后来我又读了沙夫茨伯里和柯林斯的书，开始真正质疑我们宗教学说中的许多观点。我觉得这种方法对我而言最有把握，运用时使我的对手非常犯难，因此我十分高兴，便不断练习和运用，逐渐变得十分在行和熟练，致使即使知识比我渊博的人也作出让步，他们又预料不到这种让步的后果如何，因此陷入自己无法解脱的困境里，我就这样取得论辩的胜利，尽管这胜利是我和我的论辩主张并不应得的。这种方法我用了几年，后来渐渐不用了，只保留了在陈述观点时保持谦虚态度的习惯。在提出任何可能有争议的问题时，我从不使用“当然”、“毫无疑问”或其他类似表达肯定语气的字眼；而会说，“我以为或按我的理解，这个问题是这样的”，“在我看来好像是或者我想应该是如何如何的，因为什么什么原因”，或者“我想象它是这样的”，或者“如果我没弄错的话，它是这样的”等。我认为在我要使他人接受我的观点，劝服他人采取我时常提倡的措施时，这个习惯于我大有裨益。因为谈话的主要目的是告知或获得信息、取悦或劝服他人，所以我希望，善意明智的人们不要因自己独断不逊的语气而削弱自己行善的能力，这种语气常常令人反感，引起对立，使上述谈话的目的，即思辨、交流信息、相互打趣都流于失败。因为如果你想传递信息，提出观点时绝对、武断的态度可能会引起他人的反对，因而得不到应有的注意力；如果你希望从他人的知识中获得信息并改进自己，但同时又执囿于自己的观点，那么谦虚明智的人因为不爱争辩，很可能让你死守自己的错误。同样地，持这样的态度，你也不太可能取悦你的听众，或说服他人接受你的意见。蒲柏说得很有见地：

> “要想教人，则不应摆出教人的姿态；

要想告知未知之事，最好将其当成遗忘之事来告知。”

他进一步建议我们说：

“尽管深信不疑，说话时也要有谦虚的姿态。”

蒲柏此处可能想用下面这句对刚才那句，但最终却对了另一句，我认为，对得不太合适：

“因为缺乏谦逊，就是缺乏理智。”

如果你问，为什么对得不太合适呢？我只好重复原诗了：

“既然口出狂言，也就不容辩解；
因为缺乏谦逊就是缺乏理智。”

你看，“缺乏理智”（人缺乏理智可真不幸）不正是对“缺乏谦逊”的辩解吗？这样下面两句不是更恰当吗？

“既然口出狂言，只有此种辩解，

即为缺乏谦逊就是缺乏理智。”

但这样到底是否更好，只有留待高明之士判断了。

My brother had, in 1720 or 1721, begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that appeared in America, and was called the New England Courant. The only one before it was the Boston News-Letter. I remember his being dissuaded by some of his friends from the undertaking, as not likely to succeed, one newspaper being, in their judgment, enough for America. At this time (1771) there are not less than five-and-twenty. He went on, however, with the undertaking, and after having worked in composing the types and printing off the sheets, I was employed to carry the papers thro' the streets to the customers.

He had some ingenious men among his friends, who amus'd themselves by writing little pieces for this paper, which gain'd it credit and made it more in demand, and these gentlemen often visited us. Hearing their conversations, and their accounts of the approbation their papers were received with, I was excited to try my hand among them; but, being still a boy, and suspecting that my brother would

object to printing anything of mine in his paper if he knew it to be mine, I contrived to disguise my hand, and, writing an anonymous paper, I put it in at night under the door of the printing-house. It was found in the morning, and communicated to his writing friends when they call'd in as usual. They read it, commented on it in my hearing, and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it met with their approbation, and that, in their different guesses at the author, none were named but men of some character among us for learning and ingenuity. I suppose now that I was rather lucky in my judges, and that perhaps they were not really so very good ones as I then esteem'd them.

1720年或1721年，我哥哥开始出版报纸。那是美洲出现的第二份报纸，名叫《新英格兰报》。在它之前的那一份叫做《波士顿通讯》。我记得他的一些朋友认为办报纸很可能不会成功，曾劝他放弃，在他们看来美洲有一份报纸就够了，而现在（1771年），这里发行的报纸已经不下25份。但当时我哥哥还是办了下去，报纸排好版面并印刷好后，他就差我上街把报纸送到订户家里。

哥哥的朋友中有些睿智、机敏的人，他们给报纸写些小短文，以资消遣，这提高了报纸的声誉，销量也增加了。这些朋友常常来拜访我们，听了他们的谈话，听到他们说报纸受到欢迎后，我非常兴奋，跃跃欲试想要投稿。但我那时还是个孩子，担心哥哥如果知道是我写的文章，不会同意在报上发表，于是我努力掩饰自己的笔迹，写了一篇匿名文章，夜里把它塞在印刷店的门下。第二天早上，有人发现了这篇文章，并在哥哥那些写文章的朋友照例拜访时交给了他们。他们读了文章，并对它作了点评，当时我也在场。他们对文章作了充分肯定，还纷纷猜测文章的作者是谁，提到的都是一些我们之中颇有学识和智慧的杰出人物，听到这些，我别提有多高兴了。现在想起来，我觉得当时能听到他们评价我的文章是相当幸运的，也许他们也不像我当时所想的那样眼力高明。

Encourag'd, however, by this, I wrote and convey'd in the same way to the press several more papers which were equally approv'd; and I kept my secret till my small fund of sense for such performances was pretty well exhausted and then I discovered[13] it, when I began to be considered a little more by my brother's acquaintance, and in a manner that did not quite please him, as he thought, probably with reason, that it tended to make me too vain. And, perhaps, this might be one occasion of the differences that we began to have about this time. Though a brother, he considered himself as my master, and me as his apprentice, and accordingly, expected the same services from me as he would from another, while I thought he demean'd me too much in some he requir'd of me, who from a brother expected more indulgence. Our disputes were often brought before our father, and I fancy I was either generally in the right, or else a better pleader,

because the judgment was generally in my favor. But my brother was passionate, and had often beaten me, which I took extremely amiss; and, thinking my apprenticeship very tedious, I was continually wishing for some opportunity of shortening it, which at length offered in a manner unexpected. (I fancy his harsh and tyrannical treatment of me might be a means of impressing me with that aversion to arbitrary power that has stuck to me through my whole life.)

One of the pieces in our newspaper on some political point, which I have now forgotten, gave offense to the Assembly. He was taken up, censur'd, and imprison'd for a month, by the speaker's warrant, I suppose, because he would not discover his author. I too was taken up and examin'd before the council; but, tho' I did not give them any satisfaction, they content'd themselves with admonishing me, and dismissed me, considering me, perhaps, as an apprentice, who was bound to keep his master's secrets.

During my brother's confinement, which I resented a good deal, notwithstanding our private differences, I had the management of the paper; and I made bold to give our rulers some rubs in it, which my brother took very kindly, while others began to consider me in an unfavorable light, as a young genius that had a turn for libelling and satyr. My brother's discharge was accompany'd with an order of the House (a very odd one), that "James Franklin should no longer print the paper called the *New England Courant*."

但我从中得到了很大鼓励，又写了几篇文章，并以同样方法向报纸投稿，都获得了好评。我一直保守着这个秘密，直到自己写文章的那点有限的才华行将枯竭时才公布自己的名字，于是我哥哥的朋友开始对我稍加留意了。这让我哥哥不太高兴，他觉得这会让我骄傲自满，也许他也是有道理的吧。大概从这时起我们之间有了分歧，可能这件事也是起因之一。尽管他是我哥哥，但他把自己看成我的主人，而我是他的学徒，因此他期望我也像其他学徒一样为他尽力，而我却觉得他要求我做的某些事情过于贬低了我的身份，从兄弟的角度来说我期待更多的宽待。我们之间的争吵常常交由父亲裁决，我想也许我一般都在理，或者我比哥哥更善于求情，父亲的裁决总是对我有利。但哥哥脾气急躁，常常打我，这让我非常生气。另外，我觉得学徒生活冗长，令人生厌，常常希望有机会能将它缩短，终于，这样的机会出人意料地来了。（我认为，他对我的严苛与专横可能是使我终生厌恶专制权力的原因之一。）

我们报纸上登的一篇表达某种政治观点的文章冒犯了州议会，具体是何观点我现在已经忘了。议长一纸命令，哥哥被抓起来接受责罚，入狱一个月，我想也许这是因为他不肯透露文章作者的姓名吧。我也被他们抓了去，还在会议上接受审讯，但我的回答没让他们满意，他们仅仅教训了我一番，就放我走了，也许 他们认为我作为一名学徒，为主人保守秘密是理所应当的吧。

尽管我和哥哥私下里有分歧，但他被关押一事还是让我非常愤慨，在这期间，我掌管了报社。我在报纸上大胆批评当权者，这些文章受到哥哥的喜爱，但其他人对我的印象却开始转坏，认为我这样一个有些才华的年轻人变得喜欢诽谤讥讽。哥哥被释放了，但议会同时下了这样一道命令（非常奇怪的命令）：“詹姆斯·富兰克林不得继续出版名叫《新英格兰报》的报纸。”

There was a consultation held in our printing-house among his friends, what he should do in this case. Some proposed to evade the order by changing the name of the paper; but my brother, seeing inconveniences in that, it was finally concluded on as a better way, to let it be printed for the future under the name of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN; and to avoid the censure of the Assembly, that might fall on him as still printing it by his apprentice, the contrivance was that my old indenture should be return'd to me, with a full discharge on the back of it, to be shown on occasion, but to secure to him the benefit of my service, I was to sign new indentures for the remainder of the term, which were to be kept private. A very flimsy scheme it was; however, it was immediately executed, and the paper went on accordingly, under my name for several months.

At length, a fresh difference arising between my brother and me, I took upon me to assert my freedom, presuming that he would not venture to produce the new indentures. It was not fair in me to take this advantage, and this I therefore reckon one of the first errata of my life; but the unfairness of it weighed little with me, when under the impressions of resentment for the blows his passion too often urged him to bestow upon me, though he was otherwise not an ill-natur'd man: perhaps I was too saucy and provoking.

When he found I would leave him, he took care to prevent my getting employment in any other printing-house of the town, by going round and speaking to every master, who accordingly refus'd to give me work. I then thought of going to New York, as the nearest place where there was a printer; and I was rather inclin'd to leave Boston when I reflected that I had already made myself a little obnoxious to the governing party, and, from the arbitrary proceedings of the Assembly in my brother's case, it was likely I might, if I stay'd, soon bring myself into scrapes; and farther, that my indiscrete disputations about religion began to make me pointed at with horror by good people as an infidel or atheist. I determin'd on the point, but my father now siding with my brother, I was sensible that, if I attempted to go openly, means would be used to prevent me. My friend Collins, therefore, undertook to manage a little for me. He agreed with the captain of a New York sloop for my passage, under the notion of my being a young acquaintance of his, that had got a naughty girl with

child, whose friends would compel me to marry her, and therefore I could not appear or come away publicly. So I sold some of my books to raise a little money, was taken on board privately, and as we had a fair wind, in three days I found myself in New York, near 300 miles from home, a boy of but 17, without the least recommendation to, or knowledge of any person in the place, and with very little money in my pocket.

哥哥和几个朋友在我们的印刷店开了个会，商量这种情况下他该怎么办。有人提议更改报纸名称来规避议会命令，但哥哥认为这样做会带来诸多不便，最终决定采用一个更好的办法，那就是今后以本杰明·富兰克林的名义继续发行报纸。为避免因学徒仍在出版这份报纸而受到议会责难，哥哥想了这样一个办法，那就是把我以前的学徒契约归还给我，并在背面写明雇佣关系完全解除，需要时我可以把这份契约拿出来给人看。但为了保证我继续为他效力，我要就学徒期余下的时间签一份新的契约，这份契约我们私下保存不予公开。这是一个非常蹩脚的计划，但很快得到实行，报纸也因而以我的名字继续出版了好几个月。

终于，我和哥哥之间产生了新的矛盾，我认定哥哥不会冒险拿出这份新契约，便借此机会争取自己的自由。我钻这个空子的做法对他不太公平，因此我把这件事看成我人生中最初犯下的错误之一。但他脾气暴躁，常常打我，我对此十分厌恶，因此这种不公平并未让我感到多少内疚。他在其他方面并不是个性情恶劣的人，也有可能是我当时太无礼、太让他生气了。

哥哥意识到我要离开他后，便刻意阻止我在镇上其他印刷店找到工作。他到店老板那里到处游说，于是他们都拒绝雇我。我就想到了去纽约，那里离波士顿最近，也有一家印刷店，而且我也倾向于离开波士顿，我想到我给当局已经留下了极恶劣的名声，从州议会处理哥哥案子的恣意专横可以看出如果我留在波士顿，很可能很快就会给自己带来麻烦。此外，我关于宗教的轻率论辩，已开始让自己成为善男信女的众矢之的，他们心怀恐惧，把我看成异教徒或者无神论者。于是我决意离开，但父亲此刻已站在哥哥一边了。我意识到，如果我公开出走，他们会想办法来阻止我。因此我的朋友柯林斯帮我想了个办法，他和一艘纽约帆船的船长说好，让我搭乘他的船。柯林斯把我说成是他的一个年轻朋友，因为让一个轻佻的姑娘怀了孕，她的朋友强迫我娶她，因此我不能公开露面，只能悄悄离开。于是我卖了些书换了点钱，悄悄上了船，因为一路顺风，三天后我就到达了纽约这个离家近300英里的地方。当时我只有17岁，在这里既无人举荐，亦无亲无故，口袋里也只剩下很少的一点钱。

My inclinations for the sea were by this time worne out, or I might now have gratify'd them. But, having a trade, and supposing myself a pretty good workman, I offer'd my service to the printer in the place, old Mr. William Bradford, who had been the first printer in Pennsylvania, but removed from thence upon the quarrel of George

Keith. He could give me no employment, having little to do, and help enough already; but says he, "My son at Philadelphia has lately lost his principal hand, Aquila Rose, by death; if you go thither, I believe he may employ you." Philadelphia was a hundred miles further; I set out, however, in a boat for Amboy, leaving my chest and things to follow me round by sea.

In crossing the bay, we met with a squall that tore our rotten sails to pieces, prevented our getting into the Kill and drove us upon Long Island. In our way, a drunken Dutchman, who was a passenger too, fell overboard; when he was sinking, I reached through the water to his shock pate, and drew him up, so that we got him in again. His ducking sobered him a little, and he went to sleep, taking first out of his pocket a book, which he desir'd I would dry for him. It proved to be my old favorite author, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, in Dutch, finely printed on good paper, with copper cuts, a dress better than I had ever seen it wear in its own language. I have since found that it has been translated into most of the languages of Europe, and suppose it has been more generally read than any other book, except perhaps the Bible. Honest John[14] was the first that I know of who mix'd narration and dialogue; a method of writing very engaging to the reader, who in the most interesting parts finds himself, as it were, brought into the company and present at the discourse. De Foe in his *Cruso*, his *Moll Flanders*, *Religious Courtship*, *Family Instructor*, and other pieces, has imitated it with success; and Richardson[15] has done the same, in his Pamela, etc.

这时我对航海的兴趣已经消磨殆尽，不然这时的我倒是可以如愿以偿了。但因为有一门手艺，而且觉得自己干得还不错，我到当地印刷店老板老威廉·布拉德福德先生那里找工作，他开了宾夕法尼亚的第一家印刷店，因为和乔治·基思发生争执才搬来这里。他那儿活儿不多，而且人手已够，所以没能雇我，但他说：“我儿子在费城，他的主要助手阿奎拉·罗斯最近去世了，如果你去那儿，我想他会雇你的。”费城离纽约还有100英里，但我还是乘船向安博伊出发了，留下箱子和其他物什随后由海路运来。

穿越海湾时，我们遇上了狂风，破烂的船帆被撕成了碎片，我们未能驶入基尔河，风把我们吹向长岛去了。途中，一位喝醉的荷兰乘客从船上跌了下去，他正往下沉时，我连忙伸手抓住了他头顶上的头发，把他从水中拉了上来，这样他又重回到了船上。落入水中倒让他清醒了一点儿，他从口袋里掏出一本书给我，让我帮他弄干，便去睡觉了。这本书恰是我之前最喜欢的作家班扬的《天路历程》的荷兰语译本，书的纸质很好，还附有铜版插图，装订比我所见过的原本还要精美。后来我发现这本书已被译成了欧洲大多数语言，我认为也许这是除了《圣经》之外读者群最广泛的一本书。“诚实的约翰”是我所知的作家中第一个将叙述和对话两种写作手法穿插使用的，这种写作手法很能吸引读者，在作

品最有趣的部分，读者仿佛能身临其境，亲耳听到人物的谈话。笛福在他的《鲁宾逊漂流记》、《摩尔·弗兰德斯》、《宗教求爱》、《家庭教师》及其他作品中成功模仿了这种写作手法，理查森在他的《帕美勒》等作品中也使用了这种手法。

When we drew near the island, we found it was at a place where there could be no landing, there being a great surff on the stony beach. So we dropt anchor, and swung round towards the shore. Some people came down to the water edge and hallow'd to us, as we did to them; but the wind was so high, and the surff so loud, that we could not hear so as to understand each other. There were canoes on the shore, and we made signs, and hallow'd that they should fetch us; but they either did not understand us, or thought it impracticable, so they went away, and night coming on, we had no remedy but to wait till the wind should abate; and, in the meantime, the boatman and I concluded to sleep, if we could; and so crowded into the scuttle, with the Dutchman, who was still wet, and the spray beating over the head of our boat, leak'd thro' to us, so that we were soon almost as wet as he. In this manner we lay all night, with very little rest; but, the wind abating the next day, we made a shift to reach Amboy before night, having been thirty hours on the water, without victuals, or any drink but a bottle of filthy rum, and the water we sail'd on being salt.

In the evening I found myself very feverish, and went in to bed; but, having read somewhere that cold water drank plentifully was good for a fever, I follow'd the prescription, sweat plentiful most of the night, my fever left me, and in the morning, crossing the ferry, I proceeded on my journey on foot, having fifty miles to Burlington, where I was told I should find boats that would carry me the rest of the way to Philadelphia.

It rained very hard all the day; I was thoroughly soak'd, and by noon a good deal tired; so I stopt at a poor inn, where I staid all night, beginning now to wish that I had never left home. I cut so miserable a figure, too, that I found, by the questions ask'd me, I was suspected to be some runaway servant, and in danger of being taken up on that suspicion. However, I proceeded the next day, and got in the evening to an inn, within eight or ten miles of Burlington, kept by one Dr. Brown. He entered into conversation with me while I took some refreshment, and, finding I had read a little, became very sociable and friendly. Our acquaintance continu'd as long as he liv'd. He had been, I imagine, an itinerant doctor, for there was no town in England, or country in Europe, of which he could not give a very particular account. He had some letters, and was ingenious, but much of an unbeliever, and wickedly undertook, some years after, to travestie the Bible in doggrel verse, as Cotton had done Virgil. By this means he set

many of the facts in a very ridiculous light, and might have hurt weak minds if his work had been published; but it never was.

船近长岛时，我们发现海滩上波涛汹涌，乱石丛立，无法靠岸登陆。于是我们抛了锚，向岸边侧转船身。有人来到海边，冲我们大声打招呼，我们也冲他们大声打招呼，但是风大浪高，听不清对方说什么。岸边有些独木舟，我们向他们打手势，大喊请他们驾舟来接我们，但他们要么没领会，要么觉得做不到，就离开了。天色渐晚，我们依然束手无策，只能等风势减弱，于是我和船夫决定睡觉去，只要我们能睡得着。我们和那位全身依然湿着的荷兰人挤在小船舱里，盖过船头的浪花溅了下来，我们很快就几乎和他一样身上全湿了。我们就这样躺了一晚上，没怎么睡着，但第二天风势减弱了，我们想尽力在入夜前抵达安博伊，这时我们已在水上航行了30个小时，没吃没喝，只有一瓶不干净的朗姆酒，连船下的水也是咸的。

晚上我发现自己烧得厉害，就躺到床上，但我曾记得在哪里读过，喝足够多的冷水能有助于退烧，于是采用了这种方法，出了大半夜汗，终于退了烧。早上我跨过渡口上了岸，徒步继续我的行程，此时离伯灵顿还有50英里，有人告诉我在那里可以找到船送我去费城。

大雨下了一整天，我浑身都湿透了，到了中午已是非常疲惫，于是就在一个破败的小旅馆停了下来，并在那里住了一夜，这时我开始后悔真不该离家出走。因为外表狼狈，我从别人的盘问中发现自己被怀疑是逃跑的仆人，因此有被抓捕的危险。但我第二天就上了路，晚上歇在一个叫布朗医生开的旅馆里，当时离伯灵顿只有8到10英里了。吃点心时布朗医生和我聊了一会儿，发现我读过些书后，他对我的态度变得非常友善。我们后来一直保持着联系，直至他去世。我想他以前应该是个江湖游医，因为他对英国或欧洲其他国家的每个城镇都能详尽描述。他有些学问，也很聪明，但他不信教，几年后还恶作剧式地把《圣经》改写成拙劣的韵文诗，就像科顿改写维吉尔的诗一样。布朗医生的改写使得许多事实变得非常荒谬，如果其作品得以出版的话，恐怕会伤害那些意志薄弱的人，但它从未出版。

At his house I lay that night, and the next morning reach'd Burlington, but had the mortification to find that the regular boats were gone a little before my coming, and no other expected to go before Tuesday, this being Saturday; wherefore I returned to an old woman in the town, of whom I had bought gingerbread to eat on the water, and ask'd her advice. She invited me to lodge at her house till a passage by water should offer; and being tired with my foot travelling, I accepted the invitation. She understanding I was a printer, would have had me stay at that town and follow my business, being ignorant of the stock necessary to begin with. She was very hospitable, gave me a dinner of ox-cheek with great good will, accepting only a pot of ale in return; and I thought myself fixed till Tuesday should come. However, walking in the evening by the side of the river, a boat came

by, which I found was going towards Philadelphia, with several people in her. They took me in, and, as there was no wind, we row'd all the way; and about midnight, not having yet seen the city, some of the company were confident we must have passed it, and would row no farther; the others knew not where we were; so we put toward the shore, got into a creek, landed near an old fence, with the rails of which we made a fire, the night being cold, in October, and there we remained till daylight. Then one of the company knew the place to be Cooper's Creek, a little above Philadelphia, which we saw as soon as we got out of the creek, and arriv'd there about eight or nine o'clock on the Sunday morning, and landed at the Market-street wharf.

我在布朗医生的旅馆过了一夜，第二天早上抵达了伯灵顿，却很懊恼地发现班船已经在我到之前一小会儿开走了，下一班要到星期二，而这时才星期六。于是我回到镇上一位老妇人那里，我刚在她那儿买了准备在船上吃的姜饼，这时回来询问她的建议，她留我住在她家，直到有船可以使我成行。我当时因长途跋涉，双脚已十分劳累，便接受了她的邀请。老妇人知道我是个印刷工后，让我留在这里开个印刷铺，殊不知开印刷铺是需要些资本的。她非常好客，还极为好心地招待我吃了牛颊当晚餐，并只接受一小罐麦芽酒作为回报，我于是想下周二前就留在这里吧。但傍晚我在河边散步的时候，一艘船驶了过来，我发现是去往费城的，船上有几个人。他们让我上了船，因为无风，我们一路划船前进。大约半夜时分，还是没有望见费城，我们中有些人很肯定地认为我们已经过了费城，不肯再划，其他人也不知道我们到底在哪儿，于是我们划向岸边，进入一条小河道，在一道旧栅栏旁登陆。我们取了栅栏的木头生了火，十月的夜晚很冷，我们就这样呆到天亮。一位同伴认出这里是库珀河，位于费城北边不远。我们驶出小河后马上望见了费城，星期天早上大约八九点到了那里，并在市场街码头上了岸。

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best cloaths being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuff'd out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with travelling, rowing, and want of rest, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refus'd it, on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it. A man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps thro' fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about till near the market-house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he

directed me to, in Secondstreet, and ask'd for bisket, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I made him give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surpriz'd at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walk'd off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market-street as far as Fourth-street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut-street and part of Walnut-street, eating my roll all the way, and, corning round, found myself again at Market-street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

我对这段旅程记述得特别详细，对我初次来到这座城市的情景也要细细描写一番，好让你在心里能将我初来乍到时的窘况与我后来在此地取得的成就作个比较。我当时穿着以前的工作服，我最好的衣服还没从海上运来。我一路奔波，身上很脏，口袋里塞满了衬衫和长袜，在这里又无亲无故，不知上哪儿找住宿的地方。这些天的奔波、划船，又缺乏休息，我已经十分疲惫，并且饥肠辘辘。我所有的现金只有一元荷兰币，还有约值一先令的铜币。我把那块铜币当作旅费给了船上的人，他们起初不收，因为我帮他们划船了，但我执意他们收下。有时候，人手上只有一点钱反而会比富有时更慷慨，可能因为怕被人当成穷人吧。

然后我上街逛去了，一路四下张望，在市场附近遇见一个拿着面包的男孩。我有好多顿饭只吃面包，问了他在哪儿买的，就立刻去了他指给我的那家在第二街上的面包房。我想买在波士顿买过的那种面包，但费城好像没有，我又想买一块三便士的面包，他们说也没有。于是，我不考虑也不清楚物价的差别，不了解费城物价很低，也不知道店里各种面包的名字，就让他卖给我价值三便士的面包，他给了我三个很大的面包卷。我很惊讶居然能买这么多，但还是买下了，兜里放不下，就两只胳膊各夹一个，嘴里还吃着一个。我就这副模样沿着市场街走到了第四街，路过了我未来岳父里德先生家门口，当时我未来的妻子站在门口看见了我，觉得我当时的样子既难看又可笑，也的确如此。我转身走过栗子街，来到核桃街上，一路啃着面包卷，转过弯来，发现自己又到了市场街的码头，而且就在我所乘的船附近。我上码头去喝了口河水，因为吃了一个面包卷已经很饱了，就把剩下两个给了一位和我们一起乘船到此的妇人和她的孩子，他们还等着去更远的地方。

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same

way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy thro' labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

Walking down again toward the river, and, looking in the faces of people, I met a young Quaker man, whose countenance I lik'd, and, accosting him, requested he would tell me where a stranger could get lodging. We were then near the sign of the Three Mariners. "Here," says he, "is one place that entertains strangers, but it is not a reputable house; if thee wilt walk with me, I'll show thee a better." He brought me to the Crooked Billet in Water-street. Here I got a dinner; and, while I was eating it, several sly questions were asked me, as it seemed to be suspected from my youth and appearance, that I might be some runaway.

After dinner, my sleepiness return'd, and being shown to a bed, I lay down without undressing, and slept till six in the evening, was call'd to supper, went to bed again very early, and slept soundly till next morning. Then I made myself as tidy as I could, and went to Andrew Bradford the printer's. I found in the shop the old man his father, whom I had seen at New York, and who, travelling on horseback, had got to Philadelphia before me. He introduc'd me to his son, who receiv'd me civilly, gave me a breakfast, but told me he did not at present want a hand, being lately suppli'd with one; but there was another printer in town, lately set up, one Keimer, who, perhaps, might employ me; if not, I should be welcome to lodge at his house, and he would give me a little work to do now and then till fuller business should offer.

吃了面包恢复了精神，我又溜达上街了，这回我看见许多衣着干净的人，他们都朝一个方向走着。我加入了他们，结果被带到了市场附近贵格会的大会堂里。我在他们中间坐下，四下里望了望，没听见任何人说话。因为前一晚非常劳累又缺乏休息，此时已觉很困，于是我沉沉地睡了过去，直到散会时有人好心叫醒了我。于是这里就成了我在费城走进去或在里面睡觉的第一间房子。

我又朝着河的方向走去，观察路上行人的面庞。我遇见一位年轻的贵格会信徒，看上去面容和善，就上前和他说话，请他告诉我外地人在哪儿能找到住宿的地方。我们当时就在“三个水手”旅馆的招牌附近，他说：“这里就是一个招待外地人的地方，但名声不怎么好。如果你愿意跟我走，我可以把你带到一个更好的地方去。”他领着我来到水街的克鲁克德旅馆，我在那里吃了饭。吃饭时店家拐弯抹角地问了我几个问题，可

能因为我很年轻，又是这副模样，让人怀疑是逃亡出来的吧。

吃过饭后，我的困意再次袭来，店家把我带到一张床跟前，我就和衣而睡了，一直到晚上六点，他们叫我起来吃晚饭。饭后我又早早上了床，安然睡到第二天早上。起床后，我努力把自己打扮整洁，去了安德鲁·布拉德福德的印刷店。在店里，我见到了店主的父亲，就是我在纽约见过的那位老人，他当时骑马过来，在我之前到了费城。他把我介绍给他儿子，小布拉德福德待我很有礼貌，还请我吃了早饭。但他告诉我最近刚找了个伙计，暂时不需要帮手，但城里还有一家新近开张的印刷店，老板叫凯默，他也许会雇我；如果他不雇我的话，我可以先在布拉德福德店里住下，他会不时给我些零活儿干，直到我找到正式工作。

The old gentleman said he would go with me to the new printer; and when we found him, "Neighbor," says Bradford, "I have brought to see you a young man of your business; perhaps you may want such a one." He ask'd me a few questions, put a composing stick in my hand to see how I work'd, and then said he would employ me soon, though he had just then nothing for me to do; and, taking old Bradford, whom he had never seen before, to be one of the town's people that had a good will for him, enter'd into a conversation on his present undertaking and projects; while Bradford, not discovering that he was the other printer's father, on Keimer's saying he expected soon to get the greatest part of the business into his own hands, drew him on by artful questions, and starting little doubts, to explain all his views, what interests he reli'd on, and in what manner he intended to proceed. I, who stood by and heard all, saw immediately that one of them was a crafty old sophister, and the other a mere novice. Bradford left me with Keimer, who was greatly surpris'd when I told him who the old man was.

Keimer's printing-house, I found, consisted of an old shatter'd press, and one small, worn-out font of English which he was then using himself, composing an Elegy on Aquila Rose, before mentioned, an ingenious young man, of excellent character, much respected in the town, clerk of the Assembly, and a pretty poet. Keimer made verses too, but very indifferently. He could not be said to write them, for his manner was to compose them in the types directly out of his head. So there being no copy, but one pair of cases, and the Elegy likely to require all the letter, no one could help him. I endeavor'd to put his press (which he had not yet us'd, and of which he understood nothing) into order fit to be work'd with; and, promising to come and print off his Elegy as soon as he should have got it ready, I return'd to Bradford's, who gave me a little job to do for the present, and there I lodged and dieted. A few days after, Keimer sent for me to print off the Elegy. And now he had got another pair of cases, and a pamphlet to reprint, on which he set me to work.

老布拉德福德说他陪我一起去那家新开的印刷店。找到店主后，布拉德福德对凯默说："邻居，我给你带来个干你这行的小伙子，也许你正想要这样一个人吧。"凯默问了我几个问题，又给我个排字盘要看看我活儿干得如何，然后说他不久后能雇用我，但这时还没什么工作让我做。他此前从未见过布拉德福德，以为他是镇上一个对他心怀善意的人，就和他谈起了自己现在的事业和计划。布拉德福德听凯默说希望很快把费城大部分的印刷业务抢到自己手里，便没说自己是城里另一家印刷店老板的父亲，而是巧妙地问了些问题，提了些小小的疑惑，引着凯默详细地讲了自己的全部想法，还谈到他所依靠的势力以及他打算怎样开展业务。我站在一旁，听见了他们全部的谈话，立刻看出他们一个精明老到，另一个则只是个新手。布拉德福德离开时把我留在凯默店里，我告诉凯默这位老人是谁时，他大吃了一惊。

我发现凯默的印刷店里只有一台破旧的印刷机和一套已经磨损的小号英文铅字，他正用这套铅字排一首纪念阿奎拉·罗斯的挽歌。阿奎拉·罗斯在前文提到过，这个年轻人品行端正，才思敏捷，在城里很受尊敬，既是州议会的秘书，又是一位不错的诗人。凯默也作诗，但作得不好。其实不能说他是在写诗，因为他一般是把脑子里想出的诗句直接用铅字排出来，因此他的作品没有手稿，而排字盘只有一副，写一首挽歌可能要用上所有的铅字，所以没人能帮他的忙。我尽力想把那台印刷机（他还没有使用过，对它也一无所知）修好以便开始工作，还答应他一等他排好那首挽歌就过来把它印出来。我先回了布拉德福德店里，布拉德福德给我临时安排了些零活儿，我食宿也都在那里。几天后，凯默派人叫我去印那首挽歌，那时他又弄到了一副排字盘，还有一本小册子需要重印，他把这活儿也派给了我。

These two printers I found poorly qualified for their business. Bradford had not been bred to it, and was very illiterate; and Keimer, tho' something of a scholar, was a mere compositor, knowing nothing of presswork. He had been one of the French prophets, and could act their enthusiastic agitations. At this time he did not profess any particular religion, but something of all on occasion; was very ignorant of the world, and had, as I afterward found, a good deal of the knave in his composition. He did not like my lodging at Bradford's while I work'd with him. He had a house, indeed, but without furniture, so he could not lodge me; but he got me a lodging at Mr. Read's, before mentioned, who was the owner of his house; and, my chest and clothes being come by this time, I made rather a more respectable appearance in the eyes of Miss Read than I had done when she first happen'd to see me eating my roll in the street.

I began now to have some acquaintance among the young people of the town, that were lovers of reading, with whom I spent my evenings very pleasantly; and gaining money by my industry and frugality, I lived very agreeably, forgetting Boston as much as I could, and not desiring that any there should know where I resided, except

my friend Collins, who was in my secret, and kept it when I wrote to him. At length, an incident happened that sent me back again much sooner than I had intended. I had a brother-in-law, Robert Holmes, master of a sloop that traded between Boston and Delaware. He being at Newcastle, forty miles below Philadelphia, heard there of me, and wrote me a letter mentioning the concern of my friends in Boston at my abrupt departure, assuring me of their good will to me, and that every thing would be accommodated to my mind if I would return, to which he exhorted me very earnestly. I wrote an answer to his letter, thank'd him for his advice, but stated my reasons for quitting Boston fully and in such a light as to convince him I was not so wrong as he had apprehended.

我发现这两位印刷店老板都不大是干印刷行业的料。布拉德福德没有学过印刷，又没念过什么书，而凯默尽管像个学者的样子，却只会排字，对于印刷则一无所知。凯默曾是法国先知派教徒，言行举止可以装得像他们那样热情激动。这时凯默并没宣称信仰某个特定宗教，而是见风使舵，对各个教派都信一点。他对人情世故一无所知，我后来发现，他的脾性里还颇有些无赖气。凯默不喜欢我在他那儿工作却住在布拉德福德店里，他倒是有间房子，但里头没家具，因此不能让我寄宿。但他帮我在前面提过的里德先生家里找了个住宿的地方，里德先生也是他的房东。这时我的箱子和衣服都已运到费城，因此在里德小姐眼中，我的模样已比她第一次碰巧看见我在街上啃面包卷时要体面得多了。

此时我逐渐结识了城里的一些年轻人，他们也热爱阅读，我和他们一起度过了很多愉快的夜晚。因为勤奋节俭，我赚了些钱，过得也很不错。我尽量忘记波士顿，不想波士顿有谁知道我现在住在哪里。只有我的朋友柯林斯知道这个秘密，我写信给他，要他别说出去。后来发生了一件事，使我大大早于我的预期回去了。我有个姐夫叫罗伯特·霍尔姆斯，他有一艘帆船在波士顿和特拉华之间开展贸易往来。当时他正在费城南面40英里的纽卡斯尔，听说我在费城就给我写了封信，说我突然离开，波士顿的朋友都非常挂念。他向我保证他们对我都是心怀善意的，如果我能回去，一切都会遂我心愿，他极力劝我回去。我回信感谢他的建议，但也向他充分说明了我离开波士顿的原因，让他明白我不像他所想的那样犯了大错。

Sir William Keith, governor of the province, was then at Newcastle, and Captain Holmes, happening to be in company with him when my letter came to hand, spoke to him of me, and show'd him the letter. The governor read it, and seem'd surpris'd when he was told my age. He said I appear'd a young man of promising parts, and therefore should be encouraged; the printers at Philadelphia were wretched ones; and, if I would set up there, he made no doubt I should succeed; for his part, he would procure me the public business, and do me every other service in his power. This my brother-in-law afterwards told me in Boston, but I knew as yet nothing of it; when,

one day, Keimer and I being at work together near the window, we saw the governor and another gentleman (which proved to be Colonel French, of Newcastle), finely dress'd, come directly across the street to our house, and heard them at the door.

Keimer ran down immediately, thinking it a visit to him; but the governor inquir'd for me, came up, and with a condescension of politeness I had been quite unus'd to, made me many compliments, desired to be acquainted with me, blam'd me kindly for not having made myself known to him when I first came to the place, and would have me away with him to the tavern, where he was going with Colonel French to taste, as he said, some excellent Madeira[16]. I was not a little surprised, and Keimer star'd like a pig poison'd. I went, however, with the governor and Colonel French to a tavern, at the corner of Third-street, and over the Madeira he propos'd my setting up my business, laid before me the probabilities of success, and both he and Colonel French assur'd me I should have their interest and influence in procuring the public business of both governments. On my doubting whether my father would assist me in it, Sir William said he would give me a letter to him, in which he would state the advantages, and he did not doubt of prevailing with him. So it was concluded I should return to Boston in the first vessel, with the governor's letter recommending me to my father. In the mean time the intention was to be kept a secret, and I went on working with Keimer as usual, the governor sending for me now and then to dine with him, a very great honor I thought it, and conversing with me in the most affable, familiar, and friendly manner imaginable.

本州的总督威廉·基思爵士当时也在纽卡斯尔，霍尔姆斯船长收到我的回信时恰好和他在一起，就向他提到了我，并把信给他看了。读完信之后，总督又知道了我的年龄，似乎很惊讶。他说我看来是个有前途的年轻人，应该加以鼓励。费城的印刷店都很糟糕，他认为如果我在费城开印刷店，一定会成功，而且就他而言，会把政府部门的生意招揽给我，还会尽其所能给我其他帮助。这是我姐夫后来在波士顿告诉我的，当时我并不知道。有一天我和凯默在窗前一块儿工作，我们看见总督和另一位绅士（后来知道他是纽卡斯尔的弗伦奇上校）穿戴得体面精致，穿过街道径直朝我们的房子走来，接着就听见他们在门口的声音。

凯默立即跑了下去，以为他俩是来拜访他的，但总督却问起了我，然后走上楼，对我赞许有加，说想要多认识我，又和善地责备我初到费城时没让他知道，还邀我和他一起去酒馆喝杯上好的马德拉白葡萄酒，他说他和弗伦奇上校正要去品尝品尝，言辞之间透露的谦卑恳切和彬彬有礼，让我非常不习惯。我对此十分诧异，凯默则惊得呆若木鸡。但我还是和总督还有弗伦奇上校去了第三街街角的一家酒馆，喝着白葡萄酒时，总督提议我自己开家印刷店，并给我讲了成功的可能性，他和上校两人都向我保证会利用自己的关系和影响帮我揽得政府和军队这两方面

的生意。我对我父亲是否会帮我心存疑虑，威廉爵士说他会让我给我父亲带封信，向他详细说说这些有利条件，他毫不怀疑这样一定能够说服我的父亲。最后我们敲定，由我带着总督写给我父亲的推荐信，乘第一班轮船回到波士顿。同时，总督的这种意图不会公开，我还像往常一样在凯默店里上班，总督不时派人邀我去和他吃饭，我认为这是我莫大的荣耀，他还总是用想象得到的最和蔼、最亲切和最友好的方式与我谈话。

About the end of April, 1724, a little vessel offer'd for Boston. I took leave of Keimer as going to see my friends. The governor gave me an ample letter, saying many flattering things of me to my father, and strongly recommending the project of my setting up at Philadelphia as a thing that must make my fortune. We struck on a shoal in going down the bay, and sprung a leak; we had a blustering time at sea, and were oblig'd to pump almost continually, at which I took my turn. We arriv'd safe, however, at Boston in about a fortnight. I had been absent seven months, and my friends had heard nothing of me; for my br. Holmes was not yet return'd, and had not written about me. My unexpected appearance surpriz'd the family; all were, however, very glad to see me, and made me welcome, except my brother. I went to see him at his printing-house. I was better dress'd than ever while in his service, having a genteel new suit from head to foot, a watch, and my pockets lin'd with near five pounds sterling[17] in silver. He receiv'd me not very frankly, look'd me all over, and turn'd to his work again.

The journeymen were inquisitive where I had been, what sort of a country it was, and how I lik'd it. I prais'd it much, the happy life I led in it, expressing strongly my intention of returning to it; and, one of them asking what kind of money we had there, I produc'd a handful of silver, and spread it before them, which was a kind of raree-show they had not been us'd to, paper being the money of Boston. Then I took an opportunity of letting them see my watch; and, lastly (my brother still grum and sullen), I gave them a piece of eight to drink, and took my leave. This visit of mine offended him extreamly; for, when my mother some time after spoke to him of a reconciliation, and of her wishes to see us on good terms together, and that we might live for the future as brothers, he said I had insulted him in such a manner before his people that he could never forget or forgive it. In this, however, he was mistaken.

大约在1724年4月底，有艘小船要开往波士顿去。我向凯默告别，说要去看望朋友。总督交给我一封长信，信里向我父亲大大夸奖了我一番，还极力建议让我在费城开印刷店，认为这一定会让我赚大钱的。我们的船驶出海湾时碰上了沙洲，船身裂了一条缝；在海上行驶时狂风大作，我们只得频繁地抽水，我也轮班承担了这一工作。大约两周以后，我们终于平安抵达波士顿。此时我离开波士顿已经七个月了，朋友们都没有我的消息，因为我姐夫霍尔姆斯还没回来，也没有写信提到我的情况。我的突然出现让我家人惊讶不已，但大家见到我都很高兴，除了我哥哥外他们都欢迎我回来。我去哥哥的印刷店见了他，当时我穿得比在他店里当学徒的任何时候都要好多了，从头到脚都穿着体面的新衣服，还戴着表，口袋里有近五镑银币。他勉为其难地接待了我，将我全身打量了一番，然后又去工作了。

店里的伙计都很好奇我去了哪里，那是什么样的地方，我觉得那里怎么样等等。我对费城称赞有加，说在那里生活得很快乐，还强调了要回费城的打算。他们其中一个问我费城用什么样的钱，我掏出一把银币给他们看，这样的稀奇物他们可没怎么见过，因为波士顿使用的是纸币。后来我又借机让他们看了我的表，最后（我哥哥还是阴沉着脸）还给了他们一块银币让他们买酒喝，这才告辞。我的这次拜访让我哥哥极为不快，后来我母亲向他提到让我们和解，说希望看到我们和睦相处，以后依然手足情深时，他说我在他的伙计面前对他如此羞辱，他永远不会忘记也不能原谅。但是这一点，他弄错了。

My father received the governor's letter with some apparent surprise, but said little of it to me for some days, when Capt. Holmes returning he showed it to him, ask'd him if he knew Keith, and what kind of man he was; adding his opinion that he must be of small discretion to think of setting a boy up in business who wanted yet three years of being at man's estate. Holmes said what he could in favor of the project, but my father was clear in the impropriety of it,

and at last gave a flat denial to it. Then he wrote a civil letter to Sir William, thanking him for the patronage he had so kindly offered me, but declining to assist me as yet in setting up, I being, in his opinion, too young to be trusted with the management of a business so important, and for which the preparation must be so expensive.

My friend and companion Collins, who was a clerk in the post-office, pleas'd with the account I gave him of my new country, determined to go thither also; and, while I waited for my father's determination, he set out before me by land to Rhode Island, leaving his books, which were a pretty collection of mathematicks and natural philosophy, to come with mine and me to New York, where he propos'd to wait for me.

My father, tho' he did not approve Sir William's proposition, was yet pleas'd that I had been able to obtain so advantageous a character from a person of such note where I had resided, and that I had been so industrious and careful as to equip myself so handsomely in so short a time; therefore, seeing no prospect of an accommodation between my brother and me, he gave his consent to my returning again to Philadelphia, advis'd me to behave respectfully to the people there, endeavor to obtain the general esteem, and avoid lampooning and libeling, to which he thought I had too much inclination; telling me, that by steady industry and a prudent parsimony I might save enough by the time I was one-and-twenty to set me up; and that, if I came near the matter, he would help me out with the rest. This was all I could obtain, except some small gifts as tokens of his and my mother's love, when I embark'd again for New York, now with their approbation and their blessing.

我父亲读完总督的信后明显很惊讶，但好几天他都没怎么和我说起此事。霍尔姆斯船长回来后，父亲把信给他看，问他是否认识基思，他是怎样的人，另外父亲还说，这人提出让一个离成年还差三岁的孩子创业，一定考虑得不太周全。霍尔姆斯极力说他支持让我开店的计划，但父亲态度明确，认为此事并不恰当，最终直接否决了它。然后他给威廉爵士写了封措词委婉的信，向他对我的好心帮助表示了感谢，但不同意资助我开店，他认为我还太年轻，还无法把如此重要的事业经营托付于我，且要开家印刷店，前期成本也太高了。

我的朋友和伙伴柯林斯当时在邮局里当职员，他听了我对那个新地方的描述，非常高兴，决定和我一起去那里，于是当我还在等父亲作出决定时，他已先我由陆路去了罗得岛。他收藏了很多数学和自然哲学方面的书，也交给了我，由我连同自己的书一起带至纽约，他说他在那里等我。

我父亲尽管不赞成威廉爵士的提议，但仍然很高兴我能得到当地这样一位知名人士对我赞誉有加的推荐信，且我勤奋细心，在这么短的时

间里便把自己打扮得如此得体。因此，当父亲意识到我和哥哥无法和睦相处后，便同意我回到费城去，还建议我对那里的人要以礼相待，努力得到大家的尊重，不要嘲讽和诽谤他人，父亲认为我很有此种倾向。父亲说，只要我一直勤奋工作，审慎节俭，到21岁时我也许能攒够钱开店，等我的积蓄接近所需资金时，他会帮我凑齐不足的那部分。除了些表达父母之爱的小礼物，这就是我所得到的一切，我再次动身前往纽约时，是带着他们的赞许和祝福走的。

The sloop putting in at Newport, Rhode Island, I visited my brother John, who had been married and settled there some years. He received me very affectionately, for he always lov'd me. A friend of his, one Vernon, having some money due to him in Pensilvania, about thirty-five pounds currency, desired I would receive it for him, and keep it till I had his directions what to remit it in. Accordingly, he gave me an order. This afterwards occasion'd me a good deal of uneasiness.

At Newport we took in a number of passengers for New York, among which were two young women, companions, and a grave, sensible, matron-like Quaker woman, with her attendants. I had shown an obliging readiness to do her some little services, which impress'd her I suppose with a degree of good will toward me; therefore, when she saw a daily growing familiarity between me and the two young women, which they appear'd to encourage, she took me aside, and said: "Young man, I am concern'd for thee, as thou has no friend with thee, and seems not to know much of the world, or of the snares youth is expos'd to; depend upon it, those are very bad women; I can see it in all their actions; and if thee art not upon thy guard, they will draw thee into some danger; they are strangers to thee, and I advise thee, in a friendly concern for thy welfare, to have no acquaintance with them." As I seem'd at first not to think so ill of them as she did, she mentioned some things she had observ'd and heard that had escap'd my notice, but now convinc'd me she was right. I thank'd her for her kind advice, and promis'd to follow it. When we arriv'd at New York, they told me where they liv'd, and invited me to come and see them; but I avoided it, and it was well I did; for the next day the captain miss'd a silver spoon and some other things, that had been taken out of his cabbin, and, knowing that these were a couple of strumpets, he got a warrant to search their lodgings, found the stolen goods, and had the thieves punish'd. So, tho' we had escap'd a sunken rock, which we scrap'd upon in the passage, I thought this escape of rather more importance to me.

帆船驶入了罗得岛的新港，我去拜访了我哥哥约翰，他已成家，定居在此好几年了。他热情地招待了我，因为他一直都很喜欢我。约翰哥哥有个朋友叫弗农，宾夕法尼亚州有人欠他些钱，大约35镑，弗农希望

我能代他收下欠款并代为保管，直到他通知我这笔钱的用处，他还为此给我开了一张付款委托书。后来这件事给我带来了诸多不安。

我们的船在新港上了好些去纽约的乘客，其中有两位年轻女性是同伴，还有一位表情严肃、明白事理、看起来像位主妇的贵格会女士和她的随从。我表现出随时乐于为她帮点小忙的意思，我想这给她留下了一定的好印象。因此，当她见我和两位年轻女士日渐熟络且她们似乎热衷与我相熟时，便把我拉到一旁，说："年轻人，我很关心你，因为你没有和朋友一起，似乎也不太了解世事，不了解年轻会面对多少陷阱。相信我，这两个女人很坏，我能从她们的举动中看出来，如果你不提防着些，她们会让你陷入危险中的。你并不认识她们，我如此善意地劝告你是为了你好，不要和她们来往。"我开始时并不像她一样对那两位女士如此反感，直到她提到一些她看到和听到而我没有注意到的事情，我才相信她是对的。我感谢她好心的建议，保证一定会听她的话。我们到达纽约时，那两位年轻女士告诉了我她们的住所，邀我前去探望她们，但我没有去，这个决定很明智。因为第二天船长丢了一把银勺还有其他一些物品，这些都是在他的房间里被偷出去的。船长知道这两位女士是妓女，他得到搜查证后搜查了她们的住所，找到了被盗物品，并使小偷受到了处罚。因此，尽管我们在航行中躲过了暗礁，但我认为没有落入她们的陷阱，对我的意义更为重大。

At New York I found my friend Collins, who had arriv'd there some time before me. We had been intimate from children, and had read the same books together; but he had the advantage of more time for reading and studying, and a wonderful genius for mathematical learning, in which he far outstript me. While I liv'd in Boston most of my hours of leisure for conversation were spent with him, and he continu'd a sober as well as an industrious lad; was much respected for his learning by several of the clergy and other gentlemen, and seemed to promise making a good figure in life. But, during my absence, he had acquir'd a habit of sotting with brandy; and I found by his own account, and what I heard from others, that he had been drunk every day since his arrival at New York, and behav'd very oddly. He had gam'd, too, and lost his money, so that I was oblig'd to discharge his lodgings, and defray his expenses to and at Philadelphia, which prov'd extremely inconvenient to me.

The then governor of New York, Burnet (son of Bishop Burnet), hearing from the captain that a young man, one of his passengers, had a great many books, desir'd he would bring me to see him. I waited upon him accordingly, and should have taken Collins with me but that he was not sober. The gov'r. treated me with great civility, show'd me his library, which was a very large one, and we had a good deal of conversation about books and authors. This was the second governor who had done me the honor to take notice of me; which, to a poor boy like me, was very pleasing.

We proceeded to Philadelphia. I received on the way Vernon's money, without which we could hardly have finish'd our journey. Collins wished to be employ'd in some counting-house, but, whether they discover'd his dramming by his breath, or by his behaviour, tho' he had some recommendations, he met with no success in any application, and continu'd lodging and boarding at the same house with me, and at my expense. Knowing I had that money of Vernon's, he was continually borrowing of me, still promising repayment as soon as he should be in business. At length he had got so much of it that I was distress'd to think what I should do in case of being call'd on to remit it.

在纽约我见到了我的朋友柯林斯，他比我早到一些。我们从孩提时代起就很要好，曾一起阅读同样的书籍，但他比我有优势，他有更多时间用来阅读和学习，他还在数学上有极高的天赋，在这一点上远超于我。我还在波士顿的时候，大部分空闲时间都是和他聊天，他那时还是一个滴酒不沾、勤奋刻苦的少年，因颇有学识而受到好几位牧师和其他绅士的尊敬，似乎以后要出人头地。但在我离开波士顿以后，他染上了酗饮白兰地的习惯，我从他自己和其他人口中得知，他到纽约后，每天都喝得醉醺醺的，且行为怪异。他还参与赌博，把钱都输了，我只得帮他支付住宿费，还得承担他去费城的旅费和在费城的开销，这给我带来了极大的麻烦。

当时纽约的总督伯内特先生（伯内特主教的儿子）听船长说他的乘客中有个年轻人有很多藏书，希望能够见我。于是我前去拜访他，本来要带柯林斯和我一起去，但他那天喝醉了。总督很有礼貌地接待了我，还带我参观了他的藏书室，那间藏书室很大，我们就书籍和作家谈了很多。这是第二位注意到我的总督，让我觉得很荣幸，这对于像我这样的穷孩子来说，是件令人非常高兴的事情。

我们继续向费城进发。在路上我收回了弗农的欠款，要是没这笔钱，我们可能都回不到费城。柯林斯想去某家会计房找活干，尽管他有些推荐信，但人家或是通过他的呼吸或是他的行为发现他爱饮酒，所以他的求职全都失败了，只能继续和我吃住在一起，费用都由我承担。知道我收了弗农的欠款后，柯林斯不断向我借钱，许诺他一找到工作就立刻还给我。终于，他把那笔钱借走了很大一部分，使我极为苦恼万一弗农让我把钱汇回去该怎么办。

His drinking continu'd, about which we sometimes quarrell'd, for, when a little intoxicated, he was very fractious. Once, in a boat on the Delaware with some other young men, he refused to row in his turn. "I will be row'd home," says he. "We will not row you," says I. "You must, or stay all night on the water," says he, "just as you please." The others said, "Let us row; what signifies it?" But, my mind being soured with his other conduct, I continu'd to refuse. So he swore he would make me row, or throw me overboard; and coming along, stepping on the

thwarts, toward me, when he came up and struck at me, I clapped my hand under his crutch, and, rising, pitched him head-foremost into the river. I knew he was a good swimmer, and so was under little concern about him; but before he could get round to lay hold of the boat, we had with a few strokes pull'd her out of his reach; and ever when he drew near the boat, we ask'd if he would row, striking a few strokes to slide her away from him. He was ready to die with vexation, and obstinately would not promise to row. However, seeing him at last beginning to tire, we lifted him in and brought him home dripping wet in the evening. We hardly exchang'd a civil word afterwards, and a West India captain, who had a commission to procure a tutor for the sons of a gentleman at Barbados, happening to meet with him, agreed to carry him thither. He left me then, promising to remit me the first money he should receive in order to discharge the debt; but I never heard of him after.

柯林斯还是经常喝酒，我们有时为此争吵，因为他一旦有些醉意，就变得非常暴躁。有一次我们和其他几个年轻人乘船在特拉华河上航行，轮到他划船时，他不肯划。“你们划船带我回家吧。”他说。“我们不会代你划船的。”我回答。“你们必须得划，要不然就在这河上呆一夜吧，”他说，“随你们便。”其他人说道：“我们自己划吧，这有什么关系呢？”当时我心里正因他的其他行为生气，所以坚持拒绝划船。于是他狠狠地说一定要让我划，不然就把我扔下河去。他踩到坐板上，向我走了过来，他走到我面前要打我时，我一把托住他胯下，站起身，将他头朝下扔下了河。我知道他水性很好，所以不怎么担心他，但在他游过来要抓住船之前，我们又划了几下，让他够不着，每次他游得离船很近时，我们一边问他愿不愿意划船，一边又划几下让船离他远些。他恼羞成怒，还是一意孤行地不肯答应划船。但我们见他已经有些疲乏了，就把他拽了上来，晚上才把全身湿透的他送回家。此后，我们再难和颜悦色地说话。一位西印度的船长受托为巴巴多斯一位绅士的儿子们找一位家庭教师，恰好遇见了他，便同意带他去那里。于是柯林斯离开了我，承诺把拿到的第一笔工资汇给我还债，但我此后再没他的消息。

The breaking into this money of Vernon's was one of the first great errata of my life; and this affair show'd that my father was not much out in his judgment when he suppos'd me too young to manage business of importance. But Sir William, on reading his letter, said he was too prudent. There was great difference in persons; and discretion did not always accompany years, nor was youth always without it. "And since he will not set you up," says he, "I will do it myself. Give me an inventory of the things necessary to be had from England, and I will send for them. You shall repay me when you are able; I am resolv'd to have a good printer here, and I am sure you must succeed." This was spoken with such an appearance of cordiality, that I had not the least doubt of his meaning what he said. I had hitherto kept the

proposition of my setting up, a secret in Philadelphia, and I still kept it. Had it been known that I depended on the governor, probably some friend, that knew him better, would have advis'd me not to rely on him, as I afterwards heard it as his known character to be liberal of promises which he never meant to keep. Yet, unsolicited as he was by me, how could I think his generous offers insincere? I believ'd him one of the best men in the world.

I presented him an inventory of a little print'g-house, amounting by my computation to about one hundred pounds sterling. He lik'd it, but ask'd me if my being on the spot in England to chuse the types, and see that every thing was good of the kind, might not be of some advantage. "Then," says he, "when there, you may make acquaintances, and establish correspondences in the bookselling and stationery way." I agreed that this might be advantageous. "Then," says he, "get yourself ready to go with Annis;" which was the annual ship, and the only one at that time usually passing between London and Philadelphia. But it would be some months before Annis sail'd, so I continu'd working with Keimer, fretting about the money Collins had got from me, and in daily apprehensions of being call'd upon by Vernon, which, however, did not happen for some years after.

动用弗农那笔钱是我人生中最早犯下的大错之一，从这件事可以看出，我父亲当时认为我太年轻，还没有能力经营重要的事业并没有错。但威廉爵士读了我父亲的信之后，认为他太过谨慎了。各人性格迥异，谨慎的品质不一定年长的人才有，而年轻人也并非全都行事鲁莽。“既然他不肯帮你开店，”威廉爵士说，“那我来帮你吧。你把需在英国购买的东西列个清单，我派人去买。等你有能力了,再把这钱还给我，我一定要让费城有家像样的印刷店，我也相信你一定会成功的。”他说这话时非常诚恳，我一点也不怀疑他是确有此意。我要开店的计划在费城一直是个秘密，我至今也还对此守口如瓶。要是别人知道我依靠总督，也许一些更了解他的朋友会劝我不要指望他，如我后来所闻，众人皆知他爱随意许下承诺却从不兑现。但并不是我主动求他帮忙，又怎能想到他如此慷慨地提出帮我并非真心实意的呢？我当时还相信他是世界上最好的人之一呢。

我给威廉爵士列了张开家小印刷店所需物品的清单，我算了算大概需要100镑吧。他很高兴，又说如果我亲自去英国挑选铅字，确保每件物品都质量上乘是否会更好一些。他说：“那样的话，你可以在那里结交一些朋友，建立书籍和文具生意方面的往来。”我对他的话表示同意，认为这样应该是有利的。“那么，”他又说，“做好准备乘坐安妮斯号出发吧。”安妮斯号是当时唯一一艘航行于伦敦和费城之间的轮船，每年在两座城市之间往来一次。但那时离安妮斯号启航还有几个月，因此我仍旧在凯默的店里工作，心里总为柯林斯从我这儿拿走的钱烦恼，每天都担心弗农让我汇钱给他，但这事直到好几年之后才发生。

I believe I have omitted mentioning that, in my first voyage from Boston, being becalm'd off Block Island, our people set about catching cod, and hauled up a great many. Hitherto I had stuck to my resolution of not eating animal food, and on this occasion consider'd, with my master Tryon, the taking every fish as a kind of unprovoked murder, since none of them had, or ever could do us any injury that might justify the slaughter. All this seemed very reasonable. But I had formerly been a great lover of fish, and, when this came hot out of the frying-pan, it smelt admirably well. I balanc'd some time between principle and inclination, till I recollected that, when the fish were opened, I saw smaller fish taken out of their stomachs; then thought I, "If you eat one another, I don't see why we mayn't eat you." So I din'd upon cod very heartily, and continued to eat with other people, returning only now and then occasionally to a vegetable diet. So convenient a thing it is to be a reasonable creature, since it enables one to find or make a reason for everything one has a mind to do.

Keimer and I liv'd on a pretty good familiar footing, and agreed tolerably well, for he suspected nothing of my setting up. He retained a great deal of his old enthusiasms and lov'd argumentation. We therefore had many disputations. I used to work him so with my Socratic method, and had trepann'd him so often by questions apparently so distant from any point we had in hand, and yet by degrees lead to the point, and brought him into difficulties and contradictions, that at last he grew ridiculously cautious, and would hardly answer me the most common question, without asking first, "What do you intend to infer from that?" However, it gave him so high an opinion of my abilities in the confuting way, that he seriously proposed my being his colleague in a project he had of setting up a new sect. He was to preach the doctrines, and I was to confound all opponents. When he came to explain with me upon the doctrines, I found several conundrums which I objected to, unless I might have my way a little too, and introduce some of mine.

我想我忘了提一件事，在我第一次离开波士顿的旅途中，船曾因无风在布洛克岛附近停航，我们船上的人开始捕鳕鱼，捕上来许多。那时我还是坚持不沾荤腥的决定，在此情景下，我赞同我的导师特赖恩，认为每捕一条鱼就等于一次无端谋杀，因为没有哪条鱼曾经给我们造成任何伤害，它们也没有这种能力，所以我们捕鱼并没有什么正当理由。这些话似乎都很有道理。但我以前很爱吃鱼，当热气腾腾的鱼出锅时，香味四溢，非常诱人。我在原则和爱好之间徘徊了好一阵，后来想起鱼被剖开时，曾见人们从鱼肚中拿出小鱼来，于是我想，“如果你们可以互相吃掉对方，我不懂为什么我们就不能吃你们。”就这样，我津津有味地吃起鳕鱼来，后来还照样和其他人一起吃，只是偶尔才恢复食素的习惯。做一个拥有理性的生物是多么便利啊，因为不管想做什么事，他都能找

到或者编造出一个理由来。

凯默和我变得熟悉起来，两人相处得还不错，因为他对我开店的计划一无所知。他很大程度上保留着以前对宗教的热忱，很喜欢论辩，因此我们曾经辩论过很多次。我常用苏格拉底的方法同他辩论，问一些与我们的论题明显风马牛不相及的问题，逐渐引入辩题，使他陷入窘境与矛盾之中，中我的圈套。后来凯默变得非常谨慎，竟到了一种可笑的地步，即使问他最普通的问题，他也会首先问我："你想从中推出什么呢？"不过，这也让他对我的辩才大为赏识，他打算成立一个新教派时，竟郑重提出希望我做他的同事，由他来布道，我则负责反驳所有的反对者。后来他向我说明他的教义时，我发现他有一些难以理解的观点我并不赞成，除非我也可以有自己的理解，或加入一些我自己的看法。

Keimer wore his beard at full length, because somewhere in the Mosaic law it is said, "Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy beard." He likewise kept the Seventh day, Sabbath; and these two points were essentials with him. I dislik'd both; but agreed to admit them upon condition of his adopting the doctrine of using no animal food. "I doubt," said he, "my constitution will not bear that." I assur'd him it would, and that he would be the better for it. He was usually a great glutton, and I promised myself some diversion in half starving him. He agreed to try the practice, if I would keep him company. I did so, and we held it for three months. We had our victuals dress'd, and brought to us regularly by a woman in the neighborhood, who had from me a list of forty dishes to be prepar'd for us at different times, in all which there was neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, and the whim suited me the better at this time from the cheapness of it, not costing us above eighteenpence sterling each per week. I have since kept several Lents[18] most strictly, leaving the common diet for that, and that for the common, abruptly, without the least inconvenience, so that I think there is little in the advice of making those changes by easy gradations. I went on pleasantly, but poor Keimer suffered grievously, tired of the project, long'd for the flesh-pots of Egypt, and order'd a roast pig. He invited me and two women friends to dine with him; but, it being brought too soon upon table, he could not resist the temptation, and ate the whole before we came.

凯默胡子很长，因为摩西律法中有一处说过："不可修剪胡须。"同样，他还遵守每星期第七天为安息日的习惯。这两件事对他至关重要，我却都不喜欢，只因他同意采纳不食荤腥的教义才同意将这两条也作为新教派的教义。凯默说："我担心我的身体承受不住。"我向他保证一定承受得住，而且他的身体会因食素变得更好。他常常大吃大喝，我心里想到他半饥半饱的样子，觉得很有趣。他答应如果我和他一起的话，他也愿意尝试。我同意了，我们将这个饮食习惯保持了三个月。我们让街坊上一位妇人为我们准备食物，做好了之后给我们送来。我给她开了一张单子，上面列了40种菜式，以备更换，其中既无鱼肉，也无鸡鸭。这

办法非常省钱，对此时的我来说正合适，这样我们每人每周最多只用花18便士的伙食费了。后来我曾经好几次极为严格地遵守四旬斋，不管是突然不吃普通食物改为吃斋，还是突然停止吃斋改吃普通食物，都没有任何不舒服，所以我觉得膳食的改变要循序渐进的建议并没什么可取之处。我吃素吃得很舒心，而可怜的凯默则吃尽了苦头，他厌倦了这个计划，极渴望吃埃及做法的肉，于是买了一只烤乳猪。凯默本来邀我和两位女性朋友同吃，但这烤乳猪端上桌太早，他抵挡不了诱惑，在我们赶到之前就全都吃完了。

I had made some courtship during this time to Miss Read. I had a great respect and affection for her, and had some reason to believe she had the same for me; but, as I was about to take a long voyage, and we were both very young, only a little above eighteen, it was thought most prudent by her mother to prevent our going too far at present, as a marriage, if it was to take place, would be more convenient after my return, when I should be, as I expected, set up in my business. Perhaps, too, she thought my expectations not so well founded as I imagined them to be.

My chief acquaintances at this time were Charles Osborne, Joseph Watson, and James Ralph, all lovers of reading. The two first were clerks to an eminent scrivener or conveyancer in the town, Charles Brockden; the other was clerk to a merchant. Watson was a pious, sensible young man, of great integrity; the others rather more lax in their principles of religion, particularly Ralph, who, as well as Collins, had been unsettled by me, for which they both made me suffer. Osborne was sensible, candid, frank; sincere and affectionate to his friends; but, in literary matters, too fond of criticising. Ralph was ingenious, genteel in his manners, and extremely eloquent; I think I never knew a prettier talker. Both of them great admirers of poetry, and began to try their hands in little pieces. Many pleasant walks we four had together on Sundays into the woods, near Schuylkill, where we read to one another, and conferr'd on what we read.

Ralph was inclin'd to pursue the study of poetry, not doubting but he might become eminent in it, and make his fortune by it, alleging that the best poets must, when they first began to write, make as many faults as he did. Osborne dissuaded him, assur'd him he had no genius for poetry, and advis'd him to think of nothing beyond the business he was bred to; that, in the mercantile way, tho' he had no stock, he might, by his diligence and punctuality, recommend himself to employment as a factor, and in time acquire wherewith to trade on his own account. I approv'd the amusing one's self with poetry now and then, so far as to improve one's language, but no farther.

这段时间里，我向里德小姐求爱了。我对她非常尊重和爱慕，也有

理由相信她对我怀有同样的感觉。但因我不久就要出远门，而且我们都还年轻，才18岁出头，她母亲认为我俩暂时不要走得太近才更为妥当，如果考虑婚事，也要等我回来才更方便，我想那时我应该已经有了自己的事业。也许她对我的期望并不像我自己想的那样根基牢靠吧。

我当时主要交往的伙伴有查尔斯·奥斯本、约瑟夫·沃森和詹姆斯·拉尔夫，他们都热爱阅读。前两位是城上有名的公证人或者转让事务代办人查尔斯·布罗克登的书记员，另一位是一位商人的职员。沃森是个虔诚、明智的年轻人，非常正直，其他两位在宗教信仰上较为松懈，尤其是拉尔夫，他和柯林斯一样受到我的影响而信仰动摇，这也给我惹来麻烦。奥斯本明白事理，直率坦诚，对待朋友真挚亲切，但他太爱对文学作品评头论足。拉尔夫天性聪颖，举止优雅，口才出众，我想我再也找不到比他更健谈的人了。他们两人都非常热爱诗歌，也写了一些小诗试手。星期天的时候，我们四个经常一起去斯库尔基尔河附近的树林里散步，在那儿轮流朗读作品，并就其进行讨论，非常美好。

拉尔夫想要研究诗学，他毫不怀疑自己会在写诗上有所成就，并能因此致富，他断言最优秀的诗人刚开始写诗时，犯过的错误也不比他少。奥斯本劝阻他，说他并没有写诗的天赋，劝他心无旁骛地从事他的本行，这样在经商方面，即使他暂时没有资本，通过自己的勤奋和守时可靠，一定能成为代理商，再假以时日，便能独立门户。我也赞成偶尔写写诗自娱自乐，但我只是为了锤炼自己的语言，没有别的目的。

On this it was propos'd that we should each of us, at our next meeting, produce a piece of our own composing, in order to improve by our mutual observations, criticisms, and corrections. As language and expression were what we had in view, we excluded all considerations of invention by agreeing that the task should be a version of the eighteenth Psalm, which describes the descent of a Deity. When the time of our meeting drew nigh, Ralph called on me first, and let me know his piece was ready. I told him I had been busy, and, having little inclination, had done nothing. He then show'd me his piece for my opinion, and I much approv'd it, as it appear'd to me to have great merit. "Now," says he, "Osborne never will allow the least merit in any thing of mine, but makes 1000 criticisms out of mere envy. He is not so jealous of you; I wish, therefore, you would take this piece, and produce it as yours; I will pretend not to have had time, and so produce nothing. We shall then see what he will say to it." It was agreed, and I immediately transcrib'd it, that it might appear in my own hand.

We met; Watson's performance was read; there were some beauties in it, but many defects. Osborne's was read; it was much better; Ralph did it justice; remarked some faults, but applauded the beauties. He himself had nothing to produce. I was backward; seemed desirous of being excused; had not had sufficient time to correct, etc.;

but no excuse could be admitted; produce I must. It was read and repeated; Watson and Osborne gave up the contest, and join'd in applauding it. Ralph only made some criticisms, and propos'd some amendments; but I defended my text. Osborne was against Ralph, and told him he was no better a critic than poet, so he dropt the argument. As they two went home together, Osborne expressed himself still more strongly in favor of what he thought my production; having restrain'd himself before, as he said, lest I should think it flattery. "But who would have imagin'd," said he, "that Franklin had been capable of such a performance; such painting, such force, such fire! He has even improv'd the original. In his common conversation he seems to have no choice of words; he hesitates and blunders; and yet, good God! how he writes!" When we next met, Ralph discovered the trick we had plaid him, and Osborne was a little laught at.

关于学习写诗一事，我们提议每人都创作一首诗，下次聚会时带来，相互品读、评论并提出修改意见，以便取得进步。鉴于诗歌的语言和表现力是我们着意提高的，因此我们一致同意改写描写神祇降临人间的《诗篇》第18章，这样我们完全不用考虑诗歌的创意。我们聚会的时间临近了，拉尔夫先来找了我，告诉我他已经把那首诗改写好了。我告诉他我很忙，也不太想写，所以还没动笔。拉尔夫把他改写的诗拿给我看，让我评论一下，我对那首诗大加赞赏，因为在我看来它很有价值。他说："你看，奥斯本从不承认我的任何作品有一丝一毫的优点，他对我千般挑剔，这完全是出于嫉妒罢了。他对你倒是没什么嫉妒之心，所以我希望你能把这首诗当成是你写的，我呢就假装没有时间，什么也没写，我们来看看他会对这首诗作何评价吧。"我同意就这么办，于是立即把这首诗誊抄了一遍，让它看起来像出自我的手笔。

聚会的时间到了。我们首先读了沃森的作品，这首诗有些闪光之处，但也有许多缺点。然后我们读了奥斯本的诗，写得比沃森的好得多，拉尔夫对其作了公正的评价，指出了诗的一些毛病，但对其优美之处也不吝溢美之词，但他说自己什么也没有写。我有些退缩，似乎想为自己找借口，说没有足够的时间对诗进行修改等等。但是他们不听我的辩解，一定要我把诗拿出来。于是我朗读了这首诗，还重复了一遍。沃森和奥斯本自认写得不如我，退出了比赛，还齐声赞美我的诗。拉尔夫对诗稍稍作了些批评，还提出一些修改意见，而我则为自己的作品辩护。奥斯本不同意拉尔夫的看法，说他的评论和他的诗作一样平庸，于是拉尔夫就不再争辩了。他们两人一起回家时，奥斯本对"我的诗"更是大加赞赏，说先前他克制着自己，以免我觉得他在奉承我。"但谁能想到，"奥斯本说，"富兰克林能写得如此生动出色、如此掷地有声、如此激情澎湃！他写得甚至比原诗还要好！他平常谈话似乎并不讲究词句，说话支支吾吾，多有谬误，但我的天啊，他居然写得出这么好的诗！"我们第二次见面时，拉尔夫揭穿了我们开的玩笑，奥斯本被大家笑话了一番。

This transaction fixed Ralph in his resolution of becoming a poet.

I did all I could to dissuade him from it, but he continued scribbling verses till Pope cured him. He became, however, a pretty good prose writer. More of him hereafter. But, as I may not have occasion again to mention the other two, I shall just remark here, that Watson died in my arms a few years after, much lamented, being the best of our set. Osborne went to the West Indies, where he became an eminent lawyer and made money, but died young. He and I had made a serious agreement, that the one who happen'd first to die should, if possible, make a friendly visit to the other, and acquaint him how he found things in that separate state. But he never fulfill'd his promise.

The governor, seeming to like my company, had me frequently to his house, and his setting me up was always mention'd as a fixed thing. I was to take with me letters recommendatory to a number of his friends, besides the letter of credit to furnish me with the necessary money for purchasing the press and types, paper, etc. For these letters I was appointed to call at different times, when they were to be ready, but a future time was still named. Thus he went on till the ship, whose departure too had been several times postponed, was on the point of sailing. Then, when I call'd to take my leave and receive the letters, his secretary, Dr. Bard, came out to me and said the governor was extremely busy in writing, but would be down at Newcastle before the ship, and there the letters would be delivered to me.

Ralph, though married, and having one child, had determined to accompany me in this voyage. It was thought he intended to establish a correspondence, and obtain goods to sell on commission; but I found afterwards, that, thro' some discontent with his wife's relations, he purposed to leave her on their hands, and never return again. Having taken leave of my friends, and interchang'd some promises with Miss Read, I left Philadelphia in the ship, which anchor'd at Newcastle. The governor was there; but when I went to his lodging, the secretary came to me from him with the civillest message in the world, that he could not then see me, being engaged in business of the utmost importance, but should send the letters to me on board, wish'd me heartily a good voyage and a speedy return, etc. I returned on board a little puzzled, but still not doubting.

这件事让拉尔夫坚定了成为诗人的决心。我竭尽所能劝他放弃，但他依然坚持写诗，直到蒲柏阻止了他。但他还是成为了一名很好的散文家。我稍后会提到更多关于他的事。但其他两位此后可能没有机会再提，所以这里要交代一下。沃森数年之后在我怀中去世了，我感到十分悲痛，认为他是我们之中最出色的一个。奥斯本去了西印度群岛，在那里成了一名杰出的律师，赚了很多钱，但英年早逝。我和他曾郑重约定，如果可能，我俩中先一步离开人世的要去友好地拜访另一位，告诉

他另一个世界是什么样子。但他从未履行这个约定。

总督似乎很喜欢与我为伴，常常邀我去他的寓所，也经常向我提及帮助我开店的事，似乎这事已成定局。他答应除了给我开一封信用证明，以让我获得购买印刷机、铅字、纸张等物品所需的款项，还给我写几封推荐信给他的朋友。为了去取这些信，我按约定的时间去拜访了他好几次，但他总是往后推，再约一个靠后的时间。就这样他一直拖延着，那艘船的启程日期也推迟了好几次，直到它真要启航了，我去向总督辞行，并去取那些信件，他的秘书巴德博士出来接待了我，说总督正忙着写信，他会在那艘船抵达纽卡斯尔之前到那里，可以在那里把信交给我。

拉尔夫虽然已经成家，还有一个孩子，但他决定和我一同出海航行。我原以为他打算设立一个代理处，进货销售，从中得到佣金。但我后来发现，他是因为和妻子的亲戚关系不和，打算把妻子留给他们，自己再也不回来了。我和朋友们告了别，又和里德小姐山盟海誓了一番，然后乘船离开了费城。船停靠纽卡斯尔时，总督果然在那里，但我去他的住处拜访时，他的秘书代他出来见我，以极其客气的语气告诉我，总督正在处理极为重要的公务，不能见我，但一定会把那几封信送到船上，还衷心祝我一路顺风，早日返回等等。我回到船上，心里有些不解，但还是没有产生怀疑。

Mr. Andrew Hamilton, a famous lawyer of Philadelphia, had taken passage in the same ship for himself and son, and with Mr. Denham, a Quaker merchant, and Messrs. Onion and Russel, masters of an iron work in Maryland, had engag'd the great cabin; so that Ralph and I were forced to take up with a berth in the steerage, and none on board knowing us, were considered as ordinary persons. But Mr. Hamilton and his son (it was James, since governor) return'd from Newcastle to Philadelphia, the father being recall'd by a great fee to plead for a seized ship; and, just before we sail'd, Colonel French coming on board, and showing me great respect, I was more taken notice of, and, with my friend Ralph, invited by the other gentlemen to come into the cabin, there being now room. Accordingly, we remov'd thither.

Understanding that Colonel French had brought on board the governor's despatches, I ask'd the captain for those letters that were to be under my care. He said all were put into the bag together and he could not then come at them; but, before we landed in England, I should have an opportunity of picking them out; so I was satisfied for the present, and we proceeded on our voyage. We had a sociable company in the cabin, and lived uncommonly well, having the addition of all Mr. Hamilton's stores, who had laid in plentifully. In this passage Mr. Denham contracted a friendship for me that continued during his life. The voyage was otherwise not a pleasant

one, as we had a great deal of bad weather.

费城一位著名律师安德鲁·汉密尔顿先生和他的儿子也在这艘船上，还有一位贵格会商人德纳姆先生，以及马里兰一家铸铁厂的厂主奥尼恩先生和罗素先生，他们几个包下了头等舱，因此我和拉尔夫只得在末等舱里找个铺位。船上没有人认识我们，人们只把我们当成普通人罢了。但汉密尔顿先生和他的儿子（名叫詹姆斯，后来当了总督）从纽卡斯尔又回了费城，因为汉密尔顿先生被人用重金请回去为一艘被扣留的船作辩护。船快开的时候，弗伦奇上校上了船，对我尊敬有加，人们这才对我多加注意，其他绅士请我和拉尔夫搬去头等舱，因为恰好有地方空出来了。于是，我们就搬到了头等舱。

我以为弗伦奇上校把总督的信件带上船了，于是就去找船长要那些将由我保管的信。船长说所有信件都放在信件袋里了，一时取不出来，但我们抵达英国前，我会有机会把它们拣出来。于是我暂时安了心，继续我们的行程。我们在船舱里聊得很愉快，船上的生活也很好，因为汉密尔顿先生把他为此次航行储备的所有东西都留了下来，非常丰富。这次航行让我和德纳姆先生成了朋友，我们的友谊一直持续到他去世为止。但从另一方面看，这次航行也并不愉快，因为很多时候天气都很糟糕。

When we came into the Channel, the captain kept his word with me, and gave me an opportunity of examining the bag for the governor's letters. I found none upon which my name was put as under my care. I picked out six or seven, that, by the handwriting, I thought might be the promised letters, especially as one of them was directed to Basket, the king's printer, and another to some stationer. We arriv'd in London the 24th of December, 1724. I waited upon the stationer, who came first in my way, delivering the letter as from Governor Keith. "I don't know such a person," says he; but, opening the letter, "O! This is from Riddlesden. I have lately found him to be a compleat rascal, and I will have nothing to do with him, nor receive any letters from him." So, putting the letter into my hand, he turn'd on his heel and left me to serve some customer. I was surprized to find these were not the governor's letters; and, after recollecting and comparing circumstances, I began to doubt his sincerity. I found my friend Denham, and opened the whole affair to him. He let me into Keith's character; told me there was not the least probability that he had written any letters for me; that no one, who knew him, had the smallest dependence on him; and he laught at the notion of the governor's giving me a letter of credit, having, as he said, no credit to give. On my expressing some concern about what I should do, he advised me to endeavor getting some employment in the way of my business. "Among the printers here," said he, "you will improve yourself, and when you return to America, you will set up to greater advantage."

We both of us happen'd to know, as well as the stationer, that Riddlesden, the attorney, was a very knave. He had half ruin'd Miss Read's father by persuading him to be bound for him. By this letter it appear'd there was a secret scheme on foot to the prejudice of Hamilton (suppos'd to be then coming over with us); and that Keith was concerned in it with Riddlesden. Denham, who was a friend of Hamilton's thought he ought to be acquainted with it; so, when he arriv'd in England, which was soon after, partly from resentment and ill-will to Keith and Riddlesden, and partly from good-will to him, I waited on him, and gave him the letter. He thank'd me cordially, the information being of importance to him; and from that time he became my friend, greatly to my advantage afterwards on many occasions.

我们的船驶入英吉利海峡后，船长遵守和我的约定，给了我一次机会，让我从信件袋里取出总督的信。我并未发现署名由我保管的信。我从中挑了六七封出来，从信封上的笔迹推测应该是承诺为我写的信，特别是其中有一封是写给英国皇家印刷所巴斯克特的，还有一封是写给某位文具商的。我们于1724年12月24日抵达伦敦。因为顺路，我先去拜访了那位文具商，把基思总督的信交给他。“我不认识这样一个人”，那位文具商说道，但打开信之后，又说，“哦，是那个里德斯登写来的。我最近发现他完全是个骗子，我不会跟他有任何往来了，也不会再收他任何信件。”就这样，他把信交还给我，转身去招呼别的顾客了。我非常惊讶地发现这不是总督写的信。经过仔细回想，认真比较前后发生的事，我开始怀疑总督的诚意了。我找到我的朋友德纳姆先生，把整件事一五一十地告诉了他。德纳姆先生和我讲了基思总督的为人，说他是绝无可能给我写什么推荐信的，还说了解基思的人里没有谁会信赖他。听说基思总督给了我一封信用证明，德纳姆先生笑了，说基思自己连信用都不能保证。我表达了自己的忧虑，不知该怎么办，德纳姆先生建议我尽力在这里的印刷店找个活儿干，他说：“通过在这里的印刷店里干活，你能够提高自己，等你回美洲了，开起店来也更有优势。”

我和德纳姆先生像那位文具商一样，知道那个里德斯登律师是个十足的骗子。他曾骗得里德小姐的父亲和他立约，使她父亲几乎破产。从这封信来看，似乎有人在密谋陷害汉密尔顿（他本来是要和我们一起来英国的），而基思也与里德斯登一起参与其中。德纳姆先生是汉密尔顿的朋友，认为应把这件事告知汉密尔顿。因此过了不久，当汉密尔顿先生来到英国时，我去拜访了他，将这封信交给了他，这一半是出于我对基思和里德斯登的憎恶，一半是出于对汉密尔顿先生的好意。汉密尔顿先生衷心地感谢了我，说这一消息对他非常重要。从此，他成了我的朋友，后来多次给我很大帮助。

But what shall we think of a governor's playing such pitiful tricks, and imposing so grossly on a poor ignorant boy! It was a habit he had acquired. He wish'd to please everybody; and, having little to give, he gave expectations. He was otherwise an ingenious, sensible man, a

pretty good writer, and a good governor for the people, tho' not for his constituents, the proprietaries, whose instructions he sometimes disregarded. Several of our best laws were of his planning and passed during his administration.

Ralph and I were inseparable companions. We took lodgings together in Little Britain at three shillings and sixpence a week—as much as we could then afford. He found some relations, but they were poor, and unable to assist him. He now let me know his intentions of remaining in London, and that he never meant to return to Philadelphia. He had brought no money with him, the whole he could muster having been expended in paying his passage. I had fifteen pistoles[19]; so he borrowed occasionally of me to subsist, while he was looking out for business. He first endeavored to get into the playhouse, believing himself qualify'd for an actor; but Wilkes, to whom he apply'd, advis'd him candidly not to think of that employment, as it was impossible he should succeed in it. Then he propos'd to Roberts, a publisher in Paternoster Row, to write for him a weekly paper like the Spectator, on certain conditions, which Roberts did not approve. Then he endeavored to get employment as a hackney writer, to copy for the stationers and lawyers about the Temple, but could find no vacancy.

I immediately got into work at Palmer's, then a famous printing-house in Bartholomew Close, and here I continu'd near a year. I was pretty diligent, but spent with Ralph a good deal of my earnings in going to plays and other places of amusement. We had together consumed all my pistoles, and now just rubbed on from hand to mouth. He seem'd quite to forget his wife and child, and I, by degrees, my engagements with Miss Read, to whom I never wrote more than one letter, and that was to let her know I was not likely soon to return. This was another of the great errata of my life, which I should wish to correct if I were to live it over again. In fact, by our expenses, I was constantly kept unable to pay my passage.

但一位总督竟然玩这种可憎的把戏，如此卑鄙地陷害一个可怜无知的少年，我们又该作何感想呢！这是他已经养成的习惯，他希望取悦每一个人，但又没什么可赠与的，于是就空口给出许诺。但另一方面，他天资聪颖，通情达理，写得一手好文章，对于人民来说也是一个好总督，尽管对他的选民——殖民地领主来说并非如此，因为他有时会忽视他们的意见。我们一些最公正的法律就是由他规划制定，并在他的任期内通过的。

我和拉尔夫成了形影不离的朋友。我们在小不列颠街住了下来，住宿费为每周3先令6便士——这是我们当时出得起的最高价格了。拉尔夫找到一些亲戚，但他们也很穷，帮不了他。这时他告诉我他打算留在伦

敦，再也不回费城了。拉尔夫没有带钱来，筹到的所有钱都已用作旅费了。我有15个皮斯托尔，所以他在外找活儿干时，有时会向我借钱维持生活。一开始他想进入戏院，认为自己够格当一名演员，但他向威尔克斯申请戏院的工作时，威尔克斯坦白地告诉他不要作此打算了，他不可能成功的。后来他又联系了帕特诺斯特街上一位叫罗伯茨的出版商，自荐为他编《旁观者》那样的周报，但罗伯茨没有答应他提出的某些条件。随后拉尔夫还想找文员的工作，为圣殿教堂附近的文具商和律师抄写东西，但也没找到。

我很快就在帕尔默印刷所找到了工作。那是巴塞洛缪巷上一家著名的印刷所，我在那里干了将近一年。我干活儿很勤快，但我收入中的很大一部分都花在和拉尔夫一起去看戏或者去其他娱乐场所了。我们还一起花完了我那15个皮斯托尔，当时的收入仅能糊口而已。他似乎已经忘了自己的妻儿，而我，也渐渐不记得和里德小姐的约定了，我只给她写过一封信，而且是告诉她我不会很快回去。这是我人生中的又一大错误，如果能够从头再来，我希望能改正这个错误。事实上，因为我们花钱大手大脚，我一直没钱支付回程的旅费。

At Palmer's I was employed in composing for the second edition of Wollaston's "Religion of Nature." Some of his reasonings not appearing to me well founded, I wrote a little metaphysical piece in which I made remarks on them. It was entitled "A Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain." I inscribed it to my friend Ralph; I printed a small number. It occasion'd my being more consider'd by Mr. Palmer as a young man of some ingenuity, tho' he seriously expostulated with me upon the principles of my pamphlet, which to him appear'd abominable. My printing this pamphlet was another erratum. While I lodg'd in Little Britain, I made an acquaintance with one Wilcox, a bookseller, whose shop was at the next door. He had an immense collection of second-hand books. Circulating libraries were not then in use; but we agreed that, on certain reasonable terms, which I have now forgotten, I might take, read, and return any of his books. This I esteem'd a great advantage, and I made as much use of it as I could.

My pamphlet by some means falling into the hands of one Lyons, a surgeon, author of a book entitled "The Infallibility of Human Judgment," it occasioned an acquaintance between us. He took great notice of me, called on me often to converse on those subjects, carried me to the Horns, a pale alehouse in — Lane, Cheapside, and introduced me to Dr. Mandeville[20], author of the "Fable of the Bees," who had a club there, of which he was the soul, being a most facetious, entertaining companion. Lyons, too, introduced me to Dr. Pemberton, at Batson's Coffee-house, who promis'd to give me an opportunity, some time or other, of seeing Sir Isaac Newton, of which I was extreamely desirous; but this never happened.

I had brought over a few curiosities, among which the principal was a purse made of the asbestos, which purifies by fire. Sir Hans Sloane heard of it, came to see me, and invited me to his house in Bloomsbury Square, where he show'd me all his curiosities, and persuaded me to let him add that to the number, for which he paid me handsomely.

在帕尔默印刷所，我当时在为沃拉斯顿的《自然宗教》的第二版排版。我认为他的一些推理并没有充分的论据，于是写了一篇简短的哲学论文对其进行评论，文章名字叫《论自由与穷困、快乐与痛苦》。我把这篇文章题赠给我的朋友拉尔夫，还印刷了若干份。这使帕尔默先生对我稍加重视了，认为我是一个有些天分的年轻人，尽管他严肃地跟我争辩小册子里的那些观点，它们在他看来很是可恶。印刷这本小册子是我的又一大错误。我在小不列颠街寄住时，认识了一个叫威尔科克斯的书商，他的书店就在我住所的隔壁。他收集了大量旧书，当时还没有流通图书馆，但我们约定，我付一笔合理的费用后——具体数目我已经忘了——我可以借阅他的任何书籍，读完后归还。这在我看来是个极大的好处，于是就极尽所能地加以利用。

我的小册子辗转到了一位叫莱昂斯的外科医生手里，他写了一本书，叫做《人类判断的正确性》，我们因此结识了。他对我非常重视，经常前来拜访，并就某些问题和我展开讨论。莱昂斯还带我去了齐普赛街某条巷子里一家叫“霍恩斯”的酒馆，把我介绍给《蜜蜂的寓言》一书的作者曼德维尔博士。曼德维尔博士幽默风趣，在这家酒馆有个俱乐部，他是俱乐部的灵魂人物。在巴特森咖啡馆，莱昂斯又把我介绍给了彭伯顿博士，他答应我过些时候找个机会带我去见见艾萨克·牛顿爵士，我极希望能有这个机会，但从未实现。

我从美洲带来了几件珍品，其中为首的一件是一个石棉制成的钱包，经火烧后能变干净。汉斯·斯隆爵士听说后来见我，邀请我去他在布卢姆斯伯里广场的寓所，向我展示了他收藏的所有珍宝，劝说我把那个钱包让给他，以增加他的藏品，他为此付给了我一大笔钱。

In our house there lodg'd a young woman, a milliner, who, I think, had a shop in the Cloisters. She had been genteelly bred, was sensible and lively, and of most pleasing conversation. Ralph read plays to her in the evenings, they grew intimate, she took another lodging, and he followed her. They liv'd together some time; but, he being still out of business, and her income not sufficient to maintain them with her child, he took a resolution of going from London, to try for a country school, which he thought himself well qualified to undertake, as he wrote an excellent hand, and was a master of arithmetic and accounts. This, however, he deemed a business below him, and confident of future better fortune, when he should be unwilling to have it known that he once was so meanly employed, he changed his name, and did me the honor to assume mine; for I soon

after had a letter from him, acquainting me that he was settled in a small village (in Berkshire, I think it was, where he taught reading and writing to ten or a dozen boys, at sixpence each per week), recommending Mrs. T— to my care, and desiring me to write to him, directing for Mr. Franklin, schoolmaster, at such a place.

He continued to write frequently, sending me large specimens of an epic poem which he was then composing, and desiring my remarks and corrections. These I gave him from time to time, but endeavor'd rather to discourage his proceeding. One of Young's[21] Satires was then just published. I copy'd and sent him a great part of it, which set in a strong light the folly of pursuing the Muses with any hope of advancement by them. All was in vain; sheets of the poem continued to come by every post. In the mean time, Mrs. T—, having on his account lost her friends and business, was often in distresses, and us'd to send for me, and borrow what I could spare to help her out of them. I grew fond of her company, and, being at that time under no religious restraint, and presuming upon my importance to her, I attempted familiarities (another erratum) which she repuls'd with a proper resentment, and acquainted him with my behaviour. This made a breach between us; and, when he returned again to London, he let me know he thought I had cancell'd all the obligations he had been under to me. So I found I was never to expect his repaying me what I lent to him, or advanc'd for him. This, however, was not then of much consequence, as he was totally unable; and in the loss of his friendship I found myself relieved from a burthen. I now began to think of getting a little money beforehand, and, expecting better work, I left Palmer's to work at Watts's, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, a still greater printing-house. Here I continued all the rest of my stay in London.

我们的寓所里还住着一位年轻妇女，是个做帽子生意的，我想她在修道院附近有家店面。她修养很好，知书达理，聪颖敏慧，和她谈话非常愉快。晚上的时候，拉尔夫会朗读剧本给她听，他们的关系逐渐亲密起来。她另找了住处，拉尔夫也跟着搬了过去，他们同居了一段时间。但由于拉尔夫还是没有找到工作，而她的收入也不足以维持他们两人还有她的孩子的生活，拉尔夫决心离开伦敦去一所乡下学校教书，他认为自己完全能胜任那份工作，因为他写得一手好字，又精通算术和会计。但他认为自己做那份工作太大材小用了，他相信自己将来定能有所成就，到那时不想让别人知道他曾经干过这么卑微的活儿，就改换了姓名，使用了我的名字，很给我面子。因为过了不久，我收到拉尔夫的一封来信，告诉我他住在一个小村子（我想是在伯克郡，他在那儿为10到12个孩子教授阅读和写作，每人每周6便士学费），他还托我照顾一位T夫人，并希望我给他写信，把信按所给地址寄给教师富兰克林先生。

拉尔夫还是经常给我写信，还把他写的长篇史诗寄给我，请我加以评论和修改。我修改过好几次，但也试图说服他不要继续写下去了。当

时杨的一部讽刺诗刚出版不久，这首诗语词激烈地指出，抱着在诗歌创作上取得进步的希望继续写诗，继续追逐诗神缪斯的行为是愚蠢的，于是我把这首诗的大部分誊抄下来，寄给了他。但一切都是徒劳，他每次写信，还是会把自己一页页的诗稿一同寄来。这时，那位T夫人因为拉尔夫已经众叛亲离，丢了买卖，常常陷于穷困中，因此她经常叫我去看她，还问我借我手头上多余的钱来救急。我慢慢地喜欢上和她在一起，当时也没有宗教的约束，又仗着自己对她很重要，试图和她发展更亲密的关系（又一个大错）。她相当愤怒地拒绝了，然后把这件事告诉了拉尔夫，这使我们之间的友谊破裂了。拉尔夫回到伦敦后，说他认为我的行为已使他将他先前受之于我的恩惠一笔勾销。于是我明白，我再也不要指望他会把借给他和替他垫付的钱还给我了。但当时，这对我来说并没多大影响，因为他本来就没有能力还钱，而且没了他这个朋友，我觉得自己反而少了个负担。这时，我开始打算先攒点儿钱，而且也希望得到一份更好的工作，于是我离开了帕尔默印刷所，来到林肯因河广场附近的沃茨印刷所工作。这家印刷所规模要更大一些，我后来一直在这里工作，直到离开伦敦。

At my first admission into this printing-house I took to working at press, imagining I felt a want of the bodily exercise I had been us'd to in America, where presswork is mix'd with composing. I drank only water; the other workmen, near fifty in number, were great guzzlers of beer. On occasion, I carried up and down stairs a large form of types in each hand, when others carried but one in both hands. They wondered to see, from this and several instances, that the Water-American, as they called me, was stronger than themselves, who drank strong beer! We had an alehouse boy who attended always in the house to supply the workmen. My companion at the press drank every day a pint[22] before breakfast, a pint at breakfast with his bread and cheese, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint in the afternoon about six o'clock, and another when he had done his day's work. I thought it a detestable custom; but it was necessary, he suppos'd, to drink strong beer, that he might be strong to labor. I endeavored to convince him that the bodily strength afforded by beer could only be in proportion to the grain or flour of the barley dissolved in the water of which it was made; that there was more flour in a pennyworth of bread; and therefore, if he would eat that with a pint of water, it would give him more strength than a quart of beer. He drank on, however, and had four or five shillings to pay out of his wages every Saturday night for that muddling liquor; an expense I was free from. And thus these poor devils keep themselves always under.

Watts, after some weeks, desiring to have me in the composing-room, I left the pressmen; a new bien venu or sum for drink, being five shillings, was demanded of me by the compositors. I thought it an imposition, as I had paid below; the master thought so too, and forbad

my paying it. I stood out two or three weeks, was accordingly considered as an excommunicate, and had so many little pieces of private mischief done me, by mixing my sorts, transposing my pages, breaking my matter, etc., etc., if I were ever so little out of the room, and all ascribed to the chappel ghost, which they said ever haunted those not regularly admitted, that, notwithstanding the master's protection, I found myself oblig'd to comply and pay the money, convinc'd of the folly of being on ill terms with those one is to live with continually.

初进这家印刷所时，我在印刷机旁工作。我当时觉得缺乏身体锻炼，因为原来在美洲的时候，操作印刷机和排版的工作是在一块儿的，我已经习惯了那种劳作。我平时只喝水，而其他工人，有近50人，全都嗜饮啤酒。有时候，我上下楼梯时两只手各拿一大版铅字，而其他人双手才能捧住一版。从这件事还有其他一些例子中，他们很惊讶地发现，只喝水的美洲人——他们是这么叫我的——比喝浓啤酒的他们还要强壮！有个酒馆的孩子一直给我们印刷店的工人送酒。与我同在印刷机旁工作的伙伴每天早餐前要喝一品脱酒，早餐时就着面包和奶酪要喝一品脱酒，早餐和午餐之间要喝一品脱，午餐时喝一品脱，下午六点左右喝一品脱，一天工作结束时还要再喝一品脱。我觉得这是个恶习，但他认为喝浓啤酒十分必要，因为这样他才有力气工作。我试图说服他，说啤酒给人提供的体力与其原材料——溶解在水中的大麦粒或大麦粉——成正比，价值一便士的面包里有更多面粉，因此，他吃块面包再喝一品脱水所能获得的体力比喝一夸脱啤酒还要多。但他还是坚持喝酒，每周六晚上都要从工资里拿出四五个先令去买那浑浊的液体，而我就不用花这笔钱。就这样，这些可怜鬼就让自己一直这么穷困潦倒。

几个星期以后，沃茨希望我去排版室工作，于是我告别了这些印刷工人。新到排版室，排字工人们让我出五先令的入室费或说是酒钱，我觉得这是敲我的竹杠，因为我原先已经出过了。老板也这么认为，就不让我出这笔钱。我坚持了两三个星期没交，于是就被他们当成了圈外人，私下里对我做了许多小恶作剧。我要是出去一小会儿，他们就会弄乱我的铅字，颠倒页码，破坏我的物品等等，然后把这一切都归咎于教堂里的鬼魂，说这些鬼魂就是爱萦绕在那些不按规矩交纳入室费的人周围。因此，虽然有老板的保护，我发现自己不得不遵从他们，出这笔钱，我也从中意识到，和自己要长期相处的人关系闹得很僵是件愚蠢的事。

I was now on a fair footing with them, and soon acquir'd considerable influence. I propos'd some reasonable alterations in their chappel laws, and carried them against all opposition. From my example, a great part of them left their muddling breakfast of beer, and bread, and cheese, finding they could with me be suppli'd from a neighboring house with a large porringer of hot water-gruel, sprinkled with pepper, crumbl'd with bread, and a bit of butter in it, for the price of a pint of beer, viz., three half-pence. This was a more

comfortable as well as cheaper breakfast, and kept their heads clearer. Those who continued sotting with beer all day, were often, by not paying, out of credit at the alehouse, and us'd to make interest with me to get beer; their light, as they phrased it, being out. I watch'd the pay-table on Saturday night, and collected what I stood engag'd for them, having to pay sometimes near thirty shillings a week on their account. This, and my being esteem'd a pretty good riggite, that is, a jocular verbal satirist, supported my consequence in the society. My constant attendance (I never making a St. Monday[23]) recommended me to the master; and my uncommon quickness at composing occasioned my being put upon all work of dispatch, which was generally better paid. So I went on now very agreeably.

后来，我和他们的关系相当不错，没多久就在他们中间获得了很大的影响力。我对他们的印刷所规矩提出了一些合理修改，并驳倒了一切反对意见使它们得以通过。很多人以我为榜样，不再把啤酒、面包和奶酪混在一起当早餐，而是和我一样从隔壁商店里买一大碗热气腾腾的稀粥，撒上点胡椒粉，再加上碎面包，涂点黄油，加起来才一品脱啤酒的价钱，也就是一个半便士。这样的早餐吃起来更舒服，也更便宜，还能保持头脑清醒。那些仍然整天酗饮啤酒的，经常因为付不起账，在酒店失去了信用而赊不到酒，就来找我以付利息为前提借钱买啤酒，按照他们的说法，他们已经能量耗尽黯淡无光了。星期六晚上，我就查阅工资表，把他们欠我的钱收齐，有时候我一周得替他们垫付将近30先令呢。因为这个原因，加上人们认为我是一个幽默诙谐的讽刺家，我在他们之中的地位越来越高。我工作始终保持全勤（从不休圣星期一），老板对此非常赞赏，而且我排版速度非常快，因此所有的急件都交给我做，这种活儿的报酬一般会高一些。因此这时我的日子过得很舒服。

My lodging in Little Britain being too remote, I found another in Duke-street, opposite to the Romish Chapel. It was two pair of stairs backwards, at an Italian warehouse. A widow lady kept the house; she had a daughter, and a maid servant, and a journeyman who attended the warehouse, but lodg'd abroad. After sending to inquire my character at the house where I last lodg'd she agreed to take me in at the same rate, 3s. 6d. per week; cheaper, as she said, from the protection she expected in having a man lodge in the house. She was a widow, an elderly woman; had been bred a Protestant, being a clergyman's daughter, but was converted to the Catholic religion by her husband, whose memory she much revered; had lived much among people of distinction, and knew a thousand anecdotes of them as far back as the times of Charles the Second. She was lame in her knees with the gout, and, therefore, seldom stirred out of her room, so sometimes wanted company; and hers was so highly amusing to me, that I was sure to spend an evening with her whenever she desired it. Our supper was only half an anchovy each, on a very little strip of

bread and butter, and half a pint of ale between us; but the entertainment was in her conversation. My always keeping good hours, and giving little trouble in the family, made her unwilling to part with me; so that, when I talk'd of a lodging I had heard of, nearer my business, for two shillings a week, which, intent as I now was on saving money, made some difference, she bid me not think of it, for she would abate me two shillings a week for the future; so I remained with her at one shilling and sixpence as long as I staid in London.

In a garret of her house there lived a maiden lady of seventy, in the most retired manner, of whom my landlady gave me this account: that she was a Roman Catholic, had been sent abroad when young, and lodg'd in a nunnery with an intent of becoming a nun; but, the country not agreeing with her, she returned to England, where, there being no nunnery, she had vow'd to lead the life of a nun, as near as might be done in those circumstances. Accordingly, she had given all her estate to charitable uses, reserving only twelve pounds a year to live on, and out of this sum she still gave a great deal in charity, living herself on water-gruel only, and using no fire but to boil it. She had lived many years in that garret, being permitted to remain there gratis by successive Catholic tenants of the house below, as they deemed it a blessing to have her there. A priest visited her to confess her every day. "I have ask'd her," says my landlady, "how she, as she liv'd, could possibly find so much employment for a confessor?" "Oh," said she, "it is impossible to avoid vain thoughts." I was permitted once to visit her, She was chearful and polite, and convers'd pleasantly. The room was clean, but had no other furniture than a matras, a table with a crucifix and book, a stool which she gave me to sit on, and a picture over the chimney of Saint Veronica[24] displaying her handkerchief, with the miraculous figure of Christ's bleeding face on it, which she explained to me with great seriousness. She look'd pale, but was never sick; and I give it as another instance on how small an income life and health may be supported.

我在小不列颠街的住处离印刷所太远了，于是就在公爵街另找了一处住所，正对着罗马教堂，在一家意大利仓库背后的三层楼上。一位寡妇守着这房子，她有个女儿和一个女仆，还有个工人照看仓库，但他住在外面。这位妇人派人去我上家寄宿的地方了解了我的人品之后，同意我以同样的价格在她这儿寄宿，即每周3先令6便士。她说这租金比较低廉，因为她指望有个男人住在这屋里，可以保护她们。她是个寡妇，又上了岁数，曾接受过新教教育，因为她父亲是个牧师，但后来随着丈夫改信了天主教，现在对逝去的丈夫依然怀念敬重。她从前结交的都是知名人士，知道他们的许多趣闻轶事，有些轶闻甚至要追溯到查理二世时期呢。她膝部患了痛风，腿脚不便，极少离开卧室，因此有时需要人陪伴。和她在一起很有意思，所以只要她需要，我一定陪她一晚上。我们

晚餐只各吃半条凤尾鱼，加上一小条抹了黄油的面包，再各喝半品脱啤酒，但乐趣却在于和她交谈。我总是早睡早起，生活规律，没给她家添什么麻烦，因此她不想让我离开。后来我听说离印刷所更近的地方能以每周两先令的价格租到房子，当时我一心攒钱，这差价对我来说不是小数。我提到要搬到那儿去住时，她让我不要做此打算，她以后从我的租金中减去两先令就是了。就这样，我一直住在她那里，每周1先令6便士，直到离开伦敦。

她房子的阁楼上住着一位70岁的老处女，深居简出，我的房东给我讲了以下这个故事：她信仰天主教，年轻时被送去国外，住在一家修道院里立志成为修女，但在当地水土不服，只好回到英国。可英国没有修道院，她已立誓要过修女的生活，在这样的环境下也要使自己的生活尽可能与修女的生活接近。因此，她把自己的全部财产都用于了慈善目的，只给自己留下每年12英镑的生活费，就连这12英镑，也还要从中拿出许多用于救济施舍。她自己只喝稀粥，除了煮粥以外从不生火。她在那个阁楼上生活了很多年，一位又一位的天主教租户都不要她交房租，他们认为她住在那里，是会带来福气的。一位牧师每天都来拜访她，听她忏悔。我的房东说："我曾问过她，像她这样生活，怎会需要经常向人忏悔呢？"她答道："哦，有些毫无意义的想法总是难以避免啊。"有一次，我得到允许前去拜访她，她很高兴，待我彬彬有礼，和我愉快地交谈。她的房间干净整洁，没有什么家具，只有一个垫子，一张放着十字架和书的桌子，还有张她给我坐的凳子。阁楼烟囱上挂着圣维罗妮卡展示手帕的画像，那手帕上是耶稣满脸流血的奇异情景，她还郑重其事地把这画的含义解释给我听。她面色苍白，但从不生病，我把她当成又一个实例：微薄的收入一样可以维持生活，并保持健康的身体。

At Watts's printing-house I contracted an acquaintance with an ingenious young man, one Wygate, who, having wealthy relations, had been better educated than most printers; was a tolerable Latinist, spoke French, and lov'd reading. I taught him and a friend of his to swim at twice going into the river, and they soon became good swimmers. They introduc'd me to some gentlemen from the country, who went to Chelsea by water to see the College and Don Saltero's[25] curiosities. In our return, at the request of the company, whose curiosity Wygate had excited, I stripped and leaped into the river, and swam from near Chelsea to Blackfryar's, performing on the way many feats of activity, both upon and under water, that surpris'd and pleas'd those to whom they were novelties.

I had from a child been ever delighted with this exercise, had studied and practis'd all Thevenot's motions and positions, added some of my own, aiming at the graceful and easy as well as the useful. All these I took this occasion of exhibiting to the company, and was much flatter'd by their admiration; and Wygate, who was desirous of becoming a master, grew more and more attach'd to me on that account, as well as from the similarity of our studies. He at length

proposed to me travelling all over Europe together, supporting ourselves everywhere by working at our business. I was once inclined to it; but, mentioning it to my good friend Mr. Denham, with whom I often spent an hour when I had leisure, he dissuaded me from it, advising me to think only of returning to Pennsilvania, which he was now about to do.

在沃茨印刷所，我结识了一位机灵聪颖的年轻人，叫瓦格特。他有很富有的亲戚，因此所受教育比大多数印刷工都要好一些，拉丁文还不错，还会说法语，热爱阅读。我曾教他和他的一个朋友在河里游泳，只教了两次，他们很快就游得很好了。他们介绍我认识了乡下的一些绅士，这些绅士是乘船去切尔西参观学院和唐·索尔特洛咖啡馆的珍玩的。在我们回来的路上，瓦格特激发了大家对我游泳的好奇心，于是应他们的要求，我脱掉衣服，跳入河中，从切尔西附近一直游到布莱克法尔。一路上展示了许多游泳的花样，时而浮在河面，时而潜入水中，这在他们看来很新奇，感到又惊讶又开心。

我从小就喜爱游泳这项运动，曾经学习和练习过戴丰乐所有的动作和姿势，还加入了一些自己的动作，希望既能做到实用，又能姿势优美、来去自如。我利用这个机会把这些都表演给大家看，他们对此赞赏不已，我也感到非常满足。瓦格特希望能成为游泳好手，加上我俩的知识背景非常相似，他与我的关系日益密切了。后来，瓦格特提议我们一起周游欧洲，在各地印刷店工作以维持生活。我一度颇为动心，但当我把这个计划告诉了我的好朋友德纳姆先生后——我一闲下来就常常去和他聊天——他劝我不要去，建议我只考虑回宾夕法尼亚的事，他当时也要回去了。

I must record one trait of this good man's character. He had formerly been in business at Bristol, but failed in debt to a number of people, compounded and went to America. There, by a close application to business as a merchant, he acquir'd a plentiful fortune in a few years. Returning to England in the ship with me, he invited his old creditors to an entertainment, at which he thank'd them for the easy composition they had favored him with, and, when they expected nothing but the treat, every man at the first remove found under his plate an order on a banker for the full amount of the unpaid remainder with interest.

He now told me he was about to return to Philadelphia, and should carry over a great quantity of goods in order to open a store there. He propos'd to take me over as his clerk, to keep his books, in which he would instruct me, copy his letters, and attend the store. He added that, as soon as I should be acquainted with mercantile business, he would promote me by sending me with a cargo of flour and bread, etc., to the West Indies, and procure me commissions from others which would be profitable; and, if I manag'd well, would

establish me handsomely. The thing pleas'd me; for I was grown tired of London, remembered with pleasure the happy months I had spent in Pennsylvania, and wish'd again to see it; therefore I immediately agreed on the terms of fifty pounds a year, Pennsylvania money; less, indeed, than my present gettings as a compositor, but affording a better prospect.

我得记下反映出德纳姆先生这位好人的品质的一则轶事。他以前在布里斯托尔做生意，但生意失败了，欠了很多人钱，好歹还上了一些之后，就去了美洲。他在那儿一心一意地经商，只几年的工夫就积累了很大一笔财富。和我同船回到英国之后，德纳姆先生邀请了所有他昔日的债主前来赴宴。席间，他对当年他们没有向他催讨欠款表示了感谢，而债主们除了一顿大餐之外也并无其他期待，但当他们刚一移动碗盘时，却发现所有人的盘子下都放着一张银行支票，除了将当年的欠款完全付清之外，还支付了利息。

德纳姆先生当时告诉我，他要回费城了，还要带大量货物回去在那儿开店。他提出让我当他的职员，负责管理账簿（这点他可以教我）、抄写信件，还有照管店铺。他还说，等我了解如何经商后，他就提拔我，派我带着一船面粉和面包等去西印度群岛，并使我从其他有利可图的方面得到佣金，如果我经营得当的话，我能积累很大一笔财富。这让我非常高兴，因为我已经厌倦了伦敦，回想在宾夕法尼亚那快乐的日子时总是备感愉悦，希望能够再回到那里。于是我立即接受了这一职位，每年工资为50镑宾夕法尼亚货币，这比我当时当排版工挣的的确要少，但前景要更好一些。

I now took leave of printing, as I thought, for ever, and was daily employed in my new business, going about with Mr. Denham among the tradesmen to purchase various articles, and seeing them pack'd up, doing errands, calling upon workmen to dispatch, etc.; and, when all was on board, I had a few days' leisure. On one of these days, I was, to my surprise, sent for by a great man I knew only by name, a Sir William Wyndham, and I waited upon him. He had heard by some means or other of my swimming from Chelsea to Blackfriar's, and of my teaching Wygate and another young man to swim in a few hours. He had two sons, about to set out on their travels; he wish'd to have them first taught swimming, and proposed to gratify me handsomely if I would teach them. They were not yet come to town, and my stay was uncertain, so I could not undertake it; but, from this incident, I thought it likely that, if I were to remain in England and open a swimming-school, I might get a good deal of money; and it struck me so strongly, that, had the overture been sooner made me, probably I should not so soon have returned to America. After many years, you and I had something of more importance to do with one of these sons of Sir William Wyndham, become Earl of Egremont, which I shall mention in its place.

那时我就离开了印刷业，我想是永远离开了这一行。我每天都忙于新的差事，与德纳姆先生一起来往于各色生意人之中，采购各类商品，亲自监督他们包装，外出办事，找工人发送货物等等，待所有货物都上船之后，我还能歇息几天。其中某一天，有位我只闻其名、并未谋面的大人物——威廉·温德姆爵士派人来找我，让我非常惊讶，于是我去拜访了他。他不知从哪里听说了我从切尔西游泳游到布莱克法尔，还在几个小时里教会了瓦格特和另一位年轻人游泳的事。他有两个儿子，即将外出旅行，他希望他俩能先学会游泳，说如果我愿意教他们的话会给我丰厚的报酬。当时他两个儿子还没到城里来，我能在那儿停留多久也不确定，因此我没有揽下这个活儿。但从这件事中，我意识到如果我留在英国开一所游泳学校的话，或许能大赚一笔。这个想法在我脑海中非常强烈，如果他早些向我提出这件事的话，我很可能不会这么早就回到美洲来。多年以后，你我还与这位威廉·温德姆爵士的一个儿子（后来已是埃格雷蒙特伯爵）因更重要的事情打过交道，这些我会在适当的地方提到。

Thus I spent about eighteen months in London; most part of the time I work'd hard at my business, and spent but little upon myself except in seeing plays and in books. My friend Ralph had kept me poor; he owed me about twenty-seven pounds, which I was now never likely to receive; a great sum out of my small earnings! I lov'd him, notwithstanding, for he had many amiable qualities. I had by no means improv'd my fortune; but I had picked up some very ingenious acquaintance, whose conversation was of great advantage to me; and I had read considerably.

We sail'd from Gravesend on the 23d of July, 1726. For the incidents of the voyage, I refer you to my journal, where you will find them all minutely related. Perhaps the most important part of that journal is the plan to be found in it, which I formed at sea, for regulating my future conduct in life. It is the more remarkable, as being formed when I was so young, and yet being pretty faithfully adhered to quite thro' to old age.

We landed in Philadelphia on the 11th of October, where I found sundry alterations. Keith was no longer governor, being superseded by Major Gordon. I met him walking the streets as a common citizen. He seem'd a little asham'd at seeing me, but pass'd without saying anything. I should have been as much asham'd at seeing Miss Read, had not her friends, despairing with reason of my return after the receipt of my letter, persuaded her to marry another, one Rogers, a potter, which was done in my absence. With him, however, she was never happy, and soon parted from him, refusing to cohabit with him or bear his name, it being now said that he had another wife. He was a worthless fellow, tho' an excellent workman, which was the temptation to her friends. He got into debt, ran away in 1727 or 1728,

went to the West Indies, and died there. Keimer had got a better house, a shop well supply'd with stationery, plenty of new types, a number of hands, tho' none good, and seem'd to have a great deal of business.

就这样，我在伦敦生活了约18个月的时间。大部分时候我都在印刷所努力地干活，除了看戏和读书外，其他花销非常少。我的朋友拉尔夫让我一直很穷，他欠我大约27英镑，不会再还了，对于收入微薄的我来说，这是多么大的一笔钱啊！尽管如此，我还是很喜欢他，因为他有许多讨人喜欢的品质。我在这里虽然没有积累什么财富，但认识了不少聪明的朋友，和他们谈话使我受益匪浅，而且我在这儿读了很多书。

1726年7月23日，我们从格雷夫森德启航离开了英国。关于这次航行中所发生的事情，你可以去读我的日志，那上面有非常详细的记载。也许那本日志最重要的部分是其中记录的一个计划，那是我在船上制定的，用来调整规范我未来生活中的行为。这个计划的不寻常之处在于，我年纪轻轻就制定了它，到年老的时候还是一如既往地严格执行着。

10月11日，我们在费城登陆，这时的费城已发生了许多变化。基思已不再是总督了，戈登少校已经取而代之。我看见基思在街上走着，只是个普通市民而已。他见到我有些羞愧，但一言不发地走了过去。其实我见到里德小姐本该一样感到羞愧，好在收到我的信后，她的朋友有理由相信我不会回来了，说服她嫁给了一个叫罗杰斯的制陶工。婚事是我不在的时候办的。但里德小姐和他在一起并不幸福，很快就离开了他，不肯再和他共同生活，也不愿随他的姓氏。据说他现在已经另娶了一个妻子。罗杰斯这人没什么可称道之处，只是制陶的手艺不错，当初里德小姐的朋友就是看中了他这一点。他后来欠了债，于1727或是1728年逃走了，去了西印度群岛，并死在了那里。凯默的印刷店规模扩大了，还开了家文具店，添了不少新铅字，还请了很多帮手，只是他们技术都不好，但看起来生意很不错。

Mr. Denham took a store in Water-street, where we open'd our goods; I attended the business diligently, studied accounts, and grew, in a little time, expert at selling. We lodg'd and, boarded together; he counsell'd me as a father, having a sincere regard for me. I respected and lov'd him, and we might have gone on together very happy; but, in the beginning of February, 1726-7, when I had just pass'd my twenty-first year, we both were taken ill. My distemper was a pleurisy, which very nearly carried me off. I suffered a good deal, gave up the point in my own mind, and was rather disappointed when I found myself recovering, regretting, in some degree, that I must now, some time or other, have all that disagreeable work to do over again. I forget what his distemper was; it held him a long time, and at length carried him off. He left me a small legacy in a nuncupative will, as a token of his kindness for me, and he left me once more to the wide world; for the store was taken into the care of his executors, and my

employment under him ended.

My brother-in-law, Holmes, being now at Philadelphia, advised my return to my business; and Keimer tempted me, with an offer of large wages by the year, to come and take the management of his printing-house, that he might better attend his stationer's shop. I had heard a bad character of him in London from his wife and her friends, and was not fond of having any more to do with him. I tri'd for farther employment as a merchant's clerk; but, not readily meeting with any, I clos'd again with Keimer. I found in his house these hands: Hugh Meredith, a Welsh Pensilvanian, thirty years of age, bred to country work; honest, sensible, had a great deal of solid observation, was something of a reader, but given to drink. Stephen Potts, a young countryman of full age, bred to the same, of uncommon natural parts, and great wit and humor, but a little idle. These he had agreed with at extream low wages per week, to be rais'd a shilling every three months, as they would deserve by improving in their business; and the expectation of these high wages, to come on hereafter, was what he had drawn them in with. Meredith was to work at press, Potts at book-binding, which he, by agreement, was to teach them, though he knew neither one nor t'other. John—, a wild Irishman, brought up to no business, whose service, for four years, Keimer had purchased from the captain of a ship; he, too, was to be made a pressman. George Webb, an Oxford scholar, whose time for four years he had likewise bought, intending him for a compositor, of whom more presently; and David Harry, a country boy, whom he had taken apprentice.

德纳姆先生在水街开了家店，我们把货物都陈列在那里。我勤快地照管店铺，学习记账，没多久就成了推销货物的好手。我和德纳姆先生食宿都在一起，他像父亲一样教导我，真心地关怀我，我对他也非常敬重和爱戴。我们本可以这样快乐地相处下去，可惜1727年2月初，我刚过了21岁生日，我俩就都病倒了。我得了胸膜炎，这病差点要了我的命。我受尽了疾病的折磨，心里几乎已经放弃了生的希望，后来发现自己身体好转倒还有些失望了，因为想到今后早晚还得再忍受一遍走向死亡的痛苦，便感到有些懊悔。我忘了德纳姆先生得的是什么病，只记得这病拖了很长时间，最终还是夺去了他的生命。他在口头遗嘱里给我留下了一小笔遗产，表示对我的关爱。就这样，他的离去让我再次失业，重新回到这个广袤无垠的世界里，因为这家店铺由他的继承人接管了，而我在他店里的工作也就结束了。

我姐夫霍尔姆斯当时正在费城，他建议我回到印刷业去干老本行。凯默也用丰厚的年薪诱惑我，希望我帮他管理印刷所，这样他可以更好地照管文具店。在伦敦的时候，我从他妻子和他妻子的朋友那里听说他为人卑劣，因此不想再与他打交道。我想找个商店职员的工作，但没有找到，只好又去了凯默那里。我在他店里结识了这样一些人：休·梅雷迪斯，一个威尔士裔的宾夕法尼亚人，30岁，从小就做农活，诚实明理，

观察敏锐，喜欢读点书，但嗜好饮酒；史蒂芬·波茨，一个年轻的乡下人，已经成年，也是从小务农，很有天分，机智幽默，但有点闲散。凯默每周给他们极低的工资，随着他们业务能力的长进每三个月增长一先令。许诺未来给他们高额工资是凯默引诱他们在此工作的手段。梅雷迪斯操作印刷机，波茨负责装订书本。根据合同，凯默要教他们这两项技术，但他自己一项都不懂。约翰，我忘记了他的姓，是个粗野的爱尔兰人，没学过什么技术，在印刷所的雇佣期为四年，是凯默从一个船长那儿花钱买来的，凯默也答应把他培养成印刷工。乔治·韦伯，一位牛津的学生，他四年的雇佣期也是凯默买来的，凯默打算让他当一名排字工人，关于他的事情，我下面还要讲到；大卫·哈里，一个乡下来的孩子，在店里当学徒。

I soon perceiv'd that the intention of engaging me at wages so much higher than he had been us'd to give, was, to have these raw, cheap hands form'd thro' me; and, as soon as I had instructed them, then they being all articled to him, he should be able to do without me. I went on, however, very cheerfully, put his printing-house in order, which had been in great confusion, and brought his hands by degrees to mind their business and to do it better.

It was an odd thing to find an Oxford scholar in the situation of a bought servant. He was not more than eighteen years of age, and gave me this account of himself; that he was born in Gloucester, educated at a grammar-school there, had been distinguish'd among the scholars for some apparent superiority in performing his part, when they exhibited plays; belong'd to the Witty Club there, and had written some pieces in prose and verse, which were printed in the Gloucester newspapers; thence he was sent to Oxford; where he continued about a year, but not well satisfi'd, wishing of all things to see London, and become a player. At length, receiving his quarterly allowance of fifteen guineas, instead of discharging his debts he walk'd out of town, hid his gown in a furze bush, and footed it to London, where, having no friend to advise him, he fell into bad company, soon spent his guineas, found no means of being introduc'd among the players, grew necessitous, pawn'd his cloaths, and wanted bread. Walking the street very hungry, and not knowing what to do with himself, a crimp's bill was put into his hand, offering immediate entertainment and encouragement to such as would bind themselves to serve in America.

我很快看出，凯默之所以付给我比往常高许多的工资，是想让我培训这些廉价的生手，因为他们都和他订了约，一旦我教会他们，他也就不需要我了。但我还是干得很愉快，把凯默原本混乱不堪的印刷所管理得井井有条，也使他的工人们对自己的活儿渐渐地多花心思，并加以改进。

一位牛津的学生被买来当雇工，这是件很奇怪的事。乔治·韦伯还不

到18岁，他给我讲述了自己的过去：他出生于英国格洛斯特，在那儿上的文法学校，学生们演出戏剧时，他因在表演上明显高人一筹而引人注目。他参加了当地的“诙谐社”，也写过一些散文和诗歌发表在格洛斯特的报纸上，后来就被送到牛津学习。他在牛津学习约一年，并不满足，特别希望去伦敦看看并成为一名演员。后来，他拿到了三个月补助金，共15几尼。他没有先去还债，而是出了城，把他的学生袍藏在荆豆丛里，花钱去了伦敦。他在伦敦没有朋友规劝，认识了坏人，很快就把钱花光了，但又没有办法被引荐入演员的圈子，日渐拮据，只好把衣服都典当了，而且连面包也买不起。走在街上，饥肠辘辘，无所适从，一张诱骗人当兵的宣传单塞到了他手中，上面说凡愿去美洲服役的可以马上提供食宿并给予奖励。

He went directly, sign'd the indentures, was put into the ship, and came over, never writing a line to acquaint his friends what was become of him. He was lively, witty, good-natur'd, and a pleasant companion, but idle, thoughtless, and imprudent to the last degree.

John, the Irishman, soon ran away; with the rest I began to live very agreeably, for they all respected me the more, as they found Keimer incapable of instructing them, and that from me they learned something daily. We never worked on Saturday, that being Keimer's Sabbath, so I had two days for reading. My acquaintance with ingenious people in the town increased. Keimer himself treated me with great civility and apparent regard, and nothing now made me uneasy but my debt to Vernon, which I was yet unable to pay, being hitherto but a poor economist. He, however, kindly made no demand of it.

Our printing-house often wanted sorts, and there was no letter-founder in America; I had seen types cast at James's in London, but without much attention to the manner; however, I now contrived a mould, made use of the letters we had as puncheons, struck the matrices in lead, And thus supply'd in a pretty tolerable way all deficiencies. I also engrav'd several things on occasion; I made the ink; I was warehouseman, and everything, and, in short, quite a factotum.

韦伯立即就去了，与他们签了服务契约，然后上了船，来到了美洲，从来没有给朋友写过只言片语告诉他们自己的近况。他活泼幽默，性情和善，与他在一起很快乐，但他不够勤快，做事欠考虑，而且极度鲁莽轻率。

那个爱尔兰人约翰不久就逃跑了，我和其他人都相处得很愉快，因为他们发现凯默什么也教不了他们，从我这儿倒每天都能学些东西，于是他们对我愈发尊敬。我们星期六从不工作，因为那是凯默的安息日，因此我有两天的时间可以用来读书。我在城里认识的贤达人士也多了起来。凯默对我也彬彬有礼，颇为敬重。这时，除了欠弗农的钱，没有什么事让我心情不安了。我依旧还不起这笔钱，因为我一直不擅理财。但

弗农很好，没有向我提起还钱的事。

我们印刷所经常缺铅字，而美洲又没有造铅字的铸造所。在伦敦时，我曾在詹姆斯的店里见过别人浇铸铅字，可没有多加留心，不知道具体方法是什么。但我发明了一种模具，以我们已有的铅字为模板，把铅铸成铅字模型，这基本上还算补齐了我们缺少的铅字。我有时还雕刻些东西，制作油墨，还负责管理仓库和其他很多事情。简而言之，我就是个勤杂工。

But, however serviceable I might be, I found that my services became every day of less importance, as the other hands improv'd in the business; and, when Keimer paid my second quarter's wages, he let me know that he felt them too heavy, and thought I should make an abatement. He grew by degrees less civil, put on more of the master, frequently found fault, was captious, and seem'd ready for an outbreaking. I went on, nevertheless, with a good deal of patience, thinking that his encumber'd circumstances were partly the cause. At length a trifle snapt our connections; for, a great noise happening near the court-house, I put my head out of the window to see what was the matter. Keimer, being in the street, look'd up and saw me, call'd out to me in a loud voice and angry tone to mind my business, adding some reproachful words, that nettled me the more for their publicity, all the neighbors who were looking out on the same occasion being witnesses how I was treated. He came up immediately into the printing-house, continu'd the quarrel, high words pass'd on both sides, he gave me the quarter's warning we had stipulated, expressing a wish that he had not been oblig'd to so long a warning. I told him his wish was unnecessary, for I would leave him that instant; and so, taking my hat, walk'd out of doors, desiring Meredith, whom I saw below, to take care of some things I left, and bring them to my lodgings.

Meredith came accordingly in the evening, when we talked my affair over. He had conceiv'd a great regard for me, and was very unwilling that I should leave the house while he remain'd in it. He dissuaded me from returning to my native country, which I began to think of; he reminded me that Keimer was in debt for all he possess'd; that his creditors began to be uneasy; that he kept his shop miserably, sold often without profit for ready money, and often trusted without keeping accounts; that he must therefore fall, which would make a vacancy I might profit of. I objected my want of money. He then let me know that his father had a high opinion of me, and, from some discourse that had pass'd between them, he was sure his father would advance money to set us up, if I would enter into partnership with him. "My time," says he, "will be out with Keimer in the spring; by that time we may have our press and types in from London. I am sensible I am no workman; if you like it, your skill in the business shall be set

against the stock I furnish, and we will share the profits equally."

不过，不管我多能干，随着其他人在业务上的日益进步，我发觉我在印刷所里的重要性日见降低。凯默付我第二季度的工资时，说他给我的钱太多，认为我应该降低薪水。他对我渐渐不再那么有礼貌，摆出了一副老板的架子，常常找茬，吹毛求疵，随时准备和我大吵一架。但我还是继续耐心对待，认为他之所以这样，部分是因为他现在负担太重了。终于，一件小事使我们的关系彻底破裂了。那天，法院附近突然喧哗起来，我把头伸出窗外看发生了什么事。凯默当时正在街上，抬头看见了我，冲我气愤地大声吼叫让我别管闲事，还说了些责骂的话。这样公开指责我，让我十分恼怒，当时也在往外看热闹的邻居都见证了我受到了怎样的对待。凯默还立刻冲进了印刷所，上楼继续和我吵，于是我们双方都高声吵嚷起来，他说要解雇我，按照合同规定提前三个月给我解雇通知，还说当初要没规定须提前这么久通知就好了。我告诉他大可不必这么遗憾，因为我马上就走，于是我拿着帽子就出了门。我在楼下碰见了梅雷迪斯，请他帮我打点我留下的东西，然后送到我的住所来。

晚上梅雷迪斯按我说的来到了我的住处，我们说了说我的事情。他对我非常敬重，极不愿意看到我离开印刷所，而他自己还要在那儿干下去。我原本打算回波士顿，但他劝我别回去，他说凯默所欠的债务已与其财产相当，现在那些债主们已经不太放心了，他把印刷店管理得非常糟糕，经常为了得到现钱做些不赚钱的生意，还常把货物赊出去，又不记账，所以他的印刷店一定会垮的，这样我就有可乘之机了。我说我没有资金，开不了店，梅雷迪斯告诉我他的父亲对我评价很高，通过他和父亲之间的谈话，他相信只要我能和他合作，他父亲会出钱帮我们开店的。梅雷迪斯说：“我和凯默之间的合同春天就会到期，到时候我们可以从伦敦购买印刷机和铅字。我知道自己印刷手艺不好，如果你愿意，你出技术，我出钱备货，利润我们平分。”

k him off that wretched habit entirely, when we came to be so closely connected. I gave an inventory to the father, who carry'd it to a merchant; the things were sent for, the secret was to be kept till they should arrive, and in the mean time I was to get work, if I could, at the other printing-house. But I found no vacancy there, and so remain'd idle a few days, when Keimer, on a prospect of being employ'd to print some paper money in New Jersey, which would require cuts and various types that I only could supply, and apprehending Bradford might engage me and get the jobb from him, sent me a very civil message, that old friends should not part for a few words, the effect of sudden passion, and wishing me to return. Meredith persuaded me to comply, as it would give more opportunity for his improvement under my daily instructions; so I return'd, and we went on more smoothly than for some time before. The New Jersey jobb was obtain'd, I contriv'd a copperplate press for it, the first that had been seen in the country; I cut several ornaments and checks for the bills. We went together to Burlington, where I executed the whole

to satisfaction; and he received so large a sum for the work as to be enabled thereby to keep his head much longer above water.

At Burlington I made an acquaintance with many principal people of the province. Several of them had been appointed by the Assembly a committee to attend the press, and take care that no more bills were printed than the law directed. They were therefore, by turns, constantly with us, and generally he who attended, brought with him a friend or two for company. My mind having been much more improv'd by reading than Keimer's, I suppose it was for that reason my conversation seem'd to be more valu'd. They had me to their houses, introduced me to their friends, and show'd me much civility; while he, tho' the master, was a little neglected. In truth, he was an odd fish; ignorant of common life, fond of rudely opposing receiv'd opinions, slovenly to extream dirtiness, enthusiastic in some points of religion, and a little knavish withal.

他这个提议很不错，我同意了。他父亲当时正在城里，也对我们的计划表示赞同，尤其是他看见我对他儿子产生了这么大的影响，让他很久都没有沾酒。他希望我们通过这样密切的合作，我能帮梅雷迪斯彻底改掉这个坏习惯。我开了一张所需物品的清单给他父亲，他父亲交给一个商人去采购了，货物运到之前我们说好要保守秘密，在此期间如果可能的话，我先去另一家印刷所找工作。但那里没有空缺职位，因此我闲了好些日子。当时凯默正在争取印刷新泽西纸币的生意，需要有刻版和各种铅字，只有我能制作，他担心布拉德福德雇了我之后会把这笔生意抢走，于是给我写了一封措词礼貌的信，说老朋友不要因为几句话就分道扬镳，那都是一时冲动而已，希望我能回到他的印刷店工作。梅雷迪斯劝我答应，因为这样他就能每天接受我的指导，有更多进步的机会。于是我回去了，我和凯默相处得比以前顺利得多。凯默揽到了新泽西的生意，我为此设计了一部铜版印刷机，这在美洲还是第一次见到呢，另外我还为纸币设计了一些花纹和符号。我们一起去了趟伯灵顿，在那里我所有的工作都让人非常满意，凯默也因此得到一大笔钱，这使他能维持更长一段时间不会破产了。

在伯灵顿，我认识了新泽西的许多重要人物，其中有几位是州议会指定成立的一个委员会的成员，负责监督纸币印刷，保证其印刷数量不超过法律规定的数量。因此，他们轮流和我们呆在一起，一般来监督的人会带上一两个朋友作伴。因为我读过很多书，见识比凯默要多得多，我想他们正因如此更喜欢和我聊天吧。他们邀请我去他们家里，把我介绍给他们的朋友，对我很有礼貌，而我的老板却有些被忽略了。事实上，凯默这人很古怪，对公共生活一无所知，却又喜欢粗鲁地反对大家公认的意见，平时不修边幅，非常邋遢，对宗教中的有些观点十分狂热，此外还有些无赖。

The proposal was agreeable, and I consented; his father was in town and approv'd of it; the more as he saw I had great influence with

his son, had prevail'd on him to abstain long from dram-drinking, and he hop'd might breaWe continu'd there near three months; and by that time I could reckon among my acquired friends, Judge Allen, Samuel Bustill, the secretary of the Province, Isaac Pearson, Joseph Cooper, and several of the Smiths, members of Assembly, and Isaac Decow, the surveyor-general. The latter was a shrewd, sagacious old man, who told me that he began for himself, when young, by wheeling clay for the brick-makers, learned to write after he was of age, carri'd the chain for surveyors, who taught him surveying, and he had now by his industry, acquir'd a good estate; and says he, "I foresee that you will soon work this man out of business, and make a fortune in it at Philadelphia." He had not then the least intimation of my intention to set up there or anywhere. These friends were afterwards of great use to me, as I occasionally was to some of them. They all continued their regard for me as long as they lived.

Before I enter upon my public appearance in business, it may be well to let you know the then state of my mind with regard to my principles and morals, that you may see how far those influenc'd the future events of my life. My parents had early given me religious impressions, and brought me through my childhood piously in the Dissenting way. But I was scarce fifteen, when, after doubting by turns of several points, as I found them disputed in the different books I read, I began to doubt of Revelation itself. Some books against Deism fell into my hands; they were said to be the substance of sermons preached at Boyle's Lectures. It happened that they wrought an effect on me quite contrary to what was intended by them; for the arguments of the Deists, which were quoted to be refuted, appeared to me much stronger than the refutations; in short, I soon became a thorough Deist. My arguments perverted some others, particularly Collins and Ralph; but, each of them having afterwards wrong'd me greatly without the least compunction, and recollecting Keith's conduct towards me (who was another freethinker), and my own towards Vernon and Miss Read, which at times gave me great trouble, I began to suspect that this doctrine, tho' it might be true, was not very useful. My London pamphlet, which had for its motto these lines of Dryden[26]:

> "Whatever is, is right. Though purblind man
>
> Sees but a part o' the chain, the nearest link:
>
> His eyes not carrying to the equal beam,
>
> That poises all above;"

and from the attributes of God, his infinite wisdom, goodness and power, concluded that nothing could possibly be wrong in the world, and that vice and

virtue were empty distinctions, no such things existing, appear'd now not so clever a performance as I once thought it; and I doubted whether some error had not insinuated itself unperceiv'd into my argument, so as to infect all that follow'd, as is common in metaphysical reasonings.

我们在新泽西呆了近三个月，那段时间我结交了这样一些朋友：艾伦法官；州务卿塞缪尔·巴斯蒂尔；艾萨克·皮尔逊、约瑟夫·库柏和几个姓史密斯的人，他们都是州议员；还有测绘局长艾萨克·迪考。迪考是一位精明睿智的老人，他告诉我，他年轻时从为砖匠运送黏土起步，成年后才学会写字，后来去为测量员扛链子，他们教他测量，他凭着自己的勤奋努力，现在已赚得了一份可观的家产。迪考说："我预计你很快就会让凯默在印刷业失去立足之地，而且你将靠印刷生意在费城发财起家。"说这番话时，迪考对我在费城或别处开店的打算一无所知。这些朋友后来对我帮助很大，有时我也能帮上他们的忙。终其一生，他们对我始终关心敬重。

在我谈到正式开店前，最好先给你讲讲当时我在原则和道德方面的看法，这样你就知道它们对我后来人生中的重大事件产生了多么深远的影响。我的父母很早就让我对宗教有所了解，并在我的整个童年时期都让我虔诚地接受不顺从国教的教育。我在不同的书中读到对一些教条的争辩，对它们产生了怀疑，后来连对《启示录》本身都开始怀疑了，当时我还不到15岁。那时我得到一些反对自然神论的书，据说这些书是博伊尔讲道时的主要内容。它们对我产生的作用却与其目的恰好相反，因为书中引用了自然神论的观点以便对其加以驳斥，但这些观点在我看来却比驳斥强有力得多。简言之，我很快便成了一位彻底的自然神论者。我的观点将一些人引入歧途，尤其是柯林斯和拉尔夫，不过他们二人后来对我如此恶劣，毫无良心可言；我又回想起基思（他也是个自由思想家）对我的所作所为，还有我自己对弗农和里德小姐的行为，这些都不时让我深陷烦恼之中，我开始怀疑，尽管这种学说可能正确，但并不是很实用。我在伦敦所著的小册子里就引用了德莱顿的这些诗句作为箴言：

"存在即为合理；半盲的人
只见到链条的一部分——那最近的链环；
他的眼睛看不到处于一切之上的
公平的秤杆。"

我在文章中还从上帝的品质、他无穷的智慧、善良和力量中得出结论：世上一切都是正确的，罪恶和美德的区分毫无意义，它们根本就不存在。以前我认为这篇文章写得精妙至极，现在看来却不是如此了，我怀疑是否已有某些谬误潜入了我的论证中，而我还不自知，以致影响了后面的所有推论，这种现象在形而上学的推论中是非常常见的。

I grew convinc'd that truth, sincerity and integrity in dealings between man and man were of the utmost importance to the felicity of life; and I form'd written resolutions, which still remain in my journal

book, to practice them ever while I lived. Revelation had indeed no weight with me, as such; but I entertain'd an opinion that, though certain actions might not be bad because they were forbidden by it, or good because it commanded them, yet probably these actions might be forbidden because they were bad for us, or commanded because they were beneficial to us, in their own natures, all the circumstances of things considered. And this persuasion, with the kind hand of Providence, or some guardian angel, or accidental favorable circumstances and situations, or all together, preserved me, thro' this dangerous time of youth, and the hazardous situations I was sometimes in among strangers, remote from the eye and advice of my father, without any willful gross immorality or injustice, that might have been expected from my want of religion. I say willful, because the instances I have mentioned had something of necessity in them, from my youth, inexperience, and the knavery of others. I had therefore a tolerable character to begin the world with; I valued it properly, and determin'd to preserve it.

我逐渐相信，人际交往中的真实、诚恳和正直对于获得人生幸福至关重要，于是我写下了我的决心，这决心仍保留在我的日志中，在我有生之年打算不断对其身体力行。的确，《启示录》对我倒不太重要，但我怀抱一种观点，即有些行为并不因《启示录》禁止就真正恶劣，也不因《启示录》命令我们执行就是善行，而应考虑到所有的因素，很可能这些行为就其本质而言对我们是有害的，所以遭到禁止，或对我们有利才被规定执行。这种信念，加之上帝的恩惠或某位守护天使的保佑，或偶然的有利环境和局面，或者所有这些因素的共同作用，使我得以在没有父亲监督和教导的情况下，安然度过这危险的青年时期，并且在偶尔身处异乡的困境中全身而退，没有故意犯下任何严重的不道德或违法行为；因为我缺乏宗教信仰，这种行为原本是很可能发生的。我说“故意”，是因为上面提到的例子都有某种必然性，我年纪轻轻，涉世不深，别人又做了那些无赖的事情。因此，我在涉世之初就有着较好的品行，我对此颇为珍惜，决定将其保持下去。

We had not been long return'd to Philadelphia before the new types arriv'd from London. We settled with Keimer, and left him by his consent before he heard of it. We found a house to hire near the market, and took it. To lessen the rent, which was then but twenty-four pounds a year, tho' I have since known it to let for seventy, we took in Thomas Godfrey, a glazier, and his family, who were to pay a considerable part of it to us, and we to board with them. We had scarce opened our letters and put our press in order, before George House, an acquaintance of mine, brought a countryman to us, whom he had met in the street inquiring for a printer. All our cash was now expended in the variety of particulars we had been obliged to procure, and this countryman's five shillings, being our first-fruits, and coming

so seasonably, gave me more pleasure than any crown[27] I have since earned; and the gratitude I felt toward House has made me often more ready than perhaps I should otherwise have been to assist young beginners.

There are croakers in every country, always boding its ruin. Such a one then lived in Philadelphia; a person of note, an elderly man, with a wise look and a very grave manner of speaking; his name was Samuel Mickle. This gentleman, a stranger to me, stopt one day at my door, and asked me if I was the young man who had lately opened a new printing-house. Being answered in the affirmative, he said he was sorry for me, because it was an expensive undertaking, and the expense would be lost; for Philadelphia was a sinking place, the people already half-bankrupts, or near being so; all appearances to the contrary, such as new buildings and the rise of rents, being to his certain knowledge fallacious; for they were, in fact, among the things that would soon ruin us. And he gave me such a detail of misfortunes now existing, or that were soon to exist, that he left me half melancholy. Had I known him before I engaged in this business, probably I never should have done it. This man continued to live in this decaying place, and to declaim in the same strain, refusing for many years to buy a house there, because all was going to destruction; and at last I had the pleasure of seeing him give five times as much for one as he might have bought it for when he first began his croaking.

我们回到费城不久，新的印刷机就从伦敦运来了。我们和凯默协商好，经他同意离开了他的印刷所，但还没告诉他我们开店的事情。我们在市场附近找了间房子，租了下来。当时的房租是每年24镑，据我所知现在已经要70镑了。当时为了减轻房租负担，我们让玻璃工托马斯·戈弗雷一家住了进来，他们向我们支付房租的一大部分，而我们就把伙食包给他家。我们刚把铅字拆封打开，整理好印刷机，我一个朋友乔治·豪斯就把一个乡下人带了进来。这个人是他在街上遇见的，当时他正在找印刷店。此前我们所有的现金都用来买各类必备物品了，这个乡下人的五先令，是我们赚得的第一笔钱，它来得这么及时，带给我的快乐比我后来赚到的任何一个克朗都要多。我对豪斯的感激使我后来常常十分热衷于帮助刚创业的年轻人，不然我可能没有这么热心呢。

每个地方都有预言毁灭即将到来的人，费城也不例外。那是一位知名的长者，面相睿智，说话时态度十分严肃，名叫塞缪尔·米克尔。我并不认识这位老人，但他有天来到我门前，问我是否是那位新开了家印刷店的年轻人。我回答是，他说他为我深感遗憾，因为开印刷店成本很高，这些花费会亏损掉的，因为费城是个正在衰落的地方，这里的人都已经半破产或即将破产了。所有与此相反的繁荣景象，如新的建筑、租金的上涨等，就他所知都是假的，因为它们其实都是即将给我们带来毁灭的东西。他还详细讲述了当前存在或即将发生的种种不幸，他走后我有些闷闷不乐。如果我在开店之前认识他，很可能就不会开店了。这位

老人现在仍然住在这个正在衰落的地方，仍然用他一贯的语调预言着，多年以来一直不肯在费城买所房子，因为他觉得一切都将走向灭亡。但最终，我颇为自得地发现他还是买了房子，出的价钱是他最初开始不祥预言时的五倍。

I should have mentioned before, that, in the autumn of the preceding year, I had form'd most of my ingenious acquaintance into a club of mutual improvement, which we called the JUNTO; we met on Friday evenings. The rules that I drew up required that every member, in his turn, should produce one or more queries on any point of Morals, Politics, or Natural Philosophy, to be discuss'd by the company; and once in three months produce and read an essay of his own writing, on any subject he pleased. Our debates were to be under the direction of a president, and to be conducted in the sincere spirit of inquiry after truth, without fondness for dispute, or desire of victory; and, to prevent warmth, all expressions of positiveness in opinions, or direct contradiction, were after some time made contraband, and prohibited under small pecuniary penalties.

The first members were Joseph Breintnal, a copyer of deeds for the scriveners, a good-natur'd, friendly, middle-ag'd man, a great lover of poetry, reading all he could meet with, and writing some that was tolerable; very ingenious in many little Nicknackeries, and of sensible conversation.

Thomas Godfrey, a self-taught mathematician, great in his way, and afterward inventor of what is now called Hadley's Quadrant. But he knew little out of his way, and was not a pleasing companion; as, like most great mathematicians I have met with, he expected universal precision in everything said, or was for ever denying or distinguishing upon trifles, to the disturbance of all conversation. He soon left us.

Nicholas Scull, a surveyor, afterwards surveyor-general, who lov'd books, and sometimes made a few verses.

William Parsons, bred a shoemaker, but loving reading, had acquir'd a considerable share of mathematics, which he first studied with a view to astrology, that he afterwards laught at it. He also became surveyor-general.

William Maugridge, a joiner, a most exquisite mechanic, and a solid, sensible man.

Hugh Meredith, Stephen Potts, and George Webb I have characteriz'd before.

我本应早些提到，在我开店前一年的秋天，我和我大多数富有才华的朋友成立了一个相互学习、相互促进的俱乐部，叫做“互助学习社”，

每周五晚上聚会一次。我起草的会规中要求每位社员轮流提出关于道德、政治学或自然哲学任何方面的一个或多个问题，供大家讨论；每三个月要写一篇文章并在聚会时朗读，题目自拟。我们的讨论由会长主持，大家秉着真诚探寻真理的精神，不得以争论为好，不得执拗取胜。为了避免讨论过于激烈，后来又规定所有太过绝对的肯定意见或是针锋相对的反驳都是不允许的，违规者要处以少量的罚金。

最初的会员有约瑟夫·布莱恩特纳尔，他是公证处的契约书誊写人，是个脾气好、待人友善的中年人。他非常热爱诗歌，读过所有他能找到的诗，自己也写过一些还算可以的作品。他会做很多精巧的小玩意儿，谈话也很有见地。

托马斯·戈弗雷，一位自学成才的数学家，在数学方面造诣很深，后来发明了现在我们称为“哈德利象限仪”的东西。但他对数学以外的方面了解很少，和他在一起并不令人愉快，就像我遇到过的大多数伟大的数学家一样，他要求所说的每一句话都绝对精确，总是纠缠于细枝末节，从而妨碍了所有谈话的进行。他不久就离开了我们。

尼古拉斯·斯卡尔，一位测量员，后来成了测绘局长，他热爱读书，有时会写些诗歌。

威廉·帕森斯，以前是个鞋匠，但他热爱阅读，学过相当多的数学知识。最初他学习数学是为了以后学习占星术，后来对自己的想法一笑置之。他也成了测绘局长。

威廉·毛格里治，一位细木匠，技艺极其精湛，为人明智可靠。

休·梅雷迪斯、史蒂芬·波茨和乔治·韦伯，他们三人我已在前面描述过。

Robert Grace, a young gentleman of some fortune, generous, lively, and witty; a lover of punning and of his friends.

And William Coleman, then a merchant's clerk, about my age, who had the coolest, dearest head, the best heart, and the exactest morals of almost any man I ever met with. He became afterwards a merchant of great note, and one of our provincial judges. Our friendship continued without interruption to his death, upward of forty years; and the club continued almost as long, and was the best school of philosophy, morality, and politics that then existed in the province; for our queries, which were read the week preceding their discussion, put us upon reading with attention upon the several subjects, that we might speak more to the purpose; and here, too, we acquired better habits of conversation, every thing being studied in our rules which might prevent our disgusting each other. From hence the long continuance of the club, which I shall have frequent occasion to speak further of hereafter.

But my giving this account of it here is to show something of the

interest I had, every one of these exerting themselves in recommending business to us. Breintnal particularly procur'd us from the Quakers the printing forty sheets of their history, the rest being to be done by Keimer; and upon this we work'd exceedingly hard, for the price was low. It was a folio, pro patria size, in pica, with long primer notes. I compos'd of it a sheet a day, and Meredith worked it off at press; it was often eleven at night, and sometimes later, before I had finished my distribution for the next day's work, for the little jobbs sent in by our other friends now and then put us back. But so determin'd I was to continue doing a sheet a day of the folio, that one night, when, having impos'd my forms, I thought my day's work over, one of them by accident was broken, and two pages reduced to pi, I immediately distributed and compos'd it over again before I went to bed; and this industry, visible to our neighbors, began to give us character and credit; particularly, I was told, that mention being made of the new printing-office at the merchants' Every-night club, the general opinion was that it must fail, there being already two printers in the place, Keimer and Bradford; but Dr. Baird (whom you and I saw many years after at his native place, St. Andrew's in Scotland) gave a contrary opinion: "For the industry of that Franklin," says he, "is superior to any thing I ever saw of the kind; I see him still at work when I go home from club, and he is at work again before his neighbors are out of bed." This struck the rest, and we soon after had offers from one of them to supply us with stationery; but as yet we did not chuse to engage in shop business.

罗伯特·格雷丝，一位有些家产的年轻绅士，慷慨大方，活泼睿智，爱使用双关语，也爱朋友。

威廉·科尔曼，当时在一个商人那儿当职员，和我年龄相仿，在我认识的几乎所有人里，他是头脑最为冷静清晰、心地最为善良、品行最为端正的一个。他后来成为一位非常知名的商人，也是我们州法院的法官之一。我们的友谊一直延续了40年，从未中断，直至他离开人世。我们的俱乐部也持续了几乎同样长的时间，是当时我们州最好的哲学、道德和政治学团体。因为我们的问题会在讨论前一周公布，这让我们能就这些问题用心阅读，这样在讨论时才更能抓住要点，我们也因此养成了更好的谈话习惯。一切讨论都遵循我们的社规，以免彼此之间产生嫌隙。这个俱乐部也因此得以长期存在，我后面还有很多地方会讲到它。

我在这里讲述我们这个俱乐部，是想告诉你我从中得到的一些好处，因为俱乐部里的每个人都尽力帮我们介绍生意。尤其是布莱恩特纳尔，他从贵格会成员那里帮我们揽到印刷他们40页历史的生意，其余部分由凯默来印。这桩生意我们做得极为辛苦，因为交易价格很低。书是对开本，正文字号为12磅，注释为10磅。我每天排一大张纸，再由梅雷迪斯印出来。这时往往已经夜里11点了，有时更晚，因为其他朋友偶尔介绍些小生意给我们，会耽搁些时间，印刷完成后我再进行拆版还字，

以备第二天继续排版。但我还是决意每天完成一大张的排版，有天夜里，我已完成排版，以为这天的工作结束了，但一不小心碰坏了其中一版，有两页的活字完全弄乱了，于是我立即拆版，重新再排一遍，全部完成才上床睡觉。我工作如此勤奋，邻居们都看在眼里，于是开始给予我们好评和信任，尤其是别人告诉我，商人们的“夜间俱乐部”里有人提到我们新开的印刷店时，人们普遍认为我们会失败，因为城里已经有凯默和布拉德福德两家印刷店了，但贝尔德博士（很多年后，你和我曾在他的家乡——苏格兰的圣安德鲁斯见过他）却有着不同意见，他说：“富兰克林是我见过的最勤奋的人，我从俱乐部回家时，看见他还在工作，而早上邻居们还没起床，他又开始工作了。”他的话让四座印象深刻，于是很快他们其中一位就提出向我们提供文具让我们经销，但我们当时还没有打算涉足商店零售。

I mention this industry the more particularly and the more freely, tho' it seems to be talking in my own praise, that those of my posterity, who shall read it, may know the use of that virtue, when they see its effects in my favor throughout this relation.

George Webb, who had found a female friend that lent him wherewith to purchase his time of Keimer, now came to offer himself as a journeyman to us. We could not then employ him; but I foolishly let him know as a secret that I soon intended to begin a newspaper, and might then have work for him. My hopes of success, as I told him, were founded on this, that the then only newspaper, printed by Bradford, was a paltry thing, wretchedly manag'd, no way entertaining, and yet was profitable to him; I therefore thought a good paper would scarcely fail of good encouragement. I requested Webb not to mention it; but he told it to Keimer, who immediately, to be beforehand with me, published proposals for printing one himself, on which Webb was to be employ'd. I resented this; and, to counteract them, as I could not yet begin our paper, I wrote several pieces of entertainment for Bradford's paper, under the title of the BUSY BODY, which Breintnal continu'd some months. By this means the attention of the publick was fixed on that paper, and Keimer's proposals, which we burlesqu'd and ridicul'd, were disregarded. He began his paper, however, and, after carrying it on three quarters of a year, with at most only ninety subscribers, he offered it to me for a trifle; and I, having been ready some time to go on with it, took it in hand directly; and it prov'd in a few years extremely profitable to me.

I perceive that I am apt to speak in the singular number, though our partnership still continu'd; the reason may be that, in fact, the whole management of the business lay upon me. Meredith was no compositor, a poor pressman, and seldom sober. My friends lamented my connection with him, but I was to make the best of it.

我这样着重、这样直率地提到这种勤奋，尽管看起来有些自吹自擂，但阅读我文字的后人们，当你在我的全部叙述中看到勤奋对我的帮助时，就知道这种美德有多大益处了。

乔治·韦伯找了个女朋友，她借给他些钱，使他可以向凯默赎回自己务工期限的合同，然后韦伯来了我们店里，希望当个印刷工。我们当时雇不了他，但我愚蠢地告诉了他我不久后打算办张报纸的秘密，那时可能会雇用他。我还告诉他，我成功的希望尽在于此：当时唯一的报纸是由布拉德福德办的，办得很糟糕，经营混乱，索然无味，但却还有钱可赚，于是我认为，办得好的报纸不可能无利可图。我请韦伯不要向别人提起我的计划，但他却告诉了凯默，于是凯默抢在我之前，宣布他要办一份报纸，还为此雇用了韦伯。我非常恼怒，因为自己当时还不能办报，为了抨击他们，就以《好事者》为题，写了几篇饶有趣味的文章发表在布拉德福德的报纸上，布莱恩特纳尔还续写了好几个月。通过这种方法，人们的注意力都被吸引到布拉德福德的报纸上，而被我们嘲讽取笑的凯默的办报计划，也没什么人理会了。但凯默的报纸还是办了，在连续发行三个季度，最多只有90位订户之后，他把报纸廉价卖给了我，而我早已准备接手，就直接承办了过来，数年后证明经营报纸给我带来了极大的收益。

我意识到我往往只提到我一个人，尽管我和梅雷迪斯当时仍处于合作关系之中，这可能因为事实上，整个印刷店的管理都由我来负责。他不会排字，印刷也干得不好，因为喝酒很少保持头脑清醒。我的朋友们都为我和这样的人合作感到惋惜，但我还是想让我们的合作产生最好的结果。

Our first papers made a quite different appearance from any before in the province; a better type, and better printed; but some spirited remarks of my writing, on the dispute then going on between Governor Burnet and the Massachusetts Assembly, struck the principal people, occasioned the paper and the manager of it to be much talk'd of, and in a few weeks brought them all to be our subscribers.

Their example was follow'd by many, and our number went on growing continually. This was one of the first good effects of my having learnt a little to scribble; another was, that the leading men, seeing a newspaper now in the hands of one who could also handle a pen, thought it convenient to oblige and encourage me. Bradford still printed the votes, and laws, and other publick business. He had printed an address of the House to the governor, in a coarse, blundering manner, we reprinted it elegantly and correctly, and sent one to every member. They were sensible of the difference: it strengthened the hands of our friends in the House, and they voted us their printers for the year ensuing.

Among my friends in the House I must not forget Mr. Hamilton, before mentioned, who was then returned from England, and had a

seat in it. He interested himself for me strongly in that instance, as he did in many others afterward, continuing his patronage till his death. (I got his son once L500.—[Marg. note.])

Mr. Vernon, about this time, put me in mind of the debt I ow'd him, but did not press me. I wrote him an ingenuous letter of acknowledgment, crav'd his forbearance a little longer, which he allow'd me, and as soon as I was able, I paid the principal with interest, and many thanks; so that erratum was in some degree corrected.

我们刚出版的报纸与本州以往的报纸大不相同，我们的报纸字体漂亮，印刷精美，当时伯内特总督和马萨诸塞议会之间正有些争论，我就这些争论写了些言辞激烈的评论文章，这引起了当时重要人物的注意，这份报纸和它的经营者成为人们经常讨论的话题。几个星期之内，他们全都订了我们的报纸。

于是许多人跟进订阅我们的报纸，报纸的发行量持续上升。这是我曾学了点写作的好处之一；另外一个好处，就是当时的领导人物见这家报纸是由一个自己也能写作的人经营的，认为应当鼓励和资助我。布拉德福德仍然印刷选票、法典还有其他政府交印的东西，他曾把一篇议会给总督的文章印得粗糙不堪、错误百出，我们拿来重新印刷，印得既美观又准确，并将文章送至每位议员手中。他们从中看出了我们的不同，这增强了议会里的朋友为我们讲话的分量，于是接下来这一年，他们选定我们来做印刷任务。

在议会里的朋友中，我决不能忘记汉密尔顿先生，我在前面提到过他，他当时已从英国回来，是州议会议员。他在这件事上非常支持我，后来还帮过我很多次，一直对我十分关怀和爱护，直至去世（我曾帮他的儿子得到500镑——旁注）。

这时，弗农先生提醒我还欠他的钱，但并未催促我。我给他写了封信，坦白承认自己曾经的行为，恳请他再宽限些时日，他答应了。我攒够钱之后，立即连本带息还给了他，并向他表示感谢，这样我的大错才在某种程度上得以纠正。

But now another difficulty came upon me which I had never the least reason to expect. Mr. Meredith's father, who was to have paid for our printing-house, according to the expectations given me, was able to advance only one hundred pounds currency, which had been paid; and a hundred more was due to the merchant, who grew impatient, and su'd us all. We gave bail, but saw that, if the money could not be rais'd in time, the suit must soon come to a judgment and execution, and our hopeful prospects must, with us, be ruined, as the press and letters must be sold for payment, perhaps at half price.

In this distress two true friends, whose kindness I have never forgotten, nor ever shall forget while I can remember any thing, came

to me separately, unknown to each other, and, without any application from me, offering each of them to advance me all the money that should be necessary to enable me to take the whole business upon myself, if that should be practicable; but they did not like my continuing the partnership with Meredith, who, as they said, was often seen drunk in the streets, and playing at low games in alehouses, much to our discredit. These two friends were William Coleman and Robert Grace. I told them I could not propose a separation while any prospect remain'd of the Merediths' fulfilling their part of our agreement, because I thought myself under great obligations to them for what they had done, and would do if they could; but, if they finally fail'd in their performance, and our partnership must be dissolv'd, I should then think myself at liberty to accept the assistance of my friends.

Thus the matter rested for some time, when I said to my partner, "Perhaps your father is dissatisfied at the part you have undertaken in this affair of ours, and is unwilling to advance for you and me what he would for you alone. If that is the case, tell me, and I will resign the whole to you, and go about my business." "No," said he, "my father has really been disappointed, and is really unable; and I am unwilling to distress him farther. I see this is a business I am not fit for. I was bred a farmer, and it was a folly in me to come to town, and put myself, at thirty years of age, an apprentice to learn a new trade. Many of our Welsh people are going to settle in North Carolina, where land is cheap. I am inclin'd to go with them, and follow my old employment. You may find friends to assist you. If you will take the debts of the company upon you; return to my father the hundred pound he has advanced; pay my little personal debts, and give me thirty pounds and a new saddle, I will relinquish the partnership, and leave the whole in your hands." I agreed to this proposal: it was drawn up in writing, sign'd, and seal'd immediately. I gave him what he demanded, and he went soon after to Carolina, from whence he sent me next year two long letters, containing the best account that had been given of that country, the climate, the soil, husbandry, etc., for in those matters he was very judicious. I printed them in the papers, and they gave great satisfaction to the publick.

但此时，我又遇到了另一个困难，这是我万万没有料到的。根据我的预期，梅雷迪斯先生的父亲要为我们的印刷店出资，但他只预付了100镑现金，我们还欠着商人100镑，这个商人失去了耐心，到法院告了我们。我们交了保释金，但知道如果不能及时筹到钱的话，法院很快就会对这桩官司进行裁决并命令执行，那么我们大有希望的前途就会和我们自己一起毁于一旦，因为印刷机和铅字一定会被售卖以清偿债务，也许还会以半价出卖。

在这样的困境中，两位真正的朋友向我伸出了援手，他们的善心我从未忘记，只要我的记忆尚存，我也永志不忘。他俩互不认识，各自来找我，主动提出如果行得通的话，他们可以帮我垫付独自经营印刷店所需的款项，但希望我不要再和梅雷迪斯继续合作，说经常见到梅雷迪斯醉醺醺地走在街上，还在酒馆里进行低级的娱乐，这实在影响我们的名声。这两位朋友就是威廉·科尔曼和罗伯特·格雷斯。我告诉他们，只要梅雷迪斯父子还有可能履行协议中规定的义务，我就不能提出中断合作，因为我觉得自己过去受过他们很大的恩惠，如果他们可以的话，他们还会愿意帮我很多忙，但如果他们没能尽到自己的职责，那么我们的合作关系就必须结束，那时我认为自己就可以自由地接受朋友们的帮助了。

就这样，这件事在一段时期内悬而未决，我对我的合伙人说："也许你父亲对你在我们合伙关系中承担的工作并不满意，因此不愿意为我们的合伙出资，如果是你一个人的话，他会乐意出钱的。如果的确是这个原因，请告诉我，我会退出，把一切都让给你，我再另找工作吧。"他说："不是，我的父亲真的非常失望，他的确无力继续出资，我也不想让他愈加难过了。我觉得自己并不适合这个行业，我从小就是务农的，后来来到城里，到了30岁又从头学习一个新的行业，真是犯傻。我们很多威尔士人去了北卡罗来纳定居，那里土地便宜。我也想和他们一起去，重新拾起我的老行当。你可以找些朋友帮你，如果你愿意承担印刷所的债务，把我父亲垫付的100镑还给他，帮我还清我个人的小额欠款，并给我30镑和一副新马鞍，我愿退出合伙，把整个印刷所留给你。"我同意了他的提议，我们立即写下了书面协议，并签字盖章。我把他要求的东西给了他，他不久就去了卡罗来纳，第二年还给我写了两封很长的信，信里对那个地方有着极为详尽丰富的描写，讲述了那里的气候、土地、农业状况等，他对这些方面是非常了解的。我把他的信刊登在报纸上，受到大众的极大欢迎。

As soon as he was gone, I recurr'd to my two friends; and because I would not give an unkind preference to either, I took half of what each had offered and I wanted of one, and half of the other; paid off the company's debts, and went on with the business in my own name, advertising that the partnership was dissolved. I think this was in or about the year 1729.

About this time there was a cry among the people for more paper money, only fifteen thousand pounds being extant in the province, and that soon to be sunk. The wealthy inhabitants oppos'd any addition, being against all paper currency, from an apprehension that it would depreciate, as it had done in New England, to the prejudice of all creditors. We had discuss'd this point in our Junto, where I was on the side of an addition, being persuaded that the first small sum struck in 1723 had done much good by increasing the trade, employment, and number of inhabitants in the province, since I now saw all the old houses inhabited, and many new ones building; whereas I remembered well, that when I first walk'd about the streets

of Philadelphia, eating my roll, I saw most of the houses in Walnut-street, between Second and Front streets, with bills on their doors, "To be let" ; and many likewise in Chestnut-street and other streets, which made me then think the inhabitants of the city were deserting it one after another.

Our debates possess'd me so fully of the subject, that I wrote and printed an anonymous pamphlet on it, entitled "The Nature and Necessity of a Paper Currency." It was well receiv'd by the common people in general; but the rich men dislik'd it, for it increas'd and strengthen'd the clamor for more money, and they happening to have no writers among them that were able to answer it, their opposition slacken'd, and the point was carried by a majority in the House. My friends there, who conceiv'd I had been of some service, thought fit to reward me by employing me in printing the money; a very profitable jobb and a great help to me. This was another advantage gain'd by my being able to write.

梅雷迪斯一离开，我就向我那两位朋友求助了。我不想在他们二人中表现出偏爱，以免让他们不高兴，于是我从他们给我提供的，也正是我需要的钱中，两人各借一半，还清了印刷所的债务，然后就以我个人的名义继续经营，并登报说明我和梅雷迪斯的合作关系已经解除。我想这大概是1729年发生的事。

大约这个时候，民众中产生了增发纸币的呼声，当时本州库存纸币只有15,000镑，而且就连这个数字也在不断减少。富有的居民反对增发纸币，甚至反对所有的纸币，因为他们担心纸币如在新英格兰一样贬值，这会对所有债权人不利。我们在互助学习社里讨论过这个问题，我当时赞成增加纸币发行量，因为我认为1723年发行的那一小部分纸币产生了很大好处，扩大了贸易，增加了就业，使本州居民人数上升，因为我见到所有的老房子里都住满了人，许多新建筑也正在建造中。但我也记得很清楚，我第一次走在费城街头吃着我的面包卷时，看见核桃街上以及第二街和前街之间大多数房子的大门上都贴着“招租”的告示，栗子街和其他街道上也有许多，这当时让我觉得居民们正在相继离开本市。

我们的讨论使我时时思考着这个议题，于是我提笔写了一篇匿名文章，并将它印发成小册子，题目为《论纸币的本质和必要性》。这本小册子在普通民众中反响很好，但富人们不喜欢它，因为它增强了对加大纸币发行量的呼声，而富人阶层中又刚好没人能写文章反驳我的观点，于是他们的反对意见削弱了，因此议会以多数赞成通过了增发纸币的议案。我在议会里的朋友认为我也为此出了力，应该让我的印刷所承印纸币，作为对我的奖励。这桩生意利润丰厚，对我产生了很大帮助，这是写作给我带来的又一好处。

The utility of this currency became by time and experience so evident as never afterwards to be much disputed; so that it grew soon to fifty-five thousand pounds, and in 1739 to eighty thousand pounds,

since which it arose during war to upwards of three hundred and fifty thousand pounds, trade, building, and inhabitants all the while increasing, till I now think there are limits beyond which the quantity may be hurtful.

I soon after obtain'd, thro' my friend Hamilton, the printing of the Newcastle paper money, another profitable jobb as I then thought it; small things appearing great to those in small circumstances; and these, to me, were really great advantages, as they were great encouragements. He procured for me, also, the printing of the laws and votes of that government, which continu'd in my hands as long as I follow'd the business.

I now open'd a little stationer's shop. I had in it blanks of all sorts, the correctest that ever appear'd among us, being assisted in that by my friend Breintnal. I had also paper, parchment, chapmen's books, etc. One Whitemash, a compositor I had known in London, an excellent workman, now came to me, and work'd with me constantly and diligently; and I took an apprentice, the son of Aquila Rose.

纸币的效用随着时间的流逝和经验的验证变得显而易见，后来再也没有多少争论了。纸币发行量很快达到55,000镑，1739年达到80,000镑，后来战争期间又增加到35万镑，贸易、建筑和居民数量都随之增加。我现在认为纸币发行量应该有个限度，否则也会带来害处。

不久之后，我通过朋友汉密尔顿先生获得了印刷纽卡斯尔纸币的任务，这在当时的我看来又是一笔利润丰厚的生意。对于小生意人来说，一笔小买卖也显得意义重大，而这些生意确实给我带来了很大好处，因为它们对我是莫大的鼓舞。汉密尔顿先生还介绍我承印政府的法律文书和选票，且这些业务在我做印刷这一行时一直是由我来做的。

这时我开了家小文具店。店里卖各式各样的空白单据，是市面上单据中最为准确的，这有赖于我的朋友布莱恩特纳尔的帮助。我的店里还卖纸张、羊皮纸、小贩的账簿等等。我在伦敦认识的一位叫怀特马什的排字工人来到我的店里工作，他干活非常出色，而且始终勤勤恳恳。我还招了个学徒，是阿奎拉·罗斯的儿子。

I began now gradually to pay off the debt I was under for the printing-house. In order to secure my credit and character as a tradesman, I took care not only to be in reality industrious and frugal, but to avoid all appearances to the contrary. I drest plainly; I was seen at no places of idle diversion. I never went out a fishing or shooting; a book, indeed, sometimes debauch'd me from my work, but that was seldom, snug, and gave no scandal; and, to show that I was not above my business, I sometimes brought home the paper I purchas'd at the stores thro' the streets on a wheelbarrow. Thus being esteem'd an industrious, thriving young man, and paying duly for what I bought,

the merchants who imported stationery solicited my custom; others proposed supplying me with books, and I went on swimmingly. In the mean time, Keimer's credit and business declining daily, he was at last forc'd to sell his printing house to satisfy his creditors. He went to Barbados[28], and there lived some years in very poor circumstances.

His apprentice, David Harry, whom I had instructed while I work'd with him, set up in his place at Philadelphia, having bought his materials. I was at first apprehensive of a powerful rival in Harry, as his friends were very able, and had a good deal of interest. I therefore propos'd a partnership to him which he, fortunately for me, rejected with scorn. He was very proud, dress'd like a gentleman, liv'd expensively, took much diversion and pleasure abroad, ran in debt, and neglected his business; upon which, all business left him; and, finding nothing to do, he followed Keimer to Barbados, taking the printing-house with him. There this apprentice employ'd his former master as a journeyman; they quarrel'd often; Harry went continually behindhand, and at length was forc'd to sell his types and return to his country work in Pensilvania. The person that bought them employ'd Keimer to use them, but in a few years he died.

此时我开始逐渐偿付印刷所欠的债务。为了维护我作为商人的信用和声誉，我不仅切实做到勤奋节俭，还尽力避免与之相反的种种表现。我穿着朴素，从不光顾打发时光的娱乐场所。我从不外出钓鱼或者打猎，有时读书的确会让我忘记工作，但这种情况很少发生，且非常保险，不会引起流言蜚语。为了表明我没有瞧不起印刷业，我有时会把在商店购买的纸张放在手推车里，自己推着车穿过街道带回家来。因此，我被大家认为是个勤奋有前途的年轻人，买东西总是按时付账，进口文具的商人都希望与我做生意，还有人提出给我供书让我代销，总之我的生意进行得非常顺利。同时，凯默的信誉和生意都日渐衰落，最终被迫把自己的印刷所卖了还债。后来他去了巴巴多斯，在那里窘困地生活了几年。

我在凯默的店里工作时，曾经指导过他的学徒大卫·哈利，现在他买了凯默的印刷设备，也在费城开了印刷店。我起初担心哈利会成为我强有力的对手，因为他的朋友们都非常能干，也很有势力。因此，我向哈利提出要与他合作，但他轻蔑地拒绝了，这对我倒是好事。他为人傲慢，穿得像个绅士，生活奢侈，经常在外面寻欢作乐，还欠下了债务，也不打理自己的生意。因此，他所有的生意都丢了，无事可做之后，就追随凯默去了巴巴多斯，把印刷所也搬了过去。在巴巴多斯，曾经的学徒把从前的老板雇为了工人，他们常常吵架。哈利的债务越来越多，最终不得不卖掉铅字，回到宾夕法尼亚继续务农。买下那些印刷设备的人又雇了凯默来工作，但过了没几年凯默就去世了。

There remained now no competitor with me at Philadelphia but the old one, Bradford; who was rich and easy, did a little printing now

and then by straggling hands, but was not very anxious about the business. However, as he kept the post-office, it was imagined he had better opportunities of obtaining news; his paper was thought a better distributer of advertisements than mine, and therefore had many, more, which was a profitable thing to him, and a disadvantage to me; for, tho' I did indeed receive and send papers by the post, yet the publick opinion was otherwise, for what I did send was by bribing the riders, who took them privately, Bradford being unkind enough to forbid it, which occasion'd some resentment on my part; and I thought so meanly of him for it, that, when I afterward came into his situation, I took care never to imitate it.

I had hitherto continu'd to board with Godfrey, who lived in part of my house with his wife and children, and had one side of the shop for his glazier's business, tho' he worked little, being always absorbed in his mathematics. Mrs. Godfrey projected a match for me with a relation's daughter, took opportunities of bringing us often together, till a serious courtship on my part ensu'd, the girl being in herself very deserving. The old folks encourag'd me by continual invitations to supper, and by leaving us together, till at length it was time to explain. Mrs. Godfrey manag'd our little treaty. I let her know that I expected as much money with their daughter as would pay off my remaining debt for the printing-house, which I believe was not then above a hundred pounds. She brought me word they had no such sum to spare; I said they might mortgage their house in the loan-office. The answer to this, after some days, was, that they did not approve the match; that, on inquiry of Bradford, they had been inform'd the printing business was not a profitable one; the types would soon be worn out, and more wanted; that S. Keimer and D. Harry had failed one after the other, and I should probably soon follow them; and, therefore, I was forbidden the house, and the daughter shut up.

此时，除了布拉德福德这位老对手外，费城再没有人和我竞争了。布拉德福德很有钱，生活安逸，偶尔雇些零工做些印刷生意，对此并不是很操心。但是，因为他管理邮局，人们认为他有更好的机会获得新闻，觉得他的报纸在刊登广告方面比我的报纸更有效些，所以他报纸上的广告比我的多，这给他带来很多利润，对我来说非常不利。尽管我的确也是通过邮局发行报纸，但公众却不这么看，因为我发行报纸是通过贿赂邮差，由邮差秘密发送才得以实现，而布拉德福德竟恶意禁止他们这样做。这让我非常愤恨，认为他这么做太可耻了，将来邮局若由我管理，我决不效仿他的做法。

那时我的伙食还是寄在戈弗雷家。戈弗雷和他的妻小住着我房子的一部分，印刷店的一边是他做玻璃生意的地方，但他并不怎么开工，总是埋头于数学之中。戈弗雷夫人想撮合我与她一个亲戚的女儿，经常找机会让我们见面，后来我正式开始追求她，这位女孩儿倒是值得追求

的。她父母鼓励我的追求，经常邀请我去吃晚饭，还留下我们单独相处，直到该要谈婚论嫁了。戈弗雷夫人从中大力撮合我们。我告诉她，希望他们女儿陪嫁的财产能帮我付清印刷所剩下的债务，我想那时已经不到100镑了。她给我带话说他们没有那么多钱，我说他们可以去当铺抵押房子。过了些日子，他们那边答复说不赞成我们的婚事了。在询问了布拉德福德之后，他们了解到印刷所并不是很赚钱的生意，铅字磨损得很快，常要购买新的，凯默和哈利的生意都相继失败了，我可能很快也要步他们的后尘，所以，他们不再让我进他们家门，他们的女儿也被锁在了屋子里。

Whether this was a real change of sentiment or only artifice, on a supposition of our being too far engaged in affection to retract, and therefore that we should steal a marriage, which would leave them at liberty to give or withhold what they pleas'd, I know not; but I suspected the latter, resented it, and went no more. Mrs. Godfrey brought me afterward some more favorable accounts of their disposition, and would have drawn me on again; but I declared absolutely my resolution to have nothing more to do with that family. This was resented by the Godfreys; we differ'd, and they removed, leaving me the whole house, and I resolved to take no more inmates.

But this affair having turned my thoughts to marriage, I look'd round me and made overtures of acquaintance in other places; but soon found that, the business of a printer being generally thought a poor one, I was not to expect money with a wife, unless with such a one as I should not otherwise think agreeable. In the mean time, that hard-to-be-governed passion of youth hurried me frequently into intrigues with low women that fell in my way, which were attended with some expense and great inconvenience, besides a continual risque to my health by a distemper which of all things I dreaded, though by great good luck I escaped it. A friendly correspondence as neighbors and old acquaintances had continued between me and Mrs. Read's family, who all had a regard for me from the time of my first lodging in their house. I was often invited there and consulted in their affairs, wherein I sometimes was of service. I piti'd poor Miss Read's unfortunate situation, who was generally dejected, seldom cheerful, and avoided company. I considered my giddiness and inconstancy when in London as in a great degree the cause of her unhappiness, tho' the mother was good enough to think the fault more her own than mine, as she had prevented our marrying before I went thither, and persuaded the other match in my absence. Our mutual affection was revived, but there were now great objections to our union. The match was indeed looked upon as invalid, a preceding wife being said to be living in England; but this could not easily be prov'd, because of the distance; and, tho' there was a report of his death, it was not certain.

Then, tho' it should be true, he had left many debts, which his successor might be call'd upon to pay. We ventured, however, over all these difficulties, and I took her to wife, September 1st, 1730. None of the inconveniences happened that we had apprehended, she proved a good and faithful helpmate, assisted me much by attending the shop; we throve together, and have ever mutually endeavored to make each other happy. Thus I corrected that great erratum as well as I could.

这是他们情感的真正改变还是只是计谋，以为我们用情已深无法自拔，会想办法偷偷结为连理，从而使他们随心所欲地给些陪嫁财产或是什么也不给，这个我就不得而知了，我怀疑是后者，于是心里忿忿不平，再也不去她家了。戈弗雷夫人后来告诉我他们的想法有所改变，希望我能回头，但我断然宣布说决心不再与那户人家往来了。这让戈弗雷一家非常气愤，我们之间产生了裂痕，于是他们搬出了印刷所。我一人住在这所大房子里，决心再也不找人合租了。

但这件事情让我开始考虑自己的婚姻大事了。我开始在自己身边留意，也认识了其他地方的一些人，但我很快发现，人们一般认为开印刷店不是什么赚钱的生意，所以我不能指望未来的妻子会带着财产陪嫁过来，而但凡有钱陪嫁的，她的人又不合我意。这段时间，那难以抑制的年轻人的欲念让我常和偶然遇见的粗俗女人厮混，花费了不少金钱，带来了很大不便，最让我害怕的是有染上疾病的危险，不过很幸运，我没有染上。当时，作为邻居和老朋友，我和里德小姐一家还有着友好来往，从我起初在他们家寄宿时起，他们一家就对我非常关心。他们常常邀我去家里，和我商量他们的事情，有时我也能帮上些忙。我很同情可怜的里德小姐的处境，她郁郁寡欢，极少开怀，还处处躲着人。我认为她的不幸在很大程度上是我在伦敦时的轻率和缺乏定性所致，尽管她母亲善意地把责任归咎于自己身上，因为她那时不许我们在我离开前结婚，我走之后又劝女儿嫁给了别人。我和里德小姐旧情复燃了，但当时我们之间还是有很大阻力。她和她丈夫的婚姻虽然已被认为失效，他的妻子据说现在生活在英国，但这些事情因为距离的原因不易证实，还有尽管有人说他已经去世，但这也是不确定的。另外，即使这些消息都属实，他还留下许多债务，可能要由他妻子的下一任丈夫来还。但我们还是不顾一切，毅然于1730年9月1日结婚了。我们担心的麻烦事都没有发生，她是一位善良忠实的好帮手，在照管店铺上给了我很大帮助。我们幸福地生活在一起，努力让对方过得快乐。就这样，我算是尽力改正了我的这个大错。

About this time, our club meeting, not at a tavern, but in a little room of Mr. Grace's, set apart for that purpose, a proposition was made by me, that, since our books were often referr'd to in our disquisitions upon the queries, it might be convenient to us to have them altogether where we met, that upon occasion they might be consulted; and by thus clubbing our books to a common library, we should, while we lik'd to keep them together, have each of us the advantage of using the books of all the other members, which would

be nearly as beneficial as if each owned the whole. It was lik'd and agreed to, and we fill'd one end of the room with such books as we could best spare. The number was not so great as we expected; and tho' they had been of great use, yet some inconveniences occurring for want of due care of them, the collection, after about a year, was separated, and each took his books home again.

And now I set on foot my first project of a public nature, that for a subscription library. I drew up the proposals, got them put into form by our great scrivener, Brockden, and, by the help of my friends in the Junto, procured fifty subscribers of forty shillings each to begin with, and ten shillings a year for fifty years, the term our company was to continue. We afterwards obtain'd a charter, the company being increased to one hundred: this was the mother of all the North American subscription libraries, now so numerous. It is become a great thing itself, and continually increasing. These libraries have improved the general conversation of the Americans, made the common tradesmen and farmers as intelligent as most gentlemen from other countries, and perhaps have contributed in some degree to the stand so generally made throughout the colonies in defense of their privileges.

大约这个时候，我们学习社的聚会从酒馆搬到了格雷斯先生家为此分开的一个小房间里，搬迁是我提议的，因为我们讨论问题时经常要参阅书籍，如果能把这些书集中在我们聚会的地方，那就很方便了，需要时我们就能随时参考。我们把各自的书合并为一个普通图书馆，集中保管，我们每个人都能使用其他成员的书，这样就像我们每个人都拥有所有藏书一样了。这个提议得到了大家的支持和赞同，于是我们在这个房间的一端放满了我们能拿出来的所有书籍。书的数目没有我们原先预料得那么多，尽管它们十分有用，但因为缺乏对书籍的适当照管，有些麻烦事发生，大约一年以后，我们又把藏书分开，各自把书搬回了家。

这时我开始着手进行我第一个带有公共性质的计划，就是建立一个会员图书馆。我起草了规划，由大公证人布罗克登帮我整理成型，在我互助学习社的朋友们的帮助下，我征集到了50位会员，每人先交40先令，以后50年每年再交10先令，这是我们图书馆打算维持的期限。后来我们获得了特许状，会员也增加到了100位，这是北美所有会员图书馆的前身，现在这样的图书馆已经为数众多了。图书馆本身成为一项伟大的事业，而且在持续扩大。这些图书馆改善了美洲人的谈吐，使得一般的商人和农民也和其他国家大多数绅士一样拥有智慧，也许在某种程度上，它们对全殖民地人民纷纷奋起保卫自身权益也作出了贡献。

[1] 玛丽女王统治时期，强行恢复天主教，血腥镇压新教徒，天主教有了短暂的复苏。
[2] 圣公会，为英国国教。
[3] 《新英格兰宗教史》（*The Ecclesiastical History of New England*），此处为拉丁文。
[4] 约翰·班扬（1628—1688），英国散文作家、清教牧师，反对王政复辟，因传教违反国教规定，曾被囚禁12年，代表作为《天路历程》。
[5] 罗伯特·伯顿（1577—1640），英国圣公会牧师、学者和作家，以内容博大的《忧郁的剖析》一书而闻名于世。
[6] 普卢塔克（约46—约120），古希腊传记作家、哲学家，一生写有大量作品，其中最著名的为《希腊罗马名人比较列传》。
[7] 丹尼尔·笛福（1660—1731），英国小说家、报刊撰稿人，写过讽刺诗和大量政论小册子，曾自办《评论》杂志，后从事冒险小说创作，代表作为《鲁宾逊漂流记》。
[8] 科顿·马瑟（1663—1728），牧师，推广天花疫苗接种，著有《美洲志异》一书，共发表著作四百多种。
[9] 爱德华·柯克（1631—1676），英国著名算术家，著名教科书《柯克算术》的作者。
[10] 约翰·洛克（1632—1704），英国经验主义哲学家，反对“天赋观念”论，提出人类知识起源于感性世界的经验论学说，主张君主立宪政体，著有《政府论》、《人类悟性论》等。
[11] 色诺芬（约公元前435—约前354），古希腊将领、历史学家，苏格拉底的学生，著有 《远征记》、《希腊史》、《回忆苏格拉底》等。
[12] 亚历山大·蒲柏（1688—1744），英国诗人，长于讽刺，善用英雄偶体，著有长篇讽刺诗《夺发记》、《群愚史诗》等，并翻译荷马史诗《伊里亚特》和《奥德赛》。
[13] 古用法，discover在这里指“泄露、透露”，而非“发现”。
[14] “诚实的约翰”指《天路历程》的作者约翰·班扬。
[15] 塞缪尔·理查森（1689—1761），英国小说家，其书信体小说《帕美勒》、《克拉丽莎》和《查尔斯·葛兰迪森爵士》对18世纪西欧文学影响深远，《帕美勒》被称为英国第一部小说。
[16] 马德拉白葡萄酒，一种烈酒，产于北大西洋马德拉岛。
[17] pound sterling即pound，英镑。
[18] （基督教的）四旬斋，指复活节前为期40天的斋戒和忏悔，以纪念耶稣在荒野禁食。
[19] 皮斯托尔：早先用于西班牙的一种金币，欧洲某些国家一直用到19世纪末。
[20] 伯纳德·曼德维尔（1670—1733），荷兰裔英国医生、作家，著有《蜜蜂的寓言》等。
[21] 爱德华·杨（1683—1765），英国诗人、剧作家，以长篇讽喻诗《哀怨：或夜里》著称，还写有剧本《报复》、论文《试论独创性作品》等。
[22] 品脱，液量或某些干量的计量单位，等于0.568升。
[23] 圣星期一，源自爱尔兰制鞋工人因星期天饮乐过度，星期一干活便无精打采，犹如又一个星期天。
[24] 圣维罗妮卡是在耶稣受难途中为耶稣擦脸的人，而后来耶稣的影像神奇般地在布上显现。
[25] 唐·索尔特洛咖啡馆，位于伦敦切尔西，1695年由詹姆斯·索尔特建立。
[26] 约翰·德莱顿（1631—1700），英国诗人、戏剧家、评论家，以喜剧《时髦的婚姻》和悲剧《一切为了爱情》最为有名。
[27] 克朗，1克朗＝5先令。
[28] 巴巴多斯，拉丁美洲国家。

PART TWO

(Memo. Thus far was written with the intention express'd in the beginning and therefore contains several little family anecdotes of no importance to others. What follows was written many years after in compliance with the advice contain'd in these letters, and accordingly intended for the public. The affairs of the Revolution occasion'd the interruption.)

Letter from Mr. Abel James, with Notes of my Life (received in Paris).

"MY DEAR AND HONORED FRIEND:

I have often been desirous of writing to thee, but could not be reconciled to the thought that the letter might fall into the hands of the British, lest some printer or busy-body should publish some part of the contents, and give our friend pain, and myself censure.

"Some time since there fell into my hands, to my great joy, about twenty-three sheets in thy own handwriting, containing an account of the parentage and life of thyself, directed to thy son, ending in the year 1730, with which there were notes, likewise in thy writing; a copy of which I inclose, in hopes it may be a means, if thou continued it up to a later period, that the first and latter part may be put together; and if it is not yet continued, I hope thee will not delay it. Life is uncertain, as the preacher tells us; and what will the world say if kind, humane, and benevolent Ben. Franklin should leave his friends and the world deprived of so pleasing and profitable a work; a work which would be useful and entertaining not only to a few, but to millions? The influence writings under that class have on the minds of youth is very great, and has nowhere appeared to me so plain, as in our public friend's journals. It almost insensibly leads the youth into the resolution of endeavoring to become as good and eminent as the journalist. Should thine, for instance, when published (and I think it could not fail of it), lead the youth to equal the industry and temperance of thy early youth, what a blessing with that class would such a work be! I know of no character living, nor many of them put together, who has so much in his power as thyself to promote a greater spirit of industry and early attention to business, frugality, and temperance with the American youth. Not that I think the work would have no other merit and use in the world, far from it; but the first is of such vast importance that I know nothing that can equal it."

第二部分

（备忘：写了这么多，写作目的在开头已经交代，因此文中包含一些对他人无足轻重的家庭轶事。接下来是多年以后根据他人信中的建议所写，是写给公众看的。革命的爆发曾使写作中断。）

这是埃布尔·詹姆斯先生的一封来信，信中附有我的生活记录（信是在巴黎收到的）。

“我亲爱而尊敬的朋友：

我常想给您写信，但想到信件可能会落入英国佬手中又只好作罢，免得某些印刷商或好事者将信的部分内容发表出来，给我的朋友带来伤害，让我自己受到责难。

一段时间前我得到了您的23张手稿，非常高兴，其中讲述了您的出身和生平，是写给您儿子的，一直写到了1730年，还有一些注释，也是您的笔迹。我把它抄录了一份，随信附上，如果您能继续写下去，延续到后来的时期，希望这抄本可以用来把前后两个时期连接起来。如果您还没有动笔，我希望您不要再拖延了。牧师告诫我们，人生变幻无常，如果善良仁慈的本·富兰克林离开人世，这世界就会失去一部令人愉悦又很有价值的作品，一部不只局限于少数人，而是对数百万人而言都有用有趣的作品，到时人们该说什么呢？这类作品对年轻人思想的影响非常深远，在我看来，像您这样一位公众人物的日志所起的作用更是显而易见。它几乎在不知不觉中使年轻人下定决心，要努力成为日志记录者这样优秀、杰出的人。打比方说，如果您的作品得以发表（我想这是没有问题的），它将引导年轻人效仿您早年时候的勤奋和节制，这样一部作品对于他们来说是何等的幸事啊！据我所知，现今在世的人里没有谁能够像您一样有能力帮助美洲青年培养勤奋、潜心事业、节俭生活以及自我克制的品质，即使许多人的合力也起不到您这样的作用。我并非说除此以外您的作品别无其他优点和作用，远非如此，但它的首要作用如此重要，我认为没有什么可与之匹敌。

The foregoing letter and the minutes accompanying it being shown to a friend, I received from him the following:

Letter from Mr. Benjamin Vaughan. "PARIS, January 31, 1783.

"My DEAREST SIR: When I had read over your sheets of minutes of the principal incidents of your life, recovered for you by your Quaker acquaintance, I told you I would send you a letter expressing my reasons why I thought it would be useful to complete and publish it as he desired. Various concerns have for some time past prevented this letter being written, and I do not know whether it was worth any expectation; happening to be at leisure, however, at present, I shall by writing, at least interest and instruct myself; but as the terms I am inclined to use may tend to offend a person of your manners, I shall only tell you how I would address any other person, who was as good and as great as yourself, but less diffident. I would say to him, Sir, I solicit the history of your life from the following motives: Your history is so remarkable, that if you do not give it, somebody else will certainly give it; and perhaps so as nearly to do as much harm, as your own management of the thing might do good. It will moreover present a table of the internal circumstances of your country, which will very much tend to invite to it settlers of virtuous and manly minds. And considering the eagerness with which such information is sought by them, and the extent of your reputation, I do not know of a more efficacious advertisement than your biography would give. All that has happened to you is also connected with the detail of the manners and situation of a rising people; and in this respect I do not think that the writings of Caesar[1] and Tacitus[2] can be more interesting to a true judge of human nature and society. But these, sir, are small reasons, in my opinion, compared with the chance which your life will give for the forming of future great men; and in conjunction with your *Art of Virtue* (which you design to publish) of improving the features of private character, and consequently of aiding all happiness, both public and domestic. The two works I allude to, sir, will in particular give a noble rule and example of self-education. School and other education constantly proceed upon false principles, and show a clumsy apparatus pointed at a false mark; but your apparatus is simple, and the mark a true one; and while parents and young persons are left destitute of other just means of estimating and becoming prepared for a reasonable course in life, your discovery that the thing

is in many a man's private power, will be invaluable! Influence upon the private character, late in life, is not only an influence late in life, but a weak influence. It is in youth that we plant our chief habits and prejudices; it is in youth that we take our party as to profession, pursuits and matrimony. In youth, therefore, the turn is given; in youth the education even of the next generation is given; in youth the private and public character is determined; and the term of life extending but from youth to age, life ought to begin well from youth, and more especially before we take our party as to our principal objects. But your biography will not merely teach self-education, but the education of a wise man; and the wisest man will receive lights and improve his progress, by seeing detailed the conduct of another wise man. And why are weaker men to be deprived of such helps, when we see our race has been blundering on in the dark, almost without a guide in this particular, from the farthest trace of time? Show then, sir, how much is to be done, both to sons and fathers; and invite all wise men to become like yourself, and other men to become wise. When we see how cruel statesmen and warriors can be to the human race, and how absurd distinguished men can be to their acquaintance, it will be instructive to observe the instances multiply of pacific, acquiescing manners; and to find how compatible it is to be great and domestic, enviable and yet good-humored.

"The little private incidents which you will also have to relate, will have considerable use, as we want, above all things, rules of prudence in ordinary affairs; and it will be curious to see how you have acted in these. It will be so far a sort of key to life, and explain many things that all men ought to have once explained to them, to give, them a chance of becoming wise by foresight. The nearest thing to having experience of one's own, is to have other people's affairs brought before us in a shape that is interesting; this is sure to happen from your pen; your affairs and management will have an air of simplicity or importance that will not fail to strike; and I am convinced you have conducted them with as much originality as if you had been conducting discussions in politics or philosophy; and what more worthy of experiments and system (its importance and its errors considered) than human life?

"Some men have been virtuous blindly, others have speculated fantastically, and others have been shrewd to bad purposes; but you, sir, I am sure, will give under your hand, nothing but what is at the same moment, wise, practical and good, your account of yourself (for I suppose the parallel I am drawing for Dr. Franklin, will hold not only in point of character, but of private history) will show that you are ashamed of no origin; a thing the more important, as you prove how little necessary all origin is to happiness, virtue, or greatness. As no end likewise happens without a means, so we shall find, sir, that even you yourself framed a plan by which you became considerable; but at the same time we may see that though the event is flattering, the means are as simple as wisdom could make them; that is, depending upon nature, virtue, thought and habit. Another thing demonstrated will be the propriety of everyman's waiting for his time for appearing upon the stage of the world. Our sensations being very much fixed to the moment, we are apt to forget that more moments are to follow the first, and consequently that man should arrange his conduct so as to suit the whole of a life. Your attribution appears to have been applied to your life, and the passing moments of it have been enlivened with content and enjoyment instead of being tormented with foolish impatience or regrets. Such a conduct is easy for those who make virtue and themselves in countenance by examples of other truly great men, of whom patience is so often the characteristic. Your Quaker correspondent, sir (for here again I will suppose the subject of my letter resembling Dr. Franklin), praised your frugality, diligence and temperance, which he considered as a pattern for all youth; but it is singular that he should have forgotten your modesty and your disinterestedness, without which you never could have waited for your advancement, or found your situation in the mean time comfortable; which is a strong lesson to show the poverty of glory and the importance of regulating our minds. If this correspondent had known the nature of your reputation as well as I do, he would have said, Your former writings and measures would secure attention to your *Biography*, and *Art of Virtue*; and your *Biography* and *Art of Virtue*, in return, would secure attention to them. This is an advantage attendant upon a

various character, and which brings all that belongs to it into greater play; and it is the more useful, as perhaps more persons are at a loss for the means of improving their minds and characters, than they are for the time or the inclination to do it. But there is one concluding reflection, sir, that will shew the use of your life as a mere piece of biography. This style of writing seems a little gone out of vogue, and yet it is a very useful one; and your specimen of it may be particularly serviceable, as it will make a subject of comparison with the lives of various public cutthroats and intriguers, and with absurd monastic self-tormentors or vain literary triflers. If it encourages more writings of the same kind with your own, and induces more men to spend lives fit to be written, it will be worth all Plutarch's Lives put together. But being tired of figuring to myself a character of which every feature suits only one man in the world, without giving him the praise of it, I shall end my letter, my dear Dr. Franklin, with a personal application to your proper self. I am earnestly desirous, then, my dear sir, that you should let the world into the traits of your genuine character, as civil broils nay otherwise tend to disguise or traduce it. Considering your great age, the caution of your character, and your peculiar style of thinking, it is not likely that any one besides yourself can be sufficiently master of the facts of your life, or the intentions of your mind. Besides all this, the immense revolution of the present period, will necessarily turn our attention towards the author of it, and when virtuous principles have been pretended in it, it will be highly important to shew that such have really influenced; and, as your own character will be the principal one to receive a scrutiny, it is proper (even for its effects upon your vast and rising country, as well as upon England and upon Europe) that it should stand respectable and eternal. For the furtherance of human happiness, I have always maintained that it is necessary to prove that man is not even at present a vicious and detestable animal; and still more to prove that good management may greatly amend him; and it is for much the same reason, that I am anxious to see the opinion established, that there are fair characters existing among the individuals of the race; for the moment that all men, without exception, shall be conceived abandoned, good people will cease efforts deemed to be hopeless, and perhaps think of taking their share in the scramble of life, or at least of making it comfortable principally for themselves. Take then, my dear sir, this work most speedily into hand: shew yourself good as you are good; temperate as you are temperate; and above all things, prove yourself as one, who from your infancy have loved justice, liberty and concord, in a way that has made it natural and consistent for you to have acted, as we have seen you act in the last seventeen years of your life. Let Englishmen be made not only to respect, but even to love you. When they think well of individuals in your native country, they will go nearer to thinking well of your country; and when your countrymen see themselves well thought of by Englishmen, they will go nearer to thinking well of England. Extend your views even further; do not stop at those who speak the English tongue, but after having settled so many points in nature and politics, think of bettering the whole race of men. As I have not read any part of the life in question, but know only the character that lived it, I write somewhat at hazard. I am sure, however, that the life and the treatise I allude to (on the *Art of Virtue*) will necessarily fulfil the chief of my expectations; and still more so if you take up the measure of suiting these performances to the several views above stated. Should they even prove unsuccessful in all that a sanguine admirer of yours hopes from them, you will at least have framed pieces to interest the human mind; and whoever gives a feeling of pleasure that is innocent to man, has added so much to the fair side of a life otherwise too much darkened by anxiety and too much injured by pain. In the hope, therefore, that you will listen to the prayer addressed to you in this letter, I beg to subscribe myself, my dearest sir, etc., etc.,

"Signed, BENJ. VAUGHAN."

Continuation of the Account of my Life, begun at Passy, near Paris, 1784.

我把前面这封信和附在信中的记录交给一个朋友看，后来收到他下面这封回信：

本杰明·沃恩先生的来信：

“亲爱的先生：

我读完了您贵格会的朋友寄还给您的关于您人生重大事件的记录后，曾说过要给您写一封信，陈述为什么我认为您如他所盼写完并发表您的自传将非常有益。以前种种琐事让我没能提笔，我也不知这封信是否值得您对它的期望，但我最近恰好有空，所以决定提起笔来，至少这是我自己感兴趣并将使自身受益的。也许我的措词会引起您这样人物的不悦，但我只想告诉您，如果是给另一位像您这样善良伟大、但不如您谦逊的人写信，我会怎样述说。我会和他说，先生，基于以下几个原因，我请您将自己的人生历程记录下来：您的过去如此非同寻常，如果您自己不记录下来，一定会有人为您记录，这样或许会带来许多危害，而由您亲自记述则要好得多；此外，您还可以借此对贵国的内部情形详加描述，这很可能会吸引善良勇敢的人移民于此，考虑到他们正热切地搜寻这类信息，而您又是如此美名远扬，我想，再也没有比您的自传更有效的广告了。您的所有经历也是与一个崛起民族的风俗和处境相关联的，从此种角度来看，我认为对于研究人性和人类社会的真正行家来说，您的自传可与恺撒和塔西佗的作品相媲美。但先生，在我看来这些理由并不重要，因为您的人生传记还可能对未来伟人的塑造产生影响，并与您所著的《道德的艺术》一起（您打算发表的）对改善个人性格，从而增进社会和家庭幸福起到重要作用。先生，我提到的这两部作品将为自我教育提供崇高的法则和范例。学校教育和其他教育形式常常根据错误的原理进行，它们使用笨拙的方法，指向错误的目标；您的方法则十分简单，目标也非常正确。当父母和孩子缺乏正确的途径，无法作出评估并为合理的人生道路做好准备时，您却发现，这方法就存在于许多人的个人力量中，这是多么宝贵啊！对个人性格的影响，如果发生在人生后期，不仅为时太晚，而且影响微弱。我们主要习惯的培养、主要见解的形成，是在青年时期；我们选择职业、确定追求、步入婚姻，是在青年时期。因此，我们人生转折点的形成，也在青年时期；青年时期我们甚至确定了对下一代的教育；青年时期我们形成了为人所知的性格，和唯己所察的内心。人生的长度唯青年到老年而已，因此青年时，人生就当有个善始，尤其是在我们确定人生的主要目标之前。但您的自传绝不仅仅讲授自我教育，而是论述进行教育从而成为一位智者的方法；大智之人将从其他智者的行为细节中得到启示，并取得进步。当我们回头看到远古以来人类一直在黑暗中摸索，跌跌撞撞，无人指引，我们为什么还要剥夺弱者获得帮助的机会呢？所以先生啊，告诉父亲们和儿子们该做些什么吧，让智者都能成为像您一样的人物，让其他人都能成为智者。当我们看到政治家和好战者对待人类同胞是如何残酷，看到所谓杰出人士对待朋友是如何荒唐时，如果能见平和顺从的风气渐长，发现伟大与擅长理家，令人称羡与平易近人的诸多品格是如何协调地集于一身，人们将受益无穷。

您在自传中必然讲述的琐碎私事也会很有帮助，因为我们最需培养日常生活中审慎的原则，所以想看您是怎样处理这些事情的。您的自传将会成为生活的一把钥匙，向人们解释早该有人解释过的许多问题，并给他们一个因深谋远虑而变得睿智的机会。与自己亲身经历最为接近的，是阅读他人那描写得饶有趣味的类似经历，而您的文笔一定不会让我们失望。您的为人处世将会给人平易朴实的感觉，或令人深深意识到这种处世态度的重要性。我确信您在处理这些事务时充满了独到之处，如同您在政治学或哲学讨论中表现的一样；考虑到人生的重要性及种种过失，又有什么比人生更值得尝试，更值得进行系统总结规划的呢？

有些人盲目地死守道德，有人胡乱猜想、天马行空，还有人心怀不轨、精于算计，但先生，我相信您所写的一定是睿智、实用而又良善的。您在自述中表明（我想我所描述的与富兰克林博士类似的这个人，不仅在品行方面与您相近，在个人经历上也是如此），您不以出身卑微为耻，这一点非常重要，因为您证明了对于幸福、美德和伟大而言，出身是多么无关紧要。没有哪个目标无需通过一定的方法就能实现，所以，先生，我们发现甚至连您都制定了使自己出类拔萃的计划，但同时我们也看到，尽管计划的最终结果让人欢喜，而其方法也是人类智慧所能想到的最为简单的办法，那就是依靠人的本性、美德、思想和习惯。自传中体现的另外一点就是每个人都应等待合适的时机，登上世界的舞台。我们常常过于关注当下，忘了来日方长，因此人应

当合理安排自己的行为，以与整个人生相契合。您的这种品质似乎就贯穿于您的整个人生中，使得人生的每个短暂瞬间都因知足和愉悦之心而充满生气，不为愚蠢的急躁或懊悔而备受折磨。对于那些以真正的伟人为榜样，恪守道德修身养性的人来说，这样的举止并不困难，因为伟人们通常具备耐心。先生，给您写信的那位贵格会朋友（这里我要再次假设我的信是写给一个类似富兰克林博士的人）赞扬您的节俭、勤奋和节制，他认为这是所有年轻人应当效仿的典范，但奇怪的是，他却忘了您的谦虚谨慎、公正无私，没有这两点，您不会耐心等待人生道路上的前进，也不会舒心坦然地面对自己的遭遇。这是有力的一课，表明荣耀和名誉是多么空洞，而调节自己的心智又是多么重要。如果给您写信的人如我一样了解您名声的实质，他会说，您以前的文章和行为将使人们注意到您的《自传》和《道德的艺术》，而反过来，您的《自传》和《道德的艺术》又将使人们注意到您以前的文章和行为。这是拥有丰满人格的人所拥有的优势，它能使自身拥有的一切品质更加充分地发挥出来，这也更有用，因为也许更多的人是不知到底如何提升心智、磨炼性格，而非没有时间或意愿去实现。但我最后还有一个想法，先生，那就是说明把您的生平作为一部纯粹的传记的用处。写传记似乎有些不太时兴了，但它还是非常有用的，尤其是您写的自传，一定更为有用，因为我们可以将传记中您的人生与各类凶残者和阴谋家的人生相比较，与荒诞的修道院苦行僧或目空一切、游手好闲的文人相比较。如果您的传记能鼓舞更多人写出这样的作品，激励更多人过上充满意义、值得提笔记载的生活，那么它的价值将相当于普卢塔克的所有传记价值之和。但我已厌倦了在自己脑海中勾勒这样一个人物——他的每种特征只契合于这世上的唯一一人——而不给他应有的赞颂。亲爱的富兰克林博士，在我结束这封信前，我想向您提个私人请求。我热忱盼望，亲爱的先生，您能让世人了解您真实的性格特征，否则它可能被争吵斗争所掩盖甚至损害。考虑到您年事已高，性格谨慎，思维方式又十分独特，恐怕除了您自己，再无他人能对您的人生历程和思想意图有充分的了解了。除此之外，现阶段革命形势如火如荼，人们必将注意到这场革命的发起者；既然革命宣称以某些道德原则为基础，那么告诉世人这些道德原则真正影响了革命就显得至关重要，而您的人格，必将成为公众瞩目的焦点，因此，它应当是值得尊敬并将流芳百世的（即使考虑到它对您幅员辽阔、正在崛起的国家的影响，以及对英国、对欧洲的影响也是如此）。为了促进人类的幸福，我一直认为很有必要证实，即使现在人类也不是生性卑劣、可憎的动物，而证明人性能够通过良好的管理大为改进则更为必要；出于同样原因，我极希望看到，人们相信人世间仍有高尚的灵魂存在，因为一旦人们认为所有人都无一例外地寡廉鲜耻、自甘堕落，那么善良的人们会放弃认为注定无望的努力，可能也会想在人生的无情争夺中分得一杯羹，或至少为自己谋得个安逸舒适的所在。所以啊，我亲爱的先生，尽快着手这项工作吧：您是善良的，就写出您的善良；您是节制的，就写出您的节制；尤为重要的是，证明您自幼就热爱正义、自由和和谐，这种热爱出于自然，一以贯之，正如过去17年里我们眼见您的为人处世一般。让英国人不仅尊敬您，更爱戴您吧。当他们对贵国的个别国民产生敬意时，他们会进一步对贵国产生敬意；而当您的同胞知道英国人对他们心怀敬意时，他们也会进一步对英国产生敬意。把您的眼光再放长远些，不要仅仅关注讲英语的国家，在解决了自然和政治上如此多的问题后，考虑为全人类的进步而努力吧。由于我没有读过这部自传的任何部分，只是认识自传的主人公，所以我的信可能写得有失妥当。但我相信，您的自传和我提到的您的论文（见《道德的艺术》）必将满足我的主要期望，如果您写作时还能想着上面提到的几点想法，那就再好不过了。即使这些作品没有使您热忱的仰慕者的期望得到满足，您至少可以创作几篇愉悦心智的作品。如果能给人带来单纯的快乐，那么也为人生增添了许多美好，否则这人生会因焦虑而黯然失色，会因痛苦而备受折磨。因此，希望您能听从我这封信里对您的祈求，最亲爱的先生，我请求您同意。

本杰明·沃恩

1783年1月31日，巴黎”

（自传续，1784年写于巴黎附近的帕西）

It is some time since I receiv'd the above letters, but I have been too busy till now to think of complying with the request they contain. It might, too, be much better done if I were at home among my papers, which would aid my memory, and help to ascertain dates; but

my return being uncertain and having just now a little leisure, I will endeavor to recollect and write what I can; if I live to get home, it may there be corrected and improv'd.

Not having any copy here of what is already written, I know not whether an account is given of the means I used to establish the Philadelphia public library, which, from a small beginning, is now become so considerable, though I remember to have come down to near the time of that transaction (1730). I will therefore begin here with an account of it, which may be struck out if found to have been already given.

At the time I establish'd myself in Pennsylvania, there was not a good bookseller's shop in any of the colonies to the southward of Boston. In New York and Philad'a the printers were indeed stationers; they sold only paper, etc., almanacs, ballads, and a few common school-books. Those who lov'd reading were oblig'd to send for their books from England; the members of the Junto had each a few. We had left the alehouse, where we first met, and hired a room to hold our club in. I propos'd that we should all of us bring our books to that room, where they would not only be ready to consult in our conferences, but become a common benefit, each of us being at liberty to borrow such as he wish'd to read at home. This was accordingly done, and for some time contented us.

我收到上面两封信有些时日了，但我一直太忙，直到现在才想起满足信里提出的要求。若我能在家里写作，手边有我以前写的文章帮助回忆，让我确定某些事件的时间，也许我能写得更好。但我还不知何时回去，现在又有些空闲，所以我尽量回忆，把我所能记得的事情写下来；若我有生之年能够回去，再来更正错误、修改文章吧。

我手头没有已经写完的手稿，所以不知道是否已经讲述过费城公共图书馆是怎么建立的，图书馆起步时很小，而现在已有相当规模了。我记得已经写到建立图书馆这件事情前后了（1730年），所以我就接着从这儿开始吧，如果以后发现这部分已经写过，那就再把它删掉吧。

我在宾夕法尼亚立业时，在波士顿以南的任何一片殖民地都找不到一家好书店。在纽约和费城，印刷所实际上就是文具店，只出售纸张等物品，还有年历、民歌和一些普通的学校课本，热爱读书的人只好请人从英国代为买书。互助学习社的成员每人都有些藏书，我们当时已经离开了最初见面的酒馆，租了间房子用于俱乐部聚会。我提议大家把各自的藏书都带到那间房子里来，这样不但我们聚会时能随时参阅相关书籍，还能使大家都受益，每个人都能把他想读的书借回家去阅读。于是我们就这样做了，这让我们好一段时间里都非常满意。

Finding the advantage of this little collection, I propos'd to render the benefit from books more common, by commencing a public

subscription library. I drew a sketch of the plan and rules that would be necessary, and got a skilful conveyancer, Mr. Charles Brockden, to put the whole in form of articles of agreement to be subscribed, by which each subscriber engag'd to pay a certain sum down for the first purchase of books, and an annual contribution for increasing them. So few were the readers at that time in Philadelphia, and the majority of us so poor, that I was not able, with great industry, to find more than fifty persons, mostly young tradesmen, willing to pay down for this purpose forty shillings each, and ten shillings per annum. On this little fund we began. The books were imported; the library wag opened one day in the week for lending to the subscribers, on their promissory notes to pay double the value if not duly returned. The institution soon manifested its utility, was imitated by other towns, and in other provinces. The libraries were augmented by donations; reading became fashionable; and our people, having no publick amusements to divert their attention from study, became better acquainted with books, and in a few years were observ'd by strangers to be better instructed and more intelligent than people of the same rank generally are in other countries.

When we were about to sign the above-mentioned articles, which were to be binding upon us, our heirs, etc., for fifty years, Mr. Brockden, the scrivener, said to us, "You are young men, but it is scarcely probable that any of you will live to see the expiration of the term fix'd in the instrument." A number of us, however, are yet living; but the instrument was after a few years rendered null by a charter that incorporated and gave perpetuity to the company.

发现这个小型藏书库的好处后，我又提议开办一个公共会员图书馆，让读书的好处惠及更多人。我草拟了一份必要的开办计划和规章，请经验丰富的代办人查尔斯·布罗克登先生把它整理为订阅协议条款。根据协议，每位会员要先交一笔钱作为首次购书的费用，以后每年还要再支付一定金额使图书馆可以添置书籍。当时费城的读书人少之又少，我们大多数人又非常贫穷，因此尽管我四处奔波，最终也只能找到50位会员而已。大多数都是年轻工匠，每人愿意为此先掏40先令，以后每年再出10先令。我们的图书馆就以这笔小小的资金启动了。书是在国外购买的，图书馆每周开放一天，可让会员借阅书籍，借阅时需要出一份承诺书，承诺如未按期归还，将缴纳书价两倍的罚金。图书馆很快显示了它的用处，其他各州的城镇也纷纷效仿。后来有了捐款，图书馆的规模日益扩大，读书的风气渐渐培养起来。我们的人民没有别的公共消遣可以转移注意力，就愈加热爱读书。几年之后，外国人就发现，我们的人民比他国同一阶层的民众文化水平更高，更有智慧。

我们要签署上面提过的对我们自己和后代拥有50年约束力的合同时，代办人布罗克登先生对我们说：“你们虽是年轻人，但你们不太可能会有人活到协议期满的那一天。”但是，我们中间很多人至今仍然在世，

而那份协议却在几年以后失效了，将图书馆改组成了一家永久性公司。

The objections and reluctances I met with in soliciting the subscriptions, made me soon feel the impropriety of presenting one's self as the proposer of any useful project, that might be suppos'd to raise one's reputation in the smallest degree above that of one's neighbors, when one has need of their assistance to accomplish that project. I therefore put myself as much as I could out of sight, and stated it as a scheme of a number of friends, who had requested me to go about and propose it to such as they thought lovers of reading. In this way my affair went on more smoothly, and I ever after practis'd it on such occasions; and, from my frequent successes, can heartily recommend it. The present little sacrifice of your vanity will afterwards be amply repaid. If it remains a while uncertain to whom the merit belongs, some one more vain than yourself will be encouraged to claim it, and then even envy will be disposed to do you justice by plucking those assumed feathers, and restoring them to their right owner.

This library afforded me the means of improvement by constant study, for which I set apart an hour or two each day, and thus repair'd in some degree the loss of the learned education my father once intended for me. Reading was the only amusement I allow'd myself. I spent no time in taverns, games, or frolicks of any kind; and my industry in my business continu'd as indefatigable as it was necessary. I was indebted for my printing-house; I had a young family coming on to be educated, and I had to contend with for business two printers, who were established in the place before me. My circumstances, however, grew daily easier. My original habits of frugality continuing, and my father having, among his instructions to me when a boy, frequently repeated a proverb of Solomon[3], "Seest thou a man diligent in his calling, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men," I from thence considered industry as a means of obtaining wealth and distinction, which encourag'd me, tho' I did not think that I should ever literally stand before kings, which, however, has since happened; for I have stood before five, and even had the honor of sitting down with one, the King of Denmark, to dinner.

我在征集会员时遭遇的种种回绝和不情愿使我很快意识到，以个人名义提出任何有用的公共计划并不妥当，当你需要邻居们的帮助来完成这项计划时，人们可能认为你是借机为自己扬名，以超过他们。因此我尽量避免以个人身份出现，而把建立图书馆说成是许多朋友的共同计划，他们委托我来办理，并请他们心目中热爱读书的人来参加。这样事情就办得顺利些了，后来在类似情况下我还是这么办，屡获成功，因此，我诚心向大家推荐这个方法。这样，尽管你的虚荣心一时得不到满足，但你以后将得到巨大回报。如果一时不能确定功劳该归谁，有些比

你更爱虚荣的人会宣称应归功于他们，但不用担心失了公道，这时定有别人对他们心生嫉妒，揭穿他们，把这称誉还给那应得之人。

图书馆使我通过持之以恒地学习取得进步，我每天都花一两个小时学习，这在一定程度上弥补了我未接受过高等教育的遗憾，那是我父亲曾经希望我能获得的。阅读是我允许自己拥有的唯一乐趣，我从不流连于酒馆，从不醉心于赌博或是其他娱乐，我依然勤恳地工作着，不知疲倦，这在当时也是必要的。印刷所的债没有还清，我的孩子们即将上学了，我还得与当地另两家先于我成立的印刷所竞争。但是，境况却在日益好转。我还是保留着原先节俭的习惯，父亲在我儿时对我的诸多教诲中，常常引用所罗门的一句谚语："凡勤奋工作的人，他将立于君王面前，而非与下等人为伍。"从那时起，我便认为勤奋是获得财富和名望之道，尽管我并没想过自己当真要立于君王面前，但这激励了我。不过，这事倒真的发生了，因为我曾立于五位君王面前，甚至还荣幸地与丹麦国王同席共进晚餐。

We have an English proverb that says, "He that would thrive, must ask his wife." It was lucky for me that I had one as much dispos'd to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully in my business, folding and stitching pamphlets, tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for the papermakers, etc., etc. We kept no idle servants, our table was plain and simple, our furniture of the cheapest. For instance, my breakfast was a long time bread and milk (no tea), and I ate it out of a twopenny earthen porringer, with a pewter spoon. But mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress, in spite of principle: being call'd one morning to breakfast, I found it in a China bowl, with a spoon of silver! They had been bought for me without my knowledge by my wife, and had cost her the enormous sum of three-and-twenty shillings, for which she had no other excuse or apology to make, but that she thought her husband deserv'd a silver spoon and China bowl as well as any of his neighbors. This was the first appearance of plate and China in our house, which afterward, in a course of years, as our wealth increas'd, augmented gradually to several hundred pounds in value.

I had been religiously educated as a Presbyterian; and tho' some of the dogmas of that persuasion, such as the eternal decrees of God, election, reprobation, etc., appeared to me unintelligible, others doubtful, and I early absented myself from the public assemblies of the sect, Sunday being my studying day, I never was without some religious principles. I never doubted, for instance, the existence of the Deity; that he made the world, and govern'd it by his Providence; that the most acceptable service of God was the doing good to man; that our souls are immortal; and that all crime will be punished, and virtue rewarded, either here or hereafter. These I esteem'd the essentials of every religion; and, being to be found in all the religions we had in

our country, I respected them all, tho' with different degrees of respect, as I found them more or less mix'd with other articles, which, without any tendency to inspire, promote, or confirm morality, serv'd principally to divide us, and make us unfriendly to one another. This respect to all, with an opinion that the worst had some good effects, induc'd me to avoid all discourse that might tend to lessen the good opinion another might have of his own religion; and as our province increas'd in people, and new places of worship were continually wanted, and generally erected by voluntary contributions, my mite for such purpose, whatever might be the sect, was never refused.

有句英国谚语这样说："要想取得成功，必要请教妻子。"我很幸运，因为我有一位和我一样克勤克俭的妻子。她愉快地在事业上帮助我，帮我折叠和装订那些小册子，照管店铺，为造纸商收购破布等等。我们不雇无事可做的仆人，所吃的饭菜简单朴素，家具总是最便宜的。比如，很长一段时间，我的早餐只是面包和牛奶而已（没有茶），餐具是一个只值两便士的陶制小碗和一只锡制汤匙。但请注意，奢侈的习惯是怎样进入家庭，且不管原则如何还是日渐得势的：一天早上我吃早饭时，竟发现餐具换成了瓷碗和银匙！它们是我妻子在我不知情的情况下买来的，花了高达23先令的巨款！她对此没找托词，也没有道歉，只说她认为她的丈夫应当拥有一把银匙和一个瓷碗，如同任何一位邻居一样。这是金属器皿和瓷器第一次在我们家出现，在后来许多年里，随着我们财富的增加，金属器皿和瓷器也逐渐增加到价值几百镑了。

我以前受过长老会的熏陶，尽管它们有些教条在我看来有些难以理解，比如上帝的永恒谕令、上帝的选拔和摈弃等等，还有一些值得怀疑，我也早已不参加他们的公众集会，因为星期天我都用来学习，但我绝不是毫无宗教原则的。比如，我从不怀疑上帝的存在，是上帝创造了世界并按他的意旨管理世界，我不怀疑上帝最广为接受的作用是为人类造福，不怀疑我们的灵魂不灭，不怀疑所有罪恶都将受到惩处，美德都将得到回报，只是时间早晚不同。我认为这是每一宗教的要旨，因为它们在我国现存的所有宗教里都能找到，所以我对所有宗教都非常尊敬，只不过程度有所差别，因为我发现它们之中或多或少都混杂有别的东西，这些杂质不能鼓舞、促进或是巩固道德观念，而主要使我们分裂，让我们对他人不友好。我对所有宗教都心存敬意，认为即使最坏的教派也有积极作用，这一态度使我避免了一切可能损害他人对其所信宗教的良好印象的言论。随着本州人口增多，不断需要建造新的礼拜场所，其资金一般来自民众自愿捐款，所以不管哪个教派，只要需要，我从来不会拒绝献出我的一份力量。

Tho' I seldom attended any public worship, I had still an opinion of its propriety, and of its utility when rightly conducted, and I regularly paid my annual subscription for the support of the only Presbyterian minister or meeting we had in Philadelphia. He us'd to visit me sometimes as a friend, and admonish me to attend his administrations, and I was now and then prevail'd on to do so, once

for five Sundays successively. Had he been in my opinion a good preacher, perhaps I might have continued, notwithstanding the occasion I had for the Sunday's leisure in my course of study; but his discourses were chiefly either polemic arguments, or explications of the peculiar doctrines of our sect, and were all to me very dry, uninteresting, and unedifying, since not a single moral principle was inculcated or enforc'd, their aim seeming to be rather to make us Presbyterians than good citizens.

At length he took for his text that verse of the fourth chapter of Philippians, "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, or of good report, if there be any virtue, or any praise, think on these things." And I imagin'd, in a sermon on such a text, we could not miss of having some morality. But he confin'd himself to five points only, as meant by the apostle, viz.: 1. Keeping holy the Sabbath day. 2. Being diligent in reading the holy Scriptures. 3. Attending duly the publick worship. 4. Partaking of the Sacrament. 5. Paying a due respect to God's ministers. These might be all good things; but, as they were not the kind of good things that I expected from that text, I despaired of ever meeting with them from any other, was disgusted, and attended his preaching no more. I had some years before compos'd a little Liturgy, or form of prayer, for my own private use (viz., in 1728), entitled, *Articles of Belief and Acts of Religion*. I return'd to the use of this, and went no more to the public assemblies. My conduct might be blameable, but I leave it, without attempting further to excuse it; my present purpose being to relate facts, and not to make apologies for them.

尽管我很少参加公共礼拜，我仍然认为，如果能恰当地举行，宗教礼拜是适宜且有用的，而且我还定期缴纳年费，供养费城唯一的长老会牧师，维持长老会教堂的开支。以前牧师有时会以朋友的身份拜访我，劝我参加他主持的礼拜，我有时也会依从他的建议，有一次还连续五个星期日都参加了。如果在我看来他是位好牧师，也许我会继续参加下去，尽管星期天的空闲时间我原本是要用于学习的。但他的布道要么是谈各派的神学争论，要么是就长老会的特定教义作出解释，在我看来都枯燥无味，毫无启发，他从未宣扬或强调过哪怕是一条道德准则，与其说其目的是希望我们成为好公民，不如说是希望我们成为长老会教徒。

后来，牧师以《腓立比书》第四章中的一节作为讲道的内容：“弟兄们，我还有未尽的话：凡是真实的、可敬的、正义的、纯洁的、可爱的、有美名的，若有什么德行，若有什么称赞，这些事你们都要思念。”我想，就这样的内容布道，一定是会谈到道德的。但他却把使徒的意图仅局限于五点：1.虔诚地遵守安息日；2.勤读《圣经》；3.按时参加公共礼拜；4.参加圣礼；5.尊敬牧师。这些道理都是好的，但并不是我期望从这段经文中得出的好道理，于是我知道要从其他经文中得出什么好的道理也是不可能的，对此心生厌烦，就再也不去听他布道了。几

年以前（1728年）我曾编过一本小小的祈祷书，或是祈祷文，供自己使用，名叫《信仰和宗教行为条例》。我又重新使用此书，再也不去教堂集会了。我的行为也许有些不当，但我不去理会，也不想寻找借口为自己开脱，我现在的目的只是叙述事实，而非为过去的事情进行辩解。

It was about this time I conceiv'd the bold and arduous project of arriving at moral perfection. I wish'd to live without committing any fault at any time; I would conquer all that either natural inclination, custom, or company might lead me into. As I knew, or thought I knew, what was right and wrong, I did not see why I might not always do the one and avoid the other. But I soon found I had undertaken a task of more difficulty than I had imagined. While my care was employ'd in guarding against one fault, I was often surprised by another; habit took the advantage of inattention; inclination was sometimes too strong for reason. I concluded, at length, that the mere speculative conviction that it was our interest to be completely virtuous, was not sufficient to prevent our slipping; and that the contrary habits must be broken, and good ones acquired and established, before we can have any dependence on a steady, uniform rectitude of conduct. For this purpose I therefore contrived the following method.

In the various enumerations of the moral virtues I had met with in my reading, I found the catalogue more or less numerous, as different writers included more or fewer ideas under the same name. Temperance, for example, was by some confined to eating and drinking, while by others it was extended to mean the moderating every other pleasure, appetite, inclination, or passion, bodily or mental, even to our avarice and ambition. I propos'd to myself, for the sake of clearness, to use rather more names, with fewer ideas annex'd to each, than a few names with more ideas; and I included under thirteen names of virtues all that at that time occurr'd to me as necessary or desirable, and annexed to each a short precept, which fully express'd the extent I gave to its meaning.

These names of virtues, with their precepts, were:

1. TEMPERANCE. Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation.

2. SILENCE. Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

3. ORDER. Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

4. RESOLUTION. Resolve to perform what you ought; perform

without fail what you resolve.

5. FRUGALITY. Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself; i.e., waste nothing.

6. INDUSTRY. Lose no time; be always employ'd in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

7. SINCERITY. Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly, and, if you speak, speak accordingly.

8. JUSTICE. Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

9. MODERATION. Avoid extreams; forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve.

10. CLEANLINESS. Tolerate no uncleanliness in body, cloaths, or habitation.

11. TRANQUILLITY. Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

12. CHASTITY. Rarely use venery but for health or offspring, never to dulness, weakness, or the injury of your own or another's peace or reputation.

13. HUMILITY. Imitate Jesus and Socrates.

大约这个时期，我构想出一个大胆而艰巨的道德完善计划。我希望永远不犯任何错误，要克服一切可能使我失足的因素，不管这是天生的喜好也好，习惯也好，抑或是交友不慎。既然我能明辨是非，或自以为拥有这种能力，那我为什么不选择是而规避非呢？但过了不久，我就发现，这个任务比想象的要更艰难。当我小心翼翼地防范某个错误时，经常一不留神就犯了另一个错误。习惯总趁人一时疏忽时得逞，而面对个人爱好，理智有时又不够强大。后来我得出了结论，仅仅凭空相信拥有所有美德对我们很有好处，还不足以避免自己失足犯错；我们首先应改掉错误的习惯，养成正确的习惯，然后才能相信自己会始终如一地保持正确的言行。为实现这一目的，我设计了如下方法。

我曾读过关于道德品质的种种列举，发现其分类名目多种多样，不同的作者会对同一名词作或广义或狭义的诠释。例如节制，有人仅仅将其限于饮食，而有人却将它推而广之，涵盖对其他各种娱乐、欲望、爱好、肉体或精神冲动的节制，甚至将对贪欲和野心的控制也包含在内。为了清晰起见，我宁可使用更多的名词，各词只涵盖较少的义项，这比用较少的名词来指代很多意思要好。我将当时所有自认为必要或合意的品质归于13项美德名下，并对每一项都附上简短的解释，以充分说明我认为该项美德应包含哪些内容。

这些美德和它们的具体解释分别是：

1. 节制。食不过饱，饮不过量。

2. 沉默。不说对人对己毫无益处的话，不参与闲谈。

3. 有序。一切物品都应规整有序，每件事情都应安排时间完成。

4. 意志坚定。下决心去完成该做的事，下决心之后就定要完成。

5. 节俭。所费钱财必须于人或于己有利，不浪费一分一厘。

6. 勤奋。不浪费时间，每一分钟都做有用的事，摒弃一切不必要的行为。

7. 真诚。不欺骗伤害他人，思想要纯洁公正，说话要实事求是。

8. 正直。不冤枉伤害他人，不忽略自己能造福他人的责任。

9. 中庸。避免趋于极端。如果受到应得伤害，不要恼怒。

10. 清洁。保持身体、衣服和住所始终干净整洁。

11. 平静。不受琐事及普通或难以避免的事故纷扰。

12. 贞洁。少行房事，除非为了健康或生养后代起见，以免使大脑迟钝，使身体虚弱，或是破坏自己或他人的安宁和名声。

13. 谦逊。效仿基督和苏格拉底。

My intention being to acquire the habitude of all these virtues, I judg'd it would be well not to distract my attention by attempting the whole at once, but to fix it on one of them at a time; and, when I should be master of that, then to proceed to another, and so on, till I should have gone thro' the thirteen; and, as the previous acquisition of some might facilitate the acquisition of certain others, I arrang'd them with that view, as they stand above. Temperance first, as it tends to procure that coolness and clearness of head, which is so necessary where constant vigilance was to be kept up, and guard maintained against the unremitting attraction of ancient habits, and the force of perpetual temptations. This being acquir'd and establish'd, Silence would be more easy; and my desire being to gain knowledge at the same time that I improv'd in virtue, and considering that in conversation it was obtain'd rather by the use of the ears than of the tongue, and therefore wishing to break a habit I was getting into of prattling, punning, and joking, which only made me acceptable to trifling company, I gave Silence the second place. This and the next, Order, I expected would allow me more time for attending to my project and my studies. Resolution, once become habitual, would keep me firm in my endeavors to obtain all the subsequent virtues;

Frugality and Industry freeing me from my remaining debt, and producing affluence and independence, would make more easy the practice of Sincerity and Justice, etc., etc. Conceiving then, that, agreeably to the advice of Pythagoras[4] in his *Golden Verses*, daily examination would be necessary, I contrived the following method for conducting that examination.

我希望拥有上述所有美德并能养成相应习惯，但我认为最好不要试图毕其功于一役，以免分散注意力，而应循序渐进，每次以培养一种美德为目标，待完成之后再继续前进，直到拥有所有这13项美德。考虑到先拥有某些美德将使后来者的培养更容易，我将它们的顺序作了适当安排，如上面排序所示。节制是首当其冲的，因为它能使头脑冷静清晰，这对于时刻保持警醒来说十分必要，以防止旧习惯的不断引诱，抵御那些无穷无尽的诱惑。在养成“节制”这一美德后，“沉默”就要容易些了。因为我在培养品德的同时也希望获得知识，而谈话时，知识的获得需要侧耳倾听，而非不停地动嘴皮子，于是我希望自己改掉喜欢闲聊、说话爱玩文字游戏、爱开玩笑的习惯，这些习惯只让我结交些浅薄之人，所以我把“沉默”列在第二位。养成“沉默”和下一位“有序”的美德后，我希望我能花更多时间用于自己的计划和学习。等坚定的意志成为习惯后，能让我在培养随后美德的努力中坚定不动摇。“节俭”和“勤奋”能使我尽快还清剩下的债务，为我创造财富，真正独立，并使“真诚”和“正直”更易践行，如此等等。然后我又想到，根据毕达哥拉斯在《金色诗篇》里提出的建议，每日自省是必要的，于是我又设计了以下方法用于自省。

I made a little book, in which I allotted a page for each of the virtues. I rul'd each page with red ink, so as to have seven columns, one for each day of the week, marking each column with a letter for the day. I cross'd these columns with thirteen red lines, marking the beginning of each line with the first letter of one of the virtues, on which line, and in its proper column, I might mark, by a little black spot, every fault I found upon examination to have been committed respecting that virtue upon that day.

Form of the pages.

TEMPERANCE

EAT NOT TO DULLNESS; DRINK NOT TO ELEVATION.

T.
S.
O.
R.
F.
I.
S.
J.
M.
C.
T.
C.

H.

我制作了一个小册子，册子上每种德行各占一页。我用红色墨水在每页纸上画上直线，形成7列，用于记录一周7天，并在列头标上一个字母代表那一天。在这7列上我再画上13条红线，在每一行的开头标上13项美德的首字母，如果通过自省发现那天犯了违反该项美德的错误，便在竖线和横线形成的小方格中标记一个小黑点。

表格如下：

节制

食不过饱 饮不过量

节制						
沉默						
有序						
意志坚定						
节俭						
勤奋						
真诚						
正直						
中庸						
清洁						
平静						
贞洁						
谦逊						

I determined to give a week's strict attention to each of the virtues successively. Thus, in the first week, my great guard was to avoid every the least offence against Temperance, leaving the other virtues to their ordinary chance, only marking every evening the faults of the day. Thus, if in the first week I could keep my first line, marked T, clear of spots, I suppos'd the habit of that virtue so much strengthen'd and its opposite weaken'd, that I might venture extending my attention to include the next, and for the following week keep both lines clear of spots. Proceeding thus to the last, I could go thro' a course compleat in thirteen weeks, and four courses in a year. And like him who, having a garden to weed, does not attempt to eradicate all the bad herbs at once, which would exceed his reach and his strength, but works on one of the beds at a time, and, having accomplish'd the first, proceeds to a second, so I should have, I hoped, the encouraging pleasure of seeing on my pages the progress I made in virtue, by clearing successively my lines of their spots, till in the end, by a number of courses, I should be happy in viewing a clean book, after a thirteen weeks' daily examination.

This my little book had for its motto these lines from Addison's[5] *Cato*:

> "Here will I hold. If there's a power above us
>
> (And that there is all nature cries aloud Thro' all her works), He must delight in virtue;
>
> And that which he delights in must be happy."
>
> Another from Cicero[6],

> "O vitae Philosophia dux! O virtutum indagatrix
>
> expultrixque vitiorum! Unus dies, bene et ex praeceptis
>
> tuis actus, peccanti immortalitati est anteponendus."

我决定每周严格遵守一种美德。因此，第一周内，我要全力避免违反“节制”原则的任何小失误，而对其他美德暂时不管，只在每晚标记当天做了哪些违反这些美德的事情。这样，如果第一周内我能保持注明为“节制”的第一行没有小黑点，我想这种良好习惯将大为巩固，而与此相反的不良习惯则大为削弱，这样我就可以大胆地将注意力扩展到包括下一美德的培养上。第二周，我要保持第二页的头两行没有小黑点。这样依次进行，直至最后一项，从而在13周之内完成全部过程，每年循环四次。这就像一个人为花坛除草，他不会企图一次除尽所有杂草，这将超出他的能力与体力；他应一次只为一个花床除草，除完第一个之后再开始第二个。因此我希望，我能依次消除每一行的小黑点，从这本小册子上看到自己在德行方面的进步，从中获得鼓舞，获得快乐，直到最后，通过多个循环周期，在13周的日检之后，我能高兴地看到一本干净没有黑点的小册子。

我从艾迪生的《卡托》中摘录了下面几句话作为这本小册子的题词：

“我坚信如果有种力量在我们之上

（自然万物大声宣告，

此种力量确实存在），

他必定因美德而愉快；

而让他愉快的人必定幸福。”

还有西塞罗的格言：

“啊，哲学，生命的导师！啊，美德的探寻者，

罪恶的清除者！按您的敕令认真活一天，

也好过带着满身罪恶长生不死。”

Another from the Proverbs of Solomon, speaking of wisdom or virtue:

"Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." iii. 16, 17.

And conceiving God to be the fountain of wisdom, I thought it right and necessary to solicit his assistance for obtaining it; to this end I formed the following little prayer, which was prefix'd to my tables of examination, for daily use.

"O powerful Goodness! Bountiful Father! Merciful Guide! Increase in me that wisdom which discovers my truest interest. Strengthen my resolutions to perform what that wisdom dictates. Accept my kind offices to thy other children as the only return in my power for thy continual favors to me."

I used also sometimes a little prayer which I took from Thomson's Poems, viz.:

"Father of light and life, thou Good Supreme!

O teach me what is good; teach me Thyself!

Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,

From every low pursuit; and fill my soul

With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;

Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!"

The precept of Order requiring that every part of my business should have its allotted time, one page in my little book contain'd the following scheme of employment for the twenty-four hours of a natural day:

Rise, wash, and address Powerful Goodness! Contrive day's business and take the resolution of the day; prosecute the present study, and

5 The Morning.

6 Work, study, business.

7 Breakfast.

Questions.

breakfast		
Work	8	
	9	
	10	
	11	
Read, or overlook	12 noon	Look my accounts, and
dine.	1	
Work.	2	
	3	
	4	
	5	
Put things in their places. Supper.	6	Evening
Music. Conversation.	7	Question. What good have I
Examination of the day	8	done today?
	9	
Sleep	10	Night
	11	
	12	
	1	
	2	
	3	
	4	

另外还有所罗门的格言，是谈智慧和道德的：

“她右手有长寿，左手有富贵，她的道是安乐，她的路全是平安。”（《箴言》第三章第16、17节）

我认为上帝是智慧的源泉，因此我觉得恳求他助我得到智慧是既正确又必要的。为了实现这一目标，我写了下面这篇短小的祈祷文，并把它放在自省表格之前，每日诵读：

“噢，全能的上帝！慷慨的天父！仁慈的向导！增加我的智慧，让我发现自己真正的兴趣吧；坚定我的决心，让我完成智慧赋予的任务吧。接受我为您其他子民的诚心服务吧，以此作为我对您不断给我恩惠的唯一报答。”

我有时也引用汤姆逊的诗歌作为简短的祈祷文：

> “光明与生命的父亲，您至高无上的主啊！
>
> 啊，教导我什么是善吧，您亲自教导我吧！
>
> 挽救我，使我脱离愚昧、虚荣和罪恶吧！
>
> 让我摒弃低劣的追求，让我的灵魂
>
> 拥有知识、内心的宁静和纯洁的品德吧；
>
> 请给我神圣、充足和永无止境的福佑！”

“有序”的准则要求我分配固定的时间完成每件事情，在我那本小册子中，有一页将一天24小时的时间分配作了如下安排：

起床，洗漱，用最能的上帝祷告；安排
问题的在我今天要做什么我该注意什么；进
行当前的学习，吃早餐
8点 工作
9点
10点
11点
阅读，或翻看我的账目，吃午饭
1点
2点 工作
3点
4点
5点
把东西放回原处，吃晚餐；音乐或其他
消遣或谈话，我想着过去的事情
8点
9点
10点 夜间睡觉
11点
12点
1点
2点
3点
4点

I enter'd upon the execution of this plan for self-examination, and continu'd it with occasional intermissions for some time. I was surpris'd to find myself so much fuller of faults than I had imagined; but I had the satisfaction of seeing them diminish. To avoid the trouble of renewing now and then my little book, which, by scraping out the marks on the paper of old faults to make room for new ones in a new course, became full of holes, I transferr'd my tables and precepts to the ivory leaves of a memorandum book, on which the lines were drawn with red ink, that made a durable stain, and on those lines I mark'd my faults with a black-lead pencil, which marks I could easily wipe out with a wet sponge. After a while I went thro' one course only in a year, and afterward only one in several years, till at length I omitted them entirely, being employ'd in voyages and business abroad[7], with a multiplicity of affairs that interfered; but I always carried my little book with me.

My scheme of ORDER gave me the most trouble; and I found that, tho' it might be practicable where a man's business was such as to leave him the disposition of his time, that of a journeyman printer, for instance, it was not possible to be exactly observed by a master, who must mix with the world, and often receive people of business at their own hours. Order, too, with regard to places for things, papers, etc., I found extreamly difficult to acquire. I had not been early accustomed to it, and, having an exceeding good memory, I was not so sensible of the inconvenience attending want of method. This article, therefore,

cost me so much painful attention, and my faults in it vexed me so much, and I made so little progress in amendment, and had such frequent relapses, that I was almost ready to give up the attempt, and content myself with a faulty character in that respect, like the man who, in buying an ax of a smith, my neighbor, desired to have the whole of its surface as bright as the edge. The smith consented to grind it bright for him if he would turn the wheel; he turn'd, while the smith press'd the broad face of the ax hard and heavily on the stone, which made the turning of it very fatiguing. The man came every now and then from the wheel to see how the work went on, and at length would take his ax as it was, without farther grinding. "No," said the smith, "turn on, turn on; we shall have it bright by-and-by; as yet, it is only speckled." "Yes," said the man, "but I think I like a speckled ax best." And I believe this may have been the case with many, who, having, for want of some such means as I employ'd, found the difficulty of obtaining good and breaking bad habits in other points of vice and virtue, have given up the struggle, and concluded that "a speckled ax was best" ; for something, that pretended to be reason, was every now and then suggesting to me that such extream nicety as I exacted of myself might be a kind of foppery in morals, which, if it were known, would make me ridiculous; that a perfect character might be attended with the inconvenience of being envied and hated; and that a benevolent man should allow a few faults in himself, to keep his friends in countenance.

我开始执行这个每日自省的计划，除了偶尔间断之外，一直坚持进行了一段时间。我很惊讶地发现，自己的过失比想象的要多得多，但后来又看到它们日渐减少，我很满足。为了避免不时需要使用新的小册子带来麻烦，我把纸上代表以前过失的小黑点擦掉，为新一轮循环的记载腾出地方，可这样小册子的很多地方都被擦破了，于是我把表格和准则移至一本备忘录的象牙书页上，在上面用红色墨水画上直线，这就能经久耐用，在格子里我用黑色铅笔标记自己的过失，这些标记可以用湿海绵轻易擦去。过了一段时间，我一年只完成一个循环，后来几年才完成一个，直到最后，我常常因旅行或公事在外，被各类事务缠身，只好完全停止了这个计划，但我一直随身携带着这本小册子。

“有序”原则的践行给我带来的麻烦是最大的，我发现，如果一个人的工作可以让他自己支配时间，比如像印刷工人，这条原则是可行的，但对于店老板来说，他得同别人打交道，得随时接待自由来访的客户，所以他没法严格遵守这条原则。还有，我发现使物品、纸张等摆放有序也极其困难。我一开始对此不太习惯，因为我记忆力极佳，并未觉得物品摆放缺乏方法会带来什么不便。因此，这条原则让我花了许多心血，这方面的过失让我倍感烦恼，而我对此取得的进步微乎其微，常常故态复萌，几乎要使我放弃努力，接受自己的性格在这方面有所缺陷了。这就像有人从我的铁匠邻居那儿买斧头，希望整把斧头都磨得像斧刃一样

锋利。铁匠说，如果他能帮忙转动砂轮的话，可以帮他把斧头磨利，于是此人就去转轮子了，而铁匠就把斧头的阔刃面使劲儿压在磨石上，使得转动砂轮变得非常吃力。于是这个买斧头的人不时过来瞧斧子磨得怎样了，后来，他终于让铁匠停止磨斧，决定就这样了。“不，”铁匠说，“继续转吧，继续转吧，慢慢地斧头就会磨光了，但现在它还有些斑点。”这人说：“是啊，但我想我还是更喜欢带斑点的斧头。”我相信许多人可能都有这样的情况，他们缺乏我所使用的这些方法，在其他方面发现要改掉坏习惯，养成好习惯非常困难，于是放弃了挣扎，还得出结论说“带斑点的斧头就是最好的斧头”，因为有些自以为理性之物会不时暗示我，对自己如此这般要求严格也许是种道德上的愚蠢行为，如果为人所知，我会被人取笑的；且完美无缺的人格也许反遭人嫉恨，而善良的人应允许自己有些不足，这样他的朋友才会自在。

In truth, I found myself incorrigible with respect to Order; and now I am grown old, and my memory bad, I feel very sensibly the want of it. But, on the whole, tho' I never arrived at the perfection I had been so ambitious of obtaining, but fell far short of it, yet I was, by the endeavor, a better and a happier man than I otherwise should have been if I had not attempted it; as those who aim at perfect writing by imitating the engraved copies, tho' they never reach the wish'd-for excellence of those copies, their hand is mended by the endeavor, and is tolerable while it continues fair and legible.

It may be well my posterity should be informed that to this little artifice, with the blessing of God, their ancestor ow'd the constant felicity of his life, down to his 79th year, in which this is written. What reverses may attend the remainder is in the hand of Providence; but, if they arrive, the reflection on past happiness enjoy'd ought to help his bearing them with more resignation. To Temperance he ascribes his long-continued health, and what is still left to him of a good constitution; to Industry and Frugality, the early easiness of his circumstances and acquisition of his fortune, with all that knowledge that enabled him to be a useful citizen, and obtained for him some degree of reputation among the learned; to Sincerity and Justice, the confidence of his country, and the honorable employs it conferred upon him; and to the joint influence of the whole mass of the virtues, even in the imperfect state he was able to acquire them, all that evenness of temper, and that cheerfulness in conversation, which makes his company still sought for, and agreeable even to his younger acquaintance. I hope, therefore, that some of my descendants may follow the example and reap the benefit.

It will be remark'd that, tho' my scheme was not wholly without religion, there was in it no mark of any of the distinguishing tenets of any particular sect. I had purposely avoided them; for, being fully persuaded of the utility and excellency of my method, and that it

might be serviceable to people in all religions, and intending some time or other to publish it, I would not have any thing in it that should prejudice any one, of any sect, against it. I purposed writing a little comment on each virtue, in which I would have shown the advantages of possessing it, and the mischiefs attending its opposite vice; and I should have called my book *THE ART OF VIRTUE* (Nothing so likely to make a man's fortune as virtue.), because it would have shown the means and manner of obtaining virtue, which would have distinguished it from the mere exhortation to be good, that does not instruct and indicate the means, but is like the apostle's man of verbal charity, who only without showing to the naked and hungry how or where they might get clothes or victuals, exhorted them to be fed and clothed.—James ii. 15, 16.

事实上，我发现自己在“有序”方面的毛病难以改正，现在我年纪大了，记忆力也衰退了，真切地感受到这种好习惯的缺失。但总体来说，尽管我从未如自己所期能做到尽善尽美，且我距目标还十分遥远，但通过努力，我成为了一个比原来更优秀、更快乐的人；如果我不曾尝试这个计划，我是无法达到这一点的。这就像通过临摹字帖来练习书法一样，尽管练习的人没能像字帖写得那么好，但通过练习他们的字体也有所改进，如果能继续练习下去，也能变得美观清晰。

后人们应当清楚地知道他们的祖先之所以能一生幸福，直至79岁撰写自传，除了拥有上帝的祝福外，还应归功于这个小小的计划。余生会遭遇什么不幸，全由上帝决定；但如果真遭遇不幸，想到过去经历的种种幸福，对于厄运他也将更加坦然地接受。因为“节制”，他身体一直很好，直到现在还很硬朗；因为“勤奋”、“节俭”，他得以早年境遇平顺，积累了财富，获得了知识，使自己成为有用之才，也在有识之士中赢得了一些名声；因为“真诚”和“正直”，他的祖国赋予了他信任和光荣的使命；而尽管他还未在培养这些美德方面臻于至善，但因为它们的综合影响，加上他脾气平和，言语风趣，使得他人愿意与他为伴，即使比他年轻的朋友也乐于与他交往。因此我希望，我的子孙后代中能有人效仿我，从中受益。

这里要说明一下，尽管我的计划并非完全没有涉及宗教，但它却没提到任何教派的主要教条。我有意避免提及它们，因为我充分相信自己的方法实用而卓越，它对信仰所有宗教的人们来说都是有用的，我还打算找个时间将它出版，所以不希望其中有什么内容会使任何教派的任何人产生偏见。我打算就每项美德写些评论，指出拥有此项美德的好处，以及与其背道而驰的坏处，我把这本书起名为《道德的艺术》（没有什么能像道德一样使人获得财富），因为我会在这本书里说明养成美德的方法和方式，这与单纯地劝人从善大为不同，后者没有指出具体方法，就像使徒口头行善一般，他们劝告那些衣不蔽体、饥肠辘辘的人们要穿衣吃饭，却不告诉他们能在何处通过怎样的方法获得衣食。——《雅各书》第2章第15、16节。

But it so happened that my intention of writing and publishing this comment was never fulfilled. I did, indeed, from time to time, put down short hints of the sentiments, reasonings, etc., to be made use of in it, some of which I have still by me; but the necessary close attention to private business in the earlier part of thy life, and public business since, have occasioned my postponing it; for, it being connected in my mind with a great and extensive project, that required the whole man to execute, and which an unforeseen succession of employs prevented my attending to, it has hitherto remain'd unfinish'd.

In this piece it was my design to explain and enforce this doctrine, that vicious actions are not hurtful because they are forbidden, but forbidden because they are hurtful, the nature of man alone considered; that it was, therefore, every one's interest to be virtuous who wish'd to be happy even in this world; and I should, from this circumstance (there being always in the world a number of rich merchants, nobility, states, and princes, who have need of honest instruments for the management of their affairs, and such being so rare), have endeavored to convince young persons that no qualities were so likely to make a poor man's fortune as those of probity and integrity.

My list of virtues contain'd at first but twelve; but a Quaker friend having kindly informed me that I was generally thought proud; that my pride show'd itself frequently in conversation; that I was not content with being in the right when discussing any point, but was overbearing, and rather insolent, of which he convinc'd me by mentioning several instances; I determined endeavoring to cure myself, if I could, of this vice or folly among the rest, and I added Humility to my list, giving an extensive meaning to the word.

但是，我写作并发表这些评论的愿望未能实现。我的确会不时写些感想、推论之类的短小文章，以便日后在书中使用，有些文章我至今仍然保存着，但我早年需要认真打理私人事务，后来又有公共事务需要操心，于是只得把写作计划推迟，因为在我看来，这是个宏大的工程，需要投入全部精力来进行，而后来种种未预料到的事务使我无法专注于此，这个计划也就搁置了下来。

在这部作品中，我想解释并强调这样一种说法，即如果仅考虑人的本性，那么恶行不因其遭到禁止所以带来伤害，而是因带来伤害才遭到禁止，因此，只要他希望在此世界获得快乐，那么谨守道德对于每个人都是有利的。由此可见（世界上总有许多富商、贵族和王公需要诚实的人为他们管理自己的事务，而这又并不常见），我本应努力使年轻人相信，没有什么品质能像正直诚实一样使穷人获得财富。

我所列出的美德起初只包含12项，但一位贵格会的朋友好心地告诉

我，我平常看来有些自大，我的这种傲气常常在谈话中流露出来；在讨论问题时，我并不满足于自己拥有正确的观点，而是表现出专断、无礼，他还举了些例子为证。于是我决定，如果能够的话，要努力改掉这个毛病或说是愚蠢的习惯，因此我把“谦逊”一项加到我的列表中，并对这个词作了广义的解释。

I cannot boast of much success in acquiring the reality of this virtue, but I had a good deal with regard to the appearance of it. I made it a rule to forbear all direct contradiction to the sentiments of others, and all positive assertion of my own. I even forbid myself, agreeably to the old laws of our Junto, the use of every word or expression in the language that imported a fix'd opinion, such as certainly, undoubtedly, etc., and I adopted, instead of them, I conceive, I apprehend, or I imagine a thing to be so or so; or it so appears to me at present. When another asserted something that I thought an error, I deny'd myself the pleasure of contradicting him abruptly, and of showing immediately some absurdity in his proposition; and in answering I began by observing that in certain cases or circumstances his opinion would be right, but in the present case there appear'd or seem'd to me some difference, etc. I soon found the advantage of this change in my manner; the conversations I engag'd in went on more pleasantly. The modest way in which I propos'd my opinions procur'd them a readier reception and less contradiction; I had less mortification when I was found to be in the wrong, and I more easily prevail'd with others to give up their mistakes and join with me when I happened to be in the right.

And this mode, which I at first put on with some violence to natural inclination, became at length so easy, and so habitual to me, that perhaps for these fifty years past no one has ever heard a dogmatical expression escape me. And to this habit (after my character of integrity) I think it principally owing that I had early so much weight with my fellow-citizens when I proposed new institutions, or alterations in the old, and so much influence in public councils when I became a member; for I was but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, hardly correct in language, and yet I generally carried my points.

In reality, there is, perhaps, no one of our natural passions so hard to subdue as pride. Disguise it, struggle with it, beat it down, stifle it, mortify it as much as one pleases, it is still alive, and will every now and then peep out and show itself; you will see it, perhaps, often in this history; for, even if I could conceive that I had compleatly overcome it, I should probably be proud of my humility.

(Thus far written at Passy, 1741.)

我不敢自夸从实质上养成了这种品德，但表面看起来，我确是谦虚了不少。我规定自己不能对他人意见直接反驳，也不发表任何独断的观点。我甚至按照我们互助学习社以前的规定，不允许自己在言辞中使用表达武断意见的词或说法，比如“当然”、“无疑”等等，转而使用“我猜想”、“我认为”、“我想这件事是如此”、“现在在我看来”等语句。如果别人作出某个肯定判断，而我认为他犯了错误时，我也不再沾沾自喜地直接反驳他，立即指出其论断中的荒谬之处，而是回答说在某些例子中或某些情况下他的意见是正确的，但在当前情形下，在我看来或者我以为好像有些不同等等。我很快发现这一态度的改变是有好处的，这使我参与的谈话进行得更愉快了。这种谦虚的态度还使我的见解更易于被人接受，持反对意见的人少了，我要是犯了什么谬误，也不再觉得那么羞耻，要是恰好讲对了，别人也更容易听我劝告抛弃他们的错误观点，采纳我的意见。

我起初认为这种方法违背自己的自然习惯，有些难以执行，后来就觉得非常容易、非常习惯了，可能过去50年里没有人再听我说过什么武断的话。我想也是因为这种习惯（还有我正直的品格），早年在我提出建立新制度或是改革旧制度时，民众总是对我的意见非常重视，后来成为各公共事务委员会的成员后也颇有影响力。尽管我不擅长演讲，也不能言善辩，还措词模糊，语言也不尽准确，但人们一般都会接受我的意见。

事实上，我们各种习性中可能没有什么像傲慢这么难以克服了。尽管我们将它极力掩藏，与之斗争，使劲消灭，它却依然存在，不时还会出来显露一番。也许你在这本自传里还常常见到它，因为尽管我认为自己已完全克服了傲慢的习气，但我很可能又为自己的谦逊而感到骄傲了。

（1741年写于帕西）

[1] 尤里乌斯·恺撒（公元前100 —前44），罗马统帅、政治家，与庞培、克拉苏结成“前三头同盟”，后击败庞培，成为罗马独裁者，被共和派贵族刺杀，订定儒略历，著有《高卢战记》等。
[2] 塔西佗(约56—约120), 古罗马元老院议员、历史学家，曾任行政长官、执政官、亚细亚行省总督，主要著作有《历史》、《编年史》。
[3] 所罗门（约公元前970—约前930），以色列国王，大卫与拔示巴之子，以智慧著称，加强国防，发展贸易，以武力维持统治，使犹太王国达到鼎盛。
[4] 毕达哥拉斯（公元前约580—前500）,古希腊哲学家、数学家、毕达哥拉斯教团创始人，提倡禁欲主义，认为数为万物的本原，促进了数学和西方理性哲学的发展。
[5] 约瑟夫·艾迪生（1672—1719），英国散文家、剧作家、诗人，曾与R·斯梯尔合办 《旁观者》杂志，著有悲剧《卡托》等。
[6] 西塞罗（公元前106—前43），古罗马政治家、演说家和哲学家，著有《论法律》、《论国家》等。
[7] 古用法，在这里abroad表示在户外，而非在国外。

PART THREE

["I am now about to write at home, August, 1788, but can not have the help expected from my papers, many of them being lost in the war. I have, however, found the following."]

HAVING mentioned a great and extensive project which I had conceiv'd, it seems proper that some account should be here given of that project and its object. Its first rise in my mind appears in the following little paper, accidentally preserv'd, viz.:

Observations on my reading history, in Library, May 19th, 1731.

"That the great affairs of the world, the wars, revolutions, etc., are carried on and affected by parties.

"That the view of these parties is their present general interest, or what they take to be such.

"That the different views of these different parties occasion all confusion.

"That while a party is carrying on a general design, each man has his particular private interest in view.

"That as soon as a party has gain'd its general point, each member becomes intent upon his particular interest; which, thwarting others, breaks that party into divisions, and occasions more confusion.

"That few in public affairs act from a meer view of the good of their country, whatever they may pretend; and, tho' their actings bring real good to their country, yet men primarily considered that their own and their country's interest was united, and did not act from a principle of benevolence.

"That fewer still, in public affairs, act with a view to the good of mankind.

"There seems to me at present to be great occasion for raising a United Party for Virtue, by forming the virtuous and good men of all nations into a regular body, to be govern'd by suitable good and wise rules, which good and wise men may probably be more unanimous in their obedience to, than common people are to common laws.

"I at present think that whoever attempts this aright, and is well qualified, can not fail of pleasing God, and of meeting with success. B. F."

Revolving this project in my mind, as to be undertaken hereafter, when my circumstances should afford me the necessary leisure, I put down from time to time, on pieces of paper, such thoughts as occurr'd to me respecting it. Most of these are lost; but I find one purporting to be the substance of an intended creed, containing, as I thought, the essentials of every known religion, and being free of every thing that might shock the professors of any religion. It is express'd in these words, viz.:

"That there is one God, who made all things.

"That he governs the world by his providence.

"That he ought to be worshiped by adoration, prayer, and thanksgiving.

"But that the most acceptable service of God is doing good to man.

"That the soul is immortal.

"And that God will certainly reward virtue and punish vice either here or hereafter."

第三部分

（“现在是1788年8月，我要在家里继续写作了。我的许多文章都已在战争中遗失，因此不能像原来期望的那样从中寻找资料。不过还是找到了以下部分。”）

既然提到我曾制定过一个宏大的计划，我想在这里该谈谈这个计划及其目标。我把最初产生这个想法的过程记在了下面这张小纸上，偶然得以保存下来：

这是1731年5月19日我在图书馆阅读历史著作时的一些感想：

“世界大事，如战争、革命等，都是由政党进行并受其影响的。

这些政党的观点代表着他们当前的普遍利益，或是他们借以维护这些利益的手段。

不同政党的不同意见引起了各种纷争和混乱。

一个政党制定其宏观纲领时，各人的私人利益都会在其中得以体现。

一旦政党完成其宏观目标，各党员即开始着力实现其个人利益，相互阻挠干预，使得政党四分五裂，从而引起更大混乱。

在公共事务中，不管人们口头上怎么说，很少有人做事是单纯从国家利益出发的。尽管他们的行为会给国家带来真正的好处，但人们的主要考虑还是基于自己的利益与国家利益存在一致性，而非出于爱国热忱。

而在公共事务中以造福人类为目标的，更是少之又少。

在我看来，当前很有必要建立一个“道德联合党”，将各国善良、有德行的人们组织起来，形成一个常设机构，并制定恰当而科学的规章加以管理，这样善良、睿智的人们很可能会一致遵守这一规章，比普通人对普通法律的服从更加没有异议。

我现在认为，如果有人能采用正确方法来作此尝试，而他本人又具备足够的资格和能力的话，一定不会让上帝失望，一定能够取得成功。

本杰明·富兰克林”

我想如果今后的境遇使我得有闲暇，我就来完成这项计划，于是现在我不时在纸上记下与此有关的想法。这些纸片大多数遗失了，但我发现其中有一张纸上记载着将来打算成立的教派的主旨，其中包含各个知名教派的教义精髓，但其内容又不冒犯任何宗教的信奉者。原文记载如下：

“有位上帝创造了世间万物。

他依其神旨统治世界。

人应通过敬慕、祈祷、感恩来崇拜上帝。

而最被上帝接纳的服务方式是与人为善。

灵魂不灭。

上帝必将褒奖美德、惩治恶行，或在此时，或在他日。”

My ideas at that time were, that the sect should be begun and spread at first among young and single men only; that each person to be initiated should not only declare his assent to such creed, but should have exercised himself with the thirteen weeks' examination and practice of the virtues, as in the before-mention'd model; that the existence of such a society should be kept a secret, till it was become considerable, to prevent solicitations for the admission of improper persons, but that the members should each of them search among his acquaintance for ingenuous, well-disposed youths, to whom, with prudent caution, the scheme should be gradually communicated; that the members should engage to afford their advice, assistance, and support to each other in promoting one another's interests, business, and advancement in life; that, for distinction, we should be call'd The Society of the Free and Easy: free, as being, by the general practice and habit of the virtues, free from the dominion of vice; and particularly by the practice of industry and frugality, free from debt, which exposes a man to confinement, and a species of slavery to his creditors.

This is as much as I can now recollect of the project, except that I communicated it in part to two young men, who adopted it with some enthusiasm; but my then narrow circumstances, and the necessity I was under of sticking close to my business, occasion'd my postponing the further prosecution of it at that time; and my multifarious occupations, public and private, induc'd me to continue postponing, so that it has been omitted till I have no longer strength or activity left sufficient for such an enterprise; tho' I am still of opinion that it was a practicable scheme, and might have been very useful, by forming a great number of good citizens; and I was not discourag'd by the seeming magnitude of the undertaking, as I have always thought that one man of tolerable abilities may work great changes, and accomplish great affairs among mankind, if he first forms a good plan, and, cutting off all amusements or other employments that would divert his attention, makes the execution of that same plan his sole study and business.

当时我的想法是，成立初期，本教派应先只在年轻的单身汉中传播。加入本教派的人不仅要宣布服从以上信条，还应按照前面提过的方法进行13周的道德自省和实践。为防止不合适的人选申请入教，教派成员应对外严格保密，直至教派发展壮大。但教派成员均应物色友人中率直、好心的年轻人，逐渐向他们传递关于这个计划的信息，做到小心谨慎。教派各成员应互相劝谏、互相帮扶，以促进彼此利益，帮助彼此事业发展，取得人生的进步。这一教派应起名为“自由无忧会”，以示和其他教派的区别。所谓“自由”，是指各种美德已成日常行为和习惯，因此

人们摆脱了恶行的控制，尤其是养成勤奋和节俭的习惯后，人们摆脱了债务的烦扰，而债务往往会让人陷入拘禁及被债主奴役的境地。

关于这个计划，我所能记得的就是这些了。此外，我还记得曾把部分计划告诉过两个年轻人，他们相当热情地采纳了这个计划。但我当时境遇窘困，需要潜心专注于自己的事业，因此当时只好推迟执行这个计划。后来我各种公私事务缠身，只得将其继续拖延，直至我终究没有足够的精力和活力来完成这样一项工程，也就将其淡忘了。但我依然认为这个计划是可行的，可能在培养出众多好公民方面十分有用。这项事业表面看来艰巨繁杂，但我并未因此而气馁。我向来认为，一个有着较高才能的人若能先制定良好的计划，并舍弃所有可能分散其注意力的娱乐活动或事务，将执行这项计划作为其研究和事业的唯一内容，就会带来巨大变革，在人世间成就伟大事业。

In 1732 I first publish'd my Almanack, under the name of Richard Saunders; it was continu'd by me about twenty-five years, commonly call'd Poor Richard's Almanac. I endeavor'd to make it both entertaining and useful, and it accordingly came to be in such demand, that I reap'd considerable profit from it, vending annually near ten thousand. And observing that it was generally read, scarce any neighborhood in the province being without it, I consider'd it as a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books; I therefore filled all the little spaces that occurr'd between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality, as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want, to act always honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, it is hard for an empty sack to stand up-right.

1732年，我用理查德·桑德斯的名字首次发行了我的年鉴。我后来继续发行年鉴长达大约25年时间，人们一般称为《穷理查年鉴》。我努力使这本年鉴既有趣味性，又有实用性，因此这本书风靡一时，年销量接近一万本，使我收益颇丰。考虑到书的读者面广，本州几乎每家每户都有一本，我想这是向普通民众传递知识的好方式，因为他们很少会买别的书。于是，我将日历上重大日子之间的空白处都印上谚语式的句子，主要是教导人们勤奋和节俭是致富从而养成美德的方法。对于穷人来说，始终做到诚实比富人更难，这可以用其中一句谚语来形容，即空口袋难立直。

These proverbs, which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and form'd into a connected discourse prefix'd to the Almanack of 1757, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing all these scatter'd counsels thus into a focus enabled them to make greater impression. The piece, being universally approved, was copied in all the newspapers of the

Continent; reprinted in Britain on a broad side, to be stuck up in houses; two translations were made of it in French, and great numbers bought by the clergy and gentry, to distribute gratis among their poor parishioners and tenants. In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expense in foreign superfluities, some thought it had its share of influence in producing that growing plenty of money which was observable for several years after its publication.

I considered my newspaper, also, as another means of communicating instruction, and in that view frequently reprinted in it extracts from the Spectator, and other moral writers; and sometimes publish'd little pieces of my own, which had been first compos'd for reading in our Junto. Of these are a Socratic dialogue, tending to prove that, whatever might be his parts and abilities, a vicious man could not properly be called a man of sense; and a discourse on self-denial, showing that virtue was not secure till its practice became a habitude, and was free from the opposition of contrary inclinations. These may be found in the papers about the beginning of 1735.

In the conduct of my newspaper, I carefully excluded all libelling and personal abuse, which is of late years become so disgraceful to our country. Whenever I was solicited to insert anything of that kind, and the writers pleaded, as they generally did, the liberty of the press, and that a newspaper was like a stagecoach, in which any one who would pay had a right to a place, my answer was, that I would print the piece separately if desired, and the author might have as many copies as he pleased to distribute himself, but that I would not take upon me to spread his detraction; and that, having contracted with my subscribers to furnish them with what might be either useful or entertaining, I could not fill their papers with private altercation, in which they had no concern, without doing them manifest injustice. Now, many of our printers make no scruple of gratifying the malice of individuals by false accusations of the fairest characters among ourselves, augmenting animosity even to the producing of duels; and are, moreover, so indiscreet as to print scurrilous reflections on the government of neighboring states, and even on the conduct of our best national allies, which may be attended with the most pernicious consequences. These things I mention as a caution to young printers, and that they may be encouraged not to pollute their presses and disgrace their profession by such infamous practices, but refuse steadily, as they may see by my example that such a course of conduct will not, on the whole, be injurious to their interests.

这些谚语包含着来自各个时代不同国家的智慧，我将它们收集起来写成一篇衔接连贯的文章，放在1757年年鉴的前面，就像一位睿智的老者向参与拍卖会的人们大声演说一般。这样将分散的谏言集中起来能给

人们留下更深的印象。文章得到众人赞赏，美洲各家报纸都纷纷刊载；在英国，人们用大幅纸张翻印，以便贴在家里；文章还有两个法语译本，牧师和贵族都大量购买，将其免费发放给穷困的教区居民和佃农。在宾夕法尼亚，有人认为这篇文章对财富的增长也有一定作用，这在文章发表后的几年里可以看出来，因为文章劝诫人们不要购买无用的外国奢侈品。

我认为我的报纸也是教导民众的另外一种途径，因此我常在报上登载《旁观者》或是其他道德论说文的摘要，有时还会刊发自己的一些小文章，这最初是我为在“密社”中朗读而写。其中有一篇是苏格拉底式的对话，意在证明无论才华和能力如何，品行不端之人都不能称为明达之人。还有一篇讲述自制克己的文章，指出只有美德成为习惯，并不受相反习性所扰时，这种品德才真正养成。这些文章也许可在1735年初的报纸上找到。

在办报纸时，我小心地避免刊登一切带有诽谤性和人身攻击色彩的文章。近年来，这类文章给我们国家带来了莫大的负面影响。每当有人央求我在文章中插入该类语句时，他们一般会以出版自由为借口，说报纸就像公共马车，只要花钱，人人都应有一个位置。我则会回答说，如果想要的话，我可以单独印刷那篇文章，作者想散发多少份我就印多少份，但我不会承担他散播诽谤言论的责任。再者，我与我的订户签订了合约，要为他们提供或有实用性或有趣味性的报纸，因此不能在报纸上登载一些他们毫不关心的私人争论，我这样做显然对他们不公平。现在，我们许多报纸无所顾忌地迎合个人的恶意，毫无根据地指责我们之中最为优秀的人物，挑拨离间，甚至引起双方反目。此外，他们还草率地发表关于邻国政府的低级言论，甚至对我们最友好的盟国也说三道四，这可能会招致极为严重的后果。我提及这些事情是想提醒年轻的报纸发行人，希望他们不要做这样令人不齿的事情，以免玷污他们的出版物，使他们的职业为之蒙羞。他们应坚定地拒绝这样做，因为他们可以从我的事例中看出，总体来说，这样做并不会损害他们的利益。

In 1733 I sent one of my journeymen to Charleston, South Carolina, where a printer was wanting. I furnish'd him with a press and letters, on an agreement of partnership, by which I was to receive one-third of the profits of the business, paying one-third of the expense. He was a man of learning, and honest but ignorant in matters of account; and, tho' he sometimes made me remittances, I could get no account from him, nor any satisfactory state of our partnership while he lived. On his decease, the business was continued by his widow, who, being born and bred in Holland, where, as I have been inform'd, the knowledge of accounts makes a part of female education, she not only sent me as clear a state as she could find of the transactions past, but continued to account with the greatest regularity and exactness every quarter afterwards, and managed the business with such success, that she not only brought up reputably a family of children, but, at the expiration of the term, was able to

purchase of me the printing-house, and establish her son in it.

I mention this affair chiefly for the sake of recommending that branch of education for our young females, as likely to be of more use to them and their children, in case of widowhood, than either music or dancing, by preserving them from losses by imposition of crafty men, and enabling them to continue, perhaps, a profitable mercantile house, with establish'd correspondence, till a son is grown up fit to undertake and go on with it, to the lasting advantage and enriching of the family.

About the year 1734 there arrived among us from Ireland a young Presbyterian preacher, named Hemphill, who delivered with a good voice, and apparently extempore, most excellent discourses, which drew together considerable numbers of different persuasion, who join'd in admiring him. Among the rest, I became one of his constant hearers, his sermons pleasing me, as they had little of the dogmatical kind, but inculcated strongly the practice of virtue, or what in the religious stile are called good works. Those, however, of our congregation, who considered themselves as orthodox Presbyterians, disapprov'd his doctrine, and were join'd by most of the old clergy, who arraign'd him of heterodoxy before the synod, in order to have him silenc'd. I became his zealous partisan, and contributed all I could to raise a party in his favor, and we combated for him a while with some hopes of success. There was much scribbling pro and con upon the occasion; and finding that, tho' an elegant preacher, he was but a poor writer, I lent him my pen and wrote for him two or three pamphlets, and one piece in the Gazette of April, 1735. Those pamphlets, as is generally the case with controversial writings, tho' eagerly read at the time, were soon out of vogue, and I question whether a single copy of them now exists.

1733年，我派一个工人去南卡罗来纳的查尔斯顿，那里正缺一个印刷所。我提供给他一部印刷机和一些铅字，并与他订立了合伙协议，我得到印刷所三分之一的利润，并负担三分之一的开支。他很有学问，人也诚实，就是不懂会计事务。尽管他有时给我汇钱，但我却从他那儿拿不到会计账目，他在世时我也没得到对我们合伙情况的令人满意的说明。他去世后，印刷所的事务交由他的妻子接管。他妻子在荷兰出生并长大，据我所知，在荷兰，会计知识是女性教育的内容之一。她不仅把她能找到的关于以前生意的记录尽可能清楚地寄给我，后来每个季度都会寄来规范且精确的会计账目表。她把印刷店经营得很成功，不仅把他们的孩子抚养成人，名声很好，合约期满时，她还有能力把印刷所从我手上买下来，让儿子独立经营。

我提这件事，主要是希望我们的女青年也能接受会计方面的教育。这样万一婚后守了寡，会计知识对她们和她们的孩子来说，可能要比音

乐或舞蹈实用得多，它能使她们不受奸人蒙骗而受损失，或许还能让她们凭着业已建立的业务往来继续经营盈利的生意，直到儿子长大能够接手并继续经营为止，使家庭持续受益，获取财富。

大约在1734年，一位年轻的长老会传教士从爱尔兰来到我们这儿，名叫汉姆菲尔。他声音悦耳，能即席发表极为动人的演讲，吸引了众多不同教派的信徒聚在一起，纷纷夸赞他。我也经常和其他人一起听他演讲，我很喜欢他的布道，因为他极少空谈教条，而是大力劝谏人们践行道德，或用宗教说法来说叫积德。但我们会众中有些人自认为是正统的长老会教徒，不赞同汉姆菲尔讲的教义，大多数老牧师也站在他们这边，在教会会议上抨击他为异端，想要禁止他传教。我成了汉姆菲尔的热烈拥护者，并尽我所能地组织了一个团体来支持他，为他斗争了一段时间，当时还有一些成功的希望。当时双方你来我往地展开笔伐。我发现尽管汉姆菲尔牧师演讲能力出众，但他的写作能力并不好，于是我代他写了两三本小册子，还有一篇文章发表在1735年4月的政府公报上。如同所有争论性文章一样，那些小册子在当时读者甚多，但很快就被人遗忘了，恐怕现在一本也没留下来。

During the contest an unlucky occurrence hurt his cause exceedingly. One of our adversaries having heard him preach a sermon that was much admired, thought he had somewhere read the sermon before, or at least a part of it. On search he found that part quoted at length, in one of the British Reviews, from a discourse of Dr. Foster's. This detection gave many of our party disgust, who accordingly abandoned his cause, and occasion'd our more speedy discomfiture in the synod. I stuck by him, however, as I rather approv'd his giving us good sermons compos'd by others, than bad ones of his own manufacture, tho' the latter was the practice of our common teachers. He afterward acknowledg'd to me that none of those he preach'd were his own; adding, that his memory was such as enabled him to retain and repeat any sermon after one reading only. On our defeat, he left us in search elsewhere of better fortune, and I quitted the congregation, never joining it after, tho' I continu'd many years my subscription for the support of its ministers.

I had begun in 1733 to study languages; I soon made myself so much a master of the French as to be able to read the books with ease. I then undertook the Italian. An acquaintance, who was also learning it, us'd often to tempt me to play chess with him. Finding this took up too much of the time I had to spare for study, I at length refus'd to play any more, unless on this condition, that the victor in every game should have a right to impose a task, either in parts of the grammar to be got by heart, or in translations, etc., which tasks the vanquish'd was to perform upon honour, before our next meeting. As we play'd pretty equally, we thus beat one another into that language. I afterwards with a little painstaking, acquir'd as much of the Spanish as to read

their books also.

在这场争论中，发生了一件不幸的事，极大损害了他的事业。我们的对立方中有个人曾听他讲授过一篇广为称道的教义，觉得以前在哪儿听过，或者至少听过一部分。经过搜寻，他发现了那部分讲道的详细出处，原来是摘自一期《英国评论》上登载的福斯特博士的文章。这一发现使我们这派的许多人都开始厌恶汉姆菲尔，因此也就不再支持他，这加速了我们在教会会议上的失势。但我依然和汉姆菲尔站在一起，因为我认为，尽管牧师一般是自己创作教义的，但他向我们讲授别人创作的好教义，要比自己粗制滥造好得多。后来他向我承认，他所传授的教义，无一是由他自己创作，还说他的记忆力非常惊人，任何教义但凡读过一遍，都能过目不忘。我们失败之后，他就离开了我们，去别处碰运气了。我也退出了教会会议，后来再没参加过，但多年以来始终捐款支持牧师们。

1733年，我开始学习外语。我很快便掌握了法语，能够轻松阅读法语书籍。接着我又开始学习意大利语。我有个朋友也在学意大利语，他常常找我和他下象棋。我发现下象棋占用了我太多的学习时间，后来就不再和他下了，除非他答应一个条件，即每盘棋的胜出一方有权让另一方完成一项任务，或是背诵语法，或是翻译等等，失败一方在下次见面前要完成这项任务。我俩的棋艺势均力敌，因此我们都起到了敦促对方学习那种语言的作用。后来我又花了些功夫学习西班牙语，也能阅读西班牙语书籍。

I have already mention'd that I had only one year's instruction in a Latin school, and that when very young, after which I neglected that language entirely. But, when I had attained an acquaintance with the French, Italian, and Spanish, I was surpriz'd to find, on looking over a Latin Testament, that I understood so much more of that language than I had imagined, which encouraged me to apply myself again to the study of it, and I met with more success, as those preceding languages had greatly smooth'd my way.

From these circumstances, I have thought that there is some inconsistency in our common mode of teaching languages. We are told that it is proper to begin first with the Latin, and, having acquir'd that, it will be more easy to attain those modern languages which are deriv'd from it; and yet we do not begin with the Greek, in order more easily to acquire the Latin. It is true that, if you can clamber and get to the top of a staircase without using the steps, you will more easily gain them in descending; but certainly, if you begin with the lowest you will with more ease ascend to the top; and I would therefore offer it to the consideration of those who superintend the education of our youth, whether, since many of those who begin with the Latin quit the same after spending some years without having made any great proficiency, and what they have learnt becomes almost useless, so that

their time has been lost, it would not have been better to have begun with the French, proceeding to the Italian, etc.; for, tho', after spending the same time, they should quit the study of languages and never arrive at the Latin, they would, however, have acquired another tongue or two, that, being in modern use, might be serviceable to them in common life.

After ten years' absence from Boston, and having become easy in my circumstances, I made a journey thither to visit my relations, which I could not sooner well afford. In returning, I call'd at Newport to see my brother, then settled there with his printing-house. Our former differences were forgotten, and our meeting was very cordial and affectionate. He was fast declining in his health, and requested of me that, in case of his death, which he apprehended not far distant, I would take home his son, then but ten years of age, and bring him up to the printing business. This I accordingly perform'd, sending him a few years to school before I took him into the office. His mother carried on the business till he was grown up, when I assisted him with an assortment of new types, those of his father being in a manner worn out. Thus it was that I made my brother ample amends for the service I had depriv'd him of by leaving him so early.

我曾提过，年幼时我只在一所拉丁学校读过一年书，后来把拉丁文全都忘了。但学习了法语、意大利语和西班牙语后，我在翻阅拉丁文版本的《圣经》时惊讶地发现，我对这种语言掌握得比我想象的要多，这鼓舞了我，决心再次学习拉丁文。后来我收获颇多，因为之前的语言学习已经在很大程度上为我铺平了道路。

从这些情况看来，我认为我们教授语言的一般模式存在不合理之处。人们常说应先从拉丁文学起，在掌握拉丁文之后，再去学习由其衍生而来的现代语言会容易一些。如果是这样，我们为什么不从希腊语学起呢？这样再来学习拉丁文也会更容易些。的确，如果你不借助台阶便能登至楼梯顶点，下楼时会更容易，但如果你从最低一级台阶开始往上爬，就能更加轻松自如地到达顶点。许多先学拉丁文的人在几年后便停止了学习，也没取得什么大的进步，而他们所学的几乎完全无用，这样时间也就浪费了，因此，我要请主管青年教育的部门考虑语言是否应先从法语学起，然后学意大利语等，因为在花费同样的时间后，他们停止语言学习，也达不到学习拉丁文的程度，但他们学到了现代通用的一两种语言，这在日常生活中也许对他们更有用。

我离开波士顿已经10年了，如今生活富足，于是我就踏上旅途，回波士顿去拜访我的亲戚，而以前我是负担不起旅费的。在回乡的途中，我去新港看望了哥哥，他当时搬到了那里，开了一家印刷店。我们从前的芥蒂一笔勾销，会面亲切而融洽。哥哥身体每况愈下，认为自己就要不久于人世了，于是请求我在他去世后把他当时只有10岁的儿子接到我家去，让他学习印刷业务。他的请求我照办了，我先把他的儿子送到学

校学习了几年，后来又让他跟着学习印刷业务。他母亲在他长大以前一直从事这一行业，等他长大后，我帮他置办了一套新铅字，他父亲那些已经磨损了。当年我很早就离开了哥哥，没有为他服务多久，通过这种方式，我对他做了丰厚的补偿。

In 1736 I lost one of my sons, a fine boy of four years old, by the small-pox, taken in the common way. I long regretted bitterly, and still regret that I had not given it to him by inoculation. This I mention for the sake of parents who omit that operation, on the supposition that they should never forgive themselves if a child died under it; my example showing that the regret may be the same either way, and that, therefore, the safer should be chosen.

Our club, the Junto, was found so useful, and afforded such satisfaction to the members, that several were desirous of introducing their friends, which could not well be done without exceeding what we had settled as a convenient number, viz., twelve. We had from the beginning made it a rule to keep our institution a secret, which was pretty well observ'd; the intention was to avoid applications of improper persons for admittance, some of whom, perhaps, we might find it difficult to refuse. I was one of those who were against any addition to our number, but, instead of it, made in writing a proposal, that every member separately should endeavor to form a subordinate club, with the same rules respecting queries, etc., and without informing them of the connection with the Junto. The advantages proposed were, the improvement of so many more young citizens by the use of our institutions; our better acquaintance with the general sentiments of the inhabitants on any occasion, as the Junto member might propose what queries we should desire, and was to report to the Junto what pass'd in his separate club; the promotion of our particular interests in business by more extensive recommendation, and the increase of our influence in public affairs, and our power of doing good by spreading thro' the several clubs the sentiments of the Junto.

The project was approv'd, and every member undertook to form his club, but they did not all succeed. Five or six only were compleated, which were called by different names, as the Vine, the Union, the Band, etc. They were useful to themselves, and afforded us a good deal of amusement, information, and instruction, besides answering, in some considerable degree, our views of influencing the public opinion on particular occasions, of which I shall give some instances in course of time as they happened.

1736年，我失去了一个儿子，是个四岁的漂亮男孩，他得了天花，夭折了。很长一段时间里我都懊悔不已，现在仍然后悔没给他种痘。我提及此事，是为了提醒那些疏忽此事的父母，万一孩子因此而死，他们

将永远不会原谅自己。我的实例表明，种与不种都可能会有遗憾，因此还是应该采取更为安全的办法。

我们的社团（即“密社”）对于会员来说大有裨益，能带来很大的满足感，于是有些会员想介绍朋友参加，但这样就会超过我们曾经约定的俱乐部的合适人数，即12个。从一开始我们就规定不让别人知道我们这个俱乐部的存在，这一点大家都严格遵守了，目的就在于避免不合适的人选申请加入，而我们也可能难以拒绝其中的某些人。我是反对俱乐部增加人数的人之一，还写了一份建议书，提议俱乐部的每个成员设法单独成立下属俱乐部，采用同样的讨论规则等，但不要透露他们与“密社”的关系。这一提议的好处是，更多年轻人可以通过参加我们的俱乐部得到进步，因为社员可以在下属俱乐部中提议讨论我们希望了解的问题，然后向“密社”报告各自俱乐部中的讨论过程，这样我们就能更好地了解特定事件中居民们的大致想法和感受。更为广泛的推广提升了我们在业务上的特殊利益，我们在公共事务中的影响力也有所提高。我们还把“密社”里的看法在下属的俱乐部传播开去，从而增强了行善的能力。

我的提议得到了赞同，每位成员都着手成立自己的下属俱乐部，但并没有全都成功，只有五六个下属俱乐部真正建立起来。下属俱乐部的名字多种多样，如“葡萄藤”、“联盟会”、“联合社”等等。下属俱乐部对会员很有益，也为我们带来了很多乐趣、信息与启示，还在很大程度上符合我们在特定事件中影响舆论的期望，我会在后面适当地举些例子来作出说明。

My first promotion was my being chosen, in 1736, clerk of the General Assembly. The choice was made that year without opposition; but the year following, when I was again propos'd (the choice, like that of the members, being annual), a new member made a long speech against me, in order to favor some other candidate. I was, however, chosen, which was the more agreeable to me, as, besides the pay for the immediate service as clerk, the place gave me a better opportunity of keeping up an interest among the members, which secur'd to me the business of printing the votes, laws, paper money, and other occasional jobs for the public, that, on the whole, were very profitable.

I therefore did not like the opposition of this new member, who was a gentleman of fortune and education, with talents that were likely to give him, in time, great influence in the House, which, indeed, afterwards happened. I did not, however, aim at gaining his favor by paying any servile respect to him, but, after some time, took this other method. Having heard that he had in his library a certain very scarce and curious book, I wrote a note to him, expressing my desire of perusing that book, and requesting he would do me the favor of lending it to me for a few days. He sent it immediately, and I return'd it in about a week with another note, expressing strongly my

sense of the favor. When we next met in the House, he spoke to me (which he had never done before), and with great civility; and he ever after manifested a readiness to serve me on all occasions, so that we became great friends, and our friendship continued to his death. This is another instance of the truth of an old maxim I had learned, which says, "He that has once done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another, than he whom you yourself have obliged." And it shows how much more profitable it is prudently to remove, than to resent, return, and continue inimical proceedings.

我的第一次升迁是在1736年，我当选为州议会秘书。那年我的当选是一致通过的，没有人反对，但第二年我又被提名为秘书人选时（和议员一样，秘书的任期也是一年），一位新议员发表了长篇演说反对我，以帮助另一位候选人。但我还是当选了，这让我十分愉快，因为我除了可以得到秘书的工资外，这一职位还能让我更好地与议员们保持联系，从而揽得印刷选票、法律、纸币的生意和其他临时的公家业务。总体来说，这些生意的利润十分丰厚。

因此我很不希望这位新议员反对我。他是一位财力雄厚、教养良好的绅士，才能出众，假以时日的话，他很可能会在议会里有很大影响力，后来也确实如此。但我不想靠卑躬屈膝来赢得他的支持，一段时间后，我通过其他方式做到了。我听说他藏有一本十分稀有且珍贵的书，就写了张便条给他，说很希望拜读此书，请他将书借我几日。他便立刻把书寄来了，大约一周后，我把书还给了他，又附上一张便条，对他的恩惠深表感激。我们再在议会见面时，他就开口和我说话了（此前从未有过），且彬彬有礼。从此以后，无论什么情况，他总是愿意帮我的忙，我们成了很好的朋友，友谊一直持续到他去世。这又一次印证了我曾经听过的一句古老的格言：“曾施惠于你的人会愿意再次施惠于你，他们比受你恩惠的人更加乐意这么做。”这件事也说明，与其憎恨、报复对方，使双方的敌意持续下去，不如谨慎地消除这种情绪更为有益。

In 1737, Colonel Spotswood, late governor of Virginia, and then postmaster-general, being dissatisfied with the conduct of his deputy at Philadelphia, respecting some negligence in rendering, and inexactitude of his accounts, took from him the commission and offered it to me. I accepted it readily, and found it of great advantage; for, tho' the salary was small, it facilitated the correspondence that improv'd my newspaper, increas'd the number demanded, as well as the advertisements to be inserted, so that it came to afford me a considerable income. My old competitor's newspaper declin'd proportionably, and I was satisfy'd without retaliating his refusal, while postmaster, to permit my papers being carried by the riders. Thus he suffer'd greatly from his neglect in due accounting; and I mention it as a lesson to those young men who may be employ'd in managing affairs for others, that they should always render accounts, and make remittances, with great clearness and punctuality. The

character of observing such a conduct is the most powerful of all recommendations to new employments and increase of business.

I began now to turn my thoughts a little to public affairs, beginning, however, with small matters. The city watch was one of the first things that I conceiv'd to want regulation. It was managed by the constables of the respective wards in turn; the constable warned a number of housekeepers to attend him for the night. Those who chose never to attend paid him six shillings a year to be excus'd, which was suppos'd to be for hiring substitutes, but was, in reality, much more than was necessary for that purpose, and made the constableship a place of profit; and the constable, for a little drink, often got such ragamuffins about him as a watch, that respectable housekeepers did not choose to mix with. Walking the rounds, too, was often neglected, and most of the nights spent in tippling. I thereupon wrote a paper, to be read in Junto, representing these irregularities, but insisting more particularly on the inequality of this six-shilling tax of the constables, respecting the circumstances of those who paid it, since a poor widow housekeeper, all whose property to be guarded by the watch did not perhaps exceed the value of fifty pounds, paid as much as the wealthiest merchant, who had thousands of pounds worth of goods in his stores.

1737年，斯波茨伍德上校（弗吉尼亚前任总督，时任邮电总长）因不满费城的代理人在账目处理上的疏忽和粗枝大叶，就免了其职务，让我接替。我欣然接受，后来发现这个职位对我大有好处，因为尽管薪水不高，却便利了通信和稿件往来，使报纸的质量得以改进，并增加了报纸订户数量和广告需求，因此给我带来了可观的收入。我那位老竞争对手的报纸相应地走了下坡路。我心满意足，也不去报复他管理邮局时不许邮差替我送报的行为了。就这样，他因疏于账目管理而备受其害。我提到这点，是希望年轻人能吸取教训，如若受雇于人，替人管理事务，就应始终做到清楚记账，按时汇款，条理清晰，不出差错。如能做到这点，那么其品格就是他谋求新职位、拓展新业务时最好的推荐书。

这时我开始把自己的想法稍稍转至公共事务上来，但一开始我是从小事着手的。费城的巡查制度是我认为亟待整顿的头几件事之一。夜间巡查原是由各区的治安官轮流执行，治安官通知若干户主和他一起巡夜。那些不来巡查的每年出六个先令，便可免于参加。这笔钱原本是用来雇用替代者的，而事实上远远超过了实际所需，于是治安官一职就成了肥差。治安官因为贪杯，便常常找些流浪汉一起巡夜，而品行端正的户主就不愿参与其中了。巡查工作也常常被忽视，大多数夜晚都被巡夜者在酒精中消磨了过去。于是我写了一篇文章在“密社”中宣读，指出了这些不当情形，还着重强调了不考虑各人实际情况、一律规定付给治安官六先令的做法是不公平的，因为一个穷困的寡妇所需保护的全部财产价值也许还不超过50镑，但她所付的钱却和库存价值千镑的富商一样多。

On the whole, I proposed as a more effectual watch, the hiring of proper men to serve constantly in that business; and as a more equitable way of supporting the charge the levying a tax that should be proportion'd to the property. This idea, being approv'd by the Junto, was communicated to the other clubs, but as arising in each of them; and though the plan was not immediately carried into execution, yet, by preparing the minds of people for the change, it paved the way for the law obtained a few years after, when the members of our clubs were grown into more influence.

About this time I wrote a paper (first to be read in Junto, but it was afterward publish'd) on the different accidents and carelessnesses by which houses were set on fire, with cautions against them, and means proposed of avoiding them. This was much spoken of as a useful piece, and gave rise to a project, which soon followed it, of forming a company for the more ready extinguishing of fires, and mutual assistance in removing and securing the goods when in danger. Associates in this scheme were presently found, amounting to thirty. Our articles of agreement oblig'd every member to keep always in good order, and fit for use, a certain number of leather buckets, with strong bags and baskets (for packing and transporting of goods), which were to be brought to every fire; and we agreed to meet once a month and spend a social evening together, in discoursing and communicating such ideas as occurred to us upon the subject of fires, as might be useful in our conduct on such occasions.

The utility of this institution soon appeared, and many more desiring to be admitted than we thought convenient for one company, they were advised to form another, which was accordingly done; and this went on, one new company being formed after another, till they became so numerous as to include most of the inhabitants who were men of property; and now, at the time of my writing this, tho' upward of fifty years since its establishment, that which I first formed, called the Union Fire Company, still subsists and flourishes, tho' the first members are all deceas'd but myself and one, who is older by a year than I am. The small fines that have been paid by members for absence at the monthly meetings have been apply'd to the purchase of fire-engines, ladders, fire-hooks, and other useful implements for each company, so that I question whether there is a city in the world better provided with the means of putting a stop to beginning conflagrations; and, in fact, since these institutions, the city has never lost by fire more than one or two houses at a time, and the flames have often been extinguished before the house in which they began has been half consumed.

大体上讲，我提出了一种更为有效的巡夜方式，即雇用合适的人手

长期巡夜；另外，为使巡夜费的征收更为公平，各人应根据自己的财产额度按比例交费。这一想法在社里得到赞同，并传递给了其他俱乐部，但这是作为各俱乐部自己的意见提出的。尽管这项计划未能马上实施，但它使人们对改革做好了心理准备，也为几年以后法律的通过铺平了道路，那时我们俱乐部会员的影响力已经更大了。

大约这个时候，我写了一篇文章（首先在学习社里朗读，后来发表了），论述使房子着火的各种事故和疏忽，提醒人们要小心，还提出了避免火灾的办法。人们纷纷认为这篇文章非常有益，并由此制定计划来组建一支消防队，以便能更迅速扑灭火灾及危险时要互帮互助转移货物。不久就有30人参加这个组织。我们订立了合约，规定每个成员都应随时备好一定数量且适用的皮水桶，还有结实的袋子和篮子（用于包装和运送货物），一旦发生火灾就要带来。我们还约定每月见面开一次晚会，相互交流讨论我们能够想到的火灾话题，这在火灾真正发生时或许对我们有用。

这一组织的实用性很快就显现出来，要求加入的人越来越多，大大超过我们认为合适的限额，于是建议他们另组一队，他们同意了。就这样，新的消防队接二连三地建立起来，数量越来越多，后来大多数有钱居民也加入其中。到现在我写自传之时，尽管离消防队建立已有50年之久，但我最初成立的“联合消防队”仍然存在，且发展很好，只是第一批成员中只我和另一位依然健在，此人比我要大一岁。当时每月开会缺席的成员要交纳数额不大的罚款，用于为各队购买救火机、消防梯、消防钩和其他灭火设备，因此我想世界上没有哪个城市能比费城更为迅速地控制住刚刚发生的火灾了。事实上，自从成立了消防队之后，费城因火灾被毁的房屋从未超过两间，且通常在起火房屋被烧毁一半之前，火就被扑灭了。

In 1739 arrived among us from Ireland the Reverend Mr. Whitefield, who had made himself remarkable there as an itinerant preacher. He was at first permitted to preach in some of our churches; but the clergy, taking a dislike to him, soon refus'd him their pulpits, and he was oblig'd to preach in the fields. The multitudes of all sects and denominations that attended his sermons were enormous, and it was matter of speculation to me, who was one of the number, to observe the extraordinary influence of his oratory on his hearers, and how much they admir'd and respected him, notwithstanding his common abuse of them, by assuring them that they were naturally half beasts and half devils. It was wonderful to see the change soon made in the manners of our inhabitants. From being thoughtless or indifferent about religion, it seem'd as if all the world were growing religious, so that one could not walk thro' the town in an evening without hearing psalms sung in different families of every street.

And it being found inconvenient to assemble in the open air, subject to its inclemencies, the building of a house to meet in was no

sooner propos'd, and persons appointed to receive contributions, but sufficient sums were soon receiv'd to procure the ground and erect the building, which was one hundred feet long and seventy broad, about the size of Westminster Hall; and the work was carried on with such spirit as to be finished in a much shorter time than could have been expected. Both house and ground were vested in trustees, expressly for the use of any preacher of any religious persuasion who might desire to say something to the people at Philadelphia; the design in building not being to accommodate any particular sect, but the inhabitants in general; so that even if the Mufti of Constantinople were to send a missionary to preach Mohammedanism to us, he would find a pulpit at his service.

1739年，怀特菲尔德牧师从爱尔兰来到了我们这里，他是一位巡回传教士，在爱尔兰颇有名气。起初，他被允许在我们这儿的几个教堂内布道，但教堂的牧师不喜欢他，不久就不许他在教坛上讲道了，他只好在野外继续传道。各个教派听他传道的人都非常多，我也是听众之一。看得出，他的演讲对听众产生了巨大的影响，尽管他常常辱骂他们，说他们天生就一半是野兽，一半是魔鬼，他们还是崇拜他、尊敬他，这令我有些摸不着头脑。怀特菲尔德的演讲很快使居民们的行为习惯发生了改变，我对此感到十分惊奇。他们原本认为宗教缺乏深度、无关紧要，而现在似乎整个世界都宗教化了；傍晚时分在这座城市中行走时，人们总能听到每条街上各家各户都在唱赞美诗。

因为气候不好，露天集会常有不便，于是很快就提出了建造集会会堂的计划，还指定了专人接受捐款，这样，购买地皮建造会堂的钱款很快就募集齐了。会堂有100英尺长，70英尺宽，大小与威斯敏斯特教堂差不多。人们修建会堂的情绪十分高，工程完成时间比预计工期要短得多。会堂建筑和地皮都授权给保管委员会保管，任何教派的牧师若想对费城的民众进行布道，都可使用这座会堂。它的建造不是为了某个特定教派，而是为普通民众考虑，因此，即使是君士坦丁堡的伊斯兰学者要派传教士来向我们传授伊斯兰教教义，他也能在此讲授。

Mr. Whitefield, in leaving us, went preaching all the way thro' the colonies to Georgia. The settlement of that province had lately been begun, but, instead of being made with hardy, industrious husbandmen, accustomed to labor, the only people fit for such an enterprise, it was with families of broken shop-keepers and other insolvent debtors, many of indolent and idle habits, taken out of the jails, who, being set down in the woods, unqualified for clearing land, and unable to endure the hardships of a new settlement, perished in numbers, leaving many helpless children unprovided for. The sight of their miserable situation inspir'd the benevolent heart of Mr. Whitefield with the idea of building an Orphan House there, in which they might be supported and educated. Returning northward, he preach'd up this charity, and made large collections, for his eloquence

had a wonderful power over the hearts and purses of his hearers, of which I myself was an instance.

I did not disapprove of the design, but, as Georgia was then destitute of materials and workmen, and it was proposed to send them from Philadelphia at a great expense, I thought it would have been better to have built the house here, and brought the children to it. This I advis'd; but he was resolute in his first project, rejected my counsel, and I therefore refus'd to contribute. I happened soon after to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me, I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistols in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the coppers. Another stroke of his oratory made me asham'd of that, and determin'd me to give the silver; and he finish'd so admirably, that I empty'd my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all. At this sermon there was also one of our club, who, being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had, by precaution, emptied his pockets before he came from home. Towards the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong desire to give, and apply'd to a neighbor, who stood near him, to borrow some money for the purpose. The application was unfortunately [made] to perhaps the only man in the company who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was, "At any other time, Friend Hopkinson, I would lend to thee freely; but not now, for thee seems to be out of thy right senses."

怀特菲尔德先生离开我们后，沿途继续布道，经过了诸多殖民地，一直到了佐治亚。佐治亚的移民潮刚刚开始，但移居去的不是强壮勤劳、惯于劳作的农夫（他们是唯一适于此项事业的人），而是些破产的商人，以及其他破产的债务人及其家属。他们大都好吃懒做、游手好闲，刚从监狱出来，在林地里住下却又不能胜任开垦土地的工作，忍受不了拓荒的艰苦，大批死亡，留下许多无依无靠的孩子。看到他们悲惨的境况，怀特菲尔德先生的慈悲之心大受触动，想在当地办一家孤儿院，这样孩子们可以有人抚养，也能接受教育。在回北方的路上，他一直宣传这项慈善事业，筹集了许多款项，因为他口才出众，能使听众们心悦诚服地慷慨解囊，我自己就是这样一个例子。

我并不反对这项计划，但当时佐治亚缺乏材料和劳力。有人建议花高额把所需的人力物力从费城运过去，我倒认为这还不如把孤儿院建在费城，把孩子们接到费城来。我向他提了这个建议，但他决意要执行原来的计划，不听我的忠告，因此我也拒绝捐款。不久之后，我恰好参加了他的一场布道会，当时我看出他打算在布道会结束时向听众募集资金，我暗暗打定主意，绝不捐给他任何钱财。当时我的口袋里有一把铜钱，三四个银元，还有五个金币。随着他布道的进行，我的决心开始软

化下来，决定把铜钱捐给他；后来他的演说再次触动了我，让我深感羞愧，我决定把银元也捐出去；到了演讲末尾，他又讲得如此之妙，于是我把钱财倾囊相赠，全都放进了收款人的盘子里，包括金币在内。布道时，有个我们俱乐部的人也在场聆听，他赞同我关于在佐治亚建孤儿院一事的观点，由于原就猜想演讲的目的是要募集捐款，于是为小心起见，他在出门前就掏空了自己的口袋。然而演讲快要结束时，他感到有种捐款的强烈愿望，就向站在他附近的一位邻居借钱捐款。这个请求提得有些不巧，因为他的邻居可能是在场所有人里唯一未受布道者的影响、始终保持坚定立场的人。他回答说："我的朋友霍普金森啊，其他任何时候我都会大方地把钱借给你，但是现在我不借，因为你看来有些不大对劲了。"

Some of Mr. Whitefield's enemies affected to suppose that he would apply these collections to his own private emolument; but I who was intimately acquainted with him (being employed in printing his Sermons and Journals, etc.), never had the least suspicion of his integrity, but am to this day decidedly of opinion that he was in all his conduct a perfectly honest man, and methinks my testimony in his favor ought to have the more weight, as we had no religious connection. He us'd, indeed, sometimes to pray for my conversion, but never had the satisfaction of believing that his prayers were heard. Ours was a mere civil friendship, sincere on both sides, and lasted to his death.

The following instance will show something of the terms on which we stood. Upon one of his arrivals from England at Boston, he wrote to me that he should come soon to Philadelphia, but knew not where he could lodge when there, as he understood his old friend and host, Mr. Benezet, was removed to Germantown. My answer was, "You know my house; if you can make shift with its scanty accommodations, you will be most heartily welcome." He reply'd, that if I made that kind offer for Christ's sake, I should not miss of a reward. And I returned, "Don't let me be mistaken; it was not for Christ's sake, but for your sake." One of our common acquaintance jocosely remark'd, that, knowing it to be the custom of the saints, when they received any favor, to shift the burden of the obligation from off their own shoulders, and place it in heaven, I had contriv'd to fix it on earth.

The last time I saw Mr. Whitefield was in London, when he consulted me about his Orphan House concern, and his purpose of appropriating it to the establishment of a college.

怀特菲尔德先生的几位敌人故意宣称他会把这些筹得的捐款作为个人报酬，但我与他关系很好（曾为他印刷过布道文和日志等），对他的正直品格毫不怀疑，直到今天，我依然坚定地相信，从他的一举一动来

看，怀特菲尔德先生是一个非常诚实的人。我想我对他有利的证明应该更有分量，因为我们并无宗教上的联系。他的确有时会为我祈祷，希望我改信他的宗教，但我没有改信，因此他也无法因为相信上帝听到了他的祈祷从而心满意足。我们之间仅仅保持着世俗的友谊，双方诚恳相待，直至他去世。

下面这件事多少可以说明我们的友情。有一次他从英格兰来到波士顿，给我写信说很快要到费城来，但不知在费城逗留期间可以住在哪里，因为他得知老朋友兼房东贝内泽先生已搬到日耳曼城去了。我回复道："你知道我住的地方，如果你不嫌简陋愿意将就的话，我由衷地欢迎你来我家住。"他回答说如果我看在基督的份上愿意招待他，我一定会有好报。我又回复说："不要误会我，我可不是看在基督的份上，而是看在你的份上。"我们两人共同的一位朋友打趣地说，这是圣人们的习惯，当他们受到恩惠时，会把这人情从他们自己肩上移开，记在天上，而我却想把它记在地上。

我最后一次见到怀特菲尔德先生是在伦敦，当时他询问我孤儿院的事，他打算用那儿的建筑办一所大学。

He had a loud and clear voice, and articulated his words and sentences so perfectly, that he might be heard and understood at a great distance, especially as his auditories, however numerous, observ'd the most exact silence. He preach'd one evening from the top of the Court-house steps, which are in the middle of Market-street, and on the west side of Second-street, which crosses it at right angles. Both streets were fill'd with his hearers to a considerable distance. Being among the hindmost in Market-street, I had the curiosity to learn how far he could be heard, by retiring backwards down the street towards the river; and I found his voice distinct till I came near Front-street, when some noise in that street obscur'd it. Imagining then a semi-circle, of which my distance should be the radius, and that it were fill'd with auditors, to each of whom I allow'd two square feet, I computed that he might well be heard by more than thirty thousand. This reconcil'd me to the newspaper accounts of his having preach'd to twenty-five thousand people in the fields, and to the antient histories of generals haranguing whole armies, of which I had sometimes doubted.

By hearing him often, I came to distinguish easily between sermons newly compos'd, and those which he had often preach'd in the course of his travels. His delivery of the latter was so improv'd by frequent repetitions that every accent, every emphasis, every modulation of voice, was so perfectly well turn'd and well plac'd, that, without being interested in the subject, one could not help being pleas'd with the discourse; a pleasure of much the same kind with that receiv'd from an excellent piece of musick. This is an advantage

itinerant preachers have over those who are stationary, as the latter can not well improve their delivery of a sermon by so many rehearsals.

怀特菲尔德先生声音洪亮清晰，他发音清楚，离他很远都能听到他说话并能理解他的意思，尤其无论听众人数多少，他们全都寂静无声地听他讲话。有天傍晚，他在法院台阶的顶端布道。法院位于市场街中部，第二街的西边（这两条街成直角交错）。两条街上都站满了听众，直到很远的地方。我当时站在市场街的尽头，好奇地想知道他的声音可以传多远，于是沿街向河的方向一直退去。我发现直到走近前街，他的声音依然清晰可闻，街上偶有嘈杂声才能把他的声音盖过去。当时我就想象出一个半圆，我与他的距离是半径，半圆中站满了听众，每人可有两平方英尺的面积，经计算得出，可能超过三万人能够听到他演讲。这使我终于相信报纸上关于他曾在野外向25,000人布道的报道，以及将军们慷慨激昂地向全军发表讲话的古老历史，以前我还不时对此持怀疑态度呢。

因为常常听他布道，我渐渐能将他新近创作的布道文和曾在旅途中多次传授的布道文轻易辨别开了。因为经过多次重复，他传授后者时演说有了很大改进，每一个重音、每一次强调、每一次声调的变化都拿捏得恰到好处，即使听者对演讲的主题不感兴趣，也忍不住会因演讲本身而倍感愉快，如同听到一首美妙的乐曲一样。比起固定在某地的牧师，这是巡回传教士的优势所在，因为前者无法通过多次演练来提高自己布道演说的水平。

His writing and printing from time to time gave great advantage to his enemies; unguarded expressions, and even erroneous opinions, delivered in preaching, might have been afterwards explain'd or qualifi'd by supposing others that might have accompani'd them, or they might have been deny'd; but litera scripta monet. Critics attack'd his writings violently, and with so much appearance of reason as to diminish the number of his votaries and prevent their encrease; so that I am of opinion if he had never written any thing, he would have left behind him a much more numerous and important sect, and his reputation might in that case have been still growing, even after his death, as there being nothing of his writing on which to found a censure and give him a lower character, his proselytes would be left at liberty to feign for him as great a variety of excellence as their enthusiastic admiration might wish him to have possessed.

My business was now continually augmenting, and my circumstances growing daily easier, my newspaper having become very profitable, as being for a time almost the only one in this and the neighboring provinces. I experienced, too, the truth of the observation, "that after getting the first hundred pound, it is more easy to get the second," money itself being of a prolific nature.

The partnership at Carolina having succeeded, I was encourag'd to engage in others, and to promote several of my workmen, who had behaved well, by establishing them with printing-houses in different colonies, on the same terms with that in Carolina. Most of them did well, being enabled at the end of our term, six years, to purchase the types of me and go on working for themselves, by which means several families were raised. Partnerships often finish in quarrels; but I was happy in this, that mine were all carried on and ended amicably, owing, I think, a good deal to the precaution of having very explicitly settled, in our articles, every thing to be done by or expected from each partner, so that there was nothing to dispute, which precaution I would therefore recommend to all who enter into partnerships; for, whatever esteem partners may have for, and confidence in each other at the time of the contract, little jealousies and disgusts may arise, with ideas of inequality in the care and burden of the business, etc., which are attended often with breach of friendship and of the connection, perhaps with lawsuits and other disagreeable consequences.

怀特菲尔德先生不时地写作并发表文章，让他的敌人有很大可乘之机。布道时轻率的言辞、甚至错误的观点，都能随后加以解释，或是再用别的话作出修正，或是直接加以否认，但白纸黑字却是不会磨灭的。批评者们猛烈抨击他的文章，而且似乎说得很有道理，以使他的信徒人数日渐减少、再无增加。所以我认为，如果他没有写过任何文章的话，他的信徒一定更多，所创的教派一定更加举足轻重，而他的名声也会继续扩大，甚至他离开人世后也会依然如此。因为没有留下什么作品，别人就没有责难和诋毁他的根据，他的皈依者们会热烈地崇拜着他，会尽情想象着他具有种种优良的品质。

这时，我的印刷生意越来越好，境况也日渐宽裕，我办的报纸获利丰厚，因为一段时间内，它几乎是本州及邻州惟一一家报纸。我也体会到了这句话的真理："赚到第一个100镑后，再赚第二个就容易多了，"因为金钱本身就有着多生的本质。

我在卡罗来纳的合伙取得了成功，于是备受鼓舞，想继续开展其他合伙业务。我提拔了一些表现良好的工人，按卡罗来纳合伙的条件，与他们订立合约，让他们去别的殖民地开印刷所。他们大多数都干得不错，六年合约期满时，已有能力从我这儿买下铅字，独立门户了。好几户人家通过这种方式得以养家糊口，养育子女。合伙关系常以双方争执告终，但我却很高兴地看到，我与他人的合伙直至结束都进行得很顺利。我想，这很大程度上是因为我事先有所防范，在我们的合约中清楚地列出了各方应尽的义务，这样合伙双方对任何事情都毫无异议了。因此，我建议要和别人建立合伙关系的人们都事先做好防范，因为不管合伙双方如何互相尊敬，签订合约时如何互相信赖，日后都有可能心生嫉妒和嫌隙，认为对方在事务的照管和承担上不平等，等等，这常常会使得友谊破裂，往来断绝，或许还要闹出官司及引起其他不良后果。

I had, on the whole, abundant reason to be satisfied with my being established in Pennsylvania. There were, however, two things that I regretted, there being no provision for defense, nor for a compleat education of youth; no militia, nor any college. I therefore, in 1743, drew up a proposal for establishing an academy; and at that time, thinking the Reverend Mr. Peters, who was out of employ, a fit person to superintend such an institution, I communicated the project to him; but he, having more profitable views in the service of the proprietaries, which succeeded, declin'd the undertaking; and, not knowing another at that time suitable for such a trust, I let the scheme lie a while dormant. I succeeded better the next year, 1744, in proposing and establishing a Philosophical Society. The paper I wrote for that purpose will be found among my writings, when collected.

With respect to defense, Spain having been several years at war against Great Britain, and being at length join'd by France, which brought us into great danger; and the labored and long-continued endeavor of our governor, Thomas, to prevail with our Quaker Assembly to pass a militia law, and make other provisions for the security of the province, having proved abortive, I determined to try what might be done by a voluntary association of the people. To promote this, I first wrote and published a pamphlet, entitled PLAIN TRUTH, in which I stated our defenceless situation in strong lights, with the necessity of union and discipline for our defense, and promis'd to propose in a few days an association, to be generally signed for that purpose. The pamphlet had a sudden and surprising effect. I was call'd upon for the instrument of association, and having settled the draft of it with a few friends, I appointed a meeting of the citizens in the large building before mentioned. The house was pretty full; I had prepared a number of printed copies, and provided pens and ink dispers'd all over the room. I harangued them a little on the subject, read the paper, and explained it, and then distributed the copies, which were eagerly signed, not the least objection being made.

When the company separated, and the papers were collected, we found above twelve hundred hands; and, other copies being dispersed in the country, the subscribers amounted at length to upward of ten thousand. These all furnished themselves as soon as they could with arms, formed themselves into companies and regiments, chose their own officers, and met every week to be instructed in the manual exercise, and other parts of military discipline. The women, by subscriptions among themselves, provided silk colors, which they presented to the companies, painted with different devices and mottos, which I supplied.

总体来说，我有充足的理由对自己在宾夕法尼亚的立业感到满意。

然而，有两件事却让我遗憾不已，一是这里没有防卫的准备，二是没有一所完整的教育年轻人的学府。这里没有军队，也没有大学。因此，在1743年时我提出了建立一所高校的议案，当时彼得斯牧师正好没有工作，我认为他是管理这样一个机构的合适人选，就把这个计划告诉了他。但是他认为为领主们服务更能赚钱，后来也谋得了这样一个职位，当时就婉拒了这个工作。我那时并不认识其他可以托付此事的人，于是把这个计划暂时搁置了。第二年，也就是1744年，我提出并成功创办了一所哲学学会。我为此所写的文章可在我以后出版的文集里找到。

至于防卫事务，当时西班牙已与英国交战数年，后来法国也加入了西班牙的阵线，使我们陷入了极度危险的境地。我们的总督托马斯不断竭力劝说以贵格会为主导的议会通过民兵法，并采取其他措施保卫本州安全，结果都以失败告终。我决定尝试招募志愿部队用于防卫。为促进此事，我先撰写并发行了一本小册子，叫做《明显的事实》。在小册子里，我强调了我们当前缺乏防卫的状态，指出我们需要征集并训练军队用以防卫。我还保证在数天内提议组织一个团体，广泛征人签名加入。这本小册子意外地产生了惊人效果。人们向我索取加入这个团体的文书，我就和几个朋友一块儿草拟了一份，并在前面提过的会堂里召开了一次市民大会。当时会堂里挤满了人，我印了很多申请书，并把笔和墨水传到会堂各处供人们使用。我就防卫问题作了个简短演说，又把申请书朗读了一遍并作了解释，然后把申请书分发下去。人们踊跃在申请书上签名，没有人提出任何反对意见。

散会之后，我们把申请书收集起来，签名的人超过1,200名。当时还有申请书被发到了本州各地，最终签名的人数达一万以上。他们立即准备武器，自行编成连队和团队，选出指挥官，每周集会一次进行武器操练或是其他军事训练。妇女们集资购买了丝制彩旗，送给各个连队，上面印有我提供的各类图案和格言。

The officers of the companies composing the Philadelphia regiment, being met, chose me for their colonel; but, conceiving myself unfit, I declin'd that station, and recommended Mr. Lawrence, a fine person, and man of influence, who was accordingly appointed. I then propos'd a lottery to defray the expense of building a battery below the town, and furnishing it with cannon. It filled expeditiously, and the battery was soon erected, the merlons being fram'd of logs and fill'd with earth. We bought some old cannon from Boston, but, these not being sufficient, we wrote to England for more, soliciting, at the same time, our proprietaries for some assistance, tho' without much expectation of obtaining it.

Meanwhile, Colonel Lawrence, William Allen, Abram Taylor, Esqr., and myself were sent to New York by the associators, commission'd to borrow some cannon of Governor Clinton. He at first refus'd us peremptorily; but at dinner with his council, where there was great drinking of Madeira wine, as the custom of that place then

was, he softened by degrees, and said he would lend us six. After a few more bumpers he advanc'd to ten; and at length he very good-naturedly conceded eighteen. They were fine cannon, eighteen-pounders, with their carriages, which we soon transported and mounted on our battery, where the associators kept a nightly guard while the war lasted, and among the rest I regularly took my turn of duty there as a common soldier.

My activity in these operations was agreeable to the governor and council; they took me into confidence, and I was consulted by them in every measure wherein their concurrence was thought useful to the association. Calling in the aid of religion, I propos'd to them the proclaiming a fast, to promote reformation, and implore the blessing of Heaven on our undertaking. They embrac'd the motion; but, as it was the first fast ever thought of in the province, the secretary had no precedent from which to draw the proclamation. My education in New England, where a fast is proclaimed every year, was here of some advantage: I drew it in the accustomed stile, it was translated into German, printed in both languages, and divulg'd thro' the province. This gave the clergy of the different sects an opportunity of influencing their congregations to join in the association, and it would probably have been general among all but Quakers if the peace had not soon interven'd.

组成费城防卫队的各连队的指挥官们选我担任他们的团长，但我认为自己不适合，谢绝了这个职位，并向他们推荐了劳伦斯先生。他人品很好，很有影响力，于是他们就任命他为团长。我提议发行奖券，用于支付在费城南面修建炮台、装备大炮的费用。资金很快筹集齐了，炮台也很快建成，炮眼用圆木构成，中间填了泥土。我们从波士顿买了一些旧大炮，但还不够，于是又写信到英国订购，同时请我们的领主给予帮助，不过我们对此并没抱多大希望。

与此同时，团队派劳伦斯上校、威廉·艾伦、艾布拉姆·泰勒和我去纽约向克林顿总督借几门大炮。起初他不容分说地拒绝了我们，但是和他的参事会成员们一块儿吃饭时，根据当时当地的习惯，他们喝了很多马德拉酒，于是他的态度渐渐有些软化，说可以借给我们六尊大炮。再喝了几杯后，他说可以借10尊。最终，他爽快地答应借给我们18尊。这些大炮十分精良，能发射18磅的炮弹，还配有炮架。我们很快把大炮运了回来，装在炮台上。战争期间，团队每夜都派人站岗看护大炮，我也和其他普通士兵一样轮流执行站岗的任务。

我在这些事务中的活跃表现颇得总督和参事会欣赏。他们对我推心置腹，对于任何措施都会询问我是否对防卫队有益。为了获得宗教界的支持，我向他们提议宣布斋戒，以促进团队改革，并祈求上天赐福于我们的事业。他们接受了我的提议，但因为这是本州第一次斋戒，没有先例可以援引，州秘书不知如何起草公告。我以前是在新英格兰上学，那

里每年宣布一次斋戒，我的经验在这儿就派上了些用场：我按约定俗成的格式起草了一份公告，他们把它译成德语，用两种语言在全州印发。这使得不同教派的牧师们可以借此机会鼓励教众加入防卫队。若不是战争很快结束的话，很可能除了贵格会的所有教派都会踊跃参加。

It was thought by some of my friends that, by my activity in these affairs, I should offend that sect, and thereby lose my interest in the Assembly of the province, where they formed a great majority. A young gentleman who had likewise some friends in the House, and wished to succeed me as their clerk, acquainted me that it was decided to displace me at the next election; and he, therefore, in good will, advis'd me to resign, as more consistent with my honour than being turn'd out. My answer to him was, that I had read or heard of some public man who made it a rule never to ask for an office, and never to refuse one when offer'd to him. "I approve," says I, "of his rule, and will practice it with a small addition; I shall never ask, never refuse, nor ever resign an office. If they will have my office of clerk to dispose of to another, they shall take it from me. I will not, by giving it up, lose my right of some time or other making reprisals on my adversaries." I heard, however, no more of this; I was chosen again unanimously as usual at the next election. Possibly, as they dislik'd my late intimacy with the members of council, who had join'd the governors in all the disputes about military preparations, with which the House had long been harass'd, they might have been pleas'd if I would voluntarily have left them; but they did not care to displace me on account merely of my zeal for the association, and they could not well give another reason.

Indeed I had some cause to believe that the defense of the country was not disagreeable to any of them, provided they were not requir'd to assist in it. And I found that a much greater number of them than I could have imagined, tho' against offensive war, were clearly for the defensive. Many pamphlets pro and con were publish'd on the subject, and some by good Quakers, in favor of defense, which I believe convinc'd most of their younger people.

我有些朋友认为，我积极参与这些事务会冒犯贵格会，而且会因此在以贵格会为主导的州议会中失势。有位年轻绅士在州议会里有些朋友，希望取代我成为州议会秘书。他告诉我议会已经决定在下次选举时把我撤换下去，因此他出于好心，建议我主动辞职，因为与被人解雇相比，这样更能保存我的颜面。我回答他说，我曾读过或听过某位公众人物的原则：绝不主动谋求职位，但也不拒绝别人提供的工作。我说：“我十分赞同他的原则，但实行起来还有一点增加，那就是我绝不谋求或拒绝工作，更不会主动辞职。如果他们希望由他人来做我现在的秘书工作，可以免去我的职位。但我不会主动辞职，从而失去适时报复我的对手的权利。”但是此后我再也没听到此事了。待到下次选举，我同往常一

样一致通过地当选了。也许他们不喜欢我与参事会成员过从甚密，因为他们在军事准备问题的争论上总站在总督们一边，使州议会倍受其扰。如果我能主动减少和他们的往来，州议会的贵格会议员也许会十分高兴，但他们还不至于仅仅因为我热心于防卫队的事情就把我免职，而除此之外他们又找不到其他理由。

的确，我有理由相信，只要不要求他们给予援助，他们谁也不会反对加强防卫的事情。我还发现，他们中很多人尽管反对侵略性战争，但很明显是支持自我防御的，这类人比我想象的要多得多。赞成和反对双方就这一问题撰写并发表了许多小册子，有些赞成防御的小册子是由优秀的贵格会成员所写，我相信这些文章说服了大多数年轻的贵格会成员。

A transaction in our fire company gave me some insight into their prevailing sentiments. It had been propos'd that we should encourage the scheme for building a battery by laying out the present stock, then about sixty pounds, in tickets of the lottery. By our rules, no money could be dispos'd of till the next meeting after the proposal. The company consisted of thirty members, of which twenty-two were Quakers, and eight only of other persuasions. We eight punctually attended the meeting; but, tho' we thought that some of the Quakers would join us, we were by no means sure of a majority. Only one Quaker, Mr. James Morris, appear'd to oppose the measure. He expressed much sorrow that it had ever been propos'd, as he said Friends were all against it, and it would create such discord as might break up the company. We told him that we saw no reason for that; we were the minority, and if Friends were against the measure, and outvoted us, we must and should, agreeably to the usage of all societies, submit. When the hour for business arriv'd it was mov'd to put the vote; he allow'd we might then do it by the rules, but, as he could assure us that a number of members intended to be present for the purpose of opposing it, it would be but candid to allow a little time for their appearing.

While we were disputing this, a waiter came to tell me two gentlemen below desir'd to speak with me. I went down, and found they were two of our Quaker members. They told me there were eight of them assembled at a tavern just by; that they were determin'd to come and vote with us if there should be occasion, which they hop'd would not be the case, and desir'd we would not call for their assistance if we could do without it, as their voting for such a measure might embroil them with their elders and friends. Being thus secure of a majority, I went up, and after a little seeming hesitation, agreed to a delay of another hour. This Mr. Morris allow'd to be extreamly fair. Not one of his opposing friends appear'd, at which he express'd great surprize; and, at the expiration of the hour, we carry'd the resolution

eight to one; and as, of the twenty-two Quakers, eight were ready to vote with us, and thirteen, by their absence, manifested that they were not inclin'd to oppose the measure, I afterward estimated the proportion of Quakers sincerely against defense as one to twenty-one only; for these were all regular members of that society, and in good reputation among them, and had due notice of what was propos'd at that meeting.

我们消防队里发生了一件事，使我对他们的普遍想法有了深入了解。当时有人提出，为了支持修建炮台的计划，我们应把消防队的约60镑资金拿出来购买奖券。根据我们的规定，如果需要动用资金，须在建议提出后的下一次会议上进行表决。消防队有30名成员，其中22名是贵格会成员，只有8人属于其他教派。我们8人准时参加了会议，尽管我们认为有几位贵格会会员会站在我们一边，但对能否得到多数支持还是毫无把握。只有一位贵格会会员反对这项提案，他就是詹姆斯·莫里斯先生。他对有人提出这样的提案深表痛心，说所有贵格会会员都对其表示反对，这种提案会造成诸多不和，可能导致消防队解散。我们告诉他这种担忧并无理由，我们只占少数，如果贵格会会员反对这项提案并且在投票表决时票数超过我们，根据所有社团的一般做法，我们必须也应当服从多数。讨论这项提案到了投票表决的时间，他承认按照规定我们当时可以进行投票，但是他肯定地说许多会员原本打算前来投下反对票的，所以我们得等他们一会儿才算公正。

我们正在争论时，一个侍者过来告诉我说下面有两位绅士想找我谈话。我下了楼，发现那是我们消防队的两位贵格会队员。他们告诉我他们有8个人聚在附近一家酒馆里，如果需要的话他们坚决会来为我们投赞成票，但如果没有他们的协助我们也能办到的话，他们不希望出席。因为如果为这个提案投赞成票，可能会引起他们的长辈和朋友的不满。在有把握能获得多数的选票后，我回到了楼上，假装犹豫了一阵后，同意将投票再推迟一个小时。这才让莫里斯先生认为公平。但他那些要投反对票的朋友一个也没出现，这让他大为惊讶。一个小时的时间到了，我们八比一通过了提案。在22位贵格会成员中，有8人打算为我们投票，13人没有出席，表示他们不反对这项提案，我事后估算了一下，真正反对加强防卫与不反对的贵格会成员之比为1：21，因为他们都是贵格会的忠实信徒，声誉良好，对于会议上的提案也有适当关注。

The honorable and learned Mr. Logan, who had always been of that sect, was one who wrote an address to them, declaring his approbation of defensive war, and supporting his opinion by many strong arguments. He put into my hands sixty pounds to be laid out in lottery tickets for the battery, with directions to apply what prizes might be drawn wholly to that service. He told me the following anecdote of his old master, William Penn, respecting defense. He came over from England, when a young man, with that proprietary, and as his secretary. It was war-time, and their ship was chas'd by an armed vessel, suppos'd to be an enemy. Their captain prepar'd for defense;

but told William Penn and his company of Quakers, that he did not expect their assistance, and they might retire into the cabin, which they did, except James Logan, who chose to stay upon deck, and was quarter'd to a gun. The suppos'd enemy prov'd a friend, so there was no fighting; but when the secretary went down to communicate the intelligence, William Penn rebuk'd him severely for staying upon deck, and undertaking to assist in defending the vessel, contrary to the principles of Friends, especially as it had not been required by the captain. This reproof, being before all the company, piqu'd the secretary, who answer'd, "I being thy servant, why did thee not order me to come down? But thee was willing enough that I should stay and help to fight the ship when thee thought there was danger."

My being many years in the Assembly, the majority of which were constantly Quakers, gave me frequent opportunities of seeing the embarrassment given them by their principle against war, whenever application was made to them, by order of the crown, to grant aids for military purposes. They were unwilling to offend government, on the one hand, by a direct refusal; and their friends, the body of the Quakers, on the other, by a compliance contrary to their principles; hence a variety of evasions to avoid complying, and modes of disguising the compliance when it became unavoidable. The common mode at last was, to grant money under the phrase of its being "for the king's use," and never to inquire how it was applied.

受人尊敬、学识渊博的罗根先生一直是贵格会信徒，他给其他信徒写了一篇文章，宣布他支持防御性战争，还列举了很多有力论据支持他的观点。他交给我60镑，用于购买奖券修建炮台，还说如若中奖，奖金也全作修炮台之用。罗根先生还告诉我他以前的领主威廉·佩恩的关于防卫的一桩轶事。罗根年轻时作为秘书跟随领主从英格兰来到这里。当时正值战争时期，他们的船被一艘军舰追逐，他们以为那是一艘敌船。他们的船长准备自我防卫，但告诉威廉·佩恩和他的贵格会同伴说不希望他们提供帮助，他们可以回到船舱里去。于是他们就回到了船舱，但詹姆斯·罗根没有，他选择留在甲板上，船长就命令他去看守一门大炮。他们所认为的敌船原来是自己一方的，结果没有发生战事。但当这位秘书下到船舱里报告消息时，威廉·佩恩却狠狠地责骂他不该留在甲板上，违反了贵格会教规去参加自卫工作，尤其是船长并未要求他这样做。佩恩是当着所有人的面责骂这位秘书的，这让他恼怒不已，于是他答道：“我是您的仆人，为什么您不命令我下来呢？您觉得情况危急的时候，倒是很愿意我留在甲板上帮他们反击那艘船。”

州议会议员一向以贵格会信徒居多，我在州议会任职多年，曾多次见到他们因国王命令他们通过军事补助议案而感到左右为难，因为贵格会是秉持反战原则的。他们一方面不愿直接反对议案从而得罪政府，另一方面，他们又不愿违反教义而触怒朋友，即贵格会的大多数人。因此，他们想出各种借口进行推托，实在推不掉了，就想法掩饰。最后，

他们的常用方法是在“供国王使用”的名义下通过拨款审批，却从不询问钱款具体如何使用。

But, if the demand was not directly from the crown, that phrase was found not so proper, and some other was to be invented. As, when powder was wanting (I think it was for the garrison at Louisburg), and the government of New England solicited a grant of some from Pennsilvania, which was much urg'd on the House by Governor Thomas, they could not grant money to buy powder, because that was an ingredient of war; but they voted an aid to New England of three thousand pounds, to be put into the hands of the governor, and appropriated it for the purchasing of bread, flour, wheat, or other grain. Some of the council, desirous of giving the House still further embarrassment, advis'd the governor not to accept provision, as not being the thing he had demanded; but be reply'd, "I shall take the money, for I understand very well their meaning; other grain is gunpowder," which he accordingly bought, and they never objected to it.

It was in allusion to this fact that, when in our fire company we feared the success of our proposal in favor of the lottery, and I had said to my friend Mr. Syng, one of our members, "If we fail, let us move the purchase of a fire-engine with the money; the Quakers can have no objection to that; and then, if you nominate me and I you as a committee for that purpose, we will buy a great gun, which is certainly a fire-engine." "I see," says he, "you have improv'd by being so long in the Assembly; your equivocal project would be just a match for their wheat or other grain.

但是，如果资金需求不是直接来自国王，那种说法就不太合适了，他们就会想出别的说辞来。例如，新英格兰政府因缺乏火药（我想是为了防守路易堡）而请求宾夕法尼亚拨给一些，托马斯总督也大力劝说州议会予以批准，但他们却不能拨款去购买火药，因为火药是战争的一大要素。于是他们投票同意拨款3,000镑用于援助新英格兰，把钱款交给总督，用于购买面包、面粉、小麦或其他粮食。参事会的有些成员想给议会添更多麻烦，建议总督不要接受这笔钱，因为这不符合他的要求，但总督答道：“我要接受这笔钱，因为我很明白他们的意思，其他粮食就是火药。”于是他购买了火药，议会也没有反对。

在我们消防队里，当我们害怕购买奖券的提案无法获得通过时，我就会想到这件事，我对我的朋友辛格先生（也是消防队的队员之一）说：“如果我们的提案没有通过，那么我们就提议用这笔钱来购买消防车吧，贵格会信徒不会反对这件事的。然后我们互相提名，组成一个采购委员会，再去买一尊大炮，大炮显然也属于火器呀。”“我明白了，”他说，“原来在州议会里呆了那么久，你也有进步了。你这双关的计划简直可与他们的‘小麦或其他粮食'相媲美了。”

These embarrassments that the Quakers suffer'd from having establish'd and published it as one of their principles that no kind of war was lawful, and which, being once published, they could not afterwards, however they might change their minds, easily get rid of, reminds me of what I think a more prudent conduct in another sect among us, that of the Dunkers[1]. I was acquainted with one of its founders, Michael Welfare, soon after it appear'd. He complain'd to me that they were grievously calumniated by the zealots of other persuasions, and charg'd with abominable principles and practices, to which they were utter strangers. I told him this had always been the case with new sects, and that, to put a stop to such abuse, I imagin'd it might be well to publish the articles of their belief, and the rules of their discipline. He said that it had been propos'd among them, but not agreed to, for this reason: "When we were first drawn together as a society," says he, "it had pleased God to enlighten our minds so far as to see that some doctrines, which we once esteemed truths, were errors; and that others, which we had esteemed errors, were real truths. From time to time He has been pleased to afford us farther light, and our principles have been improving, and our errors diminishing. Now we are not sure that we are arrived at the end of this progression, and at the perfection of spiritual or theological knowledge; and we fear that, if we should once print our confession of faith, we should feel ourselves as if bound and confin'd by it, and perhaps be unwilling to receive farther improvement, and our successors still more so, as conceiving what we their elders and founders had done, to be something sacred, never to be departed from."

This modesty in a sect is perhaps a singular instance in the history of mankind, every other sect supposing itself in possession of all truth, and that those who differ are so far in the wrong; like a man traveling in foggy weather, those at some distance before him on the road he sees wrapped up in the fog, as well as those behind him, and also the people in the fields on each side, but near him all appears clear, tho' in truth he is as much in the fog as any of them. To avoid this kind of embarrassment, the Quakers have of late years been gradually declining the public service in the Assembly and in the magistracy, choosing rather to quit their power than their principle.

贵格会信徒把“一切战争皆为非法”确立并公开宣布为他们的教义之一，尽管他们后来可能想予以修正，但一经公开宣布，就不能轻易改变了，他们常因此陷入一些两难局面。这让我想起我们中间言行更为谨慎的另一个教派，即德国浸礼会。这个教派成立不久，我就认识了它的创始人之一迈克尔·威尔菲尔。他向我抱怨说他们受到其他教派狂热分子的严重诽谤，抨击他们有一些恶劣的教义和行为，而其实他们是完全没有

的。我告诉他，对于新成立的教派来说，这是常有的事儿，要想阻止这种诽谤，我想最好是公布他们的教义及教规。他说他们教徒中有人提过这个建议，但是没有达成一致，是因为："我们最初成立这个教派时，上帝欣慰地让我们看到，我们曾经奉为真理的某些信条实为谬误，而我们以为错误的却是真理。时不时地上帝乐于赋予我们更多光明，使我们的信条不断改进，谬误不断减少。现在我们不确定是否已达到这一进程的终点，精神层面或神学方面的知识是否已臻于至善；我们担心，如果将自己的教义刊印出来，我们将受其桎梏，也许就不愿继续进步，而我们的后来者则会有过之而无不及，将他们的先辈和创始者所做的一切视作是神圣的，是绝对不能背离的。"

一个教派如此谦逊，这在人类历史上恐怕绝无仅有，所有其他教派都认为自己拥有一切真理，与他们见解不同的教派都是错误的；这就像一个人在大雾天行路，走在他前面有些距离的那些人在他看来裹于浓雾当中，走在他身后及两边田野里的人也是一样，但他近处的人看起来都很清晰，尽管事实上，他和其他人一样也是在雾中行走的。为了避免陷入这样的两难局面，近年来贵格会信徒渐渐淡出议会和政府，在权力和信条面前宁愿选择放弃前者。

In order of time, I should have mentioned before, that having, in 1742, invented an open stove for the better warming of rooms, and at the same time saving fuel, as the fresh air admitted was warmed in entering, I made a present of the model to Mr. Robert Grace, one of my early friends, who, having an iron-furnace, found the casting of the plates for these stoves a profitable thing, as they were growing in demand. To promote that demand, I wrote and published a pamphlet, entitled "An Account of the new-invented Pennsylvania Fireplaces; wherein their Construction and Manner of Operation is particularly explained; their Advantages above every other Method of warming Rooms demonstrated; and all Objections that have been raised against the Use of them answered and obviated," etc. This pamphlet had a good effect. Gov'r. Thomas was so pleas'd with the construction of this stove, as described in it, that he offered to give me a patent for the sole vending of them for a term of years; but I declin'd it from a principle which has ever weighed with me on such occasions, viz., That, as we enjoy great advantages from the inventions of others, we should be glad of an opportunity to serve others by any invention of ours; and this we should do freely and generously.

An ironmonger in London however, assuming a good deal of my pamphlet, and working it up into his own, and making some small changes in the machine, which rather hurt its operation, got a patent for it there, and made, as I was told, a little fortune by it. And this is not the only instance of patents taken out for my inventions by others, tho' not always with the same success, which I never contested, as having no desire of profiting by patents myself, and hating disputes.

The use of these fireplaces in very many houses, both of this and the neighboring colonies, has been, and is, a great saving of wood to the inhabitants.

Peace being concluded, and the association business therefore at an end, I turn'd my thoughts again to the affair of establishing an academy. The first step I took was to associate in the design a number of active friends, of whom the Junto furnished a good part; the next was to write and publish a pamphlet, entitled Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania. This I distributed among the principal inhabitants gratis; and as soon as I could suppose their minds a little prepared by the perusal of it, I set on foot a subscription for opening and supporting an academy; it was to be paid in quotas yearly for five years; by so dividing it, I judg'd the subscription might be larger, and I believe it was so, amounting to no less, if I remember right, than five thousand pounds.

如果按照时间顺序，我在前面就应提到过，1742年我发明了一种“开放式火炉”以改善房间供暖，同时还能节省燃料，因为新鲜空气一进入火炉便被加热了。我制作了一个火炉的模型，作为礼物送给我早年认识的一位朋友罗伯特·格雷斯先生。他有家炼铁厂，因为当时火炉的需求量渐增，他发现为这些火炉铸造铁板是有利可图的。为了进一步打开销路，我撰写并发行了一本小册子，名叫《新发明的宾夕法尼亚壁炉说明：详细解释其构造和操作方法，展示其较之其他取暖方式的优点，回应并消除与其使用有关的所有异议》。这本小册子收到了很好的效果，托马斯总督对其中描述的火炉构造非常满意，还提出要授予我一定年限的专卖权，但我婉拒了，因为这种情况下我一直秉持这样的原则：我们享受着他人发明带来的巨大好处，就应乐于有机会用自己的发明服务他人，而且这种服务应当是无偿的、慷慨的。

但伦敦的一个铁器商从我的小册子中窃取了大量信息，铸造了一个自己的火炉，对我的发明做了一些小改动，让火炉的效用大为减弱。我听说他在伦敦获得了火炉的专利，并借此发了一笔小财。我的发明被他人利用取得专利并非仅此一次，尽管并不是人人都能获得同样的成功。我从不与他们争执此事，因为我并不想通过取得专利而获利，而且也讨厌争吵。本州及邻州许多家庭都使用这种火炉，这为居民们节省了大量柴火。

战争结束了，于是防卫队的事务告一段落，我的心思再次转到建立一所学院上来。我的第一步行动是联系许多积极热心的朋友参与我的计划，其中大部分都是学习社成员；第二步是撰写并刊发了一本小册子，名叫《有关宾夕法尼亚青年教育的建议》。我把小册子免费赠给居民中的重要人士，等他们通过阅读小册子对此稍有思想准备之后，我就开始募捐，用于建立一家学院并维持其运营。捐款以五年为期，每年支付一定数额，我认为这样实行分期支付可能会使捐款额大一些。我相信，如果没记错的话，捐款额不下5,000镑。

In the introduction to these proposals, I stated their publication, not as an act of mine, but of some publick-spirited gentlemen, avoiding as much as I could, according to my usual rule, the presenting myself to the publick as the author of any scheme for their benefit.

The subscribers, to carry the project into immediate execution, chose out of their number twenty-four trustees, and appointed Mr. Francis, then attorney-general, and myself to draw up constitutions for the government of the academy; which being done and signed, a house was hired, masters engag'd, and the schools opened, I think, in the same year, 1749.

The scholars increasing fast, the house was soon found too small, and we were looking out for a piece of ground, properly situated, with intention to build, when Providence threw into our way a large house ready built, which, with a few alterations, might well serve our purpose. This was the building before mentioned, erected by the hearers of Mr. Whitefield, and was obtained for us in the following manner.

It is to be noted that the contributions to this building being made by people of different sects, care was taken in the nomination of trustees, in whom the building and ground was to be vested, that a predominancy should not be given to any sect, lest in time that predominancy might be a means of appropriating the whole to the use of such sect, contrary to the original intention. It was therefore that one of each sect was appointed, viz., one Church-of-England[2] man, one Presbyterian[3], one Baptist[4], one Moravian[5], etc., those, in case of vacancy by death, were to fill it by election from among the contributors. The Moravian happen'd not to please his colleagues, and on his death they resolved to have no other of that sect. The difficulty then was, how to avoid having two of some other sect, by means of the new choice.

在这篇建议的序言中，我把建议的提出归功于一些具有公益精神的绅士们，而非我自己。秉承我的一贯原则，我尽力避免在公众面前以公益计划发起人的形象展现。

为使计划立即执行，捐款人从他们中间推选出24名理事，并指定当时任检察长的弗朗西斯先生和我为学院起草管理章程。章程拟定并签署后，我们租了一套房屋，聘请了老师，这样学校就开学了，我记得那同样是在1749年。

学生人数迅速增加，那套房子很快就装不下了，于是我们开始物色一块位置合适的地皮，打算兴建校舍。这时承蒙上帝眷顾，有幢大房屋刚好建成，只要稍加几处改动，我们就能使用。这就是前面提过的由怀

特菲尔德先生的听众修建的会堂，我们通过如下方式得到了它。

应该注意的是，这座会堂是由不同教派的信徒共同出资建造的，因此在任命负责照管会堂建筑和地皮的理事时，任何教派都不能占据支配地位，以免将来该教派利用这种支配地位将其留为己用，这就与其本意背道而驰了。因此，每个教派均指定一人担任理事，即：一位英国国教教徒、一位长老会教友、一位浸信会教友、一位摩拉维亚教会教徒等等。如果他们去世使得职位空缺，则从会堂捐助者中选举填补。那位摩拉维亚教徒恰好与同事不和，他去世以后，他们决定不再从摩拉维亚教派中选举理事。那么选举新理事时，如何避免一个教派中有两个理事就成了问题。

Several persons were named, and for that reason not agreed to. At length one mention'd me, with the observation that I was merely an honest man, and of no sect at all, which prevail'd with them to chuse me. The enthusiasm which existed when the house was built had long since abated, and its trustees had not been able to procure fresh contributions for paying the ground-rent, and discharging some other debts the building had occasion'd, which embarrass'd them greatly. Being now a member of both sets of trustees, that for the building and that for the Academy, I had a good opportunity of negotiating with both, and brought them finally to an agreement, by which the trustees for the building were to cede it to those of the academy, the latter undertaking to discharge the debt, to keep for ever open in the building a large hall for occasional preachers, according to the original intention, and maintain a free school for the instruction of poor children. Writings were accordingly drawn, and on paying the debts the trustees of the academy were put in possession of the premises; and by dividing the great and lofty hall into stories, and different rooms above and below for the several schools, and purchasing some additional ground, the whole was soon made fit for our purpose, and the scholars remov'd into the building. The care and trouble of agreeing with the workmen, purchasing materials, and superintending the work, fell upon me; and I went thro' it the more cheerfully, as it did not then interfere with my private business, having the year before taken a very able, industrious, and honest partner, Mr. David Hall, with whose character I was well acquainted, as he had work'd for me four years. He took off my hands all care of the printing-office, paying me punctually my share of the profits. This partnership continued eighteen years, successfully for us both.

有几个人被提名了，但因上述原因未能通过。后来有人提名我，他认为我为人诚实，不信仰任何教派，于是他们一致同意选我。修建会堂时的激情早已退却，理事们无法获得新的捐款以支付地租和清偿会堂修建时欠下的债务，从而陷入了极大困窘之中。这时我已是会堂保管和学院这两个理事会的理事，有很好的机会与两方协商，使双方最终达成了

协议。根据这项协议，会堂保管理事会的理事们将会堂转让给学院理事会，后者则承担清偿债务的责任，并根据修建会堂的本意，将会堂的一间大厅永久开放以满足布道者的临时布道之需，同时要为穷人子弟开办一所免费学校。双方就此订立了合同，学院理事会的理事们付清了债务之后，会堂建筑和地皮就归他们所有了。他们把雄伟高大的会堂分为几层，上下又分为几个房间作为教室，还另购置了一些地，很快就把一切安排得符合我们的需要，让学生们搬进了会堂。与工人们签订合同、采购物资、监督工程的责任都由我承担，但整个过程我都非常愉快，因为这些责任并未妨碍我的私人事务，一年前我和一位非常能干、勤劳、诚实的大卫·霍尔先生合伙，他的性格我非常了解，因为他已为我工作四年了。他为我承担了印刷所的一切工作，按时将我的利润份额付给我。我们的合伙关系持续了18年，对双方来说都非常成功。

The trustees of the academy, after a while, were incorporated by a charter from the governor; their funds were increas'd by contributions in Britain and grants of land from the proprietaries, to which the Assembly has since made considerable addition; and thus was established the present University of Philadelphia. I have been continued one of its trustees from the beginning, now near forty years, and have had the very great pleasure of seeing a number of the youth who have receiv'd their education in it, distinguish'd by their improv'd abilities, serviceable in public stations and ornaments to their country.

When I disengaged myself, as above mentioned, from private business, I flatter'd myself that, by the sufficient tho' moderate fortune I had acquir'd, I had secured leisure during the rest of my life for philosophical studies and amusements. I purchased all Dr. Spence's apparatus, who had come from England to lecture here, and I proceeded in my electrical experiments with great alacrity; but the publick, now considering me as a man of leisure, laid hold of me for their purposes, every part of our civil government, and almost at the same time, imposing some duty upon me. The governor put me into the commission of the peace; the corporation of the city chose me of the common council, and soon after an alderman; and the citizens at large chose me a burgess to represent them in Assembly. This latter station was the more agreeable to me, as I was at length tired with sitting there to hear debates, in which, as clerk, I could take no part, and which were often so unentertaining that I was induc'd to amuse myself with making magic squares or circles, or any thing to avoid weariness; and I conceiv'd my becoming a member would enlarge my power of doing good. I would not, however, insinuate that my ambition was not flatter'd by all these promotions; it certainly was; for, considering my low beginning, they were great things to me; and they were still more pleasing, as being so many spontaneous testimonies of the public good opinion, and by me entirely unsolicited.

一段时间后，学院委员会的理事们得到总督颁发的执照，批准学校成立，委员会的资金也有所增加，因为有来自英国的捐款，还有领主们提供的土地，州议会也拨了许多款；费城大学就在这样的基础上建立了。我从一开始就继续担任其理事的职务，至今已近40年。看到大批青年在此接受教育，增长才干并脱颖而出，为社会机构服务，为国家增光添彩，我感到非常欣慰。

当我如上所述不再管理我的私人事务时，我颇为自得地看到自己已积累下虽不丰厚但已足够的财产，余生能有闲暇从事哲学研究和自娱自乐了。我购买了斯宾士博士的所有仪器，他是从英格兰来到这里讲学的。我兴致盎然地进行着我的电气实验，但这时公众认为我是个闲人了，于是差我为他们办事。我们政府的每个部门几乎同时都给我派了任务，总督让我担任治安委员会委员，市政当局选我为市参事会成员，不久又推我为市政委员会委员，市民们也选我为议员作为他们在州议会的代表。州议员这个职位让我比较满意，因为我已厌倦透了在担任州议会秘书时坐在那里旁听我当时不能参加的辩论，而这些辩论又常常索然无味，于是我只得通过解魔方阵或魔圈或其他东西自娱自乐，消解烦闷。我认为，成为一名议员将赋予我更多权力用于行善。但我不会假惺惺地说这些升迁没有给我带来成就感，当然我是有成就感的，因为考虑到我出身卑微，能获得此种地位实属难得；而尤其这些职位代表着公众对我的很高评价，它们是自发产生的，而非我谋营所得，这就让我更为高兴了。

The office of justice of the peace I try'd a little, by attending a few courts, and sitting on the bench to hear causes; but finding that more knowledge of the common law than I possess'd was necessary to act in that station with credit, I gradually withdrew from it, excusing myself by my being oblig'd to attend the higher duties of a legislator in the Assembly. My election to this trust was repeated every year for ten years, without my ever asking any elector for his vote, or signifying, either directly or indirectly, any desire of being chosen. On taking my seat in the House, my son was appointed their clerk.

治安法官的职务我担任了一段时间。我出席了几次庭审，坐在法官席上听诉讼，但我发现我的普通法知识并不足以使我胜任这一职位，于是借口说不得不在州议会里担任议员这一更为重要的职务，渐渐退出了。我每年都当选为州议员，连续10年之久，我从未请选民们投票给我，也从未直接或间接表示希望能够当选。我当州议员后，我的儿子被指定为州议会秘书。

The year following, a treaty being to be held with the Indians at Carlisle, the governor sent a message to the House, proposing that they should nominate some of their members, to be join'd with some members of council, as commissioners for that purpose. The House named the speaker (Mr. Norris) and myself; and, being commission'd, we went to Carlisle, and met the Indians accordingly.

As those people are extreamly apt to get drunk, and, when so, are very quarrelsome and disorderly, we strictly forbad the selling any liquor to them; and when they complain'd of this restriction, we told them that if they would continue sober during the treaty, we would give them plenty of rum when business was over. They promis'd this, and they kept their promise, because they could get no liquor, and the treaty was conducted very orderly, and concluded to mutual satisfaction. They then claim'd and receiv'd the rum; this was in the afternoon; they were near one hundred men, women, and children, and were lodg'd in temporary cabins, built in the form of a square, just without the town. In the evening, hearing a great noise among them, the commissioners walk'd out to see what was the matter. We found they had made a great bonfire in the middle of the square; they were all drunk, men and women, quarreling and fighting. Their dark-colour'd bodies, half naked, seen only by the gloomy light of the bonfire, running after and beating one another with firebrands, accompanied by their horrid yellings, form'd a scene the most resembling our ideas of hell that could well be imagin'd; there was no appeasing the tumult, and we retired to our lodging. At midnight a number of them came thundering at our door, demanding more rum, of which we took no notice.

第二年，我们将和印第安人在卡莱尔缔结条约。总督给州议会来函，提议他们指定几位议员，和几位参事会成员一起担任专员处理此事。议会指定了议长（诺里斯先生）和我，我们就奉命去了卡莱尔，与印第安人会面。

因为印第安人极好喝酒，酒醉后还吵吵闹闹，没规没矩，所以我们严格禁止向印第安人出售任何酒类。他们为此表示不满，于是我们告诉他们，如果他们能在订约期间保持清醒，事情办完后我们可以给他们许多朗姆酒。他们答应了，也信守了承诺，因为他们什么酒也买不到，于是我们很顺利地缔结了条约，双方都非常满意。他们随后向我们要酒，我们把酒给了他们，这是那天下午的事。他们共有近100人，男女老少都住在城外的临时小木屋里，木屋围起一个方形广场。晚上的时候，听到他们那边十分嘈杂，几位专员就出去看发生了什么事。我们发现他们在广场的中央燃起了一大簇篝火，男女全都喝得醉醺醺的，还相互争吵、打架。他们暗黑的肤色和半裸的身体只能在篝火那暗淡的光亮下依稀可见，他们还举着火把相互追逐、殴打，伴随着可怖的尖叫声，此番情景像极了我们所能想象的地狱。他们的喧闹没有停歇的意思，于是我们回到了自己的住处。半夜时，许多印第安人跑来大声敲打我们的门，向我们要更多朗姆酒，我们没有理睬。

The next day, sensible they had misbehav'd in giving us that disturbance, they sent three of their old counselors to make their apology. The orator acknowledg'd the fault, but laid it upon the rum; and then endeavored to excuse the rum by saying, "The Great Spirit,

who made all things, made every thing for some use, and whatever use he design'd any thing for, that use it should always be put to. Now, when he made rum, he said 'Let this be for the Indians to get drunk with,' and it must be so." And, indeed, if it be the design of Providence to extirpate these savages in order to make room for cultivators of the earth, it seems not improbable that rum may be the appointed means. It has already annihilated all the tribes who formerly inhabited the sea-coast.

In 1751, Dr. Thomas Bond, a particular friend of mine, conceived the idea of establishing a hospital in Philadelphia (a very beneficent design, which has been ascrib'd to me, but was originally his), for the reception and cure of poor sick persons, whether inhabitants of the province or strangers. He was zealous and active in endeavoring to procure subscriptions for it, but the proposal being a novelty in America, and at first not well understood, he met with but small success.

At length he came to me with the compliment that he found there was no such thing as carrying a public-spirited project through without my being concern'd in it. "For," says he, "I am often ask'd by those to whom I propose subscribing, Have you consulted Franklin upon this business? And what does he think of it? And when I tell them that I have not (supposing it rather out of your line), they do not subscribe, but say they will consider of it." I enquired into the nature and probable utility of his scheme, and receiving from him a very satisfactory explanation, I not only subscrib'd to it myself, but engag'd heartily in the design of procuring subscriptions from others. Previously, however, to the solicitation, I endeavored to prepare the minds of the people by writing on the subject in the newspapers, which was my usual custom in such cases, but which he had omitted.

The subscriptions afterwards were more free and generous; but, beginning to flag, I saw they would be insufficient without some assistance from the Assembly, and therefore propos'd to petition for it, which was done. The country members did not at first relish the project; they objected that it could only be serviceable to the city, and therefore the citizens alone should be at the expense of it; and they doubted whether the citizens themselves generally approv'd of it. My allegation on the contrary, that it met with such approbation as to leave no doubt of our being able to raise two thousand pounds by voluntary donations, they considered as a most extravagant supposition, and utterly impossible.

第二天，他们知道自己的行为对我们造成了干扰，就派了三个年长的首领前来道歉。开口道歉的那个印第安人承认了他们的过错，但把责

任归咎于朗姆酒，后来又竭力为酒辩解道：“上帝创造了万物，使万物皆有用处，无论这用处是什么，我们都应按此用途来使用它。现在他创造了朗姆酒，他说‘让印第安人喝朗姆酒一醉方休吧'，于是我们就得按此执行。”的确，如果上帝有心灭绝这些野蛮人，从而为地球上的拓荒者腾出地方，那么很可能朗姆酒就是注定的方法了。它已使原住在海岸边上的所有印第安人部落都灭绝了。

1751年，我的一位好朋友托马斯·邦德医生想在费城建一家医院（一个非常仁慈的计划，人们后来将其归功于我，其实最初是他的想法），用于接待并治疗穷困的病人，不论他们是本州居民还是外地人。他对募集捐款一事热心积极，但这个计划此前在美洲从未有过，人们一开始对此并不非常理解，因此他没有取得多大成功。

后来邦德医生来到我这里，称赞我说，他觉得要开展公益项目，没有我参与可不行。“这是因为，”他说，“我去募捐时，人们常常问我，‘这件事儿你和富兰克林商量过吗？他持什么意见？'我告诉他们我没有咨询过你时（我认为此事非你所长），他们就不捐款，而说他们会考虑的。”我询问他那项计划的性质和大概用途，他给了我令人非常满意的解释，我不仅自己捐了款，还热心帮他向别人募捐。不过在此之前，我就这个项目写了一篇文章发表在报纸上，使人们对此做好思想准备，这是我遇到这类事情的习惯做法，而他却忽略了此事。

后来人们捐款变得踊跃慷慨，但不久又开始减少，我意识到如果没有州议会的帮助，只靠捐款是不足以维持下去的，因此，我提议向议会申请拨款，接着便付诸实施。起初，来自乡村的议员对这个计划没有多大兴趣，他们反对说这个计划只能服务于城市，因此该让市民们自己出钱，他们还怀疑市民们自己也不一定都赞同这个计划。我的意见却与此相反，我认为这项计划将备受欢迎，肯定能募集到2,000镑捐款。他们认为我期望过高，完全是痴人说梦。

On this I form'd my plan; and asking leave to bring in a bill for incorporating the contributors according to the prayer of their petition, and granting them a blank sum of money, which leave was obtained chiefly on the consideration that the House could throw the bill out if they did not like it, I drew it so as to make the important clause a conditional one, viz., "And be it enacted, by the authority aforesaid, that when the said contributors shall have met and chosen their managers and treasurer, and shall have raised by their contributions a capital stock of—value (the yearly interest of which is to be applied to the accommodating of the sick poor in the said hospital, free of charge for diet, attendance, advice, and medicines), and shall make the same appear to the satisfaction of the speaker of the Assembly for the time being, that then it shall and may be lawful for the said speaker, and he is hereby required, to sign an order on the provincial treasurer for the payment of two thousand pounds, in two yearly payments, to the treasurer of the said hospital, to be applied to

the founding, building, and finishing of the same."

This condition carried the bill through; for the members, who had oppos'd the grant, and now conceiv'd they might have the credit of being charitable without the expence, agreed to its passage; and then, in soliciting subscriptions among the people, we urg'd the conditional promise of the law as an additional motive to give, since every man's donation would be doubled; thus the clause work'd both ways. The subscriptions accordingly soon exceeded the requisite sum, and we claim'd and receiv'd the public gift, which enabled us to carry the design into execution. A convenient and handsome building was soon erected; the institution has by constant experience been found useful, and flourishes to this day; and I do not remember any of my political manoeuvres, the success of which gave me at the time more pleasure, or wherein, after thinking of it, I more easily excus'd myself for having made some use of cunning.

为此，我想出了一个办法。我请求议会准许我提出一项议案，即按捐款人的请求把他们组织起来，并给予一定金额的钱款。他们之所以允许我提出这项议案，主要是考虑到如果州议会不喜欢它，可以把它推翻，而我在议案里为这项重要条款加上了附加条件，即："兹经议会决定，所述捐款人应集合起来，选出管理人和司库，募集捐款若干镑（捐款的年利息将用于为医院贫困患者提供帮助，免除他们的伙食、看护、就诊和药物费用），报给议会议长审批，若得通过，则议长应签署命令，准许本州司库向本医院司库拨款2,000镑，分两年付清，作医院创办、修建和装修之用。"

这一附加条件使议案得以通过；曾经反对拨款的议员见他们不花一分一厘就能赚个乐善好施的美名，就同意了议案。随后，我们在民众中募集捐款时，竭力强调法案中那项附有条件的允诺，以使人们捐款之心愈甚，这样每人的捐款都会加倍。如此一来，这一条款在两方面都起到了作用。捐款金额很快超过了所需数额，我们向议会提出请求，得到了议会拨款，将计划付诸实施。我们很快修建了一座舒适美观的大楼，后来的长期经验证明，这家医院发挥了很大作用，直至今日依然兴旺发达。在我的记忆中，没有哪项政治策略的成功在当时能让我如许满足，或是事后回忆起来时，能让我如此容易地原谅自己使用了些计谋。

It was about this time that another projector, the Rev. Gilbert Tennent, came to me with a request that I would assist him in procuring a subscription for erecting a new meeting-house. It was to be for the use of a congregation he had gathered among the Presbyterians, who were originally disciples of Mr. Whitefield. Unwilling to make myself disagreeable to my fellow-citizens by too frequently soliciting their contributions, I absolutely refus'd. He then desired I would furnish him with a list of the names of persons I knew by experience to be generous and public-spirited. I thought it would

be unbecoming in me, after their kind compliance with my solicitations, to mark them out to be worried by other beggars, and therefore refus'd also to give such a list. He then desir'd I would at least give him my advice. "That I will readily do," said I; "and, in the first place, I advise you to apply to all those whom you know will give something; next, to those whom you are uncertain whether they will give any thing or not, and show them the list of those who have given; and, lastly, do not neglect those who you are sure will give nothing, for in some of them you may be mistaken." He laugh'd and thank'd me, and said he would take my advice. He did so, for he ask'd of everybody, and he obtained a much larger sum than he expected, with which he erected the capacious and very elegant meeting-house that stands in Arch-street.

Our city, tho' laid out with a beautiful regularity, the streets large, strait, and crossing each other at right angles, had the disgrace of suffering those streets to remain long unpav'd, and in wet weather the wheels of heavy carriages plough'd them into a quagmire, so that it was difficult to cross them; and in dry weather the dust was offensive. I had liv'd near what was call'd the Jersey Market, and saw with pain the inhabitants wading in mud while purchasing their provisions. A strip of ground down the middle of that market was at length pav'd with brick, so that, being once in the market, they had firm footing, but were often over shoes in dirt to get there. By talking and writing on the subject, I was at length instrumental in getting the street pav'd with stone between the market and the brick'd foot-pavement, that was on each side next the houses. This, for some time, gave an easy access to the market dry-shod; but, the rest of the street not being pav'd, whenever a carriage came out of the mud upon this pavement, it shook off and left its dirt upon it, and it was soon cover'd with mire, which was not remov'd, the city as yet having no scavengers.

大约这个时候，另一位计划发起人吉尔伯特·坦南特牧师来找我，请我协助他为建一座新教堂募集捐款。这座教堂将作他所召集的长老会教徒们集会之用，这些教徒原是怀特菲尔德先生的信徒。我不愿频繁向公众募集捐款，以免惹人厌烦，就坚决拒绝了他。于是他希望我给他列一张名单，列出我所知道的既慷慨又热心公益的人。我想这些人在我募捐时已做了善意的响应，现在我又把他们的名字挑出来，告诉别的募捐者，使他们备受烦扰，这种行为很不合适，因此我拒绝给他列这个名单。他又请我至少给他些建议。我说：“这我倒愿意。首先，我建议你向据你所知会捐钱的人募捐；然后，向你不确定是否会捐款的人募捐，并给他们看已捐款人的名单；最后，不要忽略那些你确信不会捐钱的人，因为你可能会看错他们中的一些人。”他笑着感谢我，说会采纳我的建议。他的确采纳了，他向所有人募捐，而且所获捐款比他预料的要多出很多，他用这笔钱修建了一座宽敞高雅的教堂，就座落在拱门街上。

我们的城市虽然规划得美观整齐，街道宽阔平直，纵横交错，但不雅的是路面长久不曾铺设，一到雨天，沉重的马车轮碾过，街道就成了泥沼，使人们寸步难行，而天气干燥时，街上又尘土飞扬，令人不快。我那时在泽西市场附近居住，看到居民们在市场采购时在泥泞中跋涉，心里很不是滋味。后来市场中央的一长条地面上终于铺了砖块，这样市民们到了市场之后就有稳固的落脚之处了，但他们往往还没到市场就已经满脚泥了。马路两边都有房屋，两排房屋前是铺了砖的人行道，我认为应在市场和人行道之间的道路上铺设石料。我和人议过此事，也就此写过文章，终于将其促成。这样，在一段时间内人们就可以轻易抵达市场而不把鞋子弄湿了。但街道其余部分还没有铺，每当马车从泥泞处驶到这段街面上时，其抖下的泥土落在上面，很快把这段街道弄得泥泞不堪，而且还不易清除，因为当时城市里还没有清洁工。

After some inquiry I found a poor industrious man, who was willing to undertake keeping the pavement clean, by sweeping it twice a week, carrying off the dirt from before all the neighbors' doors, for the sum of sixpence per month, to be paid by each house. I then wrote and printed a paper setting forth the advantages to the neighborhood that might be obtain'd by this small expense; the greater ease in keeping our houses clean, so much dirt not being brought in by people's feet; the benefit to the shops by more custom, etc., etc., as buyers could more easily get at them; and by not having, in windy weather, the dust blown in upon their goods, etc., etc. I sent one of these papers to each house, and in a day or two went round to see who would subscribe an agreement to pay these sixpences; it was unanimously sign'd, and for a time well executed. All the inhabitants of the city were delighted with the cleanliness of the pavement that surrounded the market, it being a convenience to all, and this rais'd a general desire to have all the streets paved, and made the people more willing to submit to a tax for that purpose.

After some time I drew a bill for paving the city, and brought it into the Assembly. It was just before I went to England, in 1757, and did not pass till I was gone and then with an alteration in the mode of assessment, which I thought not for the better, but with an additional provision for lighting as well as paving the streets, which was a great improvement. It was by a private person, the late Mr. John Clifton, his giving a sample of the utility of lamps, by placing one at his door, that the people were first impress'd with the idea of enlighting all the city. The honour of this public benefit has also been ascrib'd to me but it belongs truly to that gentleman. I did but follow his example, and have only some merit to claim respecting the form of our lamps, as differing from the globe lamps we were at first supply'd with from London. Those we found inconvenient in these respects: they admitted no air below; the smoke, therefore, did not readily go out above, but

circulated in the globe, lodg'd on its inside, and soon obstructed the light they were intended to afford; giving, besides, the daily trouble of wiping them clean; and an accidental stroke on one of them would demolish it, and render it totally useless. I therefore suggested the composing them of four flat panes, with a long funnel above to draw up the smoke, and crevices admitting air below, to facilitate the ascent of the smoke; by this means they were kept clean, and did not grow dark in a few hours, as the London lamps do, but continu'd bright till morning, and an accidental stroke would generally break but a single pane, easily repair'd.

经过一番寻访，我找到一个贫穷勤快的人，他愿意承担保持街道清洁的工作，每周清扫路面两次，并把各家各户门前的尘泥清除，工资为每月六便士，由各户共同支付。然后我撰写并刊印了一篇文章，向居民们陈述这一小笔支出的种种好处，如人们脚上不再带进如此多的泥土，更易于保持屋内卫生；对于店家来说，光顾的客人会有所增加，因为人们更容易到达商店；起风时也不会有沙尘刮至他们的货物上等等。我把这篇文章每家各送一份，一两天后再去各家看谁愿意签订协议支付这六便士。人们全都签了协议，一段时期内这个计划得以顺利进行。所有市民都高兴地见到市场周围的街道变得干净清洁了，这方便了大家，也使人们普遍希望所有街道都能铺设好，他们也更加愿意为此缴纳税款了。

一段时间以后，我起草了铺设全城街道的议案，并将其提交至州议会。这就在1757年我去英格兰之前，直到我走后议案才获得通过。当时议案中估定税额的方式有所更改，我认为这并没带来什么改善，倒是其中提出除铺设街道外还要安装路灯，这是一项很大的进步。这个提议是由一个平头百姓、已故的约翰·克利夫顿先生提出的，他在自家门前装了一盏灯，向大家展示灯的用处，使人们初次产生了照亮整座城市的想法。人们把这项公益事业的荣誉也归功于我，但其实它是属于那位先生的。我只是以他为榜样，在改进灯的形状方面略有功劳。我们使用的灯与最初从伦敦购买的球形灯不太一样，那种灯我们发现在如下方面有诸多缺点：灯的下方不通空气，使烟不能从上面出去，而是在球形里流动，附在灯的内壁上，很快就会阻挡灯的光线；此外，这使得灯具需要每天擦拭保持清洁；还有如果一不小心敲一下，灯具就会毁坏，就完全没用了。因此，我建议把四块平板玻璃拼起来作为灯罩，在上方安一支长烟囱以排空烟气，在下方开裂缝使空气进入，从而促使烟气上升。这个方法既使灯具保持清洁，也不像从在伦敦买的灯一样几小时之内就变得黯淡，而是可以持续发光直至天明，不小心敲到它一般只会打破一块玻璃，易于修补。

I have sometimes wonder'd that the Londoners did not, from the effect holes in the bottom of the globe lamps us'd at Vauxhall have in keeping them clean, learn to have such holes in their street lamps. But, these holes being made for another purpose, viz., to communicate flame more suddenly to the wick by a little flax hanging down thro' them, the other use, of letting in air, seems not to have been thought

of; and therefore, after the lamps have been lit a few hours, the streets of London are very poorly illuminated.

The mention of these improvements puts me in mind of one I propos'd, when in London, to Dr. Fothergill, who was among the best men I have known, and a great promoter of useful projects. I had observ'd that the streets, when dry, were never swept, and the light dust carried away; but it was suffer'd to accumulate till wet weather reduc'd it to mud, and then, after lying some days so deep on the pavement that there was no crossing but in paths kept clean by poor people with brooms, it was with great labor rak'd together and thrown up into carts open above, the sides of which suffer'd some of the slush at every jolt on the pavement to shake out and fall, sometimes to the annoyance of foot-passengers. The reason given for not sweeping the dusty streets was, that the dust would fly into the windows of shops and houses.

An accidental occurrence had instructed me how much sweeping might be done in a little time. I found at my door in Craven-street, one morning, a poor woman sweeping my pavement with a birch broom; she appeared very pale and feeble, as just come out of a fit of sickness. I ask'd who employ'd her to sweep there; she said, "Nobody, but I am very poor and in distress, and I sweeps before gentlefolkses doors, and hopes they will give me something." I bid her sweep the whole street clean, and I would give her a shilling; this was at nine o'clock; at 12 she came for the shilling. From the slowness I saw at first in her working, I could scarce believe that the work was done so soon, and sent my servant to examine it, who reported that the whole street was swept perfectly clean, and all the dust plac'd in the gutter, which was in the middle; and the next rain wash'd it quite away, so that the pavement and even the kennel were perfectly clean.

我有时觉得奇怪，在沃克斯豪尔使用的球形灯底部是有孔的，可以使灯的内部保持清洁，怎么伦敦人就没学会在他们的街灯上也开几个孔呢？但他们的孔是有其他用途的，即从中垂下一小块亚麻布，使火焰更快到达灯芯，而他们似乎没有想到通气的这种用途，因此，路灯点亮几个小时后，伦敦的街道就变得十分昏暗了。

提到这些改进，使我想起了在伦敦时向福瑟吉尔博士提议的事情。福瑟吉尔博士是我认识的最优秀的人之一，也是一位公益计划的伟大倡导者。我曾经注意到，天气干燥时，街道从来没人打扫，灰尘从来没人清走，就这么累积起来，一到下雨天便成了泥浆，几天以后，人行道上的污泥堆得如此之厚，连穿过街道都不可能，只有穷人用扫帚扫出来的小路是干净的。人们要费很大力气才能把这污泥耙到一起，倒进上端敞开的手推车中，但车子在路上行进时，每颠簸一次都会有些污泥从车的两边震落下来，掉在路上，有时让路人烦恼不已。而不清扫满是灰尘的

街道的理由是，清扫时灰尘会飞进商铺和房屋的窗户里。

一次偶然事件让我了解到在很短的时间内能完成多少清扫工作。一天早上，我在克雷文街住所的门口发现一位穷苦的妇人正用一把桦木扫帚扫着我门口的人行道，她看起来非常苍白虚弱，似乎大病初愈。我问她是谁雇她来这儿扫地的，她说："没人雇我，但我穷困潦倒，就来上流人士的家门口扫地，希望他们能施舍我点儿。"我让她把整条街都扫干净，我可以给她一先令。当时是9点钟，她12点时来拿钱了。开始时我见她动作很慢，难以相信她能这么快完成工作，于是就派我的仆人去检查，仆人回来报告说，整条街都打扫得十分干净，所有灰尘都扫到街中央的阴沟里了。后来下了一场雨，把它们都冲走了，这样整条人行道甚至阴沟都变得非常干净。

I then judg'd that, if that feeble woman could sweep such a street in three hours, a strong, active man might have done it in half the time. And here let me remark the convenience of having but one gutter in such a narrow street, running down its middle, instead of two, one on each side, near the footway; for where all the rain that falls on a street runs from the sides and meets in the middle, it forms there a current strong enough to wash away all the mud it meets with; but when divided into two channels, it is often too weak to cleanse either, and only makes the mud it finds more fluid, so that the wheels of carriages and feet of horses throw and dash it upon the foot-pavement, which is thereby rendered foul and slippery, and sometimes splash it upon those who are walking. My proposal, communicated to the good doctor, was as follows:

"For the more effectual cleaning and keeping clean the streets of London and Westminster, it is proposed that the several watchmen be contracted with to have the dust swept up in dry seasons, and the mud rak'd up at other times, each in the several streets and lanes of his round; that they be furnish'd with brooms and other proper instruments for these purposes, to be kept at their respective stands, ready to furnish the poor people they may employ in the service.

"That in the dry summer months the dust be all swept up into heaps at proper distances, before the shops and windows of houses are usually opened, when the scavengers, with close-covered carts, shall also carry it all away.

"That the mud, when rak'd up, be not left in heaps to be spread abroad again by the wheels of carriages and trampling of horses, but that the scavengers be provided with bodies of carts, not plac'd high upon wheels, but low upon sliders, with lattice bottoms, which, being cover'd with straw, will retain the mud thrown into them, and permit the water to drain from it, whereby it will become much lighter, water making the greatest part of its weight; these bodies of carts to be

plac'd at convenient distances, and the mud brought to them in wheel-barrows; they remaining where plac'd till the mud is drain'd, and then horses brought to draw them away."

于是我判断，如果那个虚弱的妇人能在三小时内打扫干净一条街，那么一个身强力壮、行动迅速的男子可能只用一半的时间就能完成。这里我要说到，在这样一条窄街上，只有中间一条阴沟而非两边人行道附近各一条是有好处的，因为落在街上的所有雨水从两边汇集到中间时，能够形成一股急流冲刷掉所有遇到的泥土；而如果这股水流分为两道，那么常常力度太弱，不足以清洗掉两边的泥土，只会让这泥沾了水后变得稀软，当马车轮碾过或马蹄踏过时溅到人行道上去，弄得人行道上又脏又滑，有时还会溅到行人身上。于是我向这位优秀的博士提出了如下建议：

“为使伦敦和威斯敏斯特的街道清扫更为有效，并保持街道清洁，我建议雇用若干人手，监管干燥季节时灰尘的清扫和雨季时污泥的耙除，每人负责几条街道及附近的小巷，我们给他们提供扫帚和其他适当的清扫工具，平时保存在各自的场所，以备受雇的穷人清扫街道时使用。”

“干燥的夏季时节，应在商店和住宅的窗户打开之前打扫灰尘，每隔适当距离积成一堆，再由清洁工用上端封闭的小车把它们全部运走。”

“耙集起来的泥巴不要再堆积放置，以免被车轮或马蹄踏散开来。清洁工应配备一些小车，车身不要高高放置在车轮之上，而是低放在滑盘上，底部是格子结构，上面铺上稻草，这样既可以盛住污泥，又能使水从中排出，如此一来整个重量就要轻许多，因为水占了大部分重量。这些车辆应置放在适当距离之处，污泥用手推车送来，倒入其中，等泥巴中的水都沥干之后用马把它们拖走。”

I have since had doubts of the practicability of the latter part of this proposal, on account of the narrowness of some streets, and the difficulty of placing the draining-sleds so as not to encumber too much the passage; but I am still of opinion that the former, requiring the dust to be swept up and carry'd away before the shops are open, is very practicable in the summer, when the days are long; for, in walking thro' the Strand and Fleet-street one morning at seven o'clock, I observ'd there was not one shop open, tho' it had been daylight and the sun up above three hours; the inhabitants of London chusing voluntarily to live much by candle-light, and sleep by sunshine, and yet often complain, a little absurdly, of the duty on candles and the high price of tallow.

Some may think these trifling matters not worth minding or relating; but when they consider that tho' dust blown into the eyes of

a single person, or into a single shop on a windy day, is but of small importance, yet the great number of the instances in a populous city, and its frequent repetitions give it weight and consequence, perhaps they will not censure very severely those who bestow some attention to affairs of this seemingly low nature. Human felicity is produc'd not so much by great pieces of good fortune that seldom happen, as by little advantages that occur every day. Thus, if you teach a poor young man to shave himself, and keep his razor in order, you may contribute more to the happiness of his life than in giving him a thousand guineas. The money may be soon spent, the regret only remaining of having foolishly consumed it; but in the other case, he escapes the frequent vexation of waiting for barbers, and of their sometimes dirty fingers, offensive breaths, and dull razors; he shaves when most convenient to him, and enjoys daily the pleasure of its being done with a good instrument. With these sentiments I have hazarded the few preceding pages, hoping they may afford hints which some time or other may be useful to a city I love, having lived many years in it very happily, and perhaps to some of our towns in America.

我后来对该建议后一部分的可行性产生了怀疑，因为有些街道很窄，要把手推车放在那儿而不阻碍交通是很困难的。但我还是认为要求在商店开门之前清扫并运走尘土的这一部分在夏季是十分可行的，因为白天时间很长。一天早晨七点时，我走过斯特兰德大道和舰队街，发现没有一家商店开门，尽管当时已经天色大亮，日上三竿。伦敦居民宁愿在烛光下生活、在阳光下睡觉，却又常常抱怨蜡烛征税太高，油脂价格太贵，真有些可笑。

有人可能认为这些微不足道的小事并不值得注意或是谈及，但如果他们认为大风天气里，灰尘吹进某个人眼睛或是刮进某家商店里并不是什么大事，那么在一个人口众多的城市里，许多人或许多商店受到风沙袭击，而且这样的事经常重复发生，这就十分严重了，也许这样他们就不会严厉责备那些对这看似无关紧要的事情有所留意的人了。人类幸福不是因鲜有发生的撞上大运而产生，而在于平日里得到的小小福利。因此，如果你能教会一个穷困的年轻人自己刮须，并好好保存剃须刀，这比赠给他1,000几尼更能给其人生带来幸福。钱财可能很快花光，剩下的只有对愚蠢挥霍金钱的懊悔；但如果你能教他刮须，那么他就能免去常常等待理发师的烦恼，不用忍受他们时常肮脏的手指、难闻的呼吸以及迟钝的剃刀，他可以选择自己最方便的时间剃须，还能每天享受使用好剃刀刮须的快乐。抱着这些想法，我冒昧写下前面几页文章，希望它们能在某些时候对我所热爱的城市有所帮助，我在这里已经快乐地生活了很多年，也许它们对我们美洲的其他城镇也有所裨益。

Having been for some time employed by the postmaster-general of America as his comptroller in regulating several offices, and bringing the officers to account, I was, upon his death in 1753, appointed, jointly with Mr. William Hunter, to succeed him, by a

commission from the postmaster-general in England. The American office never had hitherto paid any thing to that of Britain. We were to have six hundred pounds a year between us, if we could make that sum out of the profits of the office. To do this, a variety of improvements were necessary; some of these were inevitably at first expensive, so that in the first four years the office became above nine hundred pounds in debt to us. But it soon after began to repay us; and before I was displac'd by a freak of the ministers, of which I shall speak hereafter, we had brought it to yield three times as much clear revenue to the crown as the postoffice of Ireland. Since that imprudent transaction, they have receiv'd from it — not one farthing!

The business of the postoffice occasion'd my taking a journey this year to New England, where the College of Cambridge, of their own motion, presented me with the degree of Master of Arts. Yale College, in Connecticut, had before made me a similar compliment. Thus, without studying in any college, I came to partake of their honours. They were conferr'd in consideration of my improvements and discoveries in the electric branch of natural philosophy.

In 1754, war with France being again apprehended, a congress of commissioners from the different colonies was, by an order of the Lords of Trade, to be assembled at Albany, there to confer with the chiefs of the Six Nations concerning the means of defending both their country and ours. Governor Hamilton, having receiv'd this order, acquainted the House with it, requesting they would furnish proper presents for the Indians, to be given on this occasion; and naming the speaker (Mr. Norris) and myself to join Mr. Thomas Penn and Mr. Secretary Peters as commissioners to act for Pennsylvania. The House approv'd the nomination, and provided the goods for the present, and tho' they did not much like treating out of the provinces; and we met the other commissioners at Albany about the middle of June.

我受美洲邮电总长任命担任他的审计员已有一段时间，负责管理若干分局，并检查邮局职员的工作。他于1753年逝世，我和威廉·亨特先生一同被英国邮电总长指定接任他的职位。此前美洲邮局从未向英国邮局缴纳任何钱款。我们两人的年薪一共为600镑，如果我们能从邮局利润中获得这一数目的话。为实现这一点，我们对邮局工作作了各种必要改进，有些措施一开始必然要花费些金钱，因此在开始的四年里，邮局欠了我们900多镑薪金，但是很快就还给了我们。在我被某个狂妄的大臣免职之前（我稍后会提到），我们使邮局缴纳给英王的净税收额是爱尔兰邮局缴纳的三倍。在我被他们草率地免职之后，他们从那儿得到的收入——居然降为零！

邮局事务让我这一年有机会去了一趟新英格兰，那里的剑桥大学主动授予我文学硕士学位。康涅狄格的耶鲁大学此前也授予我一项类似的

学位。就这样，我从未在任何大学学习过，却享有它们的荣誉。这些学位的授予是因为我在自然科学的电学分支学科上有所改进和发现。

1754年，我们与法国再次开战，贸易大臣命令各殖民地派出代表委员在奥尔巴尼举行集会，与印第安人六部落的首领就共同防卫的方式进行协商。汉密尔顿总督收到命令后，通知了议会，请求他们提供适当礼物，在开会时送给印第安人，还提名议长诺里斯先生和我会同托马斯·佩恩先生及彼得斯秘书先生一起担任宾夕法尼亚的代表委员。议会通过了这项提名，还提供了礼物，尽管议员们并不太乐意在外地招待别人；我们大约在六月中旬时与其他委员们在奥尔巴尼会面。

In our way thither, I projected and drew a plan for the union of all the colonies under one government, so far as might be necessary for defense, and other important general purposes. As we pass'd thro' New York, I had there shown my project to Mr. James Alexander and Mr. Kennedy, two gentlemen of great knowledge in public affairs, and, being fortified by their approbation, I ventur'd to lay it before the Congress. It then appeared that several of the commissioners had form'd plans of the same kind. A previous question was first taken, whether a union should be established, which pass'd in the affirmative unanimously. A committee was then appointed, one member from each colony, to consider the several plans and report. Mine happen'd to be preferr'd, and, with a few amendments, was accordingly reported.

By this plan the general government was to be administered by a president-general, appointed and supported by the crown, and a grand council was to be chosen by the representatives of the people of the several colonies, met in their respective assemblies. The debates upon it in Congress went on daily, hand in hand with the Indian business. Many objections and difficulties were started, but at length they were all overcome, and the plan was unanimously agreed to, and copies ordered to be transmitted to the Board of Trade and to the assemblies of the several provinces. Its fate was singular: the assemblies did not adopt it, as they all thought there was too much prerogative in it, and in England it was judg'd to have too much of the democratic.

The Board of Trade therefore did not approve of it, nor recommend it for the approbation of his majesty; but another scheme was form'd, supposed to answer the same purpose better, whereby the governors of the provinces, with some members of their respective councils, were to meet and order the raising of troops, building of forts, etc., and to draw on the treasury of Great Britain for the expense, which was afterwards to be refunded by an act of Parliament laying a tax on America. My plan, with my reasons in support of it, is to be found among my political papers that are printed.

在我们前往奥尔巴尼的路上，我提出并拟定了一项计划，将所有殖民地联合在一个政府下，以备国防及其他重大原因之需。我们经过纽约时，我把我的计划告诉了詹姆斯·亚历山大先生和肯尼迪先生，他们是在公共事务领域颇有见识的两位绅士，他们的赞同使我增强了信念，于是我大胆地在代表大会上提了出来，当时似乎好几位委员都提出了同样的计划。我们首先讨论了一个先决问题，即是否应该成立一个联盟，这个问题得到大家一致同意。然后大会指定成立了一个委员会，每个殖民地各选一人，来考虑这几个计划和报告。我的计划凑巧获得了委员会的青睐，在经过几处修改后，就向大会作了报告。

根据这项计划，联邦政府将由一位总统管理，总统由英王指定，受其支持，另外还应选举出一个大理事会，由各殖民地的人民代表在各自议会里开会选举产生。大会上关于这个问题的辩论每日进行，与印第安人事务的讨论齐头并进。会上出现了许多反对意见和困难，但最终都被驳倒和克服，这项计划获得了一致通过，其副本被送至贸易委员会和各州议会处。这个计划的命运非常奇特：各州议会并不采纳它，因为他们都认为按此计划，联邦政府拥有太多特权，而英国方面却认为这计划使他们下放了太多权力。

因此贸易委员会没有批准这个计划，也不提请英王批准，但是这时却形成了另一项计划，应能更好地服务于同一目的。根据这个计划，各州总督应与各参事会成员集会，决定招募军队、修建堡垒等等事宜，所有花费由大不列颠王国国库支付，事后由英国议会颁布一项向美洲征税的法令来偿还。我的计划书和支持这项计划的理由可以在我已经刊印的政治论文中找到。

Being the winter following in Boston, I had much conversation with Governor Shirley upon both the plans. Part of what passed between us on the occasion may also be seen among those papers. The different and contrary reasons of dislike to my plan makes me suspect that it was really the true medium; and I am still of opinion it would have been happy for both sides the water if it had been adopted. The colonies, so united, would have been sufficiently strong to have defended themselves; there would then have been no need of troops from England; of course, the subsequent pretence for taxing America, and the bloody contest it occasioned, would have been avoided. But such mistakes are not new; history is full of the errors of states and princes.

Look round the habitable world, how few Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue!

Those who govern, having much business on their hands, do not generally like to take the trouble of considering and carrying into execution new projects. The best public measures are therefore seldom adopted from previous wisdom, but forc'd by the occasion.

接下来的冬天我是在波士顿度过的，这期间我与雪利总督就这两个计划有过许多讨论。我们当时讨论的部分内容也可在那些论文中找到。对我的计划，反对者有的持不同意见，有的持相反意见，这让我怀疑这就是真正的折中之道。我也依然认为如果它能被采纳，大洋两岸的双方都会很高兴。各殖民地按照这一计划联合起来后，将足够强大以进行自我防卫，那么到时就没有必要再从英国派军队过来，以后向美洲征税的借口自然也就没有了，也不会引起血腥争夺了。但是这样的错误绝不新鲜，历史上国家和君王犯错的例子比比皆是。

环顾世界，明察自身利益之人何其少，明察并能勇敢追求之人又何其少！

执政之人有太多事务需要处理，一般不愿劳神去考虑和执行新的计划。因此，最佳公共措施很少是因先见之明而被采纳的，一般都是情势所逼而已。

The Governor of Pennsylvania, in sending it down to the Assembly, express'd his approbation of the plan, "as appearing to him to be drawn up with great clearness and strength of judgment, and therefore recommended it as well worthy of their closest and most serious attention." The House, however, by the management of a certain member, took it up when I happen'd to be absent, which I thought not very fair, and reprobated it without paying any attention to it at all, to my no small mortification.

In my journey to Boston this year, I met at New York with our new governor, Mr. Morris, just arriv'd there from England, with whom I had been before intimately acquainted. He brought a commission to supersede Mr. Hamilton, who, tir'd with the disputes his proprietary instructions subjected him to, had resign'd. Mr. Morris ask'd me if I thought he must expect as uncomfortable an administration. I said, "No; you may, on the contrary, have a very comfortable one, if you will only take care not to enter into any dispute with the Assembly." "My dear friend," says he, pleasantly, "how can you advise my avoiding disputes? You know I love disputing; it is one of my greatest pleasures; however, to show the regard I have for your counsel, I promise you I will, if possible, avoid them." He had some reason for loving to dispute, being eloquent, an acute sophister, and, therefore, generally successful in argumentative conversation. He had been brought up to it from a boy, his father, as I have heard, accustoming his children to dispute with one another for his diversion, while sitting at table after dinner; but I think the practice was not wise; for, in the course of my observation, these disputing, contradicting, and confuting people are generally unfortunate in their affairs. They get victory sometimes, but they never get good will, which would be of more use to them. We parted, he going to Philadelphia, and I to

Boston.

宾夕法尼亚总督将我的计划交给议会，并对计划大加赞赏，“在他看来，这个计划逻辑清晰，观点合理，因此他认为值得议员们仔细阅读，认真对待。”但是，有个议员耍了个手段，趁我不在时在议会讨论这个计划，这让我觉得不是很公平。结果议会对这项计划毫不重视，将其否决了，让我极为懊恼。

这一年在去波士顿的途中，我在纽约见到了我们的新总督莫里斯先生。他刚从英格兰来到这里，我以前和他关系很好。他奉命来此接替汉密尔顿先生，后者厌倦了因领主指令的约束而与议会发生争执，于是辞职了。莫里斯先生问我他是否会在政府管理上遇到同样的困难，我说：“不会，相反，只要你小心不与议会发生任何争论，你当政会非常顺利。”“我亲爱的朋友，”他客气地说，“你怎么能建议我避免争论呢？你知道我很爱争论，这是我的最大乐趣之一。但是，为了表示我对你建议的尊重，我向你保证，如果可能的话，我会避免争论的。”他热爱争论是有些理由的，他口才很好，是一个精明的诡辩家，因此在论证性谈话中常常能够胜出。他孩童时代起就学习辩论，我听说他父亲吃完晚饭坐在桌旁时，会让孩子们相互争论，以此为乐。但我认为这么做并不高明，因为通过观察，这些爱好争论、反驳和驳斥的人们在自己的事务中一般都很不幸。他们有时会取得胜利，但从来得不到人们的善意对待，而这善意对待要比赢得争论更为有用。我们分开之后，他去了费城，我到了波士顿。

In returning, I met at New York with the votes of the Assembly, by which it appear'd that, notwithstanding his promise to me, he and the House were already in high contention; and it was a continual battle between them as long as he retain'd the government. I had my share of it; for, as soon as I got back to my seat in the Assembly, I was put on every committee for answering his speeches and messages, and by the committees always desired to make the drafts. Our answers, as well as his messages, were often tart, and sometimes indecently abusive; and, as he knew I wrote for the Assembly, one might have imagined that, when we met, we could hardly avoid cutting throats; but he was so good-natur'd a man that no personal difference between him and me was occasion'd by the contest, and we often din'd together.

One afternoon, in the height of this public quarrel, we met in the street. "Franklin," says he, "you must go home with me and spend the evening; I am to have some company that you will like" ; and, taking me by the arm, he led me to his house. In gay conversation over our wine, after supper, he told us, jokingly, that he much admir'd the idea of Sancho Panza, who, when it was proposed to give him a government, requested it might be a government of blacks, as then, if he could not agree with his people, he might sell them. One of his friends, who sat next to me, says, "Franklin, why do you continue to side with these damn'd Quakers? Had not you better sell them? The proprietor would give you a good price." "The governor," says I, "has not yet blacked them enough." He, indeed, had labored hard to blacken the Assembly in all his messages, but they wip'd off his coloring as fast as he laid it on, and plac'd it, in return, thick upon his own face; so that, finding he was likely to be negrofied himself, he, as well as Mr. Hamilton, grew tir'd of the contest, and quitted the government.

These public quarrels were all at bottom owing to the proprietaries, our hereditary governors, who, when any expense was to be incurred for the defense of their province, with incredible meanness instructed their deputies to pass no act for levying the necessary taxes, unless their vast estates were in the same act expressly excused; and they had even taken bonds of these deputies to observe such instructions. The Assemblies for three years held out against this injustice, tho' constrained to bend at last. At length Captain Denny, who was Governor Morris's successor, ventured to disobey those instructions; how that was brought about I shall show hereafter.

在回来的路上，我在纽约看到了议会的表决结果。从表决结果来看，尽管他向我许了诺，他和议会已经争论不休了。在他任职期间，他们之间的斗争一直没有休止。我也参与其中，因为我一回到州议会，每个委员会都让我答复他的演说和咨文，而委员会则总是让我起草这些文件。我们的答复和他的咨文往往尖酸刻薄，有时还有无礼的谩骂。他知道我为议会撰写回复文章后，人们可能会认为我们见面时免不了会斗个你死我活，但他的性情如此之善良，以至于我和他之间从未因争论而心生嫌隙，我们还常常一块儿吃饭呢。

一天下午，正当这场公务上的争论处于高潮之时，我们在街上相遇了。“富兰克林，”他说，“你今天晚上一定得和我去我家，我有些朋友你会喜欢的。”于是，他挽着我的胳膊，把我带去了他家。晚饭后，我们把酒言欢之时，他戏谑地告诉我们他非常喜欢桑乔·潘沙的想法，有人提出要让桑乔·潘沙来管理一个政府时，他则要求这个政府统治的是黑人，这样的话，当他和他的人民意见不一时，他还可以卖掉他们。他的一位坐

在我身边的朋友说道："富兰克林，为什么你还要站在那些该死的贵格会信徒一边呢？你把他们卖了不是更好吗？领主会给你开个好价钱的。"我说："总督还没把他们涂得够黑啊。"他在他所有的咨文中的确都极力抹黑议会的名声，但他刚把颜色涂上去他们就将它擦拭干净了，还把它狠狠回敬到他自己脸上；就这样，当他发现自己很有可能被涂为黑人时，也像汉密尔顿先生一样，厌倦了争论，从政府中辞职了。

这些公务上的争论其实都起源于领主，他们是我们世袭的统治者。每当需要为本州防卫支付费用时，他们表现出来的吝啬让人难以置信，他们会叮嘱代理人，让他们不要通过征收必要税款的法案，除非同一法案中明文批准他们数额巨大的财产可以免税；他们甚至还和这些代理人订立合约，确保他们遵照其命令。议会连续三年抵抗这种不公平的做法，但最终还是被迫让步。终于，莫里斯总督的继任者丹尼上尉大胆地没有服从那些命令，这件事情的经过我会稍后说明。

But I am got forward too fast with my story: there are still some transactions to be mention'd that happened during the administration of Governor Morris.

War being in a manner commenced with France, the government of Massachusetts Bay projected an attack upon Crown Point, and sent Mr. Quincy to Pennsylvania, and Mr. Pownall, afterward Governor Pownall, to New York, to solicit assistance. As I was in the Assembly, knew its temper, and was Mr. Quincy's countryman, he appli'd to me for my influence and assistance. I dictated his address to them, which was well receiv'd. They voted an aid of ten thousand pounds, to be laid out in provisions. But the governor refusing his assent to their bill (which included this with other sums granted for the use of the crown), unless a clause were inserted exempting the proprietary estate from bearing any part of the tax that would be necessary, the Assembly, tho' very desirous of making their grant to New England effectual, were at a loss how to accomplish it. Mr. Quincy labored hard with the governor to obtain his assent, but he was obstinate.

I then suggested a method of doing the business without the governor, by orders on the trustees of the Loan Office, which, by law, the Assembly had the right of drawing. There was, indeed, little or no money at that time in the office, and therefore I propos'd that the orders should be payable in a year, and to bear an interest of five per cent. With these orders I suppos'd the provisions might easily be purchas'd. The Assembly, with very little hesitation, adopted the proposal. The orders were immediately printed, and I was one of the committee directed to sign and dispose of them. The fund for paying them was the interest of all the paper currency then extant in the province upon loan, together with the revenue arising from the excise, which being known to be more than sufficient, they obtain'd instant

credit, and were not only receiv'd in payment for the provisions, but many money'd people, who had cash lying by them, vested it in those orders, which they found advantageous, as they bore interest while upon hand, and might on any occasion be used as money; so that they were eagerly all bought up, and in a few weeks none of them were to be seen. Thus this important affair was by my means compleated. Mr. Quincy return'd thanks to the Assembly in a handsome memorial, went home highly pleas'd with the success of his embassy, and ever after bore for me the most cordial and affectionate friendship.

但是我的故事讲述得太快了，在莫里斯总督任职期间，还有一些事情应该谈到。

从某种意义上来说我们与法国的战争已经开始了。马萨诸塞湾政府打算袭击克朗波因特，派昆西先生和波纳尔先生（后来的波纳尔总督）分别去宾夕法尼亚和纽约请求援助。因为我是州议员，了解议会的情况，又和昆西先生是同乡，所以他希望我利用自己的影响帮助他。我向昆西先生口述了他要向议员们发表的演讲，那篇演讲反响良好。议员们投票通过了一万镑的援助款，用于购买粮草。但总督却拒绝批准这一议案（该议案包含这项援助，以及其他为英王所用的款项），除非其中加上领主的财产可免交所有必要税款的条款，尽管议会极其希望能对新英格兰施以有效援助，但此时却束手无策。昆西先生竭力劝说总督批准法案，但总督还是固执己见。

于是我提出了一个绕开总督的行事办法，即向贷款办公室理事开具汇票，根据法律，议会是有这项权利的。其实那时贷款办公室没什么资金，于是我提议，汇票应在一年内支付，并支付5%的利息。有了这些汇票，我想购买粮草应当不是什么难事。议会没怎么犹豫就采纳了这一提议。汇票很快付印了，我被指定为签署并发行汇票的委员之一。收购汇票的资金是当时全州所有纸币贷款的利息以及消费税所得，人们知道要收购汇票，这二者之和是绰绰有余的，于是汇票很快获得了人们的信任，它们不仅被用来购买粮食，很多手头有现钱的富人还将钱投入那些汇票，他们发现这样有利可图，因为持有汇票可以获得利息，又随时可当现金使用，因此他们都积极购买，几个星期后所有证券就全都卖光了。就这样，这一重大事件按我的方法就完成了。昆西先生写了一篇典雅的文章向议会表示感谢，顺利完成了使命后，兴高采烈地回家了。从此以后，他对我总是怀着最真挚、最深切的友情。

We found the general at Frederictown, waiting impatiently for the return of those he had sent thro' the back parts of Maryland and Virginia to collect waggons. I stayed with him several days, din'd with him daily, and had full opportunity of removing all his prejudices, by the information of what the Assembly had before his arrival actually done, and were still willing to do, to facilitate his operations. When I was about to depart, the returns of waggons to be obtained were brought in, by which it appear'd that they amounted only to twenty-

five, and not all of those were in serviceable condition. The general and all the officers were surpris'd, declar'd the expedition was then at an end, being impossible, and exclaim'd against the ministers for ignorantly landing them in a country destitute of the means of conveying their stores, baggage, etc., not less than one hundred and fifty waggons being necessary.

I happened to say I thought it was a pity they had not been landed rather in Pennsylvania, as in that country almost every farmer had his waggon. The general eagerly laid hold of my words, and said, "Then you, sir, who are a man of interest there, can probably procure them for us; and I beg you will undertake it." I ask'd what terms were to be offer'd the owners of the waggons; and I was desir'd to put on paper the terms that appeared to me necessary. This I did, and they were agreed to, and a commission and instructions accordingly prepar'd immediately. What those terms were will appear in the advertisement I publish'd as soon as I arriv'd at Lancaster, which being, from the great and sudden effect it produc'd, a piece of some curiosity, I shall insert it at length, as follows:

我们在弗雷德里克敦见到了这位将军，他当时正在焦急地等待派往马里兰和弗吉尼亚边境地区征集车辆的人回来。我和他共处了几天，每天和他一起吃饭，有充足的机会消除他的所有偏见，我告诉他议会在他抵达之前所做的一切，现在他们依然愿意这样做以协助他的行动。我正要离开时，所征车辆情况的材料呈递了进来，报告上说只征集到25辆车，其中有些已不能使用。将军和所有的军官都大感意外，宣布这次出征就此终结，任务不能完成了，他们还大声斥责那些大臣们愚蠢地让他们在这样一个地方登陆，这里连运送军需品和行李等等的工具都没有，而他们至少需要150辆车才能进行运输。

我无意中提到，他们要是在宾夕法尼亚登陆就好了，因为在那儿，几乎每个农夫都有自己的马车。将军立即接我的话说道：“那么先生，您在那儿是个有影响的人，很可能可以帮我们征到车辆，我请您担下此事。”我问他对马车车主有何报酬，他让我将我认为必要的报酬写在纸上。我写了下来，他同意这些条件，于是立即把相应的委任书和通告令准备好。这些报酬是什么可以在我抵达兰开斯特后立即发布的公告上看到，从它迅速引起的巨大反响来看，这公告倒是很有意思，我把全文插在此处，如下所示：

"ADVERTISEMENT. "LANCASTER, April 26, 1755.

"Whereas, one hundred and fifty waggons, with four horses to each waggon, and fifteen hundred saddle or pack horses, are wanted for the service of his majesty's forces now about to rendezvous at Will's Creek, and his excellency General Braddock having been pleased to empower me to contract for the hire of the same, I hereby give notice that I shall attend for that purpose at Lancaster from this day to next Wednesday evening, and at York from next Thursday morning till Friday evening, where I shall be ready to agree for waggons and teams, or single horses, on the following terms, viz.: 1. That there shall be paid for each waggon, with four good

horses and a driver, fifteen shillings per diem; and for each able horse with a pack-saddle, or other saddle and furniture, two shillings per diem; and for each able horse without a saddle, eighteen pence per diem. 2. That the pay commence from the time of their joining the forces at Will's Creek, which must be on or before the 20th of May ensuing, and that a reasonable allowance be paid over and above for the time necessary for their travelling to Will's Creek and home again after their discharge. 3. Each waggon and team, and every saddle or pack horse, is to be valued by indifferent persons chosen between me and the owner; and in case of the loss of any waggon, team, or other horse in the service, the price according to such valuation is to be allowed and paid. 4. Seven days' pay is to be advanced and paid in hand by me to the owner of each waggon and team, or horse, at the time of contracting, if required, and the remainder to be paid by General Braddock, or by the paymaster of the army, at the time of their discharge, or from time to time, as it shall be demanded. 5. No drivers of waggons, or persons taking care of the hired horses, are on any account to be called upon to do the duty of soldiers, or be otherwise employed than in conducting or taking care of their carriages or horses. 6. All oats, Indian corn, or other forage that waggons or horses bring to the camp, more than is necessary for the subsistence of the horses, is to be taken for the use of the army, and a reasonable price paid for the same.

"Note.—My son, William Franklin, is empowered to enter into like contracts with any person in Cumberland County. "B. FRANKLIN."

公　告

兰开斯特　1755年4月26日

兹因英王陛下的军队将在威尔斯克里克集结，需150辆马车，每辆马车需配马四匹，还需1,500匹驯马或驮马，尊敬的布雷多克将军阁下授权我为他租马并订立合约。因此，我将于今日至下周三晚在兰开斯特、于下周四上午至周五晚在约克办理此事，特此公告。另车辆、马车联队及单匹马的租金如下：1.　配有四匹良马及一位马夫的马车，每日付给15先令；配有驮鞍或其他马鞍及装备的健壮马匹，每日付给两先令；无马鞍的健壮马匹，每日付给18便士。2.　租金从车辆和马匹加入位于威尔斯克里克的军队之时开始计算，报到时间为接下来的5月20日或此日期之前。除租金外，就往返路途的必要时间也会给予适当补贴。3.　每辆车及马车联队、每匹驯马或驮马将由我和车马主人选择的中立人士进行估价，如若车辆、马车联队或其他马匹在服役时有所损失，应根据估价给予赔偿。4.　订立合约时，如车马主人需要，可由我预先支付七日租金，余下部分由布雷多克将军或军队出纳员在车马服役结束时支付，或根据需要择期支付。5.　在任何情况下，绝不要求驾车人或马夫履行士兵职责，也不使其承担驾车或养马以外的任务。6.　凡由车马运至军营的所有燕麦、玉米或其他饲料，如满足饲养马匹需要之外还有剩余，可由军队按照合理价格收购。

注：我的儿子威廉·富兰克林亦有权与坎伯兰郡任何一人订立此类合同。

本杰明·富兰克林

"To the inhabitants of the Counties of Lancaster, York and Cumberland.

"Friends and Countrymen,

"Being occasionally at the camp at Frederic a few days since, I found the general and officers extremely exasperated on account of their not being supplied with horses and carriages, which had been expected from this province, as most able to furnish them; but, through the dissensions between our governor and Assembly, money had not been provided, nor any steps taken for that purpose.

"It was proposed to send an armed force immediately into these counties, to seize as many of the best carriages and horses as should be wanted, and compel as many persons into the service as would be necessary to drive and take care of them.

"I apprehended that the progress of British soldiers through these counties on such an occasion, especially considering the temper they are in, and their resentment against us, would be attended with many and great inconveniences to the inhabitants, and therefore more willingly took the trouble of trying first what might be done by fair and equitable means. The people of these back counties have lately complained to the Assembly that a sufficient currency was wanting; you have an opportunity of receiving and dividing among you a very considerable sum; for, if the service of this expedition should continue, as it is more than probable it will, for one hundred and twenty days, the hire of these waggons and horses will amount to upward of thirty thousand pounds, which will be paid you in silver and gold of the king's money.

"The service will be light and easy, for the army will scarce march above twelve miles per day, and the waggons and baggage-horses, as they carry those things that are absolutely necessary to the welfare of the army, must march with the army, and no faster; and are, for the army's sake, always placed where they can be most secure, whether in a march or in a camp.

"If you are really, as I believe you are, good and loyal subjects to his majesty, you may now do a most acceptable service, and make it easy to yourselves; for three or four of such as can not separately spare from the business of their plantations a waggon and four horses and a driver, may do it together, one furnishing the waggon, another one or two horses, and another the driver, and divide the pay proportionately between you; but if you do not this service to your king and country voluntarily, when such good pay and reasonable terms are offered to you, your loyalty will be strongly suspected. The king's business must be done; so many brave troops, come so far for your defense, must not stand idle through your backwardness to do what may be reasonably expected from you; waggons and horses must be had; violent measures will probably be used, and you will be left to seek for a recompense where you can find it, and your case, perhaps, be little pitied or regarded.

"I have no particular interest in this affair, as, except the satisfaction of endeavoring to do good, I shall have only my labor for my pains. If this method of obtaining the waggons and horses is not likely to succeed, I am obliged to send word to the general in fourteen days; and I suppose Sir John St. Clair, the hussar, with a body of soldiers, will immediately enter the province for the purpose, which I shall be sorry to hear, because I am very sincerely and truly your friend and well-wisher, B. FRANKLIN."

致兰开斯特、约克及坎伯兰郡居民书

朋友们，同乡们：

几天前，我偶然去了弗雷德里克军营，发现将军和军官们因缺乏马匹和车辆供给而极为恼怒，他们希望能从本州获得供给，因为本州最具备这种能力。但因总督和议会不和，未能提供资金，也未为此采取任何措施。

有人提议立即派遣一支军队进入诸郡，按其所需数量，抢夺优良车马，强迫必要

数量的人们到军队驾车养马。

我担心英国士兵在此情景下行经诸郡，尤其考虑到他们此刻的情绪及对我们的憎恶，会给居民们造成诸多巨大不便，因此，我更加愿意不辞劳苦，尝试先用公平合理的办法解决此事。诸郡人民近来向议会抱怨缺乏足够货币，现在你们有机会获得并分享一大笔财产，如此一次远征服役能持续120天（这是极有可能的），这些车马的租金将高于三万镑，并将以英王的金币和银币支付。

服役工作将会轻松容易，因为军队每天行进的路程很少超过12英里，而车辆及运输行李的马匹所运之物对军队福利而言必不可少，必须与军队共同行进，不能更快，不管是在行进中还是军营里，为了军队自身考虑，车马一定始终处于最安全的位置。

如你们像我相信的那样，的确是英国善良而忠诚的子民，你们现在可以承担这项最受欢迎的服役，自己也不至为难；如果有三四户人家无法从其种植工作中单独抽出一辆车、四匹马和一位车夫，那么他们可以合力，一家提供马车，一家提供一两匹马，再有一家提供车夫，并将所获租金按比例分配。如果给你们提供这样优厚的租金、这样合理的条件，你们仍然不愿为你们的国王和国家服务，那么你们的忠心就会遭到强烈质疑了。国王的任务必须完成，如此多英勇的军队千里迢迢前来保卫你们，如果你们迟迟不肯做些该做的事情，他们也一定要得到车马，便可能会采取过激手段，到时你们就只能自寻出路，而且在这种情况下，也许没人会同情和关心你们了。

此事并未牵涉我本人的具体利益，除了让我拥有尽力行善的满足感外，我只能不辞辛劳，努力促成此事。如果这种征集车马的方法不成功，14天后我只能将此事向将军报告，我想轻骑兵约翰·圣克莱尔爵士会立即率领一队士兵来本州搜寻车马，这会令我非常遗憾，因为我是你们非常诚恳真实的朋友和祝福者。

本杰明·富兰克林

I received of the general about eight hundred pounds, to be disbursed in advance-money to the wagon owners, etc.; but, that sum being insufficient, I advanc'd upward of two hundred pounds more, and in two weeks the one hundred and fifty waggons, with two hundred and fifty-nine carrying horses, were on their march for the camp. The advertisement promised payment according to the valuation, in case any waggon or horse should be lost. The owners, however, alleging they did not know General Braddock, or what dependence might be had on his promise, insisted on my bond for the performance, which I accordingly gave them.

我从将军处得到大约800镑用于向车主们预付租金等等，但这笔钱还不够，我又垫付了200多镑。两周后，征集到的150辆车和259匹马就启程前往军营了。通告中允诺，如果车马折损，将根据估价予以赔偿。但车马主称他们不认识布雷多克将军，不知他的承诺是否可靠，坚持让我为此担保，我就依了他们的话。

While I was at the camp, supping one evening with the officers of Colonel Dunbar's regiment, he represented to me his concern for the subalterns, who, he said, were generally not in affluence, and could ill

afford, in this dear country, to lay in the stores that might be necessary in so long a march, thro' a wilderness, where nothing was to be purchas'd. I commiserated their case, and resolved to endeavor procuring them some relief. I said nothing, however, to him of my intention, but wrote the next morning to the committee of the Assembly, who had the disposition of some public money, warmly recommending the case of these officers to their consideration, and proposing that a present should be sent them of necessaries and refreshments. My son, who had some experience of a camp life, and of its wants, drew up a list for me, which I enclos'd in my letter. The committee approv'd, and used such diligence that, conducted by my son, the stores arrived at the camp as soon as the waggons. They consisted of twenty parcels, each containing

6 lbs. loaf sugar.
6 lbs. cheese.
1 keg, containing 20 lbs. good butter.
1 lb. good green tea.
2 lbs. good Madeira wine.
2 gals. good Jamaica spirits.
6 bottles claret.
2-2 doz. best white biscuit.
1-2 doz. pickled tongues.
6 lbs. raisins.
6 lbs. good ham.
2 gals. good Jamaica coffee.
6 bottles claret.
1-2 doz. best white biscuit.
1-2 doz. pickled tongues.
6 lbs. raisins.
6 lbs. loaf sugar.
1 keg, containing 20 lbs. good butter.
1 lb. good green tea.
2 lbs. good Madeira wine.
2 gals. good Jamaica spirits.
6 bottles claret.
2-2 doz. best white biscuit.
1-2 doz. pickled tongues.
6 lbs. raisins.
6 lbs. cheese.
6 lbs. ham.
6 lbs. best white wine vinegar
6 lbs. raisins.

These twenty parcels, well pack'd, were placed on as many horses, each parcel, with the horse, being intended as a present for one officer. They were very thankfully receiv'd, and the kindness acknowledg'd by letters to me from the colonels of both regiments, in the most grateful terms. The general, too, was highly satisfied with my conduct in procuring him the waggons, etc., and readily paid my account of disbursements, thanking me repeatedly, and requesting my farther assistance in sending provisions after him. I undertook this also, and was busily employ'd in it till we heard of his defeat, advancing for the service of my own money, upwards of one thousand pounds sterling, of which I sent him an account. It came to his hands, luckily for me, a few days before the battle, and he return'd me immediately an order on the paymaster for the round sum of one thousand pounds, leaving the remainder to the next account. I consider this payment as good luck, having never been able to obtain that remainder, of which more hereafter.

我在军营中时，有天晚上和邓巴上校部队的军官们共进晚餐，邓巴

上校向我诉说了他对部下们的关切，他说他们基本都不富裕，在这个物价高昂的地方，他们无力购买并储存足够数量的物品以备长途跋涉所需，穿越荒野时又无处去买了。我对他们的境况表示同情，决心设法为他们减轻些负担。但我并没告诉他我的打算，只是第二天早上给议会负责管理一些公款的委员会写了封信，热忱希望他们能考虑这些军官的情况，建议给他们赠送些必需品和食物作为礼物。我的儿子曾有过军营生活的经验，了解其所需之物，就给我列了张清单，我也随信附上了。委员会同意了此事，并予以迅速办理，以至车马的队伍抵达军营时，由我的儿子护送的必需品也到了。运去的必需品共有20袋，每袋中有：

糖[illegible]硬干酪1块
上等黑[illegible]糖[illegible]磅20磅）
上等绿茶1磅
[illegible]白葡萄酒2打
[illegible]磅
[illegible]磅
上等[illegible]担
[illegible]磅
[illegible]醋1夸脱
葡萄干6磅

这20大袋东西包装完好，由20匹马驮着，每袋东西和一匹马一起作为礼物送给一名军官。军官们收下了这些礼物，十分感激，两个团的上校都写信给我，感谢我们的善举，言辞间充满了感激之情。将军也对我为他征得车辆等物十分满意，欣然把我垫付的钱支付给我，还再三感谢我，请我继续协助他运输粮草。我将此事也承担了下来，并一直为此忙碌，直至听说他战败。我为此垫付了1,000英镑，把账单寄给了他。幸运的是，账单在开战前几天到了他手里，他立即寄给我一张汇单，让我向军队出纳员支取1,000镑整，余下数目并入下次账目。我认为能收回这笔钱款十分幸运，因为余数就再也没能收回，这是后话了。

This general was, I think, a brave man, and might probably have made a figure as a good officer in some European war. But he had too much self-confidence, too high an opinion of the validity of regular troops, and too mean a one of both Americans and Indians. George Croghan, our Indian interpreter, join'd him on his march with one hundred of those people, who might have been of great use to his army as guides, scouts, etc., if he had treated them kindly; but he slighted and neglected them, and they gradually left him.

In conversation with him one day, he was giving me some account of his intended progress. "After taking Fort Duquesne," says he, "I am to proceed to Niagara; and, having taken that, to Frontenac, if the season will allow time; and I suppose it will, for Duquesne can

hardly detain me above three or four days; and then I see nothing that can obstruct my march to Niagara." Having before revolv'd in my mind the long line his army must make in their march by a very narrow road, to be cut for them thro' the woods and bushes, and also what I had read of a former defeat of fifteen hundred French, who invaded the Iroquois country, I had conceiv'd some doubts and some fears for the event of the campaign. But I ventur'd only to say, "To be sure, sir, if you arrive well before Duquesne, with these fine troops, so well provided with artillery, that place not yet completely fortified, and as we hear with no very strong garrison, can probably make but a short resistance. The only danger I apprehend of obstruction to your march is from ambuscades of Indians, who, by constant practice, are dexterous in laying and executing them; and the slender line, near four miles long, which your army must make, may expose it to be attack'd by surprise in its flanks, and to be cut like a thread into several pieces, which, from their distance, can not come up in time to support each other."

我认为这位将军是个勇敢的人，在某些欧洲战争中，他也许能成为一位优秀的军官。但他过于自信，对常规军的战斗力估计过高，而又太过蔑视美洲军队及印第安军队的战斗力。我们的印第安语翻译乔治·克罗根带着100名印第安人加入了他的行军队伍，如将军能善待他们，他们也许能担任向导、侦察员等，对他的军队发挥很大作用，但他轻视、忽略了他们，他们也就渐渐离开了他。

有天我和他谈话，他告诉了我他的一些计划。他说：“夺取迪尤肯堡后，我要进军尼亚加拉，攻下尼亚加拉后，如果季节合适，就进攻弗隆特纳克。我想这可以实现，因为攻下迪尤肯堡最多需要三四天时间，然后就没有什么能够阻挡我向尼亚加拉进发了。”我早就想到他的军队得在一条很窄的路上行进，队伍必然拉得很长，一定会被树林和灌木丛隔断，此外我在书上读到，之前法国一支1,500人的部队攻打易洛魁郡时吃了败仗，因此对他的这次作战能否取胜有些怀疑和担忧。但我只敢对他说：“当然，先生，如果您带领这样一支备有足够火炮的精锐之师顺利抵达迪尤肯堡，而那里的防御工事又尚未筑好，加上我们听说那儿的驻军力量也并不强大，所以他们可能抵抗不了多久。我所担心阻碍行军的唯一危险是印第安人的埋伏，他们不断练习，在设陷阱、伏击方面行动敏捷灵巧，到时您的军队一定绵延近四英里，两侧可能会遭遇突然袭击，如一条线一样被切为数截，由于距离太远，他们也不能及时相互支援。”

He smil'd at my ignorance, and reply'd, "These savages may, indeed, be a formidable enemy to your raw American militia, but upon the king's regular and disciplin'd troops, sir, it is impossible they should make any impression." I was conscious of an impropriety in my disputing with a military man in matters of his profession, and said no more. The enemy, however, did not take the advantage of his army

which I apprehended its long line of march expos'd it to, but let it advance without interruption till within nine miles of the place; and then, when more in a body (for it had just passed a river, where the front had halted till all were come over), and in a more open part of the woods than any it had pass'd, attack'd its advanced guard by a heavy fire from behind trees and bushes, which was the first intelligence the general had of an enemy's being near him. This guard being disordered, the general hurried the troops up to their assistance, which was done in great confusion, thro' waggons, baggage, and cattle; and presently the fire came upon their flank: the officers, being on horseback, were more easily distinguish'd, pick'd out as marks, and fell very fast; and the soldiers were crowded together in a huddle, having or hearing no orders, and standing to be shot at till two-thirds of them were killed; and then, being seiz'd with a panick, the whole fled with precipitation.

The waggoners took each a horse out of his team and scamper'd; their example was immediately followed by others; so that all the waggons, provisions, artillery, and stores were left to the enemy. The general, being wounded, was brought off with difficulty; his secretary, Mr. Shirley, was killed by his side; and out of eighty-six officers, sixty-three were killed or wounded, and seven hundred and fourteen men killed out of eleven hundred. These eleven hundred had been picked men from the whole army; the rest had been left behind with Colonel Dunbar, who was to follow with the heavier part of the stores, provisions, and baggage. The flyers, not being pursu'd, arriv'd at Dunbar's camp, and the panick they brought with them instantly seiz'd him and all his people; and, tho' he had now above one thousand men, and the enemy who had beaten Braddock did not at most exceed four hundred Indians and French together, instead of proceeding, and endeavoring to recover some of the lost honour, he ordered all the stores, ammunition, etc., to be destroy'd, that he might have more horses to assist his flight towards the settlements, and less lumber to remove. He was there met with requests from the governors of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, that he would post his troops on the frontiers, so as to afford some protection to the inhabitants; but he continu'd his hasty march thro' all the country, not thinking himself safe till he arriv'd at Philadelphia, where the inhabitants could protect him. This whole transaction gave us Americans the first suspicion that our exalted ideas of the prowess of British regulars had not been well founded.

他笑我无知，答道：“这些野蛮人对你们那未经训练的美洲民兵团来说可能的确是个可怕的敌人，但是先生，对英国国王训练有素的常规军而言，他们根本不值一提。”我意识到自己与一位军人就他的本行争论并

不妥当，于是没再多说。但是敌人并没利用我担忧的行进队伍太长这一点进行攻击，而是任其前进至离目的地9英里以内的地方，不加阻挠。当时部队已基本集中起来（因为部队刚刚渡河，前方士兵停止了行进，等待后面部队全都过河），来到一处比之前途径的任何地方都更为开阔的林间空地上，就在此处，敌人从树木和灌木丛后用重型火力向其前哨部队发起袭击，而直至此时，将军才知道敌人就在附近。前哨部队方寸大乱，将军立即派大部队前去支援，由于要穿过马车、行李和牲口，部队陷入极大混乱中。此时敌人已向他们侧翼开火，军官们骑在马上，更易被辨认出来当成射击目标，很快就摔落马下。士兵们挤作一堆，没人向他们发号施令，或是根本听不到，只是站在那里挨枪子儿，直到三分之二的人被杀死，这时人们才都惊慌失措，仓促逃散了。

车夫们各自从马车联队上解下一匹马，急忙逃走了，其他人立即效仿，于是所有马车、粮食、炮弹和其他储备都留给了敌人。将军负了伤，被艰难救出，他的秘书雪利先生在他身边中弹身亡，86名军官中有63名伤亡，1,100名士兵中有714名丧命。这1,100名士兵是从全军中挑选出来的，余下部队还在后面，由邓巴上校率领，他押运着大部分储备物资、粮食和行李跟随在后面。逃走的士兵没有人追赶，逃到了邓巴的军营里，他们的恐慌立即传给了邓巴和他的部下，尽管他现在麾下拥有1,000多名士兵，而打败布雷多克的敌军加起来最多不超过400名的印第安人和法国人。邓巴命令军队停止前进，并没有努力挽回一些失去的颜面，反而下令将所有物资储备、军火等全都毁掉，以腾出更多马匹助他逃回驻地，不至于太过累赘难以前进。他在那儿接到弗吉尼亚、马里兰和宾夕法尼亚总督们的请求，请他驻军于前线，为居民们提供保护。但邓巴上校仍然匆忙前进，穿过诸州，直到抵达费城才感到安全，因为费城居民可以保护他。我们美洲人一向认为英国常规军英勇善战，对他们充满敬意，这整件事情使我们第一次产生怀疑，原来心怀的敬意是毫无理由的。

In their first march, too, from their landing till they got beyond the settlements, they had plundered and stripped the inhabitants, totally ruining some poor families, besides insulting, abusing, and confining the people if they remonstrated. This was enough to put us out of conceit of such defenders, if we had really wanted any. How different was the conduct of our French friends in 1781, who, during a march thro' the most inhabited part of our country from Rhode Island to Virginia, near seven hundred miles, occasioned not the smallest complaint for the loss of a pig, a chicken, or even an apple.

Captain Orme, who was one of the general's aids-de-camp, and, being grievously wounded, was brought off with him, and continu'd with him to his death, which happen'd in a few days, told me that he was totally silent all the first day, and at night only said, "Who would have thought it?" That he was silent again the following day, saying only at last, "We shall better know how to deal with them another time;" and dy'd in a few minutes after.

也是在英国常规军第一次行军中，从登陆美洲直到离开驻地，他们抢掠居民的财物，使一些穷困家庭完全破产；如遇反抗，他们则对反抗者大肆辱骂，虐待囚禁，无所不用。即使我们果真需要保卫者，如此行径也足以使我们对这等保卫者心生厌烦了。这与1781年我们法国朋友的表现是多么不一样啊！我们的法国朋友从罗得岛向弗吉尼亚前进，途径本州人口密度最大的地区，全程近700英里，却丝毫未引起人们的任何抱怨，连丢失一头猪、一只鸡、甚至一个苹果的怨言也未曾听说。

奥姆上校是这位将军的一位副官，他受了重伤，和将军一起得救，直至几天后将军去世，他们一直都在一起。他告诉我，将军头一天一言不发，直到夜里才说："谁能想得到啊！"第二天，将军仍然沉默不语，最后只说了一句："我们下次就知道如何对付他们了。"几分钟后他就去世了。

The secretary's papers, with all the general's orders, instructions, and correspondence, falling into the enemy's hands, they selected and translated into French a number of the articles, which they printed, to prove the hostile intentions of the British court before the declaration of war. Among these I saw some letters of the general to the ministry, speaking highly of the great service I had rendered the army, and recommending me to their notice. David Hume, too, who was some years after secretary to Lord Hertford, when minister in France, and afterward to General Conway, when secretary of state, told me he had seen among the papers in that office, letters from Braddock highly recommending me. But, the expedition having been unfortunate, my service, it seems, was not thought of much value, for those recommendations were never of any use to me.

As to rewards from himself, I ask'd only one, which was, that he would give orders to his officers not to enlist any more of our bought servants, and that he would discharge such as had been already enlisted. This he readily granted, and several were accordingly return'd to their masters, on my application. Dunbar, when the command devolv'd on him, was not so generous. He being at Philadelphia, on his retreat, or rather flight, I apply'd to him for the discharge of the servants of three poor farmers of Lancaster county that he had enlisted, reminding him of the late general's orders on that bead. He promised me that, if the masters would come to him at Trenton, where he should be in a few days on his march to New York, he would there deliver their men to them. They accordingly were at the expense and trouble of going to Trenton, and there he refus'd to perform his promise, to their great loss and disappointment.

As soon as the loss of the waggons and horses was generally known, all the owners came upon me for the valuation which I had given bond to pay. Their demands gave me a great deal of trouble, my

acquainting them that the money was ready in the paymaster's hands, but that orders for paying it must first be obtained from General Shirley, and my assuring them that I had apply'd to that general by letter; but, he being at a distance, an answer could not soon be receiv'd, and they must have patience, all this was not sufficient to satisfy, and some began to sue me. General Shirley at length relieved me from this terrible situation by appointing commissioners to examine the claims, and ordering payment. They amounted to near twenty thousand pound, which to pay would have ruined me.

秘书的文件全都落入敌军手里，包括将军的命令、指示以及来往信函等，他们从中挑选了许多文章并将其翻译成法语，刊印出来以证明英国王室在宣战之前已怀有敌意。其中我看到有几封将军写给内阁的信，他在信中对我为军队所做的一切赞誉有加，并请内阁对我多加注意。大卫·休姆数年后成为时任驻法公使的赫特福德特勋爵的秘书，后来康韦威将军担任国务卿时又为他担任秘书，他也告诉我，他曾在那间办公室的文件之中看到布雷多克将军极力举荐我的信。但是这次远征以失败告终，人们似乎认为我所做的工作没什么价值，因为那些推荐从未对我起过什么作用。

至于将军本人对我的酬谢，我只向他要求过一件事，那就是请他命令他的军官不要再征募我们的雇工，已被征用的请将他们释放。他立即答应了，根据我的要求，有几位雇工被送还到他们的主人那儿。将军把职权移交给邓巴后，邓巴就没那么慷慨了。他撤退或者说逃奔至费城时，我请他释放他所征募的兰开斯特郡三位贫农的雇工，还提醒他已故将军曾对此有过指示。他答应我说，他即将前往纽约，几天后应该能到特伦顿，如果这些雇工的主人们去特伦顿找他，他可以在那把雇工还给他们。于是他们花费金钱不辞辛苦地赶到特伦顿，他却拒绝履行自己的承诺，使他们蒙受极大的损失，也十分失望。

车辆和马匹受到折损的消息一传开，所有车马主都来找我，让我根据担保给予赔偿。他们的要求给我造成很大麻烦，我告诉他们那笔钱已在军队出纳员手中，但还需等待雪利将军的命令才能支付，我向他们保证已写信向将军申请，但由于相距遥远，回信到来还需时日，请他们一定要有耐心。这一切还不能使他们满意，有人开始要起诉我。终于，雪利将军指定了几位委员前来审查这些要求，并下令支付赔款，这才使我从那可怕的局面中解脱出来。全部赔款接近两万镑，如果由我来付，我只能破产了。

Before we had the news of this defeat, the two Doctors Bond came to me with a subscription paper for raising money to defray the expense of a grand firework, which it was intended to exhibit at a rejoicing on receipt of the news of our taking Fort Duquesne. I looked grave, and said it would, I thought, be time enough to prepare for the rejoicing when we knew we should have occasion to rejoice. They seem'd surpris'd that I did not immediately comply with their

proposal. "Why the d--l!" says one of them, "you surely don't suppose that the fort will not be taken?" "I don't know that it will not be taken, but I know that the events of war are subject to great uncertainty." I gave them the reasons of my doubting; the subscription was dropt, and the projectors thereby missed the mortification they would have undergone if the firework had been prepared. Dr. Bond, on some other occasion afterward, said that he did not like Franklin's forebodings.

Governor Morris, who had continually worried the Assembly with message after message before the defeat of Braddock, to beat them into the making of acts to raise money for the defense of the province, without taxing, among others, the proprietary estates, and had rejected all their bills for not having such an exempting clause, now redoubled his attacks with more hope of success, the danger and necessity being greater. The Assembly, however, continu'd firm, believing they had justice on their side, and that it would be giving up an essential right if they suffered the governor to amend their money-bills. In one of the last, indeed, which was for granting fifty thousand pounds, his propos'd amendment was only of a single word. The bill expressed "that all estates, real and personal, were to be taxed, those of the proprietaries not excepted." His amendment was, for not read only: a small, but very material alteration. However, when the news of this disaster reached England, our friends there, whom we had taken care to furnish with all the Assembly's answers to the governor's messages, rais'd a clamor against the proprietaries for their meanness and injustice in giving their governor such instructions; some going so far as to say that, by obstructing the defense of their province, they forfeited their right to it. They were intimidated by this, and sent orders to their receiver-general to add five thousand pounds of their money to whatever sum might be given by the Assembly for such purpose.

我们得知战败的消息之前，有两位邦德医生带着募捐册前来找我，为一场盛大的烟火表演集资，准备在我们得知攻下迪尤肯堡的消息后举办的庆祝会上展示。我表情严肃地说，我认为等我们确认有庆祝的机会时再来筹备也不迟。他们似乎对我没有立即响应他们的提议感到惊奇，其中一位说：“见鬼！你不会认为这堡垒我们攻不下吧？”“我不认为我们攻不下这堡垒，但我知道战争之事变数太多。”我告诉了他们使我心存疑虑的原因，于是募捐就此作罢，也使募捐发起者避免了若果真准备了烟火所产生的窘迫。后来在另一个场合，邦德医生说他不喜欢富兰克林对不祥之事的预知。

布雷多克战败之前，莫里斯总督发表了一篇又一篇咨文烦扰议会，想促使议会制定法案为本州防卫筹集资金，但征税对象不包括领主的财产，凡是没有这一免税条款的议案，总督一律否决。后来情势愈加危急，防卫也变得愈加必要，总督自认为成功的希望加大，就变本加厉，

对此事催得更紧了。但议会依然固守立场，相信正义属于他们，如果他们任由总督修改财政法案，那么议会就放弃了一项基本权利。最后各议案中，有一项议案是关于拨款五万镑的，的确，总督只修改了其中一个字。议案是这样表述的："所有财产，无论不动产或动产，都应缴税，领主的财产不可例外。"总督的改动非常小，但却十分关键：他把"不"字改成了"唯"字。我们一直都将议会对总督文章的所有答复特地寄给我们在英格兰的朋友。战败的消息传至英格兰后，朋友们都义愤填膺，纷纷指责领主们卑鄙吝啬，违背公义，居然向总督下达这样的指示，有人甚至说他们既然阻碍本州的防卫事务，实际就是放弃他们在该州的权利。此种言论让他们备感压力，于是命令他们的财务总管从他们的收入中捐出5,000镑给议会，不管议会通过用于防卫的款项到底是多少。

This, being notified to the House, was accepted in lieu of their share of a general tax, and a new bill was form'd, with an exempting clause, which passed accordingly. By this act I was appointed one of the commissioners for disposing of the money, sixty thousand pounds. I had been active in modelling the bill and procuring its passage, and had, at the same time, drawn a bill for establishing and disciplining of a voluntary militia, which I carried thro' the House without much difficulty, as care was taken in it to leave the Quakers at their liberty. To promote the association necessary to form the militia, I wrote a dialogue, stating and answering all the objections I could think of to such a militia, which was printed, and had, as I thought, great effect.

While the several companies in the city and country were forming and learning their exercise, the governor prevail'd with me to take charge of our North-western frontier, which was infested by the enemy, and provide for the defense of the inhabitants by raising troops and building a line of forts. I undertook this military business, tho' I did not conceive myself well qualified for it. He gave me a commission with full powers, and a parcel of blank commissions for officers, to be given to whom I thought fit. I had but little difficulty in raising men, having soon five hundred and sixty under my command. My son, who had in the preceding war been an officer in the army rais'd against Canada, was my aid-de-camp, and of great use to me. The Indians had burned Gnadenhut, a village settled by the Moravians, and massacred the inhabitants; but the place was thought a good situation for one of the forts.

议会得知此事后，接受了这笔款项，用以代替领主们的应缴税款。议会还制定了一项含免税条款的新议案，也得到通过。根据这一议案，我被指定为委员之一，负责处理这笔六万镑的钱款。我积极参与了议案的起草工作，并使其获得通过，同时我还提出一项建立并训练志愿部队的议案，也毫不费力地使它在议会中通过了，因为议案特别注意了贵格会信徒可自由选择是否应征。为了尽快成立一个建立部队所需的筹备委员会，我写了一篇问答文章，列举并回答了所有我能想到的反对成立此

部队的意见，并将它刊印出来，我认为这篇文章产生了很好的效果。

当城市和乡村已有数支连队组织起来并进行操练时，总督说服我管理我们饱受敌军骚扰的西北边界，并组织军队、修建堡垒、保卫人民。我承担了这项军事任务，尽管我认为自己并不怎么够格。总督向我授予了全权委任状，还有一沓空白委任状，可授予我认为合适的人。在征募军队上我没遇到什么困难，很快就召集了560人在我麾下。之前的战争中，我的儿子在对抗加拿大的部队里担任军官，这时成为我的副官，对我帮助很大。印第安人烧毁了纳登赫特村，这是摩拉维亚教徒的居住地，还屠杀了村民，但此地却是一个修建堡垒的有利位置。

In order to march thither, I assembled the companies at Bethlehem, the chief establishment of those people. I was surprised to find it in so good a posture of defense; the destruction of Gnadenhut had made them apprehend danger. The principal buildings were defended by a stockade; they had purchased a quantity of arms and ammunition from New York, and had even plac'd quantities of small paving stones between the windows of their high stone houses, for their women to throw down upon the heads of any Indians that should attempt to force into them. The armed brethren, too, kept watch, and reliev'd as methodically as in any garrison town. In conversation with the bishop, Spangenberg, I mention'd this my surprise; for, knowing they had obtained an act of Parliament exempting them from military duties in the colonies, I had suppos'd they were conscientiously scrupulous of bearing arms. He answer'd me that it was not one of their established principles, but that, at the time of their obtaining that act, it was thought to be a principle with many of their people. On this occasion, however, they, to their surprise, found it adopted by but a few. It seems they were either deceiv'd in themselves, or deceiv'd the Parliament; but common sense, aided by present danger, will sometimes be too strong for whimsical opinions.

It was the beginning of January when we set out upon this business of building forts. I sent one detachment toward the Minisink, with instructions to erect one for the security of that upper part of the country, and another to the lower part, with similar instructions; and I concluded to go myself with the rest of my force to Gnadenhut, where a fort was tho't more immediately necessary. The Moravians procur'd me five waggons for our tools, stores, baggage, etc.

Just before we left Bethlehem, eleven farmers, who had been driven from their plantations by the Indians, came to me requesting a supply of firearms, that they might go back and fetch off their cattle. I gave them each a gun with suitable ammunition. We had not march'd many miles before it began to rain, and it continued raining all day; there were no habitations on the road to shelter us, till we arriv'd near

night at the house of a German, where, and in his barn, we were all huddled together, as wet as water could make us. It was well we were not attack'd in our march, for our arms were of the most ordinary sort, and our men could not keep their gun locks dry. The Indians are dextrous in contrivances for that purpose, which we had not. They met that day the eleven poor farmers above mentioned, and killed ten of them. The one who escap'd inform'd that his and his companions' guns would not go off, the priming being wet with the rain.

为向纳登赫特进军，我把军队集中在伯利恒，这是摩拉维亚教徒最主要的居住区。我很惊讶地发现，此地防卫准备非常齐全，因为纳登赫特村被毁，这里的人们也意识到了危险。他们的主要建筑都用栅栏围住，还从纽约购买了许多武器和军火，他们甚至还在高大石屋的窗户间放置了许多小铺路石，如有印第安人想强闯入室，妇女们可以用石子砸他们的头。武装的弟兄们也站岗放哨，和城里的驻军一样按时换班。与斯庞博格主教交谈时，我说这里的防卫令我感到惊讶，因为我知道他们已获得议会的豁免法案特许，免除他们在殖民地的兵役，我以为他们从内心并不愿意拿起武器武装起来。主教回答我说，反对兵役并不是他们的教义之一，但那项豁免法案通过时，人们以为他们的许多信徒是反对兵役的。但是这一次，他们惊讶地发现只有少数人秉持这一原则。看来他们不是欺骗了自己，就是欺骗了议会，但现在身处险境之中，常识的力量有时会变得非常强大，足以克制住那些古怪念头。

一月初，我们开始着手修建堡垒。我派了一支小分队前往密尼辛克，命令他们修建一座堡垒，保护该郡的高地地区，然后又派了一支小分队前往低洼地区，执行同样的命令。最后，我自己率领剩余部队前往纳登赫特，那儿更是需要立即修建一座堡垒。摩拉维亚教徒为我准备了五辆马车，驮着我们的工具、物资以及行李等。

有11位农民被印第安人从自己的农场里赶了出来，就在我们离开伯利恒前，他们前来找我，请我为他们提供一些武器，这样他们可以回去把他们的牲口抢回来。我给他们每人一把枪和相配的子弹。我们还没有走多少英里的路，天就开始下雨了，一整天都没停。我们在路上没有找到避雨的地方，直到快要入夜，才到了一个德国人家里，我们在他家的谷仓里挤在一起，浑身湿透了。还好我们路上没有遭遇袭击，因为我们的武器都是最普通的，士兵们无法使枪机部位保持干燥。印第安人深谙保持武器干燥之道，我们却不知如何是好。那天，印第安人遇到了那11位可怜的农民，杀了其中10位。得以逃脱的那个人告诉我们，他和同伴们的枪打不出子弹来，因为点火器已被雨淋湿了。

The next day being fair, we continu'd our march, and arriv'd at the desolated Gnadenhut. There was a saw-mill near, round which were left several piles of boards, with which we soon hutted ourselves; an operation the more necessary at that inclement season, as we had no tents. Our first work was to bury more effectually the dead we found there, who had been half interr'd by the country people.

The next morning our fort was plann'd and mark'd out, the circumference measuring four hundred and fifty-five feet, which would require as many palisades to be made of trees, one with another, of a foot diameter each. Our axes, of which we had seventy, were immediately set to work to cut down trees, and, our men being dextrous in the use of them, great despatch was made. Seeing the trees fall so fast, I had the curiosity to look at my watch when two men began to cut at a pine; in six minutes they had it upon the ground, and I found it of fourteen inches diameter. Each pine made three palisades of eighteen feet long, pointed at one end. While these were preparing, our other men dug a trench all round, of three feet deep, in which the palisades were to be planted; and, our waggons, the bodys being taken off, and the fore and hind wheels separated by taking out the pin which united the two parts of the perch, we had ten carriages, with two horses each, to bring the palisades from the woods to the spot. When they were set up, our carpenters built a stage of boards all round within, about six feet high, for the men to stand on when to fire thro' the loopholes. We had one swivel gun, which we mounted on one of the angles, and fir'd it as soon as fix'd, to let the Indians know, if any were within hearing, that we had such pieces; and thus our fort, if such a magnificent name may be given to so miserable a stockade, was finish'd in a week, though it rain'd so hard every other day that the men could not work.

第二天天气晴朗，我们继续前进，抵达了荒凉的纳登赫特。附近有一家锯木厂，周围留下了几堆木板，我们很快就用这些木板搭了棚屋来栖身。这在天气恶劣时更为必要，因为我们没有帐篷。我们的首要工作是把我们见到的尸体更妥善地安葬，此前当地乡民们只是将他们草草埋了。

第二天早上，我们对要建的堡垒作好规划，并在地基上标记了出来，其周长为455英尺，这需要455根木块做成栅栏，一一排开，每根木块直径为一英尺。我们有70把斧头，全都立即派上了用场，用来砍树，士兵们斧头用得都很熟练，很快就砍伐了很多木材。看到树木这么快地倒下，当两个人开始砍一棵松树时，我好奇地读表计时。他们只用6分钟就把树伐倒了，而我发现那棵树直径为14英寸。每株松树的木材可制三根18英尺长的木块，一端为尖头。他们正在准备这些时，其他人在四周挖掘3英尺深的壕沟，把木制栅栏插进去。我们把马车车身卸下，把连接车辆两段连杆的销子拔出来，以使前后轮分开，这样我们就有10辆马车了，每辆车配有两匹马，可以把木块从树林里运至修建地点。栅栏修建起来后，我们的木匠沿着栅栏在其内部搭建了一个木制的台子，约6英尺高，供人们透过枪眼开火时站在上面。我们有一尊旋转炮，我们把它架在一个角上，放置好后立即开了一炮，如果附近有印第安人能听到的话好让他们知道，我们也有这样的武器。就这样，我们的堡垒——如果“堡垒”这样一个宏大的名词能用来形容这么简陋的栅栏的话——在

一周之内就修建完毕，尽管这里每隔一天就下一场大雨，使人们无法工作。

This gave me occasion to observe, that, when men are employ'd, they are best content'd; for on the days they worked they were good-natur'd and cheerful, and, with the consciousness of having done a good day's work, they spent the evening jollily; but on our idle days they were mutinous and quarrelsome, finding fault with their pork, the bread, etc., and in continual ill-humor, which put me in mind of a sea-captain, whose rule it was to keep his men constantly at work; and, when his mate once told him that they had done every thing, and there was nothing further to employ them about, "Oh," says he, "Make them scour the anchor."

This kind of fort, however contemptible, is a sufficient defense against Indians, who have no cannon. Finding ourselves now posted securely, and having a place to retreat to on occasion, we ventur'd out in parties to scour the adjacent country. We met with no Indians, but we found the places on the neighboring hills where they had lain to watch our proceedings. There was an art in their contrivance of those places, that seems worth mention. It being winter, a fire was necessary for them; but a common fire on the surface of the ground would by its light have discovered their position at a distance. They had therefore dug holes in the ground about three feet diameter, and somewhat deeper; we saw where they had with their hatchets cut off the charcoal from the sides of burnt logs lying in the woods. With these coals they had made small fires in the bottom of the holes, and we observ'd among the weeds and grass the prints of their bodies, made by their laying all round, with their legs hanging down in the holes to keep their feet warm, which, with them, is an essential point. This kind of fire, so manag'd, could not discover them, either by its light, flame, sparks, or even smoke: it appear'd that their number was not great, and it seems they saw we were too many to be attacked by them with prospect of advantage.

这件事使我有机会观察到，人们工作时是最为满足的。那些工作的日子里，人们和蔼可亲，十分愉快，意识到自己很好地工作了一天后，他们晚上会非常快乐；而无所事事的日子里，人们暴躁不已，总想争吵，挑剔猪肉、面包等食物，经常发脾气。这使我想起一位船长，他的原则是使水手们不停地工作，有一次大副告诉他说水手们干完了所有的活儿，再没别的工作可做了，他说：“哦，让他们擦擦铁锚吧。”

这种堡垒不管如何简陋，抵御没有大炮的印第安人已是绰绰有余。我们现在已经做好安全防备，有情况发生时也有路可退，于是就大胆地结队在附近搜寻。我们没有遇到印第安人，但在附近小山上发现了他们的潜伏之处，他们就在此监视我们的活动。他们的藏身之所设计精妙，

值得一提。当时是冬天，生火对他们来说是必需的，但如果在地面上用平常方法生火，其光亮在远处也能看得见，他们的位置就因此暴露了。于是他们在地上凿了一些直径约为三英尺、深度超过三英尺的大坑，我们在坑里发现了木炭，那是他们用短斧在树林里被火烧过的木头边缘砍下的，他们就用这些木炭在坑底生起小火。我们还在杂草丛中发现了他们身体留下的痕迹，他们躺在坑边，两腿垂到坑里取暖，对他们来说，双腿的保暖是十分重要的。如此设计的生火方式就不会使他们暴露，不会让我们看到火光、火焰、火星，甚至是升起的烟。他们似乎人数并不多，可能见我们人多势众，觉得袭击我们也没有取胜的希望。

We had for our chaplain a zealous Presbyterian minister, Mr. Beatty, who complained to me that the men did not generally attend his prayers and exhortations. When they enlisted, they were promised, besides pay and provisions, a gill[6] of rum a day, which was punctually serv'd out to them, half in the morning, and the other half in the evening; and I observ'd they were as punctual in attending to receive it; upon which I said to Mr.Beatty, "It is, perhaps, below the dignity of your profession to act as steward of the rum, but if you were to deal it out and only just after prayers, you would have them all about you." He liked the tho't, undertook the office, and, with the help of a few hands to measure out the liquor, executed it to satisfaction, and never were prayers more generally and more punctually attended; so that I thought this method preferable to the punishment inflicted by some military laws for non-attendance on divine service.

I had hardly finish'd this business, and got my fort well stor'd with provisions, when I receiv'd a letter from the governor, acquainting me that he had call'd the Assembly, and wished my attendance there, if the posture of affairs on the frontiers was such that my remaining there was no longer necessary. My friends, too, of the Assembly, pressing me by their letters to be, if possible, at the meeting, and my three intended forts being now compleated, and the inhabitants contented to remain on their farms under that protection, I resolved to return; the more willingly, as a New England officer, Colonel Clapham, experienced in Indian war, being on a visit to our establishment, consented to accept the command. I gave him a commission, and, parading the garrison, had it read before them, and introduc'd him to them as an officer who, from his skill in military affairs, was much more fit to command them than myself; and, giving them a little exhortation, took my leave. I was escorted as far as Bethlehem, where I rested a few days to recover from the fatigue I had undergone. The first night, being in a good bed, I could hardly sleep, it was so different from my hard lodging on the floor of our hut at Gnaden wrapt only in a blanket or two.

我们有一位热心的长老会牧师比蒂先生担任我们的随军牧师，他向我抱怨说，士兵们基本不来听他祈祷和布道。士兵们应征入伍时，除了薪水和伙食外，我们还允诺每天发给他们一吉耳朗姆酒。酒每天按时分发，早晚各发一半，我观察到士兵们总是准时领酒，就对比蒂先生说："也许让您给他们发酒太辱没了您，但如果由您来分发，且只在祈祷会后发酒的话，他们全都会参加的。"比蒂先生认为这个办法很好，就担下了这个工作，有几个人帮他斟量，整件事情都很圆满，士兵们从未这样齐整、这样准时地参加祈祷会。因此我认为，对于不出席宗教仪式的人，用这个办法比用军法惩治要好。

我刚完成这项任务，为堡垒储备好粮草，就收到了总督的一封来信，他告诉我他已召集议会，如果边境事务进行顺利，无需我留在此处的话，那么他希望我回去出席。我在议会的朋友们也写信给我，催促我如果可能的话，就回去参加议会会议。当时我计划兴建的三座堡垒已经完工，居民们有了堡垒的保护，也安居于自家农场，于是我决定回去。更幸运的是，一位曾参加过印第安战争的新英格兰军官克拉彭上校正在我们的驻地访问，他答应接替我担任指挥官，这使我更能放心回去了。我把委任状授予克拉彭上校，部队检阅时，又把委任状当众宣读出来，并向士兵们介绍了他，说他拥有很高的军事才能，比我更能胜任指挥官一职，然后我向士兵们作了一番训诫，就离开了。我被护送到伯利恒，在此休息了几日，从疲劳中恢复了过来。躺在舒适的床上，第一夜我难以入睡，在纳登赫特时，仅仅裹着一两条毯子在棚屋内席地而睡，十分艰苦，现在与那时真是天差地别啊。

While at Bethlehem, I inquir'd a little into the practice of the Moravians: some of them had accompanied me, and all were very kind to me. I found they work'd for a common stock, eat at common tables, and slept in common dormitories, great numbers together. In the dormitories I observed loopholes, at certain distances all along just under the ceiling, which I thought judiciously placed for change of air. I was at their church, where I was entertain'd with good musick, the organ being accompanied with violins, hautboys, flutes, clarinets, etc. I understood that their sermons were not usually preached to mixed congregations of men, women, and children, as is our common practice, but that they assembled sometimes the married men, at other times their wives, then the young men, the young women, and the little children, each division by itself. The sermon I heard was to the latter, who came in and were plac'd in rows on benches; the boys under the conduct of a young man, their tutor, and the girls conducted by a young woman. The discourse seem'd well adapted to their capacities, and was deliver'd in a pleasing, familiar manner, coaxing them, as it were, to be good. They behav'd very orderly, but looked pale and unhealthy, which made me suspect they were kept too much within doors, or not allow'd sufficient exercise.

I inquir'd concerning the Moravian marriages, whether the report

was true that they were by lot. I was told that lots were us'd only in particular cases; that generally, when a young man found himself dispos'd to marry, he inform'd the elders of his class, who consulted the elder ladies that govern'd the young women. As these elders of the different sexes were well acquainted with the tempers and dispositions of their respective pupils, they could best judge what matches were suitable, and their judgments were generally acquiesc'd in; but if, for example, it should happen that two or three young women were found to be equally proper for the young man, the lot was then recurred to. I objected, if the matches are not made by the mutual choice of the parties, some of them may chance to be very unhappy. "And so they may," answer'd my informer, "if you let the parties chuse for themselves;" which, indeed, I could not deny.

在伯利恒时，我稍微了解了一些摩拉维亚教徒的习俗。他们有几个陪伴着我，都对我很友好。我发现他们集体劳动，吃集体伙食，许多人一起住在集体宿舍里。我看到他们宿舍靠近天花板的四周墙上，每隔一定距离就有些小孔，我想这是为了使空气流通。我还去了他们的教堂，在那儿欣赏到了美妙的音乐，是管风琴与小提琴、双簧管、长笛、单簧管等乐器的合奏。我知道他们不像我们通常那样，把男女老少各类人群集合起来统一传道，他们有时召集已婚男子进行布道，有时召集已婚妇女，还有年轻男子、年轻女子以及儿童，全都分开布道。我听过的那次是向儿童布道，孩子们进入教堂，成排坐在长凳上，男孩由一位年轻男子指导，他是他们的老师，女孩则由一位年轻女性指导。布道内容似乎很适合孩子们的理解能力，讲解方式令人感到愉快亲切，似乎在哄他们做个好孩子一样。孩子们举止规范，但看起来脸色苍白，并不健康，这让我怀疑他们在室内时间过长，或是没有得到足够的锻炼。

我打听了摩拉维亚教徒的婚俗，想知道他们是否如传闻所说，依靠抽签决定婚事。别人告诉我，抽签只在特定情况下使用，一般而言，年轻男子想成家时，先把自己的意愿告诉指导他们的长辈，再由长辈与管理年轻女性的年长妇女们商量。因为这些长辈对各自学生的脾气性格非常了解，所以他们能最准确地判断谁与谁结婚最合适，一般而言，年轻男女双方是遵从他们的判断的。但比如说，如果有两三位姑娘都同样适合一个年轻小伙儿，这时就采用抽签的办法。我对此有不同意见，如果结婚大事不由双方自己选择，有些婚姻可能不会幸福。告知我此事的人回答说：“如果你让男女双方自己选择，他们还是可能会不幸福的。”这句话我也的确不能否认。

Being returned to Philadelphia, I found the association went on swimmingly, the inhabitants that were not Quakers having pretty generally come into it, formed themselves into companies, and chose their captains, lieutenants, and ensigns, according to the new law. Dr. B. visited me, and gave me an account of the pains he had taken to spread a general good liking to the law, and ascribed much to those endeavors. I had had the vanity to ascribe all to my Dialogue;

however, not knowing but that he might be in the right, I let him enjoy his opinion, which I take to be generally the best way in such cases. The officers, meeting, chose me to be colonel of the regiment, which I this time accepted. I forget how many companies we had, but we paraded about twelve hundred well-looking men, with a company of artillery, who had been furnished with six brass field-pieces, which they had become so expert in the use of as to fire twelve times in a minute. The first time I reviewed my regiment they accompanied me to my house, and would salute me with some rounds fired before my door, which shook down and broke several glasses of my electrical apparatus. And my new honour proved not much less brittle; for all our commissions were soon after broken by a repeal of the law in England.

During this short time of my colonelship, being about to set out on a journey to Virginia, the officers of my regiment took it into their heads that it would be proper for them to escort me out of town, as far as the Lower Ferry. Just as I was getting on horseback they came to my door, between thirty and forty, mounted, and all in their uniforms. I had not been previously acquainted with the project, or I should have prevented it, being naturally averse to the assuming of state on any occasion; and I was a good deal chagrin'd at their appearance, as I could not avoid their accompanying me. What made it worse was, that, as soon as we began to move, they drew their swords and rode with them naked all the way. Somebody wrote an account of this to the proprietor, and it gave him great offense. No such honor had been paid him when in the province, nor to any of his governors; and he said it was only proper to princes of the blood royal, which may be true for aught I know, who was, and still am, ignorant of the etiquette in such cases.

回到费城后，我发现防卫队的事务进行得很顺利，非贵格会信徒的居民们基本都加入了，并根据新的法律自行组成连队，选出了上尉、中尉和少尉。邦德医生前来拜访我，向我叙述了他为使新法得到普遍支持所付出的辛苦努力，并认为新法能得到支持，很大程度上要归功于他的付出。此前我一直将此归功于我的那篇问答文章，但他说的或许是对的，所以我没有反驳他的观点，我认为在这种情况下，这一般是最好的办法。防卫队的军官集会时选我为上校，这次我接受了任命。我忘了当时我们有多少个连队，但我们列队集合时约有1,200名健壮士兵，还有一个炮兵连队，配有6门铜制野战炮，均能熟练使用，一分钟能开炮12次。第一次检阅部队后，他们护送我到住所，还要在我家门前向我鸣炮致敬，结果把我电学仪器上的几块玻璃震坏了。我的新荣誉也和这玻璃差不多脆弱，因为没过多久英国就废除了我们的法律，我们的所有职位也因此不存在了。

在担任上校的这段短暂时间内，有一次我要去弗吉尼亚，团里的军

官认为应由他们护送我出城，直至下渡口。我正要上马时，他们大约三四十人来到我家门口，骑着马，全都穿着制服。我先前并不知道他们要这样做，否则会阻止他们，因为我一向不喜欢在任何场合摆架子，他们的出现让我大为不安，因为这时我已经无法避免让他们护送了。更糟糕的是，我们刚一出发，他们就拔剑出鞘，一路举着剑骑马前进。有人写信把此事告诉了领主，他对此十分不悦。他在本州从未受过这种礼遇，即使他的上级也从未有人向他们表示过这样的敬意，他说只有皇室的王公们才有资格享受，这也许不假，因为我以前对礼节之事一无所知，现在也依然如此。

This silly affair, however, greatly increased his rancour against me, which was before not a little, on account of my conduct in the Assembly respecting the exemption of his estate from taxation, which I had always oppos'd very warmly, and not without severe reflections on his meanness and injustice of contending for it. He accused me to the ministry as being the great obstacle to the king's service, preventing, by my influence in the House, the proper form of the bills for raising money, and he instanced this parade with my officers as a proof of my having an intention to take the government of the province out of his hands by force. He also applied to Sir Everard Fawkener, the postmaster-general, to deprive me of my office; but it had no other effect than to procure from Sir Everard a gentle admonition.

无论如何，这件蠢事使领主对我的敌意大增。他以前就非常讨厌我，因为我在州议会里一直强烈反对向领主免征财产税一事，还曾言辞激烈地批评他谋求此种权利是卑鄙自私、罔顾正义的。他向内阁指控我，说我严重妨碍英王的公务，利用自己在议会的影响，阻挠正当的筹款法案顺利通过，他还援引军官列队护送我一事，证明我有意从他手中强行夺取本州政权。他还请求邮电总长埃弗拉德·福克纳爵士免去我的职务，但埃弗拉德爵士只是温和地告诫了我一番，别无其他。

Notwithstanding the continual wrangle between the governor and the House, in which I, as a member, had so large a share, there still subsisted a civil intercourse between that gentleman and myself, and we never had any personal difference. I have sometimes since thought that his little or no resentment against me, for the answers it was known I drew up to his messages, might be the effect of professional habit, and that, being bred a lawyer, he might consider us both as merely advocates for contending clients in a suit, he for the proprietaries and I for the Assembly. He would, therefore, sometimes call in a friendly way to advise with me on difficult points, and sometimes, tho' not often, take my advice.

We acted in concert to supply Braddock's army with provisions; and, when the shocking news arrived of his defeat, the governor sent

in haste for me, to consult with him on measures for preventing the desertion of the back counties. I forget now the advice I gave; but I think it was, that Dunbar should be written to, and prevail'd with, if possible, to post his troops on the frontiers for their protection, till, by re-enforcements from the colonies, he might be able to proceed on the expedition. And, after my return from the frontier, he would have had me undertake the conduct of such an expedition with provincial troops, for the reduction of Fort Duquesne, Dunbar and his men being otherwise employed; and he proposed to commission me as general. I had not so good an opinion of my military abilities as he profess'd to have, and I believe his professions must have exceeded his real sentiments; but probably he might think that my popularity would facilitate the raising of the men, and my influence in Assembly, the grant of money to pay them, and that, perhaps, without taxing the proprietary estate. Finding me not so forward to engage as he expected, the project was dropt, and he soon after left the government, being superseded by Captain Denny.

尽管总督和州议会之间一直争论不断，作为议会议员，我也很大程度上参与其中，但我和总督先生之间仍然保持着友好交往，从未有过任何私人矛盾。我有时认为，他知道议会对他的答复都由我起草，却没有或极少对我心存怨恨，这可能是出于职业习惯；他是律师出身，可能仅把我俩看成一场诉讼中对抗双方的律师而已，他代表领主，而我代表议会。因此，他有时会友好地拜访我，就一些难题给我些建议，有时他也会听取我的意见，尽管这并不经常发生。

我们共同行动，为布拉多克的军队供应粮草，当他战败的惊天消息传来之时，总督让我迅速去见他，与他商议防止偏远市郡居民弃城逃亡的办法。现在我已经忘了我提了什么建议，但我想自己是提议给邓巴写信，如果可能说服他在边境驻军，保卫这些市郡，等到殖民地援军赶到，他也许就能继续征伐。我从边境回来后，总督让我率领本州部队进行远征，去攻下杜肯堡，而邓巴及其下属则另有任用，他还提出要任命我为将军。我对自己的军事才能并没有他那么高的评价，也相信他一定是把自己的真实想法加以夸大才说出来，但很可能他认为我的声望会有助于招募士兵，我在议会的影响则能促使议会拨款支付军饷，也许还能免除向领主征财产税。总督发现我不像他预料的那样热衷此事后，就放弃了这项计划，不久他就不再担任总督一职了，由丹尼上校接任。

Before I proceed in relating the part I had in public affairs under this new governor's administration, it may not be amiss here to give some account of the rise and progress of my philosophical reputation.

In 1746, being at Boston, I met there with a Dr. Spence, who was lately arrived from Scotland, and show'd me some electric experiments. They were imperfectly perform'd, as he was not very expert; but, being on a subject quite new to me, they equally surpris'd

and pleased me. Soon after my return to Philadelphia, our library company receiv'd from Mr. P. Collinson, Fellow of the Royal Society of London, a present of a glass tube, with some account of the use of it in making such experiments. I eagerly seized the opportunity of repeating what I had seen at Boston; and, by much practice, acquir'd great readiness in performing those, also, which we had an account of from England, adding a number of new ones. I say much practice, for my house was continually full, for some time, with people who came to see these new wonders.

To divide a little this incumbrance among my friends, I caused a number of similar tubes to be blown at our glass-house, with which they furnish'd themselves, so that we had at length several performers. Among these, the principal was Mr. Kinnersley, an ingenious neighbor, who, being out of business, I encouraged to undertake showing the experiments for money, and drew up for him two lectures, in which the experiments were rang'd in such order, and accompanied with such explanations in such method, as that the foregoing should assist in comprehending the following. He procur'd an elegant apparatus for the purpose, in which all the little machines that I had roughly made for myself were nicely form'd by instrument-makers. His lectures were well attended, and gave great satisfaction; and after some time he went thro' the colonies, exhibiting them in every capital town, and pick'd up some money. In the West India islands, indeed, it was with difficulty the experiments could be made, from the general moisture of the air.

在我继续讲述新任总督当政时我从事的公务活动之前，我先在此谈谈我的学术声望是如何产生并日渐积累起来，这应当不为过。

1746年我在波士顿时，遇见了一位斯宾斯博士，他刚从苏格兰来，做了一些电气实验给我看。实验做得不算太好，因为他并不在行，但这项内容对于我而言却非常新鲜，同样让我又惊又喜。回到费城后不久，我们的图书馆收到伦敦皇家学会会员柯林森先生赠送的一根玻璃管，内附利用玻璃管做实验的说明书。我立即借此机会重复了我在波士顿见到的实验，多次练习之后，我做这些英国寄来的说明书上提到的实验已经游刃有余了，此外我还添加了许多新实验。我说“多次练习”，因为有段时间我家常常挤满了人，他们都来瞧这些新奇玩意儿。

为使朋友们帮我稍稍分担一些这样的负担，我请我们的玻璃厂制造了许多类似的玻璃管，这样他们也有了玻璃管，我们就能有多人来演示实验了。其中最为主要的是一位非常聪明的邻居金纳斯利先生，他当时正失业，于是我鼓励他以向人展示实验赚钱，还给他写了两篇讲稿，其中各实验安排有序，还配有解释说明及操作方法，这样前面的实验有助于观察者对后面实验的理解。他为此还买了一台美观的仪器，仪器上所有小机件都是由仪器制造师精心制造，而我原来自己做的很粗糙。他的

演讲听众很多，反响都非常满意，一段时间后，他去了各个殖民地，在各主要城镇进行演示，也赚了些钱。在西印度群岛，演示这些实验确实很难，因为那里空气一般都很潮湿。

Oblig'd as we were to Mr. Collinson for his present of the tube, etc., I thought it right he should be inform'd of our success in using it, and wrote him several letters containing accounts of our experiments. He got them read in the Royal Society, where they were not at first thought worth so much notice as to be printed in their Transactions. One paper, which I wrote for Mr. Kinnersley, on the sameness of lightning with electricity, I sent to Dr. Mitchel, an acquaintance of mine, and one of the members also of that society, who wrote me word that it had been read, but was laughed at by the connoisseurs. The papers, however, being shown to Dr. Fothergill, he thought them of too much value to be stifled, and advis'd the printing of them. Mr. Collinson then gave them to Cave for publication in his Gentleman's Magazine; but he chose to print them separately in a pamphlet, and Dr. Fothergill wrote the preface. Cave, it seems, judged rightly for his profit, for by the additions that arrived afterward they swell'd to a quarto volume, which has had five editions, and cost him nothing for copy-money.

It was, however, some time before those papers were much taken notice of in England. A copy of them happening to fall into the hands of the Count de Buffon, a philosopher deservedly of great reputation in France, and, indeed, all over Europe, he prevailed with M. Dalibard to translate them into French, and they were printed at Paris. The publication offended the Abbe Nollet, preceptor in Natural Philosophy to the royal family, and an able experimenter, who had form'd and publish'd a theory of electricity, which then had the general vogue. He could not at first believe that such a work came from America, and said it must have been fabricated by his enemies at Paris, to decry his system. Afterwards, having been assur'd that there really existed such a person as Franklin at Philadelphia, which he had doubted, he wrote and published a volume of Letters, chiefly address'd to me, defending his theory, and denying the verity of my experiments, and of the positions deduc'd from them.

我们对柯林森先生送我们玻璃管等物非常感激，我想应该告诉他我们成功地使用玻璃管做了实验，就给他写了几封信，描述了我们所做的实验。他在皇家学会朗读了这些信件，一开始人们认为信件所述内容没多大价值，不值得发表在他们的学报上。我为金纳斯利先生撰写的文章中有一篇是论述闪电与电的同一性，我把这篇文章寄给我的朋友米切尔博士，他也是皇家学会的会员，他写信告诉我这篇文章已在学会宣读，但被那些行家嘲笑了。但是，福瑟吉尔博士看了这些文章后，认为它们极有价值，绝不能埋没，还建议将它们刊印出来。于是柯林森先生把文

章交给凯夫，让他刊登在《绅士杂志》上，但凯夫却把它们单独印成一本小册子，由福瑟吉尔博士作序。从获利的角度来看，凯夫的决定似乎是正确的，因为此后不断交给他新的文章，使那本小册子扩展为四开本，还不得不出了五版，他却完全不用支付稿费。

但是一段时期内，这些文章并未在英国引起注意。在法国乃至整个欧洲享有盛誉的哲学家德布丰伯爵偶然得到这本论文集，他说服达利巴德先生将其翻译成法语，并在巴黎刊印。这本论文集的出版惹恼了皇室自然哲学的导师诺莱神父，他也是一位能干的实验家，提出并发表过一套电学理论，当时还颇为流行。他起初不相信这样一部作品来自美洲，还说这一定是他在巴黎的对手为贬低他的学术体系而捏造的。后来，当他确信费城真有富兰克林这样一个人后（他原先怀疑这点），他撰写并发表了很多信件，主要是写给我的，为他的理论辩护，并否认我的实验及从实验中推导出结论的真实性。

I once purpos'd answering the abbe, and actually began the answer; but, on consideration that my writings contain'd a description of experiments which any one might repeat and verify, and if not to be verifi'd, could not be defended; or of observations offer'd as conjectures, and not delivered dogmatically, therefore not laying me under any obligation to defend them; and reflecting that a dispute between two persons, writing in different languages, might be lengthened greatly by mistranslations, and thence misconceptions of one another's meaning, much of one of the abbe's letters being founded on an error in the translation, I concluded to let my papers shift for themselves, believing it was better to spend what time I could spare from public business in making new experiments, than in disputing about those already made. I therefore never answered M. Nollet, and the event gave me no cause to repent my silence; for my friend M. le Roy, of the Royal Academy of Sciences, took up my cause and refuted him; my book was translated into the Italian, German, and Latin languages; and the doctrine it contain'd was by degrees universally adopted by the philosophers of Europe, in preference to that of the abbe; so that he lived to see himself the last of his sect, except Monsieur B—, of Paris, his eleve and immediate disciple.

What gave my book the more sudden and general celebrity, was the success of one of its proposed experiments, made by Messrs. Dalibard and De Lor at Marly, for drawing lightning from the clouds. This engag'd the public attention every where. M. de Lor, who had an apparatus for experimental philosophy, and lectur'd in that branch of science, undertook to repeat what he called the Philadelphia Experiments; and, after they were performed before the king and court, all the curious of Paris flocked to see them. I will not swell this narrative with an account of that capital experiment, nor of the infinite pleasure I receiv'd in the success of a similar one I made soon

after with a kite at Philadelphia, as both are to be found in the histories of electricity.

我曾打算回复这位神父，事实上也已经提笔，但考虑到我的文章包含对实验过程的描述，任何人都能对此进行重复和检验，如果不予检验，也就不可能为其辩护，而文章中的观点只是推测而已，并没有独断地表述，因此我也没有为其辩护的必要。想到争论双方是用不同语言写作的人，可能由于误译或对对方意思的误解而争论不休，神父有一封信中的大部分论述就是因为一处误译引起，因此我决定不再为我的论文辩护，我相信与其为已经做过的实验争论不休，还不如把处理公务剩下的时间用来做新的实验呢。因此我没有给诺莱先生回复，而有件事情让我毫不后悔自己保持了缄默，因为我的朋友、皇家科学学院的勒罗伊先生出来替我驳斥了他的观点。我的论文集被翻译成意大利语、德语及拉丁语，其中包含的学说逐渐得到欧洲科学家们的普遍认可，神父的观点则逐渐失势，因此，神父成了有生之年这个学派的最后一位支持者，除了他的学生和门徒——巴黎的B先生外。

我的论文集之所以很快受到普遍欢迎，还因为书中所提的一个实验获得了成功。这个实验是要将云中的闪电引到地上来，是由在马莱的达利巴德先生和勒罗伊先生做的，在当时引起了社会的广泛关注。勒罗伊先生有一台实验科学仪器，并讲授实验科学，他重复进行所谓的“费城实验”。他们在国王和王室面前表演后，所有好奇的巴黎人都蜂拥而至，要来观摩实验。我不再详细叙述那次重要实验的情形了，不久之后我在费城用风筝进行了类似的实验，这次成功带给我的无穷快乐也不再多提，因为这两件事已在电学史中有所记载。

Dr. Wright, an English physician, when at Paris, wrote to a friend, who was of the Royal Society, an account of the high esteem my experiments were in among the learned abroad, and of their wonder that my writings had been so little noticed in England. The society, on this, resum'd the consideration of the letters that had been read to them; and the celebrated Dr. Watson drew up a summary account of them, and of all I had afterwards sent to England on the subject, which be accompanied with some praise of the writer. This summary was then printed in their Transactions; and some members of the society in London, particularly the very ingenious Mr. Canton, having verified the experiment of procuring lightning from the clouds by a pointed rod, and acquainting them with the success, they soon made me more than amends for the slight with which they had before treated me. Without my having made any application for that honor, they chose me a member, and voted that I should be excus'd the customary payments, which would have amounted to twenty-five guineas; and ever since have given me their Transactions gratis. They also presented me with the gold medal of Sir Godfrey Copley[7] for the year 1753, the delivery of which was accompanied by a very handsome speech of the president, Lord Macclesfield, wherein I was

highly honoured.

Our new governor, Captain Denny, brought over for me the before-mentioned medal from the Royal Society, which he presented to me at an entertainment given him by the city. He accompanied it with very polite expressions of his esteem for me, having, as he said, been long acquainted with my character. After dinner, when the company, as was customary at that time, were engag'd in drinking, he took me aside into another room, and acquainted me that he had been advis'd by his friends in England to cultivate a friendship with me, as one who was capable of giving him the best advice, and of contributing most effectually to the making his administration easy; that he therefore desired of all things to have a good understanding with me, and he begg'd me to be assur'd of his readiness on all occasions to render me every service that might be in his power. He said much to me, also, of the proprietor's good disposition towards the province, and of the advantage it might be to us all, and to me in particular, if the opposition that had been so long continu'd to his measures was dropt, and harmony restor'd between him and the people; in effecting which, it was thought no one could be more serviceable than myself; and I might depend on adequate acknowledgments and recompenses, etc., etc. The drinkers, finding we did not return immediately to the table, sent us a decanter of Madeira, which the governor made liberal use of, and in proportion became more profuse of his solicitations and promises.

英国的一位叫赖特的医生当时正在巴黎，给他的一位皇家学会的朋友写信，描述了我的实验在外国学者中得到的高度评价，他们纳闷儿我的论文在英国却少人问津。因此，皇家学会重新考虑了曾向他们宣读的信件，著名的沃森博士对这些信件及此后我寄至英国的有关这一内容的所有文章作了概要报告，还附上了对作者的一些赞誉。这一概要报告随后刊登在他们的学报上，有几位在伦敦的学会成员，尤其是非常聪明的坎顿先生，已经证实了用一根尖针可从云中得到电的实验，并告知皇家学会他们的实验取得了成功，于是，皇家学会很快改变了此前对我的轻蔑态度。在我没有提出申请的情况下就把我选为学会会员，投票同意免除我的例行入会费25几尼，以后还会免费将他们的学报赠给我。他们还把戈弗雷·科普利爵士1753年的金质奖章赠给我，学会主席迈克莱斯菲尔德勋爵就此发表了非常精彩的演说，其中给了我极高的赞誉。

我们的新任总督丹尼上校为我把英国皇家学会颁发的上述奖章带回了美洲，在费城为他举行的招待会上把奖章授予我，还极有礼貌地向我表示敬意，如他所说，他早已了解我的为人了。晚餐后，当众人如惯常一样开始饮酒时，丹尼上校把我带入另一个房间，告诉我说他的英国朋友建议他和我成为朋友，因为我能给他最好的建议，能最有效地帮助他，使他顺利治政，因此他极力希望与我交好，并请我相信在任何情况下，凡是他力所能及的，他都愿为我提供帮助。他也和我就领主对本州

所怀的善意谈了很多，说若能放弃对领主各项措施长久以来的反抗，双方重新建立和谐关系，将会对大家都有好处，尤其是对我。为实现这一目标，他认为没人能比我发挥更大的作用，而我也会得到可观的酬金和回报等等。饮酒的人们见我们没有很快回到桌上，就派人给我们送了一瓶马德拉酒，于是总督开怀畅饮起来，而他喝得越多，请求和许诺也就越多。

My answers were to this purpose: that my circumstances, thanks to God, were such as to make proprietary favors unnecessary to me; and that, being a member of the Assembly, I could not possibly accept of any; that, however, I had no personal enmity to the proprietary, and that, whenever the public measures he propos'd should appear to be for the good of the people, no one should espouse and forward them more zealously than myself; my past opposition having been founded on this, that the measures which had been urged were evidently intended to serve the proprietary interest, with great prejudice to that of the people; that I was much obliged to him (the governor) for his professions of regard to me, and that he might rely on every thing in my power to make his administration as easy as possible, hoping at the same time that he had not brought with him the same unfortunate instruction his predecessor had been hamper'd with.

On this he did not then explain himself; but when he afterwards came to do business with the Assembly, they appear'd again, the disputes were renewed, and I was as active as ever in the opposition, being the penman, first, of the request to have a communication of the instructions, and then of the remarks upon them, which may be found in the votes of the time, and in the Historical Review I afterward publish'd. But between us personally no enmity arose; we were often together; he was a man of letters, had seen much of the world, and was very entertaining and pleasing in conversation. He gave me the first information that my old friend Jas. Ralph was still alive; that he was esteem'd one of the best political writers in England; had been employ'd in the dispute between Prince Frederic and the king, and had obtain'd a pension of three hundred a year; that his reputation was indeed small as a poet, Pope having damned his poetry in the Dunciad; but his prose was thought as good as any man's.

我的回答大意如此：感谢上帝，我的经济情况使我无需接受来自领主的任何财产恩惠，作为一名议员，我也不可能接受任何恩惠，但我与领主没有私人恩怨，凡他提出有助于公益的措施，没有人会比我更热烈地表示支持，过去之所以反对，全因其采取的措施显然是从领主自身的权益出发，严重损害了人民的利益。我非常感谢总督对我怀有这般敬意，他可以相信，我会尽我所能使他顺利治政，同时也希望他不会像他的前任那样下达不幸的指示，他的前任就是被这种命令拖累了。

对这一点他当时没有解释，但后来他开始和议会一起处理公务时，这样的指示再次出现，双方的争论又一次产生了，而我还如往常一般积极表示反对，首先，请求总督向议会传达领主有关命令的文件是我起草的，然后，议会对这些命令的意见书也是我起草的，这两份文件可在当时的表决书和我后来发表的《历史评论》中找到。但我们之间并没有私人怨恨，我们经常在一起，他属于文人雅士，见过很多世面，和他交谈令人感到轻松愉快。他最先告诉我，我的老朋友詹姆斯·拉尔夫仍然在世，他在英国被尊为最杰出的政治作家之一，曾参与过弗雷德里克王子和国王之间的纷争，并获得每年300英镑的养老金。作为诗人，他的名望确实不大，蒲柏曾在《愚人志》里抨击过他的诗歌，但是他的散文可与任何名家匹敌。

The Assembly finally finding the proprietary obstinately persisted in manacling their deputies with instructions inconsistent not only with the privileges of the people, but with the service of the crown, resolv'd to petition the king against them, and appointed me their agent to go over to England, to present and support the petition. The House had sent up a bill to the governor, granting a sum of sixty thousand pounds for the king's use (ten thousand pounds of which was subjected to the orders of the then general, Lord Loudoun), which the governor absolutely refus'd to pass, in compliance with his instructions.

I had agreed with Captain Morris, of the paquet at New York, for my passage, and my stores were put on board, when Lord Loudoun arriv'd at Philadelphia, expressly, as he told me, to endeavor an accommodation between the governor and Assembly, that his majesty's service might not be obstructed by their dissensions. Accordingly, he desir'd the governor and myself to meet him, that he might hear what was to be said on both sides. We met and discuss'd the business. In behalf of the Assembly, I urg'd all the various arguments that may be found in the public papers of that time, which were of my writing, and are printed with the minutes of the Assembly; and the governor pleaded his instructions; the bond he had given to observe them, and his ruin if he disobey'd, yet seemed not unwilling to hazard himself if Lord Loudoun would advise it. This his lordship did not chuse to do, though I once thought I had nearly prevail'd with him to do it; but finally he rather chose to urge the compliance of the Assembly; and he entreated me to use my endeavors with them for that purpose, declaring that he would spare none of the king's troops for the defense of our frontiers, and that, if we did not continue to provide for that defense ourselves, they must remain expos'd to the enemy.

议会终于发现，领主们还是冥顽不化地用这样的命令束缚他们的代理人，这不仅违反人民的利益，也与为英王服务的使命背道而驰，于是

议会决定向英王请愿，并指定我作为他们的代理人去英国提交并解释我们的请愿书。议会向总督提交了一份议案，拨款六万镑供国王使用（其中一万镑应由当时的罗顿勋爵支配），但遵照领主的命令，总督坚决拒绝批准这项议案。

我与一艘纽约邮船的莫里斯船长商定乘他的船前往英国。我的物品都已搬上船，这时罗顿勋爵抵达了费城，他告诉我，他此行目的很明确，即努力使总督和议会之间达成和解，不要因双方意见不合而阻碍了英王的事务。于是，他希望我和总督都去见他，这样他就能听听我们双方的说法。我们见了面，讨论了这件事情。我代表议会强调了当时政府公共文件中的各种理由，那些文件由我起草，随议会会议记录一起印了出来。总督则以领主的命令为由，说自己有义务遵守这些命令，否则会被免职。如果当时罗顿勋爵提议让他冒险一试，他似乎并非不情愿，但罗顿勋爵却没有这么做，尽管有一次我觉得我就快说服他了，但最后他还是希望议会能够服从，还恳求我运用自己的影响达到这个目的，宣称他绝不会让英王的任何军队来保卫我们的边境，如果我们自己不继续为防御做准备，那么我们的边境定会受到敌人的袭击了。

I acquainted the House with what had pass'd, and, presenting them with a set of resolutions I had drawn up, declaring our rights, and that we did not relinquish our claim to those rights, but only suspended the exercise of them on this occasion thro' force, against which we protested, they at length agreed to drop that bill, and frame another conformable to the proprietary instructions. This of course the governor pass'd, and I was then at liberty to proceed on my voyage. But, in the meantime, the paquet had sailed with my sea-stores, which was some loss to me, and my only recompense was his lordship's thanks for my service, all the credit of obtaining the accommodation falling to his share.

He set out for New York before me; and, as the time for dispatching the paquet-boats was at his disposition, and there were two then remaining there, one of which, he said, was to sail very soon, I requested to know the precise time, that I might not miss her by any delay of mine. His answer was, "I have given out that she is to sail on Saturday next; but I may let you know, entre nous, that if you are there by Monday morning, you will be in time, but do not delay longer." By some accidental hinderance at a ferry, it was Monday noon before I arrived, and I was much afraid she might have sailed, as the wind was fair; but I was soon made easy by the information that she was still in the harbor, and would not move till the next day. One would imagine that I was now on the very point of departing for Europe. I thought so; but I was not then so well acquainted with his lordship's character, of which indecision was one of the strongest features. I shall give some instances. It was about the beginning of April that I came to New York, and I think it was near the end of June

before we sail'd. There were then two of the paquet-boats, which had been long in port, but were detained for the general's letters, which were always to be ready to-morrow. Another paquet arriv'd; she too was detain'd; and, before we sail'd, a fourth was expected. Ours was the first to be dispatch'd, as having been there longest. Passengers were engag'd in all, and some extremely impatient to be gone, and the merchants uneasy about their letters, and the orders they had given for insurance (it being war time) for fall goods! But their anxiety avail'd nothing; his lordship's letters were not ready; and yet whoever waited on him found him always at his desk, pen in hand, and concluded he must needs write abundantly.

我把事情经过告知议会，并向他们提交了我起草的一系列决议，其中申明了我们的权利，宣布我们绝不放弃这些权利，此次被武力胁迫，我们只是暂停行使这些权利，我们反对这种以武力相威胁的做法。议会最终同意放弃原先的议案，制定了服从领主命令的另一项议案。这项议案总督当然批准了，于是我也可以踏上旅途，没人限制了。但这时，那艘邮船已经载着我的物品启航了，这对我造成了一定损失，而我所得到的唯一补偿只是罗顿勋爵的几句感谢致辞，调解双方矛盾的功劳全都落在了他身上。

他在我之前动身前往纽约。因为邮船的出发时间由他决定，当时还有两艘邮船在纽约，他说其中有一艘很快就会启航，于是我询问他邮船出发的具体时间，免得耽误错过。他的回答是："我已经宣布这艘船将于下周六启航，但我可以告诉你，如果你周一早上到那儿也能赶得及，但不能再晚了，这个你可别告诉别人。"由于渡口突然有些事情延误，我到码头时已是周一中午了，我很担心邮船已经启航，因为当天行船顺风，但我很快松了一口气，因为得知邮船仍在港口停泊，直到周二才会启航。人们可能会想我现在即将出发前往欧洲了。我也这么认为，但我那时还不太了解罗顿勋爵的脾性，不知道犹豫不决是他最大的特点之一。我可以举几个例子。我到纽约时大约是四月初，我想直到六月底我们才启航。当时有两艘邮船在港口停泊已久，但因等将军的信函迟迟未能出发，每次问起，回答总是说信函明天就到。另一艘邮船抵达了港口，也只能在此停留。我们的船出发之前，预计第四艘船也要到了。我们的船在港口等得最久，因此首先出发。乘客们都为各类事宜忙碌着，有些人已迫不及待地要出发了，商人们在为他们的信函和秋季货物保险的订单（当时是战时）担忧，但他们的忧虑是无济于事的，罗顿勋爵的信函还未准备好，但去拜访他的人却发现他总是伏在案上，手里握着钢笔，以为他一定有很多东西要写呢。

Going myself one morning to pay my respects, I found in his antechamber one Innis, a messenger of Philadelphia, who had come from thence express with a paquet from Governor Denny for the General. He delivered to me some letters from my friends there, which occasion'd my inquiring when he was to return, and where be lodg'd, that I might send some letters by him. He told me he was order'd to

call to-morrow at nine for the general's answer to the governor, and should set off immediately. I put my letters into his hands the same day. A fortnight after I met him again in the same place. "So, you are soon return'd, Innis?" "Returned! No, I am not gone yet." "How so?" "I have called here by order every morning these two weeks past for his lordship's letter, and it is not yet ready." "Is it possible, when he is so great a writer? for I see him constantly at his escritoire." "Yes," says Innis, "but he is like St. George[8] on the signs, always on horseback, and never rides on!" This observation of the messenger was, it seems, well founded; for, when in England, I understood that Mr. Pitt gave it as one reason for removing this general, and sending Generals Amherst and Wolfe, that the minister never heard from him, and could not know what he was doing.

This daily expectation of sailing, and all the three paquets going down to Sandy Hook, to join the fleet there, the passengers thought it best to be on board, lest by a sudden order the ships should sail, and they be left behind. There, if I remember right, we were about six weeks, consuming our sea-stores, and oblig'd to procure more. At length the fleet sail'd, the General and all his army on board, bound to Louisburg, with intent to besiege and take that fortress; all the paquet-boats in company ordered to attend the General's ship, ready to receive his dispatches when they should be ready. We were out five days before we got a letter with leave to part, and then our ship quitted the fleet and steered for England. The other two paquets he still detained, carried them with him to Halifax, where he stayed some time to exercise the men in sham attacks upon sham forts, then alter'd his mind as to besieging Louisburg, and return'd to New York, with all his troops, together with the two paquets above mentioned, and all their passengers! During his absence the French and savages had taken Fort George, on the frontier of that province, and the savages had massacred many of the garrison after capitulation.

有天早上，我亲自去拜访他，在他的会客室里看到一位来自费城名叫因尼斯的邮差，他从费城来为丹尼总督送个包裹给这位将军。他还交给我几封我的费城朋友写来的信，于是我问他什么时候回去、住在哪里，好托他帮我带几封信回去。他告诉我，将军命他第二天九点来取写给总督的回信，然后他就立即动身。于是当天我就把信交到了他手里。两周以后，我在同一个地方又见到了他。

“因尼斯，你这么快就回来了？”

“回来？没呢，我还没走呢！”

“怎么会呢？”

“这两个星期里，我每天上午都奉命来取将军的信，但直到现在信也

没写好。”

“这不可能呀，将军非常喜欢写作的，我总是看到他伏在书桌旁。”

“是的，”因尼斯说：“但他就像画像上的圣乔治一样，总是骑在马上，却永远不会前进。”

邮差的这个评论似乎颇有道理。因为在英国的时候，我就知道皮特先生之所以免除这位将军的职务，派阿默斯特将军和乌尔夫将军取代他，其原因之一就是内阁从来都听不到他的消息，也不知道他在做些什么。

每天盼着开船，而三只邮船都要开到桑迪胡克与舰队会合，旅客们认为最好还是呆在船上，免得邮船突然接到命令启航，他们就上不了船了。如果我没记错的话，我们在那儿等了大约六个星期，把准备的粮食消耗殆尽，只得再另行购买。舰队终于启航了，将军和他的全部部队都在船上，他们要去往路易斯堡，打算围攻并夺下此地，随行的所有邮船都按照命令与将军的船同行，将军一把公文写好，他们就立即准备离开。我们启程五天后才接到一封信，允许我们离开，于是我们的船就离开舰队，驶向英国。另两艘邮船还被他留在舰队里随行，不能离开，就这样一直随他到了哈利法克斯。将军在那儿停留了一段时间，训练士兵们对模拟堡垒作模拟袭击，然后又改变了围攻路易斯堡的想法，回到了纽约，他的所有部队，还有上述两艘邮船和所有旅客，就这样跟着他回到了纽约！而在他离开纽约期间，法国人和印第安人已夺取了本州边境的乔治堡，印第安人还屠杀了许多投降的驻军官兵。

I saw afterwards in London Captain Bonnell, who commanded one of those paquets. He told me that, when he had been detain'd a month, he acquainted his lordship that his ship was grown foul, to a degree that must necessarily hinder her fast sailing, a point of consequence for a paquet-boat, and requested an allowance of time to heave her down and clean her bottom. He was asked how long time that would require. He answer'd, three days. The general replied, "If you can do it in one day, I give leave; otherwise not; for you must certainly sail the day after to-morrow." So he never obtain'd leave, though detained afterwards from day to day during full three months.

On the whole, I wonder'd much how such a man came to be intrusted with so important a business as the conduct of a great army; but, having since seen more of the great world, and the means of obtaining, and motives for giving places, my wonder is diminished. General Shirley, on whom the command of the army devolved upon the death of Braddock, would, in my opinion, if continued in place, have made a much better campaign than that of Loudoun in 1757, which was frivolous, expensive, and disgraceful to our nation beyond conception; for, tho' Shirley was not a bred soldier, he was sensible and sagacious in himself, and attentive to good advice from others,

capable of forming judicious plans, and quick and active in carrying them into execution. Loudoun, instead of defending the colonies with his great army, left them totally expos'd while he paraded idly at Halifax, by which means Fort George was lost, besides, he derang'd all our mercantile operations, and distress'd our trade, by a long embargo on the exportation of provisions, on pretence of keeping supplies from being obtain'd by the enemy, but in reality for beating down their price in favor of the contractors, in whose profits, it was said, perhaps from suspicion only, he had a share. And, when at length the embargo was taken off, by neglecting to send notice of it to Charlestown, the Carolina fleet was detain'd near three months longer, whereby their bottoms were so much damaged by the worm that a great part of them foundered in their passage home.

我后来在伦敦见到了邦内尔船长，他掌管这其中的一艘邮船。他告诉我，他的船被扣留一个月时，曾向将军报告船底长满了水草，一定会妨碍邮船行驶的速度，这对邮船来说是非常严重的，请求将军给他一些时间，好让他把船倾翻过来，把船底清扫干净。将军问他需要多长时间，他说需要三天，将军回答他说："如果你能在一天内完成，我就批准，否则不行，因为后天你一定要启航了。"所以，他的请求没有得到允许，尽管后来他的船还是一天一天被扣留在那里，足足扣了三个月。

总体而言，我非常奇怪，这样的人如何能被委以执掌大军的重任，但后来随着我阅历的加深，看多了世间的种种钻营方法和封官授爵的动机后，我心中的疑问才渐渐解开。布雷多克死后，雪利将军接替他执掌了军队大权，我认为如果雪利将军留任此职，1757年战争中他所取得的战绩一定比罗顿要辉煌得多。罗顿办事轻率，铺张浪费，给我们的民族带来了难以想象的耻辱。尽管雪利并未学过如何作战，但他通情达理，富有远见，善于听取他人好的意见，能够作出明智的计划，并迅速主动地将计划付诸行动；而罗顿非但没有率领大军保卫诸殖民地，还在哈利法克斯懒散地练兵，使各殖民地在此期间毫无防备，遭遇重创，以致乔治堡失陷。此外，他还以防止粮食落入敌军之手为借口，对粮食出口实行长期禁运，扰乱我们所有的商业活动，阻挠贸易往来，而实际上，其目的在于压低粮价，使其有利于军粮承包商，据说（可能只是猜测）他也能从承包商所得的利润中分得一杯羹。当最终禁运被取消时，他又忘记把这一消息通知查尔斯敦，于是卡罗莱纳舰队被多扣留了近三个月，船底生了蛀虫，受损严重，许多船就在归途中沉没了。

Shirley was, I believe, sincerely glad of being relieved from so burdensome a charge as the conduct of an army must be to a man unacquainted with military business. I was at the entertainment given by the city of New York to Lord Loudoun, on his taking upon him the command. Shirley, tho' thereby superseded, was present also. There was a great company of officers, citizens, and strangers, and, some chairs having been borrowed in the neighborhood, there was one among them very low, which fell to the lot of Mr. Shirley. Perceiving

it as I sat by him, I said, "They have given you, sir, too low a seat." "No matter," says he, "Mr. Franklin, I find a low seat the easiest."

While I was, as afore mention'd, detain'd at New York, I receiv'd all the accounts of the provisions, etc., that I had furnish'd to Braddock, some of which accounts could not sooner be obtain'd from the different persons I had employ'd to assist in the business. I presented them to Lord Loudoun, desiring to be paid the ballance. He caus'd them to be regularly examined by the proper officer, who, after comparing every article with its voucher, certified them to be right; and the balance due for which his lordship promis'd to give me an order on the paymaster. This was, however, put off from time to time; and, tho' I call'd often for it by appointment, I did not get it. At length, just before my departure, he told me he had, on better consideration, concluded not to mix his accounts with those of his predecessors. "And you," says he, "when in England, have only to exhibit your accounts at the treasury, and you will be paid immediately."

I mention'd, but without effect, the great and unexpected expense I had been put to by being detain'd so long at New York, as a reason for my desiring to be presently paid; and on my observing that it was not right I should be put to any further trouble or delay in obtaining the money I had advanc'd, as I charged no commission for my service, "O, sir," says he, "you must not think of persuading us that you are no gainer; we understand better those affairs, and know that every one concerned in supplying the army finds means, in the doing it, to fill his own pockets." I assur'd him that was not my case, and that I had not pocketed a farthing; but he appear'd clearly not to believe me; and, indeed, I have since learnt that immense fortunes are often made in such employments. As to my ballance, I am not paid it to this day, of which more hereafter.

对于不谙军务的人来说，管理一支军队一定是沉重的负担，因此我相信，雪利对自己被免职一事一定感到由衷地高兴。我参加了纽约为罗顿将军接任统帅一职举行的招待会，雪利尽管已不再担任这一职务，但也出席了。招待会上来了很多军官、市民和外地人，有些椅子是从附近居民家借来的，其中有一把非常矮，恰好雪利先生坐了。我坐在他旁边看到了，便说："先生，他们给您的椅子太矮了。"他说："不要紧，富兰克林先生，我发觉矮的座位最舒适。"

正如我前面所提到的，被扣留在纽约时，我收到了为布雷多克采购粮食等物的所有账单，其中有些账单我还没能及时从我雇来协助采购的人那里得到。我把账单送到罗顿勋爵那里，希望他如数支付我垫付的差额。他命令主管军官仔细检查账单，这位军官将每一项内容与其单据进行核对，证明账单准确无误，罗顿答应给我开张汇单，让我向军队出纳员提取应付的余额。但此事再三拖延，尽管我常常如约前来拿钱，但一

直没有拿到。终于，在我离开之前，罗顿告诉我，经过更仔细的考虑，他决定不要把他的账目和其前任们的混淆起来。他说：“你到英国后，只要把你的账单送交国库，他们就会立即付给你钱。”

我提到我被迫长期滞留纽约时，有许多意外的花销，因此希望他们能立即把钱付给我，但他们无动于衷。我指出如果收回预支钱款时我还要遭遇更多麻烦或者拖延，这就太不公平了，因为我没有从中赚取佣金。他说：“哦，先生，你不会想让我们相信你没有从中赚钱吧，我们对这种事情再了解不过了，我们知道每一个为军队采购的人都中饱私囊。”我肯定地告诉他我没有，我连一分钱都没有私吞，但他很明显不相信我。的确，我后来知道干这一行的人常常从中发了大财。至于我垫付的那笔钱，至今也没有拿到，稍后我会再讲述。

Our captain of the paquet had boasted much, before we sailed, of the swiftness of his ship; unfortunately, when we came to sea, she proved the dullest of ninety-six sail, to his no small mortification. After many conjectures respecting the cause, when we were near another ship almost as dull as ours, which, however, gain'd upon us, the captain ordered all hands to come aft, and stand as near the ensign staff as possible. We were, passengers included, about forty persons. While we stood there, the ship mended her pace, and soon left her neighbor far behind, which prov'd clearly what our captain suspected, that she was loaded too much by the head. The casks of water, it seems, had been all plac'd forward; these he therefore order'd to be mov'd further aft, on which the ship recover'd her character, and proved the sailer in the fleet.

The captain said she had once gone at the rate of thirteen knots, which is accounted thirteen miles per hour. We had on board, as a passenger, Captain Kennedy, of the Navy, who contended that it was impossible, and that no ship ever sailed so fast, and that there must have been some error in the division of the log-line, or some mistake in heaving the log. A wager ensu'd between the two captains, to be decided when there should be sufficient wind. Kennedy thereupon examin'd rigorously the log-line, and, being satisfi'd with that, he determin'd to throw the log himself. Accordingly some days after, when the wind blew very fair and fresh, and the captain of the paquet, Lutwidge, said he believ'd she then went at the rate of thirteen knots, Kennedy made the experiment, and own'd his wager lost.

The above fact I give for the sake of the following observation. It has been remark'd, as an imperfection in the art of ship-building, that it can never be known, till she is tried, whether a new ship will or will not be a good sailer; for that the model of a good-sailing ship has been exactly follow'd in a new one, which has prov'd, on the contrary, remarkably dull. I apprehend that this may partly be occasion'd by the

different opinions of seamen respecting the modes of lading, rigging, and sailing of a ship; each has his system; and the same vessel, laden by the judgment and orders of one captain, shall sail better or worse than when by the orders of another. Besides, it scarce ever happens that a ship is form'd, fitted for the sea, and sail'd by the same person. One man builds the hull, another rigs her, a third lades and sails her. No one of these has the advantage of knowing all the ideas and experience of the others, and, therefore, can not draw just conclusions from a combination of the whole.

在我们启航前，我们那艘邮船的船长常常夸耀自己的船行驶得如何之快，不幸的是，我们出海后，这艘邮船是96艘帆船中最为迟缓笨拙的，这让他大失颜面。对此我们曾多次猜测其原因，有一次我们附近有艘船几乎和我们一样行驶迟缓，但超过了我们，船长就命令所有人站到船尾去，并尽量靠近旗杆。包括我们乘客在内大约40人。我们站在那儿时，船的行驶速度加快了，很快就把那艘船远远抛在后面，这也清楚地证实了船长的猜测，即船头载重太大了。原来水桶似乎都放在船头，因此船长命令把水桶移到船尾来，这样我们的船就再次显示了她的特点，证明了它的确是舰队中最好的帆船。

船长说这艘船曾以13节的速度行驶过，折算一下，也就是每小时13英里。我们船上的乘客里有位海军的肯尼迪船长，他认为这是不可能的，没有哪艘船能行驶得那么快，一定是计程绳上的刻度有错误，或是投掷计程绳时出了什么问题。两位船长打了个赌，留待风足够大时来决定。肯尼迪对计程绳做了严格检查，认为没有问题后，他决定亲自把计程绳抛下去。过了几天后，风势变强了，邮船船长勒特威奇说他相信这时船正以13节的速度行驶着，肯尼迪做了实验测量后，承认自己输了。

我之所以提到上面这个事实，是为了说明下面这一点。人们已经指出，造船术中有个缺陷，即一艘新船是否是一艘好船要待试水后才知道。因为尽管新船是严格模仿好船的模型建造的，但结果却往往相反，造出来的新船十分笨重。我认为部分原因是水手们对于装货、装帆和航行的方式有着不同意见，每人都各有一套方法，同样一艘船，根据一位船长的判断和命令进行装货，其行驶速度与在另一位船长指令下进行装货后的行驶速度相比大为不同。此外，一艘船的制造、装备和航行很少是由同一人完成的，一人建造船身，一人负责装配，再有一人负责装货和驾驶。他们没有谁能了解别人的所有想法和经验，因此，把这几方面综合起来时，也就无法得出正确结论了。

Even in the simple operation of sailing when at sea, I have often observ'd different judgments in the officers who commanded the successive watches, the wind being the same. One would have the sails trimm'd sharper or flatter than another, so that they seem'd to have no certain rule to govern by. Yet I think a set of experiments might be instituted, first, to determine the most proper form of the hull for swift sailing; next, the best dimensions and properest place for

the masts: then the form and quantity of sails, and their position, as the wind may be; and, lastly, the disposition of the lading. This is an age of experiments, and I think a set accurately made and combin'd would be of great use. I am persuaded, therefore, that ere long some ingenious philosopher will undertake it, to whom I wish success.

We were several times chas'd in our passage, but outsail'd every thing, and in thirty days had soundings. We had a good observation, and the captain judg'd himself so near our port, Falmouth, that, if we made a good run in the night, we might be off the mouth of that harbor in the morning, and by running in the night might escape the notice of the enemy's privateers, who often crus'd near the entrance of the channel. Accordingly, all the sail was set that we could possibly make, and the wind being very fresh and fair, we went right before it, and made great way. The captain, after his observation, shap'd his course, as he thought, so as to pass wide of the Scilly Isles; but it seems there is sometimes a strong indraught setting up St. George's Channel, which deceives seamen and caused the loss of Sir Cloudesley Shovel's squadron. This indraught was probably the cause of what happened to us.

即使是海上航行的简单操作，我常常注意到尽管风势相同时，在相邻时段值班的船员也会做出不同的判断。一个船员可能会比另一个把帆调得或陡一些，或平一些，因此他们似乎并非有章可循。但我想也许可以先设计一组实验，首先决定最适宜快速航行的船身样式，再来确定桅杆的最佳尺寸和最恰当位置，然后根据风势，确定帆的样式、数量和位置，最后还要想好货物装船的方法。这是个实验的时代，我想一组设计严谨、相得益彰的实验是大为有用的。因此我相信不久以后会有一位聪颖灵巧的哲学家进行这项研究，我祝他成功。

我们在航行途中数次被敌人追逐，但我们的船行驶得比他们都快，30天后我们行至了浅水区域。我们的测量非常准确，船长判断我们离法尔茅斯港已经很近了，如果我们夜里能顺利行进的话，第二天一早我们也许就能到达港口了，而且夜间行驶能逃过敌方私掠船的注意，这种船多数是在海峡入口处巡航的。于是我们尽可能扬起所有的帆，由于风势很强，我们顺风而驶，行进迅速。船长经观察之后确定了航线，他以为那样可以避开锡利群岛，但有时圣乔治海峡处似乎有一股强劲的洋流，欺骗了不少水手，还造成了克劳兹利·肖维尔爵士的舰队在此失事。这股洋流很可能就是我们遭遇险情的原因。

We had a watchman plac'd in the bow, to whom they often called, "Look well out before there," and he as often answered, "Ay ay; " but perhaps had his eyes shut, and was half asleep at the time, they sometimes answering, as is said, mechanically; for he did not see a light just before us, which had been hid by the studdingsails from the man at the helm, and from the rest of the watch, but by an accidental

yaw of the ship was discover'd, and occasion'd a great alarm, we being very near it, the light appearing to me as big as a cart-wheel. It was midnight, and our captain fast asleep; but Captain Kennedy, jumping upon deck, and seeing the danger, ordered the ship to wear round, all sails standing; an operation dangerous to the masts, but it carried us clear, and we escaped shipwreck, for we were running right upon the rocks on which the light-house was erected. This deliverance impressed me strongly with the utility of light-houses, and made me resolve to encourage the building more of them in America, if I should live to return there.

In the morning it was found by the soundings, etc., that we were near our port, but a thick fog hid the land from our sight. About nine o'clock the fog began to rise, and seem'd to be lifted up from the water like the curtain at a play-house, discovering underneath, the town of Falmouth, the vessels in its harbor, and the fields that surrounded it. This was a most pleasing spectacle to those who had been so long without any other prospects than the uniform view of a vacant ocean, and it gave us the more pleasure as we were now free from the anxieties which the state of war occasion'd.

I set out immediately, with my son, for London, and we only stopt a little by the way to view Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain, and Lord Pembroke's house and gardens, with his very curious antiquities at Wilton. We arrived in London the 27th of July, 1757. [9]

我们在船头安排了一个看守，他们常常冲他喊：“在那儿好好看着！”看守总是回答：“是，是。”但也许有时他闭上了眼睛在半睡半醒之间吧，答话只是机械的反应而已，因为他就连在我们前方的灯都没有看见，这座灯被副帆遮住了，所以掌舵人和其他值班人员都没有看到，但船身偶然偏了一下，于是人们发现了它，都惊慌不已，因为我们离它已经很近了，灯光在我看来有车轮般大。当时是半夜，船长正在熟睡之中，这时肯尼迪船长跳上了甲板，看到险情后下令张起所有的帆，掉转船头，这个动作对桅杆来说非常危险，但却让我们安然度过危险，幸免遇难，因为当时我们正向建有灯塔的礁石全力驶去。这次成功脱险让我深深感受到灯塔的作用，我决心如果还能活着回到美洲，一定要大力倡导在美洲多修灯塔。

早上时，通过测量水深等方法，我们发现已离港口不远，但当时起了浓雾，看不见陆地。大约九点钟时，浓雾渐渐散去，如同剧院里的帷幕一样，从水面升了起来，露出幕下的法尔茅斯镇，还有在港口里停靠的船舶和四周的田野。对于长期以来眼前除了单调的茫茫大海别无其他景象的人而言，这幅画面实在赏心悦目，我们现在也不用再为战争而忧心忡忡，这让我们更深深感到愉快。

我和我的儿子立即出发前往伦敦，途中只稍作停留，去索尔兹伯里平原上看了巨石阵，去威尔顿参观了彭布罗克勋爵的房屋、花园以及他

收藏的珍稀文物。1757年7月27日，我们抵达了伦敦。

[1] 德国浸礼会，该教派系德美浸礼会一支派，反对兵役和宣誓。
[2] 英国国教会，又称英国圣公会，是英国在宗教改革中建立的民族教会，属于新教。
[3] 长老会教友，长老会是基督更正教的一派，源自16世纪的西欧改革运动。
[4] 浸信会教友，基督教新教的一派教徒，该派主张成年后始可受洗，受洗者应全身浸入水中。
[5] 摩拉维亚教会教徒，摩拉维亚教会乃基督教胡斯派后继者的组织，前身为波西米亚弟兄会。
[6] 吉耳，液量单位，一吉耳相当于四分之一品脱或四盎司。
[7] 科普利奖章，为英国皇家学院所颁发的最古老的科学奖之一，起于戈弗雷·科普利爵士在1709年捐赠100英镑作为实验研究的基金，于1731年开始颁发，是当时科学界的最高荣誉之一。
[8] 圣乔治（约260—303），出生于巴勒斯坦，为罗马骑兵军官，骁勇善战。他因试图阻止戴克里先皇帝治下对基督徒的迫害，公元303年被杀。公元494年被教皇格拉修一世封圣。
[9] 由富兰克林之孙威廉·坦普尔·富兰克林及其后人发表的《富兰克林自传》到此终结。后面的文字是富兰克林博士于生命的最后一年所写，在比奇洛先生1868年出版的《富兰克林自传》里首次发表。

PART FOUR

AS SOON as I was settled in a lodging Mr. Charles had provided for me, I went to visit Dr. Fothergill, to whom I was strongly recommended, and whose counsel respecting my proceedings I was advis'd to obtain. He was against an immediate complaint to government, and thought the proprietaries should first be personally appli'd to, who might possibly be induc'd by the interposition and persuasion of some private friends, to accommodate matters amicably. I then waited on my old friend and correspondent, Mr. Peter Collinson, who told me that John Hanbury, the great Virginia merchant, had requested to be informed when I should arrive, that he might carry me to Lord Granville's, who was then President of the Council and wished to see me as soon as possible. I agreed to go with him the next morning. Accordingly Mr. Hanbury called for me and took me in his carriage to that nobleman's, who receiv'd me with great civility; and after some questions respecting the present state of affairs in America and discourse thereupon, he said to me: "You Americans have wrong ideas of the nature of your constitution; you contend that the king's instructions to his governors are not laws, and think yourselves at liberty to regard or disregard them at your own discretion. But those instructions are not like the pocket instructions given to a minister going abroad, for regulating his conduct in some trifling point of ceremony. They are first drawn up by judges learned in the laws; they are then considered, debated, and perhaps amended in Council, after which they are signed by the king. They are then, so far as they relate to you, the law of the land, for the king is the LEGISLATOR OF THE COLONIES." I told his lordship this was new doctrine to me. I had always understood from our charters that our laws were to be made by our Assemblies, to be presented indeed to the king for his royal assent, but that being once given the king could not repeal or alter them. And as the Assemblies could not make permanent laws without his assent, so neither could he make a law for them without theirs. He assur'd me I was totally mistaken. I did not think so, however, and his lordship's conversation having a little alarm'd me as to what might be the sentiments of the court concerning us, I wrote it down as soon as I return'd to my lodgings. I recollected that about 20 years before, a clause in a bill brought into Parliament by the ministry had propos'd to make the king's instructions laws in

the colonies, but the clause was thrown out by the Commons, for which we adored them as our friends and friends of liberty, till by their conduct towards us in 1765 it seem'd that they had refus'd that point of sovereignty to the king only that they might reserve it for themselves.

第四部分

查尔斯先生为我安排了住处，我一安顿好后，就立即去拜访了福瑟吉尔博士，因为有人向他强烈引荐了我，还建议我就诉讼事务向他咨询。福瑟吉尔博士反对立即向政府提出控诉，认为应首先和领主们私下商量，通过一些朋友从中劝说调解，也许能就此事达成和解。我又去拜访了与我通信的老朋友彼得·柯林森先生，他告诉我来自弗吉尼亚的大商人约翰·汉伯里先生请求在我到达时通知他，他可以带我去见时任枢密院院长的格兰维尔勋爵，后者也希望尽快见到我。我答应第二天早上和他一起去。于是汉伯里先生来接我，我们坐着他的马车到了格兰维尔勋爵那里，勋爵很有礼貌地接待了我。在问了我一些有关美洲现状的问题，并就此谈了一会儿后，他对我说："你们美洲人对你们宪法的本质有着错误的认识，你们认为英王给总督的命令并不是法律，还认为你们可以自由选择遵守或是漠视这些命令。但它们并不是国王授予即将出国的公使的袖珍指令，告诉他一些有关礼仪的细枝末节。它们首先由熟谙法律的法官们起草，再由枢密院反复考虑、辩论或者修改，然后由国王签字认可。因此，这些命令对你们来说即是法律，因为国王是'殖民地的立法者'。"我告诉勋爵我从未听过这样的理论。我从宪章上早就得知，我们的法律应由我们的议会制定，固然需要呈交国王批准，但一经批准，国王就不能再加以废止或是更改。没有国王的批准，议会不能制定永久性法律，而不经议会同意，国王也同样不能制定法律。勋爵肯定地说我完全错了。但我不这么认为，和勋爵的谈话倒是提醒了我英国内阁对于我们有着怎样的看法，于是我一回到住处就把这次谈话记录了下来。我回忆起约20年前，内阁向议会提出的议案中有这么一条，即国王的命令应成为殖民地的法律，但当时议会下院将此条否决了，我们还因此非常尊敬他们，把他们看成是朋友，是自由的朋友，直到1765年他们做出那样的事情，可能他们当时拒绝国王在殖民地拥有主权，只是想把这一权利留给自己吧。

After some days, Dr. Fothergill having spoken to the proprietaries, they agreed to a meeting with me at Mr. T. Penn's house in Spring Garden. The conversation at first consisted of mutual declarations of disposition to reasonable accommodations, but I suppose each party had its own ideas of what should be meant by reasonable. We then went into consideration of our several points of complaint, which I enumerated. The proprietaries justify'd their conduct as well as they could, and I the Assembly's. We now appeared very wide, and so far

from each other in our opinions as to discourage all hope of agreement. However, it was concluded that I should give them the heads of our complaints in writing, and they promis'd then to consider them. I did so soon after, but they put the paper into the hands of their solicitor, Ferdinand John Paris, who managed for them all their law business in their great suit with the neighboring proprietary of Maryland, Lord Baltimore, which had subsisted 70 years, and wrote for them all their papers and messages in their dispute with the Assembly. He was a proud, angry man, and as I had occasionally in the answers of the Assembly treated his papers with some severity, they being really weak in point of argument and haughty in expression, he had conceived a mortal enmity to me, which discovering itself whenever we met, I declin'd the proprietary's proposal that he and I should discuss the heads of complaint between our two selves, and refus'd treating with any one but them. They then by his advice put the paper into the hands of the Attorney and Solicitor-General for their opinion and counsel upon it, where it lay unanswered a year wanting eight days, during which time I made frequent demands of an answer from the proprietaries, but without obtaining any other than that they had not yet received the opinion of the Attorney and Solicitor-General. What it was when they did receive it I never learnt, for they did not communicate it to me, but sent a long message to the Assembly drawn and signed by Paris, reciting my paper, complaining of its want of formality, as a rudeness on my part, and giving a flimsy justification of their conduct, adding that they should be willing to accommodate matters if the Assembly would send out some person of candour to treat with them for that purpose, intimating thereby that I was not such.

几天以后，福瑟吉尔博士已同领主们谈过此事，他们同意与我在托马斯·佩恩先生在春季花园的住所里见面。会面一开始，各方都宣称希望谋求事情的合理解决，但我想至于什么是“合理”，各自都有自己的看法。然后我们开始讨论我们的几点控诉意见，我把它们一一列举出来。领主们尽力为自己的行为辩解，而我则证明州议会的决定是正当的。我们这时的分歧非常大，似乎没有达成一致的希望。但我们最终决定由我把我们的控诉意见写下来交给他们，他们答应会予以考虑。我很快照办了，但是他们却把这份文件交给他们的律师费迪南德·约翰·帕里斯，此人负责他们与毗邻的马里兰州领主巴尔的摩勋爵的大诉讼案中的全部法律事务，这桩案子已经持续了70年之久，他还为领主们撰写与州议会争辩的所有文件和文章。他生性傲慢，脾气不好，我曾在为州议会写的回复文章中言辞激烈地反驳他的文章，因为这些文章确实论证薄弱，语气傲慢，于是他把我看成他的死敌，每次我们碰面，这种敌意就自然流露出来。领主们提议让我和他两人来讨论我们的控诉意见，我予以拒绝并表示只和他们本人进行讨论。于是领主们根据他的建议把这份文件交给检察长和副检察长，征询他们的意见。这份文件在他们那里搁置了一年只

差八天，期间我常常向领主们询问答复，除了他们还未收到检察长和副检察长的意见外，别无任何音信。他们收到意见后，我也从不知道意见内容是什么，因为他们没有告诉我，只向州议会写了封由帕里斯拟写和签名的长信，详谈了我的意见书，说这篇意见书写得毫无规矩，从中看出我的粗鲁无礼，信中为他们的行为做了牵强附会的辩护，还说如果州议会能派个坦诚正直的人来和他们处理此事，他们会更愿意达成和解，言下之意就是我不是这样的人。

The want of formality or rudeness was, probably, my not having address'd the paper to them with their assum'd titles of True and Absolute Proprietaries of the Province of Pennsylvania, which I omitted as not thinking it necessary in a paper, the intention of which was only to reduce to a certainty by writing, what in conversation I had delivered viva voce.

But during this delay, the Assembly having prevailed with Gov'r Denny to pass an act taxing the proprietary estate in common with the estates of the people, which was the grand point in dispute, they omitted answering the message.

他说我没有规矩、粗鲁无礼，大概是因为我在意见书中没有使用他们的尊称“宾夕法尼亚州真正和绝对的领主们”，我认为在这份文件中没有必要用这样的称呼，所以省略了，因为这份文件的目的只是将我在谈话中已经口头表达的意见用书面形式确定下来而已。

但就在意见书耽搁期间，州议会已经说服丹尼总督批准了对领主财产和平民财产同样征税的法案，这是我们的争论焦点，所以州议会也不回复他们的信了。

When this act however came over, the proprietaries, counselled by Paris, determined to oppose its receiving the royal assent. Accordingly they petition'd the king in Council, and a hearing was appointed in which two lawyers were employ'd by them against the act, and two by me in support of it. They alledg'd that the act was intended to load the proprietary estate in order to spare those of the people, and that if it were suffer'd to continue in force, and the proprietaries who were in odium with the people, left to their mercy in proportioning the taxes, they would inevitably be ruined. We reply'd that the act had no such intention, and would have no such effect. That the assessors were honest and discreet men under an oath to assess fairly and equitably, and that any advantage each of them might expect in lessening his own tax by augmenting that of the proprietaries was too trifling to induce them to perjure themselves. This is the purport of what I remember as urged by both sides, except that we insisted strongly on the mischievous consequences that must attend a repeal, for that the money, L100,000, being printed and given to the king's use, expended in his service, and now spread among the

people, the repeal would strike it dead in their hands to the ruin of many, and the total discouragement of future grants, and the selfishness of the proprietors in soliciting such a general catastrophe, merely from a groundless fear of their estate being taxed too highly, was insisted on in the strongest terms. On this, Lord Mansfield, one of the counsel rose, and beckoning me took me into the clerk's chamber, while the lawyers were pleading, and asked me if I was really of opinion that no injury would be done the proprietary estate in the execution of the act. I said certainly. "Then," says he, "you can have little objection to enter into an engagement to assure that point." I answer'd, "None at all." He then call'd in Paris, and after some discourse, his lordship's proposition was accepted on both sides; a paper to the purpose was drawn up by the Clerk of the Council, which I sign'd with Mr. Charles, who was also an Agent of the Province for their ordinary affairs, when Lord Mansfield returned to the Council Chamber, where finally the law was allowed to pass. Some changes were however recommended and we also engaged they should be made by a subsequent law, but the Assembly did not think them necessary; for one year's tax having been levied by the act before the order of Council arrived, they appointed a committee to examine the proceedings of the assessors, and on this committee they put several particular friends of the proprietaries. After a full enquiry, they unanimously sign'd a report that they found the tax had been assess'd with perfect equity.

当这项法案送交英国时，领主们在帕里斯的建议下决定反对其得到英王批准。他们在枢密院向国王请愿，枢密院指定了时间对此事进行听审。领主们请了两个律师反对这项法案，我也请了两个律师为法案辩护。领主们宣称，该法案目的在于加重领主财产负担以减轻平民负担，如果法案持续有效，考虑到平民普遍憎恶领主，在确定征税比例上如任由平民决定，那么领主不可避免地会破产。我们回答说法案并无此种目的，也不会产生这种结果。财产估价员们诚实谨慎，曾起誓要公平公正地对财产进行估价，他们如通过增加领主税额来减少自己的税款，从中所获的利益实在微不足道，不值得为此违背自己的誓言。这就是我所记得的双方的主张。此外，我们还着重强调如果撤销法案，后果将非常严重，因为我们已印发10万英镑的纸币，供给英王使用，为英王服务，现在已在人民中流通，如果撤销法案，人民手中的纸币就成了废纸，这会使很多人破产，将来政府要通过拨款也不太可能了。我们还用最激烈的言辞强调，领主们仅仅因为无端地担心自己的财产缴税太多，便要招致这样一场巨大灾难，实在是自私自利。这时，各位律师还在辩论，枢密院的一位顾问曼斯菲尔德勋爵站起身来，向我招手把我带到秘书室里，问我法案的执行是否真的不会对领主的财产造成损失。我说当然。他说："那么你应该不反对订约保证这一点吧。"我说："一点也不反对。"于是他把帕里斯叫了进来，经过一番谈话后，双方都同意了勋爵的提议。枢密院的秘书为此起草了一份文件，我和查尔斯先生签了字，他

也是为他们处理日常事务的州代表。这时曼斯菲尔德勋爵回到了枢密院会议室里，法案最终得到了通过。但枢密院提出应对法案作些修改，我们也保证将在随后的法律中把这些改动加以确定，但州议会却认为无此必要，因为在枢密院的指令下达之前，该年的税款已根据法案征收。他们指定了一个委员会来检查征税财产估价员们的工作，并把领主的几位特殊的朋友安排在委员会中。经过详细审查，委员会成员一致认可财产估价做到了完全公平，并在报告上签了字。

The Assembly looked into my entering into the first part of the engagement, as an essential service to the Province, since it secured the credit of the paper money then spread over all the country. They gave me their thanks in form when I return'd. But the proprietaries were enraged at Governor Denny for having pass'd the act, and turn'd him out with threats of suing him for breach of instructions which he had given bond to observe. He, however, having done it at the instance of the General, and for His Majesty's service, and having some powerful interest at court, despis'd the threats and they were never put in execution…[Unfinished].

州议会认为我所订合约的第一部分是对本州的重大贡献，因为它保证了当时已在全州发行的纸币的信用。我回美洲时，他们向我郑重道谢。但是领主们对丹尼总督批准法案感到怒不可遏，他们撤销了他的职务，还威胁说因为他违反了其有义务遵守的领主命令，所以要起诉他。但丹尼总督是在将军的要求下这么做的，同时也是为英王陛下服务，加上他在英国内阁认识一些有权有势的人，所以他并不把领主的威胁放在眼里，而这些威胁也从来没有付诸实行……（未完成）

CHIEF EVENTS IN FRANKLIN'S LIFE

Ending, as it does, with the year 1757, the autobiography leaves important facts un-recorded. It has seemed advisable, therefore, to detail the chief events in Franklin's life, from the beginning, in the following list:

1706 He is born, in Boston, and baptized in the Old South Church.

1714 At the age of eight, enters the Grammar School.

1716 Becomes his father's assistant in the tallow-chandlery business.

1718 Apprenticed to his brother James, printer.

1721 Writes ballads and peddles them, in printed form, in the streets; contributes, anonymously, to the "New England Courant," and temporarily edits that paper; becomes a free-thinker, and a vegetarian.

1723 Breaks his indenture and removes to Philadelphia; obtaining employment in Keimer's printing-office; abandons vegetarianism.

1724 Is persuaded by Governor Keith to establish himself independently, and goes to London to buy type; works at his trade there, and publishes "Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain."

1726 Returns to Philadelphia; after serving as clerk in a dry goods store, becomes manager of Keimer's printing-house.

1727 Founds the Junto, or "Leathern Apron" Club.

1728 With Hugh Meredith, opens a printing-office.

1729 Becomes proprietor and editor of the "Pennsylvania Gazette" ; prints, anonymously, "Nature and Necessity of a Paper Currency" ; opens a stationer's shop.

1730 Marries Rebecca Read.

1731 Founds the Philadelphia Library.

1732 Publishes the first number of "Poor Richard's Almanac" under the pseudonym of "Richard Saunders." The Almanac, which

continued for twenty-five years to contain his witty, worldly-wise sayings, played a very large part in bringing together and molding the American character which was at that time made up of so many diverse and scattered types.

1738 Begins to study French, Italian, Spanish, and Latin.

1736 Chosen clerk of the General Assembly; forms the Union Fire Company of Philadelphia.

1737 Elected to the Assembly; appointed Deputy Postmaster-General; plans a city police.

1742 Invents the open, or "Franklin," stove.

1743 Proposes a plan for an Academy, which is adopted 1749 and develops into the University of Pennsylvania.

1744 Establishes the American Philosophical Society.

1746 Publishes a pamphlet, "Plain Truth," on the necessity for disciplined defense, and forms a military company; begins electrical experiments.

1748 Sells out his printing business; is appointed on the Commission of the Peace, chosen to the Common Council, and to the Assembly.

1749 Appointed a Commissioner to trade with the Indians.

1751 Aids in founding a hospital.

1752 Experiments with a kite and discovers that lightning is an electrical discharge.

1753 Awarded the Copley medal for this discovery, and elected a member of the Royal Society; receives the degree of M.A. from Yale and Harvard. Appointed joint Postmaster-General.

1754 Appointed one of the Commissioners from Pennsylvania to the Colonial Congress at Albany; proposes a plan for the union of the colonies.

1755 Pledges his personal property in order that supplies may be raised for Braddock's army; obtains a grant from the Assembly in aid of the Crown Point expedition; carries through a bill establishing a voluntary militia; is appointed Colonel, and takes the field.

1757 Introduces a bill in the Assembly for paving the streets of Philadelphia; publishes his famous "Way to Wealth" ; goes to England to plead the cause of the Assembly against the Proprietaries; remains as agent for Pennsylvania; enjoys the friendship of the scientific and

literary men of the kingdom.

[HERE THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY BREAKS OFF]

1760 Secures from the Privy Council, by a compromise, a decision obliging the Proprietary estates to contribute to the public revenue.

1762 Receives the degree of LL.D. from Oxford and Edinburgh; returns to America.

1763 Makes a five months' tour of the northern colonies for the purpose of inspecting the post-offices.

1764 Defeated by the Penn faction for reelection to the Assembly; sent to England as agent for Pennsylvania.

1765 Endeavors to prevent the passage of the Stamp Act.

1766 Examined before the House of Commons relative to the passage of the Stamp Act; appointed agent of Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Georgia; visits Gottingen University.

1767 Travels in France and is presented at court.

1769 Procures a telescope for Harvard College.

1772 Elected Associe Etranger of the French Academy.

1774 Dismissed from the office of Postmaster-General; influences Thomas Paine to emigrate to America.

1775 Returns to America; chosen a delegate to the Second Continental Congress; placed on the committee of secret correspondence; appointed one of the commissioners to secure the cooperation of Canada.

1776 Placed on the committee to draft a Declaration of Independence; chosen president of the Constitutional Committee of Pennsylvania; sent to France as agent of the colonies.

1778 Concludes treaties of defensive alliance, and of amity and commerce; is received at court.

1779 Appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to France.

1780 Appoints Paul Jones commander of the "Alliance."

1782 Signs the preliminary articles of peace.

1783 Signs the definite treaty of peace.

1785 Returns to America; is chosen President of Pennsylvania; reelected 1786.

1787 Reelected President; sent as delegate to the convention for framing a Federal Constitution.

1788 Retires from public life.

1790 April 17, dies. His grave is in the churchyard at Fifth and Arch streets, Philadelphia. Editor.

富兰克林生平大事记

富兰克林的自传只写到了1757年，留下许多重要事件没有记载。因此在此从头详细记录富兰克林生平的大事似乎很有意义，详见下表：

1706年　富兰克林出生于波士顿，在旧南方教堂受洗。

1714年　八岁时进入文法学校学习。

1716年　为父亲的油烛生意帮忙。

1718年　到哥哥詹姆斯的印刷店里当学徒。

1721年　创作叙事诗并沿街叫卖印刷出来的诗歌；匿名给《新英格兰报》投稿，担任该报的临时编辑；成为自由思想者和素食者。

1723年　抛弃学徒契约，来到费城；在凯默的印刷所工作；放弃食素。

1724年　接受基思总督的建议，决定独立开店，前往伦敦购置铅字；在印刷店干活，并发表《论自由与穷困、快乐与痛苦》一文。

1726年　回到费城；在一家干货店担任职员，后为凯默管理印刷店。

1727年　成立“学习社”，或叫“皮围裙”俱乐部。

1728年　与休·梅雷迪斯合开印刷所。

1729年　接办《宾夕法尼亚报》并担任编辑；匿名印发《论纸币的本质和必要性》一文；开文具店。

1730年　与丽贝卡·里德结婚。

1731年　建立费城图书馆。

1732年　以理查德·桑德斯的笔名发表《穷理查年鉴》的第一版。《穷理查年鉴》连续发行25年，包含他许多充满智慧和世俗经验的格言，这对凝聚和塑造原无定性的美利坚民族性格发挥了重要作用。

1738年　开始学习法语、意大利语、西班牙语和拉丁语。

1736年　被选为州议会秘书；成立费城联合消防队。

1737年　当选为州议会议员；担任副邮政总长；计划成立费城警察局。

1742年　发明开式或“富兰克林式”火炉。

1743年　提出成立学院的计划，于1749年实现，该学院是宾夕法尼亚大学的前身。

1744年　成立美国哲学学会。

1746年　出版一本小册子《明显的事实》，论述建立规范化防务的必要性，并组建了一支军队；开始电学实验。

1748年　将印刷所出售；担任治安委员会委员，当选为参事会成员及州议会议员。

1749年　担任与印第安人贸易的专员。

1751年　帮助建立医院。

1752年　用风筝做实验，发现闪电是一种放电现象。

1753年　因这一发现被授予科普利奖章，当选为皇家学会会员；获耶鲁大学和哈佛大学文科硕士学位；与他人共同担任邮政总长。

1754年　作为宾夕法尼亚代表之一出席在奥尔巴尼举行的殖民地大会；提出殖民地联盟计划。

1755年　为布雷多克军队筹集车马并用个人财产作担保；因克朗波因特之行获得州议会拨款；使建立一支志愿民兵部队的议案在议会获得通过；担任防卫队上校，带军打仗。

1757年　提出为费城街道铺路的议案；发表著名的《通向财富之路》一文；去英国为州议会向领主征税抗辩；留在英国担任宾夕法尼亚代理人；与英国科学界和文学界人士结下友谊。

自传写到此处

1760年　通过让步，使枢密院决定同意对殖民地领主财产征税作为财政收入。

1762年　获得牛津大学和爱丁堡大学法学博士学位；回到美洲。

1763年　对北部殖民地作为期五个月的访问，视察当地邮局。

1764年　在州议会改选中败给佩恩一派；作为宾夕法尼亚代理人前往英国。

1765年　尽力阻止《印花税法案》通过。

1766年　因《印花税法案》通过一事在英国下议院答问；担任马萨诸塞、新泽西和佐治亚代理人；访问哥廷根大学。

1767年　在法国旅行，被引见给法国王室。

1769年　为哈佛大学购买一架望远镜。

1772年　当选为法国科学院外国合作院士。

1774年　被免去邮政总长一职；影响托马斯·潘恩使其移民美洲。

1775年　回到美洲；当选为第二届大陆会议代表；担任秘密通讯委员会委员；担任确保加拿大合作事务的专员之一。

1776年　担任《独立宣言》起草委员会委员；当选为宾夕法尼亚制宪会议主席；作为殖民地代理人前往法国。

1778年　与法国签订防御联盟条约和友好商务条约；接受法国国王会见。

1779年　担任驻法全权大使。

1780年　任命保罗·琼斯为“联军”指挥官。

1782年　签订和平合约草案。

1783年　签订和平合约。

1785年　回到美国；当选为宾夕法尼亚州州长；1786年再次当选。

1787年　再次当选为州长；作为代表出席联邦制宪会议。

1788年　退出公共生活。

1790年4月17日　与世长辞。安葬在费城第五街和拱门街墓地，墓志铭为“印刷工富兰克林”。

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SKETCHES BY BOZ-SCENCES
博兹札记——场景

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Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
外语教学与研究出版社

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马丽 丁艺 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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CHAPTER I THE STREETS—MORNING

第一章　早晨的街道

The appearance presented by the streets of London an hour before sunrise, on a summer's morning, is most striking even to the few whose unfortunate pursuits of pleasure, or scarcely less unfortunate pursuits of business, cause them to be well acquainted with the scene. There is an air of cold, solitary desolation about the noiseless streets which we are accustomed to see thronged at other times by a busy, eager crowd, and over the quiet, closely-shut buildings, which throughout the day are swarming with life and bustle, that is very impressive.

夏日的清晨，伦敦在日出前一小时呈现的景象最为引人入胜，甚至对那些为数不多的因追求不适宜的享乐或不正当的职业而对此景司空见惯的人来说也是如此。其他时刻我们所习惯的充斥着忙碌、焦躁的人群的街道此刻静悄悄的，其他时刻充满生气、喧闹的建筑此刻大门紧闭，变得悄无声息。这些街道和建筑笼罩着一种冷清、孤寂、凄凉的感觉，让人唏嘘。

The last drunken man, who shall find his way home before sunlight, has just staggered heavily along, roaring out the burden of the drinking song of the previous night; the last houseless vagrant whom penury and police have left in the streets, has coiled up his chilly limbs in some paved corner, to dream of food and warmth. The drunken, the dissipated, and the wretched have disappeared; the more sober and orderly part of the population have not yet awakened to the labours of the day, and the stillness of death is over the streets; its very hue seems to be imparted to them, cold and lifeless as they look in the grey, sombre light of daybreak. The coach-stands in the larger thoroughfares are deserted; the night-houses are closed; and the chosen promenades of profligate misery are empty.

最后那个必须在天亮之前回到家里的醉汉，刚刚拖着沉重的脚步跌跌撞撞地走过来，边走边唱着前一天晚上祝酒歌里的副歌。最后那个无家可归的流浪汉因为穷困潦倒，又躲过了警察，得以流浪街头。他已经在石子路的某个角落里蜷缩起冰冷的身体，进入了享受食物和温暖的美梦中。醉汉、沉迷酒色者和流浪汉已经消失时，较为清醒、生活有序可循的人们还没有睡醒开始劳作，街上一片寂静。街上似乎是浸染了这沉寂的色调，因为它们在黎明前灰暗的晨光里显得冷清、死气沉沉。大道上的马车车站没有了人影；妓院也关门了；恣意享乐的可怜人们欢聚的场所也空无一人了。

An occasional policeman may alone be seen at the street corners,

listlessly gazing on the deserted prospect before him; and now and then a rakish-looking cat runs stealthily across the road and descends his own area with as much caution and slyness—bounding first on the water-butt, then on the dust-hole, and then alighting on the flag-stones—as if he were conscious that his character depended on his gallantry of the preceding night escaping public observation. A partially opened bedroom-window here and there, bespeaks the heat of the weather, and the uneasy slumbers of its occupant; and the dim scanty flicker of the rushlight, through the window-blind, denotes the chamber of watching or sickness. With these few exceptions, the streets present no signs of life, nor the houses of habitation.

街角处偶尔会有一名警察，独自无精打采地凝视着他眼前的颓然景象。时不时地有只俏皮的猫偷偷地窜过马路，同样警觉狡黠地从自己的地盘上跳下去——先是跳到了水桶上，接着跳到了垃圾坑上，再落到石子堆上——仿佛它意识到了自己的品质取决于前一天晚上的豪勇是否躲过了众人的耳目。处处半开着的卧室窗户表示天气炎热，以及住在其中的主人们睡得并不安稳。灯芯草蜡烛的烛光透过百叶窗，显得昏暗、微弱，表明房间里有病人或有人在照看病人。除了这些屈指可数的例外，街道上毫无生气，房子也没有有人居住的迹象。

An hour wears away; the spires of the churches and roofs of the principal buildings are faintly tinged with the light of the rising sun; and the streets, by almost imperceptible degrees, begin to resume their bustle and animation. Market-carts roll slowly along: the sleepy waggoner impatiently urging on his tired horses, or vainly endeavouring to awaken the boy, who, luxuriously stretched on the top of the fruit-baskets, forgets, in happy oblivion, his long-cherished curiosity to behold the wonders of London.

一个小时之后，教堂的尖顶和主要建筑物的屋顶都被冉冉升起的朝阳染上了淡淡的色彩。几乎是在不知不觉中，街道上开始逐渐恢复喧闹和生气。商贩的运货马车缓慢地驶过。瞌睡的车夫要么焦躁地驱赶着疲惫的马，要么徒劳地努力唤醒正舒舒服服地伸展四肢睡在水果筐上的男孩。他幸福地酣睡着，把很久以来想要一睹伦敦奇观的好奇忘得无影无踪。

Rough, sleepy-looking animals of strange appearance, something between ostlers and hackney-coachmen, begin to take down the shutters of early public-houses; and little deal tables, with the ordinary preparations for a street breakfast, make their appearance at the customary stations. Numbers of men and women (principally the latter), carrying upon their heads heavy baskets of fruit, toil down the park side of Piccadilly, on their way to Covent-garden, and, following each other in rapid succession, form a long straggling line from thence to the turn of the road at Knightsbridge.

相貌粗鲁、睡眼惺忪、相貌奇怪的人——可能是客栈马夫或出租马车车夫之类的人物——开始把早早开门的酒馆的活动遮板取了下来。一张张松木小桌子在老地方摆出，上面准备着普通的街边早餐。许多男男女女（尤其是女人）头上顶着一筐筐沉甸甸的水果，沿着皮卡迪利大街靠近公园的那一侧路艰难地往科文特加登赶去。他们一个紧接着一个，组成了一个零零散散的队伍，从那里一直延伸到骑士桥附近的道路转角处。

Here and there, a bricklayer's labourer, with the day's dinner tied up in a handkerchief, walks briskly to his work, and occasionally a little knot of three or four schoolboys on a stolen bathing expedition rattle merrily over the pavement, their boisterous mirth contrasting forcibly with the demeanour of the little sweep, who, having knocked and rung till his arm aches, and being interdicted by a merciful legislature from endangering his lungs by calling out, sits patiently down on the door-step, until the housemaid may happen to awake.

随处都有砌砖匠带着包在手帕里的当天午餐，迈着轻快的步伐去上工。时而有三四个小学生结伴偷偷出去戏水，在人行道上欢乐地吵闹着。他们喧闹的欢笑与扫烟囱的小孩的神态形成了鲜明的对比。后者又是敲门，又是摇铃，胳膊酸痛。仁慈的立法机关严禁他大喊大叫，以免损伤他的肺，他耐心地坐在门口的台阶上，一直等到女仆碰巧醒来。

Covent-garden market, and the avenues leading to it, are thronged with carts of all sorts, sizes, and descriptions, from the heavy lumbering waggon, with its four stout horses, to the jingling costermonger's cart, with its consumptive donkey. The pavement is already strewed with decayed cabbage-leaves, broken hay-bands, and all the indescribable litter of a vegetable market; men are shouting, carts backing, horses neighing, boys fighting, basket-women talking, piemen expatiating on the excellence of their pastry, and donkeys braying. These and a hundred other sounds form a compound discordant enough to a Londoner's ears, and remarkably disagreeable to those of country gentlemen who are sleeping at the Hummums for the first time.

科文特加登和通向它的条条大道上挤满了各式各样、大小不一的运货马车——从由四匹壮马拉着的笨重的运木材货车到由患痨病的驴子拉着的叮当作响的小商贩的货车，应有尽有。人行道上已经撒满了卷心菜的烂叶子、断了的草绳和菜市场上一切不可名状的垃圾。男人在大声叫嚷，货车在后退，马在嘶鸣，男孩子们在打架，头上顶着筐的女人们在闲聊，卖馅饼的人在描述他们的馅饼有多好，驴子在嘶叫。这些声音和其他上百种声音混合在一起，让伦敦居民们觉得刺耳，更让初次投宿在亨门斯的乡绅们极度厌恶。

Another hour passes away, and the day begins in good earnest. The servant of all work, who, under the plea of sleeping very soundly,

has utterly disregarded 'Missis's' ringing for half an hour previously, is warned by Master (whom Missis has sent up in his drapery to the landing-place for that purpose), that it's half-past six, whereupon she awakes all of a sudden, with well-feigned astonishment, and goes down-stairs very sulkily, wishing, while she strikes a light, that the principle of spontaneous combustion would extend itself to coals and kitchen range. When the fire is lighted, she opens the street-door to take in the milk, when, by the most singular coincidence in the world, she discovers that the servant next door has just taken in her milk too, and that Mr. Todd's young man over the way, is, by an equally extraordinary chance, taking down his master's shutters. The inevitable consequence is, that she just steps, milk-jug in hand, as far as next door, just to say 'good morning' to Betsy Clark, and that Mr. Todd's young man just steps over the way to say 'good morning' to both of 'em; and as the aforesaid Mr. Todd's young man is almost as good-looking and fascinating as the baker himself, the conversation quickly becomes very interesting, and probably would become more so, if Betsy Clark's Missis, who always will be a-followin' her about, didn't give an angry tap at her bedroom window, on which Mr. Todd's young man tries to whistle coolly, as he goes back to his shop much faster than he came from it; and the two girls run back to their respective places, and shut their street-doors with surprising softness, each of them poking their heads out of the front parlour window, a minute afterwards, however, ostensibly with the view of looking at the mail which just then passes by, but really for the purpose of catching another glimpse of Mr. Todd's young man, who being fond of mails, but more fond of females, takes a short look at the coach and a long look at the girls, much to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

又过了一个小时，这一天真的开始了。负责做所有家务的那个女佣以熟睡为借口，全然不理已经摇了半个小时铃的太太。老爷警告她已经六点半了（他穿着打褶的睡衣，受太太派遣专门到平台来警告女佣），她这才猛然醒来，故作震惊，闷闷不乐地下楼，一边划火柴，一边希望煤块和炊具也能自燃。炉火点着之后，她便打开临街门把牛奶拿进来。这时，真是巧得不能再巧了，她看见隔壁的女佣也刚刚把牛奶拿进屋。同样不可思议的巧合是，对面托德先生家的男佣正在卸下他老爷店铺的活动遮板。自然而然地，她提着牛奶罐走向隔壁，只是为了对贝齐·克拉克说一声“早上好”，而托德先生家的年轻男佣就穿过街道来对她们俩说“早上好”。上面提到的托德先生家的年轻男佣长得和那个面包师一样英俊迷人，谈话很快就变得很有趣。或许他们聊得会更起劲，但贝奇·克拉克的女主人总是紧盯着她，此时正生气地敲着卧室的窗户。托德先生家的年轻男佣强装冷静地吹着口哨，往他店铺里走的步伐比来时稍快。两个女佣奔回各自的屋子，轻得让人惊讶地关上了临街门。不过一分钟之后又各自把头伸出前起居室的窗户，装作是看刚刚经过的邮车，其实是想再瞥一眼托德家的年轻男佣。后者喜欢邮车，但更喜欢女性。他瞥

了一眼邮车，长长地望了一眼女孩们，当事的各方都感到心满意足。

The mail itself goes on to the coach-office in due course, and the passengers who are going out by the early coach, stare with astonishment at the passengers who are coming in by the early coach, who look blue and dismal, and are evidently under the influence of that odd feeling produced by travelling, which makes the events of yesterday morning seem as if they had happened at least six months ago, and induces people to wonder with considerable gravity whether the friends and relations they took leave of a fortnight before, have altered much since they have left them. The coach-office is all alive, and the coaches which are just going out, are surrounded by the usual crowd of Jews and nondescripts, who seem to consider, Heaven knows why, that it is quite impossible any man can mount a coach without requiring at least sixpenny-worth of oranges, a penknife, a pocket-book, a last year's annual, a pencil-case, a piece of sponge, and a small series of caricatures.

邮车前行着，及时到了公共马车售票处。要乘早班车外出的乘客们惊异地注视着乘这趟早班车到达的乘客们。后者看起来沮丧、低落，显然是旅途带来的那种奇怪的感觉影响了他们，使他们觉得昨天发生的事情仿佛至少在六个月前已经发生过，也促使他们郑重地琢磨，那些和他们在两个星期前分开的亲戚朋友们自从那时是否已经变化很大了。售票处热闹非凡，正要往外开的公共马车像往常一样被一群犹太人和不知属于哪类的人团团围住。他们似乎正在考虑，为什么任何上得了马车的人都需要至少价值六便士的橘子、一把小刀、一本袖珍书、一本去年的年鉴、一个铅笔盒、一小块海绵，以及一小套漫画。天知道他们怎么会想这个。

Half an hour more, and the sun darts his bright rays cheerfully down the still half-empty streets, and shines with sufficient force to rouse the dismal laziness of the apprentice, who pauses every other minute from his task of sweeping out the shop and watering the pavement in front of it, to tell another apprentice similarly employed, how hot it will be to-day, or to stand with his right hand shading his eyes, and his left resting on the broom, gazing at the 'Wonder,' or the 'Tally-ho,' or the 'Nimrod,' or some other fast coach, till it is out of sight, when he re-enters the shop, envying the passengers on the outside of the fast coach, and thinking of the old red brick house 'down in the country,' where he went to school: the miseries of the milk and water, and thick bread and scrapings, fading into nothing before the pleasant recollection of the green field the boys used to play in, and the green pond he was caned for presuming to fall into, and other schoolboy associations.

半个多小时以后，太阳愉悦地把它那明亮的光芒投向依然半空着的街道，强烈的阳光足以迫使沮丧、懒洋洋的学徒振奋起精神来。他每隔

一分钟就要停下手中的活（比如在店铺里扫地或在铺面前的人行道上洒水等）去告诉另一个干着类似工作的学徒今天的天气会多么炎热，或者用右手遮住双眼站在那里，左手搭在扫帚上，凝视着“奇妙号”、“绿林狩猎号“或”宁录号”，以及其他疾驰而过的公共马车，直到其在视野中消失。他回到店铺里来时，会羡慕起坐在疾驶的马车里靠边位置的乘客，想着“乡下”的那座旧红砖房子。他曾在那里上过学。他现在喝掺水的牛奶，吃厚面包和面包屑的苦生活在下面的美好回忆中不再苦涩：他和伙伴们曾经在上面玩耍的那片绿色田野，还有那个碧绿的池塘，他曾因为自己掉进去而受到过鞭笞，以及和同学们一起经历的其他事情。

Cabs, with trunks and band-boxes between the drivers' legs and outside the apron, rattle briskly up and down the streets on their way to the coach-offices or steam-packet wharfs; and the cab-drivers and hackney-coachmen who are on the stand polish up the ornamental part of their dingy vehicles—the former wondering how people can prefer 'them wild beast cariwans of homnibuses, to a riglar cab with a fast trotter,' and the latter admiring how people can trust their necks into one of 'them crazy cabs, when they can have a 'spectable 'ackney cotche with a pair of 'orses as von't run away with no vun;' a consolation unquestionably founded on fact, seeing that a hackney-coach horse never was known to run at all, 'except,' as the smart cabman in front of the rank observes, 'except one, and HE run back'ards.'

车夫的双腿之间和挡板外沿放着大箱子和捆着的盒子，出租马车轻快地来往于公共马车售票处或者蒸汽轮船码头的路上，吱吱作响。两轮出租马车和四轮出租马车的车夫在驾驶台上把他们那破烂车的装饰品擦得锃亮——前者想不明白人们为什么“喜欢那些像野兽一样的一列列四轮出租马车胜过一匹快马拉的普通两轮出租马车”；后者则钦佩人们竟敢把自己的脖子托付给“那些发疯的两轮出租马车，他们本可以乘坐由两匹马驾驶的体面安全的四轮出租马车”。毋庸置疑，这句自我安慰的话的确符合事实，因为众所周知，拉四轮出租马车的马似乎根本不会跑。“除了”，正如处在队伍前面的一个机灵的两轮出租马车车夫所说，“除了一种情况——它会朝后跑。”

The shops are now completely opened, and apprentices and shopmen are busily engaged in cleaning and decking the windows for the day. The bakers' shops in town are filled with servants and children waiting for the drawing of the first batch of rolls—an operation which was performed a full hour ago in the suburbs: for the early clerk population of Somers and Camden towns, Islington, and Pentonville, are fast pouring into the city, or directing their steps towards Chancery-lane and the Inns of Court. Middle-aged men, whose salaries have by no means increased in the same proportion as their families, plod steadily along, apparently with no object in view but the counting-house; knowing by sight almost everybody they meet

or overtake, for they have seen them every morning (Sunday excepted) during the last twenty years, but speaking to no one. If they do happen to overtake a personal acquaintance, they just exchange a hurried salutation, and keep walking on either by his side, or in front of him, as his rate of walking may chance to be. As to stopping to shake hands, or to take the friend's arm, they seem to think that as it is not included in their salary, they have no right to do it. Small office lads in large hats, who are made men before they are boys, hurry along in pairs, with their first coat carefully brushed, and the white trousers of last Sunday plentifully besmeared with dust and ink. It evidently requires a considerable mental struggle to avoid investing part of the day's dinner-money in the purchase of the stale tarts so temptingly exposed in dusty tins at the pastry-cooks' doors; but a consciousness of their own importance and the receipt of seven shillings a-week, with the prospect of an early rise to eight, comes to their aid, and they accordingly put their hats a little more on one side, and look under the bonnets of all the milliners' and stay-makers' apprentices they meet—poor girls!—the hardest worked, the worst paid, and too often, the worst used class of the community.

店铺此时全都开始营业了，学徒和店员们正忙着清洁、装饰橱窗，迎接这一天的生意。佣人和孩子们把城里的面包店围得水泄不通，等着新鲜出炉的第一批面包卷——在郊区，这项工作整整一个小时以前就完成了，因为早起上班的职员正从萨默斯和坎登城、伊斯灵顿和彭顿维尔涌向市区，还有些步行直奔大法官法庭大道和法学协会。那些薪水的增长和子女的增加绝不相称的中年男子，迈着沉重的步伐坚定地前进着。显然，除了事务所，他们的眼中别无他物。由于在过去的二十年中（除了星期天），他们每天早晨都会碰见这些迎面而来或者他们赶上的人。但尽管有一面之交，彼此却从来不说话。即便是他们碰巧赶上了一个熟人，也不过是相互匆忙地打个招呼，继续往前走，要么走在熟人的一侧，要么走到前面去，这都根据他们走路的速度而定。至于停下来握个手，或者挽住那个熟人的胳膊，他们似乎觉得既然这些不包括在他们的工资里，那他们也没有权利去做。在小事务所工作的小伙子们结伴匆匆赶路，他们年纪轻轻就成了家，戴着大帽子，外套已经用刷子仔细地刷过，这是他们的第一件外套。上周日穿的那条白裤子上处处是灰尘和墨水的污渍。他们难免要经过一场相当艰巨的思想斗争，才能抵抗住摆放在糕点师门前布满灰尘的罐子里并不新鲜的馅饼的诱惑，不花当天的一部分午餐费去买这些。不过，意识到了他们自身的重要性和每周七先令的工资，而且不久工资就能涨到八先令的美好前景，他们便把帽子略微倾向一边，朝所有女帽制造商和胸衣制造商的女学徒们戴着的女帽下面望去——可怜的姑娘们！她们工作得最辛苦，报酬却最低，而且她们通常是被剥削得最厉害的社会阶层。

Eleven o'clock, and a new set of people fill the streets. The goods in the shop-windows are invitingly arranged; the shopmen in their

white neckerchiefs and spruce coats, look as if they couldn't clean a window if their lives depended on it; the carts have disappeared from Covent-garden; the waggoners have returned, and the costermongers repaired to their ordinary 'beats' in the suburbs; clerks are at their offices, and gigs, cabs, omnibuses, and saddle-horses, are conveying their masters to the same destination. The streets are thronged with a vast concourse of people, gay and shabby, rich and poor, idle and industrious; and we come to the heat, bustle, and activity of NOON.

十一点钟了，街上又涌进一批人。商品在橱窗里摆放得引人注目。穿着整洁的上衣、围着洁白的领巾的店员们，看起来彷佛是死也不愿把窗户擦干净似的。从科文特加登来的那些运货马车已经消失了，赶大车的人们已经返回，叫卖的小商贩也到郊区进行他们一如既往的“巡回旅行”了。职员们都在他们的事务所里，而轻便马车、出租马车、公共马车和骑用马正把它们的主人们送到相同的目的地去。街道上充斥着拥挤的人群，有兴高采烈的，有衣衫褴褛的；有富有的，有贫穷的；有游手好闲的，有勤劳苦干的。炎热、喧闹又忙碌的正午来到了。

CHAPTER II THE STREETS—NIGHT

第二章　夜晚的街道

But the streets of London, to be beheld in the very height of their glory, should be seen on a dark, dull, murky winter's night, when there is just enough damp gently stealing down to make the pavement greasy, without cleansing it of any of its impurities; and when the heavy lazy mist, which hangs over every object, makes the gas-lamps look brighter, and the brilliantly-lighted shops more splendid, from the contrast they present to the darkness around. All the people who are at home on such a night as this, seem disposed to make themselves as snug and comfortable as possible; and the passengers in the streets have excellent reason to envy the fortunate individuals who are seated by their own firesides.

不过，伦敦街道最为壮观的景象莫过于昏暗、阴沉、迷蒙的冬日夜晚下的街景。此时，适宜的湿气悄无声息地轻轻下来，把人行道弄得滑滑的，却没有清除掉路面上的任何污物。此时，懒洋洋的浓雾笼罩着一切，煤气灯显得更加明亮，灯火通明的店铺显得更加辉煌夺目，与四周的黑夜形成了鲜明的对比。在这样的一个夜晚，所有呆在家里的人们都想尽量让自己温暖舒适。街上的行人有充分的理由去嫉妒那些坐在自家炉边的幸运人们。

In the larger and better kind of streets, dining parlour curtains are closely drawn, kitchen fires blaze brightly up, and savoury steams of hot dinners salute the nostrils of the hungry wayfarer, as he plods wearily by the area railings. In the suburbs, the muffin boy rings his way down the little street, much more slowly than he is wont to do; for Mrs. Macklin, of No. 4, has no sooner opened her little street-door, and screamed out 'Muffins!' with all her might, than Mrs. Walker, at No. 5, puts her head out of the parlour-window, and screams 'Muffins!' too; and Mrs. Walker has scarcely got the words out of her lips, than Mrs. Peplow, over the way, lets loose Master Peplow, who darts down the street, with a velocity which nothing but buttered muffins in perspective could possibly inspire, and drags the boy back by main force, whereupon Mrs. Macklin and Mrs. Walker, just to save the boy trouble, and to say a few neighbourly words to Mrs. Peplow at the same time, run over the way and buy their muffins at Mrs. Peplow's door, when it appears from the voluntary statement of Mrs. Walker, that her 'kittle's jist a-biling, and the cups and sarsers ready laid,' and that, as it was such a wretched night out o' doors, she'd made up her mind to have a nice hot comfortable cup o'tea—a determination at which, by the most singular coincidence, the other two ladies had

simultaneously arrived.

在更宽阔平坦的大道上，餐厅的窗帘都拉得严严实实的，厨房里的火熊熊燃烧，发出亮光。饥肠辘辘的赶路人拖着疲惫的脚步从围栏边缓缓走来时，热腾腾的饭菜散发出的香气扑鼻而来。在郊区，卖松饼的男孩摇着铃铛在小巷子里走着。他放慢了脚步，因为住在四号房子的麦克林太太一打开她的临街小门，竭尽全力大喊了一声："买松饼！" 住在五号房子的沃克太太就把头伸出了起居室的窗户，也尖叫道："买松饼！"沃克太太的话刚出口，对面的佩普洛太太就放出佩普洛老爷。他猛冲到街上，那速度只有奶油松饼才能激发出来，他使劲把男孩拉回来。于是，为了不让男孩麻烦，麦克林太太和沃尔太太便同时向佩普洛太太说了几句邻里之间的寒暄，跑到街对面她家门口买了松饼。沃克太太自言自语地说着"水烧开了，茶杯和茶碟子都摆好了"。她还说现在外面天气糟糕，因此决定好好喝上一杯热乎乎的茶暖和一下。巧得不能再巧的是，另外两位女士也都作了同样的决定。

After a little conversation about the wretchedness of the weather and the merits of tea, with a digression relative to the viciousness of boys as a rule, and the amiability of Master Peplow as an exception, Mrs. Walker sees her husband coming down the street; and as he must want his tea, poor man, after his dirty walk from the Docks, she instantly runs across, muffins in hand, and Mrs. Macklin does the same, and after a few words to Mrs. Walker, they all pop into their little houses, and slam their little street-doors, which are not opened again for the remainder of the evening, except to the nine o'clock 'beer,' who comes round with a lantern in front of his tray, and says, as he lends Mrs. Walker 'Yesterday's 'Tiser,' that he's blessed if he can hardly hold the pot, much less feel the paper, for it's one of the bitterest nights he ever felt, 'cept the night when the man was frozen to death in the Brick-field.

她们谈了一会儿恶劣的天气和喝茶的益处，又按惯例闲扯了一会儿男孩子的淘气，指出可爱的佩普洛少爷是个例外。之后，沃克太太看见她丈夫沿街走来。这个可怜的人刚从船坞在尘土中一路走回家，一定很想喝茶。于是，她立即拿着松饼奔向街对面，麦克林太太也跟着回去了。她和沃克太太说了几句话之后，便各自钻进不大的家里，砰的一声关上小临街门。这扇门在接下来的整个夜晚都不会再打开，除了九点钟送啤酒的人到达时。他手里的托盘前面放着灯笼，一边借给沃克太太《昨日广告》，一边说自己差点拿不住酒壶，更觉不出自己手里拿着报纸了，因为他觉得除了在砖厂冻死一个人的那个夜晚，他再也没有遇上过今天这么冷的夜晚了。

After a little prophetic conversation with the policeman at the street-corner, touching a probable change in the weather, and the setting-in of a hard frost, the nine o'clock beer returns to his master's house, and employs himself for the remainder of the evening, in assiduously stirring the tap-room fire, and deferentially taking part in

the conversation of the worthies assembled round it.

九点钟送啤酒的人和街角的警察聊了几句推断性的话，说到天气很可能有变，会有霜冻之后，就回到他老板的家里，在当晚剩下的时间里毫不懈怠地忙于拨动酒吧间的炉火，谦恭地参与到炉火周围那些大人物的谈话中。

The streets in the vicinity of the Marsh-gate and Victoria Theatre present an appearance of dirt and discomfort on such a night, which the groups who lounge about them in no degree tend to diminish. Even the little block-tin temple sacred to baked potatoes, surmounted by a splendid design in variegated lamps, looks less gay than usual, and as to the kidney-pie stand, its glory has quite departed. The candle in the transparent lamp, manufactured of oil-paper, embellished with 'characters,' has been blown out fifty times, so the kidney-pie merchant, tired with running backwards and forwards to the next wine-vaults, to get a light, has given up the idea of illumination in despair, and the only signs of his 'whereabout,' are the bright sparks, of which a long irregular train is whirled down the street every time he opens his portable oven to hand a hot kidney-pie to a customer.

在这样的一个夜晚，马什大门附近和维多利亚剧院附近的街道显得又脏又让人难受，但在那里晃荡的人却不见减少。甚至那个专门用于烤土豆的由锡块制成的庙宇似的饮食点，此时被上面色彩斑斓的吊灯和光彩夺目的装饰品笼罩着，看起来也不如以往炫丽了。至于卖腰子馅饼的摊位，它的辉煌已经荡然无存。油纸制成的透明灯罩里的蜡烛装饰有各种人物形象，已经被吹灭五十次了。因此，卖腰子馅饼的商人厌烦了去借火，在馅饼摊和隔壁酒窖之间来回折腾，已经绝望地放弃了照明的念头。他摆摊的唯一标志只有闪烁的火光了，他每次打开便携烤箱给顾客拿热腰子馅饼时，就有一串不规则的火花顺着街道旋转而去。

Flat-fish, oyster, and fruit vendors linger hopelessly in the kennel, in vain endeavouring to attract customers; and the ragged boys who usually disport themselves about the streets, stand crouched in little knots in some projecting doorway, or under the canvas blind of a cheesemonger's, where great flaring gas-lights, unshaded by any glass, display huge piles of bright red and pale yellow cheeses, mingled with little fivepenny dabs of dingy bacon, various tubs of weekly Dorset, and cloudy rolls of 'best fresh.'

卖比目鱼、牡蛎和水果的小贩们在狗舍一样的小店里无望地徘徊着，徒劳地竭力招揽顾客。平时在街上到处嬉闹的男孩子们衣衫褴褛，蜷缩着身子，围站在某个凸出的门口或乳酪商的帆布帘子下面。那里有不带玻璃罩的燃烧旺盛的煤气灯，映衬出一大堆一大堆的亮红色和淡黄色的干酪，还夹杂着五便士一块的小块脏熏肉、每周运来的各种各样的桶装多塞特郡肉，以及偏暗色的“极品新鲜”肉卷。

Here they amuse themselves with theatrical converse, arising out of their last half-price visit to the Victoria gallery, admire the terrific combat, which is nightly encored, and expatiate on the inimitable manner in which Bill Thompson can 'come the double monkey,' or go through the mysterious involutions of a sailor's hornpipe.

在这里，他们用戏剧里的对白自娱自乐，出自他们上次买半价票去维多利亚剧院看的戏剧。这些人对每晚都加演的激烈打斗场面很是崇拜，还详细描述比尔·汤普森跳“双猴舞”时独特的风格或者重温水手角笛舞神秘的旋转动作。

It is nearly eleven o'clock, and the cold thin rain which has been drizzling so long, is beginning to pour down in good earnest; the baked-potato man has departed—the kidney-pie man has just walked away with his warehouse on his arm—the cheesemonger has drawn in his blind, and the boys have dispersed. The constant clicking of pattens on the slippy and uneven pavement, and the rustling of umbrellas, as the wind blows against the shop-windows, bear testimony to the inclemency of the night; and the policeman, with his oilskin cape buttoned closely round him, seems as he holds his hat on his head, and turns round to avoid the gust of wind and rain which drives against him at the street-corner, to be very far from congratulating himself on the prospect before him.

快十一点了，冰冷的毛毛细雨已经淅淅沥沥地下了很久，现在开始倾盆而下。卖烤土豆的小贩已经离开了——卖腰子馅饼的商贩才挎着他的“仓库”走开——乳酪商已经收起他的帘子，男孩子们也散了。风正冲着店铺的橱窗吹来，木鞋走在湿滑、不平的人行道上，不断发出咔嗒咔嗒的声音，一把把雨伞沙沙作响，这些都表明这个夜晚的天气有多么恶劣。街角处的那个警察穿着油布斗篷，扣子严严实实地扣着。他把帽子压低，转身避开迎面而来的一阵暴风雨时，似乎对自己将要面临的状况十分不乐观。

The little chandler's shop with the cracked bell behind the door, whose melancholy tinkling has been regulated by the demand for quarterns of sugar and half-ounces of coffee, is shutting up. The crowds which have been passing to and fro during the whole day, are rapidly dwindling away; and the noise of shouting and quarrelling which issues from the public-houses, is almost the only sound that breaks the melancholy stillness of the night.

小杂货铺的门后挂着一个破裂的铃铛，有顾客要买四分之一品脱糖和半盎司咖啡时拉铃，铃铛就发出忧郁的叮当声。现在，这个店铺已经关门了。白天一整天来来往往、络绎不绝的人群迅速减少了，打破这夜晚阴郁的寂静的几乎只有从酒馆里传出来的叫喊声和争吵声。

There was another, but it has ceased. That wretched woman with the infant in her arms, round whose meagre form the remnant of her

own scanty shawl is carefully wrapped, has been attempting to sing some popular ballad, in the hope of wringing a few pence from the compassionate passer-by. A brutal laugh at her weak voice is all she has gained. The tears fall thick and fast down her own pale face; the child is cold and hungry, and its low half-stifled wailing adds to the misery of its wretched mother, as she moans aloud, and sinks despairingly down, on a cold damp door-step.

还有另外一个声音，不过已经停止了。那个怀里抱着婴儿的可怜女人，用自己窄小的披肩的边角裹住婴儿瘦小的身躯。她一直试着唱某首流行民谣，希望有同情心的过路人能施舍给她几便士。而她得到的仅仅是别人对她微弱声音的野蛮嘲笑。大颗大颗的泪珠顺着她苍白的脸颊滑落。婴儿饥寒交迫，有些哽住的低声呜咽让这位悲惨的母亲更加伤心，因为她大声痛苦着，绝望地在门前湿冷的台阶上坐下。

Singing! How few of those who pass such a miserable creature as this, think of the anguish of heart, the sinking of soul and spirit, which the very effort of singing produces. Bitter mockery! Disease, neglect, and starvation, faintly articulating the words of the joyous ditty, that has enlivened your hours of feasting and merriment, God knows how often! It is no subject of jeering. The weak tremulous voice tells a fearful tale of want and famishing; and the feeble singer of this roaring song may turn away, only to die of cold and hunger.

歌唱！从这么一个悲惨的人身边经过时，能想到努力歌唱给她的心灵带来的巨大痛苦、给她的精神和灵魂造成的堕落的人少之又少。多么辛辣的讽刺啊！天知道有多少次，疾病缠身、遭人漠视和饥肠辘辘的人无力地吟唱出活跃你们摆酒设宴、嬉戏欢乐之时光的欢快小调！这绝不能是被嘲笑的对象。微弱颤抖的声音讲述着贫困和饥饿的可怕故事。虚弱的歌手唱着本是高昂的歌曲，或许她只能转过身，死于饥寒交迫。

One o'clock! Parties returning from the different theatres foot it through the muddy streets; cabs, hackney-coaches, carriages, and theatre omnibuses, roll swiftly by; watermen with dim dirty lanterns in their hands, and large brass plates upon their breasts, who have been shouting and rushing about for the last two hours, retire to their watering-houses, to solace themselves with the creature comforts of pipes and purl; the half-price pit and box frequenters of the theatres throng to the different houses of refreshment; and chops, kidneys, rabbits, oysters, stout, cigars, and 'goes' innumerable, are served up amidst a noise and confusion of smoking, running, knife-clattering, and waiter-chattering, perfectly indescribable.

一点了！从各个剧场回家的人们走过泥泞的街道。两轮出租马车、四轮出租马车、四轮马车和剧场公共马车疾驰而过。运水工人手里提着昏暗肮脏的灯笼，胸前挂着大铜片，已经连着叫喊奔走了两个小时。此时，他们回到各自的供水站休息，用烟斗和掺杜松子酒的热啤酒这种物

质享受来自我慰藉。剧院里买半价票坐在后排的观众和包厢的常客们涌向各个茶点供应处。排骨、腰子、兔肉、牡蛎、烈性黑啤、雪茄和不计其数的酒菜端了上来，周围一片嘈杂，烟雾缭绕。人来回跑着，餐刀发出哗啦声，侍者们喋喋不休地闲聊着，场面完全无法描述。

The more musical portion of the play-going community betake themselves to some harmonic meeting. As a matter of curiosity let us follow them thither for a few moments.

爱好音乐的那部分人就到某个和声会场去寻乐。出于好奇，我们就跟着他们去那边一探究竟。

In a lofty room of spacious dimensions, are seated some eighty or a hundred guests knocking little pewter measures on the tables, and hammering away, with the handles of their knives, as if they were so many trunk-makers. They are applauding a glee, which has just been executed by the three 'professional gentlemen' at the top of the centre table, one of whom is in the chair—the little pompous man with the bald head just emerging from the collar of his green coat. The others are seated on either side of him—the stout man with the small voice, and the thin-faced dark man in black. The little man in the chair is a most amusing personage,—such condescending grandeur, and SUCH a voice!

在一间高大宽敞的房间里，坐着大约八十到一百个客人。他们用小小的白蜡量尺敲击着桌子，用他们的刀柄在旁边连连敲打，就像一群制造大箱子的工匠一样。他们正为三个“专业先生”在中间桌子上端的表演而兴高采烈地鼓掌，三人中有一个人坐在椅子上——他是一个自大的小个子，绿色外套的领子里只露出一个秃头。另外两个人分别坐在他的两旁——一个是声音微弱的矮胖子，一个是身穿黑衣的瘦脸黑男人。坐在椅子上的那个小个子男人是最搞笑的人——那样屈尊的自大，又是那样的声音！

'Bass!' as the young gentleman near us with the blue stock forcibly remarks to his companion, 'bass! I b'lieve you; he can go down lower than any man: so low sometimes that you can't hear him.' And so he does. To hear him growling away, gradually lower and lower down, till he can't get back again, is the most delightful thing in the world, and it is quite impossible to witness unmoved the impressive solemnity with which he pours forth his soul in 'My 'art's in the 'ighlands,' or 'The brave old Hoak.' The stout man is also addicted to sentimentality, and warbles 'Fly, fly from the world, my Bessy, with me,' or some such song, with lady-like sweetness, and in the most seductive tones imaginable.

“男低音！”我们旁边的一个打着蓝色领结的年轻先生权威地对他的同伴说，“男低音！你别不相信。他能唱出的低音无人可及，有时低得你都听不到声音了。”他的声音的确低得听不到。听着他咆哮的声音远去，

逐渐变低，最后再也高不回来了，这是世界上最令人愉悦的事情了。看着他全身心投入到《我心在高原》或《勇敢的老霍克》的演唱时所表现出的令人难忘的庄重，谁都无法不为之感动。那个身材矮壮的男子也沉迷在多愁善感中，用颤音唱着《飞吧，与我一起飞离这个世界，我的贝茜》或者类似的歌曲。他表演时有着女性般的甜蜜和人们所能想象出的最性感的声音。

'Pray give your orders, gen'l'm'n—pray give your orders,'—says the pale-faced man with the red head; and demands for 'goes' of gin and 'goes' of brandy, and pints of stout, and cigars of peculiar mildness, are vociferously made from all parts of the room. The 'professional gentlemen' are in the very height of their glory, and bestow condescending nods, or even a word or two of recognition, on the better-known frequenters of the room, in the most bland and patronising manner possible.

“请点菜，先生们，请点菜吧。”那个面色苍白、一头红发的男人说道。房间里四面八方发出一阵乱哄哄的喊声，有人点一杯杜松子酒，有人点一杯白兰地，有人点几品脱烈性黑啤，还有人点特别的温性雪茄。“专业先生”正处在他们荣誉的最顶峰，以最漠然的态度和恩人一样的派头朝房间里比较熟的常客屈尊似的点头，甚至说几句认可的话。

The little round-faced man, with the small brown surtout, white stockings and shoes, is in the comic line; the mixed air of self- denial, and mental consciousness of his own powers, with which he acknowledges the call of the chair, is particularly gratifying. 'Gen'l'men,' says the little pompous man, accompanying the word with a knock of the president's hammer on the table—'Gen'l'men, allow me to claim your attention—our friend, Mr. Smuggins, will oblige.'—'Bravo!' shout the company; and Smuggins, after a considerable quantity of coughing by way of symphony, and a most facetious sniff or two, which afford general delight, sings a comic song, with a fal-de-ral—tol-de-ral chorus at the end of every verse, much longer than the verse itself. It is received with unbounded applause, and after some aspiring genius has volunteered a recitation, and failed dismally therein, the little pompous man gives another knock, and says 'Gen'l'men, we will attempt a glee, if you please.' This announcement calls forth tumultuous applause, and the more energetic spirits express the unqualified approbation it affords them, by knocking one or two stout glasses off their legs—a humorous device; but one which frequently occasions some slight altercation when the form of paying the damage is proposed to be gone through by the waiter. Scenes like these are continued until three or four o'clock in the morning; and even when they close, fresh ones open to the inquisitive novice. But as a description of all of them, however slight, would require a volume, the contents of which, however

instructive, would be by no means pleasing, we make our bow, and drop the curtain.

身穿一件棕色小外套和白鞋白袜的一个小个子圆脸男人是演喜剧的。他带着自我否定、同时又意识到自己潜力的复杂神态向主席答谢，让人看了尤其愉快。“先生们，”那个自大的小个子男人一边说一边用主席的锤子在桌子上敲了一下，“先生们，请注意——我们的朋友，斯马金先生要出场了。”“好！”大家喊了起来。斯马金先生伴着和音大咳了一阵，又十分滑稽地发出一两声赢来大众好感的吸鼻声之后，唱了一首滑稽的歌曲。他每个章节之后都伴有“法 - 朵 - 拉——拖 - 朵 - 拉”的合唱，而且合唱比每个章节都长得多。这个表演得到了热烈的掌声。某个有抱负的才子毛遂自荐朗诵了诗歌，却惨遭失败。之后，那个自大的小个子男人又敲了一下桌子，说道：“先生们，如果大家愿意的话，我们想再尝试个乐子。”这个宣告博得了一阵混乱的欢呼声，活力较为充沛的人为了表达其绝对支持，把一两只厚实的矮脚玻璃杯的腿敲掉了——这是一种诙谐的做法。但侍者提出要赔偿损失时，这也经常会引起小小的争议。这样的场面能一直持续到凌晨三四点钟。甚至在结束的时候，还有一些新的场子会为有探究兴趣的新手们开放。但是，要把他们一一描述，不论多么简略，都能写上一卷书。而且不管内容多么于人有益，也绝不会让人喜欢。我们就鞠躬谢幕吧。

CHAPTER III SHOPS AND THEIR TENANTS

第三章　店铺及其房客

What inexhaustible food for speculation, do the streets of London afford! We never were able to agree with Sterne in pitying the man who could travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say that all was barren; we have not the slightest commiseration for the man who can take up his hat and stick, and walk from Covent-garden to St. Paul's Churchyard, and back into the bargain, without deriving some amusement—we had almost said instruction—from his perambulation. And yet there are such beings: we meet them every day. Large black stocks and light waistcoats, jet canes and discontented countenances, are the characteristics of the race; other people brush quickly by you, steadily plodding on to business, or cheerfully running after pleasure. These men linger listlessly past, looking as happy and animated as a policeman on duty. Nothing seems to make an impression on their minds: nothing short of being knocked down by a porter, or run over by a cab, will disturb their equanimity. You will meet them on a fine day in any of the leading thoroughfares: peep through the window of a west-end cigar shop in the evening, if you can manage to get a glimpse between the blue curtains which intercept the vulgar gaze, and you see them in their only enjoyment of existence. There they are lounging about, on round tubs and pipe boxes, in all the dignity of whiskers, and gilt watch-guards; whispering soft nothings to the young lady in amber, with the large ear-rings, who, as she sits behind the counter in a blaze of adoration and gas-light, is the admiration of all the female servants in the neighbourhood, and the envy of every milliner's apprentice within two miles round.

伦敦的街道为我们的思考提供了多么取之不竭的养料啊！斯特恩同情那个从丹恩旅行到贝尔谢巴、还说沿途都是荒地的人，我们却不能同情他。我们也丝毫不会同情那种拿着帽子和手杖，从科文加登走到圣保罗教堂，又走回市场，却从他的闲逛中得不到任何乐趣的人——我们差点把“乐趣”误说为“启迪”了。但是，我们天天碰到的有这么一类人。他们打着宽大的黑色长筒袜，身穿浅色背心，拿着乌黑发亮的手杖，满脸不满足的表情。这些都是这类人的特征。其他人从你旁边走过时会迅速地擦身而过，或是迈着沉稳的步子去上班，或是兴高采烈地追逐乐趣。这些人则会无精打采地在你身边徘徊着，好似当值警察一样欢喜、充满活力。仿佛任何事情都无法引起他们的注意力：除非被一个搬运工撞倒，或是被一辆两轮出租马车碾过，什么都不会影响到他们的泰然的状态。天气晴朗的日子，你会在任意一条主要街道上发现他们。晚上，如果你能从伦敦西街的一个雪茄店的窗户向外窥视，而且能通过用于遮挡

旁人视线的蓝色窗帘之间的缝隙看一眼外面的景象，就一定会看到他们正享受着生活中的唯一乐趣。他们懒洋洋地躺在圆桶上或管道箱上，留着气派十足的络腮胡子，戴着闪闪发光的镀金表链，向戴着大耳环、穿着琥珀色衣服的年轻女郎说着情话。后者由于坐在柜台后，接受着炽热的崇拜，还笼罩在耀眼的煤气灯下，成了街坊里所有女仆羡慕的对象，也成了方圆两英里内所有女帽学徒嫉妒的目标。

One of our principal amusements is to watch the gradual progress — the rise or fall—of particular shops. We have formed an intimate acquaintance with several, in different parts of town, and are perfectly acquainted with their whole history. We could name off-hand, twenty at least, which we are quite sure have paid no taxes for the last six years. They are never inhabited for more than two months consecutively, and, we verily believe, have witnessed every retail trade in the directory.

我们的主要娱乐之一就是观察某一个店铺的变迁——兴衰起落。我们对城内不同地段的几家店十分熟悉，对其全部历史了如指掌。我们可以随口说出至少二十家在过去六年内确定没有交过税的店铺。它们被连续租用的时间从来不超过两个月。另外，我们也十分肯定，《工商业指南》上提到过的零售业都在这儿经营过。

There is one, whose history is a sample of the rest, in whose fate we have taken especial interest, having had the pleasure of knowing it ever since it has been a shop. It is on the Surrey side of the water—a little distance beyond the Marsh-gate. It was originally a substantial, good-looking private house enough; the landlord got into difficulties, the house got into Chancery, the tenant went away, and the house went to ruin. At this period our acquaintance with it commenced; the paint was all worn off; the windows were broken, the area was green with neglect and the overflowings of the water-butt; the butt itself was without a lid, and the street-door was the very picture of misery. The chief pastime of the children in the vicinity had been to assemble in a body on the steps, and to take it in turn to knock loud double knocks at the door, to the great satisfaction of the neighbours generally, and especially of the nervous old lady next door but one. Numerous complaints were made, and several small basins of water discharged over the offenders, but without effect. In this state of things, the marine-store dealer at the corner of the street, in the most obliging manner took the knocker off, and sold it: and the unfortunate house looked more wretched than ever.

其中有一家店铺的历史很有代表性。我们自从它开业以来就有幸了解它，所以对它的命运一直饶有兴趣。它位于泰晤士河靠近萨里的这一边——在离马什大门更远一点的地方。它本来是一处坚固漂亮的私宅，房主遇到了麻烦，房产被大法官收公，房客离开了，房子也就荒废了。我们就是在这个时候开始知道它的。墙上的油漆全部脱落了，窗户被打

破了，整个院子因为无人照料加上盛雨的无盖水桶溢满而长满了青苔，临街门最能显出宅子的破败。附近孩子们的一大消遣就是聚集在门前的台阶上，轮流使劲地每人敲两下门，邻居们普遍深受其害，特别是住在隔壁第二家的有些神经质的老太太。街坊们纷纷抱怨，也有些人用脸盆接水去泼那些孩子，但都没起什么作用。在这种情形下，街角船具店的店商以最施恩于人的姿态将这个宅子的门环卸下来卖掉了。于是，这不幸的房子看起来比以往更加破败了。

We deserted our friend for a few weeks. What was our surprise, on our return, to find no trace of its existence! In its place was a handsome shop, fast approaching to a state of completion, and on the shutters were large bills, informing the public that it would shortly be opened with 'an extensive stock of linen-drapery and haberdashery.' It opened in due course; there was the name of the proprietor 'and Co.' in gilt letters, almost too dazzling to look at. Such ribbons and shawls and two such elegant young men behind the counter, each in a clean collar and white neckcloth, like the lover in a farce. As to the proprietor, he did nothing but walk up and down the shop, and hand seats to the ladies, and hold important conversations with the handsomest of the young men, who was shrewdly suspected by the neighbours to be the 'Co.' We saw all this with sorrow; we felt a fatal presentiment that the shop was doomed—and so it was. Its decay was slow, but sure. Tickets gradually appeared in the windows; then rolls of flannel, with labels on them, were stuck outside the door; then a bill was pasted on the street-door, intimating that the first floor was to let unfurnished; then one of the young men disappeared altogether, and the other took to a black neckerchief, and the proprietor took to drinking. The shop became dirty, broken panes of glass remained unmended, and the stock disappeared piecemeal. At last the company's man came to cut off the water, and then the linen-draper cut off himself, leaving the landlord his compliments and the key.

我们有几个星期没来看这个朋友。我们回来时，不禁大为惊讶，那座房子不见了踪影！取而代之的是一家即将完工的漂亮店铺，活动遮板上贴着大张的公告，告知公众它开业在即，卖有“多种亚麻制品和男士服饰”。它按时开业了，镀金的业主姓名以及“股份公司”几个大字闪闪发光，刺眼得简直让人不能直视。多么漂亮的缎带和围巾啊！柜台后的两个年轻小伙子是那么优雅，衣领洁净，还戴着白色的领饰，就像滑稽剧里的情人一样。至于这家店铺的老板，除了在店里走来走去、给女士们搬凳子、和一个被邻居们机灵地怀疑是合作商的帅小伙子进行重要的谈话外，什么也不做。目睹这一切让我们十分伤心，因为我们有一种不祥的预感，这家店注定不会有好结果——事实也确实如此。它的没落虽然缓慢，但果真没落了。标价牌逐渐出现在橱窗中；接着，成捆的法兰绒贴着标签堆到了门外；然后，临街门上贴了一个告示，说不带家具的二楼要外租；再接着，一个站柜台的小伙子不见了，另一个开始戴黑色的

领饰，店主则开始借酒消愁。店铺里开始变得脏乱，打破了的玻璃窗一直没有修，存货一件件丢失。最后，自来水公司派人来断了水供应。后来，这个亚麻布商人断了自己的生命，给房东留下了他的问候和钥匙。

The next occupant was a fancy stationer. The shop was more modestly painted than before, still it was neat; but somehow we always thought, as we passed, that it looked like a poor and struggling concern. We wished the man well, but we trembled for his success. He was a widower evidently, and had employment elsewhere, for he passed us every morning on his road to the city. The business was carried on by his eldest daughter. Poor girl! she needed no assistance. We occasionally caught a glimpse of two or three children, in mourning like herself, as they sat in the little parlour behind the shop; and we never passed at night without seeing the eldest girl at work, either for them, or in making some elegant little trifle for sale. We often thought, as her pale face looked more sad and pensive in the dim candle-light, that if those thoughtless females who interfere with the miserable market of poor creatures such as these, knew but one-half of the misery they suffer, and the bitter privations they endure, in their honourable attempts to earn a scanty subsistence, they would, perhaps, resign even opportunities for the gratification of vanity, and an immodest love of self-display, rather than drive them to a last dreadful resource, which it would shock the delicate feelings of these CHARITABLE ladies to hear named.

下一个租户开了一家精美的文具店。这个店铺的装修比上次朴素，但仍然很整洁。但不知为何，每当我们经过时，总会觉得这家店铺看上去在可怜巴巴地挣扎着。我们祝福店主能走运，但我们对他能否成功很不看好。显然，他是一个鳏夫，而且在别的地方有工作，因为他每天早上去城里的路上都会遇到我们。店铺的生意由他的大女儿照料。真是个让人可怜的姑娘！她不需要别人的帮助。我们偶尔有几次瞥见两三个小孩坐在店铺后面的小客厅里，像她一样穿着丧服。每天晚上，我们经过时总会看到大女儿在工作，要么为几个孩子忙活，要么在制作些精巧的小玩意儿用于出售。她那苍白的面庞在昏暗的烛光下显得更加悲伤愁苦。我们常常想，如果那些捣乱这类穷苦人的可怜营生、缺乏头脑的女人们，哪怕只知道一半她们可敬地努力赚取微薄的生活费时所忍受的穷困和遭受的痛苦，或许就会放弃满足虚荣心的机会和傲慢地自我炫耀的爱好。或许她们不会再把那些穷苦人逼得孤注一掷，仅仅是听听那些绝望的做法，那些仁慈的女士们脆弱的感情也会受到震撼。

But we are forgetting the shop. Well, we continued to watch it, and every day showed too clearly the increasing poverty of its inmates. The children were clean, it is true, but their clothes were threadbare and shabby; no tenant had been procured for the upper part of the house, from the letting of which, a portion of the means of paying the rent was to have been derived, and a slow, wasting

consumption prevented the eldest girl from continuing her exertions. Quarter-day arrived. The landlord had suffered from the extravagance of his last tenant, and he had no compassion for the struggles of his successor; he put in an execution. As we passed one morning, the broker's men were removing the little furniture there was in the house, and a newly-posted bill informed us it was again 'To Let.' What became of the last tenant we never could learn; we believe the girl is past all suffering, and beyond all sorrow. God help her! We hope she is.

但我们把那家店铺给忘了。喔，我们继续观注着它的境况，而每一天其租户都明显更穷困了。孩子们干干净净，这是事实，但他们的衣服破旧邋遢。本来把楼上的房间租出去可以用来补贴部分房租，但一直没有人来租。此外，大女儿患上了慢性肺病，没法继续干活。季度付款日到了。房东吸取了上一个租客的教训，又对文具商的困苦没有丝毫同情。他要求法院强制执行。有一天早上我们从那里经过，看到财产估价方的雇员正把店铺里的小家具一件件搬出来，门口贴了一张新的告示，这座房子又开始招租了。我们不知道上一个租客后来怎么样了，但相信那个姑娘再也不用忍受任何折磨和痛苦了。上帝保佑她吧！我们希望她不用再忍受。

We were somewhat curious to ascertain what would be the next stage—for that the place had no chance of succeeding now, was perfectly clear. The bill was soon taken down, and some alterations were being made in the interior of the shop. We were in a fever of expectation; we exhausted conjecture—we imagined all possible trades, none of which were perfectly reconcilable with our idea of the gradual decay of the tenement. It opened, and we wondered why we had not guessed at the real state of the case before. The shop—not a large one at the best of times—had been converted into two: one was a bonnet-shape maker's, the other was opened by a tobacconist, who also dealt in walking-sticks and Sunday newspapers; the two were separated by a thin partition, covered with tawdry striped paper.

我们有些好奇，想知道接下来的情况——因为显然这个房子是不可能再发迹了。那张告示很快就被揭了下来，店铺内部也做了些修整。我们焦急地等待着店铺的开张，猜测了一切可能的行业，但没有一种行业让我们觉得这所房子不会日益破败。终于开业了，我们感到奇怪，竟然之前没有猜到这种情况的可能性。这家最繁华的时候面积也不大的店铺已经被改成了两家：一家是女帽制造店；另一家是烟店，也顺带卖手杖和周日报纸。这两家店铺由一块薄板隔开，上面糊满了花哨的条纹纸。

The tobacconist remained in possession longer than any tenant within our recollection. He was a red-faced, impudent, good-for-nothing dog, evidently accustomed to take things as they came, and to make the best of a bad job. He sold as many cigars as he could, and smoked the rest. He occupied the shop as long as he could make peace

with the landlord, and when he could no longer live in quiet, he very coolly locked the door, and bolted himself. From this period, the two little dens have undergone innumerable changes. The tobacconist was succeeded by a theatrical hair-dresser, who ornamented the window with a great variety of 'characters,' and terrific combats. The bonnet-shape maker gave place to a greengrocer, and the histrionic barber was succeeded, in his turn, by a tailor. So numerous have been the changes, that we have of late done little more than mark the peculiar but certain indications of a house being poorly inhabited. It has been progressing by almost imperceptible degrees. The occupiers of the shops have gradually given up room after room, until they have only reserved the little parlour for themselves. First there appeared a brass plate on the private door, with 'Ladies' School' legibly engraved thereon; shortly afterwards we observed a second brass plate, then a bell, and then another bell.

在我们的记忆里，那个烟店老板租这所房子的时间比其他房客都长。他是一个脸色发红、厚颜无耻、毫无用处的家伙，显然习惯了随遇而安的生活，充分利用哪怕是糟糕的事。他尽可能地卖雪茄烟，剩下的就自己抽掉。只要他能和房东和平相处下去，他就一直住在这儿。他实在不能安静地度日时，就会镇定地锁上门，自己插上门栓。这一阶段后，这两个破败的小店铺又经历了无数的变化。那个卖烟的走了之后又来了一个剧场理发师，他用各种戏剧中的“角色”和精彩的战斗场面来装点窗户。取代女帽制作店的是一家蔬菜水果店，后来那个剧院理发师则被一个裁缝取代了。变化如此之多，我们近来只能关注到这所住得很糟糕的房子的那些特殊而且确定的变化迹象。这所房子的变动几乎让人觉察不到。店铺的主人们逐渐把屋子一间间退掉，到最后只留下一个小起居间自己住。起初，私人的门上挂了一个铜块，上面清楚地刻着“女子学校”几个字。没过多久，我们就发现第二个铜块，接着是一个铃铛，然后又一个铃铛。

When we paused in front of our old friend, and observed these signs of poverty, which are not to be mistaken, we thought as we turned away, that the house had attained its lowest pitch of degradation. We were wrong. When we last passed it, a 'dairy' was established in the area, and a party of melancholy-looking fowls were amusing themselves by running in at the front door, and out at the back one.

我们在这位老朋友面前停下来，看到这些真真切切的衰败迹象，转身离去时，心想这应该是它最惨的境地了。我们错了。最后一次经过那里时，我们发现那个地方变成了一个“奶站”，一群样子忧郁的家禽正自娱自乐地从前门跑进，又从后门跑出。

CHAPTER IV SCOTLAND-YARD

第四章　苏格兰场

Scotland-yard is a small—a very small-tract of land, bounded on one side by the river Thames, on the other by the gardens of Northumberland House: abutting at one end on the bottom of Northumberland-street, at the other on the back of Whitehall-palace. When this territory was first accidentally discovered by a country gentleman who lost his way in the Strand, some years ago, the original settlers were found to be a tailor, a publican, two eating-house keepers, and a fruit-pie maker; and it was also found to contain a race of strong and bulky men, who repaired to the wharfs in Scotland-yard regularly every morning, about five or six o'clock, to fill heavy waggons with coal, with which they proceeded to distant places up the country, and supplied the inhabitants with fuel. When they had emptied their waggons, they again returned for a fresh supply; and this trade was continued throughout the year.

苏格兰场是一片很小，非常小的区域。它的一边是泰晤士河，另一边与诺森伯兰府邸的花园搭界，一头是诺森伯兰大街的尽头，另一头在怀特霍尔宫的后面。几年前，一位在斯特兰迷了路的乡绅首次意外发现了这个区域。此地最初的居民是一个裁缝、一个酒馆老板、两个经营小饭店的店主，还有一个做水果馅饼的人。那儿还有一群五大三粗的壮汉，他们每天早上五六点钟在苏格兰场的码头把煤运到沉重的运货车上。这些煤会运到国内遥远的地方，给当地的居民提供燃料。运货车在目的地卸货后，又会返回继续装运，如此反复，一年都是这样。

As the settlers derived their subsistence from ministering to the wants of these primitive traders, the articles exposed for sale, and the places where they were sold, bore strong outward marks of being expressly adapted to their tastes and wishes. The tailor displayed in his window a Lilliputian pair of leather gaiters, and a diminutive round frock, while each doorpost was appropriately garnished with a model of a coal-sack. The two eating-house keepers exhibited joints of a magnitude, and puddings of a solidity, which coalheavers alone could appreciate; and the fruit-pie maker displayed on his well-scrubbed window-board large white compositions of flour and dripping, ornamented with pink stains, giving rich promise of the fruit within, which made their huge mouths water, as they lingered past.

由于这里的居民都是靠向这些干简单体力活的人提供必需品而维持生计，所以他们卖的东西和卖东西的地方都带有强烈的迎合这些人口味和愿望的外在特征。裁缝在他的橱窗里展示了一双小矮人式的长筒皮靴

和一件小款的圆袍，而每个门柱上都适当地装饰有一个煤袋。那两个经营小饭店的店主则展示着带骨的大块肉和硬实的布丁，这些食物只对搬煤工有吸引力。那个做水果馅饼的人则在他那一尘不染的窗板上展示着用面粉和油混合制成的大块白色馅饼，上面还缀着些粉红色的斑点，表示馅饼里一定夹了许多水果，让路过的工人直流口水。

But the choicest spot in all Scotland-yard was the old public-house in the corner. Here, in a dark wainscoted-room of ancient appearance, cheered by the glow of a mighty fire, and decorated with an enormous clock, whereof the face was white, and the figures black, sat the lusty coalheavers, quaffing large draughts of Barclay's best, and puffing forth volumes of smoke, which wreathed heavily above their heads, and involved the room in a thick dark cloud. From this apartment might their voices be heard on a winter's night, penetrating to the very bank of the river, as they shouted out some sturdy chorus, or roared forth the burden of a popular song; dwelling upon the last few words with a strength and length of emphasis which made the very roof tremble above them.

但整个苏格兰场最好的地方还要数街角那家有不少年头的小酒馆。这个装着壁板、古香古色的昏暗房间经欢腾旺盛的炉火渲染，气氛显得十分活跃。房间里有一口大钟，白色表面，黑色数字。健壮的搬煤工人们聚在这里，坐着一边酣饮巴克利佳酿，一边吞云吐雾，浓浓的烟雾盘旋在他们头顶，像是一片厚重的乌云在房间里升腾。冬天的夜晚，他们的声音从这个房间传出来，一直可以传到河岸上。他们在喊着某个粗犷的合唱曲，或是咆哮着唱出一首流行歌曲的副歌。到最后几个字时，他们还会用力地拖长以示强调，连屋顶都跟着颤动起来。

Here, too, would they tell old legends of what the Thames was in ancient times, when the Patent Shot Manufactory wasn't built, and Waterloo-bridge had never been thought of; and then they would shake their heads with portentous looks, to the deep edification of the rising generation of heavers, who crowded round them, and wondered where all this would end; whereat the tailor would take his pipe solemnly from his mouth, and say, how that he hoped it might end well, but he very much doubted whether it would or not, and couldn't rightly tell what to make of it—a mysterious expression of opinion, delivered with a semi-prophetic air, which never failed to elicit the fullest concurrence of the assembled company; and so they would go on drinking and wondering till ten o'clock came, and with it the tailor's wife to fetch him home, when the little party broke up, to meet again in the same room, and say and do precisely the same things, on the following evening at the same hour.

在这儿，他们还会讲述关于泰晤士河在古代是什么样子的古老传说，那时专利造酒厂还没有建，人们也没想到会修一座滑铁卢桥。说到这些，他们就会面带不详神色地摇摇头，而想知道后事如何的年轻一代

搬运工们则会围上来，接受深刻的教诲。这时候，裁缝就会庄严地从嘴中取下烟斗，说他是如何希望会有好结果，但他对此毫无把握，说不出个有道理的所以然——一种神秘的意见，加之带着半预言似的神态说出来，总会得到在座者的一致赞同。于是，他们就继续喝酒，继续疑惑，直到十点钟时，裁缝的妻子过来把他叫走，小聚会也就结束了。但到第二天的同一时间，他们还会来到这个地方，做完全相同的事情，说完全相同的话。

About this time the barges that came up the river began to bring vague rumours to Scotland-yard of somebody in the city having been heard to say, that the Lord Mayor had threatened in so many words to pull down the old London-bridge, and build up a new one. At first these rumours were disregarded as idle tales, wholly destitute of foundation, for nobody in Scotland-yard doubted that if the Lord Mayor contemplated any such dark design, he would just be clapped up in the Tower for a week or two, and then killed off for high treason.

大约就在这个时候，从水路来到苏格兰场的驳船带来了一些谣言，说城里有人说市长大人明确威胁要把旧伦敦桥拆掉，再建一个新的。起初，这些谣言只被当成是毫无根据的无稽之谈，没有人理会，因为苏格兰场的人们都认为，如果市长有这样邪恶的阴谋，他一定会被关到伦敦塔里一两个星期，然后以重度叛国罪被处死。

By degrees, however, the reports grew stronger, and more frequent, and at last a barge, laden with numerous chaldrons of the best Wallsend, brought up the positive intelligence that several of the arches of the old bridge were stopped, and that preparations were actually in progress for constructing the new one. What an excitement was visible in the old tap-room on that memorable night! Each man looked into his neighbour's face, pale with alarm and astonishment, and read therein an echo of the sentiments which filled his own breast. The oldest heaver present proved to demonstration, that the moment the piers were removed, all the water in the Thames would run clean off, and leave a dry gully in its place. What was to become of the coal-barges—of the trade of Scotland-yard—of the very existence of its population? The tailor shook his head more sagely than usual, and grimly pointing to a knife on the table, bid them wait and see what happened. He said nothing—not he; but if the Lord Mayor didn't fall a victim to popular indignation, why he would be rather astonished; that was all.

但是，这些谣言逐渐变得越来越严重，越来越频繁。最后，一艘满载上好沃尔森德煤的驳船带来了确切的消息——老伦敦桥的几个桥拱已经被堵住了，而且建造新桥的准备工作已经在进行中了。得知消息的那个难忘的夜晚，小酒馆里的人们多么激动呀！人人都因为惊慌而面色苍白，望着邻居，在别人的脸上读到了自己内心情绪的共鸣。在场的最老

的搬运工向众人断言，一旦桥墩全部拆除，泰晤士河的水就会流光，只留下一片干枯的河谷。那些运煤的驳船怎么办，苏格兰场的生意怎么办，这里的人们怎么办？裁缝比往常更显贤明地摇着头，冷酷地指了指桌子上的一把刀，让大家静观其变。他什么也没说——一个字都没说。他心想，市长大人要不沦为众怒的牺牲品就怪了，仅此而已。

They did wait; barge after barge arrived, and still no tidings of the assassination of the Lord Mayor. The first stone was laid: it was done by a Duke—the King's brother. Years passed away, and the bridge was opened by the King himself. In course of time, the piers were removed; and when the people in Scotland-yard got up next morning in the confident expectation of being able to step over to Pedlar's Acre without wetting the soles of their shoes, they found to their unspeakable astonishment that the water was just where it used to be.

他们确实在等着，一艘艘驳船到来了，但一直没有市长大人遇刺的苗头。新桥的第一块石头铺上了，由一位公爵——国王的弟弟铺的。几年之后，国王亲自宣布新桥启用。在这期间，桥墩都被搬走了。第二天早上，苏格兰场的居民起床后，满怀信心地期待可以不用沾湿鞋底就能走到派德拉田地那边去时，却发现水位还是还是和以前一样高，惊讶地说不出话来。

A result so different from that which they had anticipated from this first improvement, produced its full effect upon the inhabitants of Scotland-yard. One of the eating-house keepers began to court public opinion, and to look for customers among a new class of people. He covered his little dining-tables with white cloths, and got a painter's apprentice to inscribe something about hot joints from twelve to two, in one of the little panes of his shop-window. Improvement began to march with rapid strides to the very threshold of Scotland-yard. A new market sprung up at Hungerford, and the Police Commissioners established their office in Whitehall-plaace. The traffic in Scotland-yard increased; fresh Members were added to the House of Commons, the Metropolitan Representatives found it a near cut, and many other foot passengers followed their example.

第一次改造的结果与苏格兰场居民的预料有很大出入，这对他们产生了颇大的影响。一个小饭店的店主开始讨好公众舆论，在另一社会阶层中招揽顾客。他在小餐桌上铺了白色的桌布，还请一个油漆工学徒在橱窗的一块小格玻璃上写了十二点到两点供应带骨大块肉之类的字样。改良运动迅速地大步迈进苏格兰场的大门。亨格福德新兴起了一个市场，警察局委员们则在怀特霍尔宫设立了自己的办公室。苏格兰场的交通繁忙起来，该区的下议院席位也增加了，首都代表们发现它是通往别处的一条捷径，许多步行的人也纷纷效仿。

We marked the advance of civilisation, and beheld it with a sigh.

The eating-house keeper who manfully resisted the innovation of table-cloths, was losing ground every day, as his opponent gained it, and a deadly feud sprung up between them. The genteel one no longer took his evening's pint in Scotland-yard, but drank gin and water at a 'parlour' in Parliament-street. The fruit-pie maker still continued to visit the old room, but he took to smoking cigars, and began to call himself a pastrycook, and to read the papers. The old heavers still assembled round the ancient fireplace, but their talk was mournful: and the loud song and the joyous shout were heard no more.

我们感慨地看着，关注着文明的推进。那个毅然拒绝桌布这一创新的小饭店店主每天都在失去顾客。他的竞争对手赢得了那些顾客，他们变得水火不容。附庸风雅之人不再在苏格兰场喝他每晚一品脱的酒了，而是去议会大街的一个“休闲吧”喝掺水的杜松子酒。那个做水果馅饼的人依旧去以前那个酒馆，但他开始抽雪茄烟，还开始自称为点心师，读起了报纸。老搬煤工人们还是会聚在那个有不少年头的火炉旁，但他们的谈话不无悲伤。当初嘹亮的歌声和欢快的叫喊再也听不到了。

And what is Scotland-yard now? How have its old customs changed; and how has the ancient simplicity of its inhabitants faded away! The old tottering public-house is converted into a spacious and lofty 'wine-vaults;' gold leaf has been used in the construction of the letters which emblazon its exterior, and the poet's art has been called into requisition, to intimate that if you drink a certain description of ale, you must hold fast by the rail. The tailor exhibits in his window the pattern of a foreign-looking brown surtout, with silk buttons, a fur collar, and fur cuffs. He wears a stripe down the outside of each leg of his trousers: and we have detected his assistants (for he has assistants now) in the act of sitting on the shop-board in the same uniform.

苏格兰场现在变成了什么样子？它的陈旧习俗发生了怎样的变化，居民们古老的质朴之风又是怎样消失的！那家有倒塌之势的老酒馆被改造成了一家宽敞高大的“酒窖”，装饰外部时还用金叶片组拼字母，诗人的艺术才华也得以应用，表述如果喝了麦芽酒，走路时一定要扶好栏杆。裁缝在他的橱窗里展示了一件外国式样的棕色外套的样款，衣服的纽扣是丝质的，还有毛皮领子和袖口。他穿的裤子上两侧各有一道条纹，我们发现他的店员们（如今他雇上店员了）也穿着同样的制服，坐在店铺的板子上。

At the other end of the little row of houses a boot-maker has established himself in a brick box, with the additional innovation of a first floor; and here he exposes for sale, boots—real Wellington boots—an article which a few years ago, none of the original inhabitants had ever seen or heard of. It was but the other day, that a dress-maker opened another little box in the middle of the row; and, when we thought that the spirit of change could produce no alteration beyond that, a jeweller appeared, and not content with exposing gilt rings and

copper bracelets out of number, put up an announcement, which still sticks in his window, that 'ladies' ears may be pierced within.' The dress-maker employs a young lady who wears pockets in her apron; and the tailor informs the public that gentlemen may have their own materials made up.

在这一小排房子的另一头，一个靴匠自己用砖砌了一座容身之处，还别出心裁地建了二层楼。他在这儿出售靴子，真正的惠灵顿长筒靴。几年前，苏格兰场最早的居民们从没见过或听说过这种靴子。就在几天前，一个做女装的人在这排房子中间开了一家小店。正当我们以为变更之风到此为止时，一家珠宝店又开张了。店主并不满足于只展示成批的镀金项链和铜手镯，还在他的橱窗里贴了一张告示，上面写着“提供为女士穿耳孔服务”，那张告示直到现在还在那里。做女装的那位雇了一个年轻姑娘，她穿一件带口袋的围裙。裁缝则对大众宣布顾客可自带布料。

Amidst all this change, and restlessness, and innovation, there remains but one old man, who seems to mourn the downfall of this ancient place. He holds no converse with human kind, but, seated on a wooden bench at the angle of the wall which fronts the crossing from Whitehall-palace, watches in silence the gambols of his sleek and well-fed dogs. He is the presiding genius of Scotland-yard. Years and years have rolled over his head; but, in fine weather or in foul, hot or cold, wet or dry, hail, rain, or snow, he is still in his accustomed spot. Misery and want are depicted in his countenance; his form is bent by age, his head is grey with length of trial, but there he sits from day to day, brooding over the past; and thither he will continue to drag his feeble limbs, until his eyes have closed upon Scotland-yard, and upon the world together.

在这一切变化、动荡与创新之中，只有一位老人看上去为这古老地方的没落而伤悲。他不跟任何人说话，只是坐在怀特霍尔宫十字路口对面那堵墙角落里的一条木质长凳上，默默地看着他那几只毛发光滑、膘肥体圆的狗嬉戏打闹。他是苏格兰场的大才子。年复一年，无论天气好坏，不管炎热还是寒冷，不管是阴天，晴天，雨天，冰雹，或是大雪，他总是呆在他的老位置。他的面容上写着悲苦与贫穷，年老使他的身躯弯了，长期的苦难使他头发灰白，但他坐在那里，日复一日，思考着过去。他拖着虚弱的身体走到那儿，直到他再也看不到苏格兰场，再也看不到这个世界。

A few years hence, and the antiquary of another generation looking into some mouldy record of the strife and passions that agitated the world in these times, may glance his eye over the pages we have just filled: and not all his knowledge of the history of the past, not all his black-letter lore, or his skill in book-collecting, not all the dry studies of a long life, or the dusty volumes that have cost him a fortune, may help him to the whereabouts, either of Scotland-yard, or of any one of the landmarks we have mentioned in describing it.

再过几年，下一代的古文物研究者翻阅记载着搅动了这个时代的世界的冲突和激情的一些发了霉的记录时，也许会撇两眼我们刚刚写下的文字。然而，穷极他所有的历史知识、书本中的所有知识、他收藏书籍的一切本领、漫长生命中枯燥的埋首研究，以及他花巨资得来的落满灰尘的书卷，他也无法知道苏格兰场和我们描述苏格兰场时提到的那些地标所在。

CHAPTER V SEVEN DIALS

第五章　七街转盘区

We have always been of opinion that if Tom King and the Frenchman had not immortalised Seven Dials, Seven Dials would have immortalised itself. Seven Dials! the region of song and poetry—first effusions, and last dying speeches: hallowed by the names of Catnach and of Pitts—names that will entwine themselves with costermongers, and barrel-organs, when penny magazines shall have superseded penny yards of song, and capital punishment be unknown!

我们一直认为，如果汤姆·金和那个法国人没有让七街转盘区不朽，它也会让自身不朽的。七街转盘区啊！歌曲和诗歌之地——见证了最初抒发的强烈感情和临终前的话语，因卡特纳赫和皮茨的名字而变得神圣——这两个名字只会在廉价的杂志取代廉价的歌曲且无人知晓死刑后，才会与小贩和手摇风琴扯上关系。

Look at the construction of the place. The Gordian knot was all very well in its way: so was the maze of Hampton Court: so is the maze at the Beulah Spa: so were the ties of stiff white neckcloths, when the difficulty of getting one on, was only to be equalled by the apparent impossibility of ever getting it off again. But what involutions can compare with those of Seven Dials? Where is there such another maze of streets, courts, lanes, and alleys? Where such a pure mixture of Englishmen and Irishmen, as in this complicated part of London? We boldly aver that we doubt the veracity of the legend to which we have adverted. We CAN suppose a man rash enough to inquire at random—at a house with lodgers too—for a Mr. Thompson, with all but the certainty before his eyes, of finding at least two or three Thompsons in any house of moderate dimensions; but a Frenchman—a Frenchman in Seven Dials! Pooh! He was an Irishman. Tom King's education had been neglected in his infancy, and as he couldn't understand half the man said, he took it for granted he was talking French.

来看一下这个地方的构成。戈耳狄俄丝之结还是老样子，汉普顿宫的迷宫、比尤拉温泉疗养院的迷宫和白色领饰的领结也是老样子，戴上去很困难，而摘下来似乎也同样不可能。但什么样的错综复杂能和七街转盘区相比呢？哪儿还有这样迷宫般的庭院弄堂和大街小巷？还有哪个地方像伦敦这一复杂区域这样严格地杂居着英国人和爱尔兰人？我们勇敢地断言，我们怀疑提到的那个传说的可信性。我们可以设想，一个鲁莽的人随便到一个有人住的房子里去找汤普森先生，那么他一定可以在任何中等大小的房子里找到至少两三个姓汤普森的人。但若要找一个法

国人——在七街转盘区找一个法国人！呸！他是个爱尔兰人啊！汤姆·金幼年时没有受过良好的教育，那个人说的话他有一半听不懂，所以就想当然地以为他说的是法语了。

The stranger who finds himself in 'The Dials' for the first time, and stands Belzoni-like, at the entrance of seven obscure passages, uncertain which to take, will see enough around him to keep his curiosity and attention awake for no inconsiderable time. From the irregular square into which he has plunged, the streets and courts dart in all directions, until they are lost in the unwholesome vapour which hangs over the house-tops, and renders the dirty perspective uncertain and confined; and lounging at every corner, as if they came there to take a few gasps of such fresh air as has found its way so far, but is too much exhausted already, to be enabled to force itself into the narrow alleys around, are groups of people, whose appearance and dwellings would fill any mind but a regular Londoner's with astonishment.

第一次来到七街转盘区的陌生人会像贝尔佐尼那样，站在七条昏暗的街口，不知道要选哪条。他久久地环顾四围，以使他的好奇心和新鲜感长久地保持下去。从他进入的那个不规则的广场开始，街道和房屋向四面八方延伸，消失在有害健康的雾气中。这雾气笼罩在房顶上，使远处的事物变得模糊不清，阻碍了视线。每一个角落里都有人在闲逛，像是要吸几口好不容易吹到这儿的新鲜空气一样。但这些新鲜空气已经疲惫不堪了，无法使自己进入周围的狭窄小巷了。这儿的人们的外貌和住所会让任何非伦敦常住居民深感惊讶。

On one side, a little crowd has collected round a couple of ladies, who having imbibed the contents of various 'three-outs' of gin and bitters in the course of the morning, have at length differed on some point of domestic arrangement, and are on the eve of settling the quarrel satisfactorily, by an appeal to blows, greatly to the interest of other ladies who live in the same house, and tenements adjoining, and who are all partisans on one side or other.

一边，一小群人围着几个女人，她们上午喝了好几种三分之一杯容量的杜松子酒和苦酒，最终在一些家庭琐事上发生了分歧，眼看就要付诸暴力来完满地解决争吵。这大大地吸引了住在同一住宅的其他女人和邻近的租客，她们都支持着争端中的一方。

'Vy don't you pitch into her, Sarah?' exclaims one half-dressed matron, by way of encouragement. 'Vy don't you? if MY 'usband had treated her with a drain last night, unbeknown to me, I'd tear her precious eyes out—a wixen!'

“你为啥不揍她，萨拉？”一个半裸着的妇女在旁边大喊着鼓动萨拉，“你为啥不动手呢？要是我丈夫昨晚背着我请她喝酒，我非要把她那宝贝眼睛挖下来不可——这只母老虎！”

'What's the matter, ma'am?' inquires another old woman, who has just bustled up to the spot.

“出什么事情了啊，夫人？”一个年老的女人问道，她刚刚匆匆赶到现场。

'Matter!' replies the first speaker, talking AT the obnoxious combatant, 'matter! Here's poor dear Mrs. Sulliwin, as has five blessed children of her own, can't go out a charing for one arternoon, but what hussies must be a comin', and 'ticing avay her oun'usband, as she's been married to twelve year come next Easter Monday, for I see the certificate ven I vas a drinkin' a cup o' tea vith her, only the werry last blessed Ven'sday as ever was sent. I 'appen'd to say promiscuously, "Mrs. Sulliwin," says I—'

“事情！”，第一个说话的人答道，她是对着那个可恶的好斗者说的，“事情！这是可怜的沙利文太太，她有五个可爱的孩子，忙得连出去玩一个下午的时间都没有。可这个狐狸精来了，勾引走了她的丈夫。下一个复活节的礼拜一可是他们结婚十二周年啊。上个礼拜三，我和她喝茶的时候还看到了他们的结婚证。我随口对她说：‘沙利文太太，’我说——”

'What do you mean by hussies?' interrupts a champion of the other party, who has evinced a strong inclination throughout to get up a branch fight on her own account ('Hooroar,' ejaculates a pot-boy in parenthesis, 'put the kye-bosk on her, Mary!'), 'What do you mean by hussies?' reiterates the champion.

“你说狐狸精是什么意思？”另一方一个好斗的女人突然插话，她一直想借此机会自己挑起一场争斗（“好啊，”一个酒保突然喊道，“用那一篮裸麦砸她，玛丽！”），“你说狐狸精是什么意思？”那个好斗的女人重复道。

'Niver mind,' replies the opposition expressively, 'niver mind; YOU go home, and, ven you're quite sober, mend your stockings.'

“算了吧，”对方带着丰富的面部表情说，“算了吧，你回家去，等酒醒了，去补补自己的袜子吧。”

This somewhat personal allusion, not only to the lady's habits of intemperance, but also to the state of her wardrobe, rouses her utmost ire, and she accordingly complies with the urgent request of the bystanders to 'pitch in,' with considerable alacrity. The scuffle became general, and terminates, in minor play-bill phraseology, with 'arrival of the policemen, interior of the station-house, and impressive denouement.'

这一针对她的暗示不仅暗指了她酗酒的习惯，还暗指她的穿着状况。这使她出离愤怒，随即动作非常敏捷地顺从了旁观者们“揍她啊”的

急切要求。打斗成了一片混战，用二流剧场节目单上的话说，结局就是“警察赶来了，事情在警局里解决，结果很让人感动。”

In addition to the numerous groups who are idling about the gin-shops and squabbling in the centre of the road, every post in the open space has its occupant, who leans against it for hours, with listless perseverance. It is odd enough that one class of men in London appear to have no enjoyment beyond leaning against posts. We never saw a regular bricklayer's labourer take any other recreation, fighting excepted. Pass through St. Giles's in the evening of a week-day, there they are in their fustian dresses, spotted with brick-dust and whitewash, leaning against posts. Walk through Seven Dials on Sunday morning: there they are again, drab or light corduroy trousers, Blucher boots, blue coats, and great yellow waistcoats, leaning against posts. The idea of a man dressing himself in his best clothes, to lean against a post all day!

除了在杜松子酒酒馆附近闲逛的一群群人和在街中间吵架的人外，空地上的每根柱子旁都站着人，他们无精打采又很顽固地靠在那儿长达几个小时。真是够奇怪的，伦敦竟然有这样一类以靠在柱子上为最大乐趣的人。我们从没见过一个普通砌砖工人除了打架还有其他的消遣方式。在工作日晚上经过圣加尔斯街时，你会看到他们斜靠在柱子上，穿着粗斜纹工作服，上面沾着点点砖灰和白石灰。星期天早上走过七街转盘区时，你会看到他们还靠在柱子上，穿着褐色或浅色的灯芯绒裤子、布吕歇尔靴、蓝外套和宽大的黄色背心。想想看吧，一个男人穿着他最好的衣服，就是为了在柱子旁靠一整天！

The peculiar character of these streets, and the close resemblance each one bears to its neighbour, by no means tends to decrease the bewilderment in which the unexperienced wayfarer through 'the Dials' finds himself involved. He traverses streets of dirty, straggling houses, with now and then an unexpected court composed of buildings as ill-proportioned and deformed as the half-naked children that wallow in the kennels. Here and there, a little dark chandler's shop, with a cracked bell hung up behind the door to announce the entrance of a customer, or betray the presence of some young gentleman in whom a passion for shop tills has developed itself at an early age: others, as if for support, against some handsome lofty building, which usurps the place of a low dingy public-house; long rows of broken and patched windows expose plants that may have flourished when 'the Dials' were built, in vessels as dirty as 'the Dials' themselves; and shops for the purchase of rags, bones, old iron, and kitchen-stuff, vie in cleanliness with the bird-fanciers and rabbit-dealers, which one might fancy so many arks, but for the irresistible conviction that no bird in its proper senses, who was permitted to leave one of them, would ever come back again. Brokers' shops, which would seem to have been

established by humane individuals, as refuges for destitute bugs, interspersed with announcements of day-schools, penny theatres, petition-writers, mangles, and music for balls or routs, complete the 'still life' of the subject; and dirty men, filthy women, squalid children, fluttering shuttlecocks, noisy battledores, reeking pipes, bad fruit, more than doubtful oysters, attenuated cats, depressed dogs, and anatomical fowls, are its cheerful accompaniments.

这些街道特别的特征和它们彼此之间巨大的相似性，丝毫不会减轻一个初来乍到的行人来到七街转盘区时感到的迷惑。他穿过两边是肮脏凌乱的房屋的街道，不时会意外地看到一个庭院，里面的房屋不合体统、丑陋畸形，就像那些半裸着在狗窝里打滚的小孩一样。到处都有狭小幽暗的杂货铺，门后挂着一个破铃，宣布有顾客光临，并能暴露小小年纪就起偷店里收银处的钱之心的年轻人进来了。有的店铺依傍着建在又矮又暗的小酒馆之上的豪华大楼，像是寻求支持一样。透过那一长排破碎和修补过的玻璃窗可以看到也许在转盘区初建时还生长茂盛的植物，这些植物种在像转盘区一样脏的容器里。那些收购破布、骨头、废铁和厨房用品的小店在和养鸟和买卖兔子的店比赛谁更整洁。若不是你不由自主地坚信任何精神正常的鸟儿一旦准许飞出那地方，就永远不会再回来，你可能会以为那儿有很多方舟呢。那些好像是由好心人开办的为穷困潦倒的大亨提供避难所的掮客铺子里，贴满了告示，有走读学校的、廉价剧院的、写上诉状的、买卖轧布机的，还有为舞会和宴会提供伴奏的，这些便是铺子里的“静物”。与之完美相配的则有肮脏的男人、邋遢的女人、满身污垢的孩子、横冲直撞的羽毛球、嘈杂的羽毛球拍击打声、散发着恶臭的管子、腐烂的水果、沮丧的狗，还有骨架式的家禽。

If the external appearance of the houses, or a glance at their inhabitants, present but few attractions, a closer acquaintance with either is little calculated to alter one's first impression. Every room has its separate tenant, and every tenant is, by the same mysterious dispensation which causes a country curate to 'increase and multiply' most marvellously, generally the head of a numerous family.

倘若这些房屋的外观，或是对里面住户的一瞥不能吸引住你的话，那么对上述任何一方面进行更深入的了解恐怕也难以改变你的第一印象。每个房间都有单独的房客，而通过同样的神秘安排，每个租客一般都是一个大户人家的家长，也使乡间助理牧师的数量以不可思议的速度成倍增加。

The man in the shop, perhaps, is in the baked 'jemmy' line, or the fire-wood and hearth-stone line, or any other line which requires a floating capital of eighteen-pence or thereabouts: and he and his family live in the shop, and the small back parlour behind it. Then there is an Irish labourer and HIS family in the back kitchen, and a jobbing man—carpet-beater and so forth—with HIS family in the front one. In the front one-pair, there's another man with another wife and

family, and in the back one-pair, there's 'a young 'oman as takes in tambour-work, and dresses quite genteel,' who talks a good deal about 'my friend,' and can't 'a-bear anything low. The second floor front, and the rest of the lodgers, are just a second edition of the people below, except a shabby-genteel man in the back attic, who has his half-pint of coffee every morning from the coffee-shop next door but one, which boasts a little front den called a coffee-room, with a fireplace, over which is an inscription, politely requesting that, 'to prevent mistakes,' customers will 'please to pay on delivery.' The shabby-genteel man is an object of some mystery, but as he leads a life of seclusion, and never was known to buy anything beyond an occasional pen, except half-pints of coffee, penny loaves, and ha'porths of ink, his fellow-lodgers very naturally suppose him to be an author; and rumours are current in the Dials, that he writes poems for Mr.Warren.

店里的那个男人可能是干烤羊肉这行的，也可能是卖柴火或灶台石头行业的，或者任何一种需要十八便士左右流动资金的营生。他和他的家人就住在店铺和后面那个小厅里。另外还有一个爱尔兰工人和他的一家人住在后面厨房，一个打杂工的男人——也许是干拍打地毯之类的活——和他的一家人住在前面厨房。二楼的前房住着另一个男人和他的家人，后房则住着“一个在家里接棚架绣花活计、穿着很是优雅的年轻女士”。她经常谈起“我的朋友”，不能忍受任何低级趣味的东西。三楼前房和其余的租客是楼下那些人的翻版，除了住在后阁楼的一个没教养的男人。他每天早上都会去隔壁第二家的咖啡店买半品脱咖啡，那家咖啡店把狭小的前厅美名曰为咖啡室，有一个壁炉，壁炉上刻着几个字，礼貌地要求“为了避免差错，请货到付款”。这位没教养的先生有几分神秘色彩，但因为他过着隐居生活，除了半品脱咖啡、一便士的面包和半便士的墨水外，人们只见过他偶尔买支钢笔，于是其他租客自然地认为他是一个作家。最近七街转盘区流传着一个谣言，说他为沃伦先生写诗。

Now anybody who passed through the Dials on a hot summer's evening, and saw the different women of the house gossiping on the steps, would be apt to think that all was harmony among them, and that a more primitive set of people than the native Diallers could not be imagined. Alas! the man in the shop ill-treats his family; the carpet-beater extends his professional pursuits to his wife; the one-pair front has an undying feud with the two-pair front, in consequence of the two-pair front persisting in dancing over his (the one-pair front's) head, when he and his family have retired for the night; the two-pair back will interfere with the front kitchen's children; the Irishman comes home drunk every other night, and attacks everybody; and the one-pair back screams at everything. Animosities spring up between floor and floor; the very cellar asserts his equality. Mrs. A.'smacks' Mrs. B.'s child for 'making faces.' Mrs. B. forthwith throws cold water over Mrs. A.'s child for 'calling names.' The husbands are embroiled—

the quarrel becomes general—an assault is the consequence, and a police-officer the result.

炎热的夏夜，任何一个经过转盘区的人看到各家女人聚在门前台阶上闲聊时，会倾向于认为她们之间相处十分融洽，认为没有任何一个地方的人们能比转盘区的人们更淳朴了。天啊！住在店铺里的那个男人虐待家人；那个地毯拍打工把职业动作用在自己老婆身上；二楼前房的住户与三楼前房的那家有不共戴天之仇，因为每当二楼那家晚上要休息时，楼上就一定要在他们头顶上方跳舞；三楼后房的那家总与前面厨房家的孩子起冲突；那个爱尔兰人每隔一晚就要在外面喝个大醉，回家后见人就打；而二楼后房的女人遇事总爱叫嚷。楼上楼下的人之间都结下了仇，就连住地下室的人也不甘示弱。A太太打了 B 太太的孩子一巴掌，因为他扮鬼脸，B 太太拿冷水泼了 A 太太的孩子，因为他骂人。丈夫们也被卷了进来，争吵升级，于是打起架来，结果招来了警察。

CHAPTER VI MEDITATIONS IN MONMOUTH-STREET

第六章　蒙茅斯街的冥想

We have always entertained a particular attachment towards Monmouth-street, as the only true and real emporium for second-hand wearing apparel. Monmouth-street is venerable from its antiquity, and respectable from its usefulness. Holywell-street we despise; the red-headed and red-whiskered Jews who forcibly haul you into their squalid houses, and thrust you into a suit of clothes, whether you will or not, we detest.

蒙茅斯街是唯一真正的旧衣服商城，我们总是对它怀有一种特殊的感情。蒙茅斯街因其古老而受人崇敬，因其有用而受到尊重。我们鄙视霍利维尔街，厌恶那些红头发红胡子的犹太人把你强行拉进脏兮兮的屋子里，给你硬套上一身衣服，也不管你愿意不愿意。

The inhabitants of Monmouth-street are a distinct class; a peaceable and retiring race, who immure themselves for the most part in deep cellars, or small back parlours, and who seldom come forth into the world, except in the dusk and coolness of the evening, when they may be seen seated, in chairs on the pavement, smoking their pipes, or watching the gambols of their engaging children as they revel in the gutter, a happy troop of infantine scavengers. Their countenances bear a thoughtful and a dirty cast, certain indications of their love of traffic; and their habitations are distinguished by that disregard of outward appearance and neglect of personal comfort, so common among people who are constantly immersed in profound speculations, and deeply engaged in sedentary pursuits.

蒙茅斯街的居民是种很特别的阶层，是个温顺而生活简单的民族。他们通常蛰居在深深的地窖或小小的后院起居室里，很少外出。除非在黄昏和凉爽的夜晚，你才能看到他们坐在人行道的椅子上，抽着烟斗，或者看着他们可爱的孩子在沟里嬉戏打闹。这些孩子真是一群快活的小清道夫。他们的面容里带着一种深沉又肮脏的气质，表明他们热爱做买卖。他们的住处也显示出忽视外观和个人舒适的鲜明特点，这对于常常陷入深思、坐着埋头工作的人来说是很正常的。

We have hinted at the antiquity of our favourite spot. 'A Monmouth-street laced coat' was a by-word a century ago; and still we find Monmouth-street the same. Pilot great-coats with wooden buttons, have usurped the place of the ponderous laced coats with full skirts; embroidered waistcoats with large flaps, have yielded to double-breasted checks with roll-collars; and three-cornered hats of

quaint appearance, have given place to the low crowns and broad brims of the coachman school; but it is the times that have changed, not Monmouth-street. Through every alteration and every change, Monmouth-street has still remained the burial-place of the fashions; and such, to judge from all present appearances, it will remain until there are no more fashions to bury. We love to walk among these extensive groves of the illustrious dead, and to indulge in the speculations to which they give rise; now fitting a deceased coat, then a dead pair of trousers, and anon the mortal remains of a gaudy waistcoat, upon some being of our own conjuring up, and endeavouring, from the shape and fashion of the garment itself, to bring its former owner before our mind's eye. We have gone on speculating in this way, until whole rows of coats have started from their pegs, and buttoned up, of their own accord, round the waists of imaginary wearers; lines of trousers have jumped down to meet them; waistcoats have almost burst with anxiety to put themselves on; and half an acre of shoes have suddenly found feet to fit them, and gone stumping down the street with a noise which has fairly awakened us from our pleasant reverie, and driven us slowly away, with a bewildered stare, an object of astonishment to the good people of Monmouth-street, and of no slight suspicion to the policemen at the opposite street corner. We were occupied in this manner the other day, endeavouring to fit a pair of lace-up half-boots on an ideal personage, for whom, to say the truth, they were full a couple of sizes too small, when our eyes happened to alight on a few suits of clothes ranged outside a shop-window, which it immediately struck us, must at different periods have all belonged to, and been worn by, the same individual, and had now, by one of those strange conjunctions of circumstances which will occur sometimes, come to be exposed together for sale in the same shop. The idea seemed a fantastic one, and we looked at the clothes again with a firm determination not to be easily led away. No, we were right; the more we looked, the more we were convinced of the accuracy of our previous impression. There was the man's whole life written as legibly on those clothes, as if we had his autobiography engrossed on parchment before us.

我们已经暗示过，我们喜爱的这个地方十分古老。“一件蒙茅斯街的蕾丝大衣”是一百年前的一句谚语，而现在我们还是发现蒙茅斯街没有变化。带有木纽扣的海员大衣代替了笨重的长款蕾丝边大衣；饰有大口袋的刺绣马甲已经让位于卷领双排扣格子背心；样式奇怪的三角帽已经让位给马车夫们戴的那种低帽顶宽帽边的帽子。但变化的是时代，而不是蒙茅斯街。经过所有的变更和改变，蒙茅斯街仍然是名流的葬地。从当前所有的迹象来看，它会保持这个地位，直到没有名人可葬。我们喜欢在这些安葬着伟人的大片树林里散步，沉浸于他们引发的思考。现在，为我们想象出的人物穿上一件死人的衣服，再穿上一件死人的裤子，之

后再穿上一件死人生前留下的华丽马甲，从这套衣服的形状和样式努力想象出其之前的主人是什么样。我们就这样沉思着，直到整排的外套从木钉上跃起，自动地裹在想象中那人的腰上，并扣上扣子；成排的裤子跳下来迎接穿衣者；马甲迫不及待地穿在穿衣者身上；排了半英亩地的鞋子突然发现了合适的脚，嘈杂地在街上重重地走着。那噪声把我们从愉快的遐想中唤醒，迫使我们慢慢地走开，迷惑地出神。我们引起了蒙茅斯街善良的居民不小的惊讶，还引来了对面街角警察不小的疑心。前几天，我们正忙于这件事，努力把一双系带半高筒靴穿在一个理想人物的脚上。说实话，这双鞋比这个人的脚小好几个尺码。这时候，我们的目光落在了摆在橱窗外面的几套衣服上。我们马上感觉到，这些衣服在不同时期都曾属于同一个人，也被同一个人穿过，而现在却因为有时会发生的某个奇怪的巧合陈列在同一家商店里一起出售。这个念头似乎很荒诞，我们又坚定地看了看那些衣服，决定不会轻易改变这个想法。不，我们是对的。我们越看，就越坚信我们之前的感觉是正确的。那个人的一生就清晰地写在那些衣服上，仿佛我们把他的自传写到了面前的羊皮纸上一样。

The first was a patched and much-soiled skeleton suit; one of those straight blue cloth cases in which small boys used to be confined, before belts and tunics had come in, and old notions had gone out: an ingenious contrivance for displaying the full symmetry of a boy's figure, by fastening him into a very tight jacket, with an ornamental row of buttons over each shoulder, and then buttoning his trousers over it, so as to give his legs the appearance of being hooked on, just under the armpits. This was the boy's dress. It had belonged to a town boy, we could see; there was a shortness about the legs and arms of the suit; and a bagging at the knees, peculiar to the rising youth of London streets. A small day-school he had been at, evidently. If it had been a regular boys' school they wouldn't have let him play on the floor so much, and rub his knees so white. He had an indulgent mother too, and plenty of halfpence, as the numerous smears of some sticky substance about the pockets, and just below the chin, which even the salesman's skill could not succeed in disguising, sufficiently betokened. They were decent people, but not overburdened with riches, or he would not have so far outgrown the suit when he passed into those corduroys with the round jacket; in which he went to a boys' school, however, and learnt to write—and in ink of pretty tolerable blackness, too, if the place where he used to wipe his pen might be taken as evidence.

第一件是打着补丁的脏兮兮的小衣服。皮带和束腰外衣还没流行、传统观念还没有彻底消失时，小男孩就要穿这种纯蓝色的布衣服。这是一种很巧妙的设计，把男孩塞进一件很紧的夹克里，两肩各有一排扣子作为装饰，再把裤子扣到上面，看起来好像他的腿直接挂在腋窝底下似的。这样的设计能很好地显示出男孩身材的匀称。这曾经是男孩的衣

服。我们可以看出，它曾属于一个城镇男孩。衣服的袖子和裤腿都很短，膝盖处有一个装袋，这是在伦敦街道上长大的孩子独有的特点。很明显，他曾经在一家不大的走读学校读书。如果他上的是普通的男校，学校不会让他经常在地上玩，他裤子的膝盖处也不会磨得这么白。他还有一位溺爱他的母亲和很多半便士。这可以从口袋四周和下巴下方有很多黏乎乎的物质留下的污渍就可以看出，即使运用销售员的高超技巧也隐瞒不了。他们家生活条件不错，但也不是大富大贵，否则他不会等到那件衣服小得过于不合身时才换上灯芯绒裤子和圆筒衫。然而，他还是穿着那件衣服去男校学习写字，用的是颜色相当黑的墨水，证据是他曾用衣服擦笔留下了印记。

A black suit and the jacket changed into a diminutive coat. His father had died, and the mother had got the boy a message-lad's place in some office. A long-worn suit that one; rusty and threadbare before it was laid aside, but clean and free from soil to the last. Poor woman! We could imagine her assumed cheerfulness over the scanty meal, and the refusal of her own small portion, that her hungry boy might have enough. Her constant anxiety for his welfare, her pride in his growth mingled sometimes with the thought, almost too acute to bear, that as he grew to be a man his old affection might cool, old kindnesses fade from his mind, and old promises be forgotten—the sharp pain that even then a careless word or a cold look would give her—all crowded on our thoughts as vividly as if the very scene were passing before us.

那套黑衣服和短上衣就变成了一件小外套。他的父亲去世了，母亲给他在某个事务所找了个送信的差事。那是一套穿了很久的衣服，丢弃的时候颜色已经褪掉了，破旧褴褛。但直到最后，衣服还是干干净净、一尘不染。可怜的女人！我们可以想象出她面对少得可怜的食物时强颜欢笑的样子。她为了让饥饿的孩子吃饱，不肯吃下自己的那一小份。她对儿子幸福的时刻担忧和对儿子成长的骄傲感有时会混杂一种强烈得让她无法承受的想法。她想，儿子长成大人后，其旧日的感情也许会冷却，淡忘母亲旧日对他的关怀，忘记旧日的诺言——到那时，哪怕是一句不经意的话或一个冷冷的眼神都会让她剧烈地心痛——所有这些都涌进我们的脑海，像发生在我们眼前的场景一样真实。

These things happen every hour, and we all know it; and yet we felt as much sorrow when we saw, or fancied we saw—it makes no difference which—the change that began to take place now, as if we had just conceived the bare possibility of such a thing for the first time. The next suit, smart but slovenly; meant to be gay, and yet not half so decent as the threadbare apparel; redolent of the idle lounge, and the blackguard companions, told us, we thought, that the widow's comfort had rapidly faded away. We could imagine that coat—imagine! we could see it; we HAD seen it a hundred times—sauntering in company with three or four other coats of the same cut, about some place of profligate resort at night.

这些事每小时都在发生，这点我们都知道。然而，我们看到或想象自己看到——两者没什么区别——变化开始发生时，还是会一样感到悲伤，仿佛我们是第一次想到会发生这种事似的。下面这件衣服时髦，但很邋遢。本来是为了漂亮才穿上这件衣服，但它远不及那件破旧褴褛的衣服得体。它让我们想到一个游手好闲的人和他的狐朋狗友。它告诉我们，这个寡妇的安慰已经迅速地消失了。我们能想象到那件外套——想象！我们可以看到它，我们曾经见过上百遍了——它同其他三四件样式相同的大衣结伴，夜间在某个奢侈淫逸的娱乐场所出没。

We dressed, from the same shop-window in an instant, half a dozen boys of from fifteen to twenty; and putting cigars into their mouths, and their hands into their pockets, watched them as they sauntered down the street, and lingered at the corner, with the obscene jest, and the oft-repeated oath. We never lost sight of them, till they had cocked their hats a little more on one side, and swaggered into the public-house; and then we entered the desolate home, where the mother sat late in the night, alone; we watched her, as she paced the room in feverish anxiety, and every now and then opened the door, looked wistfully into the dark and empty street, and again returned, to be again and again disappointed. We beheld the look of patience with which she bore the brutish threat, nay, even the drunken blow; and we heard the agony of tears that gushed from her very heart, as she sank upon her knees in her solitary and wretched apartment.

我们瞬间从同一个橱窗里取出衣服给六个十五到二十岁的男孩穿上，把雪茄塞到他们嘴里，让他们把手放进口袋里。然后，我们看着他们到街上闲逛，在街角徘徊，说着淫秽的笑话，还不时口吐脏话。他们一直在我们的视线之内，直到他们把帽檐的一边掀得更高一点，大摇大摆地走进酒馆。接着，我们走进那个凄凉的家，看到那个母亲独自坐着，一直到深夜。我们注视着她，看她焦躁不安地在屋内走来走去，时不时地开一下门，满怀希望地朝黑暗空荡的大街看去，又一次次地失望着回到屋里。我们看到她受到残暴威胁时的忍耐神情，不，甚至是承受儿子醉酒后的殴打的忍气吞声。我们还听到她在凄凉破旧的房间里跪下，从心底迸出的痛苦的号哭。

A long period had elapsed, and a greater change had taken place, by the time of casting off the suit that hung above. It was that of a stout, broad-shouldered, sturdy-chested man; and we knew at once, as anybody would, who glanced at that broad-skirted green coat, with the large metal buttons, that its wearer seldom walked forth without a dog at his heels, and some idle ruffian, the very counterpart of himself, at his side. The vices of the boy had grown with the man, and we fancied his home then—if such a place deserve the name.

等到扔掉挂在上面的那套衣服时，已经过去很长一段时间，更大的变化发生了。那件衣服属于一个身材矮胖、肩膀宽阔、胸肌发达的男

人。如任何人一样，我们只要看一眼那件宽下摆、带金属大扣的绿色大衣，就会立刻知道穿这件衣服的人走路时总有一只狗在脚边跟着，而且旁边还有一个无所事事的恶棍，就像他一样。这个男孩的邪恶随着他年龄的增长也愈演愈烈。我们来想象一下他的家吧——如果那个地方还可以称得上家的话。

We saw the bare and miserable room, destitute of furniture, crowded with his wife and children, pale, hungry, and emaciated; the man cursing their lamentations, staggering to the tap-room, from whence he had just returned, followed by his wife and a sickly infant, clamouring for bread; and heard the street-wrangle and noisy recrimination that his striking her occasioned. And then imagination led us to some metropolitan workhouse, situated in the midst of crowded streets and alleys, filled with noxious vapours, and ringing with boisterous cries, where an old and feeble woman, imploring pardon for her son, lay dying in a close dark room, with no child to clasp her hand, and no pure air from heaven to fan her brow. A stranger closed the eyes that settled into a cold unmeaning glare, and strange ears received the words that murmured from the white and half-closed lips.

我们看到那空荡荡的破房间，几乎没什么家具。他那些饥肠辘辘、脸色苍白、憔悴的妻儿挤在一起。那个男人因为妻儿整天哀叹而大骂，然后便朝着刚刚从那儿回来的酒馆蹒跚而去。他的妻子紧随其后，怀中抱着一个生病的婴儿，吵闹着要面包。我们听到街上的争吵和嘈杂的斥责声，那是他在打她。接着，想象力把我们带到一个大主教教区的济贫院。它位于拥挤的街道和小巷中间，处处弥漫着有毒的气体，到处回响着吵闹的哭喊声。一个虚弱的老妇人奄奄一息地躺在一间封闭、昏暗的房间里，苦苦哀求上帝原谅她儿子的罪过。没有子女过来紧握她的手，也没有来自天堂的圣洁空气来轻吹她的额头。她呆板、冷冷地看着什么，一个陌生人把她的眼睛合上，陌生的耳朵听着她那苍白的半闭着的嘴唇里低声说出的话。

A coarse round frock, with a worn cotton neckerchief, and other articles of clothing of the commonest description, completed the history. A prison, and the sentence—banishment or the gallows. What would the man have given then, to be once again the contented humble drudge of his boyish years; to have been restored to life, but for a week, a day, an hour, a minute, only for so long a time as would enable him to say one word of passionate regret to, and hear one sound of heartfelt forgiveness from, the cold and ghastly form that lay rotting in the pauper's grave! The children wild in the streets, the mother a destitute widow; both deeply tainted with the deep disgrace of the husband and father's name, and impelled by sheer necessity, down the precipice that had led him to a lingering death, possibly of many years' duration, thousands of miles away. We had no clue to the

end of the tale; but it was easy to guess its termination.

这个人人生最后阶段穿着粗糙的圆筒长袍、破旧的棉布领巾和其他几件最普通不过的衣服。他被关进了监狱——受到的刑罚是流放或绞刑。只要能再成为童年时代知足而谦逊的苦工；只要能让躺在贫民墓区的那具正在腐烂的、冷冰冰的尸体复活，哪怕只有一星期，一天，一小时，甚至一分钟，让他能热诚地对她说一句忏悔的话，并听到一句由衷的原谅，他愿意付出什么样的代价啊！孩子流浪街头，母亲成为一个贫困的寡妇。两者都因为丈夫和父亲的坏名声而深感耻辱，被迫跳下了悬崖。正是这悬崖导致这个男人流放到千里之外，历经多年后才慢慢死去。我们不知道这个故事的结局，但其结果不难推测。

We took a step or two further on, and by way of restoring the naturally cheerful tone of our thoughts, began fitting visionary feet and legs into a cellar-board full of boots and shoes, with a speed and accuracy that would have astonished the most expert artist in leather, living. There was one pair of boots in particular—a jolly, good-tempered, hearty-looking pair of tops, that excited our warmest regard; and we had got a fine, red-faced, jovial fellow of a market-gardener into them, before we had made their acquaintance half a minute. They were just the very thing for him. There was his huge fat legs bulging over the tops, and fitting them too tight to admit of his tucking in the loops he had pulled them on by; and his knee-cords with an interval of stocking; and his blue apron tucked up round his waist; and his red neckerchief and blue coat, and a white hat stuck on one side of his head; and there he stood with a broad grin on his great red face, whistling away, as if any other idea but that of being happy and comfortable had never entered his brain.

我们又向前走了一两步，思想恢复了原来的轻松愉快，开始为想象中的腿脚穿上装满了地下室的木柜的靴子和鞋子。我们的速度和准确度会令活着的手艺最高的皮鞋师傅惊讶。有一双靴子尤其——一双快活、温和、热情的长筒马靴——引起了我们最密切的关注。我们同它们结识还不到半分钟，就把一个菜农的脚放进去了。他是一个快活的好人，脸红红的。这双靴子正好适合他。他那两条粗壮的小腿在靴子上面鼓出来。由于靴子穿上去太紧了，他无法把他借以将靴子提上来的两个环塞进靴子里。他膝盖上绑着两圈带子，跟靴子之间隔着一段长筒袜。他的腰上绕着一条蓝色围裙，戴着红色的领巾，穿着蓝色的外套，脑袋的一侧顶着一顶白色帽子。他站在那儿，咧嘴大笑着，大脸红红的，吹着口哨，仿佛除了幸福和安乐之外什么都没想过。

This was the very man after our own heart; we knew all about him; we had seen him coming up to Covent-garden in his green chaise-cart, with the fat, tubby little horse, half a thousand times; and even while we cast an affectionate look upon his boots, at that instant, the form of a coquettish servant-maid suddenly sprung into a pair of Denmark satin shoes that stood beside them, and we at once

recognised the very girl who accepted his offer of a ride, just on this side the Hammersmith suspension-bridge, the very last Tuesday morning we rode into town from Richmond.

这个人恰好符合我们的心意。我们了解他的所有事情，见过几百次他坐着那匹膘肥体圆的小马拉着的绿色两轮轻便马车来科文特加登。正当我们亲切地看着他那双靴子时，一个风骚的女仆突然瞬间穿着一双丹麦缎鞋站到旁边了。我们马上认出了那个姑娘，上周二我们从里士满乘马车到伦敦时，这位姑娘在哈默史密斯吊桥这边接受他的邀请，坐上了他的马车。

A very smart female, in a showy bonnet, stepped into a pair of grey cloth boots, with black fringe and binding, that were studiously pointing out their toes on the other side of the top-boots, and seemed very anxious to engage his attention, but we didn't observe that our friend the market-gardener appeared at all captivated with these blandishments; for beyond giving a knowing wink when they first began, as if to imply that he quite understood their end and object, he took no further notice of them. His indifference, however, was amply recompensed by the excessive gallantry of a very old gentleman with a silver-headed stick, who tottered into a pair of large list shoes, that were standing in one corner of the board, and indulged in a variety of gestures expressive of his admiration of the lady in the cloth boots, to the immeasurable amusement of a young fellow we put into a pair of long-quartered pumps, who we thought would have split the coat that slid down to meet him, with laughing.

一位非常精明的女性，戴着艳丽的女帽，穿上一双有黑色流苏和滚边的灰色布靴。她故意把脚尖朝高筒靴的另一边伸去，似乎急切地想要引起他的注意。但我们看到，这位菜农朋友丝毫没有被这种谄媚吸引。这个女人刚开始谄媚时，他已经给她使了一个会意的眼色，似乎暗示他完全明白对方的意图和结果。之后，他对她的献媚就一点也不理会了。不过，他的冷漠倒是被一个拄着银头手杖的年迈绅士的过分殷勤充分弥补了。这个老头踉踉跄跄地穿上放在木柜角落的一双滚着布边的大鞋。他不断地做出各种引人注目的动作，表达自己对布靴女郎的爱慕。这一场面惹得一个穿着一双高帮轻便舞鞋的小伙子哈哈大笑，我们觉得他这样笑会把刚刚滑到他身上的那件外套撑破。

We had been looking on at this little pantomime with great satisfaction for some time, when, to our unspeakable astonishment, we perceived that the whole of the characters, including a numerous corps de ballet of boots and shoes in the background, into which we had been hastily thrusting as many feet as we could press into the service, were arranging themselves in order for dancing; and some music striking up at the moment, to it they went without delay. It was perfectly delightful to witness the agility of the market-gardener. Out went the boots, first on one side, then on the other, then cutting, then

shuffling, then setting to the Denmark satins, then advancing, then retreating, then going round, and then repeating the whole of the evolutions again, without appearing to suffer in the least from the violence of the exercise.

我们心满意足地看了一会儿这场小型哑剧。这时，我们吃惊地看到全体人物，包括作为背景的那些靴子和鞋子组成的无数芭蕾舞团（我们刚才急匆匆地把尽可能多的脚套上这些靴子和鞋子）正在自我排列，准备跳舞了。音乐响起来时，它们立刻开始翩翩起舞。看那个菜农手脚灵活的样子真是有趣极了。他穿的那双靴子冲出去，先是这一边，又向另一边，一会儿直冲向前，一会儿躲躲闪闪，一会儿又冲向那双缎鞋，时而向前，时而后退，时而又转过来，接着再重复整套舞蹈动作。他进行这么剧烈的运动，却似乎一点都不觉得吃力。

Nor were the Denmark satins a bit behindhand, for they jumped and bounded about, in all directions; and though they were neither so regular, nor so true to the time as the cloth boots, still, as they seemed to do it from the heart, and to enjoy it more, we candidly confess that we preferred their style of dancing to the other. But the old gentleman in the list shoes was the most amusing object in the whole party; for, besides his grotesque attempts to appear youthful, and amorous, which were sufficiently entertaining in themselves, the young fellow in the pumps managed so artfully that every time the old gentleman advanced to salute the lady in the cloth boots, he trod with his whole weight on the old fellow's toes, which made him roar with anguish, and rendered all the others like to die of laughing.

那双丹麦缎鞋也不甘落后，朝着各个方向乱蹦乱跳。尽管它们的舞步没有布靴那么正规，也不如它们精准，但它们似乎是用心在跳，而且更享受整个过程。我们坦然承认更喜欢它们这种风格的舞步。不过，那个穿滚布边鞋的老头是整个舞会中最好笑的人。因为他荒唐地想要显得年轻多情的样子本身已经够有趣了，而且那个穿轻便舞鞋的小伙子还巧妙地捉弄他。每次那个老头上前跟穿布靴的女子打招呼时，他就踩住那个老头的脚趾，把全身的重量都压在他的脚上，痛得他直吼，把其他所有人逗得要笑死了。

We were in the full enjoyment of these festivities when we heard a shrill, and by no means musical voice, exclaim, 'Hope you'll know me agin, imperence!' and on looking intently forward to see from whence the sound came, we found that it proceeded, not from the young lady in the cloth boots, as we had at first been inclined to suppose, but from a bulky lady of elderly appearance who was seated in a chair at the head of the cellar-steps, apparently for the purpose of superintending the sale of the articles arranged there.

我们正全神贯注地欣赏这些庆祝活动时，只听一声尖锐、毫不动听的声音大喊道：“下次让你们尝尝我的厉害，真不要脸！”我们循声望

去，热切地想知道声音的来处，以为是那位布靴女郎发出的声音。结果，我们发现声音并不是从她那儿传来的，而是由一个上了年纪的胖妇女发出的。她坐在地下室楼梯顶端的一张椅子上，显然是为了监督摆在那里要出售的商品。

A barrel-organ, which had been in full force close behind us, ceased playing; the people we had been fitting into the shoes and boots took to flight at the interruption; and as we were conscious that in the depth of our meditations we might have been rudely staring at the old lady for half an hour without knowing it, we took to flight too, and were soon immersed in the deepest obscurity of the adjacent 'Dials.'

紧挨在我们身后的手摇风琴响亮的声音戛然而止。经过这一打岔，我们之前给他们穿上靴子和鞋子的人逃之夭夭了。我们意识到自己一定是在深思中不知不觉地盯着那个老妇人看了半个小时，很没有礼貌。于是，我们也逃掉了，很快就消失在转盘区附近的最昏暗之处。

CHAPTER VII HACKNEY-COACH STANDS

第七章　四轮出租马车车站

We maintain that hackney-coaches, properly so called, belong solely to the metropolis. We may be told, that there are hackney-coach stands in Edinburgh; and not to go quite so far for a contradiction to our position, we may be reminded that Liverpool, Manchester, 'and other large towns' (as the Parliamentary phrase goes), have THEIR hackney-coach stands. We readily concede to these places the possession of certain vehicles, which may look almost as dirty, and even go almost as slowly, as London hackney-coaches; but that they have the slightest claim to compete with the metropolis, either in point of stands, drivers, or cattle, we indignantly deny.

我们坚持认为，只有伦敦才有那种可真正称得上出租马车的马车。可能有人告诉我们，爱丁堡也有四轮出租马车车站。也可能有人提醒我们——虽然不至于反驳我们的观点——在利物浦、曼彻斯特，“以及其他大城镇”（这是议会里常用的说法）都有自己的四轮出租马车车站。我们欣然认可这些地方有一些出租马车，而且看起来几乎像伦敦的四轮出租马车一样脏，甚至跑得也几乎同样慢。但是，从车站、马车夫和牲口方面说，我们坚决否认它们有丝毫的权利与伦敦这个大城市相争。

Take a regular, ponderous, rickety, London hackney-coach of the old school, and let any man have the boldness to assert, if he can, that he ever beheld any object on the face of the earth which at all resembles it, unless, indeed, it were another hackney-coach of the same date. We have recently observed on certain stands, and we say it with deep regret, rather dapper green chariots, and coaches of polished yellow, with four wheels of the same colour as the coach, whereas it is perfectly notorious to every one who has studied the subject, that every wheel ought to be of a different colour, and a different size. These are innovations, and, like other miscalled improvements, awful signs of the restlessness of the public mind, and the little respect paid to our time-honoured institutions. Why should hackney-coaches be clean? Our ancestors found them dirty, and left them so. Why should we, with a feverish wish to 'keep moving,' desire to roll along at the rate of six miles an hour, while they were content to rumble over the stones at four? These are solemn considerations. Hackney-coaches are part and parcel of the law of the land; they were settled by the Legislature; plated and numbered by the wisdom of Parliament.

就拿一辆普通的笨重而摇摇晃晃的老式伦敦四轮出租马车来说，试

试让任何一个有胆量宣称，如果他可以的话：除了与这辆马车属于同一时期的四轮出租马车外，他在这世界上曾经见过任何一辆与这种马车有一丁点相像的马车。很遗憾地说，最近我们在某些马车站看到了相当干净整洁的绿色轻便四轮游览马车和擦得锃亮的黄色公共马车。这些马车的车轮和车身颜色相同，而所有研究过马车的人都清清楚楚地知道，每个车轮的颜色和尺寸都应该不同。这些就是革新。就像其他被误称作为改良的事物一样，这些糟糕地显示了公众躁动的心理，也是对年代久远的传统的不敬。四轮出租马车为什么是干净的呢？我们的祖先看到马车脏了，却不管不顾。他们满足于马车以每小时四英里的速度在石板路上辘辘行驶，为什么我们要这么狂热地“不断进步”，要把马车的速度提到每小时六英里呢？这是应严肃考虑的问题。四轮出租马车是国法的重要组成部分，它们由立法机构确立，由明智的议会发牌照，并编了号。

Then why have they been swamped by cabs and omnibuses? Or why should people be allowed to ride quickly for eightpence a mile, after Parliament had come to the solemn decision that they should pay a shilling a mile for riding slowly? We pause for a reply;— and, having no chance of getting one, begin a fresh paragraph.

那么它们为什么被两轮出租马车和公共马车淹没了呢？或者，为什么议会郑重地决定人们坐慢马车每英里应付一先令之后，又允许人们坐快马车每英里付十八便士呢？我们停下来等答复。然而，我们得不到答复，于是展开了新的一段。

Our acquaintance with hackney-coach stands is of long standing. We are a walking book of fares, feeling ourselves, half bound, as it were, to be always in the right on contested points. We know all the regular watermen within three miles of Covent-garden by sight, and should be almost tempted to believe that all the hackney-coach horses in that district knew us by sight too, if one-half of them were not blind. We take great interest in hackney-coaches, but we seldom drive, having a knack of turning ourselves over when we attempt to do so. We are as great friends to horses, hackney-coach and otherwise, as the renowned Mr. Martin, of costermonger notoriety, and yet we never ride. We keep no horse, but a clothes-horse; enjoy no saddle so much as a saddle of mutton; and, following our own inclinations, have never followed the hounds. Leaving these fleeter means of getting over the ground, or of depositing oneself upon it, to those who like them, by hackney-coach stands we take our stand.

我们很早以前就认识了四轮出租马车车站。我们就是一本活生生的计费簿，可以说还是半精装的。我们似乎在所有有争议的问题上都感觉自己是对的。我们认得科文特加登方圆三英里内所有的正式运水工，也几乎相信，要不是那个地区一半拉四轮出租马车的马瞎眼的话，它们肯定也都认识我们。我们对四轮出租马车很有兴趣，但我们很少亲自驾车。我们尝试驾车的时候，曾经把自己弄翻在地。我们同那个臭名昭著的蔬果小贩马丁先生一样，对马、四轮出租马车等很感兴趣，但我们从

来不驾马车。我们没有养马（horse），只有晾衣架（clothes-horse）；也不像喜欢羊脊骨上的肉那样喜欢马的脊背；而且我们做事遵循自己的意愿，从不跟着猎狗寻找。把这些能让人走得更快或者能让一个人置于其上的工具留给喜欢它们的人吧，我们支持四轮出租马车车站。

There is a hackney-coach stand under the very window at which we are writing; there is only one coach on it now, but it is a fair specimen of the class of vehicles to which we have alluded—a great, lumbering, square concern of a dingy yellow colour (like a bilious brunette), with very small glasses, but very large frames; the panels are ornamented with a faded coat of arms, in shape something like a dissected bat, the axletree is red, and the majority of the wheels are green. The box is partially covered by an old great-coat, with a multiplicity of capes, and some extraordinary-looking clothes; and the straw, with which the canvas cushion is stuffed, is sticking up in several places, as if in rivalry of the hay, which is peeping through the chinks in the boot. The horses, with drooping heads, and each with a mane and tail as scanty and straggling as those of a worn-out rocking-horse, are standing patiently on some damp straw, occasionally wincing, and rattling the harness; and now and then, one of them lifts his mouth to the ear of his companion, as if he were saying, in a whisper, that he should like to assassinate the coachman. The coachman himself is in the watering-house; and the waterman, with his hands forced into his pockets as far as they can possibly go, is dancing the 'double shuffle,' in front of the pump, to keep his feet warm.

我们凭窗写这篇文章时，窗户下面就有一个四轮出租马车车站。现在，只有一辆马车停在那儿，但它刚好是我们所提到过的那类马车的合格模板——一辆暗黄色（像是那种得肝病的深肤色女子的肤色）、笨重的方形大车，车窗很小，但车身很大。马车嵌板上镶着褪了色的盾形图饰，形状像只解剖开的蝙蝠，车轴是红色的，车轮的大部分是绿色的。一件旧大衣、好几件短斗篷和几件样式特别的衣服盖住了驾驶座，但并没有全部盖住。塞在帆布坐垫中的稻草有几处露了出来，好像在同从马车后面行李间的裂缝中钻出来的干草比赛似的。马垂着头，鬃毛和尾巴上的毛稀疏得像破旧的木马。它们耐心地站在湿稻草上，偶尔抽搐一下，马具也一起嘎嘎作响。其中一匹马时不时地把嘴伸到它同伴的耳边，好像在低声说它很想去暗杀那个马车夫。马车夫正在饮马棚，运水工把双手使劲向口袋深处伸，正在抽水机前面跳着“双擦舞步”暖脚。

The servant-girl, with the pink ribbons, at No.5, opposite, suddenly opens the street-door, and four small children forthwith rush out, and scream 'Coach!' with all their might and main. The waterman darts from the pump, seizes the horses by their respective bridles, and drags them, and the coach too, round to the house, shouting all the time for the coachman at the very top, or rather very bottom of his

voice, for it is a deep bass growl. A response is heard from the tap-room; the coachman, in his wooden-soled shoes, makes the street echo again as he runs across it; and then there is such a struggling, and backing, and grating of the kennel, to get the coach-door opposite the house-door, that the children are in perfect ecstasies of delight. What a commotion! The old lady, who has been stopping there for the last month, is going back to the country. Out comes box after box, and one side of the vehicle is filled with luggage in no time; the children get into everybody's way, and the youngest, who has upset himself in his attempts to carry an umbrella, is borne off wounded and kicking. The youngsters disappear, and a short pause ensues, during which the old lady is, no doubt, kissing them all round in the back parlour. She appears at last, followed by her married daughter, all the children, and both the servants, who, with the joint assistance of the coachman and waterman, manage to get her safely into the coach. A cloak is handed in, and a little basket, which we could almost swear contains a small black bottle, and a paper of sandwiches. Up go the steps, bang goes the door, 'Golden-cross, Charing-cross, Tom,' says the waterman; 'Good-bye, grandma,' cry the children, off jingles the coach at the rate of three miles an hour, and the mamma and children retire into the house, with the exception of one little villain, who runs up the street at the top of his speed, pursued by the servant; not ill-pleased to have such an opportunity of displaying her attractions. She brings him back, and, after casting two or three gracious glances across the way, which are either intended for us or the potboy (we are not quite certain which), shuts the door, and the hackney-coach stand is again at a standstill.

对面五号房子的那位系着粉红缎带的女仆突然打开了临街们，从里面冲出来四个小孩子。他们用尽全身力气尖叫着：“马车夫！”运水工从抽水机旁猛冲过去，抓住马各自的缰绳，把它们和马车一起向着那栋房子拉。他总是用他最高，或者应该说是最低的声音喊马车夫，因为那是一种低沉的男低音发出的咆哮。从酒馆里传来了回应。马车夫穿着一双木底鞋跑过来，穿过街道时答应了一声，街上又响起了回声。然后，经过一阵费劲的挣扎、倒车和车轮擦过阴沟的声音，他才把车门调到正对着房门的方向，孩子们都乐开了花。一场忙乱啊！上个月来在这儿住了一个月的老太太要搬回乡下去了。箱子被一个又一个地搬出来，马车的一边很快就装满了行李。孩子们挡住了大家的路，最小的那个试图搬一把雨伞时把自己绊倒了。他受了伤，被抱走的时候还乱踢乱蹬。孩子们都不见了，接着是一阵短暂的停顿。无疑，这时老太太正在后面起居室里跟那家人亲吻告别。她终于出现了，后面跟着她那已婚的女儿、所有的孩子和两个仆人，后者在马车夫和运水工的协力帮助下把老太太安全地扶上了马车。接着，一件斗篷递进去了，还有一个小篮子。我们几乎可以确定里面装着一个小黑瓶和一个纸包着的三明治。马车踏板收上去之后，马车门砰的一声关上了，运水工说：“汤姆，去查尔琳克劳斯的金

十字架。”孩子们喊道：“再见，外婆。”马车以每小时三英里的速度叮叮当当地离开了。妈妈和孩子们回到了屋里，只有一个小淘气鬼还使劲地在街上跑。一个女仆在后面追着他，也为有个到街上一展魅力的机会而暗暗高兴。她把那个男孩带回来，朝着对面深情地看了两三眼才把门关上，不知是在看我们，还是在看那个酒馆男侍（我们也不清楚究竟是谁）。四轮出租马车车站又安静下来了。

We have been frequently amused with the intense delight with which 'a servant of all work,' who is sent for a coach, deposits herself inside; and the unspeakable gratification which boys, who have been despatched on a similar errand, appear to derive from mounting the box. But we never recollect to have been more amused with a hackney-coach party, than one we saw early the other morning in Tottenham-court-road. It was a wedding-party, and emerged from one of the inferior streets near Fitzroy-square. There were the bride, with a thin white dress, and a great red face; and the bridesmaid, a little, dumpy, good-humoured young woman, dressed, of course, in the same appropriate costume; and the bridegroom and his chosen friend, in blue coats, yellow waist-coats, white trousers, and Berlin gloves to match. They stopped at the corner of the street, and called a coach with an air of indescribable dignity. The moment they were in, the bridesmaid threw a red shawl, which she had, no doubt, brought on purpose, negligently over the number on the door, evidently to delude pedestrians into the belief that the hackney-coach was a private carriage; and away they went, perfectly satisfied that the imposition was successful, and quite unconscious that there was a great staring number stuck up behind, on a plate as large as a schoolboy's slate. A shilling a mile!—the ride was worth five, at least, to them.

我们看到被派来叫马车的“负责全部家事的”女仆兴高采烈地钻进马车，还有同样被派来叫马车的男孩们带着无以言表的满足感登上驾驶座，总是感到很有趣。但我们见过的最有趣的还是要属那天一大早在托特纳姆法院路见到的那一批要租四轮出租马车的人。那是一群要去参加婚礼的人，从菲茨罗伊广场附近的一条小道中走出来。新娘长着大脸盘，脸红红的，穿着薄薄的白色女裙。伴娘是个矮矮胖胖、脾气很好的年轻女人，当然也是衣着适当。另外，还有新郎和他的好朋友，穿着蓝色外套、黄色背心和白色裤子，并各自配有一副毛线手套。他们到街角停下，摆出一副难以形容的神气神情，叫了一辆公共马车。一坐进马车，伴娘就把一条红披肩随便地扔出去，盖住了车门上的号码。这条披肩无疑是她有意带出来的，显然是为了哄骗行人相信这辆四轮出租马车是一辆私人马车。他们上路了，满心以为这个把戏可以成功，完全没有意识到车子背后还竖着一个像小学生写字的石板一样大的牌子，上面写着的号码又大又显眼。每英里只要一个先令！对他们来说，这次乘车至少每英里应付五个先令。

What an interesting book a hackney-coach might produce, if it

could carry as much in its head as it does in its body! The autobiography of a broken-down hackney-coach, would surely be as amusing as the autobiography of a broken-down hackneyed dramatist; and it might tell as much of its travels WITH the pole, as others have of their expeditions TO it. How many stories might be related of the different people it had conveyed on matters of business or profit—pleasure or pain! And how many melancholy tales of the same people at different periods! The country-girl—the showy, over-dressed woman—the drunken prostitute! The raw apprentice— the dissipated spendthrift—the thief!

如果四轮出租马车的脑袋里能装下它身体里装下的那么多东西，它可以写出一本多么有趣的书呀！一辆老旧破败的四轮出租马车的自传肯定像一个落魄的普通剧作家的自传一样有趣。它的自传会讲述车辕子见证的旅途故事，就像其他人的自传里讲述去极地的探险故事一样。有多少它拉过的不同乘客的故事可以讲述啊！这些人或为了处理事务或为了赚钱而乘车——他们有人欢喜有人忧。同一个人在不同时期又会遭受多少伤心事呀！可能从农村姑娘变成过分打扮、炫耀卖弄的女人，最后沦落为醉酒的妓女！也可能从没有经验的学徒变成沉迷酒色的浪子，最后变成一个小偷！

Talk of cabs! Cabs are all very well in cases of expedition, when it's a matter of neck or nothing, life or death, your temporary home or your long one. But, besides a cab's lacking that gravity of deportment which so peculiarly distinguishes a hackney-coach, let it never be forgotten that a cab is a thing of yesterday, and that he never was anything better. A hackney-cab has always been a hackney-cab, from his first entry into life; whereas a hackney-coach is a remnant of past gentility, a victim to fashion, a hanger-on of an old English family, wearing their arms, and, in days of yore, escorted by men wearing their livery, stripped of his finery, and thrown upon the world, like a once-smart footman when he is no longer sufficiently juvenile for his office, progressing lower and lower in the scale of four-wheeled degradation, until at last it comes to—A STAND!

讲讲两轮出租马车吧！你长途跋涉时，走投无路或生死攸关时，两轮出租马车可以成为你暂时或长期的家。可是，要记住，除了缺乏四轮出租马车特有的稳当外，两轮出租马车是昨日之物，仅此而已。两轮出租马车自从出现在人们的生活中就一直是两轮出租马车，而四轮出租马车是过去贵族社会的遗留物，是时尚的牺牲品和旧时英国家庭的附属品。马车上面刻着家族的纹章，旧时旁边有穿制服的仆人跟着，现在却被剥掉华丽的外衣，流落世间，就像曾经聪明机灵的男仆年老得不能胜任其工作一样。它在四轮马车中的地位日益下降，最终沦落到了车站。

CHAPTER VIII DOCTORS' COMMONS

第八章　伦敦民事律师公会

Walking without any definite object through St. Paul's Churchyard, a little while ago, we happened to turn down a street entitled 'Paul's-chain,' and keeping straight forward for a few hundred yards, found ourself, as a natural consequence, in Doctors' Commons. Now Doctors' Commons being familiar by name to everybody, as the place where they grant marriage-licenses to love-sick couples, and divorces to unfaithful ones; register the wills of people who have any property to leave, and punish hasty gentlemen who call ladies by unpleasant names, we no sooner discovered that we were really within its precincts, than we felt a laudable desire to become better acquainted therewith; and as the first object of our curiosity was the Court, whose decrees can even unloose the bonds of matrimony, we procured a direction to it; and bent our steps thither without delay.

前不久，我们没有任何具体目的地走过圣保罗教堂墓地时，不经意走到一条叫“保罗的镣铐”的街，继续朝前走了几百码，自然而然地来到了伦敦民事律师公会。现在，律师公会是个家喻户晓的名字，它给苦恋的情侣们发放结婚证，给不忠的夫妻发放离婚证，给那些有遗产的人登记遗嘱，惩罚那些辱骂妇女的轻率男子。我们一发现自己确实来到了律师公会，立刻感觉到一种可嘉的愿望，要对其作进一步了解。我们第一个感兴趣的部门是法院，它的法令甚至可以拆散婚姻的联系。我们经别人指路之后，立即转身寻去。

Crossing a quiet and shady court-yard, paved with stone, and frowned upon by old red brick houses, on the doors of which were painted the names of sundry learned civilians, we paused before a small, green-baized, brass-headed-nailed door, which yielding to our gentle push, at once admitted us into an old quaint-looking apartment, with sunken windows, and black carved wainscoting, at the upper end of which, seated on a raised platform, of semicircular shape, were about a dozen solemn-looking gentlemen, in crimson gowns and wigs.

我们穿过一个寂静阴凉的院子，院子里铺着石子路。老旧的红砖房子让人觉得恐怖，大门上写着许多博学的民法家的名字。我们在一扇挂着绿色台面呢、钉着铜头钉子的小门前停住，轻轻一推，门便开了。我们随即进入了一个古雅的房间，窗户是凹陷的，黑色的雕花壁板上端有十来个身穿红袍、头戴假发、表情严肃的绅士，坐在一个半圆形的高台上。

At a more elevated desk in the centre, sat a very fat and red-faced gentleman, in tortoise-shell spectacles, whose dignified appearance

announced the judge; and round a long green-baized table below, something like a billiard-table without the cushions and pockets, were a number of very self-important-looking personages, in stiff neckcloths, and black gowns with white fur collars, whom we at once set down as proctors. At the lower end of the billiard-table was an individual in an arm-chair, and a wig, whom we afterwards discovered to be the registrar; and seated behind a little desk, near the door, were a respectable-looking man in black, of about twenty-stone weight or thereabouts, and a fat-faced, smirking, civil-looking body, in a black gown, black kid gloves, knee shorts, and silks, with a shirt-frill in his bosom, curls on his head, and a silver staff in his hand, whom we had no difficulty in recognising as the officer of the Court. The latter, indeed, speedily set our mind at rest upon this point, for, advancing to our elbow, and opening a conversation forthwith, he had communicated to us, in less than five minutes, that he was the apparitor, and the other the court-keeper; that this was the Arches Court, and therefore the counsel wore red gowns, and the proctors fur collars; and that when the other Courts sat there, they didn't wear red gowns or fur collars either; with many other scraps of intelligence equally interesting. Besides these two officers, there was a little thin old man, with long grizzly hair, crouched in a remote corner, whose duty, our communicative friend informed us, was to ring a large hand-bell when the Court opened in the morning, and who, for aught his appearance betokened to the contrary, might have been similarly employed for the last two centuries at least.

平台中央一个更高一点的写字台边坐着一位胖胖的红脸绅士，戴着一副玳瑁眼镜。一看他那庄严的表情就知道他是法官。下面那张铺着绿色台面呢的长桌子像是一张没有橡皮边和球囊的台球桌，周围坐着几个人，一副自以为是的样子，佩着硬邦邦的领饰，穿着带白色毛领的黑色长袍。我们一眼便看出他们是代诉人。有一个戴假发的人坐在这张台球桌下端的一个扶手椅上，我们后来发现他是记录员。有一个身穿黑衣、看起来很有名望的人坐在靠近门口的一张小书桌后面。他大约有二十英石重，胖胖的脸上堆着假笑，一副和善的样子，穿着黑袍、齐膝的短裤和胸口处有皱边装饰的丝绸上衣，戴着小山羊皮手套。这个人满头卷发，手里拿着根银杖，不难看出是个法院官员。在这个问题上，他确实很快使我们安下心来，因为他来到我们身边，立刻开始攀谈起来。不到五分钟时间，我们就知道他是执行官，另一个是法院管理员。他还说这里是宗教裁判法庭，因此律师穿红长袍，代诉人穿毛领衣服，而其他法庭开庭时，律师和代诉人既不穿红长袍也不穿毛领衣服。他还介绍了一些零零碎碎的同样有趣的信息。除这两个官员外，还有一个瘦小的老头。他长着长长的灰色头发，蜷缩在远处的一个角落里。我们这位健谈的朋友告诉我们，这个老头的职务是早上开庭时摇一只很大的手摇铃。而且，他很可能已经至少受雇这种工作长达两个世纪了，虽然他看上去不像。

The red-faced gentleman in the tortoise-shell spectacles had got all the talk to himself just then, and very well he was doing it, too, only he spoke very fast, but that was habit; and rather thick, but that was good living. So we had plenty of time to look about us. There was one individual who amused us mightily. This was one of the bewigged gentlemen in the red robes, who was straddling before the fire in the centre of the Court, in the attitude of the brazen Colossus, to the complete exclusion of everybody else. He had gathered up his robe behind, in much the same manner as a slovenly woman would her petticoats on a very dirty day, in order that he might feel the full warmth of the fire. His wig was put on all awry, with the tail straggling about his neck; his scanty grey trousers and short black gaiters, made in the worst possible style, imported an additional inelegant appearance to his uncouth person; and his limp, badly-starched shirt-collar almost obscured his eyes. We shall never be able to claim any credit as a physiognomist again, for, after a careful scrutiny of this gentleman's countenance, we had come to the conclusion that it bespoke nothing but conceit and silliness, when our friend with the silver staff whispered in our ear that he was no other than a doctor of civil law, and heaven knows what besides. So of course we were mistaken, and he must be a very talented man. He conceals it so well though—perhaps with the merciful view of not astonishing ordinary people too much—that you would suppose him to be one of the stupidest dogs alive.

戴着玳瑁眼镜的红脸绅士那时只是自顾自地讲着，而且讲得很好，只是语速太快，那也是习惯罢了。他的声音有点沙哑，不过这也是平时的好生活所致。因此，我们有充足的时间来环顾四周。有一个人使我们很感兴趣。他是其中一位戴假发穿红袍的先生。他正叉开腿站在法庭中央的火炉前，活像巨人的铜像，完全无视周围所有人。他把长袍撩到身后，以便充分感受炉火的温暖，姿势就像一个懒散的女人在坏天气里撩起衬裙一样。他的假发歪戴着，发辫胡乱地散在脖子上；短小的灰裤子和黑色的短绑腿套的样式真是不能再难看了，让他粗野的模样显得更加恶俗；软绵绵的、上浆失败的衬衫领几乎遮住了他的眼睛。仔细端详了这位绅士的容貌后，我们再也不能以相士自居了。我们得出的结论是这个人既自负又愚蠢，仅此而已。可我们那位手持银杖的朋友却在我们耳边低语说他不是别人，正是民法博士，天晓得他还是其他什么高人。所以，我们显然弄错了，他必定是个天资聪慧的人。不过，他把才华隐藏得很深——或许是出于仁慈，不愿过于惊吓普通人——才让你以为他是世上存活的最愚蠢的家伙之一。

The gentleman in the spectacles having concluded his judgment, and a few minutes having been allowed to elapse, to afford time for the buzz of the Court to subside, the registrar called on the next cause, which was 'the office of the Judge promoted by Bumple against

Sludberry.' A general movement was visible in the Court, at this announcement, and the obliging functionary with silver staff whispered us that 'there would be some fun now, for this was a brawling case.'

戴眼镜的绅士作出了裁决，几分钟之后，法庭上嗡嗡的人声才停止。这期间，记录员传唤了下一个案子，那就是“巴姆波尔依法控诉斯拉特贝利”。话音刚落，法庭顿时一片骚动，那个尽职尽责的手持银杖的官员向我们低语道：“这下有好戏看了，因为这是一桩争吵案。”

We were not rendered much the wiser by this piece of information, till we found by the opening speech of the counsel for the promoter, that, under a half-obsolete statute of one of the Edwards, the court was empowered to visit with the penalty of excommunication, any person who should be proved guilty of the crime of 'brawling,' or 'smiting,' in any church, or vestry adjoining thereto; and it appeared, by some eight-and-twenty affidavits, which were duly referred to, that on a certain night, at a certain vestry-meeting, in a certain parish particularly set forth, Thomas Sludberry, the party appeared against in that suit, had made use of, and applied to Michael Bumple, the promoter, the words 'You be blowed;'and that, on the said Michael Bumple and others remonstrating with the said Thomas Sludberry, on the impropriety of his conduct, the said Thomas Sludberry repeated the aforesaid expression, 'You be blowed;' and furthermore desired and requested to know, whether the said Michael Bumple 'wanted anything for himself,' he, the said Thomas Sludberry,'was the man to give it him;' at the same time making use of other heinous and sinful expressions, all of which, Bumple submitted, came within the intent and the meaning of the Act; and therefore he, for the soul's health and chastening of Sludberry prayed for sentence of excommunication against him accordingly.

我们没有太理解他的这话，直到后来，我们从原告的辩护律师的开场白中才得知，根据还没有完全废除的一条爱德华法令，对于已被证实的在教堂或毗邻的小礼拜堂内犯有“争吵”或“殴打”罪行的人，法院有权对其作出驱逐教会的惩罚。本案件引证的大约二十八封口供书表明，某晚在提到的某个教区的某个教堂附属室会议中，本案的被告托马斯·斯拉特贝利用“你这该死的！”这句话形容了原告迈克尔·巴姆波尔。迈克尔·巴姆波尔和其他人告诫前面提到的托马斯·斯拉特贝利这一行为不得体时，托马斯·斯拉特贝利又重复了一遍上述的“你这该死的！”，并且希望并要求前面提到的迈克尔·巴姆波尔回答是否“想要点什么”，还说他，即前面提到的托马斯·斯特拉贝利“正是可以给予他的人”，同时还使用了其他可恶、亵渎神灵的表达。巴姆波尔提出，所有这些表达都符合法令规定的犯罪故意和意义范围。因此，为了斯特拉贝利的心灵健康和贞洁，他希望根据法令，判决将其逐出教会。

Upon these facts a long argument was entered into, on both sides,

to the great edification of a number of persons interested in the parochial squabbles, who crowded the court; and when some very long and grave speeches had been made pro and con, the red-faced gentleman in the tortoise-shell spectacles took a review of the case, which occupied half an hour more, and then pronounced upon Sludberry the awful sentence of excommunication for a fortnight, and payment of the costs of the suit.

这些事实引发了双方长时间的争论，这对于挤在法庭上、对教区争吵很感兴趣的人群也是极大的教诲。正反两方作完冗长又严肃的演讲后，那个戴着玳瑁眼镜的红脸绅士又重申了一遍案子，花了半个多小时。随后，他宣布斯拉特贝利被判处逐出教会两星期、支付本案一切费用的严厉惩罚。

Upon this, Sludberry, who was a little, red-faced, sly-looking, ginger-beer seller, addressed the court, and said, if they'd be good enough to take off the costs, and excommunicate him for the term of his natural life instead, it would be much more convenient to him, for he never went to church at all. To this appeal the gentleman in the spectacles made no other reply than a look of virtuous indignation; and Sludberry and his friends retired. As the man with the silver staff informed us that the court was on the point of rising, we retired too—pondering, as we walked away, upon the beautiful spirit of these ancient ecclesiastical laws, the kind and neighbourly feelings they are calculated to awaken, and the strong attachment to religious institutions which they cannot fail to engender.

听完裁决，斯拉特贝利——一个身材矮小、脸色发红、面相狡猾的姜啤小贩——说如果法庭能恩准他不缴付这笔费用，而把他终生逐出教会的话，对他更为合宜，因为他从来都不去教堂。对于这个请求，戴眼镜的绅士除了一个正义愤慨的眼神外，没有作任何回答。斯拉特贝利和他的朋友们退庭了。手持银杖的人通知我们庭审要结束了，我们也就离开了——边走边思索着这些古老的教会条令的美丽灵魂，这些条令旨在唤起人们相互宽容、和睦相处的情感，以及他们对宗教机构不能割舍的深厚情意。

We were so lost in these meditations, that we had turned into the street, and run up against a door-post, before we recollected where we were walking. On looking upwards to see what house we had stumbled upon, the words 'Prerogative-Office,' written in large characters, met our eye; and as we were in a sight-seeing humour and the place was a public one, we walked in.

我们在这些冥想中出了神，转到街上去，撞上了一根门柱，这才记起自己要往哪里走。我们抬头看看刚刚意外发现的那栋房子，“特权办公室”几个大字映入眼帘。既然我们正游得起劲，而且这是一处公共场所，我们就走了进去。

The room into which we walked, was a long, busy-looking place, partitioned off, on either side, into a variety of little boxes, in which a few clerks were engaged in copying or examining deeds. Down the centre of the room were several desks nearly breast high, at each of which, three or four people were standing, poring over large volumes. As we knew that they were searching for wills, they attracted our attention at once.

我们进入的这个长长的房间看起来很忙碌，房间两端被分成大小不一的小隔间，每个隔间里都有几个职员在忙着抄写或审查契约。房间中央摆着几张齐胸高的桌子，每张桌子旁边都站着三四个人研读大厚书本。由于我们知道他们是在查找遗嘱，所以他们立刻引起了我们的注意。

It was curious to contrast the lazy indifference of the attorneys' clerks who were making a search for some legal purpose, with the air of earnestness and interest which distinguished the strangers to the place, who were looking up the will of some deceased relative; the former pausing every now and then with an impatient yawn, or raising their heads to look at the people who passed up and down the room; the latter stooping over the book, and running down column after column of names in the deepest abstraction.

代理人的办事员懒散、漫不经心地查找法律材料，而不在此地工作的陌生人一本正经、津津有味地搜寻某个已故亲戚的遗嘱，两者形成的鲜明对比令人惊讶。前者时不时地停顿一下，不耐烦地打个哈欠，或是抬头看看屋里来来往往的人；后者则冥想着俯身扫视一栏又一栏的姓名。

There was one little dirty-faced man in a blue apron, who after a whole morning's search, extending some fifty years back, had just found the will to which he wished to refer, which one of the officials was reading to him in a low hurried voice from a thick vellum book with large clasps. It was perfectly evident that the more the clerk read, the less the man with the blue apron understood about the matter. When the volume was first brought down, he took off his hat, smoothed down his hair, smiled with great self-satisfaction, and looked up in the reader's face with the air of a man who had made up his mind to recollect every word he heard. The first two or three lines were intelligible enough; but then the technicalities began, and the little man began to look rather dubious. Then came a whole string of complicated trusts, and he was regularly at sea. As the reader proceeded, it was quite apparent that it was a hopeless case, and the little man, with his mouth open and his eyes fixed upon his face, looked on with an expression of bewilderment and perplexity irresistibly ludicrous.

有个身穿蓝色工作裙、满脸污垢的小个子男人查了整整一个上午，一直追溯到五十年前的记录，才刚刚找到他要引用的遗嘱。一位官员正用低沉、急促的声音给他念一本带着大夹子的上等皮纸制成的厚书。显而易见，那个官员念得越多，穿蓝色工作裙的男人越不理解这件事。那本书刚取下来时，他摘下帽子，把头发抹顺，自满地微笑着，望着读给他听的那个人，一副坚决要把听到的每个词都记下来的神态。开头的两三行还能听得懂，但接下来出现专门术语了，这个小个子男人就看起来有些疑惑了。接着来了一连串复杂的托管条文，他便彻底听不懂了。从那个人接下来读的内容看，很显然，这个案件没有希望。那个小个子男人张大了嘴，眼珠一动不动地看着朗读者的脸，露出茫然失措的神情，极其滑稽。

A little further on, a hard-featured old man with a deeply-wrinkled face, was intently perusing a lengthy will with the aid of a pair of horn spectacles: occasionally pausing from his task, and slily noting down some brief memorandum of the bequests contained in it. Every wrinkle about his toothless mouth, and sharp keen eyes, told of avarice and cunning. His clothes were nearly threadbare, but it was easy to see that he wore them from choice and not from necessity; all his looks and gestures down to the very small pinches of snuff which he every now and then took from a little tin canister, told of wealth, and penury, and avarice.

旁边有个面貌严峻、脸上布满皱纹的老人，他正借助于一副牛角眼镜专注地阅读着一份冗长的遗嘱，还不时停一下，偷偷简略记下遗嘱中包含的遗产。他那掉光了牙的嘴和尖锐精明的眼睛周围的每一道皱纹，都显示出他的贪婪和狡诈。他的衣服几乎破旧褴褛，不过他显然是自己选择穿成这样，而非没有别的衣服可穿。他的容貌和举止，甚至他时不时地从一个小锡罐里捏出来的一小撮鼻烟，都显示出他的富裕、小气和贪婪。

As he leisurely closed the register, put up his spectacles, and folded his scraps of paper in a large leathern pocket-book, we thought what a nice hard bargain he was driving with some poverty-stricken legatee, who, tired of waiting year after year, until some life-interest should fall in, was selling his chance, just as it began to grow most valuable, for a twelfth part of its worth. It was a good speculation—a very safe one. The old man stowed his pocket-book carefully in the breast of his great-coat, and hobbled away with a leer of triumph. That will had made him ten years younger at the lowest computation.

他悠哉地合上登记本，收起眼镜，把夹在一个皮质小笔记本里的纸片折起来。我们这时想，他不遗余力地同穷困潦倒的遗产受赠人讨价还价，后者厌倦了年复一年的等待，直到轮到自己行使终身财产所有权时，在它变得最值钱的时候，以十二分之一的价值把自己的财运卖掉了。这真是一次好的投机机会——安全的投机。那个老头小心翼翼地把他的小笔记本收进大衣胸膛处的兜里，蹒跚着离开了，眼神里透出得意

洋洋的神色。那个遗嘱让他至少年轻了十岁。

Having commenced our observations, we should certainly have extended them to another dozen of people at least, had not a sudden shutting up and putting away of the worm-eaten old books, warned us that the time for closing the office had arrived; and thus deprived us of a pleasure, and spared our readers an infliction.

已经开始了观察，我们当然应该至少再观察五六个人。不过，那些生了虫的旧书突然被人合上收走了，告诉我们办公室关门的时间已经到了，因此剥夺了我们的乐趣，也为读者省去了折磨。

We naturally fell into a train of reflection as we walked homewards, upon the curious old records of likings and dislikings; of jealousies and revenges; of affection defying the power of death, and hatred pursued beyond the grave, which these depositories contain; silent but striking tokens, some of them, of excellence of heart, and nobleness of soul; melancholy examples, others, of the worst passions of human nature. How many men as they lay speechless and helpless on the bed of death, would have given worlds but for the strength and power to blot out the silent evidence of animosity and bitterness, which now stands registered against them in Doctors' Commons!

在回家的路上，我们自然地陷入一连串的思索——关于那些古老的喜欢或是厌恶、嫉妒或是复仇、比死亡力量更大的感情或死不瞑目的仇恨的奇怪记录，都存于这些存放处中。它们中有些是美好的心灵和高尚的灵魂无声却有力的象征，有些却是人性最丑陋的欲望的悲哀见证。

CHAPTER IX LONDON RECREATIONS

第九章　伦敦的消遣

The wish of persons in the humbler classes of life, to ape the manners and customs of those whom fortune has placed above them, is often the subject of remark, and not unfrequently of complaint. The inclination may, and no doubt does, exist to a great extent, among the small gentility—the would-be aristocrats—of the middle classes. Tradesmen and clerks, with fashionable novel-reading families, and circulating-library-subscribing daughters, get up small assemblies in humble imitation of Almack's, and promenade the dingy 'large room' of some second-rate hotel with as much complacency as the enviable few who are privileged to exhibit their magnificence in that exclusive haunt of fashion and foolery. Aspiring young ladies, who read flaming accounts of some 'fancy fair in high life,' suddenly grow desperately charitable; visions of admiration and matrimony float before their eyes; some wonderfully meritorious institution, which, by the strangest accident in the world, has never been heard of before, is discovered to be in a languishing condition: Thomson's great room, or Johnson's nursery-ground, is forthwith engaged, and the aforesaid young ladies, from mere charity, exhibit themselves for three days, from twelve to four, for the small charge of one shilling per head! With the exception of these classes of society, however, and a few weak and insignificant persons, we do not think the attempt at imitation to which we have alluded, prevails in any great degree. The different character of the recreations of different classes, has often afforded us amusement; and we have chosen it for the subject of our present sketch, in the hope that it may possess some amusement for our readers.

生活在社会下层的人们想要模仿那些命运置于其上的人们之行为举止和习惯，他们的这种愿望常常是评论的对象，也往往是抱怨的主题。这种倾向可能，甚至确定在很大程度上存在于出身高贵的小人物——可能成为贵族的人——中产阶级人群中。商人和职员连同读时髦小说的家人们和在流动图书馆捐献书籍的女儿们谦逊地模仿奥尔马克的做法，建立了一个个小集会。他们还在二流旅馆邋遢的“大房间”里散步，得意之情不亚于令人嫉妒的少数有特权在时尚和愚蠢专有场所展示其华丽风采的人。读了某个“上层社会精美用品义卖会”的煽情报道后，胸怀大志的年轻女士们突然变得极端热衷慈善，赞美和婚姻的幻象立刻浮现在她们眼前。某个令人称道的机构——让人百思不得其解的是，从来没人听说过这个机构——被发现状况不景气，于是，汤姆森的一个大房间或约翰逊的托儿所立即被征用，上述年轻女士们仅仅出于善心，亲自表演了三

天，从十二点一直到四点，票价每人只收一先令！然而，除了这些社会阶层的人和几个微不足道的小人物以外，我们并不认为上述的那些模仿企图有多普遍。不同阶层的不同娱乐方式特点给我们带来了不少乐趣，我们选择它作为当下这篇札记的主题，期待它能给读者带去一些欢乐。

If the regular City man, who leaves Lloyd's at five o'clock, and drives home to Hackney, Clapton, Stamford-hill, or elsewhere, can be said to have any daily recreation beyond his dinner, it is his garden. He never does anything to it with his own hands; but he takes great pride in it notwithstanding; and if you are desirous of paying your addresses to the youngest daughter, be sure to be in raptures with every flower and shrub it contains. If your poverty of expression compel you to make any distinction between the two, we would certainly recommend your bestowing more admiration on his garden than his wine. He always takes a walk round it, before he starts for town in the morning, and is particularly anxious that the fish-pond should be kept specially neat. If you call on him on Sunday in summer-time, about an hour before dinner, you will find him sitting in an arm-chair, on the lawn behind the house, with a straw hat on, reading a Sunday paper. A short distance from him you will most likely observe a handsome paroquet in a large brass- wire cage; ten to one but the two eldest girls are loitering in one of the side walks accompanied by a couple of young gentlemen, who are holding parasols over them—of course only to keep the sun off—while the younger children, with the under nursery-maid, are strolling listlessly about, in the shade. Beyond these occasions, his delight in his garden appears to arise more from the consciousness of possession than actual enjoyment of it. When he drives you down to dinner on a week-day, he is rather fatigued with the occupations of the morning, and tolerably cross into the bargain; but when the cloth is removed, and he has drank three or four glasses of his favourite port, he orders the French windows of his dining-room (which of course look into the garden) to be opened, and throwing a silk handkerchief over his head, and leaning back in his arm-chair, descants at considerable length upon its beauty, and the cost of maintaining it. This is to impress you —who are a young friend of the family—with a due sense of the excellence of the garden, and the wealth of its owner; and when he has exhausted the subject, he goes to sleep.

如果普通市民五点钟离开劳埃德，驾车回到在哈克尼、克莱普顿、斯坦福丘陵或其他地方的家，要说除了他的晚餐之外还有任何日常娱乐的话，那就是他的花园了。他从不亲自打理花园，尽管如此，他还是对他的花园引以为荣。不仅如此，如果你渴望向最小的女儿表达爱意的话，就一定得对花园中的一花一木表达欢喜之情。如果你拙于言辞，被迫在花园和葡萄酒二者中选择其一的话，我们当然要奉劝你多多表达对

他花园的仰慕，而非其葡萄酒。他每天清晨出发去市里之前，总会在花园里走一圈，尤其担心那方鱼塘是否保持了极度整洁。如果你在夏天的某个周日，大约晚饭前一个小时去拜访他的话，你会发现他正坐在屋后草坪上的一把扶手椅上，头戴一顶草帽，读着一份周日报纸。你极有可能会看见离他不远处，一个很大的铜丝鸟笼里有一只漂亮的长尾鹦鹉。那两个年纪最大的女儿十有八九正在两位年轻绅士的陪伴下，在花园中的一条旁道上闲逛，绅士们为她们打着阳伞——当然仅仅是为了遮阳。而年龄小的孩子们则在阴凉里在保姆的看管下无精打采地到处溜达着。除了这些情形以外，他对花园的喜爱看起来更多的是拥有感，而不是真正地享受它。他工作日乘马车把你带回家共进午餐时，疲于上午的工作，会有点不快。不过，当桌布撤走，他喝了三四杯最喜爱的波尔图酒后，就会吩咐打开餐室里的法式窗户（窗户当然面向花园），用一条丝绸手帕盖住自己的脑袋，向后倚在扶手椅上，滔滔不绝地讲述花园的美丽以及维护它的花费。这是为了让你——这个家庭的年轻朋友——充分感到这个花园有多卓越，其主人有多富有。他谈这个话题谈累的时候，就会去睡觉了。

There is another and a very different class of men, whose recreation is their garden. An individual of this class, resides some short distance from town—say in the Hampstead-road, or the Kilburn-road, or any other road where the houses are small and neat, and have little slips of back garden. He and his wife—who is as clean and compact a little body as himself—have occupied the same house ever since he retired from business twenty years ago. They have no family. They once had a son, who died at about five years old. The child's portrait hangs over the mantelpiece in the best sitting-room, and a little cart he used to draw about, is carefully preserved as a relic.

还有另外一个很不一样的阶层的人把园艺当作消遣。这个阶层的人住在离城市不远的地方——比如在汉普斯特德路，或者基尔本路，或者某条别的路，那些路上的房屋又小又整齐，带有小片后花园。他和他的妻子——她有着和他一样结实的娇小身材，收拾得很干净——二十年前从商业经营中退休后就住在这栋小房子里，无儿无女。他们曾经有过一个儿子，大约五岁时死了。这个孩子的照片挂在最好的起居室里的壁炉架上方，他曾经拉着玩的一辆小推车也被当作遗物小心地保存着。

In fine weather the old gentleman is almost constantly in the garden; and when it is too wet to go into it, he will look out of the window at it, by the hour together. He has always something to do there, and you will see him digging, and sweeping, and cutting, and planting, with manifest delight. In spring-time, there is no end to the sowing of seeds, and sticking little bits of wood over them, with labels, which look like epitaphs to their memory; and in the evening, when the sun has gone down, the perseverance with which he lugs a great watering-pot about is perfectly astonishing. The only other recreation he has, is the newspaper, which he peruses every day, from

beginning to end, generally reading the most interesting pieces of intelligence to his wife, during breakfast. The old lady is very fond of flowers, as the hyacinth-glasses in the parlour-window, and geranium-pots in the little front court, testify. She takes great pride in the garden too: and when one of the four fruit-trees produces rather a larger gooseberry than usual, it is carefully preserved under a wine-glass on the sideboard, for the edification of visitors, who are duly informed that Mr. So-and-so planted the tree which produced it, with his own hands. On a summer's evening, when the large watering-pot has been filled and emptied some fourteen times, and the old couple have quite exhausted themselves by trotting about, you will see them sitting happily together in the little summerhouse, enjoying the calm and peace of the twilight, and watching the shadows as they fall upon the garden, and gradually growing thicker and more sombre, obscure the tints of their gayest flowers—no bad emblem of the years that have silently rolled over their heads, deadening in their course the brightest hues of early hopes and feelings which have long since faded away. These are their only recreations, and they require no more. They have within themselves, the materials of comfort and content; and the only anxiety of each, is to die before the other.

天气好的时候，这位老先生几乎一直呆在花园里。如果地湿得没法下脚，他就会透过窗户望着花园，一望就是几个小时。他在花园里总有事情可做，你能看见他又是掘土，又是扫地，又是修剪，又是栽培，忙得喜形于色。春季，他不停地播撒种子，在地里插上一块块带标签的小木片，看起来就像纪念这些种子的墓志铭。晚上，太阳落山以后，他毫不懈怠地提着一个大洒水壶走来走去，着实让人惊讶。除此以外，他唯一的乐趣就是看报纸。他每天都会把报纸从头至尾读一遍，通常在吃早饭的时候把最有趣的新闻念给妻子听。他的妻子，那个老妇人，非常喜欢花。客厅窗前一个个玻璃瓶里的风信子和前院的一盆盆天竺葵足以证明。她也为他们的花园感到自豪：那四棵果树中有一棵结出一颗比普通醋栗要大的醋栗时，她就会摘下来，小心翼翼地保存在餐具柜上的一只葡萄酒酒杯下面，以便让来访的客人增长见识，让他们真切地知道这是某某先生亲手栽种的醋栗树结出的果子。夏天的夜晚，老两口把那只大洒水壶灌满又洒完，往返了十四趟之多后，来回忙着灌水洒水的他们累得筋疲力尽。你会看见他们一起幸福地坐在那个小凉亭里，享受着黄昏的宁静与平和，望着阴影慢慢笼罩住花园，越来越浓，越来越阴沉，最鲜艳的花朵的色彩也变得模糊不清——恰好象征着他们头顶上悄悄流逝的岁月，他们早年那些愿望和感情的明亮色彩早已褪色，现在也跟着时间消逝。这些就是他们唯一的娱乐，他们别无他求。他们内心有着知足常乐的特质，而两人唯一的忧虑是自己要先于对方死去。

This is no ideal sketch. There USED to be many old people of this description; their numbers may have diminished, and may decrease still more. Whether the course female education has taken of late days

—whether the pursuit of giddy frivolities, and empty nothings, has tended to unfit women for that quiet domestic life, in which they show far more beautifully than in the most crowded assembly, is a question we should feel little gratification in discussing: we hope not.

这并不是一篇幻想而成的札记。过去有很多老人都是所描写的这样，但如今他们的人数已经减少了，而且很有可能会更少。我们不想讨论是否当下女子的教育方向，即追求令人头晕眼花的轻佻和毫无意义的事情已使女子不再适合过安静的居家生活，而她们在这种生活中比在拥挤的集会中显得更加美丽。讨论这个问题不会给我们带来快乐，不过我们希望它的答案是否定的。。

Let us turn now, to another portion of the London population, whose recreations present about as strong a contrast as can well be conceived—we mean the Sunday pleasurers; and let us beg our readers to imagine themselves stationed by our side in some well-known rural 'Tea-gardens.'

现在，让我们看看另一部分伦敦居民，他们的消遣方式表现出的强烈反差令人想象不到——我们所说的是星期天寻欢作乐的人们。请我们的读者想象自己正站在我们身旁，身处某个著名的乡下“茶室花园”里。

The heat is intense this afternoon, and the people, of whom there are additional parties arriving every moment, look as warm as the tables which have been recently painted, and have the appearance of being red-hot. What a dust and noise! Men and women—boys and girls—sweethearts and married people—babies in arms, and children in chaises—pipes and shrimps—cigars and periwinkles—tea and tobacco. Gentlemen, in alarming waistcoats, and steel watch-guards, promenading about, three abreast, with surprising dignity (or as the gentleman in the next box facetiously observes, 'cutting it uncommon fat!')—ladies, with great, long, white pocket- handkerchiefs like small table-cloths, in their hands, chasing one another on the grass in the most playful and interesting manner, with the view of attracting the attention of the aforesaid gentlemen—husbands in perspective ordering bottles of ginger-beer for the objects of their affections, with a lavish disregard of expense; and the said objects washing down huge quantities of 'shrimps' and 'winkles,' with an equal disregard of their own bodily health and subsequent comfort—boys, with great silk hats just balanced on the top of their heads, smoking cigars, and trying to look as if they liked them—gentlemen in pink shirts and blue waistcoats, occasionally upsetting either themselves, or somebody else, with their own canes.

这个下午天气酷热，每时每刻都有更多的人到来，他们都像新近才漆过的桌子一样热情，面色红润。尘土飞扬，人声嘈杂！男人和女人、男孩和女孩、情人和夫妻、抱在怀中的婴儿和坐在轻便马车里的孩子、

烟斗和大虾、雪茄和玉黍螺、茶和烟草，都充斥在这里。绅士们穿着突兀的背心，戴着钢制表链，三个人并排散步，摆出令人惊奇的尊贵姿态（或如同隔壁包厢里的那位绅士滑稽地说的那样“矫揉造作！”）。女士们手拿小桌布似的又大又长的手帕，在草地上以最顽皮、最有趣的姿势相互追逐着，就是为了吸引上述的绅士们注意——有可能成为丈夫的绅士们为他们的爱慕对象点了一瓶瓶姜啤酒，慷慨地毫不吝惜钱财。前面提到的对象同样毫不吝惜自己的身体健康和随后的感觉，狼吞虎咽地吃了大量“大虾”和“食用螺”。端端正正地戴着丝绸大礼帽的男孩吸着雪茄烟，努力装出很喜欢抽烟的样子。穿着粉红色衬衫和蓝色背心的绅士们则时不时地用他们的手杖把自己或别人绊倒。

Some of the finery of these people provokes a smile, but they are all clean, and happy, and disposed to be good-natured and sociable. Those two motherly-looking women in the smart pelisses, who are chatting so confidentially, inserting a 'ma'am' at every fourth word, scraped an acquaintance about a quarter of an hour ago: it originated in admiration of the little boy who belongs to one of them—that diminutive specimen of mortality in the three-cornered pink satin hat with black feathers. The two men in the blue coats and drab trousers, who are walking up and down, smoking their pipes, are their husbands. The party in the opposite box are a pretty fair specimen of the generality of the visitors. These are the father and mother, and old grandmother: a young man and woman, and an individual addressed by the euphonious title of 'Uncle Bill,'who is evidently the wit of the party. They have some half-dozen children with them, but it is scarcely necessary to notice the fact, for that is a matter of course here. Every woman in 'the gardens,' who has been married for any length of time, must have had twins on two or three occasions; it is impossible to account for the extent of juvenile population in any other way.

这些衣着鲜艳的人们中有一些会博得你一笑，但他们都很讲卫生，很快乐，又都显得性情温和、善于交际。那两个母亲模样的女人穿着时髦的毛皮大衣，正亲密地交谈着，每讲三个字必定插入一个“太太”。她们大约一刻钟前才认识，是由称赞她们其中一个人的小儿子开始的，就是那个头戴三角粉色缎帽，上面插着黑色羽毛的小孩子。那两个身穿蓝色大衣和黄褐色裤子、来来回回走着还吸着烟斗的男人是她们的丈夫。对面包厢里的一小群人是很典型的游客。他们是父亲、母亲、老祖母，还有一个年轻男子和一个年轻女子，以及一个被亲切地称为“比尔叔叔”的人。显然，他是这群人中最风趣的一个。他们身边有五六个孩子，不过这点几乎不用提，因为这是再普通不过的事情。“茶室花园”里的每个妇女不管结婚多久了，必定会有两三对双胞胎，否则无法解释青少年人口的快速增长。

Observe the inexpressible delight of the old grandmother, at Uncle Bill's splendid joke of 'tea for four: bread-and-butter for forty;'

and the loud explosion of mirth which follows his wafering a paper 'pigtail' on the waiter's collar. The young man is evidently 'keeping company' with Uncle Bill's niece: and Uncle Bill's hints—such as 'Don't forget me at the dinner, you know,' 'I shall look out for the cake, Sally,' 'I'll be godfather to your first—wager it's a boy,' and so forth, are equally embarrassing to the young people, and delightful to the elder ones. As to the old grandmother, she is in perfect ecstasies, and does nothing but laugh herself into fits of coughing, until they have finished the 'gin-and-water warm with,' of which Uncle Bill ordered 'glasses round' after tea, 'just to keep the night air out, and to do it up comfortable and riglar arter sitch an as-tonishing hot day!'

看看老祖母听到比尔叔叔讲的“四个人的茶，四十个人的黄油面包”这个绝妙的笑话时，乐得无法形容的样子吧。他在侍者的衣领上粘了一条纸“辫子”，又惹得大家发出一阵响亮的哄笑。那个年轻人明显在“陪伴”比尔叔叔的侄女。比尔叔叔暗示的话，比如“晚饭时别忘了我，你知道的。”“萨莉，我该去吃个蛋糕。”“我要当你们第一个孩子的教父——打赌是个男孩。”等诸如此类的话，让年轻人听了窘迫，同样使年长人听了愉快。老祖母真是高兴得心醉神迷，只顾着笑，笑得都咳嗽起来了，直到大家喝完“暖身的姜汁”才停止。比尔叔叔在茶点之后给每个人来了一杯这种饮料，“只是为了避免晚上着凉，经过热得惊人的一天后舒服一下”。

It is getting dark, and the people begin to move. The field leading to town is quite full of them; the little hand-chaises are dragged wearily along, the children are tired, and amuse themselves and the company generally by crying, or resort to the much more pleasant expedient of going to sleep—the mothers begin to wish they were at home again—sweethearts grow more sentimental than ever, as the time for parting arrives—the gardens look mournful enough, by the light of the two lanterns which hang against the trees for the convenience of smokers—and the waiters who have been running about incessantly for the last six hours, think they feel a little tired, as they count their glasses and their gains.

夜幕降临，人们开始散去。通向城里的田野上到处都是人。他们疲惫地拉着小巧的手动轻马车，孩子们也累了，用哭喊给自己和伙伴们作消遣，或者诉诸于睡觉这种比较愉快的权宜之计。母亲们开始希望她们是呆在家里，情人们比以前更伤感，因为分手的时刻已到。花园在两盏挂在树上为吸烟的人准备的灯笼映衬下，显得很阴郁。而那些在过去的六个小时里一直跑个不停的侍者们，在清点玻璃杯和报酬时，觉得有些累了。

CHAPTER X THE RIVER

第十章　河

'Are you fond of the water?' is a question very frequently asked, in hot summer weather, by amphibious-looking young men. 'Very,' is the general reply. 'An't you?'—'Hardly ever off it,' is the response, accompanied by sundry adjectives, expressive of the speaker's heartfelt admiration of that element. Now, with all respect for the opinion of society in general, and cutter clubs in particular, we humbly suggest that some of the most painful reminiscences in the mind of every individual who has occasionally disported himself on the Thames, must be connected with his aquatic recreations. Who ever heard of a successful water-party?—or to put the question in a still more intelligible form, who ever saw one? We have been on water excursions out of number, but we solemnly declare that we cannot call to mind one single occasion of the kind, which was not marked by more miseries than any one would suppose could be reasonably crowded into the space of some eight or nine hours. Something has always gone wrong. Either the cork of the salad-dressing has come out, or the most anxiously expected member of the party has not come out, or the most disagreeable man in company would come out, or a child or two have fallen into the water, or the gentleman who undertook to steer has endangered everybody's life all the way, or the gentlemen who volunteered to row have been 'out of practice,' and performed very alarming evolutions, putting their oars down into the water and not being able to get them up again, or taking terrific pulls without putting them in at all; in either case, pitching over on the backs of their heads with startling violence, and exhibiting the soles of their pumps to the 'sitters' in the boat, in a very humiliating manner.

“你喜欢水吗？”这是水陆两栖模样的小伙子们在炎热的夏季经常问到的一个问题。“非常喜欢。”一般人会这么回答。“真的啊？”“几乎从不离开它。”就是这样的回答，同时伴着各种形容词以表达说话者对水由衷的赞美。现在，在充分尊重社会上的普遍观点，特别是快艇俱乐部的观点的基础上，我们谦恭地建议每个在泰晤士河上偶尔玩过的人都应把他们脑海中某些最痛苦的回忆和他的水上娱乐联系起来。谁曾听说过一次成功的水上聚会？或者把这个问题问得更明白一些，谁见过这样的聚会吗？我们曾多次参加水上游览，但我们要严肃地声明，我们从来不记得有哪次游览遇到的苦难不是比任何人能预料到在八九个小时之内发生的苦难还要多。总会有些事情出错。不是沙拉调味瓶的软木塞掉下来了，就是大家最焦急地期待着的一名聚会成员没有出现，或是团体里最令人讨厌的人出现了，要么就是一两个小孩落水，或是负责掌舵的绅士一路

上给每个人的生命带来种种危险。再或是自愿划船的绅士“疏于练习”，做出各种让人惊慌的举动，或是把船桨放进水里之后提不上来，或是使劲地划，桨却没有放进水里。这两种情况下，他们都是脑袋用力往后仰，把自己的轻便舞鞋的鞋底展示给坐在船上的人们看，这种举止真是丢人现眼。

We grant that the banks of the Thames are very beautiful at Richmond and Twickenham, and other distant havens, often sought though seldom reached; but from the 'Red-us' back to Blackfriars-bridge, the scene is wonderfully changed. The Penitentiary is a noble building, no doubt, and the sportive youths who 'go in' at that particular part of the river, on a summer's evening, may be all very well in perspective; but when you are obliged to keep in shore coming home, and the young ladies will colour up, and look perseveringly the other way, while the married dittos cough slightly, and stare very hard at the water, you feel awkward— especially if you happen to have been attempting the most distant approach to sentimentality, for an hour or two previously.

我们承认，泰晤士河在里士满和特威肯汉姆，以及远处经常有人寻找却鲜有人到达的港口处的河两岸都很美丽。不过，从“红所”到“黑修士桥”这一路的景色变化惊人。毋庸置疑，那个“妓女收容所”是个高尚的建筑物。夏日的夜晚，“走入”这个河段的好色青年们可能没什么问题。但是，如果你回家的时候必须靠着岸的话，年轻姑娘们脸上就会泛起红晕，固执地把头扭向一边，已婚的女士则轻轻地咳嗽，紧盯着河水。这时，你会觉得很奇怪——特别是如果你在一两个小时前碰巧想稍微表示一下多情的话。

Although experience and suffering have produced in our minds the result we have just stated, we are by no means blind to a proper sense of the fun which a looker-on may extract from the amateurs of boating. What can be more amusing than Searle's yard on a fine Sunday morning? It's a Richmond tide, and some dozen boats are preparing for the reception of the parties who have engaged them. Two or three fellows in great rough trousers and Guernsey shirts, are getting them ready by easy stages; now coming down the yard with a pair of sculls and a cushion—then having a chat with the 'Jack,' who, like all his tribe, seems to be wholly incapable of doing anything but lounging about—then going back again, and returning with a rudder-line and a stretcher—then solacing themselves with another chat—and then wondering, with their hands in their capacious pockets, 'where them gentlemen's got to as ordered the six.' One of these, the head man, with the legs of his trousers carefully tucked up at the bottom, to admit the water, we presume—for it is an element in which he is infinitely more at home than on land—is quite a character, and shares with the defunct oyster-swallower the celebrated name of 'Dando.'

Watch him, as taking a few minutes' respite from his toils, he negligently seats himself on the edge of a boat, and fans his broad bushy chest with a cap scarcely half so furry. Look at his magnificent, though reddish whiskers, and mark the somewhat native humour with which he 'chaffs' the boys and 'prentices, or cunningly gammons the gen'lm'n into the gift of a glass of gin, of which we verily believe he swallows in one day as much as any six ordinary men, without ever being one atom the worse for it.

尽管经历和痛苦在我们心中产生了上述的结果，我们绝不会对一个旁观者从业余划船者身上得到的一些快乐熟视无睹。还有什么能比在晴朗的星期天早上去瑟尔码头更有意思呢？当时正值里士满涨潮，成打的船只正准备迎接雇佣它们的聚会者。两三个穿着粗布宽裤和水手衫的家伙正从容地准备着，拿着一对短浆和一个垫子朝码头走来。接着，他们和某个水手聊聊天，后者就像这个行业的其他所有人一样游手好闲，好像其他任何事情都做不来一样。随后，他们又走回去，回来时拿了一根舵缆和一块划水的脚踏板，然后再找个人说话来聊以自慰，再把手插在宽松的口袋里，琢磨着："那个雇了六个人的绅士去哪儿了？"他们中把裤腿仔细地挽起来的人是头儿，我们认为他这样是为了便于涉水——因为他在水里比在岸上要自在得多。他是个人物，与已经不在世的那个吞牡蛎的人重名，叫"丹多"。快看他，在辛苦的工作之余休息一下，随意地坐在船舷上，用帽子扇着毛发浓密的宽阔胸膛，那帽子上的毛还不到他胸毛的一半多。看他那尽管发红却依然动人的胡须，再留意他带着本地特有的幽默感跟男孩子们和学徒们开着玩笑，或巧妙地从绅士们那里骗来一杯杜松子酒。我们很确定地相信，他一天喝下去的杜松子酒能顶任何六个普通人加一起的酒量，却一点也不受影响。

But the party arrives, and Dando, relieved from his state of uncertainty, starts up into activity. They approach in full aquatic costume, with round blue jackets, striped shirts, and caps of all sizes and patterns, from the velvet skull-cap of French manufacture, to the easy head-dress familiar to the students of the old spelling-books, as having, on the authority of the portrait, formed part of the costume of the Reverend Mr. Dilworth.

不过，雇船的人到了，丹多不安的情绪也释然了。他开始干活了。他们穿着全副水上装束走过来，有圆柱形的蓝夹克、条纹衫、各种尺寸和样式的帽子、法国产的天鹅绒轻便帽，以及读过旧时拼写课本的学生们都很熟悉的宽松型头巾。因为从课本上的权威肖像可知，这是迪尔沃思牧师装束的一部分。

This is the most amusing time to observe a regular Sunday water-party. There has evidently been up to this period no inconsiderable degree of boasting on everybody's part relative to his knowledge of navigation; the sight of the water rapidly cools their courage, and the air of self-denial with which each of them insists on somebody else's taking an oar, is perfectly delightful. At length, after a great deal of

changing and fidgeting, consequent upon the election of a stroke-oar: the inability of one gentleman to pull on this side, of another to pull on that, and of a third to pull at all, the boat's crew are seated. 'Shove her off!' cries the cockswain, who looks as easy and comfortable as if he were steering in the Bay of Biscay. The order is obeyed; the boat is immediately turned completely round, and proceeds towards Westminster-bridge, amidst such a splashing and struggling as never was seen before, except when the Royal George went down. 'Back wa'ater, sir,' shouts Dando, 'Back wa'ater, you sir, aft;' upon which everybody thinking he must be the individual referred to, they all back water, and back comes the boat, stern first, to the spot whence it started. 'Back water, you sir, aft; pull round, you sir, for'ad, can't you?' shouts Dando, in a frenzy of excitement. 'Pull round, Tom, can't you?' re-echoes one of the party. 'Tom an't for'ad,' replies another. 'Yes, he is,' cries a third; and the unfortunate young man, at the imminent risk of breaking a blood-vessel, pulls and pulls, until the head of the boat fairly lies in the direction of Vauxhall-bridge. 'That's right—now pull all on you!'shouts Dando again, adding, in an under-tone, to somebody by him, 'Blowed if hever I see sich a set of muffs!' and away jogs the boat in a zigzag direction, every one of the six oars dipping into the water at a different time; and the yard is once more clear, until the arrival of the next party.

这正是观赏普通周日水上聚会最有意思的时刻。显然，到现在，人人都已经对自己的航行知识大加吹捧。但一看到水，他们的勇气马上就冷却下来，每个人都否定自我，坚持让别人持浆，那样子真是有趣极了。最后，经过一番主意改变和交涉，结果选出了一位尾桨手。一位绅士不能划这边，另一位不能划那边，还有一位则根本不会划船——船员们落座。“把船推开！”舵手喊道，看上去仿佛像在比斯开湾掌舵一样轻松自如。命令得以执行。船立刻转了一圈，向着威斯敏斯特桥方向前进。除了“皇家乔治”号下沉那次，历史上从未有过这样水花飞溅、挣扎划船的情形。“倒着划，先生！”丹多喊着，“倒着划，先生，你要朝后划！”听见这话，大家都以为在说自己呢，便都倒划起来。于是，船就倒退，船尾先回到了出发点。“倒划，先生，你要朝船尾划。要朝反方向划，这位先生你要向前划，你不会向前划吗？”丹多激动地狂喊道。“反方向划啊，汤姆，你会不会？”人群中有一个人重复着。“汤姆，不是向前划。”另一个又答道。“是的，他在向前划呢。”又一个喊道。于是，这个不幸的年轻人就冒着随时血管破裂的危险划呀划，直到船头完全朝向沃克斯霍尔桥。“这就对了——现在，你们都划啊！”丹多再次喊道，对身旁的某个人低声加了句，“见鬼，从来没见过这种笨蛋！”船左右摇摆蜿蜒向前，六个船桨伸进水里的时间都不统一。码头又恢复了平静，直到下一批人到达。

A well-contested rowing-match on the Thames, is a very lively and interesting scene. The water is studded with boats of all sorts,

kinds, and descriptions; places in the coal-barges at the different wharfs are let to crowds of spectators, beer and tobacco flow freely about; men, women, and children wait for the start in breathless expectation; cutters of six and eight oars glide gently up and down, waiting to accompany their proteges during the race; bands of music add to the animation, if not to the harmony of the scene; groups of watermen are assembled at the different stairs, discussing the merits of the respective candidates; and the prize wherry, which is rowed slowly about by a pair of sculls, is an object of general interest.

泰晤士河上竞争激烈的划船比赛是个非常生动有趣的场面。河上散布着各式各样的船只，各个码头上运煤的驳船都对成群结队的参观人群开放，啤酒和烟草可随意享用。男人、女人和孩子屏气等待比赛开始。配有六桨和八桨的小艇缓慢地划来划去，等着在比赛中与它们保护的船只同行。乐队如果没有让这场面显得更加和谐的话，也给它增添了几分活力。一伙伙船工们聚集在各个台阶上，议论着各个选手的长处。那艘单人划的小船是奖品，由一对短桨缓缓地来回划着，它是大家兴趣的焦点。

Two o'clock strikes, and everybody looks anxiously in the direction of the bridge through which the candidates for the prize will come—half-past two, and the general attention which has been preserved so long begins to flag, when suddenly a gun is heard, and a noise of distant hurra'ing along each bank of the river—every head is bent forward—the noise draws nearer and nearer—the boats which have been waiting at the bridge start briskly up the river, and a well-manned galley shoots through the arch, the sitters cheering on the boats behind them, which are not yet visible.

两点的钟声敲响了，所有人都急切地注视着桥的方向，争夺奖品的选手们要穿过那座桥才能过来。两点半了，大家保持了那么久的注意力开始低落下来。突然一声枪响，随即河的两岸远远传来吵闹声，所有人的脑袋都向前探去。吵闹声越来越近，一直在桥边等候的那些船开始敏捷地朝河的这个方向划过来。一艘由高水平的划手持桨的单层甲板大帆船从拱桥下疾驰而来，坐在船上的人对着后面的船只欢呼，其中有些还看不到。

'Here they are,' is the general cry—and through darts the first boat, the men in her, stripped to the skin, and exerting every muscle to preserve the advantage they have gained—four other boats follow close astern; there are not two boats' length between them—the shouting is tremendous, and the interest intense. 'Go on, Pink'—'Give it her, Red'—'Sulliwin for ever'—'Bravo!George'—‘Now, Tom, now—now—now—why don't your partner stretch out?'—'Two pots to a pint on Yellow,'&c.,&c. Every little public-house fires its gun, and hoists its flag; and the men who win the heat, come in, amidst a splashing and shouting, and banging and confusion, which no one can imagine who

has not witnessed it, and of which any description would convey a very faint idea.

“他们来了。”大家齐声喊着。第一艘船猛冲过来，船上的选手们都赤着膊，运用每一块肌肉的力量来保持他们已获得的优势。其他四艘船紧跟它的船尾，之间的距离不到两艘船的长度。呼声惊天动地，人们兴趣高涨。“划啊，粉红色的！”“拿出点颜色看看，红色的！”“沙利文永夺第一！”“好极了，乔治！”“嘿，汤姆，嘿——嘿——嘿——你的搭档怎么不伸手啊？”“我押两壶一品脱的酒，堵黄的赢。”等等。每个小酒馆都放了枪，升起各自的旗帜。赢得这个热烈场面的选手在水花四溅和呼喊声中，以及乱糟糟的撞击声中过来了。没有亲眼见到此情此景的人是无法想象到的，任何描述也只能传达一个苍白无力的概念。

One of the most amusing places we know is the steam-wharf of the London Bridge, or St. Katharine's Dock Company, on a Saturday morning in summer, when the Gravesend and Margate steamers are usually crowded to excess; and as we have just taken a glance at the river above bridge, we hope our readers will not object to accompany us on board a Gravesend packet.

我们所知道的最有趣的地方之一就是伦敦桥或圣凯瑟琳船坞公司的蒸汽码头。夏日的周六上午，格雷夫森德和马盖特的汽轮常常挤到爆。我们刚才看了一眼桥上游的情况，希望读者不要反对陪我们登上开往格雷夫森德的邮船。

Coaches are every moment setting down at the entrance to the wharf, and the stare of bewildered astonishment with which the 'fares' resign themselves and their luggage into the hands of the porters, who seize all the packages at once as a matter of course, and run away with them, heaven knows where, is laughable in the extreme. A Margate boat lies alongside the wharf, the Gravesend boat (which starts first) lies alongside that again; and as a temporary communication is formed between the two, by means of a plank and hand-rail, the natural confusion of the scene is by no means diminished.

每时每刻都有公共马车到达码头。乘客们惊讶又迷惑的样子让人捧腹大笑，他们顺从地把行李交到搬运工手里。后者立即理所当然地抓起所有的行李，拿着拔腿就跑，天晓得他们去了哪里。一艘去马盖特的船停泊在码头边，去格雷夫森德的船（第一个出发）又泊在了它的旁边。它们之间依靠一块厚木板和一排扶手栏杆构成了临时交通要道，这让本来就很纷乱的场面更加混杂。

'Gravesend?' inquires a stout father of a stout family, who follow him, under the guidance of their mother, and a servant, at the no small risk of two or three of them being left behind in the confusion. 'Gravesend?'

“去格雷夫森德吗？” 一个身材矮胖的父亲问道，他身后跟着的孩子也同样身材矮胖。孩子们由母亲和一个仆人引导，其中两三个还可能会在混乱中被落下，而且风险还不小。“格雷夫森德吗？”

'Pass on, if you please, sir,' replies the attendant—'other boat, sir.'

“请继续往前，先生。”侍者回答道，“先生，另一艘船。”

Hereupon the stout father, being rather mystified, and the stout mother rather distracted by maternal anxiety, the whole party deposit themselves in the Margate boat, and after having congratulated himself on having secured very comfortable seats, the stout father sallies to the chimney to look for his luggage, which he has a faint recollection of having given some man, something, to take somewhere. No luggage, however, bearing the most remote resemblance to his own, in shape or form, is to be discovered; on which the stout father calls very loudly for an officer, to whom he states the case, in the presence of another father of another family—a little thin man—who entirely concurs with him (the stout father) in thinking that it's high time something was done with these steam companies, and that as the Corporation Bill failed to do it, something else must; for really people's property is not to be sacrificed in this way; and that if the luggage isn't restored without delay, he will take care it shall be put in the papers, for the public is not to be the victim of these great monopolies. To this, the officer, in his turn, replies, that that company, ever since it has been St. Kat'rine's Dock Company, has protected life and property; that if it had been the London Bridge Wharf Company, indeed, he shouldn't have wondered, seeing that the morality of that company (they being the opposition) can't be answered for, by no one; but as it is, he's convinced there must be some mistake, and he wouldn't mind making a solemn oath afore a magistrate that the gentleman'll find his luggage afore he gets to Margate.

这时，那个矮胖的父亲有点疑惑了，矮胖的母亲又因为焦虑着照看孩子而分了神。他们全家就在去往马盖特的船上坐定，还十分庆幸能有这么舒适的座位坐。之后，矮胖的父亲冲到峡谷口去寻找他们的行李，他隐约记得曾经把某些东西给了某些人让他送到某个地方。但那儿连自己行李的影儿都没有，所有的行李形状和样子都和自己的行李一点儿也不一样。因此，这位矮胖的父亲大声叫来了一位代理人，当着另一位父亲的面，把事情陈述了一遍。另一位父亲是一个身材瘦小的人，他完全同意矮胖父亲的意见，认为是时候整治一下这些汽轮公司了。既然《公司法》对它们不起作用，那就必须来点别的，因为人民的财产不能以这种方式丢失。还说如果行李不能马上送还，他一定会把这事公诸报端，因为公众不能成为这些巨大的垄断行业的受害者。轮到这位代理人说话时，他对此作出了回答。他说，圣凯瑟琳船坞公司自成立以来就一直保护生命和财产。如果这事发生在伦敦桥码头公司的话，他一定不会觉得

奇怪，因为那家公司（这两家公司互为对手）的道德是没有一个人能保证的。不过既然事情发生了，他相信一定是出了什么岔子，而且他愿意在法官面前郑重发誓要在这位先生到达马盖特之前找到他的行李。

Here the stout father, thinking he is making a capital point, replies, that as it happens, he is not going to Margate at all, and that 'Passenger to Gravesend' was on the luggage, in letters of full two inches long; on which the officer rapidly explains the mistake, and the stout mother, and the stout children, and the servant, are hurried with all possible despatch on board the Gravesend boat, which they reached just in time to discover that their luggage is there, and that their comfortable seats are not. Then the bell, which is the signal for the Gravesend boat starting, begins to ring most furiously: and people keep time to the bell, by running in and out of our boat at a double-quick pace. The bell stops; the boat starts: people who have been taking leave of their friends on board, are carried away against their will; and people who have been taking leave of their friends on shore, find that they have performed a very needless ceremony, in consequence of their not being carried away at all. The regular passengers, who have season tickets, go below to breakfast; people who have purchased morning papers, compose themselves to read them; and people who have not been down the river before, think that both the shipping and the water, look a great deal better at a distance.

这时，那位觉得自己论证有力的矮胖的父亲回答道碰巧他根本不是要去马盖特，而且他的行李上贴着“乘客区格雷夫森德”的标签，每个字母足足有两英寸宽。听了以后，代理人马上解释了错误，矮胖的母亲、矮胖的孩子们和那个仆人争分夺秒地匆忙赶到开往格雷夫森德的船上。他们及时赶到，刚上船就发现他们的行李在那儿，但是却没有舒适的座位了。接着，一阵响亮猛烈的铃声传来，这是去往格雷夫森德的船起航的信号。人们踩着铃声加快脚步，有的跑上我们的船，有的跑出我们的船。铃声停止了，船开了。在船上和朋友们告别的人们被强行带走了。在岸上和朋友分别的人们则发现自己正进行的仪式毫无必要，因为他们已经错过了上船的时间。有季票的常客走下去吃早饭，买了早报的人自己安静地看报，没有坐过船的人则认为船和河水从远处看会更好看。

When we get down about as far as Blackwall, and begin to move at a quicker rate, the spirits of the passengers appear to rise in proportion. Old women who have brought large wicker hand-baskets with them, set seriously to work at the demolition of heavy sandwiches, and pass round a wine-glass, which is frequently replenished from a flat bottle like a stomach-warmer, with considerable glee: handing it first to the gentleman in the foraging-cap, who plays the harp—partly as an expression of satisfaction with his previous exertions, and partly to induce him to play 'Dumbledumbdeary,' for 'Alick' to dance to; which being done, Alick,

who is a damp earthy child in red worsted socks, takes certain small jumps upon the deck, to the unspeakable satisfaction of his family circle. Girls who have brought the first volume of some new novel in their reticule, become extremely plaintive, and expatiate to Mr. Brown, or young Mr. O'Brien, who has been looking over them, on the blueness of the sky, and brightness of the water; on which Mr. Brown or Mr. O'Brien, as the case may be, remarks in a low voice that he has been quite insensible of late to the beauties of nature, that his whole thoughts and wishes have centred in one object alone—whereupon the young lady looks up, and failing in her attempt to appear unconscious, looks down again; and turns over the next leaf with great difficulty, in order to afford opportunity for a lengthened pressure of the hand.

我们一直航行到布莱克瓦尔时，开始加速，乘客们的精神也随之高涨起来。带了手编柳条篮子的老妇人严肃地忙活着消灭掉结实的三明治，还把一个酒杯传出去，兴高采烈地不停从一个像热水袋一样的扁平瓶子里倒酒。她先是把酒杯递给那位戴着便帽、弹竖琴的先生——一方面是表达对他先前表演的满意之情，同时也是诱使他弹“叮叮当”，让阿利克跟着跳舞。旋律弹起来以后，阿利克，那个穿着红色毛袜、沮丧又粗鄙的孩子就在甲板上小步跳着，这让他的家人满意得无以言表。有些姑娘把某个新近出版小说的第一卷放在手提包里随身带来，变得极其哀伤，对一直望向她们的布朗先生或年轻的奥布赖恩先生详细诉说着天空如何湛蓝，河水如何清澈。对此，布朗先生或奥布赖恩先生就根据实情低声说，他最近对大自然的美丽不太敏感，因为他的整个心思和愿景都放在了一个人身上。听了这话，这位年轻的姑娘抬起头，但又无法装作对这话的含义毫无意识，于是又垂下了眼睛。她费力地翻过一页书，好让自己的手有机会被多握一会儿。

Telescopes, sandwiches, and glasses of brandy-and-water cold without, begin to be in great requisition; and bashful men who have been looking down the hatchway at the engine, find, to their great relief, a subject on which they can converse with one another—and a copious one too—Steam.

望远镜、三明治和一杯杯加冰水不加糖的白兰地的需求量开始变得极大。一直朝舱口下望着蒸汽机的害羞的男子们长长地舒了口气，因为他们找到了可以相互交流的话题——而且是个可以聊很久的话题——蒸汽。

'Wonderful thing steam, sir.' 'Ah! (a deep-drawn sigh) it is indeed, sir.' 'Great power, sir.' 'Immense—immense!' 'Great deal done by steam, sir.' 'Ah! (another sigh at the immensity of the subject, and a knowing shake of the head) you may say that, sir.' 'Still in its infancy, they say, sir.' Novel remarks of this kind, are generally the commencement of a conversation which is prolonged until the conclusion of the trip, and, perhaps, lays the foundation of a speaking acquaintance between half-a-dozen gentlemen, who, having their

families at Gravesend, take season tickets for the boat, and dine on board regularly every afternoon.

“蒸气是多么美好的东西啊，先生。” “啊！（深深地叹了口气）的确是这样啊，先生。”“能量巨大，先生。”“太大了——太大了！”“蒸汽的用途很大呀，先生。”“啊！（对这个宽泛的话题又加一声叹息，还博学地摇了摇头）先生，你说得对。”“他们说蒸气还在初级阶段，先生。”此类创新评论通常都是一场谈话的开端，而且这个谈话会一直延续到旅行结束，或许能让五六个人形成点头之交。这些人的家庭都在格雷夫森德，他们使用季票乘船，有每个下午在船上用餐的习惯。

CHAPTER XI ASTLEY'S

第十一章　阿斯特利马戏场

We never see any very large, staring, black Roman capitals, in a book, or shop-window, or placarded on a wall, without their immediately recalling to our mind an indistinct and confused recollection of the time when we were first initiated in the mysteries of the alphabet. We almost fancy we see the pen's point following the letter, to impress its form more strongly on our bewildered imagination; and wince involuntarily, as we remember the hard knuckles with which the reverend old lady who instilled into our mind the first principles of education for ninepence per week, or ten and sixpence per quarter, was wont to poke our juvenile head occasionally, by way of adjusting the confusion of ideas in which we were generally involved. The same kind of feeling pursues us in many other instances, but there is no place which recalls so strongly our recollections of childhood as Astley's. It was not a 'Royal Amphitheatre' in those days, nor had Ducrow arisen to shed the light of classic taste and portable gas over the sawdust of the circus; but the whole character of the place was the same, the pieces were the same, the clown's jokes were the same, the riding- masters were equally grand, the comic performers equally witty, the tragedians equally hoarse, and the 'highly-trained chargers' equally spirited. Astley's has altered for the better—we have changed for the worse. Our histrionic taste is gone, and with shame we confess, that we are far more delighted and amused with the audience, than with the pageantry we once so highly appreciated.

我们每次看见书上、商店橱窗里，抑或是墙上的布告上显眼、又大又黑的罗马大写字体时，总是模糊而困惑地回忆起初涉神秘的字母表时的往事。我们几乎想象自己看着笔尖描过字母，以让字母的形状在我们迷糊的脑海中留下深刻的印象。我们想起那位受人尊重的老太太坚硬的指关节，不由自主地打了个寒颤。她在我们的头脑中灌输最初的教育原理，工资是每周九便士，或每个季度十先令六便士。她习惯偶尔用指关节敲打我们年少的脑袋，以调整我们都曾遇到过的混乱思想。我们在其他事情中也有这种感觉，却没有哪一个地方能像阿斯特利马戏团那样强烈地唤起我们童年的记忆。它不是那个时代的一个“皇家露天圆形剧场”，也没有可以把古典味道和活动煤气灯的光芒投在马戏团的锯屑上的迪克罗出现。但是，这个地方的整体特点与剧场一样，同样的作品，同样的小丑笑料，同样壮观的骑术大师，同样诙谐的滑稽表演者，有着同样沙哑嗓音的悲剧演员，还有同样生气勃勃的“训练有素的战马”。阿斯特利马戏团变得更好——我们变得更坏。我们的戏剧品位已经丧失，我

们也羞愧地承认，与过去我们曾高度赞赏的壮观演出相比，观众更能让我们感到快乐和有趣。

We like to watch a regular Astley's party in the Easter or Midsummer holidays—pa and ma, and nine or ten children, varying from five foot six to two foot eleven: from fourteen years of age to four. We had just taken our seat in one of the boxes, in the centre of the house, the other night, when the next was occupied by just such a party as we should have attempted to describe, had we depicted our beau ideal of a group of Astley's visitors.

我们喜欢在复活节或夏至节日去观察阿斯特利的固定观众——爸爸、妈妈和九个或十个小孩，孩子们的身高从二英尺十一英寸到五英尺六英寸不等，年龄在四岁到十四岁之间。前不久的一个晚上，我们刚刚在马戏场中央的一个包厢里坐下，就有几个人在我们隔壁坐下了。如果我们要描述阿斯特利马戏团最理想的观众的话，这些人正是我们的目标。

First of all, there came three little boys and a little girl, who, in pursuance of pa's directions, issued in a very audible voice from the box-door, occupied the front row; then two more little girls were ushered in by a young lady, evidently the governess. Then came three more little boys, dressed like the first, in blue jackets and trousers, with lay-down shirt-collars: then a child in a braided frock and high state of astonishment, with very large round eyes, opened to their utmost width, was lifted over the seats—a process which occasioned a considerable display of little pink legs—then came ma and pa, and then the eldest son, a boy of fourteen years old, who was evidently trying to look as if he did not belong to the family.

首先，三个小男孩和一个小女孩进来了，听从父亲的指示坐在了第一排。父亲在包厢门口发出声音，清晰可闻。接着，一个年轻的女士领着另外两个小女孩进来，她很明显是女家庭教师。接着又有三个小男孩进来，穿的衣服和第一次进来的三个小男孩一样，都是蓝色的短外套和裤子，以及翻领衬衫。接下来进来的一个小孩穿着有穗带的罩袍，显得十分吃惊，两个圆圆的大眼睛瞪得大大的。这个小孩被举过座位——这个过程中，他粉色的小腿露出了一大截——接着，爸妈进来了，紧接着是大儿子。他是一个十四岁的男孩，显然想表现出不属于这个家庭的架势。

The first five minutes were occupied in taking the shawls off the little girls, and adjusting the bows which ornamented their hair; then it was providentially discovered that one of the little boys was seated behind a pillar and could not see, so the governess was stuck behind the pillar, and the boy lifted into her place. Then pa drilled the boys, and directed the stowing away of their pocket- handkerchiefs, and ma having first nodded and winked to the governess to pull the girls'

frocks a little more off their shoulders, stood up to review the little troop—an inspection which appeared to terminate much to her own satisfaction, for she looked with a complacent air at pa, who was standing up at the further end of the seat. Pa returned the glance, and blew his nose very emphatically; and the poor governess peeped out from behind the pillar, and timidly tried to catch ma's eye, with a look expressive of her high admiration of the whole family. Then two of the little boys who had been discussing the point whether Astley's was more than twice as large as Drury Lane, agreed to refer it to 'George' for his decision; at which 'George,' who was no other than the young gentleman before noticed, waxed indignant, and remonstrated in no very gentle terms on the gross impropriety of having his name repeated in so loud a voice at a public place, on which all the children laughed very heartily, and one of the little boys wound up by expressing his opinion, that 'George began to think himself quite a man now,' whereupon both pa and ma laughed too; and George (who carried a dress cane and was cultivating whiskers) muttered that 'William always was encouraged in his impertinence;' and assumed a look of profound contempt, which lasted the whole evening.

给小女孩们解下围巾和整理她们头上的蝴蝶结占用了开头的五分钟时间。接着，正好发现一个小男孩坐在了一根柱子后面，看不见表演。于是，女家庭教师就挤在了柱子后面，把小男孩举到她的位子上。爸爸训练男孩子们，指导他们如何把手帕叠好放到口袋里。妈妈先是对女家庭教师点了点头，使了个眼色，让她把女孩子们的罩袍从肩上往下拉一点。接着，她站起来，对这一小群人审阅了一番——这次检阅看来令她十分满意，因为她得意地望着爸爸，此时他正从远处另一端的座位上站起来。爸爸瞥了一眼作为回答，用力地擤了擤鼻子。那个可怜的女家庭教师从柱子后面朝外偷偷瞅着，羞怯地努力引起妈妈的注意，那眼神足以显出对整个家庭的高度羡慕之情。接着，其中两个男孩子刚才一直在讨论阿斯特利马戏场是否比德鲁里大道大一倍多，现在都同意让“乔治”来裁决这个问题。“乔治”正是前文提到的那位年轻先生。他大发雷霆，用很不文雅的话告诫他们，在公共场合大声地再三重复他的名字是十分不合适的。听了这话，所有的小孩儿都尽情地大笑了起来。其中一个小男孩总结性地发言说：“乔治已经开始认为自己是个男人了。”这话引得爸妈也都笑了，而乔治（他手拿套装手杖，正想蓄腮须）喃喃低语道：“威廉的傲慢总受到鼓励。”他摆出一副极其轻视的神态，还保持了一晚上。

The play began, and the interest of the little boys knew no bounds. Pa was clearly interested too, although he very unsuccessfully endeavoured to look as if he wasn't. As for ma, she was perfectly overcome by the drollery of the principal comedian, and laughed till every one of the immense bows on her ample cap trembled, at which the governess peeped out from behind the pillar again, and whenever

she could catch ma's eye, put her handkerchief to her mouth, and appeared, as in duty bound, to be in convulsions of laughter also. Then when the man in the splendid armour vowed to rescue the lady or perish in the attempt, the little boys applauded vehemently, especially one little fellow who was apparently on a visit to the family, and had been carrying on a child's flirtation, the whole evening, with a small coquette of twelve years old, who looked like a model of her mamma on a reduced scale; and who, in common with the other little girls (who generally speaking have even more coquettishness about them than much older ones), looked very properly shocked, when the knight's squire kissed the princess's confidential chambermaid.

演出开始了，男孩子们看得兴趣盎然。爸爸显然看得也兴致勃勃的，尽管他努力装作不感兴趣的样子，可还是失败了。至于妈妈，她完全被喜剧主演的诙谐征服了，笑得大帽子上硕大的蝴蝶结全都颤动起来。看到这些，女家庭教师又从柱子后面往外瞥了一眼。她每次引起妈妈的注意时，都会用手帕遮在嘴，好像自己出于职责而笑得前仰后合一样。接下来，穿着华丽盔甲的男子发誓要营救那位女士并打算宁可为此付出生命时，小男孩们都热烈地鼓起掌来，尤其是其中一个显然是这家客人的小家伙。他整个晚上都稚气地挑逗一个十二岁的娇滴滴的小姑娘。那个女孩看起来像是她妈妈的翻版，只是身材小了而已。她同其他小女孩一样（一般说来，这些女孩要比年龄大一些的姑娘们更会展露娇羞），看到骑士的侍从亲吻公主的贴身侍女时，显出恰到好处的惊恐。

When the scenes in the circle commenced, the children were more delighted than ever; and the wish to see what was going forward, completely conquering pa's dignity, he stood up in the box, and applauded as loudly as any of them. Between each feat of horsemanship, the governess leant across to ma, and retailed the clever remarks of the children on that which had preceded: and ma, in the openness of her heart, offered the governess an acidulated drop, and the governess, gratified to be taken notice of, retired behind her pillar again with a brighter countenance: and the whole party seemed quite happy, except the exquisite in the back of the box, who, being too grand to take any interest in the children, and too insignificant to be taken notice of by anybody else, occupied himself, from time to time, in rubbing the place where the whiskers ought to be, and was completely alone in his glory.

马戏团场地里的表演开始时，孩子们比之前更加兴高采烈。想看接下来演什么的心愿完全征服了爸爸的尊严，他在包厢里站起来，像其他人一样热烈掌声。两个骑术表演盛宴间歇，女家庭教师向妈妈倾斜着身子，重复了一遍孩子们对之前演出的聪明评论。妈妈善意地给了她一颗酸味糖，后者对自己受到的注意很是满意，又退到柱子后面，面容显得更加欢喜。所有人似乎都很高兴，除了包厢后排那位优雅的人物。他傲

慢得对孩子们毫无兴趣，又因为太无关紧要而没有被其他人注意到。于是，他时不时地搓着该长出腮须的部位，完全陶醉在自己的荣耀中。

We defy any one who has been to Astley's two or three times, and is consequently capable of appreciating the perseverance with which precisely the same jokes are repeated night after night, and season after season, not to be amused with one part of the performances at least—we mean the scenes in the circle. For ourself, we know that when the hoop, composed of jets of gas, is let down, the curtain drawn up for the convenience of the half-price on their ejectment from the ring, the orange-peel cleared away, and the sawdust shaken, with mathematical precision, into a complete circle, we feel as much enlivened as the youngest child present; and actually join in the laugh which follows the clown's shrill shout of 'Here we are!' just for old acquaintance' sake. Nor can we quite divest ourself of our old feeling of reverence for the riding-master, who follows the clown with a long whip in his hand, and bows to the audience with graceful dignity. He is none of your second-rate riding-masters in nankeen dressing-gowns, with brown frogs, but the regular gentleman-attendant on the principal riders, who always wears a military uniform with a table-cloth inside the breast of the coat, in which costume he forcibly reminds one of a fowl trussed for roasting. He is—but why should we attempt to describe that of which no description can convey an adequate idea? Everybody knows the man, and everybody remembers his polished boots, his graceful demeanour, stiff, as some misjudging persons have in their jealousy considered it, and the splendid head of black hair, parted high on the forehead, to impart to the countenance an appearance of deep thought and poetic melancholy. His soft and pleasing voice, too, is in perfect unison with his noble bearing, as he humours the clown by indulging in a little badinage; and the striking recollection of his own dignity, with which he exclaims, 'Now, sir, if you please, inquire for Miss Woolford, sir,' can never be forgotten. The graceful air, too, with which he introduces Miss Woolford into the arena, and, after assisting her to the saddle, follows her fairy courser round the circle, can never fail to create a deep impression in the bosom of every female servant present.

我们藐视那些人，他们已经来过阿斯特利两三次，能够坚持对一夜又一夜、一季又一季地完全重复的笑话加以赏识，却对于表演中至少一部分没有兴趣——我们是说马戏场里的表演。至于我们自己，我们知道，那个由喷射出的气体组成的铁箍放下，幕布升起，以把买半价票的观众赶出圆圈时，人们把橘子皮一扫而光，震动着锯屑，如同数学般精确地使之围成一个圆圈。我们都感到如同在场的最小的孩子一样欣喜若狂。那个小丑向老观众尖叫“我们来了！”时，我们也真的跟着大家笑起来。我们也不能摆脱长久以来对骑术大师的崇敬之情，他随着小丑出

现，手里握一根长鞭，优雅而高贵地向观众鞠躬。他可不是你们那种身穿绣有山蛙的淡黄色晨袍的二流骑术演员，而是高级骑士的正规随从。他们总是穿着军装，外套的胸前里塞一块桌布。这身打扮总能让人们形象地联想起翅膀被捆住，正准备烘烤的家禽。他是——不过我们为什么要试图描写根本无法充分表达的情况呢？每个人都认识他，每个人都记得他那双擦得锃亮的靴子和优雅的仪态。一些人出于嫉妒把这种仪态误认为是僵硬。还有他那一头美丽的黑发，在前额高高地分开，给他的容颜平添了几分深思和诗一般的忧郁。他纵情于些许幽默情趣并和小丑开起玩笑时，那温柔而愉悦的声音与他高贵的举止相得益彰。他大声说："现在，先生，请您见一下伍尔福德小姐。"他说这话时显出惊人的尊严，让人永生难忘。他姿态优雅地把伍尔福德小姐引进竞技场，把她扶上马鞍之后，尾随她的骏马绕场一周。他那优雅的姿态总会给在场的每个女仆心中留下深刻的印象。

When Miss Woolford, and the horse, and the orchestra, all stop together to take breath, he urbanely takes part in some such dialogue as the following (commenced by the clown):'I say, sir!'—'Well, sir?' (it's always conducted in the politest manner.)—'Did you ever happen to hear I was in the army, sir?'—'No, sir.'—'Oh, yes, sir—I can go through my exercise, sir.'—'Indeed, sir!'— 'Shall I do it now, sir?'—'If you please, sir; come, sir—make haste' (a cut with the long whip, and 'Ha' done now—I don't like it,' from the clown). Here the clown throws himself on the ground, and goes through a variety of gymnastic convulsions, doubling himself up, and untying himself again, and making himself look very like a man in the most hopeless extreme of human agony, to the vociferous delight of the gallery, until he is interrupted by a second cut from the long whip, and a request to see 'what Miss Woolford's stopping for?' On which, to the inexpressible mirth of the gallery, he exclaims, 'Now, Miss Woolford, what can I come for to go, for to fetch, for to bring, for to carry, for to do, for you, ma'am?' On the lady's announcing with a sweet smile that she wants the two flags, they are, with sundry grimaces, procured and handed up; the clown facetiously observing after the performance of the latter ceremony—'He, he, oh! I say, sir, Miss Woolford knows me; she smiled at me.' Another cut from the whip, a burst from the orchestra, a start from the horse, and round goes Miss Woolford again on her graceful performance, to the delight of every member of the audience, young or old. The next pause affords an opportunity for similar witticisms, the only additional fun being that of the clown making ludicrous grimaces at the riding-master every time his back is turned; and finally quitting the circle by jumping over his head, having previously directed his attention another way.

伍尔福德小姐和那匹马，以及管弦乐队都停下来喘口气时，他文雅地加入下面这种对话（由小丑开始话茬）："先生啊！""怎么了？先

生？”（对话总是很有礼貌地进行）“先生，你可曾碰巧听说我参过军？”“没有，先生。”“噢，是啊，先生，那些操练我都会做，先生。”“是嘛！先生！”“我现在就做吧，先生？”“如果你愿意，就做吧，先生。来吧，先生，快一点。”（他挥了一下长鞭，然后小丑说道：“开始做了——我不喜欢它。”）接着，小丑倒在地上，做了各种体操动作，一会儿弯起身体，一会儿又伸展开，显出无比绝望、极其痛苦的样子，引得走廊上的观众高兴地大喊大叫，直到他的表演被第二次挥动的长鞭打断。这次，他被要求看看“伍尔福德小姐为什么停了下来？”他便喊道：“伍尔福德小姐，我能为你取什么，拿什么，带什么，搬什么，做什么，小姐？”这又逗得走廊上的观众一阵难以形容的大笑。小姐带着甜蜜的微笑回答道，她要两面旗子。小丑做着各式各样的鬼脸，把旗子拿来递给她。完成了这个仪式之后的表演后，小丑滑稽地说道：“嘿，嘿，哦！先生，伍尔福德小姐认识我，她朝我笑了。”长鞭又挥舞了一下，管弦乐队突然发声，骏马开始奔跑，伍尔福德小姐继续绕场做她优美的表演，这令观众们都高兴起来，不论男女老少。下一次间歇提供了类似的讲俏皮话的机会，唯一增加的乐趣是每次马术大师转过身去，小丑便对他扮荒唐的鬼脸。最后，小丑先引开他的注意力，然后猛然跳过他的头顶，离开场地。

Did any of our readers ever notice the class of people, who hang about the stage-doors of our minor theatres in the daytime? You will rarely pass one of these entrances without seeing a group of three or four men conversing on the pavement, with an indescribable public-house-parlour swagger, and a kind of conscious air, peculiar to people of this description. They always seem to think they are exhibiting; the lamps are ever before them. That young fellow in the faded brown coat, and very full light green trousers, pulls down the wristbands of his check shirt, as ostentatiously as if it were of the finest linen, and cocks the white hat of the summer-before-last as knowingly over his right eye, as if it were a purchase of yesterday. Look at the dirty white Berlin gloves, and the cheap silk handkerchief stuck in the bosom of his threadbare coat. Is it possible to see him for an instant, and not come to the conclusion that he is the walking gentleman who wears a blue surtout, clean collar, and white trousers, for half an hour, and then shrinks into his worn-out scanty clothes: who has to boast night after night of his splendid fortune, with the painful consciousness of a pound a-week and his boots to find; to talk of his father's mansion in the country, with a dreary recollection of his own two-pair back, in the New Cut; and to be envied and flattered as the favoured lover of a rich heiress, remembering all the while that the ex-dancer at home is in the family way, and out of an engagement?

有没有哪一个读者注意到有一个阶层的人白天在我们小剧院的后台门口晃来晃去？你走过后台任何一个入口时，几乎都会看到三四个人在人行道上交谈。他们像在酒吧间里一样虚夸，其程度简直无法用言语形

容，还装腔作势，这些都是这类人独有的气质。他们似乎总认为别人都在看自己，因为灯就在前面照着他们。有个年轻人穿着褪了色的棕色外套和宽松的浅绿色裤子。他把格子衬衫的袖口拉下来，那炫耀劲儿仿佛衬衫的布料是最上等的亚麻布，又把前年夏天买的白帽子故意斜盖在右眼上，仿佛是昨天新买的一样。看看他那双肮脏的白色细软毛线手套和破旧的外套胸前塞着的那方廉价的丝帕吧。有没有人瞧了他一眼，却没有发现：他便是那个穿了半小时蓝色外套、干净领饰和白色裤子，然后又缩进自己穿破了、小得不合身的衣服里的跑龙套演员；他夜复一夜地吹嘘着自己了不起的财富，自己却清楚地知道每周只有一英镑的报酬，而且靴子还没有找到；他提及父亲在乡下的一所豪宅，却郁闷地想到在新卡特的两间后屋；他称自己是一个富有的女继承人钟爱的情人并因此受到别人的羡慕和谄媚，却始终记得家里那个之前是舞女、现在失去工作的怀孕女人？

Next to him, perhaps, you will see a thin pale man, with a very long face, in a suit of shining black, thoughtfully knocking that part of his boot which once had a heel, with an ash stick. He is the man who does the heavy business, such as prosy fathers, virtuous servants, curates, landlords, and so forth.

或许，你在他旁边能看见一个瘦瘦的苍白男人。他长着一张长脸，穿着一身闪亮的黑衣，用一根白蜡树手杖若有所思地敲着靴子的一个部位，那里之前有一个鞋跟。他就是扮演压重角色的人，比如单调乏味的父亲、忠实的家仆、助理牧师、房东等等。

By the way, talking of fathers, we should very much like to see some piece in which all the dramatis personae were orphans. Fathers are invariably great nuisances on the stage, and always have to give the hero or heroine a long explanation of what was done before the curtain rose, usually commencing with 'It is now nineteen years, my dear child, since your blessed mother (here the old villain's voice falters) confided you to my charge. You were then an infant,' &c., &c. Or else they have to discover, all of a sudden, that somebody whom they have been in constant communication with, during three long acts, without the slightest suspicion, is their own child: in which case they exclaim, 'Ah! what do I see? what do I see? This bracelet! That smile! These documents! Those eyes! Can I believe my senses?—It must be!—Yes—it is, it is my child!'—'My father!' exclaims the child; and they fall into each other's arms, and look over each other's shoulders, and the audience give three rounds of applause.

顺便说一下，说起父亲，我们应该十分喜欢看一个剧中人物都是孤儿的表演作品。在舞台上，父亲一定是非常令人讨厌的。幕布升起前，他们总是要用一段冗长的解说来告诉男主人公或女主人公之前发生的事情。开场白通常是这样：“十九年前，我亲爱的孩子，你已过世的妈妈（说到此处，那个老恶棍的声音颤抖了）把你托付给我。你那时还是个婴儿。”诸如此类。或者就是他们突然发现自己在三幕长剧中经常接触的

某个人竟然毫无疑问是自己的亲生骨肉。在这种情况下，他们就会叫道：“啊！我看见了什么？这个手镯！那样的微笑！这些档案！那双眼睛！我能相信自己的感官吗？一定是这样的！是的，是我的孩子！”“爸爸啊！”孩子喊道。接着，他们拥抱在一起，眼神越过对方的肩膀，望着远处。观众们连鼓了三次掌。

To return from this digression, we were about to say, that these are the sort of people whom you see talking, and attitudinising, outside the stage-doors of our minor theatres. At Astley's they are always more numerous than at any other place. There is generally a groom or two, sitting on the window-sill, and two or three dirty shabby-genteel men in checked neckerchiefs, and sallow linen, lounging about, and carrying, perhaps, under one arm, a pair of stage shoes badly wrapped up in a piece of old newspaper. Some years ago we used to stand looking, open-mouthed, at these men, with a feeling of mysterious curiosity, the very recollection of which provokes a smile at the moment we are writing. We could not believe that the beings of light and elegance, in milk-white tunics, salmon-coloured legs, and blue scarfs, who flitted on sleek cream-coloured horses before our eyes at night, with all the aid of lights, music, and artificial flowers, could be the pale, dissipated-looking creatures we beheld by day.

言归正传，我们要说的是，他们就是那类你在我们小剧院后台门外看见的装模作样谈着话的人。阿斯特利马戏场的这类人要比其他地方多得多。一般总有一两个马夫坐在窗台上，还有两三个邋遢却冒充上流人士的人戴着方格领巾，穿着灰黄色的亚麻外衣，无所事事地闲逛，或许还在腋下夹着用破报纸胡乱裹起来的一双舞台上穿的鞋子。几年前，我们曾经满怀神秘的好奇心，张大了嘴巴，站在一边看着这些人。我们写这篇札记时，这些回忆让我们不禁笑起来。我们无法相信，那些晚上身穿奶白色束腰外衣和鲜橙色长袜、戴着蓝色领巾、骑着光滑的奶油色骏马从我们眼前闪过、姿态优雅、光彩夺目的人物，那些被光芒笼罩、有音乐伴奏和假花簇拥的人，竟然就是白天我们见的那些面色苍白、游手好闲之人。

We can hardly believe it now. Of the lower class of actors we have seen something, and it requires no great exercise of imagination to identify the walking gentleman with the 'dirty swell,' the comic singer with the public-house chairman, or the leading tragedian with drunkenness and distress; but these other men are mysterious beings, never seen out of the ring, never beheld but in the costume of gods and sylphs. With the exception of Ducrow, who can scarcely be classed among them, who ever knew a rider at Astley's, or saw him but on horseback? Can our friend in the military uniform ever appear in threadbare attire, or descend to the comparatively un-wadded costume of every-day life? Impossible! We cannot—we will not—

believe it.

我们到现在还是几乎无法相信。从那些低级演员中，我们已经看出了一些端倪。我们无需多想就可以认出那个跑龙套的配角就是那个“自我膨胀的肮脏鬼”，那个滑稽歌手就是那个小酒馆的轿夫，或者说，那个悲剧主演就是那个穷困潦倒的酒鬼。但是，其他那些人却很神秘，在马戏场外面从来没见过他们，从来没有人见过他们不穿神灵和气精服装时的样子。除了不能归于这类人的迪克罗，谁还认识阿斯特利马戏场的一名骑士，或是在他不骑马的时候见过他呢？我们那个身穿军装的朋友会以破旧褴褛的装束出现吗？或是会屈尊穿上日常生活中填料相对较少的衣服吗？不可能！我们不能——也不会——相信。

CHAPTER XII GREENWICH FAIR

第十二章　格林尼治集市

If the Parks be 'the lungs of London,' we wonder what Greenwich Fair is—a periodical breaking out, we suppose, a sort of spring-rash: a three days' fever, which cools the blood for six months afterwards, and at the expiration of which London is restored to its old habits of plodding industry, as suddenly and completely as if nothing had ever happened to disturb them.

如果说公园是“伦敦的肺”，我们感到好奇格林尼治集市是什么——我们想，它是一种周期性发作的春疹子：发三天的高烧，此后的六个月中，血液都保持冷却。结束后，伦敦又恢复到它那勤勤恳恳的旧习惯，恢复得如此突然而彻底，仿佛从来没有被扰乱一样。

In our earlier days, we were a constant frequenter of Greenwich Fair, for years. We have proceeded to, and returned from it, in almost every description of vehicle. We cannot conscientiously deny the charge of having once made the passage in a spring-van, accompanied by thirteen gentlemen, fourteen ladies, an unlimited number of children, and a barrel of beer; and we have a vague recollection of having, in later days, found ourself the eighth outside, on the top of a hackney-coach, at something past four o'clock in the morning, with a rather confused idea of our own name, or place of residence. We have grown older since then, and quiet, and steady: liking nothing better than to spend our Easter, and all our other holidays, in some quiet nook, with people of whom we shall never tire; but we think we still remember something of Greenwich Fair, and of those who resort to it. At all events we will try.

我们年轻时，多年来一直是格林尼治集市的常客。我们几乎乘坐过各种交通工具，往返于集市和家。凭良心，我们必须接受一个指责——我们曾经坐着一辆弹簧有篷货车到那里去，同去的还有十三位绅士、十四位女士，以及无数的孩子，还带了一桶啤酒。我们还依稀记得，之后的几天，清晨四点多钟时发现自己是四轮出租马车顶上的第八个乘客，几乎不记得自己的名字和住址。自从那时，我们长大了，变得安静沉稳了——最喜欢在某些宁静的角落里和我们永远不会感到厌烦的朋友们一起度过复活节和其他节日。但是，我们仍然记得格林尼治集市的一些事情，以及到那里去的一些人。总之，我们会尝试着回忆。

The road to Greenwich during the whole of Easter Monday, is in a state of perpetual bustle and noise. Cabs, hackney-coaches, 'shay' carts, coal-waggons, stages, omnibuses, sociables, gigs, donkey-chaises—all crammed with people (for the question never is, what the horse

can draw, but what the vehicle will hold), roll along at their utmost speed; the dust flies in clouds, ginger-beer corks go off in volleys, the balcony of every public-house is crowded with people, smoking and drinking, half the private houses are turned into tea-shops, fiddles are in great request, every little fruit-shop displays its stall of gilt gingerbread and penny toys; turnpike men are in despair; horses won't go on, and wheels will come off; ladies in 'carawans' scream with fright at every fresh concussion, and their admirers find it necessary to sit remarkably close to them, by way of encouragement; servants-of-all-work, who are not allowed to have followers, and have got a holiday for the day, make the most of their time with the faithful admirer who waits for a stolen interview at the corner of the street every night, when they go to fetch the beer—apprentices grow sentimental, and straw-bonnet makers kind. Everybody is anxious to get on, and actuated by the common wish to be at the fair, or in the park, as soon as possible.

复活节后的星期一，通往格林尼治集市的道路永远处于嘈杂的噪声中。两轮出租马车、四轮出租马车、两轮轻便马车、运煤马车、驿车、公共马车、四座四轮马车、双轮马车、轻便驴车——全都挤满了人（问题从来都不在于马能拉多少，而在于车能装下多少），以它们最快的速度行进。尘土飞扬，姜啤的软木塞排枪齐鸣般打开。每个酒馆的阳台上都挤满了人，他们抽着烟，喝着酒。半数的私人房屋变成了茶室，小提琴供不应求，所有小水果店的摊位上都摆满了姜饼和便宜的小玩具，税收人员都已经绝望了。马不肯往前走，车轮要脱落了，每震动一下，“活动住房”里的女士们都吓得尖叫起来。于是，她们的爱慕者们发现有必要紧挨着她们坐，从而鼓励她们。那些不允许有追随者、今天得到一天假期的负责所有家务的女仆们充分利用这个时间和她们忠诚的爱慕者相聚。后者每晚只能在取啤酒的路上，等在街角处与情人偷偷见面——这时，学徒变得多情，草编女帽工变得友好。每个人都急着往前走，受尽快到达集市或者公园的共同愿望驱使着。

Pedestrians linger in groups at the roadside, unable to resist the allurements of the stout proprietress of the 'Jack-in-the-box, three shies a penny,' or the more splendid offers of the man with three thimbles and a pea on a little round board, who astonishes the bewildered crowd with some such address as, 'Here's the sort o' game to make you laugh seven years arter you're dead, and turn ev'ry air on your ed gray vith delight! Three thimbles and vun little pea—with a vun, two, three, and a two, three, vun: catch him who can, look on, keep your eyes open, and niver say die! niver mind the change, and the expense: all fair and above board: them as don't play can't vin, and luck attend the ryal sportsman! Bet any gen'lm'n any sum of money, from harf-a-crown up to a suverin, as he doesn't name the thimble as kivers the pea!' Here some greenhorn whispers his friend that he

distinctly saw the pea roll under the middle thimble—an impression which is immediately confirmed by a gentleman in top-boots, who is standing by, and who, in a low tone, regrets his own inability to bet, in consequence of having unfortunately left his purse at home, but strongly urges the stranger not to neglect such a golden opportunity. The 'plant' is successful, the bet is made, the stranger of course loses: and the gentleman with the thimbles consoles him, as he pockets the money, with an assurance that it's 'all the fortin of war! this time I vin, next time you vin: niver mind the loss of two bob and a bender! Do it up in a small parcel, and break out in a fresh place. Here's the sort o' game,' &c.—and the eloquent harangue, with such variations as the speaker's exuberant fancy suggests, is again repeated to the gaping crowd, reinforced by the accession of several new-comers.

成群结队的行人在路旁徘徊着，无法抵抗那个“木偶盒，一个便士玩三次”摊位的胖女摊主的诱惑，或是一个男人更诱人的商品，即一块圆形小木板上放着三个顶针和一粒豌豆。他对迷惑不解的人群说这样的惊人之语：“这种游戏让你死了七年之后还会发笑，让你乐得头上的每根头发都变成灰色！三个顶针和一粒豌豆——一、二、三，二、三、一，看谁能逮住，快看，睁大眼睛啊，绝不要说丧气话！别要找零，也别管价格，一切都公平，光明正大。不玩怎么能赢呢？痛快的玩家才能有好运！我赌半克朗到一个金币，没人能猜出哪个顶针盖住了豌豆！”此时，一个新手对他的朋友低语说，他清清楚楚地看见那粒豌豆在中间那个顶针下面滚动——这个说法立即得到了一个穿高筒靴的绅士的支持。他站在旁边，低声说可惜自己把钱包忘在了家里，不能下赌注，但他强烈劝说那个陌生人不要错过这个可贵的机会。“托儿”成功了，那个陌生人下了赌注，当然最后输了。带着顶针的人一边把钱放进口袋里，一边安慰他，向他保证说：“胜败乃兵家常事！这次我赢，下次你赢。千万不能在意输两先令六便士！输这么点小钱，下次能赢更多。这游戏就是这样。”诸如此类。这段极具说服力的高谈阔论，根据说话者丰富的想象力而作些变化，又向目瞪口呆的人群重复了一遍，人群里又新来了几个人。

The chief place of resort in the daytime, after the public-houses, is the park, in which the principal amusement is to drag young ladies up the steep hill which leads to the Observatory, and then drag them down again, at the very top of their speed, greatly to the derangement of their curls and bonnet-caps, and much to the edification of lookers-on from below. 'Kiss in the Ring,' and 'Threading my Grandmother's Needle,' too, are sports which receive their full share of patronage. Love-sick swains, under the influence of gin-and-water, and the tender passion, become violently affectionate: and the fair objects of their regard enhance the value of stolen kisses, by a vast deal of struggling, and holding down of heads, and cries of 'Oh! Ha'done, then, George—Oh, do tickle him for me, Mary—Well, I never!'and similar Lucretian

ejaculations. Little old men and women, with a small basket under one arm, and a wine-glass, without a foot, in the other hand, tender 'a drop o' the right sort' to the different groups; and young ladies, who are persuaded to indulge in a drop of the aforesaid right sort, display a pleasing degree of reluctance to taste it, and cough afterwards with great propriety.

白天休闲的主要场所除了酒馆就是公园。公园里的主要娱乐是把年轻女士们拖上通往瞭望台的陡峭小山，然后再以最快的速度拉着她们往下跑，把她们的卷发和便帽弄得纷乱，也让山下观望的人受到了启发。“在圆圈里接吻”和“给我祖母的针引线”等都能成为他们全程观赏的活动。苦恋的青年在搀水的杜松子酒和温柔的热情影响下，产生了强烈的爱意：他们钟情的美丽对象提高了偷吻的价值。她们拼命地挣扎着，又低下头，喊道：“噢！好了，乔治！噢，替我挠他，玛丽——啊，我从来没有！”她们还发出其他卢克雷蒂娅式的喊叫。矮个子老头和老太太一只胳膊上挎着一个小篮子，拿着一只没有脚的葡萄酒杯，给不同的人群“来一口真正的酒”。年轻女士们被劝着纵饮一口上述的真正的酒，摆出一副不情愿的悦人姿态，之后又恰到好处地咳嗽。

The old pensioners, who, for the moderate charge of a penny, exhibit the mast-house, the Thames and shipping, the place where the men used to hang in chains, and other interesting sights, through a telescope, are asked questions about objects within the range of the glass, which it would puzzle a Solomon to answer; and requested to find out particular houses in particular streets, which it would have been a task of some difficulty for Mr. Horner (not the young gentleman who ate mince-pies with his thumb, but the man of Colosseum notoriety) to discover. Here and there, where some three or four couple are sitting on the grass together, you will see a sun-burnt woman in a red cloak 'telling fortunes' and prophesying husbands, which it requires no extraordinary observation to describe, for the originals are before her. Thereupon, the lady concerned laughs and blushes, and ultimately buries her face in an imitation cambric handkerchief, and the gentleman described looks extremely foolish, and squeezes her hand, and fees the gipsy liberally; and the gipsy goes away, perfectly satisfied herself, and leaving those behind her perfectly satisfied also: and the prophecy, like many other prophecies of greater importance, fulfils itself in time.

只收取一便士费用的领养老金的老人们通过望远镜为游客们展示桅杆制造厂、泰晤士河和船运、过去人被用吊索吊起来的地方，还有其他有趣的景物。游客问他们关于望远镜视野里看到的事物的问题，这些问题会让所罗门也不知如何作答。游客还要求他们找到某条街道上的某座房子，这任务对于霍纳先生来说，也会是十分困难的（不是指那个用大拇指吃肉馅饼的年轻人，而是那个在罗马圆形大剧场里声名狼藉的人）。随处会有三四对夫妻坐在草地上，你会看见一个皮肤被晒伤了的

女人披着红色斗篷，在“给人算命”并预言将来会有个怎样的丈夫。这种描绘不需要非凡的观察力，因为原型就在她眼前。于是，当事人女士就笑了，脸也红了，最后把脸埋在一块仿细棉布手帕里。被形容的那个绅士看起来极其愚蠢，紧紧地握住她的手，大方地给那个吉卜赛女人小费。吉卜赛女人走了，不仅自己心满意足，也让留下的人心满意足。而预言，则如同其他许多更重要的预言一样，及时应验了。

But it grows dark: the crowd has gradually dispersed, and only a few stragglers are left behind. The light in the direction of the church shows that the fair is illuminated; and the distant noise proves it to be filling fast. The spot, which half an hour ago was ringing with the shouts of boisterous mirth, is as calm and quiet as if nothing could ever disturb its serenity: the fine old trees, the majestic building at their feet, with the noble river beyond, glistening in the moonlight, appear in all their beauty, and under their most favourable aspect; the voices of the boys, singing their evening hymn, are borne gently on the air; and the humblest mechanic who has been lingering on the grass so pleasant to the feet that beat the same dull round from week to week in the paved streets of London, feels proud to think as he surveys the scene before him, that he belongs to the country which has selected such a spot as a retreat for its oldest and best defenders in the decline of their lives.

但是，天黑了。人群渐渐散去，只留下几个掉了队的人。教堂方向的灯光表明集市已经上灯了，远方的喧嚣声也证明那里很快就会人头攒动。这个地方半个小时前还回荡着喧闹欢乐的喊叫，现在变得平和而安静，仿佛它的沉寂从来不曾被什么扰乱：那些高耸的古树、树下宏伟的建筑，还有远处在月光下闪烁着的壮丽河流，都显得极为美丽，展现了它们最佳的一面。男孩子们唱夜晚圣歌的声音在空气中轻轻悠荡。那个一直在草地上徘徊的修理工极其卑微，他感到脚下走着很舒适，而这双脚平日一周又一周乏味地往返于伦敦石头铺砌的路上。他看着眼前的美景，想到自己属于这个国家而感到自豪，这个国家为它最年迈、最优秀的守护者们选择了这样一个胜地安度晚年。

Five minutes' walking brings you to the fair; a scene calculated to awaken very different feelings. The entrance is occupied on either side by the vendors of gingerbread and toys: the stalls are gaily lighted up, the most attractive goods profusely disposed, and unbonneted young ladies, in their zeal for the interest of their employers, seize you by the coat, and use all the blandishments of 'Do, dear'—'There's a love'—'Don't be cross, now,' &c., to induce you to purchase half a pound of the real spice nuts, of which the majority of the regular fair-goers carry a pound or two as a present supply, tied up in a cotton pocket-handkerchief. Occasionally you pass a deal table, on which are exposed pen'orths of pickled salmon (fennel included), in little white saucers, oysters with shells as large as cheese-plates, and divers

specimens of a species of snail (WILKS, we think they are called), floating in a somewhat bilious-looking green liquid. Cigars, too, are in great demand; gentlemen must smoke, of course, and here they are, two a penny, in a regular authentic cigar-box, with a lighted tallow candle in the centre.

你步行五分钟就可以到达集市，这里的情景能唤起各种非常不同的感受。入口的两旁都被卖姜饼和玩具的小商贩占满了：摊位都喜庆地点上了灯，摆放着最吸引人的商品，琳琅满目。没有戴女帽的年轻姑娘们狂热地为她们老板的利益卖力。她们抓住你的外套，用尽一切奉承话，比如“买吧，亲爱的”“真是个可人儿”“别生气了，好了”等诸如此类的话来诱惑你买半磅真正的香料坚果。经常来集市的人大多都买上一两磅供当场食用，用棉布手帕扎起来。偶尔，你会路过一张松木桌，上面摆放着标价一便士的盛在白色小茶碟里的腌鲑鱼（包括茴香）、贝壳像乳酪盘一样大的牡蛎，还有几只某种蜗牛品种（我们觉得可能叫“维尔克斯”吧）漂在胆汁似的绿色液体里。雪茄的需求量同样也很大，当然，绅士们必然得吸烟。这里就是了，一便士两支，放在普通的真实雪茄烟盒里出售，中间点着一支牛脂蜡烛。

Imagine yourself in an extremely dense crowd, which swings you to and fro, and in and out, and every way but the right one; add to this the screams of women, the shouts of boys, the clanging of gongs, the firing of pistols, the ringing of bells, the bellowings of speaking-trumpets, the squeaking of penny dittos, the noise of a dozen bands, with three drums in each, all playing different tunes at the same time, the hallooing of showmen, and an occasional roar from the wild-beast shows; and you are in the very centre and heart of the fair.

想象你自己正身处一个极其密集的人群中，被推过来推过去，推进来又推出去，就是没有推到你想去的方向。另外，还有女人们的尖叫声、男孩们的喊叫声、铜锣铿锵的敲击声、手枪的射击声、铃铛的响声、喇叭的吼叫声、零钱摩擦的吱吱声、十来个乐队的喧闹声。每个乐队有三个鼓，同时演奏不同的调子。你还能听到玩杂耍的人的高喊声和野兽演出时偶尔传来的咆哮声。这时，你已经身处集市的中心了。

This immense booth, with the large stage in front, so brightly illuminated with variegated lamps, and pots of burning fat, is 'Richardson's,' where you have a melodrama (with three murders and a ghost), a pantomime, a comic song, an overture, and some incidental music, all done in five-and-twenty minutes.

一个前方有个大舞台的巨大棚子，被各色的灯和一盏盏燃烧的油灯照得十分明亮，这就是“理查森剧场”。这里能观赏一场音乐剧（有三个凶手和一个鬼）、一出哑剧、一曲滑稽歌、一支序曲和几支配乐。这一切都在二十五分钟之内表演完毕。

The company are now promenading outside in all the dignity of wigs, spangles, red-ochre, and whitening. See with what a ferocious

air the gentleman who personates the Mexican chief, paces up and down, and with what an eye of calm dignity the principal tragedian gazes on the crowd below, or converses confidentially with the harlequin! The four clowns, who are engaged in a mock broadsword combat, may be all very well for the low-minded holiday-makers; but these are the people for the reflective portion of the community. They look so noble in those Roman dresses, with their yellow legs and arms, long black curly heads, bushy eyebrows, and scowl expressive of assassination, and vengeance, and everything else that is grand and solemn. Then, the ladies—were there ever such innocent and awful-looking beings; as they walk up and down the platform in twos and threes, with their arms round each other's waists, or leaning for support on one of those majestic men! Their spangled muslin dresses and blue satin shoes and sandals (a LEETLE the worse for wear) are the admiration of all beholders; and the playful manner in which they check the advances of the clown, is perfectly enchanting.

这群人正在外面散步，戴着假发，红褐色或漂白了的衣服上缝着金属亮片，显得十分尊贵。看那个扮演墨西哥酋长的男人踱来踱去，样子多么凶残啊！那个悲剧主角注视着下面的人群或和那个丑角密谈时，眼神又是多么镇定和高贵啊！四个小丑假装用阔刀打斗，或许他们的表演比较适合卑鄙的度假者。但是，这些人正是为社会上深思熟虑的那部分人表演。他们身穿罗马时代的服饰，露出黄色的腿和胳膊，长着一头黑色的长卷发和浓密的眉毛，显得十分尊贵。这些人还皱着眉，脸上显出一副要进行暗杀和复仇的样子，以及其他所有庄重和严肃的表情。接着，女士们三三两两地在舞台上走来走去，搂着彼此的腰，或是靠在那些威严的男子中的一人身上。她们的那种天真无邪和令人敬畏要去哪里找呢？她们缝着金属亮片的平纹棉布衣服、蓝色缎鞋和凉鞋（鞋子都穿破了）令周围的人都仰慕不已。她们制止小丑靠近时那种有趣的举止也令人神魂颠倒。

'Just a-going to begin! Pray come for'erd, come for'erd,' exclaims the man in the countryman's dress, for the seventieth time: and people force their way up the steps in crowds. The band suddenly strikes up, the harlequin and columbine set the example, reels are formed in less than no time, the Roman heroes place their arms a-kimbo, and dance with considerable agility; and the leading tragic actress, and the gentleman who enacts the 'swell' in the pantomime, foot it to perfection. 'All in to begin,' shouts the manager, when no more people can be induced to 'come for'erd,' and away rush the leading members of the company to do the dreadful in the first piece.

“马上就要开始了！请到前面来，到前面来。”一个乡下人打扮的男人喊道，他已经是第七十次说这些了。人们推推搡搡地走上台阶。乐队突然开始演奏，小丑拿耧斗菜给大家做了示范，人群马上组成了跳里尔舞的队形。那些罗马英雄们敏捷地跳着舞，双手插在腰间。那个悲剧女

主角和那个在哑剧中扮演“自大狂”的人跳得美到了极致。“全都进来，要开始了。”领班大叫道，此时已经没有人会再受诱“到前面来”了。演员中的主要成员都冲过来，准备上演第一出戏的惊险场面了。

A change of performance takes place every day during the fair, but the story of the tragedy is always pretty much the same. There is a rightful heir, who loves a young lady, and is beloved by her; and a wrongful heir, who loves her too, and isn't beloved by her; and the wrongful heir gets hold of the rightful heir, and throws him into a dungeon, just to kill him off when convenient, for which purpose he hires a couple of assassins—a good one and a bad one—who, the moment they are left alone, get up a little murder on their own account, the good one killing the bad one, and the bad one wounding the good one. Then the rightful heir is discovered in prison, carefully holding a long chain in his hands, and seated despondingly in a large arm-chair; and the young lady comes in to two bars of soft music, and embraces the rightful heir; and then the wrongful heir comes in to two bars of quick music (technically called 'a hurry'), and goes on in the most shocking manner, throwing the young lady about as if she was nobody, and calling the rightful heir 'Ar-recreant—ar-wretch!' in a very loud voice, which answers the double purpose of displaying his passion, and preventing the sound being deadened by the sawdust. The interest becomes intense; the wrongful heir draws his sword, and rushes on the rightful heir; a blue smoke is seen, a gong is heard, and a tall white figure (who has been all this time, behind the arm-chair, covered over with a table-cloth), slowly rises to the tune of 'Oft in the stilly night.' This is no other than the ghost of the rightful heir's father, who was killed by the wrongful heir's father, at sight of which the wrongful heir becomes apoplectic, and is literally 'struck all of a heap,' the stage not being large enough to admit of his falling down at full length. Then the good assassin staggers in, and says he was hired in conjunction with the bad assassin, by the wrongful heir, to kill the rightful heir; and he's killed a good many people in his time, but he's very sorry for it, and won't do so any more—a promise which he immediately redeems, by dying off hand without any nonsense about it. Then the rightful heir throws down his chain; and then two men, a sailor, and a young woman (the tenantry of the rightful heir) come in, and the ghost makes dumb motions to them, which they, by supernatural interference, understand—for no one else can; and the ghost (who can't do anything without blue fire) blesses the rightful heir and the young lady, by half suffocating them with smoke: and then a muffin-bell rings, and the curtain drops.

集市期间，每天的表演都不同，但悲剧的情节大都如出一辙。有一个合法继承人爱上了一位年轻的女士，也被她爱着。而一个非法继承者

也爱着她，但她却不爱他。于是，非法继承人抓住了合法继承人，把他扔进了地牢，要趁机杀死他。为此，他雇了两个杀手——一个好人和一个坏人。只剩下他们两个人的时候，杀手为了各自的利益而挑起了凶杀。结果，好的那个杀了坏的那个，而坏的那个也弄伤了好的那个。然后，合法继承人被人发现在监狱里，手中小心地握着一条锁链，沮丧地坐在一把大扶手椅上。那个年轻女士伴着两小节温柔的乐曲走进来，拥抱了合法继承人。接着，非法继承人伴着两小节快节奏乐曲（术语上称作“快板”）走进来，用最可怕的方式把那个年轻女士东推西搡，仿佛她什么人也不是一样。他还朝着合法继承人喊道：“你这个胆小鬼——卑鄙！”他的声音特别大，这样满足了两个目的，既表现出了强烈的情感，声音又不会被锯屑淹没。兴趣高涨起来。非法继承人拔出了剑，朝合法继承人冲过去。一道蓝色烟雾出现，一声铜锣响起，一个高大的白色身影（那人一直躲在扶手椅后面，被一块桌布遮住了）伴着《常常在寂静的夜晚》这首曲子慢慢升起。这不是别人，正是合法继承人的父亲的灵魂，他被非法继承人的父亲杀害。看到此景，非法继承人便中风了一样，真的是“瘫成一团”，因为舞台不够大，不能让他完全躺在地上。然后，那个好杀手踉踉跄跄地走进来，说他和那个坏杀手都是非法继承人雇来杀死合法继承人的。他还说自己一生中杀了很多人，但他非常懊悔，今后再也不会这么做了——他马上兑现了这个诺言，因为他没说什么废话，就立刻死了。接着，合法继承人把锁链扔到地上。两个男人、一个水手和一个年轻女人（合法继承人的房客）走了进来，那个鬼魂一言不发地对他们打手势，他们是因为超自然因素的作用才理解其中的意思——因为其他人都没有这种能力。鬼魂（没有蓝色的火焰就什么都做不到）用火焰祝福合法继承人和那位年轻的女士，那烟雾快让他们窒息了。接着，卖松饼的铃声响了起来，幕布落下。

The exhibitions next in popularity to these itinerant theatres are the travelling menageries, or, to speak more intelligibly, the 'Wild-beast shows,' where a military band in beef-eater's costume, with leopard-skin caps, play incessantly; and where large highly-coloured representations of tigers tearing men's heads open, and a lion being burnt with red-hot irons to induce him to drop his victim, are hung up outside, by way of attracting visitors.

受欢迎度仅次于这些巡回剧院表演的是流动动物展览，或者说得更清楚一点就是“野兽表演”。军乐队穿着大力士的服装，戴着豹皮帽，不停地演奏着。颜色明亮的大幅图画上画着几只老虎把人的脑袋撕开，还有用烧得火红的铁块烫狮子，以使它放下受害者。这些图片挂在外面，以吸引观众。

The principal officer at these places is generally a very tall, hoarse man, in a scarlet coat, with a cane in his hand, with which he occasionally raps the pictures we have just noticed, by way of illustrating his description—something in this way. 'Here, here, here; the lion, the lion (tap), exactly as he is represented on the canvas outside (three taps): no waiting, remember; no deception. The fe-ro-

cious lion (tap, tap) who bit off the gentleman's head last Cambervel vos a twelvemonth, and has killed on the awerage three keepers a-year ever since he arrived at matoority. No extra charge on this account recollect; the price of admission is only sixpence.' This address never fails to produce a considerable sensation, and sixpences flow into the treasury with wonderful rapidity.

这些地方的主要代理人一般都是高个子，声音嘶哑，身穿鲜红色外套，手里握一根手杖，偶尔用它敲打我们刚刚提到的图画，以详细阐述他的观点——以及其他类似的事情。“这儿，这儿，这儿。这头狮子，这头狮子（轻敲一下）和外面帆布上画的一模一样（轻敲三下）。不用等，记着，不会骗你。这头凶残的狮子（敲一下，再敲一下）上次在坎伯韦尔咬掉一位先生的头时十二个月大。它从成年以后平均每年就杀死三个饲养员。讲这件事不额外收费，入场券的价格仅仅是六便士。”这段话总是会引起一阵强烈的轰动，六便士六便士的钱便迅速地流入他们的金库。

The dwarfs are also objects of great curiosity, and as a dwarf, a giantess, a living skeleton, a wild Indian, 'a young lady of singular beauty, with perfectly white hair and pink eyes,' and two or three other natural curiosities, are usually exhibited together for the small charge of a penny, they attract very numerous audiences. The best thing about a dwarf is, that he has always a little box, about two feet six inches high, into which, by long practice, he can just manage to get, by doubling himself up like a boot-jack; this box is painted outside like a six-roomed house, and as the crowd see him ring a bell, or fire a pistol out of the first-floor window, they verily believe that it is his ordinary town residence, divided like other mansions into drawing-rooms, dining-parlour, and bedchambers. Shut up in this case, the unfortunate little object is brought out to delight the throng by holding a facetious dialogue with the proprietor: in the course of which, the dwarf (who is always particularly drunk) pledges himself to sing a comic song inside, and pays various compliments to the ladies, which induce them to 'come for'erd' with great alacrity. As a giant is not so easily moved, a pair of indescribables of most capacious dimensions, and a huge shoe, are usually brought out, into which two or three stout men get all at once, to the enthusiastic delight of the crowd, who are quite satisfied with the solemn assurance that these habiliments form part of the giant's everyday costume.

矮人们也引起了人们极大的好奇心，因为一个矮人、一个巨人、一个枯瘦如柴的人、一个野蛮的印第安人、“一个头发雪白、眼睛粉红、美貌绝世的年轻女士”，以及另外两三个自然异物通常在一起表演，只收取一便士的费用。这便吸引了大量的观众。矮人最奇妙之处就是他一直带着个小箱子，大约两英尺六英寸高。通过长期练习，他能成功地把自己像V字形脱靴器那样对折起来，进入小箱子。这个小箱子表面漆成一座

有六个房间的房子的样子。人们看着他从二楼的窗户里摇铃或开枪时，真切地相信这就是城里普通的住房，像其他宅邸一样分隔成起居室、餐厅和卧室。这个不幸的小东西被关在这个箱子里，又被取出来和马戏团的老板说玩笑话。在对话中，那个矮人（他总是醉醺醺的）发誓自己要在里面唱一首滑稽歌曲，并对女士们献上称赞。于是，女士们受到诱惑，满心欢喜地“走上前来”。由于巨人不易走动，通常会有一双宽大得难以形容的裤子和一双极大的鞋子拿出来。然后，两三个矮胖的男人会立刻钻进去，引得观众乐开了怀。他们对郑重的保证感到心满意足，即这些服饰都是这个巨人日常穿着的一部分。

The grandest and most numerously-frequented booth in the whole fair, however, is 'The Crown and Anchor'—a temporary ball-room—we forget how many hundred feet long, the price of admission to which is one shilling. Immediately on your right hand as you enter, after paying your money, is a refreshment place, at which cold beef, roast and boiled, French rolls, stout, wine, tongue, ham, even fowls, if we recollect right, are displayed in tempting array. There is a raised orchestra, and the place is boarded all the way down, in patches, just wide enough for a country dance.

不过，整个集市中最宏伟、最常被人们光顾的摊位是“王冠和锚”。这个摊位是一个临时的舞池，我们忘记了它长多少英尺，不过门票是一先令。付过钱之后，你一进去立即就能看见右手边是点心处。那儿有牛肉冷拼、烤熟的和煮熟了的牛肉、法国蛋卷、黑啤、葡萄酒、牛舌、火腿，甚至家禽。如果我们没有记错的话，这些都摆放得令人垂涎三尺。有一个抬高了的管弦乐队场地，周围铺满了一块一块的木板，宽度刚刚够跳乡村舞。

There is no master of the ceremonies in this artificial Eden—all is primitive, unreserved, and unstudied. The dust is blinding, the heat insupportable, the company somewhat noisy, and in the highest spirits possible: the ladies, in the height of their innocent animation, dancing in the gentlemen's hats, and the gentlemen promenading 'the gay and festive scene' in the ladies' bonnets, or with the more expensive ornaments of false noses, and low-crowned, tinder-box-looking hats: playing children's drums, and accompanied by ladies on the penny trumpet.

这个人工伊甸园里没有司仪——一切都是那么原始、毫无拘束，也不矫揉造作。尘土模糊了人们的视线，热气让人无法忍受，人群喧闹不已，兴奋到了顶点：女士们戴着先生们的帽子跳舞，极显天真活泼之态。先生们则戴着女士们的女帽，漫步在“愉悦、喜庆的场景”中或是戴着价格更高的假鼻子饰品和火绒箱似的低檐帽子，敲着孩子们玩的鼓，还有女士们便宜的喇叭当伴奏。

The noise of these various instruments, the orchestra, the shouting, the 'scratchers,' and the dancing, is perfectly bewildering.

The dancing, itself, beggars description—every figure lasts about an hour, and the ladies bounce up and down the middle, with a degree of spirit which is quite indescribable. As to the gentlemen, they stamp their feet against the ground, every time 'hands four round' begins, go down the middle and up again, with cigars in their mouths, and silk handkerchiefs in their hands, and whirl their partners round, nothing loth, scrambling and falling, and embracing, and knocking up against the other couples, until they are fairly tired out, and can move no longer. The same scene is repeated again and again (slightly varied by an occasional 'row') until a late hour at night: and a great many clerks and 'prentices find themselves next morning with aching heads, empty pockets, damaged hats, and a very imperfect recollection of how it was they did NOT get home.

这些不同种类的乐器发出的噪音、管弦乐队的弹奏声、喊叫声、“抓扒工具”和跳舞的声音完完全全地混为一团。舞蹈本身无法形容——每种跳法都持续大约半个小时，女士们在中央蹦蹦跳跳，兴致高涨得无法言喻。至于先生们，每次“四个人围成圈”舞蹈开始时，他们就在地上跺脚，走到中央再走回来，嘴里叼着雪茄，手中拿着丝绸手帕，拉着舞伴转圈，毫不厌倦。他们爬上去又摔下来，拥抱在一起，撞在了其他一对对舞者身上，直到他们筋疲力尽，再也不动了了才停下。同样的情景一遍遍地重复着（有时发生的“争吵”会稍微改变一下情景），一直持续到深夜。次日清晨，许多职员和学徒都觉得头痛，口袋空空，帽子破了，对于自己前一天晚上为什么没有回家也记不大清楚了。

CHAPTER XIII PRIVATE THEATRES

第十三章 私人剧院

'RICHARD THE THIRD.—DUKE OF GLO'STER 2l.; EARL OF RICHMOND, 1l; DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, 15s.; CATESBY, 12s.; TRESSEL, 10s. 6d.; LORD STANLEY, 5s.; LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, 2s. 6d.'

“理查德三世——格洛斯特公爵，两镑；里士满伯爵，一镑；白金汉公爵，十五先令；凯茨比，十二先令；特莱赛尔，十先令六便士；斯坦利勋爵，五先令；伦敦市市长，二先令六便士。”

Such are the written placards wafered up in the gentlemen's dressing-room, or the green-room (where there is any), at a private theatre; and such are the sums extracted from the shop-till, or overcharged in the office expenditure, by the donkeys who are prevailed upon to pay for permission to exhibit their lamentable ignorance and boobyism on the stage of a private theatre. This they do, in proportion to the scope afforded by the character for the display of their imbecility. For instance, the Duke of Glo'ster is well worth two pounds, because he has it all to himself; he must wear a real sword, and what is better still, he must draw it, several times in the course of the piece. But these trades are as eccentric as comets; nay, worse, for no one can calculate on the recurrence of the strange appearances which betoken the disease. Then the love scene with Lady Ann, and the bustle of the fourth act can't be dear at ten shillings more—that's only one pound ten, including the 'off with his head!'—which is sure to bring down the applause, and it is very easy to do—'Orf with his ed' (very quick and loud;—then slow and sneeringly)—‘So much for Bu-u-u-uckingham!' Lay the emphasis on the 'uck;' get yourself gradually into a corner, and work with your right hand, while you're saying it, as if you were feeling your way, and it's sure to do. The tent scene is confessedly worth half-a-sovereign, and so you have the fight in, gratis, and everybody knows what an effect may be produced by a good combat. One—two—three—four—over; then, one—two—three—four—under; then thrust; then dodge and slide about; then fall down on one knee; then fight upon it, and then get up again and stagger. You may keep on doing this, as long as it seems to take—say ten minutes—and then fall down (backwards, if you can manage it without hurting yourself), and die game: nothing like it for producing an effect. They always do it at Astley's and Sadler's Wells, and if they don't know how to do this sort of thing, who in the world does? A small child, or a female in white, increases the interest of a combat

materially—indeed, we are not aware that a regular legitimate terrific broadsword combat could be done without; but it would be rather difficult, and somewhat unusual, to introduce this effect in the last scene of Richard the Third, so the only thing to be done, is, just to make the best of a bad bargain, and be as long as possible fighting it out.

这是一家私人剧院的男演员化妆室或休息室（如果有的话）里贴的公告。上面的款项是那些白痴从店铺钱柜里支付的部分，或是办公费用的超支数额。他们被劝说付款，以便能在私人剧院的舞台上展现他们可悲的无知和愚蠢。他们确实在各自扮演的愚蠢角色能承担得起的范围内付了款。比如，格洛斯特公爵完全值两镑，因为他把所有的事情都自己揽着。他得佩一把货真价实的剑，更重要的是，在表演中他还得把它抽出来几次。光独白就完全值十五先令了，再加上刺杀亨利王——三先令六便士肯定算是便宜的，这样加起来就是十八先令六便士。欺压那些扛棺材的人——就说十八便士吧，虽然其价值远高于此——这样一共是一镑了。接下来，还有与安夫人的爱情戏和第四幕里闹哄哄的场面，这些再加上十先令也不算贵——包括“让他人头落地！”这个场景在内，也才一镑十先令，而这个场景一定能博得满堂彩，且唾手可得。“让他人头落地”这句话要说得非常快速而响亮，接下来要慢慢地、语带讥讽地说出“白——金——汉算是完蛋了！”这句话。要把重音放在“白”字上，自己渐渐地退到角落里。说这句话的时候，要伸出右手，像在摸索道路一样，这样的效果很好。营帐中的那一幕演出公认值半个金币，所以你观看的格斗场面是免费的。而且，大家都知道一场精彩的格斗会有什么样的效果。一——二——三——四——两人先在上方交手，一——二——三——四——两人再在下方交手。然后，你一个猛冲，闪开后滑动步子。接着，单膝跪下，再跪着交手，然后再站起来，脚步趔趄。你可以一直这样做下去，长度根据剧情的需要而定——比如说十分钟——然后跌倒（如果你能让自己不受伤，就仰面倒下去），至死不屈。没有什么比这样更能产生好的演出效果了。他们经常在阿斯特利马戏场和萨德勒的韦尔斯剧院做这样的表演。如果说他们不懂这一套，那世界上还有谁会懂呢？要是台上还有一个小孩或是白衣女郎，观众对格斗戏的兴趣肯定会大大提高——的确，我们还没听说过有哪一场常见的、正规的、精彩的大刀格斗戏表演时没有小孩或白衣女郎。但在《理查德三世》的最后一幕中要加入这样的效果相当困难，也有点不合乎常规。所以，他们唯一能做的就是在不利的条件下尽量做到最好，并且尽可能地把格斗的时间延长。

The principal patrons of private theatres are dirty boys, low copying-clerks, in attorneys' offices, capacious-headed youths from city counting-houses, Jews whose business, as lenders of fancy dresses, is a sure passport to the amateur stage, shop-boys who now and then mistake their masters' money for their own; and a choice miscellany of idle vagabonds. The proprietor of a private theatre may be an ex-scene-painter, a low coffee-house-keeper, a disappointed eighth-rate

actor, a retired smuggler, or uncertificated bankrupt. The theatre itself may be in Catherine-street, Strand, the purlieus of the city, the neighbourhood of Gray's-inn-lane, or the vicinity of Sadler's Wells; or it may, perhaps, form the chief nuisance of some shabby street, on the Surrey side of Waterloo-bridge.

私人剧院的主要观众是一些脏兮兮的男孩子、律师事务所的低级抄写员、来自市区商店账房的大脑袋年轻人、在业余剧场通行无阻的从事出租奇特服饰的犹太人，还有时不时误把老板的钱占为己有的店员和形形色色的游手好闲的懒汉。私人剧院的老板可能以前是布景画师、下等的咖啡馆老板、失意的八级演员、金盆洗手的走私商，或是未经认证的破产者。剧院可能座落在凯瑟琳街、斯特兰、伦敦市的近郊、格雷旅馆街周围或萨德勒的韦尔斯剧院附近。又或者，它可能引发滑铁卢桥靠萨里这一边的某条破旧街道上主要的麻烦事。

The lady performers pay nothing for their characters, and it is needless to add, are usually selected from one class of society; the audiences are necessarily of much the same character as the performers, who receive, in return for their contributions to the management, tickets to the amount of the money they pay.

女演员们不用为自己扮演的角色付钱。而且，不用说，她们通常是选自社会的某个阶层。观众必然和表演者有相似的性格。作为表演者对剧场运营所作贡献的报答，她们会获得一些票，其价值相当于观众付的钱。

All the minor theatres in London, especially the lowest, constitute the centre of a little stage-struck neighbourhood. Each of them has an audience exclusively its own; and at any you will see dropping into the pit at half-price, or swaggering into the back of a box, if the price of admission be a reduced one, divers boys of from fifteen to twenty-one years of age, who throw back their coat and turn up their wristbands, after the portraits of Count D'Orsay, hum tunes and whistle when the curtain is down, by way of persuading the people near them, that they are not at all anxious to have it up again, and speak familiarly of the inferior performers as Bill Such-a-one, and Ned So-and-so, or tell each other how a new piece called The Unknown Bandit of the Invisible Cavern, is in rehearsal; how Mister Palmer is to play The Unknown Bandit; how Charley Scarton is to take the part of an English sailor, and fight a broadsword combat with six unknown bandits, at one and the same time (one theatrical sailor is always equal to half a dozen men at least); how Mister Palmer and Charley Scarton are to go through a double hornpipe in fetters in the second act; how the inferior of the invisible cavern is to occupy the whole extent of the stage; and other town-surprising theatrical announcements. These gentlemen are the amateurs—the Richards, Shylocks, Beverleys, and Othellos—the Young Dorntons, Rovers,

Captain Absolutes, and Charles Surfaces—a private theatre.

伦敦的所有这些小型剧场，特别是那些最低级的，组成了一个小型居民区中心，其中的居民都一心想当演员。每个剧院都有它们各自独有的观众。在任何一个剧场里，你都会看到从十五岁到二十一岁不等的男孩子买了半价票，坐进正厅后座，或是大摇大摆地走进削减了票价的包厢后部。他们模仿着多尔赛伯爵肖像上的样子，把外套甩到背后，卷起袖口，在落幕的时候哼起小调，吹起口哨，以使他们旁边的人们相信他们并不急着看下一幕戏。他们还用熟悉的口吻谈起一些低级的演员，比如比尔某某和内德某某，或是互相谈论一部叫《隐形洞穴里的无名土匪》的剧正在如何排练。他们说帕尔默先生将如何扮演无名土匪，而查利·斯卡顿要如何扮演一个英国水手，他又将怎样同时和六个无名土匪进行一场大刀格斗（戏剧里的水手总是能匹敌至少五六个男子汉），第二幕中帕尔默先生和查利·斯卡顿又将怎样带着脚镣跳双人号笛舞，那个看不见的山洞内景又怎样占据了整个舞台，以及其他震惊全镇的剧院通告。这些先生们是业余演员——他们是私人剧院的理查德家、夏洛克家、贝弗利家、奥赛罗家、年轻的唐恩通家、罗弗家、阿布索卢特上尉家和查尔斯·瑟菲斯家。

See them at the neighbouring public-house or the theatrical coffee-shop! They are the kings of the place, supposing no real performers to be present; and roll about, hats on one side, and arms a-kimbo, as if they had actually come into possession of eighteen shillings a-week, and a share of a ticket night. If one of them does but know an Astley's supernumerary he is a happy fellow. The mingled air of envy and admiration with which his companions will regard him, as he converses familiarly with some mouldy-looking man in a fancy neckerchief, whose partially corked eyebrows, and half-rouged face, testify to the fact of his having just left the stage or the circle, sufficiently shows in what high admiration these public characters are held.

看看他们在附近酒馆或有演出的咖啡馆里的样子！如果那儿没有真正的演员在场，他们就在那里称王。他们左摇右摆，帽子歪在一边，双手叉腰，好像他们真的每星期能拿十八先令的收入，而且也分到推销演出日的钱似的。他们中如果有一个人认识在阿斯特利马戏场里跑龙套的人，那他就是幸运儿了。他和一个围着花哨围巾的看起来像发了霉的家伙亲热地交谈时，他的伙伴会用既嫉妒又崇拜的目光注视着他。那家伙的眉毛还残留着软木炭涂过的痕迹，脸上的胭脂也未擦净，证明他刚刚离开舞台或马戏场。这充分表明了这些公众人物有多么令人羡慕。

With the double view of guarding against the discovery of friends or employers, and enhancing the interest of an assumed character, by attaching a high-sounding name to its representative, these geniuses assume fictitious names, which are not the least amusing part of the play-bill of a private theatre. Belville, Melville, Treville, Berkeley, Randolph, Byron, St. Clair, and so forth, are among the humblest; and

the less imposing titles of Jenkins, Walker, Thomson, Barker, Solomons, &c., are completely laid aside. There is something imposing in this, and it is an excellent apology for shabbiness into the bargain. A shrunken, faded coat, a decayed hat, a patched and soiled pair of trousers—nay, even a very dirty shirt (and none of these appearances are very uncommon among the members of the corps dramatique), may be worn for the purpose of disguise, and to prevent the remotest chance of recognition. Then it prevents any troublesome inquiries or explanations about employment and pursuits; everybody is a gentleman at large, for the occasion, and there are none of those unpleasant and unnecessary distinctions to which even genius must occasionally succumb elsewhere. As to the ladies (God bless them), they are quite above any formal absurdities; the mere circumstance of your being behind the scenes is a sufficient introduction to their society—for of course they know that none but strictly respectable persons would be admitted into that close fellowship with them, which acting engenders. They place implicit reliance on the manager, no doubt; and as to the manager, he is all affability when he knows you well,—or, in other words, when he has pocketed your money once, and entertains confident hopes of doing so again.

为了给自己扮演的人物取一个好听的名字，以达到瞒住朋友或老板，并增强人们对假想人物的兴趣这一双重目的，这些天才们就取各种假名。这使得私人剧院的节目单平添了不少趣味。贝尔维尔、梅尔维尔、特里维尔、伯克利、伦道夫、拜伦、圣克莱尔等等是属于他们使用的名字中最谦卑的。不太威风的名字，如詹金斯、沃克、汤姆森、巴克、所罗门斯等，他们根本就不予考虑。这样做还是很威风的，另外，这也是他们可以穿着寒酸的绝好理由。他们会穿缩水、褪色的外套，戴一顶破帽子，穿有补丁的脏裤子——不仅如此，他们甚至还穿很脏的衬衫（这样的装扮在戏剧团的成员中并不罕见），这样的穿着可能是为了伪装和避免被人认出，虽然可能性很小。这样还可以省掉别人问他们职业和他们对自己职业解释带来的麻烦。在这种场合下，每个人基本上都是绅士。人与人之间没有令人不悦和不必要的差别。而在其他地方，这种差别有时连天才也必须屈从。至于女演员们（上帝保佑她们），她们超越了任何礼节上的荒唐。只要你能进入后台，就足可以进入她们的圈子——因为，她们当然知道只有绝对体面的人才能和她们如此亲密，这种亲密产生于演戏。无疑，她们对剧团监督是绝对信赖的。说到剧团监督，他只要对你知根知底，就会非常和蔼——或者，换句话说，他收过一次你的钱之后，就深信还有下一次。

A quarter before eight—there will be a full house to-night—six parties in the boxes, already; four little boys and a woman in the pit; and two fiddles and a flute in the orchestra, who have got through five overtures since seven o'clock (the hour fixed for the commencement of the performances), and have just begun the sixth.

There will be plenty of it, though, when it does begin, for there is enough in the bill to last six hours at least.

七点三刻的时候——今天晚上肯定会客满——包厢里已经有六组人了。正厅后座有四个小男孩和一个女士。乐队席里有两个小提琴手和一个吹长笛的，他们从七点（这是演出开始的固定时间）起就开始演奏，现在已经演奏了五首前奏曲，正开始演奏第六首。不过，只要一开了头，就会有很多前奏曲，因为单单登在告示上的就够演奏至少六小时。

That gentleman in the white hat and checked shirt, brown coat and brass buttons, lounging behind the stage-box on the O. P. side, is Mr. Horatio St. Julien, alias Jem Larkins. His line is genteel comedy—his father's, coal and potato. He DOES Alfred Highflier in the last piece, and very well he'll do it—at the price. The party of gentlemen in the opposite box, to whom he has just nodded, are friends and supporters of Mr. Beverley (otherwise Loggins), the Macbeth of the night. You observe their attempts to appear easy and gentlemanly, each member of the party, with his feet cocked upon the cushion in front of the box! They let them do these things here, upon the same humane principle which permits poor people's children to knock double knocks at the door of an empty house—because they can't do it anywhere else. The two stout men in the centre box, with an opera-glass ostentatiously placed before them, are friends of the proprietor—opulent country managers, as he confidentially informs every individual among the crew behind the curtain—opulent country managers looking out for recruits; a representation which Mr. Nathan, the dresser, who is in the manager's interest, and has just arrived with the costumes, offers to confirm upon oath if required—corroborative evidence, however, is quite unnecessary, for the gulls believe it at once.

那个戴白帽、穿格子衬衫和有黄铜纽扣的棕色外套的人是霍雷肖·圣朱利恩先生。他的化名是杰姆·拉金斯，正在靠近观察处的前侧包厢后面闲荡着。他的职业是优雅喜剧演出——他父亲的职业是经营煤和土豆生意。他在最后一出戏里扮演艾尔弗雷德·海弗莱尔。他会演得很精彩——物有所值。他刚刚跟对面包厢里的那群绅士点头致意。那些人是这天晚上扮演麦克白的贝弗利先生（化名洛金斯）的朋友和拥护者。你可以看出他们试图显得安逸优雅，每个人都把脚翘起来，放在包厢前的垫子上！剧院之所以让他们这样做，是基于允许穷人家的小孩连敲两下空房子的门一样的人道主义原则——因为他们在别的地方不能这样做。中央包厢里的两个矮胖的男子招摇地在面前放一个小望远镜，他们是剧场老板的朋友——老板对幕布后所有的员工机密地透露说，他们是乡村富有的舞台监督，正在物色新人。代表舞台监督的内森先生刚刚带着戏装到来。他表示，如果需要，他可以发誓以表确证。可是，这根本没有必要，因为那些蠢货马上就信了。

The stout Jewess who has just entered, is the mother of the pale,

bony little girl, with the necklace of blue glass beads, sitting by her; she is being brought up to 'the profession.' Pantomime is to be her line, and she is coming out to-night, in a hornpipe after the tragedy. The short thin man beside Mr. St. Julien, whose white face is so deeply seared with the small-pox, and whose dirty shirt-front is inlaid with open-work, and embossed with coral studs like ladybirds, is the low comedian and comic singer of the establishment. The remainder of the audience—a tolerably numerous one by this time—are a motley group of dupes and blackguards. The foot-lights have just made their appearance: the wicks of the six little oil lamps round the only tier of boxes, are being turned up, and the additional light thus afforded serves to show the presence of dirt, and absence of paint, which forms a prominent feature in the audience part of the house. As these preparations, however, announce the speedy commencement of the play, let us take a peep 'behind,' previous to the ringing-up. The little narrow passages beneath the stage are neither especially clean nor too brilliantly lighted; and the absence of any flooring, together with the damp mildewy smell which pervades the place, does not conduce in any great degree to their comfortable appearance. Don't fall over this plate basket—it's one of the 'properties'—the caldron for the witches' cave; and the three uncouth-looking figures, with broken clothes-props in their hands, who are drinking gin-and-water out of a pint pot, are the weird sisters. This miserable room, lighted by candles in sconces placed at lengthened intervals round the wall, is the dressing-room, common to the gentlemen performers, and the square hole in the ceiling is THE trap-door of the stage above. You will observe that the ceiling is ornamented with the beams that support the boards, and tastefully hung with cobwebs.

刚进来的矮胖犹太女人是坐她旁边、苍白消瘦的小女孩的母亲。小女孩戴着蓝色玻璃珠项链，正在接受“职业训练”。她要表演哑剧。今天晚上，她将在一出悲剧之后的号笛舞中登场。圣朱利恩先生旁边坐着一个矮瘦的男人，他的脸白白的，留着深深的天花疤痕。他的衬衫前胸嵌着透孔织物，并饰有瓢虫似的珊瑚饰钉。这个人是这个剧团的低级丑角和滑稽歌手。其余的观众——到这个时候，观众已经很多了——则混杂了一群傻瓜和无赖。脚灯刚亮起来。仅有的一排包厢周围，六盏小油灯的灯芯正被点亮。于是，增添的这些光亮使得污垢和油漆剥落之处显现出来，这正是剧场中观众席的突出特点。不过，由于这些准备措施都宣告演出即将开始，还是让我们在铃响开幕之前朝“后面”窥探一下吧。舞台下面的过道窄小，既不是很干净，也不是很亮堂。没有铺地板，再加上到处弥漫着的潮乎乎的发霉味，这些都无法使这些过道显得太舒服。不要摔倒在这个餐具篮上——它可是一个道具呢——是女巫山洞里的大锅。还有三个模样怪异的人，手里拿着破旧的服装道具，正从一只一品脱容量的壶里喝掺了水的杜松子酒。她们扮演的就是命运三女神。这个简陋的房间是男演员的公用化妆室，由安装在周围墙壁上的烛台里的灯

光照亮，烛台之间相隔很远。天花板上那个方形的洞是上面的舞台的地板门。你会发现，天花板是由支撑舞台地板的横梁装饰，还很别致地挂着蜘蛛网呢。

The characters in the tragedy are all dressed, and their own clothes are scattered in hurried confusion over the wooden dresser which surrounds the room. That snuff-shop-looking figure, in front of the glass, is Banquo: and the young lady with the liberal display of legs, who is kindly painting his face with a hare's foot, is dressed for Fleance. The large woman, who is consulting the stage directions in Cumberland's edition of *Macbeth*, is the Lady Macbeth of the night; she is always selected to play the part, because she is tall and stout, and LOOKS a little like Mrs. Siddons—at a considerable distance. That stupid-looking milksop, with light hair and bow legs—a kind of man whom you can warrant town-made—is fresh caught; he plays Malcolm to-night, just to accustom himself to an audience. He will get on better by degrees; he will play Othello in a month, and in a month more, will very probably be apprehended on a charge of embezzlement. The black-eyed female with whom he is talking so earnestly, is dressed for the 'gentlewoman.' It is HER first appearance, too—in that character. The boy of fourteen who is having his eyebrows smeared with soap and whitening, is Duncan, King of Scotland; and the two dirty men with the corked countenances, in very old green tunics, and dirty drab boots, are the 'army.'

悲剧演员们都换好戏装，他们自己的衣服在忙乱中散落在房间四周的木梳妆台上。镜子前那个像鼻烟店老板的人物是扮演班柯的，那个开放地露出腿的年轻女人扮演弗里恩斯，她正用一只野兔脚友爱地往他脸上涂抹。那个大个的女人今天晚上要演麦克白夫人，她正在查阅坎伯兰版的《麦克白》中的舞台表演指导。她总是当选演出这个角色，因为她又高又胖，看上去有点像西登斯夫人——从足够远处看的话。那个看起来傻傻、长着浅色的头发和弓形腿的懦夫——他是那种你可以肯定是城里出生的人——是新招进来的。他今天晚上扮演马尔科姆，只是为了让自己习惯面对观众。他会渐渐进步起来，一个月后，他会扮演奥赛罗。再过一个月，他就很可能因被控告贪污而被抓。正在和他热切交谈的黑眼睛女人装扮成了“贵妇人”。这也是她第一次——以这个角色出现。那个十四岁的男孩扮演邓肯，即苏格兰国王。他正在用肥皂和白粉把眉毛涂白。那两个用软木炭把脸涂黑的脏兮兮的男人则是“士兵”，他们穿着很旧的绿色紧身短上衣和肮脏的褐色靴子。

'Look sharp below there, gents,' exclaims the dresser, a red-headed and red-whiskered Jew, calling through the trap, 'they're a-going to ring up. The flute says he'll be blowed if he plays any more, and they're getting precious noisy in front.' A general rush immediately takes place to the half-dozen little steep steps leading to the stage, and the heterogeneous group are soon assembled at the side

scenes, in breathless anxiety and motley confusion. 'Now,' cries the manager, consulting the written list which hangs behind the first P. S, wing, 'Scene 1, open country—lamps down— thunder and lightning—all ready, White?'[This is addressed to one of the army.] 'All ready.'—‘Very well. Scene 2, front chamber. Scene 2, front chamber. Is the front chamber down?'—'Yes.'—'Very well.'— 'Jones'[to the other army who is up in the flies]. 'Hallo!'—'Wind up the open country when we ring up.'—'I'll take care.'—‘Scene 3, back perspective with practical bridge. Bridge ready, White? Got the tressels there?'—'All right.'

“先生们，注意看下面了。”剧团里一个红头发、红胡子的犹太服装员隔着地板门喊道，“就要打铃开幕了。长笛手说再要他吹，他就要发火了，前面座位的观众也正闹得凶呢。”大家立即朝通向舞台的五六级陡直的小楼梯冲去。不久，各色人等就聚集在了侧面的布景旁，个个焦虑得屏气凝神，服装五色杂陈，一片茫然。“现在，”剧团监督一边查阅第一个边厢后面挂着的一张清单，一边喊道，“第一幕，空旷的田野——把灯放下——打雷闪电——怀特，都准备好了吗？”（这是对一个士兵说的。）“全部准备好了。”“很好。第二幕，前房。前房放下布景了没有？”“放下了。”“很好。”“琼斯。”（对舞台上方存放布景处的另一名士兵喊道）“哎！”“我们打铃的时候，你把空旷田野的布景卷起来。”“好的。”“第三幕，真正的桥上的远景。桥准备好了吗，怀特？把活动架放好了吗？”“好了。”

'Very well. 'Very Well. Clear the stage,' cries the manager, hastily packing every member of the company into the little space there is between the wings and the wall, and one wing and another. 'Places, places. Now then, Witches—Duncan—Malcolm—bleeding officer—where's the bleeding officer?'—'Here!' replies the officer, who has been rose-pinking for the character. 'Get ready, then; now, White, ring the second music-bell.' The actors who are to be discovered, are hastily arranged, and the actors who are not to be discovered place themselves, in their anxiety to peep at the house, just where the audience can see them. The bell rings, and the orchestra, in acknowledgment of the call, play three distinct chords. The bell rings—the tragedy (!) opens—and our description closes.

“很好，离开舞台。”剧团监督大声喊着，一边把这群人全都塞进边厢和墙之间以及边厢和边厢之间的狭小空间里，“按次序，按次序排。现在，巫婆——邓肯——马尔科姆——流血的军官——流血的军官在哪儿？”“在这儿！”军官答道。为了演这个角色，他正在让人把他身上涂成粉红色。“那么，准备好。现在，怀特，打响第二次音乐铃。”要上台让观众看到的演员匆匆排好队，而不让观众看到的演员由于急于想窥探剧场里的情形，正好站在了观众能瞧见的地方。铃声响了，管弦乐队弹了三个不同的和音，表示已经接受戏要开演的通知。铃响了——悲剧开演！我们的描述也到此为止了。

CHAPTER XIV VAUXHALL-GARDENS BY DAY

第十四章　白天去沃克斯霍尔游乐场

There was a time when if a man ventured to wonder how Vauxhall-gardens would look by day, he was hailed with a shout of derision at the absurdity of the idea. Vauxhall by daylight! A porter-pot without porter, the House of Commons without the Speaker, a gas-lamp without the gas—pooh, nonsense, the thing was not to be thought of. It was rumoured, too, in those times, that Vauxhall-gardens by day, were the scene of secret and hidden experiments; that there, carvers were exercised in the mystic art of cutting a moderate-sized ham into slices thin enough to pave the whole of the grounds; that beneath the shade of the tall trees, studious men were constantly engaged in chemical experiments, with the view of discovering how much water a bowl of negus could possibly bear; and that in some retired nooks, appropriated to the study of ornithology, other sage and learned men were, by a process known only to themselves, incessantly employed in reducing fowls to a mere combination of skin and bone.

曾经有段时间，如果一个人贸然好奇沃克斯霍尔游乐场白天是什么样子，人们就会大声嘲弄他的这个想法是多么荒唐。白天的沃克斯霍尔啊！就像没有黑啤酒的啤酒壶，没有议长的下议院，没有煤气的煤气灯——呸，胡扯，这种事根本不该想起。那时，也有谣言说，白天的沃克斯霍尔游乐场是人们做秘密实验的隐蔽场所；说雕刻师在那儿练习一种秘术，把一块中等大小的火腿切得够薄，使它足以把整个场地铺满；说在高树的树阴下，好学的人常常做化学实验，研究一碗尼格斯酒能加多少水；还说有一些偏僻的角落被划出来供人研究鸟类学，还有其他一些智者和学者通过只有他们自己知道的过程，不断地把家禽变成皮包骨。

Vague rumours of this kind, together with many others of a similar nature, cast over Vauxhall-gardens an air of deep mystery; and as there is a great deal in the mysterious, there is no doubt that to a good many people, at all events, the pleasure they afforded was not a little enhanced by this very circumstance.

诸如此类模糊的谣传，以及许多其他类似的传说，使沃克斯霍尔游乐场笼罩了一种极其神秘的气氛。而由于神秘的事物中会有很多内容，无疑对许多人来说，这种情况无论如何都大大增强了他们的兴趣。

Of this class of people we confess to having made one. We loved to wander among these illuminated groves, thinking of the patient and laborious researches which had been carried on there during the day, and witnessing their results in the suppers which were served up beneath the light of lamps and to the sound of music at night. The

temples and saloons and cosmoramas and fountains glittered and sparkled before our eyes; the beauty of the lady singers and the elegant deportment of the gentlemen, captivated our hearts; a few hundred thousand of additional lamps dazzled our senses; a bowl or two of punch bewildered our brains; and we were happy.

我们承认自己是这一种人。我们喜欢在灯光照亮的小树林里闲逛，想着白天在那儿所进行的耐心费力的研究。晚上，晚餐在灯光下和音乐声中端上来的时候，我们见证研究成果。神殿、酒馆、世界风俗景物西洋镜和喷泉在我们面前发光、闪烁，女歌手的美丽和绅士们的优雅举止使我们着迷，另有上万盏灯使我们眼花缭乱，一两碗潘趣酒让我们的头脑迷惑不清。我们很快活。

In an evil hour, the proprietors of Vauxhall-gardens took to opening them by day. We regretted this, as rudely and harshly disturbing that veil of mystery which had hung about the property for many years, and which none but the noonday sun, and the late Mr. Simpson, had ever penetrated. We shrunk from going; at this moment we scarcely know why. Perhaps a morbid consciousness of approaching disappointment—perhaps a fatal presentiment—perhaps the weather; whatever it was, we did NOT go until the second or third announcement of a race between two balloons tempted us, and we went. We paid our shilling at the gate, and then we saw for the first time, that the entrance, if there had been any magic about it at all, was now decidedly disenchanted, being, in fact, nothing more nor less than a combination of very roughly-painted boards and sawdust. We glanced at the orchestra and supper-room as we hurried past—we just recognised them, and that was all. We bent our steps to the firework-ground; there, at least, we should not be disappointed. We reached it, and stood rooted to the spot with mortification and astonishment. THAT the Moorish tower—that wooden shed with a door in the centre, and daubs of crimson and yellow all round, like a gigantic watch-case! THAT the place where night after night we had beheld the undaunted Mr. Blackmore make his terrific ascent, surrounded by flames of fire, and peals of artillery, and where the white garments of Madame Somebody (we forget even her name now), who nobly devoted her life to the manufacture of fireworks, had so often been seen fluttering in the wind, as she called up a red, blue, or party-coloured light to illumine her temple! THAT the—but at this moment the bell rung; the people scampered away, pell-mell, to the spot from whence the sound proceeded; and we, from the mere force of habit, found ourself running among the first, as if for very life.

在一个不幸的时刻，沃克斯霍尔游乐场的老板开始在白天开放游乐场了。我们对此感到遗憾，因为多年以来笼罩着这块地方的神秘面纱被粗暴地扯下来了。曾经，只有中午的阳光和已故的辛普森先生穿透过这

层面纱。我们不敢去，现在想想也不知道是为什么。也许是一种对即将面临的失望的病态意识——或许是一种不幸的预感——或许是天气的缘故。不管是因为什么，我们一直都没有去，直到有一场气球比赛再三发布比赛通知，我们才在诱惑之下去了。我们在门口付了一先令，接着就第一次看到门只不过是几块漆得很粗糙的木板和木屑的混合体。如果说以前入口还有什么魔力的话，现在已经断然被消除了。我们快速路过的时候看了乐队和晚餐厅一眼——我们只是认出了它们，仅此而已。我们朝放烟火的地方走去，觉得至少我们在那里不会感到失望。我们到了那儿，却惊呆了，满心的屈辱和震惊。那儿原来就是摩尔式塔楼——那个当中有扇门、四周抹着红色和黄色涂料的木棚，简直像一个巨大的表壳！那儿原来就是我们过去天天晚上见到勇敢的布莱克莫尔先生在火焰的包围下和隆隆的炮声中往上精彩攀爬的地方。而且，就是在这个地方，崇高地把一生都致力于生产烟火的某某女士（现在我们甚至连她的名字都忘记了）召唤出红的、蓝的，或是杂色的光来照亮她的神殿时，她白色的衣裳经常在风中摇摆！那儿原来就是——但就在这时，铃声响了起来。人们乱哄哄地朝铃声响起的地方奔去，而我们，仅仅是出于习惯，也跑在前头，好像逃命似的。

It was for the concert in the orchestra. A small party of dismal men in cocked hats were 'executing' the overture to Tancredi, and a numerous assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, with their families, had rushed from their half-emptied stout mugs in the supper boxes, and crowded to the spot. Intense was the low murmur of admiration when a particularly small gentleman, in a dress coat, led on a particularly tall lady in a blue sarcenet pelisse and bonnet of the same, ornamented with large white feathers, and forthwith commenced a plaintive duet.

原来那是为管弦乐队的演奏打的铃。一小队头戴三角帽的忧郁男子在“演奏”《唐克莱弟》的前奏曲，许许多多的先生太太们带着他们的孩子赶来，挤在人群中，留下晚餐盒中剩了一半饮料的大杯子。一个特别小巧的身穿燕尾服的先生领着一个特别高大的女士走上台来。那位女士身穿蓝色薄绸皮外衣，帽子的料子也一样，上面插了两大根白色羽毛。他们马上开始了一支哀伤的二重唱，人群中响起一阵低声、热烈的赞美声。

We knew the small gentleman well; we had seen a lithographed semblance of him, on many a piece of music, with his mouth wide open as if in the act of singing; a wine-glass in his hand; and a table with two decanters and four pine-apples on it in the background. The tall lady, too, we had gazed on, lost in raptures of admiration, many and many a time—how different people DO look by daylight, and without punch, to be sure! It was a beautiful duet: first the small gentleman asked a question, and then the tall lady answered it; then the small gentleman and the tall lady sang together most melodiously; then the small gentleman went through a little piece of vehemence by

himself, and got very tenor indeed, in the excitement of his feelings, to which the tall lady responded in a similar manner; then the small gentleman had a shake or two, after which the tall lady had the same, and then they both merged imperceptibly into the original air: and the band wound themselves up to a pitch of fury, and the small gentleman handed the tall lady out, and the applause was rapturous.

我们对那个小个子先生很了解；我们在许多乐谱上看到过他的版画肖像，他嘴张得很大，像在唱歌；手里拿着酒杯；背景是一张放着两个细颈盛水瓶和四只菠萝的桌子。我们也曾无数次地凝视过那位高大的女士，对她仰慕得神魂颠倒——人们在白天看上去多么不同啊，不喝潘趣酒一定会是这样！那是一支动听的二重唱：首先，小个子先生问一个问题，高个子女士回答。接着，两个人悠扬地合唱。然后，小个先生自己来一段激昂的曲子。在激动的情绪中，他的男高音确实音调很高，高个子女士用同样的方式回应。接着，小个子先生发出一两个颤音，高个子女士也随即照样来了两下。然后，他们俩不知不觉地混声合唱原先的调子。乐队最后以一个激昂的音调收尾，小个子先生就牵着高个子女士退场，台下响起观众欣喜若狂的喝彩。

The comic singer, however, was the especial favourite; we really thought that a gentleman, with his dinner in a pocket-handkerchief, who stood near us, would have fainted with excess of joy. A marvellously facetious gentleman that comic singer is; his distinguishing characteristics are, a wig approaching to the flaxen, and an aged countenance, and he bears the name of one of the English counties, if we recollect right. He sang a very good song about the seven ages, the first half-hour of which afforded the assembly the purest delight; of the rest we can make no report, as we did not stay to hear any more.

然而，观众最喜爱的还是滑稽歌手。我们真的觉得站在我们旁边、用手帕包着晚饭的那个先生会高兴得晕过去。那个滑稽歌手是个滑稽得出奇的人。他独特的特点是头戴一顶近似亚麻色的假发和他沧桑的面容。另外，如果我们没记错的话，他的名字是英国的一个郡名。他唱了一首关于七个年代的好歌，头半个小时里，观众听得高兴到极点。余下的情况我们就没法报告了，因为我们没有再呆在那儿听下去。

We walked about, and met with a disappointment at every turn; our favourite views were mere patches of paint; the fountain that had sparkled so showily by lamp-light, presented very much the appearance of a water-pipe that had burst; all the ornaments were dingy, and all the walks gloomy. There was a spectral attempt at rope-dancing in the little open theatre. The sun shone upon the spangled dresses of the performers, and their evolutions were about as inspiriting and appropriate as a country-dance in a family vault. So we retraced our steps to the firework-ground, and mingled with the little crowd of people who were contemplating Mr. Green.

我们四处走动，所到之处都让我们失望。我们最喜爱的景致原来仅仅是漆出来的。那在灯光下闪耀得如此华丽的喷泉，看来简直就是根爆破的水管。所有的装饰都肮脏不堪，所有的走道都阴森暗淡。在露天小剧场里，有人正鬼怪般地表演走钢丝。太阳照在表演者衣服的亮片上，他们的动作几乎和家族墓穴中描绘的乡村舞蹈一样激人奋进和恰如其分。所以，我们又回到放烟花的地方，混入了那一小群注视着格林先生的人。

Some half-dozen men were restraining the impetuosity of one of the balloons, which was completely filled, and had the car already attached; and as rumours had gone abroad that a Lord was 'going up,' the crowd were more than usually anxious and talkative. There was one little man in faded black, with a dirty face and a rusty black neckerchief with a red border, tied in a narrow wisp round his neck, who entered into conversation with everybody, and had something to say upon every remark that was made within his hearing. He was standing with his arms folded, staring up at the balloon, and every now and then vented his feelings of reverence for the aeronaut, by saying, as he looked round to catch somebody's eye, 'He's a rum'un is Green; think o'this here being up'ards of his two hundredth ascent; ecod, the man as is ekal to Green never had the toothache yet, nor won't have within this hundred year, and that's all about it. When you meets with real talent, and native, too, encourage it, that's what I say;' and when he had delivered himself to this effect, he would fold his arms with more determination than ever, and stare at the balloon with a sort of admiring defiance of any other man alive, beyond himself and Green, that impressed the crowd with the opinion that he was an oracle.

大约五六个人正在控制着其中一只充满了气、就要飞走的气球，给它安上了吊舱。据谣传，一位勋爵要“上去”，因此，那群人比平时更加急切，话说得也更多。有个小个子男人穿着褪色的黑衣服，脸很脏，脖子上围着一条捻成了细长条的红边赭黑色颈巾。他和所有人都能攀谈，无论他听到什么话，都能凑上几句。他抱臂站着，抬头盯着气球，时不时地表示出他对飞艇驾驶员的敬意。他向四周一望，试图引起某个人的注意，说：“这个格林是个古怪的家伙。想想看，这是他的第二百次飞上天呀。啊，一个像格林这样的人从来不牙疼，而且一百年以内都不会牙疼，事情就是这样。你遇见一个真正的天才，并且也是本国人时，你要鼓励他，这就是我要说的。”他表达了自己这一意思之后，带着前所未有的坚定抱住双臂，盯着气球，眼里是那种只敬佩他自己和格林、不把别的任何人放在眼里的神情。这使得这群人都觉得他是个圣人。

'Ah, you're very right, sir,' said another gentleman, with his wife, and children, and mother, and wife's sister, and a host of female friends, in all the gentility of white pocket-handkerchiefs, frills, and spencers, 'Mr. Green is a steady hand, sir, and there's no fear about

him.'

“啊，你是对的，先生。”另一个绅士说，他带着他的妻子、孩子、母亲、小姨子和一群女性朋友，白手帕、饰边和羊毛短上衣都显示其来自上流社会，“格林先生是个踏实的人，先生，不用替他担心。”

'Fear!' said the little man: 'isn't it a lovely thing to see him and his wife a going up in one balloon, and his own son and HIS wife a jostling up against them in another, and all of them going twenty or thirty mile in three hours or so, and then coming back in pochayses? I don't know where this here science is to stop, mind you; that's what bothers me.'

“担心！”小个子男人说，“看着他和他妻子乘一只气球飞上天，他儿子和儿子的妻子乘另一只气球和他们碰到一起，都在三小时左右飞行二三十英里，然后乘驿车回来，这一切难道不是很美好吗？我不知道现在这种科学要发展到什么程度，告诉你吧，这才是我担心的。”

Here there was a considerable talking among the females in the spencers.

这时，穿羊毛短上衣的女子们很起劲地谈了起来。

'What's the ladies a laughing at, sir?' inquired the little man, condescendingly.

“先生，女士们在笑什么？”小个子男人以屈尊的神态问道。

'It's only my sister Mary,' said one of the girls, 'as says she hopes his lordship won't be frightened when he's in the car, and want to come out again.'

“只是我妹妹玛丽，”其中一个女孩说，“她说她希望爵爷坐进气球吊舱以后不要害怕得想再走出来。”

'Make yourself easy about that there, my dear,' replied the little man. 'If he was so much as to move a inch without leave, Green would jist fetch him a crack over the head with the telescope, as would send him into the bottom of the basket in no time, and stun him till they come down again.'

“这就不用担心了，亲爱的，”小个子男人回答说，“哪怕他只是挪动了一英寸，并没有离开，格林就会用望远镜在他头上啪啪打一下，立即把他打回吊舱底儿，让他一直晕到再次回到地面上。”

'Would he, though?' inquired the other man.

“可他会这么干吗？”那个绅士问道。

'Yes, would he,' replied the little one, 'and think nothing of it, neither, if he was the king himself. Green's presence of mind is wonderful.'

“是的，他会。”小个子男人说，“即使那人是国王，他也不会手下留情。格林的沉着很令人赞叹。”

Just at this moment all eyes were directed to the preparations which were being made for starting. The car was attached to the second balloon, the two were brought pretty close together, and a military band commenced playing, with a zeal and fervour which would render the most timid man in existence but too happy to accept any means of quitting that particular spot of earth on which they were stationed. Then Mr. Green, sen., and his noble companion entered one car, and Mr. Green, jun., and HIS companion the other; and then the balloons went up, and the aerial travellers stood up, and the crowd outside roared with delight, and the two gentlemen who had never ascended before, tried to wave their flags, as if they were not nervous, but held on very fast all the while; and the balloons were wafted gently away, our little friend solemnly protesting, long after they were reduced to mere specks in the air, that he could still distinguish the white hat of Mr. Green. The gardens disgorged their multitudes, boys ran up and down screaming 'bal-loon;' and in all the crowded thoroughfares people rushed out of their shops into the middle of the road, and having stared up in the air at two little black objects till they almost dislocated their necks, walked slowly in again, perfectly satisfied.

就在这个时候，大家都转过眼去看起飞的准备工作。他们给第二个气球系上吊舱，两个气球挨得很近。一个军乐队开始演奏，其劲头和热情能使世上最胆小的人都非常乐意接受任何工具，把自己带离他正站在的这片土地。然后，老格林先生和他高贵的伴侣进到一个吊舱，小格林先生则和他的伴侣进到另一个吊舱。接着，气球起飞了，空中旅行家们站起身来。吊舱外面的人群高兴地喊叫着，那两位从来没有上过天的绅士试着挥舞手中的旗子，装出他们并不紧张的样子，却一直紧紧抓着吊舱。气球轻轻地飘远了，渐渐在空中变成了小点。之后过了好一会儿，我们那位小个子朋友还在一本正经地断言他能辨认出格林先生的白帽子呢。公园里的人群都跑了出来，男孩子们来回奔跑，尖声喊叫着“气球！”在所有拥挤的大街上，人们从他们的店铺里冲到街中央，抬头盯着天空中的两个小黑色物体，直到他们的脖子快脱节了，才心满意足地慢慢走回店铺去。

The next day there was a grand account of the ascent in the morning papers, and the public were informed how it was the finest day but four in Mr. Green's remembrance; how they retained sight of the earth till they lost it behind the clouds; and how the reflection of the balloon on the undulating masses of vapour was gorgeously picturesque; together with a little science about the refraction of the sun's rays, and some mysterious hints respecting atmospheric heat and eddying currents of air.

第二天，诸多晨报上都有关于这次飞天的辉煌报道。公众得知，格林先生记得这是除了其他四天以外，天气最好的一天。他还讲了他们怎样一直能看到地面，直到视线被云层挡住，气球在波动的雾气块上反射出的映像有多么瑰丽如画。连同一些太阳光线折射度的科学问题，他还提到有关大气层的热辐射和空气的涡流的某些神秘暗示。

There was also an interesting account how a man in a boat was distinctly heard by Mr. Green, jun., to exclaim, 'My eye!' which Mr. Green, jun., attributed to his voice rising to the balloon, and the sound being thrown back from its surface into the car; and the whole concluded with a slight allusion to another ascent next Wednesday, all of which was very instructive and very amusing, as our readers will see if they look to the papers. If we have forgotten to mention the date, they have only to wait till next summer, and take the account of the first ascent, and it will answer the purpose equally well.

还有一篇有趣的报道，说小格林先生清楚地听到一个男人在船上喊道：“天哪！”小格林先生认为他的声音先是升到了气球上，又从气球表面反射到了吊舱里。整个报道在结尾处略提了下个周三的飞天活动，如果我们的读者看一下晨报的话，就会发现这一切既增长知识，又很有趣。如果我们忘记提及日期的话，读者只要等到明年夏天，记下有关第一次飞上天的描述，也同样可以达到此目的。

CHAPTER XV EARLY COACHES

第十五章 早班公共马车

We have often wondered how many months' incessant travelling in a post-chaise it would take to kill a man; and wondering by analogy, we should very much like to know how many months of constant travelling in a succession of early coaches, an unfortunate mortal could endure. Breaking a man alive upon the wheel, would be nothing to breaking his rest, his peace, his heart—everything but his fast—upon four; and the punishment of Ixion (the only practical person, by-the-bye, who has discovered the secret of the perpetual motion) would sink into utter insignificance before the one we have suggested. If we had been a powerful churchman in those good times when blood was shed as freely as water, and men were mowed down like grass, in the sacred cause of religion, we would have lain by very quietly till we got hold of some especially obstinate miscreant, who positively refused to be converted to our faith, and then we would have booked him for an inside place in a small coach, which travelled day and night: and securing the remainder of the places for stout men with a slight tendency to coughing and spitting, we would have started him forth on his last travels: leaving him mercilessly to all the tortures which the waiters, landlords, coachmen, guards, boots, chambermaids, and other familiars on his line of road, might think proper to inflict.

我们经常好奇一个人不停地乘坐驿车多少个月才能死去。同样地，我们也好奇一个不幸的凡人不停地坐早班公共马车的话，能忍受多少个月。与用四个车轮扰乱一个人的休息、宁静和心——扰乱他的一切，除了禁食——相比，用车把一个人活活轧死就不算什么了。伊克赛翁所受的惩罚（顺便提一下，他是唯一一个通过实践发现永恒运动秘密的人）如果与我们上面所说的活受罪相比，也变得完全微不足道了。如果我们是有权力的教士，处在为了神圣的宗教事业血流如注、草菅人命的虔诚年代里，我们就会静静地伏在一边，直到我们抓到某个坚决不改信我们宗教、异常顽固的恶棍，就可以在日夜奔驰的小公共马车里给他预定一个位子。我们还要保证剩下的位子给有点爱咳嗽吐痰的矮胖男子留着，让他开始最后的旅途，无情地留他忍受所有侍者、店主、马车夫、看守、行李夫、旅馆侍女，以及一路上经常碰得到的人们可能对他进行的折磨。

Who has not experienced the miseries inevitably consequent upon a summons to undertake a hasty journey? But these trades are as eccentric as comets; nay, worse, for no one can calculate on the recurrence of the strange appearances which betoken the disease. You

and your family are forthwith thrown into a state of tremendous excitement; an express is immediately dispatched to the washerwoman's; everybody is in a bustle; and you, yourself, with a feeling of dignity which you cannot altogether conceal, sally forth to the booking-office to secure your place. Here a painful consciousness of your own unimportance first rushes on your mind— the people are as cool and collected as if nobody were going out of town, or as if a journey of a hundred odd miles were a mere nothing. You enter a mouldy-looking room, ornamented with large posting-bills; the greater part of the place enclosed behind a huge, lumbering, rough counter, and fitted up with recesses that look like the dens of the smaller animals in a travelling menagerie, without the bars. Some half-dozen people are 'booking' brown-paper parcels, which one of the clerks flings into the aforesaid recesses with an air of recklessness which you, remembering the new carpet-bag you bought in the morning, feel considerably annoyed at; porters, looking like so many Atlases, keep rushing in and out, with large packages on their shoulders; and while you are waiting to make the necessary inquiries, you wonder what on earth the booking-office clerks can have been before they were booking-office clerks; one of them with his pen behind his ear, and his hands behind him, is standing in front of the fire, like a full-length portrait of Napoleon; the other with his hat half off his head, enters the passengers' names in the books with a coolness which is inexpressibly provoking; and the villain whistles—actually whistles—while a man asks him what the fare is outside, all the way to Holyhead!—in frosty weather, too! They are clearly an isolated race, evidently possessing no sympathies or feelings in common with the rest of mankind. Your turn comes at last, and having paid the fare, you tremblingly inquire—'What time will it be necessary for me to be here in the morning?'—'Six o'clock,' replies the whistler, carelessly pitching the sovereign you have just parted with, into a wooden bowl on the desk. 'Rather before than arter,' adds the man with the semi-roasted unmentionables, with just as much ease and complacency as if the whole world got out of bed at five. You turn into the street, ruminating as you bend your steps homewards on the extent to which men become hardened in cruelty, by custom.

有谁没有经历过因被召而急匆匆地上路所带来的不可避免的苦难呢？你从工作的地方接到通知——不管那是在哪儿，也不管你是什么人——你都必须毫不拖延地离开所在的城镇。你和家人立刻陷入一种极其激动的状态，急忙差人去洗衣服，每个人都忙忙碌碌。而你自己呢，则带着一种你所不能完全掩饰的尊严感，出发去订票处买车票。在这儿，你忽然第一次痛苦地感到自己微不足道——那儿的人冷静而泰然自若，好像没人要离开城镇，又好像一百多英里的旅程不算什么似的。你走进一间看起来发了霉的房间，里面全是大张的招贴。房间的大部分被一个

粗制、笨重的大柜台隔开。墙上装着一个个壁龛，活像活动动物园中安置小动物的没有栅栏的兽笼。大约有五六个人在办理牛皮纸包裹的登记手续，其中一个办事员把这些包裹投进上面提到的壁龛中。他的神态满不在乎，这让你感到十分厌恶，因为你想起早上才买的那只新毛毡旅行袋。搬运工们看起来就像许多巨神阿特拉斯，背上扛着大行李袋一直跑进跑出。你等着要问一些必要的问题时，不禁纳闷订票处的这些办事员之前到底是做什么的。其中一个办事员把钢笔夹在耳朵后面，双手背后，站在火炉前，像一幅拿破仑的全身肖像。另一个人的帽子只戴了一半，正在登记乘客的名字。他带有一种无法言说、令人恼火的冷淡。一个男人问他坐在车外到霍莱海德——还是在严寒之中——的车费是多少时，那个坏蛋吹起了口哨——真的吹起口哨呢！他们显然是一个与世隔绝的种族，明显对其余的人类没有同情心或共同的情感。终于轮到你了，付完钱后，你颤抖着问道："早上我得几点到这儿来？""六点。"吹口哨的办事员说着，把你刚交给他的那枚一英镑金币随手扔到桌上一个木碗里。"早点比晚点好。"那个裤子快给烤焦了的办事员加上一句，说得如此轻松自得，好像全世界的人都是早上五点起床一样。你走上街头，在回家的路上沉思着人们由于习惯竟然变得如此冷酷无情。

If there be one thing in existence more miserable than another, it most unquestionably is the being compelled to rise by candlelight. If you have ever doubted the fact, you are painfully convinced of your error, on the morning of your departure. You left strict orders, overnight, to be called at half-past four, and you have done nothing all night but doze for five minutes at a time, and start up suddenly from a terrific dream of a large church-clock with the small hand running round, with astonishing rapidity, to every figure on the dial-plate. At last, completely exhausted, you fall gradually into a refreshing sleep—your thoughts grow confused—the stage–coaches, which have been 'going off' before your eyes all night, become less and less distinct, until they go off altogether; one moment you are driving with all the skill and smartness of an experienced whip—the next you are exhibiting ELA Ducrow, on the off–leader; anon you are closely muffled up, inside, and have just recognised in the person of the guard an old schoolfellow, whose funeral, even in your dream, you remember to have attended eighteen years ago. At last you fall into a state of complete oblivion, from which you are aroused, as if into a new state of existence, by a singular illusion. You are apprenticed to a trunk-maker; how, or why, or when, or wherefore, you don't take the trouble to inquire; but there you are, pasting the lining in the lid of a portmanteau. Confound that other apprentice in the back shop, how he is hammering!—rap, rap, rap—what an industrious fellow he must be! you have heard him at work for half an hour past, and he has been hammering incessantly the whole time. Rap, rap, rap, again—he's talking now—what's that he said? Five o'clock! You make a violent exertion, and start up in bed. The vision is at once dispelled; the

trunk-maker's shop is your own bedroom, and the other apprentice your shivering servant, who has been vainly endeavouring to wake you for the last quarter of an hour, at the imminent risk of breaking either his own knuckles or the panels of the door. You proceed to dress yourself, with all possible dispatch. The flaring flat candle with the long snuff, gives light enough to show that the things you want, are not where they ought to be, and you undergo a trifling delay in consequence of having carefully packed up one of your boots in your over-anxiety of the preceding night. You soon complete your toilet, however, for you are not particular on such an occasion, and you shaved yesterday evening; so mounting your Petersham great-coat, and green travelling shawl, and grasping your carpet-bag in your right hand, you walk lightly down-stairs, lest you should awaken any of the family, and after pausing in the common sitting-room for one moment, just to have a cup of coffee (the said common sitting-room looking remarkably comfortable, with everything out of its place, and strewed with the crumbs of last night's supper), you undo the chain and bolts of the street-door, and find yourself fairly in the street.

如果说有什么事情比另一件更惨的话，毫无疑问就是在烛光中被迫起床。如果你曾经怀疑这一事实，那么在你动身的那个早晨，你就会痛苦地认识到自己的错误。前一天晚上，你严格命令仆人要在四点半叫你起床。一整晚，你只是打会儿盹，每过五分钟就会忽然从梦中惊醒。你做了一个奇妙的梦，梦见一台教堂大钟，时针以惊人的速度转到钟面上的每个数字上。最后，你累得筋疲力尽，渐渐地酣睡过去——你的思想变得混乱——整晚在你眼前“开走”的驿车现在变得越来越模糊，直到后来完全不见了。有一会儿，你成了一个经验丰富的老手，正熟练而敏捷地驾驶着马车；下一刻，你在迪克罗剧场右边的先导马背上表演；过了不久，你又被严实地裹住身子，坐在马车里，刚刚认出那个看守正是你的老同学，甚至你在梦中都还记得十八年前参加过他的葬礼。最后，你终于完全失去了知觉，又被一种奇特的幻觉唤醒，仿佛自己获得了新生。你给一个做皮箱的人当学徒，没有费心去询问这事是如何发生的，为什么或什么时候发生的，或结果如何。不过，你确实在那儿，正给一个旅行皮箱的盖糊衬里呢。店铺后堂的另一个学徒真该死，他捶打得多么带劲啊！砰，砰，砰，他一定是个勤劳的家伙！你已经听见他干了半个小时的活，他一直在不停地捶打。砰，砰，砰，又开始了——现在他在说话了——他说什么？五点钟了！你奋力猛然从床上跳起来。幻象立即消失了。原来，皮箱店就是你自己的卧室，另一个学徒则是你那正在发抖的仆人。过去一刻钟里，他努力叫醒你，但你没有醒。他还冒着即将要么敲断自己的指关节要么敲破门板的危险。你开始着手尽可能快地穿衣服。借着那燃着长烛花、烛光微弱而摇曳的蜡烛，你看到你想要的东西并不在它们应该在的地方。而且，由于前一夜你过分紧张，仔仔细细地把你的一只靴子包了起来，这让你稍微拖延了一些时间。不过，你很快就梳洗好了，因为在这种场合下，你并不讲究，而且你昨天晚上刮过胡子了。于是，你穿上珠皮呢大衣，围上绿色的旅行披巾，右手抓起

你那只毛毡旅行包，轻轻地下了楼，唯恐吵醒家里人。你在公用的起居室停留了一会儿，喝了杯咖啡（所说的公用起居室里，每样东西都乱放着，到处还残留着昨晚晚餐的面包屑，看起来却相当舒服），你拉开街门的链条和插销，走到了街上。

A thaw, by all that is miserable! The frost is completely broken up. You look down the long perspective of Oxford-street, the gas-lights mournfully reflected on the wet pavement, and can discern no speck in the road to encourage the belief that there is a cab or a coach to be had—the very coachmen have gone home in despair. The cold sleet is drizzling down with that gentle regularity, which betokens a duration of four-and-twenty hours at least; the damp hangs upon the house-tops and lamp-posts, and clings to you like an invisible cloak. The water is 'coming in' in every area, the pipes have burst, the water-butts are running over; the kennels seem to be doing matches against time, pump-handles descend of their own accord, horses in market-carts fall down, and there's no one to help them up again, policemen look as if they had been carefully sprinkled with powdered glass; here and there a milk-woman trudges slowly along, with a bit of list round each foot to keep her from slipping; boys who 'don't sleep in the house,' and are not allowed much sleep out of it, can't wake their masters by thundering at the shop-door, and cry with the cold—the compound of ice, snow, and water on the pavement, is a couple of inches thick—nobody ventures to walk fast to keep himself warm, and nobody could succeed in keeping himself warm if he did.

解冻了，这真是糟糕透了！冰霜完全解冻了。你顺着牛津街往远处看去，煤气灯的光悲戚地反射在潮湿的人行道上。路上看不出一点迹象能使人相信会有一个双轮出租马车或四轮出租马车可乘坐——就连马车夫也绝望地回家去了。冰冷的雨夹雪和缓匀称地沥沥下着，预示着至少会持续二十四小时。湿气笼罩在屋顶和灯柱上，还像一件看不见的斗篷一样粘在你身上。所有的地方都“进”了水，水管爆裂了，水桶里的水溢了；水沟似乎在跟时间赛跑，抽水机的把手自动向下滑，市场里的两轮运货马车的马倒下了，没有人帮着把它们扶起来，警察们看上去好像身上被仔细地撒满了玻璃碎屑；到处有送牛奶的妇女艰难地走着，两脚都绑着一些布条，以防滑到；“不在店里过夜”、也不让在店外多睡的男孩子们重重地敲着店门，也没法把他们的老板叫醒，冻得直嚷嚷；人行道上面的冰、雪和水的混合物厚达两三英寸，没有人敢快走取暖，即使有人这么做，也暖和不起来。

It strikes a quarter past five as you trudge down Waterloo-place on your way to the Golden Cross, and you discover, for the first time, that you were called about an hour too early. You have not time to go back; there is no place open to go into, and you have, therefore, no resource but to go forward, which you do, feeling remarkably satisfied with yourself, and everything about you. You arrive at the office, and

look wistfully up the yard for the Birmingham High-flier, which, for aught you can see, may have flown away altogether, for preparations appear to be on foot for the departure of any vehicle in the shape of a coach. You wander into the booking-office, which with the gas-lights and blazing fire, looks quite comfortable by contrast—that is to say, if any place CAN look comfortable at half-past five on a winter's morning. There stands the identical book-keeper in the same position as if he had not moved since you saw him yesterday. As he informs you, that the coach is up the yard, and will be brought round in about a quarter of an hour, you leave your bag, and repair to 'The Tap'— not with any absurd idea of warming yourself, because you feel such a result to be utterly hopeless, but for the purpose of procuring some hot brandy-and-water, which you do,—when the kettle boils! an event which occurs exactly two minutes and a half before the time fixed for the starting of the coach.

你艰难地经过滑铁卢广场向金十字街走去的时候，时钟敲响了五点一刻，你才第一次发现自己被早叫了大约一小时。你没有时间再回去了，也没有开着门的地方可以进去。因此，除了继续向前走，你别无他法。你也就这么走着，对于你自己和一切关于你的事感到很是满意。你来到售票处，渴望地抬头看了下场子，想寻找往伯明翰去的快车。可是，据你所看到的情况来看，这辆马车可能早开走了，因为并没有看见任何公共马车形状的车辆在进行出发前的准备。你走进订票处，那里点着煤气灯，还燃着熊熊的炉火，相比之下看起来相当舒服——就是说，如果真有什么地方能在冬日的早晨五点半看起来舒服的话，那就是这儿了。同一个记账员还用同样的姿势站在那儿，好像从昨天你看到他开始，他就没动过一样。因为他告诉你，马车就在场子那头儿，大约一刻钟后就要开过来了，你就放下旅行包，去了“酒水间”。你并不是荒谬地想要暖和一下，因为你觉得这是完全没有希望的，你不过是想喝杯热的掺水白兰地。你的确喝到了，等水煮沸后喝的！你喝到的时候，离马车规定的开动时间正好还有两分半钟。

The first stroke of six, peals from St. Martin's church steeple, just as you take the first sip of the boiling liquid. You find yourself at the booking-office in two seconds, and the tap-waiter finds himself much comforted by your brandy-and-water, in about the same period. The coach is out; the horses are in, and the guard and two or three porters, are stowing the luggage away, and running up the steps of the booking-office, and down the steps of the booking-office, with breathless rapidity. The place, which a few minutes ago was so still and quiet, is now all bustle; the early vendors of the morning papers have arrived, and you are assailed on all sides with shouts of 'Times, gen'lm'n, Times,' 'Here's Chron— Chron—Chron,' 'Herald, ma'am,"Highly interesting murder, gen'lm'n,' 'Curious case o'breach o' promise, ladies.' The inside passengers are already in their dens, and

the outsides, with the exception of yourself, are pacing up and down the pavement to keep themselves warm; they consist of two young men with very long hair, to which the sleet has communicated the appearance of crystallised rats' tails; one thin young woman cold and peevish, one old gentleman ditto ditto, and something in a cloak and cap, intended to represent a military officer; every member of the party, with a large stiff shawl over his chin, looking exactly as if he were playing a set of Pan's pipes. 'Take off the cloths, Bob,' says the coachman, who now appears for the first time, in a rough blue great-coat, of which the buttons behind are so far apart, that you can't see them both at the same time. 'Now, gen'lm'n,' cries the guard, with the waybill in his hand. 'Five minutes behind time already!' Up jump the passengers—the two young men smoking like lime-kilns, and the old gentleman grumbling audibly. The thin young woman is got upon the roof, by dint of a great deal of pulling, and pushing, and helping and trouble, and she repays it by expressing her solemn conviction that she will never be able to get down again.

圣马丁教堂尖顶传出六点钟第一次钟响时，你正好喝下第一口滚热的饮料。两秒钟后，你来到了订票处。几乎在同一时间，酒水间的服务生就在惬意地享用你的掺水白兰地了。马车出来了，马已经上了套，看守和两三个搬运工正在把行李堆到一边，飞快地在订票处的台阶上跑上跑下，气喘吁吁。这个地方几分钟前还是那么冷清安静，现在已经一片忙乱了。晨报的最早一批小贩已经到了，你立刻被四面八方的喊声包围了：“《泰晤士报》，先生，《泰晤士报》。”“这是《记事报》——《记事报》————《记事报》。”“《先驱报》，太太。”“极有趣的谋杀案，先生。”“稀奇的婚姻毁约事件，太太。”马车里的乘客已经在他们的窝里安顿好了。外面的人呢，除了你之外，都在人行道上来回踱步，好暖和一点。他们中有两个留着长头发的年轻人，雨夹雪使得他们的头发看上去像裹了霜的老鼠尾巴。一个身体单薄的年轻女人冷得恼火，一个老先生也是如此。另外，还有一个披着大衣、戴着帽子的人，有意想要显示自己是个军官。这群人全都用一大块硬披巾包住下巴，活像是在吹奏潘神的笛子。“把布掀开，鲍勃。”马车夫说，他这还是第一次出现，穿着一件粗布蓝色大衣。他衣服后面的纽扣离得很远，远得不能同时看到。“现在，先生们，”看守喊道，手里拿着乘客名单，“我们已经晚了五分钟了！”乘客开始跳上马车——那两个年轻人一直在抽烟，像两只冒烟的石灰窟，那位老先生则发出了牢骚。那个身体单薄的年轻女人被人又拉又推，好不容易上了车，而她却报以一本正经地表示坚信她再也下不了车了。

'All right,' sings out the guard at last, jumping up as the coach starts, and blowing his horn directly afterwards, in proof of the soundness of his wind. 'Let 'em go, Harry, give 'em their heads,' cries the coachman—and off we start as briskly as if the morning were 'all right,' as well as the coach: and looking forward as anxiously to the

termination of our journey, as we fear our readers will have done, long since, to the conclusion of our paper.

“好啦。”看守最后终于大声喊道，在马车开动的时候跳了上去，并且随即吹起号角，以证明他的呼吸功能多么完善。“让它们跑起来，哈利，让它们驰骋。”马车夫喊道。我们便立刻出发了，轻快地仿佛这早晨和这马车都“还不错”呢。我们急切地盼望着旅行结束，因为我们恐怕读者早已盼望着这篇文章结束了。

CHAPTER XVI OMNIBUSES

第十六章　公共马车

It is very generally allowed that public conveyances afford an extensive field for amusement and observation. Of all the public conveyances that have been constructed since the days of the Ark—we think that is the earliest on record—to the present time, commend us to an omnibus. A long stage is not to be despised, but there you have only six insides, and the chances are, that the same people go all the way with you—there is no change, no variety. Besides, after the first twelve hours or so, people get cross and sleepy, and when you have seen a man in his nightcap, you lose all respect for him; at least, that is the case with us. Then on smooth roads people frequently get prosy, and tell long stories, and even those who don't talk, may have very unpleasant predilections. But these trades are as eccentric as comets; nay, worse, for no one can calculate on the recurrence of the strange appearances which betoken the disease. This was decidedly unpleasant. We have also travelled occasionally, with a small boy of a pale aspect, with light hair, and no perceptible neck, coming up to town from school under the protection of the guard, and directed to be left at the Cross Keys till called for. This is, perhaps, even worse than rum-and-water in a close atmosphere. Then there is the whole train of evils consequent on a change of the coachman; and the misery of the discovery—which the guard is sure to make the moment you begin to doze—that he wants a brown-paper parcel, which he distinctly remembers to have deposited under the seat on which you are reposing. A great deal of bustle and groping takes place, and when you are thoroughly awakened, and severely cramped, by holding your legs up by an almost supernatural exertion, while he is looking behind them, it suddenly occurs to him that he put it in the fore-boot. Bang goes the door; the parcel is immediately found; off starts the coach again; and the guard plays the key-bugle as loud as he can play it, as if in mockery of your wretchedness.

人们公认，公共运输工具提供了一个娱乐和观察的广阔场所。从诺亚方舟时代——我们认为它是有记录的最早的公共运输工具——到目前为止，建造的所有公共运输工具中最受人称赞的就是公共马车。我们不该瞧不起长公共马车，但那种车里面只有六个位子，而且有可能一路上都是同样的几个人和你一起——没有变化，没有多样性。另外，前十二个小时左右之后，人们变得恼火、困倦。你看到一个人戴上睡帽时，就不会再对他有敬意，至少我们是这样。另外，车子走在平坦的路上时，人们经常会变得啰嗦，讲些很长的故事。连那些沉默寡言的人，也会出

现让人不愉快的偏好。我们有次坐长途公共马车走了四百英里。同行的有一个矮胖男人，每逢我们的车子换马，他就让人通过窗户递进来一杯搀水的朗姆酒。这绝对让人讨厌。我们偶尔也在旅行时碰到脸色苍白的小男孩。他长着浅色的头发，脖子短得快看不见了，在马车看守人的保护下从学校来到城里，被吩咐留在克罗斯基斯站，直到有人来接他。这可能甚至比在密封的环境下喝掺水的朗姆酒还要糟。然后，还有一连串由于换马车夫而引起的不良后果。你开始打盹的时候，看守肯定要折腾人地发现他要找到一个牛皮纸的包裹，还说他清楚地记着把它放在了你所坐的位子底下。接着是一番没完没了的骚乱和摸索。你被彻底弄醒，两腿被他近乎超自然的臂力抬起来，丝毫动弹不得。这时候，就在他朝你的腿后面窥探的时候，却忽然想起他把包裹放在了前面的行李箱里。门砰的一下打开了，包裹立即找到了。马车再次开动，看守仿佛是在嘲笑你的狼狈似的，使足劲吹他的有键号角。

Now, you meet with none of these afflictions in an omnibus; sameness there can never be. The passengers change as often in the course of one journey as the figures in a kaleidoscope, and though not so glittering, are far more amusing. We believe there is no instance on record, of a man's having gone to sleep in one of these vehicles. As to long stories, would any man venture to tell a long story in an omnibus? And even if he did, where would be the harm? Nobody could possibly hear what he was talking about. Again, children, though occasionally, are not often to be found in an omnibus; and even when they are, if the vehicle be full, as is generally the case, somebody sits upon them, and we are unconscious of their presence. Yes, after mature reflection, and considerable experience, we are decidedly of opinion, that of all known vehicles, from the glass-coach in which we were taken to be christened, to that sombre caravan in which we must one day make our last earthly journey, there is nothing like an omnibus.

你在公共马车上不会遇到任何这样的遭遇，类似的事情绝不会发生。旅途中乘客变换之快，如同万花筒里的图形，虽然并不如万花筒那样光辉夺目，却要有趣得多。我们相信，从来没有人在这样的车上睡着。至于冗长的故事，有人敢在公共马车上讲冗长的故事吗？而且，就算他讲了，又有什么害处呢？没有人会听到他讲什么。再者，即便有时候会有小孩子，他们在公共马车上也不常见。即便有，如果车子满的话——这也是通常的情形——就会有人坐在那些小孩子的身上，我们就不会知道他们的存在。是的，经过成熟的考虑和根据大量的经验，我们可以断定，从我们受洗礼时所乘的带玻璃窗的马车，到某天我们必须进行尘世间最后一次旅程时所乘的那辆阴森森的有蓬马车，在所有为人所知的车中，没有哪一种可以和公共马车相媲美。

We will back the machine in which we make our daily peregrination from the top of Oxford-street to the city, against any 'buss' on the road, whether it be for the gaudiness of its exterior, the

perfect simplicity of its interior, or the native coolness of its cad. This young gentleman is a singular instance of self-devotion; his somewhat intemperate zeal on behalf of his employers, is constantly getting him into trouble, and occasionally into the house of correction. He is no sooner emancipated, however, than he resumes the duties of his profession with unabated ardour. His principal distinction is his activity. His great boast is, 'that he can chuck an old gen'lm'n into the buss, shut him in, and rattle off, afore he knows where it's a-going to'—a feat which he frequently performs, to the infinite amusement of every one but the old gentleman concerned, who, somehow or other, never can see the joke of the thing.

我们认为每天我们从牛津街的一端到城里去时所乘坐的那辆车比路上其他任何“公共车辆”都要好，无论是因为它那外表的俗丽，还是内部的完美朴素，或是其收费人天生的沉着。那位年轻人是个自我奉献的突出例子。他为了雇主的利益而过度热情，经常让他陷入麻烦，有时会被送进劳教所。不过，他一被释放出来，就带着不减的热情继续干起了他的老本行。他主要的特点是他的能动性。他夸下海口，说他“能在一位老先生弄清楚车要开到哪儿之前，把他塞到车里，关上车门，车咔哒咔哒地开走”。这是他经常表演的绝技，除了那位老先生不知怎么地不明白这事有什么好笑之外，其他所有人都感到无限的乐趣。

We are not aware that it has ever been precisely ascertained, how many passengers our omnibus will contain. The impression on the cad's mind evidently is, that it is amply sufficient for the accommodation of any number of persons that can be enticed into it. 'Any room?' cries a hot pedestrian. 'Plenty o'room, sir,' replies the conductor, gradually opening the door, and not disclosing the real state of the case, until the wretched man is on the steps. 'Where?' inquires the entrapped individual, with an attempt to back out again. 'Either side, sir,' rejoins the cad, shoving him in, and slamming the door. 'All right, Bill.' Retreat is impossible; the new-comer rolls about, till he falls down somewhere, and there he stops. As we get into the city a little before ten, four or five of our party are regular passengers. We always take them up at the same places, and they generally occupy the same seats; they are always dressed in the same manner, and invariably discuss the same topics—the increasing rapidity of cabs, and the disregard of moral obligations evinced by omnibus men. There is a little testy old man, with a powdered head, who always sits on the right–hand side of the door as you enter, with his hands folded on the top of his umbrella. He is extremely impatient, and sits there for the purpose of keeping a sharp eye on the cad, with whom he generally holds a running dialogue. He is very officious in helping people in and out, and always volunteers to give the cad a poke with his umbrella, when any one wants to alight. He usually recommends

ladies to have sixpence ready, to prevent delay; and if anybody puts a window down, that he can reach, he immediately puts it up again.

我们不知道有什么人精确地查明过公共马车能装载多少乘客。收费人心里想的显然是无论招徕多少乘客，车都能装下。“还有空儿吗？”一个走得大汗淋漓的行人喊道。“空儿多着呢，先生。”收费人答道，慢慢地打开车门，不露出车里的真实状况，直到那个可怜的人跨上了踏板。“哪里有空儿？”上当的人问道，试图再退出去。“两边都行，先生。”收费人答道，把他推进去，砰的关上了门，“好了，比尔。”退出去已经不可能了，新来的乘客左摇右晃，直到他倒在了某个地方，才停住不动。快到十点钟时，我们进到了城里，车里有四五个人经常乘这辆车。我们总是在相同的地方接他们，他们一般坐在相同的位置上，总是穿相同样式的衣服，一成不变地讨论相同的话题——出租马车提速、公共马车职工无视道义上的责任之类的。有一个头发上撒了粉的脾气暴躁的小老头，你一上车就会发现他总是坐在门右手边的座位上，双手在伞端上合拢。他很不耐烦，坐在那儿为的是要用犀利的眼光盯着收费人。他一般会同收费人喋喋不休地交谈。他过分殷勤地帮助人们上下马车。有人想要下车的时候，他总是自动用他的伞戳一下收费人。他总是建议女士们准备好六便士的车费，以防耽搁时间。要是有人把车窗放下来了，他能够得着的话，就会立即再把它推上去。

'Now, what are you stopping for?' says the little man every morning, the moment there is the slightest indication of 'pulling up' at the corner of Regent-street, when some such dialogue as the following takes place between him and the cad:

“现在为什么要停车？”每天早上，小老头只要看到马车在摄政王街的转角处有一丝想要停下来的意思，就会和收费人进行此类的对话：

'What are you stopping for?'

“为什么要停下？”

Here the cad whistles, and affects not to hear the question.

这时，收费人吹起口哨，装作没有听见这句问话。

'I say [a poke], what are you stopping for?'

“我说（他戳了一下收费人），你为什么停车？”

'For passengers, sir. Ba—nk.—Ty.'

“为了乘客，先生。要去银——行。”

'I know you're stopping for passengers; but you've no business to do so. WHY are you stopping?'

“我知道你是为乘客停的。可是，你没有权利这么做。你到底为什么停车？”

'Vy, sir, that's a difficult question. I think it is because we perfer

stopping here to going on.'

“嗨，先生，那是个难题。我想是因为我们更愿意在这儿停下，而不是继续往前走。”

'Now mind,' exclaims the little old man, with great vehemence, 'I'll pull you up to-morrow; I've often threatened to do it; now I will.'

“现在听着，”小老头十分愤怒地喊着，“明天我要阻止你。我经常威胁要这么做，现在我真要这么做了。”

'Thankee, sir,' replies the cad, touching his hat with a mock expression of gratitude;—'werry much obliged to you indeed, sir.' Here the young men in the omnibus laugh very heartily, and the old gentleman gets very red in the face, and seems highly exasperated. The stout gentleman in the white neckcloth, at the other end of the vehicle, looks very prophetic, and says that something must shortly be done with these fellows, or there's no saying where all this will end; and the shabby-genteel man with the green bag, expresses his entire concurrence in the opinion, as he has done regularly every morning for the last six months.

“谢啦，先生。”收费人答道，他碰一下帽子，表现出感激的样子来嘲笑他，“真的非常感谢你，先生。”这时，公共马车上的年轻人由衷地大笑起来，小老头的脸变得通红，似乎十分恼怒。坐在车子另一头、围着白色颈巾的矮胖男人看起来像个预言家，说必须对这些家伙马上采取措施，否则真不知道这样下去会弄成什么样子。带绿包的摆穷架子的男人表示完全同意这个观点，就像他六个月以来每天早晨所做的一样。

A second omnibus now comes up, and stops immediately behind us. Another old gentleman elevates his cane in the air, and runs with all his might towards our omnibus; we watch his progress with great interest; the door is opened to receive him, he suddenly disappears—he has been spirited away by the opposition. Hereupon the driver of the opposition taunts our people with his having 'regularly done'em out of that old swell,' and the voice of the 'old swell' is heard, vainly protesting against this unlawful detention. We rattle off, the other omnibus rattles after us, and every time we stop to take up a passenger, they stop to take him too; sometimes we get him; sometimes they get him; but whoever don't get him, say they ought to have had him, and the cads of the respective vehicles abuse one another accordingly.

这时，第二辆公共马车开了过来，而且就在我们的后面紧挨着停下了。另一位老先生举起他的手杖，用尽全身力气朝我们这辆公共马车跑过来。我们饶有兴趣地看着他过来，车门开着迎接他，可他却突然不见了——他已经被竞争对手拉走了。于是，对方车夫就奚落我们的人，说他自己“经常使他们失去那个时髦的老头”。我们听到他说“时髦的老

头”，抗议这一非法扣留，却毫无用处。我们的车咔哒咔哒地开动了，另一辆公共马车也跟在我们后面咔哒咔哒地开了起来。每次我们停下来拉一位乘客的时候，他们也停下来，让他上车。乘客有时上我们的车，有时上他们的车。但没拉上乘客的那一方就会说那个乘客本该是他们的，于是双方的收费人便开始互相谩骂。

As we arrive in the vicinity of Lincoln's-inn-fields, Bedford-row, and other legal haunts, we drop a great many of our original passengers, and take up fresh ones, who meet with a very sulky reception. It is rather remarkable, that the people already in an omnibus, always look at newcomers, as if they entertained some undefined idea that they have no business to come in at all. We are quite persuaded the little old man has some notion of this kind, and that he considers their entry as a sort of negative impertinence. Conversation is now entirely dropped; each person gazes vacantly through the window in front of him, and everybody thinks that his opposite neighbour is staring at him. If one man gets out at Shoe-lane, and another at the corner of Farringdon-street, the little old gentleman grumbles, and suggests to the latter, that if he had got out at Shoe-lane too, he would have saved them the delay of another stoppage; whereupon the young men laugh again, and the old gentleman looks very solemn, and says nothing more till he gets to the Bank, when he trots off as fast as he can, leaving us to do the same, and to wish, as we walk away, that we could impart to others any portion of the amusement we have gained for ourselves.

我们的车到达林肯旅馆广场附近、贝德福德街和其他律师们常去的地方时，就放下了许多之前上车的乘客，又板着脸接了新的乘客。说来相当有意思，已经在公共马车上的乘客总是看着刚上车的乘客，那样子就像他们不知为何觉得这些乘客根本不该上车一样。我们很相信那个小老头就有这种念头，并且他觉得新乘客走上车时很消极、傲慢。现在，谈话已经完全终止了。每个人都朝自己面前的窗子茫然地望出去，又都觉得对面的人在盯着自己。如果有个人在鞋巷下车，另一个在法林顿街转角下车，那个小老头就会抱怨地对后者说，如果他也在鞋巷下车的话，就能省去再停一站所耽搁的时间了。这时，年轻人们又笑开了，小老头却看起来很严肃，并且不再说话了，直到车到了银行，他尽可能快地下了车，我们也跟着下了车。我们走开的时候，真想把自己所得到的乐趣多少透露点给别人。

CHAPTER XVII THE LAST CAB-DRIVER, AND THE FIRST OMNIBUS CAD

第十七章　最后一个出租马车车夫和第一个公共马车收费人

Of all the cabriolet-drivers whom we have ever had the honour and gratification of knowing by sight—and our acquaintance in this way has been most extensive—there is one who made an impression on our mind which can never be effaced, and who awakened in our bosom a feeling of admiration and respect, which we entertain a fatal presentiment will never be called forth again by any human being. He was a man of most simple and prepossessing appearance. He was a brown-whiskered, white-hatted, no-coated cabman; his nose was generally red, and his bright blue eye not unfrequently stood out in bold relief against a black border of artificial workmanship; his boots were of the Wellington form, pulled up to meet his corduroy knee-smalls, or at least to approach as near them as their dimensions would admit of; and his neck was usually garnished with a bright yellow handkerchief. In summer he carried in his mouth a flower; in winter, a straw—slight, but, to a contemplative mind, certain indications of a love of nature, and a taste for botany.

在所有我们有幸面熟的四轮双座马车车夫中——我们面熟的人很多——有一个在我们脑海中留下了不可磨灭的印象。他唤起了我们心中的钦佩和尊敬之情，我们不幸地预感到，再也没有任何人能够唤起这种心情了。　他是个长相单纯、讨人喜欢的男子。这个出租马车车夫留着褐色小胡子，戴着白帽子，没有穿外套。他的鼻子通常红红的，那双明亮的蓝眼睛在黑眼镜架的衬托下，常常显得很突出。他的靴子是惠灵顿式样的，一直提到灯芯绒裤子的膝盖部位，或至少就靴筒尺寸容许范围之内尽量接近膝盖部位。他的脖子上通常围着一条明黄色的颈巾。夏天，他嘴里叼着一枝花，冬天则是一根麦秆——虽然是一小枝，但对于善于思考的人来说，这显然是热爱大自然、欣赏植物的标志。

His cabriolet was gorgeously painted—a bright red; and wherever we went, City or West End, Paddington or Holloway, North, East, West, or South, there was the red cab, bumping up against the posts at the street corners, and turning in and out, among hackney-coaches, and drays, and carts, and waggons, and omnibuses, and contriving by some strange means or other, to get out of places which no other vehicle but the red cab could ever by any possibility have contrived to get into at all. Our fondness for that red cab was unbounded. How we should have liked to have seen it in the circle at Astley's! Our life upon

it, that it should have performed such evolutions as would have put the whole company to shame—Indian chiefs, knights, Swiss peasants, and all.

他的四轮双座马车漆得很华丽——是鲜艳的大红色。无论我们到哪儿，城里或是伦敦西区，帕丁顿或是霍洛韦，也不管是东西南北，都能看到这辆红马车。它有时撞上街角的柱子，有时在四轮出租马车、运货马车、两轮运货马车、四轮运货马车和公共马车之间钻进钻出，有时用某种奇怪的方法从除了它之外其他车辆根本进不去的地方钻出来。我们对那辆红色出租马车是无限喜爱呀。我们多么想在阿斯特利马戏场里见到它！我们敢打赌说，它要是在那儿表演，肯定会使整个剧团——扮演印第安酋长的、扮演骑士的、扮演瑞士农民的等等所有演员黯然失色。

Some people object to the exertion of getting into cabs, and others object to the difficulty of getting out of them; we think both these are objections which take their rise in perverse and ill-conditioned minds. The getting into a cab is a very pretty and graceful process, which, when well performed, is essentially melodramatic. First, there is the expressive pantomime of every one of the eighteen cabmen on the stand, the moment you raise your eyes from the ground. Then there is your own pantomime in reply—quite a little ballet. Four cabs immediately leave the stand, for your especial accommodation; and the evolutions of the animals who draw them, are beautiful in the extreme, as they grate the wheels of the cabs against the curb-stones, and sport playfully in the kennel. You single out a particular cab, and dart swiftly towards it. One bound, and you are on the first step; turn your body lightly round to the right, and you are on the second; bend gracefully beneath the reins, working round to the left at the same time, and you are in the cab. There is no difficulty in finding a seat: the apron knocks you comfortably into it at once, and off you go. The getting out of a cab is, perhaps, rather more complicated in its theory, and a shade more difficult in its execution. We have studied the subject a great deal, and we think the best way is, to throw yourself out, and trust to chance for alighting on your feet. If you make the driver alight first, and then throw yourself upon him, you will find that he breaks your fall materially. In the event of your contemplating an offer of eightpence, on no account make the tender, or show the money, until you are safely on the pavement. It is very bad policy attempting to save the fourpence. You are very much in the power of a cabman, and he considers it a kind of fee not to do you any wilful damage. Any instruction, however, in the art of getting out of a cab, is wholly unnecessary if you are going any distance, because the probability is, that you will be shot lightly out before you have completed the third mile.

有些人不想费力气爬进马车车厢，还有些人不想吃力地从车厢钻出

来。我们认为，这两种反感情绪都来自于反常的心理和坏心肠。爬进马车车厢是个十分漂亮和优雅的过程，如果好好进行的话，本质上是个情节剧。首先，你的视线从地面上抬起来的时候，守在站台的那十八个车夫全都演起表情丰富的哑剧来。然后，你以自己的哑剧作答——颇似一小段芭蕾舞。四辆马车为了专门载你，立刻离开了车站。拉车的马动作极其优美，它们让马车轮子擦着路边石，并在阴沟里嬉戏。你从中挑了一辆马车，便迅速地跑向它。你纵身一跃，就跳上了第一层踏板。然后，你把身子稍微向右转一下，就到了第二层。在缰绳下优雅地一弯身，同时向左转，你就进了车厢了。要找到座位是不难的，挡板会立刻把你舒舒服服地撞进座位去，接着车就开了。从理论上来说，也许从马车车厢里钻出来要复杂得多。而且，实施起来也略微困难一些。我们已经深入研究过这个问题，认为最好的办法就是把你扔出车厢。你能不能双脚着地就靠运气了。如果你先让马车夫下车，接着再扑到他身上，你会发现他会大大减弱你的下降之势。如果你打算付八便士，无论如何都不要在你安全下到人行道之前提出来，或拿出你的钱。要试图省掉那四便士是下策。你很大程度上处在马车车夫的掌控之下。他认为，要是他不故意加害于你，你就该付小费了。不过，如果你要去远的地方，那么任何下马车时的技巧方面的教导就完全没必要了，因为很可能你会还没走完三英里的路程，就被轻快地扔出车去了。

We are not aware of any instance on record in which a cab-horse has performed three consecutive miles without going down once. What of that? It is all excitement. And in these days of derangement of the nervous system and universal lassitude, people are content to pay handsomely for excitement; where can it be procured at a cheaper rate?

在我们的记忆里，拉出租马车的马连续跑三英里没倒下来一次的事从来没发生过。那又如何呢？完全是一种刺激。在这个精神混乱、普遍倦怠的时代，人们乐意为了刺激而慷慨解囊。在哪儿能以更便宜的价格得到这样的刺激呢？

But to return to the red cab; it was omnipresent. You had but to walk down Holborn, or Fleet-street, or any of the principal thoroughfares in which there is a great deal of traffic, and judge for yourself. You had hardly turned into the street, when you saw a trunk or two, lying on the ground: an uprooted post, a hat-box, a portmanteau, and a carpet-bag, strewed about in a very picturesque manner: a horse in a cab standing by, looking about him with great unconcern; and a crowd, shouting and screaming with delight, cooling their flushed faces against the glass windows of a chemist's shop. —'What's the matter here, can you tell me?' — 'O'ny a cab, sir.' — 'Anybody hurt, do you know?' — 'O'ny the fare, sir. I see him a turnin' the corner, and I ses to another gen'lm'n "that's a reg'lar little oss that, and he's a comin' along rayther sweet, an't he?" — "He just is," ses the other gen'lm'n, ven bump they cums agin the post, and out flies the

fare like bricks.' Need we say it was the red cab; or that the gentleman with the straw in his mouth, who emerged so coolly from the chemist's shop and philosophically climbing into the little dickey, started off at full gallop, was the red cab's licensed driver?

且回过头来说那辆红色出租马车吧，它无处不在。你只要走到霍尔本或舰队街，或任何交通拥挤的要道上，亲自去判断一下。你一转入那条街，就会在地上看到一两个行李箱。一根被连根拔起的柱子、一只帽盒、一个旅行箱和一个毛毡旅行袋很有画面感地散落在地上。一匹套在出租马车上的马站在一边，甚是淡漠地看着他的周围。一群高兴得又喊又叫的人们，把他们涨红的脸贴在药房的玻璃窗上凉着。“你能告诉我这儿发生什么事了吗？”“只是辆出租马车，先生。”“你知道有没有人受伤吗？”“只有乘客受伤，先生。我看见他转弯，我就对另一个人说：‘那是个十足的小蠢货，他把马赶得太快了，不是吗？’‘就是啊。’那人说道。接着，马车就撞到了柱子上，里面的乘客像砖头一样飞了出来。”我们还有必要说出这就是那辆红马车吗？或是说那个嘴里叼着麦秆、淡定地从药房出来、冷静地爬上那个窄小的车夫座位、开始驱马全速驰骋的男子就是领有执照、红马车的车夫吗？

The ubiquity of this red cab, and the influence it exercised over the risible muscles of justice itself, was perfectly astonishing. You walked into the justice-room of the Mansion-house; the whole court resounded with merriment. The Lord Mayor threw himself back in his chair, in a state of frantic delight at his own joke; every vein in Mr. Hobler's countenance was swollen with laughter, partly at the Lord Mayor's facetiousness, but more at his own; the constables and police-officers were (as in duty bound) in ecstasies at Mr. Hobler and the Lord Mayor combined; and the very paupers, glancing respectfully at the beadle's countenance, tried to smile, as even he relaxed. A tall, weazen-faced man, with an impediment in his speech, would be endeavouring to state a case of imposition against the red cab's driver; and the red cab's driver, and the Lord Mayor, and Mr. Hobler, would be having a little fun among themselves, to the inordinate delight of everybody but the complainant. In the end, justice would be so tickled with the red cab-driver's native humour, that the fine would be mitigated, and he would go away full gallop, in the red cab, to impose on somebody else without loss of time.

这辆红马车的无处不在和它对执法团队本身控制笑的肌肉所产生的影响令人大为惊奇。你走进伦敦市长官邸的法庭，整个法庭回荡着一片欢笑。市长大人把身子靠在椅背上，被他自己说的笑话乐得狂笑着。霍布勒先生脸上的每一根血管都笑得涨了起来，部分是因为市长大人的滑稽，但更多的是笑他自己的滑稽。警员和警官们（因为是分内之事）则因为市长大人和霍布勒先生两个人而欣喜若狂。那些正尊敬地望着牧师助理面容的贫民们也试图微笑着，因为连助理的脸色也缓和了。一个高个子、面容枯槁的男人，讲话有些费劲，努力地要控诉红出租马车的车

夫欺骗了他。而红马车车夫、市长大人和霍布勒先生则彼此开着小玩笑，除了原告之外每个人都快乐非凡。最后，法官们被红马车车夫天生的幽默逗得心花怒放，连罚款也削减了。车夫会驾着他的红马车全速疾驰而去，立即再去欺骗别人。

The driver of the red cab, confident in the strength of his own moral principles, like many other philosophers, was wont to set the feelings and opinions of society at complete defiance. Generally speaking, perhaps, he would as soon carry a fare safely to his destination, as he would upset him—sooner, perhaps, because in that case he not only got the money, but had the additional amusement of running a longer heat against some smart rival. But society made war upon him in the shape of penalties, and he must make war upon society in his own way. This was the reasoning of the red cab-driver. So, he bestowed a searching look upon the fare, as he put his hand in his waistcoat pocket, when he had gone half the mile, to get the money ready; and if he brought forth eightpence, out he went.

就像其他许多哲学家一样，红出租马车的车夫对他自己道德准则的力量深信不疑，习惯于完全无视社会上的好恶和舆论。一般来说，也许他一把一个乘客安全地载到目的地，就立即要把他翻倒在地——也许还没到达就要这样做，因为这样的话，他不仅拿了钱，还获得了打败某个精明对手的额外乐趣。但是，社会以罚款的形式对付他，他就必须用他自己的方式对付社会。这就是红出租马车车夫的逻辑推理。因此，马车走了半英里路后，乘客把手伸进背心口袋里要准备好钱的时候，他就会用洞察的目光打量乘客。如果乘客拿出了八便士，他就会被赶下车去。

The last time we saw our friend was one wet evening in Tottenham- court-road, when he was engaged in a very warm and somewhat personal altercation with a loquacious little gentleman in a green coat. Poor fellow! There were great excuses to be made for him: he had not received above eighteenpence more than his fare, and consequently laboured under a great deal of very natural indignation. The dispute had attained a pretty considerable height, when at last the loquacious little gentleman, making a mental calculation of the distance, and finding that he had already paid more than he ought, avowed his unalterable determination to 'pull up' the cabman in the morning.

我们最后一次见到我们的这位朋友是在托特纳姆法院路上。那是一个下雨的晚上，他正在和一个穿着绿外套、口齿伶俐的小个子先生进行着一场激烈而私人的争吵。可怜的家伙！他有很多借口可寻：他拿到的钱没有超出车费的十八便士，因此他自然十分义愤填膺。争论相当激烈，直到最后那个口齿伶俐的小个子先生在脑子中计算了一下路程，发现他所付的钱已经比他应该付的多了，便发誓他第二天早晨不把这位出租马车车夫“关起来”誓不罢休。

'Now, just mark this, young man,' said the little gentleman, 'I'll pull you up to-morrow morning.'

“现在，注意听着，年轻人，”小个子先生说，“明天早晨我要把你关起来。”

'No! will you though?' said our friend, with a sneer.

“呸！你会吗？”我们的朋友冷笑着说道。

'I will,' replied the little gentleman, 'mark my words, that's all. If I live till to-morrow morning, you shall repent this.' There was a steadiness of purpose, and indignation of speech, about the little gentleman, as he took an angry pinch of snuff, after this last declaration, which made a visible impression on the mind of the red cab-driver. He appeared to hesitate for an instant. It was only for an instant; his resolve was soon taken.

“我会的，”小个子先生答道，“记住我的话就是了。如果我活到明天早上，你会对此后悔的。”他说完这最后一句话后，愤怒地吸了口鼻烟。小个子先生对目的的执着和他话中的愤慨在红出租马车车夫的脑海中留下了深刻的印象。有一瞬间，他似乎犹豫了一下。但那只是一瞬间，他很快就下定了决心。

'You'll pull me up, will you?' said our friend.

“你要把我关起来，是吗？”我们的朋友说。

'I will,' rejoined the little gentleman, with even greater vehemence than before.

“我会的。”小个子先生说道，甚至比之前更加愤怒。

'Very well,' said our friend, tucking up his shirt sleeves very calmly. 'There'll be three weeks for that. Very good; that'll bring me up to the middle o' next month. Three weeks more would carry me on to my birthday, and then I've got ten pound to draw. I may as well get board, lodgin', and washin', till then, out of the county, as pay for it myself; consequently here goes!'

“很好。”我们的朋友说道，镇定地卷起他的衬衫袖子，“那会关三星期。很好，那样会把我关到下个月中旬。再过三个星期就是我的生日了，那时，我就可以取十镑了。在那之前，与其我自己支付吃、住和洗衣的费用，还不如让郡里去支付。那么，来吧！”

So, without more ado, the red cab-driver knocked the little gentleman down, and then called the police to take himself into custody, with all the civility in the world.

因此，红出租马车的车夫不再多说，就把小个子先生打倒在地，然后自首让警察对自己予以拘留，还十分地礼貌呢。

A story is nothing without the sequel; and therefore, we may state, that to our certain knowledge, the board, lodging, and washing were all provided in due course. We happen to know the fact, for it came to our knowledge thus: We went over the House of Correction for the county of Middlesex shortly after, to witness the operation of the silent system; and looked on all the 'wheels' with the greatest anxiety, in search of our long-lost friend. He was nowhere to be seen, however, and we began to think that the little gentleman in the green coat must have relented, when, as we were traversing the kitchen-garden, which lies in a sequestered part of the prison, we were startled by hearing a voice, which apparently proceeded from the wall, pouring forth its soul in the plaintive air of 'All round my hat,' which was then just beginning to form a recognised portion of our national music.

没有后续的故事什么都不是。因此，我们可以说，我们确实得知他的吃、住和洗衣问题全都在适当的时间得到了解决。我们是碰巧知道的这个事实，因为我们获悉的经过是这样的：我们不久后去了米德尔塞克斯郡的感化院，去参观禁止犯人相互交谈制度的实施。我们极其焦急地寻找那儿所有“赶车的”，要找到我们消失很久的朋友。但是，我们却四处都找不到他。我们开始认为那个穿绿外套的小个子先生肯定发了慈悲。这时，我们正穿过监狱隔离区中一个菜园的时候，吃惊地听到显然是从墙外传过来的声音。歌声充满了情感，唱的是我的帽子周围》哀伤的曲调。当时，这支歌正刚刚开始被公认为我们的民族乐曲之一。

We started. —'What voice is that?' said we. The Governor shook his head. 'Sad fellow,' he replied, 'very sad. He positively refused to work on the wheel; so, after many trials, I was compelled to order him into solitary confinement. He says he likes it very much though, and I am afraid he does, for he lies on his back on the floor, and sings comic songs all day!'

我们开始询问。“那是什么声音？”我们说。院长摇了摇头。“悲哀的家伙，”他答道，“很可悲。他坚决拒绝驾驶。因此，很多次审判之后，我不得不下令对他隔离禁闭。可他说他很喜欢，而且我恐怕他是真喜欢，因为他躺在地上，整天唱着滑稽歌曲！”

Shall we add, that our heart had not deceived us and that the comic singer was no other than our eagerly-sought friend, the red cab-driver?

我们是不是要补充一下，我们没有想错，这个滑稽歌手就是我们苦苦寻找的红出租马车车夫？

We have never seen him since, but we have strong reason to suspect that this noble individual was a distant relative of a waterman of our acquaintance, who, on one occasion, when we were passing the coach-stand over which he presides, after standing very quietly to see

a tall man struggle into a cab, ran up very briskly when it was all over (as his brethren invariably do), and, touching his hat, asked, as a matter of course, for 'a copper for the waterman.' Now, the fare was by no means a handsome man; and, waxing very indignant at the demand, he replied—'Money! What for? Coming up and looking at me, I suppose!' —'Well, sir,' rejoined the waterman, with a smile of immovable complacency, 'THAT'S worth twopence.' The identical waterman afterwards attained a very prominent station in society; and as we know something of his life, and have often thought of telling what we DO know, perhaps we shall never have a better opportunity than the present.

从那之后，我们就再没见过他了。但是，我们有充足的理由怀疑，这个了不起的人是我们认识的一个运水工的远房亲戚。有一次，我们经过这个运水工掌管的一个马车车站，他静静地站在那儿看一个高个子男人费劲地钻入一辆出租马车。见那人已经坐进去，他轻快地跑上前去（就像他的同行一成不变地所做的那样），碰一下帽檐致敬，好像理所当然似的要求那人“付给运水工一个铜子”。但这个乘客并不是个爽快的人，而且还对这个要求感到愤慨，他回答说：“钱！为什么要钱？我想是因为你上前来看了看我吧！”“喔，先生，”运水工平静而自得地笑着，回答说，“这可值两个便士呢。”就是这个运水工后来在社会上获得了很显著的地位。因为我们对他的一生有所了解，而且经常想说出我们所知道的，也许目前就是我们说出来的最好机会。

Mr. William Barker, then, for that was the gentleman's name, Mr. William Barker was born—but why need we relate where Mr. William Barker was born, or when? Why scrutinise the entries in parochial ledgers, or seek to penetrate the Lucinian mysteries of lying-in hospitals? Mr. William Barker WAS born, or he had never been. There is a son—there was a father. There is an effect—there was a cause. Surely this is sufficient information for the most Fatima-like curiosity; and, if it be not, we regret our inability to supply any further evidence on the point. Can there be a more satisfactory, or more strictly parliamentary course? Impossible.

且说威廉·巴克先生，这是那位先生的名字，威廉·巴克先生出生于——但我们为什么要讲威廉·巴克先生出生在何时何地呢？为何要去查看教区总账中的记载，或去窥探妇产科医院中鲁西娜生育女神之谜呢？威廉·巴克先生确实出生了，要不然就不会存在他这个人。有儿子——肯定有个父亲。既有果——必有因。这些信息肯定已经足够满足法蒂玛式的好奇心了。如果还不能满足的话，那么我们只能遗憾地说，关于这一点，我们不能够提供更进一步的证据。有没有一种更令人满意、或者更严格的议会式途径呢？不可能。

We at once avow a similar inability to record at what precise period, or by what particular process, this gentleman's patronymic, of William Barker, became corrupted into 'Bill Boorker.' Mr. Barker

acquired a high standing, and no inconsiderable reputation, among the members of that profession to which he more peculiarly devoted his energies; and to them he was generally known, either by the familiar appellation of 'Bill Boorker,' or the flattering designation of 'Aggravating Bill,' the latter being a playful and expressive sobriquet, illustrative of Mr. Barker's great talent in 'aggravating' and rendering wild such subjects of her Majesty as are conveyed from place to place, through the instrumentality of omnibuses. Of the early life of Mr. Barker little is known, and even that little is involved in considerable doubt and obscurity. A want of application, a restlessness of purpose, a thirsting after porter, a love of all that is roving and cadger-like in nature, shared in common with many other great geniuses, appear to have been his leading characteristics. The busy hum of a parochial free-school, and the shady repose of a county gaol, were alike inefficacious in producing the slightest alteration in Mr. Barker's disposition. His feverish attachment to change and variety nothing could repress; his native daring no punishment could subdue.

我们立即承认，我们同样无法写下是在什么确切的时期或是通过什么特定的过程，这位先生源自父亲的姓名“威廉·巴克”，竟被讹称为“比尔·布尔克”。在他特别花费精力从事的那个行业的成员中，巴克先生获得了很高的地位和不小的名声。他的同行普遍以人们所熟知的“比尔·布尔克”称呼他，或是以谄媚的称号“叫人恼火的比尔”来称呼他。后一个称号是一种开玩笑而富有意味的绰号，说明巴克先生有了不起的“激怒别人”、使那些由公共马车到处运送的女王陛下的臣民们变得怒气冲冲的才能。人们对巴克先生早年的生活所知甚少，而且即便是所知道的一点信息也是相当令人怀疑和模糊不清的。他的主要特点似乎是缺乏实践、意志不坚定、爱喝波尔图酒、热爱所有生性漂泊和乞丐式的东西。这与许多其他伟大的天才都有共同之处。教区免费学校的喧闹和阴暗的郡监狱中的宁静，同样丝毫无法改变巴克先生的性情。没有什么能阻止他对改变和不同狂热的喜爱，没有什么惩罚措施能制伏他天生的胆气。

If Mr. Barker can be fairly said to have had any weakness in his earlier years, it was an amiable one—love; love in its most comprehensive form—a love of ladies, liquids, and pocket-handkerchiefs. It was no selfish feeling; it was not confined to his own possessions, which but too many men regard with exclusive complacency. No; it was a nobler love—a general principle. It extended itself with equal force to the property of other people.

如果可以公正地说巴克先生年轻时有什么缺点的话，那也是一种可爱的缺点——爱。那是一种最全面形式的爱——一种对女人、酒和手帕的爱。它不是一种自私的感情，不受限于他自己的拥有物。而太多的人对待自己的拥有物时，都是自己一个人沾沾自喜。不，那是一种更高尚的爱——一个普遍的原则。它也同样有力地运用到别人的财产上。

There is something very affecting in this. It is still more affecting

to know, that such philanthropy is but imperfectly rewarded. Bow-street, Newgate, and Millbank, are a poor return for general benevolence, evincing itself in an irrepressible love for all created objects. Mr. Barker felt it so. After a lengthened interview with the highest legal authorities, he quitted his ungrateful country, with the consent, and at the expense, of its Government; proceeded to a distant shore; and there employed himself, like another Cincinnatus, in clearing and cultivating the soil—a peaceful pursuit, in which a term of seven years glided almost imperceptibly away. Whether, at the expiration of the period we have just mentioned, the British Government required Mr. Barker's presence here, or did not require his residence abroad, we have no distinct means of ascertaining. We should be inclined, however, to favour the latter position, inasmuch as we do not find that he was advanced to any other public post on his return, than the post at the corner of the Haymarket, where he officiated as assistant-waterman to the hackney-coach stand. Seated, in this capacity, on a couple of tubs near the curbstone, with a brass plate and number suspended round his neck by a massive chain, and his ankles curiously enveloped in haybands, he is supposed to have made those observations on human nature which exercised so material an influence over all his proceedings in later life.

这其中有感人至深之处。要是知道了这样的博爱却不被很好地报答，就更令人感动了。布街、纽盖特和米尔班克对一般的善行回报甚微。这种善行表现在对所有创造出来的东西抑制不住的爱。巴克先生是这样觉得的。在一场同最高司法当局进行的加长会晤后，他便离开了他那忘恩负义的国家。这是在政府的同意之下，也是由政府负担了他前往一个遥远海滨的费用。在那儿，他像另一个辛辛纳特斯一样自己进行开荒和耕种——那是个安静的职业，七年的时间几乎不知不觉地就溜走了。我们刚提到的这段时间过完时，是英国政府要求巴克先生回到这儿，还是不再要求他居留国外，我们就没有办法确定了。不过，我们更倾向于赞同后一种立场，因为我们发现他回国后并没有被提升担任其他什么公职，而是到干草市场的拐角去任职了。他在那里担任四轮出租马车车站的运水工助手。他以这种身份坐在靠近路边石的两只桶上，脖子上挂着由一根厚实的链条系着的一块带有号码的铜片，踝骨被一圈干草很古怪地围着。他应该已经对人性进行了观察，而人性对他后半生的活动有很重要的影响。

Mr. Barker had not officiated for many months in this capacity, when the appearance of the first omnibus caused the public mind to go in a new direction, and prevented a great many hackney-coaches from going in any direction at all. The genius of Mr. Barker at once perceived the whole extent of the injury that would be eventually inflicted on cab and coach stands, and, by consequence, on watermen also, by the progress of the system of which the first omnibus was a

part. He saw, too, the necessity of adopting some more profitable profession; and his active mind at once perceived how much might be done in the way of enticing the youthful and unwary, and shoving the old and helpless, into the wrong buss, and carrying them off, until, reduced to despair, they ransomed themselves by the payment of sixpence a-head, or, to adopt his own figurative expression in all its native beauty, 'till they was rig'larly done over, and forked out the stumpy.'

巴克先生担任这项工作没几个月，第一辆公共马车就出现了，把公众的注意力引到了新的方向，并阻止了许多四轮出租马车向任何方向行驶。天才巴克先生从这一系统的发展立即察觉到了它最终会对出租马车和马车车站造成的伤害程度，以及从而会对运水工所造成的危害。而第一辆公共马车就是这一制度的一部分。他也看出自己必须选择更加有利可图的职业。他活跃的头脑立刻觉察到自己可以在以下事情上大干一番：诱惑年轻、粗心的人，逼迫无助的老人，让他们坐错公共马车。然后，带着他们走，直到他们陷入绝望中，自己愿意被勒索六个便士。否则，借他自己那天然、优美的比喻来说，就是“直到他们无路可走，不得不吐出铜子来。”

An opportunity for realising his fondest anticipations, soon presented itself. Rumours were rife on the hackney-coach stands, that a buss was building, to run from Lisson-grove to the Bank, down Oxford-street and Holborn; and the rapid increase of busses on the Paddington-road, encouraged the idea. Mr. Barker secretly and cautiously inquired in the proper quarters. The report was correct; the 'Royal William' was to make its first journey on the following Monday. It was a crack affair altogether. An enterprising young cabman, of established reputation as a dashing whip—for he had compromised with the parents of three scrunched children, and just 'worked out' his fine for knocking down an old lady—was the driver; and the spirited proprietor, knowing Mr. Barker's qualifications, appointed him to the vacant office of cad on the very first application. The buss began to run, and Mr. Barker entered into a new suit of clothes, and on a new sphere of action.

一个能使他实现朝思夜想的期望的机会很快就来了。四轮出租马车车站上有谣传说人们正在制造一辆公共马车。这辆公共马车要从利森树林开到班克，再到牛津街和霍尔本。帕丁顿路上的公共马车迅速增多，激起了这一想法。巴克先生私下里向可靠的消息来源谨慎地探询着。报道是正确的。“皇家威廉”号公共马车将要在下个星期一进行首次行驶。这真是个了不起的事。车夫是一个积极进取的年轻人，他以闯劲十足而闻名——因为他曾与三个被其车轮碾过的孩子的父母和解，又因为撞倒一位老妇人刚刚“解决了”罚金问题。那个充满生气的老板了解巴克先生的资历，他一申请就让他补了收车费的人这个空缺。公共马车开动了，巴克先生穿了一身新装，进入了一个崭新的活动领域。

To recapitulate all the improvements introduced by this extraordinary man into the omnibus system—gradually, indeed, but surely—would occupy a far greater space than we are enabled to devote to this imperfect memoir. To him is universally assigned the original suggestion of the practice which afterwards became so general—of the driver of a second buss keeping constantly behind the first one, and driving the pole of his vehicle either into the door of the other, every time it was opened, or through the body of any lady or gentleman who might make an attempt to get into it; a humorous and pleasant invention, exhibiting all that originality of idea, and fine, bold flow of spirits, so conspicuous in every action of this great man.

若要概括这位非凡之人给公共马车制度带来的改进——循序渐进，但的确是千真万确的——那所占的篇幅要比我们能用于这篇不完整的回忆录的篇幅多得多。人们普遍认为，后来普遍应用的惯例的最初建议是他提出来的——第二辆公共马车的车夫要紧跟着第一辆公共马车，每次它的车门一打开，就驱动自己的车子的辕杆，要么朝那辆车的车门冲去，要么朝任何试图上那辆车的先生或太太身上冲过去。这是一项幽默喜人的发明，展示了这个伟大人物见解的独特和爽朗勇猛的精神，这也极其显著地表现在他的一举一动中。

Mr. Barker had opponents of course; what man in public life has not? But even his worst enemies cannot deny that he has taken more old ladies and gentlemen to Paddington who wanted to go to the Bank, and more old ladies and gentlemen to the Bank who wanted to go to Paddington, than any six men on the road; and however much malevolent spirits may pretend to doubt the accuracy of the statement, they well know it to be an established fact, that he has forcibly conveyed a variety of ancient persons of either sex, to both places, who had not the slightest or most distant intention of going anywhere at all.

巴克先生当然有对手，社会生活中谁没有对手呢？但连他最强劲的敌手都无法否认，他比在这条线路上行车的其他六个人都更多地把想要去班克的老先生和老太太带到帕丁顿，而把想去帕丁顿的老先生和老太太带到班克。不管怀有恶意的人如何假装怀疑这种说法的准确性，他们很清楚地知道确有其事，知道他曾经把丝毫不想去任何地方的各种老先生和老太太强行送往这两个地方。

Mr. Barker was the identical cad who nobly distinguished himself, some time since, by keeping a tradesman on the step—the omnibus going at full speed all the time—till he had thrashed him to his entire satisfaction, and finally throwing him away, when he had quite done with him. Mr. Barker it OUGHT to have been, who honestly indignant at being ignominiously ejected from a house of public entertainment, kicked the landlord in the knee, and thereby caused his death. We say it OUGHT to have been Mr. Barker, because the action was not a

common one, and could have emanated from no ordinary mind.

巴克先生正是那个不久以前高尚地让自己与众不同的收费人，他让一个商人站在脚踏板上——公共马车一直在全速行驶着——直到他满意地把那人狠狠揍了一顿之后，才终于把那人扔出去。巴克先生一定是那个因自己被耻辱地驱逐出一家公共娱乐场所而义愤填膺地踢了老板的膝部，并致其死亡的人。我们说一定是巴克先生，是因为这不是寻常的举动，不可能出自头脑普通的人。

It has now become matter of history; it is recorded in the Newgate Calendar; and we wish we could attribute this piece of daring heroism to Mr. Barker. We regret being compelled to state that it was not performed by him. Would, for the family credit we could add, that it was achieved by his brother! It was in the exercise of the nicer details of his profession, that Mr. Barker's knowledge of human nature was beautifully displayed. He could tell at a glance where a passenger wanted to go to, and would shout the name of the place accordingly, without the slightest reference to the real destination of the vehicle. He knew exactly the kind of old lady that would be too much flurried by the process of pushing in and pulling out of the caravan, to discover where she had been put down, until too late; had an intuitive perception of what was passing in a passenger's mind when he inwardly resolved to 'pull that cad up to-morrow morning;' and never failed to make himself agreeable to female servants, whom he would place next the door, and talk to all the way.

现在，这件事成了历史，记载到“纽盖特历书”中。我们希望我们能够把这一大胆的英雄事迹算在巴克先生身上。很遗憾，我们不得不说这并不是他干的。为了家族的荣誉，我们可以加一句：但愿那是他的兄弟干的！巴克先生执行职务时更加友善的细节完美地表现出了他对人性的了解。他看一眼就可以知道一位乘客想去哪儿，可以相应地喊出那个地方的名字，只字不提车子真正的目的地。他能很明确地认出那样一种老太太：她们会在被推进推出马车的过程中手忙脚乱，等发现自己在哪儿被放下车的时候，已经太晚了。有一个乘客暗自决定“明天早上要把那个收费人关起来”的时候，他能够凭直觉就察觉到那人心中的想法。他总会对女仆们百依百顺，把她们安排在门旁边的位置，一路上同她们说个没完。

Human judgment is never infallible, and it would occasionally happen that Mr. Barker experimentalised with the timidity or forbearance of the wrong person, in which case a summons to a Police-office, was, on more than one occasion, followed by a committal to prison. It was not in the power of trifles such as these, however, to subdue the freedom of his spirit. As soon as they passed away, he resumed the duties of his profession with unabated ardour.

人的判断从来不是始终正确的，巴克先生对胆怯和克制力进行实验

的时候，有时也会找错人。这种情况下，他便会被召到警察局去，而且不止一次地被判入狱。但像这样的小事无法制服他那自由的精神。事情一过，他又带着不减的热情继续履行起他的职责。

We have spoken of Mr. Barker and of the red cab-driver, in the past tense. Alas! Mr. Barker has again become an absentee; and the class of men to which they both belonged is fast disappearing. Improvement has peered beneath the aprons of our cabs, and penetrated to the very innermost recesses of our omnibuses. Dirt and fustian will vanish before cleanliness and livery. Slang will be forgotten when civility becomes general: and that enlightened, eloquent, sage, and profound body, the Magistracy of London, will be deprived of half their amusement, and half their occupation.

我们用过去时态讲述了巴克先生和红出租马车车夫的故事。巴克先生又不见了，他们所属的那个阶层的人也在快速地消失。我们出租马车的挡板下面出现了改进，改进还深入到我们公共马车的最里面。污垢和棉亚麻混纺粗布衣服将消失，为清洁和号衣所取代。人们普遍变得有礼貌时，俚语会被忘记：那个开明、雄辩、明智、见解深奥的团体，伦敦地方行政官，将失去一半的乐趣和一半的工作。

CHAPTER XVIII A PARLIAMENTARY SKETCH

十八章　议会见闻

We hope our readers will not be alarmed at this rather ominous title. We assure them that we are not about to become political, neither have we the slightest intention of being more prosy than usual—if we can help it. It has occurred to us that a slight sketch of the general aspect of 'the House,' and the crowds that resort to it on the night of an important debate, would be productive of some amusement: and as we have made some few calls at the aforesaid house in our time—have visited it quite often enough for our purpose, and a great deal too often for our personal peace and comfort—we have determined to attempt the description. Dismissing from our minds, therefore, all that feeling of awe, which vague ideas of breaches of privilege, Serjeant-at-Arms, heavy denunciations, and still heavier fees, are calculated to awaken, we enter at once into the building, and upon our subject.

我们希望读者们不要对这个不太吉祥的题目感到惊慌。我们向他们保证，我们不会变得政治化，也丝毫没有意图要比平常更无趣——如果我们能做到的话。我们已经想到，稍微描写一下议院的一般概况和在重要辩论的晚上涌到那儿的人群，会妙趣横生。由于我们一生中曾去过几次上面提到的议院——就我们的目的而言，去的次数相当频繁了。要就我们个人的安宁和舒坦而言，去的次数就过多了——我们决心试着描述一下。因此，消除了我们心里由于模糊地想到损害特权、武装的中士、严重的控告和更沉重的费用而共同产生的恐惧感之后，我们便立即进入这座建筑，开始我们的主题。

Half-past four o'clock—and at five the mover of the Address will be 'on his legs,' as the newspapers announce sometimes by way of novelty, as if speakers were occasionally in the habit of standing on their heads. The members are pouring in, one after the other, in shoals. The few spectators who can obtain standing-room in the passages, scrutinise them as they pass, with the utmost interest, and the man who can identify a member occasionally, becomes a person of great importance. Every now and then you hear earnest whispers of 'That's Sir John Thomson.' 'Which? Him with the gilt order round his neck?' 'No, no; that's one of the messengers—that other with the yellow gloves, is Sir John Thomson.' 'Here's Mr. Smith.' 'Lor!' 'Yes, how d'ye do, sir? — (He is our new member) — How do you do, sir?' Mr. Smith stops: turns round with an air of enchanting urbanity (for the rumour of an intended dissolution has been very extensively circulated this morning); seizes both the hands of his gratified

constituent, and, after greeting him with the most enthusiastic warmth, darts into the lobby with an extraordinary display of ardour in the public cause, leaving an immense impression in his favour on the mind of his 'fellow–townsman.' The arrivals increase in number, and the heat and noise increase in very unpleasant proportion. The livery servants form a complete lane on either side of the passage, and you reduce yourself into the smallest possible space to avoid being turned out. You see that stout man with the hoarse voice, in the blue coat, queer-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, white corduroy breeches, and great boots, who has been talking incessantly for half an hour past, and whose importance has occasioned no small quantity of mirth among the strangers. That is the great conservator of the peace of Westminster. You cannot fail to have remarked the grace with which he saluted the noble Lord who passed just now, or the excessive dignity of his air, as he expostulates with the crowd. He is rather out of temper now, in consequence of the very irreverent behaviour of those two young fellows behind him, who have done nothing but laugh all the time they have been here.

现在是四点半——报纸有时为了新颖，宣称五点钟时演讲发言人将“双腿站立”，好像发言人偶尔会习惯于站在脑袋上一样。议员们一个接一个地或成群地涌进来。他们走过时，那些少数能在走廊里获得站立位置的观众便带着极大的兴趣审视着他们。偶尔要有个人能认出其中一位议员，他就会变成一个很重要的人物。你时不时地会听到热切的私语：“那是约翰·汤普森爵士。”“哪个？脖子上挂着镀金勋章的那个人吗？“不，不。那是其中一位送信人——另一个戴黄手套的才是约翰·汤普森爵士。”“这位是史密斯先生。”“啊！”“是啊，你好，先生！（他是我们的新议员）你好，先生！”史密斯先生停下来，带着一种文雅迷人的气质转过身（因为这天早上已经广泛地流传着一个谣传，说议会打算要解散）。他抓住那个心满意足的选民的双手，极其热情盎然地问候了他之后，冲进下议院会客厅，大肆展示了他对公共事业的热情，在他的“同城人”脑海里留下了对他极为有利的印象。来的人数量越来越多，热气和噪音在很令人不快地随之增长着。身穿号衣的男仆在走廊的两侧各排成了一个完整的通道，你要把自己的身子使劲缩小，占尽可能少的空间，以防被赶出去。你看见那个声音嘶哑的矮胖男人，他穿着蓝色外套、白灯芯绒裤子和大靴子，头戴顶端古怪的宽边帽子。过去的半个小时里，他一直在不停地说话，那自命不凡的样子使得那群陌生的旁听者很不高兴。这是威斯敏斯特的大治安官。你一定注意到了他向刚刚走过去的那位高贵的勋爵行礼时的优雅，及劝诫人群时气宇轩昂的态度。他现在很生气，因为他后面的两个年轻人行为很不当，在那儿一直笑个不停。

'Will they divide to-night, do you think, Mr. -' timidly inquires a little thin man in the crowd, hoping to conciliate the man of office.

“你觉得他们今晚会分组表决吗，先生？”人群中一个瘦小的男人胆怯地询问道，希望能获得那个官员的好感。

'How CAN you ask such questions, sir?' replies the functionary, in an incredibly loud key, and pettishly grasping the thick stick he carries in his right hand. 'Pray do not, sir. I beg of you; pray do not, sir.' The little man looks remarkably out of his element, and the uninitiated part of the throng are in positive convulsions of laughter. Just at this moment some unfortunate individual appears, with a very smirking air, at the bottom of the long passage. He has managed to elude the vigilance of the special constable downstairs, and is evidently congratulating himself on having made his way so far.

“先生，你怎么会问这样的问题呢？”那位官员答道，声调响亮得难以置信，生气地紧握着他右手中的粗手杖。“请不要这样，先生。我求你，请不要这样，先生。”小个子男人看起来明显不知所措，而人群中那部分不知情的人则笑得前仰后合。正在此时，长长的走廊尽头出现了一个倒霉家伙，傻乎乎地笑着。他已经成功逃过了楼下那个特警的注意，显然正庆幸自己已经溜了这么远。

'Go back, sir—you must NOT come here,' shouts the hoarse one, with tremendous emphasis of voice and gesture, the moment the offender catches his eye.

“回去，先生——你不能到这儿来。”声音嘶哑的矮胖男人一看到那个冒犯者，就喝道，声音和动作都很夸张。

The stranger pauses.

那个陌生人停住了。

'Do you hear, sir—will you go back?' continues the official dignitary, gently pushing the intruder some half-dozen yards.

“你听到了吗，先生——请你回去好吗？”那个高级官员接着说，轻轻地把那个闯入者推开了五六码。

'Come, don't push me,' replies the stranger, turning angrily round.

“喂，不要推我。”陌生人答道，怒气冲冲地转过身。

'I will, sir.'

“我要推，先生。”

'You won't, sir.'

“你不要推，先生。”

'Go out, sir.'

“滚出去，先生。”

'Take your hands off me, sir.'

“把你的手从我身上拿走，先生。”

'Go out of the passage, sir.'

“滚出走廊，先生。”

'You're a Jack-in-office, sir.'

“你是个自命不凡的小官员，先生。”

'A what?' ejaculates he of the boots.

“一个什么？”穿靴子的那个人大声叫道。

'A Jack-in-office, sir, and a very insolent fellow,' reiterates the stranger, now completely in a passion.

“一个自命不凡的小官员，先生，而且是个很不讲理的家伙。”陌生人又说了一遍，现在情绪完全失去控制。

'Pray do not force me to put you out, sir,' retorts the other—‘pray do not—my instructions are to keep this passage clear—it's the Speaker's orders, sir.'

“请不要逼我把你赶出去，先生。”另一个人反击道，“请不要——我的任务是保持这条走廊上没有人——这是议长的命令，先生。”

'D-n the Speaker, sir!' shouts the intruder.

“该死的议长，先生！”闯入者喊道。

'Here, Wilson!—Collins!' gasps the officer, actually paralysed at this insulting expression, which in his mind is all but high treason; 'take this man out—take him out, I say! How dare you, sir?' and down goes the unfortunate man five stairs at a time, turning round at every stoppage, to come back again, and denouncing bitter vengeance against the commander-in-chief, and all his supernumeraries.

“到这儿来，威尔逊！柯林斯！”官员气喘吁吁地喊，他听到这句辱骂后真的呆住了，这在他的心中就是背叛，“把这个人带出去——把他带出去，我的命令！你怎么敢这么说，先生？”那个倒霉的人每一步都被推下五级楼梯，每次停顿时都转过身子，要再回来，还大骂着要狠狠报复那个总司令和他所有跑龙套的部下。

'Make way, gentlemen,—pray make way for the Members, I beg of you!' shouts the zealous officer, turning back, and preceding a whole string of the liberal and independent.

“让路，先生们——请给议员们让路，求求你们了！”那个满腔热情的官员转过身来喊道，正走在一整串自由党和无党派议员前面。

You see this ferocious-looking gentleman, with a complexion almost as sallow as his linen, and whose large black moustache would give him the appearance of a figure in a hairdresser's window, if his countenance possessed the thought which is communicated to those waxen caricatures of the human face divine. He is a militia-officer, and the most amusing person in the House. Can anything be more

exquisitely absurd than the burlesque grandeur of his air, as he strides up to the lobby, his eyes rolling like those of a Turk's head in a cheap Dutch clock? He never appears without that bundle of dirty papers which he carries under his left arm, and which are generally supposed to be the miscellaneous estimates for 1804, or some equally important documents. He is very punctual in his attendance at the House, and his self-satisfied 'He-ar-He-ar,' is not unfrequently the signal for a general titter.

你看见那个长相凶恶的先生，他的面色几乎是和他的亚麻布衣服同样的黄色。如果他的面部拥有传递给那些模仿人面的蜡质天使的思想，他那黑黑的大胡子就使他看起来像理发店橱窗里的雕像了。他是个民兵军官，是议会里最有趣的人。他迈着大步走进下议院会客厅时，一副滑稽的庄严神态，同时眼睛还像廉价的荷兰钟里土耳其人脑袋上的那两只眼睛一样转动着，还有什么比这些更加绝妙、可笑吗？他出现的时候总是在左胳膊下夹着那捆肮脏的文件。人们普遍推测那是1804年的各种预算，或是一些同等重要的文件。他来议院非常准时，那自鸣得意的“对啊——对啊”的喊声经常会引得人们吃吃地笑起来。

This is the gentleman who once actually sent a messenger up to the Strangers' gallery in the old House of Commons, to inquire the name of an individual who was using an eye-glass, in order that he might complain to the Speaker that the person in question was quizzing him! On another occasion, he is reported to have repaired to Bellamy's kitchen—a refreshment-room, where persons who are not Members are admitted on sufferance, as it were—and perceiving two or three gentlemen at supper, who, he was aware, were not Members, and could not, in that place, very well resent his behaviour, he indulged in the pleasantry of sitting with his booted leg on the table at which they were supping! He is generally harmless, though, and always amusing.

正是这个先生曾经派送信人去老下议院的旁听席询问一个戴眼镜的人的名字，为的是向议长抱怨那个人老是张望他！还有一次，据说他到贝拉米餐馆——那似乎是非议员人士勉强容许入内的小吃部——发现两三个先生在吃晚饭。他知道他们不是议员，在那个地方不能公然对他的行为表示反感。于是，他开玩笑式地坐在他们吃饭的桌子上，连穿着靴子的腿也放在上面，还乐在其中！但是，他通常是没有恶意的，而且总是很有意思。

By dint of patience, and some little interest with our friend the constable, we have contrived to make our way to the Lobby, and you can just manage to catch an occasional glimpse of the House, as the door is opened for the admission of Members. It is tolerably full already, and little groups of Members are congregated together here, discussing the interesting topics of the day.

凭借着耐心和我们那位警察朋友的一点小关系，我们设法到达了下议院的会客厅。你只能在门打开让议员进去的时候，才能偶尔瞥见一眼议院的内部。里面已经基本上挤满了人，一小群一小群的议员在这里聚在一起，讨论着当天有趣的话题。

That smart-looking fellow in the black coat with velvet facings and cuffs, who wears his D'Orsay hat so rakishly, is 'Honest Tom,' a metropolitan representative; and the large man in the cloak with the white lining—not the man by the pillar; the other with the light hair hanging over his coat collar behind—is his colleague. The quiet gentlemanly-looking man in the blue surtout, gray trousers, white neckerchief and gloves, whose closely-buttoned coat displays his manly figure and broad chest to great advantage, is a very well-known character. He has fought a great many battles in his time, and conquered like the heroes of old, with no other arms than those the gods gave him. The old hard-featured man who is standing near him, is really a good specimen of a class of men, now nearly extinct. He is a county Member, and has been from time whereof the memory of man is not to the contrary. Look at his loose, wide, brown coat, with capacious pockets on each side; the knee-breeches and boots, the immensely long waistcoat, and silver watch-chain dangling below it, the wide-brimmed brown hat, and the white handkerchief tied in a great bow, with straggling ends sticking out beyond his shirt-frill. It is a costume one seldom sees nowadays, and when the few who wear it have died off, it will be quite extinct. He can tell you long stories of Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, and Canning, and how much better the House was managed in those times, when they used to get up at eight or nine o'clock, except on regular field-days, of which everybody was apprised beforehand. He has a great contempt for all young Members of Parliament, and thinks it quite impossible that a man can say anything worth hearing, unless he has sat in the House for fifteen years at least, without saying anything at all. He is of opinion that 'that young Macaulay' was a regular impostor; he allows, that Lord Stanley may do something one of these days, but 'he's too young, sir—too young.' He is an excellent authority on points of precedent, and when he grows talkative, after his wine, will tell you how Sir Somebody Something, when he was whipper-in for the Government, brought four men out of their beds to vote in the majority, three of whom died on their way home again; how the House once divided on the question, that fresh candles be now brought in; how the Speaker was once upon a time left in the chair by accident, at the conclusion of business, and was obliged to sit in the House by himself for three hours, till some Member could be knocked up and brought back again, to move the adjournment; and a great many other anecdotes of a similar description. There he stands, leaning on his stick; looking at the

throng of Exquisites around him with most profound contempt; and conjuring up, before his mind's eye, the scenes he beheld in the old House, in days gone by, when his own feelings were fresher and brighter, and when, as he imagines, wit, talent, and patriotism flourished more brightly too.

有个穿着丝绒镶边和丝绒袖口的黑外套的帅气家伙，洋洋自得地戴着顶多尔赛式帽子。他是“诚实的汤姆”，一个大城市的代表。那个穿白衬里披风的大个子男人——不是柱子旁边的那个，而是浅色的头发垂到了外套后面领子上的那个——是他的同僚。那个安静、看起来很绅士的人是个有名的人物。他穿着蓝色外套和灰色裤子，围着白色颈巾，戴着白色手套。那件紧紧扣着的外衣突出地显示了他男子汉的体形和宽阔的胸膛。他年轻时，就是用神赐给他的双臂参加过许许多多的战役，不用其他的武器，而且像古代的英雄一样战果累累。那个正站在他旁边的相貌平平的老人，真是现在近乎灭绝了的一类人的好样本。他是个郡议员，而且从人们不记得他不是议员之时就已经是了。看他那宽松的褐色外套，两边各有一个大口袋。再看他的短裤和靴子、特别长的背心、下面悬挂着的一根银表链、褐色宽边帽和打成一个大蝴蝶结的白手帕，手帕散乱的四角从衬衫饰边下面伸出来。这是如今很少见到的装束，等仅有的几个穿这种衣服的人死掉后，这种装束就会完全绝迹了。他会给你讲关于福克斯、皮特、谢里登和坎宁的长篇故事，以及那时的议会如何管理得比现在好得多。那时候，他们习惯于八九点钟起床，除非是定期的户外活动日，而每个人都会提前接到此类活动的通知。他很瞧不起议会里的所有年轻议员，认为除非一个人已经在议院三缄其口地至少坐上十五年，否则他不会说出什么值得一听的话。他认为“那个年轻的麦考利”是个十足的骗子。他承认，斯坦利勋爵将来可能会有所建树，但是他觉得“他太年轻了，先生——太年轻”。他在议会先例方面是位卓越的权威。他酒后多话时，会告诉你某某爵士干了某某事，说他受政府委任为政党在议会中的组织秘书时，曾把四个人从床上拖起来，要他们去投多数票，其中三个人在回家途中死去。他还讲了有一次议会对于是否再去拿蜡烛这个问题如何有不同的意见，有一次议长办完公事后如何被偶然落下，他坐在椅子上，不得不独自在议院里呆了三个小时，直到把一个议员唤醒，带回议院来，以便由他提议议长宣布休会。他还讲了许许多多内容相似的其他逸事。他站在那儿，倚在他的手杖上，带着深深的蔑视看着周围穿戴讲究的人群。他在心里想象着过去见证的老议院中的种种情景。当年，他自己的精神更饱满，情绪更乐观，而且他现在想来，认为那时候的人们也更焕发出机智、才干和爱国主义。

You are curious to know who that young man in the rough great-coat is, who has accosted every Member who has entered the House since we have been standing here. He is not a Member; he is only an 'hereditary bondsman,' or, in other words, an Irish correspondent of an Irish newspaper, who has just procured his forty-second frank from a Member whom he never saw in his life before. There he goes again—another! Bless the man, he has his hat and pockets full already.

你很想知道那个穿着粗布长外套的年轻人是谁。自从我们站在这儿，他就跟每一个走进议院的议员打招呼。他不是议员，只是一个“世袭的奴隶”，或者换句话说，是个爱尔兰报社的一位爱尔兰记者。他刚刚从他之前从未见过的一位议员那儿得到了他第四十二张自由通行证。他又走了上去——向另一个人走去！天呀，他的帽子和口袋已经满了。

We will try our fortune at the Strangers'gallery, though the nature of the debate encourages very little hope of success. What on earth are you about? Holding up your order as if it were a talisman at whose command the wicket would fly open? Nonsense. Just preserve the order for an autograph, if it be worth keeping at all, and make your appearance at the door with your thumb and forefinger expressively inserted in your waistcoat-pocket. This tall stout man in black is the door-keeper. 'Any room?' 'Not an inch—two or three dozen gentlemen waiting down-stairs on the chance of somebody's going out.' Pull out your purse—'Are you QUITE sure there's no room?' —'I'll go and look,' replies the door- keeper, with a wistful glance at your purse, 'but I'm afraid there's not.' He returns, and with real feeling assures you that it is morally impossible to get near the gallery. It is of no use waiting. When you are refused admission into the Strangers' gallery at the House of Commons, under such circumstances, you may return home thoroughly satisfied that the place must be remarkably full indeed. {1}

虽然辩论的性质使成功的希望很渺小，我们还是想去旁听席试试运气。你究竟要干什么？难道你要举着免费入场券，就好像它是一张能下令让边门忽然打开的护符吗？胡扯。如果这张免费入场券尚值得保存的话，你还是把它保存好，为了一个签名。走到门口的时候，你要把大拇指和食指意味深长地插进背心的口袋里。那个穿黑衣服的高个子胖男人是看门人。“有位子吗？”“一英寸也没有——几十个先生在楼下等着看有没有人出去呢。”你掏出钱包，问：“你确定没有位子了吗？”“我去看看，”看门人回答说，贪婪地看了一眼你的钱包，“但我恐怕没有了。”他回来了，真诚地向你确认，真的不可能接近旁听席。等待是没有用的。当你在这样的情形下被拒绝进入下议院的旁听席，你完全可以满足地回家了，因为这地方肯定是满得进去不人了。｛1｝

Retracing our steps through the long passage, descending the stairs, and crossing Palace-yard, we halt at a small temporary doorway adjoining the King's entrance to the House of Lords. The order of the serjeant-at-arms will admit you into the Reporters' gallery, from whence you can obtain a tolerably good view of the House. Take care of the stairs, they are none of the best; through this little wicket—there. As soon as your eyes become a little used to the mist of the place, and the glare of the chandeliers below you, you will see that some unimportant personage on the Ministerial side of the House (to your right hand) is speaking, amidst a hum of voices and confusion

which would rival Babel, but for the circumstance of its being all in one language.

我们顺着那条长长的走廊原路走回，下了楼梯，穿过宫院，在上议院的国王入口处旁边一个临时的小门道前停下了。你可以凭武装卫兵的勋章进入记者席，从那儿可以看到议院，视野还算清楚。你要小心那些楼梯，它们不太好走。穿过这个小边门——就到了。你的眼睛一稍微适应那儿的烟雾和下面枝形吊灯的强光，就会看到议院支持内阁的一方（在你的右手边）有个不重要的人物在讲话，四下里乱哄哄地响着嘈杂声。如果不是这些人都在讲同一种语言，那就真能和巴比伦人造通天塔时的吵闹声相匹敌了。

The 'hear, hear,' which occasioned that laugh, proceeded from our warlike friend with the moustache; he is sitting on the back seat against the wall, behind the Member who is speaking, looking as ferocious and intellectual as usual. Take one look around you, and retire! The body of the House and the side galleries are full of Members; some, with their legs on the back of the opposite seat; some, with theirs stretched out to their utmost length on the floor; some going out, others coming in; all talking, laughing, lounging, coughing, oh-ing, questioning, or groaning; presenting a conglomeration of noise and confusion, to be met with in no other place in existence, not even excepting Smithfield on a market-day, or a cock-pit in its glory.

那个引起笑声的“对啊，对啊”发自我们那个蓄着小胡子的好斗的朋友。他坐在正发言的那位议员后面靠着墙的后排座位上，跟往常一样看起来既凶残又有才智。你朝着四周看一眼，然后往后退去！议院的主体和边座都坐满了议员。有的把腿放在对面座位的椅背上；有的把腿在地上尽量伸长；有的伸出去，有的蜷起来。所有的议员都在说笑、闲逛、咳嗽、发出感叹、问话，或呻吟着。他们集中地表现出各种吵闹和混乱，这是在所有其他场所里都见不到的，连史密斯菲尔德的集市日或者斗鸡场最热闹的时候也不例外。

But let us not omit to notice Bellamy's kitchen, or, in other words, the refreshment-room, common to both Houses of Parliament, where Ministerialists and Oppositionists, Whigs and Tories, Radicals, Peers, and Destructives, strangers from the gallery, and the more favoured strangers from below the bar, are alike at liberty to resort; where divers honourable members prove their perfect independence by remaining during the whole of a heavy debate, solacing themselves with the creature comforts; and whence they are summoned by whippers-in, when the House is on the point of dividing; either to give their 'conscientious votes' on questions of which they are conscientiously innocent of knowing anything whatever, or to find a vent for the playful exuberance of their wine-inspired fancies, in boisterous shouts of 'Divide,' occasionally varied with a little howling, barking, crowing, or other ebullitions of senatorial pleasantry.

但是，我们不要忽略了贝拉米餐馆，或者换句话说，是个小吃部，由上下两议院共用。内阁支持者和反对党支持者、辉格党党员和托利党党员、激进党人、贵族和鼓吹破坏者、来自议院边座的旁听者，以及低于律师职业资格的更受欢迎的旁听者都可以随意进入。各色体面的议员为了证明他们绝对的独立，呆在那儿听完整场热烈的辩论，用物质上的舒适来安慰自己。到了议院即将分组表决的时候，他们就由政党在议会中的组织秘书召去，要么对于凭良心来说他们毫不了解的问题进行“有良心的投票”，要么发泄一下酒后开玩笑式的勃勃兴致，喧闹地喊叫着“分组”，偶尔还发出一点儿吼叫声、叫喊声、欢呼声，或者其他参议员式玩笑的喧哗。

When you have ascended the narrow staircase which, in the present temporary House of Commons, leads to the place we are describing, you will probably observe a couple of rooms on your right hand, with tables spread for dining. Neither of these is the kitchen, although they are both devoted to the same purpose; the kitchen is further on to our left, up these half-dozen stairs. Before we ascend the staircase, however, we must request you to pause in front of this little bar-place with the sash-windows; and beg your particular attention to the steady, honest-looking old fellow in black, who is its sole occupant. Nicholas (we do not mind mentioning the old fellow's name, for if Nicholas be not a public man, who is?—and public men's names are public property)—Nicholas is the butler of Bellamy's, and has held the same place, dressed exactly in the same manner, and said precisely the same things, ever since the oldest of its present visitors can remember. An excellent servant Nicholas is—an unrivalled compounder of salad-dressing—an admirable preparer of soda-water and lemon—a special mixer of cold grog and punch—and, above all, an unequalled judge of cheese. If the old man have such a thing as vanity in his composition, this is certainly his pride; and if it be possible to imagine that anything in this world could disturb his impenetrable calmness, we should say it would be the doubting his judgment on this important point.

你登上窄窄的楼梯，它在当下的临时下议院里通向我们正描述的地方。你可能会注意到右边有两间房子，里面的餐桌已经摆好，为用餐作好准备。这两间房子都不是厨房，虽然它们的功能相同。厨房在我们的左边，还要再上五六级台阶。不过，在我们上楼梯之前，我们必须请你在这个安着吊窗的小酒水间前停一下，并且求你特别注意一下那个穿着黑衣服、沉着冷静、看起来很老实的老人，只有他一个人在房间里。尼古拉斯——我们不介意提到这个老人的名字，因为如果尼古拉斯不是个公共人物，谁又是呢？公共人物的名字就是公共财产——是贝拉米餐馆的佣人领班。自从目前最老的来客能记起的时候起，他就一直担任这同一个职务，穿着样式完全相同的衣服，说着一字不差的同样的话。尼古拉斯是个出色的仆人——是配制沙拉酱无可匹敌的好手——是令人钦佩

的苏打水加柠檬饮料的调制者——是把潘趣酒同烈酒与水混合的冷饮混合起来的专家——还有，最主要的是，他是个令人望其项背的奶酪鉴定家。如果这个老人品质中有虚荣存在的话，那当然是他的自豪感。如果可以想象出这世上有什么事情可以扰乱他那难以窥测的平静的话，我们应该说那就是怀疑他在这一要点上的判断力。

We needn't tell you all this, however, for if you have an atom of observation, one glance at his sleek, knowing-looking head and face—his prim white neckerchief, with the wooden tie into which it has been regularly folded for twenty years past, merging by imperceptible degrees into a small-plaited shirt-frill—and his comfortable-looking form encased in a well-brushed suit of black—would give you a better idea of his real character than a column of our poor description could convey.

但是，我们没有必要告诉你这些，因为你只要有一点点观察力，看一眼他那光滑、看起来很机灵的脑袋和脸——他那条整洁的白颈巾打成了一个生硬的结，由于过去二十年经常把颈巾系成这个结，不知不觉已经变成一条小辫子似的褶边——他那看着很舒服的身子上套着一件刷得很干净的黑衣服——这些和我们的拙笔写的专栏比起来，会更好地传递出他的真正性格。

Nicholas is rather out of his element now; he cannot see the kitchen as he used to in the old House; there, one window of his glass-case opened into the room, and then, for the edification and behoof of more juvenile questioners, he would stand for an hour together, answering deferential questions about Sheridan, and Percival, and Castlereagh, and Heaven knows who beside, with manifest delight, always inserting a 'Mister' before every commoner's name.

现在，尼古拉斯相当不得其所。他不能像以前在旧议院里那样照看餐室了。在那儿，他的玻璃间有一个窗户开向餐室，为了启迪较年轻的询问者，也为了服务于他们的利益，他会站上一小时，显然很高兴地答复他们恭恭敬敬的问题。这些问题是关于谢里登、珀西瓦尔、卡斯尔雷和天知道是谁的其他人。他回答时总要在每个平民的名字后也加上“先生”二字。

Nicholas, like all men of his age and standing, has a great idea of the degeneracy of the times. He seldom expresses any political opinions, but we managed to ascertain, just before the passing of the Reform Bill, that Nicholas was a thorough Reformer. What was our astonishment to discover shortly after the meeting of the first reformed Parliament, that he was a most inveterate and decided Tory! It was very odd: some men change their opinions from necessity, others from expediency, others from inspiration; but that Nicholas should undergo any change in any respect, was an event we had never contemplated, and should have considered impossible. His strong

opinion against the clause which empowered the metropolitan districts to return Members to Parliament, too, was perfectly unaccountable.

就像所有他这个年纪和地位的人一样，尼古拉斯对这个年代的堕落有着伟大的见解。他很少发表任何政治见解，但就在《改革法案》通过之前，我们成功地确定了尼古拉斯是个彻头彻尾的改良者。使我们惊讶的是，首届改革议会会议之后不久，我们就发现他是个最顽固不化的铁杆儿托利党人！非常奇怪的是，有些人出于需要而改变他们的主张，有些人是出于权宜之计，有些人则是出于灵感。但尼古拉斯竟然会在任何方面发生任何变化，这是我们所从未想到的，也认为是不可能的。他极力反对授权大城市市区选举议员的条款，这也是完全令人费解的。

We discovered the secret at last; the metropolitan Members always dined at home. The rascals! As for giving additional Members to Ireland, it was even worse—decidedly unconstitutional. Why, sir, an Irish Member would go up there, and eat more dinner than three English Members put together. He took no wine; drank table-beer by the half-gallon; and went home to Manchester-buildings, or Millbank-street, for his whiskey-and-water. And what was the consequence? Why, the concern lost—actually lost, sir—by his patronage. A queer old fellow is Nicholas, and as completely a part of the building as the house itself. We wonder he ever left the old place, and fully expected to see in the papers, the morning after the fire, a pathetic account of an old gentleman in black, of decent appearance, who was seen at one of the upper windows when the flames were at their height, and declared his resolute intention of falling with the floor. He must have been got out by force. However, he was got out—here he is again, looking as he always does, as if he had been in a bandbox ever since the last session. There he is, at his old post every night, just as we have described him: and, as characters are scarce, and faithful servants scarcer, long may he be there, say we!

我们最终发现了那个秘密：大城市的议员总是在家里吃饭。这些坏人！至于额外增加爱尔兰议员，那就更糟了——肯定违反宪法。哎，先生，一个爱尔兰议员会到那儿，吃的比三个英国议员加起来还要多。他不喝葡萄酒，半加仑半加仑地喝佐餐啤酒。然后，他回到曼彻斯特大楼或在米尔班克街的家里喝掺水的威士忌酒。那么，结果怎么样呢？喔，企业亏本了——真的亏本了，先生——由于他的惠顾。尼古拉斯是个古怪的老家伙，并且就像议院本身一样，完全是这个大楼的一部分。我们想知道他是否离开过那个老地方。那场大火后的第二天早晨，我们满以为会从报纸上读到一则悲伤的报道，说在火势最猛的时候，只见一个穿黑衣服、看起来很体面的老人，在上层的一扇窗户旁宣称他坚决要同地板一起塌下去。他一定是被硬拉出来的。不管怎样，他被弄出来了——他又在这儿了，看上去就像他一贯的那个样子，仿佛自从上一届会议以来，他就一直呆在一个硬纸盒里似的。他就在那儿，每晚都守着他那个

老地方，就像我们上面描绘的那样。由于个性怪异的人不多，忠实的仆人就更少，我们但愿他能长久地呆在那儿！

Now, when you have taken your seat in the kitchen, and duly noticed the large fire and roasting-jack at one end of the room—the little table for washing glasses and draining jugs at the other—the clock over the window opposite St. Margaret's Church—the deal tables and wax candles—the damask table-cloths and bare floor—the plate and china on the tables, and the gridiron on the fire; and a few other anomalies peculiar to the place—we will point out to your notice two or three of the people present, whose station or absurdities render them the most worthy of remark.

现在，你已经在餐室就坐，还及时地注意到了房间一头的大火炉和烤肉的铁叉转动器。另一头放的是用来洗玻璃杯和排水的罐子的小桌子，还有窗户上的一个钟，正对着圣玛格丽特教堂，松木桌子和蜡烛、花缎桌布和没铺地毯的地板、桌子上的盘子和瓷器、火炉上的烤肉架，以及另外一些这个地方所特有的奇形怪状的东西。我们要你注意两三个在场的人，他们的地位或荒诞使得他们非常值得评论。

It is half-past twelve o'clock, and as the division is not expected for an hour or two, a few Members are lounging away the time here in preference to standing at the bar of the House, or sleeping in one of the side galleries. That singularly awkward and ungainly- looking man, in the brownish-white hat, with the straggling black trousers which reach about half-way down the leg of his boots, who is leaning against the meat-screen, apparently deluding himself into the belief that he is thinking about something, is a splendid sample of a Member of the House of Commons concentrating in his own person the wisdom of a constituency. Observe the wig, of a dark hue but indescribable colour, for if it be naturally brown, it has acquired a black tint by long service, and if it be naturally black, the same cause has imparted to it a tinge of rusty brown; and remark how very materially the great blinker-like spectacles assist the expression of that most intelligent face. Seriously speaking, did you ever see a countenance so expressive of the most hopeless extreme of heavy dulness, or behold a form so strangely put together? He is no great speaker: but when he DOES address the House, the effect is absolutely irresistible.

十二点半了，由于分组表决在一两个小时内不会举行，几个议员来到这儿闲荡以消磨时间，而不愿去站在议院的酒水间里，或去侧面的窄房间里睡觉。那个长相奇怪、相貌丑陋的男人是那种把本选区全体选民的智慧都集于一身的下议院议员的极好典型。他戴着一顶微微带点褐色的白帽子，黑裤子的裤管套在靴子外面，遮住了一半靴筒。他正倚在烤肉用的隔板上，显然在欺骗自己相信他是在思考着什么。看看他那顶无法形容具体颜色的深色假发，因为如果它原本是褐色的，那就是因为用久了显出了黑色。如果它原来是黑色的，那么就是同样的原因使它略带

赭色和褐色。注意他那副像马的眼罩一样的眼镜，怎样让他那张聪慧无比的脸上的表情更加丰富。说真的，你看到过把迟钝透顶、无可救药表现地如此淋漓尽致的脸，或是见过如此怪异地凑在一起的外表吗？他不是个伟大的演说家，但当他真的向议会作演讲时，效果绝对是势不可挡的。

The small gentleman with the sharp nose, who has just saluted him, is a Member of Parliament, an ex-Alderman, and a sort of amateur fireman. He, and the celebrated fireman's dog, were observed to be remarkably active at the conflagration of the two Houses of Parliament—they both ran up and down, and in and out, getting under people's feet, and into everybody's way, fully impressed with the belief that they were doing a great deal of good, and barking tremendously. The dog went quietly back to his kennel with the engine, but the gentleman kept up such an incessant noise for some weeks after the occurrence, that he became a positive nuisance. As no more parliamentary fires have occurred, however, and as he has consequently had no more opportunities of writing to the newspapers to relate how, by way of preserving pictures he cut them out of their frames, and performed other great national services, he has gradually relapsed into his old state of calmness.

那个刚刚向他打过招呼的尖鼻子的小个子先生是议会的议员，以前是个郡长，现在是个业余消防员。人们发现他和那条有一定名气的消防队的狗在那次两个议院的大火中表现得相当活跃——他们都跑上跑下，跑进跑出，跑到人们的脚下，挡住每个人的路，并坚信他们在做一件大好事，大声狂喊着。那条狗跟着消防车默默地回到它的窝里，但这个先生却在那件事之后唠叨了几个星期，人都变得十分讨厌。不过，由于议院没再发生火灾，结果他没再有机会向报社写信叙述他如何为了保全画像，把它们从框架里割下来，以及如何为国家做了其他伟大的事。他渐渐恢复到了原来平静的状态。

That female in black—not the one whom the Lord's-Day-Bill Baronet has just chucked under the chin; the shorter of the two—is 'Jane:' the Hebe of Bellamy's. Jane is as great a character as Nicholas, in her way. Her leading features are a thorough contempt for the great majority of her visitors; her predominant quality, love of admiration, as you cannot fail to observe, if you mark the glee with which she listens to something the young Member near her mutters somewhat unintelligibly in her ear (for his speech is rather thick from some cause or other), and how playfully she digs the handle of a fork into the arm with which he detains her, by way of reply.

那个穿黑衣服的女人——不是被“周日账单”的从男爵刚刚摸过下巴的那个，而是那两位里面较矮的一个——是“简”，贝拉米餐馆的斟酒女神。简同尼古拉斯一样，是个了不起的人物，不过有她自己的特色。她主要的特点是对大部分客人彻底蔑视，她的主要品质是喜欢被人爱慕。

你不可能不注意到这点，如果你看到她听旁边的年轻议员在她耳边含含糊糊地低声说些什么（由于某种原因，他讲话相当地口齿不清）的时候那股高兴劲儿，以及她如何开玩笑地用叉子柄戳他挽住自己的那个手臂以作为回答的话。

Jane is no bad hand at repartees, and showers them about, with a degree of liberality and total absence of reserve or constraint, which occasionally excites no small amazement in the minds of strangers. She cuts jokes with Nicholas, too, but looks up to him with a great deal of respect—the immovable stolidity with which Nicholas receives the aforesaid jokes, and looks on, at certain pastoral friskings and rompings (Jane's only recreations, and they are very innocent too) which occasionally take place in the passage, is not the least amusing part of his character.

简在巧妙应答方面很强，她反驳得妙语如珠，毫无保留，无拘无束，时常让陌生人感到十分惊讶。她也和尼古拉斯开玩笑，但是对他毕恭毕敬——尼古拉斯对于上述玩笑和他看着在走廊上偶尔发生的一种乡村式的嬉闹和欢跃（这是简唯一的娱乐方式，而且他们也很无辜）时所表现的无动于衷，是他的性格中颇为有趣的一部分。

The two persons who are seated at the table in the corner, at the farther end of the room, have been constant guests here, for many years past; and one of them has feasted within these walls, many a time, with the most brilliant characters of a brilliant period. He has gone up to the other House since then; the greater part of his boon companions have shared Yorick's fate, and his visits to Bellamy's are comparatively few.

在房间更远的一头，两个人坐在角落里的桌子旁。他们是这儿过去多年的常客，其中一个曾经在这间屋子里多次同一个辉煌时期里最显赫的人物共享盛宴。他从那时就进了上议院。他的大部分酒友同约里克的命运一样，他来贝拉米餐馆的次数也相对少了。

If he really be eating his supper now, at what hour can he possibly have dined! A second solid mass of rump-steak has disappeared, and he eat the first in four minutes and three quarters, by the clock over the window. Was there ever such a personification of Falstaff! Mark the air with which he gloats over that Stilton, as he removes the napkin which has been placed beneath his chin to catch the superfluous gravy of the steak, and with what gusto he imbibes the porter which has been fetched, expressly for him, in the pewter pot. Listen to the hoarse sound of that voice, kept down as it is by layers of solids, and deep draughts of rich wine, and tell us if you ever saw such a perfect picture of a regular gourmand; and whether he is not exactly the man whom you would pitch upon as having been the partner of Sheridan's parliamentary carouses, the volunteer driver of

the hackney-coach that took him home, and the involuntary upsetter of the whole party?

如果他现在真在吃晚饭，那么他可能在什么时候吃午饭啊！第二块大牛排消失了，而且据窗户上面的那个钟显示，他在四分四十五秒的时间内吃掉了第一块。可曾有过这样一个福斯塔夫的化身？注意他取下餐巾时贪婪地盯着那块斯提尔顿干酪的样子吧。之前他为了要接住牛排溢出的卤汁，就把餐巾围在了下巴下面。再看他喝用锡镴壶盛的、特地为他取来的波尔图酒时津津有味的样子吧。听一听他嘶哑的嗓音——他的声音已经被一层层的结实食物和大口大口的浓酒压低了——告诉我们你是否曾见过这样一幅习以为常的饕餮者的完美写照。你是否会相信他就是那个与谢里登共同举行议院宴会、后来自愿驾四轮出租马车把他送回家、且在无意间搅乱了整个宴会的人呢？

What an amusing contrast between his voice and appearance, and that of the spare, squeaking old man, who sits at the same table, and who, elevating a little cracked bantam sort of voice to its highest pitch, invokes damnation upon his own eyes or somebody else's at the commencement of every sentence he utters. 'The Captain,' as they call him, is a very old frequenter of Bellamy's; much addicted to stopping 'after the House is up' (an inexpiable crime in Jane's eyes), and a complete walking reservoir of spirits and water.

他的嗓音和外貌与坐在同一张桌子上的那个声音尖锐的瘦小老头形成了多么有趣的对比啊。那个老头每开始讲一句话，都要先咒骂一下自己或者别人的眼睛，且把他那矮脚鸡似的、有些粗哑的嗓音提到最高。他们都称他为“船长”，他是贝拉米餐馆的老顾客了。“议会开会”（在简看来，这是不可原谅的罪恶）之后，他就常常在此逗留，完全是个能行走的水和酒精的贮存器。

The old Peer—or rather, the old man—for his peerage is of comparatively recent date—has a huge tumbler of hot punch brought him; and the other damns and drinks, and drinks and damns, and smokes. Members arrive every moment in a great bustle to report that 'The Chancellor of the Exchequer's up,' and to get glasses of brandy-and-water to sustain them during the division; people who have ordered supper, countermand it, and prepare to go down-stairs, when suddenly a bell is heard to ring with tremendous violence, and a cry of 'Di-vi-sion!' is heard in the passage. This is enough; away rush the members pell-mell. The room is cleared in an instant; the noise rapidly dies away; you hear the creaking of the last boot on the last stair, and are left alone with the leviathan of rump-steaks.

那个老贵族——或者更确切地说，那个老人，因为他的贵族爵位获得的时间相对较近——要了一大杯热的潘趣酒。另一个则边骂边喝，边喝边骂，还抽着烟。议员们每隔一会儿就急匆匆地到这儿来报告“财政大臣到”，并且要一杯杯掺水白兰地，以便他们在分组表决时能支撑得住。

点了晚餐的人纷纷退掉，准备到楼下去。这时，震耳欲聋的铃声突然响起，走廊上传出“分——组——啦”的喊声。这就够了，议员们慌乱地冲出去。房间一瞬间就空了，噪音迅速地消失。你听到最后一只靴子踩在最后一级楼梯上的吱吱声，然后，这里就剩下你一个人，还有一大堆牛排作伴。

CHAPTER XIX PUBLIC DINNERS

第十九章　聚餐会

All public dinners in London, from the Lord Mayor's annual banquet at Guildhall, to the Chimney-sweepers' anniversary at White Conduit House; from the Goldsmiths' to the Butchers', from the Sheriffs' to the Licensed Victuallers'; are amusing scenes. Of all entertainments of this description, however, we think the annual dinner of some public charity is the most amusing. At a Company's dinner, the people are nearly all alike—regular old stagers, who make it a matter of business, and a thing not to be laughed at. At a political dinner, everybody is disagreeable, and inclined to speechify—much the same thing, by-the-bye; but at a charity dinner you see people of all sorts, kinds, and descriptions. The wine may not be remarkably special, to be sure, and we have heard some hardhearted monsters grumble at the collection; but we really think the amusement to be derived from the occasion, sufficient to counterbalance even these disadvantages. Let us suppose you are induced to attend a dinner of this description—'Indigent Orphans' Friends' Benevolent Institution,' we think it is. The name of the charity is a line or two longer, but never mind the rest. You have a distinct recollection, however, that you purchased a ticket at the solicitation of some charitable friend: and you deposit yourself in a hackney-coach, the driver of which—no doubt that you may do the thing in style—turns a deaf ear to your earnest entreaties to be set down at the corner of Great Queen-street, and persists in carrying you to the very door of the Freemasons', round which a crowd of people are assembled to witness the entrance of the indigent orphans' friends. You hear great speculations as you pay the fare, on the possibility of your being the noble Lord who is announced to fill the chair on the occasion, and are highly gratified to hear it eventually decided that you are only a 'wocalist.'

伦敦所有的聚餐会，从市长每年在伦敦市政厅举行的宴会到扫烟囱工在白管道院举行的周年纪念活动，从金匠到屠夫，从郡长到有执照的客栈老板，所有的聚餐会都是有趣的场面。但是，在所有这类娱乐活动中，我们认为一些公共慈善团体的年度聚餐会是最有趣的。商号聚餐会上的人们都几乎完全一样——十足的老手。他们把聚餐当成工作上的事，而不是一件用于取笑的事。在一场带有政治色彩的聚餐会上，人们都很难相处，都想发表演讲——顺便说一下，他们要讲的内容都差不多。但是，在一场慈善聚餐会上，你会看到形形色色的各类人。当然了，葡萄酒可能不会很特别，我们也听到过一些硬心肠的恶棍抱怨募捐。但是，我们真的认为这个场合里产生的乐趣，甚至足以弥补这些不

足之处了。让我们假设你被劝着参加一场这种聚餐会——我们想它的名字是“贫困孤儿之友慈善协会”。这个慈善团体的名字还要长一两行，但名字其余的部分就不要管了。不过，你记得清清楚楚，你是应一位有慈善心的朋友之请买了一张票。你坐进一辆四轮出租马车，那个马车夫——毫无疑问，你会把事情做得体体面面的——对于你要他在皇后大道转角处停下的热切恳求充耳不闻，坚持要把你送到共济会门口。那儿围着一群人，他们聚集起来见证贫困孤儿的朋友们加入共济会。你在付车费的时候听到他们伟大的猜测，说你可能是宣告中所说的要担任这场聚餐会主席的那位高贵的勋爵。后来，你十分满意地听到他们认定你只是个“歌唱家”。

The first thing that strikes you, on your entrance, is the astonishing importance of the committee. You observe a door on the first landing, carefully guarded by two waiters, in and out of which stout gentlemen with very red faces keep running, with a degree of speed highly unbecoming the gravity of persons of their years and corpulency. You pause, quite alarmed at the bustle, and thinking, in your innocence, that two or three people must have been carried out of the dining-room in fits, at least. You are immediately undeceived by the waiter— 'Up–stairs, if you please, sir; this is the committee–room.' Up-stairs you go, accordingly; wondering, as you mount, what the duties of the committee can be, and whether they ever do anything beyond confusing each other, and running over the waiters.

你一进门，首先就被委员会惊人的重要性打动了。你看到第一个楼梯平台上有一扇门，两名侍者小心地守着。脸色通红、体格肥壮的先生们不停地从那扇门跑进跑出。他们的速度与他们这把年纪和肥胖程度的人的庄重极不相称。你停住了，惊慌于眼前的忙乱景象。你不知情，但想着一定至少有两三个昏厥的人被抬出了餐厅。侍者立刻让你明白过来：“请上楼，先生。这里是委员会会议室。”于是，你上了楼。你一边爬楼，一边好奇地想着委员会的职责是什么，以及他们除了让彼此陷入困惑和撞倒侍者之外还干什么。

Having deposited your hat and cloak, and received a remarkably small scrap of pasteboard in exchange (which, as a matter of course, you lose, before you require it again), you enter the hall, down which there are three long tables for the less distinguished guests, with a cross table on a raised platform at the upper end for the reception of the very particular friends of the indigent orphans. Being fortunate enough to find a plate without anybody's card in it, you wisely seat yourself at once, and have a little leisure to look about you. Waiters, with wine-baskets in their hands, are placing decanters of sherry down the tables, at very respectable distances; melancholy-looking salt-cellars, and decayed vinegar-cruets, which might have belonged to the parents of the indigent orphans in their time, are scattered at distant intervals on the cloth; and the knives and forks look as if they had

done duty at every public dinner in London since the accession of George the First. The musicians are scraping and grating and screwing tremendously—playing no notes but notes of preparation; and several gentlemen are gliding along the sides of the tables, looking into plate after plate with frantic eagerness, the expression of their countenances growing more and more dismal as they meet with everybody's card but their own.

你寄存了帽子和大衣，换来一张异常小的胶合纸板（当然了，你再次需要用它之前就弄丢了）之后，便走进大厅。那儿有为不那么高贵的客人准备的三张长桌。在大厅的另一头，一个高出地面的平台上有一张为接待贫困孤儿的特殊朋友们而摆放的十字形桌。你幸运地发现一个没有任何人的名片放入的盘子，便立刻机智地坐下，还有一小会儿闲工夫打量一下周围。侍者们手里提着酒篮，正在沿着桌子每隔一大段距离就放上一瓶雪利酒。有一些看起来很悲惨的盐瓶和损坏的醋瓶在桌布上零散地放着，彼此隔得很远。它们可能是那些贫困孤儿的父母生前的东西。那些刀叉看上去好像自从乔治一世就任以来，在伦敦举行的每场聚餐会中都用过一样。乐师们又是擦又是磨又是拧，发出很大的噪声——他们并非在奏曲，只是进行调音准备。几个先生正在沿着桌边快速走着，疯狂而渴望地看向一个又一个盘子。他们脸上的表情变得越来越阴郁，因为他们见到了所有人的名片，除了他们自己的。

You turn round to take a look at the table behind you, and—not being in the habit of attending public dinners—are somewhat struck by the appearance of the party on which your eyes rest. One of its principal members appears to be a little man, with a long and rather inflamed face, and gray hair brushed bolt upright in front; he wears a wisp of black silk round his neck, without any stiffener, as an apology for a neckerchief, and is addressed by his companions by the familiar appellation of 'Fitz,' or some such monosyllable. Near him is a stout man in a white neckerchief and buff waistcoat, with shining dark hair, cut very short in front, and a great, round, healthy-looking face, on which he studiously preserves a half sentimental simper. Next him, again, is a large-headed man, with black hair and bushy whiskers; and opposite them are two or three others, one of whom is a little round-faced person, in a dress-stock and blue under-waistcoat. There is something peculiar in their air and manner, though you could hardly describe what it is; you cannot divest yourself of the idea that they have come for some other purpose than mere eating and drinking. You have no time to debate the matter, however, for the waiters (who have been arranged in lines down the room, placing the dishes on table) retire to the lower end; the dark man in the blue coat and bright buttons, who has the direction of the music, looks up to the gallery, and calls out 'band' in a very loud voice; out burst the orchestra, up rise the visitors, in march fourteen stewards, each with a

long wand in his hand, like the evil genius in a pantomime; then the chairman, then the titled visitors; they all make their way up the room, as fast as they can, bowing, and smiling, and smirking, and looking remarkably amiable. The applause ceases, grace is said, the clatter of plates and dishes begins; and every one appears highly gratified, either with the presence of the distinguished visitors, or the commencement of the anxiously-expected dinner.

你转过头去看一眼你身后的那张桌子——你不经常参加聚餐会——有点吃惊于你所看到的那批客人的外貌。主要成员之一是一个小个子男人，他修长的脸显得很激动，额头上的灰发挺直地朝上梳着。他的脖子上围着一条黑色丝绸用以充当颈巾，里面没有衬任何硬的东西。他的伙伴们亲热地称呼他为“菲茨”，或是某个此类的单音词。他旁边是个戴着白色颈巾、穿着浅黄色背心的胖男人。这人头发乌黑发亮，前面剪得很短，又圆又大的脸看起来很健康。他故意在脸上保持一种有几分多情的假笑。再往他的旁边，是个大脑袋的男人。他的头发黑黑的，胡子很浓密。他们对面有两三个人，其中一个有着小小的圆脸，套着宽大破领巾，里面穿着蓝色背心。他们的神态有些特别，但你几乎无法描述出哪里特别。你没法摆脱这个想法，即他们来这儿除了吃喝，还有别的目的。不过，你没时间讨论这个问题了，因为侍者们（他们刚才受命在楼下排成几行，把菜碟放在桌子上）已经退到了房间的另一头。那个穿着有发亮纽扣的蓝上衣的黑肤色男人是乐队指挥，他朝边座望去，大声喊了一声“乐队”。乐队突然吹打起来，来宾也站起身来，十四个管事齐步走进来，每人手执一根长杖，活像哑剧中的恶魔。跟着进来的是主席，接着是有头衔的来宾。他们全都尽快地朝房间内走去，鞠着躬，微笑着，假笑着，看起来非常和蔼可亲。掌声停止了，饭前祈祷做过了，杯盘交错相碰的声音开始响起来。人人都非常满意，要么是因为贵宾在场，要么是因为急切地等待已久的宴会开始了。

As to the dinner itself—the mere dinner—it goes off much the same everywhere. Tureens of soup are emptied with awful rapidity—waiters take plates of turbot away, to get lobster-sauce, and bring back plates of lobster-sauce without turbot; people who can carve poultry, are great fools if they own it, and people who can't have no wish to learn. The knives and forks form a pleasing accompaniment to Auber's music, and Auber's music would form a pleasing accompaniment to the dinner, if you could hear anything besides the cymbals. The substantials disappear—moulds of jelly vanish like lightning—hearty eaters wipe their foreheads, and appear rather overcome by their recent exertions—people who have looked very cross hitherto, become remarkably bland, and ask you to take wine in the most friendly manner possible—old gentlemen direct your attention to the ladies' gallery, and take great pains to impress you with the fact that the charity is always peculiarly favoured in this respect—every one appears disposed to become talkative—and the hum of conversation is

loud and general.

至于晚餐本身——仅仅说这顿饭——在每个地方进行得都一样。大盖碗里的汤以惊人的速度被喝光——侍者把盛着大菱鲆的盘子端走去加龙虾酱，端回一盘盘龙虾酱时，却没有了大菱鲆。会切禽肉的人，如果他们承认这一点，就是大傻瓜，而不会切的人也丝毫不想学。刀叉为奥伯的乐曲提供了令人愉快的伴奏，而奥伯的乐曲则为晚餐提供了令人愉快的伴奏，如果你除了钹声之外还听得见什么声音的话。实质性的食物消失了——一块块的果子冻像闪电似的一下子就没了——尽兴的食客们抹抹额头，似乎刚才的晚餐让他们有些过度劳累了。刚才显得很暴躁的人们现在变得十分温和，让你喝酒，态度不能再友好了。老先生们把你的注意力引向女宾座，不辞辛苦地要你深深感到慈善事业在这方面总是得到特别大的支持。每个人都看起来话更多了，谈话的嗡嗡声响亮而且充满全场。

'Pray, silence, gentlemen, if you please, for Non nobis!' shouts the toast-master with stentorian lungs—a toast-master's shirt-front, waistcoat, and neckerchief, by-the-bye, always exhibit three distinct shades of cloudy-white.—'Pray, silence, gentlemen, for Non nobis!' The singers, whom you discover to be no other than the very party that excited your curiosity at first, after 'pitching' their voices immediately begin TOO-TOOing most dismally, on which the regular old stagers burst into occasional cries of—‘Sh—Sh— waiters!—Silence, waiters—stand still, waiters—keep back, waiters,'and other exorcisms, delivered in a tone of indignant remonstrance. The grace is soon concluded, and the company resume their seats. The uninitiated portion of the guests applaud Non nobis as vehemently as if it were a capital comic song, greatly to the scandal and indignation of the regular diners, who immediately attempt to quell this sacrilegious approbation, by cries of 'Hush, hush!' whereupon the others, mistaking these sounds for hisses, applaud more tumultuously than before, and, by way of placing their approval beyond the possibility of doubt, shout 'Encore!' most vociferously.

“请安静，先生们，要唱Non nobis了！”宴会主持人用洪亮的声音喊道（顺便说一句，宴会主持人的衬衫前胸、背心和颈巾总是显出三种层次明显不同的浑浊白色），“请安静，先生们，要唱Non nobis了！”那些歌手——你发现他们就是最初引起你好奇心的那批人——把嗓音”定调“以后，立即开始很沉闷地发出嘟嘟声。这时，那些正式的老演员们会时不时地爆发出这样的喊声：“嘘——嘘——侍者——安静，侍者——站住别动，侍者——往后退，侍者。”他们还会说其他驱邪的话，而且带着愤怒的告诫语气。饭后的感恩祷告不久就结束了，大伙儿又都坐下。身为外行的那部分客人为Non nobis鼓掌时，掌声热烈得好像那是一流的滑稽歌曲似的。这使那些受教规约束的就餐者反感而又气愤，他们立即试图镇压这一亵渎神灵的赞许行为，喊道：“嘘，嘘！”可是，对方却把这喊声误当成了喝倒彩的嘘声，鼓掌的声音比之前还要大，而且把他们

的赞许态度表现得无可置疑，吵闹地喊着："再来一个！"

The moment the noise ceases, up starts the toast-master: 'Gentlemen, charge your glasses, if you please!' Decanters having been handed about, and glasses filled, the toast-master proceeds, in a regular ascending scale: 'Gentlemen—ARE—you—all charged? Pray—silence—gentlemen—for—the cha-i-r!' The chairman rises, and, after stating that he feels it quite unnecessary to preface the toast he is about to propose, with any observations whatever, wanders into a maze of sentences, and flounders about in the most extraordinary manner, presenting a lamentable spectacle of mystified humanity, until he arrives at the words, 'constitutional sovereign of these realms,' at which elderly gentlemen exclaim 'Bravo!' and hammer the table tremendously with their knife–handles. 'Under any circumstances, it would give him the greatest pride, it would give him the greatest pleasure—he might almost say, it would afford him satisfaction [cheers] to propose that toast. What must be his feelings, then, when he has the gratification of announcing, that he has received her Majesty's commands to apply to the Treasurer of her Majesty's Household, for her Majesty's annual donation of 25l. in aid of the funds of this charity!' This announcement (which has been regularly made by every chairman, since the first foundation of the charity, forty- two years ago) calls forth the most vociferous applause; the toast is drunk with a great deal of cheering and knocking; and 'God save the Queen' is sung by the 'professional gentlemen'; the unprofessional gentlemen joining in the chorus, and giving the national anthem an effect which the newspapers, with great justice, describe as 'perfectly electrical.'

吵闹声一停止，宴会主持人便忽然站起来，说："先生们，请斟满酒杯！"人们把酒瓶递来递去，斟满了酒杯。宴会主持人用礼仪性的上升语调接着说："先生们——你们——都斟满了吗？请——安静——先生们——为了——主——席干杯！"主席站了起来，说他觉得在即将提议干杯之前，开场白是相当没必要的，无论要讲些什么内容。接着，他便混乱地东拉西扯，用极不寻常的方式错乱地讲着，描述了神秘的人性的可悲景象。直到后来，他说到"这些国土合乎宪法的主权"这些字眼时，年长的先生们就欢呼着"太棒了！"用他们的刀柄猛敲桌子。"在任何情况下，由他提议干杯都让他感到极其自豪，极其高兴——他几乎可以说提议干杯使他心满意足（欢呼声）。那么，当他荣幸地宣布，他已接到女王陛下之命，向王室财务主管提取女王陛下每年为本慈善基金所捐赠的二十五英镑时，他的心情也就不言而喻了！"这项宣布（自从四十二年前该慈善会创立以来，每届主席都惯例性地宣布过此事）引起最热烈的掌声。伴着热烈的欢呼声和敲桌子的声音，大家干了杯。接着，"专业的先生们"唱起了《天佑女王》，非专业的先生们加入了合唱部分，从而使这首国歌具有了"慷慨激昂"的效果，正如报纸上十分公正地描述的那样。

The other 'loyal and patriotic' toasts having been drunk with all due enthusiasm, a comic song having been well sung by the gentleman with the small neckerchief, and a sentimental one by the second of the party, we come to the most important toast of the evening—'Prosperity to the charity.' Here again we are compelled to adopt newspaper phraseology, and to express our regret at being 'precluded from giving even the substance of the noble lord's observations.' Suffice it to say, that the speech, which is somewhat of the longest, is rapturously received; and the toast having been drunk, the stewards (looking more important than ever) leave the room, and presently return, heading a procession of indigent orphans, boys and girls, who walk round the room, curtseying, and bowing, and treading on each other's heels, and looking very much as if they would like a glass of wine apiece, to the high gratification of the company generally, and especially of the lady patronesses in the gallery. Exeunt children, and re-enter stewards, each with a blue plate in his hand. The band plays a lively air; the majority of the company put their hands in their pockets and look rather serious; and the noise of sovereigns, rattling on crockery, is heard from all parts of the room.

他们热情洋溢地进行了其他“忠诚爱国”的祝酒活动，系着小颈巾的那位先生成功地唱了一首滑稽歌，那批人中的第二把手唱了首伤感的歌。之后，我们便要进行当晚最重要的祝酒了——“祝本慈善会繁荣发展”。在此，我们又不得不采用报纸上的措辞，表达我们“甚至不能说出高贵勋爵发言的实质内容”的遗憾。只要这么说就够了：这篇堪称最长的演说受到了热烈欢迎。大家干了杯，管事们（显得比往常更重要）离开屋子，马上又回来，带了一队贫穷的孤儿，男孩女孩都有。他们绕着屋子走，行屈膝礼，鞠躬，互相踩了脚跟，看起来好像他们每人都想喝上一杯酒。这让大家都非常满意，特别是边座里的女赞助人。孩子们退场了，管事们又回到屋子里来，每人手中端着一只蓝色的盘子。乐队奏起了一支轻快的曲子，与会的大部分人把手放在口袋里，看上去相当严肃。一镑的金币落在陶器里相碰发出的噪音在房间里四处响着。

After a short interval, occupied in singing and toasting, the secretary puts on his spectacles, and proceeds to read the report and list of subscriptions, the latter being listened to with great attention. 'Mr. Smith, one guinea—Mr. Tompkins, one guinea—Mr. Wilson, one guinea—Mr. Hickson, one guinea—Mr. Nixon, one guinea—Mr. Charles Nixon, one guinea—[hear, hear!]—Mr. James Nixon, one guinea—Mr. Thomas Nixon, one pound one [tremendous applause].

忙于唱歌和敬酒的秘书稍稍停顿了一下后，戴上他的眼镜，开始读报告和捐款名单。大家都全神贯注地听着捐款名单。“史密斯先生，一个几尼——汤普金斯先生，一个几尼——威尔逊先生，一个几尼——希克森先生，一个几尼——尼克松先生，一个几尼——查尔斯·尼克松先生，一个几尼（好，好！）——詹姆斯·尼克松先生，一个几尼——托马斯·尼

克松先生，一英镑一先令（掌声雷动）。

Lord Fitz Binkle, the chairman of the day, in addition to an annual donation of fifteen pounds—thirty guineas [prolonged knocking: several gentlemen knock the stems off their wine-glasses, in the vehemence of their approbation]. Lady, Fitz Binkle, in addition to an annual donation of ten pound—twenty pound' [protracted knocking and shouts of 'Bravo!'] The list being at length concluded, the chairman rises, and proposes the health of the secretary, than whom he knows no more zealous or estimable individual. The secretary, in returning thanks, observes that HE knows no more excellent individual than the chairman—except the senior officer of the charity, whose health HE begs to propose. The senior officer, in returning thanks, observes that HE knows no more worthy man than the secretary—except Mr. Walker, the auditor, whose health HE begs to propose. Mr. Walker, in returning thanks, discovers some other estimable individual, to whom alone the senior officer is inferior—and so they go on toasting and lauding and thanking: the only other toast of importance being 'The Lady Patronesses now present!' on which all the gentlemen turn their faces towards the ladies' gallery, shouting tremendously; and little priggish men, who have imbibed more wine than usual, kiss their hands and exhibit distressing contortions of visage.

菲茨·宾克尔勋爵，即今天的主席，在年度捐款十五英镑之外——再捐三十个几尼（敲桌子的声音经久不息，有几位先生在热烈的称赞中把酒杯的脚都敲掉了）。菲茨·宾克尔夫人，在年度捐款十英镑之外——再捐二十英镑。”（敲桌子声和“太好了！”的喊叫声绵延不绝。）名单终于念完了，主席站起来，提议为秘书的健康干杯，说他是自己认识的人中最热心最值得尊重的人。秘书在答谢时说，他发现主席是他认识的人中最出色的人——除了慈善会的高级干事。接着，他请大家为高级执行员的健康干杯。高级干事在答谢时说，他发现秘书是他认识的人最高尚的人——除了审计员沃克先生。接着，他请大家为审计员的健康干杯。沃克先生在答谢时，说发现了另一个可敬的人，是高级干事仅次于的人——就这样，他们继续敬酒、赞美和道谢。另一类重要的敬酒是为“在座的女赞助人”进行的。当时，所有的先生们都把脸转向女士的边座席，大声地喊叫着。自以为了不起的小个子男人们比平日多喝了几杯，便吻着自己的手，展示着扭曲的脸，样子很令人痛苦。

We have protracted our dinner to so great a length, that we have hardly time to add one word by way of grace. We can only entreat our readers not to imagine, because we have attempted to extract some amusement from a charity dinner, that we are at all disposed to underrate, either the excellence of the benevolent institutions with which London abounds, or the estimable motives of those who support them.

我们已就宴会谈了这么多，几乎没有时间再通过祷告，多说一个字了。我们只好请求读者们，不要因为我们试图从慈善团体的聚餐会上摘录一些有趣的事，而认为我们居然倾向于低估充斥于伦敦的慈善机构的出色之处，或者贬低那些支持它们之人的可敬用心。

CHAPTER XX THE FIRST OF MAY

第二十章　五月一日

'Now ladies, up in the sky-parlour: only once a year, if you please!' *LADY WITH BRASS LADLE*

“现在，女士们，在空中起居室：不好意思，一年仅此一次！”《拿着长柄铜勺的年轻女士》

'Sweep—sweep—sw-e-ep!' *ILLEGAL WATCHWORD* The first of May! There is a merry freshness in the sound, calling to our minds a thousand thoughts of all that is pleasant in nature and beautiful in her most delightful form. What man is there, over whose mind a bright spring morning does not exercise a magic influence—carrying him back to the days of his childish sports, and conjuring up before him the old green field with its gently-waving trees, where the birds sang as he has never heard them since—where the butterfly fluttered far more gaily than he ever sees him now, in all his ramblings—where the sky seemed bluer, and the sun shone more brightly—where the air blew more freshly over greener grass, and sweeter-smelling flowers—where everything wore a richer and more brilliant hue than it is ever dressed in now! Such are the deep feelings of childhood, and such are the impressions which every lovely object stamps upon its heart! The hardy traveller wanders through the maze of thick and pathless woods, where the sun's rays never shone, and heaven's pure air never played; he stands on the brink of the roaring waterfall, and, giddy and bewildered, watches the foaming mass as it leaps from stone to stone, and from crag to crag; he lingers in the fertile plains of a land of perpetual sunshine, and revels in the luxury of their balmy breath. But what are the deep forests, or the thundering waters, or the richest landscapes that bounteous nature ever spread, to charm the eyes, and captivate the senses of man, compared with the recollection of the old scenes of his early youth? Magic scenes indeed; for the fancies of childhood dressed them in colours brighter than the rainbow, and almost as fleeting!

“扫——扫——扫——吧！”《违规的标语》五月一日！这个词的发音中有一种愉快的清新感，使我们想起上千种令人愉悦、以最讨人喜欢的形式存在于自然里的美丽事物。有什么人会对一个明媚的春日清晨的魔力之影响无动于衷吗？把他带回到孩提时代嬉戏的时光，在他的眼前展示旧日绿色的田野和田野上随风轻摇的树。那儿，鸟儿唱着他自从那时就没有听过的歌；那儿，蝴蝶飞舞，比他所有漫步经历中见过的都要欢快；那儿，天空似乎更蓝，阳光更亮；那儿，草更绿，花更香，吹过

花草的风也更清新；那儿，一切都显出了比任何时候都更丰富、更明艳的色彩！这是童年时代的浓厚情感，这是每个可爱的事物在儿童心中铭刻的印象！吃苦耐劳的旅行者穿过人迹罕至的茂密丛林，那里从来没有太阳光照射，也从来没有清新的微风吹拂。他站在轰鸣的瀑布边缘，头晕目眩，迷惑不解，望着大片的泡沫从一块石头跳到另一块石头上，又从一个峭壁跳到另一个峭壁上。他流连于常年沐浴阳光的肥沃平原，奢侈地尽情享受那里芬芳的和风。可是，慷慨的大自然为了吸引人们的眼睛、诱惑人们的感官而展示的茂密的森林、雷鸣的瀑布、最富丽的景色，与他记忆中童年时代的旧日景象相比，又算得了什么呢？那的确是一幅幅不可思议的景象，因为孩提时代的幻想给它们着上了比彩虹还要艳丽的色彩，也几乎像彩虹一样转瞬即逝！

In former times, spring brought with it not only such associations as these, connected with the past, but sports and games for the present—merry dances round rustic pillars, adorned with emblems of the season, and reared in honour of its coming. Where are they now! Pillars we have, but they are no longer rustic ones; and as to dancers, they are used to rooms, and lights, and would not show well in the open air. Think of the immorality, too! What would your sabbath enthusiasts say, to an aristocratic ring encircling the Duke of York's column in Carlton-terrace—a grand poussette of the middle classes, round Alderman Waithman's monument in Fleet- street,—or a general hands-four-round of ten-pound householders, at the foot of the Obelisk in St. George's-fields? Alas! Romance can make no head against the riot act; and pastoral simplicity is not understood by the police.

以前，春天不仅带来了这种和过去相联的联想，也带来了当下可玩的运动和游戏——为了庆祝春季的来临，人们竖起一根根粗制的柱子，并欢快地围着它们跳舞，柱子上面装饰着这个季节的象征物。如今它们在哪儿！柱子我们是有，但不再是粗制的了。至于跳舞的人们，他们习惯于在房间里和灯光下跳舞，在外面就跳得不好了。再想想那些不道德的事！围着卡尔顿台地上以约克公爵命名的圆柱跳舞的贵族子弟，围着军舰街上韦特曼郡长纪念碑跳盛大环舞的那些中层阶级者，或者在圣乔治广场方尖塔脚下跳普通的四人组合舞的那些付十英镑房租的住户们，对于这些人，你们的安息日狂热者会怎么说呢？唉！浪漫情趣不能给《取缔暴动法案》以迎头痛击，田园式的简约之风也不为警察所理解。

Well; many years ago we began to be a steady and matter-of-fact sort of people, and dancing in spring being beneath our dignity, we gave it up, and in course of time it descended to the sweeps—a fall certainly, because, though sweeps are very good fellows in their way, and moreover very useful in a civilised community, they are not exactly the sort of people to give the tone to the little elegances of society. The sweeps, however, got the dancing to themselves, and they kept it up, and handed it down. This was a severe blow to the romance of spring-time, but, it did not entirely destroy it, either; for a

portion of it descended to the sweeps with the dancing, and rendered them objects of great interest. A mystery hung over the sweeps in those days. Legends were in existence of wealthy gentlemen who had lost children, and who, after many years of sorrow and suffering, had found them in the character of sweeps. Stories were related of a young boy who, having been stolen from his parents in his infancy, and devoted to the occupation of chimney-sweeping, was sent, in the course of his professional career, to sweep the chimney of his mother's bedroom; and how, being hot and tired when he came out of the chimney, he got into the bed he had so often slept in as an infant, and was discovered and recognised therein by his mother, who once every year of her life, thereafter, requested the pleasure of the company of every London sweep, at half-past one o'clock, to roast beef, plum-pudding, porter, and sixpence.

喔，多年以前，我们开始变成一种稳重而讲究实际的人。由于在春季跳舞有失尊严，我们便放弃了。随着时间的推移，它下传给了扫烟囱的人——当然是一种下降，因为尽管从他们的角度看，扫烟囱的人也算是很好的人，而且在文明社会中十分有用，然而，他们不完全是那种能给社会上高雅的小事增添情调的人。可是，那些扫烟囱的人把舞蹈据为己有，保持下来，还流传了下去。这是对春季浪漫情趣的一个严重打击，但也没有完全摧毁它。因为它有一部分随着舞蹈下传给了扫烟囱的人，使他们成为人们饶有兴趣的对象。那时候，扫烟囱的人身上有一种神秘的气氛。有一些传说是关于丢了孩子的富人，他们经历了多年的悲伤和痛苦之后，发现他们的孩子成了扫烟囱的人。有些故事讲一个婴儿时就被人从父母手中偷走、后来从事扫烟囱的小男孩。在从事这种职业的生涯中，有次他被派去扫他母亲卧室的烟囱。他爬出烟囱时又热又累，便躺在了他还是婴儿时就常常睡的床上，被他的母亲在那儿发现并且认了出来。从那以后，她每年请一次伦敦所有扫烟囱的人在一点半钟吃烤牛肉、葡萄干布丁和波尔图酒，还送每人六便士。

Such stories as these, and there were many such, threw an air of mystery round the sweeps, and produced for them some of those good effects which animals derive from the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. No one (except the masters) thought of ill-treating a sweep, because no one knew who he might be, or what nobleman's or gentleman's son he might turn out. Chimney-sweeping was, by many believers in the marvellous, considered as a sort of probationary term, at an earlier or later period of which, divers young noblemen were to come into possession of their rank and titles: and the profession was held by them in great respect accordingly.

诸如此类的故事——而且此类故事很多——给扫烟囱的人蒙上一种神秘的气氛，并且对他们产生了某些灵魂轮回学说给动物所带来的那种好的影响。没有人（除了他们的老板）想要虐待一个扫烟囱的人，因为没有人知道他可能是谁，说不定结果他还是哪位贵族或哪位绅士的儿子

呢。许多相信奇事的人认为，扫烟囱是一种试用期。在此之前或之后，各种年轻贵族会获得他们的地位和头衔，因而他们对这个职业很是尊敬。

We remember, in our young days, a little sweep about our own age, with curly hair and white teeth, whom we devoutly and sincerely believed to be the lost son and heir of some illustrious personage—an impression which was resolved into an unchangeable conviction on our infant mind, by the subject of our speculations informing us, one day, in reply to our question, propounded a few moments before his ascent to the summit of the kitchen chimney, that he believed he'd been born in the vurkis, but he'd never know'd his father. We felt certain, from that time forth, that he would one day be owned by a lord: and we never heard the church-bells ring, or saw a flag hoisted in the neighbourhood, without thinking that the happy event had at last occurred, and that his long-lost parent had arrived in a coach and six, to take him home to Grosvenor-square. He never came, however; and, at the present moment, the young gentleman in question is settled down as a master sweep in the neighbourhood of Battle-bridge, his distinguishing characteristics being a decided antipathy to washing himself, and the possession of a pair of legs very inadequate to the support of his unwieldy and corpulent body.

我们记得年轻的时候，有个与我们年龄相仿的扫烟囱的孩子。他长着卷卷的头发和白白的牙齿，我们虔诚而真心地相信他是某位杰出人物丢失的儿子和继承人——后来，这个印象在我们幼小的脑海中成为一个不可改变的信念。有一天，我们猜测的对象在爬上厨房烟囱最顶端之前的片刻，答复我们的问题时提出说，他相信自己出生于工人家庭，但是他从不知道自己的父亲是谁。自从那时起，我们便确信有一天会有位勋爵认他为子。每当听见教堂的钟声，或看见附近扯起旗子，我们就会想到幸福的事情终于发生了，想到他那失散多年的父亲已经乘坐六马四轮大马车到来，要把他接到格罗夫诺广场上的家里去了。然而，他一直没有来。而在这个时候，我们所说的那位年轻先生也在巴特尔桥附近安顿下来，当了扫烟囱老板。他有别于他人的特点是坚决厌恶洗澡，以及拥有一双很勉强地支撑他那笨重肥胖的身躯的腿。

The romance of spring having gone out before our time, we were fain to console ourselves as we best could with the uncertainty that enveloped the birth and parentage of its attendant dancers, the sweeps; and we DID console ourselves with it, for many years. But, even this wicked source of comfort received a shock from which it has never recovered—a shock which has been in reality its death-blow. We could not disguise from ourselves the fact that whole families of sweeps were regularly born of sweeps, in the rural districts of Somers Town and Camden Town—that the eldest son succeeded to the father's business, that the other branches assisted him therein, and

commenced on their own account; that their children again, were educated to the profession; and that about their identity there could be no mistake whatever. We could not be blind, we say, to this melancholy truth, but we could not bring ourselves to admit it, nevertheless, and we lived on for some years in a state of voluntary ignorance. We were roused from our pleasant slumber by certain dark insinuations thrown out by a friend of ours, to the effect that children in the lower ranks of life were beginning to CHOOSE chimney-sweeping as their particular walk; that applications had been made by various boys to the constituted authorities, to allow them to pursue the object of their ambition with the full concurrence and sanction of the law; that the affair, in short, was becoming one of mere legal contract. We turned a deaf ear to these rumours at first, but slowly and surely they stole upon us. Month after month, week after week, nay, day after day, at last, did we meet with accounts of similar applications. The veil was removed, all mystery was at an end, and chimney-sweeping had become a favourite and chosen pursuit. There is no longer any occasion to steal boys; for boys flock in crowds to bind themselves. The romance of the trade has fled, and the chimney-sweeper of the present day, is no more like unto him of thirty years ago, than is a Fleet-street pickpocket to a Spanish brigand, or Paul Pry to Caleb Williams.

春天的浪漫情调已经在我们的时代之前消失了，我们就勉强尽量用伴随它的舞者们，即扫烟囱工人不确定的出身和家世来安慰自己。而且，我们多年来也的确从中得到了安慰。可是，连这种不道德的安慰源泉也受到了打击，而且从来没有恢复过来——事实上，这是个致命的打击。我们不能对自己隐瞒这样的事实，即在萨默斯市和卡姆登市的郊区，一家家扫烟囱的人通常都是扫烟囱工人的孩子——长子接替父亲的职业，弟弟们帮着干，然后开始自己单独干。他们有了孩子后，孩子再学着做。因此，他们的身份是无论如何也不可能有错的。我们说，我们不能无视这一可悲的事实。然而，我们还是无法让自己接受它。于是，我们在一种假装不知道的状态中过了几年。我们的一位朋友说了一些负面的含沙射影的话，把我们从美梦中惊醒。他说下层社会的孩子们开始选择扫烟囱作为他们特定的行业了。还说已经有各类男孩子向合法当局申请，让法律完全同意和批准他们追求所企望的目标。简言之，这件事正在成为一种纯粹的法定契约。起初，我们对这些谣言充耳不闻，可它们慢慢而又确定地占据了我们的心。一个月又一个月，一个星期又一个星期，不，是一天又一天，最终我们听到了类似申请的报道。面纱被除去了，所有的神秘都结束了，扫烟囱变成了一项为人们钟爱和选择的职业。再也没有必要去偷男孩子了，因为男孩子们成群结队地去立约当学徒了。这个行业的浪漫色彩已经消失，如今的扫烟囱工人已经和三十年前大不相同了，其差别就像军舰街上的扒手之于西班牙土匪，或者保罗·普赖之于凯莱布·威廉斯。

This gradual decay and disuse of the practice of leading noble youths into captivity, and compelling them to ascend chimneys, was a severe blow, if we may so speak, to the romance of chimney-sweeping, and to the romance of spring at the same time. But even this was not all, for some few years ago the dancing on May-day began to decline; small sweeps were observed to congregate in twos or threes, unsupported by a 'green,' with no 'My Lord' to act as master of the ceremonies, and no 'My Lady' to preside over the exchequer. Even in companies where there was a 'green' it was an absolute nothing—a mere sprout—and the instrumental accompaniments rarely extended beyond the shovels and a set of Panpipes, better known to the many, as a 'mouth-organ.'

这种把出身于贵族家庭的年轻人抓去，强迫他们爬上烟囱的事例逐渐衰退和废弃。这对于扫烟囱行当和春季的浪漫情调来说，都是一个很严重的打击，如果我们可以这么说的话。可是这还不够，因为好几年前，五朔节的舞蹈就开始衰落了。只见扫烟囱的小孩子三三两两地聚在一起，既没有扮成一根“青枝”的人跟在后面，也没有“爵爷”来扮演司仪，也没有“夫人”来负责财务。即使一群人中有一个扮“青枝”的人，那也完全不算什么——仅仅是一根嫩枝。而伴奏的乐器除了铁锹和一套排箫——大多数人称之为“口琴”——之外几乎就没有什么了。

These were signs of the times, portentous omens of a coming change; and what was the result which they shadowed forth? Why, the master sweeps, influenced by a restless spirit of innovation, actually interposed their authority, in opposition to the dancing, and substituted a dinner—an anniversary dinner at White Conduit House—where clean faces appeared in lieu of black ones smeared with rose pink; and knee cords and tops superseded nankeen drawers and rosetted shoes.

这些是时代的标志，是即将来临的变化的恶兆。而它们所暗示的后果又是什么呢？喔，那些扫烟囱老板们受到活跃的创新精神的影响，竟然行使他们的权力，反对跳舞，而是要用聚餐代替——即每年在白管道院举行的聚餐会——那里出现的是一张张干净的面孔，而不是抹着粉红色的黑乎乎的面孔，灯芯绒短裤和长统靴代替了本色布裤和有玫瑰花结的鞋子。

Gentlemen who were in the habit of riding shy horses; and steady-going people who have no vagrancy in their souls, lauded this alteration to the skies, and the conduct of the master sweeps was described beyond the reach of praise. But how stands the real fact? Let any man deny, if he can, that when the cloth had been removed, fresh pots and pipes laid upon the table, and the customary loyal and patriotic toasts proposed, the celebrated Mr. Sluffen, of Adam-and-Eve-court, whose authority not the most malignant of our opponents can call in question, expressed himself in a manner following: 'That

now he'd cotcht the cheerman's hi, he vished he might be jolly vell blessed, if he worn't a goin' to have his innings, vich he vould say these here obserwashuns—that how some mischeevus coves as know'd nuffin about the consarn, had tried to sit people agin the mas'r swips, and take the shine out o' their bis'nes, and the bread out o' the traps o' their preshus kids, by a makin' o' this here remark, as chimblies could be as vell svept by 'sheenery as by boys; and that the makin' use o' boys for that there purpuss vos barbareous; vereas, he 'ad been a chummy—he begged the cheerman's parding for usin' such a wulgar hexpression—more nor thirty year—he might say he'd been born in a chimbley—and he know'd uncommon vell as 'sheenery vos vus nor o' no use: and as to kerhewelty to the boys, everybody in the chimbley line know'd as vell as he did, that they liked the climbin' better nor nuffin as vos.' From this day, we date the total fall of the last lingering remnant of May-day dancing, among the ELITE of the profession: and from this period we commence a new era in that portion of our spring associations which relates to the first of May.

习惯于骑胆怯的马的人和意志坚定、稳重的人把这个变革捧上了天，并且把扫烟囱老板的这种行为说成是非言词所能赞美的。可是，事实真相又是如何呢？任何人都不能否认，当桌布撤去，桌子上新放上些酒壶和烟斗，惯例性地进行一些以表忠心和爱国之情的敬酒活动之后，那位著名的斯拉芬先生——他住在“亚当与夏娃庭院”，对于他的权威，就是我们最恶毒的敌手也不能表示异议——表达了自己的意见。他的意见如下：“如今他既然已经获得主席的位置，他想他应该会很快活。如果他不得意，他就会说一些胡闹的家伙对业务一窍不通，却要人们来反对扫烟囱老板，使他们的生意失去光彩，使宝贝孩子没有面包吃。还说让烟囱由机器去扫，可以跟孩子扫得一样好，还说什么让孩子干这个活是残忍的，而他自己过去就是个扫烟囱的小鬼（他请求聚餐会主席原谅他用了这个粗俗的字眼）。他干了三十多年，可以说他是生在一个烟囱里的。他完全知道机器不顶用。至于对孩子残忍的问题，每个从事扫烟囱职业的人都同他一样清楚，他们最喜欢的莫过于爬烟囱了。”从这一天起，我们认为五朔节舞蹈传统在这一行业的精华人物中苟延的最后残余部分完全丧失。从这一时期起，在和五月一日有关的那部分春季联想中，我们开始了一个新时代。

We are aware that the unthinking part of the population will meet us here, with the assertion, that dancing on May-day still continues—that 'greens' are annually seen to roll along the streets—that youths in the garb of clowns, precede them, giving vent to the ebullitions of their sportive fancies; and that lords and ladies follow in their wake.

我们知道，那部分不考虑后果的人会在这儿与我们相见。他们断定，五朔节的舞蹈依然继续着，以为每年都会见到“青枝”沿着街道滚动，以为青年们还穿着小丑的装束走在前面，抒发着他们热爱运动的情怀，还有爵爷和夫人尾随其后。

Granted. We are ready to acknowledge that in outward show, these processions have greatly improved: we do not deny the introduction of solos on the drum; we will even go so far as to admit an occasional fantasia on the triangle, but here our admissions end. We positively deny that the sweeps have art or part in these proceedings. We distinctly charge the dustmen with throwing what they ought to clear away, into the eyes of the public. We accuse scavengers, brickmakers, and gentlemen who devote their energies to the costermongering line, with obtaining money once a-year, under false pretences. We cling with peculiar fondness to the custom of days gone by, and have shut out conviction as long as we could, but it has forced itself upon us; and we now proclaim to a deluded public, that the May-day dancers are NOT sweeps. The size of them, alone, is sufficient to repudiate the idea. It is a notorious fact that the widely-spread taste for register-stoves has materially increased the demand for small boys; whereas the men, who, under a fictitious character, dance about the streets on the first of May nowadays, would be a tight fit in a kitchen flue, to say nothing of the parlour. This is strong presumptive evidence, but we have positive proof—the evidence of our own senses. And here is our testimony.

的确如此。我们愿意承认，就外观而言，这些行进的队伍有很大提高。我们并不拒绝引进击鼓独奏，甚至可以允许他们偶而在三角铁乐器上奏幻想曲，不过我们的容许也仅此而已。我们绝对拒绝扫烟囱的人策划或参加这些活动。我们明确地控诉清洁工人把他们应该清除的东西置于公众的视线中。我们谴责清道夫、烧砖工和那些从事沿街叫卖的小贩，因为他们靠虚假的借口每年赚一次钱。我们特别迷恋过去的习俗，对其恋恋不舍，尽力拖延着不肯相信，却已经被迫相信了。于是，我们现在向受骗的公众宣布，那些五朔节的舞者并不是扫烟囱的工人。单凭他们个子的大小就足以驳倒这种想法了。这是一个臭名昭著的事实，即对调温炉的普遍喜爱大大增加了对小男孩的需求，而如今在五朔节上以虚假身份上街跳舞的那些男人在厨房的烟囱里都勉强够容身，更不必说起居室的烟囱了。这是很有力的推定证据，不过我们还有确实的证据——那就是基于我们自己判断力的证据。这里是我们的证词。

Upon the morning of the second of the merry month of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six, we went out for a stroll, with a kind of forlorn hope of seeing something or other which might induce us to believe that it was really spring, and not Christmas. After wandering as far as Copenhagen House, without meeting anything calculated to dispel our impression that there was a mistake in the almanacks, we turned back down Maidenlane, with the intention of passing through the extensive colony lying between it and Battle-bridge, which is inhabited by proprietors of donkey-carts, boilers of horse-flesh, makers of tiles, and

sifters of cinders; through which colony we should have passed, without stoppage or interruption, if a little crowd gathered round a shed had not attracted our attention, and induced us to pause.

一八三六年，那令人快活的五月份的第二个早晨，我们出去遛弯，妄想看见些什么能使我们相信那时确实是春天，而不是圣诞节的东西。我们一直闲荡到哥本哈根大楼，却没有见到任何足以打消我们认为历书出错了这个想法的东西。之后，我们回转，进入梅登街，打算穿过这条街与巴特尔桥之间的一大片居民区。这里住的是些驴车老板、煮马肉的人、制瓦工和筛煤灰的人。我们原本是会直接穿过那块地，不作任何停留，也不受打扰。不过，一小群人围着一间棚屋，引起了我们的注意，并使我们停下了。

When we say a 'shed,' we do not mean the conservatory sort of building, which, according to the old song, Love tenanted when he was a young man, but a wooden house with windows stuffed with rags and paper, and a small yard at the side, with one dust-cart, two baskets, a few shovels, and little heaps of cinders, and fragments of china and tiles, scattered about it. Before this inviting spot we paused; and the longer we looked, the more we wondered what exciting circumstance it could be, that induced the foremost members of the crowd to flatten their noses against the parlour window, in the vain hope of catching a glimpse of what was going on inside. After staring vacantly about us for some minutes, we appealed, touching the cause of this assemblage, to a gentleman in a suit of tarpaulin, who was smoking his pipe on our right hand; but as the only answer we obtained was a playful inquiry whether our mother had disposed of her mangle, we determined to await the issue in silence.

我们说“棚屋”时，并非指古老的歌曲中爱神年轻的时候住的那种暖房之类的建筑物，而是指一座木屋，窗户被破布和纸堵住。旁边有个小院子，院子里散放着一辆手推的垃圾车、两个篮子、几把铁锹、一小堆一小堆的灰烬，以及瓷器和瓦片。我们在这个引人注目的场所前停了下来。我们观望的时间越长，越想知道是什么样令人兴奋的情况会使那群人中最前面的人把鼻子贴在起居室的窗子上，徒劳地想瞥一眼屋子里在干什么。我们茫然地朝四周张望了几分钟之后，便求助于右边一位穿着一套帆布防水衣的抽着烟斗的先生，探询人们聚在这里的原因。可他没有正面回答，却打趣地反问我们的母亲把她的绞肉机卖掉了没有。于是，我们便决定不再吭声，等着看个究竟。

Judge of our virtuous indignation, when the street-door of the shed opened, and a party emerged therefrom, clad in the costume and emulating the appearance, of May-day sweeps!

棚屋的临街门打开，一群人从里面走出，竟穿着五朔节扫烟囱人的服装，并模仿他们的样子。你想想我们该有多么怨气难平啊！

The first person who appeared was 'my lord,' habited in a blue

coat and bright buttons, with gilt paper tacked over the seams, yellow knee-breeches, pink cotton stockings, and shoes; a cocked hat, ornamented with shreds of various-coloured paper, on his head, a bouquet the size of a prize cauliflower in his button-hole, a long Belcher handkerchief in his right hand, and a thin cane in his left. A murmur of applause ran through the crowd (which was chiefly composed of his lordship's personal friends), when this graceful figure made his appearance, which swelled into a burst of applause as his fair partner in the dance bounded forth to join him. Her ladyship was attired in pink crape over bed-furniture, with a low body and short sleeves. The symmetry of her ankles was partially concealed by a very perceptible pair of frilled trousers; and the inconvenience which might have resulted from the circumstance of her white satin shoes being a few sizes too large, was obviated by their being firmly attached to her legs with strong tape sandals.

第一个出现的人是“爵爷”，穿着蓝上衣、黄短裤、粉色棉长袜和鞋子。他的蓝上衣钉着闪光的纽扣，衣缝上钉着金边纸。他戴着装饰有各色碎纸的三角帽，像一大棵花椰菜般大小的一束花插在纽扣孔里，右手拿一条蓝白花的长手帕，左手握着一根细手杖。这个优雅的人物出现时，人群（大多是这个爵爷的私人朋友）中发出一阵嗡嗡的赞叹声。他的女舞伴蹦跳着加入他时，人群则爆发出了一阵喝彩声。这位夫人的衣服布料是制作床上用品时用的那种红色绉布，衣服做得低胸且短袖。她匀称的脚踝有一部分被那条缝有饰边的很显眼的裤子遮住了。她穿的白缎鞋比她的脚要大好几号，用结实的狭条鞋襻儿把鞋紧紧地绑在腿上，这才消除了穿这双鞋的不便。

Her head was ornamented with a profusion of artificial flowers; and in her hand she bore a large brass ladle, wherein to receive what she figuratively denominated 'the tin.' The other characters were a young gentleman in girl's clothes and a widow's cap; two clowns who walked upon their hands in the mud, to the immeasurable delight of all the spectators; a man with a drum; another man with a flageolet; a dirty woman in a large shawl, with a box under her arm for the money,—and last, though not least, the 'green,' animated by no less a personage than our identical friend in the tarpaulin suit.

她头上装饰着大量的假花，手中拿着一个大的长柄铜勺，用来盛她象征地叫做“钱”的东西。其他的人物中有一个穿着女孩衣服、戴着寡妇帽子的小伙子。还有两个小丑，他们以手代脚，在泥潭中行走，使得所有的观众都极其高兴。另外，还有一个拎着鼓的男人、一个握着六孔竖笛的男人、一个围着大披巾的邋遢女人，她的腋下夹着一只用于放钱的盒子——最后出现但并非最不重要的是“青枝”，一个人赋予了其生机。而这个人并非他人，正是我们那个穿一套帆布防水衣的朋友。

The man hammered away at the drum, the flageolet squeaked, the shovels rattled, the 'green' rolled about, pitching first on one side

and then on the other; my lady threw her right foot over her left ankle, and her left foot over her right ankle, alternately; my lord ran a few paces forward, and butted at the 'green,' and then a few paces backward upon the toes of the crowd, and then went to the right, and then to the left, and then dodged my lady round the 'green;' and finally drew her arm through his, and called upon the boys to shout, which they did lustily—for this was the dancing.

那个男人击着鼓走开了，六孔竖笛发出短促的尖叫声，铁锹碰撞作响，“青枝”到处摇晃，先往这边冲去，然后又往那边冲去。夫人把右脚搁在左脚踝上，又把左脚搁在右脚踝上，这样交替着。爵爷向前跑了几步，撞到了“青枝”，又往后退几步，踩到了人群的脚趾，然后向右跑，再向左跑，接着绕着“青枝”躲过夫人。最后，他把她的手臂拉过来挽着，并号召男孩子们呼喊。他们就大喊了起来——因为这就是舞蹈。

We passed the same group, accidentally, in the evening. We never saw a 'green' so drunk, a lord so quarrelsome (no: not even in the house of peers after dinner), a pair of clowns so melancholy, a lady so muddy, or a party so miserable.

晚上，我们又意外地遇见了那伙人。我们从没见过喝这么醉的“青枝”、这么好争吵的爵爷（不：连他在上议院聚餐后也未曾这样）、这么忧郁的一对小丑、这么泥污满身的夫人，也没有见过这么悲惨的一伙人。

How has May-day decayed!

五朔节竟然这么衰败了！

CHAPTER XXI BROKERS' AND MARINE-STORE SHOPS

第二十一章　旧货商店和船舶用具商店

When we affirm that brokers' shops are strange places, and that if an authentic history of their contents could be procured, it would furnish many a page of amusement, and many a melancholy tale, it is necessary to explain the class of shops to which we allude. Perhaps when we make use of the term 'Brokers' Shop,' the minds of our readers will at once picture large, handsome warehouses, exhibiting a long perspective of French-polished dining-tables, rosewood chiffoniers, and mahogany wash-hand-stands, with an occasional vista of a four-post bedstead and hangings, and an appropriate foreground of dining-room chairs. Perhaps they will imagine that we mean an humble class of second-hand furniture repositories. Their imagination will then naturally lead them to that street at the back of Long-acre, which is composed almost entirely of brokers' shops; where you walk through groves of deceitful, showy-looking furniture, and where the prospect is occasionally enlivened by a bright red, blue, and yellow hearth-rug, embellished with the pleasing device of a mail-coach at full speed, or a strange animal, supposed to have been originally intended for a dog, with a mass of worsted-work in his mouth, which conjecture has likened to a basket of flowers.

我们断言旧货商店是奇怪的场所，而且如果能获知店里货品的真正来历，就可以写上很多页有趣的事和很多令人悲伤的故事。这样的话，有必要先解释一下我们所指的是哪类商店。也许当我们用了“旧货商店”这个词，我们的读者脑海中会立刻浮现出大而美观的商品陈列室，展示着一长列上了法国磨光漆的餐桌、紫檀木的食品柜和红木的脸盆架，偶尔还可以见到在远端的四柱床架和帷帐，以及处在适当突出位置的餐厅椅子。也许他们会以为我们指的是一种低级的二手家具贮藏所。接着，他们的想象力自然地会把他们带到朗埃克广场后面的那条街。那里几乎全部都是旧货商店。你在四周林立的骗人的、惹眼的家具中穿梭。有时，一块亮红色、蓝色，或者黄色的壁炉前的小地毯会给那里的景象增添生气，地毯上织着好看的图案，是一辆全速行驶的邮车，或一只奇怪的动物。原来应该是要织成一条狗的图案，它嘴里衔着一大块毛线织物，用想象力把它当作是一篮子花的样子。

This, by-the-bye, is a tempting article to young wives in the humbler ranks of life, who have a first-floor front to furnish—they are lost in admiration, and hardly know which to admire most. The dog is very beautiful, but they have a dog already on the best tea-tray, and two more on the mantel-piece. Then, there is something so genteel

about that mail-coach; and the passengers outside (who are all hat) give it such an air of reality!

顺便提一下，这对于较低层社会里要布置二楼前房的年轻太太们来说，是件有诱惑力的东西——她们赞赏不已，简直不知道该最喜欢哪一块。那只狗很漂亮，但她们最好的茶托上已经有一个狗的图案了，而且壁炉台上还有两只。再说那辆颇有风雅之处的邮车。车外面的乘客（全都戴着帽子）使它显得如此真实！

The goods here are adapted to the taste, or rather to the means, of cheap purchasers. There are some of the most beautiful LOOKING Pembroke tables that were ever beheld: the wood as green as the trees in the Park, and the leaves almost as certain to fall off in the course of a year. There is also a most extensive assortment of tent and turn-up bedsteads, made of stained wood, and innumerable specimens of that base imposition on society—a sofa bedstead.

这儿的货物与廉价顾客的品味相配，或者，不如说与他们的财力相配。有一些人眼所及的最漂亮的折叠桌子：木材和公园里的树一样绿，而那些活动桌板也几乎和树叶一样，肯定会在一年之内脱落。还有林林总总的行军床和折叠式床架，由着色木料制成，以及无数卑鄙地欺骗社会的样品——沙发床架。

A turn-up bedstead is a blunt, honest piece of furniture; it may be slightly disguised with a sham drawer; and sometimes a mad attempt is even made to pass it off for a book-case; ornament it as you will, however, the turn-up bedstead seems to defy disguise, and to insist on having it distinctly understood that he is a turn-up bedstead, and nothing else—that he is indispensably necessary, and that being so useful, he disdains to be ornamental.

折叠式床架是件粗糙、可靠的家具，可以用一只假抽屉略加掩饰。有时，甚至还有人大胆地用它当书橱。不过，随你把它怎么装饰，折叠式床架似乎拒绝伪装，坚持要人们清楚地明白它就是只折叠床架，而不是别的东西——明白它是不可或缺的必需品，而且因为它用处如此之大，故不屑于当装饰品。

How different is the demeanour of a sofa bedstead! Ashamed of its real use, it strives to appear an article of luxury and gentility—an attempt in which it miserably fails. It has neither the respectability of a sofa, nor the virtues of a bed; every man who keeps a sofa bedstead in his house, becomes a party to a wilful and designing fraud—we question whether you could insult him more, than by insinuating that you entertain the least suspicion of its real use.

沙发床架的行为是多么不同啊！它对自己的真正用途感到羞愧，拼命要显出一副体面的奢侈品的样子——这个企图却可悲地失败了。它既没有沙发的体面，又没有床的优点。每个家中备有沙发床的人，都变成

了蓄意预谋诈骗的一者——我们觉得对这种人莫大的侮辱就是向他暗示，你对沙发床的真正用途毫无疑虑。

To return from this digression, we beg to say, that neither of these classes of brokers' shops, forms the subject of this sketch. The shops to which we advert, are immeasurably inferior to those on whose outward appearance we have slightly touched. Our readers must often have observed in some by-street, in a poor neighbourhood, a small dirty shop, exposing for sale the most extraordinary and confused jumble of old, worn-out, wretched articles, that can well be imagined. Our wonder at their ever having been bought, is only to be equalled by our astonishment at the idea of their ever being sold again. On a board, at the side of the door, are placed about twenty books—all odd volumes; and as many wine-glasses—all different patterns; several locks, an old earthenware pan, full of rusty keys; two or three gaudy chimney-ornaments—cracked, of course; the remains of a lustre, without any drops; a round frame like a capital O, which has once held a mirror; a flute, complete with the exception of the middle joint; a pair of curling-irons; and a tinder-box. In front of the shop-window, are ranged some half-dozen high-backed chairs, with spinal complaints and wasted legs; a corner cupboard; two or three very dark mahogany tables with flaps like mathematical problems; some pickle-jars, some surgeons' ditto, with gilt labels and without stoppers; an unframed portrait of some lady who flourished about the beginning of the thirteenth century, by an artist who never flourished at all; an incalculable host of miscellanies of every description, including bottles and cabinets, rags and bones, fenders and street-door knockers, fire-irons, wearing apparel and bedding, a hall-lamp, and a room-door. Imagine, in addition to this incongruous mass, a black doll in a white frock, with two faces—one looking up the street, and the other looking down, swinging over the door; a board with the squeezed-up inscription 'Dealer in marine stores,' in lanky white letters, whose height is strangely out of proportion to their width; and you have before you precisely the kind of shop to which we wish to direct your attention.

言归正传，请让我们说明，这两类旧货商店都不是本篇札记的主题。我们要谈及的商店，比刚才我们对其外表略加描述的那些商店要差得不是一点半点。我们的读者肯定经常在贫穷地区的某条小街上看到一间小而脏的店铺，里面摆着用于出售的是你所能想象到的最不寻常、最混乱的一堆古老、破旧、拙劣的东西。我们对它们竟被收购过来而感到惊奇，就像我们对于它们能再被卖出去感到不可思议一样。门边的一块板子上放着大约二十本书——都不是成套的书，还有一样多的酒杯——呈现各种不同的样式。另外，还有几把锁、一只放满了生锈的钥匙的旧陶器平底锅、两三个俗艳的壁炉装饰品——当然，是有裂缝的。还有一

只玻璃架枝形吊灯的残骸，坠子全都没了；一个像大写字母O的圆形框架，以前是一个镜框；一支除了中间接缝处脱开外，完好无缺的长笛；一把卷发钳；还有一只火绒盒。橱窗前摆有：五六把高背椅子，仿佛患了脊椎病，腿也坏掉了；一个放在角落里的碗橱；两三张深色红木桌，其折板像数学题一样复杂；一些泡菜坛；一些没有塞子的医用瓶，上面贴着镀金标签；一张没有镶框的肖像，画的是某位大约在十三世纪初大放异彩的女士，而作画的人则是位从没红过的艺术家；一大堆不计其数的各种东西，包括瓶子和柜橱、碎布和骨头、火炉围栏和临街门的门环、火炉铁杆、服装和床上用品、一只大厅灯和一扇房门。想象一下，除了这一大堆乱七八糟的东西，还有一只穿着白色长衣、有两张脸的黑色洋娃娃——一张脸看向街的这一头，另一张脸看向街的那一头，在店门上方摇荡着。还有一块板子，上面写着“旧船具商”几个白色的字，那些字瘦瘦长长的，挤在一起，高度和宽度出奇地不相称。现在你眼前的正是我们想让你注意的那种商店。

Although the same heterogeneous mixture of things will be found at all these places, it is curious to observe how truly and accurately some of the minor articles which are exposed for sale—articles of wearing apparel, for instance—mark the character of the neighbourhood. Take Drury-Lane and Covent-garden for example.

虽然所有这些地方都能见到同样的乱七八糟的杂物，可我们好奇地注意到，有些摆出来用于出售的小物件——比如，服装上的物件——是多么真实而准确地显出了这个地区的特色。拿德鲁里街和科文特加登为例。

This is essentially a theatrical neighbourhood. There is not a potboy in the vicinity who is not, to a greater or less extent, a dramatic character. The errand-boys and chandler's-shop-keepers' sons, are all stage-struck: they 'gets up' plays in back kitchens hired for the purpose, and will stand before a shop-window for hours, contemplating a great staring portrait of Mr. Somebody or other, of the Royal Coburg Theatre, 'as he appeared in the character of Tongo the Denounced.' The consequence is, that there is not a marine-store shop in the neighbourhood, which does not exhibit for sale some faded articles of dramatic finery, such as three or four pairs of soiled buff boots with turn-over red tops, heretofore worn by a 'fourth robber,' or 'fifth mob;' a pair of rusty broadswords, a few gauntlets, and certain resplendent ornaments, which, if they were yellow instead of white, might be taken for insurance plates of the Sun Fire-office. There are several of these shops in the narrow streets and dirty courts, of which there are so many near the national theatres, and they all have tempting goods of this description, with the addition, perhaps, of a lady's pink dress covered with spangles; white wreaths, stage shoes, and a tiara like a tin lamp reflector. They have been purchased of some wretched supernumeraries, or sixth-rate actors, and are now

offered for the benefit of the rising generation, who, on condition of making certain weekly payments, amounting in the whole to about ten times their value, may avail themselves of such desirable bargains.

这里主要是进行戏剧活动的地区。附近的酒馆侍者差不多都是戏剧演员。跑腿的童仆和杂货零售店老板的儿子们全都迷恋戏台：他们专门在租来的后厨房里“构思”戏剧，并且会在一个商店的橱窗前站几个小时，对着皇家科堡戏院的某位先生那幅巨大而显眼的肖像沉思，“因为他出演了《被谴责的汤戈》”。结果，附近的旧船具商店无一不展销一些褪色的戏剧服饰，比如三四双脏兮兮的、有翻转的红鞋头的浅黄色靴子。截至那时，已经有“第四个强盗”或“第五个暴徒”穿过这双鞋。另外，还有一对生锈的大砍刀、几只臂铠和一些华丽的装饰品。如果这些装饰品不是白色而是黄色的，就会被误认为是太阳火灾保险公司的安全金属牌。狭窄的街道上和肮脏的院子里有几家这样的店，国营剧院附近则数量更多，它们全都有这种诱人的货物。此外，它们也许还有饰有亮片的粉红色女装、白花冠、演戏穿的鞋子和像锡制的反射灯一样的冠状头饰。它们是从一些不幸的跑龙套角色，或者第六流的演员那儿收购来的，如今出售给新生代。他们如果每星期付一定金额，总值相当于这些货物价值的十倍，就可以做成这种心向往之的交易。

Let us take a very different quarter, and apply it to the same test. Look at a marine-store dealer's, in that reservoir of dirt, drunkenness, and drabs, thieves, oysters, baked potatoes, and pickled salmon—Ratcliff-highway. Here, the wearing apparel is all nautical. Rough blue jackets, with mother-of-pearl buttons, oil-skin hats, coarse checked shirts, and large canvas trousers that look as if they were made for a pair of bodies instead of a pair of legs, are the staple commodities. Then, there are large bunches of cotton pocket-handkerchiefs, in colour and pattern unlike any one ever saw before, with the exception of those on the backs of the three young ladies without bonnets who passed just now. The furniture is much the same as elsewhere, with the addition of one or two models of ships, and some old prints of naval engagements in still older frames. In the window, are a few compasses, a small tray containing silver watches in clumsy thick cases; and tobacco- boxes, the lid of each ornamented with a ship, or an anchor, or some such trophy. A sailor generally pawns or sells all he has before he has been long ashore, and if he does not, some favoured companion kindly saves him the trouble. In either case, it is an even chance that he afterwards unconsciously repurchases the same things at a higher price than he gave for them at first.

让我们选一个与前面描述的地区很不同的地区，予以相同的考察。看看一家位于那个充斥着污垢、醉汉、娼妓、盗贼、牡蛎、烤土豆和腌制鲑鱼的地方——拉特克利夫大路上的旧船具商店吧。这儿都是航海服装。钉着珍珠母纽扣的蓝色粗布短上衣、油布帽子、粗布格子衬衫和仿佛不是为一双腿而是为两个身躯做的宽大帆布裤，这些是主要商品。另

外，还有大捆大捆的棉布手帕，其颜色和样式是任何人之前从未见过的。唯一的例外是刚刚经过的那三位没戴帽子的年轻小姐衣服背部的图案。那儿的家具差不多和其他地方的都一样，除了一两个船模和一些外面镶有更旧的框的海战旧图片。橱窗里有几个指南针、一个盛着几块外壳厚而笨重的银表的小托盘、一些盖子上饰有船只或锚或此类纪念品图案的烟盒。水手通常会在上岸后不久就把自己所有的东西典当或者卖掉。而且，如果他没有这么做的话，某个他喜爱的同伴也会好心地替他办了。两种情况下都有同样的可能，就是他以后会不经意地再以比先前卖价高的价格买进同样的东西。

Again: pay a visit with a similar object, to a part of London, as unlike both of these as they are to each other. Cross over to the Surrey side, and look at such shops of this description as are to be found near the King's Bench prison, and in 'the Rules.' How different, and how strikingly illustrative of the decay of some of the unfortunate residents in this part of the metropolis! Imprisonment and neglect have done their work. There is contamination in the profligate denizens of a debtor's prison; old friends have fallen off; the recollection of former prosperity has passed away; and with it all thoughts for the past, all care for the future. First, watches and rings, then cloaks, coats, and all the more expensive articles of dress, have found their way to the pawnbroker's. That miserable resource has failed at last, and the sale of some trifling article at one of these shops, has been the only mode left of raising a shilling or two, to meet the urgent demands of the moment. Dressing-cases and writing-desks, too old to pawn but too good to keep; guns, fishing-rods, musical instruments, all in the same condition; have first been sold, and the sacrifice has been but slightly felt. But hunger must be allayed, and what has already become a habit, is easily resorted to, when an emergency arises. Light articles of clothing, first of the ruined man, then of his wife, at last of their children, even of the youngest, have been parted with, piecemeal. There they are, thrown carelessly together until a purchaser presents himself, old, and patched and repaired, it is true; but the make and materials tell of better days; and the older they are, the greater the misery and destitution of those whom they once adorned.

同理，让我们为类似的目的去拜访一下伦敦的一个地方吧。它与这两个地区大不一样，就像这两个地区也彼此不同一样。让我们穿过桥，到萨里这一边，看看靠近英国高等法院监狱和“狱旁特区”内的这一类店铺。多么大的差别，多么强烈地显示了住在伦敦这一地区的不幸居民的败落呀！囚禁和漠视造成了这些。债务人监狱中的那些恣意挥霍的居民中存在一种通病，老友们疏远了，对于昔日繁荣的回忆消失了，随之一同消失的还有对过去的一切眷念和对未来的一切忧虑。开始是表和耳环、戒指，然后是斗篷、外套和所有比较贵的服装小物件，全都进了当铺。最终，这个悲惨的物源枯竭了。为了应付燃眉之急，把一些小东西

卖给其中一个此类店铺，换取一两个先令就是剩下的唯一办法了。当铺嫌化妆盒和书桌太旧，但留在家里又嫌太阔气，枪、钓鱼竿、乐器也都是这种情况。这些东西起初就被卖掉了，人们对于这样的牺牲也不会太心疼了。但是，饥饿必须得缓解一下，而当紧急情况发生时，人们总是轻易地应用已经成为一种习惯的办法。首先是那个破产者，接着是他妻子，最后是孩子们的，连最小的孩子也不能幸免，他们的小件服装都被一件件地卖掉。它们就在那儿，被随随便便地扔在一起，直到顾客光顾。它们确实破旧不堪、补丁斑斑。可是，其做工和布料却说明了卖家过去的好境况。而且，它们越是破旧，就越表明了它们原来取悦的穿用者如今境况悲惨、贫困不堪。

CHAPTER XXII GIN-SHOPS

第二十二章　酒馆

It is a remarkable circumstance, that different trades appear to partake of the disease to which elephants and dogs are especially liable, and to run stark, staring, raving mad, periodically. The great distinction between the animals and the trades, is, that the former run mad with a certain degree of propriety—they are very regular in their irregularities. We know the period at which the emergency will arise, and provide against it accordingly. If an elephant run mad, we are all ready for him—kill or cure—pills or bullets, calomel in conserve of roses, or lead in a musket-barrel. If a dog happen to look unpleasantly warm in the summer months, and to trot about the shady side of the streets with a quarter of a yard of tongue hanging out of his mouth, a thick leather muzzle, which has been previously prepared in compliance with the thoughtful injunctions of the Legislature, is instantly clapped over his head, by way of making him cooler, and he either looks remarkably unhappy for the next six weeks, or becomes legally insane, and goes mad, as it were, by Act of Parliament. But these trades are as eccentric as comets; nay, worse, for no one can calculate on the recurrence of the strange appearances which betoken the disease. Moreover, the contagion is general, and the quickness with which it diffuses itself, almost incredible.

有一个显著的情况，就是不同的行业似乎都患有狗和象特别容易得上的那种病，会周期性地变僵、瞪眼，全然一个疯子。动物和这些行业的显著区别，是前者发疯的时候在一定程度上还是得体的——它们的异常行为还是有规律的。我们知道紧急情况何时会发生，并且相应地准备。如果一头象发了疯，我们都准备好了对付他——杀掉或治愈——要么用药丸，要么用子弹，要么用浸在玫瑰果酱中的甘汞，要么用滑膛枪筒里的铅弹。如果一只狗碰巧在夏季显得热不可耐，在街道阴凉的一边小步跑着，四分之一码长的舌头从嘴里垂下来，便会立即有一个厚皮口套套在它的头上。这是遵循立法机关考虑周到的命令，事先准备好的，能使它凉快些。接下来的六个星期中，它要么看起来极其不快乐，要么就合法地变疯，仿佛是在《议会法令》的要求下发疯似的。但是，这些行业却像彗星一样古怪。不，是更糟，因为没人可以预测出预示这个疾病发生的奇怪症状何时会再次出现。而且，这个疾病的传染面广泛，扩散速度也快得令人几乎难以置信。

We will cite two or three cases in illustration of our meaning. Six or eight years ago, the epidemic began to display itself among the linen-drapers and haberdashers. The primary symptoms were an inordinate love of plate-glass, and a passion for gas-lights and gilding.

The disease gradually progressed, and at last attained a fearful height. Quiet, dusty old shops in different parts of town, were pulled down; spacious premises with stuccoed fronts and gold letters, were erected instead; floors were covered with Turkey carpets; roofs supported by massive pillars; doors knocked into windows; a dozen squares of glass into one; one shopman into a dozen; and there is no knowing what would have been done, if it had not been fortunately discovered, just in time, that the Commissioners of Bankruptcy were as competent to decide such cases as the Commissioners of Lunacy, and that a little confinement and gentle examination did wonders. The disease abated. It died away. A year or two of comparative tranquillity ensued. Suddenly it burst out again amongst the chemists; the symptoms were the same, with the addition of a strong desire to stick the royal arms over the shop-door, and a great rage for mahogany, varnish, and expensive floor-cloth. Then, the hosiers were infected, and began to pull down their shop-fronts with frantic recklessness. The mania again died away, and the public began to congratulate themselves on its entire disappearance, when it burst forth with tenfold violence among the publicans, and keepers of 'wine vaults.' From that moment it has spread among them with unprecedented rapidity, exhibiting a concatenation of all the previous symptoms; onward it has rushed to every part of town, knocking down all the old public-houses, and depositing splendid mansions, stone balustrades, rosewood fittings, immense lamps, and illuminated clocks, at the corner of every street.

我们要举两三个例子来说明我们的意思。六年或八年前，这个传染病开始出现在亚麻布商和杂货商中。初期的症状是对玻璃板的过度喜爱和对煤气灯和镀金装饰的热情。疾病渐渐发展，最终达到一个可怕的高度。城里各个地方安静、尘土飞扬的旧店铺被拆倒。就地建起的是门面粉刷了灰泥、装饰有金字的宽敞房屋。地板上铺着土耳其地毯，屋顶由粗大的柱子支撑，门改成了窗户，十几块玻璃改成一块大的，一个店员加到了十几个。真不知道会发生什么，幸好人们正好及时发现了主管破产的专员跟主管精神错乱的专员同样有诊断这种疾病的能力，且稍加限制和略微检查后就会出现奇迹。疾病减轻了。它消失了。接下来是相对平静的一两年。突然，它又在药商中爆发了。其症状是一样的，只是多了要把皇家纹章钉在店门上的强烈希望，以及对红木家具、清漆和昂贵的地板抹布的极度渴望。然后，袜商也被传染了，开始疯狂而鲁莽地拆掉店面。这种狂热病再次消失了，公众正要开始庆祝它的彻底绝迹时，它却又以十倍的凶猛势头在酒店老板和“酒窖”老板中爆发了。从那之后，它就以空前的速度在他们中间蔓延开来，相继地展现了所有之前的症状。它朝全城各个地区冲去，撞倒了所有的老酒馆，在每条街口上都安放了壮丽的大楼、石头栏杆、紫檀木家具、巨大的灯和有照明装置的钟。

The extensive scale on which these places are established, and the

ostentatious manner in which the business of even the smallest among them is divided into branches, is amusing. A handsome plate of ground glass in one door directs you 'To the Counting-house;' another to the 'Bottle Department;' a third to the 'Wholesale Department;' a fourth to 'The Wine Promenade;' and so forth, until we are in daily expectation of meeting with a 'Brandy Bell,' or a 'Whiskey Entrance.' Then, ingenuity is exhausted in devising attractive titles for the different descriptions of gin; and the dram-drinking portion of the community as they gaze upon the gigantic black and white announcements, which are only to be equalled in size by the figures beneath them, are left in a state of pleasing hesitation between 'The Cream of the Valley,' 'The Out and Out,' 'The No Mistake,' 'The Good for Mixing,' 'The real Knock-me-down,' 'The celebrated Butter Gin,' 'The regular Flare-up,' and a dozen other, equally inviting and wholesome LIQUEURS. Although places of this description are to be met with in every second street, they are invariably numerous and splendid in precise proportion to the dirt and poverty of the surrounding neighbourhood. The gin-shops in and near Drury-Lane, Holborn, St. Giles's, Covent-garden, and Clare-market, are the handsomest in London. There is more of filth and squalid misery near those great thorough-fares than in any part of this mighty city.

这些场所建设的规模之大，甚至它们中间最小的店铺都要把业务分给若干个分店的浮夸作风，都很可笑。一扇门上安的一块漂亮的毛玻璃上标着“账房间”，另一扇门上标着“饮酒部”，再一扇门上标着“批发部”，还有一扇门上标着“葡萄酒长廊”，等等诸如此类。直到后来，我们甚至天天都盼望着见到标着“白兰地钟”或“威士忌入口处”的字样。然后，人们绞尽脑汁地为各种杜松子酒取吸引人的名称。社区里那部分爱小酌的人们注视着那些和其下面的人大小一样的巨幅白纸黑字布告时，陶醉于“溪谷精华”、“好透顶”、“准没错”、“搀酒良品”、“我真服了”、“闻名遐迩的黄油杜松子酒”、“真正的闪光”，以及十几个其他名字同样诱人又健康的烈性酒中犹豫不决。虽然这种地方每隔一条街就能看到，它们总是众多而壮丽，而且和四周的肮脏和贫困形成精确的比例。德鲁里街、霍尔本、圣贾尔斯街、科文特加登和克莱尔市场里及其附近的酒馆是伦敦最漂亮的酒馆。那些大道附近的肮脏和悲惨比这座雄伟的城市的其他任何地区都要多。

We will endeavour to sketch the bar of a large gin-shop, and its ordinary customers, for the edification of such of our readers as may not have had opportunities of observing such scenes; and on the chance of finding one well suited to our purpose, we will make for Drury-Lane, through the narrow streets and dirty courts which divide it from Oxford-street, and that classical spot adjoining the brewery at the bottom of Tottenham-court-road, best known to the initiated as the 'Rookery.'

我们会努力地描绘一下大酒馆的酒水间及其普通顾客，以启迪我们读者中可能没有机会看到这种景象的人。为了要找到一家很符合我们这一意图的酒馆，我们朝德鲁里街走去，穿过把德鲁里街和牛津街，以及那个古老地点分开的窄街道和脏院子。那个古老的地点旁边是位于托特纳姆法院街尽头的酿酒厂，它被内行人称为“群栖地”。

The filthy and miserable appearance of this part of London can hardly be imagined by those (and there are many such) who have not witnessed it. Wretched houses with broken windows patched with rags and paper: every room let out to a different family, and in many instances to two or even three—fruit and 'sweet-stuff' manufacturers in the cellars, barbers and red-herring vendors in the front parlours, cobblers in the back; a bird-fancier in the first floor, three families on the second, starvation in the attics, Irishmen in the passage, a 'musician' in the front kitchen, and a charwoman and five hungry children in the back one—filth everywhere—a gutter before the houses and a drain behind—clothes drying and slops emptying, from the windows; girls of fourteen or fifteen, with matted hair, walking about barefoot, and in white great-coats, almost their only covering; boys of all ages, in coats of all sizes and no coats at all; men and women, in every variety of scanty and dirty apparel, lounging, scolding, drinking, smoking, squabbling, fighting, and swearing.

没有亲眼目睹的人（有许多这样的人）几乎不可能想象出伦敦这一地区的肮脏与悲惨之状。拙劣的房子，破窗户上补着碎布和纸。每个房间租给一户人家，还常常同时租给两家，甚至三家——水果和“甜东西”制造商住在地下室，理发师和卖青鱼的小贩住在前起居室，补鞋匠住在后起居室。贩卖小鸟的商人住在二楼，有三家人住在三楼，饿着肚子的人住在顶楼，爱尔兰人住在走廊里，一个“音乐家”住在前厨房，一个打杂女工和五个挨饿的孩子住在后厨房。到处是肮脏的东西——屋前有一条排水沟，屋后有一条阴沟。人们在窗户那儿晒衣服、倒泔水。头发缠在一起的十四五岁的女孩子们光着脚到处走，披着白色大外套，这几乎是她们身上穿的唯一一件衣服。年龄不一的男孩子们穿着各种尺码的上衣，还有的根本没穿上衣。男男女女们穿着各种又薄又脏的衣服，有的在游荡，有的在责骂，有的在喝酒，有的在抽烟，有的在争吵，有的在打架，有的在说脏话。

You turn the corner. What a change! All is light and brilliancy. The hum of many voices issues from that splendid gin-shop which forms the commencement of the two streets opposite; and the gay building with the fantastically ornamented parapet, the illuminated clock, the plate-glass windows surrounded by stucco rosettes, and its profusion of gas-lights in richly-gilt burners, is perfectly dazzling when contrasted with the darkness and dirt we have just left. The interior is even gayer than the exterior. A bar of French-polished mahogany, elegantly carved, extends the whole width of the place; and there are

two side-aisles of great casks, painted green and gold, enclosed within a light brass rail, and bearing such inscriptions, as 'Old Tom, 549;' 'Young Tom, 360;' 'Samson, 1421'—the figures agreeing, we presume, with 'gallons,' understood. Beyond the bar is a lofty and spacious saloon, full of the same enticing vessels, with a gallery running round it, equally well furnished. On the counter, in addition to the usual spirit apparatus, are two or three little baskets of cakes and biscuits, which are carefully secured at top with wicker-work, to prevent their contents being unlawfully abstracted. Behind it, are two showily-dressed damsels with large necklaces, dispensing the spirits and 'compounds.' They are assisted by the ostensible proprietor of the concern, a stout, coarse fellow in a fur cap, put on very much on one side to give him a knowing air, and to display his sandy whiskers to the best advantage.

你转过街角。多大的变化啊！到处灯火明亮。嘈杂的人声从那家华丽的酒馆传了出来，这个酒馆形成了对面两条街的起点。这座华美的建筑有着装饰奇异的栏杆、有照明装置的钟、由灰泥圆花饰包围的玻璃板窗户、众多镀了厚厚一层金的煤气灯座里的煤气灯。这座建筑与我们刚才离开的黑暗和污秽景象相比，真是令人完全眼花缭乱。其内部甚至比外部更华美。经法国磨光漆漆过和精细雕刻过了的红木柜台横贯整个屋子。两边有两条大酒桶排列而成的通道，酒桶漆成了绿色或金色，由一小排铜栏杆圈着。桶上刻着诸如“老汤姆，549”、“小汤姆，360”和“萨姆森，1421”的字样——我们认为，这些数字可以理解为是和“加仑”一致的。柜台外边是一间高大宽敞的厅堂，摆满了同样迷人的器皿。大厅周围是一条走廊，同样布置考究。柜台上，除了通常的饮酒器具之外，还有两三小篮蛋糕和饼干，用柳条盖子小心地盖着，以防里面的东西被非法取走。柜台的后面有两个戴着硕大的项链、着装俗丽的姑娘，正在分发烈酒和“混合饮料”。一个显然是该酒馆老板的矮胖粗汉帮着她们。他把毛皮帽子歪戴着，以使自己显得机警，又尽量展示出自己沙色的络腮胡子之美。

The two old washerwomen, who are seated on the little bench to the left of the bar, are rather overcome by the head-dresses and haughty demeanour of the young ladies who officiate. They receive their half-quartern of gin and peppermint, with considerable deference, prefacing a request for 'one of them soft biscuits,' with a 'Jist be good enough, ma'am.' They are quite astonished at the impudent air of the young fellow in a brown coat and bright buttons, who, ushering in his two companions, and walking up to the bar in as careless a manner as if he had been used to green and gold ornaments all his life, winks at one of the young ladies with singular coolness, and calls for a 'kervorten and a three-out-glass,' just as if the place were his own. 'Gin for you, sir?' says the young lady when she has drawn it: carefully looking every way but the right one, to show that

the wink had no effect upon her. 'For me, Mary, my dear,' replies the gentleman in brown. 'My name an't Mary as it happens,' says the young girl, rather relaxing as she delivers the change. 'Well, if it an't, it ought to be,' responds the irresistible one; 'all the Marys as ever —I — see, was handsome gals.' Here the young lady, not precisely remembering how blushes are managed in such cases, abruptly ends the flirtation by addressing the female in the faded feathers who has just entered, and who, after stating explicitly, to prevent any subsequent misunderstanding, that 'this gentleman pays,' calls for 'a glass of port wine and a bit of sugar.'

那两个坐在柜台左边小凳子上的老洗衣女工，被正在行使职务的两位年轻女士的头饰和傲慢举止所折服了。她们相当恭敬地接过八分之一品脱杜松子酒和胡椒薄荷酒，先说声“劳驾，小姐”，再要求“给她们其中一人来点易消化的饼干”。她们对一位年轻人的无礼神态大感惊讶。那个年轻人身穿褐色外套，上面钉有亮晶晶的纽扣。他领着两个同伴进来，走到柜台前，那随意之态就仿佛他平生见惯了绿色和金色饰物似的。他异常冷静地朝其中一位年轻女士眨了眨眼，要了“考沃顿和三分之一杯酒”，就好像这个地方是他自己的一样。“是您要杜松子酒吗，先生？”那位年轻女士倒酒时问道。她小心地朝各处望去，可就是不朝她该看的方向望一眼，以表明那个眼色对她毫无作用。“是我要的，玛丽，亲爱的。”穿褐色衣服的先生答道。“我的名字恰巧不是玛丽。”年轻姑娘边找零钱边相当轻松地说。“喔，如果不是，那么也应该叫这个名字。”那个使人无法抗拒的人说，“所有的玛丽——我——见过的，都是美人。”此时，这位年轻女士因记不清在这种情形下要怎样控制住脸红，便对刚进来的戴褪色羽饰的那个女士说话，突然结束了调情。那位女士明确地声明“这位先生会付钱”，以避免接下来发生任何误会，然后要了“一杯波尔图葡萄酒和一点糖”。

Those two old men who came in 'just to have a drain,' finished their third quartern a few seconds ago; they have made themselves crying drunk; and the fat comfortable-looking elderly women, who had 'a glass of rum-srub' each, having chimed in with their complaints on the hardness of the times, one of the women has agreed to stand a glass round, jocularly observing that 'grief never mended no broken bones, and as good people's wery scarce, what I says is, make the most on'em, and that's all about it!' a sentiment which appears to afford unlimited satisfaction to those who have nothing to pay.

那两个刚刚过来说“要喝上一口”的老头子，几秒钟前已喝完他们第三个“四分之一品脱”酒，已然烂醉。那些看起来很顺眼、各喝了“一杯朗姆酒搀糖浆”的年长胖女人，附和那两个老头抱怨了一阵时事艰难。之后，其中一个女人同意请大家喝一杯，打趣地说道：“悲痛从来不能修补碎裂的骨头。既然好人很少，我要说的是，应该尽量关怀他们，就是这些！”这是一种让没钱结账的人感到无限满意的一种情怀。

It is growing late, and the throng of men, women, and children,

who have been constantly going in and out, dwindles down to two or three occasional stragglers—cold, wretched-looking creatures, in the last stage of emaciation and disease. The knot of Irish labourers at the lower end of the place, who have been alternately shaking hands with, and threatening the life of each other, for the last hour, become furious in their disputes, and finding it impossible to silence one man, who is particularly anxious to adjust the difference, they resort to the expedient of knocking him down and jumping on him afterwards. The man in the fur cap, and the potboy rush out; a scene of riot and confusion ensues; half the Irishmen get shut out, and the other half get shut in; the potboy is knocked among the tubs in no time; the landlord hits everybody, and everybody hits the landlord; the barmaids scream; the police come in; the rest is a confused mixture of arms, legs, staves, torn coats, shouting, and struggling. Some of the party are borne off to the station-house, and the remainder slink home to beat their wives for complaining, and kick the children for daring to be hungry.

天色渐晚，那不停进进出出的一群群男男女女和孩子，逐渐地减少到只有两三个零星的掉队者——一些挨冻的人、样子可怜的人。他们已经消瘦不堪，病入膏肓。在过去一个小时里，屋子里南头的那群爱尔兰工人一会儿互相握手，一会儿又彼此以生命相威胁。现在，他们吵得很凶，其中有个人特别急于调解分歧。他们发现怎么也无法让他住嘴，便采用了权宜之计，把他打倒，然后扑上去。戴毛皮帽子的男人和侍者冲了出来。接着，出现了一片暴动、混乱的场面。一半的爱尔兰人被关在门外，另一半被关在屋里。侍者立刻被打倒在木桶里，挨了打。店老板打了每个人，每个人也打了店老板，酒馆的女侍者尖叫着。警察进来了。然后，只见手臂、腿和棍棒交杂在一起，上衣撕破了，人们喊叫着，打斗着。其中有些人被带往警察所，其他的则偷偷逃回家去，因为老婆抱怨而打她，因为孩子竟敢饿肚子而踢他们。

We have sketched this subject very slightly, not only because our limits compel us to do so, but because, if it were pursued farther, it would be painful and repulsive. Well-disposed gentlemen, and charitable ladies, would alike turn with coldness and disgust from a description of the drunken besotted men, and wretched broken-down miserable women, who form no inconsiderable portion of the frequenters of these haunts; forgetting, in the pleasant consciousness of their own rectitude, the poverty of the one, and the temptation of the other. Gin-drinking is a great vice in England, but wretchedness and dirt are a greater; and until you improve the homes of the poor, or persuade a half-famished wretch not to seek relief in the temporary oblivion of his own misery, with the pittance which, divided among his family, would furnish a morsel of bread for each, gin-shops will increase in number and splendour. If Temperance Societies would suggest an antidote against hunger, filth, and foul air, or could

establish dispensaries for the gratuitous distribution of bottles of Lethe-water, gin-palaces would be numbered among the things that were.

我们只对这个主题略加描述，不仅因为我们的能力有限，更是因为，如果对它作进一步描述的话，它会令人痛苦和厌恶。和蔼的先生们和善良的太太们都会冷漠而厌恶地转过脸去，忽视关于喝得烂醉的男人和穷困潦倒的可怜女人的描述。而他们在这些地方的常客中占的比重之大不容小看。先生太太们自觉为人正直，心存喜悦，便忘了一种人的贫穷和另一种人所受的诱惑。喝酒在英国是一项大罪，但悲惨和肮脏却是更大的罪恶。除非你能改善穷人的家境，或能劝服一个处于半饥饿状态的可怜虫不要从暂时忘却自己的不幸中求得慰藉，而把少量的津贴在家人中均摊，就可以使每个家人得到一小片面包，否则，酒馆会越来越多，越来越华丽。如果戒酒协会能找出一种对付饥饿、污秽和恶臭气的解药，或是能够建立药房无偿地分发瓶装的忘川水，那么豪华的酒馆就会成为历史事物之一。

CHAPTER XXIII THE PAWNBROKER'S SHOP

第二十三章　当铺

Of the numerous receptacles for misery and distress with which the streets of London unhappily abound, there are, perhaps, none which present such striking scenes as the pawnbrokers' shops. The very nature and description of these places occasions their being but little known, except to the unfortunate beings whose profligacy or misfortune drives them to seek the temporary relief they offer. The subject may appear, at first sight, to be anything but an inviting one, but we venture on it nevertheless, in the hope that, as far as the limits of our present paper are concerned, it will present nothing to disgust even the most fastidious reader.

伦敦街头不幸地充斥着的无数悲惨和贫困的贮存所中，也许没有哪个像当铺那样呈现出如此触目惊心的景象了。这些地方的性质和类别使它们很少为人所知，除了受其挥霍和厄运的驱使，去寻求它们所提供的暂时慰藉的那些不幸的人。也许第一眼看时，这个主题丝毫不吸引人。然而，我们还是冒险写一写它，希望就我们目前的这篇文章而言，不会出现任何使哪怕最挑剔的读者感到厌恶的东西。

There are some pawnbrokers' shops of a very superior description. There are grades in pawning as in everything else, and distinctions must be observed even in poverty. The aristocratic Spanish cloak and the plebeian calico shirt, the silver fork and the flat iron, the muslin cravat and the Belcher neckerchief, would but ill assort together; so, the better sort of pawnbroker calls himself a silver-smith, and decorates his shop with handsome trinkets and expensive jewellery, while the more humble money-lender boldly advertises his calling, and invites observation. It is with pawnbrokers' shops of the latter class, that we have to do. We have selected one for our purpose, and will endeavour to describe it.

有一些很高级的当铺。如其他一切东西一样，典当也有等级。而且，甚至贫穷的差别也不容忽视。贵族派头的西班牙式斗篷和平民穿的白棉布衬衫、银叉和熨斗、平纹细布的围巾和白蓝色颈巾放在一起就很不相称。因此，比较高级的典当商自称银匠，用漂亮的小饰品和昂贵的珠宝装饰他的店，而较低级的放贷者则大胆地为他这一行业打广告，吸引人们的注意。我们要讨论的是后一类当铺。我们已经为此目的选出了一家当铺，并将尽力描述它。

The pawnbroker's shop is situated near Drury-Lane, at the corner of a court, which affords a side entrance for the accommodation of such customers as may be desirous of avoiding the observation of the

passers-by, or the chance of recognition in the public street. It is a low, dirty-looking, dusty shop, the door of which stands always doubtfully, a little way open: half inviting, half repelling the hesitating visitor, who, if he be as yet uninitiated, examines one of the old garnet brooches in the window for a minute or two with affected eagerness, as if he contemplated making a purchase; and then looking cautiously round to ascertain that no one watches him, hastily slinks in: the door closing of itself after him, to just its former width. The shop front and the window-frames bear evident marks of having been once painted; but, what the colour was originally, or at what date it was probably laid on, are at this remote period questions which may be asked, but cannot be answered. Tradition states that the transparency in the front door, which displays at night three red balls on a blue ground, once bore also, inscribed in graceful waves, the words 'Money advanced on plate, jewels, wearing apparel, and every description of property,' but a few illegible hieroglyphics are all that now remain to attest the fact. The plate and jewels would seem to have disappeared, together with the announcement, for the articles of stock, which are displayed in some profusion in the window, do not include any very valuable luxuries of either kind. A few old china cups; some modern vases, adorned with paltry paintings of three Spanish cavaliers playing three Spanish guitars; or a party of boors carousing: each boor with one leg painfully elevated in the air, by way of expressing his perfect freedom and gaiety; several sets of chessmen, two or three flutes, a few fiddles, a round-eyed portrait staring in astonishment from a very dark ground; some gaudily-bound prayer-books and testaments, two rows of silver watches quite as clumsy and almost as large as Ferguson's first; numerous old-fashioned table and tea spoons, displayed, fan-like, in half-dozens; strings of coral with great broad gilt snaps; cards of rings and brooches, fastened and labelled separately, like the insects in the British Museum; cheap silver penholders and snuff-boxes, with a masonic star, complete the jewellery department; while five or six beds in smeary clouded ticks, strings of blankets and sheets, silk and cotton handkerchiefs, and wearing apparel of every description, form the more useful, though even less ornamental, part, of the articles exposed for sale. An extensive collection of planes, chisels, saws, and other carpenters' tools, which have been pledged, and never redeemed, form the foreground of the picture; while the large frames full of ticketed bundles, which are dimly seen through the dirty casement up-stairs—the squalid neighbourhood—the adjoining houses, straggling, shrunken, and rotten, with one or two filthy, unwholesome-looking heads thrust out of every window, and old red pans and stunted plants exposed on the tottering parapets, to the manifest hazard of the heads of the passers-by—the noisy men

loitering under the archway at the corner of the court, or about the gin-shop next door—and their wives patiently standing on the curb-stone, with large baskets of cheap vegetables slung round them for sale, are its immediate auxiliaries.

这家当铺位于德鲁里街附近，在一个院子的角落里。它设有一扇边门，以方便那些可能想要避开过路人的注意或是避免在大街上被认出来的顾客。那是一家低矮、看上去很邋遢、满是灰尘的店。店门总是有些可疑地开一点点：对犹豫不决的顾客半是邀请，半是拒绝。如果他是新顾客，便会假装很热切地仔细看橱窗里一只旧的石榴石胸针，仿佛考虑要买的样子。然后，他会谨慎地朝周围看一下，以确认没有人在看他，便急忙偷偷进去。那扇门随后自动关上，开到原来那么大。店铺正面和窗框上还留着明显的曾经漆过的痕迹。但是，最初是什么颜色，或者是什么时候上的漆，则因年代久远而成了可以发问，却无从回答的问题。根据传统，前门上的那块晚上会呈现蓝底上有三个红球之景的透明装饰物，上面曾经有优美的波纹字体写着“凭金属板、珠宝、服装，以及各种财产均可贷款”。但现在只剩下一些难辨的字迹以证实这一事实了。金属板和珠宝似乎消失了，连同那个布告一起。因为在橱窗里陈列着的那一大堆存货中，并没有属于这两种的任何特别值钱的奢侈品。几只旧瓷杯和一些饰有不值钱的图画的新式花瓶，画的是三个西班牙骑士在弹三把西班牙六弦琴，或者一伙乡下人在狂饮作乐——每个人都把一条腿使劲地抬到空中，以表示其绝对的自由和欢乐。还有几副棋子、两三支长笛、几把小提琴和一幅画着黑暗的背景下一个眼睛圆睁的人惊讶着凝视的肖像图、几本装订俗丽的《祈祷书》和《圣约书》、两排同费格森的第一个表笨重程度和大小几乎相同的银挂表、每六把摆成扇形陈列的许多老式汤匙和茶匙、带有宽大的镀金揿钮的珊瑚串、像大英博物馆里的昆虫那样分别在纸板上固定和贴标签的戒指和胸针，再加上廉价的银笔杆和雕着石匠工会星状标志的鼻烟盒，这些构成了贵重物品部。套着布满油污的褥套的五六个床、排成一行行的毯子和被单、丝绸手帕和棉布手帕，以及各种衣服，这些尽管装饰性较差，却形成了摆出来出售的东西中比较实用的一部分。被典当进来却一直没被赎走的大量刨子、凿子、锯子和其他木匠工具，摆在了最突出的位置上。一些大架子上面堆满了一捆捆贴了标签的东西，可以透过楼上肮脏的窗户隐约瞧见。这个地区很脏乱，毗连的房屋散乱地分布着，小而破旧，每个窗口都探出一两个看上去很不健康的脏脑袋。红色的旧平底锅和矮小的植物摆在摇摇欲坠的护栏上，显然给过路人的脑袋造成了危险。吵闹的男人们在院子角落里的拱廊下，或隔壁酒馆里闲逛。他们的妻子则耐心地站在路边石头上，身上挂着几大筐便宜的蔬菜在叫卖。这些都是紧挨着上述木匠工具的附属品。

If the outside of the pawnbroker's shop be calculated to attract the attention, or excite the interest, of the speculative pedestrian, its interior cannot fail to produce the same effect in an increased degree. The front door, which we have before noticed, opens into the common shop, which is the resort of all those customers whose habitual

acquaintance with such scenes renders them indifferent to the observation of their companions in poverty. The side door opens into a small passage from which some half-dozen doors (which may be secured on the inside by bolts) open into a corresponding number of little dens, or closets, which face the counter. Here, the more timid or respectable portion of the crowd shroud themselves from the notice of the remainder, and patiently wait until the gentleman behind the counter, with the curly black hair, diamond ring, and double silver watch-guard, shall feel disposed to favour them with his notice—a consummation which depends considerably on the temper of the aforesaid gentleman for the time being.

如果当铺的外部会吸引好猜测的行人的注意，或激起他们的兴趣，那它的内部肯定会在更大程度上产生同样的效果。我们之前已注意到的那扇前门通向普通店堂，常来这里的顾客对这样的场景已司空见惯，因而毫不在乎他们贫困的同伴们的注视。那扇边门通向一条小走廊，走廊上有大约六扇门（可以从里面用门栓拴住）通向相应数目的朝向柜台的小房间，或者称密室。在这里，人群中较羞怯或体面的人可以躲避开其余人的注意，耐心地等着，直到柜台后面那位长着黑卷发、戴着钻石戒指、挂着重叠银表链的先生愿意赐予他们以注意——这很大程度上取决于上述这位先生当时的心情。

At the present moment, this elegantly-attired individual is in the act of entering the duplicate he has just made out, in a thick book: a process from which he is diverted occasionally, by a conversation he is carrying on with another young man similarly employed at a little distance from him, whose allusions to 'that last bottle of soda-water last night,' and 'how regularly round my hat he felt himself when the young 'ooman gave 'em in charge,' would appear to refer to the consequences of some stolen joviality of the preceding evening. The customers generally, however, seem unable to participate in the amusement derivable from this source, for an old sallow-looking woman, who has been leaning with both arms on the counter with a small bundle before her, for half an hour previously, suddenly interrupts the conversation by addressing the jewelled shopman —'Now, Mr. Henry, do make haste, there's a good soul, for my two grandchildren's locked up at home, and I'm afeer'd of the fire.' The shopman slightly raises his head, with an air of deep abstraction, and resumes his entry with as much deliberation as if he were engraving. 'You're in a hurry, Mrs. Tatham, this ev'nin', an't you?' is the only notice he deigns to take, after the lapse of five minutes or so. 'Yes, I am indeed, Mr. Henry; now, do serve me next, there's a good creetur. I wouldn't worry you, only it's all along o' them botherin' children.' 'What have you got here?' inquires the shopman, unpinning the bundle—‘old concern, I suppose—pair o' stays and a petticut. You

must look up somethin' else, old 'ooman; I can't lend you anything more upon them; they're completely worn out by this time, if it's only by putting in, and taking out again, three times a week.' 'Oh! you're a rum un, you are,' replies the old woman, laughing extremely, as in duty bound; 'I wish I'd got the gift of the gab like you; see if I'd be up the spout so often then! No, no; it an't the petticut; it's a child's frock and a beautiful silk ankecher, as belongs to my husband. He gave four shillin' for it, the werry same blessed day as he broke his arm.' —'What do you want upon these?' inquires Mr. Henry, slightly glancing at the articles, which in all probability are old acquaintances. 'What do you want upon these?' —'Eighteenpence.' —'Lend you ninepence.' —'Oh, make it a shillin'; there's a dear—do now?' —'Not another farden.' —'Well, I suppose I must take it.' The duplicate is made out, one ticket pinned on the parcel, the other given to the old woman; the parcel is flung carelessly down into a corner, and some other customer prefers his claim to be served without further delay.

此时，这位衣着优雅的人物正把他刚开出的当票副本登记到一本厚册子上。在此过程中，他时而停下来和离他不远的另一个做着相似工作的年轻人交谈。那个年轻人所说的“昨晚那最后一瓶苏打水”和“那个年轻女人把他们交给警察时，他自己感到我的帽子多圆呀”，似乎是指前一天晚上某些偷着干的乐事之后果。不过，顾客们普遍地好像未能分享此事引起的乐趣，因为一个面色蜡黄的老妇人——在之前的半个小时里，她一直用双臂撑着靠在柜台上，面前放着一个小包裹——突然打断了他们的谈话，对那个戴首饰的店员说道：“喂，亨利先生，请快点儿，行行好吧，因为我的两个孙子锁在家里，我担心失火呢。”店员略微抬了抬头，显出心不在焉的神态，然后又继续登记，仔细地仿佛是在雕刻似的。“今晚你很匆忙，泰瑟姆太太，是吗？”过了大约五分钟后，他才作出回应。“是呀，我确实是很急，亨利先生。嗯，请下一个就给我办吧，行个好。要不是这些讨厌的孩子，我不会劳烦你的。”“你要当什么？”店员询问道，打开包裹上的别针，“我想是老玩意儿吧——一件紧身胸衣和一条衬裙。你必须得找点别的东西了，老太太。这些东西当不了多少钱。只是每周把它们放进去又拿出来三次，到现在就已经破旧不堪了。”“唉！你真是个难对付的人。”老妇人大笑着回答道，仿佛是有义务这么笑似的，“我真希望有你这样的口才，那样看看我还会不会这么常来当铺了！不，不是，那不是衬裙。那是一件孩子的外衣，还有一条漂亮的丝绸围巾，是我丈夫的。他花了四个先令买的，就在他折断手臂那该死的当天。”“这些东西你要当多少钱？”亨利先生问道，略微看了一眼它很可能之前见过的东西，“这些你要多少钱？”“十八个便士。”“给你当九便士。”“噢，算一个先令吧。行行好吧，就这样？”“一个子儿也不多。”“唉，我想我只得接受了。”双联式当票写好了，一张标签别在包裹上，另一张则交给老妇人。包裹被漫不经心地扔进一个角落，接着另一位顾客要求立即给他办理。

The choice falls on an unshaven, dirty, sottish-looking fellow,

whose tarnished paper-cap, stuck negligently over one eye, communicates an additionally repulsive expression to his very uninviting countenance. He was enjoying a little relaxation from his sedentary pursuits a quarter of an hour ago, in kicking his wife up the court. He has come to redeem some tools:- probably to complete a job with, on account of which he has already received some money, if his inflamed countenance and drunken staggers may be taken as evidence of the fact. Having waited some little time, he makes his presence known by venting his ill-humour on a ragged urchin, who, being unable to bring his face on a level with the counter by any other process, has employed himself in climbing up, and then hooking himself on with his elbows—an uneasy perch, from which he has fallen at intervals, generally alighting on the toes of the person in his immediate vicinity. In the present case, the unfortunate little wretch has received a cuff which sends him reeling to this door; and the donor of the blow is immediately the object of general indignation.

一个没刮胡子、看起来像个酒鬼的脏兮兮的家伙被选中了。他污秽的纸帽子随便地遮在了一只眼睛上，让他那不招人喜欢的容貌显得更加令人厌恶。一刻钟前，他坐着把他老婆踢到了院子里去，现在正享受着片刻放松。他来赎一些工具，可能是要用来完成一个活计。他已经预收了一些钱，如果他那红红的面孔和醉态的蹒跚可以证明这一事实的话。等了一会儿之后，他拿一个衣衫褴褛的顽童来发泄他的坏脾气，吸引了别人的注意。那个孩子怎么样都不能使自己的脸达到柜台的高度，只好自己往上爬，然后用双肘钩住——这是个很不舒服的姿势，他过一会儿就会掉下来，老是落在离他最近的那个人的脚趾上。这一次，这个不幸的小可怜挨了一巴掌，踉踉跄跄到了门边。打这一巴掌的人立刻成了公愤的对象。

'What do you strike the boy for, you brute?' exclaims a slipshod woman, with two flat irons in a little basket. 'Do you think he's your wife, you willin?' 'Go and hang yourself!' replies the gentleman addressed, with a drunken look of savage stupidity, aiming at the same time a blow at the woman which fortunately misses its object. 'Go and hang yourself; and wait till I come and cut you down.' —'Cut you down,' rejoins the woman, 'I wish I had the cutting of you up, you wagabond! (loud.) Oh! You precious wagabond!

“你为什么打这个孩子，你这个畜生？”一个穿着塌跟鞋的女人高喊道，带着一个小篮子，里面装着两个熨斗，“你以为他是你老婆吗，你这个恶棍？”“你去上吊吧！”那个先生回答道，一副醉汉的野蛮和愚蠢的样子，同时一拳朝那个女人打去，幸好打偏了，“上吊去，等着我去割断绳子把你放下来。”“割断绳子把你放下来。”女人反驳道，“我真希望把你千刀万剐，你这个流氓！（大声地）噢！你这个十足的流氓！

(rather louder.)Where's your wife, you willin? (louder still; women of this class are always sympathetic, and work themselves into

a tremendous passion on the shortest notice.) Your poor dear wife as you uses worser nor a dog—strike a woman—you a man! (very shrill;) I wish I had you—I'd murder you, I would, if I died for it!' —'Now be civil,' retorts the man fiercely. 'Be civil, you wiper!' ejaculates the woman contemptuously. 'An't it shocking?' she continues, turning round, and appealing to an old woman who is peeping out of one of the little closets we have before described, and who has not the slightest objection to join in the attack, possessing, as she does, the comfortable conviction that she is bolted in. 'Ain't it shocking, ma'am? (Dreadful! says the old woman in a parenthesis, not exactly knowing what the question refers to.) He's got a wife, ma'am, as takes in mangling, and is as 'dustrious and hard-working a young 'ooman as can be, (very fast) as lives in the back parlour of our 'ous, which my husband and me lives in the front one (with great rapidity)—and we hears him a beaten' on her sometimes when he comes home drunk, the whole night through, and not only a beaten' her, but beaten' his own child too, to make her more miserable—ugh, you beast! and she, poor creater, won't swear the peace agin him, nor do nothin', because she likes the wretch arter all—worse luck!' Here, as the woman has completely run herself out of breath, the pawnbroker himself, who has just appeared behind the counter in a gray dressing-gown, embraces the favourable opportunity of putting in a word:'Now I won't have none of this sort of thing on my premises!' he interposes with an air of authority. 'Mrs. Mackin, keep yourself to yourself, or you don't get fourpence for a flat iron here; and Jinkins, you leave your ticket here till you're sober, and send your wife for them two planes, for I won't have you in my shop at no price; so make yourself scarce, before I make you scarcer.'

（更大声地）你老婆在哪儿，你这个恶棍？（声音更大了。这一阶级的女人总是富有同情心，而且瞬间就会把自己搞得极其激动。）你那可怜的亲爱的老婆，你待她还不如一条狗——打女人——你还是个男人呢！（非常尖锐）我真希望把你——我要杀死你，我要这么做，我誓死这样做！”“喂，讲点礼貌。”男人凶狠地反驳道。“你讲点礼貌，你这条毒蛇！”女人蔑视地突然嚷道。“这不是骇人听闻吗？”她接着说，转身向正从我们之前描述过的一个小密室朝外窥探的老妇人呼吁。那位老妇人毫不反对加入这场战斗，因为她舒服地确信自己是关在里面的。“这不骇人听闻吗，太太？（“太可怕了！”老妇人插嘴道，并不太清楚那个问题指什么。）太太，他狠狠地乱打老婆，而他老婆是个最勤劳苦干的年轻女人，（说得很快）他们住在我们家的后起居室里，我和我的丈夫住在前面（说得相当快）。我们听见他有时候喝醉酒回家打她，整夜地打，而且不但打她，还打他自己的孩子，这让她更难受。呸，你这个畜生！而她呢，可怜的人，既不骂他，也不做什么，因为她毕竟是爱这个坏蛋的，这就更不幸了！”这时，那个女人已经完全上气不接下气了。穿着灰色晨衣的当铺老板刚刚出现在柜台后面，抓住这个好机会插话。“在我的

铺子里可不许有这样的事发生！”他带着权威的神态干预进来，“麦金太太，别多管闲事，不然你的熨斗在这儿当不到四个便士。吉金斯，把你的当票留在这儿，等你清醒了，让你的老婆来取两个刨子，因为我无论如何不会让你呆在我的店里。所以，别等我赶你走，自己快走吧。”

This eloquent address produces anything but the effect desired; the women rail in concert; the man hits about him in all directions, and is in the act of establishing an indisputable claim to gratuitous lodgings for the night, when the entrance of his wife, a wretched, worn-out woman, apparently in the last stage of consumption, whose face bears evident marks of recent ill-usage, and whose strength seems hardly equal to the burden—light enough, God knows!—of the thin, sickly child she carries in her arms, turns his cowardly rage in a safer direction. 'Come home, dear,' cries the miserable creature, in an imploring tone; 'DO come home, there's a good fellow, and go to bed.' —'Go home yourself,' rejoins the furious ruffian. 'Do come home quietly,' repeats the wife, bursting into tears. 'Go home yourself,' retorts the husband again, enforcing his argument by a blow which sends the poor creature flying out of the shop. Her 'natural protector' follows her up the court, alternately venting his rage in accelerating her progress, and in knocking the little scanty blue bonnet of the unfortunate child over its still more scanty and faded-looking face.

这一番雄辩所产生的效果跟他想要的完全相反。女人们齐声抱怨。那个男人从四面八方朝他打过去，正在争取免费住一晚的无可争辩的权利时，他的妻子走了进来。那是个衰弱、可怜的女人，显然已经是肺结核晚期，脸上还有最近受过虐待的明显痕迹。她似乎承受不了怀里抱着的孩子的重量了——天晓得，那个孩子已经够轻了！孩子患了病，身体瘦弱。他把怯懦的怒气转向一个比较安全的方向去。“回家来吧，亲爱的，”那个可怜的女人用恳求的口吻喊道，“一定要回家来，听话吧，睡觉去。”“你自己滚回家去。”气冲冲的暴徒回答说。“安安静静地回家来吧。”妻子重复道，突然哭了起来。“你自己滚回去。”丈夫又驳斥道，强制执行了自己的命令，把那个可怜的女人一拳打得飞也似的出了店铺。她的“天然保护人”跟在她后面，到了院子里。他时而通过逼她加快步子来发泄自己的怒气，时而一拳打在那不幸的孩子戴的那顶太小了的小蓝帽上。帽子盖住了他那张更瘦小的毫无血色的脸蛋。

In the last box, which is situated in the darkest and most obscure corner of the shop, considerably removed from either of the gas-lights, are a young delicate girl of about twenty, and an elderly female, evidently her mother from the resemblance between them, who stand at some distance back, as if to avoid the observation even of the shopman. It is not their first visit to a pawnbroker's shop, for they answer without a moment's hesitation the usual questions, put in a rather respectful manner, and in a much lower tone than usual, of 'What name shall I say? —Your own property, of course? — Where do

you live? —Housekeeper or lodger?' They bargain, too, for a higher loan than the shopman is at first inclined to offer, which a perfect stranger would be little disposed to do; and the elder female urges her daughter on, in scarcely audible whispers, to exert her utmost powers of persuasion to obtain an advance of the sum, and expatiate on the value of the articles they have brought to raise a present supply upon. They are a small gold chain and a 'Forget me not' ring: the girl's property, for they are both too small for the mother; given her in better times; prized, perhaps, once, for the giver's sake, but parted with now without a struggle; for want has hardened the mother, and her example has hardened the girl, and the prospect of receiving money, coupled with a recollection of the misery they have both endured from the want of it—the coldness of old friends—the stern refusal of some, and the still more galling compassion of others—appears to have obliterated the consciousness of self-humiliation, which the idea of their present situation would once have aroused.

店铺里的最后一个格台位于店铺里最昏暗、最不引人注目的角落，而且离两盏煤气灯都很远。里面有一位大约二十岁的年轻娇弱的姑娘和一位年长的妇女。从她们相似的容貌来看，她们显然是母女。那位母亲站在后面很远的地方，仿佛甚至要避开店员的注意一样。这并非是她们初次来当铺，因为她们回答常规问题时，毫不迟疑，态度恭恭敬敬，声音也比平时压低了。问题包括："尊姓大名？当然，这是你自己的财物吧？您住在哪儿？是房东还是房客？"她们的要价也比店员起初想要开的价高，而一个完全外行的人是不大会这么做的。那个年长的妇女用几乎听不见的私语催促她女儿，让她充分发挥说服本领，获得高价，还让她细细说了一番她们带来典当的东西的价值。她们带来的东西有一根细小的金项链和一只铸成"勿忘草"形状的戒指。这些都是女儿的东西，因为母亲戴上都太小了。这些是她在境况较好时获赠的，以前也许会为赠送人珍藏着，可如今却毫不在乎地割舍了。这是因为贫困已使母亲变得狠心，而她的榜样又使女儿也变得狠心。如今，得到钱的指望，加上又想起她们两个因缺钱而忍受的痛苦——老朋友对她们的冷酷无情，有的板着脸拒绝借钱，有的给予更让她们难堪的同情——似乎让她们不觉得自己在丢丑。而曾经若想到她们目前的处境，会让她们觉得很丢人。

In the next box, is a young female, whose attire, miserably poor, but extremely gaudy, wretchedly cold, but extravagantly fine, too plainly bespeaks her station. The rich satin gown with its faded trimmings, the worn-out thin shoes, and pink silk stockings, the summer bonnet in winter, and the sunken face, where a daub of rouge only serves as an index to the ravages of squandered health never to be regained, and lost happiness never to be restored, and where the practised smile is a wretched mockery of the misery of the heart, cannot be mistaken. There is something in the glimpse she has just caught of her young neighbour, and in the sight of the little trinkets

she has offered in pawn, that seems to have awakened in this woman's mind some slumbering recollection, and to have changed, for an instant, her whole demeanour. Her first hasty impulse was to bend forward as if to scan more minutely the appearance of her half-concealed companions; her next, on seeing them involuntarily shrink from her, to retreat to the back of the box, cover her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

下一个格台里的是一位年轻的女子，她的衣着窘境毕露，却又极端俗丽，单薄悲惨，却又十分好看。这些再清楚不过地说明了她的地位。她穿着带褪色边饰的华美绸子长袍、单薄的破鞋和粉红色的长丝袜，严冬里戴着夏季的帽子，凹陷的面孔上涂的胭脂只能指示她那遭到恣意破坏、再也恢复不了的健康和失去的再也不能复得的幸福所承受的破坏。那强颜一笑则是对内心痛苦的悲惨讥讽，一定是这样。她刚才朝旁边那个年轻姑娘的一瞥中和看着那位姑娘要典当的那些小饰物时的目光中，似乎有什么在这个女人心中唤醒了某些沉睡的记忆，并且在一瞬间改变了她的整个态度。她第一个急促的冲动是向前探身，好像要更仔细地看一看隔壁那两个半隐藏着的人的摸样。接下来，由于看见她们不自觉地朝后缩，她便退到那个分格的后面，用手捂住脸痛哭起来。

There are strange chords in the human heart, which will lie dormant through years of depravity and wickedness, but which will vibrate at last to some slight circumstance apparently trivial in itself, but connected by some undefined and indistinct association, with past days that can never be recalled, and with bitter recollections from which the most degraded creature in existence cannot escape.

人的心中有一些奇异的弦线，在人堕落和邪恶时，它们会连年处于静止的状态。但是，它们最终会在人遇上一件小事时活跃起来。因为，尽管那件事看起来很细微，却通过某种说不清、不明确的联想，与想不起的过往和世间最堕落的人也逃不过的痛苦回忆相联系起来。

There has been another spectator, in the person of a woman in the common shop; the lowest of the low; dirty, unbonneted, flaunting, and slovenly. Her curiosity was at first attracted by the little she could see of the group; then her attention. The half-intoxicated leer changed to an expression of something like interest, and a feeling similar to that we have described, appeared for a moment, and only a moment, to extend itself even to her bosom.

还有另一个旁观者，是普通店堂里的一个女人。她已经穷得到了绝境，脏兮兮的，没有戴帽子，张扬炫耀，而又不修边幅。起初，她只是由于看不清那些人而勾起了好奇心。然后，她的注意力被吸引去了。她那半是醉意的睨视变成有点像是感兴趣的表情，类似于我们刚才描述的那种感情出现了一瞬间，只是一瞬间，却深入到了她的内心。

Who shall say how soon these women may change places? The last has but two more stages—the hospital and the grave. How many

females situated as her two companions are, and as she may have been once, have terminated the same wretched course, in the same wretched manner! One is already tracing her footsteps with frightful rapidity. How soon may the other follow her example! How many have done the same!

谁能说得出这些女人多久就换个去处？最后那个只多了两个阶段——医院和坟墓。有多少女性和她这两个伙伴处境一样，她可能也曾是这样，已经结束了同样悲惨的过程，用同样悲惨的方式！有一个已经以可怕的速度步她的后尘了。另一个会多么快地以她为榜样啊！有多少女子做了同样的事啊！

CHAPTER XXIV CRIMINAL COURTS

第二十四章　刑事法庭

We shall never forget the mingled feelings of awe and respect with which we used to gaze on the exterior of Newgate in our schoolboy days. How dreadful its rough heavy walls, and low massive doors, appeared to us—the latter looking as if they were made for the express purpose of letting people in, and never letting them out again. Then the fetters over the debtors' door, which we used to think were a bona fide set of irons, just hung up there, for convenience' sake, ready to be taken down at a moment's notice, and riveted on the limbs of some refractory felon! We were never tired of wondering how the hackney-coachmen on the opposite stand could cut jokes in the presence of such horrors, and drink pots of half-and-half so near the last drop.

我们永远不会忘记学生时代时凝视着纽盖特监狱外部时，心里那又害怕又尊敬的复杂心情。它那粗糙厚实的围墙和矮而厚的门在我们看来是多么可怕啊——后者好像是专门为把人关进去，而且永远不再把他们放出来而建造。还有挂在债务人囚房门上的脚镣，我们认为那是一副货真价实的铁链。为了方便起见，脚镣就挂在门上，随时可以取下来，钉在某个执拗的重罪犯的手脚上！我们总是不厌其烦地好奇，法庭对面车站上的四轮出租马车夫如何面对这样的恐怖事物还能开玩笑，而且还能把一壶壶浓淡相搀的酒几乎全部喝光。

Often have we strayed here, in sessions time, to catch a glimpse of the whipping-place, and that dark building on one side of the yard, in which is kept the gibbet with all its dreadful apparatus, and on the door of which we half expected to see a brass plate, with the inscription 'Mr. Ketch;' for we never imagined that the distinguished functionary could by possibility live anywhere else! The days of these childish dreams have passed away, and with them many other boyish ideas of a gayer nature. But we still retain so much of our original feeling, that to this hour we never pass the building without something like a shudder.

开庭期间，我们常常在这儿闲逛，为了看一眼执行笞刑的场地和院子一边的那座黑乎乎的楼。楼里保存着纹刑架和它全部可怕的装置。我们还有点期望在门上看到一块铜牌，上面刻着“凯奇先生”的字样，因为我们从没想过这位杰出的官员有可能住在任何其他的地方！这种充满孩子气梦想的日子已经逝去了，随之逝去的还有许多其他更快活些的孩子气的想法。可是，我们仍然保留了许多原先的心情，直到此刻我们走过那幢楼时还是免不了颤栗。

What London pedestrian is there who has not, at some time or other, cast a hurried glance through the wicket at which prisoners are admitted into this gloomy mansion, and surveyed the few objects he could discern, with an indescribable feeling of curiosity? The thick door, plated with iron and mounted with spikes, just low enough to enable you to see, leaning over them, an ill-looking fellow, in a broad-brimmed hat, Belcher handkerchief and top-boots: with a brown coat, something between a great-coat and a 'sporting' jacket, on his back, and an immense key in his left hand. Perhaps you are lucky enough to pass, just as the gate is being opened; then, you see on the other side of the lodge, another gate, the image of its predecessor, and two or three more turnkeys, who look like multiplications of the first one, seated round a fire which just lights up the whitewashed apartment sufficiently to enable you to catch a hasty glimpse of these different objects. We have a great respect for Mrs. Fry, but she certainly ought to have written more romances than Mrs. Radcliffe.

有哪个伦敦行人不会时而带着一种难以形容的好奇心，匆匆朝囚犯进入这幢阴暗的大楼所必经的那扇边门瞥上一眼，查看他所能辨认出来的几样东西呢？那扇厚实的门，面上包着铁板，顶上钉着尖铁。门很矮，你刚好能看到一个长相凶恶的人正把身子俯在那些尖铁上面。那人头戴宽边帽，围着蓝白色颈巾，穿着一双长筒靴子。他穿着一件褐色外套和一件又像大衣又像“运动”夹克衫的衣服，左手拿一把巨大的钥匙。或许你有幸在那扇门打开的时候经过。然后，你就看见门房的另一边还有另一扇门，同前面那扇一模一样，还有两三个监狱看守，看上去像是由第一个看守增殖出来的一样。他们围着炉火坐着，炉火把那间粉刷过的房间照亮，刚好够使你迅速地瞥一眼这些不同的人。我们对弗赖伊夫人很敬重，但她确实应该比拉德克利夫夫人写的传奇故事更多。

We were walking leisurely down the Old Bailey, some time ago, when, as we passed this identical gate, it was opened by the officiating turnkey. We turned quickly round, as a matter of course, and saw two persons descending the steps. We could not help stopping and observing them.

不久前，我们悠闲地走在老贝利街上，经过这扇门时，它被执行公务的监狱看守打开了。我们快速地转过身来，不出所料看到两个人正在下台阶。我们忍不住停下来观察他们。

They were an elderly woman, of decent appearance, though evidently poor, and a boy of about fourteen or fifteen. The woman was crying bitterly; she carried a small bundle in her hand, and the boy followed at a short distance behind her. Their little history was obvious. The boy was her son, to whose early comfort she had perhaps sacrificed her own—for whose sake she had borne misery without repining, and poverty without a murmur—looking steadily forward to the time, when he who had so long witnessed her struggles for

himself, might be enabled to make some exertions for their joint support. He had formed dissolute connexions; idleness had led to crime; and he had been committed to take his trial for some petty theft. He had been long in prison, and, after receiving some trifling additional punishment, had been ordered to be discharged that morning. It was his first offence, and his poor old mother, still hoping to reclaim him, had been waiting at the gate to implore him to return home.

他们是一个尽管显然很贫穷、却长得很体面的年长女人和一个大概十四五岁的男孩。那个女人正在痛哭，手里提着一个小包裹，男孩在后面紧紧跟着她。显然，他们的过去很简单。那个男孩是她儿子，她可能为了他幼时的舒适牺牲掉了自己的舒适——为了他，她毫无怨言地承受苦难，默默地忍受贫穷。她坚定地盼望有那么一天，目睹她长期以来为自己所作的奋斗之后，他也能为两人共同的生计卖力。他结交了一些狐朋狗友，游手好闲让他犯了罪，还因为小偷小摸被判刑。他被囚禁了很久，接受了一些轻微的附加惩罚之后，那天早上被释放了。这是他第一次犯罪，他可怜的老母亲仍然希望感化他，已经等在门旁，恳求他回家去。

We cannot forget the boy; he descended the steps with a dogged look, shaking his head with an air of bravado and obstinate determination. They walked a few paces, and paused. The woman put her hand upon his shoulder in an agony of entreaty, and the boy sullenly raised his head as if in refusal. It was a brilliant morning, and every object looked fresh and happy in the broad, gay sunlight; he gazed round him for a few moments, bewildered with the brightness of the scene, for it was long since he had beheld anything save the gloomy walls of a prison. Perhaps the wretchedness of his mother made some impression on the boy's heart; perhaps some undefined recollection of the time when he was a happy child, and she his only friend, and best companion, crowded on him—he burst into tears; and covering his face with one hand, and hurriedly placing the other in his mother's, walked away with her.

我们忘不了那个男孩。他表情固执地走下台阶，摇着头，一副逞能和顽固不化的样子。他们走了几步，然后停了下来。那个女人痛苦地哀求着，把手放在他肩膀上。而那男孩愠怒地抬起头，好像在拒绝。那是个阳光灿烂的早晨，在洒满大地的快活的阳光中，每样东西看起来都那么清新、欢快。他朝四周凝视了一会儿，被周围景物的光明迷住了，因为他很长时间以来，除了监狱里阴暗的墙壁之外，都没看见过别的什么东西。也许是他母亲的悲惨触动了他的心，也许是一些说不清的回忆涌上心头。那时，他还是个快乐的孩子，他母亲则是他唯一的朋友和最好的陪伴。他哭了出来，用一只手捂着脸，并急忙把另一只手伸到他母亲手里，和她一起走开了。

Curiosity has occasionally led us into both Courts at the Old

Bailey. Nothing is so likely to strike the person who enters them for the first time, as the calm indifference with which the proceedings are conducted; every trial seems a mere matter of business. There is a great deal of form, but no compassion; considerable interest, but no sympathy. Take the Old Court for example. There sit the judges, with whose great dignity everybody is acquainted, and of whom therefore we need say no more. Then, there is the Lord Mayor in the centre, looking as cool as a Lord Mayor CAN look, with an immense bouquet before him, and habited in all the splendour of his office. Then, there are the Sheriffs, who are almost as dignified as the Lord Mayor himself; and the Barristers, who are quite dignified enough in their own opinion; and the spectators, who having paid for their admission, look upon the whole scene as if it were got up especially for their amusement. Look upon the whole group in the body of the Court—some wholly engrossed in the morning papers, others carelessly conversing in low whispers, and others, again, quietly dozing away an hour—and you can scarcely believe that the result of the trial is a matter of life or death to one wretched being present. But turn your eyes to the dock; watch the prisoner attentively for a few moments; and the fact is before you, in all its painful reality. Mark how restlessly he has been engaged for the last ten minutes, in forming all sorts of fantastic figures with the herbs which are strewed upon the ledge before him; observe the ashy paleness of his face when a particular witness appears, and how he changes his position and wipes his clammy forehead, and feverish hands, when the case for the prosecution is closed, as if it were a relief to him to feel that the jury knew the worst.

好奇心有时会促使我们走进老贝利街上的两个法庭。没有什么能比诉讼进行时平静和冷漠的态度更能触动一个初次进来的人了。每次的审讯似乎都只是例行公事。形式众多，却毫无怜悯之情；相当有趣，但没有同情心。以老法庭为例。法官们坐在那儿，他们强烈的尊严无人不知。因此，关于他们，我们不需要再多说什么。然后，还有坐在中央的市长。他显出了一个市长所可能表现出的冷静，前面有一大束花。他穿上了全副华丽官服。还有那些郡长，他们几乎同市长一样庄严。还有自认为够威严的律师和付了入场费的观众。这些观众把整个场面看成好像是为他们的娱乐而特别安排的一样。看看法庭里所有的人——有的在全神贯注地看晨报，有的在随意地低声聊天，还有的静静地打了一小时的盹儿——你简直没法相信这场审讯的结果关乎一个可怜的在场者的生死。你再把目光转向被告席，集中注意力注视一会儿那个犯人。事实便呈现在你的面前，事实痛苦而现实。注意在过去的十分钟里，他是多么烦躁地把撒在面前壁架上的药草摆成种种奇异的形象。注意他的脸色在某个证人出现时变得多么苍白，以及控告结束后，他如何改变了姿势、擦了一下湿冷的前额和发热的双手，仿佛他感到陪审团知道了最糟的情况反倒使他松了一口气。

The defence is concluded; the judge proceeds to sum up the evidence; and the prisoner watches the countenances of the jury, as a dying man, clinging to life to the very last, vainly looks in the face of his physician for a slight ray of hope. They turn round to consult; you can almost hear the man's heart beat, as he bites the stalk of rosemary, with a desperate effort to appear composed. They resume their places—a dead silence prevails as the foreman delivers in the verdict—'Guilty!' A shriek bursts from a female in the gallery; the prisoner casts one look at the quarter from whence the noise proceeded; and is immediately hurried from the dock by the gaoler. The clerk directs one of the officers of the Court to 'take the woman out,' and fresh business is proceeded with, as if nothing had occurred.

辩护结束了，法官开始总结证据。那个囚犯望着陪审员的脸色，正如一个垂死的人，临终还不愿咽气，为了一丝希望而徒劳地紧盯着医生的脸那样。他们转过身去商讨，你几乎可以听得见那人的心跳，尽管他咬住一根迷迭香的花梗，极力故作镇定。他们回到自己的位置上——陪审团主席宣布裁决时，周围一片死寂——宣布“有罪！”一个女人的尖叫声从边座传来，囚犯朝发出叫声的地方瞧了一眼，随即由监狱看守从被告席上匆匆带走了。书记员命令其中一个法警“把那个女人带出去”，接着又开始办另一宗案子，就像什么也没发生过一样。

No imaginary contrast to a case like this, could be as complete as that which is constantly presented in the New Court, the gravity of which is frequently disturbed in no small degree, by the cunning and pertinacity of juvenile offenders. A boy of thirteen is tried, say for picking the pocket of some subject of her Majesty, and the offence is about as clearly proved as an offence can be. He is called upon for his defence, and contents himself with a little declamation about the jurymen and his country—asserts that all the witnesses have committed perjury, and hints that the police force generally have entered into a conspiracy 'against' him. However probable this statement may be, it fails to convince the Court, and some such scene as the following then takes place:

新法庭里常常出现与该案件完全相反的事情，比任何想象中的反差都要彻底。那个法庭的庄重气氛经常被狡诈、执拗的少年犯严重扰乱。有一个十三岁的男孩被审讯，据说他扒窃了女王陛下的某个臣民，并且他的罪证已经再确凿不过。他被要求为自己辩护，很满意地攻击陪审员和国家，显得有些慷慨激昂，还宣称所有的证人都作了伪证，暗示警察也普遍参与了一个阴谋来“反对”他。不管这话有多少真实性，法庭没有信服它，于是下面的场面就发生了：

Court: Have you any witnesses to speak to your character, boy?

法官：你有没有什么证人能为你的品德说话，孩子？

Boy: Yes, my Lord; fifteen gen'lm'n is a vaten outside, and vos a

vaten all day yesterday, vich they told me the night afore my trial vos a comin' on.

男孩：有，法官大人。有十五位先生正在外面等着呢，昨天等了一整天呢。他们前一天晚上就告诉我要对我审讯了。

Court: Inquire for these witnesses.

法官：去找这些证人。

Here, a stout beadle runs out, and vociferates for the witnesses at the very top of his voice; for you hear his cry grow fainter and fainter as he descends the steps into the court-yard below. After an absence of five minutes, he returns, very warm and hoarse, and informs the Court of what it knew perfectly well before—namely, that there are no such witnesses in attendance. Hereupon, the boy sets up a most awful howling; screws the lower part of the palms of his hands into the corners of his eyes; and endeavours to look the picture of injured innocence. The jury at once find him 'guilty,' and his endeavours to squeeze out a tear or two are redoubled. The governor of the gaol then states, in reply to an inquiry from the bench, that the prisoner has been under his care twice before. This the urchin resolutely denies in some such terms as—'S'elp me, gen'lm'n, I never vos in trouble afore—indeed, my Lord, I never vos. It's all a howen to my having a twin brother, vich has wrongfully got into trouble, and vich is so exactly like me, that no vun ever knows the difference atween us.'

这时，一个矮胖的小吏跑出去，声嘶力竭地喊叫证人。你听到他跑下台阶，到了下面的院子里去，喊声也越来越弱。过了五分钟，他回来了，大汗淋漓，声音嘶哑。他向法庭通报法庭早已知晓的情况——即，根本没有这样的证人到场。于是，那个男孩嚎啕大哭起来，用两只手掌近腕的部分使劲揉着眼角，努力作出一副受了伤害的无辜样。陪审团立即宣布他“有罪”，他就加倍地努力挤出一两滴眼泪。接着，监狱长在答复法官的问话时，说这个囚犯曾经由他照管过两次。对此，那个顽童极力否认，说着一些这样的话：“帮帮我，先生。我以前从没惹过麻烦，真的，法官大人，我从没有闹过。都是因为我有个孪生兄弟，他曾经非法闹事。他长得和我简直完全一样，谁也分辨不出我们俩。”

This representation, like the defence, fails in producing the desired effect, and the boy is sentenced, perhaps, to seven years' transportation. Finding it impossible to excite compassion, he gives vent to his feelings in an imprecation bearing reference to the eyes of 'old big vig!' and as he declines to take the trouble of walking from the dock, is forthwith carried out, congratulating himself on having succeeded in giving everybody as much trouble as possible.

就像那番辩护一样，这个抗议也没有产生他想要的效果。于是，这个男孩被判了大概流放七年。发现不可能博取同情之后，他便咒骂法

官，以发泄怒气，骂法官“又老又大的笨蛋”的眼睛。由于他拒绝费劲走出被告席，被人抬了出去。他还庆幸于成功地给所有人尽量地制造麻烦。

CHAPTER XXV A VISIT TO NEWGATE

第二十五章　访问纽盖特监狱

'The force of habit' is a trite phrase in everybody's mouth; and it is not a little remarkable that those who use it most as applied to others, unconsciously afford in their own persons singular examples of the power which habit and custom exercise over the minds of men, and of the little reflection they are apt to bestow on subjects with which every day's experience has rendered them familiar. If Bedlam could be suddenly removed like another Aladdin's palace, and set down on the space now occupied by Newgate, scarcely one man out of a hundred, whose road to business every morning lies through Newgate-street, or the Old Bailey, would pass the building without bestowing a hasty glance on its small, grated windows, and a transient thought upon the condition of the unhappy beings immured in its dismal cells; and yet these same men, day by day, and hour by hour, pass and repass this gloomy depository of the guilt and misery of London, in one perpetual stream of life and bustle, utterly unmindful of the throng of wretched creatures pent up within it—nay, not even knowing, or if they do, not heeding, the fact, that as they pass one particular angle of the massive wall with a light laugh or a merry whistle, they stand within one yard of a fellow-creature, bound and helpless, whose hours are numbered, from whom the last feeble ray of hope has fled for ever, and whose miserable career will shortly terminate in a violent and shameful death. Contact with death even in its least terrible shape, is solemn and appalling. How much more awful is it to reflect on this near vicinity to the dying—to men in full health and vigour, in the flower of youth or the prime of life, with all their faculties and perceptions as acute and perfect as your own; but dying, nevertheless—dying as surely—with the hand of death imprinted upon them as indelibly—as if mortal disease had wasted their frames to shadows, and corruption had already begun!

“习惯的力量”是每个人都能脱口而出的陈旧词语。值得一提的是，那些最经常对别人说这句话的人，自己却无意间成了独特的例子，证明了习惯和风俗凌驾于人们思维之上的力量和他们对因每天接触而无比熟悉的事物所给予的反思之少。假如贝德兰可以像另一座阿拉丁的宫殿那样突然移开，然后放在如今纽盖特所在的地方，那么每天早上得穿过纽盖特街或老贝利街去工作的那些人当中，一百个里几乎不会有一个在经过那幢楼时不匆匆瞥一眼那些有格栅的小窗户，同时脑中一瞬间想到监禁在一间间阴郁的牢房里那些不幸者的境况。可同样是这些人，他们日复一日、时时刻刻地一遍遍走过伦敦这个阴暗的罪恶和苦难的贮藏所，

形成一条川流不息、熙熙攘攘的人流，却完全不顾被关在里面的可怜人——不，他们甚至还不知道，或者即使知道，也毫不在意一个事实。这个事实就是：他们一边轻笑着或高兴地吹着口哨绕过那堵厚墙时，他们和一个人相距不过一码，而此人却手脚被缚、无可奈何。他的时间已经不长了，最后一丝希望也已经永远消失。他悲惨的生涯马上就要由暴力而可耻的死亡来终结。和死亡，即使是最不可怕的死亡形式打交道，也是严肃而可怕的。更可怕的是想到自己这样接近即将死亡者——这些人身体健康、精力充沛，正值青春年少或是壮年。他们的官能和知觉与你同样敏锐而完善，尽管这样，他们却要死了——死定了，死亡已经不可磨灭地烙在了他们身上——好像世间的病痛已经使他们骨瘦如柴，而且已经开始腐烂了！

But these trades are as eccentric as comets; nay, worse, for no one can calculate on the recurrence of the strange appearances which betoken the disease. We have only to premise, that we do not intend to fatigue the reader with any statistical accounts of the prison; they will be found at length in numerous reports of numerous committees, and a variety of authorities of equal weight. We took no notes, made no memoranda, measured none of the yards, ascertained the exact number of inches in no particular room: are unable even to report of how many apartments the gaol is composed.

没几个星期之前，我们怀着这样的想法决定去参观纽盖特的内部——当然是以业余活动者的身份。我们既己如愿以偿，就着手将此行的收获公诸于读者，希望——是基于这一主题的性质，而不是对我们自己描述才能的狂妄自信——这篇文章不会让读者觉得完全枯燥无味。我们只需预先说明一下，我们并不打算用监狱的统计数字来劳烦读者。最终，它们会出现在众多委员会和各种同等重要的当局的众多报告中。我们没记笔记，没写备忘录，没测院子的大小，也没测定一个房间究竟有多少英寸：我们甚至说不出这个监狱一共有多少牢房。

We saw the prison, and saw the prisoners; and what we did see, and what we thought, we will tell at once in our own way.

我们看了监狱，看了囚犯。至于见到了什么，有什么感想，我们会马上用我们自己的方式讲述。

Having delivered our credentials to the servant who answered our knock at the door of the governor's house, we were ushered into the 'office;' a little room, on the right-hand side as you enter, with two windows looking into the Old Bailey: fitted up like an ordinary attorney's office, or merchant's counting-house, with the usual fixtures—a wainscoted partition, a shelf or two, a desk, a couple of stools, a pair of clerks, an almanack, a clock, and a few maps. After a little delay, occasioned by sending into the interior of the prison for the officer whose duty it was to conduct us, that functionary arrived; a respectable-looking man of about two or three and fifty, in a broad-

brimmed hat, and full suit of black, who, but for his keys, would have looked quite as much like a clergyman as a turnkey. We were disappointed; he had not even top-boots on. Following our conductor by a door opposite to that at which we had entered, we arrived at a small room, without any other furniture than a little desk, with a book for visitors' autographs, and a shelf, on which were a few boxes for papers, and casts of the heads and faces of the two notorious murderers, Bishop and Williams; the former, in particular, exhibiting a style of head and set of features, which might have afforded sufficient moral grounds for his instant execution at any time, even had there been no other evidence against him. Leaving this room also, by an opposite door, we found ourself in the lodge which opens on the Old Bailey; one side of which is plentifully garnished with a choice collection of heavy sets of irons, including those worn by the redoubtable Jack Sheppard—genuine; and those SAID to have been graced by the sturdy limbs of the no less celebrated Dick Turpin—doubtful. From this lodge, a heavy oaken gate, bound with iron, studded with nails of the same material, and guarded by another turnkey, opens on a few steps, if we remember right, which terminate in a narrow and dismal stone passage, running parallel with the Old Bailey, and leading to the different yards, through a number of tortuous and intricate windings, guarded in their turn by huge gates and gratings, whose appearance is sufficient to dispel at once the slightest hope of escape that any new-comer may have entertained; and the very recollection of which, on eventually traversing the place again, involves one in a maze of confusion.

我们敲了监狱长房屋的大门，把证件交给开门的男仆，之后就被领进了“办公室”。那是一间小屋，在进门靠右边。屋子有两扇窗对着老贝利街，屋里用常用的物品摆设得像普通律师事务所或者商人的账房样子——一个护壁隔板、一两个架子、一张办公桌、两个凳子、一本历书、一个表和几张地图，还有两名文书。由于派人到监狱里去找负责带领我们的官员，我们耽搁了一会儿。那人来了，他大约五十二三岁，看起来很体面，头戴宽边帽，身穿一套宽松的黑衣服。如果不是他的钥匙，他就会看起来既像监狱看守又像牧师。我们感到失望，他连长筒靴都没穿。我们跟着向导穿过我们进来时走的那扇门对面的一扇门，来到了一间小屋子里。屋里没有别的家具，只有一张小办公桌，上面放着一本访客签名册和一个架子。架子上面有几个里面放着文件的盒子和臭名昭著的杀人犯大主教和威廉斯的脑袋和脸的模型。尤其是前者，他的头和面貌模型的风格，已足够提供随时立即处决他的道德根据，即使没有其他不利于他的证据。我们从对面的一道门离开这间房子，到了通向老贝利街的那间门房。屋内有一边充足地装饰着精选的一副副笨重的镣铐，包括可怕的杰克· 谢泼德戴过的那副——这是真事，还有据说名声不亚于他的迪克·特平那强壮的四肢戴过的——这个令人怀疑。从这间门房出去，有扇笨重的橡木门，包着铁皮，门上钉着同样材质的大头钉。它由

另一个监狱看守守卫着，如果我们没有记错的话，门口有几级石阶，一直到一条阴暗狭窄的石砌走廊才消失。走廊与老贝利街平行，通向各个院子，一路上迂回曲折地转弯，四周都设有巨大的门和格栅保卫着。那样子足够使任何初来的囚犯立即打消一切想逃跑的念头。而且，谁最终要再一次穿过这条走廊的话，仅仅回忆一下这些门，也会陷入极度混乱之中。

It is necessary to explain here, that the buildings in the prison, or in other words the different wards—form a square, of which the four sides abut respectively on the Old Bailey, the old College of Physicians (now forming a part of Newgate-market), the Sessions-house, and Newgate-street. The intermediate space is divided into several paved yards, in which the prisoners take such air and exercise as can be had in such a place. These yards, with the exception of that in which prisoners under sentence of death are confined (of which we shall presently give a more detailed description), run parallel with Newgate-street, and consequently from the Old Bailey, as it were, to Newgate-market. The women's side is in the right wing of the prison nearest the Sessions-house. As we were introduced into this part of the building first, we will adopt the same order, and introduce our readers to it also.

这里有必要解释一下，监狱里的建筑物，或者说那些牢房——形成了一个方形，四边分别相接于老贝利街、老医科大学（如今是纽盖特市场的一部分）、法庭大楼和纽盖特街。牢房之间的空间分成几个砖砌的院子，在这里，囚犯们做做在这种地方可能做的透透气和活动手脚之类的事情。除了囚禁判了死刑的犯人的那个院子（我们即将对此作更详细的描述），那些院子都与纽盖特街平行，所以可以说是从老贝利街到纽盖特市场那一段。女牢在监狱的右翼，离法庭大楼最近。由于我们最开始是被领进大楼的这个部分，我们也就按照同样的顺序向读者们介绍吧。

Turning to the right, then, down the passage to which we just now adverted, omitting any mention of intervening gates—for if we noticed every gate that was unlocked for us to pass through, and locked again as soon as we had passed, we should require a gate at every comma—we came to a door composed of thick bars of wood, through which were discernible, passing to and fro in a narrow yard, some twenty women: the majority of whom, however, as soon as they were aware of the presence of strangers, retreated to their wards. One side of this yard is railed off at a considerable distance, and formed into a kind of iron cage, about five feet ten inches in height, roofed at the top, and defended in front by iron bars, from which the friends of the female prisoners communicate with them. In one corner of this singular-looking den, was a yellow, haggard, decrepit old woman, in a tattered gown that had once been black, and the remains of an old

straw bonnet, with faded ribbon of the same hue, in earnest conversation with a young girl—a prisoner, of course—of about two-and-twenty. It is impossible to imagine a more poverty-stricken object, or a creature so borne down in soul and body, by excess of misery and destitution, as the old woman. The girl was a good-looking, robust female, with a profusion of hair streaming about in the wind—for she had no bonnet on—and a man's silk pocket-handkerchief loosely thrown over a most ample pair of shoulders. The old woman was talking in that low, stifled tone of voice which tells so forcibly of mental anguish; and every now and then burst into an irrepressible sharp, abrupt cry of grief, the most distressing sound that ears can hear. The girl was perfectly unmoved. Hardened beyond all hope of redemption, she listened doggedly to her mother's entreaties, whatever they were: and, beyond inquiring after 'Jem,' and eagerly catching at the few halfpence her miserable parent had brought her, took no more apparent interest in the conversation than the most unconcerned spectators. Heaven knows there were enough of them, in the persons of the other prisoners in the yard, who were no more concerned by what was passing before their eyes, and within their hearing, than if they were blind and deaf. Why should they be? Inside the prison, and out, such scenes were too familiar to them, to excite even a passing thought, unless of ridicule or contempt for feelings which they had long since forgotten.

接着，顺着我们刚才提及的那条走廊向右转，我们打算忽略不谈中途经过的门——因为如果我们去注意那些为让我们通过而开锁，之后又马上锁上的每扇门的话，我们就得在每个逗号处写上一个“门”字——我们来到了由一根根粗木杆构成的一扇门前，通过它可以瞧见在一个狭窄的院子里来回走着的大约二十个女人。不过，她们大多数人只要知道有生人来，就会马上回到牢房去。这个院子的一边被远远地隔开，形成一个铁笼子，高约五英尺十英寸，顶上有盖，前面有一根根铁杆防护着，女囚犯的朋友们从那里和她们交谈。在这个看起来很奇异的囚笼的一个角落里，有一个脸色发黄、形容枯槁、衰弱不堪的老妇人，身穿一件原本是黑色的破长袍，头戴一顶破旧的草帽，帽子上缝着颜色相同的褪色缎带。她正热切地和一个大约二十二岁的年轻姑娘谈话——当然，那姑娘是个犯人。再也想象不出一个比这位老妇人更加贫困潦倒，或者由于过度痛苦和贫穷而如此身心交瘁的人了。那个女孩美貌而又强健，浓密的头发在风中飘动——因为她没戴帽子——一条男式丝绸手帕松松地披在她丰满的双肩上。老妇人说着话，她的声音低沉而压抑，表示她心里极其痛苦。她时不时地会突然爆发出一声压抑不住的尖锐的痛哭声，那是人类耳朵所能听到的最悲痛的声音。那个女孩完全无动于衷。她心肠硬得已经不可挽救，对母亲的恳求执拗地充耳不闻，不管她说什么。而且，除了询问“杰姆”的情况，并急切地抓过她可怜的母亲带给她的几个半便士铜币外，她对母亲的话显然毫不感兴趣了，就像最冷漠的旁观者一样。天知道旁观者已经够多了，那就是院子里的其他女犯人。她们丝

毫不关心自己正看见的和听见的事，就像瞎子和聋子那样。她们为什么该关心呢？她们在监狱里和监狱外对这种情景太熟悉了，都激不起甚至一丝想法，除了嘲笑和鄙视她们早已忘却的那种感情以外。

A little farther on, a squalid-looking woman in a slovenly, thick-bordered cap, with her arms muffled in a large red shawl, the fringed ends of which straggled nearly to the bottom of a dirty white apron, was communicating some instructions to HER visitor—her daughter evidently. The girl was thinly clad, and shaking with the cold. Some ordinary word of recognition passed between her and her mother when she appeared at the grating, but neither hope, condolence, regret, nor affection was expressed on either side. The mother whispered her instructions, and the girl received them with her pinched-up, half-starved features twisted into an expression of careful cunning. It was some scheme for the woman's defence that she was disclosing, perhaps; and a sullen smile came over the girl's face for an instant, as if she were pleased: not so much at the probability of her mother's liberation, as at the chance of her 'getting off' in spite of her prosecutors. The dialogue was soon concluded; and with the same careless indifference with which they had approached each other, the mother turned towards the inner end of the yard, and the girl to the gate at which she had entered.

再远一点的地方，一个样子邋遢的女人戴着一顶厚边的脏帽子，两个手臂裹在一条红色大围巾里。围巾两头的边饰几乎垂到肮脏的白围裙下摆处。她正叮嘱着她的来访者——显然是她的女儿。那女孩穿得很单薄，正冷得发抖。她出现在格栅前的时候，母女说了些普普通通的招呼话，可没有表达祝愿、安慰或后悔的话，彼此也没有表达母女之爱。母亲轻声嘱咐着，女孩听着。她那消瘦、半是饥容的脸拧出一种狡诈而谨慎的表情。或许，那女人正在透露的是为自己辩护的某个计谋。女孩脸上露出一瞬间阴沉的笑容，仿佛她很高兴——并非因为她母亲可能获释而高兴，而是因为尽管有人检举她，她还是有可能“逃之夭夭”而高兴。对话不久便结束了。然后，正如她们互相走近时一样随便而淡漠，母亲朝院子里面那头走去，而女孩则走向刚才进来的那个门。

The girl belonged to a class—unhappily but too extensive—the very existence of which, should make men's hearts bleed. Barely past her childhood, it required but a glance to discover that she was one of those children, born and bred in neglect and vice, who have never known what childhood is: who have never been taught to love and court a parent's smile, or to dread a parent's frown. The thousand nameless endearments of childhood, its gaiety and its innocence, are alike unknown to them. They have entered at once upon the stern realities and miseries of life, and to their better nature it is almost hopeless to appeal in after-times, by any of the references which will awaken, if it be only for a moment, some good feeling in ordinary

bosoms, however corrupt they may have become. Talk to THEM of parental solicitude, the happy days of childhood, and the merry games of infancy! Tell them of hunger and the streets, beggary and stripes, the gin-shop, the station-house, and the pawnbroker's, and they will understand you.

女孩属于的阶层——很不幸，但过于庞大——之存在令人心痛。她才刚刚度过童年，只需一眼便可发现她属于那种孩子——生来贫穷，成长过程中缺乏教管，染上种种恶习，而且从来不知道童年是什么。他们从未被教过去爱别人、博取父母的笑容，或畏惧家长的不悦之色。他们对童年的上千种无法形容的疼爱、快乐和天真都一无所知。他们立即就进入了冷酷的现实和生活的苦难，而且日后要激起他们天性中较好的方面几乎是毫无希望的，无论用什么办法。而这些办法会唤醒一般人心中善良的感情，哪怕只有片刻，不论他们已堕落到什么地步。试试跟他们谈父母的关爱、童年的快乐时光和幼儿时期的欢乐游戏！对他们讲饿肚子和流落街头、行乞和坐牢、酒馆、警察局和当铺，他们才会懂得你的话。

Two or three women were standing at different parts of the grating, conversing with their friends, but a very large proportion of the prisoners appeared to have no friends at all, beyond such of their old companions as might happen to be within the walls. So, passing hastily down the yard, and pausing only for an instant to notice the little incidents we have just recorded, we were conducted up a clean and well-lighted flight of stone stairs to one of the wards. There are several in this part of the building, but a description of one is a description of the whole.

两三个女人站在格栅不同的地方，正和她们的朋友交谈，可这里大部分女犯似乎根本没有朋友，除了可能刚巧也被关在监狱里的一些老同伴之外。因此，我们匆匆走过院子，只停留了一会儿，注意了一下我们刚才记载的那些小事。接着，我们被领着走上一段干净而灯火通明的通向一间牢房的石级。这幢楼的这一部分有几间牢房，但描述其中的一间便是描述了全部。

It was a spacious, bare, whitewashed apartment, lighted, of course, by windows looking into the interior of the prison, but far more light and airy than one could reasonably expect to find in such a situation. There was a large fire with a deal table before it, round which ten or a dozen women were seated on wooden forms at dinner. Along both sides of the room ran a shelf; below it, at regular intervals, a row of large hooks were fixed in the wall, on each of which was hung the sleeping mat of a prisoner: her rug and blanket being folded up, and placed on the shelf above. At night, these mats are placed on the floor, each beneath the hook on which it hangs during the day; and the ward is thus made to answer the purposes both of a day-room and sleeping apartment. Over the fireplace, was a large sheet of

pasteboard, on which were displayed a variety of texts from Scripture, which were also scattered about the room in scraps about the size and shape of the copy-slips which are used in schools. On the table was a sufficient provision of a kind of stewed beef and brown bread, in pewter dishes, which are kept perfectly bright, and displayed on shelves in great order and regularity when they are not in use.

这间宽敞、空荡、用白粉刷过的房间当然是从朝监狱内部开的窗户照亮的，不过比人们在这种情况下合理地期望见到的要明亮得多，通风状况也好得多。屋子里炉火烧得很旺，炉火前放着一张松木桌子，有十或十二个女人坐在木头条凳上，围着桌子吃饭。房间两边的墙上安着搁板。搁板下面有一排大铁钩固定在墙上，彼此隔着一定的距离。每只铁钩上挂着一条一个囚犯睡觉用的席子。她的小毯子和毛毡折叠着，放在上面的搁板上。晚上，这些席子就铺在地上，每一个都处于铁钩下面，而白天就挂在铁钩上。牢房就这样既可充当白天的休息室，又可充当卧室。壁炉的上方是一大张纸板，写着《圣经》各种版本的文本。这些文本也写在房间里到处散布着的纸片上，其大小和形状与学校里用的抄写纸差不多。桌子上摆着充足的炖牛肉和黑面包，放在白镴盘子里。盘子擦得闪闪发亮，不用时就非常整齐地按顺序摆在搁板上。

The women rose hastily, on our entrance, and retired in a hurried manner to either side of the fireplace. They were all cleanly— many of them decently—attired, and there was nothing peculiar, either in their appearance or demeanour. One or two resumed the needlework which they had probably laid aside at the commencement of their meal; others gazed at the visitors with listless curiosity; and a few retired behind their companions to the very end of the room, as if desirous to avoid even the casual observation of the strangers. Some old Irish women, both in this and other wards, to whom the thing was no novelty, appeared perfectly indifferent to our presence, and remained standing close to the seats from which they had just risen; but the general feeling among the females seemed to be one of uneasiness during the period of our stay among them: which was very brief. Not a word was uttered during the time of our remaining, unless, indeed, by the wardswoman in reply to some question which we put to the turnkey who accompanied us. In every ward on the female side, a wardswoman is appointed to preserve order, and a similar regulation is adopted among the males. The wardsmen and wardswomen are all prisoners, selected for good conduct. They alone are allowed the privilege of sleeping on bedsteads; a small stump bedstead being placed in every ward for that purpose. On both sides of the gaol, is a small receiving-room, to which prisoners are conducted on their first reception, and whence they cannot be removed until they have been examined by the surgeon of the prison.

我们一进屋，那些女人就急忙站起来，并匆匆退到壁炉的两边去。

她们都穿得很干净——其中许多还穿得很体面——她们无论外貌还是举止都没有什么特殊之处。其中一两个人又继续做针线活，那可能是她们在开始吃饭时搁在一边的。其他的人凝视着访客，无精打采而又很好奇。还有几个则退到她们同伴背后，到了屋子的最里头，似乎想避免甚至是陌生人随便的一瞥。这个牢房和其他牢房里有几个爱尔兰老妇人，她们对这事并不感到新奇，对我们的出现毫不在乎，一直紧挨着她们刚才站起来的位子站着。不过，我们和她们呆在一起的时候，虽然时间很短，她们似乎普遍都感到一种不自在。的确，我们呆在那儿的时间里，她们一言未发，除了女狱长答复我们向陪伴我们的监狱看守提出的问题之外。每个女牢里都有一个女狱长被指定维持秩序，在男牢里也采取了相似的规定。男狱长和女狱长都是囚犯，因表现好而当选为狱长。只有他们享有睡在床上的特权，因此，每个牢房里都放着一个由树桩制成的小床架。监狱的两边各有一小间收容室，囚犯们入狱时首先要被领进这个房间，并且在未经狱医检查之前不得离开此处。

Retracing our steps to the dismal passage in which we found ourselves at first (and which, by-the-bye, contains three or four dark cells for the accommodation of refractory prisoners), we were led through a narrow yard to the 'school'—a portion of the prison set apart for boys under fourteen years of age. In a tolerable-sized room, in which were writing-materials and some copy-books, was the schoolmaster, with a couple of his pupils; the remainder having been fetched from an adjoining apartment, the whole were drawn up in line for our inspection. There were fourteen of them in all, some with shoes, some without; some in pinafores without jackets, others in jackets without pinafores, and one in scarce anything at all. The whole number, without an exception we believe, had been committed for trial on charges of pocket-picking; and fourteen such terrible little faces we never beheld. —There was not one redeeming feature among them—not a glance of honesty—not a wink expressive of anything but the gallows and the hulks, in the whole collection. As to anything like shame or contrition, that was entirely out of the question. They were evidently quite gratified at being thought worth the trouble of looking at; their idea appeared to be, that we had come to see Newgate as a grand affair, and that they were an indispensable part of the show; and every boy as he 'fell in' to the line, actually seemed as pleased and important as if he had done something excessively meritorious in getting there at all. We never looked upon a more disagreeable sight, because we never saw fourteen such hopeless creatures of neglect, before.

顺着原路回到起初见到的那条阴暗的走廊（顺便提一下，这条走廊里有三四间黑暗的单人牢房，专供囚禁不服管教的犯人）之后，我们被带着穿过一个狭窄的院子，来到了“学校”——那是监狱中为十四岁以下的男孩划出来的部分。一间备有文具和习字帖的大小还算可以的房间

里，有校长和他的几个学生。其余的学生已经从隔壁被召来，全体列队，让我们检阅。他们一共有十四人，有的穿着鞋，有的没有穿鞋，有的围着围裙但没穿短上衣，有的穿了短上衣却没围围裙，还有一个几乎什么也没穿。他们全体——我们相信无一例外——都是被控告扒窃而判刑。这十四个如此邪恶的小脸蛋是我们从未见过的。他们所有人中没有一个人脸上表现出赎救之意，没有一个诚实的眼神，神色除了传递出纹刑架和囚船之外，别无他物。至于诸如羞耻和悔悟之类的事，就压根儿不用提了。他们显然对别人认为他们值得费神瞧上一眼而心满意足。他们似乎认为，我们前来参观纽盖特监狱是一件重大的事，他们是该节目中不可或缺的一部分。每个男孩进入队列的时候，竟然还显得又高兴又了不起，仿佛他到场本身就是立下了极大的功劳似的。这是我们见过的最讨厌的景象，因为我们之前从来没有见过十四个如此毫无希望、疏于管教的可怜虫。

On either side of the school-yard is a yard for men, in one of which—that towards Newgate-street—prisoners of the more respectable class are confined. Of the other, we have little description to offer, as the different wards necessarily partake of the same character. They are provided, like the wards on the women's side, with mats and rugs, which are disposed of in the same manner during the day; the only very striking difference between their appearance and that of the wards inhabited by the females, is the utter absence of any employment. Huddled together on two opposite forms, by the fireside, sit twenty men perhaps; here, a boy in livery; there, a man in a rough great-coat and top-boots; farther on, a desperate-looking fellow in his shirt-sleeves, with an old Scotch cap upon his shaggy head; near him again, a tall ruffian, in a smock-frock; next to him, a miserable being of distressed appearance, with his head resting on his hand;—all alike in one respect, all idle and listless. When they do leave the fire, sauntering moodily about, lounging in the window, or leaning against the wall, vacantly swinging their bodies to and fro. With the exception of a man reading an old newspaper, in two or three instances, this was the case in every ward we entered.

校园两旁各有一个男犯的院子，其中的一个——朝着纽盖特街的那个——关着更体面一级的囚犯。对于另一个院子，我们没什么可说的，因为各个牢房都必然具有相同的特征。那些牢房也像女囚犯那边的牢房一样，提供席子和毯子，白天安置这些东西的方式也相同。它们和女囚犯住的牢房外貌的唯一显著不同，是男囚犯根本不用做任何工作。大约有二十个男囚犯挤在一起，坐在壁炉旁相对放着的两条长凳上。这边是个穿制服的男孩，那边是个穿粗布大衣和长筒靴的男人。挨着坐的是一个只穿着衬衫、看上去不顾一切的家伙，一头杂乱的头发上戴着一顶苏格兰式旧帽子。离他不远处的是一个身穿长罩衣的高个子流氓，他旁边是一个显得很苦恼、双手抱头的可怜人。他们在一个方面都相同，全都无事可干、无精打采。他们要是从壁炉旁走开的时候，便闷闷不乐地踱

来踱去，在窗前闲逛，或者倚在墙上，心不在焉地把身子摇来摇去。除了有两三次看到某个犯人在看旧报纸，我们进去的每个牢房都是上述这种情况。

The only communication these men have with their friends, is through two close iron gratings, with an intermediate space of about a yard in width between the two, so that nothing can be handed across, nor can the prisoner have any communication by touch with the person who visits him. The married men have a separate grating, at which to see their wives, but its construction is the same.

这些人与他们的朋友之间仅有的交流，是通过两排离得很近的格栅进行的。它们之间相隔的宽度约一码左右，如此则既不能递什么东西，囚犯也不能与来访者有什么肢体接触的交流。已婚的囚犯们通过另一处格栅和他们的妻子相见，不过其结构是一样的。

The prison chapel is situated at the back of the governor's house: the latter having no windows looking into the interior of the prison. Whether the associations connected with the place—the knowledge that here a portion of the burial service is, on some dreadful occasions, performed over the quick and not upon the dead—cast over it a still more gloomy and sombre air than art has imparted to it, we know not, but its appearance is very striking. There is something in a silent and deserted place of worship, solemn and impressive at any time; and the very dissimilarity of this one from any we have been accustomed to, only enhances the impression. The meanness of its appointments—the bare and scanty pulpit, with the paltry painted pillars on either side—the women's gallery with its great heavy curtain—the men's with its unpainted benches and dingy front—the tottering little table at the altar, with the commandments on the wall above it, scarcely legible through lack of paint, and dust and damp—so unlike the velvet and gilding, the marble and wood, of a modern church—are strange and striking. There is one object, too, which rivets the attention and fascinates the gaze, and from which we may turn horror-stricken in vain, for the recollection of it will haunt us, waking and sleeping, for a long time afterwards. Immediately below the reading-desk, on the floor of the chapel, and forming the most conspicuous object in its little area, is THE CONDEMNED PEW; a huge black pen, in which the wretched people, who are singled out for death, are placed on the Sunday preceding their execution, in sight of all their fellow-prisoners, from many of whom they may have been separated but a week before, to hear prayers for their own souls, to join in the responses of their own burial service, and to listen to an address, warning their recent companions to take example by their fate, and urging themselves, while there is yet time—nearly four-and-twenty hours—to 'turn, and flee from the wrath to come!' Imagine

what have been the feelings of the men whom that fearful pew has enclosed, and of whom, between the gallows and the knife, no mortal remnant may now remain! Think of the hopeless clinging to life to the last, and the wild despair, far exceeding in anguish the felon's death itself, by which they have heard the certainty of their speedy transmission to another world, with all their crimes upon their heads, rung into their ears by the officiating clergyman!

监狱的附属教堂座落在监狱长房子的后面，他的房子没有面向监狱内部的窗户。我们不知道与这个地方有关的联想是否——据了解，这里一部分的葬礼，在某些可怕的场合中是为活人而非为死人举行——给这个地方蒙上了比艺术所赋予它的更阴郁、更昏暗的气氛，但它看起来让人触目惊心。无论何时，寂静、废弃的教堂里都有一种庄严、让人难忘的东西。这个教堂与我们习惯于见到的教堂不同，就更加深了这种感觉。布道坛狭小，没有什么装饰，两旁各有一根廉价的上了漆的柱子。女座前面挂着很大的厚帘子，男座的长凳没有上漆，前部很脏。祭坛那边的小桌子摇摇晃晃，上方的墙上写着圣训，由于用漆过少、蒙上灰尘，又受了潮，字迹几乎已辨认不出。与现代教堂中的丝绒和镀金装饰、大理石和木质结构截然不同，这座教堂的摆设之简陋很奇怪，又让人触目惊心。还有一样东西也很引人注意，吸引人的目光。我们可能出于恐惧而转过头去，但毫无用处，因为关于它的回忆事后很长时间都萦绕在我们的心头，不论我们是醒是睡。就在读经台下方的教堂地板上，死刑囚犯的长凳成了那一小块区域里最惹人注目的东西。在处决他们之前的星期日，已挑选出来准备处以死刑的那些可怜人被一个很大的黑色围栏圈着，让监狱中所有的伙伴都看见他们，其中有很多人一个星期前才与他们分离。这样做是为了让他们聆听为自己的灵魂所做的祈祷，让他们参与自己葬礼上的唱和，还让他们听一篇讲话，警告他们的新伙伴对他们的下场引以为戒，同时也自我催促，趁还有时间——还有差不多二十四个小时——“回头，逃避将到来的天罚！”想象一下那些被可怕的长凳围起来的人有何感受，如今他们已在绞刑架和铡刀中间尸骨无存了！想想他们绝望地抓住生命，直到最后一刻，陷入极度的绝望，远远超过了重犯死刑本身的痛苦。他们就这样听到主持仪式的牧师说，他们肯定将背负着其全部罪行，迅速地转移到另一个世界去！

At one time—and at no distant period either—the coffins of the men about to be executed, were placed in that pew, upon the seat by their side, during the whole service. It may seem incredible, but it is true. Let us hope that the increased spirit of civilisation and humanity which abolished this frightful and degrading custom, may extend itself to other usages equally barbarous; usages which have not even the plea of utility in their defence, as every year's experience has shown them to be more and more inefficacious.

曾经——而且是在不久以前——在整个仪式过程中，即将被处死的那些人的棺材都放在他们就座的长凳上，紧挨着他们。这似乎难以置信，但却是真的。让我们希望己废除这种可怕而卑劣习俗的更强的文明

和人道精神，能扩展到其他同样残暴的习俗。有些习俗甚至不能以有效来为自己辩护，因为年年的经验已表明它们越来越无效了。

Leaving the chapel, descending to the passage so frequently alluded to, and crossing the yard before noticed as being allotted to prisoners of a more respectable description than the generality of men confined here, the visitor arrives at a thick iron gate of great size and strength. Having been admitted through it by the turnkey on duty, he turns sharp round to the left, and pauses before another gate; and, having passed this last barrier, he stands in the most terrible part of this gloomy building—the condemned ward.

离开教堂，下到常常被提及的那条走廊，穿过前面注意到的一个院子，即那个分配给比囚禁在这里的一般犯人更体面的囚犯的那个院子，来访者便来到一扇很大、很坚固的厚铁门前。值班的监狱看守让他进门之后，他向左急转，又在另一扇门前停下。穿过这最后的一道屏障之后，他就站在这幢阴暗的建筑物里最可怖的部分了——死囚牢房。

The press-yard, well known by name to newspaper readers, from its frequent mention in accounts of executions, is at the corner of the building, and next to the ordinary's house, in Newgate-street: running from Newgate-street, towards the centre of the prison, parallel with Newgate-market. It is a long, narrow court, of which a portion of the wall in Newgate-street forms one end, and the gate the other. At the upper end, on the left hand—that is, adjoining the wall in Newgate-street—is a cistern of water, and at the bottom a double grating (of which the gate itself forms a part) similar to that before described. Through these grates the prisoners are allowed to see their friends; a turnkey always remaining in the vacant space between, during the whole interview. Immediately on the right as you enter, is a building containing the press-room, day-room, and cells; the yard is on every side surrounded by lofty walls guarded by chevaux de frise; and the whole is under the constant inspection of vigilant and experienced turnkeys.

读报的人都对“媒体院子”这个名称很熟悉，因为死刑的报道中常提及它。它在这幢楼的一个转角处，旁边是纽盖特街上的一间普通房屋。它从纽盖特街一直延伸到监狱中央，与纽盖特市场平行。它是个长而窄的院子，一头与纽盖特街的一段墙相接，另一头则是大门。靠左手边的那头——即靠近纽盖特街那堵墙的地方——是一个蓄水池。另一头有一排双重格栅（格栅中插有一扇门），类似于我们之前形容过的那种。囚犯们可以通过这些格栅见他们的朋友。在整个会见过程中，一名监狱看守会一直呆在双重格栅之间的空地上。你走进院子，紧靠右边有一幢包含记者室、白天活动室和单人牢房的建筑物。院子四周都是高墙，墙上还有长头钉防卫。整个院子由警惕而老练的监狱看守经常监视着。

In the first apartment into which we were conducted—which was

at the top of a staircase, and immediately over the press-room—were five-and-twenty or thirty prisoners, all under sentence of death, awaiting the result of the recorder's report—men of all ages and appearances, from a hardened old offender with swarthy face and grizzly beard of three days' growth, to a handsome boy, not fourteen years old, and of singularly youthful appearance even for that age, who had been condemned for burglary. There was nothing remarkable in the appearance of these prisoners. One or two decently-dressed men were brooding with a dejected air over the fire; several little groups of two or three had been engaged in conversation at the upper end of the room, or in the windows; and the remainder were crowded round a young man seated at a table, who appeared to be engaged in teaching the younger ones to write. The room was large, airy, and clean. There was very little anxiety or mental suffering depicted in the countenance of any of the men;—they had all been sentenced to death, it is true, and the recorder's report had not yet been made; but, we question whether there was a man among them, notwithstanding, who did not KNOW that although he had undergone the ceremony, it never was intended that his life should be sacrificed. On the table lay a Testament, but there were no tokens of its having been in recent use.

我们被领着进入的第一间房子——在一段楼梯的顶上，正处在记者室的楼上——里面有二十五或三十个囚犯，全都被判了死刑，正等着首席法官的判决。他们年龄不一、外貌各异，从一个冷酷、面孔黝黑、灰白胡须已经三天未剃的老罪犯，到一个长相帅气的男孩。那个男孩还不到十四岁，即使就他的年龄来说，他的长相也显得出奇年轻。他是因盗窃而被判刑的。这些囚犯的长相并无任何异乎寻常之处。一两个穿得体面的男人沮丧地站在火炉边沉思，另一些三两成群在房间的一头或窗前交淡，其余的人则挤在一个年轻人周围，那人坐在桌子旁，似乎在教更年轻一点的人写字。这个房间很大，通风很好，又很干净。所有犯人的面容都没有显出很忧虑或心理痛苦的样子。确实，他们全都已被判处死刑，首席法官的判决书还未写好。但是，我们仍然怀疑他们当中会不会有个人不知道，虽然他已经参加过仪式，可这决不意味着他得牺牲生命。桌子上放着一本圣约书，但是并没有迹象表明它最近有人读过。

In the press-room below, were three men, the nature of whose offence rendered it necessary to separate them, even from their companions in guilt. It is a long, sombre room, with two windows sunk into the stone wall, and here the wretched men are pinioned on the morning of their execution, before moving towards the scaffold. The fate of one of these prisoners was uncertain; some mitigatory circumstances having come to light since his trial, which had been humanely represented in the proper quarter. The other two had nothing to expect from the mercy of the crown; their doom was sealed; no plea could be urged in extenuation of their crime, and they

well knew that for them there was no hope in this world. 'The two short ones,' the turnkey whispered, 'were dead men.'

楼下的记者室里关着三个人，他们罪行的性质使他们有必要隔离，甚至和他们有罪的同伙隔离开来。这是一间阴暗的房间，房间很长，有两扇窗嵌在石头墙中。他们在处决的当天早上，押往绞刑台前被绑着关在这间屋里。其中一个罪犯的命运还未确定。自从他受审以来，一些可以使他减刑的情况出现了，是本着人道主义向相关方面提出来的。另外两个人无望获得国王的宽恕，他们已注定必死无疑，再也提不出什么理由来请求减轻罪行了。他们很明白自己在这世上已没有希望了。“那两个矮个子，”监狱看守轻声说，“已是死人了。”

The man to whom we have alluded as entertaining some hopes of escape, was lounging, at the greatest distance he could place between himself and his companions, in the window nearest to the door. He was probably aware of our approach, and had assumed an air of courageous indifference; his face was purposely averted towards the window, and he stirred not an inch while we were present. The other two men were at the upper end of the room. One of them, who was imperfectly seen in the dim light, had his back towards us, and was stooping over the fire, with his right arm on the mantel-piece, and his head sunk upon it. The other was leaning on the sill of the farthest window. The light fell full upon him, and communicated to his pale, haggard face, and disordered hair, an appearance which, at that distance, was ghastly. His cheek rested upon his hand; and, with his face a little raised, and his eyes wildly staring before him, he seemed to be unconsciously intent on counting the chinks in the opposite wall. We passed this room again afterwards. The first man was pacing up and down the court with a firm military step—he had been a soldier in the foot-guards—and a cloth cap jauntily thrown on one side of his head. He bowed respectfully to our conductor, and the salute was returned. The other two still remained in the positions we have described, and were as motionless as statues. {3}

我们刚才谈到的那个有望免于一死的人正在离门最近的窗户边闲荡，尽可能远离他的两个同伴。他可能意识到我们走近了，摆出一副勇敢而漠然的样子。他故意把脸转向窗户，我们在那儿的时候，他一英寸也没有移动。另外两个人在房间的另一头。其中的一个人在阴暗的光线中看得不是很清楚，他背朝着我们，弯腰对着壁炉，右臂搁在壁炉台上，头垂在手臂上。另一个人倚在最远处的那个窗台上。光线照在他的身上，使他那张苍白而又憔悴的脸和一头乱发从这个距离看显得十分可怖。他一只手托着脸颊，脸微微抬起，大睁着眼睛盯着前面，似乎正在无意识地专心数着对面墙上的裂缝。我们后来又经过一次这个房间。第一个人正以有力的军人步伐在院子里来回踱着——他曾在近卫步兵连里当过兵——洋洋得意地歪戴着一顶布帽子。他恭敬地向我们的向导鞠了一躬，后者还以敬礼。其他两个人仍然保持着我们所描述的姿势，像雕

像似的一动也不动。{3}

A few paces up the yard, and forming a continuation of the building, in which are the two rooms we have just quitted, lie the condemned cells. The entrance is by a narrow and obscure stair-case leading to a dark passage, in which a charcoal stove casts a lurid tint over the objects in its immediate vicinity, and diffuses something like warmth around. From the left-hand side of this passage, the massive door of every cell on the story opens; and from it alone can they be approached. There are three of these passages, and three of these ranges of cells, one above the other; but in size, furniture and appearance, they are all precisely alike. Prior to the recorder's report being made, all the prisoners under sentence of death are removed from the day-room at five o'clock in the afternoon, and locked up in these cells, where they are allowed a candle until ten o'clock; and here they remain until seven next morning. When the warrant for a prisoner's execution arrives, he is removed to the cells and confined in one of them until he leaves it for the scaffold. He is at liberty to walk in the yard; but, both in his walks and in his cell, he is constantly attended by a turnkey who never leaves him on any pretence.

在院子里再走几步路，就到了死囚牢房。它与我们刚才离开的那两间屋子在同一幢楼里。入口是通往一条黑暗的走廊的一段狭窄、隐蔽的楼梯。走廊里有一个炭炉，炉中红色的火光投射在靠它最近的一些物体上，向周围散发出一点儿热气。每个单人牢房的厚实的门都开向走廊的左边，只有通过这扇门才能进入这些牢房。有三条这样的走廊和三排这样的牢房，一排叠在另一排的上面。但这些牢房的面积、家具和模样完全相同。首席法官的判决书下达之前，全部判处死刑的囚犯都在下午五点钟被清除出白天活动室，锁进这些单人牢房里。在这里，他们可以把蜡烛点到晚上十点。他们一直在这儿呆到第二天早上七点钟。等到处决犯人的执行令送到时，囚犯便被一直关在单人牢房里，直到上绞刑台。他可以自由地在院子里散步，但是，不论他在散步还是呆在牢房里，他都经常由不以任何理由离开他的监狱看守伴着。

We entered the first cell. It was a stone dungeon, eight feet long by six wide, with a bench at the upper end, under which were a common rug, a bible, and prayer-book. An iron candlestick was fixed into the wall at the side; and a small high window in the back admitted as much air and light as could struggle in between a double row of heavy, crossed iron bars. It contained no other furniture of any description.

我们走进第一间单人牢房。那是间石砌的地牢，长八英尺，宽六英尺。一头有一个长凳，长凳下面铺着一块普通毯子，此外还有一本《 圣经》和一本《 祈祷书》。一只铁制烛台装在一边的墙上，后墙的高处有一小扇窗，空气和光线从上面的双排交叉铁棍间勉强进入室内。这里没有其他种类的家具。

Conceive the situation of a man, spending his last night on earth in this cell. Buoyed up with some vague and undefined hope of reprieve, he knew not why—indulging in some wild and visionary idea of escaping, he knew not how—hour after hour of the three preceding days allowed him for preparation, has fled with a speed which no man living would deem possible, for none but this dying man can know. He has wearied his friends with entreaties, exhausted the attendants with importunities, neglected in his feverish restlessness the timely warnings of his spiritual consoler; and, now that the illusion is at last dispelled, now that eternity is before him and guilt behind, now that his fears of death amount almost to madness, and an overwhelming sense of his helpless, hopeless state rushes upon him, he is lost and stupefied, and has neither thoughts to turn to, nor power to call upon, the Almighty Being, from whom alone he can seek mercy and forgiveness, and before whom his repentance can alone avail.

想想一个在这间牢房里度过世间最后一晚的人的处境。他被一个模糊、不明确的缓刑的希望支撑着，不知道是为什么。他沉迷于某种逃跑的疯狂幻想中，却又不知道怎么做。前三天，有一个小时接一个小时的时间让他作准备。但是，时光流逝的速度之快是活人无法相信的，只有他这个死到临头的人能够体会。他已经把朋友们恳求得疲倦不堪，把看守纠缠得筋疲力尽。他在狂热的焦躁中，忽视了他精神安慰者的及时告诫。事到如今，他的幻想终于破灭。此刻，他面前是永恒，身后是罪行，对死亡的害怕几乎使他疯狂。他完全意识到自己无助和无望的处境，这种意识涌向了他，他迷失了，呆若木鸡，既没有想到去求助全能的上帝，也失去了向他呼吁的力量。而他唯有向上帝求得怜悯和原谅，唯有向他忏悔才不枉然。

Hours have glided by, and still he sits upon the same stone bench with folded arms, heedless alike of the fast decreasing time before him, and the urgent entreaties of the good man at his side. The feeble light is wasting gradually, and the deathlike stillness of the street without, broken only by the rumbling of some passing vehicle which echoes mournfully through the empty yards, warns him that the night is waning fast away. The deep bell of St. Paul's strikes—one! He heard it; it has roused him. Seven hours left! He paces the narrow limits of his cell with rapid strides, cold drops of terror starting on his forehead, and every muscle of his frame quivering with agony. Seven hours! He suffers himself to be led to his seat, mechanically takes the bible which is placed in his hand, and tries to read and listen. No: his thoughts will wander. The book is torn and soiled by use—and like the book he read his lessons in, at school, just forty years ago! He has never bestowed a thought upon it, perhaps, since he left it as a child: and yet the place, the time, the room—nay, the very boys he played

with, crowd as vividly before him as if they were scenes of yesterday; and some forgotten phrase, some childish word, rings in his ears like the echo of one uttered but a minute since. The voice of the clergyman recalls him to himself. He is reading from the sacred book its solemn promises of pardon for repentance, and its awful denunciation of obdurate men. He falls upon his knees and clasps his hands to pray. Hush! what sound was that? He starts upon his feet. It cannot be two yet. Hark! Two quarters have struck;—the third—the fourth. It is! Six hours left. Tell him not of repentance! Six hours' repentance for eight times six years of guilt and sin! He buries his face in his hands, and throws himself on the bench.

时间一小时一小时地悄悄过去了，他仍然抱着双臂，坐在同一张石凳上。他对自己面前飞速减少的时间和身旁那位好心人急切的恳求都不在意。微弱的光越来越弱，只有某个路过的车辆的辘辘声划破街道上的死寂，并在空荡的院子里发出悲哀的回声，警告他夜晚正在迅速地消逝。圣保罗教堂传来深沉的钟声——一声！他听见了，这钟声唤醒了他。剩下七个小时了！他快步在牢房狭窄的空间里来回走着，恐惧的冷汗开始从额头上冒出来，全身的每块肌肉都痛苦地颤抖着。只有七个小时了！他顺从地被领到座位上，机械地拿着放在他手中的《圣经》，努力读出来，并聆听。不，他思绪纷乱。那本书被用得又破又脏——就像他在学校里读的课本，正好四十年前！自从他幼时离校，也许从来没有想到过它。可是，那个地方，那个时光，那个房间——不仅这些，连当年和他一起玩的那些男孩子，清清楚楚地涌现在他的眼前，仿佛这些场景就发生在昨天一样。某个已经遗忘了的短语，某句孩子气的话语，在他的耳中回响着，就像一分钟前刚刚说出来似的。牧师的声音把他召回到现实中来。他正在念这本神圣的书中赦免悔改者之罪的庄严诺言和对顽固的人的可怕警告。他跪了下来，两手合十，准备祈祷。嘘！那是什么声音？他站了起来。还不可能到两点。听！已经敲了两下一刻钟——第三下——第四下。是了！剩下六个小时。别给他讲什么悔改了！用六个小时去忏悔八倍于六年的错误和罪孽！他把脸埋在双手里，一头倒在长凳上。

Worn with watching and excitement, he sleeps, and the same unsettled state of mind pursues him in his dreams. An insupportable load is taken from his breast; he is walking with his wife in a pleasant field, with the bright sky above them, and a fresh and boundless prospect on every side—how different from the stone walls of Newgate! She is looking—not as she did when he saw her for the last time in that dreadful place, but as she used when he loved her—long, long ago, before misery and ill-treatment had altered her looks, and vice had changed his nature, and she is leaning upon his arm, and looking up into his face with tenderness and affection—and he does NOT strike her now, nor rudely shake her from him. And oh! How glad he is to tell her all he had forgotten in that last hurried interview,

and to fall on his knees before her and fervently beseech her pardon for all the unkindness and cruelty that wasted her form and broke her heart! The scene suddenly changes. He is on his trial again: there are the judge and jury, and prosecutors, and witnesses, just as they were before. How full the court is—what a sea of heads—with a gallows, too, and a scaffold—and how all those people stare at HIM! Verdict, 'Guilty.' No matter; he will escape.

注视和激动使他疲乏不堪，他睡去了。同样不平静的心情继续在梦境中追随着他。一种难以承受的负担从他胸中拿走了。他正和妻子在一片喜人的田野上散步，头上是明亮的天空，四周是清新而一望无际的景色——与纽盖特监狱的石墙是多么地不同啊！她的模样不是他在那个可怕的地方最后见到的那样，而是过去他爱着她时的样子——那是很久很久以前，苦难和虐待还未改变她的面貌，罪恶也还未改变他的品性。她倚在他的手臂上，抬头温柔而爱恋地看着他的脸。这个时候，他不打她，也不粗暴地把她甩开。噢！他们最后一次的匆匆会面中，他告诉她自己所有忘记了的事。他在她面前跪下，热切地恳求她原谅自己所有那些摧毁她的身体并伤透她的心的凶狠而残酷的行为。他何其高兴！情景突然变了。他又在受审了：有法官、陪审团、起诉人和证人，就像之前一样。法庭里多么拥挤啊——人山人海，还有绞刑架和绞刑台——所有那些人都是怎样地盯着他啊！裁决：“有罪。”无所谓，他会逃走。

The night is dark and cold, the gates have been left open, and in an instant he is in the street, flying from the scene of his imprisonment like the wind. The streets are cleared, the open fields are gained and the broad, wide country lies before him. Onward he dashes in the midst of darkness, over hedge and ditch, through mud and pool, bounding from spot to spot with a speed and lightness, astonishing even to himself. At length he pauses; he must be safe from pursuit now; he will stretch himself on that bank and sleep till sunrise.

夜又黑又冷，狱门都开着。一瞬间，他到了街上，像风一样飞离了监禁他的地方。街上没有阻碍，他到了空旷的田野。展现在他眼前的是一片宽阔无垠的土地。他在一团漆黑中向前冲去，越过树篱和沟渠，穿过泥沼和水塘，从一个地方跳到另一个地方，迅速而轻快得连他自己都感到吃惊。他终于停了下来。现在，他肯定是安全的，没有人追捕他。他可以躺在河畔，伸展身体，一直睡到天亮。

A period of unconsciousness succeeds. He wakes, cold and wretched. The dull, gray light of morning is stealing into the cell, and falls upon the form of the attendant turnkey. Confused by his dreams, he starts from his uneasy bed in momentary uncertainty. It is but momentary. Every object in the narrow cell is too frightfully real to admit of doubt or mistake. He is the condemned felon again, guilty and despairing; and in two hours more will be dead.

有一段时间，他失去了意识。他醒了，又冷又可怜。早晨呆滞、灰

暗的光悄悄地照进牢房来，照在那个陪伴他的监狱看守身上。他被梦弄迷糊了，从睡着不舒服的床上惊起，一时非常茫然。但这只是一瞬间的。狭窄的牢房里的每样东西都真实得可怕，这是毋庸置疑的，也是错不了的。他又是死刑重犯了，被判有罪，毫无希望。而且，再过两个小时，他就要死了。

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Charles Dickens

SKETCHES BY BOZ: OUR PARISH
博兹札记：我们的教区

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外语教学与研究出版社

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查尔斯·狄更斯（英） 著
朱丹丹 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

Chinese translation copyright © Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press 2010

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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CHAPTER I THE BEADLE. THE PARISH ENGINE. THE SCHOOLMASTER

第一章 教区执事。教区消防车。校长。

How much is conveyed in those two short words—'The Parish!' And with how many tales of distress and misery, of broken fortune and ruined hopes, too often of unrelieved wretchedness and successful knavery, are they associated! A poor man, with small earnings, and a large family, just manages to live on from hand to mouth, and to procure food from day to day; he has barely sufficient to satisfy the present cravings of nature, and can take no heed of the future. His taxes are in arrear, quarter-day passes by, another quarter-day arrives: he can procure no more quarter for himself, and is summoned by—the parish. His goods are distrained, his children are crying with cold and hunger, and the very bed on which his sick wife is lying, is dragged from beneath her. What can he do? To whom is he to apply for relief? To private charity? To benevolent individuals? Certainly not—there is his parish. There are the parish vestry, the parish infirmary, the parish surgeon, the parish officers, the parish beadle. Excellent institutions, and gentle, kind-hearted men. The woman dies—she is buried by the parish. The children have no protector—they are taken care of by the parish. The man first neglects, and afterwards cannot obtain, work—he is relieved by the parish; and when distress and drunkenness have done their work upon him, he is maintained, a harmless babbling idiot, in the parish asylum.

“教区”这个简单的词里传达出了多少内容啊！人类丰富多样的面部表情是一门出色而有意思的学问，而街道门环的外貌也很有趣，各有特色，几乎从来不会被人认错。有一个可怜的人，他收入很少，还有一大家人要养活。他只能勉强度日，天天都在努力弄到食物。他几乎没有足够的能力满足眼前的基本需求，根本无暇顾及将来。他的税款拖着未交，季度结账日过去了，另一个季度结账日到来了。他再也不能争取到拖延一个季度的宽限，接到了传讯——教区的传讯。他的物品为抵债而被扣押了。他的孩子哭着，又冷又饿。他患病的妻子躺着的那张床也被拖走了。他有什么办法呢？他去向谁寻求救济呢？向私人慈善机构？向乐善好施的个人？当然不是——他的教区在那儿呢。有教区委员会、教区医务室、教区外科医师、教区职员，以及教区执事。还有卓越的机构和仁慈善良的人们。那个女人死了——是由教区埋葬的。孩子们没有监护人——他们由教区照顾。那个男人起初对工作疏忽大意，后来丢了工作——他得到教区的救济。困苦和醉酒在他身上发挥效力，他成了一个对别人没有恶意、唠唠叨叨的傻子，被养在教区庇护所里。

The parish beadle is one of the most, perhaps THE most,

important member of the local administration. He is not so well off as the churchwardens, certainly, nor is he so learned as the vestry-clerk, nor does he order things quite so much his own way as either of them. But his power is very great, notwithstanding; and the dignity of his office is never impaired by the absence of efforts on his part to maintain it. The beadle of our parish is a splendid fellow. It is quite delightful to hear him, as he explains the state of the existing poor laws to the deaf old women in the board- room passage on business nights; and to hear what he said to the senior churchwarden, and what the senior churchwarden said to him; and what 'we' (the beadle and the other gentlemen) came to the determination of doing. A miserable-looking woman is called into the boardroom, and represents a case of extreme destitution, affecting herself—a widow, with six small children. 'Where do you live?' inquires one of the overseers. 'I rents a two-pair back, gentlemen, at Mrs. Brown's, Number 3, Little King William's-alley, which has lived there this fifteen year, and knows me to be very hard-working and industrious, and when my poor husband was alive, gentlemen, as died in the hospital'—'Well, well,' interrupts the overseer, taking a note of the address, 'I'll send Simmons, the beadle, to-morrow morning, to ascertain whether your story is correct; and if so, I suppose you must have an order into the House—Simmons, go to this woman's the first thing to-morrow morning, will you?' Simmons bows assent, and ushers the woman out. Her previous admiration of 'the board' (who all sit behind great books, and with their hats on) fades into nothing before her respect for her lace-trimmed conductor; and her account of what has passed inside, increases—if that be possible—the marks of respect, shown by the assembled crowd, to that solemn functionary. As to taking out a summons, it's quite a hopeless case if Simmons attends it, on behalf of the parish. He knows all the titles of the Lord Mayor by heart; states the case without a single stammer: and it is even reported that on one occasion he ventured to make a joke, which the Lord Mayor's head footman (who happened to be present) afterwards told an intimate friend, confidentially, was almost equal to one of Mr. Hobler's.

教区执事是当地行政机构中最重要的成员之一，或许是最重要的成员。当然，他既不像堂区俗人委员那样富裕，也不像教区委员会文书那样博学，他处理事情也不像他们中的任何一个那样随心所欲。在这个问题上，我们的立场仅仅是：一个人和他的门环之间一定存在一种磁力，诱导他离开，找寻与他变化了的情绪更相配的门环。我们教区的那位教区执事是一个极好的家伙。听他在有公事的晚上，在会议室过道里向耳聋的老妇人解释现行法律关于穷人的规定，听他向高级堂区俗人委员说了些什么以及高级堂区俗人委员向他说了些什么，还有“我们”（教区执事与其他先生们）下决心要做些什么。总之，听他讲话相当令人愉快。一个看起来很不幸的女人被叫进了会议室。她描述了自己极度贫穷的状

况，假装自己是——一位有六个年幼孩子的遗孀。“你住在哪里？”其中一位穷人救济事务掌管人询问道。“我在小威廉王巷3号租了布朗太太家三楼的一间后房，先生们。这家人十五年来一直住在那儿，知道我是一个吃苦耐劳、勤勤恳恳的人。我可怜的丈夫活着时，先生们，他是在医院里死的——”“喔，喔，”那位穷人救济事务掌管人打断了她，记下了地址，“我将派教区执事西蒙斯于明天早上去核查你的叙述是否真实。假如你说的是真的，我想你一定有进收容所的授权证明——西蒙斯，明天早晨第一件事就是去这位女士家，行吗？”西蒙斯鞠躬以表赞同，接着领那女人出去了。与她对这位身着有花边装饰衣服的向导的尊敬相比，她先前对“全体委员”（他们全都戴着帽子，坐在大块头的书后面）的佩服变得荡然无存。她对里面所发生的事情的讲述增加了——假如有可能的话——聚集在外面的人群对那个严肃庄重的工作人员之尊重。说到发出传唤，假如是西蒙斯代表教区办理，那多半就是一件不可能的事情。他牢记着市长大人所有的头衔，陈述事件时毫不结巴。甚至有报道称，他有一次冒昧地开了一个玩笑，事后市长大人的侍长（他当时碰巧在场）悄悄地告诉一个密友，说那个笑话几乎比得上霍布勒先生的任何一个笑话。

See him again on Sunday in his state-coat and cocked-hat, with a large-headed staff for show in his left hand, and a small cane for use in his right. How pompously he marshals the children into their places! and how demurely the little urchins look at him askance as he surveys them when they are all seated, with a glare of the eye peculiar to beadles! The churchwardens and overseers being duly installed in their curtained pews, he seats himself on a mahogany bracket, erected expressly for him at the top of the aisle, and divides his attention between his prayer-book and the boys. Suddenly, just at the commencement of the communion service, when the whole congregation is hushed into a profound silence, broken only by the voice of the officiating clergyman, a penny is heard to ring on the stone floor of the aisle with astounding clearness. Observe the generalship of the beadle. His involuntary look of horror is instantly changed into one of perfect indifference, as if he were the only person present who had not heard the noise. The artifice succeeds. After putting forth his right leg now and then, as a feeler, the victim who dropped the money ventures to make one or two distinct dives after it; and the beadle, gliding softly round, salutes his little round head, when it again appears above the seat, with divers double knocks, administered with the cane before noticed, to the intense delight of three young men in an adjacent pew, who cough violently at intervals until the conclusion of the sermon.

周日，他又一次穿着礼服，戴着三角帽，左手拿一根大头牧杖装门面，右手拿一根小手杖以便使用。他把孩子领向他们的位子时，是多么傲慢呀！他们全都坐下，他用教区执事特有的眼神审视他们时，那些小

淘气鬼斜眼看着他，显得多么拘谨！堂区俗人委员和情人救济事务掌管人按礼仪在他们挂着帘子的长凳上坐好后，他自己才坐上一个专门为他在走道上端安置的红木托座，一边看着祈祷书，一边看看男孩子们。恰好在圣餐礼正要开始，所有会众陷入一片死寂，只能听到主持牧师的声音时，大家突然听到一个便士掉到了走道的石头地板上，发出的声音清脆得使人惊骇。观察一下教区执事的智略。他情不自禁显出的恐惧神色马上变成一种若无其事的样子，就像他是在场的人中唯一没听见那声音的人。诡计得逞了。那个掉了钱的受害者伸出右腿去试探了几次后，有一两次试图想俯身去捡那一便士。教区执事悄悄转过身，那个人又小又圆的头再一次出现在座位上方时，执事出其不意地用手杖往他头上敲了好几次作为行礼致敬，每次连着敲两下。这使得和他坐在同一条长凳上的三个年轻人无比喜悦，他们时不时猛烈咳嗽，直至布道结束。

Such are a few traits of the importance and gravity of a parish beadle—a gravity which has never been disturbed in any case that has come under our observation, except when the services of that particularly useful machine, a parish fire-engine, are required: then indeed all is bustle. Two little boys run to the beadle as fast as their legs will carry them, and report from their own personal observation that some neighbouring chimney is on fire; the engine is hastily got out, and a plentiful supply of boys being obtained, and harnessed to it with ropes, away they rattle over the pavement, the beadle, running—we do not exaggerate—running at the side, until they arrive at some house, smelling strongly of soot, at the door of which the beadle knocks with considerable gravity for half-an-hour. No attention being paid to these manual applications, and the turn-cock having turned on the water, the engine turns off amidst the shouts of the boys; it pulls up once more at the work-house, and the beadle 'pulls up' the unfortunate householder next day, for the amount of his legal reward. We never saw a parish engine at a regular fire but once. It came up in gallant style—three miles and a half an hour, at least; there was a capital supply of water, and it was first on the spot. Bang went the pumps—the people cheered—the beadle perspired profusely; but it was unfortunately discovered, just as they were going to put the fire out, that nobody understood the process by which the engine was filled with water; and that eighteen boys, and a man, had exhausted themselves in pumping for twenty minutes, without producing the slightest effect!

上述就是教区执事重要性和庄严的一些特征——我们从未注意到这种庄严在任何情况下受到影响，除了那台尤其有用的机器——一辆教区消防车——需要使用的时候。那时，确实是一片混乱。两个小男孩拼命跑到教区执事面前，报告说他们亲眼看到附近某个烟囱起火了。人们匆忙把消防车弄了出来，找来一大批小伙子，用绳子把他们拴在消防车上。消防车咔哒咔哒地驶过路面，教区执事也在跑——我们并没夸张

——在一侧跑着，直到他们到达一座房子，闻到一股强烈的煤烟味道。教区执事在这座房子门前非常庄严地敲了半小时门。没有人理会这些人力劳动，水龙头管理员已经打开了水龙头，消防车在小伙子们的叫喊声中拐弯。它再一次在救济院门口停住，而教区执事第二天向那个不幸的屋主收取自己法定的奖励作为对事主的惩罚。我们在真正的火灾中只见过一次教区消防车。它出现时非常英勇——一小时至少走了三英里半，有充足的水供应，并且是第一个到达现场的。抽水机运转起来，发出巨响——人们大声欢呼——教区执事满身是汗。然而，令人遗憾的是，正当他们要把火扑灭时，大家发觉没有人知道怎样给消防车装水。十八个小伙子和一个男人抽了二十分钟水，累得疲惫不堪，但一点用也没有！

The personages next in importance to the beadle, are the master of the workhouse and the parish schoolmaster. The vestry-clerk, as everybody knows, is a short, pudgy little man, in black, with a thick gold watch-chain of considerable length, terminating in two large seals and a key. He is an attorney, and generally in a bustle; at no time more so, than when he is hurrying to some parochial meeting, with his gloves crumpled up in one hand, and a large red book under the other arm. As to the churchwardens and overseers, we exclude them altogether, because all we know of them is, that they are usually respectable tradesmen, who wear hats with brims inclined to flatness, and who occasionally testify in gilt letters on a blue ground, in some conspicuous part of the church, to the important fact of a gallery having being enlarged and beautified, or an organ rebuilt.

救济院院长和教区学校校长的重要性仅次于教区执事。众所周知，教区委员会文书是一个矮胖的小个子男人，身穿黑色衣服，挂着一根又长又粗的金表链，末端是两个大印章和一把钥匙。他是个律师，通常处于忙乱中。有时，他匆忙去参加某个教区会议，一只手拿着皱巴巴的手套，另一边胳膊底下夹着一本巨大的红皮书。这时的他是最忙乱的。至于那些堂区俗人委员和穷人救济事务掌管人，我们对他们完全不予考虑，因为我们对他们的了解仅是知道他们一般是一些可敬的商人。他们戴着帽檐几近平展的帽子，有时在教堂某一个引人注目的区域以镶在蓝色背景上的镀金字来证明某个长廊已被扩大和美化，或某个管风琴已经重修之类的重要事实。

The master of the workhouse is not, in our parish—nor is he usually in any other—one of that class of men the better part of whose existence has passed away, and who drag out the remainder in some inferior situation, with just enough thought of the past, to feel degraded by, and discontented with the present. We are unable to guess precisely to our own satisfaction what station the man can have occupied before; we should think he had been an inferior sort of attorney's clerk, or else the master of a national school— whatever he was, it is clear his present position is a change for the better. His income is small certainly, as the rusty black coat and threadbare

velvet collar demonstrate: but then he lives free of house-rent, has a limited allowance of coals and candles, and an almost unlimited allowance of authority in his petty kingdom. He is a tall, thin, bony man; always wears shoes and black cotton stockings with his surtout; and eyes you, as you pass his parlour-window, as if he wished you were a pauper, just to give you a specimen of his power. He is an admirable specimen of a small tyrant: morose, brutish, and ill-tempered; bullying to his inferiors, cringing to his superiors, and jealous of the influence and authority of the beadle.

有一类人，他们一生中较好的部分已经过去了，余生却在劣等的环境里生活。他们想想过去就会觉得目前的境况让自己很丢脸，因此感到很不满。我们教区里修道院的院长不——其他任何修道院的院长也不——属于这类人。我们不能使自己满意地准确推测到这个人以前的职位。我们认为他曾是律师手下等级较低的一种文书，不然就是一所国立学校的教师——无论他过去是做什么的，他如今的状况明显比以前有所好转。他的收入当然很少，正如那褪了色的黑色外衣和破旧的绒毛衣领所展示的那样。但他不用交房租，可以领到限量的煤与蜡烛，而且在他那小王国里几乎有着无限的权威。他个子很高，瘦骨嶙峋，总是穿一件外衣，配一双皮鞋和黑色棉长袜。你经过他会客室的窗口时，他会仔细打量你，仿佛他渴望你是一个贫民，正好让你尝尝他权力的厉害。他是一个小专制君主的极好样本：孤僻、残忍、脾气坏，欺负下级，谄媚上级，还妒忌教区执事的影响力和权威。

Our schoolmaster is just the very reverse of this amiable official. He has been one of those men one occasionally hears of, on whom misfortune seems to have set her mark; nothing he ever did, or was concerned in, appears to have prospered. A rich old relation who had brought him up, and openly announced his intention of providing for him, left him 10,000l in his will, and revoked the bequest in a codicil. Thus unexpectedly reduced to the necessity of providing for himself, he procured a situation in a public office. The young clerks below him, died off as if there were a plague among them; but the old fellows over his head, for the reversion of whose places he was anxiously waiting, lived on and on, as if they were immortal. He speculated and lost. He speculated again and won— but never got his money. His talents were great; his disposition, easy, generous and liberal. His friends profited by the one, and abused the other. Loss succeeded loss; misfortune crowded on misfortune; each successive day brought him nearer the verge of hopeless penury, and the quondam friends who had been warmest in their professions, grew strangely cold and indifferent. He had children whom he loved, and a wife on whom he doted. The former turned their backs on him; the latter died broken-hearted. He went with the stream—it had ever been his failing, and he had not courage sufficient to bear up against so many shocks—he had

never cared for himself, and the only being who had cared for him, in his poverty and distress, was spared to him no longer. It was at this period that he applied for parochial relief. Some kind-hearted man who had known him in happier times, chanced to be churchwarden that year, and through his interest he was appointed to his present situation.

我们的校长和这位和蔼可亲的官员恰好相反。人们偶尔对他有所耳闻。不幸似乎在他身上做了记号，他做过的事情或是和他有关的事情中好像没有一件是顺利的。一个抚养他长大并公开宣布为他提供生计打算的年老富亲戚在遗嘱里留给他一万英镑，但在附加条款里又废除了这项馈赠。他就这样出乎意料地沦落为必须要自谋生路，在一个对外办事处得到了一个职位。级别在他之下的年轻文书相继死掉了，好像他们中发生了一场瘟疫似的。但级别在他之上的老家伙们却继续活着，仿佛他们会长生不老一样，而他正焦急地等待着接替他们的职位呢。他做过投机生意，亏损了。他又做了一次投机生意，成功了——但是从未拿到钱。他天赋极高，性情随和、慷慨、宽容。他的友人们利用前者获利，却滥用后者。他接连失败，厄运蜂拥而至。他每过一天都离贫穷的绝境边缘更近一些。原来那些言语热情的友人渐渐变得不可思议地冷淡和冷漠。他曾经有他喜爱的孩子和他宠爱的妻子。前者遗弃了他，后者伤心而死。他随波逐流——这一直是他的弱点，他没有足够的勇气去承受那么多的打击——他从未关心过自己，唯一在他贫穷与悲痛时关心过他的人也不再是他的了。他是在这段时期申请教区救济的。那年，一个他在处境较好时结识的好心人恰好在任堂区俗人委员。他靠这个人的关系才得到现在的职位。

He is an old man now. Of the many who once crowded round him in all the hollow friendship of boon-companionship, some have died, some have fallen like himself, some have prospered—all have forgotten him. Time and misfortune have mercifully been permitted to impair his memory, and use has habituated him to his present condition. Meek, uncomplaining, and zealous in the discharge of his duties, he has been allowed to hold his situation long beyond the usual period; and he will no doubt continue to hold it, until infirmity renders him incapable, or death releases him. As the grey-headed old man feebly paces up and down the sunny side of the little court-yard between school hours, it would be difficult, indeed, for the most intimate of his former friends to recognise their once gay and happy associate, in the person of the Pauper Schoolmaster.

现在，他是个年老之人了。那么多一度为了得到恩惠与他建立虚伪友谊并聚在他周围的人，一些死掉了，一些同他一样落魄，一些成功了——所有人都把他忘了。时间和不幸已经仁慈地损坏了他的记忆，一成不变的步调已经让他习惯于目前的状况。他履行职责时恭顺、不抱怨、积极热情，因此得到许可，任期远远超过了一般的期限。无疑，他还会继续担任这个职位，直到他年迈虚弱而无法履行职责或死亡让他解脱。

课间，这位头发灰白的老人在小院子里有阳光的一边虚弱地来回走动。这时，他以前朋友中最亲密的人要认出这个贫民校长就是他们曾经幸福快乐的伙伴也的确是件难事。

CHAPTER II THE CURATE. THE OLD LADY. THE HALF-PAY CAPTAIN

第二章 助理牧师。老妇人。领取半薪的上校。

We commenced our last chapter with the beadle of our parish, because we are deeply sensible of the importance and dignity of his office. We will begin the present, with the clergyman. Our curate is a young gentleman of such prepossessing appearance, and fascinating manners, that within one month after his first appearance in the parish, half the young-lady inhabitants were melancholy with religion, and the other half, desponding with love. Never were so many young ladies seen in our parish church on Sunday before; and never had the little round angels' faces on Mr. Tomkins's monument in the side aisle, beheld such devotion on earth as they all exhibited. He was about five-and-twenty when he first came to astonish the parishioners. He parted his hair on the centre of his forehead in the form of a Norman arch, wore a brilliant of the first water on the fourth finger of his left hand (which he always applied to his left cheek when he read prayers), and had a deep sepulchral voice of unusual solemnity. Innumerable were the calls made by prudent mammas on our new curate, and innumerable the invitations with which he was assailed, and which, to do him justice, he readily accepted. If his manner in the pulpit had created an impression in his favour, the sensation was increased tenfold, by his appearance in private circles. Pews in the immediate vicinity of the pulpit or reading-desk rose in value; sittings in the centre aisle were at a premium: an inch of room in the front row of the gallery could not be procured for love or money; and some people even went so far as to assert, that the three Miss Browns, who had an obscure family pew just behind the churchwardens', were detected, one Sunday, in the free seats by the communion-table, actually lying in wait for the curate as he passed to the vestry! He began to preach extempore sermons, and even grave papas caught the infection. He got out of bed at half-past twelve o'clock one winter's night, to half-baptise a washerwoman's child in a slop-basin, and the gratitude of the parishioners knew no bounds—the very churchwardens grew generous, and insisted on the parish defraying the expense of the watch-box on wheels, which the new curate had ordered for himself, to perform the funeral service in, in wet weather. He sent three pints of gruel and a quarter of a pound of tea to a poor woman who had been brought to bed of four small children, all at once—the parish were charmed. He got up a subscription for her—the

woman's fortune was made. He spoke for one hour and twenty-five minutes, at an anti-slavery meeting at the Goat and Boots—the enthusiasm was at its height. A proposal was set on foot for presenting the curate with a piece of plate, as a mark of esteem for his valuable services rendered to the parish. The list of subscriptions was filled up in no time; the contest was, not who should escape the contribution, but who should be the foremost to subscribe. A splendid silver inkstand was made, and engraved with an appropriate inscription; the curate was invited to a public breakfast, at the before-mentioned Goat and Boots; the inkstand was presented in a neat speech by Mr. Gubbins, the ex-churchwarden, and acknowledged by the curate in terms which drew tears into the eyes of all present—the very waiters were melted.

我们以我们教区的执事作为上一章的开头，原因是我们深刻察觉到他职位的重要与高贵。人类丰富多样的面部表情是一门出色而有意思的学问，而街道门环的外貌也很有趣，各有特色，几乎从来不会被人认错。我们的助理牧师是一位年轻先生，外表讨人喜欢，举止令人陶醉。他来到教区不出一个月，便有一半年轻的女居民因宗教而忧郁，另外一半则因爱情而沮丧。以前周日的时候，我们教区的教堂从未出现过那么多年轻女士。侧道里汤姆金斯先生纪念像上那些小小的圆脸天使也从未看到过俗世中还有像她们所表现出的那种虔诚。他刚来到这个教区的时候差不多二十五岁，使得教民们非常惊讶。他的头发从额头中央分开，像半圆拱一样。他左手（读祈祷文时，他总是把左手贴在左边面颊上）无名指上戴了一枚光泽熠熠的钻戒，嗓音低沉，有种不寻常的庄严。谨慎的妈妈们拜访了我们的新助理牧师无数次。他还要应对向他发来的无数个邀请，公平言之，他很乐意地接受了这些邀请。假如说他在讲道坛上的举止让别人对他产生了好印象，那么他在私人圈子里露面所产生的轰动与前者相比增加了十倍。紧挨着讲道坛或读经台的长凳的价值提升了。中间过道上的座位更是非常抢手，无论是出钱还是凭借对上帝的爱，廊台前排的座位都一英寸难求。布朗家的长凳原本位于堂区俗人委员的长凳后面，非常偏僻。一些人甚至声称，布朗家的三位小姐有一个周日坐在了圣餐桌旁边不收费的座位上，还推测她们这样做事实上是在埋伏，等待助理牧师去法衣圣器收藏室时路过。他开始即兴布道了，甚至严肃的爸爸们也被感染了。他在一个冬天夜晚的十二点半起床去用一个残渣盆给一个洗衣女工的孩子施洗礼。教民们都无限感激——那些堂区俗人委员都变得仁慈了，并坚决要求教区承担那个装有轮子的岗亭的开支。新来的助理牧师定制了这个岗亭，以在下雨天时在里边主持丧礼仪式。他给一个一胎生下四个孩子的可怜女人送去了三品脱稀粥和四分之一磅茶叶。一下子——整个教区的人都为他而着迷。他为她筹划了一次捐赠——那个女人赚了笔钱。在“山羊与靴子”饭店举行的一次反奴隶制集会中，他的讲话长达一小时二十五分钟——全场的热情达到了最高点。大家正在发起一个为助理牧师颁发一个平碟的提议，以向他对这个教区作出的可贵的服务表达敬意。捐赠清单立刻就写满了。这场竞争不是谁应该不捐款，而是谁应该第一个捐款。一个精致的银制墨水台做好

了，上面还刻着恰当的题字。助理牧师被邀请去前面提到的“山羊与靴子”饭店吃早餐。墨水台由前任堂区俗人委员格宾斯先生送出，他作了一个短小精悍的发言。助理牧师表达了谢意，其措辞让所有在场的人都感动得流下了眼泪——连服务员们都被感动了。

One would have supposed that, by this time, the theme of universal admiration was lifted to the very pinnacle of popularity. No such thing. The curate began to cough; four fits of coughing one morning between the Litany and the Epistle, and five in the afternoon service. Here was a discovery—the curate was consumptive. How interestingly melancholy! If the young ladies were energetic before, their sympathy and solicitude now knew no bounds. Such a man as the curate—such a dear—such a perfect love—to be consumptive! It was too much. Anonymous presents of black-currant jam, and lozenges, elastic waistcoats, bosom friends, and warm stockings, poured in upon the curate until he was as completely fitted out with winter clothing, as if he were on the verge of an expedition to the North Pole: verbal bulletins of the state of his health were circulated throughout the parish half-a- dozen times a day; and the curate was in the very zenith of his popularity.

在这个问题上，我们的立场仅仅是：一个人和他的门环之间一定存在一种磁力，诱导他离开，找寻与他变化了的情绪更相配的门环。完全不对。助理牧师开始咳嗽。一天早晨，他在读《连祷文》和《使徒书信》之间咳嗽了四阵，下午的礼拜上咳嗽了五阵。人们发觉了——助理牧师患了肺结核。多么引人关注又使人悲伤呀！假如年轻女士们之前充满活力，那现在她们感到无比怜悯和焦虑。像助理牧师这样的人——这样一个亲爱的人——这样完美的爱人——竟得了肺结核！让人承受不起。黑加仑果酱、止咳糖、松紧背心、护胸和暖和的长袜等匿名礼物朝助理牧师涌来，直至他冬天的衣物完全配备齐全，好像要去北极远征一样。关于他健康情形的口头公告在整个教区一天流传了六次。这个助理牧师的名望达到了顶峰。

About this period, a change came over the spirit of the parish. A very quiet, respectable, dozing old gentleman, who had officiated in our chapel-of-ease for twelve years previously, died one fine morning, without having given any notice whatever of his intention. This circumstance gave rise to counter-sensation the first; and the arrival of his successor occasioned counter-sensation the second. He was a pale, thin, cadaverous man, with large black eyes, and long straggling black hair: his dress was slovenly in the extreme, his manner ungainly, his doctrines startling; in short, he was in every respect the antipodes of the curate. Crowds of our female parishioners flocked to hear him; at first, because he was SO odd-looking, then because his face was SO expressive, then because he preached SO well; and at last, because they really thought that, after all, there was something about him

which it was quite impossible to describe. As to the curate, he was all very well; but certainly, after all, there was no denying that—that—in short, the curate wasn't a novelty, and the other clergyman was. The inconstancy of public opinion is proverbial: the congregation migrated one by one. The curate coughed till he was black in the face—it was in vain. He respired with difficulty—it was equally ineffectual in awakening sympathy. Seats are once again to be had in any part of our parish church, and the chapel-of-ease is going to be enlarged, as it is crowded to suffocation every Sunday!

大约在这个时期，教区的精神风气发生了一次变化。一位少言寡语、值得尊敬、经常打盹儿的老先生在一个晴朗的早晨去世了，没有留下任何遗嘱之类的信息。他生前曾在我们的小教堂工作了十二年。首先，这种情况没有产生轰动；第二，他的接任者到达也没有引起轰动。他是一个苍白、瘦削、憔悴的男人，眼睛又大又黑，黑色的长发乱蓬蓬的。他的衣服邋遢到了极点，举止不雅，教义也令人吃惊。总之，他在每一方面都正与助理牧师相反。我们教区有一群群女教民簇拥着去听他布道。最初是因为他长得实在太古怪了，后来是因为他的表情实在太有表现力了，再后来是因为他的布道实在太好了，最终是因为她们真的觉得他身上终究有一些无法描述的东西。说到助理牧师，他是个顶好的人，然而，毕竟无法否认的是——是——简言之，助理牧师并不新奇，另一位牧师却很新奇。民意的不定性是公认的，教堂会众也一个个走了。助理牧师咳嗽到脸色发紫——这是徒劳。他呼吸困难——这同样无法唤起人们的怜悯。人们可以再次坐在我们教区教堂里任何一部分的座位上。那个小教堂将要扩修，因为它在每个周日都拥挤得让人窒息。

The best known and most respected among our parishioners, is an old lady, who resided in our parish long before our name was registered in the list of baptisms. Our parish is a suburban one, and the old lady lives in a neat row of houses in the most airy and pleasant part of it. The house is her own; and it, and everything about it, except the old lady herself, who looks a little older than she did ten years ago, is in just the same state as when the old gentleman was living. The little front parlour, which is the old lady's ordinary sitting-room, is a perfect picture of quiet neatness; the carpet is covered with brown Holland, the glass and picture-frames are carefully enveloped in yellow muslin; the table-covers are never taken off, except when the leaves are turpentined and bees‘- waxed, an operation which is regularly commenced every other morning at half-past nine o'clock—and the little nicknacks are always arranged in precisely the same manner. The greater part of these are presents from little girls whose parents live in the same row; but some of them, such as the two old-fashioned watches (which never keep the same time, one being always a quarter of an hour too slow, and the other a quarter of an hour too fast), the little picture of the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold as

they appeared in the Royal Box at Drury Lane Theatre, and others of the same class, have been in the old lady's possession for many years. Here the old lady sits with her spectacles on, busily engaged in needlework—near the window in summer time; and if she sees you coming up the steps, and you happen to be a favourite, she trots out to open the street-door for you before you knock, and as you must be fatigued after that hot walk, insists on your swallowing two glasses of sherry before you exert yourself by talking. If you call in the evening you will find her cheerful, but rather more serious than usual, with an open Bible on the table, before her, of which 'Sarah,' who is just as neat and methodical as her mistress, regularly reads two or three chapters in the parlour aloud.

在我们的教民中，最著名、最受人尊敬的是一位老妇人。我们的名字还没在受洗礼名单上注册，她就已经在这个教区住了很久了。我们的教区位于郊区，这位老妇人住在一排整齐的房屋中通风最好、最合心意的那一栋里。这栋房子是她自己的，而且房子和有关房子的一切，除了看起来比十年前更苍老了一些的老妇人外，都和老先生活着时一样。老妇人惯常用作起居室的小前厅是一幅完美的安静整齐之画。地毯上覆盖着本色亚麻布，玻璃器皿与相框都由黄色平纹薄棉布仔细地包起，桌上一直都铺着桌布，除非要涂松节油和打蜡的时候。这项工作通常在每隔一天的上午九点半按时开始做——那些装饰用的小东西总是丝毫不差地以同样的格局摆放。这些小玩意儿大多是那些父母住在同一排房屋里的小女孩送的礼物。但还有一些，比如两个老式钟表（它们的时间从来没一致过，一个始终慢四分之一小时，另一个始终快四分之一小时）、那幅画着夏洛特公主和利奥波尔德亲王在特鲁利街剧院的皇家包厢的小图片，还有其他此类物品，老妇人已经珍藏很多年了。此时，老妇人正戴着眼镜，坐在那儿忙着做针线活——夏天时会坐在窗户边。如果她瞅见你正上台阶，而你恰好是她特别喜欢的人，她便会小跑着在你敲门之前为你打开临街门。接着，因为你在热天走路，肯定很疲惫，她会坚持要你在费力说话前喝下两杯雪利酒。如果你在晚上拜访她，你会发现她很愉快，但比平常更严肃些。她面前的桌子上摆着一本翻开的《圣经》，和她的女主人一样利索、有条理的“萨拉”通常会在前厅大声朗读两三个章节。

The old lady sees scarcely any company, except the little girls before noticed, each of whom has always a regular fixed day for a periodical tea-drinking with her, to which the child looks forward as the greatest treat of its existence. She seldom visits at a greater distance than the next door but one on either side; and when she drinks tea here, Sarah runs out first and knocks a double- knock, to prevent the possibility of her 'Missis's' catching cold by having to wait at the door. She is very scrupulous in returning these little invitations, and when she asks Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Somebody-else, Sarah and she dust the urn, and the best china tea-

service, and the Pope Joan board; and the visitors are received in the drawing-room in great state. She has but few relations, and they are scattered about in different parts of the country, and she seldom sees them. She has a son in India, whom she always describes to you as a fine, handsome fellow—so like the profile of his poor dear father over the sideboard, but the old lady adds, with a mournful shake of the head, that he has always been one of her greatest trials; and that indeed he once almost broke her heart; but it pleased God to enable her to get the better of it, and she would prefer your never mentioning the subject to her again. She has a great number of pensioners: and on Saturday, after she comes back from market, there is a regular levee of old men and women in the passage, waiting for their weekly gratuity. Her name always heads the list of any benevolent subscriptions, and hers are always the most liberal donations to the Winter Coal and Soup Distribution Society. She subscribed twenty pounds towards the erection of an organ in our parish church, and was so overcome the first Sunday the children sang to it, that she was obliged to be carried out by the pew-opener. Her entrance into church on Sunday is always the signal for a little bustle in the side aisle, occasioned by a general rise among the poor people, who bow and curtsey until the pew-opener has ushered the old lady into her accustomed seat, dropped a respectful curtsey, and shut the door: and the same ceremony is repeated on her leaving church, when she walks home with the family next door but one, and talks about the sermon all the way, invariably opening the conversation by asking the youngest boy where the text was.

老妇人几乎不接待任何来客，除了前面提到的那些小女孩。她们中的每个人都在固定的日子，定期去和她一起喝茶。这些孩子期盼着这件事，并把这当成是生活中最大的乐事。她很少去比两边隔壁第二家更远的地方拜访。她要在这儿喝茶时，萨拉会先跑出去，敲两下门，以免她的女主人因为要在门口等而感冒。她在回请这些邀请她的人时很细心。她要向某某先生与太太介绍另一位某某先生与太太时，要和萨拉一起擦去大茶壶、最好的瓷茶具以及画着若安教皇头像的餐桌上的灰尘。客人们会在客厅里受到隆重的接待。她只有几个亲戚，而且他们分散在这个国家的不同地方，所以她难得见到他们。她有个儿子在印度。她总是把他儿子说成是一个不错的帅小伙——很像他那个可怜的亲爱的父亲，他父亲的画像就放在餐具柜上。但这位老妇人会悲痛地摇摇头接着说，说他一直是自己最大的考验之一，而且他的确曾经几乎让自己心碎。然而，上帝保佑她平静下来。接着，她会请你以后最好再也不要向她提及这件事情。她资助了一大批人的生活：周六，她从市场回来以后，会有固定的一列老头子和老妇人在过道里等着他们每周的赠物。她的名字在任何慈善捐赠清单上总是居于首位。她还一直是“冬季煤与汤羹施舍会”最大方的捐献人。她捐赠了二十英镑，在我们教区的教堂里安装了一架管风琴。孩子们在它的伴奏下唱歌的第一个周日，她激动地只得由引

座员扶出去。周日，她走进教堂时，侧道里总会有一阵小骚动，这是穷人们同时起立引起的。他们鞠躬行礼，直至引座员把这位老妇人领到她通常坐的位子上，行一个谦恭的屈膝礼，并把门关上。她离开教堂时，相同的仪式还会重复一遍。她和隔壁第二家的人一起步行回家，一路上谈论训诫，总是通过询问最小的男孩子经文来打开话茬。

Thus, with the annual variation of a trip to some quiet place on the sea-coast, passes the old lady's life. It has rolled on in the same unvarying and benevolent course for many years now, and must at no distant period be brought to its final close. She looks forward to its termination, with calmness and without apprehension. She has everything to hope and nothing to fear.

因此，除了每年到海滨某个安静的地方旅行一次，这位老妇人的生活就这样平淡地过着。她多年来一直做着一成不变、乐善好施的事情，并且这种状态近期不会结束。她平静而毫无恐惧地期盼着它的终止。她期待一切，没什么可害怕。

A very different personage, but one who has rendered himself very conspicuous in our parish, is one of the old lady's next-door neighbours. He is an old naval officer on half-pay, and his bluff and unceremonious behaviour disturbs the old lady's domestic economy, not a little. In the first place, he WILL smoke cigars in the front court, and when he wants something to drink with them— which is by no means an uncommon circumstance—he lifts up the old lady's knocker with his walking-stick, and demands to have a glass of table ale, handed over the rails. In addition to this cool proceeding, he is a bit of a Jack of all trades, or to use his own words, 'a regular Robinson Crusoe;' and nothing delights him better than to experimentalise on the old lady's property. One morning he got up early, and planted three or four roots of full-grown marigolds in every bed of her front garden, to the inconceivable astonishment of the old lady, who actually thought when she got up and looked out of the window, that it was some strange eruption which had come out in the night. Another time he took to pieces the eight-day clock on the front landing, under pretence of cleaning the works, which he put together again, by some undiscovered process, in so wonderful a manner, that the large hand has done nothing but trip up the little one ever since. Then he took to breeding silk-worms, which he WOULD bring in two or three times a day, in little paper boxes, to show the old lady, generally dropping a worm or two at every visit. The consequence was, that one morning a very stout silk-worm was discovered in the act of walking up-stairs—probably with the view of inquiring after his friends, for, on further inspection, it appeared that some of his companions had already found their way to every room in the house. The old lady went to the seaside in despair, and during her absence he

completely effaced the name from her brass door-plate, in his attempts to polish it with aqua-fortis.

这位老妇人的一个邻居与她截然不同，但在我们的教区里也混得非常有名。他是一个领取半薪的海军老军官。他虚张声势的态度和没有礼貌的举止干扰了老妇人的家政，而且还不是一点点。首先，他一定要在前院里吸雪茄烟。他想边吸烟边喝些什么时——这绝不是一种罕有的情况——就用他的拐杖抬起老妇人家的门环，要求对方从栏杆上递过来一杯优质麦芽啤酒。除了这种没礼貌的行为外，他多少还是个“什么都懂的人”，或者用他本人的话说，是“一个十足的鲁滨逊·克鲁索”。什么都没有拿老妇人的地产做实验更能让他开心。一天早晨，他起得很早，把她前院的每块苗床上都种三四株长大了的万寿菊。这使得老妇人感到不可思议地惊愕。她起床向窗外看时居然认为那是夜里突然奇异开出的花。另外一次，他假装要清洁活动机件，把楼梯平台前面的一座八天上一次发条的钟表拆开，通过某种不为人知的步骤把它们重新组合。他把表组装得真是不可思议，从此以后，分针除了绊住时针外，什么用也没有。后来，他沉迷于饲养桑蚕。他把它们装进一些小纸盒，一天要拿给老妇人看两三次，每次拜访通常要留下一两只。结果，一天早晨，一条非常粗壮的桑蚕被发觉正在向楼上爬——大概是为了寻访它的朋友，因为进一步调查发现，它的一些伙伴们仿佛已经找到了进入这栋房子里每一个房间的路。绝望之下，老妇人去了海边。她不在时，他彻底抹去了她铜制门牌上的姓名，试图用硝酸把它擦亮。

But all this is nothing to his seditious conduct in public life. He attends every vestry meeting that is held; always opposes the constituted authorities of the parish, denounces the profligacy of the churchwardens, contests legal points against the vestry-clerk, will make the tax-gatherer call for his money till he won't call any longer, and then he sends it: finds fault with the sermon every Sunday, says that the organist ought to be ashamed of himself, offers to back himself for any amount to sing the psalms better than all the children put together, male and female; and, in short, conducts himself in the most turbulent and uproarious manner. The worst of it is, that having a high regard for the old lady, he wants to make her a convert to his views, and therefore walks into her little parlour with his newspaper in his hand, and talks violent politics by the hour. He is a charitable, open-hearted old fellow at bottom, after all; so, although he puts the old lady a little out occasionally, they agree very well in the main, and she laughs as much at each feat of his handiwork when it is all over, as anybody else.

但这一切与他在公共生活中的煽动性行为相比，根本算不上什么。他参加教区委员会举行的每一次会议，总是与教区合法当局对着干，公然抨击堂区俗人委员浪费，与教区委员会文书的法律观点对抗。他会让收税官来要求他交税，直至他再也不来了，然后自己把税款送去。他还对每周日的讲道吹毛求疵，说风琴弹奏者应当为自己感到羞耻，说自己

唱的赞美诗比所有的孩子，男孩子和女孩子加一起都要好，而且愿意为这个论断下任何赌注。简而言之，他的行为无比狂暴和最滑稽。最糟糕的是，他非常尊重老妇人，希望把她的观点转变为与自己一致。于是，他拿着报纸，走进她那间小前厅，成小时地与她谈论暴力政治。他实际上终究是一个宽厚坦率的老家伙。因此，虽然他时常让老妇人有点不大高兴，他们总的来说合得来。他的“大作”结束时，她和其他任何人一样笑得开心。

CHAPTER III THE FOUR SISTERS

第三章 四姐妹

The row of houses in which the old lady and her troublesome neighbour reside, comprises, beyond all doubt, a greater number of characters within its circumscribed limits, than all the rest of the parish put together. As we cannot, consistently with our present plan, however, extend the number of our parochial sketches beyond six, it will be better perhaps, to select the most peculiar, and to introduce them at once without further preface.

老妇人和她那不安生的邻居所居住的那排房子里住的人物，比教区所有其余部分加起来还要多。这一点是确定无疑的。人类丰富多样的面部表情是一门出色而有意思的学问，而街道门环的外貌也很有趣，各有特色，几乎从来不会被人认错。

The four Miss Willises, then, settled in our parish thirteen years ago. It is a melancholy reflection that the old adage, 'time and tide wait for no man,' applies with equal force to the fairer portion of the creation; and willingly would we conceal the fact, that even thirteen years ago the Miss Willises were far from juvenile. Our duty as faithful parochial chroniclers, however, is paramount to every other consideration, and we are bound to state, that thirteen years since, the authorities in matrimonial cases, considered the youngest Miss Willis in a very precarious state, while the eldest sister was positively given over, as being far beyond all human hope. Well, the Miss Willises took a lease of the house; it was fresh painted and papered from top to bottom: the paint inside was all wainscoted, the marble all cleaned, the old grates taken down, and register-stoves, you could see to dress by, put up; four trees were planted in the back garden, several small baskets of gravel sprinkled over the front one, vans of elegant furniture arrived, spring blinds were fitted to the windows, carpenters who had been employed in the various preparations, alterations, and repairs, made confidential statements to the different maid-servants in the row, relative to the magnificent scale on which the Miss Willises were commencing; the maid-servants told their 'Missises,' the Missises told their friends, and vague rumours were circulated throughout the parish, that No. 25, in Gordon-place, had been taken by four maiden ladies of immense property.

嗯，威利斯家的四位小姐十三年前就在我们的教区定居了下来。有句古老的箴言叫“时光不等人”。想想上帝创造的女性也与这句箴言不谋而合，真是让人悲伤。但我们还是会欣然隐瞒一个事实，即威利斯家的

四位小姐即使在十三年前也算不上年轻。然而，身为忠实的教区编年史家的我们有责任超越其他的考虑，而且我们一定要指出：十三年以来，婚姻事例方面的权威人士认为年龄最小的威利斯小姐处在十分危险的情形，而她的长姐已经完全没有任何希望了，确定是被放弃了。唔，威利斯小姐们租了那栋房屋。房屋里新刷了油漆，处处都贴上了墙纸，室内的图画全部装上了护壁板，大理石全部清洁干净，陈旧的壁炉换成了挡板炉子，可以看着它穿衣打扮。后院里种了四棵树，前院的路面上撒了几小篮碎石，几货车优雅的家具运来，弹簧百叶窗也装到了窗户上。受雇去做各种准备、修改及维修工作的木匠向那排房屋里不同的女仆道出了一些机密，涉及威利斯小姐们正在投入建设的宏伟规模。女仆们告知了她们的女主人，那些女主人告知了她们的朋友。模糊不清的传闻在整个教区散布，说是戈登广场二十五号已被四位巨富的未婚女子租用了。

At last, the Miss Willises moved in; and then the 'calling' began. The house was the perfection of neatness—so were the four Miss Willises. Everything was formal, stiff, and cold—so were the four Miss Willises. Not a single chair of the whole set was ever seen out of its place—not a single Miss Willis of the whole four was ever seen out of hers. There they always sat, in the same places, doing precisely the same things at the same hour. The eldest Miss Willis used to knit, the second to draw, the two others to play duets on the piano. They seemed to have no separate existence, but to have made up their minds just to winter through life together. They were three long graces in drapery, with the addition, like a school-dinner, of another long grace afterwards—the three fates with another sister—the Siamese twins multiplied by two. The eldest Miss Willis grew bilious—the four Miss Willises grew bilious immediately. The eldest Miss Willis grew ill-tempered and religious—the four Miss Willises were ill-tempered and religious directly. Whatever the eldest did, the others did, and whatever anybody else did, they all disapproved of; and thus they vegetated- -living in Polar harmony among themselves, and, as they sometimes went out, or saw company 'in a quiet-way' at home, occasionally icing the neighbours. Three years passed over in this way, when an unlooked for and extraordinary phenomenon occurred. The Miss Willises showed symptoms of summer, the frost gradually broke up; a complete thaw took place. Was it possible? one of the four Miss Willises was going to be married!

终于，威利斯小姐们搬进来了。然后，“拜访”开始了。房屋干净整洁——威利斯家的四位小姐同样如此。一切都中规中矩、僵硬而冰冷——威利斯家的四位小姐同样如此。人们从未见过那一整套椅子中有一把从原处移开——人们也从未见过四位威利斯小姐中哪一位离开自己的座位。她们始终坐在那里，在同样的位置，在同样的时间里做着完全相同的事情。年龄最大的威利斯小姐过去常常织东西，二姐画画，其他两个小姐用钢琴弹二重奏。她们似乎从未分开过，而且已下定决心，就那

样一起度过这一生。她们是在帷帐里作的三篇长长的谢恩祷告，之后又加了一篇长长的谢恩祷告，就像在学校晚餐上那样——是命运三女神和另外一个妹妹——是两对连体婴。最年长的威利斯小姐脾气变坏了——威利斯家四位小姐立刻都脾气坏了。在这个问题上，我们的立场仅仅是：一个人和他的门环之间一定存在一种磁力，诱导他离开，找寻与他变化了的情绪更相配的门环。不管最年长的小姐做什么，其余的也会跟着做。而不管其他任何人做什么，她们都不赞成。她们就这样过着单调的生活——矛盾又和谐地相处着。她们有时会出去，或是在家里“安静地”接待客人，有时却会对邻居们很冷淡。这种生活延续了三年后，一种不期而至、离奇的现象发生了。威利斯小姐们表现出了夏天的征兆，霜逐渐解冻了，一次彻底的解冻发生了。这可能吗？威利斯家四位小姐中的一位将要结婚了！

Now, where on earth the husband came from, by what feelings the poor man could have been actuated, or by what process of reasoning the four Miss Willises succeeded in persuading themselves that it was possible for a man to marry one of them, without marrying them all, are questions too profound for us to resolve: certain it is, however, that the visits of Mr. Robinson (a gentleman in a public office, with a good salary and a little property of his own, besides) were received—that the four Miss Willises were courted in due form by the said Mr Robinson—that the neighbours were perfectly frantic in their anxiety to discover which of the four Miss Willises was the fortunate fair, and that the difficulty they experienced in solving the problem was not at all lessened by the announcement of the eldest Miss Willis,—'WE are going to marry Mr. Robinson.'

那么，这位丈夫到底来自哪儿，这个可怜的男人是受到了什么情感的驱使，或者威利斯家的四位小姐通过什么推理过程才成功说服她们自己接受一个男人与她们中的一个结婚而不是与她们所有人结婚，这些问题对我们而言都太奥妙了，无法解决。可是，确定的是，罗滨逊先生（一位在政府机关工作的先生，薪水很高，还有一些资产）的来访得到了接待——罗滨逊先生以恰当的形式向威利斯家的四位小姐献殷勤——邻居都十分疯狂而焦急地要查出四位威利斯小姐中的哪位是交了好运的美人。他们为了解答这个难题而经历的困难一点也没有因最年长的威利斯小姐“我们将要和罗滨逊先生结婚”这个宣布而减少。

It was very extraordinary. They were so completely identified, the one with the other, that the curiosity of the whole row—even of the old lady herself—was roused almost beyond endurance. The subject was discussed at every little card-table and tea-drinking. The old gentleman of silk-worm notoriety did not hesitate to express his decided opinion that Mr. Robinson was of Eastern descent, and contemplated marrying the whole family at once; and the row, generally, shook their heads with considerable gravity, and declared the business to be very mysterious. They hoped it might all end well;

—it certainly had a very singular appearance, but still it would be uncharitable to express any opinion without good grounds to go upon, and certainly the Miss Willises were QUITE old enough to judge for themselves, and to be sure people ought to know their own business best, and so forth.

这十分离奇。她们相互之间完全成为了一个整体，整排房子中的人们的好奇心——甚至包括那位老妇人的好奇心——都被激起了，几乎无法抑制。人们在打牌和喝茶之余都在谈论这件事。那位因养桑蚕而声名狼藉的老先生毫不犹豫地表达了他明确的观点，即罗滨逊先生有东方人的血统，盘算着要一次娶这一家子。而住在那排房屋里的人们大多都相当严肃地摇了摇头，宣布这件事情非常不可思议。他们希望这件事能有个完美的结局。这件事无疑有点蹊跷，但在没有切实根据的情况下表达任何观点都是不厚道的。而且不可否认的是，威利斯小姐们已经到了自己可以作出判断的年龄，人们当然最了解他们自己的事情，如此等等。

At last, one fine morning, at a quarter before eight o'clock, A.M., two glass-coaches drove up to the Miss Willises' door, at which Mr. Robinson had arrived in a cab ten minutes before, dressed in a light-blue coat and double-milled kersey pantaloons, white neckerchief, pumps, and dress-gloves, his manner denoting, as appeared from the evidence of the housemaid at No. 23, who was sweeping the door-steps at the time, a considerable degree of nervous excitement.

最终，在一个晴朗的早晨，差一刻八点钟时，两辆玻璃窗大马车驶到了威利斯小姐们的家门口。罗滨逊先生十分钟前就已经乘一辆马车到这儿了，他身穿一件淡蓝色外衣和一条轧了双齿边的克尔赛呢灯笼裤，围着白色颈巾，脚穿轻便鞋，戴着配礼服的手套。据当时正清扫门槛的二十三号家的女佣提供的证据看，他在一定程度上紧张又兴奋。

It was also hastily reported on the same testimony, that the cook who opened the door, wore a large white bow of unusual dimensions, in a much smarter head-dress than the regulation cap to which the Miss Willises invariably restricted the somewhat excursive tastes of female servants in general.

还有人匆忙报告，提供了同样的证据，说开门的厨娘戴了一个异常大的白色蝴蝶结，头饰也比平常戴的帽子更精致。威利斯小姐们总是让佣人戴那种帽子，以限制她们多少有点随意的品味。

The intelligence spread rapidly from house to house. It was quite clear that the eventful morning had at length arrived; the whole row stationed themselves behind their first and second floor blinds, and waited the result in breathless expectation.

这个情报快速地挨家挨户传播开了。很明显，重要的早晨最终要到来了。整排房屋里的人们站在他们二三层百叶窗的后边，屏息期盼着最后的结果。

At last the Miss Willises' door opened; the door of the first glass-coach did the same. Two gentlemen, and a pair of ladies to correspond—friends of the family, no doubt; up went the steps, bang went the door, off went the first glass-coach, and up came the second.

终于，威利斯小姐们家的门开了，第一辆玻璃窗大马车上的门也开了。两位绅士陪着一对女士——他们一定是这家人的朋友。他们踏上台阶，门砰的关上了。第一辆玻璃窗大马车驶开了，第二辆驶了过来。

The street door opened again; the excitement of the whole row increased—Mr. Robinson and the eldest Miss Willis. 'I thought so,' said the lady at No. 19; 'I always said it was MISS Willis!'— 'Well, I never!' ejaculated the young lady at No. 18 to the young lady at No.17.— 'Did you ever, dear!' responded the young lady at No. 17 to the young lady at No. 18. 'It's too ridiculous!' exclaimed a spinster of an UNcertain age, at No. 16, joining in the conversation. But who shall portray the astonishment of Gordon-place, when Mr. Robinson handed in ALL the Miss Willises, one after the other, and then squeezed himself into an acute angle of the glass-coach, which forthwith proceeded at a brisk pace, after the other glass-coach, which other glass-coach had itself proceeded, at a brisk pace, in the direction of the parish church! Who shall depict the perplexity of the clergyman, when ALL the Miss Willises knelt down at the communion-table, and repeated the responses incidental to the marriage service in an audible voice—or who shall describe the confusion which prevailed, when—even after the difficulties thus occasioned had been adjusted—ALL the Miss Willises went into hysterics at the conclusion of the ceremony, until the sacred edifice resounded with their united wailings!

临街门再次打开，整排房子里的居民都更加激动了——罗滨逊先生和最年长的威利斯小姐出来了。“我原来就是这么认为的，”居住在十九号的女士说道，“我一直说是威利斯小姐！”“喔，我从来没想到！”居住在十八号的年轻姑娘向住在十七号的年轻姑娘喊道。“亲爱的，谁能想到！”住在十七号的年轻姑娘向住在十八号的年轻姑娘回应道。“这件事太荒谬了！”住在十六号的一位看不出年龄的老姑娘插话道。但是，罗滨逊先生把四位威利斯小姐相继扶上车后，自己蜷缩到了玻璃窗户大马车里一个很小的角落。大马车立刻跟在另外一辆马车后面轻快前行，而后者正朝着教区教堂的方向轻快前行！这时，谁能描摹出戈登广场上人们的惊愕呢？四位威利斯小姐齐跪在圣餐桌前，出声重复婚礼仪式里例行的答话时，有谁可以描摹出牧师的迷茫呢——甚至由此引起的困难解决了以后——四位威利斯小姐在仪式结束时一起歇斯底里起来，直至神圣的教堂里回响起她们团结一致的哀鸣时，又有谁可以描绘那乱成一片的场面！

As the four sisters and Mr. Robinson continued to occupy the same house after this memorable occasion, and as the married sister, whoever she was, never appeared in public without the other three,

we are not quite clear that the neighbours ever would have discovered the real Mrs. Robinson, but for a circumstance of the most gratifying description, which WILL happen occasionally in the best-regulated families. Three quarter-days elapsed, and the row, on whom a new light appeared to have been bursting for some time, began to speak with a sort of implied confidence on the subject, and to wonder how Mrs. Robinson—the youngest Miss Willis that was—got on; and servants might be seen running up the steps, about nine or ten o'clock every morning, with 'Missis's compliments, and wishes to know how Mrs. Robinson finds herself this morning?' And the answer always was, 'Mrs. Robinson's compliments, and she's in very good spirits, and doesn't find herself any worse.' The piano was heard no longer, the knitting-needles were laid aside, drawing was neglected, and mantua-making and millinery, on the smallest scale imaginable, appeared to have become the favourite amusement of the whole family. The parlour wasn't quite as tidy as it used to be, and if you called in the morning, you would see lying on a table, with an old newspaper carelessly thrown over them, two or three particularly small caps, rather larger than if they had been made for a moderate-sized doll, with a small piece of lace, in the shape of a horse-shoe, let in behind: or perhaps a white robe, not very large in circumference, but very much out of proportion in point of length, with a little tucker round the top, and a frill round the bottom; and once when we called, we saw a long white roller, with a kind of blue margin down each side, the probable use of which, we were at a loss to conjecture. Then we fancied that Dr. Dawson, the surgeon, etc. who displays a large lamp with a different colour in every pane of glass, at the corner of the row, began to be knocked up at night oftener than he used to be; and once we were very much alarmed by hearing a hackney-coach stop at Mrs. Robinson's door, at half-past two o'clock in the morning, out of which there emerged a fat old woman, in a cloak and night-cap, with a bundle in one hand, and a pair of pattens in the other, who looked as if she had been suddenly knocked up out of bed for some very special purpose.

由于四姐妹和罗滨逊先生在这值得纪念的仪式之后继续住在同一个屋檐下，再加上那结了婚的姐姐或妹妹，无论她是谁，从来没有在其他三位不在时在公共场合出现，所以我们不是很清楚邻居们是否会发现谁是真正的罗滨逊夫人，除非发生了最有条理的家庭里有时会发生的最令人快意的情形。三个季度结账日过去了。那排房屋里的人有一段时间似乎有了新的见解，说起这个主题时也开始有种暗含的自信，并且开始想了解罗滨逊太太——年龄最小的威利斯小姐——过得怎么样。每天早晨大约九十点时，就会有佣人跑上台阶，问："我们女主人发出问候，她希望了解罗滨逊夫人今早过得如何？"回答始终是："罗滨逊夫人也问候你家主人。她精神很好，不觉得有什么不舒服。"再也没有钢琴声传出，织

针搁在了一边，绘画也被忽略了。而裁制小得几乎无法想象的女外套和女帽似乎已经变成了全家人最喜欢的消遣。会客室不像过去那样整洁了，如果你早晨来访，会看到桌子上放着两三顶特别小的帽子，上面还随意地盖了张旧报纸。那些帽子要是为中等大小的玩具娃娃制作的话，就太大了些。帽子后面嵌着一条马蹄状的小花边。或者可能会放着一条白色长袍，腰身不太大，但与长度很不成比例。衣服的上端围着一条小围嘴，底端是褶边。有一次，我们拜访时看到一个白色的长滚轴，每一边的下端都有一种蓝色的边。关于其用途，我们就不知从何猜起了。后来，我们觉得身为外科医生之类的道森医生晚上被人敲门叫醒的频率比以前高了。他在那排房屋的转角处挂出了一盏每个玻璃格子都发出不同光的巨大照明灯。有一次，我们听到一辆受雇马车在凌晨两点半停到了罗滨逊夫人家门口，并被这件事惊动。一个胖胖的老太婆走了出来，她披着斗篷，戴着便帽，一只手里拿着包袱，另一只手里拿着一双木鞋。她看起来似乎是突然被人出于某个非常独特的目的而敲门从床上叫起来的。

When we got up in the morning we saw that the knocker was tied up in an old white kid glove; and we, in our innocence (we were in a state of bachelorship then), wondered what on earth it all meant, until we heard the eldest Miss Willis, in propria persona say, with great dignity, in answer to the next inquiry, 'MY compliments, and Mrs. Robinson's doing as well as can be expected, and the little girl thrives wonderfully.' And then, in common with the rest of the row, our curiosity was satisfied, and we began to wonder it had never occurred to us what the matter was, before.

我们早晨起了床，看到门环上套着一只破旧的小山羊皮白手套。而无知的我们（那时，我们还处于单身状态）不知道那到底意味着什么，直至我们听到最年长的威利斯小姐回答下一个询问时，带着崇高的尊严说：“你好，罗滨逊夫人的情况正如人所愿，小女孩也正健康地茁壮成长。”然后，和住在那排房屋里的其他人们一样，我们的好奇心得以满足了，而且我们开始惊讶，我们过去怎么从来没想到呢。

CHAPTER IV THE ELECTION FOR BEADLE

第四章 教区执事选举

A great event has recently occurred in our parish. A contest of paramount interest has just terminated; a parochial convulsion has taken place. It has been succeeded by a glorious triumph, which the country—or at least the parish—it is all the same—will long remember. We have had an election; an election for beadle. The supporters of the old beadle system have been defeated in their stronghold, and the advocates of the great new beadle principles have achieved a proud victory.

我们的教区最近发生了一件大事。人类丰富多样的面部表情是一门出色而有意思的学问，而街道门环的外貌也很有趣，各有特色，几乎从来不会被人认错。继此之后是一次光荣的胜利，祖国人民——或至少是教区全体居民，都一样的——会长期牢记这次胜利。我们举行过一次选举，以选出教区执事。过去教区执事体制的支持者们已经在他们的堡垒中被击败了，而杰出的教区执事新原则的提倡者们取得了骄傲的成功。

Our parish, which, like all other parishes, is a little world of its own, has long been divided into two parties, whose contentions, slumbering for a while, have never failed to burst forth with unabated vigour, on any occasion on which they could by possibility be renewed. Watching-rates, lighting-rates, paving-rates, sewer's- rates, church-rates, poor's-rates—all sorts of rates, have been in their turns the subjects of a grand struggle; and as to questions of patronage, the asperity and determination with which they have been contested is scarcely credible. The leader of the official party—the steady advocate of the churchwardens, and the unflinching supporter of the overseers—is an old gentleman who lives in our row. He owns some half a dozen houses in it, and always walks on the opposite side of the way, so that he may be able to take in a view of the whole of his property at once. He is a tall, thin, bony man, with an interrogative nose, and little restless perking eyes, which appear to have been given him for the sole purpose of peeping into other people's affairs with. He is deeply impressed with the importance of our parish business, and prides himself, not a little, on his style of addressing the parishioners in vestry assembled. His views are rather confined than extensive; his principles more narrow than liberal. He has been heard to declaim very loudly in favour of the liberty of the press, and advocates the repeal of the stamp duty on newspapers, because the daily journals who now have a monopoly of the public, never give verbatim reports of vestry meetings. He would not appear egotistical for the world, but

at the same time he must say, that there are SPEECHES—that celebrated speech of his own, on the emoluments of the sexton, and the duties of the office, for instance—which might be communicated to the public, greatly to their improvement and advantage.

如同其他所有的教区一样，我们的教区是一个自己的小天地。它长期以来被分为两派。两者的争夺停息了一段时间，但只要有任何可能恢复争斗的时机，他们就一定爆发，其气势丝毫不减。治安税、照明税、铺路税、污水管理税、教堂管理税、贫民救济税——各种各样的税轮流成为这场激烈斗争的议题。他们在任免权一些问题上竞争之尖刻与坚定几乎让人无法相信。执政派的领导者——堂区俗人委员的坚定支持者与穷人救济事务掌管人毫不退缩的拥护者——是一位老先生，他就住在我们这一排房屋。这一排房屋中大概有六栋是他的。他总是走在路对面，这样便可以一下就把他的所有地产尽收眼底。他个子瘦高，瘦得皮包骨头。他的鼻子似乎总是在探索什么，小小的眼睛总是不安分地东张西望。他长这个鼻子和这双眼睛似乎纯属为了偷窥别人的事务。他觉得我们教区的事务极其重要，而且为自己在全体教区会议上的讲演风格而感到自豪，这自豪还不止一点半点。他的观点片面而非全面，他的原则狭隘而非开明。有人曾听到他高声慷慨陈词支持出版自由，还主张废除报纸印花税，原因是现在垄断民众舆论的那些日报从来都不对教区会议进行逐字报道。他不愿显得自高自大，但同时他必须得说，有一些讲演——例如，他自己作的关于教堂司事报酬与这个职务职责的知名讲演——也许会感染公众，使他们受益匪浅。

His great opponent in public life is Captain Purday, the old naval officer on half-pay, to whom we have already introduced our readers. The captain being a determined opponent of the constituted authorities, whoever they may chance to be, and our other friend being their steady supporter, with an equal disregard of their individual merits, it will readily be supposed, that occasions for their coming into direct collision are neither few nor far between. They divided the vestry fourteen times on a motion for heating the church with warm water instead of coals: and made speeches about liberty and expenditure, and prodigality and hot water, which threw the whole parish into a state of excitement. Then the captain, when he was on the visiting committee, and his opponent overseer, brought forward certain distinct and specific charges relative to the management of the workhouse, boldly expressed his total want of confidence in the existing authorities, and moved for 'a copy of the recipe by which the paupers' soup was prepared, together with any documents relating thereto.' This the overseer steadily resisted; he fortified himself by precedent, appealed to the established usage, and declined to produce the papers, on the ground of the injury that would be done to the public service, if documents of a strictly private nature, passing between the master of the workhouse and the cook, were to

be thus dragged to light on the motion of any individual member of the vestry. The motion was lost by a majority of two; and then the captain, who never allows himself to be defeated, moved for a committee of inquiry into the whole subject. The affair grew serious: the question was discussed at meeting after meeting, and vestry after vestry; speeches were made, attacks repudiated, personal defiances exchanged, explanations received, and the greatest excitement prevailed, until at last, just as the question was going to be finally decided, the vestry found that somehow or other, they had become entangled in a point of form, from which it was impossible to escape with propriety. So, the motion was dropped, and everybody looked extremely important, and seemed quite satisfied with the meritorious nature of the whole proceeding.

在公众生活中，他有个强大的对手，叫珀迪上校——那位领取半薪的老海军军官，我们已向读者介绍过他了。在这个问题上，我们的立场仅仅是：一个人和他的门环之间一定存在一种磁力，诱导他离开，找寻与他变化了的情绪更相配的门环。在用热水代替煤块为教堂供暖这个提议上，他们使教区委员会意见分歧了十四次。他们还作了关于自由与开支，以及浪费与热水的讲演，整个教区的居民为此感到十分兴奋。另外，上校在视察委员会任职时，他那个担任穷人救济事务掌管人的对手针对济贫院的管理提出了一些清楚且具体的控告。上校直率地表达了他对当下当局彻底的不信任，并且要求其提供“一份救济汤烹饪食谱以及任何相关文件”。穷人救济事务掌管人坚决拒绝了这个要求，他用先例支持自己的立场，拿既定惯例当挡箭牌，拒绝出示相关文件。他的理由如下：若一些在济贫院院长与厨师之间传送的需要严格保密的文件因为教区委员会某个个人的提议而被迫公之于众，便会对公务造成损害。这项提议因为与多数派的两票之差而遭到否决。后来，那位从来不允许自己被击败的上校提议建立调查委员会介入整个议题。事情严重了：一次接一次的会议和一次接一次的教区会议探讨了这个问题。他们作了很多讲演，驳斥了对方的攻击，交换了个人的藐视，得到了一些解释。这个事件弄得沸沸扬扬，直至最后，正当这个问题快要最终判决时，教区委员会发现他们莫名奇妙地卷入了一个形式问题，无法从中体面地逃脱。因此，这项提议到此为止了。每个人看上去都极其神气活现，好像对整个进程的高尚本质相当满意。

This was the state of affairs in our parish a week or two since, when Simmons, the beadle, suddenly died. The lamented deceased had over-exerted himself, a day or two previously, in conveying an aged female, highly intoxicated, to the strong room of the work-house. The excitement thus occasioned, added to a severe cold, which this indefatigable officer had caught in his capacity of director of the parish engine, by inadvertently playing over himself instead of a fire, proved too much for a constitution already enfeebled by age; and the intelligence was conveyed to the Board one evening that Simmons had

died, and left his respects.

这是教区执事西蒙斯猝然逝世后的一两周内，我们教区的情势。这位受人哀悼的死者去世的一两天以前，送一位烂醉的老女人去救济院的监护房间时劳累过度了。由此引起的兴奋加上重伤风——这位不知疲倦的官员履行他教区消防车指挥的责任时，不慎把水浇在了自己身上而非火上，因而得了重伤风——使得他已经因为年迈而衰弱的体质承受不了。这个情况在西蒙斯去世并留下他的问候的那个晚上转达给了委员会。

The breath was scarcely out of the body of the deceased functionary, when the field was filled with competitors for the vacant office, each of whom rested his claims to public support, entirely on the number and extent of his family, as if the office of beadle were originally instituted as an encouragement for the propagation of the human species. 'Bung for Beadle. Five small children!'—'Hopkins for Beadle. Seven small children!!'— 'Timkins for Beadle. Nine small children!!!' Such were the placards in large black letters on a white ground, which were plentifully pasted on the walls, and posted in the windows of the principal shops. Timkins's success was considered certain: several mothers of families half promised their votes, and the nine small children would have run over the course, but for the production of another placard, announcing the appearance of a still more meritorious candidate. 'Spruggins for Beadle. Ten small children (two of them twins), and a wife!!!' There was no resisting this; ten small children would have been almost irresistible in themselves, without the twins, but the touching parenthesis about that interesting production of nature, and the still more touching allusion to Mrs. Spruggins, must ensure success. Spruggins was the favourite at once, and the appearance of his lady, as she went about to solicit votes (which encouraged confident hopes of a still further addition to the house of Spruggins at no remote period), increased the general prepossession in his favour. The other candidates, Bung alone excepted, resigned in despair. The day of election was fixed; and the canvass proceeded with briskness and perseverance on both sides.

这个已逝的官员尸骨未寒，现场就挤满了这个空缺职位的竞争者。他们每个人都完全把家庭人数和分量当作要求得到公众拥护的理由，似乎教区执事这个职位最初是为鼓励人类繁衍而设的。“选本恩当教区执事吧，他有五个年幼的孩子呢！”“选霍普金斯当教区执事吧，他有七个年幼的孩子！！”“选蒂姆金斯当教区执事吧，他有九个年幼的孩子!!!”上述是在白色底子上用巨大黑字写的布告，墙上和一些大商店的橱窗上贴得比比皆是。人们料想蒂姆金斯一定会成功——好几个家庭的母亲基本许诺了投他一票。如果没有宣布一位更具优势的候选人参选的公告出现，那九个年幼的孩子就可以领跑这次选举。“选斯普勒金斯当教区执事吧，他有十个年幼的孩子（其中两个是双胞胎），还有一个夫人!!!”这个公

告让人无法抵挡。就算没有双胞胎，十个年幼的孩子本身就几乎不可抵挡了。而那句动人的关于有趣的自然产物的插入语，还有对斯普勒金斯夫人更加动人的提及，成功是毋庸置疑的。斯普勒金斯立即成了最受喜欢的人。而且，他的妻子四处走动去拉票（这让人们希望斯普勒金斯家不久再添人丁的信心更加充足），增加了大家普遍对他的偏爱。所有的候选人都绝望地退出了选举，本恩除外。选举的日子确定了，双方还继续乐此不疲地坚持进行游说。

The members of the vestry could not be supposed to escape the contagious excitement inseparable from the occasion. The majority of the lady inhabitants of the parish declared at once for Spruggins; and the quondam overseer took the same side, on the ground that men with large families always had been elected to the office, and that although he must admit, that, in other respects, Spruggins was the least qualified candidate of the two, still it was an old practice, and he saw no reason why an old practice should be departed from. This was enough for the captain. He immediately sided with Bung, canvassed for him personally in all directions, wrote squibs on Spruggins, and got his butcher to skewer them up on conspicuous joints in his shop-front; frightened his neighbour, the old lady, into a palpitation of the heart, by his awful denunciations of Spruggins's party; and bounced in and out, and up and down, and backwards and forwards, until all the sober inhabitants of the parish thought it inevitable that he must die of a brain fever, long before the election began.

大家不会认为教区委员会的委员们能逃脱与这种情形分不开的、极具感染性的激动情绪。教区的大部分女性居民立即声明支持斯普勒金斯，原来的穷人救济事务掌管人也支持他，其理由是当选该职位的人总是那个家里人丁兴旺的人。虽然他得承认，斯普勒金斯在其他方面不如另一位候选人，但旧例在那儿，他没理由违背。上校受不了了。他立刻站到了本恩那一边，亲自为他到处奔走拉选票，写了针对斯普勒金斯的讽刺短文，还让他的屠夫用串肉扦串在肉店最显眼的肉快上。他对斯普勒金斯那一派恐怖的谴责把他的邻居老妇人吓出了心悸。他蹦进又蹦出，跳上又跳下，跑前又跑后，直至教区所有理智的居民认为他百分之百一定会在选举还没开始时就早早死于脑热病。

The day of election arrived. It was no longer an individual struggle, but a party contest between the ins and outs. The question was, whether the withering influence of the overseers, the domination of the churchwardens, and the blighting despotism of the vestry-clerk, should be allowed to render the election of beadle a form—a nullity: whether they should impose a vestry-elected beadle on the parish, to do their bidding and forward their views, or whether the parishioners, fearlessly asserting their undoubted rights, should elect an independent beadle of their own.

选举日来临了。这已经不再是个人的争斗，而是执政党与在野党之

间的竞争。问题是，是否应容许穷人救济事务掌管人的毁灭性影响、堂区俗人委员的支配，以及教区委员会文书致命的独裁把教区执事选举变成一种形式——一个无用的程序。他们是否可以把一位教区委员会选举出的教区执事强加给这个教区，以执行他们的命令和推行他们的观点。或者说，勇敢坚持其不容置疑的权利的教民是否应当选出他们自己独立的教区执事。

The nomination was fixed to take place in the vestry, but so great was the throng of anxious spectators, that it was found necessary to adjourn to the church, where the ceremony commenced with due solemnity. The appearance of the churchwardens and overseers, and the ex-churchwardens and ex-overseers, with Spruggins in the rear, excited general attention. Spruggins was a little thin man, in rusty black, with a long pale face, and a countenance expressive of care and fatigue, which might either be attributed to the extent of his family or the anxiety of his feelings. His opponent appeared in a cast-off coat of the captain's—a blue coat with bright buttons; white trousers, and that description of shoes familiarly known by the appellation of 'high-lows.' There was a serenity in the open countenance of Bung—a kind of moral dignity in his confident air—an 'I wish you may get it' sort of expression in his eye—which infused animation into his supporters, and evidently dispirited his opponents.

本来确定在教堂附属室里进行任命，然而急切的观众人群太庞大了，大家觉得有必要移到教堂里举行。典礼就在那里庄严地开始了。堂区俗人委员、穷人救济事务掌管人和前堂区俗人委员与前穷人救济事务掌管人，以及尾随其后的斯普勒金斯出现了，引起了普遍关注。斯普勒金斯身材瘦小，身上穿的黑布衣服都褪色了，脸上明显露出了忧虑和疲惫，这可能是因为沉重的家庭负担，或是因为情绪焦虑。他的对手也出现了，穿着一件上校丢弃的外衣——是一件钉着亮闪闪扣子的蓝色外衣。他还穿着白色长裤和因“低帮缚带靴”这个名字而为人熟知的那种鞋子。本恩坦率的面容上有一种平静——他自信的样子中有几分高贵——眼睛里表达出“我希望你能获选”的意思——这为他的拥护者注入了生机，而且显然挫伤了对手的气势。

The ex-churchwarden rose to propose Thomas Spruggins for beadle. He had known him long. He had had his eye upon him closely for years; he had watched him with twofold vigilance for months. (A parishioner here suggested that this might be termed 'taking a double sight,' but the observation was drowned in loud cries of 'Order!') He would repeat that he had had his eye upon him for years, and this he would say, that a more well-conducted, a more well-behaved, a more sober, a more quiet man, with a more well- regulated mind, he had never met with. A man with a larger family he had never known (cheers). The parish required a man who could be depended on ('Hear!' from the Spruggins side, answered by ironical cheers from the

Bung party). Such a man he now proposed ('No,' 'Yes'). He would not allude to individuals (the ex- churchwarden continued, in the celebrated negative style adopted by great speakers). He would not advert to a gentleman who had once held a high rank in the service of his majesty; he would not say, that that gentleman was no gentleman; he would not assert, that that man was no man; he would not say, that he was a turbulent parishioner; he would not say, that he had grossly misbehaved himself, not only on this, but on all former occasions; he would not say, that he was one of those discontented and treasonable spirits, who carried confusion and disorder wherever they went; he would not say, that he harboured in his heart envy, and hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness. No! He wished to have everything comfortable and pleasant, and therefore, he would say— nothing about him (cheers).

前堂区俗人委员站起来提议由托马斯·斯普勒金斯担任教区执事。他认识他很长时间了。他已经细心注意他好多年了。这几个月以来，他观察他时的警觉是以前的两倍。（此时，一位教民建议这可以说成是“双重观察”，但他的话淹没在一片高呼“安静！”的喊叫中了。）他要再次申明自己已经观察他多年了。凭他的观察，他要说自己从未碰到过一个像他这么品行端正、行为得体、冷静、含蓄、头脑清楚的人。他从未认识过这么一个家庭里人丁兴旺的人。（欢呼）这个教区需要一个可以信赖的人。（斯普勒金斯那派的人发出“讲得好！”的呼声，本恩那一派人以讽刺的欢呼作回答。）他现在就提名这样一个人。（有人说“不”，有人喊“好”。）他不想提起某些人。（前堂区俗人委员以一种杰出演讲者采用的知名否定风格接着说）他不愿言及一位在国王陛下军队中担任高职的先生；他不愿说出这位先生称不上是个绅士；不愿宣称那个人没有男人气概；不愿说他是一个爱捣乱的教民；不愿说他不但在这个，还在以前所有的场合中行为非常失礼；不愿说他是那些愤愤不平且背信弃义之人中的一个，这些人无论到哪儿都会带去混乱和无序；不愿说那个人心藏嫉妒、憎恨、敌意和尖刻。不！他希望一切都舒适愉快。因此，关于那个人的事情，他什么都不会说。（欢呼）

The captain replied in a similar parliamentary style. He would not say, he was astonished at the speech they had just heard; he would not say, he was disgusted (cheers). He would not retort the epithets which had been hurled against him (renewed cheering); he would not allude to men once in office, but now happily out of it, who had mismanaged the workhouse, ground the paupers, diluted the beer, slack-baked the bread, boned the meat, heightened the work, and lowered the soup (tremendous cheers). He would not ask what such men deserved (a voice, 'Nothing a-day, and find themselves!'). He would not say, that one burst of general indignation should drive them from the parish they polluted with their presence ('Give it him!'). He would not allude to the unfortunate man who had been proposed

—he would not say, as the vestry's tool, but as Beadle. He would not advert to that individual's family; he would not say, that nine children, twins, and a wife, were very bad examples for pauper imitation (loud cheers). He would not advert in detail to the qualifications of Bung. The man stood before him, and he would not say in his presence, what he might be disposed to say of him, if he were absent. (Here Mr. Bung telegraphed to a friend near him, under cover of his hat, by contracting his left eye, and applying his right thumb to the tip of his nose). It had been objected to Bung that he had only five children ('Hear, hear!' from the opposition). Well; he had yet to learn that the legislature had affixed any precise amount of infantine qualification to the office of beadle; but taking it for granted that an extensive family were a great requisite, he entreated them to look to facts, and compare data, about which there could be no mistake. Bung was 35 years of age. Spruggins—of whom he wished to speak with all possible respect—was 50. Was it not more than possible—was it not very probable—that by the time Bung attained the latter age, he might see around him a family, even exceeding in number and extent, that to which Spruggins at present laid claim (deafening cheers and waving of handkerchiefs)? The captain concluded, amidst loud applause, by calling upon the parishioners to sound the tocsin, rush to the poll, free themselves from dictation, or be slaves for ever.

上校以相似的议会风格作了回复。他不愿说他因刚刚听见的讲演而震惊；他不愿说他感到恶心。（欢呼）他不愿反驳对方对他讲的侮辱性言语；（又一阵欢呼）他不愿提起那些曾经任官职而现在幸福地下台的人，这些人对济贫院管理不当、压迫贫民、在啤酒里加水、面包都不烤熟、肉剔地只剩下了骨头、加重工作量，还把汤煮得更稀了。（震天的欢呼）他不愿问这样的人该得到什么。（一个声音说：“每天什么也得不到，让他们自己去找吧！”）。他不愿说大家集体爆发的愤慨能把他们从这个被他们的出现污染的教堂中赶出去。（“把他赶出去！”）他不愿提及那个不幸的人，他被提名为——他不愿说——被提名为教区委员会的工具，而不是教区执事。他不愿言及那个人的家庭；他不愿说九个子女（包括那对双胞胎）和一位妻子是让穷人模仿的坏榜样。（高声欢呼）他不愿详细谈及本恩的任职资格。这个人站在他前面，他不会当面说出那个人不在场时才可能说的关于他的话。（此时，本恩先生在他帽子的掩护下，闭上左眼，把右手大拇指压在鼻尖上，向他旁边的一位朋友打暗语。）有人提出异议，说本恩只有五个孩子。（反对派发出“讲得对！讲得对！”的喊声。）喔，他还有待了解立法机构是否对教区执事这个职位的资格附加了孩子具体数目的要求。但就算理所当然地认为一个大家庭是一个重要的必需条件，他恳请大家留意一些事实，比较一下数据，这些都不可能出错。本恩的年龄是三十五岁。斯普勒金斯——他希望尽可能尊重地谈到他——五十岁了。本恩到了50岁时，他的家庭可能在数字和范围上都超出斯普勒金斯现在所声称的情况，这难道不是很有可能——这难道不是非常有可能吗？（震耳欲聋的欢呼和一些挥舞的手帕）

上校在一阵热烈鼓掌叫好声中作出总结，号召教民们敲起警钟，冲向投票点，把自己从操纵中解放出来或是一辈子都当奴隶。

On the following day the polling began, and we never have had such a bustle in our parish since we got up our famous anti-slavery petition, which was such an important one, that the House of Commons ordered it to be printed, on the motion of the member for the district. The captain engaged two hackney-coaches and a cab for Bung's people—the cab for the drunken voters, and the two coaches for the old ladies, the greater portion of whom, owing to the captain's impetuosity, were driven up to the poll and home again, before they recovered from their flurry sufficiently to know, with any degree of clearness, what they had been doing. The opposite party wholly neglected these precautions, and the consequence was, that a great many ladies who were walking leisurely up to the church—for it was a very hot day—to vote for Spruggins, were artfully decoyed into the coaches, and voted for Bung. The captain's arguments, too, had produced considerable effect: the attempted influence of the vestry produced a greater. A threat of exclusive dealing was clearly established against the vestry-clerk—a case of heartless and profligate atrocity. It appeared that the delinquent had been in the habit of purchasing six penn'orth of muffins, weekly, from an old woman who rents a small house in the parish, and resides among the original settlers; on her last weekly visit, a message was conveyed to her through the medium of the cook, couched in mysterious terms, but indicating with sufficient clearness, that the vestry-clerk's appetite for muffins, in future, depended entirely on her vote on the beadleship. This was sufficient: the stream had been turning previously, and the impulse thus administered directed its final course. The Bung party ordered one shilling's-worth of muffins weekly for the remainder of the old woman's natural life; the parishioners were loud in their exclamations; and the fate of Spruggins was sealed.

第二天，投票开始了。自从上次那个有名的反对奴隶制度请愿活动，我们的教区还从未如此喧闹过。那次请愿活动非常重要，众议院根据这个地区议员的提议，命令印出请愿书。上校为本恩的支持者安排了两辆四轮大马车和一辆大型马车——后者是为醉酒的投票人安排的，而前者是为老妇人安排的。由于上校性格急躁，她们大多是由马车送到投票点，而且还没从激动中恢复，头脑清醒到知道自己做过了什么，就又由马车送回家了。对方全然忽略了这些防范措施，因此结果是：很多慢慢地走着去教堂为斯普勒金斯投票的女士——那是一个大热天——被人狡猾地骗进了马车，并为本恩投了票。上校的论辩也产生了相当重要的影响，而教区委员会试图操纵选举的行为产生了更重要的影响。教区委员会文书独断的威胁已经清楚地得到了确证——一种无情、恣意的残暴行为。原来，这个行为不检的家伙习惯每周从一个老妇人那里买六便士

的小松饼。那个老妇人在这个教区租了一个小房子，与最早在此定居的人住在一起。她上次进行她每周一次的拜访时，有人通过厨师转达给了她一个信息。虽然信息闪烁其辞，但还是能明确地表明以下意思：教区委员会文书将来对小松饼的胃口完全取决于她在教区执事选举中的投票。这就足够了：那条小溪流之前正要改变流向，这次的刺激直接把它引向最终的航道。本恩这一方的人每周从老妇人那里定购一先令的松饼，直到她生命终结。教民们高声惊叹。而斯普勒金斯的命运也就这样确定了。

It was in vain that the twins were exhibited in dresses of the same pattern, and night-caps, to match, at the church door: the boy in Mrs. Spruggins's right arm, and the girl in her left—even Mrs. Spruggins herself failed to be an object of sympathy any longer. The majority attained by Bung on the gross poll was four hundred and twenty-eight, and the cause of the parishioners triumphed.

那对双胞胎身着相同式样的衣服和睡帽，摆在教堂门前：斯普勒金斯太太右胳膊里抱着男孩，左胳膊里抱着女孩，但这是徒劳无益的——甚至连斯普勒金斯太太本人也不再是人怜悯的对象了。本恩以四百二十八票获得了大多数选票。教民们大获成功。

CHAPTER V THE BROKER'S MAN

第五章 估价人的雇员

The excitement of the late election has subsided, and our parish being once again restored to a state of comparative tranquillity, we are enabled to devote our attention to those parishioners who take little share in our party contests or in the turmoil and bustle of public life. And we feel sincere pleasure in acknowledging here, that in collecting materials for this task we have been greatly assisted by Mr. Bung himself, who has imposed on us a debt of obligation which we fear we can never repay. The life of this gentleman has been one of a very chequered description: he has undergone transitions—not from grave to gay, for he never was grave—not from lively to severe, for severity forms no part of his disposition; his fluctuations have been between poverty in the extreme, and poverty modified, or, to use his own emphatic language, 'between nothing to eat and just half enough.' He is not, as he forcibly remarks, 'one of those fortunate men who, if they were to dive under one side of a barge stark-naked, would come up on the other with a new suit of clothes on, and a ticket for soup in the waistcoat-pocket:' neither is he one of those, whose spirit has been broken beyond redemption by misfortune and want. He is just one of the careless, good-for-nothing, happy fellows, who float, cork-like, on the surface, for the world to play at hockey with: knocked here, and there, and everywhere: now to the right, then to the left, again up in the air, and anon to the bottom, but always reappearing and bounding with the stream buoyantly and merrily along. Some few months before he was prevailed upon to stand a contested election for the office of beadle, necessity attached him to the service of a broker; and on the opportunities he here acquired of ascertaining the condition of most of the poorer inhabitants of the parish, his patron, the captain, first grounded his claims to public support. Chance threw the man in our way a short time since. We were, in the first instance, attracted by his prepossessing impudence at the election; we were not surprised, on further acquaintance, to find him a shrewd, knowing fellow, with no inconsiderable power of observation; and, after conversing with him a little, were somewhat struck (as we dare say our readers have frequently been in other cases) with the power some men seem to have, not only of sympathising with, but to all appearance of understanding feelings to which they themselves are entire strangers. We had been expressing to the new functionary our surprise that he should ever have served in the capacity to which we have just adverted, when we gradually led

him into one or two professional anecdotes. As we are induced to think, on reflection, that they will tell better in nearly his own words, than with any attempted embellishments of ours, we will at once entitle them.

最近的选举引发的兴奋已经消退，我们的教区又回到了之前相对安宁的状态。我们现在可以把注意力投向那些很少参与党派争斗或混乱喧闹的公众生活的教区居民们。人类丰富多样的面部表情是一门出色而有意思的学问，而街道门环的外貌也很有趣，各有特色，几乎从来不会被人认错。本恩先生的生活并非一成不变：他经历了转变——并非由严肃到欢快，因为他从来都不严肃——并非由活泼到严厉，因为他的性情里从未有过严厉。他的变动是由极度贫困到一般贫困，或是用他本人强调性的话说，就是“由饥肠辘辘到正好半饱”。正如他语势强烈地说过的那样，他并非“属于那种如果赤裸着由驳船的一侧跳下水，就会身穿一套新衣服从另一侧上来，背心口袋里还装有一张领汤粥的票的幸运人群”；他也并非那种意志被不幸和匮乏消磨得无可救药的人。他只是那些漫不经心、毫无用处、开开心心的人中的一位。他们像木塞一样在表面浮着，给人当曲棍球打：打到这里，打到那里，到处都是，此时到右边，然后又到左边，又升到空中，一会儿又到下面，然而总是会重新出现，随着水流活跃愉快地弹跳着。他被说服去参加教区执事竞选的前几个月，迫于贫困去找了个估价人雇员的工作。借此机会，他查明了教区内大部分较贫穷居民和他的赞助人，即上校的经济状况。他首先以此为基础争取得到公众的支持。不久前，我们偶然遇到了这个人。起初，我们为他在竞选中表现出的富有魅力的冒失所吸引。经过深一层的了解，我们发现他是一个观察力强、精明狡猾的家伙，这些都不出我们所料。我们同他稍微交谈后，不知为何被一些人仿佛拥有的力量打动了（我们敢说读者们在其他事情中也常常如此），不只是怜悯的力量，而且是理解其完全陌生的感情的力量。我们对这位新上任的官员表达了我们对他竟然在刚刚提到过的这个职业领域工作的惊讶之情，并慢慢与他谈起一两个职业轶事。我们考虑过后，认为这些故事最好用他本人的话讲出来，而非加上我们试图进行的任何修饰。我们马上就给它们命了名。

MR BUNG'S NARRATIVE

本恩先生的叙述

'It's very true, as you say, sir,' Mr. Bung commenced, 'that a broker's man's is not a life to be envied; and in course you know as well as I do, though you don't say it, that people hate and scout 'em because they're the ministers of wretchedness, like, to poor people. But what could I do, sir? The thing was no worse because I did it, instead of somebody else; and if putting me in possession of a house would put me in possession of three and sixpence a day, and levying a distress on another man's goods would relieve my distress and that of my family, it can't be expected but what I'd take the job and go through with it. I never liked it, God knows; I always looked out for something else, and the moment I got other work to do, I left it. If

there is anything wrong in being the agent in such matters—not the principal, mind you—I'm sure the business, to a beginner like I was, at all events, carries its own punishment along with it. I wished again and again that the people would only blow me up, or pitch into me—that I wouldn't have minded, it's all in my way; but it's the being shut up by yourself in one room for five days, without so much as an old newspaper to look at, or anything to see out o' the winder but the roofs and chimneys at the back of the house, or anything to listen to, but the ticking, perhaps, of an old Dutch clock, the sobbing of the missis, now and then, the low talking of friends in the next room, who speak in whispers, lest "the man" should overhear them, or perhaps the occasional opening of the door, as a child peeps in to look at you, and then runs half-frightened away—it's all this, that makes you feel sneaking somehow, and ashamed of yourself; and then, if it's wintertime, they just give you fire enough to make you think you'd like more, and bring in your grub as if they wished it 'ud choke you—as I dare say they do, for the matter of that, most heartily. If they're very civil, they make you up a bed in the room at night, and if they don't, your master sends one in for you; but there you are, without being washed or shaved all the time, shunned by everybody, and spoken to by no one, unless some one comes in at dinner-time, and asks you whether you want any more, in a tone as much to say, "I hope you don't," or, in the evening, to inquire whether you wouldn't rather have a candle, after you've been sitting in the dark half the night. When I was left in this way, I used to sit, think, think, thinking, till I felt as lonesome as a kitten in a wash-house copper with the lid on; but I believe the old brokers' men who are regularly trained to it, never think at all. I have heard some on 'em say, indeed, that they don't know how!

“先生，您说得完全正确。”本恩先生开始说了，“做估价人的雇员不是一种令人羡慕的生活。您不说出来，但您和我一样清楚，人们厌恶他们，嘲笑他们，因为对穷人来说，他们像是代表不幸的使节一样。但是，我能做些什么啊，先生？我做这个事情和其他人做一样，不会因为是我做而更糟糕。假如让我看管一所房子可以让我一天赚三先令六便士，扣押别人的财物能缓解我和我家庭的贫困，我肯定会接受这份工作并坚持到底。天晓得我从未喜欢过它，我始终想换个工作。我一找到别的事做，就放弃了这个工作。如果在这种事务里担任中介有任何过错的话——请注意，不是重大过错——就我这样一个新手而言，我确信这种生意不管怎样都会伴随有其自己的惩罚。在这个问题上，我们的立场仅仅是：一个人和他的门环之间一定存在一种磁力，诱导他离开，找寻与他变化了的情绪更相配的门环。假如他们非常有礼貌，那夜里他们会在房间为你铺一张床。而假如他们没有礼貌，你的主人会为你送来一张。但你就在那儿，一直不洗漱刮脸，所有人都避开你，没有个人对你讲话，除非有人在午饭时进来问你还添不添饭，那种语气像是在说‘我希望

你别再要了’，或晚上，你在黑暗中呆了半夜后，有人去问你要不要点支蜡烛。我身处这种情形时，曾经坐着想啊想啊想啊，直至我感觉自己像只呆在盖着盖子的洗衣房铜制容器里的小猫一样孤独。但我想那些经常参加培训去做这种事的老估价人雇员根本就没想过。我的确曾听他们当中的几位讲他们不知怎样想！

'I put in a good many distresses in my time (continued Mr. Bung), and in course I wasn't long in finding, that some people are not as much to be pitied as others are, and that people with good incomes who get into difficulties, which they keep patching up day after day and week after week, get so used to these sort of things in time, that at last they come scarcely to feel them at all. I remember the very first place I was put in possession of, was a gentleman's house in this parish here, that everybody would suppose couldn't help having money if he tried. I went with old Fixem, my old master, 'bout half arter eight in the morning; rang the area-bell; servant in livery opened the door: "Governor at home?"— "Yes, he is," says the man; "but he's breakfasting just now." "Never mind," says Fixem, "just you tell him there's a gentleman here, as wants to speak to him partickler." So the servant he opens his eyes, and stares about him all ways—looking for the gentleman, as it struck me, for I don't think anybody but a man as was stone-blind would mistake Fixem for one; and as for me, I was as seedy as a cheap cowcumber. Hows'ever, he turns round, and goes to the breakfast-parlour, which was a little snug sort of room at the end of the passage, and Fixem (as we always did in that profession), without waiting to be announced, walks in arter him, and before the servant could get out, "Please, sir, here's a man as wants to speak to you," looks in at the door as familiar and pleasant as may be. "Who the devil are you, and how dare you walk into a gentleman's house without leave?" says the master, as fierce as a bull in fits. "My name," says Fixem, winking to the master to send the servant away, and putting the warrant into his hands folded up like a note, "My name's Smith," says he, "and I called from Johnson's about that business of Thompson's."— "Oh," says the other, quite down on him directly, "How IS Thompson?" says he; "Pray sit down, Mr. Smith: John, leave the room.” Out went the servant; and the gentleman and Fixem looked at one another till they couldn't look any longer, and then they varied the amusements by looking at me, who had been standing on the mat all this time. "Hundred and fifty pounds, I see," said the gentleman at last. "Hundred and fifty pound," said Fixem, "besides cost of levy, sheriff's poundage, and all other incidental expenses."— "Um," says the gentleman, "I shan't be able to settle this before to-morrow afternoon.”— "Very sorry; but I shall be obliged to leave my man here till then," replies Fixem, pretending to look very miserable over it. "That's very unfort'nate," says the gentleman, "for I have got a large

party here to-night, and I'm ruined if those fellows of mine get an inkling of the matter—just step here, Mr. Smith," says he, after a short pause. So Fixem walks with him up to the window, and after a good deal of whispering, and a little chinking of suverins, and looking at me, he comes back and says, "Bung, you're a handy fellow, and very honest I know. This gentleman wants an assistant to clean the plate and wait at table to-day, and if you're not particularly engaged," says old Fixem, grinning like mad, and shoving a couple of suverins into my hand, "he'll be very glad to avail himself of your services." Well, I laughed: and the gentleman laughed, and we all laughed; and I went home and cleaned myself, leaving Fixem there, and when I went back, Fixem went away, and I polished up the plate, and waited at table, and gammoned the servants, and nobody had the least idea I was in possession, though it very nearly came out after all; for one of the last gentlemen who remained, came down-stairs into the hall where I was sitting pretty late at night, and putting half-a-crown into my hand, says, "Here, my man," says he, "run and get me a coach, will you?" I thought it was a do, to get me out of the house, and was just going to say so, sulkily enough, when the gentleman (who was up to everything) came running down-stairs, as if he was in great anxiety. "Bung," says he, pretending to be in a consuming passion. "Sir," says I. "Why the devil an't you looking after that plate?"— "I was just going to send him for a coach for me," says the other gentleman. "And I was just a-going to say," says I—"Anybody else, my dear fellow," interrupts the master of the house, pushing me down the passage to get out of the way— "anybody else; but I have put this man in possession of all the plate and valuables, and I cannot allow him on any consideration whatever, to leave the house. Bung, you scoundrel, go and count those forks in the breakfast-parlour instantly." You may be sure I went laughing pretty hearty when I found it was all right. The money was paid next day, with the addition of something else for myself, and that was the best job that I (and I suspect old Fixem too) ever got in that line.

“我任职的时候执行了不少扣押命令（本恩先生继续说），不久我就发现一些人不像其他人那样值得怜悯。那些收入高的人陷入困境后，日复一日、周复一周地补缺口。他们已经慢慢习惯了这类事情，最终几乎对这些事一点也没感觉了。”我记得我第一次被派去掌管的财产是这个教区一位绅士的住宅。每个人都认为如果他努力，一定能弄到钱。我和我的老主人老菲克逊早晨大约八点半时一起去，按了那家人地下室的门铃。一个穿制服的佣人开了门。我们问：“主人在家吗？”“是的，在家，”那个人说，“但他现在正在吃早餐。”“不要紧，”菲克逊说道，“你只要告诉他这儿有一位绅士，需要立即与他谈话。”因此，那个佣人睁大眼睛，朝四周张望——我想他是在寻找那位绅士，因为我觉得不会有任何人把菲克逊误认为是一位绅士，除非他双眼全瞎了。至于我，我就像

一根贱黄瓜那样不名一文。不过，他转过身，到早餐室去了。那个早餐室是通道尽头的一个小房间，非常温暖舒适。菲克逊（就如我们那一行当的人常常做的那样）没等通报就跟在他身后走了进去。佣人还没说出‘先生，有一个人有话对您说’这句话，他就往门里瞅，显得极其熟悉和惹人喜爱。‘你到底是谁，竟敢没有得到同意就进入一位绅士的住宅？’主人说道，如一头发怒的公牛那样暴躁。‘我叫，’菲克逊向主人使眼色让他打发走佣人，并把折成了一张便条的授权令放在他的手里，‘我叫史密斯，我代表约翰逊来拜访您，想谈一谈关于汤普森家的事情。’‘噢，’对方说道，气势马上就减弱了，‘汤普森还好吗？请坐，史密斯先生。约翰，出去。’佣人出去了。那位绅士与菲克逊看着彼此，直至他们无法再看下去了。接着，他们换了一种消遣方式，开始看一直站在擦鞋垫上的我。‘哦，一百五十英镑。’那位绅士最终说道。‘一百五十英镑，’菲克逊说道，‘包括税费、行政长官的收费，以及其他一切附带的开支。’‘嗯，’那位绅士说道，‘我明天下午之前无法支付。’‘十分遗憾。但我在那之前必须把我的雇员留在这里。’菲克逊回答道，装出为这件事而感到十分痛苦的样子。‘太不凑巧了，’那位绅士说道，‘今晚我要举办一个大型聚会。假如那些家伙略微知道这件事，我就全完了。’‘到这儿来，史密斯先生。’他稍稍停顿了一下后说道。因此，菲克逊随他走到窗户边。他们低语了好一阵，响起了硬币相撞的轻击声。他们看看我，菲克逊走回来，对我说：‘本恩，你是一个手脚麻利的家伙。我知道你非常可靠。’这位绅士想要一个助手今天清洁餐具和伺候进餐。如果你不是太忙的话，’老菲克逊说道，夸张地咧着嘴笑，并往我手里塞了几个硬币，‘他将十分高兴接受你的服务。’喔，我笑了，那位绅士笑了，我们都笑起来。我把菲克逊留在那里，自己回家收拾了一番。我回来后，菲克逊离开了。我擦亮了餐具，伺候客人进餐，还骗过了佣人。大家完全不知道我在执行看管任务。不过，我终究还是差点没露馅。最后离开的几位绅士中的一位深夜下楼到了大厅，当时我正坐在那儿。他在我手里放了半克朗，说：‘哎，老弟，快点去为我叫一辆四轮大马车吧。’我以为这是一个骗局，是为了把我弄出这所房子。我正要愤怒地说出来，那位绅士（什么都该他负责）跑下楼，似乎十分焦虑。‘本恩，’他说道，假装情绪激动。“先生。”我说。“你为什么不去清理餐具？”“我刚打算派他去为我叫辆四轮大马车。”那位绅士说道。‘我正打算说，’我说道——‘亲爱的老兄，再去随便找个人吧。’那栋房子的主人插话道，同时把我往走廊推，离开了那儿，‘其他任何人。我已让这个人掌管全部餐具和珍贵物品，所以我无论如何都不能允许他出这栋房子。本恩，你这个恶棍，马上去数一下早餐室里的餐叉。’你可能一定想到了，我发现一切都好时，笑得合不拢嘴。那位绅士第二天就付了钱，我自己也得到了些额外的东西。那是我入行以来干得最好的一次（我怀疑对老菲克逊来说也是这样）。

'But this is the bright side of the picture, sir, after all,' resumed Mr. Bung, laying aside the knowing look and flash air, with which he had repeated the previous anecdote—'and I'm sorry to say, it's the side one sees very, very seldom, in comparison with the dark one. The civility which money will purchase, is rarely extended to those who

have none; and there's a consolation even in being able to patch up one difficulty, to make way for another, to which very poor people are strangers. I was once put into a house down George's-yard—that little dirty court at the back of the gas-works; and I never shall forget the misery of them people, dear me! It was a distress for half a year's rent —two pound ten, I think. There was only two rooms in the house, and as there was no passage, the lodgers up-stairs always went through the room of the people of the house, as they passed in and out; and every time they did so— which, on the average, was about four times every quarter of an hour—they blowed up quite frightful: for their things had been seized too, and included in the inventory. There was a little piece of enclosed dust in front of the house, with a cinder-path leading up to the door, and an open rain-water butt on one side. A dirty striped curtain, on a very slack string, hung in the window, and a little triangular bit of broken looking-glass rested on the sill inside. I suppose it was meant for the people's use, but their appearance was so wretched, and so miserable, that I'm certain they never could have plucked up courage to look themselves in the face a second time, if they survived the fright of doing so once. There was two or three chairs, that might have been worth, in their best days, from eightpence to a shilling a-piece; a small deal table, an old corner cupboard with nothing in it, and one of those bedsteads which turn up half way, and leave the bottom legs sticking out for you to knock your head against, or hang your hat upon; no bed, no bedding. There was an old sack, by way of rug, before the fireplace, and four or five children were grovelling about, among the sand on the floor. The execution was only put in, to get 'em out of the house, for there was nothing to take to pay the expenses; and here I stopped for three days, though that was a mere form too: for, in course, I knew, and we all knew, they could never pay the money. In one of the chairs, by the side of the place where the fire ought to have been, was an old 'ooman —the ugliest and dirtiest I ever see—who sat rocking herself backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, without once stopping, except for an instant now and then, to clasp together the withered hands which, with these exceptions, she kept constantly rubbing upon her knees, just raising and depressing her fingers convulsively, in time to the rocking of the chair. On the other side sat the mother with an infant in her arms, which cried till it cried itself to sleep, and when it 'woke, cried till it cried itself off again. The old 'ooman's voice I never heard: she seemed completely stupefied; and as to the mother's, it would have been better if she had been so too, for misery had changed her to a devil. If you had heard how she cursed the little naked children as was rolling on the floor, and seen how savagely she struck the infant when it cried with hunger, you'd have

shuddered as much as I did. There they remained all the time: the children ate a morsel of bread once or twice, and I gave 'em best part of the dinners my missis brought me, but the woman ate nothing; they never even laid on the bedstead, nor was the room swept or cleaned all the time. The neighbours were all too poor themselves to take any notice of 'em, but from what I could make out from the abuse of the woman up-stairs, it seemed the husband had been transported a few weeks before. When the time was up, the landlord and old Fixem too, got rather frightened about the family, and so they made a stir about it, and had 'em taken to the workhouse. They sent the sick couch for the old 'ooman, and Simmons took the children away at night. The old 'ooman went into the infirmary, and very soon died. The children are all in the house to this day, and very comfortable they are in comparison. As to the mother, there was no taming her at all. She had been a quiet, hard-working woman, I believe, but her misery had actually drove her wild; so after she had been sent to the house of correction half-a-dozen times, for throwing inkstands at the overseers, blaspheming the churchwardens, and smashing everybody as come near her, she burst a blood-vessel one mornin', and died too; and a happy release it was, both for herself and the old paupers, male and female, which she used to tip over in all directions, as if they were so many skittles, and she the ball.

“但这终究只是事情积极的一面，先生，”本恩先生又继续说道，没有了他重述上一个轶事时那种心照不宣的眼神与俗气的夸耀，“我要很遗憾地说，与消极的一面相比，人们极少、极少看到积极面。穷人几乎无法得到金钱可以购买的礼貌对待。而且，非常贫困的人甚至连解决一个困难并为解决另一个困难开辟道路时的慰藉都无法得到。有一次，我被派去看管乔治家院子里的一栋房屋——那个院子很小很脏，在煤气工厂后面。我永远不会忘记他们那些人的悲惨，天啊！那次扣押是因为他们拖了半年的房租——我记得是二英镑十先令。那栋房子里只有两个房间。而且由于没有走道，楼上的房客进来出去总是要经过这家人的一个房间。他们每次走过时——平均每十五分钟差不多走四次——都相当可怕地大发脾气，因为他们的财物也被查封了，记录进了财产目录中。房子前有一小块围起来的垃圾堆，从这儿有一条一直通往门口的煤渣小道，旁边还有一个接雨用的敞口大桶。一块脏兮兮的条纹窗帘由一根细绳松松地挂在了窗户上。窗户里面的窗台上放着一面不完整的小三角形镜子。我想这面镜子是为人们使用而设的，但他们的外表是那么肮脏，那么悲惨，所以我确信即使他们第一次照镜子没被吓倒，也再无法鼓起勇气第二次看镜子里的自己。屋里有两三把椅子，最新的时候可能每把值八便士到一先令。还有一张松木小桌子，角落里有一个破旧的橱柜，里面空空如也。还有一张中间可以折起的床架，床腿向外突出，可能会撞着人的头，也可以用于挂帽子。床架上没有床板，也没有被褥。壁炉前面有一个破旧的麻袋用作了小地毯，四五个小孩正在地板上的沙子中间爬着滚去。提交执行令仅仅是为了把他们赶出那栋房子，因为没有什

么东西可拿去支付费用。我在那儿呆了三天，不过这同样也仅仅是种形式——因为，我当然明白，我们都明白，他们怎么都付不起这笔钱。壁炉里没有烧火，旁边有一把椅子。一位老妇人坐在那儿——她是我见过的最丑、最脏的人——她自己来回摇晃着，不停地来回摇晃，除了干枯的双手偶尔会相握片刻。除此之外，她的手不停地在膝盖上揉搓，痉挛性地抬起、放下，正好跟上椅子摇晃的节奏。壁炉的另一侧坐着一位母亲。她抱着一个婴儿，那个婴儿哭个不停，直到睡着。而婴儿醒来后，又接着哭，直至再次睡着。我从未听过那个老妇人的声音，她好像彻底神志不清了。至于那位母亲的声音，假使她也失去神智就好了，因为贫困已经把她变成了一个魔鬼。要是你听见她如何诅咒那些正在地板上打滚、赤裸着身子的小孩们，看到她如何粗暴地打这个饿得直哭的婴儿，你会像我一样颤栗的。他们一直呆在那儿。有一两次，孩子吃一点面包。我把妻子给我送来的大部分食物都给了他们，但那个女人什么都没吃。他们甚至从没睡过那个床架，房间也一直没有打扫或是清洁过。邻居们自己也太穷了，根本无力理会他们。但我从楼上那个女人的诅咒里推测，这家的丈夫可能已经在几周前被放逐了。期限到了后，房东和老菲克逊都因为这个家庭而相当害怕，还因此引起了一阵轰动，把他们送到了济贫院。他们给老妇人送去一个病人用的沙发，西蒙斯夜里带走了孩子们。老妇人进了医务室，不久就去世了。孩子们至今还都呆在济贫院里。相比之下，他们在那里过得非常舒适。至于那位母亲，她根本无法制服。我相信，她曾是个温顺勤劳的女人，但其实是她的贫困把她逼疯了。她因为向穷人救济事务掌管人扔墨水瓶、用亵渎神灵的语言咒骂了堂区俗人委员，以及击打每一个走近她的人而被送到感化院六次。之后的一天早晨，她的一根血管爆裂了，就去世了。这对于她自己和年老的男女穷人都是一种幸福的解脱。她以前经常到处撞他们，好像他们是撞柱戏中的柱子，而她是那个球一样。

'Now this was bad enough,' resumed Mr. Bung, taking a half-step towards the door, as if to intimate that he had nearly concluded. 'This was bad enough, but there was a sort of quiet misery—if you understand what I mean by that, sir—about a lady at one house I was put into, as touched me a good deal more. It doesn't matter where it was exactly: indeed, I'd rather not say, but it was the same sort o' job. I went with Fixem in the usual way—there was a year's rent in arrear; a very small servant-girl opened the door, and three or four fine-looking little children was in the front parlour we were shown into, which was very clean, but very scantily furnished, much like the children themselves. "Bung," says Fixem to me, in a low voice, when we were left alone for a minute, "I know something about this here family, and my opinion is, it's no go." "Do you think they can't settle?" says I, quite anxiously; for I liked the looks of them children. Fixem shook his head, and was just about to reply, when the door opened, and in come a lady, as white as ever I see any one in my days, except about the eyes, which were red with crying. She walked in, as firm as I could have done; shut the door carefully after her, and sat herself

down with a face as composed as if it was made of stone. "What is the matter, gentlemen?" says she, in a surprisin' steady voice. "IS this an execution?" "It is, mum," says Fixem. The lady looked at him as steady as ever: she didn't seem to have understood him. "It is, mum," says Fixem again; "this is my warrant of distress, mum," says he, handing it over as polite as if it was a newspaper which had been bespoke arter the next gentleman.

“唉，这真是够糟糕的。”本恩先生接着说，向门口迈出半步，仿佛是暗示他快要说完了，“这真是够糟糕的，但有一种安静的悲惨——如果您明白我指什么，先生——我被派去看管一所房子，那个女主人安静的悲惨让我感触更多。房子具体在哪儿并不重要，我也不愿讲出来，不过工作都是一样的。像往常一样，我是随菲克逊一道去的——有一所房子的租金拖了一年。一个身材矮小的女佣打开了门，把我们领进了前厅，里面有三四个可爱的小孩。前厅非常干净，但家具很少，就像那些孩子一样——很干净，但身上穿的衣服很少。‘本恩，’菲克逊在没有外人的时候低声对我说，‘我对这个家庭有点了解，我觉得，没戏了。’“你觉得他们还不清债务？”我有点不安地说道，因为我觉得那些小孩很好看，很是喜欢。菲克逊摇了摇头，正要回答，门开了，一位女士进来。除了她那哭红的眼睛外，面容苍白。我一生从没见过这么苍白的人。她走了进来，步伐和我一样坚定。她进来后小心地关上了门，镇定自若地坐下，脸像是由石头雕刻的一样波澜不惊。‘怎么了，先生们？’她用一种出人意料的沉稳嗓音说道，‘是执行令吗？“是的，夫人。’菲克逊说。那位女士依旧沉着地看着他，似乎没明白他的意思。‘是关于执行令，夫人，’菲克逊重复道，‘这是我的扣押授权令，夫人。’他说着彬彬有礼地递给她，仿佛那是下一位先生预约的报纸似的。

'The lady's lip trembled as she took the printed paper. She cast her eye over it, and old Fixem began to explain the form, but saw she wasn't reading it, plain enough, poor thing. "Oh, my God!" says she, suddenly a-bursting out crying, letting the warrant fall, and hiding her face in her hands. "Oh, my God! what will become of us!" The noise she made, brought in a young lady of about nineteen or twenty, who, I suppose, had been a-listening at the door, and who had got a little boy in her arms: she sat him down in the lady's lap, without speaking, and she hugged the poor little fellow to her bosom, and cried over him, till even old Fixem put on his blue spectacles to hide the two tears, that was a-trickling down, one on each side of his dirty face. "Now, dear ma," says the young lady, "you know how much you have borne. For all our sakes—for pa's sake," says she, "don't give way to this!"— "No, no, I won't!" says the lady, gathering herself up, hastily, and drying her eyes; "I am very foolish, but I'm better now—much better.” And then she roused herself up, went with us into every room while we took the inventory, opened all the drawers of her own accord, sorted the children's little clothes to make the work easier; and, except doing

everything in a strange sort of hurry, seemed as calm and composed as if nothing had happened. When we came down-stairs again, she hesitated a minute or two, and at last says, "Gentlemen," says she, "I am afraid I have done wrong, and perhaps it may bring you into trouble. I secreted just now," she says, "the only trinket I have left in the world—here it is.” So she lays down on the table a little miniature mounted in gold. "It's a miniature," she says, "of my poor dear father! I little thought once, that I should ever thank God for depriving me of the original, but I do, and have done for years back, most fervently. Take it away, sir," she says, "it's a face that never turned from me in sickness and distress, and I can hardly bear to turn from it now, when, God knows, I suffer both in no ordinary degree." I couldn't say nothing, but I raised my head from the inventory which I was filling up, and looked at Fixem; the old fellow nodded to me significantly, so I ran my pen through the "MINI" I had just written, and left the miniature on the table.

“那位女士接过铅印的文件时，嘴唇颤抖了。她粗略地看了一下，接着老菲克逊开始解释表单，但很明显看到她没在看，真是个可怜的人。‘噢，上帝啊！’她说道，忽然哭了起来，任凭授权令掉下去，双手捂住脸，‘噢，上帝啊！我们该怎么办啊！’她发出的声音引来了一位差不多十九或二十岁的年轻女士。我想，她刚才一直在门口听着。她怀里抱着一个小男孩，什么也没讲，把他放在了那位女士的腿上。那位女士把那不幸的小家伙抱至胸前，为他而痛哭起来。最后，甚至连老菲克逊都戴上他的蓝色眼镜，掩饰正从他肮脏的脸上流下的两行泪水。‘啊，亲爱的妈妈，’年轻的女士说道，‘您知道您已经承担了多少。为了我们——为了爸爸。不要因为这件事垮下呀！’“没有，没有，我不会的！’那位女士说，慌忙镇定下来，擦干泪水，‘我真是愚蠢，但现在好点了——好多了。’然后，她让自己振作起来，随我们到每一个房间去登记财产目录。她主动打开所有的抽屉，整理了孩子们的小衣物以使我们的工作简单些。而且，除了做这一切时都匆忙得有点异常外，她看起来平静镇定，仿佛什么事情都没有发生过一样。我们下楼时，她踌躇了一两分钟，最后说：‘先生们，我怕刚才做错了一件事，也许有可能会让你们陷入麻烦。刚才我把我仅有的一件首饰藏起来了——在这儿。’接着她把一个镶金的小画像放到了桌上。‘是一个小画像，’她说，‘是我可怜的亲爱的父亲的！’我从没想过我会因为上帝夺走了我的父亲而感激他，但我的确很感谢他。过去多年里，我极其热诚地感谢他。拿走吧，先生。这张面容从未在我患病和贫困的时候离开我。我现在简直无法忍受抛弃它，上帝知道，此时我承受着非同一般的病魔和贫困的双重折磨。’我什么也说不出来，但我从正在填写的财产目录上抬起头看了看菲克逊。那老家伙意味深长地冲我点了下头。因此，我把刚才写下的“小”字用钢笔划去，没有动桌上的小画像。

'Well, sir, to make short of a long story, I was left in possession, and in possession I remained; and though I was an ignorant man, and

the master of the house a clever one, I saw what he never did, but what he would give worlds now (if he had 'em) to have seen in time. I saw, sir, that his wife was wasting away, beneath cares of which she never complained, and griefs she never told. I saw that she was dying before his eyes; I knew that one exertion from him might have saved her, but he never made it. I don't blame him: I don't think he COULD rouse himself. She had so long anticipated all his wishes, and acted for him, that he was a lost man when left to himself. I used to think when I caught sight of her, in the clothes she used to wear, which looked shabby even upon her, and would have been scarcely decent on any one else, that if I was a gentleman it would wring my very heart to see the woman that was a smart and merry girl when I courted her, so altered through her love for me. Bitter cold and damp weather it was, yet, though her dress was thin, and her shoes none of the best, during the whole three days, from morning to night, she was out of doors running about to try and raise the money. The money WAS raised and the execution was paid out. The whole family crowded into the room where I was, when the money arrived. The father was quite happy as the inconvenience was removed—I dare say he didn't know how; the children looked merry and cheerful again; the eldest girl was bustling about, making preparations for the first comfortable meal they had had since the distress was put in; and the mother looked pleased to see them all so. But if ever I saw death in a woman's face, I saw it in hers that night.

“喔，先生，长话短说，我被留下来看管，我一直负责看管。尽管我是一个无知的人，而那房屋的主人是一个聪慧的人，我见到了他从未见过的，但现在他会愿意付出一切（假使他拥有的话）只求当时看到了那些。先生，我见到他的妻子在她从未抱怨过的忧虑与她从未说出口的悲痛之下日益消瘦。我看到她在他眼前垂死，我知道他稍一努力，也许就能救她一命，但他从未努力过。我没有指责他，我觉得他无法振作。长久以来，她一直想他所想，替他行事。所以，当他失去她时，便变得不知所措了。她常穿的那件衣服在她身上都显得寒碜，其他任何人穿上都会几乎见不了人。我看她穿那件衣服时曾想，如果我是一个绅士，看着那个我追求时聪明快乐的女人由于对我的爱而变成这样，我会心如刀绞。当时，天气寒冷阴湿。她虽然身单衣薄，鞋子也不暖和，但我呆在那儿的三天里，她还是早出晚归地每天出去奔波劳累，想凑齐欠款。钱筹到了，执行令因债务支付而取消了。钱凑齐时，全家人都挤进了我所在的房间。父亲很开心麻烦解除了——我敢说他不知道是怎么解除的。孩子们又开心愉快了，年龄最大的女孩到处忙碌着准备他们财物扣押以来享用的第一次舒适餐饭。而母亲看到全家人的状态，也很开心。但如果我曾在一个女人的面容中看见过死神，那天晚上，我在她的面容中看到了。

'I was right, sir,' continued Mr. Bung, hurriedly passing his coat-

sleeve over his face; 'the family grew more prosperous, and good fortune arrived. But it was too late. Those children are motherless now, and their father would give up all he has since gained—house, home, goods, money: all that he has, or ever can have, to restore the wife he has lost.'

“我是对的，先生。”本恩先生继续说，同时匆忙用他的外衣袖擦了擦脸，“那个家庭变得兴旺了，好财运到了。但是这已经太迟了。现在那些孩子没有了母亲，而他们的父亲愿意舍弃此后得到的全部——房子、家庭、财物和金钱——他所拥有的全部，或是他这辈子可以拥有的，换回他已失去的妻子。”

CHAPTER VI THE LADIES' SOCIETIES

第六章 妇女社团

Our Parish is very prolific in ladies'charitable institutions. In winter, when wet feet are common, and colds not scarce, we have the ladies' soup distribution society, the ladies' coal distribution society, and the ladies' blanket distribution society; in summer, when stone fruits flourish and stomach aches prevail, we have the ladies' dispensary, and the ladies' sick visitation committee; and all the year round we have the ladies' child's examination society, the ladies' bible and prayer-book circulation society, and the ladies' childbed-linen monthly loan society. The two latter are decidedly the most important; whether they are productive of more benefit than the rest, it is not for us to say, but we can take upon ourselves to affirm, with the utmost solemnity, that they create a greater stir and more bustle, than all the others put together.

我们教区的妇女慈善组织非常多。人类丰富多样的面部表情是一门出色而有意思的学问，而街道门环的外貌也很有趣，各有特色，几乎从来不会被人认错。后两个社团绝对是最重要的。我们无法判断它们是否比其他社团创造的利益更多，但我们可以负责地、极其庄严地申明：它们引起的轰动和喧闹比所有其他社团加起来还有大。

We should be disposed to affirm, on the first blush of the matter, that the bible and prayer-book society is not so popular as the childbed-linen society; the bible and prayer-book society has, however, considerably increased in importance within the last year or two, having derived some adventitious aid from the factious opposition of the child's examination society; which factious opposition originated in manner following:- When the young curate was popular, and all the unmarried ladies in the parish took a serious turn, the charity children all at once became objects of peculiar and especial interest. The three Miss Browns (enthusiastic admirers of the curate) taught, and exercised, and examined, and re-examined the unfortunate children, until the boys grew pale, and the girls consumptive with study and fatigue. The three Miss Browns stood it out very well, because they relieved each other; but the children, having no relief at all, exhibited decided symptoms of weariness and care. The unthinking part of the parishioners laughed at all this, but the more reflective portion of the inhabitants abstained from expressing any opinion on the subject until that of the curate had been clearly ascertained. The opportunity was not long wanting. The curate preached a charity sermon on behalf of the charity school, and in the

charity sermon aforesaid, expatiated in glowing terms on the praiseworthy and indefatigable exertions of certain estimable individuals. Sobs were heard to issue from the three Miss Browns' pew; the pew-opener of the division was seen to hurry down the centre aisle to the vestry door, and to return immediately, bearing a glass of water in her hand. A low moaning ensued; two more pew-openers rushed to the spot, and the three Miss Browns, each supported by a pew-opener, were led out of the church, and led in again after the lapse of five minutes with white pocket-handkerchiefs to their eyes, as if they had been attending a funeral in the churchyard adjoining. If any doubt had for a moment existed, as to whom the allusion was intended to apply, it was at once removed. The wish to enlighten the charity children became universal, and the three Miss Browns were unanimously besought to divide the school into classes, and to assign each class to the superintendence of two young ladies.

初看这件事，我们会倾向于断言“《圣经》与《祈祷书》社团”不像“分娩亚麻物品社团”那样受大众喜爱。然而，过去一两年里，《圣经》与《祈祷书》社团由于受到“儿童考查社团”搞内讧的反对派的外来帮助，地位有了显著提高。搞内讧的反对派的出现过程如下：年轻的助理牧师很受欢迎时，教区里所有的单身女士进行了严肃的转变，靠慈善抚养的孩子突然成为受到奇怪和特殊关心的对象。布朗家的三位小姐（助理牧师狂热的爱慕者）教那些倒霉的孩子，让他们做练习、参加一次又一次的考试，直到男孩子们面色苍白，而女孩子们在学习和劳累的折磨下患了肺结核。布朗家的三位小姐很好地坚持到了最后，因为她们轮流换班。而那些孩子不能轮换，清楚地表现出了疲倦与忧虑。教区居民中不善思考的那部分人嘲笑这一切，而更深思熟虑的那一部分居民则在助理牧师的观点明了之前，避开在这个问题上发表任何意见。机会很快就到了。助理牧师以慈善学校的名义做了一次慈善布道。他在这次慈善布道中，以溢美之词详述了某几个高尚之人值得称道、不知疲倦的努力。三位布朗小姐的长凳上传出了抽泣声。那个座位区的引座员匆忙从正中间的走道向教堂附属室走去，片刻后就拿着一杯水回来了。一阵低声呜咽跟着响起，另外两位引座员匆忙跑到现场。然后，布朗家的三位小姐各自由一位引座员搀扶着离开了教堂，五分钟后又被领了进来。她们用白色手帕遮着眼睛，仿佛她们刚刚去参加完邻接教堂墓地上的一个丧礼似的。关于刚才那番话中暗指的人是谁，如果之前有人心存疑惑，现在疑惑也会立刻消除。大家都希望去教导那些靠慈善抚养的孩子们，一致恳请布朗家的三位小姐把学校分成一些班级，并指派两位年轻女士去管理每个班级。

A little learning is a dangerous thing, but a little patronage is more so; the three Miss Browns appointed all the old maids, and carefully excluded the young ones. Maiden aunts triumphed, mammas were reduced to the lowest depths of despair, and there is no telling in what act of violence the general indignation against the three Miss

Browns might have vented itself, had not a perfectly providential occurrence changed the tide of public feeling. Mrs. Johnson Parker, the mother of seven extremely fine girls—all unmarried—hastily reported to several other mammas of several other unmarried families, that five old men, six old women, and children innumerable, in the free seats near her pew, were in the habit of coming to church every Sunday, without either bible or prayer-book. Was this to be borne in a civilised country? Could such things be tolerated in a Christian land? Never! A ladies' bible and prayer-book distribution society was instantly formed: president, Mrs. Johnson Parker; treasurers, auditors, and secretary, the Misses Johnson Parker: subscriptions were entered into, books were bought, all the free-seat people provided therewith, and when the first lesson was given out, on the first Sunday succeeding these events, there was such a dropping of books, and rustling of leaves, that it was morally impossible to hear one word of the service for five minutes afterwards.

一知半解是危险的，然而略施恩惠更加危险。布朗家的三位小姐选派了所有的老处女，谨慎地排除了年轻的女士。未婚的阿姨们取得了胜利，妈妈们则失望透顶。如果不是那个极其幸运的事件改变了公众情感的趋势，很难说针对布朗家三位小姐的普遍愤慨会以什么样的暴力中发泄出来。在这个问题上，我们的立场仅仅是：一个人和他的门环之间一定存在一种磁力，诱导他离开，找寻与他变化了的情绪更相配的门环。这在一个文明国家是可以容忍的吗？这种事在一个信奉基督教的国土上可以容忍吗？决不！“妇女《圣经》与《祈祷书》分发社团”即刻成立了——社长是约翰逊·帕克夫人，约翰逊·帕克小姐们担任会计、审计员和秘书。组织捐款，买书，接着所有坐在免费长凳上的人都发了书。这些事件过后的第一个周日，开始讲第一段经文时，书掉下去的声音和翻书的沙沙声大得致使布道的前五分钟里，人们听不见牧师说的一个字。

The three Miss Browns, and their party, saw the approaching danger, and endeavoured to avert it by ridicule and sarcasm. Neither the old men nor the old women could read their books, now they had got them, said the three Miss Browns. Never mind; they could learn, replied Mrs. Johnson Parker. The children couldn't read either, suggested the three Miss Browns. No matter; they could be taught, retorted Mrs. Johnson Parker. A balance of parties took place. The Miss Browns publicly examined—popular feeling inclined to the child's examination society. The Miss Johnson Parkers publicly distributed—a reaction took place in favour of the prayer-book distribution. A feather would have turned the scale, and a feather did turn it. A missionary returned from the West Indies; he was to be presented to the Dissenters' Missionary Society on his marriage with a wealthy widow. Overtures were made to the Dissenters by the Johnson Parkers. Their object was the same, and why not have a joint

meeting of the two societies? The proposition was accepted. The meeting was duly heralded by public announcement, and the room was crowded to suffocation. The Missionary appeared on the platform; he was hailed with enthusiasm. He repeated a dialogue he had heard between two negroes, behind a hedge, on the subject of distribution societies; the approbation was tumultuous. He gave an imitation of the two negroes in broken English; the roof was rent with applause. From that period we date (with one trifling exception) a daily increase in the popularity of the distribution society, and an increase of popularity, which the feeble and impotent opposition of the examination party, has only tended to augment.

布朗家的三位小姐和她们那一派人看到威胁正在逼近，于是企图用嘲弄和挖苦避开它。虽然那些老头子和老太婆都有书了，但他们都不会读。布朗家的三位小姐这样说。没关系，他们能学，约翰逊·帕克夫人回答。那些小孩也不会读，布朗家的三位小姐指出。不要紧，可以教他们，约翰逊·帕克夫人反驳道。派别间出现了平衡。布朗家的小姐们公开组织考查——公众的感情向“儿童考查社团”倾斜了。约翰逊·帕克家的小姐们公开分发——《祈祷书》分发扭转局势，获得了优势。一只羽毛就可以打破平衡，果然如此。一位传教士从西印度群岛回来了。他娶了一位有钱的孀妇，要被介绍到“不信奉国教传教士社团”。约翰逊·帕克家的夫人小姐向不信奉国教者社团发出提议。他们的目标是一样的，为什么不举行一次两社团的联合会议呢？这个提议得到了接受。会议的消息适时地通过公告传了出去，房间里挤得让人窒息。那个传教士出现在讲台上，得到了人们狂热的喝彩。他重复了之前听到的两个黑人在篱笆后边关于分发社团的交谈，赞许声如雷贯耳。他模仿了那两个黑人不标准的英语，掌声快把屋顶震翻了。自那段时期起（除了一次不足为道的例外），我们见证了分发社团日渐提高的名气，而考查社团虚弱徒劳的反抗仅仅是增加了它名气的提升。

Now, the great points about the childbed-linen monthly loan society are, that it is less dependent on the fluctuations of public opinion than either the distribution or the child's examination; and that, come what may, there is never any lack of objects on which to exercise its benevolence. Our parish is a very populous one, and, if anything, contributes, we should be disposed to say, rather more than its due share to the aggregate amount of births in the metropolis and its environs. The consequence is, that the monthly loan society flourishes, and invests its members with a most enviable amount of bustling patronage. The society (whose only notion of dividing time, would appear to be its allotment into months) holds monthly tea-drinkings, at which the monthly report is received, a secretary elected for the month ensuing, and such of the monthly boxes as may not happen to be out on loan for the month, carefully examined.

另外，“每月外借分娩亚麻物品社团”的主要特征是：与分发社团

或“儿童考查社团”相比，它对公众舆论的起伏依赖较小；另外，不论出现什么情况，它从来不缺乏施行善行的对象。我们可以这样说，我们的教区人口众多，要说的话，它对伦敦和其周边地区人口出生总数的贡献远远超出了它应当承担的份额。结果是，每月外借社团蓬勃发展，给它的会员注入了一种忙乱着给别人恩惠的感觉，十分让人嫉妒。该社团（它划分时间的观念似乎仅仅是把时间按月划分）每个月都举行茶会，每月都在茶会上做报告，选举下个月的秘书，检查当月碰巧没有外借的每月供给盒。

We were never present at one of these meetings, from all of which it is scarcely necessary to say, gentlemen are carefully excluded; but Mr. Bung has been called before the board once or twice, and we have his authority for stating, that its proceedings are conducted with great order and regularity: not more than four members being allowed to speak at one time on any pretence whatever. The regular committee is composed exclusively of married ladies, but a vast number of young unmarried ladies of from eighteen to twenty-five years of age, respectively, are admitted as honorary members, partly because they are very useful in replenishing the boxes, and visiting the confined; partly because it is highly desirable that they should be initiated, at an early period, into the more serious and matronly duties of after-life; and partly, because prudent mammas have not unfrequently been known to turn this circumstance to wonderfully good account in matrimonial speculations.

我们从未出席过这些会议，几乎没有必要说，这些会议都不允许男士参加。不过本恩先生有一两次受邀到会议桌前。根据他的证言，我们得知：会议议程开展得很有条理，也非常正规；不管有什么借口，每次发言的人数不能超过四个。常务委员会全部由已婚女士组成，但一大批年龄在十八岁至二十五岁之间的年轻未婚女士被作为名誉会员纳入社团。有以下几个原因：她们在准备供应盒和探视分娩妇女方面非常有帮助；她们受到殷切的希望，即提前步入后半生更加严肃的主妇责任；经常听说有谨慎的妈妈在考虑婚姻问题时，充分利用这个经历。

In addition to the loan of the monthly boxes (which are always painted blue, with the name of the society in large white letters on the lid), the society dispense occasional grants of beef-tea, and a composition of warm beer, spice, eggs, and sugar, commonly known by the name of 'candle,' to its patients. And here again the services of the honorary members are called into requisition, and most cheerfully conceded. Deputations of twos or threes are sent out to visit the patients, and on these occasions there is such a tasting of candle and beef-tea, such a stirring about of little messes in tiny saucepans on the hob, such a dressing and undressing of infants, such a tying, and folding, and pinning; such a nursing and warming of little legs and feet before the fire, such a delightful confusion of talking and cooking,

bustle, importance, and officiousness, as never can be enjoyed in its full extent but on similar occasions.

除了出借每月供给盒（供给盒总是被刷成蓝色，盖子上用白色大字写着社团的名称）外，那个社团偶尔还分发牛肉浓汤，以及由常温啤酒、调味品、鸡蛋和糖混合制成的补品，通常被产妇们称为“酒汤”。这时就再需要名誉会员的服务了，她们极其开心地接受了。两三个人会组成代表团，被派去探视产妇。这种情况下，让产妇品尝“酒汤”和牛肉浓汤；来回搅动壁炉搁架上一个很小的炖锅里少量的食物；忙着为婴儿穿衣服、脱衣服、绑带子、叠衣物、夹别针；在炉火前给孩子喂奶，并给他们的小腿小脚取暖；聊天、做饭、喧闹、殷勤和这些琐事的重要性混在一起，一派喜人的景象，除了在这种场合下，谁也享受不到这种充分的快乐。

In rivalry of these two institutions, and as a last expiring effort to acquire parochial popularity, the child's examination people determined, the other day, on having a grand public examination of the pupils; and the large school-room of the national seminary was, by and with the consent of the parish authorities, devoted to the purpose. Invitation circulars were forwarded to all the principal parishioners, including, of course, the heads of the other two societies, for whose especial behoof and edification the display was intended; and a large audience was confidently anticipated on the occasion. The floor was carefully scrubbed the day before, under the immediate superintendence of the three Miss Browns; forms were placed across the room for the accommodation of the visitors, specimens in writing were carefully selected, and as carefully patched and touched up, until they astonished the children who had written them, rather more than the company who read them; sums in compound addition were rehearsed and re-rehearsed until all the children had the totals by heart; and the preparations altogether were on the most laborious and most comprehensive scale. The morning arrived: the children were yellow-soaped and flannelled, and towelled, till their faces shone again; every pupil's hair was carefully combed into his or her eyes, as the case might be; the girls were adorned with snow-white tippets, and caps bound round the head by a single purple ribbon: the necks of the elder boys were fixed into collars of startling dimensions.

“儿童考查社团”在这两个社会机构的对抗中作了最后的努力，试图在教区获得欢迎。不久前，该社团决定举行一次大规模的学生公开考查，国立神学院的大型讲堂经由教区当局同意后被用于此目的。邀请函送到了所有主要教民手中，当然也包含其他两个社团的头脑，这场展示正是为了给她们以特殊利益和启迪。该团体信心十足地预测现场会有大量的观众。在布朗家三位小姐的直接监督下，地板在前一天被认真地刷洗过了。为了方便访客，教室里到处都放置了表单。另外，还仔细精选了写作作品，经过一番认真的修改和润饰，写那些作品的小孩们都惊愕

了，而且其惊愕远远超出了阅读这些作品的访客。孩子们被要求一而再地演习混合加法题，直至所有的孩子都对答案熟记于心。所有的准备工作都极其艰苦而全面。那天清晨，孩子们被用黄皂洗了脸，拿法兰绒巾擦，又用毛巾擦，直至他们的脸再次发光。每一个学生的头发都根据具体情况仔细梳得与他或是她的眼睛相齐。女孩子们佩戴上了雪白的披肩，帽子用一根紫色缎带绑在了头上。年龄大一点的男孩的脖子被套上了大得惊人的衣领。

The doors were thrown open, and the Misses Brown and Co. were discovered in plain white muslin dresses, and caps of the same—the child's examination uniform.

房门突然打开了，布朗家的小姐们和社团的其他人出现了，身穿白色平纹细布女服，戴的帽子也一样——儿童考试制服。

The room filled: the greetings of the company were loud and cordial. The distributionists trembled, for their popularity was at stake. The eldest boy fell forward, and delivered a propitiatory address from behind his collar. It was from the pen of Mr. Henry Brown; the applause was universal, and the Johnson Parkers were aghast. The examination proceeded with success, and terminated in triumph. The child's examination society gained a momentary victory, and the Johnson Parkers retreated in despair.

教室里挤得满满的，社团的成员大声且热忱地向观众打招呼。那些分发社团的人颤栗了，因为她们的名气处在危急关头。年龄最大的男孩走上前台，作了一番讨人喜悦的讲话，不过他的嘴挡在了衣领后面。他的演讲稿出自亨利·布朗先生之笔。欢呼声遍布满场，约翰逊·帕克夫人和小姐们都惊骇了。考查进行得很成功，以胜利结束。“儿童考查社团”暂时成功，接着约翰逊·帕克夫人和小姐们就绝望地撤退了。

A secret council of the distributionists was held that night, with Mrs. Johnson Parker in the chair, to consider of the best means of recovering the ground they had lost in the favour of the parish. What could be done? Another meeting! Alas! who was to attend it? The Missionary would not do twice; and the slaves were emancipated. A bold step must be taken. The parish must be astonished in some way or other; but no one was able to suggest what the step should be. At length, a very old lady was heard to mumble, in indistinct tones, 'Exeter Hall.' A sudden light broke in upon the meeting. It was unanimously resolved, that a deputation of old ladies should wait upon a celebrated orator, imploring his assistance, and the favour of a speech; and the deputation should also wait on two or three other imbecile old women, not resident in the parish, and entreat their attendance. The application was successful, the meeting was held; the orator (an Irishman) came. He talked of green isles—other shores—vast Atlantic—bosom of the deep— Christian charity—blood and

extermination—mercy in hearts—arms in hands—altars and homes—household gods. He wiped his eyes, he blew his nose, and he quoted Latin. The effect was tremendous—the Latin was a decided hit. Nobody knew exactly what it was about, but everybody knew it must be affecting, because even the orator was overcome. The popularity of the distribution society among the ladies of our parish is unprecedented; and the child's examination is going fast to decay.

那天夜里，约翰逊·帕克夫人主持召开了一个由分发社团成员出席的秘密商议会，以商讨恢复她们在教区中失去的支持的最好手段。能做些什么呢？另外一次会议！唉！谁会来出席呢？那个传教士不可能来第二次了，奴隶都已经获得了自由。一定要迈出英勇的一步。一定要用某种方式让教区的居民们感到震惊。然而，没有人能想出这一步该怎么走。最后，听到一位年老的女士含含糊糊地嘟囔出了“埃克塞特会堂”几个字。参加商议会的人们忽然受到了启示。大家一致决定派一个由老妇人组成的代表团去拜访一位有名望的演讲者，恳求他帮助进行一次演说。而且那个代表团也应该去拜访其他两三位不住在该教区的愚笨的老女人，并请求她们出席。申请是成功的，集会得以举行。演讲者（一位爱尔兰人）来了。他谈起了绿色的小岛——其他的海滨——广阔无垠的大西洋——大海之上——基督信徒的博爱——世系与根绝——心中的仁慈——手里的武器——圣坛与家庭——诸家神。他抹了抹眼睛，让鼻子通了通气，还援引了拉丁文。影响是巨大的——拉丁文是果断的一击。没有人确切明白它的意思，但是每个人都知道它一定是令人感动的，因为甚至是演讲者都被感动了。分发社团在我们教区女士中史无前例地受欢迎，“儿童考查社团”则正迅速凋亡。

CHAPTER VII OUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOUR

第七章 我们的邻居

We are very fond of speculating as we walk through a street, on the character and pursuits of the people who inhabit it; and nothing so materially assists us in these speculations as the appearance of the house doors. The various expressions of the human countenance afford a beautiful and interesting study; but there is something in the physiognomy of street-door knockers, almost as characteristic, and nearly as infallible. Whenever we visit a man for the first time, we contemplate the features of his knocker with the greatest curiosity, for we well know, that between the man and his knocker, there will inevitably be a greater or less degree of resemblance and sympathy.

我们走过一条街道时，总是喜欢猜测这条街上居民的性格和职业。没有什么比这些房子的门面更能实质性地帮助我们猜测了。人类丰富多样的面部表情是一门出色而有意思的学问，而街道门环的外貌也很有趣，各有特色，几乎从来不会被人认错。我们第一次拜访某人时，总要怀着极大的好奇心来考究其门环的特征，因为我们了解，门环与主人之间必然或多或少地有些相似与相通之处。

For instance, there is one description of knocker that used to be common enough, but which is fast passing away—a large round one, with the jolly face of a convivial lion smiling blandly at you, as you twist the sides of your hair into a curl or pull up your shirt-collar while you are waiting for the door to be opened; we never saw that knocker on the door of a churlish man—so far as our experience is concerned, it invariably bespoke hospitality and another bottle.

例如，曾经有一种再普通不过的门环，但现在正迅速地消亡——一种大而圆的门环，上面有一个欢快的狮子头像正温和地朝你微笑，这时你或许正把鬓发盘成卷儿，或正竖起你的衬衫衣领，等着有人开门。我们从未见过无礼之人的门上有这种门环——基于我们的经验来看，它总是预示着主人的好客之情和酒杯之谊。

No man ever saw this knocker on the door of a small attorney or bill-broker; they always patronise the other lion; a heavy ferocious-looking fellow, with a countenance expressive of savage stupidity—a sort of grand master among the knockers, and a great favourite with the selfish and brutal.

没有人在小律师或法案中介人的门上看到过这种门环。他们总是支持另一种狮子——一种看起来十分凶猛，面部狰狞野蛮的狮子，它是门环界的主宰，是自私与残暴之人的宠儿。

Then there is a little pert Egyptian knocker, with a long thin face, a pinched-up nose, and a very sharp chin; he is most in vogue with your government-office people, in light drabs and starched cravats; little spare, priggish men, who are perfectly satisfied with their own opinions, and consider themselves of paramount importance.

还有一种小巧别致的埃及门环，它有一张长长瘦瘦的脸、高挺的鼻子和一个尖尖的下巴。这种门环在政府官员中非常流行。那些人穿着浅褐色的棉布衣服，打着单调刻板的领结，身材瘦小，非常自以为是，还目空一切。

We were greatly troubled a few years ago, by the innovation of a new kind of knocker, without any face at all, composed of a wreath depending from a hand or small truncheon. A little trouble and attention, however, enabled us to overcome this difficulty, and to reconcile the new system to our favourite theory. You will invariably find this knocker on the doors of cold and formal people, who always ask you why you DON'T come, and never say DO.

几年前，我们深受一种新发明出的门环困扰，它由一个圈挂在一个小把或一根粗短的棍子上组成，没有任何面相。不过，稍稍费神，再加上一点注意力，我们就能克服这一困境，把这种新系统和我们钟爱的理论相协调。无一例外，你总是会在冷酷、刻板的人门上发现这种门环，他们总是问你为什么没来拜访，但从不邀请你来拜访。

Everybody knows the brass knocker is common to suburban villas, and extensive boarding-schools; and having noticed this genus we have recapitulated all the most prominent and strongly-defined species.

众所周知，青铜门环在郊区别墅和大部分寄宿学校都很常见。注意到这一类之后，我们就已经概括了所有最引人注目且定义已根深蒂固的门环种类了。

Some phrenologists affirm, that the agitation of a man's brain by different passions, produces corresponding developments in the form of his skull. Do not let us be understood as pushing our theory to the full length of asserting, that any alteration in a man's disposition would produce a visible effect on the feature of his knocker. Our position merely is, that in such a case, the magnetism which must exist between a man and his knocker, would induce the man to remove, and seek some knocker more congenial to his altered feelings. If you ever find a man changing his habitation without any reasonable pretext, depend upon it, that, although he may not be aware of the fact himself, it is because he and his knocker are at variance. This is a new theory, but we venture to launch it, nevertheless, as being quite as ingenious and infallible as many thousands of the learned speculations which are daily broached for public good and private

fortune-making.

一些骨相学家断言，人类大脑所受到的各种感情的刺激会对其头颅的形状产生相应的影响。请不要误以为我们正着力推广我们的理论，以至于断言一个人性情的任何变化都会在其门环上体现出来。在这个问题上，我们的立场仅仅是：一个人和他的门环之间一定存在一种磁力，诱导他离开，找寻与他变化了的情绪更相配的门环。如果你发现一个人在没有任何合理理由的情况下更换了住处，不用怀疑，虽然他自己可能还没有意识到，但原因是他与他的门环不和。这是一个新理论，但我们还是勇敢地提出来。因为不管怎么说，它与其他上千种学术推想一样巧妙、可靠。每天，这些推想都为了公共利益和个人财富的创收而提出以供讨论。

Entertaining these feelings on the subject of knockers, it will be readily imagined with what consternation we viewed the entire removal of the knocker from the door of the next house to the one we lived in, some time ago, and the substitution of a bell. This was a calamity we had never anticipated. The bare idea of anybody being able to exist without a knocker, appeared so wild and visionary, that it had never for one instant entered our imagination.

鉴于我们对门环这个话题怀有的感情，不难想象，前些时候我们自家和邻居家的门环被门铃取代时我们是多么惊恐。这是一场我们始料未及的灾难。想想有人的生活里可以没有门环，就觉得这个想法既荒谬又虚无。我们从来没有过这种想法，一刻也没有。

We sauntered moodily from the spot, and bent our steps towards Eaton-square, then just building. What was our astonishment and indignation to find that bells were fast becoming the rule, and knockers the exception! Our theory trembled beneath the shock. We hastened home; and fancying we foresaw in the swift progress of events, its entire abolition, resolved from that day forward to vent our speculations on our next-door neighbours in person. The house adjoining ours on the left hand was uninhabited, and we had, therefore, plenty of leisure to observe our next-door neighbours on the other side.

我们从家郁郁寡欢地往当时正在建设中的伊顿广场走。令我们吃惊与愤慨的是，门铃正迅速当道，而门环倒成了少见之物。我们的理论在惊愕之下颤栗了。我们匆匆回家，想象着我们在事情的急速进展中预料到了门环会遭到废除，还从那天起决心在我们的邻居身上进行我们的猜测。我们左边的房屋无人居住，因此，我们有大量的精力来观察右边的邻居。

The house without the knocker was in the occupation of a city clerk, and there was a neatly-written bill in the parlour window intimating that lodgings for a single gentleman were to be let within.

这栋没有门环的房子属于一位在市区工作的文书。他的会客室窗户上贴着一张书写工整的招贴，表示要出租房间给一位单身男士。

It was a neat, dull little house, on the shady side of the way, with new, narrow floorcloth in the passage, and new, narrow stair- carpets up to the first floor. The paper was new, and the paint was new, and the furniture was new; and all three, paper, paint, and furniture, bespoke the limited means of the tenant. There was a little red and black carpet in the drawing-room, with a border of flooring all the way round; a few stained chairs and a pembroke table. A pink shell was displayed on each of the little sideboards, which, with the addition of a tea-tray and caddy, a few more shells on the mantelpiece, and three peacock's feathers tastefully arranged above them, completed the decorative furniture of the apartment.

这是一栋整洁阴暗的小房子，坐落在朝阴面。过道里铺着崭新的窄漆布，楼梯地毯一直铺到了二楼。墙纸是新的，油漆是新的，家具也是新的。墙纸、油漆和家具暗示了房客财力有限。客厅里铺着一小块红黑相间的地毯，地板的四周露了出来，还有几把褪了色的椅子和一张可折叠的小桌。每个小餐具柜上放一个粉红色的贝壳，壁炉架上放一个茶盘和一个茶叶盒，以及一些贝壳，上面再别致地摆三支孔雀的羽毛，这就是寓所里家具的所有装饰情况。

This was the room destined for the reception of the single gentleman during the day, and a little back room on the same floor was assigned as his sleeping apartment by night.

这就是那个注定用于白天接待单身男士的房间，同一层后面的一个小房间被安排作为他夜里睡觉的房间。

The bill had not been long in the window, when a stout, good-humoured looking gentleman, of about five-and-thirty, appeared as a candidate for the tenancy. Terms were soon arranged, for the bill was taken down immediately after his first visit. In a day or two the single gentleman came in, and shortly afterwards his real character came out.

招贴在窗户上贴了没多长时间，便来了一位矮胖、看起来脾气很好、约莫有三十五岁的求租者。条件很快就谈妥了，因为招贴在他初次来访后就立即取了下来。这位单身男士在一两天之后住了进来，很快就显现出了他的本性。

First of all, he displayed a most extraordinary partiality for sitting up till three or four o'clock in the morning, drinking whiskey-and-water, and smoking cigars; then he invited friends home, who used to come at ten o'clock, and begin to get happy about the small hours, when they evinced their perfect contentment by singing songs with half-a-dozen verses of two lines each, and a chorus of ten, which

chorus used to be shouted forth by the whole strength of the company, in the most enthusiastic and vociferous manner, to the great annoyance of the neighbours, and the special discomfort of another single gentleman overhead.

首先，他表现出了一个极其非凡的爱好，即呆到早上三四点才睡、喝加水的威士忌、抽雪茄。其次，他还邀请一些朋友到家里来。那些朋友晚上十点钟才来，到了半夜兴致方起。那时，他们每个人尽情唱起五六首两行诗节，以及一个十个人的合唱。在合唱时，他们以最热情和喧嚷的方式歇斯底里地纵情歌唱，使得四邻极为恼火，也让住在楼上的另一位单身男士尤其苦恼。

Now, this was bad enough, occurring as it did three times a week on the average, but this was not all; for when the company DID go away, instead of walking quietly down the street, as anybody else's company would have done, they amused themselves by making alarming and frightful noises, and counterfeiting the shrieks of females in distress; and one night, a red-faced gentleman in a white hat knocked in the most urgent manner at the door of the powdered-headed old gentleman at No.3, and when the powdered-headed old gentleman, who thought one of his married daughters must have been taken ill prematurely, had groped down-stairs, and after a great deal of unbolting and key-turning, opened the street door, the red-faced man in the white hat said he hoped he'd excuse his giving him so much trouble, but he'd feel obliged if he'd favour him with a glass of cold spring water, and the loan of a shilling for a cab to take him home, on which the old gentleman slammed the door and went up-stairs, and threw the contents of his water jug out of window— very straight, only it went over the wrong man; and the whole street was involved in confusion.

这样的事平均每周发生三次，已经够糟糕了，但这还不是全部。这群客人最后终于离开时，他们不是像别人的宾客一样安静地走在街上，而是制造令人惊恐、毛骨悚然的噪音，并假装发出女子在困境时的尖叫声来消遣自己。一个夜晚，一位戴白色帽子的先生满脸通红、十万火急地敲了住在三号、头上搽了粉的老绅士的门。那位头上搽了粉的老先生以为一定是他结了婚的女儿们中的一个突然生了病，他摸索着下了楼，费了不少功夫拔门栓、开锁后，才打开了临街门。戴白色帽子的红脸先生说他希望老先生原谅他带来的麻烦，而假如他可以给自己一杯凉水，再借给自己一先令用于雇一辆马车载他回家，他会十分感激。老先生听到这些，猛然关上门，上了楼，然后把他水壶里的东西倒出了窗——非常直接，只是没有倒在正确的人身上。接着，整条街陷入了混乱之中。

A joke's a joke; and even practical jests are very capital in their way, if you can only get the other party to see the fun of them; but the population of our street were so dull of apprehension, as to be quite lost to a sense of the drollery of this proceeding: and the consequence

was, that our next-door neighbour was obliged to tell the single gentleman, that unless he gave up entertaining his friends at home, he really must be compelled to part with him.

玩笑就是玩笑，只要你能使对方理解其中的趣味，那么即使是戏弄人的玩笑也有其独特的妙处。但是，我们这条街道上的居民在理解方面很迟钝，以至于对这个举动的滑稽之处不大理解。结果，我们的邻居不得不告诉那位单身男士，假如他不停止在家里款待他的朋友们，就真的必须让他离开了。

The single gentleman received the remonstrance with great good-humour, and promised from that time forward, to spend his evenings at a coffee-house—a determination which afforded general and unmixed satisfaction.

单身绅士脾气极好地接受了规劝，并且许诺此后在咖啡厅里度过夜晚——这个决心让人普遍感到很满意，纯粹的满意。

The next night passed off very well, everybody being delighted with the change; but on the next, the noises were renewed with greater spirit than ever. The single gentleman's friends being unable to see him in his own house every alternate night, had come to the determination of seeing him home every night; and what with the discordant greetings of the friends at parting, and the noise created by the single gentleman in his passage up-stairs, and his subsequent struggles to get his boots off, the evil was not to be borne. So, our next-door neighbour gave the single gentleman, who was a very good lodger in other respects, notice to quit; and the single gentleman went away, and entertained his friends in other lodgings.

第二天的晚上一夜无事，每个人都为这个转变而感到满意。然而第三天的夜晚，噪音又开始了，而且气势比以往更大。这位单身男士的朋友们因为不能每隔一天晚上在他自己的房子里见到他，就决心每晚来他的住宅相见。这位单身男士与朋友们分离时乱糟糟的祝愿声、他在楼上的走道里发出的噪音，以及他随后脱靴子时发出的声音实在吵得让人无法忍受。因此，我们的邻居给这位在其他一些方面都是一位非常好的租客的单身男士发出了搬迁通知。这位单身男士搬走了，在其他出租的房子里招待他的朋友们。

The next applicant for the vacant first floor, was of a very different character from the troublesome single gentleman who had just quitted it. He was a tall, thin, young gentleman, with a profusion of brown hair, reddish whiskers, and very slightly developed moustaches. He wore a braided surtout, with frogs behind, light grey trousers, and wash-leather gloves, and had altogether rather a military appearance. So unlike the roystering single gentleman. Such insinuating manners, and such a delightful address! So seriously disposed, too! When he first came to look at the lodgings, he inquired

most particularly whether he was sure to be able to get a seat in the parish church; and when he had agreed to take them, he requested to have a list of the different local charities, as he intended to subscribe his mite to the most deserving among them.

二楼空闲房间的下一位申请人与那位刚刚从这里搬走的惹人烦的单身男士完全不同。他是一位高高瘦瘦的年轻先生，长着浓密的棕色头发、红色腮须和蓄起的一点胡子。他身穿有饰带镶缀的大衣（衣服后面还有刀剑挂环）和淡灰色长裤，戴着皮手套，总体看来有几分军人的仪表。他与那位爱喝酒吵闹的单身男士是如此不同。他的仪态如此讨人喜欢，讲话如此令人愉快！行为举止又如此庄重！他第一次来看出租的房子时，特别询问了是不是确定能在教区的教堂里获得一个座位。他答应租房时，要求得到一份当地不同慈善机构的列表，原因是他打算把他的少量财产捐助给列表中最应得到捐助的一家慈善机构。

Our next-door neighbour was now perfectly happy. He had got a lodger at last, of just his own way of thinking—a serious, well-disposed man, who abhorred gaiety, and loved retirement. He took down the bill with a light heart, and pictured in imagination a long series of quiet Sundays, on which he and his lodger would exchange mutual civilities and Sunday papers.

我们的邻居现在十分开心。他总算找到了一位恰好符合他想法的租客——一个庄重、性情好的人，一个痛恨享乐并热爱隐居生活的人。他心情愉快地取下了招贴，还在想象中勾画了一长串安静的周日景象——他和他的租客彼此客套，交换周日报纸。

The serious man arrived, and his luggage was to arrive from the country next morning. He borrowed a clean shirt, and a prayer-book, from our next-door neighbour, and retired to rest at an early hour, requesting that he might be called punctually at ten o'clock next morning—not before, as he was much fatigued.

那位庄重的人到了，他的行李将要在第二天早晨从乡下运来。他向我们的邻居借了一件干净的衬衣和一本《祈祷书》，早早地就睡下了，还要求第二天早晨十点钟叫醒他——不要提前，因为他十分疲乏。

He WAS called, and did not answer: he was called again, but there was no reply. Our next-door neighbour became alarmed, and burst the door open. The serious man had left the house mysteriously; carrying with him the shirt, the prayer-book, a teaspoon, and the bedclothes.

叫他了，可是他没有应声。再叫，还是无应答。我们的邻居慌了，把门砸开了。那位庄重的人已经神秘地离开了这栋房子，还带走了衬衣、那本《祈祷书》、一个茶匙和铺盖。

Whether this occurrence, coupled with the irregularities of his former lodger, gave our next-door neighbour an aversion to single

gentlemen, we know not; we only know that the next bill which made its appearance in the parlour window intimated generally, that there were furnished apartments to let on the first floor. The bill was soon removed. The new lodgers at first attracted our curiosity, and afterwards excited our interest.

我们不知道这件事，再加上他上一位租客的不当行为，是否会使我们的邻居厌恶单身男士。我们仅知道他的会客室窗户上又出现了一张招贴，大致说明二楼有一间家具齐全的公寓要出租。这张招贴很快就被取下了。新来的房客们起初引起了我们的好奇，然后激起了我们的兴趣。

They were a young lad of eighteen or nineteen, and his mother, a lady of about fifty, or it might be less. The mother wore a widow's weeds, and the boy was also clothed in deep mourning. They were poor—very poor; for their only means of support arose from the pittance the boy earned, by copying writings, and translating for booksellers.

他们是一个十八九岁的年轻小伙子和他母亲，一位大约五十岁或更年轻的夫人。这位母亲身穿孀妇的丧服，年轻的小伙子也穿着重丧服。他们很穷——十分贫穷，仅能靠男孩为书商抄写和翻译文章挣来的微薄工资维持生活。

They had removed from some country place and settled in London; partly because it afforded better chances of employment for the boy, and partly, perhaps, with the natural desire to leave a place where they had been in better circumstances, and where their poverty was known. They were proud under their reverses, and above revealing their wants and privations to strangers. How bitter those privations were, and how hard the boy worked to remove them, no one ever knew but themselves. Night after night, two, three, four hours after midnight, could we hear the occasional raking up of the scanty fire, or the hollow and half-stifled cough, which indicated his being still at work; and day after day, could we see more plainly that nature had set that unearthly light in his plaintive face, which is the beacon of her worst disease.

他们从某个乡下地方搬到伦敦定居，部分是因为男孩在这儿可以得到更好的就业机会，部分可能是要离开他们境况较好时所居住的地方的自然愿望，那儿的人都知道他们变得贫穷了。他们在挫折之中仍有骄傲，不愿在陌生人面前显出他们的拮据与贫穷。他们的境况有多窘迫，这个男孩又是如何辛苦地工作以摆脱窘迫，这些除他们自己以外没有人知道。每夜午夜之后两个、三个、四个小时，我们有时听到把稀少的炭耙在一起的声音，或是没有完全克制住的空咳声，这说明他仍然在工作。每天，我们能够更加明白地看到，自然已经在他哀伤的面容上造成了奇怪的光晕，那是自然中最糟糕的疾病的标志。

Actuated, we hope, by a higher feeling than mere curiosity, we

contrived to establish, first an acquaintance, and then a close intimacy, with the poor strangers. Our worst fears were realised; the boy was sinking fast. Through a part of the winter, and the whole of the following spring and summer, his labours were unceasingly prolonged: and the mother attempted to procure needle-work, embroidery—anything for bread.

我们希望受一种比简单的好奇心更加高尚的情感驱动，与这些贫穷的陌生人首先认识，然后建立一种亲密关系。我们最大的恐惧成了事实——这个男孩正迅速衰弱。他从冬季的一段时间到接下来的整个春季和夏季一直不停地工作。他的母亲试图做些针线活与刺绣活——任何可以维持生计的活。

A few shillings now and then, were all she could earn. The boy worked steadily on; dying by minutes, but never once giving utterance to complaint or murmur.

她只能偶尔挣几先令。这个男孩始终如一地工作，一分钟一分钟地濒临死亡。然而，他从未诉过苦或是低声抱怨过一次。

One beautiful autumn evening we went to pay our customary visit to the invalid. His little remaining strength had been decreasing rapidly for two or three days preceding, and he was lying on the sofa at the open window, gazing at the setting sun. His mother had been reading the Bible to him, for she closed the book as we entered, and advanced to meet us.

我们在一个美好的秋季傍晚习惯性地去探望病人。过去的两三天里，他剩余的少许力气已经迅速消亡。当时，他正躺在沙发上，透过打开了的窗户凝望着夕阳。他的母亲刚才正读《圣经》给他听，因为我们进去时，她合上了书，上前迎接我们。

'I was telling William,' she said, 'that we must manage to take him into the country somewhere, so that he may get quite well. He is not ill, you know, but he is not very strong, and has exerted himself too much lately.' Poor thing! The tears that streamed through her fingers, as she turned aside, as if to adjust her close widow's cap, too plainly showed how fruitless was the attempt to deceive herself.

“我刚才正告诉威廉，”她说，“我们必须设法带他到农村的某个地方去，那样他可能会好起来。他不是生病了，你们知道，只是他不是特别强健，近来又过度劳累。”可怜的人啊！她转到一边，似乎要把她那寡妇帽戴好时，眼泪顺着她的手指流了下来，明显地表明她欺骗自己的努力是多么地徒劳。

We sat down by the head of the sofa, but said nothing, for we saw the breath of life was passing gently but rapidly from the young form before us. At every respiration, his heart beat more slowly.

我们在沙发的一端坐下，然而什么也没说，因为我们看到生命的气息正从我们面前这个年轻的躯体里轻柔却急速地流逝。每次一呼吸，他的心脏便跳得更慢一些。

The boy placed one hand in ours, grasped his mother's arm with the other, drew her hastily towards him, and fervently kissed her cheek. There was a pause. He sunk back upon his pillow, and looked long and earnestly in his mother's face.

男孩把一只手放在我们手里，用另外一只手抓住他母亲的胳膊，急促地把她拉向自己，热烈地吻了她的脸颊。有一段间歇。他重重地倒回到他的枕头上，久久诚挚地盯着他母亲的脸。

'William, William!' murmured the mother, after a long interval, 'don't look at me so—speak to me, dear!'

“威廉，威廉！”过了很长一会儿后，母亲小声喊道，“别这样看我——对我讲话，亲爱的！”

The boy smiled languidly, but an instant afterwards his features resolved into the same cold, solemn gaze.

男孩疲倦地笑笑，可是随后片刻，他的脸又变回到与之前相同的冰冷、严肃的凝视。

'William, dear William! rouse yourself; don't look at me so, love—pray don't! Oh, my God! what shall I do!' cried the widow, clasping her hands in agony—'my dear boy! he is dying!' The boy raised himself by a violent effort, and folded his hands together— 'Mother! dear, dear mother, bury me in the open fields—anywhere but in these dreadful streets. I should like to be where you can see my grave, but not in these close crowded streets; they have killed me; kiss me again, mother; put your arm round my neck—'

“威廉，亲爱的威廉！振作起来，不要这样看着我，亲爱的——求求你不要这样！啊，天啊！我该怎么做！”这位孀妇哭喊道，痛苦地握紧双手，“我亲爱的孩子！他要死了！”男孩猛然用力起身，双手合到一起，说：“母亲！亲爱的，亲爱的母亲，把我埋在空旷的田野里，埋在哪儿就行，就是别埋在这些吓人的街上。我想埋在一个你能看到我墓穴的地方，但不是在这些狭小拥挤的街上。它们杀死了我，再吻我一次，母亲。抱着我——”

He fell back, and a strange expression stole upon his features; not of pain or suffering, but an indescribable fixing of every line and muscle.

他仰面倒下了，脸上神秘地显出一种奇异的表情——不是疼痛，也不是受苦，而是一种难以形容的表情，每一根皱纹和每一块肌肉都静止不动了。

The boy was dead.

男孩死了。

Rene Descartes

MEDITATIONS ON
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北京 BEIJING

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu

Beijing, China 100089

http://www.fltrp.com

图书在版编目（CIP）数据

第一哲学沉思录 /（法）笛卡尔著；石春让，王江超译．—北京：外语教学与研究出版社，2015.10

ISBN 978-7-5135-6786-2

Ⅰ．①第…　Ⅱ．①笛…　②石…　③王…　Ⅲ．①哲学②伦理学　Ⅳ．①B

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字（2015）第260043号

出版人　蔡剑峰
责任编辑　刘为华　马爱群
封面设计　孟耕宇
出版发行　外语教学与研究出版社
社　　址　北京市西三环北路19号（100089）
网　　址　http://www.fltrp.com
版　　次　2015年12月第1版
书　　号　ISBN 978-7-5135-6786-2

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1．翻译缘起

本书是中国外语教育研究中心和外语教学与研究出版社网上在线公布的招标项目——外汉翻译教学研究基金——的研究成果之一（编号WHFYJXYJJJ B10）。本项目按照中国外语教育研究中心和外语教学与研究出版社给出的英文版本，并按签订的合同要求译出。

2．笛卡尔的生平

勒内·笛卡尔（Rene Descartes，1596—1650），法国人，是著名的哲学家，被黑格尔赞誉为“现代哲学之父”，也是著名的科学家，在数学、物理学、生理学等领域都有令人称道的创见，被赞誉为“解析几何之父”、“近代科学的始祖”。

1596年3月31日，笛卡尔生于法国安结尔 - 卢瓦尔省拉埃市（现已更名为拉埃—笛卡尔市）的一个贵族之家。笛卡尔的父亲是布列塔尼地方议会的议员，也是地方法院的法官。笛卡尔的母亲在他一岁时去世，但给他留下一笔遗产，这为日后他从事自己喜爱的工作提供了可靠的经济保障。笛卡尔幼年体弱多病，母亲病故后一直由一位保姆照看，度过了豪华而无忧的童年时光。

1606年，8岁的笛卡尔被送进当时欧洲最有名的学校拉弗莱什公学（La fleche）学习。这是一所耶稣会学校，在这里，由于身体孱弱，笛卡尔受到特殊照顾，如学校特许他不必受校规约束，早晨不必到学校上课，可以在床上读书。这样，笛卡尔从小养成了安静独处，善于思考的习惯。他在该校学习8年，接受了传统的文化教育，阅读了古典文学、历史、神学、哲学、法学、医学、数学及其他自然科学的书籍，这奠定了他的学术基础，树立了对天主的信仰。在所学的课程中，笛卡尔最感兴趣的是数学，这为他日后探求自然科学和人文科学的确定性与明晰性奠定了坚实的基础。

1612年，笛卡尔到普瓦捷大学攻读法学和医学，但是他对各种知识都感兴趣，特别对数学深感兴趣，四年后获博士学位。

1616年，笛卡尔结束学业后，背离家庭的职业传统，开始探索人生之路。他投笔从戎，并借机游历欧洲，开阔眼界。

1621年，笛卡尔对长期的军旅生活感到疲惫，回到法国。时值法国内乱，他再度出国，去荷兰、瑞士、意大利等地旅行。

1625年，笛卡尔返回巴黎。

1628年，笛卡尔从巴黎移居荷兰，开始隐居著述生活。他的主要著作几乎都是在荷兰完成的。

1649年，笛卡尔受瑞典克里斯蒂娜女王之邀抵达斯德哥尔摩，任宫廷哲学家，为瑞典女王授课。瑞典女王为了显示对知识的尊重，专门派一艘军舰迎接笛卡尔到瑞典。但是由于他身体孱弱，不能适应瑞典那片“熊、冰雪与岩石的土地”的气候，感染肺炎，并在1650年2月去世，终年54岁。

1789年法国大革命后，笛卡尔的骨灰被迁至法国历史博物馆。如今，在法国首都巴黎安葬民族先贤的圣日耳曼圣心堂中，庄重的大理石墓碑上镌刻着如下碑文：“笛卡尔，欧洲文艺复兴以来，第一个为人类争取并保证理性权利的人”。

笛卡尔终身未婚，没有享受到家庭生活的快乐。他有一个私生女，但不幸夭折，为其终生憾事。

3．笛卡尔的著述及贡献

笛卡尔对哲学、数学、天文学、物理学、化学和生理学等领域进行了深入的研究，先后发表了许多有重大影响的论著，尤其在数学和哲学方面成绩斐然。

1628年，完成《指导哲理之原则》。

1634年，完成《论世界》。该书以尼古拉·哥白尼学说为基础，总结了自己在哲学、数学和许多自然科学问题上的一些看法。

1637年，用法文写成三篇论文《折光学》、《气象学》和《几何学》，并为此写了一篇序言《关于方法的引论以及在科学中寻求真理的谈话》，哲学史上简称为《谈谈方法》。《谈谈方法》着重论述了他的方法论思想，《几何学》则是数学史上打开新纪元的解析几何。

1641年，出版了《第一哲学沉思录》。该书详细论述了他的基本哲学思想。

1644年，出版《哲学原理》。该书是他全部思想的总括，物理学部分的内容尤其丰富，被称为笛卡尔哲学的最终定型。

1649年，出版《论灵魂的感情》。该书讨论心理学问题，特别是身

心关系问题。

笛卡尔在世时，著作或被禁止出版或被烧毁，他死后多年，著作仍旧被列为“禁书”。但在今天，他被奉为近代欧洲哲学的始祖，理性主义的先驱。笛卡尔力图与他那个时代的哲学传统决裂，使哲学获得新的开端。他的哲学不仅展现了全新的观点和结论，而且肇启了一个新的时代。笛卡尔的哲学有一种超乎寻常的复杂性，内容丰富，使人们能够从中发现全部近代哲学的源泉。

笛卡尔不仅在哲学领域里开辟了一条新的道路，同时他还是一位勇于探索的科学家，在物理学、生理学、天文学等领域都有值得称道的创见，特别是在数学上他创立了解析几何，从而打开了近代数学的大门，在科学史上具有划时代的意义。

4．《第一哲学沉思录》的主要建树

《第一哲学沉思录》首先提出“我思故我在”的著名的哲学命题，继而推衍出上帝的存在和外界物体的存在，重新建立起心灵、上帝和物体的观念的可靠性。笛卡儿使用普遍怀疑的方法，力图使心灵摆脱感官，通过纯粹理智来获得确定的知识。笛卡儿在书中详细阐发了天赋观念论、身心二元论、理智至上论，以及如何探寻知识的确定性。（引自北京出版社2008年出版的《第一哲学沉思集》）。

《第一哲学沉思录》为人类提供了一种新的思维方式，为近代科学的发展进步提供了坚实的哲学基础。该书直接引发了欧洲大陆的理性主义风潮，对后世哲学产生了深刻的影响。该书也对今天的中国哲学研究和体系构建也有重要意义。中国经济飞速发展，渐渐以巨人的形象走向世界，中国需要理性的思维方法。《第一哲学沉思录》的深刻思想内涵也会启迪中国在新的历史时期创建一种新的思维方式。这将有助于中国应对新的世界格局，有助于引领中国人在人文领域理性地、健康地发展，继而促进中国自然科学和人文科学的和谐发展，促进中国梦的实现。

5．译文的风格和特色

本书翻译的目标读者设定为高端读者为主，兼顾其他读者。高端读者主要指两类人群：学习、研究哲学的读者和学习、研究英汉翻译的读者。译文力图帮助前者从另一版本（法语译成的英语版本）研读哲学名

著，也可以帮助后者从哲学文体的视角研习英汉翻译之奥妙。当然，我们欢迎更多的读者阅读，各取所需。

本书译文追求简洁、流畅、准确、庄重的语言风格。在翻译过程中，用互文阅读的方法，参阅了2005年以后出版的5种不同译本——商务印书馆、中国社会科学出版社、哈尔滨出版社、北京出版社、九州出版社的译本，仔细分析不同的译本的细微差别，认真揣摩原文的深层含义，力求译文尽善尽美，力求译文形成新的风格和特色。

6．结束语

本项目是由西安外国语大学和西安电子科技大学一群志同道合的成员群策群力，精诚合作完成的。具体分工如下：石春让、王江超两人共同翻译，互相校对，并整理出术语表和专用名词表。刘思雨、杨婧、戚航通读译文、术语表和专用名词表，勘校谬误。最后，杨跃、郑荣审校了译文、术语表和专用名词表。

另外，本译本还得到中国外语教育研究中心和外语教学与研究出版社各位专家和编辑尤其是李文静、彭彦、辛欣、邓芳老师的大力帮助，他们认真、严格、严谨的审校工作和编辑工作使译本大为增色。没有他们的辛勤、细致的劳动，译本是不会有现在这样的状貌的。在此谨向他们表示深深的敬意和感谢。另外，本译本的诞生还要感谢西安外国语大学学报编辑部、科研处等相关部门的大力支持，在此也向他们表示深深的敬意和感谢。

俗语云：十月怀胎，一朝分娩。看着即将付梓的稿件，正如看着刚刚呱呱落地的孩子。欣喜之情，溢于言表。同时，惶恐之情，相伴而生。这个刚刚诞生的婴儿一定还存在缺陷和不足，敬请各位读者大人宽宏大度看待它。

译者

2014年夏

致神圣的巴黎神学院院长和圣师们

先生们：

1．我献给你们本书的动机是合情合理的，而且我深信，在你们了解到本书的用意以后，也会想到用足够的理由把它置于你们的保护之下，因此，为了更好地向你们推荐本书，我想最好是向你们简单地说明一下本书的写作目的。

2．我一向认为，上帝和灵魂这两个问题是应该用哲学而不应该用神学去论证。因为，尽管对于像我们这样的一些信教的人来说，光凭信仰就足以使我们相信有一个上帝，相信人的灵魂是不随肉体一起死亡的，可是对于那些什么宗教都不信，甚至什么道德都不信的人，如果不首先用自然的理由来证明这两个东西，我们就肯定说服不了他们。而且，因为罪恶的行为经常比道德的行为在今生给人们带来的好处要多得多，这样一来，如果不是因为害怕上帝的惩罚和向往来世的报偿而在行为上有所克制的话，就很少有人愿意行善而不愿意作恶的。不错，我们一定要相信上帝的存在，因为《圣经》上是这样说的；同时我们一定要相信《圣经》，因为它是来自上帝的（这是因为："信仰"是上帝的一种恩赐，上帝既然给了我们圣宠使我们相信别的东西，那么他同样也能给我们圣宠让我们相信他自己的存在），不过这个理由不能向不信教的人提出，因为他们会以为我们在这上面犯了逻辑学家们称之为循环论的错误。老实说，我已经看出，你们，以及所有其他神学家们，不仅肯定知道上帝的存在是能够用自然的理由来证明的，而且也肯定知道从《圣经》里推论出来的关于上帝的认识比人们关于许多造物的认识要清楚得多，并且事实上这种认识是非常容易得到的；没有这种认识的人反倒是有罪的。就像《智慧书》第十三章里所说的那样："他们的无知是不可饶恕的，因为如果说他们关于世界上的事物深知到如此程度，那么他们从这些事物中怎么可能不更加容易地认出至上的主来呢？"

在《达罗马人书》第一章里，说他们是"不可原谅的"，并且在同一章里用这样的话说："关于上帝的认识，都明明白白地存在于他们的心里"。这就好像告诉我们说，凡是可以用来知道上帝的，都可以用这样一些理由来指出，这些理由只要从我们自己的心里去找就够了，不必从别处去找，我们的精神就能够把这些理由提供给我们。就是因为这个原

故，我才在这里提出用什么办法以及一定要采取什么方式才能做到认识上帝比认识世界上的事物要更容易、更确切，我想我这样做不至于不合适吧。

3．至于灵魂，很多人认为不容易认识它的性质，有人甚至竟敢说，根据人类的各种理由，我们相信它是和肉体一起死亡的，只有信仰才告诉我们它不是这样。虽然如此，既然由利奥十世主持的拉特兰宗教会议（第八次会议）对他们进行了谴责，并且特别命令基督教哲学家们要对那些人的论点加以驳斥，要全力以赴地去阐明真理，因此我就敢于在这本书里执行这个任务。

4．此外，我知道很多没有信仰的人不愿相信上帝的存在，不愿相信人的灵魂有别于肉体，其主要理由在于他们说至今没有人能够对这两个问题做过证明。我虽然不同意他们的意见，而且相反，我认为，如果对那么多伟大人物关于这两个问题提出过的绝大部分理由很好加以理解，就都足以做为证明，并且再也找不出什么新的证明理由了；但是其他的理由确实存在，我认为，如果从哲学的角度上，出于好奇心并且仔仔细细地再一次找出一些最好的、更有力的理由，然后将其阐述得清晰准确，以便今后大家都能坚持不移地确认这是一些真正的证明，那么在哲学界就再也不可能找出比这更有好处的事了。最后，既然很多人都把希望寄托在我身上，他们知道我制定过某一种解决科学中各种难题的方法，老实说，这种方法并不新颖，因为再没有什么东西能比真理更古老了；不过他们知道我在别的一些机会上相当顺利地使用过这种方法，因此我认为我有责任在这个问题上用它来试一试。

5．关于这个问题可能说的话，我都写在这个集子里了。我在这里并不是要把给我们的问题做证明而可能提出来的各种问题都搜集进来，因为我从来不认为那样做有什么必要，何况那些理由里连一个靠得住的都没有；我仅仅是讲了第一的、最主要的那些理由，而那些理由是我敢于把它们当作非常明显、非常可靠的论证的。我还要进一步指出，我认为凭人的能力，再也没有什么办法可以发现比这更好的论证了。由于这件事非常重要，而且这些都关系到上帝的荣耀，这就使我不得不在这里把话说得比平常放肆一些。虽然如此，尽管我认为我的这些理由是可靠的、明显的，但是我并不认为大家都能够理解得了。在几何学里，很多论证是阿几米德、阿波罗纽斯、帕普斯以及其他许多人留下的，这些论证，大家都公认是非常可靠、明显的，因为如果把它们分开来看，它们

所包含的都是非常容易认识的东西，并且结论和前提随处都配合得很好。不过这些论证都有点冗长，而且都需要用心思考，因此只有少数人才能理解。同样，我想我在本书里使用的这些论证，虽然和几何学里的论证同样可靠明显，甚至比几何学里的论证更可靠明显，但是我担心很多人还是不能相当充分地理解。一方面因为这些论证也有点太长，并且它们彼此又是相互关联的；而且主要的是，它们要求在精神上摆脱一切成见和感官的干扰。说实话，世界上善于做形而上思考的人没有善于研究几何学的人多。此外，不同的还有：在几何学里，大家都认为没有一个可靠的论证就不能前进，于是在这方面不是完全内行的人，为了表明他们懂得什么，他们经常错在肯定了一些错误的论证，而不是错在否定了一些正确的论证。在哲学里就不是这样。另一方面，在哲学里，大家都认为凡是哲学上的命题都是不可靠的，因而只有很少的人才乐于追求真理；更糟糕的是，很多人为了猎取才子的名声，竟不揣冒昧地对最明显的真理进行狂妄的攻击。

6．就是因为这个原故，所以不管我的理由有多大说服力，既然它们是属于哲学范畴的，那么假如不把它置于你们的保护之下，就没有希望在知识界里产生多大效果。因为大家对贵学院的评价如此之高，而索尔朋纳这一名称的威望又如此之大，以致不仅在有关信仰上，自从神圣的宗教会议以后大家从来没有这样赞扬过任何其他教团的判断，而且在人类哲学上，大家都认为在别的地方不可能再有什么更坚毅有力、知识丰富、小心持重、完整无缺的判断了。因此我毫不怀疑，如果你们肯于关怀这本著作，愿意首先对它加以修订（我对于我的缺点和无知是有自知之明的，因此我不敢肯定书中就没有什么错误）；其次，把漏洞填补起来，把不够好的地方加以改善，并且费心在有必要的地方加上一些比较充实的解释，或者至少告诉我以便我再进一步加工，以求我用来证明上帝存在以及灵魂有别于肉体的那些理由达到如此清楚、明白的地步，使我确实相信大家可以引用这些理由，并且必须把它们看成是非常准确的论证，而假如你们在这一点上敢于不辞辛苦地做一声明，证明它们真实可靠，那么无疑在有关这两个问题上曾经发生的错误见解就会很快地从大家心中清除。因为真理将使一切博学的人士赞成你们的判断，并且承认你们的权威，而目空一切，并不博学也并不正确的一般无神论者，将会不再保持对抗精神，或者也许会在看到诸位学者都把这些理由接受过来当做论证之后，害怕显得他们对这些理由一无所知，因而他们自己

也会接受这些理由；最后，其余的人也会很容易向那么多的例证认输，不致于再有人对上帝存在和灵魂与肉体之间的实在的、真正的区别加以怀疑了。你们已经看到了，对信仰怀疑，这造成了多么大的混乱，现在是要由你们做出判断，如果一旦把信仰很好地建立起来，那将会带来什么样的结果。不过，如果我在这里对您们喋喋不休地说及上帝和宗教事业，那未免显得班门弄斧，太不知趣了，因为您们一向是天主教最忠诚的支持者。

前　言

1．关于上帝的存在和人类灵魂的本性这两个问题，我在《谈谈方法》一书中稍有涉猎。该书于1637年用法文出版。那时我只是顺便一谈，并无意深论，只为看看大家对这两个问题如何判断，好从中学习，以便以后应付之用。在我看来这两个问题非常重要，只谈一次总嫌不够；而我谈论这两个问题的方式有些生僻，和人们通常用的方法大不相同，因此我认为用长篇大论的法文来谈论这两个问题，并非权宜之计，而且这本书可能所有人都能读到，我怕一般知识浅薄的人会以为我许可他们也来试探一下往这条路上走。

2．但是在《谈谈方法》里，我曾要求凡是谁能在我的书里看出什么值得指责的地方，请费心告诉我；可是在我谈到的这两个问题上，除了提出来两点反驳以外，他们没有提出什么别的重要意见。对于这两点反驳，我想先做一简短的回答，然后再详尽解答。

3．第一个反驳是：单从人类心灵自我反照上，看不出其是一个思想物，也看不出其本性或本质仅仅存在于会思想的事物；因为那样一来，“仅仅”这一词就把其他凡是有可能说得上也是属于灵魂的东西都排除掉了。对这个反驳我的答辩是：那时我并不是有意按照事物的实在情况的次序（因为那时我还没有谈到事物的实在情况），而仅仅是按照思想的次序，把它们排除了。我的意思是：我那时还不清楚地知道我是属于我的本质的，我只知道我是一个在思维的事物，或有思想能力的事物。不过之后我将指出，我是怎么从认为除了思想没有什么是属于心灵本质这件事，引申出事实上没有事物是属于它的。

4．第二个反驳是：从我心里有一个比我完美的事物这一观念，不能得出结论说这个观念比我完美，更不能说这个观念所代表的东西存在。我的答辩是：观念这个词在这里是有不同含义的。它或者本身是我的理解的一种活动，在这个意义上，不能说观念比我完美；它或者可以客观地被当作这种活动所代表的东西，这个东西，虽然不能假定它存在于我的理智之外，可是由于它的本质的原故，它却可以比我完美。但是，在本书里我也将陆续说明，我是如何仅仅从我心里有比我完美的事物这一观念，引申出这个东西真实存在。

5．除这两个反驳以外，我其实还看到两篇有关于此的相当长的文

章。然而，超乎预料，我的结论遭到指责，而且指责我的论据是从无神论者那里借来的。不过，这样的论据对于能正确理解我的理由的人来说，是不会有什么影响的。而且这些判断非常不理性，还很无力，首先呈现给他们的意见，就能说服他们，不论这些意见是否错误或有悖于理性。而一些真是有力，渐渐呈现的却为他们拒绝。因此对这两篇文章我不愿意在这里进行答辩，我怕要去答辩，就不得不把这两篇文章的内容首先介绍一番。我只想说，一般来说，无神论者通常所宣称的上帝之不存在，都是陆续来自于这两个事物之一，也就是说，或是归因于对神圣的喜爱，或是充满活力和智慧的心灵，我们可以借此确定和理解上帝能做和应该做的。然而他们宣称的一切，对我们不会造成什么困难，只要我们铭记我们的心灵只能视为有限的，而上帝是不可理解的和无限的。

6．现在，在某种程度上我已充分理解了大家的意见，再重新开始讨论关于上帝和灵魂的问题，同时也讨论一下整个第一哲学的一些原则。不过，我既不想得到一般人的什么好评，也不期待很多人读我的书。相反，我不会劝任何人去读这本书，除了那些有能力并愿意和我一起进行严肃认真的沉思，并且能够脱离感官的干扰、完全从各种成见中摆脱出来的人，当然这样的人不多。至于毫不考虑我所讲的理由的次序和联系而断章取义、专门以吹毛求疵为乐的那些人（这样的人很多），我可以说纵使他们读了我的书，也是徒劳无功。虽然他们也许会在有些地方找到横加指责的机会，然而他们也找不出来什么切实的问题，也没有什么值得回答得问题。

7．我不敢保证大家一眼就能满意我的看法，也不高估自己认为有那么大本领足以预见到可能给每个人带来的困难，因而我将在《沉思录》里开宗明义，阐明我的想法，按照这种想法我是怎么相信我终于认识了确切、明显的真理，以便试试看能否用同样的理由也获得别人的信任和认同。然后对那些博学多才之人的反驳进行答辩。我已经把我的《沉思录》给他们寄去了，让他们在该书付印之前审查一下。他们的反驳众多，且各种各样都有，因此我敢说别的人很难再提出什么更重要、没有涉及到的反驳了。因此我对想看《沉思录》的人有个请求，请他们费心在看过所有那些反驳和我对那些反驳所做的答辩之前，先不要下什么结论。

六个沉思之提要

1．在第一个沉思里，我探讨了我们普遍地怀疑一切事物的基石，尤其是那些有关物质的事物，至少就我们现在所有的科学基础而言，这些事物是可疑的。尽管普遍怀疑的效用，乍看之下并不显著，但实际效果却非常之大，它不仅可以使我们摈弃各种成见，而且能提供一条非常容易遵循的道路，让我们的心灵逐渐习惯脱离感官，并且最后在我们发现真理时，能令我们深信不疑。

2．在第二个沉思里，心灵用其自身的自由方式，对一切事物的存在只要有一丝怀疑，就假设它们都不存在，同时决不能认为它自己不存在。这一点非常重要，因为心灵可以用这个办法很容易地分辨出属于它自己的东西，也就是说智慧的本性，也可由此区别出什么是属于物体性的。但是，有些人或许会期待我在此拿出一些理由来证明灵魂的不朽，因此我认为现在不妨告诉他们，我著书的宗旨就是，凡是我没有非常准确地论证过的东西，都不会写进书里，那么我采用的方法就得和几何学家所使用的方法一样：先提出求证的命题所依据的全部理由，然后再给出结论。

现在，要对灵魂不灭有透彻的了解，首要条件是给灵魂一个清楚、明白的概念，并且使这个概念要完全有别于一切物体的概念；这要怎么完成，在沉思二中会一一揭示。除此以外，还要求知道我们所明白而清晰地领会到的一切事物，本来就是按照我们所领会的那样是真实存在的。这在第四个沉思以前还没有能够确立下来。其次，出于同样的目的，对有形物体的本性还必须有一个清晰的概念，这个概念一部分见于第二个沉思，一部分见于第五和第六个沉思。最后，我们应该从这一切得出一个结论：凡是能清晰明了地理解为不同实体性的东西，就像心灵和物体那样，实际上都是分属于不同实体的，它们之间是实在有别的：这是在第六个沉思里做出的结论。在第二个沉思里，还证实了心灵和物体的绝对差异，并指出：我们能把一切物体都领会为是可分的，而另一方面，心灵是不可分的。因为，任何物体，无论多微小，我们都能领会，但却没法领会心灵的一半。因此物体和心灵在性质上不仅不同，甚至在某种情况下还会相反。不过，我在此书中没有更进一步谈这个问题，一方面是因为我所提出的，已经足以清楚地说明，肉体的腐烂并不

会使心灵毁灭，因而给人以来世的希望；同时也因为，我们可以由之而推论出灵魂不灭的那些前提取决于整个物理学的解释。这首先是为了知道：一切实体（即经上帝创造才存在的事物）的本性是不会朽坏的，除非上帝加以否定，它们才会归于“无”。其次，在一般的意义下，物体是实体，因此它也是不会毁灭的；但是就人的肉体其有别于其他物体这一点来说，它不过是由一些肢体和其他类似的一些偶然性组合成的；而人的灵魂就不是这样，它只是一种单纯的实体，绝不是由什么偶然属性组合起来的。因为，即使心灵的一切偶然属性都改变了，例如它在思想、意欲和知觉方面也可改变，不过它本身是不会改变的。而人的身体，仅仅由于它的某些部分的形状改变，它就不再是同一的了。由此可见人的身体很容易毁灭，但是心灵或灵魂（我认为这二者是没有区别的），从其本性来说是不朽的。

3．在第三个沉思里，在我看来，我已经把用来证明上帝存在的主要论据都相当详尽地解释了。不过在这里，我尽量避免在物体性的东西里边进行比较，尽量地让读者的精神从感官摆脱出来，因而也许还剩有很多模糊不清的地方，这些模糊不清的地方，我希望在我对迄今给我提出来的反驳将做的答辩中完全得到澄清。比如，我们心里的至上完美的存在体的观念，怎何以能包含那么多的客观实在性，也就是说，从表象里分享了那么大程度的存在性和完美性，以致它必然应当来自一个至上完满的原因，这是相当难于理解的。不过，在答辩里，我用了一个十分精巧的机器作为比较来阐明，这个机器的观念是存在于某一个工匠的心里。这个观念在客观技巧上一定有一个原因，比如说，工匠的学识，或者这个概念是他从别人那里学来的，因此同样道理，在我们心里的上帝的观念也不可能没有它的原因，这个原因就是上帝自己。

4．在第四个沉思里，展示了凡是我们领会得清晰明了的事物都是真的；同时也解释了错误和虚假由何而生；这是必须了解的，一方面是为了证实以前的那些真理，一方面也是为了更好地理解接下来的那些真理。但是，需要指出的是：我在这里决不论述罪恶，也不探究在追求善与恶时所犯的错误，而仅仅论述在分辨真假时所产生的错误；我不打算在这里谈属于信仰或指导人生的事情，而只谈那些要透过自然理性才能了解的思辨真理。

5．在第五个沉思里，除解释一般有形物体的本性以外，还用新的论证来证明上帝的存在，当然虽然这个新论证会遇到某些困难，但是这

些困难我将在答辩中一一解决。还有，我还指出，在怎样的情况下，可以说几何论证的确定性，必须要由我们对上帝的认识而定。

6．最后，在第六个沉思里，我把理解和想象区别开来；并描述了这种区别的种种标志。指出人的灵魂虽有别于肉体，然而又和肉体紧密结合，就像一个整体似的。接着又阐明了由感官产生的一些错误以及避免错误的办法。最后指出了各种理由来说明有形事物的存在，这并不是因为我断定这些理由对于它们所证明的东西是有帮助的，例如世界确实存在、人类的确具有身体以及诸如此类的事情，这些都是任何一个正常人从来没有怀疑过的；而是因为仔细观察之后发现，那些理由并不如指引我们得知心灵和上帝的推论那么有力而明显。因此，在人类所能认知的范围之内，能指引我们得知心灵和上帝的知识，才是最确定最明显的知识。这就是我计划要在这六个沉思里证明的全部东西。我在这里省略了其他很多问题，关于那些问题，我在这本书里也在适当的机会讲到了。

沉思一　论可疑之物

1．几年前，我第一次明白，我从幼时起就将一些错误观点，当作正确的接受了，并觉此后以此为基础所得的结论，都是非常不可信的。从那时起，我坚信，必须将我有生以来所接受的观点全部抛弃，重新打基础，才能建立一个坚定可靠、经久不衰的上层科学体系。然而，对我而言，这项工程乃是浩大工程之一，因此我一直等到能足以熟谙事理，且以后不会再有任何最佳时机的年纪，才着手实行我的计划。基于这个缘由，我已等了很久，若再犹豫不决，思前虑后，不予行动，誓将铸成大错。如今，我已适时放开思想，毫无顾虑，也不受任何杂念干扰，高兴不已。况且闲居于此，环境优雅，我将郑重其事、毫无保留地试将平生所学逐一推翻。

2．但为达目的，而去证明自己所学皆不正确，似乎无此必要，这样一来，这个目的或许永远达不到。不过，理智使我坚信，显而易见的错误不可放过，而对于并非确切无疑的更不可轻易就相信。因此，哪怕能找到一丝可疑，就足以令我将其整个否定。这样一来，就无需逐个对付了，因为那将永无尽头。但大厦根基若为移走，其势将崩塌，因此，我将从以前旧见解的本原着手。

3．直到现在，所学之物中，凡觉最真最可靠的，皆来自感觉或由感觉得来。然而，感觉有时也会误导我们。一定要非常谨慎，对于曾经欺骗过我们的东西，绝对不能信任。

4．虽然，在一些细微之物以及远离我们而又不能仔细观察的东西上，感觉会误导我们，但是，也有其他许多东西，虽由感觉而认识，却毫无怀疑之理由。正如，在这里，我身穿长袍，依炉而坐，握书在手等等诸如此类的东西。可我又怎能否认这双手和身体属于我呢？我又怎么避免与疯癫之人同流合污呢？那些疯癫之人大脑被黑暗的胆汁蒸气笼罩，思维混乱。他们一贫如洗，却执拗地断言他们是君王，或者一丝不挂，却坚称他们穿金戴银，又或者信誓旦旦地说他们的头是泥做的，身体是玻璃做的，或者自诩他们是葫芦。倘若我以这些极度疯狂之人为榜样行事，恐怕我的荒诞将不亚于他们。

5．虽然这是真的，但在这里我必须承认我终究是个人，而人是要睡觉的，我在梦中往往会做出上述事情来，有时甚至做出更为荒唐之

事，而这些事对那些疯子来说，是醒时就能做到的。多少次，我梦到过相似之情景，自己虽宽衣解带，卧眠在床，却梦到自己着衣在身，依炉而坐。此时此刻，我确实睁大眼睛注视着这张纸，头脑清醒。此时此刻，我的头在动，我并没有睡着。我有意识地伸出手，我察觉到手能够灵活伸缩。然而在睡觉的时候，所有情况显然不是这样。但回头想想，梦中的这些幻影也曾欺骗过自己，再仔细想想，便豁然开朗，清醒与梦境之间本（无）没有什么明显的标志，我不禁大吃一惊，几乎觉得现在与在梦中毫无差异。

6．那么现在，让我们假设正在睡梦之中，而我们睁开眼睛，晃动脑袋，伸展双手等等这一切都只是幻觉；双手和整个身体也不为我们所有。尽管如此，我们至少必须承认，梦中所出现的东西，可以说是图画表现，是临摹现实才得以成型的。因此，诸如眼睛、脑袋、双手和整个身体这些东西，并非想象虚构之物，而是真真正正存在的实体。其实，就算画家用最古怪、最特别的手法去画塞壬女妖和萨梯神时，要想给他们加上些新的东西，是不太可能的。恐怕画出来的只是集中不同动物的混合体罢了。即使他们能想象出一些人类前所未见之物，比如一些纯粹虚构，完全不真实的东西，至少可以肯定，他们所用的种种颜色是真实存在的。同样，尽管身体、眼睛、脑袋、双手等等是想象出来的，总得承认还有更为简单、更为普遍的东西真实地存在着。正像是真实的颜色所构成的，所有这些不管是真实存在的，还是虚构古怪的，都是在我们的意识里形成的。

7．这类物质似乎可归类于一般物质及其衍生物。这些衍生物的形状、数量、大小、数目，还有这些物体所处地点、所占时间，及诸如此类的东西都属于此。

8．因此，我们或许可以合理地得出以下结论：物理学、天文学、医药学、以及其他研究各种复杂事物的学科，都有可疑之处；而算术、几何以及同属的其他学科，多是明确无误，不容置疑的，因为他们所研究的不过是些最简单最普遍的东西，几乎不需要考虑他们是否真的存在。无论我是醒着还是在梦中，二加三等于五总是真的，正方形只会有四个边也总是真的；这样浅显的道理，怕不太可能会遭人怀疑（或者让人觉得模糊）吧。

9．虽然如此，长久以来我始终相信，万能的上帝存在着，并创造了我。可是，我怎么知道，上帝一定没有作出过如下安排：即没有地

球、没有天空、也没有任何衍生物，也没有形状、大小、地点？但与此同时，（我对这些东西的察觉不断增多），难道我就能确信这些东西正如我察觉它们的那样存在着吗？还有，别人觉得最了解的事情，我有时会觉得他们错了。我又怎么知道，每当我把二和三加在一起时，或者数一个正方形有几个边时，或者作出一些更简单的判断时（如果人们确实能想象出更简单的事情），我都没有受骗？既然众人都说上帝至善，但是或许上帝从未打算让我这样上当受骗。然而假定，上帝造我却让我犯错，与他的善相矛盾的话，那么让我上当受骗则似乎是与他的善相违背的了。因此，这样假设显然是可行的。

10．也许，确实有人宁愿否认万能上帝的存在，也不愿相信世间一切都是不可靠的。不过，让我们暂时先不反对这一观点，相信有关上帝的一切皆是传说。无论如何假设我的存在，是命运也好，偶然事件也罢，亦或是其他什么。要知道上当和犯错都是一种缺陷，显然，如果指导我源泉之能力在不断减少，我之不完美，易上当将愈演愈烈。这种种理由，我无言以对，但我不得不承认，我以前所信的一切，现在没有一个是可靠的。这绝非是考虑不周或轻率所致，而是经过深思熟虑的。因此，我若想找到任何确切的东西，今后就像对待显而易见的错误一样，不可轻易作出评判。

11．但仅做这些考察远远不够，还应当将之牢记于心。因为那些旧的、已成习惯的观点不断地在我的脑海浮现——我长久而熟练地使用它们给了它们占据我思想的权利，它们甚至抵制我的意愿，抑制我的信念。惟有实事求是，认真考虑才能克服这一切，就像我指出的那样，他们在一定程度上是可疑的，而有时是十分可能的，因而往往信任多于怀疑。基于这个原因，我想我做的是正确的，如果我故意反驳自己，自我欺骗，装作这些见解都是错的虚幻的，等到我的新旧偏见得以平衡，我就不至于受坏习惯影响，舍真理之路而误入歧途了。同时，我相信，在这条路上既没有危险也不会产生错误。我现在也不能有太多怀疑，我现在的目的不在行动而在于沉思。

12．因此，我假设，不是上帝这个真善的源泉，而是一个恶毒的魔鬼，用其狡诈欺骗之本领，尽其所能欺骗我。我假设，天地万物，世间一切，不过是这个恶魔用来骗我的一些梦幻假象。我将认为自己本无手眼血肉，而是错误地相信自己拥有。我将继续坚守这样的信念，如果这样还不能够认识真理，至少将尽力为之，比如我先不作评判。不管这恶

魔多么强大，多么狡诈，我将小心从事，避免上当。但这项任务非常艰苦，而且一些特定的惰性还会潜移默化地引导我回到普通生活中。如同奴隶一般，或许在梦中享受片刻虚幻的自由，当意识到这一切都是幻觉时，又害怕醒来，而与惬意的幻觉妥协，以求多享受一会。我也是这样，我和我自己也妥协了，我又重拾以前的见解，害怕从中清醒过来，以防随后的烦恼打破这片刻的安静。这样的话，别说带来光明了，就连刚刚由这些难题产生的乌烟瘴气也难以驱除。

沉思二　论人类心灵之本性，兼论其比肉体更容易认识

1．昨天的沉思，令我心中充满疑窦，使我已无力将其忘却。而且我尚未看出有何方法可以将其解决；正如同突然坠入深潭之中，惊慌失措之余，脚无法在水底站稳，也不能游出水面。虽然如此，我仍将尽最大努力，重回我昨日之道路，将稍有可疑之物置之不理，就如同我已知道他们是绝对错误一样；此外，我将沿着这条路走下去，直到找到可靠之物为止，或者，即使一无所获，我至少要明确知道世上没有可靠的东西。阿几米德只要求一个固定不移的点，就可以把整个地球从一个位置移到另一个位置；因此，同样的，如果我有幸能发现哪怕一个确切无疑之物，我就有权抱无穷的希望了。

2．于是我假设，凡是我看见的都是假的；而且我相信，我那虚假的记忆所呈现出来的东西，没有一个是存在的；我进一步假设自己没有感官；并相信物体、形状、扩延、运动和地点，都只不过是在我脑中虚构出来的。那么还有什么可以认为是真实的呢？或许只有一件，那就是世上绝对没有可靠之物。

3．但是，除了刚才所提到的事物，我又怎么知道再没有别的东西，我们丝毫不能怀疑呢？难道就没有一位上帝，或者冠以他名的神明，将这些想法注入我的心灵吗？然而为什么如此想呢，或许我自己又何尝不能产生这些思想呢？那么至少，我不就是一种事物吗？可是我先前已经否认了我有感官或者身体，但我还是犹豫了，这到底会带来什么结论呢？难道我就真的非常依赖身体和感官，离开这两者就不能存在吗？可是，我曾说服自己相信，这世上什么都没有，既没有苍穹和大地，也没有心灵和肉体；如此一来，我不是相信了自己也不存在吗？事实并非如此，既然我曾被说服，那么我就确实存在了。但是总有一个不为人知的骗子，不仅法力无边，而且狡诈异常，时常欺骗于我，无所不用其极。可是一旦他欺骗我，那我之存在更是无可怀疑了；不管他怎么欺骗于我，只要我想到我是某种事物，他就决无法令我化为子虚乌有。所以在对这一切深思熟虑之后，就必然会得出这一结论："我思，我存在。"不管我说出来，还是在心里默想，这一命题是真实可靠的。

4．虽然已确知自己是存在的，但是我还是不大清楚自己到底是什

么，因此，我必须小心从事，避免随便找一些别的事物来代替本来的自己，这样也免得以前认为最确定、最明显的知识（认知）远离真理。为了这个缘故，在我做进一步探究之前，先要对过去所相信的自己重新思索一番；至于以前的意见，凡是稍有可疑而经不起考验的，一律将其剔除，以保留那些绝对确定和毋庸质疑的意见。

5．那么，我过去认为自己是什么呢？毫无疑问，我认为自己是一个人。但何谓人呢？我可以称之为有理性的动物吗？绝对不可以，因为如此一来，就要追问何为动物，何为有理性的，于是乎会由一个问题，不知不觉地陷入无数个更为棘手的问题中去，且人生苦短，我也不愿意将宝贵光阴，虚掷在这类巧思诡辩之中。在此我宁可思考那些从前在我心里自动浮现的思想（那些思想不过是在我进行思考我的存在时从我自己的本性中生出来的）。过去，我起初认为自己拥有一张面孔、两只手、两条胳膊和所有在尸体中能够呈现的躯体结构，以及被我称之为“身体”的东西。除此之外，我还看到了吃饭、走路、感觉、思想，我把这一切归功于灵魂；但灵魂到底是什么，我并没有探究，如果说我探究过，我也只是想象他是一种极其稀薄、极其精细的东西，如同风或火焰，又如同稀薄的气，遍布身体较粗浊的各部分。至于物体，我不仅从未怀疑过它的本性；而且自认为对它有深刻的了解。并且如果要按照我那时具有的概念来解释它的话，我就会这样地描述它：所谓物体，是指一切能为某种形状所限定的东西；能局限在某个地方，能占有一定空间，能把其他任何物体都排斥于外；可以透过触觉、视觉、听觉、味觉或者嗅觉被感知到；它可以在若干方式下移动，不过不是自动的，而是受外物的触动（受到一些压力）而动的；因为像自动、感觉和思维等能力，我以前决不认为是属于物体的本性，相反看到像这样一些功能出现在某些物体之中，我倒是非常惊奇的。

6．可是，我既然假设有一个极具势力的恶魔，（如果可以这样假设的话，）施展浑身解数来欺骗于我，那么我还能说自己是什么呢？我还能肯定地说，方才所说的那些属于物体本性的属性，我具有一点点吗？经过在脑中再三推敲后，我并没有发现任何一种能够称得上真正属于自己的的属性。要一一列举出来，实在是费时又沉闷的事。所以让我们直接探究灵魂的属性吧。首先提到的是营养的摄取和走路；可是，如果我真的没有身体，那也就是说我就真的既不能走路也无法摄取营养了。接下来是心灵的另一属性——感觉；可是感觉也离不开身体；另

外，我经常在梦中自以为感觉到许多事物，实则在醒来的时候，才知道自己根本没有感觉到它们。最后谈谈思想，在这里我发现只有它才是真正属于我的。只有思想是与我密不可分的。有我，我存在，这是毋庸置疑的；可是能持续多久呢？我思考多久，就存在多久；因为如果我完全停止了思考，那么我同时也就不存在了。现在，对不是必然真实的东西，我一概不承认。因此准确说来，我只是一个思想的东西，也就是说，一个心灵，一种理解或是一类理性，这些名称的意义都是我以前不知道的。无论如何，我是一个真实的东西，是真实存在的；但是到底是个什么东西呢？答案就是：我是一个思想的东西。

7．于是问题又来了，除此之外，我还是别的什么吗？我要发挥想象力，看看除了是思考的东西之外，自己还是不是其它什么东西。现在很清楚了，我并非所谓人类五官肢体的集合体，也不是一种稀薄、无孔不入、渗透到所有这些肢体里的空气；更不是风、火、蒸汽、气息或其他我能想象到的东西，因为我已经假设这一切都是子虚乌有的，而且我觉得即使不改变这个假定，也并不妨碍我确实知道我是存在的。或许也可能是这样的，由于我不认识而假定不存在的那些东西，同我所认识的“自我”并没有什么不同？关于这一点我现在无法确定，也不想为此问题争论。我只能判断我所知道的事物，我已经认识到我存在，现在我追问已经认识到存在的这个“我”究竟是什么。可是，我对自己存在的认识，严格说来，并不取决于我还不知道其存在的那些东西，因而也不取决于任何一个我用想象所能虚构出来的东西。其实虚构和想象这类说法，就足以证明我是错误的。因为如果我想象自己是一种东西，那我非得勾勒一个影像不可，所谓想象，只是勾画有形物体的形状或影像罢了。不过我已确实知道我是存在的，而且一般说来，这些影像就是与物体本性有关的事物，也许只是一些梦境或幻想而已。由此我发现：如果我说我要发挥我的想象力，可以更清楚地认识我是什么，这与下面说法一样，都是不合道理的，即我现在是醒着，看到某种实在和真实的东西，但是由于我看得还不够明白，我要故意睡着，好让我的梦给我把它更真实、更明显地提供出来。这样一来，我确切地认识到，凡是能在想象中理解或接受的东西，都不属于我对我自己的认识；所以有必要唤醒心灵，以如履薄冰的态度摆脱这种思维方式，以便能完全清晰地了解自己的本性。

8．可是，我究竟是什么呢？是一个思想的东西，已经说过了。但

何谓思想的东西呢？他就是一个能怀疑，能领会，能设想，能肯定，能否定，能愿意，能拒绝，也能想象，能感觉的东西。

9．当然，若这些东西都属于我的本性，那确实也不算少了。可是，为什么这些东西不该属于我的本性呢？难道我现在不就是一个怀疑一切的物体吗？这个东西在千方百计地了解、领会某些东西；这个东西只肯定一件事物的真实性，而否定其他的一切；这个东西既想了解更多的事物，却又不愿意受骗；这个东西有时甚至不顾自己的意志，想象出许多事物；这个东西同样也能感觉许多事物，就如同通过身体各器官感觉出来的一样。纵然我每天都做梦，尽管那个创造我的神明费尽心思想欺骗于我，可上述这一切，难道就没有一种如同我真实存在一样真实吗？在这些属性中，难道就没有一种能与我的思想分得开吗？或者可以说与我分得开吗？因为事情本来是如此明了，是我在怀疑、在了解、在希望，根本不必在此补充任何东西来加以说明。而且我当然也有能力去想象；因为即使我所想象的事物有可能（就像我以前曾经假定的那样）完全都是虚假的，可是这种想象的能力仍然会存在于我心里，并构成我思维的一部分。总之，我就是那个相同的处于感知状态的东西，也就是说，我就好像是借着感觉器官认识特定事物一样，因为我确实看见了光，听到了声音，感到了热。可是有人会说，那些现象都是假的，而我只是在做梦。随他们怎么说好了。但可以确定的是，我确实看见了光，听见了声音，感觉到了热。这是千真万确的。真正来说，这就是在我心里叫做在感觉的东西，而在正确的意义上，这就是在思维。

10．从此，我开始比以往更明白更清晰地了解自己是什么了。可是我仍然觉得，我不能不相信：那些有形物体（其影像由思想构成［归根结底是感官中的东西］，并且被思想所检验），比起那些我自己不能想象的部分，我会认识得更清晰。对我而言，尽管那些可疑的、未知的、不属于我的东西，我认识和理解它们的存在性要比那些我确信的、已知的、属于我真实本性的东西要清晰很多，也就是说，比认识和理解我自己还清晰，但是，实际上，这种说法似乎有些奇怪。但是我还是清楚地看出了这是怎么回事。这是因为我本性放荡不羁，不愿束缚在真理的范围之内。现在且让我再次放飞心灵，任其自由驰骋（任其思考由外界呈现给我心中的事物），然后在适当时机慢慢收缰回顾（专注于思考自己的存在和属性），如此则我之思想更易受到控制。

11．现在让我们考虑一下普遍认为最容易认识，且认识得最清楚的

事物。也就是我们摸得着看得见的物体。但并不是指一般物体来说的，因为一般的概念往往较为杂乱模糊，而是从特殊的物体出发。那么就以一块蜂蜡为例，刚从蜂巢取出来，非常新鲜，尚没有失掉蜜多固有的甜味，仍然保留着所采集的花的香气；它的颜色、形状、大小是显而易见的；而且质硬性冷，易于拿取，以手敲之，还能发声。总而言之，凡是能令人清楚辨认一个物体的必备条件，都包含在这块蜂蜡中了。但是，说话之余，将其置于火旁，剩下的味道发散了，香气也随之消失了，颜色也因而变了，形状和原来不一样了，体积增大了，固体变成了液体，进而发热，很难再用手拿起来，而且即使敲它，也发不出声音了。经过这一番变化之后，原来的蜡还存在吗？必须承认它还存在，没人会怀疑这一点，也没人会提出异议。那么，我之前在这块蜂蜡上最清晰地知道的是什么呢？当然不是我凭感官而觉察到的东西，因为原来从味觉、嗅觉、视觉、触觉、听觉得到的东西都改变了，但蜡还是原来的那一块。

12．也许这块蜂蜡正和我现在所想的一样，就是说，它原来并没有那种蜂蜜的甜味、怡人的花香、洁白的颜色、也没有形状和声音，而只是一个形体，刚才以那些形式呈现给我，而现在又以别的形式呈现给我。但是确切地说，当我如此这般设想这块蜂蜡时，我想象的是什么呢？让我们仔细掂量一下，如果把所有不属于蜂蜡的东西全部去掉，看看还剩下些什么。当然剩下的只是一个有扩延、能变形、可移动的东西。但是能变形、可移动是什么意思呢？是不是我想象这块圆的蜂蜡可以变成方的，又可以从方的变成三角形的呢？当然不是这样，因为尽管我可以想象这蜂蜡能有无穷无尽类似的变化，但是，我却不能以自己的想象来穷尽这些变化。因此我对蜂蜡的所有概念是不能借想象力来做到的。

那么这个广延又是什么呢？不也是未知的吗？因为当蜂蜡融化时就会变大，沸腾时则变得更大，而温度再增加，就越发大了。根据真理，我不能（清晰地）确认蜂蜡到底是什么。如果我没有假设这块蜂蜡在扩延方面能有甚至超乎我们想象的更多的变化样式，那么我必须承认，我甚至无法借助想象力来了解这块蜂蜡是什么，我只有靠理智才能了解了。我说的只是这块特殊的蜂蜡，至于一般的蜂蜡，那就更明显了。那么这块只能为心灵所了解（或理解）的蜂蜡到底是什么呢？毫无疑问，就是我所看见的、所触摸到的、所想象的那块蜡，而且是自始所相信为蜂蜡的东西。但是，值得注意的是，我们对蜂蜡的感知，并非来源于视

觉、触觉或想象，而且从来都不是它们中的任何一种。虽然以前似乎是这样的，但实际上并非如此，它只是心灵的一种直觉。这种直觉可能会有缺陷或模糊不清，像以前一样，也可能会是清楚而分明的，就像现在一样，这一切都取决于我们对该蜂蜡所含有的成分能投入多少注意力。

不过，同时我又发现心灵极为脆弱，往往不自觉地犯错，这令我颇为惊讶。因为尽管我没有表达出来我在想什么，只是在心中思索这一切，但言语也会偶尔阻碍我进步，而且我几乎被一些日常语言所骗。例如，当一块蜂蜡呈现在我们面前时，我们只会说看见的是同一块，却不会说，我们是根据同一的颜色、形状，判断出来它是同一块蜂蜡。因此，就像当我从窗外观看路上的行人，倘若不是有类似的情景，我便轻率地下结论说，我认识这块蜂蜡，靠的是视觉，而不仅仅是心灵的直觉。在这种情况下，我肯定会说，我看见这些人，就像我看见蜂蜡一样。可是我从窗口看见了什么呢？会不会是一些穿戴衣帽，靠弹簧行动的人造机器呢？不过我从所看到的现象中判断，这里仍然有人，因此，我虽然相信看到的是人，但这是由我心里的判断力构成的。

14．一个人想在知识上超越普通人，并以此为目标，那他应该觉得从通俗的说话形式中找寻怀疑的根据，是可耻的。因此，在这样做之前，我应该从手头的事情开始做起，思考我在最初看到蜂蜡时，对它有较清晰和较全面的了解呢？还是现在对它有更清晰的认识呢？当初我认为我认识它，是通过蜂蜡本身给人的外观感觉，或在很多情况下，呈现出的一般性的感觉（也即一般所谓的想象力）。现在我不但非常仔细地考察过它是什么，而且对通过什么途径才能认识它，也经过了深思熟虑。如果连这一点也加以怀疑，那可真是可笑了。因为在最初的认识里，会有什么是明了的呢？我所能认识的，不也正是任何动物都能认识的吗？但是，当我把蜂蜡和其外表区别开来，就像脱掉它的外衣，赤裸裸地研究它，尽管我的判断里还可能存在某些错误，不过，如果没有人的心灵，我就无法感知它，这是确定无疑的。

15．可是，最后，我对这个心灵本身——即我自己能说什么呢？因为直到现在我仍然承认，除心灵之外，我并非别的东西。这又该怎么说呢？我既然如此清晰地认识到这块蜂蜡，难道就不能更真实而可靠地、而且更明确而清晰地认识我自己吗？因为，如果我由于看见了蜂蜡，就断定它的存在，那么我就可以根据同样的理由，更明白地推断出自己是存在的。也许我所看见的东西，他实际上并不是蜂蜡，或许我甚至根本

就没有用来看东西的眼睛。可是，当我在看或者当我认为是在看（这两者情况是一样的）的时候，这个在思想的我就绝不能不存在，绝不能是子虚乌有。同样，如果由于我摸到了蜡而断定它存在，其结果也一样，即我存在；如果是因为我的想象或者其它任何原因使我相信而断定它存在，我也总是得出同样的结论。而且我在这里提及有关蜂蜡的话，也可以适用于外在于我、在我以外的其他一切事物上。再者，不仅是视觉、触觉，而且还有别的很多原因，把蜂蜡明显地呈现给我之后，如果我对它的概念或知觉好像是更加清楚、更加分明了，那么，我不是应该越发明显地认识我自己了吗？因为一切用以认识蜂蜡的本性或不管什么别的物体的本性的理由，不正是更能使我了解心灵的本性吗？而且还有很多别的事物可以说明心灵的本性，因此我刚刚提到的有关事物方面的证明，几乎就不值得去提了。

16．可是，总而概之，我发现自己不知不觉地又回到了我原来想要的论调；因为，既然事情现在对我来说已经明白了，即物体本身并不是由于被看见或者被摸到，而不过是被理解了或者正确地被思想所掌握，那么我看得很清楚，没有再比我的心灵对我来说更容易认识了。但是，由于很难这么快就破除一个习以为常的见解，我不妨在这个阶段多停留一些时日，以便靠着长期不断的沉思，把这一个新的认识深深地印到我的记忆里去。

沉思三　论上帝之存在

1．现在我要闭上双眼、堵住双耳、停止一切感官活动，甚至要从我的思维中，将一切有形物体的影像加以抛弃，或者至少（因为那是不易完成的）我要把它们看作是空洞而虚假的；如此一来，我可以只和自己交流，并且可以更近地检查自己的本性，以求渐渐地认识自己，与自己更为亲近。我是个能思想（有意识）的物体，也就是说，是一个能怀疑、能肯定、能否定、能了解一些事物，但同时也对很多事物一无所知的物体。此外，也是有爱、有恨、有理想、能拒绝、能想象也能感知的东西。因为，如上所说，虽然我所想象和感知的东西，在离开我之后（和就其自身而言），或许根本就是虚无的，但是，不管怎样我还是确信，我称之为感知和想象的意识模态，就其本身来说，是存在我之内的。

2．并且我认为，上述寥寥数语，已经把我真正知道的，或者至少到如今我自认为知道的，都已经说尽了。现在，为了扩展知识，使之更为广阔，我必须小心谨慎，仔细考虑，看是否在自身之内，还能否再发现一些至今仍没有认识到的事物。我已然确信自己是个思想之物，然而，我不是因此也就知道了必须具备什么，才能使我确信一个真理吗？毫无疑问，在初步的认识里，若是没有明白而清晰的知觉，没什么能使我确信它是真理。老实说，倘若万一我认识得如此清楚、明了的东西竟是假的，那么这个知觉就不足以使我确实知道它是真的。从而我觉得我可以总结出一个普遍规律，那就是："凡是我们领会得十分清楚、十分明了的东西都是真实的"。

3．但是，我以前认为完全可靠、非常明显而接受和承认的许多东西，后来我却发现是有些可疑的。那么那些东西又是什么呢？它们是大地、苍穹、星辰，以及一切我习惯于通过感官所感知到的其他东西。可是，从这些东西里，我能清楚而明白地感知的又是什么呢？没有别的，只有那些东西在我心灵中呈现的观念或思想。即使现在我依然不否认这些观念是在我心灵中。可是还有另外一件事情，我虽曾经肯定过，并且由于习惯使然，我一直相信它，我自以为看得非常清楚，实际上我并没有认清它，我是说那些外在于我的事物的存在，我一直认为它们的观念不仅是从和谐外界事物来的，并且和那些东西一模一样。我就是在这件

事情上犯了错；或者，即使我的判断是正确的，那也决不是由我的知觉所产生的知识来的。可是，当我思考算术和几何中十分简单、十分容易的事情时，比如三加二等于五，以及诸如此类的其他事情的时候，我不是至少把它们领会得清清楚楚，确实知道它们是真的吗？当然，从那以后，如果我认为这些东西也可以怀疑的话，那一定不会是别的理由，而只是因为我心里产生这样一种想法，也许是上帝赋予我这样的本性，即我本来就应该受骗，甚至对最明显的道理也不例外。但是，若我经常对上帝至高无上的权力怀有这种先入为主的观念，我都不得不承认，只要他愿意，就能很容易使我弄错，甚至在我相信认识得非常清楚的东西上也是如此。而在另一方面，每当我注意我以为领会得十分清楚的东西时，又会对他们的真实深信不疑，不由得脱口而出：随他怎么骗于我，只要我意识到自己是存在的，他就绝不能使我不存在；既然现在我存在这件事是真的，他就绝不能在将来说我不曾存在过；而且，它也绝不能使三加二之和多于五或少于五，也不能制造任何我一眼就能看出其中含有明显矛盾的事物。其实，既然我并没有任何理由相信上帝是骗人的，既然我对上帝是否存在的理由也没有充分地考虑过，因此仅仅建筑在这个见解之上的怀疑根据当然是非常脆弱的，并且是（姑且这么说）形而上学的。可是，为了完全排除这个怀疑的基础，在机会一旦来到，我应该自问上帝是否存在；而一旦证明上帝存在，也应探究他是否是骗子。因为如果对这两个事实真相不了解，我看不出我还能对什么有把握。而为了我能够有条不紊地研究这些，而不致中断我自己提出来的沉思次序，（就是从我心里最先发现的概念一步步地推论到后来可能在心里找到的概念），有必要在这里把我的全部思想分为特定类别，考虑在哪些类别里，严格来说，能发现真理或错误。

5．在我的众多思想之中，有些可以说是事物的影像。而观念正是属于这一类的，比如我可以想象（呈现于我心灵中）一个人、一个怪物、天空、一个天使或者上帝本身。除此而外，另外一些思想有别的形式，比如我在憧憬、恐惧、赞成、否定时；虽然总能领会到某种东西，以作为我思想的对象，但是除了事物的表象之外，我的思想还接受了一些别的事物；属于这一类思想的，有些称为意志或情感，另外一些叫做判断。

6．至于观念，如果只就其本身来说，而不牵涉到别的东西，那么确切地说，它们不可能是虚假的；因为不论我想象一只山羊或一个怪

物，在想象之中都是真实的。也不要害怕在意志或情感里边会有虚妄存在；即使我可以追求一些错的东西，甚至不存在的东西，但是我追求这些东西仍不失为真事。因此，就只剩下判断了。在做判断时应该小心谨慎以免受骗。而在作出判断时，最主要和最平常的错误，就是我们往往认为自己心中的观念，与外界的事物相似或相同；很显然，如果把观念仅仅看成思想（意识）的某些模态，不想把它们牵涉到外界的东西上去，则它们就很难使我犯错了。

7．不过，在这些观念里边，我认为有些是与生俱来的，有些是外来的，另有一些是我自己捏造的。因为，既然我有领会所谓物体、真理或思想的能力，我觉得这种能力不是外来的，而是天生的；但是，如果我现在听见了某种声音、看见了太阳、感觉到了热，那么我判断这些感觉都是从在我之外的东西发出的；最后，我觉得美人鱼，鹫马以及诸如此类的其他一切怪物，都是由我心中凭空捏造虚构出来的。不过我甚至可以这样说，一切观念都是外来的，或者都是与生俱来的，或都是捏造的；因为我还没有清楚地发现它们的真正来源。

8．现在首要的事情是，要探究到底有何理由，可以相信那些我以为由外物而来的观念与其对象相似。

第一个理由是：我觉得这是本性告诉我的；第二个理由是：我自己体会到这些观念是不以我的意志为转移的，因为呈现在我心中的观念，往往违反我的意志。正如现在，不管我愿不愿意，我都感觉到了热，因此就使我相信，我心中的热这种感觉或这种观念是由于一种不同于我的事物所产生的，即我旁边火炉的热，使我心中产生热的感觉或观念。因此，可以合理推断，这个对象是以其固有的形象，而不是别的东西，使我产生了印象。

9．现在我必须考虑这些理由是否足够有力，能令人心悦诚服。当我说我觉得这是本性告诉我的，我说的本性，这个词所指的仅仅是某一种自然而然的倾向，这种倾向使我相信观念和其对象有一种类似的关系，而不是指一种自然之光，使我知道只是真的。这两种说法有很大的不同；因为自然之光使我看到的都是真的，我一点都不能怀疑。例如，“我怀疑，故我在”等等诸如此类的真理一样。此外，在辨别真和假上，我没有任何别的能力，能够教给我，说这个自然之光指给我的并不是真的，让我能够对于那种能力和对于自然之光同样地加以信赖。可是，至于自然而然的倾向，我注意到，当我要在善恶的行为之间进行选

择时，往往使我选择较坏的一方；在有关真假对错的问题上，我并没有看到更好的理由使我依靠这些自然而然的倾向。

10．至于另外的理由，这些观念既然不以我的意志为转移，那么它们必然来自我的身外之物，我认为并不见得比前面的理由有说服力。因为我刚才所说的那些自然而然的倾向，是存在于我心里的，尽管它们不总是和我的意志一致。同样，也许是我心里有自己不完全理解的某种能力，能够产生这些观念而并不借助于外在的事物，虽然我对这些能力还一无所知；事实上，我总觉得在我睡觉的时候，这些观念在我心里形成，依靠着本性的力量，而不借助于任何外在对象。

11．最后，即使我同意它们是由这些对象引起的，可并不能因此而推论出它们一定与那些对象相似。相反，从很多事例上我看到，对象和其观念之间有很大的不同。举例来说，在我心灵中，关于太阳我觉得有两种截然不同的观念；一种观念认为太阳非常小，这种观念是来源于感官的，应该归入外来观念的范畴中；另一种观念认为太阳比整个地球大很多倍，这种观念是从天文学的角度看，也就是说，从我与生俱来的某些概念里得出来的，或者是由我自己用别的方法创造出来的。当然这两种观念，不可能都符合同样的太阳；而且理性使我相信，直接来自它外表的那个观念是和它最不相像的。

12．所有这些足够使我认识到，我所以相信外界有异乎于我的事物存在，相信它们可以透过感官或其他可能的途径，把它们的观念和影像传到我的心中（依他们的原样印在我的心中），并非出自深思熟虑的判断，而是出自盲目的冲动。

13．可是还有另外一种途径，可以用来探究在我心里有其观念的那些对象，是否有些是存在于我自身以外的。如果把这些观念只看作思维的某些方式，那么我就看不出在它们之间有什么不同或不等，都好像是以同样方式由我而来的。可是，如果把它们看作是影像，其中一个影像表示一种东西，另一个表示另一种东西，那么很显然，它们彼此之间是有很大区别的。事实上，因为给我表象实体的那些观念，不仅仅是观念，可以肯定地说，其中一定有较多的客观实在性（也就是说，借着表象作用而分享更多的存在和完美），至于那些指向我表象模态或偶然属性的观念，它们的客观实在性自然较少。再说，我由之而体会到的至高无上的、永恒的、无限的、不变的、全知的、全能的上帝，或能创造它自身以外一切事物的造物主，这种观念，比之表象各种有限实体的那些

观念，含有较多的客观实在性。

14．现在，凭借自然之光，可以明显看出，在整个动因中一定有比它的结果里有更多的实在性：因为结果如果不来自于其原因，那么能从哪里取得呢？而且原因如果本身没有实在性，怎么能够把它传给结果呢？由此可见，不仅无中不能生有，而且比较完美的事物，换言之，本身包含较多实在性的事物，也不能是较不完美之物的结果。这个结论，无论是在具有现实的或形式的那种实在性的结果里，或者是在只有客观实在性的那些观念里，都是清楚易见的。例如：一块没有存在过的石头，如果本身没有一种形式的或超越的因素，也没有自己所具有的一切成分，那么这块石头是不会存在的，换言之，它本身需要有和石头同样的性质或者更高级的一些别的性质，那么石头才会存在；又如，热之所以能产生在原来本没有热的东西中，是由于有一种至少跟热同样完美的起因存在，其他的事物也莫不如是。再者，热或石头的观念之所以会存在我心中，也是因为它的这个原因，至少包含我想象中的热或石头所具有的那么多的实在性。因为即使那个原因并不能把它们现实的或形式的实在性传到我的观念里，也不应该因此就想象那个原因不那么真实；而应该要考虑，既然每个观念都是心灵的作品，那么观念的本性就不需要其他形式的实在性，只要由意识得来的那种实在性就够了，因为它不仅是意识的模态，也是思想的态度或方式。不过一个观念包含这样一个而不包含别的客观实在性，这无疑地是来自一些原因，而这个原因里的形式实在性，至少同这个观念所包含的客观实在性一样多。因为如果我们在一个观念里，发现有原因里所没有的东西，那么这个东西就一定是从无中生来的。不过，事物的存在模态有可能不是很完美，但他在我们的理解中产生的客观表象，即观念，我们绝不能说，这种存在的模态是虚无的，更不能说那观念也是来自于虚无。

15．虽然这些观念里的实在性仅仅是客观的，我也不应该就此怀疑这些观念的原因中所包含的实在性就不必是形式的（真实的），只要这种实在性客观地存在于观念的原因里就够了：因为，各种观念既然依其特殊的本性而具有客观的存在模态，因此，这些观念的原因（至少那些主要的原因），也要依其特殊的本性而具有形式的存在模态。而且尽管一个观念有可能产生另一个观念，但这种现象也不可能是无穷无尽的，它最终必须达到一个“元观念”，这个“元观念”的原因就像一种原型一样，而在此原型中，这些观念的客观实在性都是形式的（和真实的）。

这样，自然之光使我明显地看出，观念在我心里就像一些绘画或者一些图像一样，它们既然多半缺乏原物的完美性，所以决不能包含什么更伟大或者更完满的东西。

16．对这些问题考察得越久越仔细，也就对他们的真理了解得越加明白而清晰。不过最后我从这里得出什么结论来呢？结论是：如果我任何观念的客观实在性（或完美性），使我清楚地认识到，它既不是形式地，也不是卓越地存在于自我之中，从而我自己不可能是它的原因。那么结果必然是，在世界上并不是只有我一个人，而是还有别的东西存在，这就是这个观念的原因；反之，如果这样的观念不存在于我，我就没有任何论据能够使我确实相信除了我自己以外，还有任何别的东西存在；因为，在仔细地寻找过后，直到现在我也没有找到任何别的理由。

17．可是，在我的这些观念之中，除了代表我自己的那个观念之外，相对来说这是没有什么问题的，还有一个观念向我表征了上帝，另外一些观念给我表征了有形体而无生命的东西，一些观念表象天使，一些观念给我表象动物，最后，还有一些观念给我表象跟我相似的人。

18．不过，至于那些表象其他的人、动物或天使的观念，我不难推断它们是由我关于物体性的东西和上帝所具有的其他一些观念混合而成的，尽管除了我以外，世界上根本就没有其他的人、动物和天使。

19．至于有形物体的观念，在他们身上，我并没有发现什么特别伟大和优越的性质，是我自己所不能创造的；因为，我曾抱着像昨天考察蜂蜡那样的态度，将这些观念仔细思量过，逐个推敲一遍，结果我发现从他们那里所能明白而清晰地知觉的东西并不多。至于那些能让我清晰知晓的事物范畴，我发现只有以下内容：长、宽、深的多寡或者广延；用这些广延所形成的形状；由不同形状的物体互相保持的位置，以及运动或位置的变化；还有实体、持续性和数目。至于其他东西，像光、颜色、声音、气味、味道、热、冷、以及属于触觉的其他性质，它们在我的思想里是模糊不清的，使我不能确定它们到底是真的还是假的；换言之，不知道我对于性质所有的观念，到底是不是真实事物的观念。因为，虽然我以前提过，只有在判断里才有形式的虚假（或确切地说是真正的虚假），然而在观念里则可能有某种实质的虚假，若观念把子虚乌有的事物表象成某些实有的东西。比如，我对于冷和热的观念，就很不清楚、不明白，以致我不能根据它们来分辨，到底冷仅仅是缺失热呢，还是缺失冷呢，或者二者都是实在的性质，或者都不是；并且，既然观

念就像影像一样，没有观念不给我们表象什么东西，如果说冷真的不过是缺失热，那么把冷表现为实在的、肯定的观念就应该说是虚假的，其他类似的观念也是一样。

20．对于这一类的观念，我就是他们的创造者，不必在找寻别的原因，因为如果他们是虚假的，也就是说，如果他们表示事物是不实在的或不存在的，自然之光就会告诉我，他们是由子虚乌有来的，换言之，他们只存在于我的心中，是因为我的本性有不完美的地方，不过这些观念如果是真实的，但由于他们向我呈现的真实性太少以至于我无法把所表象的事物和不存在的事物明白地区别，那么，我实在没有理由说我不是他们的创造者。

21．至于那些明白而清晰的有形物体的观念，有些似乎是能够从我自己的观念中得出来的，就像我对实体、持续性、数目以及诸如此类的其他事物的观念那样。因为，当我想到石头是一个实体，或者一个本身有能力存在的事物，而我自己也是一个实体，虽然我清楚自己是一个能思想而没有广延的事物，相反石头是一个有广延而无思想的事物，这样，这两个概念之间有着明显的不同，可是，无论如何它们在表象实体这一点上似乎是一致的。同样，我想到自己现在存在，并且记得自己以前也存在过，此外我还意识到许多不同的思想，认识到这些思想的数目，这时我就得到持续性和数目的观念，从此我就可以把这两种观念随心所欲地应用在其他很多东西上。至于构成有形物体观念的其他性质，即广延、形状、位置和运动等，它们固然不是形式地存在于我心里，因为我不过是一个在思想的东西；然而由于这仅仅是实体的某些模态，而且我自己也是一个实体，因此它们似乎能够卓越地包含在我心里。

22．因而现在只剩下上帝的观念了，对这个观念，必须考虑一下是否有什么东西不能来源我自己。关于上帝这个名称，我指的是一个无限、永恒、不变、独立、无所不知、无所不能的实体，而我自己和其他一切存在的事物（假如真有这些事物存在的话）都是这个实体创造出来的。可是这些优点是如此伟大，如此卓越，以至于我越认真考虑它们，就越不相信我对它们所具有的观念，都仅仅来源于我。因此，从上述一切必然可推出结论：上帝必然存在。

23．因为实体的观念，虽然是由于我是实体而存在于我心里，不过我是一个有限的实体，不能有一个无限的实体的观念，除非是一个真正无限的实体将之赋予我。

24．而且我不能想象我不是通过一个真正的观念，而仅仅是通过否定有限的事物来了解无限的，就像我通过否定运动和光明来理解静止和黑暗；相反，因为我明显地看到，无限实体的实在性比有限实体的实在性更多，因此我是先有无限的知觉（概念），然后才有有限的知觉，也就是说，先有的是上帝的概念，而不是我自己的概念。因为，假如我不是有一个比自己更完满的存在观念，使我借此比较，我才看出自己本性的缺陷，我又怎么可能认识到我怀疑和我希望，也就是说，我认识到我缺少什么东西，我不是完满无缺的呢？

25．不能说上帝的观念或许在实质上是虚假的，因此，这个观念可以从子虚乌有中产生出来（换言之，因为我有缺陷，所以它可能存在我心里），就像我以前所说的关于热和冷等等的观念那样；因为，恰恰相反，这个观念是非常清楚、非常明白的，它本身比任何别的观念都含有更多的客观实在性，所以自然没有任何观念比它更真实，比他更不能令人怀疑其为虚假的。

我说的这个无上完美的、无限的存在观念是完全真实的；因为，虽然也许可以设想这个存在体是不存在的，可是却不能设想它的观念给我表象的东西不是真的，就像我之前所说的冷的观念那样。

这个观念也是最清楚、最明白的，因为凡是心灵清楚明白地领会为实在和真实的，并且本身含有完美性的东西，都完全包含在这个观念里了。虽然我不能理解无限，而且上帝或许有一些无限的事物，既不是我所能理解的、也不是我透过任何思考的途径就能把握的，这都无碍于上面所说的这个事实是真的；因为我的本性是有限的，不能理解无限，这是由于无限的本性的原故；只要我很好地理解这个道理，而且相信，我明白地知觉的一切事物所蕴含的完美性和无限性（这是我不知道的），都以上帝为其形式的或超越的原因，则在我的心灵中，我对他所有的观念，即可成为最真实、最明白和最清晰的了。

26．不过，或许我并不像我所假设的那么不济于事，可能我所归之于上帝的那些完美性，正以某种方式潜存于我心中，虽然还没有表现出来，也没有发生什么作用。其实，我已然体会出，知识是逐渐增长逐渐完美起来的，我看不出有什么能够阻止它逐渐地臻于无限。像这样增长和完美下去，我看不出有什么理由能阻止我获得上帝本性的其他一切完美。最后，我也看不出，既然拥有获得那些完美性的能力（如果这个能力确实存在于我心中），为何不能产生这些完美的观念。

27．虽然如此，在进一步仔细一点观察之后，我发现这是不可能的；因为首先，即使我的知识真是每天都趋向于进一步的完美，我的本性中确实有很多潜在的东西还没有成为真实的存在。可是所有这些优点并不能稍稍接近我所具有的上帝的观念，因为上帝的完美并非仅是潜在的东西，而是现实存在的、实在的东西。由于我的知识是逐渐累积的，正表示它是有缺点的。再说，虽然我的知识逐渐增长，可是我仍然不认为它能臻于无限，因为无论它达到什么高度，总是可以再增加的。可是我心中的上帝是真正无限的，它的完美是不能再加什么东西的。总之，我认为，观念的客观存在体不能仅仅取决于潜在的存在体（这样的存在体严格来说是不存在的），它只能产生于形式的或现实的存在体。

28．当然，凡是能审慎思考的人，很容易根据自然之光，来分辨我所说的一切；可是，当我的注意力稍一放松，我的精神就被可感觉的东西的影像弄得模糊起来，好像瞎了一样，不容易记得，为什么一个比我完美的存在观念，必然是由一个确实完美的存在来的。由于这个缘故，我在这里继续探究，我虽然具有上帝的观念，可是宇宙间如果没有上帝，我是否还会存在。

29．试问：在上述情形下，我是从何得到我的存在的呢？也许来自于我自己，或者来自于我的父母，抑或是来自于不如上帝完美的其他原因；因为我们不能想象有比上帝更完美，或者和上帝一样完美的东西。

30．但是，如果我独立于其他存在之外，如果我是自己的创造者，则我不应当怀疑任何东西，不再有欲求，最后就不缺少任何完美性；因为，凡是在我心里有什么观念的东西，我都能自己给予，这样一来我就是上帝了。

而且，我不能想象说，我所缺少的东西，也许比我已经有的东西更难取得；因为相反，很明显的，要我这个思想物能无中生有，是十分困难的，可是，若要我获得不为我所知的很多事物的知识，或者仅仅获得些思想物质的偶然属性，那就容易得多了。不过显然，如果我拥有刚才所说的完美（换言之，如果说我是自己存在的创造者），则我至少不会拒绝给予自己那些较容易获得的事物（正如我现在所缺乏的无穷无尽各种各样的知识）。事实上，我不能否认，我自己看到的一切，都包含在上帝的观念中，因为那些东西里没有一件是我觉得更难做的或更难取得的；假如其中有一件是较难获得的，这也无可避免（虽然我已假设自己是我所具有的其他事物的来源），因为我应该发现，对这些事物，我的

能力相当有限。

31．虽然我可以假定，我以往的存在，可以和现在一样，可是我不能据此而置这些强而有力的推论于不顾，更不能借此假设，想象自己的存在，不需要再寻求别的创造者。因为我的一生，可以分为无数部分，而每一部分都绝对不取决于其余部分，因此，从不久以前我存在过这件事上并不能得出我现在一定存在这一结论来，除非当下有一个原因重新创造我，保存我。

事实上，任何人只要专心一意地探究时间的本性，就会很明白地看到，实体如果要在每一刻保存其持续性，就需要能力和动作，正如它在被创造时所需的能力一样（假设那实体还未曾存在）。因此，自然之光使我看得很清楚，保存和创造只是从我们的思维方式来看才是不同的，而从事实上来看并没有什么不同。

32．所以，现在我必须问我自己，我是否具有什么能力，使现在存在的我将来依然存在。因为，既然我无非是一个在思维的东西（或者至少既然一直到现在严格说来问题还只在于我自己的这一部分），那么如果这样的一种力量存在我心里，我一定会时刻想到它并且对它有所认识。可是，在我心里一点都没有这样的东西，因此我明显地认识到我依存于一个和我不同的某个存在体。

33．不过，也许我所依存的这个存在体并不是上帝，而我是由我的父母，或者不如上帝完美的其他什么原因创造的。但这又是不可能的，因为，我以前已经说过，很明显在原因里至少要有与结果里一样多的实在性。因此，既然我是一个在思想的、心里有上帝的观念的东西，所以不论到底什么是我存在的原因，必须承认它一定同样的是一个在思想的事物，而且本身具有上帝的观念，和我归之于上帝的一切完美性。然后可以重新追问这个原因的来源和存在是由于它本身呢，还是另有原因。因为如果是由于它本身，那么根据我以前说过的道理，这个原因一定是上帝，因为它有独立自存的完美性，那么无疑，他必然有能力拥有一切完美的观念（也就是说，我认为属于上帝的一切完美的观念）。如果它的存在是由于它本身以外的什么原因，那么可以根据同样的道理重新再问：这第二个原因是由于它本身而存在的呢，还是透过其他的原因来的，由此一步步地，最终达到一个最后原因，即上帝。

34．很明显，在这上面再无穷无尽地追问下去是没有用的，因为这里的问题在很大程度上，不在于从前产生我的原因上，而在于现在保存

我的原因上。

35．也不能假定也许我的产生是由很多原因共同造成的，我从这一个原因接受了我归之于上帝的那些完美观念，从另外一个原因中，接受了其他完美的观念，这样一来，宇宙里虽然有许多完美的观念，可是不能都结合在一起存在于一个唯一的地方，即上帝之中。因为恰恰相反，上帝所有的统一性、单纯性，和不可分性，是我在上帝那里所领会的主要的完满性之一；而上帝的一切完满性的各种统一的观念一定不可能是由任何一个原因（由于这个原因，我同时也接受了其他一切完满性的观念）放在我心里的。因为，如果这个原因不让我同时知道它们是什么，不让我以某种方式全部认识它们，它就不能让我把它们理解为连结在一起的、不可分的。

36．最后说到我的父母，好像我是源自于他们，虽然我认为有关他们的事物都是真实的，可这并不等于是他们保存了我，也不等于说是他们造就了我这个有思想的东西。关于我的起源，他们也只能在我或心灵（我现在只认为心灵是属于我的）里根植了一些特性；所以关于他们，在这里是毫无问题的；可是必然得出这样的结论，即单从我存在和我心里有一个至上完美的存在体（也就是说上帝）的观念这个事实，就非常明显地证明了上帝的存在。

37．现在所剩下的，只是要探究：我是用什么方法取得了这个观念的。因为我不是通过感官获得此观念的，而且它也不是意外地呈现出来的，就像可感知的事物呈现于外在的感觉器官时，我们所获得的观念那样。它也不是纯粹由我的心灵产生或虚构出来的，因为我没有能力在上面加减任何东西。因此别无选择，只能说它是天生的，正如我的观念一样是与生俱来的。

38．当然我们不必惊奇，上帝在创造我的时候，为何把这个观念置于我心灵中，如同工匠在他的作品上印下标记一样；这个标记也不必一定和这个作品有所不同。因为单就上帝创造我这一事实来说，非常可信的是，上帝创造我有几分是按照他自己的形象来的，我能借着了解我自己的能力来理解这个形象（它包含有上帝的观念），也就是说，当我进行反省的时候，我不仅认识到我是一个不完美、有缺点的事物，而且要依存于别人，时刻追求一个更完美、更伟大的事物，而且我同时也认识到，我所依存的那个别人，他本身具有我所希求的，和我所知道的一切美善和伟大的事物，而且他能拥有这些事物，不是不确定地、潜在地，

而是实际地、现实地、无限地具有这些东西，因此，他就是上帝。总之，我在这里用来证明上帝存在的论据，它的全部效果就在于我认识到，假如上帝真不存在，我的本性就不可能是这个样子，也就是说，我不可能有一个上帝的观念；我再说一遍，恰恰是这个上帝，我在我的心里有其观念，也就是说，他具有所有这些高尚的完满性，对于这些完满性我们心里尽管有什么轻微的观念，却不能全部理解。他不可能有任何缺点；凡是标志着什么不完满性的东西，他都没有。这就足以明显地说明他不可能是骗子，因为自然的光明告诉我们，欺骗必然是由于什么缺点而来的。

39．不过，在我更仔细地检查这件事情，并对从其中得出的其他真理进行考虑之前，我认为最好是稍微停顿一下，以便深思这个完满无缺的上帝——可以从容不迫地衡量一下他的美妙的属性——并且至少尽我最大的力量，去深思、赞美、崇爱这个光辉的无与伦比的美，这种美在某种程度上是令人眩目的，也是可以让人接受的。因为，信仰告诉我们，来世的至高无上的全福，就在于对上帝的这种深思之中，这样，我们从经验知道，同样的沉思，虽然比起来不太完美，却使我们感受到我们在此世所能感受的最大满足。

沉思四　论真理与谬误

1．过去的几天，我已经习惯于从感官里将我的心灵解脱出来，我精确地察觉到，对于有形事物，我们确切知晓的太少了，但在人的心灵方面，认识的就比较多，而关于上帝，我们所知的远远要超过前面两者。因此，我现在可以毫不费力地把我的心思，从考虑可感觉或可想象的事物上，转到完全脱离物质、纯粹精神的事物上去。当然，我目前将心灵看作是一个思想物，没有长、宽、高的扩延，也没有物体的任何性质，那么我的这个观念，相对而言比任何有形事物的观念更清晰。当我考虑到我是会怀疑的，也就是说，我是个不完美、有依赖性的事物时，我心里就十分清楚明白地出现一个完美且不依存于别人的存在体的观念，也就是上帝的观念；既然这个观念存在于我心里，具有这个观念的我又是存在的，我就得出结论，上帝是存在的，而我的存在，在我的生命的每一时刻都完全依存于他。这个结论是如此地明显，以至于我不认为有什么能比这件事更明确、更可靠地为人的心灵所认识的了。因此，我似乎觉得已经发现了一条坦途，引领我们从深思真实的上帝（他包含着科学和智慧的全部宝藏），进而认识宇宙间的其他事物。

2．由此，我发现，他首先不可能一直骗我，因为凡是欺骗，都含有某种不完美性；即使能够骗人好像也是一种机智和能力的标志，不过，想要骗人却无疑地证明是一种缺陷或恶意。因此，上帝是不可能骗人的。

3．其次，我意识到自己具有一种判断能力（或分辨真伪的能力），并深信这种能力和我所具有的其他一切东西一样，无疑是从上帝那里接受过来的；而且，因为他没有骗我的意愿，所以，毫无疑问，他所赋予我的能力，若运用得宜，是决不会使我犯错的。

4．关于这个，没有什么可怀疑的，可以据此推断，我是从不会被欺骗的；因为，如果我所有的一切都是来自上帝，如果他没有赋予我上当受骗的功能，那么就应该说，我决不会陷入错误旋涡。事实上，当我只想着上帝，（以为我是从上帝那儿来的），且完全转向他时，我在心里并没发现什么产生错误或虚假的原因；可是，紧接着，当我反省自身时，经验告诉我，我仍然会陷入种种错误之中。在仔细追寻这些错误的原因时，我注意到在我心中，不仅有一个真实而积极的上帝观念，或者

一个至上完美的存在体的观念，同时，姑且这样说，也出现一个虚无的消极观念，也就是说，与其他各种完美性完全相反的观念；而我好像就是介乎上帝与虚无之间，也就是说，我处于“绝对存在”和“虚无存在”之间。因此，就一个“绝对存在”创造我而言，在我心里确实没有什么东西能够导致我犯错；但是，在另一方面，如果我把我看成是有几分虚无或不存在，换言之，由于我自己并不是至上存在体，处于一种事事都渴望完美的状态中，因此我会犯错，自然就不足为奇了。因此，我认识到，错误——就其依赖上帝而存在来说，并非什么实在的东西，而仅仅是一种缺陷。从而对于犯错误来说，不需要上帝专门为这个目的而给我什么能力，而我所以有时犯错，是因为上帝赋予我分辨真伪的能力，并不是无穷无尽的。

5．虽然如此，这种说法不能令我十分满意；因为，错误并不是一种纯粹的否定（也就是说，不是单纯的缺失或者缺少一些不必要的知识），而是缺失一些似乎我应该具有的某种认识。然而，在探究上帝的本性时，我认为，倘若上帝给了我某种不完满的，也就是说，缺少什么必不可少的完满性的功能的话，这是不可能的；因为，作品的完美，既然与工匠的收益和技巧成正比，那么我们可以想象由一切事物的至高无上的创造者所产生的东西，有哪一种不是各个部分都绝对完美精巧的呢？很明显地，毫无疑问，上帝创造我，完全有可能使我永不犯错；可以确信，他也总是力求尽善尽美。那么，我犯错的能力又怎能大于不犯错的能力呢？

6．在深思熟虑之后，我首先想到的是，纵然我不能常常了解上帝的作为，我倒也不必为此感到奇怪，也不必怀疑上帝的存在，因为我发现，也许存在着许多其他事物，我还不了解上帝为何要创造他们以及如何创造他们。因为，我早已经知道了我的本性是极其软弱，微乎其微的，而相反，上帝的本性是深不可测、无穷无尽的，我很容易就看出他的潜能里有无穷无尽的东西，这些东西的起因超出了我的认知能力。单是这个理由，就足以让我相信：一切的目的，都无助于解释物理界的（或自然界的）事物。因为，妄想去探求和打算发现上帝的那些深不可测的目的，我觉得那简直是狂妄和愚不可及的。

7．其次，我还发现，当我们想探求上帝的作品是否完美时，不应该排除其他事物来单独考虑某一事物，而应该总地把所有的造物都合起来看。因为，只单独观察某一件事物，可能会把它当做是不完美的，可

是，如果把它看成是这个宇宙整体的一部分，它的本性上就是非常完满的。而且，虽然我的目的在于怀疑一切事物，仅仅肯定地认识了我的存在和上帝的存在，可是自从我认出了上帝的无限潜能以来，就不能否认我们本来可以产生其他很多事物，或者至少它有创造他们的能力，因而我所处的地位，也许正如部分和全宇宙的关系一样。

8．此后，我更进一步探究自身，并且考虑一下哪些是我的错误（只有这些错误才证明我不完满），我发现这是由两个原因造成的，一是我拥有的认知官能，二是选择能力或自由意识，也就是说，我的理解和意志。因为单凭理解，我不能肯定或否定任何事物，仅仅是领会我所能领会的东西的观念，这些观念是我能够加以判断的。严格来说，理解中也无所谓错误。而且，虽然在世界上也许有许许多多的东西是我无法理解的，却不能因此就说它缺少这些观念，（好像它们是我的本性所该有的一样），而仅仅是我没有掌握那些观念；因为，事实上没有任何理由能够证明，上帝赋予我的认识能力，应该比实际所赋予的还要大；并且不管我把它想象成是多么精巧熟练的工匠，也不应该因此就认为，他应该把所赋予某些造物的完美性，完全赋予一个造物。我也不能埋怨上帝没有给我自由选择权，或充足而完美的意志，因为事实上，我意识到这个选择的自由或意志是非常大、非常广的，不受任何限制的。而且我觉得在这里很值得注意的是，在我心里的其他一切东西里，没有一个能再比它更大、更完满的了。举例来说，在探究自己所具有的理解官能时，我认为它的范围很狭小，很有限。而同时，我提供另外一个功能的观念，这个观念要广阔得多，甚至是无限的；仅仅从这一事实，我就毫无困难地认识到这个观念是属于上帝本性的。如果我用同样方式检查记忆，或者想象，或者其他任何我具有的功能，我发现他们都是渺小而受限制的，只有在上帝身上才是广大而无限的。我体验到，在我身上只有意志官能或自由选择权，是最广大、最不受限制的，以至于不能设想另一个更广大而无限的意志观念。因此，只有我的意志，能令我领悟到自己与上帝有某种相似的地方。因为，虽然上帝身上的意志比我自身的要大得无法比拟，不论是在认识和能力方面（因为认识和能力在意志里结合到一起使意志更有力量，更有实效），或者是在事物方面（因为意志无限地扩展到更多的东西上），如果我把意志形式地、恰如其分地对它本身加以考虑的话，那么我就觉得它就不是更大。因为它仅仅在于我们是否有能力做同一件事情（也就是说，肯定它或否定它，追从它或逃避

它），或者不如说，它仅仅在于为了确认或否认、追从或逃避理智向我们提供的东西，我们只是自由行动，没有意识到有什么外在的力量驱使我们似的。因为，为了拥有自由，我没有必要在相反的两个东西之间选择其一时，抱无所谓的态度；而是，我越是倾向于其中一个（无论是由于我明显地认识在那里有善和真，或者由于上帝内在地支配了我的思想内部），我选择时就越自由，并且接受这一个；而且，上帝的恩宠和自然的知识远没有减少我的自由，而是扩大和加强了我的自由。因此，当我由于没有任何理由迫使我倾向于这一边而不倾向于那一边时，我所感觉到的这种无所谓的态度不过是最低程度的自由。这种无所谓的态度与其说是在意志里表现出一种完满性，不如说是一种知识的欠缺或是对知识的否定。因为，如果我总是清清楚楚地认识什么是真，什么是善，就决不会费事去掂算我到底应该得出什么样的判断和做出什么样的选择了。这样我就会完全自由，决不会抱无所谓的态度。

9．不过，从所有这一切，我发现我的错误并非来源于意愿的力量（它是我从上帝那里得来的），因为其本身是非常广泛而完美的；至于理解力，亦非我错误的来源，因为我之理解其他任何事物，都只能凭借上帝赋予我的能力，因此，毫无疑问，凡是我所领会的，都是实事求是地去领会，绝不可能在这个上面受骗。那么我的错误从何而来呢？究其原因都由此出，即我没有把意志限制在理解力的范围之内，反而把它扩展到我所不理解的东西上去了。既然意志本身对这些东西是无所谓的，于是就很容易把恶当成善，把假当做真，结果陷入错误和犯罪的漩涡。

10．举例来说，过去几天我探究了世上是否确有事物存在，并且发现由于我探究了这一问题，我自己是存在的也就不言自明了。于是我就不得不做这样的判断，即我所能清楚领会的都是真实的，并非由于外在任何原因强迫我，而是因为在我的极明白的理解之中，产生了强烈的意志；并且我越是示以好感，就越能自由地去相信。不过，我认识到自己存在，不仅仅是因为我是一个思想物，而且因为我心中还有一个物质本性的观念。因此，我怀疑我的能思考的本性（即，我）与这个物质的本性，究竟是相同还是相异，或者二者是否为同一个东西。我在此假设，至今还没有什么理由，可以使我倾向于其中的某一猜测。因此，肯定或否认它们，或者甚至不做任何判断，对我而言都没有什么大碍。

11．这种不在乎，不仅扩展到理解力绝对认识不到的事物上去，而且一般而言，意志在审议或选择各种事物时，理解力若无法完全明白地

通晓他们，这种不在乎也会发生作用。因为，当我判断什么事情时，不管我所采取的猜测的可能性有多大，只要我知道这纯然是猜测，不是确定不移的理由，就足以给我机会去做出相反的判断。有关这一点，我最近有相当丰富的经验，正如我只要认为各种事物稍有可疑之处，就会把以前当做非常真实的事物都加以否定。

12．可是，如果我不去对没有领会得足够清楚、明白的事情不去妄下判断，那么显然我是正确的，而且我不会受骗。可是如果我决定去否定或肯定它，那么我就没有正确地运用自由意志；如果我肯定了假的东西，那么显然我是受骗了。即使我判断对了，这也不过是碰巧罢了，我仍然难免弄错，难免不正确地使用我的自由意志。因为，自然之光告诉我们，理解的认识永远必须先于意志的决定。因此，正是这种无用自由意志的误用，才产生了能构成错误形式的缺失。在我看来，缺失存在于行为中，因为行为是我发出的，而不存在于上帝赋予我的官能中，甚至也不存在于来自上帝的行为中。

13．因为，我确实没有任何理由埋怨，上帝赋予我的智慧为什么不更多一些，所赋予的自然之光为什么不更完美一些。因为有限理解力的本性，本来就不能了解许多事物，而一个被创造的理解力又必然是有限的。但是我有一切理由感谢他，因为他从来没有欠过我什么，却给了我所拥有的一切完美。所以我不该妄自认为他由于不公正或吝啬，而剥夺了我其他的完美性。

14．而且，我也没有理由埋怨他给了我一个比理智更广大的意志。因为意志只包含一个单一元素，并且是不可分割的，它的本性看来是这样的，不管从它身上拿掉了什么都会把它毁灭。而且，当然，它扩展得越广，我就越要感谢上帝把他赋予我的善意。

15．最后，我也不应该埋怨上帝帮助我为这个意志所采取的行为，也就是说我弄错了的那些判断，因为这些行为既然是取决于上帝的，那么就是完全真实的、绝对善良的；在某种意义上，我能够做成这些行为比我不能做成这些行为，在我的本性上有着更多的完满性。至于缺失，虽然它只是构成错误和罪恶的形式理据，但是这并不要求上帝参与其间，因为缺失并不是一种事物（或存在）。而且假如把缺失的原因归诸于上帝，那么它就不应该叫做缺失，而应该（按照经院学派所给的字义）叫做否定。因为事实上，上帝会给出一些我的理解力所无法明白和无法清晰知道的事物，对于这些事物他又会赋予我一些能力去否定或肯

定它们，可是这绝非上帝的不完美；相反，如果我不能正确地运用自己的自由，又对不清楚的事物轻易做判断，那才毫无疑问是一种不完美。不过，我看得出，虽然我仍然是自由的，并且具有有限的认识，但是上帝也很容易把我构造得免于犯错和受骗，因为他可以使我的理解对于我所思考的各种对象，得到明白而清晰的知识，或干脆使我牢牢记着：在对一个事物没有明白而清晰的概念之前，不要妄做判断。而且我容易看出来，只要我把我自己看成是独一无二的，与世界上其他事物毫不相干，如果上帝把我造得永不犯错，那么我就会比我现在完满得多。可是我不能因此就否认在某种意义上，宇宙万物参差不齐，有些能免于错误，有些则不能，那正是宇宙之所以完美的原因，而且还总比万物完全千篇一律更为完美。此外，我也无权抱怨说，上帝既然把我安置在世界里，为什么又不愿使我具有在其他一切方面都是最重要、最完美的特质。

16．甚至我有理由满意：即使它不曾赋予我完美的性质，使我对于自己所思维的事物，得到明白而清晰的知识，并且能依所提出的方法来免于犯错，可是他至少还使我有其他能力牢牢记得，在未确实知道真相时，绝不要做出判断。因为，虽然我看到在我的本性中的这种缺陷，即我不能连续地将注意力集中到同一个思想上，可是我能够通过一种专注的并且反复的沉思，把它强烈地印到我的记忆中，使我每次在需要的时候都能想起它，并且通过这种方式我能够养成不犯错误的习惯。

17．而且，由于人的最大的、主要的完美性就在于此，我认为，从这些天的沉思里受益匪浅，因为我发现了虚假和错误的源泉。而且，当然除了我所解释的那个原因以外，再不能有其他原因了。因为每当我把我的意志限制在我的认识范围之内，除了理智给它清楚、明白地提供出来的那些事物之外，不对其他事物作出判断，这样我就不至于弄错；因为凡是我领会得清楚、明白的，都毫无疑问地是实在的、肯定的东西，因而它不是无中生有的，而是必然有上帝作为它的创造者。在我看来上帝既然是至上完满的，就决不能是错误的原因；因此一定要断言：像这样一种领会或者像这样一个判断是真实的。此外，今天我不但知道了必须避免什么才能不犯错误，而且也知道了我必须做什么才能认识真理。因为，如果我把注意力只充分集中于我领会得完满的事物上，并且把这些事物从其余的、我所理解得糊里糊涂的事物中分离出来，我当然就会认识真理。这就是我今后将要认真加以注意的。

沉思五　论物质性事物的本质；再论上帝之存在

1．关于上帝的属性、以及我自己的本性或者说我自己的心灵，我还有几个问题需要探究。

不过，也许我可以另寻机会来研究这些问题。在此之前，因为我已发现了必须去做什么或者必须避免做什么才能认识真理，所以目前我的首要之务是试图从我这段时间所陷入的怀疑状态中解脱出来，看看关于物质性的对象是否能肯定地让我们认识什么东西。

2．可是，在我思考我以外是否存在这样的对象之前，我必须先考虑这些对象的观念，因为这些观念在我的意识中可以找到。我还必须要看看这些观念中哪些是清晰的，哪些是模糊的。

3．首先，我清晰地想到哲学家通常称之为“连续性”的那种量，或者有长、宽、深的广延。此广延就是在这种量里，甚至可以说就在人们认为具有量的对象里。其次，我可以在这种量里举出许许多多不同的部分，并且在每一部分上加上各种体积、形状、位置和运动。最后我可以给每个运动分配各种不同的延续时间。

4．当我这样总体性地考虑这些东西时，我不仅清晰地认识了这些东西，而且，只要我稍加注意，还可以发现形状、数目、运动以及诸如此类的无数特点，这些特点的真实性非常明显，而且与我的本性非常契合，以致于我现在发现我似乎并没有从它们那里学到什么新东西，而只是好像想起了我从前已经知道的东西，或者好像第一次注意到早已在我心里，但是我以前没有重视的的东西。

5．我现在认为最重要的，是我发现在我心里有某些对象的无数观念，虽然这些对象也许在我的思想之外并非真实地存在，可是不能将它们视为纯粹的虚无；而且，虽然我可以以我的能力去思考它们或者不去思考它们，但它们并非我凭空杜撰出来的，而是有它们本身真实、不变的本性的。举例来说吧，当我想像一个三角形时，虽然远离我的思维之外也许在世界上没有什么地方，并且永远也不会有什么地方存在这样一个形状，可是这个形状还是具有某种明确的性质、形式或本质。它是不变的、永恒的，不是我凭空捏造的，也决不取决于我的思想，就像我们能够证明这个三角形的各种特性这件事所表现的那样，即它的三角之和

等于两个直角之和，最大的边对着最大的角，诸如此类。这些东西，尽管在我从前第一次想像一个三角形时我根本没有想到过，可是现在，不管我愿意不愿意，我都非常清晰地看出这些特性属于三角形，因而不能说是我凭空捏造了这些特性。

6．也许有人会说，三角形的这个观念是通过感官进入我心里的，因为我见过三角形的物体，不过这种说法不是有效的论证，因为我可以在我心里构建无数个不同图形，但我不能假设它们曾经是我的感官对象，不过这并不妨碍我能够证明它们的本性的各种特点，就像我也可以证明推出三角形的本性的各种特点一样。这些东西当然一定都是真的，因为我可以非常清楚地领悟它们，因而它们都是某种事物而并非纯粹的虚无；因为，显而易见，凡是真的都是某种真实而且存在的东西。我已经充分地证明过这个原则的真实性，即凡是我清晰、明确地认识的东西都是真的。即使我不曾证明这一点，心灵的本性仍会迫使我承认我清楚地领悟到了。而且我记得，纵然我还在强烈地、执着地相信感官的对象时，我仍然把我清晰领悟的有关形状、数目和其他属于算术、几何学及一般纯粹数学中东西列入最确定的真理之中。

7．但是，如果现在由于我能从我的思想中得出一个东西的观念，就推断说，凡是我清晰、明确地认识到属于这个对象的实际上都属于这个东西，那么难道我不可以由此得出上帝存在的证明吗？当然，我在意识中觉察到了上帝的观念，也就是说，我的确找到了一个至上完美的存在体的观念，它并不比不论什么形状或什么数目的观念差。而且非常清晰而明确地知道，上帝的本质具有一种［现实的而且］永恒的存在性，其清楚、分明的程度并不比我可以证明的什么形状或任何数目真正属于那个形状或数目的本质的程度差。这样，即使所有在前几个沉思里所得的一切结论都是错的，上帝的存在也会在我心里至少会和我曾经判断的任何数学真理同样可靠。

8．事实上，这样的理论乍看起来，似乎诡辩多于真理。因为，既然我已习惯于在其他一切事物中把存在和本质分开，我就很容易相信上帝的存在是可以同上帝的本质分开的，这样上帝就可以被领会为不是确实存在的。但是，当我更仔细地思考上帝时，却发现上帝的存在决不能同上帝的本质分开，正如大山的观念不能同峡谷的观念分开一样，或者一个［直线］三角形的本质不能同它的三角之和等于两个直角之和分开一样。因此，领悟一个上帝，即一个至上完美的存在体是非常不可能

的，对他而言，存在是缺失的，或者说，他竟缺少某种完美性。这不亚于领悟一座没有山谷的大山。

9．不过，虽然事实上我不能领悟一个不存在着的上帝，更不能领悟一个不带山谷的大山，然而，世界上不能仅仅因为我领悟一个什么峡谷，就有一座什么大山。同样，虽然我领悟存在着的上帝，但似乎并不能因此就说上帝存在。因为我的思想并不给事物强加任何必然性；而且，尽管并没有什么带翅膀的马，可是我却可以想像出来一个带翅膀的马。因此，尽管没有什么上帝存在，可是我也许能够给上帝加上存在性。

10．但是这两种情况并不相同，而且这个反驳的外表下潜藏着一个错误。因为，我不能领悟一个不带谷的山，并不能推理说世界上没有任何山、任何谷存在，而只能推断说，不管山和谷是确实存在，或是确实不存在，彼此都是不可分的；相反，另一方面，因为我不能领悟上帝的存在性，就推断说存在性和上帝是不可分的，所以上帝真的就存在。不过这并不是由我思想产生的，或者我的思想给事物强加任何必然性。恰恰相反，是因为事物本身的必然性，即上帝的存在性的必然性，决定我用这样的方法去思考。因为虽然我可以自由地想像一匹不带翅膀的马，但是我却不能领悟一个没有存在性的上帝，也就是说，我不能领悟一个至上完美、然而却缺少绝对完美的存在体。

11．也不应该在这里反驳说，我假设上帝具有一切的完美性之后，我就真地必然要承认上帝存在着，因为存在就是其完美性之一。但是，最初的假设并不是必然的。同样，正如我不必去思考所有四边形都能内切于圆一样，如果我这样假设的话，我就不得不承认，菱形既然是四边形，那么菱形也能内切于圆。然而，这样说明显是错误的。

我认为，这个反驳无效，因为虽然我不必在任何时候都容纳这样上帝的观念，但是，每当我想到一个第一的、至高无上的存在体，并且从我心灵的深处描绘（姑且这样说）他的观念时，虽然我不能把他所有的完美性都一一列举出来，但是我必然要把所有各种各样的完美性都归诸于他，而且也不必特别想到这些完美性之中的每一个方面。这种必然性足以使我推断，只要我发现存在性是一种完美性，这个第一的、至高无上的存在体就是存在的。这正如我不必非得想象任何一个三角形不可；不过，每当我要考虑一个仅仅由三个角组成的直线形时，我就绝对必须要认可三角形的那些特点，即可以正确地推断，三角形的三个角之和不

大于两个直角之和，即使也许我当时没有特别考虑到这个关系。但是当我考虑什么形状能够内切于圆时，我无论如何也不必坚持所有四个边的形状都属于四边形；相反，只要我不愿意把我没有清晰而且明确领悟的任何东西接纳到我的思想中，我就甚至不能想像出这样的情况。因此，类似这种虚妄的假设和真实的观念存在云泥之别，在天生的真实观念中，第一个主要的观念就是上帝的观念。因为事实上我依据充分的理由看出来这个观念并非凭空捏造，只依赖我的思想，但它是一个真实、不变的本性的表象。首先，因为除了上帝以外我不能领悟还有别的什么东西，其存在［必然］属于其本质；其次，因为我不可能领悟两个或多个同他一样的上帝；而且既然假设有一个这样的上帝存在，我就清楚地明白，他以前必然是完全永恒地存在过，而且将来也会永恒地存在着；最后，因为我在上帝身上领悟了许多其他特性，而我不能减少，也不能改变其中任何一种特性。

12．可是实际上，不论最终采纳什么证明方法，也总是回到这一点上来：只有我清晰、明确地领悟的东西才有力量使我完全信服。而且即使在这样领悟的东西里，事实上有一些显而易见是人人皆能领悟的，有一些只有经过专心而仔细的探究之后才能被发现；不过，这些东西一经发现，人们便会认为它们比前者更靠得住。就以一个直角三角形为例吧，虽然起初不能明显看出底边的平方等于其他两个边的平方之和，因为只看到这个底边正对着最大的角。不过一旦明白这一点，我们就坚信二者同样都是真实的。说到上帝，如果我事先没有一点成见，而且我的思维没有让不断出现的可感知的对象的影像干扰，那么我应该更快、更容易地知道他存在的真相。因为，如果明白［必然而永恒的］存在只属于上帝的本质，难道还有什么真理比一个至高无上的存在体的存在，或者说上帝的存在更清晰吗？

13．虽然我花费了很多专注的思考，才很好地领悟这个真理，可是现在我不但像相信最可靠的真理一样确实相信它，而且，我也注意到其他一切真理的可靠性都是绝对依存于它；如果没有这种认识就永远不可能完满地知道任何事物。

14．因为，一旦我对一个事物有非常清晰、明确的理解，我就无法拒绝它的真实性：这是我的本性使然。但是因为我心灵不能总是持续地固定在一个相同的事物上，而且因为我经常想起过去的一个判断却同时又想不起这个判断的依据，因此，假如我不知道上帝的存在性，也许就

会出现别的理由使我很容易改变看法。如此一来，我就不可能拥有真实、可靠的知识，而只能拥有模糊的、游移不定的见解。举例来说吧，当我考虑［直线］三角形的性质时，我这个熟知几何学的人显然非常清晰地知道，三角形的三角之和等于两直角之和，而且当我用心去证明的时候，我不可能不相信这一点；可是，只要我停止证明的过程，那么，虽然我仍然记得我是清清楚楚地理解了它，假如我不知道有一个上帝存在，我还是很可能会怀疑所证明的那个真理。因为我可以说服我自己：即使在我以为理解得最明显、最确定的事情上，我也不断地时常被本性所欺骗，尤其是主要因为我记得经常把很多事物认为是真实、确定的，可是后来却有别的理由使我不得不把这些事物判断成是完全虚假的。

15．但是，在我发现上帝是存在的之后，同时我也认识到一切事物都取决于他，而他并不是骗子，我就断定，我清晰、明确地领悟的一切事物必定都是真的。虽然我不再去想每个判断的根据是什么，但是，只要我记得我曾经清晰、明确地理解过它，就不能提出任何相反的理由，足以引导我去怀疑它的真实性。这样，我对这个事物就有了真实、可靠的知识。这种知识也就扩展到我记得以前曾经证明过的无论什么东西，比如扩展到几何学的真理以及其他类似的东西。因为，难道有什么说法可以反驳它们，使我去怀疑它们呢？我经常上当受骗难道是因为我的本性如此吗？但是我已经知道，我依据我清楚知道的那些理由下判断时，我是不会犯错受骗的。难道因为我从前认定是真实、可靠的东西，后来发现又是虚假的吗？对那些东西中的任何一个我都没有认识得清楚、明白，而且，因为那时我还不知道有什么规律可以确定判断的真实性，因此我只好根据一些理由同意它们，可是后来我发现，那些理由还不如我在想象它们时的那些理由更有说服力。那么，还有什么可反驳的理由吗？是因为也许我睡着了（就像我以前反驳过我自己的那样），或者是因为我现在意识到一切的思想并不比我睡梦中的幻觉真实吗？

可是实际上，即使我在做梦，规则仍然在发挥作用。这个规则就是，凡是明明白白出现在我心里的都是绝对真实的。

16．这样，我就非常清楚地认识到，一切学问的可靠性和真实性都取决于对于真实的上帝这个唯一的认识，因而在我知道上帝之前，我是不能完满地知道其他任何事物的。但是现在我既然认识了上帝，我就有办法获得关于无穷无尽的事物的完满知识，不仅包括与取得上帝本身有关的知识，同时还包括属于物质性本质的其他智力型对象的知识，因为

物质性本质是纯粹数学的对象 [其存在与否是不予考虑的] 。

沉思六　论物质性东西的存在；兼论人的心灵和肉体之间的真正区别

1．现在剩下来要讨论的只是物质性的东西是否存在的问题了。关于这个问题，至少我确切地知道，只要把物质性的东西看成是纯粹数学的对象，这样的东西是可以存在的。因为从这个方面看它们时，我能清晰、明确地感悟到它们。因为毫无疑问，凡是我能够明确领悟到的所有东西，上帝都有能力创造出来，而且我从来不认为上帝有办不到的事情，除非我试图正确领悟它们时，我发现其中存在着矛盾。而且，我拥有想象能力，我能意识到这种能力，当我考虑物质性的东西时，我就自己使用这个能力。这种功能足以使我相信物质性的东西是存在的。因为当我仔细考虑什么是想象时，我发现它只不过是认知功能对一个物体的某种应用，而该物体是对认知功能的直接呈现，因而这个物体是存在的。

2．为了把这一点弄得非常明白，我首先要指出想象和纯粹推理［或概念］之间存在的区别。举例来说吧，当我想象一个三角形时，我不但领悟到这是一个由三条线组成的图形，而且同时，我也把这三条线看成是由于心灵的力量和内在应用才呈现在我面前的，而这正是我所说的想象。但是，如果我要想出一个千边形，我当然可以正确地领悟到这是一个由一千个边组成的图形，就像我领悟到一个三角形只是由三个边组成的图形那样容易。然而，我却不能像想象一个三角形的三个边那样想象一个千边形的一千个边，也就是说，我也不能［用我精神的眼睛］把一千个边看成是呈现在我面前的一千个边。而且，虽然当我想到有形的东西时，我总是习惯于想象某种东西，这样，在我设想一个千边形时，我会模模糊糊地向自己呈出出某种图形。不过很明显，这个图形并不是一个千边形，因为这个图形和我想到一个万边形，或别的任何多边形的形状时，向自己呈现出来的图形没有什么差别，而且这个呈现出来的图形决不能用来发现和揭示一个千边形和别的多边形之间的差别的任何特质。但是，如果问题转向考虑一个五边形，我就可以跟领悟一个千边形的形状一样领悟它的形状，无需借助想象；但是，我同样可以把我的注意力集中到五边形的五个边上，同时也可以集中到它们所包含的面积上，用这样的办法来想象这个五边形。这样我就认识到，想象活动需

要一种心灵的特殊努力，而领悟或理解（ad intelligendum）则不需要。这种心灵的特殊努力清晰地显示出想象与纯粹推理（imaginatio et intellectio pura）之间的差别。

3．此外，我还要指出，我所具有的这种想像能力，就其有别于领悟的能力而言，决不是我的本性（或本质）所需要的，即，决不是我的心灵本性所需要的；因为，即使我不拥有这种想象的能力，我仍然会和现在的我一模一样。从这一点我们似乎可以得出结论，想象的能力取决于不同于心灵的某些东西。而且，我很容易领悟到，如果有某物存在，而我的心灵能和它连结得非常紧密，以至于无论什么时候，我都可以考虑它，那么心灵就可以用这种方式去想象物体性的对象了。因此，这种思维方式与纯粹理智之差别仅在于：心灵在领悟时，是以某种方式转向其自身，并且考虑其自身所拥有的某些观念；而在想象时，心灵则转向物体，并且在物体上考虑与观念契合的一些对象，而此观念或者是由心灵自身得来，或者通过感官得来。我说，我很容易领悟到，如果真的有物体存在，想象是可以这样形成的，而且，因为我找不到任何别的方式来解释想象是怎么形成的，所以我就用或然的方式猜测物体是存在的，但只能是用或然的方式；尽管我仔细检查一切东西，在我的想象里有物质性的本性，但我仍然不能从物质性的本性的清晰观念里找到任何物体存在的必然性的任何证明。

4．可是，除了作为纯粹数学的对象的那种物质性本性以外，我习惯于想象很多别的对象，例如颜色、声音、滋味、痛疼以及诸如此类的东西，虽然它们并不那么清楚。而且，因为通过感官我就能更好地觉察这些对象，通过感官和记忆的媒介，这些对象似乎已达到我的想象，所以我相信，为了更便捷地检查它们，我应该同时检查一下什么是感官知觉，看看依据这种思维方式（意识），从中所理解的那些观念里，我能否得出某种可靠的证据来证明物质性对象的存在。

5．首先，我要在我的记忆里回想一下我以前认为是真实的东西，我之所以认为是真实的，是因为我通过感官察觉到了，以及我是根据哪些理由才相信的；其次，我要检查一下从那以后强迫我怀疑这些东西的理由；最后我要考虑我现在应该相信什么东西。

6．因此，首先我察觉到我有一个头、两只手、两只脚，以及组成我这个身体的其他部分，我把我的身体看作我自己的一部分，甚至也许是全部。而且，我察觉到，这个身体处于其他很多物体之间，能够以各

种有益或有害的方式，被这些物体影响。我察觉到，由一些愉悦的感觉引发的是有益的，而由痛苦的感觉引发的则是有害的。除了这些愉快和痛苦以外，我还意识到饥饿、干渴以及其他的饮食欲望，还有某些对于喜悦、悲伤、愤怒，以及类似的物质性的倾向。而且，在我之外，除了各种物体的扩延、形状、运动之外，我还在物体里察觉出硬度、热度以及其他触觉方面的特性。此外，我在物体中察觉到光、颜色、气味、滋味和声音，这些多种多样的特性提供方法，使我能分辨天、地、海，并且总而言之把其他一切物体都区分开来。当然，考虑到所有这些特性的观念呈现在我的心里，而且只有这些观念是我真正、直接察觉到的，于是我当然认为我察觉到了某些和我的思维完全不同的对象，也就是说，产生这些观念的物体，并非是没有道理的。因为我已意识到这些观念呈现给我并不需要我的同意。所以，不论我多么希望察觉什么东西，如果它没有呈现给我的感觉器官，我就不能感觉到它；而当它呈现在我的感觉器官之时，我完全不可能察觉不到它。而且，因为我通过感官获得的那些观念，比之我通过沉思凭空杜撰出来的任何观念，或者比之我发现铭记在记忆里的任何观念，都要生动得多，清晰得多，甚至在其方式上也表现得非常明确。它们似乎不能从我心里产生，而必然是由一些别的对象在我心里引发。既然除了那些观念以外，我对那些对象什么认识都没有，那么除非假设那些对象是与它们所引发的观念相似，否则就没有别的东西能够进入我的心里了。因为我还记得我以前相信的是感官而不是理性，并且我认识到我自己形成的观念比不上我通过感官得来的观念那么明确，况且我自己形成的观念甚至大多是我通过感官得来的观念中的一部分所构成，所以我就轻信在我心里决没有什么观念不是从前通过感官而得来。同样，我也不会错误地相信，这个物体（由于某种特权我称之为我自己的身体）比其他任何物体都更适合、更紧密地属于我。因为事实上，我永远不能像跟别的物体分开那样，跟我的身体分开。我身体在感觉，并且借着我的身体来感觉我的一切饮食之欲和一切情感。最后，我在自己身体的各个部分上感受到愉快和痛苦，而在跟身体分得开的别的物体的任何部分上感觉不到。但是，当我进一步探究，为什么从我莫名的痛苦感觉就会引起心里的悲伤，愉快感就会引起快乐，或者为什么这种难以描述的胃的痉挛（我称之为饥饿），让我产生想要吃东西的念头，为什么喉咙干渴让我想要喝水，以及其他情况。除了说这是本性使我这样做以外，我不能给出任何解释。因为在胃的刺激和想要吃食

物的欲望之间并没有必然的联系。至少我对此是一无所知的。感觉到引起疼痛的东西与由这个感觉引起悲伤的意识之间，也没有任何关系。同样，我对感官对象形成的所有其他判断好像也是本性的指示，因为我注意到，在我还没有工夫掂量和考虑能够使我做出这样的判断的理由之前，那些判断已在我心中形成了。

7．可是后来，我的经验逐渐增长，就削弱了对感官的信任。因为我经常注意到，我远看塔楼好像是圆的，而近看却是方的；而且，耸立在塔顶上的巨大雕像从塔底下看却是小小的塑像而已。这样，在其他无数例证中，我也发现根据外部感官所下的判断是有错误的。而且不仅外部感官如此，就连根据内部感官所下的判断也一样。因为，还有什么东西比痛苦更内在吗？可是被截去胳臂或腿的人多次告诉我，他们有时还会感觉到已经截去了的那部分肢体还在疼，这种情形使我想到，虽然我感觉到我的某一个肢体疼，我也不能确定它疼。除了这些怀疑的理由以外，最近我又加上其他两个非常普遍的理由。其一，我相信凡是醒着时感觉到的东西有时在睡眠状态也能感觉到；而且，因为我不相信我在睡着时好像感觉的东西是从我以外的对象得来的，所以我就注意到没什么理由相信这些在我醒着时感觉到的东西。其二，因为我还不知道我的存在的创造者，或者至少还不会假设我自己就是我的存在的创造者，因此，我看不出有什么能够阻止我如此这般地被本性造就，甚至使我在呈现给我的最真实的事情中上当受骗。而且，至于以前使我相信的感觉对象存在的那些理由，我用不着费很多事就可以找到恰当的答案。因为本性似乎使我倾向于许多事情，这些事情在道理上使我弄不通，所以我认为我不应该过于相信本性教给我的事情。而且，虽然我由感官得来的那些观念并不取决于我的意志，可是我不认为我就应该据此理由推论说那些观念是从不同于我的东西得出的，因为也许在我身体之中有些什么功能，虽然迄今为止我还不认识它们，但这些功能是产生这些观念的原因。

可是，现在既然我开始更好地认识我自己，开始更清楚地发现我的存在的创造者，那么我就真的不认为我应该轻率地承认感官好像教给我的一切事物；另一方面，我深信我也不应该普遍地怀疑感官教给我的东西。

9．首先，因为我知道，凡是我清晰、明确地领悟的东西都能由上帝创造出来，就像我多领悟的那样，所以只要我能清晰、明确地领悟一

物而不涉及别的东西，就足以确定一物与另一物之间的区别，因为它们至少凭借上帝的能力分开来存在。至于是什么力量把它们分开，使我断定它们之间有差异，则无关紧要。这样，只是因为我确实知道我存在着，同时因为我注意到，除了我是一个在思维之物以外，根本没有什么别的东西必然属于我的本性或属于我的本质，因此可以正确地得出结论，我的本质只在于我是一个在思维之物，［或者只在于我是一个实体，其全部本质或本性就只是思维］。而且，虽然我可以说，或者正像我马上要说的那样，我确实有一个肉体，我和它非常紧密地结合在一起；但是，因为一方面我对我自己有一个清晰、明确的观念，并且我只是一个有在思维而无扩延之物，另一方面，我对肉体有一个明确的观念，即它只是一个有扩延而无思维之物，所以可以肯定的是：我［也就是我之所以为我所依据的心灵］，是完完全全、真真正正跟我的肉体分开的，我可以没有肉体而存在。

10．其次，我发现自身还有多种思维功能，每种都有其特殊的模态。举例来说吧，我发现我拥有想像功能和感觉功能，没有这两种功能，我虽然能够清晰、明确地领悟我自己是完整的，但是我不能在没有领悟自己的情况下就能领悟它们。也就是说，没有一个它们可以归属的理智性实体。因为［或者用经院学派的术语来说］，在我们对这些功能所具有的理念中，在其形式的概念里，它们包含着某种智力活动。因此，我领悟到它们之所以与我不同，就像事物的模态与事物本身不同一样。我也注意到某些其他功能，诸如改换位置的功能、设想多种形态的功能等等，这些功能也都同前述的一些功能一样，如果脱离它们依附的实体，就不能被人们领悟，因而也不能存在。然而，非常明显，这些功能如果真的存在，则必定附属于什么物质性的或有扩延的实体，因为在它们清晰、明确的概念里，包含有某种扩延，却决不包含有智力活动。再次，我自身决不怀疑有某种被动的感觉功能，也就是说，接受和认识可感知事物的观念的功能；可是，如果我自身或者在其他事物中也不存在另一种能够形成和产生这些观念的主动功能，那么这种被动的功能对我而言就毫无作用。可是，既然我只不过是一个思维之物，那么这种主动功能就不能存在于自我之中，因为它并不预设思想，而且那些观念也决不经我协助，在我心灵中产生，甚至经常与我的意志相反。因此，这种主动功能必定存在于和我不同的某些实体中，在那些实体中，以表面的或显著的方式包含着由这个功能所产生的所有客观实在性，这正如同

我以前指出的那样。这个实体要么是一个物体，也就是说一个以表面的方式［和实际的方式］包含了所以客观地［并且通过表象］在那些观念里的物质性的本性；要么是上帝本身，或者别的什么比物体更高级的造物，这个造物显著地包含着同样的东西。可是，既然上帝不是骗子，那么显然他不会自己直接地，也不会通过什么造物的媒介（在这个造物里并不是以表面的方式，而仅仅是以显著的方式包含羊观念的客观实在性）把那些观念传送给我。因为，上帝没有给我任何功能可使我发现情况是这样的，反而使我产生一个非常强烈的念头，使我相信那些观念是由物质性的对象引起的。因此，如果这些观念确实来自其他源泉或由其他原因产生出来，而不是由物质性的东西产生，那么，我就看不出他怎么能澄清欺骗的罪名。这样，我们必定可以推断说，物质性的对象是存在的。虽然如此，它们也许并不完全像我们通过感官察觉到的那样，因为由感官得来的理解在很多情况下都是非常模糊、非常混乱的；不过至少必须承认所有我清晰、明确领悟的东西，即，一般来说，所有人们在思辨几何学的对象里理解的东西都是在我以外真实地存在着。

11．不过，说到其他东西，有些仅仅是个别的，比如太阳是不是这么大、是不是这样的形状等等；或者被人们领悟得不那么清晰、不那么明确，就像光、声音、痛苦，以及诸如此类的东西，虽然它们是非常可疑、非常靠不住，可是上帝不是骗子，因而他不允许在我的见解里能有任何错误，而且同时他没有给我什么纠正错误的功能，仅仅根据这一点，我就认为，我可以安全地推断自己拥有获得真理的方法。首先，毫无疑问，在本性的每一个指示里，都含有某种真实性。因为本性，就一般意义而言，我现在理解本性指的不是别的，而是上帝本身，或者上帝在各造物里所建立的秩序和安排；就特殊意义而言，我理解我的本性指的是上帝给我的一切事物的聚集。

12．可是，这个本性最明显［或最合性理地］教给我的，莫过于我有一个肉体，当我感觉痛苦的时候，它就不舒服，当我感觉饥饿、口渴的时候，它就需要食物和饮料，等等。因此，在这些信息里必定有某些真理，对此我决不怀疑。

13．本性同样通过疼痛、饥饿、口渴等等感觉教给我，我不仅寄住在我的肉体里，就像一个舵手住在他的船上一样，而且除此之外，我和它非常紧密地连结在一起，相互融合在一起，使心灵和肉体组合成一个特定的整体。因为，倘若不是这样，那么当我的肉体受伤时，我就不应

该感到疼痛，因为我仅仅是一个思维之物，只会凭借理解力去感知这个伤处，就像一个舵手凭借视觉去察看他的船上是否有哪能部分损坏了一样；当我的肉体需要喝水或吃东西时，我就会直截了当地察觉这种事，并非要凭借饥饿、口渴的模糊感觉我才知道。因为事实上，所有这些饥饿、口渴、疼痛等等感觉只不过是思维的某些混乱模态，它们是来自于精神和肉体的联合，看起来就像混合在一起一样。

14．此外，本性还教给我，我自己的身体周围还有许多别的物体，其中有一些是我不得不追求的，有一些则是我不得不躲避的。而且实际上，由于我感觉到不同种类的颜色、气味、滋味、声音、热度、硬度等，所以我有把握地断言，在这些产生不同感官知觉的物体中，肯定有多种多样的东西与这些物体相应，虽然也许它们实际上和这些物体不一样。而且，在这些千差万别的感官知觉中，有些是我喜欢而同意的，有些则是我讨厌而反对的，所以毫无疑问，我的身体，或者不如说我整个自我，也就是由肉体和灵魂组合成的我，是可以从周围的其他物体那里受到各种不同的有益或有害的影响。

15．可是还有许多其他的信仰，虽然似乎是本性向我指示的，可是实际上并非如此，它们之所以在我心灵中占有一席之地，乃是因为我有一种对事物轻率下判断的习惯。这样就能够很容易使这些判断包含错误。举例来说吧，就像我以为在所有空间里，如果没有什么东西影响［或留下印象］我的感官，这个空间就是空的；又比如我以为在一个热的物体里有跟我心灵中的热的观念在每一个方面都相似的什么东西；在一个白的或绿的物体里，有我所察觉到的同样的白色或绿色；在一个苦的或甜的物体里有我所感觉到的同样的滋味，其他的东西也是如此。星体、塔楼以及一切距离远的物体都是像它们在我们的眼睛中呈现的那样，而且具有相同的很远的形状和大小，等等。但是，我可以避免模糊不清的要领所以我必须精确地定义一下“本性教育我”这句话的真正所指意义。因为此处所说的本性只是就其狭义而言，而不代表上帝赋予我的一切东西的总合。鉴于在那种意义中，此概念包含的大多只属于心灵的东西。［我在这里说的本性这个术语，不是指那些东西。］举例来说吧：关于真理，我有这样的理念：成则无毁；并且凭借自然的光明［无需身体的帮助］，我就能识别所有其他的真理。同样，这个术语也能含盖很多只属于物体的东西，那些东西在这里很多也不包括在本性的名称之下，比如物体具有重量的性质，诸如此类等等，我也不是指这些东

西，该术语并不含盖这些东西的所指意义，而仅仅是指上帝所赋予我的、作为心灵和肉体的总和的那些事情。不过，照这个术语的字面意义来看，本性只是教给我引起躲避痛苦感觉的东西，以及追求给我带来愉悦感觉的东西，以及其他此类的东西。我还发现，除上述东西之外，本性还教给我，根据这些不同的感官知觉可以对我们之外的东西必须得出什么结论，除非心灵对它们进行［仔细、成熟的］考查。因为，在我看来，从这些事物中获得的真理，只是心灵的职责，而不是身心合一整体的职责。因此，虽然一颗星星给我眼睛的印象并不比一簇烛光留下的深刻，可是我不能体验到任何一种实在的或积极的刺激，使我相信星星并不比烛光大。我所以会这样，只是因为我从幼年起就一直认为是这样的，并没有任何合理的根据。在我挨近火的时候虽然我感觉到热，甚至在我挨得太近的时候，我感觉到疼，可是我没有任何理由坚持说火中有什么东西跟我所感觉到的热相似，更不能坚持说火中有什么东西跟我感觉到的疼相似。我有理由相信的只是火中有什么东西，不管这个东西是什么，它都刺激我，使我有热或疼的感觉。同样，在有些空间里，虽然我找不出任何能刺激和触动我的感官的东西，可是我不应该因此就得出结论说那些空间里绝对没有物体。因为我发现，在这种情形和其他许多类似的情形下，我习惯于把本性的秩序弄乱，因为尽管本性赋予我的感官的这些知觉仅仅是为了向我的心灵表明什么东西对身心的综合体（心灵是这个综合体的一部分）是有益还是有害的。而且这些知觉是非常清晰、非常明确的，足以达到那个目的，不过，我虽然把它们当成非常可靠的规则，可以用它们直接决定外在于我的事物的本质，但是，当然了，这些知觉只能给我最晦暗、最混乱的知识。

16．不过我已经充分地考虑到了，尽管上帝是至善的，可是我的判断里仍会有错。然而，说到有关本性教给我必须追求或躲避的事情，以及我的自身感觉方面，都会有困难；因为我偶尔会发现错误，［而且这样我就直接被我的本性所欺骗。］举例来说吧，一种混有毒药的珍馐美味滋味很香，可以引诱我去吃毒药，这样一来我就上当受骗。然而，在这种情形下本性是可以原谅的，因为它仅仅引导我去渴求美的珍馐，并没有引导我去渴求我所不知道的毒药。因而我们只能由这种情形推论，我们的本性并非无所不知。

17．不过我们也经常在我们直接由本性驱使去作的那些事情上犯错，就像病人有时希望会贪求对他们有害的饮食一样。也许有人会申辩

说，这些人之所以上当受骗是因为他们的本性败坏。可是这种解释并未触及事情的难点，因为一个病人也和完全健康的人一样，都是上帝真真正正的造物。因此，如果说前者的本性骗人，那么后者的本性也应该会骗人，那就与上帝的善意相矛盾了。正如一个由齿轮和钟摆组成的钟表一样，由于做得颇为拙劣，而且指示时间不准确，也不能同样准确地遵守自然的一切规律，但是它还是能在各个方面完成了制造者的意愿；同样，如果我把人的肉体看成是由骨骼、神经、肌肉、血管、血液和皮肤组成的一台机器，即使这台机器里边没有心灵，它也仍然可以被动地把与人相同的动作展现出来，因而无需心灵协助，［而仅仅是由它的各个部件的安排来动作。］因此我很容易认识到，一个没有心灵的身体，比如说，假定是一个水肿病患者，他自然就由于喉咙发干而感到难受，喉咙发干通常给心灵以渴的感觉，因而使得这种干渴的感觉引起他的神经和其他部分要求喝水，这样一来就增加他的病痛，害了他自己，这和他没有患病时由于受到类似原因的刺激而喝水以应身体之需是同样自然的。虽然我注意到一个钟表被其制造者指定了用途，但是我可以说，如果这个钟表不能准确地指示时间，因为它违反了它的恰当的本性，根据同样的原理，如果我把人体这台机器看成是上帝做成的，用以表现它经常显示的运动，虽然我同样有理由认为，如果喉咙发干，喝水又会对身体健康不利，那么身体就没有遵循其本性的秩序。但是，我仍然认识到，用后一种方式去解释这个术语的意义，是和用前一种方式解释的意义大相径庭的。因为用后一种方式解释的意义不过是特定的名称，它完全取决于我的思想，因此可以称为外在的，因为我通过这个称号可以把一个病人和一个健康良好的人作比较，以及把构造不良的钟表和制作精良的钟表作比较。说到用另一种方式对本性的解释，我是指真正在那些东西里发现的某些东西，因此，它具有某些真实性。

18．当然，虽然从一个水肿病患者的身体来看，它不需饮水，却觉得喉咙发干，我们之所以说它的本性已败坏，这只不过是一种外部的称号。可是从整个的总和来看，即从心和肉体的结合来看，这并不是一个纯粹的称号问题，而实际是本性的错误，喝水对它有害。但它却感觉口渴。这样一来，仍然有待于探究的就是，上帝的善意为什么不去阻止人类的本性去犯这样的错误。

19．探究这个问题之前，在这里我首先要指出，精神和肉体有巨大差别。有关身体方面，这个差别是，就其本性来说，肉体永远是可分

的，而精神是完全不可分的。因为事实上，当我考虑心灵时，也就是说，当我就自己仅仅是一个思维之物来探究时，我并不能把自己分成几部分，但是我能清楚地明白我是某种绝对单一、完整之物，而且尽管整个心灵似乎和整个肉体结合在一起，可是当一只脚或者一只胳臂或别的什么部分从我的肉体截去的时候，我会意识到从我的心灵上并没有截去什么东西。意愿、感觉、领会等功能真正来说也不能被称作心灵的一些部分，因为意愿、感觉、领悟等都只不过是同一个心灵［全部］的作用而已。可是物质性的或者有广延的东西就完全相反了；因为我可以想像任何凡是物质性的、有广延的东西，［无论多么细微］，没有一个是我不能很容易想橡出来的，因而没有一个是我认为是不可分的。如果我不曾根据别的原因理解这一点，那么这一点就足以告诉我，人的心灵或灵魂是和肉体迥然不同的。

20．其次，我还要指出，心灵并不直接接收由肉体各个部分得来的感觉，而仅仅接收由大脑或者甚至大脑的一个较小的部分得来的感觉，亦即从人们称之为“共同感官的那一部分得来的感觉。每当那一部分以同样方式感受时，就使心灵产生同样的感觉，虽然这时候肉体的其他部分可以得到不同的感受，就像无数经验所证明的那样，不过在这里就不用一一列举了。

21．此外，我还要指出，身体的性质是这样的，即它的任何一个部分都不能被另一个与其稍微隔开的部分推动，同样它也不能被那两个部分之间的任何一个部分以同样的方式推动，即使那个离得最远的部分根本不动。举例来说吧，在一条［紧绷的］绳子上有A、B、C、D四个线段。如果拉动最末一部分D线段，那么第一部分A线段就动起来，它动的方式和拉动中间的B线侧段或者C线段而最末一部分D线段保持不动的情况一样。和这个情况相同的是，当我感觉得脚部疼时，物理学就告诉我，这个感觉是通过分布在脚部的神经传来的，这些神经就像绳子一样从脚部延伸到一直通到大脑里，当它们在脚部收缩时，同时也令大脑内部最深处，也就是神经发源的部位收缩，并且在这些部位刺激一种特定的运动，本性会使这种运动在心灵里产生一种疼痛的感觉，就好像疼是在脚部似的。可是因为这些神经要从脚部通到大脑里，就一定要经过胫骨、腿部、腰部、背部和颈部，所以也有可以这样，即尽管脚部的末端并没有受到刺激，而仅仅腰部或颈部的某些部位受到刺激，则大脑也会同样受到这种运动的刺激，而产生一些和脚上受伤所接收到的同样运

动，然后心灵必然会觉得脚部疼痛，就好像脚部受了伤似的。我们的感官的其他各种知觉，情况也应如此。

22．最后，我要指出，既然大脑的每一种运动直接刺激心灵时，只能引起某一种单一的感觉，那么，最有可能的假设情况就是，这种运动导致心灵去体验在心灵中能留下印象的所有感觉，而在所有感觉中，只有这种运动能使心灵维持人体的健康。但是，经验告诉我们，本性给我们的一切知觉都像我已说过的那样，因此，在这知觉里表现出来的无一不是上帝的力量和善意。这样，举例来说吧，当脚部的神经受到猛烈或异于平时的摇动时，经过脊椎骨髓直达大脑内部最深处的那种运动就会给心灵一种迅号，使心灵体验到一种感觉，即疼痛感，就如这种疼痛感在脚一样。这样心灵就会到刺激，并且激动起来，就会竭尽全力去驱除疼的原因，把这个原因当成是对于脚部危险、有害的东西。实际上，上帝本来可以这样构造人的本性，即大脑的同一种运动可以给心灵传递迥然不同的东西。举例来说吧，这个运动使心灵意识到自己可能在大脑里，也可能在脚部，也可能在脚部和大脑之间某些部位，退一万步说，还可能察觉别的完全不同的东西，不论这个东西是什么。不过，所有这些意识都比不上心灵实际感觉到的能很好地有助于保存肉体的意识。同样，当我们需要喝水时，喉咙就产生一种干渴的感觉，这种感觉就使神经运动，并且借此直达大脑内部最深处。这种运动使心灵产生口渴的感觉，因为在那种情形下，最有用的事情，莫过于让我们知道，为了维持我们的健康，我们需要喝水。其他例证，也是一样。

23．由此可以明显地看出，虽然上帝是至善至美的，但是本性既然是由心灵和肉体组合而成的，那么它有时就只能是错误的。因为如果有什么原因不是在脚部，而是在脚部一直延伸到大脑的神经的某一个部分上，或者甚至在大脑本身里面，刺激源于通常与脚部受损时所产生的运动一到，这样我也将感觉到疼痛，就像疼痛是在脚部一样，如此感官自然就上当受骗了；因为既然大脑中的相同运动只能把同样的感觉印在心灵中，而这个感觉更多的是由脚部受伤的原因引起的，而不是由其他部位所受的刺激引起。理所当然，这个运动引发心灵感到疼痛是在脚部而不是在身体的其他部位。而且，有时喉咙干渴不像平常那样，是由于喝水对身体健康是必要的，而是由完全相反的原因引起的，就如同患水肿病人所遭遇的那种情况。不过，我们宁可在这种情况下上当受骗，而不是相反地，在身体健康的时候接二连三地上当受骗。其他情况也是一

样。当然，这个考虑对我有很大作用，不仅使我认识到我的本性可能犯的错误，同时也使我更容易地避免或者改正错误。因为我知道，在有关对身体有益的事物方面，我的所有感官指示给我的通常是真实的而不是虚假的。又因为我差不多总是能够运用一种以上的感官来考察相同的对象，而且，除此之外，我还能利用我的记忆把现在的和过去的认识连接起来，并且我还能利用我的理解力，因为我的理解力已经发现了我的各种错误的一切原因，所以我就不必再害怕我的感官每日呈现给我的那些东西是虚假的了。而且我应该把我这过去的一切怀疑都抛弃掉，认为它们全都言过其实、荒谬绝伦，特别是把有关我不能区分清醒状态和睡梦状态的那种普遍的、不确定的事情抛弃掉，因为我现在发现这两种状态之间有一种非常显著的区别，这个区别在于我们的记忆决不能像它习惯于把我们清醒着时所遇到的那些事情连接起来那样，用现实生活的过程把我们的各种梦境互相连接起来。而且事实上，假如有人在我醒着时突然出现在我面前又突然消失，就像我在睡着时所见到的影像那样，使我看不出他是从什么地方来的，也看不出他来自何方，去向何处，那么我就只能把他视为看成是在我脑海里形成的一个怪影或者一个幽灵，而没有理由把他视为一个真实的人。但是，当我察觉到一些对象时，我能清清楚楚地确定它们何自何方，所居何处，以及它们出现在我面前的时间，并且我能毫无间断地把我对它们产生的感觉同我整个生活的其他部分串接起来，那么我就完全可以肯定，我所察觉的东西是在醒着时出现的，而不是在梦中出现的。而且，如果在唤起我所有的感官、记忆和理解力去检查这些东西之后，只要所有这些官能给出的所有证据，都互不相违，那么我就决不应该对这些呈现物的真实性有丝毫怀疑。因为，上帝不是骗子，这必然说明我在这上面没有上当受骗。然而，由于行动势必经常迫使我们在没有工夫仔细探究之前就作出决定，所以我们必须承认，人生经常会令人不愉快地在个别事情上犯错误；总而言之，我们必须承认，我们的本性存在着缺陷和弱点。

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Dubliners

都柏林人

外语教学与研究出版社

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外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

Chinese translation copyright © Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press 2011

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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CHAPTER 1 THE SISTERS

第一章 姐妹俩

THERE was no hope for him this time: it was the third stroke. Night after night I had passed the house (it was vacation time) and studied the lighted square of window: and night after night I had found it lighted in the same way, faintly and evenly. If he was dead, I thought, I would see the reflection of candles on the darkened blind for I knew that two candles must be set at the head of a corpse. He had often said to me: "I am not long for this world," and I had thought his words idle. Now I knew they were true. Every night as I gazed up at the window I said softly to myself the word paralysis. It had always sounded strangely in my ears, like the word gnomon in the Euclid and the word simony in the Catechism. But now it sounded to me like the name of some maleficent and sinful being. It filled me with fear, and yet I longed to be nearer to it and to look upon its deadly work.

对他而言，这一次是没有任何希望了：这是第三次中风了。一夜又一夜，我走过那所房子（时值假期），端详那灯光映照下的方窗框：一夜又一夜，我发现那窗框里都亮着同样的灯光，微弱而匀和。假如他死了，我想，我会在变暗的百叶窗上看到烛光的影子，因为我知道人们要在死者的头边放置两根蜡烛。他经常对我讲：“我将不久于人世了。”而我一直都认为他的话毫无意义。现在我才知道它们都是真的。每个夜晚，当我抬头注视着那扇窗时，我总会轻轻地对自己说“瘫痪”这个词。在我听来，它总是有些奇怪，就像欧几里得几何中“磬折形”一词以及教义问答手册里“买卖圣职罪”一词。然而现在在我听来它却像是某种作恶多端、罪行累累的生物的名字。它让我充满恐惧，可我又渴望能离它更近一些，以便去观察它完成那致命的工作。

Old Cotter was sitting at the fire, smoking, when I came downstairs to supper. While my aunt was ladling out my stirabout he said, as if returning to some former remark of his:

我下楼来吃晚饭的时候，老科特正坐在火炉边抽烟。姨妈给我盛麦片粥的时候，他仿佛是重拾先前的某个话头似的说道：

"No, I wouldn't say he was exactly... but there was something queer... there was something uncanny about him. I'll tell you my opinion....” He began to puff at his pipe, no doubt arranging his opinion in his mind. Tiresome old fool! When we knew him first he used to be rather interesting, talking of faints and worms; but I soon grew tired of him and his endless stories about the distillery.

“不，我不是说他就是……可是有些地方不对头……他有点古怪。我要告诉你们我的看法……”他开始猛吸烟斗，无疑是在整理自己脑子里的

想法。讨厌的老傻瓜！我们刚认识他的时候，他还相当有趣，常常谈论劣质酒精和蜗杆；但是我很快就对他这个人以及他那些没完没了的关于酒厂的故事感到厌烦了。

"I have my own theory about it," he said. "I think it was one of those... peculiar cases.... But it's hard to say....”

“关于酿酒我有我自己的看法。”他说，“我认为它是那些……特殊情况之一……但是很难说……”

He began to puff again at his pipe without giving us his theory. My uncle saw me staring and said to me:

他又开始猛吸烟斗，却没有给我们讲他的看法。姨父看见我在凝神发呆，就对我说：

"Well, so your old friend is gone, you'll be sorry to hear.”

“唉，你的老朋友去世了，你听了肯定很难过。”

"Who?" said I.

“谁？”我说。

"Father Flynn."

“弗林神父。”

"Is he dead?"

“他死了？”

"Mr. Cotter here has just told us. He was passing by the house."

“科特先生刚刚告诉我们的。他来时路过了那所房子。”

I knew that I was under observation so I continued eating as if the news had not interested me. My uncle explained to old Cotter.

我知道自己正处于众目睽睽之下，所以就继续吃饭，仿佛这个消息并没有激发我的兴趣。姨父向老科特解释道：

"The youngster and he were great friends. The old chap taught him a great deal, mind you; and they say he had a great wish for him."

“这个年轻人和他是很要好的朋友。要知道，那老家伙教给了他不少东西；人们说他对这孩子有很高的期望。”

"God have mercy on his soul," said my aunt piously.

“愿上帝怜悯他的灵魂。”姨妈虔诚地说。

Old Cotter looked at me for a while. I felt that his little beady black eyes were examining me but I would not satisfy him by looking up from my plate. He returned to his pipe and finally spat rudely into

the grate.

老科特盯着我看了一会儿。我感觉到他那双亮闪闪的小黑眼睛在审视我，可我不愿让他得逞，所以并没有从盘子上抬起头来。他又开始抽他的烟斗，最后冲壁炉里粗鲁地吐了一口痰。

"I wouldn't like children of mine," he said, "to have too much to say to a man like that."

“我可不愿意让我的孩子们，”他说，“去和那样的一个人有太多的话可说。”

"How do you mean, Mr. Cotter?" asked my aunt.

“您想说什么呢，科特先生？”姨妈问道。

"What I mean is," said old Cotter, "it's bad for children. My idea is: let a young lad run about and play with young lads of his own age and not be... Am I right, Jack?”

“我是想说，”老科特说，“那对孩子们不好。我的看法是：要让一个小伙子到处跑跑，和与他同龄的伙计们玩，而不是……我说的对吧，杰克？”

"That's my principle, too," said my uncle. "Let him learn to box his corner. That's what I'm always saying to that Rosicrucian there: take exercise. Why, when I was a nipper every morning of my life I had a cold bath, winter and summer. And that's what stands to me now. Education is all very fine and large.... Mr. Cotter might take a pick of that leg mutton," he added to my aunt.

“这也是我的原则，”姨父说，“要让他学着闯出自己的一片天地。这也是我总是对那边那位玫瑰十字会会员说的话：多做锻炼。啊，想当年我是个小毛孩的时候，每天早上我都要洗个冷水澡，无论冬夏。而这也是我现在依然坚持的习惯。学校教育倒也是不错……科特先生可以来一块羊腿肉。”他又冲着姨妈说道。

"No, no, not for me," said old Cotter.

“不了，不了，别给我了。”老科特说道。

My aunt brought the dish from the safe and put it on the table.

姨妈从橱柜里取出了那盘羊腿肉放到了桌子上。

"But why do you think it's not good for children, Mr. Cotter?" she asked.

“可是，科特先生，您为什么觉得那对孩子们不好呢？”她问道。

"It's bad for children," said old Cotter, "because their mind are so impressionable. When children see things like that, you know, it has an effect...."

“那对孩子们不好，” 老科特说，“因为他们的思想很容易受影响。当孩子们看到此类事情的时候，你知道，它会产生一种影响……”

I crammed my mouth with stirabout for fear I might give utterance to my anger. Tiresome old red-nosed imbecile!

我往嘴里填塞着麦片粥，唯恐自己会怒气爆发。讨厌的红鼻子老傻瓜！

It was late when I fell asleep. Though I was angry with old Cotter for alluding to me as a child, I puzzled my head to extract meaning from his unfinished sentences. In the dark of my room I imagined that I saw again the heavy grey face of the paralytic. I drew the blankets over my head and tried to think of Christmas. But the grey face still followed me. It murmured, and I understood that it desired to confess something. I felt my soul receding into some pleasant and vicious region; and there again I found it waiting for me. It began to confess to me in a murmuring voice and I wondered why it smiled continually and why the lips were so moist with spittle. But then I remembered that it had died of paralysis and I felt that I too was smiling feebly as if to absolve the simoniac of his sin.

夜深的时候我才入睡。尽管我很生气老科特说我是小孩子，但我还是使劲在脑子里琢磨着他那没有讲完的话中所隐含的意思。房间里漆黑一片，我想象着我又看到了中风病人那张忧郁而灰白的脸。我把毯子拉上来盖住头，试着去想圣诞节。但是那张灰白的脸仍然追着我。它低语着，我明白它很想要诉说些什么。我感到自己的灵魂退隐到了某个舒适而又堕落的地方；在那里，我又发现它在等我。它开始喃喃地向我倾诉，我不知道它为什么一直在笑，为什么它的双唇被唾沫弄得那样湿润。可是很快我想起它已经死于瘫痪，我感觉我也开始无力地微笑，仿佛是要赦免他买卖圣职的罪行。

The next morning after breakfast I went down to look at the little house in Great Britain Street. It was an unassuming shop, registered under the vague name of Drapery. The drapery consisted mainly of children's bootees and umbrellas; and on ordinary days a notice used to hang in the window, saying: Umbrellas Re-covered. No notice was visible now for the shutters were up. A crape bouquet was tied to the doorknocker with ribbon. Two poor women and a telegram boy were reading the card pinned on the crape. I also approached and read:

第二天早晨，早饭过后，我去看了位于大不列颠街上的那所小房子。这是家不起眼的商店，是以“织物”这样一个意思含混的名字登记在册的。而所谓的织物主要包括儿童毛线鞋和雨伞；平时，一则告示常常挂在窗口，上面写着：雨伞换面。现在告示看不见了，因为百叶窗都关着。一把黑绉纱做的花束用丝带绑在门环上。两个穷女人和一个送电报的男孩正在读黑绉纱上别着的那张卡片。我也走上前去，看了起来：

July 1st, 1895 The Rev. James Flynn (formerly of S. Catherine's Church, Meath Street), aged sixty-five years. R. I. P.

1895年7月1日詹姆斯·弗林神父（曾供职于米斯街的圣凯瑟琳教堂），享年六十五岁。愿他安息。

The reading of the card persuaded me that he was dead and I was disturbed to find myself at check. Had he not been dead I would have gone into the little dark room behind the shop to find him sitting in his arm-chair by the fire, nearly smothered in his great-coat. Perhaps my aunt would have given me a packet of High Toast for him and this present would have roused him from his stupefied doze. It was always I who emptied the packet into his black snuff-box for his hands trembled too much to allow him to do this without spilling half the snuff about the floor. Even as he raised his large trembling hand to his nose little clouds of smoke dribbled through his fingers over the front of his coat. It may have been these constant showers of snuff which gave his ancient priestly garments their green faded look for the red handkerchief, blackened, as it always was, with the snuff-stains of a week, with which he tried to brush away the fallen grains, was quite inefficacious.

读了这张卡片，我才确信他是死了，我心烦意乱，一步也走不动。要是他没死的话，我就会到商店后面的那间小黑屋里去，就会看到他坐在火炉旁边的扶手椅里，整个人几乎都严严实实地包裹在大衣里。姨妈也可能会让我带给他一包高杯牌鼻烟，而这个礼物则会让他从昏昏沉沉的瞌睡中醒过来。每次总是我把这包烟倒进他那黑色的鼻烟壶里，因为他的手抖得太厉害，让他来做的话就会把一半的鼻烟都撒到地板上。甚至当他用那只颤抖的大手把烟凑到鼻子跟前的时候也总会有许多小片的烟粉从指缝中落到他的大衣前襟上。很可能正是这些经常落下的烟粉使他那古旧的神父服呈现出一种消褪的绿色，而他试图用来拂去这些鼻烟粉粒的那块红手帕也很不管用。由于沾满了一个星期的鼻烟污渍，那手帕一直都是黑乎乎的。

I wished to go in and look at him but I had not the courage to knock. I walked away slowly along the sunny side of the street, reading all the theatrical advertisements in the shop-windows as I went. I found it strange that neither I nor the day seemed in a mourning mood and I felt even annoyed at discovering in myself a sensation of freedom as if I had been freed from something by his death. I wondered at this for, as my uncle had said the night before, he had taught me a great deal. He had studied in the Irish college in Rome and he had taught me to pronounce Latin properly. He had told me stories about the catacombs and about Napoleon Bonaparte, and he had explained to me the meaning of the different ceremonies of the Mass and of the different vestments worn by the priest. Sometimes he had amused himself by putting difficult questions to me, asking me

what one should do in certain circumstances or whether such and such sins were mortal or venial or only imperfections. His questions showed me how complex and mysterious were certain institutions of the Church which I had always regarded as the simplest acts. The duties of the priest towards the Eucharist and towards the secrecy of the confessional seemed so grave to me that I wondered how anybody had ever found in himself the courage to undertake them; and I was not surprised when he told me that the fathers of the Church had written books as thick as the Post Office Directory and as closely printed as the law notices in the newspaper, elucidating all these intricate questions. Often when I thought of this I could make no answer or only a very foolish and halting one upon which he used to smile and nod his head twice or thrice. Sometimes he used to put me through the responses of the Mass which he had made me learn by heart; and, as I pattered, he used to smile pensively and nod his head, now and then pushing huge pinches of snuff up each nostril alternately. When he smiled he used to uncover his big discoloured teeth and let his tongue lie upon his lower lip—a habit which had made me feel uneasy in the beginning of our acquaintance before I knew him well.

我想进去看看他，但我却没有勇气上去敲门。我沿着阳光照耀的那侧街道默默地走开，一路看着商店橱窗里所有的剧院海报。我觉得有些奇怪，我和那天色似乎都没有处于悲哀的情绪之中，我甚至感到有些恼火，因为发现自己内心居然有一种重获自由的感觉，仿佛因为他的死而使我从某种束缚中解放了出来。我对此感到不解，因为正如我姨父前一天晚上所说的那样，他教会了我许多东西。他曾经在罗马的爱尔兰学院学习过，他教会了我正确地读念拉丁文。他曾经给我讲过关于地下墓穴以及拿破仑·波拿巴的故事，他还曾经给我解释过各种弥撒仪式以及神父所穿的不同法衣的含义。有时他会通过向我提出难解的问题来寻开心，问我在特定情况下应该怎么做，或者问我某种罪行是致命的还是可宽恕的抑或只是些毛病而已。他的问题让我明白教会的某些制度是如何复杂和神秘，而我先前一直把它们看作是些再简单不过的规定。神父对圣餐以及忏悔室的秘密所负的责任在我看来是如此重大，我很想明白何以有人能鼓起足够的勇气去承担它们；而当他告诉我说，教堂的神父们曾写过像《邮局手册》一样厚、排版得像报纸上的法律公告一样密集的书来阐明所有这些错综复杂的问题时，我已经不觉得惊讶了。每每想到这一点，我总是无法给出答案或者只能给出一个非常愚蠢、非常含混的答案，对此，他总是报以微笑，同时还点两三下头。有时他会考考我他曾叫我用心记住的举行弥撒所需的应答短诗；当我叽里呱啦诵读的时候，他总是若有所思地微笑点头，时不时地轮流往两个鼻孔里塞大撮大撮的鼻烟。他微笑的时候常常会露出大颗大颗变色的牙齿，舌头则总是贴在下嘴唇上——这个习惯在我刚认识他、还没跟他熟识之前曾让我感到很不舒服。

As I walked along in the sun I remembered old Cotter's words and tried to remember what had happened afterwards in the dream. I remembered that I had noticed long velvet curtains and a swinging lamp of antique fashion. I felt that I had been very far away, in some land where the customs were strange—in Persia, I thought.... But I could not remember the end of the dream.

我在阳光下往前走着的时候，想起了老科特的话，然后开始极力回忆在梦里后来到底发生了什么。我记起我看到了长长的天鹅绒窗帘，还有一盏摇摆不定的古老的吊灯。我感觉我已经走了很远，到了某个风俗奇特的地方——是在波斯吧，也许……但我却记不起梦的结局了。

In the evening my aunt took me with her to visit the house of mourning. It was after sunset; but the window-panes of the houses that looked to the west reflected the tawny gold of a great bank of clouds. Nannie received us in the hall; and, as it would have been unseemly to have shouted at her, my aunt shook hands with her for all. The old woman pointed upwards interrogatively and, on my aunt's nodding, proceeded to toil up the narrow staircase before us, her bowed head being scarcely above the level of the banister-rail. At the first landing she stopped and beckoned us forward encouragingly towards the open door of the dead-room. My aunt went in and the old woman, seeing that I hesitated to enter, began to beckon to me again repeatedly with her hand.

傍晚，姨妈带我去了办丧事的那所房子。当时已过了日落时分；但房子向西的玻璃窗上仍反射有一大片云堆呈现出的金褐色的余光。南妮在前厅里迎接我们；由于冲她大声喊叫会显得不太得体，所以姨妈只是和她握了握手。老妇人带有询问意味地向上指了指，见姨妈点了点头，便开始在我们前面沿着狭窄的楼梯费力地往上爬，她的头向下低得几乎和旁边的栏杆一样高。在第一个楼梯平台上，她停了下来，招呼我们朝停放死者的那间屋子敞开的门走去。姨妈走了进去，老妇人见我犹豫不决，就又开始用手不停地招呼我。

I went in on tiptoe. The room through the lace end of the blind was suffused with dusky golden light amid which the candles looked like pale thin flames. He had been coffined. Nannie gave the lead and we three knelt down at the foot of the bed. I pretended to pray but I could not gather my thoughts because the old woman's mutterings distracted me. I noticed how clumsily her skirt was hooked at the back and how the heels of her cloth boots were trodden down all to one side. The fancy came to me that the old priest was smiling as he lay there in his coffin.

我蹑手蹑脚地走了进去。透过百叶窗的花边，昏暗的金色光芒弥漫到整个屋子里，使得蜡烛的光亮看起来有些苍白而微弱。他已经被放入棺材。南妮带头，我们三个跪在了棺脚边。我假装开始祈祷但却无法集

中自己的思绪，因为老妇人在一旁的嘟哝声分散了我的注意力。我注意到她的裙子后面是怎样笨拙地扣在一起，还有她那布靴的鞋跟怎样被踩得偏向了一侧。恍惚之中我仿佛看到老神父正躺在他的棺材里微笑。

But no. When we rose and went up to the head of the bed I saw that he was not smiling. There he lay, solemn and copious, vested as for the altar, his large hands loosely retaining a chalice. His face was very truculent, grey and massive, with black cavernous nostrils and circled by a scanty white fur. There was a heavy odour in the room—the flowers.

但是他没有。当我们起身走到棺头旁边的时候，我看到他并没有微笑。他躺在那里，看上去庄严而博学，穿戴得像是要去祭坛，那双大手里松松地揽着一个圣杯。他的脸看上去灰暗而硕大，神情蛮横，鼻孔仿佛两个黑洞，脸颊周围长着一圈稀疏的白毛。屋子里有一股浓烈的味道——是那些花散发出来的。

We crossed ourselves and came away. In the little room downstairs we found Eliza seated in his arm-chair in state. I groped my way towards my usual chair in the corner while Nannie went to the sideboard and brought out a decanter of sherry and some wine-glasses. She set these on the table and invited us to take a little glass of wine. Then, at her sister's bidding, she filled out the sherry into the glasses and passed them to us. She pressed me to take some cream crackers also but I declined because I thought I would make too much noise eating them. She seemed to be somewhat disappointed at my refusal and went over quietly to the sofa where she sat down behind her sister. No one spoke: we all gazed at the empty fireplace.

我们各自在身前画了十字，然后离开。在楼下的小屋里，我们看见伊丽莎正端坐在他那把扶手椅里。我摸索着朝角落里那把我平时常坐的椅子走去，而南妮则到橱柜里取出了一瓶雪利酒和几个酒杯。她把这些东西放在桌子上，邀请我们大家都喝上一小杯酒。然后，在她姐姐的吩咐下，她把雪利酒倒入酒杯，然后端给了我们大家。她极力劝说我再吃些奶油饼干，但我谢绝了，因为我怕吃那些饼干会弄出很大的声响。对于我的拒绝，她显得有些失望，于是就安静地走到沙发跟前在她姐姐身后坐了下来。谁都没有说话：我们全都凝视着空荡荡的壁炉。

My aunt waited until Eliza sighed and then said:

一直等到伊丽莎叹了口气，姨妈才开口说道：

"Ah, well, he's gone to a better world.”

“啊，好了，他已经去了一个更好的世界。”

Eliza sighed again and bowed her head in assent. My aunt fingered the stem of her wine-glass before sipping a little.

伊丽莎又叹了口气，点点头表示赞同。姨妈用手指摸了摸高脚酒杯

的杯脚，然后呷了一小口酒。

"Did he... peacefully?" she asked.

“他走得……平静吗？”她问道。

"Oh, quite peacefully, ma'am," said Eliza. "You couldn't tell when the breath went out of him. He had a beautiful death, God be praised.” "And everything...?"

“哦，非常平静，夫人。”伊丽莎说道，“你都无法得知他的呼吸是什么时候停止的。他死得很美，感谢上帝。”“那么一切都……?"

"Father O'Rourke was in with him a Tuesday and anointed him and prepared him and all.”

“奥鲁尔克神父星期二和他在一起，给他涂了圣油，为他准备好了一切。”

"He knew then?"

“当时他清醒吗？”

"He was quite resigned."

“他很顺从。”

"He looks quite resigned," said my aunt.

“他看起来很顺从。”姨妈说道。

"That's what the woman we had in to wash him said. She said he just looked as if he was asleep, he looked that peaceful and resigned. No one would think he'd make such a beautiful corpse.”

“这也是我们叫进去给他清洗的那个女人所说的话。她说他看上去就仿佛是睡着了，他看上去是那么安详和顺从。谁都想不到他死了的样子还能这么美。”

"Yes, indeed," said my aunt.

“是啊，的确如此。”姨妈说道。

She sipped a little more from her glass and said:

她又从酒杯里呷了一小口酒，然后说道：

"Well, Miss Flynn, at any rate it must be a great comfort for you to know that you did all you could for him. You were both very kind to him, I must say."

“呃，弗林小姐，无论如何你们已经为他尽力了，明白这一点一定会给你们很大的宽慰的。你们俩待他都非常好，我得说。”

Eliza smoothed her dress over her knees.

伊丽莎抚平了膝头的裙子。

"Ah, poor James!" she said. "God knows we done all we could, as poor as we are—we wouldn't see him want anything while he was in it.”

“唉，可怜的詹姆斯！”她说，“上帝知道我们做了所有我们能做的一切，尽管我们穷成这样——我们也不愿意看到他在那里头还缺少什么东西。”

Nannie had leaned her head against the sofa-pillow and seemed about to fall asleep.

南妮已经把头靠在了沙发靠枕上，看上去像是马上就会睡着。

"There's poor Nannie," said Eliza, looking at her, "she's wore out. All the work we had, she and me, getting in the woman to wash him and then laying him out and then the coffin and then arranging about the Mass in the chapel. Only for Father O'Rourke I don't know what we'd done at all. It was him brought us all them flowers and them two candlesticks out of the chapel and wrote out the notice for the Freeman's General and took charge of all the papers for the cemetery and poor James's insurance.”

“可怜的南妮," 伊丽莎看着她说道, “她累坏了。她和我，我们做的所有这些活儿，包括找那个女人给他清洗，把他抬出来，放进棺材，然后又安排教堂里做弥撒。要是没有奥鲁尔克神父我不知道我们究竟能做什么。正是他从教堂给我们拿来所有的鲜花和那两个烛台，写了那份登在《自由民日报》上的公告，还负责处理所有和墓地那边有关的文件以及可怜的詹姆斯的保险。”

"Wasn't that good of him?" said my aunt.

“那他这人不是很好吗？”姨妈说。

Eliza closed her eyes and shook her head slowly.

伊丽莎闭上双眼，慢慢地摇了摇头。

"Ah, there's no friends like the old friends," she said, "when all is said and done, no friends that a body can trust."

“唉，还是老朋友靠得住，”她说，“但是归根到底，一具尸首是谈不上信任什么朋友的。”

"Indeed, that's true," said my aunt. "And I'm sure now that he's gone to his eternal reward he won't forget you and all your kindness to him.”

“的确如此，这话不假。”姨妈说道，“不过我敢说，既然他已经去享用他那份永恒的奖赏，他不会忘记你们以及所有你们对他的好。”

"Ah, poor James!" said Eliza. "He was no great trouble to us. You wouldn't hear him in the house any more than now. Still, I know he's

gone and all to that....”

“啊，可怜的詹姆斯！”伊丽莎说道,“对我们来说他一直都不是大麻烦。他还在的时候，在房子里发出的动静也不会比现在更大。可是，我知道他不在了，而且永远去了那个……”

"It's when it's all over that you'll miss him," said my aunt.

“只有一切结束的时候你们才会开始想他。”姨妈说。

"I know that," said Eliza. "I won't be bringing him in his cup of beef-tea any more, nor you, ma'am, sending him his snuff. Ah, poor James!”

“我明白。”伊丽莎说,“我再也不用把牛肉汁给他端进去，而您，夫人，也再不用送鼻烟给他了。唉，可怜的詹姆斯！”

She stopped, as if she were communing with the past and then said shrewdly:

她止住了话头，仿佛在沉湎于过去，然后又机敏地说道：

"Mind you, I noticed there was something queer coming over him latterly. Whenever I'd bring in his soup to him there I'd find him with his breviary fallen to the floor, lying back in the chair and his mouth open.”

“您听我说，我注意到他在去世前就有些不对劲了。每次我端汤进去的时候，总是发现他的祈祷书掉在地上，人躺在椅子里，嘴巴张开着。”

She laid a finger against her nose and frowned: then she continued:

她把一个手指搁在鼻子上，皱起了眉头，然后接着说道：

"But still and all he kept on saying that before the summer was over he'd go out for a drive one fine day just to see the old house again where we were all born down in Irishtown and take me and Nannie with him. If we could only get one of them new-fangled carriages that makes no noise that Father O'Rourke told him about, them with the rheumatic wheels, for the day cheap—he said, at Johnny Rush's over the way there and drive out the three of us together of a Sunday evening. He had his mind set on that.... Poor James!”

“不过就这样，他还老是说，夏天过完之前，他会挑个好天坐车再去看看爱尔兰区的那所老房子，带着我和南妮一起。我们都是在那里出生的。只要我们能弄到一辆那种新式马车——奥鲁尔克神父曾告诉过他那种车不会发出噪声，轮子转起来呼哧呼哧的——然后便宜地租用一天，他说，就从路那边的约翰尼·拉什店里弄来，在一个礼拜日的傍晚拉我们三个一块出去。他一门心思都在这件事上……可怜的詹姆斯！”

"The Lord have mercy on his soul!" said my aunt.

“愿上帝宽恕他的灵魂！”姨妈说道。

Eliza took out her handkerchief and wiped her eyes with it. Then she put it back again in her pocket and gazed into the empty grate for some time without speaking.

伊丽莎掏出手帕擦了擦眼睛。紧接着她又把手帕放回了口袋里，然后就盯着空荡荡的炉子一言不发地看了好一会儿。

"He was too scrupulous always," she said. "The duties of the priesthood was too much for him. And then his life was, you might say, crossed."

“他总是顾虑太多。”她说，“神父的职责对他来说是太重了。所以呢，他这一辈子，可以说，都是在受罪。”

"Yes," said my aunt. "He was a disappointed man. You could see that."

“是呀，”姨妈说，“他是个失意的人。这一点大家都能看出来。”

A silence took possession of the little room and, under cover of it, I approached the table and tasted my sherry and then returned quietly to my chair in the comer. Eliza seemed to have fallen into a deep revery. We waited respectfully for her to break the silence: and after a long pause she said slowly:

沉默控制了这个小房间，在沉默的掩护下，我凑到桌子旁边尝了尝我的那份雪利酒，然后又静静地坐回到角落的椅子上。伊丽莎似乎已经深深地陷入了沉思。我们都满怀敬意地等着她来打破沉默：在一段漫长的停顿之后，她才缓缓地说道：

"It was that chalice he broke.... That was the beginning of it. Of course, they say it was all right, that it contained nothing, I mean. But still.... They say it was the boy's fault. But poor James was so nervous, God be merciful to him!”

“他打碎了那只圣杯……那也是这一切的开始。当然，他们说那没什么，我的意思是，说那杯子里什么也没盛。不过仍然……他们说那是那个男孩的错。但可怜的詹姆斯却非常紧张，愿上帝可怜他！”

"And was that it?" said my aunt. "I heard something...."

“真是这样吗？”姨妈问道，“我听说了……”

Eliza nodded.

伊丽莎点点头。

"That affected his mind," she said. "After that he began to mope by himself, talking to no one and wandering about by himself. So one night he was wanted for to go on a call and they couldn't find him

anywhere. They looked high up and low down; and still they couldn't see a sight of him anywhere. So then the clerk suggested to try the chapel. So then they got the keys and opened the chapel and the clerk and Father O'Rourke and another priest that was there brought in a light for to look for him.... And what do you think but there he was, sitting up by himself in the dark in his confession-box, wide-awake and laughing-like softly to himself?" She stopped suddenly as if to listen. I too listened; but there was no sound in the house: and I knew that the old priest was lying still in his coffin as we had seen him, solemn and truculent in death, an idle chalice on his breast.

“那件事影响了他的心理，”她说，“在那之后他开始变得郁郁寡欢，不跟人说话，还一个人到处乱走。”就这样，一天晚上，他们想请他去做探访可却哪儿都找不着他。他们上找下找；可依旧是哪儿都看不见他的踪影。最后执事建议去礼拜堂找找看。于是他们拿上钥匙打开了礼拜堂的门，奥鲁尔克神父和当时在场的另一位神父还拿来了一盏灯以方便寻找他……然后他就在那里，独自坐在黑暗的忏悔室里，完全清醒着，好像在轻轻地对着自己发笑。发现他那副样子，你会怎么想？”她突然停了下来，仿佛要聆听什么。我也凝神倾听着，但屋子里没有任何声音。我知道老神父还像我们刚刚看到的那个样子一动不动地躺在棺材里，死了还显得庄严而气势逼人，一只空置的圣杯放在他的胸前。

Eliza resumed:

伊丽莎接着说道：

"Wide-awake and laughing-like to himself.... So then, of course, when they saw that, that made them think that there was something gone wrong with him...."

“他非常清醒，好像还在冲自个儿发笑……那么，当然，他们看见那情景，那情景让他们觉得他有什么地方不对劲了……”

CHAPTER 2 AN ENCOUNTER

第二章 偶遇

IT WAS Joe Dillon who introduced the Wild West to us. He had a little library made up of old numbers of The Union Jack, Pluck and The Halfpenny Marvel. Every evening after school we met in his back garden and arranged Indian battles. He and his fat young brother Leo, the idler, held the loft of the stable while we tried to carry it by storm; or we fought a pitched battle on the grass. But, however well we fought, we never won siege or battle and all our bouts ended with Joe Dillon's war dance of victory. His parents went to eight-o'clock mass every morning in Gardiner Street and the peaceful odour of Mrs. Dillon was prevalent in the hall of the house. But he played too fiercely for us who were younger and more timid. He looked like some kind of an Indian when he capered round the garden, an old tea-cosy on his head, beating a tin with his fist and yelling:

是乔·狄龙把荒野西部介绍给我们的。他有一些由《联合杰克》、《勇气》和《半便士奇闻》的过期期刊组成的少许藏书。每天晚上放学之后，我们会在他家的后花园里碰头，玩印第安人的打仗游戏。他和他的胖弟弟利奥，那个懒人，会占据马厩的阁楼，而我们则通过强攻努力去夺取它；或者我们会在草地上玩对阵战。不过，无论我们玩得多卖力，我们从来都没有打赢过包围战或对阵战；所有的较量都是以乔·狄龙庆祝胜利的战争舞蹈收场。他的父母每天早上都会去加德纳街参加八点钟弥撒。狄龙太太身上那种平和的气息弥漫在房子的门厅里。可是对于我们这些比他年纪小、胆子也小的人来说，他却玩得过于拼命了。当他在花园里蹦来蹦去的时候，他看上去有点像是个印第安人，头上戴着一个茶壶保暖套，一只拳头敲打着一个锡铁罐，嘴里则喊叫着：

"Ya! yaka, yaka, yaka!" Everyone was incredulous when it was reported that he had a vocation for the priesthood. Nevertheless it was true.

“呀！呀咳，呀咳，呀咳！”据称他有心要当神父，大家都表示怀疑。不过这却是真的。

A spirit of unruliness diffused itself among us and, under its influence, differences of culture and constitution were waived. We banded ourselves together, some boldly, some in jest and some almost in fear: and of the number of these latter, the reluctant Indians who were afraid to seem studious or lacking in robustness, I was one. The adventures related in the literature of the Wild West were remote from my nature but, at least, they opened doors of escape. I liked better some American detective stories which were traversed from time to

time by unkempt fierce and beautiful girls. Though there was nothing wrong in these stories and though their intention was sometimes literary they were circulated secretly at school. One day when Father Butler was hearing the four pages of Roman History clumsy Leo Dillon was discovered with a copy of The Halfpenny Marvel.

一种无法无天的精神在我们中间蔓延开来，在它的影响下，教养和体质的差异被完全忽视了。我们聚集成伙，有些人是为了显示自己的勇气，有些人是为了好玩，还有一些则几乎是出于害怕：最后这些人为数不少，他们害怕自己显得仿佛只会读书或者不够健壮，所以才勉勉强强地充当了印第安人，我就是其中的一员。文学作品中叙述的有关荒野西部的冒险故事离我的本性相距甚远，但至少，它们打开了逃避之门。我更喜欢读一些美国侦探小说，不时会有野性顽皮而又漂亮的女孩在沿路兜售。尽管这些小说里并没有什么不好的地方，而且它们的创作意图有时也很具有文学性，但在学校里它们却只能私下传阅。一天，当巴特勒神父在听我们诵读罗马历史的四页书时，发现了笨手笨脚的利奥·狄龙带着一本《半便士奇闻》。

"This page or this page? This page? Now, Dillon, up! 'Hardly had the day'... Go on! What day? 'Hardly had the day dawned'... Have you studied it? What have you there in your pocket?”

“这一页还是这一页？这一页？好了，狄龙，起来！‘那一天几乎还没有’……接着往下念！哪一天？‘那一天几乎还没有破晓’……你看过了没有？你口袋里装的是什么？”

Everyone's heart palpitated as Leo Dillon handed up the paper and everyone assumed an innocent face. Father Butler turned over the pages, frowning.

利奥·狄龙把那报纸交上去的时候，我们每个人都心惊肉跳，但每个人的脸上却又都装出一副无辜的样子。巴特勒神父翻了几页，皱起了眉头。

"What is this rubbish?" he said. "The Apache Chief! Is this what you read instead of studying your Roman History? Let me not find any more of this wretched stuff in this college. The man who wrote it, I suppose, was some wretched fellow who writes these things for a drink. I'm surprised at boys like you, educated, reading such stuff. I could understand it if you were... National School boys. Now, Dillon, I advise you strongly, get at your work or...”

“这是什么垃圾东西？”他说道，“阿帕奇酋长！这就是你不读你的《罗马史》而在看的东西？以后别让我在这所学校里再看到这种拙劣的东西。写这种东西的人，我想，一定是个该死的家伙，写这些玩意就是为了买酒喝。我很吃惊，像你们这样的男孩子，受过教育，还读这种东西。倘若你们是……国立学校的孩子，我倒还可以理解。听着，狄龙，我严正告诫你，好好用功，否则……”

This rebuke during the sober hours of school paled much of the glory of the Wild West for me and the confused puffy face of Leo Dillon awakened one of my consciences. But when the restraining influence of the school was at a distance I began to hunger again for wild sensations, for the escape which those chronicles of disorder alone seemed to offer me. The mimic warfare of the evening became at last as wearisome to me as the routine of school in the morning because I wanted real adventures to happen to myself. But real adventures, I reflected, do not happen to people who remain at home: they must be sought abroad.

在上学期间清醒的时刻听来的这番训诫使荒野西部在我看来所具有的荣光黯淡了不少，利奥·狄龙那张惶惑无措的胖脸也唤醒了我的一片良知。但是当我远离学校的约束影响时，我又开始渴求不羁的感觉，渴求只有那些乱世纪事才能提供给我的逃避。傍晚时分的模拟战争游戏最后变得和上午学校的例行功课一样无聊乏味，因为我想要有真正的冒险故事发生在自己身上。但是真正的冒险故事，我想，是不会发生在老呆在家里的人身上的：必须得到外面的世界去寻找。

The summer holidays were near at hand when I made up my mind to break out of the weariness of school-life for one day at least. With Leo Dillon and a boy named Mahony I planned a day's miching. Each of us saved up sixpence. We were to meet at ten in the morning on the Canal Bridge. Mahony's big sister was to write an excuse for him and Leo Dillon was to tell his brother to say he was sick. We arranged to go along the Wharf Road until we came to the ships, then to cross in the ferryboat and walk out to see the Pigeon House. Leo Dillon was afraid we might meet Father Butler or someone out of the college; but Mahony asked, very sensibly, what would Father Butler be doing out at the Pigeon House. We were reassured: and I brought the first stage of the plot to an end by collecting sixpence from the other two, at the same time showing them my own sixpence. When we were making the last arrangements on the eve we were all vaguely excited. We shook hands, laughing, and Mahony said:

暑假临近的时候，我下定决心至少有一天要打破学校生活的沉闷。和利奥·狄龙及一个名叫马奥尼的男孩一起，我制定了逃学一天的计划。我们每个人都攒了六便士。我们约好上午十点在运河桥上碰头。马奥尼的姐姐会给他写张事假条，而利奥·狄龙则会让他哥哥说他病了。我们计划沿着码头路往前走，一直走到有船的地方，然后坐渡轮过去，再走远些去看鸽棚。利奥·狄龙担心我们会碰上巴特勒神父或者学校里的什么人；而马奥尼则非常理智地反问说，巴特勒神父大老远地去鸽棚干什么。我们都放心了：然后我把他们两个的六便士收了上来，同时也给他们看了我自己的六便士，这样，这次阴谋的第一个阶段就告结束。在出发前夜做最后的安排时，我们都隐隐约约地感到有些激动。我们互相握手，大笑，马奥尼说：

"Till tomorrow, mates!"

“就等明天了，伙伴们！”

That night I slept badly. In the morning I was firstcomer to the bridge as I lived nearest. I hid my books in the long grass near the ashpit at the end of the garden where nobody ever came and hurried along the canal bank. It was a mild sunny morning in the first week of June. I sat up on the coping of the bridge admiring my frail canvas shoes which I had diligently pipeclayed overnight and watching the docile horses pulling a tramload of business people up the hill. All the branches of the tall trees which lined the mall were gay with little light green leaves and the sunlight slanted through them on to the water. The granite stone of the bridge was beginning to be warm and I began to pat it with my hands in time to an air in my head. I was very happy.

那天晚上我睡得很不好。早上我第一个来到桥上，因为我住得最近。我把书藏在了花园尽头灰窖旁边从来没什么人去的高草丛中，然后就匆匆沿着运河河岸走去。那是六月第一周里一个温和晴朗的早晨。我端坐在桥栏上，一边欣赏着自己头天晚上辛辛苦苦用白黏土涂白的磨坏了的灯芯绒鞋子，一边看着温顺的马儿拉着街车往山上爬，车上坐满了做生意的人。林荫路两边种着高高的树木，所有的树枝上都生意盎然地绽放着浅绿色的小叶，阳光透过这些枝叶斜射到水面上。大桥的花岗岩石面变得暖和起来，应和着脑子里想着的一种曲调，我开始用手轻拍起石面来。我非常快乐。

When I had been sitting there for five or ten minutes I saw Mahony's grey suit approaching. He came up the hill, smiling, and clambered up beside me on the bridge. While we were waiting he brought out the catapult which bulged from his inner pocket and explained some improvements which he had made in it. I asked him why he had brought it and he told me he had brought it to have some gas with the birds. Mahony used slang freely, and spoke of Father Butler as Old Bunser. We waited on for a quarter of an hour more but still there was no sign of Leo Dillon. Mahony, at last, jumped down and said:

坐了有五分钟或十分钟的时候，我看见马奥尼身穿灰色外套朝这边走来。他沿着小山走了上来，微笑着，然后攀上桥栏坐在了我的身边。我们等着的时候，他从鼓鼓囊囊的内揣口袋里掏出了弹弓，向我解释了他所做的一些改进。我问他为什么要带弹弓，他告诉我说他带它是为了和鸟儿们寻开心。马奥尼很随意地使用着俚语，把巴特勒神父说成是老邦瑟。我们又等了一刻钟，但仍然不见利奥·狄龙的影子。最后，马奥尼跳下来说：

"Come along. I knew Fatty'd funk it.” "And his sixpence...?" I said.

“走吧。我早知道胖子会临阵脱逃。”“那他的六便士？”我说道。

"That's forfeit," said Mahony. "And so much the better for us—a bob and a tanner instead of a bob.”

“没收了，”马奥尼说，“这样对我们更好——有一先令六便士而不只是一先令。”

We walked along the North Strand Road till we came to the Vitriol Works and then turned to the right along the Wharf Road. Mahony began to play the Indian as soon as we were out of public sight. He chased a crowd of ragged girls, brandishing his unloaded catapult and, when two ragged boys began, out of chivalry, to fling stones at us, he proposed that we should charge them. I objected that the boys were too small and so we walked on, the ragged troop screaming after us: "Swaddlers! Swaddlers!"thinking that we were Protestants because Mahony, who was dark-complexioned, wore the silver badge of a cricket club in his cap. When we came to the Smoothing Iron we arranged a siege; but it was a failure because you must have at least three. We revenged ourselves on Leo Dillon by saying what a funk he was and guessing how many he would get at three o'clock from Mr. Ryan.

我们沿着北斯特兰德路一直走到矾油厂，然后向右拐到了码头路上。我们一走出公众的视线，马奥尼就开始扮起了印第安人。他追赶着一群衣衫褴褛的女孩们，手里挥舞着没装子弹的弹弓，当两个衣衫褴褛的男孩发扬骑士精神朝我们扔石块时，他又建议说我们应该向他们发起进攻。我反对说那两个男孩还太小，于是我们就继续往前走，而衣衫褴褛的那伙孩子则在我们身后尖叫着：“小屁孩！小屁孩！”。他们以为我们是新教徒，因为马奥尼肤色偏黑，他的帽子上还别着一个板球俱乐部的银色徽章。当我们来到熨平铁那个地方的时候，我们组织了一次围攻；不过没有玩成，因为至少得有三个人。我们就在利奥·狄龙身上发泄怨气，说他真是个胆小鬼，猜想着三点钟的时候他会从瑞安先生那里挨多少下打。

We came then near the river. We spent a long time walking about the noisy streets flanked by high stone walls, watching the working of cranes and engines and often being shouted at for our immobility by the drivers of groaning carts. It was noon when we reached the quays and as all the labourers seemed to be eating their lunches, we bought two big currant buns and sat down to eat them on some metal piping beside the river. We pleased ourselves with the spectacle of Dublin's commerce—the barges signalled from far away by their curls of woolly smoke, the brown fishing fleet beyond Ringsend, the big white sailing-vessel which was being discharged on the opposite quay. Mahony said it would be right skit to run away to sea on one of those big ships and even I, looking at the high masts,

saw, or imagined, the geography which had been scantily dosed to me at school gradually taking substance under my eyes. School and home seemed to recede from us and their influences upon us seemed to wane.

然后我们来到了河边。我们在两边筑有高高石墙的嘈杂的街道上走了好一会儿，看着起重机和机车在运转，我们常常会站着不动，因而招来驾着吱扭作响大车的车夫们的喝斥。中午时分，我们走到了码头，似乎所有干活的人都在吃午饭，于是我们也买了两个大大的葡萄干面包，在河边的一根金属管道上坐下吃了起来。我们高兴地观赏着都柏林的商业景象——老远就能看见的喷着模糊烟圈的驳船，停靠在林森德那边的棕色渔船，和对面码头上正在卸货的白色大帆船。马奥尼说要是坐在那样的一艘大船上跑到海上去，那会非常有趣；看着那些高高的桅杆，我甚至看到了，或者说想象到了，在学校里一星半点学到的那点地理知识渐渐地在我的眼前变成了实实在在的东西。学校和家似乎在离我们越来越远，它们对我们的影响也似乎在减弱。

We crossed the Liffey in the ferryboat, paying our toll to be transported in the company of two labourers and a little Jew with a bag. We were serious to the point of solemnity, but once during the short voyage our eyes met and we laughed. When we landed we watched the discharging of the graceful threemaster which we had observed from the other quay. Some bystander said that she was a Norwegian vessel. I went to the stern and tried to decipher the legend upon it but, failing to do so, I came back and examined the foreign sailors to see had any of them green eyes for I had some confused notion.... The sailors' eyes were blue and grey and even black. The only sailor whose eyes could have been called green was a tall man who amused the crowd on the quay by calling out cheerfully every time the planks fell:

我们付了船费，和两个工人还有一个随身带着个包的小个子犹太人一起坐船渡过了利菲河。我们都很严肃，几乎到了肃穆的地步。不过，在这短短的旅途中，有一次目光相遇的时候，我们俩都笑了起来。上了岸之后，我们就看着那艘姿态优雅的三桅帆船卸货，在对面码头的时候我们就曾经观察过它。一旁有个人说，这是艘挪威船。我走到船尾，想从船身上的图文中解读出点什么，但却没能成功，于是我又返回来仔细端详那些外国水手，看他们中有没有谁的眼睛是绿色的，因为我一直有某种模糊的概念……但是这些水手的眼睛有的是蓝色的，有的是灰色的，甚至还有的是黑色的。只有一名水手的眼睛可以称得上是绿色的，他是个高个子，码头上的人群都冲着他直乐，因为每次木板落下的时候，他总是高兴地大喊：

"All right! All right!" When we were tired of this sight we wandered slowly into Ringsend. The day had grown sultry, and in the windows of the grocers' shops musty biscuits lay bleaching. We bought some biscuits and chocolate which we ate sedulously as we wandered

through the squalid streets where the families of the fishermen live. We could find no dairy and so we went into a huckster's shop and bought a bottle of raspberry lemonade each. Refreshed by this, Mahony chased a cat down a lane, but the cat escaped into a wide field. We both felt rather tired and when we reached the field we made at once for a sloping bank over the ridge of which we could see the Dodder.

“好了!好了！”当我们看够了这个场景之后，就慢慢蹓跶到了林森德。天气变得闷热起来，杂货店橱窗里放着颜色发白的发霉饼干。我们买了些饼干和巧克力，漫步走过渔民家庭居住的肮脏街道，小心翼翼地吃了一路。我们没能找到乳品店，于是就走进一家小卖铺，一人买了一瓶山莓柠檬汽水。喝完汽水又有了劲，马奥尼开始顺着一条巷子追赶一只猫，可那只猫却逃进了一片开阔的田地。我们都觉得非常累，走到那片田地，我们就立刻朝一处倾斜的坡岸走去，从岸脊上望过去可以看到多德河。

It was too late and we were too tired to carry out our project of visiting the Pigeon House. We had to be home before four o'clock lest our adventure should be discovered. Mahony looked regretfully at his catapult and I had to suggest going home by train before he regained any cheerfulness. The sun went in behind some clouds and left us to our jaded thoughts and the crumbs of our provisions.

时间已晚，我们也都累得无法去实现参观鸽棚的计划了。我们必须得在四点钟之前回到家，以免我们的冒险被人发现。马奥尼失望地盯着他的弹弓，我则没等他重新打起精神就不得不提议坐火车回家。太阳钻到了一些云朵后面，我们俩萎靡不振，食物则仅剩残渣。

There was nobody but ourselves in the field. When we had lain on the bank for some time without speaking I saw a man approaching from the far end of the field. I watched him lazily as I chewed one of those green stems on which girls tell fortunes. He came along by the bank slowly. He walked with one hand upon his hip and in the other hand he held a stick with which he tapped the turf lightly. He was shabbily dressed in a suit of greenish-black and wore what we used to call a jerry hat with a high crown. He seemed to be fairly old for his moustache was ashen-grey. When he passed at our feet he glanced up at us quickly and then continued his way. We followed him with our eyes and saw that when he had gone on for perhaps fifty paces he turned about and began to retrace his steps. He walked towards us very slowly, always tapping the ground with his stick, so slowly that I thought he was looking for something in the grass.

田地里除了我们再无别人。我们一言不发地在坡岸上躺了一会儿，然后我看见有个人远远地从田地的那一头走了过来。我一边懒洋洋地看着他，一边嚼着一些女孩子常用来算命的绿草杆儿。他沿着坡岸慢慢地

走来。他走路时，一只手搭在胯部，另一只手里拿着一根棍子，轻轻地敲打着草皮。他衣着破旧，穿着一件黑绿色的外套，戴着一顶我们过去叫作马桶帽的帽子，帽顶很高。他似乎很老了，因为他的胡子已经灰白。当他从我们脚边经过的时候，他抬眼很快瞥了一下我们俩，然后又继续走他的路。我们用目光跟随着他，看到他往前走了大概五十步之后，然后转过身又开始往回走。他非常缓慢地朝我们走来，一边还是用他的棍子不断敲打着地面，他走得太慢了，慢得让我以为他是在草里寻找什么东西。

He stopped when he came level with us and bade us goodday. We answered him and he sat down beside us on the slope slowly and with great care. He began to talk of the weather, saying that it would be a very hot summer and adding that the seasons had changed greatly since he was a boy—a long time ago. He said that the happiest time of one's life was undoubtedly one's schoolboy days and that he would give anything to be young again. While he expressed these sentiments which bored us a little we kept silent. Then he began to talk of school and of books. He asked us whether we had read the poetry of Thomas Moore or the works of Sir Walter Scott and Lord Lytton. I pretended that I had read every book he mentioned so that in the end he said:

走到我们跟前的时候，他停了下来，向我们问日安。我们回应了他，他就慢慢地、非常小心地在我们身边的斜坡上坐了下来。他开始谈论天气，说今年夏天天气会很热，还说季节变化很大，相比他小时候而言——那是很久以前了。他说一个人一生中最幸福的时刻无疑是他的学生时代，他愿意以任何代价来换得再年轻一回。当他抒发这些让我们颇感厌烦的感想时，我们都保持沉默。然后他开始谈论起学校和书本来。他问我们是否读过托马斯·穆尔的诗歌或者沃尔特·司各脱和利顿勋爵的作品。我装出自己读过他提到的每一本书的样子，以至于最后他说道：

"Ah, I can see you are a bookworm like myself. Now, " he added, pointing to Mahony who was regarding us with open eyes, "he is different; he goes in for games."

“啊，我看出来了，你和我一样也是个书虫。嗯，”他指着睁大眼睛注视着我们的马奥尼接着说道，“他就不一样了；他喜欢游戏。”

He said he had all Sir Walter Scott's works and all Lord Lytton's works at home and never tired of reading them. "Of course," he said, "there were some of Lord Lytton's works which boys couldn't read." Mahony asked why couldn't boys read them—a question which agitated and pained me because I was afraid the man would think I was as stupid as Mahony. The man, however, only smiled. I saw that he had great gaps in his mouth between his yellow teeth. Then he asked us which of us had the most sweethearts. Mahony mentioned lightly that he had three totties. The man asked me how many I had. I answered that I had none. He did not believe me and said he was sure

I must have one. I was silent.

他说他家里收藏有沃尔特·司各脱爵士的全部作品和利顿勋爵的全部作品，并且他读这些书从来就没有厌倦过。“当然了，”他说，“利顿勋爵的有些作品男孩子是不能读的。”马奥尼问为什么男孩子读不了——这个问题让我感到又不安又难受，因为我害怕这个人会以为我和马奥尼一样愚蠢。然而，那个人却只是笑了笑。我看见他嘴里的那些黄牙之间有很大的缝隙。然后他问我们俩谁的小情人最多。马奥尼轻松地提到他有三个女人。那个人又问我有几个。我回答说我一个都没有。他不相信我的话，并且说他敢确信我肯定有一个。我沉默无语。

"Tell us," said Mahony pertly to the man, "how many have you yourself?"

“告诉我们，”马奥尼直白地冲那个人说道，“你自己有几个？”

The man smiled as before and said that when he was our age he had lots of sweethearts.

那个人又像先前那样笑了笑，然后说像我们这么大的时候，他有过很多情人。

"Every boy," he said, "has a little sweetheart."

“每个男孩，”他说，“都有一个小情人。”

His attitude on this point struck me as strangely liberal in a man of his age. In my heart I thought that what he said about boys and sweethearts was reasonable. But I disliked the words in his mouth and I wondered why he shivered once or twice as if he feared something or felt a sudden chill. As he proceeded I noticed that his accent was good. He began to speak to us about girls, saying what nice soft hair they had and how soft their hands were and how all girls were not so good as they seemed to be if one only knew. There was nothing he liked, he said, so much as looking at a nice young girl, at her nice white hands and her beautiful soft hair. He gave me the impression that he was repeating something which he had learned by heart or that, magnetised by some words of his own speech, his mind was slowly circling round and round in the same orbit. At times he spoke as if he were simply alluding to some fact that everybody knew, and at times he lowered his voice and spoke mysteriously as if he were telling us something secret which he did not wish others to overhear. He repeated his phrases over and over again, varying them and surrounding them with his monotonous voice. I continued to gaze towards the foot of the slope, listening to him.

他在这个问题上的态度让我觉得对于他那个年龄的人来说有些出乎寻常的开放。从我本心讲，我认为他所说的关于男孩和情人的事是有道理的。可我不喜欢他嘴里说出的词，而且我很纳闷他为什么哆嗦了一两

次，仿佛他害怕什么或者突然感觉到了寒冷似的。他接着往下讲的时候，我注意到他的口音还是很纯正的。他开始跟我们谈论起女孩们的事情来，说她们有怎样柔美的发丝，她们的双手是如何的柔软，以及但凡一个人有所了解就会知道所有的女孩其实并没有她们看起来那么好。他说，没有什么比盯着一个漂亮姑娘看——看她那好看白皙的双手，看她那柔滑秀美的头发——更让他喜欢的事情了。他给我的印象的是他正在复述他已经记诵在心的东西或者说受他自己谈话中的某些语句的吸引，他的思绪正慢慢地沿着同一个轨道开始不停地绕起圈来。有时，他说话的样子仿佛他只是在谈论尽人皆知的某个事实，而有时，他又压低嗓音，神秘兮兮地说话，仿佛他在告诉我们一件秘密的事情，不希望别人偷听到。他重复着他的话语，一遍又一遍，变换着不同的表述方式，包裹在他那单调的嗓音中。我一边继续凝视着坡脚，一边听着他说。

After a long while his monologue paused. He stood up slowly, saying that he had to leave us for a minute or so, a few minutes, and, without changing the direction of my gaze, I saw him walking slowly away from us towards the near end of the field. We remained silent when he had gone. After a silence of a few minutes I heard Mahony exclaim:

过了好一会儿，他的独白停止了。他缓慢地站起身来，说他得离开我们一会儿，就几分钟，而我在没有改变凝视方向的情况下看见他慢慢离开我们朝离我们较近的地头走去。当他走开以后，我们都沉默不语。几分钟的沉默之后，我听到马奥尼叫了起来：

"I say! Look what he's doing!” As I neither answered nor raised my eyes Mahony exclaimed again:

“我说！快看他在做什么！”因为我既没有应答也没有抬眼去看，马奥尼又叫了起来：

"I say... He's a queer old josser!”

“我说……他真是个古怪的老家伙！”

"In case he asks us for our names," I said "let you be Murphy and I'll be Smith.”

“万一他问起我们的名字，”我说道，“那你就叫墨菲，我叫史密斯。”

We said nothing further to each other. I was still considering whether I would go away or not when the man came back and sat down beside us again. Hardly had he sat down when Mahony, catching sight of the cat which had escaped him, sprang up and pursued her across the field. The man and I watched the chase. The cat escaped once more and Mahony began to throw stones at the wall she had escaladed. Desisting from this, he began to wander about the far end of the field, aimlessly.

我们彼此没有再说什么。我还在考虑要不要走开的时候那个人就回来了，他又在我们身边坐了下来。而他刚一坐下，马奥尼就看见了那只逃跑了的猫，他纵身跃起，越过田地追了上去。那个人和我则看着他追。那只猫再一次逃脱了，马奥尼开始朝着猫爬上去的那堵墙扔石头。等到不扔石块了，他就开始远远地在田地的那一头漫无目的地蹓跶起来。

After an interval the man spoke to me. He said that my friend was a very rough boy and asked did he get whipped often at school. I was going to reply indignantly that we were not National School boys to be whipped, as he called it; but I remained silent. He began to speak on the subject of chastising boys. His mind, as if magnetised again by his speech, seemed to circle slowly round and round its new centre. He said that when boys were that kind they ought to be whipped and well whipped. When a boy was rough and unruly there was nothing would do him any good but a good sound whipping. A slap on the hand or a box on the ear was no good: what he wanted was to get a nice warm whipping. I was surprised at this sentiment and involuntarily glanced up at his face. As I did so I met the gaze of a pair of bottle-green eyes peering at me from under a twitching forehead. I turned my eyes away again.

过了一会儿，那个人开始对我说起话来。他说我的朋友是一个非常顽皮的男孩，并且问我他在学校里是不是常常挨鞭子。我很想愤怒地反驳说我们不是国立学校的男生，不会像他说的那样挨鞭子，不过我最终还是保持着沉默。他开始谈论起体罚学生的话题。他的思绪，仿佛再次被自己的话语所吸引，似乎绕着新的中心开始慢慢地转起圈来。他说男孩子要是那种样子他们就应该挨打，而且应该是好好地挨一顿打。一个男孩要是又顽皮又难管教的话，没有什么能对他有好处，只能是结结实实地打一顿。打手掌或扇耳光都不管用：他需要的就是好好地挨一顿鞭打，直到打得浑身发热。我对这种论调感到吃惊，不由自主地抬眼去看他的脸。我这样做的时候，他那蹙起的额头下露出的一双墨绿色的眼睛也正在凝视着我。我又移开了自己的目光。

The man continued his monologue. He seemed to have forgotten his recent liberalism. He said that if ever he found a boy talking to girls or having a girl for a sweetheart he would whip him and whip him; and that would teach him not to be talking to girls. And if a boy had a girl for a sweetheart and told lies about it then he would give him such a whipping as no boy ever got in this world. He said that there was nothing in this world he would like so well as that. He described to me how he would whip such a boy as if he were unfolding some elaborate mystery. He would love that, he said, better than anything in this world; and his voice, as he led me monotonously through the mystery, grew almost affectionate and seemed to plead with me that I should understand him.

那个人继续着他的独白。他似乎已经忘记了自己刚才那种开明的态度。他说要是他发现一个男孩跟女孩们说话或者有个女孩作情人，他会揍他一顿，好好地揍他一顿；那样就会教他记住不要随便和女孩们说话。要是一个男孩有个女孩作情人但却对此事撒谎的话，他会抽他一顿鞭子，一顿世界上任何男孩都没挨过的鞭子。他说世界上再没有什么事能让他如此喜欢的了。他向我描述他会怎样鞭打这样一个男孩，仿佛是在揭示某个复杂的秘密。他愿意那么做，他说，胜过世界上的任何事情；他的嗓音，在单调乏味地引导我感受这个秘密的过程中，渐渐变得几乎充满了爱意，似乎在恳求我应该要理解他。

I waited till his monologue paused again. Then I stood up abruptly. Lest I should betray my agitation I delayed a few moments pretending to fix my shoe properly and then, saying that I was obliged to go, I bade him good-day. I went up the slope calmly but my heart was beating quickly with fear that he would seize me by the ankles. When I reached the top of the slope I turned round and, without looking at him, called loudly across the field:

我等待着，直到他的独白再次停止。然后我迅速站起身来。担心会暴露自己的烦躁不安，我耽搁了片刻，假装整理了一下我的鞋子，然后说我必须得走了，就跟他道日安告别了。我镇静地爬上坡岸，但心却跳得很快，害怕他会抓住我的脚脖子。爬到坡顶之后，我转过身来，不去看他，朝田地的那头大声叫了起来：

"Murphy!"

“墨菲！”

My voice had an accent of forced bravery in it and I was ashamed of my paltry stratagem. I had to call the name again before Mahony saw me and hallooed in answer. How my heart beat as he came running across the field to me! He ran as if to bring me aid. And I was penitent; for in my heart I had always despised him a little.

我的声音中有一种强装勇敢的腔调，我为自己的卑鄙伎俩感到羞愧。我不得不又喊了一次那个名字马奥尼才看见我，然后吆喝着作了应答。当他越过田地朝我跑来的时候，我的心跳得可真是快啊！他跑过来，俨然是来拯救我。而我却很是懊悔；因为在我心目中一直以来都有点看不起他。

CHAPTER 3 ARABY

第三章 阿拉比

NORTH RICHMOND STREET being blind, was a quiet street except at the hour when the Christian Brothers' School set the boys free. An uninhabited house of two storeys stood at the blind end, detached from its neighbours in a square ground. The other houses of the street, conscious of decent lives within them, gazed at one another with brown imperturbable faces.

里士满北街是条死胡同，街面很安静，只有在基督教兄弟学校的男孩们放学的时候除外。一栋无人居住的二层楼房坐落在胡同尽头，与其他矗立在一片方形地块上的邻舍房屋相分离。这条街上的其他房舍都很清楚屋内主人的体面生活，它们互相凝视着对方，个个都是一副沉着冷静的棕色面孔。

The former tenant of our house, a priest, had died in the back drawing-room. Air, musty from having been long enclosed, hung in all the rooms, and the waste room behind the kitchen was littered with old useless papers. Among these I found a few paper-covered books, the pages of which were curled and damp: The Abbot, by Walter Scott, The Devout Communicant and The Memoirs of Vidocq. I liked the last best because its leaves were yellow. The wild garden behind the house contained a central apple-tree and a few straggling bushes under one of which I found the late tenant's rusty bicycle-pump. He had been a very charitable priest; in his will he had left all his money to institutions and the furniture of his house to his sister.

我们这栋房子从前的租客是一位神父，他已经去世，死在了后面的起居室里。由于封闭已久，空气变得充满霉味，凝滞在所有的房间里；厨房后面那间弃置不用的房间丢满了没用的旧纸张。在这些废弃物中间，我发现了几本平装书，页角已经卷起，页面也都很潮湿：沃尔特·司各脱的《修道院院长》，《虔诚的教友》，还有《维多契回忆录》。我最喜欢最后这一本，因为它的书页是黄色的。房子后面的荒园中央长有一棵苹果树，还有一些恣意蔓生的灌木；在其中一丛灌木下，我发现了已故租客用过的生了锈的自行车打气筒。他曾经是一位非常仁慈的神父；在他的遗嘱里，他把所有的钱都留给了慈善机构，把房子里的家具留给了他的妹妹。

When the short days of winter came dusk fell before we had well eaten our dinners. When we met in the street the houses had grown sombre. The space of sky above us was the colour of ever-changing violet and towards it the lamps of the street lifted their feeble lanterns. The cold air stung us and we played till our bodies glowed.

Our shouts echoed in the silent street. The career of our play brought us through the dark muddy lanes behind the houses where we ran the gauntlet of the rough tribes from the cottages, to the back doors of the dark dripping gardens where odours arose from the ashpits, to the dark odorous stables where a coachman smoothed and combed the horse or shook music from the buckled harness. When we returned to the street light from the kitchen windows had filled the areas. If my uncle was seen turning the corner we hid in the shadow until we had seen him safely housed. Or if Mangan's sister came out on the doorstep to call her brother in to his tea we watched her from our shadow peer up and down the street. We waited to see whether she would remain or go in and, if she remained, we left our shadow and walked up to Mangan's steps resignedly. She was waiting for us, her figure defined by the light from the half-opened door. Her brother always teased her before he obeyed and I stood by the railings looking at her. Her dress swung as she moved her body and the soft rope of her hair tossed from side to side.

当冬天白昼变短的时候，我们还没有吃完晚饭夜幕便开始降临。当我们在街上碰面时，房屋已经变得肃穆起来。我们头顶的天空呈现出变化多端的紫罗兰色；冲着这片天空，街灯举着它们微弱的灯火。寒冷的空气刺痛了我们，我们玩耍起来，直到身体发热变暖。我们的叫喊声回荡在寂静的街道上。游戏中，我们会先穿过房子后面那些黑暗泥泞的小巷，在那里我们会遭遇来自棚屋区的那帮野孩子的攻击，然后我们来到滴着水的黑暗的园子后门，那里的灰坑散发出难闻的味道，最后到达黑暗难闻的马厩，那里的一个马夫有时在抚摸梳理着马毛，有时在把扣好的马具摆弄得发出悦耳的声响。我们回到街上的时候，厨房窗户里透出的灯光已经洒满了这片地方。如果看见我姨父从街角走过来，我们会躲在阴影里，一直看他确实走进房子里才敢出来。或者如果曼根的姐姐出来站在门阶上喊她的弟弟回家喝茶，我们会从阴影里看着她朝街上四下张望。我们等着看她是会呆在那里还是会回到屋里。如果她呆在那里，我们就会从阴影里走出来，然后乖乖地走上曼根家的台阶。她在等着我们，半开的门里透出的灯光勾勒出了她的身形。她的弟弟总会捉弄她一下才肯听她的话，我则站在栏杆旁边盯着她看。她挪动身体的时候，她的连衣裙会摆来摆去，她那根柔软的发辫也会随着来回摆动。

Every morning I lay on the floor in the front parlour watching her door. The blind was pulled down to within an inch of the sash so that I could not be seen. When she came out on the doorstep my heart leaped. I ran to the hall, seized my books and followed her. I kept her brown figure always in my eye and, when we came near the point at which our ways diverged, I quickened my pace and passed her. This happened morning after morning. I had never spoken to her, except for a few casual words, and yet her name was like a summons to all my foolish blood.

每天早上，我都会躺在前厅的地板上注视着她的家门。百叶窗拉了下来，离窗框不到一英寸，因此没有人能看到我。当她从房里走到门阶上时，我的心就会怦怦直跳。我跑到客厅，抓起书本，然后跟在她的身后。我一直让她那棕色的身影保持在我的视线之内，当快走到我们的路线分岔的地方时，我就会加快步伐超过她。这种情形总是在早上重复上演。除了随便聊过几句，我从来没有和她说过话，然而她的名字却像是一道不可抗拒的命令，会唤起我所有愚蠢的激情。

Her image accompanied me even in places the most hostile to romance. On Saturday evenings when my aunt went marketing I had to go to carry some of the parcels. We walked through the flaring streets, jostled by drunken men and bargaining women, amid the curses of labourers, the shrill litanies of shop-boys who stood on guard by the barrels of pigs' cheeks, the nasal chanting of street-singers, who sang a come-all-you about O'Donovan Rossa, or a ballad about the troubles in our native land. These noises converged in a single sensation of life for me: I imagined that I bore my chalice safely through a throng of foes. Her name sprang to my lips at moments in strange prayers and praises which I myself did not understand. My eyes were often full of tears (I could not tell why) and at times a flood from my heart seemed to pour itself out into my bosom. I thought little of the future. I did not know whether I would ever speak to her or not or, if I spoke to her, how I could tell her of my confused adoration. But my body was like a harp and her words and gestures were like fingers running upon the wires.

她的形象在我身边萦绕不散，甚至最不浪漫的场合也是如此。每逢星期六晚上姨妈去市场买东西的时候，我都得跟着去替她拿包。我们在灯火通明的街道穿行，被醉汉和讨价还价的妇人们挤来挤去，周围充斥着工人们的咒骂声、肉店伙计们尖锐持续的叫卖声（他们立守在一桶桶的猪头旁边）以及街头卖唱艺人带着鼻音的哼唱声（他们或是唱着关于奥多诺万·罗萨的一首《大家都来吧》的曲子，或是唱着一首关于我们的祖国所遭受苦难的歌谣）。这些嘈杂声对我而言只汇成了一种生命感受：我想象着自己捧着圣杯安然无恙地从一大群敌人中间走过。念古怪的祈祷词和赞颂词的时候，我的嘴巴里总是蹦出她的名字，而我自己都不理解这些祈祷词和赞美词的意思。我的眼睛常常噙满泪水（我无法说清楚原因），有时，心中涌起的一种激情似乎想要喷薄而出，填满我的胸膛。我很少想到未来。我不知道我是否会和她说话，或者说，如果我要和她说话，我该如何告诉她我这种迷茫的爱恋。但是我的身体就像是一架竖琴，她的言谈和举止则像是划过那琴弦的手指。

One evening I went into the back drawing-room in which the priest had died. It was a dark rainy evening and there was no sound in the house. Through one of the broken panes I heard the rain impinge upon the earth, the fine incessant needles of water playing in the sodden beds. Some distant lamp or lighted window gleamed below

me. I was thankful that I could see so little. All my senses seemed to desire to veil themselves and, feeling that I was about to slip from them, I pressed the palms of my hands together until they trembled, murmuring: "O love! O love!" many times. At last she spoke to me. When she addressed the first words to me I was so confused that I did not know what to answer. She asked me was I going to Araby. I forgot whether I answered yes or no. It would be a splendid bazaar, she said she would love to go.

一天晚上，我走进了神父去世的那间起居室。那是一个昏黑的雨夜，房子里悄无声息。透过一块破了的窗玻璃，我听到了雨水敲打大地的声音，雨水就像细密连续的针脚，穿梭在雨水浸透的地床上。远处的某盏灯火或者某个亮灯的窗户在我的下方闪动。我很庆幸我能看到的只有这么多。我所有的感觉似乎都急欲要把它们自己遮掩起来，我感到自己马上就要从它们身边溜走，于是我把双手紧紧合十直到颤抖，嘴里轻声低语着："哦，爱人！哦，爱人！"重复了许多次。终于，她和我说话了。当她开始跟我说话时，我一时慌乱竟不知道该怎么来应答。她问我要去阿拉比吗。我忘了自己回答的是去还是不去。那是个非常好的集市，她说她很想去。

"And why can't you?" I asked.

"那你为什么不能去呢？"我问道。

While she spoke she turned a silver bracelet round and round her wrist. She could not go, she said, because there would be a retreat that week in her convent. Her brother and two other boys were fighting for their caps and I was alone at the railings. She held one of the spikes, bowing her head towards me. The light from the lamp opposite our door caught the white curve of her neck, lit up her hair that rested there and, falling, lit up the hand upon the railing. It fell over one side of her dress and caught the white border of a petticoat, just visible as she stood at ease.

她一边讲话，一边不停地转动着手腕上的一只银手镯。她不能去，她说，因为那个星期她所在的修道院会有一次静修活动。她的弟弟和另外两个男孩正在争抢帽子，我一个人在栏杆旁边。她抓着栏杆上的一个尖铁，头朝我的方向低着。我们房门对面的灯光映照出她脖颈白皙的曲线，照亮了散落在那里的发丝，接着往下，又照亮了栏杆上的那只手。灯光落在她衣裙的一侧，映照出了里面一个衬裙的白边，因为她以稍息姿势站在那里，刚好能够看得见。

"It's well for you," she said.

"对你来说情况就很不错。"她说。

"If I go," I said, "I will bring you something."

"我要去的话，"我说，"我会给你带点东西回来。"

What innumerable follies laid waste my waking and sleeping thoughts after that evening! I wished to annihilate the tedious intervening days. I chafed against the work of school. At night in my bedroom and by day in the classroom her image came between me and the page I strove to read. The syllables of the word Araby were called to me through the silence in which my soul luxuriated and cast an Eastern enchantment over me. I asked for leave to go to the bazaar on Saturday night. My aunt was surprised and hoped it was not some Freemason affair. I answered few questions in class. I watched my master's face pass from amiability to sternness; he hoped I was not beginning to idle. I could not call my wandering thoughts together. I had hardly any patience with the serious work of life which, now that it stood between me and my desire, seemed to me child's play, ugly monotonous child's play.

那天晚上之后，有多少个愚蠢的念头使我弃置了清醒时和睡眠时的所有其他想法！我幻想着能把中间那些令人生厌的日子抹掉。我焦躁地应付着学校的功课。晚上在卧室，白天在教室，她的形象总会出现在我和我尽力去读的书页之间。我的灵魂在一片静默中纵情享乐，“阿拉比”这个词的音节穿过这片静默，在我的耳畔回响着，把一种东方魔力施加在我的全身。我请假说要在星期六晚上去那个集市。姨妈很吃惊，并希望那不是共济会成员搞的那一套。我在课上几乎不回答什么问题。我看着老师的脸色从和蔼变成了严厉；他希望我没有在虚度时光。我无法把漫游的思绪集中起来。我几乎没有什么耐心去面对生活这桩严肃的差事；既然它挡在了我和我的欲望之间，那么对我来说，它就似乎只是儿戏，鄙陋单调的儿戏。

On Saturday morning I reminded my uncle that I wished to go to the bazaar in the evening. He was fussing at the hallstand, looking for the hat-brush, and answered me curtly:

星期六早上，我提醒姨父说我晚上想去集市。他正在门厅衣帽架那里翻找帽刷，所以很简短地应答道：

"Yes, boy, I know."

“好了，孩子，我知道了。”

As he was in the hall I could not go into the front parlour and lie at the window. I left the house in bad humour and walked slowly towards the school. The air was pitilessly raw and already my heart misgave me.

因为他在客厅，所以我无法到前厅去躺在窗边。我带着糟糕的心情离开了家，慢慢地朝学校走去。空气异常阴冷，我的心开始不安起来。

When I came home to dinner my uncle had not yet been home. Still it was early. I sat staring at the clock for some time and when its ticking began to irritate me, I left the room. I mounted the staircase

and gained the upper part of the house. The high cold empty gloomy rooms liberated me and I went from room to room singing. From the front window I saw my companions playing below in the street. Their cries reached me weakened and indistinct and, leaning my forehead against the cool glass, I looked over at the dark house where she lived. I may have stood there for an hour, seeing nothing but the brown-clad figure cast by my imagination, touched discreetly by the lamplight at the curved neck, at the hand upon the railings and at the border below the dress.

我回家吃晚饭的时候，姨父还没到家。不过时间还早。我坐着凝视了一会儿钟表，当表的滴答声开始让我心烦的时候，我离开了房间。我爬上楼梯，来到了房子的上面一层。那些又高又冷、空荡阴暗的房间一下子解放了我，我唱着歌从一个房间走到了另一个房间。从前面的窗户望出去，我看见伙伴们正在下面的街道上玩耍。他们的叫喊声传到我这里的时候变得微弱不清；我把额头抵在冷冰冰的玻璃上，朝她所居住的那座昏暗的房子望过去。我大概在那里站了有一个小时，看见的只有自己想象中勾画出来的那个身穿棕色衣裙的身影，被灯光小心地触碰着的那弯弯的脖颈，那搭在栏杆上的手，还有那衣裙下面的镶边。

When I came downstairs again I found Mrs. Mercer sitting at the fire. She was an old garrulous woman, a pawnbroker's widow, who collected used stamps for some pious purpose. I had to endure the gossip of the tea-table. The meal was prolonged beyond an hour and still my uncle did not come. Mrs. Mercer stood up to go: she was sorry she couldn't wait any longer, but it was after eight o'clock and she did not like to be out late as the night air was bad for her. When she had gone I began to walk up and down the room, clenching my fists. My aunt said:

我又到楼下的时候，看见默瑟太太坐在炉火边。她是个饶舌的老妇人，一个当铺老板的寡妇，为了某种虔诚的目的而收集那些用过的邮票。我不得不忍受茶桌边的闲言碎语。那顿饭拖延着吃了一个多小时，但姨父还没有回来。默瑟太太起身要走：她抱歉说她不能再等了，时间已过了八点，她不愿意很晚了还在外面呆着，因为夜间的空气不利于她的健康。她走了之后，我开始在屋子里走来走去，双手紧握成拳头。姨妈说：

"I'm afraid you may put off your bazaar for this night of Our Lord.”

“恐怕今天晚上你去不了集市了。”

At nine o'clock I heard my uncle's latchkey in the halldoor. I heard him talking to himself and heard the hallstand rocking when it had received the weight of his overcoat. I could interpret these signs. When he was midway through his dinner I asked him to give me the money to go to the bazaar. He had forgotten.

九点钟的时候，我听到了姨父用钥匙开门的声音。我听到他自言自语，听到他那厚重的大衣挂在衣帽架上时衣帽架晃动的声音。我能够领会这些迹象的含义。当他晚饭吃了一半的时候，我问他要钱好去集市。他早忘了。

"The people are in bed and after their first sleep now," he said.

“这会儿人们都上床睡醒一觉了。”他说。

I did not smile. My aunt said to him energetically:

我没有笑。姨妈激愤地冲他说道：

"Can't you give him the money and let him go? You've kept him late enough as it is.” My uncle said he was very sorry he had forgotten. He said he believed in the old saying: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." He asked me where I was going and, when I had told him a second time he asked me did I know The Arab's Farewell to his Steed. When I left the kitchen he was about to recite the opening lines of the piece to my aunt.

“难道你就不能给他钱让他去吗？你已经把他耽搁得够晚了。”姨父说他很抱歉他全忘了。他说他相信那句老话：“只学不耍，杰克变傻”。他问我要去哪里，我又告了他一遍，然后他问我是否知道《阿拉伯人告别坐骑》。当我离开厨房的时候，他正开始要给姨妈朗诵那首诗的开头几行。

I held a florin tightly in my hand as I strode down Buckingham Street towards the station. The sight of the streets thronged with buyers and glaring with gas recalled to me the purpose of my journey. I took my seat in a third-class carriage of a deserted train. After an intolerable delay the train moved out of the station slowly. It crept onward among ruinous house and over the twinkling river. At Westland Row Station a crowd of people pressed to the carriage doors; but the porters moved them back, saying that it was a special train for the bazaar. I remained alone in the bare carriage. In a few minutes the train drew up beside an improvised wooden platform. I passed out on to the road and saw by the lighted dial of a clock that it was ten minutes to ten. In front of me was a large building which displayed the magical name.

我把一弗罗林紧紧攥在手里，沿着白金汉街大步朝车站走去。挤满了购物者和闪烁着耀眼汽灯的街道提醒着我此次旅行的目的。我在一趟乘客稀少的列车的三等车厢里找到了自己的座位。经过了一段令人难熬的耽搁之后，列车缓缓地驶出了车站。它向前爬行着，穿过破败不堪的房屋，越过波光粼粼的河流。在韦斯特兰·罗车站，一大群人挤向车厢门口；但列车员却让他们退后，说这是一趟开往集市的专门列车。我依然独自呆在空荡荡的车厢里。几分钟之后，列车缓缓停靠在了一个临时搭建的木站台旁边。我走出车厢来到路上，看见一座时钟那被照亮的钟盘

上显示的时间是差十分十点钟。在我的面前是一幢大楼，显示着那个具有魔力的名字。

I could not find any sixpenny entrance and, fearing that the bazaar would be closed, I passed in quickly through a turnstile, handing a shilling to a weary-looking man. I found myself in a big hall girdled at half its height by a gallery. Nearly all the stalls were closed and the greater part of the hall was in darkness. I recognised a silence like that which pervades a church after a service. I walked into the centre of the bazaar timidly. A few people were gathered about the stalls which were still open. Before a curtain, over which the words Cafe Chantant were written in coloured lamps, two men were counting money on a salver. I listened to the fall of the coins.

我找不到出售六便士门票的入口，由于担心集市会关门，我便迅速穿过一个旋转栅门，把一先令递给了一个满脸倦容的人。我发现自己置身于一个大厅，它的半高处围有一圈货廊。几乎所有的摊位都关了，大厅的大部分区域都处于黑暗之中。我感受到了有如仪式之后弥漫在教堂中的那种静默。我胆怯地走入集市中央。几个人正聚集在那些依旧在营业的摊位前。在一个装饰有彩灯拼成的“迷人咖啡屋”字样的帘子前面，两个男人正在一个浅盘上数钱。我听到了那些硬币掉落的声音。

Remembering with difficulty why I had come I went over to one of the stalls and examined porcelain vases and flowered tea-sets. At the door of the stall a young lady was talking and laughing with two young gentlemen. I remarked their English accents and listened vaguely to their conversation.

我费了些劲才想起来这儿的原因，于是我走到一个摊位前，仔细看那些陶瓷花瓶和绘有花卉图案的茶具。在摊位门口，一位年轻女士正在和两个年轻绅士谈笑。我听出了他们的英格兰口音，然后模模糊糊地听起他们的谈话来。

"O, I never said such a thing!"

“哦，我从来没有说过那样的话！”

"O, but you did!"

“哦，但是你的确说了！”

"O, but I didn't!”

“哦，但是我没有！”

"Didn't she say that?”

“难道她没说过吗？”

"Yes. I heard her." "O, there's a... fib!”

“说过。我听见她说过。”“哦，这是……扯谎！”

Observing me the young lady came over and asked me did I wish to buy anything. The tone of her voice was not encouraging; she seemed to have spoken to me out of a sense of duty. I looked humbly at the great jars that stood like eastern guards at either side of the dark entrance to the stall and murmured:

那位年轻女士注意到了我，走过来问我是否想买什么东西。可她说话的语调并不希望我如此；她似乎只是出于一种责任感才和我说话。我谦卑地看着那个摊位光线昏暗的门口两边仿佛东方卫兵一样立着的大坛子，嘟哝道：

"No, thank you."

“不了，谢谢你。”

The young lady changed the position of one of the vases and went back to the two young men. They began to talk of the same subject. Once or twice the young lady glanced at me over her shoulder.

那位年轻女士挪动了一下一个花瓶的位置，然后又回到了那两个年轻男人身边。他们又开始谈论同一个话题。有一两回，那位年轻女士回过头来朝我瞅了瞅。

I lingered before her stall, though I knew my stay was useless, to make my interest in her wares seem the more real. Then I turned away slowly and walked down the middle of the bazaar. I allowed the two pennies to fall against the sixpence in my pocket. I heard a voice call from one end of the gallery that the light was out. The upper part of the hall was now completely dark.

我在她的摊位前逗留着（尽管我知道我呆在那里毫无用处），极力让自己对她店里商品的兴趣显得更加真实些。然后我慢慢转身离开，在集市中央走着。我任凭两个便士的硬币同六便士硬币在口袋里撞击着。我听到有个声音在货廊的一角喊了一声灭灯了。大厅上面的那部分现在完全陷入了黑暗。

Gazing up into the darkness I saw myself as a creature driven and derided by vanity; and my eyes burned with anguish and anger.

抬头凝视着那片黑暗，我觉得自己就是一个被虚荣驱使和愚弄的生物；我的双眼由于痛苦和愤怒而燃烧了起来。

CHAPTER 4 EVELINE

第四章 伊夫琳

SHE sat at the window watching the evening invade the avenue. Her head was leaned against the window curtains and in her nostrils was the odour of dusty cretonne. She was tired.

她坐在窗边，注视着夜色渐渐侵噬了大街。她的头斜靠在窗帘上，鼻孔里充斥着布满灰尘的印花棉布的气味。她累了。

Few people passed. The man out of the last house passed on his way home; she heard his footsteps clacking along the concrete pavement and afterwards crunching on the cinder path before the new red houses. One time there used to be a field there in which they used to play every evening with other people's children. Then a man from Belfast bought the field and built houses in it—not like their little brown houses but bright brick houses with shining roofs. The children of the avenue used to play together in that field—the Devines, the Waters, the Dunns, little Keogh the cripple, she and her brothers and sisters. Ernest, however, never played: he was too grown up. Her father used often to hunt them in out of the field with his blackthorn stick; but usually little Keogh used to keep nix and call out when he saw her father coming. Still they seemed to have been rather happy then. Her father was not so bad then; and besides, her mother was alive. That was a long time ago; she and her brothers and sisters were all grown up her mother was dead. Tizzie Dunn was dead, too, and the Waters had gone back to England. Everything changes. Now she was going to go away like the others, to leave her home.

很少有人经过。从最后那栋房子里出来的那个男人在回家的路上由此经过；她听到他的脚步声先是沿着水泥路面咔嗒咔嗒作响，然后又在那片新建的红房子前面的煤渣路上嘎吱嘎吱作响。从前那儿有一片场地，每天晚上他们都会在那里和其他人家的孩子们一起玩耍。后来，一个来自贝尔法斯特的人买下了那片地，在上面盖了些房子——不是他们那种褐色的小房子而是屋顶闪闪发光、颜色鲜亮的砖房。街上的孩子们过去常常在那片空地玩耍——迪瓦恩家的、沃特家的、邓恩家的、小瘸子基奥、她以及她的兄弟姐妹们。但欧内斯特却从来不玩：他太大了。她的父亲常常用他那根黑刺李树干做的手杖把他们从那片空地轰出去；不过通常小基奥会给他们望风，一旦看见她父亲来了就会大声喊叫。尽管如此，他们那时似乎还是非常快乐。她的父亲那时还不算太坏；而且她的母亲也还活着。那是很久以前了；她和她的兄弟姐妹都已长大，她的母亲已经去世。蒂奇·邓恩也死了，沃特一家则已经搬回了英格兰。一切都变了。如今，她也要走了，像其他人一样离开自己的家。

Home! She looked round the room, reviewing all its familiar objects which she had dusted once a week for so many years, wondering where on earth all the dust came from. Perhaps she would never see again those familiar objects from which she had never dreamed of being divided. And yet during all those years she had never found out the name of the priest whose yellowing photograph hung on the wall above the broken harmonium beside the coloured print of the promises made to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. He had been a school friend of her father. Whenever he showed the photograph to a visitor her father used to pass it with a casual word:

家！她环视着房间，再次审视着所有熟悉的物件，她每周一次为它们除尘已经有好多年了，她很奇怪到底从哪来的那么多灰尘。也许她将永远也看不到这些熟悉的物件了，她做梦都没想到过会和它们分开。不过，这么多年来，她一直都没搞清楚那个神父的名字。他那张发黄的照片挂在一架破风琴上方的墙上，旁边是耶稣对圣玛格丽特·玛丽·阿拉科克许诺的彩色图画。他是她父亲的一位校友。每当要给客人看这张照片的时候，她父亲总会一边递照片一边随口说道：

"He is in Melbourne now."

“他现在在墨尔本。”

She had consented to go away, to leave her home. Was that wise? She tried to weigh each side of the question. In her home anyway she had shelter and food; she had those whom she had known all her life about her. Of course she had to work hard, both in the house and at business. What would they say of her in the Stores when they found out that she had run away with a fellow? Say she was a fool, perhaps; and her place would be filled up by advertisement. Miss Gavan would be glad. She had always had an edge on her, especially whenever there were people listening.

她已经决意要走，离开她的家。这明智吗？她努力权衡着这个问题的各个方面。在她家里不管怎么说她都有吃有住；她身边还有那些从小一起长大的朋友。当然，她必须得努力干活，无论是在家里还是在工作的地方。要是他们发现她和一个男人跑了，商店里的人会怎么说她呢？会说她是个傻子，也许吧；她的空位会通过广告来找人填补。加万小姐会很高兴。她总是要占她的上风，尤其是有人在听她们说话的时候。

"Miss Hill, don't you see these ladies are waiting?”

“希尔小姐，难道你没看见这些女士都在等着吗？”

"Look lively, Miss Hill, please."

“显得精神点，希尔小姐，拜托了。”

She would not cry many tears at leaving the Stores.

离开商店她不会洒多少眼泪。

But in her new home, in a distant unknown country, it would not be like that. Then she would be married—she, Eveline. People would treat her with respect then. She would not be treated as her mother had been. Even now, though she was over nineteen, she sometimes felt herself in danger of her father's violence. She knew it was that that had given her the palpitations. When they were growing up he had never gone for her like he used to go for Harry and Ernest, because she was a girl but latterly he had begun to threaten her and say what he would do to her only for her dead mother's sake. And now she had nobody to protect her. Ernest was dead and Harry, who was in the church decorating business, was nearly always down somewhere in the country. Besides, the invariable squabble for money on Saturday nights had begun to weary her unspeakably. She always gave her entire wages—seven shillings—and Harry always sent up what he could but the trouble was to get any money from her father. He said she used to squander the money, that she had no head, that he wasn't going to give her his hard-earned money to throw about the streets, and much more, for he was usually fairly bad on Saturday night. In the end he would give her the money and ask her had she any intention of buying Sunday's dinner. Then she had to rush out as quickly as she could and do her marketing, holding her black leather purse tightly in her hand as she elbowed her way through the crowds and returning home late under her load of provisions. She had hard work to keep the house together and to see that the two young children who had been left to her charge went to school regularly and got their meals regularly. It was hard work—a hard life—but now that she was about to leave it she did not find it a wholly undesirable life.

但是在她的新家，在一个遥远陌生的国家，情况就不像这样了。到时候，她会结婚——她，伊夫琳。到时候人们会怀着敬意对待她。她不会遭受她母亲曾经有过的那种待遇。现在，尽管她已经过了十九岁，她有时还会感觉到自己有遭受父亲暴打的危险。她知道正是这个原因使得她总是心惊肉跳。在他们成长的过程中，他还从来没有像他打哈利和欧内斯特那样打过她，因为她是个女孩，但是最近他开始威胁她，说要不是因为她死去母亲他会如何对待她。而现在她找不到人来保护她。欧内斯特死了，而哈里干的是装修教堂的活儿，几乎总是在乡下的某个地方呆着。另外，每个星期六晚上为了钱而发生的争吵已经使她开始感到说不出的厌倦。她总是交出她全部的薪水——七先令——而哈里也总是尽其所能地寄钱回来，但问题是从她父亲那里要不到钱。他说她常常乱花钱，说她没有脑子，还说他不会把自己辛苦赚来的钱拿给她到街上去挥霍等等，因为星期六晚上他的情绪通常都特别坏。最终他会把钱给她并问她是否打算去买星期天晚饭吃的东西。然后她就飞快地冲出去买东西，手里紧紧地攥着黑色的皮钱夹，挤着穿过人群，然后背着各种食物很晚才回到家。她要辛苦工作来维持这个家，还要负责留给她照看的两个孩子按时上学，按时吃饭。工作很辛苦——生活也很辛苦——可现在

她即将离开的时候，她却发现这种生活并非完全不尽如人意。

She was about to explore another life with Frank. Frank was very kind, manly, open-hearted. She was to go away with him by the night-boat to be his wife and to live with him in Buenos Ayres where he had a home waiting for her. How well she remembered the first time she had seen him; he was lodging in a house on the main road where she used to visit. It seemed a few weeks ago. He was standing at the gate, his peaked cap pushed back on his head and his hair tumbled forward over a face of bronze. Then they had come to know each other. He used to meet her outside the Stores every evening and see her home. He took her to see The Bohemian Girl and she felt elated as she sat in an unaccustomed part of the theatre with him. He was awfully fond of music and sang a little. People knew that they were courting and, when he sang about the lass that loves a sailor, she always felt pleasantly confused. He used to call her Poppens out of fun. First of all it had been an excitement for her to have a fellow and then she had begun to like him. He had tales of distant countries. He had started as a deck boy at a pound a month on a ship of the Allan Line going out to Canada. He told her the names of the ships he had been on and the names of the different services. He had sailed through the Straits of Magellan and he told her stories of the terrible Patagonians. He had fallen on his feet in Buenos Ayres, he said, and had come over to the old country just for a holiday. Of course, her father had found out the affair and had forbidden her to have anything to say to him.

她就要和弗兰克一起去探索另一种生活了。弗兰克很和善，有男子汉气概，而且坦率热诚。她会和他乘坐夜间轮船离开，然后成为他的妻子，和他一起生活在布宜诺斯艾利斯，在那里他已经准备好了一个家在等着她。她依然清楚地记得她初次见他的情形；他当时正寄住在主路上的一栋房子里，那里她经常去。那似乎还是几个星期以前的事。他正站在门口，鸭舌帽推到后脑上，头发向前散在一张古铜色的脸上。然后他们就彼此认识了。他曾经每天晚上都在商店外面和她见面，然后送她回家。他带她去看《波西米亚女郎》；当她和他坐在剧院里难得的位置时，她感到非常开心。他非常喜欢音乐，而且还会唱上几段。人们知道他们在恋爱，而当他唱起关于姑娘爱上了水手的歌曲时，她却总是在高兴之余感到困惑。他常常出于好玩而叫她“小宝贝”。起初，对她而言有个男人作伴是一件值得兴奋的事；到后来，她开始喜欢上了他。他知道许多遥远国度的故事。他一开始在阿伦航线上一艘开往加拿大的轮船上做水手，一个月一英镑。他告诉她他曾呆过的轮船的名字以及他曾做过的不同活计的名称。他曾乘船经过麦哲伦海峡，他给她讲有关可怕的巴塔哥尼亚人的故事。他已经在布宜诺斯艾利斯站住了脚，他说，回到故国来只是为了度假。当然，她父亲已经发现了这件事，并禁止她再和他说话。

"I know these sailor chaps," he said.

“我了解这帮水手小子。”他说。

One day he had quarrelled with Frank and after that she had to meet her lover secretly.

有一天，他和弗兰克吵了一架。在那之后，她就只得和她的情人偷偷见面了。

The evening deepened in the avenue. The white of two letters in her lap grew indistinct. One was to Harry; the other was to her father. Ernest had been her favourite but she liked Harry too. Her father was becoming old lately, she noticed; he would miss her. Sometimes he could be very nice. Not long before, when she had been laid up for a day, he had read her out a ghost story and made toast for her at the fire. Another day, when their mother was alive, they had all gone for a picnic to the Hill of Howth. She remembered her father putting on her mother's bonnet to make the children laugh.

街上的夜色加深了。她腿上搁着的两封白色的信也变得模糊起来。一封是给哈里的；另一封是给她的父亲。欧内斯特曾经是她的最爱，不过她也喜欢哈里。她注意到，她的父亲近来变老了；他会想念她的。有时他人还是很好的。不久前，有一天她卧病在床，他给他读鬼故事，还在火上给她烤面包片吃。还有一天，他们的母亲还活着的时候，他们一家人去霍斯山上野餐。她记得父亲戴上母亲的圆帽逗孩子们笑。

Her time was running out but she continued to sit by the window, leaning her head against the window curtain, inhaling the odour of dusty cretonne. Down far in the avenue she could hear a street organ playing. She knew the air. Strange that it should come that very night to remind her of the promise to her mother, her promise to keep the home together as long as she could. She remembered the last night of her mother's illness; she was again in the close dark room at the other side of the hall and outside she heard a melancholy air of Italy. The organ-player had been ordered to go away and given sixpence. She remembered her father strutting back into the sickroom saying:

她的时间在一分一秒减少，可她还继续坐在窗户旁边，她的头斜靠在窗帘上，呼吸着布满灰尘的印花棉布的气味。窗外远处的大街上，她听到有人在演奏街头风琴。她知道那支曲子。很奇怪，它会在那个晚上响起，提醒她曾对母亲许过的誓言，她发誓有生之年都决不让家人分离。她想起了母亲病重的最后一晚；她也是呆在客厅一侧这间紧闭的黑屋子里，她听到外面传来了忧伤的意大利乐曲的声音。父亲给了那个演奏风琴的人六便士，然后喝斥他走开了。她记得父亲大步走回病室说道：

"Damned Italians! Coming over here!"

“该死的意大利佬！竟然到这儿来！”

As she mused the pitiful vision of her mother's life laid its spell on the very quick of her being—that life of commonplace sacrifices closing in final craziness. She trembled as she heard again her mother's voice saying constantly with foolish insistence:

当她沉思冥想的时候，母亲一生那可怜的情景震慑了她的灵魂深处——那是充满了平凡的牺牲而最后以疯狂结束的一生。她颤抖起来，因为她又听到了母亲的声音，带着愚昧的执着不断说着：

"Derevaun Seraun! Derevaun Seraun!" She stood up in a sudden impulse of terror. Escape! She must escape! Frank would save her. He would give her life, perhaps love, too. But she wanted to live. Why should she be unhappy? She had a right to happiness. Frank would take her in his arms, fold her in his arms. He would save her.

“我的宝贝!我的宝贝！”她突然感到一阵恐惧，站了起来。逃走！她必须要逃走！弗兰克会救她的。他会给她生活，也许还有爱。可是她想生活。为什么她就应该不幸福呢？她有权追求幸福。弗兰克会把她揽入怀中，把她抱在怀中。他会救她。

She stood among the swaying crowd in the station at the North Wall. He held her hand and she knew that he was speaking to her, saying something about the passage over and over again. The station was full of soldiers with brown baggages. Through the wide doors of the sheds she caught a glimpse of the black mass of the boat, lying in beside the quay wall, with illumined portholes. She answered nothing. She felt her cheek pale and cold and, out of a maze of distress, she prayed to God to direct her, to show her what was her duty. The boat blew a long mournful whistle into the mist. If she went, tomorrow she would be on the sea with Frank, steaming towards Buenos Ayres. Their passage had been booked. Could she still draw back after all he had done for her? Her distress awoke a nausea in her body and she kept moving her lips in silent fervent prayer.

她站在北墙码头站拥来拥去的人群中。他抓着她的手，她知道他在跟她说话，说有关这次旅行的什么事，一遍又一遍。站台挤满了掮着棕色行李的士兵。透过棚屋宽敞的房门，她瞥见了那艘船黑色的船身，在码头墙附近停泊着，船舱的窗孔里都亮着灯。她没有回答。她觉得自己的脸颊苍白而冰冷；出于一种痛苦的迷惘，她祈求上帝为她指引方向，为她指明什么是她的责任。轮船在迷雾中发出一声悠长的哀鸣。如果她走了，明天她就会在海上，和弗兰克一起，朝布宜诺斯艾利斯驶去。他们的船票早已经预订好了。在他为她做了所有这一切之后，她还能反悔吗？她的痛苦使她的内心感到一阵恶心，她不停地嚅动着嘴唇，默默地、热切地祈祷着。

A bell clanged upon her heart. She felt him seize her hand:

一阵铃声在心头叮当响起。她感觉到他抓住了她的手：

"Come!"

“来！”

All the seas of the world tumbled about her heart. He was drawing her into them: he would drown her. She gripped with both hands at the iron railing.

世间所有的海水在她的心里翻腾激荡。他正拉着她进入其中：他会把她淹死。她用双手紧紧地抓住了铁栏杆。

"Come!"

“来呀！”

No! No! No! It was impossible. Her hands clutched the iron in frenzy. Amid the seas she sent a cry of anguish.

不！不！不！这不可能！她的双手狂乱地抓着铁栏杆。在内心的波涛汹涌之中，她发出了一声痛苦的尖叫。

"Eveline! Evvy!"

“伊夫琳！伊薇！”

He rushed beyond the barrier and called to her to follow. He was shouted at to go on but he still called to her. She set her white face to him, passive, like a helpless animal. Her eyes gave him no sign of love or farewell or recognition.

他冲过栅栏，叫她跟上去。有人催叫他上船，可是他却仍然在呼唤她。她把苍白的脸冲着他，漠然无情，像一只无助的动物。她的眼睛传达给他的没有爱意，没有别情，也没有相识相知。

CHAPTER 5 AFTER THE RACE

第五章 车赛之后

THE cars came scudding in towards Dublin, running evenly like pellets in the groove of the Naas Road. At the crest of the hill at Inchicore sightseers had gathered in clumps to watch the cars careering homeward and through this channel of poverty and inaction the Continent sped its wealth and industry. Now and again the clumps of people raised the cheer of the gratefully oppressed. Their sympathy, however, was for the blue cars—the cars of their friends, the French.

几辆汽车朝都柏林疾驰而来，像凹槽中平稳滚动的弹珠一般行驶在纳斯路上。在因什科雷镇的小山顶上，观众们成群聚集在一起，观看这些汽车疾驶归来，通过这条贫穷和滞惰的通道，欧洲大陆加快了累积财富和发展工业的速度。断句应在"and through"之前不时地，聚集的人群中会传来甘愿受压迫的人们发出的欢呼声。然而，他们的支持是针对那些蓝色汽车的——那些汽车是他们的朋友法国人的。

The French, moreover, were virtual victors. Their team had finished solidly; they had been placed second and third and the driver of the winning German car was reported a Belgian. Each blue car, therefore, received a double measure of welcome as it topped the crest of the hill and each cheer of welcome was acknowledged with smiles and nods by those in the car. In one of these trimly built cars was a party of four young men whose spirits seemed to be at present well above the level of successful Gallicism: in fact, these four young men were almost hilarious. They were Charles Segouin, the owner of the car; Andre Riviere, a young electrician of Canadian birth; a huge Hungarian named Villona and a neatly groomed young man named Doyle. Segouin was in good humour because he had unexpectedly received some orders in advance (he was about to start a motor establishment in Paris) and Riviere was in good humour because he was to be appointed manager of the establishment; these two young men (who were cousins) were also in good humour because of the success of the French cars. Villona was in good humour because he had had a very satisfactory luncheon; and besides he was an optimist by nature. The fourth member of the party, however, was too excited to be genuinely happy.

再者，法国人是事实上的胜利者。他们的车队已经全部赛完了；他们取得了第二名和第三名，获得头名的德国汽车车手据称是一个比利时人。因此，每辆蓝色汽车到达山顶的时候都会受到双倍的欢迎，而每一声表示欢迎的欢呼都会被车内那些人回报以点头微笑。在这些造型整洁

的汽车中有一辆上面坐了四个年轻人，他们现在的兴致似乎远远高出了为庆贺法国人获胜而喜悦的程度：事实上，这四个年轻人几乎是在狂欢了。他们是查理·塞古因，这辆车的车主；安德烈·里维埃，一个出生于加拿大的年轻电工；一个大块头的匈牙利人，名叫维罗纳；还有一个外表整洁的年轻人，名叫多伊尔。参照《法语姓名译名表》Charles为夏尔，Segouin查不到。塞古因心情很好，因为他意外地收到了几份预订单（他正打算在巴黎开一家车行），而里维埃心情也很好则是因为他马上就要被任命为这家车行的经理；这两个年轻人（他们是表兄弟）心情好还因为法国汽车取得了胜利。维罗纳心情很好，因为他刚刚吃了一顿非常满意的午餐；再说，他从本性上讲就是个乐观主义者。然而，这帮人中的第四位成员却是太过兴奋了，以至于无法感受到真正的幸福。

He was about twenty-six years of age, with a soft, light brown moustache and rather innocent-looking grey eyes. His father, who had begun life as an advanced Nationalist, had modified his views early. He had made his money as a butcher in Kingstown and by opening shops in Dublin and in the suburbs he had made his money many times over. He had also been fortunate enough to secure some of the police contracts and in the end he had become rich enough to be alluded to in the Dublin newspapers as a merchant prince. He had sent his son to England to be educated in a big Catholic college and had afterwards sent him to Dublin University to study law. Jimmy did not study very earnestly and took to bad courses for a while. He had money and he was popular; and he divided his time curiously between musical and motoring circles. Then he had been sent for a term to Cambridge to see a little life. His father, remonstrative, but covertly proud of the excess, had paid his bills and brought him home. It was at Cambridge that he had met Segouin. They were not much more than acquaintances as yet but Jimmy found great pleasure in the society of one who had seen so much of the world and was reputed to own some of the biggest hotels in France. Such a person (as his father agreed) was well worth knowing, even if he had not been the charming companion he was. Villona was entertaining also—a brilliant pianist—but, unfortunately, very poor.

他大概26岁，蓄着浅棕色的柔软的小胡子，还长着一双看起来相当天真的灰眼睛。他的父亲——一开始是一位激进的民族主义者——早就改变了自己的观点。他先是在金斯敦当屠夫赚了钱，然后在都柏林及其郊区开商店，他又赚了好几倍的钱。他也很走运，得到了一些警界的合同，后来他变得非常富有，都柏林的报纸提到他时都称之为“商界王子”。他送他的儿子去英格兰的一所规模很大的天主教学院受教育，然后又送他到都柏林大学学习法律。吉米学习不是很认真，有一段时间还走上了邪路。他有钱，他很受人欢迎；他在音乐圈和汽车圈之间巧妙地分配自己的时间。然后他被送到剑桥呆了一个学期，见了见世面。他的父亲——对他的生活无度公开表示不满，但私下里却颇感自豪——为他付

清账单，然后把他领回了家。正是在剑桥他遇到了塞古因。他们也还只是认识而已，不过吉米却非常高兴能和这样一个已经见过很多世面、并且还以拥有法国最大的几家酒店而著称的人交往。这样一个人（他父亲也这样认为）是值得认识的，即使他过去并不是一位令人愉快的伙伴。维罗纳也很有趣——一个才华横溢的钢琴家——但，不幸的是，他非常穷。

The car ran on merrily with its cargo of hilarious youth. The two cousins sat on the front seat; Jimmy and his Hungarian friend sat behind. Decidedly Villona was in excellent spirits; he kept up a deep bass hum of melody for miles of the road. 原文中road一词后面应该有句号，现补出。 The Frenchmen flung their laughter and light words over their shoulders and often Jimmy had to strain forward to catch the quick phrase. This was not altogether pleasant for him, as he had nearly always to make a deft guess at the meaning and shout back a suitable answer in the face of a high wind. Besides Villona's humming would confuse anybody; the noise of the car, too.

汽车欢快地向前行驶，载着一帮兴高采烈的年轻人。那对表兄弟坐在前排座位；吉米和他的匈牙利朋友坐在后排。维罗纳的确兴致极高；沿途好几英里他一直都在用低沉的声音哼唱着一支曲子。两个法国人隔着肩头向后传递着他们的欢声和笑语，因此吉米常常不得不向前探着身子来捕捉那迅捷的话语。这对他来说一点都不舒服，因为他几乎总是不得不机敏地猜出对方的意思然后迎着大风喊着给出一个得体的回答。此外，维罗纳的哼唱声也让人烦乱；汽车的噪音也是。

Rapid motion through space elates one; so does notoriety; so does the possession of money. These were three good reasons for Jimmy's excitement. He had been seen by many of his friends that day in the company of these Continentals. At the control Segouin had presented him to one of the French competitors and, in answer to his confused murmur of compliment, the swarthy face of the driver had disclosed a line of shining white teeth. It was pleasant after that honour to return to the profane world of spectators amid nudges and significant looks. Then as to money—he really had a great sum under his control. Segouin, perhaps, would not think it a great sum but Jimmy who, in spite of temporary errors, was at heart the inheritor of solid instincts knew well with what difficulty it had been got together. This knowledge had previously kept his bills within the limits of reasonable recklessness, and if he had been so conscious of the labour latent in money when there had been question merely of some freak of the higher intelligence, how much more so now when he was about to stake the greater part of his substance! It was a serious thing for him.

穿过空间的急速运动使人兴奋；臭名昭著也是如此；拥有金钱也是如此。这些就是吉米感到兴奋的三个理由。那天他已经被许多朋友看到和这些欧洲大陆的朋友在一起。在赛车维修站，塞古因把他介绍给了一

位法国参赛者，听到他胡乱嘟哝的几句恭维话之后，那位车手黝黑的脸上现出了一线亮白的牙齿。受此礼遇之后再次回到世俗的观众之中，置身于他们推推搡搡和意味深长的目光之中——这是很令人愉快的。至于钱——他确实也有一大笔钱可以自己支配。塞古因也许并不认为那是一大笔钱，可吉米——尽管有时会犯错，但本质上还是颇具有踏实的天分——却清楚地知道这笔钱是费了多大的劲才攒起来的。清楚这一点一直使他的消费保持在合理的鲁莽范围之内；如果说当问题仅仅是需要些许理智时，他尚且能意识到这些钱里包含的辛苦，那么现在当他就要拿他财产的绝大部分去下赌注时，他更能意识到这一点！对他来说这可是一件严肃的事情。

Of course, the investment was a good one and Segouin had managed to give the impression that it was by a favour of friendship the mite of Irish money was to be included in the capital of the concern. Jimmy had a respect for his father's shrewdness in business matters and in this case it had been his father who had first suggested the investment; money to be made in the motor business, pots of money. Moreover Segouin had the unmistakable air of wealth. Jimmy set out to translate into days' work that lordly car in which he sat. How smoothly it ran. In what style they had come careering along the country roads! The journey laid a magical finger on the genuine pulse of life and gallantly the machinery of human nerves strove to answer the bounding courses of the swift blue animal.

当然了，这是一次不错的投资，塞古因还设法给他传达了这样的信息：正是因为朋友关系，他那点爱尔兰钱才会被纳入公司的资本中。吉米一直很敬佩父亲在处理商业事务方面的精明，在这件事上，正是他父亲首先建议他进行这项投资的；汽车行业会赚钱，很多很多的钱。不仅如此，塞古因完全是一副有钱人的派头。吉米开始把他正坐着的这辆有贵族气派的汽车当成是几天来的成就。它行驶得如此平稳。他们是以多么潇洒的姿态沿着乡村道路行驶而来！这一路行程把一根富有魔力的手指搭在了名副其实的生命脉搏上，而人类神经的机制则殷勤地努力迎合着这头身手迅捷的蓝色动物颠簸起伏的路线。

They drove down Dame Street. The street was busy with unusual traffic, loud with the horns of motorists and the gongs of impatient tram-drivers. Near the Bank Segouin drew up and Jimmy and his friend alighted. A little knot of people collected on the footpath to pay homage to the snorting motor. The party was to dine together that evening in Segouin's hotel and, meanwhile, Jimmy and his friend, who was staying with him, were to go home to dress. The car steered out slowly for Grafton Street while the two young men pushed their way through the knot of gazers. They walked northward with a curious feeling of disappointment in the exercise, while the city hung its pale globes of light above them in a haze of summer evening.

他们沿着戴姆街向前行驶。这条街上的交通异常繁忙，一片嘈杂，

充斥着汽车驾驶员按响的喇叭声和不耐烦的有轨电车司机揿动的铃铛声。在银行附近，塞古因停下了车，吉米和他的朋友下了车。一小拨人聚拢在人行道上，向这辆呼哧作响的汽车表示敬意。呼哧作响可能让人误以为汽车有故障这帮伙伴晚上要在塞古因的酒店一起吃饭，而吉米和他的朋友（和吉米住在一起）则先得回家去穿扮一下。车子慢慢地开出去向格拉夫顿街驶去，而两个年轻人则推挤着穿过旁观的人群。他们朝北走去，享受着这项运动带给他们的一种奇特的失落感，在夏日傍晚的雾霭中，这座城市也把一盏盏苍白的球形路灯悬在了他们的头顶上方。

In Jimmy's house this dinner had been pronounced an occasion. A certain pride mingled with his parents' trepidation, a certain eagerness, also, to play fast and loose for the names of great foreign cities have at least this virtue. Jimmy, too, looked very well when he was dressed and, as he stood in the hall giving a last equation to the bows of his dress tie, his father may have felt even commercially satisfied at having secured for his son qualities often unpurchaseable. His father, therefore, was unusually friendly with Villona and his manner expressed a real respect for foreign accomplishments; but this subtlety of his host was probably lost upon the Hungarian, who was beginning to have a sharp desire for his dinner.

在吉米的家里，这顿晚饭已经被宣布为一项重大活动。某种自豪感混杂在他父母的慌乱之中，还有某种迫切要去轻率从事的冲动，因为外国大城市的名字至少就有这种效力。吉米穿扮停当之后看上去也很有派头，当他站在大厅里最后整理礼服的蝴蝶领结时，他的父亲也许甚至会从商业的角度感到满意：自己替儿子弄到的，常常具有金钱都无法买到的品质。他的父亲因此对维罗纳也异常的友好，他的行为举止表现出了对在国外取得的成就真挚的崇拜；可主人的这种微妙含意很可能并没有在维罗纳身上奏效，因为这个匈牙利人已经开始热切地盼望着他的晚餐了。

The dinner was excellent, exquisite. Segouin, Jimmy decided, had a very refined taste. The party was increased by a young Englishman named Routh whom Jimmy had seen with Segouin at Cambridge. The young men supped in a snug room lit by electric candle lamps. They talked volubly and with little reserve. Jimmy, whose imagination was kindling, conceived the lively youth of the Frenchmen twined elegantly upon the firm framework of the Englishman's manner. A graceful image of his, he thought, and a just one. He admired the dexterity with which their host directed the conversation. The five young men had various tastes and their tongues had been loosened. Villona, with immense respect, began to discover to the mildly surprised Englishman the beauties of the English madrigal, deploring the loss of old instruments. Riviere, not wholly ingenuously, undertook to explain to Jimmy the triumph of the French mechanicians. The resonant voice of the Hungarian was about to

prevail in ridicule of the spurious lutes of the romantic painters when Segouin shepherded his party into politics. 诗琴（又译为“鲁特琴”），14-17世纪使用较多的一种形似吉他的半梨形拨弦乐器。 Here was congenial ground for all. Jimmy, under generous influences, felt the buried zeal of his father wake to life within him: he aroused the torpid Routh at last. The room grew doubly hot and Segouin's task grew harder each moment: there was even danger of personal spite. The alert host at an opportunity lifted his glass to Humanity and, when the toast had been drunk, he threw open a window significantly.

晚餐好极了，非常精致。（吉米认为）塞古因有十分高雅的品味。一行人中又多了一个年轻的英国人，名叫劳思，吉米在剑桥的时候曾见到过他和塞古因在一起。这帮年轻人在一间点着电烛灯的舒适包间里吃晚餐。他们滔滔不绝地谈论着，毫无保留地畅所欲言。吉米的想象力开始活跃起来，想象着法国人活泼的青春优雅地盘绕在英国人那刻板的行为准则上。一种优雅的形象，他自己的形象，他想，也是一种名副其实的形象。他敬佩他们的东道主引导谈话时的驾轻就熟。五个年轻人有着各自不同的品味，说话则都无所顾忌。维罗纳带着极大的敬意，开始给那个显得略微有些吃惊的英国人揭秘英国抒情短诗的诸多魅力，同时还对古老乐器的消失表示痛惜。里维埃则并非完全坦诚地开始给吉米解释这些法国技师们的胜利秘笈。那个匈牙利人讥讽着浪漫画家们空想出来的诗琴，他的洪亮嗓音即将占上风的时候，塞古因则引导着朋友们谈起了政治。这里对于所有在场的人而言都是一片和意融融的乐土。吉米，在宽松氛围的影响下，感觉到他父亲那种埋藏已久的热情在自己体内甦醒了过来：他终于让呆钝的劳思也变得激动起来。屋子里的气氛变得加倍热烈起来，塞古因的任务每时每刻都在变得更加艰巨：甚至有了进行恶意人身攻击的危险。机警的东道主借机举起酒杯提议向人性致意，干杯之后，他别有用意地推开了一扇窗。

That night the city wore the mask of a capital. The five young men strolled along Stephen's Green in a faint cloud of aromatic smoke. They talked loudly and gaily and their cloaks dangled from their shoulders. The people made way for them. At the corner of Grafton Street a short fat man was putting two handsome ladies on a car in charge of another fat man. The car drove off and the short fat man caught sight of the party.

那一夜，这座城市戴上了首都的面具。五个年轻人沿着斯蒂芬绿地漫步，周身包裹在一片散发着淡淡香气的雾霭之中。他们欢快地高谈阔论着，披在肩上的斗篷垂摆着。人们都为他们让路。在格拉夫顿街的拐角处，一个矮胖男子正在把两位漂亮女士扶上一辆汽车，开车的是另一个胖男人。车子开走了，矮胖男人注意到了这帮年轻人。

"Andre."

“安德烈。”

"It's Farley!”

“是法利啊！”

A torrent of talk followed. Farley was an American. No one knew very well what the talk was about. Villona and Riviere were the noisiest, but all the men were excited. They got up on a car, squeezing themselves together amid much laughter. They drove by the crowd, blended now into soft colours, to a music of merry bells. They took the train at Westland Row and in a few seconds, as it seemed to Jimmy, they were walking out of Kingstown Station. The ticket-collector saluted Jimmy; he was an old man:

一阵交谈随之而起。法利是一个美国人。没有人十分清楚谈话的内容。维罗纳和里维埃两个人最吵闹，不过所有的人都很兴奋。他们坐上了一辆汽车，在一片哄笑声中互相拥挤在一起。他们应和着悦耳的铃声驾车从人群边驶过，融入了柔和的色彩中。他们在韦斯特兰·罗车站坐上火车，然后对吉米来说好像只过了几秒钟他们就已在迈步走出金斯敦车站。检票员向吉米打招呼；他是个老头。

"Fine night, sir!"

“晚上好，先生！”

It was a serene summer night; the harbour lay like a darkened mirror at their feet. They proceeded towards it with linked arms, singing Cadet Roussel in chorus, stamping their feet at every: "Cadet Roussel"，法国童谣。

这是一个宁静的夏夜；港湾像一面暗淡的镜子横在他们脚边。他们朝港湾走去，互相挽着手臂，齐声合唱着《士官生鲁塞尔》，每次都跺着脚唱道：

"Ho! 原文为法语，译文中照搬过来，以体现原文语言杂合这一特征。 Ho! Hohe, vraiment!” 同上，意思是：“嗬！嗬！嗬嘿，真是好样的！” They got into a rowboat at the slip and made out for the American's yacht. There was to be supper, music, cards. Villona said with conviction:

"Ho!Ho! Hohe, vraiment!"他们上了码头边的一只划艇，然后奋力朝美国人的游艇划去。那里将会有宵夜、音乐和纸牌。维罗纳发自内心地说道：

"It is delightful!"

“它真棒！”

There was a yacht piano in the cabin. Villona played a waltz for Farley and Riviere, Farley acting as cavalier and Riviere as lady. Then an impromptu square dance, the men devising original figures. What merriment! Jimmy took his part with a will; this was seeing life, at least. Then Farley got out of breath and cried "Stop!" A man brought in a light supper, and the young men sat down to it for form's sake.

They drank, however: it was Bohemian. Bohemian，本意指“波西米亚人，波西米亚人的”，喻指“放荡不羁的文化人，放荡不羁的，反俗世陈规的”。 They drank Ireland, England, France, Hungary, the United States of America. Jimmy made a speech, a long speech, Villona saying: "Hear! Hear!"whenever there was a pause. 原文分段不当，现并为一段，但下面的空行无法删除。

船舱里有一架游艇钢琴。维罗纳为法利和里维埃弹奏了一曲华尔兹，法利充当骑士，里维埃充当贵妇人。然后是一场即兴的方形舞，男人们创造出了新颖的舞步。多么快乐啊！吉米尽情地参与其中；至少这是在增加阅历。终于法利变得上气不接下气，于是大声喊“停！”一个男人端进来一份清淡的宵夜，年轻人们就坐下来享用，不过只是走走形式而已。不过他们倒是喝酒了：一派波西米亚人的作风。他们喝着酒，为爱尔兰干杯，为英格兰干杯，为法国干杯，为匈牙利干杯，为美利坚合众国干杯。吉米发表了一番演说，一番冗长的演说，每当有所停顿的时候维罗纳就会说“听！听！”。

There was a great clapping of hands when he sat down. It must have been a good speech. Farley clapped him on the back and laughed loudly. What jovial fellows! What good company they were!

当他坐下的时候，传来了热烈的掌声。那肯定是一次不错的演讲。法利拍拍他的背，大声地笑着。多么快活的一帮人啊！他们是多么好的伙伴啊！

Cards! Cards! The table was cleared. cards首字母似应大写。 Villona returned quietly to his piano and played voluntaries for them. The other men played game after game, flinging themselves boldly into the adventure. They drank the health of the Queen of Hearts and of the Queen of Diamonds. Jimmy felt obscurely the lack of an audience: the wit was flashing. Play ran very high and paper began to pass. Jimmy did not know exactly who was winning but he knew that he was losing. But it was his own fault for he frequently mistook his cards and the other men had to calculate his I.O.U.'s for him. They were devils of fellows but he wished they would stop: it was getting late. Someone gave the toast of the yacht The Belle of Newport and then someone proposed one great game for a finish.

纸牌！纸牌！桌子被收拾干净。维罗纳安静地回到钢琴旁边，为他们弹奏起了自由调。其他人则一局接一局地打起纸牌来，肆意投入了这场赌局中。他们为红心王后和方块王后的健康干杯。吉米隐约感觉到开始缺乏判断力了：大脑正在发出警告。赌注升到了很高，纸钞开始传来传去。吉米不清楚到底谁是赢家，但他知道自己是在输钱。不过这是他自己的过错，因为他经常看错牌，别人还得替他计算欠条上的数额。他们是帮精力旺盛的人，可他却希望他们能停下来：时间已经很晚了。有人为这艘游艇“新港美人”干了一杯，然后有人提议再玩一局大的就结束。

The piano had stopped; Villona must have gone up on deck. It was a terrible game. They stopped just before the end of it to drink for luck. Jimmy understood that the game lay between Routh and Segouin. What excitement! Jimmy was excited too; he would lose, of course. How much had he written away? The men rose to their feet to play the last tricks, talking and gesticulating. 原文标点及断分错误，现改正并合为一处。

钢琴声已停止；维罗纳一定到甲板上去了。这是一场可怕的游戏。在游戏马上就要结束之前，他们停下来为运气干杯。吉米明白游戏会在劳思和塞古因之间见分晓。多兴奋啊！吉米也很兴奋；当然了，他是会输的。他记下多少欠账呢？大家起身来玩最后几把，边说边做着手势。

Routh won. The cabin shook with the young men's cheering and the cards were bundled together. They began then to gather in what they had won. Farley and Jimmy were the heaviest losers.

劳思赢了。船舱随着年轻人的欢呼声摇晃起来，纸牌被堆在了一起。接着他们开始统计各自的输赢结果。法利和吉米是输得最惨的两个人。

He knew that he would regret in the morning but at present he was glad of the rest, glad of the dark stupor that would cover up his folly. He leaned his elbows on the table and rested his head between his hands, counting the beats of his temples. The cabin door opened and he saw the Hungarian standing in a shaft of grey light:

他知道明天早上他会后悔，但现在他很高兴能休息了，很高兴昏天暗地的麻木状态掩盖了他的愚蠢。他双肘支在桌上，双手捧着脑袋，数着太阳穴的跳动次数。舱门打开了，他看见那个匈牙利人站在一缕灰色的光线中：

"Daybreak, gentlemen!"

"天亮了，先生们！”

CHAPTER 6 TWO GALLANTS

第六章 两个风流汉

THE grey warm evening of August had descended upon the city and a mild warm air, a memory of summer, circulated in the streets. The streets, shuttered for the repose of Sunday, swarmed with a gaily coloured crowd. Like illumined pearls the lamps shone from the summits of their tall poles upon the living texture below which, changing shape and hue unceasingly, sent up into the warm grey evening air an unchanging unceasing murmur.

灰色温暖的八月之夜已经降临到这座城市，一种柔和温暖的空气，一种夏天的记忆，散播在街道上。因为星期天是休息日，店铺都关了门，街道上挤满了着装艳丽的行人。仿佛发光的珍珠一样，路灯从它们那高高的灯杆顶端把光线洒向下面生动的尘世；而这生动的尘世则不停地变换着形状和色彩，向上给温暖灰色的夜空传送着一种一成不变、永不停歇的低语。

Two young men came down the hill of Rutland Square. One of them was just bringing a long monologue to a close. The other, who walked on the verge of the path and was at times obliged to step on to the road, owing to his companion's rudeness, wore an amused listening face. He was squat and ruddy. A yachting cap was shoved far back from his forehead and the narrative to which he listened made constant waves of expression break forth over his face from the corners of his nose and eyes and mouth. Little jets of wheezing laughter followed one another out of his convulsed body. His eyes, twinkling with cunning enjoyment, glanced at every moment towards his companion's face. Once or twice he rearranged the light waterproof which he had slung over one shoulder in toreador fashion. His breeches, his white rubber shoes and his jauntily slung waterproof expressed youth. But his figure fell into rotundity at the waist, his hair was scant and grey and his face, when the waves of expression had passed over it, had a ravaged look.

两个年轻男子从拉特兰广场的小山上走了下来。其中一个正要结束一段冗长的独白。另一个走在路沿上，但由于其同伴的粗鲁行为不时地被挤到路面上，他露出一副听得颇有兴致的样子。他身材矮胖，脸色红润。一顶游艇帽从前额推到很靠后脑的地方，他正在倾听的那番讲述让他脸上表情纹不断，波及鼻翼两侧还有眼角和嘴角。带着喘气的笑声一阵一阵地从他那颤抖的身体中迸发出来。他的眼睛闪动着狡黠的喜悦，不断地朝同伴的脸上瞥去。有一两次，他重新调整了一下那件浅色雨衣的位置，之前他一直像斗牛士那样把它搭在一侧肩上。他穿着的马裤和

白色胶鞋，还有那潇洒地搭在肩头上的雨衣，无一不彰显着年轻。但是他的身形在腰部趋于圆胖，他的头发稀疏灰白，而他的脸在表情纹扫过的时候则呈现出一种饱经沧桑的样子。

When he was quite sure that the narrative had ended he laughed noiselessly for fully half a minute. Then he said:

当他十分确信讲述已经结束的时候，他不出声地笑了足足有半分钟。然后他说道：

"Well!... That takes the biscuit!" His voice seemed winnowed of vigour; and to enforce his words he added with humour:

“哇噢！……那真是惊人之举！”他的声音似乎缺乏力度；为了加强话语的效果，他又语带幽默地补充道：

"That takes the solitary, unique, and, if I may so call it, recherche biscuit!" 口语里已经陈述的部分不能用括号

“那真是唯一的、独特的，而且，如果我可以这样形容它的话，罕有的惊人之举！”

He became serious and silent when he had said this. His tongue was tired for he had been talking all the afternoon in a public-house in Dorset Street. Most people considered Lenehan a leech but, in spite of this reputation, his adroitness and eloquence had always prevented his friends from forming any general policy against him. He had a brave manner of coming up to a party of them in a bar and of holding himself nimbly at the borders of the company until he was included in a round. He was a sporting vagrant armed with a vast stock of stories, limericks and riddles. He was insensitive to all kinds of discourtesy. No one knew how he achieved the stern task of living, but his name was vaguely associated with racing tissues.

说完这些之后，他变得严肃沉默起来。他的舌头累了，因为整个下午在多塞特街上的一家酒馆里他一直都在说话。大多数人都认为雷尼汉是个寄生虫，不过尽管有这样的名声，他的精明善辩却总是让他的朋友们难以形成任何反对他的统一立场。他有一种无畏的风度：在酒吧里他会凑近一帮人，然后机敏地守在一旁，直到他们请他加入请客的轮次之中。他是个喜欢冒险的游荡汉，脑子里存有大量的故事、打油诗和谜语。对于各种无礼的行为，他都无动于衷。没人知道他是怎样应对严酷的生活，不过他的名字多少会让人联想起跑马彩票。

"And where did you pick her up, Corley?" he asked.

“科利，你在什么地方认识她的？”他问道。

Corley ran his tongue swiftly along his upper lip.

科利用舌头飞快地舔了舔上嘴唇。

"One night, man," he said, "I was going along Dame Street and I

spotted a fine tart under Waterhouse's clock and said good-night, you know. So we went for a walk round by the canal and she told me she was a slavey in a house in Baggot Street. I put my arm round her and squeezed her a bit that night. Then next Sunday, man, I met her by appointment. We went out to Donnybrook and I brought her into a field there. She told me she used to go with a dairyman.... It was fine, man. Cigarettes every night she'd bring me and paying the tram out and back. And one night she brought me two bloody fine cigars—O, the real cheese, you know, that the old fellow used to smoke.... I was afraid, man, she'd get in the family way. But she's up to the dodge.”

“有一天晚上，伙计，”他说，“我正沿着戴姆街往前走，猛然就看见一个漂亮妞站在沃特豪斯公司的大钟下面，然后我就冲她说了声晚上好，你知道。于是我们就到运河旁边散了会儿步，她告诉我说她在位于巴哥特大街的一户人家做打杂女仆。那天晚上，我用胳膊搂着她，紧抱着她好一会儿。然后第二个星期天，伙计，我就是和她约好见面的了。我们去了唐尼布鲁克，我把她带进了那里的一块空地。她告诉我说她过去常和一个牛奶工一起到那里……很不错，伙计。每天晚上她都会带香烟给我，还付来回的电车票钱。有一天晚上，她给我拿来两根绝好的雪茄——啊，真是好东西，你知道，是老家伙过去常抽的那种……当时我还担心，伙计，她是不是怀孕了呢。不过她该想法避免的。”

"Maybe she thinks you'll marry her," said Lenehan.

“也许她觉得你会娶她吧。”雷尼汉说道。

"I told her I was out of a job," said Corley. "I told her I was in Pim's. She doesn't know my name. I was too hairy to tell her that. But she thinks I'm a bit of class, you know.”

“我告诉她我没有工作。”科利说，“我告诉她我眼下是在皮姆公司做事。她不知道我的名字。我太毛糙了所以忘了告诉她。不过她觉得我还挺有派头。”

Lenehan laughed again, noiselessly.

雷尼汉又笑了起来，还是毫不出声。

"Of all the good ones ever I heard," he said, "that emphatically takes the biscuit."

“在我听说过的所有好事中，”他说，“这一件可真是好得没法说了。”

Corley's stride acknowledged the compliment. The swing of his burly body made his friend execute a few light skips from the path to the roadway and back again. Corley was the son of an inspector of police and he had inherited his father's frame and gut. He walked with his hands by his sides, holding himself erect and swaying his head from side to side. His head was large, globular and oily; it sweated in

all weathers; and his large round hat, set upon it sideways, looked like a bulb which had grown out of another. He always stared straight before him as if he were on parade and, when he wished to gaze after someone in the street, it was necessary for him to move his body from the hips. At present he was about town. Whenever any job was vacant a friend was always ready to give him the hard word. He was often to be seen walking with policemen in plain clothes, talking earnestly. He knew the inner side of all affairs and was fond of delivering final judgments. He spoke without listening to the speech of his companions. His conversation was mainly about himself what he had said to such a person and what such a person had said to him and what he had said to settle the matter. When he reported these dialogues he aspirated the first letter of his name after the manner of Florentines.

科利昂首阔步，坦然接受了这番恭维话。他那高大魁梧的身体左右摇摆着，使得他的朋友在人行道和马路之间来回小跳了好几次。科利是一位警务督察的儿子，他继承了父亲的体格和胆量。他走路时两手叉腰，身体笔直，脑袋摇来晃去。他的头很大，圆乎乎、油光光的；不管什么天气它总爱出汗；他那顶大圆帽斜戴在头上，看起来就像是从一个球体上又长出了一个球体。他总是直视前方，仿佛在接受检阅，当他想要盯着街上的某个人看时，他就必须得扭动他的腰。眼下他正在城里四处转悠。每当有什么工作缺人，总会有某个朋友一本正经劝他去做。人们常常能看见他和便衣警察们走在一起，严肃认真地说着话。他了解所有事情的内幕，并且喜欢盖棺定论。他说话的时候并不听同行的伙伴们在说什么。他的谈话大多是关于他自己：他和某人说什么了，那个人和他说什么了，最后他又是怎么说的才解决了那件事。当他讲述这些对话时，他会像佛罗伦萨人那样把自己名字的第一个字母发成送气音。

Lenehan offered his friend a cigarette. As the two young men walked on through the crowd Corley occasionally turned to smile at some of the passing girls but Lenehan's gaze was fixed on the large faint moon circled with a double halo. He watched earnestly the passing of the grey web of twilight across its face. At length he said:

雷尼汉递给他朋友一支香烟。当两个年轻人穿过人群继续往前走的时候，科利不时地扭头冲着一些路过的女孩微笑，而雷尼汉的目光却一直停留在那大而朦胧、有两层光环围绕着的月亮上。他认真地注视着暮色的灰网从月亮前面经过。最后他才说道：

"Well... tell me, Corley, I suppose you'll be able to pull it off all right, eh?”

“呃……告诉我，科利，我想你能把这件事做成对吧？”

Corley closed one eye expressively as an answer.

科利颇有深意地闭上一只眼作为回答。

"Is she game for that?" asked Lenehan dubiously. "You can never know women."

“她有那个意思吗？”雷尼汉怀疑地问道，“你永远都弄不懂女人的。”

"She's all right," said Corley. "I know the way to get around her, man. She's a bit gone on me.” "You're what I call a gay Lothario," said Lenehan. "And the proper kind of a Lothario, too!"

“没问题。”科利说，“我知道用什么办法哄她，伙计。她对我挺着迷的。”“你就是我说的那种快乐的罗萨里奥式的人物。”雷尼汉说，“而且还是一个彻头彻尾的罗萨里奥！”

A shade of mockery relieved the servility of his manner. To save himself he had the habit of leaving his flattery open to the interpretation of raillery. But Corley had not a subtle mind.

些许嘲讽减轻了他态度中的过度逢迎。为了给自己留有余地，他已习惯于把自己的奉承话说得听起来像揶揄。可是科利的脑子却没有那么灵敏。

"There's nothing to touch a good slavey," he affirmed. "Take my tip for it."

“这没什么，只不过是触动了一个还算不赖的女仆的心。”他肯定地说道，“在这事上你记住我的经验就行了。”

"By one who has tried them all," said Lenehan.

“这可是一个让她们每个人都动了心的人的经验。”雷尼汉说。

"First I used to go with girls, you know," said Corley, unbosoming; "girls off the South Circular. I used to take them out, man, on the tram somewhere and pay the tram or take them to a band or a play at the theatre or buy them chocolate and sweets or something that way. I used to spend money on them right enough," he added, in a convincing tone, as if he was conscious of being disbelieved.

“起先我常常和姑娘们出去，你知道，”科利开诚布公地说道，“是那些南环路上的姑娘。我常常带她们出去，伙计，坐着电车去个地方，我付车钱，或者带她们到剧院去听乐队演出或是看戏，或者给她们买巧克力和糖果之类的东西。我那会儿花在她们身上的钱可真不算少，”他用一种令人信服的语调补充道，仿佛他意识到会被人怀疑似的。

But Lenehan could well believe it; he nodded gravely.

不过雷尼汉还是很相信这些话的；他严肃地点了点头。

"I know that game," he said, "and it's a mug's game.”

“我知道那档子事，”他说，“那可是无利可图的事。”

"And damn the thing I ever got out of it," said Corley.

“让这些往事见鬼去吧。”科利说道。

"Ditto here," said Lenehan.

“就是嘛。”雷尼汉说。

"Only off of one of them," said Corley.

“只勾搭上了她们中的一个。”科利说。

He moistened his upper lip by running his tongue along it. The recollection brightened his eyes. He too gazed at the pale disc of the moon, now nearly veiled, and seemed to meditate.

他伸出舌头润了一圈上唇。回忆点亮了他的眼睛。他也凝视着几乎被遮住了的月亮那苍白的圆盘，似乎陷入了沉思。

"She was... a bit of all right," he said regretfully.

“她……还算不错吧，”他不无遗憾地说道。

He was silent again. Then he added:

他又沉默不语。然后他补充道：

"She's on the turf now. I saw her driving down Earl Street one night with two fellows with her on a car.”

“她现在开始做皮肉生意了。有一天晚上，我看见她开车沿着公爵街驶去，车上还坐着两个男人。”

"I suppose that's your doing," said Lenehan.

“我想那是你干的好事吧。”雷尼汉说。

"There was others at her before me," said Corley philosophically.

“在我之前就有别人跟她好过了。”科利泰然自若地说道。

This time Lenehan was inclined to disbelieve. He shook his head to and fro and smiled.

这一次雷尼汉开始有些不相信了。他摇了摇头，笑了。

"You know you can't kid me, Corley," he said.

“你知道你骗不了我，科利。”他说道。

"Honest to God!" said Corley. "Didn't she tell me herself?”

“我向上帝发誓！”科利说，“难道不是她自己告诉我的吗？”

Lenehan made a tragic gesture.

雷尼汉做了个悲叹的手势。

"Base betrayer!" he said.

“卑鄙的负心汉！”他说。

As they passed along the railings of Trinity College, Lenehan skipped out into the road and peered up at the clock.

当他们经过三一学院的围栏时，雷尼汉跳到了马路上，抬头瞥了一眼大钟。

"Twenty after," he said.

“过了二十分钟了。”他说。

"Time enough," said Corley. "She'll be there all right. I always let her wait a bit.” Lenehan laughed quietly.

“时间够用。”科利说道，“她肯定会在那儿等着。我总是让她多等一会儿。”雷尼汉轻声笑了。

"Ecod! Corley, you know how to take them," he said. "I'm up to all their little tricks," Corley confessed.

“哎呦！科利，你还真知道怎么对付她们呀。”他说。“我对她们那些小把戏都很在行。”科利坦白地说道。

"But tell me," said Lenehan again, "are you sure you can bring it off all right? You know it's a ticklish job. They're damn close on that point. Eh?... What?”

“不过告诉我，”雷尼汉又说道。“你确信你能做成这件事？你知道这可是件棘手的事。到现在这份上她们可都会变得特缠人的。嗳？……怎么了？”

His bright, small eyes searched his companion's face for reassurance. Corley swung his head to and fro as if to toss aside an insistent insect, and his brows gathered.

他那双明亮的小眼睛探寻着同伴的脸，试图得到确定的答案。科利来回摇了摇头，仿佛是想甩掉一只盘旋不去的飞虫，他的眉毛皱了起来。

"I'll pull it off," he said. "Leave it to me, can't you?”

“我会搞定的。”他说，“让我自己来对付它，好吧？”

Lenehan said no more. He did not wish to ruffle his friend's temper, to be sent to the devil and told that his advice was not wanted. A little tact was necessary. But Corley's brow was soon smooth again. His thoughts were running another way.

雷尼汉不再说什么了。他不希望扰乱朋友的心情，不希望挨骂，也不希望听到自己的建议是多余的。看来一点小技巧是必要的。不过科利的眉头很快又舒展了开来。他的想法正在另一条思路上驰骋着。

"She's a fine decent tart," he said, with appreciation; "that's what she is.”

“她是个漂亮得体的姑娘，”他很欣赏地说道，“那就是她的本色。”

They walked along Nassau Street and then turned into Kildare Street. Not far from the porch of the club a harpist stood in the roadway, playing to a little ring of listeners. He plucked at the wires heedlessly, glancing quickly from time to time at the face of each newcomer and from time to time, wearily also, at the sky. His harp, too, heedless that her coverings had fallen about her knees, seemed weary alike of the eyes of strangers and of her master's hands. One hand played in the bass the melody of Silent, O Moyle, while the other hand careered in the treble after each group of notes. The notes of the air sounded deep and full.

他们沿拿骚街走着，然后拐到了基尔代尔街上。在离俱乐部门廊不远的地方，一个弹竖琴的人站在路上，正为一小圈听众演奏着。他心不在焉地拨弄着琴弦，一边不时厌倦地飞快扫视着每一位新加入的听众的脸，一边又同样厌倦地飞快扫视一下天空。他的竖琴（表面的涂层已经剥落到了角撑处）也似乎对陌生人的目光和主人的双手都感到了厌倦。一只手在低音部弹奏着《安静，啊，莫伊尔》的曲调，而另一只手在每弹完一小节音符之后则会到高音部飞快地划一下。那曲调的音符听起来深沉而饱满。

The two young men walked up the street without speaking, the mournful music following them. When they reached Stephen's Green they crossed the road. Here the noise of trams, the lights and the crowd released them from their silence.

两个年轻人沿着这条街往前走去，都一言不发，悲伤的音乐跟在他们身后。当到达斯蒂芬绿地的时候，他们过了马路。在这里，电车的噪响声、灯光还有人群使他们从沉默中摆脱了出来。

"There she is!" said Corley.

“她在那儿！”科利说。

At the corner of Hume Street a young woman was standing. She wore a blue dress and a white sailor hat. She stood on the curbstone, swinging a sunshade in one hand. Lenehan grew lively.

在休姆街的拐角处，一个年轻女子正站在那里。她身穿一件蓝色的连衣裙，头戴一顶白色的水手帽。她站在路沿上，一只手里摇晃着一把遮阳伞。雷尼汉一下子变得活跃起来。

"Let's have a look at her, Corley," he said.

“让我们好好瞧瞧她，科利。”他说。

Corley glanced sideways at his friend and an unpleasant grin appeared on his face.

科利斜眼看了一下他的朋友，一丝不悦的笑容浮现在他的脸上。

"Are you trying to get inside me?" he asked.

“你打算插我一腿吗？”他问道。

"Damn it!" said Lenehan boldly, "I don't want an introduction. All I want is to have a look at her. I'm not going to eat her.”

“去你的吧！”雷尼汉粗率地说，“我根本就不想认识她。我就是想看看她。我不会吃了她的。”

"O... A look at her?" said Corley, more amiably. "Well... I'll tell you what. I'll go over and talk to her and you can pass by.”

“哦……看看她？”科利说道，语气友好了一些，“好吧……我告诉你怎么做。我先走过去和她说话，然后你可以从旁边经过。”

"Right!" said Lenehan.

“行啊！”雷尼汉说。

Corley had already thrown one leg over the chains when Lenehan called out:

科利一条腿已经迈过铁链，这时就听见雷尼汉喊道：

"And after? Where will we meet?" "Half ten," answered Corley, bringing over his other leg.

“然后呢？我们在什么地方碰头？”“十点半。”科利回答道，同时另一条腿也跨了过去。

"Where?"

“在哪儿？”

"Corner of Merrion Street. We'll be coming back.” "Work it all right now," said Lenehan in farewell.

“梅里恩街拐角。我们会回到那儿。”“那现在就好好干活吧。”雷尼汉话别道。

Corley did not answer. He sauntered across the road swaying his head from side to side. His bulk, his easy pace, and the solid sound of his boots had something of the conqueror in them. He approached the young woman and, without saluting, began at once to converse with her. She swung her umbrella more quickly and executed half turns on her heels. Once or twice when he spoke to her at close quarters she laughed and bent her head.

科利没有答话。他悠闲地穿过马路，脑袋来回摇晃着。他那块头、他那轻松的步伐以及他那靴子发出的结实的声响都很有点征服者的做派。他走近那位年轻女子，没有打招呼就直接开始和她说起话来。她摇晃阳伞的速度更快了，脚跟点着地，身体左右转动着。有一两次，当他靠得很近和她说话时，她大笑起来并低下了头。

Lenehan observed them for a few minutes. Then he walked rapidly along beside the chains at some distance and crossed the road obliquely. As he approached Hume Street corner he found the air heavily scented and his eyes made a swift anxious scrutiny of the young woman's appearance. She had her Sunday finery on. Her blue serge skirt was held at the waist by a belt of black leather. The great silver buckle of her belt seemed to depress the centre of her body, catching the light stuff of her white blouse like a clip. She wore a short black jacket with mother-of-pearl buttons and a ragged black boa. The ends of her tulle collarette had been carefully disordered and a big bunch of red flowers was pinned in her bosom stems upwards. Lenehan's eyes noted approvingly her stout short muscular body. Rank rude health glowed in her face, on her fat red cheeks and in her unabashed blue eyes. Her features were blunt. She had broad nostrils, a straggling mouth which lay open in a contented leer, and two projecting front teeth. As he passed Lenehan took off his cap and, after about ten seconds, Corley returned a salute to the air. This he did by raising his hand vaguely and pensively changing the angle of position of his hat.

雷尼汉观察了他们有好几分钟。然后他迅速地沿着铁链走了一截之后躲躲闪闪地过了马路。当他走近休姆街拐角的时候，他觉察到空气中有浓重的香水味，他的眼睛快速而急切地打量了一下那个年轻女子的容貌。她身着礼拜日的盛装。她那件蓝色哔叽裙的腰身处系了一根黑色的皮带。皮带上那个银色的大搭扣似乎压住了她身体的中心，像一个夹子似的束住了她那白衬衫的轻薄衣料。她穿着一件黑色短夹克，上面缀着珠母纽扣，还围着一条破旧的黑色长围巾。她那绢纱衣领的两头被有意弄乱了，一大束红花倒别在她的胸前。雷尼汉的眼睛满是赞赏地注视着她那结实矮小、肌肉发达的身体。她的脸、她那胖嘟嘟的红脸颊以及她那毫不畏生的蓝眼睛都闪耀着十足的健康。她相貌粗笨。她长着宽大的鼻孔，嘴巴也不周正；在她心满意足地斜睨时，她的嘴巴会张开，露出两颗突出的门牙。当他经过的时候，雷尼汉脱帽致意，过了大约十秒钟之后，科利才冲着空中回了礼。他这回礼也就是含含糊糊、若有所思地抬起手动了动帽子而已。

Lenehan walked as far as the Shelbourne Hotel where he halted and waited. After waiting for a little time he saw them coming towards him and, when they turned to the right, he followed them, stepping lightly in his white shoes, down one side of Merrion Square. As he walked on slowly, timing his pace to theirs, he watched Corley's head which turned at every moment towards the young woman's face like a big ball revolving on a pivot. He kept the pair in view until he had seen them climbing the stairs of the Donnybrook tram; then he turned about and went back the way he had come.

雷尼汉一直走到谢尔本饭店附近才停下来开始等着。等了一会儿，

他看见他们俩朝自己走来，在他们拐向右边之后，他便跟了上去；他脚穿白鞋，沿着梅里恩广场的一侧步履轻盈地走着。他慢慢地往前走着，让自己的步调和他们保持一致，他看见科利的脑袋不断地转向那个女人的脸，看上去就像是一个大球在绕着一个中轴转动。他始终让他们俩保持在自己的视线之内，直到他看见他们登上了开往唐尼布鲁克的电车；然后他才转身沿着来时路往回走。

Now that he was alone his face looked older. His gaiety seemed to forsake him and, as he came by the railings of the Duke's Lawn, he allowed his hand to run along them. The air which the harpist had played began to control his movements. His softly padded feet played the melody while his fingers swept a scale of variations idly along the railings after each group of notes.

现在他独自一人了，他的脸看上去显得有些苍老。那股高兴劲似乎开始离他而去，当他从公爵草坪的围栏旁经过时，他一路用手拨弄着栏杆。那个竖琴手刚刚演奏的曲调开始控制他的举动。他那穿着柔适的双脚踩着那支曲子的节拍，而他的手指则在每一组音符之后都会懒散地在栏杆上扫过一组变奏音阶。

He walked listlessly round Stephen's Green and then down Grafton Street. Though his eyes took note of many elements of the crowd through which he passed they did so morosely. He found trivial all that was meant to charm him and did not answer the glances which invited him to be bold. He knew that he would have to speak a great deal, to invent and to amuse and his brain and throat were too dry for such a task. The problem of how he could pass the hours till he met Corley again troubled him a little. He could think of no way of passing them but to keep on walking. He turned to the left when he came to the corner of Rutland Square and felt more at ease in the dark quiet street, the sombre look of which suited his mood. He paused at last before the window of a poor-looking shop over which the words Refreshment Bar were printed in white letters. On the glass of the window were two flying inscriptions: Ginger Beer and Ginger Ale. A cut ham was exposed on a great blue dish while near it on a plate lay a segment of very light plum-pudding. He eyed this food earnestly for some time and then, after glancing warily up and down the street, went into the shop quickly.

他百无聊赖地绕过斯蒂芬绿地，然后走到了格拉夫顿大街上。从人群中经过时尽管他的眼睛注意到了它的形形色色，但却是充满阴郁的一种注意。他发觉一切意欲吸引他的东西都琐屑不堪，对于那些诱惑他去鲁莽行事的眼神他也不予理睬。他知道那会意味着他得说很多话，得去胡编乱造，得去逗人开心，可他的脑子和喉咙现在都干涩得很，根本不适合去做这种事。如何打发与科利碰头之前的这几个小时是个问题，多少有点让他感到困扰。他想不出别的什么办法来打发这些时间，只能继续往前走。当他来到拉特兰广场一角的时候，他向左拐了进去，黑暗静

谧的街道让他感觉舒服了许多，阴沉的氛围正好契合了他的心情。最后他在一家样子寒酸的店铺前面停了下来，在橱窗上方有用白色字母印制的“点心酒吧”的字样。在橱窗玻璃上则有两组书写潦草的文字：“姜汁啤酒”和“姜汁麦芽酒”。一块切开的火腿摆在一个蓝色的大盘子上，旁边的一个盘子上则放着一块非常清淡的葡萄干布丁。他热切地盯着这些食物看了好一会儿，接着他警觉地朝街上四下看了一番，之后迅速走进了那家店铺。

He was hungry for, except some biscuits which he had asked two grudging curates to bring him, he had eaten nothing since breakfast-time. He sat down at an uncovered wooden table opposite two work-girls and a mechanic. A slatternly girl waited on him.

他饿了，因为除了几块饼干（是他求两个老大不愿意的酒保招待拿给他的）之外，从早饭到现在他什么也没吃。他在一张没铺台布的木桌旁边坐下，对面是两个年轻女工和一个技工。一个邋里邋遢的女孩过来招待他。

"How much is a plate of peas?" he asked.

“多少钱一盘豌豆？”他问道。

"Three halfpence, sir," said the girl.

“三个半便士，先生。”女孩答道。

"Bring me a plate of peas," he said, "and a bottle of ginger beer."

“给我来一盘豌豆，”他说，“还有一瓶姜汁啤酒。”

He spoke roughly in order to belie his air of gentility for his entry had been followed by a pause of talk. His face was heated. To appear natural he pushed his cap back on his head and planted his elbows on the table. The mechanic and the two work-girls examined him point by point before resuming their conversation in a subdued voice. The girl brought him a plate of grocer's hot peas, seasoned with pepper and vinegar, a fork and his ginger beer. He ate his food greedily and found it so good that he made a note of the shop mentally. When he had eaten all the peas he sipped his ginger beer and sat for some time thinking of Corley's adventure. In his imagination he beheld the pair of lovers walking along some dark road; he heard Corley's voice in deep energetic gallantries and saw again the leer of the young woman's mouth. This vision made him feel keenly his own poverty of purse and spirit. He was tired of knocking about, of pulling the devil by the tail, of shifts and intrigues. He would be thirty-one in November. Would he never get a good job? Would he never have a home of his own? He thought how pleasant it would be to have a warm fire to sit by and a good dinner to sit down to. He had walked the streets long enough with friends and with girls. He knew what

those friends were worth: he knew the girls too. Experience had embittered his heart against the world. But all hope had not left him. He felt better after having eaten than he had felt before, less weary of his life, less vanquished in spirit. He might yet be able to settle down in some snug corner and live happily if he could only come across some good simple-minded girl with a little of the ready.

他故意粗声粗气地说话，以掩饰他的文雅风度，因为刚才他的到来使店里的谈话一时停了下来。他脸上发热。为了看起来更自然些，他把帽子推到了后脑，把两只胳膊肘支在了桌上。那名技工和那两名女工在仔仔细细地打量了他一番之后才用压低了的声音恢复了他们的谈话。女招待给他端来了一盘撒有胡椒和醋的廉价的热豌豆，还拿来了一把叉子以及他要的姜汁啤酒。他贪婪地吃着他点的食物，感觉异常好吃，于是他便用心记下了这家店铺。他吃光了所有的豌豆，然后呷饮着他的姜汁啤酒，坐着有好一会儿，琢磨起科利的冒险来。在他的想象中，他看到那对情侣正沿着某条黑暗的马路漫步；他听到科利用低沉的声音兴致勃勃地说着殷勤话，而且又看到了那个年轻女子的嘴巴流露出的娇嗔。这种幻想使他强烈地感受到了自己在物质和精神上的贫乏。他厌倦了四处漂泊，厌倦了同贫困作斗争，也厌倦了欺诈和诡计。到十一月他就三十一岁了。难道他永远都找不到一份好工作吗？难道他永远都不会拥有一个属于自己的家吗？他想，要是能坐在暖和的炉火旁边，坐下来吃一顿不错的晚餐，那会是多么惬意啊！他在这些街道上和朋友们游逛、和姑娘们漫步，时间已经够久的了。他明白那些朋友对他意味着什么，他也了解那些姑娘。生活阅历已使他的心对这个世界充满怨愤。不过希望并没有全都弃他而去。吃过东西之后，他感觉比先前好多了，不再那么厌倦他的生活，精神上也不再那么颓唐。他或许也可以在某个安适的角落安定下来幸福地生活，如果他能碰到某个手头有点现钱的纯朴好姑娘的话。

He paid twopence halfpenny to the slatternly girl and went out of the shop to begin his wandering again. He went into Capel Street and walked along towards the City Hall. Then he turned into Dame Street. At the corner of George's Street he met two friends of his and stopped to converse with them. He was glad that he could rest from all his walking. His friends asked him had he seen Corley and what was the latest. He replied that he had spent the day with Corley. His friends talked very little. They looked vacantly after some figures in the crowd and sometimes made a critical remark. One said that he had seen Mac an hour before in Westmoreland Street. At this Lenehan said that he had been with Mac the night before in Egan's. The young man who had seen Mac in Westmoreland Street asked was it true that Mac had won a bit over a billiard match. Lenehan did not know: he said that Holohan had stood them drinks in Egan's.

他付了两个半便士给那个邋里邋遢的女招待，然后走出那家店铺，又开始了他的游荡。他走进凯珀尔街，朝市政厅走去。然后他拐到了戴

姆街上。在乔治街拐角，他遇见两个朋友，便停下来和他们说话。他很高兴他可以从漫长的闲逛中歇息片刻。朋友们问他是否见过科利，最近过得怎么样。他回答说他一白天都和科利在一起。他的朋友们说得很少。他们茫然地目送着人群中的某些身影，偶尔才会评说上一两句。其中一个朋友说一小时前他在威斯特摩兰街见过麦克。听到这个，雷尼汉说他前一天晚上就是和麦克一起呆在伊根的酒馆里。在威斯特摩兰街见过麦克的那个年轻人问麦克是不是真的在一场台球比赛中赢了点钱。雷尼汉并不知情：他说在伊根酒馆里是霍洛汉请他们喝的酒。

He left his friends at a quarter to ten and went up George's Street. He turned to the left at the City Markets and walked on into Grafton Street. The crowd of girls and young men had thinned and on his way up the street he heard many groups and couples bidding one another good-night. He went as far as the clock of the College of Surgeons: it was on the stroke of ten. He set off briskly along the northern side of the Green hurrying for fear Corley should return too soon. When he reached the corner of Merrion Street he took his stand in the shadow of a lamp and brought out one of the cigarettes which he had reserved and lit it. He leaned against the lamp-post and kept his gaze fixed on the part from which he expected to see Corley and the young woman return.

差一刻十点的时候，他离开那两个朋友走上了乔治街。在市集那里他向左一拐，然后走进了格拉夫顿街。姑娘们和小伙子们结成的人群已变得稀疏起来，沿街一路走过，他听到许多成群成对的人在互道晚安。他一直走到了外科医师学院的大钟附近：它正在敲十点钟。他开始沿着绿地的北侧快速地赶路，生怕科利会回来得太早。当他到达梅里恩街拐角的时候，他站到了一盏路灯的阴影里，从一直攒着的香烟里抽出一支，然后点着了它。他倚靠着灯柱，目光凝视着他期待能看到科利和那个年轻女子回来的方向。

His mind became active again. He wondered had Corley managed it successfully. He wondered if he had asked her yet or if he would leave it to the last. He suffered all the pangs and thrills of his friend's situation as well as those of his own. But the memory of Corley's slowly revolving head calmed him somewhat: he was sure Corley would pull it off all right. All at once the idea struck him that perhaps Corley had seen her home by another way and given him the slip. His eyes searched the street: there was no sign of them. Yet it was surely half-an-hour since he had seen the clock of the College of Surgeons. Would Corley do a thing like that? He lit his last cigarette and began to smoke it nervously. He strained his eyes as each tram stopped at the far corner of the square. They must have gone home by another way. The paper of his cigarette broke and he flung it into the road with a curse.

他的思维又变得活跃起来。他想知道科利是否做成了这事。他想知

道他是否已经问过她了或者他打算留到最后。他经受着他朋友的处境中所有的痛苦和喜悦，也经受着自己处境中的这一切。不过想到科利那慢慢转动的脑袋多少让他平静了下来：他确信科利肯定会做成这件事的。突然一个念头闪过他的脑海：也许科利已经从另一条路送她回家而甩掉了他。他的眼睛在街道上搜寻着：没有他们的身影。然而从他看到外科医师学院的大钟到现在，时间肯定有半小时了。科利会干这种事吗？他点着了最后一支烟，开始不安地吸了起来。他竭尽目力地盯着每一辆远远地停靠在广场一角的电车。他们肯定已经从另一条路回家了。烟纸裂开了，他骂了一声把它扔到了马路上。

Suddenly he saw them coming towards him. He started with delight and keeping close to his lamp-post tried to read the result in their walk. They were walking quickly, the young woman taking quick short steps, while Corley kept beside her with his long stride. They did not seem to be speaking. An intimation of the result pricked him like the point of a sharp instrument. He knew Corley would fail; he knew it was no go.

突然，他看到他们朝他走来。他高兴地为之一振，然后紧靠着灯柱，努力从他们的步态中解读着结果。他们走得很快，年轻女子迈着迅疾的小碎步，科利则跟在她的身旁，迈着大步。他们似乎没有在说话。一种暗示的结果仿佛一种锐器的尖头一般刺痛了他。他知道科利会失手的；他知道事情不会有任何进展。

They turned down Baggot Street and he followed them at once, taking the other footpath. When they stopped he stopped too. They talked for a few moments and then the young woman went down the steps into the area of a house. Corley remained standing at the edge of the path, a little distance from the front steps. Some minutes passed. Then the hall-door was opened slowly and cautiously. A woman came running down the front steps and coughed. Corley turned and went towards her. His broad figure hid hers from view for a few seconds and then she reappeared running up the steps. The door closed on her and Corley began to walk swiftly towards Stephen's Green.

他们转向了巴戈特街，他立刻走上另一侧的人行道跟在他们身后。他们停下来，他也停下来，他们交谈了片刻，然后年轻女子走下台阶进了一栋房子的宅区。科利还站在路边，离门前的台阶有点距离。几分钟过去了。随后厅门被慢慢地、谨慎地打开了。一个女人跑下门前台阶，咳嗽了起来。科利转身朝她走了过去。他那宽阔的身躯挡住她的身体有好几秒钟，然后才又看到她跑上了台阶。门在她身后关上了，科利开始快步朝斯蒂芬绿地走去。

Lenehan hurried on in the same direction. Some drops of light rain fell. He took them as a warning and, glancing back towards the house which the young woman had entered to see that he was not observed, he ran eagerly across the road. Anxiety and his swift run

made him pant. He called out:

雷尼汉也朝同一个方向赶去。有几滴小雨点落了下来。他认为这是一种警示，他回头瞅了瞅年轻女子刚刚进去的那栋房子，确定他没有被注意到，随后他急切地跑过马路。焦急的心情和飞快的步伐使他气喘吁吁。他喊了起来：

"Hallo, Corley!"

“喂，科利！”

Corley turned his head to see who had called him, and then continued walking as before. Lenehan ran after him, settling the waterproof on his shoulders with one hand.

科利转过头看看是谁在叫他，然后又继续像刚才那样往前走。雷尼汉跑着追赶他，一只手整理着肩上的雨衣。

"Hallo, Corley!" he cried again.

“喂，科利！”他又喊道。

He came level with his friend and looked keenly in his face. He could see nothing there.

他追上了他的朋友，关切地看着他的脸。从那脸上他什么都看不出来。

"Well?" he said. "Did it come off?"

“怎么样？”他说，“事成了吗？”

They had reached the corner of Ely Place. Still without answering, Corley swerved to the left and went up the side street. His features were composed in stern calm. Lenehan kept up with his friend, breathing uneasily. He was baffled and a note of menace pierced through his voice.

他们已经走到了伊利广场的一角。可科利依然没有应答，他向左一拐，走进了旁边的那条小街。他面色镇定，表情严肃。雷尼汉和他的朋友并排走着，不安地喘着气。他迷惑不解，一种威胁的语调从他声音中透出来：

"Can't you tell us?" he said. "Did you try her?"

“你就不能给咱们说说吗？”他说，“你试探过她了吗？”

Corley halted at the first lamp and stared grimly before him. Then with a grave gesture he extended a hand towards the light and, smiling, opened it slowly to the gaze of his disciple. A small gold coin shone in the palm.

科利在第一盏路灯旁止住了脚步，神情严峻地瞪着他的前方。然后用一种庄严的手势，他朝着亮光伸出了一只手，微笑着，在他的追随者

的注视下慢慢张开了手掌。一小枚金币在掌中闪闪发亮。

CHAPTER 7 THE BOARDING HOUSE

第七章 寄宿公寓

MRS. MOONEY was a butcher' daughter. She was a woman who was quite able to keep things to herself: a determined woman. She had married her father's foreman and opened a butcher's shop near Spring Gardens. But as soon as his father-in-law was dead Mr. Mooney began to go to the devil. He drank, plundered the till, ran headlong into debt. It was no use making him take the pledge: he was sure to break out again a few days after. By fighting his wife in the presence of customers and by buying bad meat he ruined his business. One night he went for his wife with the cleaver and she had to sleep a neighbour's house.

穆尼太太是一个肉店老板的女儿。她是一个很能藏住心事的女人：一个坚毅的女人。她嫁给了父亲店里的领班，在春园附近开了一家肉店。但是岳父一死，穆尼先生就开始堕落了。他酗酒，扫空钱屉里的钱，很快就陷入重重债务。让他发誓戒酒根本没用：几天之后他肯定又会故态复萌。他当着顾客的面和妻子打架，还卖劣质肉，由此他毁了自己的生意。一天晚上，他拿切肉刀去砍他的妻子，使她不得已睡在了一个邻居家。

After that they lived apart. She went to the priest and got a separation from him with care of the children. She would give him neither money nor food nor house-room; and so he was obliged to enlist himself as a sheriff'man. He was a shabby stooped little drunkard with a white face and a white moustache white eyebrows, pencilled above his little eyes, which were veined and raw; and all day long he sat in the bailiff's room, waiting to be put on a job. Mrs. Mooney, who had taken what remained of her money out of the butcher business and set up a boarding house in Hardwicke Street, was a big imposing woman. Her house had a floating population made up of tourists from Liverpool and the Isle of Man and, occasionally, artistes from the music halls. Its resident population was made up of clerks from the city. She governed the house cunningly and firmly, knew when to give credit, when to be stern and when to let things pass. All the resident young men spoke of her as The Madam.

打那以后，他们就分开住了。她到神父那里获准与他离婚，并获得了孩子们的抚养权。她不给他钱，也不管他的食宿；于是他被迫应征当了一名治安员。他是一个衣衫褴褛、弯腰弓背的小个子酒鬼，一张白脸，一撮白色的小胡子，小眼睛上方的眉毛倒是用笔描黑了，他那眼睛红肿着，布满血丝；一天到头他都坐在执行官的屋子里，等着被分派任

务。而穆尼太太则是个大块头的女人，仪表堂堂。她用卖肉剩余的钱，在哈德威克街上开了一家提供膳食的寄宿公寓。她的公寓有一些流动住客，主要是来自利物浦和马恩岛的游客，偶尔也有些来自歌舞杂耍戏院的艺人。而常住房客则是由来自城里的公司职员组成。她精明而稳定地管理着这家公寓，知道何时可以赊账，何时必须严厉以及何时又大可不必计较。所有常住的年轻小伙子都称她为“夫人”。

Mrs. Mooney's young men paid fifteen shillings a week for board and lodgings (beer or stout at dinner excluded). They shared in common tastes and occupations and for this reason they were very chummy with one another. They discussed with one another the chances of favourites and outsiders. Jack Mooney, the Madam's son, who was clerk to a commission agent in Fleet Street, had the reputation of being a hard case. He was fond of using soldiers' obscenities: usually he came home in the small hours. When he met his friends he had always a good one to tell them and he was always sure to be on to a good thing—that is to say, a likely horse or a likely artiste. He was also handy with the mitts and sang comic songs. On Sunday nights there would often be a reunion in Mrs. Mooney's front drawing-room. The music-hall artistes would oblige; and Sheridan played waltzes and polkas and vamped accompaniments. Polly Mooney, the Madam's daughter, would also sing. She sang:

穆尼太太留宿的年轻小伙子们每周支付十五先令用于伙食和住宿（正餐上的啤酒或黑啤酒不包括在内）。他们有着共同的趣味和职业，因为这个原因，他们相互之间非常友好。他们常常彼此探讨谁可能成为同好，谁又可能是外人。杰克·穆尼——夫人的儿子——在舰队街上给一个代销商办事，是一个出了名的难以管教的人。他喜欢说大兵们常说的那种粗话，通常总是在凌晨才回家。当他遇见朋友们的时候，他总有一桩好事告诉他们，而他也总是知道这样的好事——比如一匹可能取胜的马或者一个颇有潜力的艺人。他还很会玩棒球，唱滑稽歌曲。每逢星期天晚上穆尼太太家的前厅常常会有联谊聚会。综艺剧场的艺人们会应邀前来表演节目；谢里登则演奏华尔兹、波尔卡以及即兴的伴奏乐曲。波利·穆尼——夫人的女儿——也会为大家唱歌。她唱道：

I'm a... naughty girl. You needn't sham: You know I am.

我是一个……顽皮的女孩。你无需假装不知：你知道我就是如此。

Polly was a slim girl of nineteen; she had light soft hair and a small full mouth. Her eyes, which were grey with a shade of green through them, had a habit of glancing upwards when she spoke with anyone, which made her look like a little perverse madonna. Mrs. Mooney had first sent her daughter to be a typist in a corn-factor's office but, as a disreputable sheriff's man used to come every other day to the office, asking to be allowed to say a word to his daughter, she had taken her daughter home again and set her to do housework.

As Polly was very lively the intention was to give her the run of the young men. Besides young men like to feel that there is a young woman not very far away. Polly, of course, flirted with the young men but Mrs. Mooney, who was a shrewd judge, knew that the young men were only passing the time away: none of them meant business. Things went on so for a long time and Mrs. Mooney began to think of sending Polly back to typewriting when she noticed that something was going on between Polly and one of the young men. She watched the pair and kept her own counsel.

波利是一个十九岁的苗条姑娘，她长着浅色柔软的头发，还有一张丰满的小嘴。当她和别人说话时，她那双灰中带绿的眼睛总习惯于朝上看，这使得她看上去就像是个不近情理的姑娘。穆尼太太起初让女儿去一家谷物商的办事处当打字员，可是那个名声不好的治安员隔一天就会到那家办公室来，请求获准和他的女儿说话，于是她又把女儿领回了家，安排她去做家务。因为波利生性非常活泼，这样安排是想要让她多接触接触那些小伙子。再说年轻小伙子们也喜欢有个年轻女人在自己身边。波利自然和这些小伙子们打情骂俏，不过穆尼太太是个精明的法官，她明白年轻人们只不过是在打发时间：没有一个是认真的。这种情形持续了好长一段时间，当穆尼太太注意到波利和其中一个年轻人之间有点进展的时候，她又开始想让波利重新回去干打字的活。她留意着这一对，不动声色。

Polly knew that she was being watched, but still her mother's persistent silence could not be misunderstood. There had been no open complicity between mother and daughter, no open understanding but, though people in the house began to talk of the affair, still Mrs. Mooney did not intervene. Polly began to grow a little strange in her manner and the young man was evidently perturbed. At last, when she judged it to be the right moment, Mrs. Mooney intervened. She dealt with moral problems as a cleaver deals with meat: and in this case she had made up her mind.

波利知道自己在被监视，不过她母亲一直保持沉默，其用意是明白无误的。母女之间没有任何公开的合谋，没有任何公开的协议，尽管公寓里的人都开始谈论这桩绯闻，穆尼太太却依然没有干预。波利的行为举止开始变得有些古怪，而那个小伙子也很明显心神不安。终于，当她断定时机合适的时候，穆尼太太干预了。她处理起道德问题来犹如快刀砍肉：在这件事情上，她早已打定了主意。

It was a bright Sunday morning of early summer, promising heat, but with a fresh breeze blowing. All the windows of the boarding house were open and the lace curtains ballooned gently towards the street beneath the raised sashes. The belfry of George's Church sent out constant peals and worshippers, singly or in groups, traversed the little circus before the church, revealing their purpose by their self-contained demeanour no less than by the little volumes in their gloved

hands. Breakfast was over in the boarding house and the table of the breakfast-room was covered with plates on which lay yellow streaks of eggs with morsels of bacon-fat and bacon-rind. Mrs. Mooney sat in the straw arm-chair and watched the servant Mary remove the breakfast things. She made Mary collect the crusts and pieces of broken bread to help to make Tuesday's bread-pudding. When the table was cleared, the broken bread collected, the sugar and butter safe under lock and key, she began to reconstruct the interview which she had had the night before with Polly. Things were as she had suspected: she had been frank in her questions and Polly had been frank in her answers. Both had been somewhat awkward, of course. She had been made awkward by her not wishing to receive the news in too cavalier a fashion or to seem to have connived and Polly had been made awkward not merely because allusions of that kind always made her awkward but also because she did not wish it to be thought that in her wise innocence she had divined the intention behind her mother's tolerance.

那是初夏时节一个明媚的星期天早晨，天气有变热的迹象，但仍有一股凉爽的清风在吹拂。寄宿公寓的所有窗户都开着，蕾丝镶边的窗帘在推上去的窗格下面朝街道的方向轻轻鼓起飘扬着。乔治教堂的钟楼传出连续的钟鸣声，做礼拜的人或独自一人或成群结队地穿过教堂前面的圆形小广场，他们举止持重，戴着手套的手里拿着袖珍读本，这两点都揭示了他们的目的。寄宿公寓里的早餐已经结束，早餐室的桌子上放满了盘子，盘子上残留着一道道黄色的蛋痕，还有少量熏肉的肥肉末和肉皮渣。穆尼太太坐在藤编扶手椅里，看着女仆玛丽撤掉早餐餐具。 她吩咐玛丽把弄碎了的面包皮和面包块收集起来，留着用来做星期二的面包布丁。在桌子收拾干净、碎面包收集完毕、放糖和黄油的橱柜也都上了锁之后，她开始重温前一天晚上和波利的谈话。事情正如她所料：她很坦诚地发问，波利也很坦诚地作答。当然，两人多少都有点尴尬。她尴尬是因为她不想用太过轻漫的态度来接受这个事实或者让人觉得她已经默许了这件事，而波利尴尬则不仅仅因为提到这种事总会让她尴尬，而且还因为她不想让人以为，凭着自己的单纯和聪明，她已经猜出了母亲宽容背后的意图。

Mrs. Mooney glanced instinctively at the little gilt clock on the mantelpiece as soon as she had become aware through her revery that the bells of George's Church had stopped ringing. It was seventeen minutes past eleven: she would have lots of time to have the matter out with Mr. Doran and then catch short twelve at Marlborough Street. She was sure she would win. To begin with she had all the weight of social opinion on her side: she was an outraged mother. She had allowed him to live beneath her roof, assuming that he was a man of honour and he had simply abused her hospitality. He was thirty-four or thirty-five years of age, so that youth could not be pleaded as

his excuse; nor could ignorance be his excuse since he was a man who had seen something of the world. He had simply taken advantage of Polly's youth and inexperience: that was evident. The question was: What reparation would he make?

穆尼太太本能地瞥了一眼壁炉架上的那座镀金小钟，因为她一下子在沉思中意识到乔治教堂的钟声已经停止鸣响了。时间是十一点过十七分：她有充裕的时间跟多兰先生谈这件事，然后还能在十二点钟以前赶到马尔伯勒街。她确信自己会赢。首先所有社会舆论的分量都倒向她这一边：她现在是一位震怒的母亲。她允许他住在她的房子里，本以为他是个品德高尚的人，而他却完全辜负了她的盛情好客。他大概三十四五岁，因此年轻不能再当作是借口；而无知也不能当作借口，因为他是个多少已经见过世面的男人。他就是利用了波利的少不更事：这一点是很明显的。问题是：他将做出怎样的补偿？

There must be reparation made in such case. It is all very well for the man: he can go his ways as if nothing had happened, having had his moment of pleasure, but the girl has to bear the brunt. Some mothers would be content to patch up such an affair for a sum of money; she had known cases of it. But she would not do so. For her only one reparation could make up for the loss of her daughter's honour: marriage. She counted all her cards again before sending Mary up to Doran's room to say that she wished to speak with him. She felt sure she would win. He was a serious young man, not rakish or loud-voiced like the others. If it had been Mr. Sheridan or Mr. Meade or Bantam Lyons her task would have been much harder. She did not think he would face publicity. All the lodgers in the house knew something of the affair; details had been invented by some. Besides, he had been employed for thirteen years in a great Catholic wine-merchant's office and publicity would mean for him, perhaps, the loss of his job. Whereas if he agreed all might be well. She knew he had a good screw for one thing and she suspected he had a bit of stuff put by.

在这种情况下必须得有补偿。对于男人来说，一切都再好不过了：在享受了欢愉时刻之后，他可以一走了之，仿佛什么事都没发生过，而女孩则不得不去面对严厉的指责。有些当母亲的会满足于要一笔钱来摆平这种事；她听说过好多这种做法。但是她不愿意这样做。对她来说，只有一种办法可以弥补女儿荣誉的损失：结婚。她再次数了数自己心里的牌，然后才打发玛丽上去到多兰先生的房间说她希望和他谈一谈。她确信自己会赢。他是个严肃的年轻人，不像其他人那样放荡不羁、粗声粗气。如果换成是谢里登先生或者米德先生甚或是班塔姆·莱昂斯的话，她的任务将会艰巨得多。她觉得他并不愿意弄得尽人皆知。公寓里的所有住客都对这件事有所耳闻；有些人还编造了些细节。再者，他在一个信奉天主教的大酒商的办事处工作已经有十三个年头，公开这件事对他来说也许会意味着丢掉这份差事。而如果他同意的话，一切就会平安无

事。她知道他有一份不错的收入，而且她怀疑他还有些积蓄。

Nearly the half-hour! She stood up and surveyed herself in the pier-glass. The decisive expression of her great florid face satisfied her and she thought of some mothers she knew who could not get their daughters off their hands.

快半点钟了！她站起身来，在两个窗户中间墙上的穿衣镜里打量了一下自己。她脸色红润，神情坚毅，这让她感到满意，她想起了她认识的有些母亲就是无法把自己的女儿脱手嫁出去。

Mr. Doran was very anxious indeed this Sunday morning. He had made two attempts to shave but his hand had been so unsteady that he had been obliged to desist. Three days' reddish beard fringed his jaws and every two or three minutes a mist gathered on his glasses so that he had to take them off and polish them with his pocket-handkerchief. The recollection of his confession of the night before was a cause of acute pain to him; the priest had drawn out every ridiculous detail of the affair and in the end had so magnified his sin that he was almost thankful at being afforded a loophole of reparation. The harm was done. What could he do now but marry her or run away? He could not brazen it out. The affair would be sure to be talked of and his employer would be certain to hear of it. Dublin is such a small city: everyone knows everyone else's business. He felt his heart leap warmly in his throat as he heard in his excited imagination old Mr. Leonard calling out in his rasping voice: "Send Mr. Doran here, please." All his long years of service gone for nothing! All his industry and diligence thrown away! As a young man he had sown his wild oats, of course; he had boasted of his free-thinking and denied the existence of God to his companions in public-houses. But that was all passed and done with... nearly. He still bought a copy of Reynolds's Newspaper every week but he attended to his religious duties and for nine-tenths of the year lived a regular life. He had money enough to settle down on; it was not that. But the family would look down on her. First of all there was her disreputable father and then her mother's boarding house was beginning to get a certain fame. He had a notion that he was being had. He could imagine his friends talking of the affair and laughing. She was a little vulgar; some times she said "I seen" and "If I had've known." But what would grammar matter if he really loved her? He could not make up his mind whether to like her or despise her for what she had done. Of course he had done it too. His instinct urged him to remain free, not to marry. Once you are married you are done for, it said.

这个星期天早上，多兰先生着实非常焦虑。他曾两次试图刮脸，但他的手抖得厉害，使他只好作罢。长了三天的有点发红的胡须蓄满了下巴，每隔两三分钟，雾气就会聚集在他的眼镜片上，使他不得不摘下眼

镜，用手帕去擦拭。一想起头天晚上他所做的忏悔，他就会感到切肤的痛苦；神父了解了这件事的每一个荒谬的细节，最后还夸大了他的罪行，以至于当他面对补救的机会时几乎可以说是心存感激了。伤害已成事实。现在除了和她结婚或者溜之大吉，他还能做什么呢？他无法厚颜以对。这件事肯定会被人议论，他的雇主也肯定会有所耳闻。都柏林这么一个小城市：人人都知道别人的事情。他感到心就在喉咙里热切地跳动，在他那兴奋的想象中，他仿佛听到了老伦纳德先生在用刺耳的嗓音喊："请多兰先生到这里来。"多年来的恪尽职守什么都没换来！所有的进取与勤奋也都横遭毁弃！当然了，作为一个年轻人，他也曾纵情寻欢；在酒馆里，他曾在同伴面前吹嘘过自己的自由思想，否认过上帝的存在。可是那都已经过去，全都结束了……差不多。他每周仍然会买一份《雷诺兹报》，但他也履行自己的宗教职责，一年中十分之九的时间他都过着循规蹈矩的生活。他有足够的钱安顿下来；问题不在于此。而在于他们家人会看不起她。首先是她那声名狼藉的父亲，其次是她母亲的寄宿公寓也开始名声不好了。他觉察到自己正在被套牢。他能想象得到朋友们谈论这件事并放声大笑的情景。她有点粗俗；有时她会说"我看见到"和"要是我已经已经知道"。可是如果他真爱她的话，语法又有什么要紧的呢？为她所做的事情，他是该去爱她还是该鄙视她，他无法做出决定。当然，他已经做出了决定。他的本能在敦促他保持自由，不要结婚。它在说：一旦你结婚了，你就完了。

While he was sitting helplessly on the side of the bed in shirt and trousers she tapped lightly at his door and entered. She told him all, that she had made a clean breast of it to her mother and that her mother would speak with him that morning. She cried and threw her arms round his neck, saying:

他穿着衬衫和长裤无助地坐在床边，这时她轻敲他的房门，走了进来。她告诉了他一切：她已经向母亲坦承了这件事，她的母亲会在那天早晨和他谈话。她哭泣着，搂住他的脖子说道：

"O Bob! Bob! What am I to do? What am I to do at all?"

"哦，鲍勃！鲍勃！我该怎么办？我到底该怎么办？"

She would put an end to herself, she said.

她说，她想一死了之。

He comforted her feebly, telling her not to cry, that it would be all right, never fear. He felt against his shirt the agitation of her bosom.

他无力地安慰着她，叫她别哭，一切都会好的，不要害怕。她的胸脯贴在他的衬衫上，他能感觉到她的焦虑。

It was not altogether his fault that it had happened. He remembered well, with the curious patient memory of the celibate, the first casual caresses her dress, her breath, her fingers had given

him. Then late one night as he was undressing for she had tapped at his door, timidly. She wanted to relight her candle at his for hers had been blown out by a gust. It was her bath night. She wore a loose open combing-jacket of printed flannel. Her white instep shone in the opening of her furry slippers and the blood glowed warmly behind her perfumed skin. From her hands and wrists too as she lit and steadied her candle a faint perfume arose.

发生这样的事，其实并不全是他的错。凭着单身汉奇特而耐久的好记性，他清楚地记得她的衣裙、她的呼吸和她的手指最初所给予他的那些不经意的触摸。后来有一天晚上很晚的时候，他正要脱衣睡觉，她怯生生地叩响了他的房门。她想用的他的蜡烛重新点燃一下她的蜡烛，因为刚刚一股风把她的蜡烛给吹灭了。那天晚上她正好洗澡。她穿一件宽松敞口的印花法兰绒精梳外衣。她那白皙的脚背在她那毛绒拖鞋的开口处闪着亮光，在她那芳香的皮肤下面血液散发着温热。她的双手和手腕在她点燃并摆正蜡烛的时候也散发出一股淡淡的香气。

On nights when he came in very late it was she who warmed up his dinner. He scarcely knew what he was eating feeling her beside him alone, at night, in the sleeping house. And her thoughtfulness! If the night was anyway cold or wet or windy there was sure to be a little tumbler of punch ready for him. Perhaps they could be happy together....

每次他深夜晚归的时候，正是她为他热饭热菜。因为知道她独自呆在自己身旁，所以他几乎品尝不出食物的味道。夜深人静，整栋公寓都已入睡。她是多么会体贴别人啊！要是遇上夜晚天气寒冷，或者下雨刮风，那她必定还会为他准备一小杯潘趣酒。或许他们在一起生活也会是幸福的……

They used to go upstairs together on tiptoe, each with a candle, and on the third landing exchange reluctant goodnights. They used to kiss. He remembered well her eyes, the touch of her hand and his delirium....

他们曾常常一起踮脚上楼，每人手里拿一根蜡烛，然后在第三个楼梯平台处难舍难分地互道晚安。他们曾常常接吻。他清楚地记着她的眼睛，她那只手的触摸以及他的如痴如狂……

But delirium passes. He echoed her phrase, applying it to himself: "What am I to do?" The instinct of the celibate warned him to hold back. But the sin was there; even his sense of honour told him that reparation must be made for such a sin.

可如今痴狂已去。他重复着她的话，却是在问自己：“我该怎么办？”单身汉的本能警告他应知趣而退。可是罪孽已经犯下；即使是他自己的道德感也在告诉他对于这样的罪孽必须要作出补偿。

While he was sitting with her on the side of the bed Mary came to

the door and said that the missus wanted to see him in the parlour. He stood up to put on his coat and waistcoat, more helpless than ever. When he was dressed he went over to her to comfort her. It would be all right, never fear. He left her crying on the bed and moaning softly: "O my God!"

当他和她正坐在床边，玛丽来到门口说太太想在客厅里见他。他起身穿上背心和外套，感觉比任何时候都更加无助。不过在他穿戴好之后，他仍走过去安慰她。一切都会好的，不必害怕。然后他走开了，任由她在床上哭泣，轻声哀叹："哦，我的上帝！"

Going down the stairs his glasses became so dimmed with moisture that he had to take them off and polish them. He longed to ascend through the roof and fly away to another country where he would never hear again of his trouble, and yet a force pushed him downstairs step by step. The implacable faces of his employer and of the Madam stared upon his discomfiture. On the last flight of stairs he passed Jack Mooney who was coming up from the pantry nursing two bottles of Bass. They saluted coldly; and the lover's eyes rested for a second or two on a thick bulldog face and a pair of thick short arms. When he reached the foot of the staircase he glanced up and saw Jack regarding him from the door of the return-room.

下楼梯的时候，他的眼镜片由于雾气而变得模糊起来，他只好摘下来擦拭。他真巴不得腾身而起穿过屋顶，飞到另一个国度，在那里他将再也听不到他的这些麻烦事，然而有一种力量却推着他一步一步朝楼下走去。他的雇主和夫人那两张绝不容情的脸盯视着他那副尴尬窘迫的样子。在最后一段楼梯上，他与杰克·穆尼擦身而过，杰克刚从食品贮藏室拿了两瓶巴斯牌麦芽酒，小心翼翼地抱着往楼上走。他们冷冷地相互致意；那位情人的眼睛在那张笨重的牛头犬似的大脸和那对粗短的胳膊上停留了一两秒钟。当他走到楼梯底下的时候，他抬头往上瞥了一眼，看到杰克正站在小回房的门口注视着他。

Suddenly he remembered the night when one of the music-hall artistes, a little blond Londoner, had made a rather free allusion to Polly. The reunion had been almost broken up on account of Jack's violence. Everyone tried to quiet him. The music-hall artiste, a little paler than usual, kept smiling and saying that there was no harm meant: but Jack kept shouting at him that if any fellow tried that sort of a game on with his sister he'd bloody well put his teeth down his throat, so he would.

猛然间他记起了那个晚上。当时，来自歌舞杂耍场的艺人中有一个头发金黄的小个子伦敦人曾经相当轻佻地提到波利。那次聚会也因为杰克对此暴跳如雷而差点中断。大家都极力让他安静下来。那个杂耍场艺人，脸色比平常显得更加苍白，一直笑着解释说他没有任何恶意：可是杰克却不停地冲着他大声喊叫，说如果有谁想要在他妹妹身上玩这种把

戏，他绝对会打掉他的牙齿让他咽下去，他一定会这样做。

Polly sat for a little time on the side of the bed, crying. Then she dried her eyes and went over to the looking-glass. She dipped the end of the towel in the water-jug and refreshed her eyes with the cool water. She looked at herself in profile and readjusted a hairpin above her ear. Then she went back to the bed again and sat at the foot. She regarded the pillows for a long time and the sight of them awakened in her mind secret, amiable memories. She rested the nape of her neck against the cool iron bed-rail and fell into a reverie. There was no longer any perturbation visible on her face.

波利坐在床边哭了一小会儿。然后她擦干眼泪，走到穿衣镜前面。她把毛巾的一角放在水罐里蘸了蘸，然后用凉水去擦拭眼睛以便重新振作起来。她侧身照着镜子，重新调整了一下耳朵上方的一个发卡。然后她又回到床边，在床脚处坐了下来。她盯着那对枕头看了好久，它们唤醒了她脑海中那些秘密而温馨的回忆。她把后脖颈倚靠在冰凉的铁床栏上，陷入了遐思。她的脸上不再有任何烦扰的神情。

She waited on patiently, almost cheerfully, without alarm, her memories gradually giving place to hopes and visions of the future. Her hopes and visions were so intricate that she no longer saw the white pillows on which her gaze was fixed or remembered that she was waiting for anything.

她耐心地等待着，几乎可以说是满心喜悦，毫不惊慌。她的回忆渐渐让位于对未来的希望和憧憬。她的希望和憧憬是如此错综复杂，以至于她不再能看到她的目光盯视着的那对白色枕头，也记不清自己在等待什么了。

At last she heard her mother calling. She started to her feet and ran to the banisters.

终于，她听到母亲在叫。她纵身而起，跑到了楼梯扶手旁边。

"Polly! Polly!" "Yes, mamma?"

“波利！波利！”“怎么了，妈妈？”

"Come down, dear. Mr. Doran wants to speak to you."

“下来吧，亲爱的。多兰先生想和你说话。”

Then she remembered what she had been waiting for.

那一刻，她想起了自己一直在等待什么。

CHAPTER 8 A LITTLE CLOUD

第八章 小云朵

EIGHT years before he had seen his friend off at the North Wall and wished him godspeed. Gallaher had got on. You could tell that at once by his travelled air, his well-cut tweed suit, and fearless accent. Few fellows had talents like his and fewer still could remain unspoiled by such success. Gallaher's heart was in the right place and he had deserved to win. It was something to have a friend like that.

八年前，他在北墙车站送别了他的朋友并祝他好运。加拉赫的确事业有成了。你可以立刻看出这一点：他那游历甚广的神气，他那精心剪裁的粗呢西装，以及那无所畏惧的口气。很少有人拥有像他那样的才华，更少有人能像他那样不被成功冲昏了头脑。加拉赫心地正直，他应该获得成功。有他这样的一位朋友真是一件值得炫耀的事情。

Little Chandler's thoughts ever since lunch-time had been of his meeting with Gallaher, of Gallaher's invitation and of the great city London where Gallaher lived. He was called Little Chandler because, though he was but slightly under the average stature, he gave one the idea of being a little man. His hands were white and small, his frame was fragile, his voice was quiet and his manners were refined. He took the greatest care of his fair silken hair and moustache and used perfume discreetly on his handkerchief. The half-moons of his nails were perfect and when he smiled you caught a glimpse of a row of childish white teeth.

从午饭时间开始，小钱德勒所想的一直都是他要和加拉赫见面，加拉赫的请柬以及加拉赫生活的那座大城市伦敦。他被叫做小钱德勒是因为尽管他的身材只是中等略偏低些，但是他给人的感觉却是一个小个子。他的双手又白又小，身板纤弱，嗓音平和，举止得体。他十分用心地梳理了他那柔软光洁的浅色发丝和胡须，还小心地在手绢上洒了些香水。他那半月形的指甲完美无缺，他笑起来的时候，你会瞥见一排孩子般洁白的牙齿。

As he sat at his desk in the King's Inns he thought what changes those eight years had brought. The friend whom he had known under a shabby and necessitous guise had become a brilliant figure on the London Press. He turned often from his tiresome writing to gaze out of the office window. The glow of a late autumn sunset covered the grass plots and walks. It cast a shower of kindly golden dust on the untidy nurses and decrepit old men who drowsed on the benches; it flickered upon all the moving figures—on the children who ran screaming along the gravel paths and on everyone who passed through the

gardens. He watched the scene and thought of life; and (as always happened when he thought of life) he became sad. A gentle melancholy took possession of him. He felt how useless it was to struggle against fortune, this being the burden of wisdom which the ages had bequeathed to him.

当他坐在国王律师公会自己的办公桌旁时，他想到了这八年的时间所带来的变化。他所认识的那个曾经衣衫褴褛、穷困不堪的朋友已经成为伦敦新闻界的一个杰出人物。他常常从令人厌倦的写作中转移视线，向着办公室的窗外凝望。晚秋落日的余晖照耀着草坪和人行小道。它把一阵和煦的金色微尘洒落在不修边幅的护士们身上，也洒落在那些坐在长椅上打盹的垂垂老者的身上；它闪现在所有移动的身影上——沿着石子小路奔跑尖叫的孩子们以及穿行于公园里的每一个人。他注视着这一场景，想到了生活；然后（正如他一想到生活就总会发生的那样）他变得伤心起来。一种淡淡的忧郁占据了他。他感到与命运抗争是多么无用，这是岁月遗赠给他的一份智慧的烦恼。

He remembered the books of poetry upon his shelves at home. He had bought them in his bachelor days and many an evening, as he sat in the little room off the hall, he had been tempted to take one down from the bookshelf and read out something to his wife. But shyness had always held him back; and so the books had remained on their shelves. At times he repeated lines to himself and this consoled him.

他想起了家里书架上的那些诗集。它们是在他还是单身汉的时候买来的，许多夜晚，当他坐在门厅一侧的小房间里，他总忍不住想从书架上取一本下来，念点什么给他的妻子听。但是羞涩总是让他退缩不前；于是那些书就一直呆在了架子上。有时他会反复背诵一些诗句给自己听，这使他感到欣慰。

When his hour had struck he stood up and took leave of his desk and of his fellow-clerks punctiliously. He emerged from under the feudal arch of the King's Inns, a neat modest figure, and walked swiftly down Henrietta Street. The golden sunset was waning and the air had grown sharp. A horde of grimy children populated the street. They stood or ran in the roadway or crawled up the steps before the gaping doors or squatted like mice upon the thresholds. Little Chandler gave them no thought. He picked his way deftly through all that minute vermin-like life and under the shadow of the gaunt spectral mansions in which the old nobility of Dublin had roystered. No memory of the past touched him, for his mind was full of a present joy.

他的时间到了，他起身离开办公桌，并中规中矩地和同事们告别。他出现在国王律师公会那带有封建特色的拱门之下，一副衣着整洁、神色谦和的样子，然后矫捷地沿着亨利埃塔街走去。晚霞的金辉开始消褪，空气也变得清冷起来。一群满身污垢的孩子出现在街道上。他们有

的在马路上或站或跑，有的沿着敞开的房门前的台阶往上爬，有的则像老鼠一样蹲在门槛上。小钱德勒根本没有在意他们。他敏捷地择路而行，穿行在所有这些微小的害虫般的生命中间，行走在荒凉诡秘的宅邸的阴影之下。都柏林昔日的贵族曾经在那些房子里面喧嚣一时。对过去的任何回忆都没有触动他，因为他的脑子里盛满了一种现时的喜悦。

He had never been in Corless's but he knew the value of the name. He knew that people went there after the theatre to eat oysters and drink liqueurs; and he had heard that the waiters there spoke French and German. Walking swiftly by at night he had seen cabs drawn up before the door and richly dressed ladies, escorted by cavaliers, alight and enter quickly. They wore noisy dresses and many wraps. Their faces were powdered and they caught up their dresses, when they touched earth, like alarmed Atalantas. He had always passed without turning his head to look. It was his habit to walk swiftly in the street even by day and whenever he found himself in the city late at night he hurried on his way apprehensively and excitedly. Sometimes, however, he courted the causes of his fear. He chose the darkest and narrowest streets and, as he walked boldly forward, the silence that was spread about his footsteps troubled him, the wandering, silent figures troubled him; and at times a sound of low fugitive laughter made him tremble like a leaf.

他从来没有去过科利斯酒店，不过他知道这名字的价值。他知道人们在看戏之后会去那里品尝牡蛎、喝甜酒；他还听说那里的侍者讲法语和德语。晚上快步经过那里的时候，他曾看到汽车停靠在门前，衣着富丽的女士们由殷勤的男士们陪伴着从车上下来，迅速走了进去。她们穿着华丽繁复的衣服，裹着好多条围巾。她们的脸上擦着粉，每当衣裙触地，她们就会往上提，一个个仿佛都像是受了惊的阿塔兰特公主。他总是路过那里而从不转头去看。他习惯在街上快步行走，即使是在白天；而每当他发觉自己在夜里很晚了还在城里，他就会满心忧虑、紧张不安地匆忙赶路。然而，有时那些让他害怕的缘由却是他自找的。他专挑那些最黑最窄的街道行走，当他大胆地往前走的时候，延展在他脚步周围的静寂让他感到不安，那些四处游荡一声不响的身影让他感到不安；有时，一下低沉急促的笑声会让他浑身颤抖得像片叶子。

He turned to the right towards Capel Street. Ignatius Gallaher on the London Press! Who would have thought it possible eight years before? Still, now that he reviewed the past, Little Chandler could remember many signs of future greatness in his friend. People used to say that Ignatius Gallaher was wild. Of course, he did mix with a rakish set of fellows at that time, drank freely and borrowed money on all sides. In the end he had got mixed up in some shady affair, some money transaction: at least, that was one version of his flight. But nobody denied him talent. There was always a certain... something in Ignatius Gallaher that impressed you in spite of yourself. Even when

he was out at elbows and at his wits' end for money he kept up a bold face. Little Chandler remembered (and the remembrance brought a slight flush of pride to his cheek) one of Ignatius Gallaher's sayings when he was in a tight corner:

他往右一拐，朝坎珀尔街走去。伊格内休斯·加拉赫跻身于伦敦新闻界！八年前谁能想到这会成为可能呢？不过，当他回想过去，小钱德勒倒能够记起他朋友身上曾有过许多预示未来成就的迹象。人们过去常说伊格内休斯·加拉赫狂野不羁。当然了，那时他的确曾混迹于一帮混混之中，毫无节制地酗酒，还四下借钱。最后他卷入了某桩可能非法的事件之中，某宗金钱交易：至少，这是他之所以逃走的一种说法。但是任何人都无法否认他的才能。伊格内休斯·加拉赫身上总有某种……某种让你不由自主就会铭刻于心的东西。即使在他因为钱而捉襟见肘束手无策的时候，他也始终保持着无畏的神色。小钱德勒想起了（想到这里他的脸颊泛起了些微自豪的红晕）伊格内休斯·加拉赫在身处窘境时常说的一句话：

"Half time now, boys," he used to say light-heartedly. "Where's my considering cap?”

“现在中场休息，孩子们，”他常常轻松愉快地说，“我的机灵帽去哪儿了呢？”

That was Ignatius Gallaher all out; and, damn it, you couldn't but admire him for it.

这就是百折不挠的伊格内休斯·加拉赫；该死的，就因为这一点，你也不得不敬佩他。

Little Chandler quickened his pace. For the first time in his life he felt himself superior to the people he passed. For the first time his soul revolted against the dull inelegance of Capel Street. There was no doubt about it: if you wanted to succeed you had to go away. You could do nothing in Dublin. As he crossed Grattan Bridge he looked down the river towards the lower quays and pitied the poor stunted houses. They seemed to him a band of tramps, huddled together along the riverbanks, their old coats covered with dust and soot, stupefied by the panorama of sunset and waiting for the first chill of night bid them arise, shake themselves and begone. He wondered whether he could write a poem to express his idea. Perhaps Gallaher might be able to get it into some London paper for him. Could he write something original? He was not sure what idea he wished to express but the thought that a poetic moment had touched him took life within him like an infant hope. He stepped onward bravely.

小钱德勒加快了步伐。有生以来第一次他感觉自己要比身边路过的人优越。第一次他的灵魂对坎珀尔街无趣的不雅产生反感。有一点是毫无疑问的：如果你想要成功，你就得离开。在都柏林你无法有所作为。

当他经过格拉顿桥的时候，他顺着河水朝下游的码头望去，对那些破旧低矮的房屋心生怜悯。在他看来它们好似一帮流浪汉，沿着河岸簇拥在一起，破旧的外套上布满尘烟，它们被落日的景色惊呆了，等待着夜晚的第一丝寒意来召唤它们起身，振作，然后离开。他想知道他能否写一首诗来表达自己的想法。也许加拉赫还能帮他发表在伦敦的某家报纸上。他能写点什么新颖的东西吗？他不确定他想表达什么样的想法，不过一个充满诗意的时刻触动了他，这种感受在他心中就像一个新生的希望获得了生命。他迈步向前，勇气十足。

Every step brought him nearer to London, farther from his own sober inartistic life. A light began to tremble on the horizon of his mind. He was not so old—thirty-two. His temperament might be said to be just at the point of maturity. There were so many different moods and impressions that he wished to express in verse. He felt them within him. He tried weigh his soul to see if it was a poet's soul. Melancholy was the dominant note of his temperament, he thought, but it was a melancholy tempered by recurrences of faith and resignation and simple joy. If he could give expression to it in a book of poems perhaps men would listen. He would never be popular: he saw that. He could not sway the crowd but he might appeal to a little circle of kindred minds. The English critics, perhaps, would recognise him as one of the Celtic school by reason of the melancholy tone of his poems; besides that, he would put in allusions. He began to invent sentences and phrases from the notice which his book would get. "Mr. Chandler has the gift of easy and graceful verse."... "wistful sadness pervades these poems."... "The Celtic note." It was a pity his name was not more Irish-looking. Perhaps it would be better to insert his mother's name before the surname: Thomas Malone Chandler, or better still: T. Malone Chandler. He would speak to Gallaher about it.

每一步都让他更加接近伦敦，同时也更加远离他自己那种平淡庸俗的生活。一盏明灯开始在他心头的地平线上闪现。他还不老——刚三十二岁。他的性情可以说是刚刚成熟。还有那么多不同的情绪和印象，他真想用诗歌来表达。他感到它们就在自己的内心。他试图衡量自己的灵魂，看看它是否是一个诗人的灵魂。他认为，忧郁是他性情的基调，不过这是被重复出现的信念、顺从和单纯的快乐调和冲淡了的一种忧郁。如果他能在一本诗集中传达这种忧郁，也许人们会愿意倾听。他永远都不会受人追捧：他明白这一点。他无法撼动大众，但是他却可能吸引一小圈同道之人。英格兰的批评家们也许会认可他为凯尔特流派的一员，理由是他诗歌中的忧郁情调；此外，他还会引经据典。他的书还会引起关注，他开始想象人们可能会用什么话和什么词来形容。“钱德勒先生具有创作流畅优雅诗歌的天赋。”……“徒然神往的感伤弥漫在这些诗歌当中。”……“凯尔特的情调。”可惜的是他的名字不是特别具有爱尔兰特色。也许在他的姓前面插入他母亲的名字会好一些：托马斯·马龙·钱德勒，或者更好的办法是：托·马龙·钱德勒。他会和加拉赫谈谈这件事。

He pursued his revery so ardently that he passed his street and had to turn back. As he came near Corless's his former agitation began to overmaster him and he halted before the door in indecision. Finally he opened the door and entered.

他热切投入地遐想着，以至走过了他要去的那条街，于是又不得不往回走。当他走近科利斯酒店时，又开始充满先前那种焦虑情绪，他犹豫着在门口停步不前。最后他还是打开门，走了进去。

The light and noise of the bar held him at the doorways for a few moments. He looked about him, but his sight was confused by the shining of many red and green wine-glasses. The bar seemed to him to be full of people and he felt that the people were observing him curiously. He glanced quickly to right and left (frowning slightly to make his errand appear serious), but when his sight cleared a little he saw that nobody had turned to look at him: and there, sure enough, was Ignatius Gallaher leaning with his back against the counter and his feet planted far apart.

酒吧里的光线和噪音让他在门口停留了片刻。他朝四周张望，但是他的视线却被许多闪动着亮光的红红绿绿的酒杯给搅乱了。在他看来，这家酒吧似乎挤满了人，他感觉这些人都在好奇地打量着他。他迅速地朝左右看了看（微微地皱着眉头以便让自己跑这一趟显得像是件正经事），不过在他视线清晰了一些之后，他看到没人扭头看他：而在那边，确定无疑的就是伊格内休斯·加拉赫，他背倚着柜台站着，叉开双脚稳扎于地。

"Hallo, Tommy, old hero, here you are! What is it to be? What will you have? I'm taking whisky: better stuff than we get across the water. Soda? Lithia? No mineral? I'm the same Spoils the flavour.... Here, garcon, bring us two halves of malt whisky, like a good fellow.... Well, and how have you been pulling along since I saw you last? Dear God, how old we're getting! Do you see any signs of aging in me—eh, what? A little grey and thin on the top—what?”

“嗨，汤米，老英雄，你来了！要点什么？你要喝点什么？我在喝威士忌：好东西，比我们在海峡那边弄到的要好。苏打水？锂氧水？不要矿泉水？我也一样。会影响口味……这儿，服务生，给我们来两份半品脱的麦芽威士忌，好伙计……哎，上次我见你之后，你过得怎么样啊？亲爱的上帝，我们都变得有多老啊！你看出我有什么变老的迹象了吗——啊，什么？头发有点变灰变少——什么？”

Ignatius Gallaher took off his hat and displayed a large closely cropped head. His face was heavy, pale and cleanshaven. His eyes, which were of bluish slate-colour, relieved his unhealthy pallor and shone out plainly above the vivid orange tie he wore. Between these rival features the lips appeared very long and shapeless and colourless. He bent his head and felt with two sympathetic fingers the thin hair at

the crown. Little Chandler shook his head as a denial. Ignatius Galaher put on his hat again.

伊格内休斯·加拉赫摘下帽子，露出一个剃着短发的大脑袋。他浓眉大眼、脸色苍白，胡子刮得很干净。他那双蓝灰色的眼睛在他戴的鲜橘色领带上方熠熠闪光，缓和了他那不健康的苍白面色。在这两种相斥的特征之间，他的嘴巴显得很大，形状不好看还没什么血色。他低下头，用两根手指怜惜地抚弄着头顶上稀疏的头发。小钱德勒摇摇头予以否认。伊格内休斯·加拉赫又戴上了帽子。

"It pulls you down," he said. "Press life. Always hurry and scurry, looking for copy and sometimes not finding it: and then, always to have something new in your stuff. Damn proofs and printers, I say, for a few days. I'm deuced glad, I can tell you, to get back to the old country. Does a fellow good, a bit of a holiday. I feel a ton better since I landed again in dear dirty Dublin.... Here you are, Tommy. Water? Say when.”

“它会把人累垮，”他说，“新闻界的生活。总是匆匆忙忙紧紧张张，到处找稿子有时还找不着：然后呢，还总得在自己那点东西里弄出点新花样。我说，这几天就让校对和排版都见鬼去吧。我真是高兴极了，我跟你说，能回到祖国来。度个短假对人有好处。从我再次踏上熟悉的肮脏的都柏林土地起，我感觉真是好多了……给你，汤米。水？想要就说。”

Little Chandler allowed his whisky to be very much diluted.

小钱德勒让人把自己的威士忌酒稀释了很多。

"You don't know what's good for you, my boy," said Ignatius Gallaher. "I drink mine neat."

“你不知道什么对你好，我的伙计，”伊格内休斯·加拉赫说，“我喝就不掺水。”

"I drink very little as a rule," said Little Chandler modestly. "An odd half-one or so when I meet any of the old crowd: that's all.”

“我通常喝得很少，”小钱德勒谦逊地说道，“遇到好朋友的时候才会喝半品脱左右：那就最多了。”

"Ah well," said Ignatius Gallaher, cheerfully, "here's to us and to old times and old acquaintance.”

“嗯，来吧，”伊格内休斯·加拉赫高兴地说，“为我们，也为过去的时光和过去的交情。”

They clinked glasses and drank the toast.

他们碰了酒杯，一饮而尽。

"I met some of the old gang today," said Ignatius Gallaher.

"O'Hara seems to be in a bad way. What's he doing?" "Nothing," said Little Chandler. "He's gone to the dogs."

“今天我见着了一些老伙计，”伊格内休斯·加拉赫说，“奥哈拉看上去过得很糟。他在干什么呢？”“什么都没干，”小钱德勒说，“他已经堕落了。”

"But Hogan has a good sit, hasn't he?"

“不过霍根倒过得不错，对吧？”

"Yes; he's in the Land Commission."

“对，他在土地委员会工作。”

"I met him one night in London and he seemed to be very flush.... Poor O'Hara! Boose, I suppose?" "Other things, too," said Little Chandler shortly.

“在伦敦的时候有一天晚上我遇见过他，看上去很有钱……可怜的奥哈拉！我猜是喝酒太多了吧？”“还有其他原因。”小钱德勒简短地说。

Ignatius Gallaher laughed.

伊格内休斯·加拉赫笑了。

"Tommy," he said, "I see you haven't changed an atom. You're the very same serious person that used to lecture me on Sunday mornings when I had a sore head and a fur on my tongue. You'd want to knock about a bit in the world. Have you never been anywhere even for a trip?"

“汤米，”他说，“我看你一丁点都没变。你还是那副严肃认真的老样子，以前每到星期天早上，当我脑袋疼舌苔厚的时候，你常常会给我讲道理。你曾经想去世界各地转转。难道就算是旅游你也没去过什么地方吗？”

"I've been to the Isle of Man," said Little Chandler.

“我去过马恩岛。”小钱德勒说。

Ignatius Gallaher laughed.

伊格内休斯·加拉赫笑了。

"The Isle of Man!" he said. "Go to London or Paris: Paris, for choice. That'd do you good." "Have you seen Paris?"

“马恩岛！”他说，“应该去伦敦或巴黎：还是选巴黎吧。那会对你有好处。”“你去过巴黎吗？”

"I should think I have! I've knocked about there a little." "And is it really so beautiful as they say?" asked Little Chandler.

“我想我应该算是去过了！我在那儿呆过一阵。”“真有他们说的那么

美吗？”小钱德勒问道。

He sipped a little of his drink while Ignatius Gallaher finished his boldly.

他呷了一小口酒，而伊格内休斯·加拉赫则把自己的酒豪饮而尽。

"Beautiful?" said Ignatius Gallaher, pausing on the word and on the flavour of his drink. "It's not so beautiful, you know. Of course, it is beautiful.... But it's the life of Paris; that's the thing. Ah, there's no city like Paris for gaiety, movement, excitement....”

“美？”伊格内休斯·加拉赫说，琢磨着这个字眼和酒的余味，“要知道，它也不算很美。当然了，它是美……不过最关键的是巴黎的生活；那才是本质所在。啊，没有哪座城市能像巴黎那样让人体会快乐、动感、刺激……”

Little Chandler finished his whisky and, after some trouble, succeeded in catching the barman's eye. He ordered the same again.

小钱德勒喝光了他的威士忌，然后费了些劲才捕捉到了那个酒吧男招待的目光。他又点了同样的酒。

"I've been to the Moulin Rouge," Ignatius Gallaher continued when the barman had removed their glasses, "and I've been to all the Bohemian cafes. Hot stuff! Not for a pious chap like you, Tommy.”

“我去过红磨坊，”当酒吧男招待拿走他们的酒杯时，伊格内休斯·加拉赫继续说道，“我去过所有波西米亚人开的咖啡馆。很火爆的地方！但不适合像你这样虔诚的家伙，汤米。”

Little Chandler said nothing until the barman returned with two glasses: then he touched his friend's glass lightly and reciprocated the former toast. He was beginning to feel somewhat disillusioned. Gallaher's accent and way of expressing himself did not please him. There was something vulgar in his friend which he had not observed before. But perhaps it was only the result of living in London amid the bustle and competition of the Press. The old personal charm was still there under this new gaudy manner. And, after all, Gallaher had lived, he had seen the world. Little Chandler looked at his friend enviously.

小钱德勒什么都没说，一直等到酒吧男招待又给他们端来两杯酒：他轻轻地碰了一下朋友的酒杯，回敬了先前提议的那杯酒。他开始觉得有些醒悟了。加拉赫的口音和表达方式没有让他感到高兴。他朋友身上有某种他过去从未注意到的庸俗的东西。不过也许这只是身处新闻界的喧嚣与竞争，并且在伦敦生活的结果。昔日的个人魅力在这种新派俗气的举止之下仍旧依稀可见。再者，说到底，加拉赫有了生活经验，他已见过了世面。小钱德勒艳羡地看着他的朋友。

"Everything in Paris is gay," said Ignatius Gallaher. "They believe in enjoying life—and don't you think they're right? If you want to

enjoy yourself properly you must go to Paris. And, mind you, they've a great feeling for the Irish there. When they heard I was from Ireland they were ready to eat me, man.”

“巴黎的一切都是快乐的，”伊格内休斯·加拉赫说，“他们信奉的是享受生活——难道你不觉得他们是对的吗？要是你想好好享受一下的话，你就必须要去巴黎。不过，你要记住，那里的人对爱尔兰人可是很反感的。当他们听说我是爱尔兰人的时候，他们简直想把我吃了，伙计。”

Little Chandler took four or five sips from his glass.

小钱德勒就着酒杯呷了四五口酒。

"Tell me," he said, "is it true that Paris is so... immoral as they say?"

“告诉我，”他说，“巴黎真地是那么……像他们说的那样堕落吗？”

Ignatius Gallaher made a catholic gesture with his right arm.

伊格内休斯·加拉赫用他的右臂做了一个表示宽容的手势。

"Every place is immoral," he said. "Of course you do find spicy bits in Paris. Go to one of the students' balls, for instance. That's lively, if you like, when the cocottes begin to let themselves loose. You know what they are, I suppose?”

“每个地方都是堕落的，”他说，“当然，你的确会在巴黎发现下流之处。比如，去参加一个学生舞会。如果你喜欢的话，那儿会很是狂热，尤其是当妓女们开始放纵自己的时候。我猜，你知道她们都是些什么人吧？”

"I've heard of them," said Little Chandler.

“我听说过她们那种人。”小钱德勒说。

Ignatius Gallaher drank off his whisky and shook his head.

伊格内休斯·加拉赫喝干了他的威士忌，然后摇了摇头。

"Ah," he said, "you may say what you like. There's no woman like the Parisienne—for style, for go.”

“啊，”他说，“你想怎么说都可以。任何女人都不像巴黎女人那么——有风情，会享乐。”

"Then it is an immoral city," said Little Chandler, with timid insistence—"I mean, compared with London or Dublin?"

“那么说它就是个堕落的城市了，”小钱德勒带着羞怯的执着说道——“我的意思是，如果拿它和伦敦或都柏林相比的话？”

"London!" said Ignatius Gallaher. "It's six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. You ask Hogan, my boy. I showed him a bit about

London when he was over there. He'd open your eye.... I say, Tommy, don't make punch of that whisky: liquor up.”

“伦敦！”伊格内休斯·加拉赫说，“一个是六，一个是半打，都一个样。你问问霍根，伙计。他在伦敦那会儿我领他去转了转。他会让你开眼的……我说，汤米，别把威士忌当潘趣酒来喝：干了。”

"No, really...."

“不行，真的……”

"O, come on, another one won't do you any harm. What is it? The same again, I suppose?”

“哦，来吧，再来一杯对你不会有啥害处的。喝什么？我猜还点一样的？”

"Well... all right."

“那……好吧。”

"Francois, the same again.... Will you smoke, Tommy?"

“服务生，再来两份一样的……你抽烟吗，汤米？”

Ignatius Gallaher produced his cigar-case. The two friends lit their cigars and puffed at them in silence until their drinks were served.

伊格内休斯·加拉赫掏出了他的雪茄烟盒。两个朋友点上雪茄抽了起来，一声不吭，直到他们的酒被端了过来。

"I'll tell you my opinion," said Ignatius Gallaher, emerging after some time from the clouds of smoke in which he had taken refuge, "it's a rum world. Talk of immorality! I've heard of cases—what am I saying?—I've known them: cases of... immorality....”

“我给你讲讲我的看法，”过了好一会儿，伊格内休斯·加拉赫从他藏身的团团烟雾中露出脸来说道，“那是个稀奇古怪的地方。谈谈堕落！我听说过一些事情——我在说什么呢？——我知道那些事：那些……堕落的事……”

Ignatius Gallaher puffed thoughtfully at his cigar and then, in a calm historian's tone, he proceeded to sketch for his friend some pictures of the corruption which was rife abroad. He summarised the vices of many capitals and seemed inclined to award the palm to Berlin. Some things he could not vouch for (his friends had told him), but of others he had had personal experience. He spared neither rank nor caste. He revealed many of the secrets of religious houses on the Continent and described some of the practices which were fashionable in high society and ended by telling, with details, a story about an English duchess—a story which he knew to be true. Little Chandler was astonished.

伊格内休斯·加拉赫若有所思地抽着雪茄，然后，用一种平静的好像历史学家的口吻，他开始为他的朋友勾勒一些国外屡见不鲜的腐败场面。他简要叙述了许多首都城市的罪恶，似乎倾向于把棕榈枝奖给柏林。有些事情他无法肯定（是朋友们给他讲的），不过另外一些事可就是他亲身经历过的了。他可不管对方的地位等级。他揭露了欧洲大陆宗教机构里的许多秘密，描述了上流社会的一些时髦做法，最后还详细地讲述了有关一个英格兰公爵夫人的故事——一个据他了解是真实的故事。小钱德勒很是吃惊。

"Ah, well," said Ignatius Gallaher, "here we are in old jog-along Dublin where nothing is known of such things.”

“啊，好了，”伊格内休斯·加拉赫说，“现在咱们是在古旧滞后的都柏林，这儿可没听说过像这样的事。”

"How dull you must find it," said Little Chandler, "after all the other places you've seen!”

“你肯定觉得它很无聊吧，”小钱德勒说，“尤其是你已经见识过了所有其他那些地方！”

"Well," said Ignatius Gallaher, "it's a relaxation to come over here, you know. And, after all, it's the old country, as they say, isn't it? You can't help having a certain feeling for it. That's human nature.... But tell me something about yourself. Hogan told me you had... tasted the joys of connubial bliss. Two years ago, wasn't it?”

“其实，”伊格内休斯·加拉赫，“回这儿来是一种放松，你要知道。毕竟，它是祖国嘛，正如他们说的那样，不是吗？你总难免对它怀有某种感情。这是人的本性……不过跟我讲讲你自己吧。霍根告诉我说你已经……尝到了婚姻幸福的喜乐。两年前的事，对吗？”

Little Chandler blushed and smiled.

小钱德勒脸红了，笑了笑。

"Yes," he said. "I was married last May twelve months."

“对，”他说，“我前年五月结的婚。”

"I hope it's not too late in the day to offer my best wishes," said Ignatius Gallaher. "I didn't know your address or I'd have done so at the time.”

“我希望现在送上我的祝福还不算太迟，”伊格内休斯·加拉赫说，“我不知道你的地址，要不我当时就这样做了。”

He extended his hand, which Little Chandler took.

他伸出一只手，小钱德勒握住了那只手。

"Well, Tommy," he said, "I wish you and yours every joy in life, old chap, and tons of money, and may you never die till I shoot you.

And that's the wish of a sincere friend, an old friend. You know that?”

“听着，汤米，”他说，“我希望你和你的家人生活得事事如意，老伙计，有很多很多钱，祝愿你永远都不会死，除非我用枪打死你。这是一个挚友，一个老友的祝福。你明白吗？”

"I know that," said Little Chandler.

“我明白。”小钱德勒说。

"Any youngsters?" said Ignatius Gallaher.

“有孩子了吗？”伊格内休斯·加拉赫问道。

Little Chandler blushed again.

小钱德勒又脸红了。

"We have one child," he said.

“我们有一个孩子。”他说。

"Son or daughter?"

“儿子还是女儿？”

"A little boy."

“一个小男孩。”

Ignatius Gallaher slapped his friend sonorously on the back.

伊格内休斯·加拉赫用力拍了拍他朋友的后背。

"Bravo," he said, "I wouldn't doubt you, Tommy.”

“好极了，”他说，“我绝对相信你，汤米。”

Little Chandler smiled, looked confusedly at his glass and bit his lower lip with three childishly white front teeth.

小钱德勒笑了，他困惑地看着自己的酒杯，像孩子般用三颗洁白的门牙咬着下嘴唇。

"I hope you'll spend an evening with us," he said, "before you go back. My wife will be delighted to meet you. We can have a little music and——”

“我希望你能和我们一起过一晚，”他说，“然后你再走。我妻子会很高兴见到你的。我们可以听听音乐然后——”

"Thanks awfully, old chap," said Ignatius Gallaher, "I'm sorry we didn't meet earlier. But I must leave tomorrow night.”

“非常感谢，老伙计，”伊格内休斯·加拉赫说，“很遗憾我们没能早点见面。不过我明晚必须得走。”

"Tonight, perhaps...?"

“今晚，要不就……?"

"I'm awfully sorry, old man. You see I'm over here with another fellow, clever young chap he is too, and we arranged to go to a little card-party. Only for that...”

“我非常抱歉，老朋友。你瞧我是和另一个人来这儿的，他也是个聪明的年轻人，我们已经安排好了要去一个牌局。要不是因为这个……”

"O, in that case..."

“哦，那样的话……”

"But who knows?" said Ignatius Gallaher considerately. "Next year I may take a little skip over here now that I've broken the ice. It's only a pleasure deferred.”

“不过谁知道呢？”伊格内休斯·加拉赫体谅地说道，“既然我已经有了破冰之旅，明年我可能会来这儿住段时间。只是把乐事往后推一推而已。”

"Very well," said Little Chandler, "the next time you come we must have an evening together. That's agreed now, isn't it?”

“好极了，”小钱德勒说，“下次你来我们一定要一块过夜。现在就说定了，好吗？”

"Yes, that's agreed," said Ignatius Gallaher. "Next year if I come, parole d'honneur.”

“好的，说定了。”伊格内休斯·加拉赫说。“明年要是我来的话，说话算话。”

"And to clinch the bargain," said Little Chandler, "we'll just have one more now.”

“为了敲定这个事，”小钱德勒说，“咱们现在再来最后一杯。”

Ignatius Gallaher took out a large gold watch and looked at it.

伊格内休斯·加拉赫掏出一块大金表看了看。

"Is it to be the last?" he said. "Because you know, I have an a.p."

“这可是最后一杯？”他说，“因为你知道，我还有一份稿子需要校对。”

"O, yes, positively," said Little Chandler.

“哦，好，肯定是。”小钱德勒说。

"Very well, then," said Ignatius Gallaher, "let us have another one as a deoc an doruis—that's good vernacular for a small whisky, I believe.”

“那就太好了，”伊格内休斯·加拉赫说，“咱们就再喝一杯上路酒

——我觉得方言里指一小杯威士忌的这种叫法很不错。”

Little Chandler ordered the drinks. The blush which had risen to his face a few moments before was establishing itself. A trifle made him blush at any time: and now he felt warm and excited. Three small whiskies had gone to his head and Gallaher's strong cigar had confused his mind, for he was a delicate and abstinent person. The adventure of meeting Gallaher after eight years, of finding himself with Gallaher in Corless's surrounded by lights and noise, of listening to Gallaher's stories and of sharing for a brief space Gallaher's vagrant and triumphant life, upset the equipoise of his sensitive nature. He felt acutely the contrast between his own life and his friend's and it seemed to him unjust. Gallaher was his inferior in birth and education. He was sure that he could do something better than his friend had ever done, or could ever do, something higher than mere tawdry journalism if he only got the chance. What was it that stood in his way? His unfortunate timidity! He wished to vindicate himself in some way, to assert his manhood. He saw behind Gallaher's refusal of his invitation. Gallaher was only patronising him by his friendliness just as he was patronising Ireland by his visit.

小钱德勒点了酒。他的脸上在片刻之前泛起的红晕开始定格。一件小事都能随时让他脸红：现在他觉得又热又兴奋。三小杯威士忌已经上了他的头，加拉赫那根劲大的雪茄也搅乱了他的脑子，因为他是个体质纤弱、饮食节制的人。他原本性情敏感；八年之后遇见加拉赫，发觉自己和加拉赫在科利斯酒店置身于灯光声色之中，听加拉赫的故事，分享一小段加拉赫那漂泊不定但却颇有成就的生活，这种冒险般的经历打破了他内心的平静。他深切地感受到了他自己的生活与他朋友的生活之间的强烈反差，这对他来说似乎有些不公平。就出身和教育而言，加拉赫是不如他的。他确信，一旦得到机会，他一定能做成大事，做得比他朋友做过的和能做的都要好，不是那种华而不实的新闻工作，而是更高品位的大事。是什么妨碍了他呢？他那该死的羞怯！他希望以某种方式来证明自己，来宣扬自己的男子汉气概。他看清了加拉赫拒绝他的邀请背后的原因。加拉赫只是在用友善来施舍他，就像他在用此行施舍爱尔兰一样。

The barman brought their drinks. Little Chandler pushed one glass towards his friend and took up the other boldly.

酒吧男招待拿来了他们的酒。小钱德勒先把其中一杯推到他朋友面前，然后爽快地拿起了另一杯。

"Who knows?" he said, as they lifted their glasses. "When you come next year I may have the pleasure of wishing long life and happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Ignatius Gallaher."

“谁知道呢？”他说道，当他们举起酒杯的时候，“你明年再来的时候，我也许会很高兴地祝愿伊格内休斯·加拉赫先生及太太长寿幸福。”

Ignatius Gallaher in the act of drinking closed one eye expressively over the rim of his glass. When he had drunk he smacked his lips decisively, set down his glass and said:

正在喝酒的伊格内休斯·加拉赫在酒杯的边缘颇有意味地闭上了一只眼。喝完之后，他果决地砸吧着嘴唇，放下酒杯，说道：

"No blooming fear of that, my boy. I'm going to have my fling first and see a bit of life and the world before I put my head in the sack—if I ever do.”

“压根不用担心这事，我的小伙子。我要先纵情享乐，见识见识生活和世界，然后才会把头伸进婚姻的麻袋里——如果我真要那么做的话。”

"Some day you will," said Little Chandler calmly.

“有一天你会的，”小钱德勒平静地说。

Ignatius Gallaher turned his orange tie and slate-blue eyes full upon his friend.

伊格内休斯·加拉赫把他那橘色的领结和灰蓝色的眼睛完全转向了他的朋友。

"You think so?" he said.

“你真这么想吗？”他说。

"You'll put your head in the sack," repeated Little Chandler stoutly, "like everyone else if you can find the girl."

“你会把头伸进婚姻口袋里的，”小钱德勒断然重复道，“就像所有其他人一样，如果你能找到适合你的女孩。”

He had slightly emphasised his tone and he was aware that he had betrayed himself; but, though the colour had heightened in his cheek, he did not flinch from his friend's gaze. Ignatius Gallaher watched him for a few moments and then said:

他略微加强了自己的语调，他意识到自己有些失态了；不过，尽管他脸颊的颜色更浓了，他并没有在他朋友的注视之下退缩。伊格内休斯·加拉赫盯着他看了好一会儿，然后说道：

"If ever it occurs, you may bet your bottom dollar there'll be no mooning and spooning about it. I mean to marry money. She'll have a good fat account at the bank or she won't do for me.”

“如果这种事真的发生的话，你可以用你的最后一块钱打赌，绝对不会有所谓痴情和幻想搅在里面。我是想和钱结婚的。她在银行得要有一大笔丰厚的存款，否则她就不适合我。”

Little Chandler shook his head.

小钱德勒摇了摇头。

"Why, man alive," said Ignatius Gallaher, vehemently, "do you know what it is? I've only to say the word and tomorrow I can have the woman and the cash. You don't believe it? Well, I know it. There are hundreds—what am I saying?—thousands of rich Germans and Jews, rotten with money, that'd only be too glad.... You wait a while my boy. See if I don't play my cards properly. When I go about a thing I mean business, I tell you. You just wait.”

”哎，大活人，“伊格内休斯·加拉赫言辞激烈地说道，“你知道这是怎么回事吗？我只需要说句话，明天我就能拥有女人和钱。你不相信？这嘛，我明白。有成百——我在说什么呢？——有成千富有的德国人和犹太人，受到了金钱的腐化，都只巴不得.....你等一会儿我的小伙子。看看我是否能把牌玩好。当我做一件事的时候，我会把它当生意做，我跟你说。你就等着吧。”

He tossed his glass to his mouth, finished his drink and laughed loudly. Then he looked thoughtfully before him and said in a calmer tone:

他把酒杯送到嘴边，喝完了酒，大声笑了起来。然后他若有所思地看着前方，用一种比较平静的语调说道：

"But I'm in no hurry. They can wait. I don't fancy tying myself up to one woman, you know.”

“不过我不着急。她们可以等着。我不想把自己拴在一个女人身上，你知道。”

He imitated with his mouth the act of tasting and made a wry face.

他用嘴巴装出品尝的样子，然后做了一个扭曲的鬼脸。

"Must get a bit stale, I should think," he said.

“一定是有点过期了，我觉得，”他说。

Little Chandler sat in the room off the hall, holding a child in his arms. To save money they kept no servant but Annie's young sister Monica came for an hour or so in the morning and an hour or so in the evening to help. But Monica had gone home long ago. It was a quarter to nine. Little Chandler had come home late for tea and, moreover, he had forgotten to bring Annie home the parcel of coffee from Bewley's. Of course she was in a bad humour and gave him short answers. She said she would do without any tea but when it came near the time at which the shop at the corner closed she decided to go out herself for a quarter of a pound of tea and two pounds of sugar. She put the sleeping child deftly in his arms and said:

小钱德勒坐在门厅旁边的房间里，怀里抱着一个孩子。为了省钱，他们没有雇请仆人，只是让安妮的妹妹莫妮卡早上过来一个小时左右，

傍晚过来一个小时左右给帮帮忙。但是莫妮卡早就回家了。时间是差一刻九点钟。小钱德勒回家喝茶晚了些，另外，他还忘了从比利茶饮店带一包咖啡回来。当然她心情不好，应答他的话都很简短。她说没有茶她完全可以，可是眼看拐角店铺关门的时间快到了，她决定自己出去买四分之一磅茶叶和两磅糖。她利落地把睡着的孩子往他怀里一放，说道：

"Here. Don't waken him." A little lamp with a white china shade stood upon the table and its light fell over a photograph which was enclosed in a frame of crumpled horn. It was Annie's photograph. Little Chandler looked at it, pausing at the thin tight lips. She wore the pale blue summer blouse which he had brought her home as a present one Saturday. It had cost him ten and eleven pence; but what an agony of nervousness it had cost him! How he had suffered that day, waiting at the shop door until the shop was empty, standing at the counter and trying to appear at his ease while the girl piled ladies' blouses before him, paying at the desk and forgetting to take up the odd penny of his change, being called back by the cashier, and finally, striving to hide his blushes as he left the shop by examining the parcel to see if it was securely tied. When he brought the blouse home Annie kissed him and said it was very pretty and stylish; but when she heard the price she threw the blouse on the table and said it was a regular swindle to charge ten and elevenpence for it. At first she wanted to take it back but when she tried it on she was delighted with it, especially with the make of the sleeves, and kissed him and said he was very good to think of her.

“给。别弄醒他。”一盏带有白瓷灯罩的小灯立在桌子上，灯光洒落在一张镶在弯角相框里的照片上。那是安妮的照片。小钱德勒看着照片，目光停在了那薄薄的紧闭的双唇上。她穿着浅蓝色的夏衫，那是他在某个星期六给她带回家的一件礼物。夏衫花了他十镑十一便士；可他饱受了多少不安的煎熬啊！那天他受了多大的煎熬啊！他一直等在商店门口，直到里面没有顾客；售货员小姐把一堆女士衬衫放在他面前时，他站在柜台前竭力保持着自然；他付完帐之后忘了拿找回的零钱，又被出纳叫了回来；最后，当他离开商店时，他一边掩饰着脸上的红晕，一边仔细检查包裹是否绑好了。他拿着上衣回了家，安妮吻了他，说衣服非常好看，也很时髦；不过当她一听说价钱的时候，她立马把衣服扔到了桌子上，说那样一件衣服要价十镑十一便士简直就是敲诈。起初她想把它退回去，不过当她试穿的时候，她很喜欢，尤其喜欢袖子的式样，于是她又吻了他，说他能想到她真是太好了。

Hm!...

哼！……

He looked coldly into the eyes of the photograph and they answered coldly. Certainly they were pretty and the face itself was pretty. But he found something mean in it. Why was it so unconscious

and ladylike? The composure of the eyes irritated him. They repelled him and defied him: there was no passion in them, no rapture. He thought of what Gallaher had said about rich Jewesses. Those dark Oriental eyes, he thought, how full they are of passion, of voluptuous longing!... Why had he married the eyes in the photograph?

他冷冷地看着照片中的那双眼睛，它们也冷冷地回视着。当然它们是漂亮的，那张脸本身也是漂亮的。不过他发现那脸上有某种刻薄的神情。它为什么那么冷漠，俨然贵妇人的样子呢？那双眼睛镇静自若的神情让他感到恼火。它们排斥他，藐视他：眼神里没有热情，没有痴狂。他想起了加拉赫说起过的那些有钱的犹太女人。那些带有东方韵味的黑眼睛，他想，一定充满了热情，充满了纵欲的想望！……他为何与照片中长着那双眼睛的人结婚了呢？

He caught himself up at the question and glanced nervously round the room. He found something mean in the pretty furniture which he had bought for his house on the hire system. Annie had chosen it herself and it reminded him of her. It too was prim and pretty. A dull resentment against his life awoke within him. Could he not escape from his little house? Was it too late for him to try to live bravely like Gallaher? Could he go to London? There was the furniture still to be paid for. If he could only write a book and get it published, that might open the way for him.

他纠结于这个问题，不安地环视着房间。他发现那些漂亮的家具也有种令人厌恶的特点，他是以分期付款的形式买下这些家具来装饰他的房子的。安妮亲自挑选的，它们又让他想起了她。家具也都是整洁美观的。一种模模糊糊的对自己生活的憎恶感在他的内心蠢蠢欲动。难道他不能逃离开自己的小房子吗？努力去像加拉赫那样无畏地过活，对他来说是不是太迟了呢？他能去伦敦吗？可还有这些家具得付款呢。只要他写一本书，然后设法出版，那就有可能为他打开出路。

A volume of Byron's poems lay before him on the table. He opened it cautiously with his left hand lest he should waken the child and began to read the first poem in the book:

一本拜伦诗集放在他面前的桌子上。他用左手小心翼翼地翻开书，唯恐他会吵醒孩子，他开始读书里的第一首诗：

Hushed are the winds and still the evening gloom, Not e'en a Zephyr wanders through the grove, Whilst I return to view my Margaret's tomb And scatter flowers on the dust I love.

寂静的是风，凝滞的是夜的黑暗，西风已不在林间穿行，而我却回来看望我的玛格丽特之墓，鲜花撒满在我爱的那片尘土。

He paused. He felt the rhythm of the verse about him in the room. How melancholy it was! Could he, too, write like that, express the melancholy of his soul in verse? There were so many things he

wanted to describe: his sensation of a few hours before on Grattan Bridge, for example. If he could get back again into that mood....

他停了下来。他感觉到房间里有这首诗的节奏围绕在他四周。多么忧郁的一首诗啊！他能否也像这样来写作，用诗歌来传达灵魂的忧郁?有太多的东西他想去描述：比如，几个小时以前他在格拉顿桥上的感受。要是他能再回到当时那种心境……

The child awoke and began to cry. He turned from the page and tried to hush it: but it would not be hushed. He began to rock it to and fro in his arms but its wailing cry grew keener. He rocked it faster while his eyes began to read the second stanza:

孩子醒了，开始哭了起来。他从正读着的那页书转过头去，尽力想让孩子安静下来：可那孩子就是不愿意安静下来。他把孩子抱在怀里来回摇了起来，可是孩子的啼哭声却变得更加刺耳。他更快地摇动着孩子，而他的眼睛则开始看第二诗节：

Within this narrow cell reclines her clay, That clay where once...

在这促狭的地穴里躺着她的躯壳，这躯壳里曾经……

It was useless. He couldn't read. He couldn't do anything. The wailing of the child pierced the drum of his ear. It was useless, useless! He was a prisoner for life. His arms trembled with anger and suddenly bending to the child's face he shouted:

这不管用。他没法读下去。他什么事情也做不了。孩子的啼哭声穿透了他的耳膜。这不管用，不管用！他一辈子都是个囚徒。他的双臂由于愤怒而颤抖着，猛然他俯身冲着孩子的脸大叫道：

"Stop!"

“够了！”

The child stopped for an instant, had a spasm of fright and began to scream. He jumped up from his chair and walked hastily up and down the room with the child in his arms. It began to sob piteously, losing its breath for four or five seconds, and then bursting out anew. The thin walls of the room echoed the sound. He tried to soothe it but it sobbed more convulsively. He looked at the contracted and quivering face of the child and began to be alarmed. He counted seven sobs without a break between them and caught the child to his breast in fright. If it died!...

孩子有片刻停止了啼哭，吓得一阵抽搐，随后又开始尖厉地哭叫起来。他从椅子上一跃而起，抱着孩子急躁地在房间里来回走动起来。孩子开始可怜地抽噎，有四五秒钟喘不过气来，然后又再次爆发。房间单薄的墙壁回荡着那哭声。他极力去安哄孩子，可孩子却呜咽得更加厉害。他看着孩子那抽搐颤抖的脸，开始惊慌起来。他数了数，一连有七次没有间歇的抽噎，他惊恐地把孩子抱在胸前。要是孩子死了！……

The door was burst open and a young woman ran in, panting.

门突然打开，一个年轻女人气喘吁吁地跑了进来。

"What is it? What is it?" she cried.

“这是怎么了？这是怎么了？”她叫喊着。

The child, hearing its mother's voice, broke out into a paroxysm of sobbing.

孩子听到母亲的声音旋即又爆发出了一阵剧烈的抽噎。

"It's nothing, Annie... it's nothing.... He began to cry...”

“没什么，安妮……没什么……他开始哭……”

She flung her parcels on the floor and snatched the child from him.

她把自己的包裹往地板上猛地一扔，一下子从他怀里夺走了孩子。

"What have you done to him?" she cried, glaring into his face.

“你对他做什么了？”她喊道，怒视着他的脸。

Little Chandler sustained for one moment the gaze of her eyes and his heart closed together as he met the hatred in them. He began to stammer:

小钱德勒有片刻经受住了她眼睛的盯视，但是当他遭遇其中的憎恨时，他的心紧缩在了一起。他开始结巴起来：

"It's nothing.... He... he began to cry.... I couldn't... I didn't do anything.... What?”

“没什么……他……他开始哭……我无法……我什么都没做……怎么了？”

Giving no heed to him she began to walk up and down the room, clasping the child tightly in her arms and murmuring:

她根本没有理睬他便开始在房间里来回走动起来，怀里紧紧抱着孩子，轻声低语着：

"My little man! My little mannie! Was 'ou frightened, love?... There now, love! There now!... Lambabaun! Mamma's little lamb of the world!... There now!”

“我的小人儿！我的小小人儿！吓着了吧，宝贝？……现在好啦，宝贝！现在好啦！……小羊羔！妈妈永远的小羊羔！现在好啦！”

Little Chandler felt his cheeks suffused with shame and he stood back out of the lamplight. He listened while the paroxysm of the child's sobbing grew less and less; and tears of remorse started to his eyes.

小钱德勒感到满脸羞愧，他退后站到了灯光照不到的地方。他听着，孩子的抽噎声逐渐变弱；悔恨的泪水盈满了他的眼睛。

CHAPTER 9 COUNTERPARTS

第九章 对手

THE bell rang furiously and, when Miss Parker went to the tube, a furious voice called out in a piercing North of Ireland accent:

铃声急切地响起，帕克小姐走到听筒前，一个愤怒的声音用尖厉的爱尔兰北部口音大声叫道：

"Send Farrington here!"

“让法林顿到这儿来！”

Miss Parker returned to her machine, saying to a man who was writing at a desk:

帕克小姐返回到自己的打字机旁，对着正在桌子旁边写东西的一个男人说道：

"Mr. Alleyne wants you upstairs."

“阿莱恩先生想让你上楼去。”

The man muttered "Blast him!" under his breath and pushed back his chair to stand up. When he stood up he was tall and of great bulk. He had a hanging face, dark wine-coloured, with fair eyebrows and moustache: his eyes bulged forward slightly and the whites of them were dirty. He lifted up the counter and, passing by the clients, went out of the office with a heavy step.

那个男人低声嘟哝着“去他的！”，把椅子往后推了推以便能站起身来。他站起来的时候，个子很高，块头很大。他长着一张神情沮丧的脸，深紫红色，眉毛和胡须则是浅色的：他的眼睛略微有些向外鼓，眼白浑浊不清。他掀起柜台面，从客户们身边经过，拖着沉重的步子走出了办公室。

He went heavily upstairs until he came to the second landing, where a door bore a brass plate with the inscription Mr. Alleyne. Here he halted, puffing with labour and vexation, and knocked. The shrill voice cried:

他缓慢地上楼来到第二个平台，那里的一扇门上挂着写有“阿莱恩先生”字样的铜牌。在那里他停了下来，因为疲倦和忧虑而喘着气，然后他敲了门。那个尖锐的嗓音叫道：

"Come in!"

“进来！”

The man entered Mr. Alleyne's room. Simultaneously Mr. Alleyne,

a little man wearing gold-rimmed glasses on a cleanshaven face, shot his head up over a pile of documents. The head itself was so pink and hairless it seemed like a large egg reposing on the papers. Mr. Alleyne did not lose a moment:

这个男人走进了阿莱恩先生的房间。与此同时，阿莱恩先生——一个胡须刮得干干净净、戴着金边眼镜的小个子男人——从一大堆文件中猛地一下抬起头来。那颗脑袋没有头发，颜色粉嫩，看上去就像是放在文件上的一颗大鸡蛋。阿莱恩先生马上说道：

"Farrington? What is the meaning of this? Why have I always to complain of you? May I ask you why you haven't made a copy of that contract between Bodley and Kirwan? I told you it must be ready by four o'clock.”

“法林顿？这是什么意思？为什么我总要埋怨你呢？我可否问一下，你为什么没有抄一份鲍德利和柯万之间合同的副本？我告诉过你必须在四点钟之前准备好。”

"But Mr. Shelley said, sir——”

“可谢利先生说，先生——”

"Mr. Shelley said, sir.... Kindly attend to what I say and not to what Mr. Shelley says, sir. You have always some excuse or another for shirking work. Let me tell you that if the contract is not copied before this evening I'll lay the matter before Mr. Crosbie.... Do you hear me now?”

“谢利先生说，先生……要好好留心我说的话，而不是谢利先生说的话，先生。你总有这样或那样的借口来逃避工作。我告诉你，要是那份合同在今晚之前抄不完的话，我就把这件事上报到克罗斯比先生那里……你现在听明白我的话了吗？”

"Yes, sir."

“是的，先生。”

"Do you hear me now?... Ay and another little matter! I might as well be talking to the wall as talking to you. Understand once for all that you get a half an hour for your lunch and not an hour and a half. How many courses do you want, I'd like to know.... Do you mind me now?”

“你现在听明白我的话了？……对了，还有一件小事。我和你说话就像在和一堵墙说话。记牢了，你有半个小时来吃午饭，而不是一个半小时。我真想知道，你到底要点多少菜……你现在记住我的话了吗？”

"Yes, sir."

“是的，先生。”

Mr. Alleyne bent his head again upon his pile of papers. The man stared fixedly at the polished skull which directed the affairs of Crosbie & Alleyne, gauging its fragility. A spasm of rage gripped his throat for a few moments and then passed, leaving after it a sharp sensation of thirst. The man recognised the sensation and felt that he must have a good night's drinking. The middle of the month was passed and, if he could get the copy done in time, Mr. Alleyne might give him an order on the cashier. He stood still, gazing fixedly at the head upon the pile of papers. Suddenly Mr. Alleyne began to upset all the papers, searching for something. Then, as if he had been unaware of the man's presence till that moment, he shot up his head again, saying:

阿莱恩先生重新埋头于他那堆文件之中。那个男人一动不动地盯着那个管理着克罗斯比-阿莱恩公司事务的锃亮的脑壳，估摸着它有多脆弱。一阵愤怒攫住了他的喉咙，几分钟之后这种感觉消失了，却留下一种强烈的干渴感。那个男人意识到了这种感觉，觉得他必须要去好好喝一晚上的酒。已经过了月中，如果他能及时完成那份抄件的话，阿莱恩先生可能会给他一张汇票到出纳那里拿钱。他站着不动，直勾勾地凝视着文件堆上的那颗脑袋。突然阿莱恩先生开始翻动所有的文件，找寻着什么东西。然后，仿佛在那一刻之前他一直都没意识到那个男人的存在似的，他又猛然抬起头来，说道：

"Eh? Are you going to stand there all day? Upon my word, Farrington, you take things easy!"

“呃？你打算在那里站一整天吗？说实在话，法林顿，你把事情都太不当回事了！”

"I was waiting to see..."

“我只是等着看……”

"Very good, you needn't wait to see. Go downstairs and do your work.”

“很好，你不必等着看了。下楼去干你的活去。”

The man walked heavily towards the door and, as he went out of the room, he heard Mr. Alleyne cry after him that if the contract was not copied by evening Mr. Crosbie would hear of the matter.

那个男人缓慢地朝门口走去，他一走出那个房间，就听见阿莱恩先生在他身后喊叫说，如果那份合同到晚上还没有抄好的话，克罗斯比先生就会知道这件事。

He returned to his desk in the lower office and counted the sheets which remained to be copied. He took up his pen and dipped it in the ink but he continued to stare stupidly at the last words he had written: In no case shall the said Bernard Bodley be... The evening was falling

and in a few minutes they would be lighting the gas: then he could write. He felt that he must slake the thirst in his throat. He stood up from his desk and, lifting the counter as before, passed out of the office. As he was passing out the chief clerk looked at him inquiringly.

他回到了楼下办公室的书桌旁，数了数还需要抄写的页数。他拿起笔，在墨水里蘸了蘸，然后又接着神思恍惚地盯着他已写了的最后几个单词看了起来：在任何情况下伯纳德·鲍德利所说的都不得被……夜色降临了，再过几分钟，他们就会点上煤气灯：然后他就能写了。他觉得必须要先止住喉咙的干渴。他从桌边站起身来，像刚才那样掀开柜台面，走出了办公室。当他朝外走的时候，职员主管探询地看着他。

"It's all right, Mr. Shelley," said the man, pointing with his finger to indicate the objective of his journey.

“没什么，谢利先生。”那个男人用一个指头指着他此行的目标说道。

The chief clerk glanced at the hat-rack, but, seeing the row complete, offered no remark. As soon as he was on the landing the man pulled a shepherd's plaid cap out of his pocket, put it on his head and ran quickly down the rickety stairs. From the street door he walked on furtively on the inner side of the path towards the corner and all at once dived into a doorway. He was now safe in the dark snug of O'Neill's shop, and filling up the little window that looked into the bar with his inflamed face, the colour of dark wine or dark meat, he called out:

职员主管瞥了一眼帽架，看见一排帽子都在，也就什么都不说了。那个男人一走上楼梯平台就从口袋里拽出一顶毛呢鸭舌帽，戴在头上，然后迅速跑下了摇摇晃晃的楼梯。从临街的门出来，他沿着人行道的内侧偷偷摸摸地朝街角走去，然后一下子就扎进了一扇门。他现在算是安全地置身于奥尼尔酒吧那间幽暗的包间里了，朝吧台的方向开着一扇小窗，他把呈深酒色或深肉色的涨红的脸贴在上面，喊道：

"Here, Pat, give us a g.p.. like a good fellow."

“这儿，帕特，给咱们来杯黑啤酒，好伙计。”

The curate brought him a glass of plain porter. The man drank it at a gulp and asked for a caraway seed. He put his penny on the counter and, leaving the curate to grope for it in the gloom, retreated out of the snug as furtively as he had entered it.

酒吧招待给他拿来了一杯不掺水的黑啤酒。这个男人一口全喝了下去，然后要了一粒葛缕子籽。他把一便士放在柜台上，任由那个招待在昏暗之中摸索着去拿，然后就和他先前进来时一样偷偷摸摸地溜出了包间。

Darkness, accompanied by a thick fog, was gaining upon the dusk

of February and the lamps in Eustace Street had been lit. The man went up by the houses until he reached the door of the office, wondering whether he could finish his copy in time. On the stairs a moist pungent odour of perfumes saluted his nose: evidently Miss Delacour had come while he was out in O'Neill's. He crammed his cap back again into his pocket and re-entered the office, assuming an air of absentmindedness.

黑暗伴着一片浓雾正渐渐笼罩二月的黄昏，尤斯塔斯街上的路灯已经亮起。那个男人紧挨着几栋房子往前走去，一直走到事务所门口，心里琢磨着他还能否按时完成他的抄写任务。在楼梯上一股湿润浓烈的香水味道扑鼻而来：显然在他出去到奥尼尔酒吧这一会儿功夫德拉古小姐来过了。他把帽子塞回到口袋里，然后再次踏进了事务所，做出一副心不在焉的样子。

"Mr. Alleyne has been calling for you," said the chief clerk severely. "Where were you?"

“阿莱恩先生一直在找你，”职员主管严肃地说道，“你去哪儿了？”

The man glanced at the two clients who were standing at the counter as if to intimate that their presence prevented him from answering. As the clients were both male the chief clerk allowed himself a laugh.

那个男人扫了一眼站在柜台旁边的两个客户，仿佛是在暗示他们在场让他不好作答。客户都是男的，因此职员主管任由自己笑了出来。

"I know that game," he said. "Five times in one day is a little bit... Well, you better look sharp and get a copy of our correspondence in the Delacour case for Mr. Alleyne."

“我知道那个把戏，”他说，“一天之中五次是有点……好了，你最好看起来精神点，去给阿莱恩先生拿一份德拉古案件中我们的通信副本。”

This address in the presence of the public, his run upstairs and the porter he had gulped down so hastily confused the man and, as he sat down at his desk to get what was required, he realised how hopeless was the task of finishing his copy of the contract before half past five. The dark damp night was coming and he longed to spend it in the bars, drinking with his friends amid the glare of gas and the clatter of glasses. He got out the Delacour correspondence and passed out of the office. He hoped Mr. Alleyne would not discover that the last two letters were missing.

当众听了这番话，他又是跑上楼的，再加上他刚才匆忙下肚的那杯黑啤酒，使得那个男人晕乎起来，当他坐在办公桌旁去拿需要的东西时，他意识到在五点半之前完成抄写合同的任务是多么无望。黑暗潮湿的夜降临了，他渴望能在酒吧里度过，和朋友们一起喝酒，周围是发着

亮光的汽灯和叮当作响的酒杯。他取出了德拉古通信，然后走出了办公室。他希望阿莱恩先生不会发现最后两封信不见了。

The moist pungent perfume lay all the way up to Mr. Alleyne's room. Miss Delacour was a middle-aged woman of Jewish appearance. Mr. Alleyne was said to be sweet on her or on her money. She came to the office often and stayed a long time when she came. She was sitting beside his desk now in an aroma of perfumes, smoothing the handle of her umbrella and nodding the great black feather in her hat. Mr. Alleyne had swivelled his chair round to face her and thrown his right foot jauntily upon his left knee. The man put the correspondence on the desk and bowed respectfully but neither Mr. Alleyne nor Miss Delacour took any notice of his bow. Mr. Alleyne tapped a finger on the correspondence and then flicked it towards him as if to say: "That's all right: you can go."

到阿莱恩先生房间去的一路上都是潮湿浓烈的香水味道。德拉古小姐是一个长着犹太人相貌的中年女人。据说阿莱恩先生对她或者说对她的钱很是着迷。她常常来这家事务所，而且一来就会呆很长时间。现在她正坐在他的办公桌旁，浑身散发着香水的芬芳，摩挲着伞把，帽子上那根黑色的大羽毛上下颤动着。阿莱恩先生则把椅子转了过来面对着她，神气活现地把右脚搁在了左膝上。那个男人把信放在桌子上，恭敬地鞠了一躬，可是阿莱恩先生和德拉古小姐谁都没有注意到他在鞠躬。阿莱恩先生用手指敲了敲那些信，然后又朝他弹了一下那根手指，仿佛是说："好了：你可以走了。"

The man returned to the lower office and sat down again at his desk. He stared intently at the incomplete phrase: In no case shall the said Bernard Bodley be... and thought how strange it was that the last three words began with the same letter. The chief clerk began to hurry Miss Parker, saying she would never have the letters typed in time for post. The man listened to the clicking of the machine for a few minutes and then set to work to finish his copy. But his head was not clear and his mind wandered away to the glare and rattle of the public-house. It was a night for hot punches. He struggled on with his copy, but when the clock struck five he had still fourteen pages to write. Blast it! He couldn't finish it in time. He longed to execrate aloud, to bring his fist down on something violently. He was so enraged that he wrote Bernard Bernard instead of Bernard Bodley and had to begin again on a clean sheet.

那个男人回到了楼下的办公室，又在自己的办公桌旁坐了下来。他专注地盯着那句没写完的话：在任何情况下伯纳德·鲍德利所说的都不得被……觉得它很是奇怪，最后三个单词都是以同一个字母开头的。职员主管开始催促帕克小姐，说她肯定是无法及时把信件打印出来邮寄了。那个男人听着打字机的喀嗒声听了有几分钟，然后才着手来完成他的抄写任务。但是他的脑袋不清楚，思绪则又飘向了酒馆的灯光和叮叮当当

的碰撞声。这是一个适合去喝热潘趣酒的夜晚。他勉强坚持着继续抄写，可钟敲五点的时候他还有十四页没写完。该死！他不能按时抄完了。他真想大声诅咒，用拳头去猛击什么东西。他愤怒极了，结果把伯纳德·鲍德利写成了伯纳德·伯纳德，他不得不换一张白纸重写。

He felt strong enough to clear out the whole office singlehanded. His body ached to do something, to rush out and revel in violence. All the indignities of his life enraged him.... Could he ask the cashier privately for an advance? No, the cashier was no good, no damn good: he wouldn't give an advance.... He knew where he would meet the boys: Leonard and O'Halloran and Nosey Flynn. The barometer of his emotional nature was set for a spell of riot.

他感到自己非常有劲，一个人就能把整个事务所的人都干掉。他的身体渴望去做点什么事，渴望冲出去纵情于暴力之中。生活中的种种屈辱使他感到愤怒……他能私下跟出纳预支点儿钱吗？不行，那出纳不怎么样，很他妈的不怎么样：他不会预支的……他知道在哪里他能碰上那几个小伙子：雷纳德、奥哈洛伦和诺塞·弗林。他情感状态的晴雨表显示出一段暴乱时期即将来临。

His imagination had so abstracted him that his name was called twice before he answered. Mr. Alleyne and Miss Delacour were standing outside the counter and all the clerks had turn round in anticipation of something. The man got up from his desk. Mr. Alleyne began a tirade of abuse, saying that two letters were missing. The man answered that he knew nothing about them, that he had made a faithful copy. The tirade continued: it was so bitter and violent that the man could hardly restrain his fist from descending upon the head of the manikin before him:

他的想象极大地分散了他的注意力，名字被人叫了两次他才应答。阿莱恩先生和德拉古小姐正站在柜台外面，所有的职员都转过头来，感觉到要发生什么事情了。那个男人从桌子旁边站起身来。阿莱恩先生喋喋不休地责骂起来，说有两封信不见了。那个男人回答说他对此一无所知，他只是老老实实地抄写了一份。冗长的责骂依旧继续：恶毒激烈的程度使那个男人几乎忍不住想举拳朝站在他面前的这个小个子的脑袋砸去。

"I know nothing about any other two letters," he said stupidly.

“我对什么其他两封信一无所知。”他愚鲁地说道。

"You—know—nothing. Of course you know nothing," said Mr. Alleyne. "Tell me," he added, glancing first for approval to the lady beside him, "do you take me for a fool? Do you think me an utter fool?"

“你——一无——所知。你当然一无所知。”阿莱恩说。“告诉我，”他先朝身边的那位女士瞥了一眼以获得认可，然后接着说道，“你

把我当傻瓜了吗？你觉得我是个十足的傻瓜吗？”

The man glanced from the lady's face to the little egg-shaped head and back again; and, almost before he was aware of it, his tongue had found a felicitous moment:

男人把目光从这位女士的脸上转到了那个鸡蛋一样的脑袋上，他的舌头下意识地抓住了这个时机：

"I don't think, sir," he said, "that that's a fair question to put to me.”

“我不认为，先生，”他说，“这对我来说是个公正的问题。”

There was a pause in the very breathing of the clerks. Everyone was astounded (the author of the witticism no less than his neighbours) and Miss Delacour, who was a stout amiable person, began to smile broadly. Mr. Alleyne flushed to the hue of a wild rose and his mouth twitched with a dwarf's passion. He shook his fist in the man's face till it seemed to vibrate like the knob of some electric machine:

一时间职员们都屏住了呼吸。所有的人都惊呆了（说这俏皮话的主人也丝毫不亚于他的邻座们），德拉古小姐——一个身形结实、和蔼可亲的人——则咧嘴笑了起来。阿莱恩先生的脸色一下子红得就像一朵野玫瑰，他的嘴由于矮人所具有的激愤而抽动着。他在那个男人面前摇晃着一个拳头，那拳头晃得就像是某种电器的球形把手：

"You impertinent ruffian! You impertinent ruffian! I'll make short work of you! Wait till you see! You'll apologise to me for your impertinence or you'll quit the office instanter! You'll quit this, I'm telling you, or you'll apologise to me!”

“你这个无礼的恶棍！你这个无礼的恶棍！我会干脆利落地把你干掉！你等着瞧！你要么为你的鲁莽无礼向我道歉，要么就立马辞职走人！我告诉你，你要么辞职，要么就向我道歉！”

He stood in a doorway opposite the office watching to see if the cashier would come out alone. All the clerks passed out and finally the cashier came out with the chief clerk. It was no use trying to say a word to him when he was with the chief clerk. The man felt that his position was bad enough. He had been obliged to offer an abject apology to Mr. Alleyne for his impertinence but he knew what a hornet's nest the office would be for him. He could remember the way in which Mr. Alleyne had hounded little Peake out of the office in order to make room for his own nephew. He felt savage and thirsty and revengeful, annoyed with himself and with everyone else. Mr. Alleyne would never give him an hour's rest; his life would be a hell to him. He had made a proper fool of himself this time. Could he not

keep his tongue in his cheek? But they had never pulled together from the first, he and Mr. Alleyne, ever since the day Mr. Alleyne had overheard him mimicking his North of Ireland accent to amuse Higgins and Miss Parker: that had been the beginning of it. He might have tried Higgins for the money, but sure Higgins never had anything for himself. A man with two establishments to keep up, of course he couldn't....

他站在事务所对面的一个门道里观察着，看那个出纳是否会一个人出来。所有的职员都走出来了，最后出纳和职员主管一块走了出来。他和职员主管在一起，那想和他说什么都没用。那个男人感到他的处境真是糟透了。他已经因为自己的鲁莽无理而被迫向阿莱恩先生卑躬屈膝地道了歉，但是他知道事务所对他来说将会是个非常难呆的马蜂窝。他还记得阿莱恩先生为了给自己的侄子腾出空位是怎样把小皮克从事务所轰走的。他感到怒不可遏、口干舌燥，心中充满仇恨，对自己，对所有其他人都感到恼怒。阿莱恩先生绝不会让他有哪怕是一个小时的休息时间；他将饱受人间地狱之苦。这一次他可真是出了个大丑。难道他就不能让自己的舌头老老实实地呆在嘴里吗？不过，他和阿莱恩先生，他们根本也就没有齐心过，自打有一天他模仿阿莱恩先生的爱尔兰北部口音逗希金斯和帕克小姐乐的时候被阿莱恩先生无意中听到之后，他们的不和就开始了。他或许可以试着向希金斯借点钱，可显然希金斯自己也从来都没什么钱。一个同时需要维护两处产业的男人，当然他无法……

He felt his great body again aching for the comfort of the public-house. The fog had begun to chill him and he wondered could he touch Pat in O'Neill's. He could not touch him for more than a bob—and a bob was no use. Yet he must get money somewhere or other: he had spent his last penny for the g.p. and soon it would be too late for getting money anywhere. Suddenly, as he was fingering his watch-chain, he thought of Terry Kelly's pawn-office in Fleet Street. That was the dart! Why didn't he think of it sooner?

他感到他那壮硕的身体又急需酒馆的慰藉了。他开始感觉到雾气的寒冷，他在想他能否在奥尼尔酒吧说动帕特。他向他借不到超过一先令的钱——一个先令根本没用。然而他必须得从什么地方弄到点钱：他已经把最后一便士花掉买了那杯黑啤酒，过不了多久就从哪儿都弄不到钱了。他用手指抚弄着表链，突然他想起了位于舰队街的特里·凯利的典当行。就是它了！为什么他没能早点想起它呢？

He went through the narrow alley of Temple Bar quickly, muttering to himself that they could all go to hell because he was going to have a good night of it. The clerk in Terry Kelly's said A crown! but the consignor held out for six shillings; and in the end the six shillings was allowed him literally. He came out of the pawn-office joyfully, making a little cylinder, of the coins between his thumb and fingers. In Westmoreland Street the footpaths were crowded with young men and women returning from business and ragged urchins

ran here and there yelling out the names of the evening editions. The man passed through the crowd, looking on the spectacle generally with proud satisfaction and staring masterfully at the office-girls. His head was full of the noises of tram-gongs and swishing trolleys and his nose already sniffed the curling fumes punch. As he walked on he preconsidered the terms in which he would narrate the incident to the boys:

他迅速穿过坦普尔酒吧狭窄的通道，嘟囔着自言自语道，他们都见鬼去吧，因为他将度过一个美好的夜晚。特里·凯利店里的职员说一克朗！可货主坚持要六先令；最后六先令居然还真给了他。他满心欢喜地从典当行走出来，把硬币放在大拇指和其他手指之间摞成了一个小圆柱体。在威斯特摩兰街，人行道上挤满了下班回家的年轻男女，衣衫褴褛的流浪儿们这儿那儿地跑动着，嘴里叫喊着各种晚报的名称。那个男人从人群中经过，带着颇为自得的满足感旁观着这番景象，很有自制能力地盯着那些办公室女郎。他的脑子里满是有轨电车的铃铛声以及疾驰而过的无轨电车的噪音，他的鼻子已经嗅到了潘趣酒那袅袅升腾起来的香气。在他往前走着的时候，他提前考虑着他会用什么样的措辞来给小伙子们讲述这件事：

"So, I just looked at him—coolly, you know, and looked at her. Then I looked back at him again—taking my time, you know. 'I don't think that that's a fair question to put to me,' says I.”

“于是，我就看着他——要知道，是沉着地看着他，然后又看着她。然后我又再次看着他——不慌不忙地，你们要知道。‘我不认为这对我来说是个公正的问题。’我说。”

Nosey Flynn was sitting up in his usual corner of Davy Byrne's and, when he heard the story, he stood Farrington a half-one, saying it was as smart a thing as ever he heard. Farrington stood a drink in his turn. After a while O'Halloran and Paddy Leonard came in and the story was repeated to them. O'Halloran stood tailors of malt, hot, all round and told the story of the retort he had made to the chief clerk when he was in Callan's of Fownes's Street; but, as the retort was after the manner of the liberal shepherds in the eclogues, he had to admit that it was not as clever as Farrington's retort. At this Farrington told the boys to polish off that and have another.

诺塞·弗林直着身子坐在戴维·拜恩酒馆里他常坐的一个角落里，当他听完这个故事之后，他请法林顿喝了半份酒，说这是他曾经听说过办得最漂亮的一件事。法林顿也请了他一次酒。过了一会儿，奥哈洛伦和帕迪·伦纳德进来了，那个故事又给他们讲了一遍。奥哈洛伦请大家喝了热麦芽酒，然后讲了他曾经做过的跟职员主管顶嘴的故事，那是他在福恩斯街的卡伦事务所的时候发生的事；不过，那次顶嘴是仿照了牧歌里说话随便的牧羊人的样子来的，所以他不得不承认那可不如法林顿的顶嘴那么聪明。听了这话，法林顿就让小伙子们把手中的酒喝掉，然后再来

一杯。

Just as they were naming their poisons who should come in but Higgins! Of course he had to join in with the others. The men asked him to give his version of it, and he did so with great vivacity for the sight of five small hot whiskies was very exhilarating. Everyone roared laughing when he showed the way in which Mr. Alleyne shook his fist in Farrington's face. Then he imitated Farrington, saying, "And here was my nabs, as cool as you please," while Farrington looked at the company out of his heavy dirty eyes, smiling and at times drawing forth stray drops of liquor from his moustache with the aid of his lower lip.

正当他们报出各自想要的烈酒名称的时候，希金斯进来了，还能有谁呢！当然他不得不加入这几个人。几个人让他讲讲他所了解的那件事，他照着做了，讲得绘声绘色，因为看见那五小杯热威士忌酒是非常振奋人心的。所有的人都轰然大笑，因为他学了阿莱恩先生在法林顿的脸跟前挥舞拳头的样子。然后，他模仿着法林顿的样子说道：“这就是我的小伙子，你想让他有多酷他就有多酷。”法林顿用他那深沉浑浊的眼睛看着这帮朋友，微笑着，时不时地用下唇舔去胡须上残留的酒滴。

When that round was over there was a pause. O'Halloran had money but neither of the other two seemed to have any; so the whole party left the shop somewhat regretfully. At the corner of Duke Street Higgins and Nosey Flynn bevelled off to the left while the other three turned back towards the city. Rain was drizzling down on the cold streets and, when they reached the Ballast Office, Farrington suggested the Scotch House. The bar was full of men and loud with the noise of tongues and glasses. The three men pushed past the whining match-sellers at the door and formed a little party at the corner of the counter. They began to exchange stories. Leonard introduced them to a young fellow named Weathers who was performing at the Tivoli as an acrobat and knockabout artiste. Farrington stood a drink all round. Weathers said he would take a small Irish and Apollinaris. Farrington, who had definite notions of what was what, asked the boys would they have an Apollinaris too; but the boys told Tim to make theirs hot. The talk became theatrical. O'Halloran stood a round and then Farrington stood another round, Weathers protesting that the hospitality was too Irish. He promised to get them in behind the scenes and introduce them to some nice girls. O'Halloran said that he and Leonard would go, but that Farrington wouldn't go because he was a married man; and Farrington's heavy dirty eyes leered at the company in token that he understood he was being chaffed. Weathers made them all have just one little tincture at his expense and promised to meet them later on at Mulligan's in Poolbeg Street.

那轮酒喝过之后，接下来是一阵间歇。奥哈洛伦还有钱，可其他两个人看来是都没钱了；于是一帮人略有些遗憾地离开了那家店铺。在公爵街的拐角处，希金斯和诺塞·弗林向左斜插着走去，而另外三个人则返身朝城里走去。小雨淅淅沥沥地洒落在寒冷的街道上，当他们走到巴拉斯特事务所的时候，法林顿建议去苏格兰酒馆。酒吧里挤满了人，嘈杂着各种各样的语言和酒杯碰撞的声音。三个人推开那些在门口哀求着叫卖火柴的人走了进去，在柜台拐角处结成一个小派对。他们开始轮流讲故事。伦纳德把他们介绍给了一个名叫韦瑟斯的年轻人，他当时正在蒂沃里当杂技演员和闹剧艺人。法林顿请大家喝了一杯。韦瑟斯说他想要一小杯爱尔兰威士忌加阿波利纳里斯矿泉水。法林顿对他所说的东西有着明确的看法，他问小伙子们是否也想来一杯阿波利纳里斯；但小伙子们却叫蒂姆把他们的那份弄成热的。谈话开始变得有些戏剧性。奥哈洛伦请了一圈，然后法林顿又请了一圈，韦瑟斯抗议说这种好客之举是太过爱尔兰的做法。他应承说会带他们到后台去，然后介绍他们认识几个漂亮妞儿。奥哈洛伦说他和伦纳德会去，可法林顿不会去，因为他是个已婚男人；法林顿那双深沉浑浊的眼睛斜睨着他的伙伴，显然他明白自己正在遭受奚落。韦瑟斯让他们都尝了尝他买的药酒，然后应承说晚些时候他会在普尔贝格街的马利根酒吧再和他们碰面。

When the Scotch House closed they went round to Mulligan's. They went into the parlour at the back and O'Halloran ordered small hot specials all round. They were all beginning to feel mellow. Farrington was just standing another round when Weathers came back. Much to Farrington's relief he drank a glass of bitter this time. Funds were getting low but they had enough to keep them going. Presently two young women with big hats and a young man in a check suit came in and sat at a table close by. Weathers saluted them and told the company that they were out of the Tivoli. Farrington's eyes wandered at every moment in the direction of one of the young women. There was something striking in her appearance. An immense scarf of peacock-blue muslin was wound round her hat and knotted in a great bow under her chin; and she wore bright yellow gloves, reaching to the elbow. Farrington gazed admiringly at the plump arm which she moved very often and with much grace; and when, after a little time, she answered his gaze he admired still more her large dark brown eyes. The oblique staring expression in them fascinated him. She glanced at him once or twice and, when the party was leaving the room, she brushed against his chair and said "O, pardon!" in a London accent. He watched her leave the room in the hope that she would look back at him, but he was disappointed. He cursed his want of money and cursed all the rounds he had stood, particularly all the whiskies and Apolinaris which he had stood to Weathers. If there was one thing that he hated it was a sponge. He was so angry that he lost count of the conversation of his friends.

苏格兰酒吧关门之后，他们就去了马利根酒吧。他们走到酒吧的后厅，奥哈洛伦给大伙儿都点了一小份特色热酒。他们都开始有些醉了。法林顿正要再请一圈酒的时候，韦瑟斯回来了。让法林顿大为释怀的是，这一次韦瑟斯喝了一杯苦啤酒。钱变得越来越少，不过还足够他们继续喝下去。不一会儿，两个头戴大帽子的年轻女子和一个身穿格子西装的年轻男子走了进来，坐在了紧挨着的一张桌子旁边。韦瑟斯和他们打了招呼，然后告诉伙伴们说这些人是从蒂沃里剧院出来的。法林顿的眼睛时不时地瞟向其中一个年轻女子。她的外貌很有点引人注目。一条孔雀蓝色的大纱巾绕在帽子上，在她的下巴处打了一个巨大的蝴蝶结；她戴着亮黄色的手套，长及肘部。法林顿艳羡地盯着她姿态优雅、动来动去的那条丰满的手臂；过了一小会儿，当她回应他的凝视时，他更加爱慕起她那对深褐色的大眼睛来。那眼睛里包含着的婉转凝视的神情深深地吸引了他。她朝他瞥了一两眼，当一行人离开房间的时候，她蹭到了他的椅子，然后带着伦敦口音说了声“哦，对不起！”。他看着她离开房间，希望她会回头看他，但却大失所望。他咒怨自己怎么没有钱，咒怨自己怎么请人喝了那么多圈酒，尤其是他请韦瑟斯喝的那些威士忌酒加阿波利纳里斯矿泉水。他此时最恨的就是酒鬼。他非常生气，结果都搞不清楚朋友们在谈些什么了。

When Paddy Leonard called him he found that they were talking about feats of strength. Weathers was showing his biceps muscle to the company and boasting so much that the other two had called on Farrington to uphold the national honour. Farrington pulled up his sleeve accordingly and showed his biceps muscle to the company. The two arms were examined and compared and finally it was agreed to have a trial of strength. The table was cleared and the two men rested their elbows on it, clasping hands. When Paddy Leonard said "Go!" each was to try to bring down the other's hand on to the table. Farrington looked very serious and determined.

当帕迪·伦纳德叫他的时候，他才发现他们正在谈论各自力气方面的表现。韦瑟斯正在给大家展示他的二头肌，大肆夸耀，结果另两个人就号召法林顿来维护民族荣誉。于是法林顿便卷起了袖子，给大家展示他的二头肌。两条胳膊经过一番审视和比较，最后大家一致同意要来场力量比试。桌子被收拾利落，两个人把胳膊肘放在上面，紧紧握住了手。帕迪·伦纳德一说“开始！”这两个人都极力想把对方的手掰倒到桌子上。法林顿看上去非常严肃和坚毅。

The trial began. After about thirty seconds Weathers brought his opponent's hand slowly down on to the table. Farrington's dark wine-coloured face flushed darker still with anger and humiliation at having been defeated by such a stripling.

比试开始了。过了大约三十秒之后，韦瑟斯把对家的手慢慢地压到了桌子上。法林顿那深酒色的脸变得得更加深红了，被这样一个小年青打败让他备感愤怒和羞辱。

"You're not to put the weight of your body behind it. Play fair," he said.

“你不能在后面用身体的重量来使劲。要规规矩矩地来比。”他说。

"Who's not playing fair?" said the other.

“谁没有规规矩矩地比？”另一个人说道。

"Come on again. The two best out of three." The trial began again. The veins stood out on Farrington's forehead, and the pallor of Weathers' complexion changed to peony. Their hands and arms trembled under the stress. After a long struggle Weathers again brought his opponent's hand slowly on to the table. There was a murmur of applause from the spectators. The curate, who was standing beside the table, nodded his red head towards the victor and said with stupid familiarity:

“那就再来。三局两胜。”比试又开始了。青筋凸显在法林顿的前额上，韦瑟斯那苍白的脸色也变成了牡丹红。他们的手和胳膊都由于过分使劲而颤抖着。经过一次持久的努力，韦瑟斯再次把对家的手慢慢地压到了桌子上。旁观的人群中传来了一阵轻微的掌声。酒吧男招待站在桌子旁边，他朝胜利者点了点他那满头红发的脑袋，然后用笨拙的亲密语气说道：

"Ah! That's the knack!” "What the hell do you know about it?" said Farrington fiercely, turning on the man. "What do you put in your gab for?"

“啊！这可真是绝技！”“你他妈知道什么？”法林顿转身冲那个人恶狠狠地说道，“你凭啥乱嚼舌头？”

"Sh, sh!" said O'Halloran, observing the violent expression of Farrington's face. "Pony up, boys. We'll have just one little smahan more and then we'll be off.” A very sullen-faced man stood at the corner of O'Connell Bridge waiting for the little Sandymount tram to take him home. He was full of smouldering anger and revengefulness. He felt humiliated and discontented; he did not even feel drunk; and he had only twopence in his pocket. He cursed everything. He had done for himself in the office, pawned his watch, spent all his money; and he had not even got drunk. He began to feel thirsty again and he longed to be back again in the hot reeking public-house. He had lost his reputation as a strong man, having been defeated twice by a mere boy. His heart swelled with fury and, when he thought of the woman in the big hat who had brushed against him and said Pardon! his fury nearly choked him.

“嘘，嘘！”奥哈洛伦说，他注意到了法林顿脸上那凶狠的神情。“该结账了，小伙子们。咱们再喝一小杯，然后咱们就走。”一个满脸愠怒的

男人站在奥康奈尔桥的拐角处，等着开往桑迪芒特的小型有轨电车载他回家。他心中满是闷烧着的怒火和报复的念头。他感到很丢脸，也很不满；他甚至都没有丝毫醉意；他口袋里只有两便士了。他咒怨着一切。他已经亲手断送了事务所里的差事，典当了自己的怀表，花光了所有的钱；可他却一点都没醉。他又开始感到干渴，他真想再返回去坐在那又热又臭的酒馆里。他已经丢掉了大力士的名声，两次都输给了一个毛头小伙子。他心中积满愤怒，当他想起那个头戴大帽子的女人蹭到了他然后说“对不起！”的时候，他的愤怒几乎使他窒息。

His tram let him down at Shelbourne Road and he steered his great body along in the shadow of the wall of the barracks. He loathed returning to his home. When he went in by the side-door he found the kitchen empty and the kitchen fire nearly out. He bawled upstairs:

他乘坐的有轨电车在谢尔本路让他下了车，他扭动着他那巨大的身躯，在兵营墙体的阴影里一路朝前走去。他非常讨厌回家。他从侧门进去的时候发现厨房里没人，炉火几乎已经熄灭了。他冲着楼上大叫起来：

"Ada! Ada!" His wife was a little sharp-faced woman who bullied her husband when he was sober and was bullied by him when he was drunk. They had five children. A little boy came running down the stairs.

“埃达！埃达！”他的妻子是一个尖脸的小个子女人，在他丈夫清醒的时候她会欺负他，而在他喝醉的时候则会受他欺负。他们有五个孩子。一个小男孩跑下楼来。

"Who is that?" said the man, peering through the darkness.

“那是谁？”那个男人边说边在黑暗中费力地瞅着。

"Me, pa."

“我，爸。”

"Who are you? Charlie?" "No, pa. Tom."

“你是谁？查利？”“不，爸。汤姆。”

"Where's your mother?”

“你妈妈在哪儿？”

"She's out at the chapel.”

“她到教堂去了。”

"That's right.... Did she think of leaving any dinner for me?”

“好吧……她想着给我留晚饭了吗？”

"Yes, pa. I—”

“是的，爸。我——”

"Light the lamp. What do you mean by having the place in darkness? Are the other children in bed?"

“点灯。你让这地方漆黑一片什么意思？其他孩子都睡了？”

The man sat down heavily on one of the chairs while the little boy lit the lamp. He began to mimic his son's flat accent, saying half to himself: "At the chapel. At the chapel, if you please!" When the lamp was lit he banged his fist on the table and shouted:

那个男人重重地在一把椅子上坐下来，而那个小男孩则去点着了灯。他开始模仿儿子含混的口音半是自言自语地说道：“去教堂了。去教堂了，随你的便！”灯点着的时候，他一拳砸在桌子上，喊道：

"What's for my dinner?”

“我的晚饭是什么？”

"I'm going... to cook it, pa," said the little boy.

“我正要……去做，爸。”那个小男孩说。

The man jumped up furiously and pointed to the fire.

那个男人愤怒地跳起身来，指着炉火。

"On that fire! You let the fire out! By God, I'll teach you to do that again!”

“就在那个火上！你让火都灭了！上帝作证，我要教训你看你还敢这样做！”

He took a step to the door and seized the walking-stick which was standing behind it.

他一步迈到门口，抓起了立在门后的那根拐杖。

"I'll teach you to let the fire out!" he said, rolling up his sleeve in order to give his arm free play.

“我教你再让火熄灭！”他一边说，一边卷起了一只袖子准备大打儿子一场。

The little boy cried "O, pa!" and ran whimpering round the table, but the man followed him and caught him by the coat. The little boy looked about him wildly but, seeing no way of escape, fell upon his knees.

小男孩喊着“哦，爸！”绕着桌子一边跑一边哭叫了起来，但那个男人撵上他，抓住了他的衣服。小男孩慌乱地朝四下看了看，但却无路可逃，于是一下子跪在了地上。

"Now, you'll let the fire out the next time!" said the man striking at him vigorously with the stick. "Take that, you little whelp!"

“好，我让你下次再把火看灭了！”那个男人一边说一边用拐杖使劲地抽打他，“揍你一顿，你个小畜生！”

The boy uttered a squeal of pain as the stick cut his thigh. He clasped his hands together in the air and his voice shook with fright.

拐杖抽到了大腿上，男孩发出一声痛苦的尖叫。他双手紧握着举过头顶，害怕得声音都在颤抖。

"O, pa!" he cried. "Don't beat me, pa! And I'll... I'll say a Hail Mary for you.... I'll say a Hail Mary for you, pa, if you don't beat me.... I'll say a Hail Mary....”

“哦，爸！”他哭喊着，“别打我，爸！我会……我会为你说‘万福玛丽亚’……我会为你说‘万福玛丽亚’，爸，只要你别打我……我会为你说‘万福玛丽亚’……”

CHAPTER 10 CLAY

第十章 泥土

THE matron had given her leave to go out as soon as the women's tea was over and Maria looked forward to her evening out. The kitchen was spick and span: the cook said you could see yourself in the big copper boilers. The fire was nice and bright and on one of the side-tables were four very big barmbracks. These barmbracks seemed uncut; but if you went closer you would see that they had been cut into long thick even slices and were ready to be handed round at tea. Maria had cut them herself.

女总管已经答应她外出的请求，女人们一用完茶她就可以走了，玛丽亚期待着她那天晚上的外出。厨房里干干净净：厨子说人都能在大铜锅上照见自己的人影。火烧得又旺又亮，在一张靠墙的小桌上放着四个非常大的葡萄干面包。这些面包看上去好像还未切开；但是如果你走近些，你就会看见它们已经被均匀地切成了又长又厚的几块，准备在用茶时分给大家。玛丽亚亲手切的这些面包。

Maria was a very, very small person indeed but she had a very long nose and a very long chin. She talked a little through her nose, always soothingly: "Yes, my dear," and "No, my dear." She was always sent for when the women quarrelled over their tubs and always succeeded in making peace. One day the matron had said to her:

玛丽亚的确是一个非常非常矮小的人，可她却长着一个很长的鼻子和一个很长的下巴。她说话有点儿鼻音，总是带着安慰人的腔调：“是的，我亲爱的，”以及“不，我亲爱的。”她总被派过去调停女人们为争浴盆而发生的争吵，而且总能够成功地息事宁人。有一天，女总管跟她说：

"Maria, you are a veritable peace-maker!”

“玛丽亚，你可真是个名副其实的和平使者！”

And the sub-matron and two of the Board ladies had heard the compliment. And Ginger Mooney was always saying what she wouldn't do to the dummy who had charge of the irons if it wasn't for Maria. Everyone was so fond of Maria.

副总管和董事会中的两位女士都听到了这句赞美的话。金格·穆尼也总是说，如果不是因为玛丽亚，她才不会搭理那个负责熨斗的哑巴。大家都非常喜欢玛丽亚。

The women would have their tea at six o'clock and she would be

able to get away before seven. From Ballsbridge to the Pillar, twenty minutes; from the Pillar to Drumcondra, twenty minutes; and twenty minutes to buy the things. She would be there before eight. She took out her purse with the silver clasps and read again the words A Present from Belfast. She was very fond of that purse because Joe had brought it to her five years before when he and Alphy had gone to Belfast on a Whit-Monday trip. In the purse were two half-crowns and some coppers. She would have five shillings clear after paying tram fare. What a nice evening they would have, all the children singing! Only she hoped that Joe wouldn't come in drunk. He was so different when he took any drink.

女人们会在六点钟用茶，那样她在七点之前就能离开。从鲍尔斯桥到纪念柱，二十分钟；从纪念柱到德拉姆康德拉，二十分钟；然后二十分钟去买东西。她会在八点之前到那儿。她取出她那带银扣的钱包，又读了一遍那几个词："来自贝尔法斯特的一件礼物"。她非常喜欢那个钱包，因为那是乔五年前买给她的，当时他和阿尔菲在圣灵降临节后的第一个星期一到贝尔法斯特去旅行。在那个钱包里有两枚半克朗的硬币和一些铜币。付了电车票钱之后，她还会有五个先令整。他们将度过多么美好的一个夜晚啊，所有的孩子都会唱歌！只是她希望乔来的时候不会是醉醺醺的。他只要喝点酒就会大不一样。

Often he had wanted her to go and live with them;—but she would have felt herself in the way (though Joe's wife was ever so nice with her) and she had become accustomed to the life of the laundry. Joe was a good fellow. She had nursed him and Alphy too; and Joe used often to say:

他常常想让她过去和他们一起生活；——可她觉得自己会碍事（尽管乔的妻子一直都对她非常好），再说她也已经适应了洗衣房的生活。乔是一个好人。她曾经哺养过他，也哺养过阿尔菲；因此乔过去经常说：

"Mamma is mamma but Maria is my proper mother."

"妈妈是妈妈，可玛丽亚才是我实实在在的母亲。"

After the break-up at home the boys had got her that position in the Dublin by Lamplight laundry, and she liked it. She used to have such a bad opinion of Protestants but now she thought they were very nice people, a little quiet and serious, but still very nice people to live with. Then she had her plants in the conservatory and she liked looking after them. She had lovely ferns and wax-plants and, whenever anyone came to visit her, she always gave the visitor one or two slips from her conservatory. There was one thing she didn't like and that was the tracts on the walks; but the matron was such a nice person to deal with, so genteel.

离开家之后，男孩们给她在“灯光都柏林”的洗衣房找到了这份差事，她喜欢这份工作。过去她对新教教徒一直都有非常不好的印象，不过现在她觉得他们人都很好，略显安静而严肃，但人真是不错，很好相处。后来她在温室里养了些植物，她喜欢侍弄它们。她养了可爱的蕨类植物和球兰，每当有人来拜访她的时候，她总会从她的温室里给来访者摘一两株植物的嫩枝。有一件事她不喜欢，就是走道上的那些传单；不过女总管是很好交往的一个人，非常和蔼有礼。

When the cook told her everything was ready she went into the women's room and began to pull the big bell. In a few minutes the women began to come in by twos and threes, wiping their steaming hands in their petticoats and pulling down the sleeves of their blouses over their red steaming arms. They settled down before their huge mugs which the cook and the dummy filled up with hot tea, already mixed with milk and sugar in huge tin cans. Maria superintended the distribution of the barmbrack and saw that every woman got her four slices. There was a great deal of laughing and joking during the meal. Lizzie Fleming said Maria was sure to get the ring and, though Fleming had said that for so many Hallow Eves, Maria had to laugh and say she didn't want any ring or man either; and when she laughed her grey-green eyes sparkled with disappointed shyness and the tip of her nose nearly met the tip of her chin. Then Ginger Mooney lifted her mug of tea and proposed Maria's health while all the other women clattered with their mugs on the table, and said she was sorry she hadn't a sup of porter to drink it in. And Maria laughed again till the tip of her nose nearly met the tip of her chin and till her minute body nearly shook itself asunder because she knew that Mooney meant well though, of course, she had the notions of a common woman.

厨子告诉她一切都准备好了，于是她走进女人们呆的房间，开始拉动那个大钟。几分钟之后，女人们开始三三两两地进来了，她们在围裙上擦着冒着热气的双手，把上衣的袖子放下来，盖住了红通通冒着热气的胳膊。她们安坐下来，面前放着她们的大茶杯，厨子和哑巴在里面倒满了热茶，热茶事先已在大锡铁罐里搅拌好，加入了牛奶和白糖。玛丽亚负责分发面包，确保每个女人都拿到了四块。用餐期间一片说笑逗趣的场面。莉齐·弗莱明说玛丽亚肯定能得到戒指，尽管这话每年万圣节前夜她都会说一次，玛丽亚不得不笑着说她既不想要戒指也不想要男人。当她笑的时候，玛丽亚灰绿色的眼睛中有既害羞又失望的神情，她的鼻尖几乎要碰到自己的下巴尖。金格·穆尼举起茶杯提议为玛丽亚的健康干杯，然后其他所有的女人就都在桌子上碰击着自己的茶杯，金格说她很遗憾不能喝一口黑啤酒来祝酒。玛丽亚又放声大笑，笑得她的鼻尖几乎碰到了她的下巴尖，笑得她那小小的身体几乎颤抖得散了架，因为她知道穆尼本意是好的，当然了，她有的都是一个寻常女人的一些想法。

But wasn't Maria glad when the women had finished their tea and the cook and the dummy had begun to clear away the tea-things! She

went into her little bedroom and, remembering that the next morning was a mass morning, changed the hand of the alarm from seven to six. Then she took off her working skirt and her house-boots and laid her best skirt out on the bed and her tiny dress-boots beside the foot of the bed. She changed her blouse too and, as she stood before the mirror, she thought of how she used to dress for mass on Sunday morning when she was a young girl; and she looked with quaint affection at the diminutive body which she had so often adorned. In spite of its years she found it a nice tidy little body.

不过当女人们喝完茶，厨子和哑巴开始收拾茶具的时候，玛丽亚怎能不开心！她走进自己那间小卧室，想起第二天早上是做弥撒的日子，于是就把闹钟的指针从七点拨到了六点。然后她脱掉了工作裙服和家居靴，把她最好的裙子摆到床上，把她那双小巧的裙装靴放在了床脚边。她把衬衫也换了，她站在镜子前面，想起了在她还是个年轻姑娘的时候她是怎样在礼拜天早上为参加弥撒而穿扮的情形；她怀着异样的感情看着自己那曾常常打扮的小小的身躯。尽管上了年岁，她发现那仍然是一个好看整洁的小巧身躯。

When she got outside the streets were shining with rain and she was glad of her old brown waterproof. The tram was full and she had to sit on the little stool at the end of the car, facing all the people, with her toes barely touching the floor. She arranged in her mind all she was going to do and thought how much better it was to be independent and to have your own money in your pocket. She hoped they would have a nice evening. She was sure they would but she could not help thinking what a pity it was Alphy and Joe were not speaking. They were always falling out now but when they were boys together they used to be the best of friends: but such was life.

当她出门的时候，街道上由于下雨而闪着亮光，她很高兴自己穿了那件旧的棕色雨衣。有轨电车满客了，她不得不坐在了车厢后面的那个小凳子上，面朝着所有的乘客，脚趾几乎够不着地板。她在脑子里盘算着她要做的一切，想着能够独立自主，口袋里能有自己的钱真是好多了。她希望他们会度过一个美好的夜晚。她确信他们会的，不过她还是忍不住觉得阿尔菲和乔彼此不说话真是个遗憾。他们现在总是争争吵吵，可他们还都是小男孩的时候，他们曾经是最要好的朋友：不过这就是生活。

She got out of her tram at the Pillar and ferreted her way quickly among the crowds. She went into Downes's cake-shop but the shop was so full of people that it was a long time before she could get herself attended to. She bought a dozen of mixed penny cakes, and at last came out of the shop laden with a big bag. Then she thought what else would she buy: she wanted to buy something really nice. They would be sure to have plenty of apples and nuts. It was hard to know what to buy and all she could think of was cake. She decided to

buy some plumcake but Downes's plumcake had not enough almond icing on top of it so she went over to a shop in Henry Street. Here she was a long time in suiting herself and the stylish young lady behind the counter, who was evidently a little annoyed by her, asked her was it wedding-cake she wanted to buy. That made Maria blush and smile at the young lady; but the young lady took it all very seriously and finally cut a thick slice of plumcake, parcelled it up and said:

她在纪念柱下了有轨电车，然后就在熙来攘往的人群中择路疾步而行。她走进唐斯糕饼店，可店里挤满了人，等了很长时间才轮到她。她买了一打价格低廉的各式蛋糕，最后拎着一个大袋子从店铺里走了出来。然后她想了想别的她还能买点什么：她想买点确实不错的东西。他们肯定已经有了很多苹果和坚果。真不知道要买什么，她能想到的就是蛋糕了。她决定买一些葡萄干蛋糕，可唐斯糕饼店里的葡萄干蛋糕上的杏仁酥皮不够厚，于是她走进了亨利街上的一家店铺。在那里，她花了很长时间来挑选，柜台后面那位时髦的年轻女士显然被她搞得很有些不耐烦，问她说她想买的是不是结婚蛋糕。这让玛丽亚一下子就脸红了，冲着那个年轻女士笑了；不过年轻女士却非常严肃地对待整件事，最终她切了厚厚的一块葡萄干蛋糕，把它包起来，然后说道：

"Two-and-four, please.”

“两先令四便士。”

She thought she would have to stand in the Drumcondra tram because none of the young men seemed to notice her but an elderly gentleman made room for her. He was a stout gentleman and he wore a brown hard hat; he had a square red face and a greyish moustache. Maria thought he was a colonel-looking gentleman and she reflected how much more polite he was than the young men who simply stared straight before them. The gentleman began to chat with her about Hallow Eve and the rainy weather. He supposed the bag was full of good things for the little ones and said it was only right that the youngsters should enjoy themselves while they were young. Maria agreed with him and favoured him with demure nods and hems. He was very nice with her, and when she was getting out at the Canal Bridge she thanked him and bowed, and he bowed to her and raised his hat and smiled agreeably, and while she was going up along the terrace, bending her tiny head under the rain, she thought how easy it was to know a gentleman even when he has a drop taken.

在德姆康德拉电车上，她本以为自己只能站着，因为似乎没有一个年轻人注意到她，但最后还是有一位年长的绅士给她让了座。他是一个身材结实的绅士，戴着一顶棕色的圆顶窄边毡礼帽；他长着一张红润的四方脸，蓄着一撮灰色的小胡子。玛丽亚觉得他是个颇有军官派头的绅士，她思忖着他比那些只会直勾勾盯着前面看的年轻人要有礼貌得多。那个绅士开始和她聊起了万圣节前夜和下雨的天气。他猜测说那个袋子

里肯定满是给小孩子们的好东西，还说小孩子们就应该在年少的时候好好享乐才对。玛丽亚同意他的看法，不时点头嗯呃着应和着他。他对她很好，当她准备在运河桥下车的时候，她对他表示谢意并鞠躬行礼，他也冲她鞠躬，并抬起帽子，友善地笑了笑。她沿着河岸台阶往上走去，低着小脑袋抵挡着雨水，她心想，认出一个绅士真是很容易，哪怕他喝了一点酒。

Everybody said: "O, here's Maria!" when she came to Joe's house. Joe was there, having come home from business, and all the children had their Sunday dresses on. There were two big girls in from next door and games were going on. Maria gave the bag of cakes to the eldest boy, Alphy, to divide and Mrs. Donnelly said it was too good of her to bring such a big bag of cakes and made all the children say:

当她来到乔的住所的时候，所有的人都说："啊，玛丽亚来了！"乔也在场，已经下班回家，所有的孩子都穿上了他们的星期日礼服。里面有从隔壁人家过来的两个大女孩，正在玩游戏。玛丽亚把那袋蛋糕给了年纪最大的男孩阿尔菲让他去分，唐纳利太太说，她真是太好了，带了这么大一袋子蛋糕来，就让所有的孩子都说：

"Thanks, Maria."

"谢谢，玛丽亚。"

But Maria said she had brought something special for papa and mamma, something they would be sure to like, and she began to look for her plumcake. She tried in Downes's bag and then in the pockets of her waterproof and then on the hallstand but nowhere could she find it. Then she asked all the children had any of them eaten it—by mistake, of course—but the children all said no and looked as if they did not like to eat cakes if they were to be accused of stealing. Everybody had a solution for the mystery and Mrs. Donnelly said it was plain that Maria had left it behind her in the tram. Maria, remembering how confused the gentleman with the greyish moustache had made her, coloured with shame and vexation and disappointment. At the thought of the failure of her little surprise and of the two and fourpence she had thrown away for nothing she nearly cried outright.

可玛丽亚却说她还带来了特别的东西给爸爸和妈妈，他们肯定会喜欢，然后她开始寻找她买的葡萄干蛋糕。她查看了唐斯糕饼店的袋子，接着在她那件雨衣的口袋里找，然后又在门厅衣帽台上找，但是在哪儿都没找到那块蛋糕。然后她询问了所有的孩子是不是他们中的哪一个已经把它吃掉了——当然是搞错了——可孩子们却都说没有，一想到要被指责偷吃了蛋糕，他们便都摆出一副不爱吃蛋糕的样子。每个人对这次神秘事件都有自己的解释，唐纳利太太说很明显玛丽亚是把蛋糕落在有轨电车上了。想起那位灰胡子绅士把她弄得那么稀里糊涂，玛丽亚脸红了，满心的羞愧、烦恼和失望。一想到自己想好的小小惊喜没戏了，还

有她花出去却什么都没换来的两先令四便士，玛丽亚差点当时就大哭起来。

But Joe said it didn't matter and made her sit down by the fire. He was very nice with her. He told her all that went on in his office, repeating for her a smart answer which he had made to the manager. Maria did not understand why Joe laughed so much over the answer he had made but she said that the manager must have been a very overbearing person to deal with. Joe said he wasn't so bad when you knew how to take him, that he was a decent sort so long as you didn't rub him the wrong way. Mrs. Donnelly played the piano for the children and they danced and sang. Then the two next-door girls handed round the nuts. Nobody could find the nutcrackers and Joe was nearly getting cross over it and asked how did they expect Maria to crack nuts without a nutcracker. But Maria said she didn't like nuts and that they weren't to bother about her. Then Joe asked would she take a bottle of stout and Mrs. Donnelly said there was port wine too in the house if she would prefer that. Maria said she would rather they didn't ask her to take anything: but Joe insisted.

不过乔却说那不要紧，然后让她在火炉边坐了下来。他对她非常好。他给她讲自己办公室里发生的一切，反复说到他向经理作出的一个巧妙的回答。玛丽亚不理解为何乔会因为他作出的那个回答而笑得那么忘情，不过她说那个经理一定是一个专横傲慢不好相处的人。乔说要是你知道如何对付他，他就还没有那么坏，只要你不惹怒他，他还算是一个正派的人。唐纳利太太为孩子们弹钢琴，而他们则又是跳舞又是唱歌。然后那两个邻家女孩给大家分了坚果。可谁都找不着坚果夹子，乔快要为这个生气了，责问他们如何能让玛丽亚不用坚果夹子就弄开那些坚果。但玛丽亚却说她不喜欢坚果，所以他们不用为她费事了。然后乔问她想不想喝一瓶黑啤酒，唐纳利太太也说如果她喜欢的话，家里还有波尔图葡萄酒。玛丽亚说她宁愿他们不要再问她想喝什么东西了：但乔却执意让她喝。

So Maria let him have his way and they sat by the fire talking over old times and Maria thought she would put in a good word for Alphy. But Joe cried that God might strike him stone dead if ever he spoke a word to his brother again and Maria said she was sorry she had mentioned the matter. Mrs. Donnelly told her husband it was a great shame for him to speak that way of his own flesh and blood but Joe said that Alphy was no brother of his and there was nearly being a row on the head of it. But Joe said he would not lose his temper on account of the night it was and asked his wife to open some more stout. The two next-door girls had arranged some Hallow Eve games and soon everything was merry again. Maria was delighted to see the children so merry and Joe and his wife in such good spirits. The next-door girls put some saucers on the table and then led the children up

to the table, blindfold. One got the prayer-book and the other three got the water; and when one of the next-door girls got the ring Mrs. Donnelly shook her finger at the blushing girl as much as to say: O, I know all about it! They insisted then on blindfolding Maria and leading her up to the table to see what she would get; and, while they were putting on the bandage, Maria laughed and laughed again till the tip of her nose nearly met the tip of her chin.

于是玛丽亚就让他自行其是了，他们坐在火炉边，谈论着过去的时光，玛丽亚想她应该为阿尔菲说句好话。可乔却喊叫着说，他要是再跟他的兄弟说一句话，上帝很可能就会用石头把他砸死，玛丽亚说她很抱歉提起了这件事。唐纳利太太告诉她的丈夫说，他那样说自己的亲人真是很大的羞耻，但是乔却说阿尔菲根本不是他的兄弟，说到这一点，他们差点吵了起来。不过乔说考虑到这是个特别的晚上，所以他不会发脾气，他让妻子又打开了几瓶黑啤酒。那两个邻家女孩已经安排了一些万圣节前夜的游戏，很快一切又都变得欢快起来。玛丽亚很高兴看到孩子们能如此开心，乔和他的妻子的兴致也能这么好。邻家女孩把一些碟子放在桌子上，然后引着蒙上眼睛的孩子们走到桌子跟前。一个摸到了祈祷书，另外三个摸到了水；当其中一个邻家女孩摸到了那枚戒指，唐纳利太太冲着那个满脸羞红的女孩晃着一根手指，仿佛在说：哦，我可全都知道了！然后他们坚持要蒙上玛丽亚的眼睛，引她到桌子跟前，看看她会摸到什么；在他们给她缠绑带的时候，玛丽亚笑个不停，直笑得她的鼻尖几乎挨住了她的下巴尖。

They led her up to the table amid laughing and joking and she put her hand out in the air as she was told to do. She moved her hand about here and there in the air and descended on one of the saucers. She felt a soft wet substance with her fingers and was surprised that nobody spoke or took off her bandage. There was a pause for a few seconds; and then a great deal of scuffling and whispering. Somebody said something about the garden, and at last Mrs. Donnelly said something very cross to one of the next-door girls and told her to throw it out at once: that was no play. Maria understood that it was wrong that time and so she had to do it over again: and this time she got the prayer-book.

在一片说笑打趣声中，他们引她走到桌子旁边，有人告诉她伸出一只手，她照办了。她在空中四下划拉着那只手，最后落在了其中一只碟子上。她的手指触摸到了一种柔软湿润的东西，但让她惊讶的是没有人说话或者摘掉她的绑带。停滞了有几秒钟的时间；然后是一阵慌乱和低语声。有人说了有关花园的什么事，最后唐纳利太太非常生气地对其中一个邻家女孩说了什么，叫她立刻把那个东西扔出去：这可不是玩的。玛丽亚明白这次她摸错了，于是她不得不重来一次：这一次她摸到了祈祷书。

After that Mrs. Donnelly played Miss McCloud's Reel for the children and Joe made Maria take a glass of wine. Soon they were all

quite merry again and Mrs. Donnelly said Maria would enter a convent before the year was out because she had got the prayer-book. Maria had never seen Joe so nice to her as he was that night, so full of pleasant talk and reminiscences. She said they were all very good to her.

这个游戏之后，唐纳利太太为孩子们演奏了《麦克劳德小姐的里尔舞曲》，而乔则让玛丽亚喝了一杯葡萄酒。很快他们又都变得十分开心，唐纳利太太说今年结束之前玛丽亚肯定会进修道院，因为她摸到了祈祷书。玛丽亚以前从来没见过乔对她那么好，全都是些舒心的话语和惬意的回忆。她说他们都对她非常好。

At last the children grew tired and sleepy and Joe asked Maria would she not sing some little song before she went, one of the old songs. Mrs. Donnelly said "Do, please, Maria!" and so Maria had to get up and stand beside the piano. Mrs. Donnelly bade the children be quiet and listen to Maria's song. Then she played the prelude and said "Now, Maria!" and Maria, blushing very much began to sing in a tiny quavering voice. She sang I Dreamt that I Dwelt, and when she came to the second verse she sang again:

最后，孩子们变得又累又困，乔问玛丽亚走之前想不想唱上一首小曲，唱首老歌。唐纳利太太说“请来一首吧，玛丽亚！”于是，玛丽亚不得不起身站到钢琴旁边。唐纳利太太吩咐孩子们安静下来，听玛丽亚唱歌。接着她弹了前奏曲，然后说道“唱，玛丽亚！”，玛丽亚羞得满脸通红，开始用细小颤抖的声音唱了起来。她唱了《我梦见我居住的地方》，当她唱到第二段时，她又唱道：

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls With vassals and serfs at my side, And of all who assembled within those walls That I was the hope and the pride.

我梦见我住在大理石厅堂，随从和奴仆在我身旁，在聚集在墙内的所有人中，我就是骄傲和希望。

I had riches too great to count; could boast Of a high ancestral name, But I also dreamt, which pleased me most, That you loved me still the same.

我有财富多得数不清；还可夸耀祖先的高贵声名，可我也梦见了最让我开心的事情，那就是你爱我一如往昔。

But no one tried to show her her mistake; and when she had ended her song Joe was very much moved. He said that there was no time like the long ago and no music for him like poor old Balfe, whatever other people might say; and his eyes filled up so much with tears that he could not find what he was looking for and in the end he had to ask his wife to tell him where the corkscrew was.

但是没有人想指出她的错误；当她唱完歌的时候，乔非常感动。他说任何时候都比不上从前，任何音乐对他来说都比不上可怜的老巴尔夫的音乐，无论别人会怎么说；他的眼睛盈满了泪水，以至于他无法找到自己要找的东西，最后他不得不让他的妻子告诉他开瓶器在哪里。

CHAPTER 11 A PAINFUL CASE

第十一章 一桩惨事

MR. JAMES DUFFY lived in Chapelizod because he wished to live as far as possible from the city of which he was a citizen and because he found all the other suburbs of Dublin mean, modern and pretentious. He lived in an old sombre house and from his windows he could look into the disused distillery or upwards along the shallow river on which Dublin is built. The lofty walls of his uncarpeted room were free from pictures. He had himself bought every article of furniture in the room: a black iron bedstead, an iron washstand, four cane chairs, a clothes-rack, a coal-scuttle, a fender and irons and a square table on which lay a double desk. A bookcase had been made in an alcove by means of shelves of white wood. The bed was clothed with white bedclothes and a black and scarlet rug covered the foot. A little hand-mirror hung above the washstand and during the day a white-shaded lamp stood as the sole ornament of the mantelpiece. The books on the white wooden shelves were arranged from below upwards according to bulk. A complete Wordsworth stood at one end of the lowest shelf and a copy of the Maynooth Catechism, sewn into the cloth cover of a notebook, stood at one end of the top shelf. Writing materials were always on the desk. In the desk lay a manuscript translation of Hauptmann's Michael Kramer, the stage directions of which were written in purple ink, and a little sheaf of papers held together by a brass pin. In these sheets a sentence was inscribed from time to time and, in an ironical moment, the headline of an advertisement for Bile Beans had been pasted on to the first sheet. On lifting the lid of the desk a faint fragrance escaped—the fragrance of new cedarwood pencils or of a bottle of gum or of an overripe apple which might have been left there and forgotten.

詹姆斯·达菲先生居住在查普里佐德，因为他希望住得离他加入市籍的那座城市尽可能远一些，因为他发现都柏林的其他市郊地区无一不是鄙俗、摩登而矫饰。他住在一栋古老肃穆的房子里，从住所的窗户他可以看到那座废弃的酒厂，或者可以往上，沿着流过都柏林的那条浅河望过去。他的房间里没有铺地毯，高耸的墙壁上没有挂任何画。他亲自购买了房间里的每一件家具：一个黑色的铁床架，一个铁制的盥洗台，四把藤椅，一个衣架，一个煤筐，一个炉栅以及几件铁器，还有一张方桌，上面搁着一个双层文件架。在一个壁凹里，已经用白木板搭好了一个书架。卧床用白色的床单罩着，一块黑红相间的小地毯铺放在床脚处。一小面手镜挂在盥洗台上方，在白天，一盏带有白色灯罩的台灯作为唯一的装饰立在壁炉架上。白色木制书架上的书按照厚薄由下往上摆

放着。一套华兹华斯全集立在最下层架子的一端，一本装订在一个笔记本的布面封皮里的《梅努斯教理问答手册》立在顶层架子的一端。写字用的物什总是摆在书桌上。书桌里放着一份手稿，是豪普特曼的《米夏埃尔·克莱默》的译文，其中的舞台提示是用紫墨水写成的，还有一沓纸片用一个铜别针别在一起。这些纸片中有一句话总是时不时地出现，在一种颇具讽刺意味的情况下，一则胆汁药末广告的标题会贴在第一张上。掀起书桌的盖子，一股淡淡的香味就会飘出来——这种香味可能出自新的松木铅笔，或是一瓶胶水，甚或是被人遗忘在那里的一个熟透了的苹果。

Mr. Duffy abhorred anything which betokened physical or mental disorder. A mediaeval doctor would have called him saturnine. His face, which carried the entire tale of his years, was of the brown tint of Dublin streets. On his long and rather large head grew dry black hair and a tawny moustache did not quite cover an unamiable mouth. His cheekbones also gave his face a harsh character; but there was no harshness in the eyes which, looking at the world from under their tawny eyebrows, gave the impression of a man ever alert to greet a redeeming instinct in others but often disappointed. He lived at a little distance from his body, regarding his own acts with doubtful side-glasses. He had an odd autobiographical habit which led him to compose in his mind from time to time a short sentence about himself containing a subject in the third person and a predicate in the past tense. He never gave alms to beggars and walked firmly, carrying a stout hazel.

达菲先生憎恶任何物质或精神上的无序状态。一个中世纪的医师可能会形容他为受土星影响的乖戾之人。他的脸承载了他全部的岁月往事，呈现出都柏林街道所具有的那种褐色基调。在他那长而偏大的脑袋上长着干干的黑发，一撮黄褐色的唇髭并没有完全遮盖住那张并不和善的嘴。他的颧骨也给他的脸增添了一种严厉的特点；不过在那双眼睛里倒没有任何严厉的神情，它们从黄褐色的眉毛下看着这个世界，给人的印象是一个一直保持警惕的人，他想要从别人身上找到那种救赎的本能，但却常常感到失望。他的生活和自己的躯体有点儿距离，他总是带着疑惑的侧目镜审视着自己的行为。他有一个给自己立传的怪异习惯，这时不时地让他不由得就会在脑子里构思关于自己的一个短句，包含一个第三人称的主语和一个过去时态的谓语。他从来不施舍乞丐，手里总是拿着一根结实的榛木手杖，走起路来坚定有力。

He had been for many years cashier of a private bank in Baggot Street. Every morning he came in from Chapelizod by tram. At midday he went to Dan Burke's and took his lunch—a bottle of lager beer and a small trayful of arrowroot biscuits. At four o'clock he was set free. He dined in an eating-house in George's Street where he felt himself safe from the society of Dublin's gilded youth and where there was a certain plain honesty in the bill of fare. His evenings were spent either

before his landlady's piano or roaming about the outskirts of the city. His liking for Mozart's music brought him sometimes to an opera or a concert: these were the only dissipations of his life.

他已经在巴戈特街上的一家私人银行做了许多年的出纳员。每天早上他都乘坐有轨电车从查普里佐德到城里来。中午的时候，他会去丹·伯克店里用午餐——一瓶贮藏啤酒和一小碟竹芋饼干。下午四点他就解放了。然后他会在乔治街上的一家餐馆用晚餐，在那里，他感到自己可以远离都柏林上流社会富有青年结成的那个社交圈子，在那里，餐费单上都透着某种朴实的真诚。每天晚上的时间，他或者是在房东太太的钢琴前面度过，或者是在这座城市的郊区四处漫游。他喜爱莫扎特的音乐，所以他有时会去看一出歌剧或听一场音乐会：这些是他生活中唯一的奢侈享受。

He had neither companions nor friends, church nor creed. He lived his spiritual life without any communion with others, visiting his relatives at Christmas and escorting them to the cemetery when they died. He performed these two social duties for old dignity's sake but conceded nothing further to the conventions which regulate the civic life. He allowed himself to think that in certain circumstances he would rob his hank but, as these circumstances never arose, his life rolled out evenly—an adventureless tale.

他既没有伴侣也没有朋友，既不信教也没有信仰。他过着自己的精神生活，和其他人没有任何交流，圣诞节时他会去拜访亲戚，在他们去世的时候，他会护送他们到墓地去。他履行这两项社会义务是为了沿袭旧仪式，此外就不再向规范市民生活的惯例作任何让步。他总不由得在想，在特定情况下他会抢了自己工作的那家银行，不过，因为这类情况从来没有出现过，所以他的生活一直都是平稳地向前行进着——一个没有冒险的故事。

One evening he found himself sitting beside two ladies in the Rotunda. The house, thinly peopled and silent, gave distressing prophecy of failure. The lady who sat next him looked round at the deserted house once or twice and then said:

一天晚上，在圆形剧场里，他发现自己坐在了两位女士的旁边。剧场里稀稀落落地坐着几个人，一片寂静，预示着演出不幸的失败。挨着他坐的那位女士环顾了这冷清的场面一两次，然后说道：

"What a pity there is such a poor house tonight! It's so hard on people to have to sing to empty benches.”

“真可怜，今晚的票房怎么这么差！不得不对着空座椅来演唱真是让人太难受了。”

He took the remark as an invitation to talk. He was surprised that she seemed so little awkward. While they talked he tried to fix her permanently in his memory. When he learned that the young girl

beside her was her daughter he judged her to be a year or so younger than himself. Her face, which must have been handsome, had remained intelligent. It was an oval face with strongly marked features. The eyes were very dark blue and steady. Their gaze began with a defiant note but was confused by what seemed a deliberate swoon of the pupil into the iris, revealing for an instant a temperament of great sensibility. The pupil reasserted itself quickly, this half-disclosed nature fell again under the reign of prudence, and her astrakhan jacket, moulding a bosom of a certain fullness, struck the note of defiance more definitely.

他把这句评论看作是开始谈话的一种邀请。他很惊讶，她似乎一点儿都不尴尬。在他们谈话的过程中，他努力想把她牢牢地固定在自己的记忆中。当他得知坐在她身边的那个年轻姑娘是她的女儿时，他判断她大概比自己要年轻一岁左右。她的脸肯定曾经很标致，现在也仍然很灵秀。那是一张椭圆形的脸庞，五官非常分明。深蓝色的眼睛里有坚定的神情。它们在凝视的时候，开始会带有一种挑衅的意味，不过很快就变得迷惑起来，瞳孔似乎故意地缩入虹膜，瞬时呈现出一种极度敏感的气质。很快瞳孔又恢复了原状，这种半遮半掩的本性又被审慎占据，她那件羔羊皮夹克上衣凸显出她那颇为丰满的胸部，更加明确地传达出了那种挑衅的意味。

He met her again a few weeks afterwards at a concert in Earlsfort Terrace and seized the moments when her daughter's attention was diverted to become intimate. She alluded once or twice to her husband but her tone was not such as to make the allusion a warning. Her name was Mrs. Sinico. Her husband's great-great-grandfather had come from Leghorn. Her husband was captain of a mercantile boat plying between Dublin and Holland; and they had one child.

几周之后在厄尔斯福特平台举办的一场音乐会上他又遇见了她，他抓住她女儿注意力转移的时刻跟她熟识了起来。她有一两次提到了她的丈夫，不过她的语调听起来并不像是要利用这一点来作为警告。她的名号是辛尼科夫人。她丈夫的曾曾祖父来自利伏诺。她丈夫是来往于都柏林和荷兰之间的一艘商船的船长；他们只有一个孩子。

Meeting her a third time by accident he found courage to make an appointment. She came. This was the first of many meetings; they met always in the evening and chose the most quiet quarters for their walks together. Mr. Duffy, however, had a distaste for underhand ways and, finding that they were compelled to meet stealthily, he forced her to ask him to her house. Captain Sinico encouraged his visits, thinking that his daughter's hand was in question. He had dismissed his wife so sincerely from his gallery of pleasures that he did not suspect that anyone else would take an interest in her. As the husband was often away and the daughter out giving music lessons Mr. Duffy had many opportunities of enjoying the lady's society.

Neither he nor she had had any such adventure before and neither was conscious of any incongruity. Little by little he entangled his thoughts with hers. He lent her books, provided her with ideas, shared his intellectual life with her. She listened to all.

在第三次偶然遇见她时，他终于有了约她的勇气。她来了。这是第一次见面，后来又见过许多次；他们总是在晚上见面，挑最安静的街区一块散步。然而达菲先生却不喜欢这些偷偷摸摸的方式，当他发现他们只能秘密地见面时，他便要求她邀请自己去她家。辛尼科船长倒很欢迎他的到访，觉得女儿有可能会名花有主了。他已经非常实诚地把妻子从享受这件事的人中剔除了出去，因此他根本没有想到别的什么人会对她感兴趣。由于这位丈夫常常不在，而他们的女儿也总是出去带音乐课，因此达菲先生就有许多机会来享受这位女士的陪伴。他和她都从来没有过如此冒险的经历，两人谁都没有意识到会有什么不合适。渐渐地，他让自己的思想和她的交融在了一起。他借给她书，给她传授各种思想，把自己的精神生活与她分享。她聆听着一切。

Sometimes in return for his theories she gave out some fact of her own life. With almost maternal solicitude she urged him to let his nature open to the full: she became his confessor. He told her that for some time he had assisted at the meetings of an Irish Socialist Party where he had felt himself a unique figure amidst a score of sober workmen in a garret lit by an inefficient oil-lamp. When the party had divided into three sections, each under its own leader and in its own garret, he had discontinued his attendances. The workmen's discussions, he said, were too timorous; the interest they took in the question of wages was inordinate. He felt that they were hard-featured realists and that they resented an exactitude which was the produce of a leisure not within their reach. No social revolution, he told her, would be likely to strike Dublin for some centuries.

有时，作为对他那些理论的回报，她会讲述自己生活中的一些情况。带着几近于母性的关怀，她敦促他完全敞开自己的天性：她俨然成了他的告解神父。他告诉她说，有一段时间，他曾在一个名叫“爱尔兰社会主义者党”的组织会议中帮过忙，在那间点着一盏昏暗油灯的阁楼里，身处于二十多个保守持重的工人中间，他感觉自己是颇为独特的一个人。当那个党派分裂成三派的时候，每一派都有了自己的领导，都有了各自的阁楼，于是他也就不再参与其中了。工人们的讨论，他说，有些过于谨小慎微了；他们对薪资问题的兴趣却又放纵无度。他觉得他们都是些容貌粗陋的现实主义者，他们憎恨那种严格精确的做派，那是不在他们触及范围之内的休闲所产生的结果。他告诉她说，在几个世纪里都不可能会有什么社会革命降临都柏林。

She asked him why did he not write out his thoughts. For what, he asked her, with careful scorn. To compete with phrasemongers, incapable of thinking consecutively for sixty seconds? To submit himself to the criticisms of an obtuse middle class which entrusted its

morality to policemen and its fine arts to impresarios?

她问他为何不把自己的想法写下来。为什么要写呢，他带着谨慎的嘲讽语气反问她。为了去和那些根本没有能力连续思考六十秒钟、辞藻华丽但言之无物的人竞争吗？为了让自己去接受一个把道德委托给警察、把艺术委托给歌舞剧团经理、感觉迟钝的中产阶级的品评吗？

He went often to her little cottage outside Dublin; often they spent their evenings alone. Little by little, as their thoughts entangled, they spoke of subjects less remote. Her companionship was like a warm soil about an exotic. Many times she allowed the dark to fall upon them, refraining from lighting the lamp. The dark discreet room, their isolation, the music that still vibrated in their ears united them. This union exalted him, wore away the rough edges of his character, emotionalised his mental life. Sometimes he caught himself listening to the sound of his own voice. He thought that in her eyes he would ascend to an angelical stature; and, as he attached the fervent nature of his companion more and more closely to him, he heard the strange impersonal voice which he recognised as his own, insisting on the soul's incurable loneliness. We cannot give ourselves, it said: we are our own. The end of these discourses was that one night during which she had shown every sign of unusual excitement, Mrs. Sinico caught up his hand passionately and pressed it to her cheek.

他常常去她都柏林郊外的那间小屋；他们常常单独在那里过夜。渐渐地，随着他们的思想交融在一起，他们谈论的话题也不再那么疏远。她的陪伴就像是奇异植物周围的温热土壤。许多次她任由黑暗降临在他们周围，却不想去点亮灯火。黑暗幽静的房间，他们那与世隔绝的状态，还有那仍然颤响在他们耳畔的音乐，把他们结合在了一起。这种结合升华了他，磨掉了他性格中的棱角，使他的精神生活带上了感情色彩。有时他发现自己在聆听自己说话的声音。他认为，在她眼里，他会升格成为一个天使般的人物；当他把伴侣的热情天性越来越近地依附于自己的时候，他听到那个古怪冷漠的声音（他辨识出那是自己的声音）在反复述说着他这颗灵魂不可救药的孤独。我们无法奉献自己，那个声音说：我们是属于自己的。一天晚上辛尼科夫人（她整晚都表现得异常兴奋）充满激情地抓住他的一只手，然后把它贴在了自己的面颊上，这成了他们交流的终结。

Mr. Duffy was very much surprised. Her interpretation of his words disillusioned him. He did not visit her for a week, then he wrote to her asking her to meet him. As he did not wish their last interview to be troubled by the influence of their ruined confessional they meet in a little cakeshop near the Parkgate. It was cold autumn weather but in spite of the cold they wandered up and down the roads of the Park for nearly three hours. They agreed to break off their intercourse: every bond, he said, is a bond to sorrow. When they came out of the Park they walked in silence towards the tram; but here she

began to tremble so violently that, fearing another collapse on her part, he bade her good-bye quickly and left her. A few days later he received a parcel containing his books and music.

达菲先生非常吃惊。她对他所说的话作出如此解读使他醒悟了过来。有一个星期他没有去拜访她，然后他写信给她请她来和自己见面。他们之间那种相互告解已遭到破坏，他不希望他们最后这次见面会受此搅扰，于是他们就在公园门口附近的一家小糕饼店里见了面。当时是寒冷的秋天，不过尽管天气寒冷，他们还是沿着公园的道路来来回回走了将近三个小时。他们说好了中断来往：每一种束缚，他说，都会带来痛苦。他们从公园出来，沉默无语地朝有轨电车走去；可到了那儿之后，她开始剧烈地颤抖起来，他害怕她会再一次失控，于是就匆忙向她道别，离他而去。几天之后，他收到了一个包裹，里面装着他的书和乐谱。

Four years passed. Mr. Duffy returned to his even way of life. His room still bore witness of the orderliness of his mind. Some new pieces of music encumbered the music-stand in the lower room and on his shelves stood two volumes by Nietzsche: Thus Spake Zarathustra and The Gay Science. He wrote seldom in the sheaf of papers which lay in his desk. One of his sentences, written two months after his last interview with Mrs. Sinico, read: Love between man and man is impossible because there must not be sexual intercourse and friendship between man and woman is impossible because there must be sexual intercourse. He kept away from concerts lest he should meet her. His father died; the junior partner of the bank retired. And still every morning he went into the city by tram and every evening walked home from the city after having dined moderately in George's Street and read the evening paper for dessert.

四年过去了。达菲先生又恢复了他那平静的生活方式。他的房间依然见证着他头脑的有条不紊。下房里的乐谱架上多了一些新的乐谱，他的书架上立着尼采的两大本著作：《查拉图斯特拉如是说》和《快乐的科学》。他很少往放在书桌上的那沓纸片上写东西。他写的那些句子里有一句（那是他和辛尼科夫人最后一次见面的两个月后写成的）是这样写道：男人与男人之间不可能有爱情，因为他们不能性交；男人与女人之间不可能有友情，因为他们必须性交。他不再去听音乐会，以免会遇见她。他的父亲死了；银行的那个初级合伙人退休了。每天早晨，他依然坐有轨电车进城，每天傍晚在乔治街吃一顿有节制的晚餐、读着晚报享用完甜点之后，他依然会从城里步行回家。

One evening as he was about to put a morsel of corned beef and cabbage into his mouth his hand stopped. His eyes fixed themselves on a paragraph in the evening paper which he had propped against the water-carafe. He replaced the morsel of food on his plate and read the paragraph attentively. Then he drank a glass of water, pushed his plate to one side, doubled the paper down before him between his

elbows and read the paragraph over and over again. The cabbage began to deposit a cold white grease on his plate. The girl came over to him to ask was his dinner not properly cooked. He said it was very good and ate a few mouthfuls of it with difficulty. Then he paid his bill and went out.

一天傍晚，正当他要把一小口咸牛肉加卷心菜塞进嘴里的时候，他的手一下子停住了。他的目光固定在了他靠着水瓶竖放着的那张晚报上的一段报道。他把那一小口食物又放回盘子上，聚精会神地读起那段文字来。然后他喝了一杯水，把盘子推到一边，把报纸对折摆到自己面前双肘之间，一遍又一遍地读着那段文字。盘子上的卷心菜开始变冷，结成了一层白色的油脂。女服务员走到他面前问他晚餐是不是做得不好。他说饭非常好，然后又勉强吃了几口。接着他付了账单，走了出去。

He walked along quickly through the November twilight, his stout hazel stick striking the ground regularly, the fringe of the buff Mail peeping out of a side-pocket of his tight reefer overcoat. On the lonely road which leads from the Parkgate to Chapelizod he slackened his pace. His stick struck the ground less emphatically and his breath, issuing irregularly, almost with a sighing sound, condensed in the wintry air. When he reached his house he went up at once to his bedroom and, taking the paper from his pocket, read the paragraph again by the failing light of the window. He read it not aloud, but moving his lips as a priest does when he reads the prayers Secreto. This was the paragraph:

他在十一月的夜色中匆匆前行，他那结实的榛木手杖有规律地敲击着地面，浅黄褐色《邮报》的一角从他那件紧身双排扣呢外套的侧袋里露了出来。在从公园门口通往查普里佐德的那条寂静道路上，他放慢了脚步。他的手杖敲击地面的力度减弱了，他的呼吸很不均匀，几乎带着一种叹息的声音，凝结在冬日的空气里。到达住所之后，他立刻上楼进到卧室，从口袋里取出那张报纸，借着窗户愈见暗弱的光线又开始读起那段文字来。他读的时候并没有出声，但却像一个神父念分祷词那样噏动着双唇。那段文字是这样的：

DEATH of A LADY AT SYDNEY PARADE A PAINFUL CASE

悉尼街一位女士之死：一桩惨事

Today at the City of Dublin Hospital the Deputy Coroner (in the absence of Mr. Leverett) held an inquest on the body of Mrs. Emily Sinico, aged forty-three years, who was killed at Sydney Parade Station yesterday evening. The evidence showed that the deceased lady, while attempting to cross the line, was knocked down by the engine of the ten o'clock slow train from Kingstown, thereby sustaining injuries of the head and right side which led to her death.

今天，在都柏林市立医院，代理验尸官（莱弗里特先生未到场）对

埃米莉·辛尼科夫人的尸体进行了勘验。死者现年四十三岁，昨晚在悉尼街车站被撞身亡。证据表明，这位死去的女士在试图穿越轨道时被从金斯敦开来的十点钟慢车车头撞倒，头部和身体右侧受伤，最后导致其死亡。

James Lennon, driver of the engine, stated that he had been in the employment of the railway company for fifteen years. On hearing the guard's whistle he set the train in motion and a second or two afterwards brought it to rest in response to loud cries. The train was going slowly.

机车司机詹姆斯·列侬称他受雇于铁路公司已经十五年了。一听到列车长的哨声，他就启动了火车，一两秒钟之后又让它停了下来，因为听到了大声的喊叫声。火车是缓慢行驶的。

P. Dunne, railway porter, stated that as the train was about to start he observed a woman attempting to cross the lines. He ran towards her and shouted, but, before he could reach her, she was caught by the buffer of the engine and fell to the ground.

铁路搬运工P·邓恩称，当火车正要启动时，他注意到一位妇女正试图穿越轨道。他朝她跑去，喊叫着，但在他抓到她之前她就被机车的减震器挂住栽倒在地。

A juror. "You saw the lady fall?"

一位陪审员。“你看到那位女士倒下了？”

Witness. "Yes."

证人。“是的。”

Police Sergeant Croly deposed that when he arrived he found the deceased lying on the platform apparently dead. He had the body taken to the waiting-room pending the arrival of the ambulance.

警佐克罗利作证说，他到达那里的时候，他看到死者躺在月台上，很明显已经死亡。他让人把尸体抬到候车室，等待救护车的到来。

Constable 57 corroborated.

57号警官也提供了证据。

Dr. Halpin, assistant house surgeon of the City of Dublin Hospital, stated that the deceased had two lower ribs fractured and had sustained severe contusions of the right shoulder. The right side of the head had been injured in the fall. The injuries were not sufficient to have caused death in a normal person. Death, in his opinion, had been probably due to shock and sudden failure of the heart's action.

哈尔平医生（都柏林市立医院的助理住院外科医师）称，死者下面的两根肋骨骨折，右肩则遭受了严重的挫伤。头部右侧在摔倒的时候也

受了伤。这些损伤并不足以导致一个正常人死亡。在他看来，死因很可能是受到惊吓而导致的心脏功能的突然衰竭。

Mr. H. B. Patterson Finlay, on behalf of the railway company, expressed his deep regret at the accident. The company had always taken every precaution to prevent people crossing the lines except by the bridges, both by placing notices in every station and by the use of patent spring gates at level crossings. The deceased had been in the habit of crossing the lines late at night from platform to platform and, in view of certain other circumstances of the case, he did not think the railway officials were to blame.

H. B. 帕特森·芬利先生代表铁路公司对这起事故深表遗憾。公司一直都采取一切防范措施来防止行人不走天桥而横穿轨道，在每个车站都设有警示牌，在平行路口处还采用了专利弹簧门。死者已经习惯了在深夜横穿轨道从一个站台到另一个站台去，结合这起事件的其他情况来看，他认为铁路官员们不应该承担责任。

Captain Sinico, of Leoville, Sydney Parade, husband of the deceased, also gave evidence. He stated that the deceased was his wife. He was not in Dublin at the time of the accident as he had arrived only that morning from Rotterdam. They had been married for twenty-two years and had lived happily until about two years ago when his wife began to be rather intemperate in her habits.

悉尼街里奥维尔的辛尼科船长，即死者的丈夫，也提供了证词。他说死者是他的妻子。事故发生的时候他不在都柏林，那天早上他才刚刚从鹿特丹赶回来。他们已经结婚二十二年了，一直生活得很幸福，直到大概两年前，他的妻子开始养成了酗酒的习惯。

Miss Mary Sinico said that of late her mother had been in the habit of going out at night to buy spirits. She, witness, had often tried to reason with her mother and had induced her to join a League. She was not at home until an hour after the accident. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence and exonerated Lennon from all blame.

玛丽·辛尼科小姐说最近她母亲总习惯于晚上出去买酒。如今身为证人的她以前经常努力和母亲讲道理，并劝导她加入一个联合会。事故发生后一个小时她才回到家。陪审团按照医学证据提交了最终判决，判定列侬不承担任何责任。

The Deputy Coroner said it was a most painful case, and expressed great sympathy with Captain Sinico and his daughter. He urged on the railway company to take strong measures to prevent the possibility of similar accidents in the future. No blame attached to anyone.

代理验尸官说，这是一起非常悲惨的事件，并对辛尼科船长和他的

女儿表示了深切的同情。他敦促铁路公司采取强有力的措施以避免将来发生同类事故。没有任何人承担责任。

Mr. Duffy raised his eyes from the paper and gazed out of his window on the cheerless evening landscape. The river lay quiet beside the empty distillery and from time to time a light appeared in some house on the Lucan road. What an end! The whole narrative of her death revolted him and it revolted him to think that he had ever spoken to her of what he held sacred. The threadbare phrases, the inane expressions of sympathy, the cautious words of a reporter won over to conceal the details of a commonplace vulgar death attacked his stomach. Not merely had she degraded herself; she had degraded him. He saw the squalid tract of her vice, miserable and malodorous. His soul's companion! He thought of the hobbling wretches whom he had seen carrying cans and bottles to be filled by the barman. Just God, what an end! Evidently she had been unfit to live, without any strength of purpose, an easy prey to habits, one of the wrecks on which civilisation has been reared. But that she could have sunk so low! Was it possible he had deceived himself so utterly about her? He remembered her outburst of that night and interpreted it in a harsher sense than he had ever done. He had no difficulty now in approving of the course he had taken.

达菲先生从报纸上抬眼凝望着窗外那毫无生气的夜景。那条河静静地躺在空荡荡的酒厂旁边，不时地会有一盏灯在卢肯路上的某栋房子里亮起。怎样的一个结局啊！关于她死亡的整个报道让他反感，想起曾经向她谈及自己尊崇为神圣的东西也让他反感。那些老生常谈的词语，那些愚蠢空洞的同情话，一个已被收买的记者将一起平常而粗俗的死亡事件的细节有所隐藏的谨慎说辞都刺激着他的胃。她不仅贬低了自己；她也贬低了他。他看到了她放纵的堕落轨迹，可悲而又可厌。他灵魂的伴侣！他想到了那些走路摇摇晃晃的可怜鬼，他曾经见过他们手里拿着瓶瓶罐罐让酒吧服务生给加满酒。公正的上帝，这是怎样的一种结局啊！显然她并不适合生存，没有任何意志力，很容易成为习惯的俘虏，她是文明催生的残骸之一。可是她竟然沦落到如此低下的地步！难道有可能他在对她的认识上彻底欺骗了自己？他回想起了那天晚上她的放任，然后以一种他采用过的最为严厉的方式对它进行了解读。现在，他很容易地就认可了自己当时选择的道路。

As the light failed and his memory began to wander he thought her hand touched his. The shock which had first attacked his stomach was now attacking his nerves. He put on his overcoat and hat quickly and went out. The cold air met him on the threshold; it crept into the sleeves of his coat. When he came to the public-house at Chapelizod Bridge he went in and ordered a hot punch.

光线渐渐暗淡，他的记忆开始飘忽起来，他以为她的手在触摸自己的手。那种震惊最初刺激了他的胃，现在又开始刺激他的神经。他迅速

穿戴上外套和帽子走了出去。在门槛处，冷空气迎面袭来，钻进了他的衣服袖子里。他来到查普里佐德桥附近的那家酒馆，进去点了一杯热潘趣酒。

The proprietor served him obsequiously but did not venture to talk. There were five or six workingmen in the shop discussing the value of a gentleman's estate in County Kildare. They drank at intervals from their huge pint tumblers and smoked, spitting often on the floor and sometimes dragging the sawdust over their spits with their heavy boots. Mr. Duffy sat on his stool and gazed at them, without seeing or hearing them. After a while they went out and he called for another punch. He sat a long time over it. The shop was very quiet. The proprietor sprawled on the counter reading the Herald and yawning. Now and again a tram was heard swishing along the lonely road outside.

老板殷勤地接待了他，但没敢说话。店里有五六名工人正在谈论一位绅士在基尔代尔郡的地产价值。他们一边不时地喝着他们那一品脱容量的大酒杯里的啤酒，一边抽着烟，经常往地板上吐痰，有时还会用他们那笨重的靴子划拉些锯末过来盖住他们吐的痰。达菲先生坐在凳子上凝视着他们，但却并没有看见他们，也没有听见他们的谈话。过了一会儿，他们出去了，而他又叫了一杯潘趣酒。他对着那杯酒坐了很长时间。店里非常安静。老板趴在柜台上，一边读着《先驱者报》，一边打着哈欠。不时会听到有某辆有轨电车呼啸着驶过外面那条寂寥的街道。

As he sat there, living over his life with her and evoking alternately the two images in which he now conceived her, he realised that she was dead, that she had ceased to exist, that she had become a memory. He began to feel ill at ease. He asked himself what else could he have done. He could not have carried on a comedy of deception with her; he could not have lived with her openly. He had done what seemed to him best. How was he to blame? Now that she was gone he understood how lonely her life must have been, sitting night after night alone in that room. His life would be lonely too until he, too, died, ceased to exist, became a memory—if anyone remembered him.

他坐在那里，回顾着和她一起度过的时光，交替回忆着他现在留存的她的两种形象，他意识到她死了，她已不复存在，她已成了一种记忆。他开始感到不安。他自问他本来还能做些别的什么。他本就不可能和她维持一场具有欺骗性质的喜剧；他本就不可能和她公开生活在一起。他做了对他来说似乎是最好的选择。如何能怪罪于他呢？现在她去了，他才明白她的生活曾经是多么孤独，整夜整夜独自坐在那个房间里。他的生活也将会是孤独的，直到他也死去，不复存在，变成一种回忆——如果有人还记着他的话。

It was after nine o'clock when he left the shop. The night was cold and gloomy. He entered the Park by the first gate and walked along

under the gaunt trees. He walked through the bleak alleys where they had walked four years before. She seemed to be near him in the darkness. At moments he seemed to feel her voice touch his ear, her hand touch his. He stood still to listen. Why had he withheld life from her? Why had he sentenced her to death? He felt his moral nature falling to pieces.

过了九点钟之后，他离开了那家店铺。夜晚寒冷而黑暗。他从最近的一个大门走进了公园，在凋落的树木下漫步前行。他穿行于四年前他们曾漫步过的那些荒凉的小路。黑暗中，她仿佛就在他的身边。不时地，他仿佛感觉到她的声音在触动他的耳膜，她的手在触碰他的手。他站住不动聆听了起来。为何他不给她生路呢？为何他要判她死刑呢？他感到自己的良知渐渐掉落成碎片。

When he gained the crest of the Magazine Hill he halted and looked along the river towards Dublin, the lights of which burned redly and hospitably in the cold night. He looked down the slope and, at the base, in the shadow of the wall of the Park, he saw some human figures lying. Those venal and furtive loves filled him with despair. He gnawed the rectitude of his life; he felt that he had been outcast from life's feast. One human being had seemed to love him and he had denied her life and happiness: he had sentenced her to ignominy, a death of shame. He knew that the prostrate creatures down by the wall were watching him and wished him gone. No one wanted him; he was outcast from life's feast. He turned his eyes to the grey gleaming river, winding along towards Dublin. Beyond the river he saw a goods train winding out of Kingsbridge Station, like a worm with a fiery head winding through the darkness, obstinately and laboriously. It passed slowly out of sight; but still he heard in his ears the laborious drone of the engine reiterating the syllables of her name.

当他登上杂志山山顶的时候，他停下脚步，顺着河流朝都柏林的方向望去，那座城市的灯火在这寒冷的夜晚炽烈而热情地燃烧着。他朝山坡下望去，山脚处，在公园围墙的阴影里，他隐约看到有些人躺在那里。那些堕落的的、偷偷摸摸的情事让他内心充满了绝望。他啮噬着自己操行端正的生活；他感到自己已经被逐出了生活的盛宴。有一个人似曾爱过他，而他却夺去了她的生命和幸福：他害她名节不保，耻辱地死去。他知道下面围墙附近的躺着的那些人正看着他，期望着他能走开。没有人需要他；他已经被逐出了生活的盛宴。他把目光转向了那灰暗的、波光闪动的河面，河水朝着都柏林的方向蜿蜒流去。在河那边，他看到一列货运列车正蜿蜒着驶出金斯布里奇车站，仿佛一只头部火红的虫子正固执而艰难地蜿蜒着驶过黑暗。它缓慢地驶出了他的视野；不过他的耳畔仍然能听见机车那费力的轰鸣声一个一个音节地重复着她的名字。

He turned back the way he had come, the rhythm of the engine pounding in his ears. He began to doubt the reality of what memory

told him. He halted under a tree and allowed the rhythm to die away. He could not feel her near him in the darkness nor her voice touch his ear. He waited for some minutes listening. He could hear nothing: the night was perfectly silent. He listened again: perfectly silent. He felt that he was alone.

他转身走上了来时的路，机车的节奏在耳畔砰砰回响着。他开始怀疑记忆是否真实。他在一棵树下停住脚步，让那种节奏慢慢消散。黑暗中，他不再感觉到她就在身边，她的声音也不再触动他的耳膜。他等了好几分钟，侧耳聆听着。他什么都听不到：夜出奇地安静。他又听了听：出奇地安静。他感到自己是孤身一人。

CHAPTER 12 IVY DAY IN THE COMMITTEE ROOM

第十二章 委员会办公室里的常春藤日

OLD JACK raked the cinders together with a piece of cardboard and spread them judiciously over the whitening dome of coals. When the dome was thinly covered his face lapsed into darkness but, as he set himself to fan the fire again, his crouching shadow ascended the opposite wall and his face slowly reemerged into light. It was an old man's face, very bony and hairy. The moist blue eyes blinked at the fire and the moist mouth fell open at times, munching once or twice mechanically when it closed. When the cinders had caught he laid the piece of cardboard against the wall, sighed and said:

老杰克用一块纸板把煤灰撮起来，小心翼翼地撒在了正在变白的那堆拱起的炭火上。火堆被薄薄地盖了一层，他的脸随即隐入黑暗之中，不过，当他又开始扇火的时候，他那蹲伏着的身影就爬到了对面的墙上，他的脸又慢慢地出现在了亮光之下。这是一副老年人的面孔，非常清瘦，还有很多须毛。那双湿润的蓝眼睛冲着炉火眨动着，那张湿润的嘴间或会张开，闭上的时候总会机械地嚼动一两次。煤灰燃起来的时候，他把那张纸板靠墙放了起来，然后叹着气说道：

"That's better now, Mr. O'Connor.”

“这就好多了，奥康纳先生。”

Mr. O'Connor, a grey-haired young man, whose face was disfigured by many blotches and pimples, had just brought the tobacco for a cigarette into a shapely cylinder but when spoken to he undid his handiwork meditatively. Then he began to roll the tobacco again meditatively and after a moment's thought decided to lick the paper.

奥康纳先生是一个满头灰发的年轻人，他的脸让许多色斑和粉刺给弄得不成样子，他刚刚把烟叶卷成一个像样的圆柱形，可一听有人和他说话，他就若有所思地松开了他的这个手工艺品。随后他又开始若有所思地卷起了烟叶，片刻的沉思之后才决定舔湿那张卷烟纸。

"Did Mr. Tierney say when he'd be back?" he asked in a sky falsetto.

“蒂尔尼先生说了他什么时候回来吗？”他用嘶哑的假声问道。

"He didn't say.”

“他没说。”

Mr. O'Connor put his cigarette into his mouth and began search his pockets. He took out a pack of thin pasteboard cards.

奥康纳先生把烟放到嘴里，然后开始摸索起口袋来。他掏出一叠薄薄的硬纸板卡片。

"I'll get you a match," said the old man.

“我去给你拿根火柴。”那个老人说道。

"Never mind, this'll do," said Mr. O'Connor.

“不用了，这就可以。”奥康纳先生说。

He selected one of the cards and read what was printed on it:

他选了一张卡片，读着印在上面的内容：

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS ———— ROYAL EXCHANGE WARD ————

市政选举——皇家交易所选区

Mr. Richard J. Tierney, P.L.G., respectfully solicits the favour of your vote and influence at the coming election in the Royal Exchange Ward.

理查德·J·蒂尔尼先生——济贫会委员——尊请您在即将举行的皇家交易所选区的选举中投票予以支持与帮助。

Mr. O'Connor had been engaged by Tierney's agent to canvass one part of the ward but, as the weather was inclement and his boots let in the wet, he spent a great part of the day sitting by the fire in the Committee Room in Wicklow Street with Jack, the old caretaker. They had been sitting thus since a short day had grown dark. It was the sixth of October, dismal and cold out of doors.

奥康纳先生本来受蒂尔尼的选举代理人指派要去游说一部分选区的居民的，可是天气恶劣，他的靴子里进了水，因此这大半天的时间他是和老看门人杰克一起坐在位于威克洛街的委员会办公室的火炉边度过的。短暂的白天变黑之后，他们就一直这么坐着。今天是十月六日，屋外天气阴沉而寒冷。

Mr. O'Connor tore a strip off the card and, lighting it, lit his cigarette. As he did so the flame lit up a leaf of dark glossy ivy in the lapel of his coat. The old man watched him attentively and then, taking up the piece of cardboard again, began to fan the fire slowly while his companion smoked.

奥康纳先生撕下一小片卡纸，点着了，又用它点着了自己的烟卷。他点烟的时候，火苗照亮了他大衣翻领上别着的一片深绿发亮的常春藤叶子。那个老人聚精会神地注视着他，然后又拿起那块纸板，在他的伙伴抽烟的时候开始慢慢地扇火。

"Ah, yes," he said, continuing, "it's hard to know what way to bring up children. Now who'd think he'd turn out like that! I sent him

to the Christian Brothers and I done what I could him, and there he goes boosing about. I tried to make him someway decent.”

“啊，是啊，”他接着先前的话头说道，“很难知道该用什么方法来抚养孩子们。如今谁会想到他会变成那样！我送他上基督教兄弟会办的学校，我为他倾尽全力，可他却在那儿瞎胡闹。我使劲想让他好歹能有点教养。”

He replaced the cardboard wearily.

他疲惫地把纸板放了回去。

"Only I'm an old man now I'd change his tune for him. I'd take the stick to his back and beat him while I could stand over him—as I done many a time before. The mother, you know, she cocks him up with this and that....”

“只是我现在老了，要不我真想给他改改调子。要是我还能看住他，我真想拿棍子朝他的背上抽一顿——过去我曾这样做过好多次。可当妈的，你知道，她总是这样那样地哄他高兴……”

"That's what ruins children," said Mr. O'Connor.

“这样可就惯坏孩子们了。”奥康纳先生说。

"To be sure it is," said the old man. "And little thanks you get for it, only impudence. He takes th'upper hand of me whenever he sees I've a sup taken. What's the world coming to when sons speaks that way to their fathers?”

“的确是这样，”那个老人说，“而且你那样做得到的几乎没有感激，只有傲慢无礼。每次他见我喝一小口酒都会骑到我头上来喝斥我。儿子跟父亲这样说话，真不知这世界要成什么样？”

"What age is he?" said Mr. O'Connor.

“他多大了？”奥康纳先生问道。

"Nineteen," said the old man.

“十九。”老人说。

"Why don't you put him to something?”

“你为什么不让他做点儿事呢？”

"Sure, amn't I never done at the drunken bowsy ever since he left school? 'I won't keep you,' I says. 'You must get a job for yourself.' But, sure, it's worse whenever he gets a job; he drinks it all.”

“当然有过，自从他离开学校，我啥没替这个醉鬼做过？‘我不会供养你了，’我说，‘你必须得给自己谋个差事。’可是，说真的，他要找了工作情况会更糟；他会把那工作也喝没了的。”

Mr. O'Connor shook his head in sympathy, and the old man fell

silent, gazing into the fire. Someone opened the door of the room and called out:

奥康纳先生同情地摇摇头，而那个老人则凝视着炉火陷入了沉默。有人打开房门喊道：

"Hello! Is this a Freemason's meeting?”

“哈啰！这是共济会成员在开会吗？”

"Who's that?" said the old man.

“是谁呀？”那个老人问。

"What are you doing in the dark?" asked a voice. 黑乎乎可以形容人，有歧义。

"你们黑灯瞎火地在干什么？”一个声音问道。

"Is that you, Hynes?" asked Mr. O'Connor.

“海因斯，是你吗？”奥康纳先生问。

"Yes. What are you doing in the dark?" said Mr. Hynes, advancing into the light of the fire.

“是我。你们黑灯瞎火地在干什么？”海恩斯先生一边说着一边走进了炉火的光亮之中。

He was a tall, slender young man with a light brown moustache. Imminent little drops of rain hung at the brim of his hat and the collar of his jacket-coat was turned up.

他是个高高瘦瘦的年轻人，留着一撮浅褐色的小胡子。一些小雨滴悬垂在他的帽檐边，他那夹克外套的领子朝上竖立着。

"Well, Mat," he said to Mr. O'Connor, "how goes it?"

“哎，马特，”他冲着奥康纳先生说道，“情况怎么样了？”

Mr. O'Connor shook his head. The old man left the hearth and after stumbling about the room returned with two candlesticks which he thrust one after the other into the fire and carried to the table. A denuded room came into view and the fire lost all its cheerful colour. The walls of the room were bare except for a copy of an election address. In the middle of the room was a small table on which papers were heaped.

奥康纳先生摇摇头。那个老人离开壁炉，在屋子里磕磕绊绊地找了一遍之后拿着两根蜡烛又回到了壁炉边，他把蜡烛一根接一根地伸进炉火里点着，然后拿到了桌子上。一间空荡荡的屋子显现出来，炉火也失去了所有欢乐的色彩。屋子的四壁几乎空无一物，只有一份选举演说词。屋子中间是一张小桌子，上面堆着一些文件。

Mr. Hynes leaned against the mantelpiece and asked:

海因斯先生斜靠在壁炉架上，问道：

"Has he paid you yet?"

“他付你钱了吗？”

"Not yet," said Mr. O'Connor. "I hope to God he'll not leave us in the lurch tonight.”

“还没有。”奥康纳先生说，“我祈求上帝，今晚他可别丢下我们不管。”

Mr. Hynes laughed.

海因斯先生笑了。

"O, he'll pay you. Never fear," he said.

“哦，他会付你钱的。别担心。”他说。

"I hope he'll look smart about it if he means business," said Mr. O'Connor.

“我希望他要是真当回事的话就要显得爽快点儿。”奥康纳先生说。

"What do you think, Jack?" said Mr. Hynes satirically to the old man.

“你怎么想，杰克？”海因斯先生讥讽地对那个老人说。

The old man returned to his seat by the fire, saying:

老人回到炉火边他的座位上，说道：

"It isn't but he has it, anyway. Not like the other tinker.”

“不管咋说，不是他有却不给你。可不像另外那个吉卜赛人。”

"What other tinker?" said Mr. Hynes.

“什么另外那个吉卜赛人？”海因斯先生问。

"Colgan," said the old man scornfully.

“科尔根呗。”那个老人轻蔑地说道。

"It is because Colgan's a working-man you say that? What's the difference between a good honest bricklayer and a publican—eh? Hasn't the working-man as good a right to be in the Corporation as anyone else—ay, and a better right than those shoneens that are always hat in hand before any fellow with a handle to his name? Isn't that so, Mat?" said Mr. Hynes, addressing Mr. O'Connor.

“是因为科尔根是一个工人你才这样说吗？一个出色本分的泥瓦匠和一个酒店老板之间有什么区别吗——嗯？难道工人就不能和其他任何人一样拥有同等的权利加入到这个组织吗——唉，比起那些遇到个名字前面有头衔的人就把帽子摘下来拿在手里的先生们来说工匠难道不是更有

权利吗？难道不是这样吗，马特？”海因斯先生对着奥康纳先生说道。

"I think you're right," said Mr. O'Connor.

“我觉得你是对的。”奥康纳先生说。

"One man is a plain honest man with no hunker-sliding about him. He goes in to represent the labour classes. This fellow you're working for only wants to get some job or other.”

“一个是普普通通的老实人，没有任何不规矩的行为。他参加进来是代表劳动阶级的。而你为之工作的那个人却只是想得到这样或那样的一份差事而已。”

"Of course, the working-classes should be represented," said the old man.

“当然了，工人阶级应该要有人来代表的。”那个老人说。

"The working-man," said Mr. Hynes, "gets all kicks and no halfpence. But it's labour produces everything. The workingman is not looking for fat jobs for his sons and nephews and cousins. The working-man is not going to drag the honour of Dublin in the mud to please a German monarch.”

“那个工人，”海因斯先生说，“能得到极大乐趣，但却得不到半分钱。不过劳动创造了一切。那个工人并不是要给他的儿子们和侄子们还有那些同辈表亲们找什么肥差。那个工人也不会为了讨好一个有日耳曼血统的英国国王而把都柏林的荣誉拖进泥潭。”

"How's that?" said the old man.

“怎么回事？”那个老人问道。

"Don't you know they want to present an address of welcome to Edward Rex if he comes here next year? What do we want kowtowing to a foreign king?”

“你不知道吗？如果明年国王爱德华·雷克斯来这儿的话，他们想要向他敬呈一篇欢迎致辞。我们向一个外国国王行叩拜礼到底想要什么呢？”

"Our man won't vote for the address," said Mr. O'Connor. "He goes in on the Nationalist ticket."

“我们的人是不会投票赞成这篇致辞的。”奥康纳先生说，“他得靠民族党的选票才能通过。”

"Won't he?" said Mr. Hynes. "Wait till you see whether he will or not. I know him. Is it Tricky Dicky Tierney?"

“是吗？”海因斯先生问。“等着吧，你看他是不是。我了解他。他不是狡猾多变的迪基·蒂尔尼吗？”

"By God! Perhaps you're right, Joe," said Mr. O'Connor. "Anyway, I wish he'd turn up with the spondulics.”

“上帝作证！也许你是对的，乔。”奥康纳先生说。“无论如何，我希望他会带着钱现身。”

The three men fell silent. The old man began to rake more cinders together. Mr. Hynes took off his hat, shook it and then turned down the collar of his coat, displaying, as he did so, an ivy leaf in the lapel.

三个人都突然沉默了下来。那个老人开始把更多的煤灰撮在一起。海因斯先生摘下帽子，甩了甩，然后把外套的衣领放了下来，这样就露出了衣领上的一片常春藤叶子。

"If this man was alive," he said, pointing to the leaf, "we'd have no talk of an address of welcome.”

“如果这个人还活着，”他一边说着，一边指了指那片叶子，“我们就不会谈什么欢迎致辞了。”

"That's true," said Mr. O'Connor.

“是这样的。”奥康纳先生说。

"Musha, God be with them times!" said the old man， "There was some life in it then."

“啊，愿上帝与他们同在！”那个老人说。“那时候这叶子里还是有点生机的。”

The room was silent again. Then a bustling little man with a snuffling nose and very cold ears pushed in the door. He walked over quickly to the fire, rubbing his hands as if he intended to produce a spark from them.

房间又安静下来。接着一个双耳冻得通红的小个子男人急急火火、呼哧着鼻子推门而入。他急速走到炉火前，摩擦着双手，仿佛想要让它们擦出火花。

"No money, boys," he said.

“没钱喽，伙计们。”他说。

"Sit down here, Mr. Henchy," said the old man, offering him his chair.

“坐这儿，亨奇先生。”那个老人一边说着，一边把自己的椅子让给他。

"O, don't stir, Jack, don't stir," said Mr. Henchy

“喔，别动，杰克，别动。”亨奇先生说。

He nodded curtly to Mr. Hynes and sat down on the chair which the old man vacated.

他草草地朝海因斯先生点了点头，然后在那个老人腾出来的椅子上坐了下来。

"Did you serve Aungier Street?" he asked Mr. O'Connor.

“你去奥吉尔街上发过了吗？”他问奥康纳先生。

"Yes," said Mr. O'Connor, beginning to search his pockets for memoranda.

“是的。”奥康纳先生说着开始在口袋里寻找备忘录。

"Did you call on Grimes?"

“你去拜访格兰姆斯了吗？”

"I did."

“我去了。”

"Well? How does he stand?" "He wouldn't promise. He said: 'I won't tell anyone what way I'm going to vote.' But I think he'll be all right."

“是吗？他站在哪边？”“他不愿意承诺。他说：‘我不会告诉任何人我会投哪一边的票。’不过我想他不会有问题。”

"Why so?"

“为什么这样说？”

"He asked me who the nominators were; and I told him. I mentioned Father Burke's name. I think it'll be all right."

“他问我提名的人都是谁；我告诉了他。我提到了伯克神父的名字。我想这不会有问题。”

Mr. Henchy began to snuffle and to rub his hands over the fire at a terrific speed. Then he said:

亨奇先生开始呼哧鼻子，以一种飞快的速度就着炉火摩擦起他的双手来。然后他说：

"For the love of God, Jack, bring us a bit of coal. There must be some left." The old man went out of the room.

“为了上帝的爱，杰克，给我们拿点儿炭过来吧。肯定还有剩下的。”那个老人走出了房间。

"It's no go," said Mr. Henchy, shaking his head. "I asked the little shoeboy, but he said: 'Oh, now, Mr. Henchy, when I see work going on properly I won't forget you, you may be sure.' Mean little tinker! 'Usha, how could he be anything else?"

“事没成。”亨奇先生说着摇了摇头。“我问了那个小鞋匠，可是他却说：‘哦，听着，亨奇先生，当我看见工作进展顺利的时候，我不会忘记

你的，你可以放心的。’吝啬的小吉卜赛人！啊，他还能是别的什么样吗？”

"What did I tell you, Mat?" said Mr. Hynes. "Tricky Dicky Tierney."

“我是怎么告你的，马特？”海因斯先生说，“狡猾的迪基·蒂尔尼。”

"O, he's as tricky as they make 'em," said Mr. Henchy. "He hasn't got those little pigs' eyes for nothing. Blast his soul! Couldn't he pay up like a man instead of: 'O, now, Mr. Henchy, I must speak to Mr. Fanning.... I've spent a lot of money'? Mean little schoolboy of hell! I suppose he forgets the time his little old father kept the hand-me-down shop in Mary's Lane.”

“哦，他们让他多狡猾，他就有多狡猾。”亨奇先生说，“他长的那对小猪的眼睛可不是啥用没有。真该死！难道他就不能像个男子汉那样付钱，而不是说：‘哦，听着，亨奇先生，我必须得跟范宁先生谈谈……我已经花了不少钱了’？该下地狱的卑鄙小学童！我想他忘了他那小个子的老爸当年在玛丽巷开旧衣店的情形。”

"But is that a fact?" asked Mr. O'Connor.

“可那是事实吗？”奥康纳先生问道。

"God, yes," said Mr. Henchy. "Did you never hear that? And the men used to go in on Sunday morning before the houses were open to buy a waistcoat or a trousers—moya! But Tricky Dicky's little old father always had a tricky little black bottle up in a corner. Do you mind now? That's that. That's where he first saw the light.”

“上帝，是的。”亨奇先生说，"你从来没听说过吗？男人们过去常常在星期天早上酒馆开门之前去那里买个马甲或买条裤子——还真像那么回事呢！可狡猾迪基的小个子老爸总是狡猾地在一个角落里放一个黑瓶子。现在你知道了吗？就是这样。那就是他初问世事的地方。”

The old man returned with a few lumps of coal which he placed here and there on the fire.

那个老人拿着一些炭块回来了，他这儿一块那儿一块地把它们放到了火上。

"That's a nice how-do-you-do," said Mr. O'Connor. "How does he expect us to work for him if he won't stump up?”

“这事可难办了。”奥康纳先生说，“他要是不付钱，那他怎么能指望我们为他干活儿呢？”

"I can't help it," said Mr. Henchy. "I expect to find the bailiffs in the hall when I go home."

“我没办法。”亨奇先生说，“我料想在我回到家的时候肯定能在门厅

里见到执法官们。”

Mr. Hynes laughed and, shoving himself away from the mantelpiece with the aid of his shoulders, made ready to leave.

海因斯先生笑了，他用肩膀挤出了人群，离开了壁炉架，准备告辞。

"It'll be all right when King Eddie comes," he said. "Well boys, I'm off for the present. See you later. 'Bye, 'bye.”

“当国王爱迪来了的时候，一切就会好的。”他说，“好了伙计们，我暂且先走了。随后见。再见，再见。”

He went out of the room slowly. Neither Mr. Henchy nor the old man said anything, but, just as the door was closing, Mr. O'Connor, who had been staring moodily into the fire, called out suddenly:

他慢慢地走出了房间。亨奇先生和那个老人谁都没有说话，但是，在门就要关上的那一刻，一直情绪低沉地凝视着炉火的奥康纳先生突然喊道：

"Bye, Joe."

“再见，乔。”

Mr. Henchy waited a few moments and then nodded in the direction of the door.

亨奇先生等了一会儿之后才朝门的方向点了点头。

"Tell me," he said across the fire, "what brings our friend in here? What does he want?" “'Usha, poor Joe!" said Mr. O'Connor, throwing the end of his cigarette into the fire, "he's hard up, like the rest of us.”

“你说，”他隔着壁炉说道，“是什么把我们这位朋友带到这儿来的？他想要什么？”“啊，可怜的乔！”奥康纳先生一边说，一边把烟头扔到了火里，“他也缺钱，就像我们一样。”

Mr. Henchy snuffled vigorously and spat so copiously that he nearly put out the fire, which uttered a hissing protest.

亨奇先生使劲儿呼哧了一会儿鼻子，然后又吐了好大一口痰，差点儿没把火浇灭，炉火发出了嘶嘶的抗议声。

"To tell you my private and candid opinion," he said, "I think he's a man from the other camp. He's a spy of Colgan's, if you ask me. Just go round and try and find out how they're getting on. They won't suspect you. Do you twig?” "Ah, poor Joe is a decent skin," said Mr. O'Connor.

“告诉你们我个人的坦诚之见，”他说，“我觉得他是从另一个阵营里来的人。他是科尔根的间谍，要让我说的话。到处去走走，尽量搞清楚他们进展如何。他们不会怀疑你的。明白了吗？”“唉，可怜的乔是一个

正派人。”奥康纳先生说。

"His father was a decent, respectable man," Mr. Henchy admitted. "Poor old Larry Hynes! Many a good turn he did in his day! But I'm greatly afraid our friend is not nineteen carat. Damn it, I can understand a fellow being hard up, but what I can't understand is a fellow sponging. Couldn't he have some spark of manhood about him?”

“他父亲曾是个受人尊敬的正派人。”亨奇先生承认，“可怜的老拉里·海因斯！他那时候可是做了不少的善事！不过我非常担心我们这位朋友的品质连19克拉都不到。真可恶，一个人缺钱我能理解，可是一个人靠欺骗来过活我是无法理解。难道他就不能有点男子汉的骨气吗？”

"He doesn't get a warm welcome from me when he comes," said the old man. "Let him work for his own side and not come spying around here."

“他进来的时候没有受到我的热烈欢迎，”那个老人说，就让他替自己那边工作吧，但别来这儿瞎打听。”

"I don't know," said Mr. O'Connor dubiously, as he took out cigarette-papers and tobacco. "I think Joe Hynes is a straight man. He's a clever chap, too, with the pen. Do you remember that thing he wrote...?”

“我不知道。”奥康纳先生一边狐疑地说着，一边掏出了卷烟纸和烟叶，“我觉得乔·海因斯是个直率的人。他也是个文笔聪秀之人。你还记得他写过的那篇东西吗……?"

"Some of these hillsiders and fenians are a bit too clever if ask me," said Mr. Henchy. "Do you know what my private and candid opinion is about some of those little jokers? I believe half of them are in the pay of the Castle."

“要我说，这些山坡勇士芬尼亚人中有一些可是有点过于聪明了。”亨奇先生说。“你们知道对这些小丑中的有些人，我个人的坦诚之见是什么吗？我认为他们中有一半人都在秘密地为城堡工作。”

"There's no knowing," said the old man.

“没法说。”那个老人说。

"O, but I know it for a fact," said Mr. Henchy. "They're Castle hacks.... I don't say Hynes.... No, damn it, I think he's a stroke above that.... But there's a certain little nobleman with a cock-eye—you know the patriot I'm alluding to?”

“噢，可我知道这是事实。”亨奇先生说。“他们是城堡的雇用文人……我不是说海因斯……不，该死的，我觉得他还不至于那样……不过有一个小个子贵族，长着斗鸡眼——你们知道我指的这个爱国者是谁

吧？”

Mr. O'Connor nodded.

奥康纳先生点了点头。

"There's a lineal descendant of Major Sirr for you if you like! O, the heart's blood of a patriot! That's a fellow now that'd sell his country for fourpence—ay—and go down on his bended knees and thank the Almighty Christ he had a country to sell.”

“如果你愿意，还有瑟尔上校的一个嫡系后代呢！啊，一个爱国者的心血！这个人现在会为了四便士而卖国——啊——然后屈膝下跪，感谢万能的基督他还有一个国家可以出卖。”

There was a knock at the door.

有敲门声传来。

"Come in!" said Mr. Henchy.

“进来！”亨奇先生说。

A person resembling a poor clergyman or a poor actor appeared in the doorway. His black clothes were tightly buttoned on his short body and it was impossible to say whether he wore a clergyman's collar or a layman's, because the collar of his shabby frock-coat, the uncovered buttons of which reflected the candlelight, was turned up about his neck. He wore a round hat of hard black felt. His face, shining with raindrops, had the appearance of damp yellow cheese save where two rosy spots indicated the cheekbones. He opened his very long mouth suddenly to express disappointment and at the same time opened wide his very bright blue eyes to express pleasure and surprise. 原译文易理解为嘴唇宽，所以译成大嘴更符合long的形容。

一个好似穷神父或穷演员的人出现在门口。他黑衣紧扣，裹在短小的身体上，说不出他戴的是神父领结还是俗人领结，因为他那件破旧长礼服的领子竖起来裹住了他的脖子，礼服的纽扣没有包起来，反射着烛光。他戴着一顶硬质的黑色圆毡帽。他的脸上有一些亮闪闪的雨滴，看上去好像黄色的湿奶酪，只有在颧骨那个地方露出了玫红色的两小块。他突然张开了他的大嘴表示失望，同时又睁大了他那双非常明亮的蓝眼睛表示着喜悦和惊奇。

"O Father Keon!" said Mr. Henchy, jumping up from his chair. "Is that you? Come in!"

“啊，基翁神父！”亨奇先生一边说，一边从椅子上跳了起来，“是你吗？进来！”

"O, no, no, no!" said Father Keon quickly, pursing his lips as if he were addressing a child.

“哦，不，不，不！”基翁神父很快说道，他撅着嘴唇，仿佛是在跟一个孩子说话。

"Won't you come in and sit down?”

“你不想进来坐下吗？”

"No, no, no!" said Father Keon, speaking in a discreet, indulgent, velvety voice. "Don't let me disturb you now! I'm just looking for Mr. Fanning....”

“不，不，不！”基翁神父说，声音里透着审慎、宽容和柔和，“这会儿就别让我打搅你们了！我只是在找范宁先生……”

"He's round at the Black Eagle," said Mr. Henchy. "But won't you come in and sit down a minute?”

“他大概在黑鹰酒馆吧，”亨奇先生说。“可你不想进来坐会儿吗？”

"No, no, thank you. It was just a little business matter," said Father Keon. "Thank you, indeed."

“不了，不了，谢谢你。只是点小事。”基翁神父说，“真的谢谢你。”

He retreated from the doorway and Mr. Henchy, seizing one of the candlesticks, went to the door to light him downstairs.

他从门口退了出去，亨奇先生抓起一根蜡烛，走到门口点着亮送他下楼。

"O, don't trouble, I beg!”

“哦，不麻烦了，请回吧！”

"No, but the stairs is so dark."

“不麻烦的，楼梯太暗了。”

"No, no, I can see.... Thank you, indeed."

“不，不，我能看见……谢谢你了，真的。”

"Are you right now?"

“现在可以了吗？”

"All right, thanks.... Thanks."

“可以了，谢谢……谢谢。”

Mr. Henchy returned with the candlestick and put it on the table. He sat down again at the fire. There was silence for a few moments.

亨奇先生举着蜡烛返回去，把蜡烛放到了桌子上。他重又在炉火旁坐了下来。沉默了好一会儿。

"Tell me, John," said Mr. O'Connor, lighting his cigarette with

another pasteboard card.

“告诉我，约翰。”奥康纳先生一边说，一边用另一块硬纸片点着了烟。

"Hm?"

“嗯？”

"What he is exactly?"

“他到底是干什么的？”

"Ask me an easier one," said Mr. Henchy.

“问我个简单点的问题。”亨奇先生说。

"Fanning and himself seem to me very thick. They're often in Kavanagh's together. Is he a priest at all?”

“范宁和他在我看来似乎非常亲近。他们常常一起呆在卡瓦纳的店里。他真是个神父吗？”

"Mmm, yes, I believe so.... I think he's what you call black sheep. We haven't many of them, thank God!but we have a few.... He's an unfortunate man of some kind....”

“嗯，是吧，我想是这样吧……我觉得他就是你说的那种败家子。我们当中这样的人不多，感谢上帝！不过我们还是有几个……他是一个运气不太好的人……”

"And how does he knock it out?" asked Mr. O'Connor.

“那他是怎么过活的呢？”奥康纳先生问。

"That's another mystery.”

“这又是一个谜。”

"Is he attached to any chapel or church or institution or—-”

“他附属于某个小教堂或教会或者机构或者——”

"No," said Mr. Henchy, "I think he's travelling on his own account.... God forgive me," he added, "I thought he was the dozen of stout."

“不，”亨奇先生说，“我想他是为了自己的利益而游走四方……上帝宽恕我，”他补充说，“我曾以为他是很贪喝黑啤酒的。”

"Is there any chance of a drink itself?" asked Mr. O'Connor.

“能弄到点喝的吗？”奥康纳先生问。

"I'm dry too," said the old man.

“我也渴了。”那个老人说。

"I asked that little shoeboy three times," said Mr. Henchy, "would he send up a dozen of stout. I asked him again now, but he was leaning on the counter in his shirt-sleeves having a deep goster with Alderman Cowley.”

“我问过那个小鞋匠三次，”亨奇先生说，“问他是否能送上来一打黑啤酒。我刚刚又问了他一次，可他只穿着衬衫斜靠在柜台上，和高级市政官考利聊得正起劲。”

"Why didn't you remind him?" said Mr. O'Connor.

“为什么你不提醒他呢？”奥康纳先生说。

"Well, I couldn't go over while he was talking to Alderman Cowley. I just waited till I caught his eye, and said: 'About that little matter I was speaking to you about....' 'That'll be all right, Mr. H.,' he said. Yerra, sure the little hop-o’-my-thumb has forgotten all about it.”

“唉，他正和高级市政官考利说话，我不能过去。我就那么等着，直到我跟他的目光相遇，然后才说：‘我刚才跟你说的那件小事……’“没问题，H.先生。’他说。没错啦，肯定这小拇哥已经把这事全忘了。”

"There's some deal on in that quarter," said Mr. O'Connor thoughtfully. "I saw the three of them hard at it yesterday at Suffolk Street corner."

“他们正在进行某种交易。”奥康纳先生若有所思地说道，“昨天在萨福克街拐角处我看见他们三个人在起劲地忙着什么。”

"I think I know the little game they're at," said Mr. Henchy. "You must owe the City Fathers money nowadays if you want to be made Lord Mayor. Then they'll make you Lord Mayor. By God! I'm thinking seriously of becoming a City Father myself. What do you think? Would I do for the job?”

“我想我知道他们在搞什么小把戏。”亨奇先生说，“如今你必须得给城市元老们塞些钱，要是你想当选市长的话。然后他们就可以让你当上市长。上帝作证！我要认真考虑考虑，让自己成为一名城市元老。你们觉得怎么样？我会适合这份工作吗？”

Mr. O'Connor laughed.

奥康纳先生放声大笑。

"So far as owing money goes...."

“那是就塞钱而言……”

"Driving out of the Mansion House," said Mr. Henchy, "in all my vermin, with Jack here standing up behind me in a powdered wig—eh?”

“开车驶出市长官邸，”亨奇先生说，“身边簇拥着保镖，杰克头戴涂了粉的假发站在我身后——呃？”

"And make me your private secretary, John."

“让我当你的私人秘书，约翰。”

"Yes. And I'll make Father Keon my private chaplain. We'll have a family party.”

“好。我还会让基翁神父做我的私人神父。我们会成立个同人党。”

"Faith, Mr. Henchy," said the old man, "you'd keep up better style than some of them. I was talking one day to old Keegan, the porter. 'And how do you like your new master, Pat?' says I to him. 'You haven't much entertaining now,' says I. 'Entertaining!' says he. 'He'd live on the smell of an oil-rag.’ And do you know what he told me? Now, I declare to God I didn't believe him.”

“的确如此，亨奇先生。”那个老人说，“和他们有些人相比你会保持更好的作派。有一天我跟老基根，那个门房，说话。‘你喜欢你的新主人吗，帕特？’我问他说。‘现在你没什么乐趣了吧。’我说。‘乐趣！’他说，‘他快靠油布的味道过活了！’你们知道他告诉我什么了吗？现在，我向上帝宣誓当时我并没有相信他的话。”

"What?" said Mr. Henchy and Mr. O'Connor.

“是什么？”亨奇先生和奥康纳先生说。

"He told me: 'What do you think of a Lord Mayor of Dublin sending out for a pound of chops for his dinner? How's that for high living?' says he. 'Wisha! wisha,' says I. 'A pound of chops,' says he, 'coming into the Mansion House.' 'Wisha!' says I, 'what kind of people is going at all now?”

“他告诉我：‘你对都柏林市长派人去买一磅排骨用来做晚餐这事怎么看？这样的高级生活怎么样？’他说。‘哎呀！哎呀，’我说。‘一磅排骨，’他说，‘送进市长官邸。’‘哎呀！’我说，‘现在到底是哪种人在位呢？”

At this point there was a knock at the door, and a boy put in his head.

在这个当口，传来一下敲门声，一个男孩伸进头来。

"What is it?" said the old man.

“什么事？”那个老人说。

"From the Black Eagle," said the boy, walking in sideways and depositing a basket on the floor with a noise of shaken bottles.

“从黑鹰酒馆来的，”男孩一边说，一边侧身走了进来，把一个篮子放在地板上，篮子里响起了瓶子碰撞的声音。

The old man helped the boy to transfer the bottles from the basket to the table and counted the full tally. After the transfer the boy put his basket on his arm and asked:

那个老人帮着男孩把瓶子从篮子里拿到桌子上，然后清点了一下总数。倒腾完之后，男孩把篮子挎到一个胳膊上，问道：

"Any bottles?"

“有瓶子吗？”

"What bottles?" said the old man.

“什么瓶子？”那个老人说。

"Won't you let us drink them first?" said Mr. Henchy.

“难道你不让我们先把它们喝掉吗？”亨奇先生说。

"I was told to ask for the bottles."

“我是按吩咐要瓶子的。”

"Come back tomorrow," said the old man.

“那明天再来吧。”那个老人说。

"Here, boy!" said Mr. Henchy, "will you run over to O'Farrell's and ask him to lend us a corkscrew—for Mr. Henchy, say. Tell him we won't keep it a minute. Leave the basket there.”

“听着，小伙子！”亨奇先生说，“你愿意跑去奥费拉尔的酒馆让他借给我们一个开瓶器吗——就说是借给亨奇先生的。告诉他我们用完就还，一刻都不留。把篮子先放那儿。”

The boy went out and Mr. Henchy began to rub his hands cheerfully, saying:

男孩出去了，亨奇先生开始高兴地搓着双手，说道：

"Ah, well, he's not so bad after all. He's as good as his word, anyhow.”

“啊，不错，他毕竟还没有那么坏。他还说话算话，不管怎样。”

"There's no tumblers," said the old man.

“没有酒杯。”那个老人说。

"O, don't let that trouble you, Jack," said Mr. Henchy. "Many's the good man before now drank out of the bottle.”

“哦，别烦心这事了，杰克。”亨奇先生说，“过去许多好汉都是直接拿瓶子喝酒的。”

"Anyway, it's better than nothing," said Mr. O'Connor.

“不管怎么说，总比没有好多了。”奥康纳先生说。

"He's not a bad sort," said Mr. Henchy, "only Fanning has such a loan of him. He means well, you know, in his own tinpot way."

“他不是个坏人，”亨奇先生说，“只是范宁从他那儿借了那么多钱。他本意很好，你们要知道，是以他自己那种拙劣的方式。”

The boy came back with the corkscrew. The old man opened three bottles and was handing back the corkscrew when Mr. Henchy said to the boy:

男孩拿着开瓶器回来了。老人打开了这些瓶子，正要把开瓶器还回去，亨奇先生忽然对男孩说：

"Would you like a drink, boy?"

“你想喝一瓶吗，小伙子？”

"If you please, sir," said the boy.

“只要您高兴就行，先生。”男孩说。

The old man opened another bottle grudgingly, and handed it to the boy.

那个老人不情愿地打开了另一瓶，然后把它递给了那个男孩。

"What age are you?" he asked.

“你多大了？”他问。

"Seventeen," said the boy.

“十七。”男孩说。

As the old man said nothing further, the boy took the bottle and said: "Here's my best respects, sir, to Mr. Henchy," drank the contents, put the bottle back on the table and wiped his mouth with his sleeve. Then he took up the corkscrew and went out of the door sideways, muttering some form of salutation.

那个老人没再说什么，男孩拿起瓶子说：“请接受我最高的敬意，先生，给亨奇先生。”他喝了瓶里的酒，把瓶子放回到桌子上，用袖子擦了嘴。然后他拿起开瓶器，侧身从房门走了出去，嘴里嘟囔着某种致意的话。

"That's the way it begins," said the old man.

“事情就是这样开始的。”那个老人说。

"The thin edge of the wedge," said Mr. Henchy.

“以小见大的开端。”亨奇先生说。

The old man distributed the three bottles which he had opened and the men drank from them simultaneously. After having drank each placed his bottle on the mantelpiece within hand's reach and

drew in a long breath of satisfaction.

那个老人分发了他已经打开的那三瓶酒，几个人都同时对着瓶子喝了起来。喝完之后，每个人都把自己的酒瓶放到手能够到的壁炉架上，然后满意地长吸了一口气。

"Well, I did a good day's work today," said Mr. Henchy, after a pause.

“好啊，今天这一天我干得不错。”亨奇先生在停顿了一会儿之后说道。

"That so, John?"

“是吗，约翰？”

"Yes. I got him one or two sure things in Dawson Street, Crofton and myself. Between ourselves, you know, Crofton (he's a decent chap, of course), but he's not worth a damn as a canvasser. He hasn't a word to throw to a dog. He stands and looks at the people while I do the talking.”

“是的。我替他在道森街上搞定了一两件事，克罗夫顿和我。就我们自己私下说说，你们知道吧，克罗夫顿（他是个正直的家伙，当然了），可他当拉选票的人一点都不够格。他跟一条狗都没话说。他站在那儿，看着那些人，只让我一个人说。”

Here two men entered the room. One of them was a very fat man whose blue serge clothes seemed to be in danger of falling from his sloping figure. He had a big face which resembled a young ox's face in expression, staring blue eyes and a grizzled moustache. The other man, who was much younger and frailer, had a thin, clean-shaven face. He wore a very high double collar and a wide-brimmed bowler hat.

这时，两个男人走进了房间。其中一个是个很胖的男人，他那蓝色哔叽布衣服似乎随时都有从他那臌胀的身体上掉落下来的危险。他长着一张大脸，神情酷似一头小牛的脸，瞪着蓝色的眼睛，留着一撮花白的小胡子。另一个人要年轻许多，也瘦弱得多，长着一张瘦削的脸，胡须刮得干干净净。他身穿一件双层领子的高领外衣，头戴一顶阔边圆顶高帽。

"Hello, Crofton!" said Mr. Henchy to the fat man. "Talk of the devil..."

“哈啰，克罗夫顿！”亨奇先生冲那个胖男人说，“说魔鬼……”

"Where did the boose come from?" asked the young man. "Did the cow calve?"

“这些喝的从哪儿来的？”那个年轻人问，“奶牛生崽了？”

"O, of course, Lyons spots the drink first thing!" said Mr. O'Connor, laughing.

“哦，当然了，莱昂斯先注意到的总是喝的东西！”奥康纳先生笑着说道。

"Is that the way you chaps canvass," said Mr. Lyons, "and Crofton and I out in the cold and rain looking for votes?"

“这就是你们这些家伙拉选票的方式？”莱昂斯先生说，“克罗夫顿和我可是在外面挨冻淋雨地搜集选票呢。”

"Why, blast your soul," said Mr. Henchy, "I'd get more votes in five minutes than you two'd get in a week.”

“呸，你这个讨厌鬼，”亨奇先生说，“我五分钟内拉来的选票都要比你们俩一个星期拉来的都要多。”

"Open two bottles of stout, Jack," said Mr. O'Connor.

“再开两瓶黑啤酒，杰克。”奥康纳先生说。

"How can I?" said the old man, "when there's no corkscrew?”

“我怎么开啊？”那个老人说，“没有开瓶器啊。”

"Wait now, wait now!" said Mr. Henchy, getting up quickly. "Did you ever see this little trick?"

“等会儿，等会儿！”亨奇先生说着迅速站起身来，“你们见过这个小把戏吗？”

He took two bottles from the table and, carrying them to the fire, put them on the hob. Then he sat down again by the fire and took another drink from his bottle. Mr. Lyons sat on the edge of the table, pushed his hat towards the nape of his neck and began to swing his legs.

他从桌子上抓起两个瓶子，把它们拿到炉火边，放到了壁炉搁架上。然后他又在炉火边坐了下来，从自己的瓶子里喝了一口酒。莱昂斯先生坐在桌子边上，帽子推到后脖颈处，开始摇摆起双腿来。

"Which is my bottle?" he asked.

“哪瓶酒是我的？”他问。

"This, lad," said Mr. Henchy.

“是这瓶，年轻人。”亨奇先生说。

Mr. Crofton sat down on a box and looked fixedly at the other bottle on the hob. He was silent for two reasons. The first reason, sufficient in itself, was that he had nothing to say; the second reason was that he considered his companions beneath him. He had been a canvasser for Wilkins, the Conservative, but when the Conservatives

had withdrawn their man and, choosing the lesser of two evils, given their support to the Nationalist candidate, he had been engaged to work for Mr. Tierney.

克罗夫顿在一个箱子上坐下，专注地看着壁炉搁架上另外那瓶酒。他沉默不语有两个原因。第一个原因本身就很充分，那就是他没有什么可说的；第二个原因是他认为他的同伴都在他之下。他曾经是保守党人威尔金斯的选票游说人，但是在保守党取消自己的人选，两害相较取其轻转而支持民族党候选人之后，他就受雇为蒂尔尼先生工作了。

In a few minutes an apologetic "Pok!" was heard as the cork flew out of Mr. Lyons' bottle. Mr. Lyons jumped off the table, went to the fire, took his bottle and carried it back to the table.

几分钟之后，随着满带歉意的“砰”的一声，那个木塞从莱昂斯先生那个酒瓶上飞了出去。莱昂斯先生从桌子上跳了下来，走到炉火边，取出他那瓶酒，拿着它回到了桌子边。

"I was just telling them, Crofton," said Mr. Henchy, "that we got a good few votes today."

“我刚刚还跟他们在讲，克罗夫顿，”亨奇先生说，“我们今天拉到了不少选票。”

"Who did you get?" asked Mr. Lyons.

“你们争取到了些什么人？”莱昂斯先生问。

"Well, I got Parkes for one, and I got Atkinson for two, and got Ward of Dawson Street. Fine old chap he is, too—regular old toff, old Conservative! 'But isn't your candidate a Nationalist?' said he. 'He's a respectable man,' said I. 'He's in favour of whatever will benefit this country. He's a big ratepayer,' I said. 'He has extensive house property in the city and three places of business and isn't it to his own advantage to keep down the rates? He's a prominent and respected citizen,' said I, 'and a Poor Law Guardian, and he doesn't belong to any party, good, bad, or indifferent.' That's the way to talk to 'em.”

“呃呣，我争取到帕克斯算一个，我还争取到阿特金森算两个，还争取到了道森街的沃德。他还是个很好的老头儿——标准的老花花公子，老保守党人！‘可是你的候选人不是个民族党人吗？’他说。‘他是个正派人。’我说。‘他赞成任何对这个国家有益的事情。他是个纳税大户。’我说，‘他在城里有大块的房产，三处产业，降低税率难道不是对他很有利吗？他是一个成就卓著、受人尊敬的市民，’我说，‘一个济贫法维护者，他不属于任何党派，不管是好党，坏党，还是中立党。’这就是和他们说话的方式。”

"And what about the address to the King?" said Mr. Lyons, after drinking and smacking his lips.

“给国王的致辞怎么样了？”莱昂斯先生喝了酒砸吧着嘴巴说道。

"Listen to me," said Mr. Henchy. "What we want in this country, as I said to old Ward, is capital. The King's coming here will mean an influx of money into this country. The citizens of Dublin will benefit by it. Look at all the factories down by the quays there, idle! Look at all the money there is in the country if we only worked the old industries, the mills, the ship-building yards and factories. It's capital we want.”

“听我说。”亨奇先生说，“这个国家需要的，正如我跟老沃德说的那样，是资金。国王来这里意味着大量的钱将涌入这个国家。都柏林的市民们将由此获益。看看那边那些码头沿岸的所有工厂，闲置着呢！看看这个国家要有的钱吧，只要我们能让旧工业、制造厂、造船厂和那些工厂都运转起来。我们需要的就是资金。”

"But look here, John," said Mr. O'Connor. "Why should we welcome the King of England? Didn't Parnell himself...”

“不过听着，约翰。”奥康纳先生说，“我们为什么要欢迎英格兰国王呢？难道帕内尔本人不是……”

"Parnell," said Mr. Henchy, "is dead. Now, here's the way I look at it. Here's this chap come to the throne after his old mother keeping him out of it till the man was grey. He's a man of the world, and he means well by us. He's a jolly fine decent fellow, if you ask me, and no damn nonsense about him. He just says to himself: 'The old one never went to see these wild Irish. By Christ, I'll go myself and see what they're like.' And are we going to insult the man when he comes over here on a friendly visit? Eh? Isn't that right, Crofton?”

“帕内尔，”亨奇先生说，“是死了。听着，我是这样看这件事的。这家伙继位的时候头发都白了，他老母亲很多年来一直不让他靠近王位。他是个世界公民，他对我们的用心是好的。他是个非常正派的大好人，要我说的话，关于他没有什么该死的胡言乱语。他只是对自己说：‘那个老人家从来都没去看过这些野蛮的爱尔兰人。基督作证，我会亲自去看看他们是什么样。’我们会去侮辱这样一个要来这儿进行友好访问的人吗？嗯？这样想不对吗，克罗夫顿？”

Mr. Crofton nodded his head.

克罗夫顿先生点了点头。

"But after all now," said Mr. Lyons argumentatively, "King Edward's life, you know, is not the very...”

“不过毕竟现在，”莱昂斯先生争辩地说道，“爱德华国王的生活，你要知道，并非最……”

"Let bygones be bygones," said Mr. Henchy. "I admire the man personally. He's just an ordinary knockabout like you and me. He's fond of his glass of grog and he's a bit of a rake, perhaps, and he's a

good sportsman. Damn it, can't we Irish play fair?”

“过去的就让它过去吧。”亨奇先生说。“我个人是钦佩这个人的。他只是个普通的滑稽演员，就像你和我。他喜欢喝烈性酒，他或许也算是个浪荡子，他还是个不错的运动员。该死的，难道我们爱尔兰人就不能进行公平游戏吗？”

"That's all very fine," said Mr. Lyons. "But look at the case of Parnell now."

“这些说得都很好。”莱昂斯先生说，“不过看看帕内尔现在的情形吧。”

"In the name of God," said Mr. Henchy, "where's the analogy between the two cases?”

“以上帝的名义，”亨奇先生说，“这两件事的可比性在哪里？”

"What I mean," said Mr. Lyons, "is we have our ideals. Why, now, would we welcome a man like that? Do you think now after what he did Parnell was a fit man to lead us? And why, then, would we do it for Edward the Seventh?"

“我的意思是，”莱昂斯先生说，“我们有自己的理想。所以，为什么我们要欢迎这样一个人呢？你们觉得帕内尔做了那些事之后他还适合领导我们吗？还有，为什么我们要为爱德华七世来做这事呢？”

"This is Parnell's anniversary," said Mr. O'Connor, "and don't let us stir up any bad blood. We all respect him now that he's dead and gone—even the Conservatives," he added, turning to Mr. Crofton.

“今天是帕内尔的周年纪念日，”奥康纳先生说，“别让大家涌起什么不良的情绪。我们都尊重他吧，既然他已经死了，去了——甚至连保守党也没了。”他转向克罗夫顿先生补充道。

Pok! The tardy cork flew out of Mr. Crofton's bottle. Mr. Crofton got up from his box and went to the fire. As he returned with his capture he said in a deep voice:

砰！那个反应迟缓的瓶塞从克罗夫顿先生那个酒瓶上飞了出去。克罗夫顿先生从他坐的箱子上站起来，走到了炉火边。在拿着他的战利品返回去的时候，他用低沉的嗓音说道：

"Our side of the house respects him, because he was a gentleman."

“议会里我们这一边都尊重他，因为他曾是个绅士。”

"Right you are, Crofton!" said Mr. Henchy fiercely. "He was the only man that could keep that bag of cats in order. 'Down, ye dogs! Lie down, ye curs!' That's the way he treated them. Come in, Joe! Come in!" he called out, catching sight of Mr. Hynes in the doorway.

“你可说对了，克罗夫顿！”亨奇先生激切地说道，“他是唯一能让那帮乌合之众保持秩序的人。‘坐下，你们这帮狗东西！躺下，你们这帮杂种狗！’这就是他对待他们的方式。进来，乔！进来！”他瞥见海因斯先生出现在门口便大声喊道。

Mr. Hynes came in slowly.

海因斯先生慢慢地走了进来。

"Open another bottle of stout, Jack," said Mr. Henchy. "O, I forgot there's no corkscrew! Here, show me one here and I'll put it at the fire.”

“再开一瓶黑啤酒，杰克。”亨奇先生说，“哦，我忘了这儿没有开瓶器！这儿，给我拿一瓶到这儿来，我把它放在火上。”

The old man handed him another bottle and he placed it on the hob.

那个老人递给他另一瓶酒，他把它放到了搁架上。

"Sit down, Joe," said Mr. O'Connor, "we're just talking about the Chief.”

“坐下，乔。”奥康纳先生说，“我们刚刚正在谈论咱们的领袖。”

"Ay, ay!" said Mr. Henchy.

“哎，哎！”亨奇先生说。

Mr. Hynes sat on the side of the table near Mr. Lyons but said nothing.

海因斯先生挨着莱昂斯先生坐在了桌子旁边，但什么都没说。

"There's one of them, anyhow," said Mr. Henchy, "that didn't renege him. By God, I'll say for you, Joe! No, by God, you stuck to him like a man!”

“他们中有一个人，无论如何，”亨奇先生说，“是不曾背弃他的。上帝作证，我会替你说话，乔！不，上帝作证，你忠心于他，真像个男子汉！”

"O, Joe," said Mr. O'Connor suddenly. "Give us that thing you wrote—do you remember? Have you got it on you?”

“哦，乔，”奥康纳先生突然说道，"给我们念念你写的那个东西——你还记得吧？你随身带着它吗？”

"O, ay!" said Mr. Henchy. "Give us that. Did you ever hear that, Crofton? Listen to this now: splendid thing.”

“哦，对啊！”亨奇先生说，"给我们念念那个。你以前听过吗，克罗夫顿？现在听听这个：真是杰作。”

"Go on," said Mr. O'Connor. "Fire away, Joe."

“开始吧，”奥康纳先生说，“请说吧，乔。”

Mr. Hynes did not seem to remember at once the piece to which they were alluding, but, after reflecting a while, he said:

海因斯先生似乎没有马上想起来他们提到的那篇东西，不过，想了一会儿之后，他说：

"O, that thing is it.... Sure, that's old now.”

“哦，那个东西是……当然了，它现在过时了。”

"Out with it, man!" said Mr. O'Connor.

“直接说吧，老兄！”奥康纳先生说。

"'Sh, 'sh," said Mr. Henchy. "Now, Joe!"

“嘘，嘘。”亨奇先生说，“好了，乔！”

Mr. Hynes hesitated a little longer. Then amid the silence he took off his hat, laid it on the table and stood up. He seemed to be rehearsing the piece in his mind. After a rather long pause he announced:

海因斯先生又犹豫了好一会儿。然后在沉默之中，他脱下帽子，把它放到桌子上，站了起来。他似乎是在脑子里默念那篇东西。在相当长的一段停顿之后，他大声朗诵道：

THE DEATH OF PARNELL 6th October, 1891

帕内尔之死1891年10月6日

He cleared his throat once or twice and then began to recite:

他清了一两次喉咙，然后开始朗诵：

He is dead. Our Uncrowned King is dead. O, Erin, mourn with grief and woe For he lies dead whom the fell gang Of modern hypocrites laid low. He lies slain by the coward hounds He raised to glory from the mire; And Erin's hopes and Erin's dreams Perish upon her monarch's pyre. In palace, cabin or in cot The Irish heart where'er it be Is bowed with woe—for he is gone Who would have wrought her destiny. He would have had his Erin famed, The green flag gloriously unfurled, Her statesmen, bards and warriors raised Before the nations of the World. He dreamed (alas, 'twas but a dream!)Of Liberty: but as he strove To clutch that idol, treachery Sundered him from the thing he loved. Shame on the coward, caitiff hands That smote their Lord or with a kiss Betrayed him to the rabble-rout Of fawning priests—no friends of his. May everlasting shame consume The memory of those who tried To befoul and smear the exalted name Of one who spurned them in his pride. He fell as fall the mighty ones, Nobly undaunted to

the last, And death has now united him With Erin's heroes of the past. No sound of strife disturb his sleep! Calmly he rests: no human pain Or high ambition spurs him now The peaks of glory to attain. They had their way: they laid him low. But Erin, list, his spirit may Rise, like the Phoenix from the flames, When breaks the dawning of the day, The day that brings us Freedom's reign. And on that day may Erin well Pledge in the cup she lifts to Joy One grief—the memory of Parnell.

他死了。我们的无冕之王死了。哦，伊阿琳，怀着悲哀悼念吧，因为他倒下死了，是那帮残暴的现代伪君子将他击倒杀害。他倒下了，为那些懦弱的卑鄙小人所害。他从泥沼升至光荣；而伊阿琳的希望和伊阿琳的梦想在焚烧着其君主的柴堆上灭亡。在宫殿，茅舍或是在棚屋，爱尔兰的心脏，无论它在何方，都因悲伤而沉重——因为他去了，他本可以铸就她的命运。他本来会让他的伊阿琳名闻遐迩，让那面绿色的旗帜光荣地飘扬，让她的政治家们、诗人们和战士们挺立于世界各国的面前。他曾梦想过（啊，那只是个梦想！）自由：可当他竭力去抓住这个幻象时，背叛却拆散了他和他的所爱。真是可耻，那些懦弱卑鄙的手，他们击倒了自己的领主，或是用一个亲吻把他出卖给那群谄媚的神父——没有一个是他的朋友。愿无尽的耻辱充斥着那些人的记忆，他们曾极力玷污和诽谤一个高尚的名字，他曾傲然藐视过他们。他倒下了，正如那些伟人倒下一样，高贵地不屈不折直到最后一刻，现在死亡已使他同伊阿琳过去的英雄们团聚。不会再有争斗的声音搅扰他的睡眠！平静地，他安息着：现在没有人类的痛苦或者高远的抱负会再激励他去到达光荣的顶峰。他们得逞了：他们击倒了他。但是伊阿琳，听着，他的精神可会升起，仿佛浴火重生的凤凰，当那一天的黎明破晓，那一天我们将由自由统治。在那一天愿伊阿琳为欢乐举起的酒杯里能有一丝悲痛——纪念帕内尔。

Mr. Hynes sat down again on the table. When he had finished his recitation there was a silence and then a burst of clapping: even Mr. Lyons clapped. The applause continued for a little time. When it had ceased all the auditors drank from their bottles in silence.

海因斯先生又在桌子上坐了下来。他完成朗诵的时候，先是一片静默，然后爆发出了一阵掌声：连莱昂斯先生也鼓了掌。掌声持续了一会儿。最后停下来的时候，所有的听众都默默地从各自的酒瓶里喝了口酒。

Pok! The cork flew out of Mr. Hynes' bottle, but Mr. Hynes remained sitting flushed and bare-headed on the table. He did not seem to have heard the invitation.

砰！瓶塞从海因斯先生的瓶子上飞了出去，但是海因斯先生却依然红着脸、光着头在桌子上坐着。他似乎并未听到这声邀请。

"Good man, Joe!" said Mr. O'Connor, taking out his cigarette papers and pouch the better to hide his emotion.

“好人啊，乔！”奥康纳先生一边说着，一边掏出了他的卷烟纸和烟袋，以掩饰自己的情感。

"What do you think of that, Crofton?" cried Mr. Henchy. "Isn't that fine? What?”

“你觉得怎么样，克罗夫顿？”亨奇先生叫喊道，“难道不好吗？什么？”

Crofton said that it was a very fine piece of writing.

克罗夫顿说这是一篇非常出色的作品。

CHAPTER 13 A MOTHER

第十三章 一位母亲

MR HOLOHAN, assistant secretary of the Eire Abu Society, had been walking up and down Dublin for nearly a month, with his hands and pockets full of dirty pieces of paper, arranging about the series of concerts. He had a game leg and for this his friends called him Hoppy Holohan. He walked up and down constantly, stood by the hour at street corners arguing the point and made notes; but in the end it was Mrs. Kearney who arranged everything.

霍洛汉先生是爱尔兰文艺协会的助理秘书，近一个月以来，他一直在都柏林四处奔走，手里和口袋里全是脏兮兮的纸片，安排着系列音乐会的事情。他的一条腿有残疾，为此朋友们都叫他跳跳霍洛汉。他不停地走来走去，一个小时一个小时地站在街角与人交涉，然后整理笔记；但最终却是由卡尼太太来安排一切。

Miss Devlin had become Mrs. Kearney out of spite. She had been educated in a high-class convent, where she had learned French and music. As she was naturally pale and unbending in manner she made few friends at school. When she came to the age of marriage she was sent out to many houses, where her playing and ivory manners were much admired. She sat amid the chilly circle of her accomplishments, waiting for some suitor to brave it and offer her a brilliant life. But the young men whom she met were ordinary and she gave them no encouragement, trying to console her romantic desires by eating a great deal of Turkish Delight in secret. However, when she drew near the limit and her friends began to loosen their tongues about her, she silenced them by marrying Mr. Kearney, who was a bootmaker on Ormond Quay.

德夫林小姐是因为赌气才成为卡尼太太的。她是在一家上流修道院受的教育，在那里她学会了法语和音乐。由于她生来体质羸弱，态度冷漠，因此她在学校里交到的朋友很少。当她到了结婚的年龄时，她被打发到许多人家做客，她的演奏水平和高雅的姿态都很受称赞。她身处于靠这些才艺形成的一个冷寂圈子里，坐等着某个求婚者来冲破这个圈子，带给她一种美好的生活。然而她遇到的年轻男子都很普通，于是她也就没有给他们任何鼓励，转而通过私下吃大量的土耳其软糖来慰藉自己那浪漫的欲望。然而，当她接近婚龄极限，而她的朋友们也渐渐管不住自己的舌头开始谈论她的时候，她为了堵上他们的嘴就嫁给了卡尼先生，他是奥蒙德码头上的一名鞋匠。

He was much older than she. His conversation, which was serious, took place at intervals in his great brown beard. After the first

year of married life, Mrs. Kearney perceived that such a man would wear better than a romantic person, but she never put her own romantic ideas away. He was sober, thrifty and pious; he went to the altar every first Friday, sometimes with her, oftener by himself. But she never weakened in her religion and was a good wife to him. At some party in a strange house when she lifted her eyebrow ever so slightly he stood up to take his leave and, when his cough troubled him, she put the eider-down quilt over his feet and made a strong rum punch. For his part, he was a model father. By paying a small sum every week into a society, he ensured for both his daughters a dowry of one hundred pounds each when they came to the age of twenty-four. He sent the older daughter, Kathleen, to a good convent, where she learned French and music, and afterward paid her fees at the Academy. Every year in the month of July Mrs. Kearney found occasion to say to some friend:

他比她大许多岁。他那褐色的大络腮胡子下面不时会传出一些严肃的话语。婚后生活一年之后，卡尼太太意识到，这样一个男人要比一个浪漫之人更能经得起考验，不过她也从来没有撇开过自己那些浪漫的念头。他为人持重，生活俭朴，敬神而虔诚；每个月的第一个星期五他都会去圣坛，有时是和她一起去，但更多时候是他自己去。不过她的宗教信仰也从未冲淡过，而且对他来说她一直是一位好妻子。在陌生人家举办的某个聚会上，她只要稍微抬抬眉毛，他就会起身告辞，而当他咳嗽得难受的时候，她会把那条鸭绒被盖在他的脚上，然后再给他弄一杯烈性的朗姆潘趣酒。就他个人来说，他是一个模范父亲。每个星期他都会把一小笔钱缴纳给一个协会，以确保他的两个女儿在满二十四岁的时候每人都能有一百镑的嫁妆。他把大女儿凯瑟琳送到了一家不错的修道院，在那里她学会了法语和音乐，后来他又花钱供她读了大学。每年七月，卡尼太太总会找机会跟某个朋友说：

"My good man is packing us off to Skerries for a few weeks."

“我的好丈夫正准备送我们去斯凯里思住几个星期。”

If it was not Skerries it was Howth or Greystones.

如果不是斯凯里思，那就会是豪思或者是格雷斯通斯。

When the Irish Revival began to be appreciable Mrs. Kearney determined to take advantage of her daughter's name and brought an Irish teacher to the house. Kathleen and her sister sent Irish picture postcards to their friends and these friends sent back other Irish picture postcards. On special Sundays, when Mr. Kearney went with his family to the pro-cathedral, a little crowd of people would assemble after mass at the corner of Cathedral Street. They were all friends of the Kearneys—musical friends or Nationalist friends; and, when they had played every little counter of gossip, they shook hands with one another all together, laughing at the crossing of so many

hands, and said good-bye to one another in Irish. Soon the name of Miss Kathleen Kearney began to be heard often on people's lips. People said that she was very clever at music and a very nice girl and, moreover, that she was a believer in the language movement. Mrs. Kearney was well content at this. Therefore she was not surprised when one day Mr. Holohan came to her and proposed that her daughter should be the accompanist at a series of four grand concerts which his Society was going to give in the Antient Concert Rooms. She brought him into the drawing-room, made him sit down and brought out the decanter and the silver biscuit-barrel. She entered heart and soul into the details of the enterprise, advised and dissuaded: and finally a contract was drawn up by which Kathleen was to receive eight guineas for her services as accompanist at the four grand concerts.

当爱尔兰文艺复兴运动开始受到人们关注的时候，卡尼太太决定充分利用自己女儿的名字，还雇请了一位爱尔兰教师到家里来。凯瑟琳和妹妹把爱尔兰风景明信片寄给她们的朋友们，这些朋友们也会回寄给她们另一些爱尔兰风景明信片。在意义特别的星期天，卡尼先生会和家人一起去设立在新教区的代主教座堂，弥撒仪式之后会有一小群人聚集在教堂街的拐角处。他们都是卡尼一家的朋友——音乐方面的朋友或者是民族主义阵线的朋友；在彼此闲聊一阵之后，他们会同时互相握手（他们会因为这么多只手互相交叉而哈哈大笑），然后用爱尔兰语相互道别。很快，凯瑟琳·卡尼小姐的名字就开始常挂在人们的嘴边了。人们说她通晓音乐，是一个很不错的女孩，而且她还是语言运动的崇信者。卡尼太太对此非常满意。因此，当有一天霍洛汉先生找到她，说他们协会要在古音乐厅举办四场系列大型音乐会，想让她女儿出任伴奏时，她并没有感到意外。她引他来到客厅，请他就坐，又拿出了水瓶和银饼干桶。然后她就全身心地开始商谈这件事的细节，或是提出建议，或是表示反对：最后终于起草了一份合同。按合同规定，凯瑟琳将在这四场大型音乐会中担任伴奏，她会因此得到八个几尼。

As Mr. Holohan was a novice in such delicate matters as the wording of bills and the disposing of items for a programme, Mrs. Kearney helped him. She had tact. She knew what artistes should go into capitals and what artistes should go into small type. She knew that the first tenor would not like to come on after Mr. Meade's comic turn. To keep the audience continually diverted she slipped the doubtful items in between the old favourites. Mr. Holohan called to see her every day to have her advice on some point. She was invariably friendly and advising—homely, in fact. She pushed the decanter towards him, saying:

由于在诸如节目单的措辞和表演曲目的分配之类的细节事情上霍洛汉先生是个新手，因此卡尼太太就帮他来做。她很老练。她知道什么样的艺人应该用大写字母，什么样的艺人应该用小写字母。她知道，第一

男高音不愿意跟在米德太太的喜剧节目之后上场。为了让观众的兴致能持续不减，她把那些拿不准的节目穿插在那些观众最喜爱的传统节目中间。霍洛汉先生每天都会来见她，听取她对某些方面的建议。她总是和善而乐于进言——实际上可以说是平易近人。她把水瓶推给他，说：

"Now, help yourself, Mr. Holohan!"

“好了，请自便，霍洛汉先生！”

And while he was helping himself she said:

在他自斟自饮的时候，她说道：

"Don't be afraid! Don't be afraid of it!”

“别担心！别担心这件事儿！”

Everything went on smoothly. Mrs. Kearney bought some lovely blush-pink charmeuse in Brown Thomas's to let into the front of Kathleen's dress. It cost a pretty penny; but there are occasions when a little expense is justifiable. She took a dozen of two-shilling tickets for the final concert and sent them to those friends who could not be trusted to come otherwise. She forgot nothing, and, thanks to her, everything that was to be done was done.

一切进展顺利。卡尼夫人在布朗·托马斯的店铺里买了些可爱的娇粉色查米尤斯绉缎缝到了凯瑟琳裙子的前面。这花费了不小的一笔钱；不过有些场合花点钱也是有情可原的。她拿了十几张最后一场音乐会的那种两先令的票，把它们送给了那些没有赠票的话说不定就不来的朋友。她事无巨细都记得住，而且因为有她，该做的一切都做好了。

The concerts were to be on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. When Mrs. Kearney arrived with her daughter at the Antient Concert Rooms on Wednesday night she did not like the look of things. A few young men, wearing bright blue badges in their coats, stood idle in the vestibule; none of them wore evening dress. She passed by with her daughter and a quick glance through the open door of the hall showed her the cause of the stewards' idleness. At first she wondered had she mistaken the hour. No, it was twenty minutes to eight.

音乐会将会在星期三、星期四、星期五和星期六举行。当卡尼太太带着女儿在星期三晚上到达古音乐厅时，她不喜欢当时的场景。几个年轻人外套上别着亮蓝色的徽章，闲散地站在门厅处；他们没有一个人穿着晚礼服。她和女儿一道从旁边经过，大厅的门开着，她朝里面迅速一瞥，立刻明白了这些服务生们闲着无事的原因。起初她有些疑惑是不是自己记错了时间。没错，差二十分钟八点。

In the dressing-room behind the stage she was introduced to the secretary of the Society, Mr. Fitzpatrick. She smiled and shook his hand. He was a little man, with a white, vacant face. She noticed that

he wore his soft brown hat carelessly on the side of his head and that his accent was flat. He held a programme in his hand, and, while he was talking to her, he chewed one end of it into a moist pulp. He seemed to bear disappointments lightly. Mr. Holohan came into the dressing room every few minutes with reports from the box-office. The artistes talked among themselves nervously, glanced from time to time at the mirror and rolled and unrolled their music. When it was nearly half-past eight, the few people in the hall began to express their desire to be entertained. Mr. Fitzpatrick came in, smiled vacantly at the room, and said:

在舞台后面的化妆室里，她被人引介给了协会的秘书菲茨帕特里克先生。她微笑着握了握他的手。他是个小个子男人，一张脸白皙而茫然。她注意到他很随意地把那顶褐色软帽戴在头的一侧，他说话的口音则平直无趣。他一只手里拿着一份节目单，在和她说话的时候，他把节目单的一角咬成了湿乎乎的一团。他似乎略微带着些失望。霍洛汉先生每隔几分钟就会来到化妆室报告售票处的情况。艺人们紧张地互相交谈着，时不时地照照镜子，一会儿卷起、一会儿又打开他们的乐谱。时间接近八点半的时候，大厅里那些为数很少的人们开始嚷嚷着要听音乐会了。菲茨帕特里克先生走了进来，茫然地冲厅里的人们微笑着说道：

"Well now, ladies and gentlemen. I suppose we'd better open the ball.”

“好了，女士们，先生们。我想我们还是开始演出吧。”

Mrs. Kearney rewarded his very flat final syllable with a quick stare of contempt, and then said to her daughter encouragingly:

卡尼太太对他那极其平淡无趣的最后一个音节投去鄙视的一瞥，然后鼓励地对女儿说道：

"Are you ready, dear?"

“你准备好了吗，亲爱的？”

When she had an opportunity, she called Mr. Holohan aside and asked him to tell her what it meant. Mr. Holohan did not know what it meant. He said that the committee had made a mistake in arranging for four concerts: four was too many.

当她得着一个机会的时候，她把霍洛汉先生叫到了一边，让他解释这是怎么回事。霍洛汉先生不明白这是怎么回事。他说委员会安排四场音乐会犯了个错误：四场太多了。

"And the artistes!" said Mrs. Kearney. "Of course they are doing their best, but really they are not good."

“还有那些艺人！”卡尼太太说，“当然了，他们已尽了全力，可他们的确不够好。”

Mr. Holohan admitted that the artistes were no good but the committee, he said, had decided to let the first three concerts go as they pleased and reserve all the talent for Saturday night. Mrs. Kearney said nothing, but, as the mediocre items followed one another on the platform and the few people in the hall grew fewer and fewer, she began to regret that she had put herself to any expense for such a concert. There was something she didn't like in the look of things and Mr. Fitzpatrick's vacant smile irritated her very much. However, she said nothing and waited to see how it would end. The concert expired shortly before ten, and everyone went home quickly.

霍洛汉先生承认说这些艺人是不好，不过他说委员会已经决定头三场音乐会让他们随兴去演，而把所有有才能的人留到星期六的晚上。卡尼太太什么也没说，但是当台上平庸的节目一个接一个，而厅里那为数不多的观众变得越来越少的时候，她开始后悔自己不该为这样一场音乐会如此费心劳力。这场景有些地方她不喜欢，而菲茨帕特里克先生那茫然的微笑也让她很是恼火。然而，她什么都没说，等着看这一切会如何收场。音乐会不到十点就终场了，所有人都很快回家了。

The concert on Thursday night was better attended, but Mrs. Kearney saw at once that the house was filled with paper. The audience behaved indecorously, as if the concert were an informal dress rehearsal. Mr. Fitzpatrick seemed to enjoy himself; he was quite unconscious that Mrs. Kearney was taking angry note of his conduct. He stood at the edge of the screen, from time to time jutting out his head and exchanging a laugh with two friends in the corner of the balcony. In the course of the evening, Mrs. Kearney learned that the Friday concert was to be abandoned and that the committee was going to move heaven and earth to secure a bumper house on Saturday night. When she heard this, she sought out Mr. Holohan. She buttonholed him as he was limping out quickly with a glass of lemonade for a young lady and asked him was it true. Yes, it was true.

星期四晚上的音乐会观演的情况要好一些，不过卡尼太太很快发现屋子里满是纸片。观众们举止很不得体，好像这场音乐会是一场非正式的彩排。菲茨帕特里克先生似乎很享受；他根本没有意识到卡尼太太正恼怒地注意着他的行为。他站在幕布旁边，时不时地探出头去和楼座角落里的两个朋友相视而笑。在那天晚上的演出过程中，卡尼太太获悉星期五的音乐会要被取消了，委员会将竭尽所能来确保星期六晚上会有一个满座的票房。听到这个消息之后，她四下找起霍洛汉先生来。她在他举着一杯柠檬汁跛着脚朝一位年轻女士快步走去的时候拦住了他，问他这是不是真的。是的，这是真的。

"But, of course, that doesn't alter the contract," she said. "The contract was for four concerts."

“但是，这当然不会改动合同吧，”她说，“合同定的是四场音乐

会。”

Mr. Holohan seemed to be in a hurry; he advised her to speak to Mr. Fitzpatrick. Mrs. Kearney was now beginning to be alarmed. She called Mr. Fitzpatrick away from his screen and told him that her daughter had signed for four concerts and that, of course, according to the terms of the contract, she should receive the sum originally stipulated for, whether the society gave the four concerts or not. Mr. Fitzpatrick, who did not catch the point at issue very quickly, seemed unable to resolve the difficulty and said that he would bring the matter before the committee. Mrs. Kearney's anger began to flutter in her cheek and she had all she could do to keep from asking:

霍洛汉先生似乎很着急；他建议她去和菲茨帕特里克先生说说。卡尼太太现在开始感到不安了。她把菲茨帕特里克先生从幕布那里叫过来，说她的女儿签的是四场音乐会的合同，根据合同条款她理应拿到规定的钱数，不管协会举办的是不是四场音乐会。菲茨帕特里克先生没能马上抓住问题的要点，他似乎无法解决这个难题，他说他将把这件事提交给委员会。卡尼太太的怒气开始显现在脸上，她使劲忍住没有问：

"And who is the Cometty pray?"

“那请问谁是委员会？”

But she knew that it would not be ladylike to do that: so she was silent.

不过她清楚那样做会很不文雅：于是她保持了沉默。

Little boys were sent out into the principal streets of Dublin early on Friday morning with bundles of handbills. Special puffs appeared in all the evening papers, reminding the music loving public of the treat which was in store for it on the following evening. Mrs. Kearney was somewhat reassured, but she thought well to tell her husband part of her suspicions. He listened carefully and said that perhaps it would be better if he went with her on Saturday night. She agreed. She respected her husband in the same way as she respected the General Post Office, as something large, secure and fixed; and though she knew the small number of his talents she appreciated his abstract value as a male. She was glad that he had suggested coming with her. She thought her plans over.

星期五大清早，一些带着成扎传单的小男孩就被分派到了都柏林的所有主要街道上。特别的吹捧文章出现在了所有晚报上面，提醒爱好音乐的公众第二天晚上会有一场音乐的盛宴等待着他们的光临。卡尼太太稍微安心了些，不过她想最好还是把自己的部分疑虑告诉丈夫。他认真地听完之后说也许星期六晚上他和她一起去会好一些。她同意了。她尊重自己的丈夫，正如她尊重邮政总局那样，把他看作是高大、安全和稳固的化身；尽管她知道他少有才能，但她却很欣赏他作为一个男人的抽

象价值。她很高兴他提出和她一道来。她仔细考虑着自己的计划。

The night of the grand concert came. Mrs. Kearney, with her husband and daughter, arrived at the Antient Concert Rooms three-quarters of an hour before the time at which the concert was to begin. By ill luck it was a rainy evening. Mrs. Kearney placed her daughter's clothes and music in charge of her husband and went all over the building looking for Mr. Holohan or Mr. Fitzpatrick. She could find neither. She asked the stewards was any member of the committee in the hall and, after a great deal of trouble, a steward brought out a little woman named Miss Beirne to whom Mrs. Kearney explained that she wanted to see one of the secretaries. Miss Beirne expected them any minute and asked could she do anything. Mrs. Kearney looked searchingly at the oldish face which was screwed into an expression of trustfulness and enthusiasm and answered:

大型音乐会之夜来临了。卡尼太太与她的丈夫和女儿一起在音乐会开演前四十五分钟就来到了古音乐厅。不巧的是那天晚上正好下雨。卡尼太太把女儿的衣服和乐谱交给丈夫照看之后就开始在屋子里到处找霍洛汉先生或是菲茨帕特里克先生。她哪个都没找到。她问服务生们，委员会的成员有没有谁在厅里。费了好大麻烦之后，一个服务生才引出来一位名叫伯恩小姐的小个子女人，卡尼太太向她解释说自己想见见一位秘书。伯恩小姐正在随时恭候他们的到来，她问自己能否帮上什么忙。卡尼太太探寻地看看那张挤出一种充满信任和热情的略显苍老的脸，回答道：

"No, thank you!"

“不了，谢谢你！”

The little woman hoped they would have a good house. She looked out at the rain until the melancholy of the wet street effaced all the trustfulness and enthusiasm from her twisted features. Then she gave a little sigh and said:

那个小个子女人希望他们能有一个不错的票房。她看着外面的雨，直到湿乎乎的街道所具有的那种忧郁从她那拧结的五官上抹去所有的诚信与热情。然后她发出一声轻叹，说道：

"Ah, well! We did our best, the dear knows."

“啊，好了！我们尽力了，上天为证。”

Mrs. Kearney had to go back to the dressing-room.

卡尼太太只好返回了化妆室。

The artistes were arriving. The bass and the second tenor had already come. The bass, Mr. Duggan, was a slender young man with a scattered black moustache. He was the son of a hall porter in an office in the city and, as a boy, he had sung prolonged bass notes in the

resounding hall. From this humble state he had raised himself until he had become a first-rate artiste. He had appeared in grand opera. One night, when an operatic artiste had fallen ill, he had undertaken the part of the king in the opera of Maritana at the Queen's Theatre. He sang his music with great feeling and volume and was warmly welcomed by the gallery; but, unfortunately, he marred the good impression by wiping his nose in his gloved hand once or twice out of thoughtlessness. He was unassuming and spoke little. He said yous so softly that it passed unnoticed and he never drank anything stronger than milk for his voice's sake. Mr. Bell, the second tenor, was a fair-haired little man who competed every year for prizes at the Feis Ceoil. On his fourth trial he had been awarded a bronze medal. He was extremely nervous and extremely jealous of other tenors and he covered his nervous jealousy with an ebullient friendliness. It was his humour to have people know what an ordeal a concert was to him. Therefore when he saw Mr. Duggan he went over to him and asked:

艺人们陆续都到了。男低音和第二男高音也已经来了。男低音达根先生是个身材瘦长的年轻人，留着一撮稀疏的小黑胡子。他是城里一家办事处的一个前厅看门人的儿子，还是个小男孩的时候，他就曾在有回响的大厅里演唱过延长的低音音调。他从这种卑微的境况中不断提升自己，直到成为一名一流艺人。他曾参演过大型歌剧。一天晚上，一名歌剧艺人病倒了，他就在女王剧院出演了歌剧《玛里塔纳》中的国王。他饱含深情声音洪亮地演唱了自己的曲目，得到了观众的热烈欢迎；可不幸的是，他有一两次无心地用戴手套的手擦了擦鼻子，结果就把这种好印象给破坏掉了。他低调谦逊，不爱说话。他说“你们”的时候声音非常轻柔，轻得总是让人听不到，为了保护自己的嗓子，他从来不喝任何比奶更浓的东西。贝尔先生——那个第二男高音——则是一个金黄头发的小个子，他每年都会去角逐艺术节的奖项。在第四次参赛的时候，他获得了一枚铜牌。他非常紧张又非常嫉妒其他男高音，于是他就以一种热情洋溢的友善来掩饰自己紧张的嫉妒。他的幽默之处就在于让人们知道一场音乐会对他而言是怎样的一种煎熬。因此，当他看到达根先生时，他便走过去问道：

"Are you in it too?"

“你也在演出之列吗？”

"Yes," said Mr. Duggan.

“是的。”达根先生说。

Mr. Bell laughed at his fellow-sufferer, held out his hand and said:

贝尔先生冲着自己这位受难同伴大笑起来，他伸出手说：

"Shake!"

“握握手！”

Mrs. Kearney passed by these two young men and went to the edge of the screen to view the house. The seats were being filled up rapidly and a pleasant noise circulated in the auditorium. She came back and spoke to her husband privately. Their conversation was evidently about Kathleen for they both glanced at her often as she stood chatting to one of her Nationalist friends, Miss Healy, the contralto. An unknown solitary woman with a pale face walked through the room. The women followed with keen eyes the faded blue dress which was stretched upon a meagre body. Someone said that she was Madam Glynn, the soprano.

卡尼太太从这两个年轻人身边走过，走到幕布的一端朝观众席看去。座位上正迅速坐满观众，一种令人愉悦的嘈杂声在观众席里传开来。她返回来悄悄地跟丈夫说起话来。他们的谈话显然是关于凯瑟琳的，因为他们俩常常会朝她看一眼，凯瑟琳正站着和她的一位民族党朋友女低音希利小姐闲谈。一个踽踽独行、脸色苍白的陌生女人走过房间。女人们用锐利的目光追随着那件穿在一个细瘦身躯上的褪了色的蓝裙子。有人说她是女高音格林夫人。

"I wonder where did they dig her up," said Kathleen to Miss Healy. "I'm sure I never heard of her.”

“我真想知道他们是从哪里把她挖出来的。”凯瑟琳对希利小姐说，“我确信我从来就没听说过她。”

Miss Healy had to smile. Mr. Holohan limped into the dressing-room at that moment and the two young ladies asked him who was the unknown woman. Mr. Holohan said that she was Madam Glynn from London. Madam Glynn took her stand in a corner of the room, holding a roll of music stiffly before her and from time to time changing the direction of her startled gaze. The shadow took her faded dress into shelter but fell revengefully into the little cup behind her collar-bone. The noise of the hall became more audible. The first tenor and the baritone arrived together. They were both well dressed, stout and complacent and they brought a breath of opulence among the company.

希利小姐只得笑了笑。正在这时，霍洛汉先生一瘸一拐地走进了化妆室，两位年轻女士就问他那个陌生女人是谁。霍洛汉先生说她是伦敦来的格林夫人。格林夫人在屋子的一角站定，面前僵硬地举着一卷乐谱，她那惊恐的目光不时地变换着方向。阴影把她那褪色的裙装遮掩了起来，但却报复似的落在了她锁骨后面的那个小坑里。大厅里的嘈杂声变得更响了。第一男高音和男中音一起到了。他们都衣着得体，身材健壮，满脸喜气，他们给在场的人们带来了一股华丽的气息。

Mrs. Kearney brought her daughter over to them, and talked to

them amiably. She wanted to be on good terms with them but, while she strove to be polite, her eyes followed Mr. Holohan in his limping and devious courses. As soon as she could she excused herself and went out after him.

卡尼太太带着女儿走到他们跟前，和他们亲切地攀谈起来。她想和他们处好关系，可是，在她竭力保持礼节的同时，她的目光却追随着霍洛汉先生那一瘸一拐来回走动的身影。等她一有机会，她就找借口离开，跟在他后面走了出去。

"Mr. Holohan, I want to speak to you for a moment," she said.

“霍洛汉先生，我想和你说会儿话。”她说。

They went down to a discreet part of the corridor. Mrs Kearney asked him when was her daughter going to be paid. Mr. Holohan said that Mr. Fitzpatrick had charge of that. Mrs. Kearney said that she didn't know anything about Mr. Fitzpatrick. Her daughter had signed a contract for eight guineas and she would have to be paid. Mr. Holohan said that it wasn't his business.

他们走到走廊的一个僻静处。卡尼太太问他什么时候给她女儿报酬。霍洛汉先生说菲茨帕特里克先生负责这件事。卡尼太太说她根本就不认识菲茨帕特里克先生。她的女儿已经签了八个几尼的合同，她就应该要得到报酬。霍洛汉先生说这不关他的事。

"Why isn't it your business?" asked Mrs. Kearney. "Didn't you yourself bring her the contract? Anyway, if it's not your business it's my business and I mean to see to it.”

“为什么不关你的事？”卡尼太太问，“难道不是你亲自把合同拿给她的吗？不管怎样，如果这不关你的事，那它就是我的事，我来负责这件事。”

"You'd better speak to Mr. Fitzpatrick," said Mr. Holohan distantly.

“你最好去和菲茨帕特里克先生谈谈。”霍洛汉先生冷漠地说。

"I don't know anything about Mr. Fitzpatrick," repeated Mrs. Kearney. "I have my contract, and I intend to see that it is carried out."

“我根本就不认识菲茨帕特里克先生，”卡尼太太重复道，“我有合同，我会确保合同履行。”

When she came back to the dressing-room her cheeks were slightly suffused. The room was lively. Two men in outdoor dress had taken possession of the fireplace and were chatting familiarly with Miss Healy and the baritone. They were the Freeman man and Mr. O'Madden Burke. The Freeman man had come in to say that he could

not wait for the concert as he had to report the lecture which an American priest was giving in the Mansion House. He said they were to leave the report for him at the Freeman office and he would see that it went in. He was a grey-haired man, with a plausible voice and careful manners. He held an extinguished cigar in his hand and the aroma of cigar smoke floated near him. He had not intended to stay a moment because concerts and artistes bored him considerably but he remained leaning against the mantelpiece. Miss Healy stood in front of him, talking and laughing. He was old enough to suspect one reason for her politeness but young enough in spirit to turn the moment to account. The warmth, fragrance and colour of her body appealed to his senses. He was pleasantly conscious that the bosom which he saw rise and fall slowly beneath him rose and fell at that moment for him, that the laughter and fragrance and wilful glances were his tribute. When he could stay no longer he took leave of her regretfully.

当她返回化妆室的时候，她的双颊略微泛着红晕。屋子里很热闹。两个身着户外套服的男人占据着壁炉前面的位置，正亲密地与希利小姐和那个男中音闲聊着。他们一个是《公民报》的人，一个是奥马登·伯克先生。那个《公民报》的人是来说自己等不及音乐会开演了，因为他得去报导一位美国神父正在市长官邸发表的演说。他说他们会把报道放在《公民报》的办公室，他会负责发表的。他是一个灰发男人，嗓音动听，举止谨慎。他的一只手里拿着一根已经熄灭的雪茄，雪茄的香味在他周身浮绕着。他本来片刻都没打算在这里呆，因为音乐会和艺人们都使他倍感无聊，可是他却依然斜靠在壁炉架上。希利小姐站在他的面前谈笑着。他已经足够成熟，因此对于她表现出的礼貌他持怀疑态度；可他心态却还依然年轻，因此就想利用好这个时机。她身体的温度、香味和色彩都触动着他的感官。他高兴地意识到，他所看见的在他面前一起一伏的那个胸部在那一刻是为了他才一起一伏，那笑声、香味和流转的眼神也全都是给他的献礼。当他无法再耽搁的时候，他遗憾地跟她道了别。

"O'Madden Burke will write the notice," he explained to Mr. Holohan, "and I'll see it in.”

“奥马登·伯克会写报道，”他向霍洛汉先生解释道，“而我会负责发表。”

"Thank you very much, Mr. Hendrick," said Mr. Holohan, "you'll see it in, I know. Now, won't you have a little something before you go?”

“非常感谢您，亨德里克先生，”霍洛汉先生说，“您会负责发表，我知道。那走之前您不想再来点什么了吗？”

"I don't mind," said Mr. Hendrick.

“可以啊。”亨德里克先生说。

The two men went along some tortuous passages and up a dark staircase and came to a secluded room where one of the stewards was uncorking bottles for a few gentlemen. One of these gentlemen was Mr. O'Madden Burke, who had found out the room by instinct. He was a suave, elderly man who balanced his imposing body, when at rest, upon a large silk umbrella. His magniloquent western name was the moral umbrella upon which he balanced the fine problem of his finances. He was widely respected.

这两个男人穿过一些迂回曲折的走廊，登上一截黑暗的楼梯，来到了一个隐蔽的房间，一个服务生正在那里给几位先生开瓶塞。其中一位就是奥马登·伯克先生，他是凭着直觉找到这个房间的。他是一个温文尔雅的老年人，在休息的时候，他会让自己那威武的身躯靠在一把大绸伞上来保持平衡。而他那夸张的西式名字则是一把道德的庇护伞，倚在上面可以让他解决自己在金钱方面的小问题。他广受尊敬。

While Mr. Holohan was entertaining the Freeman man Mrs. Kearney was speaking so animatedly to her husband that he had to ask her to lower her voice. The conversation of the others in the dressing-room had become strained. Mr. Bell, the first item, stood ready with his music but the accompanist made no sign. Evidently something was wrong. Mr. Kearney looked straight before him, stroking his beard, while Mrs. Kearney spoke into Kathleen's ear with subdued emphasis. From the hall came sounds of encouragement, clapping and stamping of feet. The first tenor and the baritone and Miss Healy stood together, waiting tranquilly, but Mr. Bell's nerves were greatly agitated because he was afraid the audience would think that he had come late.

在霍洛汉先生款待《公民报》记者的时候，卡尼太太则正激动地和她丈夫交谈，她非常激动，以至于她丈夫不得不让她小点声。化妆室里其他人的谈话已经变得紧张起来。贝尔先生是第一个节目，他拿着乐谱站着做好了准备，可伴奏师却没有任何举动。显然什么地方出了问题。卡尼先生抚摸着自己的胡子直视着前方，而卡尼太太则在用压低了的强调语气贴着凯瑟琳的耳朵说着话。从大厅里传来了喝彩、鼓掌和跺脚的声音。第一男高音和男中音还有希利小姐站在一起，平静地等待着，可贝尔先生的神经却高度紧张，因为他担心观众会以为是他迟到了。

Mr. Holohan and Mr. O'Madden Burke came into the room. In a moment Mr. Holohan perceived the hush. He went over to Mrs. Kearney and spoke with her earnestly. While they were speaking the noise in the hall grew louder. Mr. Holohan became very red and excited. He spoke volubly, but Mrs. Kearney said curtly at intervals:

霍洛汉先生和奥马登·伯克先生走进了房间。霍洛汉先生立刻觉察到了屋里的静寂。他走到卡尼太太跟前，认真地和她说起话来。在他们说话的时候，大厅里的嘈杂声越来越大。霍洛汉先生变得满脸通红，非常

激动。他一个劲地说着，可卡尼太太却只是偶尔简短地说：

"She won't go on. She must get her eight guineas.”

“她不会上场。她必须拿到她的八个几尼。”

Mr. Holohan pointed desperately towards the hall where the audience was clapping and stamping. He appealed to Mr Kearney and to Kathleen. But Mr. Kearney continued to stroke his beard and Kathleen looked down, moving the point of her new shoe: it was not her fault. Mrs. Kearney repeated:

霍洛汉先生绝望地指着大厅，观众们正在那里又是鼓掌又是跺脚。他恳求了卡尼先生和凯瑟琳。可卡尼先生却继续抚摸着自己的胡子，而凯瑟琳则低头看着下面，移动着穿着新鞋的一只脚的脚尖：这并非她的错。卡尼太太重复着：

"She won't go on without her money.”

“拿不到钱她就不会上场。”

After a swift struggle of tongues Mr. Holohan hobbled out in haste. The room was silent. When the strain of the silence had become somewhat painful Miss Healy said to the baritone:

经过一阵短暂的舌战之后，霍洛汉先生慌慌张张一瘸一拐地走了出去。房间里静默无声。当这种静默带来的紧张变得有些令人痛苦的时候，希利小姐对男中音说道：

"Have you seen Mrs. Pat Campbell this week?"

“这星期你见过帕特·坎贝尔太太吗？”

The baritone had not seen her but he had been told that she was very fine. The conversation went no further. The first tenor bent his head and began to count the links of the gold chain which was extended across his waist, smiling and humming random notes to observe the effect on the frontal sinus. From time to time everyone glanced at Mrs. Kearney.

男中音没有见过她，不过他听人说她非常好。谈话就此结束了。第一男高音低着头开始数围在他腰上的那条金链子的环数，他微笑着，随意哼唱着一些曲调来感受鼻腔的发音。每个人都会时不时地朝卡尼太太看一眼。

The noise in the auditorium had risen to a clamour when Mr. Fitzpatrick burst into the room, followed by Mr. Holohan who was panting. The clapping and stamping in the hall were punctuated by whistling. Mr. Fitzpatrick held a few banknotes in his hand. He counted out four into Mrs. Kearney's hand and said she would get the other half at the interval. Mrs. Kearney said:

礼堂里的嘈杂声升级成了一片哄闹，这时菲茨帕特里克先生冲进了房间，后面跟着气喘吁吁的霍洛汉先生。大厅里的掌声和跺脚声不时被口哨声打断。菲茨帕特里克先生手里拿着一些钞票。他数出来四张放到了卡尼太太的手里，然后说在幕间休息的时候她会拿到另一半。卡尼太太说：

"This is four shillings short."

“这还短着四先令呢。”

But Kathleen gathered in her skirt and said: "Now. Mr. Bell," to the first item, who was shaking like an aspen.

可凯瑟琳却提起裙子对演第一个节目的人说道：“好了，贝尔先生。”贝尔先生正浑身抖得像棵颤杨。

The singer and the accompanist went out together. The noise in hall died away. There was a pause of a few seconds: and then the piano was heard.

演唱者和伴奏者一起走了出去。厅里的噪声渐渐消停了下来。一开始有几秒钟的停顿：然后钢琴声响了起来。

The first part of the concert was very successful except for Madam Glynn's item. The poor lady sang Killarney in a bodiless gasping voice, with all the old-fashioned mannerisms of intonation and pronunciation which she believed lent elegance to her singing. She looked as if she had been resurrected from an old stage-wardrobe and the cheaper parts of the hall made fun of her high wailing notes. The first tenor and the contralto, however, brought down the house. Kathleen played a selection of Irish airs which was generously applauded. The first part closed with a stirring patriotic recitation delivered by a young lady who arranged amateur theatricals. It was deservedly applauded; and, when it was ended, the men went out for the interval, content.

音乐会的第一部分非常成功，除了格林夫人的节目之外。这位可怜的女士用一种空虚气喘的嗓音演唱了《基拉尔尼之歌》，她用的全是些老式的声调和发音，因为她确信这样可以让她的演唱多一些优雅。她看起来就像是刚从一个古旧的舞台柜里复活过来一样，大厅里那些买低价票的观众取笑着她那些又高又尖的音调。然而第一男高音和男中音却博得了全场喝彩。凯瑟琳演奏了一组爱尔兰小调选曲，也赢得了很多掌声。第一部分是以一个激动人心的爱国诗朗诵节目结束的。表演者是一位组织业余戏剧演出的年轻女士。这个节目获得了应得的掌声；节目结束之后，男人们出去享受幕间休息，每个人都很满意。

All this time the dressing-room was a hive of excitement. In one corner were Mr. Holohan, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Miss Beirne, two of the stewards, the baritone, the bass, and Mr. O'Madden Burke. Mr.

O'Madden Burke said it was the most scandalous exhibition he had ever witnessed. Miss Kathleen Kearney's musical career was ended in Dublin after that, he said. The baritone was asked what did he think of Mrs. Kearney's conduct. He did not like to say anything. He had been paid his money and wished to be at peace with men. However, he said that Mrs. Kearney might have taken the artistes into consideration. The stewards and the secretaries debated hotly as to what should be done when the interval came.

整个这段时间，化妆室里的人都情绪激动。房间的一角站着霍洛汉先生、菲茨帕特里克先生、伯恩小姐、两个服务生、男中音、男低音以及奥马登·伯克先生。奥马登·伯克先生说这是他所目睹过的最令人愤慨的表现。凯瑟琳·卡尼小姐的音乐生涯此后在都柏林就算终结了，他说。男中音被问及他对卡尼太太的行为有何看法。他不愿意说什么。他拿到了自己那份钱，希望能和人们和平相处。不过，他说卡尼太太本来可以替艺人们多着想一些。服务生们和秘书们热烈地争论着幕间休息的时候该做些什么。

"I agree with Miss Beirne," said Mr. O'Madden Burke. "Pay her nothing."

“我同意伯恩小姐的提议，”奥马登·伯克先生说，“什么都不给她。”

In another corner of the room were Mrs. Kearney and her husband, Mr. Bell, Miss Healy and the young lady who had to recite the patriotic piece. Mrs. Kearney said that the Committee had treated her scandalously. She had spared neither trouble nor expense and this was how she was repaid.

房间的另一个角落里呆着卡尼太太和她的丈夫、贝尔先生、希利小姐和那位朗诵爱国诗的年轻女士。卡尼太太说委员会如此对待她真是过分。她不遗余力，不惜代价，结果这就是她得到的回报。

They thought they had only a girl to deal with and that therefore, they could ride roughshod over her. But she would show them their mistake. They wouldn't have dared to have treated her like that if she had been a man. But she would see that her daughter got her rights: she wouldn't be fooled. If they didn't pay her to the last farthing she would make Dublin ring. Of course she was sorry for the sake of the artistes. But what else could she do? She appealed to the second tenor who said he thought she had not been well treated. Then she appealed to Miss Healy. Miss Healy wanted to join the other group but she did not like to do so because she was a great friend of Kathleen's and the Kearneys had often invited her to their house.

他们以为他们要对付的只是一个小女孩，所以他们就这么欺负她。但是她要向他们表明他们错了。如果她是个男人的话，他们根本不敢这样对待她。不过她会确保她女儿得到她的权利：她不会让人愚弄的。如

果他们不支付给她全部的报酬，她就会让整个都柏林都知道这件事。当然了，就艺人们来说她感到很抱歉。可是她还能做什么呢？她拉拢第二男高音，他说他认为她受到了不好的待遇。然后她又拉拢希利小姐。希利小姐想加入另一群人的阵营，可她又不愿意这样做，因为她是凯瑟琳的好朋友，卡尼一家曾经常邀请她到家里做客。

As soon as the first part was ended Mr. Fitzpatrick and Mr. Holohan went over to Mrs. Kearney and told her that the other four guineas would be paid after the committee meeting on the following Tuesday and that, in case her daughter did not play for the second part, the committee would consider the contract broken and would pay nothing.

第一部分刚一结束，菲茨帕特里克先生和霍洛汉先生就走到卡尼太太跟前告诉她说另外四个几尼会在委员会下周二开会之后付给她，另外，如果她的女儿不在第二部分演奏的话，委员会将视其为终止合同而不付给她任何报酬。

"I haven't seen any committee," said Mrs. Kearney angrily. "My daughter has her contract. She will get four pounds eight into her hand or a foot she won't put on that platform.”

“我从来没见过什么委员会，”卡尼太太气愤地说，“我女儿签有合同。她应该把四英镑八便士拿到手，否则的话她一步也不会往那个舞台上迈的。”

"I'm surprised at you, Mrs. Kearney," said Mr. Holohan. "I never thought you would treat us this way."

“你令我很吃惊，卡尼太太。”霍洛汉先生说，“我从没想到你会这样对待我们。”

"And what way did you treat me?" asked Mrs. Kearney.

“那你们是以什么方式对待我的呢？”卡尼太太反问道。

Her face was inundated with an angry colour and she looked as if she would attack someone with her hands.

她满脸都是怒色，看上去仿佛她要揍人了。

"I'm asking for my rights." she said.

“我在争取我的权利。”她说。

"You might have some sense of decency," said Mr. Holohan.

“你本应该注意点体面的。”霍洛汉先生说。

"Might I, indeed?... And when I ask when my daughter is going to be paid I can't get a civil answer.”

“我本应该，真的吗？……当我询问我女儿何时能拿到报酬时，我却得不到一个合理的答复。”

She tossed her head and assumed a haughty voice:

她把头一甩，换成一种傲慢的语气说道：

"You must speak to the secretary. It's not my business. I'm a great fellow fol-the-diddle-I-do.”

“你必须去跟秘书谈。这不关我的事。我可是个不管事的大人物。”

"I thought you were a lady," said Mr. Holohan, walking away from her abruptly.

“我一直以为你是个淑女呢。”霍洛汉先生一边说着，一边唐突地从她身边走开了。

After that Mrs. Kearney's conduct was condemned on all hands: everyone approved of what the committee had done. She stood at the door, haggard with rage, arguing with her husband and daughter, gesticulating with them. She waited until it was time for the second part to begin in the hope that the secretaries would approach her. But Miss Healy had kindly consented to play one or two accompaniments. Mrs. Kearney had to stand aside to allow the baritone and his accompanist to pass up to the platform. She stood still for an instant like an angry stone image and, when the first notes of the song struck her ear, she caught up her daughter's cloak and said to her husband:

打那以后，卡尼太太的行为受到了各方的谴责：所有的人都赞同委员会的做法。她站在门口，由于愤怒而显得憔悴，她跟丈夫和女儿争吵着，一边还和他们比划着。她等待着，一直到第二部分快开始的时间，一心希望那些秘书们会来找她。不过希利小姐已经好心地同意了做一两次伴奏。卡尼太太只好站到一边以便让男中音和他的伴奏者走过去登上舞台。她一动不动地站了一会儿，就像是一尊愤怒的石像，当歌曲的前几个音符撞击她的耳朵时，她抓起女儿的风衣，对丈夫说道：

"Get a cab!"

“叫辆出租车！”

He went out at once. Mrs. Kearney wrapped the cloak round her daughter and followed him. As she passed through the doorway she stopped and glared into Mr. Holohan's face.

他立刻走了出去。卡尼太太用风衣裹住女儿跟在他的身后。在经过门口的时候，她停下来，怒视着霍洛汉先生的脸。

"I'm not done with you yet," she said.

“我跟你还没完呢。”她说。

"But I'm done with you," said Mr. Holohan.

“但是我跟你算是完了。”霍洛汉先生说。

Kathleen followed her mother meekly. Mr. Holohan began to pace

up and down the room, in order to cool himself for he his skin on fire.

凯瑟琳温顺地跟在母亲身后。霍洛汉先生开始在房间里踱来踱去，以便能让自己冷静下来，他感觉皮肤仿佛着火一般。

"That's a nice lady!" he said. "O, she's a nice lady!”

“这真是一位贤淑的女士！”他说,“哦，她是一位贤淑的女士！”

"You did the proper thing, Holohan," said Mr. O'Madden Burke, poised upon his umbrella in approval.

“你做了件正确的事情，霍洛汉。”奥马登·伯克先生身子倚在他那把雨伞上表示赞同地说道。

CHAPTER 14 GRACE

第十四章 天恩

TWO GENTLEMEN who were in the lavatory at the time tried to lift him up: but he was quite helpless. He lay curled up at the foot of the stairs down which he had fallen. They succeeded in turning him over. His hat had rolled a few yards away and his clothes were smeared with the filth and ooze of the floor on which he had lain, face downwards. His eyes were closed and he breathed with a grunting noise. A thin stream of blood trickled from the corner of his mouth.

当时在洗手间里的两位先生努力想把他扶起来：可是他却实在是无法站立。他蜷着身子躺在那段楼梯下面，他刚从上面摔下来。他们成功地帮他翻了个身。他的帽子已经滚出去几码远，他的衣服沾满了地板上的污秽物，他原本脸朝下地躺在那里。他的双眼闭着，呼吸里带着呼噜呼噜的声音。一缕细细的血丝从他的嘴角流淌下来。

These two gentlemen and one of the curates carried him up the stairs and laid him down again on the floor of the bar. In two minutes he was surrounded by a ring of men. The manager of the bar asked everyone who he was and who was with him. No one knew who he was but one of the curates said he had served the gentleman with a small rum.

那两位先生和一个酒吧男招待抬着他上了楼，然后又把他放到了酒吧的地板上。过了两分钟，他被一圈男人围了起来。酒吧经理问大家他是谁，谁和他一起来的。没人知道他是谁，不过一个酒吧男招待说他曾经为这位先生上过一小杯朗姆酒。

"Was he by himself?" asked the manager.

“他是一个人吗？”经理问。

"No, sir. There was two gentlemen with him."

“不，先生。当时有两位先生和他在一起。”

"And where are they?"

“那他们现在在哪里？”

No one knew; a voice said:

没人知道；一个声音说道：

"Give him air. He's fainted.”

“给他透透气。他晕过去了。”

The ring of onlookers distended and closed again elastically. A

dark medal of blood had formed itself near the man's head on the tessellated floor. The manager, alarmed by the grey pallor of the man's face, sent for a policeman.

围观者形成的圈子扩散开来，然后又有弹性似的缩了回去。那个男人头部附近的棋盘花纹地板上已经形成了一块奖牌大小的深色血迹。经理见那人脸色灰白，感到惊恐，于是派人去叫一个警察。

His collar was unfastened and his necktie undone. He opened eyes for an instant, sighed and closed them again. One of gentlemen who had carried him upstairs held a dinged silk hat in his hand. The manager asked repeatedly did no one know who the injured man was or where had his friends gone. The door of the bar opened and an immense constable entered. A crowd which had followed him down the laneway collected outside the door, struggling to look in through the glass panels.

他的领子被松开，领结也被解开。他睁开眼睛有一小会儿，叹了口气，然后就又闭上了。抬他上楼的一位先生手里拿着一顶脏兮兮的礼帽。经理反复询问是否有人知道受伤的这个男人是谁或者他的朋友去哪里了。酒吧的门打开了，一名高大的警官走了进来。沿着巷子一路跟过来的一群人聚集在门外，透过窗玻璃使劲往里张望着。

The manager at once began to narrate what he knew. The constable, a young man with thick immobile features, listened. He moved his head slowly to right and left and from the manager to the person on the floor, as if he feared to be the victim some delusion. Then he drew off his glove, produced a small book from his waist, licked the lead of his pencil and made ready to indite. He asked in a suspicious provincial accent:

经理立刻开始讲述他所了解到的情况。那位警官则听着，他是一个面容笨拙刻板的年轻人。他慢慢地左右转动着脑袋，又慢慢地从经理转向地板上的那个人，仿佛他害怕自己会成为某种错觉的受害者。接着他脱掉手套，从腰间取出一个小本，舔了舔铅笔芯，开始准备作记录。他用一种怀疑的外省口音问道：

"Who is the man? What's his name and address?”

“这个人是谁？他的姓名和住址是什么？”

A young man in a cycling-suit cleared his way through the ring of bystanders. He knelt down promptly beside the injured man and called for water. The constable knelt down also to help. The young man washed the blood from the injured man's mouth and then called for some brandy. The constable repeated the order in an authoritative voice until a curate came running with the glass. The brandy was forced down the man's throat. In a few seconds he opened his eyes and looked about him. He looked at the circle of faces and then,

understanding, strove to rise to his feet.

一个身着自行车服的年轻人穿过旁观者的圈子走上前来。他马上跪在了那个伤者旁边，并叫人去拿水。那个警官也跪下来帮忙。那个年轻人把伤者嘴边的血迹洗掉，然后又叫人去拿一些白兰地来。那个警官用威严的声音重复了一遍这个命令，然后一个酒吧男招待端着杯子跑了过来。白兰地被强行灌进了那个男子的喉咙里。几秒钟之后，他睁开了眼睛，朝四周看了看。他看着这一圈人脸，然后明白了什么，就努力想站起来。

"You're all right now?" asked the young man in the cycling-suit.

“你现在好了吗？”那个身着自行车服的年轻人问道。

"Sha,'s nothing," said the injured man, trying to stand up.

“啊，没事。”那个受伤的人一边说着，一边努力想站起来。

He was helped to his feet. The manager said something about a hospital and some of the bystanders gave advice. The battered silk hat was placed on the man's head. The constable asked:

他被人帮扶着站了起来。经理说到去医院的事，还有一些旁观者也提了建议。那顶变了形的礼帽被放到了那个人的头上。那个警官问：

"Where do you live?"

“你住在哪里？”

The man, without answering, began to twirl the ends of his moustache. He made light of his accident. It was nothing, he said: only a little accident. He spoke very thickly.

那个人没有回答，只是开始捻弄起他那小胡子的两头来。他对自己的这次事故不大在乎。没什么，他说：只是一次小事故。他吐字很不清楚地说道。

"Where do you live" repeated the constable.

“你住在哪里？”警官重复道。

The man said they were to get a cab for him. While the point was being debated a tall agile gentleman of fair complexion, wearing a long yellow ulster, came from the far end of the bar. Seeing the spectacle, he called out:

那个人说他们该替他去叫辆出租马车。正在争论这个问题的时候，一位身穿黄色乌尔斯特大衣、身材高大矫捷、皮肤白皙的先生远远地从酒吧的另一头走了过来。见此情景，他喊了起来：

"Hallo, Tom, old man! What's the trouble?”

“哈罗，汤姆，老伙计！这是怎么了？”

"Sha,'s nothing," said the man.

“啊，没什么。”那个人说。

The new-comer surveyed the deplorable figure before him and then turned to the constable, saying:

新来的人打量了一下他面前这个可怜的人，然后转身对那位警官说：

"It's all right, constable. I'll see him home.”

“好了，警官。我来送他回家。”

The constable touched his helmet and answered:

警官用手碰了一下帽盔回答道：

"All right, Mr. Power!"

“好的，鲍尔先生！”

"Come now, Tom," said Mr. Power, taking his friend by the arm. "No bones broken. What? Can you walk?"

“来吧，汤姆。”鲍尔先生一边说着一边搀起了他朋友的一只胳膊，“没有骨折。怎么样？你能走路吗？”

The young man in the cycling-suit took the man by the other arm and the crowd divided.

穿自行车服的那个年轻人扶着那个人的另一只胳膊，人群从中间分开让出了路。

"How did you get yourself into this mess?" asked Mr. Power.

“你怎么把自己搞成了这副邋遢样？”鲍尔先生问道。

"The gentleman fell down the stairs," said the young man.

“这位先生从楼梯上摔了下去。”那个年轻人说。

"I' 'ery 'uch o'liged to you, sir," said the injured man.

“我灰昂安谢你，先生。”那个受伤的人说。

"Not at all."

“不客气。”

"'ant we have a little...?”

“兰道我们不来点……?"

"Not now. Not now."

“现在不了。现在不了。”

The three men left the bar and the crowd sifted through the doors into the laneway. The manager brought the constable to the stairs to inspect the scene of the accident. They agreed that the gentleman

must have missed his footing. The customers returned to the counter and a curate set about removing the traces of blood from the floor.

三个人离开了酒吧，人群也四散着从几个出口进了巷子。经理把那位警官带到那段楼梯检查事故现场。他们都认为那位先生一定是没有站稳。顾客们都回到了吧台边，一个酒吧男招待开始清除地板上的血迹。

When they came out into Grafton Street, Mr. Power whistled for an outsider. The injured man said again as well as he could.

当他们来到格拉夫顿大街的时候，鲍尔先生吹了声口哨拦下了一辆两轮马车。那个受伤的人又尽可能清楚地开口了。

"I' 'ery 'uch o'liged to you, sir. I hope we'll 'eet again. 'y na'e is Kernan.”

“我灰昂安谢你，先生。我希望我们会再厌面。偶的名是克南。”

The shock and the incipient pain had partly sobered him.

惊吓和渐渐感觉到的疼痛在一定程度上使他清醒了过来。

"Don't mention it," said the young man.

“不客气。”那个年轻人说。

They shook hands. Mr. Kernan was hoisted on to the car and, while Mr. Power was giving directions to the carman, he expressed his gratitude to the young man and regretted that they could not have a little drink together.

他们握了握手。克南先生被扶上了车，在鲍尔先生给车夫说前行的方向时，克南先生还对那个年轻人表达着自己的感激之情，并且还很遗憾他们不能一起喝点什么。

"Another time," said the young man.

“下次吧。”那个年轻人说。

The car drove off towards Westmoreland Street. As it passed Ballast Office the clock showed half-past nine. A keen east wind hit them, blowing from the mouth of the river. Mr. Kernan was huddled together with cold. His friend asked him to tell how the accident had happened.

马车朝威斯特摩兰街驶去。在车经过压舱物事务局时，大钟显示的时间是九点半。一阵强劲的东风朝他们袭来，是从河口处刮过来的。克南先生由于冷而蜷缩成一团。他的朋友让他讲讲这场事故是如何发生的。

"I'an't 'an," he answered, “'y 'ongue is hurt.”

“我养不了，”他回答道，“偶的舌头受伤了。”

"Show."

“给我看看。”

The other leaned over the well of the car and peered into Mr. Kernan's mouth but he could not see. He struck a match and, sheltering it in the shell of his hands, peered again into the mouth which Mr. Kernan opened obediently. The swaying movement of the car brought the match to and from the opened mouth. The lower teeth and gums were covered with clotted blood and a minute piece of the tongue seemed to have been bitten off. The match was blown out.

朋友把身体探过去，朝克南先生的嘴里瞅了瞅，但他却什么都看不见。他擦亮了一根火柴，双手围拢护着火苗，又朝克南先生乖乖张开着的嘴里瞅了瞅。马车的来回晃动使得火柴离那张开的嘴巴忽远忽近。下齿和牙龈沾满了凝结的血块，舌头的一小块好像已经被咬掉了。火柴被吹灭了。

"That's ugly," said Mr. Power.

“真是难看。”鲍尔先生说。

"Sha, 's nothing," said Mr. Kernan, closing his mouth and pulling the collar of his filthy coat across his neck.

“呵，阿没什么。”克南先生边说边闭上了嘴，然后又把他那件脏外套的领子拉过脖子。

Mr. Kernan was a commercial traveller of the old school which believed in the dignity of its calling. He had never been seen in the city without a silk hat of some decency and a pair of gaiters. By grace of these two articles of clothing, he said, a man could always pass muster. He carried on the tradition of his Napoleon, the great Blackwhite, whose memory he evoked at times by legend and mimicry. Modern business methods had spared him only so far as to allow him a little office in Crowe Street, on the window blind of which was written the name of his firm with the address—London, E. C. On the mantelpiece of this little office a little leaden battalion of canisters was drawn up and on the table before the window stood four or five china bowls which were usually half full of a black liquid. From these bowls Mr. Kernan tasted tea. He took a mouthful, drew it up, saturated his palate with it and then spat it forth into the grate. Then he paused to judge.

克南先生是一个老派的旅行推销员，这派推销员坚信这个行当是要讲体面的。在城里人们见到他的时候，他没有一次不是戴着一顶颇显体面的礼帽，绑着一副绑腿。借助于这两件服饰，他说，一个男人就总能让人觉得够格。他继承了他那行当的拿破仑（即伟大的布莱克·怀特）的传统，他有时会通过传说和模仿唤起对他的回忆。现代商业手段已给予了他一些东西，但也仅限于让他在克罗街有了一间小办公室，办公室的百叶窗上写着公司的名称和地址——伦敦中东区。在这间小办公室的壁

炉架上摆着一小排铅罐，窗户前面的那张桌子上放着四五个瓷碗，里面常常会倒有半满的某种黑色液体。克南先生正是用这些碗来品茶的。他先喝上一大口，含在嘴里，让茶水充分地浸润他的上颚，然后会朝前把它吐到炉灰中。然后他会停下来进行品评。

Mr. Power, a much younger man, was employed in the Royal Irish Constabulary Office in Dublin Castle. The arc of his social rise intersected the arc of his friend's decline, but Mr. Kernan's decline was mitigated by the fact that certain of those friends who had known him at his highest point of success still esteemed him as a character. Mr. Power was one of these friends. His inexplicable debts were a byword in his circle; he was a debonair young man.

鲍尔先生要年轻许多，他受雇于都柏林城堡里的皇家爱尔兰警察局。他的社会地位日益升高，而他朋友的地位却日渐衰落，不过因为克南先生在成功的巅峰时期结识的朋友中还有一些依旧把他看作一个可敬的人，因此这种衰落的状况有所缓和。鲍尔先生就是这些朋友中的一个。他那些说不清的债务在他的圈子里已经成为一个笑柄；并且他是一个温文有礼的年轻人。

The car halted before a small house on the Glasnevin road and Mr. Kernan was helped into the house. His wife put him to bed while Mr. Power sat downstairs in the kitchen asking the children where they went to school and what book they were in. The children—two girls and a boy, conscious of their father helplessness and of their mother's absence, began some horseplay with him. He was surprised at their manners and at their accents, and his brow grew thoughtful. After a while Mrs. Kernan entered the kitchen, exclaiming:

马车在格拉斯奈文路上的一栋小房子前停了下来，克南先生被扶进了那栋房子。他的妻子把他安顿到床上，而鲍尔先生则坐在楼下的厨房里询问孩子们在哪里上学以及他们在读什么书。孩子们——两个女孩和一个男孩——知道父亲无力顾及他们而母亲也不在身边，于是就开始和他嬉闹起来。他对他们的举止和口音都感到很吃惊，于是他的思绪渐上眉梢。片刻之后克南太太走进了厨房，惊呼道：

"Such a sight! O, he'll do for himself one day and that's the holy alls of it. He's been drinking since Friday.”

“真不像样！啊，他总有一天会自食其果，这肯定错不了。他从星期五开始就一直在喝酒。”

Mr. Power was careful to explain to her that he was not responsible, that he had come on the scene by the merest accident. Mrs. Kernan, remembering Mr. Power's good offices during domestic quarrels, as well as many small, but opportune loans, said:

鲍尔先生小心谨慎地给她解释说他没有责任，他只是非常偶然才碰上了这场面。克南太太想起了发生家庭纠纷的时候鲍尔先生的好心帮

忙，还有许多次他所给予的小量但却及时的解囊相助，于是说道：

"O, you needn't tell me that, Mr. Power. I know you're a friend of his, not like some of the others he does be with. They're all right so long as he has money in his pocket to keep him out from his wife and family. Nice friends! Who was he with tonight, I'd like to know?”

“哦，您不必和我说这些，鲍尔先生。我知道您是他的朋友，不像其他和他呆在一起的人。只要他口袋里有钱，并且远离妻子家人，他们就挺好。真是好朋友啊！我真想知道，今晚他是和谁在一起？”

Mr. Power shook his head but said nothing.

鲍尔先生摇了摇头但却什么也没说。

"I'm so sorry," she continued, "that I've nothing in the house to offer you. But if you wait a minute I'll send round to Fogarty's, at the corner.”

“我很抱歉，”她继续说道，“这屋子里也没啥东西可以招待您。不过如果您能等会儿的话，我就让人到福加蒂店铺里买点什么回来，就在街角那儿。”

Mr. Power stood up.

鲍尔先生站起来。

"We were waiting for him to come home with the money. He never seems to think he has a home at all."

“我们一直等着他能带钱回家来。他似乎从来都想不起他还有个家。”

"O, now, Mrs. Kernan," said Mr. Power, "we'll make him turn over a new leaf. I'll talk to Martin. He's the man. We'll come here one of these nights and talk it over.”

“哦，好了，克南太太，”鲍尔先生说，“我们会让他掀开新的一页的。我会跟马丁谈谈。他是合适的人选。我们会在这几天抽个晚上过来谈谈这件事。”

She saw him to the door. The carman was stamping up and down the footpath, and swinging his arms to warm himself.

她送他到门口。车夫正在小道上跺着脚来回走动着，他挥动着胳膊以便让自己暖和一些。

"It's very kind of you to bring him home," she said.

“您能送他回家真是太好了。”她说。

"Not at all," said Mr. Power.

“不客气。”鲍尔先生说。

He got up on the car. As it drove off he raised his hat to her gaily.

他上了马车。车子驶离的时候，他欢快地冲她举起了帽子。

"We'll make a new man of him," he said. "Good-night, Mrs. Kernan.”

“我们会让他重新做人的。”他说，“晚安，克南太太。”

Mrs. Kernan's puzzled eyes watched the car till it was out of sight. Then she withdrew them, went into the house and emptied her husband's pockets.

克南太太迷茫的双眼注视着那辆马车直到它从视线中消失。然后她收回了目光，走进房子里，倒空了丈夫所有的口袋。

She was an active, practical woman of middle age. Not long before she had celebrated her silver wedding and renewed her intimacy with her husband by waltzing with him to Mr. Power's accompaniment. In her days of courtship, Mr. Kernan had seemed to her a not ungallant figure: and she still hurried to the chapel door whenever a wedding was reported and, seeing the bridal pair, recalled with vivid pleasure how she had passed out of the Star of the Sea Church in Sandymount, leaning on the arm of a jovial well-fed man, who was dressed smartly in a frock-coat and lavender trousers and carried a silk hat gracefully balanced upon his other arm. After three weeks she had found a wife's life irksome and, later on, when she was beginning to find it unbearable, she had become a mother. The part of mother presented to her no insuperable difficulties and for twenty-five years she had kept house shrewdly for her husband. Her two eldest sons were launched. One was in a draper's shop in Glasgow and the other was clerk to a tea-merchant in Belfast. They were good sons, wrote regularly and sometimes sent home money. The other children were still at school.

她是一个积极务实的中年女人。不久前她刚刚庆祝了自己的银婚纪念日，在鲍尔先生的伴奏下她还跟丈夫跳了华尔兹，从而恢复了和丈夫的亲密关系。在她恋爱的那些日子里，克南先生在她看来是一个不乏殷勤的人：如今只要听说有婚礼举行，她仍会赶到教堂门口，一边看着一对新人，一边怀着鲜活的喜悦回忆当年自己斜倚在一个快乐的胖男人的胳膊上从桑迪芒特的海洋之星教堂走出来的情景。他衣冠整洁，身穿一件长外衣，一条淡紫色长裤，一只胳膊上优雅地端放着一顶丝质礼帽。但三个星期之后，她就发现为人妻子的生活是令人厌烦的，再后来，当她开始发现这种生活无法忍受的时候，她已经当了母亲。母亲的职责没有带给她什么不可克服的困难，二十五年来，她为自己的丈夫精明地操持着家。她的两个年长的儿子都已经开始做事。一个是在格拉斯哥的一家窗帘店，另一个是给贝尔法斯特的一个茶商当职员。他们都是好儿子，经常写信，有时还给家里寄钱回来。其他几个孩子都还在上学。

Mr. Kernan sent a letter to his office next day and remained in bed. She made beef-tea for him and scolded him roundly. She accepted his frequent intemperance as part of the climate, healed him dutifully whenever he was sick and always tried to make him eat a breakfast. There were worse husbands. He had never been violent since the boys had grown up, and she knew that he would walk to the end of Thomas Street and back again to book even a small order.

第二天，克南先生给办公室送了封信，然后依旧卧床休息。她给他做了牛肉茶，并且狠狠地指责了他一番。她把他经常的饮酒无度看得和天气变化一样，一旦他病了，她就会尽职尽责地使他康复，并且总是设法让他吃早饭。还有更糟糕的丈夫呢。自从男孩们长大以后，他就再也没有粗暴地对待过她，而且她知道，哪怕是为了订制一件小东西，他也会在汤姆斯街上来回走一遍。

Two nights after, his friends came to see him. She brought them up to his bedroom, the air of which was impregnated with a personal odour, and gave them chairs at the fire. Mr. Kernan's tongue, the occasional stinging pain of which had made him somewhat irritable during the day, became more polite. He sat propped up in the bed by pillows and the little colour in his puffy cheeks made them resemble warm cinders. He apologised to his guests for the disorder of the room, but at the same time looked at them a little proudly, with a veteran's pride.

两个晚上之后，他的朋友们来看他了。她把他们领到他的卧室，房间里弥漫着一种病人的味道，她给他们在炉火边安排了座位。克南先生的舌头偶尔发作的刺痛让他在白天的时候多少有些易怒，不过现在脾气变得好了些。他坐在床上，背靠着枕头，浮肿的脸颊上几乎没有血色，这让他看上去就像是温热的灰烬。他向客人们道歉说屋子里很乱，不过与此同时他又略有些自豪地看着他们，那是一种老练之人的自豪。

He was quite unconscious that he was the victim of a plot which his friends, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. M'Coy and Mr. Power had disclosed to Mrs. Kernan in the parlour. The idea had been Mr. Power's, but its development was entrusted to Mr. Cunningham. Mr. Kernan came of Protestant stock and, though he had been converted to the Catholic faith at the time of his marriage, he had not been in the pale of the Church for twenty years. He was fond, moreover, of giving side-thrusts at Catholicism.

他根本就没有意识到自己成了一个计谋的牺牲品。他的朋友们，坎宁安先生、麦克伊先生以及鲍尔先生已经在客厅里向克南太太透露了这个计谋。主意是鲍尔先生出的，不过进一步扩展的任务交给了坎宁安先生。克南先生是新教徒出身，尽管后来结婚的时候改信了天主教，但他二十年来却一直未曾接受教堂的约束。他甚至还喜欢对天主教进行侧面攻击。

Mr. Cunningham was the very man for such a case. He was an elder colleague of Mr. Power. His own domestic life was not very happy. People had great sympathy with him, for it was known that he had married an unpresentable woman who was an incurable drunkard. He had set up house for her six times; and each time she had pawned the furniture on him.

坎宁安先生是应对这种情况的最佳人选。他是鲍尔先生的一位同事，比鲍尔先生年长一些。他自己的家庭生活也不是非常幸福。人们都对他怀有深切的同情，因为大家都知道他娶了一个很不体面的女人，她是个不可救药的酒鬼。他已经因为她置过六次家；每次她都会把他的家具典当一空。

Everyone had respect for poor Martin Cunningham. He was a thoroughly sensible man, influential and intelligent. His blade of human knowledge, natural astuteness particularised by long association with cases in the police courts, had been tempered by brief immersions in the waters of general philosophy. He was well informed. His friends bowed to his opinions and considered that his face was like Shakespeare's.

大家都很尊敬可怜的马丁·坎宁安。他是个非常明理之人，很有影响力，也很有才智。他对人性的了解，他那因长期在警署的法庭上接触各种案件而加深的天生的足智多谋，由于偶尔会沉浸在通俗哲学的水域中，又多少磨去了些锋芒。他见多识广。他的朋友们对他的看法总是俯首称是，认为他的脸就像是莎士比亚的脸。

When the plot had been disclosed to her, Mrs. Kernan had said:

当他们把这个计谋透露给克南太太的时候，她说：

"I leave it all in your hands, Mr. Cunningham."

“我把这件事全交到您手里了，坎宁安先生。”

After a quarter of a century of married life, she had very few illusions left. Religion for her was a habit, and she suspected that a man of her husband's age would not change greatly before death. She was tempted to see a curious appropriateness in his accident and, but that she did not wish to seem bloody-minded, would have told the gentlemen that Mr. Kernan's tongue would not suffer by being shortened. However, Mr. Cunningham was a capable man; and religion was religion. The scheme might do good and, at least, it could do no harm. Her beliefs were not extravagant. She believed steadily in the Sacred Heart as the most generally useful of all Catholic devotions and approved of the sacraments. Her faith was bounded by her kitchen, but, if she was put to it, she could believe also in the banshee and in the Holy Ghost.

经过了四分之一世纪的婚姻生活之后，她留存下来的幻想已是少之又少了。宗教对于她而言是一种习惯，她怀疑像她丈夫这个年纪的人直到死也不会再有很大改变了。她不禁觉得他的这次事故发生的时机恰到好处，要不是她不想显得冷血无情的话，她甚至会告诉这几位先生说克南先生的舌头就算短一截也不要紧。然而，坎宁安先生是一个能干之人；再说宗教就是宗教。这个计划或许会有好处，至少，它不会有什么害处。她的信念并不过分。她坚信在所有的天主教祈祷式中圣心祈祷式是最普遍适用的一种，她也赞同做各种圣礼。她的信念受到了厨房的束缚，不过，要是身处困境的话，她也会相信班希和圣灵。

The gentlemen began to talk of the accident. Mr. Cunningham said that he had once known a similar case. A man of seventy had bitten off a piece of his tongue during an epileptic fit and the tongue had filled in again, so that no one could see a trace of the bite.

先生们开始谈论起这次事故。坎宁安先生说他曾经听说过一起类似事件。一个七十岁的老人在癫痫病发作的时候咬掉了自己的一小块舌头，后来舌头又长好了，谁都看不出来被咬过的痕迹。

"Well, I'm not seventy," said the invalid.

“呃，我没有七十岁。”病人说。

"God forbid," said Mr. Cunningham.

“愿上帝禁止此类事情发生。”坎宁安先生说。

"It doesn't pain you now?" asked Mr. M'Coy.

“现在你不觉得疼了吧？”麦克伊先生问。

Mr. M'Coy had been at one time a tenor of some reputation. His wife, who had been a soprano, still taught young children to play the piano at low terms. His line of life had not been the shortest distance between two points and for short periods he had been driven to live by his wits. He had been a clerk in the Midland Railway, a canvasser for advertisements for The Irish Times and for The Freeman's Journal, a town traveller for a coal firm on commission, a private inquiry agent, a clerk in the office of the Sub-Sheriff, and he had recently become secretary to the City Coroner. His new office made him professionally interested in Mr. Kernan's case.

麦克伊先生曾是一位小有名气的男高音。他的妻子曾经是一名女高音，如今依然在教小孩子们弹钢琴，收费低廉。他的生活轨迹并非是两点一线那么简单，他曾经暂时被迫靠骗人过日子。他曾在米德兰德铁路局做过职员，曾为《爱尔兰时报》和《自由公民杂志》做过广告推销员，还做过一家煤炭公司的授权城镇旅行推销员，还做过私家侦探和副治安官办公室的职员，最近他刚刚成为了城市验尸官的秘书。他的新职位使他对克南先生这件事产生了职业兴趣。

"Pain? Not much," answered Mr. Kernan. "But it's so sickening. I

feel as if I wanted to retch off.”

“疼？不厉害。”克南先生回答道，“可就是很让人恶心。我总觉得想吐。”

"That's the boose," said Mr. Cunningham firmly.

“这是喝酒过度引起的。”坎宁安先生肯定地说道。

"No," said Mr. Kernan. "I think I caught cold on the car. There's something keeps coming into my throat, phlegm or——”

“不，”克南先生说。“我觉得我是在马车上着凉了。总有东西不断地往喉咙里涌，痰还是——”

"Mucus." said Mr. M'Coy.

“黏液。”麦克伊先生说。

"It keeps coming like from down in my throat; sickening."

“它总是好像从下面涌到喉咙里；直让人恶心。”

"Yes, yes," said Mr. M'Coy, "that's the thorax.”

“没错，没错，”麦克伊先生说，“这是胸腔的问题。”

He looked at Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Power at the same time with an air of challenge. Mr. Cunningham nodded his head rapidly and Mr. Power said:

他带着一种质疑的神情同时看着坎宁安先生和鲍尔先生。坎宁安先生迅速点了点头，而鲍尔先生则说道：

"Ah, well, all's well that ends well.”

“啊，好了，结果好就一切都好。”

"I'm very much obliged to you, old man," said the invalid.

“我非常感激你，老伙计。”病人说。

Mr. Power waved his hand.

鲍尔先生摆了摆手。

"Those other two fellows I was with——”

“当时和我在一起的那两个家伙——”

"Who were you with?" asked Mr. Cunningham.

“你跟谁在一起？”坎宁安先生问。

"A chap. I don't know his name. Damn it now, what's his name? Little chap with sandy hair....”

“一个伙计。我不知道他的姓名。真该死，他的名字是什么呢？小个子，长着沙色头发……”

"And who else?"

“还有谁？”

"Harford."

“哈福德。”

"Hm," said Mr. Cunningham.

“哼。”坎宁安先生说。

When Mr. Cunningham made that remark, people were silent. It was known that the speaker had secret sources of information. In this case the monosyllable had a moral intention. Mr. Harford sometimes formed one of a little detachment which left the city shortly after noon on Sunday with the purpose of arriving as soon as possible at some public-house on the outskirts of the city where its members duly qualified themselves as bona fide travellers. But his fellow-travellers had never consented to overlook his origin. He had begun life as an obscure financier by lending small sums of money to workmen at usurious interest. Later on he had become the partner of a very fat, short gentleman, Mr. Goldberg, in the Liffey Loan Bank. Though he had never embraced more than the Jewish ethical code, his fellow-Catholics, whenever they had smarted in person or by proxy under his exactions, spoke of him bitterly as an Irish Jew and an illiterate, and saw divine disapproval of usury made manifest through the person of his idiot son. At other times they remembered his good points.

坎宁安先生哼了那声之后，大家就都沉默不语了。人们都知道这个说话的人有秘密的消息来源。在此刻这种情形中，这个单音节词具有一种道德意味。哈福德先生有时会组织一小队人员，在星期天正午过后离开市区，以期能尽快赶到市郊的某个酒馆，在那里这些成员会郑重其事地自封为真正的旅行者。可他的旅行同伴们却从来都不愿意忽视他的出身。他是作为一个不起眼的投资商起家的，通过放高利贷借给工人们小额钱款。后来他成了利菲贷款银行的戈德伯格先生（一个异常肥胖的矮个子先生）的生意伙伴。尽管他从来也没有接受过犹太人职业守则之外的东西，但他的那些天主教教友们，每次个人或作为委托人被他催债而感到痛苦时都会愤恨地说他是个爱尔兰犹太人和一个无知的人，他们在他那白痴儿子身上看到了上天对高利贷有多么不满。而其他时候他们却总是记着他的优点。

"I wonder where did he go to," said Mr. Kernan.

“我想知道他究竟去了哪里。”克南先生说。

He wished the details of the incident to remain vague. He wished his friends to think there had been some mistake, that Mr. Harford and he had missed each other. His friends, who knew quite well Mr. Harford's manners in drinking, were silent. Mr. Power said again:

他希望这次事件的细节能一直这么模糊不清。他希望他的朋友们会以为是出了什么差错，哈福德先生和他彼此未能见面。他的朋友们十分清楚喝酒时哈福德先生的举止，所以大家都一言不发。鲍尔先生再次说道：

"All's well that ends well.”

“结果好就一切都好。”

Mr. Kernan changed the subject at once.

克南先生立刻转移了话题。

"That was a decent young chap, that medical fellow," he said. "Only for him——”

“那是个正派的年轻人，那个帮着治疗的人。”他说，“多亏了他——”

"O, only for him," said Mr. Power, "it might have been a case of seven days, without the option of a fine."

“哦，多亏了他，”鲍尔先生说，“要不很可能要被关押七天，还不能选择交罚款了事。”

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Kernan, trying to remember. "I remember now there was a policeman. Decent young fellow, he seemed. How did it happen at all?"

“是啊，是啊，”克南先生一边说着，一边极力回想着，“我现在记起来还有一个警察。正直的年轻人，他看起来像是那样。这事到底是怎么发生的？”

"It happened that you were peloothered, Tom," said Mr. Cunningham gravely.

“事情是你醉得一塌糊涂，汤姆。”坎宁安先生严肃地说。

"True bill," said Mr. Kernan, equally gravely.

“陈述属实。”克南先生同样严肃地说道。

"I suppose you squared the constable, Jack," said Mr. M'Coy.

“我想是你搞定的那个警察吧，杰克。”麦克伊先生说。

Mr. Power did not relish the use of his Christian name. He was not straight-laced, but he could not forget that Mr. M'Coy had recently made a crusade in search of valises and portmanteaus to enable Mrs. M'Coy to fulfil imaginary engagements in the country. More than he resented the fact that he had been victimised he resented such low playing of the game. He answered the question, therefore, as if Mr. Kernan had asked it.

鲍尔先生不喜欢别人只用他的名字来称呼他。他并非拘谨古板之

人，但是他却无法忘记，麦克伊先生最近曾劳师动众到处搜罗手提包和行李箱，为的是能让麦克伊太太到乡村去赴那些凭空想象出来的约会。他成了牺牲品，这让他怨恨不已，但更让他怨恨的是如此低劣地玩弄把戏。因此，他回答了那个问题，仿佛是克南先生问的一样。

The narrative made Mr. Kernan indignant. He was keenly conscious of his citizenship, wished to live with his city on terms mutually honourable and resented any affront put upon him by those whom he called country bumpkins.

讲述这件事让克南先生感到愤愤不平。他非常在意自己的市民身份，希望能同这座城市互相尊重地相处，而对那些他称之为乡下土包子的人加在他身上的任何羞辱却非常记恨。

"Is this what we pay rates for?" he asked. "To feed and clothe these ignorant bostooms... and they're nothing else.”

“我们纳税就是为了这个吗？”他问，“为了供这些无知的软骨头们吃穿……他们还能是什么别的东西。”

Mr. Cunningham laughed. He was a Castle official only during office hours.

坎宁安先生大笑起来。他只有在工作时间才是一位城堡官员。

"How could they be anything else, Tom?" he said.

“他们怎么可能会是别的什么东西呢，汤姆？”他说。

He assumed a thick, provincial accent and said in a tone of command:

他换上了一种浓厚的外省口音，以一种命令的腔调说道：

“65, catch your cabbage!”

“65，接住你的白菜！”

Everyone laughed. Mr. M'Coy, who wanted to enter the conversation by any door, pretended that he had never heard the story. Mr. Cunningham said:

所有的人都大笑起来。麦克伊先生想得空加入到谈话当中，便假装说他从来没有听过这个故事。坎宁安先生说：

"It is supposed—they say, you know—to take place in the depot where they get these thundering big country fellows, omadhauns, you know, to drill. The sergeant makes them stand in a row against the wall and hold up their plates.”

“故事应该是——他们说的，你要知道——发生在新兵站，在那里他们把这些块头很大的乡下人，一帮蠢人，你要知道，集中到一起进行训练。队长让他们端着盘子靠墙站成一排。”

He illustrated the story by grotesque gestures.

他用奇怪的手势描述着这个故事。

"At dinner, you know. Then he has a bloody big bowl of cabbage before him on the table and a bloody big spoon like a shovel. He takes up a wad of cabbage on the spoon and pegs it across the room and the poor devils have to try and catch it on their plates: 65, catch your cabbage.”

“吃晚饭的时候，你知道吧。他面前的桌子上放着超大一碗白菜，还有一个像一把铁锹似的超大饭勺。他用勺子舀了一团白菜，然后把它甩向了房间的另一头，那些可怜的家伙们不得不设法用盘子去接：65，接住你的白菜。”

Everyone laughed again: but Mr. Kernan was somewhat indignant still. He talked of writing a letter to the papers.

大家又都笑了起来：但是克南先生却依然有些愤愤不平。他提到他要给报纸写一封信。

"These yahoos coming up here," he said, "think they can boss the people. I needn't tell you, Martin, what kind of men they are.”

“这些野蛮人跑到这儿来，”他说，“觉得他们可以把人们差来遣去。马丁，我不用告诉你他们是些什么人吧。”

Mr. Cunningham gave a qualified assent.

坎宁安先生有所保留地表示了同意。

"It's like everything else in this world," he said. "You get some bad ones and you get some good ones."

“这就像这个世界上的其他一切事情一样。”他说，“你能碰上坏的也能碰上好的。”

"O yes, you get some good ones, I admit," said Mr. Kernan, satisfied.

“啊，是啊，你碰上了些好的，我承认，”克南先生满意地说。

"It's better to have nothing to say to them," said Mr. M'Coy. "That's my opinion!”

“最好是什么也不要跟他们说，”麦克伊先生说，“这是我的看法！”

Mrs. Kernan entered the room and, placing a tray on the table, said:

克南太太走进房间，把一只盘子放在桌子上，说道：

"Help yourselves, gentlemen."

“请随意，先生们。”

Mr. Power stood up to officiate, offering her his chair. She declined it, saying she was ironing downstairs, and, after having exchanged a nod with Mr. Cunningham behind Mr. Power's back, prepared to leave the room. Her husband called out to her:

鲍尔先生起身尽宾主之宜，要把自己的椅子让给她。她谢绝了，说自己正在楼下熨衣服，在和鲍尔先生身后的坎宁安先生互相点头致意之后，她准备离开房间。她的丈夫却冲她喊叫道：

"And have you nothing for me, duckie?"

“你什么都没为我准备吗，亲爱的？”

"O, you! The back of my hand to you!" said Mrs. Kernan tartly.

“哦，你呀！给你我的手背！”克南太太尖刻地说。

Her husband called after her:

她的丈夫在她身后叫道：

"Nothing for poor little hubby!"

“什么都不给可怜的小丈夫呀！”

He assumed such a comical face and voice that the distribution of the bottles of stout took place amid general merriment.

他摆出一副滑稽可笑的嘴脸和腔调，使得大家在分那几瓶黑啤酒时一片欢声笑语。

The gentlemen drank from their glasses, set the glasses again on the table and paused. Then Mr. Cunningham turned towards Mr. Power and said casually:

先生们就着酒杯喝了酒，把杯子放回到桌子上，接着停顿了片刻。然后坎宁安先生转向鲍尔先生很随意地说道：

"On Thursday night, you said, Jack."

“你说的是在星期四晚上，杰克。”

"Thursday, yes," said Mr. Power.

“星期四，对的。”鲍尔先生说。

"Righto!" said Mr. Cunningham promptly.

“行！”坎宁安先生干脆地说。

"We can meet in M'Auley's," said Mr. M'Coy. "That'll be the most convenient place.”

“我们可以在麦奥利酒吧碰面，”麦克伊先生说，“那是最方便的地方。”

"But we mustn't be late," said Mr. Power earnestly, "because it is

sure to be crammed to the doors."

“不过咱们可不许迟到，”鲍尔先生认真地说，“因为门口肯定会挤满了人。”

"We can meet at half-seven," said Mr. M'Coy.

“咱们可以在七点半碰面。”麦克伊先生说。

"Righto!" said Mr. Cunningham.

“行！”坎宁安先生说。

"Half-seven at M'Auley's be it!”

“那就说定了，七点半在麦奥利酒吧！”

There was a short silence. Mr. Kernan waited to see whether he would be taken into his friends' confidence. Then he asked:

一阵短暂的沉默。克南先生等着看朋友们是否会告诉他这是怎么回事。然后他问：

"What's in the wind?”

“要干什么啊？”

"O, it's nothing," said Mr. Cunningham. "It's only a little matter that we're arranging about for Thursday.”

“哦，没什么，”坎宁安先生说，“只是我们安排在星期四要去做的一件小事儿。”

"The opera, is it?" said Mr. Kernan.

“歌剧，是吗？”克南先生说。

"No, no," said Mr. Cunningham in an evasive tone, "it's just a little... spiritual matter.”

“不，不，”坎宁安先生躲躲闪闪地说道，“只是宗教方面的……一件小事。”

"O," said Mr. Kernan.

“哦。”克南先生说。

There was silence again. Then Mr. Power said, point blank:

又是一阵沉默。然后鲍尔先生直截了当地说道：

"To tell you the truth, Tom, we're going to make a retreat.”

“告诉你实话吧，汤姆，我们要去做一次静修。”

"Yes, that's it," said Mr. Cunningham, "Jack and I and M'Coy here—we're all going to wash the pot.”

“是的，就是这样，”坎宁安先生说，“杰克和我还有麦克伊 —— 我

们都要去洗心革面了。”

He uttered the metaphor with a certain homely energy and, encouraged by his own voice, proceeded:

他带着一种令人安心的力量打了这个比方，而且在自己声音的鼓励下，又接着说道：

"You see, we may as well all admit we're a nice collection of scoundrels, one and all. I say, one and all," he added with gruff charity and turning to Mr. Power. "Own up now!"

“你看，我们倒不妨承认我们是一帮出色的无赖，全都是。我说呀，全都是，”他带着粗鲁的善意补充道，然后转向了鲍尔先生，“现在就承认吧！”

"I own up," said Mr. Power.

“我承认。”鲍尔先生说。

"And I own up," said Mr. M'Coy.

“我也承认。”麦克伊先生说。

"So we're going to wash the pot together," said Mr. Cunningham.

“所以我们要一起去洗心革面。”坎宁安先生说。

A thought seemed to strike him. He turned suddenly to the invalid and said:

他似乎突然想到了一个念头。他突然转向病人说道：

"D'ye know what, Tom, has just occurred to me? You might join in and we'd have a four-handed reel.”

“汤姆，你知道刚刚我想到什么了吗？你或许可以加入，那我们就能来段四人联手的里尔舞了。”

"Good idea," said Mr. Power. "The four of us together."

“好主意，”鲍尔先生说，“我们四个人一起。”

Mr. Kernan was silent. The proposal conveyed very little meaning to his mind, but, understanding that some spiritual agencies were about to concern themselves on his behalf, he thought he owed it to his dignity to show a stiff neck. He took no part in the conversation for a long while, but listened, with an air of calm enmity, while his friends discussed the Jesuits.

克南先生沉默不语。这个提议几乎没有给他的脑子带来什么触动，不过，因为心里清楚一些宗教机构马上就要费心替他行事了，所以他觉得为了自己的尊严也要表示一下绝不低头的态度。他有好一会儿没有参与谈话，但他在听着，压抑着他的抵触情绪，而他的朋友们则在探讨耶稣会会士。

"I haven't such a bad opinion of the Jesuits," he said, intervening at length. "They're an educated order. I believe they mean well, too.”

“我对耶稣会会士没有这种坏印象。”他终于插嘴说道，“他们是受过教育的一派。我相信他们也都是出于好心。”

"They're the grandest order in the Church, Tom," said Mr. Cunningham, with enthusiasm. "The General of the Jesuits stands next to the Pope."

“他们是教会中最伟大的一派，汤姆，”坎宁安先生满怀激情地说道，“耶稣会会士长仅次于教皇。”

"There's no mistake about it," said Mr. M'Coy, "if you want a thing well done and no flies about, you go to a Jesuit. They're the boyos have influence. I'll tell you a case in point....”

“这一点不错，”麦克伊先生说，“如果你想要把一件事办好而且还干净利落的话，你就去找一个耶稣会会士。他们可都是有影响力的人。我来给你们讲一个这方面的例子……”

"The Jesuits are a fine body of men," said Mr. Power.

“耶稣会会士是一群优秀的人。”鲍尔先生说。

"It's a curious thing," said Mr. Cunningham, "about the Jesuit Order. Every other order of the Church had to be reformed at some time or other but the Jesuit Order was never once reformed. It never fell away."

“有一件怪事，”坎宁安先生说，“是关于耶稣会的。教会的其他所有派别都会在某个时候不得不进行改革，但耶稣会却一次都没有改革过。它从来都没有衰退过。”

"Is that so?" asked Mr. M'Coy.

“真是这样吗？”麦克伊先生说。

"That's a fact," said Mr. Cunningham. "That's history.”

“这是个事实，”坎宁安先生说，“这是历史。”

"Look at their church, too," said Mr. Power. "Look at the congregation they have."

“再看看他们的教堂，”鲍尔先生说，“看看他们拥有的会众。”

"The Jesuits cater for the upper classes," said Mr. M'Coy.

“耶稣会会士是迎合上流阶层口味的。”麦克伊先生说。

"Of course," said Mr. Power.

“那当然了。”鲍尔先生说。

"Yes," said Mr. Kernan. "That's why I have a feeling for them. It's

some of those secular priests, ignorant, bumptious——”

“没错，”克南先生说，“这就是为什么我对他们有好感的原因。是有些世俗神父，无知，自负——”

"They're all good men," said Mr. Cunningham, "each in his own way. The Irish priesthood is honoured all the world over."

“他们都是好人，”坎宁安先生说，“每个人都有自己的方式罢了。爱尔兰的神职人员在全世界都是受人尊敬的。”

"O yes," said Mr. Power.

“哦，是的。”鲍尔先生说。

"Not like some of the other priesthoods on the continent," said Mr. M'Coy, "unworthy of the name."

“不像大陆上有些神职人员，”麦克伊先生说，“名不副实。”

"Perhaps you're right," said Mr. Kernan, relenting.

“或许你是对的。”克南先生说，态度缓和了些。

"Of course I'm right," said Mr. Cunningham. "I haven't been in the world all this time and seen most sides of it without being a judge of character.”

“我当然是对的，”坎宁安先生说，“我到过世界各地，见识过了人世的很多面，每每都要品评人的性格呢。”

The gentlemen drank again, one following another's example. Mr. Kernan seemed to be weighing something in his mind. He was impressed. He had a high opinion of Mr. Cunningham as a judge of character and as a reader of faces. He asked for particulars.

先生们一个接着一个又开始喝起酒来。克南先生似乎在脑子里权衡着什么事情。他被触动了。他对坎宁安先生判断性格和察言观色的本领评价很高。他询问起细节来。

"O, it's just a retreat, you know," said Mr. Cunningham. "Father Purdon is giving it. It's for business men, you know.”

“哦，它就是一次静修而已，你要知道，”坎宁安先生说，“珀登神父会来主持这次静修，它是针对商业人士的。”

"He won't be too hard on us, Tom," said Mr. Power persuasively.

“他不会对我们过于严厉的，汤姆。”鲍尔先生诱劝道。

"Father Purdon? Father Purdon?" said the invalid.

“珀登神父？珀登神父？”病人说。

"O, you must know him, Tom," said Mr. Cunningham stoutly. "Fine, jolly fellow! He's a man of the world like ourselves.”

“哦，你肯定认识他，汤姆，”坎宁安先生肯定地说。“一个快乐的好人！他和我们一样也是个熟谙世事的人。”

"Ah,... yes. I think I know him. Rather red face; tall."

“啊，……对。我想我认识他吧。脸很红；高个子。”

"That's the man.”

“就是那个人。”

"And tell me, Martin.... Is he a good preacher?"

“那你告诉我，马丁……他是个不错的传道者吗？”

"Munno.... It's not exactly a sermon, you know. It's just kind of a friendly talk, you know, in a common-sense way.”

“嗯……我们参加的不是严格意义上的那种布道，你要知道。只是一种友好的谈话，就好似讲平常道理那样。”

Mr. Kernan deliberated. Mr. M'Coy said:

克南先生仔细考虑着。麦克伊先生说：

"Father Tom Burke, that was the boy!"

“汤姆·伯克神父，他才是合适的人选！”

"O, Father Tom Burke," said Mr. Cunningham, "that was a born orator. Did you ever hear him, Tom?"

“哦，汤姆·伯克神父，”坎宁安先生说，“那可是个天生的雄辩家。你听他讲过道吗，汤姆？”

"Did I ever hear him!" said the invalid, nettled. "Rather! I heard him...."

“我听他讲过道吗！”病人说道，他被激怒了，“是的！我听过他……”

"And yet they say he wasn't much of a theologian," said Mr Cunningham.

“不过据说他不算是一个真正的神学家 。”坎宁安先生说。

"Is that so?" said Mr. M'Coy.

“真是那样吗？”麦克伊先生说。

"O, of course, nothing wrong, you know. Only sometimes, they say, he didn't preach what was quite orthodox.”

“哦，当然了，错不了，你要知道。只是因为有时候，他们说，他不会宣讲非常正统的教义。”

"Ah!... he was a splendid man," said Mr. M'Coy.

“啊！……他是一个杰出的人。”麦克伊先生说。

"I heard him once," Mr. Kernan continued. "I forget the subject of his discourse now. Crofton and I were in the back of the... pit, you know... the——”

“我听他讲过一次，”克南先生继续说道，“我现在忘了他那次宣讲的主题了。克罗夫顿和我当时坐在后面……正厅的后面，你知道吧……也就是——”

"The body," said Mr. Cunningham.

“中殿，”坎宁安先生说。

"Yes, in the back near the door. I forget now what.... O yes, it was on the Pope, the late Pope. I remember it well. Upon my word it was magnificent, the style of the oratory. And his voice! God! hadn't he a voice! The Prisoner of the Vatican, he called him. I remember Crofton saying to me when we came out——”

“对，就是在后面靠近门口的地方。我现在忘了……哦，对了，是关于教皇的，已故的教皇。我记得很清楚。我敢说那真是气势磅礴，那雄辩的演讲风格。还有他的声音！上帝！他怎么会有那么动听的声音！梵蒂冈的囚犯，他是这么叫他的。我记得我们出来的时候克罗夫顿对我说——”

"But he's an Orangeman, Crofton, isn't he?" said Mr. Power.

“不过他是个奥瑞治人，那个克罗夫顿，不是吗？”鲍尔先生说。

"'Course he is," said Mr. Kernan, "and a damned decent Orangeman too. We went into Butler's in Moore Street—faith, was genuinely moved, tell you the God's truth—and I remember well his very words. Kernan, he said, we worship at different altars, he said, but our belief is the same. Struck me as very well put.”

“当然他是，”克南先生说，“而且还是一个非常正派的奥瑞治人。我们去了穆尔街上的巴特勒酒吧——天啊，真正地被感动了，跟你们说大实话吧——我清楚地记得他说的每个词。克南，他说，我们在不同的圣坛上进行祭拜，他说，可是我们的信仰却是一样的。这话说的让我觉得非常好。”

"There's a good deal in that," said Mr. Power. "There used always be crowds of Protestants in the chapel where Father Tom was preaching."

“这话很有道理，”鲍尔先生说，“汤姆神父过去布道的教堂一度总是挤满了新教徒。”

"There's not much difference between us," said Mr. M'Coy.

“那我们之间没有太大的区别啊。”麦克伊先生说。

"We both believe in——”

“我们都相信——”

He hesitated for a moment.

他犹豫了片刻。

"... in the Redeemer. Only they don't believe in the Pope and in the mother of God.”

“……相信救世主。只是他们不相信教皇和圣母。”

"But, of course," said Mr. Cunningham quietly and effectively, "our religion is the religion, the old, original faith."

“不过，当然了，”坎宁安先生平静而有力地说，“我们的宗教才是宗教，是古老、本初的信仰。”

"Not a doubt of it," said Mr. Kernan warmly.

“这一点毫无疑问。”克南先生热情地说道。

Mrs. Kernan came to the door of the bedroom and announced:

克南太太来到卧室门口通报说：

"Here's a visitor for you!”

“有客人来拜访你！”

"Who is it?"

“是谁？”

"Mr. Fogarty."

“福格蒂先生。”

"O, come in! come in!"

“哦，进来！进来！”

A pale, oval face came forward into the light. The arch of its fair trailing moustache was repeated in the fair eyebrows looped above pleasantly astonished eyes. Mr. Fogarty was a modest grocer. He had failed in business in a licensed house in the city because his financial condition had constrained him to tie himself to second-class distillers and brewers. He had opened a small shop on Glasnevin Road where, he flattered himself, his manners would ingratiate him with the housewives of the district. He bore himself with a certain grace, complimented little children and spoke with a neat enunciation. He was not without culture.

一张面色苍白的椭圆形脸出现在光亮处。脸上的那撇浅色小胡子的末梢弯卷着，闪现着喜悦和惊讶神情的眼睛上方，也有一对弯弯的浅色

眉毛。福格蒂先生是一个中等收入的杂货商。他在城里经营过一家有执照的酒吧，但生意失败了，因为他的财力状况所限，他只能和二流的酒厂和酿酒商打交道。他在格拉斯奈文路上开了一家小店铺，在那里他满以为他的翩翩风度会让那个地区的家庭主妇们喜欢上他。他自持颇有几分优雅，对小孩子总是褒扬夸奖，说话也总是清楚利落。他并非没有教养。

Mr. Fogarty brought a gift with him, a half-pint of special whisky. He inquired politely for Mr. Kernan, placed his gift on the table and sat down with the company on equal terms. Mr. Kernan appreciated the gift all the more since he was aware that there was a small account for groceries unsettled between him and Mr. Fogarty. He said:

福格蒂先生给他带来了一件礼物，一瓶半品脱的特制威士忌。他先礼貌地询问了克南先生的病情，在把礼物放在桌子上后，他平等地和这一帮朋友坐在了一起。克南先生想起他和福格蒂先生之间还有一小笔杂货帐没有结清，因此他更加感激这份礼物。他说：

"I wouldn't doubt you, old man. Open that, Jack, will you?”

“我不会怀疑你，老伙计。把这个打开，杰克，可以吗？”

Mr. Power again officiated. Glasses were rinsed and five small measures of whisky were poured out. This new influence enlivened the conversation. Mr. Fogarty, sitting on a small area of the chair, was specially interested.

鲍尔先生又再次承担了重任。杯子清洗以后，倒好了五份威士忌。这种新的参与因素活跃了谈话气氛。福格蒂先生坐在椅子上的一小块地方，显得特别有兴趣。

"Pope Leo XIII," said Mr. Cunningham, "was one of the lights of the age. His great idea, you know, was the union of the Latin and Greek Churches. That was the aim of his life."

“教皇利奥十三，”坎宁安先生说，“是那个时代的一盏明灯。要知道，他的伟大思想，是要把拉丁教会和希腊教会结合起来。那是他的终生目标。”

"I often heard he was one of the most intellectual men in Europe," said Mr. Power. "I mean, apart from his being Pope."

“我常听说他是欧洲最有智慧的一个人，”鲍尔先生说，“我的意思是，除了他是教皇这个原因之外。”

"So he was," said Mr. Cunningham, "if not the most so. His motto, you know, as Pope, was Lux upon Lux—Light upon Light.”

“他的确如此，”坎宁安先生说，“即使他不是最有智慧的那一个。他作为教皇的座右铭，你们要知道，是Lux upon Lux——光明之上的光

明。”

"No, no," said Mr. Fogarty eagerly. "I think you're wrong there. It was Lux in Tenebris, I think—Light in Darkness.”

“不，不，”福格蒂先生着急地说，“我认为这一点你弄错了。是Lux in Tenebris，我认为 —— 黑暗之中的光明。”

"O yes," said Mr. M'Coy, "Tenebrae."

“哦，对，”麦克伊先生说，“是Tenebrae。”

"Allow me," said Mr. Cunningham positively, "it was Lux upon Lux. And Pius IX his predecessor's motto was Crux upon Crux—that is, Cross upon Cross—to show the difference between their two pontificates.”

“听我说，”坎宁安先生肯定地说，“它是Lux upon Lux。另外他的前任，庇护九世的座右铭是Crux upon Crux——意思是，十字架之上的十字架——他们两者之间的区别就在这儿。”

The inference was allowed. Mr. Cunningham continued.

这种推论得到了认可。坎宁安先生接着往下说：

"Pope Leo, you know, was a great scholar and a poet."

“教皇利奥，你们要知道，是一个伟大的学者兼诗人。”

"He had a strong face," said Mr. Kernan.

“他有一副坚毅的面孔。”克南先生说。

"Yes," said Mr. Cunningham. "He wrote Latin poetry."

“是的，”坎宁安先生说，“他写过拉丁文诗歌。”

"Is that so?" said Mr. Fogarty.

“真是那样吗？”福格蒂先生说。

Mr. M'Coy tasted his whisky contentedly and shook his head with a double intention, saying:

麦克伊先生惬意地品尝着自己那杯威士忌，带着一种双重意图摇了摇头，说道：

"That's no joke, I can tell you.”

“这可不是开玩笑，我可以告诉你们。”

"We didn't learn that, Tom," said Mr. Power, following Mr. M'Coy's example, "when we went to the penny-a-week school.”

“我们都没学过这个，汤姆，”鲍尔先生仿效着麦克伊先生的样子说道，“我们当年上的可是那种一周一便士的学校。”

"There was many a good man went to the penny-a-week school

with a sod of turf under his oxter," said Mr. Kernan sententiously. "The old system was the best: plain honest education. None of your modern trumpery....”

“有许多人上的都是这种一周一便士的学校，每个人胳膊下面都得夹块泥炭，”克南先生简洁地说道。“过去的体制是最好的：非常诚实的教育。没有一样你们现代那些虚有其表的东西……”

"Quite right," said Mr. Power.

“非常正确。”鲍尔先生说。

"No superfluities," said Mr. Fogarty.

“没有多余的东西。”福格蒂先生说道。

He enunciated the word and then drank gravely.

他阐明了这一论点之后就郑重地喝起酒来。

"I remember reading," said Mr. Cunningham, "that one of Pope Leo's poems was on the invention of the photograph—in Latin, of course.”

“我记得曾经读到过，”坎宁安先生说，“教皇利奥一首关于照相术的发明的诗——当然，是用拉丁文写的。”

"On the photograph!" exclaimed Mr. Kernan.

“关于照相术！”克南先生惊叫道。

"Yes," said Mr. Cunningham.

“是的。”坎宁安先生说。

He also drank from his glass.

他也从自己的酒杯里喝了口酒。

"Well, you know," said Mr. M'Coy, "isn't the photograph wonderful when you come to think of it?”

“哎，你们要知道，”麦克伊先生说，“当你们想到照相术的时候，难道不觉得它奇妙吗？”

"O, of course," said Mr. Power, "great minds can see things."

“哦，当然了，”鲍尔先生说，“大智慧者能够洞悉世事。”

"As the poet says: Great minds are very near to madness," said Mr. Fogarty.

“正如诗人所说：大智慧者离疯狂近在咫尺。”福格蒂先生说。

Mr. Kernan seemed to be troubled in mind. He made an effort to recall the Protestant theology on some thorny points and in the end addressed Mr. Cunningham.

克南先生似乎心里有些烦乱。他努力回想着新教神学中有些棘手的问题，最后他冲坎宁安先生说起话来。

"Tell me, Martin," he said. "Weren't some of the popes—of course, not our present man, or his predecessor, but some of the old popes—not exactly... you know... up to the knocker?”

“告诉我，马丁。”他说，“有些教皇 —— 当然了，不是说我们现在这位，或者他的前任，而是说过去的有些教皇 —— 不是确切地指谁……你知道吧……难道不是不太够格吗？”

There was a silence. Mr. Cunningham said:

一阵沉默。坎宁安先生说：

"O, of course, there were some bad lots... But the astonishing thing is this. Not one of them, not the biggest drunkard, not the most... out-and-out ruffian, not one of them ever preached ex cathedra a word of false doctrine. Now isn't that an astonishing thing?”

“哦，当然了，有一些不太好的人选……不过令人惊讶的就是这一点。他们中的任何一个，即使是那个最大的酒鬼，那个最……彻头彻尾的流氓，他们中的任何一个都不曾在担任教皇职务期间宣讲过一句错误的信条。这难道不算是一件令人惊讶的事情吗？”

"That is," said Mr. Kernan.

“的确是。”克南先生说。

"Yes, because when the Pope speaks ex cathedra," Mr. Fogarty explained, "he is infallible."

“是的，因为在教皇任职的时候，”福格蒂先生解释道，“他阐述的教义都是绝无谬误的。”

"Yes," said Mr. Cunningham.

“是的。”坎宁安先生说。

"O, I know about the infallibility of the Pope. I remember I was younger then.... Or was it that——?”

“哦，我知道教皇阐述教义绝无谬误这回事。我记得当时我还年轻……或者那是——?"

Mr. Fogarty interrupted. He took up the bottle and helped the others to a little more. Mr. M'Coy, seeing that there was not enough to go round, pleaded that he had not finished his first measure. The others accepted under protest. The light music of whisky falling into glasses made an agreeable interlude.

福格蒂先生打断了他。他拿起酒瓶给其他人都加了点酒。麦克伊先生看见酒不够再分一圈了，就借口说他那头一份还没有喝完。其他人则都在推让之下接受了。威士忌落到酒杯里发出的轻快乐声形成了一支令

人惬意的幕间曲。

"What's that you were saying, Tom?" asked Mr. M'Coy.

“你刚才说什么来着，汤姆？”麦克伊先生问道。

"Papal infallibility," said Mr. Cunningham, "that was the greatest scene in the whole history of the Church."

“教皇阐述教义的绝无谬误，”坎宁安先生说，“这可是整个教会历史上最伟大的一幕。”

"How was that, Martin?" asked Mr. Power.

“它是怎么来的，马丁？”鲍尔先生问。

Mr. Cunningham held up two thick fingers.

坎宁安先生举起两根粗手指。

"In the sacred college, you know, of cardinals and archbishops and bishops there were two men who held out against it while the others were all for it. The whole conclave except these two was unanimous. No! They wouldn't have it!”

“在由红衣主教和大主教还有主教们组成的天主教红衣主教团中，你们要知道，只有两个人提出反对意见，而其他人则全部赞成。全部与会人员除了那两位之外达成了一致意见。不行！他们不同意！”

"Ha!" said Mr. M'Coy.

“哈！”麦克伊先生说。

"And they were a German cardinal by the name of Dolling... or Dowling... or——”

“他们两位中一位是一个德国红衣主教，名叫多林……或者是道林……或者——”

"Dowling was no German, and that's a sure five," said Mr. Power, laughing.

“道林肯定不是德国人，这一点是可以肯定的的。”鲍尔先生大笑着说道。

"Well, this great German cardinal, whatever his name was, was one; and the other was John MacHale."

“好了，这位伟大的德国红衣主教，不管他名叫什么，是其中一位；而另一位是约翰·麦克黑尔。”

"What?" cried Mr. Kernan. "Is it John of Tuam?"

“什么？”克南先生叫道，“是那个蒂厄姆的约翰吗？”

"Are you sure of that now?" asked Mr. Fogarty dubiously. "I

thought it was some Italian or American."

“你确定是这样吗？”福格蒂先生将信将疑地问道，“我一直以为是某个意大利人或美国人呢。”

"John of Tuam," repeated Mr. Cunningham, "was the man."

“蒂厄姆的约翰，”坎宁安先生重复道，“就是那第二个人。”

He drank and the other gentlemen followed his lead. Then he resumed:

他喝了点酒，其他先生都学着他的样子喝了酒。然后他接着说道：

"There they were at it, all the cardinals and bishops and archbishops from all the ends of the earth and these two fighting dog and devil until at last the Pope himself stood up and declared infallibility a dogma of the Church ex cathedra. On the very moment John MacHale, who had been arguing and arguing against it, stood up and shouted out with the voice of a lion: 'Credo!'"

“在这一点上他们争论着，来自全球各地的所有红衣主教和主教还有大主教与这两个人斗得难解难分，直到最后教皇本人站起来宣布说教皇阐述教义绝无谬误是天主教会的一条教义。就在那一刻，此前一直在为反对这个提案争论来争论去的约翰·麦克黑尔却站起来用狮子般的声音喊道：‘教义！’”

"I believe!" said Mr. Fogarty.

“我相信！”福格蒂先生说。

"Credo!" said Mr. Cunningham. "That showed the faith he had. He submitted the moment the Pope spoke."

“信条！”坎宁安先生说。“那表明了他所具有的信仰。他在教皇说话的那一刻臣服了。”

"And what about Dowling?" asked Mr. M'Coy.

“那道林呢？”麦克伊先生问。

"The German cardinal wouldn't submit. He left the church.”

“那个德国红衣主教没有屈服。他离开了教会。”

Mr. Cunningham's words had built up the vast image of the church in the minds of his hearers. His deep, raucous voice had thrilled them as it uttered the word of belief and submission. When Mrs. Kernan came into the room, drying her hands she came into a solemn company. She did not disturb the silence, but leaned over the rail at the foot of the bed.

坎宁安先生的话语在他的这些听众的脑海中构建起了教会的高大形象。他那低沉沙哑的声音在传达信仰和臣服的信息时使他们感到极为激

动。当克南太太擦干着双手走进房间的时候，她走进了神情严肃的一群人之中。她没有打破这种静默，而是弯身倚在了床脚的栏杆上。

"I once saw John MacHale," said Mr. Kernan, "and I'll never forget it as long as I live.”

“我有一次见过约翰·麦克黑尔，”克南先生说，“只要我活着，我就绝不会忘记这件事。”

He turned towards his wife to be confirmed.

他转身面向妻子以寻求证实。

"I often told you that?"

“我常跟你提起这件事吧？”

Mrs. Kernan nodded.

克南太太点点头。

"It was at the unveiling of Sir John Gray's statue. Edmund Dwyer Gray was speaking, blathering away, and here was this old fellow, crabbed-looking old chap, looking at him from under his bushy eyebrows.”

“那是在约翰·格雷爵士塑像的揭幕仪式上。埃德蒙·德怀尔·格雷在胡言乱语地发言，这时就来了这位老人家，满脸怒容的老伙计，双眼从浓密的眉毛下方注视着他。”

Mr. Kernan knitted his brows and, lowering his head like an angry bull, glared at his wife.

克南先生皱起了眉头，他像一头愤怒的公牛似的低下了头怒视着他的妻子。

"God!" he exclaimed, resuming his natural face, "I never saw such an eye in a man's head. It was as much as to say: I have you properly taped, my lad. He had an eye like a hawk.”

“上帝！”他惊叫道，脸上恢复了自然的神色，“我从没见过一个人会有那样一种目光。它俨然是在说：我已经彻底了解了你，我的孩子。他有着鹰隼般的目光。”

"None of the Grays was any good," said Mr. Power.

“格雷家没有一个成器的。”鲍尔先生说。

There was a pause again. Mr. Power turned to Mrs. Kernan and said with abrupt joviality:

又是一阵停顿。鲍尔先生转向克南太太突然愉快地说道：

"Well, Mrs. Kernan, we're going to make your man here a good holy pious and God-fearing Roman Catholic.”

“好了，克南太太，我们将让你的男人变成一个神圣虔诚而且敬畏上帝的好天主教徒。”

He swept his arm round the company inclusively.

他冲着这帮伙计们一并挥了挥手臂。

"We're all going to make a retreat together and confess our sins—and God knows we want it badly.”

“我们会一起去做一次静修，坦白我们的罪孽——上帝知道我们非常需要这样做。”

"I don't mind," said Mr. Kernan, smiling a little nervously.

“我不介意，”克南先生有点紧张地笑着说。

Mrs. Kernan thought it would be wiser to conceal her satisfaction. So she said:

克南太太觉得明智一点的做法应是掩饰住自己内心的满意之情。于是她便说：

"I pity the poor priest that has to listen to your tale."

“我真同情那个不得不听你们讲述的可怜的神父。”

Mr. Kernan's expression changed.

克南先生的表情变了。

"If he doesn't like it," he said bluntly, "he can... do the other thing. I'll just tell him my little tale of woe. I'm not such a bad fellow——”

“如果他不喜欢的话，”他直率地说，“他可以……做一件别的什么事。我就想跟他说说我那点烦心事。我并不是多坏的一个人——”

Mr. Cunningham intervened promptly.

坎宁安先生迅速插进话来。

"We'll all renounce the devil," he said, "together, not forgetting his works and pomps."

“我们全都会正式弃绝于魔鬼，”他说，“大家一起，但不会忘记他的诡计和花招。”

"Get behind me, Satan!" said Mr. Fogarty, laughing and looking at the others.

“到我身后去吧，撒旦！”福格蒂先生笑着看着其他人说道。

Mr. Power said nothing. He felt completely out-generalled. But a pleased expression flickered across his face.

鲍尔先生什么也没说。他感到自己完全掌控不了局面了。不过一种满意的表情还是闪现在他的脸上。

"All we have to do," said Mr. Cunningham, "is to stand up with lighted candles in our hands and renew our baptismal vows."

“我们所要做的，”坎宁安先生说，“就是双手举着点燃的蜡烛站着重申我们受洗时的誓言。”

"O, don't forget the candle, Tom," said Mr. M'Coy, "whatever you do."

“哦，别忘了蜡烛，汤姆，”麦克伊先生说，“无论你干什么。”

"What?" said Mr. Kernan. "Must I have a candle?"

“什么？”克南先生说，“我必须得有一支蜡烛吗？”

"O yes," said Mr. Cunningham.

“哦，是的。”坎宁安先生说。

"No, damn it all," said Mr. Kernan sensibly, "I draw the line there. I'll do the job right enough. I'll do the retreat business and confession, and... all that business. But... no candles! No, damn it all, I bar the candles!”

“不，全都见鬼去吧，”克南先生幡然醒悟地说道，“这已经是我的底线了。我可以完全符合要求地来做这件事儿。我可以做静修和忏悔，以及……所有那些事儿。不，全都见鬼去吧，我不要什么蜡烛！”

He shook his head with farcical gravity.

他带着滑稽的严肃表情摇了摇头。

"Listen to that!" said his wife.

“你们听听！”他的妻子说。

"I bar the candles," said Mr. Kernan, conscious of having created an effect on his audience and continuing to shake his head to and fro. "I bar the magic-lantern business.”

“我不要什么蜡烛，”克南先生说，他发现已经在自己的听众中间有了某种影响，就继续来回摇晃着他的脑袋。“我不要魔灯那档子把戏。”

Everyone laughed heartily.

所有的人都尽情大笑起来。

"There's a nice Catholic for you!" said his wife.

“现在你们可有了一位好天主教徒了！”他的妻子说。

"No candles!" repeated Mr. Kernan obdurately. "That's off!”

“不要蜡烛！”克南先生执拗地重复道，“就这样！”

The transept of the Jesuit Church in Gardiner Street was almost full; and still at every moment gentlemen entered from the side door

and, directed by the lay-brother, walked on tiptoe along the aisles until they found seating accommodation. The gentlemen were all well dressed and orderly. The light of the lamps of the church fell upon an assembly of black clothes and white collars, relieved here and there by tweeds, on dark mottled pillars of green marble and on lugubrious canvases. The gentlemen sat in the benches, having hitched their trousers slightly above their knees and laid their hats in security. They sat well back and gazed formally at the distant speck of red light which was suspended before the high altar.

加德纳街上耶稣会教堂的耳堂几乎已经满了；可仍然有先生们隔不了一会儿就会从侧门进来，在平信徒修士的引导下，踮着脚尖沿通道走过去，找个位子坐下。先生们全都衣着得体，井然有序。教堂里的灯光落在偶尔会有花呢衣服点缀其间的黑衣白领的会众身上，落在灰暗斑驳的绿色大理石立柱上，也落在那些忧郁的背景画面上。先生们坐在长椅上，他们把长裤略微往膝盖以上提了提，把帽子也安放在了一边。他们身子很靠后地坐着，郑重地凝视着远处的一点光斑，那是悬挂在高高的祭坛前面的一盏红灯。

In one of the benches near the pulpit sat Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Kernan. In the bench behind sat Mr. M'Coy alone: and in the bench behind him sat Mr. Power and Mr. Fogarty. Mr. M'Coy had tried unsuccessfully to find a place in the bench with the others, and, when the party had settled down in the form of a quincunx, he had tried unsuccessfully to make comic remarks. As these had not been well received, he had desisted. Even he was sensible of the decorous atmosphere and even he began to respond to the religious stimulus. In a whisper, Mr. Cunningham drew Mr. Kernan's attention to Mr. Harford, the moneylender, who sat some distance off, and to Mr. Fanning, the registration agent and mayor maker of the city, who was sitting immediately under the pulpit beside one of the newly elected councillors of the ward. To the right sat old Michael Grimes, the owner of three pawnbroker's shops, and Dan Hogan's nephew, who was up for the job in the Town Clerk's office. Farther in front sat Mr. Hendrick, the chief reporter of The Freeman's Journal, and poor O'Carroll, an old friend of Mr. Kernan's, who had been at one time a considerable commercial figure. Gradually, as he recognised familiar faces, Mr. Kernan began to feel more at home. His hat, which had been rehabilitated by his wife, rested upon his knees. Once or twice he pulled down his cuffs with one hand while he held the brim of his hat lightly, but firmly, with the other hand.

在布道坛附近的一排长椅上坐着坎宁安先生和克南先生。在后面的长椅上单独坐着麦克伊先生：在他后面的长椅上坐着鲍尔先生和福格蒂先生。麦克伊先生曾设法在其他几位的长椅上找个座位，但没能成功，当这一帮人以梅花形五点排列落座之后，他又曾想说几句逗笑的话，但

也没能成功。那几句话未能引起很好的效果，于是他也就作罢了。就连他也察觉到了庄严的气氛，就连他也开始对宗教的鼓舞有所感应了。坎宁安先生低语着让克南先生注意放贷人哈福德先生和选民登记官兼市长选举策划人范宁先生。哈福德先生坐在稍远一些的座位上，而范宁先生则挨着一位新当选的市政顾问坐在布道坛下面。右边坐着老迈克尔·格兰姆斯，三家当铺的所有人，还有丹·霍根的侄子，他刚刚得到了在市政秘书办公室工作的差事。在远处前排长椅上坐着亨德里克先生，《自由民日报》的首席记者，还有可怜的奥卡罗尔，克南先生的一位老朋友，他一度是一位赫赫有名的商界人物。克南先生认出了那些熟悉的面孔，他开始感到越来越自在了。他的帽子（已经让妻子给补好了）安放在他的膝盖上。有一两回，他用一只手把衣袖拽下来，而另一只手则轻轻地牢牢地捏着帽檐。

A powerful-looking figure, the upper part of which was draped with a white surplice, was observed to be struggling into the pulpit. Simultaneously the congregation unsettled, produced handkerchiefs and knelt upon them with care. Mr. Kernan followed the general example. The priest's figure now stood upright in the pulpit, two-thirds of its bulk, crowned by a massive red face, appearing above the balustrade.

只见一个强壮有力的身影费力地走上布道坛，他上身披着一件白色的法衣。与此同时，会众们也都行动起来，他们拿出手帕，小心翼翼地跪在了上面。克南先生仿效着大伙儿的作法。那个神父的身影现在站立在布道坛上了，那顶着一张大红脸盘的身躯有三分之二显现在栏杆之上。

Father Purdon knelt down, turned towards the red speck of light and, covering his face with his hands, prayed. After an interval, he uncovered his face and rose. The congregation rose also and settled again on its benches. Mr. Kernan restored his hat to its original position on his knee and presented an attentive face to the preacher. The preacher turned back each wide sleeve of his surplice with an elaborate large gesture and slowly surveyed the array of faces. Then he said:

珀登神父跪了下来，面朝着那点红色的光斑，双手遮面祷告了起来。过了一会儿，他把手从脸上拿开，然后站了起来。会众们也都站了起来，重新坐到了长椅上。克南先生又把帽子放回到膝盖上原先那个位置，然后向布道者呈现出一副聚精会神的面孔。布道者大幅度地用一种繁复的手势把法衣的两个宽大的袖子折了回去，慢慢地审视着那一张张面孔。然后他说：

"For the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light. Wherefore make unto yourselves friends out of the mammon of iniquity so that when you die they may receive you into everlasting dwellings."

“因为今世之子生来就比光明之子更加聪明。因此要借着不义之财结交朋友，这样到你死的时候，他们就可以接你到永恒的帐幕里去。”

Father Purdon developed the text with resonant assurance. It was one of the most difficult texts in all the Scriptures, he said, to interpret properly. It was a text which might seem to the casual observer at variance with the lofty morality elsewhere preached by Jesus Christ. But, he told his hearers, the text had seemed to him specially adapted for the guidance of those whose lot it was to lead the life of the world and who yet wished to lead that life not in the manner of worldlings. It was a text for business men and professional men. Jesus Christ with His divine understanding of every cranny of our human nature, understood that all men were not called to the religious life, that by far the vast majority were forced to live in the world, and, to a certain extent, for the world: and in this sentence He designed to give them a word of counsel, setting before them as exemplars in the religious life those very worshippers of Mammon who were of all men the least solicitous in matters religious.

珀登神父用洪亮坚定的声音诵念了这段经文。他说，这是圣经中最难进行合理解读的经文之一。这篇经文在粗心的信徒看来似乎与其他地方耶稣基督所宣扬的高尚道德不相符合。不过，他告诉他的听众说，这篇经文在他看来似乎特别适用于引导那些命里注定要过世俗生活但却又希望不像俗人那般生活的人。这是一篇适用于商人和职业人士的经文。耶稣基督对我们人性中的每一个角落都有着他神圣的了解，他了解，并非所有的人都受到感召要去过宗教生活，他了解，迄今为止，绝大多数人都仍被迫生活在尘世，而且在某种程度上，生活也仍是为了尘世：在这句话中，他有意要给他们一种劝告，他在他们面前把那些崇奉财神的人作为宗教生活的典范，而这些人本来是芸芸众生中对宗教事务最不感兴趣的人。

He told his hearers that he was there that evening for no terrifying, no extravagant purpose; but as a man of the world speaking to his fellow-men. He came to speak to business men and he would speak to them in a businesslike way. If he might use the metaphor, he said, he was their spiritual accountant; and he wished each and every one of his hearers to open his books, the books of his spiritual life, and see if they tallied accurately with conscience.

他告诉他的听众们说，他这天晚上在那里目的不是为了威吓，也不是为了炫耀；而只是以一个尘世之人的身份来和自己的同类说说话。他来跟商人们说话，他会以一种公事公办的方式来和他们说话。如果他能作个比喻的话，他说，他就是他们精神上的会计；他希望他的每一个听众都能打开自己的账本，精神生活的账本，来看看他们和良心之间的账目是否计算得准确。

Jesus Christ was not a hard taskmaster. He understood our little

failings, understood the weakness of our poor fallen nature, understood the temptations of this life. We might have had, we all had from time to time, our temptations: we might have, we all had, our failings. But one thing only, he said, he would ask of his hearers. And that was: to be straight and manly with God. If their accounts tallied in every point to say:

耶稣基督并非是一个严厉的工头。他了解我们的小毛病，了解我们那委琐堕落的本性中的弱点，了解生活中的种种诱惑所在。我们可能碰上过，实际上我们都曾时不时地碰上，各自的种种诱惑：我们可能会有，实际上我们都有，各自的毛病。但是只有一件事，他说，他会要求他的听众们去做。那就是：要直率而果敢地面对上帝。如果他们的账目在各个方面都做到了吻合一致，那就说：

"Well, I have verified my accounts. I find all well."

“好了，我已经核对过了我的账目。我发现一切都好。”

But if, as might happen, there were some discrepancies, to admit the truth, to be frank and say like a man:

但如果，正如可能会发生的那样，有一些出入，那就承认实情，像个男子汉那样坦诚交待，就说：

"Well, I have looked into my accounts. I find this wrong and this wrong. But, with God's grace, I will rectify this and this. I will set right my accounts.”

“好了，我已经审查过我的账目。我发现这一点不对，这一点也不对。不过，借助于上帝的恩典，我将改正这个和这个。我将校正我的账目。”

CHAPTER 15 THE DEAD

第十五章 死者

LILY, the caretaker's daughter, was literally run off her feet. Hardly had she brought one gentleman into the little pantry behind the office on the ground floor and helped him off with his overcoat than the wheezy hall-door bell clanged again and she had to scamper along the bare hallway to let in another guest. It was well for her she had not to attend to the ladies also. But Miss Kate and Miss Julia had thought of that and had converted the bathroom upstairs into a ladies' dressing-room. Miss Kate and Miss Julia were there, gossiping and laughing and fussing, walking after each other to the head of the stairs, peering down over the banisters and calling down to Lily to ask her who had come.

莉莉，也就是看门人的女儿，忙得简直脚都不着地了。她刚刚才把一位先生领进一楼厨房后面的备膳室要帮着对方脱掉外套，客厅的门铃就又叮当叮当地响了起来，她只好沿着空荡荡的厅堂过道疾奔过去让另一位客人进来。幸好她不必去照顾那些女士。不过凯特小姐和朱莉娅小姐已经想到了这一点，把楼上的盥洗室变成了女士更衣室。凯特小姐和朱莉娅小姐正呆在那儿，闲聊、说笑、嘀咕着，她们前脚挨后脚地走到楼梯口，趴在扶手上往下瞧，朝着莉莉喊是谁来了。

It was always a great affair, the Misses Morkan's annual dance. Everybody who knew them came to it, members of the family, old friends of the family, the members of Julia's choir, any of Kate's pupils that were grown up enough, and even some of Mary Jane's pupils too. Never once had it fallen flat. For years and years it had gone off in splendid style, as long as anyone could remember; ever since Kate and Julia, after the death of their brother Pat, had left the house in Stoney Batter and taken Mary Jane, their only niece, to live with them in the dark, gaunt house on Usher's Island, the upper part of which they had rented from Mr. Fulham, the corn-factor on the ground floor. That was a good thirty years ago if it was a day. Mary Jane, who was then a little girl in short clothes, was now the main prop of the household, for she had the organ in Haddington Road. She had been through the Academy and gave a pupils' concert every year in the upper room of the Antient Concert Rooms. Many of her pupils belonged to the better-class families on the Kingstown and Dalkey line. Old as they were, her aunts also did their share. Julia, though she was quite grey, was still the leading soprano in Adam and Eve's, and Kate, being too feeble to go about much, gave music lessons to beginners on the old square piano in the back room. Lily, the caretaker's daughter, did housemaid's

work for them. Though their life was modest, they believed in eating well; the best of everything: diamond-bone sirloins, three-shilling tea and the best bottled stout. But Lily seldom made a mistake in the orders, so that she got on well with her three mistresses. They were fussy, that was all. But the only thing they would not stand was back answers.

莫肯家小姐们的年度舞会总是一件大事。认识她们的每个人都会来参加，有家族成员，家族的老朋友，朱莉娅合唱团的成员，那些够了年岁的凯特的学生，甚至还会有玛丽·简的一些学生。年度舞会从未失败过。年复一年，在大家的记忆中，舞会都办得非常好；在他们的兄弟帕特死后，凯特和朱莉娅就离开了斯托尼·巴特街上的那栋房子，然后带上她们唯一的侄女玛丽·简一块住到了厄舍岛上的这栋黑暗荒凉的房子里，她们从住在一层的谷物商富勒姆先生手里租下了房子的上面一部分。那至少是整整三十年以前的事了。玛丽·简当年还是个身着童装的小女孩，如今则成了这个家庭的支柱，因为她在哈丁顿路上有一架风琴。她已经上完了音乐学院，每年都会在古音乐厅的楼上房间里举办学生音乐会。她的许多学生都来自金斯敦和达尔奇那条路上的富裕的家庭。她的姑妈们尽管都老了，但也都会尽自己的一份力。朱莉娅头发已经灰白，但她却依然是亚当和夏娃教堂里的领衔女高音，而凯特身体十分虚弱，已经不能到处走动，但也会在后屋那架老式方形钢琴上给初学者上音乐课。莉莉，也就是看门人的女儿，则给她们当女佣。尽管生活俭朴，但她们却尊崇一定要吃好的原则。一切都是最好的：带菱形骨头的牛里脊肉，三先令一磅的茶叶以及最好的瓶装黑啤酒。不过莉莉在履行这些差事的时候很少出错，因此她和她的三位女主人相处得都很好。她们总爱瞎操心，仅此而已。但是她们唯一无法容忍的事情就是遭到顶嘴。

Of course, they had good reason to be fussy on such a night. And then it was long after ten o'clock and yet there was no sign of Gabriel and his wife. Besides they were dreadfully afraid that Freddy Malins might turn up screwed. They would not wish for worlds that any of Mary Jane's pupils should see him under the influence; and when he was like that it was sometimes very hard to manage him. Freddy Malins always came late, but they wondered what could be keeping Gabriel: and that was what brought them every two minutes to the banisters to ask Lily had Gabriel or Freddy come.

当然了，在这样一个夜晚，她们是有充分的理由来操心的。现在十点钟过去已经很长时间了，但还是没有看到加布里埃尔和他妻子的身影。另外她们还非常担心弗雷迪·马林斯会醉醺醺地现身。她们决不希望玛丽·简的任何一名学生看到他喝醉的样子；而且当他那个样子的时候，有时是很难管住他的。弗雷迪·马林斯总是来得很晚，不过她们却很好奇是什么耽搁了加布里埃尔，这使得她们俩每隔两分钟就会到楼梯扶手处问莉莉加布里埃尔或弗雷迪是否来了。

"O, Mr. Conroy," said Lily to Gabriel when she opened the door for him, "Miss Kate and Miss Julia thought you were never coming.

Good-night, Mrs. Conroy.”

“哦，康罗伊先生，”在替加布里埃尔开门时莉莉对他说道，“凯特小姐和朱莉娅小姐还以为你永远都不来了呢。晚上好，康罗伊太太。”

"I'll engage they did," said Gabriel, "but they forget that my wife here takes three mortal hours to dress herself."

“我猜她们就是那样想的，”加布里埃尔说，“可是她们忘了我这位太太得需要三个小时来没完没了地更衣打扮。”

He stood on the mat, scraping the snow from his goloshes, while Lily led his wife to the foot of the stairs and called out:

他站在脚垫上，把雪从他的高统套鞋上蹭下去，而莉莉则领着他的妻子来到楼梯脚，大声喊道：

"Miss Kate, here's Mrs. Conroy.”

“凯特小姐，康罗伊太太来了。”

Kate and Julia came toddling down the dark stairs at once. Both of them kissed Gabriel's wife, said she must be perished alive, and asked was Gabriel with her.

凯特和朱莉娅立刻沿着黑暗的楼梯步履蹒跚地走了下来。两个人都吻了吻加布里埃尔的妻子，说她简直是活活地就不见了，还问加布里埃尔是不是和她一起来了。

"Here I am as right as the mail, Aunt Kate! Go on up. I'll follow," called out Gabriel from the dark.

“我来了，就像邮件一样准确无误，凯特姨妈！上去吧。我随后就来。”加布里埃尔从黑暗处大声说道。

He continued scraping his feet vigorously while the three women went upstairs, laughing, to the ladies' dressing-room. A light fringe of snow lay like a cape on the shoulders of his overcoat and like toecaps on the toes of his goloshes; and, as the buttons of his overcoat slipped with a squeaking noise through the snow-stiffened frieze, a cold, fragrant air from out-of-doors escaped from crevices and folds.

他继续使劲刮蹭着他的脚，而那三位女士则说笑着上楼到了女士更衣室。一层薄雪落在他外套的肩上，仿佛披肩一般；他那高统套鞋的足尖部分也落着一层雪，仿佛是鞋头一样；外套的纽扣在穿过被雪冻硬的扣眼时发出了吱吱咯咯的声音，一种从外面带来的寒冷却芬芳的气息也从衣服的缝隙褶皱处散逸出来。

"Is it snowing again, Mr. Conroy?" asked Lily.

“又下雪了吗，康罗伊先生？”莉莉问。

She had preceded him into the pantry to help him off with his overcoat. Gabriel smiled at the three syllables she had given his

surname and glanced at her. She was a slim, growing girl, pale in complexion and with hay-coloured hair. The gas in the pantry made her look still paler. Gabriel had known her when she was a child and used to sit on the lowest step nursing a rag doll.

她走在他前面进了备膳室以便帮着他脱掉外套。加布里埃尔听到她说出他姓氏的那三个音节后冲她笑了笑，还瞥了她一眼。她是一个身材苗条、还在成长的女孩，面色苍白，长着干草色的头发。备膳室里的汽灯让她看上去显得更加苍白。加布里埃尔在她还是个小孩子，老是坐在最下面的一级台阶上抱着一个破洋娃娃玩的时候就认识她了。

"Yes, Lily," he answered, "and I think we're in for a night of it.”

“是呀，莉莉，”他回答说，“我觉得咱们会有一整夜的雪要下呢。”

He looked up at the pantry ceiling, which was shaking with the stamping and shuffling of feet on the floor above, listened for a moment to the piano and then glanced at the girl, who was folding his overcoat carefully at the end of a shelf.

他抬头看看备膳室的天花板，楼上的跺脚和曳步使得天花板一直在颤动，他听了一会儿钢琴声，然后瞥了一眼那个女孩，她正把他的外套仔细叠好放在架子的尽头。

"Tell me, Lily," he said in a friendly tone, "do you still go to school?"

“告诉我，莉莉，”他用一种友好的语气说道，“你还在上学吗？”

"O no, sir," she answered. "I'm done schooling this year and more.”

“哦，不，先生，”她回答道，“我今年往后就不上学了。”

"O, then," said Gabriel gaily, "I suppose we'll be going to your wedding one of these fine days with your young man, eh?”

“哦，那么，”加布里埃尔欢快地说，“我想我们很快就会在某个好日子参加你和某位年轻人的婚礼了，对吧？”

The girl glanced back at him over her shoulder and said with great bitterness:

女孩回过头瞥了他一眼，然后怀着极大的怨愤说道：

"The men that is now is only all palaver and what they can get out of you."

“现在的男人们只会说好听的，还有就是从你身上占便宜。”

Gabriel coloured, as if he felt he had made a mistake and, without looking at her, kicked off his goloshes and flicked actively with his muffler at his patent-leather shoes.

加布里埃尔脸红了，仿佛自己犯了错似的，他没敢看她，把高统套鞋踢掉，然后用手套飞快地擦了擦自己的漆皮鞋。

He was a stout, tallish young man. The high colour of his cheeks pushed upwards even to his forehead, where it scattered itself in a few formless patches of pale red; and on his hairless face there scintillated restlessly the polished lenses and the bright gilt rims of the glasses which screened his delicate and restless eyes. His glossy black hair was parted in the middle and brushed in a long curve behind his ears where it curled slightly beneath the groove left by his hat.

他是一个身材敦实、个子较高的年轻人。他面颊的红润之色甚至向上蔓延到了额头处，在那儿分散成了几块浅浅的不规则红斑；他的脸刮得须发全无，擦拭过的眼镜片和明亮的金边镜框不停地闪着亮光，眼镜遮住了他那双清秀而躁动不安的眼睛。他那有光泽的黑发从中间分开，在耳朵后面梳成了一种长长的弧线型，帽子压痕处的头发略微弯曲着。

When he had flicked lustre into his shoes he stood up and pulled his waistcoat down more tightly on his plump body. Then he took a coin rapidly from his pocket.

在把鞋擦出光亮之后，他站起身来，向下拽了拽背心，使之紧贴在他圆胖的身体上。然后他迅速地从口袋里取出一枚硬币。

"O Lily," he said, thrusting it into her hands, "it's Christmastime, isn't it? Just... here's a little....”

“哦，莉莉，”他一边说，一边把硬币塞到了她的手里，“现在是圣诞时节，对吧？只有……这么一点……”

He walked rapidly towards the door.

他迅速朝门口走去。

"O no, sir!" cried the girl, following him. "Really, sir, I wouldn't take it.”

“哦，不，先生！”女孩边喊边追上了他。“真的，先生，这我不会要的。”

"Christmas-time! Christmas-time!" said Gabriel, almost trotting to the stairs and waving his hand to her in deprecation.

“圣诞时节！圣诞时节！”加布里埃尔一边说，一边几乎是小跑着上了楼梯，然后冲她不以为然地挥了挥手。

The girl, seeing that he had gained the stairs, called out after him:

女孩见他已经登上了楼梯，就在他身后大声说道：

"Well, thank you, sir."

“好吧，谢谢您了，先生。”

He waited outside the drawing-room door until the waltz should finish, listening to the skirts that swept against it and to the shuffling of feet. He was still discomposed by the girl's bitter and sudden retort. It had cast a gloom over him which he tried to dispel by arranging his cuffs and the bows of his tie. He then took from his waistcoat pocket a little paper and glanced at the headings he had made for his speech. He was undecided about the lines from Robert Browning, for he feared they would be above the heads of his hearers. Some quotation that they would recognise from Shakespeare or from the Melodies would be better. The indelicate clacking of the men's heels and the shuffling of their soles reminded him that their grade of culture differed from his. He would only make himself ridiculous by quoting poetry to them which they could not understand. They would think that he was airing his superior education. He would fail with them just as he had failed with the girl in the pantry. He had taken up a wrong tone. His whole speech was a mistake from first to last, an utter failure.

他在客厅门外等着，想等到那一支华尔兹舞曲结束，他听着裙子扫在门上的声音以及脚步的拖曳声。他仍然让那个女孩冷不防的强烈拒绝搞得有些心慌意乱。这使他显得有些沮丧，他整了整袖口和领结，想以此来设法驱走这种沮丧的情绪。他从背心口袋里取出一小片纸，扫视了一下他为自己的演讲准备的提纲。他还没拿定主意要不要引用罗伯特·勃朗宁的那几句诗，因为他担心这些诗句会超出听众的理解力。从莎士比亚或者《歌谣集》中引用某些他们知道的句子会更好些。男人们的鞋跟发出的很不文雅的咔哒声以及他们的鞋底拖曳在地上的声音都在提醒他，他们的文化程度和他的是不一样的。要是给他们引用他们无法理解的诗歌，只会让自己显得荒唐可笑。他们会觉得他是在炫耀自己接受过的优等教育。他会在他们面前败兴的，正如在备膳室里他在那个女孩面前败兴一样。他选定了一种错误的调子。他的整篇演讲词从头到尾就是一个错误，一个彻头彻尾的败兴之作。

Just then his aunts and his wife came out of the ladies' dressing-room. His aunts were two small, plainly dressed old women. Aunt Julia was an inch or so the taller. Her hair, drawn low over the tops of her ears, was grey; and grey also, with darker shadows, was her large flaccid face. Though she was stout in build and stood erect, her slow eyes and parted lips gave her the appearance of a woman who did not know where she was or where she was going. Aunt Kate was more vivacious. Her face, healthier than her sister's, was all puckers and creases, like a shrivelled red apple, and her hair, braided in the same old-fashioned way, had not lost its ripe nut colour.

就在那时他的姨妈们和他的妻子从女士更衣室里走了出来。他的姨妈们是两个身材矮小、衣着朴素的老女人。朱莉娅姨妈大概要稍高一英寸。她的头发搭垂在耳朵上边，颜色灰白；同样灰白且带着更暗色调的是她那张肌肉松垂的大脸。尽管她体格结实，站得笔直，但她那迟缓的

眼神和张开的双唇使她看上去就像是一个不知自己身处何方或去往何处的女人。凯特姨妈则更有活力一些。她的脸色比姐姐的更健康些，脸上布满了皱纹和褶痕，就像是一个干缩了的红苹果，她的头发也同样梳成了老式的发辫，但还没有褪去那种熟栗子的颜色。

They both kissed Gabriel frankly. He was their favourite nephew the son of their dead elder sister, Ellen, who had married T. J. Conroy of the Port and Docks.

她们都大大方方地吻了加布里埃尔。他是她们最喜欢的一个外甥，是她们已故的姐姐埃伦的儿子，埃伦当年嫁给了港务局的T. J. 康罗伊。

"Gretta tells me you're not going to take a cab back to Monkstown tonight, Gabriel," said Aunt Kate.

“格雷塔告诉我说你们今天晚上不打算坐出租马车回芒克斯顿了，加布里埃尔。”凯特姨妈说。

"No," said Gabriel, turning to his wife, "we had quite enough of that last year, hadn't we? Don't you remember, Aunt Kate, what a cold Gretta got out of it? Cab windows rattling all the way, and the east wind blowing in after we passed Merrion. Very jolly it was. Gretta caught a dreadful cold.”

“不坐了，”加布里埃尔说着转向了他的妻子，“去年我们可是受够了，不是吗？你难道不记得了吗，凯特姨妈，格雷塔因为坐车得了一场那么严重的感冒？马车的窗户一路上都在哗哗作响，我们过了梅里安之后，东风就不停地往里灌。那一次旅行可真是愉快，害格雷塔患了一场可怕的感冒。”

Aunt Kate frowned severely and nodded her head at every word.

凯特姨妈肃然皱着眉头，每听一个词她都点头。

"Quite right, Gabriel, quite right," she said. "You can't be too careful.”

“很对，加布里埃尔，很对，”她说，“再小心也不为过的。”

"But as for Gretta there," said Gabriel, "she'd walk home in the snow if she were let.”

“不过就格雷塔来说，”加布里埃尔说，“只要没人拦着，她是能在雪地里走回家的。”

Mrs. Conroy laughed.

康罗伊太太大笑了起来。

"Don't mind him, Aunt Kate," she said. "He's really an awful bother, what with green shades for Tom's eyes at night and making him do the dumb-bells, and forcing Eva to eat the stirabout. The poor child! And she simply hates the sight of it!... O, but you'll never guess

what he makes me wear now!”

“别理他，凯特姨妈，”她说，“他可真是个十足的讨厌鬼，他让汤姆晚上戴太阳镜，还叫他举哑铃，逼着伊娃吃麦片粥。可怜的孩子！她光是看见就觉得讨厌！……哦，您可是永远都猜不出今晚他非要让我穿什么！”

She broke out into a peal of laughter and glanced at her husband, whose admiring and happy eyes had been wandering from her dress to her face and hair. The two aunts laughed heartily, too, for Gabriel's solicitude was a standing joke with them.

她爆发出一阵响亮的欢笑声，瞥了丈夫一眼，他那欣羡幸福的眼神正从她的裙子游移到她的脸庞和头发上。两位姨妈也开心地大笑着，因为加布里埃尔的瞎操心是她们一直以来的一个笑资。

"Goloshes!" said Mrs. Conroy. "That's the latest. Whenever it's wet underfoot I must put on my galoshes. Tonight even, he wanted me to put them on, but I wouldn't. The next thing he'll buy me will be a diving suit.”

“高统套鞋！”康罗伊太太说，“这是最近的一次。每当地上湿乎乎的时候，我就必须得穿上我的高统套鞋。今晚就是，他又想让我穿上套鞋，可我不愿意。他下一样要给我买的东西肯定会是一套潜水服。”

Gabriel laughed nervously and patted his tie reassuringly, while Aunt Kate nearly doubled herself, so heartily did she enjoy the joke. The smile soon faded from Aunt Julia's face and her mirthless eyes were directed towards her nephew's face. After a pause she asked:

加布里埃尔紧张不安地笑了，还寻求宽慰似的拍了拍他的领结，而凯特姨妈几乎笑弯了腰，她发自内心地被这个笑话逗乐了。笑容很快就从朱莉娅姨妈的脸上消失了，她那双失去笑意的眼睛盯着她外甥的脸。停顿了一会儿之后，她问道：

"And what are goloshes, Gabriel?"

“什么是高统套鞋，加布里埃尔？”

"Goloshes, Julia!" exclaimed her sister. "Goodness me, don't you know what goloshes are? You wear them over your... over your boots, Gretta, isn't it?”

“高统套鞋，朱莉娅！”她的妹妹惊呼道，“我的天哪，难道你不知道高统套鞋是什么东西吗？你要把高统套鞋穿在你的……你的靴子外面的，格雷塔，不是吗？”

"Yes," said Mrs. Conroy. "Guttapercha things. We both have a pair now. Gabriel says everyone wears them on the Continent."

“是的，”康罗伊太太说，“胶木胶做的东西。我们俩现在每人一双。加布里埃尔说大陆上人人都穿这种东西。”

"O, on the Continent," murmured Aunt Julia, nodding her head slowly.

“哦，大陆上。”朱莉娅姨妈咕哝着，慢慢点了点头。

Gabriel knitted his brows and said, as if he were slightly angered:

加布里埃尔拧起了眉头，然后仿佛有点被触怒了似的说道：

"It's nothing very wonderful, but Gretta thinks it very funny because she says the word reminds her of Christy Minstrels.”

“不是什么特别神奇的东西，只是格雷塔觉得它非常有趣而已，因为她说这个词让她想起了黑人演唱团。”

"But tell me, Gabriel," said Aunt Kate, with brisk tact. "Of course, you've seen about the room. Gretta was saying...”

“不过告诉我，加布里埃尔，”凯特姨妈反应敏捷地说。“当然，你们已经看过房间了。格雷塔刚刚还说……”

"O, the room is all right," replied Gabriel. "I've taken one in the Gresham.”

“哦，房间很不错，”加布里埃尔回答道，“我已经在格雷沙姆旅店订了一个房间。”

"To be sure," said Aunt Kate, "by far the best thing to do. And the children, Gretta, you're not anxious about them?”

“当然，”凯特姨妈说，“这就最好了。孩子们呢，格雷塔，你就不替他们担心吗？”

"O, for one night," said Mrs. Conroy. "Besides, Bessie will look after them."

“哦，只过一个晚上，”康罗伊太太说，“而且，贝西会照顾他们的。”

"To be sure," said Aunt Kate again. "What a comfort it is to have a girl like that, one you can depend on! There's that Lily, I'm sure I don't know what has come over her lately. She's not the girl she was at all.”

“当然，”凯特姨妈又说，“有那样一个女孩真是件叫人宽心的事，一个靠得住的人！可是这个莉莉，真不知道最近是什么让她着魔了。她根本就不像是过去那个好女孩了。”

Gabriel was about to ask his aunt some questions on this point, but she broke off suddenly to gaze after her sister, who had wandered down the stairs and was craning her neck over the banisters.

加布里埃尔正准备就这一点问姨妈几个问题，可她却突然停了下来，目光追随着她的姐姐，朱莉娅已经蹓跶到了楼梯上，正伸着脖子趴在扶手上张望着。

"Now, I ask you," she said almost testily, "where is Julia going? Julia! Julia! Where are you going?"

“怎么回事，”她几近恼火地说道，“朱莉娅要去哪儿？朱莉娅！朱莉娅！你要去哪儿？”

Julia, who had gone half way down one flight, came back and announced blandly:

朱莉娅已经走到了一段楼梯的一半那个地方，此时又返了回来，柔声细语地宣布道：

"Here's Freddy.”

“弗雷迪来了。”

At the same moment a clapping of hands and a final flourish of the pianist told that the waltz had ended. The drawing-room door was opened from within and some couples came out. Aunt Kate drew Gabriel aside hurriedly and whispered into his ear:

与此同时，一阵鼓掌声以及钢琴演奏者弹奏的最后一个花音表明华尔兹舞曲结束了。客厅的门从里面打开了，几对舞伴走了出来。凯特姨妈赶忙把加布里埃尔拉到一边对着他的耳朵低语道：

"Slip down, Gabriel, like a good fellow and see if he's all right, and don't let him up if he's screwed. I'm sure he's screwed. I'm sure he is.”

“你悄悄溜下去，加布里埃尔，好孩子，去看看他有事没有，要是他喝多了就不要让他上来。我敢肯定他是喝多了。我肯定他就是。”

Gabriel went to the stairs and listened over the banisters. He could hear two persons talking in the pantry. Then he recognised Freddy Malins' laugh. He went down the stairs noisily.

加布里埃尔走到楼梯边上，趴在扶手上听了听。他能听到有两个人正在备膳室里说话。然后他辨别出了弗雷迪·马林斯的笑声。他走下楼梯，弄出很大声响。

"It's such a relief," said Aunt Kate to Mrs. Conroy, "that Gabriel is here. I always feel easier in my mind when he's here.... Julia, there's Miss Daly and Miss Power will take some refreshment. Thanks for your beautiful waltz, Miss Daly. It made lovely time.”

“真是让人感到宽慰，”凯特姨妈对康罗伊太太说，“加布里埃尔在这儿。他在这儿的时候，我总会感到更轻松些……朱莉娅，戴利小姐和鲍尔小姐要来点饮料。谢谢你，戴利小姐，你弹得华尔兹舞曲真动听。它让大家很开心。”

A tall wizen-faced man, with a stiff grizzled moustache and swarthy skin, who was passing out with his partner, said:

一个脸庞干瘪的高个子男人，留着一撮硬硬的花白胡子，肤色黝黑，他一边和他的舞伴往外走一边说道：

"And may we have some refreshment, too, Miss Morkan?"

“我们也能来点饮料吗，莫肯小姐？”

"Julia," said Aunt Kate summarily, "and here's Mr. Browne and Miss Furlong. Take them in, Julia, with Miss Daly and Miss Power.”

“朱莉娅，”凯特姨妈扼要地说道，“这是布朗先生和弗朗小姐。带他们进去，朱莉娅，跟戴利小姐和鲍尔小姐一起。”

"I'm the man for the ladies," said Mr. Browne, pursing his lips until his moustache bristled and smiling in all his wrinkles. "You know, Miss Morkan, the reason they are so fond of me is——”

“我可是女士们钟爱的男人，”布朗先生说着撅起嘴巴，连胡子都直立了起来，笑得满脸都是皱纹。“你知道吧，莫肯小姐，她们这么喜欢我的原因是——”

He did not finish his sentence, but, seeing that Aunt Kate was out of earshot, at once led the three young ladies into the back room. The middle of the room was occupied by two square tables placed end to end, and on these Aunt Julia and the caretaker were straightening and smoothing a large cloth. On the sideboard were arrayed dishes and plates, and glasses and bundles of knives and forks and spoons. The top of the closed square piano served also as a sideboard for viands and sweets. At a smaller sideboard in one corner two young men were standing, drinking hop-bitters.

他还没说完这句话，就看见凯特姨妈已经出了能听到他说话的范围，便立刻领着三位女士走进了后屋。屋子中央摆着两张并排放着的方桌，朱莉娅姨妈和看门人正在拉直铺平一块大桌布。餐具柜上排放着一些碟子盘子，还有玻璃酒杯和一捆捆刀叉汤匙。合上盖的方形钢琴的顶部也被用作了餐具柜，上面摆放着各种食品和糖果。在屋子一角一个小一点的餐具柜旁边站着两个年轻人，正在喝苦啤酒。

Mr. Browne led his charges thither and invited them all, in jest, to some ladies' punch, hot, strong and sweet. As they said they never took anything strong, he opened three bottles of lemonade for them. Then he asked one of the young men to move aside, and, taking hold of the decanter, filled out for himself a goodly measure of whisky. The young men eyed him respectfully while he took a trial sip.

布朗先生领着他的照看对象们朝那边走过去，然后开玩笑地邀请她们全都喝点专门为女士制作的潘趣酒，味道又辣又浓还发甜。不过她们说她们从来都不喝烈性酒，他便给她们打开了三瓶柠檬汁。然后他叫一个年轻人让到一边，抓起那个细颈酒瓶给自己倒了满满一杯威士忌。他试着先呷了一口，那两个年轻人全都崇敬地看着他。

"God help me," he said, smiling, "it's the doctor's orders.”

“上帝保佑，”他笑着说道，“这可是医生的嘱咐。”

His wizened face broke into a broader smile, and the three young ladies laughed in musical echo to his pleasantry, swaying their bodies to and fro, with nervous jerks of their shoulders. The boldest said:

他那干瘪的脸绽开了更为灿烂的笑容，那三位年轻女士也因他这句玩笑话而发出了悦耳的笑声，她们的身体来回摇晃着，肩膀微微颤抖。最大胆的一位说道：

"O, now, Mr. Browne, I'm sure the doctor never ordered anything of the kind.”

“哦，好了，布朗先生，我敢肯定医生从来都没有嘱咐过要喝这种东西。”

Mr. Browne took another sip of his whisky and said, with sidling mimicry:

布朗先生又喝了一口威士忌，然后前倾着身子带着模仿的语气说道：

"Well, you see, I'm like the famous Mrs. Cassidy, who is reported to have said: 'Now, Mary Grimes, if I don't take it, make me take it, for I feel I want it.’”

“呃，你看，我就像著名的卡西迪夫人，据称她曾这样说过：‘行了，玛丽·格莱姆斯，要是我不吃的话，要想法让我吃，因为我觉得我需要吃。’”

His hot face had leaned forward a little too confidentially and he had assumed a very low Dublin accent so that the young ladies, with one instinct, received his speech in silence. Miss Furlong, who was one of Mary Jane's pupils, asked Miss Daly what was the name of the pretty waltz she had played; and Mr. Browne, seeing that he was ignored, turned promptly to the two young men who were more appreciative.

他那发热的脸前倾得有些过于私密，另外他还用了一种非常低俗的都柏林口音，这使得几位年轻女士都本能地用沉默来回应他的话。弗朗小姐是玛丽·简的一名学生，她问戴利小姐刚才弹奏的那支好听的华尔兹舞曲的名称是什么；布朗先生见自己受了冷落便立刻转向了那两个更有欣赏力的年轻男子。

A red-faced young woman, dressed in pansy, came into the room, excitedly clapping her hands and crying:

一个脸庞红润、身着三色堇盛装的年轻女人走进房间，兴奋地拍着手喊道：

"Quadrilles! Quadrilles!"

“方阵舞！方阵舞！”

Close on her heels came Aunt Kate, crying:

凯特姨妈紧跟着她走了进来，喊道：

"Two gentlemen and three ladies, Mary Jane!"

“两位先生和三位女士，玛丽·简！”

"O, here's Mr. Bergin and Mr. Kerrigan," said Mary Jane. "Mr. Kerrigan, will you take Miss Power? Miss Furlong, may I get you a partner, Mr. Bergin. O, that'll just do now.”

“哦，这是伯金先生和克里根先生，”玛丽·简说。“克里根先生，你愿意带鲍尔小姐吗？弗朗小姐，我可否把伯金先生安排给您作舞伴？啊，这下就正好了。”

"Three ladies, Mary Jane," said Aunt Kate.

“三位女士呢，玛丽·简。”凯特姨妈说。

The two young gentlemen asked the ladies if they might have the pleasure, and Mary Jane turned to Miss Daly.

那两个年轻的绅士问女士们他们是否有此荣幸，玛丽·简转向了戴利小姐。

"O, Miss Daly, you're really awfully good, after playing for the last two dances, but really we're so short of ladies tonight.”

“哦，戴利小姐，您实在是太好了，刚刚给大家弹奏了两支舞曲，可我们今晚确实是很缺女士。”

"I don't mind in the least, Miss Morkan.”

“我一点儿都不介意，莫肯小姐。”

"But I've a nice partner for you, Mr. Bartell D'Arcy, the tenor. I'll get him to sing later on. All Dublin is raving about him.”

“不过我有一个很不错的舞伴介绍给您，巴特尔·达西先生，那位男高音。稍后我会请他给大家演唱。整个都柏林都在热捧他。”

"Lovely voice, lovely voice!" said Aunt Kate.

“美妙的声音，美妙的声音！”凯特姨妈说。

As the piano had twice begun the prelude to the first figure Mary Jane led her recruits quickly from the room. They had hardly gone when Aunt Julia wandered slowly into the room, looking behind her at something.

钢琴已经弹了两次第一个舞阵的序曲，所以玛丽·简便领着她刚刚召

集起来参加舞阵的人们迅速离开了房间。他们刚走，朱莉娅姨妈就漫步进了房间，边走边朝身后看着什么东西。

"What is the matter, Julia?" asked Aunt Kate anxiously. "Who is it?"

“怎么了，朱莉娅？”凯特姨妈担心地问道，“那是谁？”

Julia, who was carrying in a column of table-napkins, turned to her sister and said, simply, as if the question had surprised her:

朱莉娅是拿着一沓餐巾纸进来的，这个问题仿佛把她吓了一跳，她转身面对她的妹妹简短地说道：

"It's only Freddy, Kate, and Gabriel with him.”

“是弗雷迪，凯特，加布里埃尔和他在一起。”

In fact right behind her Gabriel could be seen piloting Freddy Malins across the landing. The latter, a young man of about forty, was of Gabriel's size and build, with very round shoulders. His face was fleshy and pallid, touched with colour only at the thick hanging lobes of his ears and at the wide wings of his nose. He had coarse features, a blunt nose, a convex and receding brow, tumid and protruded lips. His heavy-lidded eyes and the disorder of his scanty hair made him look sleepy. He was laughing heartily in a high key at a story which he had been telling Gabriel on the stairs and at the same time rubbing the knuckles of his left fist backwards and forwards into his left eye.

实际上在她身后就能看见加布里埃尔正引领着弗雷迪·马林斯走过楼梯平台。后者是一个大约四十岁左右的年轻人，个头身材都和加布里埃尔相当，肩膀非常圆实。他的脸多肉而苍白，只有厚厚的耳垂和宽宽的鼻翼旁边才稍有点血色。他长着粗笨的五官，钝头鼻子，突起的额头上发际线很靠后，还有肿胀而突出的双唇。他那眼皮厚重的双眼和稀少而凌乱的头发都使他看上去睡意惺忪。他在楼梯上一直在给加布里埃尔讲什么事情，并且为此而开怀大笑，一边笑一边还用左拳的指节前后揉搓着左眼。

"Good-evening, Freddy," said Aunt Julia.

“晚上好，弗雷迪。”朱莉娅姨妈说。

Freddy Malins bade the Misses Morkan good-evening in what seemed an offhand fashion by reason of the habitual catch in his voice and then, seeing that Mr. Browne was grinning at him from the sideboard, crossed the room on rather shaky legs and began to repeat in an undertone the story he had just told to Gabriel.

弗雷迪·马林斯向两位莫肯小姐也道了晚上好，但方式似乎很随意，因为他的嗓音里有一种习惯性的顿塞，他看见布朗先生正从餐具柜那边咧着嘴冲他笑，于是就迈开双腿摇摇晃晃地横穿房间走过去，然后又用

一种压低了的声音开始重复他刚刚给加布里埃尔讲过的那个故事。

"He's not so bad, is he?" said Aunt Kate to Gabriel.

“他还不算太糟，是吧？”凯特姨妈对加布里埃尔说。

Gabriel's brows were dark but he raised them quickly and answered:

加布里埃尔的眉头郁结着，但很快他就扬眉回答道：

"O, no, hardly noticeable."

“哦，不糟，几乎看不出来。”

"Now, isn't he a terrible fellow!" she said. "And his poor mother made him take the pledge on New Year's Eve. But come on, Gabriel, into the drawing-room.”

“不过，他真是个可恶的家伙！”她说，“他那可怜的母亲让他在新年前夜发过誓的。不过，来吧，加布里埃尔，进客厅吧。”

Before leaving the room with Gabriel she signalled to Mr. Browne by frowning and shaking her forefinger in warning to and fro. Mr. Browne nodded in answer and, when she had gone, said to Freddy Malins:

在和加布里埃尔离开房间之前，她皱起眉头来回摆动着一个食指向布朗先生发出警告。布朗先生点头作答，然后在她走了之后，冲着弗雷迪·马林斯说道：

"Now, then, Teddy, I'm going to fill you out a good glass of lemonade just to buck you up.”

“好了，这样，弗雷迪，让我给你倒满满一杯柠檬汁好让你精神起来。”

Freddy Malins, who was nearing the climax of his story, waved the offer aside impatiently but Mr. Browne, having first called Freddy Malins' attention to a disarray in his dress, filled out and handed him a full glass of lemonade. Freddy Malins' left hand accepted the glass mechanically, his right hand being engaged in the mechanical readjustment of his dress. Mr. Browne, whose face was once more wrinkling with mirth, poured out for himself a glass of whisky while Freddy Malins exploded, before he had well reached the climax of his story, in a kink of high-pitched bronchitic laughter and, setting down his untasted and overflowing glass, began to rub the knuckles of his left fist backwards and forwards into his left eye, repeating words of his last phrase as well as his fit of laughter would allow him.

弗雷迪·马林斯马上就要讲到故事的高潮，便不耐烦地挥手拒绝了这个提议，不过布朗先生先是叫弗雷迪·马林斯注意他着装上有点儿不整，

然后就倒了满满一杯柠檬汁递给他。弗雷迪·马林斯的左手机械地接过了杯子，而右手则机械地整了整衣服。布朗先生的脸由于高兴而再一次布满皱纹，他为自己倒了一杯威士忌，而弗雷迪·马林斯在他最后讲到故事的高潮部分之前就爆发出了一阵带喘气的尖声大笑，他把那杯一口还没喝、满得往外溢的柠檬汁放下，开始用左拳的指节前后揉擦起左眼来，一边笑着一边还在可能的情况下重复着最后一句话的那几个词。

Gabriel could not listen while Mary Jane was playing her Academy piece, full of runs and difficult passages, to the hushed drawing-room. He liked music but the piece she was playing had no melody for him and he doubted whether it had any melody for the other listeners, though they had begged Mary Jane to play something. Four young men, who had come from the refreshment-room to stand in the doorway at the sound of the piano, had gone away quietly in couples after a few minutes. The only persons who seemed to follow the music were Mary Jane herself, her hands racing along the key-board or lifted from it at the pauses like those of a priestess in momentary imprecation, and Aunt Kate standing at her elbow to turn the page.

玛丽·简正对着鸦雀无声的客厅弹奏音乐学院学的曲目，尽是连续和高难的段落，但加布里埃尔却听不进去。他喜欢音乐，可她正在弹奏的这首曲子的旋律对他来说却并不动听，他还怀疑对其他听众来说是否动听，尽管是他们请求玛丽·简来弹奏点什么的。有四个年轻男子，他们听到钢琴声就从休息室过来站到门廊里，但几分钟之后就成对悄悄地离开了。唯一貌似在聆听曲调的人只有玛丽·简自己和凯特姨妈。玛丽·简的双手或是飞快地划过键盘或是在停顿的时候抬起来，仿佛一位正在诵念重要咒语的女祭司的双手，而凯特姨妈则站在她的身边翻乐谱。

Gabriel's eyes, irritated by the floor, which glittered with beeswax under the heavy chandelier, wandered to the wall above the piano. A picture of the balcony scene in Romeo and Juliet hung there and beside it was a picture of the two murdered princes in the Tower which Aunt Julia had worked in red, blue and brown wools when she was a girl. Probably in the school they had gone to as girls that kind of work had been taught for one year. His mother had worked for him as a birthday present a waistcoat of purple tabinet, with little foxes' heads upon it, lined with brown satin and having round mulberry buttons. It was strange that his mother had had no musical talent though Aunt Kate used to call her the brains carrier of the Morkan family. Both she and Julia had always seemed a little proud of their serious and matronly sister. Her photograph stood before the pierglass. She held an open book on her knees and was pointing out something in it to Constantine who, dressed in a man-o-war suit, lay at her feet. It was she who had chosen the name of her sons for she was very sensible of the dignity of family life. Thanks to her,

Constantine was now senior curate in Balbrigan and, thanks to her, Gabriel himself had taken his degree in the Royal University. A shadow passed over his face as he remembered her sullen opposition to his marriage. Some slighting phrases she had used still rankled in his memory; she had once spoken of Gretta as being country cute and that was not true of Gretta at all. It was Gretta who had nursed her during all her last long illness in their house at Monkstown.

加布里埃尔的眼睛厌倦了那在笨重的枝形吊灯下闪闪发光的打过蜂蜡的地板，于是目光就游移到了钢琴上方的那面墙上。一幅描绘《罗密欧和朱丽叶》中阳台会面那场戏的画挂在那儿，旁边是有关在伦敦塔中被害的那两位王子的一幅画，那是朱莉娅姨妈还是个姑娘的时候用红、蓝、棕三色毛线做成的。可能在她们做姑娘的时候上的那所学校里教过一年的这种手艺课。他母亲曾为他做过一件生日礼物，是一件紫色的波纹塔夫绸背心，上面有小狐狸头图案，衬着棕色的里子，还缀着深紫红色的圆扣。奇怪的是他母亲不曾有过什么音乐天赋，尽管凯特姨妈过去常常称她为莫肯家族智慧的承接人。她和朱莉娅也似乎总是很为她们这个严肃而持重的姐姐感到骄傲。她的相片摆在大穿衣镜前面。她膝盖上放着一本打开的书，正给康斯坦丁指点着书里的什么内容，康斯坦丁穿着一套水手装躺在她的脚边。正是她给儿子们取的名字，因为她非常注重家族生活的尊严体面。多亏了她，康斯坦丁成了巴尔布里根镇的高级副神父，也多亏了她，加布里埃尔自己也在皇家大学拿到了学位。一丝阴影拂过他的脸，因为他想起了她曾生气地反对过他的婚事。她曾用过的一些轻慢的话语仍旧刺痛着他的记忆；她曾经把格雷塔说成是忸怩作态的乡下妞，而格雷塔压根就不是那样。在她最后久病呆在芒克斯顿的那段时间里，正是格雷塔一直在照顾她。

He knew that Mary Jane must be near the end of her piece for she was playing again the opening melody with runs of scales after every bar and while he waited for the end the resentment died down in his heart. The piece ended with a trill of octaves in the treble and a final deep octave in the bass. Great applause greeted Mary Jane as, blushing and rolling up her music nervously, she escaped from the room. The most vigorous clapping came from the four young men in the doorway who had gone away to the refreshment-room at the beginning of the piece but had come back when the piano had stopped.

他知道玛丽·简肯定快弹完那支曲子了，因为她又在弹开头的那段旋律了，在每一节之后都使用了快奏手法。在等待曲子终了的时候，他心中的愤恨之情渐渐消失了。曲子在一组高音的八度颤音和最后的一组低音八度颤音中结束了。热烈的掌声向玛丽·简表示着致意，而她却红着脸紧张地卷起乐谱逃出了房间。最有劲的掌声来自门廊里的那四个年轻男子，他们在曲子开始的时候去了休息室，而在钢琴声已经停止之后又返了回来。

Lancers were arranged. Gabriel found himself partnered with Miss

Ivors. She was a frank-mannered talkative young lady, with a freckled face and prominent brown eyes. She did not wear a low-cut bodice and the large brooch which was fixed in the front of her collar bore on it an Irish device and motto.

方块舞马上就要开始了。加布里埃尔发现自己和艾弗斯小姐成了舞伴。她是一位举止大方而且健谈的年轻女士，长着一张满是雀斑的脸和一对棕色的向外鼓凸的眼睛。她没有穿低领的紧身胸衣，衣领前面别着的那个大胸针上面有爱尔兰的纹章及铭词。

When they had taken their places she said abruptly:

在他们站好位置之后，她突然说道：

"I have a crow to pluck with you."

“我对你很不满。”

"With me?" said Gabriel.

“对我？”加布里埃尔说。

She nodded her head gravely.

她严肃地点了点头。

"What is it?" asked Gabriel, smiling at her solemn manner.

“怎么回事儿？”加布里埃尔问道，冲着她那副肃穆的样子微笑着。

"Who is G. C.?" answered Miss Ivors, turning her eyes upon him.

“谁是G. C.？”艾弗斯小姐应答道，眼睛注视着他。

Gabriel coloured and was about to knit his brows, as if he did not understand, when she said bluntly:

加布里埃尔脸红了，正要拧起眉头装出不明白的样子，这时她又直白地说道：

"O, innocent Amy! I have found out that you write for The Daily Express. Now, aren't you ashamed of yourself?”

“哦，无辜的艾米！我发现你在给《每日快讯》撰稿。难道你就不为自己感到羞耻吗？”

"Why should I be ashamed of myself?" asked Gabriel, blinking his eyes and trying to smile.

“为什么我应该为自己感到羞耻呢？”加布里埃尔问，他眨着眼睛努力想要微笑着。

"Well, I'm ashamed of you," said Miss Ivors frankly. "To say you'd write for a paper like that. I didn't think you were a West Briton.”

“听着，我为你感到羞耻，”艾弗斯小姐坦率地说。“你居然会为那样

一份报纸撰稿。我从来没想到你会是一个西部英国佬。”

A look of perplexity appeared on Gabriel's face. It was true that he wrote a literary column every Wednesday in The Daily Express, for which he was paid fifteen shillings. But that did not make him a West Briton surely. The books he received for review were almost more welcome than the paltry cheque. He loved to feel the covers and turn over the pages of newly printed books. Nearly every day when his teaching in the college was ended he used to wander down the quays to the second-hand booksellers, to Hickey's on Bachelor's Walk, to Web's or Massey's on Aston's Quay, or to O'Clohissey's in the bystreet. He did not know how to meet her charge. He wanted to say that literature was above politics. But they were friends of many years' standing and their careers had been parallel, first at the University and then as teachers: he could not risk a grandiose phrase with her. He continued blinking his eyes and trying to smile and murmured lamely that he saw nothing political in writing reviews of books.

一种困惑的表情出现在加布里埃尔的脸上。的确每个星期三他都会为《每日快讯》写一篇文学专栏文章，为此他能得到十五先令的报酬。不过这肯定没有让他成为一个西部英国佬。相比于微不足道的薪水，他更喜欢收到样书的感觉。他喜欢抚摸那些封皮并翻动那些新近才印好的书页。几乎每天在大学里的授课结束之后，他都会沿着码头漫步去那些二手书店，去学士走道上的希基书店，去阿斯顿码头的韦布书店或马西书店，要不就是去小街上的奥克劳西塞书店。他不知道该如何应对她的指责。他想说文学是超越政治的。可他们是有多年交情的朋友，他们的事业也齐头并进，先是上大学，然后是当老师：他不敢和她讲什么大道理。他一边继续眨着眼睛努力想要微笑，一边笨拙地嘟囔着说他看不出写书评会有什么政治的东西。

When their turn to cross had come he was still perplexed and inattentive. Miss Ivors promptly took his hand in a warm grasp and said in a soft friendly tone:

当轮到他们跳交叉舞步的时候，他依旧是困惑不已，心神不宁。艾弗斯小姐迅即热情地握住他的一只手，用一种柔和友善的语气说道：

"Of course, I was only joking. Come, we cross now."

“当然了，我刚才只是在开玩笑。好了，我们现在来跳交叉舞步吧。”

When they were together again she spoke of the University question and Gabriel felt more at ease. A friend of hers had shown her his review of Browning's poems. That was how she had found out the secret: but she liked the review immensely. Then she said suddenly:

当他们重新回到一起的时候，她谈起了大学的话题，加布里埃尔这才感到自在了好多。她的一个朋友给她看了他写的有关勃朗宁诗歌的评

论。这才使得她发现了这个秘密：不过她非常喜欢那篇评论。然后她突然说道：

"O, Mr. Conroy, will you come for an excursion to the Aran Isles this summer? We're going to stay there a whole month. It will be splendid out in the Atlantic. You ought to come. Mr. Clancy is coming, and Mr. Kilkelly and Kathleen Kearney. It would be splendid for Gretta too if she'd come. She's from Connacht, isn't she?”

“哦，康罗伊先生，今年夏天你愿意来阿伦岛参加一次旅行吗？我们打算在那里呆上整整一个月。远航到大西洋上肯定会让人非常惬意。你应该来。克兰西先生要来的，还有基尔凯利先生和凯瑟琳·科尔尼。格雷塔如果能来的话肯定也会非常惬意的。她来自康诺特省，对吧？”

"Her people are," said Gabriel shortly.

“她家人来自那儿。”加布里埃尔简短地说道。

"But you will come, won't you?" said Miss Ivors, laying her warm hand eagerly on his arm.

“不过你会来的，对吧？”艾弗斯小姐一边说着一边热切地把她那温暖的手放在了他的胳膊上。

"The fact is," said Gabriel, "I have just arranged to go——”

“事实上，”加布里埃尔说，“我已经安排好要去——”

"Go where?" asked Miss Ivors.

“要去哪里？”艾弗斯小姐问。

"Well, you know, every year I go for a cycling tour with some fellows and so——”

“呃，你知道，每年我都会和一些朋友进行一次自行车旅行，所以——”

"But where?" asked Miss Ivors.

“可是去哪里呢？”艾弗斯小姐问。

"Well, we usually go to France or Belgium or perhaps Germany," said Gabriel awkwardly.

“呃，我们通常去法国或比利时或者也许是德国。”加布里埃尔尴尬地说。

"And why do you go to France and Belgium," said Miss Ivors, "instead of visiting your own land?"

“可你们为什么要去法国和比利时，”艾弗斯小姐说，“而不去游览你们自己的国家呢？”

"Well," said Gabriel, "it's partly to keep in touch with the

languages and partly for a change.”

“呃，”加布里埃尔说，“部分原因是为了接触那几种语言，部分原因是为了换换环境。”

"And haven't you your own language to keep in touch with—Irish?" asked Miss Ivors.

“难道你们没有自己的语言——爱尔兰语——可以接触吗？”艾弗斯小姐问。

"Well," said Gabriel, "if it comes to that, you know, Irish is not my language."

“呃，”加布里埃尔说，“说到这一点，你要知道，爱尔兰语不是我的母语。”

Their neighbours had turned to listen to the cross-examination. Gabriel glanced right and left nervously and tried to keep his good humour under the ordeal which was making a blush invade his forehead.

他们身边的几个人都转过身来听起这番盘问来。加布里埃尔紧张地左右看了看，这番考验使得一片红晕渐渐爬上他的前额，他在这考验之下极力保持着自己的好脾气。

"And haven't you your own land to visit," continued Miss Ivors, "that you know nothing of, your own people, and your own country?"

“难道你们没有自己的国家可以游览吗？”艾弗斯小姐继续说道，“你们对它一无所知，对自己的人民和自己的国家也都一无所知？”

"O, to tell you the truth," retorted Gabriel suddenly, "I'm sick of my own country, sick of it!”

“哦，实话告诉你吧，”加布里埃尔突然反驳道，“我讨厌自己的国家，讨厌它！”

"Why?" asked Miss Ivors.

“为什么？”艾弗斯小姐问。

Gabriel did not answer for his retort had heated him.

加布里埃尔没有回答，因为他的反驳已经让自己激动了起来。

"Why?" repeated Miss Ivors.

“为什么？”艾弗斯小姐重复问道。

They had to go visiting together and, as he had not answered her, Miss Ivors said warmly:

他们必须得聊点什么，可因为他没有回答她，艾弗斯小姐便和气地说：

"Of course, you've no answer.”

“当然了，你没有答案。”

Gabriel tried to cover his agitation by taking part in the dance with great energy. He avoided her eyes for he had seen a sour expression on her face. But when they met in the long chain he was surprised to feel his hand firmly pressed. She looked at him from under her brows for a moment quizzically until he smiled. Then, just as the chain was about to start again, she stood on tiptoe and whispered into his ear:

为了极力掩饰自己的激动不安，加布里埃尔很卖力地跳起舞来。他躲避着她的眼睛，因为他已经在她的脸上看到了一种失望的表情。可当他们在长长的舞队中碰到一起的时候，他惊讶地发觉自己的手被她的手坚决地按住了。她从眉毛下面嘲弄地看了他一会儿，直到看得他微笑起来。然后，正当舞队又要起动的时候，她踮起脚尖低声和他耳语道：

"West Briton!"

“西部英国佬！”

When the lancers were over Gabriel went away to a remote corner of the room where Freddy Malins' mother was sitting. She was a stout feeble old woman with white hair. Her voice had a catch in it like her son's and she stuttered slightly. She had been told that Freddy had come and that he was nearly all right. Gabriel asked her whether she had had a good crossing. She lived with her married daughter in Glasgow and came to Dublin on a visit once a year. She answered placidly that she had had a beautiful crossing and that the captain had been most attentive to her. She spoke also of the beautiful house her daughter kept in Glasgow, and of all the friends they had there. While her tongue rambled on Gabriel tried to banish from his mind all memory of the unpleasant incident with Miss Ivors. Of course the girl or woman, or whatever she was, was an enthusiast but there was a time for all things. Perhaps he ought not to have answered her like that. But she had no right to call him a West Briton before people, even in joke. She had tried to make him ridiculous before people, heckling him and staring at him with her rabbit's eyes.

方块舞结束之后，加布里埃尔走到房间的一个僻静的角落，弗雷迪·马林斯的母亲正坐在那里。她是一个身体虚弱、白发苍苍的胖老太太。她的嗓音和她儿子一样有一点儿沙哑，她还略微带点结巴。她已经得知弗雷迪来了，而且他基本上还算不错。加布里埃尔问她渡海时一切是否还好。她和已婚的女儿一起在格拉斯哥生活，一年来都柏林探访一次。她平静地回答说她这次渡海之旅非常顺利，那位船长还对她特别关照。她还谈起了她女儿在格拉斯哥拥有的那栋漂亮的房子，谈起了他们在那儿的所有朋友。在她的舌头喋喋不休的时候，加布里埃尔则极力想把刚

才跟艾弗斯小姐发生的那件令人不快的事件从脑子里赶出去。当然那个姑娘或女人，或者无论她是什么，是个民族独立的热心者，可任何事情都要看场合吧。也许他不应该用那种方式来回答她。可即使是开玩笑，她也没有权利在别人面前称他为西部英国佬。她就是极力想让他在人前出丑，对他百般诘问，还用她那双兔子眼睛瞪视他。

He saw his wife making her way towards him through the waltzing couples. When she reached him she said into his ear:

他看见妻子正穿过跳华尔兹的一对对舞者朝他走来。当她走到他身边的时候，她挨近他的耳朵说道：

"Gabriel. Aunt Kate wants to know won't you carve the goose as usual. Miss Daly will carve the ham and I'll do the pudding.”

“加布里埃尔。凯特姨妈想知道你还愿不愿意像往常一样切鹅肉。戴利小姐会来切火腿，我来做布丁。”

"All right," said Gabriel.

“行啊。”加布里埃尔说。

"She's sending in the younger ones first as soon as this waltz is over so that we'll have the table to ourselves.”

“这支华尔兹舞曲一结束，她就会先把年轻人打发进去，这样我们就可以用这张桌子了。”

"Were you dancing?" asked Gabriel.

“你跳舞了吗？”加布里埃尔问。

"Of course I was. Didn't you see me? What row had you with Molly Ivors?”

“我当然跳了。难道你没看见我吗？你跟莫莉·艾弗斯争吵什么了？”

"No row. Why? Did she say so?"

“没有争吵什么。怎么了？她这样说的？”

"Something like that. I'm trying to get that Mr. D'Arcy to sing. He's full of conceit, I think.”

“差不多吧。我要去让那个达西先生来演唱一曲。他真是很自负，我觉得。”

"There was no row," said Gabriel moodily, "only she wanted me to go for a trip to the west of Ireland and I said I wouldn't.”

“没有争吵什么，”加布里埃尔郁郁不乐地说，“只是她想让我到爱尔兰西部进行一次旅行，可我说我不想去。”

His wife clasped her hands excitedly and gave a little jump.

他的妻子兴奋地双手紧握，然后跳了一下。

"O, do go, Gabriel," she cried. "I'd love to see Galway again.”

“哦，去吧，加布里埃尔，”她叫道，“我真想再看看戈尔韦海湾。”

"You can go if you like," said Gabriel coldly.

“你要想去你可以去。”加布里埃尔冷冷地说。

She looked at him for a moment, then turned to Mrs. Malins and said:

她盯着他看了一会儿，然后转向马林斯太太说：

"There's a nice husband for you, Mrs. Malins.”

“这么一个好丈夫就留给您了，马林斯太太。”

While she was threading her way back across the room Mrs. Malins, without adverting to the interruption, went on to tell Gabriel what beautiful places there were in Scotland and beautiful scenery. Her son-in-law brought them every year to the lakes and they used to go fishing. Her son-in-law was a splendid fisher. One day he caught a beautiful big fish and the man in the hotel cooked it for their dinner.

她按原路穿过房间走了回去，而马林斯太太则没有注意到这段插曲，继续给加布里埃尔讲苏格兰有多么美丽的地方和多么美丽的景色。她的女婿每年都会带他们去湖区，他们还常常去钓鱼。她的女婿是一位钓鱼高手。有一天他钓到了一条漂亮的大鱼，然后旅馆里的厨师把鱼做成了他们的晚餐。

Gabriel hardly heard what she said. Now that supper was coming near he began to think again about his speech and about the quotation. When he saw Freddy Malins coming across the room to visit his mother Gabriel left the chair free for him and retired into the embrasure of the window. The room had already cleared and from the back room came the clatter of plates and knives. Those who still remained in the drawing room seemed tired of dancing and were conversing quietly in little groups. Gabriel's warm trembling fingers tapped the cold pane of the window. How cool it must be outside! How pleasant it would be to walk out alone, first along by the river and then through the park! The snow would be lying on the branches of the trees and forming a bright cap on the top of the Wellington Monument. How much more pleasant it would be there than at the supper-table!

加布里埃尔几乎没有听到她在说些什么。因为晚餐马上就要开始，所以他又开始琢磨他的演讲词以及要引用的诗句。他看见弗雷迪·马林斯正穿过房间来看望他的母亲，于是便把椅子腾出来让他坐，自己则退隐到了斜面窗洞里。房间已经清理好了，从后面的房间传来了杯盘刀叉的碰撞声。仍然逗留在客厅的那些人似乎跳舞跳得也累了，正一小群一小群地聚在一起安静地交谈着。加布里埃尔那温暖而颤抖的手指敲打着冰

冷的窗玻璃。外面该会有多么凉啊！要是能独自在外面散散步，先沿着河边，然后再穿过公园，那该会有多么惬意啊！雪会落在树枝上，会在威灵顿纪念碑上形成一顶白晃晃的雪帽。呆在那儿比呆在餐桌边该会惬意多少倍啊！

He ran over the headings of his speech: Irish hospitality, sad memories, the Three Graces, Paris, the quotation from Browning. He repeated to himself a phrase he had written in his review: "One feels that one is listening to a thought-tormented music." Miss Ivors had praised the review. Was she sincere? Had she really any life of her own behind all her propagandism? There had never been any ill-feeling between them until that night. It unnerved him to think that she would be at the supper-table, looking up at him while he spoke with her critical quizzing eyes. Perhaps she would not be sorry to see him fail in his speech. An idea came into his mind and gave him courage. He would say, alluding to Aunt Kate and Aunt Julia: "Ladies and Gentlemen, the generation which is now on the wane among us may have had its faults but for my part I think it had certain qualities of hospitality, of humour, of humanity, which the new and very serious and hypereducated generation that is growing up around us seems to me to lack." Very good: that was one for Miss Ivors. What did he care that his aunts were only two ignorant old women?

他匆匆看了一遍演讲稿的论题：爱尔兰人的好客之道、悲伤的记忆、美惠三女神、帕里斯、勃朗宁的诗句。他默念了自己在书评里写过的一句话："一个人感觉到自己正在聆听一支经过苦思冥想才创作出来的乐曲。"艾弗斯小姐曾经赞扬过那篇评论。她是真心的吗？在所有张扬个性的背后她真的拥有自己的生活吗？今晚之前他们之间从来没有过任何敌意。想到她会坐在餐桌边，在他发言的时候抬头用她那挑剔嘲弄的眼神看着他，他便觉得心慌意乱。也许她看到他演讲失败都不会感到愧疚。一个念头闪现在他的脑子里，给了他勇气。在暗指凯特姨妈和朱莉娅姨妈时，他会说："女士们，先生们，我们中间正渐渐衰老的一代也许有他们的缺点，但是在我看来，我认为他们具有好客、幽默、以及人道主义方面的某些品质，而这些正是我们中间正在成长的、非常严肃的、且受了太高教育的新一代人所缺乏的品质。"非常好：这正好是针对艾弗斯小姐的。他的姨妈们只是两个没有学识的老太太，可那又关他什么事呢？

A murmur in the room attracted his attention. Mr. Browne was advancing from the door, gallantly escorting Aunt Julia, who leaned upon his arm, smiling and hanging her head. An irregular musketry of applause escorted her also as far as the piano and then, as Mary Jane seated herself on the stool, and Aunt Julia, no longer smiling, half turned so as to pitch her voice fairly into the room, gradually ceased. Gabriel recognised the prelude. It was that of an old song of Aunt Julia's—Arrayed for the Bridal. Her voice, strong and clear in tone,

attacked with great spirit the runs which embellish the air and though she sang very rapidly she did not miss even the smallest of the grace notes. To follow the voice, without looking at the singer's face, was to feel and share the excitement of swift and secure flight. Gabriel applauded loudly with all the others at the close of the song and loud applause was borne in from the invisible supper-table. It sounded so genuine that a little colour struggled into Aunt Julia's face as she bent to replace in the music-stand the old leather-bound songbook that had her initials on the cover. Freddy Malins, who had listened with his head perched sideways to hear her better, was still applauding when everyone else had ceased and talking animatedly to his mother who nodded her head gravely and slowly in acquiescence. At last, when he could clap no more, he stood up suddenly and hurried across the room to Aunt Julia whose hand he seized and held in both his hands, shaking it when words failed him or the catch in his voice proved too much for him.

房间里的一阵低语声吸引了他的注意。布朗先生正从门口走进来，殷勤地陪伴着朱莉娅姨妈，而朱莉娅姨妈则倚靠着他的胳膊，微笑着低垂着头。一阵稀稀落落的掌声伴随着她一直走到钢琴边，然后玛丽·简在琴凳上坐下，而朱莉娅姨妈也不再微笑，半转着身子以便能让她的声音更好地传遍房间，接着掌声渐渐停息了下来。加布里埃尔听出了前奏曲。那是朱莉娅姨妈会唱的一首老歌的前奏曲——《为婚礼而打扮》。她的嗓音铿锵清亮，情绪饱满地向点缀这支曲子的快奏部分发起冲击，尽管她唱得很快，但她却没有漏掉哪怕是最细小的装饰音。跟着这嗓音，不要去看歌唱者的脸，必定会感受和分享到那种轻快而安全的飞翔所带来的兴奋。歌曲结束时，加布里埃尔和其他人一起大声地鼓掌，响亮的掌声还从挡住的餐桌旁传了过来。掌声听上去非常真诚，当朱莉娅姨妈弯身把那本封皮上写着她的名字首字母的皮面歌本放回到乐谱架的时候，一抹红晕悄悄爬上了她的脸庞。弗雷迪·马林斯刚才听歌的时候一直侧歪着头以便能更好地听她唱歌，在其他人都已经停下来的时候他仍旧在鼓掌，一边还激动地和他母亲说着话，他母亲严肃而缓慢地点着头默然表示着同意。终于，在他实在不宜继续鼓掌的时候，他突然站了起来，匆匆穿过房间走到朱莉娅姨妈跟前，一下抓住她的一只手，握在自己的双手里，摇晃着那只手，因为他不知该说什么好或者说他声音里的顿塞已经让他说不出话来。

"I was just telling my mother," he said, "I never heard you sing so well, never. No, I never heard your voice so good as it is tonight. Now! Would you believe that now? That's the truth. Upon my word and honour that's the truth. I never heard your voice sound so fresh and so... so clear and fresh, never.”

“我刚刚一直在给我母亲讲，”他说，“我从来没有听您唱得这么好，从来没有过。没有过，我从来没有听到过您的声音能像今晚这么美妙。啊！您能相信吗？可这就是事实。凭着我的誓言和荣誉起誓，这就是事

实。我从来没有听到过您的声音听上去会如此清新，如此……如此清亮和清新，从来没有过。”

Aunt Julia smiled broadly and murmured something about compliments as she released her hand from his grasp. Mr. Browne extended his open hand towards her and said to those who were near him in the manner of a showman introducing a prodigy to an audience:

朱莉娅姨妈把手从他的紧握中抽出来，她开心地微笑着，同时还咕哝着过誉了之类的话。布朗先生冲她伸出了张开的手掌，然后用一种演出主持人向观众介绍奇人异事的方式对他身边的人说道：

"Miss Julia Morkan, my latest discovery!"

“朱莉娅·莫肯小姐，我的最新发现！”

He was laughing very heartily at this himself when Freddy Malins turned to him and said:

他正因为自己说的这番话而尽情大笑的时候，弗雷迪·马林斯转过来对他说：

"Well, Browne, if you're serious you might make a worse discovery. All I can say is I never heard her sing half so well as long as I am coming here. And that's the honest truth.”

“好了，布朗，如果你是当真的，那么你可能会有一个更糟的发现。我能说的是，我来这儿这么长时间从来没有听过她唱得有这一半好过。这可是实实在在的事实。”

"Neither did I," said Mr. Browne. "I think her voice has greatly improved."

“我也从来没有听到过，”布朗先生说，“我觉得她的声音有了很大的进步。”

Aunt Julia shrugged her shoulders and said with meek pride:

朱莉娅姨妈耸了耸肩，带着一种温顺的自豪说：

"Thirty years ago I hadn't a bad voice as voices go.”

“三十年前我可从来没有过难听的声音。”

"I often told Julia," said Aunt Kate emphatically, "that she was simply thrown away in that choir. But she never would be said by me."

“我常常跟朱莉娅说，”凯特姨妈特别强调说，“她在那个唱诗班简直就是浪费了。可她从来都不愿让我说她。”

She turned as if to appeal to the good sense of the others against a refractory child while Aunt Julia gazed in front of her, a vague smile

of reminiscence playing on her face.

她转过身，仿佛是要吁求其他人的理智来一块对付一个执拗的孩子，而朱莉娅姨妈则凝视着她的前方，一种若隐若现的回想的微笑浮现在她的脸上。

"No," continued Aunt Kate, "she wouldn't be said or led by anyone, slaving there in that choir night and day, night and day. Six o'clock on Christmas morning! And all for what?”

“不愿意，”凯特姨妈继续说道，“她就是不愿意让任何人说她或引导她，就在那个唱诗班里做奴隶，整日整夜，整日整夜。圣诞节早上六点钟就得起床！可这一切都为了什么？”

"Well, isn't it for the honour of God, Aunt Kate?" asked Mary Jane, twisting round on the piano-stool and smiling.

“好了，难道那不是为了上帝的荣誉吗，凯特姨妈？”玛丽·简从琴凳上扭过来微笑着问道。

Aunt Kate turned fiercely on her niece and said:

凯特姨妈猛然转向她的侄女说：

"I know all about the honour of God, Mary Jane, but I think it's not at all honourable for the pope to turn out the women out of the choirs that have slaved there all their lives and put little whipper-snappers of boys over their heads. I suppose it is for the good of the Church if the pope does it. But it's not just, Mary Jane, and it's not right.”

“关于上帝的荣誉之类的话我都懂，玛丽·简，可我觉得教皇把一辈子都在那里做奴隶的女人们从唱诗班里赶出来，然后把那些妄自尊大的小男孩们安置到她们的头上去，这根本就没有什么可值得荣耀的。我猜教皇这样做是为了教会的利益。可是这不公正，玛丽·简，这也不对。”

She had worked herself into a passion and would have continued in defence of her sister for it was a sore subject with her but Mary Jane, seeing that all the dancers had come back, intervened pacifically:

她已经激动不已，本想继续为她的姐姐辩护，因为这个话题让她感到恼火，不过玛丽·简见所有跳舞的人都回来了，便息事宁人地插话道：

"Now, Aunt Kate, you're giving scandal to Mr. Browne who is of the other persuasion.”

“好了，凯特姨妈，您会让布朗先生有机可乘的，他可是属于另一个教派的。”

Aunt Kate turned to Mr. Browne, who was grinning at this allusion to his religion, and said hastily:

凯特姨妈转向布朗先生，而布朗先生正因为有人提到了自己的宗教信仰而咧着嘴笑，凯特姨妈急忙说道：

"O, I don't question the pope's being right. I'm only a stupid old woman and I wouldn't presume to do such a thing. But there's such a thing as common everyday politeness and gratitude. And if I were in Julia's place I'd tell that Father Healey straight up to his face...”

“哦，我不是质疑教皇的做法不对。我只是一个愚蠢的老太太，所以我不会冒然去做这种事。不过总有公认的一般的礼貌和感激吧。如果我处在朱莉娅的位置上，我就会当面告诉那个希利神父……”

"And besides, Aunt Kate," said Mary Jane, "we really are all hungry and when we are hungry we are all very quarrelsome."

“再说了，凯特姨妈，”玛丽·简说，“我们确实都饿了，而人在饿了的时候都会很喜欢吵嘴的。”

"And when we are thirsty we are also quarrelsome," added Mr. Browne.

“而我们在渴了的时候也会很喜欢吵嘴的。”布朗先生补充道。

"So that we had better go to supper," said Mary Jane, "and finish the discussion afterwards."

“所以我们最好先去吃晚饭吧，”玛丽·简说，“然后再讨论个结果。”

On the landing outside the drawing-room Gabriel found his wife and Mary Jane trying to persuade Miss Ivors to stay for supper. But Miss Ivors, who had put on her hat and was buttoning her cloak, would not stay. She did not feel in the least hungry and she had already overstayed her time.

在客厅外面的楼梯平台处，加布里埃尔发现妻子和玛丽·简正在极力劝说艾弗斯小姐留下来吃晚餐。但是艾弗斯小姐已经戴好了帽子，正在扣风衣的扣子，她执意要走。她一点都不觉得饿，而且她呆的时间已经太长了。

"But only for ten minutes, Molly," said Mrs. Conroy. "That won't delay you.”

“再呆十分钟，莫莉，”康罗伊太太说，“那不会耽搁你的。”

"To take a pick itself," said Mary Jane, "after all your dancing."

“来少吃点吧，”玛丽·简说，“你跳了那么多舞。”

"I really couldn't," said Miss Ivors.

“我实在不能再呆了。”艾弗斯小姐说。

"I am afraid you didn't enjoy yourself at all," said Mary Jane hopelessly.

“我恐怕你根本就玩得不畅快吧。”玛丽·简绝望地说。

"Ever so much, I assure you," said Miss Ivors, "but you really must let me run off now."

“从来没有玩得这么畅快过，我向你保证，”艾弗斯小姐说，“不过现在你确实得让我走了。”

"But how can you get home?" asked Mrs. Conroy.

“可你怎么回家呢？”康罗伊太太问。

"O, it's only two steps up the quay.”

“哦，只有两步就能到码头。”

Gabriel hesitated a moment and said:

加布里埃尔犹豫了片刻，然后说道：

"If you will allow me, Miss Ivors, I'll see you home if you are really obliged to go.”

“要是你允许，艾弗斯小姐，而且要是你必须得走的话，那我送你回家吧。”

But Miss Ivors broke away from them.

但是艾弗斯小姐却把他们挣脱开来。

"I won't hear of it," she cried. "For goodness' sake go in to your suppers and don't mind me. I'm quite well able to take care of myself.”

“我不想再听这些话了，”她叫道，“看在上帝的份上，进去吃你们的晚饭去吧，不要再管我了。我完全能照顾好自己的。”

"Well, you're the comical girl, Molly," said Mrs. Conroy frankly.

“好吧，你真是个怪女孩，莫莉。”康罗伊太太坦率地说。

"Beannacht libh," cried Miss Ivors, with a laugh, as she ran down the staircase.

"Beannacht libh！"艾弗斯小姐大笑着喊了一声，然后沿着楼梯跑了下去。

Mary Jane gazed after her, a moody puzzled expression on her face, while Mrs. Conroy leaned over the banisters to listen for the hall-door. Gabriel asked himself was he the cause of her abrupt departure. But she did not seem to be in ill humour: she had gone away laughing. He stared blankly down the staircase.

玛丽·简在后面凝视着她，一种忧郁困惑的表情浮现在脸上，而康罗伊太太则趴在扶手上听着厅门处的动静。加布里埃尔自问着他是不是她突然离开的起因。不过她看上去心情似乎并不坏：她是笑着离开的。他

茫然地盯着楼梯。

At the moment Aunt Kate came toddling out of the supper-room, almost wringing her hands in despair.

就在这时，凯特姨妈蹒跚地从吃晚餐的那个房间走了出来，绝望地几乎要拧起手来了。

"Where is Gabriel?" she cried. "Where on earth is Gabriel? There's everyone waiting in there, stage to let, and nobody to carve the goose!”

“加布里埃尔在哪里？”她喊道，“加布里埃尔到底在哪里？大家都在那里等着呢，冷场啦，没有人来切鹅肉！”

"Here I am, Aunt Kate!" cried Gabriel, with sudden animation, "ready to carve a flock of geese, if necessary."

“我来了，凯特姨妈！”加布里埃尔突然很有活力地叫道，“我准备切一群鹅，如果需要的话。”

A fat brown goose lay at one end of the table and at the other end, on a bed of creased paper strewn with sprigs of parsley, lay a great ham, stripped of its outer skin and peppered over with crust crumbs, a neat paper frill round its shin and beside this was a round of spiced beef. Between these rival ends ran parallel lines of side-dishes: two little minsters of jelly, red and yellow; a shallow dish full of blocks of blancmange and red jam, a large green leaf-shaped dish with a stalk-shaped handle, on which lay bunches of purple raisins and peeled almonds, a companion dish on which lay a solid rectangle of Smyrna figs, a dish of custard topped with grated nutmeg, a small bowl full of chocolates and sweets wrapped in gold and silver papers and a glass vase in which stood some tall celery stalks. In the centre of the table there stood, as sentries to a fruit-stand which upheld a pyramid of oranges and American apples, two squat old-fashioned decanters of cut glass, one containing port and the other dark sherry. On the closed square piano a pudding in a huge yellow dish lay in waiting and behind it were three squads of bottles of stout and ale and minerals, drawn up according to the colours of their uniforms, the first two black, with brown and red labels, the third and smallest squad white, with transverse green sashes.

桌子的一端放着一只颜色焦黄的肥鹅，另一端在撒着欧芹嫩叶的一张绉纸上放着一根大火腿，已经被剥去了外皮，周身都涂满了干面包屑，在胫骨处套着一个雅致的纸圈，旁边是一大块五香牛肉。在这互相媲美的两端之间并排放着两列副菜：两小盘堆得满满的果冻，红黄相间；满满一浅盘牛奶冻块和红果酱，一个带着茎干状把手的树叶形绿色大盘上面放着几串紫葡萄和去了皮的杏仁，旁边一个配盘上面放着长方形的士麦那无花果，一碟顶上点缀着肉豆蔻屑的蛋奶糕，满满一小碗包

裹着金银纸的巧克力和糖果，还有一个插着几根长长的香芹杆的玻璃花瓶。桌子中间放着一个果盘，上面的橘子和美国苹果摆成了金字塔形状，果盘两边是两个卫兵似的老式大肚雕花玻璃酒瓶，一瓶里面盛着波尔图葡萄酒，另一瓶里盛着红色雪利酒。在合着盖的钢琴上，一个大黄盘子里一块布丁正等着人们去享用，后面放着黑啤酒、麦芽酒和矿泉水三种瓶装饮料，按照它们外观颜色的不同整齐排列着，前两排是黑瓶，贴着棕色和红色的标签，第三排和最小的一排是白瓶，瓶颈处系着绿色的丝带。

Gabriel took his seat boldly at the head of the table and, having looked to the edge of the carver, plunged his fork firmly into the goose. He felt quite at ease now for he was an expert carver and liked nothing better than to find himself at the head of a well-laden table.

加布里埃尔毫不拘礼地坐在了桌首的位子上，他瞅了瞅切刀的刀刃，然后一下子把叉子牢牢地戳进了鹅肉里。他现在感觉非常自在，因为他切肉十分熟练，他最喜欢的莫过于坐在一张摆好食物的餐桌旁。

"Miss Furlong, what shall I send you?" he asked. "A wing or a slice of the breast?"

“弗朗小姐，我该给您什么样的肉呢？”他问，“一个翅膀还是一块胸脯肉？”

"Just a small slice of the breast."

“就来一小块胸脯肉吧。”

"Miss Higgins, what for you?"

“希金斯小姐，您要什么肉？”

"O, anything at all, Mr. Conroy."

“哦，什么都可以，康罗伊先生。”

While Gabriel and Miss Daly exchanged plates of goose and plates of ham and spiced beef Lily went from guest to guest with a dish of hot floury potatoes wrapped in a white napkin. This was Mary Jane's idea and she had also suggested apple sauce for the goose but Aunt Kate had said that plain roast goose without any apple sauce had always been good enough for her and she hoped she might never eat worse. Mary Jane waited on her pupils and saw that they got the best slices and Aunt Kate and Aunt Julia opened and carried across from the piano bottles of stout and ale for the gentlemen and bottles of minerals for the ladies. There was a great deal of confusion and laughter and noise, the noise of orders and counter-orders, of knives and forks, of corks and glass-stoppers. Gabriel began to carve second helpings as soon as he had finished the first round without serving himself. Everyone protested loudly so that he compromised by taking a long draught of stout for he had found the carving hot work. Mary

Jane settled down quietly to her supper but Aunt Kate and Aunt Julia were still toddling round the table, walking on each other's heels, getting in each other's way and giving each other unheeded orders. Mr. Browne begged of them to sit down and eat their suppers and so did Gabriel but they said there was time enough, so that, at last, Freddy Malins stood up and, capturing Aunt Kate, plumped her down on her chair amid general laughter.

加布里埃尔和戴利小姐交换着盛鹅肉的盘子以及盛火腿与五香牛肉的盘子，而莉莉则端着包裹在白色餐巾里的一盘糖粉热土豆一个客人一个客人地分送着。这是玛丽·简的主意，她还建议在鹅肉上加点苹果酱，但凯特姨妈说不加苹果酱的家常烤鹅对她而言一直就足够好吃了，她不希望吃到不好吃的鹅肉。玛丽·简招呼着自己的学生们，确保他们能分到最好的肉片，凯特姨妈和朱莉娅姨妈则在钢琴那里打开那些饮料瓶子，黑啤酒和麦芽酒拿给先生们，矿泉水拿给女士们。一片喧嚣声和欢笑声，有要菜和拒绝要菜的嘈杂声，有刀叉撞击的嘈杂声，还有软木塞和玻璃瓶盖启启合合的嘈杂声。加布里埃尔没有留下自己的一份，他切完了第一轮紧接着就开始切第二份肉。所有的人都大声反对，于是他妥协了，他喝了一大口黑啤酒，因为他发觉切肉这差事已经让他浑身发热。玛丽·简安静地坐下来享用她的晚餐，可凯特姨妈和朱莉娅姨妈则仍然蹒跚着在餐桌周围忙碌着，一个紧跟在另一个的身后，经常就挡住了对方的路，还给对方下达各种吩咐，却互不理会。布朗先生请求她们坐下来吃晚餐，加布里埃尔也请求她们这样做，可她们却说还有足够的时间，就这样，最后，弗雷迪·马林斯站起来，抓住了凯特姨妈，一把将她按坐到了椅子上，惹来一片笑声。

When everyone had been well served Gabriel said, smiling:

在每个人都得到了很好的招待之后，加布里埃尔微笑着说：

"Now, if anyone wants a little more of what vulgar people call stuffing let him or her speak."

“好了，如果有谁还想再来点俗人们所说的填料，那就请说一声。”

A chorus of voices invited him to begin his own supper and Lily came forward with three potatoes which she had reserved for him.

大家齐声请他开始享用自己的晚餐，莉莉拿着三个土豆走过来，那是她专门给他留的。

"Very well," said Gabriel amiably, as he took another preparatory draught, "kindly forget my existence, ladies and gentlemen, for a few minutes."

“很好，”加布里埃尔和蔼地说，然后又喝了一口餐前酒，“那就请施我恩惠，忘记我的存在吧，女士们，先生们，就几分钟。”

He set to his supper and took no part in the conversation with which the table covered Lily's removal of the plates. The subject of

talk was the opera company which was then at the Theatre Royal. Mr. Bartell D'Arcy, the tenor, a dark-complexioned young man with a smart moustache, praised very highly the leading contralto of the company but Miss Furlong thought she had a rather vulgar style of production. Freddy Malins said there was a Negro chieftain singing in the second part of the Gaiety pantomime who had one of the finest tenor voices he had ever heard.

他坐下来吃起晚餐来，没有加入到莉莉撤掉盘子时餐桌上一直在进行的谈话中去。谈论的话题是当时正在皇家剧院演出的歌剧团。巴特尔·达西先生，那个男高音，是个面色黝黑的年轻人，蓄着一撇漂亮的小胡子，他高度赞扬了这个剧团的女低音，但是弗朗小姐却认为她的表演有一种相当粗俗的风格。弗雷迪·马林斯说配乐哑剧表演的下半场有一个黑人酋长唱得很好，那声音是他听过的最美妙的男高音之一。

"Have you heard him?" he asked Mr. Bartell D'Arcy across the table.

“你听过他唱吗？”他隔着桌子问巴特尔·达西先生。

"No," answered Mr. Bartell D'Arcy carelessly.

“没有。”巴特尔·达西先生漫不经心地回答道。

"Because," Freddy Malins explained, "now I'd be curious to hear your opinion of him. I think he has a grand voice.”

“因为，”弗雷迪·马林斯解释道，“现在我很想听听您对他的看法。我觉得他有一副好嗓子。”

"It takes Teddy to find out the really good things," said Mr. Browne familiarly to the table.

“得要特迪才能发现真正的好东西。”布朗先生很随意地冲餐桌旁的人们说道。

"And why couldn't he have a voice too?" asked Freddy Malins sharply. "Is it because he's only a black?”

“为什么他就不能有一副好嗓子？”弗雷迪·马林斯尖锐地问道，“就因为他是个黑人吗？”

Nobody answered this question and Mary Jane led the table back to the legitimate opera. One of her pupils had given her a pass for Mignon. Of course it was very fine, she said, but it made her think of poor Georgina Burns. Mr. Browne could go back farther still, to the old Italian companies that used to come to Dublin—Tietjens, Ilma de Murzka, Campanini, the great Trebelli, Giuglini, Ravelli, Aramburo. Those were the days, he said, when there was something like singing to be heard in Dublin. He told too of how the top gallery of the old Royal used to be packed night after night, of how one night an Italian

tenor had sung five encores to Let me like a Soldier fall, introducing a high C every time, and of how the gallery boys would sometimes in their enthusiasm unyoke the horses from the carriage of some great prima donna and pull her themselves through the streets to her hotel. Why did they never play the grand old operas now, he asked, Dinorah, Lucrezia Borgia? Because they could not get the voices to sing them: that was why.

没有人回答这个问题，玛丽·简把餐桌上的话题引回到了舞台剧上。她的一个学生给了她一张《梅娘》的演出票。当然这部歌剧非常好，她说，不过它让她想起了可怜的乔治安娜·伯恩斯。布朗先生还能回述到更早以前的事情，他提到了过去常来都柏林的那些老式的意大利剧团——蒂金斯、伊尔毛·德·穆尔扎卡、坎帕尼尼、伟大的特雷贝利、朱利尼、拉韦利、阿兰布罗。他说，在那些日子里，都柏林还是能听到些像样的演唱的。他还讲到了旧皇家剧院的顶层楼座过去是怎样一夜又一夜地爆满，讲到了有一天晚上一个意大利男高音在唱完《让我像一个战士那样倒下》之后怎样应观众的要求又加演了五次，每次都会唱一个高音C，讲到了顶层楼座的那些年轻男观众们有时会怎样充满热情地把某位著名的首席女演员马车上的马匹解掉，然后他们自己拉着那辆马车穿过条条街道把她送回到她住的旅馆。他问，他们现在为什么从来都不排演诸如《迪诺拉》和《卢克雷齐娅·博尔贾》之类宏大的老式歌剧了呢？因为他们找不到好嗓子来演唱这些歌剧了：这就是原因所在。

"Oh, well," said Mr. Bartell D'Arcy, "I presume there are as good singers today as there were then."

“哦，不过，”巴特尔·达西先生说，“我觉得如今也有和过去一样好的歌手。”

"Where are they?" asked Mr. Browne defiantly.

“他们在哪里？”布朗先生不服气地反问道。

"In London, Paris, Milan," said Mr. Bartell D'Arcy warmly. "I suppose Caruso, for example, is quite as good, if not better than any of the men you have mentioned."

“在伦敦、巴黎、米兰。”巴特尔·达西先生热情地说道，“我认为卡鲁索，比如说，即使好不过你提到的那几位中的任何一位，他也不比他们差。”

"Maybe so," said Mr. Browne. "But I may tell you I doubt it strongly."

“或许是那样吧，”布朗先生说，“不过我对此非常怀疑。”

"O, I'd give anything to hear Caruso sing," said Mary Jane.

“哦，我愿意付出任何代价来听卡鲁索演唱。”玛丽·简说。

"For me," said Aunt Kate, who had been picking a bone, "there

was only one tenor. To please me, I mean. But I suppose none of you ever heard of him."

“对我来说，”一直在剔骨头的凯特姨妈说道，“曾经只出现过一位男高音。我是说，能让我感到满意。不过我觉得你们都没听说过他。”

"Who was he, Miss Morkan?" asked Mr. Bartell D'Arcy politely.

“他是谁，莫肯小姐？”巴特尔·达西先生礼貌地问道。

"His name," said Aunt Kate, "was Parkinson. I heard him when he was in his prime and I think he had then the purest tenor voice that was ever put into a man's throat.”

“他的名字，”凯特姨妈说，“叫帕金森。在他的鼎盛时期我曾听过他演唱，我认为他拥有当时男人的喉咙能发出的最纯净的男高音。”

"Strange," said Mr. Bartell D'Arcy. "I never even heard of him."

“奇怪，”巴特尔·达西先生说，“我从来没有听说过他。”

"Yes, yes, Miss Morkan is right," said Mr. Browne. "I remember hearing of old Parkinson but he's too far back for me.”

“是的，是的，莫肯小姐是对的，”布朗先生说，“我记得听说过老帕金森，不过他对我来说可是太过久远了。”

"A beautiful, pure, sweet, mellow English tenor," said Aunt Kate with enthusiasm.

“一种漂亮、纯正、甜美、醇厚的英国男高音。”凯特姨妈热情地说道。

Gabriel having finished, the huge pudding was transferred to the table. The clatter of forks and spoons began again. Gabriel's wife served out spoonfuls of the pudding and passed the plates down the table. Midway down they were held up by Mary Jane, who replenished them with raspberry or orange jelly or with blancmange and jam. The pudding was of Aunt Julia's making and she received praises for it from all quarters. She herself said that it was not quite brown enough.

加布里埃尔吃完了，那块巨大的布丁被转移到了桌子上。叉子和汤匙的撞击声再次响起。加布里埃尔的妻子把布丁一勺一勺地分开，然后把盘子沿着桌子传了下去。传到中间，玛丽·简接在手里，加了些紫莓或橘子果冻，还加了些牛奶冻和果酱。布丁是朱莉娅姨妈的杰作，她收到了来自桌子各个方向的夸赞。她自己却说做得还不够焦黄。

"Well, I hope, Miss Morkan," said Mr. Browne, "that I'm brown enough for you because, you know, I'm all brown.”

“好了，我希望，莫肯小姐，”布朗先生说，“我对你来说是足够焦黄了，因为，你要知道，我的名字就是‘焦黄’啊。”

All the gentlemen, except Gabriel, ate some of the pudding out of compliment to Aunt Julia. As Gabriel never ate sweets the celery had been left for him. Freddy Malins also took a stalk of celery and ate it with his pudding. He had been told that celery was a capital thing for the blood and he was just then under doctor's care. Mrs. Malins, who had been silent all through the supper, said that her son was going down to Mount Melleray in a week or so. The table then spoke of Mount Melleray, how bracing the air was down there, how hospitable the monks were and how they never asked for a penny-piece from their guests.

所有的男士，除了加布里埃尔，都因为朱莉娅姨妈受到的赞扬而吃了些布丁。加布里埃尔从来不吃甜点，所以香芹就都留给了他。弗雷迪·马林斯也拿了一根香芹就着布丁一块儿吃了。他听说香芹是有利于血液的一种好东西，而他当时又恰好在接受医生的治疗。马林斯太太整个晚餐过程中一直保持沉默，这时说道，她的儿子再过一个星期左右就要去梅勒雷山了。然后餐桌上的话题就谈论起了梅勒雷山，说那里的空气是如何清新，修道士们是如何好客，他们又是如何从来都不向客人们索要一分钱。

"And do you mean to say," asked Mr. Browne incredulously, "that a chap can go down there and put up there as if it were a hotel and live on the fat of the land and then come away without paying anything?"

“你的意思是说，”布朗先生不相信地问道，“一个人可以住到那里，如同住旅馆一样，可以享用那里的美物，然后打道回府却不用付钱？”

"O, most people give some donation to the monastery when they leave." said Mary Jane.

“哦，大多数人在他们离开的时候都会给修道院捐助些钱款的。”玛丽·简说。

"I wish we had an institution like that in our Church," said Mr. Browne candidly.

“我希望在我们的教派里也能有这样一种惯例。”布朗先生坦诚地说。

He was astonished to hear that the monks never spoke, got up at two in the morning and slept in their coffins. He asked what they did it for.

听说修道士们从来不说话，凌晨两点起床，在棺材里睡觉，他大为惊讶。他问他们做这些都是为了什么。

"That's the rule of the order," said Aunt Kate firmly.

“这是教会的规矩。”凯特姨妈肯定地说道。

"Yes, but why?" asked Mr. Browne.

“是，可为什么呢？”布朗先生问。

Aunt Kate repeated that it was the rule, that was all. Mr. Browne still seemed not to understand. Freddy Malins explained to him, as best he could, that the monks were trying to make up for the sins committed by all the sinners in the outside world. The explanation was not very clear for Mr. Browne grinned and said:

凯特姨妈重复说这是规矩，仅此而已。布朗先生似乎仍不明白。弗雷迪·马林斯尽自己所能地向他解释说，修道士们是在尽力弥补罪过，弥补外面的世界中所有的罪人犯下的罪过。这种解释不很清楚，因为布朗先生咧嘴一笑又说：

"I like that idea very much but wouldn't a comfortable spring bed do them as well as a coffin?”

“我很喜欢这种想法，但是一张舒适的弹簧床和一口棺材对他们的作用难道不是一样吗？”

"The coffin," said Mary Jane, "is to remind them of their last end."

“棺材，”玛丽·简说，“是用来提醒他们要想着自己最终的结局。”

As the subject had grown lugubrious it was buried in a silence of the table during which Mrs. Malins could be heard saying to her neighbour in an indistinct undertone:

话题变得令人悒郁起来，所以最终归结于餐桌上的一阵沉默之中，在沉默中，人们能听到马林斯太太用一种分辨不清的压低了的声音对她的邻座说道：

"They are very good men, the monks, very pious men."

“他们都是些大好人，那些修道士们，都是非常虔诚的人。”

The raisins and almonds and figs and apples and oranges and chocolates and sweets were now passed about the table and Aunt Julia invited all the guests to have either port or sherry. At first Mr. Bartell D'Arcy refused to take either but one of his neighbours nudged him and whispered something to him upon which he allowed his glass to be filled. Gradually as the last glasses were being filled the conversation ceased. A pause followed, broken only by the noise of the wine and by unsettlings of chairs. The Misses Morkan, all three, looked down at the tablecloth. Someone coughed once or twice and then a few gentlemen patted the table gently as a signal for silence. The silence came and Gabriel pushed back his chair.

葡萄干、杏仁、无花果、苹果、橘子、巧克力还有糖果在桌子上传递着，朱莉娅姨妈邀请所有的客人都来点波尔多葡萄酒或雪利酒。起初巴特尔·达西先生两种都拒绝了，可他的一位邻座用胳膊肘轻推他并低声

对他耳语了些什么，然后他就让人把酒杯倒满了。渐渐地随着最后几个酒杯也一一盛满，谈话停了下来。接着是一阵停顿，只能听到喝酒的声音和椅子动来动去的声音。三位莫肯小姐，全都低头看着桌布。有人咳嗽了一两次，然后几位先生轻轻地拍拍桌子，示意大家安静。随即静了下来，加布里埃尔把椅子往后一推。

The patting at once grew louder in encouragement and then ceased altogether. Gabriel leaned his ten trembling fingers on the tablecloth and smiled nervously at the company. Meeting a row of upturned faces he raised his eyes to the chandelier. The piano was playing a waltz tune and he could hear the skirts sweeping against the drawing-room door. People, perhaps, were standing in the snow on the quay outside, gazing up at the lighted windows and listening to the waltz music. The air was pure there. In the distance lay the park where the trees were weighted with snow. The Wellington Monument wore a gleaming cap of snow that flashed westward over the white field of Fifteen Acres.

拍桌子的声音立刻变得响亮起来以作为鼓励，然后一下子又都停了下来。加布里埃尔把十个颤抖的手指倚在桌布上，紧张地冲大伙微笑着。迎着一排仰起的脸，他抬眼看着枝形吊灯。钢琴正在弹奏一支华尔兹舞曲，他能听到裙裾扫过客厅大门的声音。人们也许正站在外面码头上的雪地里，向上凝视着这些亮着灯的窗户，聆听着这支华尔兹乐曲。那里的空气是纯净的。远处的公园里大雪压满了枝头。惠灵顿纪念碑戴着一顶闪亮的雪帽，在十五英亩的白色原野上向西闪耀着。

He began:

他开始了：

"Ladies and Gentlemen, 原文为英文双引号，处理方式有待商量

“女士们，先生们，

It has fallen to my lot this evening, as in years past, to perform a very pleasing task but a task for which I am afraid my poor powers as a speaker are all too inadequate.”

今晚命定应由我，正如在过去许多年中一样，来执行一项非常令人高兴的任务，但是恐怕我的拙劣才能不足以胜任这项任务。”

"No, no!" said Mr. Browne.

“不，不会！”布朗先生说。

"But, however that may be, I can only ask you tonight to take the will for the deed and to lend me your attention for a few moments while I endeavour to express to you in words what my feelings are on this occasion.

“但是，无论情况会如何，今晚我只能请求大家把我的心意看作是我

的行动，请把你们的注意力借给我几分钟，我将努力用言辞来向你们表达在这个场合中我的所感所想。”

"Ladies and Gentlemen, it is not the first time that we have gathered together under this hospitable roof, around this hospitable board. It is not the first time that we have been the recipients—or perhaps, I had better say, the victims—of the hospitality of certain good ladies.”

“女士们，先生们，这并非第一次我们聚集在这个热情好客的屋檐之下，围坐在这张丰盛的餐桌旁。这并非我们第一次作为领受者——或者也许，我最好说，是受害者——来承受几位好心女士的热情款待。”

He made a circle in the air with his arm and paused. Everyone laughed or smiled at Aunt Kate and Aunt Julia and Mary Jane who all turned crimson with pleasure. Gabriel went on more boldly:

他用胳膊在空中划了个圆圈，然后停顿了一下。所有的人都大笑或微笑着看着凯特姨妈还有朱莉娅姨妈还有玛丽·简，她们全都由于高兴而满脸通红。加布里埃尔更加大胆地继续说道：

"I feel more strongly with every recurring year that our country has no tradition which does it so much honour and which it should guard so jealously as that of its hospitality. It is a tradition that is unique as far as my experience goes (and I have visited not a few places abroad) among the modern nations. Some would say, perhaps, that with us it is rather a failing than anything to be boasted of. But granted even that, it is, to my mind, a princely failing, and one that I trust will long be cultivated among us. Of one thing, at least, I am sure. As long as this one roof shelters the good ladies aforesaid—and I wish from my heart it may do so for many and many a long year to come—the tradition of genuine warm-hearted courteous Irish hospitality, which our forefathers have handed down to us and which we in turn must hand down to our descendants, is still alive among us.”

“一年又一年我越来越强烈地感受到，我们的国家没有任何传统会比它热情好客的传统更能给它带来荣誉，并更应该小心维护。就我的经历而言（我去过不少国外的地方），在现代民族中，这是一种独特的传统。也许有人会说，这种传统只是我们的一种缺点，而决不是什么可以引以为豪的东西。但是，即便如此，在我看来，它也是一种高贵的缺点，一种我相信会继续在我们中间长久地加以培植的缺点。至少有一点，我是确信无疑的。只要这个屋檐还会为前面提到的几位好心的女士提供栖身之处——我从心底希望它会在未来的许多年继续这样做——那么这种真正热情有礼的爱尔兰式的热情好客，这种我们的先辈们留给我们而我们也必将留传给我们后代的传统，就会依旧活在我们中间。”

A hearty murmur of assent ran round the table. It shot through

Gabriel's mind that Miss Ivors was not there and that she had gone away discourteously: and he said with confidence in himself:

一阵表示衷心赞同的低语声在餐桌上传开了。加布里埃尔突然想起艾弗斯小姐不在这里，她已经有失礼貌地离开：于是他便自信满满地说道：

"Ladies and Gentlemen, 原文为英文双引符号，处理方式有待商量

“女士们，先生们，

A new generation is growing up in our midst, a generation actuated by new ideas and new principles. It is serious and enthusiastic for these new ideas and its enthusiasm, even when it is misdirected, is, I believe, in the main sincere. But we are living in a sceptical and, if I may use the phrase, a thought-tormented age: and sometimes I fear that this new generation, educated or hypereducated as it is, will lack those qualities of humanity, of hospitality, of kindly humour which belonged to an older day. Listening tonight to the names of all those great singers of the past it seemed to me, I must confess, that we were living in a less spacious age. Those days might, without exaggeration, be called spacious days: and if they are gone beyond recall let us hope, at least, that in gatherings such as this we shall still speak of them with pride and affection, still cherish in our hearts the memory of those dead and gone great ones whose fame the world will not willingly let die.”

新的一代正在我们中间成长起来，这是受新观念和新原则激励的一代。他们严肃认真，对这些新观念充满热情，而他们的热情，即使被用错了地方，我相信，大体上仍是真诚的。但是我们正生活在一个充满怀疑，如果我可以使用这个词的话，一个思想经受折磨的时代：有时我会害怕这新的一代，受过教育的或者说实际上是受过了太多教育的，会缺乏过去的品质，即人道主义、热情好客以及那种善意的幽默。今晚听到所有那些过去伟大歌唱家的名字，我必须承认，我似乎觉得我们正生活在一个不太自由的时代。那些年代，毫不夸张地说，可以被称为是自由的年代：如果它们超越了记忆，那就让我们祈愿，至少，在像这样的聚会中，我们将会依旧满怀自豪和情感地谈论起它们，依旧在我们的心里珍藏对那些逝去之人的回忆，这个世界将永不会让他们的声名消亡。”

"Hear, hear!" said Mr. Browne loudly.

“听啊，听啊！”布朗先生大声地说。

"But yet," continued Gabriel, his voice falling into a softer inflection, "there are always in gatherings such as this sadder thoughts that will recur to our minds: thoughts of the past, of youth, of changes, of absent faces that we miss here tonight. Our path through life is strewn with many such sad memories: and were we to brood upon them always we could not find the heart to go on bravely with

our work among the living. We have all of us living duties and living affections which claim, and rightly claim, our strenuous endeavours.

“可是，”加布里埃尔继续说道，他的声音降低了，变得较为轻柔，“在这样的聚会中总有一些比较悲伤的思绪会重现在我们的脑中：想起过去，想起青春，想起我们今晚在这里思念但却未能出现的那些容颜。我们的人生路撒满了许多这样的悲伤记忆：如果我们总是黯然回想它们，那么我们将无法找到勇气在生者当中继续勇敢地工作下去。我们所有的人都有生者的责任和生者的情感，这就要求，而且是正当地要求，我们付出辛苦的努力。

Therefore, I will not linger on the past. I will not let any gloomy moralising intrude upon us here tonight. Here we are gathered together for a brief moment from the bustle and rush of our everyday routine. We are met here as friends, in the spirit of good-fellowship, as colleagues, also to a certain extent, in the true spirit of camaraderie, and as the guests of—what shall I call them?—the Three Graces of the Dublin musical world.”

因此，我不会执着于过去。我不会让任何忧郁的道德说教今晚在这里搅扰我们。在这里，我们聚集一堂，远离世俗生活的喧嚣和忙碌。我们相会于此，本着相互帮助的友好精神，在某种程度上还本着真正志同道合的精神，我们就是朋友和同事，此外我们还是她们的客人——我该称呼她们什么呢？——都柏林音乐界的美惠三女神。”

The table burst into applause and laughter at this allusion. Aunt Julia vainly asked each of her neighbours in turn to tell her what Gabriel had said.

听到这个典故，餐桌上爆发出了掌声和笑声。朱莉娅姨妈赶紧问她的邻座们加布里埃尔说了什么，但却徒劳无获。

"He says we are the Three Graces, Aunt Julia," said Mary Jane.

“他说我们是美惠三女神，朱莉娅姨妈。”玛丽·简说。

Aunt Julia did not understand but she looked up, smiling, at Gabriel, who continued in the same vein:

朱莉娅姨妈没听明白，不过她却抬起头，微笑着看着加布里埃尔，他用同样的语调继续说道：

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

“女士们，先生们，

I will not attempt to play tonight the part that Paris played on another occasion. I will not attempt to choose between them. The task would be an invidious one and one beyond my poor powers. For when I view them in turn, whether it be our chief hostess herself, whose good heart, whose too good heart, has become a byword with all who

know her, or her sister, who seems to be gifted with perennial youth and whose singing must have been a surprise and a revelation to us all tonight, or, last but not least, when I consider our youngest hostess, talented, cheerful, hard-working and the best of nieces, I confess, Ladies and Gentlemen, that I do not know to which of them I should award the prize.”

今晚我不会努力去扮演帕里斯在另一个场合中扮演过的那个角色。我不会试图在她们中间做出选择。这个任务容易招人嫉恨，也超出了我那可怜的权限。因为当我依次朝她们看去，无论是我们的首席女主人本人——她那颗善心，她那颗再好不过的善心，已经成为所有认识她的人所熟知的一个代名词——还是她的姐姐，她似乎被赋予了永恒的青春，今晚她的演唱对我们所有的人来说都是一种惊喜和一种救赎，还是，最后但却同样重要的，当我想到我们最年轻的女主人，富有才华，生性乐观，勤劳敬业，世上最优秀的侄女，坦率地说，女士们先生们，我真不知道我应该把这份荣誉授予哪一位。“

Gabriel glanced down at his aunts and, seeing the large smile on Aunt Julia's face and the tears which had risen to Aunt Kate's eyes, hastened to his close. He raised his glass of port gallantly, while every member of the company fingered a glass expectantly, and said loudly:

加布里埃尔低头瞥了一眼他的两位姨妈，看见了朱莉娅姨妈脸上绽放着的微笑以及凯特姨妈眼睛里充盈的泪水，于是他便赶快收尾。他殷勤地举起他那杯波特葡萄酒，而在场的每个人也都期待地用手指触着酒杯，他大声说道：

"Let us toast them all three together. Let us drink to their health, wealth, long life, happiness and prosperity and may they long continue to hold the proud and self-won position which they hold in their profession and the position of honour and affection which they hold in our hearts.”

“让我们一起为她们三位干杯吧。让我们干杯吧，为她们的健康、财富、长寿、幸福和富足，祝愿她们继续长久地保有她们在各自的职业中凭借自己的力量赢得的那个引以为豪的位置，也祝愿她们继续长久地保有她们在我们的心目中所占据的那个备受尊敬和爱戴的位置。”

All the guests stood up, glass in hand, and turning towards the three seated ladies, sang in unison, with Mr. Browne as leader:

所有的客人都站了起来，手里举着酒杯，转向那三位坐着的女士，由布朗先生领头，齐声唱了起来：

For they are jolly gay fellows, For they are jolly gay fellows, For they are jolly gay fellows, Which nobody can deny.

因为她们是快活的好人，因为她们是快活的好人，因为她们是快活的好人，这一点无人能够否认。

Aunt Kate was making frank use of her handkerchief and even Aunt Julia seemed moved. Freddy Malins beat time with his pudding-fork and the singers turned towards one another, as if in melodious conference, while they sang with emphasis:

凯特姨妈索性用起了手绢，就连朱莉娅姨妈也似乎被感动了。弗雷迪·马林斯用布丁叉敲着节拍，唱歌的人们互相面对面，仿佛置身于音乐会，他们起劲地唱着：

Unless he tells a lie, Unless he tells a lie,

除非他说谎，除非他说谎。

Then, turning once more towards their hostesses, they sang:

然后，他们再次转向他们的几位女主人，唱道：

For they are jolly gay fellows, For they are jolly gay fellows, For they are jolly gay fellows, Which nobody can deny. 为押韵起见，修改了原译文末句。

因为她们是快活的伙伴，因为她们是快活的伙伴，因为她们是快活的伙伴，这一点无人能够否认。

The acclamation which followed was taken up beyond the door of the supper-room by many of the other guests and renewed time after time, Freddy Malins acting as officer with his fork on high.

继之而起的欢呼声被晚餐室门外的许多其他客人接续着，一次又一次地重复着，弗雷迪·马林斯高举着叉子充当着指挥的角色。

The piercing morning air came into the hall where they were standing so that Aunt Kate said:

清晨刺骨的寒风吹进了他们所站的大厅，于是凯特姨妈说：

"Close the door, somebody. Mrs. Malins will get her death of cold."

“谁来把门关上吧。马林斯太太会得上要命的感冒的。”

"Browne is out there, Aunt Kate," said Mary Jane.

“布朗在外面呢，凯特姨妈。”玛丽·简说。

"Browne is everywhere," said Aunt Kate, lowering her voice.

“布朗真是无处不在啊。”凯特姨妈压低了声音说道。

Mary Jane laughed at her tone.

玛丽·简嘲笑着她的语气。

"Really," she said archly, "he is very attentive."

“的确，”她调皮地说，“他真是无微不至。”

"He has been laid on here like the gas," said Aunt Kate in the same tone, "all during the Christmas."

“他在这里俨然就像是煤气灯，”凯特姨妈用同样的语气说道，“整个圣诞节期间都是如此。”

She laughed herself this time good-humouredly and then added quickly:

这一次她自己也开心地笑了起来，然后迅即补充道：

"But tell him to come in, Mary Jane, and close the door. I hope to goodness he didn't hear me.”

“不过还是叫他进来吧，玛丽·简，然后关上门。我希望上天保佑他没有听到我说的话。”

At that moment the hall-door was opened and Mr. Browne came in from the doorstep, laughing as if his heart would break. He was dressed in a long green overcoat with mock astrakhan cuffs and collar and wore on his head an oval fur cap. He pointed down the snow-covered quay from where the sound of shrill prolonged whistling was borne in.

就在这时，客厅的门打开了，布朗先生从门阶处走了进来，他大笑着，仿佛心都要笑碎了。他穿着一件绿色的长外套，袖口和领子都是仿羊皮的毛边，他的头上戴着一顶椭圆形的皮帽。他手指着积雪覆盖的码头，从那里传来了尖厉悠长的鸣笛声。

"Teddy will have all the cabs in Dublin out," he said.

“特迪会把都柏林所有的出租马车都叫出来的。”他说。

Gabriel advanced from the little pantry behind the office, struggling into his overcoat and, looking round the hall, said:

加布里埃尔从厨房后面的小配餐室走上前来，费劲地穿上外套，然后转身环顾一下客厅，说道：

"Gretta not down yet?"

“格雷塔还没下来吗？”

"She's getting on her things, Gabriel," said Aunt Kate.

“她正在收拾她的东西，加布里埃尔。”凯特姨妈说。

"Who's playing up there?" asked Gabriel.

“谁在楼上演奏呢？”加布里埃尔问道。

"Nobody. They're all gone.”

“没有人呀。他们全都走了。”

"O no, Aunt Kate," said Mary Jane. "Bartell D'Arcy and Miss

O'Callaghan aren't gone yet.”

“哦，不，凯特姨妈，”玛丽·简说。“巴特尔·达西和奥卡拉汉小姐都还没走呢。”

"Someone is fooling at the piano anyhow," said Gabriel.

“不管怎么说，有人正在那儿乱弹钢琴呢。”加布里埃尔说。

Mary Jane glanced at Gabriel and Mr. Browne and said with a shiver:

玛丽·简瞥了一眼加布里埃尔和布朗先生，身体哆嗦了一下说道：

"It makes me feel cold to look at you two gentlemen muffled up like that. I wouldn't like to face your journey home at this hour.”

“看着你们两位先生包裹成这样就让我觉得冷。我真不愿意面对你们在这样一个时间回家的那段路程。”

"I'd like nothing better this minute," said Mr. Browne stoutly, "than a rattling fine walk in the country or a fast drive with a good spanking goer between the shafts."

“此刻我什么都不想要，”布朗先生豪气十足地说，“就想在乡间来一次特别惬意的散步，或者是轻车快马地来一次疾驶。”

"We used to have a very good horse and trap at home," said Aunt Julia sadly.

“我们家过去曾有过一辆非常好的单马双轮轻便马车。”朱莉娅姨妈伤感地说道。

"The never-to-be-forgotten Johnny," said Mary Jane, laughing.

“永远都无法忘怀的约翰尼。”玛丽·简大笑着说。

Aunt Kate and Gabriel laughed too.

凯特姨妈和加布里埃尔也都大笑了起来。

"Why, what was wonderful about Johnny?" asked Mr. Browne.

“怎么了，约翰尼有什么奇妙的地方吗？”布朗先生问。

"The late lamented Patrick Morkan, our grandfather, that is," explained Gabriel, "commonly known in his later years as the old gentleman, was a glue-boiler.”

“故世的帕特里克·莫肯，也就是我们的祖父，”加布里埃尔解释道，“晚年以老先生的名号而为众人所知，他是一个熬胶匠。”

"O, now, Gabriel," said Aunt Kate, laughing, "he had a starch mill."

“哦，好了，加布里埃尔，”凯特姨妈大笑着说，“他经营的的是一间

淀粉磨坊。”

"Well, glue or starch," said Gabriel, "the old gentleman had a horse by the name of Johnny. And Johnny used to work in the old gentleman's mill, walking round and round in order to drive the mill. That was all very well; but now comes the tragic part about Johnny. One fine day the old gentleman thought he'd like to drive out with the quality to a military review in the park.”

“好了，不管是胶还是淀粉，”加布里埃尔说，“老先生有一匹马，名叫约翰尼。约翰尼常在老先生的磨坊里干活儿，一圈一圈地拉磨。一切都非常好；可现在该讲约翰尼的悲惨故事了。在一个晴朗的日子，老先生想要和上流人士们一道驾车去公园里看一场阅兵式。”

"The Lord have mercy on his soul," said Aunt Kate compassionately.

“愿主怜悯他的灵魂。”凯特姨妈同情地说。

"Amen," said Gabriel. "So the old gentleman, as I said, harnessed Johnny and put on his very best tall hat and his very best stock collar and drove out in grand style from his ancestral mansion somewhere near Back Lane, I think."

“阿门，”加布里埃尔说，“于是老先生，正如我说过的那样，就把约翰尼套到马车上，戴上自己最好的高礼帽以及最好的硬领结，然后就有模有样地驾车驶出了祖屋，我想那祖屋是在后巷上的某个地方吧。”

Everyone laughed, even Mrs. Malins, at Gabriel's manner and Aunt Kate said:

每个人，甚至连马林斯太太，都被加布里埃尔的样子逗笑了，凯特姨妈说：

"O, now, Gabriel, he didn't live in Back Lane, really. Only the mill was there.”

“哦，好了，加布里埃尔，他其实并不住在后巷。只是磨坊在那里。”

"Out from the mansion of his forefathers," continued Gabriel, "he drove with Johnny. And everything went on beautifully until Johnny came in sight of King Billy's statue: and whether he fell in love with the horse King Billy sits on or whether he thought he was back again in the mill, anyhow he began to walk round the statue.”

“驶出了先辈们留下的屋子，”加布里埃尔继续说道，“他驱赶着约翰尼往前走。一切都进行得很完美，直到约翰尼看见了国王比利的塑像：也许是他喜欢上了国王比利骑着的那匹马或者也许是他认为他又回到了磨坊，不管怎么说，他开始绕着那尊塑像转起圈来。”

Gabriel paced in a circle round the hall in his goloshes amid the

laughter of the others.

加布里埃尔穿着高统雨靴在其他人的一片笑声中绕着客厅踱了一圈。

"Round and round he went," said Gabriel, "and the old gentleman, who was a very pompous old gentleman, was highly indignant. 'Go on, sir! What do you mean, sir? Johnny! Johnny! Most extraordinary conduct! Can't understand the horse!'"

“他一圈接一圈地走啊走啊，”加布里埃尔说，“老先生呢，是一位很自负的老先生，他气愤至极。‘继续走呀，先生！您这是什么意思，先生？约翰尼！约翰尼！这种行为真是太出格了！真搞不明白这匹马！’”

The peal of laughter which followed Gabriel's imitation of the incident was interrupted by a resounding knock at the hall door. Mary Jane ran to open it and let in Freddy Malins. Freddy Malins, with his hat well back on his head and his shoulders humped with cold, was puffing and steaming after his exertions.

加布里埃尔对这起事件生动形象的讲述引得大家哄堂大笑，但这笑声却被厅门上传来的一阵响亮的敲门声打断了。玛丽·简跑去开门，让进来了弗雷迪·马林斯。弗雷迪·马林斯头上的帽子戴得很靠后脑，双肩冷得紧缩着，正费劲地呼哧呼哧吐着气。

"I could only get one cab," he said.

“我只能找到一辆出租马车。”他说。

"O, we'll find another along the quay," said Gabriel.

“哦，我们会在码头上沿路再找到一辆的。”

"Yes," said Aunt Kate. "Better not keep Mrs. Malins standing in the draught."

“会的，”凯特姨妈说，“最好不要让马林斯太太站在风口上。”

Mrs. Malins was helped down the front steps by her son and Mr. Browne and, after many manoeuvres, hoisted into the cab. Freddy Malins clambered in after her and spent a long time settling her on the seat, Mr. Browne helping him with advice. At last she was settled comfortably and Freddy Malins invited Mr. Browne into the cab. There was a good deal of confused talk, and then Mr. Browne got into the cab. The cabman settled his rug over his knees, and bent down for the address. The confusion grew greater and the cabman was directed differently by Freddy Malins and Mr. Browne, each of whom had his head out through a window of the cab. The difficulty was to know where to drop Mr. Browne along the route, and Aunt Kate, Aunt Julia and Mary Jane helped the discussion from the doorstep with cross-directions and contradictions and abundance of laughter. As for

Freddy Malins he was speechless with laughter. He popped his head in and out of the window every moment to the great danger of his hat, and told his mother how the discussion was progressing, till at last Mr. Browne shouted to the bewildered cabman above the din of everybody's laughter:

马林斯太太由儿子和布朗先生帮扶着走下门前的台阶，然后费了好多周折之后才被扶进了马车。弗雷迪·马林斯跟着也费劲地爬进了马车，然后又花了好长时间把她安顿在座位上，布朗先生则一直帮着他出主意。终于，她被舒舒服服地安顿好了，弗雷迪·马林斯邀请布朗先生也上车。在好一阵含混不清的交谈之后，布朗先生才上了马车。车夫把毯子铺在膝盖上，弯下身去问地址。这下子更乱了，弗雷迪·马林斯和布朗先生把头分别从马车的一个窗户伸出去，给车夫说着不同的方向。难点在于要搞清楚沿路在什么地方把布朗先生放下，凯特姨妈、朱莉娅姨妈和玛丽·简在门阶那儿帮着商议着，她们说着互相矛盾的建议，笑声不断。至于弗雷迪·马林斯，他都笑得说不出话来了。他一会儿把头缩回去，一会儿又把头从窗户里探出来，使得他的帽子不断遭遇危险。他告诉母亲讨论进展得怎么样，直到最后布朗先生在大家的一片哄哄嚷嚷的大笑声中冲着困惑的车夫喊道：

"Do you know Trinity College?"

“你知道三一学院吗？”

"Yes, sir," said the cabman.

“知道，先生。”车夫说。

"Well, drive bang up against Trinity College gates," said Mr. Browne, "and then we'll tell you where to go. You understand now?”

“那好，先往三一学院门口走吧，”布朗先生说，“然后我们再告你去哪里。你现在明白了吗？”

"Yes, sir," said the cabman.

“是的，先生。”车夫说。

"Make like a bird for Trinity College."

“那就像鸟一样飞往三一学院吧。”

"Right, sir," said the cabman.

“好嘞，先生。”车夫说。

The horse was whipped up and the cab rattled off along the quay amid a chorus of laughter and adieus.

在一片笑声和道别声中，马儿在鞭策之下走了起来，马车沿着码头疾驰而去。

Gabriel had not gone to the door with the others. He was in a dark part of the hall gazing up the staircase. A woman was standing

near the top of the first flight, in the shadow also. He could not see her face but he could see the terra-cotta and salmon-pink panels of her skirt which the shadow made appear black and white. It was his wife. She was leaning on the banisters, listening to something. Gabriel was surprised at her stillness and strained his ear to listen also. But he could hear little save the noise of laughter and dispute on the front steps, a few chords struck on the piano and a few notes of a man's voice singing.

加布里埃尔没有和其他人一起到门口。他呆在客厅的暗处，朝上凝视着楼梯。一个女人正站在第一段楼梯靠近顶部的地方，也是在阴影里。他看不见她的脸，但是他却能看见她那条裙子赤褐与红粉相间的裙边，在阴影里那颜色看上去就像是黑白相间。那是他的妻子。她正倚靠在扶手上，侧耳倾听着什么。加布里埃尔对她那一动不动的样子感到惊讶，就也支楞起耳朵倾听起来。可是他几乎听不到什么，只有嘈杂的笑声和门前台阶上的争论声，还有钢琴上奏出的几个音符和一个男人吟唱的几句。

He stood still in the gloom of the hall, trying to catch the air that the voice was singing and gazing up at his wife. There was grace and mystery in her attitude as if she were a symbol of something. He asked himself what is a woman standing on the stairs in the shadow, listening to distant music, a symbol of. If he were a painter he would paint her in that attitude. Her blue felt hat would show off the bronze of her hair against the darkness and the dark panels of her skirt would show off the light ones. Distant Music he would call the picture if he were a painter.

他一动不动地站在昏暗的客厅里，一边努力辨识着那声音正在吟唱的调子，一边抬头凝视着妻子。她的神态优雅而神秘，仿佛某物的象征。他自问道，一个站在楼梯阴影里倾听着远处音乐的女人，会是什么的象征。如果他是个画家，他一定会画下她处在那种神态中的样子。她那蓝色的毡帽会在昏暗背景下凸显出她头发的古铜色，她那裙边的深色部分则会凸显出浅色的部分。他会给这幅画起名为《远处的乐声》，如果他是一个画家的话。

The hall-door was closed; and Aunt Kate, Aunt Julia and Mary Jane came down the hall, still laughing.

厅门关上了；凯特姨妈、朱莉娅姨妈和玛丽·简沿着客厅走了过来，依然大笑着。

"Well, isn't Freddy terrible?" said Mary Jane. "He's really terrible.”

“呃，弗雷迪难道不讨厌吗？”玛丽·简说，“他的确很讨厌。”

Gabriel said nothing but pointed up the stairs towards where his wife was standing. Now that the hall-door was closed the voice and

the piano could be heard more clearly. Gabriel held up his hand for them to be silent. The song seemed to be in the old Irish tonality and the singer seemed uncertain both of his words and of his voice. The voice, made plaintive by distance and by the singer's hoarseness, faintly illuminated the cadence of the air with words expressing grief:

加布里埃尔什么都没说，但却朝楼上他妻子站立的地方指了指。现在厅门关上了，歌声和琴声都能听得更清楚些。加布里埃尔举手示意他们安静。那首歌似乎像是古爱尔兰歌谣的那种调子，唱歌的人则似乎对自己的吐字和嗓音都拿捏不定。由于距离的缘故，也由于歌者声音沙哑的缘故，那歌声听来哀怨动人，隐约诠释出了那小调的韵律，歌词表达着悲伤之情：

O, the rain falls on my heavy locks And the dew wets my skin, My babe lies cold...

哦，雨水落在我浓密的卷发，露珠浸湿了我的皮肤，我的宝贝冰冷地躺着……

"O," exclaimed Mary Jane. "It's Bartell D'Arcy singing and he wouldn't sing all the night. O, I'll get him to sing a song before he goes.”

“啊，”玛丽·简惊叫道，“那是巴特尔·达西在唱歌，他整个晚上都不愿意唱歌。哦，我要让他在走之前再唱一首歌。”

"O, do, Mary Jane," said Aunt Kate.

“哦，去吧，玛丽·简。”凯特姨妈说。

Mary Jane brushed past the others and ran to the staircase, but before she reached it the singing stopped and the piano was closed abruptly.

玛丽·简从其他人身边擦身而过，朝楼梯跑去，但是她还没跑到楼梯，歌声停止了，钢琴声也戛然而止。

"O, what a pity!" she cried. "Is he coming down, Gretta?"

“哦，真遗憾！”她叫道，“他要下来了吗，格雷塔？”

Gabriel heard his wife answer yes and saw her come down towards them. A few steps behind her were Mr. Bartell D'Arcy and Miss O'Callaghan.

加布里埃尔听见他妻子回答说是的，然后看见她下楼朝他们走过来。在她身后隔着几步远是巴特尔·达西先生和奥卡拉汉小姐。

"O, Mr. D'Arcy," cried Mary Jane, "it's downright mean of you to break off like that when we were all in raptures listening to you.”

“哦，达西先生，”玛丽·简叫道，“您真是太吝啬了，我们刚刚正满心欢喜地听您唱歌，您却就那样突然不唱了。”

"I have been at him all the evening," said Miss O'Callaghan, "and Mrs. Conroy, too, and he told us he had a dreadful cold and couldn't sing.”

“我整个晚上都一直在鼓动他，”奥卡拉汉小姐说，“康罗伊太太也一样，可他却告诉我们说他得了可怕的感冒，所以不能唱。”

"O, Mr. D'Arcy," said Aunt Kate, "now that was a great fib to tell."

“哦，达西先生，”凯特姨妈说，“这谎可说大了吧。”

"Can't you see that I'm as hoarse as a crow?" said Mr. D'Arcy roughly.

“难道你们听不出我的嗓子沙哑得像只乌鸦吗？”达西先生粗鲁地说。

He went into the pantry hastily and put on his overcoat. The others, taken aback by his rude speech, could find nothing to say. Aunt Kate wrinkled her brows and made signs to the others to drop the subject. Mr. D'Arcy stood swathing his neck carefully and frowning.

他匆匆走近配餐室穿上大衣。其他人都被他粗鲁的言辞震惊了，一下子找不到什么话可说。凯特姨妈皱起了眉头，示意其他人停止这个话题。达西先生在那儿仔细地包裹着脖子，皱着眉头。

"It's the weather," said Aunt Julia, after a pause.

“是天气的缘故。”停顿了一会儿之后朱莉娅姨妈说。

"Yes, everybody has colds," said Aunt Kate readily, "everybody."

“是的，所有的人都感冒了，”凯特姨妈立刻说道，“所有人。”

"They say," said Mary Jane, "we haven't had snow like it for thirty years; and I read this morning in the newspapers that the snow is general all over Ireland.”

“他们说，”玛丽·简说，“我们已经有三十年没见过这样的雪了；今天早上我看到报纸上说这场雪波及了整个爱尔兰。”

"I love the look of snow," said Aunt Julia sadly.

“我喜欢下雪的情景。”朱莉娅姨妈悲伤地说。

"So do I," said Miss O'Callaghan. "I think Christmas is never really Christmas unless we have the snow on the ground."

“我也是，”奥卡拉汉小姐说，“如果我们在地上看不到雪的话，圣诞节就不像真正的圣诞节了。”

"But poor Mr. D'Arcy doesn't like the snow," said Aunt Kate, smiling.

“但是可怜的达西先生可不喜欢雪。”凯特姨妈微笑着说。

Mr. D'Arcy came from the pantry, fully swathed and buttoned, and in a repentant tone told them the history of his cold. Everyone gave him advice and said it was a great pity and urged him to be very careful of his throat in the night air. Gabriel watched his wife, who did not join in the conversation. She was standing right under the dusty fanlight and the flame of the gas lit up the rich bronze of her hair, which he had seen her drying at the fire a few days before. She was in the same attitude and seemed unaware of the talk about her. At last she turned towards them and Gabriel saw that there was colour on her cheeks and that her eyes were shining. A sudden tide of joy went leaping out of his heart.

达西先生从配餐室出来，浑身包裹得严严实实，扣子也都扣得好好的，他用一种表示悔悟的语调给他们讲述了自己患感冒的经过。所有的人都给他提建议，说真是太可怜了，并都极力提醒他在晚上一定要特别呵护好自己的喉咙。加布里埃尔注视着自己的妻子，她没有加入到谈话中来。她正好站在灰尘满布的气窗下，煤气灯的火苗照亮了她那浓密的古铜色头发，几天前他曾见她在壁炉前烘干过。她还是同样的神态，似乎没有察觉到她身边的这场谈话。终于她转过身来面朝他们，加布里埃尔看见她的双颊泛着红晕，她的双眼闪着亮光。一种突然涌起的喜悦从他的心里迸发出来。

"Mr. D'Arcy," she said, "what is the name of that song you were singing?"

“达西先生，”她说，“您刚才唱的那首歌的歌名叫什么？”

"It's called The Lass of Aughrim," said Mr. D'Arcy, "but I couldn't remember it properly. Why? Do you know it?”

“它叫《奥赫里姆的少女》，”达西先生说，“我记不太清了。怎么了？你知道这首歌吗？”

"The Lass of Aughrim," she repeated. "I couldn't think of the name.”

“《奥赫里姆的少女》，”她重复着，“我不记得这个歌名。”

"It's a very nice air," said Mary Jane. "I'm sorry you were not in voice tonight.”

“这是一首非常好听的小曲，”玛丽·简说，“很遗憾今晚您的嗓子不舒服。”

"Now, Mary Jane," said Aunt Kate, "don't annoy Mr. D'Arcy. I won't have him annoyed.”

“好了，玛丽·简，”凯特姨妈说，“别再惹达西先生烦心了。我不想让他受到烦扰。”

Seeing that all were ready to start she shepherded them to the door, where good-night was said:

见所有的人都已做好动身的准备，她便引领着他们来到门口，彼此互道晚安：

"Well, good-night, Aunt Kate, and thanks for the pleasant evening.”

“好了，晚安，凯特姨妈，谢谢您，多么美好的夜晚。”

"Good-night, Gabriel. Good-night, Gretta!”

“晚安，加布里埃尔。晚安，格雷塔！”

"Good-night, Aunt Kate, and thanks ever so much. Goodnight, Aunt Julia.”

“晚安，凯特姨妈，非常非常感谢。晚安，朱莉娅姨妈。”

"O, good-night, Gretta, I didn't see you.”

“哦，晚安，格雷塔，我刚才没看见你。”

"Good-night, Mr. D'Arcy. Good-night, Miss O'Callaghan.”

“晚安，达西先生。晚安，奥卡拉汉小姐。”

"Good-night, Miss Morkan.”

“晚安，莫肯小姐。”

"Good-night, again.”

“再次祝您晚安。”

"Good-night, all. Safe home.”

“大家全都晚安。一路平安。”

"Good-night. Good night.”

“晚安。晚安。”

The morning was still dark. A dull, yellow light brooded over the houses and the river; and the sky seemed to be descending. It was slushy underfoot; and only streaks and patches of snow lay on the roofs, on the parapets of the quay and on the area railings. The lamps were still burning redly in the murky air and, across the river, the palace of the Four Courts stood out menacingly against the heavy sky.

清晨的天色仍旧是昏暗的。一种黯然昏黄的光线笼罩着房屋和河流；天空似乎要坠下来的样子。脚下满是雪泥；只有一条条一块块的雪覆盖在屋顶上，覆盖在码头的挡墙上，覆盖在庭院的围栏上。路灯在昏暗的空气中发出红色的光，河对岸四法院的宫殿在沉沉的天空下巍然矗立。

She was walking on before him with Mr. Bartell D'Arcy, her shoes in a brown parcel tucked under one arm and her hands holding her skirt up from the slush. She had no longer any grace of attitude, but Gabriel's eyes were still bright with happiness. The blood went bounding along his veins; and the thoughts went rioting through his brain, proud, joyful, tender, valorous.

她跟巴特尔·达西先生一起走在他的前面，她的鞋子裹在棕色的包裹里，夹在腋下。她用手提着裙子，以免沾到污泥。她已经没有了刚才优雅的样子，但是加布里埃尔的双眼仍然因为喜悦而放着光彩。血液在他的血管里跳跃，各种念头在他脑子里骚动不安：骄傲，欢乐，温柔以及勇敢。

She was walking on before him so lightly and so erect that he longed to run after her noiselessly, catch her by the shoulders and say something foolish and affectionate into her ear. She seemed to him so frail that he longed to defend her against something and then to be alone with her. Moments of their secret life together burst like stars upon his memory. A heliotrope envelope was lying beside his breakfast-cup and he was caressing it with his hand. Birds were twittering in the ivy and the sunny web of the curtain was shimmering along the floor: he could not eat for happiness. They were standing on the crowded platform and he was placing a ticket inside the warm palm of her glove. He was standing with her in the cold, looking in through a grated window at a man making bottles in a roaring furnace. It was very cold. Her face, fragrant in the cold air, was quite close to his; and suddenly he called out to the man at the furnace:

她在前面走得那么轻快、笔直，以至于他想悄无声息地追上前去，抱住她的肩膀，在她耳边说些愚蠢又深情的话语。她看起来那么柔弱，他希望能为她抵挡一切，希望能跟她单独相处。他们两人私密的生活像星星一样在他记忆中闪烁着。淡紫色的信封静静躺在他早餐茶杯的旁边，他用手轻柔地抚摸着它。鸟儿在长春藤中欢唱，窗帘后面射进来的阳光在地板上闪耀，他因为无比的幸福而无法进食。他们站在拥挤的站台上，他把一张票塞进她戴着手套的温暖的手掌里。他跟她一起站在寒风中，透过装有隔栅的窗户，看一个男人在烧得很旺的火炉旁做瓶子。天太冷了。她的脸离他很近，在寒气中散发出清香，突然，他对着那个男人喊道：

"Is the fire hot, sir?"

“火很热吗，先生？”

But the man could not hear with the noise of the furnace. It was just as well. He might have answered rudely.

但是那个男人由于火炉发出的噪声却听不到他的话。这样也好。就算回答，他的态度大概也是粗鲁的。

A wave of yet more tender joy escaped from his heart and went coursing in warm flood along his arteries. Like the tender fire of stars moments of their life together, that no one knew of or would ever know of, broke upon and illumined his memory. He longed to recall to her those moments, to make her forget the years of their dull existence together and remember only their moments of ecstasy. For the years, he felt, had not quenched his soul or hers. Their children, his writing, her household cares had not quenched all their souls' tender fire. In one letter that he had written to her then he had said: "Why is it that words like these seem to me so dull and cold? Is it because there is no word tender enough to be your name?"

一股更温柔的喜悦之情从他心头溢出，在血管中欢快地奔跑着。没有人知道，也不会有人知道，他们生命中这些如星火般闪耀的时刻点燃了他此刻的记忆。他想让她回忆起这些时光，忘掉那些无聊平淡的相处，只记得他们共度的欢乐的时刻。因为他觉得，岁月的洗礼没有熄灭他和她的灵魂。孩子，写作和家务还没有熄灭他和她灵魂中温柔的火焰。在当时他写给她的一封信中，他曾这样说过：“为什么像这样的话语在我看来是如此的单调而冷漠？是因为没有任何足够温柔的词语来形容你的名字吗？”

Like distant music these words that he had written years before were borne towards him from the past. He longed to be alone with her. When the others had gone away, when he and she were in the room in the hotel, then they would be alone together. He would call her softly:

犹如远处的乐声一样，这些多年以前写下的话语现在正向他袭来。他渴望跟她单独相处。当别人都走开了，当他和她回到旅馆的房间，那时他们就可以独处了。他就可以温柔地喊她的名字：

"Gretta!"

“格雷塔！”

Perhaps she would not hear at once: she would be undressing. Then something in his voice would strike her. She would turn and look at him....

也许她不会立刻听清他说了什么：她正在换衣服。但是他声音里的某种东西会打动她。她会转过身，望着他……

At the corner of Winetavern Street they met a cab. He was glad of its rattling noise as it saved him from conversation. She was looking out of the window and seemed tired. The others spoke only a few words, pointing out some building or street. The horse galloped along wearily under the murky morning sky, dragging his old rattling box after his heels, and Gabriel was again in a cab with her, galloping to catch the boat, galloping to their honeymoon.

在瓦恩塔恩街的街角他们碰上了一辆出租马车。马车发出的隆隆声令他感到欣慰，这样他就不必说话了。她看着窗外，一副疲惫的样子。其他人只是指着外面的建筑或街道，偶尔说几句话。昏暗的天空下马匹疲倦地奔驰着，拉着陈旧的咯吱作响的车厢，而加布里埃尔又一次想起同她坐在一间车厢里，疾驰着去赶游船，疾驰着去度蜜月。

As the cab drove across O'Connell Bridge Miss O'Callaghan said:

当马车驶过奥康奈尔桥的时候，奥卡拉汉小姐说：

"They say you never cross O'Connell Bridge without seeing a white horse.”

“听说过奥康奈尔桥的时候总能看见一匹白马。”

"I see a white man this time," said Gabriel.

“这一次我看见了一个白人。”加布里埃尔说。

"Where?" asked Mr. Bartell D'Arcy.

“在哪儿？”巴特尔·达西先生问。

Gabriel pointed to the statue, on which lay patches of snow. Then he nodded familiarly to it and waved his hand.

加布里埃尔指着那尊塑像，上面落满了一块一块的积雪。然后他亲密地冲那塑像点了点头，挥了挥手。

"Good-night, Dan," he said gaily.

“晚安，丹。”他快乐地说。

When the cab drew up before the hotel, Gabriel jumped out and, in spite of Mr. Bartell D'Arcy's protest, paid the driver. He gave the man a shilling over his fare. The man saluted and said:

马车在旅馆门口停了下来，加布里埃尔跳下车，不顾巴特尔·达西先生的反对，付钱给了车夫。他在车费之外多给了车夫一个先令。车夫行礼说道：

"A prosperous New Year to you, sir."

“祝您新年发财，先生。”

"The same to you," said Gabriel cordially.

“同样祝福你。”加布里埃尔真诚地说。

She leaned for a moment on his arm in getting out of the cab and while standing at the curbstone, bidding the others good-night. She leaned lightly on his arm, as lightly as when she had danced with him a few hours before. He had felt proud and happy then, happy that she was his, proud of her grace and wifely carriage. But now, after the kindling again of so many memories, the first touch of her body,

musical and strange and perfumed, sent through him a keen pang of lust. Under cover of her silence he pressed her arm closely to his side; and, as they stood at the hotel door, he felt that they had escaped from their lives and duties, escaped from home and friends and run away together with wild and radiant hearts to a new adventure.

她下车的时候在他的胳膊上倚了片刻，然后站在路沿上向其他人道晚安。她轻柔地倚着他的胳膊，正如几个小时以前她和他跳舞时那般轻柔。当时他感觉自豪而幸福，幸福的是她是属于他的，自豪的是她举止优雅而贤淑。可是现在，在重温了这么多的回忆之后，刚一触碰到她的身体，它是那么富有韵律，那么新奇而芳香，一股急切而痛苦的欲望传遍了他的全身。在她沉默的外表之下，他把她的胳膊紧紧靠在自己的一侧身体上；他们站在旅馆门口，他感觉他们逃离了生活和责任，逃离了家庭和朋友，怀着狂野而热情的心一起逃走，开始一次新的冒险。

An old man was dozing in a great hooded chair in the hall. He lit a candle in the office and went before them to the stairs. They followed him in silence, their feet falling in soft thuds on the thickly carpeted stairs. She mounted the stairs behind the porter, her head bowed in the ascent, her frail shoulders curved as with a burden, her skirt girt tightly about her. He could have flung his arms about her hips and held her still, for his arms were trembling with desire to seize her and only the stress of his nails against the palms of his hands held the wild impulse of his body in check. The porter halted on the stairs to settle his guttering candle. They halted, too, on the steps below him. In the silence Gabriel could hear the falling of the molten wax into the tray and the thumping of his own heart against his ribs.

一个老人正坐在大厅里一把带遮罩的椅子上打盹。他到办公室点了一根蜡烛，然后给他们引着路朝楼梯走去。他们默默地跟着他，他们的脚轻轻地踩在铺着厚厚地毯的楼梯上。她跟在看门人的身后爬着楼梯，她的头低着，她纤弱的肩膀好像由于负重而弯缩着，她的裙子紧紧地裹在身上。他完全可以一把搂住她的臀部，抱着她不动，因为他的胳膊颤抖着，渴望能抓住她，全凭着指甲紧紧抠着手掌心才遏制住了他身体的这种狂野冲动。看门人在楼梯上停下来，稳了稳摇曳不定的烛光。他们也在他下面的楼梯上停了下来。沉默之中，加布里埃尔能够听到融化了的蜡烛滴落到托盘里的声音以及他自己的心脏触碰着肋骨的跳动声。

The porter led them along a corridor and opened a door. Then he set his unstable candle down on a toilet-table and asked at what hour they were to be called in the morning.

看门人引着他们走过一条走廊，打开了一扇房门。然后他把摇曳不定的蜡烛放到一个梳妆台上，然后问他们需要早上几点来人叫他们。

"Eight," said Gabriel.

“八点。”加布里埃尔说。

The porter pointed to the tap of the electric-light and began a muttered apology, but Gabriel cut him short.

看门人指着电灯的开关，开始喃喃地道歉，但加布里埃尔打断了他。

"We don't want any light. We have light enough from the street. And I say," he added, pointing to the candle, "you might remove that handsome article, like a good man."

“我们不需要什么灯光。我们有大街上照进来的光就足够了。而且我说，”他指着蜡烛补充道，“你也可以把那个漂亮物件拿走，就算是当回好人吧。”

The porter took up his candle again, but slowly, for he was surprised by such a novel idea. Then he mumbled good-night and went out. Gabriel shot the lock to.

看门人又拿起蜡烛，不过动作很慢，因为这种从未有过的提议让他感到很吃惊。然后他嘟囔着说了晚安就出去了。加布里埃尔锁上了房门。

A ghastly light from the street lamp lay in a long shaft from one window to the door. Gabriel threw his overcoat and hat on a couch and crossed the room towards the window. He looked down into the street in order that his emotion might calm a little. Then he turned and leaned against a chest of drawers with his back to the light. She had taken off her hat and cloak and was standing before a large swinging mirror, unhooking her waist. Gabriel paused for a few moments, watching her, and then said:

从街上照进来的一束灰蒙蒙的光线长长地从一个窗口一直斜射到门口。加布里埃尔把外套和帽子扔到沙发上，穿过房间朝窗边走去。他看着下面的街道，以便平复一下自己的情绪。然后他转身背对着光线斜靠在一个屉橱上。她已经脱掉了帽子和风衣，正站在一大面活动穿衣镜前，解着腰扣。加布里埃尔停顿了片刻，注视着她，然后说道：

"Gretta!"

“格雷塔！”

She turned away from the mirror slowly and walked along the shaft of light towards him. Her face looked so serious and weary that the words would not pass Gabriel's lips. No, it was not the moment yet.

她从镜子旁慢慢转过身来，沿着那束光线朝他走来。她的脸看上去严肃而疲惫，加布里埃尔一时竟不知该说些什么。不，现在还不是时候。

"You looked tired," he said.

“你看起来很累。”他说。

"I am a little," she answered.

“我是有点累。”她答道。

"You don't feel ill or weak?”

“你没有生病或是感觉虚弱吧？”

"No, tired: that's all.”

“没有，累了：仅此而已。”

She went on to the window and stood there, looking out. Gabriel waited again and then, fearing that diffidence was about to conquer him, he said abruptly:

她走到窗边站在那里，看着外面。加布里埃尔又等了一会儿，然后担心怯懦马上就会战胜自己，于是他突然说道：

"By the way, Gretta!"

“顺便说一句，格雷塔！”

"What is it?"

“什么事？”

"You know that poor fellow Malins?" he said quickly. 很快可表前后两句话间歇时间短，有歧义

“你知道那个可怜的家伙马林斯吧？”他语速很快。

"Yes. What about him?"

“知道。他怎么了？”

"Well, poor fellow, he's a decent sort of chap, after all," continued Gabriel in a false voice. "He gave me back that sovereign I lent him, and I didn't expect it, really. It's a pity he wouldn't keep away from that Browne, because he's not a bad fellow, really.”

“呃，可怜的家伙，毕竟他还算是个正直人。”加布里埃尔矫揉地继续说道。“他还了我借给他的那个金币，而我压根没想到他会还。真可惜，他不能远离那个布朗，因为他不是个坏人，真的。”

He was trembling now with annoyance. Why did she seem so abstracted? He did not know how he could begin. Was she annoyed, too, about something? If she would only turn to him or come to him of her own accord! To take her as she was would be brutal. No, he must see some ardour in her eyes first. He longed to be master of her strange mood.

他现在因为心烦而颤抖起来。为什么她看上去那么心不在焉呢？他不知道自己该如何开始。她也在因为什么事情烦心吗？要是她能自愿转

向他或是朝他走来那该多好啊！在她现在这个样子的时候去占有她，那会是野蛮而粗暴的。不，他必须要先在她的眼睛里看到些热情。他渴望去了解她那奇怪的心绪。

"When did you lend him the pound?" she asked, after a pause.

“你什么时候借给他那镑钱的？”她停顿了一会儿之后问道。

Gabriel strove to restrain himself from breaking out into brutal language about the sottish Malins and his pound. He longed to cry to her from his soul, to crush her body against his, to overmaster her. But he said:

加布里埃尔极力克制着自己才没有口爆粗话来咒骂酒徒马林斯和他的那一英镑。他渴望从灵魂深处向她呼喊，渴望把她的身体抱在自己胸前，渴望征服她。但是他却说：

"O, at Christmas, when he opened that little Christmas-card shop in Henry Street.”

“哦，那是在圣诞节，他在亨利街开那家小小的圣诞贺卡商店的时候。”

He was in such a fever of rage and desire that he did not hear her come from the window. She stood before him for an instant, looking at him strangely. Then, suddenly raising herself on tiptoe and resting her hands lightly on his shoulders, she kissed him.

他处在愤怒和欲望带来的狂热之中，竟然没有听到她正从窗边走过来。她在他面前站了一会儿，奇怪地看着他。然后，她突然踮起脚尖，双手轻轻搭在他的肩上，吻了他。

"You are a very generous person, Gabriel," she said.

“你是个很宽容的人，加布里埃尔。”她说。

Gabriel, trembling with delight at her sudden kiss and at the quaintness of her phrase, put his hands on her hair and began smoothing it back, scarcely touching it with his fingers. The washing had made it fine and brilliant. His heart was brimming over with happiness. Just when he was wishing for it she had come to him of her own accord. Perhaps her thoughts had been running with his. Perhaps she had felt the impetuous desire that was in him, and then the yielding mood had come upon her. Now that she had fallen to him so easily, he wondered why he had been so diffident.

加布里埃尔因为她突然的一吻以及她那句话的奇趣意味而高兴得颤抖起来，他双手放在她的头发上，往后抚拢着，几乎没用手指触碰。洗完后的头发细滑而富有光泽。他的心充盈着幸福。就在刚才他还希望她能主动来到他身边呢。也许她的思绪一直都在和他的思绪并驾齐驱。也许她已经感觉到了他体内冲动的欲望，然后这种依从的心绪就影响了

她。既然她能如此轻易地屈就于他，他奇怪自己为什么一直如此怯弱。

He stood, holding her head between his hands. Then, slipping one arm swiftly about her body and drawing her towards him, he said softly:

他站着，双手捧着她的头。然后，他迅捷地用一只胳膊揽住她的身体，把她拉到自己跟前，他轻声说道：

"Gretta, dear, what are you thinking about?"

“格雷塔，亲爱的，你在想什么呢？”

She did not answer nor yield wholly to his arm. He said again, softly:

她没有回答，也没有完全屈从于他的搂抱。他又轻声地说道：

"Tell me what it is, Gretta. I think I know what is the matter. Do I know?"

“告诉我是什么，格雷塔。我想我知道是怎么回事。是吗？”

She did not answer at once. Then she said in an outburst of tears:

她没有马上回答。然后她突然泪流满面地说道：

"O, I am thinking about that song, The Lass of Aughrim."

“我在想那首歌，《奥赫里姆的少女》。”

She broke loose from him and ran to the bed and, throwing her arms across the bed-rail, hid her face. Gabriel stood stockstill for a moment in astonishment and then followed her. As he passed in the way of the cheval-glass he caught sight of himself in full length, his broad, well-filled shirt-front, the face whose expression always puzzled him when he saw it in a mirror, and his glimmering gilt-rimmed eyeglasses. He halted a few paces from her and said:

她从他的怀抱中挣脱出来，跑到了床边，双臂抱住床栏，捂住了脸。加布里埃尔吃惊地呆站了一会儿，然后跟着她走了过去。在他经过活动穿衣镜的时候，他看见了自己的全身形象，他那穿着衬衫宽阔挺拔的前胸，他那张每次在镜子里看到时表情总会让他感到困惑的脸，以及他那闪闪发亮的金边眼镜。他在离她几步远的地方停下来说道：

"What about the song? Why does that make you cry?"

“那首歌怎么了？为什么它会让你哭了呢？”

She raised her head from her arms and dried her eyes with the back of her hand like a child. A kinder note than he had intended went into his voice.

她从臂弯里抬起头，像一个孩子似的用手背擦干眼睛。他发出的声音比自己想要发出的更温柔。

"Why, Gretta?" he asked.

“为什么，格雷塔？”他问。

"I am thinking about a person long ago who used to sing that song."

“我想起了很久以前经常唱那首歌的一个人。”

"And who was the person long ago?" asked Gabriel, smiling.

“那这个很久以前的人是谁？”加布里埃尔微笑着问。

"It was a person I used to know in Galway when I was living with my grandmother," she said.

“那是我和祖母一起生活在戈尔韦的时候认识的一个人。”她说。

The smile passed away from Gabriel's face. A dull anger began to gather again at the back of his mind and the dull fires of his lust began to glow angrily in his veins.

笑意渐渐从加布里埃尔的脸上消失了。一股隐隐的怒火开始在他的内心深处再次聚集，隐现的欲望之火开始在他的血脉中愤怒地燃烧起来。

"Someone you were in love with?" he asked ironically.

“某个你曾经爱过的人？”他嘲讽地问道。

"It was a young boy I used to know," she answered, "named Michael Furey. He used to sing that song, The Lass of Aughrim. He was very delicate."

“那是我曾经认识的一个小伙子，”她答道，“名叫迈克尔·弗雷。他过去常唱那首歌，《奥赫里姆的少女》。他的体质非常虚弱。”

Gabriel was silent. He did not wish her to think that he was interested in this delicate boy.

加布里埃尔沉默不语。他不希望让她以为自己对这个虚弱的小伙子感兴趣。

"I can see him so plainly," she said, after a moment. "Such eyes as he had: big, dark eyes! And such an expression in them—an expression!”

“我能非常清楚地想起他的样子，”过了一会儿她说，“他有着那样的一双眼睛：一双又大又黑的眼睛！眼睛里还有那样一种神情—— 一种神情！”

"O, then, you are in love with him?" said Gabriel.

“哦，那么，你爱上他了？”加布里埃尔说。

"I used to go out walking with him," she said, "when I was in

Galway."

“我过去常和他一起出去散步，”她说，“当我在戈尔韦的时候。”

A thought flew across Gabriel's mind.

一个念头闪过加布里埃尔的脑海。

"Perhaps that was why you wanted to go to Galway with that Ivors girl?" he said coldly.

“或许这就是为什么你想和那个艾弗斯小姐去戈尔韦的原因？”他冷冷地说。

She looked at him and asked in surprise:

她看着他，惊讶地问道：

"What for?"

“去干什么呢？”

Her eyes made Gabriel feel awkward. He shrugged his shoulders and said:

她的眼神让加布里埃尔感到尴尬。他耸了耸肩说：

"How do I know? To see him, perhaps."

“我怎么会知道？去看看他，也许。”

She looked away from him along the shaft of light towards the window in silence.

她默默地把目光从他身上移开，顺着那束光线朝窗边望去。

"He is dead," she said at length. "He died when he was only seventeen. Isn't it a terrible thing to die so young as that?”

“他死了，”她终于说话了，“他只有十七岁的时候就死了。那么年轻就死了难道不是一件可怕的事情吗？”

"What was he?" asked Gabriel, still ironically.

“他是做什么的？”加布里埃尔问道，语气仍然带着嘲讽意味。

"He was in the gasworks," she said.

“他曾在煤气厂工作。”她说。

Gabriel felt humiliated by the failure of his irony and by the evocation of this figure from the dead, a boy in the gasworks. While he had been full of memories of their secret life together, full of tenderness and joy and desire, she had been comparing him in her mind with another. A shameful consciousness of his own person assailed him. He saw himself as a ludicrous figure, acting as a pennyboy for his aunts, a nervous, well-meaning sentimentalist,

orating to vulgarians and idealising his own clownish lusts, the pitiable fatuous fellow he had caught a glimpse of in the mirror. Instinctively he turned his back more to the light lest she might see the shame that burned upon his forehead.

加布里埃尔的嘲讽没有奏效，而她从逝者中唤起了这样一个人物，一个在煤气厂工作过的小伙子，这些都让他感到了羞辱。在他对他们共同的私密生活充满回忆，充满柔情和欢乐还有欲望的时候，她却一直在脑子里拿他和另一个人比较。一种耻辱的感觉袭上心头。他认为自己是一个滑稽可笑的人物，为姨妈们充当跑腿的，一个神经兮兮但却好心好意的多愁善感之人，对着一帮俗人高谈阔论，把自己小丑般的欲望理想化的人，以及刚刚在镜子里瞥见的那个可怜的傻瓜。出于本能地，他尽量背对着光线，唯恐她会看见燃烧在自己额头的这份羞耻感。

He tried to keep up his tone of cold interrogation, but his voice when he spoke was humble and indifferent.

他极力想继续保持着冷漠盘问的语调，但他开口说话时的声音却既谦卑又淡然。

"I suppose you were in love with this Michael Furey, Gretta," he said.

“我觉得你当时是爱上了这个迈克尔·弗雷，格雷塔。”他说。

"I was great with him at that time," she said.

“当时我和他非常要好。”她说。

Her voice was veiled and sad. Gabriel, feeling now how vain it would be to try to lead her whither he had purposed, caressed one of her hands and said, also sadly:

她的声音细弱而悲伤。加布里埃尔现在觉得，他努力把她往自己预设的方向上引是多么徒劳，他抚摸着她的一只手，同样悲伤地说道：

"And what did he die of so young, Gretta? Consumption, was it?"

“那他怎么那么年轻就死了呢，格雷塔？肺结核，是吗？”

"I think he died for me," she answered.

“我觉得他是因为我才死的。”她回答道。

A vague terror seized Gabriel at this answer, as if, at that hour when he had hoped to triumph, some impalpable and vindictive being was coming against him, gathering forces against him in its vague world. But he shook himself free of it with an effort of reason and continued to caress her hand. He did not question her again, for he felt that she would tell him of herself. Her hand was warm and moist: it did not respond to his touch, but he continued to caress it just as he had caressed her first letter to him that spring morning.

听到这个回答，一种隐约的恐惧攫住了加布里埃尔，仿佛在他有望胜利的时刻，某种无形邪恶的东西却现身来对抗他，从它那模糊的世界里聚集各种力量来对抗他。但是他努力用理性使自己摆脱掉它，继续抚摸着她的手。他没有再追问她，因为他觉得她会主动告诉他的。她的手温暖而湿润：它没有回应他的触摸，不过他还是继续抚摸着它，正如在那个春天的早上他抚摸着她的第一封信。

"It was in the winter," she said, "about the beginning of the winter when I was going to leave my grandmother's and come up here to the convent. And he was ill at the time in his lodgings in Galway and wouldn't be let out, and his people in Oughterard were written to. He was in decline, they said, or something like that. I never knew rightly.”

“那时候是冬天，”她说，“大约是在我打算离开祖母家到这里的修道院来的那个初冬。当时他生病呆在戈尔韦的住处不能出门，人们已经写信通知了他在乌特拉德的家人。他的情况越来越糟，他们说，或者诸如此类的话。我从来都没有弄明白过。”

She paused for a moment and sighed.

她停顿了片刻，叹了口气。

"Poor fellow," she said. "He was very fond of me and he was such a gentle boy. We used to go out together, walking, you know, Gabriel, like the way they do in the country. He was going to study singing only for his health. He had a very good voice, poor Michael Furey."

“可怜的人，”她说，“他很喜欢我，他是那么温柔的一个小伙子。我们常常一起出去，去散步，你知道吧，加布里埃尔，就像在乡下他们经常做的那样。他要不是身体不好就会去学唱歌。他有一副非常好的嗓子，可怜的迈克尔·弗雷。”

"Well; and then?" asked Gabriel.

“呃，那后来呢？”加布里埃尔问。

"And then when it came to the time for me to leave Galway and come up to the convent he was much worse and I wouldn't be let see him so I wrote him a letter saying I was going up to Dublin and would be back in the summer, and hoping he would be better then.”

“后来到我该离开戈尔韦到修道院来的时候，他的情况更糟了，人们不让我去见他，于是我就给他写了一封信说我要到都柏林去了，夏天就会回来，希望到时候他能好起来。”

She paused for a moment to get her voice under control, and then went on:

她停顿了片刻，好控制一下自己的声音，然后接着说道：

"Then the night before I left, I was in my grandmother's house in

Nuns' Island, packing up, and I heard gravel thrown up against the window. The window was so wet I couldn't see, so I ran downstairs as I was and slipped out the back into the garden and there was the poor fellow at the end of the garden, shivering.”

“然后在我离开的前一天晚上，我正在修女岛上祖母的房子里收拾行李，然后我听到有石子扔上来砸到了窗户上。窗户很潮湿，我看不清，于是当时我便跑下楼，从后面溜进花园里，在花园的那头站着那个可怜的人，浑身颤抖着。”

"And did you not tell him to go back?" asked Gabriel.

“那么你没有叫他回去吗？”加布里埃尔问。

"I implored of him to go home at once and told him he would get his death in the rain. But he said he did not want to live. I can see his eyes as well as well! He was standing at the end of the wall where there was a tree."

“我恳求他马上回家，并告诉他说在雨里他会给淋死的。可是他说他不想活了。我还能清清楚楚地看见他的眼睛！他站在墙那头，那里有一棵树。”

"And did he go home?" asked Gabriel.

“那他回家了吗？”加布里埃尔问。

"Yes, he went home. And when I was only a week in the convent he died and he was buried in Oughterard, where his people came from. O, the day I heard that, that he was dead!"

“是的，他回家了。我在修道院呆了只有一个星期的时候，他死了，他被埋在了乌特拉德，他们家就是那里的人。啊，那天，我听说那个消息，听说他死了的那一天啊！”

She stopped, choking with sobs, and, overcome by emotion, flung herself face downward on the bed, sobbing in the quilt. Gabriel held her hand for a moment longer, irresolutely, and then, shy of intruding on her grief, let it fall gently and walked quietly to the window.

她停下来，哽咽地抽泣起来，然后再也控制不住感情，一下子脸朝下地扑到床上，在被子里哭泣起来。加布里埃尔犹豫不定地又握了一会儿她的手，然后羞于侵扰她的悲伤，便任由那只手轻轻落下，起身悄然走到了窗边。

She was fast asleep.

她已经沉沉入睡。

Gabriel, leaning on his elbow, looked for a few moments unresentfully on her tangled hair and half-open mouth, listening to her deep-drawn breath. So she had had that romance in her life: a

man had died for her sake. It hardly pained him now to think how poor a part he, her husband, had played in her life. He watched her while she slept, as though he and she had never lived together as man and wife. His curious eyes rested long upon her face and on her hair: and, as he thought of what she must have been then, in that time of her first girlish beauty, a strange, friendly pity for her entered his soul. He did not like to say even to himself that her face was no longer beautiful, but he knew that it was no longer the face for which Michael Furey had braved death.

加布里埃尔倚在胳膊肘上，毫无怨怼地盯着她那缠结的头发和半张着的嘴看了好一会儿，听着她那深沉的呼吸。这么说在她的生命中曾有过这样一段浪漫感情：一个男人因她而死。现在，想到自己，她的丈夫，在她的生命中一直扮演着怎样可怜的一个角色，他几乎不再感到痛苦。他注视着她睡觉的样子，仿佛他和她从来没有作为夫妻共同生活过。他好奇的目光长久地落在她的脸上和头发上：然后，他想象着在她初显少女美貌的那个时期，她该会是什么模样，想到这些的时候，一种奇怪而温柔的对她的怜悯之情就会进入他的灵魂。他即使对自己也不愿说她的脸已不再美丽，但是他明白它已不再是迈克尔·弗雷甘愿为之而不惜生命的那张脸。

Perhaps she had not told him all the story. His eyes moved to the chair over which she had thrown some of her clothes. A petticoat string dangled to the floor. One boot stood upright, its limp upper fallen down: the fellow of it lay upon its side. He wondered at his riot of emotions of an hour before. From what had it proceeded? From his aunt's supper, from his own foolish speech, from the wine and dancing, the merry-making when saying good-night in the hall, the pleasure of the walk along the river in the snow. Poor Aunt Julia! She, too, would soon be a shade with the shade of Patrick Morkan and his horse. He had caught that haggard look upon her face for a moment when she was singing Arrayed for the Bridal. Soon, perhaps, he would be sitting in that same drawing-room, dressed in black, his silk hat on his knees. The blinds would be drawn down and Aunt Kate would be sitting beside him, crying and blowing her nose and telling him how Julia had died. He would cast about in his mind for some words that might console her, and would find only lame and useless ones. Yes, yes: that would happen very soon.

也许她并没有告诉他这个故事的全部。他的目光转移到了她在上面扔了一些衣服的那把椅子。一根内衣带子垂搭在地板上。一只靴子直立在那里，松软的上半截朝下耷拉着：另一只靴子则倒在一旁。他对自己一小时之前那阵躁动的情感惊诧不已。它因何而来的呢？因为姨妈的晚餐，因为自己那篇愚蠢的演讲，因为喝酒和跳舞，因为在大厅里说晚安时的嬉笑逗闹，因为在雪地里沿着河岸散步的乐趣。可怜的朱莉娅姨妈！她很快也将和帕特里克·莫肯和他的马一样成为一种魅影。在她演唱

《为婚礼而打扮》的时候，他在她的脸上捕捉到了刹那间闪现的那种憔悴神情。很快，也许，他就会坐在同一间客厅里，身着黑衣，膝盖上放着他的丝帽。百叶窗会放下来，凯特姨妈会坐在他的身旁，边哭边擤鼻子并跟他讲朱莉娅是怎么死的。他会在脑子里搜寻些可能会安慰她的词语，但却只找到些蹩脚而无用的话。是的，是的：这很快就会发生了。

The air of the room chilled his shoulders. He stretched himself cautiously along under the sheets and lay down beside his wife. One by one, they were all becoming shades. Better pass boldly into that other world, in the full glory of some passion, than fade and wither dismally with age. He thought of how she who lay beside him had locked in her heart for so many years that image of her lover's eyes when he had told her that he did not wish to live.

房间里的空气让他的肩膀发冷。他小心翼翼地在被单下伸展开身子，在妻子的身边躺了下来。一个接一个，他们都会变成魅影。最好是在某种充满激情的盛誉之中英勇地投身于另一个世界，而不是随着年岁忧郁地消退和枯萎。他思忖着，这么多年来，情人告诉她说自己不想活时的那种眼神，躺在身边的她是如何深锁心间的。

Generous tears filled Gabriel's eyes. He had never felt like that himself towards any woman, but he knew that such a feeling must be love. The tears gathered more thickly in his eyes and in the partial darkness he imagined he saw the form of a young man standing under a dripping tree. Other forms were near. His soul had approached that region where dwell the vast hosts of the dead. He was conscious of, but could not apprehend, their wayward and flickering existence. His own identity was fading out into a grey impalpable world: the solid world itself, which these dead had one time reared and lived in, was dissolving and dwindling.

宽容的眼泪溢满了加布里埃尔的眼睛。他自己从来没有因为哪个女人而有过这样的感受，不过他明白这样一种感情一定就是爱情。泪水在他的眼中越聚越多，在半明半暗之中，他想象着自己看见了一个年轻男子的身影，他正站在一棵滴雨的树下。近旁还有些别人的身影。他的灵魂已经靠近了那个地区，那里栖息着大量的死者。他感觉到了，但却无法理解，他们那捉摸不定若有若无的存在。他自己本身则正渐渐退隐到一个触摸不到的灰色世界：而这个实体世界，这些死者曾一度成长生活于其中的这个实体世界，却正在逐渐变小、逐渐消失。

A few light taps upon the pane made him turn to the window. It had begun to snow again. He watched sleepily the flakes, silver and dark, falling obliquely against the lamplight. The time had come for him to set out on his journey westward. Yes, the newspapers were right: snow was general all over Ireland. It was falling on every part of the dark central plain, on the treeless hills, falling softly upon the Bog of Allen and, farther westward, softly falling into the dark mutinous

Shannon waves. It was falling, too, upon every part of the lonely churchyard on the hill where Michael Furey lay buried. It lay thickly drifted on the crooked crosses and headstones, on the spears of the little gate, on the barren thorns. His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead.

窗玻璃上传来的几声轻响使他转脸朝窗户望去。又开始下雪了。他睡意朦胧地注视着那些雪片，银白而暗淡，斜斜地落在路灯上。该是他出发踏上西行之旅的时候了。是的，报纸上说的是对的：白雪覆盖了整个爱尔兰。雪落在黑暗的中央平原的各个角落，落在没有树木的小山上，轻柔地飘落艾伦沼泽上，再往西，轻柔地飘落在香农河奔流翻涌的黑色水波中。雪也落在了那座埋葬着迈克尔·弗雷的小山上那孤寂墓地的各个角落。雪密密地飘落在那些弯弯扭扭的十字架上和墓碑上，落在那小小墓门的栅栏尖上，落在那些光秃秃的荆棘上。他听到雪轻轻穿过宇宙飘落而下，轻轻地飘落，像是降下了他们的最后归宿，落在了所有的生者和死者身上，他的灵魂慢慢迷失了。

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.

THE PATH OF THE LAW

法律之路

（美）小奥利弗·温德尔·霍姆斯 著
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外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS

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北京 BEIJING

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu

Beijing, China 100089

http://www.fltrp.com

图书在版编目（CIP）数据

法律之路 /（美）霍姆斯（Holmes, Jr. O. W.）著；王素娥，夏历译．—北京：外语教学与研究出版社，2015.10
ISBN 978-7-5135-6793-0

I．①法… II．①霍… ②王… ③夏… III．①法学 IV．①D90

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字（2015）第260027号

出版人　蔡剑峰
责任编辑　刘为华　马爱群
封面设计　孟耕宇
出版发行　外语教学与研究出版社
社　　址　北京市西三环北路19号（100089）
网　　址　http://www.fltrp.com
版　　次　2015年12月第1版
书　　号　ISBN 978-7-5135-6793-0

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举报电话：（010）88817519
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法律之路

我们研究法律，研究的不是什么神秘事物，而是一种大家都很熟悉的职业。我们研究的是，为了出庭，或者为了向人们提供咨询以使其免于诉讼，我们需要做哪些准备？法律之所以成为一种职业，人们之所以愿意付钱给律师以获得辩护或咨询，是因为在我们这样的社会，某些情况下，法官获得公众授权行使公共权力，在必要时会动用全部国家权力执行其判决与裁定。人们希望了解在什么情形下及多大程度上，他们会遭遇风险，会与比他们个人强大得多的力量相对抗，于是了解何时人们要担心这种风险便成为一种职业。为此，我们研究的目的便是预测，预测公共权力通过法庭这一手段所产生的影响的范围。

我们研究的渠道包括美国和英国的一系列判例汇编、法学专著和成文法，这些文献的跨度为六百年，且如今每年仍以数以百计的速度在增加。这些文献内含了过去的散乱预言，可以作为未来案件判决的依据。它们就是法律之神谕，这一称呼可谓恰当。所有法律思想的新探索，其最重要甚至全部的意义在于使这些预言更精确，并对其加以概括，使其相互关联，成为一个体系。这一过程始于律师的案情陈述，这些陈述书去掉其当事人讲述中含有的所有戏剧性成分，只保留具有法律意义的事实，到最后只留下理论法学的最终分析和抽象的普遍概念。律师不会提及他的当事人签订合同时头戴白帽，而快嘴桂嫂则一定会同时提及镀金酒杯和炉火，因为律师预见到，不论他的当事人头戴何物，公共权力都会以同一种方式运作。为使这些预测更易记易懂，我们就需要对过去判例进行总结，将其转化为一般命题，收入教科书，或者以通用的形式表述各法规。法理学研究所关注的基本权利和义务仍是预测，而非其他。法律和道德观念的混淆导致诸多恶果（稍后我会论述），其中之一是理论容易本末倒置，认为权利或义务与违法的后果不相关联而相互独立，某些处罚是违法后追加的。但是在后文我将证明，所谓的法律义务无非是一种预测：如果有人做了或未做某些事，法庭会判决他接受这样或那样的处罚。法律权利也是如此。

如果将我们的预测概括简化成一个体系，其数量并非多得难以应付。作为一系列有限数量的教义，人们可以在合理的时间内掌握它们。若因判例汇编数量的不断增长就感到恐惧，就大错特错了。在一个既定

司法管辖范围内，一代人的判例汇编涉及差不多全部法律，并从当下角度对其进行了重新阐述。如果之前的资料全部焚毁，我们仍然可以根据它们重塑法律本体。早期判例汇编主要用来研究法律史，这一点我在结束前还会提及。

如果可以，我希望确定一些主要原则，用于指导研究我们称之为法律的一系列教义或者系统化的预测，使那些希望用法律作为专业工具的人能够自行做出预测。与该研究相关，我希望指出我们的法律至今尚未达到的一种理想。

从务实的角度来理解这个问题，首先要了解法律的局限。因此，我认为最好能一举指出并消除道德与法律之间的混淆。有时，这种混淆会上升到有意而为的理论高度，更多情况下，的确这样，这种混淆常常是不知不觉地在细节之处制造出诸多麻烦。很明显，坏人与好人都有理由希望避免与公权对抗。因此，区分道德与法律具有很现实的意义。一个人可以毫不关心邻居所信奉的道德准则，但是，他可能非常关注如何逃避罚款、如何尽可能地远离牢狱之灾。

我理所当然地认为，没有听众会把我所讲的误解为是愤世嫉俗的话语。法律是我们道德生活的见证和外在积淀。其历史也是人类道德发展的历史。尽管有诸多戏谑，司法实践有利于塑造良民和善民。我强调法律和道德的区别，目的只有一个：那就是为了学习和理解法律。为此，大家必须准确掌握法律的具体特征，也鉴于此，我请大家暂时不要关注其它乃至更有意义的事情。

我不否认更宽广视角的存在，从它来看，法律和道德的区别变得次要甚至毫无意义，正如在无穷面前，所有数量上的区分都会消失一样。但我要指出的是，就我们在此的研究目的而言，这一区别至关重要。我们的目的是要把法律作为一项具有公认局限性的职业，一套包含在明确界限内的教义正确予以研究和掌握。我刚刚提到了该说法的实用原因。如果你只是想了解法律，而非其它，你得从一个坏人的角度，而不能从一个好人的角度来看待法律。因为坏人关心的只是其所了解的法律知识使其能预测到的实质性后果；而好人的行为，不论合法与否，其动机皆源于更为模糊的良心约束。如果想要对你的问题正确予以推理的话，该区别所具有的理论重要性一点也不小。法律中充斥着源于道德领域的用语。毫无疑问，除非我们脑海中时时记得法律和道德的界限，语言本身的力量会不断地诱使我们无意识地从一个领域到另一个领域。法律论及

权利，义务，恶意，意图和过失等等。在争论过程中，法律推理很容易，或可以说经常，从道德的意义理解这些词，从而陷入谬误。例如，如果我们从道德意义提及人的权利，我们旨在划出干涉个人自由的界限，不管如何得出这一结论，我们认为这个自由界限是由良知或我们的理想决定的。然而，不可否认，很多过去已经实施，可能现在有些仍在实施的法律，却受到当代最开明人士的谴责，或者不管怎样，超出了多数良知所划分的干涉个人自由的界限。因而，很明显，如果人们臆断道德意义上的人的权利等同于宪法和法律意义上的人的权利，则只会引起思想上的混乱。毫无疑问，这也解释了为什么简单和极端的案例中提供了可能的法律，然而即使没有成文的宪法限制，立法机关也不敢贸然立法，因为人们会起来反抗斗争；这也是法律虽然不是道德的一部分却受其限制这一说法似乎有道理的原因了。但是这种权限与任何道德体系并不同延。多数时候，它在这些道德体系的范围之内，而在某些情况下，也许会超出这些体系的范围，原因是特定时期特定人群的习惯不同。有一次，我听已故的阿加西斯教授说，如果每杯啤酒加价两分，德国人就会揭竿而起。这种情况下的法规等于一纸空文，不是因为法规错误，而是因为它无法实施。没人否认错误的法规能够实施，而且现在还在实施，但是我们对哪些法规错误会有不同意见。

诸多法律概念显然都为我现在讨论的这种混淆问题所困扰。比如最根本的问题，法律由什么构成？大家会发现，有些教科书的作者认为它不同于马萨诸塞或者英格兰法庭的判决结果，它是一个理性的体系，根据道德准则或者公理之类推演而来，它可能碰巧与法庭判决一致，也可能不一致。但是如果从我们的朋友即坏人的角度来看，我们会发现他毫不在意公理或者演绎推演，但他却很想知道马萨诸塞或者英国法庭可能如何行事。我与他的想法很接近。预测法庭如何行事，而不是什么更故弄玄虚的东西，就是我所以为的法律意义之所在。

再举一个法律中公认的含义最丰富的概念，也就是我前面已经提及的法定义务的概念。我们在这一词语中填满了源于道德的内容。但是它对坏人意味着什么？首先，它大体上是一种预测：如果他做了某些事，会令他面临监禁或者强制性付款之类的不良后果。然而从他的角度看，因为某行为被罚款和被征以一定数量的税金这两者之间有什么区别？他的观点是对法律准则的检验，这在法庭上的多次讨论已得到证明，讨论的问题恰恰就是某一既定法律责任到底是一种惩罚还是一种税款。某行

为是否合法，以及某人是被迫还是自愿的判决，都取决于该问题的答案。抛开刑法不谈，根据磨坊法或成文法通过征用权占有的情况下应负的责任，与我们称之为非法侵占无法归还财产的情况下应负的责任，二者之间有什么区别呢？在这两种情况下，获取另一方财产的当事方应该支付由陪审团评估得出的适当价值，仅此而已。从法律的角度，称一种占有为合法，而另一种为非法，意义何在？相关行为是以褒扬还是以谴责的话语来予以描述，或者法律意在禁止还是允许，就其既定后果，也就是强制性付款而言，却无关紧要。若说有什么重要性，仍然从坏人的角度出发，那必定是因为在一种情况下，而不是另外一种情况下，法律规定该行为会涉及一些其它不利影响或者至少一些其它不良后果。我所能想到的与之相关的所有其他不利之处可在两项有些不太重要的法律规则中找到，这两者皆可不费力就能废止。一项规则是，根据合同去做被禁止的行为是非法的，另一项规则是，如果两个及以上的共同违法犯罪人中的一人需要进行全部赔偿，他不得要其同伙分摊。我认为这些就是全部。当我们以冷嘲热讽、尖酸刻薄洗礼法律职责这一概念，抛开所有其他因素，只保留我们的研究目标也就是法律的运作时，大家可以看到法律职责概念的模糊边界缩小，同时变得更加精确。

没有什么比合同法更能清楚地表明法律与道德观念的混淆。与其他事情一样，这里又一次，所谓的基本权利和义务也被赋予了无法确定和解释的神秘意义。在普通法中，遵循合同的义务意味着一种预测：如果违约，就必须赔偿损失，别无其他。如果你犯有侵权行为，就有责任赔付一定的金额。如果你签订了一份合同，除非已承诺的事情得以兑现，否则你有责任赔付一定的金额，这就是全部的区别。但对于那些喜欢尽可能将伦理道德融入法律的人而言，这种思路对他们来说很不顺眼。然而，科克勋爵对这种思路表示满意。与很多其他情况下一样，在此我乐于与其保持一致意见。在布罗米奇诉格宁案中，威尔士边界地方法庭审理有关请求特定履行一件租赁合同的诉讼案，该案中被告（即合同中的出租方）向王座法庭申请颁发禁令，以阻止该诉讼案。科克认为，出租方试图在丧失赔偿金与出租之间作出选择，因此颁发禁令必与其本意相违。原告代理律师哈拉承认他推动该诉讼有违自己的良心，王座法庭于是批准该禁令。这超出了我们现在应该要研究的范围，但是它表明我斗胆所说自起初就是普通法的观点，虽然我谦恭地以为哈里曼先生在他精彩的短篇《合同》一书中因受误导而得出了不同的结论。

我一直只在讨论普通法，因为在可理解的意义上讨论民事责任所施加的义务时，可以在有些案例中找到合乎逻辑的理由。这些经衡平法授予禁制令的案例相对较少，而且在这些案例中，除非被告遵从法庭的指令，否则法庭会将其投入监狱或以其他方式惩罚他。但是我不认为根据例外情况形成一般理论是理智的行为，我觉得与其用那些不合适的词语来描述我们对法律通常施加的责任之预测，还不如对基本权利和义务不再庸人自扰。

在取自道德的而被法律使用的词语的其他例子中，我提到过恶意、意图以及过失。举恶意一词为例就足可以说明该词的法律意义不同于其道德意义，还可以说明这种区别由于一些很少或者没有任何关联的准则被予以相同的命名而变得模糊不清，因为恶意用在民事责任法中指不当行为，而我们法律人则称之为侵权法。三百年前，一位牧师在做布道时，讲述了出自福克斯《殉道史》中的一个故事，故事中讲到，一个人因为参与了对一位圣人的迫害，内心受折磨而死。但是碰巧福克斯是错的。这个人没死，而且碰巧听到了这个布道，随即就起诉了这位牧师。大法官雷指示陪审团说，被告没有责任，因为他讲这个故事是无辜的，没有恶意。他是从道德的角度来看待恶意，认为恶意即表现出一种恶毒的动机。但是如今，即使某人没有任何不良动机，但如果很明显地故意发布虚假声明以对他人造成世俗之伤害，他可能仍需对此负责，没有人会对此表示怀疑。在案情申诉陈述时，我们还得称被告的行为是恶意的；但是，至少在我看来，该词与动机无关，甚至与被告对未来的态度无关，而只是意味着在已知情形下他的行为显然意在对原告造成世俗之伤害。

正如我已经部分证明的，但仅仅也只是部分证明的，在合同法中，道德术语的使用导致了同样的混淆。道德涉及的是个人思想的实际内心状态，一个人的真正意图所在。从罗马时代到现在，这种处理方式已经影响到了合同相关法律用语，而所使用的语言又影响了我们的思维。我们说合同是当事人想法的一种交汇，因此可以推断出，在很多情况下，合同没有达成是因为他们的想法没有交汇，也就是说，因为他们的打算不同，或者因为一方并不了解另一方的观点。然而，再确定不过的是，即使双方当事人中没有任何人想到，或一方并不知道另一方是否同意，他们却仍可能被合同中的事项所约束。假设某项合同在按照规定形式执行时，书面写明了要做一场报告，但没有提及时间。一方认为，这一许

诺意味着立即进行，在一周之内。另一方认为，这意味着当他准备好了再进行。法庭判决这意味着在合理的时间内进行。当事双方受到法庭对合同阐释的制约，然而双方的意图都与法庭宣称的其意图相左。我以为，一个人只有明白所有的合同都是一种形式，合同的签订并不取决于双方思想在某一想法上达成一致，而仅取决于两组外在符号的一致性，即不在于双方当事人想过同一件事，而在于他们说过同一件事，只有这样，人们才能明白合同法的真正原理或者说才能够理智地讨论一些基本问题。另外，由于符号可以传递给一种或另一种感官（如视觉或听觉），合同何时订立取决于符号的性质。如果符号是有形的，例如是一封书信，则交付同意书才算合同订立。如果签约双方想法必须一致，那么在未看到同意书以前，合同就不存在；比如，如果同意书被第三方从发函人手中夺去，则不存在任何合同。

现在还无法制定一个详细的理论，或者因这些笼统观念所引起的显而易见的疑问和问题进行问答。我认为这些问题都不难回答，但是我现在要做的仅仅是提供一系列线索，让大家看清法律理论的狭窄路径以及在我看来离它很近的两个危险陷阱。第一个陷阱我讲的足够多了。我希望我的解释已经指出了混淆道德和法律对思辨及实践两方面的危险，以及法律语言在我们道路的这边所设下的陷阱。对我来说，我经常会怀疑，如果把每一个具有道德意义的词全部从法律中剔除，采用那些未受法律之外事物影响的法律思想其他词汇，是不是会对我们有好处。我们可能会丢掉很多历史的原始记录以及从伦理关联中获得的威严，但是通过摆脱不必要的混淆，我们可在理清自己的思路方面会大有收获。

法律的界限就讲到这里。下面我希望考虑的是决定法律内容及其发展的各种力量。大家可以和霍布斯、边沁和奥斯丁一样假定，所有法律均始于王权——即使第一批公布法律的人是法官，或者大家认为法律是时代精神的声音，或者是大家所喜欢的什么东西。对我现有的目标而言，这都是一回事。即使所有决议都需要某位享有独裁权利且又古怪反复无常帝王的批准，我们对此的兴趣丝毫不减，仍希望做出预测，希望发现某种顺序，某些合理的解释，以及他所制定的规则的发展规律。每一个体系中都能找到一些这样的解释和原理。与此相关出现了本文所谓的第二种谬误，指出这一点我认为非常重要。

我所指的谬误是这一种观念：即法律发展的过程中，唯一起作用的推动力就是逻辑。的确，在最宽泛的意义上，这一观念应该是对的。我

们对宇宙的思考，其假定前提是，在每一个现象及其前因和后果之间中存在一个定量的关系。如果存在一种现象，不具备这些定量关系，就是一个奇迹。这在因果法则之外，因而超出了我们的思维能力，或者至少是我们无法推理其因果的东西。我们思考宇宙的条件是可以对它进行理性的思考，或者换句话说，所有的部分都存在因果关系，其意义与我们所熟悉的大部分都是相同的。所以从最宽泛的意义上讲，认为法律与其他所有东西一样都是逻辑的发展是正确的。我所提到的危险不是认可支配其他现象的原则也支配法律，而是这样一个观念，即任何既定体系，例如我们的法律体系，可以像数学中一些一般性操作定理一样运作。这是各个学派的一种自然而然的缺陷，但是不仅仅局限于它们。我曾经听到一位赫赫有名的法官说过，他如果不是百分之百确定裁决是正确的，他就不会做出这一裁决。因此，持异议的法官常常受到批评，仿佛这仅仅意味着一方或者另一方的加法没有做对，如果他们继续努力，他们就一定会达成一致意见。

这种考虑事情的方式是非常自然的。法律人接受的训练就是一种逻辑训练。类比、辨别和演绎的过程是他们感到最为得心应手的方式。法庭裁决的语言主要是逻辑用语。逻辑方法和形式满足了每一个人的心目中对确定性心安理得的渴望。但是确定性总体上来说是一种不存在的假象，心安理得也不是人类的归宿。逻辑形式的背后是对相互矛盾的各种立法立场之相对价值和重要性的一种判断，事实上，这种判断常常是不清楚的或者潜意识的，但却是整个审判过程的根基和命脉。所有的结论都可以冠以逻辑的形式。合同中总是可以暗含一种条件。但是为什么要暗含它呢？这是因为，人们对于某一社会或者阶层做法的一些观念，或者对政策的一些观点，或者简言之，大家对某事的态度无法进行精确地量化检测，因此无法建立准确的逻辑结论。此类问题成为争论的焦点，这里无法确定永久有用的方法，所做的判决只不过是代表了既定时间和地点、既定的一个组织的偏好而已。我们没有意识到我们法律中多大的一部分应该随着大众思想习惯的细微变化而需要重新考虑。没有哪个具体主张是不证自明的，不论我们如何愿意接受它，即使是赫伯特·斯宾塞先生所说的“每个人都有权利做他所喜欢的事，只要他不干涉其邻居的类似权利”也不例外。

为什么如果有人有意提供有关仆人的信息，即使其陈述不实且有诽谤性却仍受到保护？这是因为人们认为自由地发布信息要比保护一个人

免受在其它情形下将构成的可诉讼过失行为更为重要。为什么一个人可以自由创办企业，即使知晓这会破坏其所在社区？这是因为自由竞争被认为能最好地促进大众的利益。显而易见，这样关于相对重要性的判断可能会因时因地而有变化。为什么一个法官会指示陪审团，除非因为雇主疏忽，雇主不对其雇员在其雇佣过程中所受伤害负责？为什么如果可能，陪审团一般会做出有利于原告的判决？这是因为我们法律中的传统政策将责任限定在谨慎的人应预见到伤害的情形，或者至少存在危险，而社会的很大一部分人倾向于令某些阶层的人保证他们与之打交道的人的安全。在写下上面这段话之后，我看到此类保证要求也被一家著名的劳工组织作为纲要的一部分提出。关于立法政策问题，有一场隐蔽且不太为人意识到的争论，如果任何人认为可以通过演绎法解决，或者一劳永逸地解决，我只能说我认为他在理论上是错误的，而且我也确信他的结论无法在实践中永远得到所有人众口一词的接受。

的确，我认为，即使现在，我们对于此类事情的理论也需要重新考虑，虽然我无法说出如果建议重新考虑，我会如何决定。我们的侵权法来自于以往那些孤立的、未经概括的不法行为、恐吓、诽谤以及类似行为的司法判决，其损害赔偿根据具体情况决定。但是如今我们法庭所忙于处理的侵权案例主要是在某些知名企业的发生的事故。这些是由铁路、工厂以及类似单位所引起的对人身或财产的侵害。对此的责任在估量以后，迟早会由公众为此买单。公众的确要为这些侵害买单，而责任的问题，如果仔细探究，其实就是公众应在多大程度上保证那些服务提供者的安全才合理的问题。也可以说，在此类情形下，陪审团做出对被告有利的裁决的可能性仅仅是一种可能性，偶尔会随机打断正常的赔付过程，在一个极为自碍的原告那里最有可能发生，因此应该可以不予考虑。另外一方面，甚至一条性命对于其社区的经济价值也可以估计，可以说，其补偿不应超出这一数目。可以想象，有一天在某些案件中我们会发现自己在一个更高的层次上模仿我们在蛮族法中所看到的那样，征收生命以及肢体税。

我认为，法官们自己都没有充分认识到他们在权衡各种社会利益方面的责任。这种责任无法逃避，而法官们却常常表示不愿意考虑这样一些问题，其结果就只会使得判决的依据和理由含糊不清，且常常是潜意识的，这一点我前面已经提及。当人们刚刚开始谈论社会主义时，社会中的有闲阶级非常恐惧。我窃以为这种惧怕对英美的司法行为都产生了

影响。然而毫无疑问，这种影响在我提及的那些判决中是一种无意识的因素。我认为，类似的事情使得那些不再指望控制立法机关的人们，转而指望法院，希望法院会成为宪法的阐释者；有些法院采用了法律体系之外的一些新原则，它们可被概括为接受五十年前流行的经济理论，并全面禁止一个由法官组成的法庭认为是错误的东西。我不得不说，如果法律人的训练导致了他们习惯性地更准确具体地考虑社会利益，并必须以此为他们所制定的规则提供理由，那么他们有时会对目前他们自信的事情有所犹豫，并且注意到他们的确在一些有争议以及常常引起激烈争辩的问题上站在了某一边。

关于逻辑形式的谬误就讲到这里。现在让我们来思考作为一门研究学科的法律其现状以及它所追求的理想。我们离我所希望达到的观点仍有很长的距离。到目前为止，无人了解这一观点或能够了解到这一观点。我们现在还处于对法律原则的价值进行哲学反思和重新考虑的初始阶段，人们仍然认为这些原则大部分是理所当然的，没有人对其依据进行细致的、有意识和系统的质疑。我们的法律已经发展了近千年，与一株植物的成长类似，每代人都要迈出不可避免的下一步。心智正如事物一样，只须遵循自然成长的法则。这再自然不过了，本应就是这样。正如杰出的法国作家，M．塔尔德先生在其佳作《模仿的法则》中描述的那样，模仿是人类天性之必需。我们之所以做我们所做的大多数事情，只不过是因为我们的先辈这样做过或者我们的邻居这样做而已，我们的大部分思想（要比我们自己所认为的更多）也是如此。这是个充分的理由，因为我们短暂的生命使得我们没有时间去追求一个更好的理由，但这不是最好的理由。不能说因为我们必须对二手传承的大部分规则心怀崇敬，不能说因为这些规则是我们行动和思考的基础，我们就不去尝试在理性的秩序里建立自己的一片小天地，或者我们作为一个集体，不去努力地将理性运用到它力所能及的所有领域。对于法律而言，一个进化论者无疑会对其社会理想是否放之四海而皆准而犹豫不决，对那些他认为应当在立法中体现出来的原则也一样踌躇不定。如果他能够证明它们在此时此刻是最好的，他就满足了。他可能会毫不犹豫地承认自己不知道宇宙中是否存在一个绝对的至善，甚至会承认自己对人类永恒的至善也几乎一无所知。尽管如此，如果一个法律体系所包含的每条规则都清楚明确地表明它们所服务的目标，而且追求该目标的根据已经或准备以言辞表达出来，那么该法律体系才真正称得上比较理性和开化。

在如今的许多案件中，如果我们想知道一条法律规则为什么呈现出特定的形式，或者大致我们想知道它究竟为什么会存在，我们向传统寻找答案。我们随它进入《年鉴》，或超越《年鉴》而回到法兰克萨利人的风俗习惯，或过去的某个地方，回顾日尔曼的丛林、诺曼国王们的需求、统治阶级的观念、普遍观念的缺乏，我们会发现，它的实际存在理由最多不过是该原则被人们所接受和习惯这一事实。对法律的理性研究在很大程度上仍然是对历史的研究。历史必须成为该研究的一部分，因为只有如此，我们才能了解我们需要了解的法律规则的精确范围。这是理性研究的一部分，因为这是迈向理性怀疑的第一步，也就是迈向仔细重新衡量这些规则价值的第一步。把一条巨龙引出山洞，放在光天化日的平地之上，你能数清它的牙齿和爪子，知晓它的力量。但是把它引出山洞只是开始。接下来或者是杀了它，或者是把它驯服成有用的动物。在理性研究法律的过程中，法条主义者可能是当代的代表，而未来的代表则是统计学家和经济学大师。如果说某一法规存在的原因只是因为它在亨利四世时期就是这么制定的，这种观点令人反感。如果说制定该法规的依据早已消失，而它纯粹出于对过去盲目的模仿而继续存在，那就会更加令人反感。我想起所谓的“初始非法侵入”这一技术规则，我曾试图在最近的一个马萨诸塞州案件中对其进行解释。

让我用几句话来举个例子，说明规则形式的变迁是一个渐进的历史发展过程，而不是在有意识的明晰可见目的指引下的整体变化，由此使得某一法律规则所希望达到的社会目的模糊不清而且只有部分得到实现。我们认为有必要防止某人非法侵占他人的财产，因此，我们将盗窃定为犯罪。无论是所有者把财产交给罪犯还是罪犯非法取走，它们都是一样的犯罪。但原始法律的弱点在于它主要致力于防范暴力，从而自然地把非法取得——非法侵占——视作犯罪定义的一部分。在现代，法官们认为，如果违法人通过诡计或欺骗取得财产即构成盗窃罪，这略微扩大了盗窃罪的内涵。这实际上逐渐放弃了构成侵害的必要条件，如果完全放弃这一条件，在逻辑上更为通畅，而且对法律现在追求的目标而言更为真实。但是，完全放弃似乎会太过于冒失，于是这一难题被抛给了立法机关。人们通过了成文法，规定挪用会构成犯罪。然而，依据传统的力量，人们认为挪用罪和盗窃罪之间区别很大，以至于直到今天，至少在某些司法辖区中，盗贼仍有空子可钻：如果受到盗窃的指控，他们会抗辩自己应受挪用罪的指控；如果受到挪用罪的指控，他们会抗辩自

己应受盗窃罪的指控，并以此为由逃脱制裁。

有一些更为基本的问题需要我们作出更好的回答，而不仅仅是效仿我们父辈所做所为。若要表明现今状况下的刑法利大于弊，我们的现状能比盲目猜测好多少呢？我并不想特意提及它在剥夺罪犯的尊严并进一步驱使他们犯罪方面的作用，也不想论及罚款和监禁对罪犯妻小的影响是否比对他本人更大这一问题。我脑海中所想的问题更为深远。惩罚具有威慑作用吗？我们处理罪犯所依据的原则合适吗？有个现代的欧洲大陆刑事专家学派引以为傲的原则是我们应当考虑的是罪犯而不是罪行，据说该原则最早由高尔提出。该原则用处有限，但由此开始的探询却第一次以科学为依据来回答我的问题。如果典型的罪犯是一个堕落的人，因为其根深蒂固的机体的需求，必定会犯下诈骗或者谋杀罪，就像响尾蛇必定会咬人一样，那么以传统的监禁方式来威慑他的说法即是一派空话。此人必须被消灭掉；他无法向善，他也不会因机体反应而感到恐惧。另一方面，如果犯罪和人的正常行为一样，主要是一个模仿的问题，公正的惩罚有助于阻止对其的效仿之势。许多著名的科学家进行的犯罪人研究支持前一种假说。像在大城市这些人口密集的地区，效仿起作用的几率最高，而在人口较少的地区，犯罪的传播速度较慢，这些犯罪相对增长的统计数据已被用来作为支持后一观点的有力证据。但是不管如何，“不是犯罪的性质，而是罪犯的危险性，构成了唯一合理的法律标准，以引导针对罪犯的必然的社会反应。”这一观点非常具有权威性。

我以有关盗窃的法律为例说明了对理性概括的阻碍，这不仅体现在刑法中，还体现在其他法律分支中。以侵权法或赔偿损失的民事责任（不包括因合同等产生的赔偿）为例。是否存在关于此类责任的一般原则？或者我们只需要列举出存在此类责任的相关案例，并视其具体情况一一进行阐释？人们容易相信后者，因为针对某些众所周知的犯罪行为（例如非法侵入和诽谤）提请诉讼的权利，每一类都有其特殊的历史。我认为，如果有责任能力的行为人依据一般经验，或者不仅仅是一般经验，还根据他自己的经验，知道他的行为在既定的情况下具有明显的危险性，法律认为可以对该当事人造成的实际损害提起诉讼，那些基于特殊的政策依据，法律拒绝保护原告或者授予被告豁免权的情况除外。我认为，恶意、故意或疏忽通常仅意味着在行为人知情的状况下危害明显的程度或多或少而已，尽管在一些免责案例中，恶意可能意味着实际的恶意动机，而这种动机可能会导致不允许知情伤害，否则基于这样或那

样的重要公共利益理由会准予这种许可。然而，有一天我向一位非常杰出的英国法官表达我的观点时，他说："你讨论的是法律应该是什么；而实际的法律是你必须表明你有权利。过失行为不产生法律责任，除非此人负有法律义务。"如果我们的分歧不仅仅是言词不同，也不仅仅是对规则及其例外情况比例的异议，那么，按照他的观点，某种行为的责任不能以该行为一般会造成世俗损害的明显倾向作为充分理由，而应当基于损害的特殊性质，或者基于行为倾向之外的某种特殊情形，因而不存在对它的概括解释。我认为这种观点是错误的，但是它很流行，我敢说它在英国受到普遍认可。

不论在什么地方，原则都以传统为基础，以致于我们处于面临过分夸大历史实际作用的危险地步。前些日子，埃姆斯教授写了篇颇有见地的文章，观点之一就是，普通法不认可在盖印合同诉讼中对欺诈行为进行抗辩，其所寓意的力量似乎就是此种抗辩的个人特点归因于其衡平起源。但是如果像我前面所说，合同都是形式化的，那么，导致合同不成立的形式缺陷和任何我们称作理性的法律制度都不会考虑（与动机有利害关系的人除外）的错误意图，这二者之间的差异就不只是历史意义上的，而是理论意义上的。但这种情况并不限于盖印合同，而是具有普遍适用性。我还应补充一句，我认为埃姆斯教授不会对我的意见有异议。

但是，当我们考察合同法时，我们发现它与历史密切相关。债务契约、盖印契约和简约之诉之间的区别仅仅是历史意义上的。不论何种交易，作为准合同，由法律加之的付款义务分类也只是历史意义上的。对价原则也只是历史意义上的。对封印效力的解释只能从历史的角度进行解释。对价不过是一种形式。这种形式有用吗？如果有用，为什么不是所有的合同都有这一要求呢？封印也只是一种形式，并在花押和不论有无印章必定提供对价的法令的实施过程中逐渐消失。为什么允许仅仅具有历史意义的区别来影响商人们的权利和义务呢？

写了这篇演说词后，我遇到了一个好的例子来说明，根据某种方式，传统不仅可使理性政策无效，而且在理性政策首次遭到误解，被赋予一个新的且比它原有含义有更广泛的内涵时就使之无效了。英国成文法律规定，当事人一方对书面合同作出的实质性更改将导致合同无效，且对该方不利。这一原则有违法律的一般趋势。我们不会指示陪审团，如果某人曾在特定情况下撒过谎，他就会在所有的情况下撒谎。即使某人曾经试图欺诈，这似乎不能成为阻止他证明事实真相的理由。类似性

质的反对理由一般会作为衡量依据，不会作为证据采纳。而且，这条规则和欺诈无关，也不限于证据方面。这不仅仅是说你不能利用这份文件，而是合同也终止了。这是什么意思？书面合同的成立取决于要约人和受要约人已交换过书面凭证，而不是取决于该凭证的持续存在。但是，在债券的约据中，最初的概念不是如此。那时的合同和羊皮纸无法分开。如果某第三方毁掉羊皮纸，或者撕去封印，或者改变条款，则债权人即使没有过错，也不能获得赔偿，因为被告的合同，也就是他所盖印的实物契约无法以约束他的形式出现。大约一百年前，凯尼恩勋爵以这一传统为依据处理案件，正如他有时的作为有损于法律一样，他这次也没理解这一传统。在未了解真正的情况下他说，他看不出为什么适用于债券的规则不能适用于其他合同形式。他的判决碰巧是正确的，因为当事案件涉及到一张本票。再提一下，普通法当时认为合同与其所载的文书密不可分。但是该推理是概括性的并很快被扩展到其他书面合同中去，而且为了解释这一扩展原则，各种荒谬和虚假的政策依据应运而生。

我相信，没有人会因为我如此自由地批评法律而认为我对它不敬。我非常尊崇法律，尤其是我们的法律体系，它是人类思想的最伟大的成果之一。没有人比我更清楚，无数伟大的学者全力以赴来增补和改进它，尽管与法律的庞大内容相比，最伟大的完善工作也显得微不足道。尊重它有一个终极理由，即它是切实存在的，它不是黑格尔式的梦想，而是人类生活的一部分。但是一个人也可以批评自己所敬重的事物。法律是我一生所致力的事业。如果我没有根据内心驱使去完善它，如果我预见了我所认为的它的未来的理想状态却犹疑不决，未能指出它或尽我的全力推进它时，我的忠心就表现地不像现在充分了。

关于历史研究在如今的知性法律研究中所扮演的必要角色，我说的可能已经足够。在本学院以及剑桥大学的教学中，其作用并未受到低估。该院的比奇洛先生和剑桥的埃姆斯先生以及赛耶先生都做出了不可磨灭的重要贡献。在英国，弗雷德里克·波洛克爵士和梅特兰先生近期所著的早期英国法律历史令这门学科带有迷惑性的魅力。我们必须警惕好古主义的陷阱，而且必须牢记，我们对过去感兴趣，唯一的目的在于以古借今。我盼望着有一天，历史在解释法律条文时只起到很小的作用，我们需要把精力放在探求我们渴望达到的目标以及追求这些目标的理由上，而不是什么别出心裁的研究。作为迈向这一理想的一步，我认为每

位法律人都应该了解经济学。我认为目前政治经济学和法学的学派分离是哲学研究尚需大幅度进步的证据。按照目前的政治经济学状况，的确，我们又与更大规模的历史问题相遇，但在这里我们需要考虑和估量立法的目的，达成它的手段以及成本。我们明白有得必有失，我们学会如何以我们所得之利来抵消我们所失之利，并且对我们的选择有着清楚的认识。

还有另外一种研究，务实派有时会低估它，尽管我认为不少劣质的东西被归在它的名下，我还是希望为它说一句好话。我指的是被称之为法理学的研究。我认为，法理学是法律中最普遍适用的部分。虽然法理学的这一名称在英语中仅限于最宽泛的规则和最基本的概念，但是从一个案件中得出一项原则的每一步努力都具有法理学的意义。优秀法律人的一个特征就是他知道怎样运用那些最宽泛的法则。有一个故事，讲的是一位佛蒙特州的治安法官。该法官受理了一个案子，一位农民起诉另一位农民打破了他的搅乳器。这位法官经过考虑之后说，他查遍了法律法规，都没有找到和搅乳器有关的规定，所以他作出了有利于被告的判决。在我们所有的判例摘要和教科书中，同样的思路屡见不鲜。合同或侵权的基本规则的运用隐藏于“铁路”或“电报”等条目之下，或集入诸如“运输法”或“衡平法”等历史分类的大部头论著中，或者收放在像“商贸法”这类被认为可能会吸引务实者的名目下。如果一个人进入法律这一行，对其了如指掌会有回报，而这意味着必须参透所有戏剧性的事件，识别出预测的真正基础。因此，对法律、权利、义务、恶意、故意、过失、所有权以及占有等等概念的含义大家都要有精准的了解。在我心里，最高法院之所以对几桩案件作出了错误判决，我觉得是因为他们对上述的一些主题缺乏清晰的概念。我已经说明了这些概念的重要性。如果希望得到更深入的例证，可以先读一读詹姆斯·斯蒂芬爵士《刑法》后面有关占有这一话题的附录，之后再读一读波洛克和赖特有见地的著作。有些法学家，他们一方面试图分析某些法律观念，一方面又努力想要追寻某种毫无意义的所有体系的本质，而不是对一种体系进行精准的剖析，将二者混为一谈，詹姆斯·斯蒂芬爵士并不是唯一如此的一位法学家。而奥斯丁的问题在于他对英国法了解不够。但是，全面理解奥斯丁及其先辈霍布斯、边沁以及其重要继承者霍兰和波洛克，仍然具有实用价值。弗雷德里克·波洛克爵士最近的短篇著作与他的其他著作一样精当得体，完全没有受到罗马法著作的负面影响。

老人对年轻人的建议很容易就像列一张一百本最好的书单那样不切实际。至少在我年轻时，我得到过这类建议，现在看来，其中最不现实的当属推荐研习罗马法。我想这一建议不是让大家去收集几句拉丁格言来装点门面——那是科克勋爵推荐布莱克顿的目的。如果那就是唯一目的，《论古代法律规则》可以在一小时内读完。我以为，如果值得研习罗马法的话，就值得把它作为一个相互关联的运作体系来来研究。那意味着要去掌握一套较我们的法律更为复杂、更不为人了解的技术细节，要去研究另一法律史。对罗马法的解释比对我们现行法律的解释更需要借助历史研究。如果有人对我的观点表示怀疑，可以让他去读读凯勒有关裁判官法令的论著《罗马法民事程序与诉讼》，缪尔黑德非常有趣的《罗马私法历史导论》，而且，最好有机会读读索姆的令人赞叹的《罗马私法》。不。获得对自己专业的宽广见解的办法不是去读其他的书，而是要对该问题本身寻根究底。要做到这一点：首先，在法理学的引导下，沿寻现存的原则体系进入最高程度的概括领域；其次，从历史中寻找它成为现状的原因；最后，尽可能思考这些规则寻求实现的目标，值得追求这些目标的原因，为了实现这些目标付出的代价，以及它们是否物有所值。

我们在法律方面的理论不是太多，而是太少，尤其是在法理学研究方面。在我谈论历史的时候，我以偷盗罪为例来说明法律如何因缺乏以明晰的形式来表述能够实现其明确目标的规则而难以发挥作用。在该例中，问题在于早期的那些形式得以存留到现在，而当时其目的更为受限。我现在来举例说明理解法律的理由对实际案件判决所具有的实践重要性。就我所知，我所举的例子其所依据的规则，目前为止还没有人对它进行充分的阐释或者将其理论化。我指的是有关诉讼时效的立法和时效法。这些规则的目的显而易见，但究竟有什么理由就因时间的流逝而剥夺一个人的权利？这就其本身而言纯粹是一种罪恶。有时，证据的灭失作为考虑因素，但这是个次要问题。有时是为了平息事件，但为什么二十年后人们更希望平息事件呢？如果没有立法机关的帮助，这些问题就有可能继续出现。有时，人们认为，如果一个人怠于行使自己的权利，如果在一段时间以后法律效仿他这样做，那他就不能抱怨。如果这些就是时效规定的所有理由，在下面我讲的案例中大家很可能会作出有利于原告的判决；如果大家采纳我将要提出的观点，就可能就作出有利于被告的判决。一个人因非法侵入他人土地而被诉，他以拥有通行权为

由进行辩护。他证明自己公开、未经许可使用该路已有二十年。但实际情况是原告将使用许可授权给某人，且合理地以为此人是被告的代理人，因此原告以为被告的使用是经过许可的，但实际上不是这样。所以被告不能获得任何权利。被告是否获得了一种权利呢？通常人们似乎认为，被告获得该权利是基于土地所有者在一般意义上的错误和疏忽，如果这样，如今这种疏忽并不存在，被告也就没有获得通行权。但是，如果我是被告的律师，我会建议因时间流逝而获取权利的依据应该从权利获得者而非权利丧失者的位置来看待。亨利·梅因爵士把财产的古老观念和时效相联系，使之成为一种流行观念。但这种联系比自有记载的历史还要久远。它存在于人类思维的天性之中。你在很长一段时间里享用的事物，不管是财产还是观念，会在你身上扎根。不论你是怎样得到它的，若有外力想把它夺走，你必然怨恨这种行为并试图为自己辩护。法律能要求的最正当的理由莫过于人类内心最深处的本能。作为对你令原有物主感到失望这种说法的回应，你应提到原告的疏忽使他与其所有权之间的联系逐渐分离，而使所有权与被告之间逐渐建立起联系。如果原有物主了解他人公开的行为表明此人正在不断加强这样的联系时，我认为，为了公平对待此人，原有物主有责任查明此人的行为是否经他许可，以便向其发出警告，并在必要时加以阻止。

我一直在讨论对法律进行研究的问题，但就老生常谈的一些相关问题，比如教科书、案例体系、以及整个机制（这是学生最直接接触到的一个问题），我几乎没有进行任何说明。我也不打算去讨论它们。我的主题是理论，而非实际细节。教学方式比起我做学生时已经有所改进，这一点毫无疑问。但不论何种方式，能力和勤奋都是掌握原始材料的必要条件。正如建筑师是建房中最重要的人一样，理论是法律原则中最重要的部分。过去的二十五年中，最重要的进步是理论的进步。不必担心它不切实际，因为对有能力的人而言，它只是意味着对该话题追根溯源。对能力不强的人来说，正如上文所述，对一般概念的兴趣意味着具体知识的缺乏。我记得在部队时读到了一个年轻人的故事。在最低等级的晋升考试中，当被问及一个有关中队训练的问题时，他回答说他从未考虑过万人规模以下的训练。但是对弱愚之人不必过分苛求。危险在于有能力而务实的人对那些与他们的事业关系甚远的观念漠不关心或者持怀疑态度。有一天，我听到一个故事，某人雇了个贴身侍从，向其支付很高的薪水，但要扣掉因其过错导致的损失。其中的一项扣除是“缺乏想

象力，扣五元。”缺乏想象力的不只是贴身侍从。在如今，雄心、权力等目标基本上仅仅以金钱的形式表现出来。金钱是最直接的形式，也是人们的合理欲望目标。“财富，”雷切尔说，“是智慧的标尺。”这句话有利于把人们从黄粱美梦中唤醒。但是，正如黑格尔所说：“最终必须得到满足的不是欲望，而是观念。”不论想象力的大小，最具影响力的权利形式不是金钱，而是对思想的掌控。如果大家想要著名的例证，读一读莱斯利·斯蒂芬先生的《十八世纪英国思想史》，就会看到笛卡尔死后一百年，其抽象思辨如何已经成为了控制人们行为的实际力量。读一读伟大的德国法理学家们的著述，就会看到如今的世界是如何更多受到康德而不是波拿巴的影响。不可能我们都成为笛卡尔或康德，但我们都渴望幸福。而幸福，根据我对诸多成功之士的了解，我确信无法仅仅通过成为一个大公司的律师顾问且年收入五万美元获得。赢得赞誉的伟大智者，除了成功以外尚需其他的食粮。法律更为深远和更普遍的方面正是那些使法律受到普遍关注的方面。正是通过这些方面，你不仅可以成为自己行业的大师，而且可以把你的研究领域与宇宙联系起来，聆听来自苍穹的回响，瞥见其深不可测的过程，领悟普遍规律的蛛丝马迹。

Another Study of Woman

妇女再研究

[法] Honoré de Balzac 巴尔扎克 著

外语教学与研究出版社

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外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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Another Study of Woman

妇女再研究

At Paris there are almost always two separate parties going on at every ball and rout. First, an official party, composed of the persons invited, a fashionable and much-bored circle. Each one grimaces for his neighbor's eye; most of the younger women are there for one person only; when each woman has assured herself that for that one she is the handsomest woman in the room, and that the opinion is perhaps shared by a few others, a few insignificant phrases are exchanged, as: "Do you think of going away soon to La Crampade?" "How well Madame de Portenduere sang!" "Who is that little woman with such a load of diamonds?" Or, after firing off some smart epigrams, which give transient pleasure, and leave wounds that rankle long, the groups thin out, the mere lookers on go away, and the waxlights burn down to the sconces.

在巴黎，几乎每一个舞会与热闹的聚会都有两种截然不同的小聚会。第一种是正式的聚会，参加的都是那些受邀请、赶潮流却又时常感到生活无趣的一群人。聚会上人人都以假面示人，大多数较年轻的女士都只为一人而去。每一位女性都确信,自己在那人眼中是大厅里最美丽的女性，而且其他人也很可能认同这一看法，此时，她们就会展开一系列无关紧要的谈话，诸如：“你稍后想去克朗帕德吗？”“德波唐杜埃夫人唱得真好！”“那个浑身上下佩戴钻石首饰的小妇人是谁？”或者是随口说出几句俏皮话，给人短暂的快乐，却也留下持久的苦痛。在这之后，人群渐渐散去，纯粹的看客离开了，蜡烛也将燃烧殆尽。

The mistress of the house then waylays a few artists, amusing people or intimate friends, saying, "Do not go yet; we will have a snug little supper." These collect in some small room. The second, the real party, now begins; a party where, as of old, every one can hear what is said, conversation is general, each one is bound to be witty and to contribute to the amusement of all. Everything is made to tell, honest laughter takes the place of the gloom which in company saddens the prettiest faces. In short, where the rout ends pleasure begins.

这时，屋子的女主人就会拦住三五艺术家、有趣的人或是密友，说道：“别急着走，一起吃些温馨的夜宵吧。”于是，这些人就聚集到一个小房间里。现在，第二种聚会,名副其实的聚会才开始了：跟旧时的聚会一样，大家一起谈天说地，每个人都能听到别人在说什么，而且大伙儿总是巧言妙语，逗得众人哈哈大笑。所有的事情都能成为谈资，真诚的笑容取代了在大庭广众下能使最美丽的可人儿失色的忧郁。简而言之，

当大聚会散去之时，真正的欢愉才开始。

The Rout, a cold display of luxury, a review of self-conceits in full dress, is one of those English inventions which tend to mechanize other nations. England seems bent on seeing the whole world as dull as itself, and dull in the same way. So this second party is, in some French houses, a happy protest on the part of the old spirit of our light-hearted people. Only, unfortunately, so few houses protest; and the reason is a simple one. If we no longer have many suppers nowadays, it is because never, under any rule, have there been fewer men placed, established, and successful than under the reign of Louis Philippe, when the Revolution began again, lawfully. Everybody is on the march some whither, or trotting at the heels of Fortune. Time has become the costliest commodity, so no one can afford the lavish extravagance of going home to-morrow morning and getting up late. Hence, there is no second soiree now but at the houses of women rich enough to entertain, and since July 1830 such women may be counted in Paris.

大型聚会是一场没什么人情味的奢侈品展示会，是自负之人身着盛装的展示，是英国人的发明之一——这些发明往往会使其他国家机械性地模仿。英国人似乎习惯于把全世界的人们看得和自己一样无趣，并且还是那种千篇一律的无趣。所以，这些在某些法国人家里进行的第二种聚会是我们这些无忧无虑的人们对那古老的传统进行的快乐的抗议。只是，很不幸，这样的家庭抗议太少，原因也很简单明了。如今我们吃夜宵的次数大幅减少，那是因为在合法的再次开始革命的路易·菲利普时代，得到安置的人、有成就的人和成功的人的数目超过了以往任何一个朝代。每个人都在追求着某一目标，或者是追求财富。时间已然成为了最昂贵的商品，因此没人愿意奢侈地第二天早上才回家，然后很晚才起床。因此，第二种聚会已经很少见，如今只在一些有钱享乐的妇女家中举办，而自从1830年7月开始，这样的妇女在巴黎屈指可数。

In spite of the covert opposition of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, two or three women, among them Madame d'Espard and Mademoiselle des Touches, have not chosen to give up the share of influence they exercised in Paris, and have not closed their houses.

尽管圣日耳曼城区的居民暗中反对，还是有两三位妇女，其中包括埃斯巴侯爵夫人和德图希小姐。她们没有放弃自己在巴黎的影响力，没有把自己的家门关上。

The salon of Mademoiselle des Touches is noted in Paris as being the last refuge where the old French wit has found a home, with its reserved depths, its myriad subtle byways, and its exquisite politeness. You will there still find grace of manner notwithstanding the conventionalities of courtesy, perfect freedom of talk notwithstanding the reserve which is natural to persons of breeding, and, above all, a

liberal flow of ideas. No one there thinks of keeping his thought for a play; and no one regards a story as material for a book. In short, the hideous skeleton of literature at bay never stalks there, on the prowl for a clever sally or an interesting subject.

德希图小姐的沙龙作为昔日法国式风趣的最后一个舒适的避难所，在巴黎，以它内敛的深沉、含蓄而又丰富的节目，以及高雅的礼节而著称。在那里，尽管有着传统的礼节，你仍会感受到举止的优雅；尽管有着有教养的人自然而然的矜持，你仍会感受到全然的谈话的自由；最重要的是，你能感受到思想的自由流动。在那里，没有人会想着把自己的想法保存起来写一出戏剧，也没有人把一个故事看成是一本书的题材。总之，妄图捕猎到一句俏皮话或一个有趣话题，这种构思文学的方式从未在那里出现过，它令人厌烦，已经走到了穷途末路。

The memory of one of these evenings especially dwells with me, less by reason of a confidence in which the illustrious de Marsay opened up one of the deepest recesses of woman's heart, than on account of the reflections to which his narrative gave rise, as to the changes that have taken place in the French woman since the fateful revolution of July.

这其中一个晚上的记忆尤其使我印象深刻。这不仅是因为名人德玛赛向我们透露了妇女心理深处的一个秘密，更是因为他的叙述所引发的对于七月那场重大的革命后法国妇女发生改变的思考。

On that evening chance had brought together several persons, whose indisputable merits have won them European reputations. This is not a piece of flattery addressed to France, for there were a good many foreigners present. And, indeed, the men who most shone were not the most famous. Ingenious repartee, acute remarks, admirable banter, pictures sketched with brilliant precision, all sparkled and flowed without elaboration, were poured out without disdain, but without effort, and were exquisitely expressed and delicately appreciated. The men of the world especially were conspicuous for their really artistic grace and spirit.

那个晚上有几个人碰巧都在。他们那无可争议的才能已经使他们闻名于整个欧洲。这不是对法国人的恭维，因为当时有许多外国人在场。实际上当晚表现最出众的并不是那些最出名的人。巧妙的问答、敏锐的评论、令人赞叹的玩笑，以及精细程度令人称奇的画像，都自然而然，不加修饰地呈现在大家面前，不被轻视，毫不费力的就能被精细地表现出来，并且被大家仔细欣赏。阅历丰富的人，由于他们极具艺术家般的风度和气质，而显得特别引人注目。

Elsewhere in Europe you will find elegant manners, cordiality, genial fellowship, and knowledge; but only in Paris, in this drawing-room, and those to which I have alluded, does the particular wit abound which gives an agreeable and changeful unity to all these

social qualities, an indescribable river-like flow which makes this profusion of ideas, of definitions, of anecdotes, of historical incidents, meander with ease. Paris, the capital of taste, alone possesses the science which makes conversation a tourney in which each type of wit is condensed into a shaft, each speaker utters his phrase and casts his experience in a word, in which every one finds amusement, relaxation, and exercise. Here, then, alone, will you exchange ideas; here you need not, like the dolphin in the fable, carry a monkey on your shoulders; here you will be understood, and will not risk staking your gold pieces against base metal.

在欧洲的其他地方你也能发现优雅的举止、亲切的气氛、真诚的友谊及知识，但只有在巴黎的这间客厅，在我之前提到的那些人中，才充盈着这样一种独特的智慧。这种智慧把所有这些社交品质完美而又有机地结合在一起。在那里，数不清的想法、定义、奇闻轶事和历史典故似一条不可名状的河流一般悠闲地蜿蜒流动着。巴黎，这座品位之都独自拥有着一种能力，这种能力能把交谈变成一场锦标赛。在这场锦标赛中，每一种机智都被浓缩为一句调侃；每一个参与者都说出各自的妙言妙语并将自己的经历表现在话语中，这些话语能使每个人感到轻松愉悦，同时头脑又得到锻炼。因而只有在这里，你能够交流思想；在这里，你不必像寓言中的海豚一样，将猴子扛在自己的肩上；在这里，你将被理解，并且不用担心自己的黄金会换来普通的金属。

Here, again, secrets neatly betrayed, and talk, light or deep, play and eddy, changing their aspect and hue at every phrase. Eager criticism and crisp anecdotes lead on from one to the next. All eyes are listening, a gesture asks a question, and an expressive look gives the answer. In short, and in a word, everything is wit and mind.

还是在这里，秘密巧妙地被暴露，或深或浅的交谈轻松愉快地旋转环绕，在每一句话中变换着它们的外表与色彩。热切的评论以及新奇的轶事互相交替。所有的眼睛都在倾听，一个姿势就是一个问题，一个富于表现力的表情就是对于这个问题的回答。简要地说，所有的一切都关乎风趣与机智。

The phenomenon of speech, which, when duly studied and well handled, is the power of the actor and the story-teller, had never so completely bewitched me. Nor was I alone under the influence of its spell; we all spent a delightful evening. The conversation had drifted into anecdote, and brought out in its rushing course some curious confessions, several portraits, and a thousand follies, which make this enchanting improvisation impossible to record; still, by setting these things down in all their natural freshness and abruptness, their elusive divarications, you may perhaps feel the charm of a real French evening, taken at the moment when the most engaging familiarity makes each one forget his own interests, his personal conceit, or, if you like, his pretensions.

当演讲被适当地研究及恰当地处理时，它就成为了演员以及说故事者的一种力量。之前我还从未被这样的一种魔力所彻底地吸引。并非只有我一个人着了魔，所有人都度过了一个愉快的夜晚。聊天的话题渐渐由轶事构成，在这一迅速的转变过程中，引出一些奇怪的忏悔、为数不多的描述以及对于上千的蠢事的叙述，使得这一使人着迷的即兴演说无法被记录下来。但这些事情自然新奇、令人意外又难以捉摸，变化无常，如果能记下来，你或许能感受到真正的法式聚会的魅力。在聚会上，令人着迷的亲切，使大家都忘了各自的利益，忘了自负，或者说是忘了各自的虚荣之心。

At about two in the morning, as supper ended, no one was left sitting round the table but intimate friends, proved by intercourse of fifteen years, and some persons of great taste and good breeding, who knew the world. By tacit agreement, perfectly carried out, at supper every one renounced his pretensions to importance. Perfect equality set the tone. But indeed there was no one present who was not very proud of being himself.

凌晨两点左右，夜宵结束。这时，围绕在桌子旁边坐着的，除了一些交往了十五年的亲密朋友，就是一些有教养、格调高雅、见过世面的人。在吃宵夜时，大家都十分默契地放下了自己的架子。绝对的平等，为接下来的活动奠定了基调。但事实上，在场的人中没有不为自己感到骄傲的。

Mademoiselle des Touches always insists on her guests remaining at table till they leave, having frequently remarked the change which a move produces in the spirit of a party. Between the dining-room and the drawing-room the charm is destroyed. According to Sterne, the ideas of an author after shaving are different from those he had before. If Sterne is right, may it not be boldly asserted that the frame of mind of a party at table is not the same as that of the same persons returned to the drawing-room? The atmosphere is not heady, the eye no longer contemplates the brilliant disorder of the dessert, lost are the happy effects of that laxness of mood, that benevolence which comes over us while we remain in the humor peculiar to the well-filled man, settled comfortably on one of the springy chairs which are made in these days. Perhaps we are not more ready to talk face to face with the dessert and in the society of good wine, during the delightful interval when every one may sit with an elbow on the table and his head resting on his hand. Not only does every one like to talk then, but also to listen. Digestion, which is almost always attent, is loquacious or silent, as characters differ. Then every one finds his opportunity.

德图希小姐多次说过，改变位置会改变一个聚会的气氛，所以她常常坚持客人在离开前一直待在桌旁。从餐厅到客厅，魅力会被破坏。斯特恩曾经说过，一个作者刮过胡须后的想法会与之前的不同。如果斯特

恩是对的，那么认为再次回到客厅中的人的心态，与其之前在餐桌上的心态不同的这种想法，应该不会显得唐突吧？气氛不再狂热，人们的眼神也不再注视着琳琅满目的甜点，消失的是那些懒散的心情所带来的快感和吃饱喝足后悠然地坐在当时生产的软椅上时所感受到的惬意。或许当餐后面对着甜点以及各式美酒，众人都可以把胳膊撑在餐桌上，把脑袋放在手上惬意地休息时，人们更愿意面对面地交谈。此时，不仅每个人都愿意交谈，也愿意倾听。人们在消化时总是能够专心致志，具体表现为健谈抑或沉默，这取决于各自的性格。所以每个人都有表现的机会。

Was not this preamble necessary to make you know the charm of the narrative, by which a celebrated man, now dead, depicted the innocent jesuistry of women, painting it with the subtlety peculiar to persons who have seen much of the world, and which makes statesmen such delightful storytellers when, like Prince Talleyrand and Prince Metternich, they vouchsafe to tell a story?

这段很有必要的开场白，应该能使你感受到以下叙述的魅力。叙述者是一个已故的名人，以一种只有老于世故的人才拥有的机敏描绘了妇女那天真的狡黠。由于拥有这样一种机敏，他们承诺讲故事时，都能像塔莱朗亲王和梅特涅亲王那样成为能够带给人欢乐的叙述者。

De Marsay, prime minister for some six months, had already given proofs of superior capabilities. Those who had known him long were not indeed surprised to see him display all the talents and various aptitudes of a statesman; still it might yet be a question whether he would prove to be a solid politician, or had merely been moulded in the fire of circumstance. This question had just been asked by a man whom he had made a prefet, a man of wit and observation, who had for a long time been a journalist, and who admired de Marsay without infusing into his admiration that dash of acrid criticism by which, in Paris, one superior man excuses himself from admiring another.

在任六个月左右的内阁首相德玛赛，已经向人们证明了他出众的能力。那些很久以前就知道他的人，事实上，并不会吃惊于他所展示出的一个政治家所应该具备的各种各样的才能与天赋。然而，人们可能会问他一个问题，怀疑他是否能真正成为一位杰出的政治家，还是他仅仅是一个混乱时代的产物。一个被他任命为省长的男子刚刚问了这个问题。这位男子机智且善于观察，之前很长的一段时间是一名记者。他对于德玛赛的敬佩之情不带有一丝刻薄的批评。在巴黎，一个优秀的男子常常用这种批评来拒绝对另一个优秀的男子表示钦佩。

"Was there ever," said he, "in your former life, any event, any thought or wish which told you what your vocation was?" asked Emile Blondet; "for we all, like Newton, have our apple, which falls and leads us to the spot where our faculties develop—"

“在你早年的生活中，”他问道，“有没有一些事情、一些想法或心愿告诉你,你的使命是什么？”爱弥尔·勃龙代继续说：“因为我们每个人都像牛顿那样，拥有自己的苹果。这颗苹果从天而降并且指引着我们才能的发展方向。”

"Yes," said de Marsay; "I will tell you about it."

“有的，”德玛赛说，“我这就说给你们说说。”

Pretty women, political dandies, artists, old men, de Marsay's intimate friends,—all settled themselves comfortably, each in his favorite attitude, to look at the Minister. Need it be said that the servants had left, that the doors were shut, and the curtains drawn over them? The silence was so complete that the murmurs of the coachmen's voices could be heard from the courtyard, and the pawing and champing made by horses when asking to be taken back to their stable.

漂亮的女士、穿着讲究的从政男子、艺术家、年长的人以及德玛赛亲密的朋友，一个个都舒适地以各自最喜欢的姿势坐下来，看着首相。不必说，此时，仆人们都已离开，门都已关上，窗帘也都被拉上。此时环境安静极了，能够听到来自于庭院中马车夫的低声抱怨，以及被牵回马厩的马儿们所发出的刨地声以及咀嚼声。

"The statesman, my friends, exists by one single quality," said the Minister, playing with his gold and mother-of-pearl dessert knife. "To wit: the power of always being master of himself; of profiting more or less, under all circumstances, by every event, however fortuitous; in short, of having within himself a cold and disinterested other self, who looks on as a spectator at all the changes of life, noting our passions and our sentiments, and whispering to us in every case the judgment of a sort of moral ready-reckoner."

“朋友们，政治家维持生计的唯一品质，”首相边玩着他那由黄金和珍珠母制成的小餐刀，边说道，“就是机智。这种能力使得一个人总能够控制自身，能够在任何环境下，在任何偶然的事件中，为自己谋取到或多或少的利益。简而言之，这种能力使一个人拥有另一个冷静而又客观的自我，这一自我就像一个观众一样，观察着人生的变迁，留意着我们的各种情感及想法，还在每一件事中，都如同一个时刻准备着的道德计算者一样，对我们低声地说出他的判断。”

"That explains why a statesman is so rare a thing in France," said old Lord Dudley.

“这就是法国为何如此缺少政治家的原因。”杜德莱老勋爵说。

"From a sentimental point of view, this is horrible," the Minister went on. "Hence, when such a phenomenon is seen in a young man—Richelieu, who, when warned overnight by a letter of Concini's peril,

slept till midday, when his benefactor was killed at ten o'clock—or say Pitt, or Napoleon, he was a monster. I became such a monster at a very early age, thanks to a woman."

“从情感的角度来看，这太可怕了，”首相接着说，“因此，当这种现象发生在年轻男子身上时，比如说黎塞留——那个前一晚已经从信中得知孔西尼面临着巨大危险，第二天却不顾自己恩人早上十点钟遇害，自己却睡到正午的年轻人，又比如说是皮特或拿破仑，这个男子就已经成为了一个怪物。因为一个女人，我在很年轻的时候就成为了这样的一个怪物。”

"I fancied," said Madame de Montcornet with a smile, "that more politicians were undone by us than we could make."

“我原本认为，”德蒙柯奈夫人微笑着说，“我们所摧毁的政治家比我们所制造的政治家来得要多。”

"The monster of which I speak is a monster just because he withstands you," replied de Marsay, with a little ironical bow.

“我所说的怪物之所以是怪物，正是因为他能抵挡得住你们的诱惑。”德玛赛答道，并有些讽刺地鞠了一躬。

"If this is a love-story," the Baronne de Nucingen interposed, "I request that it may not be interrupted by any reflections."

“如果这是一个爱情故事，”纽沁根男爵夫人插话道，“我请求它不被任何深思所打断。”

"Reflection is so antipathetic to it!" cried Joseph Bridau.

“任何深思都与它格格不入！”约瑟夫·勃里杜大声断言。

"I was seventeen," de Marsay went on; "the Restoration was being consolidated; my old friends know how impetuous and fervid I was then. I was in love for the first time, and I was—I may say so now—one of the handsomest young fellows in Paris. I had youth and good looks, two advantages due to good fortune, but of which we are all as proud as of a conquest. I must be silent as to the rest.—Like all youths, I was in love with a woman six years older than myself. No one of you here," said he, looking carefully round the table, "can suspect her name or recognize her. Ronquerolles alone, at the time, ever guessed my secret. He had kept it well, but I should have feared his smile. However, he is gone," said the Minister, looking round.

“那年我十七岁，”德玛赛开始说道，“复辟王朝正处于巩固阶段，我当时十分冲动，有着满腔的热血，我的老朋友可以证明。那是我第一次坠入爱河，而且我那时是——现在我可以这么说了——巴黎最英俊的小伙子之一。我既年轻又帅气，这两项优点来源于好运气，但是对于它们，我们都像得到战利品般地感到自豪。其他的我就不能多说了。正如所有年轻人一样，我爱上了一个比我大六岁的女人。这儿没有一个

人，”他仔细地环顾餐桌一圈说，“能够猜到她的名字，或者是认出她来。当时只有龙克罗尔猜到了我的秘密。他把秘密保守得很好，但我还是担心他的笑意。然而，他现在已经走了。”首相说着，再次环顾四周。

"He would not stay to supper," said Madame de Nucingen.

“他不愿意留下来吃夜宵。”德纽沁根夫人说。

"For six months, possessed by my passion," de Marsay went on, "but incapable of suspecting that it had overmastered me, I had abandoned myself to that rapturous idolatry which is at once the triumph and the frail joy of the young. I treasured her old gloves; I drank an infusion of the flowers she had worn; I got out of bed at night to go and gaze at her window. All my blood rushed to my heart when I inhaled the perfume she used. I was miles away from knowing that woman is a stove with a marble casing."

“有那么六个月，我被自己的激情所左右，”德玛赛又说，“但我又无法意识到自己已经被它冲昏了头脑，我沉湎于一种狂热的偶像崇拜之中，这种崇拜，既是年轻人的胜利，又是脆弱的快乐。”我珍藏她的旧手套，拿她戴过的花泡水喝，晚上起床凝望她的窗户。当我闻到她身上的香水味时，全身所有的血液都涌向心房。我那时还远远无法意识到女人是一个由大理石包裹着的火炉。”

"Oh! spare us your terrible verdicts," cried Madame de Montcornet with a smile.

“噢！你那些可怕的结论就不要讲啦！”德冈夫人笑着说。

"I believe I should have crushed with my scorn the philosopher who first uttered this terrible but profoundly true thought," said de Marsay. "You are all far too keen-sighted for me to say any more on that point. These few words will remind you of your own follies.

“我相信，当时的我会以一种鄙视的态度，将第一个表达这个可怕但是真实而又深刻的想法的哲学家压得粉碎，”德玛赛说，“你们都很有洞察力，在那一点上，我就不多说了。这些不多的话语就能使你们想起自己干过的蠢事。

"A great lady if ever there was one, a widow without children—oh! all was perfect—my idol would shut herself up to mark my linen with her hair; in short, she responded to my madness by her own. And how can we fail to believe in passion when it has the guarantee of madness?

一位贵妇人——如果曾经有的话，一个无儿无女的寡妇——噢！一切都是那么完美——我的偶像会把自己关在家中，用自己的头发在我的亚麻布手帕上做标记。简单地说，她以自己的疯狂回应了我的疯狂。而当我们的激情由疯狂作担保时，我们怎么能不相信它？

"We each devoted all our minds to concealing a love so perfect

and so beautiful from the eyes of the world; and we succeeded. And what charm we found in our escapades! Of her I will say nothing. She was perfection then, and to this day is considered one of the most beautiful women in Paris; but at that time a man would have endured death to win one of her glances. She had been left with an amount of fortune sufficient for a woman who had loved and was adored; but the Restoration, to which she owed renewed lustre, made it seem inadequate in comparison with her name. In my position I was so fatuous as never to dream of a suspicion. Though my jealousy would have been of a hundred and twenty Othello-power, that terrible passion slumbered in me as gold in the nugget. I would have ordered my servant to thrash me if I had been so base as ever to doubt the purity of that angel—so fragile and so strong, so fair, so artless, pure, spotless, and whose blue eyes allowed my gaze to sound it to the very depths of her heart with adorable submissiveness. Never was there the slightest hesitancy in her attitude, her look, or word; always white and fresh, and ready for the Beloved like the Oriental Lily of the 'Song of Songs!' Ah! my friends!" sadly exclaimed the Minister, grown young again, "a man must hit his head very hard on the marble to dispel that poem!"

我们想尽一切办法来隐藏这一如此完美而又如此美好的爱情；我们也成功做到了。在我们的疯狂举动中，我们发现了多少魅力啊！关于她本人我不想说什么。她当时十全十美，直至今日，还被认为是巴黎最漂亮的女人之一。而在那时，一个男人为了能被她看上一眼就是死也愿意。对于一个爱过别人，而现在也受人爱慕的女人来说，她所继承的财富足够了。但是，赋予她崭新光彩的复辟王朝，却使她的财富与她的姓氏相比，显得不那么光彩。我当时是多么愚昧啊，以致于我从来不会产生任何怀疑。虽然我的嫉妒心比得上一百二十个奥赛罗，那种可怕的激情在我的心中沉睡，就像是金子蕴藏于金块中那样。如果当时我卑劣地怀疑那位天使的纯洁，我会要求仆人痛打我一顿的。她那么纤弱，却又那么有力，那么白皙，不假雕饰，并且纯洁无邪，那双蓝色的眼睛迷人而又顺从，会让我凝望到她内心的最深处。她的态度、神情、言语中从来不带一丝犹豫；她总是那么洁白，那么有活力，并且随时准备投入到心上人的怀抱中去，就像《雅歌》中的东方百合那样！啊！我的朋友们！”首相重拾青春，大声感叹道，“一个男人只有把自己的头狠狠撞向大理石才能驱赶那样的一种诗意！”

This cry of nature, finding an echo in the listeners, spurred the curiosity he had excited in them with so much skill.

这一发自肺腑的感叹引起了听众们的共鸣，他们那已经被巧妙地激发的好奇心也随之更加强烈。

"Every morning, riding Sultan—the fine horse you sent me from England," de Marsay went on, addressing Lord Dudley, "I rode past her open carriage, the horses' pace being intentionally reduced to a walk,

and read the order of the day signaled to me by the flowers of her bouquet in case we were unable to exchange a few words. Though we saw each other almost every evening in society, and she wrote to me every day, to deceive the curious and mislead the observant we had adopted a scheme of conduct: never to look at each other; to avoid meeting; to speak ill of each other. Self-admiration, swagger, or playing the disdained swain,—all these old manoeuvres are not to compare on either part with a false passion professed for an indifferent person and an air of indifference towards the true idol. If two lovers will only play that game, the world will always be deceived; but then they must be very secure of each other.

“每天早上，骑着素丹——那匹你从英国给我带来的良马，”德玛赛对着杜德莱勋爵接着说道，“我从她的敞篷马车旁经过，那时，我们就会有意让马缓缓而行，如果我们无法交谈几句的话，我就会通过她花束中的花朵得知当天的安排。尽管我们几乎每天晚上都能在社交场合中见到对方，她也每天都给我写信，但是为了欺骗与误导那些好奇的、有观察力的人，我们采取了一整套的行为方案：从不朝对方看；避免会面；互相说对方的坏话。自我欣赏，妄自尊大，或者是装出一副受人鄙视的情人样——这些老伎俩都比不上双方都虚假地公开对一个不相干的人的爱慕之情，并且对自己心目中真正的偶像装出一副毫无兴趣的样子。如果一对情侣坚持玩这样的把戏，所有的人都将一直被蒙在鼓里；但是他们必须十分信任对方。

"Her stalking-horse was a man in high favor, a courtier, cold and sanctimonious, whom she never received at her own house. This little comedy was performed for the benefit of simpletons and drawing-room circles, who laughed at it. Marriage was never spoken of between us; six years' difference of age might give her pause; she knew nothing of my fortune, of which, on principle, I have always kept the secret. I, on my part, fascinated by her wit and manners, by the extent of her knowledge and her experience of the world, would have married her without a thought. At the same time, her reserve charmed me. If she had been the first to speak of marriage in a certain tone, I might perhaps have noted it as vulgar in that accomplished soul.

她的挡箭牌是一个受宠的朝臣，冷漠而又道貌岸然，她从不在自己家中与他见面。这出小小的喜剧是为那些傻瓜以及沙龙中的人们而演的，而他们把它当作笑料。我们从未讨论过结婚，六岁的年龄差距或许会让她有所顾虑。她对我的财富一无所知；出于原则，我也对我的财富一直保密。至于我，被她的才智和举止，被她宽广的知识面，被她的见识所深深吸引，会毫不犹豫地娶她为妻。与此同时，她的矜持也使我着迷。如果是她最先用某种语气谈起婚姻，我或许会认为这相对于她那完美的灵魂来说，显得粗俗。

"Six months, full and perfect—a diamond of the purest water!

That has been my portion of love in this base world.

整整六个月，充实而又完美——一颗最纯的、最有光泽的钻石！这就是我在这个卑劣的世界中的一份爱。

"One morning, attacked by the feverish stiffness which marks the beginning of a cold, I wrote her a line to put off one of those secret festivals which are buried under the roofs of Paris like pearls in the sea. No sooner was the letter sent than remorse seized me: she will not believe that I am ill! thought I. She was wont to affect jealousy and suspiciousness. —When jealousy is genuine," said de Marsay, interrupting himself, "it is the visible sign of an unique passion."

一天早上，我觉得自己要感冒了——身体发热、酸痛，我给她寄去一封短函，推迟了在巴黎的屋檐下的一个宛若隐匿于大海中的珍珠般的约会。短函一寄出，我的心中就充满了悔意：她是不会相信我生病的！我这样想。她习惯了装作妒忌还有怀疑的样子。当嫉妒是真实的时候，”德玛赛自己顿了顿，“这就是一种爱情专一的信号。”

"Why?" asked the Princesse de Cadignan eagerly.

“此话怎讲？”卡迪央王妃急切地问道。

"Unique and true love," said de Marsay, "produces a sort of corporeal apathy attuned to the contemplation into which one falls. Then the mind complicates everything; it works on itself, pictures its fancies, turns them into reality and torment; and such jealousy is as delightful as it is distressing."

“专一并且真正的爱情，”德玛赛说，“使你在注视对方时，身体处于一种麻木的状态。然后头脑把所有一切复杂化。它一直在想，勾勒出自己的幻想，把它们变成现实并自己折磨自己；这样的一种妒忌使人快乐的程度与它使人忧愁的程度一样。”

A foreign minister smiled as, by the light of memory, he felt the truth of this remark.

一位外国大臣笑了笑，觉得这个评论与自己的记忆相符。

"Besides," de Marsay went on, "I said to myself, why miss a happy hour? Was it not better to go, even though feverish? And, then, if she learns that I am ill, I believe her capable of hurrying here and compromising herself. I made an effort; I wrote a second letter, and carried it myself, for my confidential servant was now gone. The river lay between us. I had to cross Paris; but at last, within a suitable distance of her house, I caught sight of a messenger; I charged him to have the note sent up to her at once, and I had the happy idea of driving past her door in a hackney cab to see whether she might not by chance receive the two letters together. At the moment when I arrived it was two o'clock; the great gate opened to admit a carriage.

Whose? —That of the stalking-horse!

“并且，”德玛赛接着说，“我对自己说，为什么要失去这么一段快乐时光呢？发烧了还去，这样不是更好？再者，如果她知道我病了，我相信她能够放弃原则，赶来这儿。我打起精神，写了第二封短函，然后亲自带上它，因为我视为心腹仆人当时不在。我们之间隔着塞纳河。我得横穿巴黎，但最终，在距离她家还有一段适当的距离时，我看见了一位信使。我嘱咐他立即把我的短函给她送去，然后我兴奋地打算自己乘一辆出租马车从她门前经过，看看她是否会恰巧同时收到两封短函。当我到那里时已经两点了，大门因为迎接一辆马车而敞开着。是谁的？是那个挡箭牌的！

"It is fifteen years since—well, even while I tell the tale, I, the exhausted orator, the Minister dried up by the friction of public business, I still feel a surging in my heart and the hot blood about my diaphragm. At the end of an hour I passed once more; the carriage was still in the courtyard! My note no doubt was in the porter's hands. At last, at half-past three, the carriage drove out. I could observe my rival's expression; he was grave, and did not smile; but he was in love, and no doubt there was business in hand.

唉，十五年过去了，当我讲这个故事时，我，一个疲惫不堪的演讲者，那个被公众事务所榨干的首相，还是能感觉到自己心潮澎湃，热血涌向横膈膜。快要一个小时时，我再次经过了她家门口。那辆马车依然停留在庭院中！我的短函无疑是在门房的手中。最后，在三点半时，马车离开了。我可以看到竞争对手的表情：他一脸严肃，没有笑容。但他是恋爱了，并且无疑他来是要办什么事。

"I went to keep my appointment; the queen of my heart met me; I saw her calm, pure, serene. And here I must confess that I have always thought that Othello was not only stupid, but showed very bad taste. Only a man who is half a Negro could behave so: indeed Shakespeare felt this when he called his play 'The Moor of Venice.' The sight of the woman we love is such a balm to the heart that it must dispel anguish, doubt, and sorrow. All my rage vanished. I could smile again. Hence this cheerfulness, which at my age now would be the most atrocious dissimulation, was the result of my youth and my love. My jealousy once buried, I had the power of observation. My ailing condition was evident; the horrible doubts that had fermented in me increased it. At last I found an opening for putting in these words: 'You have had no one with you this morning?' making a pretext of the uneasiness I had felt in the fear lest she should have disposed of her time after receiving my first note. —'Ah!' she exclaimed, 'only a man could have such ideas! As if I could think of anything but your suffering. Till the moment when I received your second note I could think only of how I could contrive to see you.' —'And you were alone?' —'Alone,' said she, looking at me with a face of innocence so perfect that it must have

been his distrust of such a look as that which made the Moor kill Desdemona. As she lived alone in the house, the word was a fearful lie. One single lie destroys the absolute confidence which to some souls is the very foundation of happiness.

我去履行自己的约定。心目中的女王接待了我，我看她显得镇静、纯洁、安宁。说到这里，我必须承认，我一直认为奥赛罗不仅愚蠢，并且品位低下。只有一个具有一半黑人血统的人会这么做——事实上，当莎士比亚把他的戏剧称为《威尼斯的摩尔人》时，他已经觉察到了这一点。当我们看到自己心爱的女人时，内心所受到的安慰定会驱散怒气、怀疑和悲伤。我的暴怒突然全部消散了。我又能够面带微笑了。所以，这样一种在我这个年龄最蹩脚虚伪的喜悦，是我的年轻以及爱情的结果。一旦嫉妒被埋葬，我就有了观察的力量。我的病情已经明显，而那在我心中发酵的可怕的怀疑更加剧了它。最终我找到了机会，开口说了句‘你早上没有人陪吧？’作为我的不安的借口——我担心她是在收到我的第一个便条后，以此来安排自己的时间的。‘啊！’她大声说，‘只有男人才会有这样的想法！好像我除了你的病痛，还能考虑其他事情一样。直到收到你的第二个便条之前，我一直都只想着自己如何才能去见你。’‘所以你是独自一人？’‘独自一人。’她说道，以一种无懈可击的天真的表情看着我，摩尔人就是因为不相信这样的表情而杀死苔丝德蒙娜的。由于她一个人住在那栋房子里，这句话成了一个可怕的谎言。仅一个谎言，就摧毁了绝对信任，这对许多人来说是幸福的基础。

"To explain to you what passed in me at that moment it must be assumed that we have an internal self of which the exterior I is but the husk; that this self, as brilliant as light, is as fragile as a shade—well, that beautiful self was in me thenceforth for ever shrouded in crape. Yes; I felt a cold and fleshless hand cast over me the winding-sheet of experience, dooming me to the eternal mourning into which the first betrayal plunges the soul. As I cast my eyes down that she might not observe my dizziness, this proud thought somewhat restored my strength: 'If she is deceiving you, she is unworthy of you!'

“要向你们解释我当时的感受就必须假设我们有一个内在的自我，对它来说，外在的我只是一个躯壳。这个自我如光一般灿烂，又如影一般脆弱。唉！从那以后，我那美丽的自我就永远地被绉纱所覆盖。是的，我感到一只冰冷瘦弱的手给我裹上了裹尸布，判决我承受由第一次背叛而使灵魂陷入的永恒哀痛。我目光低垂，避免她注意到我的晕眩状态，这样一个骄傲的想法在某种程度上帮我恢复了力量：‘如果她正在欺骗你，她就配不上你!'

"I ascribed my sudden reddening and the tears which started to my eyes to an attack of pain, and the sweet creature insisted on driving me home with the blinds of the cab drawn. On the way she was full of a solicitude and tenderness that might have deceived the Moor of Venice whom I have taken as a standard of comparison. Indeed, if that great child were to hesitate two seconds longer, every

intelligent spectator feels that he would ask Desdemona's forgiveness. Thus, killing the woman is the act of a boy.—She wept as we parted, so much was she distressed at being unable to nurse me herself. She wished she were my valet, in whose happiness she found a cause of envy, and all this was as elegantly expressed, oh! as Clarissa might have written in her happiness. There is always a precious ape in the prettiest and most angelic woman!”

“我把脸上突然上涌的气血及眼中开始产生的泪水归因于突然的疼痛，然后那个温柔的女人坚持用放下帘子的马车送我回家。一路上她对我充满了柔情与关爱，这或许能够骗过我拿来作对比的那个威尼斯的摩尔人。事实上，如果那个伟大的小孩再迟疑两秒，每一个聪明的观众都能猜想到他会请求苔丝德蒙娜的原谅的。所以说，杀死那个女人是一个小男孩的举动。我们要分开时她流下了眼泪，痛心于自己无法亲自照顾我。她恨不能成为我的贴身仆人，她嫉妒他的幸福。噢！所有的这一切都表现得很优雅，就像克拉丽莎在幸福当中写下的文字所描述的那样。最漂亮、最天使般的女人总是有着类人猿般的矫揉造作！”

At these words all the women looked down, as if hurt by this brutal truth so brutally stated.

听到这话的所有女士都低下了头，似乎为这一如此残酷地表达的残忍事实所中伤。

"I will say nothing of the night, nor of the week I spent," de Marsay went on. "I discovered that I was a statesman."

“至于那个晚上，或者之后那个星期，我不想说些什么，”德玛赛接着说，“我意识到自己应该成为一名政治家。”

It was so well said that we all uttered an admiring exclamation.

这话说得太漂亮了，以至于我们都发出啧啧的赞叹声。

"As I thought over the really cruel vengeance to be taken on a woman," said de Marsay, continuing his story, "with infernal ingenuity—for, as we had loved each other, some terrible and irreparable revenges were possible—I despised myself, I felt how common I was, I insensibly formulated a horrible code—that of Indulgence. In taking vengeance on a woman, do we not in fact admit that there is but one for us, that we cannot do without her? And, then, is revenge the way to win her back? If she is not indispensable, if there are other women in the world, why not grant her the right to change which we assume?

“我思忖着对于一个女人来说真正残酷的报复，”德玛赛继续着他的故事，“带着一种地狱般的邪恶智慧——因为我们曾经彼此相爱，一些可怕的、无法弥补的报复是可能的——我看不起自己，觉得自己十分庸俗，并且不知不觉采取了一套糟糕的准则——宽容的准则。在向一个女人报复时，我们实际上没有承认了自己只有这一个合适的对象，没了她

就活不下去？况且，报复能把她给赢回来么？如果她不是不可或缺的，如果这个世界上还有其他合适的女人，为什么不将我们所拥有的改变的权利给她呢？

"This, of course, applies only to passion; in any other sense it would be socially wrong. Nothing more clearly proves the necessity for indissoluble marriage than the instability of passion. The two sexes must be chained up, like wild beasts as they are, by inevitable law, deaf and mute. Eliminate revenge, and infidelity in love is nothing. Those who believe that for them there is but one woman in the world must be in favor of vengeance, and then there is but one form of it—that of Othello.

“当然，这只适用于爱情。在任何其他的社会领域，这都是错误的。爱情的不稳定，最清晰地证明了牢不可破的婚姻的必要性。必须用不可避免的、如聋哑般的法律将野兽般的两性拴在一起。没有了报复，爱情中的不忠就没什么大不了的。那些认为世上只有一个适合自己的女人的人一定赞同报复，这样的话也就只有一种报复的方式——奥赛罗的方式。

Mine was different."

我的就不同了。”

The words produced in each of us the imperceptible movement which newspaper writers represent in Parliamentary reports by the words: great sensation.

这句话引发了在场每个人的不易察觉的反应，用报刊记者关于议会演说的报道中的措辞来说就是四个字：全场轰动。

"Cured of my cold, and of my pure, absolute, divine love, I flung myself into an adventure, of which the heroine was charming, and of a style of beauty utterly opposed to that of my deceiving angel. I took care not to quarrel with this clever woman, who was so good an actress, for I doubt whether true love can give such gracious delights as those lavished by such a dexterous fraud. Such refined hypocrisy is as good as virtue. —I am not speaking to you Englishwomen, my lady," said the Minister, suavely, addressing Lady Barimore, Lord Dudley's daughter. "I tried to be the same lover.

“治愈了我的感冒，还有我那纯洁、绝对、神圣的爱情后，我把自己投到了新的一次冒险行动中去。这一次的女主角十分迷人，拥有的美丽与我的那位欺骗天使截然不同。我小心谨慎，避免与这位聪明的女人发生争吵。她是一名极佳的女演员，因为我怀疑真爱是否能给予人如此丰富的喜悦，就像那些被各种巧妙的伎俩所欺骗的人那样。如此精致的虚情假意就如同美德一般美好。我不是对你们英国妇女说这话的，夫人，”首相朝着杜德莱勋爵的女儿巴里莫尔夫人温文尔雅地说道，“我尝试着成为如同过去一样的情人。

"I wished to have some of my hair worked up for my new angel, and I went to a skilled artist who at that time dwelt in the Rue Boucher. The man had a monopoly of capillary keepsakes, and I mention his address for the benefit of those who have not much hair; he has plenty of every kind and every color. After I had explained my order, he showed me his work. I then saw achievements of patience surpassing those which the story books ascribe to fairies, or which are executed by prisoners. He brought me up to date as to the caprices and fashions governing the use of hair. 'For the last year,' said he, 'there has been a rage for marking linen with hair; happily I had a fine collection of hair and skilled needlewomen,'—on hearing this a suspicion flashed upon me; I took out my handkerchief and said, 'So this was done in your shop, with false hair?' —He looked at the handkerchief, and said, 'Ay! that lady was very particular, she insisted on verifying the tint of the hair. My wife herself marked those handkerchiefs. You have there, sir, one of the finest pieces of work we have ever executed.' Before this last ray of light I might have believed something—might have taken a woman's word. I left the shop still having faith in pleasure, but where love was concerned I was as atheistical as a mathematician.

为了我的新天使，我想把自己的一些头发整一整。然后，我去找了一名当时住在屠户街的手艺精湛的大师。那个男人独家经营着毛状的小纪念品买卖——我将为那些没有什么头发的人提供他的具体地址——各种种类、各种颜色的他都有。在我解释完自己要订的东西后，他把他的产品展示给我看。接着我看到了耐性的成就，这些东西的手艺超过了故事书中的仙子，或者是那些囚犯。他向我谈起了当时那些引领头发的使用的时尚潮流。‘去年，’他说，‘用头发在手帕上做标记风靡一时，可喜的是我有一大批的头发以及技巧娴熟的缝纫女工，’听到这里，我的心中闪过一丝疑问。我掏出手帕，问道，‘那么这是在你的店铺里，用假头发缝上的了？’他看了看手帕说：‘是啊！那位女士极其挑剔，坚持要核对假发的色调是否与真的一致。我的妻子亲自给那些手帕做了标记。先生，你有着我们制作的最为精致的产品之一。’或许在这之前，我还相信些什么，比如说一个女人的话。我离开店铺时依然信仰着世俗的欢乐，但对于爱情，我就像是一个数学家那样，成为了一名无神论者。

"Two months later I was sitting by the side of the ethereal being in her boudoir, on her sofa; I was holding one of her hands—they were very beautiful—and we scaled the Alps of sentiment, culling their sweetest flowers, and pulling off the daisy-petals; there is always a moment when one pulls daisies to pieces, even if it is in a drawing-room and there are no daisies. At the intensest moment of tenderness, and when we are most in love, love is so well aware of its own short duration that we are irresistibly urged to ask, 'Do you love me? Will you love me always?' I seized the elegiac moment, so warm, so

flowery, so full-blown, to lead her to tell her most delightful lies, in the enchanting language of love. Charlotte displayed her choicest allurements: She could not live without me; I was to her the only man in the world; she feared to weary me, because my presence bereft her of all her wits; with me, all her faculties were lost in love; she was indeed too tender to escape alarms; for the last six months she had been seeking some way to bind me to her eternally, and God alone knew that secret; in short, I was her god!”

“两个月后我坐在那个天使闺房中的沙发上，就在轻柔的她身旁；我拉着她的一只手——她的双手十分美丽——登上了情感的阿尔卑斯山的顶峰，我们一起采集山中最美丽的花朵，撕下雏菊的花瓣；总有那么一个时候，人们会把雏菊一片片撕下，即使是在事实上没有任何雏菊的客厅中。在最具柔情之时，在我们最投入的时候，爱情十分清晰地意识到了自己的短暂，迫使我们急切地去问对方，‘你爱我吗？你将永远爱我吗？’我抓住这一伤感的时刻——如此温暖、如此华美、如此成熟——去引导她用一种迷人的爱的语言，说出最使人愉悦的谎言。夏洛特展示了她最诱人的魅力：没有我她活不下去；我对她来说是世界上唯一的男人；她担心使我疲惫，因为我的存在使她无法思考；在我身旁，她的所有才能都会迷失在爱中；事实上她会感到惊慌，因为她太体贴入微了；在过去的六个月当中她一直在寻找将我与她永远联结在一起的方法，并且只有上帝知道这一秘密；总之，我就是她的上帝！”

The women who heard de Marsay seemed offended by seeing themselves so well acted, for he seconded the words by airs, and sidelong attitudes, and mincing grimaces which were quite illusory.

听了德玛赛这番话后女士们似乎感到自己被冒犯，她们看见自己被模仿得如此逼真——因为他说这些话时显得矫揉造作，还一边挤眉弄眼，一边奋力做出貌似真实的痛苦表情。

"At the very moment when I might have believed these adorable falsehoods, as I still held her right hand in mine, I said to her, 'When are you to marry the Duke?'

“在我可能相信那些可爱的谎言，仍然握着她的右手时，我问她：‘你什么时候嫁给那位公爵呢?'

"The thrust was so direct, my gaze met hers so boldly, and her hand lay so tightly in mine, that her start, slight as it was, could not be disguised; her eyes fell before mine, and a faint blush colored her cheeks. —'The Duke! What do you mean?' she said, affecting great astonishment. —'I know everything,' replied I; 'and in my opinion, you should delay no longer; he is rich; he is a duke; but he is more than devout, he is religious! I am sure, therefore, that you have been faithful to me, thanks to his scruples. You cannot imagine how urgently necessary it is that you should compromise him with himself and with God; short of that you will never bring him to the

point.' —'Is this a dream?' said she, pushing her hair from her forehead, fifteen years before Malibran, with the gesture which Malibran has made so famous. —'Come, do not be childish, my angel,' said I, trying to take her hands; but she folded them before her with a little prudish and indignant mein. —'Marry him, you have my permission,' said I, replying to this gesture by using the formal vous instead of tu. 'Nay, better, I beg you to do so.' —'But,' cried she, falling at my knees, 'there is some horrible mistake; I love no one in the world but you; you may demand any proofs you please.' —'Rise, my dear,' said I, 'and do me the honor of being truthful.' —'As before God.' —'Do you doubt my love?' —'No.' —'Nor my fidelity?' —'No.' —'Well, I have committed the greatest crime,' I went on. 'I have doubted your love and your fidelity. Between two intoxications I looked calmly about me.' —'Calmly!' sighed she. 'That is enough, Henri; you no longer love me.'

这一问太直接，我直直地盯着她看，她的手紧紧地被握在我的手中，她那浅浅的一惊也就无法被掩饰。她目光低垂，脸颊微红。‘公爵！你这是什么意思？’她说道，装出一副十分震惊的样子。‘我都知道了，’我答道，‘并且要我看，你不应该再拖延了。他很富有；他是一名公爵；他不仅对你十分投入，他对你简直就是虔诚万分！所以我可以确定，你对我的忠诚是出于对他的顾虑。你无法想象你必须使他与他自己以及上帝妥协的急迫性。不这样做的话，你永远无法和他结合。‘这是一场梦吗？’她说，推了推自己前额的头发，比玛利勃朗早十五年做出了她那标志性的动作。‘好了，别耍孩子气了，我的天使。’我说着，想要拿起她的双手，但她将双手合拢于身前，显出一副既有些拘谨，又十分生气的样子。‘嫁给他，您拥有我的准许。’我说道，用一个正式的称呼来回应这一姿势。‘不，这样更好：我恳求您这么做。’‘不，’她大喊，倒在我的双膝前面，‘一定有一个可怕的误解；在这个世界上我只爱你；你可以要求你想要的任何证据。’‘起来吧，亲爱的，’我说，‘给我这个荣幸，请说实话。’‘就像在上帝面前。’‘你怀疑我的爱情么？’‘不。’‘我的忠诚？’‘不。’‘那么，我就犯下了最严重的罪行，’我接着说，‘我怀疑你的爱情还有忠诚。在两次陶醉之间我平静地环顾四周。’‘平静地！’她叹息着说，‘那就够了，亨利。你不再爱我了。’

"She had at once found, you perceive, a loophole for escape. In scenes like these an adverb is dangerous. But, happily, curiosity made her add: 'And what did you see? Have I ever spoken of the Duke excepting in public? Have you detected in my eyes—?' —'No,' said I, 'but in his. And you have eight times made me go to Saint-Thomas d'Aquin to see you listening to the same mass as he.' —'Ah!' she exclaimed, 'then I have made you jealous!' —Oh! I only wish I could be!' said I, admiring the pliancy of her quick intelligence, and these acrobatic feats which can only be successful in the eyes of the blind. 'But by dint of going to church I have become very incredulous. On

the day of my first cold, and your first treachery, when you thought I was in bed, you received the Duke, and you told me you had seen no one.' —'Do you know that your conduct is infamous?' —'In what respect? I consider your marriage to the Duke an excellent arrangement; he gives you a great name, the only rank that suits you, a brilliant and distinguished position. You will be one of the queens of Paris. I should be doing you a wrong if I placed any obstacle in the way of this prospect, this distinguished life, this splendid alliance. Ah! Charlotte, some day you will do me justice by discovering how unlike my character is to that of other young men. You would have been compelled to deceive me; yes, you would have found it very difficult to break with me, for he watches you. It is time that we should part, for the Duke is rigidly virtuous. You must turn prude; I advise you to do so. The Duke is vain; he will be proud of his wife.' —'Oh!' cried she, bursting into tears, 'Henri, if only you had spoken! Yes, if you had chosen'—it was I who was to blame, you understand—'we would have gone to live all our days in a corner, married, happy, and defied the world.' —'Well, it is too late now,' said I, kissing her hands, and putting on a victimized air. —'Good God! But I can undo it all!' said she. —'No, you have gone too far with the Duke. I ought indeed to go a journey to part us more effectually. We should both have reason to fear our own affection—' —'Henri, do you think the Duke has any suspicions?' I was still 'Henri,' but the tu was lost for ever. —'I do not think so,' I replied, assuming the manner of a friend; 'but be as devout as possible, reconcile yourself to God, for the Duke waits for proofs; he hesitates, you must bring him to the point.'

“你们看，她马上找到了供她逃离的空子。在类似的情况下使用副词是危险的。但可喜的是，出于好奇她接着说：‘那么你看到了什么？我在公共场合外有提起过那个公爵？你是在我的眼中察觉到的吗？’“不，’我说，‘是在他眼中。还有你让我去了八次圣多马·达干教堂，看你和他同听一首弥撒。’“啊！’她惊呼，‘那就意味着我使你吃醋了！’噢！我只希望我可以！’我说，私下佩服她的机敏。但这些花招只能用来骗那些瞎了眼的人。‘但是通过去教堂，我的疑心已经很重了。在我第一次感冒的那天，也就是你第一次背叛的那天，当你认为我躺在床上时，你接待了那位公爵，然后你对我说没有见任何人。’“你知道你的行为已经臭名远扬了吗？’“在哪一方面呢？我觉得你与那位公爵结合是一个极好的安排。他将给你一个很好的姓氏，只有这样一个光辉的、与众不同的地位才适合你。你将成为巴黎的女王之一。如果我在你通往这一前途、这一卓越的人生、这一灿烂的结合的道路上给带来任何阻碍，那我将愧对于你。啊！夏洛特，有一天你会发现我的性格与其他年轻男子是多么不同，从而给予我公正的评价。你一定是被迫欺骗了我。是的，你一定发现与我分手很难，因为他监视着你。我们是时候分手了，因为那位公爵品德端正到有些刻板。你必须变得安分拘谨，这是我对你的建议。那公爵自负，他会为自己的妻子感到骄傲的。’“噢！’她哭喊道，‘亨利，你怎么不

早说！是的，如果你那样选择的话’——你们了解，受责备的应该是我——‘我们就已经住到一个僻静的地方，结婚，快乐地生活，逃离这个世界。”好吧，现在为时已晚。’我说道，亲吻着她的双手，装出一副受害者的样子。‘我的上帝啊！但我可以解开这一切！’她说。‘不，你和公爵已经走得太远了。我应该开始一趟真正的旅行，从而将我们更加有效地分开。我们应该都有理由害怕我们的真情——”‘亨利，您认为公爵有所怀疑么？’我依然是‘亨利’，不过‘你’这个称呼永远消失了。‘我不这样认为，’我装作一个朋友的样子回答，‘但是请尽可能地虔诚，让自己与上帝和解，因为公爵在等待着证明，他在犹豫。你必须向他提起结婚这件事。’

"She rose, and walked twice round the boudoir in real or affected agitation; then she no doubt found an attitude and a look beseeming the new state of affairs, for she stopped in front of me, held out her hand, and said in a voice broken by emotion, 'Well, Henri, you are loyal, noble, and a charming man; I shall never forget you.'

她起身，或真实、或虚伪地焦虑不安地绕了闺房走了两圈。然后她无疑发现了适合新情境下的态度以及表情：她在我面前停下，伸出她的手，接着突然感情迸发地说：‘好吧，亨利，您是一个忠诚、高尚、极具魅力的男人，我永远都不会忘了您。’

"These were admirable tactics. She was bewitching in this transition of feeling, indispensable to the situation in which she wished to place herself in regard to me. I fell into the attitude, the manners, and the look of a man so deeply distressed, that I saw her too newly assumed dignity giving way; she looked at me, took my hand, drew me along almost, threw me on the sofa, but quite gently, and said after a moment's silence, 'I am dreadfully unhappy, my dear fellow. Do you love me?' —'Oh! yes.' —'Well, then, what will become of you?'"

都是些令人羡慕的策略。她在这一必要的情感的转换过程中显得十分迷人，想要把自己置于一个与我交往的新处境中。我表现出了一个悲痛欲绝的男人的态度、举止以及神情，并看到她也失去了那刚刚假装的尊严。她看着我，拉起我的手，几乎是把我拉起，然后十分温柔地把我甩向了沙发，沉默了一会儿，说：‘我非常不高兴，亲爱的。你爱我吗？”噢！是的。’“嗯，那么，你会怎么样呢？’”

At this point the women all looked at each other.

这一刻所有的女士都互相看了看。

"Though I can still suffer when I recall her perfidy, I still laugh at her expression of entire conviction and sweet satisfaction that I must die, or at any rate sink into perpetual melancholy," de Marsay went on. "Oh! do not laugh yet!" he said to his listeners; "there is better to come. I looked at her very tenderly after a pause, and said to her, 'Yes,

that is what I have been wondering.' —'Well, what will you do?' —'I asked myself that the day after my cold.' —‘And—?' she asked with eager anxiety. —'And I have made advances to the little lady to whom I was supposed to be attached.'

“虽然，想起她的背叛时，我依然会感到痛苦，我还是会因她那十分坚定、伴有甜蜜的满足的神情而发笑。她觉得我一定会去死，或者说至少是沉浸于无限的痛苦之中，”德玛赛接着说，“噢！先别急着笑！”他对他的听众说，“还有更好笑的呢。顿了一顿后，我十分温柔地看着她，并说：‘是啊，这是我一直在思考的。”‘好吧，你会怎么做呢？”‘我在感冒后的第一天就问了自己这个问题。”‘然后呢？’她十分急切地问。‘然后我决定去追求之前大家都认为我喜欢的那位小姐。’

"Charlotte started up from the sofa like a frightened doe, trembling like a leaf, gave me one of those looks in which women forgo all their dignity, all their modesty, their refinement, and even their grace, the sparkling glitter of a hunted viper's eye when driven into a corner, and said, 'And I have loved this man! I have struggled! I have—’ On this last thought, which I leave you to guess, she made the most impressive pause I ever heard. —'Good God!' she cried, 'how unhappy are we women! we never can be loved. To you there is nothing serious in the purest feelings. But never mind; when you cheat us you still are our dupes!' —'I see that plainly,' said I, with a stricken air; 'you have far too much wit in your anger for your heart to suffer from it.' —This modest epigram increased her rage; she found some tears of vexation. 'You disgust me with the world and with life.' she said; 'you snatch away all my illusions; you deprave my heart.'

“夏洛特像一只受惊的母鹿那样从沙发上猛地站起来，如一片树叶般颤抖着，向我投来当女人们放弃了她们所有的庄重与谦卑，她们的礼貌，甚至于她们的优雅时所具有的目光，好比被逼入绝境时蝰蛇的闪烁的目光，然后说：‘然后我确实爱上了这个男人！我有过挣扎！我有过——’她在这一最后的思考中所发出的长音是我所听过的最难忘的长音。具体她想说什么，我留给你们去猜。‘我的上帝啊！’她大声呼喊，‘我们女人是多么不幸啊！我们永远不会被爱。对你来说，最纯洁的情感也是可以无所谓的。不过不要紧。当你们欺骗我们时，你们也上了我们的当！”‘我清楚地看到了这一点，’我带着一种受伤的神态说，‘你们的愤怒中有着太多的智慧，使你们不会受伤。’这一审慎的警句使她更加愤怒，她挤出了一些恼怒的泪水。‘你使我对人生世界感到反感，’她说，‘你打消了我所有的幻想，你使我的心灵堕落。’

"She said to me all that I had a right to say to her, and with a simple effrontery, an artless audacity, which would certainly have nailed any man but me on the spot. —'What is to become of us poor women in a state of society such as Louis XVIII.'s charter made it?’ —(Imagine how her words had run away with her.) —'Yes, indeed, we are born to suffer. In matters of passion we are always superior to you,

and you are beneath all loyalty. There is no honesty in your hearts. To you love is a game in which you always cheat.' —'My dear,' said I, 'to take anything serious in society nowadays would be like making romantic love to an actress.' —'What a shameless betrayal! It was deliberately planned!' —'No, only a rational issue.' —‘Good-bye, Monsieur de Marsay,' said she; 'you have deceived me horribly.' —'Surely,' I replied, taking up a submissive attitude, 'Madame la Duchesse will not remember Charlotte's grievances?’ —'Certainly,' she answered bitterly. —'Then, in fact, you hate me?' —She bowed, and I said to myself, 'There is something still left!'

“她把我有权对她说的话都说了，带着一种简单而又烂漫的厚颜无耻。要是其他男人的话，早就被钉在原地了。‘我们可怜的女人们在由路易十八的宪章所造就的社会中的命运会怎样？’（想想看她言语失控到了何种地步。）‘是的，没错，我们生来就注定受苦。在情感上，我们总是更胜一筹，而你们毫无忠诚可言。在你们心中根本不存在真诚。对你们来说，爱情是一场游戏，在其中，你们总是扮演欺骗的角色。’“亲爱的，’我说，‘在当今这个社会中，对任何事认真无异于向一个女演员示爱。”“多么无耻的背叛啊！这是精心设计好的！”“不，只是一个理智的决定。”“再见了，德玛赛先生，’她说，‘您骗我骗得好惨。”“当然，’我带着顺从的态度答道，‘公爵夫人不会记着夏洛特的委屈吧？”“一定不会。’她愤愤地回答。‘那么事实上，你恨我？’她鞠了一躬，这使我想：‘还留有一些东西!'

"The feeling she had when I parted from her allowed her to believe that she still had something to avenge. Well, my friends, I have carefully studied the lives of men who have had great success with women, but I do not believe that the Marechal de Richelieu, or Lauzun, or Louis de Valois ever effected a more judicious retreat at the first attempt. As to my mind and heart, they were cast in a mould then and there, once for all, and the power of control I thus acquired over the thoughtless impulses which make us commit so many follies gained me the admirable presence of mind you all know."

‘我离开她时，她所有的感受，使她相信她还有一些要报复的东西。啊，朋友们，我已经仔细研究过那些深受女性喜欢的男人们的生活，但我不相信黎塞留元帅，或者是洛赞，抑或是路易·德瓦卢瓦能在第一次撤退的尝试中，表现得更明智。至于我的头脑和心灵，它们从那时起就永远地被塑造成了那样，我由此而具备了那种沉着冷静的自控力，这种力量足以控制使我们做出诸多蠢事的那种盲目的冲动，并让我拥有众所周知的令人羡慕的心境。”

"How deeply I pity the second!" exclaimed the Baronne de Nucingen.

“我是多么同情那第二个女人啊！”纽沁根男爵夫人大声说。

A scarcely perceptible smile on de Marsay's pale lips made Delphine de Nucingen color.

一个不易察觉的微笑掠过德玛赛的浅色嘴唇，这使得但斐纳·德纽沁根脸红了。

"How we do forget!" said the Baron de Nucingen.

“我们十分健忘！”纽沁根男爵说。

The great banker's simplicity was so extremely droll, that his wife, who was de Marsay's "second," could not help laughing like every one else.

这位大银行家的简洁是如此古怪有趣，以至于他的妻子，也就是德玛赛的“第二个”，也禁不住像其他人一样大笑起来。

"You are all ready to condemn the woman," said Lady Dudley. "Well, I quite understand that she did not regard her marriage as an act of inconstancy. Men will never distinguish between constancy and fidelity. —I know the woman whose story Monsieur de Marsay has told us, and she is one of the last of your truly great ladies."

“你们都准备好谴责这个女人，”杜德莱夫人说，“然而，我却十分理解她为什么不把自己的婚姻看成是用情不专的表现。男人们永远不会将用情专一与忠诚区分开来。我知道那个德玛赛的故事中的女人，她是你们所剩的真正的贵妇人之一。”

"Alas! my lady, you are right," replied de Marsay. "For very nearly fifty years we have been looking on at the progressive ruin of all social distinctions. We ought to have saved our women from this great wreck, but the Civil Code has swept its leveling influence over their heads. However terrible the words, they must be spoken: Duchesses are vanishing, and marquises too! As to the baronesses—I must apologize to Madame de Nucingen, who will become a countess when her husband is made a peer of France—baronesses have never succeeded in getting people to take them seriously."

“呀！夫人，您说的没错，”德玛赛答道，“近五十年来我们目睹了社会上的一切区分不断地消亡。我们本应将女士们从这一大消亡中拯救出来，但是《民法典》已经将她们的头衔一个一个压平了。无论这些话有多难听，还是得说：公爵夫人正在消失，侯爵夫人也一样！至于男爵夫人——我必须向德纽沁根夫人道歉，她的丈夫成为法国的上院议员后，她就是伯爵夫人了——人们从不把男爵夫人当回事。

"Aristocracy begins with the viscountess," said Blondet with a smile.

“贵族从子爵夫人开始。”勃龙代微笑着说。

"Countesses will survive," said de Marsay. "An elegant woman will

be more or less of a countess—a countess of the Empire or of yesterday, a countess of the old block, or, as they say in Italy, a countess by courtesy. But as to the great lady, she died out with the dignified splendor of the last century, with powder, patches, high-heeled slippers, and stiff bodices with a delta stomacher of bows. Duchesses in these days can pass through a door without any need to widen it for their hoops. The Empire saw the last of gowns with trains! I am still puzzled to understand how a sovereign who wished to see his drawing-room swept by ducal satin and velvet did not make indestructible laws. Napoleon never guessed the results of the Code he was so proud of. That man, by creating duchesses, founded the race of our 'ladies' of to-day—the indirect offspring of his legislation."

“伯爵夫人会被保留下来，”德玛赛说，“一个高雅的女人或多或少都是一名伯爵夫人——帝国时代中或过去的，旧时代的一名伯爵夫人，或如意大利人出于礼貌而称的伯爵夫人。但是说到贵妇人，她们与上个世纪那高贵的辉煌，与她们的美容粉、美人斑、高跟拖鞋、贴着打蝴蝶结的三角胸衣紧身马甲一同消失了。如今的公爵夫人可以穿过一扇不必因她们的裙环而加宽的门。帝国见证了最后的裙裾长曳的女礼服！我依然无法明白：一个希望看见自己的客厅被公爵夫人们的缎子长裙或是天鹅绒裙衫扫过的君主怎么就没有制定出坚不可摧的法律。拿破仑永远无法猜想到自己引以为豪的《民法典》所带来的后果。那个男人通过册封公爵夫人，培养了我们今日的这一类所谓的‘女士’——他的法律的间接产物。”

"It was logic, handled as a hammer by boys just out of school and by obscure journalists, which demolished the splendors of the social state," said the Comte de Vandenesse. "In these days every rogue who can hold his head straight in his collar, cover his manly bosom with half an ell of satin by way of a cuirass, display a brow where apocryphal genius gleams under curling locks, and strut in a pair of patent-leather pumps graced by silk socks which cost six francs, screws his eye-glass into one of his eye-sockets by puckering up his cheek, and whether he be an attorney's clerk, a contractor's son, or a banker's bastard, he stares impertinently at the prettiest duchess, appraises her as she walks downstairs, and says to his friend—dressed by Buisson, as we all are, and mounted in patent-leather like any duke himself—'There, my boy, that is a perfect lady.'"

“是刚毕业的男孩以及无名的记者当做锤子使用的逻辑拆毁了社会等级这一雄伟的大厦，”旺德奈斯伯爵说，“现如今每一个家伙，只要他能把自己领子里的脖子伸直，用半厄尔长的缎子当做胸甲罩住强壮的胸部，亮出在鬈发下闪烁着可疑天赋的额头，踏着由六法郎丝袜修饰的一双漆皮皮鞋，皱起自己的脸颊从而使眼镜紧贴一个眼窝，那么，无论他是一名律师的文书，还是一个承包商的儿子，抑或是一位银行家的私生子，他都可以无礼地盯着最漂亮的公爵夫人，评价她走下楼的姿势，并

对他那和我们一样穿着布伊松店铺的衣服，装作公爵一样穿着漆皮的朋友说：‘瞧，我的男孩，那是一个完美的女士。’”

"You have not known how to form a party," said Lord Dudley; "it will be a long time yet before you have a policy. You talk a great deal in France about organizing labor, and you have not yet organized property. So this is what happens: Any duke—and even in the time of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. there were some left who had two hundred thousand francs a year, a magnificent residence, and a sumptuous train of servants—well, such a duke could live like a great lord. The last of these great gentlemen in France was the Prince de Talleyrand. —This duke leaves four children, two of them girls. Granting that he has great luck in marrying them all well, each of these descendants will have but sixty or eighty thousand francs a year now; each is the father or mother of children, and consequently obliged to live with the strictest economy in a flat on the ground floor or first floor of a large house. Who knows if they may not even be hunting a fortune? Henceforth the eldest son's wife, a duchess in name only, has no carriage, no people, no opera-box, no time to herself. She has not her own rooms in the family mansion, nor her fortune, nor her pretty toys; she is buried in trade; she buys socks for her dear little children, nurses them herself, and keeps an eye on her girls, whom she no longer sends to school at a convent. Thus your noblest dames have been turned into worthy brood-hens."

“你们还不知道如何组成一个政党，”杜德莱勋爵说，“距你们出台一项政策还有很长的一段时间。你们在法国谈论了很多关于组织劳动力的事，但你们还没有组织资产。所以发生了以下的情况：任何一个公爵——即使是在路易十八和查理十世的统治下都有一些公爵拥有着二十万法郎的年收入，一栋豪宅和成群的仆人——任何一个这样的公爵都可以像一个大贵族那样生活。法国最后一位这样的贵人要数塔莱朗亲王。这位公爵有四个孩子，其中两个是女孩。纵使他运气极佳，使四个孩子都能拥有好的婚姻，他们中每一人现在每年也只有六万或八万法郎的收入，况且每一人都是为人父母，所以他们被迫住在一栋大房子的一楼或是二楼的套房中，以一种最为节俭的方式过活。谁晓得他们会不会去寻求财富呢？因此大儿子的妻子，徒有公爵夫人之名——没有马车、仆人、剧院包厢，也没有自己的时间。她在公馆没有自己的房间，也没有自己的财产，或者是漂亮的玩具；她忙于生计；她为自己心爱的年幼的孩子买短袜，亲自照料他们，并留神着女儿们，因为她不再把她们送到一所女修道院中的学校中。因此你们最高贵的女士们已经被改变成了值得尊敬的孵蛋母鸡了。”

"Alas! it is true," said Joseph Bridau. "In our day we cannot show those beautiful flowers of womanhood which graced the golden ages of the French Monarchy. The great lady's fan is broken. A woman has nothing now to blush for; she need not slander or whisper, hide her

face or reveal it. A fan is of no use now but for fanning herself. When once a thing is no more than what it is, it is too useful to be a form of luxury."

“唉！这是真的，”约瑟夫·勃里杜说，“时至今日我们再也无法展示那些为法兰西君主政体黄金时代增色的如花般的美人。贵妇人的扇子已经被损坏了。现在一个女人不会为任何事脸红，她不必说别人坏话或窃窃私语，隐藏或者展示自己的面容。如今一把扇子除了给她自己扇风外没有任何用处。当一件物品只具有它本身的用途时，就因为太实用而无法成为奢华的一种形式。”

"Everything in France has aided and abetted the 'perfect lady,'" said Daniel d'Arthez. "The aristocracy has acknowledged her by retreating to the recesses of its landed estates, where it has hidden itself to die—emigrating inland before the march of ideas, as of old to foreign lands before that of the masses. The women who could have founded European salons, could have guided opinion and turned it inside out like a glove, could have ruled the world by ruling the men of art or of intellect who ought to have ruled it, have committed the blunder of abandoning their ground; they were ashamed of having to fight against the citizen class drunk with power, and rushing out on to the stage of the world, there to be cut to pieces perhaps by the barbarians who are at its heels. Hence, where the middle class insist on seeing princesses, these are really only ladylike young women. In these days princes can find no great ladies whom they may compromise; they cannot even confer honor on a woman taken up at random. The Duc de Bourbon was the last prince to avail himself of this privilege."

“法国的一切都促成了所谓的‘完美女士’，”达尼埃尔·德阿泰兹说，“贵族们通过在自己的地界上深居简出的方式承认了她，他们在那儿隐居至死，这种在思想的前进中移民内地的做法与老一辈贵族在面对民众的前进中选择逃到国外的做法一样。那些原本可以成立全欧洲性沙龙，引导舆论并像摆弄手套那样控制它，通过控制那些应该控制这个世界的有才干或者是有智慧的男人来控制世界的女人，却错误地抛弃了她们的地盘。她们耻于与公民阶层斗争，那些人沉醉于权利当中，冲上世界的舞台，却可能在那儿被紧随在后的野蛮人砍成碎片。因此，在那些中产阶级想要看见王妃的地方，只有年轻的淑女出现。现在的亲王们找不到那些可能污损他们名誉的贵妇人，甚至无法给予那些随意占有的女人名誉。波旁公爵是最后一个享受这一特权的亲王。”

"And God alone knows how dearly he paid for it," said Lord Dudley.

“而且只有上帝知道他为此付出了多大的代价。”杜德莱勋爵说。

"Nowadays princes have lady-like wives, obliged to share their opera-box with other ladies; royal favor could not raise them higher

by a hair's breadth; they glide unremarkable between the waters of the citizen class and those of the nobility—not altogether noble nor altogether bourgeoises," said the Marquise de Rochegude acridly.

“现在亲王的淑女般的妻子们，被迫与其他女士分享包厢，皇室的宠幸一点也无法提高她们的地位，她们毫无特征地游走于公民阶层与贵族之间——既不完全是贵族，也不完全属于资产阶级。”罗什菲德侯爵夫人刻薄地说。

"The press has fallen heir to the Woman," exclaimed Rastignac. "She no longer has the quality of a spoken feuilleton—delightful calumnies graced by elegant language. We read feuilletons written in a dialect which changes every three years, society papers about as mirthful as an undertaker's mute, and as light as the lead of their type. French conversation is carried on from one end of the country to the other in a revolutionary jargon, through long columns of type printed in old mansions where a press groans in the place where formerly elegant company used to meet."

“新闻报道继承了那些贵妇的财产，”拉斯蒂大声说，“女性不再具有报刊上小品栏的口才——那些被优雅的语言装饰的令人愉快的诽谤。我们读的小品栏每三年就转变一次行话，社会报纸的喜悦如同哀乐，浅薄如同上面的铅字。法式谈话藉由一个革命术语从国家的这一头传到另一头，或承载于报刊长栏中。打印这些报纸的嘎嘎作响的打印机位于老豪宅中的某个地方。那个地方就是之前那些优雅的伙伴们聚会的地方。”

"The knell of the highest society is tolling," said a Russian Prince. "Do you hear it? And the first stroke is your modern word lady."

“社会最高层的丧钟正在敲响，”一位俄国亲王说，“你们听到了吗？而第一声钟声就是你们现代话语中的女士。”

"You are right, Prince," said de Marsay. "The 'perfect lady,' issuing from the ranks of the nobility, or sprouting from the citizen class, and the product of every soil, even of the provinces is the expression of these times, a last remaining embodiment of good taste, grace, wit, and distinction, all combined, but dwarfed. We shall see no more great ladies in France, but there will be 'ladies' for a long time, elected by public opinion to form an upper chamber of women, and who will be among the fair sex what a 'gentleman' is in England."

“说的没错，亲王，”德玛赛说，“这些‘完美女性’或出身于贵族阶层，或来源于公民阶层，产生于各种土壤，甚至是外省，她们是这个时代的体现，是最后的高品位、优雅、机智、卓越的化身。这些品质融于一身，但都是打了折扣了。在法国我们将再也看不到贵妇人，但是很长一段时间内还是会有所谓的‘完美女士’，她们由公众推举形成女性的上议院，她们在女性中的地位如同绅士在英国中的地位。”

"And that they call progress!" exclaimed Mademoiselle des

Touches. "I should like to know where the progress lies?"

“而他们把这称作进步！”德图希小姐激动地说，“我倒想知道进步在哪儿？”

"Why, in this," said Madame de Nucingen. "Formerly a woman might have the voice of a fish-seller, the walk of a grenadier, the face of an impudent courtesan, her hair too high on her forehead, a large foot, a thick hand—she was a great lady in spite of it all; but in these days, even if she were a Montmorency—if a Montmorency would ever be such a creature—she would not be a lady."

“怎么会？就在这儿啊，”德纽沁根夫人说，“过去，一个女人或许有着买鱼贩子的嗓门，士兵的步伐，无礼的交际花的脸蛋，或许她前额上的头发太高，有着一双大脚，一双厚手，她仍然是一个贵妇人。但是今天，即使她姓蒙摩朗西——假设蒙摩朗西家的女子中有这样的人——她也称不上是一位‘完美女性’。”

"But what do you mean by a 'perfect lady'?" asked Count Adam Laginski.

“但你们所说的‘完美女性’是什么意思呢？”亚当·拉金斯基伯爵问。

"She is a modern product, a deplorable triumph of the elective system as applied to the fair sex," said the Minister. "Every revolution has a word of its own which epitomizes and depicts it."

“她是一个现代的产物，一个运用到女性身上的选举制度的可耻胜利，”首相说，“每一场革命都有一个属于它的、代表并描述它自身的词语。”

"You are right," said the Russian, who had come to make a literary reputation in Paris. "The explanation of certain words added from time to time to your beautiful language would make a magnificent history. Organize, for instance, is the word of the Empire, and sums up Napoleon completely."

“没错，”那个为了取得文学上的名誉而来巴黎的俄国人说道，“对于一些特定词汇的解释不断地增加，扩充着你们美丽的语言，这将创造一个恢弘的历史。比如说‘组织’，这是帝国的一个词语，它可以完整地总结拿破仑。”

"But all that does not explain what is meant by a lady!" the young Pole exclaimed, with some impatience.

“但是这一切并没有解释什么是‘完美女性’啊！”那个年轻的波兰人有些急躁地喊道。

"Well, I will tell you," said Emile Blondet to Count Adam. "One fine morning you go for a saunter in Paris. It is past two, but five has not yet struck. You see a woman coming towards you; your first

glance at her is like the preface to a good book, it leads you to expect a world of elegance and refinement. Like a botanist over hill and dale in his pursuit of plants, among the vulgarities of Paris life you have at last found a rare flower. This woman is attended by two very distinguished-looking men, of whom one, at any rate, wears an order; or else a servant out of livery follows her at a distance of ten yards. She displays no gaudy colors, no open-worked stockings, no over-elaborate waist-buckle, no embroidered frills to her drawers fussing round her ankles. You will see that she is shod with prunella shoes, with sandals crossed over extremely fine cotton stockings, or plain gray silk stockings; or perhaps she wears boots of the most exquisite simplicity. You notice that her gown is made of a neat and inexpensive material, but made in a way that surprises more than one woman of the middle class; it is almost always a long pelisse, with bows to fasten it, and neatly bound with fine cord or an imperceptible braid. The Unknown has a way of her own in wrapping herself in her shawl or mantilla; she knows how to draw it round her from her hips to her neck, outlining a carapace, as it were, which would make an ordinary woman look like a turtle, but which in her sets off the most beautiful forms while concealing them. How does she do it? This secret she keeps, though unguarded by any patent.

“那好，就由我来告诉你，”爱弥尔·勃龙代对亚当伯爵说，“一个晴朗的早晨你在巴黎散步。过了两点，但是还没到五点。你看到一个女子向你走来，你看她的第一眼就好比是一本好书的序言，它使你期待一个优雅精致的世界。像一名翻山越岭搜寻着植物的植物学家，你在巴黎生活的粗俗之中终于找到了一朵罕见的花。跟随这一女子的或者是两名外表特别的男子，其中至少有一位佩戴着一枚勋章；或者是一个身着便服的仆人，与她保持着十码的距离。她穿着不花哨，没有两旁挑花的长袜，没有过于精致的腰扣，没有绣有皱边的在踝关节上乱摆的长内裤。你会看到她穿着一双厚斜纹布鞋，鞋襻横扣十分精制的棉袜，或者是朴素的灰丝袜。她也可能穿着最为简单精致的长筒靴。你注意到她的长礼服是由一种朴素而雅致、价格便宜的材料做成的，但它的款式使不止一个中产阶级女子感到吃惊——它几乎是一件长外衣，由蝴蝶结固定，整洁地与一条精制的灯心绒裤或者一条不易觉察的辫子结合在一起。这一陌生女子有自己披披肩或戴头纱的方式，她知道怎样把它围绕在自己的臀部以及脖子之间，显示出甲壳外形，这可以使平凡的女子看起来像一只海龟，但是在她身上却在隐藏她身形的时候使之显得最为迷人。她是如何做到的呢？她独自拥有着这一秘诀，虽然它没有取得任何专利权的保护。

"As she walks she gives herself a little concentric and harmonious twist, which makes her supple or dangerous slenderness writhe under the stuff, as a snake does under the green gauze of trembling grass. Is it to an angel or a devil that she owes the graceful undulation which

plays under her long black silk cape, stirs its lace frill, sheds an airy balm, and what I should like to call the breeze of a Parisienne? You may recognize over her arms, round her waist, about her throat, a science of drapery recalling the antique Mnemosyne.

“她的步履呈和谐的向心状，这使得她那柔软而又危险的苗条身躯在衣服下扭动，就像是一条在绿纱般的草丛中游动的蛇。是天使还是魔鬼给了她在长黑丝披肩下优雅地波动的起伏？这一起伏摇动着网眼褶边，散发出一种清香，我把这一清香称作巴黎女子的轻风。你或许会在她的双臂、腰、喉咙周围发现一种使用优美褶缀纺织品的技巧，这一技巧使你想起了古希腊的记忆女神摩涅莫绪涅。

"Oh! how thoroughly she understands the cut of her gait—forgive the expression. Study the way she puts her foot forward moulding her skirt with such a decent preciseness that the passer-by is filled with admiration, mingled with desire, but subdued by deep respect. When an Englishwoman attempts this step, she looks like a grenadier marching forward to attack a redoubt. The women of Paris have a genius for walking. The municipality really owed them asphalt footwalks.

她是多么彻底地理解她步履的式样啊！原谅我的这一表达。路人们如果仔细观察她走路时前伸的脚与裙子的得体融合，心中就会充满混合着欲望的赞赏之情，但最终这一情感会被深深的敬仰所压抑。当一名英国女子尝试这样的步伐时，她看起来就像是一个冲去炸堡垒的掷弹兵。巴黎的女性天生步态优雅。市民们都应该感谢她们，正因为她们才有了沥青路的铺成。

"Our Unknown jostles no one. If she wants to pass, she waits with proud humility till some one makes way. The distinction peculiar to a well-bred woman betrays itself, especially in the way she holds her shawl or cloak crossed over her bosom. Even as she walks she has a little air of serene dignity, like Raphael's Madonnas in their frames. Her aspect, at once quiet and disdainful, makes the most insolent dandy step aside for her.

我们的陌生女子不会推搡任何人。如果她想通过，她会带着一种自豪的谦卑等人让路。有教养女子那特有的卓越尤其会通过她拉交叉于胸前的披肩或斗篷的方式流露出来。甚至她走路时都带着一丝安详的尊贵，就像是拉斐尔所画的画框中的圣母。她的样子平静而傲慢，能使最为懒惰的花花公子为之让路。

"Her bonnet, remarkable for its simplicity, is trimmed with crisp ribbons; there may be flowers in it, but the cleverest of such women wear only bows. Feathers demand a carriage; flowers are too showy. Beneath it you see the fresh unworn face of a woman who, without conceit, is sure of herself; who looks at nothing, and sees everything; whose vanity, satiated by being constantly gratified, stamps her face

with an indifference which piques your curiosity. She knows that she is looked at, she knows that everybody, even women, turn round to see her again. And she threads her way through Paris like a gossamer, spotless and pure.

她的软帽因其朴素而不一般，由卷曲的丝带所装饰，上面或许饰有花朵，但是这种女子中最聪明的只选择蝴蝶结。戴羽毛的话需要乘坐马车，戴花又太招摇了。在这下面你会看到一个女子的一张素颜而有气色的脸，她自信却不自负，什么都不看，却什么都看到了。她的虚荣被不断满足，已经饱和了，这使得她的脸上带有一种使人好奇的漠然。她知道别人在朝她这儿看，她知道每个人，甚至包括女人，都会转身再看她一眼。然后她如同游丝一样穿过巴黎，洁白而纯净。

"This delightful species affects the hottest latitudes, the cleanest longitudes of Paris; you will meet her between the 10th and 110th Arcade of the Rue de Rivoli; along the line of the Boulevards from the equator of the Passage des Panoramas, where the products of India flourish, where the warmest creations of industry are displayed, to the Cape of the Madeleine; in the least muddy districts of the citizen quarters, between No. 30 and No. 130 of the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honore. During the winter, she haunts the terrace of the Feuillants, but not the asphalt pavement that lies parallel. According to the weather, she may be seen flying in the Avenue of the Champs-Elysees, which is bounded on the east by the Place Louis XV., on the west by the Avenue de Marigny, to the south by the road, to the north by the gardens of the Faubourg Saint-Honore. Never is this pretty variety of woman to be seen in the hyperborean regions of the Rue Saint-Denis, never in the Kamtschatka of miry, narrow, commercial streets, never anywhere in bad weather. These flowers of Paris, blooming only in Oriental weather, perfume the highways; and after five o'clock fold up like morning-glory flowers. The women you will see later, looking a little like them, are would-be ladies; while the fair Unknown, your Beatrice of a day, is a 'perfect lady.'

这类讨人喜欢的人喜欢巴黎最炎热的纬度地区、最干净的经度地带；你可能遇见她的地方：里沃利街的第十和第一百一十个拱廊之间；沿着各个大道从充满着印度产品、展示着最受欢迎的工业发明的全景巷赤道以南，到玛德莱娜岬角；位于圣奥诺雷城关街的第三十号到第一百五十号住宅之间的那些最不泥泞的公民居住地区。冬天，她经常去斐扬平台，而不是与之平行的沥青道路。视天气而定，她或许会疾行于爱丽舍田园大道上，位于大道以东的是路易十五广场，以西的是马里尼大街，以南的是近岸水域，以北的是圣奥诺雷街花园。在圣德尼街的极北地区，在泥泞、狭窄的堪察加商业街上，你永远也不会见到此类漂亮的女子；天气差的话，你哪儿也见不到她们。这些只会在东方的天气中盛开的巴黎之花，使公路上充满芳香，她们在五点之后就会如牵牛花般收起花瓣。接下来你看到的、有点儿像她们的女子都是一些冒牌货。那个

不知名的，你白天遇到的贝阿特丽克丝，才是一个“完美女性”。

"It is not very easy for a foreigner, my dear Count, to recognize the differences by which the observer emeritus distinguishes them—women are such consummate actresses; but they are glaring in the eyes of Parisians: hooks ill fastened, strings showing loops of rusty-white tape through a gaping slit in the back, rubbed shoe-leather, ironed bonnet-strings, an over-full skirt, an over-tight waist. You will see a certain effort in the intentional droop of the eyelid. There is something conventional in the attitude.

亲爱的伯爵，对于一个外国人来说，要发现那些荣誉退休的观察家用以区分她们的差别并非易事——女人都十分擅长演戏。但是这些差别在巴黎人眼中是十分明显的：衣服上的钩扣很松；丝带从背上的一个长裂缝中露出褪了色的白圈；磨损的鞋皮；熨平的软帽上的带子；翘得过高的裙子；系得过紧的腰身。你能够看出她的眼皮是有意地下垂。这一动作显得俗套。

"As to the bourgeoise, the citizen womankind, she cannot possibly be mistaken for the spell cast over you by the Unknown. She is bustling, and goes out in all weathers, trots about, comes, goes, gazes, does not know whether she will or will not go into a shop. Where the lady knows just what she wants and what she is doing, the townswoman is undecided, tucks up her skirts to cross a gutter, dragging a child by the hand, which compels her to look out for the vehicles; she is a mother in public, and talks to her daughter; she carries money in her bag, and has open-work stockings on her feet; in winter, she wears a boa over her fur cloak; in summer, a shawl and a scarf; she is accomplished in the redundancies of dress.

至于那些属于资产阶级的女公民，你根本不可能把她们误看为是对你灌迷魂汤的那些不知名的女子。她匆匆忙忙，在任何天气下都在外头，四处乱跑，来来去去，到处观望，不知道自己要不要去一家店铺。完美女性懂得自己要什么以及正在做什么，女公民却显得犹豫，卷起裙子穿过排水沟，一只手拖着个孩子从而必须注意往来的车辆；她是一个公共场合中的母亲，与自己的女儿交谈；她把钱放在手提包中，脚穿两旁挑花的长袜；冬天，毛披风外有围巾，夏天，一条披肩一条头巾；她长于穿得过多。

"You will meet the fair Unknown again at the Italiens, at the Opera, at a ball. She will then appear under such a different aspect that you would think them two beings devoid of any analogy. The woman has emerged from those mysterious garments like a butterfly from its silky cocoon. She serves up, like some rare dainty, to your lavished eyes, the forms which her bodice scarcely revealed in the morning. At the theatre she never mounts higher than the second tier, excepting at the Italiens. You can there watch at your leisure the

studied deliberateness of her movements. The enchanting deceiver plays off all the little political artifices of her sex so naturally as to exclude all idea of art or premeditation. If she has a royally beautiful hand, the most perspicacious beholder will believe that it is absolutely necessary that she should twist, or refix, or push aside the ringlet or curl she plays with. If she has some dignity of profile, you will be persuaded that she is giving irony or grace to what she says to her neighbor, sitting in such a position as to produce the magical effect of the 'lost profile,' so dear to great painters, by which the cheek catches the high light, the nose is shown in clear outline, the nostrils are transparently rosy, the forehead squarely modeled, the eye has its spangle of fire, but fixed on space, and the white roundness of the chin is accentuated by a line of light. If she has a pretty foot, she will throw herself on a sofa with the coquettish grace of a cat in the sunshine, her feet outstretched without your feeling that her attitude is anything but the most charming model ever given to a sculptor by lassitude.

你会在意大利剧院、歌剧院、舞会上再次遇见那不知名的女子。那时，她将以另一种方式出现，以至于你认为是与之前毫无相似之处的另一种人。没有了那些神秘的服饰，她就像是一只破茧而出的蝴蝶。她端上些美味小吃，紧身胸衣显示出早上几乎没有展露出的身材，使你感到眼花缭乱。在剧院中她从不位于二排以上的地方，除了意大利剧院外。在那儿，你可以悠闲地观察她的各种优雅动作。迷人的骗子很自然地摆弄一些女人的小手段，一点儿也不显得虚假或是有预谋。如果她有着一只高贵美丽的手，有识别力的观看者会相信她绝对有必要将她正在摆弄的长鬈发或卷发捻一捻、整一整、或者是向旁边推一推。如果她有着端庄的侧影，你就会相信她在与旁人交谈时的口气时而讽刺、时而优雅，她的坐姿产生了大画家十分喜欢的后侧影的神奇效果——她的脸颊映照着强光，鼻子的轮廓清晰，鼻孔透着粉红，前额被模塑成正方形，眼光中放出的光芒滞留在空中，圆形的白下巴被一道光线所突出。如果她有着一双上美脚，她会坐到沙发，像在阳光下优雅地卖弄风情的一只猫，然后伸展着双脚，她慵懒的姿势使你感觉她就是对于一个雕刻家来说最为迷人的模特。

"Only the perfect lady is quite at her ease in full dress; nothing inconveniences her. You will never see her, like the woman of the citizen class, pulling up a refractory shoulder-strap, or pushing down a rebellious whalebone, or looking whether her tucker is doing its office of faithful guardian to two treasures of dazzling whiteness, or glancing in the mirrors to see if her head-dress is keeping its place. Her toilet is always in harmony with her character; she had had time to study herself, to learn what becomes her, for she has long known what does not suit her. You will not find her as you go out; she vanishes before the end of the play. If by chance she is to be seen, calm and stately, on

the stairs, she is experiencing some violent emotion; she has to bestow a glance, to receive a promise. Perhaps she goes down so slowly on purpose to gratify the vanity of a slave whom she sometimes obeys. If your meeting takes place at a ball or an evening party, you will gather the honey, natural or affected of her insinuating voice; her empty words will enchant you, and she will know how to give them the value of thought by her inimitable bearing."

只有完美女性穿起晚礼服来才会显得安详舒适，没有什么使她感到不便的。你永远也不会看到她像一个公民阶层中的女性那样，向上拉着不听使唤的吊带，向下拉着同样不听使唤的裙衬，检查她的小胸衣是否把闪烁着耀眼的白光的两个宝贝看好，对着镜子看看她的头饰是否歪了。她的打扮总是与她的性格相符；她有时间研究自己，知道什么适合自己，因为她早已知道什么不适合自己。当你离开时你找不到她，她在剧终前就已经消失了。如果偶然在楼梯上碰到显得平静而庄重的她，她一定正在经历着某种强烈的情感。她有义务要授予自己的一瞥，接受他人的某个承诺。或许她走这么慢是为了满足她有时会听从的一个奴隶的虚荣心。如果你们在一个舞会或晚会中会面，你将会采集到她暗示的话语中的或真实、或虚假的蜂蜜；她空洞的话语将使你入迷，她也知道如何用她那无可比拟的举止赋予他们一些可供思考的价值。”

"To be such a woman, is it not necessary to be very clever?" asked the Polish Count.

“要成为一名这样的女性，一定是要十分聪明吧？”波兰伯爵问。

"It is necessary to have great taste," replied the Princesse de Cadignan.

“一定要有很高的品味。”德埃斯巴夫人答道。

"And in France taste is more than cleverness," said the Russian.

“在法国，品味比聪明来得重要。”俄国人说。

"This woman's cleverness is the triumph of a purely plastic art," Blondet went on. "You will not know what she said, but you will be fascinated. She will toss her head, or gently shrug her white shoulders; she will gild an insignificant speech with a charming pout and smile; or throw a Voltairean epigram into an 'Indeed!' an 'Ah!' a 'What then!' A jerk of her head will be her most pertinent form of questioning; she will give meaning to the movement by which she twirls a vinaigrette hanging to her finger by a ring. She gets an artificial grandeur out of superlative trivialities; she simply drops her hand impressively, letting it fall over the arm of her chair as dewdrops hang on the cup of a flower, and all is said—she has pronounced judgment beyond appeal, to the apprehension of the most obtuse. She knows how to listen to you; she gives you the opportunity of shining, and—I ask your modesty—those moments are rare?"

“这一女子的聪明是一种纯造型艺术的胜利，”勃龙代接着说，“你不知道她在说什么，但你如痴如醉。她会摇摇头，或温柔地耸耸她的白肩；她会通过迷人的撅嘴和微笑给一个无关紧要的演说镀金；或者是把一句伏尔泰式的警句浓缩成简单的‘没错！’、‘啊！’和‘如何！’猛地一摇头成了她最为恰当的提问方式；接着，她会转动通过戒指挂在手指上的香料饰盒，赋予这一动作某种意义。她能人为地从最平凡的小事中创造出华丽：她只是简单地让自己的手从椅子的扶手上垂下，这一动作使人印象深刻，就像花瓣边缘的露珠，然后所有的一切都已自明——她宣告了能被最傻之人理解的终审判决。她知道怎样当你的听众；她给你表现出众的机会，然后我要你实实在在地回答我：这样的机会不多吧？”

The candid simplicity of the young Pole, to whom Blondet spoke, made all the party shout with laughter.

年轻的波兰人被勃龙代这样问后显示出不加修饰的单纯，这使所有的人哈哈大笑。

"Now, you will not talk for half-an-hour with a bourgeoise without her alluding to her husband in one way or another," Blondet went on with unperturbed gravity; "whereas, even if you know that your lady is married, she will have the delicacy to conceal her husband so effectually that it will need the enterprise of Christopher Columbus to discover him. Often you will fail in the attempt single-handed. If you have had no opportunity of inquiring, towards the end of the evening you detect her gazing fixedly at a middle-aged man wearing a decoration, who bows and goes out. She has ordered her carriage, and goes.

“我继续。当你与一个资产阶级女子谈话时，不出半个小时，她就会以某种方式提到她的丈夫，”勃龙代接着不慌不忙地说，“然而，即使你知道跟你谈话的完美女性已经结婚，她依然能够凭借自己的机敏成功地把她丈夫隐藏起来，一个人必须像克里斯朵夫·哥伦布发现新大陆那样才能发现他。通常你一个人是无法发现的。如果你没有机会询问，在晚会快要结束时，你会发现她一直注视着一个佩戴勋章的中年男子，他鞠了个躬，就出去了。她已经叫好了马车，然后就离开了。

"You are not the rose, but you have been with the rose, and you go to bed under the golden canopy of a delicious dream, which will last perhaps after Sleep, with his heavy finger, has opened the ivory gates of the temple of dreams.

你不是玫瑰，但你与玫瑰相伴，你会在甜美梦境的金色顶罩下睡去，当睡神用他笨重的手指打开梦的神殿的象牙大门时，美梦或许还在继续。

"The lady, when she is at home, sees no one before four; she is shrewd enough always to keep you waiting. In her house you will find everything in good taste; her luxury is for hourly use, and duly

renewed; you will see nothing under glass shades, no rags of wrappings hanging about, and looking like a pantry. You will find the staircase warmed. Flowers on all sides will charm your sight—flowers, the only gift she accepts, and those only from certain people, for nosegays live but a day; they give pleasure, and must be replaced; to her they are, as in the East, a symbol and a promise. The costly toys of fashion lie about, but not so as to suggest a museum or a curiosity shop. You will find her sitting by the fire in a low chair, from which she will not rise to greet you. Her talk will not now be what it was at the ball; there she was our creditor; in her own home she owes you the pleasure of her wit. These are the shades of which the lady is a marvelous mistress. What she likes in you is a man to swell her circle, an object for the cares and attentions which such women are now happy to bestow. Therefore, to attract you to her drawing-room, she will be bewitchingly charming. This especially is where you feel how isolated women are nowadays, and why they want a little world of their own, to which they may seem a constellation. Conversation is impossible without generalities."

当完美女性在家时，她不在四点之前接待任何人。她很精明，总是让你等等。在她的房子里你会发现所有的一切都很雅致；她的奢华存在于每一小时之中，并且还准时更新；玻璃罩下没有任何东西，没有四处乱放的零碎的包装布，看起来就像是一个食品储藏室。你会察觉到楼梯是温暖的。四周的花儿将吸引你的眼球——花是她唯一接受的礼物，而且是来自特定的人的特定的花：因为花束只有一天的生命；他们使人愉悦，必须经常更换；花束对她来说，就像对东方人一样，是一种象征，一种承诺。屋子由时髦且昂贵的玩具点缀，但又不会给人博物馆或珍品店的感觉。你会发现她坐在炉火旁的一个矮椅子上，她不会从那儿站起来向你打招呼。她的言谈将与舞会上的不同：在那儿，她是你的债主；在她家里，她欠你由她的机智所产生的愉悦。这些都是她能熟练掌握的细微差别。她所喜欢你的是你能够扩大她的交际圈；你现在是一个她愿意赠与关怀以及关注的对象。因此，为了吸引你来到她的客厅，她将显得异常地迷人。这尤使你感受到如今的女子是多么地孤立，她们因此想要拥有她们自己的一个小宇宙，她们在其中或许就像一个个星座。不带共通性的交谈是进行不下去的。”

"Yes," said de Marsay, "you have truly hit the fault of our age. The epigram—a volume in a word—no longer strikes, as it did in the eighteenth century, at persons or at things, but at squalid events, and it dies in a day."

“是的，”德玛赛说，“你准确地击中了我们这个时代的缺陷。警句——言简意赅的话语——不再像十八世纪那样直指普遍的人或事物，而是指向一些具体的道德败坏的事件，所以不到一天就销声匿迹了。”

"Hence," said Blondet, "the intelligence of the lady, if she has any, consists in casting doubts on everything. Here lies the great difference

between two women; the townswoman is certainly virtuous; the lady does not know yet whether she is, or whether she always will be; she hesitates and struggles where the other refuses point-blank and falls full length. This hesitancy in everything is one of the last graces left to her by our horrible times. She rarely goes to church, but she will talk to you of religion; and if you have the good taste to affect Free-thought, she will try to convert you, for you will have opened the way for the stereotyped phrases, the head-shaking and gestures understood by all these women: 'For shame! I thought you had too much sense to attack religion. Society is tottering, and you deprive it of its support. Why, religion at this moment means you and me; it is property, and the future of our children! Ah! let us not be selfish! Individualism is the disease of the age, and religion is the only remedy; it unites families which your laws put asunder,' and so forth. Then she plunges into some neo-Christian speech sprinkled with political notions which is neither Catholic nor Protestant—but moral? Oh! deuced moral!—in which you may recognize a fag end of every material woven by modern doctrines, at loggerheads together."

“因此，”勃龙代说，“完美女性的才智，如果她有的话，存在于她对于任何事物的怀疑。这就是两种女人的重大差别：女公民们当然是贞洁的；完美女性不知道自己现在是不是这样，或者会不会一直是这样；完美女性犹豫着、挣扎着，然而另一种女人直截了当地拒绝，并且脸色沉得很深。这种在任何事情上的犹豫是我们这个糟透了的时代留给她的最后恩惠之一。她几乎不上教堂，但她会和你大谈宗教。如果你兴趣高雅，表现出信仰自由的思想，她会努力想要使你皈依，因为你已经为她所理解的那些陈词滥调、摇头以及各种姿势开了扇门——她会说：‘真可耻！你会攻击宗教，真是太有思想了！整个社会正在摇摇欲坠，你却剥夺了它的支柱。为什么要这样？宗教此时此刻就意味着我和你，意味着一种财产，意味着我们子女的前程！啊！别让我们这么自私！个人主义是这个时代的疾病，而宗教是唯一的解救方法：它把被你们的法律所割裂的一个个家庭联结起来。’那些话大概如此。然后她开始了掺杂着政治理念的新基督教徒式的演说，既不是天主教式的也不是新教式的，而是——一篇道德演说？噢！道德味真浓！——你或许会看出它是由各种相互争执的现代教义交织杂糅在一起的。”

The women could not help laughing at the airs by which Blondet illustrated his satire.

勃龙代阐述自己的讽刺时，脸上的神态使在场的女士不禁笑出声来。

"This explanation, dear Count Adam," said Blondet, turning to the Pole, "will have proved to you that the 'perfect lady' represents the intellectual no less than the political muddle, just as she is surrounded by the showy and not very lasting products of an industry which is always aiming at destroying its work in order to replace it by

something else. When you leave her you say to yourself: She certainly has superior ideas! And you believe it all the more because she will have sounded your heart with a delicate touch, and have asked you your secrets; she affects ignorance, to learn everything; there are some things she never knows, not even when she knows them. You alone will be uneasy, you will know nothing of the state of her heart. The great ladies of old flaunted their love-affairs, with newspapers and advertisements; in these days the lady has her little passion neatly ruled like a sheet of music with its crotchets and quavers and minims, its rests, its pauses, its sharps to sign the key. A mere weak women, she is anxious not to compromise her love, or her husband, or the future of her children. Name, position, and fortune are no longer flags so respected as to protect all kinds of merchandise on board. The whole aristocracy no longer advances in a body to screen the lady. She has not, like the great lady of the past, the demeanor of lofty antagonism; she can crush nothing under foot, it is she who would be crushed. Thus she is apt at Jesuitical mezzo termine, she is a creature of equivocal compromises, of guarded proprieties, of anonymous passions steered between two reef-bound shores. She is as much afraid of her servants as an Englishwoman who lives in dread of a trial in the divorce-court. This woman—so free at a ball, so attractive out walking—is a slave at home; she is never independent but in perfect privacy, or theoretically. She must preserve herself in her position as a lady. This is her task.

“这一解释，亲爱的亚当伯爵，”勃龙代转向波兰人，说，“将向你证明‘完美女性’既代表智力上的混乱，也代表政治上的混乱，就好像她周围的那些华而不实的产品，生产这些产品的那个工业的目标常常是摧毁它的产品并以其他的东西取代之。当离开她时你自言自语道：她真是有一些卓越的想法啊！然后你的这个想法将得到巩固，因为她已经通过温柔的一摸测探出了你的想法，而且已经问了你的秘密；她装作无知，从而了解所有的事情；总有一些她不知道的，即使当她知道它们时。但是你会感到不安，你一点儿都不知道她的心境。过去的贵妇人拿着报纸和广告炫耀她们的风流韵事；现在的完美女性的小激情被有规律地控制着，就像是带着支架的活页乐谱，上面标着八分音符、二分音符、休止符、延长记号和标明声调的升号。她仅仅是一个弱女子，她担心会损害自己的爱情，或者是连累自己的丈夫以及孩子们的前途。名字、地位和财富不再是受人尊敬的、可以保护船上所有商品的旗帜。全部的贵族将不再作为一个保护贵妇的群体。她不像过去的贵妇人那样，拥有体现高傲的对抗的举止；她的脚无法碾碎任何东西，否则将要被碾碎的是她自己。因此她是一个善于使用折中方法的耶稣会士式的女人，总是采取模棱两可的中庸之道，拥有着谨慎的礼节，掌舵着无特色的激情在布满暗礁的海岸间行驶。她十分害怕仆人，就像一位英国妇女生活在对离婚法庭上的审判的畏惧之中。这一在舞会上那么自由，在外走路时那么迷人的女子在家却是个奴隶。只有在绝对的私生活中她才是独立的，至少理

论上这么说。她必须保持住完美女性的地位。这就是她的任务。

"For in our day a woman repudiated by her husband, reduced to a meagre allowance, with no carriage, no luxury, no opera-box, none of the divine accessories of the toilet, is no longer a wife, a maid, or a townswoman; she is adrift, and becomes a chattel. The Carmelites will not receive a married woman; it would be bigamy. Would her lover still have anything to say to her? That is the question. Thus your perfect lady may perhaps give occasion to calumny, never to slander."

如今如果一个女子被丈夫抛弃，仅拥有着微薄的津贴，没有马车，没有奢侈品，没有包厢，没有那些神圣的饰品，她就不再是一名妻子，一个女仆，或者一名女公民。她被肢解，变成了一种财产。加尔默罗会不接收已婚女子，不然就意味着重婚。她的情人还会有什么话要对她说么？这就是问题之所在。所以你的完美女性或许会引起他人的诽谤，但这诽谤绝不是依据确凿的事实。”

"It is all so horribly true," said the Princesse de Cadignan.

“这些都对极了。”卡迪央王妃说。

"And so," said Blondet, "our 'perfect lady' lives between English hypocrisy and the delightful frankness of the eighteenth century—a bastard system, symptomatic of an age in which nothing that grows up is at all like the thing that has vanished, in which transition leads nowhere, everything is a matter of degree; all the great figures shrink into the background, and distinction is purely personal. I am fully convinced that it is impossible for a woman, even if she were born close to a throne, to acquire before the age of five-and-twenty the encyclopaedic knowledge of trifles, the practice of manoeuvring, the important small things, the musical tones and harmony of coloring, the angelic bedevilments and innocent cunning, the speech and the silence, the seriousness and the banter, the wit and the obtuseness, the diplomacy and the ignorance which make up the perfect lady."

“所以，”勃龙代接着说，“我们的完美女性生活在英国式的虚伪以及十八世纪令人愉快的真诚之间——一套拙劣的系统，象征着这样的一个时代：所有新生的事物与死亡的事物之间没有任何相似之处；这一过渡毫无结果，一切都只是程度上的差别；所有伟大的人物都缩减为背景，荣誉仅仅属于个人。我完全相信，一名女性，即使出生于皇室，也面临着种种不可能：不可能在二十五岁之前就获得那些关于鸡毛蒜皮的小事的百科全书式的知识；不可能耍手段；不可能懂得重要的小事、音乐的音色和色彩的和谐、天使的苦恼和无害的狡猾、言说和沉默、严肃和玩笑、机智和愚钝、圆滑和无知，而完美女性就是由这一切构成的。”

"And where, in accordance with the sketch you have drawn," said Mademoiselle des Touches to Emile Blondet, "would you class the female author? Is she a perfect lady, a woman comme il faut?"

“那么根据你刚才所描述的概要，”德图希小姐对爱弥尔·勃龙代说，“你会把女作家归入哪一类呢？她是一位完美女性，还是一位文雅女性呢？”

"When she has no genius, she is a woman comme il n'en faut pas," Blondet replied, emphasizing the words with a stolen glance, which might make them seem praise frankly addressed to Camille Maupin. "This epigram is not mine, but Napoleon's," he added.

“当她没有天赋时，她就是个没人需要的女子。”勃龙代回答，并以偷偷的一瞥强调这句话，这可能使它听起来像真诚地对卡米叶·莫潘的赞扬。“这警句不是我的发明创造，它出自拿破仑之口。”他补充说。

"You need not owe Napoleon any grudge on that score," said Canalis, with an emphatic tone and gesture. "It was one of his weaknesses to be jealous of literary genius—for he had his mean points. Who will ever explain, depict, or understand Napoleon? A man represented with his arms folded, and who did everything, who was the greatest force ever known, the most concentrated, the most mordant, the most acid of all forces; a singular genius who carried armed civilization in every direction without fixing it anywhere; a man who could do everything because he willed everything; a prodigious phenomenon of will, conquering an illness by a battle, and yet doomed to die of disease in bed after living in the midst of ball and bullets; a man with a code and a sword in his brain, word and deed; a clear-sighted spirit that foresaw everything but his own fall; a capricious politician who risked men by handfuls out of economy, and who spared three heads—those of Talleyrand, of Pozzo de Borgo, and of Metternich, diplomatists whose death would have saved the French Empire, and who seemed to him of greater weight than thousands of soldiers; a man to whom nature, as a rare privilege, had given a heart in a frame of bronze; mirthful and kind at midnight amid women, and next Hypocritical and generous; loving tawdriness and simplicity; devoid of taste, but protecting the arts; and in spite of these antitheses, really great in everything by instinct or by temperament; Caesar at five-and-twenty, Cromwell at thirty; and then, like my grocer buried in Pere Lachaise, a good husband and a good father. In short, he improvised public works, empires, kings, codes, verses, a romance—and all with more range than precision. Did he not aim at making all Europe France? And after making us weigh on the earth in such a way as to change the laws of gravitation, he left us poorer than on the day when he first laid hands on us; while he, who had taken an empire by his name, lost his name on the frontier of his empire in a sea of blood and soldiers. A man all thought and all action, who comprehended Desaix and Fouche."

“关于那一点，你不必责怪拿破仑，”卡那利带着有力的口气及手势

说，“嫉妒文学天才是他的弱点之一，因为他有着心胸狭隘的地方。谁又能够解释、描绘或者理解拿破仑呢？一个被描绘成交叉着双臂的男人，他所有事都做了，是已知的最强大的力量——最集中、最尖酸、最刻薄的力量；一个非凡的天才，把武装的文明带往各个方向却不将它固定在任何地方；一个可以做任何事的男人，因为他想要一切；一个具有大得惊人的意志的人，通过一次战斗战胜了一场疾病，然而却注定在经历枪林弹雨后病死在床上；一个脑袋里装着一部法典以及一把剑的男人，有言语且有行动；他有远见，却唯独没有预见到自己的失败；一个反复无常的政客，因为想要省事而将人一小批一小批地置于危险之中，却没有砍塔莱朗、波佐·迪·博尔戈和梅特涅的脑袋，这三位外交家的死本来可以拯救法兰西帝国，他却把他们看得比成千上万的士兵来得重要；他享有自然所给予的稀有的特权，在青铜的身躯里拥有一颗心；他午夜时在女人中显得愉快而殷勤，到第二天早上他操纵欧洲，好比一个在浴缸里通过玩水而自娱自乐的小女孩！他既伪善又慷慨，喜欢俗丽和简单，没有品位但却会保护艺术；尽管存在着这些矛盾之处，本能和气质却使得他在任何事情上都很出众；他先是二十五岁的凯撒，三十岁的克伦威尔；然后，他就像是我那安葬在拉雪兹神甫公墓的食品杂货商一样，成为一个好丈夫和好父亲。简单说来，他即兴创作了政府公共建筑、帝国、君主、法典、诗句和传奇——所有这一切的广度都超过了他们的深度。他难道不是志在把整个欧洲都纳入法国的版图吗？在增加我们在地球上的重量从而改变万有引力定律后，他离我们而去，而我们变得比他开始控制我们的那一天时还要穷；他以自己的名字夺取了一个帝国，却在当帝国处于血海以及士兵的海洋中时，在前线失去了自己的名声。一个包含了所有思想以及行动的男人，一个兼德赛和富歇于一身的男人。”

"All despotism and all justice at the right moments. The true king!" said de Marsay.

“所有的专制及公正都在适当的时候予以体现。一个真正的君主！”德玛赛说。

"Ah! vat a pleashre it is to dichest vile you talk," said Baron de Nucingen.

“听你们所讲的事情，真是一件乐事！”纽沁根男爵说。

"But do you suppose that the treat we are giving you is a common one?" asked Joseph Bridau. "If you had to pay for the charms of conversation as you do for those of dancing or of music, your fortune would be inadequate! There is no second performance of the same flash of wit."

“那你认为我们供应给你的是普通的东西么？”约瑟夫·勃里杜问道，“如果你必须像花钱享受舞蹈和音乐那样享受交谈的乐趣，那么你的财富是不够用的！灵机一动的妙语说两次就不灵了。”

"And are we really so much deteriorated as these gentlemen think?" said the Princesse de Cadignan, addressing the women with a

smile at once sceptical and ironical. "Because, in these days, under a regime which makes everything small, you prefer small dishes, small rooms, small pictures, small articles, small newspapers, small books, does that prove that women too have grown smaller? Why should the human heart change because you change your coat? In all ages the passions remain the same. I know cases of beautiful devotion, of sublime sufferings, which lack the publicity—the glory, if you choose—which formerly gave lustre to the errors of some women. But though one may not have saved a King of France, one is not the less an Agnes Sorel. Do you believe that our dear Marquise d'Espard is not the peer of Madame Doublet, or Madame du Deffant, in whose rooms so much evil was spoken and done? Is not Taglioni a match for Camargo? or Malibran the equal of Saint-Huberti? Are not our poets superior to those of the eighteenth century? If at this moment, through the fault of the Grocers who govern us, we have not a style of our own, had not the Empire its distinguishing stamp as the age of Louis XV. had, and was not its splendor fabulous? Have the sciences lost anything?"

“我们真如这帮绅士所想的那样微不足道么？”卡迪央王妃对在场的妇女说道，脸上带着既怀疑又讽刺的微笑，“因为，在当今这个将一切都变小的政权下，你们更喜欢小盘菜、小房间、小图片、小文章、小报纸、小书，这是否证明女人们也变小了？为什么当你们换了衣服后你们的心也变了？激情在所有的时代中都是一样的。我知道一些美丽的付出、崇高的痛苦，它们都缺少名声，或者荣誉，如果你们选择这么说的话。而这些在之前都赋予一些女人犯下的错误以光荣。但即使阿涅丝·索雷尔最终没能拯救法兰西国王，她仍然是她。你们认为我们亲爱的埃斯巴侯爵夫人比不上杜布莱夫人或者是人们在她家中说尽和干尽坏事的杜德芳夫人吗？塔格利奥尼难道比不上卡玛戈？玛利勃朗难道不和圣于贝尔蒂不分上下？我们时代的诗人难道不强于十八世纪的么？如果此时，在管理我们的食品杂货商们的错误下，我们没有自己的风格，那帝国不是和路易十五时代一样没有自己的特色么？是科学失去了什么吗？”

"I am quite of your opinion, madame; the women of this age are truly great," replied the Comte de Vandenesse. "When posterity shall have followed us, will not Madame Recamier appear in proportions as fine as those of the most beautiful women of the past? We have made so much history that historians will be lacking. The age of Louis XIV. had but one Madame de Sevigne; we have a thousand now in Paris who certainly write better than she did, and who do not publish their letters. Whether the Frenchwoman be called 'perfect lady,' or great lady, she will always be the woman among women.

“我很赞同你的观点，夫人，这个时代的女性的确了不起，”德蒙特里沃将军答道，“在后代接替我们的将来，雷卡米埃夫人难道不会和过去那些最美丽的女子一样受人称道么？我们做过的很多事，即便是将来的

历史学家都不得而知。路易十四时只出了一个塞维涅夫人，今天在巴黎有上千个女子的文笔绝对优于她，只是她们都没有出版自己的作品。无论法国女性被称为完美女性还是贵妇人，她们都一直是女人中的女人。

"Emile Blondet has given us a picture of the fascinations of a woman of the day; but, at need, this creature who bridles or shows off, who chirps out the ideas of Mr. This and Mr. That, would be heroic. And it must be said, your faults, mesdames, are all the more poetical, because they must always and under all circumstances be surrounded by greater perils. I have seen much of the world, I have studied it perhaps too late; but in cases where the illegality of your feelings might be excused, I have always observed the effects of I know not what chance—which you may call Providence—inevitably overwhelming such as we consider light women."

爱弥尔·勃龙代为我们描绘了当今女子的迷人之处；但是，这一常常举止傲慢或爱炫耀、时常叽叽喳喳地重复这一先生或那一先生的观点的女子，在需要时，能有英雄般的表现。并且必须指出的是，夫人们，你们的错误显得更富有诗意。因为他们在任何情况下都产生于更危险的境地之中。我见过世面，或许太晚才开始研究它。但在你们的不合法的感情可以得到原谅的事例中，我总是发现不知哪种机缘，或如你们所说的天意所产生的后果，总是不可避免地压在我们所认为的轻佻女子身上。”

"I hope," said Madame de Vandenesse, "that we can be great in other ways—"

“我希望，”德旺德奈斯夫人说，“我们的伟大能展现在其他方面……”

"Oh, let the Comte de Vandenesse preach to us!" exclaimed Madame de Serizy.

“噢！让蒙特里沃侯爵给我们布布道吧！”德埃斯巴夫人大声说道。

"With all the more reason because he has preached a great deal by example," said the Baronne de Nucingen.

“特别是因为他总是言传身教。”纽沁根男爵夫人说。

"On my honor!" said General de Montriveau, "in all the dramas—a word you are very fond of," he said, looking at Blondet—“in which the finger of God has been visible, the most frightful I ever knew was very near being by my act—"

“我发誓！”蒙特里沃将军说，“在所有的戏剧中——你们非常自豪于这个显现上帝的旨意的词——"他看着勃龙代说，“我所知道的最可怕的几乎就是由我的行为造成的……”

"Well, tell us all about it!" cried Lady Barimore; "I love to shudder!"

“好啦，给我们说说吧！”巴里莫尔夫人嚷道，“我喜欢颤抖的感觉！”

"It is the taste of a virtuous woman," replied de Marsay, looking at Lord Dudley's lovely daughter.

“一个有品德的女子的品味就是这样。”德玛赛看着杜德莱勋爵可爱的女儿回复道。

"During the campaign of 1812," General de Montriveau began, "I was the involuntary cause of a terrible disaster which may be of use to you, Doctor Bianchon," turning to me, "since, while devoting yourself to the human body, you concern yourself a good deal with the mind; it may tend to solve some of the problems of the will.

“在一八一二年战役期间，”蒙特里沃将军开始说道，“我无意之中引发了一场可怕的灾难，这或许对你有帮助，毕安训大夫，”他转向我，“因为，当你致力于保护人类的身体时，你也关心人们的精神，它或许能帮助解决一些关于意志的问题。

"I was going through my second campaign; I enjoyed danger, and laughed at everything, like the young and foolish lieutenant of artillery that I was. When we reached the Beresina, the army had, as you know, lost all discipline, and had forgotten military obedience. It was a medley of men of all nations, instinctively making their way from north to south. The soldiers would drive a general in rags and bare-foot away from their fire if he brought neither wood nor victuals. After the passage of this famous river disorder did not diminish. I had come quietly and alone, without food, out of the marshes of Zembin, and was wandering in search of a house where I might be taken in. Finding none or driven away from those I came across, happily towards evening I perceived a wretched little Polish farm, of which nothing can give you any idea unless you have seen the wooden houses of Lower Normandy, or the poorest farm-buildings of la Beauce. These dwellings consist of a single room, with one end divided off by a wooden partition, the smaller division serving as a store-room for forage.

我正在经历着生平第二场战役，我喜欢冒险，嘲笑一切，就是这么一个年轻而愚蠢的炮兵中尉。当我们到达别列津纳河时，部队已经，正如你们知道的，毫无纪律，忘记了服从军令。那是一群由各国士兵组成的乌合之众，正本能地由北向南前进。如果一个衣衫褴褛、光着脚的将军没带回木材和食物，士兵们会把他赶出宿营地。在越过这一有名的河流之后，混乱并没有减轻。我没有食物，独自一人安静地走出了藏班沼泽地，正四处找寻着一户可以接待我的人家。我没有找到一家，或者找到了，却被赶出来。幸好在傍晚时我发现了一个小而破旧的波兰农舍。除非你有见过诺曼底的木屋或博斯最破旧的农舍建筑，你无法想象这个农舍的样子。此类住处只有一间屋子，一头由木头隔墙分离开，较小的

那一部分作为饲料的储藏室。

"In the darkness of twilight I could just see a faint smoke rising above this house. Hoping to find there some comrades more compassionate than those I had hitherto addressed, I boldly walked as far as the farm. On going in, I found the table laid. Several officers, and with them a woman—a common sight enough—were eating potatoes, some horseflesh broiled over the charcoal, and some frozen beetroots. I recognized among the company two or three artillery captains of the regiment in which I had first served. I was welcomed with a shout of acclamation, which would have amazed me greatly on the other side of the Beresina; but at this moment the cold was less intense; my fellow-officers were resting, they were warm, they had food, and the room, strewn with trusses of straw, gave the promise of a delightful night. We did not ask for so much in those days. My comrades could be philanthropists gratis—one of the commonest ways of being philanthropic. I sat down to eat on one of the bundles of straw.

在昏暗的暮光中，我只能看到一缕薄烟从房中升起。带着找到比我之前遇到的那些更有同情心的伙伴的希望，我大胆地走到农舍。一进屋，我就发现餐桌已摆好。几个军官，其中还有一名女子——这是一种常见的景象——正在吃着土豆和木炭上烤的马肉，还有一些结了冰的甜菜根。我在其中认出了我第一次所在的那个团的两三位炮兵上尉。迎接我的是一阵欢呼，如果是在别列津纳河彼岸，这能使我大吃一惊。但在此时此刻，寒意有所减轻，我的那些伙伴们正在休息，他们暖和，他们有食物，并且有这一间铺满了一束束麦秆的、意味着一个愉快的夜晚的屋子。当时我们的要求并不高。我的伙伴们可以成为分文不费的慈善家——最为普通的乐善好施的方式之一。我坐在一捆麦秆上吃了起来。

"At the end of the table, by the side of the door opening into the smaller room full of straw and hay, sat my old colonel, one of the most extraordinary men I ever saw among all the mixed collection of men it has been my lot to meet. He was an Italian. Now, whenever human nature is truly fine in the lands of the South, it is really sublime. I do not know whether you have ever observed the extreme fairness of Italians when they are fair. It is exquisite, especially under an artificial light. When I read the fantastical portrait of Colonel Oudet sketched by Charles Nodier, I found my own sensations in every one of his elegant phrases. Italian, then, as were most of the officers of his regiment, which had, in fact, been borrowed by the Emperor from Eugene's army, my colonel was a tall man, at least eight or nine inches above the standard, and was admirably proportioned—a little stout perhaps, but prodigiously powerful, active, and clean-limbed as a greyhound. His black hair in abundant curls showed up his complexion, as white as a woman's; he had small hands, a shapely

foot, a pleasant mouth, and an aquiline nose delicately formed, of which the tip used to become naturally pinched and white whenever he was angry, as happened often. His irascibility was so far beyond belief that I will tell you nothing about it; you will have the opportunity of judging of it. No one could be calm in his presence. I alone, perhaps, was not afraid of him; he had indeed taken such a singular fancy to me that he thought everything I did right. When he was in a rage his brow was knit and the muscles of the middle of his forehead set in a delta, or, to be more explicit, in Redgauntlet's horseshoe. This mark was, perhaps, even more terrifying than the magnetic flashes of his blue eyes. His whole frame quivered, and his strength, great as it was in his normal state, became almost unbounded.

在桌子的一头，在通往较小的那个充满麦秆和干草的房间的门旁，坐着我原先的上校，他是我有生以来见过的各式各样的男人中最出众的之一。他是意大利人。南部的一些国家的人，不管他们的品行是否优良，他们都美得令人惊叹。我不知道你是否观察到意大利人皮肤白皙时所拥有的那种纯白。它很精致，尤其是在灯光下时。当我读到夏尔·诺迪耶对乌代上校的美妙的描绘时，我在他的每一句优美的句子中都找到了曾经的感觉。他的那个团是由皇帝从欧仁军团当中借过来的，其中大部分军官是意大利人。作为一名意大利人，他身材高大，比一般人要高出八到九英寸，而且比例令人羡慕——或许有些发胖，但是十分强壮、有活力，如同一只长腿猎狗般姿态优美。他那一头鬈曲的黑发突出了如同女人般白皙的肤色；他有着一双小手，一对匀称的腿，一张讨人喜欢的嘴，和一个精致的鹰钩鼻。当他发怒时——这是经常的事——鼻尖总是自然地收缩及变白。他性情暴躁到令人难以置信的地步，在这里我就不多说了，你们会有机会自己判断的。没有人能在他在场的情况下保持镇静。或许只有我才不害怕他。事实上，他对我有特殊的好感，他认为我做的任何事都是对的。他暴怒时眉头紧皱，前额中部的肌肉呈三角状，或者更准确地说，是雷德冈特利特的那种马蹄铁的形状。这一标记或许比他那蓝眼睛所闪烁出的磁性光芒更可怕。他的整个身体都在颤抖；他那平时就很强大的力量，几乎变得不受限制。

"He spoke with a strong guttural roll. His voice, at least as powerful as that of Charles Nordier's Oudet, threw an incredible fulness of tone into the syllable or the consonant in which this burr was sounded. Though this faulty pronunciation was at times a grace, when commanding his men, or when he was excited, you cannot imagine, unless you had heard it, what force was expressed by this accent, which at Paris is so common. When the Colonel was quiescent, his blue eyes were angelically sweet, and his smooth brow had a most charming expression. On parade, or with the army of Italy, not a man could compare with him. Indeed, d'Orsay himself, the handsome d'Orsay, was eclipsed by our colonel on the occasion of the last review

held by Napoleon before the invasion of Russia.

他说话时咽喉在剧烈滚动着。他那至少如夏尔·诺迪耶笔下的乌代一样有力的声音，使得发出这一粗声的音节或辅音充满着令人难以置信的语调。当他指挥部下，或兴奋时，虽然这一错误的发音有时候是优雅的表现，但只有在听到它时你才想象得出，这一在巴黎十分常见的重音是如此有力。当这位上校心情平静时，他的蓝眼睛有着天使般的甜蜜，光滑的额头上的表情显得十分迷人。在游行队伍中，或在意大利军队里，没有一个男人可以和他相比。甚至于德奥尔赛本人，那个英俊的德奥尔赛，在拿破仑入侵俄国前的最后一次检阅中由于我们上校的存在都显得相形见绌。

"Everything was in contrasts in this exceptional man. Passion lives on contrast. Hence you need not ask whether he exerted over women the irresistible influences to which our nature yields"—and the general looked at the Princesse de Cadignan—“as vitreous matter is moulded under the pipe of the glass-blower; still, by a singular fatality—an observer might perhaps explain the phenomenon—the Colonel was not a lady-killer, or was indifferent to such successes.

在这个非凡的男人身上一切都处于对立之中。激情产生于对立。所以你们不必问他是否对妇女产生了不可抗拒的、我们的天性容易屈从的影响，”将军看着卡迪央王妃，接着说，“这正如玻璃制品是在吹玻璃器的管子下受塑造的。并且，由于一个致命缺陷——一位观察家或许能解释这一现象——上校并不是一个女性杀手，或者他对这种成功毫无兴趣。

"To give you an idea of his violence, I will tell you in a few words what I once saw him do in a paroxysm of fury. We were dragging our guns up a very narrow road, bordered by a somewhat high slope on one side, and by thickets on the other. When we were half-way up we met another regiment of artillery, its colonel marching at the head. This colonel wanted to make the captain who was at the head of our foremost battery back down again. The captain, of course, refused; but the colonel of the other regiment signed to his foremost battery to advance, and in spite of the care the driver took to keep among the scrub, the wheel of the first gun struck our captain's right leg and broke it, throwing him over on the near side of his horse. All this was the work of a moment. Our Colonel, who was but a little way off, guessed that there was a quarrel; he galloped up, riding among the guns at the risk of falling with his horse's four feet in the air, and reached the spot, face to face with the other colonel, at the very moment when the captain fell, calling out 'Help!' No, our Italian colonel was no longer human! Foam like the froth of champagne rose to his lips; he roared inarticulately like a lion. Incapable of uttering a word, or even a cry, he made a terrific signal to his antagonist, pointing to the wood and drawing his sword. The two colonels went

aside. In two seconds we saw our Colonel's opponent stretched on the ground, his skull split in two. The soldiers of his regiment backed—yes, by heaven, and pretty quickly too.

“为了让你们对他的暴力有一个概念，我将简要说一说我看到他突然勃然大怒后的所作所为的一次经历。那次我们拖着炮在爬一条十分狭窄的道路，路旁一边是有些高的陡坡，另一边是灌木丛。走到一半时我们遇到了另一个炮兵团，走在最前头的是团里的上校。这位上校要带领我们走在最前面的炮兵连的上尉向后退。上尉自然拒绝了；但另一个团的上校示意他们走在最前面的炮兵连前进，尽管拉炮的人在通过灌木丛时很小心，第一台炮的轮子仍然撞上并撞伤了我们上尉的右腿，使上尉从马的另一侧跌下。所有的这一切都在一瞬间中发生。我们的上校就在不远处，他猜到了这儿有一场争吵，便飞奔而来，也不管自己在众多的炮之中也许会随着马的四条腿一起翻倒。在上尉跌下时大喊‘快来人啊！’的同时，他到达了事发处，与另一位上校脸对脸。噢，我们的意大利上校此刻已是非人类了！嘴角挂着白沫就像香槟的泡沫，他如同狮子一般暴怒地一吼。然后他已无法说出一句话，甚至是大喊一声，他指着灌木丛并拔出剑来，向对手发出可怕的信号。两位上校来到了一旁。两秒钟后我们见到我们上校的对手瘫倒在地，头骨裂成两半。他的团的士兵后退了。天哪，太快了。

"The captain, who had been so nearly crushed, and who lay yelping in the puddle where the gun carriage had thrown him, had an Italian wife, a beautiful Sicilian of Messina, who was not indifferent to our Colonel. This circumstance had aggravated his rage. He was pledged to protect the husband, bound to defend him as he would have defended the woman herself.

那个差点儿被炮架压碎，正在水坑中叫喊的上尉，有一位意大利妻子，一位墨西拿的美丽的西西里人，我们的上校对她极为关心。这种情况加剧了他的愤怒。他发誓要保护她的丈夫，履行保护她丈夫的义务就意味着他履行了保护那位妇女本身的义务。

"Now, in the hovel beyond Zembin, where I was so well received, this captain was sitting opposite to me, and his wife was at the other end of the table, facing the Colonel. This Sicilian was a little woman named Rosina, very dark, but with all the fire of the Southern sun in her black almond-shaped eyes. At this moment she was deplorably thin; her face was covered with dust, like fruit exposed to the drought of a highroad. Scarcely clothed in rags, exhausted by marches, her hair in disorder, and clinging together under a piece of a shawl tied close over her head, still she had the graces of a woman; her movements were engaging, her small rose mouth and white teeth, the outline of her features and figure, charms which misery, cold, and neglect had not altogether defaced, still suggested love to any man who could think of a woman. Rosina had one of those frames which are fragile in appearance, but wiry and full of spring. Her husband, a

gentleman of Piedmont, had a face expressive of ironical simplicity, if it is allowable to ally the two words. Brave and well informed, he seemed to know nothing of the connections which had subsisted between his wife and the Colonel for three years past. I ascribed this unconcern to Italian manners, or to some domestic secret; yet there was in the man's countenance one feature which always filled me with involuntary distrust. His under lip, which was thin and very restless, turned down at the corners instead of turning up, and this, as I thought, betrayed a streak of cruelty in a character which seemed so phlegmatic and indolent.

现在，在我过了藏班之后受到热情欢迎的小屋里，这位上尉就坐在我的对面，他妻子坐在桌子的另一头，面对着上校。这一西西里的娇小妇女名叫罗西纳，她皮肤黝黑，但在她那杏仁状的黑眼中有着南部太阳所有的火焰。此时的她异常消瘦，脸上满是尘土，就像是干燥的路面上的水果。她衣衫褴褛，在长时间的跋涉后很是疲惫，头发凌乱，在紧包着头的破头巾中结成一团。然而她依然拥有着一位妇女的种种优雅：她举止迷人，有着玫瑰色的小嘴和洁白的牙齿，面部的轮廓和身形，这些魅力没有完全被痛苦、寒冷、忽视所损毁。她仍然吸引着任何一个能够想女人的男人。罗西纳表面看上去身子骨弱，实际上结实而坚韧。她丈夫是皮埃蒙特的贵族，表情显现出嘲讽的纯朴，如果这两个词可以连起来用的话。他勇敢且消息灵通，但似乎对妻子与上校间存在了三年的某种关系一无所知。我把这种漠然归因为意大利的风俗，或是某种家庭中的秘密。然而这一男人面部表情中的一个特征却常常使我不由得充满怀疑。他的下嘴唇显得很薄、很不安，在嘴角处下垂而不是上翘。在我看来，这透露出了表面冷漠慵懒的性格下所潜藏着的残暴。

"As you may suppose the conversation was not very sparkling when I went in. My weary comrades ate in silence; of course, they asked me some questions, and we related our misadventures, mingled with reflections on the campaign, the generals, their mistakes, the Russians, and the cold. A minute after my arrival the colonel, having finished his meagre meal, wiped his moustache, bid us good-night, shot a black look at the Italian woman, saying, 'Rosina?' and then, without waiting for a reply, went into the little barn full of hay, to bed. The meaning of the Colonel's utterance was self-evident. The young wife replied by an indescribable gesture, expressing all the annoyance she could not feel at seeing her thralldom thus flaunted without human decency, and the offence to her dignity as a woman, and to her husband. But there was, too, in the rigid setting of her features and the tight knitting of her brows a sort of presentiment; perhaps she foresaw her fate. Rosina remained quietly in her place.

你或许猜到了当我进门时，交谈并不是很热烈。我疲倦的伙伴们安静地吃着，当然，他们问了我一些问题，然后我们谈起了各自的不幸，其中混杂着对于此次战役、那些将军们及其错误、俄国人以及严寒的思

考。在我进屋后一分钟，那位上校吃完了简陋的晚餐，擦了擦自己的小胡子，向我们道了晚安，然后瞪了意大利女人一眼，说："罗西纳？"，他没有等她回答，就走到充满干草的小房间中的床上睡觉去了。上校这一叫的含义不言自明。年轻的妻子做了个无法用言语形容的手势，表达了对于他不给面子，公然炫耀对于自己的奴役的不满，也显示了她作为一个女人的尊严及她丈夫受到了冒犯。但在她僵硬的表情及皱起的眉头中还有着某种不祥的预感，或许她预见了自己的命运。罗西纳安静地呆在原处。

"A minute later, and apparently when the Colonel was snug in his couch of straw or hay, he repeated, 'Rosina?'

一分钟后，很明显上校已经十分舒服地躺在用麦秆或干草铺成的床上，他重复道：'罗西纳?'

"The tone of this second call was even more brutally questioning than the first. The Colonel's strong burr, and the length which the Italian language allows to be given to vowels and the final syllable, concentrated all the man's despotism, impatience, and strength of will. Rosina turned pale, but she rose, passed behind us, and went to the Colonel.

这第二声疑问式的召唤比第一声来得更粗暴。上校的重粗喉音，还有意大利语中元音及最后一个音节的延长，凝结了这个男人所有的霸道、渴望和强有力的意志。罗西纳脸色苍白，但她还是起身，越过我们，去了上校那儿。

"All the party sat in utter silence; I, unluckily, after looking at them all, began to laugh, and then they all laughed too. —'Tu ridi?—you laugh?' said the husband.

所有人都一声不吭地坐着。不幸的是，在扫视了他们一眼后，我开始笑出声来，接着他们也跟着笑了起来。'你笑什么？'那位丈夫说。

"'On my honor, old comrade,' said I, becoming serious again, 'I confess that I was wrong; I ask your pardon a thousand times, and if you are not satisfied by my apologies I am ready to give you satisfaction.'

'我发誓，老伙计，'我重新变得严肃起来，说，'我承认是我错了，并愿意为此道歉一千次。如果你对我的道歉不满意，我准备好了和你决斗。'

"'Oh! it is not you who are wrong, it is I!' he replied coldly.

'噢！错的不是你，是我！'他冷漠地答道。

"Thereupon we all lay down in the room, and before long all were sound asleep.

于是我们都在屋内躺下，不久之后都呼呼大睡起来。

"Next morning each one, without rousing his neighbor or seeking companionship, set out again on his way, with that selfishness which made our rout one of the most horrible dramas of self-seeking, melancholy, and horror which ever was enacted under heaven. Nevertheless, at about seven or eight hundred paces from our shelter we, most of us, met again and walked on together, like geese led in flocks by a child's wilful tyranny. The same necessity urged us all.

第二天早晨每一个人都没有叫醒睡在身旁的人或是寻求路上的伴侣，每一个人各自上路。这种自私使得我们的溃退成了天底下上演过的一出最悲惨的关于追逐名利、沮丧以及恐惧的戏剧。然而，在走出小屋七八百步后，我们中的多数人都重新会合，然后一同上路，就像被一个小孩任性的专制所引导的成群的鹅。我们被同样的需求所驱使。

"Having reached a knoll where we could still see the farmhouse where we had spent the night, we heard sounds resembling the roar of lions in the desert, the bellowing of bulls—no, it was a noise which can be compared to no known cry. And yet, mingling with this horrible and ominous roar, we could hear a woman's feeble scream. We all looked round, seized by I know not what impulse of terror; we no longer saw the house, but a huge bonfire. The farmhouse had been barricaded, and was in flames. Swirls of smoke borne on the wind brought us hoarse cries and an indescribable pungent smell. A few yards behind, the captain was quietly approaching to join our caravan; we gazed at him in silence, for no one dared question him; but he, understanding our curiosity, pointed to his breast with the forefinger of his right hand, and, waving the left in the direction of the fire, he said, 'Son'io.’

在达到一个小山丘后我们仍能看到前一晚过夜的那个农舍，这时我们听到了类似沙漠中的狮子所发出的吼叫声，或者说是公牛的咆哮声——不对，这一声音与已知的任何一中喊声都不同。然而在这一可怕又不祥的叫声中，我们能听到一名妇女无力的尖叫声。我们环顾四周，被某种未知的恐惧震慑住了。农舍不见了，只剩下一团巨大的火焰。农舍已处于熊熊大火之中，使人无法靠近。随风飘转的烟向我们传来了粗叫声及一种无法形容的刺鼻气味。在我们队伍后的几码处，上尉正一脸平静地朝这儿赶来。我们无声地看着他，因为没有人敢问他发生了什么。但他理解我们的好奇，他用右手食指指着胸膛，并朝着火焰的方向挥了挥左手，然后说：‘这是我干的!'

"We all walked on without saying a word to him."

我们继续前行，没有与他说一句话。

"There is nothing more terrible than the revolt of a sheep," said de Marsay.

“没有什么比一只绵羊的反抗来得更可怕。”德玛赛说。

"It would be frightful to let us leave with this horrible picture in our memory," said Madame de Montcornet. "I shall dream of it—"

“让我们在记忆中留下这么一幅可怕的画面，这太讨厌了，”德波唐杜埃夫人说，“我会梦见它的……”

"And what was the punishment of Monsieur de Marsay's 'First'?" said Lord Dudley, smiling.

“那个，对德玛赛的‘第一位’的惩罚是什么呢？”杜德莱勋爵微笑着说。

"When the English are in jest, their foils have the buttons on," said Blondet.

“当英国人开玩笑时，他们总是懂得把握分寸。”勃龙代说。

"Monsieur Bianchon can tell us, for he saw her dying," replied de Marsay, turning to me.

“毕安训先生可以告诉我们，那女人临终时他在场。”德玛赛转向我，回答道。

"Yes," said I; "and her end was one of the most beautiful I ever saw. The Duke and I had spent the night by the dying woman's pillow; pulmonary consumption, in the last stage, left no hope; she had taken the sacrament the day before. The Duke had fallen asleep. The Duchess, waking at about four in the morning, signed to me in the most touching way, with a friendly smile, to bid me leave him to rest, and she meanwhile was about to die. She had become incredibly thin, but her face had preserved its really sublime outline and features. Her pallor made her skin look like porcelain with a light within. Her bright eyes and color contrasted with this languidly elegant complexion, and her countenance was full of expressive calm. She seemed to pity the Duke, and the feeling had its origin in a lofty tenderness which, as death approached, seemed to know no bounds. The silence was absolute. The room, softly lighted by a lamp, looked like every sickroom at the hour of death.

“是的，”我说，“她的死是我见过的最凄美的之一。当时公爵和我已经在那将死的妇人的枕旁待了一夜。肺结核晚期，已经完全没有了希望。她前一天已经行了圣事。公爵已经睡过去了。公爵夫人在早晨四点左右醒来，带着亲切的微笑，以一种最令人怜悯的方式示意我让公爵继续休息，而此时她已经奄奄一息。她已经变得异常消瘦，但脸上仍保留着那美得令人赞叹的轮廓和面部特征。苍白的肤色使她的皮肤看起来就像是内部装着一盏灯的瓷器。她明亮的双眼及脸色与这一无精打采却又高贵的肤色形成鲜明的对照。她的面容显得十分镇静。她似乎在怜悯公爵，这一情感来源于一种高贵的温柔，即使是面临着死亡，这一温柔依然没有止境。屋内没有一点儿声音。一盏灯柔和地照亮着屋子，这屋子

此刻就如同任何一个临终的病房。

"At this moment the clock struck. The Duke awoke, and was in despair at having fallen asleep. I did not see the gesture of impatience by which he manifested the regret he felt at having lost sight of his wife for a few of the last minutes vouchsafed to him; but it is quite certain that any one but the dying woman might have misunderstood it. A busy statesman, always thinking of the interests of France, the Duke had a thousand odd ways on the surface, such as often lead to a man of genius being mistaken for a madman, and of which the explanation lies in the exquisiteness and exacting needs of their intellect. He came to seat himself in an armchair by his wife's side, and looked fixedly at her. The dying woman put her hand out a little way, took her husband's and clasped it feebly; and in a low but agitated voice she said, 'My poor dear, who is left to understand you now?' Then she died, looking at him."

这时钟声响了。公爵随之醒了，然后因为意识到自己睡着了而陷入绝望之中。我没有看到他表达失望之情时做出的焦躁的姿势——没能在上天赐予他的最后时刻里多看几眼自己的妻子，但很明确的一点是，只有这一将死的妇女才不会误解这一点。公爵是一位忙碌的政治家，整天顾念着法兰西的利益。在表面上他有一千种奇怪的行为，例如使人们把天才当作疯子，只有高度的鉴赏力和这些人才智上的严格要求才能解释这类行为。他来到妻子边上的一个扶手椅上，目不转睛地看着她。垂死的妇女稍稍伸出一只手，拿起丈夫的手无力地握着，然后低声但激动地说：‘可怜的宝贝，现在，谁来理解你呢？’接着她便死去了，还一直看着他。”

"The stories the doctor tells us," said the Comte de Vandenesse, "always leave a deep impression."

“大夫给我们讲的故事，”雷托雷公爵说，“总是使人印象深刻。”

"But a sweet one," said Mademoiselle des Touches, rising.

“但却散发出一种芳香。”德图希小姐起身说道。

PARIS, June 1839-42.

巴黎，1839—1842年6月。

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外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS

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李明 明鑫 张坤坤 译
秦东昕 审校

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 BEIJING

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu

Beijing, China 100089

http://www.fltrp.com

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

高尔吉亚篇：英汉对照/（古希腊）柏拉图著；李明等译.— 北京：外语教学与研究出版社，2011.9

（外研社双语读库. 学·书系）

书名原文：Gorgias

ISBN 978-7-5135-1365-4

I. ①高… II. ①柏… ②李… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物 ②修辞学—古希腊 IV. ①H319.4：H

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2011) 第199080号

出版人：蔡剑峰

责任编辑：邓 芳 辛 欣

封面设计：袁 璐 刘 冬

出版发行：外语教学与研究出版社

社 址：北京市西三环北路19号（100089）

网 址：http://www.fltrp.com

版 次：2011年10月第1版 2011年10月第1次印刷

书 号：ISBN 978-7-5135-1365-4

* * *

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总序

外研社自创立之日起就一贯秉承“记载人类文明，沟通世界文化”的宗旨。上世纪90年代以来，我们陆续出版了“九十年代英语系列丛书”、“大师经典文库”、“英美文学文库”等系列经典图书，在最大限度满足国内英语学习者阅读需求的同时，也为中华民族引进和吸收海外优秀文化发挥了重要的桥梁纽带作用。

在多年出版实践中我们发现，对原版图书简单地以外语形式呈现，会使一些初级和中级外语学习者望而却步；而纯粹的译著，在翻译过程中又容易失掉原著中的某些精妙之笔，甚至丢失信息，因为每种语言都蕴含着其他语言无法精确对应的情致、智慧和对真善美的洞见。文化交流本身是一个双向互动的过程，因此在大量引入外文作品的同时，我们也不能忽略本民族文化在世界范围内的推广和传播，即把中国文化传递给世界。

基于上述考虑，我们应时推出“外研社双语读库”，立足经典，涵盖中外名家名作，涉及社会科学各个领域，以书系划分，采用双语编排，对文化背景附有注释。旨在积累世界各民族精粹文化的同时，向世界传递中国文化，为国内广大英语学习者提供题材广泛、质量过硬的双语经典读物，也为社科各领域学者了解西方学术经典提供优质的研究素材。

2010年1月，双语读库“文·书系”出版问世，该书系收录了20部西方经典著作，多出自19和20世纪著名作家、学者、思想家和哲学家笔下，作品的题材丰富，包括传记、小说、游记、杂文、回忆录等。该书系自问世以来，受到了广大英语爱好者的欢迎和好评。

2010年3月，外研社和中国外语教育研究中心联合设立“外汉翻译教学研究基金”项目，选取百余部国外经典学术著作，面向全国高校公开招募翻译项目组，参与投标者遍及全国近百所高校，在国内具有较大影响力。中标的译者多为全国重点高校的翻译专家、学者及中青年翻译人才，经过层层选拔脱颖而出；每个中标项目组还聘请相关领域的专家顾问，为其提供专业领域方面的支持和帮助，以确保译文的准确性和权威性。

此次推出的双语读库“学·书系”拟收录该“基金”项目中的优秀译作分批次进行出版，并细分为哲学辑、经济学辑、历史学辑、地理学辑、语言学辑、社会学辑、教育学辑等。“学·书系”依旧采用英汉对照编排，可作为社科各领域的学术研究读物以及中、高端英汉双语读物使用。

“学·书系”所选原作虽为经典名著，却也无法避免时间和空间上的局限性，希望读者朋友们能“取其精华，去其糟粕”。各篇译作均为译者倾尽全力、呕心沥血之作，不足之处，还请各位读者批评、指正。

译者 序

柏拉图（Plato，Πλάτων， 约公元前427年—前347年），是古希腊伟大的哲学家，也是西方哲学史上伟大的哲学家和思想家之一。

《高尔吉亚篇》是柏拉图关于修辞学的三部对话录之一（另外两部是Protagoras和Phaedrus），是学习、研究西方古典修辞学的必读书目之一。根据目前的考证，“修辞学”（rhetoric）这一术语最早便出自这部对话录。《高尔吉亚篇》能够使中国读者了解柏拉图对修辞学的看法，明了修辞学与哲学的关系，因而对于修辞学研究者来说具有重大的学术意义。虽然现当代西方修辞学门类繁多、发展迅速，但研究者从未忽略过古典修辞学，当代修辞学与古典修辞学的关系也越来越引起人们的兴趣。国内对柏拉图的研究主要集中在其哲学思想，相对忽视其修辞学思想，这也是翻译《高尔吉亚篇》的迫切原因之一。

同时，作为苏格拉底的对话录之一，这部作品也体现了“柏拉图的苏格拉底”的哲学观点。在身体与灵魂的关系、正义与权利的关系方面，作品都有深刻的论述，这些观点对于当代哲学、政治学研究也具有启示意义。

此外，书中关于演讲、辩论的观点和技巧对当代读者如何睿智演讲、心灵相交，具有实践价值。

苏格拉底重视节制、正直和公平，反对过度的权利，尊重哲学对人生的正义引导，这些对一味追求商品价值、追逐权力的当今世界来说尤其具有振聋发聩的作用。这部作品的道德价值、社会影响虽然不可量化，但我们相信《高尔吉亚篇》会影响一部分人。

《高尔吉亚篇》拥有大量说理性的比喻、隐喻、拟人等修辞手法，文笔流畅、优美，译者在翻译类似句子的时候，特别注意保留原文蕴含的美感。原文读来朴素、幽默、琅琅上口。译文最大程度保留了原文口语体的风格，具备自然、流畅又不失美感的特点。

王晓朝先生从希腊文译出的《高尔吉亚篇》，收入《柏拉图全集》第1卷，由人民出版社于2002年出版。我们对前辈的工作表示感谢；在人名及术语的确定方面，我们参考了王先生《高尔吉亚篇》和相关柏拉图著作的中译本。

最后，对许多朋友对译文文字润色所提供的批评意见表示感谢。本书的翻译不足之处、错误之处，恳请读者批评指正。

译者

2011年春

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Plato

GORGIAS

GORGIAS

PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE: CALLICLES; SOCRATES; CHAEREPHON; GORGIAS; POLUS

Scene: The house of Callicles.

Callicles: The wise man, as the proverb says, is late for a fray, but not for a feast.

Socrates: And are we late for a feast?

Cal: Yes, and a delightful feast; for Gorgias has just been exhibiting to us many fine things.

Soc: It is not my fault, Callicles; our friend Chaerephon is to blame; for he would keep us loitering in the Agora.

Chaerephon: Never mind, Socrates; the misfortune of which I have been the cause I will also repair; for Gorgias is a friend of mine, and I will make him give the exhibition again either now, or, if you prefer, at some other time.

Cal: What is the matter, Chaerephon—does Socrates want to hear Gorgias?

Chaer: Yes, that was our intention in coming.

Cal: Come into my house, then; for Gorgias is staying with me, and he shall exhibit to you.

Soc: Very good, Callicles; but will he answer our questions? for I want to hear from him what is the nature of his art, and what it is which he professes and teaches; he may, as you (Chaerephon) suggest, defer the exhibition to some other time.

Cal: There is nothing like asking him, Socrates; and indeed to answer questions is a part of his exhibition, for he was saying only just now, that any one in my house might put any question to him, and that he would answer.

Soc: How fortunate! will you ask him, Chaerephon—?

Chaer: What shall I ask him?

Soc: Ask him who he is.

Chaer: What do you mean?

Soc: I mean such a question as would elicit from him, if he had been a maker of shoes, the answer that he is a cobbler. Do you understand?

Chaer: I understand, and will ask him: Tell me, Gorgias, is our friend Callicles right in saying that you undertake to answer any questions which you are asked?

Gorgias: Quite right, Chaerephon: I was saying as much only just now; and I may add, that many years have elapsed since any one has asked me a new one.

Chaer: Then you must be very ready, Gorgias.

Gor: Of that, Chaerephon, you can make trial.

Polus: Yes, indeed, and if you like, Chaerephon, you may make trial of me too, for I think that Gorgias, who has been talking a long time, is tired.

Chaer: And do you, Polus, think that you can answer better than Gorgias?

Pol: What does that matter if I answer well enough for you?

Chaer: Not at all:—and you shall answer if you like.

Pol: Ask:—

Chaer: My question is this: If Gorgias had the skill of his brother Herodicus, what ought we to call him? Ought he not to have the name which is given to his brother?

Pol: Certainly.

Chaer: Then we should be right in calling him a physician?

Pol: Yes.

Chaer: And if he had the skill of Aristophon the son of Aglaophon, or of his brother Polygnotus, what ought we to call him?

Pol: Clearly, a painter.

Chaer: But now what shall we call him—what is the art in which he is skilled.

Pol: O Chaerephon, there are many arts among mankind which are experimental, and have their origin in experience, for experience makes the days of men to proceed according to art, and inexperience according to chance, and different persons in different ways are proficient in different arts, and the best persons in the best arts. And our friend Gorgias is one of the best, and the art in which he is a proficient is the noblest.

Soc: Polus has been taught how to make a capital speech, Gorgias; but he is not fulfilling the promise which he made to Chaerephon.

Gor: What do you mean, Socrates?

Soc: I mean that he has not exactly answered the question which he was asked.

Gor: Then why not ask him yourself?

Soc: But I would much rather ask you, if you are disposed to answer: for I see, from the few words which Polus has uttered, that he has attended more to the art which is called rhetoric than to dialectic.

Pol: What makes you say so, Socrates?

Soc: Because, Polus, when Chaerephon asked you what was the art which Gorgias knows, you praised it as if you were answering some one who found fault with it, but you never said what the art was.

Pol: Why, did I not say that it was the noblest of arts?

Soc: Yes, indeed, but that was no answer to the question: nobody asked what was the quality, but what was the nature, of the art, and by what name we were to describe Gorgias: And I would still beg you briefly and clearly, as you answered Chaerephon when he asked you at first, to say what this art is, and what we ought to call Gorgias: Or rather, Gorgias, let me turn to you, and ask the same question what are we to call you, and what is the art which you profess?

Gor: Rhetoric, Socrates, is my art.

Soc: Then I am to call you a rhetorician?

Gor: Yes, Socrates, and a good one too, if you would call me that which, in Homeric language, "I boast myself to be."

Soc: I should wish to do so.

Gor: Then pray do.

Soc: And are we to say that you are able to make other men rhetoricians?

Gor: Yes, that is exactly what I profess to make them, not only at Athens, but in all places.

Soc: And will you continue to ask and answer questions, Gorgias, as we are at present doing and reserve for another occasion the longer mode of speech which Polus was attempting? Will you keep your promise, and answer shortly the questions which are asked of you?

Gor: Some answers, Socrates, are of necessity longer; but I will do my best to make them as short as possible; for a part of my profession is that I can be as short as any one.

Soc: That is what is wanted, Gorgias; exhibit the shorter method now, and the longer one at some other time.

Gor: Well, I will; and you will certainly say, that you never heard a man use fewer words.

Soc: Very good then; as you profess to be a rhetorician, and a maker of rhetoricians, let me ask you, with what is rhetoric concerned: I might ask with what is weaving concerned, and you would reply (would you not?), with the making of garments?

Gor: Yes.

Soc: And music is concerned with the composition of melodies?

Gor: It is.

Soc: By Here, Gorgias, I admire the surpassing brevity of your answers.

Gor: Yes, Socrates, I do think myself good at that.

Soc: I am glad to hear it; answer me in like manner about rhetoric: with what is rhetoric concerned?

Gor: With discourse.

Soc: What sort of discourse, Gorgias?—such discourse as would teach the sick under what treatment they might get well?

Gor: No.

Soc: Then rhetoric does not treat of all kinds of discourse?

Gor: Certainly not.

Soc: And yet rhetoric makes men able to speak?

Gor: Yes.

Soc: And to understand that about which they speak?

Gor: Of course.

Soc: But does not the art of medicine, which we were just now mentioning, also make men able to understand and speak about the sick?

Gor: Certainly.

Soc: Then medicine also treats of discourse?

Gor: Yes.

Soc: Of discourse concerning diseases?

Gor: Just so.

Soc: And does not gymnastic also treat of discourse concerning the good or evil condition of the body?

Gor: Very true.

Soc: And the same, Gorgias, is true of the other arts: —all of them treat of discourse concerning the subjects with which they severally have to do.

Gor: Clearly.

Soc: Then why, if you call rhetoric the art which treats of discourse, and all the other arts treat of discourse, do you not call them arts of rhetoric?

Gor: Because, Socrates, the knowledge of the other arts has only to do with some sort of external action, as of the hand; but there is no such action of the hand in rhetoric which works and takes effect only through the medium of discourse. And therefore I am justified in saying that rhetoric treats of discourse.

Soc: I am not sure whether I entirely understand you, but I dare say I shall soon know better; please to answer me a question:—you would allow that there are arts?

Gor: Yes.

Soc: As to the arts generally, they are for the most part concerned with doing, and require little or no speaking; in painting, and statuary, and many other arts, the work may proceed in silence; and of such arts I suppose you would say that they do not come within the province of rhetoric.

Gor: You perfectly conceive my meaning, Socrates.

Soc: But there are other arts which work wholly through the medium of language, and require either no action or very little, as, for example, the arts of arithmetic, of calculation, of geometry, and of playing draughts; in some of these speech is pretty nearly co-extensive with action, but in most of them the verbal element is greater—they depend wholly on words for their efficacy and power: and I take your meaning to be that rhetoric is an art of this latter sort?

Gor: Exactly.

Soc: And yet I do not believe that you really mean to call any of these arts rhetoric; although the precise expression which you used was, that rhetoric is an art which works and takes effect only through the medium of discourse; and an adversary who wished to be captious might say, "And so, Gorgias, you call arithmetic rhetoric." But I do not think that you really call arithmetic rhetoric any more than geometry would be so called by you.

Gor: You are quite right, Socrates, in your apprehension of my meaning.

Soc: Well, then, let me now have the rest of my answer:—seeing that rhetoric is one of those arts which works mainly by the use of words, and there are other arts which also use words, tell me what is that quality in words with which rhetoric is concerned:—Suppose that a person asks me about some of the arts which I was mentioning just

now; he might say, "Socrates, what is arithmetic?" and I should reply to him, as you replied to me, that arithmetic is one of those arts which take effect through words. And then he would proceed to ask: "Words about what?" and I should reply, Words about odd and even numbers, and how many there are of each. And if he asked again: "What is the art of calculation?" I should say, That also is one of the arts which is concerned wholly with words. And if he further said, "Concerned with what?" I should say, like the clerks in the assembly, "as aforesaid" of arithmetic, but with a difference, the difference being that the art of calculation considers not only the quantities of odd and even numbers, but also their numerical relations to themselves and to one another. And suppose, again, I were to say that astronomy is only word—he would ask, "Words about what, Socrates?" and I should answer, that astronomy tells us about the motions of the stars and sun and moon, and their relative swiftness.

Gor: You would be quite right, Socrates.

Soc: And now let us have from you, Gorgias, the truth about rhetoric: which you would admit (would you not?) to be one of those arts which act always and fulfil all their ends through the medium of words?

Gor: True.

Soc: Words which do what? I should ask. To what class of things do the words which rhetoric uses relate?

Gor: To the greatest, Socrates, and the best of human things.

Soc: That again, Gorgias is ambiguous; I am still in the dark: for which are the greatest and best of human things? I dare say that you have heard men singing at feasts the old drinking song, in which the singers enumerate the goods of life, first health, beauty next, thirdly, as the writer of the song says, wealth honesty obtained.

Gor: Yes, I know the song; but what is your drift?

Soc: I mean to say, that the producers of those things which the author of the song praises, that is to say, the physician, the trainer, the money-maker, will at once come to you, and first the physician will say: "O Socrates, Gorgias is deceiving you, for my art is concerned with the greatest good of men and not his." And when I ask, Who are you? he will reply, "I am a physician." What do you mean? I shall say. Do you mean that your art produces the greatest good? "Certainly," he will answer, "for is not health the greatest good? What greater good

can men have, Socrates?" And after him the trainer will come and say, "I too, Socrates, shall be greatly surprised if Gorgias can show more good of his art than I can show of mine." To him again I shall say, Who are you, honest friend, and what is your business? "I am a trainer," he will reply, "and my business is to make men beautiful and strong in body." When I have done with the trainer, there arrives the money-maker, and he, as I expect, utterly despise them all. "Consider Socrates," he will say, "whether Gorgias or any one else can produce any greater good than wealth." Well, you and I say to him, and are you a creator of wealth? "Yes," he replies. And who are you? "A money-maker." And do you consider wealth to be the greatest good of man? "Of course," will be his reply. And we shall rejoin: Yes; but our friend Gorgias contends that his art produces a greater good than yours. And then he will be sure to go on and ask, "What good? Let Gorgias answer." Now I want you, Gorgias, to imagine that this question is asked of you by them and by me; What is that which, as you say, is the greatest good of man, and of which you are the creator? Answer us.

Gor: That good, Socrates, which is truly the greatest, being that which gives to men freedom in their own persons, and to individuals the power of ruling over others in their several states.

Soc: And what would you consider this to be?

Gor: What is there greater than the word which persuades the judges in the courts, or the senators in the council, or the citizens in the assembly, or at any other political meeting?—if you have the power of uttering this word, you will have the physician your slave, and the trainer your slave, and the money-maker of whom you talk will be found to gather treasures, not for himself, but for you who are able to speak and to persuade the multitude.

Soc: Now I think, Gorgias, that you have very accurately explained what you conceive to be the art of rhetoric; and you mean to say, if I am not mistaken, that rhetoric is the artificer of persuasion, having this and no other business, and that this is her crown and end. Do you know any other effect of rhetoric over and above that of producing persuasion?

Gor: No, the definition seems to me very fair, Socrates; for persuasion is the chief end of rhetoric.

Soc: Then hear me, Gorgias, for I am quite sure that if there ever was a man who—entered on the discussion of a matter from a pure

love of knowing the truth, I am such a one, and I should say the same of you.

Gor: What is coming, Socrates?

Soc: I will tell you: I am very well aware that do not know what, according to you, is the exact nature, or what are the topics of that persuasion of which you speak, and which is given by rhetoric; although I have a suspicion about both the one and the other. And I am going to ask—what is this power of persuasion which is given by rhetoric, and about what? But why, if I have a suspicion, do I ask instead of telling you? Not for your sake, but in order that the argument may proceed in such a manner as is most likely to set forth the truth. And I would have you observe, that I am right in asking this further question: If I asked, "What sort of a painter is Zeuxis?" and you said, "The painter of figures," should I not be right in asking, What kind of figures, and where do you find them?"

Gor: Certainly.

Soc: And the reason for asking this second question would be, that there are other painters besides, who paint many other figures?

Gor: True.

Soc: But if there had been no one but Zeuxis who painted them, then you would have answered very well.

Gor: Quite so.

Soc: Now I was it to know about rhetoric in the same way;—is rhetoric the only art which brings persuasion, or do other arts have the same effect? I mean to say—does he who teaches anything persuade men of that which he teaches or not?

Gor: He persuades, Socrates,—there can be no mistake about that.

Soc: Again, if we take the arts of which we were just now speaking:—do not arithmetic and the arithmeticians teach us the properties of number?

Gor: Certainly.

Soc: And therefore persuade us of them?

Gor: Yes.

Soc: Then arithmetic as well as rhetoric is an artificer of persuasion?

Gor: Clearly.

Soc: And if any one asks us what sort of persuasion, and about what,—we shall answer, persuasion which teaches the quantity of odd and even; and we shall be able to show that all the other arts of which we were just now speaking are artificers of persuasion, and of what sort, and about what.

Gor: Very true.

Soc: Then rhetoric is not the only artificer of persuasion?

Gor: True.

Soc: Seeing, then, that not only rhetoric works by persuasion, but that other arts do the same, as in the case of the painter, a question has arisen which is a very fair one: Of what persuasion is rhetoric the artificer, and about what?—is not that a fair way of putting the question?

Gor: I think so.

Soc: Then, if you approve the question, Gorgias, what is the answer?

Gor: I answer, Socrates, that rhetoric is the art of persuasion in courts of law and other assemblies, as I was just now saying, and about the just and unjust.

Soc: And that, Gorgias, was what I was suspecting to be your notion; yet I would not have you wonder if by-and-by I am found repeating a seemingly plain question; for I ask not in order to confute you, but as I was saying that the argument may proceed consecutively, and that we may not get the habit of anticipating and suspecting the meaning of one another's words; I would have you develop your own views in your own way, whatever may be your hypothesis.

Gor: I think that you are quite right, Socrates.

Soc: Then let me raise another question; there is such a thing as "having learned"?

Gor: Yes.

Soc: And there is also "having believed"?

Gor: Yes.

Soc: And is the "having learned" the same as "having believed," and are learning and belief the same things?

Gor: In my judgment, Socrates, they are not the same.

Soc: And your judgment is right, as you may ascertain in this way:—If a person were to say to you, "Is there, Gorgias, a false belief as well as a true?"—you would reply, if I am not mistaken, that there is.

Gor: Yes.

Soc: Well, but is there a false knowledge as well as a true?

Gor: No.

Soc: No, indeed; and this again proves that knowledge and belief differ.

Gor: Very true.

Soc: And yet those who have learned as well as those who have believed are persuaded?

Gor: Just so.

Soc: Shall we then assume two sorts of persuasion,—one which is the source of belief without knowledge, as the other is of knowledge?

Gor: By all means.

Soc: And which sort of persuasion does rhetoric create in courts of law and other assemblies about the just and unjust, the sort of persuasion which gives belief without knowledge, or that which gives knowledge?

Gor: Clearly, Socrates, that which only gives belief.

Soc: Then rhetoric, as would appear, is the artificer of a persuasion which creates belief about the just and unjust, but gives no instruction about them?

Gor: True.

Soc: And the rhetorician does not instruct the courts of law or other assemblies about things just and unjust, but he creates belief about them; for no one can be supposed to instruct such a vast multitude about such high matters in a short time?

Gor: Certainly not.

Soc: Come, then, and let us see what we really mean about rhetoric; for I do not know what my own meaning is as yet. When the assembly meets to elect a physician or a shipwright or any other craftsman, will the rhetorician be taken into counsel? Surely not. For at every election he ought to be chosen who is most skilled; and, again, when walls have to be built or harbours or docks to be constructed, not the rhetorician but the master workman will advise; or when generals have to be chosen and an order of battle arranged, or a proposition taken, then the military will advise and not the rhetoricians: what do you say, Gorgias? Since you profess to be a rhetorician and a maker of rhetoricians, I cannot do better than learn the nature of your art from you. And here let me assure you that I have your interest in view as well as my own. For likely enough some one or other of the young men present might desire to become your pupil, and in fact I see some, and a good many too, who have this wish, but they would be too modest to question you. And therefore when you are interrogated by me, I would have you imagine that you are interrogated by them. "What is the use of coming to you, Gorgias? they will say about what will you teach us to advise the state?—about the just and unjust only, or about those other things also which Socrates has just mentioned? How will you answer them?

Gor: I like your way of leading us on, Socrates, and I will endeavour to reveal to you the whole nature of rhetoric. You must have heard, I think, that the docks and the walls of the Athenians and the plan of the harbour were devised in accordance with the counsels, partly of Themistocles, and partly of Pericles, and not at the suggestion of the builders.

Soc: Such is the tradition, Gorgias, about Themistocles; and I myself heard the speech of Pericles when he advised us about the middle wall.

Gor: And you will observe, Socrates, that when a decision has to be given in such matters the rhetoricians are the advisers; they are the men who win their point.

Soc: I had that in my admiring mind, Gorgias, when I asked what

is the nature of rhetoric, which always appears to me, when I look at the matter in this way, to be a marvel of greatness.

Gor: A marvel, indeed, Socrates, if you only knew how rhetoric comprehends and holds under her sway all the inferior arts. Let me offer you a striking example of this. On several occasions I have been with my brother Herodicus or some other physician to see one of his patients, who would not allow the physician to give him medicine, or apply a knife or hot iron to him; and I have persuaded him to do for me what he would not do for the physician just by the use of rhetoric. And I say that if a rhetorician and a physician were to go to any city, and had there to argue in the Ecclesia or any other assembly as to which of them should be elected state-physician, the physician would have no chance; but he who could speak would be chosen if he wished; and in a contest with a man of any other profession the rhetorician more than any one would have the power of getting himself chosen, for he can speak more persuasively to the multitude than any of them, and on any subject. Such is the nature and power of the art of rhetoric. And yet, Socrates, rhetoric should be used like any other competitive art, not against everybody—the rhetorician ought not to abuse his strength any more than a pugilist or pancratiast or other master of fence; because he has powers which are more than a match either for friend or enemy, he ought not therefore to strike, stab, or slay his friends. Suppose a man to have been trained in the palestra and to be a skilful boxer—he in the fulness of his strength goes and strikes his father or mother or one of his familiars or friends; but that is no reason why the trainers or fencing-masters should be held in detestation or banished from the city—surely not. For they taught their art for a good purpose, to be used against enemies and evil-doers, in self-defence not in aggression, and others have perverted their instructions, and turned to a bad use their own strength and skill. But not on this account are the teachers bad, neither is the art in fault, or bad in itself; I should rather say that those who make a bad use of the art are to blame. And the same argument holds good of rhetoric; for the rhetorician can speak against all men and upon any subject—in short, he can persuade the multitude better than any other man of anything which he pleases, but he should not therefore seek to defraud the physician or any other artist of his reputation merely because he has the power; he ought to use rhetoric fairly, as he would also use his athletic powers. And if after having become a rhetorician he makes a bad use of his strength and skill, his instructor surely ought not on that account to be held in detestation or banished. For he was intended by his teacher to make a good use of his instructions, but he abuses them. And therefore he is the person who ought to be

held in detestation, banished, and put to death, and not his instructor.

Soc: You, Gorgias, like myself, have had great experience of disputations, and you must have observed, I think, that they do not always terminate in mutual edification, or in the definition by either party of the subjects which they are discussing; but disagreements are apt to arise—somebody says that another has not spoken truly or clearly; and then they get into a passion and begin to quarrel, both parties conceiving that their opponents are arguing from personal feeling only and jealousy of themselves, not from any interest in the question at issue. And sometimes they will go on abusing one another until the company at last are quite vexed at themselves for ever listening to such fellows. Why do I say this? Why, because I cannot help feeling that you are now saying what is not quite consistent or accordant with what you were saying at first about rhetoric. And I am afraid to point this out to you, lest you should think that I have some animosity against you, and that I speak, not for the sake of discovering the truth, but from jealousy of you. Now if you are one of my sort, I should like to cross-examine you, but if not I will let you alone. And what is my sort? you will ask. I am one of those who are very willing to be refuted if I say anything which is not true, and very willing to refute any one else who says what is not true, and quite as ready to be refuted as to refute—for I hold that this is the greater gain of the two, just as the gain is greater of being cured of a very great evil than of curing another. For I imagine that there is no evil which a man can endure so great as an erroneous opinion about the matters of which we are speaking and if you claim to be one of my sort, let us have the discussion out, but if you would rather have done, no matter—let us make an end of it.

Gor: I should say, Socrates, that I am quite the man whom you indicate; but, perhaps, we ought to consider the audience, for, before you came, I had already given a long exhibition, and if we proceed the argument may run on to a great length. And therefore I think that we should consider whether we, may not be detaining some part of the company when they are wanting to do something else.

Chaer: You hear the audience cheering, Gorgias and Socrates, which shows their desire to listen to you; and for myself, Heaven forbid that I should have any business on hand which would take me away from a discussion so interesting and so ably maintained.

Cal: By the gods, Chaerephon, although I have been present at many discussions, I doubt whether I was ever so much delighted before, and therefore if you go on discoursing all day I shall be the

better pleased.

Soc: I may truly say, Callicles, that I am willing, if Gorgias is.

Gor: After all this, Socrates, I should be disgraced if I refused, especially as I have promised to answer all comers; in accordance with the wishes of the company, them, do you begin. and ask of me any question which you like.

Soc: Let me tell you then, Gorgias, what surprises me in your words; though I dare say that you may be right, and I may have understood your meaning. You say that you can make any man, who will learn of you, a rhetorician?

Gor: Yes.

Soc: Do you mean that you will teach him to gain the ears of the multitude on any subject, and this not by instruction but by persuasion?

Gor: Quite so.

Soc: You were saying, in fact, that the rhetorician will have, greater powers of persuasion than the physician even in a matter of health?

Gor: Yes, with the multitude—that is.

Soc: You mean to say, with the ignorant; for with those who know he cannot be supposed to have greater powers of persuasion.

Gor: Very true.

Soc: But if he is to have more power of persuasion than the physician, he will have greater power than he who knows?

Gor: Certainly.

Soc: Although he is not a physician:—is he?

Gor: No.

Soc: And he who is not a physician must, obviously, be ignorant of what the physician knows.

Gor: Clearly.

Soc: Then, when the rhetorician is more persuasive than the physician, the ignorant is more persuasive with the ignorant than he who has knowledge?—is not that the inference?

Gor: In the case supposed:—Yes.

Soc: And the same holds of the relation of rhetoric to all the other arts; the rhetorician need not know the truth about things; he has only to discover some way of persuading the ignorant that he has more knowledge than those who know?

Gor: Yes, Socrates, and is not this a great comfort?—not to have learned the other arts, but the art of rhetoric only, and yet to be in no way inferior to the professors of them?

Soc: Whether the rhetorician is or not inferior on this account is a question which we will hereafter examine if the enquiry is likely to be of any service to us; but I would rather begin by asking, whether he is as ignorant of the just and unjust, base and honourable, good and evil, as he is of medicine and the other arts; I mean to say, does he really know anything of what is good and evil, base or honourable, just or unjust in them; or has he only a way with the ignorant of persuading them that he not knowing is to be esteemed to know more about these things than someone else who knows? Or must the pupil know these things and come to you knowing them before he can acquire the art of rhetoric? If he is ignorant, you who are the teacher of rhetoric will not teach him—it is not your business; but you will make him seem to the multitude to know them, when he does not know them; and seem to be a good man, when he is not. Or will you be unable to teach him rhetoric at all, unless he knows the truth of these things first? What is to be said about all this? By heavens, Gorgias, I wish that you would reveal to me the power of rhetoric, as you were saying that you would.

Gor: Well, Socrates, I suppose that if the pupil does chance not to know them, he will have to learn of me these things as well.

Soc: Say no more, for there you are right; and so he whom you make a rhetorician must either know the nature of the just and unjust already, or he must be taught by you.

Gor: Certainly.

Soc: Well, and is not he who has learned carpentering a carpenter?

Gor: Yes.

Soc: And he who has learned music a musician?

Gor: Yes.

Soc: And he who has learned medicine is a physician, in like manner? He who has learned anything whatever is that which his knowledge makes him.

Gor: Certainly.

Soc: And in the same way, he who has learned what is just is just?

Gor: To be sure.

Soc: And he who is just may be supposed to do what is just?

Gor: Yes.

Soc: And must not the just man always desire to do what is just?

Gor: That is clearly the inference.

Soc: Surely, then, the just man will never consent to do injustice?

Gor: Certainly not.

Soc: And according to the argument the rhetorician must be a just man?

Gor: Yes.

Soc: And will therefore never be willing to do injustice?

Gor: Clearly not.

Soc: But do you remember saying just now that the trainer is not to be accused or banished if the pugilist makes a wrong use of his pugilistic art; and in like manner, if the rhetorician makes a bad and unjust use of rhetoric, that is not to be laid to the charge of his teacher, who is not to be banished, but the wrong-doer himself who made a bad use of his rhetoric—he is to be banished—was not that said?

Gor: Yes, it was.

Soc: But now we are affirming that the aforesaid rhetorician will never have done injustice at all?

Gor: True.

Soc: And at the very outset, Gorgias, it was said that rhetoric treated of discourse, not (like arithmetic) about odd and even, but about just and unjust? Was not this said?

Gor: Yes.

Soc: I was thinking at the time, when I heard you saying so, that rhetoric, which is always discoursing about justice, could not possibly be an unjust thing. But when you added, shortly afterwards, that the rhetorician might make a bad use of rhetoric I noted with surprise the inconsistency into which you had fallen; and I said, that if you thought, as I did, that there was a gain in being refuted, there would be an advantage in going on with the question, but if not, I would leave off. And in the course of our investigations, as you will see yourself, the rhetorician has been acknowledged to be incapable of making an unjust use of rhetoric, or of willingness to do injustice. By the dog, Gorgias, there will be a great deal of discussion, before we get at the truth of all this.

Polus: And do even you, Socrates, seriously believe what you are now saying about rhetoric? What! because Gorgias was ashamed to deny that the rhetorician knew the just and the honourable and the good, and admitted that to any one who came to him ignorant of them he could teach them, and then out of this admission there arose a contradiction—the thing which you dearly love, and to which not he, but you, brought the argument by your captious questions—(do you seriously believe that there is any truth in all this?) For will any one ever acknowledge that he does not know, or cannot teach, the nature of justice? The truth is, that there is great want of manners in bringing the argument to such a pass.

Soc: Illustrious Polus, the reason why we provide ourselves with friends and children is, that when we get old and stumble, a younger generation may be at hand to set us on our legs again in our words and in our actions: and now, if I and Gorgias are stumbling, here are you who should raise us up; and I for my part engage to retract any error into which you may think that I have fallen—upon one condition:

Pol: What condition?

Soc: That you contract, Polus, the prolixity of speech in which you indulged at first.

Pol: What! do you mean that I may not use as many words as I please?

Soc: Only to think, my friend, that having come on a visit to Athens, which is the most free—spoken state in Hellas, you when you got there, and you alone, should be deprived of the power of speech—that would be hard indeed. But then consider my case:—shall not I be very hardly used, if, when you are making a long oration, and refusing to answer what you are asked, I am compelled to stay and listen to you, and may not go away? I say rather, if you have a real interest in the argument, or, to repeat my former expression, have any desire to set it on its legs, take back any statement which you please; and in your turn ask and answer, like myself and Gorgias—refute and be refuted: for I suppose that you would claim to know what Gorgias knows—would you not?

Pol: Yes.

Soc: And you, like him, invite any one to ask you about anything which he pleases, and you will know how to answer him?

Pol: To be sure.

Soc: And now, which will you do, ask or answer?

Pol: I will ask; and do you answer me, Socrates, the same question which Gorgias, as you suppose, is unable to answer: What is rhetoric?

Soc: Do you mean what sort of an art?

Pol: Yes.

Soc: To say the truth, Polus, it is not an art at all, in my opinion.

Pol: Then what, in your opinion, is rhetoric?

Soc: A thing which, as I was lately reading in a book of yours, you say that you have made an art.

Pol: What thing?

Soc: I should say a sort of experience.

Pol: Does rhetoric seem to you to be an experience?

Soc: That is my view, but you may be of another mind.

Pol: An experience in what?

Soc: An experience in producing a sort of delight and gratification.

Pol: And if able to gratify others, must not rhetoric be a fine thing?

Soc: What are you saying, Polus? Why do you ask me whether rhetoric is a fine thing or not, when I have not as yet told you what rhetoric is?

Pol: Did I not hear you say that rhetoric was a sort of experience?

Soc: Will you, who are so desirous to gratify others, afford a slight gratification to me?

Pol: I will.

Soc: Will you ask me, what sort of an art is cookery?

Pol: What sort of an art is cookery?

Soc: Not an art at all, Polus.

Pol: What then?

Soc: I should say an experience.

Pol: In what? I wish that you would explain to me.

Soc: An experience in producing a sort of delight and gratification, Polus.

Pol: Then are cookery and rhetoric the same?

Soc: No, they are only different parts of the same profession.

Pol: Of what profession?

Soc: I am afraid that the truth may seem discourteous; and I hesitate to answer, lest Gorgias should imagine that I am making fun of his own profession. For whether or no this is that art of rhetoric which Gorgias practises I really cannot tell:—from what he was just now saying, nothing appeared of what he thought of his art, but the

rhetoric which I mean is a part of a not very creditable whole.

Gor: A part of what, Socrates? Say what you mean, and never mind me.

Soc: In my opinion then, Gorgias, the whole of which rhetoric is a part is not an art at all, but the habit of a bold and ready wit, which knows how to manage mankind: this habit I sum up under the word "flattery"; and it appears to me to have many other parts, one of which is cookery, which may seem to be an art, but, as I maintain, is only an experience or routine and not an art:—another part is rhetoric, and the art of attiring and sophistry are two others: thus there are four branches, and four different things answering to them. And Polus may ask, if he likes, for he has not as yet been informed, what part of flattery is rhetoric: he did not see that I had not yet answered him when he proceeded to ask a further question: Whether I do not think rhetoric a fine thing? But I shall not tell him whether rhetoric is a fine thing or not, until I have first answered, "What is rhetoric?" For that would not be right, Polus; but I shall be happy to answer, if you will ask me, what part of flattery is rhetoric?

Pol: I will ask and do you answer? What part of flattery is rhetoric?

Soc: Will you understand my answer? Rhetoric, according to my view, is the ghost or counterfeit of a part of politics.

Pol: And noble or ignoble?

Soc: Ignoble, I should say, if I am compelled to answer, for I call what is bad ignoble: though I doubt whether you understand what I was saying before.

Gor: Indeed, Socrates, I cannot say that I understand myself.

Soc: I do not wonder, Gorgias; for I have not as yet explained myself, and our friend Polus, colt by name and colt by nature, is apt to run away.

Gor: Never mind him, but explain to me what you mean by saying that rhetoric is the counterfeit of a part of politics.

Soc: I will try, then, to explain my notion of rhetoric, and if I am mistaken, my friend Polus shall refute me. We may assume the existence of bodies and of souls?

Gor: Of course.

Soc: You would further admit that there is a good condition of either of them?

Gor: Yes.

Soc: Which condition may not be really good, but good only in appearance? I mean to say, that there are many persons who appear to be in good health, and whom only a physician or trainer will discern at first sight not to be in good health.

Gor: True.

Soc: And this applies not only to the body, but also to the soul: in either there may be that which gives the appearance of health and not the reality?

Gor: Yes, certainly.

Soc: And now I will endeavour to explain to you more clearly what I mean: The soul and body being two, have two arts corresponding to them: there is the art of politics attending on the soul; and another art attending on the body, of which I know no single name, but which may be described as having two divisions, one of them gymnastic, and the other medicine. And in politics there is a legislative part, which answers to gymnastic, as justice does to medicine; and the two parts run into one another, justice having to do with the same subject as legislation, and medicine with the same subject as gymnastic, but with a difference. Now, seeing that there are these four arts, two attending on the body and two on the soul for their highest good; flattery knowing, or rather guessing their natures, has distributed herself into four shams or simulations of them; she puts on the likeness of some one or other of them, and pretends to be that which she simulates, and having no regard for men's highest interests, is ever making pleasure the bait of the unwary, and deceiving them into the belief that she is of the highest value to them. Cookery simulates the disguise of medicine, and pretends to know what food is the best for the body; and if the physician and the cook had to enter into a competition in which children were the judges, or men who had no more sense than children, as to which of them best understands the goodness or badness of food, the physician would be starved to death. A flattery I deem this to be and of an ignoble sort, Polus, for to you I am now addressing myself, because it aims at pleasure without any thought of the best. An art I do not call it, but

only an experience, because it is unable to explain or to give a reason of the nature of its own applications. And I do not call any irrational thing an art; but if you dispute my words, I am prepared to argue in defence of them.

Cookery, then, I maintain to be a flattery which takes the form of medicine; and tiring, in like manner, is a flattery which takes the form of gymnastic, and is knavish, false, ignoble, illiberal, working deceitfully by the help of lines, and colours, and enamels, and garments, and making men affect a spurious beauty to the neglect of the true beauty which is given by gymnastic.

I would rather not be tedious, and therefore I will only say, after the manner of the geometricians (for I think that by this time you will be able to follow)

astiring : gymnastic :: cookery : medicine; or rather, astiring : gymnastic :: sophistry : legislation; and as cookery : medicine :: rhetoric : justice.

And this, I say, is the natural difference between the rhetorician and the sophist, but by reason of their near connection, they are apt to be jumbled up together; neither do they know what to make of themselves, nor do other men know what to make of them. For if the body presided over itself, and were not under the guidance of the soul, and the soul did not discern and discriminate between cookery and medicine, but the body was made the judge of them, and the rule of judgment was the bodily delight which was given by them, then the word of Anaxagoras, that word with which you, friend Polus, are so well acquainted, would prevail far and wide: "Chaos" would come again, and cookery, health, and medicine would mingle in an indiscriminate mass. And now I have told you my notion of rhetoric, which is, in relation to the soul, what cookery is to the body. I may have been inconsistent in making a long speech, when I would not allow you to discourse at length. But I think that I may be excused, because you did not understand me, and could make no use of my answer when I spoke shortly, and therefore I had to enter into explanation. And if I show an equal inability to make use of yours, I hope that you will speak at equal length; but if I am able to understand you, let me have the benefit of your brevity, as is only fair: And now you may do what you please with my answer.

Pol: What do you mean? do you think that rhetoric is flattery?

Soc: Nay, I said a part of flattery—if at your age, Polus, you

cannot remember, what will you do by-and-by, when you get older?

Pol: And are the good rhetoricians meanly regarded in states, under the idea that they are flatterers?

Soc: Is that a question or the beginning of a speech?

Pol: I am asking a question.

Soc: Then my answer is, that they are not regarded at all.

Pol: How not regarded? Have they not very great power in states?

Soc: Not if you mean to say that power is a good to the possessor.

Pol: And that is what I do mean to say.

Soc: Then, if so, I think that they have the least power of all the citizens.

Pol: What! Are they not like tyrants? They kill and despoil and exile any one whom they please.

Soc: By the dog, Polus, I cannot make out at each deliverance of yours, whether you are giving an opinion of your own, or asking a question of me.

Pol: I am asking a question of you.

Soc: Yes, my friend, but you ask two questions at once.

Pol: How two questions?

Soc: Why, did you not say just now that the rhetoricians are like tyrants, and that they kill and despoil or exile any one whom they please?

Pol: I did.

Soc: Well then, I say to you that here are two questions in one, and I will answer both of them. And I tell you, Polus, that rhetoricians and tyrants have the least possible power in states, as I was just now saying; for they do literally nothing which they will, but only what they think best.

Pol: And is not that a great power?

Soc: Polus has already said the reverse.

Pol: Said the reverse! Nay,that is what I assert.

Soc: No, by the great—what do you call him?—not you, for you say that power is a good to him who has the power.

Pol: I do.

Soc: And would you maintain that if a fool does what he think best, this is a good, and would you call this great power?

Pol: I should not.

Soc: Then you must prove that the rhetorician is not a fool, and that rhetoric is an art and not a flattery—and so you will have refuted me; but if you leave me unrefuted, why, the rhetoricians who do what they think best in states, and the tyrants, will have nothing upon which to congratulate themselves, if as you say, power be indeed a good, admitting at the same time that what is done without sense is an evil.

Pol: Yes; I admit that.

Soc: How then can the rhetoricians or the tyrants have great power in states, unless Polus can refute Socrates, and prove to him that they do as they will?

Pol: This fellow—

Soc: I say that they do not do as they will—now refute me.

Pol: Why, have you not already said that they do as they think best?

Soc: And I say so still.

Pol: Then surely they do as they will?

Soc: I deny it.

Pol: But they do what they think best?

Soc: Aye.

Pol: That, Socrates, is monstrous and absurd.

Soc: Good words, good Polus, as I may say in your own peculiar style; but if you have any questions to ask of me, either prove that I am in error or give the answer yourself.

Pol: Very well, I am willing to answer that I may know what you mean.

Soc: Do men appear to you to will that which they do, or to will that further end for the sake of which they do a thing? when they take medicine, for example, at the bidding of a physician, do they will the drinking of the medicine which is painful, or the health for the sake of which they drink?

Pol: Clearly, the health.

Soc: And when men go on a voyage or engage in business, they do not will that which they are doing at the time; for who would desire to take the risk of a voyage or the trouble of business? —But they will, to have the wealth for the sake of which they go on a voyage.

Pol: Certainly.

Soc: And is not this universally true? If a man does something for the sake of something else, he wills not that which he does, but that for the sake of which he does it.

Pol: Yes.

Soc: And are not all things either good or evil, or intermediate and indifferent?

Pol: To be sure, Socrates.

Soc: Wisdom and health and wealth and the like you would call goods, and their opposites evils?

Pol: I should.

Soc: And the things which are neither good nor evil, and which partake sometimes of the nature of good and at other times of evil, or of neither, are such as sitting, walking, running, sailing; or, again, wood, stones, and the like:—these are the things which you call neither good nor evil?

Pol: Exactly so.

Soc: Are these indifferent things done for the sake of the good, or the good for the sake of the indifferent?

Pol: Clearly, the indifferent for the sake of the good.

Soc: When we walk we walk for the sake of the good, and under the idea that it is better to walk, and when we stand we stand equally for the sake of the good?

Pol: Yes.

Soc: And when we kill a man we kill him or exile him or despoil him of his goods, because, as we think, it will conduce to our good?

Pol: Certainly.

Soc: Men who do any of these things do them for the sake of the good?

Pol: Yes.

Soc: And did we not admit that in doing something for the sake of something else, we do not will those things which we do, but that other thing for the sake of which we do them?

Pol: Most true.

Soc: Then we do not will simply to kill a man or to exile him or to despoil him of his goods, but we will to do that which conduces to our good, and if the act is not conducive to our good we do not will it; for we will, as you say, that which is our good, but that which is neither good nor evil, or simply evil, we do not will. Why are you silent, Polus? Am I not right?

Pol: You are right.

Soc: Hence we may infer, that if any one, whether he be a tyrant or a rhetorician, kills another or exiles another or deprives him of his property, under the idea that the act is for his own interests when really not for his own interests, he may be said to do what seems best to him?

Pol: Yes.

Soc: But does he do what he wills if he does what is evil? Why do you not answer?

Pol: Well, I suppose not.

Soc: Then if great power is a good as you allow, will such a one have great power in a state?

Pol: He will not.

Soc: Then I was right in saying that a man may do what seems good to him in a state, and not have great power, and not do what he wills?

Pol: As though you, Socrates, would not like to have the power of doing what seemed good to you in the state, rather than not; you would not be jealous when you saw any one killing or despoiling or imprisoning whom he pleased. Oh, no!

Soc: Justly or unjustly, do you mean?

Pol: In either case is he not equally to be envied?

Soc: Forbear, Polus!

Pol: Why "forbear"?

Soc: Because you ought not to envy wretches who are not to be envied, but only to pity them.

Pol: And are those of whom spoke wretches?

Soc: Yes, certainly they are.

Pol: And so you think that he who slays any one whom he pleases, and justly slays him, is pitiable and wretched?

Soc: No, I do not say that of him: but neither do I think that he is to be envied.

Pol: Were you not saying just now that he is wretched?

Soc: Yes, my friend, if he killed another unjustly, in which case he is also to be pitied; and he is not to be envied if he killed him justly.

Pol: At any rate you will allow that he who is unjustly put to death is wretched, and to be pitied?

Soc: Not so much, Polus, as he who kills him, and not so much as he who is justly killed.

Pol: How can that be, Socrates?

Soc: That may very well be, inasmuch as doing injustice is the greatest of evils.

Pol: But is it the greatest? Is not suffering injustice a greater evil?

Soc: Certainly not.

Pol: Then would you rather suffer than do injustice?

Soc: I should not like either, but if I must choose between them, I would rather suffer than do.

Pol: Then you would not wish to be a tyrant?

Soc: Not if you mean by tyranny what I mean.

Pol: I mean, as I said before, the power of doing whatever seems good to you in a state, killing, banishing, doing in all things as you like.

Soc: Well then, illustrious friend, when I have said my say, do you reply to me. Suppose that I go into a crowded Agora, and take a dagger under my arm. Polus, I say to you, I have just acquired rare power, and become a tyrant; for if I think that any of these men whom you see ought to be put to death, the man whom I have a mind to kill is as good as dead; and if I am disposed to break his head or tear his garment, he will have his head broken or his garment torn in an instant. Such is my great power in this city. And if you do not believe me, and I show you the dagger, you would probably reply: Socrates, in that sort of way any one may have great power—he may burn any house which he pleases, and the docks and triremes of the Athenians, and all their other vessels, whether public or private—but can you believe that this mere doing as you think best is great power?

Pol: Certainly not such doing as this.

Soc: But can you tell me why you disapprove of such a power?

Pol: I can.

Soc: Why then?

Pol: Why, because he who did as you say would be certain to be punished.

Soc: And punishment is an evil?

Pol: Certainly.

Soc: And you would admit once more, my good sir, that great power is a benefit to a man if his actions turn out to his advantage, and that this is the meaning of great power; and if not, then his power is an evil and is no power. But let us look at the matter in another way do we not acknowledge that the things of which we were speaking, the infliction of death, and exile, and the deprivation of property are sometimes a good and sometimes not a good?

Pol: Certainly.

Soc: About that you and I may be supposed to agree?

Pol: Yes.

Soc: Tell me, then, when do you say that they are good and when that they are evil—what principle do you lay down?

Pol: I would rather, Socrates, that you should answer as well as ask that question.

Soc: Well, Polus, since you would rather have the answer from me, I say that they are good when they are just, and evil when they are unjust.

Pol: You are hard of refutation, Socrates, but might not a child refute that statement?

Soc: Then I shall be very grateful to the child, and equally grateful to you if you will refute me and deliver me from my foolishness. And I hope that refute me you will, and not weary of doing good to a friend.

Pol: Yes, Socrates, and I need not go far or appeal to antiquity; events which happened only a few days ago are enough to refute you, and to prove that many men who do wrong are happy.

Soc: What events?

Pol: You see, I presume, that Archelaus the son of Perdiccas is now the ruler of Macedonia?

Soc: At any rate I hear that he is.

Pol: And do you think that he is happy or miserable?

Soc: I cannot say, Polus, for I have never had any acquaintance with him.

Pol: And cannot you tell at once, and without having an acquaintance with him, whether a man is happy?

Soc: Most certainly not.

Pol: Then clearly, Socrates, you would say that you did not even know whether the great king was a happy man?

Soc: And I should speak the truth; for I do not know how he stands in the matter of education and justice.

Pol: What! and does all happiness consist in this?

Soc: Yes, indeed, Polus, that is my doctrine; the men and women who are gentle and good are also happy, as I maintain, and the unjust and evil are miserable.

Pol: Then, according to your doctrine, the said Archelaus is miserable?

Soc: Yes, my friend, if he is wicked.

Pol: That he is wicked I cannot deny; for he had no title at all to the throne which he now occupies, he being only the son of a woman who was the slave of Alcetas the brother of Perdiccas; he himself therefore in strict right was the slave of Alcetas; and if he had meant to do rightly he would have remained his slave, and then, according to your doctrine, he would have been happy. But now he is unspeakably miserable, for he has been guilty of the greatest crimes: in the first place he invited his uncle and master, Alcetas, to come to him, under the pretence that he would restore to him the throne which Perdiccas has usurped, and after entertaining him and his son Alexander, who was his own cousin, and nearly of an age with him, and making them drunk, he threw them into a waggon and carried them off by night, and slew them, and got both of them out of the way; and when he had done all this wickedness he never discovered that he was the most miserable of all men, was very far from repenting: shall I tell you how he showed his remorse? he had a younger brother, a child of seven years old, who was the legitimate son of Perdiccas, and to him of right the kingdom belonged; Archelaus, however, had no mind to bring him up as he ought and restore the kingdom to him; that was not his

notion of happiness; but not long afterwards he threw him into a well and drowned him, and declared to his mother Cleopatra that he had fallen in while running after a goose, and had been killed. And now as he is the greatest criminal of all the Macedonians, he may be supposed to be the most miserable and not the happiest of them, and I dare say that there are many Athenians, and you would be at the head of them, who would rather be any other Macedonian than Archelaus!

Soc: I praised you at first, Polus, for being a rhetorician rather than a reasoner. And this, as I suppose, is the sort of argument with which you fancy that a child might refute me, and by which I stand refuted when I say that the unjust man is not happy. But, my good friend, where is the refutation? I cannot admit a word which you have been saying.

Pol: That is because you will not; for you surely must think as I do.

Soc: Not so, my simple friend, but because you will refute me after the manner which rhetoricians practise in courts of law. For there the one party think that they refute the other when they bring forward a number of witnesses of good repute in proof of their allegations, and their adversary has only a single one or none at all. But this kind of proof is of no value where truth is the aim; a man may often be sworn down by a multitude of false witnesses who have a great air of respectability. And in this argument nearly every one, Athenian and stranger alike, would be on your side, if you should bring witnesses in disproof of my statement—you may, if you will, summon Nicias the son of Niceratus, and let his brothers, who gave the row of tripods which stand in the precincts of Dionysus, come with him; or you may summon Aristocrates, the son of Scellius, who is the giver of that famous offering which is at Delphi; summon, if you will, the whole house of Pericles, or any other great Athenian family whom you choose—they will all agree with you: I only am left alone and cannot agree, for you do not convince me; although you produce many false witnesses against me, in the hope of depriving me of my inheritance, which is the truth. But I consider that nothing worth speaking of will have been effected by me unless I make you the one witness of my words; nor by you, unless you make me the one witness of yours; no matter about the rest of the world. For there are two ways of refutation, one which is yours and that of the world in general; but mine is of another sort—let us compare them, and see in what they differ. For, indeed, we are at issue about matters which to know is honourable and not to know disgraceful; to know or not to know happiness and misery—that is the chief of them. And what knowledge

can be nobler? or what ignorance more disgraceful than this? And therefore I will begin by asking you whether you do not think that a man who is unjust and doing injustice can be happy, seeing that you think Archelaus unjust, and yet happy? May I assume this to be your opinion?

Pol: Certainly.

Soc: But I say that this is an impossibility—here is one point about which we are at issue:—very good. And do you mean to say also that if he meets with retribution and punishment he will still be happy?

Pol: Certainly not; in that case he will be most miserable.

Soc: On the other hand, if the unjust be not punished, then, according to you, he will be happy?

Pol: Yes.

Soc: But in my opinion, Polus, the unjust or doer of unjust actions is miserable in any case,—more miserable, however, if he be not punished and does not meet with retribution, and less miserable if he be punished and meets with retribution at the hands of gods and men.

Pol: You are maintaining a strange doctrine, Socrates.

Soc: I shall try to make you agree with me, O my friend, for as a friend I regard you. Then these are the points at issue between us—are they not? I was saying that to do is worse than to suffer injustice?

Pol: Exactly so.

Soc: And you said the opposite?

Pol: Yes.

Soc: I said also that the wicked are miserable, and you refuted me?

Pol: By Zeus, I did.

Soc: In your own opinion, Polus.

Pol: Yes, and I rather suspect that I was in the right.

Soc: You further said that the wrong-doer is happy if he be

unpunished?

Pol: Certainly.

Soc: And I affirm that he is most miserable, and that those who are punished are less miserable—are you going to refute this proposition also?

Pol: A proposition which is harder of refutation than the other, Socrates.

Soc: Say rather, Polus, impossible; for who can refute the truth?

Pol: What do you mean? If a man is detected in an unjust attempt to make himself a tyrant, and when detected is racked, mutilated, has his eyes burned out, and after having had all sorts of great injuries inflicted on him, and having seen his wife and children suffer the like, is at last impaled or tarred and burned alive, will he be happier than if he escape and become a tyrant, and continue all through life doing what he likes and holding the reins of government, the envy and admiration both of citizens and strangers? Is that the paradox which, as you say, cannot be refuted?

Soc: There again, noble Polus, you are raising hobgoblins instead of refuting me; just now you were calling witnesses against me. But please to refresh my memory a little; did you say—"in an unjust attempt to make himself a tyrant"?

Pol: Yes, I did.

Soc: Then I say that neither of them will be happier than the other—neither he who unjustly acquires a tyranny, nor he who suffers in the attempt, for of two miserables one cannot be the happier, but that he who escapes and becomes a tyrant is the more miserable of the two. Do you laugh, Polus? Well, this is a new kind of refutation—when any one says anything, instead of refuting him to laugh at him.

Pol: But do you not think, Socrates, that you have been sufficiently refuted, when you say that which no human being will allow? Ask the company.

Soc: O Polus, I am not a public man, and only last year, when my tribe were serving as Prytanes, and it became my duty as their president to take the votes, there was a laugh at me, because I was unable to take them. And as I failed then, you must not ask me to count the suffrages of the company now; but if, as I was saying, you

have no better argument than numbers, let me have a turn, and do you make trial of the sort of proof which, as I think, is required; for I shall produce one witness only of the truth of my words, and he is the person with whom I am arguing; his suffrage I know how to take; but with the many I have nothing to do, and do not even address myself to them. May I ask then whether you will answer in turn and have your words put to the proof? For I certainly think that I and you and every man do really believe, that to do is a greater evil than to suffer injustice: and not to be punished than to be punished.

Pol: And I should say neither I, nor any man: would you yourself, for example, suffer rather than do injustice?

Soc: Yes, and you, too; I or any man would.

Pol: Quite the reverse; neither you, nor I, nor any man.

Soc: But will you answer?

Pol: To be sure, I will—for I am curious to hear what you can have to say.

Soc: Tell me, then, and you will know, and let us suppose that I am beginning at the beginning: which of the two, Polus, in your opinion, is the worst?—to do injustice or to suffer?

Pol: I should say that suffering was worst.

Soc: And which is the greater disgrace? —Answer.

Pol: To do.

Soc: And the greater disgrace is the greater evil?

Pol: Certainly not.

Soc: I understand you to say, if I am not mistaken, that the honourable is not the same as the good, or the disgraceful as the evil?

Pol: Certainly not.

Soc: Let me ask a question of you: When you speak of beautiful things, such as bodies, colours, figures, sounds, institutions, do you not call them beautiful in reference to some standard: bodies, for example, are beautiful in proportion as they are useful, or as the sight of them gives pleasure to the spectators; can you give any other account of personal beauty?

Pol: I cannot.

Soc: And you would say of figures or colours generally that they were beautiful, either by reason of the pleasure which they give, or of their use, or both?

Pol: Yes, I should.

Soc: And you would call sounds and music beautiful for the same reason?

Pol: I should.

Soc: Laws and institutions also have no beauty in them except in so far as they are useful or pleasant or both?

Pol: I think not.

Soc: And may not the same be said of the beauty of knowledge?

Pol: To be sure, Socrates; and I very much approve of your measuring beauty by the standard of pleasure and utility.

Soc: And deformity or disgrace may be equally measured by the opposite standard of pain and evil?

Pol: Certainly.

Soc: Then when of two beautiful things one exceeds in beauty, the measure of the excess is to be taken in one or both of these; that is to say, in pleasure or utility or both?

Pol: Very true.

Soc: And of two deformed things, that which exceeds in deformity or disgrace, exceeds either in pain or evil—must it not be so?

Pol: Yes.

Soc: But then again, what was the observation which you just now made, about doing and suffering wrong? Did you not say, that suffering wrong was more evil, and doing wrong more disgraceful?

Pol: I did.

Soc: Then, if doing wrong is more disgraceful than suffering, the more disgraceful must be more painful and must exceed in pain or in

evil or both: does not that also follow?

Pol: Of course.

Soc: First, then, let us consider whether the doing of injustice exceeds the suffering in the consequent pain: Do the injurers suffer more than the injured?

Pol: No, Socrates; certainly not.

Soc: Then they do not exceed in pain?

Pol: No.

Soc: But if not in pain, then not in both?

Pol: Certainly not.

Soc: Then they can only exceed in the other?

Pol: Yes.

Soc: That is to say, in evil?

Pol: True.

Soc: Then doing injustice will have an excess of evil, and will therefore be a greater evil than suffering injustice?

Pol: Clearly.

Soc: But have not you and the world already agreed that to do injustice is more disgraceful than to suffer?

Pol: Yes.

Soc: And that is now discovered to be more evil?

Pol: True.

Soc: And would you prefer a greater evil or a greater dishonour to a less one? Answer, Polus, and fear not; for you will come to no harm if you nobly resign yourself into the healing hand of the argument as to a physician without shrinking, and either say "Yes" or "No" to me.

Pol: I should say "No."

Soc: Would any other man prefer a greater to a less evil?

Pol: No, not according to this way of putting the case, Socrates.

Soc: Then I said truly, Polus that neither you, nor I, nor any man, would rather, do than suffer injustice; for to do injustice is the greater evil of the two.

Pol: That is the conclusion.

Soc: You see, Polus, when you compare the two kinds of refutations, how unlike they are. All men, with the exception of myself, are of your way of thinking; but your single assent and witness are enough for me—I have no need of any other, I take your suffrage, and am regardless of the rest. Enough of this, and now let us proceed to the next question; which is, Whether the greatest of evils to a guilty man is to suffer punishment, as you supposed, or whether to escape punishment is not a greater evil, as I supposed. Consider:—You would say that to suffer punishment is another name for being justly corrected when you do wrong?

Pol: I should.

Soc: And would you not allow that all just things are honourable in so far as they are just? Please to reflect, and, tell me your opinion.

Pol: Yes, Socrates, I think that they are.

Soc: Consider again:—Where there is an agent, must there not also be a patient?

Pol: I should say so.

Soc: And will not the patient suffer that which the agent does, and will not the suffering have the quality of the action? I mean, for example, that if a man strikes, there must be something which is stricken?

Pol: Yes.

Soc: And if the striker strikes violently or quickly, that which is struck will he struck violently or quickly?

Pol: True.

Soc: And the suffering to him who is stricken is of the same nature as the act of him who strikes?

Pol: Yes.

Soc: And if a man burns, there is something which is burned?

Pol: Certainly.

Soc: And if he burns in excess or so as to cause pain, the thing burned will be burned in the same way?

Pol: Truly.

Soc: And if he cuts, the same argument holds—there will be something cut?

Pol: Yes.

Soc: And if the cutting be great or deep or such as will cause pain, the cut will be of the same nature?

Pol: That is evident.

Soc: Then you would agree generally to the universal proposition which I was just now asserting: that the affection of the patient answers to the affection of the agent?

Pol: I agree.

Soc: Then, as this is admitted, let me ask whether being punished is suffering or acting?

Pol: Suffering, Socrates; there can be no doubt of that.

Soc: And suffering implies an agent?

Pol: Certainly, Socrates; and he is the punisher.

Soc: And he who punishes rightly, punishes justly?

Pol: Yes.

Soc: And therefore he acts justly?

Pol: Justly.

Soc: Then he who is punished and suffers retribution, suffers justly?

Pol: That is evident.

Soc: And that which is just has been admitted to be honourable?

Pol: Certainly.

Soc: Then the punisher does what is honourable, and the punished suffers what is honourable?

Pol: True.

Soc: And if what is honourable, then what is good, for the honourable is either pleasant or useful?

Pol: Certainly.

Soc: Then he who is punished suffers what is good?

Pol: That is true.

Soc: Then he is benefited?

Pol: Yes.

Soc: Do I understand you to mean what I mean by the term "benefited"? I mean, that if he be justly punished his soul is improved.

Pol: Surely.

Soc: Then he who is punished is delivered from the evil of his soul?

Pol: Yes.

Soc: And is he not then delivered from the greatest evil? Look at the matter in this way:—In respect of a man's estate, do you see any greater evil than poverty?

Pol: There is no greater evil.

Soc: Again, in a man's bodily frame, you would say that the evil is weakness and disease and deformity?

Pol: I should.

Soc: And do you not imagine that the soul likewise has some evil of her own?

Pol: Of course.

Soc: And this you would call injustice and ignorance and

cowardice, and the like?

Pol: Certainly.

Soc: So then, in mind, body, and estate, which are three, you have pointed out three corresponding evils-injustice, disease, poverty?

Pol: True.

Soc: And which of the evils is the most disgraceful?—Is not the most disgraceful of them injustice, and in general the evil of the soul?

Pol: By far the most.

Soc: And if the most disgraceful, then also the worst?

Pol: What do you mean, Socrates?

Soc: I mean to say, that is most disgraceful has been already admitted to be most painful or hurtful, or both.

Pol: Certainly.

Soc: And now injustice and all evil in the soul has been admitted by to be most disgraceful?

Pol: It has been admitted.

Soc: And most disgraceful either because most painful and causing excessive pain, or most hurtful, or both?

Pol: Certainly.

Soc: And therefore to be unjust and intemperate, and cowardly and ignorant, is more painful than to be poor and sick?

Pol: Nay, Socrates; the painfulness does not appear to me to follow from your premises.

Soc: Then, if, as you would argue, not more painful, the evil of the soul is of all evils the most disgraceful; and the excess of disgrace must be caused by some preternatural greatness, or extraordinary hurtfulness of the evil.

Pol: Clearly.

Soc: And that which exceeds most in hurtfulness will be the

greatest of evils?

Pol: Yes.

Soc: Then injustice and intemperance, and in general the depravity of the soul, are the greatest of evils!

Pol: That is evident.

Soc: Now, what art is there which delivers us from poverty? Does not the art of making money?

Pol: Yes.

Soc: And what art frees us from disease? Does not the art of medicine?

Pol: Very true.

Soc: And what from vice and injustice? If you are not able to answer at once, ask yourself whither we go with the sick, and to whom we take them.

Pol: To the physicians, Socrates.

Soc: And to whom do we go with the unjust and intemperate?

Pol: To the judges, you mean.

Soc: —Who are to punish them?

Pol: Yes.

Soc: And do not those who rightly punish others, punish them in accordance with a certain rule of justice?

Pol: Clearly.

Soc: Then the art of money-making frees a man from poverty; medicine from disease; and justice from intemperance and injustice?

Pol: That is evident.

Soc: Which, then, is the best of these three?

Pol: Will you enumerate them?

Soc: Money-making, medicine, and justice.

Pol: Justice, Socrates, far excels the two others.

Soc: And justice, if the best, gives the greatest pleasure or advantage or both?

Pol: Yes.

Soc: But is the being healed a pleasant thing, and are those who are being healed pleased?

Pol: I think not.

Soc: A useful thing, then?

Pol: Yes.

Soc: Yes, because the patient is delivered from a great evil; and this is the advantage of enduring the pain—that you get well?

Pol: Certainly.

Soc: And would he be the happier man in his bodily condition, who is healed, or who never was out of health?

Pol: Clearly he who was never out of health.

Soc: Yes; for happiness surely does not consist in being delivered from evils, but in never having had them.

Pol: True.

Soc: And suppose the case of two persons who have some evil in their bodies, and that one of them is healed and delivered from evil, and another is not healed, but retains the evil—which of them is the most miserable?

Pol: Clearly he who is not healed.

Soc: And was not punishment said by us to be a deliverance from the greatest of evils, which is vice?

Pol: True.

Soc: And justice punishes us, and makes us more just, and is the medicine of our vice?

Pol: True.

Soc: He, then, has the first place in the scale of happiness who has never had vice in his soul; for this has been shown to be the greatest of evils.

Pol: Clearly.

Soc: And he has the second place, who is delivered from vice?

Pol: True.

Soc: That is to say, he who receives admonition and rebuke and punishment?

Pol: Yes.

Soc: Then he lives worst, who, having been unjust, has no deliverance from injustice?

Pol: Certainly.

Soc: That is, he lives worst who commits the greatest crimes, and who, being the most unjust of men, succeeds in escaping rebuke or correction or punishment; and this, as you say, has been accomplished by Archelaus and other tyrants and rhetoricians and potentates?

Pol: True.

Soc: May not their way of proceeding, my friend, be compared to the conduct of a person who is afflicted with the worst of diseases and yet contrives not to pay the penalty to the physician for his sins against his constitution, and will not be cured, because, like a child, he is afraid of the pain of being burned or cut:—Is not that a parallel case?

Pol: Yes, truly.

Soc: He would seem as if he did not know the nature of health and bodily vigour; and if we are right, Polus, in our previous conclusions, they are in a like case who strive to evade justice, which they see to be painful, but are blind to the advantage which ensues from it, not knowing how far more miserable a companion a diseased soul is than a diseased body; a soul, I say, which is corrupt and unrighteous and unholy. And hence they do all that they can to avoid punishment and to avoid being released from the greatest of evils; they provide themselves with money and friends, and cultivate to the utmost their powers of persuasion. But if we, Polus, are right, do you

see what follows, or shall we draw out the consequences in form?

Pol: If you please.

Soc: Is it not a fact that injustice, and the doing of injustice, is the greatest of evils?

Pol: That is quite clear.

Soc: And further, that to suffer punishment is the way to be released from this evil?

Pol: True.

Soc: And not to suffer, is to perpetuate the evil?

Pol: Yes.

Soc: To do wrong, then, is second only in the scale of evils; but to do wrong and not to be punished, is first and greatest of all?

Pol: That is true.

Soc: Well, and was not this the point in dispute, my friend? You deemed Archelaus happy, because he was a very great criminal and unpunished: I, on the other hand, maintained that he or any other who like him has done wrong and has not been punished, is, and ought to be, the most miserable of all men; and that the doer of injustice is more miserable than the sufferer; and he who escapes punishment, more miserable than he who suffers. —Was not that what I said?

Pol: Yes.

Soc: And it has been proved to be true?

Pol: Certainly.

Soc: Well, Polus, but if this is true, where is the great use of rhetoric? If we admit what has been just now said, every man ought in every way to guard himself against doing wrong, for he will thereby suffer great evil?

Pol: True.

Soc: And if he, or any one about whom he cares, does wrong, he ought of his own accord to go where he will be immediately punished;

he will run to the judge, as he would to the physician, in order that the disease of injustice may not be rendered chronic and become the incurable cancer of the soul; must we not allow this consequence, Polus, if our former admissions are to stand:—is any other inference consistent with them?

Pol: To that, Socrates, there can be but one answer.

Soc: Then rhetoric is of no use to us, Polus, in helping a man to excuse his own injustice, that of his parents or friends, or children or country; but may be of use to any one who holds that instead of excusing he ought to accuse—himself above all, and in the next degree his family or any of his friends who may be doing wrong; he should bring to light the iniquity and not conceal it, that so the wrong-doer may suffer and be made whole; and he should even force himself and others not to shrink, but with closed eyes like brave men to let the physician operate with knife or searing iron, not regarding the pain, in the hope of attaining the good and the honourable; let him who has done things worthy of stripes, allow himself to be scourged, if of bonds, to be bound, if of a fine, to be fined, if of exile, to be exiled, if of death, to die, himself being the first to accuse himself and his relations, and using rhetoric to this end, that his and their unjust actions may be made manifest, and that they themselves may be delivered from injustice, which is the greatest evil. Then, Polus, rhetoric would indeed be useful. Do you say "Yes" or "No" to that?

Pol: To me, Socrates, what you are saying appears very strange, though probably in agreement with your premises.

Soc: Is not this the conclusion, if the premises are not disproven?

Pol: Yes; it certainly is.

Soc: And from the opposite point of view, if indeed it be our duty to harm another, whether an enemy or not—I except the case of self-defence—then I have to be upon my guard—but if my enemy injures a third person, then in every sort of way, by word as well as deed, I should try to prevent his being punished, or appearing before the judge; and if he appears, I should contrive that he should escape, and not suffer punishment: if he has stolen a sum of money, let him keep what he has stolen and spend it on him and his, regardless of religion and justice; and if he has done things worthy of death, let him not die, but rather be immortal in his wickedness; or, if this is not possible, let him at any rate be allowed to live as long as he can. For such

purposes, Polus, rhetoric may be useful, but is of small if of any use to him who is not intending to commit injustice; at least, there was no such use discovered by us in the previous discussion.

Cal: Tell me, Chaerephon, is Socrates in earnest, or is he joking?

Chaer: I should say, Callicles, that he is in most profound earnest; but you may well ask him.

Cal: By the gods, and I will. Tell me, Socrates, are you in earnest, or only in jest? For if you are in earnest, and what you say is true, is not the whole of human life turned upside down; and are we not doing, as would appear, in everything the opposite of what we ought to be doing?

Soc: O Callicles, if there were not some community of feelings among mankind, however varying in different persons—I mean to say, if every man's feelings were peculiar to himself and were not shared by the rest of his species—I do not see how we could ever communicate our impressions to one another. I make this remark because I perceive that you and I have a common feeling. For we are lovers both, and both of us have two loves apiece:—I am the lover of Alcibiades, the son of Cleinias—I and of philosophy; and you of the Athenian Demus, and of Demus the son of Pyrilampes. Now, I observe that you, with all your cleverness, do not venture to contradict your favourite in any word or opinion of his; but as he changes you change, backwards and forwards. When the Athenian Demus denies anything that you are saying in the assembly, you go over to his opinion; and you do the same with Demus, the fair young son of Pyrilampes. For you have not the power to resist the words and ideas of your loves; and if a person were to express surprise at the strangeness of what you say from time to time when under their influence, you would probably reply to him, if you were honest, that you cannot help saying what your loves say unless they are prevented; and that you can only be silent when they are. Now you must understand that my words are an echo too, and therefore you need not wonder at me; but if you want to silence me, silence philosophy, who is my love, for she is always telling me what I am telling you, my friend; neither is she capricious like my other love, for the son of Cleinias says one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow, but philosophy is always true. She is the teacher at whose words you are. now wondering, and you have heard her yourself. Her you must refute, and either show, as I was saying, that to do injustice and to escape punishment is not the worst of all evils; or, if you leave her word unrefuted, by the dog the god of Egypt, I declare, O Callicles, that Callicles will never be at one with himself,

but that his whole life, will be a discord. And yet, my friend, I would rather that my lyre should be inharmonious, and that there should be no music in the chorus which I provided; aye, or that the whole world should be at odds with me, and oppose me, rather than that I myself should be at odds with myself, and contradict myself.

Cal: O Socrates, you are a regular declaimer, and seem to be running riot in the argument. And now you are declaiming in this way because Polus has fallen into the same error himself of which he accused Gorgias:—for he said that when Gorgias was asked by you, whether, if some one came to him who wanted to learn rhetoric, and did not know justice, he would teach him justice, Gorgias in his modesty replied that he would, because he thought that mankind in general would be displeased if he answered "No"; and then in consequence of this admission, Gorgias was compelled to contradict himself, that being just the sort of thing in which you delight. Whereupon Polus laughed at you deservedly, as I think; but now he has himself fallen into the same trap. I cannot say very much for his wit when he conceded to you that to do is more dishonourable than to suffer injustice, for this was the admission which led to his being entangled by you; and because he was too modest to say what he thought, he had his mouth stopped. For the truth is, Socrates, that you, who pretend to be engaged in the pursuit of truth, are appealing now to the popular and vulgar notions of right, which are not natural, but only conventional. Convention and nature are generally at variance with one another: and hence, if a person is too modest to say what he thinks, he is compelled to contradict himself; and you, in your ingenuity perceiving the advantage to be thereby gained, slyly ask of him who is arguing conventionally a question which is to be determined by the rule of nature; and if he is talking of the rule of nature, you slip away to custom: as, for instance, you did in this very discussion about doing and suffering injustice. When Polus was speaking of the conventionally dishonourable, you assailed him from the point of view of nature; for by the rule of nature, to suffer injustice is the greater disgrace because the greater evil; but conventionally, to do evil is the more disgraceful. For the suffering of injustice is hot the part of a man, but of a slave, who indeed had better die than live; since when he is wronged and trampled upon, he is unable to help himself, or any other about whom he cares. The reason, as I conceive, is that the makers of laws are the majority who are weak; and they, make laws and distribute praises and censures with a view to themselves and to their own interests; and they: terrify the stronger sort of men, and those who are able to get the better of them in order that they may not get the better of them; and they say, that dishonesty

is shameful and unjust; meaning, by the word injustice, the desire of a man to have more than his neighbours; for knowing their own inferiority, I suspect that they are too glad of equality. And therefore the endeavour to have more than the many, is conventionally said to be shameful and unjust, and is called injustice, whereas nature herself intimates that it is just for the better to have more than the worse, the more powerful than the weaker; and in many ways she shows, among men as well as among animals, and indeed among whole cities and races, that justice consists in the superior ruling over and having more than the inferior. For on what principle of justice did Xerxes invade Hellas, or his father the Scythians? (not to speak of numberless other examples). Nay, but these are the men who act according to nature; yes, by Heaven, and according to the law of nature: not, perhaps, according to that artificial law, which we invent and impose upon our fellows, of whom we take the best and strongest from their youth upwards, and tame them like young lions,—charming them with the sound of the voice, and saying to them, that with equality they must be content, and that the equal is the honourable and the just. But if there were a man who had sufficient force, he would shake off and break through, and escape from all this; he would trample under foot all our formulas and spells and charms, and all our laws which are against nature: the slave would rise in rebellion and be lord over us, and the light of natural justice would shine forth. And this I take to be the sentiment of Pindar, when he says in his poem, that

"Law is the king of all, of mortals as well as of immortals"; this, as he says,

"Makes might to be right, doing violence with highest hand; as I infer from the deeds of Heracles, for without buying them—"

—I do not remember the exact words, but the meaning is, that without buying them, and without their being given to him, he carried off the oxen of Geryon, according to the law of natural right, and that the oxen and other possessions of the weaker and inferior properly belong to the stronger and superior. And this is true, as you may ascertain, if you will leave philosophy and go on to higher things: for philosophy, Socrates, if pursued in moderation and at the proper age, is an elegant accomplishment, but too much philosophy is the ruin of human life. Even if a man has good parts, still, if he carries philosophy into later life, he is necessarily ignorant of all those things which a gentleman and a person of honour ought to know; he is inexperienced in the laws of the State, and in the language which ought to be used in the dealings of man with man, whether private or public, and utterly ignorant of the pleasures and desires of mankind and of human

character in general. And people of this sort, when they betake themselves to politics or business, are as ridiculous as I imagine the politicians to be, when they make their appearance in the arena of philosophy. For, as Euripides says,

"Every man shines in that and pursues that, and devotes the greatest portion of the day to that in which he most excels", but anything in which he is inferior, he avoids and depreciates, and praises the opposite partiality to himself, and because he from that he will thus praise himself. The true principle is to unite them. Philosophy, as a part of education, is an excellent thing, and there is no disgrace to a man while he is young in pursuing such a study; but when he is more advanced in years, the thing becomes ridiculous, and I feel towards philosophers as I do towards those who lisp and imitate children. For I love to see a little child, who is not of an age to speak plainly, lisping at his play; there is an appearance of grace and freedom in his utterance, which is natural to his childish years. But when I hear some small creature carefully articulating its words, I am offended; the sound is disagreeable, and has to my ears the twang of slavery. So when I hear a man lisping, or see him playing like a child, his behaviour appears to me ridiculous and unmanly and worthy of stripes. And I have the same feeling about students of philosophy; when I see a youth thus engaged—the study appears to me to be in character, and becoming a man of liberal education, and him who neglects philosophy I regard as an inferior man, who will never aspire to anything great or noble. But if I see him continuing the study in later life, and not leaving off, I should like to beat him, Socrates; for, as I was saying, such a one, even though he have good natural parts, becomes effeminate. He flies from the busy centre and the market-place, in which, as the poet says, men become distinguished; he creeps into a corner for the rest of his life, and talks in a whisper with three or four admiring you, but never speaks out like a freeman in a satisfactory manner. Now I, Socrates, am very well inclined towards you, and my feeling may be compared with that of Zethus towards Amphion, in the play of Euripides, whom I was mentioning just now: for I am disposed to say to you much what Zethus said to his brother, that you, Socrates, are careless about the things of which you ought to be careful; and that you

"Who have a soul so noble, are remarkable for a puerile exterior;" neither in a court of justice could you state a case, or give any reason or proof, offer valiant counsel on another's behalf.

And you must not be offended, my dear Socrates, for I am speaking out of good-will towards you, if I ask whether you are not

ashamed of being thus defenceless; which I affirm to be the condition not of you only but of all those who will carry the study of philosophy too far. For suppose that some one were to take you, or any one of your sort, off to prison, declaring that you had done wrong when you had done no wrong, you must allow that you would not know what to do:—there you would stand giddy and gaping, and not having a word to say; and when you went up before the Court, even if the accuser were a poor creature and not good for much, you would die if he were disposed to claim the penalty of death. And yet, Socrates, what is the value ofan art which converts a man of sense into a fool, who is helpless, and has no power to save either himself or others, when he is in the greatest danger and is going to be despoiled by his enemies of all his goods, and has to live, simply deprived of his rights of citizenship?—he being a man who, if I may use the expression, may be boxed on the ears with impunity. Then, my good friend, take my advice, and refute no more:

Learn the philosophy of business, and acquire the reputation of wisdom.

But leave to others these niceties, whether they are to be described as follies or absurdities:

For they will only "Give you poverty for the inmate of your dwelling."

Cease, then, emulating these paltry splitters of words, and emulate only the man of substance and honour, who is well to do.

Soc: If my soul, Callicles, were made of gold, should I not rejoice to discover one of those stones with which they test gold, and the very best possible one to which I might bring my soul; and if the stone and I agreed in approving of her training, then I should know that I was in a satisfactory state, and that no other test was needed by me.

Cal: What is your meaning, Socrates?

Soc: I will tell you; I think that I have found in you the desired touchstone.

Cal: Why?

Soc: Because I am sure that if you agree with me in any of the opinions which my soul forms, I have at last found the truth indeed. For I consider that if a man is to make a complete trial of the good or evil of the soul, he ought to have three qualities-knowledge, good-will,

outspokenness, which are all possessed by you. Many whom I meet are unable to make trial of me, because they are not wise as you are; others are wise, but they will not tell me the truth, because they have not the same interest in me which you have; and these two strangers, Gorgias and Polus, are undoubtedly wise men and my very good friends, but they are not outspoken enough, and they are too modest. Why, their modesty is so great that they are driven to contradict themselves, first one and then the other of them, in the face of a large company, on matters of the highest moment. But you have all the qualities in which these others are deficient, having received an excellent education; to this many Athenians can testify. And are my friend. Shall I tell you why I think so? I know that you, Callicles, and Tisander of Aphidnae, and Andron the son of Androtion, and Nausicydes of the deme of Cholarges, studied together: there were four of you, and I once heard you advising with one another as to the extent to which the pursuit of philosophy should be carried, and, as I know, you came to the conclusion that the study should not be pushed too much into detail. You were cautioning one another not to be overwise; you were afraid that too much wisdom might unconsciously to yourselves be the ruin of you. And now when I hear you giving the same advice to me which you then gave to your most intimate friends, I have a sufficient evidence of your real goodwill to me. And of the frankness of your nature and freedom from modesty I am assured by yourself, and the assurance is confirmed by your last speech. Well then, the inference in the present case clearly is, that if you agree with me in an argument about any point, that point will have been sufficiently tested by us, and will not require to be submitted to any further test. For you could not have agreed with me, either from lack of knowledge or from superfluity of modesty, nor yet from a desire to deceive me, for you are my friend, as you tell me yourself. And therefore when you and I are agreed, the result will be the attainment of perfect truth. Now there is no nobler enquiry, Callicles, than that which you censure me for making,—What ought the character of a man to be, and what his pursuits, and how far is he to go, both in maturer years and in youth? For be assured that if I err in my own conduct I do not err intentionally, but from ignorance. Do not then desist from advising me, now that you have begun, until I have learned clearly what this is which I am to practise, and how I may acquire it. And if you find me assenting to your words, and hereafter not doing that to which I assented, call me "dolt," and deem me unworthy of receiving further instruction. Once more, then, tell me what you and Pindar mean by natural justice: Do you not mean that the superior should take the property of the inferior by force; that the better should rule the worse, the noble have more than the mean? Am

I not right in my recollection?

Cal: Yes; that is what I was saying, and so I still aver.

Soc: And do you mean by the better the same as the superior? for I could not make out what you were saying at the time—whether you meant by the superior the stronger, and that the weaker must obey the stronger, as you seemed to imply when you said that great cities attack small ones in accordance with—natural right, because they are superior and stronger, as though the superior and stronger and better were the same; or whether the better may be also the inferior and weaker, and the superior the worse, or whether better is to be defined in the same way as superior: this is the point which I want to have cleared up. Are the superior and better and stronger the same or different?

Cal: I say unequivocally that they are the same.

Soc: Then the many are superior by nature to the one, against whom, as you were saying, they make the laws?

Cal: Certainly.

Soc: Then the laws of the many are the laws of the superior?

Cal: Very true.

Soc: Then they are the laws of the better; for the superior class are far better, as you were saying?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: And since they are superior, the laws which are made by them are by nature good?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: And are not the many of opinion, as you were lately saying, that justice is equality, and that to do is more disgraceful than to suffer injustice?—is that so or not? Answer, Callicles, and let no modesty be found to come in the way; do the many think, or do they not think thus? —I must beg of you to answer, in order that if you agree with me I may fortify myself by the assent of so competent an authority.

Cal: Yes; the opinion of the many is what you say.

Soc: Then not only custom but nature also affirms that to do is more disgraceful than to suffer injustice, and that justice is equality; so that you seem to have been wrong in your former assertion, when accusing me you said that nature and custom are opposed, and that I, knowing this, was dishonestly playing between them, appealing to custom when the argument is about nature, and to nature when the argument is about custom?

Cal: This man will never cease talking nonsense. At your age, Socrates, are you not ashamed to be catching at words and chuckling over some verbal slip? do you not see—have I not told you already, that by superior I mean better: do you imagine me to say, that if a rabble of slaves and nondescripts, who are of no use except perhaps for their physical strength, get together their ipsissima verba are laws?

Soc: Ho! my philosopher, is that your line?

Cal: Certainly.

Soc: I was thinking, Callicles, that something of the kind must have been in your mind, and that is why I repeated the question—What is the superior? I wanted to know clearly what you meant; for you surely do not think that two men are better than one, or that your slaves are better than you because they are stronger? Then please to begin again, and tell me who the better are, if they are not the stronger; and I will ask you, great Sir, to be a little milder in your instructions, or I shall have to run away from you.

Cal: You are ironical.

Soc: No, by the hero Zethus, Callicles, by whose aid you were just now saying many ironical things against me, I am not:—tell me, then, whom you mean, by the better?

Cal: I mean the more excellent.

Soc: Do you not see that you are yourself using words which have no meaning and that you are explaining nothing?—will you tell me whether you mean by the better and superior the wiser, or if not, whom?

Cal: Most assuredly, I do mean the wiser.

Soc: Then according to you, one wise man may often be superior to ten thousand fools, and he ought rule them, and they ought to be his subjects, and he ought to have more than they should. This is what

I believe that you mean (and you must not suppose that I am word-catching), if you allow that the one is superior to the ten thousand?

Cal: Yes; that is what I mean, and that is what I conceive to be natural justice—that the better and wiser should rule have more than the inferior.

Soc: Stop there, and let me ask you what you would say in this case: Let us suppose that we are all together as we are now; there are several of us, and we have a large common store of meats and drinks, and there are all sorts of persons in our company having various degrees of strength and weakness, and one of us, being physician, is wiser in the matter of food than all the rest, and he is probably stronger than some and not so strong as others of us—will he not, being wiser, be also better than we are, and our superior in this matter of food?

Cal: Certainly.

Soc: Either, then, he will have a larger share of the meats and drinks, because he is better, or he will have the distribution of all of them by reason of his authority, but he will not expend or make use of a larger share of them on his own person, or if he does, he will be punished—his share will exceed that of some, and be less than that of others, and if he be the weakest of all, he being the best of all will have the smallest share of all, Callicles:—am I not right, my friend?

Cal: You talk about meats and drinks and physicians and other nonsense; I am not speaking of them.

Soc: Well, but do you admit that the wiser is the better? Answer "Yes" or "No."

Cal: Yes.

Soc: And ought not the better to have a larger share?

Cal: Not of meats and drinks.

Soc: I understand: then, perhaps, of coats —the skilfullest weaver ought to have the largest coat, and the greatest number of them, and go about clothed in the best and finest of them?

Cal: Fudge about coats!

Soc: Then the skilfullest and best in making shoes ought to have

the advantage in shoes; the shoemaker, clearly, should walk about in the largest shoes, and have the greatest number of them?

Cal: Fudge about shoes! What nonsense are you talking?

Soc: Or, if this is not your meaning, perhaps you would say that the wise and good and true husbandman should actually have a larger share of seeds, and have as much seed as possible for his own land?

Cal: How you go on, always talking in the same way, Socrates!

Soc: Yes, Callicles, and also about the same things.

Cal: Yes, by the Gods, you are literally always talking of cobblers and fullers and cooks and doctors, as if this had to do with our argument.

Soc: But why will you not tell me in what a man must be superior and wiser in order to claim a larger share; will you neither accept a suggestion, nor offer one?

Cal: I have already told you. In the first place, I mean by superiors not cobblers or cooks, but wise politicians who understand the administration of a state, and who are not only wise, but also valiant and able to carry out their designs, and not the men to faint from want of soul.

Soc: See now, most excellent Callicles, how different my charge against you is from that which you bring against me, for you reproach me with always saying the same; but I reproach you with never saying the same about the same things, for at one time you were defining the better and the superior to be the stronger, then again as the wiser, and now you bring forward a new notion; the superior and the better are now declared by you to be the more courageous: I wish, my good friend, that you would tell me once for all, whom you affirm to be the better and superior, and in what they are better?

Cal: I have already told you that I mean those who are wise and courageous in the administration of a state-they ought to be the rulers of their states, and justice consists in their having more than their subjects.

Soc: But whether rulers or subjects will they or will they not have more than themselves, my friend?

Cal: What do you mean?

Soc: I mean that every man is his own ruler; but perhaps you think that there is no necessity for him to rule himself; he is only required to rule others?

Cal: What do you mean by his "ruling over himself"?

Soc: A simple thing enough; just what is commonly said, that a man should be temperate and master of himself, and ruler of his own pleasures and passions.

Cal: What innocence! you mean those fools—the temperate?

Soc: Certainly:—any one may know that to be my meaning.

Cal: Quite so, Socrates; and they are really fools, for how can a man be happy who is the servant of anything? On the contrary, I plainly assert, that he who would truly live ought to allow his desires to wax to the uttermost, and not to chastise them; but when they have grown to their greatest he should have courage and intelligence to minister to them and to satisfy all his longings. And this I affirm to be natural justice and nobility. To this however the many cannot attain; and they blame the strong man because they are ashamed of their own weakness, which they desire to conceal, and hence they say that intemperance is base. As I have remarked already, they enslave the nobler natures, and being unable to satisfy their pleasures, they praise temperance and justice out of their own cowardice. For if a man had been originally the son of a king, or had a nature capable of acquiring an empire or a tyranny or sovereignty, what could be more truly base or evil than temperance—to a man like him, I say, who might freely be enjoying every good, and has no one to stand in his way, and yet has admitted custom and reason and the opinion of other men to be lords over him?—must not he be in a miserable plight whom the reputation of justice and temperance hinders from giving more to his friends than to his enemies, even though he be a ruler in his city? Nay, Socrates, for you profess to be a votary of the truth, and the truth is this:—that luxury and intemperance and licence, if they be provided with means, are virtue and happiness—all the rest is a mere bauble, agreements contrary to nature, foolish talk of men, nothing worth.

Soc: There is a noble freedom, Callicles, in your way of approaching the argument; for what you say is what the rest of the world think, but do not like to say. And I must beg of you to persevere, that the true rule of human life may become manifest. Tell me, then:—you say, do you not, that in the rightly-developed man the passions ought not to be controlled, but that we should let them grow

to the utmost and somehow or other satisfy them, and that this is virtue?

Cal: Yes; I do.

Soc: Then those who want nothing are not truly said to be happy?

Cal: No indeed, for then stones and dead men would be the happiest of all.

Soc: But surely life according to your view is an awful thing; and indeed I think that Euripides may have been right in saying,

Who knows if life be not death and death life; and that we are very likely dead; I have heard a philosopher say that at this moment we are actually dead, and that the body (soma) is our tomb (sema), and that the part of the soul which is the seat of the desires is liable to be tossed about by words and blown up and down; and some ingenious person, probably a Sicilian or an Italian, playing with the word, invented a tale in which he called the soul—because of its believing and make believe nature—a vessel, and the ignorant he called the uninitiated or leaky, and the place in the souls of the uninitiated in which the desires are seated, being the intemperate and incontinent part, he compared to a vessel full of holes, because it can never be satisfied. He is not of your way of thinking, Callicles, for he declares, that of all the souls in Hades, meaning the invisible world these uninitiated or leaky persons are the most miserable, and that they pour water into a vessel which is full of holes out of a colander which is similarly perforated. The colander, as my informer assures me, is the soul, and the soul which he compares to a colander is the soul of the ignorant, which is likewise full of holes, and therefore incontinent, owing to a bad memory and want of faith. These notions are strange enough, but they show the principle which, if I can, I would fain prove to you; that you should change your mind, and, instead of the intemperate and insatiate life, choose that which is orderly and sufficient and has a due provision for daily needs. Do I make any impression on you, and are you coming over to the opinion that the orderly are happier than the intemperate? Or do I fail to persuade you, and, however many tales I rehearse to you, do you continue of the same opinion still?

Cal: The latter, Socrates, is more like the truth.

Soc: Well, I will tell you another image, which comes out of the same school:—Let me request you to consider how far you would

accept this as an account of the two lives of the temperate and intemperate in a figure:—There are two men, both of whom have a number of casks; the one man has his casks sound and full, one of wine, another of honey, and a third of milk, besides others filled with other liquids, and the streams which fill them are few and scanty, and he can only obtain them with a great deal of toil and difficulty; but when his casks are once filled he has need to feed them anymore, and has no further trouble with them or care about them. The other, in like manner, can procure streams, though not without difficulty; but his vessels are leaky and unsound, and night and day he is compelled to be filling them, and if he pauses for a moment, he is in an agony of pain. Such are their respective lives:—And now would you say that the life of the intemperate is happier than that of the temperate? Do I not convince you that the opposite is the truth?

Cal: You do not convince me, Socrates, for the one who has filled himself has no longer any pleasure left; and this, as I was just now saying, is the life of a stone: he has neither joy nor sorrow after he is once filled; but the pleasure depends on the superabundance of the influx.

Soc: But the more you pour in, the greater the waste; and the holes must be large for the liquid to escape.

Cal: Certainly.

Soc: The life which you are now depicting is not that of a dead man, or of a stone, but of a cormorant; you mean that he is to be hungering and eating?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: And he is to be thirsting and drinking?

Cal: Yes, that is what I mean; he is to have all his desires about him, and to be able to live happily in the gratification of them.

Soc: Capital, excellent; go on as you have begun, and have no shame; I, too, must disencumber myself of shame: and first, will you tell me whether you include itching and scratching, provided you have enough of them and pass your life in scratching, in your notion of happiness?

Cal: What a strange being you are, Socrates! a regular mob-orator.

Soc: That was the reason, Callicles, why I scared Polus and

Gorgias, until they were too modest to say what they thought; but you will not be too modest and will not be scared, for you are a brave man. And now, answer my question.

Cal: I answer, that even the scratcher would live pleasantly.

Soc: And if pleasantly, then also happily?

Cal: To be sure.

Soc: But what if the itching is not confined to the head? Shall I pursue the question? And here, Callicles, I would have you consider how you would reply if consequences are pressed upon you, especially if in the last resort you are asked, whether the life of a catamite is not terrible, foul, miserable? Or would you venture to say, that they too are happy, if they only get enough of what they want?

Cal: Are you not ashamed, Socrates, of introducing such topics into the argument?

Soc: Well, my fine friend, but am I the introducer of these topics, or he who says without any qualification that all who feel pleasure in whatever manner are happy, and who admits of no distinction between good and bad pleasures? And I would still ask, whether you say that pleasure and good are the same, or whether there is some pleasure which is not a good?

Cal: Well, then, for the sake of consistency, I will say that they are the same.

Soc: You are breaking the original agreement, Callicles, and will no longer be a satisfactory companion in the search after truth, if you say what is contrary to your real opinion.

Cal: Why, that is what you are doing too, Socrates.

Soc: Then we are both doing wrong. Still, my dear friend, I would ask you to consider whether pleasure, from whatever source derived, is the good; for, if this be true, then the disagreeable consequences which have been darkly intimated must follow, and many others.

Cal: That, Socrates, is only your opinion.

Soc: And do you, Callicles, seriously maintain what you are saying?

Cal: Indeed I do.

Soc: Then, as you are in earnest, shall we proceed with the argument?

Cal: By all means.

Soc: Well, if you are willing to proceed, determine this question for me:—There is something, I presume, which you would call knowledge?

Cal: There is.

Soc: And were you not saying just now, that some courage implied knowledge?

Cal: I was.

Soc: And you were speaking of courage and knowledge as two things different from one another?

Cal: Certainly I was.

Soc: And would you say that pleasure and knowledge are the same, or not the same?

Cal: Not the same, O man of wisdom.

Soc: And would you say that courage differed from pleasure?

Cal: Certainly.

Soc: Well, then, let us remember that Callicles, the Acharnian, says that pleasure and good are the same; but that knowledge and courage are not the same, either with one another, or with the good.

Cal: And what does our friend Socrates, of Foxton, say—does he assent to this, or not?

Soc: He does not assent; neither will Callicles, when he sees himself truly. You will admit, I suppose, that good and evil fortune are opposed to each other?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: And if they are opposed to each other, then, like health and disease, they exclude one another; a man cannot have them both, or

be without them both, at the same time?

Cal: What do you mean?

Soc: Take the case of any bodily affection:—a man may have the complaint in his eyes which is called ophthalmia?

Cal: To be sure.

Soc: But he surely cannot have the same eyes well and sound at the same time?

Cal: Certainly not.

Soc: And when he has got rid of his ophthalmia, has he got rid of the health of his eyes too? Is the final result, that he gets rid of them both together?

Cal: Certainly not.

Soc: That would surely be marvellous and absurd?

Cal: Very.

Soc: I suppose that he is affected by them, and gets rid of them in turns?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: And he may have strength and weakness in the same way, by fits?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: Or swiftness and slowness?

Cal: Certainly.

Soc: And does he have and not have good and happiness, and their opposites, evil and misery, in a similar alternation?

Cal: Certainly he has.

Soc: If then there be anything which a man has and has not at the same time, clearly that cannot be good and evil-do we agree? Please not to answer without consideration.

Cal: I entirely agree.

Soc: Go back now to our former admissions. —Did you say that to hunger, I mean the mere state of hunger, was pleasant or painful?

Cal: I said painful, but that to eat when you are hungry is pleasant.

Soc: I know; but still the actual hunger is painful: am I not right?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: And thirst, too, is painful?

Cal: Yes, very.

Soc: Need I adduce any more instances, or would you agree that all wants or desires are painful?

Cal: I agree, and therefore you need not adduce any more instances.

Soc: Very good. And you would admit that to drink, when you are thirsty, is pleasant?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: And in the sentence which you have just uttered, the word "thirsty" implies pain?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: And the word "drinking" is expressive of pleasure, and of the satisfaction of the want?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: There is pleasure in drinking?

Cal: Certainly.

Soc: When you are thirsty?

Soc: And in pain?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: Do you see the inference:—that pleasure and pain are

simultaneous, when you say that being thirsty, you drink? For are they not simultaneous, and do they not affect at the same time the same part, whether of the soul or the body?—which of them is affected cannot be supposed to be of any consequence: Is not this true?

Cal: It is.

Soc: You said also, that no man could have good and evil fortune at the same time?

Cal: Yes, I did.

Soc: But, you admitted that when in pain a man might also have pleasure?

Cal: Clearly.

Soc: Then pleasure is not the same as good fortune, or pain the same as evil fortune, and therefore the good is not the same as the pleasant?

Cal: I wish I knew, Socrates, what your quibbling means.

Soc: You know, Callicles, but you affect not to know.

Cal: Well, get on, and don't keep fooling: then you will know what a wiseacre you are in your admonition of me.

Soc: Does not a man cease from his thirst and from his pleasure in drinking at the same time?

Cal: I do not understand what you are saying.

Gor: Nay, Callicles, answer, if only for our sakes;—we should like to hear the argument out.

Cal: Yes, Gorgias, but I must complain of the habitual trifling of Socrates; he is always arguing about little and unworthy questions.

Gor: What matter? Your reputation, Callicles, is not at stake. Let Socrates argue in his own fashion.

Cal: Well, then, Socrates, you shall ask these little peddling questions, since Gorgias wishes to have them.

Soc: I envy you, Callicles, for having been initiated into the great

mysteries before you were initiated into the lesser. I thought that this was not allowable, But to return to our argument:—does not a man cease from thirsting and from pleasure of drinking at the same moment?

Cal: True.

Soc: And if he is hungry, or has any other desire, does he not cease from the desire and the pleasure at the same moment?

Cal: Very true.

Soc: Then he ceases from pain and pleasure at the same moment?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: But he does not cease from good and evil at the same moment, as you have admitted: do you still adhere to what you said?

Cal: Yes, I do; but what is the inference?

Soc: Why, my friend, the inference is that the good is not the same as the pleasant, or the evil the same as the painful; there is a cessation of pleasure and pain at the same moment; but not of good and evil, for they are different. How then can pleasure be the same as good, or pain as evil? And I would have you look at the matter in another light, which could hardly, I think, have been considered by you when you identified them: Are not the good good because they have good present with them, as the beautiful are those who have beauty present with them?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: And do you call the fools and cowards good men? For you were saying just now that the courageous and the wise are the good would you not say so?

Cal: Certainly.

Soc: And did you never see a foolish child rejoicing?

Cal: Yes, I have.

Soc: And a foolish man too?

Cal: Yes, certainly; but what is your drift?

Soc: Nothing particular, if you will only answer.

Cal: Yes, I have.

Soc: And did you ever see a sensible man rejoicing or sorrowing?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: Which rejoice and sorrow most—the wise or the foolish?

Cal: They are much upon a par, I think, in that respect.

Soc: Enough: And did you ever see a coward in battle?

Cal: To be sure.

Soc: And which rejoiced most at the departure of the enemy, the coward or the brave?

Cal: I should say "most" of both; or at any rate, they rejoiced about equally.

Soc: No matter; then the cowards, and not only the brave, rejoice?

Cal: Greatly.

Soc: And the foolish; so it would seem?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: And are only the cowards pained at the approach of their enemies, or are the brave also pained?

Cal: Both are pained.

Soc: And are they equally pained?

Cal: I should imagine that the cowards are more pained.

Soc: And are they better pleased at the enemy's departure?

Cal: I dare say.

Soc: Then are the foolish and the wise and the cowards and the brave all pleased and pained, as you were saying, in nearly equal degree; but are the cowards more pleased and pained than the brave?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: But surely the wise and brave are the good, and the foolish and the cowardly are the bad?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: Then the good and the bad are pleased and pained in a nearly equal degree?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: Then are the good and bad good and bad in a nearly equal degree, or have the bad the advantage both in good and evil? (i.e. in having more pleasure and more pain.)

Cal: Cal I really do not know what you mean. Soc: Why, do you not remember saying that the good were good because good was present with them, and the evil because evil; and that pleasures were goods and pains evils?

Cal: Yes, I remember.

Soc: And are not these pleasures or goods present to those who rejoice—if they do rejoice?

Cal: Certainly.

Soc: Then those who rejoice are good when goods are present with them?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: And those who are in pain have evil or sorrow present with them?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: And would you still say that the evil are evil by reason of the presence of evil?

Cal: I should.

Soc: Then those who rejoice are good, and those who are in pain evil?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: The degrees of good and evil vary with the degrees of pleasure and of pain?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: Have the wise man and the fool, the brave and the coward, joy and pain in nearly equal degrees? or would you say that the coward has more?

Cal: I should say that he has.

Soc: Help me then to draw out the conclusion which follows from our admissions; for it is good to repeat and review what is good twice and thrice over, as they say. Both the wise man and the brave man we allow to be good?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: And the foolish man and the coward to be evil?

Cal: Certainly.

Soc: And he who has joy is good?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: And he who is in pain is evil?

Cal: Certainly.

Soc: The good and evil both have joy and pain, but, perhaps, the evil has more of them?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: Then must we not infer, that the bad man is as good and bad as the good, or, perhaps, even better?—is not this a further inference which follows equally with the preceding from the assertion that the good and the pleasant are the same:—can this be denied, Callicles?

Cal: I have been listening and making admissions to you, Socrates; and I remark that if a person grants you anything in play, you, like a child, want to keep hold and will not give it back. But do you really suppose that I or any other human being denies that some pleasures are good and others bad?

Soc: Alas, Callicles, how unfair you are! you certainly treat me as

if I were a child, sometimes saying one thing, and then another, as if you were meaning to deceive me. And yet I thought at first that you were my friend, and would not have deceived me if you could have helped. But I see that I was mistaken; and now I suppose that I must make the best of a bad business, as they said of old, and take what I can get out of you. —Well, then, as I understand you to say, I may assume that some pleasures are good and others evil?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: The beneficial are good, and the hurtful are evil?

Cal: To be sure.

Soc: And the beneficial are those which do some good, and the hurtful are those which do some evil?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: Take, for example, the bodily pleasures of eating and drinking, which were just now mentioning—you mean to say that those which promote health, or any other bodily excellence, are good, and their opposites evil?

Cal: Certainly.

Soc: And in the same way there are good pains and there are evil pains?

Cal: To be sure.

Soc: And ought we not to choose and use the good pleasures and pains?

Cal: Certainly.

Soc: But not the evil?

Cal: Clearly.

Soc: Because, if you remember, Polus and I have agreed that all our actions are to be done for the sake of the good-and will you agree with us in saying, that the good is the end of all our actions, and that all our actions are to be done for the sake of the good, and not the good, for the sake of them?—will you add a third vote to our two?

Cal: I will.

Soc: Then pleasure, like everything else, is to be sought for the sake of that which is good, and not that which is good for the sake of pleasure?

Cal: To be sure.

Soc: But can every man choose what pleasures are good and what are evil, or must he have art or knowledge of them in detail?

Cal: He must have art.

Soc: Let me now remind you of what I was saying to Gorgias and Polus; I was saying, as you will not have forgotten, that there were some processes which aim only at pleasure, and know nothing of a better and worse, and there are other processes which know good and evil. And I considered that cookery, which I do not call an art, but only an experience, was of the former class, which is concerned with pleasure, and that the art of medicine was of the class which is concerned with the good. And now, by the god of friendship, I must beg you, Callicles, not to jest, or to imagine that I am jesting with you; do not answer at random and contrary to your real opinion—for you will observe that we are arguing about the way of human life; and to a man who has any sense at all, what question can be more serious than this?—whether he should follow after that way of life to which you exhort me, and act what you call the manly part of speaking in the assembly, and cultivating rhetoric, and engaging in public affairs, according to the principles now in vogue; or whether he should pursue the life of philosophy—and in what the latter way differs from the former. But perhaps we had better first try to distinguish them, as I did before, and when we have come to an agreement that they are distinct, we may proceed to consider in what they differ from one another, and which of them we should choose. Perhaps, however, you do not even now understand what I mean?

Cal: No, I do not.

Soc: Then I will explain myself more clearly: seeing that you and I have agreed that there is such a thing as good, and that there is such a thing as pleasure, and that pleasure is not the same as good, and that the pursuit and process of acquisition of the one, that is pleasure, is different from the pursuit and process of acquisition of the other, which is good-I wish that you would tell me whether you agree with me thus far or not-do you agree?

Cal: I do.

Soc: Then I will proceed, and ask whether you also agree with me, and whether you think that I spoke the truth when I further said to Gorgias and Polus that cookery in my opinion is only an experience, and not an art at all; and that whereas medicine is an art, and attends to the nature and constitution of the patient, and has principles of action and reason in each case, cookery in attending upon pleasure never regards either the nature or reason of that pleasure to which she devotes herself, but goes straight to her end, nor ever considers or calculates anything, but works by experience and routine, and just preserves the recollection of what she has usually done when producing pleasure. And first, I would have you consider whether I have proved what I was saying, and then whether there are not other similar processes which have to do with the soul—some of them processes of art, making a provision for the soul's highest interest—others despising the interest, and, as in the previous case, considering only the pleasure of the soul, and how this may be acquired, but not considering what pleasures are good or bad, and having no other aim but to afford gratification, whether good or bad. In my opinion, Callicles, there are such processes, and this is the sort of thing which I term flattery, whether concerned with the body or the soul, or whenever employed with a view to pleasure and without any consideration of good and evil. And now I wish that you would tell me whether you agree with us in this notion, or whether you differ.

Cal: I do not differ; on the contrary, I agree; for in that way I shall soonest bring the argument to an end, and shall oblige my friend Gorgias.

Soc: And is this notion true of one soul, or of two or more?

Cal: Equally true of two or more.

Soc: Then a man may delight a whole assembly, and yet have no regard for their true interests?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: Can you tell me the pursuits which delight mankind—or rather, if you would prefer, let me ask, and do you answer, which of them belong to the pleasurable class, and which of them not? In the first place, what say you of flute-playing? Does not that appear to be an art which seeks only pleasure, Callicles, and thinks of nothing else?

Cal: I assent.

Soc: And is not the same true of all similar arts, as, for example,

the art of playing the lyre at festivals?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: And what do you say of the choral art and of dithyrambic poetry?—are not they of the same nature? Do you imagine that Cinesias the son of Meles cares about what will tend to the moral improvement of his hearers, or about what will give pleasure to the multitude?

Cal: There can be no mistake about Cinesias, Socrates.

Soc: And what do you say of his father, Meles the harp-player? Did he perform with any view to the good of his hearers? Could he be said to regard even their pleasure? For his singing was an infliction to his audience. And of harp playing and dithyrambic poetry in general, what would you say? Have they not been invented wholly for the sake of pleasure?

Cal: That is my notion of them.

Soc: And as for the Muse of Tragedy, that solemn and august personage—what are her aspirations? Is all her aim and desire only to give pleasure to the spectators, or does she fight against them and refuse to speak of their pleasant vices, and willingly proclaim in word and song truths welcome and unwelcome?—which in your judgment is her character?

Cal: There can be no doubt, Socrates, that Tragedy has her face turned towards pleasure and the gratification of the audience.

Soc: And is not that the sort of thing, Callicles, which we were just now describing as flattery?

Cal: Quite true.

Soc: Well now, suppose that we strip all poetry of song and rhythm and metre, there will remain speech?

Cal: To be sure.

Soc: And this speech is addressed to a crowd of people?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: Then, poetry is a sort of rhetoric?

Cal: True.

Soc: And do not the poets in the theatres seem to you to be rhetoricians?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: Then now we have discovered a sort of rhetoric which is addressed to a crowd of men, women, and children, freemen and slaves. And this is not much to our taste, for we have described it as having the nature of flattery.

Cal: Quite true.

Soc: Very good. And what do you say of that other rhetoric which addresses the Athenian assembly and the assemblies of freemen in other states? Do the rhetoricians appear to you always to aim at what is best, and do they seek to improve the citizens by their speeches, or are they too, like the rest of mankind, bent upon giving them pleasure, forgetting the public good in the thought of their own interest, playing with the people as with children, and trying to amuse them, but never considering whether they are better or worse for this?

Cal: I must distinguish. There are some who have a real care of the public in what they say, while others are such as you describe.

Soc: I am contented with the admission that rhetoric is of two sorts; one, which is mere flattery and disgraceful declamation; the other, which is noble and aims at the training and improvement of the souls of the citizens, and strives to say what is best, whether welcome or unwelcome, to the audience; but have you ever known such a rhetoric; or if you have, and can point out any rhetorician who is of this stamp, who is he?

Cal: But, indeed, I am afraid that I cannot tell you of any such among the orators who are at present living.

Soc: Well, then, can you mention any one of a former generation, who may be said to have improved the Athenians, who found them worse and made them better, from the day that he began to make speeches? for, indeed, I do not know of such a man.

Cal: What! did you never hear that Themistocles was a good man, and Cimon and Miltiades and Pericles, who is just lately dead, and whom you heard yourself?

Soc: Yes, Callicles, they were good men, if, as you said at first, true virtue consists only in the satisfaction of our own desires and those of others; but if not, and if, as we were afterwards compelled to acknowledge, the satisfaction of some desires makes us better, and of others, worse, and we ought to gratify the one and not the other, and there is an art in distinguishing them—can you tell me of any of these statesmen who did distinguish them?

Cal: No, indeed, I cannot.

Soc: Yet, surely, Callicles, if you look you will find such a one. Suppose that we just calmly consider whether any of these was such as I have described. Will not the good man, who says whatever he says with a view to the best, speak with a reference to some standard and not at random; just as all other artists, whether the painter, the builder, the shipwright, or any other look all of them to their own work, and do not select and apply at random what they apply, but strive to give a definite form to it? The artist disposes all things in order, and compels the one part to harmonize and accord with the other part, until he has constructed a regular and systematic whole; and this is true of all artists, and in the same way the trainers and physicians, of whom we spoke before, give order and regularity to the body: do you deny this?

Cal: No; I am ready to admit it.

Soc: Then the house in which order and regularity prevail is good, that in which there is disorder, evil?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: And the same is true of a ship?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: And the same may be said of the human body?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: And what would you say of the soul? Will the good soul be that in which disorder is prevalent, or that in which there is harmony and order?

Cal: The latter follows from our previous admissions.

Soc: What is the name which is given to the effect of harmony

and order in the body?

Cal: I suppose that you mean health and strength?

Soc: Yes, I do; and what is the name which you would give to the effect of harmony and order in the soul? Try and discover a name for this as well as for the other.

Cal: Why not give the name yourself, Socrates?

Soc: Well, if you had rather that I should, I will; and you shall say whether you agree with me, and if not, you shall refute and answer me. "Healthy," as I conceive, is the name which is given to the regular order of the body, whence comes health and every other bodily excellence: is that true or not?

Cal: True.

Soc: And "lawful" and "law" are the names which are given to the regular order and action of the soul, and these make men lawful and orderly:—and so we have temperance and justice: have we not?

Cal: Granted.

Soc: And will not the true rhetorician who is honest and understands his art have his eye fixed upon these, in all the words which he addresses to the souls of men, and in all his actions, both in what he gives and in what he takes away? Will not his aim be to implant justice in the souls of his citizens mind take away injustice, to implant temperance and take away intemperance, to implant every virtue and take away every vice? Do you not agree?

Cal: I agree.

Soc: For what use is there, Callicles, in giving to the body of a sick man who is in a bad state of health a quantity of the most delightful food or drink or any other pleasant thing, which may be really as bad for him as if you gave him nothing, or even worse if rightly estimated. Is not that true?

Cal: I will not say No to it.

Soc: For in my opinion there is no profit in a man's life if his body is in an evil plight—in that case his life also is evil: am I not right?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: When a man is in health the physicians will generally allow him to eat when he is hungry and drink when he is thirsty, and to satisfy his desires as he likes, but when he is sick they hardly suffer him to satisfy his desires at all: even you will admit that?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: And does not the same argument hold of the soul, my good sir? While she is in a bad state and is senseless and intemperate and unjust and unholy, her desires ought to be controlled, and she ought to be prevented from doing anything which does not tend to her own improvement.

Cal: Yes.

Soc: Such treatment will be better for the soul herself?

Cal: To be sure.

Soc: And to restrain her from her appetites is to chastise her?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: Then restraint or chastisement is better for the soul than intemperance or the absence of control, which you were just now preferring?

Cal: I do not understand you, Socrates, and I wish that you would ask some one who does.

Soc: Here is a gentleman who cannot endure to be improved or: to subject himself to that very chastisement of which the argument speaks!

Cal: I do not heed a word of what you are saying, and have only answered hitherto out of civility to Gorgias.

Soc: What are we to do, then? Shall we break off in the middle?

Cal: You shall judge for yourself.

Soc: Well, but people say that "a tale should have a head and not break off in the middle," and I should not like to have the argument going about without a head; please then to go on a little longer, and put the head on.

Cal: How tyrannical you are, Socrates! I wish that you and your

argument would rest, or that you would get some one else to argue with you.

Soc: But who else is willing?—I want to finish the argument.

Cal: Cannot you finish without my help, either talking straight: on, or questioning and answering yourself?

Soc: Must I then say with Epicharmus, "Two men spoke before, but now one shall be enough"? I suppose that there is absolutely no help. And if I am to carry on the enquiry by myself, I will first of all remark that not only, but all of us should have an ambition to know what is true and what is false in this matter, for the discovery of the truth is common good. And now I will proceed to argue according to my own notion. But if any of you think that I arrive at conclusions which are untrue you must interpose and refute me, for I do not speak from any knowledge of what I am saying; I am an enquirer like yourselves, and therefore, if my opponent says anything which is of force, I shall be the first to agree with him. I am speaking on the supposition that the argument ought to be completed; but if you think otherwise let us leave off and go our ways.

Gor: I think, Socrates, that we should not go our ways until you have completed the argument; and this appears to me to be the wish of the rest of the company; I myself should very much like to hear what more you have to say.

Soc: I too, Gorgias, should have liked to continue the argument with Callicles, and then I might have given him an "Amphion" in return for his "Zethus"; but since you, Callicles, are unwilling to continue, I hope that you will listen, and interrupt me if I seem to you to be in error. And if you refute me, I shall not be angry with you as you are with me, but I shall inscribe you as the greatest of benefactors on the tablets of my soul.

Cal: My good fellow, never mind me, but get on.

Soc: Listen to me, then, while I recapitulate the argument:—Is the pleasant the same as the good? Not the same. Callicles and I are agreed about that. And is the pleasant to be pursued for the sake of the good? or the good for the sake of the pleasant? The pleasant is to be pursued for the sake of the good. And that is pleasant at the presence of which we are pleased, and that is good at the presence of which we are good? To be sure. And we—good, and all good things whatever are good when some virtue is present in us or them? That,

Callicles, is my conviction. But the virtue of each thing, whether body or soul, instrument or creature, when given to them in the best way comes to them not by chance but as the result of the order and truth and art which are imparted to them: Am I not right? I maintain that I am. And is not the virtue of each thing dependent on order or arrangement? Yes, I say. And that which makes a thing good is the proper order inhering in each thing? Such is my view. And is not the soul which has an order of her own better than that which has no order? Certainly. And the soul which has order is orderly? Of course. And that which is orderly is temperate? Assuredly. And the temperate soul is good? No other answer can I give, Callicles dear; have you any?

Cal: Go on, my good fellow.

Soc: Then I shall proceed to add, that if the, temperate soul is the good soul, the soul which is in the opposite condition, that is, the foolish and intemperate, is the bad soul. Very true.

And will not the temperate man do what is proper, both in relation to the gods and to men; —for he would not be temperate if he did not? Certainly he will do what is proper. In his relation to other men he will do what is just; See and in his relation to the gods he will do what is holy; and he who does what is just and holy must be just and holy? Very true. And must he not be courageous? for the duty of a temperate man is not to follow or to avoid what he ought not, but what he ought, whether things or men or pleasures or pains, and patiently to endure when he ought; and therefore, Callicles, the temperate man, being, as we have described, also just and courageous and holy, cannot be other than a perfectly good man, nor can the good man do otherwise than well and perfectly whatever he does; and he who does well must of necessity be happy and blessed, and the evil man who does evil, miserable: now this latter is he whom you were applauding—the intemperate who is the opposite of the temperate. Such is my position, and these things I affirm to be true. And if they are true, then I further affirm that he who desires to be happy must pursue and practise temperance and run away from intemperance as fast as his legs will carry him: he had better order his life so as not to need punishment; but if either he or any of his friends, whether private individual or city, are in need of punishment, then justice must be done and he must suffer punishment, if he would be happy. This appears to me to be the aim which a man ought to have, and towards which he ought to direct all the energies both of himself and of the state, acting so that he may have temperance and justice present with him and be happy, not suffering his lusts to be unrestrained, and in

the never-ending desire satisfy them leading a robber's life. Such; one is the friend neither of God nor man, for he is incapable of communion, and he who is incapable of communion is also incapable of friendship. And philosophers tell us, Callicles, that communion and friendship and orderliness and temperance and justice bind together heaven and earth and gods and men, and that this universe is therefore called Cosmos or order, not disorder or misrule, my friend. But although you are a philosopher you seem to me never to have observed that geometrical equality is mighty, both among gods and men; you think that you ought to cultivate inequality or excess, and do not care about geometry. —Well, then, either the principle that the happy are made happy by the possession of justice and temperance, and the miserable the possession of vice, must be refuted, or, if it is granted, what will be the consequences? All the consequences which I drew before, Callicles, and about which you asked me whether I was in earnest when I said that a man ought to accuse himself and his son and his friend if he did anything wrong, and that to this end he should use his rhetoric—all those consequences are true. And that which you thought that Polus was led to admit out of modesty is true, viz., that, to do injustice, if more disgraceful than to suffer, is in that degree worse; and the other position, which, according to Polus, Gorgias admitted out of modesty, that he who would truly be a rhetorician ought to be just and have a knowledge of justice, has also turned out to be true.

And now, these things being as we have said, let us proceed in the next place to consider whether you are right in throwing in my teeth that I am unable to help myself or any of my friends or kinsmen, or to save them in the extremity of danger, and that I am in the power of another like an outlaw to whom anyone may do what he likes—he may box my ears, which was a brave saying of yours; or take away my goods or banish me, or even do his worst and kill me; a condition which, as you say, is the height of disgrace. My answer to you is one which has been already often repeated, but may as well be repeated once more. I tell you, Callicles, that to be boxed on the ears wrongfully is not the worst evil which can befall a man, nor to have my purse or my body cut open, but that to smite and slay me and mine wrongfully is far more disgraceful and more evil; aye, and to despoil and enslave and pillage, or in any way at all to wrong me and mine, is far more disgraceful and evil to the doer of the wrong than to me who am the sufferer. These truths, which have been already set forth as I state them in the previous discussion, would seem now to have been fixed and riveted by us, if I may use an expression which is certainly bold, in words which are like bonds of iron and adamant;

and unless you or some other still more enterprising hero shall break them, there is no possibility of denying what I say. For my position has always been, that I myself am ignorant how these things are, but that I have never met any one who could say otherwise, any more than you can, and not appear ridiculous. This is my position still, and if what I am saying is true, and injustice is the greatest of evils to the doer of injustice, and yet there is if possible a greater than this greatest of evils, in an unjust man not suffering retribution, what is that defence of which the want will make a man truly ridiculous? Must not the defence be one which will avert the greatest of human evils? And will not worst of all defences be that with which a man is unable to defend himself or his family or his friends?—and next will come that which is unable to avert the next greatest evil; thirdly that which is unable to avert the third greatest evil; and so of other evils. As is the greatness of evil so is the honour of being able to avert them in their several degrees, and the disgrace of not being able to avert them. Am I not right Callicles?

Cal: Yes, quite right.

Soc: Seeing then that there are these two evils, the doing injustice and the suffering injustice—and we affirm that to do injustice is a greater, and to suffer injustice a lesser evil—by what devices can a man succeed in obtaining the two advantages, the one of not doing and the other of not suffering injustice? must he have the power, or only the will to obtain them? I mean to ask whether a man will escape injustice if he has only the will to escape, or must he have provided himself with the power?

Cal: He must have provided himself with the power; that is clear.

Soc: And what do you say of doing injustice? Is the will only sufficient, and will that prevent him from doing injustice, or must he have provided himself with power and art; and if he has not studied and practised, will he be unjust still? Surely you might say, Callicles, whether you think that Polus and I were right in admitting the conclusion that no one does wrong voluntarily, but that all do wrong against their will?

Cal: Granted, Socrates, if you will only have done.

Soc: Then, as would appear, power and art have to be provided in order that we may do no injustice?

Cal: Certainly.

Soc: And what art will protect us from suffering injustice, if not wholly, yet as far as possible? I want to know whether you agree with me; for I think that such an art is the art of one who is either a ruler or even tyrant himself, or the equal and companion of the ruling power.

Cal: Well said, Socrates; and please to observe how ready I am to praise you when you talk sense.

Soc: Think and tell me whether you would approve of another view of mine: To me every man appears to be most the friend of him who is most like to him—like to like, as ancient sages say: Would you not agree to this?

Cal: I should.

Soc: But when the tyrant is rude and uneducated, he may be expected to fear any one who is his superior in virtue, and will never be able to be perfectly friendly with him.

Cal: That is true.

Soc: Neither will he be the friend of any one who greatly his inferior, for the tyrant will despise him, and will never seriously regard him as a friend.

Cal: That again is true.

Soc: Then the only friend worth mentioning, whom the tyrant can have, will be one who is of the same character, and has the same likes and dislikes, and is at the same time willing to be subject and subservient to him; he is the man who will have power in the state, and no one will injure him with impunity:—is not that so?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: And if a young man begins to ask how he may become great and formidable, this would seem to be the way—he will accustom himself, from his youth upward, to feel sorrow and joy on, the same occasions as his master, and will contrive to be as like him as possible?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: And in this way he will have accomplished, as you and your friends would say, the end of becoming a great man and not suffering

injury?

Cal: Very true.

Soc: But will he also escape from doing injury? Must not the very opposite be true,—if he is to be like the tyrant in his injustice, and to have influence with him? Will he not rather contrive to do as much wrong as possible, and not be punished?

Cal: True.

Soc: And by the imitation of his master and by the power which he thus acquires will not his soul become bad and corrupted, and will not this be the greatest evil to him?

Cal: You always contrive somehow or other, Socrates, to invert everything: do you not know that he who imitates the tyrant will, if he has a mind, kill him who does not imitate him and take away his goods?

Soc: Excellent Callicles, I am not deaf, and I have heard that a great many times from you and from Polus and from nearly every man in the city, but I wish that you would hear me too. I dare say that he will kill him if he has a mind—the bad man will kill the good and true.

Cal: And is not that just the provoking thing?

Soc: Nay, not to a man of sense, as the argument shows: do you think that all our cares should be directed to prolonging life to the uttermost, and to the study of those arts which secure us from danger always; like that art of rhetoric which saves men in courts of law, and which you advise me to cultivate?

Cal: Yes, truly, and very good advice too.

Soc: Well, my friend, but what do you think of swimming; is that an art of any great pretensions?

Cal: No, indeed.

Soc: And yet surely swimming saves a man from death, there are occasions on which he must know how to swim. And if you despise the swimmers, I will tell you of another and greater art, the art of the pilot, who not only saves the souls of men, but also their bodies and properties from the extremity of danger, just like rhetoric. Yet his art

is modest and unpresuming: it has no airs or pretences of doing anything extraordinary, and, in return for the same salvation which is given by the pleader, demands only two obols, if he brings us from Aegina to Athens, or for the longer voyage from Pontus or Egypt, at the utmost two drachmae, when he has saved, as I was just now saying, the passenger and his wife and children and goods, and safely disembarked them at the Piraeus—this is the payment which he asks in return for so great a boon; and he who is the master of the art, and has done all this, gets out and walks about on the sea-shore by his ship in an unassuming way. For he is able to reflect and is aware that he cannot tell which of his fellow-passengers he has benefited, and which of them he has injured in not allowing them to be drowned. He knows that they are just the same when he has disembarked them as when they embarked, and not a whit better either in their bodies or in their souls; and he considers that if a man who is afflicted by great and incurable bodily diseases is only to be pitied for having escaped, and is in no way benefited by him in having been saved from drowning, much less he who has great and incurable diseases, not of the body, but of the soul, which is the more valuable part of him; neither is life worth having nor of any profit to the bad man, whether he be delivered from the sea, or the law-courts, or any other devourer—and so he reflects that such a one had better not live, for he cannot live well.

And this is the reason why the pilot, although he is our saviour, is not usually conceited, any more than the engineer, who is not at all behind either the general, or the pilot, or any one else, in his saving power, for he sometimes saves whole cities. Is there any comparison between him and the pleader? And if he were to talk, Callicles, in your grandiose style, he would bury you under a mountain of words, declaring and insisting that we ought all of us to be engine-makers, and that no other profession is worth thinking about; he would have plenty to say. Nevertheless you despise him and his art, and sneeringly call him an engine-maker, and you will not allow your daughters to marry his son, or marry your son to his daughters. And yet, on your principle, what justice or reason is there in your refusal? What right have you to despise the engine-maker, and the others whom I was just now mentioning? I know that you will say, "I am better, better born." But if the better is not what I say, and virtue consists only in a man saving himself and his, whatever may be his character, then your censure of the engine-maker, and of the physician, and of the other arts of salvation, is ridiculous. O my friend! I want you to see that the noble and the good may possibly be something different from saving and being saved:—May not he who is truly a man cease to care about

living a certain time?—he knows, as women say, that no man can escape fate, and therefore he is not fond of life; he leaves all that with God, and considers in what way he can best spend his appointed term—whether by assimilating himself to the constitution under which he lives, as you at this moment have to consider how you may become as like as possible to the Athenian people, if you mean to be in their good graces, and to have power in the state; whereas I want you to think and see whether this is for the interest of either of us—I would not have us risk that which is dearest on the acquisition of this power, like the Thessalian enchantresses, who, as they say, bring down the moon from heaven at the risk of their own perdition. But if you suppose that any man will show you the art of becoming great in the city, and yet not conforming yourself to the ways of the city, whether for better or worse, then I can only say that you are mistaken, Callides; for he who would deserve to be the true natural friend of the Athenian Demus, aye, or of Pyrilampes' darling who is called after them, must be by nature like them, and not an imitator only. He, then, who will make you most like them, will make you as you desire, a statesman and orator: for every man is pleased when he is spoken to in his own language and spirit, and dislikes any other. But perhaps you, sweet Callicles, may be of another mind. What do you say?

Cal: Somehow or other your words, Socrates, always appear to me to be good words; and yet, like the rest of the world, I am not quite convinced by them.

Soc: The reason is, Callicles, that the love of Demus which abides in your soul is an adversary to me; but I dare say that if we recur to these same matters, and consider them more thoroughly, you may be convinced for all that. Please, then, to remember that there are two processes of training all things, including body and soul; in the one, as we said, we treat them with a view to pleasure, and in the other with a view to the highest good, and then we do not indulge but resist them: was not that the distinction which we drew?

Cal: Very true.

Soc: And the one which had pleasure in view was just a vulgar flattery:—was not that another of our conclusions?

Cal: Be it so, if you will have it.

Soc: And the other had in view the greatest improvement of that which was ministered to, whether body or soul?

Cal: Quite true.

Soc: And must we not have the same end in view in the treatment of our city and citizens? Must we not try and make—them as good as possible? For we have already discovered that there is no use in imparting to them any other good, unless the mind of those who are to have the good, whether money, or office, or any other sort of power, be gentle and good. Shall we say that?

Cal: Yes, certainly, if you like.

Soc: Well, then, if you and I, Callicles, were intending to set about some public business, and were advising one another to undertake buildings, such as walls, docks or temples of the largest size, ought we not to examine ourselves, first, as to whether we know or do not know the art of building, and who taught us?—would not that be necessary, Callicles?

Cal: True.

Soc: In the second place, we should have to consider whether we had ever constructed any private house, either of our own or for our friends, and whether this building of ours was a success or not; and if upon consideration we found that we had had good and eminent masters, and had been successful in constructing many fine buildings, not only with their assistance, but without them, by our own unaided skill-in that case prudence would not dissuade us from proceeding to the construction of public works. But if we had no master to show, and only a number of worthless buildings or none at all, then, surely, it would be ridiculous in us to attempt public works, or to advise one another to undertake them. Is not this true?

Cal: Certainly.

Soc: And does not the same hold in all other cases? If you and I were physicians, and were advising one another that we were competent to practise as state-physicians, should I not ask about you, and would you not ask about me, Well, but how about Socrates himself, has he good health? and was any one else ever known to be cured by him, whether slave or freeman? And I should make the same enquiries about you. And if we arrived at the conclusion that no one, whether citizen or stranger, man or woman, had ever been any the better for the medical skill of either of us, then, by Heaven, Callicles, what an absurdity to think that we or any human being should be so silly as to set up as state-physicians and advise others like ourselves to

do the same, without having first practised in private, whether successfully or not, and acquired experience of the art! Is not this, as they say, to begin with the big jar when you are learning the potter's art; which is a foolish thing?

Cal: True.

Soc: And now, my friend, as you are already beginning to be a public character, and are admonishing and reproaching me for not being one, suppose that we ask a few questions of one another. Tell me, then, Callicles, how about making any of the citizens better? Was there ever a man who was once vicious, or unjust, or intemperate, or foolish, and became by the help of Callicles good and noble? Was there ever such a man, whether citizen or stranger, slave or freeman? Tell me, Callicles, if a person were to ask these questions of you, what would you answer? Whom would you say that—you had improved by your conversation? There may have been good deeds of this sort which were done by you as a private person, before you came forward in public. Why will you not answer?

Cal: You are contentious, Socrates.

Soc: Nay, I ask you, not from a love of contention, but because I really want to know in what way you think that affairs should be administered among us—whether, when you come to the administration of them, you have any other aim but the improvement of the citizens? Have we not already admitted many times over that such is the duty of a public man? Nay, we have surely said so; for if you will not answer for yourself I must answer for you. But if this is what the good man ought to effect for the benefit of his own state, allow me to recall to you the names of those whom you were just now mentioning, Pericles, and Cimon, and Miltiades, and Themistocles, and ask whether you still think that they were good citizens.

Cal: I do.

Soc: But if they were good, then clearly each of them must have made the citizens better instead of worse?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: And, therefore, when Pericles first began to speak in the assembly, the Athenians were not so good as when he spoke last?

Cal: Very likely.

Soc: Nay, my friend, "likely" is not the word; for if he was a good citizen, the inference is certain.

Cal: And what difference does that make? Soc: None; only I should like further to know whether the Athenians are supposed to have been made better by Pericles, or, on the contrary, to have been corrupted by him; for I hear that he was the first who gave the people pay, and made them idle and cowardly, and encouraged them in the love of talk and money.

Cal: You heard that, Socrates, from the laconising set who bruise their ears.

Soc: But what I am going to tell you now is not mere hearsay, but well known both to you and me: that at first, Pericles was glorious and his character unimpeached by any verdict of the Athenians—this was during the time when they were not so good-yet afterwards, when they had been made good and gentle by him, at the very end of his life they convicted him of theft, and almost put him to death, clearly under the notion that he was a malefactor.

Cal: Well, but how does that prove Pericles' badness?

Soc: Why, surely you would say that he was a bad manager of asses or horses or oxen, who had received them originally neither kicking nor butting nor biting him, and implanted in them all these savage tricks? Would he not be a bad manager of any animals who received them gentle, and made them fiercer than they were when he received them? What do you say?

Cal: I will do you the favour of saying "yes."

Soc: And will you also do me the favour of saying whether man is an animal?

Cal: Certainly he is.

Soc: And was not Pericles a shepherd of men?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: And if he was a good political shepherd, ought not the animals who were his subjects, as we were just now acknowledging, to have become more just, and not more unjust?

Cal: Quite true.

Soc: And are not just men gentle, as Homer says?—or are you of another mind?

Cal: I agree.

Soc: And yet he really did make them more savage than he received them, and their savageness was shown towards himself; which he must have been very far from desiring.

Cal:

Soc: Yes, if I seem to you to speak the truth.

Cal: Granted then.

Soc: And if they were more savage, must they not have been more unjust and inferior?

Cal: Granted again.

Soc: Then upon this view, Pericles was not a good statesman?

Cal: That is, upon your view.

Soc: Nay, the view is yours, after what you have admitted. Take the case of Cimon again. Did not the very persons whom he was serving ostracize him, in order that they might not hear his voice for ten years? and they did just the same to Themistocles, adding the penalty of exile; and they voted that Miltiades, the hero of Marathon, should be thrown into the pit of death, and he was only saved by the Prytanis. And yet, if they had been really good men, as you say, these things would never have happened to them. For the good charioteers are not those who at first keep their place, and then, when they have broken-in their horses, and themselves become better charioteers, are thrown out—that is not the way either in charioteering or in any profession—What do you think?

Cal: I should think not.

Soc: Well, but if so, the truth is as I have said already, that in the Athenian State no one has ever shown himself to be a good statesman—you admitted that this was true of our present statesmen, but not true of former ones, and you preferred them to the others; yet they have turned out to be no better than our present ones; and therefore, if they were rhetoricians, they did not use the true art of rhetoric or of flattery, or they would not have fallen out of favour.

Cal: But surely, Socrates, no living man ever came near any one of them in his performances.

Soc: O, my dear friend, I say nothing against them regarded as the serving-men of the State; and I do think that they were certainly more serviceable than those who are living now, and better able to gratify the wishes of the State; but as to transforming those desires and not allowing them to have their way, and using the powers which they had, whether of persuasion or of force, in the improvement of their fellow citizens, which is the prime object of the truly good citizen, I do not see that in these respects they were a whit superior to our present statesmen, although I do admit that they were more clever at providing ships and walls and docks, and all that. You and I have a ridiculous way, for during the whole time that we are arguing, we are always going round and round to the same point, and constantly misunderstanding one another. If I am not mistaken, you have admitted and acknowledged more than once, that there are two kinds of operations which have to do with the body, and two which have to do with the soul: one of the two is ministerial, and if our bodies are hungry provides food for them, and if they are thirsty gives them drink, or if they are cold supplies them with garments, blankets, shoes, and all that they crave. I use the same images as before intentionally, in order that you may understand me the better. The purveyor of the articles may provide them either wholesale or retail, or he may be the maker of any of them,—the baker, or the cook, or the weaver, or the shoemaker, or the currier; and in so doing, being such as he is, he is naturally supposed by himself and every one to minister to the body. For none of them know that there is another art—an art of gymnastic and medicine which is the true minister of the body, and ought to be the mistress of all the rest, and to use their results according to the knowledge which she has and they have not, of the real good or bad effects of meats and drinks on the body. All other arts which have to do with the body are servile and menial and illiberal; and gymnastic and medicine are, as they ought to be, their mistresses.

Now, when I say that all this is equally true of the soul, you seem at first to know and understand and assent to my words, and then a little while afterwards you come repeating, Has not the State had good and noble citizens? and when I ask you who they are, you reply, seemingly quite in earnest as if I had asked, Who are or have been good trainers?—and you had replied, Thearion, the baker, Mithoecus, who wrote the Sicilian cookery-book, Sarambus, the vintner: these are ministers of the body, first-rate in their art; for the first makes admirable loaves, the second excellent dishes, and the third capital wine—to me these appear to be the exact parallel of the statesmen

whom you mention. Now you would not be altogether pleased if I said to you, My friend, you know nothing of gymnastics; those of whom you are speaking to me are only the ministers and purveyors of luxury, who have no good or noble notions of their art, and may very likely be filling and fattening men's bodies and gaining their approval, although the result is that they lose their original flesh in the long run, and become thinner than they were before; and yet they, in their simplicity, will not attribute their diseases and loss of flesh to their entertainers; but when in after years the unhealthy surfeit brings the attendant penalty of disease, he who happens to be near them at the time, and offers them advice, is accused and blamed by them, and if they could they would do him some harm; while they proceed to eulogize the men who have been the real authors of the mischief.

And that, Callicles, is just what you are now doing. You praise the men who feasted the citizens and satisfied their desires, and people say that they have made the city great, not seeing that the swollen And ulcerated condition of the State is to be attributed to these elder statesmen; for they have filled the city full of harbours and docks and walls and revenues and all that, and have left no room for justice and temperance. And when the crisis of the disorder comes, the people will blame the advisers of the hour, and applaud Themistocles and Cimon and Pericles, who are the real authors of their calamities; and if you are not careful they may assail you and my friend Alcibiades, when they are losing not only their new acquisitions, but also their original possessions; not that you are the authors of these misfortunes of theirs, although you may perhaps be accessories to them. A great piece of work is always being made, as I see and am told, now as of old; about our statesmen. When the State treats any of them as malefactors, I observe that there is a great uproar and indignation at the supposed wrong which is done to them; "after all their many services to the State, that they should unjustly perish"—so the tale runs. But the cry is all a lie; for no statesman ever could be unjustly put to death by the city of which he is the head. The case of the professed statesman is, I believe, very much like that of the professed sophist; for the sophists, although they are wise men, are nevertheless guilty of a strange piece of folly; professing to be teachers of virtue, they will often accuse their disciples of wronging them, and defrauding them of their pay, and showing no gratitude for their services. Yet what can be more absurd than that men who have become just and good, and whose injustice has been taken away from them, and who have had justice implanted in them by their teachers, should act unjustly by reason of the injustice which is not in them? Can anything be more irrational, my friends, than this? You, Callicles,

compel me to be a mob-orator, because you will not answer.

Cal: And you are the man who cannot speak unless there is some one to answer?

Soc: I suppose that I can; just now, at any rate, the speeches which I am making are long enough because you refuse to answer me. But I adjure you by the god of friendship, my good sir, do tell me whether there does not appear to you to be a great inconsistency in saying that you have made a man good, and then blaming him for being bad?

Cal: Yes, it appears so to me.

Soc: Do you never hear our professors of education speaking in this inconsistent manner?

Cal: Yes, but why talk of men who are good for nothing?

Soc: I would rather say, why talk of men who profess to be rulers, and declare that they are devoted to the improvement of the city, and nevertheless upon occasion declaim against the utter vileness of the city:—do you think that there is any difference between one and the other? My good friend, the sophist and the rhetorician, as I was saying to Polus, are the same, or nearly the same; but you ignorantly fancy that rhetoric is a perfect thing, sophistry a thing to be despised; whereas the truth is, that sophistry is as much superior to rhetoric as legislation is to the practice of law, or gymnastic to medicine. The orators and sophists, as I am inclined to think, are the only class who cannot complain of the mischief ensuing to themselves from that which they teach others, without in the same breath accusing themselves of having done no good to those whom they profess to benefit. Is not this a fact?

Cal: Certainly it is.

Soc: If they were right in saying that they make men better, then they are the only class who can afford to leave their remuneration to those who have been benefited by them. Whereas if a man has been benefited in any other way, if, for example, he has been taught to run by a trainer, he might possibly defraud him of his pay, if the trainer left the matter to him, and made no agreement with him that he should receive money as soon as he had given him the utmost speed; for not because of any deficiency of speed do men act unjustly, but by reason of injustice.

Cal: Very true.

Soc: And he who removes injustice can be in no danger of being treated unjustly: he alone can safely leave the honorarium to his pupils, if he be really able to make them good—am I not right?

Cal: Yes.

Soc: Then we have found the reason why there is no dishonour in a man receiving pay who is called in to advise about building or any other art?

Cal: Yes, we have found the reason.

Soc: But when the point is, how a man may become best himself, and best govern his family and state, then to say that you will give no advice gratis is held to be dishonourable?

Cal: True.

Soc: And why? Because only such benefits call forth a desire to requite them, and there is evidence that a benefit has been conferred when the benefactor receives a return; otherwise not. Is this true?

Cal: It is.

Soc: Then to which service of the State do you invite me? determine for me. Am I to be the physician of the State who will strive and struggle to make the Athenians as good as possible; or am I to be the servant and flatterer of the State? Speak out, my good friend, freely and fairly as you did at first and ought to do again, and tell me your entire mind.

Cal: I say then that you should be the servant of the State.

Soc: The flatterer? well, sir, that is a noble invitation.

Cal: The Mysian, Socrates, or what you please. For if you refuse, the consequences will be—

Soc: Do not repeat the old story—that he who likes will kill me and get my money; for then I shall have to repeat the old answer, that he will be a bad man and will kill the good, and that the money will be of no use to him, but that he will wrongly use that which he wrongly took, and if wrongly, basely, and if basely, hurtfully.

Cal: How confident you are, Socrates, that you will never come to

harm! you seem to think that you are living in another country, and can never be brought into a court of justice, as you very likely may be brought by some miserable and mean person.

Soc: Then I must indeed be a fool, Callicles, if I do not know that in the Athenian State any man may suffer anything. And if I am brought to trial and incur the dangers of which you speak, he will be a villain who brings me to trial—of that I am very sure, for no good man would accuse the innocent. Nor shall I be surprised if I am put to death. Shall I tell you why I anticipate this?

Cal: By all means.

Soc: I think that I am the only or almost the only Athenian living who practises the true art of politics; I am the only politician of my time. Now, seeing that when I speak my words are not uttered with any view of gaining favour, and that I look to what is best and not to what is most pleasant, having no mind to use those arts and graces which you recommend, I shall have nothing to say in the justice court. And you might argue with me, as I was arguing with Polus:—I shall be tried just as a physician would be tried in a court of little boys at the indictment of the cook. What Would he reply under such circumstances, if some one were to accuse him, saying, "O my boys, many evil things has this man done to you: he is the death of you, especially of the younger ones among you, cutting and burning and starving and suffocating you, until you know not what to do; he gives you the bitterest potions, and compels you to hunger and thirst. How unlike the variety of meats and sweets on which I feasted you!" What do you suppose that the physician would be able to reply when he found himself in such a predicament? If he told the truth he could only say, "All these evil things, my boys, I did for your health," and then would there not just be a clamour among a jury like that? How they would cry out!

Cal: I dare say.

Soc: Would he not be utterly at a loss for a reply?

Cal: He certainly would.

Soc: And I too shall be treated in the same way, as I well know, if I am brought before the court. For I shall not be able to rehearse to the people the pleasures which I have procured for them, and which, although I am not disposed to envy either the procurers or enjoyers of them, are deemed by them to be benefits and advantages. And if any

one says that I corrupt young men, and perplex their minds, or that I speak evil of old men, and use bitter words towards them, whether in private or public, it is useless for me to reply, as I truly might:—"All this I do for the sake of justice, and with a view to your interest, my judges, and to nothing else." And therefore there is no saying what may happen to me.

Cal: And do you think, Socrates, that a man who is thus defenceless is in a good position?

Soc: Yes, Callicles, if he have that defence, which as you have often acknowledged he should have—if he be his own defence, and have never said or done anything wrong, either in respect of gods or men; and this has been repeatedly acknowledged by us to be the best sort of defence. And if anyone could convict me of inability to defend myself or others after this sort, I should blush for shame, whether I was convicted before many, or before a few, or by myself alone; and if I died from want of ability to do so, that would indeed grieve me. But if I died because I have no powers of flattery or rhetoric, I am very sure that you would not find me repining at death. For no man who is not an utter fool and coward is afraid of death itself, but he is afraid of doing wrong. For to go to the world below having one's soul full of injustice is the last and worst of all evils. And in proof of what I say, if you have no objection, I should like to tell you a story.

Cal: Very well, proceed; and then we shall have done.

Soc: Listen, then, as story-tellers say, to a very pretty tale, which I dare say that you may be disposed to regard as a fable only, but which, as I believe, is a true tale, for I mean to speak the truth. Homer tells us, how Zeus and Poseidon and Pluto divided the empire which they inherited from their father. Now in the days of Cronos there existed a law respecting the destiny of man, which has always been, and still continues to be in Heaven—that he who has lived all his life in justice and holiness shall go, when he is dead, to the Islands of the Blessed, and dwell there in perfect happiness out of the reach of evil; but that he who has lived unjustly and impiously shall go to the house of vengeance and punishment, which is called Tartarus. And in the time of Cronos, and even quite lately in the reign of Zeus, the judgment was given on the very day on which the men were to die; the judges were alive, and the men were alive; and the consequence was that the judgments were not well given. Then Pluto and the authorities from the Islands of the Blessed came to Zeus, and said that the souls found their way to the wrong places. Zeus said: "I shall put a stop to this; the judgments are not well given, because the persons

who are judged have their clothes on, for they are alive; and there are many who, having evil souls, are apparelled in fair bodies, or encased in wealth or rank, and, when the day of judgment arrives, numerous witnesses come forward and testify on their behalf that they have lived righteously. The judges are awed by them, and they themselves too have their clothes on when judging; their eyes and ears and their whole bodies are interposed as a well before their own souls. All this is a hindrance to them; there are the clothes of the judges and the clothes of the judged—What is to be done? I will tell you:—In the first place, I will deprive men of the foreknowledge of death, which they possess at present: this power which they have Prometheus has already received my orders to take from them: in the second place, they shall be entirely stripped before they are judged, for they shall be judged when they are dead; and the judge too shall be naked, that is to say, dead—he with his naked soul shall pierce into the other naked souls; and they shall die suddenly and be deprived of all their kindred, and leave their brave attire strewn upon the earth-conducted in this manner, the judgment will be just. I knew all about the matter before any of you, and therefore I have made my sons judges; two from Asia, Minos and Rhadamanthus, and one from Europe, Aeacus. And these, when they are dead, shall give judgment in the meadow at the parting of the ways, whence the two roads lead, one to the Islands of the Blessed, and the other to Tartarus. Rhadamanthus shall judge those who come from Asia, and Aeacus those who come from Europe. And to Minos I shall give the primacy, and he shall hold a court of appeal, in case either of the two others are in any doubt:—then the judgment respecting the last journey of men will be as just as possible."

From this tale, Callicles, which I have heard and believe, I draw the following inferences:—Death, if I am right, is in the first place the separation from one another of two things, soul and body; nothing else. And after they are separated they retain their several natures, as in life; the body keeps the same habit, and the results of treatment or accident are distinctly visible in it: for example, he who by nature or training or both, was a tall man while he was alive, will remain as he was, after he is dead; and the fat man will remain fat; and so on; and the dead man, who in life had a fancy to have flowing hair, will have flowing hair. And if he was marked with the whip and had the prints of the scourge, or of wounds in him when he was alive, you might see the same in the dead body; and if his limbs were broken or misshapen when he was alive, the same appearance would be visible in the dead. And in a word, whatever was the habit of the body during life would be distinguishable after death, either perfectly, or in a great measure and for a certain time. And I should imagine that this is equally true of

the soul, Callicles; when a man is stripped of the body, all the natural or acquired affections of the soul are laid open to view. And when they come to the judge, as those from Asia come to Rhadamanthus, he places them near him and inspects them quite impartially, not knowing whose the soul is: perhaps he may lay hands on the soul of the great king, or of some other king or potentate, who has no soundness in him, but his soul is marked with the whip, and is full of the prints and scars of perjuries and crimes with which each action has stained him, and he is all crooked with falsehood and imposture, and has no straightness, because he has lived without truth. Him Rhadamanthus beholds, full of all deformity and disproportion, which is caused by licence and luxury and insolence and incontinence, and despatches him ignominiously to his prison, and there he undergoes the punishment which he deserves.

Now the proper office of punishment is twofold: he who is rightly punished ought either to become better and profit by it, or he ought to be made an example to his fellows, that they may see what he suffers, and fear and become better. Those who are improved when they are punished by gods and men, are those whose sins are curable; and they are improved, as in this world so also in another, by pain and suffering; for there is no other way in which they can be delivered from their evil. But they who have been guilty of the worst crimes, and are incurable by reason of their crimes, are made examples; for, as they are incurable, the time has passed at which they can receive any benefit. They get no good themselves, but others get good when they behold them enduring for ever the most terrible and painful and fearful sufferings as the penalty of their sins—there they are, hanging up as examples, in the prison—house of the world below, a spectacle and a warning to all unrighteous men who come thither. And among them, as I confidently affirm, will be found Archelaus, if Polus truly reports of him, and any other tyrant who is like him. Of these fearful examples, most, as I believe, are taken from the class of tyrants and kings and potentates and public men, for they are the authors of the greatest and most impious crimes, because they have the power. And Homer witnesses to the truth of this; for they are always kings and potentates whom he has described as suffering everlasting punishment in the world below: such were Tantalus and Sisyphus and Tityus. But no one ever described Thersites, or any private person who was a villain, as suffering everlasting punishment, or as incurable. For to commit the worst crimes, as I am inclined to think, was not in his power, and he was happier than those who had the power. No, Callicles, the very bad men come from the class of those who have power. And yet in that very class there may arise good men, and

worthy of all admiration they are, for where there is great power to do wrong, to live and to die justly is a hard thing, and greatly to be praised, and few there are who attain to this. Such good and true men, however, there have been, and will be again, at Athens and in other states, who have fulfilled their trust righteously; and there is one who is quite famous all over Hellas, Aristeides, the son of Lysimachus. But, in general, great men are also bad, my friend.

As I was saying, Rhadamanthus, when he gets a soul of the bad kind, knows nothing about him, neither who he is, nor who his parents are; he knows only that he has got hold of a villain; and seeing this, he stamps him as curable or incurable, and sends him away to Tartarus, whither he goes and receives his proper recompense. Or, again, he looks with admiration on the soul of some just one who has lived in holiness and truth; he may have been a private man or not; and I should say, Callicles, that he is most likely to have been a philosopher who has done his own work, and not troubled himself with the doings of other in his lifetime; him Rhadamanthus sends to the Islands of the Blessed. Aeacus does the same; and they both have sceptres, and judge; but Minos alone has a golden sceptre and is seated looking on, as Odysseus in Homer declares that he saw him:

Holding a sceptre of gold, and giving laws to the dead.

Now I, Callicles, am persuaded of the truth of these things, and I consider how I shall present my soul whole and undefiled before the judge in that day. Renouncing the honours at which the world aims, I desire only to know the truth, and to live as well as I can, and, when I die, to die as well as I can. And, to the utmost of my power, I exhort all other men to do the same. And, in return for your exhortation of me, I exhort you also to take part in the great combat, which is the combat of life, and greater than every other earthly conflict. And I retort your reproach of me, and say, that you will not be able to help yourself when the day of trial and judgment, of which I was speaking, comes upon you; you will go before the judge, the son of Aegina, and, when he has got you in his grip and is carrying you off, you will gape and your head will swim round, just as mine would in the courts of this world, and very likely some one will shamefully box you on the ears, and put upon you any sort of insult.

Perhaps this may appear to you to be only an old wife's tale, which you will contemn. And there might be reason in your contemning such tales, if by searching we could find out anything better or truer: but now you see that you and Polus and Gorgias, who are the three wisest of the Greeks of our day, are not able to show that

we ought to live any life which does not profit in another world as well as in this. And of all that has been said, nothing remains unshaken but the saying, that to do injustice is more to be avoided than to suffer injustice, and that the reality and not the appearance of virtue is to be followed above all things, as well in public as in private life; and that when any one has been wrong in anything, he is to be chastised, and that the next best thing to a man being just is that he should become just, and be chastised and punished; also that he should avoid all flattery of himself as well as of others, of the few or of the many: and rhetoric and any other art should be used by him, and all his actions should be done always, with a view to justice.

Follow me then, and I will lead you where you will be happy in life and after death, as the argument shows. And never mind if some one despises you as a fool, and insults you, if he has a mind; let him strike you, by Zeus, and do you be of good cheer, and do not mind the insulting blow, for you will never come to any harm in the practise of virtue, if you are a really good and true man. When we have practised virtue together, we will apply ourselves to politics, if that seems desirable, or we will advise about whatever else may seem good to us, for we shall be better able to judge then. In our present condition we ought not to give ourselves airs, for even on the most important subjects we are always changing our minds; so utterly stupid are we! Let us, then, take the argument as our guide, which has revealed to us that the best way of life is to practise justice and every virtue in life and death. This way let us go; and in this exhort all men to follow, not in the way to which you trust and in which you exhort me to follow you; for that way, Callicles, is nothing worth.

高尔吉亚篇

对话人物：卡利克勒，苏格拉底，凯勒丰，高尔吉亚，波卢斯

场景：卡利克勒家

卡利克勒：俗话说，聪明人避免争执，却不会缺席于盛宴。

苏格拉底：我们刚错过了一场盛宴？

卡利克勒：对，一场令人愉快的盛宴；高尔吉亚才向我们展示了许多绝妙的事物。

苏格拉底：这不是我的过错，卡利克勒；要怪就怪我们的朋友凯勒丰，是他让我们在市民辩论会场逗留过久。

凯勒丰：没关系，苏格拉底；这场错失因我而起，我会给予补偿；高尔吉亚是我的朋友，我会让他重新展示一次，要么现在，要么另找时间，如果你愿意的话。

卡利克勒：怎么回事，凯勒丰，苏格拉底要听高尔吉亚的演讲？

凯勒丰：对，这正是我们此行的目的。

卡利克勒：那么到我家来；高尔吉亚就在舍下，他会为你们展示一番。

苏格拉底：很好，卡利克勒；但他愿意回答我们的问题吗？因为我想请教他，他技艺的本质为何，还有他所教授的是什么。至于展示，如你（凯勒丰）所言，可以推迟到以后。

卡利克勒：不用问他愿不愿意，苏格拉底；事实上，回答提问也是他展示的一部分。他刚才还说，在我家若有任何人提出任何问题，他都会回答。

苏格拉底：真是太幸运了！凯勒丰，要不由你来提问？

凯勒丰：我问什么呢？

苏格拉底：问他是谁。

凯勒丰：你的意思是？

苏格拉底：我是说问一个能引导他这样作答的问题。比如他是做鞋的，他就会回答自己是鞋匠。明白了吗？

凯勒丰：明白了，我这就问他；请问，高尔吉亚，我们的朋友卡利克勒说你承诺过对别人的问题有问必答，是这样吗？

高尔吉亚：确有此事，凯勒丰，我刚才也强调过这一点。再有，这么多年过去了，都没人向我提出过有新意的问题。

凯勒丰：那你肯定准备就绪了，高尔吉亚。

高尔吉亚：这个嘛，凯勒丰，你不妨一试。

波卢斯：的确如此，凯勒丰，如果你愿意，不妨提问我试试。高尔吉亚已经讲了很久，想必已经疲倦了。

凯勒丰：波卢斯，你认为自己能比高尔吉亚回答得更好吗？

波卢斯：要是我的回答足以令你满意，由谁回答又有什么区别呢？

凯勒丰：毫无区别—你愿意的话你就来回答。

波卢斯：请问吧—

凯勒丰：我的问题是：假设高尔吉亚具有他的兄弟希罗狄库的技艺，我们应该怎么称呼他呢？难道不应该用称呼他兄弟的名称来称呼他吗？

波卢斯：当然应该。

凯勒丰：那我们称他为医生不会错吧？

波卢斯：没错。

凯勒丰：再假设他有和阿格拉俄封之子阿里斯托封或者阿里斯托封的兄弟波利格诺托斯那样的技能，我们该怎么称呼他呢？

波卢斯：显而易见，画家。

凯勒丰：可是现在我们该称他什么呢？他擅长什么技艺呢？

波卢斯：凯勒丰啊，人类有许多技艺是基于经验的，这些技艺源于经验的积累。经验形成技艺，使人类文明不断演进，而缺乏经验使之依赖于偶然。不同的人，术业专攻各不相同，层次水平各不相同，最优秀的人精通那些最优秀的技艺。我们的朋友高尔吉亚就是最优秀的人物之一，他所擅长的技艺是最高尚的。

苏格拉底：波卢斯已经学会了怎样作一场一流的演讲，高尔吉亚；但是，他并没有践行他给凯勒丰作出的承诺。

高尔吉亚：苏格拉底，你这是什么意思呢？

苏格拉底：我是说波卢斯答非所问。

高尔吉亚：那你为何不亲自问他呢？

苏格拉底：如果你愿意回答的话，我更愿意请教你。因为我从波卢斯所说不多的字句中看出，他使用更多的是修辞术而不是辩证法。

波卢斯：苏格拉底，你这么说的依据何在？

苏格拉底：波卢斯，这是因为凯勒丰问你高尔吉亚所精通的技艺是什么时，你极力赞扬这种技艺，仿佛在回应某人对它的诋毁，对这种技艺到底是什么，你却只字未提。

波卢斯：怎么会呢，难道我没有说它是最高尚的技艺吗？

苏格拉底：是的，你确实谈到了这点，但这回答不了凯勒丰的问题。他问的不是这门技艺的性质优劣，而是本质为何，还有应该怎么称呼高尔吉亚。我还是想恳请你像之前回答凯勒丰那样，给我一个简洁明确的答案，告诉我高尔吉亚所擅长的技艺是什么，我们该如何称呼他。或者，高尔吉亚，我还是来问你吧，问题不变—我们该怎么称呼你，你所精通的技艺叫什么？

高尔吉亚：修辞就是我的技艺，苏格拉底。

苏格拉底：那么我应该称你为修辞学家了？

高尔吉亚：对，苏格拉底，我还是个优秀的修辞学家。如果你愿意用荷马的语言那样称呼我的话，那么“很荣幸我就是一名修辞学家。”

苏格拉底：我愿意这样称呼你。

高尔吉亚：那就请这样称呼吧。

苏格拉底：你能训练别人成为修辞学家，我们可以这样认为吗？

高尔吉亚：可以。我确实宣称要把他们变成修辞学家，不光是在雅典，而是在世界各地。

苏格拉底：高尔吉亚，你愿意像现在这样继续和我进行问答，而把波卢斯试图进行的长篇大论留待以后吗？能否请你遵守承诺，尽量简洁到位地回答我的提问？

高尔吉亚：有些回答相对冗长是不可避免的，苏格拉底，不过我会尽我所能地力求简洁。我职业的要求之一就是越简洁越好。

苏格拉底：这才是我们所期待的，高尔吉亚；展示一下简洁的风格吧，现在，长篇大论另找时间吧。

高尔吉亚：好吧，我会的，你会发现从没有人比我更言简意赅。

苏格拉底：很好。你自诩是修辞学家，又是修辞学家的缔造者，我来问你，修辞关乎何事。我可能会问织布关乎何事，你会回答关乎制衣。你不会这么回答吗？

高尔吉亚：我会这么回答。

苏格拉底：音乐关乎旋律的编排？

高尔吉亚：正是。

苏格拉底：到目前为止，高尔吉亚，你的回答简洁非凡，我表示赞赏。

高尔吉亚：对，苏格拉底，我确实认为自己长于此道。

苏格拉底：你这样说我很高兴。请以同样简洁的方式回答修辞关乎何事。

高尔吉亚：关乎话语。

苏格拉底：何种话语，高尔吉亚？像教会病人接受何种治疗可康复的话语？

高尔吉亚：不是。

苏格拉底：如此说来，修辞涵盖不了所有的话语？

高尔吉亚：当然涵盖不了。

苏格拉底：修辞使人能说会道？

高尔吉亚：是的。

苏格拉底：修辞使人对所言之物心中有数？

高尔吉亚：没错。

苏格拉底：我们刚刚谈到医学，医学不也使人能够了解并谈论病情吗？

高尔吉亚：没错。

苏格拉底：所以医学也研究话语了？

高尔吉亚：对。

苏格拉底：研究关于疾病的话语？

高尔吉亚：正是如此。

苏格拉底：如此说来，体育不也涉及身体状况好坏的话语吗？

高尔吉亚：很对。

苏格拉底：其他门类的技艺，高尔吉亚，也同样如此—所有的技艺都涉及相关学科的话语。

高尔吉亚：显而易见。

苏格拉底：既然你把研究话语的技艺称为修辞学，并且承认所有其他的技艺也都与话语有关，为什么你不把它们统称为修辞学呢？

高尔吉亚：因为，苏格拉底，其他技艺仅仅涉及到某种外在行为，比如动手；而修辞学并不涉及此类行为，它发挥作用的途径只能是话语。因此，我说修辞学研究话语是有道理的。

苏格拉底：我不知道是不是完全理解了你的意思，但我敢说，一会儿我会理解得更透彻。请先回答这个问题：你承认有技艺这回事吗？

高尔吉亚：承认。

苏格拉底：通常来说，技艺大都与“行”相关，不太需要或者不需要“言”的参与；对于绘画、雕塑还有许多其他的技艺来说，创作可以在无声的状态下进行。我估计你会说这样的技艺应划归在修辞学之外。

高尔吉亚：你完全领会了我的意思，苏格拉底。

苏格拉底：但另有一些技艺，完全以“言”为媒介发挥作用，不需要或不太需要“行”的参与，譬如，算术、计算、几何、下跳棋；诸如此类的技艺当中，几乎需要言行通力合作，但对于多数的技艺来说，语言的作用更为重要—这类技艺完全依靠语言才能发挥效力、彰显力量。我理解你所说的修辞学是后一类。

高尔吉亚：完全正确。

苏格拉底：但我认为你不会真的将这些技艺称为修辞。虽然你把修辞精确地阐述为一种完全依赖话语发挥作用的技艺，喜欢吹毛求疵的对手会说：“按照你的定义，高尔吉亚，算术也称得上是修辞。”但我认为算术和几何一样，在你看来都称不上是真正的修辞。

高尔吉亚：苏格拉底，我的意思你领会得很到位。

苏格拉底：好，那现在让我讲完我的理解。鉴于修辞学通过语言发挥作用，而其他一些技艺也使用语言，请告诉我修辞语言有什么特性。假设有人就我刚才提到的技艺向我发问，他会说：“苏格拉底，算术是什么？”我会像你刚才回答我的那样回答他，算术是通过语言发挥作用的技艺之一。然后他可能会追问：“关于什么的语言？”我会回答说关于奇偶数本身及其各自数目的语言。如果他又问：“什么是计算？”我会回答，也是完全与语言有关的技艺之一。假如他又问：“关于什么的语言？”我会像集会上的书记员那样回答，“如上所述”，它和算术技艺一样，但还有一个区别，计算不仅涉及奇数和偶数的数目，而且涉及它们本身和彼此之间的数字关系。还可以再假设，如果我说，天文学不过是语言，他会问，“关于什么的语言，苏格拉底？”我会回答说，天文学是讲述日月星辰的运动及其相对速度的语言。

高尔吉亚：很有道理，苏格拉底。

苏格拉底：高尔吉亚，现在让我们听听你对修辞的真知灼见。你承不承认修辞是一种通过语言来行动并达其所有目的的技艺之一？

高尔吉亚：承认。

苏格拉底：是用来做什么的语言？我会这样问。修辞学使用的语言与哪类事物相关？

高尔吉亚：与人世间最了不起、最美好的事物有关，苏格拉底。

苏格拉底：又来了，高尔吉亚又在含糊其辞了。我还是不明白：人世间最了不起、最美好的事物是什么呢？我敢说你肯定听过宴会上唱的那首古老的饮酒歌，那歌者一一列举生命中美好的事物，一是健康，二是美貌，三是，如词作者所言，合法财富。

高尔吉亚：没错，我知道那首歌。但你想说明什么呢？

苏格拉底：我的意思是说，歌曲作者所赞扬的那些美好事物的创造者，我是指，医生、教练、商人，会立刻找到你。医生会第一个发话：“苏格拉底啊，高尔吉亚在欺骗你，因为医术才是关乎人类最根本利益的技艺，而不是修辞。”当我问他“你是谁”时，他会回答说：“我是个医生。”你是什么意思呢？我会问。你是说你的医术创造了最高利益吗？“没错”，他会回答说，“因为，健康不是最根本的利益吗？人类还有什么比这高的利益吗，苏格拉底？”紧随其后的是教练。他会过来说：“我也一样，苏格拉底，如果高尔吉亚能证明他的技艺比我的技艺更有优势，我会大为惊讶。”我同样会对他说：“你是谁，正直的朋友，你的职业是什么？”“我是教练，”他会回答说，“我的职责是让人们体格更加健美强壮。”答复完教练，商人就过来了。正如我预料的一样，他鄙视其他所有人。“想想吧，苏格拉底，”他会说，“高尔吉亚或者其他任何一个人是否能创造比财富更大的利益。”那么，你和我对他说：“你是钱财的创造者吗？”“正是。”他答道。“你是做什么的？”“商人。”“你认为钱

财是人类最大的利益吗？”他会回答：“当然。”我们会反驳说：没错；但是我们的朋友高尔吉亚声称他的技艺能创造更大的利益。然后，他肯定会继续问：“什么利益?让高尔吉亚来回答。”现在，高尔吉亚，我想让你想象一下，假设你被我和他们问到这个问题—如你所说，由你所创造的那个人类最根本的利益是什么。回答我们。

高尔吉亚：这一利益，苏格拉底，的确是最伟大的，它给人们内在的自由，给每个人一种以不同身份统治他人的力量。

苏格拉底：你想把它看成什么呢？

高尔吉亚：有什么比能在法庭上说服法官、在会议上说服议员，或是在集会或者任何其他的政治会议上说服民众的语言更伟大呢？—如果你有说出这种语言的力量，那位医生将成为你的奴隶，那位教练将成为你的奴隶，你将谈到的那位商人在囤积财宝，但他这么做不是为自己，而是为你这个会说话并且会劝说民众的人。

苏格拉底：现在，高尔吉亚，我认为你已经准确地解释出了你心目中的修辞学艺术是什么样子。如果我没理解错的话，你的意思是说修辞学专司劝说，此外没有其他职责。劝说就是修辞学的最高境界和终极目的。你还知道修辞学有其他比劝说更高级的功效吗？

高尔吉亚：不知道。在我看来，这个定义非常恰当，苏格拉底，因为劝说是修辞学的主要目的。

苏格拉底：那么，听我说，高尔吉亚，因为我很确定如果有人纯粹地从对真理热爱的角度出发，进入一个议题的讨论，那么我就是其中一位，我应该说你也是其中之一。

高尔吉亚：接下来呢，苏格拉底？

苏格拉底：我会告诉你的。我十分清楚自己并不知道你所说的那种劝说的性质怎样，或者说，它涉及哪些修辞学上的话题，尽管我对这两个问题都感到怀疑。我要问—修辞学赋予劝说的是怎样一种力量，是关于什么的力量。但是，如果我有疑问，为什么我不告诉你我的疑问而是向你发问呢？我并不是为你考虑，而是为了使辩论能以最可能呈现真理的方式来进行。并且，我想让你看到，我进一步问下面这个问题是正确的。如果我问：“宙克西斯算哪类画家？”你回答：“人物画家。”我问：“哪种人物，你在哪里看到的这些人物？”这样问会有错吗？

高尔吉亚：当然没错。

苏格拉底：问第二个问题的原因可能是，还有其他的画家，画了许多其他的人物？

高尔吉亚：对。

苏格拉底：但如果除了宙克西斯再没有第二个人画这些人物，那么你的回答就是完满的了。

高尔吉亚：确实如此。

苏格拉底：现在，我想用同样的方法来了解修辞学—修辞学是唯一一门能进行劝说的技艺吗？还是有其他的技艺也具有同样的功效？我的意思是说—是不是一个人无论教的是什么，他都在劝说人们接受他所教授的东西？

高尔吉亚：他是在劝说，苏格拉底—这么说没错。

苏格拉底：回到刚才的问题，如果我们以刚才谈到的种种技艺而论—算术和算术家不教我们数字的特性吗？

高尔吉亚：当然教。

苏格拉底：因此是在劝说我们接受这些特性？

高尔吉亚：是的。

苏格拉底：那么算术和修辞学都是劝说的技艺。

高尔吉亚：显然如此。

苏格拉底：如果有任何人问我们哪种劝说，关于什么—我们将回答，是教授奇偶数数量的劝说，我们将能够说明我们刚才谈到的所有其他种类的技艺都能产生劝说，并证明它们是哪种劝说、有关什么。

高尔吉亚：很对。

苏格拉底：那么不是只有修辞学能创造劝说？

高尔吉亚：对。

苏格拉底：既然不光是修辞学靠劝说起作用，还有其他的技艺也是这样，比如画家的技艺，自然而然地出现了这样一个问题：修辞学产生的是什么样的劝说，是关于什么的？—以这种方式讨论这个问题不好吗？

高尔吉亚：我认为不错。

苏格拉底：那么，如果你赞成我这么问，高尔吉亚，答案是什么？

高尔吉亚：苏格拉底，我的答案是，修辞学是用于法庭和其他集会的劝说艺术，正如我之前所说；它是关于公正与不公的劝说艺术。

苏格拉底：高尔吉亚，这就是我怀疑你持有的观念所在。如果你发现我在重复一个貌似简单的问题，我希望你不要感到意外；因为我提问的目的不是将你驳倒，而是正如我所说的，使辩论可以一直连续进行下去，我们不可以养成预测和怀疑彼此说话含义的习惯；我会允许你以自己的方式展开自己的观点，无论你的看法如何。

高尔吉亚：我认为你说得很对，苏格拉底。

苏格拉底：下面让我再问一个问题：有“已经学会”这样一回事吗？

高尔吉亚：有。

苏格拉底：也有“已经相信”了？

高尔吉亚：有。

苏格拉底：“已经学会”和“已经相信”是一样的吗？学习和相信一样吗？

高尔吉亚：依我判断，苏格拉底，不一样。

苏格拉底：你的判断是对的，这一点你可以这样来弄清—假设一个人对你说：“高尔吉亚，是不是既有错误的相信又有正确的相信？”—你会回答，如果我没弄错的话，是这样的。

高尔吉亚：是的。

苏格拉底：好，可是，既有错误的知识，又有正确的知识吗？

高尔吉亚：不然。

苏格拉底：确实不然，这再次证明了知识和相信是不一样的。

高尔吉亚：非常正确。

苏格拉底：但那些学会了的人和相信了的人是受到了劝说？

高尔吉亚：正是如此。

苏格拉底：那么我们假定有两类劝说如何—一类是没有基于知识的相信，另一类是基于知识的相信？

高尔吉亚：当然可以。

苏格拉底：修辞学在法庭和其他集会上产生出来的关于公正与不公的劝说是哪一类呢？是没有基于知识使人相信的劝说，还是基于知识的劝说？

高尔吉亚：很明显，苏格拉底，是只使人相信的那类劝说。

苏格拉底：修辞学看起来是一种能够劝说别人相信公正与不公的技艺，但它不提供对公正与不公的指导，是么？

高尔吉亚：对。

苏格拉底：修辞学家并不对法庭和其他集会的人就公正与不公进行指导，但是他使人相信，因为不可能有人能在短时间内就这样高深的话题对这样广大的一群民众进行指导？

高尔吉亚：当然不能。

苏格拉底：那么，好吧，让我们看看自己关于修辞学到底想说什么，因为我还不知道自己的意思。当与会者开会选举一名医生或一个船木工或是任何其他行业的一个手艺人，他们会征求修辞学家的意见吗？当然不会。因为每次选举都应该是最有才能的人当选。而且，当需要砌墙、建港口或是码头时，进行指导的是娴熟的工匠而不是修辞学家。或者，当我们需要选出将军、需要下战令，或是有个职位需要担当时，指导我们的是军人而不是修辞学家。你的看法是什么呢，高尔吉亚？既然你自称是修辞学家并且能训练别人成为修辞学家，我从你那里了解你技艺的性质再好不过了。现在我向你打包票，我既考虑到了自己的利益，也考虑到了你的利益。因为很可能现在的年轻人中有人可能渴望成为你的学生，而且事实上我看到了一些这样的青年人，并且为数不少。他们有这个愿望，但是由于太谦逊了而不好向你提问。因此当我向你发问时，我希望你想象成是他们在向你发问。“向你学习有什么用处呢，高尔吉亚？”他们会说—“你将教我们就什么来为城邦出谋划策呢？—只是关于公正和不公，还是也包括苏格拉底刚才提及的那些其他的事情？你将如何回答他们呢？

高尔吉亚：我喜欢你引领我们将话题继续下去的方式，苏格拉底，我将努力向你展示修辞学的整个性质。我想，你一定听说过，雅典人已经建的码头和城墙，以及计划建的港口，都是根据建议设想出来的。这些建议一部分来自地米斯托克利，一部分来自伯里克利，而非来自建筑工匠。

苏格拉底：关于地米斯托克利，高尔吉亚，这属于传统。伯里克利对中部城墙的建造提出建议时，我亲耳听过他的演讲。

高尔吉亚：你会注意到，苏格拉底，当必须针对这样的事情作决定时，出谋划策的是修辞学家，是他们的观点得到采纳。

苏格拉底：高尔吉亚，当我问你修辞学的本质是什么时，我心里一直谨记这一点；若以这种方式看待这个问题，修辞学的本质，于我而言是一个伟大的奇迹。

高尔吉亚：一个奇迹，的确如此，苏格拉底，如果你仅仅知道修辞学如何理解和支配其他次一级的技艺的话。我给你举个在这方面突出的例子吧。有几次我和我的兄弟希罗狄库或是某个其他的医生去看他的一个病人，这个病人不愿意让医生给自己开药，不愿意开刀或使用烧灼术。医生说服不了他，而我正是运用了修辞学，使他对我言听计从。而且，据我估计，如果一名修辞学家和一名医生要去任何一座城市，而且不得不在那里的市民议会或是任何其他集会上辩论谁应该当选为城邦医生，那位医生不会当选，但是，那个能言善辩的人如果希望自己当选的话，就能被选上。在与其他任何职业的人竞争的时候，修辞学家比其他任何人更有能力使自己当选，因为他在面对公众讲话时，比其他所有的人都更具有说服力，无论谈论的是什么话题。这就是修辞学艺术的天性和力量。然而，苏格拉底，修辞学的运用应该和其他任何一门竞技艺术一样，不是用来打击他人—修辞学家理应和拳击手、摔跤运动员、击剑手一样，不滥用自己的力量—因为修辞学家的力量远比他朋友和敌人的力量强大，因此他不该袭击、伤害或杀死他的朋友。假设一个人在角斗士学校经过训练，成为了一个技艺精湛的拳击手—他力量强盛，去袭击自己的父亲、母亲、熟人，或是朋友，但人们不应该以此为理由去憎恨他的教练或击剑老师，或是把他们从城市驱逐出去—绝对不应该。因为他们传授技艺用意良好，旨在抗击敌人和坏人，为了自卫而不是进攻，是别人曲解了他们的教诲，滥用了自己的力量和技艺。但不能据此判断老师不够好，也不该把错误归咎于技艺，或者认为技艺本身不好，我宁可说应该怪那些滥用自己技艺的人。这一论证同样适用于修辞学，因为修辞学家有能力谈论任何话题，攻击任何人—概括来说，他有能力劝说民众接受他中意的任何事情，他的劝说比其他任何人都有效，但他不应该仅仅因为自己有这种能力就伺机以自己的名誉去骗取医生或其他艺术家，他应当将修辞学用于正途，就像他会正确运用体育才能一样。成为修辞学家之后，如果他滥用力量和技艺，他的老师当然不应该为此受到憎恶和驱逐。因为老师本打算让他把所学用于正途，但他没照做。因此他才是应该受到憎恶、驱逐、处死的人，而不是他的老师。

苏格拉底：你，高尔吉亚，和我自己一样，有着丰富的辩论经验。我想你一定也注意到了，辩论并非常常以双方互相启迪，或是其中任何一方给所讨论的话题下定义而终止，相反，更可能出现的是各执一词—一个人说另一个人所说的不真实、不清楚，然后双方情绪变得激动，开始争吵起来，双方都认为对手仅仅是从个人情感和对他们的妒意出发在争论，而不是出于对辩题的任何兴趣。有时他们会继续互相辱骂，直到最后同伴们自己开始恼火于真不该来听这些家伙辩论。我为什么说这些呢？唉，因为我禁不住感到你现在所说的和你最初说的修辞学不太一致。我恐怕要向你指出这点，以免你认为我对你有什么敌意，认为我的言谈并不是为了发现真理，而是出于对你的嫉妒。现在，如果你我是同路人，我想盘问你一下，如果不是，我不再缠着你。那么我这类人是什么人呢？你会问。我们这类人一旦说了任何有悖真理的事情，就很愿意听取反驳，当其他任何人的言谈有悖真理时，我们也很愿意进行反驳。正如反驳别人一样，我也同样准备好了被他们反驳，因为我认为两者中

被反驳者的收获更大，就像身陷极为重大的灾祸，得到救治比救治别人收获更多。因为我料想，在我们谈到的事情上产生的错误观点这种大恶，是没人能够忍受的。而且，如果你宣称自己属于我们这类人，让我们讨论个彻底吧；但是如果你认为已经讨论过了，没关系—让我们就此结束。

高尔吉亚：我应该说，苏格拉底，我正是你所指的这种人；但是，或许我们应该考虑一下观众，因为在你来之前，我已经进行了长时间的演讲，如果我们继续下去，辩论会持续非常长的时间。因此，当一些同伴想干别的事情时，我想我们应该考虑到不要耽误他们的时间。

凯勒丰：你们听见了观众在欢呼吧，高尔吉亚，苏格拉底，这表明他们渴望听你们辩论。就我自己而言，我手头要是有任何的事务要处理，使我离开这么有趣并且进行得如此巧妙的辩论，那可是天理不容啊。

卡利克勒：诸神在上，凯勒丰，尽管我出席过很多辩论场合，但是我怀疑自己是否这么愉快过，因此如果你继续演讲，讲一整天，我将会更高兴。

苏格拉底：我可以据实以告，卡利克勒，我愿意，如果高尔吉亚愿意的话。

高尔吉亚：经过这一切之后，苏格拉底，如果我拒绝就是有失风度，尤其因为我已经承诺过要回答所有来访者的问题。那么，按照同伴们的意愿，就请你开始就任何你想问的问题向我发问吧。

苏格拉底：那么让我告诉你，高尔吉亚，你的话中是什么使我感到意外，尽管我敢说你可能是对的，而且我可能误解了你的意思。你是说你能够使任何一个愿意向你学习的人成为修辞学家吗？

高尔吉亚：是的。

苏格拉底：你的意思是说你将教他使民众在任何话题上都听取他的意见，并且是通过劝说而不是通过教导吗？

高尔吉亚：很对。

苏格拉底：事实上，你是在说修辞学家劝说的本领会比医生的更大，甚至在健康问题上也是如此？

高尔吉亚：是的，对于民众而言—就是这样。

苏格拉底：你是想说，对于无知的人来说是这样；因为在有知识的人看来，他的劝说本领并非更大。

高尔吉亚：非常正确。

苏格拉底：但如果他劝说的本领比医生的更大，他将比有知识的人有更大的劝说本领是吗？

高尔吉亚：当然。

苏格拉底：尽管他不是医生—是吗？

高尔吉亚：是的，他不是医生。

苏格拉底：显然，一个人如果不是医生，一定对医生所知道的东西一无所知。

高尔吉亚：明显是这样。

苏格拉底：那么，如果修辞学家比医生更具有说服力，那么对于无知者，不具备医学知识的人比具备的人更具有说服力？—不就是这个推断结果吗？

高尔吉亚：在这种假定的情况下—是的。

苏格拉底：修辞学和所有其他技艺的关系也是如此。修辞学家用不着懂得事物的真相，他只需要去发现某种劝说无知的人们的方法，这样他就显得比那些有知识的人知道的更多了吗？

高尔吉亚：是的，苏格拉底，这难道不是一种极大的安慰吗？—并未习得其他技艺，仅仅掌握了修辞学，就丝毫不比这些技艺的专家差?

苏格拉底：以这种理由来判断修辞学家是否不如那些技艺专家，这还是一个疑问。如果探讨这个问题可能对我们有所贡献的话，我们之后将要探讨一下。但我更想通过问这样一个问题来开始：他对公正与不公、卑贱与体面、善与恶的无知，是否和他对医学和其他技艺的无知是一样的。我的意思是说，他是不是真的对其他技艺中何为善恶、何为卑贱、何为体面、何为公正、何为不公有所了解，还是说他并不了解，而只是掌握了就这些事情来劝说无知的人们的一种方法，就被视为比专家知道的还多而得到敬重？或者说学生是否必须知道这些事情并且在习得修辞学之前，来拜师时就懂得这些事情？如果他不知道这些，你作为老师也不会教他—这不是你的职责。但是你将让他在公众面前看起来知道这些，不是好人看起来却像是好人。或者说你会不会根本没有能力教他修辞学，除非他自己首先了解这些事情的真相？对于这一切，你要说些什么呢？天啊，高尔吉亚，我希望你愿意向我展示修辞学的力量，因为你之前说你会的。

高尔吉亚：好吧，苏格拉底，我料想如果学生碰巧不知道这些事情，他也将不得不跟我学习这些。

苏格拉底：就说到这里吧，因为在这一点上你是对的。所以，被你教导成为修辞学家的那个人必须要么早就知道公正和不公的性质，要么必须是你来教他。

高尔吉亚：当然。

苏格拉底：那么，学过木工活的人不就是木匠吗？

高尔吉亚：是。

苏格拉底：学过音乐的人就是音乐家？

高尔吉亚：是的。

苏格拉底：同样，学过医学的人就是医生？一个人不论学过任何知识，就被所学知识塑造成为某种人？

高尔吉亚：没错。

苏格拉底：同理，学过何为公正的人就是公正的？

高尔吉亚：肯定是这样。

苏格拉底：公正的人理应做事公正？

高尔吉亚：对。

苏格拉底：公正的人不一定总要渴望做公正的事吧?

高尔吉亚：推论显然如此。

苏格拉底：当然，公正的人决不会同意做不公正的事？

高尔吉亚：当然不会。

苏格拉底：根据论断，修辞学家一定是公正的人？

高尔吉亚：是的。

苏格拉底：因此他决不愿意做不公正的事？

高尔吉亚：当然不愿意。

苏格拉底：但是你还记得自己刚才说过如果拳击手滥用拳击术，老师不应该受到指责和驱逐吧；同样地，如果修辞学家对修辞术的运用是不恰当的、非正义的，他的老师不该被指责，不该被驱逐，是作恶的人自己滥用了修辞术，他才该受到指责—他才该受到驱逐—你没这样说过吗？

高尔吉亚：是的，说过。

苏格拉底：但现在，我们是在承认之前谈及的修辞学家永远不会做出任何不公正之事？

高尔吉亚：是的。

苏格拉底：在最开始的时候，高尔吉亚，我们说过修辞学论述的是话语，不是关于（像算术一样）奇偶数的话语，而是关于公正和不公正的话语？难道没说过这些吗？

高尔吉亚：说过。

苏格拉底：当我听你这样说的时候，我在想修辞学总是在谈论正义，其本身不可能是非正义的事情。但是紧接着，当你补充说修辞学家可以滥用修辞术时，我惊讶地注意到你陷入了矛盾之中。我说到，如果你同我一样，认为被驳斥能有所收获，那么继续讨论这个问题才有意义，但如果你不这么认为，我将停止讨论。我们在探讨的过程中，正如你自己会看到的，已经承认修辞学家不可能不正当地运用修辞术，也不愿做非正义的事情。奉神犬之名，高尔吉亚，我们在获得关于这一切的真相之前，将会进行大量的讨论。

波卢斯：苏格拉底，你自己当真相信你此刻关于修辞学的言论吗？什么！因为高尔吉亚羞于承认修辞学家不懂何为公正、何为廉耻、何为德行，而另一方面他又承认，对任何一个来拜师但不懂公正、廉耻、德行的人，他都会教授他们，于是由此承认产生了一个矛盾命题—这正是你最喜欢的事情，而且是你，而不是他，用你的那些吹毛求疵的提问把这场辩论引向了一个矛盾命题。—（你当真相信这一切中存在真理吗？）因为会有谁愿意承认自己不懂或者没能力讲授公正的性质吗？事实是，把争论引到这个困境是极不礼貌的。

苏格拉底：伟大的波卢斯啊，我们之所以结交朋友，生养子嗣，就是为了在我们年老吐字不清、步履蹒跚的时候，有年轻一代能在旁边扶我们一把，帮我们表意达行。那么现在，倘若我和高尔吉亚都开始犯糊涂了，就该你来帮助我们。就我而言，我答应收回之前所有你可能认为我说错的话，倘若你能答应我一个条件。

波卢斯：什么条件？

苏格拉底：波卢斯，你得精简起初你乐此不疲的冗长演讲。

波卢斯：什么!你是说我都不可以畅所欲言吗？

苏格拉底：只消想象，我的朋友，你来海拉斯言论最自由的城邦雅典参观，当到这里时，你却发现只有自己被剥夺了说话的权利，这的确会让人难以忍受。可是，考虑一下我的境况，如果你一直长篇大论并拒

绝回答提问，我被迫呆在原地聆听，不能退场，我岂不是没有多大作用了？我是想说，如果你确实对此辩论感兴趣，或重复我之前所说的，有意愿让这场辩论继续进行的话，请收回你随心发表的言论。就像我和高尔吉亚之前那样—反驳对方或者接受反驳，因为我想你会声称知道高尔吉亚所知道的，不会吗？

波卢斯：我会的。

苏格拉底：那么像他一样，你也会请任何人就任何事情对你提问，并知道怎样回答吧？

波卢斯：当然了。

苏格拉底：那么现在，你是愿意提问还是回答？

波卢斯：我来提问，务必请你回答我，苏格拉底，还是之前你认为高尔吉亚没能解答的那个问题：修辞学是什么？

苏格拉底：你是说修辞学是何种技艺吗？

波卢斯：是。

苏格拉底：实话实说，波卢斯，在我看来，修辞学根本就不是技艺。

波卢斯：那么，在你看来什么是修辞学？

苏格拉底：一种事物—最近我在你写的一本书中读到，你说你已经使之成为一种技艺。

波卢斯：什么事物？

苏格拉底：我想说这是一种经验。

波卢斯：修辞学在你看来是一种经验吗？

苏格拉底：这是我的看法，你可以存有异议。

波卢斯：什么方面的经验？

苏格拉底：一种可以创造欣喜和满足之情的经验。

波卢斯：如果能满足别人的需要，修辞学肯定是一件极好的事情，不是吗？

苏格拉底：你在说什么啊，波卢斯？我还没有告诉你修辞学是什么，为什么问我修辞学好坏与否？

波卢斯：你不是跟我说过修辞学是一种经验吗？

苏格拉底：既然你如此乐于满足他人需要，是否也能稍稍满足我一下呢？

波卢斯：行。

苏格拉底：你能不能这样问我：烹饪是什么样的技艺？

波卢斯：烹饪是一种什么样的技艺？

苏格拉底：根本就不算技艺，波卢斯。

波卢斯：那算什么？

苏格拉底：我说是种经验。

波卢斯：什么方面的？我希望你能向我解释。

苏格拉底：一种可以创造欣喜和满足之情的经验，波卢斯。

波卢斯：那么修辞学和烹饪是一样的了？

苏格拉底：不，它们是同一领域的不同分工。

波卢斯：什么领域？

苏格拉底：我担心真相听起来会很无礼；我不愿回答，以免高尔吉亚会认为我在取笑他的职业。因为这究竟是不是高尔吉亚所从事的修辞艺术，我看不出。从他刚刚所说的话来看，看不出任何他对自己技艺的看法。但我认为的修辞学就是不怎么值得称道的总体的一部分。

高尔吉亚：什么的一部分，苏格拉底？请直抒胸臆，我不介意。

苏格拉底：在我看来，高尔吉亚，修辞学作为其部分的整体，根本就算不上技艺，只是一种胆大无耻、巧言善辩的习性罢了。这种习性深谙操纵人性之道，我将其归到“谄媚”这一词下。我认为这种习性还包含其他几个分支，其中之一就是烹饪，烹饪貌似技艺，但我坚持认为它只是一种经验或者一套程序，而不算技艺。修辞学是另外一个部分，还有两个部分是打扮和诡辩，这样就有了四个分支，也有四种不同的事物与其一一对应。波卢斯可能会发问，如果他愿意的话，因为他还不知道修辞学是谄媚的哪个分支。他都没意识到我还没回答他呢，就接着问我另外一个问题，问我认为修辞学是好是坏。但是我将把这个问题放到后面回答，在我回答了“什么是修辞学”的问题之后。因为那样是不合适的，波卢斯，但是我很乐意回答，如果你愿意问我修辞学是谄媚的哪个部分？

波卢斯：我愿意这样问，你会回答吗？修辞学是谄媚的哪个部分？

苏格拉底：你能理解我的答案吗？修辞学，在我看来，就是模仿和伪造了政治学的一部分。

波卢斯：是高尚的还是卑鄙的？

苏格拉底：卑鄙的，我这样认为，如果我不得不回答的话。因为我认为不好的事物就是卑鄙的，尽管我怀疑你是否理解我刚才说的。

高尔吉亚：事实上，苏格拉底，我自己也不敢说已经理解。

苏格拉底：对此，我并不吃惊，高尔吉亚，因为我还没有给出解释。而我们的朋友波卢斯，人如其名，就像一只精力旺盛的小马驹，老想着往前跑。

高尔吉亚：不用理会他，请向我解释，你说修辞学就是对政治学一部分的模仿和伪造，是什么意思？

苏格拉底：那么我来尽力解释一下我对修辞学的看法，如果我有弄错的地方，我的朋友波卢斯会反驳我的。我们假定肉体和灵魂是存在的可以吗？

高尔吉亚：当然可以。

苏格拉底：此外，你们也承认这两者都有状态良好的时候吧？

高尔吉亚：是的。

苏格拉底：这种状态也可能并非真的良好，而是表象良好？我是想说，很多人看上去身体健康，只有医生或者受过训练的人能一眼看出他们并不健康。

高尔吉亚：确实。

苏格拉底：这种现象不只见于身体，也见于灵魂，两者都会有貌似健康实则不然的情况？

高尔吉亚：是，当然。

苏格拉底：现在，我将努力把自己的想法解释得更清楚一些：灵魂和身体作为两个部分，各有一种技艺与之相对，叫做政治学的技艺照管灵魂，另外一种看护身体的技艺，我还没有合适的名字来称呼它，不过它包含两个部分，一部分是体操，另一部分是医术。在政治学里，立法部分与体操对应，审判与医术对应。它们各自包括的两个部分有相互交叠的地方，审判与立法涉及同一事物，医术与体操涉及同一事物，但仍有区别。现在看到有这样四种技艺，两两分开，分别看护着身体和灵

魂，以实现它们的最大益处。谄媚在了解或猜测到了这四种技艺各自的品性后就将自己分成了四个部分，对它们进行伪造和仿制。它努力模仿它们各自的样子，假装自己就是她所仿造的那门技艺，对人们的最高利益丝毫不予理会，只利用感官上的享乐为诱饵诱骗那些粗心大意者上钩，使它们相信对它们，她具有至高价值。烹饪冒充成医术的样子，并假装知道哪些食物对身体最有益。如果医生和厨师必须一起参加由孩子或头脑并不比孩子更聪明的人做评委的竞赛，比比谁更清楚食物的好出和坏处，那么医生肯定会被饿死。我认为这就是谄媚，并且性质卑劣，波卢斯，我是在对你说话，因为烹饪旨在提供感官上的愉悦而不考虑最大益处。我不会用技艺来描述烹饪，我仅仅叫它经验，因为它不能对自己实际应用的性质进行解释或给以缘由。我不会称任何一种非理性的事物为技艺，但是你若要对我的言论进行反驳，我已做好准备为它们进行辩护。

因此，烹饪，我认为只是一种伪装成医术的谄媚；同样，打扮只是一种伪装成体操的谄媚，它狡诈、虚伪、卑鄙、狭隘，借助各种线条、色彩、化妆品和服饰起作用，把人们伪装得比实际更美丽，以至于忽略了体操可以赋予人体的真正的美。

为了长话短说，我将借用几何学家的方法进行说明（我认为到现在为止，你们应该能够理解我的意思了）：

打扮：体操：：烹饪：医术，或者打扮：体操：：诡辩：立法，以及烹饪：医术：：修辞学：正义。

我认为这就是修辞学家和诡辩学家的本质区别，但由于关系紧密，他们很容易被混淆。他们自己不知道如何理解自身，其他人也无从晓得。因为如果人由身体主宰，身体不听从灵魂的指导，灵魂就不能将烹饪和医术辨认和区别开来，而是由身体来评判两者，评判时就看两者是否产生了身体上的愉悦感，那么阿那克萨哥拉的那个词语—我的朋友波卢斯对此非常熟悉—就要大行其道了，“混乱”将再次盛行，烹饪、健康、医术将混为一团，难以区分。现在，我已将我对修辞学的理解告诉你们了，修辞学之于灵魂正如烹饪之于身体。我做了如此冗长的演讲，却不允许你们长篇大论，这样可能前后矛盾。但是我想这不是我的错，因为你们不能领会我的意思；倘若我言简意赅的话，我的答案对你们便毫无启发，所以我才进行解释。如果我觉得我同样不能理解你们的话，我希望你们也能够用同样的篇幅进行解释；但是如果我能够领会你们所言的话，请尽量让我能够得益于你们简洁的言谈，这样才算公平，现在你们可以随意理解我的答案了。

波卢斯：你是什么意思？你认为修辞学就是谄媚吗？

苏格拉底：不，我说是谄媚的一部分。如果你在这个年纪就这么健忘的话，逐渐变老后可怎么办呢？

波卢斯：那么要在城邦里把这些优秀的修辞学家当作可耻的谄媚者吗？

苏格拉底：这是个提问，还是演讲的开始？

波卢斯：是个提问。

苏格拉底：那我的答案是，他们根本就不值一提。

波卢斯：怎么能不值一提？他们在城邦中不是拥有很大的权力吗？

苏格拉底：不是，如果你想说权力之于掌权者是好事的话。

波卢斯：那正是我想说的。

苏格拉底：那么，这样的话，我认为他们是公民中拥有最小权力的人。

波卢斯：什么！他们难道不像僭主吗？可以随意杀戮、掠夺或者驱逐任何人。

苏格拉底：奉神犬之名，波卢斯，我不明白你每次说话，到底是在阐述己见，还是在向我提问？

波卢斯：我在向你提问。

苏格拉底：行，我的朋友，可是你同时问了两个问题。

波卢斯：怎么成了两个问题？

苏格拉底：嗨，你刚才难道没有说修辞学家像僭主一样，可以随意杀戮、掠夺或者驱逐任何人吗？

波卢斯：我说过。

苏格拉底：对啊，我是说这句话包含了两个问题，我将对二者都进行解答。我告诉你，波卢斯，修辞学家和僭主在城邦中拥有可能的最小权力，正如我刚才说过的那样。因为他们并没有真正按照意愿行事，只是做了自己认为最好的事情。

波卢斯：难道这不是很大的权力吗？

苏格拉底：波卢斯之前还持相反意见呢！

波卢斯：相反意见!这正是我一直坚持的观点。

苏格拉底：不，对有权势的人是这样—你怎么称呼这类人？—而对

你来说不是这样，因为你说权力对于其拥有者来说是一件好事。

波卢斯：对。

苏格拉底：那么你认为，如果一个蠢才做了自以为最好的事情，这也是好事吗？你会称之为极大的权力吗？

波卢斯：我不会。

苏格拉底：那么你就得证明修辞学家不是蠢才，并且修辞学是门技艺而不是恭维之术了，所以你就得完全驳倒我。假若你不能证明这一说法有误，那么，城邦里这些大行自以为最有利之事的修辞学家和僭主就没有什么值得自我庆贺了。如果，诚如你所说的那样，权力确实是件好事，你同时也该承认不加判断随意行事是坏事吧？

波卢斯：是的，我承认。

苏格拉底：那么要证明修辞学家和僭主的确在城邦中拥有极大的权力，波卢斯，你是不是就得反驳苏格拉底并向他证明，他们确实是依照个人意愿行事的呢？

波卢斯：这家伙—

苏格拉底：我说他们并没有按个人意愿行事，现在反驳我吧。

波卢斯：什么，你难道没说过他们做了自己认为最好的事情吗？

苏格拉底：我现在也这样说。

波卢斯：那他们肯定是按意愿行事的啊？

苏格拉底：我否认。

波卢斯：但他们做了他们认为最好的事情？

苏格拉底：对了。

波卢斯：苏格拉底，这简直荒谬绝伦，太可笑了。

苏格拉底：说得好啊，好一个波卢斯，借用你独特的风格来说；但是你要还有任何疑问，要么证明我错了，要么就自己做出回答。

波卢斯：很好，我想告诉你我可能明白你的意思了。

苏格拉底：你认为人们做某件事情，是出于对做事本身的喜欢还是对事情可能产生的结果的喜欢？比如说，人们按照医生的嘱咐吃药，是因为他们喜欢这种令人痛苦的药物呢，还是为了健康才这样做？

波卢斯：显而易见，为了健康。

苏格拉底：还有，那些长途航行和从事贸易的人们，当时并不是出于意愿而去从事这类活动的。因为有谁愿意冒险航行或者不怕困难而从事贸易呢？但是，他们都想获得财富，才会踏上长途航行。

波卢斯：当然。

苏格拉底：这不是放之四海而皆准的道理吗？如果一个人做某事是为了另外一件事，那他意愿之事并不是所行之事，而是所得之事。

波卢斯：是。

苏格拉底：而且任何事情都可以是好事、坏事、或处于中间状态的不好不坏之事？

波卢斯：毫无疑问，苏格拉底。

苏格拉底：智慧、健康、财富及诸如此类的事物，你会称之为好事，而与其相反的事物你会称之为坏事吧？

波卢斯：我会。

苏格拉底：而那些不好不坏的事情，以及会在某些时候表现出好事品质、在另外一些时候却表现出坏事品质，或者表现不好不坏的事情，它们是诸如坐、行走、跑步、航海，再或者木、石之类的事物，你会把这类事物归到不好不坏一类吧？

波卢斯：正是如此。

苏格拉底：人们是为了好事而去做不好不坏的事情呢，还是为了不好不坏的事情去做好事呢？

波卢斯：显然，是为了好事而去做不好不坏的事情。

苏格拉底：我们行走，是为了能得到行走的好处，认为这行走更有益健康；我们站立，同样是为了这样做的好处？

波卢斯：当然。

苏格拉底：当我们杀人的时候，我们要么将他杀死、驱逐，要么将他的财产据为己有，因为我们认为，这使我们得利？

波卢斯：当然。

苏格拉底：人们做这些事情都是为利益所驱？

波卢斯：是的。

苏格拉底：我们之前不是已经都认可了，我们做一件事是为了其他事，我们意愿之事并非所行之事，而是从中获益之事？

波卢斯：很对。

苏格拉底：所以我们并不是单凭意愿就处死、驱逐某一个人或者掠夺他的财产，而是愿意做有助于我们得到好处的事情，如果这种行为不能给我们带来利益，我们就不会愿意这样做了。因为正如你所说的那样，我们都愿意做于我们有益的好事，而不愿做不好不坏或者纯粹的坏事。波卢斯，你为什么缄口不言呢？难道我说错了吗？

波卢斯：你说得对。

苏格拉底：因此我们可以推测，如果任何一个人，无论是僭主还是修辞学家，将他人杀戮、驱逐或者掠夺其财产，以为这样会给自己带来利益而实际上却没有，那他可以说是做了看似对自己最有利的事情？

波卢斯：是的。

苏格拉底：但如果他所做的是坏事，他是在依照意愿行事吗？你为什么不回答？

波卢斯：嗯，我想不是。

苏格拉底：那么，如果权势如你所见是好事的话，这样的人会在城邦里握有重权吗？

波卢斯：他不会。

苏格拉底：那么，我说一个人可以在城邦中做看似于己有利之事，却没有权势也不能按意愿行事是没错的了？

波卢斯：苏格拉底，你仿佛不想拥有这种可做看似于己有利之事的权力，而不是情况相反？当你看到别人随意杀戮、掠夺或囚禁他人，你不会羡慕吗？啊，不会吧！

苏格拉底：你是问这种行为正义还是非正义？

波卢斯：无论哪种情况，他不是都惹人羡慕吗？

苏格拉底：克制，波卢斯！

波卢斯：为什么要克制？

苏格拉底：因为你不仅不应该羡慕这些不值得羡慕的可怜虫，而且

还应该怜悯他们。

波卢斯：我说的这种人是可怜虫吗？

苏格拉底：是的，毋庸置疑。

波卢斯：那么你认为一个人能够随意杀任何人并而且是出于正义，他也是可悲可怜的吗？

苏格拉底：不，我没有这样说，但我也不认为他值得羡慕。

波卢斯：你刚才没说过这种人可怜吗？

苏格拉底：我说过，我的朋友，如果他杀人并非出于正义，这种情况下他也值得怜悯；如果他杀人出于正义，他不应该被羡慕。

波卢斯：无论怎样，你承认被不公正地处死的人都是不幸的并且值得怜悯？

苏格拉底：波卢斯，他们不幸且值得怜悯的程度不及杀害他的人，也不及那些被公正地处死的人。

波卢斯：怎么可能是这样呢？苏格拉底。

苏格拉底：很有可能，鉴于行不公正之事是最大的恶行。

波卢斯：可是这是最大的恶行吗？遭受不公正不是更为恶劣吗？

苏格拉底：当然不是。

波卢斯：那么你宁愿受不公正待遇而不愿做不公正之事了？

苏格拉底：两者我都不喜欢，但是必须二者择一的话，我宁愿受其害而不愿行其害。

波卢斯：那你不想成为一个僭主吧？

苏格拉底：不愿意，如果你对僭主统治的理解和我一样 的话。

波卢斯：我的理解是，像我之前所说，在城邦里行一切似乎于己有利之事的权力，例如杀戮、流放他人，做自己喜欢的一切事情。

苏格拉底：好，那么，伟大的朋友，当我发表己见后，请务必回答我。假设我来到拥挤的集会场，腋下藏着一把匕首。波卢斯，我对你说，我获得了罕见的权力，成了僭主。因此，如果我认为凡是你看来应当被处死、而我又有意杀害的人，他们几乎都必死无疑；如果我乐意砍掉某个人的头或者撕掉他的衣服，那么顷刻间他就会人头落地或者衣服

被撕掉，这就是我在城邦里握有的重权。如果你不相信我，我会以匕首相胁，你很可能回答：苏格拉底，如果这就是巨大权力的话，任何人都可以拥有；只要他愿意，就可以放火烧掉雅典境内的任何房子、码头和战船，以及他们所有的战舰，不论是国家的还是私人的。但是你认为仅仅做自己认为最好之事就是巨大的权力吗？

波卢斯：你所说的这些行为肯定不是。

苏格拉底：但是你能告诉我为什么你不认同这种权力吗？

波卢斯：能。

苏格拉底：那么为什么？

波卢斯：为什么，因为一个人若做了你所说的事情，必然难逃惩罚。

苏格拉底：惩罚是坏事？

波卢斯：当然。

苏格拉底：那么你是再次承认，我的好先生啊，如果一个人的行为结果于己有利，这种巨大的权力于他就是好事，且其意义正是在此；如果一个人的行为结果于己无利，那么他的权力就是恶事，也称不上真正的权力。但是让我们用另一种方式来看待这件事情，我们都承认，之前我们谈及的行为：死刑和流放以及财产的没收在某些时候是好事而在某些时候又不是好事，对吧？

波卢斯：当然。

苏格拉底：在这一点上，我们应该没有异议吧？

波卢斯：是。

苏格拉底：那么，它们在何时是好事何时又是坏事呢，你规定的准则是什么？

波卢斯：我宁愿，苏格拉底，你来回答自己的提问。

苏格拉底：好吧，波卢斯，既然你想从我这里得到答案，我会说，它们在正义之时就是好事，在非正义之时就是坏事。

波卢斯：你的确很难被驳倒，苏格拉底，但是这个说法连小孩都能驳倒吧？

苏格拉底：那么我将十分感谢这个小孩，并且同样感谢你如果你能够驳倒我并救我脱离愚蠢的话。而且我希望你愿意驳斥我，并能不厌其

烦为朋友做件好事。

波卢斯：行，苏格拉底，我无需追溯到很久以前寻求证据，几天前发生的事情就足够将你驳倒，同时证明很多行恶事之人是幸福的。

苏格拉底：什么事？

波卢斯：你应该知道，我猜，珀迪克斯的儿子阿基劳斯现在成了马其顿的统治者？

苏格拉底：不管怎么说，我听说有这回事。

波卢斯：那么你认为他是幸福的还是不幸福的？

苏格拉底：我不知道，波卢斯，因为我对他一无所知。

波卢斯：那么在不了解一个人的情况下，你就不能一下子判断出他是否幸福吗？

苏格拉底：当然不能。

波卢斯：那么显然，苏格拉底，你会说你甚至不知这位伟大的国王是否是一个幸福的人？

苏格拉底：我会说真话；因为我不知他在教育和公正问题上持何种立场。

波卢斯：什么？所有的幸福都在于这上面吗？

苏格拉底：是的，确实如此，波卢斯，这是我的主张；我认为，慈祥、善良的男女也都是幸福的，而不公正、邪恶的人是痛苦的。

波卢斯：那么，按照你的主张，阿基劳斯是痛苦的？

苏格拉底：是的，我的朋友，如果他很恶劣的话。

波卢斯：他道德恶劣我不能否认；因为他完全没有名分占有他现在所拥有的王位，他本是帕迪卡斯之兄弟阿尔塞塔斯的一个女奴所生；他本人因此也是阿尔塞塔斯的奴隶；如果他打算正当行事，他应继续做奴隶，那么，按照你的主张，他该会幸福。但是现在他却说不出地痛苦，因为他在为犯下的滔天大罪而内疚：首先他邀请他的叔父也是他的主人阿尔塞塔斯，谎称要恢复他帕迪卡斯篡夺去的王位，款待了他和他的儿子亚历山大，也就是阿基劳斯年纪相仿的堂兄，灌醉他们，之后阿基劳斯将他们扔进马车，趁夜晚运走，杀害了他们，从而清除他们这两个绊脚石；在做所有这些恶事之时，他从未发现自己是最痛苦的人，而且一点儿也没忏悔：要我告诉你他是如何表示自己的懊悔之情吗？他有一个弟弟，还是年仅七岁的孩子，是帕迪卡斯的嫡子，王国的所有权应当归

他所有；但是阿基劳斯完全没有意思要按照他该做的，把他弟弟养大成人，并把王国移交给他；这就是他幸福的概念；不久之后他把弟弟扔进井里淹死，向他的母亲克莱奥帕特拉报告说他在追逐一只鹅的时候掉到井里，淹死了。现在，阿基劳斯是所有马其顿人中最大的罪犯，他理应是最痛苦而非最幸福的人，而且我敢说有许多以你为首的雅典人，宁愿成为任何一个马其顿人，也不愿成为阿基劳斯。

苏格拉底：一开始我表扬你，波卢斯，因为你是位修辞学家而不是辩论家。而在我看来，这种论辩正是那种你以为连一个孩童都能将我驳倒的论辩，当我说不公正的人不幸福时，你也是靠这点反驳我的。但是，我的好朋友，反驳效果如何？你所说的我连一个字都不承认。

波卢斯：那是因为你不愿承认罢了；因为你一定跟我想的一样。

苏格拉底：不是这样的，我的朋友，因为你以修辞学家在法庭上辩论的方式来反驳我。在那里，当一方带来若干好名声的证人来证明他们的指控，而对方只有一个或没有证人时，这一方便认为驳倒了对方。但当辩论以追求真理为目的时，这种证明便毫无价值；一个人可能经常被一群看似体面的伪证人驳倒。在我们这个辩论中，几乎每个人，不论是雅典人还是外邦人，都会站在你一方，如果你要请证人来反驳我的论点的话；—如果你愿意你可以请来尼塞拉都之子尼西亚斯，让他的兄弟们陪同前来，他们的祭鼎成排地放在狄俄尼索斯的领地；或者你可以请来斯凯利亚之子亚里斯多克拉底，他是特尔斐祭祀的施主；如果你愿意，请来伯利克里家族的人或任何其他雅典家族的人；—他们都会同意你：只有我独自不敢苟同，因为你未说服我；虽然你找来许多伪证人来反对我，希望剥夺我的财产，那就是真理。但是我认为我的辩论会没有任何值得一提的东西，如果我不能让你做我言语的证人；你的辩论也是如此，如果你不能让我做你言语的证人；不用管世界上的其他人。有两种辩论的方式，一种是你和世上常人的；而我的是另一种—让我们比较一下，看看有何区别。诚然，关于知识即可敬而无知即可耻的这些问题，我们存有争议；对幸福和痛苦的知识和无知—这是其中最主要的问题。何种认识更高贵呢？又或何种无知比这更可耻呢？因此，鉴于你认为阿基劳斯不公正但仍幸福，我先这么问你，你难道不认为一个不公正且行不公正之事的人是幸福的吗？我可以认定这是你的观点吧？

波卢斯：当然。

苏格拉底：但我说这是不可能的事—这是我们争论的一点，很好。你意思是说，如果受到报应和惩罚，他仍然幸福？

波卢斯：当然不是；那样的话他就最痛苦了。

苏格拉底：另一方面，如果不公正的人未受惩罚，那么，按你所说，他就会幸福吗？

波卢斯：是的。

苏格拉底：但依我所见，波卢斯，不公正的人或行不公正之事的人无论在那种情况下都是痛苦的，但如果未受惩罚和报应，他会更痛苦，而如果受到神和人的惩罚和报应，他的痛苦会较轻。

波卢斯：你在坚持一个古怪的主张，苏格拉底。

苏格拉底：我将试着让你同意我，我的朋友，因为我把你当作朋友。那么这些是我们之间争论的地方—难道不是吗？我说行不公正之事比遭受不公正之事更坏？

波卢斯：正是如此。

苏格拉底：你认为恰恰相反？

波卢斯：对。

苏格拉底：我还说邪恶之人是痛苦的，而你反驳我？

波卢斯：以宙斯之名，我反驳过。

苏格拉底：这是你个人的观点，波卢斯。

波卢斯：是的，我更认为我是正确的。

苏格拉底：你进一步说做坏事的人如未受惩罚会幸福？

波卢斯：当然。

苏格拉底：而我坚信他是最痛苦的，那些受到惩罚的却没那么痛苦—你也要反驳这一论点吗？

波卢斯：这个论点比前一个更难反驳，苏格拉底。

苏格拉底：波卢斯，不如说是不可能；因为谁能驳倒真理呢？

波卢斯：你是什么意思？如果有人试图非正义地使自己成为僭主时被发觉，备受折磨和迫害，他的双眼被烧坏，等到各种极刑都施加到他身上，而且眼看自己的妻子和孩子也受这样的折磨后，最终被钉死或被泼油活活烧死，难道这比他逃出来成为僭主，继而一生随心所欲，掌权执政，受到公民和异邦人的羡慕和敬仰还要幸福吗？你所说的那个悖论难道不能被驳倒吗？

苏格拉底：又来了，高贵的波卢斯，你是在列举令人厌恶的东西，而不是反驳我；刚才你这不是在召集证人反对我嘛。但请你提醒我一下；你说过“有人试图非正义地使自己成为僭主”吗？

波卢斯：是的，我说过。

苏格拉底：那么我要说这两种可怜人谁都不会更幸福—非法成为僭主之人不幸福，试图成为僭主未成而受到惩罚的也不幸福，这两种痛苦之人都不会更幸福，但逃过惩罚而成为僭主的在二者中更加不幸。你在笑吗，波卢斯？那么，这是一种新的反驳方式了—不论谁说了什么，不反驳他反而是去嘲笑他。

波卢斯：但是，苏格拉底，你难道不认为如果没有人认同你，你已经被有力地反驳了？问问我们的同伴们。

苏格拉底：哦，波卢斯，我不是一个政治家，就在去年，我的部族供职议事会，而我出于责任担任他们的长官来负责投票，那时有人笑我，因为我不懂如何负责。鉴于那次我失败了，你现在一定不要让我去计算同伴的票数；但但正如我刚才所说，如果你除了数目之外没有更好的论据，那么该轮到我了，你务必尝试我认为必需的证明方式；因为我只需找一位证人来证明我言语的真实性，他就是正与我争论的人；我知道如何掌管他的投票；但对众多人我无计可施，甚至不搭理他们。我问你，你能否依次回答，以你的话来作证明？因为我认为你、我和其他每个人都真正相信，行不公正比遭受不公正更为罪恶，而且未受处罚比受到处罚更为罪恶。

波卢斯：而我要说，我不会这样认为，任何人都不会这样认为：譬如说，你自己会宁愿遭受不公正而不去行不公正吗？

苏格拉底：是的，而且你也会；我或任何人都会的。

波卢斯：恰恰相反；你不会，我也不会，任何人都不会。

苏格拉底：但你愿意回答问题吗？

波卢斯：当然，我愿意；因为我很好奇，想听听你会说些什么。

苏格拉底：我们假设从头开始，波卢斯，告诉我，依你之见，行不公正或遭受不公正哪种更坏？回答之后，你就会知道的。

波卢斯：我会说遭受不公正更坏。

苏格拉底：那哪种更可耻呢？请回答。

波卢斯：行不公正。

苏格拉底：更可耻也就更罪恶？

波卢斯：当然不是。

苏格拉底：如果我没搞错，我明白你要说的，即可敬的不等同于善良的，可耻的不等同于邪恶的？

波卢斯：当然不同。

苏格拉底：我问你一个问题：当你提起美丽的事物，诸如身体、颜色、图形、声音、制度，你说它们美丽时是否参照某一标准：例如，身体比例美丽是因为他们有用，或看见它们给予观者快乐；你能给出个人美的其他原因吗?

波卢斯：我不能。

苏格拉底：你会笼统地说图形和颜色是美的，或因为它们给予快乐，或因为它们有用，或两者兼有？

波卢斯：是，我会的。

苏格拉底：你会因为同样的原因说声音和音乐美丽吗？

波卢斯：我会。

苏格拉底：法律和制度本身也没有美丽可言，若不是因为有用或宜人或兼而有之？

波卢斯：是这样的。

苏格拉底：同样也可以这么说知识之美？

波卢斯：当然，苏格拉底；我十分赞同你以愉悦和用途的标准来衡量美。

苏格拉底：而丑陋和可耻也可以同样以相反的标准，即痛苦和罪恶来衡量了？

波卢斯：当然。

苏格拉底：那么两种美丽的事物一种胜出，胜出的衡量依据也是这两种标准之一或兼有之；即愉悦或用途或兼而有之，对吗？

波卢斯：非常正确。

苏格拉底：而两种丑陋的东西，在丑陋或可耻上胜出，也是在痛苦或罪恶上胜出—难道不是这样吗？

波卢斯：是。

苏格拉底：话说回来，你刚才所说的关于行不公正和遭受不公正的论点是什么来着？你是说遭受不公正更加痛苦，而行不公正更加可耻吗？

波卢斯：我是这么说的。

苏格拉底：那么，如果行不公正比遭受不公正更加可耻，更加可耻的一定更加痛苦，而且在痛苦或罪恶或两方面上胜出，能得出这个结论吧？

波卢斯：当然。

苏格拉底：那么首先，让我们考虑行不公正是否在之后的痛苦上超过了遭受不公正：伤害者比受害者受苦更多吗？

波卢斯：不，苏格拉底；当然不是。

苏格拉底：那么他们并非在痛苦上胜出了？

波卢斯：不。

苏格拉底：但如果不是在痛苦方面胜出，在兼有两个方面也没有？

波卢斯：当然没有。

苏格拉底：那么他们只能在另一个方面胜出了？

波卢斯：是的。

苏格拉底：也就是说，在罪恶方面？

波卢斯：正确。

苏格拉底：那么行不公正有更大的罪恶，因而比遭受罪恶更为罪恶吗？

波卢斯：当然。

苏格拉底：但你和世上其他人不是都已经同意行不公正比遭受不公正更加可耻吗？

波卢斯：同意。

苏格拉底：现在又发觉行不公正更加罪恶？

波卢斯：对。

苏格拉底：你是不是倾向于更为罪恶或更加可耻的，而不是程度稍轻的？回答我，波卢斯，不要害怕；因为如果你顺从我的论证，正如毫不畏缩地顺从医生那样，这对你并无坏处，回答我“是”或“不是”。

波卢斯：我要说“不是”。

苏格拉底：其他任何人会倾向于更为罪恶或更加可耻的，而非较轻的？

波卢斯：不会，按照这种假定的方式是不会的，苏格 拉底。

苏格拉底：那么我这么说是对的，波卢斯，与遭受不公正相比，你、我或其他任何人都不会去行不公正；因为两者中行不公正更罪恶。

波卢斯：结论是这样的。

苏格拉底：你看，波卢斯，当你比较这两种辩论方式，它们是多么地不同。除了我之外，所有的人都跟你想的一样；但你自己的认同和证明对我来说就足够了，我不需要其他人，我管你的投票，不管其他人的。对此已经说得够多了，现在让我们接着讨论下一个问题；那就是，是如你认为的那样，有罪之人最大的罪恶是遭受惩罚，还是如我所认为的，逃避惩罚是更大的罪恶。考虑一下：你会说遭受惩罚就是做了坏事之后的正当改正？

波卢斯：我会。

苏格拉底：难道你不承认，所有公正的事情，既然公正，都是荣耀的。请考虑，然后告诉我你的观点。

波卢斯：是的，苏格拉底，我认为是。

苏格拉底：再考虑：只要有施事者，就一定有受事者吗？

波卢斯：我这么认为。

苏格拉底：难道受事者不承受施事者的所为、承受不具备行为的性质吗？我的意思是，比如有人打击，不是一定有被打的事物吗？

波卢斯：是的。

苏格拉底：如果打击者打得猛烈或迅速，被打的不也被打得猛烈或迅速吗？

波卢斯：对。

苏格拉底：承受至于被打者和行动至于打击者不是有同样的性质吗？

波卢斯：是的。

苏格拉底：如果有人烧，肯定有被烧之物？

波卢斯：当然。

苏格拉底：而如果他烧得厉害，或为了引起疼痛而烧，被烧之物也这样被烧对吗？

波卢斯：对。

苏格拉底：如果他切割，按照同样的推理—有东西被切？

波卢斯：是。

苏格拉底：如果切得厉害，或很深或引起疼痛，被切的也以同样的方式被切？

波卢斯：明显如此。

苏格拉底：那你大体上同意我刚才主张的普遍观点：受事者的承受回应施事者的行为？

波卢斯：我同意。

苏格拉底：既然承认了这一点，那么我问你遭受惩罚是承受还是行为？

波卢斯：承受，苏格拉底；这点毫无疑问。

苏格拉底：承受就必然有一个施事者？

波卢斯：当然，苏格拉底；那就是惩罚者。

苏格拉底：那正当实施惩罚的人，也是公正实施惩罚的人吧？

波卢斯：是。

苏格拉底：那么他行为正当了？

波卢斯：正当。

苏格拉底：那被惩罚者受到报应，他理应承受？

波卢斯：这很显然。

苏格拉底：这是刚才证明可敬的？

波卢斯：正是。

苏格拉底：那么惩罚者做了可敬的事，而被惩罚者承受了可敬之事？

波卢斯：正确。

苏格拉底：可敬之事必是好的，因为可敬之事是愉悦的或有用的对吗？

波卢斯：当然。

苏格拉底：那么受惩罚者承受的是好事了？

波卢斯：正是如此。

苏格拉底：那么他受益了？

波卢斯：对。

苏格拉底：我不知你理解的“受益”是否和我理解的一致？我意思是说，如果他受到公正的惩罚，他的灵魂便得到改进。

波卢斯：当然。

苏格拉底：那么受到惩罚的人，他的灵魂被从罪恶处救回了？

波卢斯：是的。

苏格拉底：那他难道不是从极恶中被救出来了吗？这样来看这个问题：就一个人的财产来说，你认为有比贫穷更加大的罪恶吗？

波卢斯：没有更大的罪恶了。

苏格拉底：再者，关于人的体形，你会说罪恶在于虚弱、疾病和畸形吗？

波卢斯：我会。

苏格拉底：难道你不认为灵魂也有她自己类似于此的罪恶吗？

波卢斯：当然有。

苏格拉底：你会称之为不公、无知和懦弱，诸如此类吗？

波卢斯：当然。

苏格拉底：那么，关于思想、身体和财产三类，你已经指出了相应的三类罪恶—不公、疾病、贫穷对吗？

波卢斯：对。

苏格拉底：哪种罪恶最为可耻呢？难道不公，即灵魂的罪恶不是最可耻的吗？

波卢斯：目前看来是最可耻的。

苏格拉底：若是最可耻的，不也是最坏的吗？

波卢斯：你什么意思，苏格拉底？

苏格拉底：我想说，我们已经承认最为可耻的就是最痛苦、最有害的或兼而有之？

波卢斯：当然。

苏格拉底：现在我们已经承认不公正及灵魂的罪恶是最可耻的了？

波卢斯：已经承认。

苏格拉底：最可耻的是因为他们是最痛苦的，引起剧烈的痛苦，或最有害的，或兼而有之？

波卢斯：当然。

苏格拉底：因此不公正、放纵、懦弱和无知比贫穷和疾病更加痛苦吗？

波卢斯：不，苏格拉底，痛苦对我来说并不符合你的 假定。

苏格拉底：那么，照你要说的，如果不更加痛苦，灵魂的罪恶是所有罪恶中最可耻的；而极度可耻必然由罪恶的程度极大或害处极大所导致的。

波卢斯：当然。

苏格拉底：害处最大的即是最大的罪恶吗？

波卢斯：是。

苏格拉底：那么不公正、放纵以及灵魂的堕落都是最大的罪恶了？

波卢斯：显然如此。

苏格拉底：那么，什么技艺使我们摆脱贫穷？难道不是赚钱的技艺吗？

波卢斯：是的。

苏格拉底：什么技艺使我们摆脱疾病？不是医术吗？

波卢斯：非常正确。

苏格拉底：又是什么技艺使我们摆脱罪恶和不公呢？如果你不能立即回答，问问你自己，当你病了，你去何处，去求助何人。

波卢斯：去见医生，苏格拉底。

苏格拉底：而要摆脱不公正和不节制我们要找谁呢？

波卢斯：你是说找法官。

苏格拉底：那些惩罚它们的人？

波卢斯：正是。

苏格拉底：难道不是这些公正地惩罚他人、按照一定的审判规则惩罚他人的人？

波卢斯：当然是。

苏格拉底：赚钱的技艺使人摆脱贫穷；医术使人摆脱疾病；而审判使人摆脱不节制和不公正吗？

波卢斯：这显而易见。

苏格拉底：三者中最好的是什么？

波卢斯：你能列举一下吗？

苏格拉底：赚钱、医术、审判。

波卢斯：审判，苏格拉底，远远胜过其余两者。

苏格拉底：如果是最好的，审判给予最大的快乐或好处或二者兼之吗？

波卢斯：是的。

苏格拉底：但被治疗是件好事，且那些被治疗的人是快乐的吗？

波卢斯：我想不是。

苏格拉底：那么是有用的？

波卢斯：是。

苏格拉底：是的，因为受事者从大恶中摆脱出来；这是受苦的好处—你可明白了？

波卢斯：当然。

苏格拉底：在身体状况方面，是一个被治好的人，还是一个从未生病的人更加幸福呢？

波卢斯：当然是那个从未生病的。

苏格拉底：是的；因为幸福绝非存在于摆脱邪恶，而在于从未有过邪恶。

波卢斯：正确。

苏格拉底：假定有两人身体内含有邪恶，其中一人被治愈并摆脱邪恶，而另一人未被治愈，仍保留着邪恶—哪个人更痛苦呢？

波卢斯：当然是未被治愈的那个。

苏格拉底：我们所说的惩罚难道不是用来摆脱最大的恶，即罪行，的吗？

波卢斯：正确。

苏格拉底：审判惩罚我们，使我们更加公正，并且是治疗我们罪行的良药，对吗？

波卢斯：正确。

苏格拉底：那么，灵魂内从未有过罪恶的人在幸福的尺度上是占据第一位的；因为灵魂上的罪恶是最大的罪恶。

波卢斯：显然如此。

苏格拉底：而罪恶被治愈的人是占据第二位的。

波卢斯：正确。

苏格拉底：也就是说，那接受劝告、谴责和惩罚的人？

波卢斯：是的。

苏格拉底：那么最糟糕的，是已经不公正却从未摆脱不公的人？

波卢斯：当然是。

苏格拉底：也就是说，那活得最惨的人是犯了大罪，成了最不公正，且逃避了谴责、改正或惩罚的人；如你所言，这不正是阿基劳斯和其他僭主、修辞学家和当权者所做的吗？

波卢斯：正是如此。

苏格拉底：我的朋友，他们的行径难道不可以比作一个身染恶疾，又不愿为妨碍着身体健康的罪恶向医生支付罚金之人的行为吗；他的病不会治愈，因为他像孩子般害怕灼烧和手术的疼痛—这难道不是很相似的事情吗？

波卢斯：是的，确实如此。

苏格拉底：他仿佛不知健康和身体活力的本质；如果在此前的辩论中你是正确的，波卢斯，在类似的情况下他们力求逃避审判，他们认为那是痛苦的，但对随之而来的好处视而不见，不知道拥有一个病态的灵魂比有病的身体要痛苦得多；我说的是一个堕落的、邪恶的、肮脏的灵魂。因而他们竭尽所能逃避惩罚，也是在逃避从极大的罪恶中解脱出来；他们为自己聚集财物和朋友，并将自己劝说的能力训练到极致。但如果我们是正确的，波卢斯，你会知道接下来会如何，或者我们还要得出形式上的结果来吗？

波卢斯：如果你愿意。

苏格拉底：难道不公正本身和行不公正之事不是罪大恶极吗？

波卢斯：这显然如此。

苏格拉底：进一步说，遭受惩罚不是摆脱这种罪恶的途径吗？

波卢斯：是的。

苏格拉底：而不受惩罚会使罪恶继续下去吧？

波卢斯：是。

苏格拉底：那么，做坏事在罪恶的尺度上仅是第二位的；做了坏事未受惩罚才是首要的、最大的罪恶吧？

波卢斯：这很正确。

苏格拉底：那么，我的朋友，这不正是我们存有争议的一点吗？你认为阿基劳斯是幸福的，因为他罪大恶极却未受到惩罚。我呢，与此相反，认为他和像他一样做了坏事未受惩罚的人是，也理应是，最痛苦的人；行不公正的人比遭受不公正的人更痛苦；而那逃避了惩罚比受到惩罚的人更痛苦。这不正是我说过的吗？

波卢斯：是的。

苏格拉底：这不已经被证明是正确的了？

波卢斯：当然。

苏格拉底：那么，波卢斯，如果这是正确的，修辞学的巨大用处在哪里？如果我们承认刚才所说的，每个人都应以各种方式防止自己做坏事，因为否则他将遭受大恶对吗？

波卢斯：对。

苏格拉底：如果他或任何他关心的人做了坏事，他应该主动地去能够立即接受惩罚的地方；正如去看医生那样，他该去找法官，因此不公正之疾病不会成为长期的、成为灵魂不可医治的癌症。如果我们此前的看法站得住脚，波卢斯，我们绝不应该允许这一结果。还有与这些看法一致的其他推论吗？

波卢斯：对此，苏格拉底，只有一个答案。

苏格拉底：那么，要想帮助一个人为自己，或其父母、朋友、子女或国家的不公正进行开脱，波卢斯，修辞学对我们是没用的；但有人主张应谴责，首先是谴责自己，其次是谴责他可能做坏事的家人或任何朋友，而非为之辩解，对任何这么主张的人来说，修辞学是有用的。他应该将罪行公开而非隐藏，因此做坏事的人会受到惩罚、得以治愈；他甚至应该强迫自己和他人不要畏缩，而是像勇敢的人那样闭上眼，让医生用刀或烙铁动手术，不计疼痛，希望获得好的和可敬的事物；让那做了应当受鞭打的错事之人，允许自己受到惩罚，如果该捆绑，就要绑起来，如果该罚款，就要罚款，如果该流放，就要流放，如果该处死，就处死，他自己成为谴责自己和亲友的第一人，并把修辞学用于这一目的，以便他和亲友的不公正行为能展现出来，进而摆脱不公正这一最大的恶。那么，波卢斯，修辞学便确实有用。对此你说“是”还是“不是”？

波卢斯：虽然我可能同意你的论述，苏格拉底，但对我来说，你说的话显得十分奇怪。

苏格拉底：如果对这些论述没有异议的话，这不就是结论吗？

波卢斯：是的，当然是。

苏格拉底：从相反的角度来看，如果伤害他人，不论是敌人还是朋友，确实是我们的义务的话—我排除了自卫的情形，那时我不得不自我防卫—但如果我的敌人伤害了第三个人，那么以各种方式，无论语言还是行为，我会试图阻止他受到惩罚或法官的审判；如果他来到法官面前，我会力图使他逃避惩罚而非受到惩罚；如果他偷了一笔钱，就让他留着为他自己和他的亲人花，不管宗教和公正；如果他做了应当处死的事，不让他死，而是长活在罪恶中；又或，如果这不可能，无论如何也让他活得尽可能地久。为了这些目的，波卢斯，修辞学可能是有用的，但对于那没有意图行不公正之事的人，如果有用也是很小的；至少，在我们此前的讨论中没有发现这样的用途。

卡利克勒：告诉我，凯勒丰，苏格拉底是认真的，还是在开玩笑？

凯勒丰：卡利克勒，我会说他是再认真不过了，但你可以问问他。

卡利克勒：奉诸神之名，我会问的。告诉我，苏格拉底，你是认真的，还是开玩笑？因为如果你是认真的，而且你所说的是正确的，那么整个人类生活不是被颠倒了吗？而且，我们所做的任何事看上去不都与我们应该做的事背道而驰了？

苏格拉底：啊！卡利克勒，如果人类没有某些共同的感情，不论其在不同的人身上表现得多么不同—我意思是说，如果每个人的感情都是自己特有的，不为他同类中的其他人所共享—我不知道我们是如何与他人交流我们的观点。我之所以说这一点，是因为我发觉你我有一种共同的感情。我们都喜爱别人，各自都有两个所爱：我的所爱是克莱尼阿斯之子阿尔西比亚德，还有哲学；而你的所爱是雅典的德穆斯以及皮里兰佩斯之子德穆斯。现在我发觉，你这么聪明的人，不敢反驳你最喜爱之人的任何字词或观点上的不一致；而是他变你也随着变，完全地亦步亦趋。当雅典的德穆斯否定了你在集会上说的任何话，你就转向他的观点；跟皮里兰佩斯英俊的幼子德穆斯，你也这么做。因为你没有勇气拒绝你喜爱之人的言语和观点；如果有人对你受他们影响不时说出来的奇怪的话表示诧异；如果你诚实的话，你可能会回答他说，你禁不住说了你所喜爱之人的话，除非你所喜爱之人受到阻止；而只有他们沉默时，你才能保持沉默。现在你一定知道，我的话也是一种回声，因而你不必对我感到惊讶；但如果你要使我沉默，就要使哲学沉默，哲学是我的所爱，因为她经常告诉我我现在告诉你的，我的朋友；她也不像我的另一个所爱一样变化无常，因为克莱尼阿斯之子今天说了件事情，明天又说另一件事情，但哲学是永远不变的。她是个老师，你现在正对她的话感到惊讶，你亲自听她说的。你一定要反驳她，要么你表明，如我所言，行不公正并逃避惩罚不是最大的恶；要么你不反驳她的话，那么以埃及神的神犬起誓，我要说，啊！卡利克勒，卡利克勒将永远不会与自己一致，他的一生都是不和谐的。然而，我的朋友，我宁愿我的我的里拉琴演奏不协调，我提供的合唱不成音乐；是的，或者整个世界都不同意我、反对我，也不愿我自己与自己意见不一、相矛盾。

卡利克勒：啊！苏格拉底，你真是个不折不扣的演说家，似乎在辩论中发动了一场暴动。现在你以这种方式抨击波卢斯，因为他本人也犯了他指责高尔吉亚所犯的那个错误—波卢斯说当你问高尔吉亚，如果有人来找他希望向他学习修辞学而又不知何为公正，他是否会教他公正，高尔吉亚虔诚地回答说他会，因为他认为如果回答“不”，众人都会不高兴；正是由于他承认这一点，高尔吉亚被迫陷入自相矛盾，而这正是你所引以为乐的那种事情。因此在我看来，波卢斯取笑你是理所应当的；但这会儿他也陷入了同一个陷阱。当他向你让步承认行不公正比遭受不公正更加可耻时，我不敢太恭维他的机智，因为他承认了这一点，你致使他陷入陷阱；因为他太谦虚，不愿说出自己的想法，所以只好闭嘴。事实是，苏格拉底，你假装致力于追求真理，现在却迎合流行的和庸俗的正义观，这些观念不是出于本性的，而仅是约定俗成的。习俗和本性通常彼此相矛盾；因此，如果一个人太谦虚了，不能说出自己的想法，

他便不得不自相矛盾；你凭借你的机智，发现了由此可获得的优势，狡猾地向一个以习俗的方式辩论的人提问，而答案取决于本性的规则；而如果他谈论本性的规则，你则溜到习俗上；例如，你在这次关于行不公正和遭受不公正的讨论上就这么做的。当波卢斯谈论按照习俗来说可耻的事物，你从本性的规则这个角度抨击他；因为按照本性的规则，遭受不公正是更大的耻辱因为它是更大的恶；但从习俗来看，做恶事更为可耻。因为遭受不公正不是人的一部分，而是奴隶的一部分，他的确是生不如死；当他被虐待和蹂践，他帮不了自己，也帮不了任何他所关心的人。在我看来，原因在于法律的制定者是处于弱势的大多数；他们为了自己和自己的利益来制定法律和实施赏罚；他们威吓更强的那类人，和那些能胜过他们的人，以便他们不会胜过自己；他们说不诚实是可耻的和不公正的；不公正这一词意思是说，一个人想比他的邻人拥有更多这一欲望；因为了解他们自己的低下，我猜他们对公平十分乐意。因此，试图拥有更多，习俗上说是可耻的和不公的，被称为不公正，然而自然本身告诉我们，更优秀者比低劣者拥有更多，强大者比弱者拥有更多，这是公正的；而且在人和动物中，也在所有城市和种族间，她以多种方式显示了公正在于上等对低等的统治和比低等拥有更多。薛西斯，或他锡西厄人的父亲按照什么公正的原则入侵海拉斯？（更不用提无数的其他例子了。）确切地说，他们正是按照自然行动的人；是的，按照天意，且按照自然法则，但或许不是按照人为的法律，那是我们创造出、强加在我们同伴身上的；从他们幼年开始我们从中选取最优秀的和最强大的，像幼师一样驯服他们—以声音迷惑他们，并告诉他们，他们必须满足于平等，平等是可敬的、公正的。但如果一个人有足够的力量，他会动摇、突破和摆脱这一切；他会把我们的公例、迷惑和哄骗，以及所有我们有违自然的法律都踩到脚下；奴隶会起来反抗，成为我们的主人，自然公正之光会闪耀。这点我借用了品达的观点，他在诗中说：

“法则是万物之王，不论凡人还是神仙”；他这么说：

“使强权成为正当，手握最大的权力，行暴力之事；我从赫拉克勒斯的所为推测出的，因为他没付钱—"

我记不住准确的字词，但意思是，没有买下，也没有人送给他，他就按照自然权力的法则牵走了吉里昂的群牛，弱者及低等人的牛群和其他财产都属于强者和高等人。如果你扔掉哲学，追求更高的东西，你会明白这是正确的；至于哲学，苏格拉底，如果在适当的年龄适度追求，是很高雅的成就，但过度的哲学会毁掉人的生活。即使一个人有好的地方，如果他仍旧把哲学带到他晚年的生活，那么他对一个绅士、一个可敬之人所应当知道的必然一无所知。对城邦的法律、对跟人不论是私交还是社交应该用的语言都毫无经验，对人类和人性的愉悦和欲望，他完全不了解。这种人，当他们致力于政治或商业，当他们在哲学的竞技场出现，他们会像我想象的政客一样荒谬可笑。正如欧里庇得斯所说：

“每个人都将大部分时间用来做他最擅长的事情，他的追求在那里，也在那里发出光芒。”但对任何他不擅长的事情，他会避及和贬低，并出

于他自己的偏见称赞与之相对的事情，因为他认为这样可以称赞自己。正确的原则是将它们结合。作为教育的一部分，哲学是极好的事物，一个人年轻时追求这一研究没有什么丢脸的；但随着他年龄的增大，哲学变得荒谬起来，我就像看待那些模仿孩童咬舌说话的人一样看待哲学家。因为我喜欢看到这样的小孩子，他还不到流利说话的年龄，玩耍时咬着舌头吐字；他的发音有一种优雅和自由的感觉，这在他孩提时是很自然的。但当我听到有些小家伙仔细地、清晰地发音吐字，我感到不舒服；那声音令人不快，对我的耳朵来说就是奴隶发出的声音。这样，当我听见一个成人咬舌说话，或看见他像孩子一样玩耍，他的行为对我来说荒谬、丢人，他该受鞭打。对学习哲学的人我也抱有同样的感情；当我看到年轻人学习哲学，我认为那种学习在我看来与其年龄十分相称，那是一个接受通才教育的人。那些不学哲学的人我视为低等人，他们永远不会做出什么伟大或高贵之事。但如果我看到他晚年继续学习哲学，仍未放弃，我直接想揍他，苏格拉底；因为如我所说，这样的人即使天性有些好的地方，也变得颓废。他远离了商业中心和市场，在这些地方，如诗人所言，人们才变得高贵起来；他蜷缩在一个角落度过余生，他只低声地同三四个崇拜他的年轻人谈话，但永远不会像一个自由民那样令人满意地大声说话。苏格拉底，现在我非常赞赏你，我对你的感情正如我刚才想你提到的欧里庇得斯的戏剧里西苏斯对安菲翁的感情；我愿意对你说西苏斯对他兄弟所说的话，苏格拉底，你对你该关心的事情不关心，而且你

“拥有那么高贵的灵魂，孩子气的表现却如此显著；”在法庭上你不能陈述案例，不能给出任何推理或证据，也不能勇敢地为他人提供辩护。

你一定不要生气，我亲爱的苏格拉底，因为如果我问你是否因无言以对而感到羞愧，我是出于好意；我肯定这不仅是你自己的状况，所有过度学习哲学的人都是如此。假如有人把你或任何像你这样的人带到监狱，声称你做了坏事而其实你没有，你必须承认你不知该如何做—你张着嘴，晕晕乎乎站在那里，一个字都说不出；当你来到法庭，即便控告人只是个一无是处的可怜虫，如果他想要执行死刑，你也会死去。那么，苏格拉底，这种技艺的价值是什么？这种技艺使一个有理性的人变成傻子，当他身处最大的危险并被敌人剥夺所有的财产时，这人完全无助，没有拯救自己或他人的能力，不得不丧失了公民的权利而活着是吗？我可以这么表述，人人可以打这个人的耳光而免于惩罚。那么，我的好朋友，接受我的建议，不要再反驳了：

学习经商之道，赢得智慧美名。

把这些吹毛求疵的研究留给别人，不论这可以被称作愚蠢之事还是荒谬之事。

因为他们只能“给你带来贫穷，与你同驻。”

那么，停止效仿这些毫无价值的琐碎文字，而应去仿效那些富有的和可敬的人。

苏格拉底：卡利克勒，如果我的灵魂是金子做的，我会很高兴发现一块试金石，并找到最有可能的那块把我的灵魂凑上去；如果我和试金石的检验结果在此达成一致，那么我知道我状态良好，不需要其他的检验了。

卡利克勒：苏格拉底，你的意思是什么？

苏格拉底：我会告诉你的；我想我已经在你身上发现了想要的试金石。

卡利克勒：为什么？

苏格拉底：因为我确信对于我的灵魂所孕育的任何一个观点，如果你和我的看法一致，那么我最终真的找到了真理。因为我认为一个人如果想彻底考验灵魂的善恶，他应该具备三种品质—知识、善意和坦率，这三种品质你都具备。我见过的许多人都没有考验我的能力，因为他们不像你这样睿智，剩下的一些虽然睿智，但不愿意以实相告，因为他们不具有你对我的那种兴趣。这两个陌生人，高尔吉亚和波卢斯，无疑是智者，也是我非常要好的朋友，但他们不够坦率，太谦虚。为什么呢？他们谦虚到如此地步以至于当面对一大群同伴的时候，论及最为紧要关头的大事时，他们不得不反驳自己，先是高尔吉亚，然后是波卢斯。但是，经过了良好的教育，其他的那些人所缺少的品质你都具备了，这一点许多雅典人可以证明。而且你是我的朋友。要我告诉你为什么我这样想吗？我知道你、卡利克勒、阿斐德尼的蒂桑德尔、安德罗提翁之子安德隆、科拉吉斯镇的瑙昔居德过去在一起学习：你们是四个人，我曾经听到你们互相切磋，哲学的追求应该进行到什么程度。而且，据我所知，你得出结论说学习不应该过多地追求细节。你们当时在互相告诫不要聪明过分，你们害怕过多的智慧会在不知不觉中毁了自己。现在当我听到你把曾经给你最亲密的朋友的忠告说给我时，我有足够的证据证明你对我的善意。你天性坦率，不故作谦恭，这点我很确定，而且你最后的演讲再次确认了这点，使我深信不疑。那么好，从目前情况来推断，很显然，如果你在辩论中同意我的任何一个观点，那个观点将是经过我们充分验证的，不需要经过任何进一步的验证。因为你不可能已经同意了我的观点，或是由于知识不足，或是由于谦虚过度，但不是出于想欺骗我的一种欲望，因为正如你自己告诉我的，你是我的朋友。因此，当你我达成一致意见时，结果会实现绝对真理。现在，卡利克勒，没有比你指责我时提问的问题更好的了—一个人无论年少时还是成年后，性格应该如何，追求应该如何，应该走多远？因为请相信，如果我自己的行为有错，并非故意为之，而是无知使然。既然你已经开始，那么请不要中断对我的指导，直到我已经清楚地了解了自己将要从事的技艺为何，以及怎样才能学会。如果你发现我同意你的教导，而后却没有照此行事，你就叫我“笨蛋”吧，认为我不配接受进一步的指导吧。那么，再来

一次吧，告诉我你和品达所说的自然公正是什么意思。你们难道不是想说高贵者应该用暴力占有低下者的财产；优秀者应该统治低劣者、高尚者应该比卑鄙者拥有得更多吗？我回忆得不对吗？

卡利克勒：对；我当时说的就是这些，而且我还是坚持这种观点。

苏格拉底：你所说的优秀者和高贵者所指相同吗？因为我不明白你当时在说什么—是不是你说的高贵者指相对强大者，正如当你说到大城邦进攻小城邦顺乎天赋权利时似乎在暗示的那样，弱小者必须顺从强大者，因为他们高贵且更强大，仿佛高贵者、强大者、优秀者没有区别；或者说，是否优秀者也可能是低下者、可能是弱小的，高贵者也可能是低劣的；或者说，是否要以同样的方式定义优秀者和高贵者—这是我想弄清的关键点。高贵者、优秀者还有强大者，相同还是不同？

卡利克勒：我毫不含糊地说他们是相同的。

苏格拉底：那么群体生来就比个体强，正如你说过的，群体制定了统治个体的法律？

卡利克勒：没错。

苏格拉底：那么多数人的法律是高贵者的法律？

卡利克勒：非常正确。

苏格拉底：那么就是优秀者的法律，因为高贵者阶层要优秀得多，如你之前所说？

卡利克勒：对。

苏格拉底：既然他们是高贵者，由他们制定的法律先天就是好的了？

卡利克勒：对。

苏格拉底：如你刚才所述，公正就是平等，做事不公正比遭受不公正的对待更不光彩，这难道不是多数人的看法吗？—对还是不对？请回答，卡利克勒，不要让我看到谦虚在碍手碍脚。多数人这样想，还是不这样想？—我一定要恳求你回答，目的是一旦你同意我的说法，我就可以用这样一位实力雄厚的权威的赞同来鼓励自己。

卡利克勒：是这样想；多数人的看法就是你说的那样。

苏格拉底：那么，不仅习俗，而且天性都坚持认为，做事不公正比遭受不公正更不光彩，公正就是平等；如此说来，你之前的主张有错—你指责我时说到天性和习俗是对立的，你说我已经知道这一点，却在关于天性的辩论中诉诸习俗，在关于习俗的辩论中诉诸天性，说我是狡猾

地在二者之间玩花样？

卡利克勒：这个人永远停止不了说废话。苏格拉底，你这样的年纪了还咬文嚼字，还会因为一些言辞上的疏漏暗自发笑，难道不觉得难为情吗？难道你不知道—难道我没告诉过你—我说的高贵是指优秀。你是不是猜想我要这么说—有一群由奴隶和不入流的人们组成的乌合之众，他们除了体力以外毫无用处的，一旦集合到一起，他们的话就成了法律？

苏格拉底：啊！我的哲学家啊，那是你的思路吗？

卡利克勒：没错。

苏格拉底：我之前在想，卡利克勒，你脑海里一定已经有类似的想法，这就是我重复这个问题的原因—何为高贵者？我想了解清楚你是什么意思；因为你肯定不会认为两个人比一个人优秀，或是你的奴隶比你强壮所以就比你要优秀，不是吗？那么请重新开始，告诉我，如果相对强壮的人并非更优秀的人，谁才是呢。尊贵的大人，我想恳请您教诲别人时稍稍温和一些，不然我将不得不从你面前逃开。

卡利克勒：你爱挖苦人。

苏格拉底：非也。凭借英雄西苏斯，卡利克勒，凭借着西苏斯的帮助，你刚才说了很多挖苦我的话，我并不爱挖苦人—那么，告诉我，你所说的优秀者指的是谁？

卡利克勒：我指的是更杰出的人。

苏格拉底：你难道没发觉自己在用的词没意义，并且你什么都没解释出来吗？你能不能告诉我你所说的优秀者和高贵者是不是智者，如果不是，那又是谁呢？

卡利克勒：十分肯定，我指的确实是智者。

苏格拉底：所以，根据你的说法，一个智者往往可能比一万个蠢人要高贵，而且他应当统治他们，他们应当对他俯首称臣，并且他应该比他们拥有的更多。我认为这就是你的意思（你千万不要以为我是咬文嚼字），如果你同意那一个人比那一万人要高贵的话？

卡利克勒：同意；那就是我的意思，而且那就是我所认为的所谓自然公正—优秀睿智的人应该统治低下的人并比他们拥有更多。

苏格拉底：到此为止，让我问问你对于这种情况你怎么说：假设我们像现在这样所有人在一起，其中包括我们中的几个，我们共有大量的肉和酒，有各色人等，他们力气大小不同，体格强弱不同。我们中有一个人是医生，对于食物，他比其余所有的人懂得都多，他很可能还比其

中一些人强壮，但不如剩下的人—既然比我们懂得多，在食物方面他难道会不比我们优秀，不是比我们高贵的人吗?

卡利克勒：当然会。

苏格拉底：所以，他或者会分得更多的肉和酒，因为他优秀，或者会因其权威而分得所有的肉和酒；但是，他不会把大部分的肉和酒用于自己食用或使用，或者如果他用了，他会受到惩罚—他分到的量比一些人的多，比另一些人的少，而且，虽然最为优秀，但是如果他最弱小，分到的酒肉会最少。卡利克勒，我说的不对吗，我的朋友？

卡利克勒：你谈论的是肉、酒、医生和其他没意义的东西；我说的不是这些。

苏格拉底：好啊，但你承认更睿智的人就是更优秀吗？请回答“是”或“不是”。

卡利克勒：是。

苏格拉底：更优秀的人难道不应该分到更大的一份吗？

卡利克勒：不是分肉和酒。

苏格拉底：我明白。那么，分的有可能是上衣—最灵巧的织工应该拥有最大的上衣，而且数量最多，穿着最好最精致的大衣四处走？

卡利克勒：上衣不在讨论之列！

苏格拉底：那么最灵巧、做鞋子做得最好的鞋匠应该在分鞋子时占有优势；显然，这样的鞋匠得到的可以穿着到处走的鞋子应该最大、数量最多？

卡利克勒：鞋子不在讨论范围之内！你在胡说些什么啊？

苏格拉底：或者，如果这不是你的所指，也许你是想说睿智、善良、纯粹的农夫实际上应该分得更多的种子，并且越多越好，直到够种他的整块地？

卡利克勒：你怎么一直这样？你总在用同样的方式说话，苏格拉底！

苏格拉底：是的，卡利克勒，而且说的还是同样的事。

卡利克勒：是的，诸神在上，你其实一直在谈论鞋匠、漂洗工、厨师，还有医生，仿佛这和你的论断有关似的。

苏格拉底：可是，你为什么不愿意告诉我一个人必须要在哪方面高

贵和睿智，才能要求分得更多呢；你是不是既不想接受建议，也不想给出建议呢？

卡利克勒：我已经告诉你了。首先，我所说的高贵的人并非指鞋匠或厨师，而是睿智的政治家，他们通晓如何治理城邦，他们不仅睿智，而且勇武，有能力执行计划，他们不是那些因灵魂不健全而失去勇气的人。

苏格拉底：看看现在，卓越无比的卡利克勒，我对你的批评和你对我的是多么不同啊。你谴责我总是说同样的事，我却指责你对同样的事情的说法总是不一致，因为你一会儿把强大者定义为优秀者和高贵者，一会儿又定义为睿智者，现在你又带来了个新的概念：你声称高贵者和优秀者就是更英勇的人。我希望你，我的好朋友，能一次性地告知我，你坚持宣称的优秀的人和高贵的人是谁，他们在什么方面优秀？

卡利克勒：我已经告诉你了，我说的是那些在城邦的治理方面睿智英勇的人—他们应该成为各自城邦的统治者，他们比其子民拥有得更多是公正的。

苏格拉底：可是统治者或者臣民愿不愿意这些人比自己拥有得更多呢，我的朋友？

卡利克勒：你是什么意思？

苏格拉底：我是指每个人都是自己的统治者；但或许你认为他没有必要统治自己，只要求他统治别人？

卡利克勒：你说他“统治自己”是什么意思？

苏格拉底：太简单不过的事情；就是常说的所谓一个人应该节制，做自己的主人，控制自己的愉悦和激情。

卡利克勒：太天真了！你是说那些傻瓜—有节制的人？

苏格拉底：没错—任何人可能都知道这就是我的意思。

卡利克勒：确实如此，苏格拉底；他们真的是傻瓜，因为在任何事都受管治的人怎么会快乐呢？相反，我坦诚地断言，那些想活得纯粹的人容许自己的欲望膨胀到最大，而不应加以遏制；但是，当欲望已经膨胀到最大的时候，他应该有足够的勇气和智慧去照管并满足自己所有的这些欲望。这就是我所说的天然的公平和高尚。然而，有很多人难以达到这一点，他们就责怪强大的人，因为他们对自己的弱小感到羞愧，想掩盖自己的弱小，因此他们说没有节制的人是卑下的。正如我已经说过的那样，他们奴役着那些更为高尚的天性，由于无法使这些天性得以满足，他们就从自己的弱小出发来赞扬节制和公正。因为，如果一个人起初是国王的儿子，或者具有能建立王国、当僭主、君临天下的天性，又

有什么真正比节制更加卑劣、害处更大呢—我是说，对于一个他这样的人，这样一个可能随心所欲享受一切美好事物，无人阻拦，却承认习俗、理智和他人的观点高高在上的人？下面这个人难道就一定不会出于痛苦的境地吗：公正和节制的声名使得他无法对朋友付出得比对敌人更多，即使他是自己城邦的统治者？不一定，苏格拉底，因为你声称自己是献身真理的人，这就是真理—假若使用得当，奢侈、无度和放荡便是美德和幸福—剩下的一切都一文不值：违背天性的协议、人们愚蠢的谈话，一切都毫无价值。

苏格拉底：卡利克勒，你展开论证的方式，显示出一种高贵的自由精神；因为你所说的就是世界上其他人所想到但却不想说的。我一定要恳请你继续这样下去，人类生活的真理可能就要浮出水面。那么，告诉我：你是不是提到对于自身激情得到合理发展的人来说，激情不应该被遏制，相反，我们应该容许其发展到极致，并以这样或那样的方式得以满足，而且这是一种美德？

卡利克勒：是的，我说过。

苏格拉底：所以你说那些无欲无求的人并非真正幸福？

卡利克勒：确实如此，因为那样的话石头和死人就会成为最幸福的了。

苏格拉底：但依据你的观点，生活肯定是可怕的东西；我确实认为欧里庇得斯所言可能是对的：

谁知道是否生非死，死非生。而且，我们很可能已死。我听一位哲学家说过，此刻我们实际已经死去，躯体（soma）是我们的坟墓（sema），作为欲望的所在地的灵魂部分，容易受到言语的扰乱而飘忽不定。某个足智多谋的人，很可能是西西里人或意大利人，摆弄字词，编了一个故事。在这个故事里，灵魂被叫做—源自它相信被人和使别人相信的天性—一个容器；无知的人被称为不谙此道或有孔洞的人，不谙此道的人灵魂中欲望的居所是荒淫无度的地方，他将其比作一个满是孔洞的容器，因为他们欲望永远也无法得到满足。他的思考方式与你不同，因为他宣称在冥府的所有灵魂中，也就是那个看不见的世界，这些不谙此道或有漏洞的人们是最痛苦的一群，他们把水从一个同样穿了孔的滤器中倒入一个满是孔洞的容器。这个滤器，正如别人使我确信的那样，就是灵魂。被他比作滤器的这个灵魂是无知者的灵魂，同样充满了孔洞，因此是填不满的，加之记忆力差，缺乏信仰。这些想法奇怪至极，但显示出了那个我想向你证明的原则，如果我能够的话；你应该转变观念，并且，放弃那种没有节制、欲壑难填的生活，选择那种有序、有度、能合理供给日常所需的生活。我是否给你留下了任何的印象，你是否正在改变立场，认为生活有条理的人比无节制的人更幸福？或者是说，我是否没能说服你，而且，无论我对你讲述多少故事，你仍然还持同样的观点？

卡利克勒：后者，苏格拉底，更接近事实。

苏格拉底：那么，我将告诉你另外一个比喻，与之前那个出自同一学派—让我请你考虑一下，你想在多大程度上把这个比喻当成对有节制和无节制的人的生活图景的描述—有两个人，每人各有许多只桶。其中一个人的桶很结实，而且装得满满的。第一只装酒，第二只装蜜，第三只装奶，余下的装其他液体。用来装满这些桶的液体流量少而且小，他只有付出大量的劳动，克服很多困难才能得到这些液体。但一旦他的几只桶都满了，他就再也不用装了，不会再遇到与之相关的麻烦，也不用再操心了。另一个人类似。他能够弄到液体，尽管也不无困难，但他的容器是漏的而且不结实，他不得不日日夜夜往桶里装液体，而且只要他停下片刻，就会被疼痛所折磨。这就是他们各自的生活—现在你会说无节制者的生活比有节制者的要幸福吗？我还没能说服你相信相反的情况才是事实吗？

卡利克勒：你没有说服我，苏格拉底，因为，欲望得到了满足的人不再拥有任何的乐趣；这，就像我刚才所说的，就是石头的生活：他的欲望一旦被满足了，就无喜无悲了；但是，生活的乐趣靠的是极为充足的液体。

苏格拉底：但你倒入的越多，浪费的也越多；而且孔洞必须够大，以便液体逸出。

卡利克勒：当然。

苏格拉底：你现在描述的不是死人的生活，或石头的生活，而是贪得无厌者的生活；你的意思是说他将会饥饿、吃东西？

卡利克勒：对。

苏格拉底：他将会口渴，会喝东西？

卡利克勒：对，这是我的意思；他所有的欲望都将围绕着他，他将能够满足欲望，幸福地生活。

苏格拉底：好极了，真棒，如何开始就如何继续吧，别难为情；我也必须使自己把羞愧扔到一边：首先，能不能告诉我，你是否把痒和抓痒也包括进到你对幸福的看法中去了，假如你痒得难耐，一生都在抓痒的话？

卡利克勒：你这个人好奇怪啊，苏格拉底！典型强词夺理的演说家。

苏格拉底：卡利克勒，这就是为什么波卢斯和高尔吉亚会被我吓到，直弄得他们过于谦虚而无法说出自己的想法；但你不会太谦虚也不会被吓到，因为你是勇敢的人。现在，回答我的问题。

卡利克勒：我的答案是，即便是抓痒者，也能活得快活。

苏格拉底：如果快活，也就幸福了?

卡利克勒：当然。

苏格拉底：但如果不只头部痒呢?我继续提问，好吗?这次，卡利克勒，我想让你考虑一下，如果强迫你回答，尤其是你别无选择的时候，你会怎么回答这个问题—娈童的生活是否不是可怕的、痛苦的、让人恶心的？或者你会不会冒险说他们也是幸福的，只要他们得到足够多他们想要的东西？

卡利克勒：苏格拉底，你把这样的话题引入讨论，不害羞吗？

苏格拉底：可是，我的好朋友啊，引出这些话题的是我，还是那个没有任何证据，就说以任何方式感受愉悦的任何一个人都是快乐的，认为有益和有害的愉悦没有区别的那位老兄呢？我还是想问，你是不是说愉悦等同于好，或者说，你是不是说有些愉悦不是好的？

卡利克勒：那么，好，为了做到观点一致，我会说他们是一样的。

苏格拉底：你在破坏最初的协议，卡利克勒，如果你所说与你的真实意见相左的话，你就不再是一个在对真理的探索上令人满意的伙伴。

卡利克勒：为什么这么说呢，你也在这么做啊，苏格拉底。

苏格拉底：那么我们都做错了。然而，我亲爱的朋友，我想请你想一想，无论其来源为何，快乐是否都是好事；因为，如果这是真的，那么令人厌烦的后果定会随之而来，我们已经隐约看到了预兆，还有许多其他的后果。

卡利克勒：苏格拉底，那只是你一家之言。

苏格拉底：卡利克勒，你当真坚持你的话吗？

卡利克勒：当然坚持。

苏格拉底：那么，既然你较真，我们继续辩论如何？

卡利克勒：当然可以。

苏格拉底：好，如果你愿意继续，请回答我这个问题—我料想，存在一种你会称其为知识的东西？

卡利克勒：存在。

苏格拉底：你之前没有说某种勇气暗含着知识吗？

卡利克勒：我说了。

苏格拉底：而且你提到勇气和知识时，说它们是两种互不相同的事物？

卡利克勒：我确实是这样说的。

苏格拉底：你会说乐趣和知识相同还是不同呢？

卡利克勒：不相同，哦，睿智的人啊！

苏格拉底：那你会说勇气与乐趣不同吗？

卡利克勒：当然会。

苏格拉底：那么，好，让我们记住吧，阿卡奈人卡利克勒说乐趣和好事是相同的；但是知识和勇气是不同的，它们彼此不同，或都与好事不同。

卡利克勒：我们的朋友，福克斯顿的苏格拉底怎么说呢—他赞同这个观点吗，还是反对？

苏格拉底：他不赞同；卡利克勒当看清自己时也不会赞同。我料想，你会认可好运和恶运是彼此相反的？

卡利克勒：是的。

苏格拉底：如果它们彼此相反，那么，就像健康和疾病，它们彼此排斥；一个人不可能同时拥有或者缺少二者？

卡利克勒：你是什么意思？

苏格拉底：以任何一种身体疾病为例—一个人眼部可能患有一种叫眼炎的疾病？

卡利克勒：当然。

苏格拉底：但他的同一双眼睛肯定不可能同时是健康完好的？

卡利克勒：当然不能。

苏格拉底：当她的眼炎消失了，她眼睛的健康也消失了吗？最终结果还是他一并脱离了两者吗？

卡利克勒：当然不是。

苏格拉底：那一定会是不可思议的、荒唐的吧？

卡利克勒：甚是如此。

苏格拉底：我料想二者轮番作用于他，然后交替着被他摆脱？

卡利克勒：是的。

苏格拉底：同样，他可能要么强大，要么虚弱？

卡利克勒：是的。

苏格拉底：或者是迅速和缓慢？

卡利克勒：没错。

苏格拉底：他是不是也以类似的更迭方式拥有善和快乐，以及它们的对立面，恶和痛苦呢？

卡利克勒：他当然是。

苏格拉底：那么如果有存在任何东西是人拥有又同时没有的，那显然不可能是善和恶—我们看法一致吧？请不要未经思索就回答。

卡利克勒：我完全同意。

苏格拉底：现在回到我们之前认可的事实。—你有没有说过饥饿，我仅仅指饥饿的状态，是快乐的还是痛苦的？

卡利克勒：我说过是痛苦的，但是你如果在饥饿时进食，那是快乐的。

苏格拉底：我知道；但是饥饿实际上还是痛苦的：我没说错吧？

卡利克勒：没错。

苏格拉底：口渴，也是痛苦的?

卡利克勒：是的，很痛苦。

苏格拉底：需要我再举出更多的例子吗，还是你会赞同说所有的需求或欲望都是痛苦的?

卡利克勒：我赞同，因此你不必再举例子。

苏格拉底：很好。你会认为，渴了时喝东西是愉快的吗？

卡利克勒：承认。

苏格拉底：在你刚说的那句话中，“渴”这个词暗示着痛苦吗？

卡利克勒：是的。

苏格拉底：“喝”这个词表达的是快乐和对需要的满足吗？

卡利克勒：是的。

苏格拉底：喝的过程中存在快乐吗？

卡利克勒：当然。

苏格拉底：当你渴了的时候？

苏格拉底：而且痛苦的时候？

卡利克勒：是的。

苏格拉底：你明白这个推断吗—那种愉快和痛苦是同时存在的，当你说你是渴了并喝东西的时候？因为它们难道不是在同一时间影响着灵魂或或身体的同一个部分吗？—是哪一部分受到影响并不重要：不是这样吗？

卡利克勒：是这样。

苏格拉底：你也提到，没有人会同时拥有好运和厄运是吗？

卡利克勒：是的，我说过。

苏格拉底：但是，你承不承认一个人处于痛苦中时同样可能快乐？

卡利克勒：当然。

苏格拉底：所以快乐和好运不同，或者说痛苦和恶运不同，因此好和快乐是不同的？

卡利克勒：我希望我知道，苏格拉底，你吹毛求疵的问题是什么意思。

苏格拉底：你是知道的，卡利克勒，但装作不知道。

卡利克勒：好啊，继续，别再玩笑了：呆会儿你就知道自己在劝诫我的时候是多么自命不凡了。

苏格拉底：一个人喝东西的时候，缓解了口渴的同时也结束了快乐，不是这样吗？

卡利克勒：我不明白你在说什么。

高尔吉亚：不要吧，卡利克勒，作答吧，哪怕只是为我们—我们希

望从头到尾听完辩论。

卡利克勒：好的，高尔吉亚，但对于高尔吉亚习惯性的无聊谈话，我必须发发牢骚。他总是在纠缠那些细枝末节、没有价值的问题。

高尔吉亚：这有什么？你的名声，卡利克勒，并未受到威胁。让苏格拉底以自己的方式辩论吧。

卡利克勒：好，那么，苏格拉底，你可以问这些琐屑的问题，既然高尔吉亚希望你问。

苏格拉底：我羡慕你啊，卡利克勒，你还没弄懂小问题呢，就先了解了大谜团。我认为这是不允许的，不过还是回到我们的辩题——一个人喝东西的时候，缓解了口渴的同时也结束了快乐，不是这样吗？

卡利克勒：是这样。

苏格拉底：如果他饿了，或是有任何其他的欲望，他在满足欲望的同时不是也结束了快乐吗？

卡利克勒：非常正确。

苏格拉底：所以他同时结束了痛苦和快乐？

卡利克勒：对。

苏格拉底：但是，他不会同时结束掉好运和恶运，根据你所认可的说法，你仍然坚持自己所言吗？

卡利克勒：是的，我坚持；但推论是什么呢？

苏格拉底：啊，我的朋友，推论就是好和快乐不一样，或者说恶和痛苦不一样；快乐和痛苦能在同一刻结束；但好和恶不能，因为它们不同。那么，快乐怎么会和好一样呢，或者痛苦怎么会和恶一样呢？我希望你从另一个角度看这个问题，我想，你把它们作类比时，几乎不可能想到这个角度：好的东西之所以好是因为它们目前是好的，美的东西所以美是因为它们目前有美感，不是这样吗？

卡利克勒：是。

苏格拉底：你会不会称愚人和懦夫为好人？因为你刚才说好人是勇敢和睿智的人，你不会这样说吗？

卡利克勒：当然会。

苏格拉底：你从来没见过愚笨的孩子很快乐吗？

卡利克勒：不，我见过。

苏格拉底：也见过愚笨的成年人这样过？

卡利克勒：是的，当然；但你的意思是？

苏格拉底：没什么特别的，只要你愿意回答就好。

卡利克勒：是的，我见过。

苏格拉底：那你见没见过明智的人快乐或悲伤吗？

卡利克勒：见过。

苏格拉底：谁的快乐和悲伤的程度更深—聪明人还是笨人？

卡利克勒：我认为，在这方面他们确实是半斤八两。

苏格拉底：足矣：你见过懦夫参加战斗吗？

卡利克勒：当然见过。

苏格拉底：敌军撤退时，谁笑得更欢，懦夫还是勇士？

卡利克勒：我应该说两类人中的“大多数”；或者不管怎么说，他们高兴的程度大致相当。

苏格拉底：不要紧；那么不只是勇士高兴，懦夫也高兴了？

卡利克勒：很高兴。

苏格拉底：这样看来，愚人也是啦？

卡利克勒：是的。

苏格拉底：敌军进攻时，只有懦夫感到痛苦，还是勇士也感到痛苦呢？

卡利克勒：两个人都痛苦。

苏格拉底：他们痛苦的程度一样吗？

卡利克勒：我会认为懦夫更痛苦。

苏格拉底：敌军撤退时，懦夫比勇士更高兴吗？

卡利克勒：我想是这样。

苏格拉底：那么，如你所说，愚人、智者、懦夫、勇士都高兴也都痛苦，并且程度几乎相同是吗；但是懦夫比勇士更高兴、更痛苦吗？

卡利克勒：是的。

苏格拉底：但智者和勇士一定是好人，愚人和懦夫一定是坏人吗？

卡利克勒：对。

苏格拉底：那么好人与坏人痛苦和快乐的程度几乎相 同吗？

卡利克勒：是的。

苏格拉底：那么好人好的程度与坏人坏的程度也几乎相同了，还是坏人在好与恶上都程度更深？（例如，更高兴和更痛苦。）

卡利克勒：我真的不懂你是什么意思。苏格拉底：哎呀，你不记得说过，好的事物之所以好是因为好的存在，不好的是因为恶的存在；快乐是好事，痛苦是坏事吗?

卡利克勒：是的，我记得。

苏格拉底：这些快乐或好事不也是和快乐的人同在吗—如果他们真的快乐的话？

卡利克勒：当然。

苏格拉底：所以那些快乐的人与好事同在时是快乐的？

卡利克勒：是的。

苏格拉底：那些痛苦中的人与坏事或痛苦同在吗？

卡利克勒：是的。

苏格拉底：那你会不会仍旧说，坏事是坏的是因为恶的存在？

卡利克勒：我会的。

苏格拉底：那么快乐的人是好人，痛苦的人是坏人？

卡利克勒：是的。

苏格拉底：好坏的程度随着快乐和痛苦的程度不同而不同？

卡利克勒：对。

苏格拉底：智者和愚人，还有勇士和懦夫，拥有的快乐和痛苦的程

度是否几乎相同，或者你会不会说懦夫拥有的快乐和痛苦更多？

卡利克勒：我应该说懦夫拥有的更多。

苏格拉底：那么帮我根据我们共识做个结论吧，因为如他们所言，把好的东西重复、温习两三次是有益的。我们认可智者和勇士都是好的吗？

卡利克勒：认可。

苏格拉底：愚人和懦夫是坏的？

卡利克勒：没错。

苏格拉底：快乐的人是好的？

卡利克勒：对。

苏格拉底：痛苦的人是坏的？

卡利克勒：没错。

苏格拉底：好人与坏人都是既有快乐也有痛苦，但是，或许，坏人有的快乐和痛苦更多？

卡利克勒：是的。

苏格拉底：那么难道不可以这样推断吗：坏人同样是好的，或者，也许比好人还好；好人同样是坏的，或者，也许比坏人还坏？—难道这不是在之前的好人和快乐的人是一样的这个主张基础上得出的进一步推论吗？—能否认这点吗，卡利克勒？

卡利克勒：我一直在听你讲，而且在对你的观点表示认同，苏格拉底；我注意到如果有谁准许你拿任何东西玩，你就像个孩子似的，想一直拿着这样东西再不愿归还。可是你真的认为我，或是任何其他的人会否认有些快乐的事是好的，另一些是坏的吗？

苏格拉底：唉，卡利克勒，你是多么不公正啊！你确实是在把我当孩子在对待，一会说一件事，一会又说另一件，似乎是想欺骗我。而我却从开始就把你当成自己的朋友，认为如果你能忍住的话是不会欺骗我的。但是现在我发现我搞错了；现在，我想自己一定得像以前他们说过的那样，好好利用这件不成功的事，拿走我能够从你这里得到的东西。—好了，那么，正如我所理解的你的意思，我可以假设一些乐事是好的，而另一些是坏的吗？

卡利克勒：可以。

苏格拉底：有利于人们的那些是好的，有害的那些是坏的？

卡利克勒：当然。

苏格拉底：有利于人们的就是那些能带来益处的，有害的就是那些带来坏处的？

卡利克勒：是的。

苏格拉底：例如，刚才提到的给身体带来愉悦的吃和喝—你的意思是说这些增进健康，或者任何其他使身体优越的事是好的，它们的对立面是坏的吗？

卡利克勒：没错。

苏格拉底：同样，痛苦也分为好的和不好的？

卡利克勒：当然。

苏格拉底：我们不应该选择和利用那些有益的快乐和痛苦吗？

卡利克勒：当然应该。

苏格拉底：而不是那些坏的？

卡利克勒：显然。

苏格拉底：因为，如果你记得，波卢斯和我都认为我们做一切事都是为了得到那些好的东西—你会不会和我们看法一致，认为好的东西是我们一切行为的终极目标，我们所有的行动都是为了谋取好的东西而进行，而不是相反—你愿不愿意给我们俩投赞成票达成三人共识?

卡利克勒：我愿意。

苏格拉底：那么，和所有其他的事物一样，寻找快乐也是为了得到好的东西，而不是寻找好的东西为了得到快乐？

卡利克勒：没错。

苏格拉底：但是人人都能够选择哪些快乐是好的，哪些是不好的吗，还是他必须具备关于快乐的详细的技艺和知识？

卡利克勒：他必须具备技艺。

苏格拉底：现在，我请你回忆一下我之前跟高尔吉亚和波卢斯说过的话。你应该还没忘记，我当时说，存在这样一些过程，其唯一目的就是快乐，对好与坏一无所知；而在另外一些过程中，好与坏会被区分

开。我认为烹饪—我只称之为经验，而不是技艺—属于前者，这类过程注重愉悦；医学这门技艺属于后者，这类过程关注的是益处。现在，友谊之神在上，我必须恳求你，卡利克勒，不要开玩笑，也不要想象我是在和你开玩笑；不要随意回答，违背你的真正想法—因为你会发现我们是在就人类生活的方式进行辩论。对于还算明智的人来说，有什么问题能比这个更严肃吗？—不管他是否应该遵循你劝诫我去遵循的那种生活方式，在集会时采用你所说的那种有男子汉气概的言谈方式，锻炼演讲能力，根据时下流行的原则，忙于公共事务；还是应该用毕生去探索哲学。也不管后一种生活方式与前一种的区别是什么。不过我们或许最好是先把它们加以区分，就像我之前做过的那样，等我们一致认为它们不同时，可以继续思考它们彼此到底什么地方不同，我们应该选择其中的哪一种。可是，或许你甚至现在也没明白我的意思？

卡利克勒：是的，我不明白。

苏格拉底：那么我要把观点解释得更清楚些：既然你我已经都认可了存在有益之事，也存在快乐之事，快乐之事与有益之事不一样，追求和获得其中的快乐之事，不同于追求和获得有益之事—我希望你能告诉我到目前为止你是否同意我的说法—你同意吗？

卡利克勒：同意。

苏格拉底：那么，我将继续问，当我进一步对高尔吉亚和波卢斯说这些话时，你是否也同意我的观点，是否认为我说的是事实：在我看来，烹饪只是一种经验，根本不算一门技艺，而医学是一门技艺，她照管着病人的身体机能和体质，并且对每一病例有着诊断和治疗的原则；烹饪照管的是愉悦，但从不关注自己创造的愉悦的性质和理由，也从不思考或盘算任何事，而是直接达到目的，只不过是靠着经验和惯例行事，仅仅将她创造愉悦时常做的那些事保存到记忆中。首先，我想请你思考一下，是否我已经证明了自己之前说的话；再有，是否不存在其他类似的与灵魂相关的过程。一些过程是技艺，技艺为灵魂提供最大的利益，另外一些过程瞧不起利益，就像在先前的例子中那样，这些过程只考虑心灵的愉悦，以及怎么获得这种愉悦，而不关注哪些愉悦是好的，哪些不好，其唯一的目的就是满足人对愉悦的享受，无论好的还是不好的。在我看来，卡利克勒，存在这种过程，就是我称之为谄媚的那种事物，无论涉及的是身体还是灵魂，或者无论何时被采用，它的目标都是纯粹的快乐，一点儿都不会考虑快乐的好坏。现在我希望你能告诉我你是否同意我们的这个想法，或者是否你反对。

卡利克勒：我不反对；相反，我同意，因为这样我将很快使辩论结束，这样就帮了我朋友高尔吉亚的忙。

苏格拉底：此看法适用于一个人的灵魂还是两个或者更多的人？

卡利克勒：对两个或者更多的人同样适用。

苏格拉底：那么一个人可以取悦集会上所有的人却不考虑他们真正的利益？

卡利克勒：是的。

苏格拉底：你能不能告诉我是什么追求使人类快乐—或者最好，如果你更喜欢这样的话，我来问，请你回答，什么样的追求属于愉悦的那类，什么样的不属于？首先，你怎么看待吹长笛呢?那难道不是一种只追求愉悦，对其他一切都不考虑的技艺吗，卡利克勒？

卡利克勒：我同意。

苏格拉底：比如说，所有像在宴会上弹的里拉琴这样的技艺不都是如此吗？

卡利克勒：是的。

苏格拉底：那你怎么看待唱诗班的技艺和赞美酒神的颂歌呢—它们的性质不也是如此吗？你以为梅莱斯之子卡涅西亚是在乎什么会提升他听众的道德水准吗，还是在乎什么能给民众带来愉悦？

卡利克勒：卡涅西亚不会有错的，苏格拉底。

苏格拉底：那你怎么看待他的父亲—弹竖琴的梅莱斯呢？他表演时对听众的利益有任何的考虑吗？甚至是带给他们快乐这一点，他算得上是考虑到了吗？因为他唱歌是在让观众受苦。你对弹竖琴和赞美酒神的颂歌总体上怎么看呢？发明这些总的目的不是为了快乐吗？

卡利克勒：这是我对它们的观点。

苏格拉底：对于悲剧缪斯这个庄重威严的人物—她的灵感是什么？她的全部目标和愿望仅仅是给观众以愉悦吗，还是说她违背他们，拒绝带给他们愉悦这种罪恶，而是自愿用言辞和颂歌称赞真理，无论这样做是否受欢迎？—你判断她的性格是哪一种？

卡利克勒：毫无疑问，苏格拉底，悲剧缪斯迎合观众的愉悦观和满足。

苏格拉底：卡利克勒，这不是我们刚刚所称为谄媚的那类东西吗？

卡利克勒：十分正确。

苏格拉底：那么，假如我们剥去所有诗歌的音乐性、节奏和韵律，剩下的只有言语了？

卡利克勒：显然。

苏格拉底：这言语是讲给一群人听的？

卡利克勒：是的。

苏格拉底：那么诗歌是一种修辞？

卡利克勒：对。

苏格拉底：那在你看来，剧场里的诗人也是修辞学家了？

卡利克勒：是的。

苏格拉底：那么现在我们发现了一种面向一群男女、孩子、自由人和奴隶的修辞。而这不尽合我们的品味，因为我们已经称之有谄媚的本质。

卡利克勒：非常正确。

苏格拉底：很好。那你怎么认为另一种面向雅典公民聚会或其他城邦自由人聚会的修辞？在你看来，这些修辞学家总是致力于最好，他们企图通过演讲来提高公民素质，还是也像其他人那样，致力于给那些人快乐，只考虑自身利益而忘记了公共利益，像哄小孩一般跟人们嬉戏，试图取悦他们，但从未考虑他们是否因此而获益或受损？

卡利克勒：我必须作出区分。有些人在他们的演讲中真正关心公众，而另一些正如你所说的那样。

苏格拉底：我对修辞分为两类这一认识很满意；其中一类只是谄媚和可耻的夸夸其谈；另一类是高尚的，致力于训练和改进公民的灵魂，力求使所说的对听众最有益，不论是否受欢迎。但你知道有这样的修辞吗？如果你知道的话，能指出任何一位这样的修辞学家吗？他是谁呢？

卡利克勒：但确实，恐怕在当世的演讲家中，我无法向你指出谁是这样的人。

苏格拉底：那么，你能指出前一辈中的任何一位？从他演讲之日，他便堪称改进了雅典人，指出了他们的缺点，使他们变好？因为，确实，我不知道任何这样的人。

卡利克勒：什么！你从未听说狄密斯托克利是个好人吗，还有西门和米太亚德，以及刚刚去世的伯里克利吗？你不是亲耳听过他演说吗？

苏格拉底：是的，卡利克勒，他们是好人，如果如您起初所言，真正的美德仅在于满足我们自己和他人的欲望；但若非如此，如果像我们后来不得不承认的那样，有些欲望的满足使我们变好，但另一些使我们变坏，我们应满足第一类而非另一类，还有一种技艺能够区分它们—你能告诉我这里面任何一位能够区分它们的政治家吗？

卡利克勒：不，我确实不能。

苏格拉底：但当然，卡利克勒，如果你留心的话，你会找到一位。假设我们静心考虑一下，这些人是否有任何一位如我所述的那样。好人不论说什么都为了最好的事物，他们说话时难道不是参照某一标准而非随意乱说吗？正如从事所有其他技艺的人，不论他们是画家、建筑工、造船工还是从事任何其他技艺的人，都专注于自己工作，也不随意选择和应用他们所应用的东西，而给其一个固定的形式。他们井然有序地处理所有事物，使一部分同另一部分和谐一致，直到构建起一个有序、系统的整体；从事所有技艺的人都是如此，我们此前提到的教练和医生也以同样的方式使身体有序、规律地运转。你否认这点吗？

卡利克勒：不；我乐于承认这点。

苏格拉底：那么建造有序、规整的房子是好的；无秩序的是坏的？

卡利克勒：对。

苏格拉底：船也是如此？

卡利克勒：是的。

苏格拉底：人体也可称之为如此？

卡利克勒：是。

苏格拉底：关于灵魂你怎么说？好的灵魂充斥着无序，还是富有和谐和秩序的？

卡利克勒：后者符合我们之前的看法。

苏格拉底：身体上和谐有序的效果如何命名呢？

卡利克勒：我想你的意思是说健康和力量？

苏格拉底：是的，我这么想的；灵魂上和谐有序的效果你会如何命名呢？尽量找到一个合适的名称，就像给前一个一样。

卡利克勒：你为什么不自己给出个名称呢，苏格拉底？

苏格拉底：好，如果你更愿意让我命名，我会的；你告诉我你是否同意，如果不同意，就反驳我。我认为，“健康的”是赋予身体有序的名称，从中才生发出健康和其他身体上的优点；这是否正确？

卡利克勒：正确。

苏格拉底：而“合法的”和“法则”是赋予灵魂行动有序的名称，这使

人们有合法有序—因此我们有了节制和公正，不是吗？

卡利克勒：同意。

苏格拉底：诚实正直、了解自己这门技艺的修辞学家在所有关照人类灵魂的言语和行为中，不论是给予还是索取，不正着眼于这些吗？其目的难道不在于植入公民灵魂中的公正，消除其中的不公正，植入节制，消除纵欲，植入各种美德，消除各种邪恶？你不同意吗？

卡利克勒：我同意。

苏格拉底：卡利克勒，一个健康状态很差的病人，给其身体以最精美的事物或饮品或其他任何愉悦之物，这有什么用呢？这可能跟什么都不给他一样坏，恰当地说甚至更坏。这不对吗？

卡利克勒：我不会对此说不。

苏格拉底：我认为，如果身体状态极为糟糕，人的生活便没有益处，那这情况下人的生活也很糟糕，我说的不对吗？

卡利克勒：对。

苏格拉底：当一个人健康时，医生通常允许他饿了便吃，渴了便喝，按照喜好满足自己的欲望，但当他生病时，他们几乎完全不允许他满足自己的欲望。你也承认这点吧？

卡利克勒：是的。

苏格拉底：关于灵魂，同样的论证不也站得住脚吗，我的好先生？当她状态不好、不理智、不节制、不公正、不虔诚时，应该管制她的欲望，阻止她做任何不利于自身改进的事。

卡利克勒：对。

苏格拉底：如此处置对灵魂本身有好处吧？

卡利克勒：当然。

苏格拉底：抑制她的嗜好是责罚她？

卡利克勒：是。

苏格拉底：那么抑制或责罚比放纵或毫无管制对灵魂来说更好，这也是你刚才更倾向的？

卡利克勒：我不明白你的意思，苏格拉底，我希望你问其他明白你意思的人。

苏格拉底：这里有位绅士不能忍受改进，无法接受争论提及的责罚！

卡利克勒：你说的我一个字都没留意，迄今为止仅是出于对高尔吉亚的礼貌才作出回答的。

苏格拉底：那么,我们该做什么呢？我们要中断吗？

卡利克勒：你自己判断吧。

苏格拉底：好吧，但据说“故事要有头有尾，不应半途中断”，我不希望辩论没有结尾；请再继续一会儿，使辩论有个结尾。

卡利克勒：你太专断了，苏格拉底！我希望你休息一下，辩论也停停吧，否则你找别人辩论吧。

苏格拉底：但还有谁愿意呢？—我希望完成辩论。

卡利克勒：不借助我的帮忙，你就不能完成吗？你要么直接说下去，要么就自问自答。

苏格拉底：那么我必须引用厄皮卡玛斯说的话，“以前两人说话，而今一人足矣”？那看来真的没有帮助了。如果我自己继续问答下去，我首先要说在这点上不仅我而且我们大家都希望知道何为真何为假，因为发现真理是公益所在。现在我将继续按照我的观点论证。但如果你们任何一人认为我得出的结论是不正确的，就必须打断并反驳我，因为并非根据我已知的进行辩论；我跟你们一样是个探索者，因此，如果我的对手说了任何使人信服的话，我将最先同意他。我说这些话的前提是应该完成辩论；但如果你意见相反的话，我们就此中断，各走各的路。

高尔吉亚：我认为，苏格拉底，在你完成论证之后，我们才能各走各的路；我看这好像也是我们其他同伴的心愿；我本人十分希望听听你还要说什么。

苏格拉底：高尔吉亚，我也希望继续跟卡利克勒辩论，继而我可能还他一个“安菲翁”，作为他“西苏斯”的回报；但因为你，克里克勒，不愿意继续，我希望你能够聆听，而且如果你认为我犯了错，就打断我。如果你反驳我，我将不会像你对我一样对你生气，但我将把你作为我灵魂之碑上最大的恩人。

卡利克勒：我的朋友，不要顾忌我，但请继续。

苏格拉底：那么，听我说，我扼要重述一下辩论：—愉悦的事物和好的事物一样吗？不一样。我和卡利克勒同意此点。那应该是为了好的事物去追求愉悦的事物？或是为了愉悦的事物追求好的事物？为了好的事物追求愉悦的事物。面对愉悦的事物，我们感到愉悦；面对好的事

物，我们是好的？当然。我们是好的，所有好的事物都是好的，当我们或它们呈现某一美德时？这点，卡利克勒，我深信不已。但不论是身体或灵魂，工具或生物，所有事物，当它们以最佳方式获得美德时，美德不是偶然所得，而是给予它们的秩序、真理和艺术产生的结果。我说的不对吗？我认定我是对的。每一事物的美德难道不都依赖于秩序或安排吗？我说是的。正是每一事物固有的恰当秩序使其成为好的？这是我的观点。拥有自己秩序的灵魂不是比没有秩序的好吗？当然是。拥有秩序的灵魂是有序的？当然。有序的即是有节制的？确实如此。有节制的灵魂是好的？我给不出其他的答案了，亲爱的卡利克勒，你有其他的吗？

卡利克勒：继续，我的好朋友。

苏格拉底：那我将继续补充，如果节制的灵魂是好的灵魂，那么处于相反状态的灵魂，即愚蠢、不节制的灵魂就是坏的。非常正确。

节制的人无论对神还是对人都做恰当的事吗，因为如果他不这么做便算不上节制？当然他会做恰当的事。对待他人，他做公正的事；对待诸神，他做虔诚的事；而做公正和虔诚之事的人一定是公正的和虔诚的？十分正确。他必定是勇敢的，不是吗？因为一个节制之人的责任不是遵循或避免他不当做之事，而是他当做之事，不论是事或人还是快乐或痛苦，并且当他应该忍受时他会耐心忍受；因此，卡利克勒，如我们所说，节制的人是公正、勇敢和虔诚的，肯定是完美的好人，而好人不论做什么也必然做得尽善尽美；做事好的人必然是快乐和幸福的，做坏事的坏人必然是悲惨的，你赞成的是后一类人—无节制的人，而不是有节制之人。这就是我的观点，而且我坚信这是正确的。如果这些是正确的，那么我还坚信希望幸福的人必须追求和践行节制，并尽其所能远离不节制，他最好是生活有序，从而不受惩罚；但如果他或他的任何朋友，不论是私人朋友还是城市，需要接受惩罚，那么那人想要幸福的话，正义必须得以彰显，他必须要受到惩罚。这对我来说是人应当追求的目标，为此他应该动用自己和城邦的全部精力，行动起来以便拥有节制和公正以及幸福，而不应使欲望放纵，在永无尽头的满足欲望中过上强盗的生活。这种人既不是神的朋友也不是人的朋友，因为他不会交流，不会交流也就不懂友谊。卡利克勒，哲学家告诉我们，交流、友谊以及有序、节制和公正共同使天地神人合为一体，因此这个世界被称为宇宙或秩序，而非混乱或无序，我的朋友。虽然你是哲学家，但在我看来你从没注意到，不论在神还是人之中，几何等式有强大的力量；你认为你应该培养不平等或过度，却不关心几何学。好吧，那么，拥有公正和节制使幸福成为幸福，拥有邪恶使悲惨成为悲惨，要么反驳这个原则，要么同意，结论会是什么呢？当我说一个人应该谴责自己、他的儿子和朋友，如果那人做了任何错事的话，并且为此目的他应当使用修辞，卡利克勒，你问我是不是认真的，所有我之前得出的结论，—所有这些结论都是正确的。你认为波卢斯出于谦虚以致认错，这是正确的，也就是说，行不公正，如果比遭受不公正更可耻，在这层意义上讲是更坏的；而另一点，根据波卢斯的观点，高尔吉亚出于谦虚,承认想真正成为修辞学家的人应当公正并具有关于公正的知识，结果这也是正确的。

我们已经说了这些，现在让我们接下来考虑，你这样责备我对不对。你说我不能帮助自己、朋友或亲人，或将他们从极度危险中解救出来，而且我被其他的力量左右，像被剥夺法律保护的人一样，任何人可以对我做他喜欢做的—他可以扇我耳光，你毫不畏惧地对我说；又或拿走我的财产或流放我，甚至做最绝的，杀了我；如你所言，这种状态是最大的耻辱。我给你的答案是人们常说的，但不妨再说一次。我告诉你，卡利克勒，一个人能遭受的最大的恶不是被不公正地扇耳光，也不是我的钱包或身体被剖开。不公正地击败并杀死我和我的亲友是大得多的耻辱和罪恶；是的，抢劫、奴役和掠夺或以任何方式不公正地对待我和我的亲友，这些不公正行为的实施者比我这遭受者更加可耻和罪恶。这些真理我在之前的讨论中已经阐述过，如果允许我用一个大胆的表述，这些真理现在看来已经被我们用铁和金刚拧成的语言固定和确信了；除非你或其他更为野心勃勃的英雄打破它们，否则没有可能否认我所说的。因为我的立场一直是如此，我本人不知这些事情如何，但除了你，我从未遇到任何人持相反的观点且不显得荒谬。这仍是我的立场，如果我说的是对的，不公正对它的实行者是最大的恶，而如果可能，一个不公正之人未受惩罚比这最大的恶还要严重，还有什么要辩护吗？这种辩护会使人显得非常荒谬。难道那辩护能防止人类最大的恶吗？不能使人为自己或其家人、朋友声辩的辩护是最糟糕的？不能避免第二大恶的辩护次之，不能避免第三大恶的辩护再次之；其他的恶以此类推。恶有多大，能够在不同程度上避免它们的荣耀也就有多大，没能避免它们的可耻也是如此。我说得不对吗，卡利克勒？

卡利克勒：是的，十分正确。

苏格拉底：鉴于有两种恶，行不公正和遭受不公正—而且我们确定行不公正是更大的罪恶，遭受不公正较轻—以何种方式一个人才能兼得这两种好处，其一是不行不公正，另一是不遭受不公正？要获得这些好处，他必须要有权力，还是仅需有意愿即可？我是想问一个人欲躲避不公正，他只需有躲避的意愿即可，还是必须使自己具备权力？

卡利克勒：他必须为自己提供权力；这很显然。

苏格拉底：你怎么看待行不公正呢？仅有意愿就足够了吗，那能阻止他行不公正吗？还是他必须使自己具有权力和技艺；如果他未经过学习和锻炼，他会依然不公正吗？卡利克勒，当然你可以说说看，你认为我和波卢斯得出这一结论是否正确，即没人愿意主动做错事，人们只是违背自己的意愿做错事？

卡利克勒：我同意，苏格拉底，如果你愿意这么说。

苏格拉底：那么，如此看来，得到权力和技艺的目的是我们可以不行不公正之事？

卡利克勒：当然。

苏格拉底：什么技艺能使我们即使不完全免除、也尽可能少地遭受不公正呢？我想知道你是否同意我；因为我认为这种技艺是统治者或甚至僭主本人，又或与统治者有同等权势之人或同伴所拥有的。

卡利克勒：说得好，苏格拉底；请注意，当你说得有理时，我是多么乐意称赞你。

苏格拉底：想一下告诉我，你是否同意我的另一个观点：在我看来，跟一人最相似的人很可能成为他的朋友，—古时的圣人说，物以类聚。你不同意这点吗？

卡利克勒：我同意。

苏格拉底：但当僭主粗鲁、缺乏教养，他理应会害怕任何品德比他高尚的人，且永远不能将其当朋友看待。

卡利克勒：这是正确的。

苏格拉底：他也不会与比他远远低下的人成为朋友，因为僭主会看不起他，也永远不会真把他当朋友看待。

卡利克勒：这也是正确的。

苏格拉底：那么僭主能够拥有的、唯一值得一提的朋友是跟他性格相同之人，有着同样的好恶，同时也愿意臣服、屈从于他；他是城邦里掌权之人，没人能够伤害他后免于惩罚。不是如此吗？

卡利克勒：正是。

苏格拉底：如果有年轻人问如何变得了不起、强大，这似乎是可行之道—自年轻时，他便使自己习惯与他的主人同悲同喜，而且尽可能地试图学他吗？

卡利克勒：是的。

苏格拉底：以这种方式，如你和你的朋友会说，他会达到成为伟人且不受伤害这一目的吗？

卡利克勒：非常正确。

苏格拉底：但他也会免于行不公正吗？如果他像僭主一样不公正，且受其影响的话，与此截然相反的结论肯定是正确的吗？他难道不会力求做坏事且不受惩罚吗？

卡利克勒：正确。

苏格拉底：通过模仿他的主人，通过这样所获得的权力，他的灵魂

不会变坏、堕落吗，这对他来说不是最大的恶吗？

卡利克勒：苏格拉底，你总是这样或那样地试图颠倒一切，你不知道模仿僭主之人如果有意愿，会杀掉不效仿他的人，并夺走其财产？

苏格拉底：非常好，卡利克勒，我不是聋子，已经多次从你和波卢斯以及几乎城中所有人的口中听说过这一点，但我希望你也能听我所说。我敢说如果有意，他会杀掉那人—坏人会杀掉好人和诚实的人。

卡利克勒：这难道不正是令人愤怒的事情吗？

苏格拉底：不是，对一个理智的人来说不是如此，论据如下：你认为我们应该倾注所有精力来最大程度地延长生命，并研究使我们永远摆脱危险的技艺上吗？诸如可使人在法庭上免受法律制裁、你也建议我学习的那种修辞学？

卡利克勒：是的，确实如此，这也是极好的建议。

苏格拉底：那么，我的朋友，但你如何看待游泳？那种技艺也带有丝毫的伪饰吗？

卡利克勒：不，确实不是。

苏格拉底：可是游泳的确可救人脱离死亡，有些场合也要求人们必须会游泳。如果你鄙视游泳者，我来告诉你另外一种更伟大的技艺，即领航员的技艺。领航员不仅拯救人们的灵魂、也拯救他们的身体和财产于极危险的境地，正如修辞术一样。然而，他的技艺谦逊平和，不会装腔作势或假装自己所做的事情很了不起，并且，当求助者请求回报时，仅索取两个欧宝。假设他将我们从埃伊那岛、或者从更远的本都和埃及带到雅典，他最多就要两个德拉克马。考虑一下他救了，正如我刚才所说的那样，乘客及其妻儿以及他们的财产，并使他们在比雷埃夫斯安全登岸—他为如此之大的恩惠得到的回报就是两个德拉克马。而精通这项技艺的领航员，在做完这一切之后，走出船来在附近的海滩上散步，一点儿都不张扬。因为他能够反思并意识到，在他没有让同船乘客溺死的行为中，他并不能断定哪个因此受惠，哪个因此受到伤害。他知道，在他让他们下船的时候，他们与上船时候相比毫无变化，无论灵魂或身体，都没有些微改善。并且他想到，假设一个人身体患上无法治愈的重病，并深受其苦，他只能够因这一逃脱值得怜悯，他丝毫没有因被救免于溺死而受益。对于同样遭受无法治愈之重疾—不是身体上，而是灵魂上—所引起痛苦的人，受益更无从谈起，因为灵魂是他更为宝贵的部分。而对于坏人来说，无论是免于溺死大海，还是免于法庭裁判，或者免于任何其他灾祸，生命既不值得拥有也没有任何益处。所以领航员认识到这样的人最好不要活着，因为他不能活得很好。

这就是领航员—尽管是我们的救助者—却通常不会自高自大的原因，工程师也是如此。就救人的能力而言，工程师一点都不落后于将

军，或者领航员，或者其他任何人，因为有时候他拯救的是整座城市。他和求救者之间有任何可比性吗？卡利克勒，假设他以你那浮夸的风格来谈话，他那滔滔不绝的话语会将你淹没，一再宣称和坚持我们都应该成为工具制造者，除此之外任何其他职业都不值得考虑。对此他会有很多话要说。然而你鄙视他和他的技艺，并且轻蔑地称他为工具制造者，你也不会允许你的女儿嫁给他的儿子，或者让你的儿子娶他的女儿。可是，就你的原则来说，你的拒绝到底有什么正当的理由呢？你有什么权利来轻视工具制造者以及我刚才提及的那些人呢？我知道你会说："我更优秀，出身更好。"但是，倘若这更好不是我所说的那样，美德仅仅在于一个人能够保全自己和亲友，无论他品性如何；那么你对工具制造者、医生以及其他救人之术的责难就是荒谬的了。哦，我的朋友！我想让你明白，高尚和美德很可能并不同于救人和被救。难道一个真正的男子汉会在乎能活多久吗？他知道，正如女人们说的，没有人可以逃脱命运，所以他对寿命并不关心。他将这一切交托给神，只考虑怎样才能充分利用这神给定的有限的生命。他要么使自己适应生活的法规，正如此时，如果你想博得他们的欢心并在城邦里拥有权力，你就得考虑如何让自己更受雅典人喜爱。然而，我想让你想想看，这样做是否对我们中的任何一人有益，我不会为了获取这种权力而用咱们最珍视的东西来冒险，就像塞萨利人的女巫，据说，她们为了将月亮从天上击落下来，会甘冒下地狱的危险。但是假设有人教你在这个城市中如何成为伟人、却无需遵照这个城市的言行方式的技艺，无论其是好坏，那么我只能说你弄错了，卡利克勒。因为对雅典德缪斯、或者以皮里兰佩斯命名的该家族的后裔来说，称得上他们真正的挚爱的朋友的人，必须生性与他们相似，而不是效仿。那么，那个使你与其最相似的人会如你所愿，使你成为一个政治家或者演说家。因为每个人听到别人用自己的语言和方式对自己说话，都会感到愉快，否则感觉厌恶。但是，或许，亲爱的卡利克勒，你可能会有其他想法。你的意思如何？

卡利克勒：不知怎么回事，苏格拉底，你的话在我听来似乎总是好听的话，但是，和其他人一样，我却不能完全信服。

苏格拉底：原因是，卡利克勒，你灵魂深处深爱着的德穆斯却是我所憎恶的。但是我敢说，如果我们重新来谈论并更彻底地考虑这些事情，你会对这些都心悦诚服的。那么请记着这点，所有事物的训练都包括两个过程，无论身体还是灵魂。我们说过一个过程是以愉悦为目的对待他们，而另外一个过程则以最高利益为目的对待他们并且不会纵容却会克制他们，这不是我们先前得出的区别吗？

卡利克勒：正是。

苏格拉底：而且以愉悦为目的的只是卑劣的谄媚，这不是我们得出的另外一个结论吗？

卡利克勒：就这样吧，如果你愿意那样说的话。

苏格拉底：而另外一个以被服侍对象的最大改善为目的，无论是身体还是灵魂？

卡利克勒：相当正确。

苏格拉底：在治理城市和对待市民时我们不是必须得本着相同的目的吗？我们不是也得努力让他们变得尽可能更好吗？因为我们已经发现给他们任何其他好处都已毫无用处，只有当他们的心灵温和良善时，他们所获得的诸如金钱、职务或其他任何一种权利等好处才对他们有益。我们可以这样说吧?

卡利克勒：是的，当然，如果你乐意。

苏格拉底：那么，卡利克勒，假使你和我打算从事一些公共事业，并建议彼此承接比如特大墙体、码头或神庙等建筑，我们不应该自我审视一番，首先看我们是否懂得建筑的技艺，还有谁曾就此教过我们？这不是必须的吗，卡利克勒？

卡利克勒：是必须的。

苏格拉底：其次，我们必得考虑一下我们以前是否建造过任何私人住宅，无论是为己还是为朋友，以及我们的建造物是否成功。如果经过考虑，我们发现，我们曾师从优秀杰出的大师，并曾有过多次建造精美建筑物的成功经验，其中不仅有借助大师们的帮助而建成的，也有不借助他们帮助独立完成的。在这样的情况下，即使审慎也不会使我们对承建这些公共工程望而却步。但是，倘若我们没有说不出师从过的大师，并且仅建造过几个毫无价值的建筑物，或者什么都没有建造过，我们如果尝试或彼此建议承接公共工程，那必然是荒谬至极的。这难道不对吗？

卡利克勒：当然对。

苏格拉底：这不也同样适用于其他情况吗？倘使我们都是医生，并告知彼此，说我们有能力胜任城邦医师一职，我们不是应该彼此询问一下，苏格拉底的他本人身体健康吗？并且是否有人曾经被他治愈，无论是奴隶还是自由民？而且，我应该向你询问同样的问题。如果我们得出结论，没有任何人，无论市民还是外乡人、男人还是女人曾借助我们两个人中任何一个的医术得到好转，那么，天啊，卡利克勒，我们或者其他任何人竟然愚蠢到认为，在没有私下里提前练习（无论成败）并获得该项技艺的经验时，我们就可以成为城邦医师施行医术并建议他人和我们做同样的事情，这简直太荒谬了！这难道不正是他们所说的还没学会走路就想跑步吗？这可真是愚蠢。

卡利克勒：对。

苏格拉底：那么现在，我的朋友，既然你已经快要成为一个公众人

物了，并且因为我不是而训诫和责备我，让我们互相询问几个问题吧。那么告诉我，卡利克勒，如何让公民变得更好？有没有一度邪恶或不诚实或放纵或愚蠢的人经卡利克勒的帮助而变得良善和高尚?有过这样的人吗，不管他是公民或者外乡人，奴隶还是自由民？告诉我，卡利克勒，如果有人问你这些问题，你会怎么回答？你会说谁曾经在和你交谈后得到改进？你可能在参与公众事务之前，以个人身份干过这样的好事。你为什么不愿回答？

卡利克勒：你太好争论了，苏格拉底。

苏格拉底：不，我不是因为喜好争论而问你，而是因为我的确想知道，你认为应以何种方式在我们之间执行事务。在你执行的时候，除了带着使公民变得更好这个目的之外，你是否还有其他目的？我们不是已经就此多次达成共识了吗—这正是一个公众人物的职责？不，我们确实这样说过。因为如果你不愿意自己来回答的话，我就要替你回答了。但是倘若这就是一个想为自己城邦谋利益的好人应当实现的目的，允许我再次跟你提及刚才说过的那些人名，伯里克利、西门、米太亚德、狄密斯托克利，并问你是否依然认为他们是好公民。

卡利克勒：是的。

苏格拉底：但是如果他们是好公民的话，那么很显然，他们每个人都一定使公民们变得更好而不是更坏了？

卡利克勒：是。

苏格拉底：那么，因此，当伯里克利首次在集会发言的时候，公民们没有在他最后一次发言时那么好？

卡利克勒：很有可能。

苏格拉底：不，我的朋友，“可能”这个词用得不对。因为如果他是个好公民的话，这个推断就是确定的。

卡利克勒：这有什么区别吗？苏格拉底：没有任何区别。只不过是，我想进一步知道伯里克利理应使雅典人民变得更好还是更坏。因为我听说他是第一个给人民薪酬、使他们变得懒惰懦弱、并鼓励他们热衷演讲和金钱的人。

卡利克勒：苏格拉底，这一定是你从耳朵有毛病、善于以偏概全之徒那里听来的。

苏格拉底：但是，我要告诉你的并不只是谣言，而是你我都熟知的。首先，依照雅典人的任何裁决标准，伯里克利都是伟大的，他的品性都是无可指责的—这一切都是在公民们不够好的时期。然而后来，伯里克利将他们变得良善和温和，他们却认定他就是个坏人，在他生命将

终之时判定他有盗窃罪，并且几乎将他处死。

卡利克勒：那么，这又怎么证明伯利克里是坏人呢？

苏格拉底：好吧，你肯定会说他不擅长管理驴、马或牛，当初接管这些牲畜的时候，它们并不踢人也不撞人咬人，只是在后来他才向它们灌输了这些粗鲁的花招？把在接管时还很温顺的动物变得比刚接管时凶狠，这样的动物管理员难道不是很糟糕吗？你的意思如何？

卡利克勒：我愿意帮你这个忙："是的。"

苏格拉底：那么你愿意再帮我一个忙，告诉我人是否也是动物吗？

卡利克勒：当然是。

苏格拉底：那么伯利克里不正是民众的牧羊人吗？

卡利克勒：是的。

苏格拉底：那么如果他是一个好的政治领头人，那些作为他的臣民的动物们—正如我们刚才承认的那样—不是应该变得更加正义而不是非正义吗？

卡利克勒：完全正确。

苏格拉底：那么，正如荷马所说，正义的人不也是温和的吗？或者你有其他看法？

卡利克勒：我同意荷马所说。

苏格拉底：但是他的确使他们比刚接管时更为残暴，而且他们也以这种残暴的方式对待他本人，这肯定与他所想要的大相径庭。

卡利克勒：你想要我同意你的说法吗？

苏格拉底：是的，如果你觉得我所言是事实的话。

卡利克勒：算是同意吧。

苏格拉底：如果他们更为残暴，他们不也必定是更加不公正和低劣吗？

卡利克勒：也同意。

苏格拉底：那么按照这个观点，伯利克里并不是个好的政治家？

卡利克勒：对，要照你的观点来说。

苏格拉底：不，在你承认之后，这个观点就是你的。再来看看西门的例子。不正是那些他一直为之效劳的人将他驱逐出境，从而得以十年不必听到他的声音吗？他们也对狄密斯托克利做了同样的事情，并对其处以流放的刑罚；并公议决定马拉松的英雄米太亚德应当被处死，只是普律塔尼斯救了他。可是，如果他们确实如你所言最初就是好人的话，这些事情不可能发生在他们的身上。因为那些刚开始坐稳位子、后来在驯服马匹后变成更加娴熟的御车夫却被甩下马，这并不是好的御车夫。无论驾车还是其他职业都不应该是这样的，你怎么认为？

卡利克勒：我认为不该这样。

苏格拉底：那么，既然如此，真理就是我已经说过的那样。在雅典城邦，还没有人能够证明自己就是个好的政治家。你承认就我们同时代的政治家来说是这样没错，却不认为以前的政治家也是这样，比起其他的政治家你更偏爱他们。可是结果证明他们并不比现在的这些人好得了多少。因此，倘若他们是修辞学家的话，他们并没有真正使用修辞或谄媚的技艺，否则他们不可能会失去众人爱戴的。

卡利克勒：可是无疑，苏格拉底，没有哪个在世的人，其行为可与他们几个相比。

苏格拉底：哦，我亲爱的朋友，我可没说任何反对他们作为城邦公务人员的话，并且我确实认为比起在世的这些人来说他们更好地服务于民，并且能更好的满足城邦的需求。但在转变那些欲望以防止它们各行其是、运用拥有的权力（不论劝导还是强制的权力）来改善公民方面，我没有发现他们比我们现在的政治家有哪怕一点儿的进步，尽管我的确认为他们更擅长提供船只、墙体、码头一类的东西。而改善公民正是真正良善公民应追求的最主要目标。我们两个讨论的方式很滑稽，因为讨论期间，我们一直在围绕着同一个观点兜圈子，并且不断地误解彼此的意思。如果我没弄错的话，你也不止一次承认，身体和灵魂各有两种与其相关的对待方式，一种是服侍性的，如果我们的身体饥饿，就供以食物；如果口渴，就供以饮料；如果寒冷，即供以衣服、毛毯、鞋子以及他们所需要的一切。我特意使用以前使用过的这些意象，以便你能更好地理解我的意思。商品的供应商可以给他们提供批发或零售，或者他本人就可以成为任何产品的制造者，比如说面包师、厨师、纺织工、鞋匠，或者制革工人。如此，在自己和他人看来，他这样的人地很自然被看做是在服侍身体。因为他们都不知道除此以外还有另外一类技艺—体操和医术，这类技艺是身体的真正看护者，而且应该成为其他一切技艺的女主人，并参照只有自己拥有的就饮食对身体的真实好处和坏处的知识，对其他技艺产生的结果加以利用。所有其他与身体相关的技艺都是卑微、下贱和狭隘的，而体操和医学诚如它们理应的那样，是所有其他技艺的女主人。

现在，当我说这一切同样符合于灵魂，你起先似乎知道、懂得并同意我的话，然而过了一会儿之后，你又重说道，难道这个城邦就没有良

善和高尚的公民吗？当我问你他们是谁时，你貌似非常诚挚地回答我，就好像我问你的问题是：谁现在是或者曾经是我们优秀的教练员，接着你可能会回答到，面包师赛亚里翁，著有西西里岛烹饪全书的米塞库斯，酿造葡萄酒的萨拉姆布斯。这些人都是身体的服侍者，都拥有其专司领域的一流技艺。因为赛亚里翁能够烤制极好的面包，米塞库斯能够做出可口的美食，萨拉姆布斯能造出上乘的佳酿，而在我看来这些人与你提及的政治家不分上下。现在你可能会非常不高兴，假设我对你说，我的朋友，你对体操一无所知；你对我提及的那些人仅仅是享受品的施与者与供应商，他们对自己的技艺也没有良善和高尚的看法，很可能不断地装满和催肥人们的身体，尽管长期如此会使人们失掉最初的体重，变得比之前瘦弱，然而，单纯的他们并不会将他们的疾病和消瘦归罪于他们的款待者。但是在若干年后，这种不健康的暴饮暴食会使侍者遭受照料病人的惩罚，而恰巧在病者身边常给病者出谋划策的人会受到指责和控告，倘若病者还有能力的话会给这些人造成伤害，而与此同时，他们继续称颂着这不幸的真正的始作俑者。

而这，卡利克勒，正是你正在做的。你赞美那些款待公民并满足他们欲望的人，人们说是他们使城邦变得更伟大，却没有看到这个城邦肿胀溃烂的现状得归咎于那些政界元老；因为是他们把整个城市用海港、码头、墙体、税收和诸如此类的东西塞得满满当当，给正义与节制没有留下任何空间。当混乱无序的危机降临时，人们会怪罪于时下的指导者，却来赞美狄密斯托克利、西门和伯利克里—这些灾难的真正制造者。如果你不够小心的话，一旦他们在不断失去新的所获之物、同时还不断丢失他们原本的财产时，他们可能会攻击你以及我的朋友亚西比德；不是说你就是他们不幸的制造者，而是说你可能是这些人的帮手。而正如我耳闻目睹的那样，有关我们政治家的伟大作品总是层出不穷，如今同过去一样。当城邦将他们中的任何一个当做作恶者处理时，我观察到，民众对那些被认为行使他们身上的错事非常愤慨，喧嚣不已。“虽然他们对城邦有很多的贡献，即使这样做有失公正，也应该将他们处死。”—故事就是这样流传的。但是这样的呼声完全是个谎言。因为还没有政治家能够被他所领导的城市不公正地处死。我认为，这种自称是政治家的例子和自称是诡辩家的例子非常相似。因为诡辩家，尽管也是智者，从某种特殊的意义上来说也有愚笨之过，他们会经常指责他们的门徒诽谤他们、欺诈他们应得的工资、对他们给予的教导没有表示出感激之情。但是那些已成为正直良善的人，在他们里面非正义已被移除，正义藉他们的老师已被植入其内，这种人竟然能够通过非正义之由而行非正义之事，还有比这更荒诞的事情吗？能有什么事情比这件事情更荒谬吗，我的朋友？卡利克勒，是你强迫我成为一个强词夺理的演讲家，因为你不愿意回答。

卡利克勒：你是那种没人回答就不能讲话的人吗？

苏格拉底：我想我能。无论如何，我刚才做的演讲已相当长了，因为你拒绝回答我。但是，我指着友谊之神请求你，我的好先生，请务必告诉我，你声称你已使一个人变好，而又指责他作恶，这两者是否有极

大的不一致？

卡利克勒：是的，我这样认为。

苏格拉底：你从来没有听到过从事教育的教师用这种前后矛盾的方式说话吧？

卡利克勒：是的，但是为什么要谈论这些一无是处的人呢？

苏格拉底：我更想问，为什么要谈论这些自诩为统治者、宣称他们致力于城市改进、却时不时激烈斥责城市堕落到极致的人呢，你认为这两种人有什么任何区别吗？我的好朋友啊，诡辩家和修辞学家，如我同波卢斯所说的那样，是一样的，或近乎一样。但是你却无知地以为修辞学是完美的，而诡辩术却是应当被蔑视的。然而，真相是，诡辩术之于修辞学正如立法之于执法、体操之于医学，它们具有同等地位。我倾向于这样认为，演说家和诡辩家同属于仅有的这样一类人：他们不能抱怨由自己教授他人带给自身的不幸，一旦抱怨，他们就同时在谴责自己没能给人带来利益，但他们声称使其获益。这不是事实吗？

卡利克勒：当然是。

苏格拉底：如果他们说能使人们变得更好没错，那么他们那类人有能力将酬劳留给那些受惠于他们的人。然而，如果有人以其他任何方式获益，比如说，一个人从教练那里学会了跑步，他可能会欺赖教练的薪酬，如果教练把这件事完全交给他处理，并且之前也没有和他协议说一旦他能使受训者达到最快速就得收到报偿的话。因为人们不是由于没有达到最高速而行事不义，而是由于不讲道义。

卡利克勒：非常正确。

苏格拉底：那么那个移除不义之人就没有受到非公正对待的危险了。他独自就能够将这份谢礼安全地留给他的学生们，如果他确实能使他们变好的话，我不对吗？

卡利克勒：对。

苏格拉底：那么我们就找到原因了？一个被邀请就建筑或其他技艺给予指导的人接受薪酬这种行为并没有什么丢人之处。

卡利克勒：是的，我们找到了原因。

苏格拉底：但是这样的话，问题就是：一个人怎样使自己变得最好、怎样最好地治理自己的家庭和国家；那么，有偿给人提供意见这种说法并不是可耻的？

卡利克勒：对。

苏格拉底：为什么？因为只有这样的好处才能唤起他们回报的欲望，并且很显然，当给予者得到报酬时，他才会给予好处，否则就不会。这是事实吧？

卡利克勒：是的。

苏格拉底：那么你邀请我给城邦提供什么服务呢？请替我决定。是要我成为城邦里的医生来努力使雅典人尽可能地保持健康呢，还是要成为城邦的行政者和谄媚者？请畅所欲言，我的好朋友，请自由公正地说话就像你起先那样，这也是你应该继续做的，告诉我你的全部想法。

卡利克勒：那么我说你应该做城邦的行政者。

苏格拉底：谄媚者？哦，先生，这是极好的邀请。

卡利克勒：苏格拉底，贡物总管或者其他你乐意的职务。因为如果你拒绝的话，后果将会是—

苏格拉底：请不要再重复老一套了—有人会杀了我并拿走我的钱财。因为那样一来，我又得重复我已经说过的答案—他将成为一个杀了好人的坏人，得到的钱财将对他毫无用处，但是他会滥用他非法获得的东西，既然是非法的，就是卑鄙的，既然是卑鄙的，就是有害的。

卡利克勒：苏格拉底，你这么自信自己就不会遭受不幸！你似乎以为自己生活在另外一个国家，永远不会出庭受讯似的，事实是你很有可能就被卑鄙邪恶的人起诉。

苏格拉底：那我确确实实就是个蠢人了，卡利克勒，如果我不懂得在雅典城邦，任何人都可能遭受任何不幸的话。如果我被审判并招致你所说的那些危险，将我指控的那个人一定是个恶棍，对此我非常确信，因为没有好人会起诉无辜的人。如果我被处死我也不会觉得奇怪。要我告诉你为什么我会这么预料吗？

卡利克勒：一定要。

苏格拉底：我想我是在世的雅典人中，唯一或几乎唯一一个真正行使政治艺术的人。我是这个时代唯一的政治家。现在，鉴于我说这些话并不是为了获得好感，并且我追求最有利而不是最愉悦的事情，也不是为了利用你推荐的那些技艺和好处，在法庭上我将没有什么可说的。你或许会和我争论，就像我和波卢斯争论那样：我会像一个被厨师控告的医生那样，被由孩子们组成的评审团评判。在这样的情形下他会怎么回答呢，如果有人指控他说：“哦，我的孩子们，这个人对你们做了多少邪恶的事情啊：他将你们，尤其是你们中较小的孩子置于死地，他切割、灼通你们，使你们的挨饿、窒息，直到你们都不知道该干什么。他给你们最苦的药物，并迫使你们感到饥渴难耐。就更不要奢望我会用各式各样的肉类和甜食来款待你们了！”你认为医生在发现自己处于这样的困境

时会做出什么回答呢？如果他说实话他只能说：“所有这些邪恶的事情，我的孩子们，我都是为了你们的健康才做的”，接着那样的评审团里不就会喧闹一片吗？他们会吵得多厉害啊！

卡利克勒：我敢这么说。

苏格拉底：他不会完全不知所措，不知道怎么回答吗？

卡利克勒：他肯定会。

苏格拉底：我对此非常清楚，假如我被带到法庭上的话，我也会被以同样的方式审判。因为我不能对他们说我为他们带来了哪些愉悦，尽管我既不嫉妒这种愉悦的提供者也不嫉妒这种愉悦的享受者，但这种愉悦却被他们看作是利益和好处。如果有任何人说我败坏年轻人、迷惑他们的心灵，或者说我诽谤年长者、对他们言辞尖刻，不管是私下里还是公开，我的回答将毫无用处。我确实可能会回答：“我做的这一切都是为了实现正义，都是为了实现你们的利益啊，我的法官们，不是为了其他任何目的。”因此很难预料会有什么事发生在我身上。

卡利克勒：苏格拉底，你认为如此没有辩护能力的人算是处于有利形势吗？

苏格拉底：是的，卡利克勒，假设他拥有那个你通常认为他理应拥有的辩护人，假设他本人为自己做辩护人，而且他的言行（无论涉及神还是人类）都从来没有出过差错；这已经被我们反复确认为最好的辩护。假设有任何人宣称我不能以这种方式为自己或他人辩护，无论是当着很多人还是几个人或者仅我一人的面，我都会羞愧得面红耳赤。并且如果我由于缺乏这种能力而死去，这的确会让我痛苦。但是假设我因为没有谄媚或修辞的能力而死去，我十分确定你们不会看到我在临死前有任何悔恨。因为没有人—只要他不是个十足的蠢人和懦夫—会惧怕死亡本身，他惧怕的是作恶。因为带着一个充满非正义的灵魂去往下面那个世界是世上最邪恶的事情。如果你没有异议的话，我愿意给你讲个故事来证明我所说的。

卡利克勒：很好，继续；那么我们就能够结束了。

苏格拉底：那么，像讲故事的人常说的那样，且来听一个美丽的故事，我敢说你很可能会仅仅将此看做一个寓言，但是，我相信这是一个真实的故事，因为我想说明真相。荷马告诉我们，宙斯、波塞冬和普路托怎样将继承自他们父亲的帝国瓜分。接着在克洛诺斯的时代，产生了一项与人类命运相关的法律，这项法律一直存在而且如今继续存在于天堂—那就是在正义和圣洁中度过一生的人将在死后前往极乐岛，并居住在那个远离邪恶、充满幸福的地方；而在不义与邪恶中生活的人将去往充满复仇与惩罚、被称之为塔耳塔洛斯的地方。在克洛诺斯统治甚至更晚到宙斯统治天庭的时期，审判都是在人们即将死去的当日决定的。审判官和被审判者都仍然活着，所以导致审判结果的偏颇。布鲁托和极乐

岛的统治者来到宙斯那里说，灵魂们找错了地方。宙斯说：“我要结束这一切，审判执行的不好，因为接受审判者还穿着衣服，他们还活着。有很多人，他们灵魂邪恶，却被装饰以美丽的身体、包裹以财富和头衔。当审判之日到来时，无数的见证人走上前来为自己证明说他们曾经正直地生活。他们使这些审判时同样身着服饰的审判官感觉敬畏，他们的眼睛、耳朵和他们的整个身体都成为他们显现自身灵魂的源泉。这整个对他们来说是个阻碍。审判者和接受审判者还都穿着衣服呢，怎么办？我来告诉你，首先，我会剥夺人们对死期的知情权，目前人们还拥有这项权利，但是普罗米修斯已经接到我的命令，将从他们那里剥夺这项权利。其次，在审判时他们将一丝不挂，因为审判时他们已经死去；并且审判者也必须赤身裸体，也就是说，也必须是死者，他用自己赤裸的灵魂来洞察其他赤裸的灵魂。他们将突然死去并被剥夺所有亲属关系，他们华丽的服侍将被抛散在大地，用这种方式来执行审判，结果将会是公正的。我先于你们任何一位知道此事，所以我已经安排我的儿子们来担当审判官，两个来自亚洲：迈诺斯和拉达曼提斯；一个来自欧洲：爱阿科斯。死后，他们几个将在生死相隔的岔路口的草地上进行审判，那里一条路通向极乐岛，另一条通向塔耳塔洛斯。拉达曼提斯将审判那些来自亚洲的人；爱阿科斯审判那些来自欧洲的人。我将特权授予迈诺斯，他将主持法院，受理上诉，以免另外两个中的任何一个有任何不确定的地方。这样一来，与人类最后一段行程相关的审判将会最大程度地主持公正。”

卡利克勒，从我听说并信以为真的这个故事里，我做出以下推断：死亡，如果我说得没错的话，首先是灵魂与肉体彼此的分离，此外无他。在它们分开以后，他们各自保持一些特征，就跟活着时一样；身体保持同样的习惯，生前治疗或事故的后遗症依然清晰可见：比如说，一个高个子，无论生来如此，还是通过训练成为这样，或者两种原因兼而有之，在死后依然会保持这个特征，胖人死后依然会是个胖子，诸如此类。生前喜欢留长发的人死后也会拥有长发。如果他生前身上有抽打、鞭笞或伤口的痕迹，你在他的尸体上也会看见同样的印记。如果他的四肢在生前被折断或畸形，他死去后也会是这个样子。总而言之，无论身体在生前有什么习性，死后都可以辨认，有的可以完全辨认、有的在一段时间内很大程度上可以辨认。我猜想这同样适用于灵魂，卡利克勒；当一个人身体被从灵魂上分离，灵魂所有先天的或者后天获得的特征都一览无余了。当他们来到审判者面前时，就像那些来到拉达曼提斯面前的亚洲人一样，审判者就将他们置于近旁进行公正无私的审查；但他并不知道灵魂是谁的，被审查的灵魂有可能属于那伟大的国王、其他某位国王或当权者，他本身无一完好，他的灵魂有鞭痕，布满了虚伪与罪行的印记和伤口，他的每一行为都会留下这样的痕迹；谎言和欺诈将他完全扭曲。他没有正直可言，因为他生活得不诚实。拉达曼提斯看着这个由放纵、奢侈、粗野和无节制导致极度扭曲变形的灵魂，很不齿地将他发配到牢狱中去，在那儿他会受到他应得的惩罚。

这样一来，实施恰当的惩罚作用有二：得到公正惩罚的人应该或变好、得益于此，或被作为同胞的警戒。他们会看到他遭受的这一切苦

难，感到害怕因而变得更好。那些经诸神和人类惩罚而得到改进的人，他们的罪恶是可以矫正的，他们通过痛苦和受难得到改进，这在两个世界里都是一样的；因为除此以外，没有其他办法可以让他们脱离罪恶。但是那些犯下滔天罪行的人，由于罪行过大无法矫正，就会被作为典型以儆效尤；因为，既然他们已经不能被矫正，他们可以得到任何益处的时机就已经错过。他们自己得不到益处，但是其他人在观看他们无休止地承受这最可怕最痛苦最恐怖的苦难（他们罪恶的惩罚）时，会得到益处。他们被吊在地下世界的牢房里当作典型示范，这种景象对所有来此地的邪恶之人正是一个警告。我极其确定，如果波卢斯关于亚基老的事情所说无误的话，他肯定就在这些人之中，还有那些和他相似的任何暴君都会在其中。在这些可怕的典型中，我认为，大多数都属于暴君、国王、统治者和公共人物一类，因为他们拥有权力，是犯有最大、最不敬罪行的人。荷马证实过这种说法的真实性；那些在地下世界中永无止休承受苦难的人，通常都是国王和当权者，比如说坦塔罗斯、西西弗斯和提堤俄斯。但是却从没有人描写过瑟赛蒂兹或其他任何邪恶的个人承受永无止境的苦难，也没有人说他们无可救药。因为正如我认为的那样，他权力还不够犯下滔天大罪，因此他比那些拥有此等权力的人要幸福。不，卡利克勒，极恶的人都来自有权势的阶层。然而正是在这同一阶层，也可以出现好人，他们值得人们毫无保留的钦佩和赞扬。因为拥有极大可以作恶的权势，要正义地度过一生是件难事，也应大力赞扬，但确实做到如此的人没有几个。尽管如此，雅典和其他城邦曾有过将来也会有这样优秀和正直的人，他们公正地履行他们的职责。闻名海拉斯的阿里斯提德，雷西马克的儿子正是这样的一个人。但是，总体来说，握有重权的人通常都是坏人，我的朋友。

正如我刚才所说的那样，当拉达曼提斯得到一个坏人的灵魂，他对他一无所知，既不知道他是谁也不知道他的父母是谁，他只知道手中这个人是个恶棍。鉴于此，他就给他标上可以矫正或无法矫正的戳记，并把他送到塔耳塔洛斯那里去接受相应的惩罚。或者，再一次，他满怀敬佩之情看着那些一生正直虔诚之人的灵魂，他可能不是公众人物也可能是。我说，卡利克勒，他一生很可能是个专司其职、心无旁骛的哲学家。拉达曼提斯会把他送到极乐岛。爱阿科斯做的是同样的事情。他们都有权杖，行使审判。但是只有迈诺斯拥有金色权杖，坐在一旁观看，正如荷马作品中奥德赛声称他看到的那样：

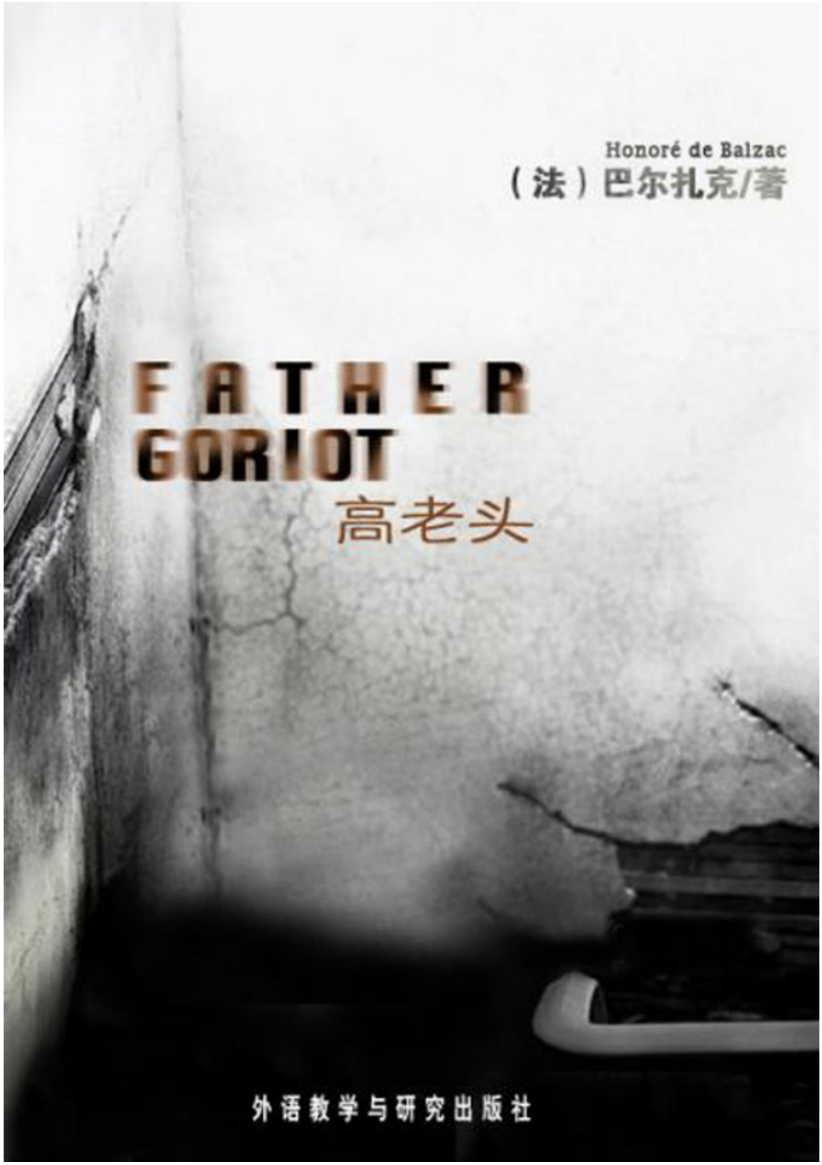
迈诺斯手执金色权杖，对死者实行裁决。

卡利克勒，如今我已相信这些事情的真实性，并思考着怎样才能在我的审判之日为审判者呈上一个完整洁净的灵魂。摒弃世人们所孜孜追求的荣耀，我只渴望知道真理，尽我最大的努力正直地生活，当我死的时候，也能尽我最大努力问心无愧地死去。并且，我将尽我所能，来规劝所有其他人也这样做。作为你对我劝勉的回报，我劝勉你也来参与这场伟大的战役，这场比世上任何一场斗争都要伟大的生命之战。我要这样反驳你对我的斥责：当我所说的审讯和裁决之日降临在你身上时，你将无法自救；伊齐那之子啊，你会走到审判者面前，当他牢牢地抓着

你，将你带走的时候，你会目瞪口呆，而且正如我在这个世上的法庭上那样，你会六神无主，并且很可能会有人无耻地打你耳光，用各种可能的方式侮辱你。

或许，在你看来这可能就是一个老妇的故事而已，对此你会不以为然。或许你蔑视类似的传说也是有道理的，如果查找一番的话，我们可以找到任何比这更可信更好的故事，但是现在你看到了吧，你、波卢斯、高尔吉亚—当今希腊最有智慧的三个人，却不能证明我们应该过那种既不能在今生获益也不能在另一个世界获益的生活。所有以上所言中，其他说法都不是无懈可击的，除了以下这些说法：比起遭受不公正之事，行不公正之事更当回避；无论是在公众生活中还是私人生活中，人们应追求的首要东西都是美德的实质而不是表面；当任何人有任何事做错的时候，他都当受到惩戒，逊于一个正直之人的次好者就是一个可以通过惩戒和处罚变得正直的人；无论是自己还是他人、少数人还是多数人的谄媚，他都应当规避，他可以运用修辞或其他技艺，他行所有事情都应当着眼于正义。

追随我吧，我将带领你们去一个生前和死后都会幸福的地方，正如辩论所示的那样。如果有人视你为蠢人，蔑视你，并有意侮辱你，不要放在心上；让他打你，对着宙斯起誓，请一定要喜悦，不要介意这侮辱性的殴打。因为若你真正良善和正直，你在修身养性方面并不会因此受到任何伤害，当我们修身养性都做得很好了，如果可取的话，我们可以去从政。或者我们将商议出其他任何于我们有益的事物，因为那时我们会更好地作出判断。就我们目前的状态而言，我们不应该不可一世，因为即使在最重要的话题上，我们也时常改变观念；我们是多么愚蠢啊！那么，让我们将此辩论作为我们的指南。它告诉我们生命最好的方式就是实践正义、践行所有美德，生前和死后均要如此。让我们顺着这条道路前行，也让我们规劝世人走上这条道路，而非你们信赖并规劝我去走的道路。因为，卡利克勒，你们所说的道路毫无价值。



Honoré de Balzac

（法）巴尔扎克/著

FATHER GORIOT

高老头

外语教学与研究出版社

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巴尔扎克（法） 著
外研社编译组 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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CHAPTER 1

第一章

Mme. Vauquer (*nee* de Conflans) is an elderly person, who for the past forty years has kept a lodging-house in the Rue Nueve-Sainte-Genevieve, in the district that lies between the Latin Quarter and the Faubourg Saint-Marcel.

四十年来，一位夫家姓沃盖，娘家姓德孔夫兰的老妇人在位于拉丁区和圣马塞尔郊区之间的新圣热讷维耶沃街上开着一个家庭旅馆。

Her house (known in the neighborhood as the *Maison Vauquer*) receives men and women, old and young, and no word has ever been breathed against her respectable establishment; but, at the same time, it must be said that as a matter of fact no young woman has been under her roof for thirty years, and that if a young man stays there for any length of time it is a sure sign that his allowance must be of the slenderest.

这家被邻里称为“沃盖之家”的旅馆，不论男女老少一概接待，而且从未受过流言蜚语的攻击。但是实际上，三十年以来，从来都没有年轻女子住过那里。而如果一个年轻人在那里住了很长时间，就必然说明着他的零花钱少得可怜。

In 1819, however, the time when this drama opens, there was an almost penniless young girl among Mme. Vauquer's boarders.

但是，当这幕戏剧在一八一九年拉开帷幕时，“沃盖之家”里的确有一名几乎身无分文的年轻女房客。

That word drama has been somewhat discredited of late; it has been overworked and twisted to strange uses in these days of dolorous literature; but it must do service again here, not because this story is dramatic in the restricted sense of the word, but because some tears may perhaps be shed *intra et extra muros* before it is over.

虽然近来戏剧这个字眼被那些基调伤感的文学作品滥用、扭曲，以致都有些不足信了，但是，在这里还是得用上它。这并不是因为从有限的字义上来讲，这个故事具有戏剧性，而是因为在这部戏剧结束之前，城里城外的人也许会掉几滴眼泪。

Will any one without the walls of Paris understand it? It is open to doubt.

巴黎以外的人是否能懂得这部作品呢？这一点还不得而知。

The only audience who could appreciate the results of close observation, the careful reproduction of minute detail and local color,

are dwellers between the heights of Montrouge and Montmartre, in a vale of crumbling stucco watered by streams of black mud, a vale of sorrows which are real and joys too often hollow; but this audience is so accustomed to terrible sensations, that only some unimaginable and well-neigh impossible woe could produce any lasting impression there.

只有居住在蒙鲁日和蒙马特尔高地之间的人才会欣赏我对细微之处和地方特色的细致观察和详尽再现。条条溪流携带着黑色泥浆将谷地里的泥灰冲得粉碎。在那里，悲伤才是真实的，而快乐往往是空洞的。但是，那里的人们对苦难已经如此司空见惯了，以致于只有出人意料、世间罕有的不幸才能给他们留下一点印象。

Now and again there are tragedies so awful and so grand by reason of the complication of virtues and vices that bring them about, that egotism and selfishness are forced to pause and are moved to pity; but the impression that they receive is like a luscious fruit, soon consumed.

美德和邪恶会时不时地夹杂在一起引发一些悲剧。这些悲剧是如此悲惨而又如此壮烈。连自负、自私的人也会为之一怔，继而生出点滴的同情心。可是他们的同情就好比一颗甘美的果实，转眼就被吞噬殆尽。

Civilization, like the car of Juggernaut, is scarcely stayed perceptibly in its progress by a heart less easy to break than the others that lie in its course; this also is broken, and Civilization continues on her course triumphant.

文明就像世界主宰的马车。它在行进过程中，若是碰到一颗比较不容易粉碎的心，就会停下来，等到粉碎它之后，才继续得意洋洋地前进。

And you, too, will do the like; you who with this book in your white hand will sink back among the cushions of your armchair, and say to yourself, "Perhaps this may amuse me."

你们也会这样做——身体陷在安乐椅的垫子中，雪白的手里捧着这本书，自言自语道：“也许它能让我消遣一下。”

You will read the story of Father Goriot's secret woes, and, dining thereafter with an unspoiled appetite, will lay the blame of your insensibility upon the writer, and accuse him of exaggeration, of writing romances.

读过高老头隐秘的痛史后，你的胃口会一如既往，然后把自己的冷漠归咎于作者，指责他夸大其词、胡编滥造。

Ah! once for all, this drama is neither a fiction nor a romance!

哎！这部悲剧绝对既非虚构也非编造！

ALL IS TRUE,—so true, that every one can discern the elements of

the tragedy in his own house, perhaps in his own heart.

一切都是事实——真实到每个人都能在自己的家中，也许在自己的心中，或多或少觉察到书中的情节。

The lodging-house is Mme. Vauquer's own property.

这家旅馆是沃盖夫人自己的产业。

It is still standing in the lower end of the Rue Nueve-Sainte-Genevieve, just where the road slopes so sharply down to the Rue de l'Arbalete, that wheeled traffic seldom passes that way, because it is so stony and steep.

它现在仍然矗立在新圣热讷维耶沃街的下段。路面就是从这里开始陡然下降到了拉尔巴特大街。因为这一路段石头多、坡度大，很少有马车经过。

This position is sufficient to account for the silence prevalent in the streets shut in between the dome of the Pantheon and the dome of the Val-de-Grace, two conspicuous public buildings which give a yellowish tone to the landscape and darken the whole district that lies beneath the shadow of their leaden-hued cupolas.

正是这种地势让夹在先贤祠穹顶与恩典谷教堂穹顶间的街道变得无比寂静。这两座引人注目的公共建筑给这里的风光染上了微黄的色调。在它们铅灰色穹顶阴影的笼罩下，整个区域都显得暗淡无光。

In that district the pavements are clean and dry, there is neither mud nor water in the gutters, grass grows in the chinks of the walls.

人行道又干净又干燥，阴沟里既没有泥也没有水，墙缝里长满了草。

The most heedless passer-by feels the depressing influences of a place where the sound of wheels creates a sensation; there is a grim look about the houses, a suggestion of a jail about those high garden walls.

连最漫不经心的路人也会感受到此处的压抑，马车在此经过的声音也会引起一阵不小的骚动。房子看上去阴森森的，花园四周的高墙使人联想到监狱。

A Parisian straying into a suburb apparently composed of lodging-houses and public institutions would see poverty and dullness, old age lying down to die, and joyous youth condemned to drudgery.

一个迷路的巴黎人在这片只有旅馆和公共机构的郊区，只会看到贫穷、沉闷、躺着等死的老人和本该快乐却不得不做苦役的年轻人。

It is the ugliest quarter of Paris, and, it may be added, the least known.

它是巴黎最丑陋的地区，也许是最不为人知的一个区域。

But, before all things, the Rue Nueve-Sainte-Genevieve is like a bronze frame for a picture for which the mind cannot be too well prepared by the contemplation of sad hues and sober images.

但是，首先映入眼帘的是新圣热讷维耶沃街。它就像是一个古铜色的相框，里面装着一张充斥着悲哀色调和严肃景象的照片，让人看了之后很难接受这一区域内部是多么破败。

Even so, step by step the daylight decreases, and the cicerone's droning voice grows hollower as the traveler descends into the Catacombs.

尽管如此，太阳渐渐落山了，游客越来越接近地下墓穴，导游低沉的声音也变得越来越来空洞了。

The comparison holds good!

对比依然很明显！

Who shall say which is more ghastly, the sight of the bleached skulls or of dried-up human hearts?

谁就能说哪一个更恐怖，是漂白的骷髅头还是干涸的人类心灵？

The front of the lodging-house is at right angles to the road, and looks out upon a little garden, so that you see the side of the house in section, as it were, from the Rue Nueve-Sainte-Genevieve.

旅馆正面和路面呈直角，朝向一个小花园。因此，房子的侧面看上去就像是新圣热讷维耶沃街的一部分。

Beneath the wall of the house front there lies a channel, a fathom wide, paved with cobble-stones, and beside it runs a graveled walk bordered by geraniums and oleanders and pomegranates set in great blue and white glazed earthenware pots.

房屋正面的墙下有一条六英尺宽的沟渠，里面铺着鹅卵石，旁边是一条砂砾小道，道旁放着蓝白相间的大陶盆，里面种着天竺葵、夹竹桃和石榴树。

Access into the graveled walk is afforded by a door, above which the words MAISON VAUQUER may be read, and beneath, in rather smaller letters, "*Lodgings for both sexes, etc.*" During the day a glimpse into the garden is easily obtained through a wicket to which a bell is attached.

砂砾小道的一头有一扇门，上面钉着一块牌子，写着“沃盖之家”，下面还有一行小字“男女房客，一律欢迎。”边门上装着一只门铃。白天的时候，人们可以透过边门轻而易举地瞥见园中的景色。

On the opposite wall, at the further end of the graveled walk, a

green marble arch was painted once upon a time by a local artist, and in this semblance of a shrine a statue representing Cupid is installed; a Parisian Cupid, so blistered and disfigured that he looks like a candidate for one of the adjacent hospitals, and might suggest an allegory to lovers of symbolism.

小道远端的墙（与小道另一端的门相对）上面画着一扇绿色大理石拱门。这是当地某位画家画的。画中的拱门酷似神龛，中间立着丘比特塑像。这是一个巴黎版的丘比特，全身变得凹凸不平，样貌被损毁，看上去仿佛一位急需就近接受治疗的病人，不过热爱象征主义的人也许会把它当成一幅寓意画。

The half-obliterated inscription on the pedestal beneath determines the date of this work of art, for it bears witness to the widespread enthusiasm felt for Voltaire on his return to Paris in 1777: "Whoe'er thou art, thy master see; He is, or was, or ought to be."

神像底座上模糊不清的铭文记载着这幅作品的完成日期。它见证了一七七七年伏尔泰返回巴黎，大受欢迎的时刻。“不管你是谁，你的师傅在这里；他是今在，昔在，永在的师傅。”

At night the wicket gate is replaced by a solid door.

晚上，格条边门会被换成板门。

The little garden is no wider than the front of the house; it is shut in between the wall of the street and the partition wall of the neighboring house.

小花园和房子的正面一般宽，一头是临街的墙，一头是和邻居家分界的墙。

A mantle of ivy conceals the bricks and attracts the eyes of passers-by to an effect which is picturesque in Paris, for each of the walls is covered with trellised vines that yield a scanty dusty crop of fruit, and furnish besides a subject of conversation for Mme. Vauquer and her lodgers; every year the widow trembles for her vintage.

常春藤密密麻麻地遮住了砖块，吸引着路人的眼球。这幅景象在巴黎是一道很独特的风景。每面墙上都有连成格子状的葡萄藤，藤上结着灰蒙蒙的小果实。这些葡萄藤也为沃盖夫人和她的房客提供了闲谈的话题。每年葡萄收获的时候，这个寡妇都会为之担忧。

A straight path beneath the walls on either side of the garden leads to a clump of lime-trees at the further end of it; *line*-trees, as Mme. Vauquer persists in calling them, in spite of the fact that she was a de Conflans, and regardless of repeated corrections from her lodgers.

花园的每一边都有一条笔直的小径，小径远处的尽头是一片菩提树

林。沃盖夫人虽然是孔夫兰出身，可却坚持要称它为蒲提树林，就算房客们不停地纠正也不管用。

The central space between the walls is filled with artichokes and rows of pyramid fruit-trees, and surrounded by a border of lettuce, pot-herbs, and parsley.

两面墙之间的空地上种着一大片洋蓟和一排排宝塔形状的果树，四周还种着生菜、野菜和欧芹。

Under the lime-trees there are a few green-painted garden seats and a wooden table, and hither, during the dog-days, such of the lodgers as are rich enough to indulge in a cup of coffee come to take their pleasure, though it is hot enough to roast eggs even in the shade.

菩提树下有一张木桌子和几张漆成绿色的庭院长椅。三伏天的时候，即使热得在树阴下都能烘熟鸡蛋，喝得起咖啡的房客也会到这里来喝咖啡、玩乐。

The house itself is three stories high, without counting the attics under the roof.

不算屋檐下的阁楼，“沃盖之家”共有四层楼。

It is built of rough stone, and covered with the yellowish stucco that gives a mean appearance to almost every house in Paris.

房子是用粗砂石建成的，外面用泥灰刷成了淡黄色。巴黎几乎每一幢房子都粉刷成了这种丑陋不堪的颜色。

There are five windows in each story in the front of the house; all the blinds visible through the small square panes are drawn up awry, so that the lines are all at cross purposes.

在房子正面，每一层都有五个窗户；透过小块的方形窗格，所有能看见的百叶窗都挂歪了，使得百叶窗片全都变得横七竖八。

At the side of the house there are but two windows on each floor, and the lowest of all are adorned with a heavy iron grating.

房子每一层的侧面只有两个窗户，最下面一层的窗户上装着厚厚的铁制防盗窗。

Behind the house a yard extends for some twenty feet, a space inhabited by a happy family of pigs, poultry, and rabbits; the wood-shed is situated on the further side, and on the wall between the wood-shed and the kitchen window hangs the meat-safe, just above the place where the sink discharges its greasy streams.

房子后面的院子伸展出去约有二十英尺。猪、家禽和兔子如同一家人一般快乐地住在这里。稍远的一边是堆放木材的棚子。棚子和厨房窗户之间的墙上挂着一个食品橱，正下方是洗碗池。一股股油腻的污水就

是从池子里排出的。

The cook sweeps all the refuse out through a little door into the Rue Nueve-Sainte-Genevieve, and frequently cleanses the yard with copious supplies of water, under pain of pestilence.

为了避免瘟疫，厨师把所有的垃圾都从一个小门扫到了新圣热讷维耶沃街上，还经常用源源不断的水冲洗院子。

The house might have been built on purpose for its present uses.

这个房子也许本来就是特意建来当旅馆的。

Access is given by a French window to the first room on the ground floor, a sitting-room which looks out upon the street through the two barred windows already mentioned.

穿过一个法式落地窗，就能到达底层的第一个房间，里面有一个客厅，透过客厅里的两扇带铁条的窗户（前面已经提到过）可以看到街道。

Another door opens out of it into the dining-room, which is separated from the kitchen by the well of the staircase, the steps being constructed partly of wood, partly of tiles, which are colored and beeswaxed.

客厅里的另一扇门通往餐厅。餐厅和厨房之间隔着楼梯井。楼梯的台阶一部分是用木板建的，一部分是用地砖建的。两部分都上了颜色，打了蜂蜡。

Nothing can be more depressing than the sight of that sitting-room.

一眼望去，客厅的景象真是再凄凉不过了。

The furniture is covered with horse hair woven in alternate dull and glossy stripes.

家具上裹着用马鬃织成的、条纹明暗交替的布。

There is a round table in the middle, with a purplish-red marble top, on which there stands, by way of ornament, the inevitable white china tea-service, covered with a half-effaced gilt network.

客厅正中央有一张圆桌，桌面是紫红色的大理石，桌上按惯例摆着一套的白瓷茶具作为装饰。盖在茶具上的金丝网大半都已经脱落了。

The floor is sufficiently uneven, the wainscot rises to elbow height, and the rest of the wall space is decorated with a varnished paper, on which the principal scenes from *Telemaque* are depicted, the various classical personages being colored.

地板极其凹凸不平，墙裙上缘只及人的臂肘。其他墙面都糊着浸漆绝缘纸，上面画着《泰雷马克颂》主要的几幕情节，画里的一些传统名

人都上了彩。

The subject between the two windows is the banquet given by Calypso to the son of Ulysses, displayed thereon for the admiration of the boarders, and has furnished jokes these forty years to the young men who show themselves superior to their position by making fun of the dinners to which poverty condemns them.

两扇窗户之间挂着一幅画供房客们欣赏。这幅画描述的是海之女神卡吕普索为尤利西斯之子举办盛宴的场面。这四十年来，年轻人都拿它开玩笑。他们取笑因为贫穷所迫而不得不接受的晚餐，来说明自己本应处于更优越的环境。

The hearth is always so clean and neat that it is evident that a fire is only kindled there on great occasions; the stone chimney-piece is adorned by a couple of vases filled with faded artificial flowers imprisoned under glass shades, on either side of a bluish marble clock in the very worst taste.

壁炉前的地面总是那么干净、整洁，很明显壁炉只有在重要场合才会点火；石砌的壁炉架上放着一对花瓶作为装饰，里面装着褪色的假花，上面盖着玻璃罩子；两只花瓶中间摆着一个品味很差的浅蓝色大理石摆钟。

The first room exhales an odor for which there is no name in the language, and which should be called the odeur de pension.

第一个房间散发出一种无法用言语形容的味道，应当叫它旅馆的味道吧。

The damp atmosphere sends a chill through you as you breathe it; it has a stuffy, musty, and rancid quality; it permeates your clothing; after-dinner scents seem to be mingled in it with smells from the kitchen and scullery and the reek of a hospital.

当你呼吸这里潮湿的空气时，那种憋闷、腐臭、霉烂的味道直让你发冷，还直往衣服里钻；用餐过后，那股气味更像是融合了厨房的味道、洗碗池的味道，还有医院的臭味。

It might be possible to describe it if some one should discover a process by which to distil from the atmosphere all the nauseating elements with which it is charged by the catarrhal exhalations of every individual lodger, young or old.

这种味道没法描绘，除非有人能发明一种方法将空气中所有令人作呕的臭味单独剥离开来。而每个老少房客都呼吸着这种臭味。

Yet, in spite of these stale horrors, the sitting-room is as charming and as delicately perfumed as a boudoir, when compared with the adjoining dining-room.

话说回来，尽管客厅有这些令人恐惧的陈腐气味，和隔壁的餐厅比起来，你还是会觉得它迷人而芬芳，宛如贵妇人的卧室。

The paneled walls of that apartment were once painted some color, now a matter of conjecture, for the surface is incrusted with accumulated layers of grimy deposit, which cover it with fantastic outlines.

公寓的墙上全都装着墙裙。看起来这些墙壁过去应该漆过某种颜色，因为墙面上的污垢日积月累，结成了形状怪异的硬壳，已经把原来的墙面完全盖住了。

A collection of dim-ribbed glass decanters, metal discs with a satin sheen on them, and piles of blue-edged earthenware plates of Touraine ware cover the sticky surfaces of the sideboards that line the room.

房间里表面黏糊糊的餐具柜排成一排，上面摆着一套有暗螺纹的玻璃瓶、表面闪耀着绸缎般光泽的金属碟子和一堆堆产自法国图赖讷的蓝边瓷盘。

In a corner stands a box containing a set of numbered pigeon-holes, in which the lodgers' table napkins, more or less soiled and stained with wine, are kept.

柜角摆着一只有许多格子的盒子，里面放着房客的餐巾。餐巾多多少少有些脏，还沾着酒渍。

Here you see that indestructible furniture never met with elsewhere, which finds its way into lodging-houses much as the wrecks of our civilization drift into hospitals for incurables.

在这里，你看到的都是一些销毁不掉的家具。这些在别的地方肯定是见不到的。它们最后都来到了这座旅馆，就像那些文明社会的废弃物会流入绝症病人收容所一样。

You expect in such places as these to find the weather-house whence a Capuchin issues on wet days; you look to find the execrable engravings which spoil your appetite, framed every one in a black varnished frame, with a gilt beading round it; you know the sort of tortoise-shell clock-case, inlaid with brass; the green stove, the Argand lamps, covered with oil and dust, have met your eyes before.

在这种地方你肯定能看到一个晴雨盒，每逢雨天的时候就会有僧帽猴出现；你可以看到一些倒人胃口的劣质版画，每幅版画都镶着黑漆框，框子四周还镀了一圈镀金珠；你见过那只内镶黄铜的龟壳座钟，而那只绿色的火炉和几盏满是灯油与灰尘的圆筒芯灯之前你也见过。

The oilcloth which covers the long table is so greasy that a waggish externe will write his name on the surface, using his thumb-nail as a style.

长桌上铺的桌布很油腻，淘气的医学院走读生会用指甲代替笔在上面写下自己的名字。

The chairs are broken-down invalids; the wretched little hempen mats slip away from under your feet without slipping away for good; and finally, the foot-warmers are miserable wrecks, hingeless, charred, broken away about the holes.

此外还有几把缺胳膊少腿的椅子，脚下的几块麻布小地毯破破烂烂的，却还没有彻底烂光；暖脚炉也烂得不成样子。它们通体焦黑、铰链脱落、洞眼破裂。

It would be impossible to give an idea of the old, rotten, shaky, cranky, worm-eaten, halt, maimed, one-eyed, rickety, and ramshackle condition of the furniture without an exhaustive description, which would delay the progress of the story to an extent that impatient people would not pardon.

这些家具都是又老又旧、腐烂不堪、摇摇晃晃、四处松动、虫蚁蛀蚀、难以使用、残破不已、缺牙少眼、摇摇欲坠、东倒西歪。如果要详尽地描述它们，必然会大费周章，从而耽搁故事的进度，甚至会让急性子的人无法忍受。

The red tiles of the floor are full of depressions brought about by scouring and periodical renewings of color.

因为冲洗和定期重新上色，红色的地砖到处都坑坑洼洼的。

In short, there is no illusory grace left to the poverty that reigns here; it is dire, parsimonious, concentrated, threadbare poverty; as yet it has not sunk into the mire, it is only splashed by it, and though not in rags as yet, its clothing is ready to drop to pieces.

总而言之，一派贫穷的气息笼罩着这里，无法让人产生优雅的联想。贫穷集中于此，显得尤为严重。它让人变得吝啬不已，让生活变得了无趣味。迄今为止，它还没有深陷泥潭，只是溅上了泥点。它的外衣虽然没有烂成碎布，离这种状态也不远了。

This apartment is in all its glory at seven o'clock in the morning, when Mme. Vauquer's cat appears, announcing the near approach of his mistress, and jumps upon the sideboards to sniff at the milk in the bowls, each protected by a plate, while he purrs his morning greeting to the world.

这座公寓最光辉的时间是早上七点。那时，沃盖夫人的猫会蹿出来，宣告它的女主人马上就会出现。然后猫会跳上食品柜，嗅一嗅盖着碟子的几罐牛奶，咕噜咕噜地向世界问早安。

A moment later the widow shows her face; she is tricked out in a net cap attached to a false front set on awry, and shuffles into the room in her slipshod fashion.

不一会儿，寡妇出现了。她戴着纱帽，露出歪歪斜斜的假刘海，拖着步子、懒洋洋地走进房间。

She is an oldish woman, with a bloated countenance, and a nose like a parrot's beak set in the middle of it; her fat little hands (she is as sleek as a church rat) and her shapeless, slouching figure are in keeping with the room that reeks of misfortune, where hope is reduced to speculate for the meanest stakes.

她是个有些上了年纪的妇人，长着浮肿的脸，鼻子像鹦鹉的嘴巴一样在脸中央翘着。她那双滚圆的小手（她像教堂的老鼠一样满脑肥肠）和松松垮垮的糟糕身型与这幢散发着不幸气息的房子相互呼应。在这里，人们失去了盼望，只想着如何锱铢必较。

Mme. Vauquer alone can breathe that tainted air without being disheartened by it.

只有沃盖夫人自己才能在这片污浊的空气中呼吸自如，而不会因此灰心丧气。

Her face is as fresh as a frosty morning in autumn; there are wrinkles about the eyes that vary in their expression from the set smile of a ballet-dancer to the dark, suspicious scowl of a discounter of bills; in short, she is at once the embodiment and interpretation of her lodging-house, as surely as her lodging-house implies the existence of its mistress.

她的脸像秋天霜冻的早晨那样“鲜嫩”，眼睛周围布满了皱纹。这些皱纹变化多端，既可以表现出芭蕾舞演员那种死板的微笑，也可以表现出票据贴现商那种板着面孔、满脸狐疑、横眉竖目的样子。总而言之，她简直就是这家旅馆的化身和诠释，就像她的旅馆就意味着其女主人的存在一样。

You can no more imagine the one without the other, than you can think of a jail without a turnkey.

正如监狱少不了狱吏，这家旅馆和这位女主人在人们的印象中必然是一起出现的。

The unwholesome corpulence of the little woman is produced by the life she leads, just as typhus fever is bred in the tainted air of a hospital.

这个小妇人的生活方式让她胖得有点不健康，就像医院污浊的空气会滋生斑疹伤寒一样。

The very knitted woolen petticoat that she wears beneath a skirt made of an old gown, with the wadding protruding through the rents in the material, is a sort of epitome of the sitting-room, the dining-room, and the little garden; it discovers the cook, it foreshadows the lodgers—the picture of the house is completed by the portrait of its

mistress.

她穿着一条用旧长裙改成的短裙，底下的衬裙是用羊毛线编织的，填塞物从裂开的布缝里露了出来。这件衬裙正是客厅、餐厅和小花园的缩影，也揭示了厨师的样子、预示了房客的身份。等到描述完女主人，整幢房子的画面就完整了。

Mme. Vauquer at the age of fifty is like all women who "have seen a deal of trouble."

沃盖夫今年五十岁了，她和所有“命途多舛”的妇女们一模一样。

She has the glassy eyes and innocent air of a trafficker in flesh and blood, who will wax virtuously indignant to obtain a higher price for her services, but who is quite ready to betray a Georges or a Pichegru, if a Georges or a Pichegru were in hiding and still to be betrayed, or for any other expedient that may alleviate her lot.

她像一个活生生的奸商那样摆出木然的眼神和无辜的表情。为了多收取些费用，她不惜激起房客的怒火。而且，她时刻准备出卖某个乔治或皮舍格吕。这样做要么是因为这个世界上还藏着某个乔治或皮舍格吕可以出卖，要么是为了不折手段地改善她悲惨的命运。

Still, "she is a good woman at bottom," said the lodgers who believed that the widow was wholly dependent upon the money that they paid her, and sympathized when they heard her cough and groan like one of themselves.

可是，房客们却相信这个寡妇完全依靠他们所付的房租而活，仍会评价道：“她骨子里是个好人。”当听到她像他们中的某个人那样咳嗽和叹息的时候，房客们就会对她同情不已。

What had M. Vauquer been?

沃盖先生以前是干什么的？

The lady was never very explicit on this head.

对于这个问题，她从来不会讲得很清楚。

How had she lost her money?

她当初是怎样丢了家财的呢？

"Through trouble," was her answer.

她的回答是“遭了厄运”。

He had treated her badly, had left her nothing but her eyes to cry over his cruelty, the house she lived in, and the privilege of pitying nobody, because, so she was wont to say, she herself had been through every possible misfortune.

他对她很不好，只给她留下一双为他的残忍而流泪的眼睛、她现在

所住的房子以及无需同情他人的特权。她理应享有这种特权，因为她常常说她自己受尽了各种各样的不幸。

Sylvie, the stout cook, hearing her mistress' shuffling footsteps, hastened to serve the lodgers' breakfasts.

听到女主人拖着脚步走动的声音，胖厨娘西尔维赶紧打点房客们的早饭。

Beside those who lived in the house, Mme. Vauquer took boarders who came for their meals; but these *externes* usually only came to dinner, for which they paid thirty francs a month.

除了住在旅馆里的那些房客，沃盖夫人还接待来这里吃饭的房客。但是，这些走读生通常只来吃晚饭，为此他们每月要支付三十法郎。

At the time when this story begins, the lodging-house contained seven inmates.

故事开始的时候，“沃盖之家”住着七个房客。

The best rooms in the house were on the first story, Mme. Vauquer herself occupying the least important, while the rest were let to a Mme. Couture, the widow of a commissary-general in the service of the Republic.

旅馆里最好的房间都在二楼。沃盖夫人自己住着最不好的一间，剩下的房间都租给了库蒂尔夫人。她是一名寡妇，丈夫曾在共和派军队中担任过总军需官。

With her lived Victorine Taillefer, a schoolgirl, to whom she filled the place of mother.

和她同住的是一个名叫维多琳·塔耶费的女学生。对于她来说，库蒂尔夫人扮演着母亲的角色。

These two ladies paid eighteen hundred francs a year.

这两位女士每年要支付一千八百法郎。

The two sets of rooms on the second floor were respectively occupied by an old man named Poiret and a man of forty or thereabouts, the wearer of a black wig and dyed whiskers, who gave out that he was a retired merchant, and was addressed as M. Vautrin.

三楼的两套房子分别租给了一个名叫普瓦雷的老头和一个四十岁左右、戴黑色假发、染了胡须的先生。他自称是退休商人，被人们称为沃尔特兰先生。

Two of the four rooms on the third floor were also let—one to an elderly spinster, a Mlle. Michonneau, and the other to a retired manufacturer of vermicelli, Italian paste and starch, who allowed the others to address him as "Father Goriot."

四楼的四个房间中，有两个也被长租出去了。一间租给了老处女米绍诺小姐。另一间租给了一位在退休前生产意式细面、面团和淀粉的制造商，他允许别人叫他“高老头”。

The remaining rooms were allotted to various birds of passage, to impecunious students, who like "Father Goriot" and Mlle. Michonneau, could only muster forty-five francs a month to pay for their board and lodging.

剩下的两间房子准备租给各种各样的短期房客，还有那些和“高老头”、米绍诺小姐一样，每月只能筹集四十五法郎来支付食宿费的穷学生。

Mme. Vauquer had little desire for lodgers of this sort; they ate too much bread, and she only took them in default of better.

沃盖夫人不大愿意招待这样的房客，他们吃了太多的面包。她只在没有更好的房客时才接待他们。

At that time one of the rooms was tenanted by a law student, a young man from the neighborhood of Angouleme, one of a large family who pinched and starved themselves to spare twelve hundred francs a year for him.

那时候，其中的一个房间租给了一位从昂古莱姆郊区来这里读法律的年轻男学生。他来自一个大家庭，为了每年给他省下一千二百法郎，全家人都要节衣缩食、忍饥挨饿。

Misfortune had accustomed Eugene de Rastignac, for that was his name, to work.

逆境使这个名叫欧仁·德拉斯蒂涅的人习惯于工作。

He belonged to the number of young men who know as children that their parents' hopes are centered on them, and deliberately prepare themselves for a great career, subordinating their studies from the first to this end, carefully watching the indications of the course of events, calculating the probable turn that affairs will take, that they may be the first to profit by them.

他属于打小就知道父母的希望集中在他们身上的那一类年轻人。他们慎重地做好从事伟大职业的准备，始终都把自己的学业当成是为事业做的准备。他们仔细观察着事情发展的迹象，估计着事情可能会发生的转变，这样他们就有可能成为第一个从中获利的人。

But for his observant curiosity, and the skill with which he managed to introduce himself into the salons of Paris, this story would not have been colored by the tones of truth which it certainly owes to him, for they are entirely due to his penetrating sagacity and desire to fathom the mysteries of an appalling condition of things, which was concealed as carefully by the victim as by those who had brought it to

pass.

要不是他好奇而机警，拥有成功跻身巴黎上流社会的本领，这个故事就会失去真实的色彩。这一点无疑要归功于他，因为他爱用敏锐的洞察力来探寻骇人听闻的事件，而这些事件的受害者像肇事者一样小心翼翼地隐瞒实情。

Above the third story there was a garret where the linen was hung to dry, and a couple of attics.

四楼上面有一个可以晾晒衣物的阁楼，里面有两个房间。

Christophe, the man-of-all-work, slept in one, and Sylvie, the stout cook, in the other.

一个房间里住着做杂活的男仆克里斯托夫，另一个房间里住着胖厨娘西尔维。

Beside the seven inmates thus enumerated, taking one year with another, some eight law or medical students dined in the house, as well as two or three regular comers who lived in the neighborhood.

除了上面列举的这七位房客，两年来还有大约八个学习法律或医学的学生，以及两三个住在隔壁的邻居经常在这里吃饭。

There were usually eighteen people at dinner, and there was room, if need be, for twenty at Mme. Vauquer's table; at breakfast, however, only the seven lodgers appeared.

晚餐时通常会有十八个人。如果有需要的话，沃盖夫人的桌子可以容下二十个人。但是，早餐时，只有七位房客会出现。

It was almost like a family party.

早餐几乎就是一个家庭聚会。

Every one came down in dressing-gown and slippers, and the conversation usually turned on anything that had happened the evening before; comments on the dress or appearance of the dinner contingent were exchanged in friendly confidence.

每个人都穿着晨袍和拖鞋下楼。交谈通常都首先提及昨晚发生的任何事情。他们会友好而自信地对晚餐时偶尔出现的人的衣着或相貌交换看法。

These seven lodgers were Mme. Vauquer's spoiled children.

这七位房客是沃盖夫人宠爱的孩子。

Among them she distributed, with astronomical precision, the exact proportion of respect and attention due to the varying amounts they paid for their board.

她对房客们的尊重程度和关心程度完全和他们支付的食宿费用成正

比，这个比例像天文学计算一般精准。

One single consideration influenced all these human beings thrown together by chance.

这种唯一的考量标准影响了所有这些萍水相逢的人们。

The two second-floor lodgers only paid seventy-two francs a month.

住在三楼的两位房客每月只支付七十法郎。

Such prices as these are confined to the Faubourg Saint-Marcel and the district between La Bourbe and the Salpetriere; and, as might be expected, poverty, more or less apparent, weighed upon them all, Mme. Couture being the sole exception to the rule.

像这样的价钱只能在圣马塞尔郊区和拉布尔讷和萨彼里埃之间的地区才能找到房子住。而且我们不难想见，他们身上或多或少地压着贫穷的重担。库蒂尔夫人是这一规律中唯一的例外。

The dreary surroundings were reflected in the costumes of the inmates of the house; all were alike threadbare.

这家旅馆的房客们的衣着折射出周边环境的凄凉——所有人都穿得很破旧。

The color of the men's coats were problematical; such shoes, in more fashionable quarters, are only to be seen lying in the gutter; the cuffs and collars were worn and frayed at the edges; every limp article of clothing looked like the ghost of its former self.

男人们穿着说不出颜色的外套。他们穿的鞋子在时尚地区只能在阴沟里才能看到。袖口和衣领的边缘都磨坏了。每一件残破不全的衣服看上去都像是它前身的魂魄。

The women's dresses were faded, old-fashioned, dyed and re-dyed; they wore gloves that were glazed with hard wear, much-mended lace, dingy ruffles, crumpled muslin fichus.

女人们穿着褪了色的、染了又染的旧款衣裙。她们的手套已经磨得发亮、蕾丝边已经补了又补的。她们穿着泛黄的褶裥饰边，披着皱巴巴的平纹细布织成的三角形披肩。

So much for their clothing; but, for the most part, their frames were solid enough; their constitutions had weathered the storms of life; their cold, hard faces were worn like coins that have been withdrawn from circulation, but there were greedy teeth behind the withered lips.

对他们衣服的描述到此为止。但是，就绝大多数人而言，他们的骨架足够结实；他们的体格抵抗过生活中的狂风暴雨；他们冷酷无情的脸

就像那些不再流通的硬币一样饱经风霜。但是，他们干瘪的嘴唇后面藏着贪婪的牙齿。

Dramas brought to a close or still in progress are foreshadowed by the sight of such actors as these, not the dramas that are played before the footlights and against a background of painted canvas, but dumb dramas of life, frost-bound dramas that sere hearts like fire, dramas that do not end with the actors' lives.

看到这样的演员，就能看出戏剧是行将终结还是仍在上演。这不是在脚灯和油画背景前上演的戏剧，而是一出生活的哑剧，是像火一般灼烧人心的冰冷戏剧，是一出不会随着演员生命的结束而终结的戏剧。

Mlle. Michonneau, that elderly young lady, screened her weak eyes from the daylight by a soiled green silk shade with a rim of brass, an object fit to scare away the Angel of Pity himself.

米绍诺小姐那个老处女在视力模糊的眼睛上戴了个脏兮兮的黄铜边绿丝绸眼罩来抵挡阳光，这样东西足以让怜悯天使望而却步了。

Her shawl, with its scanty, draggled fringe, might have covered a skeleton, so meagre and angular was the form beneath it.

她的披肩带着稀稀拉拉、邋里邋遢的流苏，像是披在一堆枯骨上面，因为披肩下的身体是如此瘦骨嶙峋。

Yet she must have been pretty and shapely once.

然而，她一定相貌可爱、身材匀称过。

What corrosive had destroyed the feminine outlines?

是什么腐蚀剂毁灭了这女人的体型呢？

Was it trouble, or vice, or greed?

是磨难？是恶习？还是贪婪？

Had she loved too well?

是她以前爱得太深吗？

Had she been a second-hand clothes dealer, a frequenter of the backstairs of great houses, or had she been merely a courtesan?

她曾贩卖过二手服装吗？曾经常去豪宅的后楼梯吗？或者她曾经只是一个妓女吗？

Was she expiating the flaunting triumphs of a youth overcrowded with pleasures by an old age in which she was shunned by every passer-by?

她是不是在为她年轻时过度享乐和招摇而赎罪？以至于等她老了每个路人都对她避之不及。

Her vacant gaze sent a chill through you; her shriveled face seemed like a menace.

她空洞的目光让你全身发冷，她皱巴巴的脸看起来像个危险的怪物。

Her voice was like the shrill, thin note of the grasshopper sounding from the thicket when winter is at hand. She said that she had nursed an old gentleman, ill of catarrh of the bladder, and left to die by his children, who thought that he had nothing left.

她的声音像快到冬天的时候，灌木丛中蚂蚱发出的尖细的叫声。她说，她曾经护理过一位得了膀胱粘膜炎的老绅士。他的子女认为他一无所有，就让他自生自灭。

His bequest to her, a life annuity of a thousand francs, was periodically disputed by his heirs, who mingled slander with their persecutions.

他把自己一千法郎的人寿年金遗赠给了她。而他的继承人们每隔一段时间都会为这笔钱争吵不休，还对她百般迫害，并散播谣言诋毁她。

In spite of the ravages of conflicting passions, her face retained some traces of its former fairness and fineness of tissue, some vestiges of the physical charms of her youth still survived.

虽然饱受冲突和盛怒的蹂躏，她的脸上还是留有以前肌肤白皙、细腻的痕迹，她身上仍然残留着一些年轻时的魅力。

M. Poiret was a sort of automaton.

普瓦雷先生就像是一种机器人。

He might be seen any day sailing like a gray shadow along the walks of the Jardin des Plantes, on his head a shabby cap, a cane with an old yellow ivory handle in the tips of his thin fingers; the outspread skirts of his threadbare overcoat failed to conceal his meagre figure; his breeches hung loosely on his shrunken limbs; the thin, blue-stockinged legs trembled like those of a drunken man; there was a notable breach of continuity between the dingy white waistcoat and crumpled shirt frills and the cravat twisted about a throat like a turkey gobbler's; altogether, his appearance set people wondering whether this outlandish ghost belonged to the audacious race of the sons of Japhet who flutter about on the Boulevard Italien.

无论哪一天，人们都能看见他头戴一顶破帽子，像个灰色的影子一样沿着植物园的小道飘着；他精瘦的手指握着一根拐杖，拐杖的象牙把柄已经旧得发黄了；破旧外套的宽大下摆无法遮挡他干瘦的体型；裤子松散地挂在他干瘪的腿上；套着蓝色长筒袜的细腿像醉汉的腿一样颤颤巍巍；邋遢的白色背心和皱巴巴的衬衫褶边明显不相配；绕在喉咙上的领带就像是勒在一只雄性火鸡的脖子上。总而言之，他的外表会让人们

好奇，莫非这只古怪的幽灵和在意大利大街上坐立不安的雅弗（注：圣经人物，诺亚的小儿子）的子孙们同属大胆、无畏的种族吗？

What devouring kind of toil could have so shriveled him?

哪种吃人的苦工能如此榨干他？

What devouring passions had darkened that bulbous countenance, which would have seemed outrageous as a caricature?

哪样吃人的热情使得他圆圆的脸暗淡无光，让那张脸变得像讽刺画一般骇人？

What had he been?

他以前是干什么的呢？

Well, perhaps he had been part of the machinery of justice, a clerk in the office to which the executioner sends in his accounts,—so much for providing black veils for parricides, so much for sawdust, so much for pulleys and cord for the knife.

嗯，也许他以前是司法部门的一员，是一位办公室职员。刽子手会把自己的账目呈递给他——这一笔钱用来购买弑杀父母的罪犯被处决时用的蒙面黑纱，这笔钱用来买锯屑，而这笔钱用来购置滑轮、绳索和匕首。

Or he might have been a receiver at the door of a public slaughter-house, or a sub-inspector of nuisances.

或许他以前是公共屠宰场门前的收银员？或许他以前是负责查处违法乱纪行为的副检查员？

Indeed, the man appeared to have been one of the beasts of burden in our great social mill; one of those Parisian Ratons whom their Bertrands do not even know by sight; a pivot in the obscure machinery that disposes of misery and things unclean; one of those men, in short, at sight of whom we are prompted to remark that, "After all, we cannot do without them."

这个男人看上去确实像我们公共大磨坊里面的一头驮畜，又像巴黎众多拉顿中的一个，他们的贝特朗看见了也不认识他们（注：“拉顿”和“贝特朗”是佳构剧创始人，法国著名剧作家斯克里布作品中的人物），还像一个默默无闻地处理着灾祸和肮脏之事的器械的枢纽。简而言之，我们一看见他，就不由自主地要说“毕竟少了他们我们什么也干不成”，他正是这些人中的一员。

Stately Paris ignores the existence of these faces bleached by moral or physical suffering; but, then, Paris is in truth an ocean that no line can plumb.

威严的巴黎忽视了这些被精神上或物质上的苦难漂白了的脸庞；但

是，巴黎事实上又是任何铅垂线都无法测量的深海。

You may survey its surface and describe it; but no matter how numerous and painstaking the toilers in this sea, there will always be lonely and unexplored regions in its depths, caverns unknown, flowers and pearls and monsters of the deep overlooked or forgotten by the divers of literature.

你也许会观察它的表面并描述它；但是，无论多少探险家一起辛苦工作，无论他们有多勤劳，在它的深处总会有偏僻的、未被探知的地方——那里有被各类文献所忽视或遗忘的未知的洞穴、花朵、珍珠和深海妖怪。

The Maison Vauquer is one of these curious monstrosities.

“沃盖之家”便是这些奇怪的魔窟之一。

Two, however, of Mme. Vauquer's boarders formed a striking contrast to the rest.

但是，沃盖夫人的房客中有两个人和其他人形成了鲜明的对比。

There was a sickly pallor, such as is often seen in anaemic girls, in Mlle. Victorine Taillefer's face; and her unvarying expression of sadness, like her embarrassed manner and pinched look, was in keeping with the general wretchedness of the establishment in the Rue Nueve-Saint-Genevieve, which forms a background to this picture; but her face was young, there was youthfulness in her voice and elasticity in her movements.

维多琳·塔耶费小姐脸色苍白。这种脸色经常可以在患贫血症的女孩脸上看到。她不变的悲伤表情跟她困窘的举止以及痛苦的面容一样，和新圣热纳维耶夫街上建筑总体上的悲惨基调保持一致，构成了这幅图画的背景；但是，她的脸很年轻，她的声音充满朝气，她的动作灵活而敏捷。

This young misfortune was not unlike a shrub, newly planted in an uncongenial soil, where its leaves have already begun to wither.

这位不幸的年轻人仿佛一株新移植的灌木，因为水土不服，叶子已经开始枯萎了。

The outlines of her figure, revealed by her dress of the simplest and cheapest materials, were also youthful.

她身上穿着最简单、最便宜的料子做的裙子，显出的身材轮廓也很年轻。

There was the same kind of charm about her too slender form, her faintly colored face and light-brown hair, that modern poets find in mediaeval statuettes; and a sweet expression, a look of Christian resignation in the dark gray eyes.

她过瘦的身材、苍白的脸和淡棕色的头发散发的魅力和现代诗人在中世纪小雕像上所发现的魅力一样。她表情甜蜜，深灰色的眼睛中流露着基督徒般顺从的眼神。

She was pretty by force of contrast; if she had been happy, she would have been charming.

经过对比就会发现她很漂亮。如果她再开心点，就会非常迷人了。

Happiness is the poetry of woman, as the toilette is her tinsel.

香水让女人散发魅力，幸福让女人充满诗意。

If the delightful excitement of a ball had made the pale face glow with color; if the delights of a luxurious life had brought the color to the wan cheeks that were slightly hollowed already; if love had put light into the sad eyes, then Victorine might have ranked among the fairest; but she lacked the two things which create woman a second time—pretty dresses and love-letters.

如果有令人愉快、兴奋的舞会让这张苍白的脸红光焕发；如果有奢侈生活带来快乐让已经有些凹陷的、毫无血色的双颊有了颜色；如果有爱让忧愁的眼睛有了神采，那么维多琳也许就可以进入最美的少女的行列了。但是，她缺少可以使女人重生的两样东西——漂亮的裙子和情书。

A book might have been made of her story.

她的故事也许可以写成一本书。

Her father was persuaded that he had sufficient reason for declining to acknowledge her, and allowed her a bare six hundred francs a year; he had further taken measures to disinherit his daughter, and had converted all his real estate into personalty, that he might leave it undivided to his son.

她的父亲听从了他人的劝告，觉得自己有足够的理由拒绝承认她，而且每年只给她六百法郎。他还进一步采取措施剥夺了女儿的继承权，并把自己所有不动产转为动产，以便他的儿子能得到全部财产。

Victorine's mother had died broken-hearted in Mme. Couture's house; and the latter, who was a near relation, had taken charge of the little orphan.

维多琳的母亲在近亲库蒂尔夫人的家中伤心地死去。后者从此担负起照顾这个小孤儿的责任。

Unluckily, the widow of the commissary-general to the armies of the Republic had nothing in the world but her jointure and her widow's pension, and some day she might be obliged to leave the helpless, inexperienced girl to the mercy of the world.

不幸的是，虽然丈夫曾经在共和派军队中当军需官，可是这位寡妇除了她继承的遗产和寡妇养老金以外，在这个世界上其实一无所有。而且某一天她也许不得不让这个无助的、涉世未深的女孩任凭世界摆布。

The good soul, therefore, took Victorine to mass every Sunday, and to confession once a fortnight, thinking that, in any case, she would bring up her ward to be devout.

因此，这好心的夫人想着无论如何都要把这个女孩在虔诚的监护下抚养长大。她每周日都带维多琳去做弥撒，每两周去忏悔一次。

She was right; religion offered a solution of the problem of the young girl's future.

她是对的，宗教可以为这个年轻女孩将来会遇到的问题提供解决办法。

The poor child loved the father who refused to acknowledge her.

这个可怜的孩子爱着那个拒绝承认自己的父亲。

Once every year she tried to see him to deliver her mother's message of forgiveness, but every year hitherto she had knocked at that door in vain; her father was inexorable.

每年她都会去看他一次，试图传达母亲对他的宽恕。但是，迄今为止，每年她都敲不开门。她的父亲一直不为所动。

Her brother, her only means of communication, had not come to see her for four years, and had sent her no assistance; yet she prayed to God to unseal her father's eyes and to soften her brother's heart, and no accusations mingled with her prayers.

她的哥哥——唯一可以替她传话的人——四年来一次都没来看过她，也没给她任何帮助。但是，她仍然祈求上帝让父亲开眼，让哥哥的心肠变软，从未在祈祷中加入对他们的谴责。

Mme. Couture and Mme. Vauquer exhausted the vocabulary of abuse, and failed to find words that did justice to the banker's iniquitous conduct; but while they heaped execrations on the millionaire, Victorine's words were as gentle as the moan of the wounded dove, and affection found expression even in the cry drawn from her by pain.

库蒂尔夫人和沃盖夫人遍寻所有的辱骂词语，也没能找见合适的词来形容这位银行家的恶行。然而当她们千百遍地咒骂这位百万富翁的时候，维多琳的话却柔和得像受伤的鸽子发出的呻吟，甚至当她痛苦地哭泣时，仍然流露着爱意。

Eugene de Rastignac was a thoroughly southern type; he had a fair complexion, blue eyes, black hair.

欧仁·德拉斯蒂涅是地地道道的南方人。他有皮肤白皙、眼睛湛蓝、头发乌黑。

In his figure, manner, and his whole bearing it was easy to see that he had either come of a noble family, or that, from his earliest childhood, he had been gently bred.

他的外形、举止和整体风度，都容易让人觉得他要么来自贵族家庭，要么在幼年时曾接受过良好的教育。

If he was careful of his wardrobe, only taking last year's clothes into daily wear, still upon occasion he could issue forth as a young man of fashion.

如果他能注意下自己的衣柜，就算天天只穿去年流行的衣服，也会时常被认为是时尚青年。

Ordinarily he wore a shabby coat and waistcoat, the limp black cravat, untidily knotted, that students affect, trousers that matched the rest of his costume, and boots that had been resoled.

通常他都穿着一件破外套，配条背心，歪歪扭扭地系着一条学生们都喜爱的、软塌塌的黑色领带，穿着和身上其他衣服很搭的裤子和已经换过底的靴子。

Vautrin (the man of forty with the dyed whiskers) marked a transition stage between these two young people and the others.

沃尔特兰（那个四十岁、染了胡子的男人）代表着处于这两个年轻人和其他人之间的中年人。

He was the kind of man that calls forth the remark: "He looks a jovial sort!"

他是那种可以引发如此评论的人：“他看上去是个乐天派！”

He had broad shoulders, a well-developed chest, muscular arms, and strong square-fisted hands; the joints of his fingers were covered with tufts of fiery red hair.

他肩膀宽阔、胸膛厚实、手臂健壮、方拳充满力量，他的指节上覆盖着一簇簇火红的汗毛。

His face was furrowed by premature wrinkles; there was a certain hardness about it in spite of his bland and insinuating manner.

尽管他性格温和，喜欢阿谀奉承，但是还没多老，脸的皱纹就已经是沟壑丛生，流露出冷酷无情的神态。

His bass voice was by no means unpleasant, and was in keeping with his boisterous laughter.

他低沉的声音绝不会令人不快。这种声音倒是和他那吵闹的笑声相互契合。

He was always obliging, always in good spirits; if anything went wrong with one of the locks, he would soon unscrew it, take it to pieces, file it, oil and clean and set it in order, and put it back in its place again; "I am an old hand at it," he used to say.

他总是乐于助人，总是神采奕奕。如果某把锁坏了，他会立刻把它卸下来，拆成一块一块的，锉一锉，上点油，弄干净，然后按顺序装好，再把它重新放回原位。他以前总是说："我可是修锁老手了。"

Not only so, he knew all about ships, the sea, France, foreign countries, men, business, law, great houses and prisons,—there was nothing that he did not know.

不仅如此，他知道关于船只、海洋、法国、外国、男人、商业、法律、豪宅和监狱的一切——没有他不知道的事情。

If any one complained rather more than usual, he would offer his services at once.

如果某人的抱怨比平常多得多，他就会立刻提供帮助。

He had several times lent money to Mme. Vauquer, or to the boarders; but, somehow, those whom he obliged felt that they would sooner face death than fail to repay him; a certain resolute look, sometimes seen on his face, inspired fear of him, for all his appearance of easy good-nature.

他好几次借钱给沃盖夫人或者其他的房客。但是，不知何故，他帮助过的那些人觉得不报答就会生不如死。尽管他外表随和，但是偶尔出现在他脸上的某种坚定的表情会让人十分害怕他。

In the way he spat there was an imperturbable coolness which seemed to indicate that this was a man who would not stick at a crime to extricate himself from a false position.

看他唾口水的架势，就知道他很沉着冷静。这似乎预示着他是这样的一个男人：为了把自己从错误的环境中解救出来，他会毫不迟疑地违法犯罪。

His eyes, like those of a pitiless judge, seemed to go to the very bottom of all questions, to read all natures, all feelings and thoughts.

跟无情的法官一样，他的眼睛似乎能洞悉所有问题，能读懂所有事物的本质，能看穿所有的感情和想法。

His habit of life was very regular; he usually went out after breakfast, returning in time for dinner, and disappeared for the rest of the evening, letting himself in about midnight with a latch key, a privilege that Mme. Vauquer accorded to no other boarder.

他习惯规律的生活，通常是早餐后出门，及时回来吃晚餐，然后晚上其余的时间都消失不见，到了大约午夜的时候用碰锁钥匙开门进屋

——这是沃盖夫人给他的特权，其他的房客都享受不到。

But then he was on very good terms with the widow; he used to call her "mamma," and put his arm round her waist, a piece of flattery perhaps not appreciated to the full!

不过在那时，他和这个寡妇相处得非常好。他常常叫她“妈妈”，并用胳膊搂着她的腰，可是也许这种谄媚对方体会得不够充分。

The worthy woman might imagine this to be an easy feat; but, as a matter of fact, no arm but Vautrin's was long enough to encircle her.

这位让人敬重的女人也许会觉得这个动作轻而易举。但是，实际上，只有沃尔特兰的长手臂才足以抱住她的腰。

It was a characteristic trait of his generousity to pay fifteen francs a month for the cup of coffee with a dash of brandy in it, which he took after dinner.

晚餐后，他每个月都会大方地花十五法郎喝上一杯加白兰地的咖啡，这是他特有的慷慨举止。

Less superficial observers than young men engulfed by the whirlpool of Parisian life, or old men, who took no interest in anything that did not directly concern them, would not have stopped short at the vaguely unsatisfactory impression that Vautrin made upon them.

那些年轻人身处巴黎生活的涡流之中，而相比之下更为高深的老年人则对与自己没有直接利害关系的事情毫无兴趣。他们按理说是不会对沃尔特兰给人留下的差强人意的印象有动于衷的。

He knew or guessed the concerns of every one about him; but none of them had been able to penetrate his thoughts, or to discover his occupation.

不过他知道，或是猜出每个人都在关注他，但是他们中没有人能够看透他的想法或者发现他的职业。

He had deliberately made his apparent good-nature, his unfailing readiness to oblige, and his high spirits into a barrier between himself and the rest of them, but not seldom he gave glimpses of appalling depths of character.

他有意让表面上的好脾气、乐意助人的品格和慷慨激昂的精神成为他自己和其他房客间的屏障。但是，他会时不时地流露出一些极有深度的品质。

He seemed to delight in scourging the upper classes of society with the lash of his tongue, to take pleasure in convicting it of inconsistency, in mocking at law and order with some grim jest worthy of Juvenal, as if some grudge against the social system rankled

in him, as if there were some mystery carefully hidden away in his life.

他似乎很乐于运用口舌鞭笞上流社会，很乐于跟朱文诺（注：罗马著名讽刺家）一样，用冷酷的俏皮话来攻击社会矛盾、嘲笑法律秩序，好像对社会体系的怨恨已经在他体内溃烂、发炎，好像他在生活中小心翼翼地隐藏着某个秘密似的。

Mlle. Taillefer felt attracted, perhaps unconsciously, by the strength of the one man, and the good looks of the other; her stolen glances and secret thoughts were divided between them; but neither of them seemed to take any notice of her, although some day a chance might alter her position, and she would be a wealthy heiress.

塔耶费小姐觉得自己也许在无意间就被这个中年人的力量和那个学生的帅气吸引了。她偷窥的目光和私下的念头都离不开他们俩；但是，似乎他们俩丝毫都没有注意到她——或许某一天会有一个机遇能改变她的处境，让她变成一个有钱的继承人。

For that matter, there was not a soul in the house who took any trouble to investigate the various chronicles of misfortunes, real or imaginary, related by the rest.

说实在的，尽管房客们会讲述自己从小到大所经历的各种各样的不幸，在这家旅馆里没有人会花费力气去调查其他人所讲的不幸是真还是假。

Each one regarded the others with indifference, tempered by suspicion; it was a natural result of their relative positions.

每个人都对其他人漠不关心、心存疑虑——因为他们都很贫穷，自然就会这样做。

Practical assistance not one could give, this they all knew, and they had long since exhausted their stock of condolence over previous discussions of their grievances.

他们都知道自己无法为他人提供实质上的帮助。先前讨论自己的不幸遭遇时，他们早就用尽了能想到的安慰话语。

They were in something the same position as an elderly couple who have nothing left to say to each other.

他们和互相无话可说的老夫老妻所处的情境有些相似。

The routine of existence kept them in contact, but they were parts of a mechanism which wanted oil.

生活中的日常琐事让他们保持着联系，但是他们就像是一部机械上那些缺乏润滑的零件。

There was not one of them but would have passed a blind man

begging in the street, not one that felt moved to pity by a tale of misfortune, not one who did not see in death the solution of the all-absorbing problem of misery which left them cold to the most terrible anguish in others.

他们中的每一个人在街头碰到乞讨的瞎子时都可以头也不回地走掉；没有人听到不幸的故事会觉得备受感动、同情不已；所有人都认为死能解决苦难这个无处不在的问题，正是苦难让他们对别人觉得最恐怖的痛苦无动于衷。

The happiest of these hapless beings was certainly Mme. Vauquer, who reigned supreme over this hospital supported by voluntary contributions.

这些不幸的人中最快乐的当然是沃盖夫人，她高高在上地管理着这家私人收容所。

For her, the little garden, which silence, and cold, and rain, and drought combined to make as dreary as an Asian steppe, was a pleasant shaded nook; the gaunt yellow house, the musty odors of a back shop had charms for her, and for her alone.

安静、寒冷、雨水和干旱合起来让这个小花园变得像亚洲稀树大草原一样沉闷。但是，对她而言，这是个令人愉快的阴凉角落。在她眼里——也只有在她眼里——这所荒凉的黄色房子以及修理厂散发出的霉腐气味显得魅力无穷。

Those cells belonged to her.

那些牢房是属于她的。

She fed those convicts condemned to penal servitude for life, and her authority was recognized among them.

她喂养着那些被罚终身服苦役的罪犯，而他们也认可了她的权威。

Where else in Paris would they have found wholesome food in sufficient quantity at the prices she charged them, and rooms which they were at liberty to make, if not exactly elegant or comfortable, at any rate clean and healthy?

除了这里，他们还能在巴黎哪里付给房主这点钱就能得到足量、健康的食物？在哪里还可以找到任其自由支配的房间（尽管这些房间不是特别的优雅、舒适，但也算干净、卫生）？

If she had committed some flagrant act of injustice, the victim would have borne it in silence.

如果她当众对某人不公，受害者会默默地忍受下来。

Such a gathering contained, as might have been expected, the elements out of which a complete society might be constructed.

大家都能预料到，聚了这样一群人的房子包含了几乎可以构建整个社会的所有因素。

And, as in a school, as in the world itself, there was among the eighteen men and women who met round the dinner table a poor creature, despised by all the others, condemned to be the butt of all their jokes.

和学校或社会中一样，一起吃晚餐的十八个男女里有个被所有其他人鄙视、被当成笑柄的可怜虫。

At the beginning of Eugene de Rastignac's second twelvemonth, this figure suddenly started out into bold relief against the background of human forms and faces among which the law student was yet to live for another two years to come.

欧仁·德拉斯蒂涅住到第二年年初的时候，这个人突然像浮雕般轮廓鲜明地从这些人的举止和神情中凸显出来。而这位法律系学生还得在这些人的举止和神情中度过接下来的两年。

This laughing-stock was the retired vermicelli-merchant, Father Goriot, upon whose face a painter, like the historian, would have concentrated all the light in his picture.

这个笑柄就是退休前生产意式细面的高里奥先生。要是请人来给他作画，画家八成会和历史学家一样，将所有的笔墨都集中在他的脸部。

How had it come about that the boarders regarded him with a half-malignant contempt?

房客们为什么会半带恶意地鄙视他呢？

Why did they subject the oldest among their number to a kind of persecution, in which there was mingled some pity, but no respect for his misfortunes?

他们为什么要几近迫害般地对待他们中最年长的房客？为什么他们对他的不幸仅仅是有点同情，却没有表示尊重？

Had he brought it on himself by some eccentricity or absurdity, which is less easily forgiven or forgotten than more serious defects?

难道他是咎由自取吗？莫非是因为他自身有什么古怪或荒诞之处，比更严重的缺点还让人难以原谅或忘却？

The question strikes at the root of many a social injustice.

这个问题直击许多社会不平等现象的根源。

Perhaps it is only human nature to inflict suffering on anything that will endure suffering, whether by reason of its genuine humility, or indifference, or sheer helplessness.

或许人天生就爱将不幸施加给忍受不幸的人，不论这是出于极度的

谦让，还是冷漠，亦或是全然的无助。

Do we not, one and all, like to feel our strength even at the expense of some one or of something?

我们大家不是都喜欢感受自己的力量而不惜牺牲某人或某事吗？

The poorest sample of humanity, the street arab, will pull the bell handle at every street door in bitter weather, and scramble up to write his name on the unsullied marble of a monument.

人类社会中，最可怜的莫过于那些街头流浪儿，他们在恶劣的天气下，挨家挨户地拉门铃把手，爬上大理石纪念碑，在洁白的碑身上写下名字。

In the year 1813, at the age of sixty-nine or thereabouts, "Father Goriot" had sold his business and retired—to Mme. Vauquer's boarding house.

一八一三年，“高老头”大约六十九岁。他卖掉了自己的生意，退了休——住进了沃盖夫人的旅馆。

When he first came there he had taken the rooms now occupied by Mme. Couture; he had paid twelve hundred francs a year like a man to whom five louis more or less was a mere trifle.

他刚搬进来的时候，住的是库蒂尔夫人现在住的房间。他一年支付一千二百法郎的租金，仿佛多五个路易或少五个路易都无所谓似的。

For him Mme. Vauquer had made various improvements in the three rooms destined for his use, in consideration of a certain sum paid in advance, so it was said, for the miserable furniture, that is to say, for some yellow cotton curtains, a few chairs of stained wood covered with Utrecht velvet, several wretched colored prints in frames, and wall papers that a little suburban tavern would have disdained.

考虑到他预先支付了一笔房费，沃盖夫人为他把那三间屋子做了各种各样的改善，以供他使用。说起来是做了改善，但只是添了些破家具，确切地说，添了些黄色棉质窗帘、一些乌得勒支天鹅绒面的木质漆椅、几张镶了框的劣质彩色印刷画和一些乡村小酒馆都不屑一顾的墙纸。

Possibly it was the careless generosity with which Father Goriot allowed himself to be overreached at this period of his life (they called him Monsieur Goriot very respectfully then) that gave Mme. Vauquer the meanest opinion of his business abilities; she looked on him as an imbecile where money was concerned.

那时他们都非常尊敬地称他为高里奥先生。在他人生中这个阶段，高老头的粗心大意和慷慨大方让自己被骗了一次又一次。也许正是他的

慷慨让沃盖夫人极其小看他做生意的能力，把他看成是富有的冤大头。

Goriot had brought with him a considerable wardrobe, the gorgeous outfit of a retired tradesman who denies himself nothing.

高老头来的时候带了个相当大的衣柜，这是这个什么都不愿意丢弃的退休商人的最佳行头。

Mme. Vauquer's astonished eyes beheld no less than eighteen cambric-fronted shirts, the splendor of their fineness being enhanced by a pair of pins each bearing a large diamond, and connected by a short chain, an ornament which adorned the vermicelli-maker's shirt front.

衣柜里少说也有十八件带细棉布前胸的衬衫。沃盖夫人用惊讶的眼神盯着这些材质精良的衬衫。衬衫上用一条短链挂着一对各自镶有一颗大钻石的别针。这些装饰让衬衫更为光彩夺目，让面条制造商的衬衫前胸更为贵气十足。

He usually wore a coat of corn-flower blue; his rotund and portly person was still further set off by a clean white waistcoat, and a gold chain and seals which dangled over that broad expanse.

他通常穿着一件矢车菊蓝外套和一件干净的白背心。带着各种坠子的金链在他宽阔的胸前晃来晃去，愈发显现出他滚圆、健硕的身材。

When his hostess accused him of being "a bit of a beau," he smiled with the vanity of a citizen whose foible is gratified.

当他的女房东指责他“有点纨绔子弟的气息”的时候，他会像癖好得到满足的市民一样自负地笑起来。

His cupboards (*ormoires*, as he called them in the popular dialect) were filled with a quantity of plate that he brought with him.

他的食柜（他用流行的口音叫它们“奥蒙伊雷”）装了许多家用银器。这些都是他一起带过来的。

The widow's eyes gleamed as she obligingly helped him to unpack the soup ladles, table-spoons, forks, cruet-stands, tureens, dishes, and breakfast services—all of silver, which were duly arranged upon shelves, besides a few more or less handsome pieces of plate, all weighing no inconsiderable number of ounces; he could not bring himself to part with these gifts that reminded him of past domestic festivals.

这个寡妇在殷勤地帮他整理东西时，不由得眼睛发亮。汤勺、羹匙、叉子、调味瓶架、汤碗、盘子和早餐用具都是银的，都整整齐齐地摆放在架子上，此外还有一些还比较漂亮的托盘。所有的东西都相当有分量。他不能和这些礼物分开，因为它们会让他回想起过去的家庭欢宴。

"This was my wife's present to me on the first anniversary of our wedding day," he said to Mme. Vauquer, as he put away a little silver posset dish, with two turtle-doves billing on the cover.

“这是结婚一周年时我夫人送给我的礼物。”他一边放好一个银质牛乳酒盘，一边对沃盖夫人说道。只见盘罩上画着两只正在接吻的斑鸠。

"Poor dear! she spent on it all the money she had saved before we were married.

“可怜的爱人！她把婚前所有积蓄都花在了这上面。

Do you know, I would sooner scratch the earth with my nails for a living, madame, than part with that.

你知道吗，夫人，我宁愿用指甲刨土来过活，也不愿意和它分开。

But I shall be able to take my coffee out of it every morning for the rest of my days, thank the Lord!

不过在以后的日子里，我可以天天早上用这个喝咖啡了，真是谢天谢地！

I am not to be pitied.

我不会让人觉得可怜的。

There's not much fear of my starving for some time to come."

接下来的一段日子，我不用太担心会挨饿。”

Finally, Mme. Vauquer's magpie's eye had discovered and read certain entries in the list of shareholders in the funds, and, after a rough calculation, was disposed to credit Goriot (worthy man) with something like ten thousand francs a year.

末了，沃盖夫人用喜鹊般敏锐的目光捕捉到了基金股东的名单。看了一些条目后，她粗略地计算了下，发现高里奥先生（这个大人物）每年大约会有一万法郎的进账。

From that day forward Mme. Vauquer (*nee* de Conflans), who, as a matter of fact, had seen forty-eight summers, though she would only own to thirty-nine of them—Mme. Vauquer had her own ideas.

德孔夫兰娘家的沃盖夫人虽然实际上已度过四十八个春秋了，但从那天起，她却称自己只有三十九岁——她有自己的打算。

Though Goriot's eyes seemed to have shrunk in their sockets, though they were weak and watery, owing to some glandular affection which compelled him to wipe them continually, she considered him to be a very gentlemanly and pleasant-looking man.

尽管高里奥的眼睛已经深深陷入了眼窝，尽管他因为泪腺有问题，变得视力模糊，眼睛也总是湿漉漉的，需要不停地擦拭，她却认为他是

个非常有绅士风度的帅气男子。

Moreover, the widow saw favorable indications of character in the well-developed calves of his legs and in his square-shaped nose, indications still further borne out by the worthy man's full-moon countenance and look of stupid good-nature.

此外，这寡妇觉得他多肉的小腿肚和方形的鼻子暗示着他的性格很好。这位可敬的男人那张满月般的圆脸和愚蠢、忠厚的样子也进一步证实了她的猜测。

This, in all probability, was a strongly-build animal, whose brains mostly consisted in a capacity for affection.

他很可能是一个身体结实的家伙，感情在他大脑中占据了重要地位。

His hair, worn in *ailes de pigeon*, and duly powdered every morning by the barber from the Ecole Polytechnique, described five points on his low forehead, and made an elegant setting to his face.

他的发型犹如白鸽展翅。每天早晨，来自巴黎综合理工学院的理发师都会按时来为他搽粉。他的头发在低额头上留了五个尖角，让他的脸显得很优雅。

Though his manners were somewhat boorish, he was always as neat as a new pin and he took his snuff in a lordly way, like a man who knows that his snuff-box is always likely to be filled with maccaboy, so that when Mme. Vauquer lay down to rest on the day of M. Goriot's installation, her heart, like a larded partridge, sweltered before the fire of a burning desire to shake off the shroud of Vauquer and rise again as Goriot.

虽然他的行为有点粗鲁，但是他总是穿戴得十分整洁。他派头十足地抽着鼻烟，就像一位知道自己的鼻烟壶里总是会装着马可巴鼻烟的人。因此，在高里奥先生搬进沃盖公寓的那天，沃盖夫人躺下来休息的时候，她的心就像只涂满油的鹑鸡，在燃烧的欲火前烤着，热得喘不过气来。她想要摆脱沃盖的裹尸布，以高里奥夫人的身份重生一次。

She would marry again, sell her boarding-house, give her hand to this fine flower of citizenship, become a lady of consequence in the quarter, and ask for subscriptions for charitable purposes; she would make little Sunday excursions to Choisy, Soissy, Gentilly; she would have a box at the theatre when she liked, instead of waiting for the author's tickets that one of her boarders sometimes gave her, in July; the whole Eldorado of a little Parisian household rose up before Mme. Vauquer in her dreams.

她要再嫁，卖掉她的旅馆，把手伸向这朵优良的市民之花，变成这个地区显要的夫人，并且为慈善事业捐款；周日，她会去舒瓦西、索瓦

西、让蒂伊旅游；她还可以随心所欲地在剧院里要个包厢，而不用等着她的一个房客在七月时不时地给她几张剧作者的赠票。沃盖夫人在梦见了巴黎小市民憧憬的黄金国的全景。

Nobody knew that she herself possessed forty thousand francs, accumulated sou by sou, that was her secret; surely as far as money was concerned she was a very tolerable match.

没有人知道她有四万法郎，那都是一个苏一个苏地攒起来的。这是她的秘密。毫无疑问，以钱财而论，她还是个不错的伴侣。

"And in other respects, I am quite his equal," she said to herself, turning as if to assure herself of the charms of a form that the portly Sylvie found moulded in down feathers every morning.

“而且在其他方面，我和他也不相上下。”她自言自语道，翻了翻身，仿佛想要确认一下自己迷人的身材。每天早上，胖子西尔维都能从羽绒褥子上的凹陷处看出她的身材。

For three months from that day Mme. Veuve Vauquer availed herself of the services of M. Goriot's coiffeur, and went to some expense over her toilette, expense justifiable on the ground that she owed it to herself and her establishment to pay some attention to appearances when such highly-respectable persons honored her house with their presence.

那天之后的三个月里，寡妇沃盖夫人雇佣高里奥先生的理发师为自己服务，并在梳妆打扮上花了点钱。她推说为了自己和旅馆着想，这笔钱应该花。当高里奥先生这样备受尊敬的人光临她的旅馆时，她得注意下自己的形象。

She expended no small amount of ingenuity in a sort of weeding process of her lodgers, announcing her intention of receiving henceforward none but people who were in every way select.

她也没少想出种种甄选好房客的办法，宣称从此以后她只专注于招待各方面都很优秀的房客。

If a stranger presented himself, she let him know that M. Goriot, one of the best known and most highly-respected merchants in Paris, had singled out her boarding-house for a residence.

如果有陌生人出现，她就会告诉他，巴黎最有名、最受人尊敬的商人高里奥先生也选择在她的旅馆长住。

She drew up a prospectus headed MAISON VAUQUER, in which it was asserted that hers was "*one of the oldest and most highly recommended boarding-houses in the Latin Quarter*.”

她起草了一份简介，开头用大字写着“沃盖之家”，声称她的旅馆是“拉丁区最古老、最值得推荐的旅馆之一”。

"From the windows of the house," thus ran the prospectus, "there is a charming view of the Vallee des Gobelins (so there is—from the third floor), and a *beautiful* garden, *extending* down to *an avenue of lindens* at the further end.”

“透过旅馆的窗户，”简介这样写道，“可以看到戈布兰山谷迷人的风景（的确可以看见，但得从四楼眺望），看到美丽的花园向下一直延伸到远端那一条长满菩提树的大道。”

Mention was made of the bracing air of the place and its quiet situation.

简介还提到了这地方清爽的空气和安静的环境。

It was this prospectus that attracted Mme. la Comtesse de l'Ambermesnil, a widow of six and thirty, who was awaiting the final settlement of her husband's affairs, and of another matter regarding a pension due to her as the wife of a general who had died "on the field of battle."

正是她的简介吸引了德朗贝梅尼尔伯爵夫人。她是一名三十六岁的寡妇，丈夫曾是个将军，死在了战场上。她正在等待着和丈夫相关的事务和另外一件事的处理结果，这件事涉及到她作为将军妻子所应得的抚恤金。

On this Mme. Vauquer saw to her table, lighted a fire daily in the sitting-room for nearly six months, and kept the promise of her prospectus, even going to some expense to do so.

为此，沃盖夫人有半年时间都很注意自己供应的伙食，还天天在客厅里点上火，并履行简介上的承诺，甚至不惜破费维持承诺。

And the Countess, on her side, addressed Mme. Vauquer as "my dear," and promised her two more boarders, the Baronne de Vaumerland and the widow of a colonel, the late Comte de Picquoisie, who were about to leave a boarding-house in the Marais, where the terms were higher than at the Maison Vauquer.

伯爵夫人这一方称沃盖夫人为“我亲爱的朋友”，并承诺给她介绍两位房客——德沃梅朗德男爵夫人和已故上校德皮科西德伯爵的遗孀——她们打算搬出梅里公寓，那里的租金比“沃盖之家”要贵得多。

Both these ladies, moreover, would be very well-to-do when the people at the War Office had come to an end of their formalities.

而且，当作战部的工作人员办完所有正式手续的时候，这两位女士就会变得非常富有。

"But Government departments are always so dilatory," the lady added.

“但是政府部门办事总是这么拖沓。”伯爵夫人加了一句。

After dinner the two widows went together up to Mme. Vauquer's room, and had a snug little chat over some cordial and various delicacies reserved for the mistress of the house.

晚餐过后，两个寡妇一起上楼去了沃盖夫人的房间。她们享用着旅馆女主人自备的甜酒和各式各样的精致点心，十分惬意地聊着天。

Mme. Vauquer's ideas as to Goriot were cordially approved by Mme. de l'Ambermesnil; it was a capital notion, which for that matter she had guessed from the very first; in her opinion the vermicelli maker was an excellent man.

沃盖夫人对高里奥的看法得到了德朗贝梅尼尔夫人诚挚地赞同。她认为这是个好主意，而且从一开始就已经看出了沃盖夫人的用意。在她看来，这个面条制造商是个优秀的男人。

"Ah! my dear lady, such a well-preserved man of his age, as sound as my eyesight—a man who might make a woman happy!" said the widow.

“啊！我亲爱的夫人，他这个年纪保养得如此好，和我的视力一样好——是个会让女人快乐的男人！”伯爵遗孀说道。

The good-natured Countess turned to the subject of Mme. Vauquer's dress, which was not in harmony with her projects.

和蔼的伯爵夫人把话题转向了沃盖夫人的裙子，说这裙子和她的抱负不搭配。

"You must put yourself on a war footing," said she.

“你必须把自己武装起来。”她说道。

After much serious consideration the two widows went shopping together—they purchased a hat adorned with ostrich feathers and a cap at the Palais Royal, and the Countess took her friend to the Magasin de la Petite Jeannette, where they chose a dress and a scarf.

认真考虑一番之后，这两个寡妇一起去购物——她们去卢浮宫区买了顶饰有鸵鸟羽毛的帽子和一顶便帽，然后伯爵夫人又带她的朋友到“拉珀蒂特德拉让内特”商店选了一条裙子和一条围巾。

Thus equipped for the campaign, the widow looked exactly like the prize animal hung out for a sign above an a la mode beef shop; but she herself was so much pleased with the improvement, as she considered it, in her appearance, that she felt that she lay under some obligation to the Countess; and, though by no means open-handed, she begged that lady to accept a hat that cost twenty francs.

这样，向高里奥发起进攻的装备就齐整了。这位寡妇看起来简直就像挂在风味牛肉店门口的招牌菜一样。但是，因为她本人对自己外貌的改变感到非常满意，就觉得欠了伯爵夫人的恩情。于是，虽然她为人绝

非大方，她还是买了一顶二十法郎的帽子，乞求那位女士收下。

The fact was that she needed the Countess' services on the delicate mission of sounding Goriot; the countess must sing her praises in his ears.

她这样做其实是因为在试探高里奥这项任务上需要伯爵夫人的帮助——她需要伯爵夫人在高里奥耳边大肆赞美她一番。

Mme. de l'Ambermesnil lent herself very good-naturedly to this manoeuvre, began her operations, and succeeded in obtaining a private interview; but the overtures that she made, with a view to securing him for herself, were received with embarrassment, not to say a repulse.

德朗贝梅尼尔夫人非常和善地应下了这份差事，并开始行动起来，还成功地和高里奥私下里谈了次话。但是，她的那些话有想独霸高里奥的意思。高里奥虽然没有说拒绝的话，但听这些话时还是很尴尬。

She left him, revolted by his coarseness.

他的不解风情把她气走了。

"My angel," said she to her dear friend, "you will make nothing of that man yonder.

“我的宝贝，”她对她亲爱的朋友说道，“你在那个家伙身上什么也得不到。

He is absurdly suspicious, and he is a mean curmudgeon, an idiot, a fool; you would never be happy with him.”

他疑神疑鬼的态度简直荒谬可笑，他是个低俗、乖戾的人，是个蠢货，是个笨蛋。你和他在一起永远不会快乐。”

After what had passed between M. Goriot and Mme. de l'Ambermesnil, the Countess would no longer live under the same roof.

高里奥先生和德朗贝梅尼尔夫人会面的经过让伯爵夫人不愿意再和他住在同一个屋檐下。

She left the next day, forgot to pay for six months' board, and left behind her wardrobe, cast-off clothing to the value of five francs.

第二天她就离开了，还忘了支付半年的房租。只留下了她的衣橱，丢下的衣服只值五法郎。

Eagerly and persistently as Mme. Vauquer sought her quondam lodger, the Comtesse de l'Ambermesnil was never heard of again in Paris.

尽管沃盖夫人后来一直急切地寻找自己这位曾经的房客，却再也没有在巴黎打听到德朗贝梅尼尔伯爵夫人的下落。

The widow often talked of this deplorable business, and regretted her own too confiding disposition.

这位寡妇常常跟人讲起这桩倒霉的生意，很后悔自己太过轻信他人。

As a matter of fact, she was as suspicious as a cat; but she was like many other people, who cannot trust their own kin and put themselves at the mercy of the next chance comer—an odd but common phenomenon, whose causes may readily be traced to the depths of the human heart.

实际上，她和猫一样多疑。但是，她也和其他很多人一样，无法相信和自己亲近的人，却在遇到某个不速之客时让自己受其摆布——这是一个奇怪却普遍的现象，我们很容易就能将它的根源追溯到人的心灵深处。

Perhaps there are people who know that they have nothing more to look for from those with whom they live; they have shown the emptiness of their hearts to their housemates, and in their secret selves they are conscious that they are severely judged, and that they deserve to be judged severely; but still they feel an unconquerable craving for praises that they do not hear, or they are consumed by a desire to appear to possess, in the eyes of a new audience, the qualities which they have not, hoping to win the admiration or affection of strangers at the risk of forfeiting it again some day.

也许有这么一些人，他们知道在共同生活的那些人身上再也得不到什么了。他们就对自己的室友暴露出心灵的空虚，而他们内心里也明白这样会被人严厉批判，明白这样自己理应受到这样严厉的批判。但是，他们仍然会感觉到一股难以抑制的欲望，希望听到没有听到过的赞美，或者说他们渴望在新观众眼里展现他们并没有的优点，希望赢得陌生人的景仰或喜爱，而不惜冒着某一天会再次失去景仰或喜爱的危险。

Or, once more, there are other mercenary natures who never do a kindness to a friend or a relation simply because these have a claim upon them, while a service done to a stranger brings its reward to self-love.

更有一些天生就唯利是图的人，他们从来不会因为亲戚朋友的需要而去帮助他们，却去帮助陌生人来满足他们的自恋情结。

Such natures feel but little affection for those who are nearest to them; they keep their kindness for remoter circles of acquaintance, and show most to those who dwell on its utmost limits.

这样的人对那些离他们最近的人一点好感也没有。越是生疏的朋友，他们就越是殷勤。他们对那些陌生的人付出的最多。

Mme. Vauquer belonged to both these essentially mean, false, and

execrable classes.

沃盖夫人同时属于这两类人，骨子里散发着卑鄙、虚伪和恶劣。

"If I had been there at the time," Vautrin would say at the end of the story, "I would have shown her up, and that misfortune would not have befallen you.

“当时我要是在这里，”沃尔特兰会在故事的结尾说，“我会揭穿她的真面目，这样你就不会吃这个亏了。

I know that kind of phiz!”

我知道那种人的嘴脸！”

Like all narrow natures, Mme. Vauquer was wont to confine her attention to events, and did not go very deeply into the causes that brought them about; she likewise preferred to throw the blame of her own mistakes on other people, so she chose to consider that the honest vermicelli maker was responsible for her misfortune.

和所有目光短浅的人一样，沃盖夫人习惯于把注意力局限在事件表面，而不会去推想导致事情发生的深层原因。同样，她也喜欢将自己的过失怪罪到别人身上。因此她认定，那个老实的面条制造商应该对她的不幸负责。

It had opened her eyes, so she said, with regard to him.

她是这样说的——这件事让她开了眼，看清了高里奥。

As soon as she saw that her blandishments were in vain, and that her outlay on her toilette was money thrown away, she was not slow to discover the reason of his indifference.

当看到自己的奉承和挑逗毫无用处，她马上就意识到自己在化妆打扮上的花费都打了水漂。她很快就发现了他无动于衷的原因。

It became plain to her at once that there was *some other attraction*, to use her own expression.

她立刻就清楚地觉察到——用她的话来形容就是——他另有所爱。

In short, it was evident that the hope she had so fondly cherished was a baseless delusion, and that she would "never make anything out of that man yonder," in the Countess' forcible phrase.

简而言之，她如此深深珍爱着的希望明显只是个毫无根据的错觉。用伯爵夫人那句强有力的话来说，她“永远不能从那个家伙身上得到什么”。

The Countess seemed to have been a judge of character.

伯爵夫人似乎是人性的裁判。

Mme. Vauquer's aversion was naturally more energetic than her

friendship, for her hatred was not in proportion to her love, but to her disappointed expectations.

沃盖夫人自然比厌恶她的朋友还要厌恶高老头。因为她的憎恨并非与她的爱成正比，而是和希望破灭后的失望感成正比。

The human heart may find here and there a resting-place short of the highest height of affection, but we seldom stop in the steep, downward slope of hatred.

人类的心灵也许会在各种没有爱情这种至高感情的地方落脚小憩，但是我们很少会在仇恨这面陡峭的斜坡上停下脚步。

Still, M. Goriot was a lodger, and the widow's wounded self-love could not vent itself in an explosion of wrath; like a monk harassed by the prior of his convent, she was forced to stifle her sighs of disappointment, and to gulp down her craving for revenge.

高里奥先生仍然是房客，因此，这个寡妇受伤的自尊心无法在怒火中喷发出来。她就像个受到修道院院长折磨的修士，被迫抑制自己失望的叹息，咽下想要报复的欲望。

Little minds find gratification for their feelings, or otherwise, by a constant exercise of petty ingenuity.

小人都会不停玩弄小手段让自己的愿望得到满足，或是让自己的仇恨得到宣泄。

The widow employed her woman's malice to devise a system of covert persecution.

这个寡妇凭着自己女性的恶毒，想出了一系列暗中折磨人的法子。

She began by a course of retrenchment—various luxuries which had found their way to the table appeared there no more.

她先采取了缩减开支的做法——取消了过去会摆上餐桌的各色奢华食物。

"No more gherkins, no more anchovies; they have made a fool of me!" she said to Sylvie one morning, and they returned to the old bill of fare.

“不要再做腌小黄瓜了，也不要做银鱼了，他们玩弄了我。”一天早上她对西尔维说道。此后，他们恢复了以前的旧食谱。

The thrifty frugality necessary to those who mean to make their way in the world had become an inveterate habit of life with M. Goriot.

省吃俭用对那些想要在世界上生存的人来说是必要的，它已经成了高里奥先生根深蒂固的生活习惯。

Soup, boiled beef, and a dish of vegetables had been, and always

would be, the dinner he liked best, so Mme. Vauquer found it very difficult to annoy a boarder whose tastes were so simple.

他以前晚餐最喜欢吃汤、水煮牛肉和一碟青菜，以后也还是这样。因此，沃盖夫人发现很难惹怒一个口味如此简单的房客。

He was proof against her malice, and in desperation she spoke to him and of him slightingly before the other lodgers, who began to amuse themselves at his expense, and so gratified her desire for revenge.

沃盖夫人的恶意对他毫无效果。绝望中她只能当着其他房客的面用轻蔑的语气对他说话或是谈论他，并以此来满足她想要报复的欲望。于是，那些房客开始通过牺牲他来自娱自乐。

Towards the end of the first year the widow's suspicions had reached such a pitch that she began to wonder how it was that a retired merchant with a secure income of seven or eight thousand livres, the owner of such magnificent plate and jewelry handsome enough for a kept mistress, should be living in her house.

第一年年尾的时候，这寡妇对他的怀疑升级到了无以复加的程度。她开始猜疑为什么一个有七八千里弗赫固定收入、拥有如此华丽的银器和珠宝的退休商人竟然会住到她的家里？那么多的银器和珠宝都可以养个小情人了。

Why should he devote so small a proportion of his money to his expenses?

为什么他只把财产中如此小的一部分钱用在自己的开销上？

Until the first year was nearly at an end, Goriot had dined out once or twice every week, but these occasions came less frequently, and at last he was scarcely absent from the dinner-table twice a month.

第一年里，高里奥每周都要出去吃一两次饭。但是到了第一年快要结束的时候，这样的情况越来越少了，最后他只是一个月才出去吃两次饭。

It was hardly expected that Mme. Vauquer should regard the increased regularity of her boarder's habits with complacency, when those little excursions of his had been so much to her interest.

我们不可能指望沃盖夫人会对高里奥日益规律地用餐习惯感到满意，因为她一直都对他出门吃饭很感兴趣。

She attributed the change not so much to a gradual diminution of fortune as to a spiteful wish to annoy his hostess.

她觉得这一变化并不单单是因为他的财产在逐渐减少，更多是因为他心怀恶意，想要惹怒女房东。

It is one of the most detestable habits of a Liliputian mind to credit other people with its own malignant pettiness.

小人有一种最可憎的习惯。他们总是认为别人和他们一样恶毒，一样卑鄙。

Unluckily, towards the end of the second year, M. Goriot's conduct gave some color to the idle talk about him.

不幸的是，第二年快结束的时候，高里奥先生的行为证实了关于他的闲言碎语。

He asked Mme. Vauquer to give him a room on the second floor, and to make a corresponding reduction in her charges.

他要求沃盖夫人在三楼为他腾出一个房间，并相应地降低他的房费。

Apparently, such strict economy was called for, that he did without a fire all through the winter.

显而易见，他真的迫切需要缩减开支。为了省钱，他一整个冬天都没有生火。

Mme. Vauquer asked to be paid in advance, an arrangement to which M. Goriot consented, and thenceforward she spoke of him as "Father Goriot."

沃盖夫人要求他提前支付房费，高里奥先生同意了这个要求。从此以后，她便管他叫做“高老头”。

What had brought about this decline and fall?

是什么让他如此落魄潦倒？

Conjecture was keen, but investigation was difficult.

大家纷纷做出了猜测，但是真正的原因很难查证。

Father Goriot was not communicative; in the sham countess' phrase he was "a curmudgeon."

高老头不爱说话，用那位假伯爵夫人的话来说，他是“一个乖戾的人”。

Empty-headed people who babble about their own affairs because they have nothing else to occupy them, naturally conclude that if people say nothing of their doings it is because their doings will not bear being talked about; so the highly respectable merchant became a scoundrel, and the late beau was an old rogue.

头脑空空的人总会对自己的事情喋喋不休，因为他们没有其他事情可干。他们自然会得出结论，如果人们对自己的行为一言不发，肯定就是因为他的行为经不起他人的谈论。于是，受人敬重的商人变成了一个

恶棍，以前的纨绔子弟变成了老无赖。

Opinion fluctuated.

大家的看法变来变去。

Sometimes, according to Vautrin, who came about this time to live in the Maison Vauquer, Father Goriot was a man who went on 'Change and *dabbled* (to use the sufficiently expressive language of the Stock Exchange) in stocks and shares after he had ruined himself by heavy speculation.

有时，据那时候住进“沃盖之家”的沃尔特兰所说，高老头是一个投机商。在一次大规模的投机失败之后，他变得一无所有。此后，他继续在交易所打拼，涉足证券和股票交易（用的都是证交所的专业术语）。

Sometimes it was held that he was one of those petty gamblers who nightly play for small stakes until they win a few francs.

有时，人们说他是一个小赌徒，天天晚上去玩上几把。这些人下的赌注都很小，不赢上几个法郎就不罢休。

A theory that he was a detective in the employ of the Home Office found favor at one time, but Vautrin urged that "Goriot was not sharp enough for one of that sort."

还有一种风靡一时的说法，说他是内政部雇佣的侦探。但是沃尔特兰力劝说：“高老头不够犀利，不是当侦探的料。”

There were yet other solutions; Father Goriot was a skinflint, a shark of a money-lender, a man who lived by selling lottery tickets.

还有其他的说法：高老头是个吝啬鬼，是个放高利贷的大鳄，是个靠卖彩票过活的人。

He was by turns all the most mysterious brood of vice and shame and misery; yet, however vile his life might be, the feeling of repulsion which he aroused in others was not so strong that he must be banished from their society—he paid his way.

他不停成为人们口中各种卑劣、可耻、悲惨的神秘角色。但是，不管他的生活可能会有多糟糕，别人对他的排斥感还没有强烈到一定要把他从的生活中驱除的地步——他毕竟付过自己的那份钱了。

Besides, Goriot had his uses, every one vented his spleen or sharpened his wit on him; he was pelted with jokes and belabored with hard words.

况且，高老头自有他的用处，每个人都在他身上出气或者利用他让自己的笑话变得更加犀利。他受着玩笑话的攻击，受着尖酸话的抽打。

The general consensus of opinion was in favor of a theory which seemed the most likely; this was Mme. Vauquer's view.

大家的意见得到了大致的统一。大家都开始支持一个看似最可能的说法，即沃盖夫人的看法。

According to her, the man so well preserved at his time of life, as sound as her eyesight, with whom a woman might be very happy, was a libertine who had strange tastes.

据她所说，这个男人在这个年纪还保养得像她的视力这样好，能让和他在一起的女人感到很开心，但他是个有怪异癖好的浪子。

These are the facts upon which Mme. Vauquer's slanders were based.

沃盖夫人的诋毁是有事实依据的。

Early one morning, some few months after the departure of the unlucky Countess who had managed to live for six months at the widow's expense, Mme. Vauquer (not yet dressed) heard the rustle of a silk dress and a young woman's light footstep on the stair; some one was going to Goriot's room.

那个倒霉的伯爵夫人在“沃盖之家”白住了半年之后的一天早晨，沃盖夫人还没穿好衣服便听见了丝绸裙子的沙沙声和一个年轻女人上楼梯时轻轻的脚步声——有人正向高里奥的房间走去。

He seemed to expect the visit, for his door stood ajar.

他似乎很期待这个客人，因为他的房门一直半开着。

The portly Sylvie presently came up to tell her mistress that a girl too pretty to be honest, "dressed like a goddess," and not a speck of mud on her laced cashmere boots, had glided in from the street like a snake, had found the kitchen, and asked for M. Goriot's room.

胖子西尔维马上跑上去告诉她的女主人说，有个“穿得像个女神一样”、漂亮得让人不敢轻信的女孩，穿着带蕾丝边的、一尘不染的山羊绒靴子，像条蛇一样从街上溜了进来。她还摸到了厨房，问高里奥先生的房间在哪里。

Mme. Vauquer and the cook, listening, overheard several words affectionately spoken during the visit, which lasted for some time.

他俩的会面持续了一段时间。其间，沃盖夫人和厨娘一直在偷听，听到了一些饱含深情的话语。

When M. Goriot went downstairs with the lady, the stout Sylvie forthwith took her basket and followed the lover-like couple, under pretext of going to do her marketing.

当高里奥先生和这位女士一起下楼的时候，胖子西尔维立刻提起她的篮子，以要去买东西为借口，跟着这对看似情人的两个人。

"M. Goriot must be awfully rich, all the same, madame," she

reported on her return, "to keep her in such style.

“夫人，高里奥先生一定仍然非常有钱，”她回来的时候向女主人报告道，“才能让她穿成这样。

Just imagine it!

您试想一下！

There was a splendid carriage waiting at the corner of the Place de l'Estrapade, and *she* got into it.”

有一辆漂亮的马车在吊刑广场的转角处等着，后来她走了进去。”

While they were at dinner that evening, Mme. Vauquer went to the window and drew the curtain, as the sun was shining into Goriot's eyes.

那天晚上，大家一起吃晚餐的时候，沃盖夫人走到窗前去拉了下窗帘，因为阳光正照着高老头的眼睛。

"You are beloved of fair ladies, M. Goriot—the sun seeks you out," she said, alluding to his visitor.

“您很受漂亮女士的青睐啊，高里奥先生——连太阳都要把您给挑出来。”她的言语间暗指他的客人，

"*Peste!* you have good taste; she was very pretty.”

“哟！您眼光不错啊，她很漂亮。”

"That was my daughter," he said, with a kind of pride in his voice, and the rest chose to consider this as the fatuity of an old man who wishes to save appearances.

“那是我女儿。”他骄傲地说道。其他人都认定他这是在干蠢事，妄图挽救颜面。

A month after this visit M. Goriot received another.

距这次拜访一个月后，高里奥先生接待了另一个来客。

The same daughter who had come to see him that morning came again after dinner, this time in evening dress.

那天早上来看过他的那个女儿晚餐后又来了，这次她穿着晚礼服。

The boarders, in deep discussion in the dining-room, caught a glimpse of a lovely, fair-haired woman, slender, graceful, and much too distinguished-looking to be a daughter of Father Goriot's.

房客们正在餐厅里进行着深入的讨论，突然瞥见了一个可爱的金发女人。她苗条而优雅，气质是如此的高贵，绝不可能是高老头的女儿。

"Two of them!" cried the portly Sylvie, who did not recognize the lady of the first visit.

“第二个了！”胖子西尔维大叫道。她没有认出这就是第一次来的那位女士。

A few days later, and another young lady—a tall, well-moulded brunette, with dark hair and bright eyes—came to ask for M. Goriot.

几天后，另一位个子高挑、身材出众、皮肤浅黑、头发乌黑、眼睛明亮的年轻女士也来寻找高里奥先生。

"Three of them!" said Sylvie.

“第三个了！”西尔维说。

Then the second daughter, who had first come in the morning to see her father, came shortly afterwards in the evening.

接着，早上才来过的第二个女儿过了没多久又在黄昏的时候来了。

She wore a ball dress, and came in a carriage.

她穿着一件舞会礼服，坐马车来的。

"Four of them!" commented Mme. Vauquer and her plump handmaid.

“第四个了！”沃盖夫人和她胖胖的女仆评论道。

Sylvie saw not a trace of resemblance between this great lady and the girl in her simple morning dress who had entered her kitchen on the occasion of her first visit.

西尔维看不出这位高贵的女士和第一次来的那个穿着简单晨服走进厨房的女孩有什么相像之处。

At that time Goriot was paying twelve hundred francs a year to his landlady, and Mme. Vauquer saw nothing out of the common in the fact that a rich man had four or five mistresses; nay, she thought it very knowing of him to pass them off as his daughters.

那时候，高老头每年向女房东支付一千二百法郎。沃盖夫人觉得一个富翁养四五个情人再平常不过了。不过，她觉得他把她们冒充成自己的女儿的做法还挺狡猾的。

She was not at all inclined to draw a hard-and-fast line, or to take umbrage at his sending for them to the Maison Vauquer; yet, inasmuch as these visits explained her boarder's indifference to her, she went so far (at the end of the second year) as to speak of him as an "ugly old wretch."

对于高老头派人请她们来“沃盖之家”,沃盖太太根本不会不懂变通，也没有感到冒犯。然而，由于这些访客解释了高里奥对她冷淡的原因，她在第二年年尾的时候更是把他说成是个“又老又丑的流氓”。

When at length her boarder declined to nine hundred francs a

year, she asked him very insolently what he took her house to be, after meeting one of these ladies on the stairs.

她的房客最终降级住进九百法郎一年的房间。有一次她在楼梯上碰到了其中的一位女士之后，就非常傲慢地问他打算把她的房子当成什么地方。

Father Goriot answered that the lady was his eldest daughter.

高老头回答说这位女士是她的大女儿。

"So you have two or three dozen daughters, have you?" said Mme. Vauquer sharply.

“所以你有两三打女儿，是吗？”沃盖夫人刻薄地问道。

"I have only two," her boarder answered meekly, like a ruined man who is broken in to all the cruel usage of misfortune.

“我只有两个女儿啊。”她的房客温和地答道。他就像个破落户，默默忍受着他人残酷地利用其不幸所做的一切攻击。

Towards the end of the third year Father Goriot reduced his expenses still further; he went up to the third story, and now paid forty-five francs a month.

第三年年尾的时候，高老头仍然进一步削减开支。他换到了四楼，现在每月只需支付四十五法郎。

He did without snuff, told his hairdresser that he no longer required his services, and gave up wearing powder.

他戒掉了鼻烟，并告诉他的发型师自己不再需要他的服务了，也不再搽粉了。

When Goriot appeared for the first time in this condition, an exclamation of astonishment broke from his hostess at the color of his hair—a dingy olive gray.

当高老头第一次以新的形象出现时，他的女房东一看到他头发的颜色——一种暗淡的橄榄灰——就立刻惊叫起来。

He had grown sadder day by day under the influence of some hidden trouble; among all the faces round the table, his was the most woe-begone.

在某种隐疾的影响下，他一天比一天悲伤。在围桌而坐的所有人中，他是最愁眉苦脸的一个。

There was no longer any doubt.

现在大家都不再怀疑他们的推断了。

Goriot was an elderly libertine, whose eyes had only been preserved by the skill of the physician from the malign influence of

the remedies necessitated by the state of his health.

大家认为高老头是个老色鬼。要不是医生医术了得，他的眼睛早就不保了，因为照他的健康状况来看，他所需的药品是有很大副作用的。

The disgusting color of his hair was a result of his excesses and of the drugs which he had taken that he might continue his career.

他头发颜色之所以这么恶心，就是因为他纵欲无度，还服用了那些可以让他继续纵欲的药物。

The poor old man's mental and physical condition afforded some grounds for the absurd rubbish talked about him.

这个可怜的老男人！他的心理和生理状况使得关于他的恶意中伤有了些道理。

When his outfit was worn out, he replaced the fine linen by calico at fourteen sous the ell.

他的优质亚麻布衣物用破了，他就用十四苏一厄尔的粗棉布来代替。

His diamonds, his gold snuff-box, watch-chain and trinkets, disappeared one by one.

他的钻石、金鼻烟壶、金表链和金饰品一个接一个地消失了。

He had left off wearing the corn-flower blue coat, and was sumptuously arrayed, summer as well as winter, in a coarse chestnut-brown coat, a plush waistcoat, and doeskin breeches.

他不再穿矢车菊蓝外套。不论冬夏，他能穿的最好的衣服也就是粗糙的栗色外套、长毛绒背心和母鹿皮长裤了。

He grew thinner and thinner; his legs were shrunken, his cheeks, once so puffed out by contented bourgeois prosperity, were covered with wrinkles, and the outlines of the jawbones were distinctly visible; there were deep furrows in his forehead.

他越变越瘦，双腿也萎缩了。因为身为富有的中产阶级而得意地鼓起来的双颊上也爬满了皱纹，下颚骨的轮廓变得清晰可见，前额也刻上了深深的沟壑。

In the fourth year of his residence in the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Genevieve he was no longer like his former self.

他住到新圣热讷维耶沃街的第四个年头，已经完全不像以前的自己了。

The hale vermicelli manufacturer, sixty-two years of age, who had looked scarce forty, the stout, comfortable, prosperous tradesman, with an almost bucolic air, and such a brisk demeanor that it did you good to look at him; the man with something boyish in his smile, had

suddenly sunk into his dotage, and had become a feeble, vacillating septuagenarian.

过去，这个矍铄的面条制造商都六十二岁了，看起来却还不到四十岁。这个身体结实、生活舒适、财力丰厚的商人，曾经带着田园诗意，动作如此干净利落，以至于看看他就能让你开心。可是这个笑容中带着点孩子气的男人突然就变得老态龙钟，成了一个身体孱弱、优柔寡断的古稀老人。

The keen, bright blue eyes had grown dull, and faded to a steel-gray color; the red inflamed rims looked as though they had shed tears of blood.

锐利、明亮的蓝眼睛褪成了暗淡的青灰色；红肿的眼眶看上去好似流了血泪。

He excited feelings of repulsion in some, and of pity in others.

他激起了一些人的排斥感和另一些人的同情心。

The young medical students who came to the house noticed the drooping of his lower lip and the conformation of the facial angle; and, after teasing him for some time to no purpose, they declared that cretinism was setting in.

年轻的医学院学生们来到“沃盖之家”时注意到了他耷拉着的下嘴唇和颜角的构造。在毫无目的地奚落了他一段时间后，他们便断言他快要得痴呆症了。

One evening after dinner Mme. Vauquer said half banteringly to him, "So those daughters of yours don't come to see you any more, eh?" Meaning to imply her doubts as to his paternity; but Father Goriot shrank as if his hostess had touched him with a sword-point.

一天傍晚，吃过晚餐后沃盖夫人半开玩笑地对他说：“哎，你的那些女儿不再来看你了吗？”沃盖夫人的言语意在影射她对高老头父亲身份的怀疑。但是，高老头好似被女房东的剑尖刺了一下，向后退了退。

"They come sometimes," he said in a tremulous voice.

“她们有时会来。”他用颤抖的声音说道。

"Aha! you still see them sometimes?" cried the students.

“啊！你有时还会看到她们啊？”那些学生叫了起来，

"Bravo, Father Goriot!"

“真了不起啊，高老头！”

The old man scarcely seemed to hear the witticisms at his expense that followed on the words; he had relapsed into the dreamy state of mind that these superficial observers took for senile torpor, due to his lack of intelligence.

这老人似乎很少听得出他人言语之中对他的嘲讽。他重新恢复了迷迷糊糊的思想状态。这些肤浅的观察者把那种状态看成是老年人的迟钝的表现，因为他太傻了。

If they had only known, they might have been deeply interested by the problem of his condition; but few problems were more obscure.

要是他们知道高老头目前所面临的问题，他们肯定会对此非常感兴趣。但是，没有什么问题比高老头现在的问题更为隐晦了。

It was easy, of course, to find out whether Goriot had really been a vermicelli manufacturer; the amount of his fortune was readily discoverable; but the old people, who were most inquisitive as to his concerns, never went beyond the limits of the Quarter, and lived in the lodging-house much as oysters cling to a rock.

当然，要查明高老头是不是面条制造商很简单，他的财产数额也很好查清。但是，那些对他最好奇的老人们却从没有走出过拉丁区，他们就像粘着岩石的牡蛎一样死抱着“沃盖之家”不放。

As for the rest, the current of life in Paris daily awaited them, and swept them away with it; so soon as they left the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Genevieve, they forgot the existence of the old man, their butt at dinner.

至于其他人，他们还要应对巴黎每日的生活之潮，这种潮水会将种种疑问一扫而空。他们一走出新圣热讷维耶沃街，就忘记了这个老人的存在，忘记了他们晚餐桌上的笑柄。

For those narrow souls, or for careless youth, the misery in Father Goriot's withered face and its dull apathy were quite incompatible with wealth or any sort of intelligence.

对那些见解狭隘的老人或者粗心大意的年轻人来说，高老头干瘪的脸上所流露出的迟钝和冷漠与富有格格不入，也体现不出一丝智慧。

As for the creatures whom he called his daughters, all Mme. Vauquer's boarders were of her opinion.

说起他称为女儿的那些人，沃盖夫人所有的房客都支持她的看法。

With the faculty for severe logic sedulously cultivated by elderly women during long evenings of gossip till they can always find an hypothesis to fit all circumstances, she was wont to reason thus: "If Father Goriot had daughters of his own as rich as those ladies who came here seemed to be, he would not be lodging in my house, on the third floor, at forty-five francs a month; and he would not go about dressed like a poor man.”

老女人们总爱在漫漫长夜里嚼舌根，她们最后总能找到一种适用于所有情况的假说。她们就这样孜孜不倦地培养了缜密的逻辑思维能力，

于是总是习惯这样思考："那些来这里的女士看上去很富有。如果高老头自己当真有那么有钱的女儿，就不会住在我旅馆的四楼，每月才支付四十五法郎房费，也不会穿得像穷人一样四处走动了。"

No objection could be raised to these inferences.

没有人能对这些推论提出异议。

So by the end of the month of November 1819, at the time when the curtain rises on this drama, every one in the house had come to have a very decided opinion as to the poor old man.

所以到了一八一九年十一月底，当这幕戏剧将要拉开帷幕的时候，旅馆里的每一个人都对这个可怜的老人有了个极其肯定的看法。

He had never had either wife or daughter; excesses had reduced him to this sluggish condition; he was a sort of human mollusk who should be classed among the capulidae, so one of the dinner contingent, an *employee* at the Museum, who had a pretty wit of his own.

他压根就不曾有过妻子或女儿，过度放纵让他沦落到了这种悲惨的境地。一起吃晚餐的客人中有一个是博物馆员工。他有着自己独到的小幽默。他说高老头是一种人形软体动物，应该被列入偏盖螺科。

Poiret was an eagle, a gentleman, compared with Goriot.

跟高里奥比起来，普瓦雷是一只目光锐利的鹰，是一位绅士。

Poiret would join the talk, argue, answer when he was spoken to; as a matter of fact, his talk, arguments, and responses contributed nothing to the conversation, for Poiret had a habit of repeating what the others said in different words; still, he did join in the talk; he was alive, and seemed capable of feeling; while Father Goriot (to quote the Museum official again) was invariably at zero degrees—Reaumur.

只要有人和他说话，普瓦雷就会参与进去。但是，他的话语、争论和回答对谈话没有任何实际意义，因为他习惯用不同的字眼来重复其他人所说的话。不过，他的确加入了大家的谈话。他是个活生生的人，看起来懂得感知。而高老头（再次引用博物馆员工的话）在列氏寒暑表上永远都是零度。

Eugene de Rastignac had just returned to Paris in a state of mind not unknown to young men who are conscious of unusual powers, and to those whose faculties are so stimulated by a difficult position, that for the time being they rise above the ordinary level.

欧仁·德拉斯蒂涅刚刚回到巴黎。对于那些意识到自身特殊力量，能力被困难处境所激发而暂时超出正常水平的年轻人来说，他的思想状态并不陌生。

Rastignac's first year of study for the preliminary examinations in

law had left him free to see the sights of Paris and to enjoy some of its amusements.

拉斯蒂涅第一年的学习是在为法律系的预备考试做准备。这一年让他自由自在地欣赏了巴黎的风景，享受到了一些娱乐活动。

A student has not much time on his hands if he sets himself to learn the repertory of every theatre, and to study the ins and outs of the labyrinth of Paris.

如果一个学生要着手了解每个剧院的全部剧目并研究巴黎这座大迷宫的里里外外，他的手里就不会有多少时间。

To know its customs; to learn the language, and become familiar with the amusements of the capital, he must explore its recesses, good and bad, follow the studies that please him best, and form some idea of the treasures contained in galleries and museums.

要想知道它的风俗民情，学习语言，并熟悉首都的娱乐活动，他就必须利用自己的假期来探索巴黎的隐秘之处——不论这些地方是好是坏——去学习他最喜欢的东西，并对画廊和博物馆里的珍品形成一些看法。

At this stage of his career a student grows eager and excited about all sorts of follies that seem to him to be of immense importance.

在人生的这个阶段，一个学生会对各种各样的蠢事感兴趣，并为这些蠢事兴奋不已。在他眼里，这些事情似乎无比重要。

He has his hero, his great man, a professor at the College de France, paid to talk down to the level of his audience.

他有自己的英雄、自己的伟人——法兰西学院的一名教授。人们花钱请这位教授用听众能够理解的话语来讲授知识。

He adjusts his cravat, and strikes various attitudes for the benefit of the women in the first galleries at the Opera-Comique.

他整理了一下自己的领带，对坐在喜剧剧院顶层楼座的女士们搔首弄姿。

As he passes through all these successive initiations, and breaks out of his sheath, the horizons of life widen around him, and at length he grasps the plan of society with the different human strata of which it is composed.

一样一样入门以后，他脱下了自己的外壳，扩展了自己的生活圈子。最后他领会到社会是由不同的人类阶层组成的。

If he begins by admiring the procession of carriages on sunny afternoons in the Champs-Elysees, he soon reaches the further stage of envying their owners.

如果一开始他只是羡慕阳光明媚的下午在香榭丽舍大街上前行的一队队马车，很快他便会更进一步去妒忌它们的主人。

Unconsciously, Eugene had served his apprenticeship before he went back to Angouleme for the long vacation after taking his degrees as bachelor of arts and bachelor of law.

在回昂古莱姆过长假之前，他就不知不觉地完成了学业，获得了文学学位和法学学位。

The illusions of childhood had vanished, so also had the ideas he brought with him from the provinces; he had returned thither with an intelligence developed, with loftier ambitions, and saw things as they were at home in the old manor house.

童年的幻想消失了，他从外省带来了的观念也消失了。他带着更健全的智慧、带着更崇高的抱负回到了那里。家乡的一切在他看来就像是古旧庄园里的事物。

His father and mother, his two brothers and two sisters, with an aged aunt, whose whole fortune consisted in annuities, lived on the little estate of Rastignac.

他的父亲、母亲、两个兄弟、两个妹妹，还有一个除了养老金外没有其他财产的、年迈的姑妈一起住在拉斯蒂涅家小小的房子里。

The whole property brought in about three thousand francs; and though the amount varied with the season (as must always be the case in a vine-growing district), they were obliged to spare an unvarying twelve hundred francs out of their income for him.

家里所有的财产约有三千法郎，尽管这个数目随着季节会有所变化（葡萄种植区一直都是这样），他们每年都会从收入中为他省出一千二百法郎。

He saw how constantly the poverty, which they had generously hidden from him, weighed upon them; he could not help comparing the sisters, who had seemed so beautiful to his boyish eyes, with women in Paris, who had realized the beauty of his dreams.

尽管家人们都好心地瞒着他，他明白家里一直以来的穷困状况。穷困始终压在他们身上。他不由自主地拿自己的两个妹妹——当他还是个小男孩的时候，她们在他眼里看来是如此美丽——和他理想中的美女，巴黎女人比较起来。

The uncertain future of the whole family depended upon him.

整个家庭渺茫的未来都靠他了。

It did not escape his eyes that not a crumb was wasted in the house, nor that the wine they drank was made from the second pressing; a multitude of small things, which it is useless to speak of in

detail here, made him burn to distinguish himself, and his ambition to succeed increased tenfold.

家里连面包屑都舍不得浪费，喝的酒是二次压榨的，这些都逃不过他的眼睛。许许多多琐事说也无益，就无需赘述了。它们让他迫切想要出人头地，想要成功的野心也膨胀了十倍。

He meant, like all great souls, that his success should be owing entirely to his merits; but his was pre-eminently a southern temperament, the execution of his plans was sure to be marred by the vertigo that seizes on youth when youth sees itself alone in a wide sea, uncertain how to spend its energies, whither to steer its course, how to adapt its sails to the winds.

和所有伟大的灵魂一样，他原本打算完全依靠自己的努力来取得成功。但是，他有着典型的南方人性格。这个年轻人仿佛孤零零地漂在宽广的大海中间，不知道怎样利用自己的能力，不知道该驶向哪里，不知道怎么调整风帆，于是他变得晕头转向。这时候，他实施计划的雄心壮志肯定会被削弱。

At first he determined to fling himself heart and soul into his work, but he was diverted from this purpose by the need of society and connections; then he saw how great an influence women exert in social life, and suddenly made up his mind to go out into this world to seek a protectress there.

一开始，他下定决心要全心全意地投入到学习当中，但是出于社交应酬的需要，他偏离了自己的决定。然后，他了解到女人能给社交生活带来很大的影响，于是突然决定走出房门，进入社会，去那里寻找一个女性保护人。

Surely a clever and high-spirited young man, whose wit and courage were set off to advantage by a graceful figure and the vigorous kind of beauty that readily strikes a woman's imagination, need not despair of finding a protectress.

他是个聪明、热情的年轻人，优雅的外表和阳刚的气质更是彰显出了他的智慧和勇敢。这样的人肯定很容易叫女性着迷，根本不愁找不见女性保护人。

These ideas occurred to him in his country walks with his sisters, whom he had once joined so gaily.

他在乡间和妹妹们散步的时候突然有了这些念头。从前，他和她们一起就很开心。

The girls thought him very much changed.

女孩们觉得他大大地改变了。

His aunt, Mme. de Marcillac, had been presented at court, and

had moved among the brightest heights of that lofty region.

他的姑妈，德马西亚克夫人曾经入过宫廷。在那个位高权重之地，她曾在达官显贵之间游走。

Suddenly the young man's ambition discerned in those recollections of hers, which had been like nursery fairy tales to her nephews and nieces, the elements of a social success at least as important as the success which he had achieved at the Ecole de Droit.

她的那些回忆以前对于自己的侄子侄女来说只是幼稚园的童话故事。现在，这个野心勃勃的年轻人突然在它们中看到了可以在社交上助他取得成功的元素，这一成功至少跟他在法学院取得的成功一样重要。

He began to ask his aunt about those relations; some of the old ties might still hold good.

他开始向自己的姑妈打听那些亲戚，觉得有些老交情也许还有效。

After much shaking of the branches of the family tree, the old lady came to the conclusion that of all persons who could be useful to her nephew among the selfish genus of rich relations, the Vicomtesse de Beauseant was the least likely to refuse.

这位年迈的女士想了想族谱中的各个分支，得出了这样的结论：在所有能够帮助她侄子的那些自私自利的有钱亲戚中，德伯桑子爵夫人是最不可能拒绝他的人。

To this lady, therefore, she wrote in the old-fashioned style, recommending Eugene to her; pointing out to her nephew that if he succeeded in pleasing Mme. de Beauseant, the Vicomtesse would introduce him to other relations.

因此，她用老式的体裁给这位女士写了一封信，向她推荐了欧仁，并告诉自己的侄子，如果他能取悦德伯桑夫人，德伯桑夫人就会把他介绍给其他亲戚。

A few days after his return to Paris, therefore, Rastignac sent his aunt's letter to Mme. de Beauseant.

所以，回到巴黎几天后，拉斯蒂涅就把他姑妈的信寄给了德伯桑夫人。

The Vicomtesse replied by an invitation to a ball for the following evening.

那位子爵夫人给他回复了一张请帖，邀请他参加第二天晚上的舞会。

This was the position of affairs at the Maison Vauquer at the end of November 1819.

这就是一八一九年十一月末时，“沃盖之家”的大概情况。

A few days later, after Mme. de Beauseant's ball, Eugene came in at two o'clock in the morning.

几天后，欧仁参加了德伯桑夫人的舞会，清晨两点才回来。

The persevering student meant to make up for the lost time by working until daylight.

这个有恒心的学生原本打算开夜车来弥补失去的时间。

It was the first time that he had attempted to spend the night in this way in that silent quarter.

这是他第一次试图在这个安静的街区以这样的方式度过夜晚。

The spell of a factitious energy was upon him; he had beheld the pomp and splendor of the world.

虚假的活力让他着了魔。他已经见识到世界壮观、华丽的一面了。

He had not dined at the Maison Vauquer; the boarders probably would think that he would walk home at daybreak from the dance, as he had done sometimes on former occasions, after a fete at the Prado, or a ball at the Odeon, splashing his silk stockings thereby, and ruining his pumps.

他没有回“沃盖之家”吃晚饭，房客们也许认为他黎明时分会离开舞会，然后走回来。因为过去在参加完普拉多高级住宅区的宴会或者奥德翁剧院的舞会后，他时不时地会这样做，还因此害得自己的丝制长筒袜溅满了泥、轻舞鞋也走了样。

It so happened that Christophe took a look into the street before drawing the bolts of the door; and Rastignac, coming in at that moment, could go up to his room without making any noise, followed by Christophe, who made a great deal.

事情的经过是这样的。克里斯托夫在插门闩之前，先朝街上看了

看，拉斯蒂涅就在这个时候回来了。他原本可以悄悄上楼，不发出一点声响，但跟在后面的克里斯托夫倒是弄出了很大的声响。

Eugene exchanged his dress suit for a shabby overcoat and slippers, kindled a fire with some blocks of patent fuel, and prepared for his night's work in such a sort that the faint sounds he made were drowned by Christophe's heavy tramp on the stairs.

欧仁脱下了礼服，换上了破旧的外套和拖鞋，拿了几块加了粘合剂的煤球点上了火，准备开夜车。他做这一切的时候声音很轻，微弱的声响完全淹没在克里斯托夫上楼时那重重的脚步声中。

Eugene sat absorbed in thought for a few moments before plunging into his law books.

欧仁在全身心读法律书之前，先坐在那里出神地想了一会儿。

He had just become aware of the fact that the Vicomtesse de Beauseant was one of the queens of fashion, that her house was thought to be the pleasantest in the Faubourg Saint-Germain.

他刚刚了解到了一件事，即德伯桑子爵夫人是时尚女王之一，她的府邸被认为是圣日耳曼郊区最舒适的地方。

And not only so, she was, by right of her fortune, and the name she bore, one of the most conspicuous figures in that aristocratic world.

不仅如此，凭她的财力和家世，她简直就是贵族世界里最引人注目的人物之一。

Thanks to the aunt, thanks to Mme. de Marcillac's letter of introduction, the poor student had been kindly received in that house before he knew the extent of the favor thus shown to him.

多亏了他的姑妈，多亏了德马西亚克夫人的引荐信，这个穷困的学生在那所府邸里受到了优待，却还不知道他受到的优待是多么高。

It was almost like a patent of nobility to be admitted to those gilded salons; he had appeared in the most exclusive circle in Paris, and now all doors were open for him.

能在那些奢华的社交沙龙露面几乎就是一张贵族许可证。他进入了巴黎最排外的圈子，现在所有的门都向他敞开了。

Eugene had been dazzled at first by the brilliant assembly, and had scarcely exchanged a few words with the Vicomtesse; he had been content to single out a goddess among this throng of Parisian divinities, one of those women who are sure to attract a young man's fancy.

一开始，华丽的宴会让欧仁眼花缭乱，他几乎没能跟子爵夫人说上

几句话。后来，他从一群巴黎女神中挑出了一位肯定能叫人一见倾心的女神，对此他很满意。

The Comtesse Anastasie de Restaud was tall and gracefully made; she had one of the prettiest figures in Paris.

阿纳斯塔谢·德雷斯多伯爵夫人亭亭玉立、体态优雅。她是巴黎身段最好的女子之一。

Imagine a pair of great dark eyes, a magnificently moulded hand, a shapely foot.

想象一下，一对秀美的黑眸，一只优雅的玉手，还有一只漂亮的秀足。

There was a fiery energy in her movements; the Marquis de Ronquerolles had called her "a thoroughbred," "a pure pedigree," these figures of speech have replaced the "heavenly angel" and Ossianic nomenclature; the old mythology of love is extinct, doomed to perish by modern dandyism.

她的一举一动都活力四射。德龙侯爵称她为“一个血统纯正的人”，“一个出身名门的人”，这些词代替了“迷人的天使”和莪相(注：莪相是古代爱尔兰说唱诗人)式的夸张称谓。古老的爱情神话彻底消失了，它注定要消亡在时尚的现代生活中。

But for Rastignac, Mme. Anastasie de Restaud was the woman for whom he had sighed.

但是对于拉斯蒂涅来说，阿纳斯塔谢·德雷斯多夫人正是他所渴求的女人。

He had contrived to write his name twice upon the list of partners upon her fan, and had snatched a few words with her during the first quadrille.

他想方设法在她扇子上的舞伴名单中将自己的名字写了两遍，还在第一次跳方阵舞的时候和她搭了几句话。

"Where shall I meet you again, Madame?" he asked abruptly, and the tones of his voice were full of the vehement energy that women like so well.

“我怎样才能再看见您，夫人？”他唐突地问道，说话时语调充满了热情，这正是女士们非常喜欢的。

"Oh, everywhere!" said she, "in the Bois, at the Bouffons, in my own house."

“哦，哪里都可以啊！”她说道，“树林里、谐谑剧场、我家里，都行。”

With the impetuosity of his adventurous southern temper, he did

all he could to cultivate an acquaintance with this lovely countess, making the best of his opportunities in the quadrille and during a waltz that she gave him.

于是，凭着南方人的那股冒险的冲动劲，他充分利用了方阵舞和她邀请他一起跳华尔兹的机会，竭尽全力想和可爱的伯爵夫人熟识起来。

When he told her that he was a cousin of Mme. de Beauseant's, the Countess, whom he took for a great lady, asked him to call at her house, and after her parting smile, Rastignac felt convinced that he must make this visit.

当他告诉伯爵夫人，自己是德伯桑夫人的堂弟时，他眼中的高贵女士立刻邀请他去她家玩。她笑着和他道别，之后拉斯蒂涅更加觉得自己必须得去拜访她。

He was so lucky as to light upon some one who did not laugh at his ignorance, a fatal defect among the gilded and insolent youth of that period; the coterie of Maulincourts, Maximes de Trailles, de Marsays, Ronquerolles, Ajuda-Pintos, and Vandenesses who shone there in all the glory of coxcombry among the best-dressed women of fashion in Paris—Lady Brandon, the Duchesse de Langeais, the Comtesse de Kergarouet, Mme. de Serizy, the Duchesse de Carigliano, the Comtesse Ferraud, Mme. de Lanty, the Marquise d'Aiglemont, Mme. Firmiani, the Marquise de Listomere and the Marquise d'Espard, the Duchesse de Maufrigneuse and the Grandlieus.

他是多么幸运啊，找到了一个没有嘲笑其无知的人。无知是当时富有、傲慢的年轻人的致命缺点。舞会的宾客有莫林库尔、马克西姆·德拉特尔、德马尔塞、龙格罗、阿尤达-平托和范登埃塞。这些纨绔子弟个个光彩照人、声名显赫，周旋在巴黎打扮得最时尚、最高雅的女士之间——布朗东女士、德朗热公爵夫人、德凯尔加鲁埃伯爵夫人、德塞里夫人、德卡里利安诺公爵夫人、费罗伯爵夫人、德朗蒂夫人、德艾格勒蒙侯爵夫人、菲尔米亚尼夫人、德利斯图梅雷侯爵夫人、德埃斯帕侯爵夫人、德莫弗里涅公爵夫人和格朗利厄等等。

Luckily, therefore, for him, the novice happened upon the Marquis de Montriveau, the lover of the Duchesse de Langeais, a general as simple as a child; from him Rastignac learned that the Comtesse lived in the Rue du Helder.

所以说拉斯蒂涅这个新手碰到了德蒙特里沃侯爵实在很幸运。他是德朗热公爵夫人的情人，是一个和小孩一样单纯的将军。拉斯蒂涅从他口中得知伯爵夫人就住在埃尔德街。

Ah, what it is to be young, eager to see the world, greedily on the watch for any chance that brings you nearer the woman of your dreams, and behold two houses open their doors to you!

啊，他是如此年轻，如此渴望见识世界，觊觎着可以拉近自己和梦中情人距离的所有机会。现在，他看到有两家的门已经为他而开了！

To set foot in the Vicomtesse de Beauseant's house in the Faubourg Saint-Germain; to fall on your knees before a Comtesse de Restaud in the Chaussee d'Antin; to look at one glance across a vista of Paris drawing-rooms, conscious that, possessing sufficient good looks, you may hope to find aid and protection there in a feminine heart!

踏进了德伯桑子爵夫人位于圣日耳曼郊区的府邸；拜倒在居住于德安丁路的德雷斯多伯爵夫人的面前，瞟一眼巴黎的客厅的景色，他明白了只要样貌足够英俊，就有希望在女性的心中找到帮助和庇护！

To feel ambitious enough to spurn the tight-rope on which you must walk with the steady head of an acrobat for whom a fall is impossible, and to find in a charming woman the best of all balancing poles.

以前，他必须在杂技演员平稳的引领下才敢在绷紧的绳索上走动，因为杂技演员是不可能摔倒的。而今，他感到自己有了足够的雄心壮志，可以丢掉绳索，在一位迷人的女士身上找到最好的平衡杆了。

He sat there with his thoughts for a while, Law on the one hand, and Poverty on the other, beholding a radiant vision of a woman rise above the dull, smouldering fire.

他坐在那里这样想了一会儿，一边是法律，另一边是贫穷，他好似看见一位容光焕发的女士出现在奄奄一息的火焰上方。

Who would not have paused and questioned the future as Eugene was doing? Who would not have pictured it full of success?

谁不会像欧仁那样，停下来思考一下自己的未来呢？谁不想未来能功成名就呢？

His wondering thoughts took wings; he was transported out of the present into that blissful future; he was sitting by Mme. de Restaud's side, when a sort of sigh, like the grunt of an overburdened St. Joseph, broke the silence of the night.

他的思想仿佛插上了翅膀。可正当他觉得自己离开了现实，来到了幸福美满的未来，正坐在德雷斯多夫人旁边的时候，一声叹息打破了夜的宁静。那叹息就好像是负荷过重的圣约瑟发出的嘟囔声。

It vibrated through the student, who took the sound for a death groan.

这个学生觉得它就像是死亡的呻吟，不禁全身颤抖起来。

He opened his door noiselessly, went out upon the landing, and saw a thin streak of light under Father Goriot's door.

他轻轻地打开房门，走到楼梯平台，瞥见高老头房门底下的那一线微光。

Eugene feared that his neighbor had been taken ill; he went over and looked through the keyhole; the old man was busily engaged in an occupation so singular and so suspicious that Rastignac thought he was only doing a piece of necessary service to society to watch the self-styled vermicelli maker's nocturnal industries.

欧仁担心他的邻居生病了，就走了过去，透过钥匙孔朝里面看了看。那位老人正忙着在干活。拉斯蒂涅觉得他干的活非常奇怪，非常可疑，因此他觉得自己必须得看清这个自称是面条制造商的人大晚上在干什么勾当才行。他这可是在为大家服务。

The table was upturned, and Goriot had doubtless in some way secured a silver plate and cup to the bar before knotting a thick rope round them; he was pulling at this rope with such enormous force that they were being crushed and twisted out of shape; to all appearance he meant to convert the richly wrought metal into ingots.

高老头把桌子翻了过来，很明显，他在用粗绳子把一套银盘子和银杯子绑起来之前，已经大致把它们固定在桌子的横档上了。他拼命地拉紧绳子，那些杯盘都扭曲变形了。看上去他打算把这精致、贵重的金属绞成银条。

"*Peste!* what a man!" said Rastignac, as he watched Goriot's muscular arms; there was not a sound in the room while the old man, with the aid of the rope, was kneading the silver like dough.

“哟，好家伙！”看着高老头健壮的胳膊，拉斯蒂涅想道。老人在绳子的帮助下，像捏面团一样扭着银器，房间里一点声音也没有。

"Was he then, indeed, a thief, or a receiver of stolen goods, who affected imbecility and decrepitude, and lived like a beggar that he might carry on his pursuits the more securely?"

“莫非他其实是个贼，或是窝赃的人，在假装愚笨、老迈，故意过着叫花子的生活，那样也许就可以更安全地进行自己的勾当？”

Eugene stood for a moment revolving these questions, then he looked again through the keyhole.

欧仁站了一会，反复考虑着这些问题，然后他又从钥匙孔朝里面看去。

Father Goriot had unwound his coil of rope; he had covered the table with a blanket, and was now employed in rolling the flattened mass of silver into a bar, an operation which he performed with marvelous dexterity.

高老头解开了他的那卷绳子，又往桌上盖了条毯子，现在正滚动着

一堆碾平的银器，非常利落地把它们搓成了长条状。

"Why, he must be as strong as Augustus, King of Poland!" said Eugene to himself when the bar was nearly finished.

“哇，他一定和波兰国王奥古斯特一样强壮！”银条快完成的时候，欧仁自言自语道。

Father Goriot looked sadly at his handiwork, tears fell from his eyes, he blew out the dip which had served him for a light while he manipulated the silver, and Eugene heard him sigh as he lay down again.

高老头伤心地看着自己的作品，眼里流下了泪水，然后吹灭了做银条时照明用的蜡烛，躺到了床上。这时，欧仁听见了他的叹气声。

"He is mad," thought the student.

“他疯了。”这个学生想。

"*Poor child!*" Father Goriot said aloud.

“可怜的孩子！”高老头大声地说道。

Rastignac, hearing those words, concluded to keep silence; he would not hastily condemn his neighbor.

拉斯蒂涅听见这话，决定保持沉默。他不会草率地指责自己的邻居。

He was just in the doorway of his room when a strange sound from the staircase below reached his ears; it might have been made by two men coming up in list slippers.

他正要回房间，突然听见一个奇怪的声音从下面的楼梯传来。这也许是两个穿布底拖鞋的男人上楼梯的声音。

Eugene listened; two men there certainly were, he could hear their breathing.

欧仁听了听，果然有两个人在那里，他可以听见他们的呼吸声。

Yet there had been no sound of opening the street door, no footsteps in the passage.

但是，他并没有听见临街的那扇大门打开的声音，过道里也没有脚步声。

Suddenly, too, he saw a faint gleam of light on the second story; it came from M. Vautrin's room.

突然，他又看见三楼有微弱的光线从沃尔特兰先生的房里传出。

"There are a good many mysteries here for a lodging-house!" he said to himself.

“这个旅馆里一定有一大堆秘密！”他暗自思忖道。

He went part of the way downstairs and listened again.

他往楼下走了走，又听了起来。

The rattle of gold reached his ears.

金子的撞击声传到了他的耳朵里。

In another moment the light was put out, and again he distinctly heard the breathing of two men, but no sound of a door being opened or shut.

转眼蜡烛就被吹灭了，他又清楚地听见了两个人的呼吸声，但是没有开关门的声音。

The two men went downstairs, the faint sounds growing fainter as they went.

那两个男人下了楼。他们越走越远，原本就微弱的声音变得更加微弱了。

"Who is there?" cried Mme. Vauquer out of her bedroom window.

“谁在那里？”沃盖夫人在卧室的窗户大喊。

"I, Mme. Vauquer," answered Vautrin's deep bass voice.

“是我，沃盖夫人。”沃尔特兰用低沉的声音答道，

"I am coming in."

“我正要进来了。”

"That is odd! Christophe drew the bolts," said Eugene, going back to his room.

“真奇怪！克里斯托夫明明插了门闩。”欧仁一边朝自己房间走，一边说道。

"You have to sit up at night, it seems, if you really mean to know all that is going on about you in Paris."

“看来在巴黎，如果真想弄清楚周围所发生的一切，就得通宵不睡啊。”

These incidents turned his thought from his ambitious dreams; he betook himself to his work, but his thought wandered back to Father Goriot's suspicious occupation; Mme. de Restaud's face swam again and again before his eyes like a vision of a brilliant future; and at last he lay down and slept with clenched fists.

这些小事将他的思绪从野心勃勃的梦想转移开来。他重新开始用功了，但是思想又思绪了正轨，回到了高老头可疑的行为上；德雷斯多夫人的脸在他的眼前飘来飘去，就像一个美好未来的幻影。最后，他握着

拳头躺到床上睡下了。

When a young man makes up his mind that he will work all night, the chances are that seven times out of ten he will sleep till morning.

当一个年轻人下定决心要彻夜学习的时候，十次中有七次会一觉睡到天亮的。

Such vigils do not begin before we are turned twenty.

二十岁之前没人会熬夜的。

The next morning Paris was wrapped in one of the dense fogs that throw the most punctual people out in their calculations as to the time; even the most business-like folk fail to keep their appointments in such weather, and ordinary mortals wake up at noon and fancy it is eight o'clock.

第二天早上，巴黎浓雾蔽天，让最守时的人都弄错了时间，甚至连最有条不紊的当地人在这样的天气也无法准时应约，一般人在中午起床后还以为才八点。

On this morning it was half-past nine, and Mme. Vauquer still lay abed.

这个早上，都九点半了，沃盖夫人还在睡觉。

Christophe was late, Sylvie was late, but the two sat comfortably taking their coffee as usual.

克里斯托夫起晚了，西尔维也起晚了，但是他们和平常一样舒舒服服地坐在那里喝咖啡。

It was Sylvie's custom to take the cream off the milk destined for the boarders' breakfast for her own, and to boil the remainder for some time, so that madame should not discover this illegal exaction.

西尔维习惯把牛奶上的乳脂撩起来自己吃。这乳脂本来是要给房客们作早餐的。她把剩下来的牛奶煮上一会儿，这样她的女主人就不会发现她不合规矩的行为了。

"Sylvie," said Christophe, as he dipped a piece of toast into the coffee, "M. Vautrin, who is not such a bad sort, all the same, had two people come to see him again last night.

“西尔维，你知道吗，”克里斯托夫用一片面包蘸了蘸咖啡，说道，“沃尔特兰先生不是个坏人，可昨晚又有两个人来找他了。

If madame says anything, mind you say nothing about it.”

如果夫人问起什么，留神别说漏了嘴。”

"Has he given you something?"

“他给了你什么好处吗？”

"He gave me a five-franc piece this month, which is as good as saying, 'Hold your tongue.'" "Except him and Mme. Couture, who doesn't look twice at every penny, there's no one in the house that doesn't try to get back with the left hand all that they give with the right at New Year," said Sylvie.

“他这个月给了我五法朗的赏钱，这就像是在说‘不要声张’一样。”“除了他和库蒂尔夫人，哪个不把一便士掰成两瓣花。过年的时候，这旅馆里其余的每一个人用右手打赏完后，都想用左手把所有的赏钱又拿回来。”西尔维说道。

"And, after all," said Christophe, "what do they give you?

“哼！”克里斯托夫说，“他们到底给了你什么？

A miserable five-franc piece.

区区一个五法朗的硬币。

There is Father Goriot, who has cleaned his shoes himself these two years past.

那个高老头过去的两年都是自己擦鞋子的。

There is that old beggar Poiret, who goes without blacking altogether; he would sooner drink it than put it on his boots.

那个老乞丐普瓦雷从来都不用鞋油，他宁可喝掉它，也不愿把它涂在靴子上。

Then there is that whipper-snapper of a student, who gives me a couple of francs.

至于那个妄自尊大的学生，他只给了我两法郎。

Two francs will not pay for my brushes, and he sells his old clothes, and gets more for them than they are worth.

两法郎还不够我买刷子。他卖掉了自己的旧衣服，挣了不少钱，那些衣服才值不了那么多钱呢。

Oh! they're a shabby lot!"

哼！他们真是一群穷光蛋！”

"Pooh!" said Sylvie, sipping her coffee, "our places are the best in the Quarter, that I know.

“呸！”西尔维喝了一小口咖啡，说，“我们的公寓是拉丁区最好的，这我是知道的。

But about that great big chap Vautrin, Christophe; has any one told you anything about him?”

但是，克里斯托夫，关于沃尔特兰那个大家伙，没人跟你说点什么吗？”

"Yes.

“有啊。

I met a gentleman in the street a few days ago; he said to me, 'There's a gentleman in your place, isn't there? A tall man that dyes his whiskers?'

几天前我在街上碰到了一位先生，他问我：‘你们旅馆是不是住了一位绅士？一个高个子、染了胡子的先生。’

I told him, 'No, sir; they aren't dyed.

我告诉他，‘没有，先生，他们都没有染胡子。

A gay fellow like him hasn't the time to do it.' And when I told M. Vautrin about it afterwards, he said, 'Quite right, my boy.

像他一样寻快活的人才没有这个闲工夫呢。’事后，我告诉沃尔特兰先生这件事的时候，他说，‘伙计，做得对。

That is the way to answer them.

以后就这样回答吧。

There is nothing more unpleasant than to have your little weaknesses known; it might spoil many a match.' "Well, and for my part," said Sylvie, "a man tried to humbug me at the market wanting to know if I had seen him put on his shirt.

没有比让人知道自己的小缺点更烦心的事了。因为这样会满盘皆输。”“嗯，我也碰到过。”西尔维说，“上次在菜市场，就有个男人骗我，想知道我有没有见过他穿衬衫。

Such bosh!

简直是胡说八道！

There," she cried, interrupting herself, "that's a quarter to ten striking at the Val-de-Grace, and not a soul stirring!”

哟！”她换了个话题，大叫，“那是恩典谷教堂的钟声，都九点四十五了，还没有一个人动弹！”

"Pooh! they are all gone out.

“呸！他们都出去了。

Mme. Couture and the girl went out at eight o'clock to take the wafer at Saint-Etienne.

库蒂尔夫人和女孩八点就到圣艾蒂安教堂领圣体去了。

Father Goriot started off somewhere with a parcel, and the student won't be back from his lecture till ten o'clock.

高老头拿了只包裹不知道去哪里了，那个学生十点下课后才会回来。

I saw them go while I was sweeping the stairs; Father Goriot knocked up against me, and his parcel was as hard as iron.

我打扫楼梯时看见他们走的。我还被高老头撞了一下，他的包裹跟铁一样硬。

What is the old fellow up to, I wonder?

我还想，这老家伙干嘛去呢？

He is as good as a plaything for the rest of them; they can never let him alone; but he is a good man, all the same, and worth more than all of them put together.

其余的人把他当玩具一样，他们从来不会让他消停。但他倒是个好人，比他们所有人加起来都要好。

He doesn't give you much himself, but he sometimes sends you with a message to ladies who fork out famous tips; they are dressed grandly, too."

他自己给我的赏钱不多，但有时会让我去给夫人们送信，她们穿得光鲜、亮丽，会给我丰厚的小费。”

"His daughters, as he calls them, eh?

“是他说的那些女儿吗，嗯？

There are a dozen of them.”

总共有一打吧。”

"I have never been to more than two—the two who came here.”

“我只给两位夫人送过信——就是来过这里的那两位。”

"There is madame moving overhead; I shall have to go, or she will raise a fine racket.

“楼上有动静，夫人醒了，我得走了，要不她又要大声嚷嚷了。

Just keep an eye on the milk, Christophe; don't let the cat get at it."

看着牛奶，克里斯托夫，别让猫够着它。”

Sylvie went up to her mistress' room.

西尔维上楼去了女主人的房里。

"Sylvie!

“西尔维！

How is this?

怎么回事？

It's nearly ten o'clock, and you let me sleep like a dormouse!

都快十点了，你还让我睡得像个榛睡鼠似的！

Such a thing has never happened before.”

这样的事情从来没有发生过。”

"It's the fog; it is that thick, you could cut it with a knife."

“全怪这大雾，浓得用刀也劈不开。”

"But how about breakfast?"

“那早餐准备得怎么样？”

"Bah! the boarders are possessed, I'm sure.

“哈！我确信，房客们都吃过了。

They all cleared out before there was a wink of daylight.”

他们一大早都出去了，那时一条阳光都还没有呢。”

"Do speak properly, Sylvie," Mme. Vauquer retorted; "say a blink of daylight."

“别说错了，西尔维，”沃盖夫人反驳道，“要说一线太阳光。”

"Ah, well, madame, whichever you please.

“哦，好，夫人，您说什么就是什么。

Anyhow, you can have breakfast at ten o'clock.

不管怎样，您十点可以吃早餐。

La Michonnette and Poiret have neither of them stirred.

那个米绍诺和普瓦雷还没动静。

There are only those two upstairs, and they are sleeping like the logs they are.”

楼上就只有他们俩，他们睡得像木头似的。”

"But, Sylvie, you put their names together as if—” "As if what?" said Sylvie, bursting into a guffaw.

“可是，西尔维，你把他们的名字放在一起讲，好像——”“好像什么？”西尔维突然大笑着说道，

"The two of them make a pair."

“好像这两人是一对。”

"It is a strange thing, isn't it, Sylvie, how M. Vautrin got in last night after Christophe had bolted the door?"

“西尔维，你说奇不奇怪，昨晚克里斯托夫锁门后，沃尔特兰先生是怎么进门的呢？”

"Not at all, madame.

“一点也不奇怪，夫人。

Christophe heard M. Vautrin, and went down and undid the door.

克里斯托夫听见沃尔特兰先生回来了，就下去给他开门了。

And here are you imagining that—?”

您是在想——?"

"Give me my bodice, and be quick and get breakfast ready.

“把我的紧身胸衣给我，然后快去做好早饭。

Dish up the rest of the mutton with the potatoes, and you can put the stewed pears on the table, those at five a penny.”

在剩下的羊肉里加些土豆，饭后甜点可以做水煮梨，选那些一便士五个的梨。”

A few moments later Mme. Vauquer came down, just in time to see the cat knock down a plate that covered a bowl of milk, and begin to lap in all haste.

过了一会儿，沃盖夫人下来了，刚好看见猫掀翻了盖着牛奶碗的碟子，开始急匆匆地舔着里面的牛奶。

"Mistigris!" she cried.

“你这只小丑！”她大叫起来。

The cat fled, but promptly returned to rub against her ankles.

猫逃走了，但马上又跑回来，在她的脚踝旁蹭来蹭去。

"Oh! yes, you can wheedle, you old hypocrite!" she said.

“好！好，你会拍马屁，你这只老畜生，伪君子！”她说，

"Sylvie! Sylvie!"

“西尔维！西尔维！”

"Yes, madame; what is it?"

“是的，夫人，什么事啊？”

"Just see what the cat has done!"

“看看猫做了什么！”

"It is all that stupid Christophe's fault.

“这全怪蠢货克里斯托夫。

I told him to stop and lay the table.

我早叫他放下手中的活，先把桌子摆好了。

What has become of him?”

他到底去干嘛了？”

"Don't you worry, madame; Father Goriot shall have it.

“别担心，夫人，这牛奶可以给高老头喝。

I will fill it up with water, and he won't know the difference; he never notices anything, not even what he eats."

我会在里面添点水，他不会觉察到差别的。他从不会注意到任何事情，连他吃的东西也不会注意的。”

"I wonder where the old heathen can have gone?" said Mme. Vauquer, setting the plates round the table.

“我在想，这老怪物可以去哪里呢？”沃盖夫人一边把盘子摆到桌子上，一边问道。

"Who knows?

“谁知道啊？

He is up to all sorts of tricks.”

他可是擅长各种各样骗人的把戏啊。”

"I have overslept myself," said Mme. Vauquer.

“我睡过头了。”沃盖夫人说。

"But madame looks as fresh as a rose, all the same."

“但是，夫人，您看起来仍然像玫瑰一样容光焕发啊。”

The door bell rang at that moment, and Vautrin came through the sitting-room, singing loudly: "'Tis the same old story everywhere, a roving heart and a roving glance. "Oh! Mamma Vauquer! good-morning!" he cried at the sight of his hostess, and he put his arm gaily round her waist.

就在这时，门铃响了，沃尔特兰大声地唱着歌，走进了客厅：“世界各地都流传着同一个古老的故事，四处流浪的心灵，飘忽不定的目光。”“哦！沃盖妈妈！早上好啊！”他一看见女房东，立刻大声喊起来，还高兴地用胳膊搂着她的腰。

"There! have done—” “'Impertinence!' Say it!" he answered. "Come, say it! Now, isn't that what you really mean? Stop a bit, I will

help you to set the table. Ah! I am a nice man, am I not?" "For the locks of brown and the golden hair a sighing lover..." "Oh! I have just seen something so funny—… Led by chance.”

“行了！快放手——”“快喊‘非礼啊！’”他回到道，“快啊，快喊啊！现在，您不就正是那个意思吗？歇一会儿吧，我来帮您摆桌子。啊哈！我是个好人，是吧？”“为了褐发和金发的姑娘啊，一个叹气的爱人啊……”“哦！我刚才看见了一件特别有趣的事——全是偶然看见的。”

"What?" asked the widow.

“什么事？”这位寡妇问道。

"Father Goriot in the goldsmith's shop in the Rue Dauphine at half-past eight this morning.

“今天早上八点半，我看见高老头在多菲内街的那家金铺里。

They buy old spoons and forks and gold lace there, and Goriot sold a piece of silver plate for a good round sum.

那里是收旧汤勺、旧叉子和旧金线花边的地方。高老头卖了一块银子，价钱很好。

It had been twisted out of shape very neatly for a man that's not used to the trade."

对于一个不擅长这门手艺的人来说，他绞出来的银条还真不错呢。”

"Really?

“真的吗？

You don't say so?"

你该不会是编的吧？”

"Yes. One of my friends is expatriating himself; I had been to see him off on board the Royal Mail steamer, and was coming back here. I waited after that to see what Father Goriot would do; it is a comical affair.

“是真的。我有一个朋友要移居国外，我去送他上了皇家邮轮后才回来。后来，我看见了高老头，就瞧了瞧他在干什么。这是一桩好笑的事。

He came back to this quarter of the world, to the Rue des Gres, and went into a money-lender's house; everybody knows him, Gobseck, a stuck-up rascal, that would make dominoes out of his father's bones, a Turk, a heathen, an old Jew, a Greek; it would be a difficult matter to rob *him*, for he puts all his coin into the Bank.”

他回到了拉丁区的格雷斯街上，进了一个放高利贷的人家。人人都知道戈布塞克，他是个自高自大的流氓，愿意用自己父亲的骨头做多米

诺骨牌，简直是个土耳其人、异教徒、老犹太人、希腊人。从他手里抢钱是件难事，因为他把自己所有的钱都放进了银行。”

"Then what was Father Goriot doing there?"

“那么，高老头到底在那里干什么？”

"Doing?" said Vautrin.

“干什么？”沃尔特兰说，

"Nothing; he was bent on his own undoing.

“能干什么，不就是吃尽自己的家当嘛！

He is a simpleton, stupid enough to ruin himself by running after—" "There he is!" cried Sylvie.

他就是个傻子，傻到倾家荡产去追——”“他来了！”西尔维叫道。

"Christophe," cried Father Goriot's voice, "come upstairs with me."

“克里斯托夫，”高老头喊道，“跟我到楼上来。”

Christophe went up, and shortly afterwards came down again.

克里斯托夫上了楼，很快就又下来了。

"Where are you going?" Mme. Vauquer asked of her servant.

“你要去哪里？”沃盖夫人问自己的仆人。

"Out on an errand for M. Goriot."

“出去给高里奥先生送信。”

"What may that be?" said Vautrin, pouncing on a letter in Christophe's hand.

“什么信啊？”沃尔特兰说着，一把夺过了克里斯托夫手中的信。

"*Mme. la Comtesse Anastasie de Restaud*," he read.

“阿纳斯塔谢·德雷斯多伯爵夫人。”他念道。

"Where are you going with it?" he added, as he gave the letter back to Christophe.

“你要把信送到哪里？”他把信还给了克里斯托夫，接着问道。

"To the Rue du Helder.

“送到埃尔德街。

I have orders to give this into her hands myself.”

他吩咐我一定要把信亲手交到伯爵夫人的手里。”

"What is there inside it?" said Vautrin, holding the letter up to the

light.

“信里面有什么呢？”沃尔特兰把信举到灯下，说道。

"A banknote? No." He peered into the envelope.

“一张钞票？不是的。”他凝视着信封。

"A receipted account!" he cried.

“一张债务清讫的收条！”他大叫，

"My word! 'tis a gallant old dotard.

“不错啊，这老糊涂是真讲义气啊！

Off with you, old chap," he said, bringing down a hand on Christophe's head, and spinning the man round like a thimble; "you will have a famous tip."

老伙计，你去送信吧。”他伸出手放到克里斯托夫的头上，把他的身体像顶针一样转了转说，“你又可以挣好多小费了。”

By this time the table was set.

这时，桌子摆好了。

Sylvie was boiling the milk, Mme. Vauquer was lighting a fire in the stove with some assistance from Vautrin, who kept humming to himself: "The same old story everywhere, a roving heart and a roving glance."

西尔维正在煮牛奶。沃盖夫人在给炉子点火，沃尔特兰在一旁帮忙，还不停地哼着：“世界各地都流传着同一个古老的故事，四处流浪的心灵，飘忽不定的目光。”

When everything was ready, Mme. Couture and Mlle. Taillefer came in.

当一切准备妥当，库蒂尔夫人和塔耶费小姐回来了。

"Where have you been this morning, fair lady?" said Mme. Vauquer, turning to Mme. Couture.

“漂亮的女士，您今天早上去哪里了啊？”沃盖夫人转向库蒂尔夫人，问道。

"We have just been to say our prayers at Saint-Etienne du Mont.

“我们刚刚去山上的圣艾蒂安教堂祷告去了。

To-day is the day when we must go to see M. Taillefer.

今天是我们必须去看塔耶费先生的日子。

Poor little thing!

可怜的小东西！

She is trembling like a leaf," Mme. Couture went on, as she seated herself before the fire and held the steaming soles of her boots to the blaze.

她正像树叶一样颤抖着呢。”库蒂尔夫人坐到火炉的前面，把湿热的靴底拿到火苗前，继续说着。

"Warm yourself, Victorine," said Mme. Vauquer.

“维多琳，过来烤火吧。”沃盖夫人说道。

"It is quite right and proper, mademoiselle, to pray to Heaven to soften your father's heart," said Vautrin, as he drew a chair nearer to the orphan girl; "but that is not enough.

“小姐，祈祷上帝让你父亲的心肠变软很正确、很恰当。”沃尔特兰拉了拉椅子，坐得离这个孤儿更近了些，说道，“但是那是不够的。

What you want is a friend who will give the monster a piece of his mind; a barbarian that has three millions (so they say), and will not give you a dowry; and a pretty girl needs a dowry nowadays.”

你需要的是一个可以让那个怪物清醒清醒的朋友。一个有三百万的野蛮人（他们是这么说的）居然不给你嫁妆。现在的漂亮女孩是需要嫁妆的。”

"Poor child!" said Mme. Vauquer.

“可怜的孩子！”沃盖夫人说，

"Never mind, my pet, your wretch of a father is going just the way to bring trouble upon himself."

“别担心，我的甜心，你那卑鄙可耻的父亲将来一定会自食其果、遭到报应的。”

Victorine's eyes filled with tears at the words, and the widow checked herself at a sign from Mme. Couture.

听了这一番话，维多琳的眼中含满了泪水。这位寡妇看见库蒂尔夫人对她摆了摆手，就不作声了。

"If we could only see him!" said the Commissary-General's widow; "if I could speak to him myself and give him his wife's last letter!

“只要我们能见到他就行了！”这位总军需官的遗孀说道，“只要我能跟他说上话，能把他妻子的遗书交给他就行了！

I have never dared to run the risk of sending it by post; he knew my handwriting—” “'Oh woman, persecuted and injured innocent!'" exclaimed Vautrin, breaking in upon her.

我从来不敢冒险把信寄给他，他认得我的字迹——”“‘哦，女人，你们总是备受迫害、委屈而又无辜！’”沃尔特兰打断了她的话，大声嚷起

来，

"So that is how you are, is it?

“所以，你们现在就落得这般田地，是吗？

In a few days' time I will look into your affairs, and it will be all right, you shall see."

过几天我来处理你们的事情，这件事肯定会有一个完满的结局。你们等着瞧吧。”

"Oh! sir," said Victorine, with a tearful but eager glance at Vautrin, who showed no sign of being touched by it, "if you know of any way of communicating with my father, please be sure and tell him that his affection and my mother's honor are more to me than all the money in the world.

“哦，先生，”维多琳含着泪水，热切地看了一眼沃尔特兰，但是沃尔特兰却没有表现出被她所感动的迹象，“如果您知道任何和我父亲联络的办法，请一定要告诉他，他的爱和我母亲的名誉对我而言比世上所有的财富都要珍贵。

If you can induce him to relent a little towards me, I will pray to God for you.

如果您能让他对我稍微好些，我会在上帝面前为您祷告的。

You may be sure of my gratitude—" "*The same old story everywhere*," sang Vautrin, with a satirical intonation.

您可以确信，我会对您感激不尽的——”“世界各地流传着同一个古老的故事。”沃尔特兰用讽刺的声调唱着。

At this juncture, Goriot, Mlle. Michonneau, and Poiret came downstairs together; possibly the scent of the gravy which Sylvie was making to serve with the mutton had announced breakfast.

就在这个时候，高老头、米绍诺小姐和普瓦雷一起下楼了。西尔维正在做肉汤，准备用它来配羊肉。也许是肉汤的味道宣告了早餐时间的到来。

The seven people thus assembled bade each other good-morning, and took their places at the table; the clock struck ten, and the student's footstep was heard outside.

七个人就这样聚到了一起，大家互相问早安，然后坐到了桌旁。时针指向了十点，学生的脚步声从外面传来。

"Ah! here you are, M. Eugene," said Sylvie; "every one is breakfasting at home to-day.”

“啊，你回来了，欧仁先生。”西尔维说，“今天每个人都在家吃早饭啊。”

The student exchanged greetings with the lodgers, and sat down beside Goriot.

学生和其他房客互问了早上好，然后坐到了高老头的旁边。

"I have just met with a queer adventure," he said, as he helped himself abundantly to the mutton, and cut a slice of bread, which Mme. Vauquer's eyes gauged as usual.

“我刚刚有了奇遇。”他说着夹了好多羊肉，还切了一片面包。沃盖夫人像往常一样目测着他吃了多少东西。

"An adventure?" queried Poiret.

“奇遇？”普瓦雷质疑道。

"Well, and what is there to astonish you in that, old boy?"

“哎！你大惊小怪干嘛，老家伙？”

Vautrin asked of Poiret.

沃尔特兰对普瓦雷说，

"M. Eugene is cut out for that kind of thing."

“欧仁先生总会碰到那种事情。”

Mlle. Taillefer stole a timid glance at the young student.

塔耶费小姐怯生生地偷看了这个年轻学生一眼。

"Tell us about your adventure!" demanded M. Vautrin.

“跟我们讲讲你的奇遇！”沃尔特兰先生要求道。

"Yesterday evening I went to a ball given by a cousin of mine, the Vicomtesse de Beauseant.

“昨晚，我去参加我表姐德伯桑子爵夫人举办的舞会了。

She has a magnificent house; the rooms are hung with silk—in short, it was a splendid affair, and I was as happy as a king—" "Fisher," put in Vautrin, interrupting.

她有一所华丽的房子，房间里都挂满了绫罗绸缎——简而言之，昨晚的舞会太棒了，我特别开心，简直像个国王——”“像个翠鸟。”沃尔特兰打断了他。（注：英语中“国王”是king，而“翠鸟”是kingfisher；此处沃尔特兰故意在king之后接上fisher，把“国王”变成了“翠鸟”，是在开玩笑。）

"What do you mean, sir?" said Eugene sharply.

“您这是什么意思，先生？”欧仁气恼地问。

"I said 'fisher,' because kingfishers see a good deal more fun than kings."

“我说‘翠鸟’是因为翠鸟比国王要快活得多。”

"Quite true; I would much rather be the little careless bird than a king," said Poiret the ditto-ist, "because—" "In fact"—the law-student cut him short— "I danced with one of the handsomest women in the room, a charming countess, the most exquisite creature I have ever seen.

“很正确，我宁愿当一只无忧无虑的小鸟，也不愿意当国王。”应声虫普瓦雷说，“因为——”“实际上，”这个法律系学生很快打断了他，“我和房里最美的女士跳了舞。她是一位迷人的伯爵夫人，是我见过的最高雅的人。

There was peach blossom in her hair, and she had the loveliest bouquet of flowers—real flowers, that scented the air—but there! it is no use trying to describe a woman glowing with the dance.

她头上戴着桃花编织的花环，那是最漂亮的花束——都是真花，空气中弥漫着花香——行了！无需费力去描述一个翩翩起舞、容光焕发的女士。

You ought to have seen her!

你们得亲眼看她才行！

Well, and this morning I met this divine countess about nine o'clock, on foot in the Rue de Gres.

嗯，今天早上大约九点钟的时候，我正在格雷斯街上走着，碰到了这位美丽脱俗的伯爵夫人。

Oh! how my heart beat!

哦！我的心跳得好快啊！

I began to think—" "That she was coming here," said Vautrin, with a keen look at the student.

我开始以为——”“以为她会来这里。”沃尔特兰热切地注视着这位学生说，

"I expect that she was going to call on old Gobseck, a money-lender.

“我预计她是去拜访放高利贷的戈布塞克。

If ever you explore a Parisian woman's heart, you will find the money-lender first, and the lover afterwards.

如果你曾经研究过巴黎女人的内心，就会发现她们把放高利贷的人放在第一位，其后才是情人。

Your countess is called Anastasie de Restaud, and she lives in the Rue du Helder.”

你的伯爵夫人叫做阿纳斯塔谢·德雷斯多，住在埃尔德街。”

The student stared hard at Vautrin.

学生死死地盯着沃尔特兰。

Father Goriot raised his head at the words, and gave the two speakers a glance so full of intelligence and uneasiness that the lodgers beheld him with astonishment.

听到这些话，高老头抬起了头，瞟了他们俩一眼，眼神中充满了机智与不安，这让房客们都惊讶地看着他。

"Then Christophe was too late, and she must have gone to him!" cried Goriot, with anguish in his voice.

“克里斯托夫去得太晚了，她一定是去他那里了！”高老头用痛苦的声音大叫。

"It is just as I guessed," said Vautrin, leaning over to whisper in Mme. Vauquer's ear.

“果然不出我所料。”沃尔特兰凑到沃盖夫人的耳边小声说道。

Goriot went on with his breakfast, but seemed unconscious of what he was doing.

高老头继续吃早餐，但是早餐在他看来味如嚼蜡。

He had never looked more stupid nor more taken up with his own thoughts than he did at that moment.

他从来没有像当时看起来那么傻、那么心不在焉过。

"Who the devil could have told you her name, M. Vautrin?" asked Eugene.

“沃尔特兰先生，到底是谁告诉你她的名字的？”欧仁问。

"Aha! there you are!" answered Vautrin.

“啊哈！你终于问到这个问题了！”沃尔特兰答道，

"Old Father Goriot there knew it quite well!

“坐在那里的高老头知道得非常清楚。

And why should I not know it too?”

为什么我就不应该知道呢？”

"M. Goriot?" the student cried.

“高老头？”学生大叫。

"What is it?" asked the old man.

“什么？”老人问，

"So she was very beautiful, was she, yesterday night?"

“她昨晚非常漂亮，是吧？”

"Who?"

“谁？”

"Mme. de Restaud."

“德雷斯多夫人。”

"Look at the old wretch," said Mme. Vauquer, speaking to Vautrin; "how his eyes light up!"

“瞧那老混蛋，”沃盖夫人对沃尔特兰说，“他的眼睛多亮啊！”

"Then does he really keep her?" said Mlle. Michonneau, in a whisper to the student.

“他真的养着那个女人吗？”米绍诺小姐悄声对学生说。

"Oh! yes, she was tremendously pretty," Eugene answered.

“哦，对，她非常漂亮。”欧仁答道。

Father Goriot watched him with eager eyes.

高老头用渴望的眼神看着他。

"If Mme. de Beauseant had not been there, my divine countess would have been the queen of the ball; none of the younger men had eyes for any one else.

“如果德伯桑夫人不在那里，我神圣的伯爵夫人肯定是舞会皇后了。年轻人都只盯着她看。

I was the twelfth on her list, and she danced every quadrille.

我在她的舞伴名单上排第十二位，每次方阵舞她都跳。

The other women were furious.

其他的女人都气坏了。

She must have enjoyed herself, if ever creature did!

如果有女人高兴的话，那她一定是最高兴的！

It is a true saying that there is no more beautiful sight than a frigate in full sail, a galloping horse, or a woman dancing.”

常言道：天下之美，莫过于满帆前行的军舰、纵横驰骋的骏马或翩翩起舞的女郎。”

"So the wheel turns," said Vautrin; "yesterday night at a duchess' ball, this morning in a money-lender's office, on the lowest rung of the ladder—just like a Parisienne!

“事情就是这样发展的。”沃尔特兰说，“昨晚还在公爵夫人的舞会上，今早就在放高利贷的人的办公室里，跑到了社会的最底层——真是个巴黎女人啊！

If their husbands cannot afford to pay for their frantic extravagance, they will sell themselves.

如果她们的丈夫不能负担她们的挥霍无度，她们就会出卖自己。

Or if they cannot do that, they will tear out their mothers' hearts to find something to pay for their splendor.

或者如果不能那样做，她们就会撕开自己母亲的心，去找出点什么来支付自己奢华的生活。

They will turn the world upside down.

她们会把世界颠倒过来的。

Just a Parisienne through and through!”

简直是个彻彻底底的巴黎女人！”

Father Goriot's face, which had shone at the student's words like the sun on a bright day, clouded over all at once at this cruel speech of Vautrin's.

听见学生的话，高老头的脸绽放出了光芒，就像晴天的太阳，但是听到沃尔特兰恶毒的评论，他的脸立刻阴了下来。

"Well," said Mme. Vauquer, "but where is your adventure?

“喂，”沃盖夫人说，“你的奇遇是在哪里发生的啊？

Did you speak to her?

你有没有跟她讲过话？

Did you ask her if she wanted to study law?”

你有没有问她要不要学法律？”

"She did not see me," said Eugene.

“她没有看见我，”欧仁说，

"But only think of meeting one of the prettiest women in Paris in the Rue des Gres at nine o'clock!

“但是想想看，九点钟在格雷斯街碰到巴黎最美的女人之一！

She could not have reached home after the ball till two o'clock this morning.

可是她参加完舞会，回到家时最少也是凌晨两点了。

Wasn't it queer?

这不奇怪吗？

There is no place like Paris for this sort of adventures.”

只有在巴黎才能有这等奇遇啊。”

"Pshaw! much funnier things than *that* happen here!" exclaimed Vautrin.

“哼！这里发生的事比那要有趣的多呢！”沃尔特兰大声嚷嚷道。

Mlle. Taillefer had scarcely heeded the talk, she was so absorbed by the thought of the new attempt that she was about to make.

塔耶费小姐几乎没有留意他们的谈话，她全神贯注地想着自己即将进行的新尝试。

Mme. Couture made a sign that it was time to go upstairs and dress; the two ladies went out, and Father Goriot followed their example.

库蒂尔夫人给她递了个眼神，示意她是时候上楼换衣服了。她俩一出门，高老头也跟着走了。

"Well, did you see?" said Mme. Vauquer, addressing Vautrin and the rest of the circle.

“哎，你们瞧见没有？”沃盖夫人对沃尔特兰和桌子周围的其他人说，

"He is ruining himself for those women, that is plain."

“多明显啊，他正为了那些婆娘要把自己弄得倾家荡产呢。”

"Nothing will ever make me believe that that beautiful Comtesse de Restaud is anything to Father Goriot," cried the student.

“我绝不相信美丽的德雷斯多伯爵夫人是高老头的情妇。”学生大叫道。

"Well, and if you don't," broke in Vautrin, "we are not set on convincing you.

“好吧，如果你不信，就不信吧。”沃尔特兰插话说，“我们也没说一定要你相信。

You are too young to know Paris thoroughly yet; later on you will find out that there are what we call men with a passion—” Mlle. Michonneau gave Vautrin a quick glance at these words.

你太年轻了，还不完全了解巴黎。以后你会发现自己就是我们所说的痴情汉了——”米绍诺小姐听见这些话，飞快地瞟了沃尔特兰一眼。

They seemed to be like the sound of a trumpet to a trooper's horse.

他们的反应看上去就像是骑兵的马听见了号角声一样。

"Aha!" said Vautrin, stopping in his speech to give her a searching glance, "so we have had our little experiences, have we?"

“啊哈！”沃尔特兰停了下来，仔细地扫了她一眼说，“所以说我们都有些小小的经历，是吧？”

The old maid lowered her eyes like a nun who sees a statue.

这位老处女低下了眼睛，就像看见人体雕像的修女一样。

"Well," he went on, "when folk of that kind get a notion into their heads, they cannot drop it.

“唔，”他继续说，“一旦那种人的脑袋里有了一种念头，他们就无法摒弃它了。

They must drink the water from some particular spring—it is stagnant as often as not; but they will sell their wives and families, they will sell their own souls to the devil to get it.

他们一定要从某个特定的泉眼汲水喝——那些泉眼一般都是死水一潭。但是，他们为了得到它，不惜出卖妻子和家人，或者把自己的灵魂出卖给魔鬼。

For some this spring is play, or the stock-exchange, or music, or a collection of pictures or insects; for others it is some woman who can give them the dainties they like.

对有的人来说，这口泉眼是玩乐，或是证交所，或是音乐，或是画集，或是昆虫标本集。对其他人来说，这口泉眼是某个做得一手令他们称心如意的好菜的女人。

You might offer these last all the women on earth—they would turn up their noses; they will have the only one who can gratify their passion.

就算你把世上所有的女人都给后一种人，他们也会不屑一顾。他们只会要那个能够满足自己欲望的女人。

It often happens that the woman does not care for them at all, and treats them cruelly; they buy their morsels of satisfaction very dear; but no matter, the fools are never tired of it; they will take their last blanket to the pawnbroker's to give their last five-franc piece to her.

女人常常会无视他们，残忍地对待他们。他们花大把的钱给自己买来一点点的满足。但是，无论如何，那些傻瓜都不会厌倦，他们会典当自己最后的一张毯子换回五法朗硬币给她。

Father Goriot here is one of that sort.

这里的高老头就是那种人。

He is discreet, so the Countess exploits him—just the way of the gay world.

他生活朴素，因此伯爵夫人能够从他身上榨取钱财——这正是玩乐世界的运转方式。

The poor old fellow thinks of her and of nothing else.

可怜的老家伙只想着她，别的什么都不想。

In all other respects you see he is a stupid animal; but get him on that subject, and his eyes sparkle like diamonds.

从其他各个方面来看，你会认为他是个愚蠢的畜生。但是，一跟他提到那个话题，他的眼睛就像钻石般闪亮。

That secret is not difficult to guess.

那个秘密不难猜到。

He took some plate himself this morning to the melting-pot, and I saw him at Daddy Gobseck's in the Rue des Gres.

今天早上，他带了些银器去匠铺熔掉了，然后我看见他去了格雷斯街上的戈布塞克老爹家。

And now, mark what follows—he came back here, and gave a letter for the Comtesse de Restaud to that noodle of a Christophe, who showed us the address; there was a receipted bill inside it.

现在，看看接下来发生了什么——他回到这里，叫克里斯托夫给德雷斯多伯爵夫人送了封信，那个笨蛋克里斯托夫给我们看了地址。信里面还有张债务清讫的收条。

It is clear that it was an urgent matter if the Countess also went herself to the old money lender.

如果伯爵夫人亲自去放高利贷人的家里，显而易见这是件紧急的事情。

Father Goriot has financed her handsomely.

高老头慷慨地资助她。

There is no need to tack a tale together; the thing is self-evident.

没有必要把事情串联起来，事情已经不证自明了。

So that shows you, sir student, that all the time your Countess was smiling, dancing, flirting, swaying her peach-flower crowned head, with her gown gathered into her hand, her slippers were pinching her, as they say; she was thinking of her protested bills, or her lover's protested bills."

所以，学生先生，这一切告诉你，当你的伯爵夫人提着裙角嬉笑、

跳舞、卖弄风情、摇晃着她戴着桃花花环的脑袋时，她就像俗语说的那样，是大脚套在小鞋里,难受着呢，她正想着自己或者她的情人的到期偿还不了的借票该怎么办呢。”

"You have made me wild to know the truth," cried Eugene; "I will go to call on Mme. de Restaud to-morrow.”

“你这么一说，我还非得把事实弄清楚不可。”欧仁大声说道，“我明天就去拜访德雷斯多夫人。”

"Yes," echoed Poiret; "you must go and call on Mme. de Restaud."

“好啊，”普瓦雷应声道，“你是得去拜访德雷斯多夫人啊。”

"And perhaps you will find Father Goriot there, who will take payment for the assistance he politely rendered."

“说不定你还能在那里碰到高老头呢，他客气地为她提供了帮助，肯定会有所回报的。”

Eugene looked disgusted.

欧仁不胜厌恶地说：

"Why, then, this Paris of yours is a slough."

“那么你们的巴黎是个烂泥潭了哦。”

"And an uncommonly queer slough, too," replied Vautrin.

“而且也是个不同寻常的古怪泥潭。”沃尔特兰答道，

"The mud splashes you as you drive through it in your carriage—you are a respectable person; you go afoot and are splashed—you are a scoundrel.

“要是你驾着马车经过时溅上泥——你就是个备受尊敬的人；要是你步行时溅上泥——那么你就是个无赖。

You are so unlucky as to walk off with something or other belonging to somebody else, and they exhibit you as a curiosity in the Place du Palais-de-Justice; you steal a million, and you are pointed out in every salon as a model of virtue.

如果你不幸顺手拿走某件属于别人的东西，他们就会把你拉到法院广场去展览，让大家把你当戏看；如果你偷了一百万，你却会成为各个社交沙龙中谈论的道德楷模。

And you pay thirty millions for the police and the courts of justice, for the maintenance of law and order!

而你要付三千万给警察和法院来维持法律和秩序！

A pretty slate of things it is!”

这是多么妙的事啊！”

"What," cried Mme. Vauquer, "has Father Goriot really melted down his silver posset-dish?”

“什么，”沃盖夫人大叫，“高老头有没有溶了他的银质牛乳酒盘子？”

"There were two turtle-doves on the lid, were there not?" asked Eugene.

“盘罩上画着两只斑鸠，是吗？”欧仁问道。

"Yes, that there were."

“是啊，是有。”

"Then, was he fond of it?" said Eugene.

“他很喜欢它吗？”欧仁说，

"He cried while he was breaking up the cup and plate.

“他打碎杯碟的时候哭了。

I happened to see him by accident.”

我碰巧看见了。”

"It was dear to him as his own life," answered the widow.

“那只盘子对他而言和他自己的生命一样珍贵。”寡妇答道。

"There! you see how infatuated the old fellow is!" cried Vautrin.

“现在，你们知道那老家伙有多痴迷了吧！”沃尔特兰大声说，

"The woman yonder can coax the soul out of him." The student went up to his room.

“那个女人能叫人迷失心智，失去自我。”学生上楼去了自己的房间。

Vautrin went out, and a few moments later Mme. Couture and Victorine drove away in a cab which Sylvie had called for them.

沃尔特兰出去了，过了一会儿，库蒂尔夫人和维多琳也乘着西尔维替她们叫的出租马车离开了。

Poiret gave his arm to Mlle. Michonneau, and they went together to spend the two sunniest hours of the day in the Jardin des Plantes.

普瓦雷扶着米绍诺小姐，他们一起去植物园度过这一天中阳光最灿烂的两个小时。

"Well, those two are as good as married," was the portly Sylvie's comment.

“哎呦，这两人就像结了婚似的。”胖子西尔维评价道，

"They are going out together to-day for the first time.

“他们今天第一次一起出去。

They are such a couple of dry sticks that if they happen to strike against each other they will draw sparks like flint and steel.”

他们是两根干棍子，如果不小心碰到了一起，一定会擦出火花的，就像打火石碰到钢片似的。”

"Keep clear of Mlle. Michonneau's shawl, then," said Mme. Vauquer, laughing; "it would flare up like tinder."

“米绍诺小姐得小心自己的披肩了。”沃盖夫人笑着说，“它可是像火绒一样很容易燃烧起来啊。”

At four o'clock that evening, when Goriot came in, he saw, by the light of two smoky lamps, that Victorine's eyes were red.

那天傍晚四点钟的时候，高老头回来了。借着两只冒烟的油灯发出的光，他看到维多琳的眼睛红红的。

Mme. Vauquer was listening to the history of the visit made that morning to M. Taillefer; it had been made in vain.

沃盖夫人正听她们讲着早上拜访塔耶费先生的情形。她们这次依然无功而返。

Taillefer was tired of the annual application made by his daughter and her elderly friend; he gave them a personal interview in order to arrive at an understanding with them.

塔耶费先生厌倦了女儿和他年长的朋友每年的拜访。他终于答应见她们，想要和她们说清楚。

"My dear lady," said Mme. Couture, addressing Mme. Vauquer, "just imagine it; he did not even ask Victorine to sit down, she was standing the whole time. he said to me quite coolly, without putting himself in a passion, that we might spare ourselves the trouble of going there; that the young lady (he would not call her his daughter) was injuring her cause by importuning him (*importuning!* once a year, the wretch!); that as Victorine's mother had nothing when he married her, Victorine ought not to expect anything from him; in fact, he said the most cruel things, that made the poor child burst out crying.

“我亲爱的女士，”库蒂尔夫人对沃盖夫人说，“您想想看，他甚至没有要维多琳坐下，她一直从头站到尾。他非常冷酷、不带一丝感情地叫我们不要去那里自找麻烦。他还说这位年轻的女士（他不会称她为女儿）跑来纠缠他（纠缠！每年就一次，这个卑鄙小人！）只会适得其反，让他越来越讨厌她。因为维多琳的母亲嫁给他时一无所有，所以她也别指望从他这里得到任何东西。实际上，他说了最残酷的话，让这个可怜的孩子嚎啕大哭。

The little thing threw herself at her father's feet and spoke up bravely; she said that she only persevered in her visits for her mother's sake; that she would obey him without a murmur, but that she begged him to read her poor dead mother's farewell letter.

这小东西扑到父亲的脚下，勇敢地大声说道，她坚持拜访他只是为了自己的母亲。她愿意毫无怨言地顺从他，但是她乞求他读一读自己可怜的亡母的遗书。

She took it up and gave it to him, saying the most beautiful things in the world, most beautifully expressed; I do not know where she learned them; God must have put them into her head, for the poor child was inspired to speak so nicely that it made me cry like a fool to hear her talk.

她拿起信递给了他，用最美的方式说着世上最美的话。我不知道她是在哪里学会这些的，一定是上帝把它们放进她的脑海里的，因为这个可怜的孩子突发灵感，说出了如此优美的话。听了她的话，我像个傻瓜一样大哭起来。

And what do you think the monster was doing all the time?

可你知道那个怪物那时候在干什么吗？

Cutting his nails!

他在剪指甲！

He took the letter that poor Mme. Taillefer had soaked with tears, and flung it on to the chimney-piece.

他拿起那封浸透塔耶费夫人眼泪的信，扔到了壁炉架上。

'That is all right,' he said.

‘好吧。’他说。

He held out his hands to raise his daughter, but she covered them with kisses, and he drew them away again.

他伸手想扶起自己的女儿，但是她亲吻起父亲的手来，于是他又把手缩回去了。

Scandalous, isn't it?

真可耻，不是吗？

And his great booby of a son came in and took no notice of his sister.”

他的傻儿子进来后，对他的妹妹理都不理。”

"What inhuman wretches they must be!" said Father Goriot.

“他们是多么冷酷无情的卑鄙小人啊！”高老头说。

"And then they both went out of the room," Mme. Couture went on, without heeding the worthy vermicelli maker's exclamation; "father and son bowed to me, and asked me to excuse them on account of urgent business!

库蒂尔夫人没有注意到那位可敬的面条制造商的慨叹，接着说：“父子俩向我鞠躬，说他们有急事得离开，要我谅解他们！然后他们都走出了房间。

That is the history of our call.

这就是我们今天拜访的经过。

Well, he has seen his daughter at any rate.

嗯，他至少已经见过自己的女儿了。

How he can refuse to acknowledge her I cannot think, for they are as alike as two peas.”

我想不明白他怎么能拒绝承认自己的女儿，他们俩长得一模一样，就像两颗豌豆一样。”

The boarders dropped in one after another, interchanging greetings and empty jokes that certain classes of Parisians regard as humorous and witty.

房客们一个接一个地进来了，他们互相问好，说些无聊的笑话。在巴黎的某些阶层中，这些笑话被认为是幽默、诙谐的。

Dulness is their prevailing ingredient, and the whole point consists in mispronouncing a word or a gesture.

他们的笑话大部分内容都很枯燥，笑点就是故意说错一个单词或是打个特定的手势。

This kind of argot is always changing.

这种“行话”总是在变化。

The essence of the jest consists in some catchword suggested by a political event, an incident in the police courts, a street song, or a bit of burlesque at some theatre, and forgotten in a month.

笑话的精髓在于某个政治事件引发的流行语、一个发生在治安法庭的小事件、一首街头歌曲或一小段在某个剧院上演的滑稽戏，它们一个月后就会被忘得一干二净。

Anything and everything serves to keep up a game of battledore and shuttlecock with words and ideas.

一切事情的作用都是维持一场语言和思想的羽毛球赛。

The diorama, a recent invention, which carried an optical illusion a degree further than panoramas, had given rise to a mania among art

students for ending every word with RAMA.

透视画是最近的发明，比起全景画来，它可以把视错觉使用得更为到位。透视画让艺术系的学生狂热地将每个词都以拉玛结尾（注：英语中“透视画”的词尾读音为“拉玛”）。

The Maison Vauquer had caught the infection from a young artist among the boarders.

“沃盖之家”从房客中的一个年轻艺术家那里感染了这种思想。

"Well, Monsieur-r-r Poiret," said the *employee* from the Museum, "how is your health-orama?”

“喂，普瓦雷先生儿，”博物馆员工说，“你的健康拉玛怎么样啊？”

Then, without waiting for an answer, he turned to Mme. Couture and Victorine with a "Ladies, you seem melancholy."

接着，没等对方回答，他又转向库蒂尔夫人和维多琳说：“女士们，你们看上去很忧郁啊。”

"Is dinner ready?" cried Horace Bianchon, a medical student, and a friend of Rastignac's; "my stomach is sinking *usque ad talones*.”

“晚饭好了没有啊？”奥拉斯·比安卡肖恩大声喊道，他是一位医学院学生，是拉斯蒂涅的朋友，“我的胃都要掉到脚底下去了啊。”

"There is an uncommon *frozerama* outside," said Vautrin.

“外面真是冻拉玛得出奇啊。”沃尔特兰说，

"Make room there, Father Goriot!

“让点地方啊，高老头！

Confound it, your foot covers the whole front of the stove.”

真该死，你的脚把火炉的正面全占了。”

"Illustrious M. Vautrin," put in Bianchon, "why do you say *frozerama*?

“大名鼎鼎的沃尔特兰先生，”比安卡肖恩插过话，“你为什么要说冻拉玛呢？

It is incorrect; it should be *frozenrama*.”

那是不对的，应该说冷拉玛。”

"No, it shouldn't," said the official from the Museum; "*frozerama* is right by the same rule that you say 'My feet are *froze*.'" "Ah! ah!"

“不，不应该说冷拉玛，”博物馆员工说，“冻拉玛是对的，和你说‘我的脚冻住了’是一样的道理。”“啊！啊！”

"Here is his Excellency the Marquis de Rastignac, Doctor of the

Law of Contraries," cried Bianchon, seizing Eugene by the throat, and almost throttling him.

“德拉斯蒂涅侯爵殿下，相反定律的博士生来了。”比安卡肖恩说着抓住欧仁的喉咙，几乎让他窒息，

"Hallo there! hallo!" Mlle. Michonneau came noiselessly in, bowed to the rest of the party, and took her place beside the three women without saying a word.

“嗨，你好啊！你好！”米绍诺小姐轻轻地进来，对大家点点头，坐到了三位女士身边。

"That old bat always makes me shudder," said Bianchon in a low voice, indicating Mlle. Michonneau to Vautrin.

“那个老蝙蝠总是让我打寒颤。”比安卡肖恩指着米绍诺小姐低声地对沃尔特兰说，

"I have studied Gall's system, and I am sure she has the bump of Judas."

“我研究过加尔的骨相学，我确信她长着犹大的反骨。”

"Then you have seen a case before?" said Vautrin.

“那么你以前见过这样的案例啦？”沃尔特兰说。

"Who has not?" answered Bianchon.

“谁没见过？”比安卡肖恩答道。

"Upon my word, that ghastly old maid looks just like one of the long worms that will gnaw a beam through, give them time enough."

“的确，那个苍白的老处女就像那些长长的虫子。只要时间足够长，它们就可以蛀空横梁。”

"That is the way, young man," returned he of the forty years and the dyed whiskers: "The rose has lived the life of a rose— A morning's space."

“年轻人，就是这样的。”四十岁并且染了胡子的沃尔特兰答道，“那朵玫瑰像所有的玫瑰一样——一生只开了一个早晨。”

"Aha! here is a magnificent *soupe-au-rama*," cried Poiret as Christophe came in bearing the soup with cautious heed.

“啊哈！美味的汤拉玛来了。”当克里斯托夫小心翼翼地端着汤进来时，普瓦雷大叫道。

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mme. Vauquer; "it is *soupe aux choux*.”

“不好意思，先生，”沃盖夫人说，“这是汤炖卷心菜。”

All the young men roared with laughter.

所有的年轻人都哄堂大笑。

"Had you there, Poiret!"

“你说错了，普瓦雷！”

"Poir-r-r-rette! she had you there!”

“普—瓦—瓦—雷！你栽在沃盖夫人手里了！”

"Score two points to Mamma Vauquer," said Vautrin.

“沃盖妈妈得两分。”沃尔特兰说。

"Did any of you notice the fog this morning?" asked the official.

“有人注意到了今天早晨的大雾吗？”博物馆员工问。

"It was a frantic fog," said Bianchon, "a fog unparalleled, doleful, melancholy, sea-green, asthmatical—a Goriot of a fog!”

“真是场狂雾啊。”比安卡肖恩说，“一场空前的、悲伤的、忧郁的、海绿色的、令人无法呼吸的雾——一场高里奥式的雾！”

"A Goriorama," said the art student, "because you couldn't see a thing in it."

“一场高里奥拉玛，”艺术系的学生说，“因为你无法在其中看见任何东西。”

"Hey! Milord Gaoriotte, they air talking about yoo-o-ou!”

“嘿！高里奥大人，他们在谈论你哦！”

Father Goriot, seated at the lower end of the table, close to the door through which the servant entered, raised his face; he had smelt at a scrap of bread that lay under his table napkin, an old trick acquired in his commercial capacity, that still showed itself at times.

高老头坐在桌子的下首，靠近仆人进出的门。他抬起了头，闻了闻餐巾下面一小块面包的味道——他偶尔会使用做生意时学会的这种老窍门。

"Well," Madame Vauquer cried in sharp tones, that rang above the rattle of spoons and plates and the sound of other voices, "and is there anything the matter with the bread?"

“喂，”沃盖女士尖叫道，她的声音盖过了汤勺、盘子的碰撞声和其他人的讲话声，“面包有问题吗？”

"Nothing whatever, madame," he answered; "on the contrary, it is made of the best quality of corn; flour from Etampes."

“没有问题，夫人。”他答道，“恰恰相反，它是用最好的谷物做成

的，用的是埃唐普镇的面粉。”

"How could you tell?" asked Eugene.

“你怎么知道的？”欧仁问。

"By the color, by the flavor."

“凭它的颜色，凭它的味道。”

"You knew the flavor by the smell, I suppose," said Mme. Vauquer.

“我猜，你闻一闻就知道味道。”沃盖夫人说，

"You have grown so economical, you will find out how to live on the smell of cooking at last."

“你变得太抠门了，再这么抠门，以后你不用吃饭，问问味道就能活了。”

"Take out a patent for it, then," cried the Museum official; "you would make a handsome fortune."

“那不妨为它去领一张专利证书。”博物馆员工大叫，“那样倒也可以发笔横财呢。”

"Never mind him," said the artist; "he does that sort of thing to delude us into thinking that he was a vermicelli maker."

“别管他，”艺术家说，“他做那种事情是为了迷惑我们，让我们认为他是面条制造商。”

"Your nose is a corn-sampler, it appears?" inquired the official.

“看起来你的鼻子是个谷物分类器啊？”博物馆员工询问道。

"Corn *what*?" asked Bianchon.

“分什么？”比安卡肖恩问。

"Corn-el.” "Corn-et.” "Corn-elian.” "Corn-ice.” "Corn-ucopia.” "Corn-crake.” "Corn-cockle.” "Corn-orama.” The eight responses came like a rolling fire from every part of the room, and the laughter that followed was the more uproarious because poor Father Goriot stared at the others with a puzzled look, like a foreigner trying to catch the meaning of words in a language which he does not understand.

“分饼。”“分菜。”“分钱。”“分肉。”“分饭。”“分面包。”“分巧克力。”“分拉玛。”这八个答案像只滚动的火球一般从房间四面八方传来。看到高老头满脸疑惑地盯着别人，就像一个外国人在拼命想听懂他并不懂的外语，大家不禁乐得不可开交了。

"Corn?..." he said, turning to Vautrin, his next neighbor.

“分什么？”他转向旁边的沃尔特兰说。

"Corn on your foot, old man!" said Vautrin, and he drove Father Goriot's cap down over his eyes by a blow on the crown.

“分你的猪脚，老家伙！”沃尔特兰说着拍了下高老头帽顶，把帽子压下去，蒙住了他的眼睛。

The poor old man thus suddenly attacked was for a moment too bewildered to do anything.

可怜的老人就这样被突然袭击了，他不知所措，半晌都没动。

Christophe carried off his plate, thinking that he had finished his soup, so that when Goriot had pushed back his cap from his eyes his spoon encountered the table.

克里斯托夫以为高老头已经喝完了汤，就拿走了他的盘子。等到高老头把帽子从自己的眼睛前掀起来喝汤时，他的汤勺一下碰到了桌子。

Every one burst out laughing.

大家都笑了起来。

"You are a disagreeable joker, sir," said the old man, "and if you take any further liberties with me—" "Well, what then, old boy?" Vautrin interrupted.

“先生，你开的玩笑很讨人厌。”老人说，“如果你再这样惹我——”“哦，老家伙，那又怎样？”沃尔特兰打断了他的话。

"Well, then, you shall pay dearly for it some day—" "Down below, eh?" said the artist, "in the little dark corner where they put naughty boys."

“哼，那么，你总有一天会为此付出昂贵的代价的——”“哦，下地狱吗？”艺术家说，“还是进专门关淘气孩子的小黑房子。”

"Well, mademoiselle," Vautrin said, turning to Victorine, "you are eating nothing.

“噢，小姐，”沃尔特兰转向维多琳说，“你什么也没吃。

So papa was refractory, was he?”

你爸爸很任性，是吧？”

"A monster!" said Mme. Couture.

“简直是个怪物！”库蒂尔夫人说。

"Mademoiselle might make application for aliment pending her suit; she is not eating anything.

“小姐也许会申请因病暂缓诉讼审理。她现在什么也没吃。

Eh! eh! just see how Father Goriot is staring at Mlle. Victorine.”

哎！哎！看高老头，看他盯着维多琳小姐的样子。”

The old man had forgotten his dinner, he was so absorbed in gazing at the poor girl; the sorrow in her face was unmistakable,—the slighted love of a child whose father would not recognize her.

老人忘了吃晚饭，他一心一意地盯着这个可怜的女孩，她脸上的悲伤表情显而易见——父亲不认她，对她的爱也不屑一顾。

"We are mistaken about Father Goriot, my dear boy," said Eugene in a low voice.

“我们都误解高老头了，我亲爱的朋友。”欧仁低声地说，

"He is not an idiot, nor wanting in energy.

“他不是个傻瓜，也不是个缺乏活力的人。

Try your Gall system on him, and let me know what you think.

在他身上试一下你的加尔骨相学吧，然后再告诉我你的想法。

I saw him crush a silver dish last night as if it had been made of wax; there seems to be something extraordinary going on in his mind just now, to judge by his face.

昨晚，我看见他用力扭一个银盘子，就像那盘子是用蜡做成的。从他的脸色判断，他刚刚似乎在想什么特别的事情。

His life is so mysterious that it must be worth studying.

他的生活太神秘了，一定值得研究。

Oh! you may laugh, Bianchon; I am not joking.”

噢！比安卡肖恩你也许会笑我，但我不是开玩笑的。”

"The man is a subject, is he?" said Bianchon; "all right! I will dissect him, if he will give me the chance." "No; feel his bumps." "Hm!—his stupidity might perhaps be contagious.”

“这男人是个值得研究的对象，是吗？”比安卡肖恩说，“那好吧！如果他给我机会的话，我会把他解剖。”“不，只要检查一下他的脑袋就行。”“嗯！——就怕他的愚蠢会传染啊。”

CHAPTER 2

第二章

The next day Rastignac dressed himself very elegantly, and about three o'clock in the afternoon went to call on Mme. de Restaud.

第二天，拉斯蒂涅打扮得很雅致。下午三点左右，他出发去拜访德雷斯多夫人。

On the way thither he indulged in the wild intoxicating dreams which fill a young head so full of delicious excitement.

一路上，他都沉浸于狂野而醉人的幻想中。这些幻想填满了年轻人本来就满是激动之情的脑海。

Young men at his age take no account of obstacles nor of dangers; they see success in every direction; imagination has free play, and turns their lives into a romance; they are saddened or discouraged by the collapse of one of the visionary schemes that have no existence save in their heated fancy.

他这个岁数的年轻人从不顾及障碍或危险，眼里只有成功。他们肆意挥洒着想象力，让生活变得十分浪漫。可是一旦计划受挫，他们就会变得沮丧而气馁。实际上，所谓的计划都是虚幻的，都只存于他们狂热的幻想中。

If youth were not ignorant and timid, civilization would be impossible.

倘若没有青年的懵懂无知和畏缩不前，文明社会就永远难以实现。

Eugene took unheard-of pains to keep himself in a spotless condition, but on his way through the streets he began to think about Mme. de Restaud and what he should say to her.

欧仁竭尽全力不让一点泥土沾到身上。可是他还在街道里穿行的时候，他就开始想德雷斯多夫人了，还盘算着该对她说些什么。

He equipped himself with wit, rehearsed repartees in the course of an imaginary conversation, and prepared certain neat speeches a la Talleyrand, conjuring up a series of small events which should prepare the way for the declaration on which he had based his future; and during these musings the law student was bespattered with mud, and by the time he reached the Palais Royal he was obliged to have his boots blacked and his trousers brushed.

他用智慧武装自己，在脑海中预想着对话、排练着巧妙的应答，还仿照塔列朗的风格，精心准备了一小段演说，来唤起听者对一系列小事

的回忆，这样他就可以为最后的表白铺路搭桥了。表白已经成了他奠定自己未来的基础。就这样想着想着，这个法律系的学生衣服上便溅满了泥污。于是，当他走到卢浮宫区的时候，只得叫人给他的靴子上油、把他的裤子刷干净。

"If I were rich," he said, as he changed the five-franc piece he had brought with him in case anything might happen, "I would take a cab, then I could think at my ease."

“要是我有钱的话，”他一边将一枚带着以防万一的五法郎硬币破开，一边说道，“我就会坐辆马车，那样我就能自由自在地思考了。”

At last he reached the Rue du Helder, and asked for the Comtesse de Restaud.

他总算到了埃尔德街，对门口的仆人说要求见德雷斯多伯爵夫人。

He bore the contemptuous glances of the servants, who had seen him cross the court on foot, with the cold fury of a man who knows that he will succeed some day.

仆人们轻蔑地瞥着他徒步穿过庭院。他勉强按捺住心中的怒火，相信自己终将有一天会功成名就。

He understood the meaning of their glances at once, for he had felt his inferiority as soon as he entered the court, where a smart cab was waiting.

他立刻悟出了仆人眼中的蔑视，因为他一进院子，就看见那里等候着一辆华丽的马车。这让他觉得自己很卑微。

All the delights of life in Paris seemed to be implied by this visible and manifest sign of luxury and extravagance.

马车这种夺目的奢华标志似乎暗藏了巴黎生活的所有快乐。

A fine horse, in magnificent harness, was pawing the ground, and all at once the law student felt out of humor with himself.

那匹戴着精致马具的骏马正在用蹄子刨地。这个法律系学生的心情一下子陷入了低谷。

Every compartment in his brain which he had thought to find so full of wit was bolted fast; he grew positively stupid.

他刚才还觉得大脑中处处都是智慧，现在这些智慧却消失殆尽，这让他一下子傻了眼。

He sent up his name to the Countess, and waited in the ante-chamber, standing on one foot before a window that looked out upon the court; mechanically he leaned his elbow against the sash, and stared before him.

在等候仆人通报时，他站在前厅的一扇窗下，抬起一只脚，机械地

将胳膊肘搭在窗框上，望着窗外的庭院。

The time seemed long; he would have left the house but for the southern tenacity of purpose which works miracles when it is single-minded.

时间过得很慢。要不是他有南方人的倔脾气，脑袋一根筋地认为只要心无旁骛就会有奇迹，他早就离开了。

"Madame is in her boudoir, and cannot see any one at present, sir," said the servant.

“先生，夫人在卧室，没法接待任何人。”仆人出来说，

"She gave me no answer; but if you will go into the dining-room, there is some one already there.”

“她也没给我回复。如果您不介意的话，可以先去餐厅，已经有人在那里了。”

Rastignac was impressed with a sense of the formidable power of the lackey who can accuse or condemn his masters by a word; he coolly opened the door by which the man had just entered the ante-chamber, meaning, no doubt, to show these insolent flunkeys that he was familiar with the house; but he found that he had thoughtlessly precipitated himself into a small room full of dressers, where lamps were standing, and hot-water pipes, on which towels were being dried; a dark passage and a back staircase lay beyond it.

拉斯蒂涅对仆人体现的强大力量印象十分深刻，那个仆人一句话就责备、指摘了他的主人。拉斯蒂涅冷静地推开了那个人刚才走进前厅时穿过的那扇门，无非是想让那些傲慢的奴才们看看，他其实很熟悉这个房子。但是，他却不小心进了一间小屋子。屋子里摆满了衣橱，衣橱上放着油灯和烘毛巾的热水管，屋子前面是一条黑暗的走廊和一座暗梯。

Stifled laughter from the ante-chamber added to his confusion.

前厅传来了偷笑声，这更是让他不知所措。

"This way to the drawing-room, sir," said the servant, with the exaggerated respect which seemed to be one more jest at his expense.

“先生，要去客厅的话，请往这边走。”仆人过度的恭敬好像又是在拿他取乐。

Eugene turned so quickly that he stumbled against a bath.

欧仁猛然转过身来，一下子撞到了浴缸上。

By good luck, he managed to keep his hat on his head, and saved it from immersion in the water; but just as he turned, a door opened at the further end of the dark passage, dimly lighted by a small lamp.

他侥幸地把帽子摁在头上，没让它落入水中。而他刚一转身，黑暗

走廊尽头的门打开了。走廊里只有一盏小灯在发出昏暗的光芒。

Rastignac heard voices and the sound of a kiss; one of the speakers was Mme. de Restaud, the other was Father Goriot.

拉斯蒂涅听到了说话声和亲吻声。他听出来其中一个是德雷斯多夫人，另一个是高老头。

Eugene followed the servant through the dining-room into the drawing-room; he went to a window that looked out into the courtyard, and stood there for a while.

欧仁跟着仆人穿过餐厅，来到了客厅。他走近一扇能看得见院子的窗户，在那里站了一会儿。

He meant to know whether this Goriot was really the Goriot that he knew.

他想知道，这个高里奥是不是他认识的那个高里奥。

His heart beat unwontedly fast; he remembered Vautrin's hideous insinuations.

他的心跳得不同寻常地快。他又想起了沃尔特兰可怕的暗示。

A well-dressed young man suddenly emerged from the room almost as Eugene entered it, saying impatiently to the servant who stood at the door: "I am going, Maurice.

几乎就在欧仁走进房间的时候，一个穿着入时的年轻人突然从房间里走出来，不耐烦地跟站在门边的仆人说：“我走了，莫里斯。

Tell Madame la Comtesse that I waited more than half an hour for her.”

告诉伯爵夫人我都等了半个多小时了。”

Whereupon this insolent being, who, doubtless, had a right to be insolent, sang an Italian trill, and went towards the window where Eugene was standing, moved thereto quite as much by a desire to see the student's face as by a wish to look out into the courtyard.

毋庸置疑，这个傲慢的男人有他傲慢的资本。他说话时带着意大利语的颤音，朝欧仁站着的窗户边走来。他既想看看这个法律系学生的脸，也想看窗外的院子。

"But M. le Comte had better wait a moment longer; madame is disengaged," said Maurice, as he returned to the ante-chamber.

“不过还是请伯爵再等一会儿吧，夫人现在有空了。”莫里斯在退回前厅时说。

Just at that moment Father Goriot appeared close to the gate; he had emerged from a door at the foot of the back staircase.

就在这时高老头出现在门边，他从暗梯底部的门出来了。

The worthy soul was preparing to open his umbrella regardless of the fact that the great gate had opened to admit a tilbury, in which a young man with a ribbon at his button-hole was seated.

这位可敬的人正准备撑伞离开，却没留意一位纽扣孔上系着缎带、乘着轻便马车的年轻人正要从敞开的大门进来。

Father Goriot had scarcely time to start back and save himself.

高老头根本来不及退后，差点被撞。

The horse took fright at the umbrella, swerved, and dashed forward towards the flight of steps.

马碰到雨伞受了惊，转头就向台阶处撞了过去。

The young man looked round in annoyance, saw Father Goriot, and greeted him as he went out with constrained courtesy, such as people usually show to a money-lender so long as they require his services, or the sort of respect they feel it necessary to show for some one whose reputation has been blown upon, so that they blush to acknowledge his acquaintance.

年轻人怒气冲冲地环顾四周，看见了高老头，便强装礼貌，在他出去时点头示意。这就像人们见到放债人一样——只要人们还需要向他借钱，就总会对他点头哈腰——抑或是见到一个名声扫地的人——人们当面会对他毕恭毕敬，一转身就因为认识这样的人而脸红。

Father Goriot gave him a little friendly nod and a good-natured smile.

高老头回以友好的点头和亲切的微笑。

All this happened with lightning speed.

这一切都发生在电光火石之间。

Eugene was so deeply interested that he forgot that he was not alone till he suddenly heard the Countess' voice.

欧仁被这一幕深深吸引了。直到忽然听到伯爵夫人的声音，他才意识到自己身边还有人。

"Oh! Maxime, were you going away?" she said reproachfully, with a shade of pique in her manner.

“哎！马克西姆，你要走啦？”伯爵夫人娇嗔地说道，话语中带着一丝埋怨。

The Countess had not seen the incident nor the entrance of the tilbury.

伯爵夫人没有留意到门口发生的事情，也没有看到进来了一辆轻便

马车。

Rastignac turned abruptly and saw her standing before him, coquettishly dressed in a loose white cashmere gown with knots of rose-colored ribbon here and there; her hair was carelessly coiled about her head, as is the wont of Parisian women in the morning; there was a soft fragrance about her—doubtless she was fresh from a bath;—her graceful form seemed more flexible, her beauty more luxuriant.

拉斯蒂涅一下子转过身来，看到她就站在他面前。她好像在卖弄风情一样，穿着一件宽松的白色山羊绒睡裙，睡裙上缀满了玫瑰色的缎带蝴蝶结，头发随意地盘在头上——正是巴黎妇女早上一惯的装束。她四周散发着一股淡淡的清香——她一定是刚洗过澡——这让她优雅的身姿显得更加柔软，让她的美丽显得更为动人。

Her eyes glistened.

她的眼睛闪闪发光。

A young man can see everything at a glance; he feels the radiant influence of woman as a plant discerns and absorbs its nutriment from the air; he did not need to touch her hands to feel their cool freshness.

年轻人一眼就能看遍这一切。他感受到这个女人焕发的魅力。就像植物能从空气中找到并汲取养料一样，他不用摸她的手，就能感受到她的冰肌玉肤。

He saw faint rose tints through the cashmere of the dressing gown; it had fallen slightly open, giving glimpses of a bare throat, on which the student's eyes rested.

他透过山羊绒睡裙看到了她浅粉色的肌肤。通过微微散开的睡裙，他可以时不时地瞥见她光洁的脖子。这个学生就死死盯在那里。

The Countess had no need of the adventitious aid of corsets; her girdle defined the outlines of her slender waist; her throat was a challenge to love; her feet, thrust into slippers, were daintily small.

伯爵夫人根本不用穿束身衣，一条腰带就能勾勒出她纤细的腰身曲线。她的脖子惹人怜爱，套在拖鞋里的秀足小巧玲珑。

As Maxime took her hand and kissed it, Eugene became aware of Maxime's existence, and the Countess saw Eugene.

当马克西姆捧起她的手亲吻时，欧仁这才注意到了马克西姆的存在，而伯爵夫人这才注意到了欧仁。

"Oh! is that you M. de Rastignac?

“哦！你就是德拉斯蒂涅先生吗？

I am very glad to see you," she said, but there was something in

her manner that a shrewd observer would have taken as a hint to depart.

很高兴见到你。”但是看到她说话时的表情，识相的人都会走开的。

Maxime, as the Countess Anastasie had called the young man with the haughty insolence of bearing, looked from Eugene to the lady, and from the lady to Eugene; it was sufficiently evident that he wished to be rid of the latter.

在阿纳斯塔谢伯爵夫人以轻蔑的态度跟这个年轻人打招呼时，马克西姆看了看夫人，又看了看欧仁，他分明是想让后者离开。

An exact and faithful rendering of the glance might be given in the words: "Look here, my dear; I hope you intend to send this little whipper-snapper about his business.”

那种眼神明明白白地暗示着这些话：“听我说，亲爱的，快把这个自以为是的小子打发走吧。”

The Countess consulted the young man's face with an intent submissiveness that betrays all the secrets of a woman's heart, and Rastignac all at once began to hate him violently.

伯爵夫人看着年轻人的脸色，想要征求他的意见。她这种顺从的神情透露了一个女人的全部心事。就在那一刻，拉斯蒂涅开始极度憎恨这个青年。

To begin with, the sight of the fair carefully arranged curls on the other's comely head had convinced him that his own crop was hideous; Maxime's boots, moreover, were elegant and spotless, while his own, in spite of all his care, bore some traces of his recent walk; and, finally, Maxime's overcoat fitted the outline of his figure gracefully, he looked like a pretty woman, while Eugene was wearing a black coat at half-past two.

首先，马克西姆面容清秀，满头精心梳理出的漂亮卷发，这让他确信自己的短发丑陋不堪；另外，马克西姆的靴子十分精美、一尘不染，而自己的呢，尽管已经处处小心，还是沾上了一些泥土，这些痕迹会让人看出他是走来的；最后，马克西姆的外套穿在身上服服帖帖、优雅得体——他看上去就像一个俏丽的女人，而欧仁却在下午两点半穿着黑外套。

The quick-witted child of the Charente felt the disadvantage at which he was placed beside this tall, slender dandy, with the clear gaze and the pale face, one of those men who would ruin orphan children without scruple.

这位夏朗德省来的聪明孩子觉得自己在这个体格魁梧、身材修长、眼神清澈、面色白皙的花花公子面前处于劣势。他那种人可以肆无忌惮地断送孤儿们的前程。

Mme. de Restaud fled into the next room without waiting for Eugene to speak; shaking out the skirts of her dressing-gown in her flight, so that she looked like a white butterfly, and Maxime hurried after her.

没等欧仁说话，德雷斯多夫人就跑进了旁边那个房间。她边跑边用双手提起睡裙的裙摆，活像一只白色的蝴蝶，而马克西姆也跟着冲进房去。

Eugene, in a fury, followed Maxime and the Countess, and the three stood once more face to face by the hearth in the large drawing-room.

愤怒的欧仁跟着马克西姆和伯爵夫人。在大客厅的壁炉前，三个人又一次面面相对。

The law student felt quite sure that the odious Maxime found him in the way, and even at the risk of displeasing Mme. de Restaud, he meant to annoy the dandy.

这个法律系学生明知道讨厌的马克西姆觉得他碍手碍脚，但是他就是要让这个花花公子不好受，哪怕这样要冒着触怒德雷斯多夫人的风险，他也在所不惜。

It had struck him all at once that he had seen the young man before at Mme. de Beauseant's ball; he guessed the relation between Maxime and Mme. de Restaud; and with the youthful audacity that commits prodigious blunders or achieves signal success, he said to himself, "This is my rival; I mean to cut him out."

他突然想起自己在德伯桑夫人的舞会上见过这个年轻人。他猜出了马克西姆和德雷斯多夫人的关系。带着年轻人的无畏精神——要么就闯出大祸，要么就事业有成——他自言自语道：“这是我的情敌，我要干掉他。”

Rash resolve!

多么鲁莽的决定啊！

He did not know that M. le Comte Maxime de Trailles would wait till he was insulted, so as to fire first and kill his man.

他不了解这位马克西姆·德特拉尔伯爵先生。这人可是个专门挑拨人家侮辱他，找到理由先开枪把敌人打死的家伙。

Eugene was a sportsman and a good shot, but he had not yet hit the bulls' eye twenty times out of twenty-two.

欧仁虽然是一个运动健将和射击好手，但也没达到射二十二次就能击中靶心二十次的程度。

The young Count dropped into a low chair by the hearth, took up

the tongs, and made up the fire so violently and so sulkily, that Anastasie's fair face suddenly clouded over.

年轻的伯爵坐到壁炉旁的一张矮腿椅子上，拿起火钳在火堆里愤怒地乱搅一通，阿纳斯塔谢精致的脸上立即乌云密布。

She turned to Eugene, with a cool, questioning glance that asked plainly, "Why do you not go?"

她转身面对欧仁，困惑地白他一眼。很明显她是在问：“你怎么还不走？”

A glance which well-bred people regard as a cue to make their exit.

教养好的人会把这样的眼神视为逐客令。

Eugene assumed an amiable expression.

欧仁强扮欢颜，

"Madame," he began, "I hastened to call upon you—" He stopped short.

“夫人，”他说道，“我赶来拜见您——”他突然停了下来。

The door opened, and the owner of the tilbury suddenly appeared.

客厅门打开了，轻便马车的主人突然出现了。

He had left his hat outside, and did not greet the Countess; he looked meditatively at Rastignac, and held out his hand to Maxime with a cordial "Good morning," that astonished Eugene not a little.

他把帽子留在门外，也不跟伯爵夫人打招呼，而是若有所思地看了看拉斯蒂涅，然后跟马克西姆握了握手，还热情地说了句“早上好”。这让欧仁大吃一惊。

The young provincial did not understand the amenities of a triple alliance.

这个外省来的小伙子根本不明白三角关系带来的快乐。

"M. de Restaud," said the Countess, introducing her husband to the law student.

“这是德雷斯多先生。”伯爵夫人向这个法律系学生介绍她的丈夫。

Eugene bowed profoundly.

欧仁深深鞠了一躬。

"This gentleman," she continued, presenting Eugene to her husband, "is M. de Rastignac; he is related to Mme. la Vicomtesse de Beauseant through the Marcillacs; I had the pleasure of meeting him

at her last ball."

“这位先生，”她接着将欧仁介绍给她丈夫，“是德拉斯蒂涅先生，因为马西亚克家的关系，和德伯桑子爵夫人是亲戚，我有幸在她家上次的舞会上认识了他。”

Related to Mme. la Vicomtesse de Beauseant through the Marcillacs! These words, on which the countess threw ever so slight an emphasis, by reason of the pride that the mistress of a house takes in showing that she only receives people of distinction as visitors in her house, produced a magical effect.

因为马西亚克家的关系，和德伯桑子爵夫人是亲戚！伯爵夫人想显示她的自豪感，表明她家里只接待重要人士，因此才稍微强调了这句话，而这句话却带来了意想不到的效果。

The Count's stiff manner relaxed at once as he returned the student's bow.

伯爵僵硬的表情立即松弛下来，还对这个大学生鞠躬回礼。

"Delighted to have an opportunity of making your acquaintance," he said.

“非常庆幸能有机会认识您。”他说道。

Maxime de Trailles himself gave Eugene an uneasy glance, and suddenly dropped his insolent manner.

马克西姆·德特拉尔不安地看了欧仁一眼，也突然放下了他高傲的身段。

The mighty name had all the power of a fairy's wand; those closed compartments in the southern brain flew open again; Rastignac's carefully drilled faculties returned.

一个尊贵的姓氏和仙女的魔棒一样拥有神奇的力量。这个南方年轻人刚才闭塞的脑子终于豁然开朗。拉斯蒂涅精心准备的聪明才智也恢复正常了。

It was as if a sudden light had pierced the obscurity of this upper world of Paris, and he began to see, though everything was indistinct as yet.

就像一束突然出现的亮光射穿了覆盖在巴黎上流社会的阴霾一样，虽然一切还不是很明了，但他开始看清一些东西了。

Mme. Vauquer's lodging-house and Father Goriot were very far remote from his thoughts.

至于沃盖夫人的旅馆和高老头，早就被他抛到脑后了。

"I thought that the Marcillacs were extinct," the Comte de Restaud said, addressing Eugene.

“我还以为马西亚克家已经没人了呢。”德雷斯多伯爵对欧仁说。

"Yes, they are extinct," answered the law student.

“对啊，没人了。”这个法律系学生回答说，

"My great-uncle, the Chevalier de Rastignac, married the heiress of the Marcillac family.

“我的伯祖父是德拉斯蒂涅骑士，他娶了马西亚克家族的女继承人。

They had only one daughter, who married the Marechal de Clarimbault, Mme. de Beauseant's grandfather on the mother's side.

他们只有一个女儿，嫁给了德克拉朗博元帅，就是德伯桑夫人的外祖父。

We are the younger branch of the family, and the younger branch is all the poorer because my great-uncle, the Vice-Admiral, lost all that he had in the King's service.

我们是这个家族的年轻一辈，可是我们年轻一辈都很落魄，因为我那位担任海军中将的伯祖父失去了他效忠国王时所拥有的一切。

The Government during the Revolution refused to admit our claims when the Compagnie des Indes was liquidated.”

大革命时的政府在清算东印度公司时，拒绝承认我们的索赔。”

"Was not your great-uncle in command of the *Vengeur* before 1789?”

“您的伯祖父一七八九年以前是不是一直在指挥‘复仇号’?"

"Yes."

“是的。”

"Then he would be acquainted with my grandfather, who commanded the *Warwick*.”

“那么他应该认识我的祖父了，那时他是‘沃里克号’的舰长。”

Maxime looked at Mme. de Restaud and shrugged his shoulders, as who should say, "If he is going to discuss nautical matters with that fellow, it is all over with us."

马克西姆看着德雷斯多夫人，耸了耸肩，好像在说：“要是他再和那小子说海军那点事，咱俩就结束了。”

Anastasie understood the glance that M. de Trailles gave her.

阿纳斯塔谢立即明白了德特拉尔对她使的眼色。

With a woman's admirable tact, she began to smile and said: "Come with me, Maxime; I have something to say to you.

她使出女人绝妙的看家本领，笑着说：“跟我来，马克西姆，我有话跟你说。

We will leave you two gentlemen to sail in company on board the *Warwick* and the *Vengeur*.”

你们两个先生就尽管驾着‘沃里克号’和‘复仇号’一起出海吧。”

She rose to her feet and signed to Maxime to follow her, mirth and mischief in her whole attitude, and the two went in the direction of the boudoir.

她站起身来，既高兴又俏皮地示意马克西姆跟着她，之后二人就向她卧房的方向走去。

The *morganatic* couple (to use a convenient German expression which has no exact equivalent) had reached the door, when the Count interrupted himself in his talk with Eugene.

这对身份悬殊（因为在法语中找不到完全对应的词语，这里就从德语中借用了“身份悬殊”这个词）的人走到门边时，伯爵打断了自己与欧仁的谈话。

"Anastasie!" he cried pettishly, "just stay a moment, dear; you know very well that—" "I am coming back in a minute," she interrupted; "I have a commission for Maxime to execute, and I want to tell him about it."

“阿纳斯塔谢！”他气冲冲地喊着，“就坐一会儿嘛，亲爱的，你明明知道——”“我马上回来。”她打断伯爵的话，“我有事拜托马克西姆去做，现在我要跟他说说这件事。”

She came back almost immediately.

她立刻回来了。

She had noticed the inflection in her husband's voice, and knew that it would not be safe to retire to the boudoir; like all women who are compelled to study their husbands' characters in order to have their own way, and whose business it is to know exactly how far they can go without endangering a good understanding, she was very careful to avoid petty collisions in domestic life.

她注意到了丈夫语气上的变化，也知道要是真进了卧房，事情就闹大了。和所有女人一样，她不得不摸清自己丈夫的性格，这样才能按自己的愿望行事。她深知让丈夫理解和信任的底线在哪里，所以她非常注意，在家庭生活中尽量避免小冲突。

It was Eugene who had brought about this untoward incident; so the Countess looked at Maxime and indicated the law student with an air of exasperation.

麻烦是欧仁惹的，所以伯爵夫人看着马克西姆时眼里带着对这个法律系学生极度的不满。

M. de Trailles addressed the Count, the Countess, and Eugene with the pointed remark, "You are busy, I do not want to interrupt you; good-day," and he went.

德特拉尔先生尖刻地对伯爵、伯爵夫人和欧仁说道，“你们都很忙，我不想打扰你们了，再见。”说完就走了出去。

"Just wait a moment, Maxime!" the Count called after him.

“等一下，马克西姆！”伯爵在他背后喊道。

"Come and dine with us," said the Countess, leaving Eugene and her husband together once more.

“吃个饭再走嘛。”伯爵夫人说着再一次丢下了她的丈夫和欧仁。

She followed Maxime into the little drawing-room, where they sat together sufficiently long to feel sure that Rastignac had taken his leave.

她跟着马克西姆走进小客厅，他们在那里坐了很长时间，一直等到他们都觉得拉斯蒂涅应该已经走了才起身。

The law student heard their laughter, and their voices, and the pauses in their talk; he grew malicious, exerted his conversational powers for M. de Restaud, flattered him, and drew him into discussions, to the end that he might see the Countess again and discover the nature of her relations with Father Goriot.

法律系学生听到他们一会儿笑，一会儿说话，一会儿又没声了，于是心里起了恶意。他在伯爵面前尽展自己的语言才华，又是恭维，又是和他讨论问题，想着最后还能再见到伯爵夫人，好弄明白她和高老头的真正关系。

This Countess with a husband and a lover, for Maxime clearly was her lover, was a mystery.

这位伯爵夫人简直是个谜。她有一个丈夫，一个情人——那个马克西姆明显就是她的情人。

What was the secret tie that bound her to the old tradesman?

维系她和那个老商人的秘密纽带到底是什么呢？

This mystery he meant to penetrate, hoping by its means to gain a sovereign ascendency over this fair typical Parisian.

他打算参透这个谜，希望借此抓住一个强有力的把柄，好让自己凌驾于这个美丽的典型巴黎女人之上。

"Anastasie!" the Count called again to his wife.

“阿纳斯塔谢！”伯爵又叫起他的夫人。

"Poor Maxime!" she said, addressing the young man.

“可怜的马克西姆！”她对那年轻人说，

"Come, we must resign ourselves.

“快，我们得乖乖听话了。

This evening—" "I hope, Nasie," he said in her ear, "that you will give orders not to admit that youngster, whose eyes light up like live coals when he looks at you.

今晚——”“纳西，我希望，”他在她耳边说，“你下令不招待那个年轻人。他看你时眼睛放光，跟烧红的炭一样。

He will make you a declaration, and compromise you, and then you will compel me to kill him.”

他会向你求爱，败坏你的名誉，最后你会让我不得不杀了他。”

"Are you mad, Maxime?" she said.

“你疯了吗，马克西姆？”她说，

"A young lad of a student is, on the contrary, a capital lightning-conductor; is not that so?

“恰恰相反，像他们这样的年轻学生不正是绝妙的避雷针吗？

Of course, I mean to make Restaud furiously jealous of him.”

当然了，我是要让雷斯多疯狂地嫉妒他。”

Maxime burst out laughing, and went out, followed by the Countess, who stood at the window to watch him into his carriage; he shook his whip, and made his horse prance.

马克西姆哈哈大笑，走出门去。伯爵夫人跟着他，站在窗边看他上车。他扬起鞭子，马便一跃而起。

She only returned when the great gate had been closed after him.

一直等到他出门后大门关上，她才回来。

"What do you think, dear?" cried the Count, her husband, "this gentleman's family estate is not far from Verteuil, on the Charente; his great-uncle and my grandfather were acquainted.”

“怎么样，亲爱的？”她的伯爵丈夫喊着，“这位先生家的祖产离韦尔特伊不远，就在夏朗德河畔，他的伯祖父跟我的祖父还很熟呢。”

"Delighted to find that we have acquaintances in common," said the Countess, with a preoccupied manner.

“太好了，我们还有共同认识的人。”伯爵夫人心不在焉地回答。

"More than you think," said Eugene, in a low voice.

“还不止呢。”欧仁低声说。

"What do you mean?" she asked quickly.

“什么意思？”她立即问。

"Why, only just now," said the student, "I saw a gentleman go out at the gate, Father Goriot, my next door neighbor in the house where I am lodging."

“因为，就在刚才，”大学生说，“我看见一位先生走出门口。他是高老头，和我住一个旅馆，还是隔壁邻居呢。”

At the sound of this name, and the prefix that embellished it, the Count, who was stirring the fire, let the tongs fall as though they had burned his fingers, and rose to his feet.

一听到这个名字和用来修饰这个名字的“老头”这个称谓，正在搅着炉火的伯爵仿佛被火钳烫到了手指似的，一把扔了火钳，站起身来。

"Sir," he cried, "you might have called him 'Monsieur Goriot'!"

“先生，”他嚷道，“你或许应该称呼他‘高里奥先生’!"

The Countess turned pale at first at the sight of her husband's vexation, then she reddened; clearly she was embarrassed, her answer was made in a tone that she tried to make natural, and with an air of assumed carelessness: "You could not know any one who is dearer to us both..."

看到丈夫的恼怒之情，伯爵夫人的脸色起初变得煞白，之后又涨得通红。很明显，她感到很难堪。她强装出自然、随意的语调答道：“他是我们最亲近的人……”

She broke off, glanced at the piano as if some fancy had crossed her mind, and asked, "Are you fond of music, M. de Rastignac?"

她停了下来，看了一眼钢琴，好像想到了什么美好的事物，问道：“您喜欢音乐吗，德拉斯蒂涅先生？”

"Exceedingly," answered Eugene, flushing, and disconcerted by a dim suspicion that he had somehow been guilty of a clumsy piece of folly.

“非常喜欢。”欧仁回答时，脸一下子就红了，还有些不安，隐约觉得自己不知怎么竟做了件不妥的蠢事。

"Do you sing?" she cried, going to the piano, and, sitting down before it, she swept her fingers over the keyboard from end to end.

“您会唱歌吗？”她大声问道，同时走到钢琴前坐下，手指从琴键的一端滑到另一端。

R-r-r-rah!

啦—啦—啦！

"No, madame."

“不会，夫人。”

The Comte de Restaud walked to and fro.

德雷斯多伯爵在屋子里走来走去。

"That is a pity; you are without one great means of success.— / Ca-ro, ca-a-ro, ca-a-a-ro, non du-bi-ta-re/," sang the Countess.

“多可惜啊！你失去了一件重要的制胜法宝。‘亲—爱的，亲—爱—的，亲—爱—的，不要—怀—疑’。”伯爵夫人唱了起来。

Eugene had a second time waved a magic wand when he uttered Goriot's name, but the effect seemed to be entirely opposite to that produced by the formula "related to Mme. de Beauseant."

欧仁说出高里奥的名字时，好像又挥了一下魔术棒，但是效果却与那句“和德伯桑夫人是亲戚”截然相反。

His position was not unlike that of some visitor permitted as a favor to inspect a private collection of curiosities, when by inadvertence he comes into collision with a glass case full of sculptured figures, and three or four heads, imperfectly secured, fall at the shock.

他现在的境地就如同某位得到主人恩准的访客，在参观主人私人收集的奇珍异宝时，不小心撞到了摆满了人体雕塑的玻璃橱，里面三四个人头由于没有锁严，在撞击的作用下滚落出来。

He wished the earth would open and swallow him.

他恨不得能找一条地缝钻进去。

Mme. de Restaud's expression was reserved and chilly, her eyes had grown indifferent, and sedulously avoided meeting those of the unlucky student of law.

德雷斯多夫人的表情拘谨而冷漠，眼神也变得十分冷淡，一直在避免和这个倒霉的法律系学生双目对视。

"Madame," he said, "you wish to talk with M. de Restaud; permit me to wish you good-day—" The Countess interrupted him by a gesture, saying hastily, "Whenever you come to see us, both M. de Restaud and I shall be delighted to see you."

“夫人，”他说，“如果您和德雷斯多先生还有事要谈，请允许我送上我的祝福——”伯爵夫人摆了摆手，打断了他，急忙说：“我和德雷斯多先生随时欢迎您再来。”

Eugene made a profound bow and took his leave, followed by M. de Restaud, who insisted, in spite of his remonstrances, on accompanying him into the hall.

欧仁深深地鞠了一躬后就转身离开。尽管他一再推辞，德雷斯多先生还是坚持要把他送到门厅。

"Neither your mistress nor I are at home to that gentleman when he calls," the Count said to Maurice.

“以后他来，就说我们不在。”伯爵对莫里斯说。

As Eugene set foot on the steps, he saw that it was raining.

欧仁下楼梯时，发现外面正在下雨。

"Come," said he to himself, "somehow I have just made a mess of it, I do not know how.

“天呀，”他自言自语道，“我刚刚全搞砸了，却还不知道是怎么搞砸的。

And now I am going to spoil my hat and coat into the bargain.

现在还得赔上我的帽子和大衣。

I ought to stop in my corner, grind away at law, and never look to be anything but a boorish country magistrate.

我应该躲在角落里啃法律书，以后安安稳稳地做个土里土气的地方法官，再也不期盼其他事了。

How can I go into society, when to manage properly you want a lot of cabs, varnished boots, gold watch chains, and all sorts of things; you have to wear white doeskin gloves that cost six francs in the morning, and primrose kid gloves every evening?

要想在这个社会上左右逢源，你得有许多马车、锃亮的靴子和金表链，还有好多其他各种各样的东西；你早上得戴六法郎的白色鹿皮手套，晚上又得戴淡黄色羔皮手套。我怎么有能力进入那样的社会呢？

A fig for that old humbug of a Goriot!”

高里奥这个老混账，去你的吧！”

When he reached the street door, the driver of a hackney coach, who had probably just deposited a wedding party at their door, and asked nothing better than a chance of making a little money for himself without his employer's knowledge, saw that Eugene had no umbrella, remarked his black coat, white waistcoat, yellow gloves, and varnished boots, and stopped and looked at him inquiringly.

他走到临街的大门时，一个马车夫正赶着辆出租马车——他也许刚把一对新婚夫妇送到家，就想背着老板赚几个外快——他看到欧仁没带

伞，又注意到他的黑外套、白背心、黄手套和上过油的靴子，便停下来用询问的眼神看着他。

Eugene, in the blind desperation that drives a young man to plunge deeper and deeper into an abyss, as if he might hope to find a fortunate issue in its lowest depths, nodded in reply to the driver's signal, and stepped into the cab; a few stray petals of orange blossom and scraps of wire bore witness to its recent occupation by a wedding party.

欧仁感到一种莫名的绝望，这种感觉让他跌入深谷、越跌越深，就像他能在谷底找到一件幸运之事似的。他对马车夫点了点头，然后拾阶上马车。车厢里还散落着白色香橙花花瓣和扎花的铜丝。看来这驾车刚刚拉了一对新婚夫妇。

"Where am I to drive, sir?" demanded the man, who, by this time, had taken off his white gloves.

“您去哪里，先生？”马车夫问道，这时，他已经脱掉了白手套。

"Confound it!" Eugene said to himself, "I am in for it now, and at least I will not spend cab-hire for nothing!—

“该死的！”欧仁思忖道，“反正都坐上了，总不能花了钱什么都不做吧！——

Drive to the Hotel Beauseant," he said aloud.

去伯桑府。”他高声说。

"Which?" asked the man, a portentous word that reduced Eugene to confusion.

“哪一个伯桑府？”马车夫问道，这句话出人意料，可把欧仁问倒了。

This young man of fashion, species incerta, did not know that there were two Hotels Beauseant; he was not aware how rich he was in relations who did not care about him.

这个打扮入时却涉世未深的年轻人可不知道巴黎有两个伯桑府，他还不知道自己的关系资源有多丰富，只是那些亲戚从不关心他。

"The Vicomte de Beauseant, Rue—" "De Grenelle," interrupted the driver, with a jerk of his head.

“德伯桑子爵，那条街叫——”“格勒内勒，”马车夫猛一扭头接道。

"You see, there are the hotels of the Marquis and Comte de Beauseant in the Rue Saint-Dominique," he added, drawing up the step.

“您看，还有圣多米尼克街的德伯桑伯爵府和德伯桑侯爵府。”他一边补充，一边收起踏板。

"I know all about that," said Eugene, severely.— "Everybody is laughing at me to-day, it seems!" he said to himself, as he deposited his hat on the opposite seat.

“我都知道。”欧仁板着脸说。“今天好像每个人都在嘲笑我！”他自言自语着把帽子丢到了对面的座位上。

"This escapade will cost me a king's ransom, but, at any rate, I shall call on my so-called cousin in a thoroughly aristocratic fashion.

“今天的冒失行为会花我一大笔钱，但不管怎样，我能以全副贵族行头去拜访我那个所谓的表姐了。

Goriot has cost me ten francs already, the old scoundrel.

高里奥已经花了我十法郎了，这个老不死的。

My word! I will tell Mme. de Beauseant about my adventure; perhaps it may amuse her.

哎呀！我要把今天的遭遇告诉德伯桑夫人，说不定还能取悦她呢。

Doubtless she will know the secret of the criminal relation between that handsome woman and the old rat without a tail.

她肯定知道那个标致的女人和那个没尾巴的老硕鼠之间有什么见不得光的关系。

It would be better to find favor in my cousin's eyes than to come in contact with that shameless woman, who seems to me to have very expensive tastes.

与其去取悦那个无耻女人，还不如来讨好我的表姐。依我看，那个无耻的女人奢侈得很呢。

Surely the beautiful Vicomtesse's personal interest would turn the scale for me, when the mere mention of her name produces such an effect.

光是提到子爵夫人的名字就能有如此影响力，要是美丽的子爵夫人自己对我产生了兴趣，就一定可以帮我扭转乾坤。

Let us look higher.

我们得把眼光放高点。

If you set yourself to carry the heights of heaven, you must face God.”

你若想达到天堂的高度，就必须直面上帝。”

The innumerable thoughts that surged through his brain might be summed up in these phrases.

他脑子里涌出的无数想法可以归结为以上几句话。

He grew calmer, and recovered something of his assurance as he watched the falling rain.

他平静了一些。看着外面的雨，他坚定的信念也开始恢复。

He told himself that though he was about to squander two of the precious five-franc pieces that remained to him, the money was well laid out in preserving his coat, boots, and hat; and his cabman's cry of "Gate, if you please," almost put him in spirits.

他告诉自己，虽然自己仅剩的两个宝贵的五法郎硬币就要被挥霍掉了，但是这些钱花得还挺值，因为这样保住了自己的衣帽和靴子。听到马车夫喊着："麻烦您，开开门！"这使他兴奋不已。

A Swiss, in scarlet and gold, appeared, the great door groaned on its hinges, and Rastignac, with sweet satisfaction, beheld his equipage pass under the archway and stop before the flight of steps beneath the awning.

一个穿着鲜红色和金色衣服的瑞士人过来应门。大门拉动时，铰链发出闷响。拉斯蒂涅心满意足，看着他的马车穿过门洞，停在雨篷下的台阶前。

The driver, in a blue-and-red greatcoat, dismounted and let down the step.

穿着蓝红大衣的马车夫跳下马车，放下踏板。

As Eugene stepped out of the cab, he heard smothered laughter from the peristyle.

欧仁迈出马车时，听到柱子后面有人笑得喘不上气了。

Three or four lackeys were making merry over the festal appearance of the vehicle.

三四个仆人在拿这辆粉墨登场的马车找乐子。

In another moment the law student was enlightened as to the cause of their hilarity; he felt the full force of the contrast between his equipage and one of the smartest broughams in Paris; a coachman, with powdered hair, seemed to find it difficult to hold a pair of spirited horses, who stood chafing the bit.

这个法律系的学生立即明白他们笑的原因了。他感觉出自己的马车和巴黎最精美的有篷马车之间存在着巨大反差。一个头上抹了粉的马车夫似乎费了好大劲才拉住两匹神采奕奕、烦躁不安的马。

In Mme. de Restaud's courtyard, in the Chaussee d'Antin, he had seen the neat turnout of a young man of six-and-twenty; in the Faubourg Saint-Germain he found the luxurious equipage of a man of rank; thirty thousand francs would not have purchased it.

在德安丁路上德雷斯多夫人的院子里，他看到过一个衣着整齐的二十六岁年轻人，而在圣日耳曼郊区他又看到一辆属于身居高位者的奢华的马车，那辆马车用三万法郎也买不下来。

"Who can be here?" said Eugene to himself.

“有谁在这里呢？”欧仁想。

He began to understand, though somewhat tardily, that he must not expect to find many women in Paris who were not already appropriated, and that the capture of one of these queens would be likely to cost something more than bloodshed.

虽然反应慢了点，他也开始意识到，在巴黎很难找到一个没有伴侣的女人，而要征服一个王后般的女人，只是为她流血出力可不够。

"Confound it all!

“真该死！

I expect my cousin also has her Maxime.”

我想我表姐也应该有自己的马克西姆了。”

He went up the steps, feeling that he was a blighted being.

他走上楼梯，感到万念俱灰。

The glass door was opened for him; the servants were as solemn as jackasses under the curry comb.

面前的玻璃门打开了，仆人们都严肃得像正在被马梳梳过的驴子似的。

So far, Eugene had only been in the ballroom on the ground floor of the Hotel Beauseant; the fete had followed so closely on the invitation, that he had not had time to call on his cousin, and had therefore never seen Mme. de Beauseant's apartments; he was about to behold for the first time a great lady among the wonderful and elegant surroundings that reveal her character and reflect her daily life.

欧仁目前只到过伯桑府一楼的舞厅。从接到邀请到出席舞会之间的时间太短，以至于他没来得及拜访表姐。所以他也从未见过德伯桑夫人的房间。今天他将第一次在这高贵、典雅的房间里观察这位伟大的女性，而这些绝佳的布置也展现了这位优雅贵妇的性格和生活方式。

He was the more curious, because Mme. de Restaud's drawing-room had provided him with a standard of comparison.

因为他有德雷斯多夫人的客厅作为参照，所以好奇心愈发强烈起来。

At half-past four the Vicomtesse de Beauseant was visible.

四点半时，德伯桑子爵夫人露面了。

Five minutes earlier she would not have received her cousin, but Eugene knew nothing of the recognized routine of various houses in Paris.

要是早五分钟，她就不会接待这个表弟了，但是欧仁对巴黎各府邸公认的规矩一窍不通。

He was conducted up the wide, white-painted, crimson-carpeted staircase, between the gilded balusters and masses of flowering plants, to Mme. de Beauseant's apartments.

他跟着仆人，走上了一座刷着白漆、铺着红地毯的宽敞楼梯。楼梯镀金的栏杆之间摆满了鲜花。他就这样被带进了德伯桑夫人的房间。

He did not know the rumor current about Mme. de Beauseant, one of the biographies told, with variations, in whispers, every evening in the salons of Paris.

他并不知道近来关于德伯桑夫人的流言蜚语。这些谣言版本不一，成为夜晚巴黎各个沙龙里人们交头接耳议论的话题之一。

For three years past her name had been spoken of in connection with that of one of the most wealthy and distinguished Portuguese nobles, the Marquis d'Ajuda-Pinto.

三年以来，她的名字总是会和一个才大气粗、声名显赫的葡萄牙贵族——德阿尤达·平托侯爵联系在一起。

It was one of those innocent liaisons which possess so much charm for the two thus attached to each other that they find the presence of a third person intolerable.

这种纯洁的联系对这两个相互吸引的人而言，有着相当大的魔力，以至于他们容不得第三人的打扰。

The Vicomte de Beauseant, therefore, had himself set an example to the rest of the world by respecting, with as good a grace as might be, this morganatic union.

因此，德伯桑子爵也向世人树立了良好的榜样，尽量显得优雅得体，尊重这种地位悬殊的关系。

Any one who came to call on the Vicomtesse in the early days of this friendship was sure to find the Marquis d'Ajuda-Pinto there.

这段友谊刚刚开始的时候，无论谁去拜访子爵夫人，总能在那里见到德阿尤达·平托侯爵。

As, under the circumstances, Mme. de Beauseant could not very well shut her door against these visitors, she gave them such a cold reception, and showed so much interest in the study of the ceiling, that no one could fail to understand how much he bored her; and

when it became known in Paris that Mme. de Beauseant was bored by callers between two and four o'clock, she was left in perfect solitude during that interval.

因为在这种情形下，德伯桑夫人不可能闭门谢客。她只得冷淡地接待客人，总是看着天花板，好像对房顶更感兴趣似的。于是所有人都识趣地意识到自己严重地打扰到了她。到最后巴黎人人都知道，两点到四点去拜访德伯桑夫人都会打扰她，她也总算在这个时间段得享安宁。

She went to the Bouffons or to the Opera with M. de Beauseant and M. d'Ajuda-Pinto; and M. de Beauseant, like a well-bred man of the world, always left his wife and the Portuguese as soon as he had installed them.

她跟着德伯桑先生和德阿尤达·平托先生一起去看谐谑剧或歌剧。而德伯桑先生，像这世上修养极好的人一样，总是在安顿好妻子和这位葡萄牙人后就离开了。

But M. d'Ajuda-Pinto must marry, and a Mlle.de Rochefide was the young lady.

但是德阿尤达·平托先生总要结婚的，而德洛希斐特小姐正是合适人选。

In the whole fashionable world there was but one person who as yet knew nothing of the arrangement, and that was Mme. de Beauseant.

至今整个上流社会只有一个人对这场联姻一无所知，那个人就是德伯桑夫人。

Some of her friends had hinted at the possibility, and she had laughed at them, believing that envy had prompted those ladies to try to make mischief.

她的一些朋友曾向她暗示过这种可能性，但她却置之一笑，认为朋友妒忌她，想从中作梗。

And now, though the bans were about to be published, and although the handsome Portuguese had come that day to break the news to the Vicomtesse, he had not found courage as yet to say one word about his treachery.

如今，结婚告示马上就要张贴出来了。虽然那天这位葡萄牙美男子也来了，想把这件事婉转地告知子爵夫人，但是他至今也没勇气说他自己背叛了她。

How was it?

这是怎么一回事呢？

Nothing is doubtless more difficult than the notification of an

ultimatum of this kind.

毫无疑问，没什么事比下这样一个最后通牒更难了。

There are men who feel more at their ease when they stand up before another man who threatens their lives with sword or pistol than in the presence of a woman who, after two hours of lamentations and reproaches, falls into a dead swoon and requires salts.

有的男人宁愿冒着生命危险，站在敌人面前被人用剑或手枪指着，也不愿对着一个女人又哭又骂两个小时，最后晕死过去，不得不对她施救。因为他们认为前一种情况让自己觉得更自在。

At this moment, therefore, M. d'Ajuda-Pinto was on thorns, and anxious to take his leave.

于是，这时的德阿尤达·平托先生如坐针毡、焦虑不安、急于开溜。

He told himself that in some way or other the news would reach Mme. de Beauseant; he would write, it would be much better to do it by letter, and not to utter the words that should stab her to the heart.

他告诉自己，消息总会通过其他什么渠道传到德伯桑夫人那里的。他准备写信给她，觉得写信比当面说出那些句句钻心的话要好。

So when the servant announced M. Eugene de Rastignac, the Marquis d'Ajuda-Pinto trembled with joy.

于是当仆人通报欧仁·德拉斯蒂涅先生求见时，德阿尤达·平托侯爵开心得浑身一震。

To be sure, a loving woman shows even more ingenuity in inventing doubts of her lover than in varying the monotony of his happiness; and when she is about to be forsaken, she instinctively interprets every gesture as rapidly as Virgil's courser detected the presence of his companion by snuffing the breeze.

毋庸置疑，恋爱中的女人更擅长对情人百般猜忌，而不是用各种变化给对方的幸福带来新意。一旦要被抛弃时，她就会本能地诠释对方每一个姿势的含义。诠释的过程快得就像维吉尔（注：古罗马诗人）的马能透过微风嗅到主人的气息一样。

It was impossible, therefore, that Mme. de Beauseant should not detect that involuntary thrill of satisfaction; slight though it was, it was appalling in its artlessness.

因此，德伯桑夫人一眼就看穿了他不由自主地流露出的满足、兴奋之意。虽然变化细微，但是流露出的感情却真实得可怕。

Eugene had yet to learn that no one in Paris should present himself in any house without first making himself acquainted with the whole history of its owner, and of its owner's wife and family, so that

he may avoid making any of the terrible blunders which in Poland draw forth the picturesque exclamation, "Harness five bullocks to your cart!"

欧仁还没搞明白一件事情，在巴黎，无论要拜访谁，首先都要把主人、女主人和他们的整个家族史都打听清楚，以避免弄出什么糟糕的差错。波兰人将这种差错说得惟妙惟肖：“在你的车上套五头牛！”

Probably because you will need them all to pull you out of the quagmire into which a false step has plunged you.

这样说可能是因为一旦你一步踏空就会陷入泥沼，这样就需要五头牛一齐用力才能将你拉出来。

If, down to the present day, our language has no name for these conversational disasters, it is probably because they are believed to be impossible, the publicity given in Paris to every scandal is so prodigious.

要是到今天我们法语中还没有相应的说法来描绘对话中出现的这般灾难，大概是因为人们相信这样的事情决计不可能发生。在巴黎，每一件丑闻都会被宣传得尽人皆知。

After the awkward incident at Mme. de Restaud's, no one but Eugene could have reappeared in his character of bullock-driver in Mme. de Beauseant's drawing-room.

在经历了德雷斯多夫人家里的尴尬后又出现在德伯桑夫人的客厅里，这也只有欧仁能做得出来，他的性格简直和赶牛车的车夫一样。

But if Mme. de Restaud and M. de Trailles had found him horribly in the way, M. d'Ajuda hailed his coming with relief.

换成是德雷斯多夫人和德特拉尔先生，他们就会觉得他非常碍事，但对于德阿尤达先生来说，他的到来却是在帮他解围。

"Good-bye," said the Portuguese, hurrying to the door, as Eugene made his entrance into a dainty little pink-and-gray drawing-room, where luxury seemed nothing more than good taste.

“再见。”这位葡萄牙人说着急忙走向门口，此时欧仁进入了这间小巧别致、粉色与灰色交融的客厅，虽然奢华但独具品味。

"Until this evening," said Mme. de Beauseant, turning her head to give the Marquis a glance.

“晚上见，”德伯桑夫人说着回头望了侯爵一眼，

"We are going to the Bouffons, are we not?"

“我们晚上不是要去看戏吗？”

"I cannot go," he said, with his fingers on the door handle.

“我去不了了。”他回答的时候手已经在门把手上了。

Mme. de Beauseant rose and beckoned to him to return.

德伯桑夫人站了起来，向他招手，让他回来。

She did not pay the slightest attention to Eugene, who stood there dazzled by the sparkling marvels around him; he began to think that this was some story out of the Arabian Nights made real, and did not know where to hide himself, when the woman before him seemed to be unconscious of his existence.

她根本就没有注意到欧仁。欧仁正站在那里，被身边这些耀眼的奇景弄得眼花缭乱。他在想着《一千零一夜》里面的故事成了现实，而他面前的女人却像根本没有意识到他的存在一样。

The Vicomtesse had raised the forefinger of her right hand, and gracefully signed to the Marquis to seat himself beside her.

子爵夫人举起了右手的食指，优雅地示意侯爵坐到她身旁。

The Marquis felt the imperious sway of passion in her gesture; he came back towards her.

侯爵感觉到了这手势中傲慢、忿怒之气，便转身走向她。

Eugene watched him, not without a feeling of envy.

欧仁看着他，不无妒忌之心。

"That is the owner of the brougham!" he said to himself.

“他便是那辆马车的主人！”他暗自说，

"But is it necessary to have a pair of spirited horses, servants in livery, and torrents of gold to draw a glance from a woman here in Paris?"

“但是必须要有一对神采奕奕的骏马、身穿制服的仆人和滚滚金流才能吸引巴黎女子的目光吗？”

The demon of luxury gnawed at his heart, greed burned in his veins, his throat was parched with the thirst of gold.

奢靡这个恶魔撕咬着他的心脏，贪婪灼烧着他的血管，连喉咙都因为对金子的渴望而燥热难忍。

He had a hundred and thirty francs every quarter.

他一个季度能拿一百三十法郎。

His father, mother, brothers, sisters, and aunt did not spend two hundred francs a month among them.

而他的父母、兄弟姐妹和姑妈一个月才花不到两百法郎。

This swift comparison between his present condition and the aims he had in view helped to benumb his faculties.

他将自己的实际境况和理想状况在心里快速比较了一下，得出的结果让他变得迟钝起来。

"Why not?" the Vicomtesse was saying, as she smiled at the Portuguese.

“为什么去不了？”子爵夫人笑着问葡萄牙人，

"Why cannot you come to the Italiens?"

“你为什么去不了意大利大街？”

"Affairs! I am to dine with the English Ambassador."

“有正经事做！我要和英国大使共进晚餐。”

"Throw him over."

“别理他啊。”

When a man once enters on a course of deception, he is compelled to add lie to lie.

男人一旦编出一句谎话，就不得不谎上加谎。

M. d'Ajuda therefore said, smiling, "Do you lay your commands on me?"

德阿尤达先生于是笑着说：“你这是在对我下命令吗？”

"Yes, certainly."

“当然是。”

"That was what I wanted to have you say to me," he answered, dissembling his feelings in a glance which would have reassured any other woman.

“我就是要你这句话。”他回答说。他带着能够让任何一个女人打消疑虑的眼神看了她一眼，好掩饰心中的真实想法。

He took the Vicomtesse's hand, kissed it, and went.

他捧起子爵夫人的手，吻了一下，然后离开了。

Eugene ran his fingers through his hair, and constrained himself to bow.

欧仁用手拨了拨头发，很不自在地鞠了一躬。

He thought that now Mme. de Beauseant would give him her attention; but suddenly she sprang forward, rushed to a window in the gallery, and watched M. d'Ajuda step into his carriage; she listened to the order that he gave, and heard the Swiss repeat it to the

coachman: "To M. de Rochefide's house."

他想现在德伯桑夫人总该注意到他了。但是她突然猛冲出去，冲到了走廊的窗边，看着德阿尤达先生上了马车。她听着他下指令，然后听到瑞士仆人传令给马车夫说：“去德洛希斐特先生家。”

Those words, and the way in which M. d'Ajuda flung himself back in the carriage, were like a lightning flash and a thunderbolt for her; she walked back again with a deadly fear gnawing at her heart.

听到那些话，看到德阿尤达先生急忙冲上马车的动作，她简直就像被电闪雷击了一般。她走回客厅，极度的恐惧吞噬着她的心。

The most terrible catastrophes only happen among the heights.

这种最可怕的灾难只会发生在上流社会中。

The Vicomtesse went to her own room, sat down at a table, and took up a sheet of dainty notepaper.

子爵夫人回到自己的房间，坐在桌边，拿起一张精美的信纸。

"When, instead of dining with the English Ambassador," she wrote, "you go to the Rochefides, you owe me an explanation, which I am waiting to hear."

“如果你没有和英国大使共进晚餐，”她写道，“而是去了洛希斐特家，那么你欠我个说法，我等着听你解释。”

She retraced several of the letters, for her hand was trembling so that they were indistinct; then she signed the note with an initial C for "Claire de Bourgogne," and rang the bell.

由于手不停发抖，字迹不是很清晰，于是她重新描了几个字母。接着她签上“克莱尔·德布戈涅”的首字母C，然后便按铃叫人。

"Jacques," she said to the servant, who appeared immediately, "take this note to M. de Rochefide's house at half-past seven and ask for the Marquis d'Ajuda.

“雅克，”她对一位立即出现的仆人说，“拿上纸条，七点半去德洛希斐特府上，请德阿尤达侯爵收启。

If M. d'Ajuda is there, leave the note without waiting for an answer; if he is not there, bring the note back to me."

要是德阿尤达先生在那里，留下条子就走，不用等回信；要是他不在，就把纸条带回来给我。”

"Madame la Vicomtess, there is a visitor in the drawing-room.”

“子爵夫人，客厅里还有客人呢。”

"Ah! yes, of course," she said, opening the door.

“噢！对了，当然。”她说着便打开门。

Eugene was beginning to feel very uncomfortable, but at last the Vicomtesse appeared; she spoke to him, and the tremulous tones of her voice vibrated through his heart.

欧仁开始觉得非常不安，但是最终子爵夫人还是出来了。在他们交谈之时，子爵夫人战栗的声音又让他的心起了波澜。

"Pardon me, monsieur," she said; "I had a letter to write.

“请原谅，先生，”她说，“我刚才要写封信。

Now I am quite at liberty.”

现在没事了。”

She scarcely knew what she was saying, for even as she spoke she thought, "Ah! he means to marry Mlle.de Rochefide?

她几乎不知道自己说了些什么，因为她说话时还在想着：“噢！莫非他想娶德洛希斐特小姐？

But is he still free?

但是他还是单身吗？

This evening the marriage shall be broken off, or else… But before to-morrow I shall know.”

今晚就得把这桩婚事搞砸，否则……但是明天之前我也应该知道结局了。”

"Cousin..." the student replied.

“表姐……”那个学生说道。

"Eh?" said the Vicomtesse, with an insolent glance that sent a cold shudder through Eugene; he understood what that "Eh?" meant; he had learned a great deal in three hours, and his wits were on the alert.

“嗯？”子爵夫人傲慢的眼神让欧仁打了个冷颤。他知道这一句“嗯？”代表什么。他在这三个小时里学到了很多，开始变得警觉起来。

He reddened: "Madame..." he began; he hesitated a moment, and then went on.

他脸红了，改口叫道：“夫人……”。之后犹豫了片刻，他继续说道，

"Pardon me; I am in such need of protection that the nearest scrap of relationship could do me no harm."

“请原谅我，我急需的庇护，能扯上一丁点亲戚关系对我也没坏处。”

Mme. de Beauseant smiled but there was sadness in her smile; even now she felt forebodings of the coming pain, the air she breathed was heavy with the storm that was about to burst.

德伯桑夫人莞尔一笑，但笑得很苦涩。即使是现在她也感觉得到即将来临的痛苦，空气中弥漫着暴风雨爆发前的压抑气息。

"If you knew how my family are situated," he went on, "you would love to play the part of a beneficent fairy godmother who graciously clears the obstacles from the path of her protege."

“要是您知道我家的处境，”他继续说，“您一定愿意做个乐善好施的美丽教母，慈祥地为您保护的人扫除障碍。”

"Well, cousin," she said, laughing, "and how can I be of service to you?"

“哦，表弟，”她笑着说，“那我能帮上什么忙呢？”

"But do I know even that?

“这我也说不好。

I am distantly related to you, and this obscure and remote relationship is even now a perfect godsend to me.

我跟您是远房亲戚，即使是远亲，关系也不甚明显，但对我来说这已经是完美的天赐之物了。

You have confused my ideas; I cannot remember the things that I meant to say to you.

您让我感到困惑，我都不记得要跟您说些什么了。

I know no one else here in Paris... Ah! if I could only ask you to counsel me, ask you to look upon me as a poor child who would fain cling to the hem of your dress, who would lay down his life for you.”

在巴黎我谁也不认识……哦，对了！只要您能给我点忠告，能把我看成一个乐意拜倒在您裙下、愿为您舍命的可怜孩子就行了。”

"Would you kill a man for me?"

“你会为我杀人吗？”

"Two，" said Eugene.

“杀一双都成。”欧仁说。

"You, child.

“你是个孩子。

Yes, you are a child," she said, keeping back the tears that came to her eyes; "you would love sincerely."

是的，你还是个孩子。”她强忍着泪水说，“你会爱得很真诚的。”

"Oh!" he cried, flinging up his head.

“噢！”他抬头喊道。

The audacity of the student's answer interested the Vicomtesse in him.

这个学生大胆的回答勾起了子爵夫人对他的兴趣。

The southern brain was beginning to scheme for the first time.

这个南方傻小子第一次耍起了心眼。

Between Mme. de Restaud's blue boudoir and Mme. de Beauseant's rose-colored drawing-room he had made a three years' advance in a kind of law which is not a recognized study in Paris, although it is a sort of higher jurisprudence, and, when well understood, is a highroad to success of every kind.

在德雷斯多夫人的蓝色卧房和德伯桑夫人的玫瑰色客厅之间，他提前三年读完了一套在巴黎潜在的规则。那是一种高等法律，而且研习者要是对其融会贯通的话，就等于驶上了一条通向成功的康庄大道。

"Ah! that is what I meant to say!" said Eugene.

“对了！这就是我要说的！”欧仁说，

"I met Mme. de Restaud at your ball, and this morning I went to see her."

“我在您的舞会上见到过德雷斯多夫人，今天早上我去拜访了她。”

"You must have been very much in the way," said Mme. de Beauseant, smiling as she spoke.

“你一定妨碍到德雷斯多夫人了。”德伯桑夫人笑着说。

"Yes, indeed.

“确实是。

I am a novice, and my blunders will set every one against me, if you do not give me your counsel.

我初来乍到，要是没有您的忠告，我肯定会到处犯错，到处招人嫌。

I believe that in Paris it is very difficult to meet with a young, beautiful, and wealthy woman of fashion who would be willing to teach me, what you women can explain so well—life.

我觉得，在巴黎很难碰到一位年轻、貌美、富有、时尚的女性愿意教我为人处世的方法，而你们女性能将其诠释得非常好。

I shall find a M. de Trailles everywhere.

到处都是德特拉尔先生那样的人。

So I have come to you to ask you to give me a key to a puzzle, to entreat you to tell me what sort of blunder I made this morning.

所以我就来请教您，希望您帮我揭开谜底，求求您告诉我，早上我究竟错在哪里了。

I mentioned an old man—" "Madame la Duchess de Langeais," Jacques cut the student short; Eugene gave expression to his intense annoyance by a gesture.

我提到了一个老头——”“德朗热公爵夫人来了。”雅克打断了法律系学生的话。欧仁做出一个手势，说明他非常恼火。

"If you mean to succeed," said the Vicomtesse in a low voice, "in the first place you must not be so demonstrative."

“如果你想要成功，”子爵夫人低声说，“首先不能喜怒形于色。”

"Ah! good morning, dear," she continued, and rising and crossing the room, she grasped the Duchess' hands as affectionately as if they had been sisters; the Duchess responded in the prettiest and most gracious way.

“噢！早上好，亲爱的。”她继续说道，同时站起身来，穿过屋子拉起了公爵夫人的手。她们似乎亲如姐妹。公爵夫人则以最美丽、最优雅的方式给予回应。

"Two intimate friends!" said Rastignac to himself.

“一对密友！”拉斯蒂涅自言自语道，

"Henceforward I shall have two protectresses; those two women are great friends, no doubt, and this newcomer will doubtless interest herself in her friend's cousin."

“自此我就有两个庇护人啦。这两个女人是好朋友，不用说，那位新来的公爵夫人肯定会对她朋友的表弟感兴趣的。”

"To what happy inspiration do I owe this piece of good fortune, dear Antoinette?" asked Mme. de Beauseant.

“我真是有幸能接待您这样的贵客，亲爱的安托瓦妮特！”德伯桑夫人招呼道。

"Well, I saw M. d'Ajuda-Pinto at M. de Rochefide's door, so I thought that if I came I should find you alone."

“是这样的，我在德洛希斐特先生家门前看到了德阿尤达·平托先生，所以我想你应该是独自在家了。”

Mme. de Beauseant's mouth did not tighten, her color did not rise,

her expression did not alter, or rather, her brow seemed to clear as the Duchess uttered those deadly words.

公爵夫人说出这些要人命的话时，德伯桑夫人没有闭紧双唇，脸色没有涨红，她的表情也没有变化。更准确地说，她紧锁的眉头都骤然松开了。

"If I had known that you were engaged—" the speaker added, glancing at Eugene.

“要是我知道有客人在——”公爵夫人看了一眼欧仁，补充道。

"This gentleman is M. Eugene de Rastignac, one of my cousins," said the Vicomtesse.

“这位是欧仁·德拉斯蒂涅先生，我的一个表弟。”子爵夫人介绍说。

"Have you any news of General de Montriveau?" she continued.

“你有德蒙特里沃将军的消息吗？”她继续问道，

"Serizy told me yesterday that he never goes anywhere now; has he been to see you to-day?"

“塞里奇昨天跟我说他现在哪里都不去，您今天见过他没？”

It was believed that the Duchess was desperately in love with M. de Montriveau, and that he was a faithless lover; she felt the question in her very heart, and her face flushed as she answered: "He was at the Elysee yesterday."

据说公爵夫人疯狂地爱着这位德蒙特里沃先生，但他却背信弃义。她的心被这句话狠狠地揪了一下，红着脸回答说：“他昨天在爱丽舍宫呢。”

"In attendance?"

“去办公吗？”

"Claire," returned the Duchess, and hatred overflowed in the glances she threw at Mme. de Beauseant; "of course you know that M. d'Ajuda-Pinto is going to marry Mlle.de Rochefide; the bans will be published to-morrow."

“克莱尔，”公爵夫人再看德伯桑夫人时，眼神里饱含着怨恨之情，“你一定知道德阿尤达·平托先生要娶德洛希斐特小姐了，这桩婚事明天就要公布于众了。”

This thrust was too cruel; the Vicomtesse's face grew white, but she answered, laughing, "One of those rumors that fools amuse themselves with.

这句话深深地伤害了子爵夫人，她脸色煞白，不过还是笑着说：“这只不过是傻瓜们用来自娱自乐的一个谣言。

What should induce M. d'Ajuda to take one of the noblest names in Portugal to the Rochefides?

洛希斐特家配得起德阿尤达这个葡萄牙最高贵的姓氏吗？

The Rochefides were only ennobled yesterday.”

洛希斐特家被封为贵族好像还是昨天的事。”

"But Bertha will have two hundred thousand livres a year, they say."

“但是据说伯莎每年能拿到二十万里弗赫呢。”

"M. d'Ajuda is too wealthy to marry for money."

“德阿尤达先生那么有钱，不会为了钱而结婚的。”

"But, my dear, Mlle.de Rochefide is a charming girl."

“但是，亲爱的，德洛希斐特小姐可是个可人儿啊。”

"Indeed?"

“是吗？”

"And, as a matter of fact, he is dining with them to-day; the thing is settled.

“实际上，他们今天还会共进晚餐，这事算是板上钉钉了。

It is very surprising to me that you should know so little about it.”

我就纳闷你怎么了解得那么少。”

Mme. de Beauseant turned to Rastignac.

德伯桑夫人回过头来面对拉斯蒂涅。

"What was the blunder that you made, monsieur?" she asked.

“先生，你究竟做了什么错事？”她问，

"The poor boy is only just launched into the world, Antoinette, so that he understands nothing of all this that we are speaking of.

“这可怜的孩子涉世未深，安托瓦妮特，我们说的话他一点也不明白。

Be merciful to him, and let us finish our talk to-morrow.

就算可怜可怜这孩子吧，我们的话明天再说。

Everything will be announced to-morrow, you know, and your kind informal communication can be accompanied by official confirmation.”

你知道，到了明天一切将会公布于众，到时候就知道你出于好心告

诉我的小道消息准确与否了。”

The Duchess gave Eugene one of those insolent glances that measure a man from head to foot, and leave him crushed and annihilated.

公爵夫人从头到脚地打量着欧仁，那种傲慢的眼神简直要把他压碎，并将他彻底毁灭。

"Madame, I have unwittingly plunged a dagger into Mme. de Restaud's heart; unwittingly—therein lies my offence," said the student of law, whose keen brain had served him sufficiently well, for he had detected the biting epigrams that lurked beneath this friendly talk.

“夫人，我不小心冒犯了德雷斯多夫人，我完全错在不小心上。”这位法律系学生说。他脑袋转得飞快，早就看穿了她们友好的谈话中暗藏着辛辣的讥讽。

"You continue to receive, possibly you fear, those who know the amount of pain that they deliberately inflict; but a clumsy blunderer who has no idea how deeply he wounds is looked upon as a fool who does not know how to make use of his opportunities, and every one despises him."

“如果一个人故意伤害你，却知道他让你有多痛苦，你可能会继续接受他，也可能会惧怕他们。但是如果一个人伤害了你，却笨得不知道他伤人有多深的话，他就会被看成不会把握机会的傻瓜，会遭到大家的鄙视。”

Mme. de Beauseant gave the student a glance, one of those glances in which a great soul can mingle dignity and gratitude.

德伯桑夫人看了这个学生一眼，从她的眼神中可以看到她的心中交织着崇高与感恩。

It was like balm to the law student, who was still smarting under the Duchess' insolent scrutiny; she had looked at him as an auctioneer might look at some article to appraise its value.

德伯桑夫人的目光给了他极大的安慰。在公爵夫人傲慢地审视下，这位法律系学生的思维越来越敏捷。公爵夫人看他的样子，就像拍卖员为了给拍卖品估价而在仔细查看一般。

"Imagine, too, that I had just made some progress with the Comte de Restaud; for I should tell you, madame," he went on, turning to the Duchess with a mixture of humility and malice in his manner, "that as yet I am only a poor devil of a student, very much alone in the world, and very poor—" "You should not tell us that, M. de Rastignac.

“再想想我刚才还和德雷斯多伯爵谈笑风生，夫人，我跟您说这些，是因为，”他谦恭而略带一丝狡黠地转向公爵夫人，继续说，“我只是一

个可怜的大学生，在这世上又孤独又穷困——”“您别这样说，德拉斯蒂涅先生。

We women never care about anything that no one else will take.”

我们女人从不在意这些没人爱听的话。”

"Bah!" said Eugene.

“噢！”欧仁说，

"I am only two-and-twenty, and I must make up my mind to the drawbacks of my time of life.

“我只有二十二岁，我必须下决心弥补我这个年龄的劣势。

Besides, I am confessing my sins, and it would be impossible to kneel in a more charming confessional; you commit your sins in one drawing-room, and receive absolution for them in another.”

而且，我正在为我的过错忏悔，还有哪里能比这间迷人的忏悔室更好呢。您在这间客厅犯下罪孽，可以在别的客厅得到宽恕。”

The Duchess' expression grew colder, she did not like the flippant tone of these remarks, and showed that she considered them to be in bad taste by turning to the Vicomtesse with— "This gentleman has only just come—” Mme. de Beauseant began to laugh outright at her cousin and at the Duchess both.

公爵夫人的脸色变得越来越冷漠，她不喜欢学生说这些话时的无礼口吻。为了显出自己认为这些话品位低俗，她转向子爵夫人，说：“这位先生才来——”德伯桑夫人立即开始嘲笑她表弟和公爵夫人。

"He has only just come to Paris, dear, and is in search of some one who will give him lessons in good taste."

“他才来到巴黎，亲爱的，正在找老师帮他提高品位呢。”

"Mme. la Duchesse," said Eugene, "is it not natural to wish to be initiated into the mysteries which charm us?"

“公爵夫人，”欧仁说，“我们想了解我们所爱慕的人，知道他们的秘密，这不是很平常吗？”

("Come, now," he said to himself, "my language is superfinely elegant, I'm sure.") "But Mme. de Restaud is herself, I believe, M. de Trailles' pupil," said the Duchess.

（“算了吧，”他暗自想，“我敢肯定我说的话已经很优雅了。”）“不过我相信德雷斯多夫人自己也是德特拉尔先生的‘学生’吧。”公爵夫人说。

"Of that I had no idea, madame," answered the law student, "so I rashly came between them.

“这我就不清楚了，夫人。”这个法律系学生回答，“我还莽撞地冲到他们中间了。

In fact, I got on very well with the lady's husband, and his wife tolerated me for a time until I took it into my head to tell them that I knew some one of whom I had just caught a glimpse as he went out by a back staircase, a man who had given the Countess a kiss at the end of a passage."

其实我同这位女士的丈夫相处得很好，夫人一度对我也还算客气，直到我突然想到要和他们说，我认识一个人，之前我刚好瞧见他从后楼梯上下来，还在走廊尽头和伯爵夫人亲吻。”

"Who was it?" both women asked together.

“他是谁？”两位女士异口同声地问。

"An old man who lives at the rate of two louis a month in the Faubourg Saint-Marceau, where I, a poor student, lodge likewise.

“一个住在圣马尔索郊区（注：圣马塞尔郊区的别名），每月靠两个路易过活的老头，我这个穷学生也住在那里。

He is a truly unfortunate creature, everybody laughs at him—we all call him 'Father Goriot.'" "Why, child that you are," cried the Vicomtesse, "Mme. de Restaud was a Mlle. Goriot!"

他真是个不幸的人，每个人都笑话他——我们都叫他‘高老头’。”“天啊，你真是个小孩。”子爵夫人叫道，“德雷斯多夫人过去就是高里奥小姐啊！”

"The daughter of a vermicelli manufacturer," the Duchess added; "and when the little creature went to Court, the daughter of a pastry-cook was presented on the same day.

“面条制造商的女儿。”公爵夫人补充道，“那个小姑娘进宫时，一个糕点师傅的女儿正好也在场。

Do you remember, Claire?

你还记得吗，克莱尔？

The King began to laugh, and made some joke in Latin about flour.

国王发笑了，还用拉丁文说了几个关于面粉的笑话。

People—what was it?— People—” "*Ejusdem farinae*," said Eugene.

人——怎么说来着？人——”“都是一样的面粉。”欧仁说。

"Yes, that was it," said the Duchess.

“对了，就是这句。”公爵夫人说。

"Oh! is that her father?" the law student continued, aghast.

“哦！那是她父亲？”这个法律系学生大为吃惊，继续问道。

"Yes, certainly; the old man had two daughters; he dotes on them, so to speak, though they will scarcely acknowledge him."

“当然了。这老头有两个女儿。可以这么说，他很宠爱两个女儿，但她们几乎都不认他了。”

"Didn't the second daughter marry a banker with a German name?" the Vicomtesse asked, turning to Mme. de Langeais, "a Baron de Nucingen?

“那小女儿不是嫁给了一个有德国姓氏的银行家了吗？”子爵夫人转向德朗热夫人闻道，“是不是叫德纽沁根男爵？

And her name is Delphine, is it not?

她不是叫德尔菲娜吗？

Isn't she a fair-haired woman who has a side-box at the Opera?

是那个在歌剧院有个侧面包厢的金发女人吧？

She comes sometimes to the Bouffons, and laughs loudly to attract attention.”

她有时会去看谐谑剧，大声笑着来吸引别人的注意。”

The Duchess smiled and said: "I wonder at you, dear.

公爵夫人笑着说：“我真佩服你，亲爱的。

Why do you take so much interest in people of that kind?

你怎么会对那种人如此感兴趣呢？

One must have been as madly in love as Restaud was, to be infatuated with Mlle. Anastasie and her flour sacks.

肯定有人像德雷斯多以前那样，疯狂地爱上这位阿纳斯塔谢小姐和她的面粉袋。

Oh! he will not find her a good bargain!

哦！他以后会发现她不是一个好对象。

She is in M. de Trailles' hands, and he will ruin her."

她现在落在德特拉尔先生手上了，他会毁掉她的。”

"And they do not acknowledge their father!" Eugene repeated.

“她们还不理睬她们的父亲！”欧仁重复道。

"Oh! well, yes, their father, the father, a father," replied the Vicomtesse, "a kind father who gave them each five or six hundred

thousand francs, it is said, to secure their happiness by marrying them well; while he only kept eight or ten thousand livres a year for himself, thinking that his daughters would always be his daughters, thinking that in them he would live his life twice over again, that in their houses he should find two homes, where he would be loved and looked up to, and made much of.

“对啊！她们的父亲，这个父亲真是个父亲。”子爵夫人回答说，“据说他是个慈祥的父亲，给了每个女儿五六十万法郎，帮她们嫁个好郎君，保证以后她们能过好日子。然而，他每年却只给自己留八千或一万里弗赫。他想着女儿终究是女儿，她们两个活好了，他等于活了两遍，她们两个成家了，他等于有了两个家，而且家里的人会爱戴他、尊敬他、重视他。

And in two years' time both his sons-in-law had turned him out of their houses as if he were one of the lowest outcasts.”

但两年时间里，两个女婿都把他赶出家门，就像他是社会最底层的流浪汉一样。”

Tears came into Eugene's eyes.

欧仁的眼里泛着泪光。

He was still under the spell of youthful beliefs, he had just left home, pure and sacred feelings had been stirred within him, and this was his first day on the battlefield of civilization in Paris.

他的心里仍保存着年轻人的信仰。他刚离家不久，心里还装着纯洁、高尚的亲情，这还是他在巴黎初次体验文明的战场。

Genuine feeling is so infectious that for a moment the three looked at each other in silence.

真挚的情感有多么强的感染力啊，有好一阵子三人都相顾无言。

"*Eh, mon Dieu!*" said Mme. de Langeais; "yes, it seems very horrible, and yet we see such things every day.

“啊，我的上帝！”德朗热夫人说，“这件事情看起来的确很可怕，但我们天天见到这样的事情。

Is there not a reason for it?

难道就没有个原因吗？

Tell me, dear, have you ever really thought what a son-in-law is?

告诉我，亲爱的，你有没有真正想过什么才是女婿？

A son-in-law is the man for whom we bring up, you and I, a dear little one, bound to us very closely in innumerable ways; for seventeen years she will be the joy of her family, its 'white soul,' as Lamartine says, and suddenly she will become its scourge. When HE comes and

takes her from us, his love from the very beginning is like an axe laid to the root of all the old affection in our darling's heart, and all the ties that bound her to her family are severed.

女婿就是这样一类人，我们为他养大与我们有着千丝万缕联系的小宝贝——十七岁前，她是家里快乐的源泉，正如拉马丁（注：拉马丁是法国十八世末到十九世纪中期著名的作家、诗人和政治家）所说的那样，她有“洁白的灵魂”，但十七岁之后，她就会突然变成家里痛苦的源泉。女婿过来把她从我们的手中夺走，他的爱从一开始就像一把斧子，从根上斩断了我们女儿过去所有的情谊，砍断了她和家里的所有联系。

But yesterday our little daughter thought of no one but her mother and father, as we had no thought that was not for her; by to-morrow she will have become a hostile stranger.

昨天，我们的女儿还只想着她的父母，就像我们只想着她一样；但是明天，她就会变成一个带着敌意的陌生人。

The tragedy is always going on under our eyes.

这样的悲剧总在我们眼皮底下上演。

On the one hand you see a father who has sacrificed himself to his son, and his daughter-in-law shows him the last degree of insolence.

这边你看见一位父亲为儿子牺牲自己，儿媳却对他蛮横无理到了极点。

On the other hand, it is the son-in-law who turns his wife's mother out of the house.

那边一个女婿又把他岳母赶出家门了。

I sometimes hear it said that there is nothing dramatic about society in these days; but the Drama of the Son-in-law is appalling, to say nothing of our marriages, which have come to be very poor farces.

我有时听人说，近来，世上已经没有什么令人吃惊的事了，但是女婿这台戏格外令人吃惊。且不说我们的婚姻，这台戏都变成一出拙劣的闹剧了。

I can explain how it all came about in the old vermicelli maker's case.

我可以把那个老面条商的遭遇解释得一清二楚。

I think I recollect that Foriot—” "Goriot, madame."

我想我记得那个弗里奥——”“高里奥，夫人。”

"Yes, that Moriot was once President of his Section during the Revolution.

“是的，大革命时期，那个莫里奥曾是他们区的区长。

He was in the secret of the famous scarcity of grain, and laid the foundation of his fortune in those days by selling flour for ten times its cost.

他知道那次有名的粮食短缺的内幕。那时，他以成本价十倍的价钱出售面粉，靠着倒卖面粉积累了第一笔财富。

He had as much flour as he wanted.

他屯足了面粉。

My grandmother's steward sold him immense quantities.

我祖母的管家就卖给他很多。

No doubt Noriot shared the plunder with the Committee of Public Salvation, as that sort of person always did.

毫无疑问，诺里奥和救国委员会瓜分了那笔暴利，那些人过去一直都这样干。

I recollect the steward telling my grandmother that she might live at Grandvilliers in complete security, because her corn was as good as a certificate of civism.

我记起来那个管家还告诉我祖母，说她也许可以安安全全地住在格朗维莱尔，因为她的麦子就是一张很好的公民证。

Well, then, this Loriot, who sold corn to those butchers, has never had but one passion, they say—he idolizes his daughters.

后来他们说，那个把麦子卖给那些侩子手的洛里奥只钟情于一件事——溺爱女儿。

He settled one of them under Restaud's roof, and grafted the other into the Nucingen family tree, the Baron de Nucingen being a rich banker who had turned Royalist.

他把一个女儿安顿在雷斯多家，把另一个嫁到纽沁根家族。德纽沁根男爵是一个富有的银行家，他后来变成保皇党的人了。

You can quite understand that so long as Bonaparte was Emperor, the two sons-in-law could manage to put up with the old Ninety-three; but after the restoration of the Bourbons, M. de Restaud felt bored by the old man's society, and the banker was still more tired of it.

你明白当初波拿巴是皇帝，两个女婿还尽量忍受这个支持大革命的老家伙。但波旁王朝复辟之后，德雷斯多先生对老头的生活圈子感到厌烦了，那银行家就更厌恶他了。

His daughters were still fond of him; they wanted 'to keep the goat and the cabbage,' so they used to see Joriot whenever there was

no one there, under pretence of affection.

他的女儿们依旧爱戴他，她们想‘羊与洋白菜兼得’。所以在没有访客的时候，她们会探望待乔里奥，假装非常爱慕父亲。

'Come to-day, papa, we shall have you all to ourselves, and that will be much nicer!' and all that sort of thing.

‘今天来吧，爸爸，我们会全心全意服侍您，这样就更好了！’等等诸如此类的话。

As for me, dear, I believe that love has second-sight: poor Ninety-three; his heart must have bled.

至于我，亲爱的，我相信爱是有洞察力的，这个大革命时期的可怜老头的心肯定在滴血。

He saw that his daughters were ashamed of him, that if they loved their husbands his visits must make mischief.

他看出女儿们因为他而觉得羞愧，还看出如果她们真爱自己的丈夫，那么他的拜访就会离间他们的感情。

So he immolated himself.

所以他牺牲了自己。

He made the sacrifice because he was a father; he went into voluntary exile.

他做出牺牲是因为他是父亲，于是他自愿退出了。

His daughters were satisfied, so he thought that he had done the best thing he could; but it was a family crime, and father and daughters were accomplices.

他的女儿们心满意足了，所以他觉得这是他能做的最好事情了。但这却是一宗父亲和女儿合谋的家庭犯罪。

You see this sort of thing everywhere.

这样的情形随处可见。

What could this old Doriot have been but a splash of mud in his daughters' drawing-rooms?

这多里奥老头不过是女儿客厅里溅的一点泥，不然还能是什么呢？

He would only have been in the way, and bored other people, besides being bored himself.

他只是碍手碍脚、惹人厌烦的那个人，而且连他自己也讨厌自己。

And this that happened between father and daughters may happen to the prettiest woman in Paris and the man she loves the best; if her love grows tiresome, he will go; he will descend to the

basest trickery to leave her.

父女三人之间发生的事也可能会发生在巴黎最漂亮的女人和她最爱的男人之间。如果她的爱使人厌倦，他会走开。他不惜使出最卑微的把戏来躲开她。

It is the same with all love and friendship.

爱和友谊，都是如此。

Our heart is a treasury; if you pour out all its wealth at once, you are bankrupt.

我们的心如同一座宝库，假使你一次倾尽所有财富，你就会破产。

We show no more mercy to the affection that reveals its utmost extent than we do to another kind of prodigal who has not a penny left.

这些将情感挥霍一空的人和那一类挥霍到身无分文的人一样，得不到人们的同情。

Their father had given them all he had.

她们父亲已经把他的全部给了女儿。

For twenty years he had given his whole heart to them; then, one day, he gave them all his fortune too.

二十年来，他对她们倾注了所有心血。之后的一天，他又把自己所有的家产都给了她们。

The lemon was squeezed; the girls left the rest in the gutter.”

女孩们榨干柠檬后，就把残余物扔进了排水沟。”

"The world is very base," said the Vicomtesse, plucking at the threads of her shawl.

“这个社会真卑鄙。”子爵夫人边说边拔着披肩上的细线。

She did not raise her head as she spoke; the words that Mme. de Langeais had meant for her in the course of her story had cut her to the quick.

说话时，她没有抬头。德朗热夫人说这故事时，有些话是冲着她说的，这些话正中要害。

"Base?

“卑鄙？

Oh, no," answered the Duchess; "the world goes its own way, that is all.

哦，不是的。”公爵夫人回答说，“世界就是这样运转的，没别的。

If I speak in this way, it is only to show that I am not duped by it.

如果我这样说，只是证明我没有被这个世道愚弄。

I think as you do," she said, pressing the Vicomtesse's hand.

我想的跟你一样。”她说着握紧了子爵夫人的手。

"The world is a slough; let us try to live on the heights above it."

“这个世界就是一个大泥潭，我们要努力站在高处。”

She rose to her feet and kissed Mme. de Beauseant on the forehead as she said: "You look very charming to-day, dear. I have never seen such a lovely color in your cheeks before.”

她站起来亲吻了德伯桑夫人的额头，然后说：“你今天看起来非常迷人，亲爱的。我之前从来没见到你的脸色这么好过。”

Then she went out with a slight inclination of the head to the cousin.

接着她向这位表弟微微点头后便走出去了。

"Father Goriot is sublime!" said Eugene to himself, as he remembered how he had watched his neighbor work the silver vessel into a shapeless mass that night.

“高老头真令人尊敬啊！”欧仁自言自语道，同时想起自己那晚看到他的邻居将一个银盘扭成奇形怪状的一团。

Mme. de Beauseant did not hear him; she was absorbed in her own thoughts.

德伯桑夫人没有听见他的话，她想得入神了。

For several minutes the silence remained unbroken till the law student became almost paralyzed with embarrassment, and was equally afraid to go or stay or speak a word.

这样的沉默维持了好几分钟都没有被打破。这位法律系学生几乎因为这种尴尬的气氛而手脚麻痹了，他既不敢离开，也不敢逗留，又不敢开口说话。

"The world is basely ungrateful and ill-natured," said the Vicomtesse at last.

“这个世界真是卑贱、粗暴而且恶毒。”子爵夫人终于说道，

"No sooner does a trouble befall you than a friend is ready to bring the tidings and to probe your heart with the point of a dagger while calling on you to admire the handle.

“只要你一碰上麻烦，就会有朋友来告诉你这个消息，用刀尖刺你的心脏，还让你欣赏刀柄。

Epigrams and sarcasms already!

讽刺、挖苦接踵而至！

Ah! I will defend myself!”

啊！我要保护自己！”

She raised her head like the great lady that she was, and lightnings flashed from her proud eyes.

她仰起头，那个姿势正好显出她贵妇人的气质，那种骄傲的眼神散发出闪电般的光芒。

"Ah!" she said, as she saw Eugene, "are you there?"

“啊！”她一边转向欧仁一边问，“你还在吗？”

"Still," he said piteously.

“是的，还在。”他可怜兮兮地回答。

"Well, then, M. de Rastignac, deal with the world as it deserves.

“那么，德拉斯蒂涅先生，你该给这个社会它应得的惩罚。

You are determined to succeed?

你想要成功吗？

I will help you.

我会帮助你。

You shall sound the depths of corruption in woman; you shall measure the extent of man's pitiful vanity.

你会测出女人堕落得有多深，你也会衡量出男人虚荣得有多可悲。

Deeply as I am versed in such learning, there were pages in the book of life that I had not read.

虽然人生这部书我已经读得非常透彻了，但以前始终有几页没有读到。

Now I know all.

现在我都明白了。

The more cold-blooded your calculations, the further you will go.

你越是冷血、越会算计，就走得越远。

Strike ruthlessly; you will be feared.

如果你冷酷无情地打击了别人，别人就会怕了你。

Men and women for you must be nothing more than post-horses; take a fresh relay, and leave the last to drop by the roadside; in this

way you will reach the goal of your ambition.

对你来说，世间男女只能是驿马，轮班上路，在用尽他们最后一丝力气后，就把他们丢在路边，这样你才能抵达自己远大抱负的目的地。

You will be nothing here, you see, unless a woman interests herself in you; and she must be young and wealthy, and a woman of the world.

你看，除非有女人对你感兴趣，你在这里什么都不是，而且她必须年轻、富有，经常出入交际场所。

Yet, if you have a heart, lock it carefully away like a treasure; do not let any one suspect it, or you will be lost; you would cease to be the executioner, you would take the victim's place.

然而，如果你还有真情，就把它当成宝贝一样好好锁起来，别让任何人起疑心，否则你会迷失自我，你将不再是行刑官，而会变成受害者。

And if ever you should love, never let your secret escape you!

如果你真的遇到你的真爱，要坚决保守秘密！

Trust no one until you are very sure of the heart to which you open your heart.

在你确定敞开心扉之前，不要相信任何人。

Learn to mistrust every one; take every precaution for the sake of the love which does not exist as yet.

要学会怀疑每一个人，为了你还未到来的真爱，要对每件事怀有戒心。

Listen, Miguel”—the name slipped from her so naturally that she did not notice her mistake—“there is something still more appalling than the ingratitude of daughters who have cast off their old father and wish that he were dead, and that is a rivalry between two sisters.

听着，米格尔，”——这个名字自然而然地从她口中说出来，她都没注意到自己叫错了——“还有比忘恩负义的女儿遗弃父亲、希望父亲早死这种丑闻更可怕的事情呢，这就是两姐妹之间的敌意。

Restaud comes of a good family, his wife has been received into their circle; she has been presented at court; and her sister, her wealthy sister, Mme. Delphine de Nucingen, the wife of a great capitalist, is consumed with envy, and ready to die of spleen.

雷斯多出身良好，他的夫人也被这个圈子接受了，而且她还进过宫；而她的妹妹呢，她有钱的妹妹德尔菲娜·德纽沁根——大资本家的老婆——被妒忌心折磨得快要忿怒而死了。

There is gulf set between the sisters—indeed, they are sisters no

longer—the two women who refuse to acknowledge their father do not acknowledge each other.

这就是两姐妹之间的鸿沟——其实，她们再也不是姐妹了——这两个女人拒绝承认她们的父亲，也不承认彼此。

So Mme. de Nucingen would lap up all the mud that lies between the Rue Saint-Lazare and the Rue de Grenelle to gain admittance to my salon.

所以德纽沁根夫人为了能进我的沙龙，就算让她把从圣拉扎尔街到格勒内勒街的土舔干净，她都愿意。

She fancied that she should gain her end through de Marsay; she has made herself de Marsay's slave, and she bores him.

她幻想着能通过德马尔塞来达到自己的目的，她已经把自己变成德马尔塞的奴隶了，她却让他感到厌恶了。

De Marsay cares very little about her.

德马尔赛一点都不关心她。

If you will introduce her to me, you will be her darling, her Benjamin; she will idolize you.

如果你能把她引见给我，那么你会成为她的甜心，她的便雅悯（注："便雅悯"为《圣经》人物，指受宠爱的幼子），她会崇拜你的。

If, after that, you can love her, do so; if not, make her useful.

如果在那之后，你能爱上她，就尽情地爱吧；要是没有爱上她，就好好利用她。

I will ask her to come once or twice to one of my great crushes, but I will never receive her here in the morning.

我会在人多的社交聚会中邀请她一两次，但是在早上这里绝不接待她。

I will bow to her when I see her, and that will be quite sufficient.

我看见她时，会点头打招呼，那也就足够了。

You have shut the Comtesse de Restaud's door against you by mentioning Father Goriot's name.

你说出高老头的名字时，德雷斯多伯爵夫人家的大门就对你关上了。

Yes, my good friend, you may call at her house twenty times, and every time out of the twenty you will find that she is not at home.

是的，我的好朋友，你可以去她家二十次，但你会发现二十次她都不在家。

The servants have their orders, and will not admit you.

他们的仆人都得到了命令，不会接待你了。

Very well, then, now let Father Goriot gain the right of entry into her sister's house for you.

很好，那么，就让高老头为你进入她姐姐的家门争取权利吧。

The beautiful Mme. de Nucingen will give the signal for a battle.

这位美丽的德纽沁根夫人会为你发出战争的信号。

As soon as she singles you out, other women will begin to lose their heads about you, and her enemies and rivals and intimate friends will all try to take you from her.

一旦她将你挑中，其他的女人都会为你疯狂，她的敌人、对手和密友都会想从她那里把你抢到手。

There are women who will fall in love with a man because another woman has chosen him; like the city madams, poor things, who copy our millinery, and hope thereby to acquire our manners.

有一些女人，她们爱上一个男人，仅仅因为其他女人看中了他。就像一些市井妇人一样，真是一群可怜虫。我们戴什么帽子，她们也跟着戴，希望由此学到我们的风度。

You will have a success, and in Paris success is everything; it is the key of power.

你会成功的，在巴黎拥有成功就是拥有一切，成功是开启权力之门的钥匙。

If the women credit you with wit and talent, the men will follow suit so long as you do not undeceive them yourself.

如果女人觉得你有智慧、有天赋，只要你自己不戳穿自己，男人也会跟着相信你的。

There will be nothing you may not aspire to; you will go everywhere, and you will find out what the world is—an assemblage of fools and knaves.

那时，你什么都想做，你会去很多地方，会看清这个世界的本质——这个世界只不过是笨蛋和无赖的聚居之地。

But you must be neither the one nor the other.

但是你既不要当笨蛋也不要当无赖。

I am giving you my name like Ariadne's clue of thread to take with you into the labyrinth; make no unworthy use of it," she said, with a queenly glance and curve of her throat; "give it back to me unsullied.

我会把我的姓氏给你，它就像阿里阿德涅的线索一样。你带着它进迷宫吧，别把它浪费了。”她说着看了拉斯蒂涅一眼。她的眼神和颈部曲线如王后般高雅，“将来干干净净地把它还给我。

And now, go; leave me.

好了，现在你走吧，让我清静一会儿。

We women also have our battles to fight.”

我们女人也有自己的仗要打。”

"And if you should ever need some one who would gladly set a match to a train for you—" "Well?" she asked.

“不管什么时候，如果你需要一个忠心的人为你点燃导火线——”“怎么样？”她问。

He tapped his heart, smiled in answer to his cousin's smile, and went.

他拍拍胸口，与表姐相视一笑当作回答，然后就走了。

It was five o'clock, and Eugene was hungry; he was afraid lest he should not be in time for dinner, a misgiving which made him feel that it was pleasant to be borne so quickly across Paris.

已经五点了，欧仁觉得饿了，他害怕自己赶不上晚饭，这一忧虑使他感到了能在巴黎扶摇直上的快乐。

This sensation of physical comfort left his mind free to grapple with the thoughts that assailed him.

有了身体上的舒适，那么思想上就可以自由地与困扰他的想法作斗争了。

A mortification usually sends a young man of his age into a furious rage; he shakes his fist at society, and vows vengeance when his belief in himself is shaken.

耻辱感通常会使他这年纪的人狂怒不已。当这些人的信仰被动摇了，他们就会对社会挥舞起拳头，发誓要报仇。

Just then Rastignac was overwhelmed by the words, "You have shut the Countess' door against you."

刚才，拉斯蒂涅因为那句“德雷斯多伯爵夫人家的大门就对你关上了”而倍受打击。

"I shall call!" he said to himself, "and if Mme. de Beauseant is right, if I never find her at home—I...well, Mme. de Restaud shall meet me in every salon in Paris.

“我要去她家！”他对自己说，“如果德伯桑夫人是对的，如果她永远不接待我——我……那么，德雷斯多夫人将会在巴黎的每一间沙龙里都

碰到我。

I will learn to fence and have some pistol practice, and kill that Maxime of hers!”

我要学习剑术，再练习一下射击，然后杀了她的马克西姆！”

"And money?" cried an inward monitor.

“但我有钱吗？”内心的一个声音喊道，

"How about money, where is that to come from?"

“钱的问题怎么解决，我从哪里弄钱呢？”

And all at once the wealth displayed in the Countess de Restaud's drawing-room rose before his eyes.

突然，他眼前浮现出了德雷斯多伯爵夫人家的客厅和客厅里的奢华气派。

That was the luxury which Goriot's daughter had loved too well, the gilding, the ostentatious splendor, the unintelligent luxury of the parvenu, the riotous extravagance of a courtesan.

那是高老头之女曾梦寐以求的奢华：满屋金碧辉煌、外表光彩照人，像暴发户一样讲求庸俗的排场，像情妇一样放荡、铺张。

Then the attractive vision suddenly went under an eclipse as he remembered the stately grandeur of the Hotel de Beauseant.

但当他想起德伯桑公馆的庄严、高贵时，这一迷人的景象顿时黯然失色了。

As his fancy wandered among these lofty regions in the great world of Paris, innumerable dark thoughts gathered in his heart; his ideas widened, and his conscience grew more elastic.

他的幻想游走在巴黎这个宏大世界的上流社会，脑子里聚集了无数坏念头，他的眼界更宽了，良知也变得更加能屈能伸了。

He saw the world as it is; saw how the rich lived beyond the jurisdiction of law and public opinion, and found in success the ultima ratio mundi.

他看清了世界的本来面目，看到富人是怎样凌驾于法律体系和公众舆论之上，发现成功才是最终的决定因素。

"Vautrin is right, success is virtue!" he said to himself.

“沃尔特兰说得没错，成功才是美德！”他对自己说。

Arrived in the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Genevieve, he rushed up to his room for ten francs wherewith to satisfy the demands of the cabman, and went in to dinner.

到了新圣热讷维耶沃街，他冲进房间拿出十法郎付给车夫，然后就去吃饭了。

He glanced round the squalid room, saw the eighteen poverty-stricken creatures about to feed like cattle in their stalls, and the sight filled him with loathing.

他环顾了一下肮脏的屋子，看到十八个穷困潦倒的家伙像马厩里的牲畜一样准备吃东西，这个场面让他非常厌恶。

The transition was too sudden, and the contrast was so violent that it could not but act as a powerful stimulant; his ambition developed and grew beyond all social bounds.

突如其来的转变和巨大的反差变成了一剂强有力的兴奋剂。他的野心不断膨胀，最后超出了所有的阶级限制。

On the one hand, he beheld a vision of social life in its most charming and refined forms, of quick-pulsed youth, of fair, impassioned faces invested with all the charm of poetry, framed in a marvelous setting of luxury or art; and, on the other hand, he saw a sombre picture, the miry verge beyond these faces, in which passion was extinct and nothing was left of the drama but the cords and pulleys and bare mechanism.

一方面，他看到了社会最迷人、最精致的一面，看到了激情澎湃的年轻人，看到了他们容貌姣好、热情洋溢的脸庞。他们被包围在奢侈品和艺术品装饰的美妙场景中；另一方面，他又看到了社会的昏暗面，看到每张脸上都沾着泥污，没有任何激情，用来装饰场景的只有绳索、滑车和没有遮盖的机械。

Mme. de Beauseant's counsels, the words uttered in anger by the forsaken lady, her petulant offer, came to his mind, and poverty was a ready expositor.

德伯桑夫人的忠告、那个弃妇愤怒时说的话、她盛怒之下的建议涌上欧仁的心头，贫穷是现成的解说者。

Rastignac determined to open two parallel trenches so as to insure success; he would be a learned doctor of law and a man of fashion.

拉斯蒂涅决定双管齐下，以保证成功，他会成为一个学识渊博的法律博士和一个时尚男性的。

Clearly he was still a child!

他显然还是个孩子！

Those two lines are asymptotes, and will never meet.

这两条路是渐近线，永远不可能有交点。

"You are very dull, my lord Marquis," said Vautrin, with one of the shrewd glances that seem to read the innermost secrets of another mind.

“你太无精打采了，侯爵大人。”沃尔特兰说。他敏锐的目光似乎能看穿别人藏在内心最深处的秘密。

"I am not in the humor to stand jokes from people who call me 'my lord Marquis," answered Eugene.

“别叫我‘侯爵大人’，我现在没心情听别人开这个玩笑。”欧仁回答说，

"A marquis here in Paris, if he is not the veriest sham, ought to have a hundred thousand livres a year at least; and a lodger in the Maison Vauquer is not exactly Fortune's favorite."

“如果他不是十足的骗子，在巴黎，一位侯爵一年至少能拿到十万里弗赫，而一个在‘沃盖之家’的房客绝不会是命运的宠儿。”

Vautrin's glance at Rastignac was half-paternal, half-contemptuous.

沃尔特兰看拉斯蒂涅的眼神中一半是父亲般的温暖，一半是轻蔑。

"Puppy!" it seemed to say; "I should make one mouthful of him!"

“傲慢的小子！”他似乎在说，“我一口就可以吞掉他！”

Then he answered: "You are in a bad humor; perhaps your visit to the beautiful Comtesse de Restaud was not a success."

之后他回答说：“你心情不好，或许是因为你刚才去拜访美丽的德雷斯多伯爵夫人时没有成功吧。”

"She has shut her door against me because I told her that her father dined at our table," cried Rastignac.

“她以后不会再接待我了，因为我告诉她，她的父亲跟我们坐在一张桌子上吃饭。”拉斯蒂涅叫道。

Glances were exchanged all round the room; Father Goriot looked down.

房里的人都交换了一下眼色，高老头垂下了头。

"You have sent some snuff into my eye," he said to his neighbor, turning a little aside to rub his hand over his face.

“你把鼻烟吹进我眼睛啦。”他一边对旁边的人说，一边稍稍转过去，用手擦着脸。

"Any one who molests Father Goriot will have henceforward to reckon with me," said Eugene, looking at the old man's neighbor; "he is worth all the rest of us put together.— I am not speaking of the

ladies," he added, turning in the direction of Mlle. Taillefer.

“从今往后，谁再欺负高老头，就是跟我过不去，”欧仁说着看了一眼老头旁边的人，“我们加起来都没他重要。——女士除外。”他冲着塔耶费小姐补充了一句。

Eugene's remarks produced a sensation, and his tone silenced the dinner-table.

欧仁的话引起了轰动，他的语气使整个饭桌上的人都安静了下来。

Vautrin alone spoke.

只有沃尔特兰一个人说话了，

"If you are going to champion Father Goriot, and set up for his responsible editor into the bargain, you had need be a crack shot and know how to handle the foils," he said, banteringly.

“要是你想保护高老头，并且自认为是他的责任编辑，那么你得做个百发百中的狙击手，还要学会击剑。”他半开玩笑地说。

"So I intend," said Eugene.

“我就打算这么做。”欧仁说。

"Then you are taking the field today?"

“那么，你今天就正式披挂上阵了？”

"Perhaps," Rastignac answered.

“也许吧。”拉斯蒂涅回答说，

"But I owe no account of myself to any one, especially as I do not try to find out what other people do of a night."

“但是，我不需要向任何人解释，尤其是在我不想知道别人夜里都在做什么的时候。”

Vautrin looked askance at Rastignac.

沃尔特兰斜着眼看着拉斯蒂涅，

"If you do not mean to be deceived by the puppets, my boy, you must go behind and see the whole show, and not peep through holes in the curtain.

“我的孩子，要是你不想被木偶欺骗，你必须走到后台去看这场演出。不要从幕布的缝隙里看。

That is enough," he added, seeing that Eugene was about to fly into a passion.

这就够了。”他看到欧仁快要发火了，就加了一句，

"We can have a little talk whenever you like."

“只要你愿意，我们随时可以闲聊几句。”

There was a general feeling of gloom and constraint.

大家都感到了郁闷和压抑。

Father Goriot was so deeply dejected by the student's remark that he did not notice the change in the disposition of his fellow-lodgers, nor know that he had met with a champion capable of putting an end to the persecution.

高老头听了大学生这番话，深感沮丧，而没有注意到其他房客的内心起了变化，也没有意识到他遇见了一位保护人，能帮他从此免受迫害。

"Then, M. Goriot sitting there is the father of a countess," said Mme. Vauquer in a low voice.

“那就是说，坐在这里的高里奥先生是一位伯爵夫人的父亲。”沃盖夫人小声说。

"And of a baroness," answered Rastignac.

“还是一位男爵夫人的父亲。”拉斯蒂涅回答道。

"That is about all he is capable of," said Bianchon to Rastignac; "I have taken a look at his head; there is only one bump—the bump of Paternity; he must be an ETERNAL FATHER.”

“这就是他的全部能力了。”比安卡肖恩对拉斯蒂涅说，“我看过他的脑袋，上面只有一处隆起的地方——装的全是父爱，他一定是位永远都会疼爱女儿的父亲。”

Eugene was too intent on his thoughts to laugh at Bianchon's joke.

欧仁太专注于想自己的事，听了比安卡肖恩的笑话后并没有发笑。

He determined to profit by Mme. de Beauseant's counsels, and was asking himself how he could obtain the necessary money.

他决定采纳德伯桑夫人的提议来获得利益，并想着怎样才能获取必要的资金。

He grew grave.

他变得非常严肃。

The wide savannas of the world stretched before his eyes; all things lay before him, nothing was his.

社会这一辽阔的热带稀树草原尽现于他眼前，一切都呈现在他面前，可是没有一件是他的。

Dinner came to an end, the others went, and he was left in the

dining-room.

吃完晚饭，其他房客都走了，只有他独自留在餐厅。

"So you have seen my daughter?" Goriot spoke tremulously, and the sound of his voice broke in upon Eugene's dreams.

“这样看来，你见到我女儿了？”高老头颤颤巍巍地问道。他的声音打断了欧仁的沉思。

The young man took the elder's hand, and looked at him with something like kindness in his eyes.

年轻人抓起老人的手，看着他，眼神中带着几分善意。

"You are a good and noble man," he said.

“您是一位善良而高贵的人。”他说，

"We will have some talk about your daughters by and by."

“我们以后再谈您的女儿。”

He rose without waiting for Goriot's answer, and went to his room.

不等高老头回答，他就站起身来，径自回房去了。

There he wrote the following letter to his mother:— "My Dear Mother,— Can you nourish your child from your breast again? I am in a position to make a rapid fortune, but I want twelve hundred francs —I must have them at all costs.

在房间里，他给母亲写了下面这封信：“我亲爱的母亲——您还能再哺育一次您的孩子吗？我马上就能飞黄腾达了，但是我需要一千两百法郎——无论如何，我都需要这笔钱。

Say nothing about this to my father; perhaps he might make objections, and unless I have the money, I may be led to put an end to myself, and so escape the clutches of despair.

不要把这件事告诉我父亲，他也许会反对。要是我得不到这笔钱，我也许会被带上一条不归路，以摆脱纠缠我的绝望。

I will tell you everything when I see you.

我见到你时，会告诉您事情的全部。

I will not begin to try to describe my present situation; it would take volumes to put the whole story clearly and fully.

关于我的近况，我就不多说了，要想把事情说得完整、清楚，得说好几十页呢。

I have not been gambling, my kind mother, I owe no one a penny; but if you would preserve the life that you gave me, you must send me

the sum I mention.

我善良的母亲，我没有赌博，也不欠别人一分一毫，但是如果您想保住您给我的这条命，就一定要寄给我这笔钱。

As a matter of fact, I go to see the Vicomtesse de Beauseant; she is using her influence for me; I am obliged to go into society, and I have not a penny to lay out on clean gloves.

事实上，我去见了德伯桑子爵夫人，她答应以她的影响力来帮助我。我必须进入社交圈，却没钱买一双好看的手套。

I can manage to exist on bread and water, or go without food, if need be, but I cannot do without the tools with which they cultivate the vineyards in this country.

我可以只吃粗茶淡饭过活，必要时也可以什么都不吃，但是我不能不买他们在这块地方种植葡萄的工具。

I must resolutely make up my mind at once to make my way, or stick in the mire for the rest of my days.

我必须立刻下定决心，向目标进发，不然我的后半生就要陷入泥沼、不得翻身了。

I know that all your hopes are set on me, and I want to realize them quickly.

我知道您将所有希望都寄托在我的身上，我也想快点实现这些愿望。

Sell some of your old jewelry, my kind mother; I will give you other jewels very soon.

我善良的母亲，卖一点您的旧首饰吧，很快我就能送给您其他首饰了。

I know enough of our affairs at home to know all that such a sacrifice means, and you must not think that I would lightly ask you to make it; I should be a monster if I could.

我很清楚家里的状况，也知道这样的牺牲意味着什么，您别认为我轻易就说出了这些话。要是可以，我就成魔鬼了。

You must think of my entreaty as a cry forced from me by imperative necessity.

您一定得明白，我是急需这笔钱，迫不得已才哀求您的。

Our whole future lies in the subsidy with which I must begin my first campaign, for life in Paris is one continual battle.

我们的未来就全靠这些钱了，我要用这笔钱打响我的第一炮，因为巴黎的生活就是一场永无止息的战争。

If you cannot otherwise procure the whole of the money, and are forced to sell our aunt's lace, tell her that I will send her some still handsomer," and so forth.

如果您还是筹不齐这笔钱，因此不得不卖掉姑妈的项链，告诉她，我会寄给她更漂亮的项链。”信里还有其他类似的话。

He wrote to ask each of his sisters for their savings—would they despoil themselves for him, and keep the sacrifice a secret from the family?

他写信问妹妹们要她们的储蓄——她们会做出牺牲把钱给他，并向家人保守这个秘密吗？

To his request he knew that they would not fail to respond gladly, and he added to it an appeal to their delicacy by touching the chord of honor that vibrates so loudly in young and high-strung natures.

为了增加胜算，他又触碰了她们争强好胜的心弦——年轻、兴奋的心中总是猛烈跃动着争强好胜之情——让她们柔软的心产生同情。

Yet when he had written the letters, he could not help feeling misgivings in spite of his youthful ambition; his heart beat fast, and he trembled.

尽管他心怀大志，但他写完信后，不禁担心起来。他的心跳得很快，身体也在发抖。

He knew the spotless nobleness of the lives buried away in the lonely manor house; he knew what trouble and what joy his request would cause his sisters, and how happy they would be as they talked at the bottom of the orchard of that dear brother of theirs in Paris.

他知道妹妹们住在人迹罕至的庄园里，有着一尘不染的高贵心灵；他知道他的要求会带给妹妹怎样的烦恼和乐趣；他知道她们坐在果树下谈论自己正在巴黎的亲爱哥哥时，会是多么开心。

Visions rose before his eyes; a sudden strong light revealed his sisters secretly counting over their little store, devising some girlish stratagem by which the money could be sent to him *incognito*, essaying, for the first time in their lives, a piece of deceit that reached the sublime in its unselfishness.

他的眼前浮现出一幅幅画面。借着一束强烈的光芒，他仿佛看到他的妹妹们正偷偷数着自己小金库里的存款，使出一些小女生的伎俩，让钱以“匿名人”的名义寄到他手里。这是她们人生中第一次试图以一个谎言来表现她们慷慨、无私的高贵品格。

"A sister's heart is a diamond for purity, a deep sea of tenderness!" he said to himself.

“妹妹的心如钻石般纯洁，它的温柔有如深海！”他自言自语道。

He felt ashamed of those letters.

他因为那些信而感到羞耻。

What power there must be in the petitions put up by such hearts; how pure the fervor that bears their souls to Heaven in prayer!

有这样的心灵，她们的许愿会是多么有力啊！她们诚心向上天祈祷，这股热情是多么纯洁啊！

What exquisite joy they would find in self-sacrifice!

她们从自我牺牲中得到的快乐是多么地强烈啊！

What a pang for his mother's heart if she could not send him all that he asked for!

要是母亲无法筹齐他所要的钱，她的内心会多么悲痛啊！

And this noble affection, these sacrifices made at such terrible cost, were to serve as the ladder by which he meant to climb to Delphine de Nucingen.

而这些高贵的情感，这些巨大的牺牲，会成为他用来接近德尔菲娜·德纽沁根的阶梯。

A few tears, like the last grains of incense flung upon the sacred altar fire of the hearth, fell from his eyes.

几滴眼泪从他眼里掉了下来，如同扔进壁炉里、投进神圣爱火中的几颗乳香。

He walked up and down, and despair mingled with his emotion.

他来来回回地走着，感动中夹杂着绝望。

Father Goriot saw him through the half-open door.

高老头透过半敞的门看着他。

"What is the matter, sir?" he asked from the threshold.

“怎么了，先生？”他站在门边问。

"Ah! my good neighbor, I am as much a son and brother as you are a father.

“啊！我的邻居，我是一个儿子和哥哥，就像您是一位父亲一样。

You do well to fear for the Comtesse Anastasie; there is one M. Maxime de Trailles, who will be her ruin.”

您对阿纳斯塔谢伯爵夫人的担心是对的，有一位马克西姆·德特拉尔先生，他会把她毁掉的。”

Father Goriot withdrew, stammering some words, but Eugene failed to catch their meaning.

高老头退了出去，同时嘴里还嘟囔了几句，但是欧仁没听清楚他在说什么。

The next morning Rastignac went out to post his letters.

第二天早上，拉斯蒂涅出去寄信了。

Up to the last moment he wavered and doubted, but he ended by flinging them into the box.

直到最后一刻他还是犹豫不决，但最后还是把信扔进了信箱。

"I shall succeed!" he said to himself.

“我会成功的！”他对自己说。

So says the gambler; so says the great captain; but the three words that have been the salvation of some few, have been the ruin of many more.

赌徒也这样说，伟大的船长也这样说。这句话虽说拯救了一些人，但被它毁掉的人更多。

A few days after this Eugene called at Mme. de Restaud's house; she was not at home.

过了几天，欧仁去拜访德雷斯多夫人，她不在家。

Three times he tried the experiment, and three times he found her doors closed against him, though he was careful to choose an hour when M. de Trailles was not there.

他尝试过三次，三次都发现大门紧锁，即便他都是仔细挑选德特拉尔先生不在的时间去的。

The Vicomtesse was right.

子爵夫人没错。

The student studied no longer.

这个学生的学业已经荒废许久了。

He put in an appearance at lectures simply to answer to his name, and after thus attesting his presence, departed forthwith.

他在课堂上露面，只是为了应付点名，在答了到，证明自己出席之后，就立即离开。

He had been through a reasoning process familiar to most students.

他正经历一个论证推理的过程，而这一过程对大部分学生都不陌生。

He had seen the advisability of deferring his studies to the last

moment before going up for his examinations; he made up his mind to cram his second and third years' work into the third year, when he meant to begin to work in earnest, and to complete his studies in law with one great effort.

他意识到将学习推迟到考试之前的最后一刻是明智的选择。他打定主意将第二年和第三年的课程全部挤在第三年完成，想着那时他会认真读书，尽全力完成自己法律专业的课程。

In the meantime he had fifteen months in which to navigate the ocean of Paris, to spread the nets and set the lines that would bring him a protectress and a fortune.

与此同时，他已经在巴黎这个海洋中航行十五个月了，期间他撒下渔网、设好鱼线，以此网罗一个女保护人和一笔财富。

Twice during that week he saw Mme. de Beauseant; he did not go to her house until he had seen the Marquis d'Ajuda drive away.

那个星期，他见过德伯桑夫人两次。他会看着德阿尤达侯爵驾车离开后再进屋。

Victory for yet a few more days was with the great lady, the most poetic figure in the Faubourg Saint-Germain; and the marriage of the Marquis d'Ajuda-Pinto with Mlle.de Rochefide was postponed.

这位伟大的女性在之后的一些日子里依旧以胜利者的姿态出现，她是圣日耳曼郊区最有诗意的人。德阿尤达·平托侯爵和德洛希斐特小姐的婚事也延期了。

The dread of losing her happiness filled those days with a fever of joy unknown before, but the end was only so much the nearer.

因为害怕即将失去幸福，这些日子里她沉溺在从未体验过的狂喜之中。但是不管怎样，结局都是差不多的。

The Marquis d'Ajuda and the Rochefides agreed that this quarrel and reconciliation was a very fortunate thing; Mme. de Beauseant (so they hoped) would gradually become reconciled to the idea of the marriage, and in the end would be brought to sacrifice d'Ajuda's morning visits to the exigencies of a man's career, exigencies which she must have foreseen.

德阿尤达侯爵和洛希斐特家都认为这次争吵与和解是一件很幸运的事。德伯桑夫人（他们是这样希望的）会渐渐接受这桩婚事，最终会牺牲每天早上与德阿尤达的会面，以成全这位男士的事业，成全这件她应该早就料到却又迫在眉睫的事。

In spite of the most solemn promises, daily renewed, M. d'Ajuda was playing a part, and the Vicomtesse was eager to be deceived.

尽管他们每天都会郑重其事地说新的誓言，德阿尤达先生只是在逢

场作戏，而子爵夫人却渴望受到欺骗。

"Instead of taking a leap heroically from the window, she is falling headlong down the staircase," said her most intimate friend, the Duchesse de Langeais.

“她没有像英雄一般从窗户跳下，而是头朝地从楼梯上摔下来。”她最亲密的朋友德朗热公爵夫人说。

Yet this after-glow of happiness lasted long enough for the Vicomtesse to be of service to her young cousin.

不过这段幸福的回光返照持续了许久，让子爵夫人能为年轻的表弟服务。

She had a half-superstitious affection for him.

她对他有了几分迷信般的依恋之情。

Eugene had shown her sympathy and devotion at a crisis when a woman sees no pity, no real comfort in any eyes; when if a man is ready with soothing flatteries, it is because he has an interested motive.

在一个女人处于危机，看不到任何怜悯的目光或任何充满真诚安慰的眼神时，欧仁对她表现出了同情和爱慕之情。要是一个男人时刻都准备着能够抚慰人心的谄言媚语，那么这一定是因为他怀有私利动机。

Rastignac made up his mind that he must learn the whole of Goriot's previous history; he would come to his bearings before attempting to board the Maison de Nucingen.

拉斯蒂涅下定决心要了解高老头的全部过往经历，他要在试图入住德纽沁根公馆之前弄清处境。

The results of his inquiries may be given briefly as follows:— In the days before the Revolution, Jean-Joachim Goriot was simply a workman in the employ of a vermicelli maker.

他的调查结果可以概括如下：大革命之前的那些年月，让-若阿基姆·高里奥只不过是一个面条商雇佣的工人。

He was a skilful, thrifty workman, sufficiently enterprising to buy his master's business when the latter fell a chance victim to the disturbances of 1789.

他是一个技术娴熟而又节俭的工人，也十分有进取心。他的老板在一七八九年的动荡中意外被害，他便买下了老板的铺子。

Goriot established himself in the Rue de la Jussienne, close to the Corn Exchange.

高里奥把店铺开在裘森尼街上，离谷物交易市场很近。

His plain good sense led him to accept the position of President of the Section, so as to secure for his business the protection of those in power at that dangerous epoch.

出于清晰、准确的判断力，他接受了该区区长的职位，以确保他的生意在危险时期受到那些当权者的保护。

This prudent step had led to success; the foundations of his fortune were laid in the time of the Scarcity (real or artificial), when the price of grain of all kinds rose enormously in Paris.

这一谨慎的举措为他带来成功。他的财富积累始于大饥荒时期（不管是真的还是假的），那时巴黎各种谷物的价格都大幅上涨。

People used to fight for bread at the bakers' doors; while other persons went to the grocers' shops and bought Italian paste foods without brawling over it.

那时人们经常在面包房门口为了一块面包大打出手，而另一些人则去杂货店买意大利面，从不为此争吵。

It was during this year that Goriot made the money, which, at a later time, was to give him all the advantage of the great capitalist over the small buyer; he had, moreover, the usual luck of average ability; his mediocrity was the salvation of him.

那一年，高里奥赚到了钱。之后，那笔钱使他成为了大资本家，使他面对小买主占据了全面的优势。此外，他只是有着平庸之人的好运气罢了。他的平庸拯救了他。

He excited no one's envy, it was not even suspected that he was rich till the peril of being rich was over, and all his intelligence was concentrated, not on political, but on commercial speculations.

他没有引起任何人的嫉妒。直到有钱不再是危险的事之后，人们才察觉到他的富有。他的聪明才智全部都放在商业投机上，而非政治上。

Goriot was an authority second to none on all questions relating to corn, flour, and "middlings"; and the production, storage, and quality of grain.

对于涉及到谷物、面粉和“粗面粉”，还有谷物生产、储藏和质量的问题，高里奥是绝对的权威。

He could estimate the yield of the harvest, and foresee market prices; he bought his cereals in Sicily, and imported Russian wheat.

他能估计收成，预计市场价格。他从西西里岛买谷物，从俄罗斯进口小麦。

Any one who had heard him hold forth on the regulations that control the importation and exportation of grain, who had seen his

grasp of the subject, his clear insight into the principles involved, his appreciation of weak points in the way that the system worked, would have thought that here was the stuff of which a minister is made.

任何人，只要听过他滔滔不绝地谈论控制粮食进出口规章的人，只要见识过他对这门学问的理解程度，以及他对相关法则的敏锐洞察力、对粮食系统运转的缺陷的看法，都会认为他是当部长的材料。

Patient, active, and persevering, energetic and prompt in action, he surveyed his business horizon with an eagle eye.

他耐心、积极、坚毅、精力充沛、行动敏捷，以鹰眼般敏锐的目光俯瞰着自己的全盘生意。

Nothing there took him by surprise; he foresaw all things, knew all that was happening, and kept his own counsel; he was a diplomatist in his quick comprehension of a situation; and in the routine of business he was as patient and plodding as a soldier on the march.

在粮食领域，没有事能让他大吃一惊。他能预见所有事情，知道所有正在发生的事情，也总能对自己的计划保密。他是能快速了解形势的外交家，是在日常事务中耐心而奋力前行的士兵。

But beyond this business horizon he could not see.

但是在他生意范围之外，他什么都不懂。

He used to spend his hours of leisure on the threshold of his shop, leaning against the framework of the door.

过去，他经常在闲暇时间站在店铺的门槛边，靠着门框。

Take him from his dark little counting-house, and he became once more the rough, slow-witted workman, a man who cannot understand a piece of reasoning, who is indifferent to all intellectual pleasures, and falls asleep at the play, a Parisian Dolibom in short, against whose stupidity other minds are powerless.

他一从自己那间又小又黑的账房出来，就又变成那个粗枝大叶、反应迟钝的工人了:对论证推理一窍不通，对精神愉悦毫无感觉，在剧院里昏昏欲睡。简而言之就是巴黎的多利本人，别人对于他的愚蠢也无能无力。

Natures of this kind are nearly all alike; in almost all of them you will find some hidden depth of sublime affection.

这种人在本质上相差无几，几乎在所有这些人的内心深处，你都可以发现一份值得尊敬的情感。

Two all-absorbing affections filled the vermicelli maker's heart to the exclusion of every other feeling; into them he seemed to put all

the forces of his nature, as he put the whole power of his brain into the corn trade.

两种真挚的情感占据着面条商的内心，以至于他将其他任何感情都排除在外了。他似乎将他的全部精力都倾注于这两种情感之中，如同他将所有智慧都用于粮食生意上一样。

He had regarded his wife, the only daughter of a rich farmer of La Brie, with a devout admiration; his love for her had been boundless.

他虔诚地爱慕着他的妻子——一个拉布里富农的独女——他对她的爱没有边际。

Goriot had felt the charm of a lovely and sensitive nature, which, in its delicate strength, was the very opposite of his own.

高里奥觉得他妻子可爱、多情的性情散发着温柔的力量，这与他自己截然不同。

Is there any instinct more deeply implanted in the heart of man than the pride of protection, a protection which is constantly exerted for a fragile and defenceless creature?

男人因为保护别人而感到骄傲。面对柔弱、无法自保的女人，男人的保护欲就会激发。还有什么本能比保护欲更深地植根于男人内心呢？

Join love thereto, the warmth of gratitude that all generous souls feel for the source of their pleasures, and you have the explanation of many strange incongruities in human nature.

爱情是慷慨之人的快乐之源，让他们心怀感激，无比温暖。将保护欲和爱情放在一起，你就能解释人性中很多奇特的不协调现象。

After seven years of unclouded happiness, Goriot lost his wife.

在过了七年没有眼光灿烂的幸福时光后，高里奥失去了妻子。

It was very unfortunate for him.

他是多么不幸啊。

She was beginning to gain an ascendency over him in other ways; possibly she might have brought that barren soil under cultivation, she might have widened his ideas and given other directions to his thoughts.

她正开始在其他方面显示自己的优势，也许她会给予他空洞的灵魂一些滋养，她也许能拓宽他的视野，为他的思想指明其他的方向。

But when she was dead, the instinct of fatherhood developed in him till it almost became a mania.

但她死了，父爱的本能在他身上发展到了几近癫狂的状态。

All the affection balked by death seemed to turn to his daughters,

and he found full satisfaction for his heart in loving them.

由于妻子的死亡，他被阻滞的情感便全部转嫁到女儿身上，他在溺爱女儿的过程中感到十分满足。

More or less brilliant proposals were made to him from time to time; wealthy merchants or farmers with daughters vied with each other in offering inducements to him to marry again; but he determined to remain a widower.

不时会有条件不错的人来向他求婚。有钱商人或农场主都希望把自己的女儿嫁给他。他们还为了这件事相互较劲，给他好处来诱惑他再婚，但他决定继续做鳏夫。

His father-in-law, the only man for whom he felt a decided friendship, gave out that Goriot had made a vow to be faithful to his wife's memory.

他的岳父，那个他认为唯一一个与他有着坚定友谊的人，说高里奥发誓会忠诚于自己死去的妻子。

The frequenters of the Corn Exchange, who could not comprehend this sublime piece of folly, joked about it among themselves, and found a ridiculous nickname for him.

那些谷物交易市场上的常客们认为这种行为很愚蠢，无法理解它的可敬之处。他们互相拿这件事来说笑，还给高里奥起了一个可笑的绰号。

One of them ventured (after a glass over a bargain) to call him by it, and a blow from the vermicelli maker's fist sent him headlong into a gutter in the Rue Oblin.

他们中有一个斗胆（讨价还价时喝了点酒后）叫了他的绰号，结果这位面条商一拳打得他一头栽进了奥卜林街的排水沟里。

He could think of nothing else when his children were concerned; his love for them made him fidgety and anxious; and this was so well known, that one day a competitor, who wished to get rid of him to secure the field to himself, told Goriot that Delphine had just been knocked down by a cab.

他一想起自己的孩子，就把其他所有事都抛到脑后了。大家都知道他对她们的爱让他焦虑不安。有一天，一位希望除掉他而保住自己生意的竞争对手告诉他，德尔菲娜刚才被一辆出租马车撞倒了。

The vermicelli maker turned ghastly pale, left the Exchange at once, and did not return for several days afterwards; he was ill in consequence of the shock and the subsequent relief on discovering that it was a false alarm.

这位面条商的脸色马上变得惨白，立即离开交易市场，之后几天都

没回去。开始他很震惊，后来才发现这是虚惊一场。这一惊一乍让他病倒了。

This time, however, the offender did not escape with a bruised shoulder; at a critical moment in the man's affairs, Goriot drove him into bankruptcy, and forced him to disappear from the Corn Exchange.

然而，这一次，这个冒犯者虽然肩膀已经被打得淤青，却仍未逃过一劫。在这个人生意的关键时刻，高里奥让他破了产，迫使他从谷物交易市场消失。

As might have been expected, the two girls were spoiled.

不难料到，两个女儿都被宠坏了。

With an income of sixty thousand francs, Goriot scarcely spent twelve hundred on himself, and found all his happiness in satisfying the whims of the two girls.

尽管有六万法郎的收入，高里奥自己却花不了一千二百法郎，他的全部乐趣只在于满足两个女儿心血来潮的想法。

The best masters were engaged, that Anastasie and Delphine might be endowed with all the accomplishments which distinguish a good education.

他请了最好的老师，让阿纳斯塔谢和德尔菲娜得到良好的教育，取得应有的成就。

They had a chaperon—luckily for them, she was a woman who had good sense and good taste;—they learned to ride; they had a carriage for their use; they lived as the mistress of a rich old lord might live; they had only to express a wish, their father would hasten to give them their most extravagant desires, and asked nothing of them in return but a kiss.

她们有一个女伴——她们真是幸运，她是一个判断力强、品味好的女性。她们学骑马；她们还有一架马车供自己使用；她们过得跟有钱老爵爷养的情妇一样；她们只要说出自己的愿望，她们的父亲就会赶紧实现她们无比奢侈的愿望，要的回报也只不过是一个吻而已。

Goriot had raised the two girls to the level of the angels; and, quite naturally, he himself was left beneath them.

高里奥将两个女儿奉为天使，自己就自然沦落到她们之下了。

Poor man! he loved them even for the pain that they gave him.

可怜的人啊！他爱她们，甚至爱她们给他的痛苦。

When the girls were old enough to be married, they were left free to choose for themselves.

女孩们到了出嫁年龄时，父亲就让她们自己挑选新郎。

Each had half her father's fortune as her dowry; and when the Comte de Restaud came to woo Anastasie for her beauty, her social aspirations led her to leave her father's house for a more exalted sphere.

她们每人都得到父亲的一半财产作为嫁妆。当德雷斯多伯爵因为仰慕阿纳斯塔谢的美貌而前去求婚时，她对社交圈的渴望使她离开了父亲的房子，进入了一个更尊贵的社会圈子。

Delphine wished for money; she married Nucingen, a banker of German extraction, who became a Baron of the Holy Roman Empire.

德尔菲娜喜欢钱，她嫁给了纽沁根这位有德国血统的银行家，他的祖上在神圣罗马帝国时期就被封为了男爵。

Goriot remained a vermicelli maker as before.

高里奥还是以前那个面条商。

His daughters and his sons-in-law began to demur; they did not like to see him still engaged in trade, though his whole life was bound up with his business.

他的女儿和女婿们开始提出异议。虽然他的整个生命都与他的生意紧密联系在一起，他们却不想看到他再做生意了。

For five years he stood out against their entreaties, then he yielded, and consented to retire on the amount realized by the sale of his business and the savings of the last few years.

之后五年，他都不肯同意他们的乞求，但最后他让步了，同意带着卖店铺的钱，和自己最后几年存下的钱退休。

It was this capital that Mme. Vauquer, in the early days of his residence with her, had calculated would bring in eight or ten thousand livres in a year.

他最初租住沃盖夫人的旅馆时，沃盖夫人计算的正是这部分资产，结果算出它们每年能为他赚八千至一万里弗赫。

He had taken refuge in her lodging-house, driven there by despair when he knew that his daughters were compelled by their husbands not only to refuse to receive him as an inmate in their houses, but even to see him no more except in private.

当他知道女儿们遭到了丈夫的强迫，不仅要拒绝她们的父亲住在自己家，甚至只能在私下里见他时，他感到非常绝望，便搬进了她的旅馆。

This was all the information which Rastignac gained from a M. Muret who had purchased Goriot's business, information which confirmed the Duchesse de Langeais' suppositions, and herewith the

preliminary explanation of this obscure but terrible Parisian tragedy comes to an end.

这就是拉斯蒂涅从米雷先生那里得到的所有信息。正是他买下了高里奥的生意。这些信息证实了德朗热公爵夫人的猜测，同时也初步说明这场模糊而可怕的巴黎悲剧就此告一段落了。

CHAPTER 3

第三章

Towards the end of the first week in December Rastignac received two letters—one from his mother, and one from his eldest sister.

十二月的第一个周末，拉斯蒂涅收到了两封信——一封是他母亲寄的，另一封是他年长一点的妹妹寄的。

His heart beat fast, half with happiness, half with fear, at the sight of the familiar handwriting.

看到那熟悉的字迹，他的心跳得很快，一半是因为开心，一半则是因为害怕。

Those two little scraps of paper contained life or death for his hopes.

这两张小小的信纸决定了他的希望是实现还是破灭。

But while he felt a shiver of dread as he remembered their dire poverty at home, he knew their love for him so well that he could not help fearing that he was draining their very life-blood.

当他想到家里穷困潦倒的样子时，不禁害怕得发起抖来。他非常了解她们对他的爱，不由得开始害怕他正在榨干她们最后的几滴血。

His mother's letter ran as follows: "My Dear Child,—I am sending you the money that you asked for.

他母亲在信里写道：“我亲爱的孩子——你要的钱我寄给你了。

Make a good use of it.

好好利用它吧。

Even to save your life I could not raise so large a sum a second time without your father's knowledge, and there would be trouble about it.

下次就算是要挽救你的性命，我也没办法在不告诉你父亲的情况下筹到那么一大笔钱了。而且这笔钱恐怕会给我们带来麻烦。

We should be obliged to mortgage the land.

恐怕到时，我们就不得不抵押家里的田地了。

It is impossible to judge of the merits of schemes of which I am ignorant; but what sort of schemes can they be, that you should fear to tell me about them?

我对你的计划一无所知，所以就不可能对其价值加以评价。但是究

竟是什么样的计划，竟然让你不敢告诉我们呢？

Volumes of explanation would not have been needed; we mothers can understand at a word, and that word would have spared me the anguish of uncertainty.

长篇大论的解释就不需要了，我们当母亲的只需要一句话就能明白，而这句话会让我免受猜疑之苦。

I do not know how to hide the painful impression that your letter has made upon me, my dear son.

我亲爱的儿子，你的信使我感到很痛苦，我不知道如何隐藏这种痛苦的感觉。

What can you have felt when you were moved to send this chill of dread through my heart?

是什么情绪促使你将这种恐怖的寒意传递到我的心里呢？

It must have been very painful to you to write the letter that gave me so much pain as I read it.

读这封信给我带来了很大的痛苦，你在写信的时候也一定很痛苦吧？

To what courses are you committed?

你现在在修什么课程呢？

You are going to appear to be something that you are not, and your whole life and success depends upon this?

你将会以一个虚假的身份出现，以后你的整个生命和所有成功都要倚仗这个假身份吗？

You are about to see a society into which you cannot enter without rushing into expense that you cannot afford, without losing precious time that is needed for your studies.

你即将见识这个社会，而进入这个社会的代价就是仓促花掉你无法负担的钱，就是浪费你学习所需的宝贵时间？

Ah! my dear Eugene, believe your mother, crooked ways cannot lead to great ends.

啊！我亲爱的欧仁，相信你的母亲吧，旁门左道无法通向成功。

Patience and endurance are the two qualities most needed in your position.

就你的状况而言，毅力和忍耐是你最需要具备的两种品质。

I am not scolding you; I do not want any tinge of bitterness to spoil our offering.

我不是在责备你，我不想用丝毫责难的意味来糟蹋我们对你的奉献。

I am only talking like a mother whose trust in you is as great as her foresight for you.

我说这些话时只是一个非常信任你、非常为你的将来着想的母亲。

You know the steps that you must take, and I, for my part, know the purity of heart, and how good your intentions are; so I can say to you without a doubt, 'Go forward, beloved!' If I tremble, it is because I am a mother, but my prayers and blessings will be with you at every step.

你知道自己必须做什么，从我这方面来说，我知道你有颗纯洁的心，也知道你的本意非常好。所以我可以毫不怀疑地对你说：‘去做吧，亲爱的儿子！’要是我发抖了，这是因为我是一位母亲，但是我的祈祷与祝福会伴随着你走的每一步。

Be very careful, dear boy.

保重，亲爱的儿子。

You must have a man's prudence, for it lies with you to shape the destinies of five others who are dear to you, and must look to you.

你必须要有男人的长远眼光，因为你决定着五个人的命运，那是你最亲密的人，也是要仰仗你的人。

Yes, our fortunes depend upon you, and your success is ours.

是的，我们的命运就靠你了，你的成功就是我们的成功。

We all pray to God to be with you in all that you do.

我们都会向上帝祷告，在你做每一件事时都与你同在。

Your aunt Marcillac has been most generous beyond words in this matter; she saw at once how it was, even down to your gloves.

你的姑妈马西亚克在这件事上真是慷慨得没话说，她立刻就明白是怎么回事了，甚至还关心你该怎么买手套。

'But I have a weakness for the eldest!' she said gaily.

‘但是我偏爱长子啊！’她开心地说。

You must love your aunt very much, dear Eugene.

你一定要非常爱戴你的姑妈，亲爱的欧仁。

I shall wait till you have succeeded before telling you all that she has done for you, or her money would burn your fingers.

等你成功了，我会把她为你做的一切都告诉你，否则她的钱会烫伤你的手。

You, who are young, do not know what it is to part with something that is a piece of your past!

是啊，你还年轻，不知道告别你过去的一部分是什么滋味。

But what would we not sacrifice for your sakes?

但是为了你，我们还有什么不能牺牲的呢？

Your aunt says that I am to send you a kiss on the forehead from her, and that kiss is to bring you luck again and again, she says.

你的姑妈要我代她亲吻你的额头，她说这个吻会带给你源源不断的好运。

She would have written you herself, the dear kind-hearted woman, but she is troubled with the gout in her fingers just now.

她原本是要亲自写信给你的，她的心肠多么好啊，但就在刚才她还被指关节的痛风折磨着。

Your father is very well.

你的父亲很好。

The vintage of 1819 has turned out better than we expected.

一八一九年的葡萄收成很好，超过了我们的预期。

Good-bye, dear boy; I will say nothing about your sisters, because Laure is writing to you, and I must let her have the pleasure of giving you all the home news.

再见，亲爱的孩子，妹妹们的情况我就不说了，因为洛尔也写了封信给你，我得顺她的意，由她告诉你家里的消息。

Heaven send that you may succeed!

愿上帝保佑你成功！

Oh! yes, dear Eugene, you must succeed.

啊！是的，亲爱的欧仁，你一定要成功。

I have come, through you, to a knowledge of a pain so sharp that I do not think I could endure it a second time.

通过你，我已经感受到了如此强烈的痛苦，我不认为自己还能再一次经受这样的痛苦。

I have come to know what it is to be poor, and to long for money for my children's sake.

我也意识到贫穷意味着什么，也渴望能为我的孩子们留点钱。

There, good-bye!

就写到这里吧，再见！

Do not leave us for long without news of you; and here, at the last, take a kiss from your mother.”

你要经常给我们写信啊，好了，最后，接受你母亲的亲吻吧。”

By the time Eugene had finished the letter he was in tears.

欧仁看完信时，已是泪流满面。

He thought of Father Goriot crushing his silver keepsake into a shapeless mass before he sold it to meet his daughter's bill of exchange.

他想起高老头把他的银质纪念品碾压成奇形怪状的一团，然后卖掉来偿还他女儿的汇票。

"Your mother has broken up her jewels for you," he said to himself; "your aunt shed tears over those relics of hers before she sold them for your sake.

“你的母亲为你拆散了她的首饰，”他对自己说，“你的姑妈为了你，在变卖她的纪念物时泪流不止。

What right have you to heap execrations on Anastasie?

你还有什么权利不停地诅咒阿纳斯塔谢呢？

You have followed her example; you have selfishly sacrificed others to your own future, and she sacrifices her father to her lover; and of you two, which is the worse?”

你步了她的后尘。你为了自己的将来自私地牺牲了他人。而她为了情人牺牲了父亲，你们俩比，谁更糟糕呢？”

He was ready to renounce his attempts; he could not bear to take that money.

他准备彻底放弃自己的尝试了，他承受不起这笔钱。

The fires of remorse burned in his heart, and gave him intolerable pain, the generous secret remorse which men seldom take into account when they sit in judgment upon their fellow-men; but perhaps the angels in heaven, beholding it, pardon the criminal whom our justice condemns.

自责之火在他的内心燃烧，带给他难以忍受的痛苦。这是一种高尚而私密的自责，男人评价自己的伙伴时，很少考虑到这一点。但是也许天堂里的天使会因为看到这一幕而宽恕这个遭受我们正义之心谴责的罪犯。

Rastignac opened his sister's letter; its simplicity and kindness revived his heart.

拉斯蒂涅打开妹妹的信，那简单而善良的语言让他的心活了过来。

"Your letter came just at the right time, dear brother.

“你的信来得正是时候，亲爱的哥哥。

Agathe and I had thought of so many different ways of spending our money, that we did not know what to buy with it; and now you have come in, and, like the servant who upset all the watches that belonged to the King of Spain, you have restored harmony; for, really and truly, we did not know which of all the things we wanted we wanted most, and we were always quarreling about it, never thinking, dear Eugene, of a way of spending our money which would satisfy us completely.

阿加特和我想了很多不同的方法去花我们的钱，但是我们不知道该买些什么。现在你出现了，我们原来的处境就像一位被仆人调乱了所有钟表的西班牙国王一样；而你又让这些钟表重新步调一致。说实话，亲爱的欧仁，我们姐妹俩不知道我们最想要的是什么，总是在这一点上争吵不休，从来没能想出一种能让我们彻底满足的花钱方法。

Agathe jumped for you.

阿加特因为你都开心地跳起来了。

Indeed, we have been like two mad things all day, 'to such a prodigious degree' (as aunt would say), that mother said, with her severe expression, 'whatever can be the matter with you, mesdemoiselles?' I think if we had been scolded a little, we should have been still better pleased.

真的，我们两个成天疯疯癫癫的，‘都疯成这样了’（照姑妈的话说）；母亲则严肃地说：‘你们究竟是怎么了，两位小姐？’我想要是我们俩被小小地训斥一下，可能还会更高兴呢。

A woman ought to be very glad to suffer for one she loves!

一个女人为她所爱之人受折磨是件多么开心的事啊！

I, however, in my inmost soul, was doleful and cross in the midst of all my joy.

然而，在我灵魂最深处，悲哀和愤怒与我所有的快乐交织在一起。

I shall make a bad wife, I am afraid, I am too fond of spending.

我担心自己会是一个坏妻子，因为我太爱花钱了。

I had bought two sashes and a nice little stiletto for piercing eyelet-holes in my stays, trifles that I really did not want, so that I have less than that slow-coach Agathe, who is so economical, and hoards her money like a magpie.

我买了两条腰带和一个漂亮的小钻孔锥，用来在我的胸衣打小孔。这些都是我并不需要的琐碎玩意，所以我的钱没有慢性子的阿加特多，

她太节俭了，像喜鹊一样攒着钱。

She had two hundred francs!

她有两百法郎！

And I have only one hundred and fifty!

但我只有一百五十法郎！

I am nicely punished; I could throw my sash down the well; it will be painful to me to wear it now.

我狠狠地受到了惩罚。我会把我的腰带扔到井底的，现在我戴了它就会感到痛苦。

Poor dear, I have robbed you.

我可怜的人，我抢了你的钱。

And Agathe was so nice about it. She said, 'Let us send the three hundred and fifty francs in our two names!' But I could not help telling you everything just as it happened.

阿加特在这件事上非常大方。她说：‘我们把这三百五十法郎以我们俩的名义寄出去吧！’但我还是忍不住要原原本本地告诉你一切。

Do you know how we managed to keep your commandments?

你知道我们是怎样设法为你保守秘密的吗？

We took our glittering hoard, we went out for a walk, and when once fairly on the highway we ran all the way to Ruffec, where we handed over the coin, without more ado, to M. Grimbert of the Messageries Royales.

我们带着这笔闪闪发光的积蓄假装出去散步。我们一上大路，就一路跑到吕费克，然后不慌不忙地将硬币交给了皇家邮政局的然贝尔先生。

We came back again like swallows on the wing.

我们回来的时候就像燕子在飞翔一样。

'Don't you think that happiness has made us lighter?' Agathe said.

‘你不觉得这种愉悦感让我们的身体都轻了很多吗？’阿加特说。

We said all sorts of things, which I shall not tell you, Monsieur le Parisien, because they were all about you.

我们谈到了各种事情，但我不会告诉你的，巴黎先生，因为那些全都与你有关。

Oh, we love you dearly, dear brother; it was all summed up in those few words.

哦，我们深深地爱着你，亲爱的哥哥，所有的爱都蕴含在这短短几句话中。

As for keeping the secret, little masqueraders like us are capable of anything (according to our aunt), even of holding our tongues.

至于保守秘密，像我们这样的小假面舞者能做任何事（这是姑妈说的），守口如瓶当然不在话下。

Our mother has been on a mysterious journey to Angouleme, and the aunt went with her, not without solemn councils, from which we were shut out, and M. le Baron likewise.

我们的母亲秘密地去了趟昂古莱姆，姑妈也跟着她一起去了。她们还进行了严肃的讨论，但对我们却没吐露一个字，对男爵先生也是如此。

They are silent as to the weighty political considerations that prompted their mission, and conjectures are rife in the State of Rastignac.

考虑到要执行的任务的重要性和紧迫性，他们对自己的任务缄口不言。于是拉斯蒂涅国的人们便猜测纷纷。

The Infantas are embroidering a muslin robe with open-work sprigs for her Majesty the Queen; the work progresses in the most profound secrecy.

公主们正在为王后殿下绣一件枝状、镂空的穆斯林长袍，而这项工作是在极度保密的情况下进行的。

There be but two more breadths to finish.

现在只差两幅布面就要完成了。

A decree has gone forth that no wall shall be built on the side of Verteuil, but that a hedge shall be planted instead thereof.

新颁布的法令禁止在韦尔特伊河畔筑墙，那里将建起篱笆。

Our subjects may sustain some disappointment of fruit and espaliers, but strangers will enjoy a fair prospect.

我们的百姓可能会因为牺牲一些果树和树篱而感到沮丧，但是陌生人就可以欣赏这美丽的景色了。

Should the heir-presumptive lack pocket-handkerchiefs, be it known unto him that the dowager Lady of Marcillac, exploring the recesses of her drawers and boxes (known respectively as Pompeii and Herculaneum), having brought to light a fair piece of cambric whereof she wotted not, the Princesses Agathe and Laure place at their brother's disposal their thread, their needles, and hands somewhat of the reddest.

要是这位假定继承人缺少手帕，他该知道那位贵族遗孀马西亚克女士会翻遍她抽屉和首饰盒（分别叫做庞贝和赫库兰尼姆）的每个角落，拿出一块她已经不记得的上乘细棉布，而阿加特和洛尔公主则会听从哥哥的吩咐，拿出针线，准备红通通的手来缝制衣物。

The two young Princes, Don Henri and Don Gabriel, retain their fatal habits of stuffing themselves with grape-jelly, of teasing their sisters, of taking their pleasure by going a-bird-nesting, and of cutting switches for themselves from the osier-beds, maugre the laws of the realm.

堂亨利和堂加布里埃尔这两位年轻的王子还是改不掉原来的坏习惯——暴食葡萄果冻、嘲弄他们的姐姐、捅鸟巢取乐、擅自切断柳条床的柳条、对国家的法律置之不理。

Moreover, they list not to learn naught, wherefore the Papal Nuncio (called of the commonalty, M. le Cure) threateneth them with excommunication, since that they neglect the sacred canons of grammatical construction for the construction of other canon, deadly engines made of the stems of elder.

而且，他们什么都不愿意学习。为此，罗马教皇的大使（大家叫他屈雷先生）威胁要把他们逐出教会，因为他们忽视了语法结构这一神圣教规，而这一教规是构建其他教规的基石——那些教规就是长辈们的烟斗柄做成的恐怖机器。

Farewell, dear brother, never did letter carry so many wishes for your success, so much love fully satisfied.

再见，亲爱的哥哥。我多么希望你能成功，而这封信却承载不动我的祝愿，也承载不动如此多彻底满足的爱。

You will have a great deal to tell us when you come home!

你回到家时，一定会有很多话要对我们说！

You will tell me everything, won't you?

你会告诉我一切，不是吗？

I am the oldest.

我是你的大妹妹。

From something the aunt let fall, we think you must have had some success.

从姑妈透露的一些话中，我们觉得你肯定取得了一定的成就了。

Something was said of a lady, but nothing more was said…

她说到了一位女士，其他的就没有说了……

Of course not, in our family!

当然没有说，因为是在我们家里嘛！

Oh, by-the-by, Eugene, would you rather that we made that piece of cambric into shirts for you instead of pocket-handkerchiefs?

哦，再见了，欧仁，要是你愿意的话，我们能不能不给你做小手帕，而用那块细棉布为你做一件衬衣，好吗？

If you want some really nice shirts at once, we ought to lose no time in beginning upon them; and if the fashion is different now in Paris, send us one for a pattern; we want more particularly to know about the cuffs.

要是你急需几件真正漂亮的衬衣，我们会立即赶工缝制。要是巴黎如今流行的款式不同了，就寄给我们一件当样板，我们特别想知道袖口的样子。

Good-bye!

再见！

Good-bye!

再见！

Take my kiss on the left side of your forehead, on the temple that belongs to me, and to no one else in the world.

让我亲吻你的左额，太阳穴的位置是属于我的，这世上谁也抢不走。

I am leaving the other side of the sheet for Agathe, who has solemnly promised not to read a word that I have written; but, all the same, I mean to sit by her side while she writes, so as to be quite sure that she keeps her word.— Your loving sister, "Laure de Rastignac."

我把这张纸的另一面留给了阿加特，她很郑重地向我保证，我写的字她一个都不看。但不管怎样，我都打算在她写信时坐在她旁边，以确保她没有食言。——爱你的妹妹，洛尔·德拉斯蒂涅。”

"Yes!" said Eugene to himself.

“没错！”拉斯蒂涅对自己说，

"Yes!

“没错！

Success at all costs now!

如今，我一定要不惜任何代价取得成功！

Riches could not repay such devotion as this.

财富无法回报这样的付出。

I wish I could give them every sort of happiness!

我希望我能给她们全部的幸福！

Fifteen hundred and fifty francs," he went on after a pause.

一千五百五十法郎，”他停顿了一下，继续说道，

"Every shot must go to the mark!

“每一分钱都要用在刀刃上！

Laure is right.

洛尔没错。

Trust a woman!

相信这个女人吧！

I have only calico shirts.

我只有白棉布衬衣。

Where some one else's welfare is concerned, a young girl becomes as ingenious as a thief.

在为他人的利益着想时，一个年轻女孩变得像小偷一样机灵。

Guileless where she herself is in question, and full of foresight for me,—she is like a heavenly angel forgiving the strange incomprehensible sins of earth.”

为自己打算时，她直率、坦白；为我打算时则深谋远虑——她就像是天堂里的天使，会宽恕世界上奇怪而令人无法理解的罪孽。”

The world lay before him.

这个世界就放在他眼前。

His tailor had been summoned and sounded, and had finally surrendered.

他叫来裁缝，试探他的口风，最后裁缝让步同意了赊账。

When Rastignac met M. de Trailles, he had seen at once how great a part the tailor plays in a young man's career; a tailor is either a deadly enemy or a staunch friend, with an invoice for a bond of friendship; between these two extremes there is, alack! no middle term.

当拉斯蒂涅见到德特拉尔先生时，他立刻意识到一个裁缝对一位青年的事业有着多大的影响。一个裁缝，要么是致命的敌人，要么是忠诚的朋友，连接他们友谊的则是一张发票。唉！两种极端之间却没有中间项。

In this representative of his craft Eugene discovered a man who

understood that his was a sort of paternal function for young men at their entrance into life, who regarded himself as a stepping-stone between a young man's present and future.

欧仁发现这位裁缝是这样一个人：他明白自己在一位年轻人踏入社会时充当着父亲的角色，并将自己当成是一个年轻人从现在踏入将来的垫脚石。

And Rastignac in gratitude made the man's fortune by an epigram of a kind in which he excelled at a later period of his life.

心存感激的拉斯蒂涅说了一句警句妙语，这句话让裁缝发了财，而拉斯蒂涅在人生的后半段也时常妙语连珠。

"I have twice known a pair of trousers turned out by him make a match of twenty thousand livres a year!"

“我知道有两个人凭借他做的裤子成就了姻缘，每年能拿到两万里弗赫呢！”

Fifteen hundred francs, and as many suits of clothes as he chose to order!

一千五百法郎，加上他可以赊账、随意挑选的许多礼服！

At that moment the poor child of the South felt no more doubts of any kind.

那一刻，这个南方来的穷小子再也没有任何怀疑了。

The young man went down to breakfast with the indefinable air which the consciousness of the possession of money gives to youth.

这个年轻人带着那种说不清的心情下楼去吃早餐，那是年轻人自认为拥有财富后的心情。

No sooner are the coins slipped into a student's pocket than his wealth, in imagination at least, is piled into a fantastic column, which affords him a moral support.

这些硬币一进他的口袋，这些财富就堆起一座神奇的小山，在精神上支持着他，至少他是这么想象的。

He begins to hold up his head as he walks; he is conscious that he has a means of bringing his powers to bear on a given point; he looks you straight in the face; his gestures are quick and decided; only yesterday he was diffident and shy, any one might have pushed him aside; to-morrow, he will take the wall of a prime minister.

他走路的时候也昂起头了；他意识到他有了一个支撑点让他使出力量；他看你的眼神不再躲藏；他的动作变得迅速而果断。就在昨天，他还是一副没有自信、害羞的样子，谁都可以把他推到一边；而明天，他都敢不给内阁总理大臣让路了。

A miracle has been wrought in him.

他的身上发生了一个奇迹。

Nothing is beyond the reach of his ambition, and his ambition soars at random; he is light-hearted, generous, and enthusiastic; in short, the fledgling bird has discovered that he has wings.

没有什么是他野心不可触及的地方——他的野心在毫无约束地膨胀。他现在无忧无虑、慷慨大方、富有热情。简而言之，羽毛初长的雏鸟发现他有翅膀了。

A poor student snatches at every chance pleasure much as a dog runs all sorts of risks to steal a bone, cracking it and sucking the marrow as he flies from pursuit; but a young man who can rattle a few runaway gold coins in his pocket can take his pleasure deliberately, can taste the whole of the sweets of secure possession; he soars far above earth; he has forgotten what the word *poverty* means; all Paris is his.

一个穷学生会抓住每一个享乐的机会，就像一只冒着一切风险偷一块骨头的狗一样——一边逃避追赶，一边还要咬碎骨头、吸着骨髓。不过一个年轻人有了几个可以私自使用的金币之后，就可以尽情享乐了，可以细细品尝财产安稳在口袋里的甜蜜。他飞向空中，展翅翱翔。他已经忘记了“贫穷”这个词是什么意思了；整个巴黎都是他的。

Those are days when the whole world shines radiant with light, when everything glows and sparkles before the eyes of youth, days that bring joyous energy that is never brought into harness, days of debts and of painful fears that go hand in hand with every delight.

那些日子里，整个世界都光芒四射，一切都在年轻人眼里熠熠生辉；那些日子里，他充满了根本无法控制的快乐能量；那些日子里，负罪感和痛苦的恐惧感与一切愉悦感并存。

Those who do not know the left bank of the Seine between the Rue Saint-Jacques and the Rue des Saints-Peres know nothing of life.

那些不熟悉圣雅克街和圣佩雷斯街之间的塞纳河左岸的人，就不懂得人生。

"Ah! if the women of Paris but knew," said Rastignac, as he devoured Mme. Vauquer's stewed pears (at five for a penny), "they would come here in search of a lover."

“啊！一旦巴黎的女人们知道了，”拉斯蒂涅一边说着，一边狼吞虎咽地吃着沃盖夫人煮的梨（一便士五个），“她们便会来这里寻找她们的爱人。”

Just then a porter from the Messageries Royales appeared at the door of the room; they had previously heard the bell ring as the

wicket opened to admit him.

就在那时，一位皇家邮政局的邮递员出现在房门前。刚才他们已经听到了院子的门铃声，一个看门人将院门开了，让邮递员走了进来。

The man asked for M. Eugene de Rastignac, holding out two bags for him to take, and a form of receipt for his signature.

这个人找欧仁·德拉斯蒂涅先生，他拿了两个包裹给欧仁，还有一张收条叫他签字。

Vautrin's keen glance cut Eugene like a lash.

沃尔特兰犀利的眼神扫到了欧仁身上，欧仁感觉像被皮鞭抽了似的。

"Now you will be able to pay for those fencing lessons and go to the shooting gallery," he said.

“现在你有钱去上剑术课、去靶场了。”他说。

"Your ship has come in," said Mme. Vauquer, eyeing the bags.

“你交好运了。”沃盖夫人说话时眼睛盯着包裹。

Mlle. Michonneau did not dare to look at the money, for fear her eyes should betray her cupidity.

米绍诺小姐不敢看那些钱，害怕自己的眼睛会暴露她的贪婪。

"You have a kind mother," said Mme. Couture.

“你有一位善良的母亲。”库蒂尔夫人说。

"You have a kind mother, sir," echoed Poiret.

“你有一位善良的母亲，先生。”普瓦雷应声说道。

"Yes, mamma has been drained dry," said Vautrin, "and now you can have your fling, go into society, and fish for heiresses, and dance with countesses who have peach blossom in their hair.

“是呀，妈妈都被榨干了。”沃尔特兰说，“现在你可以恣意行乐，走入交际圈，钓一位女继承人，和头发上插有桃花的伯爵夫人一起跳舞了。

But take my advice, young man, and don't neglect your pistol practice."

但听我一句建议，年轻人，不要忽视了你的射击练习。”

Vautrin struck an attitude, as if he were facing an antagonist.

沃尔特兰摆出一个姿势，好像他正面对着一个敌人。

Rastignac, meaning to give the porter a tip, felt in his pockets and found nothing.

拉斯蒂涅想给邮递员一点小费，手伸进口袋里摸了摸，却发现分文没有。

Vautrin flung down a franc piece on the table.

沃尔特兰在桌子上甩下一个一法郎硬币。

"Your credit is good," he remarked, eyeing the student, and Rastignac was forced to thank him, though, since the sharp encounter of wits at dinner that day, after Eugene came in from calling on Mme. de Beauseant, he had made up his mind that Vautrin was insufferable.

“你的信用还不错。”他看着这个学生说道。拉斯蒂涅不得不谢谢他。由于欧仁拜访完德伯桑夫人回来，他和沃尔特兰在那天吃晚饭时发生了激烈的交锋，他已经认定沃尔特兰是一个令人难以忍受的家伙。

For a week, in fact, they had both kept silence in each other's presence, and watched each other.

其实，一个星期以来，他们在双方都在场的时候总是保持沉默、看着对方。

The student tried in vain to account to himself for this attitude.

这个学生想为这种态度向自己作个交代，但这最终只是徒劳。

An idea, of course, gains in force by the energy with which it is expressed; it strikes where the brain sends it, by a law as mathematically exact as the law that determines the course of a shell from a mortar.

当然，一种思想的力量会因为表达这种思想时的活力而得到提升。它按照规律在大脑将其送到的地方迸发火花，这种规律有数学般的精准性，和决定迫击炮炮弹路线的规律一样精准。

The amount of impression it makes is not to be determined so exactly.

但是它产生的效果却不一定是那么准确。

Sometimes, in an impressible nature, the idea works havoc, but there are, no less, natures so robustly protected, that this sort of projectile falls flat and harmless on skulls of triple brass, as cannon-shot against solid masonry; then there are flaccid and spongy-fibred natures into which ideas from without sink like spent bullets into the earthworks of a redoubt.

有时候，对于易受影响的人，这种思想能造成很大的破坏；但是仍然有些人有着强大的自我保护能力，而且这种人还不少，这些思想的迸发完全发挥不了作用，对这些如同有三层铜皮包裹着脑壳的大脑没有伤害，就像炮弹射到坚固的石造建筑一样；还有一些性格软弱、像海绵一样的人，外来的思想一碰到他们就会下落，就像冲力已尽的子弹打进防

御堡垒的土方里一样。

Rastignac's head was something of the powder-magazine order; the least shock sufficed to bring about an explosion.

拉斯蒂涅的脑子里像装满了火药一样，最轻微的一击都足以引起一场爆炸。

He was too quick, too young, not to be readily accessible to ideas; and open to that subtle influence of thought and feeling in others which causes so many strange phenomena that make an impression upon us of which we are all unconscious at the time.

他性子太急、年纪太轻，还没有准备好接受这些思想。他易受他人思想和感情的细微影响。这些影响引起了很多奇怪现象，让我们感觉那时候我们都不清醒了。

Nothing escaped his mental vision; he was lynx-eyed; in him the mental powers of perception, which seem like duplicates of the senses, had the mysterious power of swift projection that astonishes us in intellects of a high order—slingers who are quick to detect the weak spot in any armor.

没有什么能逃得过他的精神视野。他的目光锐利。在他身上，精神上的感知力就像感官的副本一样，有着一种神秘力量，能够迅速发射——我们会对他的智力水平之高尔倍感惊讶——他是一个投掷者，能够快速发现任何盔甲上的瑕疵。

In the past month Eugene's good qualities and defects had rapidly developed with his character.

在过去的一个月中，欧仁身上的优点和缺点伴随着他的性格迅速发展起来。

Intercourse with the world and the endeavor to satisfy his growing desires had brought out his defects.

在与社会交往并努力满足自己不断膨胀的欲望时，他的缺点也显示出来。

But Rastignac came from the South side of the Loire, and had the good qualities of his countrymen.

但是拉斯蒂涅来自卢瓦尔河的南边，有他同乡所具有的优点。

He had the impetuous courage of the South, that rushes to the attack of a difficulty, as well as the southern impatience of delay or suspense.

他具备南方人的冲动和勇敢，会迅猛地攻克一项难关，也会像南方人一样对延误和悬而未决之事感到急不可耐。

These traits are held to be defects in the North; they made the

fortune of Murat, but they likewise cut short his career.

这些品质在北方人看来就是缺点，他们凭借缪拉（注：“缪拉”是拿破仑的爱将）的征战获得财富，却也让他英年早逝。

The moral would appear to be that when the dash and boldness of the South side of the Loire meets, in a southern temperament, with the guile of the North, the character is complete, and such a man will gain (and keep) the crown of Sweden.

结论应该如此：冒失、大胆是卢瓦尔河以南的人的性格，当这种南方人的性格和北方人的狡诈融合在一起时，人的性格就完整了，而有着这种性格的人会得到（也能保住）瑞典的皇冠（注：此处的“性格完整的人”指拿破仑·波拿巴）。

Rastignac, therefore, could not stand the fire from Vautrin's batteries for long without discovering whether this was a friend or a foe.

因此，拉斯蒂涅不能长时间忍受来自沃尔特兰的一系列攻击，却分不清他是敌是友。

He felt as if this strange being was reading his inmost soul, and dissecting his feelings, while Vautrin himself was so close and secretive that he seemed to have something of the profound and unmoved serenity of a sphinx, seeing and hearing all things and saying nothing.

他觉得这个奇怪的人好像在解读他内心最深处的灵魂，剖析他的感受，但沃尔特兰自己却如此自闭而神秘，他似乎有着斯芬克司那样深邃而不为所动的平静，一言不发地观察着、聆听着一切。

Eugene, conscious of that money in his pocket, grew rebellious.

欧仁意识到自己口袋里有了钱以后，就变得有反叛精神了。

"Be so good as to wait a moment," he said to Vautrin, as the latter rose, after slowly emptying his coffee-cup, sip by sip.

沃尔特兰一小口一小口地喝完咖啡，刚要起身时，欧仁对他说道：“不好意思，请您稍等。”

"What for?" inquired the older man, as he put on his large-brimmed hat and took up the sword-cane that he was wont to twirl like a man who will face three or four footpads without flinching.

“怎么了？”这位年长一点的先生问道。说着他戴起宽沿帽，拿起了剑杖——他常常摆弄那个剑杖，好像一个面对着三四个拦路贼却毫不畏惧的人一样。

"I will repay you in a minute," returned Eugene.

“我很快会还您钱的。”欧仁回答说。

He unsealed one of the bags as he spoke, counted out a hundred and forty francs, and pushed them towards Mme. Vauquer.

他说着打开其中一个包裹，点出一百四十法郎，硬塞给了沃盖夫人。

"Short reckonings make good friends," he added, turning to the widow; "that clears our accounts till the end of the year.

“好借好还，这样才能成为好朋友。”他转向这位寡妇，补充道，“到年底的帐，咱俩就算两清了。

Can you give me change for a five-franc piece?”

你能找给我一个五法郎的硬币吗？”

"Good friends make short reckonings," echoed Poiret, with a glance at Vautrin.

“好朋友也要明算账。”普瓦雷应声说到，同时瞟了沃尔特兰一眼。

"Here is your franc," said Rastignac, holding out the coin to the sphinx in the black wig.

“这是你的钱。”拉斯蒂涅说着伸手把硬币递给了这个戴黑色假发的斯芬克司。

"Any one might think that you were afraid to owe me a trifle," exclaimed this latter, with a searching glance that seemed to read the young man's inmost thoughts; there was a satirical and cynical smile on Vautrin's face such as Eugene had seen scores of times already; every time he saw it, it exasperated him almost beyond endurance.

“任何人可能都会认为你害怕欠我一分钱。”后者叫道，同时以一种审视的目光看着这个年轻人，好像在探究他心底的想法。沃尔特兰脸上的挖苦、讽刺的笑容欧仁已经看到过几十次了。而每一次他看到这种笑容时，都会怒火中烧，几乎无法忍受。

"Well...so I am," he answered.

“嗯……是这样的。”他回答说。

He held both the bags in his hand, and had risen to go up to his room.

他把两个包裹都拿在手里，起身准备上楼回房间。

Vautrin made as if he were going out through the sitting-room, and the student turned to go through the second door that opened into the square lobby at the foot of the staircase.

沃尔特兰摆出一副好像马上要穿过客厅出去的样子，而这位学生则好样要穿过第二扇门，它通往楼梯底部的方形小厅。

"Do you know, Monsieur le Marquis de Rastignacorama, that what

you were saying just now was not exactly polite?"

“你知道吗，德拉斯蒂涅科拉玛侯爵先生，你刚才说的话不是很礼貌啊？”

Vautrin remarked, as he rattled his sword-cane across the panels of the sitting-room door, and came up to the student.

沃尔特兰说着，咔嚓咔嚓拨弄着他的剑杖穿过客厅的门板，向这位学生走来。

Rastignac looked coolly at Vautrin, drew him to the foot of the staircase, and shut the dining-room door.

拉斯蒂涅冷静地看着沃尔特兰，把他引到楼梯脚下，然后关上了餐厅的门。

They were standing in the little square lobby between the kitchen and the dining-room; the place was lighted by an iron-barred fanlight above a door that gave access into the garden.

他们站在厨房和客厅之间那个狭小的方形休息室里。这地方的光线来自一个带铁栅栏的扇形窗，窗户下方是一扇通向花园的门。

Sylvie came out of her kitchen, and Eugene chose that moment to say: "*Monsieur* Vautrin, I am not a marquis, and my name is not Rastignacorama.”

西尔维从她的厨房走了出来。欧仁就赶在那一刻说：“沃尔特兰先生，我不是侯爵，我的名字也不叫拉斯蒂涅科拉玛。”

"They will fight," said Mlle. Michonneau, in an indifferent tone.

“他们会打起来的。”米绍诺小姐冷冷地说。

"Fight!" echoed Poiret.

“开打吧！”普瓦雷应声说。

"Not they," replied Mme. Vauquer, lovingly fingering her pile of coins.

“他们不会的。”沃盖夫人回答道。同时满怀爱意地用手指抚摸着她那堆硬币。

"But there they are under the lime-trees," cried Mlle. Victorine, who had risen so that she might see out into the garden.

“但是他们已经在菩提树下了。”维多琳小姐叫道。她已经站起身来，好看到外面花园里的情况。

"Poor young man! he was in the right, after all."

“可怜的年轻人！毕竟他没有错啊。”

"We must go upstairs, my pet," said Mme. Couture; "it is no

business of ours."

“我们必须上楼去了，亲爱的。”库蒂尔夫人说，“这不关我们的事。”

At the door, however, Mme. Couture and Victorine found their progress barred by the portly form of Sylvie the cook.

然而，走到门边时，库蒂尔夫人和维多琳小姐发现她们的去路被厨娘西尔维肥胖的身躯挡住了。

"What ever can have happened?" she said.

“还能发生什么呢？”她说。

"M. Vautrin said to M. Eugene, 'Let us have an explanation!' then he took him by the arm, and there they are, out among the artichokes."

“沃尔特兰先生对欧仁先生说：‘我们总得拿出个说法吧！’之后抓住了他的手臂。现在他们就在那边，站在外面的朝鲜蓟丛里。”

Vautrin came in while she was speaking.

正在她说话时，沃尔特兰走了进来。

"Mamma Vauquer," he said smiling, "don't frighten yourself at all.

“沃盖妈妈，”他笑着说，“千万别吓到自己啊。

I am only going to try my pistols under the lime-trees.”

我只是准备在那棵菩提树下试一下手枪。”

"Oh! monsieur," cried Victorine, clasping her hands as she spoke, "why do you want to kill M. Eugene?"

“哦！先生，”维多琳喊道，说话时还紧握着手，“你为什么想杀了欧仁先生呢？”

Vautrin stepped back a pace or two, and gazed at Victorine.

沃尔特兰向后退了一两步，同时盯着维多琳。

"Oh! this is something fresh!" he exclaimed in a bantering tone, that brought the color into the poor girl's face.

“哦！这可是一件新鲜事！”他以一种嘲弄的口气叫道。这让可怜的女孩满脸通红。

"That young fellow yonder is very nice, isn't he?" he went on.

“那边那个小伙子看起来很不错，不是吗？”他继续说道，

"You have given me a notion, my pretty child; I will make you both happy."

“你让我产生了一个想法，我可爱的孩子，我会让你们俩都觉得开心

的。”

Mme. Couture laid her hand on the arm of her ward, and drew the girl away, as she said in her ear: "Why, Victorine, I cannot imagine what has come over you this morning."

库蒂尔夫人把手放在她受监护人的手臂上，将她拉走，同时还在她耳边说：“怎么了，维多琳，我不敢想象你今天早上这是怎么了。”

"I don't want any shots fired in my garden," said Mme. Vauquer.

“我不想在我的花园里听到枪响。”沃盖夫人说，

"You will frighten the neighborhood and bring the police up here all in a moment."

“你会吓到邻居，而且立马会把警察全都招来。”

"Come, keep cool, Mamma Vauquer," answered Vautrin.

“好啦，保持冷静，沃盖妈妈，”沃尔特兰回答说，

"There, there; it's all right; we will go to the shooting-gallery.”

“好吧，好吧，没关系，我们去靶场好了。”

He went back to Rastignac, laying his hand familiarly on the young man's arm.

他回头走向拉斯蒂涅，把手亲密地搭在这个年轻人的手臂上。

"When I have given you ocular demonstration of the fact that I can put a bullet through the ace on a card five times running at thirty-five paces," he said, "that won't take away your appetite, I suppose?

“要是我让你亲眼看见我能在三十五步之外让子弹连续五次穿过一张纸牌的中心，”他说，“我想，这不会赶走你的胃口吧？

You look to me to be inclined to be a trifle quarrelsome this morning, and as if you would rush on your death like a blockhead.”

今天早上，你把我当成一个喜欢为小事吵架的人，你似乎像个急着送死的傻瓜啊。”

"Do you draw back?" asked Eugene.

“你退缩了吗？”欧仁问。

"Don't try to raise my temperature," answered Vautrin, "it is not cold this morning.

“别设法惹我发火了。”沃尔特兰回答说，“今天早上可不冷。

Let us go and sit over there," he added, pointing to the green-painted garden seats; "no one can overhear us.

我们去那里坐下吧。”他指着刷了绿漆的花园长椅，补充道，“没人

能听到我们的谈话。

I want a little talk with you.

我想和你交谈片刻。

You are not a bad sort of youngster, and I have no quarrel with you.

你不是那种坏孩子，我不会和你吵架。

I like you, take Trump—(confound it!)—take Vautrin's word for it.

我喜欢你，你可以相信鬼——（该死的！）——相信沃尔特兰的话。

What makes me like you?

是什么让我喜欢你呢？

I will tell you by-and-by.

我会对你一一道来。

Meantime, I can tell you that I know you as well as if I had made you myself, as I will prove to you in a minute.

同时，我能告诉你我对你了如指掌，就好像我把你变成我自己了一样，这个我很快也会证明给你看。

Put down your bags," he continued, pointing to the round table.

放下你的包裹。”他指着圆桌，继续说道。

Rastignac deposited his money on the table, and sat down.

拉斯蒂涅将他的钱放在圆桌上，坐了下来。

He was consumed with curiosity, which the sudden change in the manner of the man before him had excited to the highest pitch.

他被好奇心吞噬了。他面前这个男人的态度突然转变，让他的好奇心提高到了极点。

Here was a strange being who, a moment ago, had talked of killing him, and now posed as his protector.

这是一个奇怪的人，就在刚才还说要杀了他，现在的样子却好像是他的保护人。

"You would like to know who I really am, what I was, and what I do now," Vautrin went on.

“你想知道我到底是谁，我以前是干什么的，我现在在做什么。”沃尔特兰继续说，

"You want to know too much, youngster.

“你想知道的东西太多了，年轻人。

Come! come! keep cool!

嗨！嗨！保持冷静！

You will hear more astonishing things than that.

你会听到比这更令人震惊的事呢。

I have had my misfortunes.

我有过不幸的时候。

Just hear me out first, and you shall have your turn afterwards.

先听我说，然后轮到你说。

Here is my past in three words.

我的过去可以用三个字总结。

Who am I?

我是谁？

Vautrin.

沃尔特兰。

What do I do?

我是做什么的？

Just what I please.

只是做我喜欢的事。

Let us change the subject.

我们换个话题。

You want to know my character.

你想知道我的个性。

I am good-natured to those who do me a good turn, or to those whose hearts speak to mine.

对于那些对我很友善的人，或者和我心有灵犀的人，我很和善。

These last may do anything they like with me; they may bruise my shins, and I shall not tell them to 'mind what they are about'; but, *nom d'une pipe*, the devil himself is not an uglier customer than I can be if people annoy me, or if I don't happen to take to them; and you may just as well know at once that I think no more of killing a man than of that," and he spat before him as he spoke.

上面那些人可以对我做任何他们喜欢的事，他们可以把我的小腿打

青，但是我不会跟他们说‘他们以后得小心点’；但是，见鬼了，要是有人惹怒我了，或者我刚好不吃他们那一套，那么我会成为和魔鬼一样坏的家伙。你最好立马知道，等到那时候，我除了杀人，什么都想不起来了。”他说话时往前吐了一口唾沫，

"Only when it is absolutely necessary to do so, I do my best to kill him properly.

“只有在绝对必要这样做的时候，我才会尽全力以适当的方法杀了他。

I am what you call an artist.

我就是你所说的艺术家。

I have read Benvenuto Cellini's *Memoirs*, such as you see me; and, what is more, in Italian: A fine-spirited fellow he was!

尽管你看到的我只不过如此，但我读过本韦努托·切利尼的《回忆录》，而且是意大利文的。他是一个精神高尚的人啊！

From him I learned to follow the example set us by Providence, who strikes us down at random, and to admire the beautiful whenever and wherever it is found.

从他那里，我认识到要遵循上帝为我们树立的榜样。上帝能随意将我们击倒；我认识到无论在何时何处发现了美，都要学会欣赏美。

And, setting other questions aside, is it not a glorious part to play, when you pit yourself against mankind, and the luck is on your side?

而且，其他问题放在一边不说，若你让自己与人类作对，而且好运还在你这边，这不是一件很光荣的事吗？

I have thought a good deal about the constitution of your present social Dis-order.

你目前的社会关系很混乱，对于这种混乱关系的结构，我想过很多。

A duel is downright childish, my boy! utter nonsense and folly!

决斗是绝对幼稚的行为，我的孩子！完全是废话、傻话！

When one of two living men must be got out of the way, none but an idiot would leave chance to decide which it is to be; and in a duel it is a toss-up—heads or tails—and there you are!

当两个活生生的人中有一个必须被解决掉时，只有一个傻子会让运气决定这个人到底是谁。一场决斗就像掷钱币决胜负一样——是头像还是字——看到了吧！

Now I, for instance, can hit the ace in the middle of a card five times running, send one bullet after another through the same hole,

and at thirty-five paces, moreover!

现在，比如说我能连续五次打中一张纸牌中间的一点，一枪接一枪都从同一个孔穿过，而且是在三十五步之外！

With that little accomplishment you might think yourself certain of killing your man, mightn't you.

有了那么点成就，你也许就觉得自己肯定能杀掉对手了是吧？

Well, I have fired, at twenty paces, and missed, and the rogue who had never handled a pistol in his life—look here!” —(he unbuttoned his waistcoat and exposed his chest, covered, like a bear's back, with a shaggy fell; the student gave a startled shudder)— "He was a raw lad, but he made his mark on me," the extraordinary man went on, drawing Rastignac's fingers over a deep scar on his breast.

于是，我在二十步之外开枪了，但是失手了，那个一辈子没用过枪的流氓——看这里！”——他解开他的马甲纽扣，露出了他的胸膛。他的胸口毛发浓密，像熊背一样长着又粗又浓的汗毛。这个大学生惊诧地打了一个寒战——“他是一个生手，却在我身上留下了这个印记。”这个非同寻常的男人继续说道，同时拉过拉斯蒂涅的手指放在他胸口上那个深深的疤痕上，

" But that happened when I myself was a mere boy; I was one-and-twenty then (your age), and I had some beliefs left—in a woman's love, and in a pack of rubbish that you will be over head and ears in directly.

“但是那件事发生时我还是个孩子，我那时才二十一岁（和你现在一样大），我当时还相信女人的爱和一堆你马上会深陷其中的废话。

You and I were to have fought just now, weren't we?

就在刚才你和我还要打一架呢，不是吗？

You might have killed me.

你也许会杀了我。

Suppose that I were put under the earth, where would you be?

倘若我被掩埋在地下，你会在哪里？

You would have to clear out of this, go to Switzerland, draw on papa's purse—and he has none too much in it as it is.

那时，你不得不离开这里，去瑞士，带着爸爸的钱包——事实上，他钱包里也没有几个钱了。

I mean to open your eyes to your real position, that is what I am going to do: but I shall do it from the point of view of a man who, after studying the world very closely, sees that there are but two alternatives—stupid obedience or revolt.

我的意思是想让你睁大眼睛，真正认清你所处的形势，这就是我要做的。但是我会从一个男人的角度看待这个问题。男人在认真地看清这个世界之后，看到的无非只有两种选择——愚蠢的服从或反抗。

I obey nobody; is that clear?

我不听从任何人的命令，清楚吗？

Now, do you know how much you will want at the pace you are going?

现在，你知不知道按照你现在的步子走下去，你会缺多少东西吗？

A million; and promptly, too, or that little head of ours will be swaying to and fro in the drag-nets at Saint-Cloud, while we are gone to find out whether or not there is a Supreme Being.

一百万，而且要马上获得，否则我们的小脑袋就会在圣克卢的拖网中来回摇摆，而我们也可以去弄明白到底有没有上帝了。

I will put you in the way of that million.”

我会帮你走上赚那一百万的正轨。”

He stopped for a moment and looked at Eugene.

他停顿片刻，看着欧仁，

"Aha! you do not look so sourly at papa Vautrin now! At the mention of the million you look like a young girl when somebody has said, 'I will come for you this evening!' and she betakes herself to her toilette as a cat licks its whiskers over a saucer of milk. All right. Come, now, let us go into the question, young man; all between ourselves, you know. We have a papa and mamma down yonder, a great-aunt, two sisters (aged eighteen and seventeen), two young brothers (one fifteen, and the other ten), that is about the roll-call of the crew. The aunt brings up the two sisters; the cure comes and teaches the boys Latin. Boiled chestnuts are oftener on the table than white bread. Papa makes a suit of clothes last a long while; if mamma has a different dress winter and summer, it is about as much as she has; the sisters manage as best they can. I know all about it; I have lived in the south.

“啊哈！你现在没有用非常厌恶的眼神看着沃尔特兰老爹了！提到那一百万，你看起来就像一个小姑娘听到别人对她说：‘今晚我会来找你！’她就急忙回去梳妆打扮，如同一只猫在一碟牛奶旁边舔自己的胡须一样。不错。现在，来吧，我们来研究一下这个问题，年轻人。就我们两个人一起研究。我们在远方有一个爸爸，一个妈妈，一个很好的姑妈，两个妹妹（分别是十八岁和十七岁），两个小弟弟（一个十五岁，一个十岁），这就是全体成员的名单了。姑妈带大了两个妹妹，神父来教男孩们拉丁文。煮沸的栗子在饭桌上出现的次数比白面包多。爸爸的

一套衣服能穿很长时间；如果妈妈冬夏各有一套裙装，这就是她所有的衣服了；妹妹们则使出浑身解数来应付过活。这一切我都知道，我曾经就住在南方。

That is how things are at home.

这就是你们家里的情况。

They send you twelve hundred francs a year, and the whole property only brings in three thousand francs all told.

他们每年寄给你一千二百法郎，而所有财产加起来只值三千法郎。

We have a cook and a manservant; papa is a baron, and we must keep up appearances.

我们有一个厨师，一个男仆。因为爸爸是一位男爵，我们不得不装装门面。

Then we have our ambitions; we are connected with the Beauseants, and we go afoot through the streets; we want to be rich, and we have not a penny; we eat Mme. Vauquer's messes, and we like grand dinners in the Faubourg Saint-Germain; we sleep on a truckle-bed, and dream of a mansion!

然而我们有我们的雄心壮志。我们和伯桑家是亲戚，但是我们只能在街道中徒步穿行；我们希望发财，但是我们身无分文；我们吃着沃盖夫人的东西，想的却是圣日耳曼郊区的丰盛晚餐；我们睡的是带脚轮的矮床，梦到的却是豪宅。

I do not blame you for wanting these things.

我不会因为你想要这些而责怪你。

What sort of men do the women run after?

女人们会追求什么样的男人呢？

Men of ambition.

有野心的男人。

Men of ambition have stronger frames, their blood is richer in iron, their hearts are warmer than those of ordinary men.

有野心的男人有着更加强壮的体格，他们的血液中含铁更多，他们的心比那些普通男人的更温暖。

Women feel that when their power is greatest, they look their best, and that those are their happiest hours; they like power in men, and prefer the strongest even if it is a power that may be their own destruction.

女人们认为，当他们的力量最强大时，他们最好看，这些男人能让她们度过美好的时光。她们喜欢男人身上的力量，偏爱最强壮的那一

个，即便这种力量也许会毁了她们。

I am going to make an inventory of your desires in order to put the question at issue before you.

我要将你的欲望列出一个清单，将有待解决的那个问题摆在你面前。

Here it is:— We are as hungry as a wolf, and those newly-cut teeth of ours are sharp; what are we to do to keep the pot boiling?

问题是这样的：我们像狼一样饥饿，我们新磨的牙齿也很锋利，我们要做些什么来维持生计呢？

In the first place, we have the *Code* to browse upon; it is not amusing, and we are none the wiser for it, but that cannot be helped.

首先，我们要吃透那部法典。这一点也不有趣，我们仍然对其一无所知，但没人能帮得了我们。

So far so good.

目前，一切顺利。

We mean to make an advocate of ourselves with a prospect of one day being made President of a Court of Assize, when we shall send poor devils, our betters, to the galleys with a T.F. on their shoulders, so that the rich may be convinced that they can sleep in peace.

我们要为自己辩护，希望有一天能成为巡回法庭庭长，那时我们会将那些穷鬼、我们的父辈送到由囚犯划桨的大船上去，在他们肩膀上写上‘苦役’。这样就能让那些富人相信，他们能夫人平平地睡觉了。

There is no fun in that; and you are a long while coming to it; for, to begin with, there are two years of nauseous drudgery in Paris, we see all the lollipops that we long for out of our reach.

这不是开玩笑的话，你还需要很长一段时间才能到达那种境界。因为，首先你要在巴黎干两年令人作呕的苦差事，我们会见到所有我们渴望但无法触及的棒棒糖。

It is tiresome to want things and never to have them.

想要却永远也得不到是件很讨厌的事情。

If you were a pallid creature of the mollusk order, you would have nothing to fear, but it is different when you have the hot blood of a lion and are ready to get into a score of scrapes every day of your life.

要是你是一个和软体动物一样毫无生气的家伙，你也没什么好怕的。不过如果你拥有狮子般的热血，做好在人生中的每一天都会被抓伤的准备，情况就不一样了。

This is the ghastliest form of torture known in this inferno of God's making, and you will give in to it.

人们知道，在上帝创造的这个地狱中，这是最可怕的折磨方式，你不得不屈服。

Or suppose that you are a good boy, drink nothing stronger than milk, and bemoan your hard lot; you, with your generous nature, will endure hardships that would drive a dog mad, and make a start, after long waiting, as deputy to some rascal or other in a hole of a place where the Government will fling you a thousand francs a year like the scraps that are thrown to the butcher's dog.

或者设想你是一个好孩子，从没喝过比牛奶更烈的饮料，在哀叹着你艰苦的命运。本性慷慨的你，所要承受的艰难甚至能逼疯一只狗。在经过漫长的等待之后，你迈出了第一步，在政府部门谋得了一个小职位，成为某个恶棍或他人的代理人。政府每年扔给你一千法郎，就像扔一些残羹剩饭给屠夫的狗一样。

Bark at thieves, plead the cause of the rich, send men of heart to the guillotine, that is your work!

向小偷咆哮，为富人的动机找借口，将有良心的人送上断头台——这就是你的工作！

Many thanks!

谢天谢地！

If you have no influence, you may rot in your provincial tribunal.

如果你没有什么权势的话，你会在地方审判员这个位子上腐烂掉。

At thirty you will be a Justice with twelve hundred francs a year (if you have not flung off the gown for good before then).

三十岁时，你会成为一个法官，每年有一千二百法郎的俸禄（如果在那之前你没有永久地脱下自己的制服的话）。

By the time you are forty you may look to marry a miller's daughter, an heiress with some six thousand livres a year.

到你四十岁的时候，你会寻思着娶一个磨坊主的女儿，一位每年能拿大约六千里弗赫的女继承人。

Much obliged!

非常感谢！

If you have influence, you may possibly be a Public Prosecutor by the time you are thirty; with a salary of a thousand crowns, you could look to marry the mayor's daughter.

如果你有靠山的话，在三十岁时你很可能会成为一个检察官。凭借

一千克朗的薪水，你有望娶得市长的女儿。

Some petty piece of political trickery, such as mistaking Villele for Manuel in a bulletin (the names rhyme, and that quiets your conscience), and you will probably be a Procurer General by the time you are forty, with a chance of becoming a deputy.

加上某一个小的政治阴谋，就像在公告中把维莱错认成曼努埃尔（由于名字的韵脚相似，因此你没有良心不安）。你在四十岁时很可能会当上总检察官，还有机会成为一名议员。

Please to observe, my dear boy, that our conscience will have been a little damaged in the process, and that we shall endure twenty years of drudgery and hidden poverty, and that our sisters are wearing Dian's livery.

我亲爱的孩子，你要注意，在此期间我们的良心会遭到小小的谴责：我们要忍受二十年的苦工，暗自忍受二十年的贫困，我们的妹妹们还要当迪安家的侍从。

I have the honor to call your attention to another fact: to wit, that there are but twenty Procurers Generaux at a time in all France, while there are some twenty thousand of you young men who aspire to that elevated position; that there are some mountebanks among you who would sell their family to screw their fortunes a peg higher.

我很荣幸能提醒你注意另一个事实：也就是说，全法国在同一时期只有二十个总检察官，然而有两万个像你这样的年轻人觊觎那些高高在上的职位；你们中有一些江湖骗子，他们会出卖全家从而将他们的命运拴在一个更高的桩子上。

If this sort of thing sickens you, try another course.

如果这种事情让你觉得恶心的话，那就换另一条路走。

The Baron de Rastignac thinks of becoming an advocate, does he?

德拉斯蒂涅男爵想当律师，是吗？

There's a nice prospect for you!

你有一条很好的出路！

Ten years of drudgery straight away.

马上干十年的苦差事。

You are obliged to live at the rate of a thousand francs a month; you must have a library of law books, live in chambers, go into society, go down on your knees to ask a solicitor for briefs, lick the dust off the floor of the Palais de Justice.

每个月，你不得不靠着一千法郎生活。你必须有一个法律书籍库，住在事务所里，出入交际圈，跪下来哀求一位律师给你案件，并在法院

卑躬屈膝。

If this kind of business led to anything, I should not say no; but just give me the names of five advocates here in Paris who by the time that they are fifty are making fifty thousand francs a year!

如果这种工作能给你带来任何好处，我不会否定它。但是，五十岁时一年赚到五万法郎的律师，你给我说说看，巴黎这里有没有五个！

Bah! I would sooner turn pirate on the high seas than have my soul shrivel up inside me like that.

呸！我宁愿变成公海上的海盗，也不愿体内的灵魂像那样枯萎。

How will you find the capital?

你怎样找到本钱？

There is but one way, marry a woman who has money.

只有一条路，娶一个有钱女人。

There is no fun in it. Have you a mind to marry?

这可不是开玩笑。你有想过要结婚吗？

You hang a stone around your neck; for if you marry for money, what becomes of our exalted notions of honor and so forth?

你在自己的脖子上栓了一块石头。因为要是你为了钱而结婚，我们所颂扬的荣誉感等等都会变成什么？

You might as well fly in the face of social conventions at once. Is it nothing to crawl like a serpent before your wife, to lick her mother's feet, to descend to dirty actions that would sicken swine—faugh! — Never mind if you at least make your fortune.

你最好马上公然违抗社会习俗。这无非是像一条蛇一样在你妻子面前爬行，舔她母亲的脚，堕落到做一些连猪都觉得恶心的肮脏行为——呸！——如果你最终获得财富的话，就不要介意这些。

But you will be as doleful as a dripstone if you marry for money.

为了钱而结婚的人会像滴水石一样落寞。

It is better to wrestle with men than to wrangle at home with your wife.

与其在家和妻子争吵，不如在外和男人角力。

You are at the crossway of the roads of life, my boy; choose your way. Travaux forces, forced labor.

你在人生之路的交叉口上，我的孩子，选择你自己的路吧。劳动者进行的都是强制劳动。

"But you have chosen already. You have gone to see your cousin of Beauseant, and you have had an inkling of luxury; you have been to Mme. de Restaud's house, and in Father Goriot's daughter you have seen a glimpse of the Parisienne for the first time.

但是你已经做出选择了。你已经去拜访过伯桑表姐；你已经对奢侈略有所知；你去过德雷斯多夫人的房子，在高老头女儿那里，你也第一次瞥见了巴黎女子。

That day you came back with a word written on your forehead.

你回来的那天，额头上写着一个词。

I knew it, I could read it—'SUCCESS!' Yes, success at any price.

我知道这个词，我能读懂这个词——‘成功！’是的，不惜一切代价换取成功。

'Bravo,' said I to myself, 'here is the sort of fellow for me.' You wanted money.

‘好啊，’我对自己说，‘我需要的那种家伙就在这里。’你缺钱。

Where was it all to come from? You have drained your sisters' little hoard (all brothers sponge more or less on their sisters).

可钱都从哪里来呢？你已经榨干了你妹妹的小存钱盒（所有的哥哥都或多或少地从妹妹们那里谋取过钱财）。

Those fifteen hundred francs of yours (got together, God knows how! In a country where there are more chestnuts than five-franc pieces) will slip away like soldiers after pillage.

你的一千五百法郎（天知道是怎么凑来的！还是在一个栗子比五法郎硬币都要多的村子里）会像劫掠后的士兵一样转瞬就消失不见。

And, then, what will you do? Shall you begin to work?

在那之后，你怎么办？你会开始工作吗？

Work, or what you understand by work at this moment, means, for a man of Poiret's calibre, an old age in Mamma Vauquer's lodging-house.

工作，或者你这时所理解的工作，对于一个性子和普瓦雷接近的人来说，意味着到老了还租住在沃盖妈妈的旅馆里。

There are fifty thousand young men in your position at this moment, all bent as you are on solving one and the same problem—how to acquire a fortune rapidly.

此时此刻，有五万年轻人和你处于同样的境地，所有人都和你一样，正在专心解决同一个问题——怎样迅速获得财富。

You are but a unit in that aggregate.

你只是这一总体中的一个个体。

You can guess, therefore, what efforts you must make, how desperate the struggle is. There are not fifty thousand good positions for you; you must fight and devour one another like spiders in a pot. Do you know how a man makes his way here?

由此，你可以设想一下，你必须付出多少努力，你的挣扎会是多么绝望。根本没有五万个好职位给你们。你们必须与对方搏斗，甚至消灭对方，就像罐子里的蜘蛛一样。你知道人是怎么走过来的吗？

By brilliant genius or by skilful corruption.

通过聪明的天赋，或者巧妙的腐败。

You must either cut your way through these masses of men like a cannon ball, or steal among them like a plague.

你要么像大炮炮弹一样在这人群中炸出一条路，要么像瘟疫一样偷偷抢在他们前面。

Honesty is nothing to the purpose.

老实是不得要领的做法。

Men bow before the power of genius; they hate it, and try to slander it, because genius does not divide the spoil; but if genius persists, they bow before it.

男人会在天才的力量之前弯腰；他们痛恨它，试图诋毁它，因为天才不会分享战利品；但要是天才能坚持住，大家就会在其面前俯首称臣。

To sum it all up in a phrase, if they fail to smother genius in the mud, they fall on their knees and worship it.

总而言之，一句话，要是他们没能将天才深埋在土里，他们就会双膝跪地，对其顶礼膜拜。

Corruption is a great power in the world, and talent is scarce. So corruption is the weapon of superfluous mediocrity; you will be made to feel the point of it everywhere.

腐败对世界的影响声势浩大，而天赋的影响却微乎其微。所以对于数量过剩的平庸之才来说，腐败就是他们的武器；在任何地方，现实会逼着你去深刻体会这句话。

You will see women who spend more than ten thousand francs a year on dress, while their husband's salary (his whole income) is six thousand francs.

你会看见女人们一年花一万多法郎买衣服，而她们丈夫的薪水（他的全部收入）却只有六千法郎。

You will see officials buying estates on twelve thousand francs a year.

你会看见年收入一万两千法郎的政府官员在买房产。

You will see women who sell themselves body and soul to drive in a carriage belonging to the son of a peer of France, who has a right to drive in the middle rank at Longchamp.

你会看见女人们为了坐进一位法国贵族子嗣的马车而出卖自己的肉体和灵魂，因为他有权穿梭在隆尚的中层社会之中。

You have seen that poor simpleton of a Goriot obliged to meet a bill with his daughter's name at the back of it, though her husband has fifty thousand francs a year.

你已经看见，高里奥那个可怜的笨蛋不得为背面有女儿署名的汇票付账，尽管她的丈夫每年能拿五万法郎。

I defy you to walk a couple of yards anywhere in Paris without stumbling on some infernal complication. I'll bet my head to a head of that salad that you will stir up a hornet's nest by taking a fancy to the first young, rich, and pretty woman you meet.

我敢说，在巴黎你走上几码就能碰见一些可恶的纠葛。我敢用我的头和那盘沙拉中一个菜头打赌，遇见第一位年轻、富有、漂亮的女人之后，你会爱上她并因此捅了马蜂窝。

They are all dodging the law, all at loggerheads with their husbands.

她们所有人都在钻法律的空子，个个都与丈夫不和。

If I were to begin to tell you all that vanity or necessity (virtue is not often mixed up in it, you may be sure), all that vanity and necessity drive them to do for lovers, finery, housekeeping, or children, I should never come to an end.

要是我开始告诉你，所有的虚荣或欲望（道德不会常常混淆在内，这一点你也许十分清楚），所有的虚荣和欲望促使她们为情人、华服、持家或者孩子而那样做，这些事说起来从来就没有尽头。

So an honest man is the common enemy.

所以诚实的人就是全民公敌。

But do you know what an honest man is?

但是你知道怎样才算一个诚实的人吗？

Here, in Paris, an honest man is the man who keeps his own counsel, and will not divide the plunder.

在这里，在巴黎，一个诚实的人就是始终暗藏自己的观点、不与人

瓜分战利品的人。

I am not speaking now of those poor bond-slaves who do the work of the world without a reward for their toil—God Almighty's outcasts, I call them.

我现在说的不是那些可怜的奴隶，他们在这个世界辛苦劳作却没有一点回报——我把他们称作“万能上帝的遗弃者”。

Among them, I grant you, is virtue in all the flower of its stupidity, but poverty is no less their portion.

我赞同你，在他们之中存在道德，所有愚昧之花盛开的地方都有道德，但是贫穷还是他们的命运。

At this moment, I think I see the long faces those good folk would pull if God played a practical joke on them and stayed away at the Last Judgment.

要是上帝跟他们玩了一出恶作剧，在最后审判日溜走了，我想我会在那一刻看见那些善良人们拉长的脸。

Well, then, if you mean to make a fortune quickly, you must either be rich to begin with, or make people believe that you are rich.

那么，如果你打算快速发财，你要么得一开始就很有钱，要么得让人们相信你很有钱。

It is no use playing here except for high stakes; once take to low play, it is all up with you.

除非你下大赌注，否则你在这里耍把戏是没有用的；一旦你下了小赌注，那你就彻底无望了。

If in the scores of professions that are open to you, there are ten men who rise very rapidly, people are sure to call them thieves.

如果在大批向你敞开大门的职业之中，有十个人晋升速度很快，人们肯定会叫他们小偷。

You can draw your own conclusions.

你可以有自己的结论。

Such is life.

这就是生活。

It is no cleaner than a kitchen; it reeks like a kitchen; and if you mean to cook your dinner, you must expect to soil your hands; the real art is in getting them clean again, and therein lies the whole morality of our epoch.

它跟厨房一样脏，像厨房一样散发臭气。要是你想给自己做饭，你会不出所料地弄脏自己的双手。真正的艺术就在于将双手再弄干净，这

其中蕴含着我们这个时代的所有道德品行。

If I take this tone in speaking of the world to you, I have the right to do so; I know it well.

如果我以这样的语气跟你谈论这个世界，那是因为我有权这样说，因为我非常了解这个世界。

Do you think that I am blaming it?

你认为我是在责怪这个世界吗？

Far from it; the world has always been as it is now.

远非如此，这世界一直就是现在这个样子。

Moralists' strictures will never change it.

道德家的责难永远也改变不了它。

Mankind are not perfect, but one age is more or less hypocritical than another, and then simpletons say that its morality is high or low.

人类并非完美无暇，但是一个时代几乎与另一个时代一样虚伪，然后傻子就会说，一个时代比另一个时代的道德水平高或者低。

I do not think that the rich are any worse than the poor; man is much the same, high or low, or wherever he is.

我不认为富人比穷人坏。不论地位高低，无论身处何处，人都大抵相同。

In a million of these human cattle there may be half a score of bold spirits who rise above the rest, above the laws; I am one of them.

在这些披着人皮的畜生之中，一百万个里可能会有十个大胆的家伙能骑在别人头上，凌驾于法律之上，我就是其中之一。

And you, if you are cleverer than your fellows, make straight to your end, and hold your head high.

你呢，如果你比自己的同伴们聪明，那就径直向你的目标走去，还要把头高高扬起。

But you must lay your account with envy and slander and mediocrity, and every man's hand will be against you.

但是你同时也得考虑到妒忌、诽谤和平庸，每一个人都会和你对着干。

Napoleon met with a Minister of War, Aubry by name, who all but sent him to the colonies.

拿破仑偶遇过一位名叫奥布里的陆军部长。这位部长差一点把他送到了殖民地。

Feel your pulse.

感觉一下你的脉搏吧。

Think whether you can get up morning after morning, strengthened in yesterday's purpose.

想想你是否能在每天早上起来后，发现自己在昨天的目标中变得更强大了。

In that case I will make you an offer that no one would decline.

如果是那样的话，我会主动给你一个没有人会拒绝的提议。

Listen attentively.

留心听着。

You see, I have an idea of my own.

要知道，我有自己的一个想法。

My idea is to live a *patriarchal* life on a vast estate, say a hundred thousand acres, somewhere in the Southern States of America.

我想在一片很大的庄园上过一种族长式的生活，比方说在美国南部的某一个州拥有一片十万英亩的地。

I mean to be a planter, to have slaves, to make a few snug millions by selling my cattle, timber, and tobacco; I want to live an absolute monarch, and to do just as I please; to lead such a life as no one here in these squalid dens of lath and plaster ever imagines.

我想做一个种植园主，想有奴隶，靠卖牲畜、卖木材、卖烟草赚上几百万。我想成为绝对的统治者，做我喜欢做的事。这里的人都住在这些木板和灰泥搭起的肮脏居所里，我想过的生活他们永远也想象不到。

I am a great poet; I do not write my poems, I feel them, and act them.

我是一个伟大的诗人，我自己不写诗，我感觉诗，演绎诗。

At this moment I have fifty thousand francs, which might possibly buy forty negroes.

现在我有五万法郎，大概能买四十个黑人。

I want two hundred thousand francs, because I want to have two hundred negroes to carry out my notions of the patriarchal life properly.

我想要二十万法郎，因为我需要两百个黑人来完全实现我族长制生活的理念。

Negroes, you see, are like a sort of family ready grown, and there are no inquisitive public prosecutors out there to interfere with you.

你看，黑人就像一个家族一样已然成型，也没有爱管闲事的检察官在那里干涉你的事情。

That investment in ebony ought to mean three or four million francs in ten years' time.

在黑檀树上的那笔投资应该意味着十年内有三四百万法郎的收入。

If I am successful, no one will ask me who I am.

如果我成功了，没人会问我我是谁。

I shall be Mr. Four Millions, an American citizen.

我会成为‘四百万先生’，成为一位美国公民。

I shall be fifty years old by then, and sound and hearty still; I shall enjoy life after my own fashion.

那时我应该有五十岁了，但仍身体健壮、精神饱满。我会按照我自己的方式享受生活。

In two words, if I find you an heiress with a million, will you give me two hundred thousand francs?

简而言之，如果我给你找到一个有一百万家产的女继承人，你会给我二十万法郎吗？

Twenty per cent commission, eh?

百分之二十的佣金，嗯？

Is that too much?

太多了吗？

Your little wife will be very much in love with you.

你娇小的妻子会深爱着你。

Once married, you will show signs of uneasiness and remorse; for a couple of weeks you will be depressed.

一旦结婚，你就表现出不安和懊悔的迹象，几个星期后你会变得非常沮丧。

Then, some night after sundry grimacings, comes the confession, between two kisses, 'Two hundred thousand francs of debts, my darling!' This sort of farce is played every day in Paris, and by young men of the highest fashion.

接下来，一天晚上，你在做出各种痛苦表情之后，在两次亲吻之间招供了，‘我有二十万法郎的债，亲爱的！’这种闹剧天天都在巴黎上演，演出者都是最时尚的年轻男士。

When a young wife has given her heart, she will not refuse her

purse.

当一个年轻的妻子付出了真心，她也不会不愿掏腰包。

Perhaps you are thinking that you will lose the money for good?

也许你正在想，你将会永远失去这笔钱？

Not you. You will make two hundred thousand francs again by some stroke of business.

你不会。你敲定一笔买卖，就会再赚到二十万法郎了。

With your capital and your brains you should be able to accumulate as large a fortune as you could wish.

有了本钱，加上你的智慧，你有能力聚集一大笔财富，你想要多少就有多少。

ERGO, in six months you will have made your own fortune, and our old friend Vautrin's, and made an amiable woman very happy, to say nothing of your people at home, who must blow on their fingers to warm them, in the winter, for lack of firewood.

于是，在六个月里，你会获得你自己的财富，还有老朋友沃尔特兰的财富，你也会让一位亲切的女人非常愉悦。千万不要谈及你的家人，他们冬天时因为没有柴火，肯定在对着自己的手指哈气取暖。

You need not be surprised at my proposal, nor at the demand I make.

对于我的建议以及所提出的要求，你不必感到惊诧。

Forty-seven out of every sixty great matches here in Paris are made after just such a bargain as this.

在巴黎，每六十对婚姻中就有四十七对都是通过这样的交易促成的。

The Chamber of Notaries compels my gentleman to—" "What must I do?" said Rastignac, eagerly interrupting Vautrin's speech.

公证处强迫我的先生们这样——”“我要做什么呢？”拉斯蒂涅急切地打断沃尔特兰的话。

"Next to nothing," returned the other, with a slight involuntary movement, the suppressed exultation of the angler when he feels a bite at the end of his line.

“几乎什么都不用做。”另一个人回答说。他的身体同时不自觉地轻轻移动了一下，有如一个钓鱼者感到自己鱼线的尽头被咬住时强忍兴奋的动作。

"Follow me carefully! The heart of a girl whose life is wretched and unhappy is a sponge that will thirstily absorb love; a dry sponge

that swells at the first drop of sentiment. If you pay court to a young girl whose existence is a compound of loneliness, despair, and poverty, and who has no suspicion that she will come into a fortune, good Lord! It is quint and quatorze at piquet; it is knowing the numbers of the lottery before-hand; it is speculating in the funds when you have news from a sure source; it is building up a marriage on an indestructible foundation. The girl may come in for millions, and she will fling them, as if they were so many pebbles, at your feet. 'Take it, my beloved! Take it, Alfred, Adolphe, Eugene!' or whoever it was that showed his sense by sacrificing himself for her. And as for sacrificing himself, this is how I understand it. You sell a coat that is getting shabby, so that you can take her to the *Cadran bleu*, treat her to mushrooms on toast, and then go to the Ambigu-Comique in the evening; you pawn your watch to buy her a shawl.

“仔细听我说！如果一位姑娘命运凄惨、毫无乐趣，那么她的心就会像海绵一样如饥似渴地汲取爱；那是一块干燥的海绵，在吸收第一滴感情之时就开始膨胀。如果你追求一个年轻姑娘，但是她的生活其实是孤独、绝望和贫穷的混合体，而且她也没有想过今后会拥有财富，善良的主啊！这就是皮克牌里的五张同花顺和四张同花顺的大牌；这就是预先知道了彩票的号码；这就是当你有了可靠消息之后炒基金；这就是将婚姻建立在不可破坏的基础之上。这个女孩也许会继承数百万财产，之后就胡乱挥霍，就好像那钱是在你脚边的小石子一样。‘拿着吧，我亲爱的！拿着吧，阿尔弗雷德、阿道夫、欧仁！’或者是任何一个表现出愿意为她牺牲自己的人的名字。我就是这样理解‘牺牲自己’的。你卖了一件已经破旧了的大衣，然后你就可以带她去‘蓝钟餐厅’，以蘑菇土司招待她，在晚上带她去‘庄谐剧院’；你当掉你的手表来给她买一条披肩。

I need not remind you of the fiddle-faddle sentimentality that goes down so well with all women; you spill a few drops of water on your stationery, for instance; those are the tears you shed while far away from her.

我无需提醒你，那些无聊的多愁善感对所有女人都很受用。比如说你在信纸上洒上几滴水，它们将成为你远离她身边时留下的眼泪。

You look to me as if you were perfectly acquainted with the argot of the heart.

在我看来，你似乎谙熟内心的暗语。

Paris, you see, is like a forest in the New World, where you have to deal with a score of varieties of savages—Illinois and Hurons, who live on the proceed of their social hunting.

巴黎，你知道，就好像新世界中的大森林，在这里你不得不应对几十种不同的原始人——伊利诺伊人和休伦人，他们依靠集体捕猎世世代代生存下去。

You are a hunter of millions; you set your snares; you use lures and nets; there are many ways of hunting.

你的猎物是数百万财产。你设好陷阱，用上了诱饵和捕网。打猎也有很多种办法。

Some hunt heiresses, others a legacy; some fish for souls, yet others sell their clients, bound hand and foot.

有人猎取女性继承人，其他人则猎取一笔遗产；有人要钓取灵魂，而其他人则绑起自己顾客的手脚，然后将客人卖掉。

Every one who comes back from the chase with his game-bag well filled meets with a warm welcome in good society.

每一个捕猎归来的人，只要他的狩猎袋中装了很多东西，那么他就会受到上流社会的热烈欢迎。

In justice to this hospitable part of the world, it must be said that you have to do with the most easy and good-natured of great cities.

为了对这个世界好客的一面作出公正的评价，你必须得见识最安逸、最和善的伟大城市中的一个。

If the proud aristocracies of the rest of Europe refuse admittance among their ranks to a disreputable millionaire, Paris stretches out a hand to him, goes to his banquets, eats his dinners, and hobnobs with his infamy.”

如果欧洲其他地方骄傲的贵族们拒绝将一位声名狼藉的百万富翁接纳入他们的阶层，巴黎人则会向他伸出一只手，出席他的舞会，和他共进晚餐，交谈他的丑行。”

"But where is such a girl to be found?" asked Eugene.

“但是在哪里能找到这样的女孩呢？”欧仁问。

"Under your eyes; she is yours already."

“就在你的眼皮底下，她已经是你的了。”

"Mlle. Victorine?"

“维多琳小姐？”

"Precisely."

“正是。”

"And what was that you said?"

“那你刚才说的意思是什么？”

"She is in love with you already, your little Baronne de Rastignac!"

“她已经爱上你啦，你这个小德拉斯蒂涅男爵！”

"She has not a penny," Eugene continued, much mystified.

“她一分钱都没有。”欧仁非常疑惑不解，继续说道。

"Ah! now we are coming to it!" Just another word or two, and it will all be clear enough.

“啊！我们正要说到这一点！”只需要一两个词，就能明白一切。

Her father, Taillefer, is an old scoundrel; it is said that he murdered one of his friends at the time of the Revolution.

她的父亲，塔耶费，是个老恶棍。据说他在大革命时期谋杀了他的一个朋友。

He is one of your comedians that sets up to have opinions of his own.

他是你们那群傻瓜中的一个，自称有自己的观点。

He is a banker—senior partner in the house of Frederic Taillefer and Company.

他是一个银行家——弗雷德里克·塔耶费公司的资深合伙人。

He has one son, and means to leave all he has to the boy, to the prejudice of Victorine.

他有一个儿子，而且打算将他所有的东西都留给这个儿子，这损害了维多琳的利益。

For my part, I don't like to see injustice of this sort.

至于我，我不喜欢看到这种不公平现象。

I am like Don Quixote, I have a fancy for defending the weak against the strong.

我就像堂吉诃德一样，喜欢保卫弱者，抵御强权。

If it should please God to take that youth away from him, Taillefer would have only his daughter left; he would want to leave his money to some one or other; an absurd notion, but it is only human nature, and he is not likely to have any more children, as I know.

如若是上帝的意愿要将那个年轻人从他身边带走，塔耶费就只剩下他的女儿了。他会想将他的钱留给某个人。这是一个荒谬的想法，但这只是人的本性。据我所知，他不可能有更多孩子了。

Victorine is gentle and amiable; she will soon twist her father round her fingers, and set his head spinning like a German top by plying him with sentiment!

维多琳温柔而亲切，她很快就会将她父亲玩弄于股掌之间，而且她会以自己的多愁善感不断纠缠他，使他的头像一只德国陀螺那样转个不停。

She will be too much touched by your devotion to forget you; you will marry her.

她会因为你的真挚大为感动，会忘不掉你；你会娶到她的。

I mean to play Providence for you, and Providence is to do my will.

我打算为你扮演一次天意，而天意就是践行我的意愿。

I have a friend whom I have attached closely to myself, a colonel in the Army of the Loire, who has just been transferred into the garde royale.

我和一个朋友走得很近，他是卢瓦尔军队的陆军上校，刚刚调入皇家卫队。

He has taken my advice and turned ultra-royalist; he is not one of those fools who never change their opinions.

他接受了我的建议，成为了一个激进的保皇派。他不属于那种死脑筋的笨蛋。

Of all pieces of advice, my cherub, I would give you this—don't stick to your opinions any more than to your words.

在所有建议中，我的小天使，我会给你这样一条建议——不要一味坚持自己的诺言，也不要坚持自己的观点。

If any one asks you for them, let him have them—at a price.

要是有人问起你的主张，就让他们知道——但是得有代价。

A man who prides himself on going in a straight line through life is an idiot who believes in infallibility.

一个人若因自己一生没走弯路而自豪，他就是一个信仰无谬论的傻子。

There are no such things as principles; there are only events, and there are no laws but those of expediency: a man of talent accepts events and the circumstances in which he finds himself, and turns everything to his own ends.

没有原则这样的东西，只有结果；也没有什么法律，只有私利；一个有天赋的人接受结果，也接受他所处的环境，他做每一件事都是为自己所用的。

If laws and principles were fixed and invariable, nations would not change them as readily as we change our shirts.

如果法律和原则固定且一成不变，那么国家就不会像我们换衬衣一样轻易作出改变。

The individual is not obliged to be more particular than the nation.

国家如此，个人也差不到哪里去。

A man whose services to France have been of the very slightest is a fetich looked on with superstitious awe because he has always seen everything in red; but he is good, at the most, to be put into the Museum of Arts and Crafts, among the automatic machines, and labeled La Fayette; while the prince at whom everybody flings a stone, the man who despises humanity so much that he spits as many oaths as he is asked for in the face of humanity, saved France from being torn in pieces at the Congress of Vienna; and they who should have given him laurels fling mud at him.

一个为法国尽过最微薄力量的人被别人迷信般地崇拜，被视之为神人。因为他看每件事都怒气冲冲。但他顶多适合放入工艺博物馆，放在自动机器旁边，再贴上拉费耶特的标签；而那位人人都向他砸石头的王子，他如此轻视人性，以至于人家一旦让他谈论人性，他都会恶语诅咒；他在维也纳会议上保住法国不被瓜分得支离破碎，然而那些本应授予他荣誉的人却朝着他扔泥巴。

Oh! I know so mething of affairs, I can tell you; I have the secrets of many men!

哦！我给你说，这些事我了解得很详细，我有很多人的秘密呢！

Enough.

这足够了！

When I find three minds in agreement as to the application of a principle, I shall have a fixed and immovable opinion—I shall have to wait a long while first.

当我发现有三个人对于同一原则的运用达成了共识时，我就会有一个坚定不移的主张——但首先我得等上很长时间。

In the Tribunals you will not find three judges of the same opinion on a single point of law.

在法庭上，你也不会发现有三位法官对于一条法律有着相同的见解。

To return to the man I was telling you of.

回到我给你说的那个人吧。

He would crucify Jesus Christ again, if I bade him.

只要我吩咐他，他会再把耶稣基督钉上十字架。

At a word from his old chum Vautrin he will pick a quarrel with a scamp that will not send so much as five francs to his sister, poor girl, and" (here Vautrin rose to his feet and stood like a fencing-master about to lunge)—" Turn him off into the dark!" he added.

他的老友沃尔特兰说一句话，他就会和一个连五法郎都不寄给自己可怜的妹妹的流氓过不去——”（这时沃尔特兰站起身来，像剑师一样摆出一副即将刺出的架势）“把他扔进黑暗之中！”他补充道。

"How frightful!" said Eugene.

“多吓人啊！”欧仁说，

"You do not really mean it? M. Vautrin, you are joking!"

“你不是说真的吧？沃尔特兰先生，你说笑吧？”

"There! there! Keep cool!" said the other.

“嘿！嘿！保持冷静！”另一个人说，

"Don't behave like a baby. But if you find any amusement in it, be indignant, flare up! Say that I am a scoundrel, a rascal, a rogue, a bandit; but do not call me a blackleg nor a spy! There, out with it, fire away! I forgive you; it is quite natural at your age. I was like that myself once. Only remember this, you will do worse things yourself some day. You will flirt with some pretty woman and take her money. You have thought of that, of course," said Vautrin, "for how are you to succeed unless love is laid under contribution?

“别跟个小孩儿似的。不过如果你觉得这样很搞笑的话，你可以愤怒、勃然大怒！你可以说我是个恶棍、流氓、无赖、强盗，但别叫我骗子或奸细！嘿，说出来吧，尽管开火吧！我原谅你，在你这个年龄，这很正常。我自己一度也像你那样。只要记住这一点，总有一天，你自己会做出更恶劣的事情。你会和一个有钱女人调情，之后拿走她的钱。当然，你已经想过那些了。”沃尔特兰说，“因为，要不是将爱情放在奉献下面，你怎么能成功？

There are no two ways about virtue, my dear student; it either is, or it is not.

没有实现道德的不二途径，我亲爱的学生。它要么是，要么不是。

Talk of doing penance for your sins!

说说怎样为你的罪孽忏悔吧！

It is a nice system of business, when you pay for your crime by an act of contrition!

这是一个很好的交易体系，你用忏悔的举动来偿还自己的罪行。

You seduce a woman that you may set your foot on such and such a rung of the social ladder; you sow dissension among the children of

a family; you descend, in short, to every base action that can be committed at home or abroad, to gain your own ends for your own pleasure or your profit; and can you imagine that these are acts of faith, hope, or charity?

你去引诱一个女人，以立足于社会阶梯的某一层；你在一个家庭的孩子中间播下争执的种子。简而言之，你堕落到在家或在外面做出任何可以做的鄙夷之事，以达到你获得自身愉悦或私利的目的。你能想象这是相信信、望、爱的人的所作所为吗？

How is it that a dandy, who in a night has robbed a boy of half his fortune, gets only a couple of months in prison; while a poor devil who steals a banknote for a thousand francs, with aggravating circumstances, is condemned to penal servitude?

为什么一个花花公子一夜之间抢劫了一个少年一半的财产，却只坐了几个月牢；而一个穷鬼在日益恶化的环境中偷了一千法郎钞票，却被判终身苦役呢？

Those are your laws.

这些就是你们的法律。

Not a single provision but lands you in some absurdity.

每一项条款都把你置于荒谬的境地。

That man with yellow gloves and a golden tongue commits many a murder; he sheds no blood, but he drains his victim's veins as surely; a desperado forces open a door with a crowbar, dark deeds both of them!

那个戴着黄手套，巧舌如簧的人谋杀了许多人；他自己不流血，但确确实实将受害人的血榨干了。一个亡命之徒用撬棍强行砸开大门。这两种都是黑暗的行为！

You yourself will do every one of those things that I suggest to you to-day, bar the bloodshed.

我今天向你提起每一件事你几乎都会亲自实践，除了流血之外。

Do you believe that there is any absolute standard in this world?

你是否相信这世上有绝对的基准呢？

Despise mankind and find out the meshes that you can slip through in the net of the *Code*.

你得鄙视人性，同时找出这个法典体系上可以钻的空子。

The secret of a great success for which you are at a loss to account is a crime that has never been found out, because it was properly executed.”

你对如何获得巨大的成功的秘诀浑然不知，而秘诀就是从未被人发现的罪行，因为罪犯手法十分巧妙。”

"Silence, sir! I will not hear any more; you make me doubt myself. At this moment my sentiments are all my science."

“安静，先生！我不会再听了，你让我都怀疑我自己了。此时此刻，我的情感是我全部的理智。”

"Just as you please, my fine fellow; I did think you were so weak-minded," said Vautrin, "I shall say no more about it.

“随你的便，我的好伙计，我的确想过你的耳根子会这么软。”沃尔特兰说，“我不多说了。

One last word, however," and he looked hard at the student—"you have my secret," he said.

不论如何，最后一句。”他盯着大学生——“你知道我的秘密了。”他说，

"A young man who refuses your offer knows that he must forget it."

“一位拒绝了你的提议的年轻人应该明白他必须把这些秘密忘掉。”

"Quite right, quite right; I am glad to hear you say so. Somebody else might not be so scrupulous, you see. Keep in mind what I want to do for you. I will give you a fortnight. The offer is still open."

“没错，没错。你这样说我很高兴。你看，换做其他人也许不会那么小心谨慎了。记着我想为你做的事。我会给你两周时间。这个提议依然有效。”

"What a head of iron the man has!" said Eugene to himself, as he watched Vautrin walk unconcernedly away with his cane under his arm.

“这人有个钢铁一般的意志啊！”欧仁自言自语道。这时他看着沃尔特兰夹着剑杖漠不关心地走开了。

"Yet Mme. de Beauseant said as much more gracefully; he has only stated the case in cruder language. He would tear my heart with claws of steel. What made me think of going to Mme. de Nucingen? He guessed my motives before I knew them myself. To sum it up, that outlaw has told me more about virtue than all I have learned from men and books. If virtue admits of no compromises, I have certainly robbed my sisters," he said, throwing down the bags on the table.

“德伯桑夫人说得十分优雅，但他只是把事情用粗鲁的语言说出来了。他会用钢爪撕碎我的心。什么让我想到了去拜访德纽沁根夫人？在我自己都还不知道的时候，他就猜到了我的动机。总之，那个目无法纪

的人已经告诉了我一些关于道德的事，这比我从别人和书本上学到的一切都要多。如果道德不容许任何变通的话，那我绝对已经抢劫了我的妹妹们。”他说着将包裹扔在桌子上。

He sat down again and fell, unconscious of his surroundings, into deep thought.

他再一次坐下，不顾周围的环境，陷入了沉思。

"To be faithful to an ideal of virtue!" A heroic martyrdom! Pshaw! every one believes in virtue, but who is virtuous? Nations have made an idol of Liberty, but what nation on the face of the earth is free? My youth is still like a blue and cloudless sky. If I set myself to obtain wealth or power, does it mean that I must make up my mind to lie, and fawn, and cringe, and swagger, and flatter, and dissemble? To consent to be the servant of others who have likewise fawned, and lied, and flattered? Must I cringe to them before I can hope to be their accomplice? Well, then, I decline. I mean to work nobly and with a single heart.

“要忠诚于理想的道德！”一次英雄般的殉道！哼！每个人都信仰道德，但是谁是有道德的人呢？国家将自由奉为偶像，但在这个世界上，有哪一个国家是自由的国度呢？我的青春还是一片万里无云的蓝天。如果我下决心要得到财富或者权力，这是否意味着我一定得下定决心说大话、阿谀奉承、卑躬屈膝、虚张声势、过分夸赞和心口不一呢？答应去做那些曾经一样讨好、欺骗和奉承过别人的人的仆人？在我希望能做他们的同谋者之前，我必须对他们卑躬屈膝吗？好吧，那么我拒绝。我要一心一意、高贵地工作。

I will work day and night; I will owe my fortune to nothing but my own exertions.

我会日以继夜地用功。我的财产不会归功于自身辛勤努力以外的任何东西。

It may be the slowest of all roads to success, but I shall lay my head on the pillow at night untroubled by evil thoughts. Is there a greater thing than this—to look back over your life and know that it is stainless as a lily? I and my life are like a young man and his betrothed. Vautrin has put before me all that comes after ten years of marriage. The devil! my head is swimming. I do not want to think at all; the heart is a sure guide.”

这可能是所有成功之路中最慢的一条，但是这样我晚上头靠着枕头时不会被邪恶的想法所困扰。当你回顾人生时，发现它像百合花一样洁白无瑕。还有比这更好的事情吗？我和我的生命就像一个年轻人和他的未婚妻。沃尔特兰将婚后十年的情景都展现在我面前了。这个魔鬼！我开始头晕目眩了。我根本就不想思考，心灵是可靠的向导。”

Eugene was roused from his musings by the voice of the stout Sylvie, who announced that the tailor had come, and Eugene therefore made his appearance before the man with the two money bags, and was not ill pleased that it should be so.

胖子西尔维通报说裁缝已经到了。她的声音将欧仁从沉思中唤醒。于是欧仁出现在裁缝面前，手里还拿着两个钱袋。他没有觉得这样有什么不好，而是觉得事情本来就应该这样。

When he had tried on his dress suit, he put on his new morning costume, which completely metamorphosed him.

他试穿完自己的礼服后，又穿上了他的新晨装，这衣服让他完全变了样。

"I am quite equal to M. de Trailles," he said to himself.

“我和德特拉尔先生颇为相似。”他自言自语说，

"In short, I look like a gentleman."

“总之，我看起来像位绅士。”

"You asked me, sir, if I knew the houses where Mme. de Nucingen goes," Father Goriot's voice spoke from the doorway of Eugene's room.

“先生，你以前问过我知不知道德纽沁根夫人去哪里了。”高老头的声音从欧仁的房门口传来。

"Yes."

“是的。”

"Very well then, she is going to the Marechale Carigliano's ball on Monday. If you can manage to be there, I shall hear from you whether my two girls enjoyed themselves, and how they were dressed, and all about it in fact."

“那么很好，她周一会去马雷夏尔·卡里利安诺的舞会。要是你能设法去那里，你要告诉我，我的两个女儿是否尽兴、她们如何打扮，原原本本地告诉我所有关于舞会的事情。”

"How did you find that out, my good Goriot?" said Eugene, putting a chair by the fire for his visitor.

“你是怎么知道的呢，我亲爱的高里奥？”欧仁一边说，一边为他的访客在壁炉边放下一张椅子。

"Her maid told me.

“她的女仆告诉我的。

I hear all about their doings from Therese and Constance," he added gleefully.

我从泰蕾兹和康斯坦丝那里打听到了她们的一切社交活动。”他愉快地补充道。

The old man looked like a lover who is still young enough to be made happy by the discovery of some little stratagem which brings him information of his lady-love without her knowledge.

这个老头看起来像个堕入爱河的年轻人，年轻得会因为发现了某个可以在自己情人未发觉时得到她消息的小伎俩而开心不已。

"YOU will see them both!" he said, giving artless expression to a pang of jealousy.

“她们俩你都会见到！”他说着毫不掩饰地流露出了一阵阵嫉妒的表情。

"I do not know," answered Eugene.

“我不知道。”欧仁回答说，

"I will go to Mme. de Beauseant and ask her for an introduction to the Marechale." Eugene felt a thrill of pleasure at the thought of appearing before the Vicomtesse, dressed as henceforward he always meant to be.

“我会去德伯桑夫人那里，请她把我介绍给这个马雷夏尔。”欧仁想到自己从今以后会如他一直所想的那样穿着打扮，并如此出现在子爵夫人面前，便高兴得发抖。

The "abysses of the human heart," in the moralists' phrase, are only insidious thoughts, involuntary promptings of personal interest.

道德家口中那句“人类心灵的深渊”只不过是阴险的想法，只不过是个人私利在不知不觉地怂恿人们。

The instinct of enjoyment turns the scale; those rapid changes of purpose which have furnished the text for so much rhetoric are calculations prompted by the hope of pleasure.

享受快乐的本能扭转了天平。他的决心迅速转变，对快乐的期盼促使他开始深思熟虑起来，而那些转变正是他深思熟虑的结果。

Rastignac beholding himself well dressed and impeccable as to gloves and boots, forgot his virtuous resolutions.

拉斯蒂涅见自己的穿着从手套到靴子都很得体，已然忘记了他的决定遵守道德的决心。

Youth, moreover, when bent upon wrongdoing does not dare to behold himself in the mirror of consciousness; mature age has seen itself; and therein lies the whole difference between these two phases of life.

此外，年轻人在想做坏事时，不敢用良知来审视自己，而年长的人

已经审视了自己。年青和年老两个生命阶段的区别就是如此。

A friendship between Eugene and his neighbor, Father Goriot, had been growing up for several days past.

在过去的几天里，欧仁和他邻居高老头之间的友谊一直在增长。

This secret friendship and the antipathy that the student had begun to entertain for Vautrin arose from the same psychological causes.

这种秘密的友谊和这个大学生开始对沃尔特兰抱有的厌恶感起源于同样的心理因素。

The bold philosopher who shall investigate the effects of mental action upon the physical world will doubtless find more than one proof of the material nature of our sentiments in other animals.

大胆的哲学家只要调查一下思想活动对物质世界的影响，便会毫无疑问地发现,不止一条证据表明我们对其他动物的情感是物质性的。

What physiognomist is as quick to discern character as a dog is to discover from a stranger's face whether this is a friend or no?

为什么人相学家能如此快速地辨别一个人的性格，就像狗能很快从一个陌生人的脸上分辨出他是敌还是友一样？

Those by-words—"atoms," "affinities"—are facts surviving in modern languages for the confusion of philosophic wiseacres who amuse themselves by winnowing the chaff of language to find its grammatical roots.

那些通晓哲学、自作聪明的人通过筛去语言的外壳来寻找其语法根源，以此来自娱自乐。而现代语言中的一些老词就是他们困惑的体现——“原子”、“吸引力”等等。

We *feel* that we are loved.

我们感觉自己备受宠爱。

Our sentiments make themselves felt in everything, even at a great distance.

我们在对待任何事情时都存有自己的情感，即便是在相隔万里的情况下也是如此。

A letter is a living soul, and so faithful an echo of the voice that speaks in it, that finer natures look upon a letter as one of love's most precious treasures.

一封信就是一个活着的灵魂，可以如此忠实地反应着写信之人的心声，因此本性好的人会把一封信看作是爱、最珍贵的财富之一。

Father Goriot's affection was of the instinctive order, a canine

affection raised to a sublime pitch; he had scented compassion in the air, and the kindly respect and youthful sympathy in the student's heart.

高老头的感情正是本性的流露，就像一只狗的感情被提升到了崇高的地位一样。他在空气中闻到了怜悯气息，也闻到了年轻学生心中的友善的敬意和同情。

This friendship had, however, scarcely reached the stage at which confidences are made.

然而，这份友谊绝对没有达到彼此建立信任的程度。

Though Eugene had spoken of his wish to meet Mme. de Nucingen, it was not because he counted on the old man to introduce him to her house, for he hoped that his own audacity might stand him in good stead.

即使欧仁说出了想拜访德纽沁根夫人的愿望，这也不是因为他想依靠这个老头将自己介绍进她的府邸，因为他希望自己的大胆无畏能助他一臂之力。

All that Father Goriot had said as yet about his daughters had referred to the remarks that the student had made so freely in public on that day of the two visits.

迄今为止，高老头凡是提到女儿们，都要提起这个学生在某一天公开坦承地说的话。那天，高老头的女儿拜访了父亲两次。

"How could you think that Mme. de Restaud bore you a grudge for mentioning my name?" he had said on the day following that scene at dinner.

“你怎么会认为德雷斯多夫人因为你提到我的名字而憎恨你呢？”他在餐厅那一幕发生后第二天问道。

"My daughters are very fond of me; I am a happy father; but my sons-in-law have behaved badly to me, and rather than make trouble between my darlings and their husbands, I choose to see my daughters secretly.

“我的女儿们都很爱戴我，我是一个快乐的父亲。但是我的女婿们对我很不好。我不想在我的女儿们和女婿们之间造成麻烦，所以选择私下见她们。

Fathers who can see their daughters at any time have no idea of all the pleasure that all this mystery gives me; I cannot always see mine when I wish, do you understand?

什么时候都能见到女儿的父亲根本不知道这种神秘感给我带来的快乐。我不是想见我的女儿们就能见到，你明白吗？

So when it is fine I walk out in the Champs-Elysees, after finding out from their waiting-maids whether my daughters mean to go out.

所以天气好的时候，在问过她们的女侍她们是否会外出之后，我会在香榭丽舍大街上散步。

I wait near the entrance; my heart beats fast when the carriages begin to come; I admire them in their dresses, and as they pass they give me a little smile, and it seems as if everything was lighted up for me by a ray of bright sunlight.

我在入口附近等她们。当马车开始驶过来的时候，我会心跳加快。我喜欢她们穿着礼服。她们经过时会向我微笑。这时，好像一束明亮的阳光为我点亮了一切。

I wait, for they always go back the same way, and then I see them again; the fresh air has done them good and brought color into their cheeks; all about me people say, 'What a beautiful woman that is!' And it does my heart good to hear them.

我依旧等着，因为她们总是原路返回，然后我就又可以看到她们了。新鲜的空气对她们有好处，让她们的面颊红润起来。我周围的人都说：‘那位女士多么美丽啊！’听到这些话，我的心里也很舒服。

"Are they not my own flesh and blood? I love the very horses that draw them; I envy the little lap-dog on their knees. Their happiness is my life. Every one loves after his own fashion, and mine does no one any harm; why should people trouble their heads about me? I am happy in my own way. Is there any law against going to see my girls in the evening when they are going out to a ball? And what a disappointment it is when I get there too late, and am told that 'Madame has gone out!' Once I waited till three o'clock in the morning for Nasie; I had not seen her for two whole days. I was so pleased, that it was almost too much for me! Please do not speak of me unless it is to say how good my daughters are to me. They are always wanting to heap presents upon me, but I will not have it. 'Just keep your money,' I tell them. 'What should I do with it? I want nothing.' And what am I, sir, after all? An old carcase, whose soul is always where my daughters are.

“她们不是我自己的血肉吗？我喜爱拉着她们的马，我羡慕她们膝上的小哈巴狗。她们的幸福就是我的生命。每一个人都有他们自己爱的方式，我的方式对于任何人都毫无伤害，为什么人们还为我伤脑筋呢？我用自己的办法得到了快乐。有哪一条法律禁止我在女儿们出去参加舞会的晚上见她们吗？当我去太晚了，被告知‘夫人已经出去了！’的时候，我是多么的失望啊。我曾经等纳西等到凌晨三点。那时我已经整整两天没有见过她了。我已经很满足了，那对我来说几乎绰绰有余了！请不到谈起我，除非你要说，我的女儿们对我有多么好。她们总是想给我送一

堆礼物，但是我不会要。‘就留着你们的钱吧。’我告诉她们，‘我用它来做什么呢？我什么都不想要。’但是先生，我究竟是什么呢？我是一副衰老的躯壳。一直以来，我女儿在哪里，我的灵魂就在哪里。

"When you have seen Mme. de Nucingen, tell me which you like the most," said the old man after a moment's pause, while Eugene put the last touches to his toilette.

“你见到德纽沁根夫人后，告诉我你最喜欢哪一个。”老人停顿片刻之后说道。这时，欧仁最后整理了一下他的衣着。

The student was about to go out to walk in the Garden of the Tuileries until the hour when he could venture to appear in Mme. de Beauseant's drawing-room.

这个大学生正打算去杜伊勒里宫花园散步，直到他可以冒昧出现在德伯桑夫人客厅的那个时候为止。

That walk was a turning-point in Eugene's career.

这次散步是欧仁事业中生涯的一个转折点。

Several women noticed him; he looked so handsome, so young, and so well dressed.

几位女士都注意到了他。他看起来那么帅气、那么年轻、那么时尚。

This almost admiring attention gave a new turn to his thoughts.

这近乎钦羡的关注让他的想法有了新的转变。

He forgot his sisters and the aunt who had robbed herself for him; he no longer remembered his own virtuous scruples.

他忘记了为了他倾其所有的妹妹们和姑妈；他再也不记得他自己在道德上的顾虑。

He had seen hovering above his head the fiend so easy to mistake for an angel, the Devil with rainbow wings, who scatters rubies, and aims his golden shafts at palace fronts, who invests women with purple, and thrones with a glory that dazzles the eyes of fools till they forget the simple origins of royal dominion; he had heard the rustle of that Vanity whose tinsel seems to us to be the symbol of power.

他看到盘旋在他上方的魔鬼这么容易被误认成天使。这个魔鬼长着七彩的翅膀，撒着红宝石，将他的金杖瞄准皇宫门前。他将女人们用紫色装扮起来，用荣光装扮起宝座。荣光使愚蠢之人眼花缭乱，直至他们忘记了皇室王权的简单起源；他听到虚荣在沙沙作响。虚荣那浮华的外表对我们来说似乎就是权力的象征。

However cynical Vautrin's words had been, they had made an impression on his mind, as the sordid features of the old crone who

whispers, "A lover, and gold in torrents," remain engraven on a young girl's memory.

沃尔特兰的话不论如何愤世嫉俗，都在他的脑海里留下了印象，就好像小声说着“你会有一个情人，金子会像潮水一样涌来”的干瘪、丑陋的老太婆。她那副肮脏不堪的样子一直印刻在年轻姑娘的记忆里。

Eugene lounged about the walks till it was nearly five o'clock, then he went to Mme. de Beauseant, and received one of the terrible blows against which young hearts are defenseless.

欧仁在附近闲逛到快五点，然后才去拜访德伯桑夫人。他却遭到了一个沉重的打击。这颗年轻的心对此毫无抵御能力。

Hitherto the Vicomtesse had received him with the kindly urbanity, the bland grace of manner that is the result of fine breeding, but is only complete when it comes from the heart.

迄今为止，子爵夫人都以亲切、文雅的态度接待他。温和优雅的举止源于她良好的教养，但只有出自真心时才会完整。

Today Mme. de Beauseant bowed constrainedly, and spoke curtly: "M. de Rastignac, I cannot possibly see you, at least not at this moment. I am engaged..."

今天，德伯桑夫人不自然地点了点头，草草地说：“德拉斯蒂涅先生，我可能无法见你，至少现在不行。我正忙于……”

An observer, and Rastignac instantly became an observer, could read the whole history, the character and customs of caste, in the phrase, in the tones of her voice, in her glance and bearing.

拉斯蒂涅很快就成为了一个懂得察言观色的人。这样的人能从她的语气、目光和姿势读懂事情的来龙去脉、她的特征还有阶级习惯。

He caught a glimpse of the iron hand beneath the velvet glove—the personality, the egoism beneath the manner, the wood beneath the varnish.

他瞥见了天鹅绒手套下的铁腕——看出了她礼貌举止下的个人主义和利己主义，看见了清漆下的木质。

In short, he heard that unmistakable I THE KING that issues from the plumed canopy of the throne, and finds its last echo under the crest of the simplest gentleman.

简而言之，他听到从宝座的羽毛华盖中明明白白传来的声音——“我是王”，发现最后的回响是从一位坐在羽毛华盖下、看似朴实的人那里发出来的。

Eugene had trusted too implicitly to the generosity of a woman; he could not believe in her haughtiness.

欧仁以前过于绝对地相信了一个女人的慷慨。他不敢相信她的傲慢。

Like all the unfortunate, he had subscribed, in all good faith, the generous compact which should bind the benefactor to the recipient, and the first article in that bond, between two large-hearted natures, is a perfect equality.

和所有不幸之人一样，他全心全意地签署了这份应该将捐助者和受益人联系起来的慷慨合约。那份合约由两个本性慷慨的人订立，它的第一项条款就是绝对平等。

The kindness which knits two souls together is as rare, as divine, and as little understood as the passion of love, for both love and kindness are the lavish generosity of noble natures.

将两个灵魂连结起来的善意就像爱的激情一样，那么罕见、那么神圣、那么不为人所理解，因为爱和善意是高贵之人过于慷慨的表现。

Rastignac was set upon going to the Duchesse de Carigliano's ball, so he swallowed down this rebuff.

拉斯蒂涅决意去德卡里利安诺公爵夫人的舞会，因此就忍下了这样的回绝。

"Madame," he faltered out, "I would not have come to trouble you about a trifling matter; be so kind as to permit me to see you later, I can wait."

“夫人，”他支支吾吾地说，“我不会为了鸡毛蒜皮的小事来麻烦您。如若稍后能让我来拜访您，那就太好心了，我可以等。”

"Very well, come and dine with me," she said, a little confused by the harsh way in which she had spoken, for this lady was as genuinely kind-hearted as she was high-born.

“很好，来和我一起吃饭吧。”她说，似乎对自己刚才苛刻的说话方式有一点不好意思。因为这位女士出身名门，的的确确是善良之人。

Eugene was touched by this sudden relenting, but none the less he said to himself as he went away, "Crawl in the dust, put up with every kind of treatment.

欧仁被突然温和下来的语气感动了，但离开时还是对自己说：“在尘土中爬行吧，对于任何遭遇都要忍受。

What must the rest of the world be like when one of the kindest of women forgets all her promises of befriending me in a moment, and tosses me aside like an old shoe?

当一位最友善的女士一下子忘记所有她说要帮助我的承诺，把我当一只旧鞋一样扔在一边时，这世上其他的人得是什么样子呢？

So it is every one for himself?

这就是所谓的人不为己，天诛地灭吗？

It is true that her house is not a shop, and I have put myself in the wrong by needing her help.

确实，她家不是商店，请她帮忙时我就已经走错路了。

You should cut your way through the world like a cannon ball, as Vautrin said.”

就像沃尔特兰说的那样，你应该像一颗炮弹一样在这个社会打通一条路。”

But the student's bitter thoughts were soon dissipated by the pleasure which he promised himself in this dinner with the Vicomtesse.

但想到他答应与子爵夫人共进晚餐这一愉快之事，这个学生苦恼的想法很快就烟消云散了。

Fate seemed to determine that the smallest accidents in his life should combine to urge him into a career, which the terrible sphinx of the Maison Vauquer had described as a field of battle where you must either slay or be slain, and cheat to avoid being cheated.

命运似乎决定着他生命中的种种小事会联合起来促使他走上事业之路。“沃盖之家”里那个可怕的斯芬克司将这条路描述成一个战场。在那里，你要么杀人要么被杀，要么骗人要么被骗。

You leave your conscience and your heart at the barriers, and wear a mask on entering into this game of grim earnest, where, as in ancient Sparta, you must snatch your prize without being detected if you would deserve the crown.

你在围栏边丢掉了良心和信仰，戴着面具走入了这个丝毫不能掉以轻心的、严酷的游戏。就像在古斯巴达一样，如果你想得到嘉奖，就必须在不为人知的情况下攫取你的战利品。

On his return he found the Vicomtesse gracious and kindly, as she had always been to him.

回到子爵夫人那里时，他发现子爵夫人既亲切又和蔼，就如同她一贯对他的态度一样。

They went together to the dining-room, where the Vicomte was waiting for his wife.

他们一起去了餐厅，子爵已经正在那里等着他的妻子。

In the time of the Restoration the luxury of the table was carried, as is well known, to the highest degree, and M. de Beauseant, like many jaded men of the world, had few pleasures left but those of good

cheer; in this matter, in fact, he was a gourmand of the schools of Louis XVIII. and of the Duc d'Escars, and luxury was supplemented by splendor.

众所周知，复辟时期的餐桌奢华到了极点。而如同这世上很多疲惫不堪的人们一样，德伯桑先生除了吃喝之外对其他事已提不起兴趣。事实上，他还是路易十八派和德埃斯卡尔公爵派的美食家。壮观的场面与奢侈的食物相得益彰。

Eugene, dining for the first time in a house where the traditions of grandeur had descended through many generations, had never seen any spectacle like this that now met his eyes.

这座府宅里有世代流传下来的高贵传统。欧仁是第一次在这样的府邸用餐，还从来没有见过眼前这般景象。

In the time of the Empire, balls had always ended with a supper, because the officers who took part in them must be fortified for immediate service, and even in Paris might be called upon to leave the ballroom for the battlefield.

帝国统治时期，舞会总是以晚宴结束，因为参加舞会的军官们必须为了紧接而来的服役而增强体力。就算在巴黎，他们也可能被召离舞会，回到战场。

This arrangement had gone out of fashion under the Monarchy, and Eugene had so far only been asked to dances.

君主政体时期，这样的安排就过时了。到目前为止，欧仁也只应邀参加过舞会。

The self-possession which pre-eminently distinguished him in later life already stood him in good stead, and he did not betray his amazement.

冷静、沉着令他在以后的日子里脱颖而出，而此时也已经发挥了作用，他没有流露出惊愕的神情。

Yet as he saw for the first time the finely wrought silver plate, the completeness of every detail, the sumptuous dinner, noiselessly served, it was difficult for such an ardent imagination not to prefer this life of studied and refined luxury to the hardships of the life which he had chosen only that morning.

他第一次见到锻造精美的银器，每处细节都完美无瑕；侍应们毫无声响地把奢华的食物送上餐桌。对于一个有着丰富想象力的人来说，很难不去喜欢这样考究而精致的奢华生活，而去喜欢他仅仅在那天早上选择过一次的艰难日子。

His thoughts went back for a moment to the lodging-house, and with a feeling of profound loathing, he vowed to himself that at New

Year he would go; prompted at least as much by a desire to live among cleaner surroundings as by a wish to shake off Vautrin, whose huge hand he seemed to feel on his shoulder at that moment.

他一度回想起旅馆。他怀着对旅馆的极度厌恶，向自己发誓，新年的时候他要搬走，因为他想摆脱沃尔特兰——当时他就感觉到沃尔特兰的大手就搭在他肩膀上——就如同他渴望住在一个干净一点的环境里一样。

When you consider the numberless forms, clamorous or mute, that corruption takes in Paris, common-sense begins to wonder what mental aberration prompted the State to establish great colleges and schools there, and assemble young men in the capital; how it is that pretty women are respected, or that the gold coin displayed in the money-changer's wooden saucers does not take to itself wings in the twinkling of an eye; and when you come to think further, how comparatively few cases of crime there are, and to count up the misdemeanors committed by youth, is there not a certain amount of respect due to these patient Tantaluses who wrestle with themselves and nearly always come off victorious?

当你考虑到巴黎无数种形式的腐败，不管是喧嚣的还是无声的，有常识的人就会开始思索是怎样的神经迷乱促使国家在这里设立伟大的学院和学校，还把年轻人聚集在这首都；为什么美丽女人能受到尊重，或者为什么放置在货币兑换商木制茶托中的金币不会在一眨眼间消失；你再想深一层，相比之下，这里的犯罪率多低啊，就算加上年轻人犯下的轻罪，也是如此，这难道和那些耐心的丹达罗斯们(注：“丹达罗斯”出自希腊神话，因泄天机被罚站于湖中饱受痛苦)与他们自己斗争，而这些斗争几乎都是以胜利告终没有一些关系吗？

The struggles of the poor student in Paris, if skilfuly drawn, would furnish a most dramatic picture of modern civilization.

要是能巧妙地将这个穷学生的斗争描绘出来，它就会成就现代文明中最具戏剧性的一幅画。

In vain Mme. de Beauseant looked at Eugene as if asking him to speak; the student was tongue-tied in the Vicomte's presence.

德伯桑夫人看着欧仁，似乎想让他说话，但这样做只是徒劳。在子爵面前，这个大学生舌根发紧，说不出话来。

"Are you going to take me to the Italiens this evening?" the Vicomtesse asked her husband.

“你今晚要带我去看意大利戏剧吗？”子爵夫人问丈夫。

"You cannot doubt that I should obey you with pleasure," he answered, and there was a sarcastic tinge in his politeness which Eugene did not detect, "but I ought to go to meet some one at the

Varietes."

“我会欣然顺从于你，这点你无需怀疑。”他回答说，而在他的礼貌之中不自觉地带着一丝讽刺的意味，“但是我要去‘多艺剧院’见个人。”

"His mistress," said she to herself.

“他的情妇。”她暗自思忖道。

"Then, is not Ajuda coming for you this evening?" inquired the Vicomte.

“那么，德阿尤达今晚不来看你吗？”子爵问道。

"No," she answered, petulantly.

“是的。”她没好气地说。

"Very well, then, if you really must have an arm, take that of M. de Rastignac."

“很好，那么，如果你真的需要一个手臂，就挽着德拉斯蒂涅先生吧。”

The Vicomtess turned to Eugene with a smile.

子爵夫人笑着转向欧仁。

"That would be a very compromising step for you," she said.

“那对你来说会是非常危险的一步吧。”她说。

" 'A Frenchman loves danger, because in danger there is glory,' to quote M. de Chateaubriand," said Rastignac, with a bow.

“用德夏多布里昂先生的话说，‘法国人喜爱危险，因为危险之中含有荣誉。’”拉斯蒂涅鞠了一躬，说道。

A few moments later he was sitting beside Mme. de Beauseant in a brougham, that whirled them through the streets of Paris to a fashionable theatre.

片刻之后，他坐在四轮马车里，旁边是德伯桑夫人。那辆四轮马车载着他们穿过巴黎的街道，驶向时髦的剧院。

It seemed to him that some fairy magic had suddenly transported him into a box facing the stage.

这对于他来说好像是某种奇妙的魔法，突然将他传送到面对舞台的包厢里。

All the lorgnettes of the house were pointed at him as he entered, and at the Vicomtesse in her charming toilette.

在他进入的时候，剧场里所有的长柄眼镜都对着他和装扮迷人的子爵夫人。

He went from enchantment to enchantment.

他从一个幻境到了另一个幻境。

"You must talk to me, you know," said Mme. de Beauseant.

“你知道，你必须和我说话。”德伯桑夫人说，

"Ah! look!

“哦！看哪！

There is Mme. de Nucingen in the third box from ours.

德纽沁根夫人和我们只隔了两个包间。

Her sister and M. de Trailles are on the other side.”

她的姐姐和德特拉尔先生在另外一边。”

The Vicomtesse glanced as she spoke at the box where Mlle.de Rochefide should have been; M. d'Ajuda was not there, and Mme. de Beauseant's face lighted up in a marvelous way.

子爵夫人说话之时，还瞥了一眼德洛希斐特小姐应在的包厢。德阿尤达先生不在那里，德伯桑夫人的脸上便神采焕发起来。

"She is charming," said Eugene, after looking at Mme. de Nucingen.

“她很迷人。”欧仁看了德纽沁根夫人后说。

"She has white eyelashes."

“她有白色的睫毛。”

"Yes, but she has such a pretty slender figure!"

“是的，但是她的身材相当苗条。”

"Her hands are large."

“她的手很大。”

"Such beautiful eyes!"

“多美的眼睛啊！”

"Her face is long."

“她的脸很长。”

"Yes, but length gives distinction."

“是的，但是长脸让她与众不同。”

"It is lucky for her that she has some distinction in her face.

“她真走运，脸上还有一些特点。

Just see how she fidgets with her opera-glass!

看看，她拿着观剧镜多么不自在啊！

The Goriot blood shows itself in every movement," said the Vicomtesse, much to Eugene's astonishment.

她的一举一动都有高里奥的血统。”子爵夫人的话让欧仁惊讶不已。

Indeed, Mme. de Beauseant seemed to be engaged in making a survey of the house, and to be unconscious of Mme. Nucingen's existence; but no movement made by the latter was lost upon the Vicomtesse.

事实上，德伯桑夫人似乎忙着研究整个剧场，而并未注意到纽沁根夫人的存在，但是后者的一举一动都没能逃过子爵夫人的眼睛。

The house was full of the loveliest women in Paris, so that Delphine de Nucingen was not a little flattered to receive the undivided attention of Mme. de Beauseant's young, handsome, and well-dressed cousin, who seemed to have no eyes for any one else.

剧场里坐满了巴黎最可爱的女人，于是当德尔菲娜·德纽沁根注意到德伯桑夫人年轻英俊、衣着讲究的表弟一心一意地看着她，眼里似乎没有其他人的时候，感到非常得意。

"If you look at her so persistently, you will make people talk, M. de Rastignac.

“你要是老盯着她看，就会招来别人闲话的，德拉斯蒂涅先生。

You will never succeed if you fling yourself at any one's head like that."

要是你像那样盯着任何一个人的脑袋，你永远都不会成功。”

"My dear cousin," said Eugene, "you have protected me indeed so far, and now if you would complete your work, I only ask of you a favor which will cost you but little, and be of very great service to me.

“我亲爱的表姐，”欧仁说，“到目前为止，您的确一直在保护我。现在要是您想完成您的任务，我只请求您帮我一个忙，您只用付出一点点，而对于我就是极大的帮助了。

I have lost my heart.”

我已经陷入爱河了。”

"Already!"

“已经？”

"Yes."

“是的。”

"And to that woman!"

“对那个女人！”

"How could I aspire to find any one else to listen to me?" he asked, with a keen glance at his cousin.

“我怎能指望其他任何一个人来听我说呢？”他热切地看了一眼他的表姐，问道。

"Her Grace the Duchesse de Carigliano is a friend of the Duchesse de Berri," he went on, after a pause; "you are sure to see her, will you be so kind as to present me to her, and to take me to her ball on Monday?

“德卡里利安诺公爵夫人阁下是德贝里公爵夫人的朋友。”他停顿了一下，继续说，“你肯定会见她的。您能不能行行好把我介绍给她，并带我去她星期一的舞会呢？

I shall meet Mme. de Nucingen there, and enter into my first skirmish.”

在那里我会遇到德纽沁根夫人，并且还会和她发生第一次邂逅。

"Willingly," she said.

“愿意效劳。”她说，

"If you have a liking for her already, your affairs of the heart are like to prosper.

“要是你已经喜欢上她了，那么你的恋爱很有可能会成功。

That is de Marsay over there in the Princesse Galathionne's box.

那边在加拉蒂沃纳公主包厢里的是德马尔赛。

Mme. de Nucingen is racked with jealousy.

德纽沁根夫人正受嫉妒心折磨呢。

There is no better time for approaching a woman, especially if she happens to be a banker's wife.

要接近一个女人，没有比这更好的时机了，尤其她恰好是银行家的妻子。

All those ladies of the Chaussee-d'Antin love revenge."

所有德安丁路上的女人都喜欢报复。”

"Then, what would you do yourself in such a case?"

“那么，你在这种情况下会怎么做呢？”

"I should suffer in silence."

“我会默默忍受。”

At this point the Marquis d'Ajuda appeared in Mme. de Beauseant's box.

这时，德阿尤达侯爵出现在了德伯桑夫人的包厢里。

"I have made a muddle of my affairs to come to you," he said, "and I am telling you about it, so that it may not be a sacrifice."

“我为了来见你，把我的事情弄得一团糟。”他说，“我告诉你这些，这样我的付出就不可能白白牺牲。”

Eugene saw the glow of joy on the Vicomtesse's face, and knew that this was love, and learned the difference between love and the affectations of Parisian coquetry.

欧仁看到子爵夫人脸上闪着喜悦的光芒，知道这便是爱情，也明白了爱情和巴黎人卖弄风骚时的虚情假意不一样。

He admired his cousin, grew mute, and yielded his place to M. d'Ajuda with a sigh.

他羡慕他的表姐，变得沉默了。他叹了口气，将自己的位置让给德阿尤达先生。

"How noble, how sublime a woman is when she loves like that!" he said to himself.

“当一个女人像这样爱着某人时，她是多么高贵、多么高尚啊！”他对自己说，

"And HE could forsake her for a doll!

“但他却能为了一个徒有其表的女子而放弃她！

Oh! how could any one forsake her?”

哦！谁能够放弃她呢？”

There was a boy's passionate indignation in his heart.

他心中存有小男孩那样激昂的愤慨。

He could have flung himself at Mme. de Beauseant's feet; he longed for the power of the devil if he could snatch her away and hide her in his heart, as an eagle snatches up some white yeanling from the plains and bears it to its eyrie.

他会将自己置于德伯桑夫人的脚下。他渴望借助邪恶的力量抢到她，将她藏于自己心中，就像一只鹰从草原上叼到某只白山羊，然后将它带到自己的巢中一样。

It was humiliating to him to think that in all this gallery of fair pictures he had not one picture of his own.

想到这条摆满美丽画作的画廊里却没有属于自己的画作，他感到极为羞辱。

"To have a mistress and an almost royal position is a sign of power," he said to himself.

“拥有一个情妇，和一个几乎是贵族的地位，这就是权力的象征。”他对自己说。

And he looked at Mme. de Nucingen as a man measures another who has insulted him.

同时他看着德纽沁根夫人，就好像一个人打量另一个刚才侮辱过他的人一样。

The Vicomtesse turned to him, and the expression of her eyes thanked him a thousand times for his discretion.

子爵夫人转向他。她的眼神中蕴含着对他识趣行为的万分感激之情。

The first act came to an end just then.

就在那时第一幕进入了尾声。

"Do you know Mme. de Nucingen well enough to present M. de Rastignac to her?" she asked of the Marquis d'Ajuda.

“你和德纽沁根夫人熟悉吗，能将德拉斯蒂涅先生介绍给她吗？”她问德阿尤达侯爵。

"She will be delighted," said the Marquis.

“她会非常高兴的。”侯爵说。

The handsome Portuguese rose as he spoke and took the student's arm, and in another moment Eugene found himself in Mme. de Nucingen's box.

这位英俊的葡萄牙人说着站起身来，抓起这个学生的胳膊。下一刻欧仁便发现自己已经在德纽沁根夫人的包厢里了。

"Madame," said the Marquis, "I have the honor of presenting to you the Chevalier Eugene de Rastignac; he is a cousin of Mme. de Beauseant's.

“夫人，”侯爵说，“我很荣幸能向您介绍欧仁·德拉斯蒂涅爵士，他是德伯桑夫人的表弟。

You have made so deep an impression upon him, that I thought I would fill up the measure of his happiness by bringing him nearer to his divinity.”

你给他留下了如此深刻的印象，所以我想，要是我能让他离他的女神更近一点，他会幸福到极点。”

Words spoken half jestingly to cover their somewhat disrespectful import; but such an implication, if carefully disguised, never gives offence to a woman.

他半开玩笑地说这番话是为了掩饰话里略微的不敬之意。不过这样的不敬之意只要经过精心掩饰就永远都不会冒犯一个女人。

Mme. de Nucingen smiled, and offered Eugene the place which her husband had just left.

德纽沁根夫人莞尔一笑，让欧仁坐在丈夫刚刚离开的位子上。

"I do not venture to suggest that you should stay with me, monsieur," she said.

“我是不会贸然提议让你和我一起留在这里的，先生。”她说，

"Those who are so fortunate as to be in Mme. de Beauseant's company do not desire to leave it."

“那些有幸能陪伴德伯桑夫人的人不会想离开她。”

"Madame," Eugene said, lowering his voice, "I think that to please my cousin I should remain with you.

“夫人，”欧仁压低声音说，“我想，为了取悦我的表姐，我应该和您一起留在这里。

Before my lord Marquis came we were speaking of you and of your exceedingly distinguished appearance," he added aloud.

在侯爵阁下到来之前，我们说到了您和您非常高贵的举止。”他大声补充说。

M. d'Ajuda turned and left them.

德阿尤达先生转身从他们身边走开了。

"Are you really going to stay with me, monsieur?" asked the Baroness.

“你真的打算留在这里陪我吗，先生？”男爵夫人问，

"Then we shall make each other's acquaintance.

“那么我们应该了解一下对方。

Mme. de Restaud told me about you, and has made me anxious to meet you.”

德雷斯多夫人跟我提到过你，这让我非常期待见到你。”

"She must be very insincere, then, for she has shut her door on me."

“那么她一定非常不诚实，因为她已经把我拒之门外了。”

"What?"

“什么？”

"Madame, I will tell you honestly the reason why; but I must crave your indulgence before confiding such a secret to you.

“夫人，我会老老实实地告诉您原因。但是在我说出这样一个秘密之前，我先要乞求您原谅我的放肆。

I am your father's neighbor; I had no idea that Mme. de Restaud was his daughter.

我是您父亲的邻居，我原本并不知道德雷斯多夫人是他的女儿。

I was rash enough to mention his name; I meant no harm, but I annoyed your sister and her husband very much.

我太急于说出他的名字了。我本无恶意，但是严重地激怒了您的姐姐和她的丈夫。

You cannot think how severely the Duchesse de Langeais and my cousin blamed this apostasy on a daughter's part, as a piece of bad taste.

您无法想象德朗热公爵夫人和我的表姐如何抨击女儿离弃父亲这种行为。她们认为这是品味低下的体现。

I told them all about it, and they both burst out laughing.

我把这事都告诉她们之后，她们俩都哈哈大笑起来。

Then Mme. de Beauseant made some comparison between you and your sister, speaking in high terms of you, and saying how very fond you were of my neighbor, M. Goriot.

之后德伯桑夫人将您和您姐姐做了一个比较。她对您评价很高，而且说到您对我的邻居高里奥先生是多么地爱戴。

And, indeed, how could you help loving him?

而且，实际上，您怎能控制自己对他的爱呢？

He adores you so passionately that I am jealous already.

他对您如此充满热情的宠爱让我都嫉妒了。

We talked about you this morning for two hours.

我们今天早上谈到了您，说了两个小时呢。

So this evening I was quite full of all that your father had told me, and while I was dining with my cousin I said that you could not be as beautiful as affectionate.

所以今晚，我脑子里全是您父亲对我说的事，就在我和表姐吃饭的时候，我还说您的外表不可能像您真挚的内心一样美丽。

Mme. de Beauseant meant to gratify such warm admiration, I think, when she brought me here, telling me, in her gracious way, that I should see you.”

我想，德伯桑夫人大概想让如此热烈的仰慕得到满足，所以她带我来这里，亲切地告诉我说我应该见见您。”

"Then, even now, I owe you a debt of gratitude, monsieur," said the banker's wife.

“那么，即便是现在，我还欠你一份感激，先生。”这位银行家的妻子说，

"We shall be quite old friends in a little while."

“不久之后我们会成为老朋友。”

"Although a friendship with you could not be like an ordinary friendship," said Rastignac; "I should never wish to be your friend."

“即便和您的友谊不可能像普通的友谊那样，”拉斯蒂涅说，“我也从没想过能成为您的朋友。”

Such stereotyped phrases as these, in the mouths of beginners, possess an unfailing charm for women, and are insipid only when read coldly; for a young man's tone, glance and attitude give a surpassing eloquence to the banal phrases.

尽管这套说辞已经非常老套，但从这个初学者的口中说出，却对女人有着经久不衰的魅力；只有在冷冷地读出来的时候，这番话才会显得淡而无味；因为一个年轻人的语气、眼神和态度已经使陈词滥调拥有了无法超越的说服力。

Mme. de Nucingen thought that Rastignac was adorable.

德纽沁根夫人觉得拉斯蒂涅非常可爱。

Then, woman-like, being at a loss how to reply to the student's outspoken admiration, she answered a previous remark.

然后，她像其他女人一样，不知如何回应这个大学生坦率的表白。于是她回答了前一个问题。

"Yes, it is very wrong of my sister to treat our poor father as she does," she said; "he has been a Providence to us.

“是的，我姐姐那样对待我们可怜的父亲非常不对。”她说，“他对于

我们就像上帝一样。

It was not until M. de Nucingen positively ordered me only to receive him in the mornings that I yielded the point.

在德纽沁根先生断然命令我只能在早上接待他之后，我做了让步。

But I have been unhappy about it for a long while; I have shed many tears over it.

但是我也因为此事伤心了好长时间，为这事我流了不少泪。

This violence to my feelings, with my husband's brutal treatment, have been two causes of my unhappy married life.

对我感情的粗暴伤害，加上丈夫对我残暴的虐待，是我婚姻不幸福的两个原因。

There is certainly no woman in Paris whose lot seems more enviable than mine, and yet, in reality, there is not one so much to be pitied.

当然，在巴黎没有哪个女人的命运比我的命运更让人羡慕了，但是实际上，也没有哪个女人比我更让人感到惋惜了。

You will think I must be out of my senses to talk to you like this; but you know my father, and I cannot regard you as a stranger.”

你一定觉得我对你说这些，一定是失去理智了。但是你认识我的父亲，所以我不能将你视为陌生人。”

"You will find no one," said Eugene, "who longs as eagerly as I do to be yours.

“您也找不到第二个人，”欧仁说，“如此渴望将自己献给您。

What do all women seek?

所有的女人都寻找什么？

Happiness.” (He answered his own question in low, vibrating tones.)

幸福。”（他以低沉而微颤的声音回答了自己的问题。）

"And if happiness for a woman means that she is to be loved and adored, to have a friend to whom she can pour out her wishes, her fancies, her sorrows and joys; to whom she can lay bare her heart and soul, and all her fair defects and her gracious virtues, without fear of a betrayal; believe me, the devotion and the warmth that never fails can only be found in the heart of a young man who, at a bare sign from you, would go to his death, who neither knows nor cares to know anything as yet of the world, because you will be all the world to him.

“如果对于一个女人来说，幸福意味着她有人爱慕、崇拜，有人让她

倾诉愿望、梦想、痛苦和快乐；有人能让她毫无保留地摊开精神和灵魂，以及她所有可爱的缺点和高尚的情操，不用担心遭到背叛。相信我，永不熄灭的投入和热情只能在一个年轻男人的心里找到，他只需你稍做暗示，就能为你豁出性命；他不知道也不关心迄今为止这世上的任何事，因为你对于他就是整个世界。

I myself, you see (you will laugh at my simplicity), have just come from a remote country district; I am quite new to this world of Paris; I have only known true and loving hearts; and I made up my mind that here I should find no love.

你知道我自己（你会嘲笑我的朴实）才从偏远的农村出来。我对于巴黎这个世界来说是个新人。我只认识一些有着真挚情感和真爱心灵的人。我也断定，在这里我找不到真爱。

Then I chanced to meet my cousin, and to see my cousin's heart from very near; I have divined the inexhaustible treasures of passion, and, like Cherubino, I am the lover of all women, until the day comes when I find THE woman to whom I may devote myself.

之后，我机缘巧合地见到了我的表姐，也非常近距离地审视了我表姐的内心。我也发现了源源不尽的激情财富。我就像凯卢比诺（注："凯卢比诺"是《费加罗的婚礼》中的翩翩少年，成天到处播撒情种）一样，成为了所有女人的情人，直到我找到这个能让我献出自己的女人。

As soon as I saw you, as soon as I came into the theatre this evening, I felt myself borne towards you as if by the current of a stream.

我今晚一踏入这个剧院，一见到您，就感到自己像被一股洪流推向了您。

I had so often thought of you already, but I had never dreamed that you would be so beautiful!

我原本已经那么频繁地想到您，但是做梦也没有想到您是如此美丽！

Mme. de Beauseant told me that I must not look so much at you.

德伯桑夫人告诉我，我不能总看着您。

She does not know the charm of your red lips, your fair face, nor see how soft your eyes are... I also am beginning to talk nonsense; but let me talk."

她并不知道您红色的双唇、姣好的面孔有多迷人，她也不知道您的目光多么柔和……我也开始胡说八道了，但是让我说下去。"

Nothing pleases a woman better than to listen to such whispered words as these; the most puritanical among them listens even when she ought not to reply to them; and Rastignac, having once begun,

continued to pour out his story, dropping his voice, that she might lean and listen; and Mme. de Nucingen, smiling, glanced from time to time at de Marsay, who still sat in the Princesse Galathionne's box.

没有什么比听到像这样的轻声呢喃更能讨好一个女人了。就算她们中最严格的禁欲者也会这样，即便她不能对这话作出回应；而拉斯蒂涅一开始，就滔滔不绝地说着自己的故事，让她俯身过来倾听；德纽沁根夫人则笑着，不时瞥还是坐在加拉蒂沃纳公主的包厢里的德马尔赛一眼。

Rastignac did not leave Mme. de Nucingen till her husband came to take her home.

直到德纽沁根夫人的丈夫来接她回家时拉斯蒂涅才离开。

"Madame," Eugene said, "I shall have the pleasure of calling upon you before the Duchesse de Carigliano's ball."

“夫人，”欧仁说，“但愿我能在德卡里利安诺公爵夫人的舞会之前拜访您。”

"If Matame invites you to come," said the Baron, a thickset Alsatian, with indications of a sinister cunning in his full-moon countenance, "you are quite sure of being well received."

“要是夫人邀请您，”男爵说——他是一个壮实的阿尔萨斯人，那张如同满月的圆脸上暗含着险恶的狡诈——“你肯定会受到非常热情的接待。”

"My affairs seem to be in a promising way," said Eugene to himself.— “'Can you love me?' I asked her, and she did not resent it. The bit is in the horse's mouth, and I have only to mount and ride;" and with that he went to pay his respects to Mme. de Beauseant, who was leaving the theatre on d'Ajuda's arm.

“我的事情似乎颇有前途。”欧仁对自己说，“‘您能爱上我吗？’我问她，而她并没有表现出厌恶之感。马嚼子已经在马嘴里了，我只需跨上马背，骑着它走了。”他一边想着这些，一边走过去向德伯桑夫人致敬。她被阿德尤达搂着，正要离开剧院。

The student did not know that the Baroness' thoughts had been wandering; that she was even then expecting a letter from de Marsay, one of those letters that bring about a rupture that rends the soul; so, happy in his delusion, Eugene went with the Vicomtesse to the peristyle, where people were waiting till their carriages were announced.

这个学生根本不知道男爵夫人正在神游。就在那时，她还在等德马尔赛给她写信。以前的那些信中，有一封带来了要断绝他们关系的消息，这撕碎了她的心；所以，带着快乐的错觉，欧仁陪着子爵夫人走到了列柱走廊，人们在那里等着侍者通报自己的马车。

"That cousin of yours is hardly recognizable for the same man," said the Portuguese laughingly to the Vicomtesse, when Eugene had taken leave of them.

“你的那个表弟都快让人认不出来了。”欧仁离开他们的时候，这位葡萄牙人笑着对子爵夫人说，

"He will break the bank.

“他会耗尽自己的钱财的。

He is as supple as an eel; he will go a long way, of that I am sure.

他像鳗鱼一样滑溜，我肯定他还有很长的路要走呢。

Who else could have picked out a woman for him, as you did, just when she needed consolation?”

还有谁能像你一样为他挑选正需要慰藉的女人呢？”

"But it is not certain that she does not still love the faithless lover," said Mme. de Beauseant.

“但我不确定，她是否还爱着她那不忠的情人。”德伯桑夫人说。

The student meanwhile walked back from the Theatre-Italien to the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Genevieve, making the most delightful plans as he went.

这个学生从意大利剧院走回新圣热讷维耶沃街。边走边谋划着那个让人无比愉悦的计划。

He had noticed how closely Mme. de Restaud had scrutinized him when he sat beside Mme. de Nucingen, and inferred that the Countess' doors would not be closed in the future.

他注意到，他坐在德纽沁根夫人身边时，德雷斯多夫人是如何仔细地审视着他。他由此推断伯爵夫人家的大门今后不会对他紧闭了。

Four important houses were now open to him—for he meant to stand well with the Marechale; he had four supporters in the inmost circle of society in Paris.

四座重要的府宅现在向他敞开大门——因为他有意得到马雷夏尔的宠信。在巴黎社交圈的最里层，他有了四位支持者。

Even now it was clear to him that, once involved in this intricate social machinery, he must attach himself to a spoke of the wheel that was to turn and raise his fortunes; he would not examine himself too curiously as to the methods, but he was certain of the end, and conscious of the power to gain and keep his hold.

即便是现在，形势对他来说也非常明了。一旦卷进这个错综复杂的社会机器，他必须依附于一个能转动并且可以聚集财富的车轴之上。他

不会好奇地自我反省手段如何，但对于结果他很有把握，而且意识到自己有力量去守护自己财产。

"If Mme. de Nucingen takes an interest in me, I will teach her how to manage her husband.

“如果德纽沁根夫人对我感兴趣，我会教她如何应付她的丈夫。

That husband of hers is a great speculator; he might put me in the way of making a fortune by a single stroke.”

她的丈夫是一个大投机商，他或许能帮我一次赚到一大笔钱。

He did not say this bluntly in so many words; as yet, indeed, he was not sufficient of a diplomatist to sum up a situation, to see its possibilities at a glance, and calculate the chances in his favor.

他没有用如此多的话将这些想法坦率地说出来。然而，实际上，他还不足以成为一个能够总结形势，一眼看出所有可能性，并算计有利于他的机会的谋略家。

These were nothing but hazy ideas that floated over his mental horizon; they were less cynical than Vautrin's notions; but if they had been tried in the crucible of conscience, no very pure result would have issued from the test.

这些只是他意识范围内漂浮着的一些模糊想法，没有沃尔特兰的观念那样愤世嫉俗；但要是用良心这口坩埚来测试他的想法的话，结果会说明没几个想法是纯洁的。

It is by a succession of such like transactions that men sink at last to the level of the relaxed morality of this epoch, when there have never been so few of those who square their courses with their theories, so few of those noble characters who do not yield to temptation, for whom the slightest deviation from the line of rectitude is a crime.

纵观古今，能让人生道路与理论契合的人从未如此之少，不屈服于诱惑的高尚之人也从未如此之少。在这样一个时代，经过一系列诸如此类的交易，人们最终会沦落到这个时代松懈的道德水平上，而对他们而言。正直道路上最微小的偏离也是犯罪。

To these magnificent types of uncompromising Right we owe two masterpieces—the Alceste of Moliere, and, in our own day, the characters of Jeanie Deans and her father in Sir Walter Scott's novel.

我们将两部杰作——莫里哀的《阿尔塞斯特》，和当代作家沃尔特·司各特爵士小说里的人物，珍妮·德昂斯和她的父亲都归为这类崇高的榜样，他们具有决不妥协的正义感。

Perhaps a work which should chronicle the opposite course, which should trace out all the devious courses through which a man

of the world, a man of ambitions, drags his conscience, just steering clear of crime that he may gain his end and yet save appearances, such a chronicle would be no less edifying and no less dramatic.

也许一部著作应该记载一条相反的道路，描绘出一条曲折迂回的道路。在这条路上，一个野心勃勃的上流社会人士拽着自己的良心，仅仅只避开犯罪，以达成自己的最终目的而又保住颜面。这样一段记载具有同等的教育性和同等的戏剧色彩。

Rastignac went home.

拉斯蒂涅回到了家。

He was fascinated by Mme. de Nucingen; he seemed to see her before him, slender and graceful as a swallow.

他被德纽沁根夫人吸引住了。他似乎见到她就在眼前，像燕子一样苗条、优雅。

He recalled the intoxicating sweetness of her eyes, her fair hair, the delicate silken tissue of the skin, beneath which it almost seemed to him that he could see the blood coursing; the tones of her voice still exerted a spell over him; he had forgotten nothing; his walk perhaps heated his imagination by sending a glow of warmth through his veins.

他回想起她眼中醉人的甜蜜、金黄的头发、精致而丝滑的肌肤，他几乎可以看到皮肤之下血液在奔腾；她说话的语气仍然令他着迷。他一点一滴都没有忘记，步行也许使他血管中流淌起一股暖流，因此加热了他的想象力。

He knocked unceremoniously at Goriot's door.

他随意地敲着高里奥的房门。

"I have seen Mme. Delphine, neighbor," said he.

“我见到德尔菲娜夫人了，邻居。”他说。

"Where?"

“在哪里？”

"At the Italiens."

“在意大利剧院。”

"Did she enjoy it?... Just come inside," and the old man left his bed, unlocked the door, and promptly returned again.

“她看得开心吗？……进来再说。”老人下了床，开了门，又迅速回到床上。

It was the first time that Eugene had been in Father Goriot's room, and he could not control his feeling of amazement at the

contrast between the den in which the father lived and the costume of the daughter whom he had just beheld.

这是欧仁第一次进高老头的房间。他无法控制自己的惊愕之情，这位父亲住在肮脏、简陋的小房间里，而他刚才见到的女儿却穿着盛装艳服，这之间的反差太大了。

The window was curtainless, the walls were damp, in places the varnished wall-paper had come away and gave glimpses of the grimy yellow plaster beneath.

窗户上没有窗帘，墙壁非常潮湿，有几处浸漆墙纸脱落了，露出了下面污秽发黄的灰泥。

The wretched bed on which the old man lay boasted but one thin blanket, and a wadded quilt made out of large pieces of Mme. Vauquer's old dresses.

老人躺的破床只剩下一床薄毯和一床棉被可以夸耀了。被子还是由沃盖夫人旧衣裳上的大块布片缝制而成的。

The floor was damp and gritty.

地板既潮湿，又有沙砾。

Opposite the window stood a chest of drawers made of rosewood, one of the old-fashioned kind with a curving front and brass handles, shaped like rings of twisted vine stems covered with flowers and leaves.

窗户对面是一款老式的黑檀木抽屉柜。柜子带着弯曲的表面和黄铜把手。把手就像藤茎绕成的圆环，藤茎上还布满了花和叶子。

On a venerable piece of furniture with a wooden shelf stood a ewer and basin and shaving apparatus.

在一个带木架子的古老家具上，放着一只大口水罐、一只脸盆和一把剃须刀。

A pair of shoes stood in one corner; a night-table by the bed had neither a door nor marble slab.

角落里有一双鞋，床边的床头柜既没有门也没有大理石板。

There was not a trace of a fire in the empty grate; the square walnut table with the crossbar against which Father Goriot had crushed and twisted his posset-dish stood near the hearth.

空荡荡的壁炉里没有一点火苗的痕迹；壁炉旁边有一张带横木的方形胡桃木桌子。高老头就是在那根横木上碾碎、扭弯了他的牛乳酒盘。

The old man's hat was lying on a broken-down bureau.

老人的帽子放在残旧的写字台上。

An armchair stuffed with straw and a couple of chairs completed the list of ramshackle furniture.

再加上一只塞满稻草的扶手椅和一对凳子，一张列出摇摇欲坠的家具的清单就填满了。

From the tester of the bed, tied to the ceiling by a piece of rag, hung a strip of some cheap material in large red and black checks.

一片破布系在床的华盖和天花板之间，上面挂着一条黑红相间的廉价格子布。

No poor drudge in a garret could be worse lodged than Father Goriot in Mme. Vauquer's lodging-house.

就算是住在某个阁楼的贫穷苦工也都比“沃盖之家”的高老头住得好。

The mere sight of the room sent a chill through you and a sense of oppression; it was like the worst cell in a prison.

仅仅看一眼这间房间，一丝寒气和压抑感就会传遍你的全身。这里就像是监狱里最糟糕的一间牢房。

Luckily, Goriot could not see the effect that his surroundings produced on Eugene as the latter deposited his candle on the night-table.

幸运的是，当欧仁将蜡烛放在床头柜上时，高里奥并没有察觉到他的居住环境给欧仁带来的影响。

The old man turned round, keeping the bedclothes huddled up to his chin.

老人转了一下身子，将被子在他下巴处掖好。

"Well," he said, "and which do you like the best, Mme. de Restaud or Mme. de Nucingen?"

“那么，”他说，“你更喜欢哪一位呢，德雷斯多夫人还是德纽沁根夫人？”

"I like Mme. Delphine the best," said the law student, "because she loves you the best."

“我更喜欢德纽沁根夫人，”这个法律系学生说，“因为她最爱您。”

At the words so heartily spoken the old man's hand slipped out from under the bedclothes and grasped Eugene's.

听到他如此热忱地说出这些话，老人从被子里伸出手抓住了欧仁的手。

"Thank you, thank you," he said, gratefully.

“谢谢你，谢谢你。”他充满感激地说，

"Then what did she say about me?"

“那么她说到我什么了呢？”

The student repeated the Baroness' remarks with some embellishments of his own, the old man listening the while as though he heard a voice from Heaven.

这个学生重复了子爵夫人了话，同时加上自己的润饰。老人听的时候好像听到了来自天堂的声音。

"Dear child!" he said.

“亲爱的孩子！”他说，

"Yes, yes, she is very fond of me.

“是的，是的，她很爱慕我。

But you must not believe all that she tells you about Anastasie.

但是你不能将她关于阿纳斯塔谢的话全都信以为真。

The two sisters are jealous of each other, you see, another proof of their affection.

两姐妹相互妒忌，你知道，这是她们之间感情的又一证明。

Mme. de Restaud is very fond of me too.

德雷斯多夫人也很爱慕我。

I know she is.

我知道她是。

A father sees his children as God sees all of us; he looks into the very depths of their hearts; he knows their intentions; and both of them are so loving.

一个父亲看待他的孩子，就像上帝看我们所有人一样。他能看透她们的内心深处；他知道她们的意图；她们两个都心存爱意。

Oh! if I only had good sons-in-law, I should be too happy, and I dare say there is no perfect happiness here below.

哦，要是我有两个好女婿，那我应该就会十分高兴了。而且我敢说，这世上没有完美的幸福。

If I might live with them—simply hear their voices, know that they are there, see them go and come as I used to do at home when they were still with me; why, my heart bounds at the thought…Were they nicely dressed?”

要是我有可能和她们一起住——只要听到她们的声音，知道她们在

哪里，像原来她们还在家里和我一起的时候那样看着她们出门、回家。为什么，为什么我这样想时心会怦怦直跳呢……她们穿得漂亮吗？”

"Yes," said Eugene.

“漂亮。”欧仁说，

"But, M. Goriot, how is it that your daughters have such fine houses, while you live in such a den as this?"

“但是，高里奥先生，为什么你的女儿们有那么好的房子，而你却住在这样的地方呢？”

"Dear me, why should I want anything better?" he replied, with seeming carelessness.

“我亲爱的欧仁，为什么我应该想要更好的东西呢？”他回答时看起来毫不在意，

"I can't quite explain to you how it is; I am not used to stringing words together properly, but it all lies there—" he said, tapping his heart.

“我不太能给你解释为什么；我不太习惯把句子很好地联系起来，但事情全就摆在这里——”他边说边轻轻拍打自己的心，

"My real life is in my two girls, you see; and so long as they are happy, and smartly dressed, and have soft carpets under their feet, what does it matter what clothes I wear or where I lie down of a night?

“你知道，我真正的生命在我两个女儿那里。只要她们开心，穿得漂亮，脚下有柔软的地毯，我穿什么衣服，晚上睡在哪里又有什么关系呢？

I shall never feel cold so long as they are warm; I shall never feel dull if they are laughing.

只要她们感到温暖，我绝对不会觉得寒冷；只要她们开怀大笑，我就绝对不会觉得无聊．

I have no troubles but theirs.

只有在她们有困难的时候，我才会有困难．

When you, too, are a father, and you hear your children's little voices, you will say to yourself, 'That has all come from me.' You will feel that those little ones are akin to every drop in your veins, that they are the very flower of your life (and what else are they?); you will cleave so closely to them that you seem to feel every movement that they make.

当你也做了父亲，听到你孩子小小的声音，你会对自己说，‘这一切都来自于我。’你会感到那些小家伙和你血管中的每一滴血液都一样，她

们是你生命绽放的鲜花（她们还会是什么呢？）；你会和她们如此亲近，以至于你似乎能感受到她们的一举一动。

Everywhere I hear their voices sounding in my ears.

我耳边无时无刻不在回响着她们的声音。

If they are sad, the look in their eyes freezes my blood.

要是她们伤心难过，她们的眼神都能让我的血液凝固。

Some day you will find out that there is far more happiness in another's happiness than in your own.

总有一天，你会发现另一个人的快乐远比你自己的快乐更能让你感到幸福。

It is something that I cannot explain, something within that sends a glow of warmth all through you.

这就是我不能解释的事，那些总能给你全身带来一股暖流的事。

In short, I live my life three times over.

简单的说，我等于是活了三次。

Shall I tell you something funny?

让我来告诉你一些有趣的事好吗？

Well, then, since I have been a father, I have come to understand God.

是这样，自从我做了父亲，我开始理解上帝。

He is everywhere in the world, because the whole world comes from Him.

他在这世上无处不在，因为整个世界源自于他。

And it is just the same with my children, monsieur.

这与我和女儿们的关系一样，先生。

Only, I love my daughters better than God loves the world, for the world is not so beautiful as God Himself is, but my children are more beautiful than I am.

只是，我爱女儿胜过上帝爱这个世界，因为这个世界不如上帝自己那么美好，但是我的女儿却比我更加美丽。

Their lives are so bound up with mine that I felt somehow that you would see them this evening.

她们的生命与我的生命如此紧密相连，以至于我不知何故就能感觉到，你今晚能见到她们。

Great Heaven!

我的天啊！

If any man would make my little Delphine as happy as a wife is when she is loved, I would black his boots and run on his errands.

要是有人能让我的小德尔菲娜和一个妻子被爱时一样幸福，我宁愿为他擦鞋，鞍前马后地服侍他。

That miserable M. de Marsay is a cur; I know all about him from her maid.

那个卑鄙的德马尔赛先生是个无赖；我从他的女仆那里得知了他所有的事。

A longing to wring his neck comes over me now and then.

我有时渴望能扭断他的脖子。

He does not love her! Does not love a pearl of a woman, with a voice like a nightingale and shaped like a model.

他根本就不爱她！他竟然不爱一个珍珠般的女子，要知道她的声音像夜莺一样动人，身材像模特一样美妙啊。

Where can her eyes have been when she married that great lump of an Alsatian?

她嫁给那个粗大、笨重的阿尔萨斯人时，眼睛长到哪里去了呢？

They ought both of them to have married young men, good-looking and good-tempered—but, after all, they had their own way.”

她们两个都应该嫁给年轻、漂亮、脾气好的人——但是，她们毕竟有自己的想法。”

Father Goriot was sublime.

高老头太伟大了。

Eugene had never yet seen his face light up as it did now with the passionate fervor of a father's love.

他的脸上因为父爱而带着充满了炙热的激情，欧仁从没有见他像今天这样如此神采飞扬过。

It is worthy of remark that strong feeling has a very subtle and pervasive power; the roughest nature, in the endeavor to express a deep and sincere affection, communicates to others the influence that has put resonance into the voice, and eloquence into every gesture, wrought a change in the very features of the speaker; for under the inspiration of passion the stupidest human being attains to the highest eloquence of ideas, if not of language, and seems to move in some sphere of light.

值得一提的是，这种强烈的感情有着一种非常微妙而有渗透性的力

量；即便是最粗俗的人，在努力表达一种深刻而真挚的情感时，也能够向他人传递一种影响，这影响已经使声音产生了共鸣，已经使每一个手势都具有了说服力，已经改变了说话者的特点；因为，强烈的情感会给人灵感，就算没有让最愚笨的人的语言变得极有说服力，也会让他们的思想变得极有说服力，让他们似乎始终能在光明的领域里行走。

In the old man's tones and gesture there was something just then of the same spell that a great actor exerts over his audience.

那时候，这位老人的语气和手势中透露着一种魅力，这和伟大演员在其观众面前所释放的感染力是一样的。

But does not the poet in us find expression in our affections?

而且，我们当中的那位诗人不就是从我们的情感之中找到表达方式吗？

"Well," said Eugene, "perhaps you will not be sorry to hear that she is pretty sure to break with de Marsay before long.

“那么，”欧仁说，“要是你听到她决定不久之后和德马尔赛分开的消息，你也许就不会觉得遗憾吧。

That sprig of fashion has left her for the Princesse Galathionne.

那个时髦的小伙子已经为了加拉蒂沃纳公主离开了她。

For my part, I fell in love with Mme. Delphine this evening.”

至于我，我在今晚爱上了德尔菲娜夫人。”

"Stuff!" said Father Goriot.

“不是真的吧！”高老头说道。

"I did indeed, and she did not regard me with aversion.

“千真万确，而且她也不讨厌我。

For a whole hour we talked of love, and I am to go to call on her on Saturday, the day after to-morrow.”

整整一个小时的时间里，我们都在谈论爱情，我也会在星期六拜访她，就是后天。”

"Oh! how I should love you, if she should like you.

“哦！要是她喜欢你，我会多爱你啊。

You are kind-hearted; you would never make her miserable.

你那么善良，你绝不会让她伤心。

If you were to forsake her, I would cut your throat at once.

要是你敢抛弃她的话，我会立刻割断你的喉咙。

A woman does not love twice, you see!

一个女人不会爱两次，你知道！

Good heavens! what nonsense I am talking, M. Eugene!

我的天啊！我在胡说些什么呀，欧仁先生！

It is cold; you ought not to stay here.

天气很冷，你不应该呆在这里。

#VALUE!

我的天啊！那么你听到她说话了？

What message did she give you for me?”

她让你对我说些什么呢？”

"None at all," said Eugene to himself; aloud he answered, "She told me to tell you that your daughter sends you a good kiss."

“什么都没说。”欧仁对自己说，但他大声回答道，“她让我跟你说，您的女儿向您送上美好的亲吻。”

"Good-night, neighbor!

“晚安，邻居！

Sleep well, and pleasant dreams to you!

愿您能睡个好觉，做个好梦！

I have mine already made for me by that message from her.

通过她传达的讯息，我已经得到我的美梦了。

May God grant you all your desires!

愿上帝能满足你所有的愿望。

You have come in like a good angel on me to-night, and brought with you the air that my daughter breathes.”

今晚你像善良的天使一样来拜访我，带来了我女儿的气息。”

"Poor old fellow!" said Eugene as he lay down.

“可怜的老头！”欧仁睡下的时候说，

"It is enough to melt a heart of stone.

“这都足以融化铁石心肠了。

His daughter no more thought of him than of the Grand Turk.”

他女儿可一点也没想到他，就像她们没有想到土耳其皇帝一样。”

Ever after this conference Goriot looked upon his neighbor as a friend, a confidant such as he had never hoped to find; and there was established between the two the only relationship that could attach

this old man to another man.

自从这次会面之后，高老头就将他的邻居视为朋友，看成一个他从没指望能找到的知己。他们之间建立的关系是能将老人和其他人联系起来的唯一渠道。

The passions never miscalculate.

这种激情绝不会有算错的时候。

Father Goriot felt that this friendship brought him closer to his daughter Delphine; he thought that he should find a warmer welcome for himself if the Baroness should care for Eugene.

高老头觉得这种友谊使他和女儿德尔菲娜更加靠近了。他觉得要是男爵夫人关心欧仁的话，他自己应该就能获得更加热情的欢迎。

Moreover, he had confided one of his troubles to the younger man.

而且，他也把自己的一桩烦心事透露给了欧仁这个比较年轻的男人。

Mme. de Nucingen, for whose happiness he prayed a thousand times daily, had never known the joys of love.

尽管他每天为德妞沁根夫人的幸福祈祷一千次，她却从未了解爱情的乐趣。

Eugene was certainly (to make use of his own expression) one of the nicest young men that he had ever seen, and some prophetic instinct seemed to tell him that Eugene was to give her the happiness which had not been hers.

欧仁（用他自己的话来说）当然是他所见过最好的年轻人之一了，而且某种有预见性的本能似乎告诉他欧仁会给她不曾有过的幸福。

These were the beginnings of a friendship that grew up between the old man and his neighbor; but for this friendship the catastrophe of the drama must have remained a mystery.

一个产生于老人和他的邻居之间的友谊就这样开始了。要不是这段友谊，这部戏剧的灾难就注定仍然是个谜了。

The affection with which Father Goriot regarded Eugene, by whom he seated himself at breakfast, the change in Goriot's face, which as a rule, looked as expressionless as a plaster cast, and a few words that passed between the two, surprised the other lodgers.

早餐时高老头坐在欧仁旁边，对欧仁很是有爱，而他那张一直像石膏模型一样毫无表情的脸有了变化，两个人之间也有了少数交流。这些都让其他房客们惊讶不已。

Vautrin, who saw Eugene for the first time since their interview,

seemed as if he would fain read the student's very soul.

沃尔特兰在他们两人的会面之后还是第一次见到欧仁。他似乎很乐意观察这个大学生的灵魂。

During the night Eugene had had some time in which to scan the vast field which lay before him; and now, as he remembered yesterday's proposal, the thought of Mlle. Taillefer's dowry came, of course, to his mind, and he could not help thinking of Victorine as the most exemplary youth may think of an heiress.

在晚上，欧仁则有些许时间扫视一番眼前的广阔领域。现在，他一想到昨天的提议，塔耶费小姐的嫁妆就理所应当地浮现在脑海中。于是他情不自禁地把维多琳想成年轻人心中最典型的女性继承人。

It chanced that their eyes met.

他们的目光恰巧相遇。

The poor girl did not fail to see that Eugene looked very handsome in his new clothes.

这可怜的姑娘并未忽略穿上新衣服的欧仁，发现他显得格外英俊。

So much was said in the glance, thus exchanged, that Eugene could not doubt but that he was associated in her mind with the vague hopes that lie dormant in a girl's heart and gather round the first attractive newcomer.

这一瞥包含了千言万语，因此通过这次眼神交流，欧仁现在毫不怀疑在她心里，自己已经和女孩心中潜伏着的模糊希望联系在了一起——那种希望总是环绕在第一个有魅力的新来者的身上。

"Eight hundred thousand francs!"

“八十万法郎！”

A voice cried in his ears, but suddenly he took refuge in the memories of yesterday evening, thinking that his extemporized passion for Mme. de Nucingen was a talisman that would preserve him from this temptation.

一个声音在他耳边呐喊，但是他突然以昨晚的记忆来回避这种呐喊。他想，对德纽沁根夫人突如其来的激情能成为他的护身符，让他远离这种诱惑。

"They gave Rossini's *Barber of Seville* at the Italiens yesterday evening," he remarked.

“昨晚意大利剧院上演了罗西尼的《塞维利亚的理发师》。”他说，

"I never heard such delicious music.

“我从未听过如此美妙的音乐。

Good gracious! how lucky people are to have a box at the Italiens!”

非常高尚！那些在意大利剧院有包厢的人是多么幸运啊！”

Father Goriot drank in every word that Eugene let fall, and watched him as a dog watches his master's slightest movement.

高老头认真听着欧仁所说的每一个字，像一条观察着主人最细微的动作的狗那样看着他。

"You men are like fighting cocks," said Mme. Vauquer; "you do what you like."

“你们男人就像好斗的公鸡。”沃盖夫人说，“你们想做什么就做什么。”

"How did you get back?" inquired Vautrin.

“你是怎么回来的？”沃尔特兰问。

"I walked," answered Eugene.

“我走回来的。”欧仁回答。

"For my own part," remarked the tempter, "I do not care about doing things by halves.

“对于我来说，”那位试探者说道，“我不会关心那些做了一半的事。

If I want to enjoy myself that way, I should prefer to go in my carriage, sit in my own box, and do the thing comfortably.

要是我想以那种方式来享受的话，我会更喜欢用自己的马车，坐在自己的包厢里舒舒服服地看戏。

Everything or nothing; that is my motto.”

要么拥有全部，要么一文不名；这就是我的座右铭。”

"And a good one, too," commented Mme. Vauquer.

“这倒是个不错的座右铭。”沃盖夫人评价说。

"Perhaps you will see Mme. de Nucingen to-day," said Eugene, addressing Goriot in an undertone.

“也许你今天就会见到德纽沁根夫人。”欧仁低声对高里奥说，

"She will welcome you with open arms, I am sure; she would want to ask you for all sorts of little details about me.

“我肯定她会张开双臂欢迎你；她会想问你关于我的所有细枝末节。

I have found out that she will do anything in the world to be known by my cousin Mme. de Beauseant; don't forget to tell her that I love her too well not to think of trying to arrange this."

我发现她会不惜一切代价将自己介绍给我的表姐德伯桑夫人。别忘了告诉她，我太爱她了，已经想试着安排这件事了。”

Rastignac went at once to the Ecole de Droit.

拉斯蒂涅立即去了法学院。

He had no mind to stay a moment longer than was necessary in that odious house.

除非必要他一刻都不想多留在那间可恶的屋子里。

He wasted his time that day; he had fallen a victim to that fever of the brain that accompanies the too vivid hopes of youth.

他因为年轻人过于强烈的希望而大脑发热，成了这种状态的牺牲品，浪费了一天时间。

Vautrin's arguments had set him meditating on social life, and he was deep in these reflections when he happened on his friend Bianchon in the Jardin du Luxembourg.

沃尔特兰的观点让他对于社交生活陷入沉思。就在他沉浸在这些思考中时，他在卢森堡花园里碰巧撞见了他的朋友比安卡肖恩。

"What makes you look so solemn?" said the medical student, putting an arm through Eugene's as they went towards the Palais.

“你为什么看起来那么严肃呢？”医科学生问道。在他们走向卢浮宫区是，他把手搭在了欧仁的胳膊上。

"I am tormented by temptations."

“我正忍受着诱惑的折磨。”

"What kind?

“什么诱惑呢？

There is a cure for temptation.”

有一个方法能治这个。”

"What?"

“什么方法？”

"Yielding to it."

“向它投降。”

"You laugh, but you don't know what it is all about.

“你开玩笑吧，但是你并不知道这是怎么一回事。

Have you read Rousseau?”

你读过卢梭吗？”

"Yes."

“读过。”

"Do you remember that he asks the reader somewhere what he would do if could make a fortune by killing an old mandarin somewhere in China by mere force of wishing it, and without stirring from Paris?"

“你记不记得他在某个地方问过一位读者，要是他能单凭意念而不离开巴黎就能杀死中国某地的一个年长高官，并能因此得到一笔财富，他会怎么做？”

"Yes."

“记得。”

"Well, then?"

“那么，你觉得呢？”

"Pshaw! I am at my thirty-third mandarin.”

“哼！那我已经在杀第三十三个高官了。”

"Seriously, though.

“严肃点。

Look here, suppose you were sure that you could do it, and had only to give a nod.

听着，假使你真的有这种能力，而且只需点一下头就能使用。

Would you do it?”

你会做吗？”

"Is he well stricken in years, this mandarin of yours?

“你高官是真的上了年纪吗？

Pshaw! after all, young or old, paralytic, or well and sound, my word for it…. Well, then.

哼！不管如何，年老还是年少，瘫痪在床还是健康矍铄，我都……那么好吧。

Hang it, no!”

该死的，我不会做！”

"You are a good fellow, Bianchon.

“你是个好人，比安卡肖恩。

But suppose you loved a woman well enough to lose your soul in hell for her, and that she wanted money for dresses and a carriage,

and all her whims, in fact?”

但是假如你爱上了一个女人，爱得足以让你为了她失去灵魂、下入地狱，事实上她还需要钱买衣服、买马车、满足她所有的心血来潮呢？”

"Why, here you are taking away my reason, and want me to reason!"

“为什么你要把我的理智拿走，却又让我用理智分析问题呢！”

"Well, then, Bianchon, I am mad; bring me to my senses.

“那么好吧，比安卡肖恩，我疯了，让我恢复理性吧。

I have two sisters as beautiful and innocent as angels, and I want them to be happy.

我有两个妹妹，她们像天使一样纯洁、美丽，我想让她们幸福。

How am I to find two hundred thousand francs apiece for them in the next five years?

我怎样才能在五年之内给她们一人二十万法郎呢？

Now and then in life, you see, you must play for heavy stakes, and it is no use wasting your luck on low play.”

你瞧，人生中的有些时候，你必须下大赌注，而在下了低赌注的游戏中浪费你的运气毫无用处。”

"But you are only stating the problem that lies before every one at the outset of his life, and you want to cut the Gordian knot with a sword.

“但是，你只是在说一些每个人在生命开始时都会遇到的难题，而你只想快刀斩乱麻。

If that is the way of it, dear boy, you must be an Alexander, or to the hulks you go.

要是这是解决的方法，亲爱的孩子，你肯定是亚历山大大帝了，要不你就是在往囚船上走。

For my own part, I am quite contented with the little lot I mean to make for myself somewhere in the country, when I mean to step into my father's shoes and plod along.

对我来说呢，我要能在这国家的某个地方有一亩三分地，就很满足了。在那里我会踏着我父亲的足迹，辛勤地工作。

A man's affections are just as fully satisfied by the smallest circle as they can be by a vast circumference.

一个人的情感可以在最小的圈子里得到完全的满足，就像这种情感能在大环境中得到满足一样。

Napoleon himself could only dine once, and he could not have more mistresses than a house student at the Capuchins.

拿破仑自己只能吃一次晚餐，他的情妇不可能比一个嘉布遣会的寄宿生多。

Happiness, old man, depends on what lies between the sole of your foot and the crown of your head; and whether it costs a million or a hundred louis, the actual amount of pleasure that you receive rests entirely with you, and is just exactly the same in any case.

老伙计，幸福取决于你脚下的鞋底和头上的王冠之间有什么。无论是花一百万个还是一百个路易，你实际能得到的快乐也完全在于你自己。不论什么情况，道理完全一样。

I am for letting that Chinaman live.”

所以我会选择留下那个中国人的命。”

"Thank you, Bianchon; you have done me good.

“谢谢你，比安卡肖恩，你让我好受了一点。

We will always be friends.”

我们会是永远的朋友。”

"I say," remarked the medical student, as they came to the end of a broad walk in the Jardin des Plantes, "I saw the Michonneau and Poiret a few minutes ago on a bench chatting with a gentleman whom I used to see in last year's troubles hanging about the Chamber of Deputies; he seems to me, in fact, to be a detective dressed up like a decent retired tradesman.

“我说，”当他们走到植物园里一条宽敞人行道的尽头时，这个医科学生说，“我刚才见到米绍诺和普瓦雷坐在一个长椅上和一位先生聊天。我曾见过那个人，去年在下议院周围闲逛、滋事的人中就有他。事实上，在我看来，他像一个打扮成体面的退休商人的侦探。

Let us keep an eye on that couple; I will tell you why some time.

我们得留意一下那两个人，以后我会告诉你原因。

Good-bye; it is nearly four o'clock, and I must be in to answer to my name."

再见，快四点了，我得去课上答到了。”

When Eugene reached the lodging-house, he found Father Goriot waiting for him.

当欧仁回到旅馆的时候，他发现高老头正等着他。

"Here," cried the old man, "here is a letter from her.

“快看，”老人喊道，“这是她写来的信。

Pretty handwriting, eh?”

字很漂亮，不是吗？”

Eugene broke the seal and read: "Sir,—I have heard from my father that you are fond of Italian music.

欧仁拆开信封，念道：“先生——我从父亲大人那里获悉您喜欢意大利音乐。

I shall be delighted if you will do me the pleasure of accepting a seat in my box.

如果您愿意来我的包厢坐坐，我会感到非常荣幸。

La Fodor and Pellegrini will sing on Saturday, so I am sure that you will not refuse me.

拉福多尔和佩莱格里尼将在周六献唱，因此我肯定你不会拒绝我。

M. de Nucingen and I shall be pleased if you will dine with us; we shall be quite by ourselves.

德纽沁根先生和我真诚邀请你和我们共进晚餐，我们不会见外的。

If you will come and be my escort, my husband will be glad to be relieved from his conjugal duties.

如若你能光临并陪伴我，我的丈夫会很高兴能摆脱他作为丈夫的责任的。

Do not answer, but simply come.— Yours sincerely, D. DE N.”

无须回复，静候光临。——您真诚的德纽沁根。”

"Let me see it," said Father Goriot, when Eugene had read the letter.

“让我看看。”欧仁念完这封信时，高老头说，

"You are going, aren't you?" he added, when he had smelled the writing-paper.

“你会去的，不是吗？”他闻着信纸的味道补充道，

"How nice it smells!

“多香啊！

Her fingers have touched it, that is certain.”

她的手指曾触摸过这里，这是肯定的。”

"A woman does not fling herself at a man's head in this way," the student was thinking.

“一个女人不会这样扑向一个男人。”这个大学生想道，

"She wants to use me to bring back de Marsay; nothing but pique makes a woman do a thing like this."

“她想利用我让德马尔赛回心转意；只有愤怒会让一个女人做出这种事来。”

"Well," said Father Goriot, "what are you thinking about?"

“那么，”高老头说，“你在想什么呢？”

Eugene did not know the fever or vanity that possessed some women in those days; how should he imagine that to open a door in the Faubourg Saint-Germain a banker's wife would go to almost any length.

欧仁并不了解那时候藏于一些女人心中的狂热与虚荣。他如何能想象，为了打开圣日耳曼郊区的那扇大门，一个银行家的妻子愿意做任何事。

For the coterie of the Faubourg Saint-Germain was a charmed circle, and the women who moved in it were at that time the queens of society; and among the greatest of these *Dames du Petit-Chateau*, as they were called, were Mme. de Beauseant and her friends the Duchesse de Langeais and the Duchesse de Maufrigneause.

因为圣日耳曼郊区这个圈子是一个有魅力的交际圈，在那个时候能进入这个圈子的女人都是社交圈中的女王；而在这些所谓的“小城堡中的夫人们”当中，最卓越的就是德伯桑夫人和她的朋友德朗热公爵夫人与德莫弗里涅公爵夫人。

Rastignac was alone in his ignorance of the frantic efforts made by women who lived in the Chausee-d'Antin to enter this seventh heaven and shine among the brightest constellations of their sex.

只有拉斯蒂涅不知道住在德安丁路上的妇人们都发疯似地想进入这个极乐天堂，在同性中最灿烂的群星中闪耀自己的光芒。

But his cautious disposition stood him in good stead, and kept his judgment cool, and the not altogether enviable power of imposing instead of accepting conditions.

然而他谨慎的部署帮了他不少忙，也使他保持了冷静的判断力和一种不完全令人羡慕的力量，即能够向他人强加条件而不是接受条件。

"Yes, I am going," he replied.

“是的，我会去。”他回答说。

So it was curiosity that drew him to Mme. de Nucingen; while, if she had treated him disdainfully, passion perhaps might have brought him to her feet.

有一种好奇心驱使他接近德纽沁根夫人。然而，她以轻蔑的态度对待过他，也许是激情将他带到她脚下了。

Still he waited almost impatiently for to-morrow, and the hour when he could go to her.

他仍然十分焦急地等待着明天的到来，等待他能去她那里的时刻。

There is almost as much charm for a young man in a first flirtation as there is in first love.

对于一个年轻人来说，第一次调情和第一次真爱几乎有着相同的吸引力。

The certainty of success is a source of happiness to which men do not confess, and all the charm of certain women lies in this.

男人的幸福感源于对成功的把握。对此，男人并不承认，但有些女人认定这是他们的魅力所在。

The desire of conquest springs no less from the easiness than from the difficulty of triumph, and every passion is excited or sustained by one or the other of these two motives which divide the empire of love.

轻而易举的成功与困难重重的成功一样能激起人们的征服欲，而分割爱情帝国的这两种动机，非此即彼，总能激起或维持任何一种激情。

Perhaps this division is one result of the great question of temperaments; which, after all, dominates social life.

也许这种分割状态是性情这一重大问题所导致的结果，毕竟它支配着社会生活。

The melancholic temperament may stand in need of the tonic of coquetry, while those of nervous or sanguine complexion withdraw if they meet with a too stubborn resistance.

忧郁的气质也许需要女人撒娇作为滋养，而这些神经质或者乐观性格的人们一旦碰到女人过于顽固的抵抗，就会退缩。

In other words, the lymphatic temperament is essentially despondent, and the rhapsodic is bilious.

换句话说，苍白无力的性情从本质上来说是消沉的，而狂热的性情则是暴躁的。

Eugene lingered over his toilette with an enjoyment of all its little details that is grateful to a young man's self-love, though he will not own to it for fear of being laughed at.

欧仁仔细品味着自己的着装打扮，享受自己服装上的所有小细节。这些细节能满足一个年轻男子的自恋心理，虽然他因为怕被人嘲笑而不愿意承认这一点。

He thought, as he arranged his hair, that a pretty woman's glances would wander through the dark curls.

整理头发时，他想到了一个漂亮女人的目光会游走在他乌黑的卷发上。

He indulged in childish tricks like any young girl dressing for a dance, and gazed complacently at his graceful figure while he smoothed out the creases of his coat.

他像一个正在为舞会梳妆打扮的年轻姑娘似的沉湎于那些孩子气的小把戏中。他理平大衣上的褶皱时，沾沾自喜地注视着自己优雅的身姿。

"There are worse figures, that is certain," he said to himself.

“还有身材更差的人呢，这是肯定的。”他对自己说。

Then he went downstairs, just as the rest of the household were sitting down to dinner, and took with good humor the boisterous applause excited by his elegant appearance.

就在旅馆里其他人都在餐厅坐好准备吃晚饭的时候，他下了楼。他优雅的装扮引起了一片热烈欢呼，这让他心情舒畅。

The amazement with which any attention to dress is regarded in a lodging-house is a very characteristic trait.

这个旅馆的一大特色是人们在关注他人着装时总是显出惊愕的神情。

No one can put on a new coat but every one else must say his say about it.

没有人能在穿上一件新衣服时，不引起其他人的讨论。

"Clk! clk! clk!" cried Bianchon, making the sound with his tongue against the roof of his mouth, like a driver urging on a horse.

“啧！啧！啧！”比安卡肖恩将舌头顶着上颚发出这样的声音，好像马夫在赶马一样。

"He holds himself like a duke and a peer of France," said Mme. Vauquer.

“他将自己当成一个公爵，当成一位法兰西贵族了。”沃盖夫人说。

"Are you going a-courting?" inquired Mlle. Michonneau.

“你要去求爱吗？”米绍诺小姐问道。

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" cried the artist.

“喔喔喔！”艺术家喊道。

"My compliments to my lady your wife," from the *employee* at the

Museum.

“请代为问候你的妻子。”博物馆员工说。

"Your wife; have you a wife?" asked Poiret.

“你的妻子，你有妻子吗？”普瓦雷问。

"Yes, in compartments, water-tight and floats, guaranteed fast color, all prices from twenty-five to forty sous, neat check patterns in the latest fashion and best taste, will wash, half-linen, half-cotton, half-wool; a certain cure for toothache and other complaints under the patronage of the Royal College of Physicians!

“是的，在隔间里，不漏水、易漂浮，保证不掉色，所有产品价位在二十五到四十苏之间，漂亮的格子图案为最新式样，质地上乘，可水洗，材料为半亚麻、半棉布和半羊毛；保证治愈牙痛和皇家医学院认定的其他疾病！

Children like it!

孩子们尤其喜欢！

A remedy for headache, indigestion, and all other diseases affecting the throat, eyes, and ears!" cried Vautrin, with a comical imitation of the volubility of a quack at a fair.

它是治愈头痛、消化不良和所有其他各种咽喉、眼部及耳部感染的良方！”沃尔特兰喊道，滑稽地模仿着集市上江湖医生的流利语气。

"And how much shall we say for this marvel, gentlemen?

“先生们，那我们说这样的奇物要多少钱呢？

Twopence?

两便士？

No.

不。

Nothing of the sort.

根本没有那样的事情。

All that is left in stock after supplying the Great Mogul.

这些都是进贡给莫卧儿大帝后存留下来的东西。

All the crowned heads of Europe, including the Gr-r-rand Duke of Baden, have been anxious to get a sight of it.

全欧洲的国王，包括高贵的巴登公爵，都渴望见识一下。

Walk up! walk up! gentlemen!

请进！请进！先生们！

Pay at the desk as you go in!

进来的时候把钱放在桌子上！

Strike up the music there!

开始奏乐！

Brooum, la, la, trinn! la, la, boum! boum!

嘭，啦，啦，嘞！啦，啦，嘭！嘭！

Mister Clarinette, there you are out of tune!" he added gruffly; "I will rap your knuckles for you!"

吹单簧管的先生，你走音了！”他又粗暴地说，“我要敲敲你的关节了！”

"Goodness! what an amusing man!" said Mme. Vauquer to Mme. Couture; "I should never feel dull with him in the house."

“天啊！多有趣的一个人啊！”沃盖夫人对库蒂尔夫人说，“只要有他在这个旅馆，我永远也不会觉得沉闷。”

This burlesque of Vautrin's was the signal for an outburst of merriment, and under cover of jokes and laughter Eugene caught a glance from Mlle. Taillefer; she had leaned over to say a few words in Mme. Couture's ear.

沃尔特兰的滑稽表演引发了一阵嬉戏打闹。在玩笑和笑声的掩护之下，欧仁瞥了一眼塔耶费小姐。她正靠着库蒂尔夫人，在和她小声耳语。

"The cab is at the door," announced Sylvie.

“出租马车在门口候着了。”西尔维通报说。

"But where is he going to dine?" asked Bianchon.

“但是他要去哪里吃晚饭呢？”比安卡肖恩问道。

"With Madame la Baronne de Nucingen."

“和德纽沁根男爵夫人。”

"M. Goriot's daughter," said the law student.

“高里奥先生的女儿。”这个法律系学生说。

At this, all eyes turned to the old vermicelli maker; he was gazing at Eugene with something like envy in his eyes.

这时候，所有的目光都落在这个老面条商的身上。他正盯着欧仁，眼神中带着好似嫉妒的神情。

Rastignac reached the house in the Rue Saint-Lazare, one of those many-windowed houses with a mean-looking portico and slender

columns, which are considered the thing in Paris, a typical banker's house, decorated in the most ostentatious fashion; the walls lined with stucco, the landings of marble mosaic.

拉斯蒂涅到了位于圣拉扎尔街的府宅。那座房子有许多窗户，门廊外表简陋，柱子也很单薄。在巴黎这城市里，这是公认的典型银行家的房子。装饰风格最为造作，墙以灰泥打线，楼梯平台则用大理石马赛克铺成。

Mme. de Nucingen was sitting in a little drawing-room; the room was painted in the Italian fashion, and decorated like a restaurant.

德纽沁根夫人坐在小客厅里。这间房被漆成了意大利风格，装饰得像个饭馆。

The Baroness seemed depressed.

男爵夫人似乎很沮丧。

The effort that she made to hide her feelings aroused Eugene's interest; it was plain that she was not playing a part.

她努力想掩饰自己的情绪，这引起了欧仁的兴趣。显而易见，她不是在逢场作戏。

He had expected a little flutter of excitement at his coming, and he found her dispirited and sad.

他原以为自己的到来能带来一阵兴奋，却发现她伤心而沮丧。

The disappointment piqued his vanity.

这种失望之情伤害了他的虚荣心。

"My claim to your confidence is very small, madame," he said, after rallying her on her abstracted mood; "but if I am in the way, please tell me so frankly; I count on your good faith."

“我得到您信任的机会很小，夫人。”在她从心不在焉的情绪之中恢复一些之后，他说，“但是要是我妨碍到您的话，请老实告诉我；我就寄希望于您的善良之心了。”

"No, stay with me," she said; "I shall be all alone if you go.

“不，留下来陪我。”她说，“你要是走了，我会很寂寞。

Nucingen is dining in town, and I do not want to be alone; I want to be taken out of myself.”

纽沁根正在城里吃饭，我也不想一个人呆着，我想摆脱我自己。”

"But what is the matter?"

“但是发生什么事了？”

"You are the very last person whom I should tell," she exclaimed.

“你是我最不想告诉的人。”她惊叫。

"Then I am connected in some way in this secret.

“那么我在某种程度上和这秘密有关了。

I wonder what it is?”

我想知道到底是什么呢？”

"Perhaps.

“也许吧。

Yet, no," she went on; "it is a domestic quarrel, which ought to be buried in the depths of the heart.

但，也不是。”她继续说，“这是家庭纷争，应该被深埋在心底。

I am very unhappy; did I not tell you so the day before yesterday?

我很不开心，前天我没有跟你说过吗？

Golden chains are the heaviest of all fetters.”

金镣铐是所有镣铐中最沉重的。”

When a woman tells a young man that she is very unhappy, and when the young man is clever, and well dressed, and has fifteen hundred francs lying idle in his pocket, he is sure to think as Eugene said, and he becomes a coxcomb.

当一个女人告诉一个年轻男人她很不开心时。要是这个年轻人聪明伶俐、衣着得体，口袋里还有一千五百法郎闲钱的话，他肯定会像欧仁说的那样想，并成为一个纨绔子弟。

"What can you have left to wish for?" he answered.

“你还能有什么愿望呢？”他回答说，

"You are young, beautiful, beloved, and rich."

“你年轻、美丽、有人爱，又有钱。”

"Do not let us talk of my affairs," she said shaking her head mournfully.

“别再说我的事了。”她一边说着，一边悲伤地摇着头。

"We will dine together *tete-a-tete*, and afterwards we will go to hear the most exquisite music.

“我们会面对面地一起用餐，之后我们一起去聆听最优美的音乐。

Am I to your taste?" she went on, rising and displaying her gown of white cashmere, covered with Persian designs in the most superb taste.

我对你的胃口吗？”她继续说着，站起身来，展示了她的白色山羊绒长裙，裙子上面还有品味极为高贵的波斯图案。

"I wish that you were altogether mine," said Eugene; "you are charming."

“我希望你整个人都属于我。”欧仁说，“你那么迷人。”

"You would have a forlorn piece of property," she said, smiling bitterly.

“那么你就会拥有一份被遗弃的财产。”她苦笑着说，

"There is nothing about me that betrays my wretchedness; and yet, in spite of appearances, I am in despair.

“在我身上，没有一点能看得出我的苦闷。然而，即便表面上是这样，我感到非常绝望。

I cannot sleep; my troubles have broken my night's rest; I shall grow ugly."

我睡不着觉，我的麻烦扰乱了我晚上的休息，我会变得很难看。”

"Oh! that is impossible," cried the law student; "but I am curious to know what these troubles can be that a devoted love cannot efface."

“哦！这不可能。”这个法律系学生喊道，“但是我很好奇，想知道这些困扰到底会是什么，以至于如此投入的爱都不能将它们抹去。”

"Ah! if I were to tell you about them, you would shun me," she said.

“哦！要是我告诉你了，你就会躲开我。”她说，

"Your love for me is as yet only the conventional gallantry that men use to masquerade in; and, if you really loved me, you would be driven to despair.

“你对我的爱至今只是男人用以掩饰自己而习惯性献上的殷勤。要是你真的爱我，你也会陷入绝望的境地。

I must keep silence, you see.

你知道，我得保持沉默。

Let us talk of something else, for pity's sake," she added.

发发慈悲，我们说一点其他事吧。”她补充道。

"Let me show you my rooms."

“让我带你看看我的房间。”

"No; let us stay here," answered Eugene; he sat down on the sofa

before the fire, and boldly took Mme. de Nucingen's hand in his.

“不了，我们就坐在这里吧。”欧仁回答说，他坐在壁炉前的沙发上，大胆地抓住了德纽沁根夫人的手。

She surrendered it to him; he even felt the pressure of her fingers in one of the spasmodic clutches that betray terrible agitation.

她对他投降了，他甚至感到了她手指间歇性的压迫，这透露了她内心的极度兴奋。

"Listen," said Rastignac; "if you are in trouble, you ought to tell me about it.

“听着，”拉斯蒂涅说，“要是你遇上麻烦了，你应该告诉我。

I want to prove to you that I love you for yourself alone.

我想证明给你看，我只是因为你而爱你。

You must speak to me frankly about your troubles, so that I can put an end to them, even if I have to kill half-a-dozen men; or I shall go, never to return.”

你必须向我坦白你的麻烦，这样我就能结束这些麻烦，甚至让我杀半打人都可以；否则我就走人，再也不回来了。”

"Very well," she cried, putting her hand to her forehead in an agony of despair, "I will put you to the proof, and this very moment.

“很好，”她喊道，处于绝望痛苦状态的她将手放在额头上，“我来考验一下你，就现在。

Yes," she said to herself, "I have no other resource left."

是的，”她自言自语说，“我没有其他主意了。”

She rang the bell.

她按了铃。

"Are the horses put in for the master?" she asked of the servant.

“主人的马备好了吗？”她问仆人说。

"Yes, madame."

“备好了，夫人。”

"I shall take his carriage myself.

“我自己要用他的车。

He can have mine and my horses.

他可以用我的车和我的马。

Serve dinner at seven o'clock."

我们七点钟开饭。”

"Now, come with me," she said to Eugene, who thought as he sat in the banker's carriage beside Mme. de Nucingen that he must surely be dreaming.

“现在，跟我来。”她对欧仁说。欧仁坐上银行家的马车。坐到德纽沁根夫人旁边时，他想着自己一定是在做梦呢。

"To the Palais-Royal," she said to the coachman; "stop near the Theatre-Francais.”

“去卢浮宫区。”她对马车夫说，“在法兰西剧院附近停下。”

She seemed to be too troubled and excited to answer the innumerable questions that Eugene put to her.

她似乎太烦躁、太兴奋了，以至于没法回答欧仁问她的无数问题。

He was at a loss what to think of her mute resistance, her obstinate silence.

他不明白她无声的反抗和倔强的沉默到底是什么意思。

"Another moment and she will escape me," he said to himself.

“一不留神她就会从我这里溜走。”他对自己说。

When the carriage stopped at last, the Baroness gave the law student a glance that silenced his wild words, for he was almost beside himself.

当马车最终停下时，男爵夫人瞥了这个法律系学生一眼，让他不再喋喋不休，因为他几乎都发狂了。

"Is it true that you love me?" she asked.

“你真的爱我吗？”她问。

"Yes," he answered, and in his manner and tone there was no trace of the uneasiness that he felt.

“是的。”他回答说。他没有在自己的举止和语气中感觉出丝毫的不安。

"You will not think ill of me, will you, whatever I may ask of you?"

“无论我叫你做什么事，你都不会看低我，是吗？”

"No."

“是的。”

"Are you ready to do my bidding?"

“你准备好照我的命令行事吗？”

"Blindly."

“完全听从。”

"Have you ever been to a gaming-house?" she asked in a tremulous voice.

“你以前去过赌场吗？”她以颤抖的声音问道。

"Never."

“从来没有。”

"Ah! now I can breathe.

“哦！现在我总算能松一口气了。

You will have luck.

你会走好运的。

Here is my purse," she said.

这是我的钱包。”她说，

"Take it! there are a hundred francs in it, all that such a fortunate woman as I can call her own.

“拿着！这里有一百法郎，这是我这样一个幸运的女人能自己筹集的全部财产了。

Go up into one of the gaming-houses—I do not know where they are, but there are some near the Palais-Royal.

走进其中一个赌场——我不知道在哪里，但是就是在卢浮宫区附近。

Try your luck with the hundred francs at a game they call roulette; lose it all or bring me back six thousand francs.

用这一百法郎在他们称为轮盘赌的游戏上试一下你的运气；要不全部输光，要不给我带回来六千法郎。

I will tell you about my troubles when you come back.”

你回来的时候，我就会告诉你我的烦恼了。”

"Devil take me, I'm sure, if I have a glimmer of a notion of what I am about, but I will obey you," he added, with inward exultation, as he thought, "She has gone too far to draw back—she can refuse me nothing now!”

“我敢保证，要是我知道一点我要玩的这个游戏，就天诛地灭。但是我还是会服从你的安排。”他补充道，而心里则暗暗狂喜。他想：“她已经走得太远，没法回头了，现在她再也无法拒绝我任何事了！”

Eugene took the dainty little purse, inquired the way of a second-

hand clothes-dealer, and hurried to number 9, which happened to be the nearest gaming-house.

欧仁拿了这只小巧、精致的钱包，向一个卖二手衣服的小贩问了路，之后就赶向这条街的九号，离他最近的赌场就在那里。

He mounted the staircase, surrendered his hat, and asked the way to the roulette-table, whither the attendant took him, not a little to the astonishment of the regular comers.

他爬上了楼梯，将帽子交给了侍从，并询问了轮盘赌的方位。那服务生将他领到了那里，这让老赌客感到很惊讶。

All eyes were fixed on Eugene as he asked, without bashfulness, where he was to deposit his stakes.

当欧仁毫不害羞地问在哪里押赌注时，所有的目光都落在了他的身上。

"If you put a louis on one only of those thirty-six numbers, and it turns up, you will win thirty-six louis," said a respectable-looking, white-haired old man in answer to his inquiry.

“要是你把一个路易放在这三十六个数字的其中之一上，接着轮盘转到了那里，你就会赢得三十六个路易了。”一位看起来受人尊敬的、白发苍苍的老人回答了他的询问。

Eugene staked the whole of his money on the number 21 (his own age).

欧仁将他全部的钱都押在二十一上（那是他自己的年龄）。

There was a cry of surprise; before he knew what he had done, he had won.

之后便传出一声惊呼，在他还没意识到自己在做什么时，便赢了钱。

"Take your money off, sir," said the old gentleman; "you don't often win twice running by that system."

“把钱拿走，先生。”这位老先生说，“这个游戏你通常不会连赢两次。”

Eugene took the rake that the old man handed to him, and drew in his three thousand six hundred francs, and, still perfectly ignorant of what he was about, staked again on the red.

欧仁接过老人交给他的钱耙子，收起他的三千六百法郎，仍然完全不知道他自己在做什么，又一次押注在红色盘上。

The bystanders watched him enviously as they saw him continue to play.

在场的人看到他继续赌博，都艳羡地注视着他。

The disc turned, and again he won; the banker threw him three thousand six hundred francs once more.

转盘转动起来，他又赢了。庄家又扔给他三千六百法郎。

"You have seven thousand, two hundred francs of your own," the old gentleman said in his ear.

“你已经有了七千二百法郎了。”那个老人在他耳边说，

"Take my advice and go away with your winnings; red has turned up eight times already.

“听我的话，带着你赢的钱走吧，红色已经连开八次了。

If you are charitable, you will show your gratitude for sound counsel by giving a trifle to an old prefect of Napoleon who is down on his luck.”

要是你有仁慈之心，那就请你接济一点给我这个拿破仑时代的倒霉老官员，以表示你对我善意忠告的感激之情。”

Rastignac's head was swimming; he saw ten of his louis pass into the white-haired man's possession, and went down-stairs with his seven thousand francs; he was still ignorant of the game, and stupefied by his luck.

拉斯蒂涅头晕目眩，他看到自己的十个路易被递到这个白发苍苍的老头手里，之后就带着七千法郎下了楼梯。他对这个游戏还是一无所知，却因为自己的运气而目瞪口呆。

"So, that is over; and now where will you take me?" he asked, as soon as the door was closed, and he showed the seven thousand francs to Mme. de Nucingen.

“那么，游戏完了，现在你要带我去哪里呢？”他问道。车门一关上，他就将七千法郎拿给德纽沁根夫人看。

Delphine flung her arms about him, but there was no passion in that wild embrace.

德尔菲娜伸开双臂拥抱了他，但这激烈的拥抱中并没有激情。

"You have saved me!" she cried, and tears of joy flowed fast.

“你救了我！”她喊道，愉快的眼泪哗啦啦地流下来，

"I will tell you everything, my friend.

“我会告诉你一切，我的朋友。

For you will be my friend, will you not?

因为你会成为我的朋友，不会吗？

I am rich, you think, very rich; I have everything I want, or I seem as if I had everything.

你认为我很富有，我有我想要的一切，抑或是看上去我已经拥有一切。

Very well, you must know that M. de Nucingen does not allow me the control of a single penny; he pays all the bills for the house expenses; he pays for my carriages and opera box; he does not give me enough to pay for my dress, and he reduces me to poverty in secret on purpose.

很好，你必须知道德纽沁根先生不允许我控制一分钱。家里的一切花销都是他给钱；我的马车和剧院包厢都是他出的钱；他不给我足够的钱来买衣服，他就这样暗暗地故意将我逼到穷困的境地。

I am too proud to beg from him.

我太高傲了，不想乞求他。

I should be the vilest of women if I could take his money at the price at which he offers it.

要是我能以他提出的代价来接受他的钱，我就是最为卑鄙的女人。

Do you ask how I, with seven hundred thousand francs of my own, could let myself be robbed?

原先我自己有七十万法郎，你知道后来我怎样让自己被剥削成这样吗？

It is because I was proud, and scorned to speak.

因为我很高傲，不屑于说出口。

We are so young, so artless when our married life begins!

我们在婚姻生活刚开始时，都太年轻、太朴实了。

I never could bring myself to ask my husband for money; the words would have made my lips bleed, I did not dare to ask; I spent my savings first, and then the money that my poor father gave me, then I ran into debt.

我从不会向我的丈夫要钱，那些话好像会让我的嘴唇出血，我不敢说出口。一开始我花自己的存款，之后就花我可怜的父亲给我的钱，再后来就背上了债务。

Marriage for me is a hideous farce; I cannot talk about it, let it suffice to say that Nucingen and I have separate rooms, and that I would fling myself out of the window sooner than consent to any other manner of life.

婚姻对我来说就是一出可怕的闹剧。我不能谈论它。可以这样说，

纽沁根和我分居两室，我宁愿跳下窗户也不会同意任何其他的生活方式。

I suffered agonies when I had to confess to my girlish extravagance, my debts for jewelry and trifles (for our poor father had never refused us anything, and spoiled us), but at last I found courage to tell him about them.

虽然向他坦白我少女般的奢侈，和我因为买首饰和其他小物件而背上的债务（我们可怜的父亲从不拒绝给我们买任何东西，他把我们宠坏了），但最终我还是鼓起勇气告诉了他这些事情。

After all, I had a fortune of my own.

毕竟，我自己有财产。

Nucingen flew into a rage; he said that I should be the ruin of him, and used frightful language!

纽沁根大发雷霆，他说我会毁了他，而且还用恐吓的话来吓唬我！

I wished myself a hundred feet down in the earth.

我真希望我能钻到地下一百英尺。

He had my dowry, so he paid my debts, but he stipulated at the same time that my expenses in future must not exceed a certain fixed sum, and I gave way for the sake of peace.

他得到了我的嫁妆，所以他为我还清了债，但同时他也规定我以后的花销不能超过一定数目，我为求安宁便让步了。

And then," she went on, "I wanted to gratify the self-love of some one whom you know.

之后呢，”她继续说，“我想满足一个人的自恋之心，这个人你知道。

He may have deceived me, but I should do him the justice to say that there was nothing petty in his character.

他或许欺骗了我，但我应该公平地说一句，他的性格一点都不卑鄙。

But, after all, he threw me over disgracefully.

但是，毕竟他以这种不光彩的方式甩了我。

If, at a woman's utmost need, SOMEBODY heaps gold upon her, he ought never to forsake her; that love should last for ever!

如果在一个女人最需要钱的时候，有一个人在她面前堆起金山，他就绝不应该抛弃她，那种爱情应该天长地久！

But you, at one-and-twenty, you, the soul of honor, with the

unsullied conscience of youth, will ask me how a woman can bring herself to accept money in such a way?

但是你，二十一岁的你，有着高贵的灵魂和年轻人毫无污点的道德心，会问我，一个女人怎能以这样的方式让自己接受金钱呢？

MON DIEU! is it not natural to share everything with the one to whom we owe our happiness?

我的上帝！对于一个我们将幸福寄托在他身上的人，和他分享任何东西不是很自然的吗？

When all has been given, why should we pause and hesitate over a part?

如果已经付出自己的全部，为什么我们竟会在这件事上犹豫呢？

Money is as nothing between us until the moment when the sentiment that bound us together ceases to exist.

直至将我们捆绑在一起的感情不复存在的那一刻为止，金钱对于我们来说什么都不是。

Were we not bound to each other for life?

我们不是一生一世都会彼此紧密相连的吗？

Who that believes in love foresees such an end to love?

哪一个信仰爱情的人会预料到爱情这样的结局呢？

You swear to love us eternally; how, then, can our interests be separate?

你发誓会永远爱我们，那么，我们的利益怎么可能分开呢？

You do not know how I suffered to-day when Nucingen refused to give me six thousand francs; he spends as much as that every month on his mistress, an opera dancer!

你不知道今天当纽沁根拒绝给我六千法郎的时候，我有多痛苦。他每个月在他情妇——一个剧院舞女身上都花那么多钱！

I thought of killing myself.

我曾想过要自杀。

The wildest thoughts came into my head.

那种最疯狂的想法占据了我的思想。

There have been moments in my life when I have envied my servants, and would have changed places with my maid.

在我生命中的某个时候，我嫉妒过我的仆人，宁愿和我的女仆交换身份。

It was madness to think of going to our father, Anastasie and I have bled him dry; our poor father would have sold himself if he could have raised six thousand francs that way.

回到我父亲身边的想法真是疯狂，阿纳斯塔谢和我已经把他榨干了。如果他能卖身筹集到六千法郎的话，我可怜的父亲宁愿把自己卖掉。

I should have driven him frantic to no purpose.

我会让他无端发狂的。

You have saved me from shame and death; I was beside myself with anguish.

我刚才痛苦得难以自制。是你把我从羞愧和死亡中拯救了出来。

Ah! monsieur, I owed you this explanation after my mad ravings.

哦！先生，在你听了我刚才语无伦次的话之后，我应该给你一个解释。

When you left me just now, as soon as you were out of sight, I longed to escape, to run away... Where, I did not know.

当你刚才离开我的时候，你一走出我的视线，我就渴望躲开，逃跑……去哪里？我不知道。

Half the women in Paris lead such lives as mine; they live in apparent luxury, and in their souls are tormented by anxiety.

在巴黎，一半的女人过着像我这样的日子。她们表面上过着奢侈的生活，而她们的灵魂却被焦虑折磨着。

I know of poor creatures even more miserable than I; there are women who are driven to ask their tradespeople to make out false bills, women who rob their husbands.

我知道有比我更凄惨、可怜的人，还有的女人被迫让商贩们开假票据，抢她们丈夫的钱。

Some men believe that an Indian shawl worth a thousand louis only cost five hundred francs, others that a shawl costing five hundred francs is worth a hundred louis.

有些男人认为一条值一千路易的印第安披肩只需花五百法郎，还有一些男人觉得一条值五百法郎的披肩只要一百路易。

There are women, too, with narrow incomes, who scrape and save and starve their children to pay for a dress.

也有一些有着微薄收入的妇女，她们艰难地挣点钱存下来买一套晚装，却让她们的孩子挨饿。

I am innocent of these base meannesses.

我可没有做过这些低贱、卑鄙的事。

But this is the last extremity of my torture.

但这是我所能忍受的最大的痛苦了。

Some women will sell themselves to their husbands, and so obtain their way, but I, at any rate, am free.

一些女人会将自己出卖给她们的丈夫，从而获得她们想要的生活方式，但我，不管怎样，还是自由的人。

If I chose, Nucingen would cover me with gold, but I would rather weep on the breast of a man whom I can respect.

要是我选择这样做的话，纽沁根会在我周围堆满黄金，但我宁愿靠在一个令我尊敬的男人怀里哭泣。

Ah! tonight, M. de Marsay will no longer have a right to think of me as a woman whom he has paid.”

啊！今晚，德马尔赛先生再也没有权利将我看作他供养着的女人了。”

She tried to conceal her tears from him, hiding her face in her hands; Eugene drew them away and looked at her; she seemed to him sublime at that moment.

她试图在他面前掩饰泪水，就把头埋在双手里。欧仁将她的手拽开，看着她的脸。此刻，她对于他来说是多么崇高啊。

"It is hideous, is it not," she cried, "to speak in a breath of money and affection.

“将金钱和爱情混为一谈太可怕了，不是吗？”她大声说道。

You cannot love me after this," she added.

“在这之后你不可能再爱我了。”她补充道。

The incongruity between the ideas of honor which make women so great, and the errors in conduct which are forced upon them by the constitution of society, had thrown Eugene's thoughts into confusion; he uttered so＋A2139othing and consoling words, and wondered at the beautiful woman before him, and at the artless imprudence of her cry of pain.

这些崇高的想法使女人变得伟大，但因社会体制所迫,她们却做出错误的行为，这样思想和行动的不统一让欧仁感到非常困惑；他说了一些让人安心、宽慰的话，心里却对面前这个漂亮女人感到很惊讶，惊讶于她如此自然、如此轻率地哭诉自己的痛苦。

"You will not remember this against me?" she asked; "promise me that you will not."

“你不会用这些来对付我吧？”她问，“向我保证你不会。”

"Ah! madame, I am incapable of doing so," he said.

“啊！夫人，我可不会这样做。”他说。

She took his hand and held it to her heart, a movement full of grace that expressed her deep gratitude.

她拿起他的手，放在她的胸口，这一非常优雅的动作表现了她深深的感激之情。

"I am free and happy once more, thanks to you," she said.

“我重获自由和快乐了，谢谢你。”她说，

"Oh! I have felt lately as if I were in the grasp of an iron hand.

“哦！最近我觉得自己好像被困在一只铁腕之中。

But after this I mean to live simply and to spend nothing.

但从此之后，我会过简单的生活，不乱花钱。

You will think me just as pretty, will you not, my friend?

那时候，你只会认为我很漂亮，不是吗，我的朋友？

Keep this," she went on, as she took only six of the banknotes.

拿着这些，”她只拿出了其中的六张钞票，继续说道，

"In conscience I owe you a thousand crowns, for I really ought to go halves with you."

“凭良心说，我欠你一千克朗呢，因为我的确应该和你平分这些钱。”

Eugene's maiden conscience resisted; but when the Baroness said, "I am bound to look on you as an accomplice or as an enemy," he took the money.

欧仁那纯洁的良知拒绝了这钱，但当男爵夫人说“我要么把你当作同谋，要么把你当作敌人”时，他收下了这钱。

"It shall be a last stake in reserve," he said, "in case of misfortune."

“这会是我留下的最后一笔筹码，”他说，“用以预防不测。”

"That was what I was dreading to hear," she cried, turning pale.

“这正是我害怕听到的事情。”她脸色发白，说道，

"Oh, if you would that I should be anything to you, swear to me that you will never re-enter a gaming-house.

“哦，要是你愿意的话，我能为你做任何事，向我发誓你不会再进赌

场。

Great Heaven! that I should corrupt you!

我的天啊！我因此而毁了你！

I should die of sorrow!”

我会伤心而死的！”

They had reached the Rue Saint-Lazare by this time.

这时他们到了圣拉扎尔街。

The contrast between the ostentation of wealth in the house, and the wretched condition of its mistress, dazed the student; and Vautrin's cynical words began to ring in his ears.

这座房子阔绰的排场和女主人落魄的境地形成了鲜明的对比，这让大学生感到茫然。沃尔特兰愤世嫉俗的话语开始在他耳边回响。

"Seat yourself there," said the Baroness, pointing to a low chair beside the fire.

“坐在这里吧。”男爵夫人指着壁炉边上的一张矮椅说。

"I have a difficult letter to write," she added.

“我有一封很难写的信要写。”她补充道，

"Tell me what to say."

“告诉我，我要说什么。”

"Say nothing," Eugene answered her.

“什么也不要说。”欧仁回答她说，

"Put the bills in an envelope, direct it, and send it by your maid."

“把钞票放进信封，写上地址，再让你的女仆送去。”

"Why, you are a love of a man," she said.

“哦，你真是一个可爱的人。”她说，

"Ah! see what it is to have been well brought up.

“哦！究其原因就是因为你良好的家教。

That is the Beauseant through and through," she went on, smiling at him.

这就是伯桑家族的人，货真价实。”她笑着继续对他说。

"She is charming," thought Eugene, more and more in love.

“她非常迷人。”欧仁想着便越来越爱她了。

He looked round him at the room; there was an ostentatious

character about the luxury, a meretricious taste in the splendor.

他环顾这间屋子：这屋子的奢华之下显出一丝卖弄，恢宏之中流露出一丝俗气。

"Do you like it?" she asked, as she rang for the maid.

“你喜欢这房子吗？”她按铃叫女仆的时候问。

"Therese, take this to M. de Marsay, and give it into his hands yourself.

“泰蕾兹，把这个带给德马尔赛先生，要亲手交到他的手里。

If he is not at home, bring the letter back to me.”

要是他不在家，就把信带回来给我。”

Therese went, but not before she had given Eugene a spiteful glance.

泰蕾兹走了，但走之前还用充满恶意的目光瞥了欧仁一眼。

Dinner was announced.

晚餐开始了。

Rastignac gave his arm to Mme. de Nucingen, she led the way into a pretty dining-room, and again he saw the luxury of the table which he had admired in his cousin's house.

德纽沁根夫人挽着拉斯蒂涅，带他走进了一个漂亮的餐厅，他又一次见到餐桌上的奢靡景象。在他表姐的府邸，他曾对此羡慕不已。

"Come and dine with me on opera evenings, and we will go to the Italiens afterwards," she said.

“有歌剧演出的晚上就来和我吃饭，然后我们就去意大利剧院。”她说。

"I should soon grow used to the pleasant life if it could last, but I am a poor student, and I have my way to make."

“要是这样的日子能够长久，我应该会很快适应这种愉快的生活，但我只是一个穷学生，有我自己的路要走。”

"Oh! you will succeed," she said laughing.

“哦！你会成功的。”她笑着说，

"You will see.

“你会看到的。

All that you wish will come to pass.

你所有的愿望都会一一实现。

I did not expect to be so happy.”

我也没想过我会那么快乐呢。”

It is the wont of women to prove the impossible by the possible, and to annihilate facts by presentiments.

女人习惯用可能来证明不可能的事，靠预感来消灭事实。

When Mme. de Nucingen and Rastignac took their places in her box at the Bouffons, her face wore a look of happiness that made her so lovely that every one indulged in those small slanders against which women are defenseless; for the scandal that is uttered lightly is often seriously believed.

当德纽沁根夫人和拉斯蒂涅出现在她在谐谑剧院里的包厢时，她脸上挂着的幸福让她看起来那么可爱，这不免引起他人小小的非议。女人们却对这些谣言毫无抵御能力，因为人们往往对那些轻易说出的流言蜚语信以为真。

Those who know Paris, believe nothing that is said, and say nothing of what is done there.

那些了解巴黎的人，不相信任何传言，也不谈论在这里做的任何事情。

Eugene took the Baroness' hand in his, and by some light pressure of the fingers, or a closer grasp of the hand, they found a language in which to express the sensations which the music gave them.

欧仁抓住男爵夫人的手，或用手指轻轻按压她的手，或紧紧抓住她的手，他们在其中找到了一种语言来表达音乐带给他们的感动。

It was an evening of intoxicating delight for both; and when it ended, and they went out together, Mme. de Nucingen insisted on taking Eugene with her as far as the Pont Neuf, he disputing with her the whole of the way for a single kiss after all those that she had showered upon him so passionately at the Palais-Royal; Eugene reproached her with inconsistency.

对他们两人而言，这是一个醉人而愉悦的晚上。当歌剧结束时，两人一起走出剧场，德纽沁根夫人坚持要把欧仁送到新桥，一路上他都在和她争执，希望再得到一个吻。欧仁责备她行为矛盾，因为她在卢浮宫区曾经那么热情地亲吻了他很多次。

"That was gratitude," she said, "for devotion that I did not dare to hope for, but now it would be a promise."

“那是为了感谢你，”她说，“感谢你给了我从不敢奢求的爱，但是现在亲吻则意味着承诺了。”

"And will you give me no promise, ingrate?"

“那你就不肯向我承诺什么吗，忘恩负义的人？”

He grew vexed.

他变得恼怒起来。

Then, with one of those impatient gestures that fill a lover with ecstasy, she gave him her hand to kiss, and he took it with a discontented air that delighted her.

之后，她以一种虽不耐烦却能让情人完全入迷的姿势伸出了一只手让他亲吻。他托起她的手时表现出一丝不满意，这让她非常开心。

"I shall see you at the ball on Monday," she said.

“周一的舞会上见。”她说。

As Eugene went home in the moonlight, he fell to serious reflections.

当欧仁在月光下走回家时，他陷入了认真的思考之中。

He was satisfied, and yet dissatisfied.

他既满意，也不满意。

He was pleased with an adventure which would probably give him his desire, for in the end one of the prettiest and best-dressed women in Paris would be his; but, as a set-off, he saw his hopes of fortune brought to nothing; and as soon as he realized this fact, the vague thoughts of yesterday evening began to take a more decided shape in his mind.

他对于这次冒险经历非常满意，这很有可能会实现他的愿望，因为最终巴黎最美丽、最体面的一个女人会成为他的情人；然而，他希望得到财富的愿望落空，这抵消了他满足的情感。而在意识到这个问题之后，昨晚那个模糊的意识开始在他的脑子里呈现出更加明显的轮廓。

A check is sure to reveal to us the strength of our hopes.

一张支票定然会将我们希望的力量展现出来。

The more Eugene learned of the pleasures of life in Paris, the more impatient he felt of poverty and obscurity.

欧仁对巴黎愉快的生活了解得越多，就越急于摆脱自己的贫穷状况和低微身份。

He crumpled the banknote in his pocket, and found any quantity of plausible excuses for appropriating it.

他揉着口袋里的钞票，想出无数似是而非的借口想将其据为己有。

He reached the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Genevieve at last, and from the stairhead he saw a light in Goriot's room; the old man had lighted a

candle, and set the door ajar, lest the student should pass him by, and go to his room without "telling him all about his daughter," to use his own expression.

他最终到了新圣热讷维耶沃街，从楼梯顶他看到高老头房间的灯还亮着。老人点了一支蜡烛，将门虚掩着，用他自己的话说，就是以防这个法律系学生经过后直接回自己房间，却“不告诉他所有关于他女儿的事”。

Eugene, accordingly, told him everything without reserve.

因此，欧仁毫无保留地告诉了他一切事情。

"Then they think that I am ruined!" cried Father Goriot, in an agony of jealousy and desperation.

“那么她们就是觉得我没用了！”老高头以极其嫉妒和绝望的语气喊着，

"Why, I have still thirteen hundred livres a year! Mon Dieu! Poor little girl! Why did she not come to me?

“啊，我每年还有一千三百里弗赫呢！天哪!可怜的孩子啊！她为什么不来找我呢？

I would have sold my rentes; she should have had some of the principal, and I would have bought a life-annuity with the rest.

我本可以卖掉我的年金，她就能拿到本金中的一部分，我可以用剩下的那部分买一笔终身年金。

My good neighbor, why did not YOU come to tell me of her difficulty?

我的好邻居，你为什么不把她的难处告诉我呢？

How had you the heart to go and risk her poor little hundred francs at play?

当你将她仅剩的区区一百法郎拿去赌博的时候，你的良心去哪里了呢？

This is heart-breaking work.

这事情真让人痛心。

You see what it is to have sons-in-law.

你看看，有女婿意味着什么。

Oh! if I had hold of them, I would wring their necks.

哦！要是他们落在我手上，我会扭断他们的脖子。

Mon Dieu! crying! Did you say she was crying?”

天啊！哭！你是说她哭了吗？”

"With her head on my waistcoat," said Eugene.

“还把她的头埋在我的背心里呢。”欧仁说。

"Oh! give it to me," said Father Goriot.

“哦！把它给我。”高老头说。

"What! my daughter's tears have fallen there—my darling Delphine, who never used to cry when she was a little girl!

“真的！我女儿的眼泪就落在这里——我亲爱的德尔菲娜，她小的时候从没流过眼泪！

Oh! I will buy you another; do not wear it again; let me have it.

哦！我会给你重买一件，不要再穿这件了，让我收藏吧。

By the terms of her marriage-contract, she ought to have the use of her property.

根据她婚前协约的条款，她有权使用她的财产。

To-morrow morning I will go and see Derville; he is an attorney.

明天早上我会去见德维尔，他是位律师。

I will demand that her money should be invested in her own name.

我会要求将她的财产存于她自己的名下。

I know the law.

我懂法律。

I am an old wolf, I will show my teeth.”

我是只老狼，即将露出我的牙齿。”

"Here, father; this is a banknote for a thousand francs that she wanted me to keep out of our winnings.

“给你，老爹，这是一千法郎的钞票，她想从我们的盈利中给我一部分。

Keep them for her, in the pocket of the waistcoat.”

把这个留给她吧，就放在背心的口袋里。”

Goriot looked hard at Eugene, reached out and took the law student's hand, and Eugene felt a tear fall on it.

高老头紧紧地盯着欧仁，伸出手，握住了这个法律系学生的手，欧仁感觉到一滴眼泪掉在了他手上。

"You will succeed," the old man said.

“你会成功的。”老人说道，

"God is just, you see.

“你知道，上帝是公平的。

I know an honest man when I see him, and I can tell you, there are not many men like you.

我一眼就能看出一个人是否诚实，我可以告诉你，没有几个人能像你这样。

I am to have another dear child in you, am I?

我又有了一个亲爱的孩子，就是你，不是吗？

There, go to sleep; you can sleep; you are not yet a father.

那么，去睡吧。你能睡着，因为你还没有成为父亲。

She was crying!

她居然在哭！

And I have to be told about it!— And I was quietly eating my dinner, like an idiot, all the time—I, who would sell the Father, Son and Holy Ghost to save one tear to either of them.”

这事我一定得知道！——而我还一直像个傻瓜一样安静地吃饭——我宁愿出卖圣父、圣子、圣灵来让她们两个中的任何一个少流一滴泪啊。”

"An honest man!" said Eugene to himself as he lay down.

“一个诚实的人！”欧仁躺下时，对自己说，

"Upon my word, I think I will be an honest man all my life; it is so pleasant to obey the voice of conscience."

“的确，我想我这一生都会是一个诚实的人。听从良心的声音，这真让人感到愉快。”

Perhaps none but believers in God do good in secret; and Eugene believed in a God.

也许只有信仰上帝的人才会默默地做好事，而欧仁就是信仰上帝的人。

CHAPTER 4

第四章

The next day Rastignac went at the appointed time to Mme. de Beauseant, who took him with her to the Duchesse de Carigliano's ball.

到了第二天，拉斯蒂涅准时到达了德伯桑夫人家，然后同她一起去参加德卡里利安诺公爵夫人的舞会。

The Marechale received Eugene most graciously.

马雷夏尔夫人很热情地接待了欧仁。

Mme. de Nucingen was there.

德纽沁根夫人也在那里。

Delphine's dress seemed to suggest that she wished for the admiration of others, so that she might shine the more in Eugene's eyes; she was eagerly expecting a glance from him, hiding, as she thought, this eagerness from all beholders.

德尔菲娜的装束似乎表明，她希望得到大家的赞美，这样她在欧仁眼中也许就能更加闪耀了。她急切地渴求欧仁的目光，同时像她自己所想的那样，将这种急切的心情对所有旁观者都隐藏了起来。

This moment is full of charm for one who can guess all that passes in a woman's mind.

如果一个人可以猜透一个女人的所有心思，这时便是他最开心的时刻了。

Who has not refrained from giving his opinion, to prolong her suspense, concealing his pleasure from a desire to tantalize, seeking a confession of love in her uneasiness, enjoying the fears that he can dissipate by a smile?

每一个男人都曾经故意欲言又止，吊足女人的胃口；挑逗女人，却故意隐藏因此而获得的快乐；从女人的不安中寻找爱的印证；用一个微笑化解女人的恐惧，获得快感！

In the course of the evening the law student suddenly comprehended his position; he saw that, as the cousin of Mme. de Beauseant, he was a personage in this world.

在那个晚上，这个法律系学生突然明白自己的地位了。他发现作为德伯桑夫人的表弟，他在上流社会已经算是个人物了。

He was already credited with the conquest of Mme. de Nucingen,

and for this reason was a conspicuous figure; he caught the envious glances of other young men, and experienced the earliest pleasures of coxcombry.

人们都认为他已经征服了德纽沁根夫人，所以对他刮目相看，而其他的年轻人也都向他投去了嫉妒的目光。他因此而初尝了虚荣的快乐。

People wondered at his luck, and scraps of these conversations came to his ears as he went from room to room; all the women prophesied his success; and Delphine, in her dread of losing him, promised that this evening she would not refuse the kiss that all his entreaties could scarcely win yesterday.

当在房间中穿梭时，只言片语飘过耳边——人们无不感叹他艳福不浅，女人们则预言他会成功。因为害怕失去他，今晚德尔菲娜许诺会把他昨天百般恳求也没能得到的亲吻还给他。

Rastignac received several invitations.

拉斯蒂涅收到了好几份邀请。

His cousin presented him to other women who were present; women who could claim to be of the highest fashion; whose houses were looked upon as pleasant; and this was the loftiest and most fashionable society in Paris into which he was launched.

表姐把他介绍给了在场的其他夫人，她们都自命是最时尚的人，而她们的府邸也都被视为令人愉快的去处。他现在算是初入巴黎最上流、最时尚的社交圈了。

So this evening had all the charm of a brilliant debut; it was an evening that he was to remember even in old age, as a woman looks back upon her first ball and the memories of her girlish triumphs.

因此，这个夜晚具有初次华丽登场的所有魅力，这是一个让他直到暮年时分也无法忘怀的夜晚，正如一个女人会回想起她的第一个的舞会，会记得她少女时的胜利一样。

The next morning, at breakfast, he related the story of his success for the benefit of Father Goriot and the lodgers.

次日早餐时，他向高老头和其他房客讲述了他前一晚的成功经历。

Vautrin began to smile in a diabolical fashion.

沃尔特兰却邪恶地笑了起来。

"And do you suppose," cried that cold-blooded logician, "that a young man of fashion can live here in the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Genevieve, in the Maison Vauquer—an exceedingly respectable boarding-house in every way, I grant you, but an establishment that, none the less, falls short of being fashionable?

“你觉得，”这个冷血的逻辑学家大声地说道，“一个时尚的年轻男子会住在新圣热讷维耶沃街上的‘沃盖之家’吗？虽然这里不管从什么角度看都是一个非常不错的公寓。尽管如此，我敢说，这里和时髦一点都沾不上边。

The house is comfortable, it is lordly in its abundance; it is proud to be the temporary abode of a Rastignac; but, after all, it is in the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Genevieve, and luxury would be out of place here, where we only aim at the purely *patriarchalorama*.

这个公寓很舒适，有着贵族般的富足，很自豪可以成为拉斯蒂涅的临时住所。但是，不管怎么说，这是在新圣热讷维耶沃街上啊，这里没有奢华，我们纯粹只关注居家生活拉玛。

If you mean to cut a figure in Paris, my young friend," Vautrin continued, with half-paternal jocularity, "you must have three horses, a tilbury for the mornings, and a closed carriage for the evening; you should spend altogether about nine thousand francs on your stables.

如果你想要在巴黎崭露头角，我年轻的朋友，”沃尔特兰以他那副半家长式的调侃口气说道，“你得有三匹马和一辆敞篷马车供白天使用，一辆有篷马车供晚上使用，你的马厩一共需要花掉你九千法郎啊。

You would show yourself unworthy of your destiny if you spent no more than three thousand francs with your tailor, six hundred in perfumery, a hundred crowns to your shoemaker, and a hundred more to your hatter.

要是你只花三千法郎请裁缝，六百法郎买香料，一百克朗做皮鞋，另一百克朗做帽子，你的外表就配不上自己的身份了。

As for your laundress, there goes another thousand francs; a young man of fashion must of necessity make a great point of his linen; if your linen comes up to the required standard, people often do not look any further.

而单单是洗衣费就得再花掉一千法郎。一个时尚的年轻男子必须非常重视自己的内衣；因为如果你的内衣符合既定的标准，人们往往就不看你的其他穿着了。

Love and the Church demand a fair altar-cloth.

爱情和信仰一样都需要一张漂亮的台布。

That is fourteen thousand francs.

那就是一万四千法郎了。

I am saying nothing of losses at play, bets, and presents; it is impossible to allow less than two thousand francs for pocket money.

我这还没有算上看戏、赌博和礼物的花费，这一切没有两千法郎的

零花钱是下不来的。

I have led that sort of life, and I know all about these expenses.

我曾经那样生活过，因此我知道所有这些花费。

Add the cost of necessaries next; three hundred louis for provender, a thousand francs for a place to roost in.

再加上生活必需品的消费，三百路易的伙食费、一千法郎的房租。

Well, my boy, for all these little wants of ours we had need to have twenty-five thousand francs every year in our purse, or we shall find ourselves in the kennel, and people laughing at us, and our career is cut short, good-bye to success, and good-bye to your mistress!

哎，我的孩子，为了我们所有这些小小的需求，我们一年要花掉两万五千法郎，不然我们就像被遗弃在狗窝一样，别人会嘲笑我们的，我们的社交生涯就此结束，什么成功啊，情妇啊，全都拜拜了！

I am forgetting your valet and your groom!

哦，我还忘了算你的贴身男仆和马夫的工资。

Is Christophe going to carry your *billets-doux* for you?

莫非你还要让克里斯托夫帮你送情书吗？

Do you mean to employ the stationery you use at present?

你打算用你现在使用的这种纸笔来写信吗？

Suicidal policy!

那简直是自寻死路啊！

Hearken to the wisdom of your elders!" he went on, his bass voice growing louder at each syllable.

听听老人们的明智之言吧！”他继续说道。每说一个字，他低沉的声音就变大一些。

"Either take up your quarters in a garret, live virtuously, and wed your work, or set about the thing in a different way."

“要么你就乖乖呆在阁楼上，老老实实地过日子，专心读书；要么就过另外一种生活。”

Vautrin winked and leered in the direction of Mlle. Taillefer to enforce his remarks by a look which recalled the late tempting proposals by which he had sought to corrupt the student's mind.

沃尔特兰朝塔耶费小姐坐的方向使了使眼色，又挑逗地看了她一眼，以用这样的表情来增强他说话的力道。这一表情重新提起了他最近那些诱人的建议，他先前正想用这些建议来腐蚀学生的思想。

Several days went by, and Rastignac lived in a whirl of gaiety.

几天过去了，拉斯蒂涅天天过着幸福的日子。

He dined almost every day with Mme. de Nucingen, and went wherever she went, only returning to the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Genevieve in the small hours.

他几乎每天都陪着德纽沁根夫人吃饭，她去哪里他就去哪里，只在凌晨才回到新圣热讷维耶沃街。

He rose at mid-day, and dressed to go into the Bois with Delphine if the day was fine, squandering in this way time that was worth far more than he knew.

他中午才起床，盛装打扮之后，如果天气晴朗，便陪着德尔菲娜去树林里散步。他就这样浪费着时间，而这时间远比他所知道的更有价值。

He turned as eagerly to learn the lessons of luxury, and was as quick to feel its fascination, as the flowers of the date palm to receive the fertilizing pollen.

他转而殷切地学习着奢侈这门课程，并且很快感受到了它的魔力——就像枣树的花朵吸收营养丰富的花粉一样迅速。

He played high, lost and won large sums of money, and at last became accustomed to the extravagant life that young men lead in Paris.

他赌博不论输赢，数目都很大，最终习惯了巴黎年轻人过的那种奢侈生活。

He sent fifteen hundred francs out of his first winnings to his mother and sisters, sending handsome presents as well as the money.

他从第一次赌博赢的钱里拿出一千五百法郎寄给了他的母亲和妹妹们，并且附上了价值可观的礼物。

He had given out that he meant to leave the Maison Vauquer; but January came and went, and he was still there, still unprepared to go.

他早就说过要搬出“沃盖之家”，然而一月份来了又去，他仍然呆在那里，还没有做好离开的准备。

One rule holds good of most young men—whether rich or poor.

有一条规律适用于大部分年轻人——无论他们是富有还是穷困。

They never have money for the necessaries of life, but they have always money to spare for their caprices—an anomaly which finds its explanation in their youth and in the almost frantic eagerness with which youth grasps at pleasure.

他们永远没有钱来买生活必需品，却总有钱来满足他们反复无常的欲望——这种变幻多端的欲望一方面是由于他们还年轻，另一方面就是由于年轻人几近疯狂地渴望抓住快乐。

They are reckless with anything obtained on credit, while everything for which they must pay in ready money is made to last as long as possible; if they cannot have all that they want, they make up for it, it would seem, by squandering what they have.

只要不用现金付账，他们便大肆消费；而只要用到现金，他们便能拖多久就拖多久。事情似乎是这样：如果他们无法拥有自己想要的一切，就会通过挥霍自己拥有的东西来弥补。

To state the matter simply—a student is far more careful of his hat than of his coat, because the latter being a comparatively costly article of dress, it is in the nature of things that a tailor should be a creditor; but it is otherwise with the hatter; the sums of money spent with him are so modest, that he is the most independent and unmanageable of his tribe, and it is almost impossible to bring him to terms.

简单来说——对于一个学生而言，帽子远比外套更值得珍惜，因为外套相对来说是比较昂贵的衣物，因此不用向裁缝支付现金是理所当然的事情；而帽子则不然，因为人们花在帽子上的钱很有限，因此帽商在同行中最独立、最难以对付，要想让他接受赊账几乎是不可能的事。

The young man in the balcony of a theatre who displays a gorgeous waistcoat for the benefit of the fair owners of opera glasses, has very probably no socks in his wardrobe, for the hosier is another of the genus of weevils that nibble at the purse.

在戏院包厢里，美丽的女人拿着观剧镜看到一个身着华丽背心的年轻人，他的衣橱里却很有可能连袜子都没有，因为袜商是另一种啃食他们钱包的象鼻虫。

This was Rastignac's condition.

这就是拉斯蒂涅的处境。

His purse was always empty for Mme. Vauquer, always full at the demand of vanity; there was a periodical ebb and flow in his fortunes, which was seldom favorable to the payment of just debts.

对沃盖夫人来说，他的钱包永远是空的，然而在满足虚荣心时，他的钱包却总是鼓鼓的；他的钱财周期性地增加和减少，却几乎没有偿还正当的债务。

If he was to leave that unsavory and mean abode, where from time to time his pretensions met with humiliation, the first step was to pay his hostess for a month's board and lodging, and the second to purchase furniture worthy of the new lodgings he must take in his

quality of dandy, a course that remained impossible.

如果他想要离开这个令人讨厌的简陋公寓，这个让他的骄傲态度不时受到羞辱的地方，那么第一步就是付给他的女房东一个月的伙食费和住宿费，第二步就是购买合适的家具，放置在足以和他花花公子身份相匹配的新住处。这一过程目前仍然遥不可及。

Rastignac, out of his winnings at cards, would pay his jeweler exorbitant prices for gold watches and chains, and then, to meet the exigencies of play, would carry them to the pawnbroker, that discreet and forbidding-looking friend of youth; but when it was a question of paying for board or lodging, or for the necessary implements for the cultivation of his Elysian fields, his imagination and pluck alike deserted him.

拉斯蒂涅用打牌赢来的钱从珠宝商那里购买价格昂贵的金表、金链，然后为了应付赌博的迫切需求，再把它们送到典当商那里。典当商是青年人的朋友，他为人谨慎，一副拒人于千里之外的样子。但是当遇到要交伙食费或住宿费这一问题时，或者是要为建立那片天堂乐土而添置必需品时，拉斯蒂涅的想象力和勇气就一并消失了。

There was no inspiration to be found in vulgar necessity, in debts contracted for past requirements.

日常的必需用品，还有之前购物所打的欠条，都不能让他找到灵感。

Like most of those who trust to their luck, he put off till the last moment the payment of debts that among the bourgeoisie are regarded as sacred engagements, acting on the plan of Mirabeau, who never settled his baker's bill until it underwent a formidable transformation into a bill of exchange.

就像大多数爱碰运气的人一样，他不把中产阶级认为神圣的欠账拖到最后一刻绝不还清，表现得就像米拉博（注：米拉博是一位放荡不羁的法国大革命时期政治家）一样，从不结算面包账单，直到账单逐渐难以偿还，变成了汇票为止。

It was about this time when Rastignac was down on his luck and fell into debt, that it became clear to the law student's mind that he must have some more certain source of income if he meant to live as he had been doing.

就在这个时候，拉斯蒂涅运气不济，背上了债务。这个法律系学生的头脑变得渐渐清晰了，如果想要继续这么生活下去的话，他必须要有比较固定的收入。

But while he groaned over the thorny problems of his precarious situation, he felt that he could not bring himself to renounce the pleasures of this extravagant life, and decided that he must continue it

at all costs.

但是当他为当前不稳定的处境所引起的棘手问题长吁短叹之时，他感到自己不能放弃这种奢侈的生活，并且决定要不惜一切代价将这种生活继续下去。

His dreams of obtaining a fortune appeared more and more chimerical, and the real obstacles grew more formidable.

他想大赚一笔的梦想似乎越来越荒诞不经，现实的阻碍也变得越来越强大。

His initiation into the secrets of the Nucingen household had revealed to him that if he were to attempt to use this love affair as a means of mending his fortunes, he must swallow down all sense of decency, and renounce all the generous ideas which redeem the sins of youth.

他开始了解纽沁根家的秘密。这些秘密使他明白了，如果他想利用这件风流韵事来修补他财产漏洞，那么他必须咽下所有高尚的想法，放弃所有高尚的念头，而正是这些念头补偿了青年人的罪过。

He had chosen this life of apparent splendor, but secretly gnawed by the canker worm of remorse, a life of fleeting pleasure dearly paid for by persistent pain; like *Le Distrait*of La Bruyere, he had descended so far as to make his bed in a ditch; but (also like *Le Distrait*) he himself was uncontaminated as yet by the mire that stained his garments.

他选择了这种表面光鲜的生活，私下里却被悔恨的腐蚀虫啃咬折磨，这种生活的快乐转瞬即逝，却要长久的痛苦来付账。就像拉布吕耶尔笔下的心不在焉的人一样，他堕落得如此深，深到睡在了臭水沟里；但是（也像心不在焉的人一样），虽然被泥潭弄脏了衣裳，他自己却仍未被污染。

"So we have killed our mandarin, have we?" said Bianchon one day as they left the dinner table.

“所以我们已经杀了我们的高官了，对吧？”比安卡肖恩有一天离开餐桌的时候说。

"Not yet," he answered, "but he is at his last gasp."

“还没有呢，”他回答说，“但是他已经奄奄一息了。”

The medical student took this for a joke, but it was not a jest.

医科学生认为这是个笑话，但这不是玩笑话。

Eugene had dined in the house that night for the first time for a long while, and had looked thoughtful during the meal.

很久不在公寓吃晚饭之后，欧仁那天晚上第一次在公寓吃晚饭了，

吃饭期间他看起来心事重重。

He had taken his place beside Mlle. Taillefer, and stayed through the dessert, giving his neighbor an expressive glance from time to time.

他坐在了塔耶费小姐的旁边，一直呆到吃完餐后甜点，并不时地用意味深长的眼光瞟他的邻座。

A few of the boarders discussed the walnuts at the table, and others walked about the room, still taking part in the conversation which had begun among them.

一些房客坐在餐桌旁津津有味地吃着胡桃，其他人在房间里走来走去，不过仍旧谈论着他们之前开始的话题。

People usually went when they chose; the amount of time that they lingered being determined by the amount of interest that the conversation possessed for them, or by the difficulty of the process of digestion.

人们通常可以随意离开，他们要呆多久一般由他们对所参与话题的兴趣大小、消化食物过程的难易而定。

In winter-time the room was seldom empty before eight o'clock, when the four women had it all to themselves, and made up for the silence previously imposed upon them by the preponderating masculine element.

冬天的时候，房间很少在八点之前空下来，那时四位女士把整个房间占为己有，来补偿之前占主导地位的男性元素强加给她们的沉默。

This evening Vautrin had noticed Eugene's abstractedness, and stayed in the room, though he had seemed to be in a hurry to finish his dinner and go.

这天晚上，沃尔特兰已经注意到了欧仁心不在焉。虽然沃尔特兰似乎着急吃完饭就走，却仍呆在房间里。

All through the talk afterwards he had kept out of the sight of the law student, who quite believed that Vautrin had left the room.

在之后的整个谈话中，他都在这个法律系学生的视线之外，以至于欧仁确信沃尔特兰已经离开了这个房间。

He now took up his position cunningly in the sitting-room instead of going when the last boarders went.

他现在狡猾地坐在客厅里，没有随着最后一批房客走掉。

He had fathomed the young man's thoughts, and felt that a crisis was at hand.

他已经看穿了青年的想法，感觉到他的危机迫在眉睫了。

Rastignac was, in fact, in a dilemma, which many another young man must have known.

的确，拉斯蒂涅正处在困境之中，而其他很多青年定然已经体会过。

Mme. de Nucingen might love him, or might merely be playing with him, but in either case Rastignac had been made to experience all the alternations of hope and despair of genuine passion, and all the diplomatic arts of a Parisienne had been employed on him.

德纽沁根夫人也许真爱他，也许只是和他玩玩，但不管是哪种情况，都让拉斯蒂涅经历了真挚感情中希望和绝望的更迭，以及一个巴黎妇人在他身上使用的各种交际手腕。

After compromising herself by continually appearing in public with Mme. de Beauseant's cousin she still hesitated, and would not give him the lover's privileges which he appeared to enjoy.

作为妥协，她频频与德伯桑夫人的表弟一起出现在公共场合。但是之后她仍然犹豫不决，不肯给予他作为情人的特权，而他似乎很喜爱这些特权。

For a whole month she had so wrought on his senses, that at last she had made an impression on his heart.

整整一个月来，她都非常努力地刺激着他的感官，因此她最终也刺激了他的心。

If in the earliest days the student had fancied himself to be master, Mme. de Nucingen had since become the stronger of the two, for she had skillfuly roused and played upon every instinct, good or bad, in the two or three men comprised in a young student in Paris.

如果在最开始的时候，学生曾幻想他自己占主导地位，那么从那以后，德纽沁根夫人则在两人当中渐渐占了上风。因为这个巴黎青年学生具有两三重人格，而她极为巧妙地勾起并玩弄学生的每个本能，而不论这些本能是好还是坏。

This was not the result of deep design on her part, nor was she playing a part, for women are in a manner true to themselves even through their grossest deceit, because their actions are prompted by a natural impulse.

这不是她为自己精心谋算的结果，也不是在装腔作势，因为即使女人极为无耻地欺骗了他人，她们在某种意义上还是会忠于她们自己，因为她们的一举一动受自然本能的支配。

It may have been that Delphine, who had allowed this young man to gain such an ascendency over her, conscious that she had been too demonstrative, was obeying a sentiment of dignity, and either

repented of her concessions, or it pleased her to suspend them.

德尔菲娜或许可以让这个青年对她占有支配地位，她意识到自己过去的感情太外露，有失尊严。她或许对自己的妥协感到后悔，或许暂停这些妥协让她感受到了愉悦。

It is so natural to a Parisienne, even when passion has almost mastered her, to hesitate and pause before taking the plunge; to probe the heart of him to whom she entrusts her future.

对于一个巴黎女人来说，即使激情控制了她的内心，在纵身一跃之前犹豫、停顿一下，对这个未来可以托付终身的男人内心试探一下，这些都是很自然的事。

And once already Mme. de Nucingen's hopes had been betrayed, and her loyalty to a selfish young lover had been despised.

而且德纽沁根夫人的希望曾经遭到过背叛——一个自私的年轻情人辜负了她对他的忠诚。

She had good reason to be suspicious.

她有充分的理由来怀疑别人。

Or it may have been that something in Eugene's manner (for his rapid success was making a coxcomb of him) had warned her that the grotesque nature of their position had lowered her somewhat in his eyes.

或许是欧仁行为中的有些东西（因为他迅速成功，让他变成了一个花花公子）警示了她，他们之间奇怪的地位关系已经稍微降低了她在欧仁眼中的地位。

She doubtless wished to assert her dignity; he was young, and she would be great in his eyes; for the lover who had forsaken her had held her so cheap that she was determined that Eugene should not think her an easy conquest, and for this very reason—he knew that de Marsay had been his predecessor.

她毫无疑问地想要坚持她的尊严。他年轻，所以在他的眼里她会很伟大。因为那个曾经抛弃她的情人把她看得微不足道，所以她下定决心不能让欧仁觉得她是一个容易征服的女人，而且正是因为这个原因——欧仁知道德马尔赛就是他的前任。

Finally, after the degradation of submission to the pleasure of a heartless young rake, it was so sweet to her to wander in the flower-strewn realms of love, that it was not wonderful that she should wish to dwell a while on the prospect, to tremble with the vibrations of love, to feel the freshness of the breath of its dawn.

她曾屈服于一个无情的年青浪荡子所带来的快乐。最终，在那次堕落之后，对她而言，在铺满鲜花的爱之国徜徉，是如此甜蜜。因此她希

望能够在这景色中呆一会儿，与爱的颤动一起颤抖，感受爱之黎明呼出的清新空气。

The true lover was suffering for the sins of the false.

真情人因为假情人的罪过而受着折磨。

This inconsistency is unfortunately only to be expected so long as men do not know how many flowers are mown down in a young woman's soul by the first stroke of treachery.

只要男人不知道一个年轻女人遭遇第一次背叛后灵魂中有多少花朵被割掉了，这种矛盾还将会不幸地出现。

Whatever her reasons may have been, Delphine was playing with Rastignac, and took pleasure in playing with him, doubtless because she felt sure of his love, and confident that she could put an end to the torture as soon as it was her royal pleasure to do so.

不管她的理由可能是什么，德尔菲娜在玩弄拉斯蒂涅的感情，并且因玩弄他而得到快乐。毫无疑问这是因为她确信欧仁爱她，她自信只要她乐意，就可以停止对他的折磨。

Eugene's self-love was engaged; he could not suffer his first passage of love to end in a defeat, and persisted in his suit like a sportsman determined to bring down at least one partridge to celebrate his first Feast of Saint-Hubert.

欧仁的自恋在发挥作用，他不能忍受他第一次恋爱就以失败收场。他坚持着他的追求，好像一个猎人下定决心要打下至少一只山鹑来庆祝他的第一个圣休伯特节（注："圣休伯特节"又称猎人节）一样。

The pressure of anxiety, his wounded self-love, his despair, real or feigned, drew him nearer and nearer to this woman.

他焦虑的压力、受伤的自恋和绝望，不管是真是假，都吸引着他离这个女人越来越近。

All Paris credited him with this conquest, and yet he was conscious that he had made no progress since the day when he saw Mme. de Nucingen for the first time.

所有巴黎人都以为他已经征服了德纽沁根夫人，但是他知道，从第一次见到她的那天起到现在，他没有取得任何进展。

He did not know as yet that a woman's coquetry is sometimes more delightful than the pleasure of secure possession of her love, and was possessed with helpless rage.

到现在为止，他还不知道，女人卖弄风情有时比安全地占有她的爱更令人愉快，因此他满腔怒火。

If, at this time, while she denied herself to love, Eugene gathered

the springtide spoils of his life, the fruit, somewhat sharp and green, and dearly bought, was no less delicious to the taste.

如果她在这个时候谢绝了爱，欧仁就会在年轻时拾起有些青涩而昂贵的果实，但是那些果实味道并不差。

There were moments when he had not a sou in his pockets, and at such times he thought in spite of his conscience of Vautrin's offer and the possibility of fortune by a marriage with Mlle. Taillefer.

有时他的口袋里没有一个苏，这时他会不顾良心的谴责而想到沃尔特兰的建议，想到他可能与塔耶费小姐结婚而获得财产。

Poverty would clamor so loudly that more than once he was on the point of yielding to the cunning temptations of the terrible sphinx, whose glance had so often exerted a strange spell over him.

贫穷如此大声地叫嚷着，以至于他不止一次地就要屈从于那些狡猾的诱惑了。可怕的斯芬克斯提出了那些诱惑，经常用目光对欧仁施加诡异的咒语。

Poiret and Mlle. Michonneau went up to their rooms; and Rastignac, thinking that he was alone with the women in the dining-room, sat between Mme. Vauquer and Mme. Couture, who was nodding over the woolen cuffs that she was knitting by the stove, and looked at Mlle. Taillefer so tenderly that she lowered her eyes.

普瓦雷和米绍诺小姐上楼回他们的房间了。拉斯蒂涅以为只有他和女人们在餐厅里了。他坐在沃盖夫人和库蒂尔夫人之间，库蒂尔夫人正在火炉边迷迷糊糊地织着羊毛袖口，他如此柔情地看着塔耶费小姐，以至于她垂下了眼睛。

"Can you be in trouble, M. Eugene?" Victorine said after a pause.

“您也有麻烦吗，欧仁先生？”维多琳停顿了一下之后说。

"Who has not his troubles?" answered Rastignac.

“谁没有他自己的麻烦呢？”拉斯蒂涅回答说。

"If we men were sure of being loved, sure of a devotion which would be our reward for the sacrifices which we are always ready to make, then perhaps we should have no troubles."

“如果我们这些随时准备作出牺牲的男人确信得到了爱，得到忠诚的爱作为牺牲的回报，那么也许我们就没有什么麻烦了。”

For answer Mlle. Taillefer only gave him a glance but it was impossible to mistake its meaning.

塔耶费小姐只是用眼神作出了回答，不过眼神里的答案却是一目了然。

"You, for instance, mademoiselle; you feel sure of your heart to-

day, but are you sure that it will never change?”

“比如说您吧，小姐，今天您确定您的心意，但是您能确定它永远不会变吗？”

A smile flitted over the poor girl's lips; it seemed as if a ray of light from her soul had lighted up her face.

一丝微笑掠过了这个可怜姑娘的唇边，看起来仿佛她灵魂里的一束光点亮了她的脸庞。

Eugene was dismayed at the sudden explosion of feeling caused by his words.

欧仁的话语引发了她感情的迸发，这让欧仁惊慌不已。

"Ah! but suppose," he said, "that you should be rich and happy to-morrow, suppose that a vast fortune dropped down from the clouds for you, would you still love the man whom you loved in your days of poverty?”

“啊！但是想想吧，”他说，“如果明天您会变得富有和幸福，如果您有一大笔财富从天而降，您还会爱那个在您贫困时爱着您的男人吗？”

A charming movement of the head was her only answer.

一个迷人的点头动作是她唯一的答案。

"Even if he were very poor?"

“即使他很穷？”

Again the same mute answer.

依然是同样无声的回答。

"What nonsense are you talking, you two?" exclaimed Mme. Vauquer.

“你们两个在胡扯什么呢？”沃盖夫人喊道。

"Never mind," answered Eugene; "we understand each other."

“没什么，”欧仁答道，“我们理解对方。”

"So there is to be an engagement of marriage between M. le Chevalier Eugene de Rastignac and Mlle. Victorine Taillefer, is there?"

“所以欧仁·德拉斯蒂涅骑士先生要和维多琳·塔耶费小姐快要订婚了，是吗？”

The words were uttered in Vautrin's deep voice, and Vautrin appeared at the door as he spoke.

这些话从沃尔特兰喉咙深处说出来，说着他出现在了门口。

"Oh! how you startled me!" Mme. Couture and Mme. Vauquer

exclaimed together.

“哦！你把我吓坏了！”库蒂尔夫人和沃盖夫人同时喊道。

"I might make a worse choice," said Rastignac, laughing.

“我也许会做出更坏的选择。”拉斯蒂涅边笑边说道。

Vautrin's voice had thrown him into the most painful agitation that he had yet known.

沃尔特兰的声音把他抛入了从未有过的痛苦和焦虑之中。

"No bad jokes, gentlemen!" said Mme. Couture.

“不要乱开玩笑，先生们！”库蒂尔夫人说，

"My dear, let us go upstairs."

“亲爱的，我们该上楼了。”

Mme. Vauquer followed the two ladies, meaning to pass the evening in their room, an arrangement that economized fire and candlelight.

沃盖夫人跟着两位夫人，打算在她们屋里打发这一夜，这样安排既可以省炭火，又可以省蜡烛。

Eugene and Vautrin were left alone.

现在，只剩下欧仁和沃尔特兰了。

"I felt sure you would come round to it," said the elder man with the coolness that nothing seemed to shake.

“我早就确信你终究会改变主意的。”长者用一种任何事都似乎无法撼动的冷静口吻说道，

"But stay a moment!

“但是先别走！

I have as much delicacy as anybody else.

我像其他任何人一样细心、谨慎。

Don't make up your mind on the spur of the moment; you are a little thrown off your balance just now.

不要因为此刻的刺激马上做决定，你刚刚有点情绪失控了。

You are in debt, and I want you to come over to my way of thinking after sober reflection, and not in a fit of passion or desperation.

你背了债，我想让你经过冷静的反思之后再来用我的思维方式想想，不要凭一时的激情或绝望行事。

Perhaps you want a thousand crowns.

也许你需要一千克朗。

There, you can have them if you like.”

给你，如果你喜欢你可以收下。”

The tempter took out a pocketbook, and drew thence three banknotes, which he fluttered before the student's eyes.

诱惑者拿出一个钱袋，从那里拿出三张钞票，在学生的眼前挥了挥。

Eugene was in a most painful dilemma.

欧仁处于最痛苦的困境之中了。

He had debts, debts of honor.

他欠了债，事关荣誉的债。

He owed a hundred louis to the Marquis d'Ajuda and to the Count de Trailles; he had not the money, and for this reason had not dared to go to Mme. de Restaud's house, where he was expected that evening.

他欠了德阿尤达侯爵和德特拉尔伯爵各一百金路易。他没有钱，所以不敢去德雷斯多夫人家，那天晚上他本该去那里的。

It was one of those informal gatherings where tea and little cakes are handed round, but where it is possible to lose six thousand francs at whist in the course of a night.

那是一个非正式聚会，主人会分发茶和小点心，但是在那里有可能因为玩一晚上惠斯特牌而输掉六千法郎。

"You must see," said Eugene, struggling to hide a convulsive tremor, "that after what has passed between us, I cannot possibly lay myself under any obligation to you."

“你知道，”欧仁说，同时挣扎着去掩饰一阵颤抖，“在我们之间发生了那些事之后，我不可能让自己欠你的债了。”

"Quite right; I should be sorry to hear you speak otherwise," answered the tempter.

“非常对，你要是不这样说，我才会觉得遗憾呢。”诱惑者答道，

"You are a fine young fellow, honorable, brave as a lion, and as gentle as a young girl.

“你是一个好小伙，高风亮节，像狮子一样勇敢，又像少女一样温柔。

You would be a fine haul for the devil!

你会成为魔鬼极好的猎物！

I like youngsters of your sort.

我喜欢你这样的年轻人。

Get rid of one or two more prejudices, and you will see the world as it is.

再摆脱一两个成见，你就会看到这个世界的真实面目了。

Make a little scene now and then, and act a virtuous part in it, and a man with a head on his shoulders can do exactly as he likes amid deafening applause from the fools in the gallery.

时不时地摆摆样子，并在其中表现出你的美德——一个有脑子的人能做任何他想做的事，而且还能博得全场傻瓜们震耳欲聋的掌声。

Ah! a few days yet, and you will be with us; and if you would only be tutored by me, I would put you in the way of achieving all your ambitions.

啊！过不了几天，你就会和我们在一起了。只要你愿意听我的教导，我就会让你踏上实现你所有雄心壮志的大道。

You should no sooner form a wish than it should be realized to the full; you should have all your desires—honors, wealth, or women.

你一有了愿望，就会马上实现，你会得到所有你渴望的东西——荣誉、财富，还有女人。

Civilization should flow with milk and honey for you.

文明会带着各种各样的享受向你涌来。

You should be our pet and favorite, our Benjamin.

你会成为我们的宠儿、我们的便雅悯。

We would all work ourselves to death for you with pleasure; every obstacle should be removed from your path.

我们都会心甘情愿地为了你而拼命努力，为你清除你道路上的每一个障碍。

You have a few prejudices left; so you think that I am a scoundrel, do you?

你仍怀有一些成见，所以你认为我是个恶棍，是吗？

Well, M. de Turenne, quite as honorable a man as you take yourself to be, had some little private transactions with bandits, and did not feel that his honor was tarnished.

好吧，就像你自诩的那样，德蒂雷纳先生也是个正人君子，可他与强盗有些许私人事务往来，但他并不觉得这有损他的体面。

You would rather not lie under any obligation to me, eh?

你宁愿不欠我任何债，是吗？

You need not draw back on that account," Vautrin went on, and a smile stole over his lips.

你不用因为那个原因而退缩。”沃尔特兰继续说道，一丝微笑偷偷浮上了他的嘴角，

"Take these bits of paper and write across this," he added, producing a piece of stamped paper, "*Accepted the sum of three thousand five hundred francs due this day twelvemonth*, and fill in the date.

“收下这点钱吧，然后在这张纸上写，”他补充道，同时拿出一张盖了戳的纸，“‘接受这笔三千五百法郎的借款，一年后的这天还清’，再填上日期。

The rate of interest is stiff enough to silence any scruples on your part; it gives you the right to call me a Jew.

这笔钱的利息率高到足以打消你的任何的顾虑，让你有权说我是一个犹太人。

You can call quits with me on the score of gratitude.

我们两清了，你不用感激我了。

I am quite willing that you should despise me to-day, because I am sure that you will have a kindlier feeling towards me later on.

我今天心甘情愿被你鄙视，因为我确信不久以后你就会对我产生好感。

You will find out fathomless depths in my nature, enormous and concentrated forces that weaklings call vices, but you will never find me base or ungrateful.

你会发现我本性深不可测，拥有巨大而集中的力量。弱者会说这是种罪恶，但你永远不会觉得我卑鄙或者冷漠无情。

In short, I am neither a pawn nor a bishop, but a castle, a tower of strength, my boy.”

简而言之，我既不是卒也不是象，而是车，是一座充满力量的城堡，我的孩子。”

"What manner of man are you?" cried Eugene.

“你是什么样的人啊？”欧仁呼喊道，

"Were you created to torment me?"

“你生来就是为了折磨我吗？”

"Why no; I am a good-natured fellow, who is willing to do a dirty piece of work to put you high and dry above the mire for the rest of your days.

“怎么会呢，我是一个愿意去做一件肮脏的事的好心人，只是为了让你从此之后能够远离那片泥潭。

Do you ask the reason of this devotion?

你是问这种奉献的原因吗？

All right; I will tell you that some of these days.

好吧，我以后会告诉你。

A word or two in your ear will explain it.

我在你耳边说上三言两语就能解释这一切。

I have begun by shocking you, by showing you the way to ring the changes, and giving you a sight of the mechanism of the social machine; but your first fright will go off like a conscript's terror on the battlefield.

我以给你震惊开始，以给你指出改变的道路开始，以向你展示社会机器的机制开始。但是就像战场上的新兵一样，你最初的惊骇很快就会消失。

You will grow used to regarding men as common soldiers who have made up their minds to lose their lives for some self-constituted king.

你会变得习惯于把人们看作普通的士兵，他们已经打定主意，要为某个自封的国王而丢掉性命。

Times have altered strangely.

时代已经奇怪地改变了。

Once you could say to a bravo, 'Here are a hundred crowns; go and kill Monsieur So-and-so for me,' and you could sup quietly after turning some one off into the dark for the least thing in the world.

曾经你可以对一个亡命徒说，‘这里是一百克朗，去替我把某某先生杀掉’，而在因为世界上最微不足道的事情把一个人打发到黑暗中去之后，你仍可以平静地吃晚餐。

But nowadays I propose to put you in the way of a handsome fortune; you have only to nod your head, it won't compromise you in any way, and you hesitate.

但是现在我打算把你推上通往大笔财富的道路；你只需要点点头，不必做任何的妥协，你却犹豫不决。

'Tis an effeminate age."

你这个年纪的人太缺乏勇气了。”

Eugene accepted the draft, and received the banknotes in exchange for it.

欧仁拿过借条，换来了钞票。

"Well, well.

“很好，很好。

Come, now, let us talk rationally," Vautrin continued.

过来吧，现在，让我们理智地谈谈。”沃尔特兰接着说，

"I mean to leave this country in a few months' time for America, and set about planting tobacco.

“我打算几个月之内就离开这个国家去美国开始种植烟草。

I will send you the cigars of friendship.

我会给你寄来代表友谊的雪茄。

If I make money at it, I will help you in your career.

如果我能通过这个挣了钱，我会在你的事业上帮助你。

If I have no children—which will probably be the case, for I have no anxiety to raise slips of myself here—you shall inherit my fortune.

如果我没有孩子——很有可能是这种情况，因为我并不渴望养育自己的孩子——你将继承我的财产。

That is what you may call standing by a man; but I myself have a liking for you.

你可能会说这就是支持一个人的表现，但是我喜欢你。

I have a mania, too, for devoting myself to some one else.

我还有种狂热，那就是为其他某个人奉献自己。

I have done it before.

我从前就曾经这么做过。

You see, my boy, I live in a loftier sphere than other men do; I look on all actions as means to an end, and the end is all that I look at.

你看，年轻人，相比其他人，我的生活圈子更高。我把所有行动都看成是达到目的的手段，而且我只着眼于目的。

What is a man's life to me?

一个人的生命对我来说是什么呢？

Not *that*," he said, and he snapped his thumb-nail against his teeth.

没那么复杂。”他说着用牙齿猛咬了一下拇指指甲，

"A man, in short, is everything to me, or just nothing at all.

“简而言之，一个人，对我来说要不就是一切，要不就一文不名。

Less than nothing if his name happens to be Poiret; you can crush him like a bug, he is flat and he is offensive.

要是这人刚好叫普瓦雷，那他连一文不名都算不上，你可以像碾死一只臭虫那样碾死他，他平凡无奇、令人讨厌。

But a man is a god when he is like you; he is not a machine covered with a skin, but a theatre in which the greatest sentiments are displayed—great thoughts and feelings—and for these, and these only, I live.

但是当一个人像你一样的时候，他就是上帝，他不是披着人皮的一架机器，而是一个展现了最伟大情感的剧院——伟大的思想和情感——我就是为这些，也只为这些而活着。

A sentiment—what is that but the whole world in a thought?

一种情感——整个世界不就是存在于一念之间吗？

Look at Father Goriot.

你看看高老头。

For him, his two girls are the whole universe; they are the clue by which he finds his way through creation.

对他来说，他的两个女儿就是整个世界，她们就是线索，帮助他通过创造找到自己的生活之路。

Well, for my own part, I have fathomed the depths of life, there is only one real sentiment—comradeship between man and man.

那么，对我来说，我已经参透了生命的深度。这世上只存在一种真正的情感——男人之间同志般的情谊。

Pierre and Jaffier, that is my passion.

皮埃尔和耶非哀，那是我的激情。

I knew *Venice Preserved* by heart.

我能背出《得救的威尼斯》。

Have you met many men plucky enough when a comrade says, 'Let us bury a dead body!' to go and do it without a word or plaguing him by taking a high moral tone?

当一个同伴对你说，‘我们把这个尸体埋了吧’，你就去干了，什么都不说，也不拿着一副高尚情操的腔调对他说教，你见过这么有勇气的人吗？

I have done it myself.

我就这么干过。

I should not talk like this to just everybody, but you are not like an ordinary man; one can talk to you, you can understand things.

我不应该对每个人都这么说，但是你不是一个普通人。我可以对你说，因为你能明白这些。

You will not dabble about much longer among the tadpoles in these swamps.

你不会在这些沼泽里的蝌蚪中玩太久。

Well, then, it is all settled.

那么，好吧，事情已经定下来了。

You will marry.

你会结婚。

Both of us carry our point.

我们都有说服对方的观点。

Mine is made of iron, and will never soften, he! he!”

我的是用铁做的，永远不会变软，嘿！嘿！”

Vautrin went out.

沃尔特兰出去了。

He would not wait to hear the student's repudiation, he wished to put Eugene at his ease.

他不想等着听学生的批判，他希望让欧仁自己安静地想想。

He seemed to understand the secret springs of the faint resistance still made by the younger man; the struggles in which men seek to preserve their self-respect by justifying their blameworthy actions to themselves.

他似乎理解到了这个年轻人仍然怀有未表达出来的、微弱的抵抗情绪。在这些斗争中，人们通过对自己该受责备的行为进行开脱以保持他们的自尊心。

"He may do as he likes; I shall not marry Mlle. Taillefer, that is certain," said Eugene to himself.

“他愿意干什么就干什么，我不会和塔耶费小姐结婚，这是肯定的。”欧仁对自己说。

He regarded this man with abhorrence, and yet the very cynicism of Vautrin's ideas, and the audacious way in which he used other men

for his own ends, raised him in the student's eyes; but the thought of a compact threw Eugene into a fever of apprehension, and not until he had recovered somewhat did he dress, call for a cab, and go to Mme. de Restaud's.

他充满憎恶地看待这个人，但是沃尔特兰思想的玩世不恭，还有他大胆地利用其他人以达到自己目的的方式，提升了他在学生眼中的地位。但是想到这个契约，欧仁就觉得忧惧不安，直到他稍微恢复之后才穿好衣服，叫了一辆出租马车，去德雷斯多夫人家了。

For some days the Countess had paid more and more attention to a young man whose every step seemed a triumphal progress in the great world; it seemed to her that he might be a formidable power before long.

这些天以来，伯爵夫人越来越多地注意到了这个年轻人，他的每一步似乎都是在这个伟大世界里的胜利前进。她似乎觉得，他也许不久之后就会成为一个强大的人物。

He paid Messieurs de Trailles and d'Ajuda, played at whist for part of the evening, and made good his losses.

他付清了欠德特拉尔先生和德阿尤达先生的钱，玩了半夜惠斯特牌，把输掉的钱赢回来了。

Most men who have their way to make are more or less of fatalists, and Eugene was superstitious; he chose to consider that his luck was heaven's reward for his perseverance in the right way.

绝大多数想要有所作为的人或多或少都是宿命论者，欧仁也很迷信。他宁愿相信他的好运是上天对他坚持正确道路的回报。

As soon as possible on the following morning he asked Vautrin whether the bill he had given was still in the other's possession; and on receiving a reply in the affirmative, he repaid the three thousand francs with a not unnatural relief.

第二天一早，他就尽快地问沃尔特兰，自己给的借据是否还在他的手里，得到肯定回复后，他便不无释然地把三千法郎还给了他。

"Everything is going on well," said Vautrin.

“事情进展很顺利，”沃尔特兰说。

"But I am not your accomplice," said Eugene.

“但我不是你的同党。”欧仁说。

"I know, I know," Vautrin broke in.

“我知道，我知道。”沃尔特兰打断了他的话，

"You are still acting like a child.

“你仍然表现得像个孩子。

You are making mountains out of molehills at the outset.”

你当初小题大做了。”

Two days later, Poiret and Mlle. Michonneau were sitting together on a bench in the sun.

两天之后，普瓦雷和米绍诺小姐一起坐在太阳下的一张长椅上。

They had chosen a little frequented alley in the Jardin des Plantes, and a gentleman was chatting with them, the same person, as a matter of fact, about whom the medical student had, not without good reason, his own suspicions.

他们选择了植物园里一条人迹罕至的小径，一位绅士正在和他们聊天。事实上，这位绅士正是让医科学生有充分理由怀疑的那个人。

"Mademoiselle," this M. Gondureau was saying, "I do not see any cause for your scruples.

“小姐，”这位龚杜罗先生说，“我不知道您犹豫的原因。

His Excellency, Monseigneur the Minister of Police—” "Yes, his Excellency is taking a personal interest in the matter," said Gondureau.

阁下，警察部长阁下——”“是的，部长阁下本人对这件事很有兴趣。”龚杜罗说道。

Who would think it probable that Poiret, a retired clerk, doubtless possessed of some notions of civic virtue, though there might be nothing else in his head—who would think it likely that such a man would continue to lend an ear to this supposed independent gentleman of the Rue de Buffon, when the latter dropped the mask of a decent citizen by that word "police," and gave a glimpse of the features of a detective from the Rue de Jerusalem?

龚杜罗这个人可能是布丰街上一位具有独立见解的绅士，长得很像来自耶路撒冷街的侦探，在他用“警察”这个词卸下正派市民的面具后，谁会想到普瓦雷，一个退休的小职员——无疑具有一些符合公民道德的想法，此外就头脑空空——会继续倾听他的言论呢？

And yet nothing was more natural.

但是没有什么比这更自然了。

Perhaps the following remarks from the hitherto unpublished records made by certain observers will throw a light on the particular species to which Poiret belonged in the great family of fools.

也许以下一些言论可以阐明普瓦雷属于傻瓜大家庭中的哪一个特殊种族。这些言论由某些观察者得出，但迄今为止尚未发表。

There is a race of quill-drivers, confined in the columns of the budget between the first degree of latitude (a kind of administrative Greenland where the salaries begin at twelve hundred francs) to the third degree, a more temperate zone, where incomes grow from three to six thousand francs, a climate where the *bonus* flourishes like a half-hardy annual in spite of some difficulties of culture.

有一个耍笔杆的种族，他们的预算被限制在北纬一度（如同有政府管理的格陵兰岛一样。在那里，工资一开始是一千两百法郎）到北纬三度之间——那是一个更温和的地带，在那里收入增加到三千到六千法郎。在这种气候里，奖金就像一种半耐寒性的一年生植物，尽管有一些种植上的困难，但还是繁荣、茂盛。

A characteristic trait that best reveals the feeble narrow-mindedness of these inhabitants of petty officialdom is a kind of involuntary, mechanical, and instinctive reverence for the Grand Lama of every Ministry, known to the rank and file only by his signature (an illegible scrawl) and by his title—"His Excellency Monseigneur le Ministre," five words which produce as much effect as the il Bondo Cani *of the* Calife de Bagdad, five words which in the eyes of this low order of intelligence represent a sacred power from which there is no appeal.

一个典型的特点能够最好地揭示卑微官场中那些居民的懦弱和心胸狭窄。这个特点就是对每个部门的大领导有着一种不由自主、机械和本能的敬畏，普通人只认识他的签名（一些难以辨认的潦草笔迹）和他的头衔——“某某部长阁下”这几个字能够产生“巴格达哈里发的邦多特使”可以创造出的效果。后面这几个字在这些智力低下之人的眼中代表了一种无法抗拒的神圣权力。

The Minister is administratively infallible for the clerks in the employ of the Government, as the Pope is infallible for good Catholics.

对于受雇于政府的小职员来说，部长在行政上一贯正确，就像虔诚的天主教徒认为罗马教皇永无谬误那样。

Something of this peculiar radiance invests everything he does or says, or that is said or done in his name; the robe of office covers everything and legalizes everything done by his orders; does not his very title—His Excellency—vouch for the purity of his intentions and the righteousness of his will, and serve as a sort of passport and introduction to ideas that otherwise would not be entertained for a moment?

他所做或者所说的一切都被赋予了几分这种特殊的光辉；办公室制服掩盖住了一切并且使他下命令做的任何事变得合法；不正是他的头衔——阁下——确保了他目的纯正、意志正直吗？不正是他的头衔成为了那些一时半会无法被采纳想法的通行证和介绍信吗？

Pronounce the words "His Excellency," and these poor folk will forthwith proceed to do what they would not do for their own interests.

说出“阁下”这个词，这些可怜人就会立刻去做他们为了自身利益而不愿去做的事。

Passive obedience is as well known in a Government department as in the army itself; and the administrative system silences consciences, annihilates the individual, and ends (give it time enough) by fashioning a man into a vise or a thumbscrew, and he becomes part of the machinery of Government.

在政府部门中，绝对服从像在军队之中一样被人熟知。行政系统泯灭良心、消灭个性，最后（要是时间足够的话）将一个人加工成一个老虎钳或者拇指夹，而这个人就成为了政府机器中的一部分了。

Wherefore, M. Gondureau, who seemed to know something of human nature, recognized Poiret at once as one of those dupes of officialdom, and brought out for his benefit, at the proper moment, the *deus ex machina*, the magical words "His Excellency," so as to dazzle Poiret just as he himself unmasked his batteries, for he took Poiret and the Michonneau for the male and female of the same species.

因此，看起来深谙人性的龚杜罗先生立即认清了普瓦雷的本质，知道他是一个被官僚作风玩弄的人，所以在恰当的时机为了自己的利益而搬出了解围的字眼——神奇的“阁下”二字，来迷惑普瓦雷，正像他自己去掉枪炮遮盖物，露出进攻的本性一样，因为他认为普瓦罗和米绍诺属于同一类物种，只有雄性和雌性之差罢了。

"If his Excellency himself, his Excellency the Minister... Ah! that is quite another thing," said Poiret.

“要是阁下本人，部长阁下……啊！那事情就完全不一样了。”普瓦雷说。

"You seem to be guided by this gentleman's opinion, and you hear what he says," said the man of independent means, addressing Mlle. Michonneau.

“你似乎被这位先生的思想引导了，您听见他说什么了。”独立派的先生对米绍诺小姐说道，

"Very well, his Excellency is at this moment absolutely certain that the so-called Vautrin, who lodges at the Maison Vauquer, is a convict who escaped from penal servitude at Toulon, where he is known by the nickname *Trompe-la-Mort*."

“很好，部长阁下此时已经完全确定住在‘沃盖之家’中那个所谓的沃尔特兰，就是从土伦苦役监狱中逃出来的犯人，绰号‘鬼上当’。”

"Trompe-la-Mort?" said Pioret.

“‘鬼上当’？”普瓦雷说，

"Dear me, he is very lucky if he deserves that nickname."

“天啊，要是那样的绰号他当之无愧，他的运气一定很好了。”

"Well, yes," said the detective.

“恩，是的。”这个侦探说，

"They call him so because he has been so lucky as not to lose his life in the very risky businesses that he has carried through.

“他们这样叫他是因为他运气非常好，能在他进行的几桩大风险买卖中保住性命。

He is a dangerous man, you see!

你知道，他是个危险人物！

He has qualities that are out of the common; the thing he is wanted for, in fact, was a matter which gained him no end of credit with his own set—" "Then is he a man of honor?" asked Poiret.

他有异于常人的品质。事实上，他特有的东西就是一种能为他在他的圈子里赢得无穷无尽声望的品质——”“那么他是一个很有声望的人？”普瓦雷问。

"Yes, according to his notions.

“在他自己的观念里，是的。

He agreed to take another man's crime upon himself—a forgery committed by a very handsome young fellow that he had taken a great fancy to, a young Italian, a bit of a gambler, who has since gone into the army, where his conduct has been unexceptionable.”

他同意帮另外一个人顶下罪名——伪造罪。犯罪人是一个非常英俊的年轻家伙，沃尔特兰很喜欢那个有点好赌的意大利年轻人。自那之后，年轻人就参了军，在那里他的行为简直无懈可击。”

"But if his Excellency the Minister of Police is certain that M. Vautrin is this *Trompe-la-Mort*, why should he want me?" asked Mlle. Michonneau.

“但要是警局部长阁下确定沃尔特兰先生就是这个‘鬼上当’，那他为什么还需要我呢？”米绍诺小姐问。

"Oh yes," said Poiret, "if the Minister, as you have been so obliging as to tell us, really knows for a certainty—" "Certainty is not the word; he only suspects.

“哦，没错，”普瓦雷说，“正如你那么乐于告诉我们这件事，要是部

长真的确定了——”“不能说确定，他只是怀疑。

You will soon understand how things are.

你很快就会明白事情是怎样了。

Jacques Collin, nicknamed *Trompe-la-Mort*, is in the confidence of every convict in the three prisons; he is their man of business and their banker.

雅克·科兰，绰号‘鬼上当’，三个监狱中每一个犯人都信任他，他是他们的经纪人和银行家。

He makes a very good thing out of managing their affairs, which want a *man of mark* to see about them.”

他通过管理他们的事务大获好处，那些事务也需要一个‘杰出人物’来打理。”

"Ha! ha! Do you see the pun, mademoiselle?" asked Poiret.

“哈！哈！您听出这个双关语了没，小姐？”普瓦雷问。

"This gentleman calls himself a *man of mark* because he is a *marked man*—branded, you know.”

“这位先生称自己为‘杰出人物’，因为他就是个打了‘标记’的人（注：原文中‘标记’和‘杰出’都是用mark这个词来表示的）——是有标签的人，你知道吧。”

"This so-called Vautrin," said the detective, "receives the money belonging to my lords the convicts, invests it for them, and holds it at the disposal of those who escape, or hands it over to their families if they leave a will, or to their mistresses when they draw upon him for their benefit."

“这位所谓的沃尔特兰，”这位侦探说，“收下属于我那些罪犯大人们的钱，为他们投资，或者交由那些越狱犯支配，或者遵从他们的遗嘱将钱交给他们的家人，或者交给他们的情妇，这些女人只是利用他占那些人的便宜罢了。”

"Their mistresses!

“他们的情妇！

You mean their wives," remarked Poiret.

你是说他们的老婆。”普瓦雷说。

"No, sir.

“不，先生。

A convict's wife is usually an illegitimate connection.

罪犯的老婆通常是不合法的关系。

We call them concubines.”

我们称她们为姘妇。”

"Then they all live in a state of concubinage?"

“那么她们都生活在姘居状态？”

"Naturally."

“那是自然。”

"Why, these are abominations that his Excellency ought not to allow.

“哦，这些是阁下大人应该禁止的可憎之事。

Since you have the honor of seeing his Excellency, you, who seem to have philanthropic ideas, ought really to enlighten him as to their immoral conduct—they are setting a shocking example to the rest of society.”

既然您能有此荣幸见到部长阁下，看起来有着博爱之心的您，真的应该让他知道这些放荡的行为——他们向社会上的其他人树立了如此骇人听闻的坏榜样。”

"But the Government does not hold them up as models of all the virtues, my dear sir—” "Of course not, sir; but still—” "Just let the gentleman say what he has to say, dearie," said Mlle. Michonneau.

“但是政府是不会将他们当做道德楷模的，我亲爱的先生——”“当然不会，先生，但是仍然——”“就让这位先生把话说完吧，宝贝。”米绍诺小姐说。

"You see how it is, mademoiselle," Gondureau continued.

“您知道事情是怎样的，小姐。”龚杜罗继续说道，

"The Government may have the strongest reasons for getting this illicit hoard into its hands; it mounts up to something considerable, by all that we can make out.

“政府有充分的理由将这些非法所得充公。据我们所知，这些钱数额巨大。

Trompe-la-Mort not only holds large sums for his friends the convicts, but he has other amounts which are paid over to him by the Society of the Ten Thousand—” "Ten Thousand Thieves!" cried Pioret in alarm.

‘鬼上当’不只为他的罪犯朋友们保管大量的财产，他还接受了一个叫‘万人帮’的社团付给他的钱——”“上万个小偷！”普瓦罗喊道。

"No.

“不。

The Society of the Ten Thousand is not an association of petty offenders, but of people who set about their work on a large scale—they won't touch a matter unless there are ten thousand francs in it.

‘万人帮’可不是小混混组成的社团，那些人只做大单生意——他们从不碰一万法郎以下的生意。

It is composed of the most distinguished of the men who are sent straight to the Assize Courts when they come up for trial.

社团成员都是那些受审时直接被送上巡回法庭的人，而且还是里面最杰出的人。

They know the *Code* too well to risk their necks when they are nabbed.

他们熟读《法典》，所以就算被抓也不至于掉脑袋。

Collin is their confidential agent and legal adviser.

科兰是他们信任的代理人兼法律顾问。

By means of the large sums of money at his disposal he has established a sort of detective system of his own; it is widespread and mysterious in its workings.

他通过可由他支配的大量资金建立起他自己的侦查系统，其网络分布广泛、运作神秘。

We have had spies all about him for a twelvemonth, and yet we could not manage to fathom his games.

我们有间谍专门跟了他一年，但是我们还是没有摸清他的把戏。

His capital and his cleverness are at the service of vice and crime; this money furnishes the necessary funds for a regular army of blackguards in his pay who wage incessant war against society.

他的资本和聪明才智都用于为恶势力和罪犯服务了。这些钱足以应付将恶棍组成常规军所需的必要支出了，那些恶棍在他的雇佣下向社会反复发动进攻。

If we can catch Trompe-la-Mort, and take possession of his funds, we should strike at the root of this evil.

要是我们能抓住‘鬼上当’，没收他的资金，我们就能打击这股邪恶势力的根基了。

So this job is a kind of Government affair—a State secret—and likely to redound to the honor of those who bring the thing to a successful conclusion.

所以这项工作是一项政府要务——国家机密——很可能使成功完成

这项工作的人获得荣誉。

You, sir, for instance, might very well be taken into a Government department again; they might make you secretary to a Commissary of Police; you could accept that post without prejudice to your retiring pension.”

比如说，先生您，可能再次回到政府部门工作。他们也许会任命您为警察局的军需官，您可以接受那个职位，而且养老金不受任何影响。”

Mlle. Michonneau interposed at this point with, "What is there to hinder Trompe-la-Mort from making off with the money?”

米绍诺小姐这时插话说：“那是什么阻碍了‘鬼上当’带着钱逃跑呢？”

"Oh!" said the detective, "a man is told off to follow him everywhere he goes, with orders to kill him if he were to rob the convicts.

“哦！”侦探说，“那些罪犯派了一个人随时随地都跟着他，还下了命令，要是他敢侵吞他们的财产，就杀了他。

Then it is not quite as easy to make off with a lot of money as it is to run away with a young lady of family.

携巨款潜逃可不像带着名门望族的一位年轻姑娘私奔那么容易。

Besides, Collin is not the sort of fellow to play such a trick; he would be disgraced, according to his notions.”

除此之外，科兰也不是那种会使出这种招数的人。在他的观念中，他觉得那样做自己会身败名裂。”

"You are quite right, sir," said Poiret, "utterly disgraced he would be."

“您说得很对，先生。”普瓦雷说，“他会彻底身败名裂的。”

"But none of all this explains why you do not come and take him without more ado," remarked Mlle. Michonneau.

“但是这些都不能解释您为什么不立即去抓他。”米绍诺小姐说。

"Very well, mademoiselle, I will explain—but," he added in her ear, "keep your companion quiet, or I shall never have done.

“很好，小姐，我会解释——但是，”他在她耳边补充说，“让您的同伴保持安静，要不然我永远都说不完。

The old boy ought to pay people handsomely for listening to him. — Trompe-la-Mort, when he came back here," he went on aloud "slipped into the skin of an honest man; he turned up disguised as a decent Parisian citizen, and took up his quarters in an unpretending lodging-house.

这老家伙应该花大价钱叫人听他讲话——当‘鬼上当’回到这里的时候，”他继续大声说道，“他披上诚实之人的外壳，伪装成了一个体面的巴黎公民，还住进了一个很一般的旅馆。

He is cunning, that he is!

他非常狡猾，这就是他！

You don't catch him napping.

你不会抓到他的弱点。

Then M. Vautrin is a man of consequence, who transacts a good deal of business.”

所以沃尔特兰先生是一位很重要的人物，他做了许多生意。”

"Naturally," said Poiret to himself.

“那是自然。”普瓦雷自言自语道。

"And suppose that the Minister were to make a mistake and get hold of the real Vautrin, he would put every one's back up among the business men in Paris, and public opinion would be against him.

“设想要是部长犯了错误，抓住了真的沃尔特兰，他会得罪巴黎每一个支持他的商人，公众舆论也会反对他。

M. le Prefet de Police is on slippery ground; he has enemies.

警察局长先生的地位就岌岌可危。他有他的敌人。

They would take advantage of any mistake.

他们会利用一切过失。

There would be a fine outcry and fuss made by the Opposition, and he would be sent packing.

反对派会大声疾呼，抗议反对，之后他就会打包回家了。

We must set about this just as we did about the Coignard affair, the sham Comte de Sainte-Helene; if he had been the real Comte de Sainte-Helene, we should have been in the wrong box.

我们着手处理这件事时，必须像我们处理夸尼亚尔事件和假德圣埃莱娜伯爵案件时那样做，如果他是真的德圣埃莱娜伯爵，我们就走错方向了。

We want to be quite sure what we are about.”

我们想彻底确定我们现在处理的这件事。”

"Yes, but what you want is a pretty woman," said Mlle. Michonneau briskly.

“是的，但是您需要的是一个漂亮女人。”米绍诺小姐兴奋地说。

"Trompe-la-Mort would not let a woman come near him," said the detective.

“‘鬼上当’不会让一个女人靠近他。”侦探说道，

"I will tell you a secret—he does not like them.”

“我要告诉你们一个秘密——他不喜欢女人。”

"Still, I do not see what I can do, supposing that I did agree to identify him for two thousand francs."

“假如我同意了以两千法郎的价钱指证他，但我还是不明白我能做些什么。”

"Nothing simpler," said the stranger.

“再简单不过了，”这个陌生人说，

"I will send you a little bottle containing a dose that will send a rush of blood to the head; it will do him no harm whatever, but he will fall down as if he were in a fit.

“我会寄给您一个小盒子，那里有一剂药会令大脑充血；但是不管怎样，这不会对他造成伤害，只不过他会昏厥倒下去。

The drug can be put into wine or coffee; either will do equally well.

这种药可以放进酒或咖啡中，两种方法效果一样好。

You carry your man to bed at once, and undress him to see that he is not dying.

你要立即把他抬到床上，解开他的衣服看看他有没有死。

As soon as you are alone, you give him a slap on the shoulder, and *presto!* the letters will appear.”

你们一旦独处时，就拍打他的肩膀，那些字母就啪的一下现出来了。”

"Why, that is just nothing at all," said Poiret.

“那么，这根本不算什么事。”普瓦雷说道。

"Well, do you agree?" said Gondureau, addressing the old maid.

“那么，您答应吗？”龚杜罗对这个老姑娘说道。

"But, my dear sir, suppose there are no letters at all," said Mlle. Michonneau; "am I to have the two thousand francs all the same?"

“但是，我亲爱的先生，要是根本没有字母，”米绍诺小姐说道，“我是不是一样能拿到两千法郎呢？”

"No."

“不是的。”

"What will you give me then?"

“那您会给我什么呢？”

"Five hundred francs."

“五百法郎。”

"It is such a thing to do for so little!

“做这样的事就得这么点钱！

It lies on your conscience just the same, and I must quiet my conscience, sir.”

这一样取决于您的良心，我也得对得起我的良心才行，先生。”

"I assure you," said Poiret, "that mademoiselle has a great deal of conscience, and not only so, she is a very amiable person, and very intelligent."

“我向您保证，”普瓦雷说，“这位小姐是很有良心的人，而且不止如此，她也是个和蔼可亲、聪明伶俐的人。”

"Well, now," Mlle. Michonneau went on, "make it three thousand francs if he is Trompe-la-Mort, and nothing at all if he is an ordinary man.”

“那么，这样吧，”米绍诺小姐继续说，“要是他是‘鬼上当’，就给我三千法郎，要是他只是普通人，我一分钱也不要。”

"Done!" said Gondureau, "but on the condition that the thing is settled to-morrow.”

“成交！”龚杜罗说道，“但前提条件就是这件事明天就要办成。”

"Not quite so soon, my dear sir; I must consult my confessor first."

“不要那么急，我亲爱的先生，我必须先向我的神父忏悔。”

"You are a sly one," said the detective as he rose to his feet.

“你这个狡猾的人。”侦探说着站起身来。

"Good-bye till to-morrow, then.

“那么明天见。

And if you should want to see me in a hurry, go to the Petite Rue Saint-Anne at the bottom of the Cour de la Sainte-Chapelle.

要是你们赶着要见我，去圣夏佩尔大教堂的院子，走到底有一条圣安妮小街。

There is one door under the archway.

拱门下有一扇门。

Ask there for M. Gondureau.”

去那里找龚杜罗先生。”

Bianchon, on his way back from Cuvier's lecture, overheard the sufficiently striking nickname of *Trompe-la-Mort*, and caught the celebrated chief detective's "*Done!*” "Why didn't you close with him?

比安卡肖恩上完居维叶的课，在回来的路上，不经意听到“鬼上当”这个引人注目的绰号，也听到这位著名探长说“成交”。“你怎么没答应他呢？

It would be three hundred francs a year," said Poiret to Mlle. Michonneau.

那意味着一年三百法郎啊。”普瓦雷对米绍诺小街说。

"Why didn't I?" she asked.

“我为什么没有答应？”她问道，

"Why, it wants thinking over.

“为什么，我们需要重新考虑。

Suppose that M. Vautrin is this Trompe-la-Mort, perhaps we might do better for ourselves with him.

要是沃尔特兰先生就是这个‘鬼上当’，说不定我们和他交易得到的利益更大。

Still, on the other hand, if you ask him for money, it would put him on his guard, and he is just the man to clear out without paying, and that would be an abominable sell.”

但是，另一方面，要是你向他要钱，就会让他起了戒心，他就是那种不付钱就逃跑的人，这就成了一桩让人厌恶的买卖了。”

"And suppose you did warn him," Poiret went on, "didn't that gentleman say that he was closely watched?

“假如你向他发出警告，”普瓦雷继续说，“那位先生不是说，他被密切监视了吗？

You would spoil everything.”

你会搞砸所有事。”

"Anyhow," thought Mlle. Michonneau, "I can't abide him.

“无论如何，”米绍诺小姐想，“我忍受不了他。

He says nothing but disagreeable things to me.”

他说的全都是让我不高兴的话。”

"But you can do better than that," Poiret resumed.

“但是比起那样做，你可以做得更好。”普瓦雷继续说道，

"As that gentleman said (and he seemed to me to be a very good sort of man, besides being very well got up), it is an act of obedience to the laws to rid society of a criminal, however virtuous he may be.

“就如那位先生所说（在我看来，他是一个很不错的人，而且衣着也很得体），无论他多么高尚，这都是一次服从法律、为社会消灭罪恶的行动。

Once a thief, always a thief.

一朝偷窃，终身为贼。

Suppose he were to take it into his head to murder us all?

要是他突然想到要把我们全都杀了呢？

The deuce!

糟糕！

We should be guilty of manslaughter, and be the first to fall victims into the bargain!”

我们会被指控犯杀人罪，而且首先成为这桩交易的受害人。”

Mlle. Michonneau's musings did not permit her to listen very closely to the remarks that fell one by one from Poiret's lips like water dripping from a leaky tap.

米绍诺小姐沉浸于思考之中，没有仔细听普瓦雷的话，那些话一句接着一句从他嘴里说出来，就好像水从一个漏水的水龙头滴出来一样。

When once this elderly babbler began to talk, he would go on like clockwork unless Mlle. Michonneau stopped him.

一旦这个唠唠叨叨的老头开始说话，他会像钟表一样一直说下去，除非米绍诺小姐制止他。

He started on some subject or other, and wandered on through parenthesis after parenthesis, till he came to regions as remote as possible from his premises without coming to any conclusions by the way.

他以某一个主题开始，此后一个插入语接一个插入语地开始跑题，他跑题跑得毫无边际，也得不出任何结论。

By the time they reached the Maison Vauquer he had tacked together a whole string of examples and quotations more or less irrelevant to the subject in hand, which led him to give a full account of his own deposition in the case of the Sieur Ragoulleau versus Dame Morin, when he had been summoned as a witness for the defense.

他们到达“沃盖之家”时，他已经把和自己正在说的主题或多或少有联系的例子和引语串在了一起，这让他详细阐述了自己在拉哥罗先生对莫兰女爵士那件案件中的宣誓词——那时他作为被告者的目击证人被传召出庭。

As they entered the dining-room, Eugene de Rastignac was talking apart with Mlle. Taillefer; the conversation appeared to be of such thrilling interest that the pair never noticed the two older lodgers as they passed through the room.

当他们进入餐厅的时候，欧仁·德拉斯蒂涅正和塔耶费小姐单独谈话。他们的谈话看起来非常吸引彼此，以至于这两个人都没有注意到，两位年纪稍长的房客刚才穿过了这间房子。

None of this was thrown away on Mlle. Michonneau.

这一切都没有逃过米绍诺小姐的眼睛。

"I knew how it would end," remarked that lady, addressing Poiret.

“我就知道是这个结果。”这位女士对普瓦雷说道，

"They have been making eyes at each other in a heartrending way for a week past."

“过去的一周里，他们都悲惨地眉目传情。”

"Yes," he answered.

“是的，”他回答道，

"So she was found guilty."

“那么她就有罪了。”

"Who?"

“谁？”

"Mme. Morin."

“莫兰夫人。”

"I am talking about Mlle. Victorine," said Mlle. Michonneau, as she entered Poiret's room with an absent air, "and you answer, 'Mme. Morin.' Who may Mme. Morin be?"

“我在说维多琳小姐。”米绍诺小姐说着不经意地走进普瓦雷的房间，“之后你回答说是‘莫兰夫人’，这个莫兰夫人是谁？”

"What can Mlle. Victorine be guilty of?" demanded Poiret.

“维多琳小姐能有什么罪呢？”普瓦雷问道。

"Guilty of falling in love with M. Eugene de Rastignac and going further and further without knowing exactly where she is going, poor

innocent!"

“犯了爱上欧仁·德拉斯蒂涅先生的罪，而且越陷越深，还不知道自己在做什么，可怜而无知的人！”

That morning Mme. de Nucingen had driven Eugene to despair.

那天早上，德纽沁根夫人让欧仁陷入了绝望。

In his own mind he had completely surrendered himself to Vautrin, and deliberately shut his eyes to the motive for the friendship which that extraordinary man professed for him, nor would he look to the consequences of such an alliance.

在他自己的意识里，他已经完全屈服于沃尔特兰，有意忽视这段友谊的动机。而那个非凡的男人已经对他表明过那一点了，他也没有想到这种联合的后果。

Nothing short of a miracle could extricate him now out of the gulf into which he had walked an hour ago, when he exchanged vows in the softest whispers with Mlle. Taillefer.

一个小时以前，当他和塔耶费小姐用最温柔的耳语给予对方承诺时，他走入了这个深渊，现在只有奇迹能将他从里面拽出来了。

To Victorine it seemed as if she heard an angel's voice, that heaven was opening above her; the Maison Vauquer took strange and wonderful hues, like a stage fairy-palace.

对于维多琳来说，她似乎听到了天使的声音，好像天堂之门向她敞开了。“沃盖之家”仿佛舞台上的仙境一般有了陌生而美妙的色调。

She loved and she was loved; at any rate, she believed that she was loved; and what woman would not likewise have believed after seeing Rastignac's face and listening to the tones of his voice during that hour snatched under the Argus eyes of the Maison Vauquer?

她爱着而且被爱着，不管怎样，她相信她被爱着。在“沃盖之家”的阿耳戈斯（注：“阿耳戈斯”指警惕的守卫者）之眼下，他们获得了一个小时。期间，看着拉斯蒂涅的脸，听着他声音的语调，还有哪个女人会不相信自己被爱呢？

He had trampled on his conscience; he knew that he was doing wrong, and did it deliberately; he had said to himself that a woman's happiness should atone for this venial sin.

他践踏着自己的良心，他知道自己做得不对，而且是故意为之。他对自己说，一个女人的幸福能够赎回这小小的罪过。

The energy of desperation had lent new beauty to his face; the lurid fire that burned in his heart shone from his eyes.

绝望的能量让他脸上绽放出新的美丽，可怕火焰在他心中燃烧，从

他眼中迸射出来。

Luckily for him, the miracle took place.

所幸的是，奇迹真的出现了。

Vautrin came in in high spirits, and at once read the hearts of these two young creatures whom he had brought together by the combinations of his infernal genius, but his deep voice broke in upon their bliss.

沃尔特兰兴致勃勃地走进来，他立刻读懂了这两个年轻人的内心，他用自己所有的邪恶天赋让两个人走到一起，但是他深沉的声音破坏了他们的幸福时光。

"A charming girl is my Fanchette In her simplicity," he sang mockingly.

“一个迷人而质朴的女孩，我的方谢特。”他嘲讽地唱着。

Victorine fled.

维多琳溜走了。

Her heart was more full than it had ever been, but it was full of joy, and not of sorrow.

她的心比之前任何时候都要充实，装满了喜悦，而不是痛苦。

Poor child!

可怜的孩子！

A pressure of the hand, the light touch of Rastignac's hair against her cheek, a word whispered in her ear so closely that she felt the student's warm breath on her, the pressure of a trembling arm about her waist, a kiss upon her throat—such had been her betrothal.

拉斯蒂涅一手紧握着她的手，头发与她的脸颊轻轻触碰，靠近在她耳边呢喃一句话。从这么近的距离中，她感受到了这个学生温暖的鼻息。学生用一只颤抖的胳膊紧搂着她的腰，还吻了她的脖子——这就是她的婚约了。

The near neighborhood of the stout Sylvie, who might invade that glorified room at any moment, only made these first tokens of love more ardent, more eloquent, more entrancing than the noblest deeds done for love's sake in the most famous romances.

结实的西尔维随时可能从隔壁闯进这间充满荣光的屋子，但她可能的闯入只能让这一吻，这一爱的最初见证，变得比最著名的浪漫故事中为爱所做的最崇高行为更激烈、更有说服力、更让人神魂颠倒。

This *plain-song* of love, to use the pretty expression of our forefathers, seemed almost criminal to the devout young girl who

went to confession every fortnight.

这首爱的单声圣歌，用我们祖先优美的话来说，对于每两个星期告白一次的虔诚年轻姑娘而言，几乎像是犯罪了。

In that one hour she had poured out more of the treasures of her soul than she could give in later days of wealth and happiness, when her whole self followed the gift.

她在这一个小时里流露出的灵魂财富，超出了后来当她以身相托之时，钱所能给予她的财富和幸福。

"The thing is arranged," Vautrin said to Eugene, who remained.

“事情安排好了。”沃尔特兰对留下的欧仁说，

"Our two dandies have fallen out.

“我们的两个花花公子已经闹翻了。

Everything was done in proper form.

一切都在有序进行之中。

It is a matter of opinion.

这是看法不同的问题。

Our pigeon has insulted my hawk.

鸽派已经侮辱了鹰派。

They will meet to-morrow in the redoubt at Clignancourt.

他们明天会在克里尼昂古尔的堡垒见面。

By half-past eight in the morning Mlle. Taillefer, calmly dipping her bread and butter in her coffee cup, will be sole heiress of her father's fortune and affections.

等到了早上八点半，塔耶费小姐平静地将她的黄油面包蘸到咖啡里的时候，她就会成为她父亲财富和关爱的唯一继承人了。

A funny way of putting it, isn't it?

这话说得很有趣，不是吗？

Taillefer's youngster is an expert swordsman, and quite cocksure about it, but he will be bled; I have just invented a thrust for his benefit, a way of raising your sword point and driving it at the forehead.

塔耶费的儿子是个老练的击剑手，而且对自己的剑法十分有信心，但是他会被刺中，受伤流血。我刚才为他新创了一种刺法，一种挑起你的剑尖直刺其额头的方法。

I must show you that thrust; it is an uncommonly handy thing to

know.”

我会将这种刺法示范给你看，这种刺法很简单。”

Rastignac heard him in dazed bewilderment; he could not find a word in reply.

拉斯蒂涅听得甚为迷惑，他找不到什么话来回应。

Just then Goriot came in, and Bianchon and a few of the boarders likewise appeared.

就在这时高老头进来了，比安卡肖恩和一些房客也出现了。

"That is just as I intended." Vautrin said.

“这正如我计划的那样。”沃尔特兰说，

"You know quite well what you are about.

“你非常清楚你要做的事。

Good, my little eaglet!

很好，我的小老鹰！

You are born to command, you are strong, you stand firm on your feet, you are game!

你生来就是下发命令的人，你强大、脚踏实地、有胆识！

I respect you.”

我尊敬你！”

He made as though he would take Eugene's hand, but Rastignac hastily withdrew it, sank into a chair, and turned ghastly pale; it seemed to him that there was a sea of blood before his eyes.

他似乎要抓欧仁的手，但是拉斯蒂涅急忙缩手，瘫坐在椅子里，脸苍白得恐怖，好像在他眼前有一片血海。

"Oh! so we still have a few dubious tatters of the swaddling clothes of virtue about us!" murmured Vautrin.

“哦！我们身上还裹着道德之衣上犹豫不决的碎布片呢！”沃尔特兰嘀咕道，

"But Papa Doliban has three millions; I know the amount of his fortune.

“但是多利邦老爹有三百万，我知道他有多少身家。

Once have her dowry in your hands, and your character will be as white as the bride's white dress, even in your own eyes."

一旦有了她的嫁妆在手，你的本性会像新娘的白婚纱一样纯洁，甚至在你自己看来也会是这样。”

Rastignac hesitated no longer.

拉斯蒂涅不再犹豫。

He made up his mind that he would go that evening to warn the Taillefers, father and son.

他决定当晚去向塔耶费父子发出警告。

But just as Vautrin left him, Father Goriot came up and said in his ear, "You look melancholy, my boy; I will cheer you up.

但是就在沃尔特兰离开他时，高老头走过来，在他耳边说：“你看起来很忧郁，我的孩子，我要让你高兴起来。

Come with me.”

跟我来。”

The old vermicelli dealer lighted his dip at one of the lamps as he spoke.

这个老面条商说话时，点亮了一盏灯上的蜡烛。

Eugene went with him, his curiosity had been aroused.

欧仁跟着他，他的好奇心已经被勾起了。

"Let us go up to your room," the worthy soul remarked, when he had asked Sylvie for the law student's key.

“我们去你的房间。”这个拥有高贵灵魂的人说——他已经向西尔维要了这个法律系学生的钥匙。

"This morning," he resumed, "you thought that SHE did not care about you, did you not?

“今天早上，”他继续说，“你觉得她不在乎你，是不是？

Eh?

嗯？

She would have nothing to say to you, and you went away out of humor and out of heart.

她没话要跟你说，然后你就失魂落魄地走了。

Stuff and rubbish!

没用的废物！

She wanted you to go because she was expecting *me*!

她想让你走是因为她正在等着我呢！

Now do you understand?

现在你明白了吗？

We were to complete the arrangements for taking some chambers for you, a jewel of a place, you are to move into it in three days' time.

我们要完成这个安排，给你安排个住处。你会在三天之内搬进一个精致的房子。

Don't split upon me.

不要告发我。

She wants it to be a surprise; but I couldn't bear to keep the secret from you.

她想把这件事弄成一个惊喜，但是我忍不住要把这个秘密告诉你。

You will be in the Rue d'Artois, only a step or two from the Rue Saint-Lazare, and you are to be housed like a prince!

你会住在阿图瓦街，只走一两步就到了圣拉扎尔街了，而且你会住得像王子一样舒服。

Any one might have thought we were furnishing the house for a bride.

任何人也许都会认为，我们在为一位新娘装饰这房子。

Oh! we have done a lot of things in the last month, and you knew nothing about it.

哦！上个月我们做了很多事情，而你对这些一无所知。

My attorney has appeared on the scene, and my daughter is to have thirty-six thousand francs a year, the interest on her money, and I shall insist on having her eight hundred thousand invested in sound securities, landed property that won't run away."

我的律师已经着手办理这件事了，我的女儿每年会得到三万六千法郎，这是她财产的利息，我会坚持让她将八十万投资于可靠的有价证券上，还有不会逃走的房地产上。”

Eugene was dumb.

欧仁哑口无言。

He folded his arms and paced up and down in his cheerless, untidy room.

他交叉着双臂，在死气沉沉、乱七八糟的房间里来回踱步。

Father Goriot waited till the student's back was turned, and seized the opportunity to go to the chimney-piece and set upon it a little red morocco case with Rastignac's arms stamped in gold on the leather.

高老头一直等到这个学生转过身去，然后抓住机会走到壁炉架边，将一个摩洛哥羊皮的小红箱子放在上面，皮革上还用金子刻着拉斯蒂涅

的印章。

"My dear boy," said the kind soul, "I have been up to the eyes in this business.

“我亲爱的孩子，”这个善良的人说道，“我一直在埋头处理这些事情。

You see, there was plenty of selfishness on my part; I have an interested motive in helping you to change lodgings.

你看，我还是很自私，我在帮你换房子这件事上怀有私利动机。

You will not refuse me if I ask you something; will you, eh?”

要是我提点要求，你不会拒绝我，是不是，嗯？”

"What is it?"

“什么要求？”

"There is a room on the fifth floor, up above your rooms, that is to let along with them; that is where I am going to live, isn't that so?

“在你房间上面的五楼有一个房间和其他房间连在一起，我会住在那里，那样可以吗？

I am getting old; I am too far from my girls.

我越来越老了，我离我的女儿们太远了。

I shall not be in the way, but I shall be there, that is all.

我不会妨碍你们，但是我会在那里，就这些。

You will come and talk to me about her every evening.

每天晚上你会过来告诉我她的事情。

It will not put you about, will it?

这不会打扰到你，不是吗？

I shall have gone to bed before you come in, but I shall hear you come up, and I shall say to myself, 'He has just seen my little Delphine.

我会在你进门之前就上床，但是我会听到你上来，我就会对自己说,‘他刚才见过我的小德尔菲娜。

He has been to a dance with her, and she is happy, thanks to him.' If I were ill, it would do my heart good to hear you moving about below, to know when you leave the house and when you come in. It is only a step to the Champs-Elysees, where they go every day, so I shall be sure of seeing them, whereas now I am sometimes too late.

他和她跳过舞了，她很开心，多亏了他。’要是我病了，听到你在楼

下走动，知道你什么时候离开，什么时候回来会使我很高兴。那里离香榭丽舍大街也只有一步之遥，她们天天去那里，所以我就肯定能看到她们了，而现在有时候我会去的太晚。

And then—perhaps she may come to see you!

还有——也许她会来看你！

I shall hear her, I shall see her in her soft quilted pelisse tripping about as daintily as a kitten.

我就能听到她的声音，看到她穿着她带夹层的柔软皮上衣，优雅地走着猫步。

In this one month she has become my little girl again, so light-hearted and gay.

在这一个月里，她又变成了我的小女儿了，那么无忧无虑、那么快乐。

Her soul is recovering, and her happiness is owing to you!

她的灵魂在复苏，她的幸福则归功于你！

Oh! I would do impossibilities for you.

哦！我会为你做你办不到的事。

Only just now she said to me, 'I am very happy, papa!' When they say 'father' stiffly, it sends a chill through me; but when they call me 'papa,' it brings all the old memories back.

就在刚才她对我说,‘我很开心，爸爸！’当她们生硬地说着‘父亲’时，我会浑身打颤，但是当她们叫我‘爸爸’时，我就想起了所有旧的回忆。

I feel most their father then; I even believe that they belong to me, and to no one else.”

我感到那时最像她们的父亲，我甚至觉得她们只属于我，不属于其他任何人。”

The good man wiped his eyes, he was crying.

这个善良的人揉了揉眼睛，哭了。

"It is a long while since I have heard them talk like that, a long, long time since she took my arm as she did to-day.

“我已经很久没有听到她们那样说话，她们已经很久没有像今天这样挽着我的胳膊了。

Yes, indeed, it must be quite ten years since I walked side by side with one of my girls.

没错，事实上，上次我和我的一个女儿并肩走在一起，绝对是十年前的事了。

How pleasant it was to keep step with her, to feel the touch of her gown, the warmth of her arm!

和她并肩同步，感受到她裙子的触碰，感受她胳膊的温暖，这是多么让人愉快啊！

Well, I took Delphine everywhere this morning; I went shopping with her, and I brought her home again.

还有，今天早上我去哪里都带着德尔菲娜，我和她一起购物，又把她送回了家。

Oh! you must let me live near you.

哦！你必须让我住在你附近。

You may want some one to do you a service some of these days, and I shall be on the spot to do it.

某一天你也许会需要人帮你的忙，我就会立刻帮你处理那些事情了。

Oh! if only that great dolt of an Alsatian would die, if his gout would have the sense to attack his stomach, how happy my poor child would be!

哦！要是那个阿尔萨斯人死了，要是他的痛风病能侵袭他的胃，那么我可怜的孩子会多么幸福啊！

You would be my son-in-law; you would be her husband in the eyes of the world.

你会成为我的女婿，你会在世人的注视下成为她的丈夫。

Bah! she has known no happiness, that excuses everything.

呸！她对幸福一无所知，我原谅了她所有的过失。

Our Father in heaven is surely on the side of fathers on earth who love their children.

我们在天上的父一定支持世上爱着他们儿女的父亲。

How fond of you she is!" he said, raising his head after a pause.

她多么爱你啊！”他说着停了一下，之后抬起了头，

"All the time we were going about together she chatted away about you.

“我们一起四处闲逛的时候，她始终都在说你。

'He is so nice-looking, papa; isn't he?

‘他长得太漂亮了，爸爸，是不是？

He is kind-hearted! Does he talk to you about me?' Pshaw! she

said enough about you to fill whole volumes; between the Rue d'Artois and the Passage des Panoramas she poured her heart out into mine.

他心地很善良！他有没有跟你说起过我？’哼！她说了许多关于你的事，多得足以编一本书了，从阿图瓦街到帕诺拉马巷，她都把心里话全部倾诉给我听了。

I did not feel old once during that delightful morning; I felt as light as a feather.

就在这个愉快的早上，我一点都不觉得自己老了，我觉得自己像羽毛那么轻。

I told her how you had given the banknote to me; it moved my darling to tears.

我告诉她你怎样把那张钞票给我，这把我的心肝宝贝感动得哭了。

But what can this be on your chimney-piece?" said Father Goriot at last.

但是，你壁炉架上的这个东西是什么呢？”高老头最后说。

Rastignac had showed no sign, and he was dying of impatience.

拉斯蒂涅没做出任何反应，他正在丧失耐性。

Eugene stared at his neighbor in dumb and dazed bewilderment.

欧仁神色迷惘，默默地盯着他的邻居。

He thought of Vautrin, of that duel to be fought to-morrow morning, and of this realization of his dearest hopes, and the violent contrast between the two sets of ideas gave him all the sensations of nightmare.

他想起了沃尔特兰，想起了明天早上的那场决斗，还有他即将实现的宝贵愿望。这两种思想的强烈反差让他觉得自己在经历一场噩梦。

He went to the chimney-piece, saw the little square case, opened it, and found a watch of Breguet's make wrapped in paper, on which these words were written: "I want you to think of me every hour, *because*… "DELPHINE."

他走向壁炉架，看见了一个小方盒子，将其打开后，看到了一只用纸包着的百里鸽牌手表，纸上则写着：“我想让你每时每刻都想着我，因为……“德尔菲娜。”

That last word doubtless contained an allusion to some scene that had taken place between them.

最后一个词无疑暗含着曾经发生在两人之间的某个场景。

Eugene felt touched.

欧仁被感动了。

Inside the gold watch-case his arms had been wrought in enamel.

这个金表壳里有他的印章，印章表面覆盖了一层瓷釉。

The chain, the key, the workmanship and design of the trinket were all such as he had imagined, for he had long coveted such a possession.

这个小东西的链子、钥匙、做工和设计正如他所想象的那样，他早就渴望得到这样一只表了。

Father Goriot was radiant.

高老头容光焕发。

Of course he had promised to tell his daughter every little detail of the scene and of the effect produced upon Eugene by her present; he shared in the pleasure and excitement of the young people, and seemed to be not the least happy of the three.

当然，他已经答应告诉他女儿这一幕的每一个小细节和欧仁对这份礼物所作出的反应。他分享着年轻人的愉悦和兴奋，而且似乎是三个人中最开心的那个。

He loved Rastignac already for his own as well as for his daughter's sake.

由于自己和女儿的缘故，他已经爱上拉斯蒂涅了。

"You must go and see her; she is expecting you this evening.

“你得去见见她，她今晚会等你的。

That great lout of an Alsatian is going to have supper with his opera-dancer.

阿尔萨斯那个大笨蛋要去和他的歌剧院舞女吃晚饭。

Aha! he looked very foolish when my attorney let him know where he was.

啊哈！当我的律师向他说明他的境地时，他看起来非常愚蠢。

He says he idolizes my daughter, does he?

他说他崇拜我的女儿，是吗？

He had better let her alone, or I will kill him.

他最好不要招惹她，要不然我会杀了他。

To think that my Delphine is his”— He heaved a sigh—"it is enough to make me murder him, but it would not be manslaughter to kill that animal; he is a pig with a calf's brains.— You will take me

with you, will you not?”

想到我的德尔菲娜是他的妻子，就已经足够让我杀了他了。”他长叹一声，“但是就算杀了那畜生也不算犯了杀人罪，他就是个长着牛脑袋的猪——你愿意让我和你住在一起，不是吗？”

"Yes, dear Father Goriot; you know very well how fond I am of you—" "Yes, I do know very well.

“没错，亲爱的高老头，您很清楚我多么爱慕您——”“是的，我的确非常清楚。

You are not ashamed of me, are you?

你不会因为我而感到羞愧，是吗？

Not you!

你不会！

Let me embrace you," and he flung his arms around the student's neck.

让我们拥抱一下吧。”他挥出双臂抱着这个学生的脖子，

"You will make her very happy; promise me that you will!

“你会让她非常开心的，答应我你会！

You will go to her this evening, will you not?”

你今晚会去见她，不是吗？”

"Oh! yes.

“哦！是的。

I must go out; I have some urgent business on hand.”

我必须出去了，我手头有点要紧事要办。”

"Can I be of any use?"

“我能帮上什么忙吗？”

"My word, yes!

“要我说，是的！

Will you go to old Taillefer's while I go to Mme. de Nucingen?

在我去见德纽沁根夫人的时候，你能不能去一下老塔耶费那里？

Ask him to make an appointment with me some time this evening; it is a matter of life and death.”

叫他今晚和我约个时间，这可是人命关天的事。”

"Really, young man!" cried Father Goriot, with a change of

countenance; "are you really paying court to his daughter, as those simpletons were saying down below?...

“真的吗，年轻人！”高老头脸色大变，喊道，“你真向他女儿求爱了吗，就像楼下那些笨蛋说的那样？……

Tonnerre de dieu! you have no notion what a tap la is like, and if you are playing a double game, I shall put a stop to it by one blow of the fist… Oh! the thing is impossible!”

我的老天啊！你还不知道我高里奥打你一拳是什么滋味呢。你要是一脚踏两船，我一拳就能把你打得不能玩……哦！这不可能！”

"I swear to you that I love but one woman in the world," said the student.

“我向你发誓我在这世上只爱一个女人。”这个学生说，

"I only knew it a moment ago."

“我刚刚才弄清楚这个。”

"Oh! what happiness!" cried Goriot.

“哦！多么开心啊！”高老头喊道。

"But young Taillefer has been called out; the duel comes off to-morrow morning, and I have heard it said that he may lose his life in it.”

“但是小塔耶费已经被叫出去了，明天早上会有一场决斗，我听说他可能会赔上性命。”

"But what business is it of yours?" said Goriot.

“但是这关你什么事？”高老头说。

"Why, I ought to tell him so, that he may prevent his son from putting in an appearance—” Just at that moment Vautrin's voice broke in upon them; he was standing at the threshold of his door and singing: "Oh! Richard, oh my king!

“哦，我必须要告诉他，他也许可以阻止他的儿子去决斗——”就在那时，沃尔特兰的声音打断了他们。他站在门槛旁，唱着：“哦！里夏尔，哦，我的王！

All the world abandons thee!

全世界都放弃了你！

Broum! broum! broum! broum! broum!

布劳！布劳！布劳！布劳！布劳！

The same old story everywhere, a roving heart and a...tra la la.”

世界各地都流传着同一个古老的故事，四处流浪的心灵和……的啦，啦，啦。”

"Gentlemen!" shouted Christophe, "the soup is ready, and every one is waiting for you."

“先生们！”克里斯托夫喊道，“汤已经好了，所有人都在等你们呢。”

"Here," Vautrin called down to him, "come and take a bottle of my Bordeaux."

“在这里，”沃尔特兰冲着楼下对他说，“给我拿一瓶我的波多尔葡萄酒。”

"Do you think your watch is pretty?" asked Goriot.

“你觉得这只表漂亮吗？”高老头问。

"She has good taste, hasn't she?

“她的品味很好，不是吗？

Eh?” Vautrin, Father Goriot, and Rastignac came downstairs in company, and, all three of them being late, were obliged to sit together.

嗯？”沃尔特兰、高老头和拉斯蒂涅一起下楼，因为他们三个迟到了，所以只能坐在一起了。

Eugene was as distant as possible in his manner to Vautrin during dinner; but the other, so charming in Mme. Vauquer's opinion, had never been so witty.

欧仁吃饭时尽量和沃尔特兰保持疏远，但是后者呢，在沃盖夫人看来那么迷人、再机智不过了。

His lively sallies and sparkling talk put the whole table in good humor.

他生动的俏皮话和机智的谈吐让一桌人都心情舒畅。

His assurance and coolness filled Eugene with consternation.

他的信心和镇定让欧仁觉得恐怖。

"Why, what has come to you to-day?" inquired Mme. Vauquer.

“哦，你今天碰上什么事了？”沃盖夫人问，

"You are as merry as a skylark."

“你开心得像只云雀。”

"I am always in spirits after I have made a good bargain."

“我做成一笔好买卖之后总是很开心。”

"Bargain?" said Eugene.

“买卖？”欧仁说。

"Well, yes, bargain.

“嗯，没错，买卖。

I have just delivered a lot of goods, and I shall be paid a handsome commission on them—Mlle. Michonneau," he went on, seeing that the elderly spinster was scrutinizing him intently, "have you any objection to some feature in my face, that you are making those lynx eyes at me?

我刚才交了很多货，我会拿到一笔可观的佣金——米绍诺小姐，”他注意到那个老处女正在仔细地观察着他，便继续说道，“是不是我脸上有什么不对，你才用如此锐利的目光盯着我？

Just let me know, and I will have it changed to oblige you…

跟我说说，我会为你做出改变的……

We shall not fall out about it, Poiret, I dare say?" he added, winking at the superannuated clerk.

我敢肯定，我们不会为此吵架，普瓦雷？”他向这个退休的公务员使了使眼色，补充道。

"Bless my soul, you ought to stand as model for a burlesque Hercules," said the young painter.

“我的天哪，你应该像模特一样站在那里，滑稽地模仿赫拉克勒斯。”年轻画家说。

"I will, upon my word! If Mlle. Michonneau will consent to sit as the Venus of Pere-Lachaise," replied Vautrin.

“我会的，的确！要是米绍诺小姐答应像拉雪兹神父公墓的维纳斯一样坐着就行了。”沃尔特兰回答道。

"There's Poiret," suggested Bianchon.

“普瓦雷还在这里了。”比安卡肖恩暗示说。

"Oh! Poiret shall pose as Poiret.

“哦！普瓦雷就做普瓦雷。

He can be a garden god!" cried Vautrin; "his name means a pear—" "A sleepy pear!" Bianchon put in.

他可以是花园之神！”沃尔特兰喊道，“他的名字就是梨的意思——”“一个熟过之后开始腐烂的梨！”比安卡肖恩插话说。

"You will come in between the pear and the cheese."

“那你就是插在梨和奶酪之间了。”

"What stuff are you all talking!" said Mme. Vauquer; "you would do better to treat us to your Bordeaux; I see a glimpse of a bottle there.

“你们都在说些什么！”沃盖夫人说，“你最好请我们大家喝点你的波尔多葡萄酒，我看见那里放着一瓶了。

It would keep us all in a good humor, and it is good for the stomach besides.”

那东西会让我们大家保持心情愉悦，而且对胃也好。”

"Gentlemen," said Vautrin, "the Lady President calls us to order.

“先生们，”沃尔特兰说道，“总管夫人让我们遵守纪律。

Mme. Couture and Mlle. Victorine will take your jokes in good part, but respect the innocence of the aged Goriot.

库蒂尔夫人和维多琳小姐不会因你们的笑话而心存恶意，但是也要尊重无辜、上了年纪的高老头。

I propose a glass or two of Bordeauxrama, rendered twice illustrious by the name of Laffite, no political allusions intended. — Come, you Turk!" he added, looking at Christophe, who did not offer to stir.

我提议喝一两杯波尔多葡萄酒拉玛。这酒因为拉菲特(注：“拉菲特”是十七世纪末到十八世纪初的法国海盗，在一把一二年战争中帮助了美国，之后其罪行得到赦免。)这个名字而有了双重含义，我可没有任何政治暗示——过来，你这个淘气鬼！”他边说着，边看了一眼克里斯托夫，他站在那里没有动弹。

"Christophe!

“克里斯托夫！

Here!

这里！

What, you don't answer to your own name?

怎么，叫你呢，你怎么不答应？

Bring us some liquor, Turk!”

给我们倒酒，小淘气！”

"Here it is, sir," said Christophe, holding out the bottle.

“好的，先生。”克里斯托夫拿出酒瓶说道。

Vautrin filled Eugene's glass and Goriot's likewise, then he

deliberately poured out a few drops into his own glass, and sipped it while his two neighbors drank their wine.

沃尔特兰给欧仁和高老头的杯子里斟满了酒，之后又故意在自己的杯子里倒了几滴，并在旁边两个人喝酒的时候抿了一点。

All at once he made a grimace.

他突然做出一副痛苦状。

"Corked!" he cried.

“有木塞味！”他喊道，

"The devil!

“真见鬼！

You can drink the rest of this, Christophe, and go and find another bottle; take from the right-hand side, you know.

你把剩下的酒喝了吧，克里斯托夫，去找另外一瓶，从右手边拿，这个你知道。

There are sixteen of us; take down eight bottles.”

我们有十六个人，拿八瓶出来。”

"If you are going to stand treat," said the painter, "I will pay for a hundred chestnuts."

“要是你准备请客的话，”画家说，“我会付给你一百个栗子。”

"Oh! oh!"

“哦！哦！”

"Booououh!"

“嘣！”

"Prrr!"

“噗！”

These exclamations came from all parts of the table like squibs from a set firework.

桌上的每一个人都大呼小叫，好像放烟火时的爆竹声。

"Come, now, Mama Vauquer, a couple of bottles of champagne," called Vautrin.

“来吧，沃盖妈妈，来两瓶香槟。”沃尔特兰叫道。

"*Quien!* just like you!

“啊！亏你想得出！

Why not ask for the whole house at once.

你为什么不立即把整个房子都要去。

A couple of bottles of champagne; that means twelve francs!

两瓶香槟，那就是十二法郎！

I shall never see the money back again, I know!

我知道，花出去的钱永远都挣不回来了！

But if M. Eugene has a mind to pay for it, I have some currant cordial.”

但要是欧仁先生愿意付账的话，我还有一些醋栗酒。”

"That currant cordial of hers is as bad as a black draught," muttered the medical student.

“她的醋栗酒就像黑色顿服药一样难喝。”这个医科学生嘀咕道。

"Shut up, Bianchon," exclaimed Rastignac; "the very mention of black draught makes me feel—.

“闭嘴，比安卡肖恩。”拉斯蒂涅叫道，“提到黑色顿服药，我就觉得——

Yes, champagne, by all means; I will pay for it," he added.

是的，无论如何都得要香槟，我会出钱的。”他补充道。

"Sylvie," called Mme. Vauquer, "bring in some biscuits, and the little cakes."

“西尔维，”沃盖夫人叫着，“拿点小饼干来，还有小蛋糕。”

"Those little cakes are moldy graybeards," said Vautrin.

“那些蛋糕都发霉、长毛了。”沃尔特兰说，

"But trot out the biscuits."

“就拿点饼干来吧。”

The Bordeaux wine circulated; the dinner table became a livelier scene than ever, and the fun grew fast and furious.

倒上了波尔多酒，饭桌上显出从未有过的生气，大家也越来越开心。

Imitations of the cries of various animals mingled with the loud laughter; the Museum official having taken it into his head to mimic a cat-call rather like the caterwauling of the animal in question, eight voices simultaneously struck up with the following variations: "Scissors to grind!"

模仿各种动物的叫声和大笑声混在一起。博物馆员工模仿猫叫的声

音就像某种不明的动物叫春一样，八种声音同时喊出下面这些变奏曲：“磨剪刀喽！”

"Chick-weeds for singing bir-ds!”

“卖鸟食繁缕喽！”

"Brandy-snaps, ladies!”

“白兰地酒味饼干喽，女士们！”

"China to mend!"

“修瓷器喽！”

"Boat ahoy!"

“船来喽！”

"Sticks to beat your wives or your clothes!"

“卖打老婆、拍衣服的棒子喽！”

"Old clo'!"

“卖旧衣服喽！”

"Cherries all ripe!"

“熟透的樱桃喽！”

But the palm was awarded to Bianchon for the nasal accent with which he rendered the cry of "Umbrellas to me-end!”

但是胜利的棕榈叶授予了用鼻音叫着“修——雨伞喽！”的比安卡肖恩。

A few seconds later, and there was a head-splitting racket in the room, a storm of tomfoolery, a sort of cats' concert, with Vautrin as conductor of the orchestra, the latter keeping an eye the while on Eugene and Father Goriot.

片刻之后，房间里就充满了让人头痛欲裂的喧闹声，充满了一阵无聊的举动和猫儿音乐会，沃尔特兰则是这支乐队的指挥，他此时还留意下欧仁和高老头。

The wine seemed to have gone to their heads already.

喝下的酒似乎已经冲上他们两个的脑袋了。

They leaned back in their chairs, looking at the general confusion with an air of gravity, and drank but little; both of them were absorbed in the thought of what lay before them to do that evening, and yet neither of them felt able to rise and go.

他们靠着椅背，以一种严肃的态度看着这场混乱。他们只喝了一点酒，都专心地想着他们这晚即将做的事情，但是却都觉得无法站起来行

走。

Vautrin gave a side glance at them from time to time, and watched the change that came over their faces, choosing the moment when their eyes drooped and seemed about to close, to bend over Rastignac and to say in his ear:— "My little lad, you are not quite shrewd enough to outwit Papa Vautrin yet, and he is too fond of you to let you make a mess of your affairs.

沃尔特兰不时地瞟他们俩一眼，关注着他们脸上表情的变化，他就在他们俩眼皮低垂就快要闭上的时候，俯身在拉斯蒂涅耳边说：“我的小伙子，你还不至于精明到能骗得了沃尔特兰老爹，他太爱你了，他不会让你搞砸你的事情的。

When I have made up my mind to do a thing, no one short of Providence can put me off.

我一旦下决心要做一件事，除了上帝就没人能阻止得了我。

Aha! we were for going round to warn old Taillefer, telling tales out of school!

啊哈！我们要去老塔耶费那里警告他，把秘密公布于众！

The oven is hot, the dough is kneaded, the bread is ready for the oven; to-morrow we will eat it up and whisk away the crumbs; and we are not going to spoil the baking?... No, no, it is all as good as done!

烤炉热了，面揉好了，准备好做面包了；明天我们就要把它吃掉，把面包渣扫掉；我们不会搞砸这次烤面包行动？……不，不，一切都就绪了！

We may suffer from a few conscientious scruples, but they will be digested along with the bread.

我们可能要忍受一点良心的审视，但是这些也会随着面包一起被消化的。

While we are having our forty winks, Colonel Count Franchessini will clear the way to Michel Taillefer's inheritance with the point of his sword.

就在我们打盹的时候，陆军上校弗朗谢森尼伯爵就会用他的剑尖为米歇尔·塔耶费的财产继承扫清障碍了。

Victorine will come in for her brother's money, a snug fifteen thousand francs a year.

维多琳则会接管她哥哥的钱，每年舒舒服服地就会有一万五千法郎了。

I have made inquiries already, and I know that her late mother's property amounts to more than three hundred thousand—” Eugene

heard all this, and could not answer a word; his tongue seemed to be glued to the roof of his mouth, an irresistible drowsiness was creeping over him.

我已经查过了，知道她已故母亲的财产超过三十万——”这些话欧仁都听见了，但是却不能说出一个字。他的舌头好像和上腭粘在了一起了，无法抗拒的睡意正在他身上蔓延。

He still saw the table and the faces round it, but it was through a bright mist.

他还是能看到这张饭桌和周围人的面孔，但是这一切都好像被蒙上了一层明亮的薄雾一样。

Soon the noise began to subside, one by one the boarders went.

很快喧闹声开始平息下来，房客们一个接一个地走了。

At last, when their numbers had so dwindled that the party consisted of Mme. Vauquer, Mme. Couture, Mlle. Victorine, Vautrin, and Father Goriot, Rastignac watched as though in a dream how Mme. Vauquer busied herself by collecting the bottles, and drained the remainder of the wine out of each to fill others.

最后，参加这个晚宴的人只剩下沃盖夫人、库蒂尔夫人、维多琳小姐、沃尔特兰和高老头。拉斯蒂涅仿佛是在梦境中一样，他看着沃盖夫人忙着收拾酒瓶，将每个酒瓶里剩余的酒倒进另外的瓶子里。

"Oh! how uproarious they are!

“哦！他们好闹腾啊！

What a thing it is to be young!" said the widow.

年轻多好啊！”这个寡妇说。

These were the last words that Eugene heard and understood.

这些就是欧仁听懂的最后几句话了。

"There is no one like M. Vautrin for a bit of fun like this," said Sylvie.

“没人能像沃尔特兰先生这么风趣。”西尔维说。

"There, just hark at Christophe, he is snoring like a top."

“嘿，听听克里斯托夫的鼾声，他的鼾声就像转动的陀螺一样。”

"Good-bye, mamma," said Vautrin; "I am going to a theatre on the boulevard to see M. Marty in *Le Mont Sauvage*, a fine play taken from *Le Solitaire*… If you like, I will take you and these two ladies —" "Thank you; I must decline," said Mme. Couture.

“再见，妈妈，”沃尔特兰说，“我要去街上的剧院看马蒂先生的《荒

山》，那是从《孤独者》中截取的一出好戏……要是您喜欢的话，我会带上您和这两位小姐——”“谢谢你，我不去了。”库蒂尔夫人说。

"What! my good lady!" cried Mme. Vauquer, "decline to see a play founded on the *Le Solitaire*, a work by Atala de Chateaubriand?

“什么！我亲爱的女士！”沃尔特兰叫道，“不去看根据《孤独者》写的戏剧，阿塔拉·德夏多布里昂的作品？

We were so fond of that book that we cried over it like Magdalens under the line-trees last summer, and then it is an improving work that might edify your young lady.”

我们那么欣赏那本书，去年夏天在树下看时，哭得就像马格达伦（注：“马格达伦”指悔改的妓女）一样。这是一部改进后的作品，可能会对你们年轻女士有启发。”

"We are forbidden to go to the play," answered Victorine.

“我们不准去看戏剧。”维多琳回答道。

"Just look, those two yonder have dropped off where they sit," said Vautrin, shaking the heads of the two sleepers in a comical way.

“看看，那边两个都在他们的椅子上睡着了。”沃尔特兰说着滑稽地摇了摇两个熟睡之人的头。

He altered the sleeping student's position, settled his head more comfortably on the back of his chair, kissed him warmly on the forehead, and began to sing: "Sleep, little darlings; I watch while you slumber."

他改变了学生的睡姿，把他的头靠在椅背上，这样能让他舒服一点，然后又热情地亲吻了他的额头，唱道：“睡吧，小宝贝们，我看着你们睡觉。”

"I am afraid he may be ill," said Victorine.

“我担心他会生病。”维多琳说。

"Then stop and take care of him," returned Vautrin.

“那留在这里照顾他吧。”沃尔特兰回答说。

"'Tis your duty as a meek and obedient wife," he whispered in her ear.

“作为一个温顺而贤良的妻子，这是你的责任。”他在她耳边低声说道，

"The young fellow worships you, and you will be his little wife—there's your fortune for you.

“这个年轻人崇拜你，你会成为他的小媳妇——这是你的福气。

In short," he added aloud, "they lived happily ever afterwards, were much looked up to in all the countryside, and had a numerous family.

总之，”他又大声说，“他们从此会过上幸福的生活，所有乡下人都会非常尊敬他们，他们会子孙满堂的。

That is how all the romances end.— Now, mamma," he went on, as he turned to Madame Vauquer and put his arm round her waist, "put on your bonnet, your best flowered silk, and the countess' scarf, while I go out and call a cab—all my own self.”

这就是所有浪漫故事的结尾——现在，妈妈，”他转向沃盖夫人，搂着她的腰，继续说道，“我独自出去叫马车的时候，你要戴上你的系带帽，穿上你最好的绣花丝绸，围上伯爵夫人的围巾。”

And he started out, singing as he went: "Oh! sun! divine sun!

之后他就出门了，边走边唱着：“哦！太阳！神圣的太阳！

Ripening the pumpkins every one.”

你让每一个南瓜成熟。”

"My goodness!

“我的天啊！

Well, I'm sure!

哦，我肯定！

Mme. Couture, I could live happily in a garret with a man like that.— There, now!" she added, looking round for the old vermicelli maker, "there is that Father Goriot half seas over.

库蒂尔夫人，和这样的男人在一起，就算住顶楼我也会很幸福——看那里！”她环顾四周找寻那个老面条商，“高老头在那里喝得半醉。

#NAME?

他从没想过带我去任何地方，这个老吝啬鬼。

But he will measure his length somewhere.

但是他整个人快要倒下去了。

My word! it is disgraceful to lose his senses like that, at his age!

哎呀！他这么大年纪的人这样失去理性，真丢脸！

You will be telling me that he couldn't lose what he hadn't got— Sylvie, just take him up to his room!”

你会告诉我说，他不会失去他本来就没有的理性——西尔维，把他送回房间吧！”

Sylvie took him by the arm, supported him upstairs, and flung him just as he was, like a package, across the bed.

西尔维扶着他的胳膊，支撑着他上楼，像扔包裹一样把他原模原样地扔在了床上。

"Poor young fellow!" said Mme. Couture, putting back Eugene's hair that had fallen over his eyes; "he is like a young girl, he does not know what dissipation is."

“可怜的小伙子！”库蒂尔夫人说着拨开盖住欧仁眼睛的头发，“他就像个年轻姑娘，不知道什么是恣意放纵呢。”

"Well, I can tell you this, I know," said Mme. Vauquer, "I have taken lodgers these thirty years, and a good many have passed through my hands, as the saying is, but I have never seen a nicer nor a more aristocratic looking young man than M. Eugene.

“哦，我能告诉你这个，我知道。”沃盖夫人说，“我开这个旅馆有三十年了，就像俗话所说的那样，我阅人无数，但是从未见到一个像欧仁先生这样漂亮并且长着一副贵族相的年轻人。

How handsome he looks sleeping!

他睡觉的样子看起来多英俊啊！

Just let his head rest on your shoulder, Mme. Couture.

就让他的头靠着你的肩膀吧，库蒂尔夫人。

Pshaw! he falls over towards Mlle. Victorine.

哼！他向维多琳小姐那里倒过去了。

There's a special providence for young things.

年轻的事物总能得到特别的眷佑。

A little more, and he would have broken his head against the knob of the chair.

再过去一点点，他的头就要撞到椅子的把手上，就要撞破头了。

They'd make a pretty pair those two would!"

他们俩会凑成相配的一对，这两人一定会的！”

"Hush, my good neighbor," cried Mme. Couture, "you are saying such things—" "Pooh!" put in Mme. Vauquer, "he does not hear. — Here, Sylvie! come and help me to dress.

“嘘，我的好邻居，”库蒂尔夫人叫道，“你说的这件事——”“咳！”沃盖夫人插嘴说，“他听不见——这里，西尔维！过来帮我穿衣服。

I shall put on my best stays.”

我要穿上我最好的胸衣。”

"What! your best stays just after dinner, madame?" said Sylvie.

“什么！刚吃完饭就穿最好的胸衣，夫人？”西尔维说，

"No, you can get some one else to lace you.

“不，您可以让其他人帮您系带子。

I am not going to be your murderer.

我是不会做谋杀您的凶手的。

It's a rash thing to do, and might cost you your life."

这样做太轻率了，可能会搭上您的性命。”

"I don't care, I must do honor to M. Vautrin."

“我不在乎，我必须为沃尔特兰先生争点光。”

"Are you so fond of your heirs as all that?"

“您真的喜欢您的继承人到了如此地步了？”

"Come, Sylvie, don't argue," said the widow, as she left the room.

“来吧，西尔维，别顶嘴了。”这个寡妇说着离开了这个房间。

"At her age, too!" said the cook to Victorine, pointing to her mistress as she spoke.

“她这个年纪，也这样！”这个厨娘指着她的女主人对维多琳说道。

Mme. Couture and her ward were left in the dining-room, and Eugene slept on Victorine's shoulder.

只剩下库蒂尔夫人和她监护的小姐在餐厅了，欧仁则靠着维多琳的肩膀睡着了。

The sound of Christophe's snoring echoed through the silent house; Eugene's quiet breathing seemed all the quieter by force of contrast, he was sleeping as peacefully as a child.

克里斯托夫的鼾声在这寂静的房间里回响；欧仁安静的呼吸在这强烈的对比下显得更安静了，他睡觉的样子像小孩子一样安详。

Victorine was very happy; she was free to perform one of those acts of charity which form an innocent outlet for all the overflowing sentiments of a woman's nature; he was so close to her that she could feel the throbbing of his heart; there was a look of almost maternal protection and conscious pride in Victorine's face.

维多琳很开心，她可以自由地表现出那些慈爱的举动，这些举动真诚地释放了充斥于女人天性中的所有情感。他和她如此靠近,以至于她能够感觉到他心脏的跳动。维多琳的脸上露出一种近乎母性的保护和下意

识的骄傲神情。

Among the countless thoughts that crowded up in her young innocent heart, there was a wild flutter of joy at this close contact.

她年轻无邪的心中充满了无数的想法，其中有一种是因为近距离接触而产生的狂喜和悸动。

"Poor, dear child!" said Mme. Couture, squeezing her hand.

“可怜的好孩子！”库蒂尔夫人紧握着她的手说。

The old lady looked at the girl.

这位老妇人看着这个女孩。

Victorine's innocent, pathetic face, so radiant with the new happiness that had befallen her, called to mind some naive work of mediaeval art, when the painter neglected the accessories, reserving all the magic of his brush for the quiet, austere outlines and ivory tints of the face, which seems to have caught something of the golden glory of heaven.

维多琳天真无邪而楚楚可怜的脸由于新幸福的降临而容光焕发，她的脸使人回想到几幅纯真的中世纪艺术品，当时的画家省略了装饰品，而将画笔所有的神奇力量集中在从容、一丝不苟的轮廓和象牙色的面庞，似乎抓住了天堂里几分金碧辉煌的气势。

"After all, he only took two glasses, mamma," said Victorine, passing her fingers through Eugene's hair.

“毕竟，他不过喝了两杯酒，妈妈。”维多琳的手指划过欧仁的头发，说道。

"Indeed, if he had been a dissipated young man, child, he would have carried his wine like the rest of them.

“其实，他要是一个放荡的青年，孩子，他就会像其他人那样喝酒的。

His drowsiness does him credit.”

他的睡意为他赢得了信誉。”

There was a sound of wheels outside in the street.

街上传来一阵车轮声。

"There is M. Vautrin, mamma," said the girl.

“沃尔特兰先生来了，妈妈。”这个女孩说道，

"Just take M. Eugene.

“把欧仁先生扶开。

I would rather not have that man see me like this; there are some ways of looking at you that seem to sully your soul and make you feel as though you had nothing on.”

我不愿让那个人这样看到我这样，他看人的眼神有一些好像是在玷污你的灵魂，让你觉得你好像一丝不挂一样。”

"Oh, no, you are wrong!" said Mme. Couture.

“哦，不，你说错了！”库蒂尔夫人说，

"M. Vautrin is a worthy man; he reminds me a little of my late husband, poor dear M. Couture, rough but kind-hearted; his bark is worse than his bite.”

“沃尔特兰先生是一位杰出人物，他让我有一点想起我已故的丈夫，可怜的库蒂尔先生，虽然粗野但是心地善良、嘴坏心不坏。”

Vautrin came in while she was speaking; he did not make a sound, but looked for a while at the picture of the two young faces—the lamplight falling full upon them seemed to caress them.

正当她说话的时候，沃尔特兰走了进来。他没出声，但是看了一会儿这两张年轻的脸形成的画面——洒下的灯光像是在轻抚他们。

"Well," he remarked, folding his arms, "here is a picture!

“好了，”他交叉双臂，说道，“多美的画面啊！

It would have suggested some pleasing pages to Bernardin de Saint-Pierre (good soul), who wrote *Paul et Virginie*.

这会让贝尔纳丹·德圣皮埃尔（他有着美好的灵魂）写出一些令人愉快的作品的，《保罗和维尔贞妮》就是他写的。

Youth is very charming, Mme. Couture!— Sleep on, poor boy," he added, looking at Eugene, "luck sometimes comes while you are sleeping.— There is something touching and attractive to me about this young man, madame," he continued; "I know that his nature is in harmony with his face.

年轻就是迷人，库蒂尔夫人！——继续睡吧，可怜的孩子。”他边补充着，边看着欧仁，“幸运有时会在你睡着的时候降临——这个年轻人身上有种东西感动着我、吸引着我，夫人。”他继续说道，“我知道他的心地就像他的脸那样美好。

Just look, the head of a cherub on an angel's shoulder!

看看吧，一个天真的人，头靠在一个天使的肩膀上！

He deserves to be loved.

他应当有人来爱。

If I were a woman, I would die (no—not such a fool), I would live

for him.”

要是我是一个女人，我会为他而死（不——没那么傻），我会为他而活的。”

He bent lower and spoke in the widow's ear.

他弯下腰去，在这个寡妇的耳边说道:

"When I see those two together, madame, I cannot help thinking that Providence meant them for each other; He works by secret ways, and tries the reins and the heart," he said in a loud voice.

“当我看见他们俩在一起的时候，夫人，我不禁想到上帝为他们创造了彼此。他悄无声息地做着这件事，考验着他们的感情和心灵。”他低声说着,

"And when I see you, my children, thus united by a like purity and by all human affections, I say to myself that it is quite impossible that the future should separate you.

“当我看见你们，我的孩子们，被类似纯洁和人类所有的情感联系起来时，我对自己说，未来已经不可能将你们分开了。

God is just.”— He turned to Victorine.

上帝是公正的。”——他转向维多琳。

"It seems to me," he said, "that I have seen the line of success in your hand.

“在我看来，”他说，“我已经看到了你掌纹中的成功线。

Let me look at it, Mlle. Victorine; I am well up in palmistry, and I have told fortunes many a time.

让我看看，维多琳小姐，我对看手相很有研究，而且我算命已经算了很多回了。

Come, now, don't be frightened.

快点，快，别害怕。

Ah! what do I see?

啊！我看见了什么？

Upon my word, you will be one of the richest heiresses in Paris before very long.

的的确确，你很快就会是巴黎最富有的女继承人之一了。

You will heap riches on the man who loves you.

你会为爱你的男人堆起金山。

Your father will want you to go and live with him.

你的父亲会需要你，让你和他住在一起。

You will marry a young and handsome man with a title, and he will idolize you.”

你会和一个又年轻、英俊、有头衔的男人结婚，他会非常爱你。”

The heavy footsteps of the coquettish widow, who was coming down the stairs, interrupted Vautrin's fortune-telling.

那卖弄风情的寡妇下楼了，她沉重的脚步声打断了沃尔特兰的算命。

"Here is Mamma Vauquerre, fair as a starr-r-r, dressed within an inch of her life. Aren't we a trifle pinched for room?" he inquired, with his arm round the lady; "we are screwed up very tightly about the bust, mamma!

“沃盖妈妈来了，您像明星一样美丽，穿衣服穿得差一点丢了性命。是不是有点憋得慌？”他搂着这位夫人，问道，“胸部绷得太紧了，妈妈！

If we are much agitated, there may be an explosion; but I will pick up the fragments with all the care of an antiquary.”

要是太激动的话，说不定会爆炸的，但是我会像一个古董收藏家那样细心地把所有碎片捡起来。”

"There is a man who can talk the language of French gallantry!" said the widow, bending to speak in Mme. Couture's ear.

“这个人说着法国式的殷勤话！”这个寡妇侧身在库蒂尔夫人的耳边说道。

"Good-bye, little ones!" said Vautrin, turning to Eugene and Victorine.

“再见了，年轻人们！”沃尔特兰转向欧仁和维多琳，说道，

"Bless you both!"

“上帝保佑你们两个！”

And he laid a hand on either head.

他把双手放在两人的头上。

"Take my word for it, young lady, an honest man's prayers are worth something; they should bring you happiness, for God hears them."

“相信我的话，年轻的女士，一个诚实男人的祈祷会有些作用的，是会给你带来幸福的，因为上帝听见了那些话。”

"Good-bye, dear," said Mme. Vauquer to her lodger.

“再见，亲爱的。”沃盖夫人对她的房客说。

"Do you think that M. Vautrin means to run away with me?" she added, lowering her voice.

“你觉得沃尔特兰先生会和我私奔吗？”她放低声音，又说道。

"Lack-a-day!" said the widow.

“悲哉！”这个寡妇说。

"Oh! mamma dear, suppose it should really happen as that kind M. Vautrin said!" said Victorine with a sigh as she looked at her hands.

“哦！亲爱的妈妈，但愿事情真会像善人沃尔特兰先生说的那样发生！”维多琳看着自己的手，叹了一口气说道。

The two women were alone together.

只剩下这两位女士了。

"Why, it wouldn't take much to bring it to pass," said the elderly lady; "just a fall from his horse, and your monster of a brother—" "Oh! mamma."

“哎呀，要让这预言实现也不是很难，”年长一些的夫人说，“只要你的魔鬼哥哥一掉下马，他——”“哦！妈妈。”

"Good Lord!

“上帝啊！

Well, perhaps it is a sin to wish bad luck to an enemy," the widow remarked.

嗯，也许诅咒一个敌人是罪过。”寡妇说道，

"I will do penance for it.

“我会为此忏悔的。

Still, I would strew flowers on his grave with the greatest pleasure, and that is the truth.

但是，我还是会带着极大的喜悦在他的坟上撒满鲜花的，这是事实。

Black-hearted, that he is!

他就是那么黑心肠！

The coward couldn't speak up for his own mother, and cheats you out of your share by deceit and trickery.

那个懦弱的家伙不为自己的母亲辩护，还连哄带骗不让你分遗产。

My cousin had a pretty fortune of her own, but unluckily for you, nothing was said in the marriage-contract about anything that she

might come in for.”

我的表姐有一大笔她自己的财产，但是你很不幸，婚前协定中没有说她带来了多少财产。”

"It would be very hard if my fortune is to cost some one else his life," said Victorine.

“要是我的财富要建立在牺牲其他人的性命之上，那么我会很不好受。”维多琳说，

"If I cannot be happy unless my brother is to be taken out of the world, I would rather stay here all my life."

“要是只有我哥哥死了，我才能得到快乐的话，我宁愿一辈子住在这里。”

"*Mon Dieu!* it is just as that good M. Vautrin says, and he is full of piety, you see," Mme. Couture remarked.

“我的天啊！这就像善人沃尔特兰先生说得那样，而且你看，他还满怀虔诚之心呢。”库蒂尔夫人说，

"I am very glad to find that he is not an unbeliever like the rest of them that talk of the Almighty with less respect than they do of the Devil.

“让我很欣慰的是，他不像其他人那样不信奉上帝。那些人说起万能的主，说话的语气比说起魔鬼还要不敬。

Well, as he was saying, who can know the ways by which it may please Providence to lead us?”

嗯，就像他说的那样，谁知道上帝乐意带我们走哪一条路呢？”

With Sylvie's help the two women at last succeeded in getting Eugene up to his room; they laid him on the bed, and the cook unfastened his clothes to make him more comfortable.

在西尔维的帮助下，两位女士终于将欧仁扶回了他的房间。她们将他平放在床上，厨娘则解开了他的衣服让他睡得更舒服些。

Before they left the room, Victorine snatched an opportunity when her guardian's back was turned, and pressed a kiss on Eugene's forehead, feeling all the joy that this stolen pleasure could give her.

在她们离开房间之前，维多琳趁着她的监护人转身的时候，在欧仁的额头上吻了一下，感受这偷来的愉悦带给她的所有乐趣。

Then she looked round the room, and gathering up, as it were, into one single thought all the untold bliss of that day, she made a picture of her memories, and dwelt upon it until she slept, the happiest creature in Paris.

之后，她环顾屋内，好像在将那天所有不可言说的幸福感觉聚集成一个念头。她的记忆汇成了一幅画面。她就这样想着入睡 ，她是巴黎最快乐的人。

That evening's merry-making, in the course of which Vautrin had given the drugged wine to Eugene and Father Goriot, was his own ruin.

沃尔特兰在狂欢期间趁机往欧仁和高老头的酒里下了药，那晚的狂欢毁了他自己。

Bianchon, flustered with wine, forgot to open the subject of Trompe-la-Mort with Mlle. Michonneau.

给人灌醉了的比安卡肖恩，忘了跟米绍诺小姐提“鬼上当”的事。

The mere mention of the name would have set Vautrin on his guard; for Vautrin, or, to give him his real name, Jacques Collin, was in fact the notorious escaped convict.

只要提起这个名字就会让沃尔特兰提高警惕。而沃尔特兰，或者不妨说出他的真名，雅克·科兰，实际上就是那个臭名昭著的逃犯。

But it was the joke about the Venus of Pere-Lachaise that finally decided his fate.

但是就是那个笑话，那个拉雪兹神父公墓的维纳斯，最终决定了他的命运。

Mlle. Michonneau had very nearly made up her mind to warn the convict and to throw herself on his generosity, with the idea of making a better bargain for herself by helping him to escape that night; but as it was, she went out escorted by Poiret in search of the famous chief of detectives in the Petite Rue Saint-Anne, still thinking that it was the district superintendent—one Gondureau—with whom she had to do.

米绍诺小姐想着这个人慷慨大方，想到自己帮助他在夜里逃跑能拿到更多好处，几乎下定决心要警告这个犯人了。然而事实上，她却陪着普瓦雷出去，去圣安妮小街找那位著名的探长了，她仍然想着那人是一个叫龚杜罗的地方主管，她必须和他合作。

The head of the department received his visitors courteously.

这位部长客气地接待了两个来访者。

There was a little talk, and the details were definitely arranged.

他们谈了一小会儿，明确安排了一些细节问题。

Mlle. Michonneau asked for the draught that she was to administer in order to set about her investigation.

米绍诺小姐问他要了执行调查所需要的药。

But the great man's evident satisfaction set Mlle. Michonneau thinking; and she began to see that this business involved something more than the mere capture of a runaway convict.

但是这位重要人物明显的满意之情让米绍诺小姐陷入了思考，她开始意识到这桩生意牵扯的不单是抓一个在逃犯的问题。

She racked her brains while he looked in a drawer in his desk for the little phial, and it dawned upon her that in consequence of treacherous revelations made by the prisoners the police were hoping to lay their hands on a considerable sum of money.

在他打开桌子的抽屉翻找那个小药瓶的时候，她绞尽脑汁思索着这个问题。于是她得出结论，由于囚犯向警察告密，因此警察期望得到一大笔钱。

But on hinting her suspicions to the old fox of the Petite Rue Saint-Anne, that officer began to smile, and tried to put her off the scent.

但是在她向这个圣安妮小街的老狐狸暗示了她的怀疑之后，这位官员露出了微笑，试图打消她的疑虑。

"A delusion," he said.

“这是个错觉。”他说，

"Collin's *sorbonne* is the most dangerous that has yet been found among the dangerous classes.

“科兰的机构是现在所发现的危险机构之中最危险的一个。

That is all, and the rascals are quite aware of it.

就这些，而且那些流氓也清楚地意识到那一点了。

They rally round him; he is the backbone of the federation, its Bonaparte, in short; he is very popular with them all.

他们团结在他周围，总而言之，他是其联盟中的主心骨，是他们的波拿巴，在他们中间非常受欢迎。

The rogue will never leave his *chump* in the Place de Greve.”

这流氓绝不会在格雷夫广场被砍下木块的。

As Mlle. Michonneau seemed mystified, Gondureau explained the two slang words for her benefit.

米绍诺小姐似乎感到很迷惑，所以龚杜罗就为她解释那两个暗语。

Sorbonne and *chump* are two forcible expressions borrowed from thieves' Latin, thieves, of all people, being compelled to consider the human head in its two aspects.

“机构”和“木块”是两个很有说服力的表达方式，是从盗贼的黑话中借用来的词语，所有人类中的小偷都被迫从两个方面看待人类的头颅。

A sorbonne is the head of a living man, his faculty of thinking—his council; a chump is a contemptuous epithet that implies how little a human head is worth after the axe has done its work.

“机构”就是一个活人的头颅，是用来思考的工具——是他的顾问；“木块”则是一个轻蔑的称呼，暗示了当斧子砍下一颗人头之后，那颗脑袋就变得多么没有价值。

"Collin is playing us off," he continued.

“科兰让我们出尽洋相，”他继续说，

"When we come across a man like a bar of steel tempered in the English fashion, there is always one resource left—we can kill him if he takes it into his head to make the least resistance.

“当我们碰上像英国锻造的钢条一样的家伙时，我们总是只有一条路可走——他一想到要稍微反抗一下，我们就可以杀了他。

We are reckoning on several methods of killing Collin to-morrow morning.

我们正在考虑明天早上杀掉科兰的几种方法。

It saves a trial, and society is rid of him without all the expense of guarding and feeding him.

这就省了审判过程，这个社会也可以省下他的看守费用，还有饭钱。

What with getting up the case, summoning witnesses, paying their expenses, and carrying out the sentence, it costs a lot to go through all the proper formalities before you can get quit of one of these good-for-nothings, over and above the three thousand francs that you are going to have.

考虑到安排这个案子上庭、召集证人、支付证人的花费、执行判决，在你可以消灭这些毫无用处的人之前，所有正式手续就要花费三千

法郎，这远比给你们的钱要多。

There is a saving in time as well.

而且这种方法也节省时间。

One good thrust of the bayonet into Trompe-la-Mort's paunch will prevent scores of crimes, and save fifty scoundrels from following his example; they will be very careful to keep themselves out of the police courts.

只要在‘鬼上当’的肚子上插一刀，就能阻止许多罪案的发生，挽救五十个小混混，防止他们步他的后尘。他们就会非常小心，避免自己被送上法庭。

That is doing the work of the police thoroughly, and true philanthropists will tell you that it is better to prevent crime than to punish it.”

这就是彻底地完成了警察的工作，真正的慈善家会告诉你阻止罪行比惩罚罪行要好得多。”

"And you do a service to our country," said Poiret.

“而且你们这是在为我们的国家效力。”普瓦雷说。

"Really, you are talking in a very sensible manner tonight, that you are," said the head of the department.

“确实是的，你今晚说的话非常有道理，这才是真正的你。”这位部长说，

"Yes, of course, we are serving our country, and we are very hardly used too.

“是的，当然，我们在为国效力，而且我们也付出了很多。

We do society very great services that are not recognized.

我们为这个社会做了很大的贡献，却没有得到认可。

In fact, a superior man must rise above vulgar prejudices, and a Christian must resign himself to the mishaps that doing right entails, when right is done in an out-of-the-way style.

实际上，一个上等人必须跳出世俗的偏见，一个基督徒必须甘心接受带来正确结果的灾祸，就算获得正确的方式很不同寻常也要接受。

Paris is Paris, you see!

巴黎还是巴黎，您看！

That is the explanation of my life.— I have the honor to wish you a good-evening, mademoiselle.

这恰好诠释了我的生活——我很荣幸，祝您晚安，小姐。

I shall bring my men to the Jardin du Roi in the morning.

我早上会带上我的人去国王花园。

Send Christophe to the Rue du Buffon, tell him to ask for M. Gondureau in the house where you saw me before.— Your servant, sir.

叫克里斯托夫去一趟布丰街，告诉他在您之前见我的地方找龚杜罗先生就行了——您的仆人，先生。

If you should ever have anything stolen from you, come to me, and I will do my best to get it back for you.”

要是您有什么东西被偷了，就来找我，我会尽力将您丢的东西物归原主。”

"Well, now," Poiret remarked to Mlle. Michonneau, "there are idiots who are scared out of their wits by the word police.

“那么，现在，”普瓦雷对米绍诺小姐说，“还有一些笨蛋一听到警察二字就吓得魂飞魄散呢。

That was a very pleasant-spoken gentleman, and what he wants you to do is as easy as saying 'Good-day.'" The next day was destined to be one of the most extraordinary in the annals of the Maison Vauquer.

和那位先生谈话真是感到愉快，而且他想叫你做的事就像打招呼那么简单。第二天注定会成为“沃盖之家”史上最非同寻常的一天。

Hitherto the most startling occurrence in its tranquil existence had been the portentous, meteor-like apparition of the sham Comtesse de l'Ambermesnil.

迄今为止，在平静的公寓生活中，最让人吃惊的事情莫过于离奇的假德朗贝梅尼尔公爵夫人事件，不过这件事已经像流星一般一闪而过了。

But the catastrophes of this great day were to cast all previous events into the shade, and supply an inexhaustible topic of conversation for Mme. Vauquer and her boarders so long as she lived.

但是这个伟大日子带来的灾难将会使之前所有的事件都显得暗淡无光，将为沃盖夫人的余生和她的房客门提供无穷无尽的话题。

In the first place, Goriot and Eugene de Rastignac both slept till close upon eleven o'clock.

首先，高老头和欧仁·德拉斯蒂涅两人一直睡到快十一点。

Mme. Vauquer, who came home about midnight from the Gaite, lay a-bed till half-past ten.

午夜才从盖特剧院回来的沃盖夫人，也会一直睡到十点半。

Christophe, after a prolonged slumber (he had finished Vautrin's first bottle of wine), was behindhand with his work, but Poiret and Mlle. Michonneau uttered no complaint, though breakfast was delayed.

睡过头的克里斯托夫（他喝完了沃尔特兰的第一瓶酒）耽误了他的工作。尽管早餐时间延误了，但是普瓦雷和米绍诺小姐没有一句怨言。

As for Victorine and Mme. Couture, they also lay late.

对于维多琳和库蒂尔夫人来说，她们也会睡到很晚。

Vautrin went out before eight o'clock, and only came back just as breakfast was ready.

沃尔特兰八点之前就出去了，不过刚好在早餐准备好的时候回来了。

Nobody protested, therefore, when Sylvie and Christophe went up at a quarter past eleven, knocked at all the doors, and announced that breakfast was waiting.

所以当西尔维和克里斯托夫十一点一刻上楼去挨个敲门，告知早餐好了的时候，也没有人提出抗议。

While Sylvie and the man were upstairs, Mlle. Michonneau, who came down first, poured the contents of the phial into the silver cup belonging to Vautrin—it was standing with the others in the bain-marie that kept the cream hot for the morning coffee.

就在西尔维和男仆在楼上的时候，第一个下来的米绍诺小姐将药瓶里的东西倒进属于沃尔特兰的银质杯子里——那只杯子和其他杯子一起放在双重蒸锅里，锅里热着早间冲咖啡用的奶油。

The spinster had reckoned on this custom of the house to do her stroke of business.

老处女利用旅馆的这个习惯来执行她的任务。

The seven lodgers were at last collected together, not without some difficulty.

最终七个房客都坐在了一起，都费了一阵力气。

Just as Eugene came downstairs, stretching himself and yawning, a commissionaire handed him a letter from Mme. de Nucingen.

就在欧仁伸着懒腰、打着哈欠下楼的时候，守门人递给他一封德纽沁根夫人的来信。

It ran thus:— "I feel neither false vanity nor anger where you are concerned, my friend.

信里这样写着：“一想到你，我既没有感到虚伪的自负，也没有感到

怒气，我的朋友。

Till two o'clock this morning I waited for you.

我一直等你等到凌晨两点。

Oh, that waiting for one whom you love!

哦，等一个你爱的人！

No one that had passed through that torture could inflict it on another.

经过这种折磨的人不会让其他人承受这种痛苦了。

I know now that you have never loved before.

现在，我知道你之前从没爱过别人。

What can have happened?

到底发生什么事了呢？

Anxiety has taken hold of me.

我的心里充满了焦虑。

I would have come myself to find out what had happened, if I had not feared to betray the secrets of my heart.

要不是我怕泄露心中的秘密，我就会亲自过去弄清楚到底发生了什么事。

How can I walk out or drive out at this time of day?

在这个时候，我怎么能走出门或坐车出门呢？

Would it not be ruin?

这不会毁了我吗？

I have felt to the full how wretched it is to be a woman.

我充分感受到，做女人是多么悲惨的一件事啊。

Send a word to reassure me, and explain how it is that you have not come after what my father told you.

给我写点什么，打消我的疑虑吧，告诉我为什么父亲跟你说了之后，你却还是不来找我。

I shall be angry, but I will forgive you.

我会生气的，但是我会原谅你。

One word, for pity's sake.

说一句话吧，看在我可怜的份上。

You will come to me soon, will you not?

你很快就会来找我，是不是？

If you are busy, a line will be enough.

要是你很忙，给我写几个字就够了。

Say, 'I will hasten to you,' or else, 'I am ill.' But if you were ill my father would have come to tell me so.

说‘我会赶去你那里，’或者说，‘我病了’。但是要是你病了，我父亲会来告诉我。

What can have happened?...”

到底发生什么事了呢？……”

"Yes, indeed, what has happened?" exclaimed Eugene, and, hurrying down to the dining-room, he crumpled up the letter without reading any more.

“是的，到底发生什么事了呢？”欧仁大声叫道，之后就匆忙下楼去餐厅，他将那封信揉成一团，不再看一眼。

"What time is it?"

“几点了？”

"Half-past eleven," said Vautrin, dropping a lump of sugar into his coffee.

“十一点半。”沃尔特兰说着往自己的咖啡里放了一块糖。

The escaped convict cast a glance at Eugene, a cold and fascinating glance; men gifted with this magnetic power can quell furious lunatics in a madhouse by such a glance, it is said.

这个在逃犯以冷峻而迷人的目光瞥了一眼欧仁。据说拥有这种魔力的男人凭借这一瞥能镇住精神病院里发狂的疯子。

Eugene shook in every limb.

欧仁的四肢都在发抖。

There was the sound of wheels in the street, and in another moment a man with a scared face rushed into the room.

街上传来了车轮的声音，下一秒钟，一个脸上有疤的男人就冲进了房间。

It was one of M. Taillefer's servants; Mme. Couture recognized the livery at once.

那是塔耶费先生的一个仆人，库蒂尔夫人立刻认出了那套制服。

"Mademoiselle," he cried, "your father is asking for you—something terrible has happened!

“小姐，”他叫道，“您的父亲要见您——出了一件可怕的事！

M. Frederic has had a sword thrust in the forehead in a duel, and the doctors have given him up.

弗雷德里克先生在一场决斗中被刺中前额，医生已经说没救了。

You will scarcely be in time to say good-bye to him! he is unconscious.”

您已经赶不及去跟他道别了！他已经昏迷了。”

"Poor young fellow!" exclaimed Vautrin.

“可怜的年轻人！”沃尔特兰叫道，

"How can people brawl when they have a certain income of thirty thousand livres?

“为什么人们在有了三万里弗赫的稳定收入时，还要去打架呢？

Young people have bad manners, and that is a fact.”

年轻人总是不太规矩，这是事实。”

"Sir!" cried Eugene.

“先生！”欧仁喊道。

"Well, what then, you big baby!" said Vautrin, swallowing down his coffee imperturbably, an operation which Mlle. Michonneau watched with such close attention that she had no emotion to spare for the amazing news that had struck the others dumb with amazement.

“哦，你想说什么，你这个大男孩！”沃尔特兰边说边平静地喝下他的咖啡。他这个动作米绍诺小姐都细细地看在眼里。她看得过于专心，以至于没工夫理会那个别人都吃惊得说不出话的消息。

"Are there not duels every morning in Paris?" added Vautrin.

“在巴黎不是每天早上都有决斗吗？”沃尔特兰又说道。

"I will go with you, Victorine," said Mme. Couture, and the two women hurried away at once without either hats or shawls.

“我跟你一起去，维多琳。”库蒂尔夫人说完，两位女士就匆忙离开了，帽子也没戴，围巾也没围。

But before she went, Victorine, with her eyes full of tears, gave Eugene a glance that said— "How little I thought that our happiness should cost me tears!"

在维多琳离开之前，她用那包含泪水的眼睛看了欧仁一眼，好像在说——“我没有想到我们的幸福会让我掉眼泪！”

"Dear me, you are a prophet, M. Vautrin," said Mme. Vauquer.

“我的天啊，您是先知，沃尔特兰先生。”沃盖夫人说。

"I am all sorts of things," said Vautrin.

“我精通一切。”沃尔特兰说。

"Queer, isn't it?" said Mme. Vauquer, stringing together a succession of commonplaces suited to the occasion.

“很奇怪，不是吗？”沃盖夫人说。她又将一系列应景而平常的话串在了一起。

"Death takes us off without asking us about it.

“死神不事先和我们商量就将我们带走。

The young often go before the old.

真是白发人送黑发人。

It is a lucky thing for us women that we are not liable to fight duels, but we have other complaints that men don't suffer from.

我们女人真是幸运，不用去决斗，但是我们也有一些男人不用承受的委屈。

We bear children, and it takes a long time to get over it.

我们要生孩子，而且需要很长时间才能从其中恢复过来。

What a windfall for Victorine!

维多琳真是发了横财啦！

Her father will have to acknowledge her now!”

她父亲现在要承认她了！”

"There!" said Vautrin, looking at Eugene, "yesterday she had not a penny; this morning she has several millions to her fortune."

“嘿！”沃尔特兰看着欧仁说，“昨天她还一文不名，今天早上她就成了百万富婆了。”

"I say, M. Eugene!" cried Mme. Vauquer, "you have landed on your feet!"

“我说，欧仁先生！”沃盖夫人大声叫道，“你已经脱离困境啦！”

At this exclamation, Father Goriot looked at the student, and saw the crumpled letter still in his hand.

就在这感叹发出之时，高老头看着这个法律系学生，看到那封揉成一团的信还在他的手里。

"You have not read it through!

“你还没有看完呢！

What does this mean?

这是什么意思？

Are you going to be like the rest of them?" he asked.

你要像其他人那样吗？”他问。

"Madame, I shall never marry Mlle. Victorine," said Eugene, turning to Mme. Vauquer with an expression of terror and loathing that surprised the onlookers at this scene.

“夫人，我决不会娶维多琳小姐。”欧仁以恐怖而厌恶的表情转向沃盖夫人说道，这让在场的旁观者都吃了一惊。

Father Goriot caught the student's hand and grasped it warmly.

高老头抓住了这个学生的手，热情地一把握住。

He could have kissed it.

他都快要亲这只手了。

"Oh, ho!" said Vautrin, "the Italians have a good proverb—*Col tempo*.”

“哦，吼！”沃尔特兰说，“意大利人有一句很好的谚语——让时间去验证。”

"Is there any answer?" said Mme. de Nucingen's messenger, addressing Eugene.

“有回复了吗？”德纽沁根夫人的信使对欧仁说。

"Say that I will come directly."

“就说我会立即过去的。”

The man went.

那个人走了。

Eugene was in a state of such violent excitement that he could not be prudent.

欧仁正处于如此强烈的刺激之中，以至于他不能保持谨慎了。

"What is to be done?" he exclaimed aloud.

“接下来要做什么？”他大声叫道，

"There are no proofs!"

“没有证据！”

Vautrin began to smile.

沃尔特兰开始笑了起来。

Though the drug he had taken was doing its work, the convict was so vigorous that he rose to his feet, gave Rastignac a look, and said in hollow tones, "Luck comes to us while we sleep, young man," and fell stiff and stark, as if he were struck dead.

尽管他吃下的药已经有了作用，但是这个罪犯如此健壮，他站了起来，看了拉斯蒂涅一眼，以空洞的声音说道：“运气是在我们睡觉的时候到来的，年轻人。”之后就僵硬地倒了下去，就好像被打死了一样。

"So there is a Divine Justice!" said Eugene.

“这就是神圣的正义！”欧仁说，

"Well, if ever!

“恩，如果有的话，这就是！

What has come to that poor dear M. Vautrin?”

可怜又可爱的沃尔特兰先生怎么了？”

"A stroke!" cried Mlle. Michonneau.

“中风了！”米绍诺小姐喊道。

"Here, Sylvie! girl, run for the doctor," called the widow.

喂，西尔维！姑娘，快去叫医生。”那位寡妇叫道。

"Oh, M. Rastignac, just go for M. Bianchon, and be as quick as you can; Sylvie might not be in time to catch our doctor, M. Grimprel."

“哦，拉斯蒂涅先生，去找一下比安卡肖恩先生吧，尽快；西尔维可能赶不及见到我们的医生，格兰普雷尔先生。”

Rastignac was glad of an excuse to leave that den of horrors, his hurry for the doctor was nothing but a flight.

拉斯蒂涅很高兴能有个借口逃离这个恐怖的地方，他急忙去找医生只不过是逃避罢了。

"Here, Christophe, go round to the chemist's and ask for something that's good for the apoplexy."

“嘿，克里斯托夫，去药剂师那里要一点治中风的药。”

Christophe likewise went.

克里斯托夫也走了。

"Father Goriot, just help us to get him upstairs."

“高老头，帮我们把他抬上楼去吧。”

Vautrin was taken up among them, carried carefully up the

narrow staircase, and laid upon his bed.

大家拥着沃尔特兰，小心翼翼地将他从狭窄的楼梯抬上去，平放在他的床上。

"I can do no good here, so I shall go to see my daughter," said M. Goriot.

“我留在这里也没有用，所以我要去见我的女儿。”高里奥先生说。

"Selfish old thing!" cried Mme. Vauquer.

“自私的老家伙！”沃盖夫人喊着说,

"Yes, go; I wish you may die like a dog."

“好，滚吧，我希望你像狗一样死去。”

"Just go and see if you can find some ether," said Mlle. Michonneau to Mme. Vauquer; the former, with some help from Poiret, had unfastened the sick man's clothes.

“你去看看能不能找出点乙醚。”米绍诺小姐对沃盖夫人说。在普瓦雷的帮助下，米绍诺小姐已经解开了病人的衣服。

Mme. Vauquer went down to her room, and left Mlle. Michonneau mistress of the situation.

沃盖夫人下楼进了自己的房间，留下米绍诺小姐，她就能任意操控这个局面了。

"Now! just pull down his shirt and turn him over, quick!

“现在！拉下他的衬衣，把他翻过身来，快！

You might be of some use in sparing my modesty," she said to Poiret, "instead of standing there like a stock."

你也许有点用，能让我的端庄不受玷污，”她对普瓦雷说，“不至于像个树桩一样站在那里没用。”

Vautrin was turned over; Mlle. Michonneau gave his shoulder a sharp slap, and the two portentous letters appeared, white against the red.

沃尔特兰被翻了过来，米绍诺小姐在他的肩膀上用力拍了一下，两个白底红字的不祥字母便显现出来。

"There, you have earned your three thousand francs very easily," exclaimed Poiret, supporting Vautrin while Mlle. Michonneau slipped on the shirt again.— "Ouf!

“嘿，你轻轻松松就挣到了三千法郎了。”普瓦雷说。他支撑着沃尔特兰，而米绍诺小姐则为他重新穿上衬衣。“喔！

How heavy he is," he added, as he laid the convict down.

他多沉啊。”他将这个罪犯放平的时候补充道。

"Hush!

“嘘！

Suppose there is a strong-box here!" said the old maid briskly; her glances seemed to pierce the walls, she scrutinized every article of the furniture with greedy eyes.

或许这里有个保险箱！”这个老处女兴致勃勃地说道。她的目光似乎能穿透墙壁，她那双贪婪的眼睛仔细检查着家具上的每一个物件，

"Could we find some excuse for opening that desk?"

“我们能找出什么借口来打开那个桌子吗？”

"It mightn't be quite right," responded Poiret to this.

“那可能不太合适。”普瓦雷回答说。

"Where is the harm?

“又有什么坏处呢？

It is money stolen from all sorts of people, so it doesn't belong to any one now.

这是从各种人那里偷来的钱，所以那钱现在不属于任何人。

But we haven't time, there is the Vauquer."

但是我们没时间了，沃盖来了。”

"Here is the ether," said that lady.

“乙醚在这里。”那位女士说，

"I must say that this is an eventful day.

“我不得不说今天可是多事之日啊。

Lord! that man can't have had a stroke; he is as white as curds."

天啊！那个人不可能是中风，他像凝乳一样白。”

"White as curds?" echoed Poiret.

“像凝乳一样白？”普瓦雷跟着说道。

"And his pulse is steady," said the widow, laying her hand on his breast.

“而且他的脉搏也稳定了。”这个寡妇把手放在他的胸脯上说。

"Steady?" said the astonished Poiret.

“稳定了？”普瓦雷惊讶地说。

"He is all right."

“他没事了。”

"Do you think so?" asked Poiret.

“你这样认为吗？”普瓦雷问。

"Lord!

“主啊！

Yes, he looks as if he were sleeping.

是的，他看起来就像在睡觉一样。

Sylvie has gone for a doctor.

西尔维已经去叫医生了。

I say, Mlle. Michonneau, he is sniffing the ether.

我说，米绍诺小姐，他正吸着乙醚呢。

Pooh! it is only a spasm.

唉！只是一阵痉挛。

His pulse is good.

他的脉搏很平稳。

He is as strong as a Turk.

他就像土耳其人一样强壮。

Just look, mademoiselle, what a fur tippet he has on his chest; that is the sort of man to live till he is a hundred.

您看看，小姐，他胸口的毛发多浓密，这种人能活到一百岁。

His wig holds on tightly, however.

不过他假发戴得很牢靠。

Dear me! it is glued on, and his own hair is red; that is why he wears a wig.

我的天啊！那是粘上去的，他的头发是红色的，这就是他戴假发的原因了。

They say that red-haired people are either the worst or the best.

他们说红头发的人不是最好的人就是最坏的人。

Is he one of the good ones, I wonder?”

我想他是不是一个好人呢？”

"Good to hang," said Poiret.

“好到可以吊死了。”普瓦雷说。

"Round a pretty woman's neck, you mean," said Mlle Michonneau, hastily.

“你是说吊在美女的脖子上吧。”米绍诺小姐赶忙说道。

"Just go away, M. Poiret.

“赶快走开吧，普瓦雷先生。

It is a woman's duty to nurse you men when you are ill.

在你们男人生病的时候，照顾你们是女人的职责。

Besides, for all the good you are doing, you may as well take yourself off," she added.

而且，为了你正在做的事情好，你也可以走了。”她又说，

"Mme. Vauquer and I will take great care of dear M. Vautrin.

“沃盖夫人和我会好好照顾亲爱的沃尔特兰先生的。”

Poiret went out on tiptoe without a murmur, like a dog kicked out of the room by his master.

普瓦雷踮着脚尖一声不吭地出去了，就像一只被主人踢出家门的狗。

Rastignac had gone out for the sake of physical exertion; he wanted to breathe the air, he felt stifled.

拉斯蒂涅出来想透一下气，活动活动。他想呼吸新鲜空气，他觉得自己快要窒息了。

Yesterday evening he had meant to prevent the murder arranged for half-past eight that morning.

昨晚他还打算阻止这场安排在今天早上八点半的谋杀。

What had happened?

到底发生了什么？

What ought he to do now?

他现在应该做什么呢？

He trembled to think that he himself might be implicated.

他想着自己可能被牵连在内了，不禁浑身发抖。

Vautrin's coolness still further dismayed him.

沃尔特兰的冷酷更加让他惊慌不已。

"Yet, how if Vautrin should die without saying a word?" Rastignac asked himself.

“但是，沃尔特兰怎么能没留一句遗言就死了呢？”拉斯蒂涅问自

己。

He hurried along the alleys of the Luxembourg Gardens as if the hounds of justice were after him, and he already heard the baying of the pack.

他在卢森堡花园的小径中匆忙地走着，好像正义的猎犬正在后面追赶他，而他已经听到了一群狗的叫声一样。

"Well?" shouted Bianchon, "you have seen the *Pilote*?”

“嘿？”比安卡肖恩大声喊，“你看《飞行员报》了吗？”

The *Pilote* was a Radical sheet, edited by M. Tissot.

《飞行员报》是一份激进的报纸，是由蒂索先生主编的。

It came out several hours later than the morning papers, and was meant for the benefit of country subscribers; for it brought the morning news into provincial districts twenty-four hours sooner than the ordinary local journals.

它比早报晚发行几个小时，主要代表农村订阅者的利益；因为它比一般的地区报纸早二十四小时将早间新闻传送到各个省市地区。

"There is a wonderful history in it," said the house student of the Hopital Cochin.

“这里面记载了一件绝妙的事。”这位科钦医院的住院医生说道，

"Young Taillefer called out Count Franchessini, of the Old Guard, and the Count put a couple of inches of steel into his forehead.

“年轻的塔耶费激怒了保守派弗朗谢森尼伯爵，伯爵就将几寸剑尖刺进了他的前额。

And here is little Victorine one of the richest heiresses in Paris!

小维多琳就成为巴黎最富有的女继承人之一了！

If we had known that, eh?

要是我们早知道是这样，嗯？

What a game of chance death is!

死亡真是个靠运气的游戏！

They say Victorine was sweet on you; was there any truth in it?”

他们说维多琳和你很亲密，这是真的吗？”

"Shut up, Bianchon; I shall never marry her.

“闭嘴，比安卡肖恩，我决不会娶她。

I am in love with a charming woman, and she is in love with me, so—” "You said that as if you were screwing yourself up to be faithful

to her.

我爱上了一位迷人的女士，她也爱我，所以——”“你说这话，就好像你要毁了自己来忠诚于她似的。

I should like to see the woman worth the sacrifice of Master Taillefer's money!"

我应该看看这个值得你牺牲塔耶费大人钱财的女人！”

"Are all the devils of hell at my heels?" cried Rastignac.

“地狱所有的恶魔都跟上我了吗？”拉斯蒂涅喊道。

"What is the matter with you?

“你怎么了？

Are you mad?

你疯了吗？

Give us your hand," said Bianchon, "and let me feel your pulse.

把你的手给我。”比安卡肖恩说，“让我给你把把脉。

You are feverish.”

你发烧了。”

"Just go to Mother Vauquer's," said Rastignac; "that scoundrel Vautrin has dropped down like one dead."

“去沃盖妈妈那里吧。”拉斯蒂涅说，“那个卑鄙的沃尔特兰已经倒了下去，就像死了一样。”

"Aha!" said Bianchon, leaving Rastignac to his reflections, "you confirm my suspicions, and now I mean to make sure for myself."

“啊哈！”比安卡肖恩说着留下拉斯蒂涅一个人在那里反省，“你证实了我的怀疑，现在我要证实我自己的了。”

The law student's long walk was a memorable one for him.

这个法律系学生散步了很长时间，这对他来说是一次难忘的经历。

He made in some sort a survey of his conscience.

他稍微审视了自己的良知。

After a close scrutiny, after hesitation and self-examination, his honor at any rate came out scatheless from this sharp and terrible ordeal, like a bar of iron tested in the English fashion.

在一番仔细审视、犹豫和自我反省之后，他的荣誉最终平安通过了这次尖锐而可怕的考验，就像铁棒经受住了英式的锤炼一样。

He remembered Father Goriot's confidences of the evening before;

he recollected the rooms taken for him in the Rue d'Artois, so that he might be near Delphine; and then he thought of his letter, and read it again and kissed it.

他想起高老头前晚信心满怀的样子；他回忆起在阿图瓦街为他布置的房间，他也由此能离德尔菲娜更近；随后他又想起了那封信，他又读了一遍，亲吻了信纸。

"Such a love is my anchor of safety," he said to himself.

“这样的爱是我安全的支柱。”他对自己说，

"How the old man's heart must have been wrung!

“老人家必定心如刀绞！

He says nothing about all that he has been through; but who could not guess?

他没有说任何他所承受的事，但是谁不会猜测呢？

Well, then, I will be like a son to him; his life shall be made happy.

那么，我要像对待父亲一样对待他，他的生活应该就会很幸福的。

If she cares for me, she will often come to spend the day with him.

要是她在乎我，她会常常过来陪他度过一天的。

That grand Comtesse de Restaud is a heartless thing; she would make her father into her hall porter.

伟大的德雷斯多伯爵夫人是个没心肝的家伙，她会让她的父亲去当她的大厅守门人。

Dear Delphine! she is kinder to the old man; she is worthy to be loved.

亲爱的德尔菲娜！她对老人更好一点，她值得我去爱。

Ah! this evening I shall be very happy!”

啊！今晚我应该会非常快乐！”

He took out his watch and admired it.

他摘下他的手表，欣赏了一番。

"I have had nothing but success!

“我除了成功，一无所有！

If two people mean to love each other for ever, they may help each other, and I can take this.

要是两个人打算永远相爱，他们就会相互扶持，所以我能接受这

个。

Besides, I shall succeed, and I will pay her a hundredfold.

而且，我也会成功的，我会百倍地偿还她。

There is nothing criminal in this liaison; nothing that could cause the most austere moralist to frown.

在这种联络关系中，没有任何违法之处，也没什么能让最严格的道德家皱眉头的地方。

How many respectable people contract similar unions!

有多少备受尊敬的人都牵涉进类似的关系中啊！

We deceive nobody; it is deception that makes a position humiliating.

我们没有欺骗任何人，而欺骗让我们的人格蒙羞。

If you lie, you lower yourself at once.

要是你说了谎话，你马上就贬低了自己。

She and her husband have lived apart for a long while.

她和她的丈夫已经分居很久了。

Besides, how if I called upon that Alsatian to resign a wife whom he cannot make happy?”

而且，要是我去见那个阿尔萨斯人，让他休了他不能给予其幸福的妻子，会怎么样呢？”

Rastignac's battle with himself went on for a long while; and though the scruples of youth inevitably gained the day, an irresistible curiosity led him, about half-past four, to return to the Maison Vauquer through the gathering dusk.

拉斯蒂涅的自我斗争持续了很久。尽管年轻人的审慎不可避免地占了上风，但是大约四点半的时候，难以抗拒的好奇心驱使他在暮色降临之时回到了“沃盖之家”。

Bianchon had given Vautrin an emetic, reserving the contents of the stomach for chemical analysis at the hospital.

比安卡肖恩已近给沃尔特兰服用了催吐剂，并将他的胃里的呕吐物收集起来，用于在医院做化学分析。

Mlle. Michonneau's officious alacrity had still further strengthened his suspicions of her.

米绍诺小姐的殷勤和爽快进一步增强了他对她的猜疑。

Vautrin, moreover, had recovered so quickly that it was

impossible not to suspect some plot against the leader of all frolics at the lodging-house.

此外，沃尔特兰恢复得如此之快，以至于让人们不由得怀疑这旅馆里有人密谋算计了这个所有欢乐的领导者。

Vautrin was standing in front of the stove in the dining-room when Rastignac came in.

拉斯蒂涅进来的时候，沃尔特兰正站在餐厅的壁炉前面。

All the lodgers were assembled sooner than usual by the news of young Taillefer's duel.

听到小塔耶费决斗的消息，所有房客都比平时更快地聚集起来。

They were anxious to hear any detail about the affair, and to talk over the probable change in Victorine's prospects.

他们急切地想知道关于这件事的任何细节，讨论着维多琳前途可能会发生的变化。

Father Goriot alone was absent, but the rest were chatting.

只有高老头缺席，但其他人都在议论纷纷。

No sooner did Eugene come into the room, than his eyes met the inscrutable gaze of Vautrin.

欧仁一进房间，就遇上了沃尔特兰难以捉摸的眼神。

It was the same look that had read his thoughts before—the look that had such power to waken evil thoughts in his heart.

这和之前解读他思想的目光一模一样——那目光有着能唤醒他心中邪恶念头的力量。

He shuddered.

他打了一个寒战。

"Well, dear boy," said the escaped convict, "I am likely to cheat death for a good while yet.

“哦，亲爱的孩子。”这个在逃犯说道，“我一时半会儿可能还死不了呢。

According to these ladies, I have had a stroke that would have felled an ox, and come off with flying colors.”

据这些女士们说，我刚才中风了，那一下连头牛都吃不消，但是我神奇地恢复了。”

"A bull you might say," cried the widow.

“你是说公牛吧。”那寡妇大声说。

"You really might be sorry to see me still alive," said Vautrin in Rastignac's ear, thinking that he guessed the student's thoughts.

“看见我还活着，你可能真的会觉得遗憾。”沃尔特兰在拉斯蒂涅的耳边说，他觉得自己已经猜到这个学生的想法了，

"You must be mighty sure of yourself."

“你对自己一定很有信心了。”

"Mlle. Michonneau was talking the day before yesterday about a gentleman named *Trompe-la-Mort*," said Bianchon; "and, upon my word, that name would do very well for you."

“米绍诺小姐前天说到一位叫‘鬼上当’的先生，”比安卡肖恩说，“的确，这个名字对你来说非常恰当。”

Vautrin seemed thunderstruck.

沃尔特兰好像被雷击了一下似的。

He turned pale, and staggered back.

他脸色发白，踉踉跄跄地向后退去。

He turned his magnetic glance, like a ray of vivid light, on Mlle. Michonneau; the old maid shrank and trembled under the influence of that strong will, and collapsed into a chair.

他那有吸引力的目光，像一道明亮的光线一样投到了米绍诺小姐身上。在这种强烈意志的影响之下，这个老处女向后退着，浑身发抖，最后瘫在椅子里。

The mask of good-nature had dropped from the convict's face; from the unmistakable ferocity of that sinister look, Poiret felt that the old maid was in danger, and hastily stepped between them.

温厚的面具从这个罪犯的脸上卸了下来。从他那明摆着的凶恶表情中，普瓦雷感到这个老处女有危险，于是急忙走到他们中间。

None of the lodgers understood this scene in the least, they looked on in mute amazement.

房客一点也看不懂这一幕。他们哑口无言，呆呆地旁观着。

There was a pause.

所有人都停了下来。

Just then there was a sound of tramping feet outside; there were soldiers there, it seemed, for there was a ring of several rifles on the pavement of the street.

就在那时，外面传来了踏步声。似乎有士兵在外面，因为街边的人行道上有几把来复枪叩击的声音。

Collin was mechanically looking round the walls for a way of escape, when four men entered by way of the sitting-room.

当四个人从客厅进来的时候，科兰正机械地环顾四周墙壁，想找一条路逃走。

"In the name of the King and the Law!" said an officer, but the words were almost lost in a murmur of astonishment.

“以国王和法律的名义！”一位官员说道，但是这句话淹没在了一片震惊的咕哝声中。

Silence fell on the room.

房间陷入了静默。

The lodgers made way for three of the men, who had each a hand on a cocked pistol in a side pocket.

房客们为其中的三位先生让了路，那三个人每人手上都有一支上了膛的手枪，放在口袋里。

Two policemen, who followed the detectives, kept the entrance to the sitting-room, and two more men appeared in the doorway that gave access to the staircase.

跟着侦探的两名警察守住了客厅的门口，又有两个人出现在通往楼梯的门口。

A sound of footsteps came from the garden, and again the rifles of several soldiers rang on the cobblestones under the window.

从花园传来脚步声，又传来几个士兵叩击来复枪，击中窗下鹅卵石的声音。

All chance of salvation by flight was cut off for Trompe-la-Mort, to whom all eyes instinctively turned.

“鬼上当”所有能逃出生天的机会都被阻断了，所有人都本能地将目光转向他。

The chief walked straight up to him, and commenced operations by giving him a sharp blow on the head, so that the wig fell off, and Collin's face was revealed in all its ugliness.

探长径直向他走去，开始时用力在他脑袋上打一巴掌。于是假发脱落，露出了科兰丑陋无比的整张脸。

There was a terrible suggestion of strength mingled with cunning in the short, brick-red crop of hair, the whole head was in harmony with his powerful frame, and at that moment the fires of hell seemed to gleam from his eyes.

这一头砖红色的短寸头暗含着狡猾和可怕的力量，整个头和他强健

有力的身躯相协调。在那一刻地狱之火似乎在他的眼中闪烁。

In that flash the real Vautrin shone forth, revealed at once before them all; they understood his past, his present, and future, his pitiless doctrines, his actions, the religion of his own good pleasure, the majesty with which his cynicism and contempt for mankind invested him, the physical strength of an organization proof against all trials.

就在那一刹那，真正的沃尔特兰闪现，全然呈现在众人面前。他们了解他的过去、他的现在、他的将来、他无情的教条、他的行为、他对自己快乐的信仰、他的玩世不恭和对人性的蔑视所授予他的王权，还有他抵抗所有审判的躯体中所蕴含的力量。

The blood flew to his face, and his eyes glared like the eyes of a wild cat.

热血涌上他的脸，他如野猫般怒目圆睁。

He started back with savage energy and a fierce growl that drew exclamations of alarm from the lodgers.

他突然后退；他发出的野蛮的力量和凶猛的咆哮让房客们都惊叫不已。

At that leonine start the police caught at their pistols under cover of the general clamor.

看着这个狮子般的动作，警察们在一片喧嚷声的掩护下拿起了手枪。

Collin saw the gleaming muzzles of the weapons, saw his danger, and instantly gave proof of a power of the highest order.

科兰看到隐隐放光的枪口，知道自己处境危险，便立即显示出最高层次的精神力量。

There was something horrible and majestic in the spectacle of the sudden transformation in his face; he could only be compared to a cauldron full of the steam that can send mountains flying, a terrific force dispelled in a moment by a drop of cold water.

他脸色突变的那一幕可怕而庄严。他只能被比喻成充满蒸汽的大锅炉，那种蒸汽能炸飞山脉，可是这股可怕的力量却只要滴一滴冷水就能立刻驱散。

The drop of water that cooled his wrathful fury was a reflection that flashed across his brain like lightning.

冷却他狂怒的那滴水就是像闪电一样在他脑中一闪而过的念头。

He began to smile, and looked down at his wig.

他开始微笑，低下头看着自己的假发。

"You are not in the politest of humors to-day," he remarked to the chief, and he held out his hands to the policemen with a jerk of his head.

“您今天并不是特别有礼貌。”他对探长说着，向警察点了点头，伸出了双手。

"Gentlemen," he said, "put on the bracelets or the handcuffs.

“先生，”他说，“戴上链锁或者手铐吧。

I call on those present to witness that I make no resistance.”

我请在场的各位作证，我没有反抗。”

A murmur of admiration ran through the room at the sudden outpouring like fire and lava flood from this human volcano, and its equally sudden cessation.

一阵钦佩的嘟囔声像火焰和岩浆一样从这个人类火山中突然喷出，跑遍整个屋子，又同样突然停息了。

"There's a sell for you, master crusher," the convict added, looking at the famous director of police.

“还有笔买卖等着你呢，破坏大王。”这个罪犯看着这位著名的警署指挥官，说道。

"Come, strip!" said he of the Petite Rue Saint-Anne, contemptuously.

“快，脱衣服！”圣安妮小街的人轻蔑地说。

"Why?" asked Collin.

“为什么？”科兰问，

"There are ladies present; I deny nothing, and surrender."

“还有女士在场呢，我什么事都没有否认，而且我投降了。”

He paused, and looked round the room like an orator who is about to overwhelm his audience.

他停顿了一下，环顾整间屋子，好像一个即将征服观众的演说者。

"Take this down, Daddy Lachapelle," he went on, addressing a little, white-haired old man who had seated himself at the end of the table; and after drawing a printed form from the portfolio, was proceeding to draw up a document.

“记下这个，拉沙佩勒老爹。”他对着那个身材矮小、头发花白的老人说。那个人独自坐在桌子的另一头。他从公文包里取出一份打印好的表格，开始填写文件。

"I acknowledge myself to be Jacques Collin, otherwise known as

Trompe-la-Mort, condemned to twenty years' penal servitude, and I have just proved that I have come fairly by my nickname.— If I had as much as raised my hand," he went on, addressing the other lodgers, "those three sneaking wretches yonder would have drawn claret on Mamma Vauquer's domestic hearth.

“我承认自己是雅克·科兰，又名‘鬼上当’，被判二十年劳役拘禁，而且我刚才证明了我并非浪得虚名——要是我稍微抬一下手，”他对着其他房客继续说，“站在远处的那三个卑鄙混蛋就会让沃盖妈妈家里的壁炉沾上鲜血。

The rogues have laid their heads together to set a trap for me.”

那三个混账合谋陷害我。”

Mme. Vauquer felt sick and faint at these words.

沃盖妈妈听了这些话后，头晕目眩，都快昏过去了。

"Good Lord!" she cried, "this does give one a turn; and me at the Gaite with him only last night!" she said to Sylvie.

“天啊！”她哭喊着，“这简直让人不敢相信，就在昨晚我还和他在盖特剧院呢！”她对西尔维说。

"Summon your philosophy, mamma," Collin resumed.

“冷静一些，妈妈。”科兰继续说，

"Is it a misfortune to have sat in my box at the Gaite yesterday evening?

“昨晚坐在我在盖特剧院的包厢里很不幸吗？

After all, are you better than we are?

那么，你们就比我们要好吗？

The brand upon our shoulders is less shameful than the brand set on your hearts, you flabby members of a society rotten to the core.

你们烙在心里的标记比我们肩膀上的这个标记更可耻。这是个烂到骨子里的社会，你们都是这社会里的软弱无力的人。

Not the best man among you could stand up to me.”

你们之中最优秀的人也不配和我相提并论。”

His eyes rested upon Rastignac, to whom he spoke with a pleasant smile that seemed strangely at variance with the savage expression in his eyes.— "Our little bargain still holds good, dear boy; you can accept any time you like!

他的目光落在了拉斯蒂涅身上，他对学生说话时的愉快笑容似乎和他眼中的野蛮表情很不相称，“我们的小协议仍然有效，亲爱的孩子，你

可以在任何你喜欢的时候接受！

Do you understand?”

你明白吗？”

And he sang: "A charming girl is my Fanchette In her simplicity."

之后他唱了起来：“一个迷人而质朴的女孩，我的方谢特。”

"Don't you trouble yourself," he went on; "I can get in my money.

“别自寻烦恼。”他继续说，“我能拿到钱。

They are too much afraid of me to swindle me.”

他们太害怕我了，不敢跟我使花招。”

The convicts' prison, its language and customs, its sudden sharp transitions from the humorous to the horrible, its appalling grandeur, its triviality and its dark depths, were all revealed in turn by the speaker's discourse; he seemed to be no longer a man, but the type and mouthpiece of a degenerate race, a brutal, supple, clear-headed race of savages.

这个罪犯的牢狱经历，包括语言和习惯、从幽默到恐怖的强烈转变、骇人听闻的气概、轻浮和神秘的深度，逐一从这个讲话者的口中显现出来了。他好像再也不是一个人了，而是一种堕落种族的典范和喉舌，那是一个残忍、逢迎、头脑清醒却野蛮的种族。

In one moment Collin became the poet of an inferno, wherein all thoughts and passions that move human nature (save repentance) find a place.

在某一刻科兰成为了地狱诗人，在那里能找到所有能打动人性的思想和激情（除了悔改之外）。

He looked about him like a fallen archangel who is for war to the end.

他看着拉斯蒂涅，好像堕落的大天使一样，准备抗争到底。

Rastignac lowered his eyes, and acknowledged this kinship claimed by crime as an expiation of his own evil thoughts.

拉斯蒂涅垂下了眼睛，承认了这种罪恶的关系，以补偿自己邪恶的想法。

"Who betrayed me?" said Collin, and his terrible eyes traveled round the room.

“是谁背叛了我呢？”科兰边说边用可怕的眼神扫视着整个屋子。

Suddenly they rested on Mlle. Michonneau.

突然他的目光落在了米绍诺小姐身上。

"It was you, old cat!" he said.

“是你，老太婆！”他说，

"That sham stroke of apoplexy was your doing, lynx eyes!... Two words from me, and your throat would be cut in less than a week, but I forgive you, I am a Christian.

“那次假中风就是你搞的鬼，锐利的目光！……只要我说两句话，不到一个星期你的喉咙就会被割断，但是我原谅你，我是个基督徒。

You did not sell me either.

你也没有出卖我。

But who did?— Aha! you may rummage upstairs," he shouted, hearing the police officers opening his cupboards and taking possession of his effects.

但是是谁呢？——啊哈！你可以上楼搜查。”他听到警官打开他的衣橱，拿走他的财物，大声喊道，

"The nest is empty, the birds flew away yesterday, and you will be none the wiser.

“巢穴是空的，昨天鸟都飞走了，你们依然一无所知。

My ledgers are here," he said tapping his forehead.

我的账本在这里呢。”他敲着自己的额头说，

"Now I know who sold me!

“现在我知道是谁出卖我了！

It could only be that blackguard Fil-de-Soie.

只能是外号叫‘丝线’的那个混蛋。

That is who it was, old catchpoll, eh?" he said, turning to the chief.

就是他，老警官，嗯？”他转向那位探长说道，

"It was timed so neatly to get the banknotes up above there.

“把钞票放在那上面时，时间把握得刚刚好。

There is nothing left for you—spies!

没给你剩下一分钱——间谍！

As for Fil-de-Soie, he will be under the daisies in less than a fortnight, even if you were to tell off the whole force to protect him.

对于‘丝线’来说，他不到两个星期就会丧命，即便你们派出所有警力保护他也没用。

How much did you give the Michonnette?" he asked of the police officers.

你们给米绍诺多少钱？”他问那些警官，

"A thousand crowns?

“一千克朗？

Oh you Ninon in decay, Pompadour in tatters, Venus of the graveyard, I was worth more than that!

哦，你这个腐朽的尼龙、包头的碎布、墓地上的维纳斯，我比那些值钱多了。

If you had given me warning, you should have had six thousand francs.

要是你事先警告过我，你能拿到六千法郎。

Ah! you had no suspicion of that, old trafficker in flesh and blood, or I should have had the preference.

啊！你没想到吧，你这个卖人血肉的老奸商，要不我就会有优待了。

Yes, I would have given six thousand francs to save myself an inconvenient journey and some loss of money," he said, as they fastened the handcuffs on his wrists.

是的，我宁愿花六千法郎，省去一场不方便的旅途和钱财的损失。”当他们把手铐套在他手腕上时，他说，

"These folks will amuse themselves by dragging out this business till the end of time to keep me idle.

“这些家伙以拖延事务为乐，他们把这件事一直拖到最后，让我闲着。

If they were to send me straight to jail, I should soon be back at my old tricks in spite of the duffers at the Quai des Orfevres.

要是他们直接把我送进监狱，我可以很快用我的老把戏出来，才用不着理会巴黎警察局调查部门的那些笨蛋呢。

Down yonder they will all turn themselves inside out to help their general—their good Trompe-la-Mort—to get clear away.

那里的人都会掏心掏肺地帮他们的将军——他们的好‘鬼上当’——扫除障碍。

Is there a single one among you that can say, as I can, that he has ten thousand brothers ready to do anything for him?" he asked proudly.

你们中有一个能像我这样说，他有上万兄弟时刻准备为他赴汤蹈火吗？”他骄傲地问。

"There is some good there," he said tapping his heart; "I have never betrayed any one!— Look you here, you slut," he said to the old maid, "they are all afraid of me, do you see?

“这里还是有些好东西的。”他拍拍自己的心口说，“我从不背叛任何人！——看看你，你这个荡妇，”他对那老处女说，“他们都害怕我，你看见了吗？

But the sight of you turns them sick.

但是他们看见你就恶心。

Rake in your gains.”

拿你的不义之财吧。”

He was silent for a moment, and looked round at the lodgers' faces.

他沉默了一会儿，看着四周房客们的表情。

"What dolts you are, all of you!

“你们这些笨蛋，全都是！

Have you never seen a convict before?

你们之前从没有见过罪犯吗？

A convict of Collin's stamp, whom you see before you, is a man less weak-kneed than others; he lifts up his voice against the colossal fraud of the Social Contract, as Jean-Jacques did, whose pupil he is proud to declare himself.

站在你们面前的科兰，他这种罪犯，不会比其他人懦弱。他抬高嗓门抵抗社会契约的巨大骗局，就像让-雅克那样，他的弟子会骄傲地表明自己的立场。

In short, I stand here single-handed against a Government and a whole subsidized machinery of tribunals and police, and I am a match for them all.”

总而言之，我只身一人在这里抵抗政府，还有其全额资助的审判庭和警察机关，我是他们所有人的对手。”

"Ye gods!" cried the painter, "what a magnificent sketch one might make of him!"

“天啊！”画家喊道，“要是把他画下来，该是多壮观的一幅素描啊！”

"Look here, you gentlemen-in-waiting to his highness the gibbet,

master of ceremonies to the widow" (a nickname full of sombre poetry, given by prisoners to the guillotine), "be a good fellow, and tell me if it really was Fil-de-Soie who sold me.

“看看这里，你们这些等着他上叫绞刑架的先生们，绞刑架下可见证了不少妇女变成寡妇（这个绰号饱含阴暗的诗意，是罪犯们为绞刑架起的）。发发善心，告诉我，是不是‘丝线’出卖了我。

I don't want him to suffer for some one else, that would not be fair."

我不想让他为其他人受苦，这不公平。”

But before the chief had time to answer, the rest of the party returned from making their investigations upstairs.

但是探长还没来得及回答，随行的其他人已经搜完楼上下来了。

Everything had been opened and inventoried.

所有东西都被打开，同时被记录在册。

A few words passed between them and the chief, and the official preliminaries were complete.

他们和探长说了几句话，正式的备案已经完成了。

"Gentlemen," said Collin, addressing the lodgers, "they will take me away directly.

“先生们，”科兰对房客们说，“他们马上会带我走。

You have all made my stay among you very agreeable, and I shall look back upon it with gratitude.

你们让我在这里住得非常愉快，我会以感激之心会回忆这段时光的。

Receive my adieux, and permit me to send you figs from Provence.”

请接受我的告别，允许我从普罗旺斯给你们寄些无花果。”

He advanced a step or two, and then turned to look once more at Rastignac.

他向前走了一两步，然后转向欧仁，又看了他一眼。

"Good-bye, Eugene," he said, in a sad and gentle tone, a strange transition from his previous rough and stern manner.

“再见了，欧仁，”之前，他的说话方式粗暴无情，现在却奇特地过渡到了悲伤而温和的口吻，他说道，

"If you should be hard up, I have left you a devoted friend," and, in spite of his shackles, he managed to assume a posture of defense,

called, "One, two!" like a fencing-master, and lunged.

“要是你缺钱的话，我已经给你介绍一个忠心的朋友了。”尽管他戴着手铐，他还是做出了一个抵御的动作，像剑师一样喊道，“一，二！”，接着刺了出去。

"If anything goes wrong, apply in that quarter.

“要是出问题了，尽管利用这个资源，

Man and money, all at your service.”

人力、物力都任凭你使唤。”

The strange speaker's manner was sufficiently burlesque, so that no one but Rastignac knew that there was a serious meaning underlying the pantomime.

这个陌生讲话者的动作十分滑稽，所以只有拉斯蒂涅知道这个手势之下的严肃意义。

As soon as the police, soldiers, and detectives had left the house, Sylvie, who was rubbing her mistress' temples with vinegar, looked round at the bewildered lodgers.

警察、士兵和侦探一离开屋子，正在给主人太阳穴擦醋的西尔维看了看四周不知所措的房客们。

"Well," said she, "he was a man, he was, for all that."

“嗳，”她说，“尽管如此，他还是个真男人，他是的。”

Her words broke the spell.

她的话打破了魔障。

Every one had been too much excited, too much moved by very various feelings to speak.

所有人都太激动了，他们被各种情绪感动着，都说不出话来。

But now the lodgers began to look at each other, and then all eyes were turned at once on Mlle. Michonneau, a thin, shriveled, dead-alive, mummy-like figure, crouching by the stove; her eyes were downcast, as if she feared that the green eye-shade could not shut out the expression of those faces from her.

但是现在，房客们开始面面相觑，然后所有的目光都立刻落在了米绍诺小姐身上，那个瘦弱、干枯、没精打采、木乃伊般干瘪的身躯正蜷缩在炉子旁边。她的眼睛低垂着，仿佛害怕自己绿色的眼罩不能遮住那些人的面部表情。

This figure and the feeling of repulsion she had so long excited were explained all at once.

这个身躯和她长久以来激起的厌恶感，顿时找到了解释。

A smothered murmur filled the room; it was so unanimous, that it seemed as if the same feeling of loathing had pitched all the voices in one key.

窒息的嘀咕声充满了整个屋子，大家的意见如此一致，似乎同一种厌恶情绪将所有的声音定格在了一个调子上。

Mlle. Michonneau heard it, and did not stir.

米绍诺小姐听到了这些，也没有起身。

It was Bianchon who was the first to move; he bent over his neighbor, and said in a low voice, "If that creature is going to stop here, and have dinner with us, I shall clear out."

第一个动的是比安卡肖恩，他向旁边的人侧过身去，低声说：“要是那个人还留在这里和我们一起吃饭，我就要搬家了。”

In the twinkling of an eye it was clear that every one in the room, save Poiret, was of the medical student's opinion, so that the latter, strong in the support of the majority, went up to that elderly person.

眨眼间，屋子里除了普瓦雷以外的所有人都和这个医科学生有着相同的看法，于是医科学生在大多数人的支持下，走到长者普瓦雷跟前。

"You are more intimate with Mlle. Michonneau than the rest of us," he said; "speak to her, make her understand that she must go, and go at once."

“比起我们其他人，你和米绍诺小姐更亲密一些。”他说，“跟她说说，让她明白她必须走人，立刻走。”

"At once!" echoed Poiret in amazement.

“立刻！”普瓦雷惊诧地应声说道。

Then he went across to the crouching figure, and spoke a few words in her ear.

之后他走向那个蜷缩着的躯体，在她耳边说了几句话。

"I have paid beforehand for the quarter; I have as much right to be here as any one else," she said, with a viperous look at the boarders.

“这一季度我已经提前付清了帐，我和其他人一样都有权利留在这里。”她用毒蛇般的眼神看着那些房客说。

"Never mind that! We will club together and pay you the money back," said Rastignac.

“完全不用担心！我们会共同努力，把钱退给你的。”拉斯蒂涅说。

"Monsieur is taking Collin's part," she said, with a questioning, malignant glance at the law student; "it is not difficult to guess why."

“先生站在科兰那边，”她以质问、邪恶的目光瞥了这个法律系学生一眼，说道，“这不难猜出原因。”

Eugene started forward at the words, as if he meant to spring upon her and wring her neck.

欧仁听了这些话，便冲上前去，仿佛要跳到她身上掐她的脖子。

That glance, and the depths of treachery that it revealed, had been a hideous enlightenment.

那一瞥揭露了他深藏心底的背叛，也照亮了他丑陋的内心。

"Let her alone!" cried the boarders.

“别理她！”其他房客大声说。

Rastignac folded his arms and was silent.

拉斯蒂涅交叉双臂，没有说话。

"Let us have no more of Mlle. Judas," said the painter, turning to Mme. Vauquer.

“别再把这个犹大小姐留下了。”画家转向沃盖夫人说,

"If you don't show the Michonneau the door, madame, we shall all leave your shop, and wherever we go we shall say that there are only convicts and spies left there.

“要是你不赶米绍诺小姐走的话，夫人，我们都会离开你的旅馆，而且不管我们走到哪里，我们都会说，这里只有罪犯和间谍。

If you do the other thing, we will hold our tongues about the business; for when all is said and done, it might happen in the best society until they brand them on the forehead, when they send them to the hulks.

要是你赶她走了，我们就会对这件事守口如瓶。说到底，这种事就是在最好的社会里也许都会发生，除非他们在将那些人送上囚船的时候，在他们额头上留下印记。

They ought not to let convicts go about Paris disguised like decent citizens, so as to carry on their antics like a set of rascally humbugs, which they are.”

他们不应该让这些罪犯伪装成体面的市民在巴黎四周走动，继续做着他们原本那一套招摇撞骗的滑稽行为。”

At this Mme. Vauquer recovered miraculously.

听到这些，沃盖夫人神奇地恢复过来了。

She sat up and folded her arms; her eyes were wide open now, and there was no sign of tears in them.

她坐了起来，抱起双臂；她的眼睛现在睁得很圆，而且看不出一点流泪的迹象。

"Why, do you really mean to be the ruin of my establishment, my dear sir?

“什么，你真的打算毁了我这盘生意吗，我亲爱的先生？

There is M. Vautrin—Goodness," she cried, interrupting herself, "I can't help calling him by the name he passed himself off by for an honest man!

那边是善良的沃尔特兰先生——天呐。”她哭喊道，又插了一句，“我不禁叫起了他的这个名字，他用这个名字将自己伪装成了一个诚实的人！

There is one room to let already, and you want me to turn out two more lodgers in the middle of the season, when no one is moving—" "Gentlemen, let us take our hats and go and dine at Flicoteaux's in the Place Sorbonne," cried Bianchon.

已经有一间房子空出来了，你还想让我在季度中途赶走两个房客，这时候没人会搬进来——”“先生们，我们戴上帽子，去索邦广场的弗利科托餐厅吃饭吧。”比安卡肖恩喊道。

Mme. Vauquer glanced round, and saw in a moment on which side her interest lay.

沃盖夫人扫视四周，马上有了新主意。

She waddled across to Mlle. Michonneau.

她向米绍诺小姐蹒跚走去。

"Come, now," she said; "you would not be the ruin of my establishment, would you, eh?

“过来，现在，”她说，“您不会毁了我的生意，是吗，嗯？

There's a dear, kind soul.

您有着珍贵而善良的灵魂。

You see what a pass these gentlemen have brought me to; just go up to your room for this evening."

您看看这些先生们都把我逼到什么地步了，今晚就先上楼回房吧。”

"Never a bit of it!" cried the boarders.

“不可能！”房客们喊道，

"She must go, and go this minute!"

“她必须走，现在就走！”

"But the poor lady has had no dinner," said Poiret, with piteous entreaty.

“但是这位可怜的女士还没有吃晚餐呢。”普瓦雷哀怨地乞求道。

"She can go and dine where she likes," shouted several voices.

“她爱去哪里吃就去哪里吃。”几个声音喊道，

"Turn her out, the spy!"

“把她赶出去，这个间谍！”

"Turn them both out!

“把他们俩都赶出去！

Spies!”

一对间谍！”

"Gentlemen," cried Poiret, his heart swelling with the courage that love gives to the ovine male, "respect the weaker sex."

“先生们，”普瓦雷哭诉着，他心中溢满了勇气——爱将勇气给予这个绵羊般的男人，“请尊重女性。”

"Spies are of no sex!" said the painter.

“间谍不分性别！”画家说。

"A precious sexorama!"

“一个珍贵的性别拉玛！”

"Turn her into the streetorama!"

“把她扔到大街拉玛上！”

"Gentlemen, this is not manners!

“先生们，这样做不礼貌！

If you turn people out of the house, it ought not to be done so unceremoniously and with no notice at all.

要是你们要赶人出门，也不能随随便便、不事先告知吧。

We have paid our money, and we are not going," said Poiret, putting on his cap, and taking a chair beside Mlle. Michonneau, with whom Mme. Vauquer was remonstrating.

我们付了钱，我们不会走。”普瓦雷说道。他戴上帽子，坐在了米绍诺小姐身边，而沃盖夫人正在劝这位小姐。

"Naughty boy!" said the painter, with a comical look; "run away, naughty little boy!"

“淘气的孩子！”画家一脸滑稽地说，“快走开，淘气的小家伙！”

"Look here," said Bianchon; "if you do not go, all the rest of us will," and the boarders, to a man, made for the sitting-room-door.

“你看，”比安卡肖恩说，“要是你们不走，我们其他人就会走。”于是房客们纷纷向客厅门口走去。

"Oh! mademoiselle, what is to be done?" cried Mme. Vauquer.

“哦！小姐，该怎么办？”沃盖夫人叫了起来，

"I am a ruined woman.

“我是个没用的女人。

You can't stay here; they will go further, do something violent."

您不能留在这里了，他们会越走越远，还会动起手来呢。”

Mlle. Michonneau rose to her feet.

米绍诺小姐站了起来。

"She is going!— She is not going!— She is going!— No, she isn't."

“她要走了！——她不会走！——她要走了！——不，她不会走。”

These alternate exclamations, and a suggestion of hostile intentions, borne out by the behavior of the insurgents, compelled Mlle. Michonneau to take her departure.

反抗者们的举动表明了他们的敌意，加上此起彼伏的惊叹，这一切迫使米绍诺小姐离开了。

She made some stipulations, speaking in a low voice in her hostess' ear, and then—"I shall go to Mme. Buneaud's," she said, with a threatening look.

她低声在自己女房东的耳边做了一些约定，然后说道：“我会去比诺夫人那里。”她面带威胁地说道。

"Go where you please, mademoiselle," said Mme. Vauquer, who regarded this choice of an opposition establishment as an atrocious insult.

“您想去哪里就去哪里，小姐。”沃盖夫人说，她将选择自己生意上的对手看成是粗暴的侮辱。

"Go and lodge with the Buneaud; the wine would give a cat the colic, and the food is cheap and nasty."

“去和比诺住去吧，那里的酒会让猫腹绞痛，食物劣质又不干净。”

The boarders stood aside in two rows to let her pass; not a word was spoken.

房客们站在两边，让她走出去，没有说一句话。

Poiret looked so wistfully after Mlle. Michonneau, and so artlessly revealed that he was in two minds whether to go or stay, that the boarders, in their joy at being quit of Mlle. Michonneau, burst out laughing at the sight of him.

普瓦雷留恋地在后面看着米绍诺小姐，这无疑反映了他对去留问题还在犹豫。那些因为米绍诺小姐的离开而满心欢喜的房客们看着他大笑起来。

"Hist!—st!—st!

“嘘！——嘘！——嘘！

Poiret," shouted the painter.

普瓦雷。”画家喊道，

"Hallo!

“你好！

I say, Poiret, hallo!”

我说，普瓦雷，你好！”

The *employee* from the Museum began to sing: "Partant pour la Syrie, Le jeune et beau Dunois..." "Get along with you; you must be dying to go, *trahit sua quemque voluptas!*" said Bianchon.

博物馆员工则开始唱道：“动身去叙利亚，年轻美丽的迪努瓦……”“你走吧，你肯定十分渴望离开，‘嗜好所在，锲而不舍’！”比安卡肖恩说。

"Every one to his taste—free rendering from Virgil," said the tutor.

“维吉尔的名句，意译下就是，每个人都朝着他自己的品味靠近。”助教说道。

Mlle. Michonneau made a movement as if to take Poiret's arm, with an appealing glance that he could not resist.

米绍诺小姐动了一下，好像是要抓普瓦雷的手臂，那种恳求的目光让他无法抗拒。

The two went out together, the old maid leaning upon him, and there was a burst of applause, followed by peals of laughter.

老处女靠着他，他们俩一起走了出去，之后传出了一阵鼓掌声和隆隆的笑声。

"Bravo, Poiret!"

“好样的，普瓦雷！”

"Who would have thought it of old Poiret!"

“谁能想到老普瓦雷会这样做呢！”

"Apollo Poiret!"

“太阳神普瓦雷！”

"Mars Poiret!"

“战神普瓦雷！”

"Intrepid Poiret!"

“无畏的普瓦雷！”

A messenger came in at that moment with a letter for Mme. Vauquer, who read it through, and collapsed in her chair.

就在那时，一个信使给沃盖夫人带来一封信，她读完之后，瘫倒在椅子里。

"The house might as well be burned down at once," cried she, "if there are to be any more of these thunderbolts!

“要是还有这样的晴天霹雳，”她哭着说，“这房子最好立马烧为平地算了！”!

Young Taillefer died at three o'clock this afternoon.

今天下午三点，小塔耶费去世了。

It serves me right for wishing well to those ladies at that poor man's expense.

上天对我很公正，因为我只想这些女士们好，却牺牲了那个可怜的人。

Mme. Couture and Victorine want me to send their things, because they are going to live with her father.

库蒂尔夫人和维多琳小姐希望我把她们的东西送过去，因为她们会和维多琳的父亲一起住。

M. Taillefer allows his daughter to keep old Mme. Couture as her lady companion.

塔耶费先生允许他的女儿把库蒂尔夫人留在那里，当女伴陪着她。

Four rooms to let! and five lodgers gone!... She sat up, and seemed about to burst into tears.

空出来四个房间了！五个房客都走了！……她坐了起来，好像要嚎啕大哭起来。

"Bad luck has come to lodge here, I think," she cried.

“我想霉运降临在这个旅馆了。”她哭着说。

Once more there came a sound of wheels from the street outside.

从街上又一次传来车轮声。

"What! another windfall for somebody!" was Sylvie's comment.

“什么！又有人发横财了！”西尔维评论道。

But it was Goriot who came in, looking so radiant, so flushed with happiness, that he seemed to have grown young again.

但是进来的是高老头，他看起来容光焕发、兴高采烈，仿佛又回到了年轻时代。

"Goriot in a cab!" cried the boarders; "the world is coming to an end."

“高老头坐马车了！”房客们喊道，“世界末日要到了。”

The good soul made straight for Eugene, who was standing wrapped in thought in a corner, and laid a hand on the young man's arm.

这个有着高尚灵魂的人径直走向欧仁。欧仁则站在角落，沉浸于思考之中。他将一只手放在这个年轻人的手臂上。

"Come," he said, with gladness in his eyes.

“过来。”他说道，眼睛里充满了快乐。

"Then you haven't heard the news?" said Eugene.

“那么你还没听说这个消息吧？”欧仁说，

"Vautrin was an escaped convict; they have just arrested him; and young Taillefer is dead."

“沃尔特兰是个在逃犯，他们刚才将他逮捕了，还有小塔耶费去世了。”

"Very well, but what business is it of ours?" replied Father Goriot.

“很好，但是这和我们有什么关系呢？”高老头回答说，

"I am going to dine with my daughter in *your house*, do you understand?

“我将在你的房间里和我的女儿共进晚餐，你明白吗？

She is expecting you.

她在等着你呢。

Come!”

快来！”

He carried off Rastignac with him by main force, and they

departed in as great a hurry as a pair of eloping lovers.

他使劲拉着拉斯蒂涅，他们就像私奔的情人那样匆匆忙忙地走了。

"Now, let us have dinner," cried the painter, and every one drew his chair to the table.

“现在，我们吃晚饭吧。”画家叫道，然后所有人都拉过椅子坐到桌前。

"Well, I never," said the portly Sylvie.

“啊，我从不，”魁梧的西尔维说，

"Nothing goes right to-day!

“今天什么事都不对劲！

The haricot mutton has caught!

我的扁豆炖羊肉烧焦了！

Bah! you will have to eat it, burned as it is, more's the pity!"

呸！你们必须得把它吃了，虽然烧焦了，不吃的话，就更可惜了！”

Mme. Vauquer was so dispirited that she could not say a word as she looked round the table and saw only ten people where eighteen should be; but every one tried to comfort and cheer her.

沃盖夫人完全泄了气，她说不出一句话来。她环顾着桌子周围，看着原本应该有十八个人的桌子上只坐了十个人，但是每个人都想方设法安慰她、鼓励她。

At first the dinner contingent, as was natural, talked about Vautrin and the day's events; but the conversation wound round to such topics of interest as duels, jails, justice, prison life, and alterations that ought to be made in the laws.

起先，在这随租附带的晚餐上，大家像往常一样谈论着沃尔特兰和当天发生的事；但是谈话总会落在有趣的话题上，如决斗、监牢、司法、监狱生活和法律应当做出的变动。

They soon wandered miles away from Jacques Collin and Victorine and her brother.

他们很快就把话题从雅克·科兰、维多琳和她哥哥扯到了很远。

There might be only ten of them, but they made noise enough for twenty; indeed, there seemed to be more of them than usual; that was the only difference between yesterday and to-day.

那里可能只坐了十个人，但是他们的声音却有二十个人那么响。的确，人似乎比平常多，这就是昨天和今天的唯一差别。

Indifference to the fate of others is a matter of course in this

selfish world, which, on the morrow of tragedy, seeks among the events of Paris for a fresh sensation for its daily renewed appetite, and this indifference soon gained the upper hand.

对他人的命运漠不关心，在这个自私的世界是一件理所应当的事。他们在悲剧发生的第二日，就在巴黎发生的各个事件中找寻新的新闻，以满足他们每日更新的欲望，这种漠不关心的态度很快就占了上风。

Mme. Vauquer herself grew calmer under the soothing influence of hope, and the mouthpiece of hope was the portly Sylvie.

沃盖夫人自己在希望的抚慰之下平静下来，而传达希望的人正是壮实的西尔维。

That day had gone by like a dream for Eugene, and the sense of unreality lasted into the evening; so that, in spite of his energetic character and clear-headedness, his ideas were a chaos as he sat beside Goriot in the cab.

那一日对于欧仁来说就像做梦一般，这种不真实的感觉一直延续到了晚上。即便他有着充沛的精力和清醒的头脑，但挨着高老头坐在马车里，他的脑子还是一片混乱。

The old man's voice was full of unwonted happiness, but Eugene had been shaken by so many emotions that the words sounded in his ears like words spoken in a dream.

这个老人的声音中满含非同寻常的欢愉，但是欧仁在被诸多情感震撼之后，他耳朵里听到的声音就好像梦中的声音一样。

"It was finished this morning!

“今天早上那幢房子大功告成啦！

All three of us are going to dine there together, together!

我们三个会一起在那里吃晚餐，一起！

Do you understand?

你明白吗？

I have not dined with my Delphine, my little Delphine, these four years, and I shall have her for a whole evening!

这四年来，我还没有和德尔菲娜一起吃过饭呢，我的小德尔菲娜，我会和她呆一整个晚上！

We have been at your lodging the whole time since morning.

从早上开始，我们就一直在你的房子里。

I have been working like a porter in my shirt sleeves, helping to carry in the furniture.

我穿着衬衫，挽着袖子，像个搬运工一样，一直在帮忙搬家具。

Aha! you don't know what pretty ways she has; at table she will look after me, 'Here, papa, just try this, it is nice.' And I shall not be able to eat.

啊哈！你不知道她有多美，她会坐在桌边看着我，‘这里，爸爸，试一下这个，很好吃。’但是我不能吃。

Oh, it is a long while since I have been with her in quiet every-day life as we shall have her.”

哦，我已经很久没有和她一起像我们这样安安静静地过日子了。”

"It really seems as if the world has been turned upside down."

“这个世界真的好像翻转过来了一样。”

"Upside down?" repeated Father Goriot.

“翻转过来？”高老头重复道，

"Why, the world has never been so right-side up.

“哎呀，这个世界从来就没有这样正确过。

I see none but smiling faces in the streets, people who shake hands cordially and embrace each other, people who all look as happy as if they were going to dine with their daughter, and gobble down a nice little dinner that she went with me to order of the chef at the Cafe des Anglais.

在街上，我只看见微笑的脸庞，人们真诚的握手，彼此地拥抱。人们看上去都很高兴，似乎他们要去和女儿吃饭呢。他们吃下的精美晚餐，还是她和我去英国咖啡馆叫主厨做的呢。

But, pshaw! with her beside you gall and wormwood would be as sweet as honey.”

但是，哼！有她在你身边，胆汁和苦艾都会变得跟蜂蜜一样甜。”

"I feel as if I were coming back to life again," said Eugene.

“我感觉我好像又活过来了。”欧仁说。

"Why, hurry up there!" cried Father Goriot, letting down the window in front.

“什么，快一点！”高老头推下前面的玻璃窗喊道。

"Get on faster; I will give you five francs if you get to the place I told you of in ten minutes time."

“走快一点，要是你十分钟之内到达我指定的地方，我给你五法郎。”

With this prospect before him the cabman crossed Paris with miraculous celerity.

听到这样的诱惑，马车夫便以不可思议的速度穿过巴黎街头。

"How that fellow crawls!" said Father Goriot.

“这家伙跟爬似的！”高老头说。

"But where are you taking me?"

“可是你要带我去哪里呢？”

Eugene asked him.

欧仁问他。

"To your own house," said Goriot.

“去你的房子啊。”高老头说。

The cab stopped in the Rue d'Artois.

马车在阿图瓦街停了下来。

Father Goriot stepped out first and flung ten francs to the man with the recklessness of a widower returning to bachelor ways.

高老头先下了马车，带着鳏夫回归单身汉生活的鲁莽劲，给那人扔下十法郎。

"Come along upstairs," he said to Rastignac.

“上楼去。”他对拉斯蒂涅说。

They crossed a courtyard, and climbed up to the third floor of a new and handsome house.

他们穿过庭院，爬上四楼一间崭新、漂亮的房子。

There they stopped before a door; but before Goriot could ring, it was opened by Therese, Mme. de Nucingen's maid.

他们在一扇门前停下，但是在高老头按下门铃之前，德纽沁根夫人的女仆泰蕾兹开了门。

Eugene found himself in a charming set of chambers; an ante-room, a little drawing-room, a bedroom, and a study, looking out upon a garden.

欧仁发现自己身处一间迷人的套房之中。套房包括一个前厅，一个小客厅，一间卧室，一间书房，从窗外望去是个花园。

The furniture and the decorations of the little drawing-room were of the most daintily charming description, the room was full of soft light, and Delphine rose up from a low chair by the fire and stood before him.

小客厅里的家具和装饰都十分雅致、迷人，柔和的光线洒满房间。德尔菲娜则从壁炉旁的一张矮椅上站起身来，走到欧仁面前。

She set her fire-screen down on the chimney-piece, and spoke with tenderness in every tone of her voice.

她将壁炉架的火炉栏放下来，然后便说起话来，她的每一个音节都亲切、柔和。

"So we had to go in search of you, sir, you who are so slow to understand!"

“我们必须去找您，先生，您反应太迟钝了！”

Therese left the room.

泰蕾兹离开了房间。

The student took Delphine in his arms and held her in a tight clasp, his eyes filled with tears of joy.

这个学生将德尔菲娜揽入怀中，紧紧地抱住了她，他的眼里充满了喜悦的泪水。

This last contrast between his present surroundings and the scenes he had just witnessed was too much for Rastignac's over-wrought nerves, after the day's strain and excitement that had wearied heart and brain; he was almost overcome by it.

他现在所处的环境和他之前所目睹的一幕幕场景形成了强烈的对比。对于神经一直紧绷的拉斯蒂涅来说，他实在是承受不住了。在一整天的紧张和刺激过后，他已经身心俱疲，快要被这一切击垮了。

"I felt sure myself that he loved you," murmured Father Goriot, while Eugene lay back bewildered on the sofa, utterly unable to speak a word or to reason out how and why the magic wand had been waved to bring about this final transformation scene.

“我敢肯定他喜欢你。”高老头低声说。这时欧仁迷惑地倒在沙发上，完全说不出话来，也不知道魔术棒是如何或为何一挥，就完成了这个最终的场景转变。

"But you must see your rooms," said Mme. de Nucingen.

“但是你必须来看看你的房子。”德纽沁根夫人说。

She took his hand and led him into a room carpeted and furnished like her own; indeed, down to the smallest details, it was a reproduction in miniature of Delphine's apartment.

她抓起他的手，把她带进一间屋子，屋里的摆设和地毯都和她自己房子里的一样。事实上，精细到最微小的细节都一模一样，这就是德尔菲娜的房间，只不过小了一些。

"There is no bed," said Rastignac.

“这里没有床。”拉斯蒂涅说。

"No, monsieur," she answered, reddening, and pressing his hand.

“是的，先生。”她红着脸，捏紧他的手，回答说。

Eugene, looking at her, understood, young though he yet was, how deeply modesty is implanted in the heart of a woman who loves.

欧仁看着她，尽管他还年轻，也明白了恋爱中的女人如何将羞怯之心深藏于自己的心中。

"You are one of those beings whom we cannot choose but to adore for ever," he said in her ear.

“你是我们只能永远爱慕的那一种人。”他在她耳边说，

"Yes, the deeper and truer love is, the more mysterious and closely veiled it should be; I can dare to say so, since we understand each other so well.

“是的，爱情越深刻、越真切，就应该越神秘、隐藏越深。我敢这样说，是因为我们太了解彼此了。

No one shall learn our secret.”

没人会知道我们的秘密。”

"Oh! so I am nobody, I suppose," growled the father.

“哦！我想我是个外人了。”父亲抱怨说。

"You know quite well that 'we' means you."

“你非常了解‘我们’就意味着你。”

"Ah! that is what I wanted.

“啊！这正是我想要的。

You will not mind me, will you?

你不介意我，是不是？

I shall go and come like a good fairy who makes himself felt everywhere without being seen, shall I not?

我会像一个善良的精灵一样走来走去，即使不被看见，也会让他人在任何地方都能能感受到我的存在，不是吗？

Eh, Delphinette, Ninette, Dedel—was it not a good idea of mine to say to you, 'There are some nice rooms to let in the Rue d'Artois; let us furnish them for him?' And she would not hear of it!

嗯，德尔菲内特、尼内特、德德尔——这不是我的好主意吗，是我跟你说‘阿图瓦街上有几间漂亮的房子出租，我们来为他布置这些屋

子？’她还不愿意听呢！

Ah! your happiness has been all my doing.

啊！你们的幸福全都是我的功劳。

I am the author of your happiness and of your existence.

我是你们幸福与存在的作者。

Fathers must always be giving if they would be happy themselves; always giving—they would not be fathers else.”

要是他们能幸福，父亲定然总是在付出，总是在付出——要不然他们就不是父亲了。”

"Was that how it happened?" asked Eugene.

“这就是事情的始末吗？”欧仁问道。

"Yes. She would not listen to me. She was afraid that people would talk, as if the rubbish that they say about you were to be compared with happiness!

“是的。她还不愿意听我的呢。她害怕人们说闲话，就好像他们要说你的那些废话能跟幸福相比较似的！

Why, all women dream of doing what she has done—” Father Goriot found himself without an audience, for Mme. de Nucingen had led Rastignac into the study; he heard a kiss given and taken, low though the sound was.

唉，所有的女人都梦想做自己已经做过的事情——”高老头发现没人在听他说话，因为德纽沁根夫人已经带着拉斯蒂涅进了书房。他听到了亲吻的声音，即便那声音很小。

The study was furnished as elegantly as the other rooms, and nothing was wanting there.

书房和其他房子一样，布置得很优雅，什么都不缺。

"Have we guessed your wishes rightly?" she asked, as they returned to the drawing-room for dinner.

“我们有没有猜中你的心意？”当他们回到客厅吃饭的时候，她问道。

"Yes," he said, "only too well, alas!

“是的，”他说，“有过之而无不及，啊！

For all this luxury so well carried out, this realization of pleasant dreams, the elegance that satisfies all the romantic fancies of youth, appeals to me so strongly that I cannot but feel that it is my rightful possession, but I cannot accept it from you, and I am too poor as yet

to—” "Ah! ah! you say me nay already," she said with arch imperiousness, and a charming little pout of the lips, a woman's way of laughing away scruples.

这幢房子充分展示了奢华，让我的美梦成真。这里的高贵满足了一个年轻人所有浪漫的憧憬，深深地吸引着我，我只感觉到这是我应得的东西，但是我不能从你那里接受这些，我还太穷，不能——”“啊！啊！你这就对我说不了。”她的语气中带着调皮的蛮横，还迷人地微微撅起了嘴，这是女人说说笑笑、消除疑虑的方法。

But Eugene had submitted so lately to that solemn self-questioning, and Vautrin's arrest had so plainly shown him the depths of the pit that lay ready to his feet, that the instincts of generosity and honor had been strengthened in him, and he could not allow himself to be coaxed into abandoning his high-minded determinations.

但是欧仁在不久之前就曾严肃地自我反省过，沃尔特兰的被捕直白地向他展示了他脚前的这个陷阱有多深。慷慨和自尊的本能在他心中加固，他不允许自己因诱惑而放弃自己高尚的决定。

Profound melancholy filled his mind.

他的心里充满了深深的忧郁。

"Do you really mean to refuse?" said Mme. de Nucingen.

“你真的要拒绝吗？”德纽沁根夫人说，

"And do you know what such a refusal means?

“你知道这样的拒绝意味着什么吗？

That you are not sure of yourself, that you do not dare to bind yourself to me.

意味着你不相信你自己，你不敢和我有联系。

Are you really afraid of betraying my affection?

你真的害怕背叛我的感情吗？

If you love me, if I—love you, why should you shrink back from such a slight obligation?

要是你爱我，要是我——爱你，为什么你要在这么微不足道的责任面前退缩呢？

If you but knew what a pleasure it has been to see after all the arrangements of this bachelor establishment, you would not hesitate any longer, you would ask me to forgive you for your hesitation.

你只要了解我布置这间单身套房时的喜悦心情，就再也不会犹豫了，那时你就会请求我原谅你的犹豫不决了。

I had some money that belonged to you, and I have made good

use of it, that is all.

我拿着一些属于你的钱，我好好利用了这些钱，就是这么回事。

You mean this for magnanimity, but it is very little of you.

你以为做这些是因为你胸襟宽阔，那你就大错特错了。

You are asking me for far more than this… Ah!" she cried, as Eugene's passionate glance was turned on her, "and you are making difficulties about the merest trifles.

你所要求的远不止这些……啊！”当欧仁饱含激情的目光落在她身上时，她大声说道，“而且你把一点小事弄得非常复杂。

Oh, if you feel no love whatever for me, refuse, by all means.

哦，要是你无论怎样都对我没有一点爱意的话，就拒绝吧，一定要拒绝。

My fate hangs on a word from you.

我的命运就拴在你的一句话上。

Speak!— Father," she said after a pause, "make him listen to reason.

说呀！——父亲，”她停了一下，说道，“跟他讲讲道理。

Can he imagine that I am less nice than he is on the point of honor?”

我和他一样重视名誉，他难道想象不到吗？”

Father Goriot was looking on and listening to this pretty quarrel with a placid smile, as if he had found some balm for all the sorrows of life.

高老头脸上带着平静的笑容，他看着、听着这有意思的争吵，好像他已经为生命中所有的悲伤找到了慰藉一样。

"Child that you are!" she cried again, catching Eugene's hand.

“你多孩子气啊！”她抓住了欧仁的手，又哭了起来，

"You are just beginning life; you find barriers at the outset that many a man finds insurmountable; a woman's hand opens the way and you shrink back!

“你的生命才刚刚开始。一开始，你会遇到很多人认为难以克服的障碍。一个女人用手开启了这条道路，但你却退缩了！

Why, you are sure to succeed!

啊，你必定会成功的！

You will have a brilliant future.

你的前途会一片光明。

Success is written on that broad forehead of yours, and will you not be able to repay me my loan of today?

成功就写在你宽阔的额头上，你还怕还不起我今天借给你的债吗？

Did not a lady in olden times arm her knight with sword and helmet and coat of mail, and find him a charger, so that he might fight for her in the tournament?

旧时候的妇女不是都会为她的骑士戴好佩剑和头盔，穿好甲胄，找一匹战马，让他骑马比武，为她而战吗？

Well, then, Eugene, these things that I offer you are the weapons of this age; every one who means to be something must have such tools as these.

嗯，欧仁，我提供给你的这些东西就是现代的武器。无论谁想干出点成绩，他都需要这样的工具。

A pretty place your garret must be if it is like papa's room!

要是你住的顶楼与爸爸的房间差不多的话，那么也一定是间漂亮的房子了。

See, dinner is waiting all this time.

看，晚饭早就好了。

Do you want to make me unhappy?— Why don't you answer?" she said, shaking his hand.

你想让我不高兴吗？——你为什么不回答？”她摇着他的脑袋说。

"*Mon Dieu!* papa, make up his mind for him, or I will go away and never see him any more.”

“天哪！爸爸，快让他下决心，否则我就走人，再也不会见他了。”

"I will make up your mind," said Goriot, coming down from the clouds.

“我要帮你下定决心。”高老头缓过神来，说道，

"Now, my dear M. Eugene, the next thing is to borrow money of the Jews, isn't it?"

“现在，我亲爱的欧仁先生，下一步就是从犹太人那里借钱了，是不是？”

"There is positively no help for it," said Eugene.

“这肯定于事无补。”欧仁说。

"All right, I will give you credit," said the other, drawing out a

cheap leather pocket-book, much the worse for wear.

“那好，我来借钱给你。”另一个说道，他拿出一个便宜的皮夹，比他穿得还要破烂。

"I have turned Jew myself; I paid for everything; here are the invoices.

“我自己已经变成犹太人了，我付了所有的帐单，这是发票。

You do not owe a penny for anything here.

你一分钱也不欠了，这里所有东西的账单都付清了。

It did not come to very much—five thousand francs at most, and I am going to lend you the money myself.

这笔钱的数目也不算大——最多五千法郎，我会借给你这笔钱。

I am not a woman—you can refuse me.

我不是女人——你可以拒绝我。

You shall give me a receipt on a scrap of paper, and you can return it some time or other.”

你应该在一张小纸上写个收据，随时都可以还给我。”

Delphine and Eugene looked at each other in amazement, tears sprang to their eyes.

德尔菲娜和欧仁惊讶地看着对方，眼里涌出了泪水。

Rastignac held out his hand and grasped Goriot's warmly.

拉斯蒂涅伸出了他的手，激动地抓住了高老头的手。

"Well, what is all this about?

“哎呀，这是干什么？

Are you not my children?”

你们不是我的孩子吗？”

"Oh! my poor father," said Mme. de Nucingen, "how did you do it?"

“哦！我可怜的父亲，”德纽沁根夫人说，“你是怎么做到的呢？”

"Ah! now you ask me.

“啊！现在是你问我了。

When I made up my mind to move him nearer to you, and saw you buying things as if they were wedding presents, I said to myself, 'She will never be able to pay for them.' The attorney says that those law proceedings will last quite six months before your husband can be

made to disgorge your fortune.

当我决定要把他安排得离你近一点时，当我看到你买东西的样子就好像在选结婚礼物时，我对自己说，‘她绝对付不起这些钱。’律师说，在你丈夫被迫吐出你的财产之前，法律程序会持续六个月之久。

Well and good.

好倒是好。

I sold out my property in the funds that brought in thirteen hundred and fifty livres a year, and bought a safe annuity of twelve hundred francs a year for fifteen thousand francs.

我卖掉了每年支付我一千三百五十里弗赫的基金财产，然后花一万五千法郎买了一个稳定性好的年金，那样我每年有一千二百法郎。

Then I paid your tradesmen out of the rest of the capital.

之后用余下的钱付了你们的账。

As for me, children, I have a room upstairs for which I pay fifty crowns a year; I can live like a prince on two francs a day, and still have something left over.

至于我呢，孩子们，我在楼上有一间屋子，每年五十克朗。我每天用两个法郎就可以过上王公般的生活，我还能剩下一些钱呢。

I shall not have to spend anything much on clothes, for I never wear anything out.

我用不着在衣服上花什么钱，因为我的衣服从没穿坏过。

This fortnight past I have been laughing in my sleeve, thinking to myself, 'How happy they are going to be!' and—well, now, are you not happy?”

过去的半个月里，我一直都在偷笑，并暗自想着，‘他们会多么快乐啊！’而且——那么，现在，你们不快乐吗？”

"Oh papa! papa!" cried Mme. de Nucingen, springing to her father, who took her on his knee.

“哦！爸爸！爸爸！”德纽沁根夫人哭着冲向她的父亲，之后他父亲将她抱在膝上。

She covered him with kisses, her fair hair brushed his cheek, her tears fell on the withered face that had grown so bright and radiant.

她在他的脸上亲吻着，她金色的头发扫过他的脸颊，她的眼泪滴在他满是皱纹的脸上，那张皱巴巴的脸变得如此容光焕发。

"Dear father, what a father you are!

“亲爱的父亲，您是多好的一位父亲啊！

No, there is not another father like you under the sun.

不，普天之下没有一个父亲能像您这样。

If Eugene loved you before, what must he feel for you now?”

要是欧仁之前就爱您，他现在对您会是什么感觉啊？”

"Why, children, why Delphinette!" cried Goriot, who had not felt his daughter's heart beat against his breast for ten years, "do you want me to die of joy?

“哦，孩子们，哦，德尔菲内特！”高老头叫道，他已经十年没有感受过女儿的心贴着他的胸膛跳动了，“你想让我快乐而死吗？

My poor heart will break!

我脆弱的心脏要破碎了！

Come, Monsieur Eugene, we are quits already.”

过来，欧仁先生，我们两清了。”

And the old man strained her to his breast with such fierce and passionate force that she cried out.

老人紧紧将她抱在胸口，他的拥抱如此炽热而充满激情，她不禁叫了出来。

"Oh! you are hurting me!" she said.

“哦！您把我弄疼了！”她说。

"I am hurting you!"

“我把你弄疼了！”

He grew pale at the words.

听到这些话，他脸色变得苍白。

The pain expressed in his face seemed greater than it is given to humanity to know.

他脸上的痛苦表情，似乎已经超过了人类认知的范围。

The agony of this Christ of paternity can only be compared with the masterpieces of those princes of the palette who have left for us the record of their visions of an agony suffered for a whole world by the Savior of men.

这位父权基督的痛苦只可与那些大画家的杰作相比，他们留给我们的那些作品，记录了他们眼中人类救世主为整个世界所承受的巨大苦痛。

Father Goriot pressed his lips very gently against the waist that his fingers had grasped too roughly.

高老头轻轻地亲吻了她的腰部——他的手指刚才曾过于粗暴地抓住了她的腰部。

"Oh! no, no," he cried.

“哦，不，不。”他大声说道，

"I have not hurt you, have I?"

“我没有弄疼你，不是吗？”

And his smile seemed to repeat the question.

他的笑容似乎在重复这个问题。

"YOU have hurt me with that cry just now.— The things cost rather more than that," he said in her ear, with another gentle kiss, "but I had to deceive him about it, or he would have been angry."

“你刚才的大喊声伤害到我了——这些东西花的可不止那些钱呢。”他在她的耳边说着，又温柔地亲了她一下，“但是这件事我得瞒着他，否则他会生气。”

Eugene sat dumb with amazement in the presence of this inexhaustible love; he gazed at Goriot, and his face betrayed the artless admiration which shapes the beliefs of youth.

欧仁在无穷无尽的爱意面前，坐在那里惊讶得说不出话来。他盯着高老头，脸上露出了纯朴的羡慕之情，而这种羡慕造就了一个年轻人的信仰。

"I will be worthy of all this," he cried.

“我会配得上这所有的一切。”他喊道。

"Oh! my Eugene, that is nobly said," and Mme. de Nucingen kissed the law student on the forehead.

“哦！我的欧仁，这是多么高贵啊。”德纽沁根夫人亲吻了这个法律系学生的额头。

"He gave up Mlle. Taillefer and her millions for you," said Father Goriot.

“他为你放弃了塔耶费小姐和她的百万财产。”高老头说，

"Yes, the little thing was in love with you, and now that her brother is dead she is as rich as Croesus."

“是的，那个小家伙爱上你了，现如今她哥哥死了，她就是个大财主了。”

"Oh! why did you tell her?" cried Rastignac.

“哦！你干嘛告诉她？”拉斯蒂涅叫道。

"Eugene," Delphine said in his ear, "I have one regret now this evening.

“欧仁，”德尔菲娜在他耳边说，“今晚我只有一件憾事。

Ah! how I will love you! and for ever!”

啊！我会多么爱你！直到永远！”

"This is the happiest day I have had since you two were married!" cried Goriot.

“这是自你们姐妹俩结婚以来我最快乐的一天了！”高老头哭着说，

"God may send me any suffering, so long as I do not suffer through you, and I can still say, 'In this short month of February I had more happiness than other men have in their whole lives.'— Look at me, Fifine!" he said to his daughter.

“上帝能够让我承受任何痛苦，只要这些痛苦不是你给我的。我还可以说，‘在二月这短短的一个月里，我得到了其他人一辈子也无法得到的这么多幸福。’看着我，菲芬！”他对他的女儿说，

"She is very beautiful, is she not?

“她非常美丽，不是吗？

Tell me, now, have you seen many women with that pretty soft color—that little dimple of hers?

现在，告诉我，你见过很多女人肤色如此美丽、柔和吗——还有她小小的酒窝？

No, I thought not.

不，我想没有。

Ah, well, and but for me this lovely woman would never have been.

嗯，但是对于我来说，我从来没有见过这么美丽的女人。

And very soon happiness will make her a thousand times lovelier, happiness through you.

而且很快，幸福——你给的幸福——将使她美丽一千倍。

I could give up my place in heaven to you, neighbor, if needs be, and go down to hell instead.

邻居，要是需要的话，我可以为你放弃我在天堂的位置，去下地狱。

Come, let us have dinner," he added, scarcely knowing what he said, "everything is ours."

来吧，我们一起吃饭吧。”他几乎没意识到自己在说什么，又补充道，“这一切都是我们的。”

"Poor dear father!"

“可怜又可爱的父亲！”

He rose and went over to her, and took her face in his hands, and set a kiss on the plaits of hair.

他站起来走向她，用手捧起她的脸，在她的辫子上亲了一下。

"If you only knew, little one, how happy you can make me—how little it takes to make me happy!

“你知道吗，小家伙，你能让我多么高兴啊——你付出一点点我就能很高兴了！

Will you come and see me sometimes?

你会时不时来看我一下吗？

I shall be just above, so it is only a step.

我会住在上面，就一步路的事。

Promise me, say that you will!”

答应我，说你会来！”

"Yes, dear father."

“是的，亲爱的父亲。”

"Say it again."

“再说一次。”

"Yes, I will, my kind father."

“说的，我会来，我善良的父亲。”

"Hush! hush! I should make you say it a hundred times over if I followed my own wishes.

“嘘！嘘！如果由着我的性子，我就会让你说上一百遍。

Let us have dinner.”

我们吃饭吧。”

The three behaved like children that evening, and Father Goriot's spirits were certainly not the least wild.

那晚，三个人都表现得像孩子一样。高老头的狂热情绪和那两个人相比绝对是有过之而无不及。

He lay at his daughter's feet, kissed them, gazed into her eyes, rubbed his head against her dress; in short, no young lover could have

been more extravagant or more tender.

他躺在他女儿的脚边，亲吻她的双脚，盯着她的双眼，用头蹭着她的裙子。总而言之，没有一个年轻的情人能比他更放纵、更温柔了。

"You see!" Delphine said with a look at Eugene, "so long as my father is with us, he monopolizes me.

“你看！”德尔菲娜看了一眼欧仁说，“要是我的父亲和我们在一起，他就独占了我。

He will be rather in the way sometimes.”

他早晚会变得碍手碍脚。”

Eugene had himself already felt certain twinges of jealousy, and could not blame this speech that contained the germ of all ingratitude.

欧仁自己也已经感觉到某些由嫉妒引起的绞痛，顾不上责备这番言论带有一丝忘恩负义了。

"And when will the rooms be ready?" asked Eugene, looking round.

“那么这个房子什么时候能住呢？”欧仁看看四周，问道，

"We must all leave them this evening, I suppose."

“我想我们今晚得离开这里。”

"Yes, but to-morrow you must come and dine with me," she answered, with an eloquent glance.

“是的，但是明天你必须过来和我吃饭。”她向他投去意味深长的眼神，回答道，

"It is our night at the Italiens."

“我们会在意大利剧院度过一晚。”

"I shall go to the pit," said her father.

“我会去楼下的后座。”她的父亲说。

It was midnight.

这时已经是午夜了。

Mme. de Nucingen's carriage was waiting for her, and Father Goriot and the student walked back to the Maison Vauquer, talking of Delphine, and warming over their talk till there grew up a curious rivalry between the two violent passions.

德纽沁根夫人的马车正等着她，高老头和这个学生则走回“沃盖之家”。他们谈论着德尔菲娜，谈话渐渐升温，直到两种强烈的激情引起了两人之间奇特的敌对情绪。

Eugene could not help seeing that the father's self-less love was deeper and more steadfast than his own.

欧仁不禁感觉到这位父亲无私的爱比他自己的爱更深刻、更坚定。

For this worshiper Delphine was always pure and fair, and her father's adoration drew its fervor from a whole past as well as a future of love.

对于这位仰慕者来说，德尔菲娜总是那么纯洁、美丽，她父亲的喜爱则从洋溢着爱的整个过去和未来中汲取热情。

They found Mme. Vauquer by the stove, with Sylvie and Christophe to keep her company; the old landlady, sitting like Marius among the ruins of Carthage, was waiting for the two lodgers that yet remained to her, and bemoaning her lot with the sympathetic Sylvie.

他们发现沃盖夫人坐在火炉边，西尔维和克里斯托夫正陪着她。这位年老的女房东坐在那里，就像马略坐在迦太基的废墟中一样。女房东正等着还留在这里的两个房客，和富有同情心的西尔维哀叹自己的命运。

Tasso's lamentations as recorded in Byron's poem are undoubtedly eloquent, but for sheer force of truth they fall far short of the widow's cry from the depths.

拜伦的诗歌中记录了塔索的哀歌。这曲哀歌无疑非常动人，但是就单纯的现实影响力而言，则远不及这个寡妇心灵深处的哭泣那么深远。

"Only three cups of coffee in the morning, Sylvie!

“早上就只煮三杯咖啡吧，西尔维！

Oh dear! to have your house emptied in this way is enough to break your heart.

哦，天啊！这样清空你的房子已经足够伤你的心了。

What is life, now my lodgers are gone?

什么是生活，如今我的房客们都走了？

Nothing at all.

什么都不是。

Just think of it!

就想想看！

It is just as if all the furniture had been taken out of the house, and your furniture is your life.

就好像家具全部都搬出了房子，可是你的家具就是你的命啊。

How have I offended heaven to draw down all this trouble upon

me?

我是怎么触怒了上天，惹来这一切的麻烦？

And haricot beans and potatoes laid in for twenty people!

所有的扁豆和土豆都是按二十个人的分量准备的。

The police in my house too!

警察还来我们家了！

We shall have to live on potatoes now, and Christophe will have to go!”

我们现在要靠着土豆过活了，克里斯托夫不得不走了！”

The Savoyard, who was fast asleep, suddenly woke up at this, and said, "Madame," questioningly.

熟睡着的萨瓦人听了这句突然醒过来，不解地说：“夫人。”

"Poor fellow!" said Sylvie, "he is like a dog."

“可怜的小伙子！”西尔维说，“他就像条狗。”

"In the dead season, too!

“还是在淡季！

Nobody is moving now.

没人现在搬家。

I would like to know where the lodgers are to drop down from.

我想知道还有人会从什么地方搬来。

It drives me distracted.

这让我心烦意乱。

And that old witch of a Michonneau goes and takes Poiret with her!

而且那个老巫婆米绍诺还把普瓦雷带走了！

What can she have done to make him so fond of her?

她做了什么，让他如此倾心于她？

He runs about after her like a little dog.”

他就像一只小狗一样跟着她乱跑。”

"Lord!" said Sylvie, flinging up her head, "those old maids are up to all sorts of tricks."

“天啊！”西尔维摇着头说，“那帮老处女什么伎俩都使得出来。”

"There's that poor M. Vautrin that they made out to be a convict,"

the widow went on.

“他们说那个可怜的沃尔特兰先生是个罪犯。”这个寡妇继续说，

"Well, you know that is too much for me, Sylvie; I can't bring myself to believe it.

“哎，你知道我接受不了这个，西尔维，我无法让自己相信这一切。

Such a lively man as he was, and paid fifteen francs a month for his coffee of an evening, paid you very penny on the nail too.”

他是那么活泼的一个人，为他每晚的咖啡每月支付十五法郎，也从不赊账。”

"And open-handed he was!" said Christophe.

“他是个出手阔绰的人！”克里斯托夫说。

"There is some mistake," said Sylvie.

“肯定是搞错了。”西尔维说。

"Why, no there isn't! he said so himself!" said Mme. Vauquer.

“啊，没有搞错！他自己都承认了！”沃盖夫人说，

"And to think that all these things have happened in my house, and in a quarter where you never see a cat go by.

“想想所有这些事情都发生在我的房子里，在这个你从不会看到猫走过的地方。

On my word as an honest woman, it's like a dream.

让我这个老实的女人说，这就像一场梦。

For, look here, we saw Louis XVI meet with his mishap; we saw the fall of the Emperor; and we saw him come back and fall again; there was nothing out of the way in all that, but lodging-houses are not liable to revolutions.

因为，看看这里，我们看着路易十六的灾难降临；我们见证皇帝的没落；我们看他卷土重来而又被打倒。所有这些事情都不奇怪，但是旅馆轻易不会受到革命的影响。

You can do without a king, but you must eat all the same; and so long as a decent woman, a de Conflans born and bred, will give you all sorts of good things for dinner, nothing short of the end of the world ought to—but there, it is the end of the world, that is just what it is!”

你可以没有国王，但是你还是要吃饭；只要是一个体面的女人，有着德孔夫兰的出身和教养，她就会在晚饭时给你准备各种好吃的东西，除了世界末日——但是这里，现在就是世界末日，现在就是！”

"And to think that Mlle. Michonneau who made all this mischief is to have a thousand crowns a year for it, so I hear," cried Sylvie.

“我听说米绍诺小姐为了每年一千克朗的回报就做出了这些伤天害理的事。”西尔维大声说。

"Don't speak of her, she is a wicked woman!" said Mme. Vauquer.

“不要说她，她是个邪恶的女人！”沃盖夫人说，

"She is going to the Buneaud, who charges less than cost.

“她还要去比诺那里，她的要价比成本还低。

But the Buneaud is capable of anything; she must have done frightful things, robbed and murdered people in her time.

但是比诺什么都做得出来，在她的一生之中，她肯定做过可怕的事——抢劫和谋杀。

SHE ought to be put in jail for life instead of that poor dear —” Eugene and Goriot rang the door-bell at that moment.

她应该被判终生监禁而不是那个可怜的人——”这时欧仁和高老头按了门铃。

"Ah! here are my two faithful lodgers," said the widow, sighing.

“啊！我的两位忠诚的房客回来了。”寡妇叹了一口气，说。

But the two faithful lodgers, who retained but shadowy recollections of the misfortunes of their lodging-house, announced to their hostess without more ado that they were about to remove to the Chaussee d'Antin.

但是这两位忠诚房客脑子里都只有阴暗的回忆，记录着旅馆里发生的不幸。他们不慌不忙地对女房东说他们将要搬到安丁路上。

"Sylvie!" cried the widow, "this is the last straw.— Gentlemen, this will be the death of me!

“西尔维！”寡妇哭喊道，“这是压在骆驼上的最后一根稻草——先生们，你们这是要置我于死地啊！

It has quite upset me!

这太让我心烦了！

There's a weight on my chest!

我胸口有千斤重！

I am ten years older for this day!

我今天老了十岁！

Upon my word, I shall go out of my senses!

真的，我快要发疯了！

And what is to be done with the haricots!— Oh, well, if I am to be left here all by myself, you shall go to-morrow, Christophe.— Good-night, gentlemen," and she went.

那些扁豆怎么办！——哦，那么，要是这里只剩下我一个人，你明天可以走了，克里斯托夫——晚安，先生们。”说完她就走了。

"What is the matter now?" Eugene inquired of Sylvie.

“现在是怎么一回事？”欧仁问西尔维。

"Lord! everybody is going about his business, and that has addled her wits.

“天啊！每一个人都忙着自己的事，这让她惊慌失措了。

There! she is crying upstairs.

看！她在楼上哭呢。

It will do her good to snivel a bit.

哭出来对她有好处。

It's the first time she has cried since I've been with her."

自从我跟着她以来，这还是她第一次流眼泪呢。”

By the morning, Mme. Vauquer, to use her own expression, had "made up her mind to it."

到了早晨，沃盖夫人，用她自己的话说，已经“接受这件事了”。

True, she still wore a doleful countenance, as might be expected of a woman who had lost all her lodgers, and whose manner of life had been suddenly revolutionized, but she had all her wits about her.

的确，她的神色依旧哀伤。那正是一个女人失去她所有房客时的神情。她的生活方式突然被彻底改变了，但她还是十分理智。

Her grief was genuine and profound; it was real pain of mind, for her purse had suffered, the routine of her existence had been broken.

她的忧伤真挚而深刻，这是情绪上的真正苦痛，因为她在经济上受挫，而她的生活规律也被打破了。

A lover's farewell glance at his lady-love's window is not more mournful than Mme. Vauquer's survey of the empty places round her table.

一个情人和他情妇永别时向闺房窗子的回眸一望也不及沃盖夫人看着饭桌前空下的座位时那么悲伤。

Eugene administered comfort, telling the widow that Bianchon,

whose term of residence at the hospital was about to expire, would doubtless take his (Rastignac's) place; that the official from the Museum had often expressed a desire to have Mme. Couture's rooms; and that in a very few days her household would be on the old footing.

欧仁安慰她，告诉寡妇比安卡肖恩在医院的住处就要到期了，他肯定会搬来他的（拉斯蒂涅的）房间；而且博物馆员工也时常表示，他愿意住在库蒂尔夫人的房间里；不久之后，她的家就会恢复老样子了。

"God send it may, my dear sir!

“但愿上帝如此安排，我亲爱的先生！

But bad luck has come to lodge here.

但是霉运已经来这里安家了。

There'll be a death in the house before ten days are out, you'll see," and she gave a lugubrious look round the dining-room.

十天之内这座房子里必定有人会死，你等着瞧。”然后她悲惨地环顾餐厅。

"Whose turn will it be, I wonder?"

“我想会轮到谁呢？”

"It is just as well that we are moving out," said Eugene to Father Goriot in a low voice.

“幸好我们就要搬走了。”欧仁低声对高老头说。

"Madame," said Sylvie, running in with a scared face, "I have not seen Mistigris these three days."

“夫人。”西尔维满脸恐惧地跑过来说，“我已经三天没见米斯蒂格里斯了。”

"Ah! well, if my cat is dead, if HE has gone and left us, I—" The poor woman could not finish her sentence; she clasped her hands and hid her face on the back of her armchair, quite overcome by this dreadful portent.

“啊！要是我的猫死了，要是它离开我们走了，我——”这个可怜的妇人说不下去了。她紧握双手，把脸埋在扶手椅椅背里，着实被这个可怕的征兆吓坏了。

CHAPTER 5

第五章

By twelve o'clock, when the postman reaches that quarter, Eugene received a letter.

晌午时分，邮差来到了那一区，欧仁收到了一封信。

The dainty envelope bore the Beauseant arms on the seal, and contained an invitation to the Vicomtesse's great ball, which had been talked of in Paris for a month.

信封很漂亮，封缄上盖有伯桑家的印章。信里有一张请帖，邀请他参加子爵夫人举办的盛大舞会。这场舞会已经在巴黎被谈论了一个月了。

A little note for Eugene was slipped in with the card.

除了请帖，里面还有一张给欧仁的小字条。

"I think, monsieur, that you will undertake with pleasure to interpret my sentiments to Mme. de Nucingen, so I am sending the card for which you asked me to you.

“先生，我想您会很乐意代我向德纽沁根夫人致意。因此，我按照您的要求给您寄来了请帖。

I shall be delighted to make the acquaintance of Mme. de Restaud's sister.

我很高兴能认识德雷斯多夫人的妹妹。

Pray introduce that charming lady to me, and do not let her monopolize all your affection, for you owe me not a little in return for mine.

请您一定要把那位迷人的女士介绍给我认识，不要让她独占了您的爱，因为您欠我的爱还不少呢。

VICOMTESSE DE BEAUSEANT.”

德伯桑子爵夫人”

"Well," said Eugene to himself, as he read the note a second time, "Mme. de Beauseant says pretty plainly that she does not want the Baron de Nucingen."

“嗯，”欧仁第二遍读字条的时候，自言自语道，“德伯桑夫人写得很明白，她不欢迎德纽沁根男爵。”

He went to Delphine at once in his joy.

他立刻高兴地去了德尔菲娜家。

He had procured this pleasure for her, and doubtless he would receive the price of it.

他给她带来了这个喜讯，无疑会因此而得到奖赏。

Mme. de Nucingen was dressing.

德纽沁根夫人正在梳妆打扮。

Rastignac waited in her boudoir, enduring as best he might the natural impatience of an eager temperament for the reward desired and withheld for a year.

拉斯蒂涅急切地想得到自己盼望了一年还没有得到的奖赏，自然极不耐烦。他极力克制自己的急不可耐，在她的卧室里等着。

Such sensations are only known once in a life.

这样的感觉一生中只能体会到一次。

The first woman to whom a man is drawn, if she is really a woman—that is to say, if she appears to him amid the splendid accessories that form a necessary background to life in the world of Paris—will never have a rival.

男人爱上的第一个女人，如果她确实是个女人——也就是说，如果她能从构成巴黎生活必不可少的美妙事物中脱颖而出，吸引到他——她就永远是天下无双的。

Love in Paris is a thing distinct and apart; for in Paris neither men nor women are the dupes of the commonplaces by which people seek to throw a veil over their motives, or to parade a fine affectation of disinterestedness in their sentiments.

在巴黎，爱情是一件与众不同又遥不可及的事情。因为在那里，虽然人们想利用普通的事件掩盖自己的动机或者炫耀自己伪装得天衣无缝的无私精神，但是不管男人还是女人都不会轻易上当。

In this country within a country, it is not merely required of a woman that she should satisfy the senses and the soul; she knows perfectly well that she has still greater obligations to discharge, that she must fulfil the countless demands of a vanity that enters into every fibre of that living organism called society.

在这个国中国，女人不只需要满足感官和精神的需求，她们也十分清楚地意识到自己还要履行更重要的义务，即她们必须满足无穷无尽的虚荣心。这种虚荣心渗透到了这个叫做社会的生命有机体的每根纤维。

Love, for her, is above all things, and by its very nature, a vainglorious, brazen-fronted, ostentatious, thriftless charlatan.

爱情对于她来说是最重要的，但本质上是虚荣、厚颜无耻、招摇过

市、挥金如土的骗子。

If at the Court of Louis XIV there was not a woman but envied Mlle.de la Valliere the reckless devotion of passion that led the grand monarch to tear the priceless ruffles at his wrists in order to assist the entry of a Duc de Vermandois into the world—what can you expect of the rest of society?

如果说在路易十四的宫廷，每个女人都羡慕德拉瓦利埃小姐，因为她不计后果地奉献热情，使得伟大的君主不惜撕烂自己无价的褶皱袖边来帮助他们的私生子德韦尔芒杜瓦公爵降生，那么我们对其他的社会上层人士还有什么指望呢？

You must have youth and wealth and rank; nay, you must, if possible, have more than these, for the more incense you bring with you to burn at the shrine of the god, the more favorably will he regard the worshiper.

你必须得年轻、富有、有头衔。如果可能的话，还得拥有更多，因为你带到神殿的香越多，上帝就会越喜欢你这个崇拜者。

Love is a religion, and his cult must in the nature of things be more costly than those of all other deities; Love the Spoiler stays for a moment, and then passes on; like the urchin of the streets, his course may be traced by the ravages that he has made.

爱情是一种宗教，信仰它所要付出的代价理所当然要比信仰其他各种神都要昂贵。爱情这个破坏者停留片刻后就会消失。他宛如街上的顽童，其踪迹需通过他造成的破坏才能追踪得到。

The wealth of feeling and imagination is the poetry of the garret; how should love exist there without that wealth?

丰富的感情和想象力是住在阁楼里的穷小子的诗意情趣，没有那种财富，爱情还怎么存在呢？

If there are exceptions who do not subscribe to these Draconian laws of the Parisian code, they are solitary examples.

如果有些人不信邪，不遵守巴黎信条的严格约束，那么他们只能生活在孤独之中。

Such souls live so far out of the main current that they are not borne away by the doctrines of society; they dwell beside some clear spring of ever-flowing water, without seeking to leave the green shade; happy to listen to the echoes of the infinite in everything around them and in their own souls, waiting in patience to take their flight for heaven, while they look with pity upon those of earth.

这样的人远离主流生活，因此不会受社会教条影响而偏离自己的意愿。他们居住在某个源源不断的清泉旁边，守着绿阴而不愿离开，乐于

倾听自己周围和内心世界的一切回音，耐心地等待着自己飞升到天堂的日子，同时以怜悯的眼光看着俗世中的人们。

Rastignac, like most young men who have been early impressed by the circumstances of power and grandeur, meant to enter the lists fully armed; the burning ambition of conquest possessed him already; perhaps he was conscious of his powers, but as yet he knew neither the end to which his ambition was to be directed, nor the means of attaining it.

拉斯蒂涅和大多数预先体会到权势和伟大氛围的年轻人一样,打算全副武装地进入上层社会。熊熊燃烧的征服欲已经支配了他。也许意识到了自己的力量，但是至今他仍然既不知道自己的终极目标是什么，也不知道如何才能达到这一目标。

In default of the pure and sacred love that fills a life, ambition may become something very noble, subduing to itself every thought of personal interest, and setting as the end—the greatness, not of one man, but of a whole nation.

没有纯洁、神圣的爱情来充实人的生命时，野心也许就会变得非常高尚，可以打败所有的个人兴趣，并且会把整个国家而非个人作为其崇高的目标。

But the student had not yet reached the time of life when a man surveys the whole course of existence and judges it soberly.

但是这个学生还没有到回首自己整个人生并且进行冷静评判的年龄。

Hitherto he had scarcely so much as shaken off the spell of the fresh and gracious influences that envelop a childhood in the country, like green leaves and grass.

迄今为止，他几乎仍旧无法摆脱新鲜和优雅事物的影响散发出的魔力，它们仿佛绿叶和青草一样，环绕在乡下孩子的周围。

He had hesitated on the brink of the Parisian Rubicon, and in spite of the prickings of ambition, he still clung to a lingering tradition of an old ideal—the peaceful life of the noble in his chateau.

他在巴黎鲁比肯河的岸边踟蹰。尽管野心让他内心刺痛，他依然坚持着原先的理想所带来的、一种根深蒂固的传统：想过贵族在城堡里享受的那种平静的生活。

But yesterday evening, at the sight of his rooms, those scruples had vanished.

但是昨天晚上，当他看到他的房间时，那些踟蹰都消失了。

He had learned what it was to enjoy the material advantages of fortune, as he had already enjoyed the social advantages of birth; he

ceased to be a provincial from that moment, and slipped naturally and easily into a position which opened up a prospect of a brilliant future.

他已经靠着出身在社交方面获得了优势，同时也学会了靠好运气在物质方面获得优势。从那一刻起，他不再是个乡下人，而是自然而然并且轻而易举地悄悄获得了一个地位，这个地位让他的前途看上去一片光明。

So, as he waited for Delphine, in the pretty boudoir, where he felt that he had a certain right to be, he felt himself so far away from the Rastignac who came back to Paris a year ago, that, turning some power of inner vision upon this latter, he asked himself whether that past self bore any resemblance to the Rastignac of that moment.

因此，当在那个他自认为百分之百有权呆的漂亮卧室里等德尔菲娜的时候，他觉得自己已经和一年前回到巴黎的拉斯蒂涅大不一样了。他回顾原来的自己，自问以前的拉斯蒂涅和此刻的拉斯蒂涅是否有任何相同之处。

"Madame is in her room," Therese came to tell him.

“夫人在她的房间里。”泰蕾兹进来告诉他。

The woman's voice made him start.

这个女人的声音把他吓了一跳。

He found Delphine lying back in her low chair by the fireside, looking fresh and bright.

他看见德尔菲娜靠在壁炉旁的低背椅上，看上去神采奕奕、容光焕发。

The sight of her among the flowing draperies of muslin suggested some beautiful tropical flower, where the fruit is set amid the blossom.

她身处飘逸的、平纹细布织成的帏帐之中，让人想到了美丽的热带花丛簇拥着的果实。

"Well," she said, with a tremor in her voice, "here you are."

“啊，”她说，激动得声音都颤抖了，“你来了。”

"Guess what I bring for you," said Eugene, sitting down beside her.

“猜猜我给你带了什么。”欧仁坐到她的旁边说。

He took possession of her arm to kiss her hand. Mme. de Nucingen gave a joyful start as she saw the card. She turned to Eugene; there were tears in her eyes as she flung her arms about his neck, and drew him towards her in a frenzy of gratified vanity.

欧仁抬起她的手吻了一下。德纽沁根夫人一看到请帖，立刻喜出望外。她转向欧仁，用手臂搂住他的脖子，怀着虚荣心得到满足的狂喜把他拉过来，眼里涌满了泪水。

"And I owe this happiness to you—to *thee*" (she whispered the more intimate word in his ear); "but Therese is in my dressing-room, let us be prudent.— This happiness—yes, for I may call it so, when it comes to me through YOU—is surely more than a triumph for self-love?

“你给了我幸福——你。（她悄悄地在他的耳边说着更亲密的话）但是，泰蕾兹在我的化妆室，我们还是谨慎一点好——你给我带来幸福——是的，当幸福是由你带给我的时候，我管它叫幸福——肯定不只是自尊心的满足。

No one has been willing to introduce me into that set.

过去没人愿意介绍我进入那个圈子。

Perhaps just now I may seem to you to be frivolous, petty, shallow, like a Parisienne, but remember, my friend, that I am ready to give up all for you; and that if I long more than ever for an entrance into the Faubourg Saint-Germain, it is because I shall meet you there.”

也许刚刚我看上去轻佻、渺小而浅薄，就像个巴黎女人。但是，我的朋友，请记住我打算为你放弃一切。如果我比以前更想踏进圣日耳曼郊区，那是因为我可以在那里遇到你。”

"Mme. de Beauseant's note seems to say very plainly that she does not expect to see the *Baron* de Nucingen at her ball; don't you think so?" said Eugene.

“德伯桑夫人在字条里似乎写得很明白，她不想德纽沁根男爵参加她的舞会，你不这样认为吗？”欧仁说。

"Why, yes," said the Baroness as she returned the letter.

“嗯，是的，”男爵夫人把信还给他，说道，

"Those women have a talent for insolence.

“那些女人天生都很傲慢。

But it is of no consequence, I shall go.

但是这没什么，我会去的。

My sister is sure to be there, and sure to be very beautifully dressed.— Eugene," she went on, lowering her voice, "she will go to dispel ugly suspicions.

我姐姐一定在那里，一定穿得非常漂亮——欧仁，”她压低声音继续说，“她肯定会去澄清那些丑恶的猜疑。

You do not know the things that people are saying about her.

你不知道人们都说她些什么。

Only this morning Nucingen came to tell me that they had been discussing her at the club.

就在今天早上，纽沁根还告诉我，他们曾在俱乐部里谈论过她。

Great heavens! on what does a woman's character and the honor of a whole family depend!

我的天啊！女人的名誉和整个家族的荣誉是多么不堪一击啊！

I feel that I am nearly touched and wounded in my poor sister.

可怜的姐姐受到侮辱，我觉得自己也几乎受到牵连，受到侮辱了。

According to some people, M. de Trailles must have put his name to bills for a hundred thousand francs, nearly all of them are overdue, and proceedings are threatened.

听人说，德特拉尔先生欠了十万法郎的债务，几乎所有的债务都到期了，人家威胁说要告他。

In this predicament, it seems that my sister sold her diamonds to a Jew—the beautiful diamonds that belonged to her husband's mother, Mme. de Restaud the elder,—you have seen her wearing them.

面对这样的困境，我姐姐似乎把她的钻石卖给了一个犹太人——那些美丽的钻石是他丈夫的母亲，老德雷斯多夫人传下来的——你应该看见她戴过吧。

In fact, nothing else has been talked about for the last two days.

事实上，过去的两天，人们谈论的都是这件事。

So I can see that Anastasie is sure to come to Mme. de Beauseant's ball in tissue of gold, and ablaze with diamonds, to draw all eyes upon her; and I will not be outshone.

所以我敢肯定阿纳斯塔谢一定会穿着金丝织的晚装、戴着耀眼的钻石去参加德伯桑夫人的舞会，把所有人的眼光都吸引到她的身上。但是我是不会被比下去的。

She has tried to eclipse me all her life, she has never been kind to me, and I have helped her so often, and always had money for her when she had none.— But never mind other people now, to-day I mean to be perfectly happy.” At one o'clock that morning Eugene was still with Mme. de Nucingen.

她一辈子都想盖过我的风头，从来都没对我好过，而我却经常帮助她，在她没钱的时候就借钱给她——但是现在，我不管其他人了，今天

我要痛痛快快地高兴一下。”那天凌晨一点，欧仁仍然和德纽沁根夫人在一起。

In the midst of their lovers' farewell, a farewell full of hope of bliss to come, she said in a troubled voice, "I am very fearful, superstitious.

她和他告别，言语中充满了对未来幸福的期望。这时她伤感地说道：“我很害怕，很迷信。

Give what name you like to my presentiments, but I am afraid that my happiness will be paid for by some horrible catastrophe.”

随便你怎样定义我的预感，但是我害怕会遇到某个可怕的灾祸，我的幸福会为此付出代价。”

"Child!" said Eugene.

“真是个孩子！”欧仁说。

"Ah! have we changed places, and am I the child to-night?" she asked, laughingly.

“啊！难道今晚我们身份互换，我变成孩子了？”她笑着问道。

Eugene went back to the Maison Vauquer, never doubting but that he should leave it for good on the morrow; and on the way he fell to dreaming the bright dreams of youth, when the cup of happiness has left its sweetness on the lips.

欧仁回到“沃盖之家”，确信明天就能永远离开这里。他又回味起刚刚的幸福和甜蜜，一路上做了许多美梦，年轻人常做这样的美梦。

"Well?" cried Goriot, as Rastignac passed by his door.

“喂，怎么样？”高老头在拉斯蒂涅从他门前经过的时候问道。

"Yes," said Eugene; "I will tell you everything to-morrow.”

“嗯，很好。”欧仁说，“明天我会告诉你所有事情的。”

"Everything, will you not?" cried the old man.

“所有事情？你不会食言吧？”老人大声说。

"Go to bed.

“去睡吧。

To-morrow our happy life will begin.”

明天我们的幸福生活就要开始了。”

Next day, Goriot and Rastignac were ready to leave the lodging-house, and only awaited the good pleasure of a porter to move out of it; but towards noon there was a sound of wheels in the Rue Neuve-

Sainte-Genevieve, and a carriage stopped before the door of the Maison Vauquer.

第二天，高老头和拉斯蒂涅准备好离开旅馆，只等搬运工来给他们搬行李了。但是接近中午的时候，新圣热讷维耶沃街上传来了车轮声，一辆马车停在了“沃盖之家”门前。

Mme. de Nucingen alighted, and asked if her father was still in the house, and, receiving an affirmative reply from Sylvie, ran lightly upstairs.

德纽沁根夫人下车问西尔维，她的父亲是不是还住在这房子里。得到肯定回答后，她轻轻地跑上楼去。

It so happened that Eugene was at home all unknown to his neighbor.

欧仁恰巧在家，可是他的邻居对此却全然不知。

At breakfast time he had asked Goriot to superintend the removal of his goods, saying that he would meet him in the Rue d'Artois at four o'clock; but Rastignac's name had been called early on the list at the Ecole de Droit, and he had gone back at once to the Rue Nueve-Sainte-Genevieve.

早饭的时候，欧仁叫高老头负责替他搬行李，说他四点会在阿图瓦街和他碰面。不过拉斯蒂涅的名字在法学院的学员名单上排得很靠前，因此他很快就被点到名了。然后他立刻回到了新圣热讷维耶沃街。

No one had seen him come in, for Goriot had gone to find a porter, and the mistress of the house was likewise out.

没人看见他进来，高老头去找搬运工了，旅馆的女主人也出去了。

Eugene had thought to pay her himself, for it struck him that if he left this, Goriot in his zeal would probably pay for him.

欧仁想自己付钱给沃盖夫人，因为如果他不付的话，高老头很可能会热情地替他付钱，而这会让他很过意不去。

As it was, Eugene went up to his room to see that nothing had been forgotten, and blessed his foresight when he saw the blank bill bearing Vautrin's signature lying in the drawer where he had carelessly thrown it on the day when he had repaid the amount.

就这样，欧仁上自己的房间去看看有没有什么落下。他很庆幸自己有这样的先见之明，因为他在抽屉里找到了一张沃尔特兰签过名的空白支票。那天他还钱后就把支票粗心地扔到那里了。

There was no fire in the grate, so he was about to tear it into little pieces, when he heard a voice speaking in Goriot's room, and the speaker was Delphine!

壁炉里没有火，所以他打算把它撕成小碎片。这时候，高老头的房间传来了说话声，说话的人是德尔菲娜！

He made no more noise, and stood still to listen, thinking that she should have no secrets from him; but after the first few words, the conversation between the father and daughter was so strange and interesting that it absorbed all his attention.

他停了下来，静静地站在那里听着，觉得她对自己不应该隐瞒一点秘密。但是听了开始的几句话后，这父女间的谈话非常奇怪、非常有趣，吸引他全神贯注地听了下去。

"Ah! thank heaven that you thought of asking him to give an account of the money settled on me before I was utterly ruined, father.

“啊！谢天谢地，父亲，在我完全破产之前，您想到要他给我一笔钱。

Is it safe to talk?" she added.

这里说话安全吗？”她添了一句。

"Yes, there is no one in the house," said her father faintly.

“嗯，很安全，这个房子里一个人也没有。”她的父亲用微弱的声音说道。

"What is the matter with you?" asked Mme. de Nucingen.

“您怎么了？”德纽沁根夫人问道。

"God forgive you! you have just dealt me a staggering blow, child!" said the old man.

“但愿上帝能够原谅你！孩子，你刚刚让我很吃惊，简直是给了我当头一棒！”老人说，

"You cannot know how much I love you, or you would not have burst in upon me like this, with such news, especially if all is not lost.

“你不知道我有多爱你，否则你听到这样的消息，特别是希望犹存时，就不会突然冲进来找我了。

Has something so important happened that you must come here about it?

究竟发生了什么重要的事，你得上这里来告诉我？

In a few minutes we should have been in the Rue d'Artois."

过不了多长时间，我们就应该在阿图瓦街了。”

"Eh! does one think what one is doing after a catastrophe?

“唉！遇到灾祸，谁还顾得上想自己正在做什么呢。

It has turned my head.

我都六神无主了。

Your attorney has found out the state of things now, but it was bound to come out sooner or later.

您的律师现在已经发现一些端倪了，而真相迟早都会被揭露出来。

We shall want your long business experience; and I come to you like a drowning man who catches at a branch.

我们需要您长期积累的商业经验。我来找您，就像落水的人抓到了一根树枝。

When M. Derville found that Nucingen was throwing all sorts of difficulties in his way, he threatened him with proceedings, and told him plainly that he would soon obtain an order from the President of the Tribunal.

当德维尔先生发现纽沁根百般刁难他的时候，便威胁要起诉他，还清楚地告诉他，很快就会从法院院长那里拿到批准令。

So Nucingen came to my room this morning, and asked if I meant to ruin us both.

所以今天早上纽沁根来我的房间问我是不是打算一下子毁掉我们两个人。

I told him that I knew nothing whatever about it, that I had a fortune, and ought to be put into possession of my fortune, and that my attorney was acting for me in the matter; I said again that I knew absolutely nothing about it, and could not possibly go into the subject with him.

我告诉他，我对这件事一无所知，我只知道我有一笔钱，应该由我自己掌管，一切事务都由我的律师全权处理。后来我又重复了一遍，我对这件事一无所知，什么都不能和他谈。

Wasn't that what you told me to tell him?"

您不是叫我这么说的吗？”

"Yes, quite right," answered Goriot.

“是啊，很对啊。”高老头回答。

"Well, then," Delphine continued, "he told me all about his affairs.

“唉，可是，”德尔菲娜继续说，“他告诉了我生意的情形。

He had just invested all his capital and mine in business speculations; they have only just been started, and very large sums of money are locked up.

他刚刚把自己和我的所有资产都用来做了投机生意。生意才刚刚起步，大笔的钱都被套牢了。

If I were to compel him to refund my dowry now, he would be forced to file his petition; but if I will wait a year, he undertakes, on his honor, to double or treble my fortune, by investing it in building land, and I shall be mistress at last of the whole of my property.

如果我现在逼他还嫁妆，他就会被迫申请破产；如果我等上一年，他就能把钱投到房地产开发上去，他以他的名誉保证会给我两倍或者三倍的财产，到时候我就能自由支配我所有的财产了。

He was speaking the truth, father dear; he frightened me!

我亲爱的父亲，他讲的都是真话，他让我害怕极了！

He asked my pardon for his conduct; he has given me my liberty; I am free to act as I please on condition that I leave him to carry on my business in my name.

他请求我原谅他的行为，他已经给了我自由，我可以喜欢干什么就干什么，但条件是我让他继续以我的名义打理我的生意。

To prove his sincerity, he promised that M. Derville might inspect the accounts as often as I pleased, so that I might be assured that everything was being conducted properly.

为了证明他的诚意，他许诺我可以随时叫德维尔先生去查账，这样我就能确定一切都被管理得妥妥当当了。

In short, he put himself in my power, bound hand and foot.

简而言之，他绑起手脚把自己交给我管了。

He wishes the present arrangements as to the expenses of housekeeping to continue for two more years, and entreated me not to exceed my allowance.

他希望我这两年能够继续维持目前的家庭开支安排，还恳求我除了月钱外不要额外花钱。

He showed me plainly that it was all that he could do to keep up appearances; he has broken with his opera dancer; he will be compelled to practice the most strict economy (in secret) if he is to bide his time with unshaken credit.

他直白地告诉我，为了保住面子他可以做的只有这些了。他已经和剧院的舞女分手了。为了确保信誉、等待时机，他不得不暗中想尽一切办法省钱。

I scolded, I did all I could to drive him to desperation, so as to find out more.

我骂了他，做了我能做的一切让他绝望，好知道更多的事情。

He showed me his ledgers—he broke down and cried at last.

他给我看了他的账目。最后，他完全崩溃了，哭了起来。

I never saw a man in such a state.

我从来没有看见过一个男人沦落到这样的地步。

He lost his head completely, talked of killing himself, and raved till I felt quite sorry for him.”

他完全失去理智了，说要自杀，大吼起来，最后弄得我觉得自己对不起他了。”

"Do you really believe that silly rubbish?"...cried her father.

“你真的相信那些愚蠢的废话吗？”她的父亲大叫，

"It was all got up for your benefit!

“他编造的这些话都是用来打发你的！

I have had to do with Germans in the way of business, honest and straightforward they are pretty sure to be, but when with their simplicity and frankness they are sharpers and humbugs as well, they are the worst rogues of all.

我做生意的时候不得不和德国人打交道。他们诚实、坦率，这倒是千真万确。但是除了直率和坦白，他们也喜欢骗人、喜欢伪装，他们是最糟糕的无赖。

Your husband is taking advantage of you.

你的丈夫在利用你。

As soon as pressure is brought to bear on him he shams dead; he means to be more the master under your name than in his own.

他一有压力就假装要自杀，他是打算假借你的名义来掌控局面，这比他自己出面更可靠。

He will take advantage of the position to secure himself against the risks of business.

他会利用这一点来规避商业风险，保护自己。

He is as sharp as he is treacherous; he is a bad lot!

他既精明又奸诈，真是个坏东西！

No, no; I am not going to leave my girls behind me without a penny when I go to Pere-Lachaise.

不，不，在我离开我的女儿们进入拉雪兹公墓之前，我不会让你们身无分文的。

I know something about business still.

我还知道些生意经。

He has sunk his money in speculation, he says; very well then, there is something to show for it—bills, receipts, papers of some sort.

他说他把钱用在投机买卖上了，那很好，一定有东西证明这一点——支票、收据、某些文件。

Let him produce them, and come to an arrangement with you.

让他拿出来和你算账。

We will choose the most promising of his speculations, take them over at our own risk, and have the securities transferred into your name; they shall represent the separate estate of Delphine Goriot, wife of the Baron de Nucingen.

我们要选出他最有前途的投机买卖，接手过来自己做，自己承担风险，并把有价证券转入你的名下。它们会代表德尔菲娜·高里奥，德纽沁根男爵妻子的独立财产。

Does that fellow really take us for idiots?

那个家伙真把我们当傻瓜了吗？

Does he imagine that I could stand the idea of your being without fortune, without bread, for forty-eight hours?

他以为我知道你没有钱、没有饭吃后，还能够忍受两天吗？

I would not stand it a day—no, not a night, not a couple of hours!

我一天都不能忍——不，一个晚上都不能忍，两个小时都不能忍！

If there had been any foundation for the idea, I should never get over it.

如果你真的落到那般地步，我一辈子都无法原谅我自己。

What!

什么！

I have worked hard for forty years, carried sacks on my back, and sweated and pinched and saved all my life for you, my darlings, for you who made the toil and every burden borne for you seem light; and now, my fortune, my whole life, is to vanish in smoke!

我四十年来辛苦工作，背面粉袋背得汗流浃背、腰酸背痛，还省吃俭用，所有的辛苦和负担都是为了你们，我亲爱的女儿们，为了你们少点辛苦、少点负担。现在，我的财产，我的整个人生都要烟消云散了！

I should die raving mad if I believed a word of it.

如果我相信他说的一个字的话，我就会狂怒地死去。

By all that's holiest in heaven and earth, we will have this cleared up at once; go through the books, have the whole business looked thoroughly into!

以天上地下所有的神灵起誓，我们必须立刻弄清楚这一切。我们要仔细检查账目，把整个生意都查得一清二楚！

I will not sleep, nor rest, nor eat until I have satisfied myself that all your fortune is in existence.

只有查明你所有的财产都分文不少，我才会满意，否就就睡不着、休息不了、吃不下饭。

Your money is settled upon you, God be thanked!

你的钱就是你的，感谢上帝！

And, luckily, your attorney, Maitre Derville, is an honest man.

幸好你的代理人德维尔律师是个诚实的人。

Good Lord! you shall have your snug little million, your fifty thousand francs a year, as long as you live, or I will raise a racket in Paris, I will so!

请上帝作证！你到老都会有一百万的贴己钱，每年都有五万法郎的收入。要不然我会把巴黎闹得满城风雨。我一定会这样做的！

If the Tribunals put upon us, I will appeal to the Chambers.

如果法院不公正，我就向国民议会请愿。

If I knew that you were well and comfortably off as far as money is concerned, that thought would keep me easy in spite of bad health and troubles.

如果知道你很好，完全不用担心钱，即便我身体不好或遇到麻烦，我都会很安心了。

Money? why, it is life!

钱？啊，它可是生命！

Money does everything.

钱能做任何事情。

That great dolt of an Alsatian shall sing to another tune!

那个阿尔萨斯大傻瓜会改变他的态度的！

Look here, Delphine, don't give way, don't make a concession of half a quarter of a farthing to that fathead, who has ground you down and made you miserable.

听我说，德尔菲娜，别放弃，不要对那个傻瓜做一丁点的让步。他

折磨着你，让你很悲惨。

If he can't do without you, we will give him a good cudgeling, and keep him in order.

要是他不能没有你，咱们得好好揍他一顿，让他听话点。

Great heavens! my brain is on fire; it is as if there were something redhot inside my head.

哦，天啊！我的脑袋着火了，里面好像有东西在燃烧。

My Delphine lying on straw!

我的德尔菲娜躺在草席上！

You! my Fifine!

你！我的菲芬！

Good gracious!

哦，老天爷啊！

Where are my gloves?

我的手套在哪里？

Come, let us go at once; I mean to see everything with my own eyes—books, cash, and correspondence, the whole business.

哎，我们快走吧。我打算亲眼看看每一样东西——账目、现金、信件、整个生意。

I shall have no peace until I know for certain that your fortune is secure.”

要是不确定你的财产很安全，我是不会安心的。”

"Oh! father dear, be careful how you set about it!

“哦，亲爱的父亲，您得小心处理这件事啊！

If there is the least hint of vengeance in the business, if you show yourself openly hostile, it will be all over with me.

如果您露出一丁点想借这件事出气的迹象，如果您公开与他为敌，我就完了。

He knows whom he has to deal with; he thinks it quite natural that if you put the idea into my head, I should be uneasy about my money; but I swear to you that he has it in his own hands, and that he had meant to keep it.

他知道他得对付谁。他会理所当然地认为如果您跟我讲了这个观点，我就会担心我的钱。但是我向您保证他不光现在死抓着我的钱，而且还打算一直抓着不放。

He is just the man to abscond with all the money and leave us in the lurch, the scoundrel!

他正是那种会带着所有钱逃跑、让我们陷入困境的人，这个混蛋！

He knows quite well that I will not dishonor the name I bear by bringing him into a court of law.

他非常清楚，我不会为了让他受到法律制裁而玷污自己拥有的名誉。

His position is strong and weak at the same time.

他现在的处境很有利，同时也很不利。

If we drive him to despair, I am lost.”

如果我们逼得他绝望了，我就会变得一无所有。”

"Why, then, the man is a rogue?"

“为什么？那家伙难道是个流氓吗？”

"Well, yes, father," she said, flinging herself into a chair, "I wanted to keep it from you to spare your feelings," and she burst into tears; "I did not want you to know that you had married me to such a man as he is.

“嗯，是的，父亲。”她扑到椅子上哭着说，“我本来不打算告诉您这些的，免得惹您伤心。”之后她流下了泪水，说：“我不想让您知道您把我嫁给了他这样的人。

He is just the same in private life—body and soul and conscience—the same through and through—hideous!

他私下里也是这种货色——身体、灵魂和良知——全都是彻彻底底的丑陋！

I hate him; I despise him!

我恨他，我鄙视他！

Yes, after all that that despicable Nucingen has told me, I cannot respect him any longer.

是的，在卑鄙的纽沁根跟我说了那一切之后，我再也无法尊重他了。

A man capable of mixing himself up in such affairs, and of talking about them to me as he did, without the slightest scruple,—it is because I have read him through and through that I am afraid of him.

他可以干出那种勾当，还可以毫无顾虑地跟我讲出来——因为我把他看得一清二楚，所以才很怕他。

He, my husband, frankly proposed to give me my liberty, and do

you know what that means?

他，我的丈夫，坦白地提议给我自由。您知道那意味着什么吗？

It means that if things turn out badly for him, I am to play into his hands, and be his stalking-horse.”

那意味着如果事情变得对他不利，我就得任他排布，做他的挡箭牌。”

"But there is law to be had!

“但是，我们还有法律啊！

There is a Place de Greve for sons-in-law of that sort," cried her father; "why, I would guillotine him myself if there was no headsman to do it."

还有格雷夫广场等着那种女婿呢！”她的父亲大声说，“哼，如果没有刽子手的话，我就亲自把他斩了。”

"No, father, the law cannot touch him.

“不，父亲，法律是对付不了他的。

Listen, this is what he says, stripped of all his circumlocutions —'Take your choice, you and no one else can be my accomplice; either everything is lost, you are ruined and have not a farthing, or you will let me carry this business through myself.' Is that plain speaking?

您听着，这是他的原话，一点委婉的语气也没有——‘你自己选择吧，除了你没人会和我联手。要么失去所有的东西，你破产，一分钱也没有；要么你让我继续做这笔生意’。他说得还不明白吗？

He MUST have my assistance.

他必须得要我的帮助。

He is assured that his wife will deal fairly by him; he knows that I shall leave his money to him and be content with my own.

他确信他的妻子会公平地对待他，因为他知道我不会要他的钱，只想保住自己的钱。

It is an unholy and dishonest compact, and he holds out threats of ruin to compel me to consent to it.

这是个不可容忍、欺骗人心的合同，他以破产相要挟，迫使我同意。

He is buying my conscience, and the price is liberty to be Eugene's wife in all but name.

他在收买我的良心，出价是让我随意和欧仁来往，只是保留原来的名分。

'I connive at your errors, and you allow me to commit crimes and ruin poor families!' Is that sufficiently explicit?

‘我允许你胡来，你也得让我犯罪，让那些可恶的家庭倾家荡产！’他说得还不够明白吗？

Do you know what he means by speculations?

您知道他的投机生意是指什么吗？

He buys up land in his own name, then he finds men of straw to run up houses upon it.

他以自己的名义买下土地，然后找些傀儡上那里盖房子。

These men make a bargain with a contractor to build the houses, paying them by bills at long dates; then in consideration of a small sum they leave my husband in possession of the houses, and finally slip through the fingers of the deluded contractors by going into bankruptcy.

这些人先和房子的承建人订立分期付款合同，然后把房子低价卖给我丈夫，最后宣告破产，赖掉欠承建人的款项。

The name of the firm of Nucingen has been used to dazzle the poor contractors.

纽沁根公司的名字被用来迷惑那些可怜的承建人。

I saw that.

那些我都知道。

I noticed, too, that Nucingen had sent bills for large amounts to Amsterdam, London, Naples, and Vienna, in order to prove if necessary that large sums had been paid away by the firm.

我也注意到纽沁根把大笔的钱寄到了阿姆斯特丹、伦敦、那不勒斯和维也纳，这是为了在有必要的时候来证明公司已经支付了大笔的钱。

How could we get possession of those bills?”

我们怎样才能得到那些钱呢？”

Eugene heard a dull thud on the floor; Father Goriot must have fallen on his knees.

欧仁听见地板上砰的一声，很沉重，高老头一定是跪在地上了。

"Great heavens! what have I done to you?

“上帝啊！我做了什么事冒犯了您？

Bound my daughter to this scoundrel who does as he likes with her!— Oh! my child, my child! forgive me!" cried the old man.

女儿竟然落到这个恶棍的手里，任他随意摆布！——哦！我的孩子，我的孩子！原谅我吧！”老人哭着喊道。

"Yes, if I am in the depths of despair, perhaps you are to blame," said Delphine.

“是的，如果我掉进绝望的深渊，也许是该责备您。”德尔菲娜说，

"We have so little sense when we marry!

“我们结婚的时候都没有多少判断力！

What do we know of the world, of business, or men, or life?

对世界、生意、男人或生活我们知道些什么？

Our fathers should think for us!

我们的父亲应该为我们着想！

Father dear, I am not blaming you in the least, forgive me for what I said.

亲爱的父亲，我完全没有责怪您的意思，请原谅我刚刚说的话。

This is all my own fault.

这全是我自己的错。

Nay, do not cry, papa," she said, kissing him.

不，不要哭，爸爸。”她说着亲吻了父亲。

"Do not cry either, my little Delphine.

“我亲爱的小德尔菲娜，你也不要哭了。

Look up and let me kiss away the tears.

抬起头来，让我亲掉你的眼泪。

There! I shall find my wits and unravel this skein of your husband's winding."

好了！我要好好想想，解决你丈夫造成的一大堆麻烦。”

"No, let me do that; I shall be able to manage him.

“不，还是让我自己解决吧，我应该能对付他。

He is fond of me, well and good; I shall use my influence to make him invest my money as soon as possible in landed property in my own name.

他一直都很喜欢我，对我也很好。我会利用我的影响让他把我的钱尽快以我的名义投资到不动产上。

Very likely I could get him to buy back Nucingen in Alsace in my name; that has always been a pet idea of his.

我很有可能会让他以我的名义买回纽沁根家族在阿尔萨斯的田地，这一直是他的小心愿。

Still, come to-morrow and go through the books, and look into the business.

不过，您明天还是过来仔细看看账目，仔细查查业务吧。

M. Derville knows little of mercantile matters.

德维尔先生对商业上的事情一无所知。

No, not to-morrow though.

不，还是不要明天了。

I do not want to be upset.

我不想让自己心烦意乱。

Mme. de Beauseant's ball will be the day after to-morrow, and I must keep quiet, so as to look my best and freshest, and do honor to my dear Eugene!... Come, let us see his room.”

后天德伯桑夫人要举行舞会，我得保持平静，好调养得精神饱满，展现出最好的状态，给我亲爱的欧仁挣面子！……来，我们看看他的房间！”

But as she spoke a carriage stopped in the Rue Nueve-Sainte-Genevieve, and the sound of Mme. de Restaud's voice came from the staircase.

但是，正当她说着的时候，一辆马车停在新圣热讷维耶沃街上，楼梯上传来了德雷斯多夫人的声音。

"Is my father in?" she asked of Sylvie.

“我父亲在吗？”她问西尔维。

This accident was luckily timed for Eugene, whose one idea had been to throw himself down on the bed and pretend to be asleep.

这意外事件倒是恰到好处，欧仁幸运地以此为自己解了围，他本来是打算倒到床上装睡的。

"Oh, father, have you heard about Anastasie?" said Delphine, when she heard her sister speak.

“哦，父亲，您听说阿纳斯塔谢的消息没有？”德尔菲娜听见姐姐说话的时候问，

"It looks as though some strange things had happened in that family."

“她家里看上去似乎发生了一些不同寻常的事情。”

"What sort of things?" asked Goriot.
“什么事情？”高老头问，
"This is like to be the death of me.
“这就像是我的死期。
My poor head will not stand a double misfortune.”
真是祸不单行，可怜我的头会受不了的。”
"Good-morning, father," said the Countess from the threshold.
“早上好，父亲！”伯爵夫人进门的时候说，
"Oh! Delphine, are you here?"
“哦！德尔菲娜，你在这里啊？”
Mme. de Restaud seemed taken aback by her sister's presence.
德雷斯多夫人看见自己妹妹在这里似乎有点吃惊。
"Good-morning, Nasie," said the Baroness.
“早上好，纳西！”男爵夫人说，
"What is there so extraordinary in my being here?
“我在这里有什么奇怪的啊？
I see our father every day.”
我每天都来看我们的父亲啊。”
"Since when?"
“从什么时候开始的？”
"If you came yourself you would know."
“如果你自己来的话，你就会知道了。”
"Don't tease, Delphine," said the Countess fretfully.
“别开玩笑了，德尔菲娜。”伯爵夫人不耐烦地说，
"I am very miserable, I am lost.
“我很可怜，我很迷茫。
Oh! my poor father, it is hopeless this time!”
哦！我可怜的父亲，这次真是没有希望了！”
"What is it, Nasie?" cried Goriot.
“怎么了，纳西？”高老头问道，
"Tell us all about it, child!

“孩子，告诉我们所有的一切吧！

How white she is!

她的脸色多白啊！

Quick, do something, Delphine; be kind to her, and I will love you even better, if that were possible.”

快点，做点什么，德尔菲娜，对她好些。如果可能的话，我会更加爱你的。”

"Poor Nasie!" said Mme. de Nucingen, drawing her sister to a chair.

“可怜的纳西！”德纽沁根夫人说着把姐姐拉到椅子上坐下，

"We are the only two people in the world whose love is always sufficient to forgive you everything.

“这世上只有我们两个人的爱能够永远原谅你的一切过失。

Family affection is the surest, you see.”

瞧见了吧，亲情才是最稳当的。”

The Countess inhaled the salts and revived.

伯爵夫人听了这些话后振作了起来。

"This will kill me!" said their father.

“这会杀了我的！”她们的父亲的说。

"There," he went on, stirring the smoldering fire, "come nearer, both of you.

“好了，”他拨着奄奄一息的炭火继续说，“你们俩都坐近些吧。

It is cold.

很冷的。

What is it, Nasie?

怎么回事，纳西？

Be quick and tell me, this is enough to—” "Well, then, my husband knows everything," said the Countess.

快点告诉我。这都足以——”“好吧。我丈夫知道了一切。”伯爵夫人说，

"Just imagine it; do you remember, father, that bill of Maxime's some time ago?

“想想看，父亲，您记得不久前马克西姆的那张票据吗？

Well, that was not the first.

唉，那不是第一笔债。

I had paid ever so many before that.

之前我已经还过很多次了。

About the beginning of January M. de Trailles seemed very much troubled. He said nothing to me; but it is so easy to read the hearts of those you love, a mere trifle is enough; and then you feel things instinctively.

一月初，德特拉尔先生看上去愁眉苦脸的。他什么也没对我说。但是爱人的心思很容易看透——一个小细节就够了——而且你凭直觉就能感到发生了什么事情。

Indeed, he was more tender and affectionate than ever, and I was happier than I had ever been before.

实际上，他比以往更温柔、更深情了，我也比以前更快乐了。

Poor Maxime! in himself he was really saying good-bye to me, so he has told me since; he meant to blow his brains out!

可怜的马克西姆！他后来告诉我，他真的打算和我诀别，把自己的脑袋打开花！

At last I worried him so, and begged and implored so hard; for two hours I knelt at his knees and prayed and entreated, and at last he told me—that he owed a hundred thousand francs.

最后，我很担心他，于是苦苦乞求和哀求。我在他面前跪了两个小时，恳求他，乞求他，他终于告诉我——他欠了十万法郎的债务。

Oh! papa! a hundred thousand francs!

哦！爸爸！十万法郎！

I was beside myself!

我简直不敢想象！

You had not the money, I knew, I had eaten up all that you had—" "No," said Goriot; "I could not have got it for you unless I had stolen it.

我知道您没有那么多钱，我把您的钱都花光了——”“是的，”高里奥说，“我无法给你筹到那么多钱，除非去偷。

But I would have done that for you, Nasie!

但是为了你，我会去偷的，纳西！

I will do it yet."

我是会去偷的。”

The words came from him like a sob, a hoarse sound like the death rattle of a dying man; it seemed indeed like the agony of death when the father's love was powerless.

他的话从喉咙里出来好像呜咽一般，嘶哑的声音好比人临终之前痛苦的呻吟。当父爱无能为力的时候，看上去的确就像是垂死挣扎。

There was a pause, and neither of the sisters spoke.

他停了一下，两姐妹都没吭声。

It must have been selfishness indeed that could hear unmoved that cry of anguish that, like a pebble thrown over a precipice, revealed the depths of his despair.

如果有人听了这么痛苦的声音还无动于衷的话，那他一定是自私自利之人。这种声音就像扔下悬崖的鹅卵石，显出了高老头的痛苦之深。

"I found the money, father, by selling what was not mine to sell," and the Countess burst into tears.

“父亲，我卖掉了不属于我的东西筹到了一些钱。”伯爵夫人大哭起来。

Delphine was touched; she laid her head on her sister's shoulder, and cried too.

德尔菲娜被感动了，她把头靠在姐姐的肩膀上，也哭了起来。

"Then it is all true," she said.

“那么这一切都是真的了？”她说。

Anastasie bowed her head, Mme. de Nucingen flung her arms about her, kissed her tenderly, and held her sister to her heart.

阿纳斯塔谢低下了头，德纽沁根夫人抱着她，温柔地亲吻她，把姐姐搂在胸前。

"I shall always love you and never judge you, Nasie," she said.

“我会一直爱你，不会指责你的，纳西。”她说。

"My angels," murmured Goriot faintly.

“我的天使们，”高老头有气无力地嘟囔道，

"Oh, why should it be trouble that draws you together?"

“哦，为什么到了大难临头的时候才肯和好呢？”

This warm and palpitating affection seemed to give the Countess courage.

这种温暖、令人感动的关怀似乎给了伯爵夫人勇气。

"To save Maxime's life," she said, "to save all my own happiness, I

went to the money-lender you know of, a man of iron forged in hell-fire; nothing can melt him; I took all the family diamonds that M. de Restaud is so proud of—his and mine too—and sold them to that M. Gobseck.

“为了救马克西姆的性命，”她说，“为了挽救我所有的幸福，我去找了你们认识的放债人，那个地狱之火锻造的、铁石心肠的人，任何事都不能感动他。我把德雷斯多先生引以为豪的所有家传钻石——他的和我自己的——都卖给了那个戈布塞克先生。

Sold them. Do you understand? I saved Maxime, but I am lost.

把它们都卖了！你们明白吗？我救了马克西姆，但是我一无所有了。

Restaud found it all out.”

雷斯多全知道了。”

"How?

“他怎么知道的？

Who told him?

谁告诉他的？

I will kill him," cried Goriot.

我要杀了他。”高老头大声说。

"Yesterday he sent to tell me to come to his room. I went… 'Anastasie,' he said in a voice— Oh! such a voice; that was enough, it told me everything—'where are your diamonds?' —‘In my room—' —'No,' he said, looking straight at me, 'there they are on that chest of drawers—' and he lifted his handkerchief and showed me the casket. 'Do you know where they came from?' he said. I fell at his feet… I cried; I besought him to tell me the death he wished to see me die.”

“昨天他叫我去他的房间。我去了……‘阿纳斯塔谢，’他的声音不对——哦！这样的声音，够了，他的声音把一切都告诉我了，‘你的钻石都上哪里去了？’——‘在我房间里——’——‘不对，’他直视着我说，‘它们明明放在那边的五斗橱里——’他拿起手帕，给我看首饰盒。‘你知道它们从哪里来的吗？’他说。我跪到他的脚下……我哭了起来，问他想要我怎么死。”

"You said that!" cried Goriot.

“你说了那话！”高老头大叫，

"By God in heaven, whoever lays a hand on either of you so long as I am alive may reckon on being roasted by slow fires!

“上帝在上，只要我活着，谁欺负了你们任何一个人，他们就等着被火慢慢烤吧！

Yes, I will cut him in pieces like...”

是的，我要把他切成一块一块的，就像……”

Goriot stopped; the words died away in his throat.

高老头停了下来，话都到了嘴边又咽了回去。

"And then, dear, he asked something worse than death of me.

“哎呀，他这可是要我做比死还难受的事啊。

Oh! heaven preserve all other women from hearing such words as I heard then!”

哦！但愿其他所有的女人都不会听到我听过的那些话啊！”

"I will murder that man," said Goriot quietly.

“我要杀了他。”高老头平静地说，

"But he has only one life, and he deserves to die twice.— And then, what next?" he added, looking at Anastasie.

“要不是他只有一条命，他简直应该死两次——他接下来说了什么？”他看着阿纳斯塔谢又问道。

"Then," the Countess resumed, "there was a pause, and he looked at me.

“然后，”伯爵夫人继续说，“他停了下来看着我。

'Anastasie,' he said, 'I will bury this in silence; there shall be no separation; there are the children.

‘阿纳斯塔谢，’他说，‘我可以不追究这件事，和你继续住在一起，毕竟我们有孩子。

I will not kill M. de Trailles.

我不会杀了德特拉尔先生的。

I might miss him if we fought, and as for other ways of getting rid of him, I should come into collision with the law.

如果决斗的话，我不一定能得手。要是通过别的方式除去他，我就会触犯法律。

If I killed him in your arms, it would bring dishonor on *those* children.

如果我在你的怀抱里杀掉他的话，就会让那些孩子蒙羞。

But if you do not want to see your children perish, nor their father nor me, you must first of all submit to two conditions.

但是如果你不想看着孩子们死，不想看着他们的父亲死，不想看着我死，你首先必须遵守两个条件。

Answer me.

回答我。

Have I a child of my own?' I answered, 'Yes,' —'Which?' —'Ernest, our eldest boy.' —'Very well,' he said, 'and now swear to obey me in this particular from this time forward.' I swore.

孩子中有没有我亲生的？’我回答，‘有。’——‘哪一个？’——‘埃内斯特，我们的长子。’——‘很好，’他说，‘现在发誓从这一刻开始服从我一件事。’我发了誓。

'You will make over your property to me when I require you to do so.'" "Do nothing of the kind!" cried Goriot.

‘我要求你把你的财产都转让给我。’”“千万别那样做！”高老头大声说，

"Aha! M. de Restaud, you could not make your wife happy; she has looked for happiness and found it elsewhere, and you make her suffer for your own ineptitude?

“啊哈！德雷斯多先生，你不能让妻子快乐，她就自己寻找快乐，并在别的地方找到了，你还让她因为你自己的不称职而受罪？

He will have to reckon with me.

你就等着我去收拾你吧。

Make yourself easy, Nasie.

别担心，纳西。

Aha! he cares about his heir!

啊哈！他关心自己的继承人！

Good, very good.

很好，非常好。

I will get hold of the boy; isn't he my grandson?

我会抓住那个孩子的。他不也是我外孙吗？

What the blazes!

我到底在想些什么啊！

I can surely go to see the brat!

我定能去看看那小家伙！

I will stow him away somewhere; I will take care of him, you may be quite easy.

我会把他偷偷藏在某个地方。我会照顾他的，你可以彻底放心。

I will bring Restaud to terms, the monster!

我会和雷斯多达成协议，这个魔鬼！

I shall say to him, 'A word or two with you!

我会对他说，‘我只跟你说一两句话！

If you want your son back again, give my daughter her property, and leave her to do as she pleases.'" "Father!"

如果你想要回儿子，就把我女儿的财产还给她，让她做自己喜欢的事。’”“父亲！”

"Yes.

“是的。

I am your father, Nasie, a father indeed!

纳西，我是你的父亲，一个真正的父亲！

That rogue of a great lord had better not ill-treat my daughter.

那个贵族流氓最好不要伤害我的女儿。

Tonnerre! What is it in my veins?

天打雷劈！我的血管里流的到底是什么？

There is the blood of a tiger in me; I could tear those two men to pieces!

我身体里有老虎的血，我可以把那两个人撕成碎片！

Oh! children, children! so this is what your lives are!

哦！孩子们，孩子们！这就是你们过的生活啊！

Why, it is death!... What will become of you when I shall be here no longer?

哎呀，这简直是生不如死啊！……我死了的话，你们会变成什么样啊？

Fathers ought to live as long as their children.

父亲应该和他们的孩子活得一样长久。

Ah! Lord God in heaven! how ill Thy world is ordered!

啊！上帝啊！您把这世界弄得多糟啊！

Thou hast a Son, if what they tell us is true, and yet Thou leavest us to suffer so through our children.

如果他们的话不假，您自己也有个儿子，可是您却让我们在子女身

上如此受罪。

My darlings, my darlings!

我亲爱的女儿们，我亲爱的女儿们！

To think that trouble only should bring you to me, that I should only see you with tears on your faces!

想想看，你们只在遇到麻烦的时候才会来看我，所以我只能看到你们泪流满面的样子！

Ah! yes, yes, you love me, I see that you love me.

啊！是的，是的，你们爱我，我知道你们是爱我的。

Come to me and pour out your griefs to me; my heart is large enough to hold them all.

来找我倾诉你们的伤心事吧，我的心足够大，什么都容得下。

Oh! you might rend my heart in pieces, and every fragment would make a father's heart.

哦！你们也许会把我的心撕成碎片，但是每一个碎片都会成为一个父亲的心。

If only I could bear all your sorrows for you!... Ah! you were so happy when you were little and still with me…”

要是我能为你们承担所有的痛苦就好了！……啊！你们小时候、仍然和我住在一起的时候是多么开心啊……”

"We have never been happy since," said Delphine.

“打那以后我们从来都没有开心过。”德尔菲娜说，

"Where are the old days when we slid down the sacks in the great granary?"

“我们过去在大谷仓的面粉袋上打滚的日子到哪里去了？”

"That is not all, father," said Anastasie in Goriot's ear.

“父亲，事情还没完呢。”阿纳斯塔谢在高老头的耳旁说。

The old man gave a startled shudder.

老人吓得发起抖来。

"The diamonds only sold for a hundred thousand francs.

“钻石只卖了十万法郎。

Maxime is hard pressed.

马克西姆被逼得很紧。

There are twelve thousand francs still to pay.

我们还差一万两千法郎。

He has given me his word that he will be steady and give up play in future.

他已经承诺我将来会安定下来，放弃赌博。

His love is all that I have left in the world.

除了他的爱，我在这个世上一无所有了。

I have paid such a fearful price for it that I should die if I lose him now.

我已经为此付出了如此可怕的代价，要是我现在失去他，我会死的。

I have sacrificed my fortune, my honor, my peace of mind, and my children for him.

我为了他已经牺牲了财产、名誉、内心的平静和我的孩子。

Oh! do something, so that at the least Maxime may be at large and live undisgraced in the world, where he will assuredly make a career for himself.

哦！父亲，做点什么吧，那样马克西姆至少可以免于刑罚、体面地活在世上。他以后一定会打拼出一番事业的。

Something more than my happiness is at stake; the children have nothing, and if he is sent to Sainte-Pelagie all his prospects will be ruined.”

比我的幸福更重要的东西正面临着危险，孩子们会一无所有。如果他被送到圣佩拉吉监狱，他所有的前途就毁了。”

"I haven't the money, Nasie.

“我没有这笔钱，纳西。

I have *nothing*—nothing left.

我什么也没有——什么也没剩下了。

This is the end of everything.

这真是世界末日啊。

Yes, the world is crumbling into ruin, I am sure.

是的，这世界正在分崩离析，我肯定。

Fly!

逃跑吧！

Save yourselves!

自己救自己吧！

Ah!—I have still my silver buckles left, and half-a-dozen silver spoons and forks, the first I ever had in my life.

啊！——我还有银搭扣，半打银调羹和叉子，这些是我人生中第一次买的银制品。

But I have nothing else except my life annuity, twelve hundred francs...”

但是，除了我那一千二百法郎的终身年金，我什么都没有了……”

"Then what has become of your money in the funds?"

“可您的长期公债去哪里了？”

"I sold out, and only kept a trifle for my wants.

“我卖掉了，只留下一小笔生活费。

I wanted twelve thousand francs to furnish some rooms for Delphine.”

我需要一万两千法郎替德尔菲娜装修几个房间。”

"In your own house?" asked Mme. de Restaud, looking at her sister.

“在你家里的房间吗？”德雷斯多夫人看着妹妹问道。

"What does it matter where they were?" asked Goriot.

“房间在哪里有什么关系？”高老头问，

"The money is spent now."

“反正钱现在是花了。”

"I see how it is," said the Countess.

“我明白了，”伯爵夫人说，

"Rooms for M. de Rastignac.

“房间是给德拉斯蒂涅先生准备的吧。

Poor Delphine, take warning by me!”

可怜的德尔菲娜，一定要吸取我的教训啊！”

"M. de Rastignac is incapable of ruining the woman he loves, dear."

“亲爱的，德拉斯蒂涅先生是不会毁了自己心爱的人的。”

"Thanks! Delphine.

“谢谢你！德尔菲娜！

I thought you would have been kinder to me in my troubles, but you never did love me.”

我以为在危机关头你会对我好些，但是你从来没有真心爱过我。”

"Yes, yes, she loves you, Nasie," cried Goriot; "she was saying so only just now.

“不，不，纳西，她是爱你的。”高老头大叫，“她刚刚还这样说了。

We were talking about you, and she insisted that you were beautiful, and that she herself was only pretty!”

我们谈到你的时候，她强调你很美丽，而她自己只不过是好看而已！”

"Pretty!" said the Countess.

“好看！”伯爵夫人说，

"She is as hard as a marble statue."

“她和大理石雕像一样冷酷无情。”

"And if I am?" cried Delphine, flushing up, "how have you treated me?

“我是那样的吗？”德尔菲娜红着脸大声说，“你是怎么对我的呢？

You would not recognize me; you closed the doors of every house against me; you have never let an opportunity of mortifying me slip by.

你不认我这个妹妹，还让其他所有人都不理睬我；你从来都不会放弃任何羞辱我的机会。

And when did I come, as you were always doing, to drain our poor father, a thousand francs at a time, till he is left as you see him now?

你每过来一次就要一千法郎，榨干了我们可怜的父亲。你看他现在都变成什么样子了，我是这样的吗？

That is all your doing, sister!

这可都是你干的，姐姐！

I myself have seen my father as often as I could.

我自己可是尽可能多地来看望父亲。

I have not turned him out of the house, and then come and fawned upon him when I wanted money.

我可没把他撵出门外，等到需要钱的时候又来讨好他。

I did not so much as know that he had spent those twelve

thousand francs on me.

我甚至不知道他为我花了一万两千法郎。

I am economical, as you know; and when papa has made me presents, it has never been because I came and begged for them.”

你知道的，我很节俭。爸爸送我礼物从来都不是因为我来向他讨要的。”

"You were better off than I.

“你的境况比我好。

M. de Marsay was rich, as you have reason to know.

你肚子里明白，德马尔塞先生有钱。

You always were as slippery as gold.

你总是和黄金一样不可靠。

Good-bye; I have neither sister nor—” "Oh! hush, hush, Nasie!" cried her father.

再见！我没有妹妹，也没有——”“哦！别说了，别说了，纳西！”她的父亲大叫道。

"Nobody else would repeat what everybody has ceased to believe.

“除了你，没有人会重复人人都不再相信的话。

You are an unnatural sister!" cried Delphine.

你简直是个不正常的姐姐！”德尔菲娜大叫。

"Oh, children, children! hush! hush! or I will kill myself before your eyes."

“哦，孩子们，孩子们！别说了！别说了！要不我就死在你们的面前。”

"There, Nasie, I forgive you," said Mme. de Nucingen; "you are very unhappy.

“好吧，纳西，我原谅你。”德纽沁根夫人说，“你很不开心。

But I am kinder than you are.

但我比你要和善。

How could you say *that* just when I was ready to do anything in the world to help you, even to be reconciled with my husband, which for my own sake I—Oh! it is just like you; you have behaved cruelly to me all through these nine years.”

我准备竭尽全力帮助你的时候，你怎么能说出那样的话，我甚至都准备向我丈夫妥协了。要是为了我自己，我绝对——哦！这就是你的作

风，你这九年来一直对我很残忍。”

"Children, children, kiss each other!" cried the father.

“孩子们，孩子们，你们快亲吻对方和好吧！”父亲大声说，

"You are angels, both of you."

“你们是我的天使，你们俩都是。”

"No.

“不！

Let me alone," cried the Countess shaking off the hand that her father had laid on her arm.

你松手。”伯爵夫人甩掉父亲放在她胳膊上的手，大声说，

"She is more merciless than my husband.

“她比我丈夫更残忍。

Any one might think she was a model of all the virtues herself!”

不过有人也许还会认为她集所有美德于一身呢！”

"I would rather have people think that I owed money to M. de Marsay than own that M. de Trailles had cost me more than two hundred thousand francs," retorted Mme. de Nucingen.

“我宁可让人认为我欠德马尔塞先生的钱，也不愿意承认德特拉尔先生花了我二十多万法郎。”德纽沁根夫人反驳道。

"*Delphine!*" cried the Countess, stepping towards her sister.

“德尔菲娜！”伯爵夫人走向妹妹大声说，

"I shall tell you the truth about yourself if you begin to slander me," said the Baroness coldly.

“如果你开始诽谤我的话，我也只好揭你的老底了。”男爵夫人冷冷地说，

"Delphine! you are a—” Father Goriot sprang between them, grasped the Countess' hand, and laid his own over her mouth.

“德尔菲娜！你是一个——”高老头快速走到她们之间，抓住伯爵夫人的手，把自己的手盖到了她的嘴上。

"Good heavens, father!

“老天啊，父亲！

What have you been handling this morning?" said Anastasie.

您今天早上用手拿过什么了？”阿纳斯塔谢说。

"Ah! well, yes, I ought not to have touched you," said the poor

father, wiping his hands on his trousers, "but I have been packing up my things; I did not know that you were coming to see me."

“啊！是的，是的，我不应该碰你。”可怜的父亲说着在裤子上擦了擦手，“我刚才一直在收拾东西，我不知道你要来看我。”

He was glad that he had drawn down her wrath upon himself.

他很高兴把女儿的怒气转到了自己的身上。

"Ah!" he sighed, as he sat down, "you children have broken my heart between you.

“唉！”他叹了叹气坐了下来，“孩子们，你们俩已经伤了我的心。

This is killing me.

这简直是要我的命。

My head feels as if it were on fire.

我觉得我的脑袋里好像有团火在燃烧似的。

Be good to each other and love each other!

你们要和和气气、相亲相爱！

This will be the death of me!

这会要了我的命的！

Delphine! Nasie! come, be sensible; you are both in the wrong.

德尔菲娜！纳西！别这样，你们得理智些，你们俩都有错。

Come, Dedel," he added, looking through his tears at the Baroness, "she must have twelve thousand francs, you see; let us see if we can find them for her.

别这样，德尔。”他含泪看着男爵夫人,又说道，“你看，她必须得要一万两千法郎。我们张罗一下看看能不能筹到。

Oh, my girls, do not look at each other like that!” And he sank on his knees beside Delphine.

哦，我的女儿们，不要那样看着对方！”他跪到了德尔菲娜的旁边。

"Ask her to forgive you—just to please me," he said in her ear.

“请她原谅你——就当是为了让我高兴。”他在她的耳边说，

"She is more miserable than you are.

“她比你更可怜。

Come now, Dedel.”

说啊，就现在，德尔。”

"Poor Nasie!" said Delphine, alarmed at the wild extravagant grief in her father's face, "I was in the wrong, kiss me—" "Ah! that is like balm to my heart," cried Father Goriot.

“可怜的纳西！”德尔菲娜被父亲脸上流露的、无比的悲伤神情给吓着了，说道，“我错了，吻我吧——”“啊！这就像是抚慰我心灵的妙药啊。”高老头大声说，

"But how are we to find twelve thousand francs?

“但我们怎么才能筹到一万两千法郎呢？

I might offer myself as a substitute in the army—" "Oh! father dear!" they both cried, flinging their arms about him.

也许我可以替别人服兵役——”“哦！亲爱的父亲！”她们一齐大叫着抱住他，

"No, no!"

“不，不要！”

"God reward you for the thought.

“愿上帝赐福给你这个高尚的想法。

We are not worth it, are we, Nasie?" asked Delphine.

可是我们不值得您这样做，是吧，纳西？”德尔菲娜问。

"And besides, father dear, it would only be a drop in the bucket," observed the Countess.

“而且除此之外，亲爱的父亲，这样所挣到的钱也只是杯水车薪。”伯爵夫人说道。

"But is flesh and blood worth nothing?" cried the old man in his despair.

“但是这幅血肉之躯什么都不值吗？”老人绝望地大叫，

"I would give body and soul to save you, Nasie.

“纳西，为了救你，我愿意献出自己的身体和灵魂。

I would do a murder for the man who would rescue you.

如果有人肯救你，我可以为他去杀人。

I would do, as Vautrin did, go to the hulks, go—" he stopped as if struck by a thunderbolt, and put both hands to his head.

我会像沃尔特兰一样去监狱，去——”他停了下来，仿佛被雷击中了一般，把两只手放到头上。

"Nothing left!" he cried, tearing his hair.

“什么也没有了！”他抓着自己的头发大叫，

"If I only knew of a way to steal money, but it is so hard to do it, and then you can't set to work by yourself, and it takes time to rob a bank.

“要是我知道偷钱的办法就好了。但是偷钱太难了，而且不能单独行动，抢银行又得花时间。

Yes, it is time I was dead; there is nothing left me to do but to die.

是的，我应该去死。除了死，我什么也做不了。

I am no good in the world; I am no longer a father!

我在这世上一无是处！我不再是父亲了！

No.

不是了。

She has come to me in her extremity, and, wretch that I am, I have nothing to give her.

她在绝境中来找我，而我是个不幸的人，我什么也给不了她。

Ah! you put your money into a life annuity, old scoundrel; and had you not daughters?

啊！老混蛋，你把钱存了终身年金，难道你没有女儿吗？

You did not love them.

你根本不爱她们。

Die, die in a ditch, like the dog that you are!

死吧，像狗一样死在阴沟里吧！对，你就是狗！

Yes, I am worse than a dog; a beast would not have done as I have done!

不，我连狗都不如，畜生都不会像我这样做！

Oh! my head... It throbs as if it would burst.”

哦！我的头……胀痛得似乎要爆炸了。”

"Papa!" cried both the young women at once, "do, pray, be reasonable!"

“爸爸！”两位年轻的女士立刻大叫，“求您了，一定要理智些！”

And they clung to him to prevent him from dashing his head against the wall.

姐妹俩拦着他，不让他把脑袋往墙上撞。

There was a sound of sobbing.

他哭了起来。

Eugene, greatly alarmed, took the bill that bore Vautrin's signature, saw that the stamp would suffice for a larger sum, altered the figures, made it into a regular bill for twelve thousand francs, payable to Goriot's order, and went to his neighbor's room.

欧仁吓坏了，他拿起沃尔特兰签过名的支票，发现上面的印花足以支付更大的一笔钱，就改了改数目，写上高里奥的抬头，把它做成一张一万两千法郎的平常票据，然后去了邻居的房间。

"Here is the money, madame," he said, handing the piece of paper to her.

“这里有钱，夫人。”他说着把这张纸交给她，

"I was asleep; your conversation awoke me, and by this means I learned all that I owed to M. Goriot.

“我刚才正在睡觉，你们的谈话吵醒了我。就这样，我想起自己还欠高里奥先生的钱。

This bill can be discounted, and I shall meet it punctually at the due date.”

这张支票可以贴现，我到时会准时还钱的。”

The Countess stood motionless and speechless, but she held the bill in her fingers.

伯爵夫人哑口无言，一动不动地站在原地，她手里却攥着那张支票。

"Delphine," she said, with a white face, and her whole frame quivering with indignation, anger, and rage, "I forgave you everything; God is my witness that I forgave you, but I cannot forgive this!

“德尔菲娜，”她脸色惨白，因为恼怒、生气、愤怒而浑身颤抖，说，“我什么都能原谅你，上帝可以为我作证，我原谅你了。但是，我不能原谅这个！

So this gentleman was there all the time, and you knew it!

这么说，这位绅士一直都在那里，你事先知道吧！

Your petty spite has let you to wreak your vengeance on me by betraying my secrets, my life, my children's lives, my shame, my honor!

你太卑鄙了，为了报复我，竟然不惜泄露我的秘密、我的生活、我孩子们的生活、我的耻辱、我的名誉！

There, you are nothing to me any longer.

好吧，我跟你从此一刀两断。

I hate you.

我恨你。

I will do all that I can to injure you.

我会想尽一切办法来伤害你。

I will...”

我会……”

Anger paralyzed her; the words died in her dry parched throat.

她气得都说不出话了，喉咙又干又热。

"Why, he is my son, my child; he is your brother, your preserver!" cried Goriot.

“啊，他是我的儿子、我的孩子，是你的兄弟、你的救星啊！”高老头大叫，

"Kiss his hand, Nasie!

“快吻他的手，纳西！

Stay, I will embrace him myself," he said, straining Eugene to his breast in a frenzied clasp.

等一下，我先拥抱他吧。”他说着拼命把欧仁紧紧抱到胸前，

"Oh my boy!

“哦，我的孩子！

I will be more than a father to you; if I had God's power, I would fling worlds at your feet.

我不仅仅要当你的父亲，我会比父亲更爱你的。如果我有上帝的力量，我会把世界都丢在你的脚下。

Why don't you kiss him, Nasie?

纳西，你为什么不吻他？

He is not a man, but an angel, a angel out of heaven.”

他不是凡人，而是天使，来自天堂的天使。”

"Never mind her, father; she is mad just now."

“父亲，别管她，她现在疯了。”

"Mad! am I?

“疯了！是吗？

And what are you?" cried Mme. de Restaud.

你又是什么东西呢？”德雷斯多夫人大叫。

"Children, children, I shall die if you go on like this," cried the old man, and he staggered and fell on the bed as if a bullet had struck him.— "They are killing me between them," he said to himself.

“孩子们，孩子们，你们要是继续这样，我就要死了。”老人大叫着，摇摇晃晃地倒在了床上，像中了子弹似的——“她们正在把我往死里逼啊。”他自言自语道。

The Countess fixed her eyes on Eugene, who stood stock still; all his faculties were numbed by this violent scene.

欧仁被剧烈的争吵弄得不知所措，他一动不动地愣在那里，被伯爵夫人盯着。

"Sir?..." she said, doubt and inquiry in her face, tone, and bearing; she took no notice now of her father nor of Delphine, who was hastily unfastening his waistcoat.

“先生……”她说道，神情、声音和举止都显出疑惑和质询，既没在意父亲也没在意正在急急忙忙给父亲解开背心的德尔菲娜。

"Madame," said Eugene, answering the question before it was asked, "I will meet the bill, and keep silence about it."

“夫人，”欧仁在她问问题之前就答道，“我会付钱的，而且会对此保密的。”

"You have killed our father, Nasie!" said Delphine, pointing to Goriot, who lay unconscious on the bed.

“纳西，你把父亲逼死了！”德尔菲娜指着躺在床上不省人事的高老头说道。

The Countess fled.

伯爵夫人逃走了。

"I freely forgive her," said the old man, opening his eyes; "her position is horrible; it would turn an older head than hers.

“我完全原谅她。”老人张开眼睛说，“她的处境很可怕，比她有经验的人也承受不住。

Comfort Nasie, and be nice to her, Delphine; promise it to your poor father before he dies," he asked, holding Delphine's hand in a convulsive clasp.

德尔菲娜，你要安慰纳西，对她好些。你得答应你可怜的父亲，答应你快死的父亲。”他抽搐着紧紧握住德尔菲娜的手，说道。

"Oh! what ails you, father?" she cried in real alarm.

“哦！父亲，你生了什么病啊？”她真的吓着了，哭着问道。

"Nothing, nothing," said Goriot; "it will go off.

“没事，没事，”高老头说，“会好起来的。

There is something heavy pressing on my forehead, a little headache…

有什么东西压着我的额头，好重，有一点头痛……

Ah! poor Nasie, what a life lies before her!”

啊！可怜的纳西，她将来要过怎样的生活啊！”

Just as he spoke, the Countess came back again and flung herself on her knees before him.

正当他说话的时候，伯爵夫人回来了，她扑到父亲的面前跪下。

"Forgive me!" she cried.

“原谅我吧！”她哭着说道。

"Come," said her father, "you are hurting me still more."

“过来，”她的父亲说，“你现在叫我越发难受了。”

"Monsieur," the Countess said, turning to Rastignac, "misery made me unjust to you.

“先生，”伯爵夫人转身对拉斯蒂涅说，“悲惨的遭遇让我昏了头，错怪了你。

You will be a brother to me, will you not?”

你会成为我的兄弟，是吗？”

And she held out her hand.

她伸出了手。

Her eyes were full of tears as she spoke.

她说话的时候眼中含满了泪水。

"Nasie," cried Delphine, flinging her arms round her sister, "my little Nasie, let us forget and forgive."

“纳西，”德尔菲娜抱着姐姐，哭着说道，“我的小纳西，我们忘记一切，原谅对方吧。”

"No, no," cried Nasie; "I shall never forget!"

“不，不，”纳西大声说，“我绝不会忘记的！”

"Dear angels," cried Goriot, "it is as if a dark curtain over my eyes had been raised; your voices have called me back to life.

“亲爱的天使们，”高老头大叫，“挡在我眼前的黑色窗帘好像被拉起来了，你们的声音让我起死回生了。

Kiss each other once more.

你们再亲吻对方一次吧。

Well, now, Nasie, that bill will save you, won't it?"

纳西，现在那张支票会解救你的，不是吗？”

"I hope so.

“希望如此。

I say, papa, will you write your name on it?”

喂，爸爸，你可不可以把你的名字写在上面？”

"There! how stupid of me to forget that!

“哦，对了！我好蠢啊，怎么把那给忘了！

But I am not feeling at all well, Nasie, so you must not remember it against me.

但是，纳西，我一直都感觉不舒服，所以你可千万别因此记恨我啊。

Send and let me know as soon as you are out of your strait.

你解决问题后记得马上给我捎个信。

No, I will go to you.

不，我会到你那里去的。

No, after all, I will not go; I might meet your husband, and I should kill him on the spot.

不，我还是不去了，毕竟去了说不定会遇见你的丈夫，我会当场打死他的。

And as for signing away your property, I shall have a word to say about that.

我是不会同意他把你的财产过户到他的名下的。

Quick, my child, and keep Maxime in order in future.”

快去救马克西姆吧，我的孩子，此后你得让他安定下来。”

Eugene was too bewildered to speak.

欧仁不知所措，一句话也说不出。

"Poor Anastasie, she always had a violent temper," said Mme. de Nucingen, "but she has a good heart."

“可怜的阿纳斯塔谢，她的脾气总是这么暴躁。”德纽沁根夫人说，“但她的心地很善良。”

"She came back for the endorsement," said Eugene in Delphine's ear.

“她回来是为了得到背书。”欧仁在德尔菲娜的耳旁说道。

"Do you think so?"

“你这样认为吗？”

"I only wish I could think otherwise.

“我也希望可以不这样想。

Do not trust her," he answered, raising his eyes as if he confided to heaven the thoughts that he did not venture to express.

不要相信她。”他说着抬起头，好像正在向上帝倾诉自己不敢说的想法。

"Yes.

“是的。

She is always acting a part to some extent.”

她多少有些装腔作势，她总是这样。”

"How do you feel now, dear Father Goriot?" asked Rastignac.

“您现在觉得怎么样了，亲爱的高老头？”拉斯蒂涅问。这里有“高老头”的话有些不妥，欧仁还是很尊敬他的。

"I should like to go to sleep," he replied.

“我就想睡觉。”他答道。

Eugene helped him to bed, and Delphine sat by the bedside, holding his hand until he fell asleep.

欧仁帮他躺下，德尔菲娜坐在床边，握着他的手直到他睡着。

Then she went.

然后她走出了高老头的房间。

"This evening at the Italiens," she said to Eugene, "and you can let me know how he is.

“今天晚上在意大利剧院等你。”她对欧仁说，“到时候你可以告诉我父亲的情况。

To-morrow you will leave this place, monsieur.

先生，明天你就要离开这个地方了。

Let us go into your room.— Oh! how frightful!" she cried on the threshold.

我们一起去看看你的房间吧——哦！好可怕啊！”她在门口大叫，

"Why, you are even worse lodged than our father.

“什么，你住的地方比我们父亲的房间还差啊。

Eugene, you have behaved well.

欧仁，你刚才太好心了。

I would love you more if that were possible; but, dear boy, if you are to succeed in life, you must not begin by flinging twelve thousand francs out of the windows like that.

如果可以的话，我要更加爱你。可是，亲爱的孩子，如果你想有所成就，就不能像刚才那样把一万两千法郎扔出窗外。

The Comte de Trailles is a confirmed gambler.

德特拉尔伯爵是个十足的赌徒。

My sister shuts her eyes to it.

我姐姐对此假装看不见。

He would have made the twelve thousand francs in the same way that he wins and loses heaps of gold.”

他会用老办法来挣那一万两千法郎，就像他以前如何赢来和输掉那一座座金山一样。”

A groan from the next room brought them back to Goriot's bedside; to all appearances he was asleep, but the two lovers caught the words, "They are not happy!"

他们听到隔壁房间传来了呻吟声，就回到了高老头的床边。他看上去睡着了，可是这对情人明明听见他说：“他们过得不开心啊！”

Whether he was awake or sleeping, the tone in which they were spoken went to his daughter's heart.

不管他是醒着还是睡着了，他说话的语气震撼了女儿的心灵。

She stole up to the pallet-bed on which her father lay, and kissed his forehead.

她悄悄走到父亲躺着的简陋的床边，亲吻了父亲的额头。

He opened his eyes.

他睁开了眼睛。

"Ah! Delphine!" he said.

“啊！德尔菲娜！”他说。

"How are you now?" she asked.

“您现在感觉怎么样？”她问。

"Quite comfortable.

“非常舒服。

Do not worry about me; I shall get up presently.

别担心我，我马上就起床了。

Don't stay with me, children; go, go and be happy."

不要和我呆在一起，孩子们。去吧，去吧，去快活吧。”

Eugene went back with Delphine as far as her door; but he was not easy about Goriot, and would not stay to dinner, as she proposed.

欧仁把德尔菲娜送回了家，但是他很担心高老头，就没有听从她叫他留在那里吃饭的建议。

He wanted to be back at the Maison Vauquer.

他想回到“沃盖之家”。

Father Goriot had left his room, and was just sitting down to dinner as he came in.

他进门的时候，高老头刚刚离开房间，正坐下准备吃饭。

Bianchon had placed himself where he could watch the old man carefully; and when the old vermicelli maker took up his square of bread and smelled it to find out the quality of the flour, the medical student, studying him closely, saw that the action was purely mechanical, and shook his head.

比安卡肖恩已经选了个可以仔细观察老人的地方坐下。当年老的面条制造商拿起自己的那块面包嗅一嗅，好判断面粉的质量时，近距离观察他的医科学生看出这完全是个机械式的动作，便摇了摇头。

"Just come and sit over here, hospitaler of Cochin," said Eugene.

“过来坐这里，科钦医院的牧师。”欧仁说。

Bianchon went the more willingly because his change of place brought him next to the old lodger.

比安卡肖恩很乐意换位置，因为那样他就可以坐到老人的旁边了。

"What is wrong with him?" asked Rastignac.

“他得了什么病？”拉斯蒂涅问。

"It is all up with him, or I am much mistaken!

“如果我没看错的话，他快要死了！

Something very extraordinary must have taken place; he looks to me as if he were in imminent danger of serous apoplexy.

他的身体定是发生了某些非常特别的变化。他看上去似乎有即将脑中风的危险。

The lower part of his face is composed enough, but the upper part is drawn and distorted.

他下半边脸还够紧实，可是上半边脸却扭曲变形了。

Then there is that peculiar look about the eyes that indicates an effusion of serum in the brain; they look as though they were covered with a film of fine dust, do you notice?

他奇怪的眼神也表明血浆已经渗进脑子了。他的眼睛看上去似乎蒙上了一层薄薄的尘土，你注意到了没有？

I shall know more about it by to-morrow morning.”

明天早上我就可以知道得更清楚些。”

"Is there any cure for it?"

“他还有救吗？”

"None.

“没有。

It might be possible to stave death off for a time if a way could be found of setting up a reaction in the lower extremities; but if the symptoms do not abate by to-morrow evening, it will be all over with him, poor old fellow!

要是能找到某种方法把反应限制在下肢，他也许还可以多活一段时间。但是，如果症状到明天晚上还不减轻，他就完了。可怜的老家伙！

Do you know what has happened to bring this on?

他怎么发病的，你知道吗？

There must have been some violent shock, and his mind has given way.”

他肯定是受到剧烈的刺激，精神崩溃了。”

"Yes, there was," said Rastignac, remembering how the two daughters had struck blow on blow at their father's heart.

“是的，有过这样的事情。”拉斯蒂涅说着就想起了两个女儿接二连三地打击父亲的心。

"But Delphine at any rate loves her father," he said to himself.

“但是无论如何德尔菲娜还是爱她的父亲的。”他自言自语道。

That evening at the opera Rastignac chose his words carefully, lest he should give Mme. de Nucingen needless alarm.

那天晚上在剧院的时候，拉斯蒂涅说话很小心，以免给德纽沁根夫人带来不必要的惊慌。

"Do not be anxious about him," she said, however, as soon as Eugene began, "our father has really a strong constitution, but this morning we gave him a shock.

“别担心他。”不过欧仁才刚开始说，她就说道，“我们的父亲真的很强壮，只不过是我们今天早上刺激到他了。

Our whole fortunes were in peril, so the thing was serious, you see.

我们的全部财产危在旦夕，你看，这件事才很严重。

I could not live if your affection did not make me insensible to troubles that I should once have thought too hard to bear.

如果你的爱无法让我对我忘却那些曾经认为无力承担的麻烦，我就活不下去了。

At this moment I have but one fear left, but one misery to dread—to lose the love that has made me feel glad to live.

现在，我只担心一件事，只害怕一个痛苦——失去让我觉得生活很快乐的爱。

Everything else is as nothing to me compared with our love; I care for nothing else, for you are all the world to me.

和你的爱相比，其他所有东西对我而言都没有意义。我对其他所有东西都不在意，因为你就是我的整个世界。

If I feel glad to be rich, it is for your sake.

如果我喜欢富有，那也是为了你。

To my shame be it said, I think of my lover before my father.

说起来很惭愧，我把情人摆在父亲的前面。

Do you ask why?

你会问为什么呢？

I cannot tell you, but all my life is in you.

我无法告诉你，但是我的整个生命都在你身上。

My father gave me a heart, but you have taught it to beat.

我的心是父亲给的，却是你让它学会了跳动。

The whole world may condemn me; what does it matter if I stand acquitted in your eyes, for you have no right to think ill of me for the faults which a tyrannous love has forced me to commit for you!

也许整个世界都会指责我，但是只要我在你的眼中是无罪的，那又算得了什么。你没有权利指责我，因为不顾一切的爱逼迫我为你犯罪！

Do you think me an unnatural daughter?

你认为我是个丧尽天良的女儿吗？

Oh! no, no one could help loving such a dear kind father as ours.

哦！不，没人能不爱我们那样的好爸爸。

But how could I hide the inevitable consequences of our miserable marriages from him?

但是，他给我们安排的婚姻如此凄惨，落得这般糟糕的后果；我如何能忘记这一点？

Why did he allow us to marry when we did?

当年他为什么不阻止我们结婚？

Was it not his duty to think for us and foresee for us?

为我们着想，为我们预见将来不正是他的责任吗？

To-day I know he suffers as much as we do, but how can it be helped?

现在我知道他和我们一样痛苦，可是我们又能做些什么呢？

And as for comforting him, we could not comfort him in the least.

至于安慰他，其实我们也安慰不了什么。

Our resignation would give him more pain and hurt him far more than complaints and upbraidings.

我们忍气吞声给他带来的痛苦，对他造成的伤害远比抱怨和指责多。

There are times in life when everything turns to bitterness.”

人这一生就是会有事事不顺心的时候。”

Eugene was silent, the artless and sincere outpouring made an impression on him.

她朴实、真诚的感情流露令欧仁很感动，他什么也没说。

Parisian women are often false, intoxicated with vanity, selfish and self-absorbed, frivolous and shallow; yet of all women, when they love, they sacrifice their personal feelings to their passion; they rise but so much the higher for all the pettiness overcome in their nature, and become sublime.

巴黎女人通常都很虚伪、极其虚荣、自私自利、不顾他人、轻佻而肤浅。但是，任何一个女人只要动了真心，都会为爱情牺牲自己的个人情感；她会上升到能够摆脱一切卑鄙本性的高度，变得高尚起来。

Then Eugene was struck by the profound discernment and insight

displayed by this woman in judging of natural affection, when a privileged affection had separated and set her at a distance apart.

得到特殊优待的爱情已经使她远离了亲情。欧仁被这个女人在评判亲情时所表现出的深邃洞察力和识别力震撼了。

Mme. de Nucingen was piqued by the silence, "What are you thinking about?" she asked.

德纽沁根夫人看他不声不响，生气地问：“你在想什么？”

"I am thinking about what you said just now.

“我在想你刚刚说过的话。

Hitherto I have always felt sure that I cared far more for you than you did for me.”

迄今为止，我一直确信我在乎你远远比你在乎我要多。”

She smiled, and would not give way to the happiness she felt, lest their talk should exceed the conventional limits of propriety.

她笑了笑，竭力掩饰自己所感到的快乐，以免他们的谈话逾越礼节的界限。

She had never heard the vibrating tones of a sincere and youthful love; a few more words, and she feared for her self-control.

她的爱人年轻、真诚，说话的语调令她心神荡漾。她从来没有听过这样的话。要是再多说几句，她怕自己会克制不住。

"Eugene," she said, changing the conversation, "I wonder whether you know what has been happening?

“欧仁，”她换了个话题说，“难道你不知道发生了什么事情吗？

All Paris will go to Mme. de Beauseant's to-morrow.

明天整个巴黎的人都要去德伯桑夫人家。

The Rochefides and the Marquis d'Ajuda have agreed to keep the matter a profound secret, but to-morrow the king will sign the marriage-contract, and your poor cousin the Vicomtesse knows nothing of it as yet.

洛希斐特家和德阿尤达侯爵约好不走漏一丁点消息，但是明天国王就会签署他们的婚约。你可怜的表姐，那个子爵夫人对此还一无所知。

She cannot put off her ball, and the Marquis will not be there.

她不能推迟自己的舞会，侯爵也不会到场。

People are wondering what will happen?”

人们都在猜到时候会发生什么事。”

"The world laughs at baseness and connives at it.

“整个世界都会嘲笑她的下贱和纵容。

But this will kill Mme. de Beauseant.”

但是这会气死德伯桑夫人的。”

"Oh, no," said Delphine, smiling, "you do not know that kind of woman.

“哦，不，”德尔菲娜笑着说，“你不了解那种女人。

Why, all Paris will be there, and so shall I; I ought to go there for your sake.”

哎呀，整个巴黎的人都会去那里，所以我也应该去哦，我应该为你去。”

"Perhaps, after all, it is one of those absurd reports that people set in circulation here."

“也许这只是这个圈子里流传的种种谣言之一罢了。”

"We shall know the truth to-morrow.”

“明天我们就能知道真相了。”

Eugene did not return to the Maison Vauquer.

欧仁没有回“沃盖之家”。

He could not forego the pleasure of occupying his new rooms in the Rue d'Artois.

他无法不先享受一下自己在阿图瓦街的新居。

Yesterday evening he had been obliged to leave Delphine soon after midnight, but that night it was Delphine who stayed with him until two o'clock in the morning.

昨天晚上他在午夜过后被迫马上离开德尔菲娜，但是今天晚上是德尔菲娜自己主动和他呆到凌晨两点的。

He rose late, and waited for Mme. de Nucingen, who came about noon to breakfast with him.

他起得很晚，然后便一直等着德纽沁根夫人。她直到中午才来和他一起吃早饭。

Youth snatches eagerly at these rosy moments of happiness, and Eugene had almost forgotten Goriot's existence.

年轻人都迫切地想抓住这些幸福、美妙的时刻，欧仁几乎已经忘记了高老头的存在了。

The pretty things that surrounded him were growing familiar; this

domestication in itself was one long festival for him, and Mme. de Nucingen was there to glorify it all by her presence.

他对周围那些精美绝伦的物件渐渐熟悉起来。熟悉的过程对他而言本来就是一个长长的节日，而德纽沁根夫人的出现更是让新居光彩夺目。

It was four o'clock before they thought of Goriot, and of how he had looked forward to the new life in that house.

四点钟的时候他们才想起高老头，才想起他是多么盼望在那里开始新生活。

Eugene said that the old man ought to be moved at once, lest he should grow too ill to move.

欧仁说老人应该立刻搬家，以免他病得太重而动不了。

He left Delphine and hurried back to the lodging-house.

他离开德尔菲娜，匆匆赶回旅馆。

Neither Father Goriot nor young Bianchon was in the dining-room with the others.

高老头和年轻的比安卡肖恩没有和其他人一起在餐厅。

"Aha!" said the painter as Eugene came in, "Father Goriot has broken down at last.

“啊哈！”欧仁进来的时候，画家说，“高老头终于要完了。

Bianchon is upstairs with him.

比安卡肖恩在楼上陪他。

One of his daughters—the Comtesse de Restaurama—came to see the old gentleman, and he would get up and go out, and made himself worse.

他的一个女儿——德雷斯多拉玛伯爵夫人——来看过他，后来他起床出去了，这让他自己的状况更糟了。

Society is about to lose one of its brightest ornaments.”

社会将要失去一个最耀眼的装饰品了。”

Rastignac sprang to the staircase.

拉斯蒂涅迅速冲上楼梯。

"Hey! Monsieur Eugene!"

“嗨！欧仁先生！”

"Monsieur Eugene, the mistress is calling you," shouted Sylvie.

“欧仁先生，夫人叫您。”西尔维大叫。

"It is this, sir," said the widow.

“是这样的，先生，”寡妇说，

"You and M. Goriot should by rights have moved out on the 15th of February.

“你和高里奥先生本应该在二月十五那天搬出去。

That was three days ago; to-day is the 18th, I ought really to be paid a month in advance; but if you will engage to pay for both, I shall be quite satisfied.”

现在已经过了三天了，今天是十八号。你们确实得再预先支付一个月的房租。如果你答应也为高里奥付钱的话，我会非常高兴的。”

"Why can't you trust him?"

“你为什么不能相信他呢？”

"Trust him, indeed!

“相信他？

If the old gentleman went off his head and died, those daughters of his would not pay me a farthing, and his things won't fetch ten francs.

如果老绅士昏迷、死了，他的那些女儿们一分钱都不会给我，而他的东西值不了十法郎。

This morning he went out with all the spoons and forks he has left, I don't know why.

今天早上他带着剩下的所有调羹和叉子出去了，我不明白为什么。

He had got himself up to look quite young, and—Lord, forgive me—but I thought he had rouge on his cheeks; he looked quite young again.”

他打扮得非常年轻——上帝，原谅我吧——但是我想他在脸颊上擦了胭脂，他看起来恢复青春了。”

"I will be responsible," said Eugene, shuddering with horror, for he foresaw the end.

“我会负责的。”欧仁说。他因为害怕而发抖，因为他预见了结局。

He climbed the stairs and reached Father Goriot's room.

他上楼去了高老头的房间。

The old man was tossing on his bed.

老人倒在床上。

Bianchon was with him.

比安卡肖恩坐在他旁边。

"Good-evening, father," said Eugene.

“晚上好，父亲。”欧仁说。

The old man turned his glassy eyes on him, smiled gently, and said: "How is *she*?”

老人玻璃珠子般的眼睛望着他，温柔地笑了笑，说：“她怎么样？”

"She is quite well.

“她很好。

But how are you?”

但是您怎么样？”

"There is nothing much the matter."

“没事，这算不了什么。”

"Don't tire him," said Bianchon, drawing Eugene into a corner of the room.

“别让他累着。”比安卡肖恩把欧仁拉到房间角落说。

"Well?" asked Rastignac.

“怎么了？”拉斯蒂涅问。

"Nothing but a miracle can save him now.

“现在除了奇迹没什么能救他了。

Serous congestion has set in; I have put on mustard plasters, and luckily he can feel them, they are acting.”

脑淤血已经发作了。我刚刚给他用了芥子膏，幸好他还有感觉，芥子膏正在起作用。”

"Is it possible to move him?"

“可以把他抬到别处去吗？”

"Quite out of the question.

“绝对不行。

He must stay where he is, and be kept as quiet as possible—” "Dear Bianchon," said Eugene, "we will nurse him between us."

他必须呆在这里，并且尽可能保持安静——”“亲爱的比安卡肖恩，”欧仁说，“我们一起照顾他吧。”

"I have had the head physician round from my hospital to see him."

“我已经请医院的主任医师来过了。”

"And what did he say?"

“他怎么说的？”

"He will give no opinion till to-morrow evening.

“明天晚上才能给出结果。

He promised to look in again at the end of the day.

他答应今天晚些时候再过来看一下他。

Unluckily, the preposterous creature must needs go and do something foolish this morning; he will not say what it was.

真不幸，这个蠢蛋今天早上偏偏要去做蠢事，也不说去干什么。

He is as obstinate as a mule.

他和驴子一样倔。

As soon as I begin to talk to him he pretends not to hear, and lies as if he were asleep instead of answering, or if he opens his eyes he begins to groan.

我一跟他讲话，他就装没听见，躺在那里好像睡着了似的，不回答我的问题，或者一睁眼就开始哼哼。

Some time this morning he went out on foot in the streets, nobody knows where he went, and he took everything that he had of any value with him.

今天早上不知什么时候，他走路上街了。没人知道他去了哪里，他把值钱的东西都带上了。

He has been driving some confounded bargain, and it has been too much for his strength.

他做了些该死的交易。按照他目前的体力来看，他根本撑不住做这么多交易。

One of his daughters has been here.”

他的一个女儿来过这里。”

"Was it the Countess?" asked Eugene.

“是伯爵夫人吗？”欧仁问，

"A tall, dark-haired woman, with large bright eyes, slender figure, and little feet?”

“是不是一个高高的黑头发女人，眼睛很大很亮，身体苗条，脚也很小？”

"Yes."

“是的。”

"Leave him to me for a bit," said Rastignac.

“让我和他单独呆一会。”拉斯蒂涅说，

"I will make him confess; he will tell me all about it."

“我会让他坦白的，他会告诉我一切的。”

"And meanwhile I will get my dinner.

“我正好趁这个时候去吃饭。

But try not to excite him; there is still some hope left.”

但是千万别刺激他，咱们还是有一线希望的。”

"All right."

“好的。”

"How they will enjoy themselves to-morrow," said Father Goriot when they were alone.

“明天她们会很开心的。”只剩他俩的时候，高老头说，

"They are going to a grand ball."

“她们要去参加一个盛大的舞会。”

"What were you doing this morning, papa, to make yourself so poorly this evening that you have to stop in bed?"

“爸爸，您今天早上干什么去了，累得晚上不得不躺在床上？”

"Nothing."

“没干什么。”

"Did not Anastasie come to see you?" demanded Rastignac.

“阿纳斯塔谢来看过您吗？”拉斯蒂涅问。

"Yes," said Father Goriot.

“是的，”高老头说。

"Well, then, don't keep anything from me.

“哎！别瞒我。

What more did she want of you?”

她还想找您要什么？”

"Oh, she was very miserable," he answered, gathering up all his strength to speak.

“哦，她非常可怜。”他用尽所有的力气答道，

"It was this way, my boy.

“事情是这样的，我的孩子。

Since that affair of the diamonds, Nasie has not had a penny of her own.

自钻石事件发生后，纳西自己一分钱也没有了。

For this ball she had ordered a golden gown like a setting for a jewel.

为了参加这个舞会，她订了一件金线绣的礼服来搭配珠宝。

Her mantuamaker, a woman without a conscience, would not give her credit, so Nasie's waiting-woman advanced a thousand francs on account.

她的女裁缝一点良心也没有，不肯赊账，所以纳西的女仆垫了一千法郎定金。

Poor Nasie! reduced to such shifts!

可怜的纳西！居然落到了这般田地！

It cut me to the heart to think of it!

一想到这些，我就心如刀绞！

But when Nasie's maid saw how things were between her master and mistress, she was afraid of losing her money, and came to an understanding with the dressmaker, and the woman refuses to send the ball-dress until the money is paid.

但是女仆见雷斯多不相信纳西，担心自己拿不回钱，就和裁缝串通好，要等到付清钱后才肯送衣服来。

The gown is ready, and the ball is to-morrow night!

礼服做好了，舞会明天晚上也要开始了！

Nasie was in despair.

纳西绝望了。

She wanted to borrow my forks and spoons to pawn them.

她想借我的叉子和调羹去典当。

Her husband is determined that she shall go and wear the diamonds, so as to contradict the stories that are told all over Paris.

她丈夫非要她去参加舞会，还得戴着钻石，好让传遍整个巴黎的谣言不攻自破。

How can she go to that heartless scoundrel and say, 'I owe a thousand francs to my dressmaker; pay her for me!' She cannot. I saw

that myself.

可她怎么能去对那个冷酷无情的混蛋说，‘我欠裁缝一千法郎，替我付钱吧！’她不能！我自己也知道。

Delphine will be there too in a superb toilette, and Anastasie ought not to be outshone by her younger sister.

德尔菲娜也会去，而且会打扮得很华丽。阿纳斯塔谢不应该被妹妹的光彩掩盖住。

And then—she was drowned in tears, poor girl!

当时——她都哭成泪人了，可怜的女儿！

I felt so humbled yesterday when I had not the twelve thousand francs, that I would have given the rest of my miserable life to wipe out that wrong.

昨天拿不出一万两千法郎的时候，我觉得十分惭愧。我会豁出剩下的悲惨生命来弥补那个错误。

You see, I could have borne anything once, but latterly this want of money has broken my heart.

你看，以前我什么都能忍受，但是这一回没钱让我的心都碎了。

Oh! I did not do it by halves; I titivated myself up a bit, and went out and sold my spoons and forks and buckles for six hundred francs; then I went to old Daddy Gobseck, and sold a year's interest on my annuity for four hundred francs down.

哦！我没有丝毫犹豫，稍微梳妆了一下便出去卖掉了调羹、叉子和钮扣，共卖了六百法郎。然后我又去了戈布塞克老爹家，把我一年的养老金利息以四百法郎的价格卖给了他。

Pshaw! I can live on dry bread, as I did when I was a young man; if I have done it before, I can do it again.

哼！我可以吃干面包过活，就像年轻时一样。以前我那样做了，现在也行。

My Nasie shall have one happy evening, at any rate.

我的纳西不管怎样都应该度过一个美妙的晚上。

She shall be smart.

她应该打扮得漂漂亮亮的。

The banknote for a thousand francs is under my pillow; it warms me to have it lying there under my head, for it is going to make my poor Nasie happy.

一千法郎的钞票就在我枕头下。想到它在头下，我的心里就暖暖

的，因为这些钱会让我可怜的纳西开心快乐。

She can turn that bad girl Victoire out of the house.

她可以把那个可恶的女仆维克图瓦赶出去了。

A servant that cannot trust her mistress, did any one ever hear the like!

区区一个仆人居然不相信自己的女主人，这样的事情简直没人听说过！

I shall be quite well to-morrow.

我明天应该就会完全好了。

Nasie is coming at ten o'clock.

纳西十点钟会来。

They must not think that I am ill, or they will not go to the ball; they will stop and take care of me.

我不能让她们知道我病了，要不她们就会呆在这里照顾我，而不会去参加舞会了。

To-morrow Nasie will come and hold me in her arms as if I were one of her children; her kisses will make me well again.

明天纳西会来拥抱我，好像我是她的孩子一样。她的吻会让我重新好起来的。

After all, I might have spent the thousand francs on physic; I would far rather give them to my little Nasie, who can charm all the pain away.

毕竟我有可能会把这一千法郎用在看病上。可我宁愿把钱给我的小纳西，她可以治愈所有的疼痛。

At any rate, I am some comfort to her in her misery; and that makes up for my unkindness in buying an annuity.

无论如何，我可以给予身处苦难的她些许安慰，这可以弥补我买了终身年金的过失。

She is in the depths, and I cannot draw her out of them now.

现在，她掉进了痛苦的深渊，可我却没有能力救她出来。

Oh! I will go into business again, I will buy wheat in Odessa; out there, wheat fetches a quarter of the price it sells for here.

哦！我要再去做买卖，我会去敖德萨买小麦，那里的小麦价格只有这里的四分之一。

There is a law against the importation of grain, but the good folk

who made the law forgot to prohibit the introduction of wheat products and food stuffs made from corn.

法律禁止进口谷物，可是制定法律的好心人并没有禁止进口小麦制品和用玉米做的食品啊。

Hey! hey!...

嗨！嗨！……

That struck me this morning.

那是我今天早上突然想到的。

There is a fine trade to be done in starch.”

淀粉买卖有很大的赚头。”

Eugene, watching the old man's face, thought that his friend was light-headed.

欧仁看着老人的脸，觉得他的朋友有些晕头晕脑了。

"Come," he said, "do not talk any more, you must rest—” Just then Bianchon came up, and Eugene went down to dinner.

“好了，”他说，“别再说话了，您必须休息了——”就在这时比安卡肖恩上来了，欧仁就下去吃晚饭了。

The two students sat up with him that night, relieving each other in turn.

那天晚上，两个学生轮流坐在他身边照看他。

Bianchon brought up his medical books and studied; Eugene wrote letters home to his mother and sisters.

比安卡肖恩读自己带过来的医书；欧仁给母亲和妹妹们写信。

Next morning Bianchon thought the symptoms more hopeful, but the patient's condition demanded continual attention, which the two students alone were willing to give—a task impossible to describe in the squeamish phraseology of the epoch.

第二天早上，比安卡肖恩认为症状略有好转，但是需要有人来不断关注病人的状况。也只有这两个学生愿意这样做。这项繁重的任务是当时拘谨的文风所无法表达的。

Leeches must be applied to the wasted body, the poultices and hot foot-baths, and other details of the treatment required the physical strength and devotion of the two young men.

老人瘦骨嶙峋的身体上得放水蛭，除此之外，又要涂膏药，又要用热水烫脚，还有其他的种种细枝末节的治疗方法，这都需要两个年轻人不惜体力地倾情奉献。

Mme. de Restaud did not come; but she sent a messenger for the money.

德雷斯多夫人没有过来，但是她派了一个信差来拿钱。

"I expected she would come herself; but it would have been a pity for her to come, she would have been anxious about me," said the father, and to all appearances he was well content.

“我还以为她自己会来呢。不过也好，要是她来了，她就会担心我，那样多可惜啊。”这位父亲说道。他看上去倒很开心似的。

At seven o'clock that evening Therese came with a letter from Delphine.

那天晚上七点钟的时候泰蕾兹送来了一封德尔菲娜的信。

"What are you doing, dear friend?

“你在干什么，亲爱的朋友？

I have been loved for a very little while, and I am neglected already?

我们才刚刚相爱不久，你就已经忘了我吗？

In the confidences of heart and heart, I have learned to know your soul—you are too noble not to be faithful for ever, for you know that love with all its infinite subtle changes of feeling is never the same.

我已经从你对我说的那些推心置腹的话中了解到了你的心灵——你太高尚了，因此会永远忠实。因为你知道，爱情和它所带来的一切无穷无尽的微妙情感变化从来都是不一样的。

Once you said, as we were listening to the Prayer in *Mose in Egitto*, 'For some it is the monotony of a single note; for others, it is the infinite of sound.' Remember that I am expecting you this evening to take me to Mme. de Beauseant's ball.

有一次我们在听《摩西在埃及》这出悲剧里的祈祷词时，你说，‘对有的人来说，这不过是在重复一个音符，而对其他人来说，这是无穷无尽的音乐。’别忘了今晚我等着你带我去参加德伯桑夫人的舞会。

Every one knows now that the King signed M. d'Ajuda's marriage-contract this morning, and the poor Vicomtesse knew nothing of it until two o'clock this afternoon.

现在人人都知道今天早上国王签署了德阿尤达先生的婚约了，可怜的子爵夫人直到今天下午两点才得知这一消息。

All Paris will flock to her house, of course, just as a crowd fills the Place de Greve to see an execution.

当然，全巴黎的人都会聚到她的家里，就像人群涌到格雷夫广场去看执行死刑一样。

It is horrible, is it not, to go out of curiosity to see if she will hide her anguish, and whether she will die courageously?

人们会满怀好奇心去看她是否隐藏了自己的痛苦、是否愿意勇敢地死去。这简直太可怕了，不是吗？

I certainly should not go, my friend, if I had been at her house before; but, of course, she will not receive society any more after this, and all my efforts would be in vain.

我的朋友，如果我以前去过她的家，这次就当然不会去了。可是，这次舞会以后，她当然不会再招待宾客了，那样我所有的努力都白费了。

My position is a very unusual one, and besides, I am going there partly on your account.

我的处境非常特殊，而且，我去那里的部分原因也是为了你。

I am waiting for you.

我会等着你的。

If you are not beside me in less than two hours, I do not know whether I could forgive such treason.”

如果你在两个小时以内没有来到我的身边，我不知道自己能不能原谅你这样的背叛。”

Rastignac took up a pen and wrote: "I am waiting till the doctor comes to know if there is any hope of your father's life.

拉斯蒂涅拿起笔写道：“我会一直等到医生过来看你父亲还能不能救活。

He is lying dangerously ill.

他病得很严重，快要死了。

I will come and bring you the news, but I am afraid it may be a sentence of death.

我会来告诉你诊断结果，但恐怕会是死亡宣判。

When I come you can decide whether you can go to the ball. — Yours a thousand times.”

等我来了你再决定自己是否能去参加舞会——爱你天长地久。”

At half-past eight the doctor arrived.

八点半的时候，医生来了。

He did not take a very hopeful view of the case, but thought that there was no immediate danger.

他认为情况并不乐观，但是认为高老头在短时间内不会有危险。

Improvements and relapses might be expected, and the good man's life and reason hung in the balance.

他的情况可能会改善，也可能会旧病复发。现在还无法断定这个好人还能活多久，还能否保持清醒。

"It would be better for him to die at once," the doctor said as he took leave.

“他还是快点死比较好。”医生离开的时候说。

Eugene left Goriot to Bianchon's care, and went to carry the sad news to Mme. de Nucingen.

欧仁把高老头托付给比安卡肖恩照顾，自己带着这个不幸的消息去找德纽沁根夫人了。

Family feeling lingered in her, and this must put an end for the present to her plans of amusement.

她的家庭观念还是很重的，这一定会毁掉她的娱乐计划的。

"Tell her to enjoy her evening as if nothing had happened," cried Goriot.

“你就当什么也没发生过，告诉她今晚好好玩。”高老头大声说。

He had been lying in a sort of stupor, but he suddenly sat upright as Eugene went out.

他已经躺在床在处于半昏迷状态，但是欧仁出去的时候他突然坐起来说了那番话。

Eugene, half heartbroken, entered Delphine's.

欧仁的心碎了一半，来到了德尔菲娜的家中。

Her hair had been dressed; she wore her dancing slippers; she had only to put on her ball-dress; but when the artist is giving the finishing stroke to his creation, the last touches require more time than the whole groundwork of the picture.

她的头发已经梳好了，还穿着舞鞋，只需要穿上晚礼服就行了。但是，一位艺术家给自己的创作添上最后的点睛之笔时，最后的几笔往往比整个画作之前所耗费的时间更多。

"Why, you are not dressed!" she cried.

“哎呀，你还没有换衣服！”她大叫。

"Madame, your father—" "My father again!" she exclaimed,

breaking in upon him.

“夫人，您的父亲——”“又是我父亲！”她打断他的话大声说，

"You need not teach me what is due to my father, I have known my father this long while.

“你不需要教我应该怎么样对待我的父亲。我都认识他多少年了。

Not a word, Eugene.

不要再说了，欧仁。

I will hear what you have to say when you are dressed.

你先换好衣服了，我才听你要讲的话。

My carriage is waiting, take it, go round to your rooms and dress, Therese has put out everything in readiness for you.

我的马车就在外面，你快坐车回家换衣服，泰蕾兹已经为你准备好一切了。

Come back as soon as you can; we will talk about my father on the way to Mme. de Beauseant's.

你尽快回来，我们在去德伯桑夫人家的途中再谈父亲的事。

We must go early; if we have to wait our turn in a row of carriages, we shall be lucky if we get there by eleven o'clock."

我们得早点出发。如果得在一排马车中排队等着进门，那么我们能在十一点到那里就算幸运了。”

"Madame—" "Quick! not a word!" she cried, darting into her dressing-room for a necklace.

“夫人——”“快点！别说了！”她大叫着冲进化妆室去拿项链。

"Do go, Monsieur Eugene, or you will vex madame," said Therese, hurrying him away; and Eugene was too horror-stricken by this elegant parricide to resist.

“走吧，欧仁先生，要不您会惹夫人生气的。”泰蕾兹说着推他走。欧仁被这个优雅的不孝女儿吓坏了，他没法反抗。

He went to his rooms and dressed, sad, thoughtful, and dispirited.

他去自己的家里换好衣服。整个过程中他都很伤心而沮丧，一直都在沉思。

The world of Paris was like an ocean of mud for him just then; and it seemed that whoever set foot in that black mire must needs sink into it up to the chin. it seemed that可直接译作“似乎”

那时候，巴黎对他来说就像个泥海，似乎不管谁一脚踩上那个黑泥

潭，都必定会陷进去，一直陷到下巴。

"Their crimes are paltry," said Eugene to himself.

“她们的罪过都不算什么。”欧仁自言自语，

"Vautrin was greater."

“沃尔特兰犯的才是大罪。”

He had seen society in its three great phases—Obedience, Struggle, and Revolt; the Family, the World, and Vautrin; and he hesitated in his choice.

他对社会的看法已经经历了三个重大的阶段——服从、挣扎和反抗；家庭、社会和沃尔特兰。他犹豫不决，不知道应该选哪条路。

Obedience was dull, Revolt impossible, Struggle hazardous.

服从很枯燥，反抗不可能，而挣扎又太危险。

His thoughts wandered back to the home circle.

他的思绪回到了家庭上。

He thought of the quiet uneventful life, the pure happiness of the days spent among those who loved him there.

他想到了和那些爱自己的人住在家乡的日子，想到了那时安静、平凡的生活和单纯、简单的幸福。

Those loving and beloved beings passed their lives in obedience to the natural laws of the hearth, and in that obedience found a deep and constant serenity, unvexed by torments such as these. 爱着和被爱着

那些爱着和被爱着的人们在服从家庭生活的自然规律度中过自己的人生，并在服从中找到深邃而恒久的恬静，而不会被这般痛苦所困扰。

Yet, for all his good impulses, he could not bring himself to make profession of the religion of pure souls to Delphine, nor to prescribe the duties of piety to her in the name of love.

但是尽管他有这些高尚的念头，却不敢向德尔菲娜说明自己纯洁的心灵和信仰，也不敢以爱的名义要求她尽孝心。

His education had begun to bear its fruits; he loved selfishly already. he loved selfishly already建议对照原文译出

他所受的教育已经开始结出果实，他已经爱得很自私了。

Besides, his tact had discovered to him the real nature of Delphine; he divined instinctively that she was capable of stepping over her father's corpse to go to the ball; and within himself he felt that he had neither the strength of mind to play the part of mentor,

nor the strength of character to vex her, nor the courage to leave her to go alone.

除此以外，他凭着自己的聪颖已经看清了德尔菲娜的本性。他本能地预感到她可以踏过自己父亲的尸体去参加舞会。而对于他自己，他觉得自己既没有勇气去担当良师的角色，也没有勇气去激怒她，也没有胆量让她单独一人去参加舞会。

"She would never forgive me for putting her in the wrong over it," he said to himself. put her in the wrong over it不是让她理亏，而是认为她在这件事情上做错了

“要是让她认识到自己在这件事上做错了，她绝不会原谅我的。”他自言自语道。

Then he turned the doctor's dictum over in his mind; he tried to believe that Goriot was not so dangerously ill as he had imagined, and ended by collecting together a sufficient quantity of traitorous excuses for Delphine's conduct. 错别字：一大堆

然后他想到了医生的话，并试着相信高老头的病并不像他想得那样严重。最后他还为德尔菲娜的不孝行为找到了一大堆借口。

She did not know how ill her father was; the kind old man himself would have made her go to the ball if she had gone to see him.

她不知道父亲病得有多严重，就算她去看望高老头了，那个善良的老人也会叫她去参加舞会的。

So often it happens that this one or that stands condemned by the social laws that govern family relations; and yet there are peculiar circumstances in the case, differences of temperament, divergent interests, innumerable complications of family life that excuse the apparent offence. 都会“为”

依据管理家庭关系的社会法则，这个或者那个人常常会受到谴责。但是这次的情况很特殊，人们各异的性格、利益的分歧和家庭生活中不计其数的复杂因素都会为这个表面上的罪过开脱。

Eugene did not wish to see too clearly; he was ready to sacrifice his conscience to his mistress.

欧仁不愿意看得太透彻，他准备好为了情人牺牲自己的良知了。

Within the last few days his whole life had undergone a change.

在过去的几天里，他的整个人生经历了一次改变。

Woman had entered into his world and thrown it into chaos, family claims dwindled away before her; she had appropriated all his being to her uses.

女人进入了他的世界，把他的生活弄得一团糟。在她面前他的家庭观念渐渐变淡。德尔菲娜把他整个人都据为己用了。

Rastignac and Delphine found each other at a crisis in their lives when their union gave them the most poignant bliss. 拉斯蒂涅没有“卡”

拉斯蒂涅和德尔菲娜在人生的危机时刻遇到了对方，他们的结合给彼此带来了最令人痛苦的幸福。

Their passion, so long proved, had only gained in strength by the gratified desire that often extinguishes passion.

他们长久以来就被证实的激情，在欲望得到满足的情况下不仅没有被消灭，反而变得愈加强烈。

This woman was his, and Eugene recognized that not until then had he loved her; perhaps love is only gratitude for pleasure.

这个女人是他的，欧仁在爱上她之后才认识到这一点。也许爱情只是对快乐所表示的感激。

This woman, vile or sublime, he adored for the pleasure she had brought as her dower; and Delphine loved Rastignac as Tantalus would have loved some angel who had satisfied his hunger and quenched the burning thirst in his parched throat.

不管这个女人是卑鄙还是高尚，他都会爱她，因为她和她的嫁妆一样都给他带来了快乐。德尔菲娜爱拉斯蒂涅就像丹达罗斯(注：“丹达罗斯”在希腊神话中因泄天机被罚站于湖中饱受痛苦)会爱上某个给他充饥解渴的天使一样。

"Well," said Mme. de Nucingen when he came back in evening dress, "how is my father?"

“嗯，”他穿着晚礼服回来的时候，德纽沁根夫人说，“我父亲怎么样？”

"Very dangerously ill," he answered; "if you will grant me a proof of your affections, we will just go in to see him on the way."

“病得非常严重。”他回答，“如果你想向我证明一下你对我的爱，我们正好可以在半路上进去看看他。”

"Very well," she said.

“很好。”她说，

"Yes, but afterwards.

“好吧，但是舞会过后再去吧。

Dear Eugene, do be nice, and don't preach to me. 打字有误

亲爱的欧仁，一定要乖乖的哦，别对我说教了。

Come.”

来吧。”

They set out.

他们出发了。

Eugene said nothing for a while.

欧仁好一会儿都一声不吭。

"What is it now?" she asked.

“你现在又怎么啦？”她问。

"I can hear the death-rattle in your father's throat," he said almost angrily.

“我可以听见你父亲临终前喉咙里发出的痛苦的呻吟。”他几近愤怒地说道。

And with the hot indignation of youth, he told the story of Mme. de Restaud's vanity and cruelty, of her father's final act of self-sacrifice, that had brought about this struggle between life and death, of the price that had been paid for Anastasie's golden embroideries.

接着年轻人义愤填膺地讲出了德雷斯多夫人的虚荣和残忍以及她父亲最后的自我牺牲——正是这些使得高老头挣扎在生死之间——还有他为了阿纳斯塔谢金线绣的晚礼服付出了多大的代价。

Delphine cried.

德尔菲娜哭了起来。

"I shall look frightful," she thought.

“我看上去应该很可怕吧。”她想道。

She dried her tears.

她擦干了眼泪。

"I will nurse my father; I will not leave his bedside," she said aloud.

“我会照顾父亲，我会一直呆在他床边的。”她大声说。

"Ah! now you are as I would have you," exclaimed Rastignac. 人名

“啊！这才是我心中的你。”拉斯蒂涅大声说。

The lamps of five hundred carriages lit up the darkness about the Hotel de Beauseant. 错别字：辆

五百辆马车的灯照亮了德伯桑府的黑暗。

A gendarme in all the glory of his uniform stood on either side of the brightly lighted gateway.

灯火通明的大门两旁各站了一个穿着华丽制服的宪兵。

The great world was flocking thither that night in its eager curiosity to see the great lady at the moment of her fall, and the rooms on the ground floor were already full to overflowing, when Mme. de Nucingen and Rastignac appeared.

那晚，上流社会的人都齐聚到那里，迫切而好奇地想看那个伟大的女士当场栽跟头。德纽沁根夫人和拉斯蒂涅出现的时候，一楼的房间都已经挤满了人。

Never since Louis XIV tore her lover away from La grand Mademoiselle, and the whole court hastened to visit that unfortunate princess, had a disastrous love affair made such a sensation in Paris.

自从路易十四把拉格朗小姐的情人从她身边赶走，整个皇宫的人都匆匆去拜访那位不幸的公主以来，还没有一件灾难性的风流韵事能在巴黎引起如此大的轰动。

But the youngest daughter of the almost royal house of Burgundy had risen proudly above her pain, and moved till the last moment like a queen in this world—its vanities had always been valueless for her, save in so far as they contributed to the triumph of her passion.

但是堪比王室的勃艮第家的小女儿傲慢地从伤痛中恢复过来，直到最后一刻，其行为举止还像这个世界的女王一样——除了有助于她在爱情上取得胜利的虚荣，这个世界的虚荣对她而言总是毫无价值。

The salons were filled with the most beautiful women in Paris, resplendent in their toilettes, and radiant with smiles.

每间客厅里都挤满了巴黎最美的女人，她们个个盛装艳服、笑容满面、容光焕发。

Ministers and ambassadors, the most distinguished men at court, men bedizened with decorations, stars, and ribbons, men who bore the most illustrious names in France, had gathered about the Vicomtesse.

部长和大使们，这些宫廷中最显要、巴黎最富盛名的人物胸前戴满了十字勋章，腰间系着五光十色的缎带，集聚在子爵夫人的周围。

The music of the orchestra vibrated in wave after wave of sound from the golden ceiling of the palace, now made desolate for its queen.

管弦乐队奏出的音乐一浪接一浪，回荡在宅邸金碧辉煌的天花板下。现在，音乐让宅邸的女王倍感孤独和凄凉。

Madame de Beauseant stood at the door of the first salon to receive the guests who were styled her friends.

德伯桑夫人站在第一间客厅的门口招待那些自称是她朋友的宾客。

She was dressed in white, and wore no ornament in the plaits of hair braided about her head; her face was calm; there was no sign there of pride, nor of pain, nor of joy that she did not feel.

她穿着白色的晚礼服，头上简简单单地盘着辫子，没有任何头饰。她的脸很平静，既没有高傲的表情，也没有悲痛的迹象，也没有假装的快乐。

No one could read her soul; she stood there like some Niobe carved in marble.

没人能够读懂她的心，她站在那里就像座大理石雕成的尼俄伯(注："尼俄伯"在希腊神话中十四个儿子因自夸而全被杀死, 她悲伤不已, 后化为石头)塑像。

For a few intimate friends there was a tinge of satire in her smile; but no scrutiny saw any change in her, nor had she looked otherwise in the days of the glory of her happiness.

她对一些密友的笑容中暗含几分嘲讽意味，但是不管怎么仔细观察，都发现不了她有任何改变，也看不出她和过去被幸福光辉照耀时有什么不同。

The most callous of her guests admired her as young Rome applauded some gladiator who could die smiling.

她的态度叫那些最无情的宾客也佩服不已，一如年轻的罗马人对着某个含笑而死的角斗士拍手喝彩。

It seemed as if society had adorned itself for a last audience of one of its sovereigns.

上流社会似乎特意浓妆艳服来最后一次觐见某个王后。

"I was afraid that you would not come," she said to Rastignac.

“我还怕你不来了。”她对拉斯蒂涅说。

"Madame," he said, in an unsteady voice, taking her speech as a reproach, "I shall be the last to go, that is why I am here."

“夫人，”他把她的话当成了责备，不安地说，“我应该是最后离开的人，那是我来这里的原因。”

"Good," she said, and she took his hand.

“很好。”她说着握起了他的手，

"You are perhaps the only one I can trust here among all these.

“你也许是这里所有人中我唯一可以信任的人。

Oh, my friend, when you love, love a woman whom you are sure that you can love always.

哦，我的朋友，你要是恋爱了，就得爱一个自己确信会爱一辈子的女人，

Never forsake a woman.”

绝不要抛弃她。”

She took Rastignac's arm, and went towards a sofa in the card-room.

她挽起拉斯蒂涅的胳膊，朝桥牌室的沙发走去。

"I want you to go to the Marquis," she said.

“我想要你去一趟侯爵家。”她说，

"Jacques, my footman, will go with you; he has a letter that you will take.

“我的男仆雅克会和你一起去，他手里有一封信，你帮我交给侯爵。

I am asking the Marquis to give my letters back to me.

我想要侯爵把我写给他的信还给我。

He will give them all up, I like to think that.

他会把所有的信都交出来的，我希望是这样。

When you have my letters, go up to my room with them.

你拿到了信，就带着去我的房间。

Some one shall bring me word.”

到时有人会通知我的。”

She rose to go to meet the Duchesse de Langeais, her most intimate friend, who had come like the rest of the world.

她站起来迎接自己最亲密的朋友德朗热公爵夫人。她和其他的贵族一样也来了。

Rastignac went.

拉斯蒂涅出发了。

He asked for the Marquis d'Ajuda at the Hotel Rochefide, feeling certain that the latter would be spending his evening there, and so it proved.

他上洛希斐特府求见德阿尤达侯爵，觉得他肯定会在那里度过今晚，事实也的确如此。

The Marquis went to his own house with Rastignac, and gave a casket to the student, saying as he did so, "They are all there."

侯爵和拉斯蒂涅一起回到了侯爵府邸，他在把一个匣子递给学生的时候说道：“这些信都在这里面了。”

He seemed as if he was about to say something to Eugene, to ask about the ball, or the Vicomtesse; perhaps he was on the brink of the confession that, even then, he was in despair, and knew that his marriage had been a fatal mistake; but a proud gleam shone in his eyes, and with deplorable courage he kept his noblest feelings a secret.

他似乎想对欧仁说点什么，问问舞会或者子爵夫人的情况。或许这时他都快承认自己非常绝望，已经知道结婚等于铸下大错；但是他眼中突然亮起了一道骄傲的光，他鼓起可叹的勇气把自己最高尚的感情隐藏在了心里。

"Do not even mention my name to her, my dear Eugene."

“亲爱的欧仁，千万不要向她提起我的名字。”

He grasped Rastignac's hand sadly and affectionately, and turned away from him.

他悲伤而真挚地抓起拉斯蒂涅的手，然后转过身去。

Eugene went back to the Hotel Beauseant, the servant took him to the Vicomtesse's room.

欧仁回到了伯桑府，仆人把他带到了子爵夫人的房间。

There were signs there of preparations for a journey.

房里流露出准备旅行的迹象。

He sat down by the fire, fixed his eyes on the cedar wood casket, and fell into deep mournful musings.

他坐在火堆旁，盯着雪松木匣子，陷入了悲伤的沉思。

Mme. de Beauseant loomed large in these imaginings, like a goddess in the *Iliad*.

德伯桑夫人在这些意象中格外突出，就像《伊利亚特》中的女神。

"Ah! my friend!..." said the Vicomtesse; she crossed the room and laid her hand on Rastignac's shoulder.

“啊！我的朋友！……”子爵夫人穿过房间，把手放到了拉斯蒂涅的肩膀上。

He saw the tears in his cousin's uplifted eyes, saw that one hand was raised to take the casket, and that the fingers of the other trembled.

他看见表姐仰着头，眼中含满了泪水，举起一只手来拿匣子，另一只手的手指颤抖着。

Suddenly she took the casket, put it in the fire, and watched it burn.

突然她接过匣子放进火中，看着它燃烧起来。

"They are dancing," she said.

“他们在跳舞，”她说，

"They all came very early; but death will be long in coming.

“他们来得都很早。但是死亡却还得等很长一段时间。

Hush! my friend," and she laid a finger on Rastignac's lips, seeing that he was about to speak.

嘘！朋友。”她看见拉斯蒂涅想要说话，就把一根手指放到了他的嘴唇上，

"I shall never see Paris again.

“我再也不会看见巴黎了。

I am taking my leave of the world.

我要离开这个社会。

At five o'clock this morning I shall set out on my journey; I mean to bury myself in the remotest part of Normandy.

今天早上五点我就应该出发了，我打算躲到诺曼底最偏远的地方去。

I have had very little time to make my arrangements; since three o'clock this afternoon I have been busy signing documents, setting my affairs in order; there was no one whom I could send to..." She broke off.

我没有多少时间准备。从下午三点开始，我就一直忙着签署文件，打理好各项事务。我没有一个人能派去……”她停住了。

"He was sure to be..."

“他一定会是……”

Again she broke off; the weight of her sorrow was more than she could bear.

她又停住了，她的悲伤超过了她所能承受的重量。

In such moments as these everything is agony, and some words are impossible to utter.

在这种时候，一切都是极大的痛苦，有些话则完全说不出口。

"And so I counted upon you to do me this last piece of service this evening," she said.

“因此我指望你今晚最后帮我一次。”她说，

"I should like to give you some pledge of friendship.

“我想送你一件代表友谊的纪念品。

I shall often think of you.

我会经常想起你的。

You have seemed to me to be kind and noble, fresh-hearted and true, in this world where such qualities are seldom found.

在我看来，你善良、高尚、年轻、真诚。在这个世界，很少能找到这些品质了。

I should like you to think sometimes of me.

我希望你也能偶尔想起我。

Stay," she said, glancing about her, "there is this box that has held my gloves.

等一下，”她四处看了看，说，“有了，这是我放手套的盒子。

Every time I opened it before going to a ball or to the theatre, I used to feel that I must be beautiful, because I was so happy; and I never touched it except to lay some gracious memory in it: there is so much of my old self in it, of a Madame de Beauseant who now lives no longer.

每次去舞会或者剧院前打开它的时候，我就会觉得自己一定很漂亮，因为我是如此快乐。除了往里面放进美好的记忆，我从不碰它。这里面装着很多以前的我，一个如今不再存在的德伯桑夫人。

Will you take it?

你要吗？

I will leave directions that it is to be sent to you in the Rue d'Artois.— Mme. de Nucingen looked very charming this evening.

我会差人把它送到你住的阿图瓦街——德纽沁根夫人今晚看上去非常迷人。

Eugene, you must love her.

欧仁，你一定要好好爱她。

Perhaps we may never see each other again, my friend; but be sure of this, that I shall pray for you who have been kind to me.
— Now, let us go downstairs.

也许今后我们再也不会见到对方了，我的朋友。但是请相信，你对我这么好，我会为你祈祷的——现在，我们一起下楼吧。

People shall not think that I am weeping.

不能让人们以为我在哭。

I have all time and eternity before me, and where I am going I shall be alone, and no one will ask me the reason of my tears.

我前面还有很长的日子要过。不管去哪里，我都会一个人，那样就不会有人追问我哭的原因了。

One last look round first.”

让我再看这房子最后一眼吧。“

She stood for a moment.

她站了一会儿。

Then she covered her eyes with her hands for an instant, dashed away the tears, bathed her face with cold water, and took the student's arm.

然后她用双手捂住了双眼，片刻之后便擦掉眼泪，用冷水洗了洗脸，接着挽起了学生的胳膊。

"Let us go!" she said.

“我们走吧！”她说。

This suffering, endured with such noble fortitude, shook Eugene with a more violent emotion than he had felt before.

她用如此高贵的坚强承受着痛苦。这让欧仁震惊得无以复加。

They went back to the ballroom, and Mme. de Beauseant went through the rooms on Eugene's arm—the last delicately gracious act of a gracious woman.

他们回到了舞厅。德伯桑夫人挽着欧仁的胳膊在每个房间绕了一圈——这是一位优雅的女士最后的优美和典雅。

In another moment he saw the sisters, Mme. de Restaud and Mme. de Nucingen.

过了一会儿，他看见了两姐妹：德雷斯多夫人和德纽沁根夫人。

The Countess shone in all the glory of her magnificent diamonds; every stone must have scorched like fire, she was never to wear them again.

伯爵夫人戴着华丽的钻石，艳光四射。每一块钻石都一定像火一样在灼烧她。她再也不能戴它们了。

Strong as love and pride might be in her, she found it difficult to meet her husband's eyes.

尽管爱得深切而且心存傲气，她觉得很难直视丈夫的眼睛。

The sight of her was scarcely calculated to lighten Rastignac's sad thoughts; through the blaze of those diamonds he seemed to see the wretched pallet-bed on which Father Goriot was lying.

看到她拉斯蒂涅的伤感并没有减轻。透过那些钻石的光芒，他似乎看见了高老头躺的简陋平板床。

The Vicomtesse misread his melancholy; she withdrew her hand from his arm.

子爵夫人误读了他的伤感，就把手从他的胳膊抽了回来。

"Come," she said, "I must not deprive you of a pleasure."

“去吧，”她说，“我不应该剥夺你的快乐。”

Eugene was soon claimed by Delphine.

欧仁很快被德尔菲娜邀了去。

She was delighted by the impression that she had made, and eager to lay at her lover's feet the homage she had received in this new world in which she hoped to live and move henceforth.

她对自己给他人留下的印象感到很高兴，迫切地想把自己在这个新社会得到的敬意献于爱人的脚下。她希望自此以后生活在这个社会。

"What do you think of Nasie?" she asked him.

“你觉得纳西怎么样？”她问他。

"She has discounted everything, even her own father's death," said Rastignac.

“她对任何事都不关心，甚至连自己父亲的生死也毫不在意。”拉斯蒂涅说。

Towards four o'clock in the morning the rooms began to empty.

早上四点的时候，房间里开始空了起来。

A little later the music ceased, and the Duchesse de Langeais and Rastignac were left in the great ballroom.

片刻之后，音乐停止了，偌大的舞厅里只剩下德朗热公爵夫人和拉斯蒂涅。

The Vicomtesse, who thought to find the student there alone, came back there at last.

子爵夫人以为学生一个人在那里，最后也回到了那里。

She had taken leave of M. de Beauseant, who had gone off to bed, saying again as he went, "It is a great pity, my dear, to shut yourself up at your age!

德伯桑先生要去睡觉，于是和她道别。德伯桑先生离开时再一次说道：“亲爱的，你这个年纪就隐居，太可惜了！

Pray stay among us.”

请和我们呆在一起吧。”

Mme. de Beauseant saw the Duchesse, and, in spite of herself, an exclamation broke from her.

德伯桑夫人看见公爵夫人后，不由自主地大叫起来。

"I saw how it was, Clara," said Mme. de Langeais.

“我知道怎么回事了，克拉拉。”德朗热夫人说，

"You are going from among us, and you will never come back.

“你准备离开我们，再不回来了。

But you must not go until you have heard me, until we have understood each other.”

但是你得先听我说一番话，直到我们理解了对方才能离开。”

She took her friend's arm, and they went together into the next room.

她挽起朋友的胳膊，一起去了隔壁的房间。

There the Duchess looked at her with tears in her eyes; she held her friend in close embrace and kissed her cheek.

在那里，公爵夫人满眼泪光地看着她。她紧紧地拥抱着自己的朋友，亲吻着她的脸颊。

"I could not let you go without a word, dearest; the remorse would have been too hard to bear.

“亲爱的，我不能一言不发地让你离开，我无法承受这么沉重的悔恨。

You can count upon me as surely as upon yourself.

你可以相信我，就像相信你自己一样。

You have shown yourself great this evening; I feel that I am worthy of our friendship, and I mean to prove myself worthy of it.

今晚你表现得很伟大。我觉得自己有资格和你做朋友，也打算证明自己有这个资格。

I have not always been kind; I was in the wrong; forgive me,

dearest; I wish I could unsay anything that may have hurt you; I take back those words.

我并非一直都很和善，有时候也会犯错。亲爱的，原谅我吧。我多希望自己没有说过任何可能会伤害你的话啊，我会收回那些话。

One common sorrow has brought us together again, for I do not know which of us is the more miserable.

共同的悲伤让我们又在一起了，我不知道我们俩谁更可怜。

M. de Montriveau was not here to-night; do you understand what that means?— None of those who saw you to-night, Clara, will ever forget you.

德蒙特里沃先生今天不在这里，你明白那意味着什么吗？——克拉拉，今晚见到你的那些人绝不会忘记你的。

I mean to make one last effort.

我打算做最后的努力。

If I fail, I shall go into a convent.

如果失败了，我就会进修道院。

Clara, where are you going?”

克拉拉，你要去哪里？”

"Into Normandy, to Courcelles.

“去诺曼底的库尔塞勒。

I shall love and pray there until the day when God shall take me from this world.— M. de Rastignac!" called the Vicomtesse, in a tremulous voice, remembering that the young man was waiting there.

我会在那里爱着、祈祷着，直到上帝将我从这个世界带走的那天为止——德拉斯蒂涅先生！”子爵夫人想起年轻人正在那里等着，便用颤抖的声音叫道。

The student knelt to kiss his cousin's hand.

学生跪下亲吻表姐的手。

"Good-bye, Antoinette!" said Mme. de Beauseant.

“再见，安托瓦妮特！”德伯桑夫人说，

"May you be happy." —She turned to the student.

“但愿你会幸福。”她转向这个学生。

"You are young," she said; "you have some beliefs still left.

“你很年轻，”她说，“仍然有很多信念。

I have been privileged, like some dying people, to find sincere and reverent feeling in those about me as I take my leave of this world.”

我就像某些将死的人一样，在离开这个世界的时候发现自己周围的那些人中还有真挚和虔诚，这样我已经很幸运了。”

It was nearly five o'clock that morning when Rastignac came away.

那天早上拉斯蒂涅回去的时候都快五点了。

He had put Mme. de Beauseant into her traveling carriage, and received her last farewells, spoken amid fast-falling tears; for no greatness is so great that it can rise above the laws of human affection, or live beyond the jurisdiction of pain, as certain demagogues would have the people believe.

他把德伯桑夫人送上了远行马车。德伯桑夫人和他做最后道别的时候，一边说话，眼泪一边唰唰直掉。社会地位高的人并不像某些煽动者想让人民相信的那样，伟大到了能够超越人类情感规律，或者到了能超脱于痛苦之外生活的程度。

Eugene returned on foot to the Maison Vauquer through the cold and darkness.

欧仁冒着严寒和黑暗走回了“沃盖之家”。

His education was nearly complete.

他快要毕业了。

"There is no hope for poor Father Goriot," said Bianchon, as Rastignac came into the room.

“可怜的高老头没有希望了。”拉斯蒂涅进屋的时，比安卡肖恩说。

Eugene looked for a while at the sleeping man, then he turned to his friend.

欧仁盯着熟睡的老人看了一会儿，然后转向自己的朋友。

"Dear fellow, you are content with the modest career you have marked out for yourself; keep to it. I am in hell, and I must stay there. Believe everything that you hear said of the world, nothing is too impossibly bad. No Juvenal could paint the horrors hidden away under the covering of gems and gold."

“亲爱的伙计，你已经为自己选择了一个合适的职业，并且从中得到了满足，坚持自己的路吧。我陷入了地狱，必须呆在那里。相信你听到的关于这个世界的一切言论吧，所有的一切都太糟糕了。没有一个朱文诺尔（注：“朱文诺尔”是古罗马讽刺作家）能写尽隐藏在珠宝和黄金下面的丑恶。”2009-12-10熊芸芸完成

CHAPTER 6

第六章

At two o'clock in the afternoon Bianchon came to wake Rastignac, and begged him to take charge of Goriot, who had grown worse as the day wore on.

下午两点，比安卡肖恩来叫醒了拉斯蒂涅，乞求他照顾高老头。随着时间的流逝，高老头的病情越来越严重了。

The medical student was obliged to go out.

这个医科学生必须去出诊。

"Poor old man, he has not two days to live, maybe not many hours," he said; "but we must do our utmost, all the same, to fight the disease. It will be a very troublesome case, and we shall want money. We can nurse him between us, of course, but, for my own part, I have not a penny. I have turned out his pockets, and rummaged through his drawers—result, nix. I asked him about it while his mind was clear, and he told me he had not a farthing of his own. What have you?”

“可怜的老头，他活不过两天了，或许几个小时后就会死去。”他说，“但不管怎样，我们都要全力以赴给他治病。这是个非常棘手的病例，我们需要钱。当然，我们两个可以看护他。但是，就我而言，我可是一分钱都没有的。我掏遍了他的口袋，翻遍了他的抽屉——结果什么也没找到。在他意识清醒的时候我问过他，他告诉我他一分钱都没有。你有多少钱呢？”

"I have twenty francs left," said Rastignac; "but I will take them to the roulette table, I shall be sure to win."

“我还剩二十法郎，”拉斯蒂涅说，“但是我要把它们押在轮盘赌桌上，我肯定会赢钱的。”

"And if you lose?"

“那要是你输了呢？”

"Then I shall go to his sons-in-law and his daughters and ask them for money.”

“那我就去找他的女儿和女婿们，问他们要钱。”

"And suppose they refuse?" Bianchon retorted.

“那要是他们拒绝了呢？”比安卡肖恩反问道，

"The most pressing thing just now is not really money; we must put mustard poultices, as hot as they can be made, on his feet and

legs.

“当下最紧急的还不是钱，我们必须给他敷上芥子膏，脚和大腿都要敷，而且膏药越热越好。

If he calls out, there is still some hope for him.

要是他喊出来了，那么他还有些许希望。

You know how to set about doing it, and besides, Christophe will help you.

你知道怎么着手处理这件事，还有，克里斯托夫会帮助你的。

I am going round to the dispensary to persuade them to let us have the things we want on credit.

我要去药房走一趟，说服他们赊给我们一些需要的药品。

It is a pity that we could not move him to the hospital; poor fellow, he would be better there.

可惜我们不能把他送进医院。可怜的老头，他要是在医院的话，情况会好一些。

Well, come along, I leave you in charge; you must stay with him till I come back.”

好吧，快点，我把他交给你照顾了。在我回来之前，你必须看着他。”

The two young men went back to the room where the old man was lying.

两个年轻人回到了老人躺着的房间里。

Eugene was startled at the change in Goriot's face, so livid, distorted, and feeble.

欧仁看到高老头的脸变得如此扭曲、脸色发青、没有一点生气，感到非常吃惊。

"How are you, papa?" he said, bending over the pallet-bed.

“您怎么样，老爹？”他在简陋的床边弯下身，问道。

Goriot turned his dull eyes upon Eugene, looked at him attentively, and did not recognize him.

高老头呆滞的目光转向了欧仁，仔细地看着他，却没有认出他是谁。

It was more than the student could bear; the tears came into his eyes.

这个学生再也忍受不住了，眼睛里充满了泪水。

"Bianchon, ought we to have the curtains put up in the windows?"

“比安卡肖恩，我们要不要在窗户上挂上窗帘？”

"No, the temperature and the light do not affect him now.

“不用，温度和阳光现在都不能对他产生影响了。

It would be a good thing for him if he felt heat or cold; but we must have a fire in any case to make tisanes and heat the other things.

他能感觉到冷或热是好事，但无论如何我们都要生个火用来煎药，或者加热其他东西。

I will send round a few sticks; they will last till we can have in some firewood.

我会送一些木棒过来，能一直坚持到我们有柴火用的时候。

I burned all the bark fuel you had left, as well as his, poor man, yesterday and during the night.

昨天一天一夜，我已经把你和高老头剩下的树皮柴火全烧完了，可怜的老头。

The place is so damp that the water stood in drops on the walls; I could hardly get the room dry.

这个地方太潮湿了，墙上都渗出水滴来了，我很难让房间干燥起来。

Christophe came in and swept the floor, but the place is like a stable; I had to burn juniper, the smell was something horrible.”

克里斯托夫进来扫了地。但这个地方就像马棚一样。我不得不烧了些杜松木。这里的味道太难闻了。”

"Mon Dieu!" said Rastignac.

“我的上帝！”拉斯蒂涅说道，

"To think of those daughters of his."

“想想他的女儿们。”

"One moment, if he asks for something to drink, give him this," said the house student, pointing to a large white jar.

“等一会儿，要是他什么时候要喝水的话，给他喝这个。”这个医科学生指着一只大白罐说，

"If he begins to groan, and the belly feels hot and hard to the touch, you know what to do; get Christophe to help you.

“要是他开始呻吟，腹部发热，摸起来很硬的话，你知道该怎么办，

找克里斯托夫帮你。

If he should happen to grow much excited, and begin to talk a good deal and even to ramble in his talk, do not be alarmed.

要是他变得非常兴奋，开始说很多话，甚至开始胡言乱语的话，不要惊慌。

It would not be a bad symptom.

这也许不是坏现象。

But send Christophe to the Hospice Cochin.

但是叫克里斯托夫去一趟科钦医院。

Our doctor, my chum, or I will come and apply moxas.

我们的医生、我的同学或者是我会来做一次艾灸。

We had a great consultation this morning while you were asleep.

今天早上你睡觉的时候，我们做了次大型会诊。

A surgeon, a pupil of Gall's came, and our house surgeon, and the head physician from the Hotel-Dieu.

来了一位外科医生，就是加尔的一个学生，还有我们的外科住院医师和主宫医院的主任内科医师。

Those gentlemen considered that the symptoms were very unusual and interesting; the case must be carefully watched, for it throws a light on several obscure and rather important scientific problems.

那些先生们都认为这些症状非常少见，对此都很感兴趣。我们必须密切关注这个病例，因为这会有助于解释几个令人费解却非常重要的科学难题。

One of the authorities says that if there is more pressure of serum on one or other portion of the brain, it should affect his mental capacities in such and such directions.

其中的一位权威专家说，要是大脑某处的血浆压力再大一点，就会在某种方面上影响到他的心智。

So if he should talk, notice very carefully what kind of ideas his mind seems to run on; whether memory, or penetration, or the reasoning faculties are exercised; whether sentiments or practical questions fill his thoughts; whether he makes forecasts or dwells on the past; in fact; you must be prepared to give an accurate report of him.

所以要是他开口讲话了，仔细留意他脑子里有什么样的想法。是有关记忆的，有关洞察力的，还是有关推理的器官在发挥作用；占据他思

想的是情感还是实际问题；他是在预测未来，还是叙述过去。事实上，你得准备准确地报告他的病情。

It is quite likely that the extravasation fills the whole brain, in which case he will die in the imbecile state in which he is lying now.

溢出的血液很有可能扩散到整个大脑。这样他就会虚弱地死去，就像他现在躺在这里一样。

You cannot tell anything about these mysterious nervous diseases.

对于这种神秘的神经系统疾病，你没法下任何论断。

Suppose the crash came here," said Bianchon, touching the back of the head, "very strange things have been known to happen; the brain sometimes partially recovers, and death is delayed.

假如在这里病发，”比安卡肖恩碰了碰后脑勺说，“就会发生很奇怪的事。有时大脑会部分恢复，暂时还死不了。

Or the congested matter may pass out of the brain altogether through channels which can only be determined by a post-mortem examination.

或者淤塞的血浆会一起从某处涌出，至于具体的位置就只有尸检能确定了。

There is an old man at the Hospital for Incurables, an imbecile patient, in his case the effusion has followed the direction of the spinal cord; he suffers horrid agonies, but he lives.”

绝症病人收容所里有一个老头，是一个痴呆病人。在他的病例中，血液朝着脊髓方向溢出。他承受着极大的痛苦，但却依旧活着。”

"Did they enjoy themselves?"

“她们玩得开心吗？”

It was Father Goriot who spoke.

这是高老头在说话。

He had recognized Eugene.

他认出了欧仁。

"Oh! he thinks of nothing but his daughters," said Bianchon.

“哦！他只想着他的女儿们。”比安卡肖恩说，

"Scores of times last night he said to me, 'They are dancing now! She has her dress.' He called them by their names. He made me cry, the devil take it, calling with that tone in his voice, for 'Delphine!

“他昨晚对我说了几十次，‘她们现在在跳舞了！她有她的裙子了。’他叫着她们的名字。他把我弄哭了，真见鬼，用他那样的声音和语

调叫着‘德尔菲娜！

My little Delphine! and Nasie!' Upon my word," said the medical student, "it was enough to make any one burst out crying."

我的小德尔菲娜！还有纳西！’的确，”这医科学生说，“这足以让任何人掉眼泪了。”

"Delphine," said the old man, "she is there, isn't she?

“德尔菲娜，”这老头说，“她就在那里，不是吗？

I knew she was there," and his eyes sought the door.

我知道她就在那里。”他说着就用眼睛搜寻着门口。

"I am going down now to tell Sylvie to get the poultices ready," said Bianchon.

“现在我要下去叫西尔维准备好膏药。”比安卡肖恩说，

"They ought to go on at once."

“应该立即上药。”

Rastignac was left alone with the old man.

拉斯蒂涅一个人留下陪着老人。

He sat at the foot of the bed, and gazed at the face before him, so horribly changed that it was shocking to see.

他在床脚坐下，盯着眼前这张脸，看到这张脸发生了如此可怕的变化，他感到非常震惊。

"Noble natures cannot dwell in this world," he said; "Mme. de Beauseant has fled from it, and there he lies dying.

“高贵的灵魂不能在这个社会久留。”他说，“德伯桑夫人选择逃离，而他躺在这里等死。

What place indeed is there in the shallow petty frivolous thing called society for noble thoughts and feelings?”

在这肤浅、卑鄙、轻浮的所谓社会之中，哪里还有高贵思想和情感的一席之地呢？”

Pictures of yesterday's ball rose up in his memory, in strange contrast to the deathbed before him.

昨天舞会的画面在他的记忆中浮现，与他面前这位临终之人形成了奇怪的对比。

Bianchon suddenly appeared.

比安卡肖恩突然出现了。

"I say, Eugene, I have just seen our head surgeon at the hospital,

and I ran all the way back here.

“我说，欧仁，我刚才见了我们医院的主治医生，然后就一路跑了回来。

If the old man shows any signs of reason, if he begins to talk, cover him with a mustard poultice from the neck to the base of the spine, and send round for us.”

要是这老头显示出任何理智的迹象，要是他开始说话，就用芥子膏从脖子一直覆盖到脊椎底部，再叫人通知我们。”

"Dear Bianchon," exclaimed Eugene.

“亲爱的比安卡肖恩。”欧仁喊道。

"Oh! it is an interesting case from a scientific point of view," said the medical student, with all the enthusiasm of a neophyte.

“哦！从科学角度说，这是一个有趣的病例。”这个医科学生带着新入教者般的狂热说道。

"So!" said Eugene.

“那么！”欧仁说，

"Am I really the only one who cares for the poor old man for his own sake?"

“真的只有我一个人是为了他本人而照顾他的吗？”

"You would not have said so if you had seen me this morning," returned Bianchon, who did not take offence at this speech.

“如果你今天早上见到我，你就不会这样说了。”比安卡肖恩回答说，没有因为这句话而生气。

"Doctors who have seen a good deal of practice never see anything but the disease, but, my dear fellow, I can see the patient still."

“很多有经验的医生们眼里从来只有疾病，但是，我亲爱的伙伴，我眼里还是有病人的。”

He went.

他走了。

Eugene was left alone with the old man, and with an apprehension of a crisis that set in, in fact, before very long.

欧仁独自留下照顾老人。他担心病情很快就会恶化，而事实果然如此。

"Ah! dear boy, is that you?" said Father Goriot, recognizing Eugene.

“啊！亲爱的孩子，是你吗？”高老头说，他认出了欧仁。

"Do you feel better?" asked the law student, taking his hand.

“您感觉好点了吗？”这个法律系学生握住了他的手，问道。

"Yes.

“是的。

My head felt as if it were being screwed up in a vise, but now it is set free again.

刚才感觉我的头就好像被钳子紧紧夹住一样，不过现在那把钳子又松开了。

Did you see my girls?

你看见我的女儿们了吗？

They will be here directly; as soon as they know that I am ill they will hurry here at once; they used to take such care of me in the Rue de la Jussienne!

她们马上就会来这里的。她们一旦知道我生病了，就会立刻赶过来。在裘森尼街的时候，她们曾经那么关心我！

Great Heavens! if only my room was fit for them to come into!

我的老天！要是这间屋子衬得起她们就好了！

There has been a young man here, who has burned up all my bark fuel.”

有个年轻人在这里呆过，他烧光了我所有的树皮柴火。”

"I can hear Christophe coming upstairs," Eugene answered.

“我能听见克里斯托夫上楼的声音。”欧仁回答说，

"He is bringing up some firewood that that young man has sent you."

“他拿上来一些木柴，都是那个年轻人送来给您的。”

"Good, but how am I to pay for the wood.

“很好，但是我怎么能负担得起这些木柴呢。

I have not a penny left, dear boy.

我身上一分钱都不剩了，亲爱的孩子。

I have given everything, everything.

我已经付出了我的一切，一切。

I am a pauper now.

我现在就是一个乞丐。

Well, at least the golden gown was grand, was it not?

嗯，至少那件金线礼服很华丽，不是吗？

(Ah! what pain this is!) Thanks, Christophe!

（啊！好痛啊！）谢谢，克里斯托夫！

God will reward you, my boy; I have nothing left now.”

上帝会报答你的，我的孩子。我现在一无所有了。”

Eugene went over to Christophe and whispered in the man's ear, "I will pay you well, and Sylvie too, for your trouble."

欧仁走向克里斯托夫，在他耳边低声说：“给你们添麻烦了，我会给你报酬，也会给西尔维的。”

"My daughters told you that they were coming, didn't they, Christophe?

“我女儿们跟你说她们要过来，不是吗，克里斯托夫？

Go again to them, and I will give you five francs.

你再去找她们一次，我给你五法郎。

Tell them that I am not feeling well, that I should like to kiss them both and see them once again before I die.

告诉她们我感觉很不好，在我临死之前，我想再见到她们，亲吻她们。

Tell them that, but don't alarm them more than you can help."

告诉她们这些，但是别太吓着她们了。”

Rastignac signed to Christophe to go, and the man went.

拉斯蒂涅示意克里斯托夫离开，他便走了。

"They will come before long," the old man went on.

“她们不久之后就会过来的。”老人继续说，

"I know them so well.

“我太了解她们了。

My tender-hearted Delphine!

我那有着仁慈心肠的德尔菲娜！

If I am going to die, she will feel it so much!

倘若我要死了，她会感到非常伤心的！

And so will Nasie.

纳西也会的。

I do not want to die; they will cry if I die; and if I die, dear Eugene, I shall not see them any more.

我不想死。要是我死了她们会痛哭的。而且，亲爱的欧仁，要是我死了，就再也见不到她们了。

It will be very dreary there where I am going.

我即将去的地方非常沉闷。

For a father it is hell to be without your children; I have served my apprenticeship already since they married.

对于一个父亲来说，没有孩子在的地方就是地狱。自从她们结婚以来，我就已经初尝了这种滋味。

My heaven was in the Rue de la Jussienne.

我的天堂就在裘森尼街。

Eugene, do you think that if I go to heaven I can come back to earth, and be near them in spirit?

欧仁，你觉得要是我上了天堂，我的灵魂还能回到人间，靠近她们吗？

I have heard some such things said.

我曾听说过这样的事情。

It is true?

这是真的吗？

It is as if I could see them at this moment as they used to be when we all lived in the Rue de la Jussienne.

这时，我好像能看到她们；她们和我们三人过去一起住在裘森尼街的时候一模一样。

They used to come downstairs of a morning.

她们过去常常在早晨下楼。

'Good-morning, papa!' they used to say, and I would take them on my knees; we had all sorts of little games of play together, and they had such pretty coaxing ways.

‘早上好，爸爸！’她们过去总是这么说，然后我就会把她们抱上我的膝盖，和她们一起玩各种各样的小游戏；她们总有哄人的可爱小把戏。

We always had breakfast together, too, every morning, and they had dinner with me—in fact, I was a father then.

我们每天早上都一起吃早餐，她们也和我一起吃晚餐——事实上，我那时就是一个父亲。

I enjoyed my children.

我享受孩子带来的乐趣。

They did not think for themselves so long as they lived in the Rue de la Jussienne; they knew nothing of the world; they loved me with all their hearts.

只要她们住在裘森尼街，就不为自己着想；她们对这个社会一无所知，她们全心全意地爱我。

Mon Dieu! why could they not always be little girls?

我的上帝！为什么她们不能停留在小女孩的时代呢？

(Oh! my head this racking pain in my head!) Ah! ah! forgive me, children, this pain is fearful; it must be agony indeed, for you have used me to endure pain.

（哦！我的头，我的脑袋疼痛得难以忍受！）哦！啊！原谅我，孩子们，这种疼痛太可怕了。这应该叫做‘煎熬’吧，因为你们早就让我习惯所谓的‘疼痛’了。

Mon Dieu! if only I held their hands in mine, I should not feel it at all.— Do you think that they are on the way?

我的上帝！要是我能抓住她们的手，就根本不会感觉到痛苦——你认为她们已经在路上了吗？

Christophe is so stupid; I ought to have gone myself.

克里斯托夫这么笨，我应该自己去。

He will see them.

他会见到她们的。

But you went to the ball yesterday; just tell me how they looked.

但是你昨天去了舞会，告诉我她们看起来怎么样。

They did not know that I was ill, did they, or they would not have been dancing, poor little things?

她们不知道我生病了，不是吗？否则她们就不会去跳舞了，可怜的小家伙们。

Oh! I must not be ill any longer.

哦！我再也不会生病了。

They stand too much in need of me; their fortunes are in danger.

她们现在非常需要我的帮助，她们的财产岌岌可危。

And such husbands as they are bound to!

而且她们又嫁了那种丈夫！

I must get well!

我必须好起来！

(Oh! what pain this is! what pain this is!...ah! ah!)— I must get well, you see; for they *must* have money, and I know how to set about making some.

（哦！怎么那么疼！怎么那么疼！……啊！啊！）——你知道，我必须好起来。因为她们必须要有钱，而我知道怎么赚到钱。

I will go to Odessa and manufacture starch there.

我要去敖德萨，在那里生产淀粉。

I am an old hand, I will make millions.

我有经验，能赚几百万呢。

(Oh! this is agony!)" Goriot was silent for a moment; it seemed to require his whole strength to endure the pain.

（哦！剧痛又来了！）"高老头沉默了一会儿，似乎需要集中全部力量来忍受痛苦。

"If they were here, I should not complain," he said.

“要是她们在这里，我就不会抱怨了。”他说，

"So why should I complain now?"

“所以现在我为什么要抱怨呢？”

He seemed to grow drowsy with exhaustion, and lay quietly for a long time.

他似乎已经精疲力尽了，就昏睡起来；他静静地躺了很长时间。

Christophe came back; and Rastignac, thinking that Goriot was asleep, allowed the man to give his story aloud.

克里斯托夫回来了。拉斯蒂涅觉得高老头已经睡着了，就让他大声说出刚才的遭遇。

"First of all, sir, I went to Madame la Comtesse," he said; "but she and her husband were so busy that I couldn't get to speak to her.

“一开始，先生，我去了伯爵夫人那里，”他说，“但是她和她的丈夫都很忙，我没法跟她说上话。

When I insisted that I must see her, M. de Restaud came out to me himself, and went on like this: 'M. Goriot is dying, is he?

当我坚持要见她时，德雷斯多先生一个人出来见我，然后说道，‘高

里奥先生快死了，是不是？

Very well, it is the best thing he can do.

很好，这是他能做的最好事情了。

I want Mme. de Restaud to transact some important business, when it is all finished she can go.' The gentleman looked angry, I thought.

我想让德雷斯多夫人处理一些重要的生意，等完成这些事，她就能去了。’我想，那位先生看起来非常生气。

I was just going away when Mme. de Restaud came out into an ante-chamber through a door that I did not notice, and said, 'Christophe, tell my father that my husband wants me to discuss some matters with him, and I cannot leave the house, the life or death of my children is at stake; but as soon as it is over, I will come.' As for Madame la Baronne, that is another story!

我刚要走的时候，德雷斯多夫人从一扇我没注意到的门走进入了前厅，然后说，‘克里斯托夫，告诉我父亲，我丈夫想让我和他商量一些事情，我不能离开这里，因为我的孩子们命悬一线。这件事情一处理完毕，我就过去。’至于男爵夫人，就是另外一回事了！

I could not speak to her either, and I did not even see her.

我和她也说不上话，我甚至没有见到她。

Her waiting-woman said, 'Ah yes, but madame only came back from a ball at a quarter to five this morning; she is asleep now, and if I wake her before mid-day she will be cross.

她的侍女说：‘啊，没错，但是夫人早上四点四十五分才从一个舞会回来。她现在在睡觉呢。要是我在正午之前叫醒她，她会发脾气的。

As soon as she rings, I will go and tell her that her father is worse.

她一按铃，我就去告诉她，她的父亲已病入膏肓了。

It will be time enough then to tell her bad news!' I begged and I prayed, but, there! It was no good.

还有足够的时间来告诉她一个坏消息呢！’我又是哀求又是乞求，但是，哼！没有一点用。

Then I asked for M. le Baron, but he was out.”

然后我要求见男爵先生，但是他出去了。”

"To think that neither of his daughters should come!" exclaimed Rastignac.

“想想他的两个女儿，一个都不会来！”拉斯蒂涅喊道，

"I will write to them both."

“我要写信给她们俩。”

"Neither of them!" cried the old man, sitting upright in bed.

“一个都不会来！”老人从床上坐起来，大声说道，

"They are busy, they are asleep, they will not come!

“她们很忙，她们在睡觉，她们不会来了！

I knew that they would not.

我就知道她们不会来。

Not until you are dying do you know your children… Oh! my friend, do not marry; do not have children!

直到你垂死之时，才知道你的孩子们……哦！我的朋友，不要结婚，不要生孩子！

You give them life; they give you your deathblow.

你给她们生命，她们却将你置于死地。

You bring them into the world, and they send you out of it.

你把她们带到这个世界上，她们却把你从这世上赶出去。

No, they will not come.

不，她们不会来了。

I have known that these ten years.

我十年前就知道了。

Sometimes I have told myself so, but I did not dare to believe it.”

有时候我会这样跟自己说，但却不敢相信。”

The tears gathered and stood without overflowing the red sockets.

眼泪在他红通通的眼眶里聚集，但没有流出来。

"Ah! if I were rich still, if I had kept my money, if I had not given all to them, they would be with me now; they would fawn on me and cover my cheeks with their kisses!

“啊！要是我还是那么有钱，要是我存下了我的财产，要是我没有全给了她们，她们现在会陪着我，会讨好我，她们的亲吻会落满我的脸颊！

I should be living in a great mansion; I should have grand apartments and servants and a fire in my room; and *they* would be about me all in tears, and their husbands and their children.

我若住在大宅子里，我若有富丽堂皇的房间、成群的仆人，房间里

还有壁炉，她们和她们丈夫、孩子都会泪流满面地围绕在我的周围。

I should have had all that; now—I have nothing.

我原本能拥有那一切的，但现在——我一无所有。

Money brings everything to you; even your daughters.

钱能带给你任何东西，甚至是你的女儿。

My money.

我的钱。

Oh! where is my money?

哦！我的钱在哪里？

If I had plenty of money to leave behind me, they would nurse me and tend me; I should hear their voices, I should see their faces.

要是我能留下一大笔钱，她们就会照顾我、护理我，我就能听到她们的声音，看到她们的面庞。

Ah, God! who knows?

哦，上帝！谁知道呢？

They both of them have hearts of stone.

她们两个都是铁石心肠。

I loved them too much; it was not likely that they should love me.

我太爱她们了，但是她们不见得爱我。

A father ought always to be rich; he ought to keep his children well in hand, like unruly horses.

一位父亲就应该永远富有。他应该把孩子们牢牢地掌握在手中，就像驾驭不羁的马一样。

I have gone down on my knees to them.

我曾向她们下跪。

Wretches! this is the crowning act that brings the last ten years to a proper close.

不幸的人！这一至高无上的举动为过去十年划上了圆满的句号。

If you but knew how much they made of me just after they were married.

你不知道她们一结婚就向我提出了多少无理的要求。

(Oh! this is cruel torture!) I had just given them each eight hundred thousand francs; they were bound to be civil to me after that, and their husbands too were civil.

（哦！这真是残酷的折磨！）我刚刚分给她们每人八十万法郎。之后，她们不得不对我客客气气，她们的丈夫也很客气。

I used to go to their houses: it was 'My kind father' here, 'My dear father' there.

我过去常常去她们的住处，她们口口声声喊着‘我的好父亲’、‘我亲爱的父亲’。

There was always a place for me at their tables.

她们的餐桌总有我的位子。

I used to dine with their husbands now and then, and they were very respectful to me.

我曾经时不时和她们的丈夫一起用餐，他们对我也很尊敬。

I was still worth something, they thought.

他们认为我还有一点价值。

How should they know?

他们怎么知道的呢？

I had not said anything about my affairs.

我一点都没说自己的事。

It is worth while to be civil to a man who has given his daughters eight hundred thousand francs apiece; and they showed me every attention then—but it was all for my money.

对一位给了每个女儿八十万法郎的先生客气一点，还是很值得的。他们那时把我照顾得无微不至——但都是为了我的钱。

Grand people are not great.

达官贵人并不伟大。

I found that out by experience!

这是我亲身得到的教训！

I went to the theatre with them in their carriage; I might stay as long as I cared to stay at their evening parties.

我乘她们的马车和她们一起去剧院，我可以在她们的晚会里随意逗留。

In fact, they acknowledged me their father; publicly they owned that they were my daughters.

实际上，她们把我当作她们的父亲，她们也公开承认是我的女儿。

But I was always a shrewd one, you see, and nothing was lost upon me.

但是你知道我一直是一个精明的人，没什么能瞒得过我。

Everything went straight to the mark and pierced my heart.

所有事都直指一点，刺穿了我的心。

I saw quite well that it was all sham and pretence, but there is no help for such things as these.

我很清楚地看到，所有的事都是伪装和虚饰，但对于这些事情，我却毫无办法。

I felt less at my ease at their dinner-table than I did downstairs here.

我在她们家饭桌上还没有在这里楼下自在呢。

I had nothing to say for myself.

我没说自己的任何事情。

So these grand folks would ask in my son-in-law's ear, 'Who may that gentleman be?'— 'The father-in-law with the money bags; he is very rich.'— 'The devil, he is!' they would say, and look again at me with the respect due to my money.

于是这些地位显赫的人就会在我女婿的耳边问,‘那位先生是谁啊？’——‘那是我背着钱袋的岳父，他非常有钱’——‘哎呀，他真有钱呢！’他们会这样说，然后因为我的钱而以尊敬的目光看着我。

Well, if I was in the way sometimes, I paid dearly for my mistakes.

嗯，即便我有时候妨碍了他们，我也慷慨地为我的错误付账。

And besides, who is perfect?

而且，有谁是完美的呢？

(My head is one sore!) Dear Monsieur Eugene, I am suffering so now, that a man might die of the pain; but it is nothing to be compared with the pain I endured when Anastasie made me feel, for the first time, that I had said something stupid.

（我的头好疼！）亲爱的欧仁先生，我现在正忍受着折磨，这种痛苦可能会让一个人死去；但这远不及我第一次说了蠢话之后，阿纳斯塔谢让我感觉和承受的痛苦。

She looked at me, and that glance of hers opened all my veins.

她看着我的眼神让我觉得我所有的血管都胀开了。

I used to want to know everything, to be learned; and one thing I did learn thoroughly—I knew that I was not wanted here on earth.

我过去想知道一切，想成为有学问的人；但是我彻底明白了一件事

——我知道我在这世上不受欢迎。

"The next day I went to Delphine for comfort, and what should I do there but make some stupid blunder that made her angry with me.

“第二天我去德尔菲娜那里寻求安慰，但是我在那里却又犯下了愚蠢的错误，让她生了我的气。

I was like one driven out of his senses.

我就像一个失去理性的人一样。

For a week I did not know what to do; I did not dare to go to see them for fear they should reproach me.

之后的一个星期，我不知道要做什么，我不敢去看她们，害怕她们会责备我。

And that was how they both turned me out of the house.

她们俩就这样把我赶出了家门。

"Oh God!

“哦！上帝啊！

Thou knowest all the misery and anguish that I have endured; Thou hast counted all the wounds that have been dealt to me in these years that have aged and changed me and whitened my hair and drained my life; why dost Thou make me to suffer so to-day?

您了解我所承受的所有不幸和痛苦；您数算过这些岁月在我身上留下的伤痕，这些伤痕让我变老，改变了我的容貌，催白了我的头发，耗尽了我的生命。为什么现在还让我承受这样的痛苦呢？

Have I not more than expiated the sin of loving them too much?

难道我还没有赎完因为太爱她们而犯下的罪孽吗？

They themselves have been the instruments of vengeance; they have tortured me for my sin of affection.

她们自己已经成了复仇的工具，她们因为我爱她们这一罪行而折磨我。

"Ah, well! fathers know no better; I loved them so; I went back to them as a gambler goes to the gaming table.

“啊！做父亲的是再明白不过了。我那么爱她们，我回到她们的身边，就像赌徒回到赌桌上一样。

This love was my vice, you see, my mistress—they were everything in the world to me.

你瞧，这种爱就是我的弱点，她们是我的女主人——在这世上，她们就是我的一切。

They were always wanting something or other, dresses and ornaments, and what not; their maids used to tell me what they wanted, and I used to give them the things for the sake of the welcome that they bought for me.

她们总是想要这个想要那个，衣服、首饰或是其他东西。之前她们的女仆常常告诉我她们想要的东西，于是，为了换取她们对我的欢迎，我就会送给她们那些东西。

But, at the same time, they used to give me little lectures on my behavior in society; they began about it at once.

但同时，只要我在公开场合的言行举止不符合她们的训导，她们就会立马开始说我。

Then they began to feel ashamed of me.

后来，她们还因为我而感到羞耻。

That is what comes of having your children well brought up.

这就是让你的孩子接受良好教育的后果。

I could not go to school again at my time of life.

我那个年纪不能回到学校上学。

(This pain is fearful!

（这疼痛太可怕了！

Mon Dieu! These doctors! these doctors!

我的上帝啊！医生呢！医生！

If they would open my head, it would give me some relief!) Oh, my daughters, my daughters!

要是他们能打开我的脑袋，我还能好受些！）哦，我的女儿，我的女儿！

Anastasie! Delphine!

阿纳斯塔谢！德尔菲娜！

If I could only see them!

要是我能见见她们，那该多好啊！

Send for the police, and make them come to me!

让警察抓她们来见我！

Justice is on my side, the whole world is on my side, I have natural rights, and the law with me.

正义在我这边，整个世界都在我这边，我自然有这个权利，法律也会支持我的。

I protest!

我抗议！

The country will go to ruin if a father's rights are trampled under foot.

要是父亲的权利被踩在脚底下，这个国家就会走向毁灭。

That is easy to see.

这是显而易见的。

The whole world turns on fatherly love; fatherly love is the foundation of society; it will crumble into ruin when children do not love their fathers.

整个世界都依赖着父爱，父爱是社会的基础。当孩子们不再爱他们的父亲时，这个世界就会分崩离析。

Oh! if I could only see them, and hear them, no matter what they said; if I could simply hear their voices, it would soothe the pain.

哦！要是我能见到她们，听到她们的声音就好了。不管她们说什么，只要我能听到她们的声音，我的痛苦就会减轻一点。

Delphine!

德尔菲娜！

Delphine most of all.

最爱的德尔菲娜。

But tell them when they come not to look so coldly at me as they do.

但是在她们来的时候，告诉她们别用之前那种冷漠的眼神看着我。

Oh! my friend, my good Monsieur Eugene, you do not know that it is when all the golden light in a glance suddenly turns to a leaden gray.

哦！我的朋友，我的好欧仁先生，你不知道当她们目光中所有的金光突然变成沉闷的铅灰色时，我是什么心情。

It has been one long winter here since the light in their eyes shone no more for me.

当她们看我的目光失去光彩时，我仿佛在过一个漫长的冬季。

I have had nothing but disappointments to devour.

我默默吞下的只有失望。

Disappointment has been my daily bread; I have lived on humiliation and insults.

失望变成了我每天吞食的面包，我在羞耻和侮辱中艰难度日。

I have swallowed down all the affronts for which they sold me my poor stealthy little moments of joy; for I love them so!

我吞下了她们给我的所有侮辱，就为了她们能给我偷偷摸摸的短暂快乐，因为我如此爱她们！

Think of it!

想想吧！

A father hiding himself to get a glimpse of his children!

一个父亲把自己藏起来，就为了看他的孩子们一眼！

I have given all my life to them, and to-day they will not give me one hour!

我把我整个生命都给了她们，现在她们却不肯给我一个小时！

I am hungering and thirsting for them, my heart is burning in me, but they will not come to bring relief in the agony, for I am dying now, I feel that this is death.

我多么渴望见到她们啊，我的心在身体里燃烧，但是她们还是不肯来为我减轻一点痛苦。我现在就快死了，我感觉这就是死亡。

Do they not know what it means to trample on a father's corpse?

她们不知道践踏父亲的尸体意味着什么吗？

There is a God in heaven who avenges us fathers whether we will or no.

不管我们愿意与否，天堂里的上帝会为我们当父亲的报仇的。

"Oh! they will come!

“哦！她们一定会来的！

Come to me, darlings, and give me one more kiss; one last kiss, the Viaticum for your father, who will pray God for you in heaven.

来看看我吧，亲爱的孩子们，再给我一个亲吻。这最后的一个吻，就是给你们父亲的临终圣餐，他会在天堂向上帝为你们祈祷的。

I will tell Him that you have been good children to your father, and plead your cause with God!

我会告诉他，你们对父亲很好，我会向上帝解释你们的动机。

After all, it is not their fault.

毕竟，这不是她们的错。

I tell you they are innocent, my friend.

我跟你说，她们是无辜的，我的朋友。

Tell every one that it is not their fault, and no one need be distressed on my account.

告诉每一个人，这不是她们的错，没有人需要为了我而感到哀伤。

It is all my own fault, I taught them to trample upon me.

这都是我的错，我教会了她们践踏我。

I loved to have it so.

我喜欢被她们践踏。

It is no one's affair but mine; man's justice and God's justice have nothing to do in it.

这件事除了我和其他任何人都无关，人类的正义和上帝的正义都与此无关。

God would be unjust if He condemned them for anything they may have done to me.

要是上帝因为她们曾对我做的任何事而责难她们，那么上帝就不公平了。

I did not behave to them properly; I was stupid enough to resign my rights.

我在她们面前表现得不够得体，我非常愚蠢，理应收回我的权利。

I would have humbled myself in the dust for them.

为了她们，我愿意卑微地死去。

What could you expect?

你还能盼望什么呢？

The most beautiful nature, the noblest soul, would have been spoiled by such indulgence.

最美丽的心灵和最高贵的灵魂在这样的溺爱之下都会被宠坏。

I am a wretch, I am justly punished.

我是一个卑鄙的人，我接受了公正的惩罚。

I, and I only, am to blame for all their sins; I spoiled them.

我，只有我，应该为她们所有的罪孽承担责任，我把她们宠坏了。

To-day they are as eager for pleasure as they used to be for sugar-plums.

今天她们渴望享乐正像她们以前渴望糖果一样。

When they were little girls I indulged them in every whim.

在她们小的时候，我放纵她们，满足她们所有的想法。

They had a carriage of their own when they were fifteen.

她们在十五岁的时候就有了自己的马车。

They have never been crossed.

她们从没有被拒绝过。

I am guilty, and not they—but I sinned through love.

有罪的是我，不是她们——但我是因为爱而犯下罪孽的。

My heart would open at the sound of their voices.

要是能听到她们的声音，我的心就会敞开。

I can hear them; they are coming.

我能听见她们，她们来了。

Yes! yes! they are coming.

是的！是的！她们来了。

The law demands that they should be present at their father's deathbed; the law is on my side.

法律规定，在父亲临死之时，她们应该出现在父亲的床边；法律站在我这边。

It would only cost them the hire of a cab.

她们只要花一点租马车的钱。

I would pay that.

我会付这个钱的。

Write to them, tell them that I have millions to leave to them!

写信给她们，告诉她们我有几百万留给她们！

On my word of honor, yes.

以我的名义写，是的。

I am going to manufacture Italian paste foods at Odessa.

我会去敖德萨生产意大利面食。

I understand the trade.

我了解这笔生意。

There are millions to be made in it.

这笔生意能赚几百万呢。

Nobody has thought of the scheme as yet.

还没有人能想出这种计划呢。

You see, there will be no waste, no damage in transit, as there always is with wheat and flour.

你看，这方法将避免小麦和面粉在运输中经常出现的浪费或变质的问题。

Hey! hey! and starch too; there are millions to be made in the starch trade!

嗨！嗨！还有淀粉，做淀粉生意能赚上几百万呢！

You will not be telling a lie.

我没有说谎话。

Millions, tell them; and even if they really come because they covet the money, I would rather let them deceive me; and I shall see them in any case.

几百万，告诉她们。即便她们来，真的只是因为她们觊觎那些钱，我也甘心被她们欺骗。不管怎样我都要见到她们。

I want my children!

我想要我的孩子！

I gave them life; they are mine, mine!" and he sat upright.

我给了她们生命，她们是我的，我的！”说着他坐了起来。

The head thus raised, with its scanty white hair, seemed to Eugene like a threat; every line that could still speak spoke of menace.

他长着稀疏白发的头也随之抬了起来，这在欧仁看来好像是一种威胁，他的每一句话都带着恐吓的意味。

"There, there, dear father," said Eugene, "lie down again; I will write to them at once.

“嘿，嘿，亲爱的老爹，”欧仁说，“再躺下去吧，我会立即写信给她们的。

As soon as Bianchon comes back I will go for them myself, if they do not come before.”

要是她们再不过来，等比安卡肖恩一回来，我就去找她们。”

"If they do not come?" repeated the old man, sobbing.

“要是她们不过来呢？”老人哭着重复道，

"Why, I shall be dead before then; I shall die in a fit of rage, of rage!

“哎，我不久就会死了；我会因为一时的愤怒而死的，就因为愤怒！

Anger is getting the better of me.

我已经开始生气了。

I can see my whole life at this minute.

在这一分钟里我能看清我的一辈子。

I have been cheated!

我被欺骗了！

They do not love me—they have never loved me all their lives!

她们不爱我——她们一生中从来就没有爱过我！

It is all clear to me.

我全明白了。

They have not come, and they will not come.

她们没来，也不会来了。

The longer they put off their coming, the less they are likely to give me this joy.

她们来得越晚，能够带给我的快乐就越少。

I know them.

我了解她们。

They have never cared to guess my disappointments, my sorrows, my wants; they never cared to know my life; they will have no presentiment of my death; they do not even know the secret of my tenderness for them.

她们从未关心我的失望、我的悲伤、我的渴望；她们从来没有试图了解我的生活。她们不会在我临死之时出现了，她们甚至不知道我暗地里对她们所投入的感情。

Yes, I see it all now.

是的，我都看清楚了。

I have laid my heart open so often, that they take everything I do for them as a matter of course.

我曾经不断地敞开心扉，这让她们觉得我为她们做的一切都是理所应当的。

They might have asked me for the very eyes out of my head and I would have bidden them to pluck them out.

她们可以让我把自己的眼珠子挖出来，我还会出价鼓励她们这样做。

They think that all fathers are like theirs.

她们认为所有的父亲都像她们的父亲一样。

You should always make your value felt.

你应该一直让人感觉到你的价值。

Their own children will avenge me.

她们自己的孩子会为我报仇的。

Why, for their own sakes they should come to me!

嗯，为了她们自己，她们也应当来看我！

Make them understand that they are laying up retribution for their own deathbeds.

去告诉她们，她们会在自己临终的病榻上遭到报应的。

All crimes are summed up in this one… Go to them; just tell them that if they stay away it will be parricide!

所有的罪行都包含在这一桩……去找她们，就告诉她们，要是她们还是远远避开我的话，就等于犯了弑父罪！

There is enough laid to their charge already without adding that to the list.

即使不加上这一条，对她们的控诉书上已经列了足够多的罪名了。

Cry aloud as I do now, 'Nasie! Delphine! here! Come to your father; the father who has been so kind to you is lying ill!'— Not a sound; no one comes!

像我一样大声哭喊，‘纳西！德尔菲娜！这里！来你父亲这里，对你们那么好的父亲就要死了！’没有回音，没人会来！

Then am I do die like a dog?

之后我就会像一条狗一样死去吗？

This is to be my reward—I am forsaken at the last.

这就是我得到的奖赏——最后我被遗弃了。

They are wicked, heartless women; curses on them, I loathe them.

她们都是邪恶、无情的女人，我诅咒她们，我憎恶她们。

I shall rise at night from my grave to curse them again; for, after all, my friends, have I done wrong?

我会在晚上从我的坟墓里爬出来诅咒她们，我的朋友，我终究还是做错了吗？

They are behaving very badly to me, eh?...

她们对我很不好，嗯？

What am I saying?

我在说些什么啊？

Did you not tell me just now that Delphine is in the room?

你刚才不是告诉我，德尔菲娜在房间里了吗？

She is more tender-hearted than her sister…

她比她的姐姐更善良……

Eugene, you are my son, you know.

欧仁，你是我的儿子，你知道的。

You will love her; be a father to her!

你要爱她，像父亲一样对她！

Her sister is very unhappy.

她的姐姐很不开心。

And there are their fortunes!

而且还有她们的财产啊！

Ah, God!

哦，上帝！

I am dying, this anguish is almost more than I can bear!

我要死了，这种痛苦远在我的承受范围之外。

Cut off my head; leave me nothing but my heart.”

割掉我的头吧，只要把我的心留给我就可以了。”

"Christophe!" shouted Eugene, alarmed by the way in which the old man moaned, and by his cries, "go for M. Bianchon, and send a cab here for me.— I am going to fetch them, dear father; I will bring them back to you.”

“克里斯托夫！”欧仁被老人呻吟、哭喊的样子吓着了，他大声叫道，“去找比安卡肖恩先生，还有给我叫一辆马车来——我去找她们过来，亲爱的老爹，我会把她们带来见您的。”

"Make them come!

“让她们来！

Compel them to come!

押也要把她们押过来！

Call out the Guard, the military, anything and everything, but

make them come!”

出动护卫队，或者军队，运用任何方法、一切方法，总之就要她们来！”

He looked at Eugene, and a last gleam of intelligence shone in his eyes.

他看着欧仁，眼睛里闪烁着最后一丝智慧的光芒，

"Go to the authorities, to the Public Prosecutor, let them bring them here; come they shall!"

“去找政府机关，去找检察官，让他们把她们带过来，她们应该来！”

"But you have cursed them."

“但是您已经诅咒她们了。”

"Who said that!" said the old man in dull amazement.

“谁说的！”老人带着一脸呆滞而惊讶的表情说道，

"You know quite well that I love them, I adore them!

“你非常清楚，我爱她们，非常喜欢她们！

I shall be quite well again if I can see them…

要是我能见到她们，病很快就会好了……

Go for them, my good neighbor, my dear boy, you are kind-hearted; I wish I could repay you for your kindness, but I have nothing to give you now, save the blessing of a dying man.

去找她们，我的好邻居，我的好孩子，你真善良。我希望能报答你的善良，但是现在除了我这个将死之人的祝福之外，我也没什么能给你了。

Ah! if I could only see Delphine, to tell her to pay my debt to you.

啊！要是我能见到德尔菲娜，我会告诉她，让她偿还我欠你的债。

If the other cannot come, bring Delphine to me at any rate.

要是另外一个不能来，不管怎样也要把德尔菲娜带来。

Tell her that unless she comes, you will not love her any more.

告诉她，她若不来，你就不再爱她。

She is so fond of you that she will come to me then.

她那么爱你，她会立刻过来看我的。

Give me something to drink!

给我点喝的东西！

There is a fire in my bowels.

我的肚子里好像有火在烧似的。

Press something against my forehead!

在我的额头上压点东西吧！

If my daughters would lay their hands there, I think I should get better… Mon Dieu! who will recover their money for them when I am gone?... I will manufacture vermicelli out in Odessa; I will go to Odessa for their sakes.”

要是我的女儿们能把她们的手放在这里，我想我会好受一点……我的上帝！要是我死了，谁还能帮她们拿回她们的钱呢？我要在敖德萨做面条，为了她们我要去敖德萨。”

"Here is something to drink," said Eugene, supporting the dying man on his left arm, while he held a cup of tisane to Goriot's lips.

“这是喝的。”欧仁说道。他用左胳膊撑着这个垂死之人，同时右胳膊拿着一杯汤药送到高老头嘴边。

"How you must love your own father and mother!" said the old man, and grasped the student's hand in both of his.

“你肯定很爱自己的父亲和母亲！”老人说着双手抓住了这个学生的手。

It was a feeble, trembling grasp.

高老头那双无力的手不停地颤抖着。

"I am going to die; I shall die without seeing my daughters; do you understand?

“我就要死了，我死前是看不到我的女儿们了，你明白吗？

To be always thirsting, and never to drink; that has been my life for the last ten years… I have no daughters, my sons-in-law killed them.

总是很渴却永远喝不到水，这就是我生命中最后的十年……我没有女儿，我的女婿们杀死了她们。

No, since their marriages they have been dead to me.

不，自从她们结婚起，她们对我来说就已经死了。

Fathers should petition the Chambers to pass a law against marriage.

父亲们应该请求国民议会通过一项禁止结婚的法律。

If you love your daughters, do not let them marry.

要是你爱你的女儿们，就别让她们结婚。

A son-in-law is a rascal who poisons a girl's mind and contaminates her whole nature.

女婿就是流氓，他毒害了一个女孩的思想，还玷污了她的所有天性。

Let us have no more marriages!

不要有结婚这回事！

It robs us of our daughters; we are left alone upon our deathbeds, and they are not with us then.

婚姻抢走了我们的女儿。当我们被遗弃在病床上时，她们却不来看我们了。

They ought to pass a law for dying fathers.

他们应该为了垂死的父亲们通过一项法律。

This is awful!

这真的太糟糕了！

It cries for vengeance!

我要报仇啊！

They cannot come, because my sons-in-law forbid them!...

她们不能来，因为我的女婿们不让她们来！

Kill them!... Restaud and the Alsatian, kill them both!

杀了他们！雷斯多和那阿尔萨斯人，把他们俩都杀了！

They have murdered me between them!... Death or my daughters!... Ah! it is too late, I am dying, and they are not here!... Dying without them!...

他们俩谋杀了我！不还我的女儿，就要他们的命！啊！太晚了，我就要死了，她们还是不在这里！没有她们陪伴就这样死去！

Nasie! Fifine!

纳西！菲芬！

Why do you not come to me?

你们为什么不来看我呢？

Your papa is going—" "Dear Father Goriot, calm yourself.

你们的爸爸就要——”“亲爱的高老头，冷静一下。

There, there, lie quietly and rest; don't worry yourself, don't think."

嘿，嘿，静静地躺着，休息一下。不要担心你自己，不要多想。”

"I shall not see them. Oh! the agony of it!"

“我不会见到她们了。哦！又疼了！”

"You *shall* see them.”

“你会见到她们的。”

"Really?" cried the old man, still wandering.

“真的吗？”老人喊道，他的神情依旧恍惚。

"Oh! shall I see them; I shall see them and hear their voices.

“哦！我会见到她们的，我会见到她们并且听到她们的声音的。

I shall die happy.

我会快乐地死去。

Ah! well, after all, I do not wish to live; I cannot stand this much longer; this pain that grows worse and worse.

啊！毕竟我也不想活了，我不能继续忍受这种痛苦了，疼痛越来越剧烈了。

But, oh! to see them, to touch their dresses—ah! nothing but their dresses, that is very little; still, to feel something that belongs to them.

但是，哦！见到她们，触摸一下她们的衣服——啊！只是触摸一下她们的衣服，这个要求一点都不过分。还有，去感受一些属于她们的东西。

Let me touch their hair with my fingers...their hair...”

让我用手指摸一下她们的头发……她们的头发……”

His head fell back on the pillow, as if a sudden heavy blow had struck him down, but his hands groped feebly over the quilt, as if to find his daughters' hair.

他的头落在枕头上，好像被什么突然而沉重地击倒了一般，但是他的双手还在棉被上无力地摸索，就好像在找寻他女儿们的头发。

"My blessing on them..." he said, making an effort, "my blessing..." His voice died away.

“我祝福她们……”他努力说着，“我祝福她们……”他的声音渐渐变弱。

Just at that moment Bianchon came into the room.

就在这时，比安卡肖恩走进了屋子。

"I met Christophe," he said; "he is gone for your cab."

“我见到了克里斯托夫，”他说，“他给你叫车去了。”

Then he looked at the patient, and raised the closed eyelids with his fingers.

然后他看着病人，用手掀起高老头闭着的眼皮瞧了瞧。

The two students saw how dead and lusterless the eyes beneath had grown.

两个学生看到下面的眼睛变得非常暗淡且没有光泽。

"He will not get over this, I am sure," said Bianchon.

“他熬不过这一关了，我肯定。”比安卡肖恩说。

He felt the old man's pulse, and laid a hand over his heart.

他把了把老人的脉搏，将一只手放在他的心脏上，

"The machinery works still; more is the pity, in his state it would be better for him to die."

“机器还在运转，但情况更糟糕了；就他这样的情况，死了比活着好。”

"Ah! my word, it would!"

“啊！说实话，的确是！”

"What is the matter with you? You are as pale as death."

“你怎么了？你脸色苍白，像死人一样。”

"Dear fellow, the moans and cries that I have just heard… There is a God!

“亲爱的伙计，我刚才听到了他的呻吟和呼喊，那声音……一定有上帝！

Ah! yes, yes, there is a God, and He has made a better world for us, or this world of ours would be a nightmare.

啊！是的，是的，一定有上帝；他为我们创造了一个更美好的世界，否则我们这个世界会是一个噩梦。

I could have cried like a child; but this is too tragical, and I am sick at heart.”

我本来会像一个小孩一样大哭，但这太悲惨了，我的心都碎了。”

"We want a lot of things, you know; and where is the money to come from?"

“你知道，我们需要很多东西，但是钱从哪里来呢？”

Rastignac took out his watch.

拉斯蒂涅拿出了他的表。

"There, be quick and pawn it.

“给你，快点把这个当了。

I do not want to stop on the way to the Rue du Helder; there is not a moment to lose, I am afraid, and I must wait here till Christophe comes back.

我不想在去埃尔德街的路上停顿。没时间浪费了，而且我必须等到克里斯托夫回来才能走。

I have not a farthing; I shall have to pay the cabman when I get home again.”

我一分钱都没有，但我再回来的时候，我必须要给马车夫付车钱。”

Rastignac rushed down the stairs, and drove off to the Rue du Helder.

拉斯蒂涅冲下楼梯，驱车前往埃尔德街。

The awful scene through which he had just passed quickened his imagination, and he grew fiercely indignant.

他刚才经历的可怕场景刺激了他的想象力，他变得极度愤慨。

He reached Mme. de Restaud's house only to be told by the servant that his mistress could see no one.

他到了德雷斯多夫人的房子，仆人却告诉他女主人不能见任何人。

"But I have brought a message from her father, who is dying," Rastignac told the man.

“但是我从她父亲那里带来一个消息，他就要死了。”拉斯蒂涅告诉那个人。

"The Count has given us the strictest orders, sir—” "If it is M. de Restaud who has given the orders, tell him that his father-in-law is dying, and that I am here, and must speak with him at once.”

“伯爵给我们下了最严厉的命令，先生——”“倘若这是德雷斯多先生下的命令，那么告诉他，他的岳父生命垂危，我就在这里，我要立刻和他说话。”

The man went out.

这个人出去了。

Eugene waited for a long while.

欧仁等了很长时间。

"Perhaps her father is dying at this moment," he thought.

“也许这时她的父亲就要死了。”他想。

Then the man came back, and Eugene followed him to the little drawing-room.

那人后来回来了；欧仁跟着他进了一个小客厅。

M. de Restaud was standing before the fireless grate, and did not ask his visitor to seat himself.

德雷斯多先生站在没有生火的壁炉前面，也没有让客人坐下。

"Monsieur le Comte," said Rastignac, "M. Goriot, your father-in-law, is lying at the point of death in a squalid den in the Latin Quarter.

“伯爵先生，”拉斯蒂涅说，“您的岳父高里奥先生此时生命垂危，躺在拉丁区的一个肮脏小屋子里。

He has not a penny to pay for firewood; he is expected to die at any moment, and keeps calling for his daughter—" "I feel very little affection for M. Goriot, sir, as you probably are aware," the Count answered coolly.

他没有一分钱来支付烧柴火的费用,他随时都会死去，但却不停地喊着他女儿——”“我对高里奥先生没有感情，先生，您可能也意识到了。”伯爵冷漠地回答说,

"His character has been compromised in connection with Mme. de Restaud; he is the author of the misfortunes that have embittered my life and troubled my peace of mind.

“他的本性在与德雷斯多夫人的接触中已经变坏了。他是不幸的始作俑者，那些不幸让我的生活充满了苦难，也扰乱了我心绪的宁静。

It is a matter of perfect indifference to me if he lives or dies.

不论他是生是死，我都完全不会在意。

Now you know my feelings with regard to him.

现在你知道我对他的感觉了。

Public opinion may blame me, but I care nothing for public opinion.

公众舆论也许会谴责我，但是我从不关心公众舆论。

Just now I have other and much more important matters to think about than the things that fools and chatterers may say about me.

现在，除了愚蠢和喋喋不休之人对我的评头论足，我还有其他更重要的事情要考虑。

As for Mme. de Restaud, she cannot leave the house; she is in no

condition to do so.

至于德雷斯多夫人，她不能离开这间房子，她现在不适宜离开。

And, besides, I shall not allow her to leave it.

而且，我也不允许她离开。

Tell her father that as soon as she has done her duty by her husband and child she shall go to see him.

告诉她的父亲，她只要一尽到对她丈夫和孩子的责任，就可以去看他了。

If she has any love for her father, she can be free to go to him, if she chooses, in a few seconds; it lies entirely with her—" "Monsieur le Comte, it is no business of mine to criticise your conduct; you can do as you please with your wife, but may I count upon your keeping your word with me?

要是她对父亲还有一点爱的话，她可以自由地去看他。如果她选择那样的话，几秒钟之内就可以去看他，这完全取决于她——”“伯爵先生，对于您的行为，我本无权作出任何评价；您可以对您夫人做任何您想做的事，但是我能否指望您遵守对我的承诺呢？

Well, then, promise me to tell her that her father has not twenty-four hours to live; that he looks in vain for her, and has cursed her already as he lies on his deathbed,—that is all I ask."

好吧，答应我要告诉她，她的父亲活不过二十四小时了；他已经不指望看到她了，他躺在病床上的时候，已经诅咒过她了——这就是我的全部要求。”

"You can tell her yourself," the Count answered, impressed by the thrill of indignation in Eugene's voice.

“你可以自己告诉她。”伯爵回答道，他感受到了在欧仁声音中颤抖的愤恨。

The Count led the way to the room where his wife usually sat.

伯爵把欧仁带到了他夫人经常呆的房间里。

She was drowned in tears, and lay crouching in the depths of an armchair, as if she were tired of life and longed to die.

她泪流满面地把身子深深蜷在一张扶手椅里，就像她已厌倦了生活而渴望死亡一样。

It was piteous to see her.

看见她让人觉得非常可怜。

Before venturing to look at Rastignac, she glanced at her husband in evident and abject terror that spoke of complete prostration of body

and mind; she seemed crushed by a tyranny both mental and physical.

在她斗胆看拉斯蒂涅之前，她瞥了一眼她的丈夫，那眼神明显带有可怜的恐惧感，这显示了她在身体和灵魂上彻底的屈服。她似乎被精神上和身体上的残暴统治完全摧毁了。

The Count jerked his head towards her; she construed this as a permission to speak.

伯爵将头转向她，她把这一动作理解为伯爵允许她开口说话。

"I heard all that you said, monsieur. Tell my father that if he knew all he would forgive me… I did not think there was such torture in the world as this; it is more than I can endure, monsieur!— But I will not give way as long as I live," she said, turning to her husband.

“您说的话我都听到了，先生。告诉我父亲，要是他了解事情的全部，他会原谅我的……我从没想过世上竟有像这样的折磨，这绝非我所能忍受的，先生！——但只要我活着，就不会屈服。”她说着转向了她的丈夫，

"I am a mother.— Tell my father that I have never sinned against him in spite of appearances!" she cried aloud in her despair.

“我是一位母亲——告诉我父亲，不管看上去怎么样，我从来没有得罪过他！”她绝望地大声哭诉。

Eugene bowed to the husband and wife; he guessed the meaning of the scene, and that this was a terrible crisis in the Countess' life.

欧仁向这对夫妇鞠了一躬；他猜测着这一幕的含义，认为伯爵夫人的生活肯定出现了严重的危机。

M. de Restaud's manner had told him that his errand was a fruitless one; he saw that Anastasie had no longer any liberty of action.

德雷斯多先生的举止告诉他，他的使命毫无结果。他知道阿纳斯塔谢不再拥有行动自由了。

He came away mazed and bewildered, and hurried to Mme. de Nucingen.

他迷惘而不知所措地离开了，然后就匆忙赶去了德纽沁根夫人家。

Delphine was in bed.

德尔菲娜躺在床上。

"Poor dear Eugene, I am ill," she said.

“可怜的欧仁，我生病了。”她说，

"I caught cold after the ball, and I am afraid of pneumonia.

“我舞会之后就患上了感冒，我害怕会染上肺炎。

I am waiting for the doctor to come.”

我在等医生来。”

"If you were at death's door," Eugene broke in, "you must be carried somehow to your father.

“就算你在死亡的门槛上，”欧仁打断了她，“也得抬你去见你的父亲。

He is calling for you.

他在呼唤你。

If you could hear the faintest of those cries, you would not feel ill any longer.”

要是你能听到一丁点那些呼唤，你就不会再感到自己有病了。”

"Eugene, I dare say my father is not quite so ill as you say; but I cannot bear to do anything that you do not approve, so I will do just as you wish.

“欧仁，我敢说我父亲的病没有你说的那么严重，但是我不能忍受做任何你不赞成的事，所以我会遵照你的意愿做的。

As for HIM, he would die of grief I know if I went out to see him and brought on a dangerous illness. Well, I will go as soon as I have seen the doctor.— Ah!" she cried out, "you are not wearing your watch, how is that?"

至于他，我知道要是我出去见他，然后带回一场危险的病，他会悲伤而死的。嗯，我一看完医生就会去那里——啊！”她喊道，“你没有戴你的表，为什么呢？”

Eugene reddened.

欧仁脸红了。

"Eugene, Eugene! if you have sold it already or lost it… Oh! it would be very wrong of you!”

“欧仁，欧仁！要是你已经把它卖了，或丢了……哦！这就是你的错了！”

The student bent over Delphine and said in her ear, "Do you want to know?

这个学生将身体侧向德尔菲娜，在她耳边说：“你想知道吗？

Very well, then, you shall know.

很好，那么，你应当知道。

Your father has nothing left to pay for the shroud that they will lay him in this evening.

你的父亲没有钱来买今天晚上要盖在他身上的裹尸布了。

Your watch has been pawned, for I had nothing either.”

你的表我已经当了，因为我也没有钱。”

Delphine sprang out of bed, ran to her desk, and took out her purse.

德尔菲娜从床上弹了起来，冲向她的桌子，拿出她的钱包。

She gave it to Eugene, and rang the bell, crying: "I will go, I will go at once, Eugene.

她把钱包给了欧仁，然后按了铃，喊道：“我就去，我马上就去，欧仁。

Leave me, I will dress.

出去吧，我要换衣服。

Why, I should be an unnatural daughter!

啊，我竟然是一个没良心的女儿！

Go back; I will be there before you.—

回去吧，我会在你之前赶到那里的——

Therese," she called to the waiting-woman, "ask M. de Nucingen to come upstairs at once and speak to me."

泰蕾兹，”她对女仆说，“马上叫德纽沁根先生上楼来，我有话要说。”

Eugene was almost happy when he reached the Rue Nueve-Sainte-Genevieve; he was so glad to bring the news to the dying man that one of his daughters was coming.

当欧仁到了新圣热讷维耶沃街的时候，他几乎高兴起来了。他很高兴能够给这个垂死之人带来这一消息：他的一个女儿要来了。

He fumbled in Delphine's purse for money, so as to dismiss the cab at once; and discovered that the young, beautiful, and wealthy woman of fashion had only seventy francs in her private purse.

他在德尔菲娜德的钱包里乱摸一通，想拿钱出来尽快打发这辆马车，但是他发现这位年轻、美丽、富有的上流社会女人的私人钱包里只有七十法郎。

He climbed the stairs and found Bianchon supporting Goriot, while the house surgeon from the hospital was applying moxas to the patient's back—under the direction of the physician, it was the last

expedient of science, and it was tried in vain.

他爬上楼梯，发现比安卡肖恩正支撑着高老头，而从医院来的外科住院医师在内科医师的指导下，正在病人的背上做艾灸，这是科学上的最后一搏，不过也是徒劳。

"Can you feel them?" asked the physician.

“你能感觉到针刺吗？”内科医师问。

But Goriot had caught sight of Rastignac, and answered, "They are coming, are they not?"

但是高老头瞥见了拉斯蒂涅，回答说：“她们正在赶来，是不是？”

"There is hope yet," said the surgeon; "he can speak."

“还是有希望，”外科医师说，“他还能说话。”

"Yes," said Eugene, "Delphine is coming."

“是的。”欧仁说，“德尔菲娜要来了。”

"Oh! that is nothing!" said Bianchon; "he has been talking about his daughters all the time.

“哦，这不算什么！”比安卡肖恩说，“他总是在说他的女儿们。

He calls for them as a man impaled calls for water, they say —” "We may as well give up," said the physician, addressing the surgeon.

他呼唤她们，就像一个钉在行刑柱上的人呼唤水一样，他们说——”“我们还是放弃吧。”内科医师对外科医师说道，

"Nothing more can be done now; the case is hopeless."

“现在我们已经做不了什么了，这个病例是没希望了。”

Bianchon and the house surgeon stretched the dying man out again on his loathsome bed.

比安卡肖恩和外科住院医师把这个垂死之人平摊在他那张令人作呕的床上。

"But the sheets ought to be changed," added the physician.

“床单总得换吧。”内科医师补充道，

"Even if there is no hope left, something is due to human nature.

“即便是没了希望，他终究也是个人。

I shall come back again, Bianchon," he said, turning to the medical student.

我一会儿就回来，比安卡肖恩。”他对这个医科学生说着，

"If he complains again, rub some laudanum over the diaphragm."

“要是他再喊疼的话，在他的横膈膜上抹点鸦片酊。”

He went, and the house surgeon went with him.

内科医师走了，外科住院医师也跟着他走了。

"Come, Eugene, pluck up heart, my boy," said Bianchon, as soon as they were alone; "we must set about changing his sheets, and put him into a clean shirt.

“过来，欧仁，振作起精神来，我的伙计。”他们一单独留下的时候，比安卡肖恩就说，“我们必须开始换他的床单，给他穿上干净的衬衣。

Go and tell Sylvie to bring some sheets and come and help us to make the bed.”

去告诉西尔维拿床单来，并叫她过来帮我们铺床。”

Eugene went downstairs, and found Mme. Vauquer engaged in setting the table; Sylvie was helping her.

欧仁下了楼，看见沃盖太太正在摆餐具，西尔维也在帮忙。

Eugene had scarcely opened his mouth before the widow walked up to him with the acidulous sweet smile of a cautious shopkeeper who is anxious neither to lose money nor to offend a customer.

欧仁还没开口，这个寡妇就走向欧仁，脸上带着尖酸的哂笑。这种笑让她看起来像个谨小慎微的店主，既不想在钱上有损失，也不想得罪房客。

"My dear Monsieur Eugene," she said, when he had spoken, "you know quite as well as I do that Father Goriot has not a brass farthing left.

“我亲爱的欧仁先生，”他刚一说话，她就说道，“您和我都很明白高老头一分钱也没留下来。

If you give out clean linen for a man who is just going to turn up his eyes, you are not likely to see your sheets again, for one is sure to be wanted to wrap him in.

要是您把干净的亚麻床单都用在一个快闭眼的人身上，您就不太可能再见到您的床单了，因为总有一条床单是要用来裹他尸体的。

Now, you owe me a hundred and forty-four francs as it is, add forty francs for the pair of sheets, and then there are several little things, besides the candle that Sylvie will give you; altogether it will all mount up to at least two hundred francs, which is more than a poor widow like me can afford to lose.

现在，您欠我一百四十四法郎，加上两条共四十法郎的床单，还有一些零碎的东西，再算上西尔维要给您的蜡烛，全部加起来至少要二百法郎，这不是我这个穷寡妇能承受的损失啊。

Lord! now, Monsieur Eugene, look at it fairly.

主啊！现在，欧仁先生，您要公平看待这事啊。

I have lost quite enough in these five days since this run of ill-luck set in for me.

自从坏运气转到我头上，我这五天来已经损失够多了。

I would rather than ten crowns that the old gentlemen had moved out as you said.

就像你们说的那样，我宁愿花十个克朗让这位老先生搬出去。

It sets the other lodgers against the house.

这会让其他房客对旅馆有抵触情绪的。

It would not take much to make me send him to the workhouse.

若我送他去救济院，也不会花很多钱。

In short, just put yourself in my place.

总而言之，您要站到我的角度考虑考虑。

I have to think of my establishment first, for I have my own living to make.”

我不得不首先考虑我的产业，因为我还要谋生呢。”

Eugene hurried up to Goriot's room.

欧仁急忙走上高老头的房间。

"Bianchon," he cried, "the money for the watch?"

“比安卡肖恩，”他喊道，“手表换来的钱呢？”

"There it is on the table, or the three hundred and sixty odd francs that are left of it.

“就在桌子上，还剩下三百六十多法郎。

I paid up all the old scores out of it before they let me have the things.

在他们让我拿东西之前，我付清了之前所有的旧账。

The pawn ticket lies there under the money.”

当票就在钱下面。”

Rastignac hurried downstairs.

拉斯蒂涅又赶忙下了楼。

"Here, madame" he said in disgust, "let us square accounts. M. Goriot will not stay much longer in your house, nor shall I—" "Yes, he will go out feet foremost, poor old gentleman," she said, counting the francs with a half-facetious, half-lugubrious expression.

“这里，太太，”他以厌恶的口吻说，“我们来结账。高里奥先生不会在你的旅馆里住很久了，我也不会——”“是的，他就要蹬腿归西了，可怜的老先生。”她一边说话，一边调侃着，假装忧郁地数着钱。

"Let us get this over," said Rastignac.

“我们快点结束吧。”拉斯蒂涅说。

"Sylvie, look out some sheets, and go upstairs to help the gentlemen."

“西尔维，拿出床单，上楼给这位先生帮忙去。”

"You won't forget Sylvie," said Mme. Vauquer in Eugene's ear; "she has been sitting up these two nights."

“您不会忘了西尔维的。”沃盖太太在欧仁的耳边说，“她已经熬了两夜没睡觉了。”

As soon as Eugene's back was turned, the old woman hurried after her handmaid.

欧仁刚一转身，这位老妇人就匆忙跑向她的女仆。

"Take the sheets that have had the sides turned into the middle, number 7.

“拿那种两边缝到中间的旧床单，7号。

Lord! they are plenty good enough for a corpse," she said in Sylvie's ear.

主啊！这些对于一具尸体来说已经够好了。”她在西尔维的耳边说。

Eugene, by this time, was part of the way upstairs, and did not overhear the elderly economist.

此时，欧仁正在上楼梯，没有听到这个节俭的老妇人的话。

"Quick," said Bianchon, "let us change his shirt. Hold him upright."

“快点，”比安卡肖恩说，“我们要给他换衬衣。扶他坐起来。”

Eugene went to the head of the bed and supported the dying man, while Bianchon drew off his shirt; and then Goriot made a movement as if he tried to clutch something to his breast, uttering a low inarticulate moaning the while, like some dumb animal in mortal

pain.

欧仁走到床头，扶起这个将死之人；比安卡肖恩则脱下他的衬衣。之后，高老头动了一下，好像想要抓住胸口上的什么东西。他发出了一声低沉而模糊的呻吟，好像某个忍受着致命痛苦却不会说话的动物。

"Ah! yes!" cried Bianchon.

“啊！对了！”比安卡肖恩叫道，

"It is the little locket and the chain made of hair that he wants; we took it off a while ago when we put the blisters on him.

“他想要那个小金盒和那个用头发编的链子。我们刚才做艾灸时把它们摘下来了。

Poor fellow! he must have it again.

可怜的家伙！他必须再得到它。

There it lies on the chimney-piece.”

就在壁炉架上。”

Eugene went to the chimney-piece and found the little plait of faded golden hair—Mme. Goriot's hair, no doubt.

欧仁走去壁炉架，看见了一束褪色金发扎成的链子——毫无疑问是高里奥夫人的头发。

He read the name on the little round locket, ANASTASIE on the one side, DELPHINE on the other.

他看着小圆盒上的名字，一边是阿纳斯塔谢，另一边是德尔菲娜。

It was the symbol of his own heart that the father always wore on his breast.

这是他心灵的象征，他一直将父亲这一角色挂在胸前。

The curls of hair inside the locket were so fine and soft that is was plain they had been taken from two childish heads.

金盒里的卷发那么纤细、柔软，很明显是从两个孩子的头上取下来的。

When the old man felt the locket once more, his chest heaved with a long deep sigh of satisfaction, like a groan.

当老人再次摸到这个小金盒的时候，他满足地深深叹了一口气，胸脯也随之起伏，但声音却像呻吟一样。

It was something terrible to see, for it seemed as if the last quiver of the nerves were laid bare to their eyes, the last communication of sense to the mysterious point within whence our sympathies come and whither they go.

这是一幅可怕的景象，因为他们似乎能看清人体神经的最后颤动，这是感觉和某个神秘点的最后一次交流——我们的同情来自那个神秘点，也去往那个神秘点。

A delirious joy lighted up the distorted face.

神志不清的快乐使这张扭曲的脸上有了光彩。

The terrific and vivid force of the feeling that had survived the power of thought made such an impression on the students, that the dying man felt their hot tears falling on him, and gave a shrill cry of delight.

厚重而强烈的情感力量超越了思想的力量，这给这两个学生留下了如此深刻的印象，他们的泪水落在了这个垂死之人的脸上。高老头感到了这些热泪，发出了欢快的尖叫：

"Nasie! Fifine!"

“纳西！菲芬！”

"There is life in him yet," said Bianchon.

“他的生命还没有停止。”比安卡肖恩说。

"What does he go on living for?" said Sylvie.

“他继续活着还为了什么呢？”西尔维说。

"To suffer," answered Rastignac.

“为了受罪。”拉斯蒂涅说。

Bianchon made a sign to his friend to follow his example, knelt down and pressed his arms under the sick man, and Rastignac on the other side did the same, so that Sylvie, standing in readiness, might draw the sheet from beneath and replace it with the one that she had brought.

比安卡肖恩示意他的朋友效仿他的动作。他跪了下来，将手臂放在病人身下，拉斯蒂涅则在另一头做着相同的动作。这样做好准备的西尔维就可以从下面抽出床单，然后拿一条刚带来的床单换上。

Those tears, no doubt, had misled Goriot; for he gathered up all his remaining strength in a last effort, stretched out his hands, groped for the students' heads, and as his fingers caught convulsively at their hair, they heard a faint whisper: "Ah! my angels!"

毫无疑问，刚才的眼泪使高老头产生了错觉。他使尽了最后一点力气，伸出双手，摸索着两个学生的头。当他的手指颤抖着碰到他们的头发时，他们听到了微弱的声音：“啊！我的天使们！”

Two words, two inarticulate murmurs, shaped into words by the soul which fled forth with them as they left his lips.

随着这几声含糊不清的嘟囔，这几个用灵魂说出的话语一起离开他嘴唇的还有他的灵魂。

"Poor dear!" cried Sylvie, melted by that exclamation; the expression of the great love raised for the last time to a sublime height by that most ghastly and involuntary of lies.

“可怜的家伙！”西尔维喊道。她被这样的呼喊感动了。在最无奈、最无心的谎言下，这种伟大父爱的流露最后一次被提升到了一个崇高的地位。

The father's last breath must have been a sigh of joy, and in that sigh his whole life was summed up; he was cheated even at the last.

高老头最后一次呼吸一定是愉快的叹息，在那次叹息中，他的一生走到了尽头。即便是在生命的最后，他也被欺骗了。

They laid Father Goriot upon his wretched bed with reverent hands.

他们恭恭敬敬地把高老头放在了他肮脏的床上。

Thenceforward there was no expression on his face, only the painful traces of the struggle between life and death that was going on in the machine; for that kind of cerebral consciousness that distinguishes between pleasure and pain in a human being was extinguished; it was only a question of time—and the mechanism itself would be destroyed.

从那以后，他脸上再也没有表情了，而只有他体内过去一直在进行的生死挣扎所留下的痛苦痕迹。因为人体内能够区分快乐和痛苦的大脑意识已经灭亡了，而整副躯壳的毁灭只是个时间问题了。

"He will lie like this for several hours, and die so quietly at last, that we shall not know when he goes; there will be no rattle in the throat.

“他会这样子躺上几个小时，最后平静地死去。我们也不会知道他什么时候走，他的喉咙里也不会再发出声音了。

The brain must be completely suffused.”

大脑肯定完全充血了。”

As he spoke there was a footstep on the staircase, and a young woman hastened up, panting for breath.

就在他说话的时候，楼梯那里传来了脚步声，一位年轻女士气喘吁吁地匆忙赶了上来。

"She has come too late," said Rastignac.

“她来得太晚了。”拉斯蒂涅说。

But it was not Delphine; it was Therese, her waiting-woman, who stood in the doorway.

但是站在门外的不是德尔菲娜，是她的女仆泰蕾兹。

"Monsieur Eugene," she said, "monsieur and madame have had a terrible scene about some money that Madame poor thing wanted for her father.

“欧仁先生，”她说，“可怜的夫人想为她父亲要一点钱，和先生大吵了一架。

She fainted, and the doctor came, and she had to be bled, calling out all the while, 'My father is dying; I want to see papa!' It was heartbreaking to hear her—" "That will do, Therese.

她晕过去了，医生也赶到了，她必须放点血，但她嘴里总是大喊：‘我的父亲就要死了，我要见我的爸爸！’听到她那样喊，简直让人心都碎了——”“就这样吧，泰蕾兹。

If she came now, it would be trouble thrown away.

要是她现在来，也是无济于事了。

M. Goriot cannot recognize any one now."

高里奥先生已经认不出任何人了。”

"Poor, dear gentleman, is he as bad at that?" said Therese.

“哦，亲爱的先生，他病得这么严重吗？”泰蕾兹说。

"You don't want me now, I must go and look after my dinner; it is half-past four," remarked Sylvie.

“你们现在不需要我了，我得去看看我的晚饭，已经四点半了。”西尔维说。

The next instant she all but collided with Mme. de Restaud on the landing outside.

下一刻，她差点与站在外面楼梯平台上的德雷斯多夫人撞了个满怀。

There was something awful and appalling in the sudden apparition of the Countess.

伯爵夫人的突然出现令人觉得既难受，又震惊。

She saw the bed of death by the dim light of the single candle, and her tears flowed at the sight of her father's passive features, from which the life had almost ebbed.

她借着唯一一支蜡烛的微弱火光，看见了那张临死之人躺着的床。当她看到她父亲那张无精打采而又几乎没有生命迹象的脸时，她的眼泪

涌了出来。

Bianchon with thoughtful tact left the room.

比安卡肖恩识趣地离开了房间。

"I could not escape soon enough," she said to Rastignac.

“我不能及时脱身。”她对拉斯蒂涅说。

The student bowed sadly in reply.

这个学生悲伤地鞠了一躬以示回应。

Mme. de Restaud took her father's hand and kissed it.

德雷斯多夫人拿起了她父亲的手，亲吻了一下。

"Forgive me, father! You used to say that my voice would call you back from the grave; ah! come back for one moment to bless your penitent daughter.

“原谅我，父亲！您过去说过，我的声音能将您从坟墓中叫回来。啊！就回来一会儿，保佑您已悔悟的女儿吧。

Do you hear me?

您听见我说话了吗？

Oh! this is fearful!

哦！这太可怕了！

No one on earth will ever bless me henceforth; every one hates me; no one loves me but you in all the world.

从此之后，这世上没有人会再祝福我了，每个人都恨我，这世上只有您爱我。

My own children will hate me.

我自己的孩子会恨我。

Take me with you, father; I will love you, I will take care of you.

把我带走吧，父亲，我会爱您，照顾您。

He does not hear me… I am mad…” She fell on her knees, and gazed wildly at the human wreck before her.

他听不到我说话……我要发疯了……”她跪了下来，死死地盯着她面前这个不成人样的人。

"My cup of misery is full," she said, turning her eyes upon Eugene.

“我的苦杯满溢。”她将目光转向欧仁，说道，

"M. de Trailles has fled, leaving enormous debts behind him, and I have found out that he was deceiving me.

“德特拉尔已经逃走了，他欠下了一大笔债。我也发现了他一直在欺骗我。

My husband will never forgive me, and I have left my fortune in his hands.

我的丈夫永远也不会原谅我的，我的财产也已经在他的手上了。

I have lost all my illusions.

我所有的幻想都破灭了。

Alas!

唉！

I have forsaken the one heart that loved me (she pointed to her father as she spoke), and for whom?

我抛弃了一颗爱我的心（她说话之时就指着她的父亲），这是为了谁呢？

I have held his kindness cheap, and slighted his affection; many and many a time I have given him pain, ungrateful wretch that I am!”

我曾认为他的善意一文不值，还轻视他对我的关爱。我一次又一次让他承受痛苦，我是一个忘恩负义的混蛋啊！”

"He knew it," said Rastignac.

“他了解。”拉斯蒂涅说。

Just then Goriot's eyelids unclosed; it was only a muscular contraction, but the Countess' sudden start of reviving hope was no less dreadful than the dying eyes.

就在那时，高老头的眼皮睁开了，这只是肌肉的收缩，但是伯爵夫人忽然恢复的希望就像那双垂死的眼睛那样可怕。

"Is it possible that he can hear me?" cried the Countess.

“他有可能听到我说话吗？”伯爵夫人喊道。

"No," she answered herself, and sat down beside the bed.

“没可能。”她自己又回答道，之后就坐在了床边。

As Mme. de Restaud seemed to wish to sit by her father, Eugene went down to take a little food.

因为德雷斯多夫人似乎想和父亲坐一会儿，于是欧仁就下楼吃了点东西。

The boarders were already assembled.

房客们都已经坐在那里了。

"Well," remarked the painter, as he joined them, "it seems that

there is to be a death-drama upstairs.”

“嗯，”当他加入他们的时候，那个画家说，“看来楼上要上演一出死亡的戏码了。”

"Charles, I think you might find something less painful to joke about," said Eugene.

“夏尔，我认为你可以找一些不那么痛苦的事开玩笑。”欧仁说。

"So we may not laugh here?" returned the painter.

“那么我们就不能在这里笑了？”画家反问道，

"What harm does it do?

“有什么不好吗？

Bianchon said that the old man was quite insensible.”

比安卡肖恩说那老头已经完全没有知觉了。”

"Well, then," said the *employee* from the Museum, "he will die as he has lived."

“嗯，那么，”博物馆员工说，“他死时也会和活着一样。”

"My father is dead!" shrieked the Countess.

“我的父亲死了！”伯爵夫人尖声叫道。

The terrible cry brought Sylvie, Rastignac, and Bianchon; Mme. de Restaud had fainted away.

西尔维、拉斯蒂涅和比安卡肖恩随着这声可怕的尖叫迎了上去。德雷斯多夫人已经晕过去了。

When she recovered they carried her downstairs, and put her into the cab that stood waiting at the door.

当她苏醒过来时，他们抬着她下了楼，将她抬进在门外等候的出租马车上。

Eugene sent Therese with her, and bade the maid take the Countess to Mme. de Nucingen.

欧仁送泰蕾兹和她出去，吩咐女仆把伯爵夫人送到德纽沁根夫人家去。

Bianchon came down to them.

比安卡肖恩下楼走向他们。

"Yes, he is dead," he said.

“是的，他死了。”他说。

"Come, sit down to dinner, gentlemen," said Mme. Vauquer, "or

the soup will be cold."

“来吧，坐下吃晚饭吧，先生们。”沃盖太太说，“不然汤就要凉了。”

The two students sat down together.

两个学生一起坐了下来。

"What is the next thing to be done?" Eugene asked of Bianchon.

“下面要做什么呢？”欧仁问比安卡肖恩。

"I have closed his eyes and composed his limbs," said Bianchon.

“我已经把他的双眼合上了，四肢也摆好了。”比安卡肖恩说，

"When the certificate has been officially registered at the Mayor's office, we will sew him in his winding sheet and bury him somewhere.

“一旦有了在市长办公室正式登记的证书以后，我们就把他缝进裹尸布里，把他在葬在某个地方吧。

What do you think we ought to do?”

我觉得我们还能做什么呢？”

"He will not smell at his bread like this any more," said the painter, mimicking the old man's little trick.

“他再也不能这样闻他的面包了。”画家边说，边模仿者老人的小把戏。

"Oh, hang it all!" cried the tutor, "let Father Goriot drop, and let us have something else for a change.

“哦，该死的！”助教大声说，“别再说高老头了，我们换点别的话题说吧。

He is a standing dish, and we have had him with every sauce this hour or more.

他都成为我们每日必谈的话题了，而且我们这一个多小时以来都在说他的事。

It is one of the privileges of the good city of Paris that anybody may be born, or live, or die there without attracting any attention whatsoever.

巴黎这样的好城市的一点好处就是，任何人在这里出生、生存和死亡都不会吸引任何注意力。

Let us profit by the advantages of civilization.

让我们享受这种文明带来的好处吧。

There are fifty or sixty deaths every day; if you have a mind to do

it, you can sit down at any time and wail over whole hecatombs of dead in Paris.

每天都有五六十人死亡。要是你有心关注这些，你随时都可以坐下来，为巴黎所有死者的祭祀哀号。

Father Goriot has gone off the hooks, has he?

高老头已经死了，不是吗？

So much the better for him.

对他而言，死远比活着好。

If you venerate his memory, keep it to yourselves, and let the rest of us feed in peace.”

要是你对他的记忆还有一点崇敬之情，就留在你的心里，让我们其他人恢复宁静吧。”

"Oh, to be sure," said the widow, "it is all the better for him that he is dead.

“哦，的确。”这寡妇说道，“对他而言，他死了反而更好。

It looks as though he had had trouble enough, poor soul, while he was alive.”

他活着的时候似乎已经有够多麻烦了，可怜的人啊。”

And this was all the funeral oration delivered over him who had been for Eugene the type and embodiment of Fatherhood.

这就是他葬礼上的所有致词了，而在欧仁的眼中他是父爱的化身。

The fifteen lodgers began to talk as usual.

十五位房客又开始像平常那样谈话了。

When Bianchon and Eugene had satisfied their hunger, the rattle of spoons and forks, the boisterous conversation, the expressions on the faces that bespoke various degrees of want of feeling, gluttony, or indifference, everything about them made them shiver with loathing.

当比安卡肖恩和欧仁吃饱时，其他人刀叉的碰撞声、喧闹的说话声以及脸上的表情都显示了他们不同程度的欲望、贪婪和冷漠。他们身上的每一点都让两个学生厌恶得发抖。

They went out to find a priest to watch that night with the dead.

他们去找了一个神父，为这已逝之人守夜。

It was necessary to measure their last pious cares by the scanty sum of money that remained.

他们有必要用仅剩的一点钱来尽他们最后一点责任。

Before nine o'clock that evening the body was laid out on the bare sacking of the bedstead in the desolate room; a lighted candle stood on either side, and the priest watched at the foot.

那晚九点之前，尸体停放在那个凄凉的房间里，放在里面床架上那光秃秃的麻布上。床架两边各点了一支蜡烛，神父就守在床尾。

Rastignac made inquiries of this latter as to the expenses of the funeral, and wrote to the Baron de Nucingen and the Comte de Restaud, entreating both gentlemen to authorize their man of business to defray the charges of laying their father-in-law in the grave.

拉斯蒂涅向神父询问了有关葬礼的费用，然后就写信给德纽沁根男爵和德雷斯多伯爵，请两位先生委托他们的律师支付他们岳父下葬的费用。

He sent Christophe with the letters; then he went to bed, tired out, and slept.

他让克里斯托夫去送信，之后便上了床。他太累了，很快就睡着了。

Next day Bianchon and Rastignac were obliged to take the certificate to the registrar themselves, and by twelve o'clock the formalities were completed.

第二天，比安卡肖恩和拉斯蒂涅不得不亲自带着证书去注册员那里登记。十二点的时候，正式手续就办好了。

Two hours went by, no word came from the Count nor from the Baron; nobody appeared to act for them, and Rastignac had already been obliged to pay the priest.

两个小时过去了，伯爵和男爵那里都没有回音。没人来代表他们，拉斯蒂涅不得不付钱给神父。

Sylvie asked ten francs for sewing the old man in his winding-sheet and making him ready for the grave, and Eugene and Bianchon calculated that they had scarcely sufficient to pay for the funeral, if nothing was forthcoming from the dead man's family.

西尔维要了十法郎，作为给老人缝裹尸布好让他下葬的报酬。欧仁和比安卡肖恩计算了之后，发现要是老人的家庭不出钱的话，他们的钱是不足以支付葬礼费用的。

So it was the medical student who laid him in a pauper's coffin, dispatched from Bianchon's hospital, whence he obtained it at a cheaper rate.

所以这个医科学生把他放进了穷酸的棺材里，那是比安卡肖恩所在医院派发的，所以他能以更便宜的价格买到。

"Let us play those wretches a trick," said he.

“我们跟那些混蛋们开个玩笑吧。”他说，

"Go to the cemetery, buy a grave for five years at Pere-Lachaise, and arrange with the Church and the undertaker to have a third-class funeral.

“去公墓，在拉雪兹买个五年的墓地，然后安排教堂和承办者举行一个三等葬礼。

If the daughters and their husbands decline to repay you, you can carve this on the headstone— 'HERE LIES M. GORIOT, FATHER OF THE COMTESSE DE RESTAUD AND THE BARONNE DE NUCINGEN, INTERRED AT THE EXPENSE OF TWO STUDENTS.'" Eugene took part of his friend's advice, but only after he had gone in person first to M. and Mme. de Nucingen, and then to M. and Mme. de Restaud—a fruitless errand.

要是女儿们和她们的丈夫拒绝偿还你钱的话，你就在石碑上刻上——‘高里奥先生，德雷斯多伯爵夫人和德纽沁根男爵夫人的父亲，两个大学生出钱埋葬’。”欧仁首先亲自去了德纽沁根夫妇家，又去了德雷斯多夫妇家。两次尝试无果之后，他接受了他朋友的部分建议。

He went no further than the doorstep in either house.

在他们两家，他都止步于门口，没有进屋。

The servants had received strict orders to admit no one.

仆人们收到了严格的命令，不接待任何人。

"Monsieur and Madame can see no visitors.

“先生和夫人谢绝见客。

They have just lost their father, and are in deep grief over their loss.”

他们刚刚失去父亲，正处在失去亲人的极度悲痛之中。”

Eugene's Parisian experience told him that it was idle to press the point.

欧仁在巴黎的经历告诉他，反复提这件事也无济于事。

Something clutched strangely at his heart when he saw that it was impossible to reach Delphine.

当他看到不可能接近德尔菲娜时，一种奇怪的东西揪住了他的心。

"Sell some of your ornaments," he wrote hastily in the porter's room, "so that your father may be decently laid in his last resting-place.”

“卖一些你的首饰吧，”他在门房里匆忙写着，“那么你父亲就可以体面地躺在他最后的安息之地了。”

He sealed the note, and begged the porter to give it to Therese for her mistress; but the man took it to the Baron de Nucingen, who flung the note into the fire.

他封好了字条，乞求看门人将其交给泰蕾兹，让她转交给她的女主人。但是那人将字条交给了德纽沁根男爵，而他把字条扔进了火炉里。

Eugene, having finished his errands, returned to the lodging-house about three o'clock.

欧仁完成了他的使命之后，大约三点的时候回到了旅馆。

In spite of himself, the tears came into his eyes.

即使是他也不由自主地掉了眼泪。

The coffin, in its scanty covering of black cloth, was standing there on the pavement before the gate, on two chairs.

棺材上盖着一块寒酸的黑布，棺材搭在两张椅子上，放在门前的人行道上。

A withered sprig of hyssop was soaking in the holy water bowl of silver-plated copper; there was not a soul in the street, not a passer-by had stopped to sprinkle the coffin; there was not even an attempt at a black drapery over the wicket.

一条枯萎了的牛膝草枝正浸泡在镀银铜碗中的圣水里。街上没有一个人，没有一个过路人驻足为棺材洒点圣水，甚至没有人想起在便门上挂上一匹黑帷帐。

It was a pauper who lay there; no one made a pretence of mourning for him; he had neither friends nor kindred—there was no one to follow him to the grave.

躺在那里的是一个穷光蛋，没有人会假装悼念他。他既没有朋友也没有亲戚——没有人跟随他去墓地。

Bianchon's duties compelled him to be at the hospital, but he had left a few lines for Eugene, telling his friend about the arrangements he had made for the burial service.

比安卡肖恩不得不留在医院，这是他的职责所在，但是他给欧仁留下了几行字来告诉他的朋友关于下葬的安排。

The house student's note told Rastignac that a mass was beyond their means, that the ordinary office for the dead was cheaper, and must suffice, and that he had sent word to the undertaker by Christophe.

这个医科学生的字条告诉拉斯蒂涅，他们支付不起一场弥撒，但是

对于死者的普通服务要便宜一点，而且也足够了，所以他叫克里斯托夫去给承办人带话了。

Eugene had scarcely finished reading Bianchon's scrawl, when he looked up and saw the little circular gold locket that contained the hair of Goriot's two daughters in Mme. Vauquer's hands.

欧仁还没读完比安卡肖恩的潦草字迹，就抬眼看到沃盖太太手里拿着那个金质的小圆盒，那里面放着高老头两个女儿的头发。

"How dared you take it?" he asked.

“你怎么敢拿走这个呢？”他问道。

"Good Lord! is that to be buried along with him?" retorted Sylvie.

“我的上帝啊！那么这个东西要和他一起下葬吗？”西尔维反驳道，

"It is gold."

“这是金的。”

"Of course it shall!" Eugene answered indignantly; "he shall at any rate take one thing that may represent his daughters into the grave with him."

“当然要一起下葬了！”欧仁愤怒地回答道，“不管怎样，他应该带着一件可以代表他女儿们的东西下葬。”

When the hearse came, Eugene had the coffin carried into the house again, unscrewed the lid, and reverently laid on the old man's breast the token that recalled the days when Delphine and Anastasie were innocent little maidens, before they began "to think for themselves," as he had moaned out in his agony.

当灵车到达时，欧仁将棺材再一次抬进屋子里。他打开棺材盖子，虔诚地将那个纪念物放在老人的胸前——它能让人回忆起德尔菲娜和阿纳斯塔谢还是天真小女孩时的日子，她们那时还没有开始像他在痛苦中抱怨的那样“为自己着想”。

Rastignac and Christophe and the two undertaker's men were the only followers of the funeral.

参加这场葬礼的只有拉斯蒂涅、克里斯托夫和两个承办人。

The Church of Saint-Etienne du Mont was only a little distance from the Rue Nueve-Sainte-Genevieve.

圣艾蒂安·杜蒙教堂到新圣热讷维耶沃街的距离不是很远。

When the coffin had been deposited in a low, dark, little chapel, the law student looked round in vain for Goriot's two daughters or their husbands.

当棺材被放在一间低矮、黑暗的小礼拜堂时，这个法律系学生环顾

四周，寻找高老头两个女儿和她们丈夫的踪迹，却是徒劳。

Christophe was his only fellow-mourner; Christophe, who appeared to think it was his duty to attend the funeral of the man who had put him in the way of such handsome tips.

克里斯托夫是唯一一个和他一起悼念的人，不过克里斯托夫似乎只是认为，对于一个曾经给自己很多小费的人，他有责任参加他的葬礼。

As they waited there in the chapel for the two priests, the chorister, and the beadle, Rastignac grasped Christophe's hand.

就在他们在礼拜堂里等候两位神父、唱诗班领唱和教区执事时，拉斯蒂涅抓住了克里斯托夫的手。

He could not utter a word just then.

他那时说不出一个字来。

"Yes, Monsieur Eugene," said Christophe, "he was a good and worthy man, who never said one word louder than another; he never did any one any harm, and gave nobody any trouble."

“是的，欧仁先生，”克里斯托夫说，“他是一位善良可敬的人，从不对其他人大声说话，从来没有伤害过任何人，也没给任何人惹过麻烦。”

The two priests, the chorister, and the beadle came, and said and did as much as could be expected for seventy francs in an age when religion cannot afford to say prayers for nothing.

两位神父、唱诗班领唱和教区执事来了。在那个时代，宗教已经不做没有回报的祷告了，所以他们说了七十法郎所付得起的话，做了七十法郎所付得起的事。

The ecclesiastics chanted a psalm, the *Libera nos*and the *De profundis*.

教友们唱了一段圣歌，分别是《葬礼应答圣咏》和《深沉的哀痛》。

The whole service lasted about twenty minutes.

整个仪式持续了大约二十分钟。

There was but one mourning coach, which the priest and chorister agreed to share with Eugene and Christophe.

因为只有一辆送殡马车，所以神父和唱诗班领唱同意和欧仁和克里斯托夫一起乘坐。

"There is no one else to follow us," remarked the priest, "so we may as well go quickly, and so save time; it is half-past five.”

“没有其他人跟着我们了。”神父说，“所以我们最好走快一点，好节省时间，已经五点半了。”

But just as the coffin was put in the hearse, two empty carriages, with the armorial bearings of the Comte de Restaud and the Baron de Nucingen, arrived and followed in the procession to Pere-Lachaise.

但就在棺材被抬上灵车的时候，两辆分别有德雷斯多伯爵和德纽沁根男爵徽章的空马车来了，跟随着队伍前往拉雪兹神父公墓。

At six o'clock Goriot's coffin was lowered into the grave, his daughters' servants standing round the while.

六点钟时，高老头的灵柩被放入了墓穴之中，这时他两个女儿的仆人们也站在周围。

The ecclesiastic recited the short prayer that the students could afford to pay for, and then both priest and lackeys disappeared at once.

教友们诵读了两个大学生能付得起的一段简短祷告词，之后神父和他的跟班们便立刻消失了。

The two grave diggers flung in several spadefuls of earth, and then stopped and asked Rastignac for their fee.

两个挖墓人在棺材上扔了几铲土之后，就停下来问拉斯蒂涅要钱。

Eugene felt in vain in his pocket, and was obliged to borrow five francs of Christophe.

欧仁在自己的口袋里没有摸到钱，于是不得不向克里斯托夫借了五法郎。

This thing, so trifling in itself, gave Rastignac a terrible pang of distress.

这件事，尽管本身微不足道，却给拉斯蒂涅带来了沉重而悲痛的一击。

It was growing dusk, the damp twilight fretted his nerves; he gazed down into the grave and the tears he shed were drawn from him by the sacred emotion, a single-hearted sorrow.

渐渐降临的薄暮和减退的微光腐蚀了他的神经。他注视着墓穴，神圣的情感和单纯的哀伤使他留下了眼泪。

When such tears fall on earth, their radiance reaches heaven.

当眼泪滴在泥土之上，它们的光芒直射天堂。

And with that tear that fell on Father Goriot's grave, Eugene Rastignac's youth ended.

随着在高老头墓前留下的泪，欧仁·拉斯蒂涅的青年时代也结束了。

He folded his arms and gazed at the clouded sky; and Christophe, after a glance at him, turned and went—Rastignac was left alone.

他交叉双臂，仰望乌云密布的天空。克里斯托夫看了他一眼便转身走了——拉斯蒂涅独自留了下来。

He went a few paces further, to the highest point of the cemetery, and looked out over Paris and the windings of the Seine; the lamps were beginning to shine on either side of the river.

他向前走了几步，走到了公墓的最高处，眺望着巴黎和蜿蜒的塞纳河。在河的两侧，灯火逐渐亮了起来。

His eyes turned almost eagerly to the space between the column of the Place Vendome and the cupola of the Invalides; there lay the shining world that he had wished to reach.

他急切地望着位于旺多姆广场圆柱和荣军院穹顶之间的地方，那里是他曾经希望进入的世界，是一个光芒四射的地方。

He glanced over that humming hive, seeming to draw a foretaste of its honey, and said magniloquently: "Henceforth there is war between us."

他俯瞰着那个喧闹的蜂房，似乎提前尝到其中蜂蜜的味道，然后他夸张地说：“从此之后，我们之间会有一场战争。”

And by way of throwing down the glove to Society, Rastignac went to dine with Mme. de Nucingen.

之后，为了向这个社会发出挑战，拉斯蒂涅去了德纽沁根夫人家，和她共进晚餐。

Bilingual Classics
外研社双语读库

John Ruskin

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（英）约翰·罗斯金

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(英) 约翰·罗斯金 著
宋志平 杨维秀 译
毛立群 韩晓英 审校

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 BEIJING

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu

Beijing, China 100089

http://www.fltrp.com

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

给这最后来的： 英汉对照/（英）罗斯金（Ruskin, J.）著； 宋志平， 杨维秀译— 北京： 外语教学与研究出版社， 2011.9

（外研社双语读库. 学·书系）

书名原文： Unto This Last

ISBN 978-7-5135-1360-9

I. ①给… II. ①罗… ②宋… ③杨… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物 ②市场经济学—研究—英国—近代 IV. ①H319.4：F

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2011) 第199897号

出版人： 蔡剑峰

责任编辑： 李文静 蔡 波

版式设计： 张苏梅

封面设计： 袁 璐 刘 冬

出版发行： 外语教学与研究出版社

社 址： 北京市西三环北路19号（100089）

网 址： http://www.fltrp.com

版 次： 2011年10月第1版 2011年10月第1次印刷

书 号： ISBN 978-7-5135-1360-9

* * *

制售盗版必究举报查实奖励

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总序

外研社自创立之日起就一贯秉承“记载人类文明，沟通世界文化”的宗旨。上世纪90年代以来，我们陆续出版了“九十年代英语系列丛书”、“大师经典文库”、“英美文学文库”等系列经典图书，在最大限度满足国内英语学习者阅读需求的同时，也为中华民族引进和吸收海外优秀文化发挥了重要的桥梁纽带作用。

在多年出版实践中我们发现，对原版图书简单地以外语形式呈现，会使一些初级和中级外语学习者望而却步；而纯粹的译著，在翻译过程中又容易失掉原著中的某些精妙之笔，甚至丢失信息，因为每种语言都蕴含着其他语言无法精确对应的情致、智慧和对真善美的洞见。文化交流本身是一个双向互动的过程，因此在大量引入外文作品的同时，我们也不能忽略本民族文化在世界范围内的推广和传播，即把中国文化传递给世界。

基于上述考虑，我们应时推出“外研社双语读库”，立足经典，涵盖中外名家名作，涉及社会科学各个领域，以书系划分，采用双语编排，对文化背景附有注释。旨在积累世界各民族精粹文化的同时，向世界传递中国文化，为国内广大英语学习者提供题材广泛、质量过硬的双语经典读物，也为社科各领域学者了解西方学术经典提供优质的研究素材。

2010年1月，双语读库“文·书系”出版问世，该书系收录了20部西方经典著作，多出自19和20世纪著名作家、学者、思想家和哲学家笔下，作品的题材丰富，包括传记、小说、游记、杂文、回忆录等。该书系自问世以来，受到了广大英语爱好者的欢迎和好评。

2010年3月，外研社和中国外语教育研究中心联合设立“外汉翻译教学研究基金”项目，选取百余部国外经典学术著作，面向全国高校公开招募翻译项目组，参与投标者遍及全国近百所高校，在国内具有较大影响力。中标的译者多为全国重点高校的翻译专家、学者及中青年翻译人才，经过层层选拔脱颖而出；每个中标项目组还聘请相关领域的专家顾问，为其提供专业领域方面的支持和帮助，以确保译文的准确性和权威性。

此次推出的双语读库“学·书系”拟收录该“基金”项目中的优秀译作分批次进行出版，并细分为哲学辑、经济学辑、历史学辑、地理学辑、语言学辑、社会学辑、教育学辑等。“学·书系”依旧采用英汉对照编排，可作为社科各领域的学术研究读物以及中、高端英汉双语读物使用。

“学·书系”所选原作虽为经典名著，却也无法避免时间和空间上的局限性，希望读者朋友们能“取其精华，去其糟粕”。各篇译作均为译者倾尽全力、呕心沥血之作，不足之处，还请各位读者批评、指正。

译者 序

有一本书，似一盏明灯给一位正在为摆脱受奴役的民族命运而苦苦求索的印度青年指明了方向，他带领国家走向独立，脱离了英国的殖民统治，被世人尊称为“圣雄”；有一本书，在英国19世纪资本主义自由市场经济鼎盛时期，就以犀利的笔锋，撕开了政治经济学基本原则的虚伪面具，使其罪恶的本性昭然于世；有一本书，薄薄不过几十页，寥寥三万余字，却享有独一无二的地位，跻身于经济学经典作品之列，其所预言的工业经济可能给人类带来的灾难性影响，在出版150年后的今天几乎一一出现。这本书就是《给这最后来的》（Unto This Last）。

作者约翰·罗斯金（John Ruskin，1819—1900）是英国19世纪维多利亚时期独树一帜的学者、作家、艺术评论家，而且还是建筑、意大利文艺复兴史方面的专家。1860年，他在萨克雷（Thackeray）主编的《康希尔杂志》（Cornhill Magazine）上发表了一系列关于政治经济学的文章，后将其集结成书发行，书名为《给这最后来的》。该书猛烈抨击英国工业革命时期的市场经济学，并描绘了一幅与之形成鲜明对照的道德蓝图，论述企业和社会应该如何运转，倡导社会改良，被认为是罗斯金从艺术批评转向社会批评的代表作之一。该书启发了印度的甘地(Gandhi)、美国的马丁·路德·金（Martin Luther King）这样的激进改革家，成为后来“非暴力不合作”这种斗争方式的思想基础。书中涉及到的普及教育、社会福利、环境保护、消除贫富对立等话题，依然是今天发展中国家所面临的重要问题。对现代工业文明造成的一系列社会问题，罗斯金也表现出极大的关注。该书的主要理念，如“商人须提供国民所需”、“要合作不要竞争”、“恪守诚信”、“领导者必须肩负道义”、“生命之外别无财富”等，对于我们今天审视和反思市场经济的种种弊端，以及全球金融危机暴露出的高额薪酬和奖金、滥用财富、商业和金融领域的诚实与公正等问题，仍有很大的社会批评价值。

具有讽刺意味的是，罗斯金当初在杂志上连载这几篇文章时，由于思想偏激、语言犀利，与工业革命鼎盛时期市场繁荣的经济局面、追求利润财富的社会风尚格格不入，许多观点难以为读者接受，使得作者此前因艺术与建筑方面的非凡著作所得来的名声一落千丈，以至作为好友的主编也不肯让他再写下去，以免受到牵连砸了饭碗。然而，150年后的今天，这本小书却成为社会正义及政治经济学领域最有影响、最有革命意义的经典文献之一。英国雅典娜出版社（Pallas Athene）于2010年重新修订出版了《给这最后来的》，纪念该书问世150周年。英国《金融时报》（Financial Times）副主编安德鲁•希尔(Andrew Hill) 为新版写了引言“罗斯金给现代商人的留言”，认为该书的观点应是当今世界重新权衡经济、商业和金融领域的砝码之一。同年，罗斯金图书馆研究中心（The Ruskin Library and Research Centre）、兰开斯特大学罗斯金研究网站、圣乔治公会等协会和机构组织了一系列活动，研讨罗斯金的思想与现代社会的相关性。而在这个时候我们翻译出版这本小书，对于

刚走过三十年改革之路、又面临金融危机挑战的中国，无疑更有一番深意。

约翰·罗斯金是一位思想深刻、学识渊博、才气横溢的随笔大师，其作品语言生动，引经据典处比比皆是。包括《给这最后来的》在内的后期作品多针砭时弊、幽默犀利，逻辑严密地揭穿了一个个谬论，对现实中的诸多错误思想进行了冷静而犀利的批判，并用幽默而机智的语言，提出了许多独树一帜的深刻见解，以哲理、反讽、讽刺、对话和寓言等富有说服力的方式使谬误大白于天下。书中俯拾即是、精彩四溢的论断时至今日仍然焕发着智慧的光芒，发人深省。“不知何时死，焉知如何生”、“管理与合作是生命法则，无序与竞争乃死亡法则”、“供需法则是鼠狼鱼虾专利，人类之优越乃在于依正义而生存”、“心之所愿亦即目之所及”等等，今天读来，仍令人怦然心动，沉思良久。

约翰·罗斯金素享“百科全书式作家”美誉，又以圣经风格作家著称。其论述常常引经据典，通古博今。本书四篇短文不仅随处可见《圣经》中的典故，还多处借用但丁的《神曲》、蒲柏的诗集、莎翁的戏剧、李维的史诗，至于例析穆勒、李嘉图的所谓经典论断之处更是不胜枚举。最为棘手的是，这些信手拈来的典故，作者往往并不注明出处，而是不带痕迹地融入文中，让不具备西方读者阅读背景的译者难以察觉，给翻译工作带来了一定的困难。例如书名Unto This Last就是出自《圣经》的“葡萄园比喻”，而illth是作者针对wealth而杜撰的一个术语；为了从根本上颠覆古典政治经济学给人的误导，对一些关键术语，如“价值”、“财富”、“资本”等，作者一一追述其拉丁语、古希腊语，甚至希伯来语词源。他非常善于运用复杂的英语句式营造磅礴、优雅的语言效果。译这样的书，难度之大可想而知：译者既须有较深的中英文造诣，在遣词用字上推敲取舍，精益求精；又须有较高的文化素养，能够洞察明喻暗典，指出来历，减少文化隔阂，奉献给读者一个质量较高的译本。

约翰·罗斯金一生创作了250余部作品，但译成中文的还不多，只有《芝麻与百合：追求生活的艺术》（中国人民大学出版社）、《罗斯金散文选》（百花文艺出版社）、《建筑的七盏明灯》（山东画报出版社）、《现代画家》（广西师范大学出版社）等十余种。Unto This Last曾于民国19年（1930年）由上海开明书店出版过陈友生的译本《给那后来的》，该译本为繁体竖排本，且是从日文译本转译，多为字面直译，难免以讹传讹。可以说，对于约翰·罗斯金这样一位英国19世纪“百科全书式学者”的作品，我们的汉译本数量还远远不足，特别遗憾的是他后期思想的代表作Unto This Last汉译本的缺失，这不利于我们对约翰·罗斯金社会批评思想的深入研究。

当然，由于本书以英汉对照形式出版，译者为了忠实原文，有时难免在文字表达上有拘泥之处。仅以书名的译法而言，就令我们颇费周章。此前关于该书书名的翻译五花八门，不一而足。网络检索到的书名译文，除《给那后来的》外，还有《给未来者言》、《留给这个后来

者》、《终于至此》、《时至今日》等。而原书名Unto This Last取自《新约圣经·马太福音》第20章“葡萄园比喻”：一个葡萄园主清晨到镇里的广场上去雇佣劳工，跟他们谈好了工钱。一整天的时间，直到夜幕低垂时，他都一直在找人干活。到了发工钱的时候，众人都大吃一惊，每人都领到了同样数量的工钱——最后来的和最早来的一律平等！那些干了一整天的人们为此而愤愤不平当然是可想而知的。他们责备葡萄园主做事不公平：“这些最后雇来的人不过工作了一个时辰，而你竟把他们与我们这些整天劳苦受热的人同等看待！”（20：12）但葡萄园主却为自己辩护，证明自己的行为无可指责：你们不是领到了预先讲好的工钱吗？难道我不能随自己的意愿待人吗？罗斯金在书的扉页上给出了书名的出处："Friend, I do thee no wrong. Didst not thou agree with me for a penny? Take that thine is, and go thy way. I will give unto this last even as unto thee."《圣经和合本》的译文是：“朋友，我不亏负你，你与我讲定的不是一钱银子吗？拿你的走吧！我给那后来的和给你的一样。”考虑到this指“这”，last意为“最后”，我们借鉴了素以译文严谨精确著称的《圣经思高本》的译文“朋友！我并没有亏负你，你不是和我议定了一个‘德纳’吗？拿你的走吧！我愿意给这最后来的和给你的一样。”把书名译为《给这最后来的》。我们也曾考虑过其他译法，如《给最后者同酬》，但由于要和原文对照，我们也只好从通行的《圣经》汉译本中寻取对应的译文了。

希望读者喜欢这本书，因为它适合我们，适合这个变革时代的社会需要。

译者

2011年春

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Essay I The Roots of Honour

Among the delusions which at different periods have possessed themselves of the minds of large masses of the human race, perhaps the most curious—certainly the least creditable—is the modern soi-d1isant science of political economy, based on the idea that an advantageous code of social action may be determined irrespectively of the influence of social affection.

Of course, as in the instances of alchemy, astrology, witchcraft, and other such popular creeds, political economy has a plausible idea at the root of it. "The social affections," says the economist, "are accidental and disturbing elements in human nature; but avarice and the desire of progress are constant elements. Let us eliminate the inconstants, and, considering the human being merely as a covetous machine, examine by what laws of labour, purchase, and sale, the greatest accumulative result in wealth is obtainable. Those laws once determined, it will be for each individual afterwards to introduce as much of the disturbing affectionate element as he chooses, and to determine for himself the result on the new conditions supposed."

This would be a perfectly logical and successful method of analysis, if the accidentals afterwards to be introduced were of the same nature as the powers first examined. Supposing a body in motion to be influenced by constant and inconstant forces, it is usually the simplest way of examining its course to trace it first under the persistent conditions, and afterwards introduce the causes of variation. But the disturbing elements in the social problem are not of the same nature as the constant ones: they alter the essence of the creature under examination the moment they are added; they operate, not mathematically, but chemically, introducing conditions which render all our previous knowledge unavailable. We made learned experiments upon pure nitrogen, and have convinced ourselves that it is a very manageable gas; but, behold! the thing which we have practically to deal with is its chloride; and this, the moment we touch it on our established principles, sends us and our apparatus through the ceiling.

Observe, I neither impugn nor doubt the conclusion of the science if its terms are accepted. I am simply uninterested in them, as I should be in those of a science of gymnastics which assumed that men had no skeletons. It might be shown, on that supposition, that it would be advantageous to roll the students up into pellets, flatten them into cakes, or stretch them into cables; and that when these results were

effected, the re-insertion of the skeleton would be attended with various inconveniences to their constitution. The reasoning might be admirable, the conclusions true, and the science deficient only in applicability. Modern political economy stands on a precisely similar basis. Assuming, not that the human being has no skeleton, but that it is all skeleton, it founds an ossifiant theory of progress on this negation of a soul; and having shown the utmost that may be made of bones, and constructed a number of interesting geometrical figures with death's-head and humeri, successfully proves the inconvenience of the reappearance of a soul among these corpuscular structures. I do not deny the truth of this theory; I simply deny its applicability to the present phase of the world.

This inapplicability has been curiously manifested during the embarrassment caused by the late strikes of our workmen. Here occurs one of the simplest cases, in a pertinent and positive form, of the first vital problem which political economy has to deal with (the relation between employer and employed); and, at a severe crisis, when lives in multitudes and wealth in masses are at stake, the political economists are helpless—practically mute; no demonstrable solution of the difficulty can be given by them, such as may convince or calm the opposing parties. Obstinately the masters take one view of the matter; obstinately the operatives another; and no political science can set them at one.

It would be strange if it could, it being not by "science" of any kind that men were ever intended to be set at one. Disputant after disputant vainly strives to show that the interests of the masters are, or are not, antagonistic to those of the men: none of the pleaders ever seeming to remember that it does not absolutely or always follow that the persons must be antagonistic because their interests are. If there is only a crust of bread in the house, and mother and children are starving, their interests are not the same. If the mother eats it, the children want it; if the children eat it, the mother must go hungry to her work. Yet it does not necessarily follow that there will be "antagonism" between them, that they will fight for the crust, and that the mother, being strongest, will get it, and eat it. Neither, in any other case, whatever the relations of the persons may be, can it be assumed for certain that, because their interests are diverse, they must necessarily regard each other with hostility, and use violence or cunning to obtain the advantage.

Even if this were so, and it were as just as it is convenient to consider men as actuated by no other moral influences than those which affect rats or swine, the logical conditions of the question are still

indeterminable. It can never be shown generally either that the interests of master and labourer are alike, or that they are opposed; for, according to circumstances, they may be either. It is, indeed, always the interest of both that the work should be rightly done, and a just price obtained for it; but, in the division of profits, the gain of the one may or may not be the loss of the other. It is not the master's interest to pay wages so low as to leave the men sickly and depressed, nor the workman's interest to be paid high wages if the smallness of the master's profit hinders him from enlarging his business, or conducting it in a safe and liberal way. A stoker ought not to desire high pay if the company is too poor to keep the engine-wheels in repair.

And the varieties of circumstances which influence these reciprocal interests are so endless, that all endeavour to deduce rules of action from balance of expediency is in vain. And it is meant to be in vain. For no human actions ever were intended by the maker of men to be guided by balances of expediency, but by balances of justice. He has therefore rendered all endeavours to determine expediency futile for evermore. No man ever knew, or can know, what will be the ultimate result to himself, or to others, of any given line of conduct. But every man may know, and most of us do know, what is a just and unjust act. And all of us may know also, that the consequences of justice will be ultimately the best possible, both to others and ourselves, though we can neither say what is best, or how it is likely to come to pass.

I have said balances of justice, meaning, in the term justice, to include affection,—such affection as one man owes to another. All right relations between master and operative, and all their best interests, ultimately depend on these.

We shall find the best and simplest illustration of the relations of master and operative in the position of domestic servants.

We will suppose that the master of a household desires only to get as much work out of his servants as he can, at the rate of wages he gives. He never allows them to be idle; feeds them as poorly and lodges them as ill as they will endure, and in all things pushes his requirements to the exact point beyond which he cannot go without forcing the servant to leave him. In doing this, there is no violation on his part of what is commonly called "justice." He agrees with the domestic for his whole time and service, and takes them;—the limits of hardship in treatment being fixed by the practice of other masters in his neighbourhood; that is to say, by the current rate of wages for domestic labour. If the servant can get a better place, he is free to take

one, and the master can only tell what is the real market value of his labour, by requiring as much as he will give.

This is the politico-economical view of the case, according to the doctors of that science; who assert that by this procedure the greatest average of work will be obtained from the servant, and therefore the greatest benefit to the community, and through the community, by reversion, to the servant himself.

That, however, is not so. It would be so if the servant were an engine of which the motive power was steam, magnetism, gravitation, or any other agent of calculable force. But he being, on the contrary, an engine whose motive power is a Soul, the force of this very peculiar agent, as an unknown quantity, enters into all the political economist's equations, without his knowledge, and falsifies every one of their results. The largest quantity of work will not be done by this curious engine for pay, or under pressure, or by help of any kind of fuel which may be supplied by the caldron. It will be done only when the motive force, that is to say, the will or spirit of the creature, is brought to its greatest strength by its own proper fuel: namely, by the affections.

It may indeed happen, and does happen often, that if the master is a man of sense ad energy, a large quantity of material work may be done under mechanical pressure, enforced by strong will and guided by wise method; also it may happen, and does happen often, that if the master is indolent and weak (however good-natured), a very small quantity of work, and that bad, may be produced by the servant's undirected strength, and contemptuous gratitude. But the universal law of the matter is that, assuming any given quantity of energy and sense in master and servant, the greatest material result obtainable by them will be, not through antagonism to each other, but through affection for each other; and that if the master, instead of endeavouring to get as much work as possible from the servant, seeks rather to render his appointed and necessary work beneficial to him, and to forward his interests in all just and wholesome ways, the real amount of work ultimately done, or of good rendered, by the person so cared for, will indeed be the greatest possible.

Observe, I say, "of good rendered," for a servant's work is not necessarily or always the best thing he can give his master. But good of all kinds, whether in material service, in protective watchfulness of his master's interest and credit, or in joyful readiness to seize unexpected and irregular occasions of help.

Nor is this one whit less generally true because indulgence will be

frequently abused, and kindness met with ingratitude. For the servant who, gently treated, is ungrateful, treated ungently, will be revengeful; and the man who is dishonest to a liberal master will be injurious to an unjust one.

In any case, and with any person, this unselfish treatment will produce the most effective return. Observe, I am here considering the affections wholly as a motive power; not at all as things in themselves desirable or noble, or in any other way abstractedly good. I look at them simply as an anomalous force, rendering every one of the ordinary political economist's calculations nugatory; while, even if he desired to introduce this new element into his estimates, he has no power of dealing with it; for the affections only become a true motive power when they ignore every other motive and condition of political economy. Treat the servant kindly, with the idea of turning his gratitude to account, and you will get, as you deserve, no gratitude, nor any value for your kindness; but treat him kindly without any economical purpose, and all economical purposes will be answered; in this, as in all other matters, whosoever will save his life shall lose it, whoso loses it shall find it.[1] 1

1 《马可福音》第八章8：35。

The next clearest and simplest example of relation between master and operative is that which exists between the commander of a regiment and his men.

Supposing the officer only desires to apply the rules of discipline so as, with least trouble to himself, to make the regiment most effective, he will not be able, by any rules or administration of rules, on this selfish principle, to develop the full strength of his subordinates. If a man of sense and firmness, he may, as in the former instance, produce a better result than would be obtained by the irregular kindness of a weak officer; but let the sense and firmness be the same in both cases, and assuredly the officer who has the most direct personal relations with his men, the most care for their interests, and the most value for their lives, will develop their effective strength, through their affection for his own person, and trust in his character, to a degree wholly unattainable by other means. This law applies still more stringently as the numbers concerned are larger: a charge may often be successful, though the men dislike their officers; a battle has rarely been won, unless they loved their general.

Passing from these simple examples to the more complicated relations

existing between a manufacturer and his workmen, we are met first by certain curious difficulties, resulting, apparently, from a harder and colder state of moral elements. It is easy to imagine an enthusiastic affection existing among soldiers for the colonel. Not so easy to imagine an enthusiastic affection among cotton-spinners for the proprietor of the mill. A body of men associated for purposes of robbery (as a Highland clan in ancient times) shall be animated by perfect affection, and every member of it be ready to lay down his life for the life of his chief. But a band of men associated for purposes of legal production and accumulation is usually animated, it appears, by no such emotions, and none of them are in any wise willing to give his life for the life of his chief. Not only are we met by this apparent anomaly, in moral matters, but by others connected with it, in administration of system. For a servant or a soldier is engaged at a definite rate of wages, for a definite period; but a workman at a rate of wages variable according to the demand for labour, and with the risk of being at any time thrown out of his situation by chances of trade. Now, as, under these contingencies, no action of the affections can take place, but only an explosive action of disaffections, two points offer themselves for consideration in the matter.

The first—How far the rate of wages may be so regulated as not to vary with the demand for labour.

The second—How far it is possible that bodies of workmen may be engaged and maintained at such fixed rate of wages (whatever the state of trade may be), without enlarging or diminishing their number, so as to give them permanent interest in the establishment with which they are connected, like that of the domestic servants in an old family, or an esprit de corps, like that of the soldiers in a crack regiment.

The first question is, I say, how far it may be possible to fix the rate of wages, irrespectively of the demand for labour.

Perhaps one of the most curious facts in the history of human error is the denial by the common political economist of the possibility of thus regulating wages; while, for all the important, and much of the unimportant, labour, on the earth, wages are already so regulated.

We do not sell our prime-ministership by Dutch auction; nor, on the decease of a bishop, whatever may be the general advantages of simony, do we (yet) offer his diocese to the clergyman who will take the episcopacy at the lowest contract. We (with exquisite sagacity of political economy!) do indeed sell commissions; but not openly, generalships: sick, we do not inquire for a physician who takes less

than a guinea; litigious, we never think of reducing six-and-eight-pence to four-and-sixpence; caught in a shower, we do not canvass the cabmen, to find one who values his driving at less than sixpence a mile.

It is true that in all these cases there is, and in every conceivable case there must be, ultimate reference to the presumed difficulty of the work, or number of candidates for the office. If it were thought that the labour necessary to make a good physician would be gone through by a sufficient number of students with the prospect of only half-guinea fees, public consent would soon withdraw the unnecessary half-guinea. In this ultimate sense, the price of labour is indeed always regulated by the demand for it; but, so far as the practical and immediate administration of the matter is regarded, the best labour always has been, and is, as all labour ought to be, paid by an invariable standard.

"What!" the reader perhaps answers amazedly: "pay good and bad workmen alike?"

Certainly. The difference between one prelate's sermons and his successor's—or between one physician's opinion and another's—is far greater, as respects the qualities of mind involved, and far more important in result to you personally, than the difference between good and bad laying of bricks (though that is greater than most people suppose). Yet you pay with equal fee, contentedly, the good and bad workmen upon your soul, and the good and bad workmen upon your body; much more may you pay, contentedly, with equal fees, the good and bad workmen upon your house.

"Nay, but I choose my physician and my clergyman, thus indicating my sense of the quality of their work." By all means, also, choose your bricklayer; that is the proper reward of the good workman, to be "chosen." The natural and right system respecting all labour is, that it should be paid at a fixed rate, but the good workman employed, and the bad workman unemployed. The false, unnatural, and destructive system is when the bad workman is allowed to offer his work at half-price, and either take the place of the good, or force him by his competition to work for an inadequate sum.

This equality of wages, then, being the first object toward which we have to discover the directest available road; the second is, as above stated, that of maintaining constant numbers of workmen in employment, whatever may be the accidental demand for the article they produce.

I believe the sudden and extensive inequalities of demand, which necessarily arise in the mercantile operations of an active nation, constitute the only essential difficulty which has to be overcome in a just organization of labour. The subject opens into too many branches to admit of being investigated in a paper of this kind; but the following general facts bearing on it may be noted.

The wages which enable any workman to live are necessarily higher, if his work is liable to intermission, than if it is assured and continuous; and however severe the struggle for work may become, the general law will always hold, that men must get more daily pay if, on the average, they can only calculate on work three days a week than they would require if they were sure of work six days a week. Supposing that a man cannot live on less than a shilling a day, his seven shillings he must get, either for three days' violent work, or six days' deliberate work. The tendency of all modern mercantile operations is to throw both wages and trade into the form of a lottery, and to make the workman's pay depend on intermittent exertion, and the principal's profit on dexterously used chance.

In what partial degree, I repeat, this may be necessary in consequence of the activities of modern trade, I do not here investigate; contenting myself with the fact, that in its fatallest aspects it is assuredly unnecessary, and results merely from love of gambling on the part of the masters, and from ignorance and sensuality in the men. The masters cannot bear to let any opportunity of gain escape them, and frantically rush at every gap and breach in the walls of Fortune, raging to be rich, and affronting, with impatient covetousness, every risk of ruin, while the men prefer three days of violent labour, and three days of drunkenness, to six days of moderate work and wise rest. There is no way in which a principal, who really desires to help his workmen, may do it more effectually than by checking these disorderly habits both in himself and them; keeping his own business operations on a scale which will enable him to pursue them securely, not yielding to temptations of precarious gain; and, at the same time, leading his workmen into regular habits of labour and life, either by inducing them rather to take low wages in the form of a fixed salary, than high wages, subject to the chance of their being thrown out of work; or, if this be impossible, by discouraging the system of violent exertion for nominally high day wages, and leading the men to take lower pay for more regular labour.

In effecting any radical changes of this kind, doubtless there would be great inconvenience and loss incurred by all the originators of movement. That which can be done with perfect convenience and

without loss, is not always the thing that most needs to be done, or which we are most imperatively required to do.

I have already alluded to the difference hitherto existing between regiments of men associated for purposes of violence, and for purposes of manufacture; in that the former appear capable of self-sacrifice—the latter, not; which singular fact is the real reason of the general lowness of estimate in which the profession of commerce is held, as compared with that of arms. Philosophically, it does not, at first sight, appear reasonable (many writers have endeavoured to prove it unreasonable) that a peaceable and rational person, whose trade is buying and selling, should be held in less honour than an unpeaceable and often irrational person, whose trade is slaying. Nevertheless, the consent of mankind has always, in spite of the philosophers, given precedence to the soldier.

And this is right.

For the soldier's trade, verily and essentially, is not slaying, but being slain. This, without well knowing its own meaning, the world honours it for. A bravo's trade is slaying; but the world has never respected bravos more than merchants; the reason it honours the soldier is, because he holds his life at the service of the State. Reckless he may be—fond of pleasure or of adventure—all kinds of bye-motives and mean impulses may have determined the choice of his profession, and may affect (to all appearance exclusively) his daily conduct in it; but our estimate of him is based on this ultimate fact—of which we are well assured—that put him in a fortress breach, with all the pleasures of the world behind him, and only death and his duty in front of him, he will keep his face to the front; and he knows that his choice may be put to him at any moment—and has beforehand taken his part—virtually takes such part continually—does, in reality, die daily.[1]

1 《哥林多前书》第十五章15：31。

Not less is the respect we pay to the lawyer and physician, founded ultimately on their self-sacrifice. Whatever the learning or acuteness of a great lawyer, our chief respect for him depends on our belief that, set in a judge's seat, he will strive to judge justly, come of it what may. Could we suppose that he would take bribes, and use his acuteness and legal knowledge to give plausibility to iniquitous decisions, no degree of intellect would win for him our respect. Nothing will win it, short of our tacit conviction, that in all important acts of his life justice is first with him; his own interest, second.

In the case of a physician, the ground of the honour we render him is clearer still. Whatever his science, we would shrink from him in horror if we found him regard his patients merely as subjects to experiment upon; much more, if we found that, receiving bribes from persons interested in their deaths, he was using his best skill to give poison in the mask of medicine.

Finally, the principle holds with utmost clearness as it respects clergymen. No goodness of disposition will excuse want of science in a physician, or of shrewdness in an advocate; but a clergyman, even though his power of intellect be small, is respected on the presumed ground of his unselfishness and serviceableness.

Now, there can be no question but that the tact, foresight, decision, and other mental powers, required for the successful management of a large mercantile concern, if not such as could be compared with those of a great lawyer, general, or divine, would at least match the general conditions of mind required in the subordinate officers of a ship, or of a regiment, or in the curate of a country parish. If, therefore, all the efficient members of the so-called liberal professions are still, somehow, in public estimate of honour, preferred before the head of a commercial firm, the reason must lie deeper than in the measurement of their several powers of mind.

And the essential reason for such preference will be found to lie in the fact that the merchant is presumed to act always selfishly. His work may be very necessary to the community; but the motive of it is understood to be wholly personal. The merchant's first object in all his dealings must be (the public believe) to get as much for himself, and leave as little to his neighbour (or customer) as possible. Enforcing this upon him, by political statute, as the necessary principle of his action; recommending it to him on all occasions, and themselves reciprocally adopting it, proclaiming vociferously, for law of the universe, that a buyer's function is to cheapen, and a seller's to cheat, —the public, nevertheless, involuntarily condemn the man of commerce for his compliance with their own statement, and stamp him for ever as belonging to an inferior grade of human personality.

This they will find, eventually, they must give up doing. They must not cease to condemn selfishness; but they will have to discover a kind of commerce which is not exclusively selfish. Or, rather, they will have to discover that there never was, or can be, any other kind of commerce; that this which they have called commerce was not commerce at all, but cozening; and that a true merchant differs as much from a merchant according to laws of modern political

economy, as the hero of the Excursion[1] from Autolycus[2]. They will find that commerce is an occupation which gentlemen will every day see more need to engage in, rather than in the businesses of talking to men, or slaying them; that, in true commerce, as in true preaching, or true fighting, it is necessary to admit the idea of occasional voluntary loss;—that sixpences have to be lost, as well as lives, under a sense of duty; that the market may have its martyrdoms as well as the pulpit; and trade its heroisms as well as war.

May have—in the final issue, must have—and only has not had yet, because men of heroic temper have always been misguided in their youth into other fields; not recognising what is in our days, perhaps, the most important of all fields; so that, while many a jealous person loses his life in trying to teach the form of a gospel, very few will lose a hundred pounds in showing the practice of one.

The fact is, that people never have had clearly explained to them the true functions of a merchant with respect to other people. I should like the reader to be very clear about this.

Five great intellectual professions, relating to daily necessities of life, have hitherto existed—three exist necessarily, in every civilised nation:

The Soldier's profession is to defend it.

The Pastor's to teach it.

The Physician's to keep it in health.

The Lawyer's to enforce justice in it.

The Merchant's to provide for it.

And the duty of all these men is, on due occasion, to die for it.

"On due occasion," namely:—

The Soldier, rather than leave his post in battle.

The Physician, rather than leave his post in plague.

The Pastor, rather than teach Falsehood.

The Lawyer, rather than countenance Injustice.

The Merchant—what is his "due occasion" of death?

It is the main question for the merchant, as for all of us. For, truly, the man who does not know when to die, does not know how to live.

Observe, the merchant's function (or manufacturer's, for in the broad sense in which it is here used the word must be understood to include both) is to provide for the nation. It is no more his function to get profit for himself out of that provision than it is a clergyman's function to get his stipend. This stipend is a due and necessary adjunct, but not the object of his life, if he be a true clergyman, any more than his fee (or honorarium) is the object of life to a true physician. Neither is his fee the object of life to a true merchant. All three, if true men, have a work to be done irrespective of fee—to be done even at any cost, or for quite the contrary of fee; the pastor's function being to teach, the physician's to heal, and the merchant's, as I have said, to provide. That is to say, he has to understand to their very root the qualities of the thing he deals in, and the means of obtaining or producing it; and he has to apply all his sagacity and energy to the producing or obtaining it in perfect state, and distributing it at the cheapest possible price where it is most needed.

And because the production or obtaining of any commodity involves necessarily the agency of many lives and hands, the merchant becomes in the course of his business the master and governor of large masses of men in a more direct, though less confessed way, than a military officer or pastor; so that on him falls, in great part, the responsibility for the kind of life they lead; and it becomes his duty, not only to be always considering how to produce what he sells, in the purest and cheapest forms, but how to make the various employments involved in the production, or transference of it, most beneficial to the men employed.

And as into these two functions, requiring for their right exercise the highest intelligence, as well as patience, kindness, and tact, the merchant is bound to put all his energy, so for their just discharge he is bound, as soldier or physician is bound, to give up, if need be, his life, in such way as it may be demanded of him. Two main points he has in his providing function to maintain: first, his engagements (faithfulness to engagements being the real root of all possibilities, in commerce); and, secondly, the perfectness and purity of the thing provided; so that, rather than fail in any engagement, or consent to any deterioration, adulteration, or unjust and exorbitant price of that which he provides, he is bound to meet fearlessly any form of distress, poverty, or labour, which may, through maintenance of these points, come upon him.

Again: in his office as governor of the men employed by him, the merchant or manufacturer is invested with a distinctly paternal authority and responsibility. In most cases, a youth entering a commercial establishment is withdrawn altogether from home influence; his master must become his father, else he has, for practical and constant help, no father at hand; in all cases the master's authority, together with the general tone and atmosphere of his business, and the character of the men with whom the youth is compelled in the course of it to associate, have more immediate and pressing weight than the home influence, and will usually neutralize it either for good or evil; so that the only means which the master has of doing justice to the men employed by him is to ask himself sternly whether he is dealing with such subordinate as he would with his own son, if compelled by circumstances to take such a position.

Supposing the captain of a frigate saw it right, or were by any chance obliged, to place his own son in the position of a common sailor; as he would then treat his son, he is bound always to treat every one of the men under him. So, also, supposing the master of a manufactory saw it right, or were by any chance obliged, to place his own son in the position of an ordinary workman; as he would then treat his son, he is bound always to treat every one of his men. This is the only effective, true, or practical Rule which can be given on this point of political economy.

And as the captain of a ship is bound to be the last man to leave his ship in case of wreck, and to share his last crust with the sailors in case of famine, so the manufacturer, in any commercial crisis or distress, is bound to take the suffering of it with his men, and even to take more of it for himself than he allows his men to feel; as a father would in a famine, shipwreck, or battle, sacrifice himself for his son.

All which sounds very strange; the only real strangeness in the matter being, nevertheless, that it should so sound. For all this is true, and that not partially nor theoretically, but everlastingly and practically; all other doctrine than this respecting matters political being false in premises, absurd in deduction, and impossible in practice, consistently with any progressive state of national life; all the life which we now possess as a nation showing itself in the resolute denial and scorn, by a few strong minds and faithful hearts, of the economic principles taught to our multitudes, which principles, so far as accepted, lead straight to national destruction. Respecting the modes and forms of destruction to which they lead, and, on the other hand, respecting the farther practical working of true polity, I hope to reason farther in a following paper.

1 华兹华斯的长诗，诗中的主人公身为商贩，却富有同情心。

2 莎剧《冬天的故事》中的人物，无赖小贩、扒手。

Essay II The Veins of Wealth

The answer which would be made by any ordinary political economist to the statements contained in the preceding paper, is in few words as follows:

"It is indeed true that certain advantages of a general nature may be obtained by the development of social affections. But political economists never professed, nor profess, to take advantages of a general nature into consideration. Our science is simply the science of getting rich. So far from being a fallacious or visionary one, it is found by experience to be practically effective. Persons who follow its precepts do actually become rich, and persons who disobey them become poor. Every capitalist of Europe has acquired his fortune by following the known laws of our science, and increases his capital daily by an adherence to them. It is vain to bring forward tricks of logic, against the force of accomplished facts. Every man of business knows by experience how money is made, and how it is lost."

Pardon me. Men of business do indeed know how they themselves made their money, or how, on occasion, they lost it. Playing a long-practised game, they are familiar with the chances of its cards, and can rightly explain their losses and gains. But they neither know who keeps the bank of the gambling-house, nor what other games may be played with the same cards, nor what other losses and gains, far away among the dark streets, are essentially, though invisibly, dependent on theirs in the lighted rooms. They have learned a few, and only a few, of the laws of mercantile economy; but not one of those of political economy.

Primarily, which is very notable and curious, I observe that men of business rarely know the meaning of the word "rich." At least, if they know, they do not in their reasonings allow for the fact, that it is a relative word, implying its opposite "poor" as positively as the word "north" implies its opposite "south." Men nearly always speak and write as if riches were absolute, and it were possible, by following certain scientific precepts, for everybody to be rich. Whereas riches are a power like that of electricity, acting only through inequalities or negations of itself. The force of the guinea you have in your pocket depends wholly on the default of a guinea in your neighbour's pocket. If he did not want it, it would be of no use to you; the degree of power it possesses depends accurately upon the need or desire he has for it, —and the art of making yourself rich, in the ordinary mercantile economist's sense, is therefore equally and necessarily the art of

keeping your neighbour poor.

I would not contend in this matter (and rarely in any matter) for the acceptance of terms. But I wish the reader clearly and deeply to understand the difference between the two economies, to which the terms "Political" and "Mercantile" might not unadvisedly be attached.

Political economy (the economy of a State, or of citizens) consists simply in the production, preservation, and distribution, at fittest time and place, of useful or pleasurable things. The farmer who cuts his hay at the right time; the shipwright who drives his bolts well home in sound wood; the builder who lays good bricks in well-tempered mortar; the housewife who takes care of her furniture in the parlour, and guards against all waste in her kitchen; and the singer who rightly disciplines, and never overstrains her voice, are all political economists in the true and final sense: adding continually to the riches and well-being of the nation to which they belong.

But mercantile economy, the economy of "merces" or of "pay," signifies the accumulation, in the hands of individuals, of legal or moral claim upon, or power over, the labour of others; every such claim implying precisely as much poverty or debt on one side, as it implies riches or right on the other.

It does not, therefore, necessarily involve an addition to the actual property, or well-being, of the State in which it exists. But since this commercial wealth, or power over labour, is nearly always convertible at once into real property, while real property is not always convertible at once into power over labour, the idea of riches among active men in civilized nations generally refers to commercial wealth; and in estimating their possessions, they rather calculate the value of their horses and fields by the number of guineas they could get for them, than the value of their guineas by the number of horses and fields they could buy with them.

There is, however, another reason for this habit of mind: namely, that an accumulation of real property is of little use to its owner, unless, together with it, he has commercial power over labour. Thus, suppose any person to be put in possession of a large estate of fruitful land, with rich beds of gold in its gravel, countless herds of cattle in its pastures; houses, and gardens, and storehouses full of useful stores; but suppose, after all, that he could get no servants? In order that he may be able to have servants, some one in his neighbourhood must be poor, and in want of his gold—or his corn. Assume that no one is in want of either, and that no servants are to be had. He must, therefore,

bake his own bread, make his own clothes, plough his own ground, and shepherd his own flocks. His gold will be as useful to him as any other yellow pebbles on his estate. His stores must rot, for he cannot consume them. He can eat no more than another man could eat, and wear no more than another man could wear. He must lead a life of severe and common labour to procure even ordinary comforts; he will be ultimately unable to keep either houses in repair, or fields in cultivation; and forced to content himself with a poor man's portion of cottage and garden, in the midst of a desert of waste land, trampled by wild cattle, and encumbered by ruins of palaces, which he will hardly mock at himself by calling "his own."

The most covetous of mankind would, with small exultation, I presume, accept riches of this kind on these terms. What is really desired, under the name of riches, is essentially, power over men; in its simplest sense, the power of obtaining for our own advantage the labour of servant, tradesman, and artist; in wider sense, authority of directing large masses of the nation to various ends (good, trivial or hurtful, according to the mind of the rich person). And this power of wealth of course is greater or less in direct proportion to the poverty of the men over whom it is exercised, and in inverse proportion to the number of persons who are as rich as ourselves, and who are ready to give the same price for an article of which the supply is limited. If the musician is poor, he will sing for small pay, as long as there is only one person who can pay him; but if there be two or three, he will sing for the one who offers him most. And thus the power of the riches of the patron (always imperfect and doubtful, as we shall see presently, even when most authoritative) depends first on the poverty of the artist, and then on the limitation of the number of equally wealthy persons, who also want seats at the concert. So that, as above stated, the art of becoming "rich," in the common sense, is not absolutely nor finally the art of accumulating much money for ourselves, but also of contriving that our neighbours shall have less. In accurate terms, it is "the art of establishing the maximum inequality in our own favour."

Now, the establishment of such inequality cannot be shown in the abstract to be either advantageous or disadvantageous to the body of the nation. The rash and absurd assumption that such inequalities are necessarily advantageous, lies at the root of most of the popular fallacies on the subject of political economy. For the eternal and inevitable law in this matter is, that the beneficialness of the inequality depends, first, on the methods by which it was accomplished; and, secondly, on the purposes to which it is applied. Inequalities of wealth, unjustly established, have assuredly injured the nation in which they exist during their establishment; and, unjustly

directed, injure it yet more during their existence. But inequalities of wealth, justly established, benefit the nation in the course of their establishment; and, nobly used, aid it yet more by their existence. That is to say, among every active and well-governed people, the various strength of individuals, tested by full exertion and specially applied to various need, issues in unequal, but harmonious results, receiving reward or authority according to its class and service;[2] while, in the inactive or ill-governed nation, the gradations of decay and the victories of treason work out also their own rugged system of subjection and success; and substitute, for the melodious inequalities of concurrent power, the iniquitous dominances and depressions of guilt and misfortune.

Thus the circulation of wealth in a nation resembles that of the blood in the natural body. There is one quickness of the current which comes of cheerful emotion or wholesome exercise; and another which comes of shame or of fever. There is a flush of the body which is full of warmth and life; and another which will pass into putrefaction.

The analogy will hold down even to minute particulars. For as diseased local determination of the blood involves depression of the general health of the system, all morbid local action of riches will be found ultimately to involve a weakening of the resources of the body politic.

The mode in which this is produced may be at once understood by examining one or two instances of the development of wealth in the simplest possible circumstances.

Suppose two sailors cast away on an uninhabited coast, and obliged to maintain themselves there by their own labour for a series of years.

If they both kept their health, and worked steadily and in amity with each other, they might build themselves a convenient house, and in time come to possess a certain quantity of cultivated land, together with various stores laid up for future use. All these things would be real riches or property; and, supposing the men both to have worked equally hard, they would each have right to equal share or use of it. Their political economy would consist merely in careful preservation and just division of these possessions. Perhaps, however, after some time one or other might be dissatisfied with the results of their common farming; and they might in consequence agree to divide the land they had brought under the spade into equal shares, so that each might thenceforward work in his own field, and live by it. Suppose that after this arrangement had been made, one of them were to fall

ill, and be unable to work on his land at a critical time—say of sowing or harvest.

He would naturally ask the other to sow or reap for him.

Then his companion might say, with perfect justice, "I will do this additional work for you; but if I do it, you must promise to do as much for me at another time. I will count how many hours I spend on your ground, and you shall give me a written promise to work for the same number of hours on mine, whenever I need your help, and you are able to give it." Suppose the disabled man's sickness to continue, and that under various circumstances, for several years, requiring the help of the other, he on each occasion gave a written pledge to work, as soon as he was able, at his companion's orders, for the same number of hours which the other had given up to him. What will the positions of the two men be when the invalid is able to resume work?

Considered as a "Polis," or state, they will be poorer than they would have been otherwise: poorer by the withdrawal of what the sick man's labour would have produced in the interval. His friend may perhaps have toiled with an energy quickened by the enlarged need, but in the end his own land and property must have suffered by the withdrawal of so much of his time and thought from them; and the united property of the two men will be certainly less than it would have been if both had remained in health and activity.

But the relations in which they stand to each other are also widely altered. The sick man has not only pledged his labour for some years, but will probably have exhausted his own share of the accumulated stores, and will be in consequence for some time dependent on the other for food, which he can only "pay" or reward him for by yet more deeply pledging his own labour.

Supposing the written promises to be held entirely valid (among civilized nations their validity is secured by legal measures[3]), the person who had hitherto worked for both might now, if he chose, rest altogether, and pass his time in idleness, not only forcing his companion to redeem all the engagements he had already entered into, but exacting from him pledges for further labour, to an arbitrary amount, for what food he had to advance to him.

There might not, from first to last, be the least illegality (in the ordinary sense of the word) in the arrangement; but if a stranger arrived on the coast at this advanced epoch of their political economy, he would find one man commercially Rich; the other commercially

Poor. He would see, perhaps, with no small surprise, one passing his days in idleness; the other labouring for both, and living sparely, in the hope of recovering his independence at some distant period.

This is, of course, an example of one only out of many ways in which inequality of possession may be established between different persons, giving rise to the mercantile forms of Riches and Poverty. In the instance before us, one of the men might from the first have deliberately chosen to be idle, and to put his life in pawn for present ease; or he might have mismanaged his land, and been compelled to have recourse to his neighbour for food and help, pledging his future labour for it. But what I want the reader to note especially is the fact, common to a large number of typical cases of this kind, that the establishment of the mercantile wealth which consists in a claim upon labour, signifies a political diminution of the real wealth which consists in substantial possessions.

Take another example, more consistent with the ordinary course of affairs of trade. Suppose that three men, instead of two, formed the little isolated republic, and found themselves obliged to separate, in order to farm different pieces of land at some distance from each other along the coast: each estate furnishing a distinct kind of produce, and each more or less in need of the material raised on the other. Suppose that the third man, in order to save the time of all three, undertakes simply to superintend the transference of commodities from one farm to the other, on condition of receiving some sufficiently remunerative share of every parcel of goods conveyed, or of some other parcel received in exchange for it.

If this carrier or messenger always brings to each estate, from the other, what is chiefly wanted, at the right time, the operations of the two farmers will go on prosperously, and the largest possible result in produce, or wealth, will be attained by the little community. But suppose no intercourse between the landowners is possible, except through the travelling agent; and that, after a time, this agent, watching the course of each man's agriculture, keeps back the articles with which he has been entrusted until there comes a period of extreme necessity for them, on one side or other, and then exacts in exchange for them all that the distressed farmer can spare of other kinds of produce; it is easy to see that by ingeniously watching his opportunities, he might possess himself regularly of the greater part of the superfluous produce of the two estates, and at last, in some year of severest trial or scarcity, purchase both for himself and maintain the former proprietors thenceforward as his labourers or servants.

This would be a case of commercial wealth acquired on the exactest principles of modern political economy. But more distinctly even than in the former instance, it is manifest in this that the wealth of the State, or of the three men considered as a society, is collectively less than it would have been had the merchant been content with juster profit. The operations of the two agriculturists have been cramped to the utmost; and the continual limitations of the supply of things they wanted at critical times, together with the failure of courage consequent on the prolongation of a struggle for mere existence, without any sense of permanent gain, must have seriously diminished the effective results of their labour; and the stores finally accumulated in the merchant's hands will not in any wise be of equivalent value to those which, had his dealings been honest, would have filled at once the granaries of the farmers and his own.

The whole question, therefore, respecting not only the advantage, but even the quantity, of national wealth, resolves itself finally into one of abstract justice. It is impossible to conclude, of any given mass of acquired wealth, merely by the fact of its existence, whether it signifies good or evil to the nation in the midst of which it exists. Its real value depends on the moral sign attached to it, just as sternly as that of a mathematical quantity depends on the algebraical sign attached to it. Any given accumulation of commercial wealth may be indicative, on the one hand, of faithful industries, progressive energies, and productive ingenuities; or, on the other, it may be indicative of mortal luxury, merciless tyranny, ruinous chicane. Some treasures are heavy with human tears, as an ill-stored harvest with untimely rain; and some gold is brighter in sunshine than it is in substance.

And these are not, observe, merely moral or pathetic attributes of riches, which the seeker of riches may, if he chooses, despise; they are, literally and sternly, material attributes of riches, depreciating or exalting, incalculably, the monetary signification of the sum in question. One mass of money is the outcome of action which has created, another, of action which has annihilated,—ten times as much in the gathering of it; such and such strong hands have been paralyzed, as if they had been numbed by nightshade; so many strong men's courage broken, so many productive operations hindered; this and the other false direction given to labour, and lying image of prosperity set up, on Dura plains dug into seven-times-heated furnaces.[1] That which seems to be wealth may in verity be only the gilded index of far-reaching ruin: a wrecker's handful of coin gleaned from the beach to which he has beguiled an argosy; a camp-follower's bundle of rags unwrapped from the breasts of goodly soldiers dead;

the purchase-pieces of potter's fields[2], wherein shall be buried together the citizen and the stranger.

1 《但以理书》第三章3：1—3：30。

2 《马太福音》第二十七章27：7。

And therefore, the idea that directions can be given for the gaining of wealth, irrespectively of the consideration of its moral sources, or that any general and technical law of purchase and gain can be set down for national practice, is perhaps the most insolently futile of all that ever beguiled men through their vices. So far as I know, there is not in history record of anything so disgraceful to the human intellect as the modern idea that the commercial text, "Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest," represents, or under any circumstances could represent, an available principle of national economy. Buy in the cheapest market?—yes; but what made your market cheap? Charcoal may be cheap among your roof timbers after a fire, and bricks may be cheap in your streets after an earthquake; but fire and earthquake may not therefore be national benefits. Sell in the dearest? —yes, truly; but what made your market dear? You sold your bread well to-day: was it to a dying man who gave his last coin for it, and will never need bread more; or to a rich man who to-morrow will buy your farm over your head; or to a soldier on his way to pillage the bank in which you have put your fortune?

None of these things you can know. One thing only you can know: namely, whether this dealing of yours is a just and faithful one, which is all you need concern yourself about respecting it; sure thus to have done your own part in bringing about ultimately in the world a state of things which will not issue in pillage or in death. And thus every question concerning these things merges itself ultimately in the great question of justice, which, the ground being thus far cleared for it, I will enter upon the next paper, leaving only, in this, three final points for the reader's consideration.

It has been shown that the chief value and virtue of money consists in its having power over human beings; that, without this power, large material possessions are useless, and to any person possessing such power, comparatively unnecessary. But power over human beings is attainable by other means than by money. As I said a few pages back, the money power is always imperfect and doubtful; there are many things which cannot be reached with it, others which cannot be retained by it. Many joys may be given to men which cannot be

bought for gold, and many fidelities found in them which cannot be rewarded with it.

Trite enough,—the reader thinks. Yes: but it is not so trite,—I wish it were,—that in this moral power, quite inscrutable and immeasurable though it be, there is a monetary value just as real as that represented by more ponderous currencies. A man's hand may be full of invisible gold, and the wave of it, or the grasp, shall do more than another's with a shower of bullion. This invisible gold, also, does not necessarily diminish in spending. Political economists will do well some day to take heed of it, though they cannot take measure.

But farther. Since the essence of wealth consists in its authority over men, if the apparent or nominal wealth fail in this power, it fails in essence; in fact, ceases to be wealth at all. It does not appear lately in England, that our authority over men is absolute. The servants show some disposition to rush riotously upstairs, under an impression that their wages are not regularly paid. We should augur ill of any gentleman's property to whom this happened every other day in his drawing-room.

So, also, the power of our wealth seems limited as respects the comfort of the servants, no less than their quietude. The persons in the kitchen appear to be ill-dressed, squalid, half-starved. One cannot help imagining that the riches of the establishment must be of a very theoretical and documentary character.

Finally. Since the essence of wealth consists in power over men, will it not follow that the nobler and the more in number the persons are over whom it has power, the greater the wealth? Perhaps it may even appear, after some consideration, that the persons themselves are the wealth that these pieces of gold with which we are in the habit of guiding them, are, in fact, nothing more than a kind of Byzantine harness or trappings, very glittering and beautiful in barbaric sight, wherewith we bridle the creatures; but that if these same living creatures could be guided without the fretting and jingling of the Byzants in their mouths and ears, they might themselves be more valuable than their bridles. In fact, it may be discovered that the true veins of wealth are purple—and not in Rock, but in Flesh—perhaps even that the final outcome and consummation of all wealth is in the producing as many as possible full-breathed, bright-eyed, and happy-hearted human creatures. Our modern wealth, I think, has rather a tendency the other way;—most political economists appearing to consider multitudes of human creatures not conducive to wealth, or at best conducive to it only by remaining in a dim-eyed and narrow-

chested state of being.

Nevertheless, it is open, I repeat, to serious question, which I leave to the reader's pondering, whether, among national manufactures, that of Souls of a good quality may not at last turn out a quite leadingly lucrative one? Nay, in some far-away and yet undreamt-of hour, I can even imagine that England may cast all thoughts of possessive wealth back to the barbaric nations among whom they first arose; and that, while the sands of the Indus and adamant of Golconda may yet stiffen the housings of the charger, and flash from the turban of the slave, she, as a Christian mother, may at last attain to the virtues and the treasures of a Heathen one, and be able to lead forth her Sons, saying, —

"These are My Jewels."[1]

1 此典故中的母亲指古罗马时期一位叫科妮莉亚（Cornelia）的妇女,她的两个儿子分别是勇敢的军人和著名的政治家。有一次几位朋友来她家作客时，互相炫耀华丽的衣装和昂贵的首饰，而科妮莉亚则转身进屋把两个儿子领出来，对众人说：“他们就是我的珠宝。”

Essay III Qui Judicatis Terram

Some centuries before the Christian era, a Jew merchant largely engaged in business on the Gold Coast, and reported to have made one of the largest fortunes of his time, (held also in repute for much practical sagacity,) left among his ledgers some general maxims concerning wealth, which have been preserved, strangely enough, even to our own days. They were held in considerable respect by the most active traders of the middle ages, especially by the Venetians, who even went so far in their admiration as to place a statue of the old Jew on the angle of one of their principal public buildings. Of late years these writings have fallen into disrepute, being opposed in every particular to the spirit of modern commerce. Nevertheless I shall reproduce a passage or two from them here, partly because they may interest the reader by their novelty; and chiefly because they will show him that it is possible for a very practical and acquisitive tradesman to hold, through a not unsuccessful career, that principle of distinction between well-gotten and ill-gotten wealth, which, partially insisted on in my last paper, it must be our work more completely to examine in this.

He says, for instance, in one place: "The getting of treasures by a lying tongue is a vanity tossed to and fro of them that seek death;"[1]adding in another, with the same meaning (he has a curious way of doubling his sayings): "Treasures of wickedness profit nothing; but justice delivers from death."[2] Both these passages are notable for their assertion of death as the only real issue and sum of attainment by any unjust scheme of wealth. If we read, instead of "lying tongue," "lying label, title, pretence, or advertisement," we shall more clearly perceive the bearing of the words on modern business. The seeking of death is a grand expression of the true course of men's toil in such business. We usually speak as if death pursued us, and we fled from him; but that is only so in rare instances. Ordinarily he masks himself—makes himself beautiful—all-glorious; not like the King's daughter, all-glorious within, but outwardly: his clothing of wrought gold.[3] We pursue him frantically all our days, he flying or hiding from us. Our crowning success at three-score and ten is utterly and perfectly to seize, and hold him in his eternal integrity—robes, ashes, and sting[4].

1 《箴言》第二十一章21：6。

2 《箴言》第十章10：2。

3 《诗篇》第四十五章45：13。

4 《哥林多前书》第十五章15：55。

Again: the merchant says, "He that oppresseth the poor to increase his riches, shall surely come to want."1 And again, more strongly: "Rob not the poor because he is poor; neither oppress the afflicted in the place of business. For God shall spoil the soul of those that spoiled them."1

This "robbing the poor because he is poor," is especially the mercantile form of theft, consisting in taking advantage of a man's necessities in order to obtain his labour or property at a reduced price. The ordinary highwayman's opposite form of robbery—of the rich, because he is rich—does not appear to occur so often to the old merchant's mind; probably because, being less profitable and more dangerous than the robbery of the poor, it is rarely practised by persons of discretion.

But the two most remarkable passages in their deep general significance are the following:—

"The rich and the poor have met. God is their maker."3

"The rich and the poor have met. God is their light."4

1 《箴言》第二十二章22：16。

2 《箴言》第二十二章22：22—22：23。

3 《箴言》第二十二章22：2。

4 《箴言》第二十二章29：13。

They "have met:” more literally, have stood in each other's way (obviaverunt). That is to say, as long as the world lasts, the action and counteraction of wealth and poverty, the meeting, face to face, of rich and poor, is just as appointed and necessary a law of that world as the flow of stream to sea, or the interchange of power among the electric clouds:—"God is their maker." But, also, this action may be either gentle and just, or convulsive and destructive; it may be by rage of devouring flood, or by lapse of serviceable wave;—in blackness of thunderstroke, or continual force of vital fire, soft, and shapeable into love-syllables from far away. And which of these it shall be depends on both rich and poor knowing that God is their light; that in the mystery of human life, there is no other light than this by which they can see each other's faces, and live;—light, which is called in another of the books among which the merchant's maxims have been preserved, the "sun of justice,"[4] of which it is promised that it shall

rise at last with "healing" (health-giving or helping, making whole or setting at one)[1] in its wings. For truly this healing is only possible by means of justice; no love, no faith, no hope will do it; men will be unwisely fond—vainly faithful, unless primarily they are just; and the mistake of the best men through generation after generation, has been that great one of thinking to help the poor by almsgiving, and by preaching of patience or of hope, and by every other means, emollient or consolatory, except the one thing which God orders for them, justice. But this justice, with its accompanying holiness or helpfulness, being even by the best men denied in its trial time, is by the mass of men hated wherever it appears; so that, when the choice was one day fairly put to them, they denied the Helpful One and the Just;[5] and desired a murderer, sedition-raiser, and robber, to be granted to them;—the murderer instead of the Lord of Life, the sedition-raiser instead of the Prince of Peace, and the robber instead of the Just Judge of all the world.

1 《玛拉基书》第四章4：2。

I have just spoken of the flowing of streams to the sea as a partial image of the action of wealth. In one respect it is not a partial, but a perfect image. The popular economist thinks himself wise in having discovered that wealth, or the forms of property in general, must go where they are required; that where demand is, supply must follow. He farther declares that this course of demand and supply cannot be forbidden by human laws. Precisely in the same sense, and with the same certainty, the waters of the world go where they are required. Where the land falls, the water flows. The course neither of clouds nor rivers can be forbidden by human will. But the disposition and administration of them can be altered by human forethought. Whether the stream shall be a curse or a blessing, depends upon man's labour and administrating intelligence. For centuries after centuries, great districts of the world, rich in soil, and favoured in climate, have lain desert under the rage of their own rivers; nor only desert, but plague-struck. The stream which, rightly directed, would have flowed in soft irrigation from field to field—would have purified the air, given food to man and beast, and carried their burdens for them on its bosom—now overwhelms the plain, and poisons the wind; its breath pestilence, and its work famine. In like manner this wealth "goes where it is required." No human laws can withstand its flow. They can only guide it; but this, the leading trench and limiting mound can do so thoroughly, that it shall become water of life—the riches of the hand of wisdom;[6] or, on the contrary, by leaving it to its own lawless flow, they may make it, what it has been too often, the last and

deadliest of national plagues: water of Marah[1]—the water which feeds the roots of all evil.

1 《出埃及记》第十五章15：23。

The necessity of these laws of distribution or restraint is curiously over-looked in the ordinary political economist's definition of his own "science." He calls it, shortly, the "science of getting rich." But there are many sciences, as well as many arts, of getting rich. Poisoning people of large estates, was one employed largely in the middle ages; adulteration of food of people of small estates, is one employed largely now. The ancient and honourable Highland method of blackmail, the more modern and less honourable system of obtaining goods on credit, and the other variously improved methods of appropriation—which, in major and minor scales of industry, down to the most artistic pocket-picking, we owe to recent genius,—all come under the general head of sciences, or arts, of getting rich.

So that it is clear the popular economist, in calling his science the science par excellence of getting rich, must attach some peculiar ideas of limitation to its character. I hope I do not misrepresent him, by assuming that he means his science to be the science of "getting rich by legal or just means." In this definition, is the word "just," or "legal," finally to stand? For it is possible among certain nations, or under certain rulers, or by help of certain advocates, that proceedings may be legal which are by no means just. If, therefore, we leave at last only the word "just" in that place of our definition, the insertion of this solitary and small word will make a notable difference in the grammar of our science. For then it will follow that, in order to grow rich scientifically, we must grow rich justly; and, therefore, know what is just; so that our economy will no longer depend merely on prudence, but on jurisprudence—and that of divine, not human law. Which prudence is indeed of no mean order, holding itself, as it were, high in the air of heaven, and gazing for ever on the light of the sun of justice; hence the souls which have excelled in it are represented by Dante as stars, forming in heaven for ever the figure of the eye of an eagle: they having been in life the discerners of light from darkness; or to the whole human race, as the light of the body, which is the eye; while those souls which form the wings of the bird (giving power and dominion to justice, "healing in its wings") trace also in light the inscription in heaven: "DILIGITE JUSTITIAM QUI JUDICATIS TERRAM."[1] "Ye who judge the earth, give" (not, observe, merely love, but) "diligent love to justice" : the love which seeks diligently, that is to say, choosingly, and by preference, to all things else. Which judging

or doing judgment in the earth is, according to their capacity and position, required not of judges only, nor of rulers only, but of all men:[7] a truth sorrowfully lost sight of even by those who are ready enough to apply to themselves passages in which Christian men are spoken of as called to be "saints" (i.e. to helpful or healing functions); and "chosen to be kings" (i.e. to knowing or directing functions); the true meaning of these titles having been long lost through the pretences of unhelpful and unable persons to saintly and kingly character; also through the once popular idea that both the sanctity and royalty are to consist in wearing long robes and high crowns, instead of in mercy and judgment; whereas all true sanctity is saving power, as all true royalty is ruling power; and injustice is part and parcel of the denial of such power, which "makes men as the creeping things, as the fishes of the sea, that have no ruler over them."[8] 2

1 《神曲·天堂篇》第十八首之《鷹》。

2 《哈巴谷书》第一章1：14。

Absolute justice is indeed no more attainable than absolute truth; but the righteous man is distinguished from the unrighteous by his desire and hope of justice, as the true man from the false by his desire and hope of truth. And though absolute justice be unattainable, as much justice as we need for all practical use is attainable by all those who make it their aim.

We have to examine, then, in the subject before us, what are the laws of justice respecting payment of labour—no small part, these, of the foundations of all jurisprudence.

I reduced, in my last paper, the idea of money payment to its simplest or radical terms. In those terms its nature, and the conditions of justice respecting it, can be best ascertained.

Money payment, as there stated, consists radically in a promise to some person working for us, that for the time and labour he spends in our service to-day we will give or procure equivalent time and labour in his service at any future time when he may demand it.[9]

If we promise to give him less labour than he has given us, we under-pay him. If we promise to give him more labour than he has given us, we over-pay him. In practice, according to the laws of demand and supply, when two men are ready to do the work, and only one man wants to have it done, the two men underbid each other for it; and the one who gets it to do, is under-paid. But when two men want the work

done, and there is only one man ready to do it, the two men who want it done overbid each other, and the workman is over-paid.

I will examine these two points of injustice in succession; but first I wish the reader to clearly understand the central principle, lying between the two, of right or just payment.

When we ask a service of any man, he may either give it us freely, or demand payment for it. Respecting free gift of service, there is no question at present, that being a matter of affection—not of traffic. But if he demand payment for it, and we wish to treat him with absolute equity, it is evident that this equity can only consist in giving time for time, strength for strength, and skill for skill. If a man works an hour for us, and we only promise to work half-an-hour for him in return, we obtain an unjust advantage. If, on the contrary, we promise to work an hour and a half for him in return, he has an unjust advantage. The justice consists in absolute exchange; or, if there be any respect to the stations of the parties, it will not be in favour of the employer: there is certainly no equitable reason in a man's being poor, that if he give me a pound of bread to-day, I should return him less than a pound of bread to-morrow; or any equitable reason in a man's being uneducated, that if he uses a certain quantity of skill and knowledge in my service, I should use a less quantity of skill and knowledge in his. Perhaps, ultimately, it may appear desirable, or, to say the least, gracious, that I should give in return somewhat more than I received. But at present, we are concerned on the law of justice only, which is that of perfect and accurate exchange;—one circumstance only interfering with the simplicity of this radical idea of just payment—that inasmuch as labour (rightly directed) is fruitful just as seed is, the fruit (or "interest," as it is called) of the labour first given, or "advanced," ought to be taken into account, and balanced by an additional quantity of labour in the subsequent repayment. Supposing the repayment to take place at the end of a year, or of any other given time, this calculation could be approximately made; but as money (that is to say, cash) payment involves no reference to time (it being optional with the person paid to spend what he receives at once or after any number of years), we can only assume, generally, that some slight advantage must in equity be allowed to the person who advances the labour, so that the typical form of bargain will be: If you give me an hour to-day, I will give you an hour and five minutes on demand. If you give me a pound of bread to-day, I will give you seventeen ounces[1] on demand, and so on. All that is necessary for the reader to note is, that the amount returned is at least in equity not to be less than the amount given.

1 1磅合16盎司。

The abstract idea, then, of just or due wages, as respects the labourer, is that they will consist in a sum of money which will at any time procure for him at least as much labour as he has given, rather more than less. And this equity or justice of payment is, observe, wholly independent of any reference to the number of men who are willing to do the work. I want a horseshoe for my horse. Twenty smiths, or twenty thousand smiths, may be ready to forge it; their number does not in one atom's weight affect the question of the equitable payment of the one who does forge it. It costs him a quarter of an hour of his life, and so much skill and strength of arm to make that horseshoe for me. Then at some future time I am bound in equity to give a quarter of an hour, and some minutes more, of my life (or of some other person's at my disposal), and also as much strength of arm and skill, and a little more, in making or doing what the smith may have need of.

Such being the abstract theory of just remunerative payment, its application is practically modified by the fact that the order for labour, given in payment, is general, while labour received is special. The current coin or document is practically an order on the nation for so much work of any kind; and this universal applicability to immediate need renders it so much more valuable than special labour can be, that an order for a less quantity of this general toil will always be accepted as a just equivalent for a greater quantity of special toil. Any given craftsman will always be willing to give an hour of his own work in order to receive command over half-an-hour, or even much less, of national work. This source of uncertainty, together with the difficulty of determining the monetary value of skill,[10] renders the ascertainment (even approximate) of the proper wages of any given labour in terms of a currency matter of considerable complexity. But they do not affect the principle of exchange. The worth of the work may not be easily known; but it has a worth, just as fixed and real as the specific gravity of a substance, though such specific gravity may not be easily ascertainable when the substance is united with many others. Nor is there so much difficulty or chance in determining it as in determining the ordinary maxima and minima of vulgar political economy. There are few bargains in which the buyer can ascertain with anything like precision that the seller would have taken no less; —or the seller acquire more than a comfortable faith that the purchaser would have given no more. This impossibility of precise knowledge prevents neither from striving to attain the desired point of greatest vexation and injury to the other, nor from accepting it for a

scientific principle that he is to buy for the least and sell for the most possible, though what the real least or most may be he cannot tell. In like manner, a just person lays it down for a scientific principle that he is to pay a just price, and, without being able precisely to ascertain the limits of such a price, will nevertheless strive to attain the closest possible approximation to them. A practically serviceable approximation he can obtain. It is easier to determine scientifically what a man ought to have for his work, than what his necessities will compel him to take for it. His necessities can only be ascertained by empirical, but his due by analytical, investigation. In the one case, you try your answer to the sum like a puzzled schoolboy—till you find one that fits; in the other, you bring out your result within certain limits, by process of calculation.

Supposing, then, the just wages of any quantity of given labour to have been ascertained, let us examine the first results of just and unjust payment, when in favour of the purchaser or employer; i.e. when two men are ready to do the work, and only one wants to have it done.

The unjust purchaser forces the two to bid against each other till he has reduced their demand to its lowest terms. Let us assume that the lowest bidder offers to do the work at half its just price.

The purchaser employs him, and does not employ the other. The first or apparent result is, therefore, that one of the two men is left out of employ, or to starvation, just as definitely as by the just procedure of giving fair price to the best workman. The various writers who endeavoured to invalidate the positions of my first paper never saw this, and assumed that the unjust hirer employed both. He employs both no more than the just hirer. The only difference (in the outset) is that the just man pays sufficiently, the unjust man insufficiently, for the labour of the single person employed.

I say, "in the outset;" for this first or apparent difference is not the actual difference. By the unjust procedure, half the proper price of the work is left in the hands of the employer. This enables him to hire another man at the same unjust rate, on some other kind of work; and the final result is that he has two men working for him at half price, and two are out of employ.

By the just procedure, the whole price of the first piece of work goes in the hands of the man who does it. No surplus being left in the employer's hands, he cannot hire another man for another piece of labour. But by precisely so much as his power is diminished, the hired

workman's power is increased; that is to say, by the additional half of the price he has received: which additional half he has the power of using to employ another man in his service. I will suppose, for the moment, the least favourable, though quite probable, case—that, though justly treated himself, he yet will act unjustly to his subordinate; and hire at half-price, if he can. The final result will then be, that one man works for the employer, at just price; one for the workman, at half-price; and two, as in the first case, are still out of employ. These two, as I said before, are out of employ in both cases. The difference between the just and unjust procedure does not lie in the number of men hired, but in the price paid to them, and the persons by whom it is paid. The essential difference, that which I want the reader to see clearly, is, that in the unjust case, two men work for one, the first hirer. In the just case, one man works for the first hirer, one for the person hired, and so on, down or up through the various grades of service; the influence being carried forward by justice, and arrested by injustice. The universal and constant action of justice in this matter is therefore to diminish the power of wealth, in the hands of one individual, over masses of men, and to distribute it through a chain of men. The actual power exerted by the wealth is the same in both cases; but by injustice it is put all into one man's hands, so that he directs at once and with equal force the labour of a circle of men about him; by the just procedure, he is permitted to touch the nearest only, through whom, with diminished force, modified by new minds, the energy of the wealth passes on to others, and so till it exhausts itself.

The immediate operation of justice in this respect is therefore to diminish the power of wealth, first in acquisition of luxury, and, secondly, in exercise of moral influence. The employer cannot concentrate so multitudinous labour on his own interests, nor can he subdue so multitudinous mind to his own will. But the secondary operation of justice is not less important. The insufficient payment of the group of men working for one, places each under a maximum of difficulty in rising above his position. The tendency of the system is to check advancement. But the sufficient or just payment, distributed through a descending series of offices or grades of labour,[11] gives each subordinated person fair and sufficient means of rising in the social scale, if he chooses to use them; and thus not only diminishes the immediate power of wealth, but removes the worst disabilities of poverty.

It is on this vital problem that the entire destiny of the labourer is ultimately dependent. Many minor interests may sometimes appear to interfere with it, but all branch from it. For instance, considerable

agitation is often caused in the minds of the lower classes when they discover the share which they nominally, and to all appearance, actually, pay out of their wages in taxation (I believe thirty-five or forty per cent). This sounds very grievous; but in reality the labourer does not pay it, but his employer. If the workman had not to pay it, his wages would be less by just that sum: competition would still reduce them to the lowest rate at which life was possible. Similarly the lower orders agitated for the repeal of the corn laws,[12] thinking they would be better off if bread were cheaper; never perceiving that as soon as bread was permanently cheaper, wages would permanently fall in precisely that proportion. The corn laws were rightly repealed; not, however, because they directly oppressed the poor, but because they indirectly oppressed them in causing a large quantity of their labour to be consumed unproductively. So also unnecessary taxation oppresses them, through destruction of capital, but the destiny of the poor depends primarily always on this one question of dueness of wages. Their distress (irrespectively of that caused by sloth, minor error, or crime) arises on the grand scale from the two reacting forces of competition and oppression. There is not yet, nor will yet for ages be, any real over-population in the world; but a local over-population, or, more accurately, a degree of population locally unmanageable under existing circumstances for want of forethought and sufficient machinery, necessarily shows itself by pressure of competition; and the taking advantage of this competition by the purchaser to obtain their labour unjustly cheap, consummates at once their suffering and his own; for in this (as I believe in every other kind of slavery) the oppressor suffers at last more than the oppressed, and those magnificent lines of Pope, even in all their force, fall short of the truth —

"Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf,

Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:

Damned to the mines, an equal fate betides

The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides."

The collateral and reversionary operations of justice in this matter I shall examine hereafter (it being needful first to define the nature of value); proceeding then to consider within what practical terms a juster system may be established; and ultimately the vexed question of the destinies of the unemployed workmen.[13] Lest, however, the reader should be alarmed at some of the issues to which our investigations seem to be tending, as if in their bearing against the

power of wealth they had something in common with those advocating equality of individual wealth, I wish him to know in accurate terms, one or two of the main points which I have in view.

Whether the issues of advocating equality have made more progress among the army and navy (where payment is made on my principles), or among the manufacturing operatives (who are paid on my opponents' principles), I leave it to those opponents to ascertain and declare. Whatever their conclusion may be, I think it necessary to answer for myself only this: that if there be any one point insisted on throughout my works more frequently than another, that one point is the impossibility of Equality. My continual aim has been to show the eternal superiority of some men to others, sometimes even of one man to all others; and to show also the advisability of appointing such persons or person to guide, to lead, or on occasion even to compel and subdue, their inferiors, according to their own better knowledge and wiser will. My principles of Political Economy were all involved in a single phrase spoken three years ago at Manchester: "Soldiers of the Ploughshare as well as soldiers of the Sword;" and they were all summed in a single sentence in the last volume of Modern Painters —“Government and co-operation are in all things the Laws of Life; Anarchy and competition the Laws of Death."

And with respect to the mode in which these general principles affect the secure possession of property, so far am I from invalidating such security, that the whole gist of these papers will be found ultimately to aim at an extension in its range; and whereas it has long been known and declared that the poor have no right to the property of the rich, I wish it also to be known and declared that the rich have no right to the property of the poor.

But that the working of the system which I have undertaken to develope would in many ways shorten the apparent and direct, though not the unseen and collateral, power, both of wealth, as the Lady of Pleasure, and of capital as the Lord of Toil, I do not deny; on the contrary, I affirm it in all joyfulness; knowing that the attraction of riches is already too strong, as their authority is already too weighty, for the reason of mankind. I said in my last paper that nothing in history had ever been so disgraceful to human intellect as the acceptance among us of the common doctrines of political economy as a science. I have many grounds for saying this, but one of the chief may be given in few words. I know no previous instance in history of a nation's establishing a systematic disobedience to the first principles of its professed religion. The writings which we (verbally) esteem as divine, not only denounce the love of money as the source of all evil,

and as an idolatry abhorred of the Deity, but declare mammon service to be the accurate and irreconcileable opposite of God's service; and, whenever they speak of riches absolute, and poverty absolute, declare woe to the rich, and blessing to the poor. Whereupon we forthwith investigate a science of becoming rich as the shortest road to national prosperity. "Tai Cristian dannerà 1’Etiòpe, Quando si partiranno i due collegi, L'UNO IN ETERNO RICCO, E L'ALTRO INÒPE."[1]

1 《神曲·天堂篇》第十九首之《得救之说》。

Essay IV Ad Valorem

We saw that just payment of labour consisted in a sum of money which would approximately obtain equivalent labour at a future time; we have now to examine the means of obtaining such equivalence. Which question involves the definition of Value, Wealth, Price, and Produce.

None of these terms are yet defined so as to be understood by the public. But the last, Produce, which one might have thought the clearest of all, is, in use, the most ambiguous; and the examination of the kind of ambiguity attendant on its present employment will best open the way to our work.

In his chapter on Capital[14] Mr. J. S. Mill instances, as a capitalist, a hardware manufacturer, who, having intended to spend a certain portion of the proceeds of his business in buying plate and jewels, changes his mind, and, "pays it as wages to additional workpeople." The effect is stated by Mr. Mill to be, that "more food is appropriated to the consumption of productive labourers."

Now I do not ask, though, had I written this paragraph, it would surely have been asked of me, What is to become of the silversmiths? If they are truly unproductive persons, we will acquiesce in their extinction. And though in another part of the same passage, the hardware merchant is supposed also to dispense with a number of servants, whose "food is thus set free for productive purposes," I do not inquire what will be the effect, painful or otherwise, upon the servants, of this emancipation of their food. But I very seriously inquire why ironware is produce, and silverware is not? That the merchant consumes the one, and sells the other, certainly does not constitute the difference, unless it can be shown (which, indeed, I perceive it to be becoming daily more and more the aim of tradesmen to show) that commodities are made to be sold, and not to be consumed. The merchant is an agent of conveyance to the consumer in one case, and is himself the consumer in the other;[15] but the labourers are in either case equally productive, since they have produced goods to the same value, if the hardware and the plate are both goods.

And what distinction separates them? It is indeed possible that in the "comparative estimate of the moralist," with which Mr. Mill says political economy has nothing to do (III. i. 2), a steel fork might appear a more substantial production than a silver one; we may grant

also that knives, no less than forks, are good produce; and scythes and ploughshares serviceable articles. But, how of bayonets? Supposing the hardware merchant to effect large sales of these, by help of the "setting free" of the food of his servants and his silversmith,—is he still employing productive labourers, or, in Mr. Mill's words, labourers who increase "the stock of permanent means of enjoyment" (I. iii. 4)? Or if, instead of bayonets, he supply bombs, will not the absolute and final "enjoyment" of even these energetically productive articles (each of which costs ten pounds[16]) be dependent on a proper choice of time and place for their enfantement; choice, that is to say, depending on those philosophical considerations with which political economy has nothing to do?[17]

I should have regretted the need of pointing out inconsistency in any portion of Mr. Mill's work, had not the value of his work proceeded from its inconsistencies. He deserves honour among economists by inadvertently disclaiming the principles which he states, and tacitly introducing the moral considerations with which he declares his science has no connection. Many of his chapters are, therefore, true and valuable; and the only conclusions of his which I have to dispute are those which follow from his premises.

Thus, the idea which lies at the root of the passage we have just been examining, namely, that labour applied to produce luxuries will not support so many persons as labour applied to produce useful articles, is entirely true; but the instance given fails—and in four directions of failure at once—because Mr. Mill has not defined the real meaning of usefulness. The definition which he has given—
"capacity to satisfy a desire, or serve a purpose" (III. i. 2)—applies equally to the iron and silver; while the true definition which he has not given, but which nevertheless underlies the false verbal definition in his mind, and comes out once or twice by accident (as in the words "any support to life or strength" in I. iii. 5)—applies to some articles of iron, but not to others, and to some articles of silver, but not to others. It applies to ploughs, but not to bayonets; and to forks, but not to filigree.[18]

The eliciting of the true definitions will give us the reply to our first question, "What is value?" respecting which, however, we must first hear the popular statements.

"The word 'value,' when used without adjunct, always means, in political economy, value in exchange" (Mill, III. i. 2). So that, if two ships cannot exchange their rudders, their rudders are, in politico-economic language, of no value to either.

But "the subject of political economy is wealth." —(Preliminary remarks, page 1)

And wealth "consists of all useful and agreeable objects which possess exchangeable value." —(Preliminary remarks, page 10)

It appears, then, according to Mr. Mill, that usefulness and agreeableness underlie the exchange value, and must be ascertained to exist in the thing, before we can esteem it an object of wealth.

Now, the economical usefulness of a thing depends not merely on its own nature, but on the number of people who can and will use it. A horse is useless, and therefore unsaleable, if no one can ride,—a sword, if no one can strike, and meat, if no one can eat. Thus every material utility depends on its relative human capacity.

Similarly: The agreeableness of a thing depends not merely on its own likeableness, but on the number of people who can be got to like it. The relative agreeableness, and therefore saleableness, of "a pot of the smallest ale," and of "Adonis painted by a running brook," depends virtually on the opinion of Demos, in the shape of Christopher Sly[1]. That is to say, the agreeableness of a thing depends on its relatively human disposition.[19] Therefore, political economy, being a science of wealth, must be a science respecting human capacities and dispositions. But moral considerations have nothing to do with political economy (III. i. 2). Therefore, moral considerations have nothing to do with human capacities and dispositions.

1 莎士比亚《驯悍记》第二幕。

I do not wholly like the look of this conclusion from Mr. Mill's statements;—let us try Mr. Ricardo's.

"Utility is not the measure of exchangeable value, though it is absolutely essential to it."—(Chap. I. sect. i) Essential in what degree, Mr. Ricardo?

There may be greater and less degrees of utility. Meat, for instance, may be so good as to be fit for any one to eat, or so bad as to be fit for no one to eat. What is the exact degree of goodness which is "essential" to its exchangeable value, but not "the measure" of it? How good must the meat be, in order to possess any exchangeable value; and how bad must it be—(I wish this were a settled question in London markets)—in order to possess none?

There appears to be some hitch, I think, in the working even of Mr. Ricardo's principles; but let him take his own example. "Suppose that in the early stages of society the bows and arrows of the hunter were of equal value with the implements of the fisherman. Under such circumstances the value of the deer, the produce of the hunter's day's labour, would be exactly equal to the value of the fish, the product of the fisherman's day's labour. The comparative value of the fish and game would be entirely regulated by the quantity of labour realized in each." (Ricardo, chap. iii. "On Value.")

Indeed! Therefore, if the fisherman catches one sprat, and the huntsman one deer, one sprat will be equal in value to one deer but if the fisherman catches no sprat, and the huntsman two deer, no sprat will be equal in value to two deer?

Nay; but—Mr. Ricardo's supporters may say—he means, on an average; —if the average product of a day's work of fisher and hunter be one fish and one deer, the one fish will always be equal in value to the one deer.

Might I inquire the species of fish? Whale? or white-bait?[20]

It would be waste of time to pursue these fallacies farther; we will seek for a true definition.

Much store has been set for centuries upon the use of our English classical education. It were to be wished that our well-educated merchants recalled to mind always this much of their Latin schooling, —that the nominative of valorem (a word already sufficiently familiar to them) is valor; a word which, therefore, ought to be familiar to them. Valor, from valere, to be well or strong;—strong, in life (if a man), or valiant; strong, for life (if a thing), or valuable. To be "valuable," therefore, is to "avail towards life." A truly valuable or availing thing is that which leads to life with its whole strength. In proportion as it does not lead to life, or as its strength is broken, it is less valuable; in proportion as it leads away from life, it is unvaluable or malignant.

The value of a thing, therefore, is independent of opinion, and of quantity. Think what you will of it, gain how much you may of it, the value of the thing itself is neither greater nor less. For ever it avails, or avails not; no estimate can raise, no disdain repress, the power which it holds from the Maker of things and of men.

The real science of political economy, which has yet to be

distinguished from the bastard science, as medicine from witchcraft, and astronomy from astrology, is that which teaches nations to desire and labour for the things that lead to life; and which teaches them to scorn and destroy the things that lead to destruction. And if, in a state of infancy, they supposed indifferent things, such as excrescences of shell-fish, and pieces of blue and red stone, to be valuable, and spent large measures of the labour which ought to be employed for the extension and ennobling of life, in diving or digging for them, and cutting them into various shapes,—or if, in the same state of infancy, they imagine precious and beneficent things, such as air, light, and cleanliness, to be valueless,—or if, finally, they imagine the conditions of their own existence, by which alone they can truly possess or use anything, such, for instance, as peace, trust, and love, to be prudently exchangeable, when the markets offer, for gold, iron, or excrescences of shells—the great and only science of Political Economy teaches them, in all these cases, what is vanity, and what substance; and how the service of Death, the lord of Waste, and of eternal emptiness, differs from the service of Wisdom, the lady of Saving, and of eternal fulness; she who has said, "I will cause those that love me to inherit SUBSTANCE; and I will FILL their treasures."[1]

1 《箴言》第八章8：12。

The "Lady of Saving," in a profounder sense than that of the savings bank, though that is a good one: Madonna della Salute,—Lady of Health,—which, though commonly spoken of as if separate from wealth, is indeed a part of wealth. This word, "wealth," it will be remembered, is the next we have to define.

"To be wealthy," says Mr. Mill, "is to have a large stock of useful articles." I accept this definition. Only let us perfectly understand it. My opponents often lament my not giving them enough logic; I fear I must at present use a little more than they will like; but this business of Political Economy is no light one, and we must allow no loose terms in it.

We have, therefore, to ascertain in the above definition, first, what is the meaning of "having," or the nature of Possession. Then, what is the meaning of "useful," or the nature of Utility.

And first of possession. At the crossing of the transepts of Milan Cathedral has lain, for three hundred years, the embalmed body of St. Carlo Borromeo. It holds a golden crosier, and has a cross of emeralds on its breast. Admitting the crosier and emeralds to be useful articles,

is the body to be considered as "having" them? Do they, in the politico-economical sense of property, belong to it? If not, and if we may, therefore, conclude generally that a dead body cannot possess property, what degree and period of animation in the body will render possession possible?

As thus: lately in a wreck of a Californian ship, one of the passengers fastened a belt about him with two hundred pounds of gold in it, with which he was found afterwards at the bottom. Now, as he was sinking —had he the gold? or had the gold him?[21]

And if, instead of sinking him in the sea by its weight, the gold had struck him on the forehead, and thereby caused incurable disease—suppose palsy or insanity,—would the gold in that case have been more a "possession" than in the first? Without pressing the inquiry up through instances of gradually increasing vital power over the gold (which I will, however, give, if they are asked for), I presume the reader will see that possession, or "having," is not an absolute, but a gradated, power; and consists not only in the quantity or nature of the thing possessed, but also (and in a greater degree) in its suitableness to the person possessing it and in his vital power to use it.

And our definition of Wealth, expanded, becomes: "The possession of useful articles, which we can use." This is a very serious change. For wealth, instead of depending merely on a "have," is thus seen to depend on a "can." Gladiator's death, on a "habet"; but soldier's victory, and State's salvation, on a "quo plurimum posset." (Liv., VII. 6) And what we reasoned of only as accumulation of material, is seen to demand also accumulation of capacity.

So much for our verb. Next for our adjective. What is the meaning of "useful"?

The inquiry is closely connected with the last. For what is capable of use in the hands of some persons, is capable, in the hands of others, of the opposite of use, called commonly "from-use," or "ab-use." And it depends on the person, much more than on the article, whether its usefulness or ab-usefulness will be the quality developed in it. Thus, wine, which the Greeks, in their Bacchus, made rightly the type of all passion, and which, when used, "cheereth god and man"1 (that is to say, strengthens both the divine life, or reasoning power, and the earthy, or carnal power, of man); yet, when abused, becomes "Dionusos," hurtful especially to the divine part of man, or reason. And again, the body itself, being equally liable to use and to abuse, and, when rightly disciplined, serviceable to the State, both for war and

labour,—but when not disciplined, or abused, valueless to the State, and capable only of continuing the private or single existence of the individual (and that but feebly)—the Greeks called such a body an "idiotic" or "private" body, from their word signifying a person employed in no way directly useful to the State; whence finally, our "idiot," meaning a person entirely occupied with his own concerns.

1 《士师记》第九章9：13。

Hence, it follows that if a thing is to be useful, it must be not only of an availing nature, but in availing hands. Or, in accurate terms, usefulness is value in the hands of the valiant; so that this science of wealth being, as we have just seen, when regarded as the science of Accumulation, accumulative of capacity as well as of material,—when regarded as the Science of Distribution, is distribution not absolute, but discriminate; not of every thing to every man, but of the right thing to the right man. A difficult science, dependent on more than arithmetic.

Wealth, therefore, is "THE POSSESSION OF THE VALUABLE BY THE VALIANT"; and in considering it as a power existing in a nation, the two elements, the value of the thing, and the valour of its possessor, must be estimated together. Whence it appears that many of the persons commonly considered wealthy, are in reality no more wealthy than the locks of their own strong boxes are, they being inherently and eternally incapable of wealth; and operating for the nation, in an economical point of view, either as pools of dead water, and eddies in a stream (which, so long as the stream flows, are useless, or serve only to drown people, but may become of importance in a state of stagnation should the stream dry); or else, as dams in a river, of which the ultimate service depends not on the dam, but the miller; or else, as mere accidental stays and impediments, acting not as wealth, but (for we ought to have a correspondent term) as "illth," causing various devastation and trouble around them in all directions; or lastly, act not at all, but are merely animated conditions of delay, (no use being possible of anything they have until they are dead,) in which last condition they are nevertheless often useful as delays, and "impedimenta," if a nation is apt to move too fast.

This being so, the difficulty of the true science of Political Economy lies not merely in the need of developing manly character to deal with material value, but in the fact, that while the manly character and material value only form wealth by their conjunction, they have nevertheless a mutually destructive operation on each other. For the

manly character is apt to ignore, or even cast away, the material value:—whence that of Pope:— "Sure, of qualities demanding praise, More go to ruin fortunes, than to raise." And on the other hand, the material value is apt to undermine the manly character; so that it must be our work, in the issue, to examine what evidence there is of the effect of wealth on the minds of its possessors; also, what kind of person it is who usually sets himself to obtain wealth, and succeeds in doing so; and whether the world owes more gratitude to rich or to poor men, either for their moral influence upon it, or for chief goods, discoveries, and practical advancements. I may, however, anticipate future conclusions, so far as to state that in a community regulated only by laws of demand and supply, but protected from open violence, the persons who become rich are, generally speaking, industrious, resolute, proud, covetous, prompt, methodical, sensible, unimaginative, insensitive, and ignorant. The persons who remain poor are the entirely foolish, the entirely wise,[22] the idle, the reckless, the humble, the thoughtful, the dull, the imaginative, the sensitive, the well-informed, the improvident, the irregularly and impulsively wicked, the clumsy knave, the open thief, and the entirely merciful, just, and godly person.

Thus far, then, of wealth. Next, we have to ascertain the nature of PRICE; that is to say, of exchange value, and its expression by currencies.

Note first, of exchange, there can be no profit in it. It is only in labour there can be profit—that is to say, a "making in advance," or "making in favour of" (from proficio). In exchange, there is only advantage, i.e., a bringing of vantage or power to the exchanging persons. Thus, one man, by sowing and reaping, turns one measure of corn into two measures. That is Profit. Another, by digging and forging, turns one spade into two spades. That is Profit. But the man who has two measures of corn wants sometimes to dig; and the man who has two spades wants sometimes to eat:—They exchange the gained grain for the gained tool; and both are the better for the exchange; but though there is much advantage in the transaction, there is no profit. Nothing is constructed or produced. Only that which had been before constructed is given to the person by whom it can be used. If labour is necessary to effect the exchange, that labour is in reality involved in the production, and, like all other labour, bears profit. Whatever number of men are concerned in the manufacture, or in the conveyance, have share in the profit; but neither the manufacture nor the conveyance are the exchange, and in the exchange itself there is no profit.

There may, however, be acquisition, which is a very different thing. If, in the exchange, one man is able to give what cost him little labour for what has cost the other much, he "acquires" a certain quantity of the produce of the other's labour. And precisely what he acquires, the other loses. In mercantile language, the person who thus acquires is commonly said to have "made a profit"; and I believe that many of our merchants are seriously under the impression that it is possible for everybody, somehow, to make a profit in this manner. Whereas, by the unfortunate constitution of the world we live in, the laws both of matter and motion have quite rigorously forbidden universal acquisition of this kind. Profit, or material gain, is attainable only by construction or by discovery; not by exchange. Whenever material gain follows exchange, for every plus there is a precisely equal minus.

Unhappily for the progress of the science of Political Economy, the plus quantities, or,—if I may be allowed to coin an awkward plural—the pluses, make a very positive and venerable appearance in the world, so that every one is eager to learn the science which produces results so magnificent; whereas the minuses have, on the other hand, a tendency to retire into back streets, and other places of shade,—or even to get themselves wholly and finally put out of sight in graves: which renders the algebra of this science peculiar, and difficultly legible; a large number of its negative signs being written by the account-keeper in a kind of red ink, which starvation thins, and makes strangely pale, or even quite invisible ink, for the present.

The Science of Exchange, or, as I hear it has been proposed to call it, of "Catallactics," considered as one of gain, is, therefore, simply nugatory; but considered as one of acquisition, it is a very curious science, differing in its data and basis from every other science known. Thus:—if I can exchange a needle with a savage for a diamond, my power of doing so depends either on the savage's ignorance of social arrangements in Europe, or on his want of power to take advantage of them, by selling the diamond to any one else for more needles. If, farther, I make the bargain as completely advantageous to myself as possible, by giving to the savage a needle with no eye in it (reaching, thus a sufficiently satisfactory type of the perfect operation of catallactic science), the advantage to me in the entire transaction depends wholly upon the ignorance, powerlessness, or heedlessness of the person dealt with. Do away with these, and catallactic advantage becomes impossible. So far, therefore, as the science of exchange relates to the advantage of one of the exchanging persons only, it is founded on the ignorance or incapacity of the opposite person. Where these vanish, it also vanishes. It is therefore a science founded on nescience, and an art founded on artlessness. But all other sciences

and arts, except this, have for their object the doing away with their opposite nescience and artlessness. This science, alone of sciences, must, by all available means, promulgate and prolong its opposite nescience; otherwise the science itself is impossible. It is, therefore, peculiarly and alone the science of darkness; probably a bastard science—not by any means a divina scientia, but one begotten of another father, that father who, advising his children to turn stones into bread, is himself employed in turning bread into stones, and who, if you ask a fish of him (fish not being producible on his estate), can but give you a serpent.

The general law, then, respecting just or economical exchange, is simply this:—There must be advantage on both sides (or if only advantage on one, at least no disadvantage on the other) to the persons exchanging; and just payment for his time, intelligence, and labour, to any intermediate person effecting the transaction (commonly called a merchant); and whatever advantage there is on either side, and whatever pay is given to the intermediate person, should be thoroughly known to all concerned. All attempt at concealment implies some practice of the opposite, or undivine science, founded on nescience. Whence another saying of the Jew merchant's—"As a nail between the stone joints, so doth sin stick fast between buying and selling."[1] Which peculiar riveting of stone and timber, in men's dealings with each other, is again set forth in the house which was to be destroyed—timber and stones together—when Zechariah's roll (more probably "curved sword") flew over it: "the curse that goeth forth over all the earth upon every one that stealeth and holdeth himself guiltless,"[2] instantly followed by the vision of the Great Measure;—the measure "of the injustice of them in all the earth" (ατη ή άδικία αύτών έν πάσ τ γ) , with the weight of lead for its lid, and the woman, the spirit of wickedness, within it;—that is to say, Wickedness hidden by Dulness, and formalized, outwardly, into ponderously established cruelty.[3] "It shall be set upon its own base in the land of Babel."[4] [23]

I have hitherto carefully restricted myself, in speaking of exchange, to the use of the term "advantage"; but that term includes two ideas; the advantage, namely, of getting what we need, and that of getting what we wish for. Three-fourths of the demands existing in the world are romantic; founded on visions, idealisms, hopes, and affections; and the regulation of the purse is, in its essence, regulation of the imagination and the heart. Hence, the right discussion of the nature of price is a very high metaphysical and psychical problem; sometimes to be solved only in a passionate manner, as by David in his counting the price of the water of the well by the gate of Bethlehem[5]; but its first

conditions are the following:—The price of anything is the quantity of labour given by the person desiring it, in order to obtain possession of it. This price depends on four variable quantities. A. The quantity of wish the purchaser has for the thing; opposed to A, the quantity of wish the seller has to keep it. B. The quantity of labour the purchaser can afford, to obtain the thing; opposed to B, the quantity of labour the seller can afford, to keep it. These quantities are operative only in excess: i.e. the quantity of wish (A) means the quantity of wish for this thing, above wish for other things; and the quantity of work (B) means the quantity which can be spared to get this thing from the quantity needed to get other things.

1 《圣经后典·便西拉智训（德训篇）》第二十七章27：2。

2 《撒迦利亚书》第五章5：2—5：3。

3 《撒迦利亚书》第五章5：5—5：8。

4 《撒迦利亚书》第五章5：11。

5 《撒母耳记（下）》第二十三章23：14—23：17。

Phenomena of price, therefore, are intensely complex, curious, and interesting—too complex, however, to be examined yet; every one of them, when traced far enough, showing itself at last as a part of the bargain of the Poor of the Flock (or "flock of slaughter"), "If ye think good, give ME my price, and if not, forbear"—Zech., xi. 12; but as the price of everything is to be calculated finally in labour, it is necessary to define the nature of that standard.

Labour is the contest of the life of man with an opposite;—the term "life" including his intellect, soul, and physical power, contending with question, difficulty, trial, or material force.

Labour is of a higher or lower order, as it includes more or fewer of the elements of life; and labour of good quality, in any kind, includes always as much intellect and feeling as will fully and harmoniously regulate the physical force.

In speaking of the value and price of labour, it is necessary always to understand labour of a given rank and quality, as we should speak of gold or silver of a given standard. Bad (that is, heartless, inexperienced, or senseless) labour cannot be valued; it is like gold of uncertain alloy, or flawed iron.[24]

The quality and kind of labour being given, its value, like that of all other valuable things, is invariable. But the quantity of it which must

be given for other things is variable; and in estimating this variation, the price of other things must always be counted by the quantity of labour; not the price of labour by the quantity of other things.

Thus, if we want to plant an apple sapling in rocky ground, it may take two hours' work; in soft ground, perhaps only half an hour. Grant the soil equally good for the tree in each case. Then the value of the sapling planted by two hours' work is nowise greater than that of the sapling planted in half an hour. One will bear no more fruit than the other. Also, one half-hour of work is as valuable as another half-hour; nevertheless the one sapling has cost four such pieces of work, the other only one. Now the proper statement of this fact is, not that the labour on the hard ground is cheaper than on the soft; but that the tree is dearer. The exchange value may, or may not, afterwards depend on this fact. If other people have plenty of soft ground to plant in, they will take no cognizance of our two hours' labour, in the price they will offer for the plant on the rock. And if, through want of sufficient botanical science, we have planted an upastree instead of an apple, the exchange value will be a negative quantity; still less proportionate to the labour expended.

What is commonly called cheapness of labour, signifies, therefore, in reality, that many obstacles have to be overcome by it; so that much labour is required to produce a small result. But this should never be spoken of as cheapness of labour, but as dearness of the object wrought for. It would be just as rational to say that walking was cheap, because we had ten miles to walk home to our dinner, as that labour was cheap, because we had to work ten hours to earn it.

The last word which we have to define is "Production."

I have hitherto spoken of all labour as profitable; because it is impossible to consider under one head the quality or value of labour, and its aim. But labour of the best quality may be various in aim. It may be either constructive ("gathering" from con and struo), as agriculture; nugatory, as jewel-cutting; or destructive ("scattering" from de and struo), as war. It is not, however, always easy to prove labour, apparently nugatory, to be actually so;[25] generally, the formula holds good: "he that gathereth not, scattereth"[1]; thus, the jeweller's art is probably very harmful in its ministering to a clumsy and inelegant pride. So that, finally, I believe nearly all labour may be shortly divided into positive and negative labour: positive, that which produces life; negative, that which produces death; the most directly negative labour being murder, and the most directly positive, the bearing and rearing of children; so that in the precise degree in which

murder is hateful, on the negative side of idleness, in the exact degree child-rearing is admirable, on the positive side of idleness. For which reason, and because of the honour that there is in rearing[26] children, while the wife is said to be as the vine (for cheering), the children are as the olive branch, for praise: nor for praise only, but for peace (because large families can only be reared in times of peace); though since, in their spreading and voyaging in various directions, they distribute strength, they are, to the home strength, as arrows in the hand of the giant—striking here and there far away.

1 《马太福音》第十二章12：30。

Labour being thus various in its result, the prosperity of any nation is in exact proportion to the quantity of labour which it spends in obtaining and employing means of life. Observe,—I say, obtaining and employing; that is to say, not merely wisely producing, but wisely distributing and consuming. Economists usually speak as if there were no good in consumption absolute.[27] So far from this being so, consumption absolute is the end, crown, and perfection of production; and wise consumption is a far more difficult art than wise production. Twenty people can gain money for one who can use it; and the vital question, for individual and for nation, is, never "how much do they make?" but "to what purpose do they spend?"

The reader may, perhaps, have been surprised at the slight reference I have hitherto made to "capital," and its functions. It is here the place to define them.

Capital signifies "head, or source, or root material"—it is material by which some derivative or secondary good is produced. It is only capital proper (caput vivum, not caput mortuum) when it is thus producing something different from itself. It is a root, which does not enter into vital function till it produces something else than a root: namely, fruit. That fruit will in time again produce roots; and so all living capital issues in reproduction of capital; but capital which produces nothing but capital is only root producing root; bulb issuing in bulb, never in tulip; seed issuing in seed, never in bread. The Political Economy of Europe has hitherto devoted itself wholly to the multiplication, or (less even) the aggregation, of bulbs. It never saw, nor conceived, such a thing as a tulip. Nay, boiled bulbs they might have been—glass bulbs—Prince Rupert's drops, consummated in powder (well, if it were glass-powder and not gunpowder), for any end or meaning the economists had in defining the laws of aggregation. We will try and get a clearer notion of them.

The best and simplest general type of capital is a well-made ploughshare. Now, if that ploughshare did nothing but beget other ploughshares, in a polypous manner,—however the great cluster of polypous plough might glitter in the sun, it would have lost its function of capital. It becomes true capital only by another kind of splendour,—when it is seen "splendescere sulco," to grow bright in the furrow; rather with diminution of its substance, than addition, by the noble friction. And the true home question, to every capitalist and to every nation, is not, "how many ploughs have you?" but, "where are your furrows?" not—"how quickly will this capital reproduce itself?" —but, "what will it do during reproduction?" What substance will it furnish, good for life? what work construct, protective of life? if none, its own reproduction is useless—if worse than none (for capital may destroy life as well as support it), its own reproduction is worse than useless; it is merely an advance from Tisiphone, on mortgage—not a profit by any means.

Not a profit, as the ancients truly saw, and showed in the type of Ixion;—for capital is the head, or fountain head of wealth—the "well-head" of wealth, as the clouds are the well-heads of rain; but when clouds are without water, and only beget clouds, they issue in wrath at last, instead of rain, and in lightning instead of harvest; whence Ixion is said first to have invited his guests to a banquet, and then made them fall into a pit, (as also Demas' silver mine[1],) after which, to show the rage of riches passing from lust of pleasure to lust of power, yet power not truly understood, Ixion is said to have desired Juno, and instead, embracing a cloud (or phantasm), to have begotten the Centaurs; the power of mere wealth being, in itself, as the embrace of a shadow,—comfortless, (so also "Ephraim feedeth on wind and followeth after the east wind"[2]; or "that which is not"[3] and again Geryon, the type of avaricious fraud, as he flies, gathers the air up with retractile claws,—"l'aer a se raccolse,"[28]) but in its offspring, a mingling of the brutal with the human nature; human in sagacity—using both intellect and arrow; but brutal in its body and hoof, for consuming, and trampling down. For which sin Ixion is at last bound upon a wheel—fiery and toothed, and rolling perpetually in the air:—the type of human labour when selfish and fruitless (kept far into the Middle Ages in their wheels of fortune); the wheel which has in it no breath or spirit, but is whirled by chance only; whereas of all true work the Ezekiel vision is true, that the Spirit of the living creature is in the wheels, and where the angels go, the wheels go by them; but move no otherwise[4].

1 见班扬著《天路历程》第三十一章。

2 《何西阿书》第十二章12：1。

3 《箴言》第二十三章23：5。

4 《以西结书》第一章1：4—1：21。

This being the real nature of capital, it follows that there are two kinds of true production, always going on in an active state: one of seed, and one of food; or production for the Ground, and for the Mouth; both of which are by covetous persons thought to be production only for the granary; whereas the function of the granary is but intermediate and conservative, fulfilled in distribution; else it ends in nothing but mildew, and nourishment of rats and worms. And since production for the Ground is only useful with future hope of harvest, all essential production is for the Mouth; and is finally measured by the mouth; hence, as I said above, consumption is the crown of production; and the wealth of a nation is only to be estimated by what it consumes.

The want of any clear sight of this fact is the capital error, issuing in rich interest and revenue of error among the political economists. Their minds are continually set on money-gain, not on mouth-gain; and they fall into every sort of net and snare, dazzled by the coin-glitter as birds by the fowler's glass; or rather (for there is not much else like birds in them) they are like children trying to jump on the heads of their own shadows; the money-gain being only the shadow of the true gain, which is humanity.

The final object of political economy, therefore, is to get good method of consumption, and great quantity of consumption; in other words, to use everything, and to use it nobly; whether it be substance, service, or service perfecting substance. The most curious error in Mr. Mill's entire work, (provided for him originally by Ricardo,) is his endeavour to distinguish between direct and indirect service, and consequent assertion that a demand for commodities is not demand for labour (I. v. 9, et seq.). He distinguishes between labourers employed to lay out pleasure grounds, and to manufacture velvet; declaring that it makes material difference to the labouring classes in which of these two ways a capitalist spends his money; because the employment of the gardeners is a demand for labour, but the purchase of velvet is not.[29] Error colossal, as well as strange. It will, indeed, make a difference to the labourer whether we bid him swing his scythe in the spring winds, or drive the loom in pestilential air; but, so far as his pocket is concerned, it makes to him absolutely no difference whether we order him to make green velvet, with seed and a scythe, or red velvet, with silk and scissors. Neither does it anywise concern him whether, when

the velvet is made, we consume it by walking on it, or wearing it, so long as our consumption of it is wholly selfish. But if our consumption is to be in anywise unselfish, not only our mode of consuming the articles we require interests him, but also the kind of article we require with a view to consumption. As thus (returning for a moment to Mr. Mill's great hardware theory[30]): it matters, so far as the labourer's immediate profit is concerned, not an iron filing whether I employ him in growing a peach, or forging a bombshell; but my probable mode of consumption of those articles matters seriously. Admit that it is to be in both cases "unselfish," and the difference, to him, is final, whether when his child is ill, I walk into his cottage and give it the peach, or drop the shell down his chimney, and blow his roof off.

The worst of it, for the peasant, is, that the capitalist's consumption of the peach is apt to be selfish, and of the shell, distributive;[31] but, in all cases, this is the broad and general fact, that on due catallactic commercial principles, somebody's roof must go off in fulfilment of the bomb's destiny. You may grow for your neighbour, at your liking, grapes or grape-shot; he will also, catallactically, grow grapes or grape-shot for you, and you will each reap what you have sown.

It is, therefore, the manner and issue of consumption which are the real tests of production. Production does not consist in things laboriously made, but in things serviceably consumable; and the question for the nation is not how much labour it employs, but how much life it produces. For as consumption is the end and aim of production, so life is the end and aim of consumption.

I left this question to the reader's thought two months ago, choosing rather that he should work it out for himself than have it sharply stated to him. But now, the ground being sufficiently broken (and the details into which the several questions, here opened, must lead us, being too complex for discussion in the pages of a periodical, so that I must pursue them elsewhere), I desire, in closing the series of introductory papers, to leave this one great fact clearly stated. THERE IS NO WEALTH BUT LIFE. Life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal, and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others.

A strange political economy; the only one, nevertheless, that ever was or can be: all political economy founded on self-interest[32] being but

the fulfilment of that which once brought schism into the Policy of angels, and ruin into the Economy of Heaven.

"The greatest number of human beings noble and happy." But is the nobleness consistent with the number? Yes, not only consistent with it, but essential to it. The maximum of life can only be reached by the maximum of virtue. In this respect the law of human population differs wholly from that of animal life. The multiplication of animals is checked only by want of food, and by the hostility of races; the population of the gnat is restrained by the hunger of the swallow, and that of the swallow by the scarcity of gnats. Man, considered as an animal, is indeed limited by the same laws: hunger, or plague, or war, are the necessary and only restraints upon his increase,—effectual restraints hitherto,—his principal study having been how most swiftly to destroy himself, or ravage his dwelling-places, and his highest skill directed to give range to the famine, seed to the plague, and sway to the sword. But, considered as other than an animal, his increase is not limited by these laws. It is limited only by the limits of his courage and his love. Both of these have their bounds; and ought to have; his race has its bounds also; but these have not yet been reached, nor will be reached for ages.

In all the ranges of human thought I know none so melancholy as the speculations of political economists on the population question. It is proposed to better the condition of the labourer by giving him higher wages. "Nay," says the economist,—"if you raise his wages, he will either drag people down to the same point of misery at which you found him, or drink your wages away." He will. I know it. Who gave him this will? Suppose it were your own son of whom you spoke, declaring to me that you dared not take him into your firm, nor even give him his just labourer's wages, because if you did he would die of drunkenness, and leave half a score of children to the parish. "Who gave your son these dispositions?" —I should enquire. Has he them by inheritance or by education? By one or other they must come; and as in him, so also in the poor. Either these poor are of a race essentially different from ours, and unredeemable (which, however, often implied, I have heard none yet openly say), or else by such care as we have ourselves received, we may make them continent and sober as ourselves—wise and dispassionate as we are—models arduous of imitation. "But," it is answered, "they cannot receive education." Why not? That is precisely the point at issue. Charitable persons suppose the worst fault of the rich is to refuse the people meat; and the people cry for their meat, kept back by fraud, to the Lord of Multitudes.[33] Alas! it is not meat of which the refusal is cruelest, or to which the claim is validest. The life is more than the meat. The rich not only

refuse food to the poor; they refuse wisdom; they refuse virtue; they refuse salvation. Ye sheep without shepherd, it is not the pasture that has been shut from you, but the Presence. Meat! perhaps your right to that may be pleadable; but other rights have to be pleaded first. Claim your crumbs from the table, if you will; but claim them as children, not as dogs;[1] claim your right to be fed, but claim more loudly your right to be holy, perfect, and pure.

1 《路加福音》第十六章16：21。

Strange words to be used of working people: "What! holy; without any long robes nor anointing oils; these rough-jacketed, rough-worded persons; set to nameless and dishonoured service? Perfect!—these, with dim eyes and cramped limbs, and slowly wakening minds? Pure—these, with sensual desire and grovelling thought; foul of body, and coarse of soul?" It may be so; nevertheless, such as they are, they are the holiest, perfectest, purest persons the earth can at present show. They may be what you have said; but if so, they yet are holier than we, who have left them thus.

But what can be done for them? Who can clothe—who teach—who restrain their multitudes? What end can there be for them at last, but to consume one another?

I hope for another end, though not, indeed, from any of the three remedies for over-population commonly suggested by economists.

These three are, in brief—Colonization; Bringing in of waste lands; or Discouragement of marriage.

The first and second of these expedients merely evade or delay the question. It will, indeed, be long before the world has been all colonized, and its deserts all brought under cultivation. But the radical question is not how much habitable land is in the world, but how many human beings ought to be maintained on a given space of habitable land.

Observe, I say, ought to be, not how many can be. Ricardo, with his usual inaccuracy, defines what he calls the "natural rate of wages" as "that which will maintain the labourer." Maintain him! yes; but how?—the question was instantly thus asked of me by a working girl, to whom I read the passage. I will amplify her question for her. "Maintain him, how?" As, first, to what length of life? Out of a given number of fed persons how many are to be old—how many young;

that is to say, will you arrange their maintenance so as to kill them early—say at thirty or thirty-five on the average, including deaths of weakly or ill-fed children?—or so as to enable them to live out a natural life? You will feed a greater number, in the first case,[34] by rapidity of succession; probably a happier number in the second; which does Mr. Ricardo mean to be their natural state, and to which state belongs the natural rate of wages?

Again: A piece of land which will only support ten idle, ignorant, and improvident persons, will support thirty or forty intelligent and industrious ones. Which of these is their natural state, and to which of them belongs the natural rate of wages?

Again: If a piece of land support forty persons in industrious ignorance; and if, tired of this ignorance, they set apart ten of their number to study the properties of cones, and the sizes of stars; the labour of these ten, being withdrawn from the ground, must either tend to the increase of food in some transitional manner, or the persons set apart for sidereal and conic purposes must starve, or some one else starve instead of them. What is, therefore, the natural rate of wages of the scientific persons, and how does this rate relate to, or measure, their reverted or transitional productiveness?

Again: If the ground maintains, at first, forty labourers in a peaceable and pious state of mind, but they become in a few years so quarrelsome and impious that they have to set apart five, to meditate upon and settle their disputes;—ten, armed to the teeth with costly instruments, to enforce the decisions; and five to remind everybody in an eloquent manner of the existence of a God; what will be the result upon the general power of production, and what is the "natural rate of wages" of the meditative, muscular, and oracular labourers?

Leaving these questions to be discussed, or waived, at their pleasure, by Mr. Ricardo's followers, I proceed to state the main facts bearing on that probable future of the labouring classes which has been partially glanced at by Mr. Mill. That chapter and the preceding one differ from the common writing of political economists in admitting some value in the aspect of nature, and expressing regret at the probability of the destruction of natural scenery. But we may spare our anxieties, on this head. Men can neither drink stream, nor eat stone. The maximum of population on a given space of land implies also the relative maximum of edible vegetable, whether for men or cattle; it implies a maximum of pure air; and of pure water. Therefore: a maximum of wood, to transmute the air, and of sloping ground, protected by herbage from the extreme heat of the sun, to feed the streams. All England may, if it

so chooses, become one manufacturing town; and Englishmen, sacrificing themselves to the good of general humanity, may live diminished lives in the midst of noise, of darkness, and of deadly exhalation. But the world cannot become a factory, nor a mine. No amount of ingenuity will ever make iron digestible by the million, nor substitute hydrogen for wine. Neither the avarice nor the rage of men will ever feed them, and however the apple of Sodom and the grape of Gomorrah may spread their table for a time with dainties of ashes, and nectar of asps,[1]—so long as men live by bread, the far away valleys must laugh as they are covered with the gold of God, and the shouts of His happy multitudes ring round the winepress and the well.

1 《创世记》第十八、十九章，《申命记》第三十二章32：32—32：33。

Nor need our more sentimental economists fear the too wide spread of the formalities of a mechanical agriculture. The presence of a wise population implies the search for felicity as well as for food; nor can any population reach its maximum but through that wisdom which "rejoices" in the habitable parts of the earth. The desert has its appointed place and work; the eternal engine, whose beam is the earth's axle, whose beat is its year, and whose breath is its ocean, will still divide imperiously to their desert kingdoms, bound with unfurrowable rock, and swept by unarrested sand, their powers of frost and fire; but the zones and lands between, habitable, will be loveliest in habitation. The desire of the heart is also the light of the eyes. No scene is continually and untiringly loved, but one rich by joyful human labour; smooth in field; fair in garden; full in orchard; trim, sweet, and frequent in homestead; ringing with voices of vivid existence. No air is sweet that is silent; it is only sweet when full of low currents of under sound-triplets of birds, and murmur and chirp of insects, and deep-toned words of men, and wayward trebles of childhood. As the art of life is learned, it will be found at last that all lovely things are also necessary;—the wild flower by the wayside, as well as the tended corn; and the wild birds and creatures of the forest, as well as the tended cattle; because man doth not live by bread only, but also by the desert manna; by every wondrous word and unknowable work of God.[1] Happy, in that he knew them not, nor did his fathers know; and that round about him reaches yet into the infinite, the amazement of his existence.

1 《约翰福音》第六章6：28—6：31。

Note, finally, that all effectual advancement towards this true felicity

of the human race must be by individual, not public effort. Certain general measures may aid, certain revised laws guide, such advancement; but the measure and law which have first to be determined are those of each man's home. We continually hear it recommended by sagacious people to complaining neighbours (usually less well placed in the world than themselves), that they should "remain content in the station in which Providence has placed them." There are perhaps some circumstances of life in which Providence has no intention that people should be content. Nevertheless, the maxim is on the whole a good one; but it is peculiarly for home use. That your neighbour should, or should not, remain content with his position, is not your business; but it is very much your business to remain content with your own. What is chiefly needed in England at the present day is to show the quantity of pleasure that may be obtained by a consistent, well-administered competence, modest, confessed, and laborious. We need examples of people who, leaving Heaven to decide whether they are to rise in the world, decide for themselves that they will be happy in it, and have resolved to seek-not greater wealth, but simpler pleasure; not higher fortune, but deeper felicity; making the first of possessions, self-possession; and honouring themselves in the harmless pride and calm pursuits of peace.

Of which lowly peace it is written that "justice and peace have kissed each other;[1]" and that the fruit of justice is "sown in peace of them that make peace;[2]" not "peace-makers" in the common understanding—reconcilers of quarrels; (though that function also follows on the greater one;) but peace-Creators; Givers of Calm. Which you cannot give, unless you first gain; nor is this gain one which will follow assuredly on any course of business, commonly so called. No form of gain is less probable, business being (as is shown in the language of all nations—πωλεῖν from πέλω, πρᾶσις from περάω, venire, vendre, and venal, from venio, etc.) essentially restless—and probably contentious;—having a raven-like mind to the motion to and fro, as to the carrion food; whereas the olive-feeding and bearing birds look for rest for their feet; thus it is said of Wisdom that she "hath builded her house, and hewn out her seven pillars;[3]" and even when, though apt to wait long at the door-posts, she has to leave her house and go abroad, her paths are peace also.

1 《诗篇》第八十五85：10。

2 《雅各书》第三章3：18。

3 《箴言》第九章9：1。

For us, at all events, her work must begin at the entry of the doors: all true economy is "Law of the house." Strive to make that law strict, simple, generous: waste nothing, and grudge nothing. Care in nowise to make more of money, but care to make much of it; remembering always the great, palpable, inevitable fact—the rule and root of all economy—that what one person has, another cannot have; and that every atom of substance, of whatever kind, used or consumed, is so much human life spent; which, if it issue in the saving present life, or gaining more, is well spent, but if not, is either so much life prevented, or so much slain. In all buying, consider, first, what condition of existence you cause in the producers of what you buy; secondly, whether the sum you have paid is just to the producer, and in due proportion, lodged in his hands;[35]thirdly, to how much clear use, for food, knowledge, or joy, this that you have bought can be put; and fourthly, to whom and in what way it can be most speedily and serviceably distributed; in all dealings whatsoever insisting on entire openness and stern fulfilment; and in all doings, on perfection and loveliness of accomplishment; especially on fineness and purity of all marketable commodity; watching at the same time for all ways of gaining, or teaching, powers of simple pleasure, and of showing “ὅσον έν σΦοδέλω γέγ ὅνειαρ”—the sum of enjoyment depending not on the quantity of things tasted, but on the vivacity and patience of taste.

And if, on due and honest thought over these things, it seems that the kind of existence to which men are now summoned by every plea of pity and claim of right, may, for some time at least, not be a luxurious one;—consider whether, even supposing it guiltless, luxury would be desired by any of us, if we saw clearly at our sides the suffering which accompanies it in the world. Luxury is indeed possible in the future—innocent and exquisite; luxury for all, and by the help of all; but luxury at present can only be enjoyed by the ignorant; the cruelest man living could not sit at his feast, unless he sat blindfold. Raise the veil boldly; face the light; and if, as yet, the light of the eye can only be through tears, and the light of the body through sackcloth, go thou forth weeping, bearing precious seed,1 until the time come, and the kingdom, when Christ's gift of bread, and bequest of peace, shall be "Unto this last as unto thee"; and when, for earth's severed multitudes of the wicked and the weary, there shall be holier reconciliation than that of the narrow home, and calm economy, where the Wicked cease—not from trouble, but from troubling—and the Weary are at rest.3

1 《诗篇》第一百二十六章126：6。

2 《约伯记》第三章3：17。

Notes

[1] The difference between the two modes of treatment, and between their effective material results, may be seen very accurately by a comparison of the relations of Esther and Charlie in Bleak House, with those of Miss Brass and the Marchioness in Master Humphrey's Clock.

The essential value and truth of Dickens's writings have been unwisely lost sight of by many thoughtful persons, merely because he presents his truth with some colour of caricature. Unwisely, because Dickens's caricature, though often gross, is never mistaken. Allowing for his manner of telling them, the things he tells us are always true. I wish that he could think it right to limit his brilliant exaggeration to works written only for public amusement; and when he takes up a subject of high national importance, such as that which he handled in Hard Times, that he would use severer and more accurate analysis. The usefulness of that work (to my mind, in several respects, the greatest he has written) is with many persons seriously diminished because Mr. Bounderby is a dramatic monster, instead of a characteristic example of a worldly master; and Stephen Blackpool a dramatic perfection, instead of a characteristic example of an honest workman. But let us not lose the use of Dickens's wit and insight, because he chooses to speak in a circle of stage fire. He is entirely right in his main drift and purpose in every book he has written; and all of them, but especially Hard Times, should be studied with close and earnest care by persons interested in social questions. They will find much that is partial, and, because partial, apparently unjust; but if they examine all the evidence on the other side, which Dickens seems to overlook, it will appear, after all their trouble, that his view was the finally right one, grossly and sharply told.

[2] I have been naturally asked several times, with respect to the sentence in the first of these papers, "the bad workmen unemployed," "But what are you to do with your bad unemployed workmen?" Well, it seems to me the question might have occurred to you before. Your housemaid's place is vacant—you give twenty pounds a year—two girls come for it, one neatly dressed, the other dirtily; one with good recommendations, the other with none. You do not, under these circumstances, usually ask the dirty one if she will come for fifteen pounds, or twelve; and, on her consenting, take her instead of the well-recommended one. Still less do you try to beat both down by making them bid against each other, till you can hire both, one at twelve pounds a year, and the other at eight. You simply take the one fittest for the place, and send away the other, not perhaps concerning yourself quite as much as you should with the question which you now impatiently put to me, "What is to become of her?" For all that I advise you to do, is to deal with workmen as with servants; and verily the question is of weight: "Your bad workman, idler, and rogue—what are you to do with him?"

We will consider of this presently: remember that the administration of a complete system of national commerce and industry cannot be explained in full detail within the space of twelve pages. Meantime, consider whether, there being confessedly some difficulty in dealing with rogues and idlers, it may not be advisable to produce as few of them as possible. If you examine into the history of rogues, you will find they are as truly manufactured articles as anything else, and it is just because our present system of political economy gives so large a stimulus to that manufacture that you may know it to be a false one. We had better seek for a system which will develop honest men, than for one which will deal cunningly with vagabonds. Let us reform our schools, and we shall find little reform needed in our prisons.

[3] The disputes which exist respecting the real nature of money arise more from the disputants examining its functions on different sides, than from any real dissent in their opinions. All money, properly so called, is an acknowledgment of debt; but as such, it may either be considered to represent the labour and property of the creditor, or the idleness and penury of the debtor. The intricacy of the question has been much increased by the (hitherto necessary) use of marketable commodities, such as gold, silver, salt, shells, etc., to give intrinsic value or security to currency; but the final and best definition of money is that it is a documentary promise ratified and guaranteed by the nation to give or find a certain quantity of labour on demand. A man's labour for a day is a better standard of value than a measure of any produce, because no produce ever maintains a consistent rate of productibility.

[4] More accurately, Sun of Justness; but, instead of the harsh word "Justness," the old English "Righteousness" being commonly employed, has, by getting confused with "godliness," or attracting about it various vague and broken meanings, prevented most persons from receiving the force of the passages in which it occurs. The word "righteousness" properly refers to the justice of rule, or right, as distinguished from "equity," which refers to the justice of balance. More broadly, Righteousness is King's justice; and Equity, Judge's justice; the King guiding or ruling all, the Judge dividing or discerning between opposites (therefore the double question, "Man, who made me a ruler—δικαστηζ—or a divider—μεριστγζ—over you?”) Thus, with respect to the Justice of Choice (selection, the feebler and passive justice), we have from lego,—lex, legal, loi, and loyal; and with respect to the Justice of Rule (direction, the stronger and active justice), we have from rego,—rex, regal, roi, and royal.

[5] In another place written with the same meaning, "Just, and having salvation."

[6] "Length of days in her right hand; in her left, riches and honour."

[7] I hear that several of our lawyers have been greatly amused by the statement in the first of these papers that a lawyer's function was to do justice. I did not intend it for a jest; nevertheless it will be seen that in the above passage neither the determination nor doing of justice are contemplated as functions wholly peculiar to the lawyer. Possibly, the more our standing armies, whether of soldiers, pastors, or legislators (the generic term "pastor" including all teachers, and the generic term "lawyer" including makers as well as interpreters of law), can be superseded by the force of national heroism, wisdom, and honesty, the better it may be for the nation.

[8] It being the privilege of the fishes, as it is of rats and wolves, to live by the laws of demand and supply; but the distinction of humanity, to live by those of right.

[9] It might appear at first that the market price of labour expressed such an exchange; but this is a fallacy, for the market price is the momentary price of the kind of labour required, but the just price is its equivalent of the productive labour of mankind. This difference will be analyzed in its place. It must be noted also that I speak here only of the exchangeable value of labour, not of that of commodities. The exchangeable value of a commodity is that of the labour required to produce it, multiplied into the force of the demand for it. If the value of the labour = x and the force of demand = y, the exchangeable value of the commodity is xy, in which if either x = 0, or y = 0, xy = 0.

[10] Under the term "skill" I mean to include the united force of experience, intellect, and passion in their operation on manual labour; and under the term "passion," to include the entire range and agency of the moral feelings; from the simple patience and gentleness of mind which will give continuity and fineness to the touch, or enable one person to work without fatigue, and with good effect, twice as long as another, up to the qualities of character which renders science possible—(the retardation of science by envy is one of the most tremendous losses in the economy of the present century)—and to the incommunicable emotion and imagination which are the first and mightiest sources of all value in art.

It is highly singular that political economists should not yet have perceived, if not the moral, at least the passionate element, to be an inextricable quantity in every calculation. I cannot conceive, for instance, how it was possible that Mr. Mill should have followed the true clue so far as to write,—“No limit can be set to the importance—even in a purely productive and material point of view—of mere thought," without seeing that it was logically necessary to add also, "and of mere feeling." And this the more, because in his first definition of labour he includes in the idea of it "all feelings of a disagreeable kind connected with the employment of one's thoughts in a particular occupation." True; but why not also, "feelings of an agreeable kind?" It can hardly be supposed that the feelings which retard labour are more essentially a part of the labour than those which accelerate it. The first are paid for as pain, the second as power. The workman is merely indemnified for the first; but the second both produce a part of the exchangeable value of the work, and materially increase its actual quantity.

"Fritz is with us. He is worth fifty thousand men." Truly, a large addition to the material force;

—consisting, however, be it observed, not more in operations carried on in Fritz's head, than in operations carried on in his armies' heart. "No limit can be set to the importance of mere thought." Perhaps not! Nay, suppose some day it should turn out that "mere" thought was in itself a recommendable object of production, and that all Material production was only a step towards this more precious Immaterial one?

[11] I am sorry to lose time by answering, however curtly, the equivocations of the writers who sought to obscure the instances given of regulated labour in the first of these papers, by confusing kinds, ranks, and quantities of labour with its qualities. I never said that a colonel should have the same pay as a private, nor a bishop the same pay as a curate. Neither did I say that more work ought to be paid as less work (so that the curate of a parish of two thousand souls should have no more than the curate of a parish of five hundred). But I said that, so far as you employ it at all, bad work should be paid no less than good work; as a bad clergyman yet takes his tithes, a bad physician takes his fee, and a bad lawyer his costs. And this, as will be farther shown in the conclusion, I said, and say, partly because the best work never was, nor ever will be, done for money at all; but chiefly because, the moment people know they have to pay the bad and good alike, they will try to discern the one from the other, and not use the bad. A sagacious writer in the Scotsman asks me if I should like any common scribbler to be paid by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. as their good authors are. I should, if they employed him—but would seriously recommend them, for the scribbler's sake, as well as their own, not to employ him. The quantity of its money which the country at present invests in scribbling is not, in the outcome of it, economically spent; and even the highly ingenious person to whom this question occurred, might perhaps have been more beneficially employed than in printing it.

[12] I have to acknowledge an interesting communication on the subject of free trade from Paisley (for a short letter from "A Well-wisher" at—my thanks are yet more due). But the Scottish writer will, I fear, be disagreeably surprised to hear, that I am, and always have been, an utterly fearless and unscrupulous free-trader. Seven years ago, speaking of the various signs of infancy in the European mind (Stones of Venice, vol. iii., page 168), I wrote: "The first principles of commerce were acknowledged by the English parliament only a few months ago, in its free-trade measures, and are still so little understood by the million, that no nation dares to abolish its custom-houses."

It will be observed that I do not admit even the idea of reciprocity. Let other nations, if they like, keep their ports shut; every wise nation will throw its own open. It is not the opening them, but a sudden, inconsiderate, and blunderingly experimental manner of opening them, which does the harm. If you have been protecting a manufacture for a long series of years, you must not take the protection off in a moment, so as to throw every one of its operatives at once out of employ, any more than you must take all its wrappings off a feeble child at once in cold weather, though the cumber of them may have been radically injuring its health. Little by little, you must restore it to freedom and to air.

Most people's minds are in curious confusion on the subject of free trade, because they suppose it to imply enlarged competition. On the contrary, free trade puts an end to all competition. "Protection" (among various other mischievous functions) endeavours to enable one country to compete with another in the production of an article at a disadvantage. When trade is entirely free, no country can be competed with in the articles for the production of which it is naturally calculated; nor can it compete with any other, in the production of articles for which it is not naturally calculated. Tuscany, for instance, cannot compete with England in steel, nor England with Tuscany in oil. They must exchange their steel and oil. Which exchange should be as frank and free as honesty and the sea-winds can make it. Competition, indeed, arises at first, and sharply, in order to prove which is strongest in any given manufacture possible to both; this point once ascertained, competition is at an end.

[13] I should be glad if the reader would first clear the ground for himself so far as to determine whether the difficulty lies in getting the work or getting the pay for it. Does he consider occupation itself to be an expensive luxury, difficult of attainment, of which too little is to be found in the world? or is it rather that, while in the enjoyment even of the most athletic delight, men must nevertheless be maintained, and this maintenance is not always

forthcoming? We must be clear on this head before going farther, as most people are loosely in the habit of talking of the difficulty of "finding employment." Is it employment that we want to find, or support during employment? Is it idleness we wish to put an end to, or hunger? We have to take up both questions in succession, only not both at the same time. No doubt that work is a luxury, and a very great one. It is, indeed, at once a luxury and a necessity; no man can retain either health of mind or body without it. So profoundly do I feel this, that, as will be seen in the sequel, one of the principal objects I would recommend to benevolent and practical persons, is to induce rich people to seek for a larger quantity of this luxury than they at present possess. Nevertheless, it appears by experience that even this healthiest of pleasures may be indulged in to excess, and that human beings are just as liable to surfeit of labour as to surfeit of meat; so that, as on the one hand, it may be charitable to provide, for some people, lighter dinner, and more work, for others, it may be equally expedient to provide lighter work, and more dinner.

[14] Book I. chap. iv. s. 1. To save space, my future references to Mr. Mill's work will be by numerals only, as in this instance, I. iv. 1. Ed. in 2 vols. 8vo, Parker, 1848.

[15] If Mr. Mill had wished to show the difference in result between consumption and sale, he should have represented the hardware merchant as consuming his own goods instead of selling them; similarly, the silver merchant as consuming his own goods instead of selling them. Had he done this, he would have made his position clearer, though less tenable; and perhaps this was the position he really intended to take, tacitly involving his theory, elsewhere stated, and shown in the sequel of this paper to be false, that demand for commodities is not demand for labour. But by the most diligent scrutiny of the paragraph now under examination, I cannot determine whether it is a fallacy pure and simple, or the half of one fallacy supported by the whole of a greater one; so that I treat it here on the kinder assumption that it is one fallacy only.

[16] I take Mr. Helps' estimate in his essay on War.

[17] Also when the wrought silver vases of Spain were dashed to fragments by our custom-house officers, because bullion might be imported free of duty, but not brains, was the axe that broke them productive?—the artist who wrought them unproductive? Or again. If the woodman's axe is productive, is the executioner's? as also, if the hemp of a cable be productive, does not the productiveness of hemp in a halter depend on its moral more than on its material application?

[18] Filigree; that is to say, generally, ornament dependent on complexity, not on art.

[19] These statements sound crude in their brevity; but will be found of the utmost importance when they are developed. Thus, in the above instance, economists have never perceived that disposition to buy is a wholly moral element in demand: that is to say, when you give a man half-a-crown, it depends on his disposition whether he is rich or poor with it —whether he will buy disease, ruin, and hatred, or buy health, advancement, and domestic love. And thus the agreeableness or exchange value of every offered commodity depends on production, not merely of the commodity, but of buyers of it; therefore on the education of buyers, and on all the moral elements by which their disposition to buy this, or that, is formed. I will illustrate and expand into final consequences every one of these definitions in its place; at present they can only be given with extremest brevity; for in order to put the subject at once in a connected form before the reader, I have thrown into one, the opening definitions of four chapters; namely, of that on Value ("Ad Valorem"); on Price ("Thirty Pieces"); on Production ("Demeter"); and on Economy ("The Law of the House").

[20] Perhaps it may be said, in farther support of Mr. Ricardo, that he meant, "when the utility is constant or given, the price varies as the quantity of labour." If he meant this, he should have said it; but, had he meant it, he could have hardly missed the necessary result, that utility would be one measure of price (which he expressly denies it to be); and that, to prove saleableness, he had to prove a given quantity of utility, as well as a given quantity of labour: to wit, in his own instance, that the deer and fish would each feed the same number of men, for the same number of days, with equal pleasure to their palates. The fact is, he did not

know what he meant himself. The general idea which he had derived from commercial experience, without being able to analyze it, was, that when the demand is constant, the price varies as the quantity of labour required for production; or,—using the formula I gave in last paper—when y is constant, x y varies as x. But demand never is, nor can be, ultimately constant, if x varies distinctly; for, as price rises, consumers fall away; and as soon as there is a monopoly (and all scarcity is a form of monopoly; so that every commodity is affected occasionally by some colour of monopoly), y becomes the most influential condition of the price. Thus the price of a painting depends less on its merits than on the interest taken in it by the public; the price of singing less on the labour of the singer than the number of persons who desire to hear him; and the price of gold less on the scarcity which affects it in common with cerium or iridium, than on the sunlight colour and unalterable purity by which it attracts the admiration and answers the trust of mankind. It must be kept in mind, however, that I use the word "demand" in a somewhat different sense from economists usually. They mean by it "the quantity of a thing sold." I mean by it "the force of the buyer's capable intention to buy." In good English, a person's "demand" signifies, not what he gets, but what he asks for. Economists also do not notice that objects are not valued by absolute bulk or weight, but by such bulk and weight as is necessary to bring them into use. They say, for instance, that water bears no price in the market. It is true that a cupful does not, but a lake does; just as a handful of dust does not, but an acre does. And were it possible to make even the possession of the cupful or handful permanent (i.e. to find a place for them) , the earth and sea would be bought up for handfuls and cupfuls.

[21] Compare George Herbert, "The Church Porch", Stanza 28.

[22] “ό Ζεύς δήπου πένεται.”—Arist. Plut. 582. It would but weaken the grand words to lean on the preceding ones:—“ότι το Πλούτου παρέχω βελτίονας νδρας, καίτήν γνώμην, καὶ τήν ίδέαν."

[23] Zech., v. xi.

[24] Labour which is entirely good of its kind, that is to say, effective, or efficient, the Greeks called "weighable," or ξιος, translated usually "worthy," and because thus substantial and true, they called its price τιμή, the "honourable estimate" of it (honorarium): this word being founded on their conception of true labour as a divine thing, to be honoured with the kind of honour given to the gods; whereas the price of false labour, or of that which led away from life, was to be, not honour, but vengeance; for which they reserved another word, attributing the exaction of such price to a peculiar goddess, called Tisiphone, the "requiter (or quittance-taker) of death”; a person versed in the highest branches of arithmetic, and punctual in her habits; with whom accounts current have been opened also in modern days.

[25] The most accurately nugatory labour is, perhaps, that of which not enough is given to answer a purpose effectually, and which, therefore, has all to be done over again. Also, labour which fails of effect through non-co-operation. The cure of a little village near Bellinzona, to whom I had expressed wonder that the peasants allowed the Ticino to flood their fields, told me that they would not join to build an effectual embankment high up the valley, because everybody said "that would help his neighbours as much as himself." So every proprietor built a bit of low embankment about his own field; and the Ticino, as soon as it had a mind, swept away and swallowed all up together.

[26] Observe, I say, "rearing," not "begetting." The praise is in the seventh season, not in σπορητός, nor in φυταλία, but in ὀπώρυ. It is strange that men always praise enthusiastically any person who, by a momentary exertion, saves a life; but praise very hesitatingly a person who, by exertion and self-denial prolonged through years, creates one. We give the crown "ob civem servatum";—why not "ob civem natum?" Born, I mean, to the full, in soul as well as body. England has oak enough, I think, for both chaplets.

[27] When Mr. Mill speaks of productive consumption, he only means consumption which results in increase of capital, or material wealth. See I. iii. 4, and I. iii. 5.

[28] So also in the vision of the women bearing the ephah, before quoted, "the wind was in

their wings," not wings "of a stork," as in our version; but "milvi," of a kite, in the Vulgate, or perhaps more accurately still in the Septuagint, "hoopoe," a bird connected typically with the power of riches by many traditions, of which that of its petition for a crest of gold is perhaps the most interesting. The "Birds" of Aristophanes, in which its part is principal, are full of them; note especially the "fortification of the air with baked bricks, like Babylon," I. 550; and, again, compare the Plutus of Dante, who (to show the influence of riches in destroying the reason) is the only one of the powers of the Inferno who cannot speak intelligibly and also the cowardliest; he is not merely quelled or restrained, but literally "collapses" at a word; the sudden and helpless operation of mercantile panic being all told in the brief metaphor, "as the sails, swollen with the wind, fall, when the mast breaks."

[29] The value of raw material, which has, indeed, to be deducted from the price of the labour, is not contemplated in the passages referred to, Mr. Mill having fallen into the mistake solely by pursuing the collateral results of the payment of wages to middlemen. He says —"The consumer does not, with his own funds, pay the weaver for his day's work." Pardon me; the consumer of the velvet pays the weaver with his own funds as much as he pays the gardener. He pays, probably, an intermediate ship-owner, velvet merchant, and shopman; pays carriage money, shop rent, damage money, time money, and care money; all these are above and beside the velvet price (just as the wages of a head gardener would be above the grass price); but the velvet is as much produced by the consumer's capital, though he does not pay for it till six months after production, as the grass is produced by his capital, though he does not pay the man who mowed and rolled it on Monday, till Saturday afternoon. I do not know if Mr. Mill's conclusion,—"the capital cannot be dispensed with, the purchasers can", has yet been reduced to practice in the City on any large scale.

[30] Which, observe, is the precise opposite of the one under examination. The hardware theory required us to discharge our gardeners and engage manufacturers; the velvet theory requires us to discharge our manufacturers and engage gardeners.

[31] It is one very awful form of the operation of wealth in Europe that it is entirely capitalists' wealth which supports unjust wars. Just wars do not need so much money to support them; for most of the men who wage such, wage them gratis; but for an unjust war, men's bodies and souls have both to be bought; and the best tools of war for them besides; which makes such war costly to the maximum; not to speak of the cost of base fear, and angry suspicion, between nations which have not grace nor honesty enough in all their multitudes to buy an hour's peace of mind with: as, at present, France and England, purchasing of each other ten millions sterling worth of consternation annually (a remarkably light crop, half thorns and half aspen leaves,—sown, reaped, and granaried by the "science" of the modern political economist, teaching covetousness instead of truth). And all unjust war being supportable, if not by pillage of the enemy, only by loans from capitalists, these loans are repaid by subsequent taxation of the people, who appear to have no will in the matter, the capitalists' will being the primary root of the war; but its real root is the covetousness of the whole nation, rendering it incapable of faith, frankness, or justice, and bringing about, therefore, in due time, his own separate loss and punishment to each person.

[32] "In all reasoning about prices, the proviso must be understood, 'supposing all parties to take care of their own interest.'"—Mill, III. i. 5.

[33] James, v. 4. Observe, in these statements I am not taking up, nor countenancing one whit, the common idea of division of property; division of property is its destruction; and with it the destruction of all hope, all industry, and all justice: it is simply chaos—a chaos towards which the believers in modern political economy are fast tending, and from which I am striving to save them. The rich man does not keep back meat from the poor by retaining his riches; but by basely using them. Riches are a form of strength; and a strong man does not injure others by keeping his strength, but by using it injuriously. The advocate of equality, seeing a strong man oppress a weak one, cries out—"Break the strong man's arms;" but I say, "Teach him to use them to better purpose." The fortitude and intelligence which acquire riches are intended, by the Giver of both, not to scatter, nor to give away, but to employ those riches in the service of mankind; in other words, in the redemption of the erring and aid of the weak —that is to say, there is first to be the work to gain money; then the Sabbath of use for it—the

Sabbath, whose law is, not to lose life, but to save. It is continually the fault or the folly of the poor that they are poor, as it is usually a child's fault if it falls into a pond, and a cripple's weakness that slips at a crossing; nevertheless, most passers-by would pull the child out, or help up the cripple. Put it at the worst, that all the poor of the world are but disobedient children, or careless cripples, and that all rich people are wise and strong, and you will see at once that neither is the advocate of equality right in desiring to make everybody poor, powerless, and foolish as he is himself, nor the rich man right in leaving the children in the mire.

[34] The quantity of life is the same in both cases; but it is differently allotted.

[35] The proper offices of middle-men, namely, overseers (or authoritative workmen), conveyancers (merchants, sailors, retail dealers, etc.), and order-takers (persons employed to receive directions from the consumer), must, of course, be examined before I can enter farther into the question of just payment of the first producer. But I have not spoken of them in these introductory papers, because the evils attendant on the abuse of such intermediate functions result not from any alleged principle of modern political economy, but from private carelessness or iniquity.

第一章 荣耀之根

纵观人类历史不同时期，诸多谬论盛行一时，迷惑世人，其中最令人不解，亦即最不可信之说，当属今日自诩为“科学”的所谓政治经济学。该学说赖以建立的基础是：欲决定社会行为最佳法则，可以不必考虑人的社会情感因素。

当然，正如炼金术、星相学、魔法等诸如此类的流行骗术，政治经济学的立论逻辑也似乎言之不谬。政治经济学家认为：“各种社会情感在人性中属于偶发的干扰性因素，而人的贪欲和对发展的追求却是恒定不变的。所以，让我们首先剔除那些变量，再将人类视作只有贪欲之心的机器，然后探究遵循何种劳动规律、买卖交易规律等，以获得最多的财富积累。这些基本规律确定后，个人尽可加入种种情感变量，自行得出新情况下的结论。”

如果之后要引入的诸种变量因素与先前考量的重要因素本质无二，以上所述该是多么合乎逻辑、多么行之有效的分析方法啊！比如我们假设一物体在运动中受到恒力和变力的作用，若要研究其运动过程，最便捷的方法当然莫过于首先将其置于恒定条件下进行考察，其次再考虑各种变量的作用。然而，社会问题研究中的干扰因素与恒定因素的性质并不相同，因为变量一进入社会问题，就会使所考察的生命体本质发生变化。[换句话说，]这不是数学变化，而是化学反应——引入干扰因素会使此前的研究结论失去意义。就如我们为学术研究而做的纯氮实验，实验结果使我们相信氮气是一种性质稳定的气体。然而，各位请注意，我们在现实环境中所面对的不是纯氮，而是其氯化物。一旦我们还用先前的氮气实验原理来应对，恐会立刻把人和装置炸出室外。

请注意，我绝不怀疑给定条件下科学实验得出的结论，我只是对这些条件没有兴趣，我感兴趣的是针对体操运动之类的研究所提出的人体没有骨骼的假设。体操运动学假设人体没有骨骼，据此提出可先训练学习体操者如何曲卷成球、平展似饼，或拉长如绳，把这些功夫一一练成之后，再考虑将骨骼纳入人体给体型带来的诸多不便。这种推理也许无可挑剔，结论也会真实可信，但唯一的缺憾是不能在实践中操作演练。当今政治经济学与体操运动的假设几乎同出一辙，只不过它的假设不是人无骨骼，而是人只有骨骼，再无其他，其骨骼生成论以否认灵魂的存在为基础。在将这种骨生成理论推至极限，并构建了几幅有趣的带有骷髅和上肢骨骼的几何图形后，政治经济学终于顺利地向世人证明：将灵魂纳入如此简明的人体结构中该是多么掣肘不便。我不否认该理论的正确性，我只是认为这种理想化的研究不适用于现阶段的社会形势。

这种不适应性已在近来的工人罢工所造成的困境中得以凸显。罢工所带来的问题是一个最简单的案例，以直接、积极的形式说明了政治经济学所要解决的最为重要的问题（即劳资关系）。如果遇到严重危机，许多人的生命和大量财富面临风险的话，那些政治经济学信徒们就无可

奈何、无话可说了。他们实在找不出任何摆脱困境的出路，既说服不了对立的双方，也不能平息他们的怒气。雇主与工人各执一端，互不相让，任何与政治相关的所谓科学都难以让二者同心同德。

若真有某一科学能让二者殊途同归，反而不合情理，因为人本来就不是任何“科学”能让其别无二致的。对于雇主与工人之间的利益是否相互抵触，人们争辩不休，其实这种争辩徒劳无益，因为争辩的人似乎都忘了，雇主与工人即使利益抵触也不一定就一直势不两立。比如说家里只有一片面包，而母亲与几个孩子都饥肠辘辘，则他们的利益关系就不相同。若母亲吃面包，孩子会伸手要；若孩子们吃面包，母亲就要饿着肚子去工作。然而即使这样，母子之间也不一定就“反目成仇”，为了抢这块面包而打起来，最终最为强壮的母亲将面包独吞。推至其他情况，不论人们之间是何种关系，我们都不能有把握地认定，利益上出现分歧的双方为占据优势就一定会相互敌视，甚至诉诸武力，或耍尽伎俩。

即便双方水火不容，即便为了方便讨论而完全有理由认为影响人类的道德因素与影响鼠豕之类的无异，上述争论的逻辑条件仍难以确定。我们往往说明不了雇主与工人的利益是相同还是相冲突，因为这要看具体情况而定。的确，劳资双方的共同利益是产品应保质保量，产品的价格也要公正合理。但至于利益分配，一方多取则可能会使另一方少得。当然，降低工资，以致工人体弱多病、情绪低落，这并不符合雇主的利益；同样，工资过高，使得雇主利润太少，难以扩大生产规模，或者难以保证安全生产和自由经营，也不符合工人的利益。比如说，一个公司如果穷到没钱修理机车，司炉工肯定不会指望拿到高薪。

由于影响劳资双方利益关系的可变情况层出不穷，所以，为了研究方便而努力简化问题从而推导出行动法则的做法往往徒劳无益。这种努力注定徒劳无益，因为造物主本来就没想让人的行为受到种种权宜之计的支配，相反，影响人类行为的只能是正义制衡。这样来看，造物主使所有努力图方便的做法都无果而终。没有人曾经知道或能够知道任何既定的行动法则最终给自己和他人带来何种结局。但每个人可能都知道，并且我们中的多数人确实知道，某种行为是否合乎正义。我们所有人也都可能会明白，只有遵循正义才会给自己和他人带来最美好的结局，尽管我们说不出何为最好结局，也说不出它会如何出现。

我刚才说到“正义制衡”，意指包括情感在内的正义，而那种情感即是人与人之间的相互关爱。雇主与工人之间的一切合法关系以及各自的最大利益，最终都取决于“正义制衡”。

我们可以家庭佣人为例对雇主与工人的关系加以最恰当、最简洁的阐释。

我们假设在给定工资率的前提下，主人唯一希望的就是佣人为他干的家务越多越好。他从不让佣人有片刻停歇，并提供最差的食宿，只要佣人还能忍受，不致弃工而走，就无所不用其极。主人这么做，并不违

背通常所说的“公正”，因为主人与佣人有约在先，有权支配佣人的所有时间和所有劳作成果，而待遇之差的极限又由左邻右舍其他主人的做法而定，即由家务劳作的通行工资率而定。佣人可以自由选择更好的去处，主人则只有要求佣人完成与报酬相当的家务劳动，才能确定其劳务的真实市场价格。

这就是政治经济学专家对该例所持的观点。他们声称以此方式可以获取佣人的最大平均工作量，进而给社会带来最大效益，而反过来，通过社会又能最大程度地惠及佣人本身。

然而，事实并非如此，除非佣人是一架靠蒸汽、磁力、重力，或任何其他可以计算的动力来驱动的机器。但是，恰恰相反，驱动佣人的动力是灵魂！这种难以量化的特殊动力悄悄潜入政治经济学家的一切等式之中，篡改了每一项运算的结果。仅靠支付薪酬，或施以重压，或借助任何来自锅炉的燃料，都不会使这台奇异的机器完成最大量的工作。必须用其特有的燃料——情感，才能使动力——人的意志或精神——得到最大程度的利用，才能使佣人完成最多的工作。

当然，有可能发生也常常发生的是，如果主人聪明又有精力，通过由坚强的意志所形成、由明智的方法所引导的机械式压力，能使佣人完成大量可见的工作；同样，如果主人懒惰又软弱（尽管善良敦厚），佣人就会很少做活，甚至胡乱应付，因为他的力气缺乏引导，他对主人即使感激也心怀鄙夷。但是，在主仆二人的精力和理智给定的前提下，就存在一个普遍的规律，即最好的、可见的结果并非来自于二人的对立关系，而是来自于相互之间的情感。如果主人不是竭力让佣人尽可能多地做活，而是一方面出于自身的需要让佣人完成指定的必要工作，另一方面又以各种正当有益的方式将所得利益惠及对方，受到关爱的佣人最终完成的实际工作，或者说他对主人的回报，就会真正最大化。

注意，我这里说的是“对主人的回报”，因为佣人的劳作不必也不总是他给主人的最好的事物。“回报”多种多样，既指具体的有形劳务，又指对主人利益和信用的维护，还包括乐于在预想不到的突发状况下助主人一臂之力。

当然通常也会有主人的迁就宽容被仆人利用、对主人的慈爱善良仆人不知感激的情况。对那些即便恩泽及身也少怀感激的佣人来说，如若再对其冷淡无情，他肯定会伺机报复的；而原本对开明的主人不忠的仆人，若再受不义之举，他当然更不会善罢甘休。

但无论什么情况，对于任何人，公正无私地相待总会带来最有益的回报。注意，我这里谈论的是仅把情感当作动力，而根本不是本身令人向往或高尚的东西，或是其他抽象意义上的美德。我认为这些都是难以规范的因素，使得普通政治经济学家的每项运算都了无意义。即使他们想把“情感”考虑进去，但却对处理过程无能为力，因为只有忽略政治经济学的所有其他动机和条件，种种感情因素的作用才会真正凸显。如果

你善待佣人，却又希望他感恩，那你将得不到感激，你的善心也会一文不值，这都是你应得的；但你若善待佣人，又无任何利益之心，那么你的所有利益都会得以实现。推而广之，凡要活命的，必失去生命；凡（为我）失去生命的，必使他生命复活。[1] *

* [1]至[35]表示作者注，具体内容见本书尾注部分。

下一个来自军队中官兵关系的实例，同样极为简洁明了地阐释了雇主与工人的关系。

假如军官因为图省事而只是简单地按照军纪对下属发号施令，则不论这种一厢情愿的军令何等森严，也都很难让部下不遗余力地执行。但如果这位军官处事明智、意志坚定，就可能如前例那样，比某位意志薄弱、偶露怜悯之心的军官收获更好的结果。不过，要是这两位军官的智力与意志无异，则可以肯定，那位与下属私交甚密、对下属的利益关怀备至、对下属的生命格外珍视的军官才会赢得下属的爱戴与信赖，从而充分调动下属的力量，而这是任何其他手段都得不到的。涉及的人数越多，这一规律的效果越明显，也就是说，如果士兵不喜欢长官，发动一次冲锋还可以成功；而士兵若不爱戴长官，整场战役就很难取胜了。

将这几个简单的例子推衍到更为复杂的工厂主与雇工的关系上，我们首先面临的显然是由更为僵硬冷漠的道德因素所带来的特殊难题。我们不难想象士兵对团长忠心耿耿，但却很难想象纺织工对工厂主的耿耿忠心。一伙人为打家劫舍而聚在一起（就如古时的苏格兰高地宗族）全靠义气驱使，每个人都乐意为保护首领而肝脑涂地。而一伙人为了合法的生产与财富积累而共同劳动，却常常看上去不受此种情感的激励，更无人愿为保护工厂主而献身了。我们遇到的不仅是这种道德上的明显的反常现象，还有与此关联的经营管理体系上的反常。受雇的佣人或士兵有明确的薪酬，有确定的服务期限，但一个工人的工资率却随劳动力需求而变化，还要承担由于行业形势的动荡而随时被解雇的风险。面对这些不确定条件，工人当然不会对工厂主心怀感激，而只会粗暴地发泄不满。鉴于此，这里有两点供我们思考：

第一，在多大程度上调控工资率，以使其不受劳动力需求的影响。

第二，在固定工资率（不受经营状况的影响）的条件下，下面这种情况的可能性有多大——雇用并留住工人，同时雇佣人数不增不减，使得工人们对所在的企业怀有持久的感情，就如多年的佣人对主人一家的感情，或使工人们拥有集体荣誉感，就如精锐之师的团队精神。

我说过，第一个问题是，不考虑劳动力的需求状况，固定工资率的可能性有多大。

那些平庸的政治经济学家认为没有可能如此调整工资，我认为这也许是人类历史上最为怪异的错误之一，因为对于人类所有重要的劳动以

及很多不重要的劳动，其工资早就是如此规定的。

我们不用荷兰人的降价拍卖方式出售首相职位，且无论出卖圣职对公众有多少益处，我们也不会在主教死后，把他管辖的教区交给以最低价格获得圣职的牧师。我们（出于精明的政治经济学）的确出卖委任状，但从不公开出售军队的指挥权：生病时我们不会去找收费不到一个几尼的医生；打官司时，我们不会把律师的佣金由六先令八便士降为四先令六便士；遭遇大雨时，我们也不会讨价还价，非要找到一个出价每英里六便士以下的车夫。

不错，在这些事例或其他任何能想到的事例中，最终都要考虑到这些工作假定的难易程度，或者可供选择的人数多少。假如有足够数量的实习生只收半个几尼就能完成一个合格医生的工作，公众很快就会收回多余的半个几尼。归根结底，劳动力的价格永远受劳动力需求的调整。然而就经济管理的实际情况而言，最好的劳动力一直是、现在也是以不变的价格标准支付的劳动力，任何劳动力都应如此。

“什么？”读者诸君也许会惊呼，“给好工人和差工人同样的薪水？”

的确如此。考虑到相关的心智差异，一位主教的讲经布道不同于其继位者，或者一位医生的诊断结果不同于另一位医生，其差异远大于盖房时砌砖技术高低的差异（尽管后者的差异比大多数人所认为的要大一些），对你个人的重要性也远大于后者的差异所带来的后果。然而，不论是为你灵魂劳作的好工人差工人，还是为你身体劳作的好工人差工人，你都心安理得地给他们支付同样的薪酬；对给你盖房子的工人，你也不论优劣仍心安理得地支付同样的薪酬，只不过支出的更多而已。

“不对啊，我对医生和牧师是有选择的，这也说明我能分出他们谁好谁差啊。”是啊，你还设法挑选了盖房子的瓦工，而能被“选中”，就是好工人应得的回报。而最自然、最正当的劳动力制度是必须固定工资率，同时雇工时只选好的不要差的。而不正确、不自然，且有破坏作用的制度是出一半的价格雇用了劣等工人，结果是要么挤占了好工人的位置，要么使好工人在竞争中降低薪酬。

因此，“薪酬平等”是要首先实现的目标，我们要探寻通向该目标的捷径。第二个目标如上所述，就是无论产品需求出现何种偶然性波动，都要保持雇工人数的稳定。

那种突然的、影响广泛的劳动力需求不均的现象，是经济活跃国家商业活动的必然产物，我认为这正是公正的劳动力组织唯一需要解决的根本问题。这一问题涉及的分支太多，一篇小文实难详尽探索研究，然而我们不妨先看一下一些有关的基本事实。

如果雇工的工作难以稳定，其维持生存的薪酬就应高于连续、稳定的工作；而这一规律不论工作竞争多么激烈都不会改变，即如果平均每周只能工作三天，其日工资就必须高于每周能工作六天的日工资。假如

一个人每天的最低生活成本不能少于一先令，那么无论他一周拼命工作三天还是从容工作六天，都必须得到七先令的薪酬。而当今一切商业行为的趋势就是使得劳动力工资和商品交易像摸彩一样变幻不定：雇工的工资依不确定的工作时间而不同，雇主的利润则要看其是否善于把握机会。

重申一下，这种不确定性是当今经济行为的必然产物，至于不确定性的程度，暂不予探究。不过我可以有把握地说，考虑到其所产生的灾难性后果，这种不确定性绝非不可或缺，它只是雇主的博弈心理、工人的无知和放纵的产物。一方面，雇主绝不会放过任何获利的机会，一旦有利可图就会不择手段，甚至欲壑难填，铤而走险；另一方面，工人们宁愿三天拼命干活，另三天则喝酒玩乐，也不愿不紧不慢、劳逸结合地工作六天。主人若真想有效地帮助他的工人，恐怕最好的办法就是遏制双方的无序心态，这样才能使其经营活动的规模保持在安全范围之内，而不受一时利益的驱使。同时，主人还须引导工人合理安排工作与生活，比如说让他们乐于接受虽然较低但却固定的薪酬，而不要冒着随时被解雇的风险要求高工资；或者，如果可能的话，不鼓励对高强度劳动支付所谓的高额日工资，而要引导工人接受工资较低但规范有序的劳动。

毫无疑问，进行任何这种激烈的变革，都会给发起人带来很大困难，造成很大损失。但没有障碍、没有损失的改革往往都是最没必要、最不迫切的。

我前面提及为抢劫而聚在一起的不法之徒与为生产而一起工作的工人之间的差异，即前者能为头领献身，后者却不能。这一突出的事实正是公众崇尚军人而看低商人的真正原因。哲学家们认为，一个平和理智、以买卖经营为职业的人，其所获得的荣耀竟然不如一个争强斗狠、感情用事、以杀戮为职业的军人，这乍一看上去实在不合逻辑（很多人已撰文著书来证明其荒谬）。然而，不管哲学家们怎么看，广大公众一直认为军人比商人更有荣耀。

而公众的观点是正确的。

因为从本质上讲，军人并非以杀戮为职业，而是受人杀戮。正因如此，世人尽管不完全明白军人职业的真正含义，还是把荣誉献给了军人。亡命之徒也会杀戮，但世人对歹徒绝不会比对商人多一分尊敬。我们之所以尊重军人，是因为他们是为国献身的。军人也许头脑简单，他们或图一时痛快，或喜冒险猎奇，但可能就是诸如此类偶发的动机、平庸的冲动使他们选择了军人职业，并可能影响（单从表面看）他们在军中的日常行为。但毫无疑问，公众对军人的评价取决于这样一个最终的事实：堡垒出现缺口时，虽然身后是世上一切享乐诱惑，前面只有死亡和天职，这时，军人仍选择前进而不后退。他知道作为军人随时都要面临这样的抉择，以前没有后退过、每次都没有后退过，实际上，军人天天面对死亡。

我们对律师和医生同样敬佩有加，归根结底是因为他们的职业也是在奉献。一位好律师无论学识如何渊博、辩词如何犀利，我们敬佩他，主要是因为我们相信，如果让他坐在法官的位置，他在任何情况下都会坚持作出公正的判决。假如他收受贿赂，利用自己的才华作出不公正的裁决，那么不管他如何聪明睿智，也不会赢得我们的尊敬。律师若要获得荣耀，唯一途径就是人们都默默地认为，在一生所有重要的事情中他都能把公正放在第一位，把个人利益放在第二位。

我们将荣耀赋予医生的理由更明显了。不论他医学知识多么丰富，一旦发现他仅把病人当作实验品看待，我们就会对他心怀恐惧而敬而远之；甚至，我们若发现有医生以治病救命为名，行巧妙施毒之实，收受贿赂，图财害命，就更会唯恐避之不及了。

最后，用这一原则考察教会牧师就再明确不过了。性格上的任何优点也不可成为医生缺乏医术、律师不够精明的借口，而一个教士也许智力平平，却由于我们认为他仁爱无私、乐于助人而得到尊敬。

这样，可以毫无疑问地说，一家大型企业成功运作所必备的成熟机智、深邃眼光、果断决策等心智能力，即使不能与优秀的律师、指挥官、牧师相提并论，至少也与船上的下级船员，或部队里的下级军官，或乡村教区的助理牧师的普遍水平相当。因此，如果说直至今天，这些所谓的自由职业中能干的从业人员仍比商业公司的老板更受公众青睐的话，其背后必定有比心智能力更深刻的原因。

这种偏爱最根本的原因是，人们通常认为商人做事总是考虑自己。商人的工作也许是社会所需，然而人们认为其动机完全出于个人目的。（公众认为）商人做事的首要目的是使自己获利最多，从而使他人（或顾客）获利最少。公众通过政治立法使这一目的成为商人做事的原则，在各种场合推而广之并躬行不悖，甚至公开宣扬“买者必求低价，卖者必须奸诈”，并视其为普遍真理；然而公众仍不由自主地谴责商人的自私，视商人为低劣人性的化身。

但是他们最终会发现，必须放弃对商人的反感。他们虽然不必停止对自私行为的谴责，但却会发现有一种全然无私的商业模式。也就是说，人们会发现以前从未有过，也不会有任何一种商业经济形式；人们会发现此前的所谓商业根本不是什么商业，只是尔虞我诈；真正的商人与现代政治经济学规律中的商人也相去甚远，就如《远游》中的主人公与奥托吕科斯之间的天壤之别。人们会发现商业活动实际上是一种正人君子们认为很有必要参与的职业，而不是说教或杀戮；人们会发现，真正的商业活动就如真正的传教和真正的战斗，偶有自愿承担的损失，必须接受——正如军人有义务献出生命，商人则有义务舍弃一些六便士硬币；教士在教堂宣讲殉道，市场也需有某种牺牲精神；战争呼唤奋不顾身的品质，买卖交易也应有舍己为人的大度。

这种情形可能会出现，而且最终必会出现，只是现在还没有出现，

因为有英雄气质的人在年轻时被人误导而进入了其他领域，没有认识到当今在各领域中什么最为重要，以至于不乏虔诚狂热之人终其一生来教授某一真理的表现形式，但却很少有人乐意花费一百英镑来以实践显示这一真理形式。

问题在于，我们从未向这些人明确阐述商人对于民众的真正作用。我希望能让读者诸君对此有非常清楚的了解。

迄今有五种与日常生存相关的、需要才智的重要职业，其中三种是每一文明的民族都不可或缺的：

军人的职业是保卫你的生活；

牧师的职业是教你如何生活；

医生的职业是使你健康地生活；

律师的职业是让你在公平正义中生活；

商人的职责是为你的生活提供所需物品。

在一定场合下，这些人都有义务为你的生活献出自己的生命。

“在一定场合下”，就是说:

作为军人，宁可牺牲也不可临阵脱逃；

作为医生，宁可殉职也不可逃避瘟疫；

作为牧师，宁可殉道也不可传播谎言；

作为律师，宁可成仁也不可亵渎正义；

作为商人，宁可舍命也不可——什么“场合”需要商人舍命呢？

这是提给商人的重要问题，也是提给所有人的问题。的确，人不知何时死，焉知如何生！

请大家注意，商人（或工厂主，广义上，这里的商人应理解为包括工厂主在内）的作用是提供民之所需。正如教士的作用不是索取薪俸，商人的作用也绝不是在提供民之所需时从中谋取私利。对于一个真正的教士，薪俸只是应得的、生活所需的附加品，而不是他的生活目标，正如一个真正的医生，为人治病所得的薪酬也不是他的生活目标。同理，对于一个真正的商人，盈利也不应是其生活目标。这三种真正意义上的人所从事的工作，其实都与薪酬无涉——因为完成这样的工作必须不计任何代价，或者说是与薪酬相对立的：牧师教我们如何生活，医生为我们医治疾患，商人——我也说过——为我们提供生活所需。也就是说，

商人必须明白他所经营的商品的最根本特性，以及得到或制造该商品的手段；他必须将其智慧和精力完美运用于制造或获得过程中，并以尽可能的低价分配给最需要的人。

因为任何商品的生产交易都必然牵涉到很多人的生活和劳动，在这个过程中，商人就以比军官或牧师更直接（但却不那么明显）的方式支配和管理大量人员，所以在很大程度上，商人应对这些人员的生活负责，也就是说，他不仅需要一直考虑如何以最纯洁、最低成本的方式生产，还要考虑商品生产或交易中所产生的各种雇佣活动如何给受雇者带来最多益处，这是商人的义务。

完成这两个义务，不仅要具备适当的耐心、善心、策略，还要有极高的智慧，为此商人必须全力以赴；为了正确地履行职能，如果形势所迫，商人也必须像军人或医生那样，不惜献出生命。商人在提供民之所需时要坚持两点：第一，信守诺言（信守诺言是商业活动所有结果的真正基础）；第二，所提供商品的完美性与纯洁性。这样，他才不会违约失信、道德败坏、以次充好，才不会提供价格不公的商品，或漫天要价。由坚持这两点而招致的任何形式的萧条、贫困以及劳动，他都必定能勇敢面对。

再有，身为雇工管理者的商人或工厂主自然负有为人父母般的权威和责任。大多数情况下，一个进入商业机构的青年已完全脱离了家庭的影响，于是他的主人就必须承担父亲的角色，否则，他就不能像孩子那样随时得到具体的帮助。总之，主人的权威，以及其经营活动的总体氛围，再加上与年轻人一起工作的工友的人品，这些都会比家庭影响更直接、更有压力，并常常决定了他是善是恶。这样，主人要想公正对待自己的雇工，唯一的途径就是严格审视自己是否在必要的情况下，能将他们视如己出。

假设一只小型护卫舰的舰长觉得有必要或可能必须让自己的儿子做一名普通的水手，那么他怎样对待自己的儿子，也一定会如此对待手下其他人。同理，一个工厂主如果认为有必要或可能必须让自己的儿子做一名普通的工人，那么他怎样对待自己的儿子，也一定会如此对待手下其他人。这是在这一问题上对政治经济学所能给出的唯一有效、真实、实用的法则。

船只遇难时，除非万不得已，舰长肯定不想弃船而逃；缺乏食品时，舰长肯定会与水手们同甘共苦。同理，经济出现危机或不景气时，工厂主必定要与雇工们共同面对风雨，甚至要比员工承受更多，就如在食品匮乏、船只遇难、战火纷飞的情况下，父亲为了儿子而将生死置之度外。

这一切听起来十分怪异。然而，认为这一观点怪异荒谬才是真正的怪异。因为这一切都真实不谬，甚至不是部分有效或空洞的理论，而是恒久不变、实事求是的。除此之外，有关政治关系的其他信念都是前提

错误，推理荒谬，在实践上与国民生活的任何进步状态都格格不入。在一些具有坚强意志和忠诚胸怀的人的引导下，我们现在这个民族通过坚决摒弃和蔑视那些教授给大众的经济原则而走向新生，因为这些经济原则只要被接受就会导致国家的毁灭。关于这种毁灭的方式和形态，以及另一方面，真正的方针政策在实践中的进一步应用，容我在下一篇文章中细细分析。

第二章 财富之脉

对于我上一篇文章中的论断，任何一位普通的政治经济学专家都会简短地回答如下：

“不错，发展社会情感确能使我们获得普遍意义上的某些好处，但是政治经济学家们过去没有、现在也没有声称把普遍意义上的好处纳入其研究领域。我们这门科学只研究如何致富。所以，它根本不是什么伪科学或空想论，而是由经验证明在实践中颇有成效的科学。任何按这个理论去做的人都已发财致富，而违背该理论的则成了穷人。欧洲的每一位资本家都遵循这门科学所发现的规律而发了财，并坚守这些规律，从而使财富与日俱增。面对这些既成事实，任何所谓合乎逻辑的诡辩都是徒劳无益的，因为每个经营者都通过经验得知钱是怎样赚出来的，又是怎样赔进去的。”

对不起，我的阐释如下：商人的确知道他们的钱是怎么赚来的，有时又是怎么赔进去的。就像玩一种玩了很久的纸牌游戏，他们对好牌差牌的出现机会了然于心，也能合理地解释输赢得失。但是他们不知道谁掌握着赌场的庄家赌本，也不知道同样的牌还有什么其他玩法，更不知道他们在灯火通明的赌场里的游戏，其结果会对远处昏暗街道上的人的得失盈亏有何种影响—虽然看不见但却是本质上的影响。他们学会的只不过是商业经济学的一些（也仅仅是一些）法则，而不是政治经济学的法则。

最主要的，同时也是非常值得注意、非常令人不解的一点是，我发现那些商人几乎不懂得“富有”一词的意思。就算他们知道这个词的意思，至少在思考问题时没有考虑到“富有”是一个相对概念：“富有”与“贫穷”相对，正如“北”与“南”相对。他们在言谈或写作时，似乎总是以为“财富”是绝对的，任何人只要按照某种科学道理去做，就都会变得富有起来。然而“财富”实际上是一种“力”，犹如电能那样，只有通过不平衡状态或自身的对立面的存在才会起作用。所以你腰包里几尼的“力”的大小完全取决于你邻居腰包里有无几尼。如果你的邻居不需要几尼，那你腰包里的几尼就毫无用处；一个几尼“力”的大小完全取决于别人需要或想要得到这一几尼的迫切程度。所以，在普通商业经济学专家看来，使自己变富的艺术就必须是让你的邻居变穷的艺术。

我在这个问题上（也几乎在所有问题上）并不强求你们接受术语，但我希望读者诸君能清楚而深刻地理解这两种经济学的不同，不再鲁莽地对它们使用“政治”和“商业”这两个术语。

政治经济学（关于国家或公民的经济学）研究的只是如何在最佳的时间和地点生产、保存、分配对人们有用或给人们带来快乐的东西。农民在适当的时节晾晒干草；造船工在上好的木板上旋紧螺栓；泥瓦匠在平整的砖块上涂抹调匀的泥浆；女主人在客厅擦拭家具，做饭时力戒浪

费；歌唱家则训练有素，决不用嗓过度。从根本意义上说，这些人才是真正的政治经济学家，因为他们不断地给自己所属的国家增添财富，不断地使国民生活富裕。

可是商业经济却不然。它是一种“偿还”或“支付”的经济，意即不断增加某个人对他人劳动力在法律或道德上的占有或支配权，所有这种权力意味着一方拥有多少财富或权利，也就意味着另一方有多么贫穷或有多少债务。

所以，商业经济不一定能增加国家的财产或国民的富裕程度。然而，这种商业财富，或者说对劳动力的支配权力，却几乎总是能很快转换成不动产，而不动产却不能总是很快转换成对劳动力的支配权，所以，在文明国度中那些活跃分子看来，财富一般就是指商业财富。在给自己的财产估价时，他们以能带来多少几尼来计算马匹和土地的价值，而不以能购买多少马匹和土地来计算几尼的价值。

然而这种思维定式还有另外一个原因，即：除非还拥有对劳动力的商业支配权，否则积累不动产就没什么意义。因此，假设某人拥有一片广袤的良田，良田下是丰富的金矿，草地上是无数的牛羊，豪宅大院幢幢，园子花果飘香，库里粮食满仓。可是不论他多么富有，如果他雇不到佣人会怎么样呢？他若想有人可以雇用，其附近就得有穷人存在，而且这个穷人盼望得到这个富人的金子或者粮食。如果没有人需要这个富人的金子或粮食，他也就无人可雇。那么，这个富人就只能自己动手烘焙面包、裁制衣服、耕地犁田、放牧牛羊。对他来说，地下的黄金和地上的黄色石子一样毫无意义。仓里的粮食肯定会发霉腐烂，因为他实在吃不完。他不会比别人吃得多，也不会比别人穿得多。这样，即使要得到很一般的享受，他也必须像普通人那样辛苦劳作，以至到最后无力修缮幢幢房屋、无力耕耘广袤良田，能拥有像穷人那样的小农舍和小花园也就满足了，四周则尽是落荒的耕地，任由无人照管的牛羊践踏，豪宅大院的残垣断壁随处可见，而这些废墟他也只能苦笑着称为“己有”。

我猜想，人类中那些最为贪婪者乐意接受建立在上述条件之上的财富，且心中窃喜。这种财富的掩盖下，其实他们真正想要的是对别人的支配权。简而言之，就是获得佣人、技工、艺术家的劳动来为自己谋利；广而言之，就是拥有支配全国大批劳动力的权力以达到自己的种种目的（这些目的或有益，或无益，或有害，全赖这个富人的意志）。当然，这种财富权力的大小或多或少与受支配者的人的贫穷程度成正比，与那些富裕程度相当、不哄抬稀缺商品价格的人的数量成反比。如果只有一个人出价，贫穷的歌手也会为低薪献唱，但若有两人或三人出价，他就会为出价最高者一展歌喉。因此，出资者（这些人即使再有权威，也都算不上圣洁无暇、品德完美，详见下面的论述）财富的权力大小首先取决于这位艺人的贫穷程度，然后又取决于同样有钱、同样要欣赏表演的人的数量有多少。因此，如上所述，我们自然可以得知，致“富”的艺术最终不是绝对地为自己积累钱财，而是还要想方设法让周围的人变穷，更准确地说，是“使对自身有利的不平等最大化的艺术”。

现在，还很难抽象地说，这种不平等关系的建立对于整个国家有利还是不利。那种认为该不平等关系肯定有利的草率、荒诞的想法是基于那些广为传播的政治经济学谬论。因为判断利害关系的永恒规律应是，不平等关系的益处首先取决于实现这种关系的方法，其次看实现这种关系的目的。以不公正的方式建立的财富不平等在建立过程中必定已经伤及了国家利益，而若在运用时再不公正，就会进一步损害国家利益。反过来，以公正的方式建立的财富不平等会在建立过程中给国家带来好处，若再运用得当，国家就更加受益。也就是说，在那些积极活跃、治理有方的群体中，力量不同的个体若能各尽所能、各献所长，其产生的结果虽不平等，但却是和谐的，从而他们能根据社会等级和服务获得不同的报酬或权力。[2]而在那些呆滞懒惰、管理不当的群体中，种种腐败堕落和叛逆不忠现象同样会产生自己的一套体系，使隶属关系变得恶劣，使成功之路变得崎岖，进而消除和谐的权力不平等，而代之以不公正的统治以及愧疚、不幸带来的绝望情绪。

一个国家财富的流通和血液在人体中的循环颇为相似。血液循环加快有两种情况：要么心情愉快，或做有益健康的运动；要么感到羞愧，或染病发热。身体发红发热既可能是感到温暖、精力旺盛，也可能是身体发炎化脓所致。

这个类比甚至可以贯穿到每一个细节。正如血液中的某个局部出问题就会影响到整个系统的健康，获得财富过程中，所有不正当的局部行为最终也会削弱国家的财力。

我们考察一两个在最简单的环境中实现财富增长的例子，就会马上明白产生上述情况的模式。

假定有两个水手落难来到一片无人的海滩上。几年来，他们不得不通过自己的劳动来维持生存。

假如两个人都身体健康，干活勤奋，并且能和睦相处，他们可能会造出一间实用的房子，逐渐有了一定数量的耕地，还可能盖上几间仓房以备将来储存之用。所有这些都是具体可见的财富，或称为不动产，而且假如他们干活同样卖力气，他们就有权平分这些财富。他们的政治经济学问题仅仅是小心保存和公正分配这些所得。但也许过了一段时间，其中一个人可能不满足于共同耕作带来的成果，因此，他们可能会同意把土地均分，各种各人的一份，各自养活自己。又假如他们分开生活之后，其中一人病倒了，在播种或收割这样关键的时候无法下地劳动。

很自然地，他会要求另一个人帮他播种，帮他收割。

于是，他的伙伴可能就会以绝对公正的口吻说：“我可以为你干这些额外的活，但你必须允诺以后为我干同样多的活。我会记下在你的地里干了多少小时，而你必须书面保证，无论何时我需要你的帮助，只要你有能力干，就必须在我的地里干同样长的时间。”假定这个生病的人一直

未愈，连续好几年，在不同的情况下，他都请求另外那个人帮助他，而每次都得立下书面保证：只要有能力，就必须按照伙伴的要求，在他的地里工作同样长的时间，完成所欠对方的劳动量。那么，等这个病人体力恢复、可以干活时，两个人的状况会发生什么变化呢？

倘若把这两个人看作一个“城邦”或一个国家的话，他们的财富要比此前少，因为这期间病人不能劳动，产出自然减少。需求的增大可能迫使病人的伙伴加快速度，拼命劳动，以至最终没有足够的时间照顾自己的田地和财产，这样，两个人的财富总和就肯定比两个人都身体健康且勤奋劳作的情况下要少。

但他们之间的关系也发生了极大的变化。几年来，那个生病的人不仅把自己未来几年的劳动力抵押给了对方，而且还可能耗光了自己的那份积蓄，以至一段时间内不得不靠对方获得食物，对此他只能用更多的劳动力作抵押加以偿付。

假定这个书面保证完全有效(在文明国家中，这种有效性由法律手段保证[3])，那个迄今一人干两人活的人倘若想彻底休息一下，倘若要过一种闲散的生活，他就不仅要强迫他的伙伴履行之前所有的协议，而且还可随意苛求对方承诺付出更多的劳动，以偿付以前提供给他的食物。

这种情形从头至尾都合法(就“合法”的一般意义而言)，但是如果有一个陌生人在这种政治经济的后期来到这片海岸，他会发现一个是商业富人，另一个是商业穷人。他也许会极为惊讶地发现其中一个人过着懒散的日子，另一个却干着两个人的活，而且过着节俭的生活，盼望着有朝一日能恢复独立地位。

当然，不同人之间建立财富不平等关系，从而造成富有和贫穷的各种商业形式，上面情况只是众多途径中的一个例子而已。在前面的例子中，其中一个人可能从一开始就故意懒散，宁愿用自己的生命作抵押换得眼下的清闲；但也可能是不善于做农活，从而被迫依赖邻居获得食物和帮助，并允诺以后为其干活来补偿。但是我想让各位读者特别注意的是，许多类似的典型例子具有一个共同之处，即这种建立在对劳动力的占有的基础上的商业财富，意味着构成大量财产的实际财富在政治意义上的减少。

再举一个与普通贸易过程更为一致的例子。假定有三个人，而不是两个人，形成了一个小小的与外界隔绝的共和国，但他们不得不分开生活，以便耕种海岸沿线相隔较远的不同土地。每块土地出产不同的作物，而每个人都或多或少需要别人地里的产物。假定这第三人为了节省三个人的时间，只担当从一块土地到另一块土地之间的作物运输工作，条件是从运达的每包货物中抽取足够的份额作为报酬，或者以另外的成包货物作为交换。

倘若这个运货人（或者叫信使）总是能及时地为这两块地上的人带

来最需要的东西，那么这两个农民的生产就会蒸蒸日上，从而这三个人组成的小社会就会获得最大的产出，即财富。但假设除了通过这个往返两地的代理人，那两个人再无沟通的途径，那么，过了一段时间之后，这个代理人经过对两块土地生长情况的观察，就会把受委托运输的作物私下囤积起来，等到有一天那两个人中的一个急需这些作物的时候，他就会强迫焦虑的农民拿出所有的其他作物进行交换。很显然，只要善于寻找机会，这个代理人就可能定期地把两块地上产出的大部分富余作物据为己有，这样，到了最后，在某个天灾饥馑的年份，他把这两块地都买到自己名下，原来的所有者也就从此成了他的劳动力或仆人。

这也许就是一个严格按照现代政治经济学原则获取商业财富的例子。但比前一个例子更显而易见的是，在这个例子中，如果商人能满足于更公正的利润，那么国家的财富，或者说三人小社会的财富总和就会多一些。两个农夫的劳作已因商人的勒索达到了极限，而且在关键的季节总是受到供应不足的制约，再加上长期为了糊口而劳作，因而变得情绪低落，没有一点盈利的感觉，这必然严重降低了他们的劳动效率。商人自己手里最终囤积的粮食也绝不等值于他诚实经营下的情况，因为假如他诚实经营的话，三个人都会粮满囤米满仓的。

因此，这个问题不仅关系到国家财富的优势，更关系到国家财富的数量，但归根结底是一个抽象的“公正”问题。对于我们获得的任何大量财富，我们很难仅仅以其物质存在而断定其对国家有益还是有害。财富的真正价值取决于附于其上的道德符号，二者关联紧密，就如同数学的值取决于附于其上的代数符号一样。任何特定的商业财富的积累可能或表明人们忠诚勤奋、不懈努力，以及心灵手巧、善于创造，或表示极度奢侈、残酷暴政、坑蒙欺诈。有的珠宝因饱含着人类的泪水而格外沉重，就如贮存不当的粮食又很不凑巧遭了雨；有些金银则在阳光的照耀下比实际上更加熠熠生辉。

大家注意，这些不仅仅是财富的道德或情感属性，追求财富的人也许对此无形属性不屑一顾，从严格意义上讲，它们也是财富的物质属性，对财富的总值有不可估量的增贬作用。一大笔钱可以是创造出十倍价值的生产活动的结果，也可能是毁灭了十倍价值的生产活动的结果。一双双粗壮的手臂可能像人吃了茄属植物那样变得麻木，一个个身强体健的工人可能情绪沮丧，一项项富有成效的生产活动受到抑制。对劳动力滥加支配，就如在杜拉平原上立起虚假繁荣神像，而下面却挖成熊熊燃烧的土窑。这种表面上的财富，实际上在金色的光环下预示着最终的毁灭，就好比海盗在海滩拾到了大把的金币，但那却是他诱导大商船失事的所得；又如那随军流动的摊贩，身上披满了碎条破布，但那却是从死去的忠勇士兵身上扒下的衣衫；再如购得了一片片窑户的田地，里面要埋葬的却是无辜的公民和那个外乡人。

所以，那种认为可以对生财之道加以指导而不用顾及其道德因素的想法，以及那种认为可以为国家财富的积累制定一般和具体的规律的想法，在所有那些诱导人类走向邪恶的观念中是最为野蛮、最一无是处

的。据我所知，自有历史记录以来，还没有什么像商业经典名句“最低价买进，最高价卖出”所代表，或在任何条件下可能代表的当代国民经济原则那样，让人类智慧如此蒙羞。在市场价格最便宜的时候买进？对，但什么使得市场上的价格便宜呢？一场大火烧毁了房屋的顶梁后，木炭可能会便宜，街区遭遇了地震后，砖瓦可能会便宜；但火灾和地震却不会给国家带来好处。在市场价格最贵的时候卖出？对，就是这样；但什么使得市场上的东西变贵呢？你今天的面包卖得不错，但是卖给了一个花光了最后一个硬币、行将饿死、再也不需要面包的穷人呢？还是卖给了一个明天就轻而易举买走了你农场的富人呢？还是卖给了一个去抢劫银行的大兵，而你的钱却正存在那个银行呢？

这些你可能都不知晓。只有一样你是清楚的，那就是你的交易是否诚实公正？你所需要考虑的就是这一点，以确保自己的交易最终不会助纣为虐，造成抢劫银行或饿死穷人的事发生。因此，所有问题最终归结为“公正”这一重大问题，其基本原因至此已明确阐述，具体讨论详见下一篇文章。在此仅留下三个关键问题供读者思考。

前面所述表明，金钱的主要价值和优势在于其对人类的支配力，而若没有这种支配力，拥有大笔的物质财富就会毫无意义，而任何人一旦有了这种支配力，那么拥有大笔物质财富相对来说也就不重要了。然而对人类的支配力还可通过金钱以外的途径获得。我在前几页的阐述中说过，金钱的力量绝非完美无缺、不容置疑。有很多东西是金钱无法企及的，还有很多东西是金钱无法留住的。很多人的快乐无法用黄金交换，很多人的忠诚也无法用黄金酬谢。

这是老生常谈了——读者诸君可能会说。的确如此，不过下面所述还不算了无新意（但愿如此）：这种精神上的支配力尽管神秘莫测、难以衡量，但包含的金钱价值却和具体可见的货币所代表的一样真实。一个人的手里可能握有无形的金子，他只需动动手或抓一下，就可能比拥有大量金条的人更有力量，而且这种无形的金子还不会越花越少。政治经济学家们将来肯定会注意到这一点，尽管无法精确衡量。

更进一步说，既然财富的本质是其对人的支配权，那么如果表面上所谓的财富没有这种权力，它也就不具有财富的本质，事实上就不再是财富了。近来在我们英国，这种对人的支配权似乎还没有达到独断专行的地步。佣人们若认为薪水没有按时发放，就可能吵吵嚷嚷地冲到楼上与主人论理。如果主人的客厅里经常发生这类事情，我们就应怀疑其财产的正当性。

所以，考虑到佣人们的基本需求，财富的力量就似乎不是绝对无限的，这种受限制的程度绝不亚于他们安静工作时的财富力量。如果厨房的佣人们穿着寒酸、仪容不整、食不果腹，谁都不免认为这户人家的财富只是徒有虚名。

最后一点，既然财富的本质在于其对人的支配力，那不就是说，所

支配的人越高贵、所支配的人越多，财富的数量就越大吗？经过一番思考后，甚至可以说，人本身就是财富，而我们习惯用来支配人的金子，事实上只不过是拜占庭式的马具或马具饰品，虽然在野蛮人的眼里金光闪闪、美轮美奂，但其作用只是约束马匹而已。但如果这些有血有肉的马匹没有那些套在嘴上耳朵上、叮当作响的束缚，它们体现的价值可能比光彩夺目的马勒辔头还要大。其实，我们可以发现，真正的财富之脉是紫红色的，它不是在岩石里，而是在血肉之躯里流动。我们甚至还可以发现，所有财富的终极体现和目标其实就是尽可能多地产生畅快呼吸、眼神明亮、心情愉悦的人。但我认为，现代意义上的财富却有一种反其道而行之的倾向：多数政治经济学家似乎并未意识到大量的、有生命的人与财富有着直接关系，或者认为即使有关系，也不过是一个个眼神暗淡、皮包骨头的人而已。

无论如何，容我重申，在国家生产出的各类产品中，身心健康、高品质的人能否最终成为首屈一指的财富来源，还是一个需认真讨论的问题，请读者诸君深思。不仅如此，我甚至可以想象，在某个遥远的、梦想不到的未来，我们英国会回想起在未开化的国度最先出现的那些关于拥有财富的观念；虽然印度河的金沙、戈尔康达的硬石能使战马的盔甲坚实，使奴隶头巾上的饰物生辉，但我希望英国作为信仰基督教的母亲，最终能获得一个非基督徒母亲的美德与财富，把自己的孩子带到众人面前，说：

“他们就是我的珠宝。”

第三章 正义审判

在基督纪元之前的几个世纪，一个犹太商人主要在黄金海岸做生易，据说成为当时巨富之一（而且其精明智慧也是远近闻名）。他在账簿里写下的一些关于财富的名言睿语被人们保存下来，甚至一直保留到今天，真是不可思议。这些名言在中世纪很受积极活跃的商人追捧，尤其得到威尼斯商人们的青睐，他们甚至在一个重要的公共建筑的一角立了一座那位犹太老人的塑像，以示钦慕。然而，近年来，那些箴言由于在各方面都与现代商业精神相抵牾而陷入非议。尽管如此，我在这里还是引用一两段箴言，既是因为其内容的新意可能让诸位有兴趣，更主要是因为它会向诸位表明，每一位讲究实际并渴望致富的商人都有可能通过成功的经营，把握区分正当所得与不义之财的原则。这一点我已在前一篇文章中部分地作了论述，而在本文中我们将更全面地加以阐述。

例如，他曾在某处写道："用诡诈之舌求财的，就是自取灭亡，所得之财，乃是被吹来吹去的浮云。"他又在另一处以同样的意思写道（他有重复表述的奇特方式）："不义之财，毫无益处，惟有正义，能救人不死。"这两段箴言最引人注意之处是，断言死亡为任何不义之财的唯一本质问题和最终所得。如果我们读到的不是"诡诈之舌"，而是"诡诈的商品标签、头衔称号，假冒伪劣，虚假广告"，就会更真切地感受到古人的这些话对现代商业的意义了。虽然现代商人拼命劳作，但"自取灭亡"则是对其过程最为真实的、令人震撼的表达。我们常以为"死神向我们索命，而我们逃脱了死神的魔掌"，而事实却很少这样。通常的情形是，死神乔装打扮，看上去美丽诱人，衣着华丽。但与高贵的王女不同，虽然"衣服是用金线绣的"，但公主秀于内，而死神则美于外。所以，是我们每天疯狂追随死神，而死神则躲躲闪闪，避开我们。我们一生的圆满与成功完完全全是去抓住死神，与他永远融为一体——穿着死神的外袍，身体化为死灰，手里拿着毒钩。

那位商人又说："欺压穷人为自己增加财富者，自身也必将穷匮。"接着他又以更强烈的语气说："你不可因为贫穷人穷乏，就抢夺他的东西，也不可在买卖中欺压困苦人。因为抢夺他们者，上帝也必夺取那人的性命。"

"因其贫而夺其财"是商人特有的抢劫方式，即利用他人对生存必需品的需求，以低廉的价格获得其劳动或财产；而一般的强盗则相反，他们往往"因其富而夺其财"。但那位古代商人似乎并未经常想到这种情况，也许是因为抢劫富人比抢劫穷人获利少又危险大，所以谨慎的商人很少去干。

但是箴言中如下两句因其含义深邃而最为著名：

"富人和穷人相遇，他们都是上帝所造。"

“富人和穷人相遇，都蒙上帝光照。”

这里的“相遇”，其实从拉丁文（obviaverunt）字面意思说，是指他们互不相让。也就是说，只要这个世界存在，财富与贫穷的作用和反作用，富人与穷人的正面相遇，就是天定的、不可避免的，正如河水流入大海，或带电云层间的能量转换，一切“都是上帝所造”。然而，这种作用既可能是温和公正的，也可能是疾风暴雨般、翻天覆地的；既可能像怒吼的洪水摧毁一切，也可能如顺势而下的波涛为人所用；或如黑暗天空的电闪雷鸣，或如生命之火延绵不绝，婉转舒缓，好似天籁之音。最后出现哪种结果，取决于富人和穷人是否都知道上帝是光明，是否知道冥冥之中唯有上帝之光才能使他们看清对方，才能生活下去。在保存犹太商人箴言的另一本书里，这一上帝之光被称为“正义的太阳”[4]，它预言“正义的太阳”最终会升起，其光芒有“医治之能”（医治疾病或提供帮助，使世界合为一体或完整如初）。这种医治功能只有通过正义手段才能实现，而热爱、信念、希望都无此功能。如果不能首先做到正义，其他一切信仰都将是徒劳、盲目、愚蠢的。一代一代的人类精英所犯的最大错误在于认为对穷人的帮助就是施舍救济、向他们传播忍耐的观念或希望，或采取其他种种温柔慰藉的手段，唯独没有想到上帝赋予他们的“正义”。然而这种伴有神圣和救助之力的正义，在审判时甚至为精英们所忽略，不论在何处显现都为众人所厌恨，以至于有一天面临抉择之际，他们放弃了这一具有救助之力的正义之名[5]，宁愿被称为杀人凶手、暴乱煽动者、劫抢盗偷之徒，也不愿被视为生命之主、和平之王、全世界的正义审判之神。

我在前面曾说过，财富的流动在某种程度上犹如河水流入大海。但从某种角度看，二者不是部分相似，而是完全相似。通俗经济学家们自作聪明地认为，财富，或一般意义上的财产形式，必须以需要为转移，即哪里有需求，哪里就有供给。他们还进一步宣称，这种供求关系不受人类律法的制约。在与此完全相同的意义上，我们也同样确信，全世界的河流也是按需流动的。哪里地势低，水就流向哪里。的确，云的飘浮、水的流向都不以人的意志为转移，但是人类的预筹先见可以对云或水的运动加以管理。河水是福是祸，取决于人类的努力劳作和治理的智慧。几个世纪以来，全世界有那么多土壤肥沃、气候适宜的地区由于河水肆虐而沦为不毛之地，甚至瘟疫横行。如果当初对河水加以恰当引导，河水就会潺潺流淌，灌溉农田，清洁空气，为人畜提供粮食，还可载舟运货；而如今，洪水泛滥，淹没了平原，污染了空气，造成了瘟疫，带来了饥荒。同样地，财富之水也“依需而动”，人的律法不能加以阻止，对财富只能加以引导。如若挖渠筑堤周全得当，它将成为生命之泉，成为智慧者手中的财富；[6]相反，如果放任自流，不加管理，就会像我们经常所见的那样，财富也会给国家带来致命的灾难，就如玛拉的苦水，成为罪恶渊薮。

令人费解的是，关于引导和约束的这些规律的必要性被通俗政治经济学家们自命为“科学”的定义忽视了，他们只是简单地将其称作“致富的科学”。然而致富之术不止一种，致富的科学也不止一门。对有大宗地产

的人，投毒害命是常见于中世纪的一个手段，而对有少量地产的人，食品掺假则是常见于今天的一个手段。收取保护费是高地苏格兰人古老但体面的生存之道，而通过赊账获取商品则是更为现代但却不太光荣的生财之道，还有其他种种先进的揽财手段，从大大小小的经营模式，到极有技巧的扒窃手段，我们都将其归功于现代人类的聪明才智，而所有这些都在致富学或发财术这一总称之下。

所以，显而易见，通俗经济学家们在将自己的研究称作如何致富的精妙科学时，必须对其属性加以特别限定。我希望没有误解上述经济学家的观点，即他们认为自己的研究是“以合法或公正的手段致富”的科学。在这个定义中，“公正”和“合法”两个词最终能共存吗？因为在某些国度里，或在某些统治者的统治下，或借某些辩护人之力，人的行为有可能合法，但绝非正义。因此，如果我们最后在定义之中只留下了“正义”，那么，所插入的这个孤零零的小词将会给这门科学的基本原理带来明显不同。因为，这意味着我们要想科学地致富，就必须正义地致富。所以，我们必须明白何为正义，以使我们的经济不再仅仅依赖经营的智慧，而是依赖律法的智慧——神的律法而非人的律法。这样的智慧绝非庸俗之举，而是高高矗立于青天之上，永远凝视着“正义的太阳”放射光芒。因此那些智慧超群的灵魂被但丁描述为星辰，在天上聚成一只永远不落的雄鹰的眼睛，能在人世间的黑暗里看到光明，就像人身体上的眼睛能带来光明一样。而那些聚成雄鹰翅膀（赋予正义力量和管辖权，有“医治之能”）的灵魂，在天空翱翔，在光明中排出“钟爱正义者，审判地球”、“审判地球者，钟爱（注意，不仅仅是喜爱）正义”字样，即是说，这种煞费苦心的爱是有选择的，是超越一切的偏爱。这种地球上的审判，不仅以能力和地位的不同而对法官和统治者提出了要求，也对其他所有人提出了要求。[7]遗憾的是，这个真理为人所忽略遗忘，甚至包括那些随时准备实践教义、从基督徒成为“圣徒”（即有帮助或医治的能力）的人，甚至也包括“被选定做王”（即有智慧或管理能力）的人。由于那些并不能给人以帮助、自身愚蠢无能的人假装具有圣徒和国王的品行，也由于过去人们通常认为，神圣和王权的体现就是穿长袍、顶高冠，而不是施仁慈、判明断，因此这些称号早就失去了本来的意思。真正的神圣是积蓄的力量，真正的王权是统治的力量，而非正义则主要是否认这种力量，以至“使人如爬行动物，如海中的鱼，不受任何约束”。[8]

虽然完全的正义如绝对的真理一样无法企及，但正义之人因渴盼正义而有别于不义之人，正如求实之人因渴盼真理而有别于虚伪之人。虽然完全的正义无法企及，但只要以追求正义为目标，就会有足够的正义满足人类实际所需。

那么，我们必须就这个主题仔细考察一下劳动偿付方面的正义的律法，这些律法是所有律法智慧的重要基础。

在前篇文章中，我只用了最简单、最基本的语言谈及了货币支付。这种语言最有助于辨明货币支付中正义的本质和条件。

如我所述，货币支付，从根本上说，就是对为我们劳动的人做出承诺：别人今天为我们服务了多长时间、干了多少活，以后只要他有要求，我们就应为他服务相同的时间、干等量的活。[9]

如果我们允诺给他的少于他给我们的，这叫报酬低；如果我们允诺给他的多于他给我们的，这叫报酬高。在实际生活中，根据供求规律，若有两个人提供劳动，而只需要一个人劳动，那两个人就会相互压价，以至于得到工作的人报酬不足。但是若需要两个人劳动，而只有一人愿意提供劳动，那两个雇主就会互相抬价，那个工人就能得到高报酬。

我将依次考察这两个体现不公正的例子，不过首先希望诸位明确介于二者之间的正当支付或公正支付的中心原则。

我们要求获得他人的服务时，他或者会无偿提供，或者要我们付给他报酬。关于他愿意无偿服务，目前毫无疑问，那是情感问题，不是交易问题。但他若要求报偿，我们又希望给他绝对公平公正的报酬，那么，显然这种公平公正就是给他同样的时间、付出同样的体力、交换同样的技能。如果他为我们干了一个小时，而我们只允诺给他干半小时，我们就占了不够公正的便宜。反过来，如果我们允诺为他多干半个小时，他就占了不够公正的便宜。公正就是绝对意义上的等量交换，而如果涉及到双方的地位的话，也不应让雇主得利，因为没有公正的理由让任何人受穷，即如果他今天给我一磅面包，我没有理由明天还他不足一磅的面包；同样没有公正的理由让任何人不受教育，即如果他用一定的技能或知识为我服务，而我回报的技能或知识没有理由低他一筹。也许我最终应该多回报一些，这才合乎情理，或至少说显得宽厚。但眼下我们只关心公正的律法问题，即绝对精确的交易律法——一种只牵涉到公正偿付这一基本概念的简单性的情况——鉴于劳动（支配得当的话）像种子一样结出果实，那么先前付出或预支的劳动所产生的果实（或称作“利息”）就必须纳入帐中，并在随后的偿付中以额外的劳动加以冲抵。假如在年底或其他任何约定的时间进行偿付，就可以把这种额外的量估算进去。但由于货币（即现钞）支付与时间没关系（接受货币偿付的人可能拿到钱后马上消费，也可以过几年之后再花），我们只能大致认为，必须依据衡平法让先付出劳动的人多得一点好处，这样，典型的交易形式如下：你今天为我付出了一小时，我将偿付给你一小时外加五分钟；如果你今天给我一磅面包，我将还你十七盎司的面包，依此类推。各位读者有必要注意的是：依衡平法偿付的总量至少不低于预先付出的量。

那么，劳动者的公正工资或应得工资这一抽象概念就可以表述为一定数额的货币，而这些货币能使他在任何时间得到与他的付出相比只多不少，或至少等量的劳动。请大家注意，这种衡平或正义的偿付方式与想要提供劳动的人的数量多少完全无关。假如我想要个马掌，而有二十个或两万个铁匠愿意为我打造，那不论人数多少，都丝毫不会影响我对打造马掌那个人的公正偿付。他为我的马掌花去了生命中的一刻钟，还付出了一定的技术和臂力，那么以后某个时间，我必须依衡平法从我的

（或由我支配的其他人的）生命中付给他一刻钟，再多加几分钟，以及等量的技术和臂力，再多加一些量，以满足那位铁匠的需要。

这就是关于公正报偿支付的抽象理论。该理论在实际应用中会根据具体情况调整，即对有偿劳动的需求是一般的，而得到的劳动是特殊的。流通的货币或合同文件实际上是国家对各种劳动的需求订单。将这种普遍适用性应用到具体的需求中时，就使得货币或文件比特殊的劳动更有价值，就是说，人们总是认为，对较少量的一般劳动的需求与较多的特殊劳动的付出等值。每个工匠都乐意以自己一个小时的劳动换取半个小时、甚至更少的一般劳动偿付。这种偿付与付出之间的差额的不确定性，再加上技艺[10]的货币价值难以衡量，使得确定（甚至大致估计）某一特定劳动的恰当工资成了相当复杂的货币问题。但是这些并不影响交换原则。劳动的价值可能不易确定，但它的确含有固定、实在的价值，就像任何物质都有固定的重量，尽管该物质由于与许多其他物质混为一体，自身的重量难以衡量。而确定劳动价值也并没有像确定庸俗政治经济学的普通最大、最小值一样那么难，风险也没有那么大。买卖交易中，买家一般都没把握确信卖家已无利可图，而卖家也无法确信买家肯定不能多出一分钱。买卖双方的这种不确定性使得他们无法避免地想要在最大程度上令对方头疼、损害对方的利益，无法避免地将“最高价卖出最低价买入”视为金科玉律，尽管他们无法知道真实的最高价和最低价。同样，正义的人也有自己的金科玉律，那就是以公正的价格支付，无法准确断定价格的上限时，就一定要尽可能接近上限。正义的人总能找到一个在实际中行之有效的近似值。理论上确定一个人的劳动应得还比较容易，而要确定为了满足生活所需必须获得的劳动偿付就难得多了。生活必需品的多少只能从亲身体验中确定，但他的劳动所得却可以通过分析得到。有时候，你会像小学生动脑筋做算术题那样试答案，直到找出最合适的那个；有时候，你又会通过运算，在一定的范围内找到最后的结果。

那么，假设某一劳动量的公正的薪酬已经确定下来，我们来考察一下公正薪酬与对劳动购买者或雇主有利的不公正薪酬所产生的直接后果。所谓对雇主有利，就是说一项工作有两个人愿意干，而雇主只需要一个。

不公正的雇主迫使这两人互相争着出低价，直到把他们的要价压到最低。假设出价最低者愿意以公正价格的一半干这份工作。

雇主就雇了他而没雇另外那个人，其最直接或最明显的结果是，其中一个无活可做，只好挨饿。这与把最好的价格给最好的工人这一公正做法带来的结果一样明确无疑。那些著文反驳我第一篇文章的立场的人根本没有看到这一点，并且认为不公正的雇主用原来的钱雇了两个人。其实，即使他把两人都一起雇了，也不会好于公正的雇主。二者唯一的区别（首先）是，对那一个受雇者的劳动，正义的人足额支付报酬，而非正义的人不足额。

我说“首先”，是因为这个直接、明显的区别并非真正的不同。通过这种不公正的手段，劳动者的公正价格一半留在了雇主手里，使得他有可能再以同样不公正的价格比率雇用其他人干其他活，而最终的结果是他以一半的价格雇到了两个人，而同时又造成两个人无工可做。

而若使用公正的方法，则第一份工作的全部报酬都应归干活的雇工所有。没有剩余落在雇主手里，他就不能再雇另外的人做其他活。随着雇主力量的减少，雇工的力量却因得到了报酬的另一半而得以增加，他就有能力支配这额外的另一半，雇用别人为他提供服务。现在，我来假设一种虽很不愿意看到但却非常可能的情况：那位雇工虽然得到了公正的回报，却可能对给他干活的人不公正，如有可能，也会只支付一半的劳动价格。最终结果就是：一个雇工以公正的价格为雇主干活；一个人半价为这个雇工干活。但与前面的例子相同的是，仍有两个人无活可做。如我前面所说，这两个正义和非正义的例子中都出现了两人无活可做的情况，差别不在于被雇佣的人数量有多少，而在于付给他们的报酬，以及支付报酬的人。请诸位明确这种根本上的差异，即非正义的例子中，两个雇工为一个人（即第一位雇主）干活；而在正义的例子中，一位雇工为第一位雇主干活，而这位雇工又雇人为自己干活，如此循环往复，穿梭于各种不同的劳务阶层。正义会带来良性循环，非正义则使发展受到阻碍。因此，这种情况下，广泛而持久的正义行为将减少个人手中用以支配多数人的财富力量，从而通过循环雇佣把财富力量分配出去。财富的实际力量在两种例子中是同样的，但非正义的手段使权力都落入一人之手，以至他随时都可用同样的力量支配周围人的劳动力；而采取正义的手段，一个人就只雇用与自己最近的人，受雇的人再把财富力量传给其他人，如此延续下去，力量不断被削弱，不断因人而调整，直至最后耗尽。

所以，在这个意义上，正义的最直接作用就是削减财富的力量，首先，削减其获得奢侈品的力量，其次，削减其支配精神的力量。雇主不能支配大量的劳动力用于为自己谋利，也不能迫使众人的思想以自己的意愿为转移。但正义的其他作用也并非就不重要。为一人劳动的一群人，若得不到足额报酬，就极难摆脱困境。这种体制发展下去就会制约进步。而足额或公正的偿付通过递降的一系列职务或劳动力阶层[11]逐步得到分配，使每一个处在低一层次的人都有充分平等的机会提升自身的社会等级，如果他愿意使用这些机会的话。这样就不仅削弱了财富的直接权力，也消除了贫困给社会带来的最严重后果。

劳动者的整个命运最终取决于这个关键问题。虽然时而也会有其他小的利益问题，但那都是这一关键问题的旁枝末节。例如，当下层阶级发现从自己工资中扣除的虽然是名义上的、但怎么看都非常真实的税款的份额时（我认为占工资的百分之三十五到百分之四十），情绪常常非常激动。这个数字听上去令人痛苦，但实际上支付税款的不是劳动者，而是雇主。如果劳动者不用支付这笔税款的话，其现在的薪水就应该正好减去这个数目：竞争仍会使薪水减少到仅够维持生存的地步。同样，下层人士还鼓吹废除谷物法，[12]以为面包便宜了，他们的日子就更好

过，而从未想到如果面包总是这么便宜，他们的薪水最终也会以同样的比例下降。谷物法被合乎情理地废除了，但并不是因为它对穷人的直接压榨，而是因为它耗费了穷人的大量劳动而没有产生价值所造成的间接压榨。那些不必要的税收对穷人也是一种压榨，因它摧毁了资本积累。但穷人命运好坏主要还是取决于其薪水公正与否。他们的贫困痛苦（暂不考虑由懒怠、过失、犯罪所带来的贫苦）在很大程度上源于竞争与压迫的相互作用。这个世界上现在没有，以后多少年也不会有真正的人口过剩，而只会有局部人口过剩，或更准确地说，在现有条件下由于计划不周和设备不足而造成某种程度上的局部人口安排不当，这种过剩由于竞争的压力而表现出来。雇主利用这种竞争以不公正的手段获取廉价劳动，给穷人也给自己带来了极大的苦难，因为在这种情况下（我相信任何其他形式的奴役都一样），压迫者最终遭受的苦难比被压迫者还要多。而诗人蒲柏的伟大诗句即使气势恢弘，也未能道出真相：

“可是，请对那些穷人公正些吧，

虽然他们彼此不和：

诅咒那些矿井，同样的命运降临，

不管奴隶在挖矿，还是已躲藏。”

关于公正在这方面所产生的间接的、恢复性作用，容我以后再加考察（首先有必要确定价值的本质），然后再考虑在何种具体条件下才能建立更公正的体系，最后再探讨未被雇用的工人的命运这一令人困扰的问题。[13]然而，为防止读者诸君对我们将要探究的某些问题感到诧异，以为我们对财富力量的批评颇似某些主张财产均等的观点，我恭请大家准确理解我所展望的如下一二要点。

至于这些主张平等的观点在陆军和海军军队里（那里按我说的原则支付报酬），还是在工厂企业里（那里按我的反对者的原则支付报酬）更受欢迎，我留给那些对手去确定并公布出来。不管他们的结论如何，我觉得只须先声明如下观点：如果说在我的著述中有什么反复强调的要点，那就是平等的不可能性。我一直试图表明：人与人之间，有时甚至是一个人与其他所有人之间，尊卑优劣是永远存在的；指定某些或某个见多识广、聪明睿智的人去引导、去领导，乃至有时去强迫和压制低一阶层的人，是明智恰当的。我的政治经济学原则三年前在曼彻斯特就用一个短语完全概括了——“既有手拿刀剑的士兵，也有手扶犁头的士兵”，而这些原则在《现代画家》最后一卷中则用一句话总结如下：“政府与合作是一切生存之律法；无序与竞争乃死亡之律法。”

至于这些总的原则会怎样影响财产的安全拥有，我想说，我远非想废除财产的安全性，甚至可以说我这些文章的最终宗旨正是意在扩大安全性的范围：既然一直宣称穷人无权拥有富人的财产，并且这一点早已为人所知，那么我希望也有人宣称富人无权拥有穷人的财产，而且这一

点一样能家喻户晓。

然而，我全力倡导的制度若实施起来，将会在许多方面减弱财富作为“快乐女士”和资本作为“苦役男人”所具有的外显、直接（尽管不是内在、间接的）的力量，这一点我不否认；相反，我为此兴高采烈，因为我知道，对于人类的理智来说，财富的吸引力已太过强大，财富的权威已太过有力。我在上一篇文章中说过，接受所谓政治经济科学的这些通行理念，是有史以来人类智力的最大耻辱。我有很多理由作如是说，但其中主要一条可聊表如下。我不知道史上有哪个国家曾建立体系违背其所奉行的宗教的基本教义。那些我们（在口头上）认为神圣的文字，不仅将贪财斥责为万恶之源，为受到神灵唾弃的一种盲目崇拜，还宣称侍奉恶魔玛门与侍奉上帝水火不容；这些文字每当说到绝对的财富和绝对的贫穷时，总是诅咒富人，保佑穷人。鉴于此，我们毫不犹豫地对作为国家繁荣之捷径的致富学进行研究探讨。“审判这些基督徒的将是埃塞俄比亚人，把他们一分为二：一类永远富有，一类永远赤贫。”

第四章 价值论说

前面说过，所谓公正的偿付即指一笔钱，用这笔钱可以在未来某个时候得到大致相等的劳动。现在我们来分析获得这种相等劳动的途径。这一问题涉及到价值、财富、价格和产品的定义。

这些术语的现有定义都还未能做到通俗易懂，特别是可能有人认为最清楚不过的“产品”一词，其在使用中却最为模糊。我们的讨论就从目前该词在使用过程中所产生的歧义开始。

穆勒先生在其书中论述“资本”的一章[14]里，曾以一个五金生产商为例。这位资本家原打算从经营收益中拿出一部分购买银质餐具和珠宝，后来改变了主意，把这笔钱用于“给增加的工人支付工资”。如穆勒先生所述，这样做的结果是“更多的食物转移到生产性劳动者的消费上”。

现在我倒不是想问他（不过若由我来写这一段，肯定会有人来问我）：“那些银器工匠结局如何呢？”如果他们从事的真是非生产性劳动，让其消失我们也会认可。而且在同一章节的另一处，他又假设这个五金商不再雇用那么多仆人，而“将多出的食物用于生产性劳动”，这里我也不去追问那些失去食物的仆人境况如何，是痛苦还是怎样。但是我十分想知道的是：为什么五金是产品而银器不是产品？不错，那位五金商消费的是银器，卖出的是五金，但这并不构成二者的差别，除非你能向世人表明（其实我发现商人们正试图加紧表明）商品是用于销售而非消费的。商人在一种情况下为消费者提供商品，而在另一种情况下其本人也是消费者；[15]而不论哪种情况，劳动者从事的都是生产性劳动，因为他们生产的五金和银质餐具只要都是商品，就价值相同。

然而是什么差别使二者不同呢？根据穆勒先生认为与政治经济学毫无关系的（III. i. 2）“由道德家所作的比较评价”来看，钢叉似乎比银叉更有价值，我们也可以认为刀和叉子一样也是好产品，镰刀和犁头也都是有用的物品。然而，军用刺刀呢？假如那位五金商把从仆人和银匠身上节省下来的食物用于生产大量的军用刺刀，他所雇用的还是生产性劳动者吗？或者用穆勒先生的话说，这些劳动者增加“永久性享受手段”（I. iii. 4）了吗？而如果生产的不是刺刀而是炸弹，难道对这些极有能量的生产性产品（每个炸弹卖十英镑[16]）的绝对、终极的“享受”竟与恰当的时间地点无关？也就是说跟与政治经济学毫无联系的道德价值无关？[17]

如果穆勒先生的研究价值不是源于这些前后抵牾之处，我真是很不愿意指出其著作中随处可见的自相矛盾的地方。在经济学家中，只有他能阐明了原则又无意中违背，默默引入了道德因素又声称其研究与之无关，所以值得尊敬。所以他的论述中许多章节都真实可信，颇有价值，我持异议的只是他依据假设得出的结论。

生产奢侈品的劳动不如生产有用物品的劳动能养活那么多人——即我们刚才讨论的那些论述的基础，这一观点完全正确，但作者给出的例子却完全站不住脚，因为穆勒先生没有解释“有用”一词的真正意思。他所给出的该词的定义，即“能满足某种欲望或实现某种目的的能力”（III. i. 2），对于铁器和银器同样适用；而真正的定义他虽然没有给出，却隐藏在这个错误的词语定义之中，并时而流露出来（例如I. iii. 5中的“维持生命或体力的任何方式”）。这个真正的定义适用于某些铁器和银器，但不适用于另一些铁器和银器；它适用于耕犁，但不适用于刺刀；适用于银叉，但不适用于银饰品。[18]

对正确定义的探讨给第一个问题，即“何谓价值”，提供了答案，不过我们先来看看通行的说法。

“‘价值’一词在没有附加修饰语的情况下使用时，在政治经济学上，总是指交换价值。”（穆勒，III. i. 2）这样看来，两只船的船舵如果不相互交换，用政治经济学话语来说，这两只船舵就没有任何价值。

然而，“政治经济学的主题是财富”。（导言，第1页）

而财富就是“具有交换价值的一切有用的和令人愉快的事物”。（导言，第10页）

可见，在穆勒先生看来，有用性和愉悦性构成了交换价值的基础，而要看一个事物是否算作财富，就必须确定其是否具有有用性和愉悦性。

我们认为，经济学意义上的有用性不单单取决于该物品的内在性质，还取决于能够和愿意使用该物品的人的数量。因此，一匹马如果没人骑，就没有用，也就不能买卖；同理，一把剑如果没人舞，一块肉如果没人吃，就没有用，就不能买卖。所以，每件物品的有用性都取决于与其相关的人的能力。

同理，一件物品的愉悦性不单单取决于该物品受人喜欢的程度，还取决于喜欢该物品的人的数量。因此，“一杯最淡的麦芽酒”、“河边的一幅阿多尼斯神像”，其相对的愉悦性和可买卖性几乎完全取决于像克里斯托弗·斯莱这样的平民百姓的观点。即是说，一件物品的愉悦性取决于与其相关的人的性情。[19]所以，政治经济学作为研究财富的科学，必须考虑人的能力和性情。可是人的道德思考与政治经济学毫无关系（III. i. 2）。进而可以说，道德思考与人的能力和性情毫无关系。

从穆勒先生的论述得出的这样的结论，我不敢完全苟同；不妨让我们再看一下李嘉图先生的论述：

“效用对于交换价值来说虽是绝对不可或缺，但却不能成为度量交换价值的依据。”（第一章第一节）不可或缺到什么程度呢，李嘉图先生？

效用可以有程度大小之分。例如，一块肉可能非常美味，适合任何人享用，但也可能变质发臭，不再适于食用。这块肉好坏到何种准确的程度才算是对于交换价值来说“不可或缺”，而又不成为交换价值的“度量依据”？这块肉要如何美味才会拥有交换价值？又要臭到何种程度——但愿在伦敦市场上这个问题已有答案——才不具任何交换价值？

我想，即便是李嘉图先生提出的原理，在运用时似乎也会有某种故障，但仍不妨看看他给的例证：“假定在社会的早期阶段，猎人的弓箭和渔夫的渔具价值相等。在这种情形下，猎人劳动一天的产品——鹿的价值就会完全等于渔夫劳动一天的产品——鱼的价值。鱼和猎物的相对价值都完全由体现在两者之中的劳动量决定。”（李嘉图，第三章，《论价值》。）

言之有理！这样，如果渔夫捕获一尾鲱鱼，猎人捕获一只鹿，则一尾鲱鱼的价值等于一只鹿；但如果渔夫一无所获，而猎人却捕获了两只鹿，那么两只鹿的价值就等于零？

不是这样——李嘉图先生的支持者可能会说——李嘉图的意思是从平均数量来看，如果渔夫和猎人每天劳动的平均产量是一尾鱼和一只鹿，那么一尾鱼的价值就必定与一只鹿的价值相等。

那我可以问一下是哪一种鱼吗？是鲸鱼？还是小鲱鱼？[20]

对这些荒诞的论述再予深究只会浪费时间，我们还是来探寻真正的定义吧。

几百年来，我们一直非常重视古典文化教育。但愿这些受过良好教育的商人们还能记得拉丁语课程的一些内容，还能记得valorem一词（一个他们非常熟悉的单词）的主格形式是valor，这个词他们应该也很熟悉。valor从valere变化而来，意为健康或强壮：生命力强壮（如果用于人）或勇敢，使生命强壮（如果用于事物）或有价值。因此，所谓“有价值”就是“对生命有益”。一个事物的真正价值或益处就在于它对生命的全部贡献。如果其对生命的有益之处较少，或力量不足，其价值就相应地小一些；如果其对生命无益，可能相应地就没有价值，甚至有害。

所以，一个事物的价值不依赖于观点，也不依赖于数量。一个事物，无论你观点如何，也无论其数量多少，其价值无增无减。其价值只在于对生命是否有益。这是造物主赐予它的作用于人和物的力量，不会因你的高估而有增，也不会因你的贬损而有减。

真正的政治经济学应与伪科学区别开来，就如医学不同于巫术，天文学不同于占星术。真正的政治经济学教导国民如何寻求对生命有益的事物，并为之付出劳动，教导国民唾弃并消灭那些会带来毁灭的东西。如果人们愚昧，竟以为常见之物，如随处可见的贝壳、红色和蓝色的石子，是有价值的东西，把本应用于延续生命、使生命更有尊严的大量劳动花费在捕捞贝壳、挖掘石头、打磨造型上；同样，如果人们愚昧，竟

视珍贵之物，例如让我们无偿受益的空气、阳光、洁净的环境，为毫无价值的东西；再或者，人们最终竟以为可以拿生存所必需的东西（光靠这些东西就可以真正拥有或使用任何东西），如和平、信任、爱，在市场上与金银、铁器或成堆的贝壳锱铢必较地交换。面对这些情况，唯一真正的政治经济学应教导人们何为虚幻，何为真实；何为侍奉死神、侍奉奢费之主，以至最后两手空空，又何为侍奉智慧之主、侍奉节省之女神，以至永远丰盈无缺。这位节省女神说过："我将使爱我的承受货财，并填满他们的府库。"

侍奉"节省女神"比在银行储蓄更有意义——尽管后者也很不错，因为安康圣母，也即健康女神，虽然通常说起来好像与财富不同，却实实在在是财富的一部分。你们可能还记得，下一个要解释的就是"财富"这个词。

"所谓拥有财富，"穆勒先生说，"就是拥有大量有用的东西。"我接受这个解释，只是我们的理解不要有任何偏差。反对我的人常常抱怨我的论述逻辑性不强，恐怕在此我必须多说几句了。但政治经济学绝非一个容易的话题，所以每个词都应定义准确。

因此，在上面的定义中，我们必须首先明确"拥有"为何意，即"占有"的本质是什么。然后还要明确"有用"为何意，即"效用"的本质是什么。

首先讨论"占有"。三百年来，在米兰大教堂的十字翼顶部，一直安放着圣徒卡罗·博罗门涂有防腐香料的木乃伊。木乃伊手持金制牧杖，胸佩绿宝石十字架。如果说这个牧杖和十字架都是有用之物，是否可以认为这具木乃伊"拥有"这个牧杖和十字架呢？用政治经济学的财产观来看，这个牧杖和十字架是否归木乃伊所有呢？如果不是，并以此大致得出死人不能占有财产的结论，那人活着的时候在何种程度、何种阶段才能拥有财产呢？

再看这样一个例子：在前不久的加利福尼亚沉船事故中，一位乘客把一个装有二百磅黄金的袋子绑在身上，结果沉入海底。那么，在他沉入海底的过程中，是他拥有金子，还是金子拥有他呢？[21]

假设不是金子的重量将他拖入海底，而是金子砸中他的额头，造成不可治愈的伤病，比如瘫痪或精神失常，那是否可以说，和前面的例子相比，这个人更加"拥有"这些金子呢？没有必要通过不断增加人支配金子的生命力而将问题追问下去（不过若有人需要的话我会再继续举例），我觉得读者诸君已明白，所谓占有，或者说"拥有"的力量，并不是绝对的，而是有程度区分的；不仅要看被拥有之物的数量、性质，还要（在更大程度上）看那个人拥有那些财富的合适程度，以及他使用这些财富时的生命力。

所以，我们给财富的定义可以扩展为："对有用且我们能用的事物的

拥有。”这是非常重要的更正，因为这里的“财富”，不再仅仅取决于是否“拥有”，而是取决于是否“能用”。角斗士之死是因其个人力量不够，“活该”，而军人的胜利、国家的得救，则取决于“最宝贵的人力”。（李维，第七章第六节）所以，我们仅当作物质积累加以讨论的东西，也需要人的能力的积累。

动词形式就讨论到此，下面来看其形容词形式。何谓“有用的”？

这一追问与前面的论述密切相关。某物可对一些人有用，但在另一些人手中，可能就是相反的情况，即通常所说的“利用”和“滥用”。“利用”还是“滥用”，主要取决于人，而不是某物自身。因此，酒神巴克斯的神话中，希腊人本用葡萄酒象征喜怒哀乐，利用酒“使神和人喜乐”（即是说，既加强神的生命力，或思考能力，也加强人的世俗、肉体的力量）。然而，对酒“滥用”，就会成为酗酒无度的酒神狄俄尼索斯，尤对人的神圣的精神思维有害无益。同样，对人的身体也有“利用”和“滥用”之分：若组织得当，身体不论参加战争还是从事劳作，都会有益于国家；而若没有约束、随心所欲，身体对于国家就毫无价值，只能起到传宗接代的作用罢了（甚至连这都很勉强）。希腊人用idiotic（意为“个体的”）一词来指这类人，意指对国家没有任何直接的用处，所以今天我们说的idiot就指只考虑自己的人。

因此，一件东西如果有用，就不仅必须自身有可用性，还必须用到益处。更准确地说，“有用性”是存在于勇士手中的价值。这样一来，正如我们在前面看到的，如果视财富的科学为财富积累的科学，它就不仅指物质的积累，还有能力的积累；如果视财富的科学为财富分配的科学，它就不是指分配的绝对同一性，而是指其相对区分性——不是指每人一物，而是指物尽其用，且用得其所。这样的科学绝非数学运算那样简单易行。

因此，财富就是“归勇士所有的有价值的事物”，而且若从国家的角度来看财富，就必须将这两点结合起来考虑：一是事物自身的价值，二是拥有者的力量。基于此可以看出，许多我们通常认为富有的人，其实并不比自己保险箱上的那把锁富有多少，因为他们本质上永远不能发挥财富的用处。对于国家来说，从经济角度看，他们的财富只是一潭死水，只是河流中的漩涡（只要河水在流动，这些漩涡就没有价值，反而只会把人卷入其中溺死。恐怕只有河水干枯时，这潭死水才可有点价值）；他们的财富也可能是河中的堤坝，但河水的益处最终并不取决于堤坝，而是取决于磨坊主；有时他们的财富还可能只是阻碍、障碍，从而不是“财富”，而成了“拆富”（这里需要这么一个与之相对的词），给国家各个领域带来损失、造成麻烦；乃至最后这些人苟延残喘（一无所用直至气绝）时，他们也有作用，那就是拖累并“阻碍”国家的快速发展。

鉴于此，政治经济学作为真正的科学，关键问题不仅是需要培养能够利用物质价值的高尚品质，而且要面对这样一个事实，即财富由高尚

的品质与物质的价值共同构成，但二者往往相互敌对，势不两立。一方面，高尚的品质常常忽视物质价值，甚至将物质价值抛掷一旁，正如蒲柏所言："是啊，应得赞誉的人性啊，常常视财富如草芥，不以财富为荣。"另一方面，物质价值也会损害高尚品质。对此，我们必须检视财富对其拥有者的心智有何影响，同样也要研究何种品性的人一心谋财，并发财致富，还要研究我们这个世界更应感激的是穷人还是富人，是感激他们的道德影响，抑或感激那些主要的产品、各种发现和实用的进步。不过，我倒可以先预测一下未来的结论，甚至可以这么说，在一个只靠供求规律运作的社会中，如果不出现大的动乱，一般来说，如下品性的人会成为富人：勤奋，果断，自信，贪婪，敏捷，有条理，有判断力，重实际，不急躁，孤陋寡闻。而如下品性的人只会贫穷如故：愚蠢透顶，智慧过人，[1]游手好闲，有勇无谋，谦恭卑微，思想深刻，迟钝愚笨，思想浪漫，心思敏锐，见多识广，鼠目寸光，偶尔一时冲动而作恶，或是笨拙的仆人，明火执仗者，以及慈悲为怀、公平正义、虔诚敬神之人。

关于财富就说到这里。下面我们要明确价格的本质，即交换价值的本质，以及交换价值的货币表现。

说到交换，首先请注意这一点：交换不产生利润。只有劳动才产生利润，即"预支"或"为利而做"（根据"利润"一词的拉丁语意思）。交换只产生优势，即给参与交换的人带来好处或力量。这样来看，一个人春种秋收，一份谷物变成了两份，这是利润。另一人打铁锻造，一把铁锨变成了两把，这是利润。可是有两份谷物的人有时也要工具挖土，而有两把铁锨的人有时也要粮食果腹，于是通过交换各得所需。虽然交换对两人都有好处，却未产生任何利润，因为交换没有制造出、也没有产生出任何东西，只是此前产生的东西经过交换得以为人所用而已。如果说没有劳动就没有交换，那是因为劳动实际上存在于生产产品的过程中，并与其他劳动一样，创造了利润。无论有多少人参与生产和运输，他们的劳动都构成了利润的份额。但生产和运输都不是交换，所以交换本身不产生利润。

然而，交换会有所得，但这是另一码事。如果有人通过交换，以自己轻松劳动的所得换取了对方辛苦劳作的产物，他就"得到"对方劳动产物的一部分。他得到多少，对方就失去多少。用商业语言来说，如此获利者常被认为"获得了利润"，而且我相信许多商人真以为人人都能以此方式获得利润。可是，事与愿违，按照我们这个世界的法则，物质定律和运动定律绝不允许这种获利现象普遍存在。利润，即物质所得，只能通过制造和发现才能获得，而不能以交换的方式获取。对于任何交换之后的物质所得，你得到多少，对方就失去多少。

然而，不幸的是，在政治经济学这门科学的发展中，通过交换而来的物质所得数量，或"所得量"，却在这个世界上显得光明正大，堂而皇之，以至大家都迫切想要学习这门科学，产生了巨大的影响。然而，与之相对应的"失去量"却隐没到后街之中及其他暗淡之处，甚至最后进入

坟墓，彻底离开了人们的视野。这种情形使政治经济学的数学运算变得怪诞不经，难以捉摸；大量的负号都由簿记员以一种红色墨水标记，由于墨水不足，其颜色淡化了，而且慢慢变成奇怪的浅色，直至今天已模糊难见。

如果将这种交换科学，或如我耳闻曾有人建议称之为“交换经济学”，看作关于如何获得“收入”的科学的话，则它毫无价值可言；而如果将其看作“获得”的科学，则又显得匪夷所思，因为它的数据和基础都与其他已知的科学迥异。因此，如果我能用一根针与土人交换一颗钻石，我之所以能成功，要么是因为土人对欧洲社会习俗的无知，要么是因为力量不够，无法利用这些习俗，从而把钻石卖给其他人换得更多的针。再进一步，如果我尽可能占尽所有便宜，给那个土人一根没有针眼的针（这样就完美运用了政治经济学，达到了圆满结果），我在交换中所占的便宜完全取决于对方的闭塞无知、无能为力，甚至粗心大意。若非如此，交换优势就无法存在。由此可见，交换经济学只给交换的一方带来好处，其存在的基础只能是另一方的愚昧或无能。没有这种基础，就没有交换经济学。所以，交换经济学这门学问所赖以建立的基础是“不学无知”，交换经济学这门艺术所赖以建立的基础是“幼稚无术”。而除此之外的其他科学和艺术，都以消除对方的无知无术为己任。在众多科学中，唯独这一门不择手段地大肆鼓吹、长期维护对方的无知，否则一切都无从谈起了。由此可见，交换经济学实属另类、愚昧的科学，或可称为伪科学：它绝不是神圣天父的真理，而是另一父之子，该父让其子变石头为面包，自己却将面包变为石头；你要一条鱼（他的领地不产鱼类），他给你的却是一条毒蛇。

所以，公正的经济交换的一般规律就应当是：必须使参与交换的双方都从中获益（若只能一方获益，也至少不让另一方受损）；对促成交换过程的中间人（通称为商人）所付出的时间、智力、体力给予公正的报偿；而且不论哪一方得到什么利益，不论给中间人什么报偿，都应向参与交换过程的所有人公开。任何企图隐瞒的做法都是违背了这一规律，都是对神圣科学的亵渎，都是建立在无知基础上的。因此，那位犹太商人又说：“像木橛插在两块石头之间，罪恶亦钻进买卖之中。”人们交易中的关系如这种木与石的独特楔定，而楔定的木橛与石头又构成了房屋，但当飞行的书卷来临时，房屋最终要彻底毁灭，连同木橛与石头一起毁灭。飞行的书卷（犹如“弧形利剑”）上写的是“行于遍地的咒诅：咒诅一切偷窃的人，一切虚伪的人”。随后立刻又有巨型量器异象出现，量器“显示出地上的一切罪恶”，上有重重的铅盖，里面是那位代表罪恶的女人；也就是说，罪恶藏于笨重的容器中，容器的外表看上去庞大冷漠。“它将被牢牢安置在巴别的土地上。”[23]

至此，我讨论“交换”时，一直很谨慎地只使用“有益”这个字眼。但这个词含有两个意思：一是有益于得到所需之物，二是有益于得到所盼之物。我们这个世界上的需求有四分之三和精神有关：各种愿景，各种理想，各种希望，各种情爱。财富的支配基本上是对幻想和情感的支配。因此，正确讨论价格的本质其实是一个既极其抽象又实实在在的问

题，有时只能以热血激情解决，就如大卫王计算伯利恒城门旁的井水价格那样。但无论怎样，首要的条件是：任何东西的价格都是由想得到此物的人为拥有该物所付出的劳动量。这样，价格与四种变量相关。购买者的占有欲大小（A)，它与出售者将该物留为己有的愿望(a)相对；购买者为得到该物所能付出的劳动量（B），它与出售者为留下该物所能付出的劳动量（b）相对。这些变量只有在出现差额时才起作用，即是说A意味着对该物的占有欲超出对其他事物的占有欲，B意味着从为获得其他事物所付出的劳动中抽出来以获得该物的劳动。

所以，关于价格的种种现象都是极为复杂、极为特殊、极为引人关注的，甚至将这些现象复杂到难以研究的地步。对每个现象深究到一定程度，都会将这些现象归结到“那些困苦的群羊”（或“待宰杀的群羊”）的讨价还价之中，“你们若以为好，就给我工钱；不然，就算了！”——《撒迦利亚书》第十一章11：12。不过，既然一切事物的价格最终都以劳动计算，还是有必要确定这一标准的本质。

劳动是人的生命与某种对立物的对抗。“生命”包括智力、灵魂和体力，它们与问题、困难、考验或物质力量进行较量。

根据所含生命因素的多少，劳动有高低层次之分。而任何高品质的劳动都包括充分、和谐地发挥体力所需要的智力和情感。

谈论劳动的价值与价格，总是有必要明确特定劳动的层次和品质，就如谈论金银必须明确其成色标准一样。劣等的劳动（如麻木冷漠、没有经验、胡做蛮干）无法定其价值，就如无法确定某合金中金的价值，或某块有裂缝的铸铁的价值一样。[24]

劳动的质量与类型一旦确定，其价值就如其他有价值的事物那样成为一个定量了。但为得到其他事物所应付出的劳动的数量则是个变量。要算出这一变量的大小，其他事物的价格就必须以劳动的数量来计算，而不是由事物的数量多少来确定劳动的价格。

这样看来，如果我们在岩石遍地之处栽种一棵苹果树苗，可能需要劳动两小时，而在松软沙地种一棵苹果树苗，可能只需劳动半小时。如果这两种情况下的土壤同样有利于果树生长，则花了两小时栽种的树苗价值绝不比只花了半小时栽种的树苗大，因为两棵树结的果实一样多。而且，任何一份半个小时的劳动都是价值相等的，然而，一棵树苗花了四份半个小时的劳动，另一棵树只花了一份，对此现象的适当表述是：并非在岩石地上付出的劳动比在松软土地上付出的劳动廉价，而是前者的果树价格更高。而此后的交换价值可能取决于，也可能不取决于，这个事实。如果其他人有足够多的松软土壤种植果树，他们在给岩石上的果树报价的时候就不会考虑我们在岩石地里的两个小时劳动。如果由于缺乏足够的植物学知识，我们种下的不是果树，而是树汁有剧毒的由巴斯树，那交换价值就成了负值，与我们付出的劳动就更不成比例了。

因此，我们通常所说的劳动的廉价在现实中就意味着要克服诸多障碍，以至为了较小的结果而付出较多的劳动。但这不应说成是劳动的廉价，而应看作劳动目标的增值。如果因为劳动十小时才换来一顿午餐，就说劳动廉价，那就可以说走十英里路才能到家吃晚餐，从而走路也廉价。

最后要明确的术语是“生产”。

我前面说过任何劳动都产生利润，因为对于劳动的质量或价值，以及劳动目标，不能一概而论。但最优质的劳动在劳动目标上却有不同。劳动可能是“有益”的（来自拉丁语“收聚”），如农业；也可能是无益的，如打磨珠宝；甚至是“有害”的（来自拉丁语“分散”），如战争。然而，我们却总是很难证明那些明显无益的劳动真就微不足道。[25]一般说来，下面这个结论还是有道理的，“不同我收聚的，就是分散的”；这样，珠宝商的劳动就可能是非常有害的，因为它增长了人们庸俗不雅的傲气。这样，我认为最终可以将所有的劳动简单地分为正反两类：正面劳动能产生生命，反面劳动则带来死亡。杀人是最直接的反面劳动，而生儿育女是最直接的正面劳动。所以，从负面角度看待懒散不劳作，杀人肯定是千夫所指；而从正面角度看待懒散不劳作，养育儿女又绝对令人肃然起敬。这样来看，又由于养育[26]孩子的荣耀，女人被比作葡萄藤（象征喜悦），孩子被比作橄榄枝，象征赞美，不仅象征赞美，也象征和平（因为只有在和平年代才能养育很多的孩子）。不过孩子后来四处奔波航行，就像巨人手里的利箭，射向四面八方，把生命的力量带到各处，大大提高了国家的实力。

可见，劳动产生的结果多种多样，而任何国家的繁荣程度都与用于获得和运用谋生手段的劳动量大小有精确的比例关系。注意，我说“获得和运用”，即是说，不仅生产要有智慧，分配和消费也要有智慧。经济学家通常认为单纯的消费一无是处，[27]现在看来远非如此，单纯的消费是生产的目的，生产的荣耀，生产的完美体现。而有智慧地消费要比有智慧地生产更需要高超的技术。如果有二十个人赚钱供一个人花费，那么对于个人和整个国家，关键问题绝不是“他们能赚多少钱”，而是“他们怎么花钱”。

各位也许纳闷，为什么我到现在很少谈及“资本”及资本的作用，现在就谈这个问题。

资本capital这个词本意为“事物的头部、源头、根部”，即能产生派生物或从属物的部分。只有能产生与自身不尽相同的事物，才是真正意义上的capital（即有生命的capital，而不是僵死的capital）。换言之，除非“根部”产出与自身不同的东西，即“果实”，否则就不能说其起到了最关键的作用。果实最终又会再生成根，所以，一切有生命的资本都会使资本再生。但资本若只能产生资本而无他用，那就有如根只生根；有如球茎只生球茎，而长不出郁金香花；有如种子只生种子，而变不成食物。而欧洲的政治经济学迄今一直致力于这种球茎的繁殖，甚至只是球

茎的积累。它从未见到，也从未孕育出郁金香花这样的东西。不仅如此，这些被高温蒸煮的球茎，比如说玻璃泡，或鲁珀特玻璃泡，最终还可能碎成粉末（好在只是玻璃粉，不是炸药粉），以实现经济学家们在定义资本积累规律过程中的目的或意义。对此我们再来深入探讨。

拿最简单有效的常见资本——制作精良的犁铧为例。假设这架犁铧除了像息肉滋生那样生出其他犁铧而别无他用，则不管这架犁铧的那堆息肉在阳光下如何耀眼，它已失去了作为资本的作用。它只有发出另一种光芒才会成为真正的资本，那就是“在沟渠里闪光”，即通过光荣的劳动磨擦而使犁铧自身的物质减少，而非由于闲置而使其徒增息肉般的锈迹。所以，对于每个资本家和每个国家来说，最根本的问题不是“你拥有多少犁铧”，而是“你开出的沟渠在哪里”；不是“你的资本自身繁殖有多快”，而是“你的资本在再生产中有何作用”。资本提供的东西是什么，对生命有益吗？资本产生的东西是什么，对生命来说安全吗？答案如果是否定的，再生产就毫无用处。更糟糕的情况是（因为资本既可以维持生命，也可能摧毁生命），其再生产不仅无益而且有害，只能是徒增怨恨，损害未来的利益，而绝不会带来任何利润。

这样的资本有害无益，我们的先人早已看到这点，并通过伊克西翁这类形象表现出来。资本是头部，是财富的源头，即财富的源泉，就如云是雨的源泉。但是若云中无水，而只能生云，最终降下的将是愤怒，而不是甘霖，只产生闪电，而不能滋润沃土良田。据说伊克西翁首先以佳肴诱客人赴宴，最后将他们推入火坑（又如底马的银矿），以此显示从贪求享乐到贪求力量的过程中财富所起的刺激作用。但力量没有得到真正的理解：伊克西翁原本贪恋朱诺，却与一朵云彩（或幻影）做爱，生下了半人半马状的怪物。所以，财富本身的力量只能是与幻影相伴，徒劳无益。（又如“以法莲吃风，且追赶东风”，或“虚无的钱财”，再又如吉里昂，一个贪得无厌的骗子，他飞起时，能张开利爪卷起旋风。[28]）可是它的后代却是兽面人心的怪物：像人那样智勇皆备，又像野兽那样大口吞食、肆意踩踏。伊克西翁因贪婪之罪而最终被缚于锯齿状火轮之上，旋转不息，成为人类自私而无益的劳作的象征（这一形象一直延续到中世纪的财富之轮）。火轮内没有呼吸，没有灵魂，只听由命运女神转动。而以西结异象才是真正的劳动，即活物的灵在轮子内，天使往哪里去，轮子就往哪里去，从不偏离天使的方向。

既然这是资本真正的本质，我们就可以说真实的生产也有两种，且一直活跃不辍：生产种子和生产粮食，也可以说是为土地生产和为嘴生产。只有贪婪之徒才认为生产种子与粮食只为储存到仓库里。其实，仓库只是为分配起一个过渡和存放的作用，不然粮食最后只会生菌发霉，养肥了老鼠和蛆虫。既然为土地生产的意义只在于将来能收获粮食，我们可以说生产的本质就是为嘴而生产，并最终由嘴来衡量。因此，如我前面所言，消费是生产的最高目的，国家的财富多少只能以它的消费量来衡量。

政治经济学家们对这一事实缺少清楚的认识，就无法正确认识资

本，从而对利益、收益产生错误认识。他们的眼光只盯在钱的收入上，而不是嘴里的食物；他们禁不住种种诱惑而落入歧途，在耀眼的金钱面前不能自制，就如鸟被捕鸟镜弄花了眼而自投罗网；或者说（如果他们和鸟没有多少可比性）他们就像儿童，想要跳起来去踩自己身影的头部，因为钱的收入只是真正收入投下的幻影，而人才是真正收入的象征。

所以，政治经济学的终极目标是，寻找合适的消费方法，获得足够的消费量。换言之，即使用一切事物，而且为了神圣的目的而使用：使用物质，使用服务，使用加工服务。穆勒先生的整个著作中最令人费解的错误（最初由李嘉图提供给他的）是，他试图区分直接和间接服务，并进而得出结论：对商品的需求不是对劳动的需求（I. v. 9及后文）。他将修建游乐园的劳动与生产天鹅绒的劳动分开，认为资本家的两种花钱方式使两种劳动类别有显著不同：雇人修剪花草是对劳动的需求，而购买天鹅绒则不然。[29]这个结论不仅怪异，简直匪夷所思！是的，吩咐劳动者在春风中挥镰割草，或是让他在污浊的空气中开机织布，这对于劳动者确有不同，但对于其劳动报酬而言，不论是让他用种子和镰刀做成绿色天鹅绒，还是用蚕丝和剪刀做出红色天鹅绒，都绝对没有什么不同。而且，他也不会在乎天鹅绒做好后，我们是铺在地上做地毯，还是围在身上做披肩，只要天鹅绒消费完全是为了我们自己。但如果我们的消费绝不是为了自己，那么我们的消费模式，以及我们所消费产品的种类和劳动者就都有利益关系了。这样来看（暂时回到穆勒先生那个重要的五金制造商理论[30]），不论是雇他来种植桃树，还是制作炸弹，就劳动者的直接利润而言都无关紧要，但我如何消费这些东西可能对他而言就关系重大了。假如这两样东西我都不是自己消费，那么对这位劳动者来说，区别可能就是性命攸关的：他的孩子生了病，我可能到他的农舍探望，送给他桃子，也可能把炸弹从他的烟囱扔进去，把房顶炸飞。

对于这个农民来讲，最糟糕的情况莫过于，资本家把桃子留给自己吃，却把炸弹分配给了别人。[31]但是不论哪种情况，按照商业交换原则，炸弹的使命必定是让某人的房顶上天，这是广泛存在的普遍事实。只要你愿意，你可能为你的邻居种葡萄，也可能种的是葡萄弹，而反过来，他也可能为你种葡萄，也可能种的是葡萄弹。当然，最后你们都是种瓜得瓜，种豆得豆。

所以，消费的方式和结果才是检验生产的试金石。生产不在于使用大量劳动生产出来的东西本身，而在于生产出来的东西有多大的消费价值；生产对于国家而言不在于雇用了多少劳动力，而在于创造了多少生命。正如消费是生产过程的结束和目标，生命也是消费过程的结束和目标。

两个月前，我曾将这个问题留给读者思考，希望读者自己找出答案，而不是由我直接给出答案。不过到现在已具备条件（由这里提到的一些问题引发的详细讨论非常复杂，因杂志篇幅有限，我会另寻他处阐

述），作为系列基本问题讨论的结束语，我想在此将这一重要事实明确陈述如下：生命之外别无财富。这里的生命包括爱的力量，快乐的力量，敬慕的力量。一个国家养育的体面、快乐的人越多，这个国家就越富有；一个人在充分发挥自身作用的同时，不论通过自身还是通过自己的财产，对别人的生存越能产生有益的影响，就越富有。

这样来看，现在的政治经济学就变成了有史以来唯一不可理喻的经济学，其立论的基础是自身利益[32]，所有这样的政治经济学只能是再次让天使们追求自身利益而产生分歧，毁坏天堂的经济秩序。

“让尽可能多的人快乐、高尚地生活。”然而，高尚与否和人数多少有直接关系吗？是的，不仅有直接关系，而且不可或缺。只有道德最大化才能实现生命数量最大化。从这个角度说，人口的发展规律与动物迥然不同。动物的繁殖只是受制于食物不足和其他物种的敌意：蚋蠓的数量因燕子叨食受到制约，而燕子的数量又因蚋蠓数量稀少受到制约。人类作为动物的一种，实际上也受到相同规律的约束：饥饿、瘟疫、战争是唯一影响人口增长的必然因素，到现在为止也是有效的因素。人类一直在研究怎样迅速地实现自我毁灭，怎样迅速地摧毁房屋，而所谓最先进发达的技术却使饥荒增多，瘟疫潜伏，刀剑锋利。但是如果认为人类不同于动物，则人口的增长又不受这些法则的约束。相反，能制约人类的只有勇气和爱。当然，勇气和爱都有限度，也应当有限度，同时，人口增长也有限度，但是这些限度还都未达到，以后许多年也不会达到。

在人类思想的各个领域，我发现只有政治经济学家对人口问题的看法最为悲观忧郁。有人建议通过增加薪酬来改善劳动者的生活状况。“这可不行，”某位经济学家说，“如果给他增加薪酬，要么会使别人生活水平下降，和他一样糟糕，要么他会胡吃海喝，把钱都挥霍光。”他肯定会这么说，我知道他会这么说。是谁让他这么说的呢？各位，假如那个劳动者是您的儿子，您对我说，您不敢让他进您的公司工作，也不敢给他应得的薪酬，因为您一旦这么做，他就会酗酒而死，留下的一大堆孩子只能靠教区救济。“那么是谁让您的儿子酗酒成瘾的呢？”我要问您这个问题。他生来就这样还是被人教成这样呢？两者必有其一。那些穷人和您的儿子是一样的道理。这些穷人要么是与我们完全不同的人类，罪孽深重，无可救药（虽还未听到有人公开这么说，但这种观点常有流露），要么让他们和我们一样接受教育，从而让他们学会忍耐克制、生活节制朴素，就如我们这样睿智、平静，尽管做到我们这个程度实在很难。“但是，”有人会说，“他们不能接受教育。”为什么不能？这才是问题的关键。教会慈善家们认为富人的主要错误是不给穷人吃肉，而由于富人的欺诈，穷人只能向万民之主乞求施舍。[33]唉！不给肉吃并不是最残忍的，对肉的要求也不是最有效的。生命比吃肉更重要。富人不仅拒绝给穷人食物，他们还不让穷人获得智慧，不让穷人获得美德，不让穷人得到救赎。无人牧养的绵羊啊，并不是对你们关闭了草地，而是让你们看不到神的存在！可是你们只要得到肉！也许你们可以为获得有肉吃的权利而申辩，但是还有更重要的权利应当首先申辩。你如果愿意，可以声称桌上掉下的碎屑归你所有，但你应像孩子那样去要，而不是像

狗那样乞求；你可以声称有吃饱肚子的权利，但也请更理直气壮地说你有权利做一个圣洁完美、纯洁无邪的人。

这些字眼似乎很难用在劳动者身上："什么？圣洁？就这些没有黑袍、没有圣膏油的家伙？就这些穿着粗布外套、粗言粗语的家伙？就这些注定就应默默无闻、卑微低贱伺候人的家伙？完美？就这些眼神呆滞、手脚笨拙、头脑迟钝的家伙？纯洁无邪？就这些放纵欲望、低三下四、身体肮脏、灵魂粗俗的家伙？"是的，他们可能是这个样子，但尽管如此，他们却是这个世界上所能看到的最圣洁、最完美、最纯洁的人。他们可能如你所说，但即使这样，他们也比造成他们这种状况的人圣洁得多。

但是能给他们做些什么呢？谁能给他们提供体面的衣服，让他们接受教育，控制他们生育的数量呢？他们最终是什么结局呢？难道只能是同类相残？

我希望会有另外的结局，不过这个结局不是由经济学家们通常提议的解决人口过多问题的三个途径所得出的。

所谓三个途径，简而言之，就是：海外殖民，开荒拓疆，提倡独身。

三个权宜之计中的前两个只能是回避问题，把矛盾向后推迟。向全世界殖民，把全世界的沙漠变成良田，都不是短时间能做到的。眼前的迫切问题不是地球上有多少地方可以居住，而是一块给定的可居之地应当能养活多少人？

注意，我说的是"应当"，而不是"能"养活多少人。表达常欠准确的李嘉图先生把他所说的"自然工资率"定义为"能养活劳动者的工资"。养活？不错，但怎样养活呢？我把李嘉图这段话读给一个女工听时，她立刻这么问我。我代她问你们大家："养活？怎样养活？"首先，养活多久？在所养活的一定数量的人中，有多少活到老年，有多少活到青年？也就是说，是只养活他们到一定时候就早早将其杀死吗——比如说平均寿命三十或三十五岁的时候，包括那些饿死病死的儿童？还是养活他们直到其寿终正寝？前一种情况中，[34]由于生死交替加快，要养活的人数更多，而后一种情况中，所养活的人却可能更幸福。哪种情况是李嘉图先生所谓的自然状态呢？所谓的自然工资率又属于哪种情况呢？

还有：一块土地可能只够养活十个懒散、愚笨、缺乏远见的人，却可以养活三十或四十个智慧、勤劳的人。哪个才算是正常的自然状态呢？自然工资率又属于哪种情况呢？

再如：如果一块地养活的是四十个勤劳但无智慧的人，如果他们后来想摆脱这种愚昧无知的状态，于是分出十个人研究各种锥体的性质，研究星球的大小。由于这十个人不再耕地种粮，所以这十个人要么必须以某种过渡方式解决食物问题，要么这十个研究星球和锥体的人就要挨

饿，或者其他某个人要挨饿。那么，什么又是这些科学研究劳动者的自然工资率呢？自然工资率又如何衡量他们转型或过渡的生产力，或与之相联系呢？

再如：如果那块地最初养活的四十个人和睦相处，敬奉天地，可数年后却开始争吵相斗，亵渎神灵，以至只好分出五个人从中斡旋，调解争端，再分出十个人持枪荷弹，装备精良，以保证决策得以实施，再分出五个人用雄辩有力的语言提醒每个人，上帝的存在真实不虚。这样一来，总的生产能力会结果如何呢？又怎样看待那些通达事理、孔武有力、传达神谕者的“自然工资率”呢？

对于这些问题，李嘉图先生的追随者们讨论也罢，回避也罢，我只想对穆勒先生偶而提及的、影响劳动阶级未来的主要事实加以陈述。穆勒先生写的那一章及前面一章与其他政治经济学家通常的论述有所不同。他承认自然也有价值，并对自然风景可能遭到的破坏表示忧虑。但对这个问题我们完全可以不必忧虑重重，因为人不饮溪水，也不吃石头。一块地养活的人口的数量若达到极限，也就意味着可供人或牲畜食用的植物数量达到了极限，同时意味着清新的空气、纯净的饮用水的数量达到了极限。因此，能净化空气的树木数量达到了极限，绿草茵茵、不受烈日暴晒、以确保有溪水流动的山坡数量达到了极限。如果这样下去，整个英国就会成为一个大工厂；全体英国人为了满足全世界人的利益而牺牲了自己，在噪音中，在黑暗里，在受到污染的空气中生活，寿命大大缩减。但世界不可能都是工厂，不可能都是矿山。不论多少聪明才智都不能让几百万人靠吃铁生存，也不能以葡萄酒代替氢气。贪婪与暴怒都不能让人饱腹。尽管桌上满是所多玛的苹果和蛾摩拉的葡萄酒，可是光洁的苹果里尽是灰土，玉液琼浆般的酒里有毒蛇潜伏。只要人类以面包为食，远处洒满上帝之光的山谷就必定充满笑声，快乐子民的呼喊就必定在榨酒机旁、在水井边缭绕。

那些多愁善感的经济学家不必担忧这种机械式的农业若大量出现会使生活枯燥乏味，智慧的人类不仅追求食物，也追求幸福快乐。只有拥有与身边的山水同欢共乐的智慧，人口数量才能达到极限。沙漠自有自己的位置与作用。大地就是永动机，它以地轴为传动杆，以四季为节奏，以海洋为气息，用平滑的石砾围住沙漠，用狂沙吹平沙漠，使沙漠寒气袭人，使沙漠热浪滚滚。但沙漠之外却有良田美池，世外桃源，心之所愿亦即目之所及。单纯的自然之景不会永受青睐，除非那里到处可见快乐的劳动，有平整的良田，有美丽的花园，有结满果实的果树，有排列齐整、温馨甜蜜、人来人往的房舍家园，到处充满生机和笑语欢声。静寂的空气不会甜蜜，除非有小鸟啁啾，有呢喃虫鸣，除非有男人浑厚洪亮的说话声，有孩子嬉戏时调皮的尖叫声。生活的艺术是后天学得的，但最终我们会发现美好的事物也不可缺少。路边有庄稼生长，也要有野花开放；在树林草地放牧牛羊，也要有鸟儿和其他野生动物相伴。因为人类不只需要面包，还需要荒漠里的甘露，还需要上帝的每一句神奇的话语，每一处奇妙的神迹。当初的人们生活幸福快乐，正因为他们不知道这些，他们的祖先也不知道。人的存在就是神迹，神迹的光

辉环绕周围，与天地共融。

最后，请注意，所有这些通往人类真正幸福的有效的进步，只能经由个人而不是公众的努力才能获得。不错，某些宏观的措施、某些修正的法律能使进步更快、更顺利，但首要的措施和法律应以每个人的家为基础。我们常听到精明的人如此建议，周围的人（那些状况往往不如他们的人）若抱怨不断，就对他们这么说："天意如此，要知足常乐。"可有些状况下，上帝并无意要人们逆来顺受。虽然这个准则基本不错，但只适合家用。你的邻居是否应该满意现状是他自己的事，你无权干涉，重要的是你应对自己的现状感到满足。当今的英国迫切需要表明，通过持续、有序的竞争所得到的愉悦生活应是奢侈有度、光明正大、勤勉有加。我们需要这样的楷模：他们认为能否出人头地由天意而定，自己则随遇而安；他们执意追求更简朴的快乐，而不是更多的财富，不是追求鸿运连连，而是追求气定神闲、心境坦然；他们把克己自制看作首要的财富，以对他人无害的自尊和祈求和平为荣。

这种低调的和平被写成"公义与平和，彼此相亲"，公义之果实"种植于平和使者的平和心态中"。这里的"平和使者"不是通常意义上的冲突调解人（尽管在更大的范围内有此功能），而是"平和"的创造者，"平静"的施与者。若施予平和，必先获得平和；而这种平和在平常所说的经营过程中是没把握得到的。经营中会有各种形式的所得，因为经营（如很多民族的语言所表明的那样：polein来自古希腊语，意为买卖；prasis来自古希腊语，意为活动；意大利语venir、法语vendre、拉丁语venal都来自古希腊语venio，意为得到，等等）本质上就不是安分守己的，甚至可能是争吵不休的，就如聒噪的乌鸦，围着那腐烂的食物飞来飞去，而以橄榄为食、嘴衔橄榄枝的鸽子找寻的则是安身歇脚之处。因此，就如智慧之神所说的"建造房屋，凿成七根柱子"，虽然常在门柱旁驻足守望，但即使离开房屋去往远方，路途也是平和之旅。

不管怎样，在我们看来，智慧的平和之旅始于自己的家门口，所以，一切真正的经济学都应始于"家庭法则"。我们应努力使这个法则严谨、简洁、宽容，既不产生浪费，又不带来抱怨。绝不可一心只图多赚钱，而要尽可能将钱用得其所。要牢记这个重要的、浅显的、不可回避的事实，也是一切经济活动的规律和基础，即一样东西若归你所有，别人就不能同时也有。任何由人类劳动创造的事物，或为人所使用，或为人所消费，只要能有助于维持现有的生命，或有助于产生更多的生命，就是正面的、积极的劳动；而如果阻止了现有生命的延续，甚至造成生命的杀戮，就是滥用劳动。在一切购买活动中，请考虑以下问题：第一，对生产者的生活状况带来何种变化；第二，付给生产者的钱是否公正，最后落入生产者手里的钱是否比例适当；[35]第三，所购买的东西有多少能明确用作获得食物、增长知识、带来快乐；第四，所购买的东西能及时有效地分配给谁，且如何分配。所有的交易都必须坚持完全公开和物尽其用的原则，每次交易都要尽善尽美，市场交易的商品更要品质优良，纯正无瑕，同时要尽可能获取或传导淳朴愉悦的力量，并能表明"平常之中有大美"，即是说，欣赏的量不取决于所品尝之物的数量，

而是来自品尝过程中生命的参与以及平和的心境。

在上述公正合理的思考的基础上，似乎每一次对怜悯心的请求、每一次对权利的呼吁，都在引导人们过一种至少在目前来看不算奢侈的生活。请想想，即使奢华生活来得正当，如果我们能清楚看到世上与奢华相伴的苦难，我们是否还应去追求它？未来的确可以有奢华的生活，但那是纯洁无暇、尽善尽美的奢华，那是由众民所享有、由众民所成就的奢华，而眼下的奢华却只为无知者独享。那些冷酷至极的人可能被蒙上了双眼，不然怎能心安理得地享用美酒佳肴？请勇敢地掀开蒙眼布，面对阳光吧！如果自古以来，眼睛的光明只有通过泪水获得，身体的光明只有透过粗布衣而现，那你就带着宝贵的种子、流着眼泪出去，直到那个时刻到来，直到天国“给你和给那最后来的一样”，那时耶稣会赠我们面包，赠我们平和。到那时，对世上分化出的罪恶与疲惫的人，将有更圣洁的和解，不再是死后解脱；在那里，恶人不是自己没有烦恼，而是不使别人烦恼，从而让困乏之人得享安息。

作者注

[1] 对待佣人的这两种不同模式及其所带来的不同物质结果，通过比较《荒凉山庄》中埃丝特和查利的关系与《汉普雷老爷的钟》中布拉斯小姐与侯爵夫人的关系，就会看得十分清楚。

狄更斯作品的重要价值和真实性不幸被许多颇有思想的人所忽视，仅仅因为他用近乎漫画式的笔调来展示真相。这种忽视之所以不幸，是因为狄更斯的漫画尽管粗略，但绝对恰如其分。接受了他的叙事方式，他告诉我们的就都是真实的。我认为（但愿他同意）他的卓越的夸张手法只限于大众娱乐作品，而在涉及更具国家意义的主题时，例如像《艰难时世》中的主题，他会采用更严肃、更准确的分析手法。由于《艰难时世》中的庞得贝先生只是舞台上的恶魔而不是现实中工厂主的典型，斯蒂芬·布莱克普尔只是舞台上的完美形象而不是现实中诚实工人的典型，所以这部作品（我认为这本书在许多方面都堪称他最好的作品）的价值在很多人看来大打折扣。但我们不要忽视狄更斯的智慧和洞察力，他是有意利用舞台的激情来叙事。他的每一部作品都主旨明确，意图清晰；所有作品，特别是《艰难时世》,都值得那些关心社会问题的人细致认真地进行研究。他们虽会发现大量偏激之处，而且由于偏激而显得不够公正，但若从另一方面考察所有例证（这似乎被狄更斯所忽略了），就会在努力研究之后发现，狄更斯的观点不论粗糙还是尖锐，最终都是正确的。

[2] 关于第一篇文章中的那句“不雇用差工人”，我自然多次受到质疑：“那你打算如何处置那些不被雇用的差工人呢？”我想类似问题你们以前可能也都遇到过。比如你想雇个保姆，薪酬每年二十镑。有两个女孩应聘，一个衣着整洁，另一个衣着邋遢，一个有人强力推荐，另一个则没任何推荐。在这种条件下，你通常不会问那个衣着邋遢的女孩，若出十五镑，或十二镑雇她，她是否愿意留下，并且如果她同意的话，就放弃那位有人强力推荐的女孩。你更不可能让这两位相互压价，直到你能把两人都雇用下来，一个每年十二镑，一个每年八镑。你会直接就雇那个最合适做保姆的女孩，而让另一个走人。你也许不会为那个你迫切问我的问题而惴惴不安：“没被雇用的女孩会结果如何呢？”我的建议是：像对待佣人那样对待工人。确实，这个问题颇为沉重：“对那些差工人，那些无业游民，那些游手好闲者—你们该怎么办呢？”

我们现在来考虑这个问题，但请注意，国家的整个商业和工业管理体制是不能在短短十二页的篇幅内详细说明的。同时，既然我们都知道处理无业游民和游手好闲者很是棘手，那么是否应建议让这类人产生得越少越好呢？如果考察游手好闲者的产生历史，就会发现其与任何产品的生产没什么不同，而现行的政治经济学体系却大量刺激了这类人的产生，所以可知这个体系就是谬论。我们应找寻能造就诚实可信之人的体系，而不要那种绞尽脑汁应对游手好闲之人的体系。让我们改革学校教育吧，那样就没有多少必要去改革监狱了。

[3] 现存的对金钱真正本质的争议主要源于那些考察金钱不同层面功能的人，而不是源于其不同观点本身。所有金钱，就其本质来说，是对债务的一种认可。虽说如此，金钱也可视为债权人勤奋和财富的象征，或债务人懒散和贫穷的象征。由于（到目前还是必需的）像金、银、盐、贝壳等市场化商品的使用，使流通的货币具有内在的价值或安全性，金钱的本质问题就变得更加复杂了。但不管怎样，对金钱的最终和最好的定义是：金钱是国家认可和担保的、可随时根据需要而给出或寻找劳动的书面文件承诺。把一个人一天的劳动作为金钱的价值标准，比把对任何产品的衡量作为标准更准确，因为没有任何产品能保持始终不变的生产率。

[4] 更准确地说，应是“公平的太阳”；然而由于“公平”听起来刺耳，古英语中经常用“公正”代替，以至于该词与“神圣”混为一谈，或产生各种模糊不清的意思，使大多数人不能从该词所出现的文字中感受到应有的力量。其实，“公正”指的是统治的正义性，或权利的正义性，它不同于公平，后者指衡平法的正义性。一般说来，公正是国王的正义性，而公平是法官的正义性；国王管理或统治一切人，而法官则区分或辨别好坏善恶。（所以才有了那句双重疑问：“朋友，是谁让我做你们的法官或财产仲裁人呢？”（《路加福音》第十二章12：14——译者注））因此，与选择（挑选、弱势的、被动的正义性）的正义性相联系，我们从lego（拉丁语，直译为选择）演变出lex（拉丁语，直译为法律）、legal（中古英语，直译为合法的）、loi（法语，直译为法律）以及loyal（英语，直译为忠诚不二）等词；而与统治（指挥，有力的、主动的正义性）的正义性相联系，我们从rego（拉丁语，直译为管理）演变出rex（拉丁语，直译为国王）、regal（中古英语，直译为君王的）、roi（法语，直译为国王）以及royal（英语，直译为皇家的）等词。

[5] 另一处以同样的意思写道：“他是公义的，并且施行拯救。”（《撒迦利亚书》第九章9：9——译者注）

[6] “智慧使你长寿，也使你富贵荣华。”（《箴言》第三章3：16——译者注）

[7] 听说有几位律师将我在第一篇章中阐述的关于律师的作用就是维护公平正义的主张视为笑谈，但我却无意为他们提供笑料。不管怎样，通过以上论述可以看出，无论是决心做事公正还是已经在公正做事，都不仅仅只是律师的作用。也许，我们的常备军——军人也好，牧师也罢，议员也罢（广义的牧师包括所有教师，而广义的律师则包括立法者以及执法者），他们越是为国家而战、越是富有智慧、越是诚实正直，就对国家越有利。

[8] 与鼠和狼一样，依需求供给定律生存是鱼的特权，但依正义而活则是人的荣耀。

[9] 起初，似乎劳动的市场价格表现出了这种交换关系，但这却是个假象，因为这个市场价格只是所需劳动的临时价格，而公正的价格才是与人类的生产劳动等值的。这一区别会在适当的时候加以分析。还需注意的是，我这里谈及的只是劳动的可交换价值，而不是商品的可交换价值。商品的可交换价值由生产该商品所需的劳动乘以对该商品的需求力得出，即如果劳动价值等于x，商品的需求力等于y，则商品的可交换价值就是xy；如果x或y等于0，则xy等于0。

[10] 使用“技艺”这个词时，我想应当包括经验、智识以及体力劳动中的热情共同构成的力量。而“热情”应包括各种道德情感及其作用，从能让人一丝不苟、连续工作，或不知疲倦、效率倍增的耐心平稳心态，到促进科学进步的宽容品质（嫉妒令科学迟滞，这是本世纪经济发展的巨大损失之一），以及不可言传的激情和想象，那是艺术活动中最为重要的价值之源。

非常奇怪的是，那些政治经济学家们即使没有意识到道德因素在每次运算过程中的不可忽略性，至少也不会没意识到激情因素。例如，我想象不出穆勒先生根据什么证据得出如下结论，“即便是从纯粹生产的和物质的观点来看，纯粹思维的重要意义也是无限的”，他没有认识到，根据逻辑有必要补充“纯粹情感的重要意义也是无限的”。这一点其实更为重要，因为在他给劳动下的第一个定义中，他认为劳动这一概念包括“在某一职业中因进行思考而引起的一切不愉快的情绪”。他说的不错，但为什么不包括“一切愉快的情绪”在内呢？总不能说使劳动速度减慢的情绪比能加快劳动速度的情绪更为重要吧。前者的回报是痛苦，后者的回报则是力量。劳动者情绪不快只是免于受罚，但愉快的情绪却既能产生所从事工作的一部分交换价值，还能增加物质产量。

“我们有弗里茨，他一人顶五万人。”的确，这个人大大增加了物质力量。然而，必须注意到，物质力量的增加并不见得是因为弗里茨有思维敏捷的头脑，也不见得是因为弗里茨有军人般的耿耿忠心。“纯粹思维的重要意义是无限的”这个命题也许根本不对！不仅如此，假如有一天我们发现，所谓“纯粹”思维本身就是某一有价值的生产目的，而物质生产只不过是实现这一更有价值的非物质生产的一个步骤呢？

[11] 对不起，让我用点时间对某些作者的含糊其词做一简要答复。他们通过把劳动的种类、层次、数量与劳动的质量相混淆，从而试图让我在第一篇文章中给出的几个关于规范劳动的例子晦涩难懂。我从未说过上校的工资应和列兵相同，主教的薪俸应和助理牧师相同。我也从未说过干得多应与干得少报酬相同（以至于管辖两千居民的教区牧师与管辖五百居民的教区牧师薪俸无异）。但是，我说过，只要你雇用别人劳动，则干得好坏都应报酬相同，就是说不好的教士也会收什一税，不好的医生也会收费，不好的律师也会收佣金。这一点，我前面说过，现在也在说，以后在结论中还会深入阐述，既是因为最优质的劳动过去不是、将来也绝不是为钱而做的，更主要是因为人们一旦明白劳动不分好坏都应同等付酬，他们就会对雇者加以挑选，择优汰差。一位精明的《苏格兰人报》作家曾问我是否愿意让任何一位三流作者从老史密斯先生出版公司那儿获得与好作家相同的报酬，我说当然愿意，如果他们已经雇了那人的话，但出于对那位三流作者的利益的考虑，以及对出版公司自身利益的考虑，我还是会郑重建议他们不雇那个人。从结果来看，国家目前对三流作者投入的那些钱没有被经济地花掉，即使是极为足智多谋的人，在面对这个问题时，恐怕也会致力于更有益的事情，而不是去将这些草率的创作付印。

[12] 我必须提及就自由贸易这个话题与佩斯利一位作者的一次有趣的通信（那封对我表示支持的简短来信让我感激不尽）。但恐怕这位苏格兰作者听说我现在是，也一直是义无反顾、彻头彻尾的自由贸易者时，可能会颇为不悦、惊讶不已吧。在七年前，谈及欧洲人心态幼稚的各种表现时（见《威尼斯的石头》第三卷第168页），我写道：“仅在数月之前英国国会才承认商业的基本原则，实行自由贸易，如今欧洲大陆几百万人还几乎不知自由贸易为何物，还没有一个国家敢取消海关。”

你们会注意到我甚至不认同互利互惠这一观念。其他国家愿意关闭港口就关闭好了，只有英明的国家才会敞开国门。敞开国门本身不会有危害，而鲁莽唐突、不假思索的开门方式倒是有害

无益。如果已连续保护了某家工厂很多年，突然一下子放弃保护，会使工人立刻失业，就如天气寒冷时即使层层包裹可能对孩子的健康极为不利，也不能把包在虚弱孩子身上的衣物一下子全部脱掉。你必须一点一点地让他恢复自由，与空气接触。

很奇怪，很多人对自由贸易的认识颇为混乱，因为他们认为自由贸易意味着扩大竞争范围。其实恰好相反，自由贸易中止所有竞争。“贸易保护”（诸种害处之一是）极力使一个国家的某种产品生产在不利的条件下与另一国家竞争，而一旦贸易完全自由化，这个国家就不可能与生产某一产品有得天独厚优势的国家进行竞争，也同样不可能与生产某一产品毫无优势的国家进行竞争。例如，意大利的托斯卡纳就不会在钢铁行业与英国竞争，而英国也不会在石油行业与托斯卡纳竞争。他们只能交换钢铁和石油。这种交换必须以诚相待，必须像海风那样自由无碍。实际上，一开始出现的残酷竞争，是为了证明都有能力生产某个产品的两家工厂谁更强大，而一旦分出高低，竞争也就终止了。

[13] 我十分希望读者能一开始就扫清障碍，把问题集中在判定到底是难于得到工作还是难于得到报酬上。难道他认为职业本身是昂贵的奢侈品，因而难以得到，且稀有难寻？抑或像享受运动之乐那样，人也必须有工作支撑，只是这种支撑并非随时可得？这个问题我们必须弄清楚才能继续讨论，因为很多人谈及“工作难找”时总是概念不清。这个“工作”是指工作本身还是指我们赖以生存的方式？我们是想用工作消磨无聊时光，还是解决饥饿？我们必须逐个回答这两个问题，不能同时回答。无疑，工作是一种奢侈品，非常大的奢侈品。实际上，它既是奢侈品又是必需品，因为没有工作，谁都不能保持身体和心智的健康。这一点太深刻了（容后面详叙），以至于我建议那些仁慈的、现实的人将引导富人寻求比现在更多的这种奢侈品作为首要目的之一。尽管如此，根据经验来看，即便是这种最有益于健康的快乐，也有人过度沉迷，就像有人耽于酒肉，有人则易陶醉于工作。所以，对有些人来说，提供清淡饮食和较多工作是善意之举，而对有些人来说，提供较少的工作和丰盛的食物也同样恰当。

[14] 第一编第四章第一节。节省篇幅起见，后面再涉及穆勒先生的著作时，就只标数字，如此处就写作“I. iv. 1”，该书由帕克出版社出版，1848年版，八开两卷本。

[15] 如果穆勒先生想告诉我们消费与出售所产生结果的不同，那他就应该举五金制造商消费而非出售自己产品的例子，同样，银器制造商也消费而非出售自己的产品。他若真这么做了，就会使自己的观点虽然不很有力，但更明确。可能这就是他真正想要持有的论点，即对商品的需求并非对劳动的需求；这一论点暗含了他的理论，也在其他地方阐述过，而本文的结论已表明这个论断是错误的。然而经过对穆勒先生这段论述的认真研究，我还不敢说其完全是谬论，或是建立在一个更为荒谬的基础上的二级谬论，所以这里还是姑且视它为一个普通的谬误而已。

[16] 我采用的是赫尔普斯先生在论述战争一文中提到的价格。

[17] 海关官员把精致的西班牙涂银花瓶打碎，是因为花瓶包含的银有逃税的嫌疑，而制作花瓶的头脑智慧无此嫌疑。那么，用来把花瓶打碎的斧头有生产性吗？——制作花瓶的艺术家没有生产性？再有，如果樵夫的斧头是有生产性的，那刽子手的斧头呢？又比如说，如果一根绳子中的麻纤维具有生产性，难道一根绞索中麻纤维的生产性大小不是更多地取决于道德因素而非物质使用吗？

[18] 有花边的金银丝细工饰品，也就是说，总体上以复杂程度，而非以艺术价值取胜的装饰品。

[19] 这些论述看上去浅显易懂，但如果深入下去，就会发现其极为重要。因此，在以上例子中，经济学家们从未意识到，购买意愿在需求关系中完全是一种道德因素，即是说，如果给他半个克朗，那么有了这半个克朗，他是穷是富就看他自己的意向了：他可以购买疾病、毁灭、仇恨，也可以购买健康、进步和天伦之乐。因此，对于任何一件商品，其给人带来的愉悦程度或交换价值，不仅取决于商品的生产过程，还取决于买主的购买过程，进而取决于买主的教育程度，取决于构成其选择购买某一商品的意向的所有道德因素。对于这些定义，我会在适当的地方一一举例阐述，并挖掘其应有的重要价值。眼下我暂且用三言两语一带而过。为让读者感到所讨论的主题连贯一致，我把四个部分的开篇术语定义都放到一起，这四个部分是：论价值，论价格，论生产，论经济。

[20] 为了进一步支持李嘉图先生，也许有人会说，李嘉图的意思是“如果效用给定不变，则价格依劳动数量而变”。如果李嘉图先生确是此意，他早就应当表述出来；而另一方面，若真是这个意思，他当初就几乎不会忽略这样一个必然的结果，即效用是价格的一个量度（但这一点他是明确否定的）。而且，为证明可销售性，除了证明有一定数量的劳动，还必须证明有一定量的效用。也就是说，就他所举的例子而言，那头鹿和那条鱼应能供同样数量的人食用，可食用的

天数相同，吃在嘴里的味觉也相同。可事实是，他自己也不知道自己的话是什么意思。他从商业经验得出的一个笼统的、他也分析不了的观点是：如果需求不变，则价格随着生产所需的劳动数量发生变化；或者套用我在前篇文章中提出的公式，如果y不变，则xy的值随x发生变化。但问题是，如果x变化明显，则需求绝不会，也不可能始终不变，因为价格上扬，消费者就会减少；而一旦出现垄断（所有的短缺都是垄断的一种形式，所以任何一种商品都偶尔会受到某种垄断的影响），y就会成为对价格影响最大的条件。因此，一幅油画的价格与其说取决于其内在的品质，不如说更取决于公众对它的兴趣；歌曲表演的价格与其说取决于歌手的劳动，不如说更取决于想洗耳恭听的人的数量；黄金的价格与其说取决于其像铈、铱那样的稀缺性，不如说更取决于其令人赞叹的耀眼光泽，其毋庸置疑的恒久不变的纯度。然而，必须提醒大家记住，我这里用的“需求”一词与经济学家们的通常意思有所不同。他们的“需求”是指“一种商品所卖出的数量”，而我的“需求”则指“买者购买该商品的意愿大小”；或言而简之，一个人的“需求”非指其所得，而指其欲得。经济学家们也没有注意到，物品的价值大小并不单纯看其体积或重量，而要看与其使用价值相关的体积或重量。例如，他们说水在市场上没有价格。的确，一杯水没有价格，但一池湖水就有价格；一抔土没有价格，但一英亩土地就有价格。假如可以使一杯水或一抔土成为永久财产（即找到一安放之处），所有的陆地和海水就会一抔、一杯地被人买光。

[21] 比较乔治·赫伯特的诗集《教堂》第28节。

[22] “宙斯是贫穷的”—出自古希腊戏剧家阿里斯托芬的喜剧《财神普鲁特斯》，第582行，但这句希腊文的意思要参考前面一句来理解—“但他比财神更能让人心地善良，品相端正”。

[23] 《撒迦利亚书》第五章5：11。

[24] 最佳的劳动就是有效或有效率的劳动，希腊人称其具有“可衡量性”，或者是希腊语中的“有价值的”，因此是实实在在的、真实不虚的，所以希腊人称这种劳动的价格为“荣耀的估价”，因为他们认为真正的劳动是神圣的，应当享有神仙般的荣耀。而错误劳动的价格，或那些与生命相悖的劳动的价格，则不是荣耀，而是复仇，对此他们另有一词可以形容，把这种劳动的要价归因于一位名叫底西福涅的女神，也叫“复仇死神”。她对各种恶行锱铢必较，恶有恶报，丝毫不爽；今天的人们作恶，就如向这位女神开了活期账户。

[25] 最严格意义上的无效劳动，也许就是指不足以有效实现劳动目的、因此不得不从头再来的劳动；那种因不合作而造成的徒劳也是无效劳动。我曾对贝林佐纳地区一个小村庄的牧师说，我不明白为什么村民们任由提契诺河河水泛滥，冲毁农田，他告诉我，村民们不愿意合力修建高于山谷的有效的大坝，因为大家都认为“那样就等于帮助邻居得到了和自己同样的利益”。于是，每户都只能在自家田地周围堆出较矮的堤坝，提契诺河随时都可泛滥肆虐，把田地房屋冲毁。

[26] 注意，我这里说的是“养育”，不是“产生”。赞美出现在第七个季节，这第七季既不是最前面的萌芽季节，也不是最后的种植季节，而是中间的结果季节。奇怪的是，人们只对那些凭一时之勇挽救生命者大加赞美，而对长期含辛茹苦养育生命者却不舍得赐福。我们给“拯救生命者”以桂冠，为什么不能给“创造生命者”以花冠？人的生命本来应是完整的，既有躯体还要有灵魂。英国有这么多橡树，足够让他们都戴上荣冠。

[27] 穆勒先生说到生产性消费时，只指那些能带来资本增长或物质财富增加的消费。见I. iii. 4及I. iii. 5。

[28] 同样，在前面引述过两个妇人抬着巨型量器的异象，“她们的翅膀中有风”，不是我们的《圣经》版本中的“鹳鸟”翅膀，而是拉丁语《圣经》中的一种黑翅猛禽的翅膀，或更准确地说，是在七十士希腊文本圣经中的“戴胜鸟”。这种鸟在许多传说中常与财富力量相联系，这些传说中，它们对金黄色冠毛的追求恐怕是最为有趣的。在阿里斯托芬以鸟为主题的喜剧《鸟》中，就都是这种鸟，尤其有意思的是它们“制砖建城，形成了云中鹄鸪国，就如巴比伦王国”，第一章第550行。再请比较但丁笔下的普路托斯，他（为表现财富如何摧毁理智）是《地狱篇》中唯一不能正常说话而又怯懦无比的幽灵：一方面受到压迫抑制，一方面又口不能言，“张口结舌”。商业经济受到突然打击而惊恐慌乱、手足无措的样子在这个简洁比喻里尽显无遗：“如风鼓船帆，一俟桅杆坍塌，则缆断帆落”。

[29] 原材料的价值实际上应从劳动价格中扣除，但所参考的部分并未考虑原材料价值问题。穆勒先生只关注支付给中间人的工资所带来的结果，以至走入误区。他说：“消费者并不用自己的钱来支付纺织工每天的工资。”对不起，此言差矣。天鹅绒消费者就像给园丁支付工资那样，同样也用自己的钱给纺织工支付了工资。也许他把钱给了作为中间人的船主、天鹅绒商人，以及

店主，他要支付运费、店面房租费、损耗费、时间费，以及保管费，所有这些加起来已超出了天鹅绒的价格（就如给一位优秀园丁的工资要高于草坪的价格一样）。但是生产天鹅绒的资本来自消费者，就如草坪也来自消费者的资本一样，只不过消费者在天鹅绒生产半年后才支付，而对周一为他修理草坪的园丁就不必等到周六下午才支付了。而对于穆勒先生的结论“资本不可或缺，买主则可有可无”，我不知是否只是指伦敦的实际情况而言。

[30] 请注意，这一理论与我们正在讨论的恰好相对。五金商理论要我们解雇园丁而雇用生产商，天鹅绒理论则要我们解雇生产商而雇用园丁。

[31] 在欧洲，资本的运作有一种可怕的方式，即全靠资本家的财富来进行非正义的战争。正义的战争并不需要花费大量钱财，因为参与其中的多数人都有义不容辞、无偿奉献的信念；而在非正义战争中，士兵的躯体和意志都像劳动那样要花钱购买，还要给他们购买最好的武器作为工具，这就使得非正义战争花费巨大，更不用说还有交战国给社会底层带来的恐惧、国家之间的敌视与怀疑，德行尽失，忠诚不再，使广大民众的心境难有片刻安宁。眼下的法国和英国就是如此：每年的花费达到令人瞠目的一千万英镑（粮食产量显著下降，地里一半是刺人的荆棘，一半是瑟瑟的叶子，这就是按照当代政治经济学家建立的、教会人们贪婪而非教授真理的所谓“科学”进行播种、收割、储藏的结果）。如果不去掠夺敌人的财富，那么所有非正义的战争都只能靠资本家的贷款才能维持，这些贷款随后又以税收的形式转嫁到民众头上，而民众似乎无意卷入战争，资本家的意志似乎才是战争的最根本原因。但真正的原因是整个民族的贪婪之心，以致信仰缺失、互相欺诈、正义不再，最终的结局是人人受损，人人受难。

[32] “在一切有关价格的推论中，都必须了解如下的前提条件，即‘假定所有的当事人都关心自己的利益’”。——穆勒，III.i.5。

[33] 《雅各书》第五章5：4。注意，在这些论断中，我完全没有提及、也根本不赞同关于平均分割财产的思想，因为平均分割财产只能使财产不复存在，进而所有的希望、所有的产业，以及所有的公平正义都不复存在；平均分割财产只能造成混乱，这种混乱使现代政治经济学家们越来越难以自拔，而我正努力设法让他们脱离困境。富人并非因吝啬守财而让穷人吃不到肉，而是卑鄙地利用财富不让穷人吃到肉。财富是力量的一种表现形式，而有力量的人若是藏而不露，则对人并无害处，但他若滥用力量，就会有害于人。那些主张平等的人看到强者欺压弱者，就会大喊“拧断强者的胳臂”，而我却说“教育强者力量要用得其所”。能获得财富的力量与智慧，其本质不是让财富分散，也不是施舍财富，而是利用财富为人类造福。换言之，财富应有益于犯错者忏悔、贫弱者富强，即首先让他们有活可做，有钱可赚，然后给他们休息的时间（安息日），让他们把钱花出去。要知道，安息日就是让人休养生息，而不是拼命劳作的。穷人受穷总是因其自身失误，或是愚蠢笨拙所致，就如幼童跌入池塘，跛子在街口滑倒，都是他们自己的原因，但不管怎样，大多数路人见状都会伸手相助，把孩子从水中拉出，把跛子从地上扶起。即使从最坏的角度看，认为天下的穷人都如任性调皮的顽童，都如粗心大意的跛子，天下所有的富人都聪明智慧，身强体壮，你也会立刻看到，不论是认为人人都应均贫穷、皆无力、皆愚蠢的人，还是看见孩子在泥塘里挣扎而无动于衷的富人，都是不对的。

[34] 两种情况中的生命数量相同，但分配方式不同。

[35] 那些中间人，即监工（或有权势的工人）、货运商（商人、水手、零售商等），以及接单员（接收消费者订单的人），他们的合理地位本应在深入探讨给第一生产人公正报酬这一问题前就进行研究，但我之所以在这些导论文章里没有涉及，是因为这些中间环节出现的丑恶现象，并非由当代政治经济学所提出的原则所致，而是由个人的疏忽或心术不正所造成的。

Guy de Maupassant's Short Stories (Vol. III)
莫泊桑短篇小说集（三）

Bilingual Classics
外研社双语读库

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Graveyard Sirens and Others

Guy de Maupassant

公墓里的妓女及其他

莫泊桑（法） 著
外研社编译组 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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Graveyard Sirens

公墓里的妓女

The five friends had finished their dinner; there were two bachelors and three married men, all middle-aged and wealthy. They assembled thus once a month, in memory of old times, and lingered to gossip over their coffee till late at night. Many a happy evening was spent in this way, for they were fond of one another's society, and had remained closely united. Conversation among them was a sort of review of the daily papers, commenting on everything that interests and amuses Parisians. One of the cleverest, Joseph de Bardon, was a bachelor. He lived the life of a boulevardier most thoroughly and fanatically, without being debauched or depraved. It interested him, and as he was still young, being barely forty, he enjoyed it keenly. A man of the world in the broadest and best sense of the word, he possessed a great deal of wit without much depth, a general knowledge without real learning, quick perception without serious penetration, but his adventures and observations furnished him many amusing stories, which he told with so much philosophy and humor that society voted him very intellectual.

五个朋友已经吃完了晚餐，这五个人都是中年人，都很富有，两个是单身汉，三个已经结婚了。为了缅怀旧日时光，他们每个月都这样聚一次，边喝咖啡，一边聊到深夜。许多个快乐的夜晚都是这样度过的，因为他们对彼此的社交圈都很感兴趣，并保持着密切的联系。他们之间的谈话无非是对当日报纸内容的评论，谈论巴黎人感兴趣的以及使他们开心的一切事情。其中有一个最聪明的名叫约瑟夫·德巴登的单身汉。他过着一种十足的、随心所欲的花花公子的生活，但绝不放荡或堕落。他喜欢且非常享受这样的生活。他还算得上年轻，才刚刚四十岁。他是上流社会的人——从最广义和最具准确意义方面去理解的上流社会的人：他有才智但没有深度；知识面广但没有真才实学；领悟很快但不作深入研究；他从他的奇遇和观察中汲取了一些有趣的故事，并讲得既诙谐又富有哲理，因此社会上的人认为他很聪明。

He was a favorite after-dinner speaker, always having some story to relate to which his friends looked forward. Presently he began to tell a story without being asked. Leaning on the table with a half-filled glass of brandy in front of his plate, in the smoky atmosphere filled with the fragrance of coffee, he seemed perfectly at ease, just as some beings are entirely at home in certain places and under certain conditions—as a goldfish in its aquarium, for instance, or a nun in her cloister.

他是一位令人喜爱的饭后演说家，总是有些令人期待的故事讲给他的朋友们。现在，他不用别人邀请，正开始讲一个故事。他靠在桌子上，盘子前放着半杯香槟，在弥漫着咖啡香味的烟雾缭绕中，他就像在自己家里一样自如，就像某些生命在某些地点和某些条件下一点也不感到拘束一样——就像一条金鱼在鱼缸里，或一个修女在一个小祭台里。

Puffing at his cigar, he said:

他喷出一口雪茄烟 ，说道：

"A rather curious thing happened to me a little while ago."

“不久前我遇到了一件相当奇怪的事情。”

All exclaimed at once:

所有的人都异口同声地说：

"Tell us about it!"

“讲吧！”

Presently he continued:

于是他接着讲：

"You all know how I love to roam around the city, like a collector in search of antiquities. I enjoy watching people and things. About the middle of September, the weather being very fine, I went for a walk one afternoon, without a definite purpose. Why do we men always have the vague impulse to call on some pretty woman? We review them in our mind, compare their respective charms, the interest they arouse in us, and finally decide in favor of the one that attracts us most.

“你们都知道我很喜欢在城中散步，就像一个搜寻古玩的人。我喜欢窥探人和事物。大概九月中旬的一天，天气很好，那天下午我漫无目的地散步。为什么我们男人总会有一个模糊的冲动，想去拜访一个漂亮的女人呢？我们在心中审视她们，比较她们各自的魅力，权衡我们对她们感兴趣的程度，最后选出最吸引我们的那位。

"But when the sun shines brightly and the air is balmy, sometimes we altogether lose the desire for calling.

“但是当阳光明媚、气候宜人的时候，我们有时会失去串门做客的欲望。

"That day the sun was bright and the air balmy, so I simply lighted a cigar and started for the Boulevard Extérieur. As I was sauntering along, I thought I would take a look around the cemetery at Montmartre. Now, I have always liked cemeteries because they sadden and rest me; and I need that influence at times. Besides, many of my friends are laid to rest there, and I go to see them once in a

while.

“那天阳光明媚，气候温暖惬意，我点燃一支雪茄，开始走向外环林荫大道。在我闲逛的时候，想去环绕蒙特玛公墓走走。我，我一直喜欢公墓，因为公墓可以使我心情悲伤，使我得到休息，有时我需要这些。此外，我还有许多朋友在那儿安息了，偶尔去看看他们。

"As it happens, I once buried a romance in this particular cemetery,—an old love of mine, a charming little woman whose memory awakens all kinds of regrets in me—I often dream beside her grave. All is over for her now!

“正巧在这个特殊的公墓里，我曾经有过一段罗曼史——一个我过去的情人，一个迷人的小个子女人，对她的回忆唤起了我各种各样的懊悔——我常常到她的坟墓旁边冥想。现在对她来说，一切都完了。

"I like graveyards because they are such immense, densely populated cities. Just think of all the bodies buried in that small space, of the countless generations of Parisians laid there forever, eternally entombed in the little vaults of their little graves marked by a cross or a stone, while the living fools that they are!—take up so much room and make such a fuss.

“我喜欢公墓是因为它们是一些居住密度很高的巨大城市。想想看，在这么小的地方埋葬着那么多死人，巴黎人的无数的祖宗都在那儿永眠。他们被永久地关在地下墓穴里，上面有一个十字架或者一块石板作为标志，而活人却占据着如此多的地方，制造出如此多的噪音，这些活着的笨蛋！

"Cemeteries have some monument, quite as interesting as those to be seen in the museums. Cavaignac's tomb I liken, without comparing it, to that masterpiece of Jean Gonjon, the tombstone of Louis de Brézé in the subterranean chapel in the cathedral of Rouen. My friends, all so-called modem and realistic art originated there. That reproduction of Louis de Brézé is more life-like and terrible, more convulsed with agony, than any one of the statues that decorate modern tombs.

“这些公墓有一些纪念碑，很有趣，可以与博物馆里的相媲美。卡韦尼亚克的坟墓让我想起了让·古戎的杰作，不是作比较，鲁昂大教堂的地下祭室里的路易斯·德·布雷泽的墓碑 。一切所谓现代的和现实主义的艺术都源于此，我的朋友们。路易斯·德·布雷泽的复制品比任何安置在现代坟墓上的雕塑更逼真更可怕，更使人痛苦得痉挛。

"In Montmartre is Baudin's monument, and it is quite imposing; also the tombs of Gautier and Mürger, where the other day I found a solitary wreath of yellow immortelles, laid there—by whom do you suppose? Perhaps by the last grisette, grown old, and possibly become a janitress in the neighborhood! It's a pretty little statue by Millet, but

it is ruined by neglect and accumulated filth. Sing of youth, O Mürger!

“在蒙玛特公墓，还有壮观的布丹的墓碑，戈蒂埃和米尔热的墓冢，有一天我在米尔热的墓碑前看到一个孤零零的黄色花圈，这是谁送的呢？或许是最后一个年老的，在街区做门房的，年轻时很风流的女工。那是一座米耶所作的非常漂亮的小雕塑，可是因为无人照看，污垢积累，已面目全非了。歌颂青春吧，噢，米尔热！

"Well, I entered the cemetery, filled with a certain sadness, not too poignant, a feeling suggesting such thoughts as this: The place is not very cheerful, but I am not to be put here yet.

“我走进那个公墓时，满怀着一种并不使人很痛苦的忧郁，一种暗示着这样的想法的感情：这不是一个很令人愉快的地方，但是对我来说，时间还没到呢。

"The impression of autumn, a warm dampness smelling of dead leaves, the pale, anaemic rays of the sun, intensified and poetized the solitude of this place, which reminds one of death and of the end of all things.

“那种秋天的景象，那种树叶枯萎、太阳苍白无力的温热潮湿的气息，加剧了这个地方的孤独感，同时又赋予它诗意，使人想起死亡以及万事万物都必将终结。

"I walked slowly along the alleys of graves where neighbors no longer visit, no longer sleep together, nor read the papers. I began reading the epitaphs. There is nothing more amusing in the world. Labiche and Meilhac have never made me laugh as much as some of these tombstone inscriptions. I tell you these crosses and marble slabs on which the relatives of the dead have poured out their regrets and their wishes for the happiness of the departed, their hopes of reunion—the hypocrites—make better reading than Balzac's funniest tales! But what I love in Montmartre are the abandoned plots filled with yew, trees and cypress, the resting-place of those departed long ago. However, the green t trees nourished by the bodies will be felled to make room for those that have recently passed away, whose graves will be there, under little marble slabs. "After loitering awhile, I felt tired, and decided to pay my faithful tribute to my little friend's memory. When I reached the grave, my heart was very sad. Poor child (she was so sweet and loving, so fair and white—and now should her grave be reopened—

“我在这些坟墓旁的小路上缓慢地走着。这儿的邻居不再相互串门，夫妇不再同床共眠，也不再看报纸。我开始阅读那些墓志铭。这是世界上最有趣的事。拉比什和梅亚克从来都没有像有些墓志铭上的文字这样使我大笑。我告诉你，这些十字架和大理石墓碑比巴尔扎克写的有趣的故事更耐读——死者的亲戚在上面倾诉了他们的遗憾，表达了他们对离

开的逝者的祝福以及希望重逢的愿望——真是虚伪！但是在蒙玛特公墓里，我所喜欢的是被遗弃的长满水杉树和柏树的那部分，那是埋葬一些很久以前的死者的地方。然而，那些靠尸体滋养的绿树将被砍到，使那儿成为新的空地，那些最近才去世的人的坟墓将被安置在那儿，在那些小大理石板下面。“在那儿闲荡了一会儿后，我感觉厌倦了，于是我决定为我的小个子女朋友献上我真挚的哀思。当我到达她的坟墓时，我的心情很沉重。可怜的孩子，她是多么的可爱和多情，多么的美丽和白皙——而现在如果再打开她的坟墓——

"Bending over the iron railing I murmured a prayer, which she probably never heard, and I turned to leave, when I caught sight of a woman in deep mourning kneeling beside a neighboring grave. Her crape veil was thrown back, disclosing her blond hair, which seemed illumined under the darkness of her hat. I forgot to leave.

“我靠在铁栏杆上向她轻声诉说我内心的痛苦，她肯定永远听不见，就在我转身离开的时候，看见一位戴重孝的妇女跪在旁边的一个坟墓前。她的黑纱向后翻起，在她帽子的阴影里，她的金发似乎在闪闪发光。我忘了离开。

She seemed bowed with sorrow. She had buried her face in her hands, apparently lost in deep thought. With closed lids, as rigid as a statue, she was living over torturing memories and seemed herself a corpse mourning a corpse. Presently I saw that she was weeping, as there was a convulsive movement of her back and shoulders. Suddenly she uncovered her face. Her eyes, brimming with tears, were charming. For a moment she gazed around as if awakening from a nightmare. She saw me looking at her and quickly hid her face again, greatly abashed. Now, with convulsive sobs she bent her head slowly over the tombstone. She rested her forehead against it, and her veil, falling around her, covered the whiteness of the beloved sepulcher with a dark shroud. I heard her moan and then saw her fall to the ground in a faint.

她好像很痛苦地鞠躬。她把脸埋在手中，显然是陷入了沉思。她的姿态僵硬得像一座雕像，在痛苦地回忆，她本人就像一尊哀悼另一个死人的尸体。接下来我看到她在哭，因为她的背部和肩部有微小的颤动。突然她露出了脸。她的眼睛充满了泪水，很迷人。过了片刻，她向周围张望，好像刚从噩梦中醒来一样。她看到我在看她就迅速把脸又埋下去了，显得很窘迫。此时，她一边抽搐地哭泣，她的头慢慢地向墓碑石上靠去。她把前额抵在上面，黑面纱在她的周围垂下来，她用深色的丧服盖住了心爱的坟墓的白色部分。我听到了她的呻吟声，接着看到她晕倒在地上。

"I rushed to her side and began slapping her hands and breathing on her temples, while reading this simple inscription on the tombstone:

“我向她飞奔过去，开始拍她的手，吹她的眼皮，同时看了这简单的墓志铭：

“‘Here lies Louis-Thédore Carrel Captain in the Marine Infantry, killed by the enemy in Tonkin. Pray for his soul.’

“海军陆战队上尉路易斯 - 泰奥多尔· 卡雷尔之墓，阵亡于东京。为他的灵魂祈祷。”

"This death was quite recent. I was moved almost to tears, and renewed my efforts to revive the poor girl. At last she came to. I am not so very bad looking, and my face must have shoed how upset I was, for her very first glance showed me that she was likely to be grateful for my care. Between sobs she told me of her marriage to the officer who had been killed in Tonkin within a year after their wedding. Be had married her for love, she being an orphan and possessing nothing above the required dowry.

“死亡时间就是最近。我几乎感动得要流泪了，努力使这个可怜的女孩子恢复。最终她苏醒了。我这个人看起来不算太坏，我的面部表情肯定显示了我有多么的伤心，因为她看我的第一眼就告诉我她对我的照料将会很感激。她一边哭泣，一边告诉我：她嫁给了一位军官，结婚不到一年，她的丈夫就战死在东京。他为了爱情而娶她，因为她是个孤儿，一无所有，只有既定的一点嫁妆。

"I consoled her, comforted her, and assisted her to her feet, saying:

“我抚慰她，安慰她，搀扶着她站起来，对她说：

“'You must not stay here. Come away.'

“‘你不能呆在这儿。走吧。’

“'I am unable to walk,' she whispered.

“‘我走不动了。’她低声说。

“'Let me help you,' I said.

“‘让我帮助你吧。’我说。

Thank you, you are very kind,' she murmured. 'Did you also come to mourn some one?'

“‘谢谢你，你真好。’她小声说。‘你也是来悼念故人的吗?'

“'Yes, Madame.'

“‘是的，夫人。’

“'A woman?'

“‘一个女人吗?'

“'Yes, Madame.'

“‘是的，夫人。’

“'Your wife?'

“‘是你的妻子吗?'

“'A friend.'

“‘一位朋友。’

“'One may love a friend just as much as a wife, for passion knows no law,' said the lady.

“‘一个人爱一位朋友可以像爱自己的妻子一样，因为感情是不受法律制约的。’那位夫人说道。

“'Yes, Madame,' I replied.

“‘是的，夫人。’我回答道。

"And so we left the spot together, she leaning on me and I almost carrying her through the alleys. As we came out, she murmured:

“我们就这样一起离开了那个地方。她倚靠在我身上，在那条小路上我几乎是抱着她的。我们走出来时，她咕哝道：

"I'm afraid that I'm going to faint.’

“‘我怕我要晕倒了。’

“'Wouldn't you like to take something, Madame?’ I inquired.

“‘你想不想吃点儿东西，夫人？’我询问道。

“'Yes,' she said, 'I would.'

“‘好的，我想。’她说。

"I discovered a restaurant near at hand, where the friends of the dead gather to celebrate the end of their painful duty. We went in, and I made her drink a cup of hot tea, which appeared to give her renewed strength.

“我发现附近有一个饭店，在那儿死者的朋友们在结束了痛苦的丧事后来这里聚集一下。我们走进去了，我让她喝了一杯热茶，她似乎又恢复了一点儿力气。

"A faint smile dawned on her lips and she began telling me about herself: how terrible it was to go through life all alone, to be alone at home day and night, to have no one on whom to lavish love, confidence, and intimacy.

“她的嘴唇上出现了一丝泛泛的微笑，然后开始谈起她自己：一个人总是孤单地生活，无论白天还是黑夜，总是一个人在家里，没有可以慷

慨地给予她的爱、信任和友谊的人，这是多么的悲惨啊！

"It all seemed sincere and sounded well coming from her. I was softened. She was very young, perhaps twenty. I paid her several compliments that appeared to please her, and as it was growing dark I offered to take her home in a cab. She accepted. In the carriage we were so close to each other that we could feel the warmth of our bodies through our clothing, which really is the most intoxicating thing in the world.

“她所有这些话似乎都很诚恳，听起来很亲切。我被感动了。她很年轻，或许只有二十岁。我赞美了她几句，她好像很受用，后来，天色晚了，我提出雇马车送她回家。她接受了。在车厢里面，我们彼此挨得这么近，以至于我们通过衣服可以感受到对方的体温，这真是世界上最令人心醉的事情。

"When the cab stopped in front of her home she said:

“当马车在她的家门口停下的时候，她说：

“'I hardly feel able to walk upstairs, for I live on the fourth floor. You have already been so kind that I am going to ask you to assist me to my rooms.'

“‘我感觉自己很难登上楼梯，因为我住在五楼。你刚才一直都那么好。我想让你扶我到我的房间里。’

"I consented gladly. She walked up slowly, breathing heavily at each step. In front of her door she added:

“我高兴地答应了。她慢慢地上楼，每走一步都气喘吁吁。走到她的门前时，她加了一句：

“'Do come in for a few minutes, so that I can thank you again for your kindness.'

“‘请进来坐几分钟，好让我再谢谢你。’

"And I, of course, followed her.

“当然，我跟着她进去了。

"Her apartment was modest, even a trifle poor, but well-kept and in good taste.

“她的房间很简朴，甚至有点儿寒酸，但很有品位，井井有条。

"We sat down side by side on a small divan, and she again began to speak of her loneliness.

“我们肩并肩地在一张小沙发上坐着，她又开始谈起她的孤独。

"Then she rang for the maid, so as to offer me some refreshments. But the girl failed to appear, and I joyfully concluded that this maid

probably came only in the morning, and was a sort of scrub-woman.

“她按铃叫她的女佣，想让她给我拿些饮料来。但是那个女孩没有出现，我暗自窃喜，心想这个女佣可能就只是做上午半天的一种清洗女工。

"She had taken off her hat. How pretty she was! Her clear eyes looked steadily at me, so clear and so steady? that a great temptation came to me, to which I promptly yielded. Clasping her in my arms, I kissed her again and again on her half-closed lids.

“她已经摘掉了帽子。她多么漂亮啊！她那双清澈的眼睛紧紧地盯着我，如此清澈，如此坚定？以至于引起了我一种强烈的欲望，我立即屈服了。我把她紧抱在怀里，一次又一次地吻着她半闭的眼皮。

"She repelled me, struggling to free herself and repeating:

“她一边挣扎一边推我，连续不断地说：

“‘Do stop—do end it—’

“‘停止——结束吧——’

"What did she mean to imply by this word? Under such conditions, to 'end' could have at least two meanings. In order to silence her, I passed from her eyes to her lips, and gave to the word 'end' the conclusion I preferred. She did not resist very much, and as our eyes met after this insult to the memory of the departed captain, I saw that her expression was one of tender resignation, which quickly dispelled my misgivings.

“她这句话含有什么意思呢？在这种情形下，‘结束’至少有两种意思。为了使她安静，我从她的眼皮上吻到嘴上，给‘结束’这个词下了我偏爱的定义。她没有强烈地抵抗了，在亵渎了逝世的上尉的回忆以后，我们互相对视，我看到她的表情有点儿温柔的顺从，这很快就驱散了我的疑虑。

"Then I grew attentive and gallant. After an hour's chat I asked her:

“这时我变得殷勤、热心。我们聊了一个小时后，我问她：

“'Where do you dine?'

“‘你在哪儿吃饭呢?'

“'In a small restaurant near by.' “'All alone?'

“‘在附近的一家小餐馆里。’“‘总是一个人吗?'

“'Why. yes.'

“‘为什么这么问？是的。’

“‘Will you take dinner with me?

“‘你愿意和我一起吃饭吗?'

“'Where?"

“‘在哪儿呢?'

“'In a good restaurant on the Boulevard.'

“‘在林荫大道上的一个很好的饭店。’

"She hesitated a little, but at last consented, consoling herself with the argument that she was so desperately lonely, and adding, 'I must put on a lighter gown.'

“她犹豫了一会儿，但最后同意了，安慰自己的理由就是自己太孤独了，然后补充道：‘我得穿一件浅色的长裙。’

"She retired to her room, and when she emerged she was dressed in a simple gray frock that made her look exquisitely slender. She apparently had different costumes for street and for cemetery wear!

“她走进了房间，当她出来的时候，穿着一件简单的灰色丧服，她的身材看起来优美、苗条。显然，她既有上街的服装，又有去公墓的服装。

"Our dinner was most pleasant and cordial. She drank some champagne, thereby becoming very animated and lively, and we returned to her apartment together.

“我们吃晚饭时的气氛很令人愉快和热忱。她喝了一些香槟，所以变得有生气且活跃起来，随后我们一起回到了她的公寓。

"This liaison, begun among tombstones, lasted about three weeks. But man tires of everything and especially of women. So I pleaded an urgent trip and left her. Of course, I managed to be generous, for which she was duly thankful, making me premise and even I swear that I would come back, for she really seemed to care a little for me.

“这个在坟墓间开始的联系持续了大约三个星期。但是男人会对一切东西感到厌倦，尤其是女人。于是我离开了她，藉口是有一个很急迫的旅行。当然，我设法做得很慷慨，为此她很感激，并且她要我答应，甚至要我发誓我会回来，因为她真的似乎有点儿在乎我。

"In the meantime I formed other attachments, and a month or so went by without the memory of this love being vivid enough to bring me back to her. Still, I had not forgotten her. She haunted me like a mystery, a psychological problem, an unsolved question.

“同时，我去追求别的温情了，大约过了一个月，对这段爱情的怀念还没有强烈到我要回去找她的程度。然而，我一直都没有忘记她。她的形象总是萦绕着我，就像一个奥妙、一个心理问题、一个未解决的问题。

"I can't tell why, but one day I imagined that I should find her in the cemetery. So I went back. I walked around a long time without meeting anyone but the usual visitors of the place, mourners who had not broken off all relations with their dead. The grave of the captain killed in Tonkin was deserted, without flowers, or wreaths.

“我也不知道为什么，但是有一天我想象会在公墓找到她。所以我去了。我在那周围散步了很久，除了一些到这儿来瞻仰死者的人以外没有碰到其他的人，这些哀悼者还没有断绝他们与死者的关系。东京阵亡的上尉的坟墓已经荒无人烟了，没有鲜花和花圈。

"As I was passing through another part of this great city of Death, I suddenly saw a couple in deep mourning coming toward me through one of the narrow paths hedged with crosses. When they drew near, Oh, surprise! I recognized—her! She saw me and blushed. As I brushed past her, she gave me a little wink that meant clearly: Don't recognize me, and also seemed to say: Do come back.

“当我穿过这座大的死人之城的另一个地方时，在一个狭窄的十字路口，我突然看见一对戴着重孝的男女向我走来。当他们走近的时候，噢，真令人震惊！我认出了——是她！她看到我，脸变红了。在擦肩而过时，我触到了她，她给我使了一个小小的眼色，意思明显是：别认我，也好像是说：回来找我。

"The man who accompanied her was about fifty years old, fine-looking and distinguished, an officer of the Legion of Honor. He was leading her just as I had, when we left the cemetery together.

“那个陪同她的男人大约五十岁，仪表堂堂，很有气派，是一位戴着荣誉勋章的军官。他扶着她，就像我以前扶着她一起走出公墓时一样。

"I was utterly nonplussed, reluctant to believe what my eyes had just seen, and I wondered to what strange tribe of creatures this graveyard huntress belonged. Was she merely a clever courtesan, an inspired prostitute, who haunted cemeteries for men disconsolate at the loss of some woman, a mistress or a wife, and hungering for past caresses? Is it a profession? Are the cemeteries worked like the streets? Are there graveyard sirens? Or had she alone the idea—wonderful for its deep philosophy—to profit by the amorous regrets awakened in these awful places? I would have given a great deal to know whose widow she was that day! ”

“我十分惊讶，不敢相信我的眼睛所看到的，我寻思着这个墓地女猎手到底属于哪一类人。她是否仅是一个聪明的妓女，一个突发奇想的娼妇，到坟墓上勾引那些失去了某个女人，情妇或者妻子，渴望得到昔日爱抚而心情忧郁的男人们？这是一种职业吗？公墓里就像街道上一样奏效吗？有公墓里的妓女吗？或者只有她才有这种想法——因具有深刻的哲学思想而美妙——从在这些可怕的地方复燃起来的怀旧情感中赚取利

润。我真想知道那一天她又是谁的寡妇！”

In the Wood

在树林里

As the mayor was about to sit down to breakfast, word was brought to him that the rural policeman, with two prisoners, was awaiting him at the Hotel de Ville. He went there at once and found old Hochedur standing guard before a middle-class couple whom he was regarding with a severe expression on his face.

镇长正要坐下来用早餐，突然有人来报告，说乡村巡警抓了两个人，正在镇长办公室听候发落。他立马赶过去，只见老霍希多尔站在一对中产阶级男女面前，一脸严肃地看守着他们。

The man, a fat old fellow with a red nose and white hair, seemed utterly dejected; while the woman, a little roundabout individual with shining cheeks, looked at the official who had arrested them, with defiant eyes.

男的是个红鼻子白头发的胖老头，神情显得十分沮丧；女的虽略微发福，却容光焕发，她正用一种挑衅的目光注视着那个抓住他们的警官。

"What is it? What is it, Hochedur?"

“怎么回事？怎么回事，霍希多尔？”

The rural policeman made his deposition: He had gone out that morning at his usual time, in order to patrol his beat from the forest of Champioux as far as the boundaries of Argenteuil. He had not noticed anything unusual in the country except that it was a fine day, and that the wheat was doing well, when the son of old Bredel, who was going over his vines, called out to him: "Here, Daddy Hochedur, go and have a look at the outskirts of the wood. In the first thicket you will find a pair of pigeons who must be a hundred and thirty years old between them!"

乡村巡警作了陈述：今天早晨，他按照惯常时间出门去他的辖区巡逻，他的辖区从康比欧森林一直延伸到阿让特伊边界。那天天气晴朗，庄稼长势喜人，除此之外，他没有发现田野中有任何异常情况。忽然，正在修剪葡萄藤的老布雷德尔的儿子叫道：“喂，霍希多尔大爷，去树林边看看吧。在第一个矮树丛里，您会看见一对鸽子，他们俩的年龄加起来足足得有一百三十岁哩！”

He went in the direction indicated, entered the thicket, and there he heard words which made him suspect a flagrant breach of morality. Advancing, therefore, on his hands and knees as if to surprise a

poacher, he had arrested the couple whom he found there.

他朝着年轻人所指的方向走去，钻进了矮树丛，在那儿听到讲话声。他立马怀疑有人在干伤风败俗的勾当。于是，他跪倒在地，手足并用向前爬行，活像去当场逮住偷猎者。就在那儿，他当场抓获了这对男女。

The mayor looked at the culprits in astonishment, for the man was certainly sixty, and the woman fifty-five at least, and he began to question them, beginning with the man, who replied in such a weak voice that he could scarcely be heard.

吃惊的镇长上下打量着这两个犯人，那男的肯定得有六十岁，而女的至少也有五十五岁了。他从那男的开始审问，但是他答话的声音轻得几乎听不清楚。

"What is your name?"

“你叫什么名字？”

"Nicholas Beaurain."

“尼古拉·博兰。”

"Your occupation?"

“你的职业？”

"Haberdasher, in the Rue des Martyrs, in Paris."

“服饰用品商，在巴黎殉道者街。”

"What were you doing in the wood?"

“你们在树林里干什么？”

The haberdasher remained silent, with his eyes on his fat paunch, and his hands hanging at his sides, and the mayor continued: "Do you deny what the officer of the municipal authorities states?"

小商人哑口无言，只是低头看着自己的大肚子，双手垂在两边。镇长紧接着问：“对镇政府行政人员所说的，你有异议吗？”

"No, monsieur."

“没有，先生。”

"So you confess it?"

“那么，你全都承认了？”

"Yes, monsieur."

“是的，先生。”

"What have you to say in your defence?"

“你有什么要为自己辩护的吗？”

"Nothing, monsieur."

“没有，先生。”

"Where did you meet the partner in your misdemeanor?"

“那你是在哪儿和你的同谋犯勾搭上的？”

"She is my wife, monsieur."

“她是我的妻子，先生。”

"Your wife?"

“你妻子？”

"Yes, monsieur."

“是的，先生。”

"Then—then—you do not live together—in Paris?”

“那么——那么——你们没有在巴黎住一块儿吗？”

"I beg your pardon, monsieur, but we are living together!"

“对不起，先生，我们住在一起！”

"But in that case—you must be mad, altogether mad, my dear sir, to get caught playing lovers in the country at ten o'clock in the morning.”

“可是那样的话——早晨十点在田野里干那种勾当被人抓住，你准是疯了，完全疯了，我亲爱的先生。”

The haberdasher seemed ready to cry with shame, and he muttered: "It was she who enticed me! I told her it was very stupid, but when a woman once gets a thing into her head—you know—you cannot get it out.”

那位商人似乎羞得快哭了，他嘟囔着说：“是她要我这么干的！我早就跟她说这是一件多蠢的事，可是，一个女人脑子里一旦有了什么念头——你也知道——你是没办法改变她的想法的。”

The mayor, who liked a joke, smiled and replied: "In your case, the contrary ought to have happened. You would not be here, if she had had the idea only in her head."

镇长很幽默，微笑着反驳道：“照你的意思，那么就应该会发生相反的事。她要是只在脑子里空想想，你也就不会在这儿了。”

Then Monsieur Beauain was seized with rage and turning to his wife, he said: "Do you see to what you have brought us with your poetry? And now we shall have to go before the courts at our age, for a breach of morals! And we shall have to shut up the shop, sell our good will, and go to some other neighborhood! That's what it has

come to.”

这时博兰先生怒气冲天，转身对妻子说道：“你看看你的诗兴把我们弄到什么地方来了？现在我们一大把年纪还要以妨害风化罪上法庭！接着我们还不得不关掉店门，丢掉我们的信誉，然后搬到别处去住！这就是它给我们带来的下场。”

Madame Beaurain got up, and without looking at her husband, she explained herself without embarrassment, without useless modesty, and almost without hesitation.

博兰太太起身，看也不看她丈夫一眼，她毫无羞愧之态，神态自若，几乎毫不犹豫地解释道：

"Of course, monsieur, I know that we have made ourselves ridiculous. Will you allow me to plead my cause like an advocate, or rather like a poor woman? And I hope that you will be kind enough to send us home, and to spare us the disgrace of a prosecution.

“当然，先生，我知道我们是多么可笑。您能否允许我像一个律师那样，说得更确切一些，像一个可怜的妇人那样为自己辩护？而且我希望您听完我的辩护以后能发发慈悲放我们回家，不会让我们蒙受诉讼的耻辱。”

"Years ago, when I was young, I made Monsieur Beaurain's acquaintance one Sunday in this neighborhood. He was employed in a draper's shop, and I was a saleswoman in a ready-made clothing establishment. I remember it as if it were yesterday. I used to come and spend Sundays here occasionally with a friend of mine, Rose Leveque, with whom I lived in the Rue Pigalle, and Rose had a sweetheart, while I had none. He used to bring us here, and one Saturday he told me laughing that he should bring a friend with him the next day. I quite understood what he meant, but I replied that it would be no good; for I was virtuous, monsieur.

“许多年前，当我还年轻的时候，一个星期天，我在这里认识了博兰先生。他是一家布店的职员，而我是一家成品服装店的女售货员。这些我记得很清楚，就像是昨天才发生过的一样。星期天的时候，我有时会和一个女友到这里玩。她名叫罗丝·莱韦克，我和她一起住在皮加尔街。罗丝有个男朋友，而我没有。她男朋友常常带我们来这里。一个星期六，她男朋友笑着对我说，第二天他要带个朋友一起来。我很清楚他的言外之意，可是我回答他说，他这样做是不会有什么结果的；因为我是个品行端正的人，先生。”

"The next day we met Monsieur Beaurain at the railway station, and in those days he was good-looking, but I had made up my mind not to encourage him, and I did not. Well, we arrived at Bezons. It was a lovely day, the sort of day that touches your heart. When it is fine even now, just as it used to be formerly, I grow quite foolish, and

when I am in the country I utterly lose my head. The green grass, the swallows flying so swiftly, the smell of the grass, the scarlet poppies, the daisies, all that makes me crazy. It is like champagne when one is not accustomed to it!

“第二天，我们在火车站遇到了博兰先生。当时他长得挺帅的，可是我当时就下定决心不会给他以可乘之机的，并且我也确实没有。我们之后到了贝松。那天的天气特别好，是那种令人心醉的天气。在天气好的时候，甚至现在也和从前一样，我会变得傻乎乎的，并且当我身处乡间的时候，我就会完全昏了头。一望无际的绿野，迅速飞行的燕子，青草的芳香，还有鲜红的罂粟花，雏菊，所有这一切都令我陶醉。如同本来不会喝酒的人，喝下整瓶香槟似的。”

"Well, it was lovely weather, warm and bright, and it seemed to penetrate your body through your eyes when you looked and through your mouth when you breathed. Rose and Simon hugged and kissed each other every minute, and that gave me a queer feeling! Monsieur Beaurain and I walked behind them, without speaking much, for when people do not know each other, they do not find anything to talk about. He looked timid, and I liked to see his embarrassment. At last we got to the little wood; it was as cool as in a bath there, and we four sat down. Rose and her lover teased me because I looked rather stern, but you will understand that I could not be otherwise. And then they began to kiss and hug again, without putting any more restraint upon themselves than if we had not been there; and then they whispered together, and got up and went off among the trees, without saying a word. You may fancy what I looked like, alone with this young fellow whom I saw for the first time. I felt so confused at seeing them go that it gave me courage, and I began to talk. I asked him what his business was, and he said he was a linen draper's assistant, as I told you just now. We talked for a few minutes, and that made him bold, and he wanted to take liberties with me, but I told him sharply to keep his place. Is not that true, Monsieur Beaurain?”

“是，天气实在好极了，温暖明亮。当你用眼睛看的时候，它仿佛会通过你的眼睛渗入你的身体；当你用嘴巴呼吸的时候，它仿佛会通过你的嘴巴渗入你的身体。罗丝和西蒙不断地拥抱接吻，一种异样的感觉油然而生！博兰先生和我漫步在他们后面，没说什么话，因为当两个人不了解彼此时，也不知该谈些什么。他看起来很腼腆。看到他尴尬不安的神情，我就觉得很有趣。最后我们来到了小树林；那里凉爽得很，如同在浴池里一般，我们四个就一起坐了下来。罗丝和她的男朋友取笑我，说我看起来太一本正经了，但是您一定能够明白我当时根本不可能做出其他表情的。接着他们又开始拥抱接吻，毫无拘束，旁若无人；接着他们情话绵绵之后，就站了起来，默不作声地钻进了丛林。您能想象，我当时和一个初次见面的小伙子这样独处着，会是什么神情。看到他们一走开，我就陷入慌乱之中，最后还是鼓起了勇气开始说话。我问他是干

什么的，他说他是一个亚麻布商的助手，正如我刚才告诉您的一样。我们聊了一会儿，这一来他变得大胆起来，想要对我动手动脚，可是我明确告诉他让他安分些。是不是这样，博兰先生？”

Monsieur Beaurain, who was looking at his feet in confusion, did not reply, and she continued: "Then he saw that I was virtuous, and he began to make love to me nicely, like an honorable man, and from that time he came every Sunday, for he was very much in love with me. I was very fond of him also, very fond of him! He was a good-looking fellow, formerly, and in short he married me the next September, and we started in business in the Rue des Martyrs.

博兰先生正满面羞容地凝视自己的脚，默不作声。她接着说：“他晓得我是个品德端正的人，于是他开始像个正派人那样温文尔雅地向我求爱。从那以后，他每周日都来，因为他深深地爱上了我。我也深深地爱上了他，深爱着他！当时他确实是个英俊的小伙子。长话短说，到了第二年九月份他就娶了我，我们就开始在殉道者街做生意了。”

"It was a hard struggle for some years, monsieur. Business did not prosper, and we could not afford many country excursions, and, besides, we had got out of the way of them. One has other things in one's head, and thinks more of the cash box than of pretty speeches, when one is in business. We were growing old by degrees without perceiving it, like quiet people who do not think much about love. One does not regret anything as long as one does not notice what one has lost.

“刚起步的几年，生活很艰苦，先生。生意不景气，我们几乎无法支付郊游的费用，不过，后来，我们也渐渐对郊游失去了兴趣。当一个人做生意的时候，他脑子里会想其他的事情，但他想的更多的是钱箱，而不是什么甜言蜜语。随着时间的流逝，我们不知不觉地变老了，像大部分人一样不再想爱情为何物了。一个人没有察觉到自己失去什么的时候，他就丝毫不会觉得懊悔。”

"And then, monsieur, business became better, and we were tranquil as to the future! Then, you see, I do not exactly know what went on in my mind, no, I really do not know, but I began to dream like a little boarding-school girl. The sight of the little carts full of flowers which are drawn about the streets made me cry; the smell of violets sought me out in my easy-chair, behind my cash box, and made my heart beat! Then I would get up and go out on the doorstep to look at the blue sky between the roofs. When one looks up at the sky from the street, it looks like a river which is descending on Paris, winding as it flows, and the swallows pass to and fro in it like fish. These ideas are very stupid at my age! But how can one help it, monsieur, when one has worked all one's life? A moment comes in which one perceives that one could have done something else, and

that one regrets, oh! yes, one feels intense regret! Just think, for twenty years I might have gone and had kisses in the woods, like other women. I used to think how delightful it would be to lie under the trees and be in love with some one! And I thought of it every day and every night! I dreamed of the moonlight on the water, until I felt inclined to drown myself.

“后来，先生，生意渐渐有了起色，我们对未来充满了信心！于是，您看，我无法确定我脑子里在想些什么，不，我真的不知道，但我却开始像一个寄宿学校的小女生那样幻想了。望着满载鲜花穿越街道的小车，我就会流眼泪；当我坐在我的钱箱后面的安乐椅上的时候，紫罗兰的香味会向我袭来，我的心就会怦怦直跳！我便起身，走到门口，眺望屋顶之间的蓝天。当一个人从街道上抬头看天空时，天空就像一条蜿蜒曲折的在巴黎倾泻而下的河流，燕子就像一条条鱼儿一样在其中游来游去。在我这样的年纪，有这样的想法真是可笑至极啊！但是当一个人一生都在不停地工作，先生，产生一些这样的想法时，他怎么能克制得住呢？突然在这么一个时刻一个人发现他本可以做些其他的事，于是，他就开始懊悔了，唉！是的，他感到非常懊悔啊！您倒是想想，二十年来，我本可以像其他女人一样，到树林里接吻。我常常想，能躺在树林下和恋人相爱，那该有多美好啊！所以我每日每夜都在想这件事！我梦想着月光映在水面上，甚至情愿投入水中淹死自己。”

"I did not venture to speak to Monsieur Beaurain about this at first. I knew that he would make fun of me, and send me back to sell my needles and cotton! And then, to speak the truth, Monsieur Beaurain never said much to me, but when I looked in the glass, I also understood quite well that I no longer appealed to any one!

“起初，我不敢把这种想法告诉博兰先生。我知道他肯定会笑话我的，他会劝我还是安心去卖我的针和棉布吧！而且，说真的，博兰先生也从没对我说过太多话。但是，当我对着镜子顾影自怜时，我很清楚自己已经不再楚楚动人了！”

"Well, I made up my mind, and I proposed to him an excursion into the country, to the place where we had first become acquainted. He agreed without mistrusting anything, and we arrived here this morning, about nine o'clock.

“于是，我下定决心，我向他提议去我们第一次相识的那个村庄郊游。他毫不怀疑地同意了。今天早上九点左右我们就到这里了。”

"I felt quite young again when I got among the wheat, for a woman's heart never grows old! And really, I no longer saw my husband as he is at present, but just as he was formerly! That I will swear to you, monsieur. As true as I am standing here I was crazy. I began to kiss him, and he was more surprised than if I had tried to murder him. He kept saying to me: 'Why, you must be mad! You are mad this morning! What is the matter with you?' I did not listen to

him, I only listened to my own heart, and I made him come into the wood with me. That is all. I have spoken the truth, Monsieur le Maire, the whole truth.”

“一走进麦田，我便觉得青春重现，因为女人的心是永远不会老的！真的，我当时看到的不再是现在的他，而是从前的那个他！我向您发誓，先生。千真万确，我一下子就陶醉了。我开始吻他，他非常吃惊，这比他以为我想谋害他还要让他吃惊。他一遍一遍地对我说：‘你一定是疯了！你疯了，今天早上。你到底是怎么了？’我不理他，只管倾听我内心的呼唤，接着我让他和我一起钻进树林。事情就是这样的。我说的都是实话，镇长先生，句句都是实话。”

The mayor was a sensible man. He rose from his chair, smiled, and said: "Go in peace, madame, and when you again visit our forests, be more discreet."

镇长是个明白事理的人。他站起身，笑着说：“放心回去吧，太太，不过，下次再来我们树林时，可得更加谨慎呀。”

At Sea

在海上

The following paragraphs recently appeared in the papers:

最近报纸上刊登出这样的几段话：

"Boulogne-Sur-Mer, January 22.—Our correspondent writes:

滨海布洛涅一月二十二日，我报记者报道：

"A fearful accident has thrown our sea-faring population, which has suffered so much in the last two years, into the greatest consternation. The fishing smack commanded by Captain Javel, on entering the harbor was wrecked on the rocks of the harbor breakwater.

“一起可怕的祸事让我们沿海一带的渔民们陷入巨大的恐慌之中，这两年来渔民们已经受尽了苦难。由船长雅韦尔驾驶的小渔船在进入港口时，冲向了防波堤的岩石上撞得粉碎。

"In spite of the efforts of the life boat and the shooting of life lines from the shore four sailors and the cabin boy were lost.

“尽管救生船和发射出的营救绳索再三努力，四个船员和少年见习水手仍旧失踪。

"The rough weather continues. Fresh disasters are anticipated."

“恶劣的天气仍在继续。新的灾难将会再次发生。”

Who is this Captain Javel? Is he the brother of the one-armed man?

雅韦尔船长是谁？他是那个独臂人的哥哥吗？

If the poor man tossed about in the waves and dead, perhaps, beneath his wrecked boat, is the one I am thinking of, he took part, just eighteen years ago, in another tragedy, terrible and simple as are all these fearful tragedies of the sea.

如果这个被海浪卷走、或许随破船一起葬身海底的可怜人，正是我想到的那个人的话，那么在十八年以前，他就亲历过另一出惨剧，像海上发生的所有恐怖的惨剧一样既可怕又简单。

Javel, senior, was then master of a trawling smack.

大雅韦尔是当时一条拖网渔船的船主。

The trawling smack is the ideal fishing boat. So solidly built that it fears no weather, with a round bottom, tossed about unceasingly on

the waves like a cork, always on top, always thrashed by the harsh salt winds of the English Channel, it ploughs the sea unweariedly with bellying sail, dragging along at its side a huge trawling net, which scours the depths of the ocean, and detaches and gathers in all the animals asleep in the rocks, the flat fish glued to the sand, the heavy crabs with their curved claws, and the lobsters with their pointed mustaches.

拖网渔船是一种理想的渔船。它非常坚固不惧怕任何天气；它有一个圆形的底部，不断地轻快地随波摇摆。它常年在高处，饱受着英吉利海峡那带着咸味的烈风的鞭打；它不知疲倦地扬帆破浪前行，船侧拖着一张大网，大网寻遍了大洋的最深处，把沉睡在岩石间的所有的小动物、贴在沙上的比目鱼，长着弯弯钳子的大螃蟹，还有长着尖触须的大龙虾全都捞了起来。

When the breeze is fresh and the sea choppy, the boat starts in to trawl. The net is fastened all along a big log of wood clamped with iron and is let down by two ropes on pulleys at either end of the boat. And the boat, driven by the wind and the tide, draws along this apparatus which ransacks and plunders the depths of the sea.

当风比较清爽，海浪随风起伏的时候，拖网渔船就开始捕鱼了。渔网被固定在紧嵌于铁片中的长木杆上，船头船尾各有一个滑轮，长木杆子就沿着两个滑轮之间的绳索放了下去。船随着风势和水流漂浮着，拖着这种渔具对海底进行搜寻和掠夺。

Javel had on board his younger brother, four sailors and a cabin boy. He had set sail from Boulogne on a beautiful day to go trawling.

雅韦尔的船上有他的弟弟、四个船员和一个少年见习水手。在一个天气很好的日子，他从布洛涅扬帆出发去撒网。

But presently a wind sprang up, and a hurricane obliged the smack to run to shore. She gained the English coast, but the high sea broke against the rocks and dashed on the beach, making it impossible to go into port, filling all the harbor entrances with foam and noise and danger.

但是不一会儿突然起风了，飓风迫使这渔船不得不逃向海边。船到达了英国海岸，但是汹涌的巨浪拍打着岩石、冲向陆地，使得船根本不可能进入港口。被海浪冲击起的泡沫、嘈杂声和危险包围着港口。

The smack started off again, riding on the waves, tossed, shaken, dripping, buffeted by masses of water, but game in spite of everything; accustomed to this boisterous weather, which sometimes kept it roving between the two neighboring countries without its being able to make port in either.

小渔船只好再一次起航，在浪尖上行驶、摇晃、颠簸着，哗啦啦地

滴水、被迎面而来的海浪冲击着，但是尽管如此，它已经习惯了这种恶劣的天气，有时候这种坏天气使它不停徘徊在两个邻国之间，不能在任何一个国家靠岸。

At length the hurricane calmed down just as they were in the open, and although the sea was still high the captain gave orders to cast the net.

终于风暴平息了，他们正好在海上，虽然浪依然很高，船长还是吩咐把网撒下去。

So it was lifted overboard, and two men in the bows and two in the stern began to unwind the ropes that held it. It suddenly touched bottom, but a big wave made the boat heel, and Javel, junior, who was in the bows directing the lowering of the net, staggered, and his arm was caught in the rope which the shock had slipped from the pulley for an instant. He made a desperate effort to raise the rope with the other hand, but the net was down and the taut rope did not give.

渔网从船边被抬了出去，两个人在船中间，两个人在后，开始解开拴住渔网的绳索。拖网一下子就碰到了海底，但是一个巨浪使得船身一斜，正在船头指挥下网的小雅韦尔打了个趔趄，他的胳膊夹在了从滑轮中被晃出来的绳索之中了。他拼命地使劲，想用另一只手把绳索抬起一点，但是渔网已经放下了，绷紧的绳索根本扳不动。

The man cried out in agony. They all ran to his aid. His brother left the rudder. They all seized the rope, trying to free the arm it was bruising. But in vain. "We must cut it," said a sailor, and he took from his pocket a big knife, which, with two strokes, could save young Javel's arm.

这个男人痛苦地叫喊着。所有的人都跑来帮他。他的哥哥离开了船舵。他们都抓着绳子，尽一切力量想把被绳子压住的胳膊救出来。但是没有成功。“我们必须把绳子砍断，”一个水手说，于是他从口袋里掏出一把阔刀子，只要砍两下就可以解救小雅韦尔的胳膊。

But if the rope were cut the trawling net would be lost, and this net was worth money, a great deal of money, fifteen hundred francs. And it belonged to Javel, senior, who was tenacious of his property.

但是如果绳索被砍断了，拖网也就丢了，而这个拖网又是很值钱的，值一大笔钱，一千五百法郎。拖网是属于大雅韦尔的，他对自己的财产是十分珍惜的。

"No, do not cut, wait, I will luff," he cried, in great distress. And he ran to the helm and turned the rudder. But the boat scarcely obeyed it, being impeded by the net which kept it from going forward, and prevented also by the force of the tide and the wind.

“不，别砍，等等，我来试试转舵。”他十分痛苦地叫道。他奔到舵

前，旋转舵的方向。但是船几乎不肯听从船舵的指挥，它被渔网拖住，无法前进，同时又受到潮水和风力的牵制。

Javel, junior, had sunk on his knees, his teeth clenched, his eyes haggard. He did not utter a word. His brother came back to him, in dread of the sailor's knife.

小雅韦尔跪在地上，咬紧牙齿，眼神憔悴。他什么话也没有说。他的哥哥回到他身边，担心着水手的那把刀子。

"Wait, wait," he said. "We will let down the anchor."

“等等，等等，”他说，“我们应该把锚抛下去。”

They cast anchor, and then began to turn the capstan to loosen the moorings of the net. They loosened them at length and disengaged the imprisoned arm, in its bloody woolen sleeve.

他们抛下了锚，然后开始卷起锚机，使拖网的绳索松弛。他们终于松开了绳索，抽出那只被缚的胳膊，毛呢袖子上已经满是鲜血。

Young Javel seemed like an idiot. They took off his jersey and saw a horrible sight, a mass of flesh from which the blood spurted as if from a pump. Then the young man looked at his arm and murmured: "Foutu" (done for).

小雅韦尔像傻了一样。他们替他脱了上衣，看到了可怕的一幕，肉已经压烂了，血就像从泵里涌出一样。年轻人看着自己的胳膊，低声说：“完了。”

Then, as the blood was making a pool on the deck of the boat, one of the sailors cried:

甲板上积了一摊血水，一个水手叫了出来：

"He will bleed to death, we must bind the vein."

“他会流血过多而死的，我们必须把血管扎起来。”

So they took a cord, a thick, brown, tarry cord, and twisting it around the arm above the wound, tightened it with all their might. The blood ceased to spurt by slow degrees, and, presently, stopped altogether.

于是他们拿来一根绳子，一根棕色的涂满柏油的粗绳子，在伤口以上的部位把胳膊捆住，使劲扎紧。渐渐地血停止往外喷出，一会之后，完全不流了。

Young Javel rose, his arm hanging at his side. He took hold of it with the other hand, raised it, turned it over, shook it. It was all mashed, the bones broken, the muscles alone holding it together. He looked at it sadly, reflectively. Then he sat down on a folded sail and his comrades advised him to keep wetting the arm constantly to

prevent it from mortifying.

小雅韦尔站了起来，胳膊挂在身体的一旁。他用另一只手抓住它，把它举起来、转了转，又摇了摇。它完全碎了，骨头全断了，只有肌肉使他的胳膊连在一起。他伤心地看着它，沉思着。随后他在折好的帆上坐了下来，同伴们建议他用水不断地冲洗胳膊，以免变成坏疽。

They placed a pail of water beside him, and every few minutes he dipped a glass into it and bathed the frightful wound, letting the clear water trickle on to it.

他们放了桶清水在他的身边，每隔几分钟，他就舀一杯水浇在这可怕的伤口上，让清水慢慢地在伤口上流动。

"You would be better in the cabin," said his brother. He went down, but came up again in an hour, not caring to be alone. And, besides, he preferred the fresh air. He sat down again on his sail and began to bathe his arm.

“你到舱内也许会舒服点，”他哥哥说。他下去了，但是一个小时之后他又上来了，因为不想单独一人呆在下面。除此之外，他喜欢新鲜的空气。他又坐到那帆上，继续用水浇他的伤口。

They made a good haul. The broad fish with their white bellies lay beside him, quivering in the throes of death; he looked at them as he continued to bathe his crushed flesh.

他们这一次拉网获得了大丰收。这些肥肥的鱼躺在他旁边，露出白色的肚子，在临死前痛苦地抽搐着。他看着他们，同时不停地用清水浸湿他被压烂的肉。

As they were about to return to Boulogne the wind sprang up anew, and the little boat resumed its mad course, bounding and tumbling about, shaking up the poor wounded man.

正当他们就要返回布洛涅的时候，突然又刮起一阵大风。小船重新开始发疯般地跳跃翻滚着，不停地摇晃着这个可怜的受伤的人。

Night came on. The sea ran high until dawn. As the sun rose, the English coast was again visible, but, as the weather had abated a little, they turned back towards the French coast, tacking as they went.

夜幕降临了。海面持续升高直到第二天拂晓。当太阳升起来的时候，英国的海岸再次出现在他们的眼前。但是因为汹涌的海浪稍微消减了点，他们又转向了法国海岸，掉转了舵朝向法国的方向行驶的。

Towards evening Javel, junior, called his comrades and showed them some black spots, all the horrible tokens of mortification in the portion of the arm below the broken bones.

傍晚时分，小雅韦尔叫来他的朋友，让他们看他手上的一些黑色斑点，这是那压断的胳膊已经开始腐烂的可怕的征兆。

The sailors examined it, giving their opinion.

水手们仔细地研究着这黑斑，发表着各自的意见。

"That might be the 'Black,'" thought one.

“这可能是黑死病。”一个人这么认为。

"He should put salt water on it," said another.

“他应该用盐水清洗胳膊。”另外一个说道。

They brought some salt water and poured it on the wound. The injured man became livid, ground his teeth and writhed a little, but did not exclaim.

他们弄来一些盐水，浇在了伤口上。这个伤者脸色变得铁青，咬紧牙齿，扭动了下身子，但是没有叫出声来。

Then, as soon as the smarting had abated, he said to his brother:

于是，当疼痛稍微减轻了点后，他对他的哥哥说：

"Give me your knife."

“把你的刀子给我。”

The brother handed it to him.

哥哥便把刀子递给了他。

"Hold my arm up, quite straight, and pull it."

“抬起我的胳膊，拉直，用劲拉。”

They did as he asked them.

他们于是就按他说的去做了。

Then he began to cut off his arm. He cut gently, carefully, severing all the tendons with this blade that was sharp as a razor. And, presently, there was only a stump left. He gave a deep sigh and said:

他开始动手割断自己胳膊。他慢慢地、仔仔细细地割着，用那把像剃刀似的刀子割断所有的肌腱。于是很快就只剩下这条残肢。他深深地叹了口气，说：

"It had to be done. It was done for."

“只能这么做了。否则就完了。”

He seemed relieved and breathed loud. He then began again to pour water on the stump of arm that remained.

他似乎解脱了，于是深呼了口气。接着他又开始在他那剩下的一段胳膊上浇水了。

The sea was still rough and they could not make the shore.

海浪依然汹涌，他们不能靠岸。

When the day broke, Javel, junior, took the severed portion of his arm and examined it for a long time. Gangrene had set in. His comrades also examined it and handed it from one to the other, feeling it, turning it over, and sniffing at it.

天亮了，小雅韦尔拾起他那被割下来的腐烂的胳膊，仔细地看了很久。已经开始有坏疽了。他的同伴们也过来看，还一个一个地传递着，他们摸摸它，又翻来翻去，还用鼻子闻。

"You must throw that into the sea at once," said his brother.

“你必须立刻把它扔到海里去。”他的哥哥说。

But Javel, junior, got angry.

但是小雅韦尔生气了。

"Oh, no! Oh, no! I don't want to. It belongs to me, does it not, as it is my arm?”

“噢，不可以！噢，不可以！我不想这么做。它是我的，难道它不是我的胳膊？”

And he took and placed it between his feet.

于是他抓起它，把它夹在两腿中间。

"It will putrefy, just the same," said the older brother. Then an idea came to the injured man. In order to preserve the fish when the boat was long at sea, they packed it in salt, in barrels. He asked:

“它会腐烂的，反正扔不扔都一样。”哥哥说道。于是这位伤者想到了一个主意。当船长时间待在海上时，为了保存鱼，他们把鱼放在桶里用盐腌起来。他问：

"Why can I not put it in pickle?"

“我是不是也可以把它腌起来？”

"Why, that's a fact," exclaimed the others.

“为什么不呢？这是个事实。”其余的人叫嚷道。

Then they emptied one of the barrels, which was full from the haul of the last few days; and right at the bottom of the barrel they laid the detached arm. They covered it with salt, and then put back the fish one by one.

于是他们空出一个原先装满前两天捕到的鱼的桶子，然后把那段胳膊放在桶底，再在上面撒上盐，随后再把鱼一条一条放回桶里。

One of the sailors said by way of joke:

有一个水手开玩笑说：

"I hope we do not sell it at auction."

“希望我们别把它跟鱼一起卖了。”

And everyone laughed, except the two Javels.

除了雅韦尔兄弟俩，其余的人都笑了。

The wind was still boisterous. They tacked within sight of Boulogne until the following morning at ten o'clock. Young Javel continued to bathe his wound. From time to time he rose and walked from one end to the other of the boat.

风继续咆哮着。他们朝着布洛涅方向前进着直到第二天十点钟。年轻的雅韦尔继续不断地清洗着自己的伤口。他时不时地站起身，从船的一端走到另一端。

His brother, who was at the tiller, followed him with glances, and shook his head.

他的哥哥掌着舵，眼睛追随者他，摇了摇头。

At last they ran into harbor.

终于他们进入了海港。

The doctor examined the wound and pronounced it to be in good condition. He dressed it properly and ordered the patient to rest. But Javel would not go to bed until he got back his severed arm, and he returned at once to the dock to look for the barrel which he had marked with a cross.

医生检查了伤口，说情况会好转。他包扎好伤口，嘱咐病人休息好。但是雅韦尔在没有取回他那只断臂之前不愿意上床休息。他立即回到码头找寻那只被他标记了一个十字记号的木桶。

It was emptied before him and he seized the arm, which was well preserved in the pickle, had shrunk and was freshened. He wrapped it up in a towel he had brought for the purpose and took it home.

他把那只桶倒空了，捡起了那只胳膊。它在盐里保存得很好，有点缩水但是还很新鲜。他用特地带来的毛巾把它包了起来，带回了家。

His wife and children looked for a long time at this fragment of their father, feeling the fingers, and removing the grains of salt that were under the nails. Then they sent for a carpenter to make a little coffin.

他的妻子和孩子把爸爸的这段胳膊看了很久，摸了摸手指，清除掉指甲缝里的盐粒。然后他们请了木匠来做一个小小的棺材。

The next day the entire crew of the trawling smack followed the

funeral of the detached arm. The two brothers, side by side, led the procession; the parish beadle carried the corpse under his arm.

第二天拖网渔船上的所有船员都来参加这只断臂的葬礼。这兄弟俩，肩并肩，走在队列最前面。教区的仪仗官的胳肢窝里夹着“尸体”。

Javel, junior, gave up the sea. He obtained a small position on the dock, and when he subsequently talked about his accident, he would say confidentially to his auditors:

小雅韦尔放弃了出海。他在码头找了份低微的职务，在后来谈到他的遭遇时，他悄悄地告诉听者：

"If my brother had been willing to cut away the net, I should still have my arm, that is sure. But he was thinking only of his property."

“如果我哥哥当时肯砍断渔网，我的胳膊现在就还在，这是肯定的。但是他只考虑到了他的财产。”

My Landlady

女房东

At that time (George Kervelen said) I was living in furnished lodgings in the Rue des Saints-Pères.

乔治·克弗伦说，那时，我住在圣父路一间带家具的房子里。

When my father had made up his mind that I should go to Paris to continue my law studies, there had been a long discussion about settling everything. My allowance had been fixed at first at two thousand five hundred francs, but my poor mother was so anxious, that she said to my father that if I spent my money badly I might not take enough to eat, and then my health would suffer, and so it was settled that a comfortable boarding-house should be found for me, and that the amount should be paid to the proprietor himself, or herself, every month.

当我的父亲决定我应该去巴黎继续学习法律时，关于一切事务的安排，我们讨论了许久。起初，我的零花钱定在两千五百法郎，但是，我可怜的母亲十分担忧，于是，对我父亲说，如果我理财不当，我很可能没有足够的钱去吃饭，那么会伤身体。最后决定给我找一间舒适的寄宿房子，并且每个月的费用由他们自己支付给房东。

Some of our neighbors told us of a certain Mme. Kergaran, a native of Brittany, who took in boarders, and so my father arranged matters by letter with this respectable person, at whose house I and my luggage arrived one evening.

我们的一些邻居告诉我们某个克加朗太太的情况，她是一个接收寄宿者的布列塔尼当地人。于是，我父亲与这个受尊敬的人通信安排好事务，我则在一天晚上带着行李搬进了她的房子。

Mme. Kergaran was a woman of about forty. She was very stout, had a voice like a drill sergeant, and decided everything in a very abrupt manner. Her house was narrow, with only one window opening on to the street on each story, which rather gave it the appearance of a ladder of windows, or better, perhaps, of a slice of a house sandwiched in between two others.

克加朗太太是个四十岁左右的女人。她长得非常结实，声音像一个操练军官，以很突然的方式决定每件事情。她的房子很狭窄，每层楼都只开了一扇窗子对着街外，感觉有点像是由窗子组成的梯子，更确切地说，像是一片房子被夹在其他两栋中间。

The landlady lived on the first floor with her servant, the kitchen

and dining-room were on the second, and four boarders from Brittany lived on the third and fourth, and I had two rooms on the fifth.

女房东和她的仆人住在二楼，厨房和餐厅在三楼，四个布列塔尼房客住在四楼和五楼，我住在六楼的两间房。

A little dark corkscrew staircase led up to these attics. All day long Mme. Kergaran was up and down these stairs like a captain on board ship.

一条又小又暗的像螺丝锥一样的楼梯通向顶楼。克加朗太太整天在楼梯上上上下下，像是船长在轮船上一样。

Ten times a day she would go into each room, noisily superintending everything, seeing that the beds were properly made, the clothes well brushed, if the attendance were all that it should be; in a word, she looked after her boarders like a mother, and better than a mother.

她每天要进到每个房间十次，吵闹着监督着每件事情，看看床铺是否整理好了，衣物是否刷干净了，服务是否无可挑剔。一句话，她就像一个母亲一样照料着她的房客，并且比母亲更好。

I soon made the acquaintance of my four fellow-countrymen. Two were medical and two were law students, but all impartially endured the landlady's despotic yoke. They were as frightened of her as a boy robbing an orchard would be of a rural policeman.

我很快就和我的四个同乡相熟起来。两个是学医的学生，两个是学法律的学生，但都一样忍受着女房东专制的约束。他们怕她就像是在果园偷盗的男孩怕乡下警察一样。

I, however, immediately felt that I wished to be independent; it is my nature to rebel. I declared at once that I meant to come in at whatever time I liked, for Mme. Kergaran had fixed twelve o'clock at night as the limit.

可是，我马上觉得我希望独立，我的本性就是叛逆的。我立刻声明我打算爱什么时候回来就什么时候回来，因为克加朗太太规定午夜十二点是底线。

On hearing this she looked at me for a few moments, and then said:

听完这个她看了我一会儿，然后她说：

"It is quite impossible; I cannot have Annette awakened at any hour of the night. You can have nothing to do out-of-doors at such a time.”

“这简直是不可能的，我不可能让安妮特在晚上随时被吵醒。这种时间你在外面也没什么可做的。”

I replied firmly that, according to the law, she was obliged to open the door for me at any time.

我坚定地回答道，根据法律，她有义务随时为我开门。

"If you refuse," I said, "I shall get a policeman to witness the fact, and go and get a bed at some hotel, at your expense, in which I shall be fully justified. You will, therefore, be obliged either to open the door for me or to get rid of me. Do which you please."

“如果您拒绝，”我说，“我会叫警察来作证，然后去某个旅馆睡，由您来支付，这是完全合理的。所以您有义务要么为我开门，要么把我赶出去。请您选择。”

I laughed in her face as I told her my conditions. She could not speak for a moment for surprise, then she tried to negotiate, but I was firm, and she was obliged to yield; and so it was agreed that I should have a latchkey, on my solemn undertaking that no one else should know it.

我边冲着她笑，边告诉她我的要求。她吃惊得半天说不出话，然后，她尝试和我谈判，但我很坚决，她被迫屈服了。她同意给我一把门锁钥匙，前提是我要郑重保证不让其他人知道。

My energy made such a wholesome impression on her that from that time she treated me with marked favor; she was most attentive, and even showed me a sort of rough tenderness which was not at all unpleasing. Sometimes when I was in a jovial mood I would kiss her by surprise, if only for the sake of getting the box on the ears which she gave me immediately afterwards. When I managed to duck my head quickly enough, her hand would pass over me as swiftly as a ball, and I would run away laughing, while she would call after me:

我的活力留给她一个健康的印象，从那时起她对我明显地关切起来。她十分殷勤而且还偶显柔情，一点儿都不讨人厌。有时心情好的时候，我会给她一个惊喜之吻，只是为了之后她立刻回我一个耳光。当我设法把头尽快闪开时，她的手就像球一样迅速地举过我，然后我会笑着跑开，这时她会在我后面喊道：

"Oh! You wretch, I will pay you out for that."

“噢！你这个卑鄙的家伙，我会让你为此付出代价的。”

However, we soon became real friends.

尽管如此，我们很快变成了真正的朋友。

It was not long before I made the acquaintance of a girl who was employed in a shop, and whom I constantly met.

不久后，我认识了一个在商店当雇员的女孩，并且经常跟她见面。

You know what such sort of love affairs are in Paris. One fine day, going to a lecture, you meet a work-girl going to work arm-in-arm with a friend. You look at her and feel that pleasant little shock which the eye of some women gives you. The next day at the same time, going through the same street, you meet her again, and the next, and the succeeding days. At last you speak, and the love affair follows its course just like an illness.

您知道，这就是在巴黎那点恋爱的事情。某天天气不错，您正要去听课，遇见了一个挽着朋友正去上班的女工。您看着她，感觉到小小的悸动，那是某些女人给您目光牵动的感觉。第二天，在同样的时间同一条街道，您又碰到她。在接下来的一天以及随后的日子里也是如此。最后您开口了，这场爱情就像患病的过程一样随之而来了。

Well, by the end of three weeks I was on that footing with Emma which precedes a fall. The fall would indeed have taken place much sooner had I known where to bring it about. The girl lived at home, and utterly refused to go to an hotel. I did not know how to manage, but at last I took the desperate resolve to take her to my room some night at about eleven o'clock, under the pretense of giving her a cup of tea.

接着，到了第三个星期末，我和埃玛的关系到了顶峰。如果我知道从哪里开始的话，这顶峰会来得更快。这个女孩住家里，并且坚决拒绝去旅馆。我不知道该怎么办，但最后我采取了一个不得已的解决办法，决定在某个夜晚十一点左右带她去我的房间，以请她喝杯茶为由。

Mme. Kergaran always went to bed at ten, so that we could get in by means of my latchkey without exciting any attention, and go down again in an hour or two in the same way.

因为克加朗太太总是十点睡觉，所以我们可以在不引起注意的情况下用我的钥匙进门，一两个小时后再用同样的方法下去。

After a good deal of entreaty on my part, Emma accepted my invitation.

在我恳求许久后，埃玛接受了我的邀请。

I did not spend a very pleasant day, for I was by no means easy in my mind. I was afraid of complications, of a catastrophe, of some scandal. At night I went into a café, and drank two cups of coffee, and three or four glasses of cognac, to give me courage, and when I heard the clock strike half-past ten, I went slowly to the place of meeting, where she was already waiting for me. She took my arm in a coaxing manner, and we set off slowly towards my lodgings. The nearer we got to the door the more nervous I got, and I thought to myself:

我一天都不很愉快，因为我的思想轻松不起来。我害怕并发后果、

灾祸和某些流言蜚语。为了给自己勇气，晚上我去了一家咖啡馆，喝了两杯咖啡，又喝了三四杯白兰地。当我听到十点半的钟声敲响时，我慢慢地走去碰面的地方，她已经在那等着我了。她用温柔的方式挽着我的胳膊，我们慢慢朝我的住处走去。越靠近门我越紧张，我心里想着：

"If only Mme.Kergaran is in bed already."

“要是克加朗太太已经睡了就好了。”

I said to Emma two or three times:

我对埃玛说了两三次：

"Above all things, don't make any noise on the stairs," to which she replied, laughing:

“最重要的是不要在楼梯上弄出任何响声。”她笑着答道：

"Are you afraid of being heard?"

“您害怕被听到了吗？”

"No," I said, "but I am afraid of waking the man who sleeps in the room next to me, who is not at all well."

“不是，”我说，“但我怕吵醒了睡我隔壁的人，他身体很不好。”

When I got near the house I felt as frightened as a man does who is going to the dentist's. All the windows were dark, so no doubt everybody was asleep, and I breathed again. I opened the door as carefully as a thief, let my fair companion in, shut it behind me, and went upstairs on tiptoe, holding my breath, and striking wax-matches lest the girl should make a false step.

当我接近房子的时候，我害怕得就像一个要去看牙医的人。所有的窗子都是黑的，所以毫无疑问每个人都睡了，我宽心了些。我像小偷一样小心地打开门，让我的女伴进去。我进去后关上了门，踮着脚尖上了楼，屏住呼吸，点亮了蜡烛，以免女孩失足。

As we passed the landlady's door I felt my heart beating very quickly, but we reached the second floor, then the third, and at last the fifth, and got into my room. Victory!

当我们经过女房东门口时，我感觉心跳很快，然而我们走到了三楼，然后四楼，最后到了六楼，进了我的房间。胜利了！

However, I only dared to speak in a whisper, and took off my boots so as not to make any noise. The tea, which I made over a spirit-lamp, was soon drunk, and then I became pressing, till little by little, as if in play, I, one by one, took off my companion's clothes, who yielded while resisting, blushing, confused.

尽管如此，我只敢低声讲话，我脱掉靴子以免弄出任何响声。酒精灯上煮好的茶很快就喝完了，然后，我变得急迫起来，像剧本里一样一

点一点，一件一件地脱去我女友的衣服，她脸红而纠结地半推半就着。

She had absolutely nothing more on except a short white petticoat when my door suddenly opened, and Mme. Kergaran appeared with a candle in her hand, in exactly the same costume as Emma.

当我的门突然被打开的时候，她身上除了一条白色的短衬裙外什么都没有，而克加朗太太手里拿着一个蜡烛出现在那里，打扮正好和埃玛一样。

I jumped away from her and remained standing up, looking at the two women, who were looking at each other.

我跳开她身边，原地站着，看着这两个女人，她们也互相看着对方。

What was going to happen?

将会发生什么呢？

My landlady said, in a lofty tone of voice which I had never heard from her before:

我的女房东用一种我以前从未听过的高傲的语气说道：

"Monsieur Kervelen, I will not have prostitutes in my house."

“克弗伦先生，我不允许在我的房子里有妓女。”

"But, Madame Kergaran," I stammered, "the young lady is a friend of mine. She just came in to have a cup of tea."

“但是，克加朗太太，”我结巴地说，“这个年轻的小姐是我的一个朋友。她只是进来喝杯茶。”

"People don't take tea in their chemise. You will please make this person go directly.”

“不会有人穿内衣来喝茶的。请您立即把这个人弄出去。”

Emma, in a natural state of consternation, began to cry, and hid her face in her petticoat, and I lost my head, not knowing what to do or say. My landlady added, with irresistible authority:

埃玛自然是惊惶失措，开始哭起来，把脸藏在她的衬裙下。我不知所措，不知该做什么说什么。我的女房东又以不可抗拒的威信说道：

"Help her to dress, and take her out at once."

“帮她穿好，立刻带她出去。”

It was certainly the only thing I could do, so I picked up her dress from the floor, put it over her head, and began to fasten it as best I could. She helped me, crying all the time, hurrying and making all

sorts of mistakes and unable to find either buttonholes or laces, while Mme. Kergaran stood by motionless, with the candle in her hand, looking at us with the severity of a judgy.

这显然是我唯一能做的事，于是，我从地板上捡起她的衣服，从她头上套过去，然后开始尽我全力把它系牢。她帮着我，一直哭着，慌忙中犯了各种错误，如找不到扣眼或缎带之类的，而克加朗太太手里拿着蜡烛静静地站在旁边，像执法人那样严肃地看着我们。

As soon as Emma was dressed, without even stopping to button her boots, she rushed past the landlady and ran down stairs. I followed her in my slippers and half undressed, and kept repeating: "Mademoiselle! Mademoiselle!"

埃玛一穿好，甚至都没停下把靴子扣好，就从克加朗太太身旁跑开，冲下了楼梯。我穿着拖鞋跟着她，衣服还没完全穿好，不断重复喊道："小姐！小姐！"

I felt that I ought to say something to her, but I could not find anything. I overtook her just by the street-door, and tried to take her into my arms, but she pushed me violently away, saying in a low, nervous voice:

我觉得我应该对她说些什么，但是，我找不到任何要说的。我一直追她追到街门那里，竭力想将她挽入我的臂弯，但是她重重地将我推开，紧张地低声说道：

"Leave me alone, leave me alone!" and so ran out into the street, closing the door behind her.

"别管我，别管我！"然后，她就这样跑到了路上，关上了她身后的门。

When I went upstairs again I found that Mme.Kergaran was waiting on the first landing, and I went up slowly, expecting, and ready for, anything.

当我再次上到楼上时，我发现克加朗太太正在二楼平台上等着。我慢慢地往上走，盘算着，做好了一切心理准备。

Her door was open, and she called me in, saying in a severe voice:

她的门是开着的，她叫我进去，用严厉的声音说道：

"I want to speak to you, M. Kervelen."

"我想和您谈谈，克弗伦先生。"

I went in, with my head bent. She put her candle on the mantelpiece, and then, folding her arms over her expansive bosom, which a fine white dressing-jacket hardly covered, she said:

我低着头走了进去。她把她的蜡烛放在壁炉架上，然后，把手臂抱在那件好看的白色短外套也未能完全遮住的硕大的胸部前，说道：

"So, Monsieur Kervelen, you think my house is a house of ill-fame?”

“那么，克弗伦先生，您觉得我的房子是个名声不好的房子？”

I was not at all proud. I murmured:

我没有一点傲慢。我嘀咕道：

"Oh, dear, no!

“噢，亲爱的，不！

But, Mme. Kergaran, you must not be angry; you know what young men are.”

但是，克加朗太太，您一定不要生气，您知道年轻人是什么样的。”

"I know," was her answer, "that I will not have such creatures here, so you will understand that. I expect to have my house respected, and I will not have it lose its reputation, you understand me? I know...."

“我知道，”她的回答，“我不允许这样的人在这里，所以您应该明白。我期望我的房子是受尊敬的，并且我不会让它名声受损，您懂吗？我知道……”

She went on thus for at least twenty minutes, overwhelming me with the good name of her house, with reasons for her indignation, and loading me with severe reproofs. I went to bed crestfallen, and resolved never again to try such an experiment, so long, at least, as I continued to be a lodger of Mme. Kergaran.

她继续这样讲了至少二十分钟，说她的房子的名声如何好，为什么她会愤怒，并把她严厉的谴责施加给我。我垂头丧气地上了床，并决心不再做这种尝试，至少在我还是克加朗太太的房客的时候。

The Donkey

那头驴子

There was not a breath of air stirring; a heavy mist was lying over the river. It was like a layer of cotton placed on the water. The banks themselves were indistinct, hidden behind strange fogs. But day was breaking and the hill was becoming visible. In the dawning light of day the plaster houses began to appear like white spots. Cocks were crowing in the barnyard.

没有一丝风吹进来，河上笼罩着一层厚厚的迷雾。就像是一层棉花铺在水面上一样。河岸也朦朦胧胧的，隐藏在奇怪的雾后面。但是天已破晓，山开始显现出身影。在黎明的曙光中，抹了石灰的房子就像一个个白点。公鸡在畜棚空地上啼叫着。

On the other side of the river, hidden behind the fogs, just opposite Frette, a slight noise from time to time broke the dead silence of the quiet morning. At times it was an indistinct plashing, like the cautious advance of a boat, then again a sharp noise like the rattle of an oar and then the sound of something dropping in the water. Then silence.

河的另一边，弗雷特村正对面，隐匿在迷雾中的细微的声响时不时打破宁静清晨的死寂。有时是一阵隐约的溅水声，就像一只船在小心翼翼地行驶；然后是一阵尖锐的响声，就像是船桨的碰撞声；接着是什么东西掉进水里的声音。之后，又是一片沉寂。

Sometimes whispered words, coming perhaps from a distance, perhaps from quite near, pierced through these opaque mists. They passed by like wild birds which have slept in the rushes and which fly away at the first light of day, crossing the mist and uttering a low and timid sound which wakes their brothers along the shores.

偶尔还有一阵窃窃私语——也许来自远处，也许非常之近——刺穿了这不透明的迷雾。低语声像野鸟一样经过。野鸟栖息在灯心草丛中，在第一道曙光出现时翩然起飞，穿过迷雾，发出一阵低沉怯弱的声音，唤醒了河岸边它们的伙伴。

Suddenly along the bank, near the village, a barely perceptible shadow appeared on the water. Then it grew, became more distinct and, coming out of the foggy curtain which hung over the river, a flatboat, manned by two men, pushed up on the grass.

突然，在河岸边靠近村庄的水面上，出现了一个隐约可见的阴影。接着，它逐渐变大，更加清晰可见。接着，从挂在河上的雾帘里出来了一只平底船，它由两个男人驾驶着，搁浅在草地上。

The one who was rowing rose and took a pailful of fish from the bottom of the boat, then he threw the dripping net over his shoulder. His companion, who had not made a motion, exclaimed: "Say, Mailloche, get your gun and see if we can't land some rabbit along the shore.”

划桨的那个人从船底提起一桶鱼，之后把湿淋淋的渔网撂到肩膀上。他那位还没有任何动静的伙伴叫道：“喂，马若虚，拿起你的枪，看看我们是否能沿着河岸打到几只兔子。”

The other one answered: "All right. I'll be with you in a minute." Then he disappeared, in order to hide their catch.

另一个人回答：“好极了。一会儿我就回来找你。”接着，他就消失了，为的是去把鱼藏起来。

The man who had stayed in the boat slowly filled his pipe and lighted it. His name was Labouise, but he was called Chicot, and was in partnership with Maillochon, commonly called Mailloche, to practice the doubtful and undefined profession of junk-gatherers along the shore.

呆在船上的那个人缓缓地装上他的烟斗，然后点燃。他叫做拉布西，但被称为希科，和马约雄——俗称马约虚的家伙——是搭档，干些沿着河岸收废品这难以预料的、不确定的行当。

They were a low order of sailors and they navigated regularly only in the months of famine. The rest of the time they acted as junk-gatherers. Rowing about on the river day and night, watching for any prey, dead or alive, poachers on the water and nocturnal hunters, sometimes ambushing venison in the Saint-Germain forests, sometimes looking for drowned people and searching their clothes, picking up floating rags and empty bottles; thus did Labouise and Maillochon live easily.

他们是低级水手，只有在闹饥荒的月份里才做正经航运。其他时候他们就收废品。他们日日夜夜地在河上游荡，寻找猎物，不管是活的还是死的。他们是水上的偷猎者，夜间的捕猎人。有时候他们在圣日耳曼森林里伏击野鹿，有时候寻找淹死的人，搜寻他们的口袋，或者打捞河上漂着的破布和空瓶子。就这样，拉布西和马约雄活得很轻松。

At times they would set out on foot about noon and stroll along straight ahead. They would dine in some inn on the shore and leave again side by side. They would remain away for a couple of days; then one morning they would be seen rowing about in the tub which they called their boat.

有时，他们会在大约中午的时候出发，朝前笔直地漫步。他们会在岸边的某个餐馆吃顿饭，然后继续并排往前走。他们会消失一两天。之

后，某天早晨，又会看见他们划着自己称为桶的船溜达。

At Joinville or at Nogent some boatman would be looking for his boat, which had disappeared one night, probably stolen, while twenty or thirty miles from there, on the Oise, some shopkeeper would be rubbing his hands, congratulating himself on the bargain he had made when he bought a boat the day before for fifty francs, which two men offered him as they were passing.

在茹安维尔或是诺让，某个船夫或许正在寻找他在一天晚上丢失的船，船很可能是被偷了。而在离那里二三十里的瓦兹，某个店主或许正搓着手，庆幸自己买到了便宜货，这是前天经过这里的两个人以五十法郎卖给他的小船。

Maillochon reappeared with his gun wrapped up in rags. He was a man of forty or fifty, tall and thin, with the restless eye of people who are worried by legitimate troubles and of hunted animals. His open shirt showed his hairy chest, but he seemed never to have had any more hair on his face than a short brush of a mustache and a few stiff hairs under his lower lip. He was bald around the temples. When he took off the dirty cap that he wore his scalp seemed to be covered with a fluffy down, like the body of a plucked chicken.

马约雄又出现了，他的枪裹在破布里。他大约四五十岁，又高又瘦，眼神总是焦虑不安，就如同陷入了法律麻烦的人和被追捕的动物的眼睛一样。他的衬衣敞开，露出了毛茸茸的胸膛。但是，他的脸上只有一排短胡子和下唇下面的几根硬毛。两鬓周围也是光秃秃的。当他脱下戴着的那顶脏兮兮的帽子时，他的头皮看起来像是覆盖着一层柔软的绒毛，就像是一只被拔了毛的小鸡的身体。

Chicot, on the contrary, was red, fat, short and hairy. He looked like a raw beefsteak. He continually kept his left eye closed, as if he were aiming at something or at somebody, and when people jokingly cried to him, "Open your eye, Labouise!" he would answer quietly: "Never fear, sister, I open it when there's cause to.”

希科正好相反，他肤色红润，又矮又胖，毛发很多。他看起来像一块生牛排。他经常闭着左眼，好像瞄准着什么东西或什么人。当人们开玩笑地对他喊道：“睁开你的眼睛，拉布西！”他会平静地回答：“不要怕，妹子，我见了便宜就开眼。”

He had a habit of calling every one "sister," even his scavenger companion.

他有称呼每个人“妹子”的习惯，即使是他那个捡破烂的同伴。

He took up the oars again, and once more the boat disappeared in the heavy mist, which was now turned snowy white in the pink-tinted sky.

他又重新拿起了桨，小船再次消失在浓厚的迷雾里。那雾映在粉红色的天空里，变得雪白雪白的。

"What kind of lead did you take, Maillochon?" Labouise asked.

“你带了什么样的子弹，马约雄？”拉布西问道。

"Very small, number nine; that's the best for rabbits.”

“很小的那种，九号的，最适合用来打兔子了。”

They were approaching the other shore so slowly, so quietly that no noise betrayed them. This bank belongs to the Saint-Germain forest and is the boundary line for rabbit hunting. It is covered with burrows hidden under the roots of trees, and the creatures at daybreak frisk about, running in and out of the holes.

他们朝另一处河岸划去，划得很慢、很安静，没有一丝声音泄露他们的行踪。这个河岸属于圣日耳曼森林，是一条边界线，这边是不允许打兔子的。树根下满是兔子洞。黎明的时候，这些小家伙蹦来蹦去，在洞穴里跑进跑出。

Maillochon was kneeling in the bow, watching, his gun hidden on the floor. Suddenly he seized it, aimed, and the report echoed for some time throughout the quiet country.

马约雄跪在船头，窥视着，他的枪就藏在船板下面。突然，他抓起枪，瞄准了。一声枪响在寂静的乡村里久久回荡。

Labouise, in a few strokes, touched the beach, and his companion, jumping to the ground, picked up a little gray rabbit, not yet dead.

拉布西划了几下桨，靠了岸，他的同伴跳上陆地，捡起一只还没死的小灰兔。

Then the boat once more disappeared into the fog in order to get to the other side, where it could keep away from the game wardens.

随后，这条船再次消失在雾里，要赶到河的另一边去，以避开守林人。

The two men seemed to be riding easily on the water. The weapon had disappeared under the board which served as a hiding place and the rabbit was stuffed into Chicot's loose shirt.

这两个人就像是在水上自由自在地乘船旅行。武器被藏在了用来藏东西的木板下面，兔子被塞在希科宽松的衬衫里。

After about a quarter of an hour Labouise asked: "Well, sister, shall we get one more?"

大约过了一刻钟，拉布西问道：“喂，妹子，我们再去弄一只怎样？”

"It will suit me," Maillochon answered.

“正合我意，”马约雄回答。

The boat started swiftly down the current. The mist, which was hiding both shores, was beginning to rise. The trees could be barely perceived, as through a veil, and the little clouds of fog were floating up from the water. When they drew near the island, the end of which is opposite Herblay, the two men slackened their pace and began to watch. Soon a second rabbit was killed.

这只船又出发了，迅速地顺流而下。笼罩着两岸的雾开始消散了。就像透过了一层面纱，隐隐约约可以看到树。小团的雾从水面上升起。靠近尾端正对着赫伯莱的那个小岛时，两人放慢了速度，开始窥视。不久，又一只兔子被打死了。

Then they went down until they were half way to Conflans. Here they stopped their boat, tied it to a tree and went to sleep in the bottom of it.

他们继续顺流而下，一直到了去孔佛朗的中途地带。他们把船停到这里，系在一棵树上，在船底睡起觉来。

From time to time Labouise would sit up and look over the horizon with his open eye. The last of the morning mist had disappeared and the large summer sun was climbing in the blue sky.

拉布西时不时坐起来，用他睁开的那只眼睛眺望天边。最后一点晨雾也已经消散了，一轮大大的夏日太阳正爬上蔚蓝的天空。

On the other side of the river the vineyard-covered hill stretched out in a semicircle. One house stood out alone at the summit. Everything was silent.

在河的另一边，被葡萄园覆盖着的山坡弯成一个半圆形。一栋房子孤零零地矗立在山顶上。到处都是静悄悄的。

Something was moving slowly along the tow-path, advancing with difficulty. It was a woman dragging a donkey. The stubborn, stiff-jointed beast occasionally stretched out a leg in answer to its companion's efforts, and it proceeded thus, with outstretched neck and ears lying flat, so slowly that one could not tell when it would ever be out of sight.

什么东西正沿着曳船道慢慢移动，艰难地前行。是一个女人拉着一头驴子。那头倔强的驴子关节僵硬，偶尔才伸出一只腿回应那位伙伴的努力。它伸长脖子，耷拉着耳朵，就这么走着，走得如此之慢，让人说不出什么时候它才会消失在视线里。

The woman, bent double, was pulling, turning round occasionally to strike the donkey with a stick.

那个女人把身体弯得低低地往前拉，偶尔转过身来用一根棍子抽打驴子。

As soon as he saw her, Labouise exclaimed: "Say, Mailloche!"

拉布西一看见她，就叫道：“喂，马约虚！”

Mailloche answered: "What's the matter?”

马约虚回答：“怎么啦？”

"Want to have some fun?"

“想找点乐子吗？”

"Of course!"

“当然！”

"Then hurry, sister; we're going to have a laugh.”

“那快点，妹子，我们要有乐子了。”

Chicot took the oars. When he had crossed the river he stopped opposite the woman and called:

希科接过了桨。他穿过河，在那个女人对面停下来，喊道：

"Hey, sister!"

“嘿，妹子！”

The woman stopped dragging her donkey and looked.

女人停下来，不再拉驴子，望着他。

Labouise continued: "What are you doing—going to the locomotive show?”

拉布西继续说：“你在做什么呢——去机车展览吗？”

The woman made no reply. Chicot continued:

那个女人没有回答。希科接着说：

"Say, your trotter's prime for a race. Where are you taking him at that speed?”

“喂，你那只驴子赛跑应该能得第一。这速度你想把它拉去哪儿？”

At last the woman answered: "I'm going to Macquart, at Champioux, to have him killed. He's worthless.”

那个女人终于答话了：“我要去马加特家，在香庇屋，去把它宰了。它没什么用了。”

Labouise answered: "You're right. How much do you think Macquart will give you for him?”

拉布西答道：“你说对了。你认为马加特会付给你多少钱？”

The woman wiped her forehead on the back of her hand and hesitated, saying: "How do I know? Perhaps three francs, perhaps four."

那个女人用手背擦了擦额头，犹豫着说：“我怎么知道？也许三法郎，也许四法郎吧。”

Chicot exclaimed: "I'll give you five francs and your errand's done! How's that?”

希科叫道：“我给你五法郎，你的差事就完成了！怎么样？”

The woman considered the matter for a second and then exclaimed: "Done!"

那个女人考虑了一会儿，说：“就这么办！”

The two men landed. Labouise grasped the animal by the bridle. Maillochon asked in surprise:

这两个人上了岸。拉布西抓住了牲口的缰绳。马约雄感到奇怪，问他：

"What do you expect to do with that carcass?"

“你用这具尸体打算干啥？”

Chicot this time opened his other eye in order to express his gaiety. His whole red face was grinning with joy. He chuckled: "Don't worry, sister. I've got my idea.”

这次，希科睁开了另一只眼睛，以表现他的得意。他的整张红脸都因为这快活而堆满笑容。他咯咯地笑道：“别着急，妹子。我已经有主意了。”

He gave five francs to the woman, who then sat down by the road to see what was going to happen. Then Labouise, in great humor, got the gun and held it out to Maillochon, saying: "Each one in turn; we're going after big game, sister. Don't get so near or you'll kill it right away! You must make the pleasure last a little.”

他给了那女人五法郎。女人坐到了路边，想看看到底是怎么回事。接着，拉布西十分高兴地拿起枪，递给马约雄，说：“每人轮流一枪，我们要打这只大猎物了，妹子。不要离得这么近，否则你很快就会把它打死的！你要让这个乐子持续得久一点。”

He placed his companion about forty paces from the victim. The ass, feeling itself free, was trying to get a little of the tall grass, but it was so exhausted that it swayed on its legs as if it were about to fall.

他把同伴拉到离那只猎物四十步远的地方。那只驴子感到自己自由了，就试着吃一些长得高点的草。但是，它实在太累了，两条腿有点摇

晃，像是要倒下来一样。

Maillochon aimed slowly and said: "A little pepper for the ears; watch, Ghicot!" And he fired.

马约雄慢慢瞄准它，说：“往耳朵上撒点胡椒，看着，希科！”然后，他开了枪。

The tiny shot struck the donkey's long ears and he began to shake them in order to get rid of the stinging sensation. The two men were doubled up with laughter and stamped their feet with joy. The woman, indignant, rushed forward; she did not want her donkey to be tortured, and she offered to return the five francs. Labouise threatened her with a thrashing and pretended to roll up his sleeves. He had paid, hadn't he? Well, then, he would take a shot at her skirts, just to show that it didn't hurt. She went away, threatening to call the police. They could hear her protesting indignantly and cursing as she went her way.

一颗小子弹击中了驴子的长耳朵。于是，它开始晃动耳朵，想摆脱这种刺痛的感觉。这两个人笑弯了腰，高兴地跺着脚。那个女人愤怒地冲上前，她不想她的驴子遭受折磨，要把五法郎还给他们。拉布西威胁她，说要揍她，还假装把袖子卷起来。他付了钱的，不是么？好吧，他要朝她的裙子开一枪，让她看看这没什么伤害。她走开了，威胁他们说要去叫警察。他们可以听到，她走开的时候还在愤慨地抗议和咒骂。

Maillochon held out the gun to his comrade, saying: "It's your turn, Chicot.”

马约雄把枪递给他的伙伴，说：“该你了，希科。”

Labouise aimed and fired. The donkey received the charge in his thighs, but the shot was so small and came from such a distance that he thought he was being stung by flies, for he began to thrash himself with his tail.

拉布西瞄准了，开了一枪。驴子的大腿上受了一枪。但子弹太小了，又从这么远的地方射过来，它以为是被苍蝇叮了，因为它开始用尾巴在自己身上拍来拍去。

Labouise sat down to laugh more comfortably, while Maillochon reloaded the weapon, so happy that he seemed to sneeze into the barrel. He stepped forward a few paces, and, aiming at the same place that his friend had shot at, he fired again. This time the beast started, tried to kick and turned its head. At last a little blood was running. It had been wounded and felt a sharp pain, for it tried to run away with a slow, limping, jerky gallop.

拉布西坐下来，好让自己笑得更舒服点，马约雄则重新给武器上子弹，高兴得像在对着枪筒打喷嚏一样。他向前走了几步，瞄准他同伴击

中的那个地方，又开了一枪。这次那头牲畜受惊了，转过头来想踢蹄子。最终，一点血流了出来。它被打伤了，感到一阵剧烈的疼痛，因为它试图猛地一跛一跛地慢步跑着逃走。

Both men darted after the beast, Maillochon with a long stride, Labouise with the short, breathless trot of a little man. But the donkey, tired out, had stopped, and, with a bewildered look, was watching his two murderers approach. Suddenly he stretched his neck and began to bray.

两个人都在追那头牲口，马约雄迈着大步子，拉布西则迈着小个子的短步子喘着气小跑。然而，那头驴子已精疲力尽，它停下来，困惑地望着两个要杀它的人慢慢逼近。突然，它伸长脖子，开始嘶叫起来。

Labouise, out of breath, had taken the gun. This time he walked right up close, as he did not wish to begin the chase over again.

拉布西拿着枪，跑得上气不接下气。这次，他直接走近驴子，因为他不想再来一次追逐。

When the poor beast had finished its mournful cry, like a last call for help, the man called: "Hey, Mailloche! Come here, sister; I'm going to give him some medicine.” And while the other man was forcing the animal's mouth open, Chicot stuck the barrel of his gun down its throat, as if he were trying to make it drink a potion. Then he said: "Look out, sister, here she goes!"

这头可怜的牲口结束了它的悲鸣，就像是最后的求救呐喊。这个人叫道：“喂，马约虚！到这儿来，妹子，我要给它吃点药。”当另一个人强行把驴子的嘴掰开时，希科就把枪杆子插进了它的喉咙里，就像是要让它喝毒药一样。之后，他说：“小心点，妹子，我要倒药了。”

He pressed the trigger. The donkey stumbled back a few steps, fell down, tried to get up again and finally lay on its side and closed its eyes. The whole body was trembling, its legs were kicking as if it were trying to run. A stream of blood was oozing through its teeth. Soon it stopped moving. It was dead.

他扣动了扳机。驴子跌跌撞撞地向后退了几步，倒在了地上，又努力想再站起来，但最终侧着身子完全躺下了，闭上了眼睛。驴子的整个身子颤抖着，蹬着腿，像是还在试着逃走。一股血从它的牙齿中渗出来。很快它就不动了。它死了。

The two men went along, laughing. It was over too quickly; they had not had their money's worth. Maillochon asked: "Well, what are we going to do now?"

这两个男人边笑边往前走。这事结束得太快了，他们的钱还没体现出价值。马约雄问道：“喂，现在我们要做什么？”

Labouise answered: "Don't worry, sister. Get the thing on the boat;

we're going to have some fun when night comes.”

拉布西回答：“别着急，妹子。把驴子搬上船。天黑之后，我们又要有乐子了。”

They went and got the boat. The animal's body was placed on the bottom, covered with fresh grass, and the two men stretched out on it and went to sleep.

他们走去找到了船。那牲口的尸体被放在船底，用鲜草盖着。两个人躺在上面睡着了。

Toward noon Labouise drew a bottle of wine, some bread and butter and raw onions from a hiding place in their muddy, worm-eaten boat, and they began to eat.

快到中午时，拉布西从他们这条被虫蛀了的泥船的暗仓里掏出一瓶酒、一些面包、黄油和生洋葱，两个人开始吃了起来。

When the meal was over they once more stretched out on the dead donkey and slept. At nightfall Labouise awoke and shook his comrade, who was snoring like a buzzsaw. "Come on, sister," he ordered.

吃完饭后，他们又躺在死驴身上睡着了。傍晚，拉布西醒了，他摇醒了像圆锯般打着鼾的同伴。“走吧，妹子，”他命令道。

Maillochon began to row. As they had plenty of time they went up the Seine slowly. They coasted along the reaches covered with water-lilies, and the heavy, mud-covered boat slipped over the lily pads and bent the flowers, which stood up again as soon as they had passed.

马约雄开始划船。他们有很多时间，所以慢慢地朝塞纳河上游划去。他们沿着开满水百合的河段前行。沉重的、糊满泥巴的船从百合的大浮叶上划过去，弄弯了那些花，但他们一过去，这些花马上又竖了起来。

When they reached the wall of the Eperon, which separates the Saint-Germain forest from the Maisons-Laffitte Park, Labouise stopped his companion and explained his idea to him. Maillochon was moved by a prolonged, silent laugh.

当他们到达隔开圣日耳曼森林和迈松拉菲特公园的埃普隆墙时，拉布西让他的同伴停下来，把自己的想法告诉他。马约雄悄悄地笑了好一阵子。

They threw into the water the grass which had covered the body, took the animal by the feet and hid it behind some bushes. Then they got into their boat again and went to Maisons-Laffitte.

他们把盖住驴子的草扔进了水里，拖着这头牲口的脚把它搬到了岸

上，藏在了灌木丛后面。随后，他们又回到船上，朝迈松拉菲特驶去。

The night was perfectly black when they reached the wine shop of old man Jules. As soon as the dealer saw them he came up, shook hands with them and sat down at their table. They began to talk of one thing and another. By eleven o'clock the last customer had left and old man Jules winked at Labouise and asked: "Well, have you got any?"

当他们到达朱尔老爹的酒铺子时，天已经完全黑了。一看见他们，这个商人就走上前来，和他们握手，在他们桌子旁坐下来。他们开始东拉西扯地谈起来。十一点的时候，最后一个客人也离开了。朱尔老爹对拉布西眨了眨眼睛，问道；“嘿，你有东西么？”

Labouise made a motion with his head and answered: "Perhaps so, perhaps not!"

拉布西用头做了个动作，回答说：“也许有，也许没有！”

The dealer insisted: "Perhaps you've not nothing but gray ones?”

商人坚持说：“也许你没有别的，只有灰家伙吧？”

Chicot dug his hands into his flannel shirt, drew out the ears of a rabbit and declared: "Three francs a pair!"

希科把手伸进他的法兰绒衬衫里面，揪出了一只兔子的耳朵，说：“三法郎一对！”

Then began a long discussion about the price. Two francs sixty-five and the two rabbits were delivered. As the two men were getting up to go, old man Jules, who had been watching them, exclaimed:

之后，开始了一段长时间的讨价还价。两只兔子以两法郎六十五分的价格成交了。当这两个人站起来要走时，一直观察着他们的朱尔老爹叫道：

"You have something else, but you won't say what.”

“你们还有别的什么，但你们不愿说。”

Labouise answered: "Possibly, but it is not for you; you're too stingy.”

拉布西答道：“可能有，但不是给你的。你太吝啬了。”

The man, growing eager, kept asking: "What is it? Something big? Perhaps we might make a deal."

这个人更加渴望了，一直问：“是什么？大家伙？或许我们可以做一笔交易。”

Labouise, who seemed perplexed, pretended to consult Maillochon with a glance. Then he answered in a slow voice: "This is

how it is. We were in the bushes at Eperon when something passed right near us, to the left, at the end of the wall. Mailloche takes a shot and it drops. We skipped on account of the game people. I can't tell you what it is, because I don't know. But it's big enough. But what is it? If I told you I'd be lying, and you know, sister, between us everything's above-board.”

拉布西似乎有点为难，装作用眼神跟马约雄商量。接着，他慢吞吞地回答：“事情是这样的。当时我们在埃普隆的丛林里，在墙头处有什么东西刚好从我们身边经过，朝左边走去。马约雄开了一枪，它倒下了。我们怕那些看守人，于是就溜了。我没法告诉你它是什么，因为我不知道。但是它足够大。可是，它是什么呢？如果我告诉你，那我就是在撒谎。你知道的，妹子，在我们之间，一切都是坦诚的。”

Anxiously the man asked: "Think it's venison?”

这个人焦急地问道：“有可能是野鹿么？”

Labouise answered: "Might be and then again it might not! Venison?—uh! uh!—might be a little big for that! Mind you, I don't say it's a doe, because I don't know, but it might be.”

拉布西答道：“也许是，同样的，也许不是！野鹿？嗯！嗯！也许比那个东西要大点儿！提醒你一下，我没说它是一只母鹿，因为我不知道，但它可能是。”

Still the dealer insisted: "Perhaps it's a buck?”

这位商人依然坚持：“也许是一只公鹿？”

Labouise stretched out his hand, exclaiming: "No, it's not that! It's not a buck. I should have seen the horns. No, it's not a buck!”

拉布西伸出一只手，说：“不，不是那个！不是公鹿。不然我会看见角的。不，那不是一只公鹿！”

"Why didn't you bring it with you?" asked the man.

“你为什么不把它带来？”这个人问道。

"Because, sister, from now on I sell from where I stand. Plenty of people will buy. All you have to do is to take a walk over there, find the thing and take it. No risk for me."

“妹子，因为从现在起，我就地卖货。很多人会买的。你要做的就是到那儿散个步，找到那东西，带回来。我没有任何风险。”

The innkeeper, growing suspicious, exclaimed: "Supposing he wasn't there!”

这个旅店老板有点怀疑了，说道：“如果它不在那儿呢！”

Labouise once more raised his hand and said:

拉布西再次举起他的手说：

"He's there, I swear!—first bush to the left. What it is, I don't know. But it's not a buck, I'm positive. It's for you to find out what it is. Twenty-five francs, cash down!”

“它在那儿，我发誓！第一个灌木丛的左边。至于是什么，我就不知道了。但不是公鹿，我肯定。该你去看看它是什么。二十五法郎，现金支付！”

Still the man hesitated: "Couldn't you bring it?”

这个人还在犹豫：“你不能给我取来？”

Maillochon exclaimed: "No, indeed! You know our price! Take it or leave it!"

马约雄叫道：“不，的确不行！你是知道我们的价格的！要么就要，要么就不要！”

The dealer decided: "It's a bargain for twenty francs!”

这个商人决定了：“二十法郎，就这个价！”

And they shook hands over the deal.

于是，他们握了手，交易谈定。

Then he took out four big five-franc pieces from the cash drawer, and the two friends pocketed the money. Labouise arose, emptied his glass and left. As he was disappearing in the shadows he turned round to exclaim: "It isn't a buck. I don't know what it is!—but it's there. I'll give you back your money if you find nothing!”

之后，他从现金抽屉里拿出四大串五法郎的铜板，这两位朋友把钱装进了口袋。拉布西站起来，喝光了杯里的酒，走了出去。当他快要消失在黑暗里时，他转身叫道：“它不是公鹿。我不知道它是什么！但它就在那儿。如果你什么都没找到，我就把钱还给你！”

And he disappeared in the darkness. Maillochon, who was following him, kept punching him in the back to express his joy.

接着，他消失在黑暗里。马约雄跟着他，为了表达他的高兴，不停地用拳头敲打着他的背。

The Wardrobe

衣橱

As we sat chatting after dinner, a party of men, the conversation turned on women, for lack of something else.

晚饭过后，我们坐在一起聊天，一群男人聚在一起，话题自然就转到了女人身上，因为没什么别的可谈。

One of us said: "Here's a funny thing that happened to me on, that very subject.” And he told us the following story: One evening last winter I suddenly felt overcome by that overpowering sense of misery and languor that takes possession of one from time to time. I was in my own apartment, all alone, and I was convinced that if I gave in to my feelings I should have a terrible attack of melancholia, one of those attacks that lead to suicide when they recur too often.

我们之中的一个人说道：“关于这个话题，我倒遇见过一件很有趣的事情。”随后，他给我们讲了下面的故事：去年冬天的某个晚上，我突然感到一种无法抵抗的痛苦和疲倦，这种感觉不时地折磨着我的身心，使我无能为力。当时我独自一个人呆在自己家里，我知道如果我对这种感觉让步的话，肯定会得可怕的忧郁症；忧郁症如果经常发作的话，是会逼人自杀的。

I put on my overcoat and went out without the slightest idea of what I was going to do. Having gone as far as the boulevards, I began to wander along by the almost empty cafes. It was raining, a fine rain that affects your mind as it does your clothing, not one of those good downpours which come down in torrents, driving breathless passers-by into doorways, but a rain without drops that deposits on your clothing an imperceptible spray and soon covers you with a sort of iced foam that chills you through.

我随即披上外套，出了门，却丝毫不知道自己出去要干什么。走过了林阴大道，我开始沿着几乎没有客人的咖啡馆一家一家地闲逛。天正下着雨，那种毛毛细雨不仅沾湿你的衣服还影响你的心情。它不像瓢泼大雨那样，倾盆而下，把气喘吁吁的行人逼到门廊下避雨；它是一种让人难以察觉的没有雨滴的水雾，飘洒下来，很快就在衣服上盖上一层让你寒彻透骨的冰沫。

What should I do? I walked in one direction and then came back, looking for some place where I could spend two hours, and discovering for the first time that there is no place of amusement in Paris in the evening. At last I decided to go to the Folies-Bergere, that entertaining resort for gay women.

我该怎么办呢？我朝着某个方向走，又退了回来，想找一个能让我消磨两个小时的地方。这时我才第一次发现巴黎的夜晚竟没有什么地方可以消遣。最后我决定去巴黎歌舞场，那是快乐的姑娘们的游乐场所。

There were very few people in the main hall. In the long horseshoe curve there were only a few ordinary looking people, whose plebeian origin was apparent in their manners, their clothes, the cut of their hair and beard, their hats, their complexion. It was rarely that one saw from time to time a man whom you suspected of having washed himself thoroughly, and his whole make-up seemed to match. As for the women, they were always the same, those frightful women you all know, ugly, tired looking, drooping, and walking along in their lackadaisical manner, with that air of foolish superciliousness which they assume, I do not know why.

大厅里没有几个人。那条马蹄形的长廊上只有一些相貌普通的客人，他们的平民身份可以从言行举止、衣着、发型、胡须、帽子和肤色上一目了然地看出来。在这里难得碰到一个彻底认真梳洗过、全身衣服显得十分相称的男人。至于姑娘们，她们看起来总是那样，就像你所知道的那些可怕的姑娘们，容貌丑陋，精神萎靡，肌肉松弛，无精打采地走来走去，脸上带着那副愚蠢至极的高傲表情。我不知道她们为什么这样。

I thought to myself that, in truth, not one of those languid creatures, greasy rather than fat, puffed out here and thin there, with the contour of a monk and the lower extremities of a bow-legged snipe, was worth the louis that they would get with great difficulty after asking five.

我暗自想这些呆滞的怪物，与其说是肥胖，还不如说是肥腻，这儿凸出来，那儿又瘦瘪瘪的，身形像僧侣一样，还长着弯曲的弓形腿。说实在的，她们经过讨价还价得到五个金路易后还真没有一个人会再多加一金路易的。

But all at once I saw a little creature whom I thought attractive, not in her first youth, but fresh, comical and tantalizing. I stopped her, and stupidly, without thinking, I made an appointment with her for that night. I did not want to go back to my own home alone, all alone; I preferred the company and the caresses of this hussy.

不过，我突然看到一个尤物。在我眼里，她很有魅力，年龄并不小，但是很有生气，蛮讨人喜欢的，而且姿态撩人。我拦住她，并且未经考虑就很愚蠢地约定要和她共度良宵。我实在不愿独自一人孤单地回家，我情愿搂着这样一个轻佻的姑娘给我作伴。

And I followed her. She lived in a great big house in the Rue des Martyrs. The gas was already extinguished on the stairway. I ascended the steps slowly, lighting a candle match every few seconds, stubbing

my foot against the steps, stumbling and angry as I followed the rustle of the skirt ahead of me.

于是我就跟着她走了。她住在殉道街的一所大房子里。楼梯上的煤气灯已经熄灭了。我慢慢地往上爬楼梯，每隔几秒就划一根蜡烛火柴。我的脚不断地撞到楼梯，跌跌撞撞，心里很不舒服，跟着前面她裙子的沙沙声爬着。

She stopped on the fourth floor, and having closed the outer door she said: "Then you will stay till tomorrow?"

她在四楼停住了，关好外面的门后她问道："那么你是要呆到明天了？"

"Why, yes. You know that that was the agreement."

"当然啦。你要知道我们可是都商量好了的。"

"All right, my dear, I just wanted to know. Wait for me here a minute, I will be right back."

"好的，亲爱的。我只是确认一下。等我一会儿，我马上就回来。"

And she left me in the darkness. I heard her shutting two doors and then I thought I heard her talking. I was surprised and uneasy. The thought that she had a protector staggered me. But I have good fists and a solid back. "We shall see," I said to myself.

然后她就把我留在黑暗中。我听到她关了两扇门，然后好像还听到她说话了。我觉得惊讶，也有点不安。她可能有个姘头，想到这个，我吃了一惊。不过我的拳头和腰板都是很结实的。"待会儿就见分晓了。"我心里想。

I listened attentively with ear and mind. Some one was stirring about, walking quietly and very carefully. Then another door was opened and I thought I again heard some one talking, but in a very low tone.

我竖起耳朵全神贯注地听。有人在轻轻地移动，走得很轻，很小心。随后另一扇门打开了，我又觉得有人说话，不过声音很低。

She came back carrying a lighted candle.

她带着一支点燃的蜡烛回来了。

"You may come in," she said. she said "thou" in speaking to me, which was an indication of possession. I went in and after passing through a dining room in which it was very evident that no one ever ate, I entered a typical room of all these women, a furnished room with red curtains and a soiled eiderdown bed covering.

"你可以进来了。"她说。她用"你"字来称呼我，就表明了一种所有权。我进去了，穿过一个显然从来没有人在那儿吃过饭的饭厅，然后走

进一间卧室，一间典型的姑娘们住的、有家具的卧室，卧室里有红色的窗帘，还有沾着斑斑点点的鸭绒床罩。

"Make yourself at home, 'mon chat'," she said.

“随便坐吧，我的猫咪。”她说道。

I gave a suspicious glance at the room, but there seemed no reason for uneasiness.

我用一种狐疑的眼光扫视了一下屋子，但是似乎没有什么叫我不放心的。

As she took off her wraps she began to laugh.

她脱衣服的时候笑了起来。

"Well, what ails you? Are you changed into a pillar of salt? Come, hurry up."

“嘿，你怎么啦？怎么变成木头人啦？来，快点吧。”

I did as she suggested.

我照她说的做了。

Five minutes later I longed to put on my things and get away. But this terrible languor that had overcome me at home took possession of me again, and deprived me of energy enough to move and I stayed in spite of the disgust that I felt for this association. The unusual attractiveness that I supposed I had discovered in this creature over there under the chandeliers of the theater had altogether vanished on closer acquaintance, and she was nothing more to me now than a common woman, like all the others, whose indifferent and complaisant kiss smacked of garlic.

五分钟后，我迫不及待地想穿上我的衣服，赶紧离开。但是在家里纠缠过我的那种可怕的疲倦无力感又侵袭了我，使我连移动的力气都没有了。所以尽管我对这种关系感到恶心，我还是躺着没走。在歌舞场吊灯下，我以为我已经从这个尤物身上找到了的不寻常的魅力在这种近距离的接触下消失了，她现在对我来说已经和一般姑娘没什么两样了，跟其他姑娘一样，她的冷漠却又殷勤的吻还带着一股大蒜味。

I thought I would say something.

我觉得我该说些什么。

"Have you lived here long?" I asked.

“你在这里住了很久了吗？”我问道。

"Over six months on the fifteenth of January."

“到一月十五就半年了。”

"Where were you before that?"

“那以前你住哪儿？”

"In the Rue Clauzel. But the janitor made me very uncomfortable and I left."

“在克洛斯街。但是看门人一直找我麻烦，我就搬走了。”

And she began to tell me an interminable story of a janitor who had talked scandal about her.

接着她就开始没完没了地告诉我那个看门人如何造谣诽谤她。

But, suddenly, I heard something moving quite close to us. First there was a sigh, then a slight, but distinct, sound as if some one had turned round on a chair.

但是突然间，我听到有什么东西在靠近我们。刚开始，只是一声叹息，随后有一些轻微的响声。但是那响声听起来很清晰，就如同有人坐在椅子上转动一样。

I sat up abruptly and asked.

我突然坐起来问道：

"What was that noise?"

“那是什么声音？”

She answered quietly and confidently: "Do not be uneasy, my dear boy, it is my neighbor. The partition is so thin that one can hear everything as if it were in the room. These are wretched rooms, just like pasteboard."

她平静而肯定地说：“别担心，我的宝贝，是我的邻居。这里的隔板太薄了，以至于所有的声音听起来都像是在这间屋里发出的。这些屋子实在太糟糕了，就跟纸糊的一样。”

I felt so lazy that I paid no further attention to it. We resumed our conversation. Driven by the stupid curiosity that prompts all men to question these creatures about their first experiences, to attempt to lift the veil of their first folly, as though to find in them a trace of pristine innocence, to love them, possibly, in a fleeting memory of their candor and modesty of former days, evoked by a word, I insistently asked her about her earlier lovers.

我那时觉得很懒散无力，所以就没有再追究下去。于是我们又继续聊天。就像男人们往往会不由自主地向这些尤物问起她们的初次遭遇，想掀开她们初次做蠢事的面纱，就像要寻找她们最初的清白的痕迹，像要从一句话里唤起她们从前天真质朴的短暂回忆，让自己或许因此而去爱她们。而我当时竟也受到那种愚蠢的好奇心的驱使，坚持向她提出有关她以前情人们的问题。

I knew she was telling me lies. What did it matter? Among all these lies I might, perhaps, discover something sincere and pathetic.

我知道她在对我说谎。但是那有什么关系呢？或许我会从这些谎话中发现一些真诚且动人的东西。

"Come," said I, "tell me who he was."

“说吧，”我说，“你得告诉我他是谁呀。”

"He was a boating man, my dear."

“他是一个船员，我的宝贝。”

"Ah! Tell me about it. Where were you?"

“哈！说给我听听。你当时在哪儿啊？”

"I was at Argenteuil."

“在阿让特伊。”

"What were you doing?"

“你是做什么的？”

"I was waitress in a restaurant."

“在一家餐厅做服务员。”

"What restaurant?"

“在哪一家餐厅？”

“'The Freshwater Sailor.' Do you know it?”

“淡水河水手饭店。”你可知道？”

"I should say so, kept by Bonanfan."

“那当然了，博南番开的。”

"Yes, that's it.”

“对了，就是那一家。”

"And how did he make love to you, this boating man?"

“那么他是怎么向你求爱的，这个划船的？”

"While I was doing his room.

“在我替他收拾房间的时候。

He took advantage of me.”

他占有了我。”

But I suddenly recalled the theory of a friend of mine, an observant and philosophical physician whom constant attendance in hospitals has brought into daily contact with girl-mothers and

prostitutes, with all the shame and all the misery of women, of those poor women who have become the frightful prey of the wandering male with money in his pocket.

但我突然记起我的一个朋友的理论，他是一个善于观察且冷静的医生。在医院工作多年，他每天接触的就是那些未婚妈妈和妓女，他了解这些可怜的女人变成那些有钱闲逛的男性的令人厌恶的牺牲品的羞耻和痛苦。

"A woman," he said, "is always debauched by a man of her own class and position. I have volumes of statistics on that subject. We accuse the rich of plucking the flower of innocence among the girls of the people. This is not correct. The rich pay for what they want. They may gather some, but never for the first time."

他说道："一个女孩，一向是被和她同阶级且生活情形差不多的男人带坏的。我有好几本有关这种例子的统计资料。我们经常指责富人采摘普通人家的清白的花朵。这是不正确的。富人会买下他们需要的。他们有的也会动手采摘，但是摘的从来不是第一期的花。"

Then, turning to my companion, I began to laugh.

想到这里，我转头看着我的女伴，笑了起来。

"You know that I am aware of your history. The boating man was not the first."

"你得知道我清楚你的历史。那个船员可不是你的第一个情人。"

"Oh, yes, my dear, I swear it:" "You are lying, my dear."

"啊，真的是他啊，亲爱的，我可以发誓。""你在撒谎，亲爱的。"

"Oh, no, I assure you." "You are lying; come, tell me all."

"噢，真的没有。我向你保证。""你在说谎。快点，把所有的事都告诉我吧。"

She seemed to hesitate in astonishment. I continued: "I am a sorcerer, my dear girl, I am a clairvoyant. If you do not tell me the truth, I will go into a trance sleep and then I can find out."

她吃了一惊，显得有点迟疑。我继续说："我是个巫师，我的美人儿，我有超人的视力。如果你不告诉我真相，我会进入昏睡状态，这样我就可以知道一切了。"

She was afraid, being as stupid as all her kind. She faltered: "How did you guess?"

她跟她那一类的姑娘一样愚昧，感到害怕了。她支支吾吾地说："你怎么猜到的？"

"Come, go on telling me," I said.

我又说：“好啦，快点说吧。”

"Oh, the first time didn't amount to anything.

“哎，第一次真算不了什么。”

"There was a festival in the country. They had sent for a special chef, M. Alexandre. As soon as he came he did just as he pleased in the house. He bossed every one, even the proprietor and his wife, as if he had been a king. He was a big handsome man, who did not seem fitted to stand beside a kitchen range. He was always calling out, 'Come, some butter —some eggs—some Madeira!' And it had to be brought to him at once in a hurry, or he would get cross and say things that would make us blush all over.

“那是乡里的一次节日。他们雇来一个专门的大厨，亚历山大先生。一到馆子之后，他就想干什么就干什么。他指挥所有的人干这干那，甚至连老板夫妇都敢指使，俨然一个国王的样子。他是一个高大英俊的男人，看起来不像呆在厨房炉灶边的人。他总是叫嚷着：‘快点，来些黄油，一些鸡蛋，一些马德拉白葡萄酒！’旁边的人必须立马把这些东西拿来给他，否则他就会生气，骂一些很难听的让所有人都脸红的话。”

"When the day was over he would smoke a pipe outside the door. And as I was passing by him with a pile of plates he said to me, like that: 'Come, girlie, come down to the water with me and show me the country.' I went with him like a fool, and we had hardly got down to the bank of the river when he took advantage of me so suddenly that I did not even know what he was doing. And then he went away on the nine o'clock train. I never saw him again.”

“白天的事忙完后，他就会坐在门口抽他的烟斗。当我端着一叠盘子从他面前走过时，他就这么对我说：‘喂，小女孩，陪我到河边走走，给我介绍一下本地风光吧。’我像一个傻瓜一样跟着他走了，才刚到岸边，他就占有了我，突然得让我甚至来不及知道他干了什么。后来，他坐了九点钟的火车走了。从此我就再也没有见过他。”

"Is that all?" I asked.

“就这样？”我问道。

She hesitated. "Oh, I think Florentin belongs to him." "Who is Florentin?" "My little boy." "Oh! Well, then, you made the boating man believe that he was the father, did you not?" "You bet!" "Did he have any money, this boating man?" "Yes, he left me an income of three hundred francs, settled on Florentin."

她有点犹豫。“哦，我想弗洛朗坦是他的。”“谁是弗洛朗坦？”“我的儿子呀。”“哦！很好，后来你让那个划船的相信他自己是弗洛朗坦的父亲，是吗？”“那还用说！”“他是有钱人吗，那个划船的？”“是的，他留给我三百法郎，认下了弗洛朗坦。”

I was beginning to be amused and resumed: "All right, my girl, all right. You are all of you less stupid than one would imagine, all the same. And how old is he now, Florentin?"

我开始感兴趣了，继续追问下去：“很好，我的姑娘，这很好。尽管如此，你们并不像别人想象的那么笨。那么，弗洛朗坦现在多大了？”

She replied: "He is now twelve. He will make his first communion in the spring."

她回答我说：“现在十二岁了。今年春天，他就要第一次领圣餐了。”

"That is splendid. And since then you have carried on your business conscientiously?"

“那很好。从那以后你就一直踏踏实实地做这一行了？”

She sighed in a resigned manner.

她叹了口气，一副听天由命的口吻。

"I must do what I can."

“没办法啊，我只能做我会做的事啊。”

But a loud noise just then coming from the room itself made me start up with a bound. It sounded like some one falling and picking themselves up again by feeling along the wall with their hands.

但是突然屋子里发出很大的声响，吓得我一下从床上跳了起来。那声响听起来是一个人摔倒在地上，又用双手在墙上摸索着爬起来的声音。

I had seized the candle and was looking about me, terrified and furious. She had risen also and was trying to hold me back to stop me, murmuring: "That's nothing, my dear, I assure you it's nothing.”

我端着蜡烛向四周看了一下，又惊恐又生气。她也坐了起来，尽力拉住我，阻止我的动作，嘟嘟囔囔地说：“那没什么，亲爱的。我向你保证这没什么的。”

But I had discovered what direction the strange noise came from. I walked straight towards a door hidden at the head of the bed and I opened it abruptly and saw before me, trembling, his bright, terrified eyes opened wide at sight of me, a little pale, thin boy seated beside a large wicker chair off which he had fallen.

但是我已经弄清楚了这奇怪的声音是从哪个方向传来的。我直接走向一扇被床头遮住的门，随即突然打开它，我看到一个瘦小苍白的男孩，坐在一把大藤椅旁边，他刚刚从上面掉下来，他浑身发抖，大睁着那双亮晶晶的受惊吓的眼睛盯着我。

As soon as he saw me he began to cry. Stretching out his arms to

his mother, he cried: "It was not my fault, mamma, it was not my fault. I was asleep, and I fell off. Do not scold me, it was not my fault."

他一看到我就哭了起来。张开两只胳膊对他妈妈说：“这不是我的错，妈妈，这不是我的错。我睡着了，然后摔了下来。不要骂我，这不是我的错。”

I turned to the woman and said: "What does this mean?"

我转向那个妇人，说：“这是怎么一回事？”

She seemed confused and worried, and said in a broken voice: "What do you want me to do? I do not earn enough to put him to school! I have to keep him with me, and I cannot afford to pay for another room, by heavens! He sleeps with me when I am alone. If any one comes for one hour or two he can stay in the wardrobe; he keeps quiet, he understands it. But when people stay all night, as you have done, it tires the poor child to sleep on a chair.

她看起来很慌乱，心里很着急，断断续续地说：“有什么办法呢？我赚的钱不够他上学校！只好把他留在身边，但是我又没能力再租一个房间，天哪！当只有我一个人时他就和我睡。倘若有人来这儿呆一两个小时的话，他就呆在衣橱里。他会安安静静地呆在那里，他知道该怎么做。但是当有人像你一样整个晚上呆在这里的话，让一个可怜的小孩子一直睡在椅子上他受不了啊。”

"It is not his fault. I should like to see you sleep all night on a chair—you would have something to say.”

“这不是他的错。我真想让你试试整个晚上睡在椅子上——你也肯定会抱怨的。”

She was getting angry and excited and was talking loud.

她变得很生气，很激动，一直在大声叫嚷着。

The child was still crying. A poor delicate timid little fellow, a veritable child of the wardrobe, of the cold, dark closet, a child who from time to time was allowed to get a little warmth in the bed if it chanced to be unoccupied.

那孩子还在哭。一个瘦弱又羞怯的可怜的小家伙，一个名副其实的衣橱孩子，寒冷黑暗的壁橱孩子。他只能偶尔到暂时空着的床上去汲取一点温暖。

I also felt inclined to cry.

我当时也很想哭。

And I went home to my own bed.

后来我就回自己家里睡觉了。

The Wooden Shoes

木鞋

The old priest was sputtering out the last words of his sermon over the white caps of the peasant women, and the rough or pomatumed heads of the men. The large baskets of the farmer's wives who had come from a distance to attend mass, were on the ground beside them, and the heavy heat of a July day caused them all to exhale a smell like that of cattle, or of a flock of sheep, and the cocks could be heard crowing through the large west door, which was wide open, as well as the lowing of the cows in a neighboring field.... "As God wishes. Amen!" The priest said. Then he ceased, opened a book, and, as he did every week, he began to give notice of all the small parish events for the following week. He was an old man with white hair who had been in the parish for over forty years, and from the pulpit he was in the habit of discoursing familiarly to them all, and so he went on: "I recommend Désiré Vallin, who is very ill, to your prayers, and also la Paumelle, who is not recovering from her confinement satisfactorily.”

面对戴着白帽的农妇、头顶粗糙或是打着润发脂的农夫，年老的神父语无伦次地讲着布道最后的几句话。从远处赶来参加弥撒的农妇们所带的大篮子就放在他们身旁的地上。正值火热的七月，人群中散发着一股牛群或羊群的味道。从西边敞开的大门处传来公鸡的啼叫声和邻近田地里母牛的哞叫声.....“愿主保佑。阿门！”牧师说道。接着他停下来，按他每周都做的那样打开一本书，开始通报教区下周所有的琐事。他是一个头发花白的老人，在这个教区工作已经四十多年了，每次讲道时，他对每一个教友都十分亲切。他接着说：“让我们为德西雷·瓦兰祈祷，他病得很重；也为拉波梅勒祈祷，她产后没能尽快恢复健康。”

He had forgotten the rest, and so he looked for the slips of paper which were put away in a breviary, and at last he found two and continued: "I will not have the lads and the girls come into the churchyard in the evening, as they do; otherwise I shall inform the rural policeman. Monsieur Césaire Omont would like to find a respectable girl servant.” He reflected for a few moments, and then added: "That is all, my brethren, and I wish that all of you may find the Divine mercy."

接下来要说的事情他忘记了，于是他就翻看夹在每日祈祷书里的小纸片，最后找到两条，然后继续说道：“青年男女晚上不可以穿成这样去墓地，否则我会通知巡夜的警察。还有就是塞泽尔·奥蒙先生想找一个可信赖的女佣人。他想了一下，说道：“没有其他事了，我的弟兄，愿主保

佑你们。”

And he came down from the pulpit, to finish mass.

然后他从讲坛下来，弥撒结束了。

When the Malandains had returned to their cottage, which was the last in the village of La Sablière, on the road to Fourville, the father, a thin, wrinkled old peasant, sat down at the table, while his wife took the saucepan off the fire, and Adelaide, the daughter, took the glasses and plates out of the sideboard, and he said: "I think that place at Maître Omont's ought to be a good one, as he is a widower and his daughter-in-law does not like him. He is all alone and has money. I think it would be a good thing to send Adelaide there.”

马朗丹一家人回到自已的小屋，他们的小屋位于拉萨布利埃尔村通往富尔维尔路上，是最后一家。马朗丹是一个身材瘦小、满脸皱纹的农民，他坐在桌前，他的妻子从火上端下炖锅，女儿阿德莱德从碗橱中拿出杯盘等餐具。马朗丹开口说道：“我觉得奥蒙老板那里不错！他的老婆死了，儿媳妇又不喜欢他。他孤身一人，有很多钱。把阿德莱德送过去是件好事。”

His wife put the black saucepan onto the table, took the lid off, and while the steam, which smelt strongly of cabbage, rose into the air she reflected, and he presently continued: "He has got some money, that is certain, but any one going there ought to be very sharp, and Adelaide is not that at all." And his wife replied: "I might go and see, all the same," and turning to her daughter, a strapping, silly looking girl with yellow hair and fat red cheeks like apples, she said: "Do you hear, you great silly? You are to go to Maître Omont's and offer yourself as his servant, and you will do whatever he tells you.”

他的妻子把黑色的炖锅放在桌上，掀开锅盖，一股带有浓烈白菜味的水蒸汽冒出来，她正在思索。他不久后继续说：“他有钱，这点可以肯定，不过任何去那里的人一定要精明一点儿，阿德莱德却一点儿也不行。”他的妻子答话了：“行不行，总得试试啊。”然后她转向女儿，女儿是一个骨架宽大、黄头发的笨姑娘，脸颊红红胖胖的，像苹果似的。她冲女儿吼道：“你到底听到了没有，笨蛋？你到奥蒙老板家里去，做他的佣人，他让你做什么就做什么。”

The girl began to laugh in a foolish manner, without replying, and then all the three began their dinner. In ten minutes, the father continued: "Listen to me, girl, and try not to make a mistake about what I am going to say to you..." And slowly and minutely he laid down for her her line of conduct, anticipating the minutest details, and preparing her for the conquest of an old widower who was on unfriendly terms with his family. The mother ceased eating to listen to

him, and she sat there, with her fork in her hand, looking at her husband and her daughter by turns, and following every word with concentrated and silent attention, while Adelaide remained listless, docile and stupid, with vague and wandering eyes.

女儿没有回答，只是傻笑。随后三人开始吃饭。十分钟后，父亲又说："听我说，女儿，按照我接下来教你的方法去做，不要出错啊……"然后他缓慢且详细地向女儿布置行动方针，连最细微的细节都想到了，帮助女儿把那位家庭不和的鳏夫抢到手。母亲不再吃饭，开始听他丈夫说话。她坐在那里，手中握着叉子，一会儿看看丈夫，一会儿看看女儿，聚精会神、一字一句地听着他的布署。阿德莱德则顺从地、傻傻地坐在那里，眼神迷茫恍惚。

As soon as their meal was over, her mother made her put her cap on, and they both started off to see Monsieur Césaire Omont. He lived in a small brick house adjoining his tenants' cottages, for he had retired, and was living by subdividing and letting his land.

吃完饭后，母亲让女儿戴上帽子，两人出发去见塞泽尔·奥蒙先生。奥蒙先生住在一座砖结构的小房子里，房子紧挨着他佃户的屋子。他现在已经不再种地，靠分割并出租土地来生活。

He was about fifty-five years old, and was stout, jovial and rough mannered, as rich men often are. He laughed and shouted loud enough to make the walls fall down, drank brandy and cider by the glassful, and was still said to be of an amorous disposition, in spite of his age. He liked to walk about his fields with his hands behind his back, digging his wooden shoes into the fat soil, looking at the sprouting corn or the flowering colza with the eye of an amateur at his ease, who likes to see it, but does not trouble himself about it too much any longer, and they used to say of him: "There is a Mr. Merry-man, who does not get up in a good temper every day."

他大约五十五岁，矮胖，过得快活但脾气暴躁，很多有钱人都是如此。他的笑声和叫喊声足可以使墙壁倒塌，整杯整杯地喝苹果酒和白兰地，尽管岁数不小，但还是被人称为性欲旺盛。他喜欢背着手在自已的田地里散步，让他的木鞋深深地陷入肥沃的土壤中，从业余者的角度无拘无束地观赏生长的小麦或者开花的油菜；他喜欢做这些事，只是不像以前那样执着了。人们总是这样谈论他："他兴致很高，但这样的雅兴并不是天天都有。"

He received the two women, with his fat stomach against the table, as he was finishing his coffee, and turning round he said: "What do you want?"

见到母女俩时，他刚喝完咖啡，肥胖的肚子正顶着餐桌，他转过身问："你们有什么事？"

The mother was spokeswoman. "This is our girl Adelaide, and I

have come to ask you to take her as servant, as Monsieur le curé told us you wanted one.” Ma?tre Omont looked at the girl, and then he said roughly: "How old is the great she-goat?” "Twenty last Michaelmas-Day, Monsieur Omont.” "That is settled, she will have fifteen francs a month and her food. I shall expect her tomorrow, to make my soup in the morning." And he dismissed the two women.

母亲回答：“这是我女儿阿德莱德，希望您收留她，今天早上神父告诉我们您正需要一个佣人。”啊，奥蒙看了一眼这个姑娘，直接问道：“她多大了，这头大母羊。”“米迦勒节那天就满二十了，先生。”“我一个月给她十五法郎，包伙食，就这么定了。明天她就来，给我煮早晨喝的汤。”然后他就叫她们离开了。

The next day Adelaide entered upon her duties, and began to work hard, without saying a word, as she was in the habit of doing at home, and at about nine o'clock, as she was scrubbing the kitchen floor, Monsieur Omont called her: "Adelaide!" She came immediately, saying: "Here I am, master." As soon as she was opposite him, with her red and neglected hands, and her troubled looks, he said: "Now just listen to me, so that there may be no mistake between us. You are my servant, but nothing else; you understand what I mean. We shall keep our shoes apart." "Yes, master." "Each in our own place, my girl, you in your kitchen; I in my dining room, and with that exception, everything will be for you just as it is for me. Is that settled?" "Yes, master." "Very well; that is all right, and now go to your work."

第二天阿德莱德就开始工作了，她一声不吭地干着重活，就像往常在家里一直在做的那样。九点钟，她正在厨房擦地板的时候，奥蒙先生叫道：“阿德莱德！”她赶紧跑过来说：“在这里，主人。”阿德莱德一面对他，就表情紧张，通红的双手不知放哪儿好，他说：“听好了，这样我们之间就不会出任何差错。你是我的佣人，仅此而已，明白我的意思吧。我们的鞋子可不能混在一起。”“好的，主人。”“每个人都有自已的位置，我的孩子，你的在厨房，我的在客厅，除此之外，其它的都是一样的。懂了么？”“好的，主人。”“很好，这就对了，现在去干活吧。”

And she went out to attend to her duties and at midday she served up her master's dinner in the little drawing-room with the flowered paper on the walls, and then, when the soup was on the table, she went to tell him. "Dinner is ready, master."

她回去重新干活，中午时候她在墙壁上糊着印花纸的小客厅里为主人准备午餐；把汤放在桌子上后，她便去通知奥蒙先生。“饭好了，主人。”

He went in, and sat down, looked round, unfolded his table napkin, hesitated for a moment and then in a voice of thunder he shouted: "Adelaide!" She rushed in terribly frightened, for he had shouted as if he meant to murder her. "Well, in heaven's name, where

is your place?” "But,... master..." "I do not like to eat alone," he roared; "you will sit there, or go to the devil, if you don't choose to do so. Go and get your plate and glass.”

他走进小客厅，坐下来，看看四周，打开餐巾，停顿了一下，然后声大如雷似的喊道：“阿德莱德！”她非常害怕地跑过来，因为他的声音好像要杀了她似的。“上帝啊，你在哪里？”“但是，……主人……”“我不喜欢一个人吃饭，”他咆哮道，“你坐下一起吃，要不然就滚。把你的盘子和杯子拿来。”

She brought them in, feeling very frightened, and stammered: "Here I am, master," and then sat down opposite to him, and he grew jovial; clinked glasses with her, rapped the table, and told her stories to which she listened with downcast eyes, without daring to say a word, and from time to time she got up to fetch some bread, cider or plates. When she brought in the coffee she only put one cup before him, and then he grew angry again, and growled: "Well, what about yourself?" "I never take any, master." "Why not?" "Because I do not like it."

她把餐具拿过来，心中忐忑不安，结结巴巴地说：“拿过来了，主人。”然后在对面坐下。这时他又兴奋起来，和她碰杯，拍桌子，讲故事，而她则低垂着眼睛静静地听着，不敢说一句话。她只是时不时地站起来拿些面包、苹果酒或盘子。喝咖啡时，她只在主人面前放了一个杯子，这时他又气了，嚷道：“那你的呢？”“我从来不喝咖啡，主人。”“为什么呢？”“因为我不喜欢喝。”

Then he burst out afresh: "I am not fond of having my coffee by myself, confound it! If you will not take it here, you can go to the devil. Go and get a cup, and make haste about it."

他再次发火：“我不喜欢一个人喝咖啡，笨蛋！如果你不喝，就不要在这干了。去拿杯子，快点儿去。”

So she went and fetched a cup, sat down again, tasted the black liquor and made faces over it, but swallowed it to the last drop, under her master's furious looks. Then he made her also drink her first glass of brandy as an extra drop, the second as a livener and the third as a kick behind, and then he told her to go and wash up her plates and dishes, adding, that she was "a good sort of a girl."

她去拿了一个杯子，重新坐下，尝着黑色液体，频频皱眉，但在主人尖刻的目光下，她还是喝光了。然后他又让她喝了三杯白兰地，第一杯是开胃，第二杯是活血，第三杯是收尾，最后让她去洗碗，并说她是个“好姑娘。”

It was the same at dinner, and then she had to play dominoes with him, after which he sent her to bed, saying that he should come upstairs soon. And she went to her room, a garret under the roof, and

after saying her prayers, she undressed and got into bed, but very soon she sprung up in a fright, for a furious shout had shaken the house. "Adelaide!" She opened her door, and replied from her attic: "Here I am, master." "Where are you?" "In bed, of course, master." Then he roared out: "Will you come downstairs, in heaven's name? I do not like to sleep alone, and by G—and if you object, you can just go at once.”

晚饭时也是如此，饭后她还得陪他玩多米诺骨牌，然后他让她去睡觉，并说自已也会很快上楼睡觉。她去了位于顶楼的她的房间，做完祷告后，便脱衣睡觉。但是很快被一声怒吼惊醒，那吼声震得整个房子不断晃动。“阿德莱德！”她打开顶楼的房门答道：“我在这儿，主人。”“你在哪儿？”“我在床上，主人。”然后他咆哮道：“看在上帝的份上，你赶快到楼下来！我最不喜欢一个人睡觉，如果你不接受的话，就立刻走人。”

Then in her terror, she replied from upstairs: "I will come, master," as she looked for her candle, and he heard her small clogs pattering down the stairs, and when she had got to the bottom steps, he seized her by the arm, and as soon as she had left her light wooden shoes by the side of her master's heavy boots, he pushed her into his room, growling out: "Quicker than that, confound it!"

她慌慌张张地寻找蜡烛，在顶楼惊慌地回答：“我就来，主人。”他听到她的小木鞋拍打地板的声音，当她下到最后几级台阶时，他抓住她的胳膊，还没等她把她的小木鞋端正的放在主人笨重的大木鞋旁边，他便把她推进房间，嚷道：“快点儿，蠢货！”

And she repeated continually, without knowing what she was saying: "Here I am, here I am, master."

不知道自已在说什么，她只是不断地重复：“来了，来了，主人。”

Six months later, when she went to see her parents one Sunday, her father looked at her curiously, and then said: "Are you not in the family way?" She remained thunderstruck, and looked at her waist, and then said: "No, I do not think so."

六个月后的一个星期天，她回去探望父母，她的父亲好奇的看着她问：“你没有怀孕吗？”她惊奇的看了看自已的肚子，答道：“没有吧。”

Then he asked her, for he wanted to know everything: "Just tell me, didn't you mix your clogs together, one night?" "Yes, I mixed them the first night, and then every other night." "Well, then you are full, you great tub!"

然后父亲让她把所有事情讲一遍，问她：“晚上，你们的木鞋没有放到一起吗？”“第一天晚上就放在一起了，以后每隔一晚都是这样。”“那么，你已经有了。”

On hearing that, she began to sob, and stammered: "How could I

know? How was I to know?" Old Malandain looked at her knowingly, and appeared very pleased, and then he asked: "What did you not know?" And amid tears she replied: "How was I to know that children were made in that way?" And when her mother came back, the man said, without any anger: "There, she is in the family way, now."

听到父亲的话她开始抽泣，结结巴巴地说：“我怎么知道呢？我怎么知道呢？”马朗丹老头狡猾地看了一眼女儿，高兴地说：“你不知道什么啊？”女儿满含泪水地答道：“我怎么知道，孩子是这样才有的？”当她母亲回来时，父亲平静地说：“她已经有了。”

But the woman was furious, her woman's instinct revolted, and she called her daughter, who was in tears, every name she could think of, "a trollop" and "a strumpet." Then, however, the old man made her hold her tongue, and as he took up his cap to go and talk the matter over with Master Césaire Omont, he remarked: "She is actually more stupid than I thought she was; she did not even know what he was doing, the fool!"

母亲出于本能，非常愤怒，找出所有能想到的脏话，生气地骂着痛哭流涕的女儿“下贱”和“婊子。”马朗丹叫老婆别再骂了，然后拿起帽子去找塞泽尔·奥蒙先生摊牌，一边往外走一边说：“她比我想象中的还要傻，她甚至不知道他做了什么，真是蠢货！”

On the next Sunday, after the sermon, the old Curé published the banns between Monsieur Onufre-Césaire Omont and Celesté-Adelaide Malandain.

下个星期天布道结束后，年迈的神父宣布了塞泽尔·奥蒙和阿德莱德·马朗丹的婚讯。

Waiter, a "Bock"

堂倌，来一大杯

Why did I enter, on this particular evening, a certain beer shop? I cannot explain it. It was bitterly cold. A fine rain, a watery dust floated about, which enshrouded the gas jets in a transparent fog, made the pavements that passed under the shadow of the shop fronts glitter, and which at once exhibited the soft slush and the soiled feet of the passers-by.

我为什么恰恰在今晚会去那间啤酒屋。我没法解释。那天刺骨般的寒冷。一场细雨过后，潮湿的灰尘漂浮着，煤气路灯被透明的雾气笼罩着，使得店前阴影下沿着的人行道闪闪发光，立马映出了柔软的烂泥和行人被弄脏的脚。

I was going nowhere in particular; was simply having a short walk after dinner. I had passed the Credit Lyonnais, the Rue Vivienne, besides several other streets. Thereupon, I suddenly descried a large public house, which was more than half full. I walked inside, with no object in view. I was not the least thirsty.

我没有特别想去哪里，只不过是晚饭后随便散散步。我经过了里昂银行、维维因街，还有一些其他的街道。接着，我突然发现了一间大酒吧，里面一大半的地方已经坐满了。我走了进去，没期待去干什么。我一点儿也不口渴。

By a searching sweep of the eye I sought out a place where I would not be too much crowded, and so I went and sat down by the side of a man who seemed to me to be old, and who smoked a halfpenny clay pipe, which had become as black as coal. From six to eight beer saucers were piled up on the table in front of him, indicating the number of "bocks" he had already absorbed. With the same sweep of the eye I had recognized a "regular toper," one of those frequenters of beer-houses, who come in the morning as soon as the place is open, and only go way in the evening when it is about to close. He was dirty, bald to about the middle of the cranium, while his long, powder and salt, gray hair, fell over the neck of his frock coat. His clothes, much too large for him, appeared to have been made for him at a time when he carried a great stomach. One could guess that the pantaloons were not suspended from braces, and that this man could not take ten paces without his having to stop to pull them up and to readjust them. Did he wear a vest? The mere thought of his boots and that which they enveloped filled me with horror. The frayed cuffs were as perfectly black at the edges as were his nails.

一番寻找式的扫视后，我找到一个不会太拥挤的地方，于是，我过去坐下了下来。旁边是一个在我看来有些年纪的男人，他抽着一支半便士的瓦管烟斗，那烟斗已经变得和煤一样黑了。六到八个啤酒杯堆叠在他面前的桌子上，可以看出他已经喝了的啤酒数量。我用同样的眼光扫视后，发现他是这个酒吧的常客之一，这个地方一开门他就进来，直到晚上快关门的时候才离开。他很邋遢，头顶是秃的，而他那长长的、带有粉末和盐分的灰白头发，覆在他礼服外套的颈部处。他的衣服对他来说太大了，看起来像是他以前大腹便便的时候做的。可以推测出他的裤子也没悬在带子上，所以他每走十来步，就不得不停下来拉拉裤子，调整衣衫。他是穿了一件背心吗？光是想想他的靴子和里面裹着的东西，就让我害怕。他那磨损的袖口边缘，和他的指甲一样完全是黑的。

As soon as I had sat down near him, this queer creature said to me in a tranquil tone of voice:

我一坐到他附近，这个奇怪的家伙就用镇定的语气对我说：

"How goes it with you?"

“最近怎么样啊？”

I turned sharply round to him and closely scanned his features, whereupon he continued:

我猛地转向他，仔细打量着他的容貌。他继续说道：

"I see you do not recognize me."

“我知道您没认出我来。”

"No, I do not."

“是的，没认出来。”

"Des Barrets."

“我是德巴雷。”

I was stupefied. It was Count Jean des Barrets, my old college chum.

我呆住了。他是我的老同学，让·德巴雷伯爵。

I seized him by the hand, and was so dumbfounded that I could find nothing to say. I, at length, managed to stammer out:

我用手一把抓住他，惊讶得不知道该说什么。最后，我结巴地说：

"And you, how goes it with yourself?"

“您呢？可好？”

He responded placidly:

他平静地答道：

"With me? Just as I like."

“我？就像我现在这样。”

He became silent. I wanted to be friendly, and I selected this phrase:

他开始沉默了。我想表示友好，就找了这么一句话：

"What are you doing now?"

“您现在在干什么呢？”

"You see what I am doing," he answered, quite resignedly.

“您看得到我在干什么。”他十分顺从地答道。

I felt my face getting red. I insisted:

我感觉我的脸开始变红。我坚持道：

"But every day?"

“但是，是每天吗？”

"Every day is alike to me," was his response accompanied with a thick puff of tobacco smoke.

“每天对于我来说都差不多。”他边喷出一团厚厚的尼古丁烟雾，边回答道。

He then tapped on the top of the marble table with a sou, to attract the attention of the waiter, and called out:

然后他用一枚铜板敲打着大理石桌的桌面，引起堂倌的注意，接着他大声叫唤道：

"Waiter, two 'bocks.'"

“堂倌，来两大杯。”

A voice in the distance repeated:

远处一个声音重复道：

"Two bocks, instead of four."

“是两杯，不是四杯。”

Another voice, more distant still, shouted out:

另一个更远点的声音大声唤出来：

"Here they are, sir, here they are."

“啤酒来了，先生，啤酒来了。”

Immediately there appeared a man with a white apron, carrying two "bocks", which he sat down foaming on the table, the spouts

facing over the edge, on to the sandy floor.

立刻出现了一个围着白围裙的男人，端着两大杯，一放下泡沫就流到了桌上，液体漫过了杯沿，流到了沙质地面上。

Des Barrets emptied his glass at a single draught and replaced it on the table. He next asked:

德巴雷一口气喝光了他的酒，把杯子放回桌上。接下来，他问道：

"What is there new?"

“您那里有什么新鲜事吗？”

"I know of nothing new, worth mentioning, really," I stammered:

“我真没有什么值得提的新鲜事。”我结巴地说道。

"But nothing has grown old, for me; I am a commercial man."

“但是，我也没什么大变化，我是个商人。”

In an equable tone of voice, he said.

他用平静的语气说道：

"Indeed ... does that amuse you?"

“您那样确实快乐吗？”

"No, but what do you mean to assert? Surely you must do something!"

“不快乐，但您想说明什么呢？肯定需要找些事情做！”

"What do you mean by that?"

“您是什么意思呢？”

"I only mean, how do you pass your time!"

“我的意思只是，您如何打发时间！”

"What's the use of occupying myself with anything. For my part, I do nothing at all, as you see, never anything. When one has not got a sou one can understand why one has to go to work. What is the good of working? Do you work for yourself, or for others? If you work for yourself you do it for your own amusement, which is all right; if you work for others, you reap nothing but ingratitude.”

“让自己忙碌于一些事情有什么用吗？对我来说，我根本什么都不做，就像您看到的，从来不做任何事。当一个人连一个铜板都赚不到时，他能理解为什么一个人必须去工作。工作有什么好的？您是为您自己工作，还是为别人？如果是为您自己工作，那么工作就是让自己开心；如果是为了别人工作，那么除了忘恩负义什么都收获不到。”

Then sticking his pipe into his whiskers, he called out anew:

然后，他用烟斗戳了戳自己的胡须，又大声唤道：

"Waiter, a 'bock'. It makes me thirsty to keep calling so. I am not accustomed to that sort of thing. Yes, yes, I do nothing; I let things slide, and I am growing old. In dying I have nothing to regret. If so, I should remember nothing, outside this public house. I have no wife, no children, no cares, no sorrows, nothing. That is the very best thing that could happen to one.”

“堂倌，来一大杯。这样不停地叫唤让我口渴。我不习惯那些事情。是的，是的，我什么都不做。我顺其自然，自己也在变老。将死的时候我也没什么可后悔的了。这样一来，我除了这间酒吧将什么都不会记得。我没有妻子、没有孩子、没有烦恼、没有悲痛，什么都没有。那对于一个人来说正是最好的事了。”

He then emptied the glass which had meanwhile been fetched to him, passed his tongue over his lips, and resumed his pipe.

接着，他又喝光了刚才拿给他的那一杯，他用舌头舔了舔嘴唇，又继续抽他的烟斗。

I looked at him stupefied. I asked him:

我茫然地看着他。我问他：

"But you have not always been like that?"

“但是，您并不是一直那样吧？”

"Pardon me, sir; ever since I left college."

“不好意思，先生，自从我大学毕业后一直那样。”

"That is not a proper life to lead, my dear sir; it is simple horrible. Come, you must indeed have done something, you must have loved something, you must have friends."

“那不是一种合适的生活，我敬爱的先生，这简直太可怕了。振作点，您绝对做过一些事，您一定喜欢过一些东西，您一定有朋友。”

"No; I get up at noon, I come here, I have my breakfast, I drink my 'bock', I remain until the evening, I have my dinner, I drink 'bock'. Then about one in the morning, I return to my couch, because the place closes up. And it is this latter that embitters me more than anything. For the last ten years, I have passed six years on this bench, in my corner; and the other four in my bed, never changing. I talk sometimes with the habitues.”

“没有。我中午起床，过来这里，吃个早餐，喝一大杯，然后一直逗留到晚上，吃个晚餐，喝一大杯。然后，到凌晨一点左右，我就回到我的床上，因为这个地方关门了。最后这件事对我来说比任何事都痛苦。过去的十年，我有六年是在这张长椅上度过的，在属于我的角落；另四

年是在我的床上度过的，从未改变。我有时和一些常客聊聊天。”

"But on arriving in Paris what did you do at first?"

“但是，您刚到巴黎的时候，一开始做些什么呢？”

"I paid my devoirs to the Café de Medicis.”

“我去梅狄西斯咖啡馆报道。”

"What next?"

“接下来呢？”

"Next? I crossed the water and came here."

“接下来？我渡河来到了这里。”

"Why did you even take that trouble?"

“您为什么费劲渡河过来？”

"What do you mean? One cannot remain all one's life in the Latin Quarter. The students make too much noise. But I do not move about any longer. Waiter, a 'bock'.”

“您是什么意思呢？一个人不能一辈子呆在拉丁区。学生们太闹了。不过，我不会再搬家了。堂倌，来一大杯。”

I now began to think that he was making fun of me, and I continued:

我现在开始觉得他在和我开玩笑了，我继续说道：

"Come now, be frank. You have been the victim of some great sorrow; despair in love, no doubt! It is easy to see that you are a man whom misfortune has hit hard. What age are you?"

“算了吧，说实话。您一定是曾经承受过某种巨大的悲痛，对爱已经失望！不难看出您是一个被不幸重重打击过的人。您多大了？”

"I am thirty years of age, but I look to be forty-five at least.”

“我三十了，但我看起来至少有四十五。”

I regarded him straight in the face. His shrunken figure, so badly cared for, gave one the impression that he was an old man. On the summit of his cranium, a few long hairs shot straight up from the skin of doubtful cleanness. He had enormous eyelashes, a large moustache, and a thick beard. Suddenly, I had a kind of vision. I know not why; the vision of a basin filled with noisome water, the water which should have been applied to that poll. I said to him:

我直视着他的脸。他那皱缩的身躯，照顾得如此不周，让人觉得他是个老人。在他的头顶，几根长发从那让人怀疑干净与否的皮肤里直直地冲上来。他有浓密的睫毛、大片的鬓和厚厚的络腮胡。突然，我有某

种幻想。我不知道为什么。我幻想到一盆装满恶臭的水的盆子，这水就是他洗过的水。我对他说道：

"Verily, you look to be more than that age. Of a certainty you must have experienced some great disappointment."

“说实在的，您看起来比实际老。毫无疑问，您肯定经历过什么巨大的挫折。”

He replied:

他回答道：

"I tell you that I have not. I am old because I never take air. There is nothing that vitiates the life of a man more than the atmosphere of a café.”

“我告诉您了，没有。我显老是因为我从不透过气。最伤身体的莫过于咖啡馆的气氛了。”

I could not believe him.

我没法相信他。

"You must surely have been married as well? One could not get as bald-headed as you are without having been much in love.”

“您一定结过婚吧？如果一个人没有如此陷入过爱情，是不会像您一样秃顶的。”

He shook his head, sending down his back little white things which fell from the end of his locks:

他摇了摇头，从他的发尾散落了一些白色的东西到他的背上：

"No, I have always been virtuous."

“没有，我一向高尚。”

And raising his eyes towards the luster, which beat down on our heads, he said:

然后，他眼睛朝上望向我们头顶的灯光，说道：

"If I am bald-headed, it is the fault of the gas. It is the enemy of hair. Waiter, a 'bock'. You must be thirsty also?”

“如果我是秃顶，那么都是这煤气灯害的。它是头发的天敌。堂倌，来一大杯。您也一定很渴吧？”

"No, thank you. But you certainly interest me. Since when did you have your first discouragement? Your life is not normal, it is not natural. There is something under it all."

“不，谢谢。但是，我对您很有兴趣。您从何时开始如此灰心？您的生活不正常，不自然。背后一定有些事情。”

"Yes, and it dates from my infancy. I received a heavy blow when I was very young, and that turned my life into darkness, which will last to the end."

“是的，自从我幼年时就开始了。我很年轻的时候受到了很大的打击，让我的生活变得黑暗，将会持续到老。”

"How did it come about?"

“怎么发生的？”

"You wish to know about it? Well, then, listen. You recall, of course, the castle in which I was brought up, seeing that you used to visit it for five or six months during the vacations? You remember that large, gray building, in the middle of a great park, and the long avenues of oaks, which opened towards the four cardinal points! You remember my father and mother, both of whom were ceremonious, solemn and severe.

“您想知道吗？嗯，那么，听着。您一定记得那座我成长时的巨宅，过去在放假的时候，您曾经呆过五、六个月的？您还记得那座灰色大楼吧，在一个大公园的中央，由橡树林排成的林荫小道，面向四个基本方位！您记得我父亲和母亲吧，两人都很讲究、严肃、严厉。

"I worshiped my mother; I was suspicious of my father; but I respected both, accustomed always as I was to see everyone bow before them. They were in the country, Monsieur le Comte and Madame la Comtesse; while our neighbors, the Tannemares', the Ravelets’, the Brennevilles’, showed the utmost consideration for my parents.

“我崇拜我的母亲，怀疑我的父亲。但我尊敬他们两个人，我习惯看到每个人都在他们面前鞠躬。他们在当地是伯爵和伯爵夫人，而我们的邻居，像塔涅玛尔一家、拉弗莱一家、布雷恩维尔一家，对我父母都表示出极大的尊敬。

"I was then thirteen years old. I was happy, satisfied with everything, as one is at that age, full of joy and vivacity.

”我那时十三岁。我很快乐，对每件事都很满足，就像那个年纪的孩子一样，充满了欢乐与活力。

"Now towards the end of September, a few days before my entering college, while I was enjoying myself in the mazes of the park, climbing the trees and swinging on the branches, I descried in crossing an avenue, my father and mother, who were walking along.

“正值九月末，进大学的前几天，当我正在享受公园的曲径的乐趣、爬上树并在树枝上摇摆时，我远远地越过一条小道发现我的父亲和母亲正走在小道上。

"I recall the thing as though it were yesterday. It was a very stormy day. The whole line of trees bent under the pressure of the wind, groaned, and seemed to utter cries—cries, though dull, yet deep, that the whole forest rang under the tempest.

“我回想起这件事就好像在昨天一样。那天狂风暴雨。整排的树都在风的力量下被压弯了，发出呻吟声，听起来完全是在哭喊——一种虽然单调，但是深沉的哭喊，整个树林都在暴风雨中回响。

"Evening came on. It was dark in the thickets. The agitation of the wind and the branches excited me, made me bound about like an idiot, and howl in imitation of the wolves.

“夜晚来临了。灌木丛中很黑暗。风和树枝的煽动令我激动，让我像傻子一样跳动，并模仿着狼的嚎叫。

"As soon as I perceived my parents, I crept furtively towards them, under the branches, in order to surprise them, as though I had been a veritable rodent. But becoming seized with fear, I stopped a few paces from them. My father, a prey to the most ferocious passion, cried:

“当我一察觉到我父母时，为了让他们吃一惊，我就悄悄地、蹑手蹑脚地在树枝下跟着他们，好像我真的是啮齿动物一样。但我感到害怕了，在离他们几步的地方停了下来。我父亲正怒气冲天地喊道：

“'Your mother is a fool; moreover, it is not your mother that is the question, it is you. I tell you that I want money, and I will make you sign this.'

“‘你母亲是个傻子。此外，问题不是你母亲，是你。我告诉你我需要钱，并且我会让你签这个的。’

"My mother responded in a firm voice:

“我母亲坚定地答道：

“'I will not sign it. It is Jean's fortune, I shall guard it for him and I will not allow you to devour it with strange women, as you have your own heritage.’

“‘我不会签的。这是琼的财产，我会替他保管，不会让你和陌生的女人们吞掉，你有你自己的财产。’

"Then my father, full of rage, wheeled round and seized his wife by the throat, and began to slash her full in the face with the disengaged hand.

“然后，我父亲满腔怒火地转过身，抓住他老婆的喉咙，用空闲出的手开始迎面打在她的脸上。

"My mother's hat fell off, her hair became all disheveled and

spread over her back; she essayed to parry the blows, but she could not escape from them. And my father, like a madman, banged and banged. My mother rolled over on the ground, covering her face in both her hands. Then he turned her over on her back in order to batter her still more, pulling away her hands which were covering her face.

“我母亲的帽子掉了下来，她的头发全都乱了，散在她的背上。她企图躲避殴打，但她没能躲开。而我的父亲像个疯子一样，重重地打了又打。我母亲滚到了地上，用她的双手捂在脸上。然后，为了继续打她，他把她翻过来仰卧，还拉开了她捂在脸上的双手。

"As for me, my friend, it seemed as though the world had come to an end, that the eternal laws had changed. I experienced the overwhelming dread that one has in presence of things supernatural, in presence of irreparable disasters. My boyish head whirled round, floated. I began to cry with all my might, without knowing why, a prey to terror, to grief, to a dreadful bewilderment. My father heard me, turned round, and, on seeing me, made as though he would rush towards me. I believed that he wanted to kill me, and I fled like a haunted animal, running straight in front of me in the woods.

“我的朋友，这对我来说，就好像是世界末日来了一样，永恒的法则改变了。我经历了巨大的恐惧，就像一个人面对了不可思议的事情、面对了不可挽回的灾难一样。我孩子般的头脑混乱又空白。不知道为什么，我用尽全力开始哭，恐怖、悲痛和可怕的慌张折磨着我。我父亲听见了我的声音，转过身来。他看见了我，像是要追我一样走了过来。我认为他想来杀我，我像是一只猎物一样，直接冲进了我前方的森林。

"I ran perhaps for an hour, perhaps for two, I know not. Darkness had set in, I tumbled over some thick herb, exhausted, and I lay there lost, devoured by terror, eaten up by a sorrow capable of breaking for ever the heart of a poor infant. I became cold, I became hungry. At length day broke. I dared neither get up, walk, return home, nor save myself, fearing to encounter my father whom I did not wish to see again.

“我跑了或许一个小时，或许两个小时，我不知道。黑暗到来，我被某个草本植物绊倒了，精疲力竭，迷茫地躺在那里，被恐惧吞没着，被一种能够永远摧毁一个可怜孩童的心的悲痛侵蚀着。我又冷又饿。最后，天亮了。我既不敢起来、走动或是回家，也不敢解救自己，因为害怕遇到我再也不想见到的父亲。

"I should probably have died of misery and of hunger at the foot of a tree, if the guard had not discovered me and led me away by force.

“如果不是守卫发现了我，并强行把我带了出去，我也许已经因为痛

苦和饥饿死在那棵树下了。

"I found my parents wearing their ordinary aspect. My mother alone spoke to me:

“我发现我的父母和平时样子一样。我母亲独自对我说：

“'How you have frightened me, you naughty boy; I have been the whole night sleepless.' "I did not answer, but began to weep. My father did not utter a single word.

“‘你真让我担心死了，你这个淘气的孩子，我整晚都没睡。’“我没回答，但我开始哭泣。我父亲一个字都没说。

"Eight days later I entered college.

“八天后，我上大学了。

"Well, my friend, it was all over with me. I had witnessed the other side of things, the bad side; I have not been able to perceive the good side since that day. What things have passed in my mind, what strange phenomena has warped my ideas? I do not know. But I no longer have a taste for anything, a wish for anything, a love for anybody, a desire for anything whatever, nor ambition, nor hope. And I perceive always my poor mother on the ground, lying in the avenue, while my father is maltreating her. My mother died a few years after; my father lives still. I have not seen him since. Waiter, a 'bock'.”

“哎，我的朋友，这就是发生在我身上的一切。我见证了事情的另一面，坏的一面。自从那天后，我再也察觉不到好的一面了。我的大脑想到了什么事情，是什么奇怪的现象扭曲了我的思想？我不知道。但是，我对任何事都再也没了兴趣、对任何事都不报有期望、对任何人都没有了爱，也对任何事都没有了欲望、雄心和希望。并且，我总是看到我可怜的母亲在地上，躺在小道上，而我的父亲正在虐待她。几年之后，我母亲过世了，我父亲仍活着。自从那之后我没见过他了。堂倌，来一大杯。”

A waiter brought him his "bock," which he swallowed at a gulp. But, in taking up his pipe again, trembling as he was he broke it. Then he made a violent gesture:

一个堂倌给他拿来了一杯，他一大口就灌了下去。他又抽起了他的烟斗，但却因为颤抖而弄碎了它。于是，他做了一个夸张的手势说道：

"Zounds! This is indeed a grief, a real grief. I have had it for a month, and it was coloring so beautifully!"

“哟！这真是个悲哀，真正的悲哀。我用了一个月了，它被熏得如此漂亮！”

He darted through the vast saloon, which was now full of smoke and of people drinking, uttering his cry:

他在宽阔的酒吧里飞奔，此时这里已经充满了烟雾和喝酒的人，他叫喊着：

"Waiter, a 'bock'—and a new pipe.”

“堂倌，来一大杯——和一个新烟斗。”

公务员

BUREAUCRACY

Honoré de Balzac 巴尔扎克/著

外语教学与研究出版社

Honoré de Balzac

Bureaucracy

公务员

巴尔扎克（法） 著
杨茜希 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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Charpter I The Rabourdin Household

第一章 拉布丹的家庭

In Paris, where men of thought and study bear a certain likeness to one another, living as they do in a common centre, you must have met with several resembling Monsieur Rabourdin, whose acquaintance we are about to make at a moment when he is head of a bureau in one of our most important ministries. At this period he was forty years old, with gray hair of so pleasing a shade that women might at a pinch fall in love with it for it softened a somewhat melancholy countenance, blue eyes full of fire, a skin that was still fair, though rather ruddy and touched here and there with strong red marks; a forehead and nose a la Louis XV., a serious mouth, a tall figure, thin, or perhaps wasted, like that of a man just recovering from illness, and finally, a bearing that was midway between the indolence of a mere idler and the thoughtfulness of a busy man. If this portrait serves to depict his character, a sketch of this man's dress will bring it still further into relief. Rabourdin wore habitually a blue surcoat, a white cravat, a waistcoat crossed a la Robespierre, black trousers without straps, gray silk stockings and low shoes. Well-shaved, and with his stomach warmed by a cup of coffee, he left home at eight in the morning with the regularity of clock-work, always passing along the same streets on his way to the ministry: so neat was he, so formal, so starched that he might have been taken for an Englishman on the road to his embassy.

在巴黎，你一定见过不少这样的人，他们汇聚在这个城市的某个中心区域，既有思想又有学识，彼此之间有着某些相似之处。我们即将认识的这位拉布丹先生就与他们十分相像，他此时正在政府最重要的一个部门里任处长。此时他四十岁，女人一见到他那一头颜色深浅恰到好处的灰发，就忍不住会迷恋上它，因为这头发舒缓了他略带忧郁的面容。他的眼睛蓝盈盈似有火光流转，皮肤还算白皙，只不过脸上星星点点地生了些鲜艳的红斑。他长着路易十五那样的额头和鼻子，嘴角露出严肃的神情，身材高挑单薄，也许可以说是羸弱，似乎他刚刚大病初愈。最后一点，他的举止有些不伦不类，介于懒汉的游手好闲和忙人的深思熟虑之间。如果说这幅肖像画描绘出了他的特点，那么对他衣着做一番速写将更能凸显他的特质。拉布丹先生习惯穿一件蓝色外套，打一条白色领带，上身穿罗伯斯比尔马甲，下身着没有背带的黑色长裤，脚上则套着灰色丝袜、蹬着平底鞋。他刮净胡渣，喝杯咖啡暖了暖胃，八点出门去部里上班，每天都像上了发条一般准时，连路过的街道也总是同样那几条。他的外表是如此整洁、正统、刻板，以至于人们会把他当成正往使馆走的英国佬。

From these general signs you will readily discern a family man, harassed by vexations in his own household, worried by annoyances at the ministry, yet philosopher enough to take life as he found it; an honest man, loving his country and serving it, not concealing from himself the obstacles in the way of those who seek to do right; prudent, because he knew men; exquisitely courteous with women, of whom he asked nothing,—a man full of acquirements, affable with his inferiors, holding his equals at great distance, and dignified towards his superiors. At the epoch of which we write, you would have noticed in him the coldly resigned air of one who has buried the illusions of his youth and renounced every secret ambition; you would have recognized a discouraged, but not disgusted man, one who still clings to his first projects,—more perhaps to employ his faculties than in the hope of a doubtful success. He was not decorated with any order, and always accused himself of weakness for having worn that of the Fleur-de-lis in the early days of the Restoration.

从这些总体印象中，你可以很容易地看出，他是一个有家室的男人，既要被家庭琐事所困扰，又要因部里的公务而忧心。但他却像哲学家一般豁达，对待生活顺其自然。他为人诚恳，热爱祖国并为之效力，坚持正义并坦然面对困难；他深谙人性，处世谨慎；他对女人谦恭有礼，却毫无所求。总而言之，他是一个有才干的人，对下属非常和蔼，与同级保持距离，对上司不卑不亢。在本文所描写的那段时期，你会注意到他神情冷漠，又逆来顺受。他已掩埋了年轻时的种种幻想，放弃了每一个潜藏的抱负。你会发现一个气馁但还未厌世的人，他仍坚守着最初的事业——他大概更想发挥自己的才智，而不是对没有把握的成功抱有希望。他不佩戴任何勋章。他在复辟早期戴过旧时法国王室纹章，他认为这是自己怯懦无能的表现，总为此自责不已。

The life of this man was marked by certain mysterious peculiarities. He had never known his father; his mother, a woman to whom luxury was everything, always elegantly dressed, always on pleasure bent, whose beauty seemed to him miraculous and whom he very seldom saw, left him little at her death; but she had given him that too common and incomplete education which produces so much ambition and so little ability. A few days before his mother's death, when he was just sixteen, he left the Lycee Napoleon to enter as supernumerary a government office, where an unknown protector had provided him with a place. At twenty-two years of age Rabourdin became under-head-clerk; at twenty-five, head-clerk, or, as it was termed, head of the bureau. From that day the hand that assisted the young man to start in life was never felt again in his career, except as to a single circumstance; it led him, poor and friendless, to the house of a Monsieur Leprince, formerly an auctioneer, a widower said to be extremely rich, and father of an only daughter. Xavier Rabourdin fell

desperately in love with Mademoiselle Celestine Leprince, then seventeen years of age, who had all the matrimonial claims of a dowry of two hundred thousand francs. Carefully educated by an artistic mother, who transmitted her own talents to her daughter, this young lady was fitted to attract distinguished men. Tall, handsome, and finely-formed, she was a good musician, drew and painted, spoke several languages, and even knew something of science,—a dangerous advantage, which requires a woman to avoid carefully all appearance of pedantry. Blinded by mistaken tenderness, the mother gave the daughter false ideas as to her probable future; to the maternal eyes a duke or an ambassador, a marshal of France or a minister of State, could alone give her Celestine her due place in society. The young lady had, moreover, the manners, language, and habits of the great world. Her dress was richer and more elegant than was suitable for an unmarried girl; a husband could give her nothing more than she now had, except happiness. Besides all such indulgences, the foolish spoiling of the mother, who died a year after the girl's marriage, made a husband's task all the more difficult. What coolness and composure of mind were needed to rule such a woman! Commonplace suitors held back in fear. Xavier Rabourdin, without parents and without fortune other than his situation under government, was proposed to Celestine by her father. She resisted for a long time; not that she had any personal objection to her suitor, who was young, handsome, and much in love, but she shrank from the plain name of Madame Rabourdin. Monsieur Leprince assured his daughter that Xavier was of the stock that statesmen came of. Celestine answered that a man named Rabourdin would never be anything under the government of the Bourbons, etc. Forced back to his intrenchments, the father made the serious mistake of telling his daughter that her future husband was certain of becoming Rabourdin "de something or other" before he reached the age of admission to the Chamber. Xavier was soon to be appointed Master of petitions, and general-secretary at his ministry. From these lower steps of the ladder the young man would certainly rise to the higher ranks of the administration, possessed of a fortune and a name bequeathed to him in a certain will of which he, Monsieur Leprince, was cognizant. On this the marriage took place.

这个人物的生活被烙上了某些独特而又神秘的印记。他从未见过父亲；他的母亲奢华成性，总是衣着华贵，乘车赴宴。在他眼中，母亲美若天仙，但他很少能见她一面。她死时几乎没有给他留下任何东西。尽管她让他受过教育，但这种教育太过普通，又不够完整，使得他眼高手低、志大才疏。母亲去世前的几天，他离开了拿破仑中学，以临时雇员的身份进入政府部门工作，那时他才刚刚十六岁。这份差事是由一位他从未谋面的保护人替他谋到的。拉布丹二十二岁就当上了副处长，二十五岁便被提升为处长，也就是办事处的领导。从那以后，在他人生起步

时曾帮助过他的那只援手就再也没有扶持过他的仕途。除了仅有的一次，那只手将他这个既穷酸又没什么朋友的年轻人领进了勒普兰斯先生的家门。这位先生曾经是位拍卖商，已经丧偶，据说极为富有，只有一个独生女儿。格扎维埃·拉布丹疯狂地爱上了塞莱斯蒂纳·勒普兰斯小姐。勒普兰斯小姐当时芳龄十七岁，拥有整整二十万法郎的嫁妆。她的母亲很有艺术天分。在她的精心教养下，这位年轻的淑女继承了母亲的多才多艺，足以吸引杰出男士的注意。她高挑俊俏、身段优美，在音乐方面很有造诣。她会画铅笔画，会画油画，还能说好几种语言，甚至略懂些科学知识——这可是个危险的长处，女人有了这种知识，就必须谨慎小心，以免落个故意卖弄的嫌疑。她娇弱温柔，尽管这并不真实，却蒙蔽了她母亲的双眼，致使她对女儿灌输了种种有关前途的错误想法。在母亲眼里，只有公爵大使、法兰西的将军或国家大臣，才能给她的塞莱斯蒂纳应有的社会地位。况且这位年轻的淑女无论是从举止、谈吐和习惯上看，都是一副上流社会的派头。她衣着华丽高贵，简直不像未婚女子。她现在什么也不缺，她未来的丈夫能给予她的只有幸福。她的母亲在女儿婚后一年过世，但之前母亲一直纵容她，宠爱她，对她的娇生惯养几乎到了愚蠢的程度，因而想要扮演好她丈夫这一角色难上加难。一个男人需要多么沉着冷静的头脑，才能征服这样的女子！普通男人心怀畏惧、望而却步，不敢向她求婚。格扎维埃无父无母，除了在政府里尚有一官半职之外，他也没什么财产。塞莱斯蒂纳的父亲向女儿推荐这个年轻人。她很久都没有答应，倒不是因为她对这位年轻俊朗、对自己又情有独钟的追求者有任何反感。她踌躇不前，是因为拉布丹夫人这个称谓毫不起眼。勒普兰斯先生向女儿保证，格扎维埃先生是块做政治家的料。塞莱斯蒂纳则回答说，一个姓拉布丹的人永远不会在波旁王朝出人头地，等等。她的父亲迫于无奈，犯了一个严重错误。他告诉女儿，她未来的丈夫在没达到获准入阁年龄之前，就一定能成为拉布丹·“德某某”之类的 。格扎维埃很快就将被任命为他所在部门的稽查长和秘书长。从这些底层职位做起，这个年轻人一定能青云直上，担当政府里更高层的职位。勒普兰斯先生还知道有这样一份遗嘱，格扎维埃将从中继承一笔遗产和一个尊贵的姓氏。此话一出，这桩婚事就谈成了。

Rabourdin and his wife believed in the mysterious protector to whom the auctioneer alluded. Led away by such hopes and by the natural extravagance of happy love, Monsieur and Madame Rabourdin spent nearly one hundred thousand francs of their capital in the first five years of married life. By the end of this time Celestine, alarmed at the non-advancement of her husband, insisted on investing the remaining hundred thousand francs of her dowry in landed property, which returned only a slender income; but her future inheritance from her father would amply repay all present privations with perfect comfort and ease of life. When the worthy auctioneer saw his son-in-law disappointed of the hopes they had placed on the nameless protector, he tried, for the sake of his daughter, to repair the secret loss by risking part of his fortune in a speculation which had favourable chances of success. But the poor man became involved in

one of the liquidations of the house of Nucingen, and died of grief, leaving nothing behind him but a dozen fine pictures which adorned his daughter's salon, and a few old-fashioned pieces of furniture, which she put in the garret.

老拍卖商对那位神秘保护人只是略提了一下，但拉布丹和他的妻子都很信任这位保护人。这对夫妇一直盲目地怀着这种希冀，两人感情又好，自然用起钱来也大手大脚，婚后头五年就花掉了近十万法郎。五年后，塞莱斯蒂纳因看不到丈夫有任何晋升的动静，心里绷紧了弦，于是坚持把剩余的十万法郎嫁妆投到了地产业里，结果收益甚微。不过，将来她能从父亲那里继承到遗产，那足以弥补当前的窘困，让他们夫妇过上舒适无比的宽裕日子。他们对那位不知名的保护人寄予的希望破灭了。可敬的拍卖商见女婿未能得志，又看在女儿的份上，冒险用自己的一部分资产做了一笔很有可能获利的投机生意，试图弥补这份秘密的损失。但这个可怜人被牵扯进了纽沁根公司的一次清算倒闭中，最后郁积而终，除了十几幅被他女儿拿来装饰客厅的精美油画和一些被她堆在阁楼里的老式家具以外，没留下任何东西。

Eight years of fruitless expectation made Madame Rabourdin at last understand that the paternal protector of her husband must have died, and that his will, if it ever existed, was lost or destroyed. Two years before her father's death the place of chief of division, which became vacant, was given, over her husband's head, to a certain Monsieur de la Billardiere, related to a deputy of the Right who was made minister in 1823. It was enough to drive Rabourdin out of the service; but how could he give up his salary of eight thousand francs and perquisites, when they constituted three fourths of his income and his household was accustomed to spend them? Besides, if he had patience for a few more years he would then be entitled to a pension. What a fall was this for a woman whose high expectations at the opening of her life were more or less warranted, and one who was admitted on all sides to be a superior woman.

拉布丹夫人盼了八年毫无结果后，终于明白丈夫背后的保护人肯定是不在了。至于那份遗嘱，如果确实存在过的话，不是被人弄丢了，就是被人毁了。塞莱斯蒂纳父亲去世的前两年，司长一职曾出现过空缺。他们跳过了她的丈夫，将这一职位给了某个叫德拉比亚尔迪埃的人。这人是某个右派议员的亲戚，而那位议员在一八二三年被任命为大臣。这件事足以让拉布丹辞职而去，可他怎么能放弃八千法郎的官俸和其他各种津贴呢？这可是他总收入的四分之三，他的家人也早已习惯了用这笔收入作开销。况且，如果他能耐着性子再多等几年，就可以领退休金了。她从一开始就对人生抱有很高的期望，这份期望还多多少少有了保证，而且从各方面来讲大家都一致认定她以后会高人一等，对于这样一个女性来说，这可是极为巨大的落差。

Madame Rabourdin had justified the expectations formed of Mademoiselle Leprince; she possessed the elements of that apparent

superiority which pleases the world; her liberal education enabled her to speak to every one in his or her own language; her talents were real; she showed an independent and elevated mind; her conversation charmed as much by its variety and ease as by the oddness and originality of her ideas. Such qualities, useful and appropriate in a sovereign or an ambassadress, were of little service to a household compelled to jog in the common round. Those who have the gift of speaking well desire an audience; they like to talk, even if they sometimes weary others. To satisfy the requirements of her mind Madame Rabourdin took a weekly reception-day and went a great deal into society to obtain the consideration her self-love was accustomed to enjoy. Those who know Parisian life will readily understand how a woman of her temperament suffered, and was martyrized at heart by the scantiness of her pecuniary means. No matter what foolish declarations people make about money, they one and all, if they live in Paris, must grovel before accounts, do homage to figures, and kiss the forked hoof of the golden calf. What a problem was hers! twelve thousand francs a year to defray the costs of a household consisting of father, mother, two children, a chambermaid and cook, living on the second floor of a house in the rue Duphot, in an apartment costing two thousand francs a year. Deduct the dress and the carriage of Madame before you estimate the gross expenses of the family, for dress precedes everything; then see what remains for the education of the children (a girl of eight and a boy of nine, whose maintenance must cost at least two thousand francs besides) and you will find that Madame Rabourdin could barely afford to give her husband thirty francs a month. That is the position of half the husbands in Paris, under penalty of being thought monsters.

拉布丹夫人实现了自己还是勒普兰斯小姐时的抱负。她气质高雅、人见人爱；她学识广博，能和不同的人用他们的本国语交谈；她有真才实学，思想独到又有高度；她的言谈富有魅力，内容广泛，充满新奇独到的想法，听者无不感到轻松愉悦。这些素养若为一位王室贵妇或大使夫人拥有，则很相称也很能派得上用场，但对于一个不得不老实持家、平凡度日的主妇来说，则一点用也没有。那些口若悬河的人渴望有听众，即便听他们说话的人有时感到厌烦，他们也乐此不疲。拉布丹夫人为了满足自己的精神需求，每周都会安排一天会客，而且常常出入上流社会，以满足她那颗惯于享乐的自恋之心。了解巴黎生活的人们一下子就能想明白，像她这样性情的女人承受了多少的痛苦，拮据的生活方式又令她的内心受了多少煎熬。无论人们在金钱问题上有过多么愚蠢的声明，所有的人，只要活在巴黎，都必须臣服于账单，敬畏数字，还得亲吻那分叉的金牛犊蹄子。她遇到的可是个大难题啊！一年进账一万二千法郎，用以支付全家人的开销，包括夫妻俩、两个孩子、一个女佣、一个厨子。一大家子人住在迪福街二楼的一间公寓里，房租一年两千法郎。在估算全家总花销之前，得先扣除夫人的服装费、车马费，所有事

情在服装面前都得往后靠，然后看看还剩多少可以用于子女教育（女儿八岁，儿子九岁，他们俩的抚养费肯定至少得另花两千法郎）。于是你会看到，每个月拉布丹夫人几乎很难给她丈夫留出三十法郎。这就是巴黎一半丈夫的处境，他们被妻子当作恶棍看待，受着这样的惩罚。

Thus it was that this woman who believed herself destined to shine in the world was condemned to use her mind and her faculties in a sordid struggle, fighting hand to hand with an account-book. Already, terrible sacrifice of pride! she had dismissed her man-servant, not long after the death of her father. Most women grow weary of this daily struggle; they complain but they usually end by giving up to fate and taking what comes to them; Celestine's ambition, far from lessening, only increased through difficulties, and led her, when she found she could not conquer them, to sweep them aside. To her mind this complicated tangle of the affairs of life was a Gordian knot impossible to untie and which genius ought to cut. Far from accepting the pettiness of middle-class existence, she was angry at the delay which kept the great things of life from her grasp,—blaming fate as deceptive. Celestine sincerely believed herself a superior woman. Perhaps she was right; perhaps she would have been great under great circumstances; perhaps she was not in her right place. Let us remember there are as many varieties of woman as there are of man, all of which society fashions to meet its needs. Now in the social order, as in Nature's order, there are more young shoots than there are trees, more spawn than full-grown fish, and many great capacities (Athanase Granson, for instance) which die withered for want of moisture, like seeds on stony ground. There are, unquestionably, household women, accomplished women, ornamental women, women who are exclusively wives, or mothers, or sweethearts, women purely spiritual or purely material; just as there are soldiers, artists, artisans, mathematicians, poets, merchants, men who understand money, or agriculture, or government, and nothing else. Besides all this, the eccentricity of events leads to endless cross-purposes; many are called and few are chosen is the law of earth as of heaven. Madame Rabourdin conceived herself fully capable of directing a statesman, inspiring an artist, helping an inventor and pushing his interests, or of devoting her powers to the financial politics of a Nucingen, and playing a brilliant part in the great world. Perhaps she was only endeavouring to excuse to her own mind a hatred for the laundry lists and the duty of overlooking the housekeeping bills, together with the petty economies and cares of a small establishment. She was superior only in those things where it gave her pleasure to be so. Feeling as keenly as she did the thorns of a position which can only be likened to that of Saint-Laurence on his grid-iron, is it any wonder that she sometimes cried out? So, in her paroxysms of thwarted ambition, in

the moments when her wounded vanity gave her terrible shooting pains, Celestine turned upon Xavier Rabourdin. Was it not her husband's duty to give her a suitable position in the world? If she were a man she would have had the energy to make a rapid fortune for the sake of rendering an adored wife happy! She reproached him for being too honest a man. In the mouth of some women this accusation is a charge of imbecility. She sketched out for him certain brilliant plans in which she took no account of the hindrances imposed by men and things; then, like all women under the influence of vehement feeling, she became in thought as Machiavellian as Gondreville, and more unprincipled than Maxime de Trailles. At such times Celestine's mind took a wide range, and she imagined herself at the summit of her ideas.

这个女人相信自己注定要在世上大放异彩，却不得不和一个账本短兵相接，把她的心智与才华用在这样一场卑贱的争斗上。她已经拉下了脸面，做出了很大的牺牲！父亲死后不久，她连男佣都辞了。大多数女性都会被这种日复一日的挣扎拖得疲惫不堪。她们也会抱怨，但最后往往会向命运投降，接受现实。塞莱斯蒂纳的抱负非但没有减退，反而在困难面前愈挫愈强。当困难难以克服时，她就把困难统统丢到一边、不予理会。在她看来，这些生活琐事就像戈尔迪打的结一样，纠缠在一起无法解开，唯有天才才能将其剪断。她决不接受中产阶层的琐碎生活。期待的日子迟迟不来，生活中美好的事情因而不受她的掌控，这使得她怒火中烧，责怪命运欺骗了自己。塞莱斯蒂纳笃信自己是个有过人之处的女性。或许她有道理，或许她在大场合下能成为重要人物，或许她还没有处在适合她的位置上。我们要记住，有多少种男人就会有多少种女人，所有人都由社会塑造，适应着社会的需求。社会法则就像自然法则，自然界里总是嫩芽多过树木，鱼卵多过成鱼。许多才能卓绝的人（比如阿塔纳斯·格朗松）会像石头地上的种子一样，因缺少水的滋润而枯死。无疑，世界上存在着各种各样的女性：有顾家念家的、多才多艺的、充当摆设的，也有专门给人当妻子、母亲、恋人的。有的女性追求纯粹的精神享受，有的则以物质为重，这与不少当士兵、艺术家、工匠、数学家、诗人、商人的男人十分相像。他们或深谙赚钱之道，或明白农业，又或了解政府，对其他事情却一无所知。除此以外，世事无常，人们总会相互误解。应召的如过江之鲫，被选中的却寥寥无几，这既是人间的法则，也是上天的规则。拉布丹夫人认为自己完全有能力引导政治家的前途，激发艺术家的灵感，帮助发明家挖掘兴趣，甚至可以为纽沁根人贡献力量，制定出金融政策，在上流社会大放异彩。或许她只是在极力排遣自己心中的怨恨——洗衣单一张又一张，日常开销的账单不得不盯紧，日子得精打细算着过，房子小还得打理好，这一切都让她怀恨不已。她只有在那些能带给她快乐的事情上，才能得心应手。她的地位深深刺痛了她的心，只有圣劳伦斯上刑架的痛苦才可与之相提并论。所以，她有时候歇斯底里一番又有什么稀奇的呢？就这样，当她备受阻挠的野心突然迸发时，当她屡屡受挫的虚荣心重重击痛她时，塞莱斯蒂纳把怒气撒到格扎维埃·拉布丹头上。为她带来和她相称的身份地

位，这难道不是她丈夫的义务吗？如果她是个男人，肯定会振作精神，在很短的时间内赚上一大笔钱，好让自己爱慕的妻子过得幸福！她骂他太老实。这种责骂从某些女人嘴里说出来，就是在说他蠢。她替他制定出了一些非凡的计划，却不考虑那些人为物质因素造成的障碍。接着，她就如同天下所有受激动情绪支配的女性一样，变得如贡德维尔一般懂权术，比马克西姆·德特拉伊还要肆无忌惮。每当这种时候，塞莱斯蒂纳就会心境大开，想象着自己已经实现了种种想法，直登巅峰。

When these fine visions first began Rabourdin, who saw the practical side, was cool. Celestine, much grieved, thought her husband narrow-minded, timid, unsympathetic; and she acquired, insensibly, a wholly false opinion of the companion of her life. In the first place, she often extinguished him by the brilliancy of her arguments. Her ideas came to her in flashes, and she sometimes stopped him short when he began an explanation, because she did not choose to lose the slightest sparkle of her own mind. From the earliest days of their marriage Celestine, feeling herself beloved and admired by her husband, treated him without ceremony; she put herself above conjugal laws and the rules of private courtesy by expecting love to pardon all her little wrong-doings; and, as she never in any way corrected herself, she was always in the ascendant. In such a situation the man holds to the wife very much the position of a child to a teacher when the latter cannot or will not recognize that the mind he has ruled in childhood is becoming mature. Like Madame de Stael, who exclaimed in a room full of people, addressing, as we may say, a greater man than herself, "Do you know you have really said something very profound!" Madame Rabourdin said of her husband: "He certainly has a good deal of sense at times." Her disparaging opinion of him gradually appeared in her behavior through almost imperceptible motions. Her attitude and manners expressed a want of respect. Without being aware of it she injured her husband in the eyes of others; for in all countries society, before making up its mind about a man, listens for what his wife thinks of him, and obtains from her what the Genevese term "pre-advice.”

当她开始幻想这些美妙的情景时，务实的拉布丹则很冷静。塞莱斯蒂纳非常伤心，觉得她的丈夫思想偏狭、胆小如鼠、毫无怜悯之心。她对自己人生伴侣的这一观点是不理性的、全盘错误的。首先，她见解精辟，常能凭此驳倒他。她的想法常在她脑海中一闪而过。有时他刚开始解释，她就会匆匆打断他的话，以免错过自己哪怕只是一星半点的思维火花。自他们新婚起，塞莱斯蒂纳就感受到了丈夫对她的爱意和仰慕，于是从不对他以礼相待。她高高在上，逾越了婚姻的规矩，也忽略了夫妻私下的礼节，只期望爱情能让丈夫原谅她犯下的种种小错。她不但从未在任何方面改正过自己，而且还总是占上风。在这种情形下，男人之于妻子就非常像孩子之于老师。后者不可能或不愿认同的是，前者从孩

提时代起就受他管制的头脑正逐渐成熟。斯塔埃尔夫人就是个例子。她面对着满屋子的人，对一位地位可以说比她高的人说道：“您知道吗，刚才您讲的话确实很深奥呢！”拉布丹夫人则会这样说起她丈夫：“当然有些时候他还是很理性的。”在她举手投足之间，她对她丈夫的轻视和贬低逐渐显露了出来，尽管这种举动几乎不为人察觉。而从她的态度和做事方式来看，她自己则需要被尊重。塞莱斯蒂纳自己还没意识到，但在别人眼里，她的确伤害了自己的丈夫。因为在任何一个国家、任何一个社会里，大家在评判一个人之前，都要先听听他妻子对他的评价，听取日内瓦人所说的“初步建议”。

When Rabourdin became aware of the mistakes which love had led him to commit it was too late,—the groove had been cut; he suffered and was silent. Like other men in whom sentiments and ideas are of equal strength, whose souls are noble and their brains well balanced, he was the defender of his wife before the tribunal of his own judgment; he told himself that nature doomed her to a disappointed life through his fault; HIS; she was like a thoroughbred English horse, a racer harnessed to a cart full of stones; she it was who suffered; and he blamed himself. His wife, by dint of constant repetition, had inoculated him with her own belief in herself. Ideas are contagious in a household; the ninth thermidor, like so many other portentous events, was the result of female influence. Thus, goaded by Celestine's ambition, Rabourdin had long considered the means of satisfying it, though he hid his hopes, so as to spare her the tortures of uncertainty. The man was firmly resolved to make his way in the administration by bringing a strong light to bear upon it. He intended to bring about one of those revolutions which send a man to the head of either one party or another in society; but being incapable of so doing in his own interests, he merely pondered useful thoughts and dreamed of triumphs won for his country by noble means. His ideas were both generous and ambitious; few officials have not conceived the like; but among officials as among artists there are more miscarriages than births; which is tantamount to Buffon's saying that "Genius is patience."

当拉布丹意识到他因爱犯下的错误时为时已晚，事情已成定局，他只能默默忍受着。他和其他男人一样，感性与理性在他心中占有同等份量。他们都思想高尚、头脑清醒。在对自己的判断进行审判时，他还为妻子辩护。他对自己说，错是他犯下的，而妻子看到这种过错活得很失意，是本性使然。对，这就是他的问题。她就像一匹英国纯种马、一匹赛马，却被套在了满载石头的马车上的。她是那个受苦的人，他为此自责不已。他的妻子不断地向他重复自己的信念，因而这种信念也植入了他的脑中。在家庭里，思想是具有传染性的。正因为受了女性影响，才发生了热月第九日事件和其他许多凶险事件。拉布丹受到了塞莱斯蒂纳野心的驱使。他为了不让她饱受世事变幻无常的折磨，一直以来都在思

考该如何满足她的抱负，尽管他对这些希冀从来避而不谈。这个男人下定决心要干出一番光辉的事业来，要在政府部门里闯出一条道来。他打算发起一场革新运动，把一个人送上某个社会党派的首领位置。可是从他自己的利益出发，他又无法完成这件事情。他仅仅是对着这些有用的想法苦思冥想，幻想运用高尚的方式为自己的国家赢得胜利。他志存高远，雄心勃勃。几乎所有的政府官员都曾有过这样的想法。然而官员们就跟艺术家一样，抱负流产的几率总多过实现的几率，这就应验了布丰的名言“天才即忍耐。”

Placed in a position where he could study French administration and observe its mechanism, Rabourdin worked in the circle where his thought revolved, which, we may remark parenthetically, is the secret of much human accomplishment; and his labor culminated finally in the invention of a new system for the Civil Service of government. Knowing the people with whom he had to do, he maintained the machine as it then worked, so it still works and will continue to work; for everybody fears to remodel it, though no one, according to Rabourdin, ought to be unwilling to simplify it. In his opinion, the problem to be resolved lay in a better use of the same forces. His plan, in its simplest form, was to revise taxation and lower it in a way that should not diminish the revenues of the State, and to obtain, from a budget equal to the budgets which now excite such rabid discussion, results that should be two-fold greater than the present results. Long practical experience had taught Rabourdin that perfection is brought about in all things by changes in the direction of simplicity. To economize is to simplify. To simplify means to suppress unnecessary machinery; removals naturally follow. His system, therefore, depended on the weeding out of officials and the establishment of a new order of administrative offices. No doubt the hatred which all reformers incur takes its rise here. Removals required by this perfecting process, always ill-understood, threaten the well-being of those on whom a change in their condition is thus forced. What rendered Rabourdin really great was that he was able to restrain the enthusiasm that possesses all reformers, and to patiently seek out a slow evolving medium for all changes so as to avoid shocks, leaving time and experience to prove the excellence of each reform. The grandeur of the result anticipated might make us doubt its possibility if we lose sight of this essential point in our rapid analysis of his system. It is, therefore, not unimportant to show through his self-communings, however incomplete they might be, the point of view from which he looked at the administrative horizon. This tale, which is evolved from the very heart of the Civil Service, may also serve to show some of the evils of our present social customs.

拉布丹处在这个位置上，可以研究法国的行政部门，观察其运行机

制。他在这个圈子里工作，头脑也活络了起来。这里我们可以附加说一句，这个圈子是人类众多成就的秘密所在。他的努力终于有了结果，他发明了一套新型的政府行政体系。他很了解他必须要应付的那些人，所以他保持原来的机制不变，现在不变，将来也不会改变，因为人人都害怕改制。但是在拉布丹看来，没有人不想对这一体制做一番精简。在他看来，问题在于如何在推动力不变的情况下，更好地对其进行利用。他的方案说到底就是通过某种方法既修改税收制度、降低赋税，又不减少国家财政收入。眼下，政府的各项预算已经激起了人们的热议，而他的方案可以在保持预算不变的情况下，获取比现在多出两倍的收入。长期的实践经验教给拉布丹一个道理，所有的事情若朝着简化的方向进行变革，必能日臻完善。如要节约，简化势在必行。简化意味着抑制不必要的机制，抑制后再将其移除也就顺理成章了。所以，他的体制有赖于清除冗余的公务员，在行政部门中建立一套新的秩序。无疑，所有改革人士都是因此招致别人怨恨的。完善过程中的移除环节是必要的，却总是被人曲解。在这种情况下，一些人的生活条件不得不有所改变，他们的幸福生活也因此受到威胁。拉布丹真正的伟大之处在于，他能够控制住所有改革者都难以驾驭的激情。为避免给别人造成巨大的冲击，他耐心地给所有的变革找出了一条缓慢发展的道路，用时间和实践来证明每一项改革都是优良、完善的。如果我们只是对他的运作体制匆匆一览，忽视了这一必不可少的要点，我们就会怀疑，他预期的宏伟结果是否有实现的可能。因此，无论他的观念有多么不完备，通过他的自我思考展示出他对行政架构的看法还是很重要的。本故事来源于行政体制的核心，也许还可以呈现目前社会风俗中的一些不正之风。

Xavier Rabourdin, deeply impressed by the trials and poverty which he witnessed in the lives of the government clerks, endeavored to ascertain the cause of their growing deterioration. He found it in those petty partial revolutions, the eddies, as it were, of the storm of 1789, which the historians of great social movements neglect to inquire into, although as a matter of fact it is they which have made our manners and customs what they are now.

格扎维埃·拉布丹把政府公务员在生活中所承受的折磨与贫困看在眼里，深受感触。他试图弄清楚致使他们的生活每况愈下的起因。他发现在一七八九年改革风暴的涡流中，有一些既琐碎又不彻底的改革，伟大的社会运动历史学家们对其视而不见、不予深究，但事实上正是这些改革形成了我们今天的风俗习惯。

Formerly, under the monarchy, the bureaucratic armies did not exist. The clerks, few in number, were under the orders of a prime minister who communicated with the sovereign; thus they directly served the king. The superiors of these zealous servants were simply called head-clerks. In those branches of administration which the king did not himself direct, such for instance as the "fermes" (the public domains throughout the country on which a revenue was levied), the clerks were to their superior what the clerks of a business-house are to

their employer; they learned a science which would one day advance them to prosperity. Thus, all points of the circumference were fastened to the centre and derived their life from it. The result was devotion and confidence. Since 1789 the State, call it the Nation if you like, has replaced the sovereign. Instead of looking directly to the chief magistrate of this nation, the clerks have become, in spite of our fine patriotic ideas, the subsidiaries of the government; their superiors are blown about by the winds of a power called "the administration," and do not know from day to day where they may be on the morrow. As the routine of public business must go on, a certain number of indispensable clerks are kept in their places, though they hold these places on sufferance, anxious as they are to retain them. Bureaucracy, a gigantic power set in motion by dwarfs, was generated in this way. Though Napoleon, by subordinating all things and all men to his will, retarded for a time the influence of bureaucracy (that ponderous curtain hung between the service to be done and the man who orders it), it was permanently organized under the constitutional government, which was, inevitably, the friend of all mediocrities, the lover of authentic documents and accounts, and as meddlesome as an old tradeswoman. Delighted to see the various ministers constantly struggling against the four hundred petty minds of the Elected of the Chamber, with their ten or a dozen ambitious and dishonest leaders, the Civil Service officials hastened to make themselves essential to the warfare by adding their quota of assistance under the form of written action; they created a power of inertia and named it "Report." Let us explain the Report.

以往，君主制度下是不存在官僚队伍的。当时的公务员人数极少，听从首相调遣，首相则与国王沟通，因此可以说，公务员是直接效力于国王的。这些公务员热衷于公务，人们对他们上司的称呼也是简单明了，就叫“首席公务员”。国王并不亲自指导那些分支行政机构。比如在“农场”（全国范围内征税的公共用地），公务员和上级之间的关系就如同公司里职员和雇主间的关系。他们学习一门知识，未来有一天可以凭此致富。于是，圆周上的每一点都紧扣圆心，并从圆心汲取生命力。因此，下级对上忠心耿耿，上级对下信任有加。但自一七八九年以来，君王被政府或者说国家取代了。尽管我们还拥有美好的爱国思想，公务员们却沦为政府的附庸，这个国家不再有一名他们可以直接对其汇报的行政长官。他们的上级们在一个被称作“部”的权力机构里日复一日地随风飘荡，不知道明天将身在何方。由于常规的公共事务必须运作下去，一批必不可少的公务员被保留了下来，留守原职。尽管他们被勉为其难地留存了下来，但他们为了保住自己的职位，依旧忧心不已。官僚政府，这个巨大无比的权力机构，在一群侏儒的推动下就这样诞生了。尽管拿破仑使所有人、所有事都臣服于他的意志，从而在短时间内延后了官僚制度产生的影响（在有待处理的公务和发布命令的人之间，挂着一块沉重的帷幕），但官僚制度是在立宪政体下永久性地建立起来的。立

宪政体无疑为平庸之辈所青睐，他们喜欢摆弄正式的文件、账目，还像上了年纪的女店家一样爱管闲事。各色大臣与他们那十几位野心勃勃、为人狡猾的上司一道，和四百名国会议员日争夜斗。看到这些，公务员们十分高兴，他们连忙投入这一争斗，以文字形式加大对那些人的协助力度，使自己成为战事必不可少的一部分。他们创造了一种懒散无为的力量，取名为“报告”。我们来解释一下什么是报告。

When the kings of France took to themselves ministers, which first happened under Louis XV., they made them render reports on all important questions, instead of holding, as formerly, grand councils of state with the nobles. Under the constitutional government, the ministers of the various departments were insensibly led by their bureaus to imitate this practice of kings. Their time being taken up in defending themselves before the two Chambers and the court, they let themselves be guided by the leading-strings of the Report. Nothing important was ever brought before the government that a minister did not say, even when the case was urgent, "I have called for a report." The Report thus became, both as to the matter concerned and for the minister himself, the same as a report to the Chamber of Deputies on a question of laws,—namely, a disquisition in which the reasons for and against are stated with more or less partiality. No real result is attained; the minister, like the Chamber, is fully as well prepared before as after the report is rendered. A determination, in whatever matter, is reached in an instant. Do what we will, the moment comes when the decision must be made. The greater the array of reasons for and against, the less sound will be the judgment. The finest things of which France can boast have been accomplished without reports and where decisions were prompt and spontaneous. The dominant law of a statesman is to apply precise formula to all cases, after the manner of judges and physicians.

从路易十五开始，法国国王设大臣，要求大臣向国王提交报告，汇报一切重要问题。在过去，碰到这样的问题会召集贵族，举行大型会议讨论。在立宪政体下，各部大臣在管理他们的部门时，不知不觉地照搬了国王的那一套做法。他们在两院和宫廷里为自己辩护，花费了大量的时间，而且任由一批批文书牵着他们走。任何要事，即便再紧急，如果没有大臣说“我已叫人就此写了份报告”，是绝不会摆到政府面前的。因此，对于事件本身和大臣本人而言，这种报告与议会的法律报告没什么两样——报告就是一份长篇大论，会陈述正反理由，而且观点多多少少会有些偏颇。大臣们和议会在报告提交前后都做了充分准备，但就是不能取得实质性的结果。不论事态如何，他们都能在片刻内做出决定。当我们必须做决定时，做我们想要做的就行。赞成和反对的理由陈列得越多，做出的判断反而越不稳妥。法国引以为傲的那些最为美妙的事情，完成时都不曾使用报告，人们都能快速、自发地做出决定。政治家的首要原则就是参照法官和医师的方式，将某一个精确的方案运用到所有情

形中去。

Rabourdin, who said to himself: "A minister should have decision, should know public affairs, and direct their course," saw "Report" rampant throughout France, from the colonel to the marshal, from the commissary of police to the king, from the prefects to the ministers of state, from the Chamber to the courts. After 1818 everything was discussed, compared, and weighed, either in speech or writing; public business took a literary form. France went to ruin in spite of this array of documents; dissertations stood in place of action; a million of reports were written every year; bureaucracy was enthroned! Records, statistics, documents, failing which France would have been ruined, circumlocution, without which there could be no advance, increased, multiplied, and grew majestic. From that day forth bureaucracy used to its own profit the mistrust that stands between receipts and expenditures; it degraded the administration for the benefit of the administrators; in short, it spun those lilliputian threads which have chained France to Parisian centralization,—as if from 1500 to 1800 France had undertaken nothing for want of thirty thousand government clerks! In fastening upon public offices, like a mistletoe on a pear-tree, these officials indemnified themselves amply, and in the following manner.

拉布丹思量着："大臣应该做出决断，了解公务，并指引事态发展的路径。"在他眼里，"写报告"这种活动，从上校到元帅，从警署委员到国王，从高级行政长官到政务大臣，从议会到法庭，盛行于整个法国。一八一八年以后，人们对待每一件事，都要以口头或者书面的形式进行讨论、比较和权衡，处理公共事务则采取文字形式。公文堆积如山，法国却走向破灭。人们只会长篇大论，却不采取实际行动。每年他们会写一百万份报告，于是官僚体制便成为主宰！没了记录、统计、宗卷，法国就完了；没了迂回累赘的说辞，法国便止步不前了。这些东西的数量增长极快，简直令人叹为观止。从那时起，官僚们利用收支间的不信任关系谋求私利，为了行政官员的利益，甚至诋毁政府。简而言之，法国与巴黎中央集权之间本就存在着千丝万缕的联系，而官僚制度则将这种联系连结成网，进一步巩固——就好像在一五零零至一八零零年这三百年间，法国因为缺少了那三万公务员，便一事无成了！他们像梨树上长的槲寄生一样，紧紧吸附于政府部门之上。他们又会游刃有余地使自己免遭处罚，他们所用的方法如下。

The ministers, compelled to obey the princes or the Chambers who impose upon them the distribution of the public moneys, and forced to retain the workers in office, proceeded to diminish salaries and increase the number of those workers, thinking that if more persons were employed by government the stronger the government would be. And yet the contrary law is an axiom written on the universe; there is no vigor except where there are few active

principles. Events proved in July, 1830, the error of the materialism of the Restoration. To plant a government in the hearts of a nation it is necessary to bind INTERESTS to it, not MEN. The government-clerks being led to detest the administrations which lessened both their salaries and their importance, treated them as a courtesan treats an aged lover, and gave them mere work for money; a state of things which would have seemed as intolerable to the administration as to the clerks, had the two parties dared to feel each other's pulse, or had the higher salaries not succeeded in stifling the voices of the lower. Thus wholly and solely occupied in retaining his place, drawing his pay, and securing his pension, the government official thought everything permissible that conduced to these results. This state of things led to servility on the part of the clerks and to endless intrigues within the various departments, where the humbler clerks struggled vainly against degenerate members of the aristocracy, who sought positions in the government bureaus for their ruined sons.

皇室和议会在公共财政分配上对大臣施加压力，大臣只能对他们唯命是从，而办公室的人又不得不留住。因此，他们既要减薪，又得增加职员。他们认为受雇于政府的人愈多，政府就愈强大。然而，反过来讲才是宇宙公理——对某件事物起作用的原则愈少，该事物才愈有活力。一八三零年七月发生的几件大事验证了复辟时期物质主义的错误性。要将政府根植于国家的心脏，无须将人同政府联系在一起，利益才是应该与政府紧密相连的主体。政府不仅削减公务员的薪水，还不重视他们，就好像高等娼妓对待老情人那样，这自然引起了广大公务员对政府的反感。政府让公务员干活，却只给他们金钱作为回报。这种状况，政府和公务员双方似乎都不能忍受。要是双方都可以摸摸对方的脉搏，要是薪水更高的官员不能遏制低级官员的声音，那就好了。因此，公务员全部的也是唯一的心思，都放在了保住职位、领取俸禄、确保能拿到退休金上。为了得到这些，他们思考着一切有益于此的事情。这种事态造就了公务员卑贱的奴性，也引发了各部门内不计其数的阴谋诡计。贵族们为他们不争气的子孙在政府里谋职，出生卑微的公务员同这些没落的贵族作斗争，却只是徒劳无功。

Superior men could scarcely bring themselves to tread these tortuous ways, to stoop, to cringe, and creep through the mire of these cloacas, where the presence of a fine mind only alarmed the other denizens. The ambitious man of genius grows old in obtaining his triple crown; he does not follow in the steps of Sixtus the Fifth merely to become head of a bureau. No one comes or stays in the government offices but idlers, incapables, or fools. Thus the mediocrity of French administration has slowly come about. Bureaucracy, made up entirely of petty minds, stands as an obstacle to the prosperity of the nation; delays for seven years, by its machinery, the project of a canal which would have stimulated the production of a province; is afraid of

everything, prolongs procrastination, and perpetuates the abuses which in turn perpetuate and consolidate itself. Bureaucracy holds all things and the administration itself in leading strings; it stifles men of talent who are bold enough to be independent of it or to enlighten it on its own follies. About the time of which we write the pension list had just been issued, and on it Rabourdin saw the name of an underling in office rated for a larger sum than the old colonels, maimed and wounded for their country. In that fact lies the whole history of bureaucracy.

贵人极少能纡尊降贵，行走在这些蜿蜒曲折的道路上，更难在这藏污纳垢的阴沟泥淖里卑躬屈膝、匍匐前进。在这个地方，思想高尚的人只能用来警醒其他老资格的公务员。一个志存高远的天才，折桂时已是垂暮老人。如果仅仅想当上司长，他其实没必要效法西克斯特五世。除了游手好闲者、无能之辈和愚蠢之流，没人进得了政府部门，也没人能在里面呆下去。法国行政机构就这样慢慢沉沦，变得平庸不堪。官僚体制完全是由一帮眼光狭窄、心胸狭隘的人组建而成，阻碍了国家走向繁荣。就因为这种体制，修建一条运河可以被耽搁七年，而这一修建计划本可刺激一个省的生产。这一体制畏惧一切，做事一拖再拖，任由滥用职权的现象一直存在下去；反过来，这也让其自身一直存在、巩固下去。官僚体制掌控一切事务，甚至连行政机构本身也受其控制。有勇有谋之士如若有足够的胆量想要摆脱这一体制的束缚，或是想启发它意识到自身的谬误，则会受到遏制和打压。笔者写本文时，退休金名单刚刚列出。拉布丹发现，一名低级公务员的退休金比那些为国负伤、身有残疾的老上校还要多。我们从这一事实就可以了解到官僚体制的整部历史。

Another evil, brought about by modern customs, which Rabourdin counted among the causes of this secret demoralization, was the fact that there is no real subordination in the administration in Paris; complete equality reigns between the head of an important division and the humblest copying-clerk; one is as powerful as the other in an arena outside of which each lords it in his own way. Education, equally distributed through the masses, brings the son of a porter into a government office to decide the fate of some man of merit or some landed proprietor whose door-bell his father may have answered. The last comer is therefore on equal terms with the oldest veteran in the service. A wealthy supernumerary splashes his superior as he drives his tilbury to Longchamps and points with his whip to the poor father of a family, remarking to the pretty woman at his side, "That's my chief.” The Liberals call this state of things Progress; Rabourdin thought it Anarchy at the heart of power. He saw how it resulted in restless intrigues, like those of a harem between eunuchs and women and imbecile sultans, or the petty troubles of nuns full of underhand vexations, or college tyrannies, or diplomatic

manoeuvrings fit to terrify an ambassador, all put in motion to obtain a fee or an increase in salary; it was like the hopping of fleas harnessed to pasteboard cars, the spitefulness of slaves, often visited on the minister himself. With all this were the really useful men, the workers, victims of such parasites; men sincerely devoted to their country, who stood vigorously out from the background of the other incapables, yet who were often forced to succumb through unworthy trickery.

还有一桩丑事，也是现代风俗带来的弊病之一，就是巴黎的行政机构里不存在真正意义上的下属。拉布丹认为，这是导致道德不知不觉败坏的原因之一。一名重要分支部门的领导和一个最不起眼的抄写员是完全可以平起平坐的。这两种人在这个台面上权力均等，出了这个舞台各有各逞威风的方法。广大民众获得了平等教育权，这使一个看门人的儿子得以进入政府部门，从而可以决定某个品德高贵的人、甚至是那个他父亲曾为其守门的大地主的命运。因此，最新来的人与资格最老的职员地位均等。一个家境富裕的临时雇员赶着双人马车去隆尚小镇，路上溅了他的上级一身泥水。这还不算，他还扬起马鞭，指向那位可怜的一家之主，对坐在自己身边的漂亮女伴说："那就是我的上司。"自由党把这种事情称作"进步"，拉布丹却认为这是权力核心地带的无政府状态。他看到此种状态招来了无休无止的阴谋，就像是苏丹后宫里太监、嫔妃和愚蠢的苏丹王之间的勾心斗角，又像是修女们暗地里的各种手段带来的琐碎烦恼，又像是教廷的专制，又像是用来震慑大使的外交手腕。人们用尽这些手段来弄到一笔钱财或者谋求加薪，这就犹如拴在纸板糊的车上的虱子，跳来跳去，犹如大臣经常领教到的奴隶们的恶意。真正有用的人、真正做事的人，身处这所有的阴谋之中，成了那些寄生虫的受害者。他们从无能之辈身后挺身而出，为国尽心尽力，却常被一文不值的诡计逼退。

All the higher offices were gained through parliamentary influence, royalty had nothing to do now with them, and the subordinate clerks became, after a time, merely the running-gear of the machine; the most important considerations with them being to keep the wheels well greased. This fatal conviction entering some of the best minds smothered many statements conscientiously written on the secret evils of the national government; lowered the courage of many hearts, and corrupted sterling honesty, weary of injustice and won to indifference by deteriorating annoyances. A clerk in the employ of the Rothchilds corresponds with all England; another, in a government office, may communicate with all the prefects; but where the one learns the way to make his fortune, the other loses time and health and life to no avail. An undermining evil lies here. Certainly a nation does not seem threatened with immediate dissolution because an able clerk is sent away and a middling sort of man replaces him. Unfortunately for the welfare of nations individual men never seem

essential to their existence. But in the long run when the belittling process is fully carried out nations will disappear. Every one who seeks instruction on this point can look at Venice, Madrid, Amsterdam, Stockholm, Rome; all places which were formerly resplendent with mighty powers and are now destroyed by the infiltrating littleness which gradually attained the highest eminence. When the day of struggle came, all was found rotten, the State succumbed to a weak attack. To worship the fool who succeeds, and not to grieve over the fall of an able man is the result of our melancholy education, of our manners and customs which drive men of intellect into disgust, and genius to despair.

所有的高位都纳入议会门下，皇室如今已无力插手这些职位。一段时间以后，位居其下的公务员就变得无足轻重，只不过是机器上转动的小小齿轮而已。而他们最关心的，莫过于给轮子上足润滑油。这种致命的看法开始为见解非凡的人士接受，进而掩盖了他们许许多多的真知灼见。他们曾将这些看法勤勤恳恳地书写下来，旨在揭露国家政府隐瞒的丑闻。这个论调也使许多人丧失勇气，使无暇的诚实腐化堕落。这个论调还让情况不断恶化，使人们心生烦躁，直到人们厌倦了不公正，对此熟视无睹为止。受雇于罗特席尔德兄弟的一名职员可以同全英格兰通信联系，可政府部门里的一个公务员却只可以同所有领导交流联络。前者学会了挣钱之道，后者却白白耗费了时间、健康和生命。一种罪恶栖身于此，暗地里进行着破坏。当然，只是谴走一名有能耐的公务员，用一个才识平平的人取而代之，国家是不会立刻受到亡国威胁的。很不幸，从国家的福祉出发来看，个人的存在绝非必不可少。但从长远看，当这个贬低个人存在的进程完全展开时，国家就要消亡了。任何人如果要想在这一点上吸取有关教训，都可以看一看威尼斯、马德里、阿姆斯特丹、斯德哥尔摩、罗马。这些地方都曾经显赫一时、权势滔天，可就是因为小人势利一点一滴渗透，逐渐影响到了权利的制高点，如今都已没落了。一个国家若腐朽不堪，一旦斗争来临，敌人不费吹灰之力便可将其击垮。人们崇拜得志的傻瓜，对失败了的能人志士却毫无恻隐之心。这种局面是我们那令人忧心的教育促成的，也是社会的习惯风俗造成的恶果。身处其中，智者对其厌恶反感，天才则彻底绝望。

What a difficult undertaking is the rehabilitation of the Civil Service while the liberal cries aloud in his newspapers that the salaries of clerks are a standing theft, calls the items of the budget a cluster of leeches, and every year demands why the nation should be saddled with a thousand millions of taxes. In Monsieur Rabourdin's eyes the clerk in relation to the budget was very much what the gambler is to the game; that which he wins he puts back again. All remuneration implies something furnished. To pay a man a thousand francs a year and demand his whole time was surely to organize theft and poverty. A galley-slave costs nearly as much, and does less. But to expect a man whom the State remunerated with twelve thousand francs a year to

devote himself to his country was a profitable contract for both sides, fit to allure all capacities.

自由党通过自己的报纸，大声疾呼公务员的薪水是对国库的长期盗窃，声称财政预算项目就是一连串的吸血虫，而且每年都会质疑为什么国家要承担这数十亿的税收。因此，恢复行政机构的好名声难上加难。在拉布丹先生看来，公务员之于财政预算的关系就如赌博者之于赌博，赢过来的迟早还是要还回去的。只要有酬劳，就意味着要付出某些代价。政府一年才给一个人一千法郎的酬劳，却要求他奉献全部时间，这无疑是在滋长偷窃和贫困。做苦工的赚的钱跟这差不多，人家干得还少呢。可是，国家若能给一个人每年一万二千法郎的薪金，期望他尽忠职守为国效力，倒是一份对双方都有利的合约，足以吸引一切能人志士了。

These reflections had led Rabourdin to desire the recasting of the clerical official staff. To employ fewer man, to double or treble salaries, and do away with pensions, to choose only young clerks (as did Napoleon, Louis XIV., Richelieu, and Ximenes), but to keep them long and train them for the higher offices and greatest honors, these were the chief features of a reform which if carried out would be as beneficial to the State as to the clerks themselves. It is difficult to recount in detail, chapter by chapter, a plan which embraced the whole budget and continued down through the minutest details of administration in order to keep the whole synthetical; but perhaps a slight sketch of the principal reforms will suffice for those who understand such matters, as well as for those who are wholly ignorant of the administrative system. Though the historian's position is rather hazardous in reproducing a plan which may be thought the politics of a chimney-corner, it is, nevertheless, necessary to sketch it so as to explain the author of it by his own work. Were the recital of his efforts to be omitted, the reader would not believe the narrator's word if he merely declared the talent and the courage of this official.

拉布丹经过这些反思之后，心中油然而生一种渴望，渴望能重新调整公务员的人事分配。雇佣更少的人员，将薪酬提高一倍或两倍，撤销退休金，只选用年轻公务员（就如拿破仑、路易十四、黎塞留和希门尼斯做的那样），但要长期录用他们，培养他们不断晋升，甚至获得最高殊荣，这些就是改革的主要特征。如果这一改革得以实施，对国家、对公务员本身都大有裨益。这一改革计划包含了整体预算乃至最细致入微的行政细节。为了保证本文在各方面均有涉及，我们很难一章一章细细详述。不过，无论是懂政治的内行，还是对行政体系一无所知的门外汉，也许对他们简单描绘一下改革的主体，便可使他们心满意足了。虽然从历史学家的立场出发，炮制一项可能被看作炉角政策的计划相当危害，但是通过这一计划来对其设计者作一番简要介绍，还是很有必要的。假如本文的叙述者只是一味宣扬这位官员才智卓越、胆识过人，而对他付出的努力却略过不提的话，读者是不会相信叙述者的一面之词

的。

Rabourdin's plan divided the government into three ministries, or departments. He thought that if the France of former days possessed brains strong enough to comprehend in one system both foreign and domestic affairs, the France of to-day was not likely to be without its Mazarin, its Suger, its Sully, its de Choiseul, or its Colbert to direct even vast administrative departments. Besides, constitutionally speaking, three ministries will agree better than seven; and, in the restricted number there is less chance for mistaken choice; moreover, it might be that the kingdom would some day escape from those perpetual ministerial oscillations which interfered with all plans of foreign policy and prevented all ameliorations of home rule. In Austria, where many diverse united nations present so many conflicting interests to be conciliated and carried forward under one crown, two statesmen alone bear the burden of public affairs and are not overwhelmed by it. Was France less prolific of political capacities than Germany? The rather silly game of what are called "constitutional institutions" carried beyond bounds has ended, as everybody knows, in requiring a great many offices to satisfy the multifarious ambition of the middle classes. It seemed to Rabourdin, in the first place, natural to unite the ministry of war with the ministry of the navy. To his thinking the navy was one of the current expenses of the war department, like the artillery, cavalry, infantry, and commissariat. Surely it was an absurdity to give separate administrations to admirals and marshals when both were employed to one end, namely, the defense of the nation, the overthrow of an enemy, and the security of the national possessions. The ministry of the interior ought in like manner to combine the departments of commerce, police, and finances, or it belied its own name. To the ministry of foreign affairs belonged the administration of justice, the household of the king, and all that concerned arts, sciences, and belles lettres. All patronage ought to flow directly from the sovereign. Such ministries necessitated the supremacy of a council. Each required the work of two hundred officials, and no more, in its central administration offices, where Rabourdin proposed that they should live, as in former days under the monarchy. Taking the sum of twelve thousand francs a year for each official as an average, he estimated seven millions as the cost of the whole body of such officials, which actually stood at twenty in the budget.

拉布丹计划把政府划分为三个部，或称三个部门。他认为，昔日的法国若能拥有聪慧不凡、能将内政外交融为一体的人才，今日的法国就不会缺少像马扎林、叙热、叙利、德舒瓦瑟尔、科尔贝之类的人物。即使行政部门的规模比现在还要庞大，这些人物也能对其驾轻就熟。此

外，从体制角度看，三个部比七个部更能达成统一意见，而且数量受限，也会降低做出错误选择的几率。此外，未来某一天我们的王国可能会摆脱长期以来大臣任命的混乱局面。这种局面干扰了所有外交政策的执行，更打乱了国内政策的各项改进。在奥地利，众多民族组成一个国家，彼此之间会发生许许多多的利益冲突。然而，这些民族在一个王朝的统治下，矛盾平息了，关系也得以推进。奥地利仅有两位国家领袖，他们一力承担起公共事务的重担，也并没有不堪重负。难道法国处理大量政治事务的能力还不如德国吗？人人都知道，那个名叫“宪政机构”的游戏愚蠢透顶，玩得过火，竟为了满足中层阶级的种种野心，招了一大批官员，如今已经玩不下去了。首先，拉布丹觉得把国防部和海军部合为一体是很顺理成章的事情。他认为，海军部的开销和炮兵、骑兵、步兵、军需部一样，属于国防部现行开销的一部分。国家设海军上将和元帅都是为了同一个目的，即卫国、御敌和保护国家财产安全，把他们拆开来各管一部，显然极其荒唐。同样道理，内政部应该统领商务部、警署和财政部，否则就内政部这个名称就名不符实。司法部、王室，以及一切涉及艺术、科学和纯文学的事务都应隶属于外交部。所有重要职位都应由元首直接任命。如果这样设置各部，议会则必须拥有至高无上的权力。每个部需要也只需要两百名官员。拉布丹认为，他们应该和以往君主制时代的官员一样，生活在中央行政区。以平均每人每年一万两千法郎计算，他估计全体官员要花费七百万法郎，而实际这方面的预算为两千万法郎。

By thus reducing the ministers to three heads he suppressed departments which had come to be useless, together with the enormous costs of their maintenance in Paris. He proved that an arrondissement could be managed by ten men; a prefecture by a dozen at the most; which reduced the entire civil service force throughout France to five thousand men, exclusive of the departments of war and justice. Under this plan the clerks of the court were charged with the system of loans, and the ministry of the interior with that of registration and the management of domains. Thus Rabourdin united in one centre all divisions that were allied in nature. The mortgage system, inheritance, and registration did not pass outside of their own sphere of action and only required three additional clerks in the justice courts and three in the royal courts. The steady application of this principle brought Rabourdin to reforms in the finance system. He merged the collection of revenue into one channel, taxing consumption in bulk instead of taxing property. According to his ideas, consumption was the sole thing properly taxable in times of peace. Land-taxes should always be held in reserve in case of war; for then only could the State justly demand sacrifices from the soil, which was in danger; but in times of peace it was a serious political fault to burden it beyond a certain limit; otherwise it could never be depended on in great emergencies. Thus a loan should be put on the market when the country was tranquil, for at such times it could be placed at

par, instead of at fifty per cent loss as in bad times; in war times resort should be had to a land-tax.

通过将行政机构削减为三个主要部门，他压缩了毫无用处的部门和在巴黎维持这些部门所需的巨额费用。他证明，一个郡可以由十个人管理，一个省则最多需要十二人，这样除去国防部和司法部，整个法国的公务员队伍将被减至五千人。在这份计划里，法庭书记员负责贷款事宜，内政部则负责地产登记和管理。如此一来，拉布丹就把所有性质相关的分支机构合并到了同一个中央部门里。抵押、继承和登记都不会超出各部门的执行范围，只需在法庭和皇宫各额外安排三名公务员即可。这一原则平稳运作，拉布丹便能转而进行财政系统的改革。他将各项税收并入一个渠道，按照消费数额征收消费税，不再征收财产税。在他看来，和平年代唯一可以合理征税的便是消费。国家应该一直保有土地税，以防发生战争，因为只有到那个时候，国土面临危险，国家才可以名正言顺地要求人民为土地做出些牺牲。然而在和平年代，如果土地税征收超过了某个限度，那将成为一个严重的政治失误，因为如遇重大的紧急情况，就没法依赖这项税收了。因此，国泰民安时应公开在市场上发行国债，此时价值与票面等额；发国难时，百分之五十的票面价值都会蒸发掉。打仗时，国家应将征收土地税作为对策。

"The invasion of 1814 and 1815," Rabourdin would say to his friends, "founded in France and practically explained an institution which neither Law nor Napoleon had been able to establish,—I mean Credit.”

“在一八一四年到一八一五年的侵略中，”拉布丹会这样对朋友们说，“法国建立起了一种机制，那是约翰·罗和拿破仑都没能建立起来的机制，而法国人却用事实证明他们做到了——信贷。”

Unfortunately, Xavier considered the true principles of this admirable machine of civil service very little understood at the period when he began his labor of reform in 1820. His scheme levied a toll on the consumption by means of direct taxation and suppressed the whole machinery of indirect taxation. The levying of the taxes was simplified by a single classification of a great number of articles. This did away with the more harassing customs at the gates of the cities, and obtained the largest revenues from the remainder, by lessening the enormous expense of collecting them. To lighten the burden of taxation is not, in matters of finance, to diminish the taxes, but to assess them better; if lightened, you increase the volume of business by giving it freer play; the individual pays less and the State receives more. This reform, which may seem immense, rests on very simple machinery. Rabourdin regarded the tax on personal property as the most trustworthy representative of general consumption. Individual fortunes are usually revealed in France by rentals, by the number of servants, horses, carriages, and luxuries, the costs of which are all to the interest of the public treasury. Houses and what they contain vary

comparatively but little, and are not liable to disappear. After pointing out the means of making a tax-list on personal property which should be more impartial than the existing list, Rabourdin assessed the sums to be brought into the treasury by indirect taxation as so much per cent on each individual share. A tax is a levy of money on things or persons under disguises that are more or less specious. These disguises, excellent when the object is to extort money, become ridiculous in the present day, when the class on which the taxes weigh the heaviest knows why the State imposes them and by what machinery they are given back. In fact the budget is not a strong-box to hold what is put into it, but a watering-pot; the more it takes in and the more it pours out the better for the prosperity of the country. Therefore, supposing there are six millions of tax-payers in easy circumstances (Rabourdin proved their existence, including the rich) is it not better to make them pay a duty on the consumption of wine, which would not be more offensive than that on doors and windows and would return a hundred millions, rather than harass them by taxing the thing itself. By this system of taxation, each individual tax-payer pays less in reality, while the State receives more, and consumers profit by a vast reduction in the price of things which the State releases from its perpetual and harassing interference. Rabourdin's scheme retained a tax on the cultivation of vineyards, so as to protect that industry from the too great abundance of its own products. Then, to reach the consumption of the poorer tax-payers, the licences of retail dealers were taxed according to the population of the neighborhoods in which they lived.

不幸的是，他认为一八二零年他刚开始致力于改革工作之时，这个让人佩服的公务机制所包含的真正原则几乎不为人所知。他计划对消费征收直接税，抑制整个体系中对间接税的征收。将税款的征收用一种单一的分类方法进行简化，下设数量众多的征税项目。这就消除了城市之间长期存在的关税壁垒困扰，并通过减少征税所需的巨额开支，从剩余的税种中征得最大化的收入。从财政角度讲，减轻税务负担并不是要减少税收，而是要更好地评估税收。税收负担减轻了，交易就更自由了，交易量也会增长。个人上缴的税款减少了，国家的收入却更多了。这项改革看似庞大，依靠的运行机制其实十分简单。拉布丹认为，个人财产税在体现全民消费水平方面最值得信赖。在法国，个人财产通常可以从租金、佣人数量、马匹马车以及奢侈品的数量上得以体现，这些花费全都符合国库的利益。相对而言，个人的房屋和屋内财产差异很小，但也不太可能会消失。他指出了个人财产税征收名目制定办法，这与现行名目相比应该会更为公正。在这之后，拉布丹又对会被纳入国库的间接税数额进行了估算，按百分比平分到每一个人头上。征税，是在似是而非的掩盖下，对人或物征收钱财的一种行动。政府要敲诈勒索钱财时，这些掩盖十分奏效。但如今赋税最重的阶级已经了解到国家征税的原因以及国家将税钱返还给人民所用的机制，这幌子就显得荒谬可笑了。事实

上财政预算并不是一个保险柜，放进去什么就保存什么；预算是一个水壶，吸收的越多，倒出来的也越多，国家也就越兴旺。所以，假设有六百万家境宽裕的纳税人（拉布丹证实过这个数字，这其中包括了富人），让他们交点买酒税岂不更好，这不会比征收门窗购买税更无理。这一举措将带来一亿的进项，而且政府不对酒这一物品本身上税，人民也不会觉得不胜其扰。事实上，在这种税收制度下，个人所缴的实际税款减少了，而国家收入却增多了。之前国家对物价的干预一直没完没了，令人民十分恼火，现在国家松松手，消费者就能享受到物价大幅下降带来的好处。拉布丹的计划里保留了葡萄园种植税，以保护这一产业免遭生产过剩之苦。然后，按照居住地的人口数量对零售商征收营业执照税，这样生活不太宽裕的人们消费了，政府也能对其征税。

In this way, the State would receive without cost or vexatious hindrances an enormous revenue under three forms; namely, a duty on wine, on the cultivation of vineyards, and on licenses, where now an irritating array of taxes existed as a burden on itself and its officials. Taxation was thus imposed upon the rich without overburdening the poor. To give another example. Suppose a share assessed to each person of one or two francs for the consumption of salt and you obtain ten or a dozen millions; the modern "gabelle" disappears, the poor breathe freer, agriculture is relieved, the State receives as much, and no tax-payer complains. All persons, whether they belong to the industrial classes or to the capitalists, will see at once the benefits of a tax so assessed when they discover how commerce increases, and life is ameliorated in the country districts. In short, the State will see from year to year the number of her well-to-do tax-payers increasing. By doing away with the machinery of indirect taxation, which is very costly (a State, as it were, within a State), both the public finances and the individual tax-payer are greatly benefited, not to speak of the saving in costs of collecting.

如此一来，国家就可以通过酒税、葡萄园种植税和营业执照税三种形式获得大笔进项。这笔进项不需投入成本，更不会惹来阻碍征税的人徒增麻烦。目前，这一大摞令人讨厌的税务对国家、对公务员都是沉重的负担。于是税收就加在了富人身上，穷人的担子也就不至过重。再举个例子吧。假设，预计每个人为买盐支付一两个法郎，政府就可以进账一千万到一千二百万。现代的“盐税局”就会消失，穷人们就可以缓口气，农业也会得到解脱。国家收的钱一样多，但没有纳税人会抱怨了。所有人，不论属于工业阶级还是资产阶级，当他们发觉农村地区的商业是如何扩展起来，农村居民的生活是如何得到改善时，都会立刻看到这种税收方法的好处。简而言之，国家会看到生活宽裕的纳税人数量一年年地增长。撤销耗费高昂的间接税务机构后（这种机构仿佛是国中之国），国家财政和纳税个人都会受益良多，更别提会节省多少征税开支了。

The whole subject is indeed less a question of finance than a

question of government. The State should possess nothing of its own, neither forests, nor mines, nor public works. That it should be the owner of domains was, in Rabourdin's opinion, an administrative contradiction. The State cannot turn its possessions to profit and it deprives itself of taxes; it thus loses two forms of production. As to the manufactories of the government, they are just as unreasonable in the sphere of industry. The State obtains products at a higher cost than those of commerce, produces them more slowly, and loses its tax upon the industry, the maintenance of which it, in turn, reduces. Can it be thought a proper method of governing a country to manufacture instead of promoting manufactures? to possess property instead of creating more possessions and more diverse ones? In Rabourdin's system the State exacted no money security; he allowed only mortgage securities; and for this reason: Either the State holds the security in specie, and that embarrasses business and the movement of money; or it invests it at a higher rate than the State itself pays, and that is a contemptible robbery; or else it loses on the transaction, and that is folly; moreover, if it is obliged at any time to dispose of a mass of these securities it gives rises in certain cases to terrible bankruptcy.

其实，整件事情与其说是财政问题，还不如说是政府问题。国家现在拥有的一切，包括森林、矿产、公共事业，都不应归其所有。在拉布丹看来，国家成为土地所有者违背了行政宗旨。国家既不能将财产转化为利润，又不能对自身征税，那就失掉了两种形式的生产力。至于政府办的工厂，在工业圈里也是一种不合理的存在。国家工厂收购的产品比商业售价还高，生产速度却更慢，国家就没办法从工业里收上税来，反过来维护工厂的费用也会减少。不去促进工厂的发展，却让国家来生产，用这样的方法管理一个国家难道恰当吗？一个国家不去创造更多财富，让产业更加多样化，而去占有财产，这难道恰当吗？在拉布丹的体制里，国家不会索取现金担保，他只允许抵押担保，理由如下：国家要么持有这些抵押硬币，阻碍企业发展和资金运转；要么以高于其自身所付的利息投出去，这无异于卑鄙可耻的抢劫勾当。但如果不这样做，国家就会在这笔交易中赔钱，那可就太蠢了。此外，假如国家什么时候不得不处理掉一大笔抵押资金，那么发生性质恶劣的破产事件的风险就上升了。

The territorial tax did not entirely disappear in Rabourdin's plan,—he kept a minute portion of it as a point of departure in case of war; but the productions of the soil were freed, and industry, finding raw material at a low price, could compete with foreign nations without the deceptive help of customs. The rich carried on the administration of the provinces without compensation except that of receiving a peerage under certain conditions. Magistrates, learned bodies, officers of the lower grades found their services honorably rewarded; no man employed by the government failed to obtain great consideration

through the value and extent of his labors and the excellence of his salary; every one was able to provide for his own future and France was delivered from the cancer of pensions. As a result Rabourdin's scheme exhibited only seven hundred millions of expenditures and twelve hundred millions of receipts. A saving of five hundred millions annually had far more virtue than the accumulation of a sinking fund whose dangers were plainly to be seen. In that fund the State, according to Rabourdin, became a stockholder, just as it persisted in being a land-holder and a manufacturer. To bring about these reforms without too roughly jarring the existing state of things or incurring a Saint-Bartholomew of clerks, Rabourdin considered that an evolution of twenty years would be required.

在拉布丹的计划里并没有完全取消地产税——他保留了很小的份额作为起征点，以备战时之需。但是土地生产被放开了，工业便可低价收购原材料，不使用欺诈性关税也可以与各国企业竞争。富人在各省做行政管理是不收取津贴报酬的，但他们可以在特定条件下获得贵族爵位。地方法官、学者、低职位官员都会感受到他们的工作获得了荣耀的回报。每一个政府雇员都会因为其自身价值、努力程度和优厚的薪金大受尊敬。人人都能把握自己的前程，法国的退休金这块肿瘤也就有救了。所以，拉布丹计划每年只开支七亿法郎，而进账十二亿法郎。每年国家可以获存五亿法郎，这比起积攒偿债金要好得多，偿债金的危险性是显而易见的。拉布丹认为，有了这笔资金，国家就成了股东，这和之前国家坚持要做土地所有人和工厂厂主异曲同工。为了避免改革给现状造成太过巨大的冲击，防止招致圣巴托罗缨那样的大裁员，拉布丹认为这一演变过程需要二十年。

Such were the thoughts maturing in Rabourdin's mind ever since his promised place had been given to Monsieur de la Billardiere, a man of sheer incapacity. This plan, so vast apparently yet so simple in point of fact, which did away with so many large staffs and so many little offices all equally useless, required for its presentation to the public mind close calculations, precise statistics, and self-evident proof. Rabourdin had long studied the budget under its double-aspect of ways and means and of expenditure. Many a night he had lain awake unknown to his wife. But so far he had only dared to conceive the plan and fit it prospectively to the administrative skeleton; all of which counted for nothing,—he must gain the ear of a minister capable of appreciating his ideas. Rabourdin's success depended on the tranquil condition of political affairs, which up to this time were still unsettled. He had not considered the government as permanently secure until three hundred deputies at least had the courage to form a compact majority systematically ministerial. An administration founded on that basis had come into power since Rabourdin had finished his elaborate plan. At this time the luxury of peace under the

Bourbons had eclipsed the warlike luxury of the days when France shone like a vast encampment, prodigal and magnificent because it was victorious. After the Spanish campaign, the administration seemed to enter upon an era of tranquillity in which some good might be accomplished; and three months before the opening of our story a new reign had begun without any apparent opposition; for the liberalism of the Left had welcomed Charles X. with as much enthusiasm as the Right. Even clear-sighted and suspicious persons were misled. The moment seemed propitious for Rabourdin. What could better conduce to the stability of the government than to propose and carry through a reform whose beneficial results were to be so vast?

自从原本许诺给拉布丹的职位给了德拉比亚尔迪埃先生这一无能之辈以后，拉布丹头脑里的这些想法便日渐成熟。这项计划，看似宏大无比，实则非常简单，但要撤销这么多毫无用处的大官小官，则必须在公众面前算好这笔账。给出的数据要精确，摆出的证据要一目了然。拉布丹对预算的两方面——收入和支出，做过长期研究。他躺在床上思考这个问题，熬了许多个夜晚，他的妻子对此一无所知。但目前他只敢构想方案，并将其前瞻性地安放到行政框架里。然而这一切还什么都不是——他必须找到一位愿意听取他的方案并欣赏他的思想的大臣。拉布丹的成功取决于政局的稳定，但就目前而言，政局依旧动荡不安。只有当三百位议员至少有勇气组成一个紧凑的、系统的、以部级划分的多数派时，他才会认为政府永久安定下来了。拉布丹完成他这项精密的计划后，一个在此基础上建立起来的行政机构也就成形了。在波旁王朝统治下的这个时代，一派和平盛世，但这一现状吞噬着人们对气势恢宏的战时法国的记忆。当年的法国就像一块广袤的露营地，光芒四射。法国是胜利者，所以挥金如土、辉煌璀璨。西班牙战役之后，政府似乎进入平静时期，可以给人民做点好事了。本故事开始的三个月前，一个新的统治政权成立了，这一政权的成立未曾遇到明显反对。因为左翼自由派和右派都对查理十世的继位怀有同样的热忱。即便是眼力极好、生性多疑的人也被误导了。对拉布丹来说，似乎是时候了。只要这项改革被提出并贯彻执行，国家便能获益匪浅，还有什么事情比这项改革更能促进政府的稳定呢？

Never had Rabourdin seemed so anxious and preoccupied as he now did in the mornings as he walked from his house to the ministry, or at half-past four in the afternoon, when he returned. Madame Rabourdin, on her part, disconsolate over her wasted life, weary of secretly working to obtain a few luxuries of dress, never appeared so bitterly discontented as now; but, like any wife who is really attached to her husband, she considered it unworthy of a superior woman to condescend to the shameful devices by which the wives of some officials eke out the insufficiency of their husband's salary. This feeling made her refuse all intercourse with Madame Colleville, then very

intimate with Francois Keller, whose parties eclipsed those of the rue Duphot. Nevertheless, she mistook the quietude of the political thinker and the preoccupation of the intrepid worker for the apathetic torpor of an official broken down by the dulness of routine, vanquished by that most hateful of all miseries, the mediocrity that simply earns a living; and she groaned at being married to a man without energy.

这天，无论是在早晨去上班的路上还是下午回家的途中，拉布丹都显得十分焦虑、心事重重，他以前从来不会有这样的表情。拉布丹夫人则郁郁寡欢，她觉得自己的人生白白耗费掉了。为了添些漂亮的衣服，她暗中找活做，弄得自己疲惫不堪，她从未像现在这般极度不满。但是，拉布丹夫人和任何一个真爱自己丈夫的女人一样，觉得一些贵妇为了弥补丈夫薪水的不足，屈尊使出一些损招，是很不光彩的。这种感觉使得拉布丹夫人拒绝同柯尔维尔夫人有任何往来。那时柯尔维尔夫人与弗朗索瓦·凯勒关系密切，她的宴会让整条迪福街上举行的宴会都黯然失色。拉布丹先生是个沉默寡言的政治思想家，全神贯注的大无畏工作者。而拉布丹夫人却误认为他是一个冷漠麻木的公务员，被每日无聊的工作给整垮了，被最可恨的悲惨生活和仅能养家糊口的平庸境遇打败了。她哀叹自己嫁给了一个毫无干劲的丈夫。

Thus it was that about this period in their lives she resolved to take the making of her husband's fortune on herself; to thrust him at any cost into a higher sphere, and to hide from him the secret springs of her machinations. She carried into all her plans the independence of ideas which characterized her, and was proud to think that she could rise above other women by sharing none of their petty prejudices and by keeping herself untrammelled by the restraints which society imposes. In her anger she resolved to fight fools with their own weapons, and to make herself a fool if need be. She saw things coming to a crisis. The time was favorable. Monsieur de la Billardiere, attacked by a dangerous illness, was likely to die in a few days. If Rabourdin succeeded him, his talents (for Celestine did vouchsafe him an administrative gift) would be so thoroughly appreciated that the office of Master of petitions, formerly promised, would now be given to him; she fancied she saw him the king's commissioner, presenting bills to the Chambers and defending them; then indeed she could help him; she would even be, if needful, his secretary; she would sit up all night to do the work! All this to drive in the Bois in a pretty carriage, to equal Madame Delphine de Nucingen, to raise her salon to the level of Madame Colleville's, to be invited to the great ministerial solemnities, to win listeners and make them talk of her as "Madame Rabourdin DE something or other" (she had not yet determined on the estate), just as they did of Madame Firmiani, Madame d'Espard, Madame d'Aiglemont, Madame de Carigliano, and thus efface forever the odious name of Rabourdin.

于是这段日子里，她决心凭自身为她丈夫谋取富贵，不惜一切代价把他推向高位，同时她还会对他保密，不让他知道一星半点有关她计谋的事情。她的策划方案蕴含着独立的思想，这是她的特点之一。她为自己可以超越一般女性而骄傲。她们小气、偏执，而她却不会。社会强加于人的种种约束根本不能限制她。盛怒之下，她下定决心要那些蠢蛋们搬起石头砸自己的脚，如有必要，她甚至会装傻充愣。她看到事情正在演化为一场危机。这一时机对她很有利。德拉比亚尔迪埃先生病入膏肓，没几天可活了。如果由拉布丹继任，他的才干（塞莱斯蒂纳的确赋予了他政治才能）将会完完全全受到赏识，那么先前许诺过的稽查长一职也就是他的了。她想象着他变成钦差大臣，向议会提交议案并为之辩护。到时候，如果需要的话，她甚至可以做他的秘书，彻夜不眠地工作！这一切都是为了能和德尔菲娜·德纽沁根夫人一样，坐上漂亮的马车游览布瓦，能让她的沙龙和科勒维尔夫人的沙龙一般出色，能受邀出席大臣级的隆重场合，能拥有一帮把她尊称为“拉布丹·德某某夫人”（她对这种身份还不确定）的听众，就像人们称呼菲尔米亚尼夫人、德埃斯巴夫人、德艾格勒蒙夫人以及德卡里利阿诺夫人一样，这样她就能抹掉那令人厌恶的拉布丹姓氏，让这个姓氏永远不复存在。

These secret schemes brought some changes into the household. Madame Rabourdin began to walk with a firm step in the path of debt. She set up a man-servant, and put him in livery of brown cloth with red pipins, she renewed parts of her furniture, hung new papers on the walls, adorned her salon with plants and flowers, always fresh, and crowded it with knick-knacks that were then in vogue; then she, who had always shown scruples as to her personal expenses, did not hesitate to put her dress in keeping with the rank to which she aspired, the profits of which were discounted in several of the shops where she equipped herself for war. To make her "Wednesdays" fashionable she gave a dinner on Fridays, the guests being expected to pay their return visit and take a cup of tea on the following Wednesday. She chose her guests cleverly among influential deputies or other persons of note who, sooner or later, might advance her interests. In short, she gathered an agreeable and befitting circle about her. People amused themselves at her house; they said so at least, which is quite enough to attract society in Paris. Rabourdin was so absorbed in completing his great and serious work that he took no notice of the sudden reappearance of luxury in the bosom of his family.

这些秘密的策划给她的家庭带来了一些变化。拉布丹夫人开始坚定地走上了负债之路。她请了一名男佣，给他穿上棕色带红边的大户仆人制服。她还换了些新家具，在墙上挂上新墙纸，用永远新鲜的植物鲜花装点客厅，还在客厅里摆满时下新潮的小玩意。拉布丹夫人曾因为花钱给自己添东西感到良心不安，但后来为了能配得上渴望的上流生活，她盛装打扮，没有半点犹豫；为了打这场仗她把自己武装起来，那几家商

店也因此获利不少。为了让她的每个“礼拜三”新潮时尚，她就在星期五举办晚宴，并邀请宾客们下周的礼拜三再来她家喝茶。拉布丹夫人巧妙地挑选来访客人，他们或是有影响力的议员，亦或是迟早会让她获益的显赫人物。总之，在她的周围，她已经聚集了一圈让人愉快又适合她的朋友。客人们在她家里玩得相当开心，至少他们是这么说的，这就足以吸引巴黎的上流人士了。拉布丹埋首完成他那伟大严肃的工作，他干得如此投入，完全没有注意到奢华的生活突然间又重返家园。

Thus the wife and the husband were besieging the same fortress, working on parallel lines, but without each other's knowledge.

就这样，妻子和丈夫站在两条平行线上围攻同一座堡垒，彼此却毫不知情。

Charpter II Monsieur Des Lupeaulx

第二章 德吕卜克斯先生

At the ministry to which Rabourdin belonged there flourished, as general-secretary, a certain Monsieur Clement Chardin des Lupeaulx, one of those men whom the tide of political events sends to the surface for a few years, then engulfs on a stormy night, but whom we find again on a distant shore, tossed up like the carcass of a wrecked ship which still seems to have life in her. We ask ourselves if that derelict could ever have held goodly merchandise or served a high emprize, cooperated in some defence, held up the trappings of a throne, or borne away the corpse of a monarchy. At this particular time Clement des Lupeaulx (the "Lupeaulx" absorbed the "Chardin") had reached his culminating period. In the most illustrious lives as in the most obscure, in animals as in secretary-generals, there is a zenith and there is a nadir, a period when the fur is magnificent, the fortune dazzling. In the nomenclature which we derive from fabulists, des Lupeaulx belonged to the species Bertrand, and was always in search of Ratons. As he is one of the principal actors in this drama he deserves a description, all the more precise because the revolution of July has suppressed his office, eminently useful as it was, to a constitutional ministry.

拉布丹所在的部里有一个叫克莱芒·夏尔丹·德吕卜克斯先生的人成了气候，当上了秘书长先生。这个人被政治浪潮卷上浪尖，在高位上呆了几年，后来又在一夜之间被风暴吞没。现在他就像遥远海岸上一艘弃船的残骸，看起来好像还保有一线生机。我们自问，残骸里是否有可能曾留有精美的商品，这艘船是否有可能曾经历过大冒险，协同抗击过侵略，又是否有可能曾承载过御座的饰物或者君王的遗体。此时此刻，克莱芒·夏尔丹·德吕卜克斯（“夏尔丹”被并入“吕卜克斯”姓氏）已然登上了他人生的顶峰。不论是声名显赫之士还是无名小卒，不论是牲畜还是秘书长，能爬上顶峰就能跌入谷底，都会经历一段羽翼华丽、鸿运当头的时间。在寓言家的命名系统里，德吕卜克斯属于贝特朗一族，永远都在寻找雷顿。作为这出戏的主演之一，他很值得一提，连细枝末节都不能放过。因为他因七月革命丢掉了职位，而这个职位对立宪政府而言大有用处。

Moralists usually employ their weapons against obstructive administrations. In their eyes, crime belongs to the assizes or the police-courts; but the socially refined evils escape their ken; the adroitness that triumphs under shield of the Code is above them or beneath them; they have neither eye-glass nor telescope; they want good stout horrors easily visible. With their eyes fixed on the

carnivora, they pay no attention to the reptiles; happily, they abandon to the writers of comedy the shading and colorings of a Chardin des Lupeaulx. Vain and egotistical, supple and proud, libertine and gourmand, grasping from the pressure of debt, discreet as a tomb out of which nought issues to contradict the epitaph intended for the passer's eye, bold and fearless when soliciting, good-natured and witty in all acceptations of the word, a timely jester, full of tact, knowing how to compromise others by a glance or a nudge, shrinking from no mudhole, but gracefully leaping it, intrepid Voltairean, yet punctual at mass if a fashionable company could be met in Saint Thomas Aquinas, —such a man as this secretary-general resembled, in one way or another, all the mediocrities who form the kernel of the political world. Knowing in the science of human nature, he assumed the character of a listener, and none was ever more attentive. Not to awaken suspicion he was flattering ad nauseum, insinuating as a perfume, and cajoling as a woman.

道德家们往往会拿起武器，抨击那些妨碍事情发展的行政管理。在他们眼中，罪行归法庭或警署管，而对社会上那些微不足道的恶行他们又不甚了解。在法令保护下，罪犯思维灵活、奸计得逞，他们也管不着。他们既不戴眼镜也没有望远镜，他们只要那些显而易见、令人心悸的好材料。他们只盯着肉食动物，对爬行类则毫不关注。他们乐于把夏尔丹·德吕卜克斯之类的人物丢给喜剧作家来上色和描影。他虚荣、自我、逢迎、自傲、放荡不羁、胡吃海喝，在债务的压力之下还无比贪财。他像一个坟堆般谨小慎微，没有东西能从坟里面爬出来，告诉行人墓志铭是用来掩人耳目的。他还会带着勇敢无畏的精神恳求别人的帮助。他言辞和善、风趣机智，满脑子都装着点子，还会适时逗乐子。他知道如何瞥一眼、推搡一下就能和别人达成和解。面对泥坑他从不回避，而是优雅地跳过去，可以说他的勇敢堪比伏尔泰。而如果在圣托马斯教堂能有一群时髦人士为伍，他便会准时赶去做弥撒。平庸之辈构成了政界的核心，而像秘书长这样的人总会在某一方面和他们极为相似。他了解人性，还把自己伪装成一名聆听者，没有人能比他听得更专注了。为了不让别人心生疑窦，他谄媚奉承，嘴巴甜得像个女人。那些恭维话令人作呕，却会像香水一般慢慢渗透。

Des Lupeaulx was just forty years old. His youth had long been a vexation to him, for he felt that the making of his career depended on his becoming a deputy. How had he reached his present position? may be asked. By very simple means. He began by taking charge of certain delicate missions which can be given neither to a man who respects himself nor to a man who does not respect himself, but are confided to grave and enigmatic individuals who can be acknowledged or disavowed at will. His business was that of being always compromised; but his fortunes were pushed as much by defeat as by success. He well understood that under the Restoration, a period of

continual compromises between men, between things, between accomplished facts and other facts looking on the horizon, it was all-important for the ruling powers to have a household drudge. Observe in a family some old charwoman who can make beds, sweep the floors, carry away the dirty linen, who knows where the silver is kept, how the creditors should be pacified, what persons should be let in and who must be kept out of the house, and such a creature, even if she has all the vices, and is dirty, decrepit, and toothless, or puts into the lottery and steals thirty sous a day for her stake, and you will find the masters like her from habit, talk and consult in her hearing upon even critical matters; she comes and goes, suggests resources, gets on the scent of secrets, brings the rouge or the shawl at the right moment, lets herself be scolded and pushed downstairs, and the next morning reappears smiling with an excellent bouillon. No matter how high a statesman may stand, he is certain to have some household drudge, before whom he is weak, undecided, disputations with fate, self-questioning, self-answering, and buckling for the fight. Such a familiar is like the soft wood of savages, which, when rubbed against the hard wood, strikes fire. Sometimes great geniuses illumine themselves in this way. Napoleon lived with Berthier, Richelieu with Pere Joseph; des Lupeaulx was the familiar of everybody. He continued friends with fallen ministers and made himself their intermediary with their successors, diffusing thus the perfume of the last flattery and the first compliment. He well understood how to arrange all the little matters which a statesman has no leisure to attend to. He saw necessities as they arose; he obeyed well; he could gloss a base act with a jest and get the whole value of it; and he chose for the services he thus rendered those that the recipients were not likely to forget.

德吕卜克斯刚好四十岁。他年轻时总是满腹愁苦，因为他觉得如果要在事业上出人头地，他需要成为议员。他是如何获得现在这个职务的呢？这倒是可以一问。办法很简单。一开始，他做某些细致微妙的工作。这种活既不能交给一个有自尊的人，又不能交给一个没自尊的人，只能全权委托给那些庄重神秘，又可以被别人随意承认或否认的人。在工作上，他总是做出妥协，但无论是失败还是成功，他的命运总是被推向前方。他十分清楚，在复辟王朝统治下的这段时期，人与人、物与物、已经发生的事情和其他事情都在不断妥协着。最重要的是，统治者得有一个不辞劳苦的管家。看看一个家庭里的情况吧。某个年老的女管家会铺床、扫地，还会拣走弄脏的亚麻布。她知道银器储放在哪里，如何安抚放债人，什么样的人让进，什么样的人该吃闭门羹。这样的女人，即使恶习再多、龌龊老朽、牙齿掉光，还经常赌钱，每天偷三十个苏下注，你都会发现从主人习惯和言谈上看，主人还是喜欢她的，甚至会咨询她对一些重大事件的看法。女管家来回走动，为主人出谋划策、嗅出隐情，还会适时地递上胭脂口红或披肩。她任由主人责骂她，把她

赶下楼去，第二天一早又会端着一份精美的肉羹，面带微笑地重新出现在主人眼前。不论一个政客爬得多高，一定有一位任劳任怨的管家。在管家面前，他柔弱不堪、优柔寡断、不服命运、自问自答，为斗争储备着精力。这多么像未经打磨的软木遇上了硬木头，一擦就起火。伟大的天才有时就是以这种方式让自己发光闪亮的。贝尔捷给拿破仑当家，约瑟夫圣父给黎塞留当家，而吕卜克斯和所有人都是老相识。他与退下来的大臣继续做朋友，充当这些人和他们继任者之间的中间人。他对前者的最后一声奉承和对后者的第一声恭维一样香气扑鼻。在如何安排政治家们无暇顾及的一件件小事上，他十分在行。当他们升官时，他发现了自己也想要升官。他唯命是从，可以用一句揶揄的话掩饰一个不光彩的行为，还能把这句玩笑话充分利用。他替人家办事会选那些受惠人不易忘记的事做。

Thus, when it was necessary to cross the ditch between the Empire and the Restoration, at a time when every one was looking about for planks, and the curs of the Empire were howling their devotion right and left, des Lupeaulx borrowed large sums from the usurers and crossed the frontier. Risking all to win all, he bought up Louis XVIII.'s most pressing debts, and was the first to settle nearly three million of them at twenty per cent—for he was lucky enough to be backed by Gobseck in 1814 and 1815. It is true that Messrs. Gobseck, Werdet, and Gigonnet swallowed the profits, but des Lupeaulx had agreed that they should have them; he was not playing for a stake; he challenged the bank, as it were, knowing very well that the king was not a man to forget this debt of honor. Des Lupeaulx was not mistaken; he was appointed Master of petitions, Knight of the order of Saint Louis, and officer of the Legion of honor. Once on the ladder of political success, his clever mind looked about for the means to maintain his foothold; for in the fortified city into which he had wormed himself, generals do not long keep useless mouths. So to his general trade of household drudge and go-between he added that of gratuitous consultation on the secret maladies of power.

因此，当人们必须越过帝国与复辟王朝之间的沟壑时，人人都在寻找跳板。当帝国的家犬上蹿下跳，吼叫着表现自己的忠诚时，德吕卜克斯借了大笔高利贷，冲过了前线。为了赢得一切，他铤而走险，买下了路易十八急于甩手的债务，并且是第一个以百分之二十的价格处理掉近三百万债务的人——因为他的运气够好，在一八一四年和一八一五年这两年间有高布赛克在背后支持着他。高布赛克、韦尔德和羊腿子等先生的确吞掉了那笔利润，不过德吕卜克斯之前已经同意那笔钱应该归他们所有。他并不是在玩赌注，他要的是整个银行，他很清楚国王是不会忘记这笔荣耀的债务的。德吕卜克斯没想错，他被任命为稽查长、圣路易斯骑士，并出任荣誉军团的军官。他一旦爬上通往政治成功的阶梯，便开动自己聪明的大脑四处打听，想方设法站稳脚跟，因为他是靠不光彩的手段进入这个设防的城市的，将军们不会长时间留着一些只吃饭不干

活的废物。所以，除了他的老本行——当一名家政总管和政治掮客之外，他还为政权里的一些难言之隐提供免费咨询。

After discovering in the so-called superior men of the Restoration their utter inferiority in comparison with the events which had brought them to the front, he overcame their political mediocrity by putting into their mouths, at a crisis, the word of command for which men of real talent were listening. It must not be thought that this word was the outcome of his own mind. Were it so, des Lupeaulx would have been a man of genius, whereas he was only a man of talent. He went everywhere, collected opinions, sounded consciences, and caught all the tones they gave out. He gathered knowledge like a true and indefatigable political bee. This walking Bayle dictionary did not act, however, like that famous lexicon; he did not report all opinions without drawing his own conclusions; he had the talent of a fly which drops plumb upon the best bit of meat in the middle of a kitchen. In this way he came to be regarded as an indispensable helper to statesmen. A belief in his capacity had taken such deep root in all minds that the more ambitious public men felt it was necessary to compromise des Lupeaulx in some way to prevent his rising higher; they made up to him for his subordinate public position by their secret confidence.

他将复辟王朝下所谓的上流人物与将他们推上高位的政治大事做了对比，结果发现这些人满身弊病。当他们遇到危机时，他就给他们灌输一些话，让他们张口就能说出真正有识之士才会听从的号令，以盖过他们庸俗不堪的政治思想。千万不要以为这些话都是他自己思考所得。如果真是那样，德吕卜克斯就是个天才，其实他只是有点小才罢了。他四处走动，搜罗人们的看法，探听人们的心声，捕捉人们说的每一个声调。德吕卜克斯采集起信息来，真可算是一只孜孜不倦的政治蜜蜂。然而，他这本活的贝尔词典和那本出了名的真词典又有不同之处。德吕卜克斯在汇报他搜罗的全部见解时，也会给出自己的结论。他有着苍蝇般的才能，总是能不偏不倚地落在厨房中央最好的那片肉上。正因为如此，他被政治家们看作是不可或缺的助手。他的才能让所有人深信不疑，以至于一些比他更加野心勃勃的公众人物感觉到，必须在某一方面牵制德吕卜克斯，以免他升到更高的位子。他所处的只是个从属性质的公职，为了补偿他，他们向他透露了一些秘密要闻。

Nevertheless, feeling that such men were dependent on him, this gleaner of ideas exacted certain dues. He received a salary on the staff of the National Guard, where he held a sinecure which was paid for by the city of Paris; he was government commissioner to a secret society; and filled a position of superintendence in the royal household. His two official posts which appeared on the budget were those of secretary-general to his ministry and Master of petitions. What he now wanted was to be made commander of the Legion of honor, gentleman

of the bed-chamber, count, and deputy. To be elected deputy it was necessary to pay taxes to the amount of a thousand francs; and the miserable homestead of the des Lupeaulx was rated at only five hundred. Where could he get money to build a mansion and surround it with sufficient domain to throw dust in the eyes of a constituency? Though he dined out every day, and was lodged for the last nine years at the cost of the State, and driven about in the minister's equipage, des Lupeaulx possessed absolutely nothing, at the time when our tale opens, but thirty thousand francs of debt—undisputed property. A marriage might float him and pump the waters of debt out of his bark; but a good marriage depended on his advancement, and his advancement required that he should be a deputy. Searching about him for the means of breaking through this vicious circle, he could think of nothing better than some immense service to render or some delicate intrigue to carry through for persons in power. Alas! conspiracies were out of date; the Bourbons were apparently on good terms with all parties; and, unfortunately, for the last few years the government had been so thoroughly held up to the light of day by the silly discussions of the Left, whose aim seemed to be to make government of any kind impossible in France, that no good strokes of business could be made. The last were tried in Spain, and what an outcry that excited!

可他觉得这些人都要依靠他，于是他这个思想上的拾穗人就向他们索要了一些自己应得的东西。他在国民自卫军领一份薪水，他在那里得了个挂名差事，由巴黎市政府支付薪酬。他还是一个秘密社团的政府特使，而且还监管着皇室家政。国家财政预算里显示他有两个官职——部门秘书长和稽查长。现在他想当的是荣誉军团指挥官、君王侍寝官、伯爵，乃至议员。要当议员就必须得先交纳一千法郎的税，而德吕卜克斯寒碜的住宅才值五百法郎。从哪里能弄到钱修建宅院，并在宅子周围划出足够大的地盘，以蒙蔽选民的眼睛呢？九年来，他借住在别人家里，每天都外出就餐，这些费用全是国家支付的，出行乘坐的也是部里的马车。尽管如此，可在我们的故事刚开始时，德吕卜克斯的的确确是一无所有，有的只是三万法郎的债务——他拥有的这部分财产倒是无可争议的。一桩婚姻也许可以抽掉债务的苦水让他浮出水面，可一桩好婚事有赖于他职务上的提升，升职就需要当议员。他想尽办法要冲破这一恶性循环。他能想出的最好办法就是替人做件大事，或者帮在位的人搞点阴谋诡计。唉！那些阴谋诡计早就落伍了，从表面上看，波旁王朝正和各党派和睦相处。不幸的是，几年以来政府一直受到左翼愚蠢论调的完全掌控，而左翼党派的目的似乎是不想让任何政府在法国实行统治，如此一来什么好事都做不成。最近的一次阴谋发生在西班牙，那激起了多么强烈的反对浪潮啊！

In addition to all this, des Lupeaulx complicated matters by believing in the friendship of his minister, to whom he had the

imprudence to express the wish to sit on the ministerial benches. The minister guessed at the real meaning of the desire, which simply was that des Lupeaulx wanted to strengthen a precarious position, so that he might throw off all dependence on his chief. The harrier turned against the huntsman; the minister gave him cuts with the whip and caresses, alternately, and set up rivals to him. But des Lupeaulx behaved like an adroit courtier with all competitors; he laid traps into which they fell, and then he did prompt justice upon them. The more he felt himself in danger the more anxious he became for an irremovable position; yet he was compelled to play low; one moment's indiscretion, and he might lose everything. A pen-stroke might demolish his civilian epaulets, his place at court, his sinecure, his two offices and their advantages; in all, six salaries retained under fire of the law against pluralists. Sometimes he threatened his minister as a mistress threatens her lover; telling him he was about to marry a rich widow. At such times the minister petted and cajoled des Lupeaulx. After one of these reconciliations he received the formal promise of a place in the Academy of Belles-lettres on the first vacancy. "It would pay," he said, "the keep of a horse." His position, so far as it went, was a good one, and Clement Chardin des Lupeaulx flourished in it like a tree planted in good soil. He could satisfy his vices, his caprices, his virtues and his defects.

除了所有这一切以外，德吕卜克斯相信他与他的大臣之间友情深厚，于是莽撞地向他表达了自己想在部里担任要职的意愿，不想却把事情弄复杂了。大臣猜中了他的真实意图，其实很简单，德吕卜克斯就是想巩固自己不靠牢的职位，这样他就可以彻底甩开对上司的依赖了。猎狗与猎人反目了。大臣用鞭子和爱抚轮流招呼他，还给他树立了若干个对手。但在所有的竞争者面前，德吕卜克斯都表现得像个精明的谄媚者。他给他们设下陷阱，等他们陷进去，又立刻跳出来替他们伸张正义。他越是感到身处险境，心中就越是渴望得到一份不可撼动的职位。可他又不得不低调做事，真可谓一着不慎，满盘皆输。只要别人写上一笔，就能撤掉他的便服肩章、法院职务、挂名差事、两份政府职务以及这些职位带来的好处。在反兼职法的炮火之下，他还顶风作案，加起来总共领着六份薪水。有时候他会像情妇威胁情人一样威胁他的大臣，说他打算娶一名有钱的寡妇。这时候，大臣就会连哄带骗地安抚德吕卜克斯。在一次又一次和解后，他终于得到了大臣的正式承诺，文学院一旦出现职务空缺，就由他补上。“有了这份薪水，”他说，“我就能养一匹马了。”从目前看，他的职位相当不错。克莱芒·夏尔丹·德吕卜克斯处在这个位置上，像种在沃土里的树一般枝繁叶茂。在这里，他可以肆意作恶、反复无常，也可以宣扬美德、掩饰缺点。

The following were the toils of his life. He was obliged to choose, among five or six daily invitations, the house where he could be sure of the best dinner. Every morning he went to his minister's morning

reception to amuse that official and his wife, and to pet their children. Then he worked an hour or two; that is to say, he lay back in a comfortable chair and read the newspapers, dictated the meaning of a letter, received visitors when the minister was not present, explained the work in a general way, caught or shed a few drops of the holy-water of the court, looked over the petitions with an eyeglass, or wrote his name on the margin,—a signature which meant "I think it absurd; do what you like about it." Every body knew that when des Lupeaulx was interested in any person or in any thing he attended to the matter personally. He allowed the head-clerks to converse privately about affairs of delicacy, but he listened to their gossip. From time to time he went to the Tuileries to get his cue. And he always waited for the minister's return from the Chamber, if in session, to hear from him what intrigue or manoeuvre he was to set about. This official sybarite dressed, dined, and visited a dozen or fifteen salons between eight at night and three in the morning. At the opera he talked with journalists, for he stood high in their favor; a perpetual exchange of little services went on between them; he poured into their ears his misleading news and swallowed theirs; he prevented them from attacking this or that minister on such or such a matter, on the plea that it would cause real pain to their wives or their mistresses.

下面是他生活中辛劳工作的一面。每天他能收到五六封邀请信，他得从中挑选肯定能提供最丰盛晚餐的一家赴宴。每天早晨，他都会去参加大臣家的晨间接待，给大臣和大臣夫人逗乐子，还对他们家的孩子宠爱有加。然后他会工作一两个小时，也就是躺在一把舒适的椅子里读读报，向别人口授信稿。大臣不在时，他会代为接待来访者，大体说明一下工作。他还会接受或散播宫廷的圣水恩泽，戴着眼镜审阅请愿信，或者在信函页边空白处签下他的名字——签名的意思是“我觉得荒唐透顶，你想怎么办就怎么办吧”。人人都知道，当德吕卜克斯对什么人或什么事感兴趣时，他就会亲自打点。他允许高级文职官员私下里谈一些敏感微妙的事情，不过他也会一旁听他们闲聊。他会时不时去杜伊勒里宫，请别人给他些暗示提点。如果遇上大臣开会，他总会等到大臣从议院返回，听听大臣将会设计怎样的阴谋，谋划怎样的策略。这位贪图享乐的官员衣冠楚楚、酒宴相伴，可以从晚上八点到次日凌晨三点作客十二个沙龙，有时甚至能去十五个。他在记者中口碑极好，看歌剧时还会同他们谈话。长时间以来他和他们一直保持着交易，彼此帮些小忙；他向记者的耳朵里灌输一则又一则能误导他们的信息，对他们提供的信息则会囫囵咽下。他不允许记者在某件事情上攻击某位大臣，借口说这样做真正痛苦的人是大臣的妻子或者情妇。

"Say that his bill is worth nothing, and prove it if you can, but do not say that Mariette danced badly. The devil! haven't we all played our little plays; and which of us knows what will become of him in

times like these? You may be minister yourself to-morrow, you who are spicing the cakes of the 'Constitutionel' to-day.”

“你们可以说他的议案一文不值，如果你们能证明这一点的话就尽管试试，但是可别说马里耶特的舞跳得很糟糕。见鬼！难道我们不都是在自导自演自己的小剧目吗，在这样的年代，我们当中有谁会知道他以后会怎样飞黄腾达呢？你今天还在给《宪政报》这块蛋糕添香加料，明天也许就当上大臣了。”

Sometimes, in return, he helped editors, or got rid of obstacles to the performances of some play; gave gratuities and good dinners at the right moment, or promised his services to bring some affair to a happy conclusion. Moreover, he really liked literature and the arts; he collected autographs, obtained splendid albums gratis, and possessed sketches, engravings, and pictures. He did a great deal of good to artists by simply not injuring them and by furthering their wishes on certain occasions when their self-love wanted some rather costly gratification. Consequently, he was much liked in the world of actors and actresses, journalists and artists. For one thing, they had the same vices and the same indolence as himself. Men who could all say such witty things in their cups or in company with a danseuse, how could they help being friends? If des Lupeaulx had not been a general-secretary he would certainly have been a journalist. Thus, in that fifteen years' struggle in which the harlequin sabre of epigram opened a breach by which insurrection entered the citadel, des Lupeaulx never received so much as a scratch.

有时作为回报，他会给编辑们帮忙，或者扫除障碍让某场戏可以顺利演出。在适当的时间，他会请人吃饭、略施小惠；有时还会向别人保证他会努力让某件事情的结局皆大欢喜。而且，他尤为热爱文学艺术。他收集别人的亲笔签名，获得免费的精美相册，还收藏有素描、雕刻和油画。他不去伤害艺术家，而且当艺术家的自恋情节需要花费昂贵的代价才能得以满足时，他还会在某些场合达成他们的心愿。单从这两点来说，他就已经给了艺术家们很多好处了。结果，他深受男女演员、新闻记者、艺术家这些圈内人士的喜爱。一方面，他们都和他染有相同的恶习，而且都懒散成性。这些人在觥筹交错、舞伴相陪时，都能言谈睿智、妙趣横生，他们怎能不成为朋友呢？如果德吕卜克斯没当上秘书长，他一定会是一名记者。也正因为如此，尽管丑角斗争了整整十五年，用讽刺短诗这把军刀捅开了一道缺口，让起义延伸到了城堡内部，德吕卜克斯在这十五年间却从未受到一丝伤害。

As the young fry of clerks looked at this man playing bowls in the gardens of the ministry with the minister's children, they cracked their brains to guess the secret of his influence and the nature of his services; while, on the other hand, the aristocrats in all the various ministries looked upon him as a dangerous Mephistopheles, courted him, and gave him back with usury the flatteries he bestowed in the

higher sphere. As difficult to decipher as a hieroglyphic inscription to the clerks, the vocation of the secretary and his usefulness were as plain as the rule of three to the self-interested. This lesser Prince de Wagram of the administration, to whom the duty of gathering opinions and ideas and making verbal reports thereon was entrusted, knew all the secrets of parliamentary politics; dragged in the lukewarm, fetched, carried, and buried propositions, said the Yes and the No that the ministers dared not say for themselves. Compelled to receive the first fire and the first blows of despair and wrath, he laughed or bemoaned himself with the minister, as the case might be. Mysterious link by which many interests were in some way connected with the Tuileries, and safe as a confessor, he sometimes knew everything and sometimes nothing; and, in addition to all these functions came that of saying for the minister those things that a minister cannot say for himself. In short, with his political Hephaestion the minister might dare to be himself; to take off his wig and his false teeth, lay aside his scruples, put on his slippers, unbutton his conscience, and give way to his trickery. However, it was not all a bed of roses for des Lupeaulx; he flattered and advised his master, forced to flatter in order to advise, to advise while flattering, and disguise the advice under the flattery. All politicians who follow this trade have bilious faces; and their constant habit of giving affirmative nods acquiescing in what is said to them, or seeming to do so, gives a certain peculiar turn to their heads. They agree indifferently with whatever is said before them. Their talk is full of "buts," "notwithstandings," "for myself I should," "were I in your place" (they often say "in your place"),—phrases, however, which pave the way to opposition.

资历尚浅的公务员瞅着这个人在部里的花园里和大臣的孩子们玩滚木球。他们绞尽脑汁也想不透他为何能如此有影响力，猜不出他的工作到底是什么性质。另一方面，各部门的贵族把他视为危险的靡菲斯特，向他频献殷勤。他在高层替贵族说好话，贵族们便报以厚利。秘书长的职位和用途对公务员而言就和象形铭文一般难以破译，而对关心自我利益的人来说却又像比例运算法则一样清晰明了。这位瓦格郎内阁的小亲王深谙议会政治的全部秘密，被委以收集人们的意见想法并做口头汇报的任务。他拉拢了中间派，然后提出议案、推行议案、否决议案，在大臣们自己都不敢定夺时说“行”或者“不行”。当人们绝望愤怒的烈火熊熊燃起来时，他不得不承受第一波火焰的炙烤，和大臣们一同自嘲自笑、自叹命苦。很多利益关系都以某种方式与杜伊勒里宫有着神秘联系。他犹如忏悔者一般可靠，有时样样知晓，有时却一句话也套不出来。除了所有这些作用以外，大臣不能亲自说的话，他也可以为其代劳。简而言之，和他的政治管家在一起，大臣就敢于做真实的自我。他会摘下假发、拿掉假牙、抛开顾虑、穿上拖鞋，还会解开良心的桎梏，为他的卑鄙手腕大开方便之门。然而，对于德吕卜克斯来说，这可不像一床玫瑰

花那样美妙。他一边奉承主子，一边献上谏言。奉承是为了谏言不得已而为之，奉承和谏言一起进行，奉承之下掩盖着谏言。所有干这一行的政客，面部表情都很难看。他们习惯很特别地转一下脑袋，点一点头，算是无声地肯定了别人对他们讲的话。无论别人在他们面前说什么，他们都会漠然地表示赞成。他们的话语里充满了“但是”、“然而”、“对于我来说”、“如果我站在你的立场上”（他们常说“站在你的立场上”）之类的话，但其实他们只是在为提出对立的观点铺路。

In person, Clement des Lupeaulx had the remains of a handsome man; five feet six inches tall, tolerably stout, complexion flushed with good living, powdered head, delicate spectacles, and a worn-out air; the natural skin blond, as shown by the hand, puffy like that of an old woman, rather too square, and with short nails—the hand of a satrap. His foot was elegant. After five o'clock in the afternoon des Lupeaulx was always to be seen in open-worked silk stockings, low shoes, black trousers, cashmere waistcoat, cambric handkerchief (without perfume), gold chain, blue coat of the shade called "king's blue," with brass buttons and a string of orders. In the morning he wore creaking boots and gray trousers, and the short close surtout coat of the politician. His general appearance early in the day was that of a sharp lawyer rather than that of a ministerial officer. Eyes glazed by the constant use of spectacles made him plainer than he really was, if by chance he took those appendages off. To real judges of character, as well as to upright men who are at ease only with honest natures, des Lupeaulx was intolerable. To them, his gracious manners only draped his lies; his amiable protestations and hackneyed courtesies, new to the foolish and ignorant, too plainly showed their texture to an observing mind. Such minds considered him a rotten plank, on which no foot should trust itself.

就外貌而言，克莱芒·德吕卜克斯还留有一个小伙子的帅气。他身高五英尺六英寸，还算健壮。因为生活优越，他面色红润，头上还扑了粉，戴着一副很别致的眼镜，神情却很疲惫。他的一双手皮肤呈金色，显得很自然，却浮肿得很厉害，犹如一双老婆婆的手。手上的指甲修得很短，手掌过于方正——这真是一双主管的手。他的脚倒长得挺优雅。下午五点过后，人们总能看见德吕卜克斯穿着镂空丝织袜、平底鞋、黑色长裤和山羊绒背心，戴着细麻纱手巾（没洒香水）、金链子，披着一件颜色是“皇家蓝”的外套，外套上还钉着黄铜纽扣，别着一排勋章。早上，他会上身着一件政客常穿的紧身短外套，下身穿一条灰裤，脚上穿一双靴子，走起路来嘎吱作响。总的来说，早上他看上去更像一名犀利的律师，而不是一位政府官员。如果他偶然间把上述那些配件统统都摘下的话，你就可以发现他本来就很平庸，而因长期佩戴眼镜而显得呆滞的目光更是让他的平庸有增无减。在那些真正能看透别人品质的人看来，在那些与诚实的人相处才会感到自在的正直人士看来，德吕卜克斯令人无法忍受。在他们眼中，他那高雅的举止只是遮盖谎言的布帘。他

提出抗议时也能温和有礼，在礼节方面更是因循守旧，这对傻瓜和无知者来说算是新鲜事，但善于观察的人一眼就能看出他是块什么料。那些有头脑的人当他是块朽木，把脚踩在这块木头上的人不应该相信自己的感觉。

No sooner had the beautiful Madame Rabourdin decided to interfere in her husband's administrative advancement than she fathomed Clement des Lupeaulx's true character, and studied him thoughtfully to discover whether in this thin strip of deal there were ligneous fibres strong enough to let her lightly trip across it from the bureau to the department, from a salary of eight thousand a year to twelve thousand. The clever woman believed she could play her own game with this political roue; and Monsieur des Lupeaulx was partly the cause of the unusual expenditures which now began and were continued in the Rabourdin household.

漂亮的拉布丹夫人一旦决定干预丈夫的仕途，便想彻底挖掘出克莱芒·德吕卜克斯的真实性格。于是她对他进行了一番仔细研究，以求在这块又薄又窄的木板上找出是否还存在坚韧的纤维木料，能够让她轻盈地从处里通至部里，让八千的年薪升至一万二千。这位聪明的女人相信，她可以和这个政治浪荡子玩好这个属于她的游戏。现在她的家庭开销开始大得超乎寻常，并且还在继续上涨，德吕卜克斯先生是导致这一事实的部分原因。

The rue Duphot, built up under the Empire, is remarkable for several houses with handsome exteriors, the apartments of which are skilfully laid out. That of the Rabourdins was particularly well arranged,—a domestic advantage which has much to do with the nobleness of private lives. A pretty and rather wide antechamber, lighted from the courtyard, led to the grand salon, the windows of which looked on the street. To the right of the salon were Rabourdin's study and bedroom, and behind them the dining-room, which was entered from the antechamber; to the left was Madame's bedroom and dressing-room, and behind them her daughter's little bedroom. On reception days the door of Rabourdin's study and that of his wife's bedroom were thrown open. The rooms were thus spacious enough to contain a select company, without the absurdity which attends many middle-class entertainments, where unusual preparations are made at the expense of the daily comfort, and consequently give the effect of exceptional effort. The salon had lately been rehung in gold-colored silk with carmelite touches. Madame's bedroom was draped in a fabric of true blue and furnished in a rococo manner. Rabourdin's study had inherited the late hangings of the salon, carefully cleaned, and was adorned by the fine pictures once belonging to Monsieur Leprince. The daughter of the late auctioneer had utilized in her dining-room certain exquisite Turkish rugs which her father had bought at a bargain;

panelling them on the walls in ebony, the cost of which has since become exorbitant. Elegant buffets made by Boulle, also purchased by the auctioneer, furnished the sides of the room, at the end of which sparkled the brass arabesques inlaid in tortoise-shell of the first tall clock that reappeared in the nineteenth century to claim honor for the masterpieces of the seventeenth. Flowers perfumed these rooms so full of good taste and of exquisite things, where each detail was a work of art well placed and well surrounded, and where Madame Rabourdin, dressed with that natural simplicity which artists alone attain, gave the impression of a woman accustomed to such elegancies, though she never spoke of them, but allowed the charms of her mind to complete the effect produced upon her guests by these delightful surroundings. Thanks to her father, Celestine was able to make society talk of her as soon as the rococo became fashionable.

迪福街建于帝国时期，因街上几幢外观华丽、房内公寓设计精巧的房屋著称。在这些公寓中，拉布丹的家宅布置得尤为出色——这是一种家庭优点，与个人生活的高贵典雅大有关系。前厅宽敞漂亮，从院子到大客厅一直亮着灯，客厅的窗户正对着街道。拉布丹的书房和卧房在客厅右边，两个房间背后是餐室，人们可由前厅进入餐室。拉布丹夫人的卧房和梳妆室在客厅左边，其后是她女儿的小卧房。到了接待日，拉布丹的书房和妻子的卧房都是敞开着的。房间很宽敞，容纳下他们精挑细选的贵宾们绰绰有余，所以就不会出现很多中产阶层娱乐活动中的那种荒唐场面，即为了特别准备而舍弃了日常的舒适布置，结果给人一种大费周章的感觉。最近，客厅换了帷幔，挂上了金色丝绸，并缀以卡默利特平纹薄呢边线。夫人卧房悬挂的是纯正的蓝色布料，整个房间用洛可可式风格进行装饰。拉布丹的书房沿用了客厅之前挂过的的帷幔，打扫得很仔细，书房墙壁上还装点着曾属于勒普兰斯先生的几幅精美油画。那位已故拍卖商的女儿在餐室里挂上了一些精致的土耳其毯子，那是她父亲在一次甩卖中买的便宜货。她把毯子嵌入黑檀木框里，挂在墙上，因此花了太多的钱。房间两侧装饰着布勒制作的高雅餐柜，这也是拍卖商买的。房间的一头放着一只极高的钟，铜色的阿拉伯式花纹图案嵌在龟壳式外壳里，闪闪发光。这类钟最先制造于十七世纪，是为了纪念那些十七世纪的杰作，这只钟在十九世纪重新出现。房间里花香四溢、品位高雅，摆满了精美之物，每一处细节都是一件摆放到位、所处恰当的艺术品。拉布丹夫人衣着自然简朴，这是只有艺术家才具备的风格。她给人的印象是——这是一位惯于高雅生活的女性，尽管她从不开口谈及。怡人的环境对客人们影响颇深，她的思想魅力更是让这种影响浑然一体。自洛可可风格盛行起，塞莱斯蒂纳就成了人们谈论的对象，这还多亏了她的父亲，。

Accustomed as des Lupeaulx was to false as well as real magnificence in all their stages, he was, nevertheless, surprised at Madame Rabourdin's home. The charm it exercised over this Parisian Asmodeus can be explained by a comparison. A traveller wearied with

the rich aspects of Italy, Brazil, or India, returns to his own land and finds on his way a delightful little lake, like the Lac d'Orta at the foot of Monte Rosa, with an island resting on the calm waters, bewitchingly simple; a scene of nature and yet adorned; solitary, but well surrounded with choice plantations and foliage and statues of fine effect. Beyond lies a vista of shores both wild and cultivated; tumultuous grandeur towers above, but in itself all proportions are human. The world that the traveller has lately viewed is here in miniature, modest and pure; his soul, refreshed, bids him remain where a charm of melody and poesy surrounds him with harmony and awakens ideas within his mind. Such a scene represents both life and a monastery.

富丽堂皇的装饰，不论真假，也不论是哪一种境界，德吕卜克斯都已司空见惯了，但拉布丹夫人的住宅还是让他惊叹不已。我们可以打一个比方来说明她在这个巴黎的阿斯摩代身上所使出的魔力。一个旅行者厌倦了意大利、巴西或印度的富饶美景，回国后在归途中发现了一个如玫瑰山脚奥尔塔湖泊一般令人愉悦的小湖。平静的湖面上有一座岛，简单朴实得让人心醉。这是大自然的美景，亦有人工雕饰之处；这是一座孤岛，四周却也环绕着上等植被和意境优美的雕像。远处是一片海岸景观，既保留了天然野性，也有后天栽培的痕迹，一座座热闹非凡的宏伟塔楼耸入云间，画面中的一景一物都富有人性。旅行者最近在外看到的整个世界似乎都被微缩到了这里，一切都是那样朴素纯洁。他心旷神怡，打心底里想要流连在这个旋律优美、充满诗意、让他思潮涌动的和谐境界。这幅景象既展现了生命的活力，又反映出修道院般的祥和。

A few days earlier the beautiful Madame Firmiani, one of the charming women of the faubourg Saint-Germain who visited and liked Madame Rabourdin, had said to des Lupeaulx (invited expressly to hear this remark), "Why do you not call on Madame—?" with a motion towards Celestine; "she gives delightful parties, and her dinners, above all, are—better than mine.”

漂亮的菲尔米亚尼夫人是圣日耳曼区的魅力女性之一。她很喜欢拉布丹夫人，也经常去拜访她。几天前，菲尔米亚尼夫人对德吕卜克斯说（她特意邀请他来，就是为了让他听到这句话）：“你为什么不去拜访一下某某夫人呢？”。她想把他引向塞莱斯蒂纳，又补充道：“她的聚会和晚宴都非常讨人喜欢，尤其是——比我的还好。”

Des Lupeaulx allowed himself to be drawn into an engagement by the handsome Madame Rabourdin, who, for the first time, turned her eyes on him as she spoke. He had, accordingly, gone to the rue Duphot, and that tells the tale. Woman has but one trick, cries Figaro, but that's infallible. After dining once at the house of this unimportant official, des Lupeaulx made up his mind to dine there often. Thanks to the perfectly proper and becoming advances of the beautiful woman, whom her rival, Madame Colleville, called the Celimene of the rue

Duphot, he had dined there every Friday for the last month, and returned of his own accord for a cup of tea on Wednesdays.

德吕卜克斯便任由自己被拉着去参加了一次漂亮的拉布丹夫人举办的聚会。拉布丹夫人也是第一次在说话的时候把眼光转到他的身上。就这样他去了迪福街，流言蜚语也传开来了。费加罗曾大声说过，女人只有一种计谋，但万无一失。德吕卜克斯在这个无足轻重的官员家里吃过一餐饭后，就决定以后要经常前去赴宴。在这个美丽女人的推动下，事情的进展是恰到好处，连她的对手柯尔维尔夫人都把她称作迪福街的赛利梅纳。上个月，德吕卜克斯每周五都在她家吃饭，还自愿每周三再去她家品茶。

Within a few days Madame Rabourdin, having watched him narrowly and knowingly, believed she had found on the secretarial plank a spot where she might safely set her foot. She was no longer doubtful of success. Her inward joy can be realized only in the families of government officials where for three or four years prosperity has been counted on through some appointment, long expected and long sought. How many troubles are to be allayed! how many entreaties and pledges given to the ministerial divinities! how many visits of self-interest paid! At last, thanks to her boldness, Madame Rabourdin heard the hour strike when she was to have twenty thousand francs a year instead of eight thousand.

几天以来，拉布丹夫人对他进行了详实细致的观察。她相信她已经在秘书长这块木板上找到了大致可靠的落脚点。她再也不怀疑自己能否成功了。一些公务员家庭对某项任命期待追寻良久，三四年间都在算计着这个职位所能带来的富贵，也只有这样的家庭才能够体会到她此时内心的欢喜。她要扫清多少麻烦啊！她要向掌管部门的诸位神明恳求多少次、发多少回誓啊！她为了自己的利益，又走访过多少回啊！最后，由于她胆识过人，拉布丹夫人终于听到钟声敲响了，她将获得两万法郎的年收入而不是区区八千的时刻到来了。

"And I shall have managed well," she said to herself. "I have had to make a little outlay; but these are times when hidden merit is overlooked, whereas if a man keeps himself well in sight before the world, cultivates social relations and extends them, he succeeds. After all, ministers and their friends interest themselves only in the people they see; but Rabourdin knows nothing of the world! If I had not cajoled those three deputies they might have wanted La Billardiere's place themselves; whereas, now that I have invited them here, they will be ashamed to do so and will become our supporters instead of rivals. I have rather played the coquette, but—it is delightful that the first nonsense with which one fools a man sufficed."

她自言自语道："我一定会好好管理这笔钱的。""过去我不得不用了点儿小钱，但在今天这个年代，含蓄的美德是不被注意的。可一个人如

果能让自己一直被世人关注，努力发展并拓宽社会关系，那他就会成功了。毕竟，大臣和他们的友人们只对自己看得到的人感兴趣，而拉布丹一点儿人情世故都不懂！如果我没对那三名议员连哄带骗，也许他们自己也想得到拉比亚尔迪埃的职位。而现在，他们被我请到了这儿，如果再那样做的话就会感到可耻，所以他们将成为我们的支持者而不是竞争对手。我是卖弄了几分风情，不过——令人高兴的是，我只需荒唐胡闹一下就足以愚弄男人了。”

The day on which a serious and unlooked-for struggle about this appointment began, after a ministerial dinner which preceded one of those receptions which ministers regard as public, des Lupeaulx was standing beside the fireplace near the minister's wife. While taking his coffee he once more included Madame Rabourdin among the seven or eight really superior women in Paris. Several times already he had staked Madame Rabourdin very much as Corporal Trim staked his cap.

那天，一场关于委任的重要战斗出人意料地打响了。在一次部级宴会之后又举行了一个接待活动，大臣们都认为这种活动应该公开。德吕卜克斯站在壁炉边上，正好挨着大臣太太。喝咖啡时，他再一次将拉布丹夫人归入七八位巴黎真正的贵妇之列。之前他就像特里姆下士拿他的帽子打赌一样，已经不止一次在拉布丹夫人身上下过注了。

"Don't say that too often, my dear friend, or you will injure her," said the minister's wife, half-laughing.

“我亲爱的朋友，别老是这么说，不然你会伤害到她的。”大臣太太半笑半不笑地说。

Women never like to hear the praise of other women; they keep silence themselves to lessen its effect.

女人们绝不乐意别人当着她们的面赞美另一个女人。她们会默不作声，以减少那些话对她们的影响。

"Poor La Billardiere is dying," remarked his Excellency the minister; "that place falls to Rabourdin, one of our most able men, and to whom our predecessors did not behave well, though one of them actually owed his position in the prefecture of police under the Empire to a certain great personage who was interested in Rabourdin. But, my dear friend, you are still young enough to be loved by a pretty woman for yourself—”

“可怜的拉比亚尔迪埃快不行了，”大臣阁下开口说道，“职位将由拉布丹接替。他是我们最得力的人选之一，可之前的几任大臣都对他不好。尽管其中一人曾在帝国时期得到某位名流相助，坐上了警署长的位子，而那位大人物对拉布丹很是上心。不过，亲爱的朋友，你还年轻着呢，足以让一位漂亮女人只因为你这个人而爱上你——”

"If La Billardiere's place is given to Rabourdin I may be believed

when I praise the superiority of his wife," replied des Lupeaulx, piqued by the minister's sarcasm; "but if Madame la Comtesse would be willing to judge for herself—”

“如果拉比亚尔迪埃的职位给了拉布丹，你就可以相信我，我对他高贵夫人的赞赏是真心实意的。”德吕卜克斯听了大臣的讽刺，感觉受了冒犯，回道，“不过，倘若伯爵夫人希望自己做判断的话——”

"You want me to invite her to my next ball, don't you? Your clever woman will meet a knot of other women who only come here to laugh at us, and when they hear 'Madame Rabourdin' announced—”

“你想让我邀请她参加我举办的下一场舞会，是不是？那会有一群妇女到我的舞会来，只是为了看我们的笑话。当她们听到‘拉布丹夫人到——’，你那位聪明的夫人就会见到一群人朝她涌过去。”

"But Madame Firmiani is announced at the Foreign Office parties?"

“可菲尔米亚尼夫人不也在外交部的聚会上通报过吗？”

"Ah, but she was born a Cadignan!" said the newly created count, with a savage look at his general-secretary, for neither he nor his wife were noble.

“啊，她可是卡迪央出身！”那位新加封的伯爵说道，蛮横地扫了一眼他的秘书长，因为他和他妻子都不是贵族出身。

The persons present thought important matters were being talked over, and the solicitors for favors and appointments kept at a little distance. When des Lupeaulx left the room the countess said to her husband, "I think des Lupeaulx is in love."

在场的人都以为他们在商谈要事，而准备游说他们来求好处、谋职位的人则与他们保持着一小段距离。德吕卜克斯一出房间，伯爵夫人就对她丈夫说：“我想德吕卜克斯是陷入爱河了。”

"For the first time in his life, then," he replied, shrugging his shoulders, as much as to inform his wife that des Lupeaulx did not concern himself with such nonsense.

“那么这可是他有生以来第一次呢。”他耸了耸肩回答道，仿佛是告诉妻子，德吕卜克斯从不因为这类无聊的事情自寻烦恼。

Just then the minister saw a deputy of the Right Centre enter the room, and he left his wife abruptly to cajole an undecided vote. But the deputy, under the blow of a sudden and unexpected disaster, wanted to make sure of a protector and he had come to announce privately that in a few days he should be compelled to resign. Thus forewarned, the minister would be able to open his batteries for the

new election before those of the opposition.

就在这时，大臣看见一位右翼中心议员走进了房间，便立马撇下他妻子，去哄骗那位议员投出一张悬而未决的选票。可是，这位议员刚被一场突如其来的灾祸打得措手不及，此时想确保有一个人能保护他。他过来是想私下对大臣宣布，几天后 他就会被迫辞去职务。有了这份预警，大臣就能赶在反对派之前，开启为新一次大选准备好的一整套计划。

The minister, or to speak correctly, des Lupeaulx had invited to dinner on this occasion one of those irremovable officials who, as we have said, are to be found in every ministry; an individual much embarrassed by his own person, who, in his desire to maintain a dignified appearance, was standing erect and rigid on his two legs, held well together like the Greek hermae. This functionary waited near the fireplace to thank the secretary, whose abrupt and unexpected departure from the room disconcerted him at the moment when he was about to turn a compliment. This official was the cashier of the ministry, the only clerk who did not tremble when the government changed hands.

这次，大臣——准确地说，是德吕卜克斯——之前邀请了一位地位无法撼动的官员前来赴宴。正如我们已经提过的那样，这类人在任何一个部都能找到。这位官员自己倒觉得挺尴尬的，为了维持体面的形象，他笔直地站着，双腿僵硬，活像希腊的赫尔默斯。这个公务员候在壁炉边上，想要向秘书长表示感谢。可正当他准备恭维时，秘书长却突然出人意外地离开了，这让他一时仓皇失措。这位官员便是部里的出纳员，也是部里唯一不惧怕政府易主的公务员。

At the time of which we write, the Chamber did not meddle shabbily with the budget, as it does in the deplorable days in which we now live; it did not contemptibly reduce ministerial emoluments, nor save, as they say in the kitchen, the candle-ends; on the contrary, it granted to each minister taking charge of a public department an indemnity, called an "outfit." It costs, alas, as much to enter on the duties of a minister as to retire from them; indeed, the entrance involves expenses of all kinds which it is quite impossible to inventory. This indemnity amounted to the pretty little sum of twenty-five thousand francs. When the appointment of a new minister was gazetted in the "Moniteur," and the greater or lesser officials, clustering round the stoves or before the fireplaces and shaking in their shoes, asked themselves: "What will he do? will he increase the number of clerks? will he dismiss two to make room for three?" the cashier tranquilly took out twenty-five clean bank-bills and pinned them together with a satisfied expression on his beadle face. The next day he mounted the private staircase and had himself ushered into the minister's presence by the lackeys, who considered the money and the

keeper of money, the contents and the container, the idea and the form, as one and the same power. The cashier caught the ministerial pair at the dawn of official delight, when the newly appointed statesman is benign and affable. To the minister's inquiry as to what brings him there, he replies with the bank-notes,—informing his Excellency that he hastens to pay him the customary indemnity. Moreover, he explains the matter to the minister's wife, who never fails to draw freely upon the fund, and sometimes takes all, for the "outfit" is looked upon as a household affair. The cashier then proceeds to turn a compliment, and to slip in a few politic phrases: "If his Excellency would deign to retain him; if, satisfied with his purely mechanical services, he would," etc. As a man who brings twenty-five thousand francs is always a worthy official, the cashier is sure not to leave without his confirmation to the post from which he has seen a succession of ministers come and go during a period of, perhaps, twenty-five years. His next step is to place himself at the orders of Madame; he brings the monthly thirteen thousand francs whenever wanted; he advances or delays the payment as requested, and thus manages to obtain, as they said in the monasteries, a voice in the chapter.

在我们描写的那个时代，议会并没有卑鄙地对预算进行干涉，而我们今天生活的这个悲惨年代却正是如此。那时候，议会既不会吝啬到降低部门薪水，也不会节约厨房的蜡烛头。恰恰相反，政府给每个主管公共部门的大臣提供补偿资助，这笔资助被称作“配给费”。哎呀，进一个部门担当职务得花多少钱，那从一个部门里退休就也得花这么多钱。的确，进入这一行得砸钱，这钱的用途多种多样，这里恐难开出一份具体清单来。这一小笔漂亮的补偿金，总共有两万五千法郎。每当《导报》刊出新大臣任命的消息时，大大小小的官员就会一群一群聚在火炉周围或壁炉前，两腿发抖，不断自问：“他会干嘛？他会增加公务员的数量不？他会不会进三个裁两个？”出纳员则平静地取出二十五张干干净净的银行汇票别在一起，像执事一般的脸庞显露出了满意的神情。第二天他便登上了私人住宅的台阶，被听差领到了大臣面前。那些听差把钱和钱的保管者、内容和容器、思想与形式全当作同一回事。新上任的政治家待人和善、谦恭有礼。正当出纳员仕途破晓之际，他赶上了大臣夫妇。大臣问他是什么风把他吹来了，他拿出银行汇票当作回答——他告诉大臣，按惯例他得向大臣阁下支付这笔补偿金，他不敢耽误。此外，他还向大臣太太解释这件事，说她永远可以从这笔资金里自由提钱，有时候还能全额取出，因为“配给费”被看成是补贴家用的钱。出纳员转而恭维起来，还顺口说了几句政治短语：“如果阁下屈尊俯就留住了他，如果您对他那种纯机械性的工作感到满意，他就会，”，等等。一个带来两万五千法郎的人总是个有价值的公务员。出纳员如果不能确定他的职位可以保住，是肯定不会离开的。在大约二十五年间，他在这个位子上看过一任又一任大臣上台下台。下一步是听命于大臣太太。每月他都会送去一万三千法郎，送早或送迟看大臣太太的需要。他还会遵照她的指示，提

前或者延后支付。如此一来，正如人们在修道院里说的那样，他就已经成功地在教士会的例行会议上取得了发言权。

Formerly book-keeper at the Treasury, when that establishment kept its books by double entry, the Sieur Saillard was compensated for the loss of that position by his appointment as cashier of a ministry. He was a bulky, fat man, very strong in the matter of book-keeping, and very weak in everything else; round as a round O, simple as how-do-you-do,—a man who came to his office with measured steps, like those of an elephant, and returned with the same measured tread to the place Royale, where he lived on the ground-floor of an old mansion belonging to him. He usually had a companion on the way in the person of Monsieur Isidore Baudoyer, head of a bureau in Monsieur de la Billardiere's division, consequently one of Rabourdin's colleagues. Baudoyer was married to Elisabeth Saillard, the cashier's only daughter, and had hired, very naturally, the apartments above those of his father-in-law. No one at the ministry had the slightest doubt that Saillard was a blockhead, but neither had any one ever found out how far his stupidity could go; it was too compact to be examined; it did not ring hollow; it absorbed everything and gave nothing out. Bixiou (a clerk of whom more anon) caricatured the cashier by drawing a head in a wig at the top of an egg, and two little legs at the other end, with this inscription: "Born to pay out and take in without blundering. A little less luck, and he might have been lackey to the bank of France; a little more ambition, and he could have been honorably discharged."

这位名叫萨亚尔的前国库簿记员——那时国库账目都要做一式两份保存——失掉了那份职位后，政府为了补偿他，任命他为部门出纳员。他块头很大，还是个胖子，记账本事很强，除此以外别无他长。他的身体如字母"O"一般浑圆，思维像“你好”一样简单。他会迈着大象般的步伐，缓慢而仔细地走进他的办公室，又踏着同样的步子返回皇家广场。他在那里有一幢老宅，他自己住在一楼。他常常和伊西多尔·包杜阿耶一路走。那是拉比亚尔迪埃先生司里的处长，也就是拉布丹的同事。包杜阿耶娶了出纳员的独生女伊丽莎白·萨亚尔为妻，所以他很自然租用了他岳父楼上的几套公寓。萨亚尔是个榆木脑袋，对此部里没有任何人有过丝毫怀疑，但没有人确切地知道他究竟愚蠢到什么地步。他的大脑被愚蠢塞得太严实了，根本没法检查，也不会发出空洞的声音。他的脑袋可以吸纳一切，却没有任何产出。毕西沃（一个公务员，下文即将出现）画过以出纳员为原型的讽刺漫画。画上有一个鸡蛋，蛋上顶着一个戴假发的脑袋，底下还画着两条短短的腿，画上还配有题词：“天生干出纳，从未出过错。他若运气稍背，可当法国银行的听差；野心稍大一点的话，还能荣耀辞官。”

At the moment of which we are now writing, the minister was looking at his cashier very much as we gaze at a window or a cornice,

without supposing that either can hear us, or fathom our secret thoughts.

就在我们写这篇故事的时候，大臣正紧紧盯着他的出纳员，简直和我们盯着窗户或檐口的样子一模一样。我们是不会认为窗户或檐口能听见我们谈话，或是搞明白我们的秘密想法的。

"I am all the more anxious that we should settle everything with the prefect in the quietest way, because des Lupeaulx has designs upon the place for himself," said the minister, continuing his talk with the deputy; "his paltry little estate is in your arrondissement; we won't want him as deputy.”

“我们应当和这位高级长官以最隐秘的方式处理好所有事情，因为德吕卜克斯计划得到那个位子，为此我都担心坏了。”大臣继续对议员说，“他那幢不起眼的小房子就在你的区里，而我们不希望他当选议员。”

"He has neither years nor rentals enough to be eligible," said the deputy.

“他年龄不够，连租金都没交齐，肯定不合格。”议员回答说。

"That may be; but you know how it was decided for Casimir Perier as to age; and as to worldly possessions, des Lupeaulx does possess something,—not much, it is true, but the law does not take into account increase, which he may very well obtain; commissions have wide margins for the deputies of the Centre, you know, and we cannot openly oppose the good-will that is shown to this dear friend.”

“可能吧。不过，卡齐米尔·佩里耶的年龄是怎么决定的，你是知道的。至于世俗财产，德吕卜克斯确实有那么一点儿——他的钱财不多，这也是事实。可法律并不会考虑财产增值，他很可能会弄到不少钱。你知道，各委员会还有很大余地可以吸纳中心议员，而人们对这位亲爱的友人示好，我们还不能公开表示反对。”

"But where would he get the money?"

“但他会从哪里弄到钱呢？”

"How did Manuel manage to become the owner of a house in Paris?" cried the minister.

“那曼努埃尔是如何能在巴黎拥有一所房子的呢？”大臣嚷道。

The cashier listened and heard, but reluctantly and against his will. These rapid remarks, murmured as they were, struck his ear by one of those acoustic rebounds which are very little studied. As he heard these political confidences, however, a keen alarm took possession of his soul. He was one of those simple-minded beings, who are shocked at listening to anything they are not intended to hear, or

entering where they are not invited, and seeming bold when they are really timid, inquisitive where they are truly discreet. The cashier accordingly began to glide along the carpet and edge himself away, so that the minister saw him at a distance when he first took notice of him. Saillard was a ministerial henchman absolutely incapable of indiscretion; even if the minister had known that he had overheard a secret he had only to whisper "motus" in his ear to be sure it was perfectly safe. The cashier, however, took advantage of an influx of office-seekers, to slip out and get into his hackney-coach (hired by the hour for these costly entertainments), and to return to his home in the place Royale.

出纳员听着，也把这话听了进去。不过真是难为他了，他本不想听这些的。他们说话的语速很快，声音也很轻，却依然通过一种几乎从未被研究过的声学反弹方式，传到了他的耳中。可是一听到这些政治机密，他就满心惊恐、惶恐不安。他是一个没什么心机的人，听到任何不该听的话或误入未经邀请的地方时都会为之一震。这种人实际胆小怯懦却又似乎很有胆量，实际谨小慎微却又显得好管闲事。就这样，出纳员沿着地毯悄悄退走，等后来大臣第一次注意到他时，他已经走得很远了。萨亚尔是大臣的心腹，绝不可能轻率行事。即便大臣已然知晓他无意听到了某个秘密，也只需在他耳旁轻声说一句“走开”，就能保证这一秘密绝无泄露的可能。出纳员却利用朝着大臣家涌去的大量求官者，混在人群中溜了出去，坐进了他的租用马车里（这辆马车是按小时计费租用，载着人们前去参加那些花费高昂的娱乐活动），回到了他位于皇家广场的家中。

CHAPTER III The Teredos Navalis, Otherwise Called Ship-worm

第三章　蛀船虫，又称船蛆

While old Saillard was driving across Paris his son-in-law, Isidore Baudoyer, and his daughter, Elisabeth, Baudoyer's wife, were playing a virtuous game of boston with their confessor, the Abbe Gaudron, in company with a few neighbors and a certain Martin Falleix, a brass-founder in the fauborg Saint-Antoine, to whom Saillard had loaned the necessary money to establish a business. This Falleix, a respectable Auvergnat who had come to seek his fortune in Paris with his smelting-pot on his back, had found immediate employment with the firm of Brezac, collectors of metals and other relics from all chateaux in the provinces. About twenty-seven years of age, and spoiled, like others, by success, Martin Falleix had had the luck to become the active agent of Monsieur Saillard, the sleeping-partner in the working out of a discovery made by Falleix in smelting (patent of invention and gold medal granted at the exposition of 1825). Madame Baudoyer, whose only daughter was treading—to use an expression of old Saillard's—on the tail of her twelve years, laid claim to Falleix, a thickset, swarthy, active young fellow, of shrewd principles, whose education she was superintending. The said education, according to her ideas, consisted in teaching him to play boston, to hold his cards properly, and not to let others see his game; to shave himself regularly before he came to the house, and to wash his hands with good cleansing soap; not to swear, to speak her kind of French, to wear boots instead of shoes, cotton shirts instead of sacking, and to brush up his hair instead of plastering it flat. During the preceding week Elisabeth had finally succeeded in persuading Falleix to give up wearing a pair of enormous flat earrings resembling hoops.

当老萨亚尔驾车穿过巴黎街道时，他的女婿伊西多尔·包杜阿耶正和他的女儿伊丽莎白在一起，伊丽莎白也就是包杜阿耶正的妻子。他们正拉着戈德龙神父一起玩波士顿牌。戈德龙神父是聆听他们忏悔的告解者。和他们一起打牌的还有几个邻居和一个名叫马丁·法莱克斯的人。马丁是圣安托万区的一名铜匠，他刚开始做生意时缺钱，那时萨亚尔便借给了他一笔钱。法莱克斯是一个受人尊敬的奥弗涅人。他背着熔炉，一路来到巴黎寻求富贵。他刚到巴黎就立刻成了布雷扎克商行的雇工。这所商行收集各省所有城堡的金属制品和遗留下来的其他旧货。二十七岁的法莱克斯和其他人一样，受到了成功的青睐，有幸成为了萨亚尔先生的代理人，做事十分积极。法莱克斯在熔炼方面有过一项发明，萨亚尔先生就是他这项发明的幕后合作伙伴（这一发明在一八二五年展销会上

获得发明专利和金质奖章）。包杜阿耶夫人的独生女儿——按照老萨亚尔的说法——已经踩上了十二岁的尾巴。法莱克斯粗壮、黝黑、活跃、年轻，处事还很精明，包杜阿耶夫人就把他纳入了自己的管理范围，监督他接受教育。按照她的主张，这所谓的教育，包含教他玩波士顿牌，教会他怎样正确地拿牌，不能让别人看到他的牌；教他来她家前养成习惯把胡子刮干净，还得用上好的肥皂洗手；教他讲一口像她那样的法语，不许骂人；教他穿靴子不穿平底鞋，穿棉衬衣不穿粗麻布；教他梳头的时候要让发丝立起来，不能压得平平的。接下来的一个礼拜，伊丽莎白终于成功地说服了他，把他那一对硕大无比、像铁圈一般的扁平耳环取了下来。

"You go too far, Madame Baudoyer," he said, seeing her satisfaction at the final sacrifice; "you order me about too much. You make me clean my teeth, which loosens them; presently you will want me to brush my nails and curl my hair, which won't do at all in our business; we don't like dandies.”

“你太过分了，包杜阿耶夫人，”法莱克斯作出这一最终的牺牲后，见她露出了满意欣慰的表情，便说道，“你对我这样支来遣去，太过分了。你叫我刷牙，牙齿都给刷松了。现在又要我涂指甲油、做卷发，这在我们这个生意圈里行不通，我们可不喜欢花花公子。”

Elisabeth Baudoyer, nee Saillard, is one of those persons who escape portraiture through their utter commonness; yet who ought to be sketched, because they are specimens of that second-rate Parisian bourgeoisie which occupies a place above the well-to-do artisan and below the upper middle classes,—a tribe whose virtues are well-nigh vices, whose defects are never kindly, but whose habits and manners, dull and insipid though they be, are not without a certain originality. Something pinched and puny about Elisabeth Saillard was painful to the eye. Her figure, scarcely over four feet in height, was so thin that the waist measured less than twenty inches. Her small features, which clustered close about the nose, gave her face a vague resemblance to a weasel's snout. Though she was past thirty years old she looked scarcely more than sixteen. Her eyes, of porcelain blue, overweighted by heavy eyelids which fell nearly straight from the arch of the eyebrows, had little light in them. Everything about her appearance was commonplace: witness her flaxen hair, tending to whiteness; her flat forehead, from which the light did not reflect; and her dull complexion, with gray, almost leaden, tones. The lower part of the face, more triangular than oval, ended irregularly the otherwise irregular outline of her face. Her voice had a rather pretty range of intonation, from sharp to sweet. Elisabeth was a perfect specimen of the second-rate little bourgeoisie who lectures her husband behind the curtains; obtains no credit for her virtues; is ambitious without intelligent object, and solely through the development of her domestic

selfishness. Had she lived in the country she would have bought up adjacent land; being, as she was, connected with the administration, she was determined to push her way. If we relate the life of her father and mother, we shall show the sort of woman she was by a picture of her childhood and youth.

伊丽莎白·包杜阿耶娘家姓萨亚尔，是那种平凡无比、上不了肖像画的人。可他们属于巴黎二流的布尔乔亚族，位于富裕的能工巧匠之上，上层中产阶级之下，所以还是应该给他们勾一勾轮廓——这群人的美德几乎就等于恶习，连缺点都矫揉造作。他们的习惯和举止尽管枯燥乏味，却也不乏新意。伊丽莎白·萨亚尔身材瘦小、形容枯槁，让人不忍目睹。她的身高刚刚过四英尺，非常瘦，腰围还不到二十英寸。她长着小鼻子和小眼睛，而且所有的脸部特征都挤到了鼻子那一块地方，隐隐约约那么一看，仿佛就是一副黄鼠狼的嘴脸。尽管她已年过三十，看上去却像才过十六岁的模样。她厚重的眼皮几乎是从眉弓直愣愣地坠下来，沉沉地压在眼睛上，两只眼珠呈瓷器蓝，暗淡得几乎没有一点光。她的样子每一处都平淡无奇：瞧瞧那头亚麻色的头发，都快成白色了；瞧瞧那扁平的前额，连光都反射不了；瞧瞧那暗淡的皮肤，肤色灰灰的，几乎呈铅一般的色调。她的下半截脸不像椭圆，反而更像个三角形。有了这样不规则的下半边脸，她的整个脸庞轮廓倒还周整。她说话的时候音调变化范围很大，既可以很清脆又可以很甜美。伊丽莎白是二流布尔乔亚族的完美样本。她会拉上帘子对丈夫施教，自己的品德却一文不值。她有野心却无才智，在家里一贯私心很重。如果住在乡间，她会购买毗邻的土地。如今和政府有了牵连，她便下定决心往上挤。假如我们讲述一下她父母的生活，描绘出她童年和青年时期的图景，就可以看出她是一个怎么样的女人了。

Monsieur Saillard married the daughter of an upholsterer keeping shop under the arcades of the Market. Limited means compelled Monsieur and Madame Saillard at their start in life to bear constant privation. After thirty-three years of married life, and twenty-nine years of toil in a government office, the property of "the Saillards"—their circle of acquaintance called them so—consisted of sixty thousand francs entrusted to Falleix, the house in the place Royale, bought for forty thousand in 1804, and thirty-six thousand francs given in dowry to their daughter Elisabeth. Out of this capital about fifty thousand came to them by the will of the widow Bidault, Madame Saillard's mother. Saillard's salary from the government had always been four thousand five hundred francs a year, and no more; his situation was a blind alley that led nowhere, and had tempted no one to supersede him. Those ninety thousand francs, put together sou by sou, were the fruit therefore of a sordid economy unintelligently employed. In fact, the Saillards did not know how better to manage their savings than to carry them, five thousand francs at a time, to their notary, Monsieur Sorbier, Cardot's predecessor, and let him

invest them at five per cent in first mortgages, with the wife's rights reserved in case the borrower was married! In 1804 Madame Saillard obtained a government office for the sale of stamped papers, a circumstance which brought a servant into the household for the first time. At the time of which we write, the house, which was worth a hundred thousand francs, brought in a rental of eight thousand. Falleix paid seven per cent for the sixty thousand invested in the foundry, besides an equal division of profits. The Saillards were therefore enjoying an income of not less than seventeen thousand francs a year. The whole ambition of the good man now centred on obtaining the cross of the Legion and his retiring pension.

萨亚尔先生娶了一位室内装潢商的女儿为妻，那个装潢商在集市拱廊下开店面。这对夫妇收入有限，从新婚起就常常陷入贫困。婚后三十三年，即丈夫在政府辛苦供职二十九年后，“萨亚尔之家”的财产——他们的熟人圈这样称呼他们——包括下面几个部分。他们有六万法郎，已委托给法莱克斯照看；在皇家广场有一处住宅，在一八零四年以四万法郎的价格买下；还有三万六千法郎，那是给女儿伊丽莎白的嫁妆。除了这笔财产以外，他们还有五万法郎，那是比多寡妇，也就是萨亚尔夫人的母亲遗赠的。萨亚尔每年从政府领的薪水一直都是四千五百法郎，不会再多了。他的职位就像个死胡同，根本没有希望晋升，也没有什么人想接替他的位子。那九万法郎都是一个苏一个苏积攒起来的。他们宁可生活潦倒，也要省吃俭用，虽然节省的方法有些没头没脑，但总算也有了这些积累。事实上，萨亚尔夫妇认为管理积蓄的最好办法，就是一次把五千法郎拿到他们的公证员，也就是卡多先生的前任索尔比耶先生那里去，然后让他授予他们优先抵押权，以百分之五的借款利息把这笔钱投出去。如果借款人已婚，他们也会保留借款人妻子的权利！一八零四年的时候萨亚尔夫人在政府谋得一职，出售印花文书，这让他们家第一次雇上了佣人。我们笔下这个故事发生的时候，一幢价值十万法郎的房子一年能收八千租金。那六万法郎则被投到了一个铸造厂上。法莱克斯先生能拿到一份均分的利润，但他还要支付百分之七的利息。于是萨亚尔一家每年能享受一份不低于一万七千法郎的收入。现在，萨亚尔这个好人全部的雄心壮志都集中到了拿十字勋章和退休金上。

Elisabeth, the only child, had toiled steadily from infancy in a home where the customs of life were rigid and the ideas simple. A new hat for Saillard was a matter of deliberation; the time a coat could last was estimated and discussed; umbrellas were carefully hung up by means of a brass buckle. Since 1804 no repairs of any kind had been done to the house. The Saillards kept the ground-floor in precisely the state in which their predecessor left it. The gilding of the pier-glasses was rubbed off; the paint on the cornices was hardly visible through the layers of dust that time had collected. The fine large rooms still retained certain sculptured marble mantel-pieces and ceilings, worthy of Versailles, together with the old furniture of the

widow Bidault. The latter consisted of a curious mixture of walnut armchairs, disjointed, and covered with tapestry; rosewood bureaus; round tables on single pedestals, with brass railings and cracked marble tops; one superb Boulle secretary, the value of which style had not yet been recognized; in short, a chaos of bargains picked up by the worthy widow,—pictures bought for the sake of the frames, china services of a composite order; to wit, a magnificent Japanese dessert set, and all the rest porcelains of various makes, unmatched silver plate, old glass, fine damask, and a four-post bedstead, hung with curtains and garnished with plumes.

伊丽莎白是个独生女，她娘家的生活习惯一成不变，家人思想也很简单。从出生时起，她就一直过得很辛苦。是否要给萨亚尔买顶新帽子，她会好好深思熟虑一番；一件外套可以穿多久，她会自己盘算一番，还会拿出来和大家讨论；她还会把雨伞小心翼翼地挂在铜扣上。一八零四年以来，房子压根就没有修缮过。前任房主离开以后，萨亚尔夫妇把一楼的陈设原封不动地保留了下来。随着时光的流逝，大穿衣镜上的镀金被磨掉了。房子的檐口上落了一层又一层的灰，几乎辨别不出漆上去的颜色。几个漂亮的大房间里仍保留着大理石质地的壁炉架和天花板，上面还雕有花纹，再加上比多寡妇留下的老家具，这里简直堪比凡尔赛宫了。几件老家具各不相同，样子都挺稀奇。其中有几把核桃木扶手椅，椅子上铺着织锦椅垫，有的地方已经零零散散脱节了；有几张红木书桌和单底座圆桌，圆桌配有铜质扶手，桌面是大理石质地，上面裂纹斑斑；还有一张质量极佳的布勒写字台，只是那一款的价值尚未得到认可。总之，这位可敬的寡妇拣了一堆乱七八糟的便宜货——油画是为了配画框才买的，订购的瓷器更是五花八门，其中有一套精美的日式甜点餐具，剩下的瓷器什么牌子的都有，和银盘配不起来。玻璃杯式样老旧，花缎倒还不错，四柱式床上还挂着帘子和羽饰。

Amid these curious relics, Madame Saillard always sat on a sofa of modern mahogany, near a fireplace full of ashes and without fire, on the mantel-shelf of which stood a clock, some antique bronzes, candelabra with paper flowers but no candles, for the careful housewife lighted the room with a tall tallow candle always guttering down into the flat brass candlestick which held it. Madame Saillard's face, despite wrinkles, was expressive of obstinacy and severity, narrowness of ideas, an uprightness that might be called quadrangular, a religion without piety, straightforward, candid avarice, and the peace of a quiet conscience. You may see in certain Flemish pictures the wives of burgomasters cut out by nature on the same pattern and wonderfully reproduced on canvas; but these dames wear fine robes of velvet and precious stuffs, whereas Madame Saillard possessed no robes, only that venerable garment called in Touraine and Picardy "cottes," elsewhere petticoats, or skirts pleated behind and on each side, with other skirts hanging over them. Her

bust was inclosed in what was called a "casaquin," another obsolete name for a short gown or jacket. She continued to wear a cap with starched wings, and shoes with high heels. Though she was now fifty-seven years old, and her lifetime of vigorous household work ought now to be rewarded with well-earned repose, she was incessantly employed in knitting her husband's stockings and her own, and those of an uncle, just as her countrywomen knit them, moving about the room, talking, pacing up and down the garden, or looking round the kitchen to watch what was going on.

萨亚尔夫人总坐在一张现代桃花心木沙发上，身处这些稀奇古怪的旧东西之中。旁边是没烧火还堆满灰烬的壁炉，壁炉台上立着一口古老的铜钟。枝状大烛台上贴着纸花，但却没有插蜡烛。这位细心的家庭主妇会点上一根高高的脂油蜡烛照亮房间，烛蜡总会淌到平平的铜质蜡台上去。尽管萨亚尔夫人脸上有皱纹，不过从她的面容依然可以看出，她生性顽固、苛刻，思想狭隘；为人公正诚实，或许可以说她做事方正；还可以看出她信教，但不虔诚；是个直性子，贪婪成性却坦坦荡荡，良心上还是安宁的。你可以在某些佛兰德绘画中发现，那些市长夫人们本性相同、模样相似，被精彩地重塑于画布之上。不过这些女士都身着漂亮的天鹅绒长裙，戴着贵重的饰物，而萨亚尔夫人却没有一件长裙，只有一件让人看了肃然起敬的衣服。这件衣服在都兰和皮卡第叫做“外套”，别的地方则唤作衬裙或短裙，裙子的后面和两侧都打着褶子，外面还会罩上其他短裙。她上身穿一件“卡萨坎”，这种名称早已过时，其实就是一件短袍或茄克。她头上还戴着便帽，帽檐浆得硬硬的，脚上还踩着高跟鞋。尽管她现在已经五十七岁了，这一辈子都在卖力地干家务活，本应该犒劳犒劳自己，享受一下应得的休息，可她还是不断地给丈夫、自己和她的叔叔织袜子。她织袜子的时候就像个农村妇女，会在房间里转悠，和家里人闲聊，或是在花园来回走动，又或是去厨房里东瞧瞧、西看看。

The Saillard's avarice, which was really imposed on them in the first instance by dire necessity, was now a second nature. When the cashier got back from the office, he laid aside his coat, and went to work in the large garden, shut off from the courtyard by an iron railing, and which the family reserved to itself. For years Elisabeth, the daughter, went to market every morning with her mother, and the two did all the work of the house. The mother cooked well, especially a duck with turnips; but, according to Saillard, no one could equal Elisabeth in hashing the remains of a leg of mutton with onions. "You might eat your boots with those onions and not know it," he remarked. As soon as Elisabeth knew how to hold a needle, her mother had her mend the household linen and her father's coats. Always at work, like a servant, she never went out alone. Though living close by the boulevard du Temple, where Franconi, La Gaite, and l'Ambigu-Comique were within a stone's throw, and, further on,

the Porte-Saint-Martin, Elisabeth had never seen a comedy. When she asked to "see what it was like" (with the Abbe Gaudron's permission, be it understood), Monsieur Baudoyer took her—for the glory of the thing, and to show her the finest that was to be seen—to the Opera, where they were playing "The Chinese Laborer." Elisabeth thought "the comedy" as wearisome as the plague of flies, and never wished to see another. On Sundays, after walking four times to and fro between the place Royale and Saint-Paul's church (for her mother made her practise the precepts and the duties of religion), her parents took her to the pavement in front of the Cafe Ture, where they sat on chairs placed between a railing and the wall. The Saillards always made haste to reach the place early so as to choose the best seats, and found much entertainment in watching the passers-by. In those days the Cafe Ture was the rendezvous of the fashionable society of the Marais, the faubourg Saint-Antoine, and the circumjacent regions.

萨亚尔一家都很贪心。这最初的确是因为需要太迫切，不得已而为之，现在则可算是久贪成性了。出纳员从部里回来后，就把外套搁到一边，然后去大花园里干活。花园和院子中间隔了一排铁围栏，这样这家人就能独享花园了。几年来，女儿伊丽莎白每天早上都和她母亲一起上集市，她们俩把所有的家务活都包了下来。母亲菜烧得好，尤其是萝卜炖鸭。不过按萨亚尔的说法，伊丽莎白能把吃剩的羊腿肉拌上洋葱剁成碎末，这种功夫是无人能比的。“蘸着这样的洋葱碎屑，哪怕你把靴子吃了下去你都不会知道呢。”他这样评价道。伊丽莎白刚学会拿针，她的母亲就叫她缝补家里的亚麻织物和她父亲的外套。她像个女仆一样一刻不停地干活，也从不单独外出。虽然他们家住在神庙街附近，距离弗朗柯游乐园、快乐剧院、昂必居喜剧剧场只有一步之遥，再往前走就是圣马丁门，伊丽莎白却从没看过一部喜剧。当她提出想去看看“那是什么样子”时（你该明白，这是征得戈德龙神父同意的），包杜阿耶先生便带上她去观看了世上最美妙的东西——歌剧，当时正在上演《中国劳工》，为此他感到荣幸之至。伊丽莎白感觉这出“喜剧”如苍蝇成灾一般令人厌烦，再也不想看第二出了。每个礼拜天，她都得在皇家广场和圣保罗教堂之间来来回回走上四次（她的母亲要求她履行宗教戒律和义务），之后她的父母才会把她带到图雷咖啡馆前的人行道上，在围栏和墙壁间的座椅上坐下来。萨亚尔一家为了能挑到最好的座位，总是一大早就匆匆赶去那里。看着来来往往的行人，他们乐在其中。那时候图雷咖啡馆是沼泽区、圣安托万区和周边地区时尚男女们约会的地方。

Elisabeth never wore anything but cotton gowns in summer and merino in the winter, which she made herself. Her mother gave her twenty francs a month for her expenses, but her father, who was very fond of her, mitigated this rigorous treatment with a few presents. She never read what the Abbe Gaudron, vicar of Saint-Paul's and the family director, called profane books. This discipline had borne fruit. Forced to employ her feelings on some passion or other, Elisabeth

became eager after gain. Though she was not lacking in sense or perspicacity, religious theories, and her complete ignorance of higher emotions had encircled all her faculties with an iron hand; they were exercised solely on the commonest things of life; spent in a few directions they were able to concentrate themselves on a matter in hand. Repressed by religious devotion, her natural intelligence exercised itself within the limits marked out by cases of conscience, which form a mine of subtleties among which self-interest selects its subterfuges. Like those saintly personages in whom religion does not stifle ambition, Elisabeth was capable of requiring others to do a blamable action that she might reap the fruits; and she would have been, like them again, implacable as to her dues and dissembling in her actions. Once offended, she watched her adversaries with the perfidious patience of a cat, and was capable of bringing about some cold and complete vengeance, and then laying it to the account of God. Until her marriage the Saillards lived without other society than that of the Abbe Gaudron, a priest from Auvergne appointed vicar of Saint-Paul's after the restoration of Catholic worship. Besides this ecclesiastic, who was a friend of the late Madame Bidault, a paternal uncle of Madame Saillard, an old paper-dealer retired from business ever since the year II. of the Republic, and now sixty-nine years old, came to see them on Sundays only, because on that day no government business went on.

伊丽莎白夏天穿棉布长裙，冬天穿美利奴羊毛衫，除此以外没穿过别的衣服，这些都是她自己做的。母亲每月给她二十法郎开销。不过她的父亲非常喜欢她，见她母亲对她如此苛刻，会给她买些礼物缓解缓解她的境况。她从未读过那些被圣保罗教堂的戈德龙神父称作是渎神的书籍，神父是他们家的家庭指导。这一家规出成果了。伊丽莎白不得不把情感用到一些热情澎湃的地方。有了收获之后，她就变得更加热切。尽管她并不缺乏理性和洞察力，但是宗教教义和她对更为高尚的情感的全然不知就像一只铁掌一样紧紧箍住了她全部的才能。她仅能在最普通的事情上发挥这些才干，只能在很少的几方面集中这些才干处理手头的事情。虔诚的宗教信仰压抑着她，她只能在良心划定的范围内运用天生的才智。于是她长了很多个心眼，为了满足私心更是诡计频出。伊丽莎白就像那些胸怀抱负且不为宗教所压制的圣人一样，可以唆使人家去干受人指摘的勾当，自己坐收渔利。她也会像他们一样，为她应得的东西和作假的行为坐立不安。她一旦被冒犯，就会像一只背信弃义而又有耐心的猫那样监视敌人。她能引发一场冷酷且彻头彻尾的报复，然后把这归为上帝的旨意。生活中，萨亚尔一家除了戈德龙神父之外，不和什么人来往，这种情况一直保持到伊丽莎白结婚。戈德龙先生是一位来自奥弗涅的牧师，天主教回归后，他被委任为圣保罗教堂的主持。这位神职者是已故比多夫人的友人。和萨亚尔一家来往的除了他还有一个人，那是萨亚尔夫人的叔叔。他是个老造纸商，从共和二年起就退休了，现在已经六十九岁了。他只会在礼拜天来看望他们一家，因为礼拜天政府不上

班。

This little old man, with a livid face blazoned by the red nose of a tippler and lighted by two gleaming vulture eyes, allowed his gray hair to hang loose under a three-cornered hat, wore breeches with straps that extended beyond the buckles, cotton stockings of mottled thread knitted by his niece, whom he always called "the little Saillard," stout shoes with silver buckles, and a surtout coat of mixed colors. He looked very much like those verger-beadle-bell-ringing-grave-digging-parish-clerks who are taken to be caricatures until we see them performing their various functions. On the present occasion he had come on foot to dine with the Saillards, intending to return in the same way to the rue Greneta, where he lived on the third floor of an old house. His business was that of discounting commercial paper in the quartier Saint-Martin, where he was known by the nickname of "Gigonnet," from the nervous convulsive movement with which he lifted his legs in walking, like a cat. Monsieur Bidault began this business in the year II. in partnership with a dutchman named Werbrust, a friend of Gobseck.

他是个身材矮小的老人，乌青的脸上生着一个红红的酒糟鼻，一双贪婪的眼睛炯炯有神，使他整张脸都有了神采。他的头发呈灰色，松松地垂在三角帽下面，裤子上系着腰带，一直延伸到搭扣外面，脚上穿着他侄孙女用杂色线织成的棉袜，他老叫她“小萨亚尔”。他上身穿紧身长外套，也是混色的，还穿着一双有银色搭扣的肥大鞋子。他看上去像极了讽刺画里的那些教堂司事、教区执事、敲钟人、掘坟人、堂区教徒和公务员，直到我们亲眼看见他们履行各自的职责，我们才能知道他们真实存在。现在这个时候，他已经走到了萨亚尔家吃饭。之后他还打算走回格勒内塔街去，他就住在那条街上一栋老房子的四楼上。他在圣马丁区做贴现生意。因为他像猫一样抬腿走路时双腿直抽筋，所以那个区的人送了他一个绰号“羊腿子”。比多先生是从共和二年开始做这一行的。他和一个叫韦布律斯特的荷兰人搭伙，后者是高布赛克的朋友。

Some time later Saillard made the acquaintance of Monsieur and Madame Transon, wholesale dealers in pottery, with an establishment in the rue de Lesdiguieres, who took an interest in Elisabeth and introduced young Isadore Baudoyer to the family with the intention of marrying her. Gigonnet approved of the match, for he had long employed a certain Mitral, uncle of the young man, as clerk. Monsieur and Madame Baudoyer, father and mother of Isidore, highly respected leather-dressers in the rue Censier, had slowly made a moderate fortune out of a small trade. After marrying their only son, on whom they settled fifty thousand francs, they determined to live in the country, and had lately removed to the neighborhood of Ile-d'Adam, where after a time they were joined by Mitral. They frequently came to Paris, however, where they kept a corner in the house in the rue

Censier which they gave to Isidore on his marriage. The elder Baudoyers had an income of about three thousand francs left to live upon after establishing their son.

又过了一阵子，萨亚尔认识了陶瓷批发商特朗松夫妇，这对夫妇在莱迪吉耶尔街有座宅子。他们对伊丽莎白很感兴趣，把年轻的伊西多尔·包杜阿耶介绍给了萨亚尔一家，打算让他迎娶伊丽莎白。羊腿子赞成这桩婚事，因为他雇了一个叫米特拉尔的人做了很长时间的文员，这人正是这个年轻小伙子的叔叔。包杜阿耶夫妇，也就是伊西多尔的父母，是桑西耶街相当受尊敬的皮衣商。从这桩小买卖里，他们慢慢积攒了一笔不大不小的财富。他们给唯一的儿子留了五万法郎。儿子结婚后，他们决定住到乡下去。最近他们搬去了亚当岛一带，过了一阵子，米特拉尔也去了那里。但是他们常常会来巴黎。他们把桑西耶街的房子送给了伊西多尔做婚房，不过他们还在房子里留了一个拐角自己住。老包杜阿耶夫妇给儿子办完终身大事后，每年大约还有三千法郎的进项可以赖以为生。

Mitral was a being with a sinister wig, a face the color of Seine water, lighted by a pair of Spanish-tobacco-colored eyes, cold as a well-rope, always smelling a rat, and close-mouthed about his property. He probably made his fortune in his own hole and corner, just as Werbrust and Gigonnet made theirs in the quartier Saint-Martin.

米特拉尔顶着一头假发，显得阴险邪恶。他的脸和塞纳河一个颜色，一双西班牙烟草色的眼睛闪闪发亮，使他整张脸都焕发出了神采。他像井里的绳子一样冰冷，总是起疑心，对自己的财产守口如瓶。他很可能也像韦布律斯特和羊腿子在圣马丁区发财一样，在自己的地洞角落里聚钱敛财。

Though the Saillards' circle of acquaintance increased, neither their ideas nor their manners and customs changed. The saint's-days of father, mother, daughter, son-in-law, and grandchild were carefully observed, also the anniversaries of birth and marriage, Easter, Christmas, New Year's day, and Epiphany. These festivals were preceded by great domestic sweepings and a universal clearing up of the house, which added an element of usefulness to the ceremonies. When the festival day came, the presents were offered with much pomp and an accompaniment of flowers,—silk stockings or a fur cap for old Saillard; gold earrings and articles of plate for Elisabeth or her husband, for whom, little by little, the parents were accumulating a whole silver service; silk petticoats for Madame Saillard, who laid the stuff by and never made it up. The recipient of these gifts was placed in an armchair and asked by those present for a certain length of time, "Guess what we have for you!" Then came a splendid dinner, lasting at least five hours, to which were invited the Abbe Gaudron, Falleix, Rabourdin, Monsieur Godard, under-head-clerk to Monsieur Baudoyer,

Monsieur Bataille, captain of the company of the National Guard to which Saillard and his son-in-law belonged. Monsieur Cardot, who was invariably asked, did as Rabourdin did, namely, accepted one invitation out of six. The company sang at dessert, shook hands and embraced with enthusiasm, wishing each other all manner of happiness; the presents were exhibited and the opinion of the guests asked about them. The day Saillard received his fur cap he wore it during the dessert, to the satisfaction of all present. At night, mere ordinary acquaintances were bidden, and dancing went on till very late, formerly to the music of one violin, but for the last six years Monsieur Godard, who was a great flute player, contributed the piercing tones of a flageolet to the festivity. The cook, Madame Baudoyer's nurse, and old Catherine, Madame Saillard's woman-servant, together with the porter or his wife, stood looking on at the door of the salon. The servants always received three francs on these occasions to buy themselves wine or coffee.

尽管萨亚尔一家的交际圈有所扩展，但他们的想法、生活方式和习惯都无一改变。父亲、母亲、女儿、女婿和孙子孙女的圣徒纪念日是要好好庆祝的。同样的，生日、结婚纪念日、复活节、圣诞节、新年和主显节也是要仔仔细细过的。这些节日来临前，整所房子要进行全面大扫除，如此一来这些节日庆典也显得更有用了。到了节日那天，他们会用鲜花做装饰，举行隆重的赠礼仪式——丝袜或皮帽是给老萨亚尔的；金耳环和盘子之类的物件是给伊丽莎白或她丈夫的，他们的父母正在这样为他们一点一点积攒一整套银器；丝绸衬裙是给萨亚尔夫人的，可她总是把裙子搁在一旁，从没穿上身过。收礼的人会被按进扶手椅里坐上一段时间，回答在场人的提问："猜一猜，我们给你准备了什么礼物！"接下来的盛宴至少将持续五个小时，他们还会邀请戈德龙神父、法莱克斯、拉布丹、包杜阿耶下面的副处长高达尔先生、国民自卫军连队队长巴塔伊先生，萨亚尔和他女婿都隶属于这个连队。卡多先生总能接到邀请，他和拉布丹先生做法一样，别人请六回他应一回。这一行人一边吃甜点一边唱歌，热烈地握手、拥抱，还会相互赠予一切美好的祝福。礼物一件件摆了出来，主人还会在客人中问上一圈，看看他们都有什么想法。萨亚尔收到皮帽子的那一天，他为了让在场的每一个人都心满意足，戴着那个帽子吃完了甜点。到晚上的时候只有平日往来的熟人才在受邀之列，人们会一直跳舞跳到深夜。他们之前用一个小提琴手伴奏，而最近六年则请了高达尔先生这位了不起的笛手。他会用六孔竖笛献上几首节日曲，音调之高可算断金裂帛。他们家的厨子、包杜阿耶夫人的保姆、萨亚尔夫人的女仆老凯瑟琳、门卫或门卫的妻子会站在一起，候在客厅门口。在这样的场合下，仆人们总能拿到三个法郎，给自己买点小酒或咖啡喝喝。

This little circle looked upon Saillard and Baudoyer as transcendent beings; they were government officers; they had risen by their own merits; they worked, it was said, with the minister himself;

they owed their fortune to their talents; they were politicians. Baudoyer was considered the more able of the two; his position as head of a bureau presupposed labor that was more intricate and arduous than that of a cashier. Moreover, Isidore, though the son of a leather-dresser, had had the genius to study and to cast aside his father's business and find a career in politics, which had led him to a post of eminence. In short, silent and uncommunicative as he was, he was looked upon as a deep thinker, and perhaps, said the admiring circle, he would some day become deputy of the eighth arrondissement. As Gigonnet listened to such remarks as these, he pressed his already pinched lips closer together, and threw a glance at his great-niece, Elisabeth.

这个小圈子将萨亚尔和包杜阿耶视为杰出人士。他们都是政府公务员，因自身功绩出色而获得提拔。有传言称，他们在大臣手下做事。他们有真才实干，才能够如此幸运，他们都是政治家。大家觉得，这两个人当中包杜阿耶更加能干。他的职务是一处之长，这就意味着他所付出的劳动要比出纳员更为精细复杂、艰苦费力。况且，尽管伊西多尔只是个皮衣商的儿子，却很有学习的天赋。他能抛开父亲的生意，在政界开创出一番事业来，这就标志着他是个杰出人物。简而言之，尽管他为人沉默、不善言谈，却受人瞻仰，被人们当成是一位深沉的思考者。他的一众仰慕者都说，也许哪天他就会成为第八区的议员。羊腿子听到那些话后，把咂紧的嘴唇抿得更紧了，还朝他的侄外孙女——伊丽莎白瞅了一眼。

In person, Isidore was a tall, stout man of thirty-seven, who perspired freely, and whose head looked as if he had water on the brain. This enormous head, covered with chestnut hair cropped close, was joined to the neck by rolls of flesh which overhung the collar of his coat. He had the arms of Hercules, hands worthy of Domitian, a stomach which sobriety held within the limits of the majestic, to use a saying of Brillaet-Savarin. His face was a good deal like that of the Emperor Alexander. The Tartar type was in the little eyes and the flattened nose turned slightly up, in the frigid lips and the short chin. The forehead was low and narrow. Though his temperament was lymphatic, the devout Isidore was under the influence of a conjugal passion which time did not lessen.

从外表看，伊西多尔是个又高又壮的三十七岁汉子。他的汗止不住地流，脑袋里像积了水似的。他硕大的脑袋上长着一层栗色短发，脑袋下面的脖子上堆着一圈又一圈的肉，都给挤到衣领边上了。他有着赫拉克勒斯的臂膀和多米蒂安的双手，肚子就像布里雅—萨瓦兰所说那样，用节制保持了威严。他的脸像极了亚历山大大帝。他的眼睛很小，塌鼻子稍稍往上翘，嘴唇看上去很冷淡，下巴很短，这些都显出了鞑靼人的外貌特点。他还有个又低又窄的前额。尽管伊西多尔的气质委顿无力，但他为人真诚，对婚姻一直保持着热情洋溢的激情，即使时光推移也没

有半分淡化。

In spite, however, of his resemblance to the handsome Russian Emperor and the terrible Domitian, Isidore Baudoyer was nothing more than a political office-holder, of little ability as head of his department, a cut-and-dried routine man, who concealed the fact that he was a flabby cipher by so ponderous a personality that no scalpel could cut deep enough to let the operator see into him. His severe studies, in which he had shown the patience and sagacity of an ox, and his square head, deceived his parents, who firmly believed him an extraordinary man. Pedantic and hypercritical, meddlesome and fault-finding, he was a terror to the clerks under him, whom he worried in their work, enforcing the rules rigorously, and arriving himself with such terrible punctuality that not one of them dared to be a moment late. Baudoyer wore a blue coat with gilt buttons, a chamois waistcoat, gray trousers and cravats of various colors. His feet were large and ill-shod. From the chain of his watch depended an enormous bunch of old trinkets, among which in 1824 he still wore "American beads," which were very much the fashion in the year VII.

不过，虽说伊西多尔·包杜阿耶貌似英俊的俄国皇帝和恐怖的多米蒂安，他只不过是一名政治官员罢了，连做大臣的能力都没有。他很呆板，每天做着同样的事情。他还掩盖了一个事实——他是个无名小卒，意志薄弱、性格沉闷，以至于没有哪把手术刀能切开足够深的口子，让手术医生看到他的内心。他求学严谨，学习起来像公牛一般耐心十足、睿智聪慧。他方方正正的头脑欺骗了他的父母，他们坚信他一定能出人头地。他好卖弄学问，为人吹毛求疵、好管闲事，还老爱找别人的茬。对于他的下属而言，他就是一个恐怖的存在，而他则总是担心那些人做不好工作。他严格执行各项规定，上班如此准时，以至于他的下属没有一个人敢迟到一小会儿。包杜阿耶习惯套一件配有镀金纽扣的蓝色外衣，里面穿一件麂皮背心，下身着灰色长裤，戴的领结倒是有好几种不同的颜色。他长着一双大脚，穿什么鞋都不好看。他的怀表链下垂着一大串不值钱的小饰品，其中有一种叫做“美国珠串”，很像共和七年的款式，可他直到一八二四年还一直挂在身上。

In the bosom of this family, bound together by the force of religious ties, by the inflexibility of its customs, by one solitary emotion, that of avarice, a passion which was now as it were its compass, Elisabeth was forced to commune with herself, instead of imparting her ideas to those around her, for she felt herself without equals in mind who could comprehend her. Though facts compelled her to judge her husband, her religious duty led her to keep up as best she could a favorable opinion of him; she showed him marked respect; honored him as the father of her child, her husband, the temporal power, as the vicar of Saint-Paul's told her. She would have thought it a mortal sin to make a single gesture, or give a single glance, or say a

single word which would reveal to others her real opinion of the imbecile Baudoyer. She even professed to obey passively all his wishes. But her ears were receptive of many things; she thought them over, weighed and compared them in the solitude of her mind, and judged so soberly of men and events that at the time when our history begins she was the hidden oracle of the two functionaries, her husband and father, who had, unconsciously, come to do nothing whatever without consulting her. Old Saillard would say, innocently, "Isn't she clever, that Elisabeth of mine?" But Baudoyer, too great a fool not to be puffed up by the false reputation the quartier Saint-Antoine bestowed upon him, denied his wife's cleverness all the while that he was making use of it.

在家庭内部，将他们紧紧维系在一起的是宗教的力量，是一成不变的风俗习惯和一种单个的情感——贪婪。贪婪这种强烈的感情就是这一家的指南针，从过去到现在一直如此。伊丽莎白无法把想法告诉身边的人，不得不跟自己交流思想。因此，她觉得没有人拥有和她一样的头脑，可以理解她的心思。尽管有事实在此，她不得不对丈夫有所评判，不过有了宗教信义，她会尽可能对丈夫保持赞同的观感。她不仅非常敬重他，还听了圣保罗神父的话，将他奉为孩子的父亲、自己的丈夫和世俗中的掌权者。哪怕只是一个手势、瞟去的一个眼神或一个词，只要她从中透露出了她对包杜阿耶这个傻瓜的真实想法，那她就会认为自己罪大恶极。她甚至公开宣称过，会顺从丈夫的一切意愿。但她的耳朵能听到很多消息。她反复思考那些事情，独自在脑中权衡对比，极其冷静地判断人事，以至于从故事一开始，她便是丈夫和父亲这两位公职人员的秘密智囊了。不知不觉中，他们无论做什么事情都会先征求她的意见。老萨亚尔会很坦率地说："我的伊丽莎白，她难道不聪明吗？"包杜阿耶则实在是个大傻瓜。他在圣安托万区有了点虚名后就自我膨胀起来，一面利用妻子的聪明伶俐，一面又不承认这一点。

Elisabeth had long felt sure that her uncle Bidault, otherwise called Gigonnet, was rich and handled vast sums of money. Enlightened by self-interest, she had come to understand Monsieur des Lupeaulx far better than the minister understood him. Finding herself married to a fool, she never allowed herself to think that life might have gone better with her, she only imagined the possibility of better things without expecting or wishing to attain them. All her best affections found their vocation in her love for her daughter, to whom she spared the pains and privations she had borne in her own childhood; she believed that in this affection she had her full share in the world of feeling. Solely for her daughter's sake she had persuaded her father to take the important step of going into partnership with Falleix. Falleix had been brought to the Saillard's house by old Bidault, who lent him money on his merchandise. Falleix thought his old countryman extortionate, and complained to the Saillards that

Gigonnet demanded eighteen per cent from an Auvergnat. Madame Saillard ventured to remonstrate with her uncle.

伊丽莎白早就觉得她的比多叔祖，也就是人们说的羊腿子是个有钱人，手里有大笔大笔的钱。她还受自身利益启迪，逐渐了解了德吕卜克斯先生。比大臣对他的了解还要深入得多。她发觉自己嫁给了一个笨蛋，但她从不允许自己认为她的生活本会过得更好。她只是设想着也许可以有更为美好的事物，但并不期待或希望这些事物归她所有。她所有最美好的情感都在对女儿的爱之中找到了归属。她让女儿免受了自己在孩提时代所经受的痛苦与贫穷，并相信有了这种感情，她也就拥有了世界上的全部情感。她劝说父亲成为法莱克斯的合伙人，迈出这重要的一步，仅仅是为了自己的女儿。老比多先生曾借钱给法莱克斯进货，也正是他把法莱克斯领进了萨亚尔家。法莱克斯觉得他这个老同乡要价太高。他对萨亚尔一家发牢骚，说羊腿子对奥弗涅人要收百分之十八的利息。萨亚尔夫人壮着胆子劝了劝她的叔祖。

"It is just because he is an Auvergnat that I take only eighteen percent," said Gigonnet, when she spoke of him.

“正因为他是个奥弗涅人，我才只收他百分之十八的利呀。”她一谈到他，羊腿子就这样说道。

Falleix, who had made a discovery at the age of twenty-eight, and communicated it to Saillard, seemed to carry his heart in his hand (an expression of old Saillard's), and also seemed likely to make a great fortune. Elisabeth determined to husband him for her daughter and train him herself, having, as she calculated, seven years to do it in. Martin Falleix felt and showed the deepest respect for Madame Baudoyer, whose superior qualities he was able to recognize. If he were fated to make millions he would always belong to her family, where he had found a home. The little Baudoyer girl was already trained to bring him his tea and to take his hat.

法莱克斯二十八岁时有了一项发现，还把这事告诉了萨亚尔。他好像把一颗心都捧在了手上（这是老萨亚尔的原话），看上去很可能会发大财。伊丽莎白下定决心要让他迎娶自己的女儿，并决定亲自管教他。她算下来还有七年的时间可以利用。马丁·法莱克斯很有眼力，他看出了包杜阿耶夫人的高贵素养，对此深感敬佩，并向她致以最崇高的敬意。即使他命里能挣几百万，他也永远属于她的家族，因为在这里他找到了家。包杜阿耶家的小姑娘已经学会替他端茶倒水、接拿帽子了。

On the evening of which we write, Monsieur Saillard, returning from the ministry, found a game of boston in full blast; Elisabeth was advising Falleix how to play; Madame Saillard was knitting in the chimney-corner and overlooking the cards of the vicar; Monsieur Baudoyer, motionless as a mile-stone, was employing his mental capacity in calculating how the cards were placed, and sat opposite to Mitral, who had come up from Ile-d'Adam for the Christmas holidays.

No one moved as the cashier entered, and for some minutes he walked up and down the room, his fat face contracted with unaccustomed thought.

就在我们故事记叙的那个晚上，萨亚尔先生从部里回来，看到家里正在热热闹闹地玩波士顿牌。伊丽莎白正在给法莱克斯出点子，教他如何玩牌；萨亚尔夫人一边在壁炉角边织东西，一边还远远地看着神父的牌；包杜阿耶先生像一块石头一样纹丝不动，正在绞尽脑汁计算着如何摆牌；米特拉尔先生则坐在包杜阿耶先生对面，他刚从亚当岛赶来过圣诞节。出纳员走进屋子，大家都没什么动作。他在屋子里来来回回走了几分钟，脸上的神情不同寻常，一张胖脸缩成了一团。

"He is always so when he dines at the ministry," remarked Madame Saillard; "happily, it is only twice a year, or he'd die of it. Saillard was never made to be in the government—Well, now, I do hope, Saillard," she continued in a loud tone, "that you are not going to keep on those silk breeches and that handsome coat. Go and take them off; don't wear them at home, my man.”

“他在部里吃饭时就总是这副样子。”萨亚尔夫人说，“还好一年才这么两回，否则他得死在这上头。”萨亚尔绝不是干公职的料——喔，萨亚尔，现在我倒真希望，”她继续扯着嗓门说，“你就别再穿着那条绸裤和那件臭美的外套啦。快去把那些都脱下来吧，别在家里穿，我的好人。”

"Your father has something on his mind," said Baudoyer to his wife, when the cashier was in his bedroom, undressing without any fire.

“你父亲有什么心事吧。”包杜阿耶看到出纳员进了卧室，还没生火就开始脱衣服，就这样对妻子说。

"Perhaps Monsieur de la Billardiere is dead," said Elisabeth, simply; "and as he is anxious you should have the place, it worries him."

“可能德拉比亚尔迪埃先生已经死了。”伊丽莎白简单地应了一句，“他满心希望你能接那个位子，正为这事发愁吧。”

"Can I be useful in any way?" said the vicar of Saint-Paul's; "if so, pray use my services. I have the honor to be known to Madame la Dauphine. These are days when public offices should be given only to faithful men, whose religious principles are not to be shaken."

“我可以帮什么忙吗？”圣保罗神父说，“如果可以，请让我出点力吧。我有幸认识王太妃。在这个年代，就应该只让那些忠诚可靠、恪守宗教信条的人来担任公职。”

"Dear me!" said Falleix, "do men of merit need protectors and influence to get places in the government service? I am glad I am an iron-master; my customers know where to find a good article—”

“天哪！”法莱克斯叫道，“有功之人在政府谋职还需要仰仗保护人和权势吗？我真高兴我是名铁匠，我的顾客们都知道在哪里能找到好铁器——”

"Monsieur," interrupted Baudoyer, "the government is the government; never attack it in this house."

“先生，”包杜阿耶打断他的话，“政府就是政府，绝不要在这所房子里抨击政府。”

"You speak like the 'Constitutionel,'" said the vicar.

“你说话的语气真像是《宪政报》。”神父说。

"The 'Constitutionel' never says anything different from that," replied Baudoyer, who never read it.

“《宪政报》从不会说点别的。”包杜阿耶答道，其实他从来没有读过那份报纸。

The cashier believed his son-in-law to be as superior in talent to Rabourdin as God was greater than Saint-Crepin, to use his own expression; but the good man coveted this appointment in a straightforward, honest way. Influenced by the feeling which leads all officials to seek promotion,—a violent, unreflecting, almost brutal passion,—he desired success, just as he desired the cross of the Legion of honor, without doing anything against his conscience to obtain it, and solely, as he believed, on the strength of his son-in-law's merits. To his thinking, a man who had patiently spent twenty-five years in a government office behind an iron railing had sacrificed himself to his country and deserved the cross. But all that he dreamed of doing to promote his son-in-law's appointment in La Billardiere's place was to say a word to his Excellency's wife when he took her the month's salary.

出纳员认为他的女婿比拉布丹更有才华，正如他相信上帝比圣克雷潘更伟大一样，这可是他的原话。这个好心人虽然觊觎这一任命，采用的方法却很正当直白。一种情感驱使着所有公务员寻求升职——这是一种强烈、轻率而近乎野蛮的激情。在这种情绪的影响下，他也渴望成功，正如他渴望获得一枚荣誉十字勋章一样。他相信自己不用做任何昧心事，女婿单凭自身才华就可以得到那个职位。在他看来，一个在政府办公室的铁栏杆后耐心干了二十五年的人，已经为祖国奉献了自己，应该享有这枚十字勋章。虽然他梦想着帮助女婿升到拉比亚尔迪埃的位子上，而他所能想到的，也无非就是在给大臣阁下的太太送月俸时说句好话而已。

"Well, Saillard, you look as if you had lost all your friends! Do speak; do, pray, tell us something," cried his wife when he came back into the room.

“哎，萨亚尔，怎么你看上去好像所有的朋友都不理你了似的！你说出来吧，你得说出来，算我求你了，跟我们说点什么吧。”他刚回到房间，他的妻子就嚷了起来。

Saillard, after making a little sign to his daughter, turned on his heel to keep himself from talking politics before strangers. When Monsieur Mitral and the vicar had departed, Saillard rolled back the card-table and sat down in an armchair in the attitude he always assumed when about to tell some office-gossip,—a series of movements which answered the purpose of the three knocks given at the Theatre-Francais. After binding his wife, daughter, and son-in-law to the deepest secrecy,—for, however petty the gossip, their places, as he thought, depended on their discretion,—he related the incomprehensible enigma of the resignation of a deputy, the very legitimate desire of the general-secretary to get elected to the place, and the secret opposition of the minister to this wish of a man who was one of his firmest supporters and most zealous workers. This, of course, brought down an avalanche of suppositions, flooded with the sapient arguments of the two officials, who sent back and forth to each other a wearisome flood of nonsense. Elisabeth quietly asked three questions:—

萨亚尔不想当着外人的面谈政务，便朝女儿打了个小暗号，脚跟一转又走掉了。米特拉尔先生和神父离开后，萨亚尔清走牌桌，在一把扶手椅上坐了下来。每次他准备说点办公室闲话时，就总会摆出这幅神态——这一系列动作正好呼应了法兰西大剧院三声开场锣的效果。他将妻子、女儿、女婿和这个最深的秘密绑在了一起。他认为无论闲话多么琐碎，他们的位子都得靠谨慎处事才保得住。他讲述了一个不解之谜——某个议员辞职了，秘书长渴望被选上这个位子，这是合情合理的。他是大臣最坚实的支持者之一，工作起来极为勤奋，可大臣却暗中阻挠他实现愿望。这当然引发了大量猜测，其中还充斥着这两位公务员饱含智慧的论点。他们你来我往，荒谬言论说了一堆，实在令人生厌。伊丽莎白悄悄提了三个问题：

"If Monsieur des Lupeaulx is on our side, will Monsieur Baudoyer be appointed in Monsieur de la Billardiere's place?”

“如果德吕卜克斯先生是我们这边的，包杜阿耶先生会被委以德拉比亚尔迪埃先生的职位吗？”

"Heavens! I should think so," cried the cashier.

“我的天！我想是的。”出纳员大声喊道。

"My uncle Bidault and Monsieur Gobseck helped in him 1814," thought she. "Is he in debt?" she asked, aloud.

“一八一四年，比多叔祖和高布赛克先生曾经帮过他。”她思忖道。“他现在还欠着债吗？”她大声问道。

"Yes," cried the cashier with a hissing and prolonged sound on the last letter; "his salary was attached, but some of the higher powers released it by a bill at sight."

“欠着呢，”出纳员把音拖得很长，听上去有点像不满的嘘声，“他的薪水还被当做抵押扣过，但是上面某个有权的人递了张条子，部里一看就把薪水发给他了。”

"Where is the des Lupeaulx estate?" "Why, don't you know? in the part of the country where your grandfather and your great-uncle Bidault belong, in the arrondissement of the deputy who wants to resign.”

“德吕卜克斯的地产在哪里呢？”“哦，你还不知道啊？就在你祖父和比多叔祖呆的地方，也就是那名想辞职的议员所在的行政区。”

When her colossus of a husband had gone to bed, Elisabeth leaned over him, and though he always treated her remarks as women's nonsense, she said, "Perhaps you will really get Monsieur de la Billardiere's place.”

等她身材庞大的丈夫躺上床后，尽管他总把她的话看成女人的荒唐之言，伊丽莎白还是俯身对他说：“也许你真的会得到德拉比亚尔迪埃的位子。”

"There you go with your imaginations!" said Baudoyer; "leave Monsieur Gaudron to speak to the Dauphine and don't meddle with politics.”

“啊，你又想远了吧！”包杜阿耶说，“你别扯到政治上来，让戈德龙先生和王太妃说说吧。”

At eleven o'clock, when all were asleep in the place Royale, Monsieur des Lupeaulx was leaving the Opera for the rue Duphot. This particular Wednesday was one of Madame Rabourdin's most brilliant evenings. Many of her customary guests came in from the theatres and swelled the company already assembled, among whom were several celebrities, such as: Canalis the poet, Schinner the painter, Dr. Bianchon, Lucien de Rubempre, Octave de Camps, the Comte de Granville, the Vicomte de Fontaine, du Bruel the vaudevillist, Andoche Finot the journalist, Derville, one of the best heads in the law courts, the Comte du Chatelet, deputy, du Tillet, banker, and several elegant young men, such as Paul de Manerville and the Vicomte de Portenduere. Celestine was pouring out tea when the general-secretary entered. Her dress that evening was very becoming; she wore a black velvet robe without ornament of any kind, a black gauze scarf, her hair smoothly bound about her head and raised in a heavy braided mass, with long curls a l'Anglaise falling on either side of her face. The charms which particularly distinguished this woman were the Italian

ease of her artistic nature, her ready comprehension, and the grace with which she welcomed and promoted the least appearance of a wish on the part of others. Nature had given her an elegant, slender figure, which could sway lightly at a word, black eyes of oriental shape, able, like those of the Chinese women, to see out of their corners. She well knew how to manage a soft, insinuating voice, which threw a tender charm into every word, even such as she merely chanced to utter; her feet were like those we see in portraits where the painter boldly lies and flatters his sitter in the only way which does not compromise anatomy. Her complexion, a little yellow by day, like that of most brunettes, was dazzling at night under the wax candles, which brought out the brilliancy of her black hair and eyes. Her slender and well-defined outlines reminded an artist of the Venus of the Middle Ages rendered by Jean Goujon, the illustrious sculptor of Diane de Poitiers.

午夜十一点的时候，皇家广场里的居民都安歇了，德吕卜克斯先生正从歌剧院里出来，准备赶往迪福街。这个星期三与众不同，拉布丹夫人安排了一个非常美妙的夜晚。拉布丹夫人家里已经聚集了一帮宾客，这时又添了许多从剧院过来的老客人，其中不乏名流，比如：诗人卡那利、油画家施奈尔、毕安训医师、吕西安·德吕邦泼雷、奥克塔夫·德康、格朗威尔伯爵、方丹子爵、杂剧家迪布吕埃尔、报社记者安多什·菲诺、法律界红人之一德维尔、沙特莱伯爵议员、银行家迪蒂耶以及一些出身高贵的年轻人，例如保尔·德玛奈维尔和波唐杜埃子爵。秘书长进门时，塞莱斯蒂纳正在倒茶。她那晚的衣着非常合身——身穿一条没有任何修饰的黑色天鹅绒长裙，还披着一条黑纱披肩。她的头发柔顺地挽在头上，编成厚重的盘发，脸颊两侧垂着几绺长长的英式发卷。这个女人的艺术家气质里带着意大利人的闲暇和敏锐的理解力，因而散发着一种与众不同的魅力。其他人哪怕有一个最渺小不过的愿望，她也能十分得体地接受，并会去促成这一愿望的实现。她生就一副高贵纤细的身材，谈话间摇曳生姿、轻盈曼妙。她那双黑黑的眼睛像东方人，还能像中国女人那样拿眼角看人。她能娴熟地用柔和献媚的声音赋予每个字温柔的魅力，即便那是她无意间说出的话。她的脚与我们在肖像画里所见的一模一样，画家可以大胆地摆放、讨好他的模特，这是唯一不会违背人体解剖学的方式。她的皮肤和大多数头发是深褐色的女人一样，在白天稍稍偏黄。但在夜晚的烛火下，她容光焕发，一头釉亮的黑发和一双墨黑的明眸更是亮丽动人。她那苗条而线条分明的身形令一位艺术家想起中世纪冉·古戎的作品维纳斯雕像，这位杰出的艺术家曾为狄安娜·德普瓦蒂埃公爵夫人塑像。

Des Lupeaulx stopped in the doorway, and leaned against the woodwork. This ferret of ideas did not deny himself the pleasure of spying upon sentiment, and this woman interested him more than any of the others to whom he had attached himself. Des Lupeaulx had reached an age when men assert pretensions in regard to women. The

first white hairs lead to the latest passions, all the more violent because they are astride of vanishing powers and dawning weakness. The age of forty is the age of folly,—an age when man wants to be loved for himself; whereas at twenty-five life is so full that he has no wants. At twenty-five he overflows with vigor and wastes it with impunity, but at forty he learns that to use it in that way is to abuse it. The thoughts that came into des Lupeaulx's mind at this moment were melancholy ones. The nerves of the old beau relaxed; the agreeable smile, which served as a mask and made the character of his countenance, faded; the real man appeared, and he was horrible. Rabourdin caught sight of him and thought, "What has happened to him? can he be disgraced in any way?"

德吕卜克斯停在门口，身子倚靠在木门框上。他像雪貂一样探究别人的想法，也并不否认自己以试探人家的情感为乐。他对这个女人的兴趣超过了任何一个他爱恋过的女人。在对待女人这个方面，德吕卜克斯已到了自命不凡的年纪。此时人们的力量逐渐消退，衰弱步步临近，因此最早生出的白发会点燃最后的、最为强烈的激情。四十岁是个愚蠢的年龄——男人要求别人爱他，并要求人们只爱他这个人本身。二十五岁的男人则生活充实，没什么需求。二十五岁时他精力旺盛，浪费一点也无妨。可到了四十岁，他已明白那样就是对精力的滥用挥霍。此时，德吕卜克斯想到的都是些伤感的事情。这个情场老手放松了神经。他那惬意的笑容是一个面具，塑就了他的容貌特点，此时却已黯然失色。他真实的那一面显露了出来，甚是可怖。拉布丹看到他这副样子，心想：“他出什么事了吗？他是不是被人以某种方式折辱了呢？”

The general-secretary was, however, only thinking how the pretty Madame Colleville, whose intentions were exactly those of Madame Rabourdin, had summarily abandoned him when it suited her to do so. Rabourdin caught the sham statesman's eyes fixed on his wife, and he recorded the look in his memory. He was too keen an observer not to understand des Lupeaulx to the bottom, and he deeply despised him; but, as with most busy men, his feelings and sentiments seldom came to the surface. Absorption in a beloved work is practically equivalent to the cleverest dissimulation, and thus it was that the opinions and ideas of Rabourdin were a sealed book to des Lupeaulx. The former was sorry to see the man in his house, but he was never willing to oppose his wife's wishes. At this particular moment, while he talked confidentially with a supernumerary of his office who was destined, later, to play an unconscious part in a political intrigue resulting from the death of La Billardiere, he watched, though half-abstractedly, his wife and des Lupeaulx.

可秘书长那时只是在想，漂亮的柯尔维尔夫人一感觉时机成熟，是如何快速地甩掉他的，而拉布丹夫人的意图与她完全一样。拉布丹看见这个虚情假意的政客正死死盯着自己的妻子看，就把那种眼神存进了记

忆里。他思维敏捷、善于观察，不会看不透德吕卜克斯。他深深鄙视着德吕卜克斯，但和大多数忙人一样，他的感觉和情绪极少流露出来。一个人若陶醉于一项自己热爱的工作，简直可以和最聪明的伪装相提并论。因此，拉布丹的意见和想法对德吕卜克斯来说，就是一本上了封的书。前者看到后者在自己家里，心里很不舒服，可他又不愿违背妻子的意愿。此时此刻，他一边秘密地与他办公室里的一名编外人员交谈着，一边心不在焉地观察着他的妻子和德吕卜克斯。这名编外人员注定后来要在拉比亚尔迪埃之死引发的一场政治阴谋中发挥不为人知的作用。

Here we must explain, as much for foreigners as for our own grandchildren, what a supernumerary in a government office in Paris means.

在此，无论是为了外国人还是我们的子孙后代，我们都必须解释一下，巴黎政府的编外人员意味着什么。

The supernumerary is to the administration what a choir-boy is to a church, what the company's child is to the regiment, what the figurante is to a theatre; something artless, naive, innocent, a being blinded by illusions. Without illusions what would become of any of us? They give strength to bear the res angusta domi of arts and the beginnings of all science by inspiring us with faith. Illusion is illimitable faith. Now the supernumerary has faith in the administration; he never thinks it cold, cruel, and hard, as it really is. There are two kinds of supernumeraries, or hangers-on,—one poor, the other rich. The poor one is rich in hope and wants a place, the rich one is poor in spirit and wants nothing. A wealthy family is not so foolish as to put its able men into the administration. It confides an unfledged scion to some head-clerk, or gives him in charge of a directory who initiates him into what Bilboquet, that profound philosopher, called the high comedy of government; he is spared all the horrors of drudgery and is finally appointed to some important office. The rich supernumerary never alarms the other clerks; they know he does not endanger their interests, for he seeks only the highest posts in the administration. About the period of which we write many families were saying to themselves: "What can we do with our sons?" The army no longer offered a chance for fortune. Special careers, such as civil and military engineering, the navy, mining, and the professorial chair were all fenced about by strict regulations or to be obtained only by competition; whereas in the civil service the revolving wheel which turned clerks into prefects, sub-prefects, assessors, and collectors, like the figures in a magic lantern, was subjected to no such rules and entailed no drudgery. Through this easy gap emerged into life the rich supernumeraries who drove their tilburys, dressed well, and wore moustachios, all of them as impudent as parvenus. Journalists were apt to persecute the tribe, who were

cousins, nephews, brothers, or other relatives of some minister, some deputy, or an influential peer. The humbler clerks regarded them as a means of influence.

编外人员之于政府机构就像唱诗班男孩之于教堂、军人的后代之于军团、女配角之于剧场。他们自然、天真、幼稚，被幻想蒙蔽了双眼。没了幻想，我们所有人都会变成什么样子呢？幻想启发我们，让我们心生信仰，赋予我们力量去承受艺术的空洞，去开启所有的科学。幻想是一种无穷无际的信念。所以，编外人员对政府也怀有信念，绝不会认为政府是个冰冷、残酷、苛刻的地方，尽管这恰恰是事实。编外人员，或称追随者，有两种类型——穷编外人员和富编外人员。穷编外人员充满希望，想获得一个职位；富编外人员精神匮乏，什么也不想要。有钱的家庭不会傻到把家里有能力的人送进政府里去。缺乏经验的富家子弟会被委托给处长或受管于主任，思想深邃的哲人比尔波盖将这种入门方式称作政府的高层喜剧。富家子弟会被免去所有的苦力活，并最终被予以重要岗位。富编外人员从不会让其他公务员担惊受怕，他们知道他不会危及他们的利益，因为他只想要政府里最高的那些职位。在本文所写的那个年代，很多家庭都在商量："我们该拿儿子怎么办呢？"军队再也不提供发财的机会了。专业岗位诸如民用和军事工程、海军、矿业、教授等不是有严格的准入规定，就是需要竞争上岗。而在行政部门里，轮转机制可以将公务员变为高级行政长官、副行政长官、评税员、税收官。他们不受规章制度的限制，也不用干苦差役，就像是身处魔灯里的人物。这个不费力气的缺口一打开，便出现了富编外人员。他们驾着双轮轻便马车，衣着光鲜，还留着八字须，和暴发户一样粗鲁无礼。报社记者动辄就找这群人的麻烦。他们往往和某大臣、某议员或某个有权有势的人物有关系，是这些人的表兄妹、侄子侄女、亲兄弟或者别的亲戚。地位更加谦卑低下的公务员则把他们看成发挥影响力的手段。

The poor supernumerary, on the other hand, who is the only real worker, is almost always the son of some former clerk's widow, who lives on a meagre pension and sacrifices herself to support her son until he can get a place as copying-clerk, and then dies leaving him no nearer the head of his department than writer of deeds, order-clerks, or, possibly, under-head-clerk. Living always in some locality where rents are low, this humble supernumerary starts early from home. For him the Eastern question relates only to the morning skies. To go on foot and not get muddied, to save his clothes, and allow for the time he may lose in standing under shelter during a shower, are the preoccupations of his mind. The street pavements, the flaggings of the quays and the boulevards, when first laid down, were a boon to him. If, for some extraordinary reason, you happen to be in the streets of Paris at half-past seven or eight o'clock of a winter's morning, and see through piercing cold or fog or rain a timid, pale young man loom up, cigarless, take notice of his pockets. You will be sure to see the outline of a roll which his mother has given him to stay his stomach between

breakfast and dinner. The guilelessness of the supernumerary does not last long. A youth enlightened by gleams by Parisian life soon measures the frightful distance that separates him from the head-clerkship, a distance which no mathematician, neither Archimedes, nor Leibnitz, nor Laplace has ever reckoned, the distance that exists between 0 and the figure 1. He begins to perceive the impossibilities of his career; he hears talk of favoritism; he discovers the intrigues of officials: he sees the questionable means by which his superiors have pushed their way,—one has married a young woman who made a false step; another, the natural daughter of a minister; this one shouldered the responsibility of another's fault; that one, full of talent, risks his health in doing, with the perseverance of a mole, prodigies of work which the man of influence feels incapable of doing for himself, though he takes the credit. Everything is known in a government office. The incapable man has a wife with a clear head, who has pushed him along and got him nominated for deputy; if he has not talent enough for an office, he cabals in the Chamber. The wife of another has a statesman at her feet. A third is the hidden informant of a powerful journalist. Often the disgusted and hopeless supernumerary sends in his resignation. About three fourths of his class leave the government employ without ever obtaining an appointment, and their number is winnowed down to either those young men who are foolish or obstinate enough to say to themselves, "I have been here three years, and I must end sooner or later by getting a place," or to those who are conscious of a vocation for the work. Undoubtedly the position of supernumerary in a government office is precisely what the novitiate is in a religious order,—a trial. It is a rough trial. The State discovers how many of them can bear hunger, thirst, and penury without breaking down, how many can toil without revolting against it; it learns which temperaments can bear up under the horrible experience—or if you like, the disease—of government official life. From this point of view the apprenticeship of the supernumerary, instead of being an infamous device of the government to obtain labor gratis, becomes a useful institution.

另一方面，真正办事的只有穷编外人员，他们往往是已故公务员的遗孀之子。这些遗孀靠微薄的退休金度日，一个人辛辛苦苦将儿子抚养成人，一直到他获得一份文书员工作为止。到她死的时候，儿子也只不过是一名科员、文书发布员，可能的话还能当上副处长，但大臣一职离他还是很遥远。这样谦卑的编外人员总是住在房租低廉的地区，每天都会早早出门。对他而言，“东方”问题仅能使他联想到早晨的天色。走过去时可别踩上泥巴，别把衣服弄脏了，要是下雨的话还得留出躲雨的时间，他满脑子想的都是这些。街边的人行道、堤岸上的石板路和林荫大道，这些从建成时起就给他提供了莫大的方便。如果出于什么特殊的原因，某个冬日的早晨七点半或八点的时候，你碰巧正站在巴黎街头。透

过针刺般的寒气、大雾、细雨，你突然看见一名羞涩、苍白、没抽烟的年轻男子向你走来，就注意一下他的口袋。你可以肯定那是一个面包卷的轮廓。那是他母亲给他的，这样他在早饭和晚餐之间的这段时间里就不至于饿肚子了。这种编外人员的诚实品格保持不了多久。年轻人受到巴黎生活之光的启发，很快就能测出处长和他之间的距离。这是段叫人害怕的距离，没有任何一位数学家，包括阿基米德、莱布尼茨、拉普拉斯在内，能算出这段介于零和一之间的距离。他开始觉察到踏上仕途是不可能的，他听见了偏袒之言，也发现了办公室里的阴谋。他看到上司是通过何种可疑的手段挤到上去的——其中一位娶了一名失足的年轻女子，另一位则与某位大臣的私生女成婚，还替别人背黑锅。前者才华横溢，有着鼹鼠般的毅力和杰出的工作能力，却冒着牺牲健康的风险，替手握实权的人完成他无法完成的任务，还要让那个人拿走全部功劳。办公室里一切事情大家都心知肚明。有一类人自己没本事，却娶了个精明的妻子。她推着他的仕途往前走，帮助他被提名为议员。即便他没有足够的才干应付办公室里的事情，也能在议会里耍耍心机。还有一类人，他们妻子的脚下拜倒着某个政治家。另有一类人是潜藏的线人，他们给权威记者提供情报。编外人员对此深感反感，感觉前途无望，然后递交辞呈，这种现象很常见。与他同级别的编外人员中，有大约四分之三在获得任命之前就走人了。剩下的年轻人要么愚蠢透顶或万分固执，他们常自语道："我已经在这里干了三年了，迟早会给我一个职位的。"，要么就是对工作有强烈的使命感。毫无疑问，政府办公室里的编外人员和宗教秩序里的见习修士地位相当——都在经历一场考验。而且还是一场严峻的考验。国家从中发现他们中间有多少人可以忍饥挨饿，不被贫困击垮，又有多少人可以不辞劳苦地干活却从不提出抗议。国家还了解到哪种脾气的人可以在这场可怕的经历中坚持下来，或者说患了这可怕的官场疾病后还能支撑下去。从这一观点出发，编外人员当学徒非但不是政府获取义务劳动的可耻手段，反而是一种大有用处的机制。

The young man with whom Rabourdin was talking was a poor supernumerary named Sebastien de la Roche, who had picked his way on the points of his toes, without incurring the least splash upon his boots, from the rue du Roi-Dore in the Marais. He talked of his mamma, and dared not raise his eyes to Madame Rabourdin, whose house appeared to him as gorgeous as the Louvre. He was careful to show his gloves, well cleaned with india-rubber, as little as he could. His poor mother had put five francs in his pocket in case it became absolutely necessary that he should play cards; but she enjoined him to take nothing, to remain standing, and to be very careful not to knock over a lamp or the bric-a-brac from an etagere. His dress was all of the strictest black. His fair face, his eyes, of a fine shade of green with golden reflections, were in keeping with a handsome head of auburn hair. The poor lad looked furtively at Madame Rabourdin, whispering to himself, "How beautiful!" and was likely to dream of that fairy when he went to bed.

那个和拉布丹说着话的年轻人正是位穷编外人员，名叫塞巴斯蒂安·德拉罗什。他从沼泽区的金王街一路小心翼翼地踮着走过来，没让靴子溅上一丁点泥巴。他说起自己母亲的时候，都不敢抬头看一眼拉布丹夫人。她居住的这所房子在他眼中就和卢浮宫一样美轮美奂。他小心翼翼地缩着手，尽量不把手套露出来，尽管那双手套已经用印度橡胶清洁过了。他那可怜的母亲在他口袋里装了五个法郎。万一他赶上玩牌，这些钱就绝对派得上用场。她还吩咐他什么都别拿，一直站着别坐下，并且注意别碰倒了灯或者架上的小摆设。他一身打扮都是最严谨的黑色。他面容白皙，一双绿盈盈的眼睛里泛着金黄色的闪光，正好配他那头漂亮的赭色头发。可怜的年轻人偷偷望着拉布丹夫人，喃喃自语道："她多美啊！"他甚至连晚上睡觉都有可能梦见这位仙女。

Rabourdin had noted a vocation for his work in the lad, and as he himself took the whole service seriously, he felt a lively interest in him. He guessed the poverty of his mother's home, kept together on a widow's pension of seven hundred francs a year—for the education of the son, who was just out of college, had absorbed all her savings. He therefore treated the youth almost paternally; often endeavoured to get him some fee from the Council, or paid it from his own pocket. He overwhelmed Sebastien with work, trained him, and allowed him to do the work of du Bruel's place, for which that vaudevillist, otherwise known as Cursy, paid him three hundred francs out of his salary. In the minds of Madame de la Roche and her son, Rabourdin was at once a great man, a tyrant, and an angel. On him all the poor fellow's hopes of getting an appointment depended, and the lad's devotion to his chief was boundless. He dined once a fortnight in the rue Duphot; but always at a family dinner, invited by Rabourdin himself; Madame asked him to evening parties only when she wanted partners.

拉布丹已经意识到，在工作中他对这个年轻人负有某种使命。他本人对整个工作持严肃的态度，对塞巴斯蒂安也产生了浓厚的兴趣。他猜到他的母亲持家艰难，用一个寡妇每年七百法郎的退休金勉强维持生计——因为她供了儿子上学。儿子刚从大学毕业，一定花完了她所有的积蓄。于是他以近乎父亲的态度对待这个年轻人，常常努力为他向议会多争取些补贴，甚至自己掏腰包补贴他。他给塞巴斯蒂安布置了大量工作，对他加以培养，还允许他替迪布吕埃尔做本职工作。迪布吕埃尔是个剧作家，又被人称作居尔西，他从自己的薪资里付给塞巴斯蒂安三百法郎。在德拉罗什夫人和她儿子看来，拉布丹既是个伟人，又是个暴君，但同时还是一位天使。这个可怜的人把获得任命的全部希望都寄托在了拉布丹身上。小伙子对他的上司尽职尽忠，无休无止地为其奉献。拉布丹每两周邀请他一次，请他去迪福街共进家宴。拉布丹夫人只是在没有伴的情况下才会叫他参加晚会。

At that moment Rabourdin was scolding poor Sebastien, the only human being who was in the secret of his immense labors. The youth copied and recopied the famous "statement," written on a hundred and

fifty folio sheets, besides the corroborative documents, and the summing up (contained in one page), with the estimates bracketed, the captions in a running hand, and the sub-titles in a round one. Full of enthusiasm, in spite of his merely mechanical participation in the great idea, the lad of twenty would rewrite whole pages for a single blot, and made it his glory to touch up the writing, regarding it as the element of a noble undertaking. Sebastien had that afternoon committed the great imprudence of carrying into the general office, for the purpose of copying, a paper which contained the most dangerous facts to make known prematurely, namely, a memorandum relating to the officials in the central offices of all ministries, with facts concerning their fortunes, actual and prospective, together with the individual enterprises of each outside of his government employment.

那时拉布丹正在责骂可怜的塞巴斯蒂安，他是唯一知道这浩大工作背后秘密的人。除了佐证文档和总结（只占一页纸）以外，年轻人在一百五十份公文纸上反复抄写这份著名的“报表”，预估数字要用括号括起来，标题用草体书写，副标题则用圆体。尽管他只为这个伟大的想法做一些机械性的工作，但他却满腔热情。这个二十岁的小伙子仅仅因为弄了一个污点，可以将整张纸重抄一遍。他认为文书抄写是构成一项崇高事业的要素之一，因此对其做点小润色在他看来无比光荣。那天下午，塞巴斯蒂安非常不小心，把一份记载着最危险事实的文件带到总办抄写，使那些事实提前曝光了。那是一份关于各部中央办公室官员的备忘录，记录了他们实际的和可能存在的财产，以及他们在政府之外的个人事业。

All government clerks in Paris who are not endowed, like Rabourdin, with patriotic ambition or other marked capacity, usually add the profits of some industry to the salary of their office, in order to eke out a living. A number do as Monsieur Saillard did,—put their money into a business carried on by others, and spend their evenings in keeping the books of their associates. Many clerks are married to milliners, licensed tobacco dealers, women who have charge of the public lotteries or reading-rooms. Some, like the husband of Madame Colleville, Celestine's rival, play in the orchestra of a theatre; others like du Bruel, write vaudeville, comic operas, melodramas, or act as prompters behind the scenes. We may mention among them Messrs. Planard, Sewrin, etc. Pigault-Lebrun, Piis, Duvicquet, in their day, were in government employ. Monsieur Scribe's head-librarian was a clerk in the Treasury.

巴黎所有的公务员都不具备拉布丹那样的爱国壮志和杰出的才能。他们为了维持生计，通常还会做点兼职，在工薪之外添些额外收入。有些人和萨亚尔先生做法一样——把钱投到一项生意上，生意交给别人打理，自己则在晚上核对合伙人的账目。许多公务员会娶女性饰品商、有

许可证的烟草商、公共彩票发售人或阅览室管理员为妻。有些人，比如塞莱斯蒂纳的对手柯尔维尔夫人的丈夫，会加入剧院管弦乐团。还有些人会写一些杂剧、滑稽歌剧、情节剧，或者当一名幕后提词员，迪布吕埃尔就是其中一例。我们可以提几位先生的名字。普拉纳、苏兰，等等。那个时候，皮戈 - 勒布伦、皮斯、杜维凯都受雇于政府。斯克里布先生笔下的图书馆主任就是财政部的一名公务员。

Besides such information as this, Rabourdin's memorandum contained an inquiry into the moral and physical capacities and faculties necessary in those who were to examine the intelligence, aptitude for labor, and sound health of the applicants for government service,—three indispensable qualities in men who are to bear the burden of public affairs and should do their business well and quickly. But this careful study, the result of ten years' observation and experience, and of a long acquaintance with men and things obtained by intercourse with the various functionaries in the different ministries, would assuredly have, to those who did not see its purport and connection, an air of treachery and police espial. If a single page of these papers were to fall under the eye of those concerned, Monsieur Rabourdin was lost. Sebastien, who admired his chief without reservation, and who was, as yet, wholly ignorant of the evils of bureaucracy, had the follies of guilelessness as well as its grace. Blamed on a former occasion for carrying away these papers, he now bravely acknowledged his fault to its fullest extent; he related how he had put away both the memorandum and the copy carefully in a box in the office where no one would ever find them. Tears rolled from his eyes as he realized the greatness of his offence.

除了这些信息，拉布丹的备忘录还包含一项对道德、体能和才智的调查。如果有人将要审核公职申请人的智力、工作资质和健康状况，那他就需要了解这三项。被审核的三种素质则对即将肩负公共事务，并需要把事情做得又快又好的人而言必不可少。这项细心的研究凝结了他十年的经验和观察，是通过与不同部门的各类公务员打交道，并对人情世故有了长期了解后才得出的。但如果有人看不出这项研究的目的性和关联性，那这项研究无疑带有一种背叛和警官侦查的意味。假如这其中的一张纸落到相关人员的眼皮子底下，拉布丹可就输定了。塞巴斯蒂安毫无保留地崇拜他的上司，对官僚制度的丑恶之处却一无不知。他忠厚老实，显得既愚不可及，又高贵优雅。他之前就曾因带走了这些文件而受过责备。这一次他勇敢地承认这完全是他的过错，还说他已经把备忘录和手抄本小心地收到办公室一个箱子里去了，没人找得到。他意识到自己犯了大错，眼泪夺眶而出。

"Come, come!" said Rabourdin, kindly. "Don't be so imprudent again, but never mind now. Go to the office very early tomorrow morning; here is the key of a small safe which is in my roller secretary; it shuts with a combination lock. You can open it with the

word 'sky'; put the memorandum and your copy into it and shut it carefully.”

“好啦，好啦！”拉布丹和蔼地说，“下次别再这么草率啦，现在就别在意了。明天你一大早就去办公室。这是我卷轴写字台里小保险柜的钥匙，保险柜的锁是一把转字锁。你转出‘天’字就能将保险柜打开，把备忘录和抄本放进去，然后小心关好。”

This proof of confidence dried the poor fellow's tears. Rabourdin advised him to take a cup of tea and some cakes.

这说明拉布丹还信任他，可怜小伙子不再流泪了。拉布丹请他喝茶吃蛋糕。

"Mamma forbids me to drink tea, on account of my chest," said Sebastien.

“我妈妈怕我的胸出问题，不许我喝茶。”塞巴斯蒂安回答道。

"Well, then, my dear child," said the imposing Madame Rabourdin, who wished to appear gracious, "here are some sandwiches and cream; come and sit by me."

“既然这样，亲爱的孩子，”庄重威严的拉布丹夫人希望表现出落落大方的派头，于是说道，“这儿有些三明治和奶油，过来吧，坐到我旁边来。”

She made Sebastien sit down beside her, and the lad's heart rose in his throat as he felt the robe of this divinity brush the sleeve of his coat. Just then the beautiful woman caught sight of Monsieur des Lupeaulx standing in the doorway. She smiled, and not waiting till he came to her, she went to him.

她让塞巴斯蒂安挨着她坐下。小伙子感觉到这位女神的长裙拂过自己外套的袖子，心都提到了嗓子眼。就在这时，这位漂亮的女人看见德吕卜克斯正站在门口。她微微一笑，没等他朝她走过来，自己就走了过去。

"Why do you stay there as if you were sulking?" she asked.

“你干嘛站在这儿，一副生闷气的样子啊？”她问道。

"I am not sulking," he returned; "I came to announce some good news, but the thought has overtaken me that it will only add to your severity towards me. I fancy myself six months hence almost a stranger to you. Yes, you are too clever, and I too experienced,—too blase, if you like,—for either of us to deceive the other. Your end is attained without its costing you more than a few smiles and gracious words.”

“我没有生闷气，”他回答道，“我是来宣布一则好消息的。但我一想到你听完这则消息只会对我更严肃，我就受不了。我想象着再过六个

月，你看我就跟看一个陌生人没什么差别了。是啊，你太聪明，而我又太老练——换句话说，这一套都腻味了——我们彼此谁也骗不了谁。你只需露几个微笑，说几句动听的话便可以达到目的了。”

"Deceive each other! what can you mean?" she cried, in a hurt tone.

“彼此欺骗！你说的是什么啊？”她惊呼道，听她说话的语气她似乎很受伤。

"Yes; Monsieur de la Billardiere is dying, and from what the minister told me this evening I judge that your husband will be appointed in his place."

“没错，德拉比亚尔迪埃先生快要死了。今晚大臣对我说了些话，我从中判断出你的丈夫将被任命接替他的位子。”

He thereupon related what he called his scene at the ministry and the jealousy of the countess, repeating her remarks about the invitation he had asked her to send to Madame Rabourdin.

他随即讲述了“他在大臣家的一景”，他还提到伯爵夫人是如何嫉妒，并把他请求伯爵夫人邀请拉布丹夫人时伯爵夫人的原话重复了一遍。

"Monsieur des Lupeaulx," said Madame Rabourdin, with dignity, "permit me to tell you that my husband is the oldest head-clerk as well as the most capable man in the division; also that the appointment of La Billardiere over his head made much talk in the service, and that my husband has stayed on for the last year expecting this promotion, for which he has really no competitor and no rival.”

“德吕卜克斯先生，”拉布丹夫人以庄重的口吻讲道，“请允许我告诉你，我丈夫既是部里资历最老的处长，也是司里最有能力的一名公务员。拉比亚尔迪埃被提到他上头时，部里出了不少争议。我丈夫已经坚持了一年，他一直期待着这次提任。事实上，他既没有竞争者，也没有对手。”

"That is true."

“是那样的。”

"Well, then," she resumed, smiling and showing her handsome teeth, "how can you suppose that the friendship I feel for you is marred by a thought of self-interest? Why should you think me capable of that?”

“那么，”她微笑着露出一口漂亮的牙齿，继续说道，“你怎么能认为我对你的友情会被自私自利的想法破坏呢？你怎么会认为我有做这种事情的能力呢？”

Des Lupeaulx made a gesture of admiring denial.

德吕卜克斯佩服地打了个否定的手势。

"Ah!" she continued, "the heart of woman will always remain a secret for even the cleverest of men. Yes, I welcomed you to my house with the greatest pleasure; and there was, I admit, a motive of self-interest behind my pleasure—"

“啊！”她接着说道，“即便是对最聪明的男人而言，女人的心思也总是个秘密。对，我怀着无比快乐的心情欢迎你来我家作客。不过我得承认，这份快乐的背后确实有个人利益在驱动——”

"Ah!"

“啊！”

"You have a career before you," she whispered in his ear, "a future without limit; you will be deputy, minister!" (What happiness for an ambitious man when such things as these are warbled in his ear by the sweet voice of a pretty woman!) "Oh, yes! I know you better than you know yourself. Rabourdin is a man who could be of immense service to you in such a career; he could do the steady work while you were in the Chamber. Just as you dream of the ministry, so I dream of seeing Rabourdin in the Council of State, and general director. It is therefore my object to draw together two men who can never injure, but, on the contrary, must greatly help each other. Isn't that a woman's mission? If you are friends, you will both rise the faster, and it is surely high time that each of you made hay. I have burned my ships," she added, smiling. "But you are not as frank with me as I have been with you."

“你的仕途就在你的面前。”她对他轻声耳语道，“你的前途不可限量。你将成为议员、大臣！”（一个有雄心壮志的男人，听到耳边响起这些婉转低语，而且这些话出自一个声音柔美的漂亮女士之口，他会有多么快乐啊！）“哦，没错！我了解你，比你自己了解的都多。在这条仕途上，拉布丹这个人可以给你提供巨大的帮助。你身在议会的时候，他可以一刻不停地为你工作。正如你梦想着当大臣一样，我也渴望看到拉布丹进入国务议院，当上办公厅主任。所以我的目标就是将你们两个人聚到一块儿。你们非但永远不会伤害对方，相反还会对彼此大有助益。这难道不是一个女人的任务吗？假如你们是朋友，你们俩都会升得更快，现在正是你们趁热打铁的时候。我已经破釜沉舟了。”她微笑着继续说道，“不过你对我可不像我一直以来对你那样坦诚啊。”

"You would not listen to me if I were," he replied, with a melancholy air, in spite of the deep inward satisfaction her remarks gave him. "What would such future promotions avail me, if you dismiss me now?"

“如果我对你坦诚相待，你也不会听我的。”尽管她的话让他内心感到深深的满足，他还是一脸忧伤地回答道，“倘若你现在把我踢出局，即

使我将来晋升了，这对我又有什么好处呢？”

"Before I listen to you," she replied, with naive Parisian liveliness, "we must be able to understand each other."

“在我听你讲之前，”她以天真烂漫的巴黎人富有活力的声音答道，“我们得能理解对方才行。”

And she left the old fop to go and speak with Madame de Chessel, a countess from the provinces, who seemed about to take leave.

说罢，她撂下了这个情场老手，去找外省来的谢塞尔伯爵夫人说几句话，这位夫人好像正打算辞行。

"That is a very extraordinary woman," said des Lupeaulx to himself. "I don't know my own self when I am with her.”

“那真是个与众不同的女人。”德吕卜克斯自言自语道，“和她在一起时，我连自己是谁都不知道了。”

Accordingly, this man of no principle, who six years earlier had kept a ballet-girl, and who now, thanks to his position, made himself a seraglio with the pretty wives of the under-clerks, and lived in the world of journalists and actresses, became devotedly attentive all the evening to Celestine, and was the last to leave the house.

正因为如此，这个没准则的男人一整晚都专心围着塞莱斯蒂纳转悠，而且最后一个离开她家。他在六年前曾和一个芭蕾舞女演员有过一腿，现在因为他在这个职位上，他还将下属公务员的漂亮妻子们建成了一座后宫，自己则活在记者和女演员的圈子里。

"At last!" thought Madame Rabourdin, as she undressed that night, "we have the place! Twelve thousand francs a year and perquisites, beside the rents of our farms at Grajeux,—nearly twenty thousand francs a year. It is not affluence, but at least it isn't poverty.”

“终于拿到了！”拉布丹夫人那晚边脱衣服边想，“我们拿到那个位子了！一年有一万二千法郎，还有津贴，再加上我们在格拉热的几个农场的租金——每年差不多有两万法郎呢。虽然算不上富有，但至少也算不上贫穷啦。”

CHAPTER IV Three-Quarter Length Portraits of Certain Government Officials

第四章　某些公务员的四分之三长度肖像画

If it were possible for literature to use the microscope of the Leuwenhoeks, the Malpighis, and the Raspails (an attempt once made by Hoffman, of Berlin), and if we could magnify and then picture the teredos navalis, in other words, those ship-worms which brought Holland within an inch of collapsing by honey-combing her dykes, we might have been able to give a more distinct idea of Messieurs Gigonnet, Baudoyer, Saillard, Gaudron, Falleix, Transon, Godard and company, borers and burrowers, who proved their undermining power in the thirtieth year of this century.

如果我们可以把列文虎克、马尔比基、拉斯帕伊的显微镜（柏林的霍夫曼就曾试过）用在文学上，将这些船蛆放大，并将它们描绘出来——这些船蛆曾在荷兰的堤岸上侵蚀出一个又一个蜂巢，差点就毁了荷兰——也许我们就可以更清楚地认识羊腿子、包杜阿耶、萨亚尔、戈德龙、法莱克斯、特朗松、戈达尔那一帮钻蛀虫和土蝽。在本世纪三十年代，这些人证明了他们拥有暗中破坏的力量。

But now it is time to show another set of teredos, who burrowed and swarmed in the government offices where the principal scenes of our present study took place.

不过，现在是时候展现另一类蛀虫了。他们群集在政府机构里，不停地钻孔。此项研究的主要剧目就在这种政府机构中上演了。

In Paris nearly all these government bureaus resemble each other. Into whatever ministry you penetrate to ask some slight favor, or to get redress for a trifling wrong, you will find the same dark corridors, ill-lighted stairways, doors with oval panes of glass like eyes, as at the theatre. In the first room as you enter you will find the office servant; in the second, the under-clerks; the private office of the second head-clerk is to the right or left, and further on is that of the head of the bureau. As to the important personage called, under the Empire, head of division, then, under the Restoration, director, and now by the former name, head or chief of division, he lives either above or below the offices of his three or four different bureaus.

在巴黎，几乎所有办公室看起来都是一个样。不论到哪个部里面去，去求人帮点小忙或者平反一个小冤屈，你都会穿过同样黑暗的走道，同样昏暗的楼梯，同样嵌着像人眼一般的椭圆形窗玻璃，这陈设就跟剧场一样。进了第一间房，你见到的是办公室勤杂工；第二间房里，

是低级别职员；然后靠左或靠右的房间是副处长个人办公室；再过去就是处长办公室。那位重要人物的办公室——在帝国时期他被称为司长，复辟王朝时期称主任，而现在又按从前的叫法称司长——在他主管的三四个处的楼上或楼下。

Speaking in the administrative sense, a bureau consists of a man-servant, several supernumeraries (who do the work gratis for a certain number of years), various copying clerks, writers of bills and deeds, order clerks, principal clerks, second or under head-clerk, and head-clerk, otherwise called head or chief of the bureau. These denominational titles vary under some administrations; for instance, the order-clerks are sometimes called auditors, or again, book-keepers.

从行政管理角度讲，一个处包括一名男仆、几个见习生（义务工作数年）、各种文员、账务员、一等科员、主管科员、副处长和处长，叫领导也行。在不同的行政部门，职务称谓会有所不同，比如，科员有时也叫审计员或者簿记员。

Paved like the corridor, and hung with a shabby paper, the first room, where the servant is stationed, is furnished with a stove, a large black table with inkstand, pens, and paper, and benches, but no mats on which to wipe the public feet. The clerk's office beyond is a large room, tolerably well lighted, but seldom floored with wood. Wooden floors and fireplaces are commonly kept sacred to heads of bureaus and divisions; and so are closets, wardrobes, mahogany tables, sofas and armchairs covered with red or green morocco, silk curtains, and other articles of administrative luxury. The clerk's office contents itself with a stove, the pipe of which goes into the chimney, if there be a chimney. The wall paper is plain and all of one color, usually green or brown. The tables are of black wood. The private characteristics of the several clerks often crop out in their method of settling themselves at their desks,—the chilly one has a wooden footstool under his feet; the man with a bilious temperament has a metal mat; the lymphatic being who dreads draughts constructs a fortification of boxes on a screen. The door of the under-head-clerk's office always stands open so that he may keep an eye to some extent on his subordinates.

男仆被安置在第一间房，房间的地板按过道铺设，墙壁上贴着寒碜的墙纸。房间里配有一台炉子、一张很大的黑桌子，桌上摆着墨汁、笔、纸，还有几把长椅。不过，房间里没有地垫可供来访者擦脚。公务员的办公室很大，房间里的照明还过得去，但很少会铺木地板。木地板和壁炉为处长司长们专享，除此以外还有柜子、衣橱、红木桌、沙发、搭着摩洛哥绿羊皮或红羊皮的扶手椅、丝绸窗帘和其他豪华办公用品。公务员的办公室则只装一个炉子就足够了。假如有一个烟囱的话，炉子管道便通着烟囱。墙纸颜色单一，通常是绿色或者棕色。桌子是黑檀木质地的。一些公务员坐在办公桌旁的样子通常会暴露他们的个人特征——畏寒型的会在脚下放一个木头材料的脚凳，胆汁型的有个金属垫，

而淋巴型的则怕过堂风。这种类型的人会用屏风建造起办公区的防御工事。副处长办公室的大门总是敞开的，这样他就能对下属的活动监视一二。

Perhaps an exact description of Monsieur de la Billardiere's division will suffice to give foreigners and provincials an idea of the internal manners and customs of a government office; the chief features of which are probably much the same in the civil service of all European governments.

也许，准确地描述一下德拉比亚尔迪埃先生所在的那个司，就足够让外国人和外省人士对办公室内部风气有所了解了。这个司的主要特征和全欧洲各个政府的行政特点大致相同。

In the first place, picture to yourself the man who is thus described in the Yearly Register:—

首先，想象一下这位《年鉴》上记载的大人物——

"Chief of Division.—Monsieur la baron Flamet de la Billardiere (Athanase-Jean-Francois-Michel) formerly provost-marshal of the department of the Correze, gentleman in ordinary of the bed-chamber, president of the college of the department of the Dordogne, officer of the Legion of honor, knight of Saint Louis and of the foreign orders of Christ, Isabella, Saint Wladimir, etc., member of the Academy of Gers, and other learned bodies, vice-president of the Society of Belles-lettres, member of the Association of Saint-Joseph and of the Society of Prisons, one of the mayors of Paris, etc."

“司长——弗拉梅·德拉比亚尔迪埃男爵（阿塔纳斯 - 让 - 弗朗索瓦 - 米歇尔），科雷兹省司令官、内廷常侍、多尔多涅省协会会长、荣誉军团官员、圣路易骑士，曾获基督、伊莎贝尔、圣弗拉基米尔等国外勋章、热尔学院和其他知名团体成员、文学学会副主席、圣约瑟协会和监狱学会成员、巴黎市市长之一，等等。”

The person who requires so much typographic space was at this time occupying an area five feet six in length by thirty-six inches in width in a bed, his head adorned with a cotton night-cap tied on by flame-colored ribbons; attended by Despleins, the King's surgeon, and young doctor Bianchon, flanked by two old female relatives, surrounded by phials of all kinds, bandages, appliances, and various mortuary instruments, and watched over by the curate of Saint-Roch, who was advising him to think of his salvation.

描写这个人需要很大篇幅。此刻，他正躺在床上，占据的面积长五英尺六、宽三十六英寸。他的头上装饰着棉质睡帽，系着火红色丝带。皇家医生德普兰和年轻的毕安训医生看护着他，他身旁还有两名上了年纪的女亲戚。他的周围尽是各种小玻璃瓶、绷带、器械以及各种丧葬设施。圣罗克的教区神父守护着他，劝说他寻求自己的救赎。

La Billardiere's division occupied the upper floor of a magnificent mansion, in which the vast official ocean of a ministry was contained. A wide landing separated its two bureaus, the doors of which were duly labelled. The private offices and antechambers of the heads of the two bureaus, Monsieur Rabourdin and Monsieur Baudoyer, were below on the second floor, and beyond that of Monsieur Rabourdin were the antechamber, salon, and two offices of Monsieur de la Billardiere.

气势恢宏的官邸装下了一个部门，这就是一个汪洋大海，而拉比亚尔迪埃所在的司位于官邸的高层。部里有两个处，由宽阔的楼梯平台隔开，两个处的门上都贴了合适的标签。拉布丹先生和包杜阿耶先生是这两个处的领导，他们的个人办公室和前厅位于下面的二楼。过了拉布丹先生的办公室，就是拉比亚尔迪埃先生的前厅、客厅和两个办公室。

On the first floor, divided in two by an entresol, were the living rooms and office of Monsieur Ernest de la Briere, an occult and powerful personage who must be described in a few words, for he well deserves the parenthesis. This young man held, during the whole time that this particular administration lasted, the position of private secretary to the minister. His apartment was connected by a secret door with the private office of his Excellency. A private secretary is to the minister himself what des Lupeaulx was to the ministry at large. The same difference existed between young La Briere and des Lupeaulx that there is between an aide-de-camp and a chief of staff. This ministerial apprentice decamps when his protector leaves office, returning sometimes when he returns. If the minister enjoys the royal favor when he falls, or still has parliamentary hopes, he takes his secretary with him into retirement only to bring him back on his return; otherwise he puts him to grass in some of the various administrative pastures,—for instance, in the Court of Exchequer, that wayside refuge where private secretaries wait for the storm to blow over. The young man is not precisely a government official; he is a political character, however; and sometimes his politics are limited to those of one man. When we think of the number of letters it is the private secretary's fate to open and read, besides all his other avocations, it is very evident that under a monarchical government his services would be well paid for. A drudge of this kind costs ten or twenty thousand francs a year; and he enjoys, moreover, the opera-boxes, the social invitations, and the carriages of the minister. The Emperor of Russia would be thankful to be able to pay fifty thousand a year to one of these amiable constitutional poodles, so gentle, so nicely curled, so caressing, so docile, always spick and span,—careful watch-dogs besides, and faithful to a degree! But the private secretary is a product of the representative government hot-house; he is

propagated and developed there, and there only. Under a monarchy you will find none but courtiers and vassals, whereas under a constitutional government you may be flattered, served, and adulated by free men. In France ministers are better off than kings or women; they have some one who thoroughly understands them. Perhaps, indeed, the private secretary is to be pitied as much as women and white paper. They are nonentities who are made to bear all things. They are allowed no talents except hidden ones, which must be employed in the service of their ministers. A public show of talent would ruin them. The private secretary is therefore an intimate friend in the gift of government—However, let us return to the bureaus.

一楼被隔层一分为二，埃内斯特·德拉布里埃的生活间和办公室都在那里。这是一个神秘的大人物，关于他必须得说上几句，因为他值得一提。在本届政府的整个任期当中，这个年轻人一直是大臣的私人秘书。他的房间有扇密门连通着大臣阁下的私人办公室。私人秘书之于大臣就像德吕卜克斯之于整个部门那样。拉布里埃和德吕卜克斯之间的差别正如副官和参谋长之间的差别。保护人离职，大臣的学徒也会撤营；保护人重新得志的时候，学徒也会沾光。如果大臣在失势的时候依旧受到皇室赏识，或者在议会还有希望，他就会带着自己的秘书一起退休。只有他自己回来了，秘书才会跟着回来。要不然，他就把秘书放养到名目众多的部门中的其中之一去——例如会计部。私人秘书就在这路边的避难所里等待风暴的过去。准确地讲，这个年轻人不是政府官员，却是政界的一个人物。有时他的政治思想只是局限在某一个人身上。除了安排给他的其他工作，我们还会想到这个私人秘书必须要拆阅的信件数量。很显然，在君主政体下，国家会付给他很高的薪酬。国家每年需花费一万甚至两万法郎雇人干这种苦力活。而且他去剧院可以享受包厢，会收到社交邀请，还能坐大臣专用的马车。这些温和的宪政贵宾犬非常绅士、亲切、驯服，有着漂亮的卷毛，既干净又整洁。它们是一群细心的看门狗，从某种程度上说是非常忠诚的！俄国皇帝要是一年出五万法郎弄到一只，也会深感欣慰的。不过私人秘书是代议政府温室的产物，只在那里出生、生长。在君主制下，你只会看到廷臣和仆从；而在宪政制下，就会有自由人对你奉承、拍你马屁、为你效力。在法国，大臣可比国王或女人们强多了，因为大臣拥有完全理解他们的知己。也许私人秘书像女人和白纸一样，的确值得同情。他们无足轻重，却得承担一切。他们必须收敛才华，而又必须为大臣所用。他们一崭露头角，就可能会毁了自己。所以，私人秘书是政府授予大臣的亲密朋友。不过，还是让我们回到处里吧。

Three men-servants lived in peace in the Billardiere division, to wit: a footman for the two bureaus, another for the service of the two chiefs, and a third for the director of the division himself. All three were lodged, warmed, and clothed by the State, and wore the well-known livery of the State, blue coat with red pipings for undress, and broad red, white, and blue braid for great occasions. La Billardiere's

man had the air of a gentleman-usher, an innovation which gave an aspect of dignity to the division.

拉比亚尔迪埃的司里面有三个男仆，他们和睦相处：一个供职于两个处，另一个侍奉两个处长，第三个侍奉司长本人。三个人的食宿、采暖、服装均由国家安排。他们穿的是人们熟悉的政府制服，便服是带红色滚边的蓝色外套，在重大场合则穿宽间隔的红白蓝镶边服装。拉比亚尔迪埃手下的人有着引见官的派头，这种革新彰显出了司里尊贵的一面。

Pillars of the ministry, experts in all manners and customs bureaucratic, well-warmed and clothed at the State's expense, growing rich by reason of their few wants, these lackeys saw completely through the government officials, collectively and individually. They had no better way of amusing their idle hours than by observing these personages and studying their peculiarities. They knew how far to trust the clerks with loans of money, doing their various commissions with absolute discretion; they pawned and took out of pawn, bought up bills when due, and lent money without interest, albeit no clerk ever borrowed of them without returning a "gratification." These servants without a master received a salary of nine hundred francs a year; new years' gifts and "gratifications" brought their emoluments to twelve hundred francs, and they made almost as much money by serving breakfasts to the clerks at the office.

他们是部门的顶梁柱，是官僚习俗方面的专家。他们衣食无忧，花的是国家的钱。他们需求不多，因而变得富有。不论是政府整体还是个别官员，这些男仆都看得清清楚楚。闲暇时，他们除了观察那些要人，研究其特性以外，没有更好的方式来消遣自己、打发时光。他们了解为公务员办贷款时，要办到哪种程度，并以绝对的谨慎完成各项使命——抵押、赎回、到期购买当票、无息放贷。不过，没有公务员是不给赏钱的。这些杂役没有固定主人，每年领九百法郎，但新年礼物和赏钱可以使薪水涨到一千二百法郎，几乎和那些给公务员准备餐饭的人挣的钱一样多。

The elder of these men, who was also the richest, waited upon the main body of the clerks. He was sixty years of age, with white hair cropped short like a brush; stout, thickset, and apoplectic about the neck, with a vulgar pimpled face, gray eyes, and a mouth like a furnace door; such was the profile portrait of Antoine, the oldest attendant in the ministry. He had brought his two nephews, Laurent and Gabriel, from Echelles in Savoie,—one to serve the heads of the bureaus, the other the director himself. All three came to open the offices and clean them, between seven and eight o'clock in the morning; at which time they read the newspapers and talked civil service politics from their point of view with the servants of other divisions, exchanging the bureaucratic gossip. In common with

servants of modern houses who know their masters' private affairs thoroughly, they lived at the ministry like spiders at the centre of a web, where they felt the slightest jar of the fabric.

他们三人中最年长的那个服侍主要部门的公务员，他也是他们当中最富有的。他六十岁年纪，一头白发剪得短短的，像把刷子，身体粗壮结实，脖子曾中过风，脸上长着粗野的疙瘩，眼睛呈灰色，一张嘴就像个炉门。这就是安托万——部里年纪最大的仆人的肖像画。他从萨瓦省把两个侄子带了进来。他们名叫洛朗和加布里埃尔，一个人去伺候处长，而另一个则去了司长那里。早上七八点之间，他们三人就会来办公室开门。趁着空当看看报纸，和其他司的男仆们一起谈谈个人对时政的见解，交换一下官场上的小道消息。他们和家仆们一样对主人的私事了如指掌。他们住在部里就像蛛网中心的蜘蛛一样，能感受得到最微弱的震动。

On a Thursday evening, the day after the ministerial reception and Madame Rabourdin's evening party, just as Antoine was trimming his beard and his nephews were assisting him in the antechamber of the division on the upper floor, they were surprised by the unexpected arrival of one of the clerks.

某个星期四的晚上，也就是大臣招待日和拉布丹夫人晚宴的后一天，安托万正在部里楼上的前厅里修剪胡须，他的侄子们也来帮忙。正在这时来了一位意想不到的公务员，他们都吃了一惊。

"That's Monsieur Dutocq," said Antoine. "I know him by that pickpocket step of his. He is always moving round on the sly, that man. He is on your back before you know it. Yesterday, contrary to his usual ways, he outstayed the last man in the office; such a thing hasn't happened three times since he has been at the ministry.”

“那是迪托克先生，”安托万说道，“他那扒手般的脚步声，我一听就知道。那人总是偷偷地溜来溜去。你还没看到，他就溜到你背后来了。昨天，他在办公室里一直逗留到最后，这和他平常的表现是恰恰相反的。这种事可不常见，从他进了这个部到现在，还没超过三次。”

Here follows the portrait of Monsieur Dutocq, order-clerk in the Rabourdin bureau: Thirty-eight years old, oblong face and bilious skin, grizzled hair always cut close, low forehead, heavy eyebrows meeting together, a crooked nose and pinched lips; tall, the right shoulder slightly higher than the left; brown coat, black waistcoat, silk cravat, yellowish trousers, black woollen stockings, and shoes with flapping bows; thus you behold him. Idle and incapable, he hated Rabourdin,—naturally enough, for Rabourdin had no vice to flatter, and no bad or weak side on which Dutocq could make himself useful. Far too noble to injure a clerk, the chief was also too clear-sighted to be deceived by any make-believe. Dutocq kept his place therefore solely through Rabourdin's generosity, and was very certain that he

could never be promoted if the latter succeeded La Billardiere. Though he knew himself incapable of important work, Dutocq was well aware that in a government office incapacity was no hindrance to advancement; La Billardiere's own appointment over the head of so capable a man as Rabourdin had been a striking and fatal example of this. Wickedness combined with self-interest works with a power equivalent to that of intellect; evilly disposed and wholly self-interested, Dutocq had endeavoured to strengthen his position by becoming a spy in all the offices. After 1816 he assumed a marked religious tone, foreseeing the favor which the fools of those days would bestow on those they indiscriminately called Jesuits. Belonging to that fraternity in spirit, though not admitted to its rites, Dutocq went from bureau to bureau, sounded consciences by recounting immoral jests, and then reported and paraphrased results to des Lupeaulx; the latter thus learned all the trivial events of the ministry, and often surprised the minister by his consummate knowledge of what was going on. He tolerated Dutocq under the idea that circumstances might some day make him useful, were it only to get him or some distinguished friend of his out of a scrape by a disgraceful marriage. The two understood each other well. Dutocq had succeeded Monsieur Poiret the elder, who had retired in 1814, and now lived in the pension Vanquer in the Latin quarter. Dutocq himself lived in a pension in the rue de Beaune, and spent his evenings in the Palais-Royal, sometimes going to the theatre, thanks to du Bruel, who gave him an author's ticket about once a week. And now, a word on du Bruel.

下面是迪托克先生的画像，他是拉布丹处里的一等科员：三十八岁，脸是方形的，皮肤呈胆汁色，斑白的头发一贯剪得非常短，额头矮矮的，浓浓的眉毛都快长拢了，鼻子是弯的，嘴唇抿得很紧。他个子很高，右肩略微高过左肩。他上身穿棕色大衣、黑色背心，还系着丝绸领带；下身穿颜色偏黄的裤子、黑色羊毛袜，鞋带还系成跳跃的蝴蝶结形——这就是他的模样。他很懒散又没能力，讨厌拉布丹——这是很自然的，因为拉布丹既没有拍马屁的习惯，也没有什么缺点或不好的地方能让迪托克派上用场。这个上司高尚无比，不会伤害任何一名公务员，而且具备很强的洞察力，伪装的东西是骗不了他的。所以只是因为拉布丹的宽宏大量，迪托克才能继续在这个位子上坐下去。他敢肯定，如果拉布丹接替拉比亚尔迪埃，那么他决不会提升自己。虽然他知道自己完成不了重要任务，但他也明白无才在政府里也不碍事。拉布丹是一个如此有能耐的人，但拉比亚尔迪埃的职位却在拉布丹之上，这就是一个极其明显的例子。邪念加上私心产生的效力等同于一个智者拥有的能量。恶毒的倾向和彻头彻尾的私心使迪托克努力在所有办公室里充当间谍，以巩固自己的职位。一八一六年后，他的身上出现了浓郁的宗教色彩。那个年代的傻瓜们不加区别地把一些阴险家也称呼为耶稣会会员，而迪托克预言这帮人会从中得到好处。他在精神上属于这个教会，但不参加这

个教会举行的仪式。他从一个办公室转到另一个办公室，讲述着一个个不正经的笑话，探听人们的心灵，然后用自己的话复述这些情况来汇报给德吕卜克斯听。于是后者便能了解到了部里的所有细节，对部里发生的事情也了如指掌，这常令大臣大吃一惊。德吕卜克斯觉得，指不定哪一天就能用上迪托克，哪怕是通过一桩卑鄙可耻的婚姻令自己或某个重要的朋友摆脱贫困也好。德吕卜克斯就怀揣着这种心思容下了杜托克。他们俩心意相通。迪托克的上一任上司是普瓦雷先生。那位先生于一八一四年退休，现住在拉丁区的一所万客公寓里。迪托克自己则住在博讷街的一套公寓里。他晚上会去王宫街消遣，有时也会去看看戏剧。这得感谢迪布吕埃尔，因为迪布吕埃尔差不多每周都会送给他一张剧作者的票。现在说说迪布吕埃尔吧。

Though Sebastien did his work at the office for the small compensation we have mentioned, du Bruel was in the habit of coming there to advertise the fact that he was the under-head-clerk and to draw his salary. His real work was that of dramatic critic to a leading ministerial journal, in which he also wrote articles inspired by the ministers,—a very well understood, clearly defined, and quite unassailable position. Du Bruel was not lacking in those diplomatic little tricks which go so far to conciliate general good-will. He sent Madame Rabourdin an opera-box for a first representation, took her there in a carriage and brought her back,—an attention which evidently pleased her. Rabourdin, who was never exacting with his subordinates allowed du Bruel to go off to rehearsals, come to the office at his own hours, and work at his vaudevilles when there. Monsieur le Duc de Chaulieu, the minister, knew that du Bruel was writing a novel which was to be dedicated to himself. Dressed with the careless ease of a theatre man, du Bruel wore, in the morning, trousers strapped under his feet, shoes with gaiters, a waistcoat evidently vamped over, an olive surtout, and a black cravat. At night he played the gentleman in elegant clothes. He lived, for good reasons, in the same house as Florine, an actress for whom he wrote plays. Du Bruel, or to give him his pen name, Cursy, was working just now at a piece in five acts for the Francais. Sebastien was devoted to the author,—who occasionally gave him tickets to the pit,—and applauded his pieces at the parts which du Bruel told him were of doubtful interest, with all the faith and enthusiasm of his years. In fact, the youth looked upon the playwright as a great author, and it was to Sebastien that du Bruel said, the day after a first representation of a vaudeville produced, like all vaudevilles, by three collaborators, "The audience preferred the scenes written by two."

虽然塞巴斯蒂安接替了迪布吕埃尔的工作，拿到了一小笔补偿金。这个我们之前已经提过，不过迪布吕埃尔还是习惯去之前的办公室给自己升为副处长打打广告，还能一并领取薪酬。他真正的工作是在一份重

要的部门期刊上发表戏剧评论，也替大臣们写东西——表明他们不言自明、清晰明确、无懈可击的观点立场。迪布吕埃尔可不缺那些调和众人口味的圆滑手腕。他替拉布丹夫人安排了首场演出的剧场包厢，还用马车接送她——这份关切显然取悦了她。拉布丹从不逼迫下属做事。他准许迪布吕埃尔排练，准许他自己安排上下班时间，还准许他在部里写杂剧。德绍利厄公爵大臣了解到，迪布吕埃尔正在写一部小说，准备献给他。早晨，迪布吕埃尔按照剧作家漫不经心的轻松风格将自己打扮了一番——他的裤子垂到了脚底下，背心明显是几种布料七拼八凑缝起来的；他还穿了一件橄榄绿长外套，戴着一条黑色的领带。到了晚上，他则会换上高雅的衣服扮作绅士。他给女演员弗洛丽娜写剧本，以很合理的缘由住在她家里。迪布吕埃尔，笔名居尔西，正在写一本给法国人观看的五幕剧。作者偶尔会送给塞巴斯蒂安一些池座票。忠心的塞巴斯蒂安在戏演到迪勃吕埃尔不确定的地方时，会以他毕生的忠诚与热情鼓掌叫好。事实上，这个年轻人把迪布吕埃尔看成伟大的作家。迪布吕埃尔会像所有杂剧作家那样，在一部三人合写的剧首演后的第二天告诉塞巴斯蒂安，“观众更喜欢看两个人写的剧”。

"Why don't you write alone?" asked Sebastien naively.

“您为什么不一个人写呢？”塞巴斯蒂安天真地问道。

There were good reasons why du Bruel did not write alone. He was the third of an author. A dramatic writer, as few people know, is made up of three individuals; first, the man with brains who invents the subject and maps out the structure, or scenario, of the vaudeville; second, the plodder, who works the piece into shape; and third, the toucher-up, who sets the songs to music, arranges the chorus and concerted pieces and fits them into their right place, and finally writes the puffs and advertisements. Du Bruel was a plodder; at the office he read the newest books, extracted their wit, and laid it by for use in his dialogues. He was liked by his collaborators on account of his carefulness; the man with brains, sure of being understood, could cross his arms and feel that his ideas would be well rendered. The clerks in the office liked their companion well enough to attend a first performance of his plays in a body and applaud them, for he really deserved the title of a good fellow. His hand went readily to his pocket; ices and punch were bestowed without prodding, and he loaned fifty francs without asking them back. He owned a country-house at Aulnay, laid by his money, and had, besides the four thousand five hundred francs of his salary under government, twelve hundred francs pension from the civil list, and eight hundred from the three hundred thousand francs fund voted by the Chambers for encouragement of the Arts. Add to these diverse emoluments nine thousand francs earned by his quarters, thirds, and halves of plays in three different theatres, and you will readily understand that such a man must be physically round, fat, and comfortable, with the face of a

worthy capitalist. As to morals, he was the lover and the beloved of Tullia and felt himself preferred in heart to the brilliant Duc de Rhetore, the lover in chief.

迪布吕埃尔不独自写剧，当然是有原因的。他算得上第三分之一个作者。鲜为人知的是，一个剧作家由三个人组合而成。首先，要有人创作杂剧的主题，筹划结构或情景；其次，要有一位勤劳之士将作品塑造成型；再次，要有人润色，替音乐配上歌曲、安排合唱、协调乐章，还得让乐章逐个就位，最后写点吹捧的赞辞，进行广告宣传。迪布吕埃尔就是那个专司写作的勤劳之士。他在办公室阅读最新书籍，汲取书里的智慧，然后放到剧中的对话里。他为人心细，深受合作人喜欢。创作人相信自己的想法一定会被他理解，并被很好地演绎出来，于是便可高枕无忧了。办公室的公务员都很喜欢他，他们会结队去看他的首演，为剧本叫好。好同事这个称呼确实配得上他。他很乐意掏钱，不用人怂恿便会请他们吃冰激凌、喝宾治酒，借给人家五十法郎也不会要求人家还。他在奥尔奈有幢乡村住宅。除了政府发的四千五百法郎薪水以外，还从皇室经费里领一千二百法郎退休金。另外议会投票通过了促进艺术发展所需的三十万法郎基金，他从中获得了八百法郎。在这多项收入之外，还要加上三个剧场上演所获得的四分之一、三分之一和一半的款项，这相当于九千法郎。这样 你就会明白，这个人肯定是一位体形圆胖、心情舒畅、受人尊敬的资产者了。从心理上讲，他和蒂莉娅是恋人。他感觉到蒂莉娅发自内心地喜欢他，超过了她对精明的情场老手德雷托雷公爵的喜欢。

Dutocq had seen with great uneasiness what he called the liaison of des Lupeaulx with Madame Rabourdin, and his silent wrath on the subject was accumulating. He had too prying an eye not to have guessed that Rabourdin was engaged in some great work outside of his official labors, and he was provoked to feel that he knew nothing about it, whereas that little Sebastien was, wholly or in part, in the secret. Dutocq was intimate with Godard, under-head-clerk to Baudoyer, and the high esteem in which Dutocq held Baudoyer was the original cause of his acquaintance with Godard; not that Dutocq was sincere even in this; but by praising Baudoyer and saying nothing of Rabourdin he satisfied his hatred after the fashion of little minds.

迪托克看到德吕卜克斯和拉布丹夫人往来密切，感到很不舒服，由此产生的愤怒情绪也悄悄增长了起来。他那双爱窥探的眼睛准能猜到，拉布丹在本职工作之外正在进行一项大的工程。就连小塞巴斯蒂安都可以完全或部分地投身到这项秘密活动中，他自己却什么都不知道，因而他感到非常恼火。迪托克和副处长戈达尔关系密切。一开始是因为迪托克非常敬重包杜阿耶，从而认识了戈达尔。迪托克可算不上真诚，他只想一边赞扬包杜阿耶，一边对拉布丹不发表任何评价，以此来替他的小人之心泄愤。

Joseph Godard, a cousin of Mitral on the mother's side, made pretension to the hand of Mademoiselle Baudoyer, not perceiving that

her mother was laying siege to Falliex as a son-in-law. He brought little gifts to the young lady, artificial flowers, bonbons on New-Year's day and pretty boxes for her birthday. Twenty-six years of age, a worker working without purpose, steady as a girl, monotonous and apathetic, holding cafes, cigars, and horsemanship in detestation, going to bed regularly at ten o'clock and rising at seven, gifted with some social talents, such as playing quadrille music on the flute, which first brought him into favor with the Saillards and the Baudoyers. He was moreover a fifer in the National Guard,—to escape his turn of sitting up all night in a barrack-room. Godard was devoted more especially to natural history. He made collections of shells and minerals, knew how to stuff birds, kept a mass of curiosities bought for nothing in his bedroom; took possession of phials and empty perfume bottles for his specimens; pinned butterflies and beetles under glass, hung Chinese parasols on the walls, together with dried fishskins. He lived with his sister, an artificial-flower maker, in the due de Richelieu. Though much admired by mammas this model young man was looked down upon by his sister's shop-girls, who had tried to inveigle him. Slim and lean, of medium height, with dark circles round his eyes, Joseph Godard took little care of his person; his clothes were ill-cut, his trousers bagged, he wore white stockings at all seasons of the year, a hat with a narrow brim and laced shoes. He was always complaining of his digestion. His principal vice was a mania for proposing rural parties during the summer season, excursions to Montmorency, picnics on the grass, and visits to creameries on the boulevard du Mont-Parnasse. For the last six months Dutocq had taken to visiting Mademoiselle Godard from time to time, with certain views of his own, hoping to discover in her establishment some female treasure.

约瑟夫·戈达尔是米特拉尔的表兄，他想向包杜阿耶小姐求婚。不过他没有觉察包杜阿耶夫人正盯着法莱克斯，想要法莱克斯做女婿呢。他给年轻的小姐带过一些小礼物。新年送假花、糖果，过生日时则送漂亮的盒子。戈达尔二十六岁，是一个漫无目的工作者。他稳如少女、单调乏味、为人冷淡。他讨厌咖啡、雪茄、骑马之类的事情。他每天十点准时睡觉，七点准时起床。他有社交天赋，比如用笛子吹四对舞曲，这一下就赢得了萨亚尔和包杜阿耶两家人的欢心。他还是国民自卫军的笛手——其实是想以此逃避整晚在营房值夜班。戈达尔尤其专注自然史。他收集贝壳、矿物，懂得如何制作鸟类标本，卧室里藏着大量不值钱的稀奇物品，还藏有小玻璃瓶和空香水瓶，这都是用来装标本的。房间里的玻璃下钉着蝴蝶和甲壳虫，墙上则悬挂着中国阳伞和晒干的鱼皮。他和姐姐住在一起，她是黎塞留街的假花商。尽管阿姨大婶们都很赞赏这个模范青年，姐姐花店里的女店员却瞧不起他，她们早就想哄骗他了。戈达尔身材纤细、不高不矮，还挂着黑眼圈，为人不修边幅。他的衣服裁剪得不合尺寸，裤子很肥，一年到头都穿着白袜子和系带鞋，头戴一顶

窄边帽。他总抱怨消化不好。他热衷于提议夏季去乡下聚会、到蒙莫朗西远足、在草地上野炊，以及上蒙巴那斯林荫大道上的乳品店转转——这是他的主要罪过。过去六个月迪托克一直隔三差五地拜访戈达尔小姐，希望能在她家里觅得佳人。

Thus Baudoyer had a pair of henchmen in Dutocq and Godard. Monsieur Saillard, too innocent to judge rightly of Dutocq, was in the habit of paying him frequent little visits at the office. Young La Billardiere, the director's son, placed as supernumerary with Baudoyer, made another member of the clique. The clever heads in the offices laughed much at this alliance of incapables. Bixiou named Baudoyer, Godard, and Dutocq a "Trinity without the Spirit," and little La Billardiere the "Pascal Lamb."

因此，包杜阿耶有了迪托克和戈达尔这一对心腹。萨亚尔先生实在够天真。他对迪托克判断失误，还经常往他的办公室跑。小拉比亚尔迪埃，也就是司长的儿子，目前在包杜阿耶手下当见习生，也是这个派系中的一员。办公室里头脑聪明的人经常取笑这群无能之辈。毕西沃把包杜阿耶、戈达尔和迪托克并称为“没有灵魂的三件套”，并把小拉比亚尔迪埃称作“越节的羔羊”。

"You are early this morning," said Antoine to Dutocq, laughing.

“您今天来得可真早啊。”安托万对迪托克嘲讽道。

"So are you, Antoine," answered Dutocq; "you see, the newspapers do come earlier than you let us have them at the office."

“啊，你也是，安托万，”迪托克回说，“你瞧，送报的时间可比你把报纸递到我们办公室的时间还早呢。”

"They did to-day, by chance," replied Antoine, not disconcerted; "they never come two days together at the same hour."

“今天很偶然，”安托万不慌不忙地解释道，“报纸从来不会两天都在同一时间送来。”

The two nephews looked at each other as if to say, in admiration of their uncle, "What cheek he has!"

他的两个侄子对视了一下，仿佛是在赞叹他们的叔叔：“他可真有胆子啊！”

"Though I make two sous by all his breakfasts," muttered Antoine, as he heard Monsieur Dutocq close the office door, "I'd give them up to get that man out of our division."

“尽管他每吃一顿早饭我就能拿到两个苏，”安托万听见迪托克关上门，喃喃自语道，“但若能把他从这个司里弄走，这两个苏我就不要了。”

"Ah, Monsieur Sebastien, you are not the first here to-day," said

Antoine, a quarter of an hour later, to the supernumerary.

“噢，塞巴斯蒂安先生，您今天可不是第一个到的。”一刻钟过去后，安托万对见习生讲。

"Who is here?" asked the poor lad, turning pale.

“谁已经来了？”可怜的小伙子脸都吓白了，忙问道。

"Monsieur Dutocq," answered Laurent.

“是迪托克先生。”洛朗回答。

Virgin natures have, beyond all others, the inexplicable gift of second-sight, the reason of which lies perhaps in the purity of their nervous systems, which are, as it were, brand-new. Sebastien had long guessed Dutocq's hatred to his revered Rabourdin. So that when Laurent uttered his name a dreadful presentiment took possession of the lad's mind, and crying out, "I feared it!" he flew like an arrow into the corridor.

纯真的本性具有超出一般人的预见性，这种禀赋是难以解释的。他们的神经系统十分纯洁，可以说一直以来都是全新的，这大概是原因所在吧。塞巴斯蒂安很早以前就猜到了，迪托克憎恨他所敬仰的拉布丹先生。所以当洛朗说出他的名字时，一种不祥的预感立刻袭上了他的心头。他叫道：“真可怕！”，便像一支箭一般跑进了过道。

"There is going to be a row in the division," said Antoine, shaking his white head as he put on his livery. "It is very certain that Monsieur le baron is off to his account. Yes, Madame Gruget, the nurse, told me he couldn't live through the day. What a stir there'll be! oh! won't there! Go along, you fellows, and see if the stoves are drawing properly. Heavens and earth! our world is coming down about our ears.”

“司里有戏看了。”安托万一边摇了摇他的满头白发，一边穿上制服说道。“男爵先生肯定是要去了。是的，格吕热夫人，就是那位护士说他活不过今天了。又会有一场大动作了！噢！难道不会吗！你们俩去看看炉子拉好了没有。天啊，地啊！我们这儿有大事要发生啦。”

"That poor young one," said Laurent, "had a sort of sunstroke when he heard that Jesuit of a Dutocq had got here before him."

“那个可怜的小伙儿，”洛朗说道，“听到耶稣会的迪托克比他来得早，就像中了暑似的。”

"I have told him a dozen times,—for after all one ought to tell the truth to an honest clerk, and what I call an honest clerk is one like that little fellow who gives us 'recta' his ten francs on New-Year's day,—I have said to him again and again: The more you work the more they'll make you work, and they won't promote you. He doesn't listen

to me; he tires himself out staying here till five o'clock, an hour after all the others have gone. Folly! he'll never get on that way! The proof is that not a word has been said about giving him an appointment, though he has been here two years. It's a shame! it makes my blood boil.”

“我已经跟他讲过十二遍了——因为毕竟要对诚实的公务员讲真话，而我所指的诚实公务员就像那个小伙儿，他们在新年一定会给我们十个法郎——我一遍又一遍告诉他：您做的事越多，他们就会叫您做更多的事，而且还不会提拔您。可他就是不听话，每天卖力干到五点。就算别人都走光了，他还会再等上一个小时才下班。真傻！像他那样永远也上不去！尽管他来了两年了，但没人说要给他一个职位，这就是证明。真可惜啊！这让我的血液都沸腾起来了。”

"Monsieur Rabourdin is very fond of Monsieur Sebastien," said Laurent.

“拉布丹先生很喜欢他的。”洛朗接着说。

"But Monsieur Rabourdin isn't a minister," retorted Antoine; "it will be a hot day when that happens, and the hens will have teeth; he is too—but mum! When I think that I carry salaries to those humbugs who stay away and do as they please, while that poor little La Roche works himself to death, I ask myself if God ever thinks of the civil service. And what do they give you, these pets of Monsieur le marechal and Monsieur le duc? 'Thank you, my dear Antoine, thank you,' with a gracious nod! Pack of sluggards! go to work, or you'll bring another revolution about your ears. Didn't see such goings-on under Monsieur Robert Lindet. I know, for I served my apprenticeship under Robert Lindet. The clerks had to work in his day! You ought to have seen how they scratched paper here till midnight; why, the stoves went out and nobody noticed it. It was all because the guillotine was there! now-a-days they only mark 'em when they come in late!”

“但拉布丹不是大臣，”安托万反驳道，“如果他真做了大臣，那可就成了大热门，连母鸡都会长牙了。他太那个什么——不过可别说出去！那些伪君子不来上班，想干嘛就干嘛，每当我想起来要给他们送薪水，而可怜的小拉罗什却累得半死时，我就会问自己，上帝是否想过民政。而这些当红的大元帅、公爵先生们又给了你什么呢？‘谢谢，我亲爱的安托万，谢谢’，再加上礼貌地点个头！你们这群懒鬼！快去工作，要不然又要来场大变革了。我在罗贝尔·兰代手下时可没见过这些事。这我很清楚，因为我的见习期就是跟着他完成的。在他那个年代，公务员都得工作！你们该看看他们是如何到了半夜仍在奋笔疾书，连炉子没火了都没人会注意。这全都因为断头台在那里放着呢！而如今，就算他们迟到了也就是被记上一笔。”

"Uncle Antoine," said Gabriel, "as you are so talkative this

morning, just tell us what you think a clerk really ought to be."

“安托万叔叔，”加布里埃尔说，“既然今早您说了这么多，那就告诉我们您心中的公务员应该是一个什么样子吧。”

"A government clerk," replied Antoine, gravely, "is a man who sits in a government office and writes. But there, there, what am I talking about? Without the clerks, where should we be, I'd like to know? Go along and look after your stoves and mind you never say harm of a government clerk, you fellows. Gabriel, the stove in the large office draws like the devil; you must turn the damper.”

“政府公务员，”安托万很严肃地回答道，“是一个坐在办公室写字的人。瞧瞧，我都说了些什么呀？我想知道，没了公务员我们该上哪里去呢？去吧，看好炉子。你们得记住，绝对不要讲公务员的坏话。加布里埃尔，大办公室的炉子拉成什么鬼样儿了，你得翻一翻风门。”

Antoine stationed himself at a corner of the landing whence he could see all the officials as they entered the porte-cochere; he knew every one at the ministry, and watched their behavior, observing narrowly the contrasts in their dress and appearance.

安托万的位子在楼梯平台的一角，从这儿可以看到所有从车辆通道进来的官员。他认识部里的每一个人，并会观察他们的行为，仔细对比他们的衣着和外貌。

The first to arrive after Sebastien was a clerk of deeds in Rabourdin's office named Phellion, a respectable family-man. To the influence of his chief he owed a half-scholarship for each of his two sons in the College Henri IV.; while his daughter was being educated gratis at a boarding school where his wife gave music lessons and he himself a course of history and one of geography in the evenings. He was about forty-five years of age, sergeant-major of his company in the National Guard, very compassionate in feeling and words, but wholly unable to give away a penny. Proud of his post, however, and satisfied with his lot, he applied himself faithfully to serve the government, believed he was useful to his country, and boasted of his indifference to politics, knowing none but those of the men in power. Monsieur Rabourdin pleased him highly whenever he asked him to stay half an hour longer to finish a piece of work. On such occasions he would say, when he reached home, "Public affairs detained me; when a man belongs to the government he is no longer master of himself." He compiled books of questions and answers on various studies for the use of young ladies in boarding-schools. These little "solid treatises," as he called them, were sold at the University library under the name of "Historical and Geographic Catechisms." Feeling himself in duty bound to offer a copy of each volume, bound in red morocco, to Monsieur Rabourdin, he always came in full dress to

present them,—breeches and silk stockings, and shoes with gold buckles. Monsieur Phellion received his friends on Thursday evenings, on which occasions the company played bouillote, at five sous a game, and were regaled with cakes and beer. He had never yet dared to invite Monsieur Rabourdin to honor him with his presence, though he would have regarded such an event as the most distinguished of his life. He said if he could leave one of his sons following in the steps of Monsieur Rabourdin he should die the happiest father in the world.

跟在塞巴斯蒂安后面进来的是拉布丹办公室的文书，名叫菲利翁，他是个受人尊敬的顾家男人。受他上司的庇护，他的两个儿子都在亨利四世中学获得了半奖，女儿则获得寄宿学校的全奖。他的妻子教音乐，而他本人则在晚上教授历史和地理。他四十五岁左右，任国民自卫军的连军士长。他的言谈里流露出很强的同情心，但他从不施舍给别人一分钱。不过，他挺为自己的职位自豪，对自己的运气也很满意。他相信他对国家来说是个有用之才。他以不问政事为荣，只认识当权的人，对别人则一无所知。无论什么时候拉布丹叫他多呆半个小时做完一份工作，他都会相当乐意。在这种情况下，到家时他就会说："被公务耽搁了。政府里的人再也管不了自己了。"他将有关各种研究的提问和回答编纂成书，供寄宿学校的女生使用。这些被他称为"连续出版的小论文"在大学图书馆有售，并且起名为《历史地理问答手册》。他觉得自己有义务把每一册都送一份给拉布丹先生，并用红色摩洛哥羊皮纸装订好。他总是会盛装打扮一番，然后把手册呈上去——他会身着长裤，脚上还穿着丝织袜和带金色搭扣的鞋子。菲利翁先生总在星期四晚上招待客人，和他们玩五个苏一场的纸牌，还会拿蛋糕点心和啤酒款待他们。他从来都不敢邀请拉布丹来家里作客，更不敢当着他的面表达尊敬之意，尽管他会把这当成是他一生中最重要的时刻。他说他若有一个儿子能跟着拉布丹先生的步伐走，那等他辞世时，他将是世上最快乐的父亲。

One of his greatest pleasures was to explore the environs of Paris, which he did with a map. He knew every inch of Arcueil, Bievre, Fontenay-aux-Roses, and Aulnay, so famous as the resort of great writers, and hoped in time to know the whole western side of the country around Paris. He intended to put his eldest son into a government office and his second into the Ecole Polytechnique. He often said to the elder, "When you have the honor to be a government clerk"; though he suspected him of a preference for the exact sciences and did his best to repress it, mentally resolved to abandon the lad to his own devices if he persisted. When Rabourdin sent for him to come down and receive instructions about some particular piece of work, Phellion gave all his mind to it,—listening to every word the chief said, as a dilettante listens to an air at the Opera. Silent in the office, with his feet in the air resting on a wooden desk, and never moving them, he studied his task conscientiously. His official letters were written with the utmost gravity, and transmitted the commands of the

minister in solemn phrases. Monsieur Phellion's face was that of a pensive ram, with little color and pitted by the small-pox; the lips were thick and the lower one pendent; the eyes light-blue, and his figure above the common height. Neat and clean as a master of history and geography in a young ladies' school ought to be, he wore fine linen, a pleated shirt-frill, a black cashmere waistcoat, left open and showing a pair of braces embroidered by his daughter, a diamond in the bosom of his shirt, a black coat, and blue trousers. In winter he added a nut-colored box-coat with three capes, and carried a loaded stick, necessitated, he said, by the profound solitude of the quarter in which he lived. He had given up taking snuff, and referred to this reform as a striking example of the empire a man could exercise over himself. Monsieur Phellion came slowly up the stairs, for he was afraid of asthma, having what he called an "adipose chest." He saluted Antoine with dignity.

他最大的乐趣之一是探索巴黎外围地带，并将其绘成地图。他熟悉阿格伊、比耶尔夫、丰特奈玫瑰园和奥尔奈的每一寸土地，这些都是大作家们造访过的游览胜地。他希望日后可以了解巴黎整个西部乡村地带。他打算把大儿子弄进政府，送二儿子去理工学校念书。他经常这样告诫大儿子：“当你有幸成为政府一员时”，尽管他猜测大儿子更偏爱某一门特定学科，并努力压制住这一爱好。不过如果他一再坚持，他这个做父亲的还是会放弃的，会对他的儿子放任自流的。拉布丹叫他下来听取工作指示时，菲利翁会全神贯注地听着上司交待的每一句话，就像是一名业余艺术爱好者在聆听剧院曲调一般。他静静地呆在办公室里认真钻研工作。他的两脚跷在木桌上，一动也不动。他在写公文时用的是非常郑重的语气，传达大臣命令时措辞也很庄重。菲利翁先生的脸像一头沉思的公羊，没什么颜色，上面有生了天花后留下的凹痕。他的嘴唇很厚实，下嘴唇往下耷拉着。他有一双浅蓝色的眼睛，个子比常人还高一些。作为女子学校的历史地理课老师，他得衣冠整洁。所以他穿着上好的亚麻面料、打着褶皱的衬衣、黑色山羊绒背心。背心一敞开，便会露出他女儿绣的背带，衬衣胸口上有一颗钻石，外头还套着黑外套，下身穿着蓝裤子。冬天时他会加一件果栗色宽松大衣，披着三层厚的披肩，手拿一根阔绰的手杖。他说他住的区域人烟稀少，所以用得着这个。他已经戒了鼻烟壶，并把这项改革当成帝国里人们自我控制的典范。菲利翁先生慢慢踱上楼，他怕患上哮喘，也就是他自己所称的“胸胖”。他很有礼节地对安托万打了个招呼。

The next to follow was a copying-clerk, who presented a strange contrast to the virtuous Phellion. Vimeux was a young man of twenty-five, with a salary of fifteen hundred francs, well-made and graceful, with a romantic face, and eyes, hair, beard, and eyebrows as black as jet, fine teeth, charming hands, and wearing a moustache so carefully trimmed that he seemed to have made it the business and occupation of his life. Vimeux had such aptitude for work that he despatched it

much quicker than any of the other clerks. "He has a gift, that young man!" Phellion said of him when he saw him cross his legs and have nothing to do for the rest of the day, having got through his appointed task; "and see what a little dandy he is!" Vimeux breakfasted on a roll and a glass of water, dined for twenty sous at Katcomb's, and lodged in a furnished room, for which he paid twelve francs a month. His happiness, his sole pleasure in life, was dress. He ruined himself in miraculous waistcoats, in trousers that were tight, half-tight, pleated, or embroidered; in superfine boots, well-made coats which outlined his elegant figure; in bewitching collars, spotless gloves, and immaculate hats. A ring with a coat of arms adorned his hand, outside his glove, from which dangled a handsome cane; with these accessories he endeavoured to assume the air and manner of a wealthy young man. After the office closed he appeared in the great walk of the Tuileries, with a tooth-pick in his mouth, as though he were a millionaire who had just dined. Always on the lookout for a woman,—an Englishwoman, a foreigner of some kind, or a widow,—who might fall in love with him, he practised the art of twirling his cane and of flinging the sort of glance which Bixiou told him was American. He smiled to show his fine teeth; he wore no socks under his boots, but he had his hair curled every day. Vimeux was prepared, in accordance with fixed principles, to marry a hunch-back with six thousand a year, or a woman of forty-five at eight thousand, or an Englishwoman for half that sum. Phellion, who delighted in his neat hand-writing, and was full of compassion for the fellow, read him lectures on the duty of giving lessons in penmanship,—an honorable career, he said, which would ameliorate existence and even render it agreeable; he promised him a situation in a young ladies' boarding-school. But Vimeux's head was so full of his own idea that no human being could prevent him from having faith in his star. He continued to lay himself out, like a salmon at a fishmonger's, in spite of his empty stomach and the fact that he had fruitlessly exhibited his enormous moustache and his fine clothes for over three years. As he owed Antoine more than thirty francs for his breakfasts, he lowered his eyes every time he passed him; and yet he never failed at midday to ask the man to buy him a roll.

后者身后还跟着一名文抄员，那人和品德高尚的菲利翁先生形成了奇特的对比。维默是个二十五岁的年轻小伙子，薪酬一千五百法郎。他身材匀称、优雅，有一张多情的面庞，眼睛、头发、胡子和眉毛都漆黑如墨，还生着一口好牙和一双迷人的手。他的胡子修剪得很仔细，仿佛这是他一生都要料理的职业。维默很有工作才能，比其他任何职员的动作都要快。“那个年轻人很有天份！”他在做完指定任务后，就跷着腿啥也不干了。菲利翁见了不由得说道：“多棒的小伙啊！”维默在卡特孔姆吃早餐，早餐包括一个面包卷加一杯水，一共要二十苏。他住的房子带

家具，房租是一个月十二法郎。他的幸福，他生活中唯一的快乐，就是穿衣打扮。他那漂亮的背心叫人赞不绝口，裤子是紧身的或半紧身的，还打着褶皱或带着绣；靴子非常精美，外套也很合身，能衬出他优美的身材；领子、一尘不染的手套和毫无瑕疵的帽子都是那么迷人。他可以为这些东西破产。他的手上装饰着骑士指环，手套外悬挂着一个漂亮的手杖。他企图用这些装饰物来衬出年轻的有钱男子的气质和姿态。下班后，他会叼着牙签在杜伊勒里宫街愉悦地散步，活像一个刚吃完饭的百万富翁。他一直在寻找会爱上他的女人——英国女人、外国人，或者寡妇——为此，他练习耍手杖的技艺、抛媚眼，而且是毕西沃所说的美式媚眼。他微笑着露出一口好牙。他的袜子从不低于靴子口，而且他每天都会做卷发。根据既定原则，他准备娶一位年收入六千的驼背女人，或者收入八千的四十五岁妇女，又或者是一位年收入四千的英国女子。菲利翁喜欢他工整的字体，对他充满同情，于是劝他上书法课。他说这可是项光荣的职业，能改善现状，甚至使生活变得惬意。他答应在女子寄宿学校替他谋一份工作。不过维默满脑子想的是，没人能挡得了自己的运气。尽管三年多来他都一直饿着肚子，即使亮出了大胡子和漂亮的衣裳也没什么收获，但他还是像鱼贩店里的鲑鱼一样继续展示着自我。他欠了安托万三十法郎早餐钱，所以每次经过安托万身旁时，他总是压低眼睛不敢看。但每到中午，他又总能成功地请安托万替自己买一个面包卷。

After trying to get a few reasonable ideas into this foolish head, Rabourdin had finally given up the attempt as hopeless. Adolphe (his family name was Adolphe) had lately economized on dinners and lived entirely on bread and water, to buy a pair of spurs and a riding-whip. Jokes at the expense of this starving Amadis were made only in the spirit of mischievous fun which creates vaudevilles, for he was really a kind-hearted fellow and a good comrade, who harmed no one but himself. A standing joke in the two bureaus was the question whether he wore corsets, and bets depended on it. Vimeux was originally appointed to Baudoyer's bureau, but he manoeuvred to get himself transferred to Rabourdin's, on account of Baudoyer's extreme severity in relation to what were called "the English,"—a name given by the government clerks to their creditors. "English day" means the day on which the government offices are thrown open to the public. Certain then of finding their delinquent debtors, the creditors swarm in and torment them, asking when they intend to pay, and threatening to attach their salaries. The implacable Baudoyer compelled the clerks to remain at their desks and endure this torture. "It was their place not to make debts," he said; and he considered his severity as a duty which he owed to the public weal. Rabourdin, on the contrary, protected the clerks against their creditors, and turned the latter away, saying that the government bureaus were open for public business, not private. Much ridicule pursued Vimeux in both bureaus when the clank of his spurs resounded in the corridors and on the staircases.

The wag of the ministry, Bixiou, sent round a paper, headed by a caricature of his victim on a pasteboard horse, asking for subscriptions to buy him a live charger. Monsieur Baudoyer was down for a bale of hay taken from his own forage allowance, and each of the clerks wrote his little epigram; Vimeux himself, good-natured fellow that he was, subscribed under the name of "Miss Fairfax."

拉布丹试图给这个愚蠢的头脑塞点理性的东西进去，但最后还是无望地放弃了。阿道夫（安托万的家庭姓氏）最近在节省餐费，他完全依靠面包和水度日，这是为了省下钱买马刺和马鞭。人们笑话这个忍饥挨饿的阿马迪斯，原本只想制造点恶作剧，却创作出了杂剧。因为他确实是一个心地善良的小伙子、一个好同志，除了他自己他从不伤害别人。两个处都流传着一个经久不衰的笑话，那就是人们打赌他是否穿着女人的紧身胸衣。维默本来是指派到包杜阿耶处里的，但他做了些动作调到了拉布丹那个处，因为包杜阿耶对与“英国人”相关联的事极为严格——“英国人”是政府公务员给债权人取的名字。“英国日”指的是政府办公室对公众开放的日子。在那日子里债权人肯定能找到拖着欠款的借债人，于是蜂拥而至折磨他们，索问他们的还款时间，还威胁会扣他们的薪水来抵欠款。包杜阿耶不给情面，他把公务员们强留在办公桌边忍受这番折磨。“他们在这个位子上不能欠钱不还。”包杜阿耶说道。他认为，这种严格要求是自己对公众福祉应尽的义务。相反，拉布丹在债权人面前保护他的公务员，宣称政府部门对公不对私。维默在两个处里都显得很滑稽，因为他经过走道和楼梯时，他的马刺就会发出铿锵的回响声。部里的小丑毕西沃在散发一张讽刺漫画，画中他的牺牲品维默骑着一匹纸糊的马，请求着大家签名给他买一匹活战马。包杜阿耶先生下来取一捆草料，这是他从自己的草料津贴里拿出来的。于是每个公务员都会写点讽刺诗，而维默本性善良，也以“费尔费克斯小姐”的名义签了字。

Handsome clerks of the Vimeux style have their salaries on which to live, and their good looks by which to make their fortune. Devoted to masked balls during the carnival, they seek their luck there, though it often escapes them. Many end the weary round by marrying milliners, or old women,—sometimes, however, young ones who are charmed with their handsome persons, and with whom they set up a romance illustrated with stupid love letters, which, nevertheless, seem to answer their purpose.

维默型的俊朗公务员可以靠工资维持生活，他们骄人的容貌也可以生财。他们非常热衷于狂欢节的化妆舞会。他们会去那里碰运气，不过往往不那么走运。许多公务员在一回又一回的博弈中疲惫不堪，最后娶了女帽商或老女人，不过有时候他们也会娶到年轻貌美的。虽然他们通过笨拙的情书制造浪漫，但这也能达到目的。

Bixiou (pronounce it Bisiou) was a draughtsman, who ridiculed Dutocq as readily as he did Rabourdin, whom he nicknamed "the virtuous woman." Without doubt the cleverest man in the division or

even in the ministry (but clever after the fashion of a monkey, without aim or sequence), Bixiou was so essentially useful to Baudoyer and Godard that they upheld and protected him in spite of his misconduct; for he did their work when they were incapable of doing it for themselves. Bixiou wanted either Godard's or du Bruel's place as under-head-clerk, but his conduct interfered with his promotion. Sometimes he sneered at the public service; this was usually after he had made some happy hit, such as the publication of portraits in the famous Fualdes case (for which he drew faces hap-hazard), or his sketch of the debate on the Castaing affair. At other times, when possessed with a desire to get on, he really applied himself to work, though he would soon leave off to write a vaudeville, which was never finished. A thorough egoist, a spendthrift and a miser in one,—that is to say, spending his money solely on himself,—sharp, aggressive, and indiscreet, he did mischief for mischief's sake; above all, he attacked the weak, respected nothing and believed in nothing, neither in France, nor in God, nor in art, nor in the Greeks, nor in the Turks, nor in the monarchy,—insulting and disparaging everything that he could not comprehend. He was the first to paint a black cap on Charles X.'s head on the five-franc coins. He mimicked Dr. Gall when lecturing, till he made the most starched of diplomatists burst their buttons. Famous for his practical jokes, he varied them with such elaborate care that he always obtained a victim. His great secret in this was the power of guessing the inmost wishes of others; he knew the way to many a castle in the air, to the dreams about which a man may be fooled because he wants to be; and he made such men sit to him for hours.

毕西沃是一个绘图员，他嘲笑迪托克就像嘲笑拉布丹一样轻而易举。他给拉布丹起了一个绰号，叫他“品格高尚的女人”。毕西沃无疑是司里乃至整个部里最聪明的人（不过只是猴子式的聪明。他既缺乏目标，也不计后果）。尽管他有过错，对包杜阿耶和戈达尔来说此人是不可缺少的帮手，替他们俩办成了很多别人办不到的事情。所以他们支持他、保护他。毕西沃想要戈达尔或迪布吕埃尔的副处长位子，但他的所作所为又妨碍了自己的提任。有时候他会讥讽一下民政事业。这通常是在有了什么高兴事之后，比如他出版了著名的菲阿尔代斯案件肖像画（人物脸像速写），或是卡斯坦案庭上对草图进行了辩论。其他时候，他因为渴望往上爬，又踏踏实实地投入到了工作中去。可是他很快就会把工作丢一边，去写一出永远写不完的杂剧。一个彻底的自我主义者，挥霍、吝啬——也就是说，只在他自己身上花钱——他尖刻、轻率、挑衅，为了恶作剧而制造恶作剧。他尤其喜欢攻击弱者，什么也不尊重，什么也不信，不信法国、不信上帝、不信艺术、不信希腊人、不信土耳其人，也不信君主。一切弄不明白的事情，他都予以羞辱、批判。他是给五法郎硬币上的查理十世头像画上一顶黑方帽的第一人。他假扮加尔博士做讲座，连衣着最笔挺的外交家们也笑得崩开了纽扣。他的恶作剧可是出了名的。这些恶作剧花样各异、设计精巧，一直有人上当受骗。

他的秘密在于，他有能力猜透别人内心最深处的愿望。他知道哪条路能通往空中众多的城堡，哪条道能捉弄做梦的人，而那人反而希望如此。他可以让那些人坐着耗上好几个小时。

Thus it happened that this close observer, who could display unrivalled tact in developing a joke or driving home a sarcasm, was unable to use the same power to make men further his fortunes and promote him. The person he most liked to annoy was young La Billardiere, his nightmare, his detestation, whom he was nevertheless constantly wheedling so as the better to torment him on his weakest side. He wrote him love letters signed "Comtesse de M—" or "Marquise de B—"; took him to the Opera on gala days and presented him to some grisette under the clock, after calling everybody's attention to the young fool. He allied himself with Dutocq (whom he regarded as a solemn juggler) in his hatred to Rabourdin and his praise of Baudoyer, and did his best to support him. Jean-Jaques Bixiou was the grandson of a Parisian grocer. His father, who died a colonel, left him to the care of his grandmother, who married her head-clerk, named Descoings, after the death of her first husband, and died in 1822. Finding himself without prospects on leaving college, he attempted painting, but in spite of his intimacy with Joseph Bridau, his life-long friend, he abandoned art to take up caricature, vignette designing, and drawing for books, which twenty years later went by the name of "illustration." The influence of the Ducs de Maufrigneuse and de Rhetore, whom he knew in the society of actresses, procured him his employment under government in 1819. On good terms with des Lupeaulx, with whom in society he stood on an equality, and intimate with du Bruel, he was a living proof of Rabourdin's theory as to the steady deterioration of the administrative hierarchy in Paris through the personal importance which a government official may acquire outside of a government office. Short in stature but well-formed, with a delicate face remarkable for its vague likeness to Napoleon's, thin lips, a straight chin, chestnut whiskers, twenty-seven years old, fair-skinned, with a piercing voice and sparkling eye,—such was Bixiou; a man, all sense and all wit, who abandoned himself to a mad pursuit of pleasure of every description, which threw him into a constant round of dissipation. Hunter of grisettes, smoker, jester, diner-out and frequenter of supper-parties, always tuned to the highest pitch, shining equally in the greenroom and at the balls given among the grisettes of the Allee des Veuves, he was just as surprisingly entertaining at table as at a picnic, as gay and lively at midnight on the streets as in the morning when he jumped out of bed, and yet at heart gloomy and melancholy, like most of the great comic players.

这位严密的观察者展现出无可比拟的才智，会说笑话，讲一段讽刺

语，却不能发挥出同样的才智叫别人给自己添点官运、升升职。他最想惹的人是小拉比亚尔迪埃。那可是小拉比亚尔迪埃的梦魇，令他深恶痛绝。然而毕西沃不断地哄骗他，以便更痛快地折磨他最大的弱点。他给他写情书，签名为“某某伯爵夫人”或者“某某侯爵夫人”。在盛大节日上带他到剧场，让每个人都注意到这个稚嫩的傻瓜，然后带他到大钟下见一个轻佻的女店员。他同迪托克是一条战线上的人（迪托克被他看成神情庄重的杂耍）。他憎恶拉布丹，赞美包杜阿耶，并且尽最大努力支持他。让·雅克·毕西沃是巴黎一个食品杂货商的孙子。他的父亲去世时是名上校，把他留给了祖母照顾。一八二二年，他祖母的第一任丈夫去世，然后她嫁给了台戈安处长。毕西沃离开大学后发现没什么前途，于是尝试绘画。虽然和约瑟夫·布里杜是终生朋友，两人的关系还很密切，但他还是放弃了艺术追求转向了讽刺漫画、装饰图设计和书本配图，也就是二十年后人们所称的“插画”。在德摩弗里纽斯和德雷托雷两位公爵的影响下，他于一八一九年进入了政府。这两个人是他在女演员圈子里认识的。他和德吕卜克斯关系甚好，在社交上能与其平起平坐，与迪布吕埃尔往来密切。根据拉布丹理论，政府官员的个人重要性可在公务之外获得，由此巴黎的行政等级在逐步退化，毕西沃便是一个活生生的例子。他身材矮小但很匀称，长着一张精致的脸，隐约像拿破仑而显得不同寻常，嘴唇很薄，下巴笔直，还长着栗色络腮胡子。他二十七岁，皮肤很白皙，声音具有穿透性，眼睛里闪烁着光芒。这就是毕西沃——他满脑子都是理性与智慧，却纵情于种种享乐里，不断陷于放荡之中。他和轻佻女郎们嬉闹，还是个烟鬼。他爱嘲讽，不在家吃饭，常出没于晚宴，总要最高调地出场。在舞台的幕后和弗夫小路的调情女们设的舞会上，他都一样光彩照人。在餐桌和野餐上他总能逗人开怀、带来惊喜。无论午夜走在街道上，还是早上醒来从床上一跃而下，他都是一样的快乐、有朝气。然而他和大多数喜剧演员一样，他却有一颗阴郁忧伤的心。

Launched into the world of actors and actresses, writers, artists, and certain women of uncertain means, he lived well, went to the theatre without paying, gambled at Frascati, and often won. Artist by nature and really profound, though by flashes only, he swayed to and fro in life like a swing, without thinking or caring of a time when the cord would break. The liveliness of his wit and the prodigal flow of his ideas made him acceptable to all persons who took pleasure in the lights of intellect; but none of his friends liked him. Incapable of checking a witty saying, he would scarify his two neighbors before a dinner was half over. In spite of his skin-deep gayety, a secret dissatisfaction with his social position could be detected in his speech; he aspired to something better, but the fatal demon hiding in his wit hindered him from acquiring the gravity which imposes on fools. He lived on the second floor of a house in the rue de Ponthieu, where he had three rooms delivered over to the untidiness of a bachelor's establishment, in fact, a regular bivouac. He often talked of leaving France and seeking his fortune in America. No wizard could foretell the future of this young man in whom all talents were incomplete;

who was incapable of perseverance, intoxicated with pleasure, and who acted on the belief that the world ended on the morrow.

他所跻身的世界里有演员、作家、艺术家和一些生活不稳定的女人。他活得很好，看戏剧不用掏钱，在弗拉斯卡蒂赌博常常是赢家。他具有艺术家的天性，思想很深奥，尽管只是些一闪而过的东西。他在人生的秋千上荡来荡去，从不去想绳子会有断的时候。他头脑活跃、文思泉涌，每一个爱才之士都能接纳他。不过他的朋友中却没有人真心喜欢他。饭吃到一半时，他便忍不住要说上一句俏皮话，拿身旁两位用餐者开涮。这种快乐尽管肤浅，但从他的话语中可以探测出，他暗中对自己的社会地位不满。然而他的智慧里潜伏着致命的魔鬼，使他不能像那些傻瓜一样庄重起来。他住在蓬蒂厄路一幢房屋的二楼。他将那三间房变成了单身汉的邋遢居所。而那三间房实际上却是正规军的露营地。他常说要离开法国，去美国寻找发财梦。没有一个巫师可以预言他的未来，因为他所有的才能都只是半吊子。他缺乏毅力、沉湎享乐，按照明天就是世界末日的信念行事。

In the matter of dress Bixiou had the merit of never being ridiculous; he was perhaps the only official of the ministry whose dress did not lead outsiders to say, "That man is a government clerk!" He wore elegant boots with black trousers strapped under them, a fancy waistcoat, a becoming blue coat, collars that were the never-ending gift of grisettes, one of Bandoni's hats, and a pair of dark-colored kid gloves. His walk and bearing, cavalier and simple both, were not without grace. He knew all this, and when des Lupeaulx summoned him for a piece of impertinence said and done about Monsieur de la Billardiere and threatened him with dismissal, Bixiou replied, "You will take me back because my clothes do credit to the ministry"; and des Lupeaulx, unable to keep from laughing, let the matter pass. The most harmless of Bixiou's jokes perpetrated among the clerks was the one he played off upon Godard, presenting him with a butterfly just brought from China, which the worthy man keeps in his collection and exhibits to this day, blissfully unconscious that it is only painted paper. Bixiou had the patience to work up the little masterpiece for the sole purpose of hoaxing his superior.

在衣着上，他总算还有点美德，他从不穿荒唐可笑的服装。大概他是整个部门办公室里唯一一个不会惹外人说道：“嘿，那是个公务员！”的人。他穿着高雅的靴子、绑腿黑裤和别致的背心。他的蓝外套很合身，领子是他的女情郎永远送不完的礼物，头戴一顶邦多尼带檐帽，手上穿着一双深色小山羊皮手套。他的步伐和姿态是彬彬有礼、自自然然，又不失高贵气质。他什么都懂。当德吕卜克斯叫他过去，训斥他对德拉比亚尔迪埃言行莽撞，并威胁要解雇他时，毕西沃就会回答说：“您会叫我回来的，因为我的衣服是部门的功臣。”德吕卜克斯会忍不住大笑起来，让这事过去了。毕西沃对公务员开的最无伤大雅的笑话当属戈达尔的笑料，他给了戈达尔一只刚被人从中国带回来的蝴蝶。那个有心人

把它保存到收藏集里，直到有一天高兴地对外展出时，还未意识到那其实是一只画在纸上的蝴蝶。毕西沃有这份耐性精心弄出这个小小的杰作，只是想戏弄一下他的上司。

The devil always puts a martyr near a Bixiou. Baudoyer's bureau held the martyr, a poor copying-clerk twenty-two years of age, with a salary of fifteen hundred francs, named Auguste-Jean-Francois Minard. Minard had married for love the daughter of a porter, an artificial-flower maker employed by Mademoiselle Godard. Zelie Lorrain, a pupil, in the first place, of the Conservatoire, then by turns a danseuse, a singer, and an actress, had thought of doing as so many of the working-women do; but the fear of consequences kept her from vice. She was floating undecidedly along, when Minard appeared upon the scene with a definite proposal of marriage. Zelie earned five hundred francs a year, Minard had fifteen hundred. Believing that they could live on two thousand, they married without settlements, and started with the utmost economy. They went to live, like dove-turtles, near the barriere de Courcelles, in a little apartment at three hundred francs a year, with white cotton curtains to the windows, a Scotch paper costing fifteen sous a roll on the walls, brick floors well polished, walnut furniture in the parlor, and a tiny kitchen that was very clean. Zelie nursed her children herself when they came, cooked, made her flowers, and kept the house. There was something very touching in this happy and laborious mediocrity. Feeling that Minard truly loved her, Zelie loved him. Love begets love,—it is the abyssus abyssum of the Bible. The poor man left his bed in the morning before his wife was up, that he might fetch provisions. He carried the flowers she had finished, on his way to the bureau, and bought her materials on his way back; then, while waiting for dinner, he stamped out her leaves, trimmed the twigs, or rubbed her colors. Small, slim, and wiry, with crisp red hair, eyes of a light yellow, a skin of dazzling fairness, though blotched with red, the man had a sturdy courage that made no show. He knew the science of writing quite as well as Vimeux. At the office he kept in the background, doing his allotted task with the collected air of a man who thinks and suffers. His white eyelashes and lack of eyebrows induced the relentless Bixiou to name him "the white rabbit." Minard—the Rabourdin of a lower sphere—was filled with the desire of placing his Zelie in better circumstances, and his mind searched the ocean of the wants of luxury in hopes of finding an idea, of making some discovery or some improvement which would bring him a rapid fortune. His apparent dulness was really caused by the continual tension of his mind; he went over the history of Cephalic Oils and the Paste of Sultans, lucifer matches and portable gas, jointed sockets for hydrostatic lamps,—in short, all the infinitely little inventions of material civilization which pay so well. He bore Bixiou's

jests as a busy man bears the buzzing of an insect; he was not even annoyed by them. In spite of his cleverness, Bixiou never perceived the profound contempt which Minard felt for him. Minard never dreamed of quarrelling, however,—regarding it as a loss of time. After a while his composure tired out his tormentor. He always breakfasted with his wife, and ate nothing at the office. Once a month he took Zelie to the theatre, with tickets bestowed by du Bruel or Bixiou; for Bixiou was capable of anything, even of doing a kindness. Monsieur and Madame Minard paid their visits in person on New-Year's day. Those who saw them often asked how it was that a woman could keep her husband in good clothes, wear a Leghorn bonnet with flowers, embroidered muslin dresses, silk mantles, prunella boots, handsome fichus, a Chinese parasol, and drive home in a hackney-coach, and yet be virtuous; while Madame Colleville and other "ladies" of her kind could scarcely make ends meet, though they had double Madame Minard's means.

心灵的魔鬼总会将一名牺牲者置于毕西沃身旁。包杜阿耶处里就有一位牺牲品，那是可怜的文抄员奥古斯特-让-弗朗索瓦·米纳尔。他二十二岁，年收入一千五百法郎。出于爱情，米纳尔娶了门卫的女儿。她是受雇于花商戈达尔小姐的一名假花制作女工。女工干的活儿，泽莉·洛兰都想尝试。于是，她最初进入了音乐学院学习，后来又当了舞蹈演员和女演员。不过她对未来心怀畏惧，因此未曾堕落。她没了主意，一路漂泊。这时米纳尔正好出现了，并明确向她求婚。泽莉一年挣五百，米纳尔一年有一千五。他们相信这两千法郎可以维持生活，所以即使他们没有固定住房，他们也结婚了，开始过上了最节俭的生活。他们过着斑鸠夫妇的生活，住在库尔塞勒栅栏旁的小公寓内，一年三百法郎的租金。窗户上挂着白棉布，墙上糊着十五个苏一卷的苏格兰纸，砖地板擦得很干净，客厅里摆着胡桃木家具，微型厨房也十分清洁。有了孩子后，泽莉自己照料孩子，还要烧饭、做假花、整理房屋。这个平凡、辛苦而又幸福的一家，也有些打动人心的事。泽莉感受到了米纳尔的真爱，也很爱他。爱情产生爱情——正如《圣经》里的“深渊召来深渊”。可怜的丈夫比妻子起得还早，他得准备食物。他把妻子做好的花带去办公室，回来时他会买好需要的材料。趁着等候晚饭的空当，他压印叶子、修剪细枝，或者帮妻子涂颜料。他身形瘦小，没有脂肪；红头发卷卷的，眼睛是浅浅的黄色；他的皮肤又亮又白，不过长了些红斑。他身体里藏着一股坚毅的勇气。他的一手好字比得上维默。他呆在办公室不显眼的地方完成指定的任务，神情镇定自若，又仿佛有所思考、有所忍耐。他那白白的睫毛和淡得看不出来的眉毛招来了苛刻的毕西沃一番嘲笑，还给他起名为“白兔”。米纳尔——低职位的拉布丹——满怀渴望，想让妻子过上更好的生活。他在欲念奢华的海洋里寻找着，希望有所收获、有所发现、有所改善，并希望能立刻发财。他愚钝的神色显而易见，其实这是由思维持续紧绷引起的。从头油到苏丹软膏，从摩擦火柴到便携式煤气灯再到静液灯的连接插孔，他把这些东西的故事通读了一遍。总之，这些物质文明时代无穷无尽的小发明卖得了好价钱。他忍受着毕西沃的揶

揄，就像一个忙碌中的人忍耐昆虫的嗡嗡叫声一样。他甚至都没有被惹恼过。尽管毕西沃很聪明，却察觉不出米纳尔对自己非常鄙视。米纳尔从没想到过争吵，他觉得那是白费时间。不久，他的镇定自若也让折磨他的人厌烦了。他一直都和妻子一起吃饭，在办公室里什么也不吃。他每月带泽莉去一次剧场，票要么是迪布吕埃尔要么是毕西沃赠送的。因为毕西沃什么事都能办，甚至他还会发善心。到了新年，米纳尔夫妇会亲自拜访其他人。那些看见他们的人总会问，这个女人是如何做到既让丈夫穿上漂亮衣服，又使自己佩戴插花的意大利式麦编草帽，身着刺绣细布连衣裙、丝绸披风，脚穿耐用毛靴，围上俏丽的围巾，手里打着中式阳伞，乘坐双轮轻便马车回家，并且还保持高尚品行的。然而柯尔维尔夫人和其他淑女们，尽管收入是米纳尔夫人的两倍，却几乎不能维持收支平衡。

In the two bureaus were two clerks so devoted to each other that their friendship became the butt of all the rest. He of the bureau Baudoyer, named Colleville, was chief-clerk, and would have been head of the bureau long before if the Restoration had never happened. His wife was as clever in her way as Madame Rabourdin in hers. Colleville, who was son of a first violin at the opera, fell in love with the daughter of a celebrated danseuse. Flavie Minoret, one of those capable and charming Parisian women who know how to make their husbands happy and yet preserve their own liberty, made the Colleville home a rendezvous for all our best artists and orators. Colleville's humble position under government was forgotten there. Flavie's conduct gave such food for gossip, however, that Madame Rabourdin had declined all her invitations. The friend in Rabourdin's bureau to whom Colleville was so attached was named Thuillier. All who knew one knew the other. Thuillier, called "the handsome Thuillier," an ex-Lothario, led as idle a life as Colleville led a busy one. Colleville, government official in the mornings and first clarionet at the Opera-Comique at night, worked hard to maintain his family, though he was not without influential friends. He was looked upon as a very shrewd man,—all the more, perhaps, because he hid his ambitions under a show of indifference. Apparently content with his lot and liking work, he found every one, even the chiefs, ready to protect his brave career. During the last few weeks Madame Colleville had made an evident change in the household, and seemed to be taking to piety. This gave rise to a vague report in the bureaus that she thought of securing some more powerful influence than that of Francois Keller, the famous orator, who had been one of her chief adorers, but who, so far, had failed to obtain a better place for her husband. Flavie had, about this time—and it was one of her mistakes—turned for help to des Lupeaulx.

两个处里有一对公务员对彼此十分忠心，他俩的友情都成了其他人

的笑柄了。他叫科勒维尔，供职于包杜阿耶处里，任一等科员。若没有发生复辟，他早就当上处长了。他的妻子像拉布丹夫人一样机敏，有自己的一套方法。科勒维尔是剧场首席小提琴手之子，恋爱的对象是一位杰出舞蹈家的女儿。弗拉薇·米诺雷是一个能干而又有魅力的巴黎女性。她懂得如何让丈夫拥有幸福感，同时保留自己的自由度。她把家宅打造成我们最优秀的艺术家和演讲者们聚会的地方。在那里，科勒维尔卑下的政府之职已被人忘却了。不过，弗拉薇的行为是人们说闲话时如此好的谈资，所以拉布丹夫人拒绝了她所有的邀请。那位如此受科勒维尔重视的朋友名叫蒂利埃，就职于拉布丹处里。知道其中一人的，就一定知道另外一个。蒂利埃被人称作“英俊的蒂利埃”。这位曾经的浪子以前像柯尔维尔一样懒散度日，而现在则过着忙忙碌碌的生活。白天，科勒维尔是政府公务员，晚上便成了喜剧剧场的首席单簧管手。尽管他也有很有影响力的朋友，可还是要努力工作好养家糊口。他被别人当成是一个十分精明的人，可能是因为漠不关心的外表掩藏了他的抱负。很明显，他对现状很满足，也喜欢自己的工作。他发现每一个人，甚至包括他的上司，都乐于保护他这份勇敢的事业。几周以来，科勒维尔夫人在家庭方面已经有了明显改变。她似乎开始变得虔诚了。办公室的传闻越来越大，说她想把一位比弗朗索瓦·凯勒更有影响力的人弄到手，可那个知名演讲人至今也没能给她的丈夫谋到更好的职位。此时，弗拉薇转而求助于德吕卜克斯，这可是她犯的一个错。

Colleville had a passion for reading the horoscopes of famous men in the anagram of their names. He passed whole months in decomposing and recomposing words and fitting them to new meanings. "Un Corse la finira," found within the words, "Revolution Francaise"; "Eh, c'est large nez," in "Charles Genest," an abbe at the court of Louis XIV., whose huge nose is recorded by Saint-Simon as the delight of the Duc de Bourgogne (the exigencies of this last anagram required the substitution of a z for an s),—were a never-ending marvel to Colleville. Raising the anagram to the height of a science, he declared that the destiny of every man was written in the words or phrase given by the transposition of the letters of his names and titles; and his patriotism struggled hard to suppress the fact—signal evidence for his theory—that in Horatio Nelson, "honor est a Nilo." Ever since the accession of Charles X., he had bestowed much thought on the king's anagram. Thuillier, who was fond of making puns, declared that an anagram was nothing more than a pun on letters. The sight of Colleville, a man of real feeling, bound almost indissolubly to Thuillier, the model of an egoist, presented a difficult problem to the mind of an observer. The clerks in the offices explained it by saying, "Thuillier is rich, and the Colleville household costly." This friendship, however, consolidated by time, was based on feelings and on facts which naturally explained it; an account of which may be found elsewhere (see "Les Petits Bourgeois"). We may remark in passing that though Madame Colleville was well known in the

bureaus, the existence of Madame Thuillier was almost unknown there. Colleville, an active man, burdened with a family of children, was fat, round, and jolly, whereas Thuillier, "the beau of the Empire" without apparent anxieties and always at leisure, was slender and thin, with a livid face and a melancholy air. "We never know," said Rabourdin, speaking of the two men, "whether our friendships are born of likeness or of contrast."

科勒维尔对一项活动非常感兴趣，那就是颠倒名人的名字字母顺序，来解读天宫图。他可以花费几个月分解和重组单词，并组合出新意义。“法国大革命”里有“被一个科西嘉人结束了”；“夏尔·热内”里可以找到“啊，这是个大鼻子”，他是路易十四的宫廷修道院院长，德布戈涅公爵喜欢他的大鼻子（最后一个字谜游戏急需用Ｚ替代Ｓ）——对此圣西蒙是有所记录的，这给科勒维尔带来了无穷无尽的惊讶。他把字谜游戏上升到科学的高度，并宣称只要把每一个人的名字和头衔的字母重组，就能写出这个人的命运。他的爱国热忱竭力压制着这样一件事情——为他的理论提供证据——霍雷肖·纳尔逊这个名字里有“尼罗的荣誉”。自查理十世继任以来，他就在这位国王的易位字谜上花了很多心思。蒂利埃喜欢弄些双关语，称那些字谜只不过是字母的双关游戏罢了。科勒维尔待人真诚，几乎永远向着蒂利埃，而蒂利埃是自我型的典范，看到这样的柯尔维尔，观察者不禁犯难。办公室里的公务员这样解释道：“蒂利埃很富有，而科勒维尔家庭开销很大。”不过，这段友谊自然有感情和事实做基础，时间越久越牢固。别的地方也讲述了他们之间的友谊（见《小市民》）。我们得承认科勒维尔夫人在部里很出名，而蒂利埃夫人就不太为人所知了。科勒维尔体态浑圆肥胖，是个活跃份子，肩负着养育孩子和照顾家庭的重任，却也不亦乐乎。而蒂利埃呢，“帝国里的帅气男人”，身材纤细、脸色青乌、神情忧伤，没有表现出明显的担忧，总是一副从容不迫的模样。“我们永远不会明白，”拉布丹评价这两个人时说，“是相似的性格下产生了友情，还是友情产生了相似的性格。”

Unlike these Siamese twins, two other clerks, Chazelle and Paulmier, were forever squabbling. One smoked, the other took snuff, and the merits of their respective use of tobacco were the origin of ceaseless disputes. Chazelle's home, which was tyrannized over by a wife, furnished a subject of endless ridicule to Paulmier; whereas Paulmier, a bachelor, often half-starved like Vimeux, with ragged clothes and half-concealed penury was a fruitful source of ridicule to Chazelle. Both were beginning to show a protuberant stomach; Chazelle's, which was round and projecting, had the impertinence, so Bixiou said, to enter the room first; Paulmier's corporation spread to right and left. A favorite amusement with Bixiou was to measure them quarterly. The two clerks, by dint of quarrelling over the details of their lives, and washing much of their dirty linen at the office, had obtained the disrepute which they merited. "Do you take me for a Chazelle?" was a frequent saying that served to end many an annoying

discussion.

跟这对孪生兄弟不同，另外两个公务员是争吵个不停，他们是沙泽勒和波尔米耶。这两个人一个抽卷烟，另一个抽鼻烟。他们为各自使用烟叶的妙处争执不下。沙泽勒的家由他的妻子一手统治，这给波尔米耶提供了无穷无尽的笑料，而波尔米耶这个单身男子常常像维默一样饥肠辘辘，他的破旧衣服和半公开的贫困状态也是沙泽勒经常取笑的对象。两个人都开始长大肚腩。沙泽勒的肚子又圆又突，看起来莽撞无礼，所以毕西沃说他得第一个挤进房间。而波尔米耶的大肚子则是左右横向的拓展型。毕西沃最喜欢的一项娱乐就是每季度给他俩量尺寸。这两名公务员对生活中的细节争来争去，还在办公室把对方的家丑抖出来。为此他们都落得了个恶名，真是活该。要结束一场叫人恼火的讨论，往往用得上这句话：“你当我是沙泽勒吗？”

Monsieur Poiret junior, called "junior" to distinguish him from his brother Monsieur Poiret senior (now living in the Maison Vanquer, where Poiret junior sometimes dined, intending to end his days in the same retreat), had spent thirty years in the Civil Service. Nature herself is not so fixed and unvarying in her evolutions as was Poiret junior in all the acts of his daily life; he always laid his things in precisely the same place, put his pen in the same rack, sat down in his seat at the same hour, warmed himself at the stove at the same moment of the day. His sole vanity consisted in wearing an infallible watch, timed daily at the Hotel de Ville as he passed it on his way to the office. From six to eight o'clock in the morning he kept the books of a large shop in the rue Saint-Antoine, and from six to eight o'clock in the evening those of the Maison Camusot, in the rue des Bourdonnais. He thus earned three thousand francs a year, counting his salary from the government. In a few months his term of service would be up, when he would retire on a pension; he therefore showed the utmost indifference to the political intrigues of the bureaus. Like his elder brother, to whom retirement from active service had proved a fatal blow, he would probably grow an old man when he could no longer come from his home to the ministry, sit in the same chair and copy a certain number of pages. Poiret's eyes were dim, his glance weak and lifeless, his skin discolored and wrinkled, gray in tone and speckled with bluish dots; his nose flat, his lips drawn inward to the mouth, where a few defective teeth still lingered. His gray hair, flattened to the head by the pressure of his hat, gave him the look of an ecclesiastic,—a resemblance he would scarcely have liked, for he hated priests and clergy, though he could give no reasons for his anti-religious views. This antipathy, however, did not prevent him from being extremely attached to whatever administration happened to be in power. He never buttoned his old green coat, even on the coldest days, and he always wore shoes with ties, and black trousers.

小普瓦雷先生已经在公务机构里干了三十年了。叫小普瓦雷是为了区别他的哥哥大普瓦雷。（哥哥现住在伏盖公寓，有时弟弟会去那里吃饭，他希望也可以在这个安静的居所度过晚年。）自然界本身可不像小普瓦雷的日常行为那般固定不变。他总能把东西精确地摆放到同样的位置，将钢笔置于同一个架子上，于同一时间就座，在每天的同一时刻去炉边取暖。他唯一的虚荣心在于佩戴着一只从不误时的手表。每天路过市政大厅，他都会对一对时间。早上六点到八点，他会去圣安托万街一个大商店核对账目。晚上六点至八点间，他会去卡缪索大宅子核帐，那所宅子位于布尔多奈街。再算上他的职务薪酬，他每年可以挣三千法郎。再过几个月他任期将满，便可以领退休金养老了，所以对办公室里的政治阴谋他一概不关心。他和哥哥一样，对他来说从忙碌的公务中退下来实际上是个致命的打击。他或许会变成个老头子，再也不能从家里走到部里，而是坐着同一把椅子，抄写几页公文。普瓦雷目光暗淡，瞟人一眼都显得很柔弱，也没有生气。他的皮肤失去色泽生出了皱纹，呈灰色调，还显出了淡淡的蓝斑。他是个塌鼻子，嘴唇内敛，口里还留有几颗坏牙。他的一头灰发被帽子压得平平的，看上去像神职人员。其实他不喜欢这份相像，他自己是很讨厌神父、教士的，不过他也说不上有什么理由反宗教。但这种反感并不妨碍他极度忠于政府——无论是哪个政府执政。他穿那件绿色的旧大衣从来都不扣纽扣，即便是在冬天。而且他还一直穿系带鞋和黑长裤。

No human life was ever lived so thoroughly by rule. Poiret kept all his receipted bills, even the most trifling, and all his account-books, wrapped in old shirts and put away according to their respective years from the time of his entrance at the ministry. Rough copies of his letters were dated and put away in a box, ticketed "My Correspondence." He dined at the same restaurant (the Sucking Calf in the place du Chatelet), and sat in the same place, which the waiters kept for him. He never gave five minutes more time to the shop in the rue Saint Antoine than justly belonged to it, and at half-past eight precisely he reached the Cafe David, where he breakfasted and remained till eleven. There he listened to political discussions, his arms crossed on his cane, his chin in his right hand, never saying a word. The dame du comptoir, the only woman to whom he ever spoke with pleasure, was the sole confidant of the little events of his life, for his seat was close to her counter. He played dominoes, the only game he was capable of understanding. When his partners did not happen to be present, he usually went to sleep with his back against the wainscot, holding a newspaper in his hand, the wooden file resting on the marble of his table. He was interested in the buildings going up in Paris, and spent his Sundays in walking about to examine them. He was often heard to say, "I saw the Louvre emerge from its rubbish; I saw the birth of the place du Chatelet, the quai aux Fleurs and the Markets." He and his brother, both born at Troyes, were sent in youth to serve their apprenticeship in a government office. Their mother

made herself notorious by misconduct, and the two brothers had the grief of hearing of her death in the hospital at Troyes, although they had frequently sent money for her support. This event led them both not only to abjure marriage, but to feel a horror of children; ill at ease with them, they feared them as others fear madmen, and watched them with haggard eyes.

没有谁活得像他那样彻头彻尾地循规蹈矩。普瓦雷把所有票据，甚至是那些最无关紧要的，和全部账簿一起用旧衬衫包裹起来。从他进入部里时算起，按照各自年号收拣好。信件的粗略抄本按日期放进一个盒子，并标上“我的信函”。他在同一家饭馆吃饭（乳犊餐厅，位于沙特莱广场），坐在同一个地方，那是服务生专门留给他的座。他在圣安托万街停留的时间从不超过规定的五分钟。八点半他准点来到大卫咖啡馆吃早饭，一直呆到十一点。他在那里听人们谈论政治，双臂交叉搭在手杖上，右手托住下颌，一言不发。柜台夫人对他来说是唯一相谈甚欢的女性，也是唯一可以交心和诉说生活小故事的人，因为他的座位离她的柜台很近。他玩多米诺骨牌，这是唯一一种他懂的牌局。牌友还没到场时，他通常靠着护墙板打盹，手里还握着一份报纸，木质公文箱就搁在他这张桌子的大理石上。他对巴黎正在建的房屋很感兴趣，每个星期天会过来检验施工情况。人们经常听到他这样讲：“我看到卢浮宫在废墟上成形，见证了沙特莱广场、百花码头和集市的诞生。”他和哥哥都生在特鲁瓦，年幼时被送到政府一个办公室当学徒。虽然兄弟俩常寄钱给母亲用，可他们的母亲还是因为行为不检而招来恶名，最后死在了特鲁瓦一家医院里。听到母亲的死讯，兄弟俩十分悲痛。这件大事令他们不仅放弃了对婚姻的追求，而且惧怕小孩。他们和孩子在一块儿时很不舒服，怕孩子跟怕疯人一般，看他们时眼睛里放着凶光。

Since the day when he first came to Paris Poiret junior had never gone outside the city. He began at that time to keep a journal of his life, in which he noted down all the striking events of his day. Du Bruel told him that Lord Byron did the same thing. This likeness filled Poiret junior with delight, and led him to buy the works of Lord Byron, translated by Chastopalli, of which he did not understand a word. At the office he was often seen in a melancholy attitude, as though absorbed in thought, when in fact he was thinking of nothing at all. He did not know a single person in the house where he lived, and always carried the keys of his apartment about with him. On New-Year's day he went round and left his own cards on all the clerks of the division. Bixiou took it into his head on one of the hottest of dog-days to put a layer of lard under the lining of a certain old hat which Poiret junior (he was, by the bye, fifty-two years old) had worn for the last nine years. Bixiou, who had never seen any other hat on Poiret's head, dreamed of it and declared he tasted it in his food; he therefore resolved, in the interests of his digestion, to relieve the bureau of the sight of that amorphous old hat. Poiret junior left the

office regularly at four o'clock. As he walked along, the sun's rays reflected from the pavements and walls produced a tropical heat; he felt that his head was inundated,—he, who never perspired! Feeling that he was ill, or on the point of being so, instead of going as usual to the Sucking Calf he went home, drew out from his desk the journal of his life, and recorded the fact in the following manner:—

自从小普瓦雷第一天来巴黎时起，就没有离开过这座城市。打那时开始，他养成写日志的习惯，把发生过的惊人事件都记录了下来。迪布吕埃尔告诉他拜伦伯爵也这样。这份相似之处令小普瓦雷非常欣喜，于是买下了由沙斯托帕里翻译的拜伦著作，虽然他其实一个字都读不懂。大家常见他在办公室里露出一副闷闷不乐的表情，仿佛是沉浸在某种思考当中，而实际上他没有在想任何事情。和他住在同一所房子里的人他一个都不认识，他一直自己带着公寓钥匙。新年来到时他会四处走动，给司里的所有公务员留张自己的名片。一个大热天，毕西沃头脑里生出一个点子，想给普瓦雷那顶戴了九年的旧帽子在里料上涂一层猪油（顺便提一下，小普瓦雷五十二岁）。毕西沃没见普瓦雷戴过别的帽子，他梦想着能拿到它，并宣称要在吃饭的时候尝尝它的味道。为了让自己消化良好，他决心让这顶乱糟糟的旧帽子从办公室消失。普瓦雷通常在下午四点下班。他一路走来，阳光被石板路和墙壁反射回来，天气炎热无比。他觉得头上的汗流得像发洪水似的——而他是从不流汗的！他感觉自己是生病了或快要病倒了。他没有像以往那样去乳犊餐厅，而是回家从桌子里取出日志，将此次事件记录如下：

"To-day, July 3, 1823, overtaken by extraordinary perspiration, a sign, perhaps, of the sweating-sickness, a malady which prevails in Champagne. I am about to consult Doctor Haudry. The disease first appeared as I reached the highest part of the quai des Ecoles.”

“今天是一八二三年七月三日，出汗异常，这大概是汗热病的信号，这种疾病盛行于香槟省。我准备咨询奥德里医生。我第一次出现病症，是在学校码头的最高点。”

Suddenly, having taken off his hat, he became aware that the mysterious sweat had some cause independent of his own person. He wiped his face, examined the hat, and could find nothing, for he did not venture to take out the lining. All this he noted in his journal:—

等他脱了帽子，他突然意识到这神秘的汗水另有原因，跟他本人没有关系。他擦了把脸，检查一下帽子，却什么也没找到，因为他还没胆量把里衬取出来。然后他在日志里记下：

"Carried my hat to the Sieur Tournan, hat-maker in the rue Saint-Martin, for the reason that I suspect some unknown cause for this perspiration, which, in that case, might not be perspiration, but, possibly, the effect of something lately added, or formerly done, to my hat.”

我把帽子带到圣马丁街，交给尊敬的图尔南帽商。理由是我怀疑此次出汗有不明原因。如果是那样，那就不叫流汗了，而很可能是最近或者以往，我的帽子里被添加了什么东西引起的。”

Monsieur Tournan at once informed his customer of the presence of a greasy substance, obtained by the trying-out of the fat of a pig or sow. The next day Poiret appeared at the office with another hat, lent by Monsieur Tournan while a new one was making; but he did not sleep that night until he had added the following sentence to the preceding entries in his journal: "It is asserted that my hat contained lard, the fat of a pig."

图尔南先生立刻通知他的客人帽子里有一种油状物质，是从一头家猪或野猪的脂肪里提炼出来的。第二天普瓦雷戴着另一顶帽子出现在办公室，是图尔南先生借给他的新帽子，他的新帽子尚在制作之中。睡前，他在以前的日志后面加上这样一句：“已经确定，我的帽子里含有猪油，一头家猪的脂肪。”

This inexplicable fact occupied the intellect of Poiret junior for the space of two weeks; and he never knew how the phenomenon was produced. The clerks told him tales of showers of frogs, and other dog-day wonders, also the startling fact that an imprint of the head of Napoleon had been found in the root of a young elm, with other eccentricities of natural history. Vimeux informed him that one day his hat—his, Vimeux's—had stained his forehead black, and that hat-makers were in the habit of using drugs. After that Poiret paid many visits to Monsieur Tournan to inquire into his methods of manufacture.

这件无法解释的事令普瓦雷花费了两个星期也没闹明白，而且他永远也不知道这是如何发生的。公务员们向他讲述了青蛙雨的传说，那是在大热天出现的奇事，还讲述了一件骇人听闻的事——人们在一棵幼年榆树的根部发现了拿破仑头像的印迹，以及自然历史上的其他怪异现象。维默跟他说，有一天他自己的帽子（确实是他的帽子）把他的额头染成了黑色，原来那个制帽商习惯在帽子里下药。从那以后，普瓦雷多次拜访图尔南先生，询问他的制帽方法。

In the Rabourdin bureau was a clerk who played the man of courage and audacity, professed the opinions of the Left centre, and rebelled against the tyrannies of Baudoyer as exercised upon what he called the unhappy slaves of that office. His name was Fleury. He boldly subscribed to an opposition newspaper, wore a gray hat with a broad brim, red bands on his blue trousers, a blue waistcoat with gilt buttons, and a surtout coat crossed over the breast like that of a quartermaster of gendarmerie. Though unyielding in his opinions, he continued to be employed in the service, all the while predicting a fatal end to a government which persisted in upholding religion. He

openly avowed his sympathy for Napoleon, now that the death of that great man put an end to the laws enacted against "the partisans of the usurper." Fleury, ex-captain of a regiment of the line under the Emperor, a tall, dark, handsome fellow, was now, in addition to his civil-service post, box-keeper at the Cirque-Olympique. Bixiou never ventured on tormenting Fleury, for the rough trooper, who was a good shot and clever at fencing, seemed quite capable of extreme brutality if provoked. An ardent subscriber to "Victoires et Conquetes," Fleury nevertheless refused to pay his subscription, though he kept and read the copies, alleging that they exceeded the number proposed in the prospectus. He adored Monsieur Rabourdin, who had saved him from dismissal, and was even heard to say that if any misfortune happened to the chief through anybody's fault he would kill that person. Dutocq meanly courted Fleury because he feared him. Fleury, crippled with debt, played many a trick on his creditors. Expert in legal matters, he never signed a promissory note; and had prudently attached his own salary under the names of fictitious creditors, so that he was able to draw nearly the whole of it himself. He played ecarte, was the life of evening parties, tossed off glasses of champagne without wetting his lips, and knew all the songs of Beranger by heart. He was proud of his full, sonorous voice. His three great admirations were Napoleon, Bolivar, and Beranger. Foy, Lafitte, and Casimir Delavigne he only esteemed. Fleury, as you will have guessed already, was a Southerner, destined, no doubt, to become the responsible editor of a liberal journal.

拉布丹处里有一个公务员，扮演有勇有胆之士，公开发表左中派观点，反抗包杜阿耶对公务员的专政，他把那些人称为“不幸的办公室奴隶”。他叫弗勒里。他斗胆订阅了一份反对派报纸。戴一顶宽边灰帽，蓝色长裤上有红条纹，蓝色背心钉着镀金纽扣，长外套交叉在胸口，就像宪兵部的军需官。尽管自己的观点不屈从于他人，他仍继续受雇于政府部门，并始终预言政府若坚守现行的宗教信仰，将招致毁灭。既然现在拿破仑这位伟人已经辞世，针对篡权党派的法律也宣告结束，他便公开宣扬自己对拿破仑持同情态度。弗勒里个儿高，深色皮肤，相貌英俊，曾任皇帝陛下军团的上尉，如今除了公务员一职，还是奥林匹克马戏团的包厢侍者。毕西沃从来没有胆量戏弄弗勒里，因为这个粗野的骑兵不但枪法了得，而且善于击剑。倘若被惹恼了，他很可能变得极端残忍。他是《胜利与武功》丛书的热心订阅者。尽管他读了这些书并保存下来，却拒付订阅费。他辩解为书刊的发行数超出了宣传数字。他喜欢拉布丹先生，拉布丹曾经保过他的职位。人们甚至听他说，如果因任何人的过失给这位上司带来不幸，他会杀了那个人。出于畏惧，迪托克卑贱地讨好弗勒里。负债累累的弗勒里对债主们耍花招。他是法律方面的专家，从未签过一张期票。他小心翼翼地把自己的工资放在虚构的债权人名下，因此几乎能全额取款。他会玩儿一种纸牌；能给晚会带来生气；可以一口灌下香槟酒却连嘴唇都不沾湿；贝朗热的所有歌曲都烂熟于

心。他底气十足，声音洪亮，并对此引以为豪。他所崇拜的三位伟人是：拿破仑、玻利瓦尔和贝朗热。对于富瓦、拉菲特和卡齐米尔·德拉维涅，他仅仅是心怀尊敬罢了。如你所料，弗勒里来自南方。毫无疑问，他注定会成为一份自由派期刊的责任编辑。

Desroys, the mysterious clerk of the division, consorted with no one, talked little, and hid his private life so carefully that no one knew where he lived, nor who were his protectors, nor what were his means of subsistence. Looking about them for the causes of this reserve, some of his colleagues thought him a "carbonaro," others an Orleanist; there were others again who doubted whether to call him a spy or a man of solid merit. Desroys was, however, simple and solely the son of a "Conventionel," who did not vote the king's death. Cold and prudent by temperament, he had judged the world and ended by relying on no one but himself. Republican in secret, an admirer of Paul-Louis Courier and a friend of Michael Chrestien, he looked to time and public intelligence to bring about the triumph of his opinions from end to end of Europe. He dreamed of a new Germany and a new Italy. His heart swelled with that dull, collective love which we must call humanitarianism, the eldest son of deceased philanthropy, and which is to the divine catholic charity what system is to art, or reasoning to deed. This conscientious puritan of freedom, this apostle of an impossible equality, regretted keenly that his poverty forced him to serve the government, and he made various efforts to find a place elsewhere. Tall, lean, lanky, and solemn in appearance, like a man who expects to be called some day to lay down his life for a cause, he lived on a page of Volney, studied Saint-Just, and employed himself on a vindication of Robespierre, whom he regarded as the successor of Jesus Christ.

德鲁瓦是司里面一名很神秘的公务员，不与任何人来往，少语，个人生活很隐蔽，以至于没人知道他住哪里，谁是他的保护者，他靠什么手段营生。大家在寻找他沉默寡言的原因，有的同事认为他属于炭烧党，其他人认为是奥尔良派的人，还有人怀疑是否该叫他间谍或者完美之士。然而德鲁瓦是个挺简单的人，也就是在国民议会上没有给国王投死刑票的议员之子。他性情冷淡，做事谨慎，他对世界有着自己的判断，最后他除了自己以外，谁也不依靠。他私底下是一名共和党人，是保尔 - 路易·库里耶的崇拜者，米夏埃尔·克雷斯蒂安的友人。他在寻求时机和大众的理解，以使他的观点胜利地走遍欧洲。他梦想着一个新的德国，一个新的意大利。他内心满是愚钝的、集体主义的博爱，我们应称之为人道主义。他是过世慈善家的大儿子。他的爱对于神圣仁慈的天主教就像制度对于艺术，或者理性思考对于实际行动。他是个耿直的自由派清教徒，倡导无法兑现的平等地位。贫困迫使他屈就于政府部门，他为此感到非常惋惜。他做了各种努力，希望能在别的地方找到一个位子。他是个瘦长的高个儿，总是神情庄重，仿佛等待着有一天被人召

唤、为某项事业献身。他靠沃尔内的著作活着，研习圣朱斯特，并从事一项为罗伯斯庇尔澄清真相的工作，此人被他视为耶稣基督的继任者。

The last of the individuals belonging to these bureaus who merits a sketch here is the little La Billardiere. Having, to his great misfortune, lost his mother, and being under the protection of the minister, safe therefore from the tyrannies of Baudoyer, and received in all the ministerial salons, he was nevertheless detested by every one because of his impertinence and conceit. The two chiefs were polite to him, but the clerks held him at arm's length and prevented all companionship by means of the extreme and grotesque politeness which they bestowed upon him. A pretty youth of twenty-two, tall and slender, with the manners of an Englishman, a dandy in dress, curled and perfumed, gloved and booted in the latest fashion, and twirling an eyeglass, Benjamin de la Billardiere thought himself a charming fellow and possessed all the vices of the world with none of its graces. He was now looking forward impatiently to the death of his father, that he might succeed to the title of baron. His cards were printed "le Chevalier de la Billardiere" and on the wall of his office hung, in a frame, his coat of arms (sable, two swords in saltire, on a chief azure three mullets argent; with the motto; "Toujours fidele"). Possessed with a mania for talking heraldry, he once asked the young Vicomte de Portenduere why his arms were charged in a certain way, and drew down upon himself the happy answer, "I did not make them." He talked of his devotion to the monarchy and the attentions the Dauphine paid him. He stood very well with des Lupeaulx, whom he thought his friend, and they often breakfasted together. Bixiou posed as his mentor, and hoped to rid the division and France of the young fool by tempting him to excesses, and openly avowed that intention.

这些处里最后一位值得描绘一下的就是小拉比亚尔迪埃。母亲过世，令他承受巨大不幸。在大臣的保护之下，他远离了包杜阿耶专政，收到了所有部级沙龙邀请。然而，这个人却为所有人厌恶，因为他鲁莽而自负。两个上司对他彬彬有礼，但公务员们疏远他，用极端怪诞的礼貌态度拒绝他。这个漂亮的青年二十二岁，身材高挑，一副英国人的姿态，公子哥儿的打扮，卷发，喷香水，手套和靴子都是时下最流行的款式，捻弄一只眼镜片。本杰明·德拉比亚尔迪埃自认为是个迷人的家伙，拥有世上一切罪恶的品行，毫无高雅可言。他正迫不及待地盼着父亲早点儿走，好继承男爵头衔。他的名片印有“德拉比亚迪埃骑士”。办公室墙上相框里挂出他的纹章服（下面是黑底，两柄剑呈十字交叉，上面主要是蔚蓝的底色，有三条银梭鱼，座右铭是“永远忠诚”）。他疯狂地迷恋纹章，有一次询问年轻的波唐德杜埃子爵：“为什么我的纹章是这样的？”子爵巧妙地回应：“这可不是我做的。”他谈起自己对君主的忠诚，以及王太妃对他的关注。他和德吕卜克斯处得很好，把他当朋友看待，经常一块儿吃早餐。毕西沃充当他的“良友”，公然声明要怂恿他出轨，

好把这个小傻瓜从司里、从法国赶走。

Such were the principal figures of La Billardiere's division of the ministry, where also were other clerks of less account, who resembled more or less those that are represented here. It is difficult even for an observer to decide from the aspect of these strange personalities whether the goose-quill tribe were becoming idiots from the effects of their employment or whether they entered the service because they were natural born fools. Possibly the making of them lies at the door of Nature and of the government both. Nature, to a civil-service clerk is, in fact, the sphere of the office; his horizon is bounded on all sides by green boxes; to him, atmospheric changes are the air of the corridors, the masculine exhalations contained in rooms without ventilators, the odor of paper, pens, and ink; the soil he treads is a tiled pavement or a wooden floor, strewn with a curious litter and moistened by the attendant's watering-pot; his sky is the ceiling toward which he yawns; his element is dust. Several distinguished doctors have remonstrated against the influence of this second nature, both savage and civilized, on the moral being vegetating in those dreadful pens called bureaus, where the sun seldom penetrates, where thoughts are tied down to occupations like that of horses who turn a crank and who, poor beasts, yawn distressingly and die quickly. Rabourdin was, therefore, fully justified in seeking to reform their present condition, by lessening their numbers and giving to each a larger salary and far heavier work. Men are neither wearied nor bored when doing great things. Under the present system government loses fully four hours out of the nine which the clerks owe to the service,—hours wasted, as we shall see, in conversations, in gossip, in disputes, and, above all, in underhand intriguing. The reader must have haunted the bureaus of the ministerial departments before he can realize how much their petty and belittling life resembles that of seminaries. Wherever men live collectively this likeness is obvious; in regiments, in law-courts, you will find the elements of the school on a smaller or larger scale. The government clerks, forced to be together for nine hours of the day, looked upon their office as a sort of class-room where they had tasks to perform, where the head of the bureau was no other than a schoolmaster, and where the gratuities bestowed took the place of prizes given out to proteges,—a place, moreover, where they teased and hated each other, and yet felt a certain comradeship, colder than that of a regiment, which itself is less hearty than that of seminaries. As a man advances in life he grows more selfish; egoism develops, and relaxes all the secondary bonds of affection. A government office is, in short, a microcosm of society, with its oddities and hatreds, its envy and its cupidity, its determination to push on, no matter who goes under, its frivolous

gossip which gives so many wounds, and its perpetual spying.

这便是小拉比亚尔迪埃在司里的主要轮廓。其他不太重要的公务员，和已经讲过的那些公务员差不多。对于一个旁观者，甚至都很难断定这些怪模怪样的性格特点，到底是因为这个手执鹅毛笔的群落受工作影响变成了傻子，还是他们天生就是干这一行的傻子。可能是天性和政府一同造就了他们吧。事实上，对于公务员来说，办公室的环境就是大自然。他的视野局限在四面绿墙围成的箱子里，大气交换对他来讲是过道里的空气，从没有排气扇的房间里呼出的男人的气息，还有纸张、钢笔、墨水的气味。踏在脚下的土壤是平铺的石板路或者木地板，散落着些奇怪的垃圾，被男仆撒的水浸湿了。天空是他打呵欠时正好对着的天花板。他的构成要素是灰尘。一些著名的医生对这种既野蛮又文明的人工自然环境发出抗议，从道德上讲，生长在这种被叫做办公室的可怕围栏里，很少能透进阳光，思想被拴在职务上，就像马拉着曲柄。可怜的畜生，痛苦地打了个哈欠，很快就死了。因此，拉布丹完全有理由通过减员加薪和大大增加工作量，来对他们的现状做出改革。男人在做大事时是不会厌倦和疲劳的。在现行机制下，政府将公务员的九小时上班时间足足削减了四小时。正如我们所看到的，这四小时被浪费在调侃、闲扯、吵嘴，尤其是暗地里捣鬼上。读者若想明白他们那琐碎的微不足道的生活与神学院是何其相似，就一定得经常去部门办公室瞧瞧。人们无论在哪里过群体生活，这种相似都是显而易见的，在军团、法庭，你都能找到大大小小的学院的元素。公务员一天九小时强制性地呆在一块儿，把办公室当成课堂，完成各项任务，而处长便成了校长，门徒的奖品换成了薪酬。他们互相揶揄、憎恨，却也感受到同事间的友谊。同事之谊比军团里的感情还要冷漠，军团则更比不上神学院里来得真心。一个人在人生路上前行，会变得更自私，更自我，所有的情感都不会那么浓了。简言之，政府办公室就是一个微观社会，有奇人怪事，有憎恨，有羡慕，有贪婪，无论谁在下面都有向上进取的决心，有伤人的轻薄的流言蜚语，还有那无休止的隐私刺探。

CHAPTER V The Machine in Motion

第五章　机器运转了

At this moment the division of Monsieur de la Billardiere was in a state of unusual excitement, resulting very naturally from the event which was about to happen; for heads of divisions do not die every day, and there is no insurance office where the chances of life and death are calculated with more sagacity than in a government bureau. Self-interest stifles all compassion, as it does in children, but the government service adds hypocrisy to boot.

此时此刻，德拉比亚尔迪埃先生所在司里的人都万分激动。这是很自然的，因为马上就要有大事发生了——可不是每天都会有司长死掉的，而且政府办公室计算一个人生死几率的精确度是任何一家保险公司都比不上的。个人利益压抑了一切怜悯之心，就像在孩子们当中出现的情况一样，但在政府部门里这种情况就平添了一份虚伪。

The clerks of the bureau Baudoyer arrived at eight o'clock in the morning, whereas those of the bureau Rabourdin seldom appeared till nine,—a circumstance which did not prevent the work in the latter office from being more rapidly dispatched than that of the former. Dutocq had important reasons for coming early on this particular morning. The previous evening he had furtively entered the study where Sebastien was at work, and had seen him copying some papers for Rabourdin; he concealed himself until he saw Sebastien leave the premises without taking any papers away with him. Certain, therefore, of finding the rather voluminous memorandum which he had seen, together with its copy, in some corner of the study, he searched through the boxes one after another until he finally came upon the fatal list. He carried it in hot haste to an autograph-printing house, where he obtained two pressed copies of the memorandum, showing, of course, Rabourdin's own writing. Anxious not to arouse suspicion, he had gone very early to the office and replaced both the memorandum and Sebastien's copy in the box from which he had taken them. Sebastien, who was kept up till after midnight at Madame Rabourdin's party, was, in spite of his desire to get to the office early, preceded by the spirit of hatred. Hatred lived in the rue Saint-Louis-Saint-Honore, whereas love and devotion lived far-off in the rue du Roi-Dore in the Marais. This slight delay was destined to affect Rabourdin's whole career.

包杜阿耶处里的公务员早上八点上班，而拉布丹处里的公务员很少有九点以前到的——尽管如此，后一个办公室办起事来还是比前一个办

公室快。在这个特别的早晨，迪托克出于非常重要的原因，很早就来了。头天晚上，他鬼鬼祟祟地潜进了塞巴斯蒂安工作的书房，看见他在替拉布丹抄写一些公文。他躲在暗处，一直等到塞巴斯蒂安离开。塞巴斯蒂安走时没带走任何公文。所以他肯定能发现那份他之前见过的厚厚的备忘录和手抄本。他在办公室的一角一个箱子接一个箱子地翻找，直到最后他发现了那份致命的名单。他匆忙来到石版印刷室，弄了两份备忘录的复印稿，复印稿上当然是拉布丹本人的字体。他很紧张，不想让别人起疑心，所以很早就去了办公室，把备忘录和塞巴斯蒂安的手抄本放回了原来的那个箱子里。塞巴斯蒂安在拉布丹夫人的晚会上一直呆到了后半夜。虽然他很想一早就去办公室，却还是被那仇恨的魔鬼抢了先。憎恨活在圣路易 - 圣奥雷诺街，而爱与忠诚活在遥远的沼泽区金王街。这小小的耽搁注定影响到拉布丹的整个仕途。

Sebastien opened his box eagerly, found the memorandum and his own unfinished copy all in order, and locked them at once into the desk as Rabourdin had directed. The mornings are dark in these offices towards the end of December, sometimes indeed the lamps are lit till after ten o'clock; consequently Sebastien did not happen to notice the pressure of the copying-machine upon the paper. But when, about half-past nine o'clock, Rabourdin looked at his memorandum he saw at once the effects of the copying process, and all the more readily because he was then considering whether these autographic presses could not be made to do the work of copying clerks.

塞巴斯蒂安急切地打开箱子，看到备忘录和他那份未写完的抄本都放得好好的，立刻把它们锁在拉布丹指示的桌子里。那时是十二月底，早上办公室是很昏暗的，有时十点以后灯还燃着，所以塞巴斯蒂安根本没有注意到复印机在文书上轧过的痕迹。但是，九点半左右拉布丹查看了备忘录，他立刻看出文件被复印过的印迹。他之所以能发现得如此之快，是因为他当时正在思考用石印代替抄写员的工作是否可行。

"Did any one get to the office before you?" he asked.

“有没有人比你先到办公室？”他问道。

"Yes," replied Sebastien,—"Monsieur Dutocq."

“有，”塞巴斯蒂安回答道，“迪托克先生比我先到了。”

"Ah! well, he was punctual. Send Antoine to me."

“啊！那他可真准时。帮我把安托万叫来。”

Too noble to distress Sebastien uselessly by blaming him for a misfortune now beyond remedy, Rabourdin said no more. Antoine came. Rabourdin asked if any clerk had remained at the office after four o'clock the previous evening. The man replied that Monsieur Dutocq had worked there later than Monsieur de la Roche, who was usually the last to leave. Rabourdin dismissed him with a nod, and

resumed the thread of his reflections.

拉布丹没再多说一句话。他人品过于高尚，尽管这是个无法挽回的不幸，但他并未因此对塞巴斯蒂安多加指责，让他徒增痛苦。安托万走了进来。拉布丹问他昨天晚上有没有公务员在办公室呆到四点以后。安托万回答说，迪托克先生比拉罗什先生更晚下班，而拉罗什通常都是最后一个离开的。拉布丹点头示意他出去，自己则又陷入了沉思。

"Twice I have prevented his dismissal," he said to himself, "and this is my reward."

“我两次替他保住职位，”他自言自语道，“这就是他给我的回报。”

This morning was to Rabourdin like the solemn hour in which great commanders decide upon a battle and weigh all chances. Knowing the spirit of official life better than any one, he well knew that it would never pardon, any more than a school or the galleys or the army pardon, what looked like espionage or tale-bearing. A man capable of informing against his comrades is disgraced, dishonored, despised; the ministers in such a case would disavow their own agents. Nothing was left to an official so placed but to send in his resignation and leave Paris; his honor is permanently stained; explanations are of no avail; no one will either ask for them or listen to them. A minister may well do the same thing and be thought a great man, able to choose the right instruments; but a mere subordinate will be judged as a spy, no matter what may be his motives. While justly measuring the folly of such judgment, Rabourdin knew that it was all-powerful; and he knew, too, that he was crushed. More surprised than overwhelmed, he now sought for the best course to follow under the circumstances; and with such thoughts in his mind he was necessarily aloof from the excitement caused in the division by the death of Monsieur de la Billardiere; in fact he did not hear of it until young La Briere, who was able to appreciate his sterling value, came to tell him. About ten o'clock, in the bureau Baudoyer, Bixiou was relating the last moments of the life of the director to Minard, Desroys, Monsieur Godard, whom he had called from his private office, and Dutocq, who had rushed in with private motives of his own. Colleville and Chazelle were absent.

对拉布丹而言，这天上午就像是大司令官们权衡一切可能会发生的事情，然后对战役做出重大决定的庄严时刻。他比谁都懂为官之道。他十分清楚官场和学校、舰队、军队一样，这种看似间谍或者搬弄是非的行为都是不可饶恕的。能提供对同事不利情报的人是可耻的、不光彩的、受人鄙视的。在这种情况下，大臣们都会否认这些间谍是为他们效命的。面临这种情况的公务员除了递交辞呈、离开巴黎以外没有别的选择，他的名声也会永远背上污点。解释是徒劳的，没有人让他们解释，也没有人愿意听他们解释。大臣可以做同样的事，还会被人们看作是有能力选择适当手段的大人物。只有小小的下属才会被人们当成间谍，无

论他是出于何种动机。拉布丹准确掂量着这种判断的愚蠢程度，他知道说到底就是权势使然，也知道自己将会粉身碎骨。他没被压垮，只是大受震惊，想要在这种情况下寻找一条最好的出路。他心里有了这些想法，即使拉比亚尔迪埃去世这件事让他司里的人情绪激动，他却必然能淡然处之。事实上，在能够欣赏他高超价值的小拉布里埃过来告诉他之前，他都没听说过这件事。大约十点的时候，毕西沃从他的私人办公室里叫出了米纳尔、德鲁瓦和戈达尔先生，在包杜阿耶的办公室里向他们讲述了司长生命中的最后时刻。迪托克怀着一己私欲也冲了进来。科勒维尔和沙泽勒没来。

Bixiou (standing with his back to the stove and holding up the sole of each boot alternately to dry at the open door). "This morning, at half-past seven, I went to inquire after our most worthy and respectable director, knight of the order of Christ, et caetera, et caetera. Yes, gentlemen, last night he was a being with twenty et caeteras, to-day he is nothing, not even a government clerk. I asked all particulars of his nurse. She told me that this morning at five o'clock he became uneasy about the royal family. He asked for the names of all the clerks who had called to inquire after him; and then he said: 'Fill my snuff-box, give me the newspaper, bring my spectacles, and change my ribbon of the Legion of honor,—it is very dirty.' I suppose you know he always wore his orders in bed. He was fully conscious, retained his senses and all his usual ideas. But, presto! ten minutes later the water rose, rose, rose and flooded his chest; he knew he was dying for he felt the cysts break. At that fatal moment he gave evident proof of his powerful mind and vast intellect. Ah, we never rightly appreciated him! We used to laugh at him and call him a booby—didn't you, Monsieur Godard?”

毕西沃（背朝火炉站着，轮换把两个靴底子跷到开着的炉门口烤干）：“今天早上七点半的时候，我去问候了我们非常受人尊敬、品格高尚的司长先生、基督勋章骑士，等等，等等。是的，先生们，昨晚他还是一个有二十来个头衔的人物，今天却什么也不是了，连个公务员都算不上。我向他的护士打听清楚了全部细节。她告诉我今早五点的时候，他因为王室感到不安。他要了所有探望过他的公务员的名字，然后说：‘把我的鼻烟壶添满，把那份报纸给我，把眼镜也给我拿过来，还有，把我的荣誉军团勋章的丝带换了——那丝带已经很脏了。’我想你们应该知道，他一直戴着勋章睡觉。他当时是完全清醒的，他所有的感觉都在，也没有忘记自己一贯的想法。可是，事情说变就变！过了十分钟，他身体里的积水一再升高，一直淹到了胸腔。他感觉到膀胱在破裂，意识到自己快要死了。在那生死攸关的时刻，他清清楚楚地证明了自己拥有强大的意念和广袤的才智。哎，我们从来没有正确评价过他！过去我们经常嘲笑他，骂他是个傻瓜——是不是，戈达尔先生？”

Godard. "I? I always rated Monsieur de la Billardiere's talents higher than the rest of you.”

戈达尔：“我？一直以来，我对德拉比亚尔迪埃先生才华的评价比我对你们其他人的评价都要高。”

Bixiou. "You and he could understand each other!"

毕西沃：“你们俩倒是本可以相互理解的！”

Godard. "He wasn't a bad man; he never harmed any one.”

戈达尔：“他不是坏人，也从未害过任何人。”

Bixiou. "To do harm you must do something, and he never did anything. If it wasn't you who said he was a dolt, it must have been Minard.”

毕西沃：“害人就必须做点儿什么，他可什么都没做过。如果不是你把他叫笨蛋，那就一定是米纳尔。”

Minard (shrugging his shoulders). "I!"

米纳尔（耸了耸肩）：“我！”

Bixiou. "Well, then it was you, Dutocq!" (Dutocq made a vehement gesture of denial.) "Oh! very good, then it was nobody. Every one in this office knew his intellect was herculean. Well, you were right. He ended, as I have said, like the great man that he was."

毕西沃：“呃，那就是你这么说的了，迪托克！”（迪托克使劲打手势予以否认。）“哦！很好，那么谁都没这么说过。本办公室里的每个人都知道他才智过人。哦，你们当时的看法是正确的。正如我所说，他生前是一位伟人，去世时也是一位伟人。”

Desroys (impatiently). "Pray what did he do that was so great? he had the weakness to confess himself."

德鲁瓦（不耐烦地）：“上帝啊，他到底做了什么伟大的事情啊？他总是爱忏悔，那是他的缺点。”

Bixiou. "Yes, monsieur, he received the holy sacraments. But do you know what he did in order to receive them? He put on his uniform as gentleman-in-ordinary of the Bedchamber, with all his orders, and had himself powdered; they tied his queue (that poor queue!) with a fresh ribbon. Now I say that none but a man of remarkable character would have his queue tied with a fresh ribbon just as he was dying. There are eight of us here, and I don't believe one among us is capable of such an act. But that's not all; he said,—for you know all celebrated men make a dying speech; he said,—stop now, what did he say? Ah! he said, 'I must attire myself to meet the King of Heaven,—I, who have so often dressed in my best for audience with the kings of earth.' That's how Monsieur de la Billardiere departed this life. He took upon himself to justify the saying of Pythagoras, 'No man is known until he dies.'"

毕西沃：“是啊，先生，他接受施圣礼。但你知道为了接受圣礼，他得做哪些准备吗？他会穿上宫廷贵族般的制服，佩戴上所有勋章，还叫别人给他涂粉，用新丝带给他扎辫子（可怜的辫子啊！）。我得说，只有那些特点鲜明的人物才会在临死前请人给他用新丝带扎辫子。我相信，我们这八个人中没有一个有能力做出那样的举动。但这还没完呢。他说——大家都知道，所有名人都会做临终演讲。他还说——等等，他说了什么呀？啊！他说：‘为了见天父，我必须盛装打扮——我曾经多次和人间的帝王一道，在观众面前身着我最华美的衣装，这才是我。’德拉比亚尔迪埃就是这样辞世的。他用自身证明了毕达哥拉斯的那句名句：‘一个人只有死了，别人才会了解他。’”

Colleville (rushing in). "Gentlemen, great news!"

科勒维尔（冲了进来）：“先生们，重大消息！”

All. "We know it."

所有人：“我们都知道了。”

Colleville. "I defy you to know it! I have been hunting for it ever since the accession of His Majesty to the thrones of France and of Navarre. Last night I succeeded! but with what labor!

科勒维尔：“我谅你们也不知道这件事！自打陛下登基成为法兰西和纳瓦尔国王以来，我就一直寻思着这件事。昨天晚上我办到了！这可费了我不少力气！

Madame Colleville asked me what was the matter.”

科勒维尔夫人还问我这是怎么一回事。”

Dutocq. "Do you think we have time to bother ourselves with your intolerable anagrams when the worthy Monsieur de la Billardiere has just expired?"

迪托克：“受人尊敬的德拉比亚尔迪埃先生刚刚过世，你认为我们犯得着花心思、花时间玩你那让人没法忍受的字谜吗？”

Colleville. "That's Bixiou's nonsense! I have just come from Monsieur de la Billardiere's; he is still living, though they expect him to die soon.” (Godard, indignant at the hoax, goes off grumbling.) "Gentlemen! you would never guess what extraordinary events are revealed by the anagram of this sacramental sentence" (he pulls out a piece of paper and reads), "Charles dix, par la grace de Dieu, roi de France et de Navarre."

科勒维尔：“毕西沃在胡说八道！我刚刚从德拉比亚尔迪埃先生那里过来。尽管他们都盼着他早点死，但他还活着。”（戈达尔被这种戏弄惹恼了，咕哝着走掉了。）“先生们！你们永远想不到这神圣的语句颠倒字母顺序后，预示着何等奇异的事情，”（他抽出一张纸，读道），“上帝赐福于查理十世为法兰西和纳瓦尔国王。”

Godard (re-entering). "Tell what it is at once, and don't keep people waiting.”

戈达尔（又走了进来）：“马上告诉大伙这到底是什么，别吊大家胃口。”

Colleville (triumphantly unfolding the rest of the paper). "Listen!

科勒维尔（得意洋洋地展开剩下的那部分纸）：“听好！

"A H. V. il cedera; De S. C. l. d. partira; Eh nauf errera, Decide a Gorix.

“让位给亨利五世，从圣·克鲁离去，坐船漂泊，死在戈里克斯。”

"Every letter is there!" (He repeats it.) "A Henry cinq cedera (his crown of course); de Saint-Cloud partira; en nauf (that's an old French word for skiff, vessel, felucca, corvette, anything you like) errera—”

“每个字母都有！”（他重复道。）“让位给亨利五世（当然是他的王位），从圣克鲁离去，坐船（古法语词汇，指小船、舰、轻巡洋舰都行）漂泊——”

Dutocq. "What a tissue of absurdities! How can the King cede his crown to Henry V., who, according to your nonsense, must be his grandson, when Monseigneur le Dauphin is living. Are you prophesying the Dauphin's death?”

迪托克：“这太荒谬了！国王怎么会把他的王位让给亨利五世。按照你的荒唐理论，就是国王在太子殿下还活着的时候让位给他的孙子。你是不是在预言太子会去世？”

Bixiou. "What's Gorix, pray?—the name of a cat?”

毕西沃：“上帝啊，戈里克斯是什么？——是猫的名字吗？”

Colleville (provoked). "It is the archaeological and lapidarial abbreviation of the name of a town, my good friend; I looked it out in Malte-Brun: Goritz, in Latin Gorixia, situated in Bohemia or Hungary, or it may be Austria—”

科勒维尔（被激怒了）：“我亲爱的朋友啊，那是考古学碑文中一座城镇名的缩写。我在马尔特 - 布兰的书中找到的。戈里克斯，拉丁文中写成Gorixia，位于波西米亚，或者匈牙利，又或者奥地利——”

Bixiou. "Tyrol, the Basque provinces, or South America. Why don't you set it all to music and play it on the clarionet?”

毕西沃：“蒂罗尔，在巴斯克省或者南美。你为什么不把它编成曲子，用竖笛吹出来呢？”

Godard (shrugging his shoulders and departing). "What utter nonsense!"

戈达尔（耸了耸肩，离开了）：“一派胡言！”

Colleville. "Nonsense! nonsense indeed!

柯尔维尔：“谬论！这是彻头彻尾的谬论！

It is a pity you don't take the trouble to study fatalism, the religion of the Emperor Napoleon.”

可惜你没有用心研习宿命论，那可是拿破仑皇帝的宗教信仰。”

Godard (irritated at Colleville's tone). "Monsieur Colleville, let me tell you that Bonaparte may perhaps be styled Emperor by historians, but it is extremely out of place to refer to him as such in a government office."

戈达尔（被科勒维尔的语调激怒了）：“科勒维尔先生，我来告诉你吧，历史学者也许可以将那位波拿巴先生定型为皇帝，不过在政府办公室里把他称作皇帝就完全不合适了。”

Bixiou (laughing). "Get an anagram out of that, my dear fellow."

毕西沃（笑出声来）：“亲爱的老友，把那句话也变成字谜吧。”

Colleville (angrily). "Let me tell you that if Napoleon Bonaparte had studied the letters of his name on the 14th of April, 1814, he might perhaps be Emperor still.”

科勒维尔（生气了）：“让我来告诉你吧。假如一八一四年四月十四日，拿破仑·波拿巴研究过他的名字字母，那他可能现在还是皇帝。”

Bixiou. "How do you make that out?"

毕西沃：“你是怎么想出来的？”

Colleville (solemnly). "Napoleon Bonaparte.—No, appear not at Elba!”

科勒维尔（神情严肃）：“拿破仑·波拿巴——不，别来厄尔巴岛！”

Dutocq. "You'll lose your place for talking such nonsense.”

迪托克：“你再这样胡言乱语下去，你的公职会保不住的。”

Colleville. "If my place is taken from me, Francois Keller will make it hot for your minister." (Dead silence.) "I'd have you to know, Master Dutocq, that all known anagrams have actually come to pass. Look here,—you, yourself,—don't you marry, for there's 'coqu' in your name.”

科勒维尔：“如果我被辞退，弗朗索瓦·凯勒可会在你的大臣面前大做文章了。”（死一般寂静。）“迪托克少爷，你要明白，所有已知的字谜事实上都成真了。看看这里——你，你自个儿——你还是别结婚了，因为你的名字里有‘小姑娘’这个词。”

Bixiou (interrupting). "And d, t, for de-testable.”

毕西沃（插嘴说）：“还有ｄ，ｔ，意思是令人讨厌的。”

Dutocq (without seeming angry). "I don't care, as long as it is only in my name. Why don't you anagrammatize, or whatever you call it, 'Xavier Rabourdin, chef du bureau'?”

迪托克（不显愠怒）：“这只不过是我的名字而已，我管不了那么多。你为什么不给格扎维埃·拉布丹处长那个什么，哦，解一下字谜呢？”

Colleville. "Bless you, so I have!"

科勒维尔：“天哪，我当然解过啦！”

Bixiou (mending his pen). "And what did you make of it?"

毕西沃（削着笔）：“那你发现了什么吗？”

Colleville. "It comes out as follows: D'abord reva bureaux, E-u,—(you catch the meaning? et eut—and had) E-u fin riche; which signifies that after first belonging to the administration, he gave it up and got rich elsewhere.” (Repeats.) "D'abord reva bureaux, E-u fin riche.”

科勒维尔：“结果是：开始在政府——（你明白过来了吗？）——有钱在别处。意思是一开始是在政府机构，后来他放弃了公职，在别处发了财。”（重复说着。）“开始在政府，有钱在别处。”

Dutocq. "That IS queer!"

迪托克：“那可真奇怪！”

Bixiou. "Try Isidore Baudoyer."

毕西沃：“试试伊西多尔·包杜阿耶。”

Colleville (mysteriously). "I sha'n't tell the other anagrams to any one but Thuillier.”

科勒维尔（神神秘秘地）：“其他所有的字谜，我只告诉蒂利埃一人。”

Bixiou. "I'll bet you a breakfast that I can tell that one myself.”

毕西沃：“我敢跟你赌一顿早饭，我都能解开伊西多尔·包杜阿耶的名字谜。”

Colleville. "And I'll pay if you find it out.”

科勒维尔：“如果你发现得了，我就付账。”

Bixiou. "Then I shall breakfast at your expense; but you won't be angry, will you? Two such geniuses as you and I need never conflict. 'Isidore Baudoyer' anagrams into 'Ris d'aboyeur d'oie.’”

毕西沃："那么你就得花钱请我早饭了，不过你不会生气的，对吧？我们这两个天才之间绝对不需要任何分歧。'伊西多尔·包杜阿耶'的字谜解为'鹅贩子的笑声'。"

Colleville (petrified with amazement). "You stole it from me!"

科勒维尔（惊呆了）："你偷了我的字谜！"

Bixiou (with dignity). "Monsieur Colleville, do me the honor to believe that I am rich enough in absurdity not to steal my neighbor's nonsense."

毕西沃（庄严肃穆地）："科勒维尔先生，请尊重我，并相信我有足够多的愚才，还不至于要偷窃同事的荒唐言论。"

Baudoyer (entering with a bundle of papers in his hand). "Gentlemen, I request you to shout a little louder; you bring this office into such high repute with the administration. My worthy coadjutor, Monsieur Clergeot, did me the honor just now to come and ask a question, and he heard the noise you are making" (passes into Monsieur Godard's room).

包杜阿耶（手持一卷公文走了进来）："先生们，我请求你们再喊得大点声，这样你们就能让这个办公室在部门里名声大噪了。刚才我那受人尊重的副手克莱若先生有幸过来问些事，他听到办公室里咋咋呼呼的。"（他走进戈达尔的办公室。）

Bixiou (in a low voice). "The watch-dog is very tame this morning; there'll be a change of weather before night."

毕西沃（轻声地）说："看门狗今天上午可真温顺啊，看来晚上之前就要变天了。"

Dutocq (whispering to Bixiou). "I have something I want to say to you."

迪托克（悄悄对毕西沃说）："我有事要告诉你。"

Bixiou (fingering Dutocq's waistcoat). "You've a pretty waistcoat, that cost you nothing; is that what you want to say?"

毕西沃（手摸了摸迪托克的背心）："你是不是想说——你有件漂亮的背心，买的时候根本没花钱啊？"

Dutocq. "Nothing, indeed! I never paid so dear for anything in my life. That stuff cost six francs a yard in the best shop in the rue de la Paix,—a fine dead stuff, the very thing for deep mourning."

迪托克："确实没花钱！我一辈子都没买过这么贵的东西。这东西是在和平街最好的店里买的，六法郎一码——这东西做工一流，最适合服丧场合穿。"

Bixiou. "You know about engravings and such things, my dear

fellow, but you are totally ignorant of the laws of etiquette. Well, no man can be a universal genius! Silk is positively not admissible in deep mourning. Don't you see I am wearing woollen? Monsieur Rabourdin, Monsieur Baudoyer, and the minister are all in woollen; so is the faubourg Saint-Germain. There's no one here but Minard who doesn't wear woollen; he's afraid of being taken for a sheep. That's the reason why he didn't put on mourning for Louis XVIII.”

毕西沃：“你了解雕刻一类的事，可是我亲爱的朋友，你对礼仪规则却一无所知。好吧，天底下哪里有全才啊！丧葬时是不允许穿丝织品的。你没瞧见我穿的是羊毛料子吗？拉布丹先生、包杜阿耶先生、大臣们穿的都是羊毛料子，圣日耳曼区的人也都这么穿。这里唯一没穿毛料的是米纳尔，他怕被人当成绵羊。这就是他在路易十八服丧期间，没穿毛料衣服的原因。

(During this conversation Baudoyer is sitting by the fire in Godard's room, and the two are conversing in a low voice.)

（上面两人谈话时，包杜阿耶正坐在戈达尔办公室的炉火边，两人的说话声都压得很低。）

Baudoyer. "Yes, the worthy man is dying. The two ministers are both with him. My father-in-law has been notified of the event. If you want to do me a signal service you will take a cab and go and let Madame Baudoyer know what is happening; for Monsieur Saillard can't leave his desk, nor I my office. Put yourself at my wife's orders; do whatever she wishes. She has, I believe, some ideas of her own, and wants to take certain steps simultaneously.” (The two functionaries go out together.)

包杜阿耶：“是啊，那位受人敬仰的人就快去了。两个大臣都在陪着他。我岳父也知道了这件事。假如你愿意替我做一件极为重要的事情，那就请坐轻便马车去告诉我夫人这里正在发生的事情。萨亚尔先生在办公室抽不开身，我也一样。请你听从她的指示，她想要你做什么，你就做什么。我相信她有自己的想法，她同时还会想要采取某些措施的。”（两个公务员一同出去了。）

Godard. "Monsieur Bixiou, I am obliged to leave the office for the rest of the day. You will take my place."

戈达尔：“毕西沃先生，我一会儿得出去，今天其他时候都不在办公室了。我的事就请你代办吧。”

Baudoyer (to Bixiou, benignly). "Consult me, if there is any necessity."

包杜阿耶（亲切地对毕西沃说）：“只要你有需要，随时都可以问我。”

Bixiou. "This time, La Billardiere is really dead."

毕西沃："这个时间，拉比亚尔迪埃准死了。"

Dutocq (in Bixiou's ear). "Come outside a minute." (The two go into the corridor and gaze at each other like birds of ill-omen.)

迪托克（跟毕西沃咬耳朵）："出来一下。"（两人来到过道，像不详的乌鸦一样盯着对方的脸看。）

Dutocq (whispering). "Listen. Now is the time for us to understand each other and push our way. What would you say to your being made head of the bureau, and I under you?"

迪托克（轻声说）："听好了。现在这个时候我们应该互相体谅，一起出头。你当上处长，我当你的副手，你看怎么样？"

Bixiou (shrugging his shoulders). "Come, come, don't talk nonsense!"

毕西沃（耸了耸肩）："好啦，好啦，别胡说八道啦！"

Dutocq. "If Baudoyer gets La Billardiere's place Rabourdin won't stay on where he is. Between ourselves, Baudoyer is so incapable that if du Bruel and you don't help him he will certainly be dismissed in a couple of months. If I know arithmetic that will give three empty places for us to fill—"

迪托克："如果包杜阿耶接替了拉比亚尔迪埃，拉布丹就不会再继续当处长了。我们私底下都明白，包杜阿耶真的没有本事，要不是你和迪布吕埃尔鼎力相助，不出几个月他肯定就会被辞退。假如我算术还行，那会空出三个职位由我们填充——"

Bixiou. "Three places right under our noses, which will certainly be given to some bloated favorite, some spy, some pious fraud,—to Colleville perhaps, whose wife has ended where all pretty women end—in piety."

毕西沃："这三个职位就在我们的鼻子底下，肯定会委派给一些得意忘形的红人、两面派和虚伪的骗子——也许会委派给科勒维尔。他妻子最后会像所有漂亮女人一样虔诚地终了一生。"

Dutocq. "No, to you, my dear fellow, if you will only, for once in your life, use your wits logically." (He stopped as if to study the effect of his adverb in Bixiou's face.) "Come, let us play fair."

迪托克："不，我的朋友，只要你愿意，会给你委任的。请合理运用你的智慧，毕竟一生就这一次吧。（他顿了顿，仿佛是想研究一下这个副词在毕西沃脸上引发了什么样的效果。）"好吧，让我们都公平点儿。"

Bixiou (stolidly). "Let me see your game."

毕西沃（无动于衷）："让我看看你的牌局。"

Dutocq. "I don't wish to be anything more than under-head-clerk. I know myself perfectly well, and I know I haven't the ability, like you, to be head of a bureau. Du Bruel can be director, and you the head of this bureau; he will leave you his place as soon as he has made his pile; and as for me, I shall swim with the tide comfortably, under your protection, till I can retire on a pension.”

迪托克：“我只想做副处长。我很了解自己，知道自己没有你那样的才干当一处之长。既然迪布吕埃尔能弄个司长当当，那你就能当处长。一旦他发迹，就会把位子留给你。对我来说，在你的保护下我可以舒舒服服地随波逐流，一直到我领退休金为止。

Bixiou. "Sly dog! but how to you expect to carry out a plan which means forcing the minister's hand and ejecting a man of talent? Between ourselves, Rabourdin is the only man capable of taking charge of the division, and I might say of the ministry. Do you know that they talk of putting in over his head that solid lump of foolishness, that cube of idiocy, Baudoyer?”

毕西沃：“你真够狡猾的！但你打算怎么执行这个计划呢？这意味着要逼着大臣除掉一个有才华的人。我们只在私底下说说，拉布丹是唯一有能力领导整个司的人，他甚至有能力领导整个部门。你知道吗？他们说要让包杜阿耶那个实实在在的蠢货，那个白痴大块头骑在拉布丹的头上。”

Dutocq (consequentially). "My dear fellow, I am in a position to rouse the whole division against Rabourdin. You know how devoted Fleury is to him? Well, I can make Fleury despise him."

迪托克（妄自尊大地）：“亲爱的朋友，现在我能使全司都反对拉布丹。你知道弗勒里对他有多忠诚吗？哼，我能叫弗勒里对他嗤之以鼻。”

Bixiou. "Despised by Fleury!"

毕西沃：“被弗勒里鄙视！”

Dutocq. "Not a soul will stand by Rabourdin; the clerks will go in a body and complain of him to the minister,—not only in our division, but in all the divisions—”

迪托克：“没人会支持拉布丹。公务员会集体向大臣提出抗议，不光是我们司，是全体司级机构——”

Bixiou. "Forward, march! infantry, cavalry, artillery, and marines of the guard! You rave, my good fellow! And I, what part am I to take in the business?"

毕西沃：“前进！步兵团、骑兵团、炮兵团还有海军护卫队！我的好朋友，你是在痴人说梦吧！还有我，我在这件事里头又能发挥什么作用呢？”

Dutocq. "You are to make a cutting caricature,—sharp enough to kill a man.”

迪托克：“你得画一幅讽刺画——要尖酸刻薄到足够要一个人的命。”

Bixiou. "How much will you pay for it?"

毕西沃：“你出多少钱？”

Dutocq. "A hundred francs."

迪托克：“一百个法郎。”

Bixiou (to himself). "Then there is something in it."

毕西沃（自言自语）：“那么画里得有点寓意。”

Dutocq (continuing). "You must represent Rabourdin dressed as a butcher (make it a good likeness), find analogies between a kitchen and a bureau, put a skewer in his hand, draw portraits of the principal clerks and stick their heads on fowls, put them in a monstrous coop labelled 'Civil Service executions'; make him cutting the throat of one, and supposed to take the others in turn. You can have geese and ducks with heads like ours,—you understand! Baudoyer, for instance, he'll make an excellent turkey-buzzard.”

迪托克（继续说下去）：“你得让拉布丹穿成屠夫的样子（要画得很像），再把我们处画成厨房。在他手里放一把刀，画上主要公务员的肖像画，把他们的头粘在鸡鸭的身上，再把他们扔进魔鬼般的笼子里，笼子上标上‘公务死刑’。画上他正在割其中一人的喉咙，并准备依次杀掉其他人。你可以画些鹅和鸭子，顶着我们的脑袋，明白吗！比如把包杜阿耶弄成一只贪婪的火鸡，那真是妙极了。”

Bixiou. "Ris d'aboyeur d'oie!” (He has watched Dutocq carefully for some time.) "Did you think of that yourself?"

毕西沃：“鹅贩子的笑声！”（他仔细端详了迪托克一会儿。）“是你自己想出来的吗？”

Dutocq. "Yes, I myself."

迪托克：“没错，是我想出来的。”

Bixiou (to himself). "Do evil feelings bring men to the same result as talents?" (Aloud) "Well, I'll do it" (Dutocq makes a motion of delight) “—when" (full stop) “—I know where I am and what I can rely on. If you don't succeed I shall lose my place, and I must make a living. You are a curious kind of innocent still, my dear colleague.”

毕西沃（自言自语）：“恶欲和才干会给人带来一样的结果吗？”（大声地）“好，我画，”（迪托克显出欣喜的表情）“当……”（他停了很长时间）“当我知道我身处何地，当我知道我有什么可以依靠时。

如果你失败了，我也会丢官，而我必须得谋生才行。亲爱的同事，你这个怪人可真够天真啊。”

Dutocq. "Well, you needn't make the lithograph till success is proved.”

迪托克：“那事成之前，你就别弄那个石版画了。“

Bixiou. "Why don't you come out and tell me the whole truth?”

毕西沃：“你为什么不把全部事情都说出来呢？”

Dutocq. "I must first see how the land lays in the bureau; we will talk about it later" (goes off).

迪托克：“首先我得看看处里的底层结构，我们等会儿再说。”（他离开了。）

Bixiou (alone in the corridor). "That fish, for he's more a fish than a bird, that Dutocq has a good idea in his head—I'm sure I don't know where he stole it. If Baudoyer should succeed La Billardiere it would be fun, more than fun—profit!” (Returns to the office.) "Gentlemen, I announce glorious changes; papa La Billardiere is dead, really dead,—no nonsense, word of honor! Godard is off on business for our excellent chief Baudoyer, successor presumptive to the deceased.” (Minard, Desroys, and Colleville raise their heads in amazement; they all lay down their pens, and Colleville blows his nose.) "Every one of us is to be promoted! Colleville will be under-head-clerk at the very least. Minard may have my place as chief clerk—why not? he is quite as dull as I am. Hey, Minard, if you should get twenty-five hundred francs a-year your little wife would be uncommonly pleased, and you could buy yourself a pair of boots now and then.”

毕西沃（一个人留在过道里）：“迪托克那条鱼——说他是只鸟倒不如说他是条鱼——脑子里的想法真妙——我还真不知道他是从哪里偷来这个想法的呢。假如包杜阿耶接任拉比亚尔迪埃，那才有意思，不单单是有意思，还有利益！”（他返回了办公室。）“先生们，我宣布极为糟糕的变化发生了。拉比亚尔迪埃老爷死了，确实死了——绝对不是瞎扯，字字属实！戈达尔去给我们了不起的上司包杜阿耶办事了，而包杜阿耶正是死者的假定继任者。（米纳尔、德鲁瓦和科勒维尔抬起头，一片惊愕。他们都把笔放了下来，科勒维尔还擤了擤鼻子。）“我们每一个人都要被提升了！科勒维尔最少能当个副处。米纳尔可能会接替我的位子成为一等科员——为什么不会呢？他和我差不多傻。嘿，米纳尔，假如你一年拿到两千五百法郎，你的小妻子会乐翻了天，你还可以时不时给自己添双靴子。”

Colleville. "But you don't get twenty-five hundred francs.”

科勒维尔：“但是连你都还没拿到两千五吧。”

Bixiou. "Monsieur Dutocq gets that in Rabourdin's office; why shouldn't I get it this year? Monsieur Baudoyer gets it.”

毕西沃：“迪托克先生在拉布丹办公室里就拿到了这么多。今年我为什么就不能拿到呢？包杜阿耶先生也拿到了。”

Colleville. "Only through the influence of Monsieur Saillard. No other chief clerk gets that in any of the divisions."

科勒维尔：“那只是受萨亚尔先生的影响。没有哪个司的一等科员能领到那个数。”

Paulmier. "Bah! Hasn't Monsieur Cochin three thousand? He succeeded Monsieur Vavasseur, who served ten years under the Empire at four thousand. His salary was dropped to three when the King first returned; then to two thousand five hundred before Vavasseur died. But Monsieur Cochin, who succeeded him, had influence enough to get the salary put back to three thousand.”

波尔米耶：“呸！科尚先生不就是三千吗？他接替瓦瓦瑟尔先生，瓦瓦瑟尔在帝国时期服务了十年，一年四千。国王第一次回来时，他的薪水降到了三千。瓦瓦瑟尔死前又降到了两千五。不过接替他的科尚先生有足够的影响力，重新领到了三千。”

Colleville. "Monsieur Cochin signs E. A. L. Cochin (he is named Emile-Adolphe-Lucian), which, when anagrammed, gives Cochineal. Now observe, he's a partner in a druggist's business in the rue des Lombards, the Maison Matifat, which made its fortune by that identical colonial product.”

科勒维尔：“科尚先生的签名是E. A. L. 科尚（他的名字是爱弥儿 - 阿道夫 - 吕西安），编成字谜就是胭脂虫。瞧瞧，他可是隆巴尔街马蒂法药店生意的合伙人，正是靠这种殖民地产品发财致富的。”

Baudoyer (entering). "Monsieur Chazelle, I see, is not here; you will be good enough to say I asked for him, gentlemen."

包杜阿耶（走了进来）：“我发现沙泽勒先生不在这里，先生们，如果你们能帮我叫一下他，那就再好不过了。”

Bixiou (who had hastily stuck a hat on Chazelle's chair when he heard Baudoyer's step). "Excuse me, Monsieur, but Chazelle has gone to the Rabourdins' to make an inquiry.”

毕西沃（他一听到包杜阿耶的脚步声，就连忙把一只帽子放到沙泽勒的椅子上）：“打搅了，先生，沙泽勒去了拉布丹办公室问点事情。”

Chazelle (entering with his hat on his head, and not seeing Baudoyer). "La Billardiere is done for, gentlemen! Rabourdin is head of the division and Master of petitions; he hasn't stolen his promotion, that's very certain.”

沙泽勒（头上戴着自己那顶帽子走了进来，没注意到包杜阿耶）：“拉比亚尔迪埃完了，先生们！拉布丹现在成了司长兼稽查长，这肯定不是他偷来的。”

Baudoyer (to Chazelle). "You found that appointment in your second hat, I presume" (points to the hat on the chair). "This is the third time within a month that you have come after nine o'clock. If you continue the practice you will get on—elsewhere.” (To Bixiou, who is reading the newspaper.) "My dear Monsieur Bixiou, do pray leave the newspapers to these gentlemen who are going to breakfast, and come into my office for your orders for the day. I don't know what Monsieur Rabourdin wants with Gabriel; he keeps him to do his private errands, I believe. I've rung three times and can't get him.” (Baudoyer and Bixiou retire into the private office.)

包杜阿耶（朝着沙泽勒说）：“我猜，你是在第二顶帽子里找到的那项任命吧。”（他指了指椅子上的帽子。）“这是一个月里头，你第三次在九点以后到岗。如果你继续这样下去的话，那你就得——另谋高就了。”（他对正在读报的毕西沃说。）“亲爱的毕西沃先生，请你把报纸留给这些准备吃早餐的先生们读吧。到我办公室来一下，领你今天的任务。我不清楚拉布丹先生要加布里埃尔做什么事，我估计他老让布里埃尔做些私人差事。我拉了三次响铃都找不到人。”（包杜阿耶和毕西沃退回个人办公室。）

Chazelle. "Damned unlucky!"

沙泽勒：“见鬼，太不走运了！”

Paulmier (delighted to annoy Chazelle). "Why didn't you look about when you came into the room? You might have seen the elephant, and the hat too; they are big enough to be visible.”

波尔米耶（心情愉快地找沙泽尔的麻烦）：“你进房间之前怎么不先四处瞧瞧呢？这样你兴许就可以看到那头大象还有那顶帽子了。大象和帽子的块头都那么大，你应该看得见呀。”

Chazelle (dismally). "Disgusting business! I don't see why we should be treated like slaves because the government gives us four francs and sixty-five centimes a day.”

沙泽勒（脸色阴沉地）：“这工作真叫人恶心！政府一天只付给我们四法郎六十五生丁，我闹不明白为什么我们要被当成奴隶一样使唤。”

Fleury (entering). "Down with Baudoyer! hurrah for Rabourdin!—that's the cry in the division.”

弗勒里（进办公室）：“包杜阿耶下台吧！拉布丹万岁！——这是司里的声音。”

Chazelle (getting more and more angry). "Baudoyer can turn off me if he likes, I sha'n't care. In Paris there are a thousand ways of

earning five francs a day; why, I could earn that at the Palais de Justice, copying briefs for the lawyers.”

沙泽勒（愈来愈生气）：“包杜阿耶想把我辞掉随他便，我可不在乎。巴黎有一千种方法可以一天挣五个法郎。噢，我就是在法院替律师们抄写概要也能挣到这个钱。”

Paulmier (still prodding him). "It is very easy to say that; but a government place is a government place, and that plucky Colleville, who works like a galley-slave outside of this office, and who could earn, if he lost his appointment, more than his salary, prefers to keep his place. Who the devil is fool enough to give up his expectations?”

波尔米耶（继续刺激他）：“说起来容易，不过政府职位毕竟是政府职位。那个大胆子的科勒维尔，在外面兼起职来就跟厨房里的奴隶没什么两样。即便他丢了工作，赚的钱也比俸禄多，不过他还是更愿意留在这个位子上。谁会傻到放弃自己的前途呢？”

Chazelle (continuing his philippic). "You may not be, but I am! We have no chances at all. Time was when nothing was more encouraging than a civil-service career. So many men were in the army that there were not enough for the government work; the maimed and the halt and the sick ones, like Paulmier, and the near-sighted ones, all had their chance of a rapid promotion. But now, ever since the Chamber invented what they called special training, and the rules and regulations for civil-service examiners, we are worse off than common soldiers. The poorest places are at the mercy of a thousand mischances because we are now ruled by a thousand sovereigns.”

沙泽勒（继续他的冷言冷语）：“你可能不会，但是我会！我们一点儿机会也没有。曾经有一阵，什么工作都比不上公务员那样令人欢欣鼓舞。当时政府大军有如此多的职员，但还干不完政府公务。即使是像波尔米耶那样缺胳膊少腿的、害病的，还有眼睛近视的，都有机会迅速往上爬。但是现在，自从议会发明了一种被他们称作是特别训练的玩意儿，自从议会制定了那些专为行政督察员设置的条例规则后，我们过得比一般的士兵还惨。我们现在被一千个上司掌控着，因此一个最不值钱的岗位都是人经历一千次不幸后所得的施舍。”

Bixiou (returning). "Are you crazy, Chazelle? Where do you find a thousand sovereigns?—not in your pocket, are they?”

毕西沃（返了回来）：“你是不是疯了，沙泽勒？你在哪里见着一千金镑来着？——这钱不是在你的衣袋里吧？”

Chazelle. "Count them up. There are four hundred over there at the end of the pont de la Concorde (so called because it leads to the scene of perpetual discord between the Right and Left of the Chamber); three hundred more at the end of the rue de Tournon. The court, which ought to count for the other three hundred, has seven

hundred parts less power to get a man appointed to a place under government than the Emperor Napoleon had.”

沙泽勒：“数一数。协和桥一端就有四百个（之所以叫协和桥，是因为议会左派和右派永远有不合的声音，而这座桥正好通往他们的争论现场）；还有三百个在图尔农街尾。宫廷里应该可以数出另外三百个。现在要任命一人去政府工作，可比拿破仑当皇帝时少出七百份的力气。”

Fleury. "All of which signifies that in a country where there are three powers you may bet a thousand to one that a government clerk who has no influence but his own merits to advance him will remain in obscurity."

弗勒里：“这所有一切都表明在一个三权鼎立的国家，你要是赌一个没有势力的公务员，只靠着自己的那点儿功勋根本不会出头，那你可以下一千比一的赌注。”

Bixiou (looking alternately at Chazelle and Fleury). "My sons, you have yet to learn that in these days the worst state of life is the state of belonging to the State."

毕西沃（一会儿看看沙泽勒，一会儿看看弗勒里）：“孩子们，你们还未认识到，在这个时代属于这个国家是我们生命中最糟糕的事情。”

Fleury. "Because it has a constitutional government."

弗勒里：“因为这是宪政。”

Colleville. "Gentlemen, gentlemen! no politics!"

科勒维尔：“先生们，先生们！别谈政事！”

Bixiou. "Fleury is right. Serving the State in these days is no longer serving a prince who knew how to punish and reward. The State now is everybody. Everybody of course cares for nobody. Serve everybody, and you serve nobody. Nobody is interested in nobody; the government clerk lives between two negations. The world has neither pity nor respect, neither heart nor head; everybody forgets to-morrow the service of yesterday. Now each one of you may be, like Monsieur Baudoyer, an administrative genius, a Chateaubriand of reports, a Bossouet of circulars, the Canalis of memorials, the gifted son of diplomatic despatches; but I tell you there is a fatal law which interferes with all administrative genius,—I mean the law of promotion by average. This average is based on the statistics of promotion and the statistics of mortality combined. It is very certain that on entering whichever section of the Civil Service you please at the age of eighteen, you can't get eighteen hundred francs a year till you reach the age of thirty. Now there's no free and independent career in which, in the course of twelve years, a young man who has gone through the grammar-school, been vaccinated, is exempt from

military service, and possesses all his faculties (I don't mean transcendent ones) can't amass a capital of forty-five thousand francs in centimes, which represents a permanent income equal to our salaries, which are, after all, precarious. In twelve years a grocer can earn enough to give him ten thousand francs a year; a painter can daub a mile of canvas and be decorated with the Legion of honor, or pose as a neglected genius. A literary man becomes professor of something or other, or a journalist at a hundred francs for a thousand lines; he writes 'feuilletons,' or he gets into Saint-Pelagie for a brilliant article that offends the Jesuits,—which of course is an immense benefit to him and makes him a politician at once. Even a lazy man, who does nothing but make debts, has time to marry a widow who pays them; a priest finds time to become a bishop 'in partibus.' A sober, intelligent young fellow, who begins with a small capital as a money-changer, soon buys a share in a broker's business; and, to go even lower, a petty clerk becomes a notary, a rag-picker lays by two or three thousand francs a year, and the poorest workmen often become manufacturers; whereas, in the rotatory movement of this present civilization, which mistakes perpetual division and redivision for progress, an unhappy civil service clerk, like Chazelle for instance, is forced to dine for twenty-two sous a meal, struggles with his tailor and bootmaker, gets into debt, and is an absolute nothing; worse than that, he becomes an idiot! Come, gentlemen, now's the time to make a stand! Let us all give in our resignations! Fleury, Chazelle, fling yourselves into other employments and become the great men you really are.”

毕西沃：“弗勒里说得对。现在为国效力可不比为王子殿下效力，王子殿下还赏罚分明呢。如今，国家就是每一个人。自然，每一个人都不会为别人着想。为每一个人服务，就是不给任何人出力。谁对谁都漠不关心。政府公务员生存在两种反对声中。世人既不会同情别人也不会尊敬他人，既没心又没肺。昨天为别人做的事，到了明天没有人还会记得。如今，你们中的每一个人都可以成为包杜阿耶先生那样的天才行政人员，像夏多布里昂一样会写报告，像波舒哀一样会写通知，像卡纳里斯一样会题写纪念碑，生来就具备书写外交急件的才能。但我还是要告诉你们，有一条致命的规则干扰着所有行政天才——我指的是平均提升规则。这个平均数是把提升和死亡的统计数字相结合计算出来的。可以肯定的是，你十八岁时进入行政机构中的任意一个你喜欢的部门，直到你年满三十岁才可以获得一千八百法郎的年收入。十二年内，一个青年上过了语法学校，接种过疫苗，免除了军役，拥有一切才华（不包括那些卓越超群的人），但他还是不能自由独立地工作，还是不能一个生丁一个生丁地积累起一笔四万五千法郎的资金，这笔钱相当于我们的永久性薪水，毕竟我们的薪水是不稳定的。十二年里，一个杂货商每年可以挣足一万法郎。十二年里，一名画家可以画完一英里的画布，被授予荣誉勋章，或变成一名尚未出名的天才。文人会成为教授之类的人物，或

是成为记者，写一千行字能挣一百法郎。他可以在报上写文艺批评，或因为一篇冒犯了耶稣会的了不起的文章被送到圣佩拉日监狱，这显然会带来巨大利益，让他一夜之间跻身政界。就算是个懒汉，除了欠债什么也不做，都有功夫娶一个寡妇帮他还债。教区牧师也有时间成为异教区的大主教。头脑清醒的聪明小伙子，从小额兑钱商做起，不久就能在经纪人那里买下一些股份。再次点，微不足道的公务员变为公证人这种收破烂的人，一年也能进账两千或三千法郎。很多时候，连最穷的工人都成了制造商。然而，现行文明的循环往复，错误地把部门不断的划分和再划分当成进步。一个不幸的公务员，以沙泽勒为例吧，不得不将每顿饭钱定为二十二个苏，与他的裁缝和鞋商讨价还价，还背负着债务，变得一文不名。更糟糕的是，他成了一个白痴！来吧，先生们，站起来抵抗的时候到了！我们全体辞职吧！弗勒里，沙泽勒，你们都是了不起的人，你们投身其他事业，变成真正的大人物吧！”

Chazelle (calmed down by Bixiou's allocution). "No, I thank you" (general laughter).

沙泽勒（听了毕西沃的谕告，平静了下来）：“不了，谢谢你。”（大家笑成一片。）

Bixiou. "You are wrong; in your situation I should try to get ahead of the general-secretary.”

毕西沃：“这你可就错了。如果我是你，我会努力挤到秘书长前面去。”

Chazelle (uneasily). "What has he to do with me?"

沙泽勒（心神不宁地）：“他跟我有什么关系呢？”

Bixiou. "You'll find out; do you suppose Baudoyer will overlook what happened just now?”

毕西沃：“你会知道的。你认为包杜阿耶会对刚刚发生的事熟视无睹吗？”

Fleury. "Another piece of Bixiou's spite! You've a queer fellow to deal with in there. Now, Monsieur Rabourdin,—there's a man for you! He put work on my table to-day that you couldn't get through within this office in three days; well, he expects me to have it done by four o'clock to-day. But he is not always at my heels to hinder me from talking to my friends.”

弗勒里：“这又是毕西沃的一计损招！你们要对付的真是个怪人。不过现在，拉布丹先生——他才是你要找的人！今天他把一份在办公室里干三天都干不完的活儿放在了我的桌上，还希望我今天下午四点之前完成。不过，他不会老跟在我的脚跟后面不许我同朋友们聊天的。”

Baudoyer (appearing at the door). "Gentlemen, you will admit that if you have the legal right to find fault with the chamber and the administration you must at least do so elsewhere than in this

office." (To Fleury.) "What are you doing here, monsieur?"

包杜阿耶（出现在门口）：“先生们，你们得承认一点，如果法律规定你们有权对议会和行政机构吹毛求疵，你们至少应该上别处去说，而不是在这间办公室这么做。”（他对弗勒里说）“先生，你在这里做什么呢？”

Fleury (insolently). "I came to tell these gentlemen that there was to be a general turn-out. Du Bruel is sent for to the ministry, and Dutocq also. Everybody is asking who will be appointed.”

弗勒里（傲慢无礼地）：“我是来告诉大家，很多人的职位都将有变动。迪布吕埃尔就要被派到部里去了，迪托克也是。人人都在询问谁将会得到任命。”

Baudoyer (retiring). "It is not your affair, sir; go back to your own office, and do not disturb mine."

包杜阿耶（走了出去）：“这可不是你该管的事，先生，回到你自己的办公室去吧，别在我的办公室里搅和。”

Fleury (in the doorway). "It would be a shameful injustice if Rabourdin lost the place; I swear I'd leave the service. Did you find that anagram, papa Colleville?”

弗勒里（站在门口）：“如果拉布丹丢了官职，就太没有公正可言了，我发誓，如果真发生了那样的事，我也要离职。科勒维尔老爷，您解开字谜了吗？”

Colleville. "Yes, here it is."

科勒维尔：“是的，给你。”

Fleury (leaning over Colleville's desk). "Capital! famous! This is just what will happen if the administration continues to play the hypocrite." (He makes a sign to the clerks that Baudoyer is listening.) "If the government would frankly state its intentions without concealments of any kind, the liberals would know what they had to deal with. An administration which sets its best friends against itself, such men as those of the 'Debats,' Chateaubriand, and Royer-Collard, is only to be pitied!”

弗勒里（俯身在科勒维尔的桌子上看）：“棒极了！真厉害！若政府机关继续这样虚伪下去，那这上面预示的就真要发生了。”（他向公务员们示意包杜阿耶也在听着）“倘若政府毫无隐瞒、诚心诚意地公开它的打算，那么自由派就会明白他们不得不处理哪些事情。政府把它最好的友人变成了敌人，比如《辩论报》旗下的几位人士——夏多布里昂、鲁瓦耶 - 科拉尔，那这个政府也只有被人怜悯的份儿了！”

Colleville (after consulting his colleagues). "Come, Fleury, you're a good fellow, but don't talk politics here; you don't know what harm

you may do us.”

科勒维尔（询问他的同事后）：“好啦，弗勒里，你是个好人，可你别在这里讲政事啦。你还不明白你这么做会对我们造成怎样的伤害。”

Fleury (dryly). "Well, adieu, gentlemen; I have my work to do by four o'clock.”

弗勒里（干巴巴地）：“好吧，先生们，再见。我得在四点之前把工作做完。”

While this idle talk had been going on, des Lupeaulx was closeted in his office with du Bruel, where, a little later, Dutocq joined them. Des Lupeaulx had heard from his valet of La Billardiere's death, and wishing to please the two ministers, he wanted an obituary article to appear in the evening papers.

就在他们进行这段无聊的谈话时，德吕卜克斯把自己关在办公室里，迪布吕埃尔和他在一起，不久迪托克也加入了他们。德吕卜克斯已经从他的听差那里听说了拉比亚尔迪埃的死讯。他希望晚报上能刊登一篇讣文，以此来讨好两位大臣。

"Good morning, my dear du Bruel," said the semi-minister to the head-clerk as he entered, and not inviting him to sit down. "You have heard the news? La Billardiere is dead. The ministers were both present when he received the last sacraments. The worthy man strongly recommended Rabourdin, saying he should die with less regret if he could know that his successor were the man who had so constantly done his work. Death is a torture which makes a man confess everything. The minister agreed the more readily because his intention and that of the Council was to reward Monsieur Rabourdin's numerous services. In fact, the Council of State needs his experience. They say that young La Billardiere is to leave the division of his father and go to the Commission of Seals; that's just the same as if the King had made him a present of a hundred thousand francs,—the place can always be sold. But I know the news will delight your division, which will thus get rid of him. Du Bruel, we must get ten or a dozen lines about the worthy late director into the papers; his Excellency will glance them over,—he reads the papers. Do you know the particulars of old La Billardiere's life?”

“早上好，亲爱的迪布吕埃尔。”这位半大臣看见处长走了进来，就跟他打了个招呼，却没请他坐下。“你听说了吧？拉比亚尔迪埃去世了。他接受最后的圣礼时，两位大臣都在。这位受人尊敬的先生强烈推荐拉布丹。他说，如果是这个一直为他工作的人接任他的职位，他便死而无憾。死是一种折磨，会让人忏悔一切。部长更是大为赞同，因为他和国家委员会都打算奖赏拉布丹的诸多功劳。事实上，国家委员会需要他的经验。他们说小拉布里埃尔准备离开他父亲所在的司，去印章委员会任

职。这就等同于国王赠予了他一件十万法郎的礼物——职位总是可以出售的。不过我知道这则消息会让你们司的人高兴一阵，因为这样你们就可以摆脱他了。迪布吕埃尔，我们得在报上给这位可敬的已故司长写上个十来行，部长阁下会一眼瞟到的——他平时读报。你了解老拉比亚尔迪埃的生平琐事吗？”

Du Bruel made a sign in the negative.

迪布吕埃尔做了个否定的手势。

"No?" continued des Lupeaulx. "Well then; he was mixed up in the affairs of La Vendee, and he was one of the confidants of the late King. Like Monsieur le Comte de Fontaine he always refused to hold communication with the First Consul. He was a bit of a 'chouan'; born in Brittany of a parliamentary family, and ennobled by Louis XVIII. How old was he? never mind about that; just say his loyalty was untarnished, his religion enlightened,—the poor old fellow hated churches and never set foot in one, but you had better make him out a 'pious vassal.' Bring in, gracefully, that he sang the song of Simeon at the accession of Charles X. The Comte d'Artois thought very highly of La Billardiere, for he co-operated in the unfortunate affair of Quiberon and took the whole responsibility on himself. You know about that, don't you? La Billardiere defended the King in a printed pamphlet in reply to an impudent history of the Revolution written by a journalist; you can allude to his loyalty and devotion. But be very careful what you say; weigh your words, so that the other newspapers can't laugh at us; and bring me the article when you've written it. Were you at Rabourdin's yesterday?”

“一点儿也不知道吗？”德吕卜克斯继续说，“那好吧，他涉入过旺代事件，是先王的心腹之一。他跟德方丹伯爵先生一样，一向拒绝和首席执政谈话。他有点儿舒昂党人的感觉。他出生于布列塔尼一个议员家庭，被路易十八封为贵族。他多大年纪呢？这无关紧要，你只需说他忠贞不二、心怀信仰——这可怜的老家伙讨厌上教堂，从没有踏进过教堂——不过你最好把他写成一位‘虔诚的封臣’。你还要优雅地提一句，他在查理十世继位时，唱过《西面》这首歌。德阿图瓦伯爵对拉比亚尔迪埃评价很高，因为他与人合作参加了不幸的基伯龙事件，并把责任全揽到了自己身上。你是知道这件事的，对吧？拉比亚尔迪埃印刷小册捍卫国王，以此回应新闻记者鲁莽撰写的革命史。你可以借此暗示他的忠心和献身精神。但是，措辞一定要非常小心，掂量掂量你要说的话，别惹来其他报纸的嘲弄，文章写好以后带来给我看看。昨天你在拉布丹家吗？”

"Yes, monseigneur," said du Bruel, "Ah! beg pardon."

“是的，阁下。”迪布吕埃尔回答说，“啊！请原谅我。”

"No harm done," answered des Lupeaulx, laughing.

“无妨。”德吕卜克斯笑着说道。

"Madame Rabourdin looked delightfully handsome," added du Bruel. "There are not two women like her in Paris. Some are as clever as she, but there's not one so gracefully witty. Many women may even be handsomer, but it would be hard to find one with such variety of beauty. Madame Rabourdin is far superior to Madame Colleville," said the vaudevillist, remembering des Lupeaulx's former affair. "Flavie owes what she is to the men about her, whereas Madame Rabourdin is all things in herself. It is wonderful too what she knows; you can't tell secrets in Latin before her. If I had such a wife, I know I should succeed in everything.”

“拉布丹夫人看上去可美啦，非常讨人喜欢。”迪布吕埃尔补充说，“巴黎找不出第二个这样的女人来。有些女人和她一样聪明，可是没有女人能像她那样智慧典雅。许多女人可能比她更美，但是很难找到一个像她这样风情万种的女人。拉布丹夫人远远超过了科勒维尔夫人。”这个杂剧家说着便回想起了德吕卜克斯过去的恋情。“弗拉薇多亏了她身边的男士帮忙，而拉布丹夫人全凭自身。她所知道的东西令人赞叹，在她面前讲拉丁文也会泄密。如果我有这样一位夫人，我觉得任何职务都不在话下。”

"You have more mind than an author ought to have," returned des Lupeaulx, with a conceited air. Then he turned round and perceived Dutocq. "Ah, good-morning, Dutocq," he said. "I sent for you to lend me your Charlet—if you have the whole complete. Madame la comtesse knows nothing of Charlet.”

“你头脑里想的东西可比一个作家应该想的东西还多啊。”德吕卜克斯一脸自负地回道。接着他转过身去，看见了迪托克。“啊，早，迪托克。”他说道，“我叫你是想借你的沙尔莱——如果你有全套的话。伯爵夫人对沙尔莱一点儿都不了解。”

Du Bruel retired.

迪布吕埃尔退了下去。

"Why do you come in without being summoned?" said des Lupeaulx, harshly, when he and Dutocq were left alone. "Is the State in danger that you must come here at ten o'clock in the morning, just as I am going to breakfast with his Excellency?”

“你为什么不请自来？”当只剩下他和迪托克两人时，德吕卜克斯非常严厉地问道，“是国家危亡了吗？所以你一定要在早上十点钟我准备和部长阁下一起去吃早饭的时候过来？”

"Perhaps it is, monsieur," said Dutocq, dryly. "If I had had the honor to see you earlier, you would probably have not been so willing to support Monsieur Rabourdin, after reading his opinion of you."

“也许是吧，先生。”迪托克干巴巴地说，“如果我有幸早一点儿见到您，让您读完拉布丹先生对您的评价后，您大概就不大愿意支持他了。”

Dutocq opened his coat, took a paper from the left-hand breast-pocket and laid it on des Lupeaulx's desk, pointing to a marked passage. Then he went to the door and slipped the bolt, fearing interruption. While he was thus employed, the secretary-general read the opening sentence of the article, which was as follows:

迪托克敞开外套，从左边胸口衣袋里拿出一份文书，放在德吕卜克斯桌上，指了指一个做过标记的段落。接着他走到门口悄悄拴上了门，以免有人进来打扰他们。他关门的时候，秘书长读到那篇文章的开篇句，句子如下：

"Monsieur des Lupeaulx. A government degrades itself by openly employing such a man, whose real vocation is for police diplomacy. He is fitted to deal with the political filibusters of other cabinets, and it would be a pity therefore to employ him on our internal detective police. He is above a common spy, for he is able to understand a plan; he could skilfully carry through a dark piece of work and cover his retreat safely."

“德吕卜克斯先生。政府公开录用此等人，实在是自我贬低。他的真正才能适合运用在警察的外交手腕上。他适合办理其他内阁的政治掠夺案件，所以把他用于我们部门的内部侦查上实在可惜。他不是一名普通间谍，因为他懂得策划，可以娴熟地完成一项阴险的任务并安全脱身。”

Des Lupeaulx was succinctly analyzed in five or six such paragraphs,—the essence, in fact, of the biographical portrait which we gave at the beginning of this history. As he read the words the secretary felt that a man stronger than himself sat in judgment on him; and he at once resolved to examine the memorandum, which evidently reached far and high, without allowing Dutocq to know his secret thoughts. He therefore showed a calm, grave face when the spy returned to him. Des Lupeaulx, like lawyers, magistrates, diplomatists, and all whose work obliges them to pry into the human heart, was past being surprised at anything. Hardened in treachery and in all the tricks and wiles of hatred, he could take a stab in the back and not let his face tell of it.

德吕卜克斯被五六个这样简单的段落分析透了。实际上，这就是本文开篇所展示的那幅自传性肖像画的精髓。读着这些文字，秘书长感到一个比自己更强大的人正在审判自己。他决定立刻检查这份备忘录，很显然，此文件涉及的人物很多，而且包括高层，但他不想让迪托克知道他心里的想法。于是当那个间谍回到他身边时，他摆出了一副镇静严肃的表情。正如律师、地方法官、外交官一样，德吕卜克斯的职业要求他打探别人的内心深处，他已经过了对任何事物都会感到惊奇的时期。背叛、形形色色的心机和带着仇恨的欺诈让他的心硬得像块石头，他可以

面不改色地在背后捅人一刀。

"How did you get hold of this paper?"

“你是怎样拿到这份文件的？”

Dutocq related his good luck; des Lupeaulx's face as he listened expressed no approbation; and the spy ended in terror an account which began triumphantly.

迪托克述说了他的好运气。德吕卜克斯一边听着，脸上却没有显出任何赞许的神情。间谍刚开始时还洋洋得意，到讲完的时候却感到害怕了。

"Dutocq, you have put your finger between the bark and the tree," said the secretary, coldly. "If you don't want to make powerful enemies I advise you to keep this paper a profound secret; it is a work of the utmost importance and already well known to me.”

“迪托克，你真会管闲事。”秘书长冷冷地说，“如果你不想树立强敌，我建议你保管好这个大秘密。这份文件至关重要，我现在已经完全了解了。”

So saying, des Lupeaulx dismissed Dutocq by one of those glances that are more expressive than words.

德吕卜克斯说着使个眼色让迪托克退下，这眼色比说话还管用。

"Ha! that scoundrel of a Rabourdin has put his finger in this!" thought Dutocq, alarmed on finding himself anticipated; "he has reached the ear of the administration, while I am left out in the cold. I shouldn't have thought it!”

“哈！拉布丹这个无赖手伸得够长的！”迪托克寻思着，警觉自己已置身其中，“他已经广受政府注意，而我却受到冷落。我怎么早没想到呢！”

To all his other motives of aversion to Rabourdin he now added the jealousy of one man to another man of the same calling,—a most powerful ingredient in hatred.

他之前对拉布丹就怀有其他引发反感的动机，现在除了所有这些，他又增加一项，那是一个男人对一个同行男人的嫉妒——这可是构成憎恨的最有力要素。

When des Lupeaulx was left alone, he dropped into a strange meditation. What power was it of which Rabourdin was the instrument? Should he, des Lupeaulx, use this singular document to destroy him, or should he keep it as a weapon to succeed with the wife? The mystery that lay behind this paper was all darkness to des Lupeaulx, who read with something akin to terror page after page, in which the men of his acquaintance were judged with unerring

wisdom. He admired Rabourdin, though stabbed to his vitals by what he said of him. The breakfast-hour suddenly cut short his meditation.

德吕卜克斯一个人呆着，陷入了一种奇怪的冥想之中。拉布丹到底是哪位权贵的工具呢？他，德吕卜克斯，是该用这份奇特的文件毁了他，还是该将这支武器和他的妻子一道利用起来获得成功呢？德吕卜克斯完全弄不明白这份文件背后隐藏着什么样的秘密。他一页接一页地阅读文件内容，心情近似于恐惧。他的熟人圈竟被拉布丹做了如此准确、明智的评价。他很崇拜拉布丹，尽管他被拉布丹说的话刺中了要害。早餐时间一到，他的苦思也戛然而止。

"His Excellency is waiting for you to come down," announced the minister's footman.

“部长阁下正等你一起下去呢。”大臣的仆役报信说。

The minister always breakfasted with his wife and children and des Lupeaulx, without the presence of servants. The morning meal affords the only moment of privacy which public men can snatch from the current of overwhelming business. Yet in spite of the precautions they take to keep this hour for private intimacies and affections, a good many great and little people manage to infringe upon it. Business itself will, as at this moment, thrust itself in the way of their scanty comfort.

大臣总是和他的妻子、孩子还有德吕卜克斯一同用餐，而且旁边还不用仆人伺候着。这些公众人物公务繁多得像洪水一般，早餐是他们唯一抓得到的私人时间。虽然大家在这一时刻交流私人情感时非常小心，可大大小小的人物还是能想方设法侵入这一时刻。这个时候，公务本身也会插上一脚，妨碍他们享受稀缺的闲情逸致。

"I thought Rabourdin was a man above all ordinary petty manoeuvres," began the minister; "and yet here, not ten minutes after La Billardiere's death, he sends me this note by La Briere,—it is like a stage missive. Look," said his Excellency, giving des Lupeaulx a paper which he was twirling in his fingers.

“我认为拉布丹不会用那些平常的小伎俩。”部长发话说，“但是瞧瞧，拉比亚尔迪埃死了还没到十分钟，他就叫拉布里埃送来一张便条——像是一封舞台表演信函——看。”大臣阁下说着，把卷在手指上的纸递给了德吕卜克斯。

Too noble in mind to think for a moment of the shameful meaning La Billardiere's death might lend to his letter, Rabourdin had not withdrawn it from La Briere's hands after the news reached him. Des Lupeaulx read as follows:—

拉布丹的思想过于高尚，绝没有想到拉比亚尔迪埃的死会给他的信平添一份耻辱的意味。消息传到了他那里，可他并没有从拉布里埃手里

要回那封信。德吕卜克斯见信如下：

"Monseigneur,—If twenty-three years of irreproachable services may claim a favor, I entreat your Excellency to grant me an audience this very day. My honor is involved in the matter of which I desire to speak.”

“阁下——我二十三年来的工作无可指责，倘若这些工作能让您对我心存好感，我恳请阁下在今天接见我，听我陈述。我想说的事情关系到我的荣誉。”

"Poor man!" said des Lupeaulx, in a tone of compassion which confirmed the minister in his error. "We are alone; I advise you to see him now. You have a meeting of the Council when the Chamber rises; moreover, your Excellency has to reply to-day to the opposition; this is really the only hour when you can receive him.”

“可怜的人啊！”德吕卜克斯以一种同情的语调说道，对大臣的误解予以肯定，“只有我们两个人，我建议您现在就去接见他。议院召开会议时，您有一个会要参加，而且阁下您今天还要对反对派给出回应。现在这一个小时是您唯一能够接见他的时候。”

Des Lupeaulx rose, called the servant, said a few words, and returned to his seat. "I have told them to bring him in at dessert," he said.

德吕卜克斯站了起来，叫来仆役，吩咐了几句，然后又回到座位上。“我叫他们在上甜点时把他带来。”他说。

Like all other ministers under the Restoration, this particular minister was a man without youth. The charter granted by Louis XVIII. had the defect of tying the hands of the kings by compelling them to deliver the destinies of the nation into the control of the middle-aged men of the Chamber and the septuagenarians of the peerage; it robbed them of the right to lay hands on a man of statesmanlike talent wherever they could find him, no matter how young he was or how poverty-stricken his condition might be. Napoleon alone was able to employ young men as he chose, without being restrained by any consideration. After the overthrow of that mighty will, vigor deserted power. Now the period when effeminacy succeeds to vigor presents a contrast that is far more dangerous in France than in other countries. As a general thing, ministers who were old before they entered office have proved second or third rate, while those who were taken young have been an honor to European monarchies and to the republics whose affairs they have directed. The world still rings with the struggle between Pitt and Napoleon, two men who conducted the politics of their respective countries at an age when Henri de Navarre, Richelieu, Mazarin, Colbert, Louvois, the

Prince of Orange, the Guises, Machiavelli, in short, all the best known of our great men, coming from the ranks or born to a throne, began to rule the State. The Convention—that model of energy—was made up in a great measure of young heads; no sovereign can ever forget that it was able to put fourteen armies into the field against Europe. Its policy, fatal in the eyes of those who cling to what is called absolute power, was nevertheless dictated by strictly monarchical principles, and it behaved itself like any of the great kings.

像复辟王朝下其他所有的部长那样，这位特别的部长也有一把年纪了。由路易十八批准的宪章有一个缺点，即强迫国王把国家命运交付到中年人掌管的议会和七十岁以上的贵族手上，借此不让国王插手。宪章剥夺了国王亲自挑选政治人才的权利，无论这种人身处何地，有多年轻或者多么窘困。只有拿破仑才可以不受任何想法限制，录用他自己选中的年轻人。政权被推翻以后，活力便弃权力而去。如今活力离职、娇柔继任，产生了强烈的反差，法国的这种反差比起其他国家要危险得多。从总体上来说，上任之时就已经年纪很大的部长属二三流，而那些年纪轻轻就当上部长的人领导着各个共和国的国家大事，被奉为欧洲君主和各个共和国的荣耀。世界上依然回响着皮特和拿破仑之争。他们在自己的国家各自为政，执政年龄和纳瓦尔王国的亨利以及黎塞留、马扎林、科尔贝、卢瓦、奥朗热王子、吉斯、马基雅维利开始治国时相仿。简而言之，这些人不论出身贫贱还是生于王权，都是我们最为熟知的伟大人物。国民议会——力量的典范——由庞大的青年队伍组成。没有一个统治者会忘记，议会可以在战场上布阵十四支军队对抗欧洲。在那些坚持所谓绝对君权的人眼里，议会这项政策是致命的。然而，议会对这项政策的执行却严格遵照了君主制原则，其行为跟任何一个伟大的国王一模一样。

After ten or a dozen years of parliamentary struggle, having studied the science of politics until he was worn down by it, this particular minister had come to be enthroned by his party, who considered him in the light of their business man. Happily for him he was now nearer sixty than fifty years of age; had he retained even a vestige of juvenile vigor he would quickly have quenched it. But, accustomed to back and fill, retreat and return to the charge, he was able to endure being struck at, turn and turn about, by his own party, by the opposition, by the court, by the clergy, because to all such attacks he opposed the inert force of a substance which was equally soft and consistent; thus he reaped the benefits of what was really his misfortune. Harassed by a thousand questions of government, his mind, like that of an old lawyer who has tried every species of case, no longer possessed the spring which solitary minds are able to retain, nor that power of prompt decision which distinguishes men who are early accustomed to action, and young soldiers. How could it be otherwise? He had practised sophistries and quibbled instead of

judging; he had criticised effects and done nothing for causes; his head was full of plans such as a political party lays upon the shoulders of a leader,—matters of private interest brought to an orator supposed to have a future, a jumble of schemes and impractical requests. Far from coming fresh to his work, he was wearied out with marching and counter-marching, and when he finally reached the much desired height of his present position, he found himself in a thicket of thorny bushes with a thousand conflicting wills to conciliate. If the statesmen of the Restoration had been allowed to follow out their own ideas, their capacity would doubtless have been criticised; but though their wills were often forced, their age saved them from attempting the resistance which youth opposes to intrigues, both high and low,—intrigues which vanquished Richelieu, and to which, in a lower sphere, Rabourdin was to succumb.

这位特别的部长在议会奋斗了十年甚至十二年，一直钻研政治这门学问，直到精力耗尽。他所属的党派把他当作事务管理人，已经把他封官加冕了。幸好，他已年近六十，而非五十出头。即使他还留有一丁点年轻人的活力，他也会迅速将其熄灭。但是，他已经习惯了出尔反尔、撤退、再冲锋，可以承受来自自己党内、反对派、宫廷、教士的轮番攻击，因为他能以一股同样柔软持久的怠惰之力对抗所有这一类攻击。因此，他能从切身的不幸中受益良多。一千个政府问题缠着他，他的心灵就像打过每一场官司后的老律师一样，不再拥有独自思考的活力，也不再具备敏锐的决断力，这便是早就习惯于行动的人和年轻的士兵之间的区别。怎么可能不变成这样呢？他说诡辩和模棱两可的话却不做出明断，他批评事后影响而对起因一概不问，他满脑子想的是策划，例如将某个政党压到某个领导肩上；想的是各种杂事，例如一位被人看好的演说家能得到什么样的个人好处；还会想一堆乱糟糟的方案和不切实际的请求。工作远远没有新鲜感，前进和倒退的状态都令他厌倦。当他终于到达现在这个让人渴求的高位时，他发现自己被一堆带棘刺的灌木丛包围着，周围有一千个相互冲突的意愿需要他安抚。如果复辟时期的政治家获准将自己的想法付诸实践，他们的能力肯定要遭人批判。但尽管他们常常被强加上别人的意志，可年龄大了就不会再像年轻人那样去反抗在高层或低层进行的阴谋了——例如打败了黎塞留的阴险伎俩，更低一级讲，拉布丹也得俯首称臣的阴谋。

After the rough and tumble of their first struggles in political life these men, less old than aged, have to endure the additional wear and tear of a ministry. Thus it is that their eyes begin to weaken just as they need to have the clear-sightedness of eagles; their mind is weary when its youth and fire need to be redoubled. The minister in whom Rabourdin sought to confide was in the habit of listening to men of undoubted superiority as they explained ingenious theories of government, applicable or inapplicable to the affairs of France. Such men, by whom the difficulties of national policy were never

apprehended, were in the habit of attacking this minister personally whenever a parliamentary battle or a contest with the secret follies of the court took place,—on the eve of a struggle with the popular mind, or on the morrow of a diplomatic discussion which divided the Council into three separate parties. Caught in such a predicament, a statesman naturally keeps a yawn ready for the first sentence designed to show him how the public service could be better managed. At such periods not a dinner took place among bold schemers or financial and political lobbyists where the opinions of the Bourse and the Bank, the secrets of diplomacy, and the policy necessitated by the state of affairs in Europe were not canvassed and discussed. The minister has his own private councillors in des Lupeaulx and his secretary, who collected and pondered all opinions and discussions for the purpose of analyzing and controlling the various interests proclaimed and supported by so many clever men. In fact, his misfortune was that of most other ministers who have passed the prime of life; he trimmed and shuffled under all his difficulties,—with journalism, which at this period it was thought advisable to repress in an underhand way rather than fight openly; with financial as well as labor questions; with the clergy as well as with that other question of the public lands; with liberalism as with the Chamber. After manoeuvering his way to power in the course of seven years, the minister believed that he could manage all questions of administration in the same way. It is so natural to think we can maintain a position by the same methods which served us to reach it that no one ventured to blame a system invented by mediocrity to please minds of its own calibre. The Restoration, like the Polish revolution, proved to nations as to princes the true value of a Man, and what will happen if that necessary man is wanting. The last and the greatest weakness of the public men of the Restoration was their honesty, in a struggle in which their adversaries employed the resources of political dishonesty, lies, and calumnies, and let loose upon them, by all subversive means, the clamor of the unintelligent masses, able only to understand revolt.

这些人经历过政治生涯第一次艰苦的摸爬滚打之后，已经不算年轻了，可他们还得再忍受部门里的辛苦磨难。所以，当他们需要鹰一般锐利的眼神时，视力却开始下降；当青春之火需要加倍燃烧时，心灵却疲惫不堪了。拉布丹曾经对其吐露过心事的这位部长有一种习惯，爱听取确凿无疑的高人阐述那些与政府有关的巧妙理论，不论这些理论是否适合用以处理法国的事务。这类人从来都不理解国家政治难在何处。只要议会开战，或者有人对宫廷中暗藏的错误展开了辩论——在和黎民争论的前夕，或者在一场外交讨论把议院切成三派的翌日，他们就会习惯性地对大臣发起个人攻击。政治家被困在如此尴尬的境地里。当他听到旨在教他如何更好地处理公务的第一句话时，便会自然而然地准备打呵欠。在此期间，没有胆大的阴谋家和财政游说人会共进晚餐。这种场合

下，没人会讨论商业贸易中心和银行的观点、外交上的秘密以及必要的欧洲国家政策。大臣有私人顾问——德吕卜克斯和秘书。他们收集好各种观点和讨论的内容，加以思考，用以分析并控制众多智者所宣扬、支持的各种利益。其实，他所处的逆境和绝大多数过了人生黄金阶段的大臣相仿。他面临重重困难还要不断调整、推诿工作——在这一时段面对记者最好暗中打压而不要公开挑衅，要解决财政和劳工问题，要面对教士和其他有关公共土地的问题；还要应对自由主义和议会。七年来部长用计用策走上了权力之路，他坚信自己能以同样的方法处理好全部行政问题。如何走上一个职位，就如何以同样的方式来保住它，这种想法如此顺理成章，以至于没有人敢怪罪这个被平庸之人生产出来、用以取悦同样才华全无的人的体系。就像波兰革命那样，复辟王朝向国家和王储证明了一个人的真正价值，证明了缺了这个必不可少的人又会发生什么事情。复辟时期的公众人物诚实正直，这是他们最后的也是最大的弱点。在这场争斗中，他们的对手利用政治欺骗、谎言、诽谤，通过各种颠覆手段，让他们遭受无知民众的抗议——这些民众只知道造反。

Rabourdin told himself all these things. But he had made up his mind to win or lose, like a man weary of gambling who allows himself a last stake; ill-luck had given him as adversary in the game a sharper like des Lupeaulx. With all his sagacity, Rabourdin was better versed in matters of administration than in parliamentary optics, and he was far indeed from imagining how his confidence would be received; he little thought that the great work that filled his mind would seem to the minister nothing more than a theory, and that a man who held the position of a statesman would confound his reform with the schemes of political and self-interested talkers.

这一切拉布丹都明白。但他心意已决，这次要么是赢，要么是输。他像一个疲乏的赌徒一样放任自己下最后一次赌注，但厄运让一个更会赌博的人成了他的敌人，比如德吕卜克斯。拉布丹精通行政事务，可他再精明，在议会中却是个近视眼。他根本想象不出他的秘密会遭遇何等待遇，他几乎从未想过他头脑里装的伟大工程对于部长而言不过是一套理论罢了，在位的政治家还会把他的改革同自私自利的空谈政客们提出的方案混为一谈。

As the minister rose from table, thinking of Francois Keller, his wife detained him with the offer of a bunch of grapes, and at that moment Rabourdin was announced. Des Lupeaulx had counted on the minister's preoccupation and his desire to get away; seeing him for the moment occupied with his wife, the general-secretary went forward to meet Rabourdin; whom he petrified with his first words, said in a low tone of voice:—

大臣从桌子边起身，想起妻子弗朗索瓦·凯勒给了他一串葡萄，因而耽搁了一会儿。就在那时，仆役通报，拉布丹到了。德吕卜克斯明白部长心不在焉，巴不得走人。他这个秘书长瞧见部长正和妻子在一边忙着，便走上前去招呼拉布丹。他压低了嗓门，刚开口的几句话就震慑住

了拉布丹：

"His Excellency and I know what the subject is that occupies your mind; you have nothing to fear"; then, raising his voice, he added, "neither from Dutocq nor from any one else."

“部长阁下和我都清楚你心里在想什么，你根本不必害怕，”接下来他扬起声音补充道，“你既不用怕迪托克也用不着怕其他任何人。”

"Don't feel uneasy, Rabourdin," said his Excellency, kindly, but making a movement to get away.

“拉布丹，别惴惴不安的。”部长阁下说道，态度十分亲切，却做了个要离开的动作。

Rabourdin came forward respectfully, and the minister could not evade him.

拉布丹很有礼貌地走上前去，部长没办法回避他。

"Will your Excellency permit me to see you for a moment in private?" he said, with a mysterious glance.

“阁下，您可否允许我与您单独会见？”他问道，神神秘秘地瞟了一眼。

The minister looked at the clock and went towards the window, whither the poor man followed him.

大臣瞅了瞅钟朝窗子走去，可怜的拉布丹也跟了过去。

"When may I have the honor of submitting the matter of which I spoke to your Excellency? I desire to fully explain the plan of administration to which the paper that was taken belongs—"

“阁下，我何时可以有幸向您提交以前提过的计划？我希望可以全面解释这份行政策划，取走的公文正属于这项策划——”

"Plan of administration!" exclaimed the minister, frowning, and hurriedly interrupting him. "If you have anything of that kind to communicate you must wait for the regular day when we do business together. I ought to be at the Council now; and I have an answer to make to the Chamber on that point which the opposition raised before the session ended yesterday. Your day is Wednesday next; I could not work yesterday, for I had other things to attend to; political matters are apt to interfere with purely administrative ones."

“行政策划！”大臣匆忙打断了他的话，紧锁着眉头大呼道，“如果在那方面你有任何事情想跟我谈谈，就必须等到上班时间我们一起工作时才行。现在我本应该已经到议院了。昨天会议结束前，反对党提出了他们的观点，我得在议会上就此作出解答。你就下星期三吧。昨天我有其他事情，所以没来上班。政治事情很容易干扰单纯的行政工作。”

"I place my honor with all confidence in your Excellency's hands," said Rabourdin gravely, "and I entreat you to remember that you have not allowed me time to give you an immediate explanation of the stolen paper—”

“我将自己的荣誉完全托付给阁下您了。”拉布丹语气郑重地说，“请阁下勿忘，您还没有给我留时间，及时为那份被盗的公文作解释——”

"Don't be uneasy," said des Lupeaulx, interposing between the minister and Rabourdin, whom he thus interrupted; "in another week you will probably be appointed—”

“别慌，”德吕卜克斯插入两人中间，打断了拉布丹的话，“再过一个星期，你很可能就会被任命为——”

The minister smiled as he thought of des Lupeaulx's enthusiasm for Madame Rabourdin, and he glanced knowingly at his wife. Rabourdin saw the look, and tried to imagine its meaning; his attention was diverted for a moment, and his Excellency took advantage of the fact to make his escape.

部长想起了德吕卜克斯对拉布丹夫人的一腔热情，微微一笑，还朝妻子心照不宣地看了一眼。拉布丹也瞥见了这个眼神，他试图猜想其背后的意义，为此还分了一小会儿神，部长阁下趁机脱了身。

"We will talk of all this, you and I," said des Lupeaulx, with whom Rabourdin, much to his surprise, now found himself alone. "Don't be angry with Dutocq; I'll answer for his discretion.”

“我和你还会谈谈所有这一切的。”德吕卜克斯说。拉布丹发现自己竟和他在单独说话，非常惊讶。“别生迪托克的气。他自作主张，我会替他负起责任来的。”

"Madame Rabourdin is charming," said the minister's wife, wishing to say the civil thing to the head of a bureau.

“拉布丹夫人非常迷人。”部长太太想对处长说句客气话。

The children all gazed at Rabourdin with curiosity. The poor man had come there expecting some serious, even solemn, result, and he was like a great fish caught in the threads of a flimsy net; he struggled with himself.

孩子们都好奇地盯着拉布丹看。这可怜人来这里时本以为会说点严肃甚至庄重的话，现在却像被又轻又薄的网罩住的大鱼一般，自己在那里挣扎着。

"Madame la comtesse is very good," he said.

“伯爵夫人您太客气了。”他回答。

"Shall I not have the pleasure of seeing Madame here some

Wednesday?" said the countess. "Pray bring her; it will give me pleasure."

“我能有幸在某个星期三请你夫人到这里来吗？”伯爵夫人问道，“请把她带来吧，我会非常高兴的。”

"Madame Rabourdin herself receives on Wednesdays," interrupted des Lupeaulx, who knew the empty civility of an invitation to the official Wednesdays; "but since you are so kind as to wish for her, you will soon give one of your private parties, and—”

“拉布丹夫人自己也在星期三请客。”德·吕卜克斯插上一句，他很了解部长太太请拉布丹夫人来参加星期三的官方聚会只是出于一种空洞的礼貌罢了，“不过既然您如此好客，对拉布丹夫人如此期待，您很快就要办一次贵宾聚会——”

The countess rose with some irritation.

伯爵夫人站起身来，她有些恼怒了。

"You are the master of my ceremonies," she said to des Lupeaulx, —ambiguous words, by which she expressed the annoyance she felt with the secretary for presuming to interfere with her private parties, to which she admitted only a select few. She left the room without bowing to Rabourdin, who remained alone with des Lupeaulx; the latter was twisting in his fingers the confidential letter to the minister which Rabourdin had intrusted to La Briere. Rabourdin recognized it.

“您主管着我的礼仪接待啊。”她的私人宴会只邀请她挑的少数人，此时她觉得秘书正在放肆地干涉她的私人宴会，便用含糊的言辞告诉德吕卜克斯，她很生气。大臣太太没向拉布丹躬身行礼便离开了，留下拉布丹和德吕卜克斯呆在一起。德吕卜克斯手里捻着一封信，那正是拉布丹拜托拉布里埃转给大臣的信。拉布丹认出了那封信。

"You have never really known me," said des Lupeaulx. "Friday evening we will come to a full understanding. Just now I must go and receive callers; his Excellency saddles me with that burden when he has other matters to attend to. But I repeat, Rabourdin, don't worry yourself; you have nothing to fear.”

“你从来都没有真正了解过我。”德吕卜克斯开口道，“在这个星期五晚上，你会全面地认识我这个人。这会儿我必须去接见来访的人。大臣阁下还有其他事要处理，便把这个重任交给我。不过，拉布丹，我再说一遍，别为你自个儿担心，你没什么好怕的。”

Rabourdin walked slowly through the corridors, amazed and confounded by this singular turn of events. He had expected Dutocq to denounce him, and found he had not been mistaken; des Lupeaulx had certainly seen the document which judged him so severely, and yet des Lupeaulx was fawning on his judge! It was all incomprehensible.

Men of upright minds are often at a loss to understand complicated intrigues, and Rabourdin was lost in a maze of conjecture without being able to discover the object of the game which the secretary was playing.

拉布丹慢慢地走在过道上，为事情出现的奇怪转变感到惊讶、困惑。他以为迪托克会告发他，迪托克也的确这么做了。德吕卜克斯肯定见过那份把他批得体无完肤的文件，然而他却在迎合自己对他的判断！这太令人费解了。有正义感的人若想要弄清楚错综复杂的诡计，往往会不知所措。拉布丹掉进了一个推测的迷宫中，闹不懂秘书长到底在玩什么把戏。

"Either he has not read the part about himself, or he loves my wife."

“他要是没有读到文件里有关他的那部分，那就是爱上了我的妻子。”

Such were the two thoughts to which his mind arrived as he crossed the courtyard; for the glance he had intercepted the night before between des Lupeaulx and Celestine came back to his memory like a flash of lightning.

他穿过庭院时想到了这两点，因为昨天晚上德吕卜克斯和塞莱斯蒂纳交汇的眼神又如闪电般出现在他的记忆里。

Charpter VI The Worms at Work

第六章　蛀虫起效了

Rabourdin's bureau was during his absence a prey to the keenest excitement; for the relation between the head officials and the clerks in a government office is so regulated that, when a minister's messenger summons the head of a bureau to his Excellency's presence (above all at the latter's breakfast hour), there is no end to the comments that are made. The fact that the present unusual summons followed so closely on the death of Monsieur de la Billardiere seemed to give special importance to the circumstance, which was made known to Monsieur Saillard, who came at once to confer with Baudoyer. Bixiou, who happened at the moment to be at work with the latter, left him to converse with his father-in-law and betook himself to the bureau Rabourdin, where the usual routine was of course interrupted.

人们兴奋到了极点，拉布丹不在时，他的办公室就变成了他们的猎物。政府机关里顶头上司和公务员的关系实在有章可循，所以一有大臣的信使传请处长（尤其在大臣的早餐时间），那人们的话匣子就关不上了。这次不一般的传唤正好紧接着德拉比亚尔迪埃先生的过世，这一事实似乎使此时此刻显得更加意义非凡。萨亚尔先生知道这件事后，立刻前去和包杜阿耶商谈此事。这时候，毕西沃碰巧正和包杜阿耶一起工作。他走了出来，留下包杜阿耶和岳父商量事情，自己则前往拉布丹的办公室。当然，那里的日常工作已经被扰乱了。

Bixiou (entering). "I thought I should find you at a white heat! Don't you know what's going on down below? The virtuous woman is done for! yes, done for, crushed! Terrible scene at the ministry!”

毕西沃（走进去）：“我还以为你们这里的火烧得正旺呢！你们不知道下面出什么事了吗？那位品德高尚的女士完了！没错，完了，被碾得粉碎！这真是部里可怕的一幕！”

Dutocq (looking fixedly at him). "Are you telling the truth?"

迪托克（目光盯着他）：“你说的是真的吗？”

Bixiou. "Pray, who would regret it? Not you, certainly, for you will be made under-head-clerk and du Bruel head of the bureau. Monsieur Baudoyer gets the division.”

毕西沃：“那么请问，谁会为此感到遗憾呢？肯定不是你，因为你将被提为副处，迪布吕埃尔会被升为处长。包杜阿耶先生会被任命为司长。”

Fleury. "I'll bet a hundred francs that Baudoyer will never be head of the division.”

弗勒里：“我愿赌一百法郎，赌包杜阿耶决不会被任命为司长。”

Vimeux. "I'll join in the bet; will you, Monsieur Poiret?”

维默：“也算我一个。普瓦雷先生，你赌吗？”

Poiret. "I retire in January."

普瓦雷：“一月份我就退休了。”

Bixiou. "Is it possible? are we to lose the sight of those shoe-ties? What will the ministry be without you? Will nobody take up the bet on my side?”

毕西沃：“这怎么会呢？我们以后就见不到你的那对鞋带了吗？没了你部门会变成什么样子呢？没人愿意赌我这边吗？”

Dutocq. "I can't, for I know the facts. Monsieur Rabourdin is appointed. Monsieur de la Billardiere requested it of the two ministers on his death-bed, blaming himself for having taken the emoluments of an office of which Rabourdin did all the work; he felt remorse of conscience, and the ministers, to quiet him, promised to appoint Rabourdin unless higher powers intervened.”

迪托克：“我了解事实真相，所以我不能赌。拉布丹先生将获任命。德拉比亚尔迪埃先生临死前，躺在病榻上要求两位大臣委任拉布丹。他责怪自己拿着政府的薪俸，却让拉布丹替他做所有事情，他觉得良心不安。大臣们为了安抚他，承诺除非有上层介入，否则一定任命拉布丹。

Bixiou. "Gentlemen, are you all against me? seven to one,—for I know which side you'll take, Monsieur Phellion. Well, I'll bet a dinner costing five hundred francs at the Rocher de Cancale that Rabourdin does not get La Billardiere's place. That will cost you only a hundred francs each, and I'm risking five hundred,—five to one against me! Do you take it up?” (Shouting into the next room.) "Du Bruel, what say you?"

毕西沃：“先生们，你们都不站在我这边吗？七比一——菲利翁先生，你会支持哪一边，我心里有数。好吧，我拿牡蛎岩餐厅五百法郎的一顿大餐，赌拉布丹不会接任拉比亚尔迪埃之位。你们每个人只需出一百法郎，而我冒险出五百法郎——你们五个对我一个呀！你们接受吗？”（对隔壁喊）“迪布吕埃尔，你怎么说？”

Phellion (laying down his pen). "Monsieur, may I ask on what you base that contingent proposal?—for contingent it is. But stay, I am wrong to call it a proposal; I should say contract. A wager constitutes a contract.”

菲利翁（放下手中的笔）：“先生，我能问一下你那项偶然的提议有

何根据是什么？——那提议的提出的确很偶然啊。慢着，叫提议还是叫错了，应该叫合约。打了赌就是立了合约。”

Fleury. "No, no; you can only apply the word 'contract' to agreements that are recognized in the Code. Now the Code allows of no action for the recovery of a bet.”

弗勒里：“不对，不对。‘合约’一词只适用于法典认可的协议。现行的法典决不允许人们再进行赌博。”

Dutocq. "Proscribe a thing and you recognize it."

迪托克：“禁止一件事就等同于承认一件事。”

Bixiou. "Good! my little man."

毕西沃：“说得好！小家伙。”

Poiret. "Dear me!"

普瓦雷：“天哪！”

Fleury. "True! when one refuses to pay one's debts, that's recognizing them.”

弗勒里：“没错！一个人如果不还债，就等于承认自己欠下那些债务了。”

Thuillier. "You would make famous lawyers."

蒂利埃：“你们要是当律师，肯定都能出名。”

Poiret. "I am as curious as Monsieur Phellion to know what grounds Monsieur Bixiou has for—”

普瓦雷：“我和菲利翁先生一样好奇，想知道毕西沃先生的根据是——”

Bixiou (shouting across the office). "Du Bruel! Will you bet?"

毕西沃（朝办公室那边喊过去）：“迪布吕埃尔！你赌吗？”

Du Bruel (appearing at the door). "Heavens and earth, gentlemen, I'm very busy; I have something very difficult to do; I've got to write an obituary notice of Monsieur de la Billardiere. I do beg you to be quiet; you can laugh and bet afterwards.”

迪布吕埃尔（出现在门口）：“我的老天啊。先生们，我很忙，我手头要做的事情很费劲。我得为德拉比亚尔迪埃先生写一篇讣告。求你们安静点儿。你们可以等我写完了再呵呵大笑、再打赌嘛。”

Bixiou. "That's true, du Bruel; the praise of an honest man is a very difficult thing to write. I'd rather any day draw a caricature of him.”

毕西沃：“那倒是，迪布吕埃尔，为一个正直的人写赞辞确实是件难

事。我情愿改天给他画一幅讽刺画。”

Du Bruel. "Do come and help me, Bixiou."

迪布吕埃尔：“过来帮我一把，毕西沃。”

Bixiou (following him). "I'm willing; though I can do such things much better when eating.”

毕西沃（跟了过去）：“我倒是很乐意，但要是有点儿吃的，我做起这类事来会得心应手得多。”

Du Bruel. "Well, we will go and dine together afterwards. But listen, this is what I have written" (reads) “"The Church and the Monarchy are daily losing many of those who fought for them in Revolutionary times.'”

迪布吕埃尔：“行，我们写完一起去吃饭吧。不过你先听着，这是我已经写好的。”（他读道）“‘革命年代里，教会和君王每天都会失去许多为他们战斗的人。’”

Bixiou. "Bad, very bad; why don't you say, 'Death carries on its ravages amongst the few surviving defenders of the monarchy and the old and faithful servants of the King, whose heart bleeds under these reiterated blows?'” (Du Bruel writes rapidly.) “'Monsieur le Baron Flamet de la Billardiere died this morning of dropsy, caused by heart disease.' You see, it is just as well to show there are hearts in government offices; and you ought to slip in a little flummery about the emotions of the Royalists during the Terror,—might be useful, hey! But stay,—no! the petty papers would be sure to say the emotions came more from the stomach than the heart. Better leave that out. What are you writing now?”

毕西沃：“写得不好，很糟糕。为什么不说，‘死亡蹂躏着为数不多的幸存者——那些君主统治的捍卫者、国王的老忠臣。在反复打击下，他们的心在流血？’”（迪布吕埃尔迅速记了下来）“‘弗拉梅·德拉比亚尔迪埃男爵先生今天早晨死于水肿，病因是心脏病。’你瞧，这正好显示出政府部门是有心的。你应该插入一些小小的恭维话，渲染一下保王党在恐怖时期的情绪——这可能会有用的，嘿！慢着——还是别写了！那些无关紧要的报纸一定会说，这样的情感出自假意更甚真心。你最好略掉。你在写什么呢？”

Du Bruel (reading). “‘Issuing from an old parliamentary stock in which devotion to the throne was hereditary, as was also attachment to the faith of our fathers, Monsieur de la Billardiere—’”

迪布吕埃尔（读道）：“‘他来自古老的议会家族，对王室的忠诚世代相承，也忠于我们祖先的信念，德拉比亚尔迪埃先生——”

Bixiou. "Better say Monsieur le Baron de la Billardiere."

毕西沃："你最好说德拉比亚尔迪埃男爵先生。"

Du Bruel. "But he wasn't baron in 1793."

迪布吕埃尔："但是一七九三年他还不是男爵啊。"

Bixiou. "No matter. Don't you remember that under the Empire Fouche was telling an anecdote about the Convention, in which he had to quote Robespierre, and he said, 'Robespierre called out to me, "Duc d'Otrante, go to the Hotel de Ville."' There's a precedent for you!"

毕西沃："没事。你不记得了吗，在帝国时期，有一次富歇正在说一则有关国民议会的轶事，他不得不引用罗伯斯庇尔的话，他说，'罗伯斯庇尔冲我喊道，"德奥唐特公爵去市政大厅。"'这可为你提供了先例！"

Du Bruel. "Let me just write that down; I can use it in a vaudeville. —But to go back to what we were saying. I don't want to put 'Monsieur le baron,' because I am reserving his honors till the last, when they rained upon him."

迪布吕埃尔："我得把这记下来，这可以写到杂剧里去。——还是回到我们刚才说的。我不想加上'男爵先生'，因为我想把他的那些荣誉留到最后说，那时荣誉就会像雨点一样降临到他身上。"

Bixiou. "Oh! very good; that's theatrical,—the finale of the article."

毕西沃："噢！非常好，这很戏剧化——像一部戏剧的结局。"

Du Bruel (continuing). "'In appointing Monsieur de la Billardiere gentleman-in-ordinary—'"

迪布吕埃尔（继续念道）："'任命德拉比亚尔迪埃先生为内廷常侍——'"

Bixiou. "Very ordinary!"

毕西沃："这太普通了！"

Du Bruel. "'—of the Bedchamber, the King rewarded not only the services rendered by the Provost, who knew how to harmonize the severity of his functions with the customary urbanity of the Bourbons, but the bravery of the Vendean hero, who never bent the knee to the imperial idol. He leaves a son, who inherits his loyalty and his talents.'"

迪布吕埃尔："'——供职于宫廷。高级行政长官了解如何协调好硬性职责和波旁王朝特有文雅之间的关系，但国王不仅仅会封赏那些为其效力的长官们，还会封赏勇敢的旺代党人，尽管那些人从来不向帝王神像屈膝下跪。他留下了一个儿子，他的忠诚和才智得以传承。'"

Bixiou. "Don't you think all that is a little too florid? I should tone

down the poetry. 'Imperial idol!' 'bent the knee!' damn it, my dear fellow, writing vaudevilles has ruined your style; you can't come down to pedestrial prose. I should say, 'He belonged to the small number of those who.' Simplify, simplify! the man himself was a simpleton.”

毕西沃：“你不认为这有点儿太华丽了？我觉得应该把诗歌的语调降低些。‘帝王神像’！‘屈膝下跪’！该死的，我亲爱的朋友，写杂剧把你的风格都给毁了，你都写不出平实的文章来了。我就会说，‘他属于那一小部分人——’简化，再简化！他本来就是个简单的笨蛋。”

Du Bruel. "That's vaudeville, if you like! You would make your fortune at the theatre, Bixiou.”

迪布吕埃尔：“换句话说，那其实就是杂剧！毕西沃，你都可以靠写戏剧挣大钱了。”

Bixiou. "What have you said about Quiberon?" (Reads over du Bruel's shoulder.) "Oh, that won't do! Here, this is what you must say: 'He took upon himself, in a book recently published, the responsibility for all the blunders of the expedition to Quiberon,—thus proving the nature of his loyalty, which did not shrink from any sacrifice.’ That's clever and witty, and exalts La Billardiere.”

毕西沃：“你是怎么说基伯龙事件的？”（他探过迪布吕埃尔的肩膀读他的文章）“哦，那可不行！听着，你必须这样说：‘在最近出版的一部书里，他一人承担起基伯龙远征的全部错误——这可以证实他本性忠实，在任何牺牲面前都不会退缩。’那种说法聪明睿智，还赞扬了拉比亚尔迪埃。”

Du Bruel. "At whose expense?"

迪布吕埃尔：“牺牲了谁呢？”

Bixiou (solemn as a priest in a pulpit). "Why, Hoche and Tallien, of course; don't you read history?”

毕西沃（如布道牧师一般庄严神圣）：“哎呀，牺牲的当然是奥什和塔利安啦，你不读历史的吗？”

Du Bruel. "No. I subscribed to the Baudouin series, but I've never had time to open a volume; one can't find matter for vaudevilles there.”

迪布吕埃尔：“不读。我订阅了一套《博杜安》，可是连读一卷的时间也没有，里面也找不到写杂剧的素材。”

Phellion (at the door). "We all want to know, Monsieur Bixiou, what made you think that the worthy and honorable Monsieur Rabourdin, who has so long done the work of this division for Monsieur de la Billardiere,—he, who is the senior head of all the bureaus, and whom, moreover, the minister summoned as soon as he

heard of the departure of the late Monsieur de la Billardiere,—will not be appointed head of the division.”

菲利翁（站在门口）：“毕西沃先生，拉布丹先生受人敬仰、值得尊敬。他替德拉比亚尔迪埃先生在司里干了这么久的活儿，又是负责处里所有办公室的高级官员。而且，大臣一听到德拉比亚尔迪埃先生辞世的消息，便立刻传唤了他。我们都想弄清楚，是什么让你认为他不会被任命为司长。”

Bixiou. "Papa Phellion, you know geography?"

毕西沃：“菲利翁老爷，您识地理不？”

Phellion (bridling up). "I should say so!"

菲利翁（昂首挺胸）：“我想我识的！”

Bixiou. "And history?"

毕西沃：“也懂历史吗？”

Phellion (affecting modesty). "Possibly."

菲利翁（作谦虚状）：“大概懂吧。”

Bixiou (looking fixedly at him). "Your diamond pin is loose, it is coming out. Well, you may know all that, but you don't know the human heart; you have gone no further in the geography and history of that organ than you have in the environs of the city of Paris.”

毕西沃（盯着他看）：“你的钻石别针松了，都要露出来了。对，也许这些你都了解，但是你不明白人心。你心里头的地理和历史知识胜不了你对巴黎城环境的认识。”

Poiret (to Vimeux). "Environs of Paris? I thought they were talking of Monsieur Rabourdin."

普瓦雷（对维默说）：“巴黎城的环境？我还以为他们是在谈论拉布丹先生呢。”

Bixiou. "About that bet? Does the entire bureau Rabourdin bet against me?"

毕西沃：“那个打赌怎么样了？拉布丹办公室的全体人都不站在我这边吗？”

All. "Yes."

所有人：“没错。”

Bixiou. "Du Bruel, do you count in?"

毕西沃：“迪布吕埃尔，你也和他们一道吗？”

Du Bruel. "Of course I do. We want Rabourdin to go up a step and make room for others."

迪布吕埃尔：“当然了。我们希望拉布丹能上一层，好给其他人腾出位子。”

Bixiou. "Well, I accept the bet,—for this reason; you can hardly understand it, but I'll tell it to you all the same. It would be right and just to appoint Monsieur Rabourdin" (looking full at Dutocq), "because, in that case, long and faithful service, honor, and talent would be recognized, appreciated, and properly rewarded. Such an appointment is in the best interests of the administration." (Phellion, Poiret, and Thuillier listen stupidly, with the look of those who try to peer before them in the darkness.) "Well, it is just because the promotion would be so fitting, and because the man has such merit, and because the measure is so eminently wise and equitable that I bet Rabourdin will not be appointed. Yes, you'll see, that appointment will slip up, just like the invasion from Boulogne, and the march to Russia, for the success of which a great genius has gathered together all the chances. It will fail as all good and just things do fail in this low world. I am only backing the devil's game.”

毕西沃：“好，我之所以接受这一打赌——理由如下。尽管你们不会明白，不过我还是会告诉你们的。任命拉布丹先生是对的，也是公平的。”（他瞪大眼睛看着迪托克）“因为那样的话，他长期忠诚的工作、荣誉和才华都能得到承认、赞赏和恰当的封赏。这一任命也最符合部门的利益。”（菲利翁，普瓦雷和蒂利埃傻傻地听着，就像是身处黑暗之中使劲盯着前方看的人一样）“是啊，正因为这次升职如此合适，正因为他是个如此有才有德的人，还因为用人标准是如此明智、公正，我才打赌拉布丹不会被任命。是的，你们会看到任命出了岔子，就像从布洛涅发起的侵略、向俄国的进军一样，尽管一位伟大的天才为这些事情的成功凝聚了一切机会。在这个低俗的世界里，这项任命会和所有美好、公正的事情一样失败。我只是在支持这一魔鬼的赌局罢了。”

Du Bruel. "Who do you think will be appointed?"

迪布吕埃尔：“那你看谁会得到委任呢？”

Bixiou. "The more I think about Baudoyer, the more sure I feel that he unites all the opposite qualities; therefore I think he will be the next head of this division."

毕西沃：“我越多地琢磨包杜阿耶，就越肯定他综合了一切反面特征。因此，我认为他会成为下一任司长。”

Dutocq. "But Monsieur des Lupeaulx, who sent for me to borrow my Charlet, told me positively that Monsieur Rabourdin was appointed, and that the little La Billardiere would be made Clerk of the Seals."

迪托克：“可是德吕卜克斯让我去取我的沙尔莱画集借给他时，很肯定地告诉我拉布丹先生已经获得任命，而小拉比亚尔迪埃将成为印章

官。”

Bixiou. "Appointed, indeed! The appointment can't be made and signed under ten days. It will certainly not be known before New-Year's day. There he goes now across the courtyard; look at him, and say if the virtuous Rabourdin looks like a man in the sunshine of favor. I should say he knows he's dismissed.” (Fleury rushes to the window.) "Gentlemen, adieu; I'll go and tell Monsieur Baudoyer that I hear from you that Rabourdin is appointed; it will make him furious, the pious creature! Then I'll tell him of our wager, to cool him down, —a process we call at the theatre turning the Wheel of Fortune, don't we, du Bruel? Why do I care who gets the place? simply because if Baudoyer does he will make me under-head-clerk" (goes out).

毕西沃：“获得任命，的确！委任状不可能在十天之内制定、签署好。新年之前肯定是不会公布的。瞧，他正穿过院子。看看他就能知道这位品德高尚的拉布丹先生是否饱受青睐。我敢说，他知道自己被解雇了。”（弗勒里冲到窗户旁）“再见，先生们，我去告诉包杜阿耶先生，就说你们告诉我拉布丹已获任命。这会让他大发雷霆的，那个虚伪的家伙！然后我再告诉他我们打的赌，这会让他平静下来——这一过程在戏剧里就叫转动命运之轮，迪布吕埃尔，没错吧？我为什么要关心谁会得到那个位子呢？仅仅是因为假如包杜阿耶真的得到委任，他就会提我做副处罢了。”（他走了出去）

Poiret. "Everybody says that man is clever, but as for me, I can never understand a word he says" (goes on copying). "I listen and listen; I hear words, but I never get at any meaning; he talks about the environs of Paris when he discusses the human heart and" (lays down his pen and goes to the stove) "declares he backs the devil's game when it is a question of Russia and Boulogne; now what is there so clever in that, I'd like to know? We must first admit that the devil plays any game at all, and then find out what game; possibly dominoes" (blows his nose).

普瓦雷：“人人都说他是个聪明人，可是我怎么从来都听不懂他说的话呢。”（他继续抄写）“我一句句听着，话倒是听见了，但是从来就没明白过他的意思。他在讨论人心时谈到了巴黎环境，还”（他放下笔，朝壁炉走去）“声称当涉及到俄国和布洛涅问题时，他会支持魔鬼的牌局。我想知道，这又有什么聪明可言呢？我们首先得承认魔鬼什么牌都会玩，然后弄清楚哪一局可能是多米诺骨牌。”（他擤了擤鼻子）

Fleury (interrupting). "Pere Poiret is blowing his nose; it must be eleven o'clock.”

弗勒里（插话说）：“普瓦雷老爷擤鼻子了，肯定到十一点了。”

Du Bruel. "So it is! Goodness! I'm off to the secretary; he wants to read the obituary.”

迪布吕埃尔：“是啊！上帝！我要去秘书长那里了，他要读一读讣告。”

Poiret. "What was I saying?"

普瓦雷：“我刚才说什么来着？”

Thuillier. "Dominoes,—perhaps the devil plays dominoes.” (Sebastien enters to gather up the different papers and circulars for signature.)

蒂利埃：“多米诺骨牌——也许魔鬼玩这种牌。”（塞巴斯蒂安进来收集各种各样的公文和通告，以便拿去签名。）

Vimeux. "Ah! there you are, my fine young man. Your days of hardship are nearly over; you'll get a post. Monsieur Rabourdin will be appointed. Weren't you at Madame Rabourdin's last night? Lucky fellow! they say that really superb women go there.”

维默：“啊！是你呀，帅小伙。你的苦日子就快结束了，你能拿到一个职位了。拉布丹先生就要被委任了。昨晚你不在拉布丹夫人家吗？幸运的家伙！他们说真正优秀的女人才去那里。”

Sebastien. "Do they? I didn't know.”

塞巴斯蒂安：“是吗？我可不清楚。”

Fleury. "Are you blind?"

弗勒里：“你是不是眼瞎了？”

Sebastien. "I don't like to look at what I ought not to see.”

塞巴斯蒂安：“我不喜欢看自己不该看的东西。”

Phellion (delighted). "Well said, young man!"

菲利翁（乐了）：“说得真好，年轻人！”

Vimeux. "The devil! well, you looked at Madame Rabourdin enough, any how; a charming woman."

维默：“你这家伙！你看拉布丹夫人可是看够了吧，不管怎么说，她可是个迷人的女人啊。”

Fleury. "Pooh! thin as a rail. I saw her in the Tuileries, and I much prefer Percilliee, the ballet-mistress, Castaing's victim.”

弗勒里：“呸！瘦得像根竿子似的。我在杜伊勒里宫见过她。我更喜欢佩尔西里耶，那个卡斯坦的芭蕾情妇。”

Phellion. "What has an actress to do with the wife of a government official?"

菲利翁：“一个女演员和一位政府官员的妻子哪有可比性？”

Dutocq. "They both play comedy."

迪托克：“她们都演喜剧。”

Fleury (looking askance at Dutocq). "The physical has nothing to do with the moral, and if you mean—”

弗勒里（斜瞟着迪托克）：“身体和道德无关，如果你是指——”

Dutocq. "I mean nothing."

迪托克：“我什么也不指。”

Fleury. "Do you all want to know which of us will really be made head of this bureau?"

弗勒里：“大家都想知道我们当中究竟谁会被提为处长吗？”

All. "Yes, tell us."

众人：“当然，跟大家说说吧。”

Fleury. "Colleville."

弗勒里：“科勒维尔。”

Thuillier. "Why?"

蒂利埃：“为什么啊？”

Fleury. "Because Madame Colleville has taken the shortest way to it—through the sacristy.”

弗勒里：“因为科勒维尔夫人抄了条最近的道儿——教会。”

Thuillier. "I am too much Colleville's friend not to beg you, Monsieur Fleury, to speak respectfully of his wife.”

蒂利埃：“我和科勒维尔是很好的朋友，弗勒里先生，我请求你尊重他的妻子。”

Phellion. "A defenceless woman should never be made the subject of conversation here—”

菲利翁：“我们永远不该在这里谈论一位毫无还击之力的女性——”

Vimeux. "All the more because the charming Madame Colleville won't invite Fleury to her house. He backbites her in revenge.”

维默：“更因为漂亮的科勒维尔夫人没邀请弗勒里上她家去。于是他在背后中伤她、报复她。”

Fleury. "She may not receive me on the same footing that she does Thuillier, but I go there—”

弗勒里：“她可能不会把我放与蒂利埃同等的地位上来招待我，可我还是去了她家——”

Thuillier. "When? how?—under her windows?”

蒂利埃：“什么时候去的？怎么去的？——你去了她的窗户底下吗？”

Though Fleury was dreaded as a bully in all the offices, he received Thuillier's speech in silence.

虽然全办公室的人都像怕公牛一般害怕弗勒里，他听了蒂利埃的这番话，却默不作声。

This meekness, which surprised the other clerks, was owing to a certain note for two hundred francs, of doubtful value, which Thuillier agreed to pass over to his sister. After this skirmish dead silence prevailed. They all wrote steadily from one to three o'clock. Du Bruel did not return.

他的恭顺驯良令其他公务员吃了一惊。他之所以有这样的态度，是因为蒂利埃同意把一张两百法郎的票据转给他的姐姐，尽管票据价值令人怀疑。这个小小的冲突过后，死一般的沉寂笼罩了办公室。他们都不停地写东西，从下午一点一直写到三点。迪布吕埃尔没有回来。

About half-past three the usual preparations for departure, the brushing of hats, the changing of coats, went on in all the ministerial offices. That precious thirty minutes thus employed served to shorten by just so much the day's labor. At this hour the over-heated rooms cool off; the peculiar odor that hangs about the bureaus evaporates; silence is restored. By four o'clock none but a few clerks who do their duty conscientiously remain. A minister may know who are the real workers under him if he will take the trouble to walk through the divisions after four o'clock,—a species of prying, however, that no one of his dignity would condescend to.

通常三点半后，部里各办公室里的职员都会刷刷帽子、换换外套，准备下班了。人们利用这宝贵的三十分钟，缩减一天繁重的劳动。此时，过火的各个办公室也降温了，笼罩着各个部门的特别气息也蒸发了，一切都又回归了宁静。到了四点就没什么人了，只有少数几个公务员还在尽职尽责地工作。如果大臣不怕麻烦，四点以后在各个司里走走，便可以了解到谁是自己手下真正干事的人。然而，还没有哪位像他这样体面的人会纡尊降贵搞这种窥探活动。

The various heads of divisions and bureaus usually encountered each other in the courtyards at this hour and exchanged opinions on the events of the day. On this occasion they departed by twos and threes, most of them agreeing in favor of Rabourdin; while the old stagers, like Monsieur Clergeot, shook their heads and said, "Habent sua sidera lites." Saillard and Baudoyer were politely avoided, for nobody knew what to say to them about La Billardiere's death, it being fully understood that Baudoyer wanted the place, though it was

certainly not due to him.

司长们和处长们通常会在这个时候在院子里碰头，对一天发生的大事交换看法。这时候他们正三三两两地离开。他们中的多数人赞成委任拉布丹，而那些资历更老的官员，比如克莱若先生，就会摇头说：“这桩公案自会了结。”。人们很礼貌地回避萨亚尔和包杜阿耶，因为没人知道该在拉比亚尔迪埃过世这件事情上对他们说点什么。大家完全可以理解包杜阿耶想得到这个位子，虽然这肯定是轮不到他的。

When Saillard and his son-in-law had gone a certain distance from the ministry the former broke silence and said: "Things look badly for you, my poor Baudoyer."

萨亚尔和女婿离开部里一段距离后，他打破了沉默，说道：“事情看起来对你不妙啊，我可怜的包杜阿耶。”

"I can't understand," replied the other, "what Elisabeth was dreaming of when she sent Godard in such a hurry to get a passport for Falleix; Godard tells me she hired a post-chaise by the advice of my uncle Mitral, and that Falleix has already started for his own part of the country.”

“我真不明白，”包杜阿耶说，“伊丽莎白这么急匆匆地叫戈达尔替法莱克斯弄一张通行证，她脑子里到底在幻想什么。戈达尔还告诉我，她听从我叔叔米特拉尔的建议，租了辆驿递马车，而法莱克斯已经动身回乡下了。”

"Some matter connected with our business," suggested Saillard.

“和我们的生意有关系吧。”萨亚尔提出了自己的看法。

"Our most pressing business just now is to look after Monsieur La Billardiere's place," returned Baudoyer, crossly.

“目前我们最要紧的生意是盯住拉比亚尔迪埃先生的位子。”包杜阿耶生气地回了一句。

They were just then near the entrance of the Palais-Royal on the rue Saint-Honore. Dutocq came up, bowing, and joined them.

那时他们刚走到圣奥诺雷街上的王宫街入口附近。迪托克走上前去行了一个鞠躬礼，然后和他们一起走。

"Monsieur," he said to Baudoyer, "if I can be useful to you in any way under the circumstances in which you find yourself, pray command me, for I am not less devoted to your interests than Monsieur Godard."

“先生，”他对包杜阿耶说，“在当前的境况下，如果有任何用得着我的地方，请你尽管吩咐。我忠于你的切身利益，我的忠诚不亚于戈达尔先生。”

"Such an assurance is at least consoling," replied Baudoyer; "it makes me aware that I have the confidence of honest men."

“这份保证至少能让人感到欣慰啊，”包杜阿耶回答，“这让我明白还一些诚实正直的人士在信任我。”

"If you would kindly employ your influence to get me placed in your division, taking Bixiou as head of the bureau and me as under-head-clerk, you will secure the future of two men who are ready to do anything for your advancement.”

“如果您发发善心，愿意发挥您的影响力把我调到您的司里，让毕西沃当上处长，让我当上副处长，那么我们俩的前途可就都仰仗您了，而我们也会为您的仕途晋升肝脑涂地。”

"Are you making fun of us, monsieur?" asked Saillard, staring at him stupidly.

“先生，你是在取笑我们吧？”萨亚尔问道，傻乎乎地盯着迪托克看。

"Far be it from me to do that," said Dutocq. "I have just come from the printing-office of the ministerial journal (where I carried from the general-secretary an obituary notice of Monsieur de la Billardiere), and I there read an article which will appear to-night about you, which has given me the highest opinion of your character and talents. If it is necessary to crush Rabourdin, I'm in a position to give him the final blow; please to remember that.”

“我才不会干这种事。”迪托克回说，“我刚刚从部门期刊印刷馆过来，（我从秘书长那里拿了一份德拉比亚尔迪埃先生的讣告送到那里去）。我还在那里读到了一篇有关您的文章，将于今晚刊登，文章对您的人格和才华给出了最高评价。如果有必要打垮拉布丹，我会给他最后一击的，请您记住这一点。”

Dutocq disappeared.

迪托克走掉了。

"May I be shot if I understand a single word of it," said Saillard, looking at Baudoyer, whose little eyes were expressive of stupid bewilderment. "I must buy the newspaper to-night.”

“如果我能听懂这番话里的一个字，我就是被人毙了也情愿。”萨亚尔说着看向包杜阿耶，而包杜阿耶小小的眼睛里则流露出傻傻的困惑。“我一定得买今晚的报纸。”

When the two reached home and entered the salon on the ground-floor, they found a large fire lighted, and Madame Saillard, Elisabeth, Monsieur Gaudron and the curate of Saint-Paul's sitting by it. The curate turned at once to Monsieur Baudoyer, to whom

Elisabeth made a sign which he failed to understand.

他们俩回到了家。走进一楼客厅时，他们看见炉火烧得很旺，炉子边坐着萨亚尔夫人、伊丽莎白、戈德龙先生和圣保罗教堂的神父。神父立刻转头看向包杜阿耶先生，伊丽莎白则向包杜阿耶打了一个暗号，不过他没能领会过来。

"Monsieur," said the curate, "I have lost no time in coming in person to thank you for the magnificent gift with which you have adorned my poor church. I dared not run in debt to buy that beautiful monstrance, worthy of a cathedral. You, who are one of our most pious and faithful parishioners, must have keenly felt the bareness of the high altar. I am on my way to see Monseigneur the coadjutor, and he will, I am sure, send you his own thanks later."

“先生，”神父说道，“你漂亮华丽的礼物装点了我清贫的教堂。我一刻也没耽搁，亲自前来向你表示感谢。我以前不敢借债买下那个精美的圣体匣，那都可以抵得上一座大教堂了。你是我们最虔诚、最忠实的教区居民。教堂主祭坛上空空如也，一定引发了你强烈的感受。我正要去见副主教大人，我相信日后他一定会给你寄来亲笔致谢信的。”

"I have done nothing as yet—" began Baudoyer.

“我什么都没做啊——”包杜阿耶开口说道。

"Monsieur le cure," interposed his wife, cutting him short. "I see I am forced to betray the whole secret. Monsieur Baudoyer hopes to complete the gift by sending you a dais for the coming Fete-Dieu. But the purchase must depend on the state of our finances, and our finances depend on my husband's promotion.”

“神父，”妻子没等丈夫说完，就打断了他的话，“现在我不得已要透露整个秘密了。圣体匣并不是礼物的全部，包杜阿耶先生还希望在即将到来的圣体瞻礼节上为你送上一座讲坛。可这宗购置有赖于我们的财务状况，而我们的财务状况又依赖于我丈夫的提升。”

"God will reward those who honor him," said Monsieur Gaudron, preparing, with the curate, to take leave.

“上帝会奖赏那些尊敬他的人。”戈德龙先生一边说，一边准备和神父一起辞行。

"But will you not," said Saillard to the two ecclesiastics, "do us the honor to take pot luck with us?"

“两位为什不，”萨亚尔对两位神职人员说，“让我们有幸请两位吃顿便饭呢？”

"You can stay, my dear vicar," said the curate to Gaudron; "you know I am engaged to dine with the curate of Saint-Roch, who, by the bye, is to bury Monsieur de la Billardiere to-morrow.”

“亲爱的牧师，你可以留下。”神父告诉戈德龙，“你知道，我和圣罗克教堂的神父约好了一起吃饭。顺便提一句，明天将由他来安葬德拉比亚尔迪埃先生。”

"Monsieur le cure de Saint-Roch might say a word for us," began Baudoyer. His wife pulled the skirt of his coat violently.

“圣罗克教堂神父也许可以为我们说上几句话。”包杜阿耶开腔道。他的妻子使劲拽他外套的下摆。

"Do hold your tongue, Baudoyer," she said, leading him aside and whispering in his ear. "You have given a monstrance to the church, that cost five thousand francs.

“管住你的嘴，包杜阿耶。”她把他拉到一边，在他耳边低语说，“你已经给教堂捐了一座圣体匣，那价值五千法郎。

I'll explain it all later.”

我呆会儿再跟你解释。”

The miserly Baudoyer make a sulky grimace, and continued gloomy and cross for the rest of the day.

小气的包杜阿耶气得绷紧了脸。这一天接下来的时间他都挂着这样一副阴郁愠怒的神情。

"What did you busy yourself about Falleix's passport for? Why do you meddle in other people's affairs?" he presently asked her.

“你忙活法莱克斯的通行证干嘛？你为什么要管人家的事情？”他立刻追问她。

"I must say, I think Falleix's affairs are as much ours as his," returned Elisabeth, dryly, glancing at her husband to make him notice Monsieur Gaudron, before whom he ought to be silent.

“我必须说明，我认为法莱克斯的事就是我们的事。”伊丽莎白冷冷地回答道。她扫了丈夫一眼，提醒他注意一下在戈德龙先生面前别多嘴。

"Certainly, certainly," said old Saillard, thinking of his co-partnership.

“那是自然，那是自然。”老萨亚尔一边想着他的合伙人，一边说道。

"I hope you reached the newspaper office in time?" remarked Elisabeth to Monsieur Gaudron, as she helped him to soup.

“我希望，你及时赶到报馆了？”伊丽莎白一边替戈德龙先生舀汤，一边问他。

"Yes, my dear lady," answered the vicar; "when the editor read the

little article I gave him, written by the secretary of the Grand Almoner, he made no difficulty. He took pains to insert it in a conspicuous place. I should never have thought of that; but this young journalist has a wide-awake mind. The defenders of religion can enter the lists against impiety without disadvantage at the present moment, for there is a great deal of talent in the royalist press. I have every reason to believe that success will crown your hopes. But you must remember, my dear Baudoyer, to promote Monsieur Colleville; he is an object of great interest to his Eminence; in fact, I am desired to mention him to you.”

“去了，我亲爱的夫人。”牧师回答说，“编辑读了我给他带去的一篇短文。因为那是大神父的秘书所写，所以他丝毫没有为难我。他费了一番周折，将文章安插进了一个很显眼的版面。我从来都没想到过，这位年轻的新闻界人士有着如此清醒的头脑。正是因为王室的报纸有了大批人才，宗教捍卫者才能在此刻毫不示弱地将那些对神不敬的人一一列出。我完全有理由相信，你们的希望会戴上成功的桂冠。不过，亲爱的包杜阿耶，你要记得升一下科勒维尔先生的职位，他可是主教阁下关心的对象。事实上，我也特别想在你面前提一下他。”

"If I am head of the division, I will make him head of one of my bureaus, if you want me to," said Baudoyer.

“如果我当上了司长，而你又希望的话，我会让他当上某个处的处长。”包杜阿耶答应道。

The matter thus referred to was explained after dinner, when the ministerial organ (bought and sent up by the porter) proved to contain among its Paris news the following articles, called items:—

晚饭后，上文所指的那件事有了说法。部门期刊（由门卫买到并呈了上来）证实，在该报的巴黎新闻中包含以下文章，里面的消息如下：

"Monsieur le Baron de la Billardiere died this morning, after a long and painful illness. The king loses a devoted servant, the Church a most pious son. Monsieur de la Billardiere's end has fitly crowned a noble life, consecrated in dark and troublesome times to perilous missions, and of late years to arduous civic duties. Monsieur de la Billardiere was provost of a department, where his force of character triumphed over all the obstacles that rebellion arrayed against him. He subsequently accepted the difficult post of director of a division (in which his great acquirements were not less useful than the truly French affability of his manners) for the express purpose of conciliating the serious interests that arise under its administration. No rewards have ever been more truly deserved than those by which the King, Louis XVIII., and his present Majesty took pleasure in crowning a loyalty which never faltered under the usurper. This old family still survives in the person of a single heir to the excellent man

whose death now afflicts so many warm friends. His Majesty has already graciously made known that Monsieur Benjamin de la Billardiere will be included among the gentlemen-in-ordinary of the Bedchamber.

“德拉比亚尔迪埃男爵先生今早去世，他死前罹患痼疾、痛苦不堪。国王失去了一个忠实的仆臣，教会失去了一位笃信的子民。德拉比亚尔迪埃先生以高贵的人格终此一生。在黑暗时期，麻烦接踵而来，他被委以重任完成危险的使命，到了晚年他则勤于公务。德拉比亚尔迪埃先生是部门长官，他的人格力量击倒了所有反叛者设下的障碍。后来，他接受了相当有难度的司长一职（在此期间，他强大的学习能力和真正的法国式亲和态度，均派上了大用）。他的目的非常明确，那就是在行政部门中出现的各方重要利益中做好调解工作。这是一位在别人逆谋篡位时都不曾畏缩的忠臣。国王路易十八及当今陛下都很乐意对他进行封赏，而他也比任何人都更应该获得嘉奖。这位杰出人物的过世使得许多热心的朋友深感难过。他所在的古老家族还有一位继承人，所以还依然存在着。陛下已仁慈地将邦雅曼·德拉比亚尔迪埃先生列为内廷常侍，并将这一任命公诸于世。

"The numerous friends who have not already received their notification of this sad event are hereby informed that the funeral will take place to-morrow at four o'clock, in the church of Saint-Roch. The memorial address will be delivered by Monsieur l'Abbe Fontanon.”

“众多尚不知这一噩耗的友人，在此告知，葬礼将于明天四点在圣罗克教堂举行。封塔农院长将致词哀悼。”

— "Monsieur Isidore-Charles-Thomas Baudoyer, representing one of the oldest bourgeois families of Paris, and head of a bureau in the late Monsieur de la Billardiere's division, has lately recalled the old traditions of piety and devotion which formerly distinguished these great families, so jealous for the honor and glory of religion, and so faithful in preserving its monuments. The church of Saint-Paul has long needed a monstrance in keeping with the magnificence of that basilica, itself due to the Company of Jesus. Neither the vestry nor the curate were rich enough to decorate the altar. Monsieur Baudoyer has bestowed upon the parish a monstrance that many persons have seen and admired at Monsieur Gohier's, the king's jeweller. Thanks to the piety of this gentleman, who did not shrink from the immensity of the price, the church of Saint-Paul possesses to-day a masterpiece of the jeweller's art designed by Monsieur de Sommervieux. It gives us pleasure to make known this fact, which proves how powerless the declamations of liberals have been on the mind of the Parisian bourgeoisie. The upper ranks of that body have at all times been royalist and they prove it when occasion offers.”

——“伊西多尔 - 夏尔 - 托马·包杜阿耶先生是已故德拉比亚尔迪埃

先生主管司的一位处长，他代表了巴黎最古老的家族之一——布尔乔亚家族。最近他恢复了古老的宗教膜拜传统，也正是这一传统使得那些伟大家族卓越高贵。他非常珍视宗教的名誉和荣耀，十分忠诚地保存着宗教的纪念物。从很久以前开始，圣保罗教堂就需要一座圣体匣来衬托长方体教堂的宏伟气势，这本身也是耶稣会的要求。神父和教区都没有足够的钱来装饰神坛。包杜阿耶先生将一座圣体匣赠予了教区。那座圣体匣最初是在国王的珠宝商高依埃先生那里，很多人已经在那里看过、膜拜过它。包杜阿耶先生为人虔诚，这位绅士并没有在天价面前退缩。正因为如此，圣保罗教堂现在才能拥有一座由索迈尔维先生设计、出自珠宝商高依埃先生之手的杰作。听说了这件事，我们都很欢欣鼓舞。这说明自由派的高调在巴黎布尔乔亚家族心中是多么软弱无力。这个群体的上层人一直都是保皇党人，时机一到他们便能证明这一点。”

"The price was five thousand francs," said the Abbe Gaudron; "but as the payment was in cash, the court jeweller reduced the amount."

“圣体匣的价格是五千法郎，”戈德龙神父说道，“不过因为是现金支付，宫廷珠宝商把价格调低了点儿。”

"Representing one of the oldest bourgeois families in Paris!" Saillard was saying to himself; "there it is printed,—in the official paper, too!”

“代表了巴黎最古老的家族之一！”萨亚尔自语道，“这可是白纸黑字印刷出来的，——还登在了官方报纸上呢！”

"Dear Monsieur Gaudron," said Madame Baudoyer, "please help my father to compose a little speech that he could slip into the countess's ear when he takes her the monthly stipend,—a single sentence that would cover all! I must leave you. I am obliged to go out with my uncle Mitral. Would you believe it? I was unable to find my uncle Bidault at home this afternoon. Oh, what a dog-kennel he lives in! But Monsieur Mitral, who knows his ways, says he does all his business between eight o'clock in the morning and midday, and that after that hour he can be found only at a certain cafe called the Cafe Themis,—a singular name.”

“亲爱的戈德龙先生，”包杜阿耶夫人开口道，“请帮我父亲想点儿说辞，他好在给伯爵夫人送去每月供奉时悄悄说给她听——要在一句话里说明一切事情！我得离开了。我得跟米特拉尔叔叔一起出去。你信吗？今天下午，我在比多叔祖家里都没找着他。哦，他家真像个狗窝！但是米特拉尔先生知道他的习惯，说他会在早上八点到正午之间处理所有事务，之后只有在某家叫做忒弥斯的咖啡馆里才能见到他——那真是个奇怪的名字。”

"Is justice done there?" said the abbe, laughing.

“那里有公正可言吗？”神父笑了笑说。

"Do you ask why he goes to a cafe at the corner of the rue Dauphine and the quai des Augustins? They say he plays dominoes there every night with his friend Monsieur Gobseck. I don't wish to go to such a place alone; my uncle Mitral will take me there and bring me back."

“你是问，他为什么去一家位于多菲内街拐角、奥古斯丁码头上的咖啡馆吗？人们说他每晚都在那里和他的朋友高布赛克先生玩多米诺骨牌。我可不想一个人去那种地方。米特拉尔叔叔会带我过去，再接我回来。”

At this instant Mitral showed his yellow face, surmounted by a wig which looked as though it might be made of hay, and made a sign to his niece to come at once, and not keep a carriage waiting at two francs an hour. Madame Baudoyer rose and went away without giving any explanation to her husband or father.

就在这个时候，米特拉尔出现了。他脸色很黄，还顶着一头像是稻草做的假发。他示意侄女马上过去，别让那辆以每小时两法郎租来的马车等着。包杜阿耶夫人没向丈夫和父亲解释什么，就起身离开了。

"Heaven has given you in that woman," said Monsieur Gaudron to Baudoyer when Elisabeth had disappeared, "a perfect treasure of prudence and virtue, a model of wisdom, a Christian who gives sure signs of possessing the Divine spirit. Religion alone is able to form such perfect characters. To-morrow I shall say a mass for the success of your good cause. It is all-important, for the sake of the monarchy and of religion itself that you should receive this appointment. Monsieur Rabourdin is a liberal; he subscribes to the 'Journal des Debats,' a dangerous newspaper, which made war on Monsieur le Comte de Villele to please the wounded vanity of Monsieur de Chateaubriand. His Eminence will read the newspaper to-night, if only to see what is said of his poor friend Monsieur de la Billardiere; and Monseigneur the coadjutor will speak of you to the King. When I think of what you have now done for his dear church, I feel sure he will not forget you in his prayers; more than that, he is dining at this moment with the coadjutor at the house of the curate of Saint-Roch."

“上帝给你的这个女人，”伊丽莎白离去后，戈德龙先生对包杜阿耶说，“是谨慎与美德兼备的完美珍品，是智慧的典范，也是一个明显拥有神之精神的基督徒。单凭宗教就能塑造出如此完美的品格。明天我会做一次弥撒，歌颂你的业绩。为了君王和宗教，你应该得到这项任命，这非常重要。拉布丹先生是个自由派，他订阅了《辩论报》。那可是一份危险的报纸。为了迎合夏多布里昂先生那颗受损的虚荣心，那份报纸曾挑衅过德维莱勒伯爵。主教阁下今晚会读这份报，只是想看看上面提到他那位可怜的朋友德拉比亚尔迪埃先生时，都写了哪些事情，而副主教阁下则会在国王面前提起你。我想到你为他亲爱的教堂所做的事情，我

就敢肯定，他在祷告时一定不会忘了你，而且这会儿他正在圣罗克教堂的牧师助理家中和副主教阁下共进晚餐。”

These words made Saillard and Baudoyer begin to perceive that Elisabeth had not been idle ever since Godard had informed her of Monsieur de la Billardiere's decease.

这番话令萨亚尔和包杜阿耶开始意识到，自从戈达尔告诉伊丽莎白德拉比亚尔迪埃过世的消息后，她就一直没闲下来过。

"Isn't she clever, that Elisabeth of mine?" cried Saillard, comprehending more clearly than Monsieur l'abbe the rapid undermining, like the path of a mole, which his daughter had undertaken.

“我的伊丽莎白，谁说她不是个聪明人呢？”萨亚尔惊呼道。女儿在暗中行动起来就像钻洞的鼹鼠一样迅速，这一点他比神父先生看得更清楚。

"She sent Godard to Rabourdin's door to find out what newspaper he takes," said Gaudron; "and I mentioned the name to the secretary of his Eminence,—for we live at a crisis when the Church and Throne must keep themselves informed as to who are their friends and who their enemies.”

“她曾经叫戈达尔去拉布丹家门口查看他拿的是哪份报纸，”戈德龙说道，“而我则将那份报纸的名字告知了主教阁下的秘书——我们正处于关键时期，教会和国王必须时刻了解谁是他们的朋友，谁又是他们的敌人。”

"For the last five days I have been trying to find the right thing to say to his Excellency's wife," said Saillard.

“这五天来，我一直在想该对大臣夫人说些什么才好。”萨亚尔说道。

"All Paris will read that," cried Baudoyer, whose eyes were still riveted on the paper.

“全巴黎的人都会读到这篇文章。”包杜阿耶叫了起来，眼睛像铆钉一样钉在报纸上。

"Your eulogy costs us four thousand eight hundred francs, son-in-law!" exclaimed Madame Saillard.

“女婿啊，你的颂词可花了我们四千八百法郎啊！”萨亚尔夫人大呼小叫起来。

"You have adorned the house of God," said the Abbe Gaudron.

“你们装点了上帝的家。”戈德龙神父说道。

"We might have got salvation without doing that," she returned.

"But if Baudoyer gets the place, which is worth eight thousand more, the sacrifice is not so great. If he doesn't get it! hey, papa," she added, looking at her husband, "how we shall have bled!—”

“如果没那样做，我们也许已经得到救赎了。”她回答道，“但是假如包杜阿耶能得到那个位置，就能带来八千多的收益，我们的牺牲也就不算太多。可如果他没有呢！嘿，我说老爷，”她看着丈夫又补充道，“那我们可就损失惨重了呀！”

"Well, never mind," said Saillard, enthusiastically, "we can always make it up through Falleix, who is going to extend his business and use his brother, whom he has made a stockbroker on purpose. Elisabeth might have told us, I think, why Falleix went off in such a hurry. But let's invent my little speech. This is what I thought of: 'Madame, if you would say a word to his Excellency—’”

“哦，没关系。”萨亚尔兴奋地讲道，“我们总能通过法莱克斯弥补回来。他打算拉他的兄弟入伙，再把生意做大。他之前还特意让那个兄弟做了证券经纪人。我想伊丽莎白大概本来会告诉我们，法莱克斯为什么走得这么快了。不过我们还是先想想我该对大臣夫人说点儿什么吧。这是我想出来的：‘夫人，倘若您可以对大臣阁下提一句——’”

“'If you would deign,'” said Gaudron; "add the word 'deign,' it is more respectful. But you ought to know, first of all, whether Madame la Dauphine will grant you her protection, and then you could suggest to Madame la comtesse the idea of co-operating with the wishes of her Royal Highness.”

“‘倘若您能屈尊，’”戈德龙说，“加上‘屈尊’，显出你对她更为尊重。但是首先你得知道王太妃是否愿意做你们的保护人，然后你才可以向伯爵夫人提出这一与王太妃意愿相符的想法。

"You ought to designate the vacant post," said Baudoyer.

“你需要指出那个空缺的职位。”包杜阿耶说。

“'Madame la comtesse,'” began Saillard, rising, and bowing to his wife, with an agreeable smile.

“‘伯爵夫人，’”萨亚尔一边开口一边站起身来。他对妻子鞠了一躬，露出宜人的微笑。

"Goodness! Saillard; how ridiculous you look. Take care, my man, you'll make the woman laugh.”

“上帝！萨亚尔，你看起来真滑稽。你得当心，亲爱的，你会让那个女人捧腹大笑的。”

“'Madame la comtesse,'” resumed Saillard. "Is that better, wife?"

“‘伯爵夫人，’”萨亚尔继续说下去，“亲爱的，这样是不是好些了？”

"Yes, my duck."

“是的，亲爱的。”

“‘The place of the worthy Monsieur de la Billardiere is vacant; my son-in-law, Monsieur Baudoyer—’”

“‘受人尊敬的德拉比亚尔迪埃先生的职位空缺了，而我的女婿包杜阿耶先生——’”

“'Man of talent and extreme piety,'” prompted Gaudron.

“‘既有才华又虔诚信教，’”戈德龙立刻补充道。

"Write it down, Baudoyer," cried old Saillard, "write that sentence down."

“写下来，包杜阿耶，”老萨亚尔叫道，“把那句写下来。”

Baudoyer proceeded to take a pen and wrote, without a blush, his own praises, precisely as Nathan or Canalis might have reviewed one of their own books.

包杜阿耶提笔写下对自己的赞辞，连脸都没红一下，那神态就跟拿当或者卡那利回顾自己写的一本书时的模样丝毫不差。

“'Madame la comtesse'—Don't you see, mother?" said Saillard to his wife; "I am supposing you to be the minister's wife.”

“‘伯爵夫人’——你不明白吗，夫人？”萨亚尔对妻子说，“我现在正假设你是大臣夫人。”

"Do you take me for a fool?" she answered sharply. "I know that."

“你把我当成傻子了吗？”她尖锐地答道，“我知道啊。”

“‘The place of the late worthy de la Billardiere is vacant; my son-in-law, Monsieur Baudoyer, a man of consummate talent and extreme piety—’” After looking at Monsieur Gaudron, who was reflecting, he added, “'will be very glad if he gets it.' That's not bad; it's brief and it says the whole thing.”

“‘已故且受人尊重的德拉比亚尔迪埃先生的职位空缺了。我的女婿包杜阿耶先生，是一个才华横溢又虔诚信教的人——”他看了一眼沉思中的戈德龙先生，接着又说道，“‘如获此位，将倍感荣幸。’这不坏吧，很简短又把一切都说清楚了。”

"But do wait, Saillard; don't you see that Monsieur l'abbe is turning it over in his mind?" said Madame Saillard; "don't disturb him.”

“萨亚尔，你先等一下，没看到神父先生正在反复琢磨吗？”萨亚尔夫人说道，“别打扰他。”

“'Will be very thankful if you would deign to interest yourself in

his behalf,'" resumed Gaudron. "'And in saying a word to his Excellency you will particularly please Madame la Dauphine, by whom he has the honor and the happiness to be protected.'"

"'如您能屈尊关照他，他将不胜感激。'"戈德龙接着说道，"'我的女婿有幸请了王太妃当保护人。如您能向大臣阁下进言，会特别讨王太妃的欢喜。'"

"Ah! Monsieur Gaudron, that sentence is worth more than the monstrance; I don't regret the four thousand eight hundred—Besides, Baudoyer, my lad, you'll pay them, won't you? Have you written it all down?"

"啊！戈德龙先生，这句话比圣体匣更值钱，我一点儿都不心疼花了四千八百法郎。何况包杜阿耶，我的小伙子，付钱的是你，对吧？你都记下来了吗？"

"I shall make you repeat it, father, morning and evening," said Madame Saillard. "Yes, that's a good speech. How lucky you are, Monsieur Gaudron, to know so much. That's what it is to be brought up in a seminary; they learn there how to speak to God and his saints."

"老爷，我得让你从早到晚都重复说这番话。"萨亚尔夫人说道，"一点儿没错，这几句话说得真好。戈德龙先生，你懂得这么多，真是个幸运的人啊。这就是神学院培养出来的人才，他们在那里学会了如何对上帝和圣人讲话。"

"He is as good as he is learned," said Baudoyer, pressing the priest's hand. "Did you write that article?" he added, pointing to the newspaper.

"他的人品和学识一样好。"包杜阿耶一边说，一边紧紧地握住了牧师的手。"这文章是你写的吗？"他又指着报纸问道。

"No, it was written by the secretary of his Eminence, a young abbe who is under obligations to me, and who takes an interest in Monsieur Colleville; he was educated at my expense."

"不，这是主教阁下的秘书写的。他是个年轻神父，受我资助接受的教育，还欠着我钱。他很关心科勒维尔先生。"

"A good deed is always rewarded," said Baudoyer.

"做好事总能获得回报。"包杜阿耶说。

While these four personages were sitting down to their game of boston, Elisabeth and her uncle Mitral reached the cafe Themis, with much discourse as they drove along about a matter which Elisabeth's keen perceptions told her was the most powerful lever that could be used to force the minister's hand in the affair of her husband's

appointment. Uncle Mitral, a former sheriff's officer, crafty, clever at sharp practice, and full of expedients and judicial precautions, believed the honor of his family to be involved in the appointment of his nephew. His avarice had long led him to estimate the contents of old Gigonnet's strong-box, for he knew very well they would go in the end to benefit his nephew Baudoyer; and it was therefore important that the latter should obtain a position which would be in keeping with the combined fortunes of the Saillards and the old Gigonnet, which would finally devolve on the Baudoyer's little daughter; and what an heiress she would be with an income of a hundred thousand francs! to what social position might she not aspire with that fortune? He adopted all the ideas of his niece Elisabeth and thoroughly understood them. He had helped in sending off Falleix expeditiously, explaining to him the advantage of taking post horses. After which, while eating his dinner, he reflected that it be as well to give a twist of his own to the clever plan invented by Elisabeth.

这四人随即坐下来玩波士顿牌，而这个时候，伊丽莎白和她叔叔米特拉尔已经抵达了忒弥斯咖啡馆，一路驶来他们一直在谈论某件事。敏锐的感知告诉伊丽莎白，这件事可以成为迫使大臣任命她丈夫的最有力杠杆。米特拉尔叔叔曾是一名执达吏，擅长处理棘手的事务，装着一脑袋的应急妙计和明断的预防措施。他相信自己家族的荣耀和自己侄子的任命有关。长期以来，贪婪使他一直掂量着羊腿子钱柜的含量，因为他很清楚最后的获益人会是他的侄子包杜阿耶。重要的是，后者要拿到一个配得上萨亚尔和羊腿子两家财富的职位，而所有这些财富最终会移交给包杜阿耶的小女儿。年入十万法郎——她会成为何等的继承人啊！有了这笔财富，她还有什么地位得不到呢？他全盘采纳了侄女伊丽莎白的想法，并对这些想法理解得非常透彻。他帮忙迅速送走了法莱克斯，还向他解释了乘坐驿递马车的好处。送走法莱克斯之后，他一边吃晚饭一边沉思，想到了伊丽莎白设计的灵巧计划也能给他自己带来一个转折。

When they reached the Cafe Themis he told his niece that he alone could manage Gigonnet in the matter they both had in view, and he made her wait in the hackney-coach and bide her time to come forward at the right moment. Elisabeth saw through the window-panes the two faces of Gobseck and Gigonnet (her uncle Bidault), which stood out in relief against the yellow wood-work of the old cafe, like two cameo heads, cold and impassible, in the rigid attitude that their gravity gave them. The two Parisian misers were surrounded by a number of other old faces, on which "thirty per cent discount" was written in circular wrinkles that started from the nose and turned round the glacial cheek-bones. These remarkable physiognomies brightened up on seeing Mitral, and their eyes gleamed with tigerish curiosity.

他们到了忒弥斯咖啡馆后，他告诉侄女，在他们俩都考虑过的那件

事情上，他一个人就能对付羊腿子。他让她在出租马车里候着，等时机恰当再走进去。伊丽莎白隔着车窗玻璃望见了两张脸，那是高布赛克和羊腿子（即她的比多叔祖）。在老咖啡馆的黄色木窗框的映衬下，那两张脸显得格外突出，如同两尊浮雕头像一般冷酷无情、无动于衷，还透露出贪婪赋予他们的严厉态度。这两个巴黎的吝啬鬼被一圈老面孔包围着。在这些人的脸上，一圈圈的皱纹从鼻子出发，在冰冷的颧骨上拐了个弯，上面写着“打七折”。这些有着奇异面相的人一见到米特拉尔时整个人都亮了起来，眼睛里还闪着光，流露出带着老虎般残忍的好奇。

"Hey, hey! it is papa Mitral!" cried one of them, named Chaboisseau, a little old man who discounted for a publisher.

“嘿，嘿！那是米特拉尔老爷！”其中一人叫了起来，他叫沙布瓦索，是一个给出版商做贴现生意的小老头。

"Bless me, so it is!" said another, a broker named Metivier, "ha, that's an old monkey well up in his tricks.”

“上帝保佑，是他！”另一个人也开口说道，那是一个叫梅蒂维耶的经纪人，“呵，那可是只擅长诡计的老猴子。”

"And you," retorted Mitral, "you are an old crow who knows all about carcasses."

“那你呢，”米特拉尔反驳道，“一只对腐尸无所不知的老乌鸦。”

"True," said the stern Gobseck.

“说得对。”严肃的高布赛克应道。

"What are you here for? Have you come to seize friend Metivier?" asked Gigonnet, pointing to the broker, who had the bluff face of a porter.

“你有何贵干？你是来捉拿我们的朋友梅蒂维耶吗？”羊腿子一边问，一边指着经纪人。经纪人板起脸来，像门卫一样虚张声势。

"Your great-niece Elisabeth is out there, papa Gigonnet," whispered Mitral.

“您的侄孙女伊丽莎白现在就在外面，羊腿子老爷。”米特拉尔轻声说。

"What! some misfortune?" said Bidault. The old man drew his eyebrows together and assumed a tender look like that of an executioner when about to go to work officially. In spite of his Roman virtue he must have been touched, for his red nose lost somewhat of its color.

“什么！发生什么糟糕的事了吗？”比多问。老头锁起眉头，像是一个快要去执行公务的行刑者一样，一脸温和的表情。尽管他具有罗马式品行，但也一定受了些触动，因为他的红鼻头好像没那么红了。

"Well, suppose it is misfortune, won't you help Saillard's daughter? —a girl who has knitted your stockings for the last thirty years!" cried Mitral.

“哦，如果确实发生了糟糕的事，你难道不会帮萨亚尔的女儿一把吗？——这个姑娘在过去三十年里可一直在替你织袜子呀！”米特拉尔大声说道。

"If there's good security I don't say I won't," replied Gigonnet. "Falleix is in with them. Falleix has just set up his brother as a broker, and he is doing as much business as the Brezacs; and what with? his mind, perhaps! Saillard is no simpleton."

“如果她有好的担保，我不会不答应的。”羊腿子回答说，“法莱克斯已经和他们是一伙的啦。他刚让他兄弟做了经纪人，生意做得跟布雷扎克一般大。他靠的是什么？是他的脑子吗，也许吧！萨亚尔可不是笨蛋。”

"He knows the value of money," put in Chaboisseau.

“他深知钱的价值。”沙布瓦索插话说。

That remark, uttered among those old men, would have made an artist and thinker shudder as they all nodded their heads.

这句话，这句老头们之间说的话，会令艺术家和思想家颤抖不已、点头称是。

"But it is none of my business," resumed Bidault-Gigonnet. "I'm not bound to care for my neighbors' misfortunes. My principle is never to be off my guard with friends or relatives; you can't perish except through weakness. Apply to Gobseck; he is softer.”

“可这跟我无关。”羊腿子继续说道，“我没有必要去管邻居们的不幸。我的原则是永远都要警惕朋友和亲戚。那样除非你有弱点，否则你是不会消亡的。去找高布赛克提要求吧，他的心肠比我软些。”

The usurers all applauded these doctrines with a shake of their metallic heads. An onlooker would have fancied he heard the creaking of ill-oiled machinery.

所有的高利贷者一同晃了晃他们那似乎是铁石铸成的脑袋，为这些教义拍手称赞。看到此情此景，旁观者可能联想到没上油的机器发出的嘎吱声。

"Come, Gigonnet, show a little feeling," said Chaboisseau, "they've knit your stockings for thirty years.”

“好啦，羊腿子，给点儿同情吧，”沙布瓦索说，“她们给你编袜子编了三十年啊。”

"That counts for something," remarked Gobseck.

“那是得值点东西。”高布赛克评论道。

"Are you all alone? Is it safe to speak?" said Mitral, looking carefully about him. "I come about a good piece of business."

“就你们俩吧？说话安全吗？”米特拉尔一边问，一边朝他周围仔细瞧了瞧，“我来是为了一桩好买卖。”

"If it is good, why do you come to us?" said Gigonnet, sharply, interrupting Mitral.

“如果是好买卖，你来找我们干嘛？”羊腿子打断米特拉尔的话，毫不客气地回了一句。

"A fellow who was a gentleman of the Bedchamber," went on Mitral, "a former 'chouan,'—what's his name?—La Billardiere is dead.”

“一个当内廷常侍的人，”米特拉尔继续说道，“曾经是名‘舒昂党人’——他叫什么来着？哦，拉比亚尔迪埃，他死了。”

"True," said Gobseck.

“是有这么回事。”高布赛克应道。

"And our nephew is giving monstrances to the church," snarled Gigonnet.

“而且我们的侄子还要送圣体匣给教堂。”羊腿子咆哮起来。

"He is not such a fool as to give them, he sells them, old man," said Mitral, proudly. "He wants La Billardiere's place, and in order to get it, we must seize—”

“他还不至于傻到白送，是卖，老家伙。”米特拉尔骄傲地说着，“他想得到拉比亚尔迪埃的位子。为了得到那个位子，我们必须抓住——”

"Seize! You'll never be anything but a sheriff's officer," put in Metivier, striking Mitral amicably on the shoulder; "I like that, I do!"

“抓住！你永远只能干执达吏，”梅蒂维耶亲切而又使劲地拍了拍他的肩，“我喜欢，真的！”

"Seize Monsieur Clement des Lupeaulx in our clutches," continued Mitral; "Elisabeth has discovered how to do it, and he is—”

“抓住克莱芒·德吕卜克斯先生，掌握住他，”米特拉尔继续说，“伊丽莎白已经找到办法，而且他是——”

"Elisabeth"; cried Gigonnet, interrupting again; "dear little creature! she takes after her grandfather, my poor brother! he never had his equal! Ah, you should have seen him buying up old furniture; what tact! what shrewdness! What does Elisabeth want?"

“伊丽莎白，”羊腿子又一次打断了他，惊呼道，“小机灵！她很像她

祖父，我那可怜的兄弟！没人能同他相提并论！啊，你该见识见识他是怎么做旧家具买卖的，真够老练！真够精明！伊丽莎白想干嘛？”

"Hey! hey!" cried Mitral, "you've got back your bowels of compassion, papa Gigonnet! That phenomenon has a cause.”

“嘿！嘿！”米特拉尔叫道，“你的同情心又回来了，羊腿子老爷！这事出有因吧。”

"Always a child," said Gobseck to Gigonnet, "you are too quick on the trigger."

“他总像个孩子似的，”高布赛克对羊腿子说，“扳机扣得太快了。”

"Come, Gobseck and Gigonnet, listen to me; you want to keep well with des Lupeaulx, don't you? You've not forgotten how you plucked him in that affair about the king's debts, and you are afraid he'll ask you to return some of his feathers," said Mitral.

“来吧，高布赛克，羊腿子，听我说。你们想和德吕卜克斯保持友好关系，对吧？你们还没忘记吧，你们如何在国王债务那件事上拔他的毛，你们现在害怕他会回过头来要你们归还一些羽毛吧。”米特拉尔讲道。

"Shall we tell him the whole thing?" asked Gobseck, whispering to Gigonnet.

“我们要把整件事情都告诉他吗？”高布赛克小声问羊腿子。

"Mitral is one of us; he wouldn't play a shabby trick on his former customers," replied Gigonnet. "You see, Mitral," he went on, speaking to the ex-sheriff in a low voice, "we three have just bought up all those debts, the payment of which depends on the decision of the liquidation committee."

“米特拉尔是我们的人，他不会对他的老顾客使诈的。”羊腿子回答道。“要知道，米特拉尔，”他压低嗓门对这位前执达吏继续说道，“我们三个刚把那些债款都买了下来，还债则要看清算委员会的意思。”

"How much will you lose?" asked Mitral.

“你们会损失多少？”米特拉尔问。

"Nothing," said Gobseck.

“没有损失。”高布赛克答。

"Nobody knows we are in it," added Gigonnet; "Samanon screens us."

“没人知道我们插手了，”羊腿子补充道，“我们有萨玛农的庇护。”

"Come, listen to me, Gigonnet; it is cold, and your niece is waiting outside. You'll understand what I want in two words. You must at

once, between you, send two hundred and fifty thousand francs (without interest) into the country after Falleix, who has gone post-haste, with a courier in advance of him.”

“好吧，听我说，羊腿子。现在天冷了，而你的侄孙女还等在外面等着呢。我只要说两三句话，你就能明白我的意思。你们俩中的一个必须立刻给法莱克斯寄去二十五万法郎（不计利息）。他已经提前订好了马车，正火速赶往乡下。”

"Is it possible!" said Gobseck.

“这怎么可能！”高布赛克叫道。

"What for?" cried Gigonnet, "and where to?"

“他去干嘛？”羊腿子也叫道，“他去了哪里？”

"To des Lupeaulx's magnificent country-seat," replied Mitral. "Falleix knows the country, for he was born there; and he is going to buy up land all round the secretary's miserable hovel, with the two hundred and fifty thousand francs I speak of,—good land, well worth the price. There are only nine days before us for drawing up and recording the notarial deeds (bear that in mind). With the addition of this land, des Lupeaulx's present miserable property would pay taxes to the amount of one thousand francs, the sum necessary to make a man eligible to the Chamber. Ergo, with it des Lupeaulx goes into the electoral college, becomes eligible, count, and whatever he pleases. You know the deputy who has slipped out and left a vacancy, don't you?”

“他去了德吕卜克斯的乡间豪宅。”米特拉尔答道，“法莱克斯出生在乡下，对那里很熟。他打算把秘书那简陋宅子周边的地盘全买下来，就用刚才我提到的二十五万法郎——那是块好地，值这个价。我们只有九天时间草拟、记录契据（请记住）。加上这块地皮，德吕卜克斯现在那点儿可怜的地产所交的税就能达到一千法郎。而只有交上了一千法郎的税，一个人才能有资格进议院。所以喽，德吕卜克斯有了这块地皮就可以进入选举团，有资格当伯爵，他想当什么就当什么。你们知道有个议员出了局，留下了一个空位，对吗？”

The two misers nodded.

两个吝啬鬼点了点头。

"Des Lupeaulx would cut off a leg to get elected in his place," continued Mitral; "but he must have the title-deeds of the property in his own name, and then mortgage them back to us for the amount of the purchase-money. Ah! now you begin to see what I am after! First of all, we must make sure of Baudoyer's appointment, and des Lupeaulx will get it for us on these terms; after that is settled we will hand him back to you. Falleix is now canvassing the electoral vote.

Don't you perceive that you have Lupeaulx completely in your power until after the election?—for Falleix's friends are a large majority. Now do you see what I mean, papa Gigonnet?”

“为了能选上他的位子，德吕卜克斯就算砍掉一条腿也愿意。”米特拉尔继续说道，“但他必须拥有写在他名下的地契，然后再以购买价抵回给我们。啊！现在你们开始明白我的来意了吧！首先，我们得确保包杜阿耶获得委任，并确保德·吕卜克斯会在这些条件下替我们拿到这一委任。这一切办妥之后，我们就把他交还给你们处置。法莱克斯正在拉选票。你们没有察觉吗？选举结束之前，德吕卜克斯完全受你们掌控——因为法莱克斯的朋友占了选民的多数。现在你懂我的意思了吧，羊腿子老爷？”

"It's a clever game," said Metivier.

“这是一副好牌。”梅蒂维耶说。

"We'll do it," said Gigonnet; "you agree, don't you, Gobseck? Falleix can give us security and put mortgages on the property in my name; we'll go and see des Lupeaulx when all is ready.”

“我们干了，”羊腿子说道，“高布赛克，你也同意，对吧？法莱克斯可以给我们担保，将地产抵押在我名下。等一切准备就绪后，我们就去见见德吕卜克斯。”

"We're robbed," said Gobseck.

“我们被强劫了。”高布赛克说。

"Ha, ha!" laughed Mitral, "I'd like to know the robber!”

“哈哈！”米特拉尔大笑起来，“我倒想知道谁是抢劫犯！”

"Nobody can rob us but ourselves," answered Gigonnet. "I told you we were doing a good thing in buying up all des Lupeaulx's paper from his creditors at sixty per cent discount.”

“除了我们自己，没人抢得了我们。”羊腿子说，“我告诉过你，我们那时正在做一笔好买卖，从德吕卜克斯的债权人那里以六折买下他的全部债权。”

"Take this mortgage on his estate and you'll hold him tighter still through the interest," answered Mitral.

“有他的地产作抵押，你们能用利息把他套得更牢。”米特拉尔答道。

"Possibly," said Gobseck.

“可能吧。”高布赛克说。

After exchanging a shrewd look with Gobseck, Gigonnet went to the door of the cafe.

羊腿子和高布赛克交换了一个狡猾的眼神后，朝咖啡馆门口走去。

"Elisabeth! follow it up, my dear," he said to his niece. "We hold your man securely; but don't neglect accessories. You have begun well, clever woman! go on as you began and you'll have your uncle's esteem," and he grasped her hand, gayly.

“伊丽莎白！亲爱的，继续干吧。”他对侄孙女说道，“我们会妥妥当当地安置你丈夫，但你也别忽视了同盟。聪明的丫头，你起了个好头！接着干，你的叔祖看重你。”他快活地握了握她的手。

"But," said Mitral, "Metivier and Chaboisseau heard it all, and they may play us a trick and tell the matter to some opposition journal which would catch the ball on its way and counteract the effect of the ministerial article. You must go alone, my dear; I dare not let those two cormorants out of my sight." So saying he re-entered the cafe.

“不过，”米特拉尔又说道，“梅蒂维耶和沙布瓦索全都听到了。他们可能会给我们下绊子，将这件事告诉某份反对派期刊。如果他们真这样做了，那篇部级文章的影响就会被抵消掉，我们的事也就不成了。亲爱的，你得单独走。我必须得盯紧这两个贪婪鬼。”说罢，他便又走进了咖啡馆。

The next day the numerous subscribers to a certain liberal journal read, among the Paris items, the following article, inserted authoritatively by Chaboisseau and Metivier, share-holders in the said journal, brokers for publishers, printers, and paper-makers, whose behests no editor dared refuse:—

第二天，某份自由报的众多订阅者都读到了巴黎消息中刊出的如下文章。那是沙布瓦索和梅蒂维耶下令插入的文章。他们既是那家报纸的股东，也是多家出版社、印刷厂和造纸商的经纪人，编辑们从不敢拒绝他们的吩咐。

"Yesterday a ministerial journal plainly indicated as the probable successor of Monsieur le Baron de la Billardiere, Monsieur Baudoyer, one of the worthiest citizens of a populous quarter, where his benevolence is scarcely less known than the piety on which the ministerial organ laid so much stress. Why was that sheet silent as to his talents? Did it reflect that in boasting of the bourgeoise nobility of Monsieur Baudoyer—which, certainly, is a nobility as good as any other—it was pointing out a reason for the exclusion of the candidate? A gratuitous piece of perfidy! an attempt to kill with a caress! To appoint Monsieur Baudoyer is to do honor to the virtues, the talents of the middle classes, of whom we shall ever be the supporters, though their cause seems at times a lost one. This appointment, we repeat, will be an act of justice and good policy; consequently we may be sure it will not be made.”

“昨天，某份部门期刊明确表示，包杜阿耶先生很可能成为德·拉比亚尔迪埃男爵的继承人。包杜阿耶先生是一个人口密集的街区中最受尊敬的一位人士，该部门期刊重点强调他虔诚信教，而事实上他的仁慈和虔诚一样为众人所知。为什么那份报对他的才干闭口不谈呢？这是否反映出，在炫耀包杜阿耶先生高贵出生的同时——他出生布尔乔亚家族这一事实当然和他的其他方面一样高贵——也指出了一个把他排除在候选人之外的理由？这是蓄意的背叛！这是企图谋杀的爱抚！ 委任包杜阿耶先生就对中产阶级美德与才能的崇尚。尽管中产阶级的事业似乎一度失意，但我们应该永远拥护他们。我们再次声明，这项任命将成为公正之举、明智决策。因此我们也许可以肯定，他不会被委以此任。”

On the morrow, Friday, the usual day for the dinner given by Madame Rabourdin, whom des Lupeaulx had left at midnight, radiant in beauty, on the staircase of the Bouffons, arm in arm with Madame de Camps (Madame Firmiani had lately married), the old roue awoke with his thoughts of vengeance calmed, or rather refreshed, and his mind full of a last glance exchanged with Celestine.

第二天是星期五，拉布丹夫人按照惯例举行晚宴。她光彩照人，和德康夫人（菲尔米亚尼夫人最近结婚了）挽着胳膊，走在布丰公馆的楼梯上。德吕卜克斯离开她家的时候已经是午夜了。这个上了年纪的浪荡子一觉醒来，发现自己的报复心已经平静了下来，更确切地讲，他的想法焕然一新了。他满脑子想的都是最后一次和塞莱斯蒂纳交换眼神时的情形。

"I'll make sure of Rabourdin's support by forgiving him now,—I'll get even with him later. If he hasn't this place for the time being I should have to give up a woman who is capable of becoming a most precious instrument in the pursuit of high political fortune. She understands everything; shrinks from nothing, from no idea whatever!—and besides, I can't know before his Excellency what new scheme of administration Rabourdin has invented. No, my dear des Lupeaulx, the thing in hand is to win all now for your Celestine. You may make as many faces as you please, Madame la comtesse, but you will invite Madame Rabourdin to your next select party.”

“现在先原谅拉布丹，我就一定能获得他的支持——过一阵我甚至可以拿下他。假如目前他没能得到这个位子，我就会失去一个女人，一个有能力成为追求仕途高升最宝贵工具的女人。她样样都懂，无所畏惧，什么都敢想！除此以外，我还无法抢在大臣阁下之前，了解拉布丹制定出的行政新计划。 不，亲爱的德吕卜克斯，你手头要做的就是为你的塞莱斯蒂纳赢得一切。伯爵夫人，你尽管摆脸色吧，不过您还是会在下一场私人宴会上邀请拉布丹夫人的。”

Des Lupeaulx was one of those men who to satisfy a passion are quite able to put away revenge in some dark corner of their minds. His course was taken; he was resolved to get Rabourdin appointed.

有一种人为了满足自己的激情，便可以把报复心扫到心灵的黑暗角落里去，而德吕卜克斯正是这样的人。他已经选好了自己要走的路，决心帮拉布丹弄到委任。

"I will prove to you, my dear fellow, that I deserve a good place in your galley," thought he as he seated himself in his study and began to unfold a newspaper.

“亲爱的朋友，我会证明给你看，我能在你指挥的战舰里占个好席位的，这是我应得的。”他坐在自己的工作室里一边想着，一边打开报纸。

He knew so well what the ministerial organ would contain that he rarely took the trouble to read it, but on this occasion he did open it to look at the article on La Billardiere, recollecting with amusement the dilemma in which du Bruel had put him by bringing him the night before Bixiou's amendments to the obituary. He was laughing to himself as he reread the biography of the late Comte da Fontaine, dead a few months earlier, which he had hastily substituted for that of La Billardiere, when his eyes were dazzled by the name of Baudoyer. He read with fury the article which pledged the minister, and then he rang violently for Dutocq, to send him at once to the editor. But what was his astonishment on reading the reply of the opposition paper! The situation was evidently serious. He knew the game, and he saw that the man who was shuffling his cards for him was a Greek of the first order. To dictate in this way through two opposing newspapers in one evening, and to begin the fight by forestalling the intentions of the minister was a daring game! He recognized the pen of a liberal editor, and resolved to question him that night at the opera. Dutocq appeared.

他太了解部门期刊会写些什么东西了，犯不着费事去读。但这一次他认真地翻阅起拉比亚尔迪埃的文章，饶有兴致地回味起在毕西沃给迪布吕埃尔修改那篇讣告的前一天晚上，迪布吕埃尔把讣告带来给他时有多么窘迫。他重温了早几个月就已逝世的方丹伯爵的自传，不禁笑出声来，他之前还匆匆忙忙地用这篇自传顶替了拉比亚尔迪埃的自传。突然，包杜阿耶的名字在他眼前闪现，照得他头晕目眩。他怒气冲冲地读完这篇向部长提出请愿的文章，然后拼命拉铃叫迪托克过来，派他立刻前去编辑处。不过当他看见反对派报纸的回应时，他惊呆了！很显然，问题很严重。他清楚这种玩法，他知道正在给他洗牌的人是个一级大骗子。在一个晚上通过两份反对报以这种方式发出指令，抢在大臣表明意图之前开战，这真是大胆的出牌！他认出这是一位自由派编辑的手笔，决定在当晚听歌剧时质问他。迪托克出现了。

"Read that," said des Lupeaulx, handing him over the two journals, and continuing to run his eye over others to see if Baudoyer had pulled any further wires. "Go to the office and ask who has dared to thus compromise the minister."

“读读这个，”德吕卜克斯说着把那两份报纸递给他，自己则继续阅读别的报纸，看看包杜阿耶是否还有另外的策略。“去办公室去问问，是谁胆敢危害部长的名誉。”

"It was not Monsieur Baudoyer himself," answered Dutocq, "for he never left the ministry yesterday. I need not go and inquire; for when I took your article to the newspaper office I met a young abbe who brought in a letter from the Grand Almoner, before which you yourself would have had to bow."

“不是包杜阿耶先生本人。”迪托克回应说，“他昨天一直在部里。我其实不必去问。当我将您的文章送去报社的时候，我遇见一个为大神父送信的年轻神父。在大神父面前，就连您也得躬身示意吧。”

"Dutocq, you have a grudge against Monsieur Rabourdin, and it isn't right; for he has twice saved you from being turned out. However, we are not masters of our own feelings; we sometimes hate our benefactors. Only, remember this; if you show the slightest treachery to Rabourdin, without my permission, it will be your ruin. As to that newspaper, let the Grand Almoner subscribe as largely as we do, if he wants its services. Here we are at the end of the year; the matter of subscriptions will come up for discussion, and I shall have something to say on that head. As to La Billardiere's place, there is only one way to settle the matter; and that is to appoint Rabourdin this very day.”

“迪托克，你对拉布丹先生心怀怨恨，这可不对，他曾两度保住过你的职位。可是我们对自身的情感可做不了主，有时我们也会怨恨我们的恩人。你只要记着这一点。如果没有我的许可，你对拉布丹表现出一丝一毫的不忠，你就完了。至于那份报纸，大神父如果想让那份报纸派上用场，那么只要我们拿得出，他想订多少就让他订多少。现在快到年末了，报纸订阅的事会提交讨论，我会在这件事上发表点儿意见的。至于拉比亚尔迪埃留下的职位，只有一种解决办法，那就是今天就任命拉布丹。

"Gentlemen," said Dutocq, returning to the clerks' office and addressing his colleagues. "I don't know if Bixiou has the art of looking into futurity, but if you have not read the ministerial journal I advise you to study the article about Baudoyer; then, as Monsieur Fleury takes the opposition sheet, you can see the reply. Monsieur Rabourdin certainly has talent, but a man who in these days gives a six-thousand-franc monstrance to the Church has a devilish deal more talent than he.”

“先生们，”迪托克返回公务员办公室，对同事说，“我不清楚毕西沃是否有预见未来的本事，但是如果你们还没有读过部门报纸的话，我建议大家研究研究那篇有关包杜阿耶的文章。弗勒里先生有反对派的报纸，大家可以看看上面的回文。拉布丹先生固然才华横溢，但一个能在

今时今日为教堂捐赠价值六千法郎圣体匣的人，他所拥有的鬼才在拉布丹之上。”

Bixiou (entering). "What say you, gentlemen, to the First Epistle to the Corinthians in our pious ministerial journal, and the reply Epistle to the Ministers in the opposition sheet? How does Monsieur Rabourdin feel now, du Bruel?"

毕西沃（进来）：“先生们，我们神圣的部门期刊上有一篇《给科兰蒂人的第一封书信》，反对报里还有一篇回应文章《给大臣们的书信》，你们对此怎么看？迪布吕埃尔，拉布丹先生现在感觉如何？”

Du Bruel (rushing in). "I don't know.” (He drags Bixiou back into his cabinet, and says in a low voice) "My good fellow, your way of helping people is like that of the hangman who jumps upon a victim's shoulders to break his neck. You got me into a scrape with des Lupeaulx, which my folly in ever trusting you richly deserved. A fine thing indeed, that article on La Billardiere. I sha'n’t forget the trick! Why, the very first sentence was as good as telling the King he was superannuated and it was time for him to die. And as to that Quiberon bit, it said plainly that the King was a—What a fool I was!”

迪布吕埃尔（冲了进来）：“我不明白。”（他一把将毕西沃拉进他的办公室，轻声说）“好家伙，你帮人的方式跟绞刑吏跳到罪犯的肩上去绞断他脖子的手法真像。我太过相信你，这是我自己的过错。所以你陷害我，让我在德吕卜克斯面前出尽洋相，这也是我应得的。有关拉比亚尔迪埃的那篇文章写得好，的确写得很好。我永远忘不了你这伎俩！啊，单单第一句话就好像是在说，国王老了，死的时辰到了。至于基伯龙的那部分，明摆着就是说国王是一个——我真够傻的！”

Bixiou (laughing). "Bless my heart! are you getting angry? Can't a fellow joke any more?”

毕西沃（大笑）：“天哪！你生气了？朋友之间就不能再开玩笑了吗？”

Du Bruel. "Joke! joke indeed. When you want to be made head-clerk somebody shall joke with you, my dear fellow.”

迪布吕埃尔：“玩笑！的确是玩笑。当你想提处长时，也会有人跟你开玩笑的，我的朋友。”

Bixiou (in a bullying tone). "Angry, are we?"

毕西沃（欺凌的语气）：“我们俩都生气了，对吗？”

Du Bruel. "Yes!"

迪布吕埃尔：“没错！”

Bixiou (dryly). "So much the worse for you."

毕西沃（冷冷地）：“那对你来说可糟糕多的。”

Du Bruel (uneasy). "You wouldn't pardon such a thing yourself, I know.”

迪布吕埃尔（不安）：“我知道，如果这样的事情发生在你身上，你是不会原谅的。”

Bixiou (in a wheedling tone). "To a friend? indeed I would." (They hear Fleury's voice.) "There's Fleury cursing Baudoyer. Hey, how well the thing has been managed! Baudoyer will get the appointment.” (Confidentially) "After all, so much the better. Du Bruel, just keep your eye on the consequences. Rabourdin would be a mean-spirited creature to stay under Baudoyer; he will send in his registration, and that will give us two places. You can be head of the bureau and take me for under-head-clerk. We will make vaudevilles together, and I'll fag at your work in the office.”

毕西沃（哄骗的语调）：“原谅一个朋友？我真的会原谅的。”（他们听见弗勒里的说话声）“弗勒里在诅咒包杜阿耶。嘿，事情安排得多好！包杜阿耶会获得任命。”（私下说）“毕竟，这样好得多。迪布吕埃尔，看着最后的结局吧。拉布丹如果在包杜阿耶手下干事，就会沦为心胸狭窄之辈。他会递交辞职信，那就给我们腾出了两个位子。你会当上处长了，再把我提成副处。我们可以合写杂剧，我会在办公室里为你勤勤恳恳工作的。”

Du Bruel (smiling). "Dear me, I never thought of that. Poor Rabourdin! I shall be sorry for him, though."

迪布吕埃尔（微笑着说）：“亲爱的，我从没那样想过。可怜的拉布丹！不过，我还是替他感到难过。”

Bixiou. "That shows how much you love him!" (Changing his tone) "Ah, well, I don't pity him any longer. He's rich; his wife gives parties and doesn't ask me,—me, who go everywhere! Well, good-bye, my dear fellow, good-bye, and don't owe me a grudge!” (He goes out through the clerks' office.) "Adieu, gentlemen; didn't I tell you yesterday that a man who has nothing but virtues and talents will always be poor, even though he has a pretty wife?”

毕西沃：“这就说明你有多喜欢他了！”（改变语调）“呃，好吧，我现在不再可怜他了。他很富有，他的妻子举行宴会却不邀请我——我，我哪里都去过！嗯，再见，朋友，再见，别讨厌我！”（他穿过职员办公室，走了出去。）“再见，先生们。昨天我没告诉大家吗？一个人如果除了美德和才干以外一无所有，那么他就永远富不起来，即使他有位貌美的妻子也无济于事。”

Henry. "You are so rich, you!"

亨利：“你真有钱，没错！”

Bixiou. "Not bad, my Cincinnatus! But you'll give me that dinner at the Rocher de Cancale.”

毕西沃：“不算太坏，我的辛辛那蒂斯！但你得请客，请我去牡蛎岩饭馆吃大餐。”

Poiret. "It is absolutely impossible for me to understand Monsieur Bixiou."

普瓦雷：“我根本不能理解毕西沃先生。”

Phellion (with an elegiac air). "Monsieur Rabourdin so seldom reads the newspapers that it might perhaps be serviceable to deprive ourselves momentarily by taking them in to him." (Fleury hands over his paper, Vimeux the office sheet, and Phellion departs with them.)

菲利翁（一脸伤感）：“拉布丹先生很少读报纸。我们暂时别给他报纸，这办法或许可行。”（弗勒里交出了他的报纸，维默也交出了办公室的报纸，菲利翁带着这两份报纸离开了。）

At that moment des Lupeaulx, coming leisurely downstairs to breakfast with the minister, was asking himself whether, before playing a trump card for the husband, it might not be prudent to probe the wife's heart and make sure of a reward for his devotion. He was feeling about for the small amount of heart that he possessed, when, at a turn of the staircase, he encountered his lawyer, who said to him, smiling, "Just a word, Monseigneur," in the tone of familiarity assumed by men who know they are indispensable.

那时候，德吕卜克斯正悠闲地走下楼梯，准备去和大臣一起吃早餐。他正在问自己，在为那位丈夫亮出王牌之前，试探一下妻子的心意以明确他的付出将获得回报，这样做是否谨慎。他一边走一边掂量着他那点小心思，在楼梯转弯口遇到了他的律师。律师迎着笑脸，对他说道：“阁下，我就说一句话。”那些知道自己必不可少的人就是用这种口吻说话的。

"What is it, my dear Desroches?" exclaimed the politician. "Has anything happened?"

“什么事，亲爱的德罗什？”政客叫了起来，“出什么事了吗？”

"I have come to tell you that all your notes and debts have been brought up by Gobseck and Gigonnet, under the name of a certain Samanon."

“我是来告诉您，您所有的票据和债务都被高布赛克和羊腿子买下了，归入了某个叫萨玛农的人名下。”

"Men whom I helped to make their millions!"

“我可帮他们挣了上百万！”

"Listen," whispered the lawyer. "Gigonnet (really named Bidault) is the uncle of Saillard, your cashier; and Saillard is father-in-law to a certain Baudoyer, who thinks he has a right to the vacant place in your ministry. Don't you think I have done right to come and tell you?”

“听我说，”律师小声说，“羊腿子（真名叫比多），是你那个出纳员萨亚尔的叔叔。萨亚尔的女婿叫包杜阿耶，他认为自己有权填补你所在部门里的那个空缺。我过来告诉您这件事，您不觉得我来对了吗？”

"Thank you," said des Lupeaulx, nodding to the lawyer with a shrewd look.

“谢谢你。”德吕卜克斯露出精明的神情，冲律师点了点头。

"One stroke of your pen will buy them off," said Desroches, leaving him.

“只需您大笔一挥，您就能把他们都收买过来。”德罗什说罢便离开了。

"What an immense sacrifice!" muttered des Lupeaulx. "It would be impossible to explain it to a woman," thought he. "Is Celestine worth more than the clearing off of my debts?—that is the question. I'll go and see her this morning.”

“这是多么巨大的牺牲啊！”德吕卜克斯咕哝道。“这没办法对一个女人解释。”他想到，“塞莱斯蒂纳比偿清债务更有价值吗？——这是个问题。今天上午我得去见见她。”

So the beautiful Madame Rabourdin was to be, within an hour, the arbiter of her husband's fate, and no power on earth could warn her of the importance of her replies, or give her the least hint to guard her conduct and compose her voice. Moreover, in addition to her mischances, she believed herself certain of success, never dreaming that Rabourdin was undermined in all directions by the secret sapping of the mollusks.

就这样，美丽的拉布丹夫人在未来一个小时之内变成了丈夫命运的仲裁者。世界上没有力量可以警告她，她的回应有多么重要；或者给她最细微的提示，告诉她要谨言慎行。更不幸的是，她相信自己一定会成功，从未想过拉布丹正四面楚歌，被一群软体动物秘密侵蚀着。

"Well, Monseigneur," said des Lupeaulx, entering the little salon where they breakfasted, "have you seen the articles on Baudoyer?"

“呃，大人，”德吕卜克斯一边走进他们用早点的小沙龙，一边说道，“您读了那些有关包杜阿耶的文章了吗？”

"For God's sake, my dear friend," replied the minister, "don't talk of those appointments just now; let me have an hour's peace! They

cracked my ears last night with that monstrance. The only way to save Rabourdin is to bring his appointment before the Council, unless I submit to having my hand forced. It is enough to disgust a man with the public service. I must purchase the right to keep that excellent Rabourdin by promoting a certain Colleville!”

“看在上帝的份儿上，亲爱的朋友，”大臣回答说，“别在这个时候谈任命的事情了，让我的耳根清净一小时吧！昨天晚上我听他们说圣体匣的事，听得我耳朵都快裂开了。如果我不想受协迫的话，现在救拉布丹的唯一办法是把任命一事抬到议会上去讨论。这足够让人唾弃一名公职人员。我必须提拔一个叫科勒维尔的人，这样我才有权留住拉布丹这个优秀人才！”

"Why not make over the management of this pretty little comedy to me, and rid yourself of the worry of it? I'll amuse you every morning with an account of the game of chess I should play with the Grand Almoner," said des Lupeaulx.

“为什么不让我来安排这出小小的喜剧呢？那样您就可以省心了。每天早上我都会把我和大神父过招的情况说给您听，给您找点乐子。”德吕卜克斯说。

"Very good," said the minister, "settle it with the head examiner. But you know perfectly well that nothing is more likely to strike the king's mind than just those reasons the opposition journal has chosen to put forth. Good heavens! fancy managing a ministry with such men as Baudoyer under me!”

“很好，”大臣回答道，“那你就和审查长一起处理吧。但你非常清楚，没有什么能比反对派报纸提出的论点更能冲击国王的思想了。天呐！想象一下，我要管理这样一个部门，里面尽是包杜阿耶似的手下！”

"An imbecile bigot," said des Lupeaulx, "and as utterly incapable as—” “—as La Billardiere," added the minister.

“愚蠢的顽固派，”德吕卜克斯骂道,“极其无能，就和——”“——就和拉比亚尔迪埃一样。”大臣补充道。

"But La Billardiere had the manners of a gentleman-in-ordinary," replied des Lupeaulx. "Madame," he continued, addressing the countess, "it is now an absolute necessity to invite Madame Rabourdin to your next private party. I must assure you she is the intimate friend of Madame de Camps; they were at the Opera together last night. I first met her at the hotel Firmiani. Besides, you will see that she is not of a kind to compromise a salon."

“不过，拉比亚尔迪埃的行为举止还有内廷常侍的样子。”德吕卜克斯回道。“夫人，”他转向伯爵夫人，继续说下去，“现在，您绝对有必要邀请拉布丹夫人参加你下一次的贵宾聚会。我向您保证，她是德康夫人

的密友，昨晚她们一起看的歌剧。我第一次见她是在菲尔米亚尼饭店。此外，您还会发现，她可不是一个会降低沙龙的水准的人。”

"Invite Madame Rabourdin, my dear," said the minister, "and pray let us talk of something else."

“亲爱的，就请拉布丹夫人吧。”大臣说，“求求你们了，我们谈点儿别的吧。”

CHAPTER VII Scenes From Domestic Life

第七章　家庭生活场景

Parisian households are literally eaten up with the desire to be in keeping with the luxury that surrounds them on all sides, and few there are who have the wisdom to let their external situation conform to their internal revenue. But this vice may perhaps denote a truly French patriotism, which seeks to maintain the supremacy of the nation in the matter of dress. France reigns through clothes over the whole of Europe; and every one must feel the importance of retaining a commercial sceptre that makes fashion in France what the navy is to England. This patriotic ardor which leads a nation to sacrifice everything to appearances—to the "paroistre," as d'Aubigne said in the days of Henri IV.—is the cause of those vast secret labors which employ the whole of a Parisian woman's morning, when she wishes, as Madame Rabourdin wished, to keep up on twelve thousand francs a year the style that many a family with thirty thousand does not indulge in. Consequently, every Friday,—the day of her dinner parties,—Madame Rabourdin helped the chambermaid to do the rooms; for the cook went early to market, and the man-servant was cleaning the silver, folding the napkins, and polishing the glasses. The ill-advised individual who might happen, through an oversight of the porter, to enter Madame Rabourdin's establishment about eleven o'clock in the morning would have found her in the midst of a disorder the reverse of picturesque, wrapped in a dressing-gown, her hair ill-dressed, and her feet in old slippers, attending to the lamps, arranging the flowers, or cooking in haste an extremely unpoetic breakfast. The visitor to whom the mysteries of Parisian life were unknown would certainly have learned for the rest of his life not to set foot in these greenrooms at the wrong moment; a woman caught in her matin mysteries would ever after point him out as a man capable of the blackest crimes; or she would talk of his stupidity and indiscretion in a manner to ruin him. The true Parisian woman, indulgent to all curiosity that she can put to profit, is implacable to that which makes her lose her prestige. Such a domiciliary invasion may be called, not only (as they say in police reports) an attack on privacy, but a burglary, a robbery of all that is most precious, namely, CREDIT. A woman is quite willing to let herself be surprised half-dressed, with her hair about her shoulders. If her hair is all her own she scores one; but she will never allow herself to be seen "doing" her own rooms, or she loses her pariostre,—that precious seeming-to-be!

巴黎的家庭在方方面面都有维持奢侈的欲望，也几乎都被这种欲望吃空了。很少有人有这种头脑，能让外部环境和内部收入保持一致。可是这种罪过也许是法国爱国主义的真实表象，这种爱国主义试图通过衣着来保持这个国家至高无上的地位。法国通过服装统治了整个欧洲，人人都必须感受到保持法国商业王权地位的重要意义。时尚之于法国，正如海军之于英国，这也是这种地位造成的。亨利四世时期的奥比涅曾说过——对于那些“爱国者”，爱国热情能使整个国家为外表容貌牺牲一切。这也给巴黎女性造成了庞大的秘密劳动，占据了她们整个早晨的时间。如果她们和拉布丹夫人的希望一致，想用一万二千法郎过上很多年收入三万法郎的家庭都不敢奢望的生活，她们就得这么干。因此，每个星期五——她的聚会日——拉布丹夫人会帮着女佣打扫房间，因为厨子很早就去了集市，而男佣则在清洁银器、叠餐布和擦亮玻璃杯。如果早晨约莫十一点钟的时候，看门人一时疏忽让一个没头脑的客人闯进了拉布丹夫人的宅子，那这个客人会发现拉布丹夫人置身于一团乱糟糟的景象当中，颠覆了她之前的美好形象。她裹着件睡袍，头发还没打理，脚踩一双旧拖鞋，忙着点灯、摆花，或者匆匆忙忙弄一顿毫无诗意的早餐。客人即使之前对巴黎生活的神秘一面毫不知情，他在以后的人生中也一定会知道绝不该在错误的时刻踏入演员休息室。女人若被人看见了早晨的秘密，以后就会不停地指责那人，说他能犯下最黑暗的罪孽；或与人谈论他的愚蠢轻率之举，好破坏他的名声。真实的巴黎女人，对一切能给她带来利益的好奇心都是很宽容的，而在有损自己声望的事情上则是不依不饶的。此种擅闯私宅的行为不仅可以被称作（就像人们在给警局的报告里说的那样）攻击隐私，还可称作一场盗窃、抢劫，被偷盗的是最受人珍视的东西——信誉。一个女人倒是很愿意被人意外看见自己衣衫不整、头发披肩的样子。倘若头发全是真发，那她会有所收获，可她决不允许被人瞧见她在“收拾”自己的屋子，否则她会颜面尽失——颜面看上去是多么珍贵的东西啊！

Madame Rabourdin was in full tide of preparation for her Friday dinner, standing in the midst of provisions the cook had just fished from the vast ocean of the markets, when Monsieur des Lupeaulx made his way stealthily in. The general-secretary was certainly the last man Madame Rabourdin expected to see, and so, when she heard his boots creaking in the ante-chamber, she exclaimed, impatiently, "The hair-dresser already!”—an exclamation as little agreeable to des Lupeaulx as the sight of des Lupeaulx was agreeable to her. She immediately escaped into her bedroom, where chaos reigned; a jumble of furniture to be put out of sight, with other heterogeneous articles of more or rather less elegance,—a domestic carnival, in short. The bold des Lupeaulx followed the handsome figure, so piquant did she seem to him in her dishabille. There is something indescribably alluring to the eye in a portion of flesh seen through an hiatus in the undergarment, more attractive far than when it rises gracefully above the circular curve of the velvet bodice, to the vanishing line of the prettiest swan's-neck that ever lover kissed before a ball. When the eye

dwells on a woman in full dress making exhibition of her magnificent white shoulders, do we not fancy that we see the elegant dessert of a grand dinner? But the glance that glides through the disarray of muslins rumpled in sleep enjoys, as it were, a feast of stolen fruit glowing between the leaves on a garden wall.

拉布丹夫人正在全力准备星期五的晚宴，身边全是厨子刚刚从浩瀚的集市里采购回来的食物。这时，德吕卜克斯悄然走了进来。拉布丹夫人肯定想不到来人会是秘书长。所以当她听见前厅传来靴子的嘎吱声时，她不耐烦地叫道：“发型师已经到了！”听到这句叫声，德吕卜克斯很不喜欢，同样拉布丹夫人看见他也高兴不了。她立刻躲进了自己的卧室。里面一片狼籍，家具胡乱摆放着，还没来得及收拾，家具旁边还有一些典雅的和不怎么入流的东西混杂着摆在一起——简而言之，这就像是家庭狂欢节过后的残局。胆大的德吕卜克斯跟随着她的倩影。看到拉布丹夫人衣冠不整，他是如此地兴奋。眼前的诱惑是无法言喻的——透过内衣的间隙可以瞅见些许肉色，其魅力远远超过天鹅绒紧身胸衣的圆润曲线托起的优雅形状；还有那最美丽的天鹅颈上逐渐消失的线条，从未在舞会上受过任何一名恋人的亲吻。当我们的眼光停留在盛装打扮、露出完美白皙双肩的女人身上时，我们难道不会幻想自己看到了大餐上雅致的甜食吗？但是，当我们的目光滑过那一夜好梦之后皱起来的的平纹细布时，我们就像偷吃到了探出花园围墙的树叶间闪闪发光的果子那样无比享受。

"Stop! wait!" cried the pretty Parisian, bolting the door of the disordered room.

“站住！等等！”美丽的巴黎女人一边惊叫着，一边锁上了那乱糟糟的房间的房门。

She rang for Therese, called for her daughter, the cook, and the man-servant, wishing she possessed the whistle of the machinist at the Opera. Her call, however, answered the same purpose. In a moment, another phenomenon! the salon assumed a piquant morning look, quite in keeping with the becoming toilet hastily got together by the fugitive; we say it to her glory, for she was evidently a clever woman, in this at least.

她按铃叫泰蕾兹，还叫她的女儿、厨子和男佣过来。她这时希望自己拥有剧场机械师的那个哨子。但她的叫声也达到了同样的目的。一眨眼功夫又变了一番情景！客厅呈现出兴趣盎然的早间景象，和她那一瞬间速成的妆容非常吻合。我们为此赞美她，因为至少在这方面，她显然是个聪明的女人。

"You!" she said, coming forward, "at this hour? What has happened?"

“你！”她走上前去，“怎么这会儿来？出了什么事吗？”

"Very serious things," answered des Lupeaulx. "You and I must

understand each other now."

“很严肃的事情。”德吕卜克斯回答说，“你和我现在必须弄懂对方的心思。”

Celestine looked at the man behind his glasses, and understood the matter.

塞莱斯蒂纳透过他的眼镜看着他，明白了他的来意。

"My principle vice," she said, "is oddity. For instance, I do not mix up affections with politics; let us talk politics,—business, if you will,—the rest can come later. However, it is not really oddity nor a whim that forbids me to mingle ill-assorted colors and put together things that have no affinity, and compels me to avoid discords; it is my natural instinct as an artist. We women have politics of our own.”

“我的主要缺点是，”她说道，“脾气古怪。举个例子来说，我不把情感和政事混为一谈。我们说说政事吧——谈谈公事，如果您想谈的话——其他的等会儿再说。可是，不让我将那些分类不当的颜色和没紧密关联的东西放到一起，还迫使我回避不和谐之音的其实并不是我的古怪脾气和突发奇想，而是我作为一名艺术家的自然本能。我们女人有自己的政治。”

Already the tones of her voice and the charm of her manners were producing their effect on the secretary and metamorphosing his roughness into sentimental courtesy; she had recalled him to his obligations as a lover. A clever pretty woman makes an atmosphere about her in which the nerves relax and the feelings soften.

她的音调和翩翩风度已然在秘书长身上产生了效果，将他的严厉冷酷转变为柔情蜜意。她令他回想起了做恋人的义务。一个机灵的美丽女子会在自己周身制造出一种氛围，可以令旁人情绪放松、感情柔化。

"You are ignorant of what is happening," said des Lupeaulx, harshly, for he still thought it best to make a show of harshness. "Read that."

“看来你还不知道现在正在发生的事情。”德吕卜克斯还是觉着最好得表现出自己严厉的一面，于是厉声说道，“看看这个吧。”

He gave the two newspapers to the graceful woman, having drawn a line in red ink round each of the famous articles.

他把那两份报纸递给了这位高贵的女士，那两篇出了名的文章周围都用红墨水划了线。

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "but this is dreadful! Who is this Baudoyer?"

“上帝啊！”她惊叫道，“可这太可恶了！包杜阿耶是谁？”

"A donkey," answered des Lupeaulx; "but, as you see, he uses means,—he gives monstrances; he succeeds, thanks to some clever hand that pulls the wires.”

“一头蠢驴，”德吕卜克斯回答道，“不过你看，他会耍手段——他捐赠圣体匣。由于某些狡猾的人在幕后操纵，他成功了。”

The thought of her debts crossed Madame Rabourdin's mind and blurred her sight, as if two lightning flashes had blinded her eyes at the same moment; her ears hummed under the pressure of the blood that began to beat in her arteries; she remained for a moment quite bewildered, gazing at a window which she did not see.

拉布丹夫人的的脑海里闪现出她欠下的债务，模糊了她的视线，仿佛有两道强光同时闪现，照得她睁不开眼睛。血液开始冲击动脉，血压使她的耳朵嗡嗡作响。她愣了一会儿，满心困惑凝视着一扇她根本看不见的窗子。

"But are you faithful to us?" she said at last, with a winning glance at des Lupeaulx, as if to attach him to her.

“但是现在你还是忠于我们的吗？”她终于开口道，流露出迷人的眼神，仿佛想让他恋上她。

"That is as it may be," he replied, answering her glance with an interrogative look which made the poor woman blush.

“可能是吧。”他回答道，用探寻的眼光回应了她的眼神，羞得这个可怜的女人红了脸。

"If you demand caution-money you may lose all," she said, laughing; "I thought you more magnanimous than you are. And you, you thought me less a person than I am,—a sort of school-girl.”

“如果你索要保证金，你可能会赔个精光，”她大笑着说，“我原本以为你会更有雅量些。还有你，你看轻我了——把我看成了在校的女学生。”

"You have misunderstood me," he said, with a covert smile; "I meant that I could not assist a man who plays against me just as l'Etourdi played against Mascarille.”

“你误会我了，”德吕卜克斯暗暗一笑，“我的意思是，我不能协助一个跟我对着干的人，就像冒失鬼和马斯卡里尔对着干那样。”

"What can you mean?"

“你是指什么？”

"This will prove to you whether I am magnanimous or not."

“这个可以向你证明我是否有雅量。”

He gave Madame Rabourdin the memorandum stolen by Dutocq,

pointing out to her the passage in which her husband had so ably analyzed him.

他把迪托克偷来的备忘录递给了拉布丹夫人，还把她丈夫精辟分析他的那个段落指了出来。

"Read that."

“读读看。”

Celestine recognized the handwriting, read the paper, and turned pale under the blow.

塞莱斯蒂纳认出是丈夫的笔迹，便读了下去。在这一打击下，她的脸色变得煞白。

"All the ministries, the whole service is treated in the same way," said des Lupeaulx.

“所有的部门，整个公务人员体系都受此待遇。”德吕卜克斯说道。

"Happily," she said, "you alone possess this document. I cannot explain it, even to myself."

“幸好，”她说，“只有你手上有这份文书。我没法解释这份文书，我自己都搞不清楚。”

"The man who stole it is not such a fool as to let me have it without keeping a copy for himself; he is too great a liar to admit it, and too clever in his business to give it up. I did not even ask him for it."

“偷窃这文件的人可不会傻到把文书给了我自己却不留个底。他是个大骗子，绝不会承认这一点；可他很狡猾，绝不会就此罢手的。我甚至都没问他要过这份文书。”

"Who is he?"

“这个人是谁？”

"Your chief clerk."

“是你先生手下的一等科员。”

"Dutocq! People are always punished through their kindnesses! But," she added, "he is only a dog who wants a bone."

迪托克！好人没好报！可是，”她又说道，“他只是一只想啃骨头的狗罢了。”

"Do you know what the other side offer me, poor devil of a general-secretary?”

“你晓得那边向我这个可怜鬼秘书长许诺了什么吗？”

"What?"

“什么？”

"I owe thirty-thousand and odd miserable francs,—you will despise me because it isn't more, but here, I grant you, I am significant. Well, Baudoyer's uncle has bought up my debts, and is, doubtless, ready to give me a receipt for them if Baudoyer is appointed.”

“我欠人三万法郎和一些零星债——你会鄙视我吧，居然只有这么一点儿。可是在这里，我向你保证，我是一个重要人物。听着，包杜阿耶的叔叔买下了我全部的债务。毫无疑问，如果包杜阿耶获得委任的话，他们就准备给我一张还款的收据。”

"But all that is monstrous."

“但这太厚颜无耻了。”

"Not at all; it is monarchical and religious, for the Grand Almoner is concerned in it. Baudoyer himself must appoint Colleville in return for ecclesiastical assistance."

“根本算不上。这是与国王和宗教都有关系的事，因为大神父也很关心此事。包杜阿耶他自己必须任命科勒维尔，回报教会的帮助。”

"What shall you do?"

“你会怎么做？”

"What will you bid me do?" he said, with charming grace, holding out his hand.

“你希望我怎么做？”他说着伸出手来，气质高雅迷人。

Celestine no longer thought him ugly, nor old, nor white and chilling as a hoar-frost, nor indeed anything that was odious and offensive, but she did not give him her hand. At night, in her salon, she would have let him take it a hundred times, but here, alone and in the morning, the action seemed too like a promise that might lead her far.

塞莱斯蒂纳不再觉得他难看、衰老、冷如白霜，也真没嗅出讨厌和令人不快的火药味，但是她还是没有伸出她的手。晚上在她的沙龙里，她会让他握一百次手。不过在这里，上午孤身一人的时候，做出这一举动似乎太像一个承诺，会让她走得太远。

"And they say that statesmen have no hearts!" she cried enthusiastically, trying to hide the harshness of her refusal under the grace of her words. "The thought used to terrify me," she added, assuming an innocent, ingenuous air.

“他们说政治家都是没有心肝的！”她激动地叫道，试图用优雅的言语掩饰自己苛刻的拒绝。“这种想法曾常常令我害怕。”她又补充道，表

现出一副天真无邪的模样。

"What a calumny!" cried des Lupeaulx. "Only this week one of the stiffest of diplomatists, a man who has been in the service ever since he came to manhood, has married the daughter of an actress, and has introduced her at the most iron-bound court in Europe as to quarterings of nobility."

“这是何等的诽谤！”德吕卜克斯叫道，“就在这一星期，一位从成年时起就进了政府工作、为人苛刻之极的外交官娶了一个女演员的女儿。他把她引荐进了欧洲约束力最强的宫廷，引荐进了贵族圈里。”

"You will continue to support us?"

“你会继续支持我们吗？”

"I am to draw up your husband's appointment— But no cheating, remember."

“我就要去草拟你丈夫的任命状了——但请记住，这不是作弊。”

She gave him her hand to kiss, and tapped him on the cheek as she did so. "You are mine!" she said.

她伸出手来让他亲吻，还轻轻拍了拍他的脸颊，她就是这样做的。“你是我的人！”她说道。

Des Lupeaulx admired the expression.

德吕卜克斯很欣赏这句话。

(That night, at the Opera, the old coxcomb related the incident as follows: "A woman who did not want to tell a man she would be his,—an acknowledgment a well-bred woman never allows herself to make,—changed the words into 'You are mine.' Don't you think the evasion charming?")

（那晚在剧场，这位上了年纪的花花公子讲述了如下事件：“一名女子不愿对一名男子说她将是他的人——自认为有教养的女子从不允许自己这样说——于是她把这句话改成‘你是我的人’。你们不觉得这种闪避非常有味道吗？”）

"But you must be my ally," he answered. "Now listen, your husband has spoken to the minister of a plan for the reform of the administration; the paper I have shown you is a part of that plan. I want to know what it is. Find out, and tell me to-night."

“但你得成为我的同盟。”他回答，“现在听着，您丈夫在大臣面前提过一份行政改革方案，而我给你看过的文书正是这方案的一部分。我想知道这个方案是什么。把那份方案找出来，晚上讲给我听。”

"I will," she answered, wholly unaware of the important nature of the errand which brought des Lupeaulx to the house that morning.

“我会的。”她应道，完全没有意识到从根本上说，那天上午将德吕卜克斯领到她家里的那桩差事有多么重要。

"Madame, the hair-dresser.”

“夫人，发型师到了。”

"At last!" thought Celestine. "I don't see how I should have got out of it if he had delayed much longer.”

“终于来了！”塞莱斯蒂纳心想，“如果他再耽搁长点儿，我都不知道该怎么办好了。”

"You do not know to what lengths my devotion can go," said des Lupeaulx, rising. "You shall be invited to the first select party given by his Excellency's wife.”

“你还不了解我能为你付出到什么程度。”德吕卜克斯起身说道，“大臣太太将举行第一场贵宾宴会，而你在受邀之列。”

"Ah, you are an angel!" she cried. "And I see now how much you love me; you love me intelligently."

“啊，你真是一位天使！”她叫道，“现在我明白你有多么爱我了，你爱我的方式非常睿智。”

"To-night, dear child," he said, "I shall find out at the Opera what journalists are conspiring for Baudoyer, and we will measure swords together."

“今晚，亲爱的宝贝，”他说，“我会在剧场弄清楚报社记者正在为包杜阿耶密谋策划些什么，然后我们一齐出剑。”

"Yes, but you must dine with us, will you not? I have taken pains to get the things you like best—”

“好的，不过你一定得和我们一起用晚餐，好不好？我花了大力气，买到了你最爱吃的东西——”

"All that is so like love," said des Lupeaulx to himself as he went downstairs, "that I am willing to be deceived in that way for a long time. Well, if she IS tricking me I shall know it. I'll set the cleverest of all traps before the appointment is fairly signed, and I'll read her heart. Ah! my little cats, I know you! for, after all, women are just what we men are. Twenty-eight years old, virtuous, and living here in the rue Duphot!—a rare piece of luck and worth cultivating," thought the elderly butterfly as he fluttered down the staircase.

“这可真称得上是恋爱啊，”德吕卜克斯下楼时自言自语道，“我愿意长时间被她这样骗着。哼，假如她真在对我耍什么花招，我一定会知道。在正式签署任命之前，我会设下最灵巧的陷阱，这样就可以读懂她的心思了。啊！我的小猫咪，我了解你！毕竟女人和我们男人没什么两

样。二十八岁的年纪，品行高贵，住在迪福街这里！真是少有的运气之作，值得栽培的好材料。”这只老蝴蝶一边想，一边翩翩飞下楼去。

"Good heavens! that man, without his glasses, must look funny enough in a dressing-gown!" thought Celestine, "but the harpoon is in his back and he'll tow me where I want to go; I am sure now of that invitation. He has played his part in my comedy.”

“上帝！那个男人若不戴眼镜、穿着睡衣，样子一定会非常滑稽！”塞莱斯蒂纳心想，“可是鱼叉在他背上，他会拖着我去我想去的地方的。现在我确定能去那场贵宾宴会了。他在我这部喜剧中已经扮演了自己的角色。”

When, at five o'clock in the afternoon, Rabourdin came home to dress for dinner, his wife presided at his toilet and presently laid before him the fatal memorandum which, like the slipper in the Arabian Nights, the luckless man was fated to meet at every turn.

到了下午五点，拉布丹为了参加晚宴回家换装。妻子为他精心打扮，不一会儿又把那份致命的备忘录搁在了他面前。这个不走运的男人就《天方夜谭》里的那只拖鞋一样，注定处处碰壁。

"Who gave you that?" he asked, thunderstruck.

“谁把这个给你的？”他问道，像被雷劈了一般震惊。

"Monsieur des Lupeaulx."

“德吕卜克斯先生。”

"So he has been here!" cried Rabourdin, with a look which would certainly have made a guilty woman turn pale, but which Celestine received with unruffled brow and a laughing eye.

“这么说他来过这里了！”拉布丹叫道，他的眼神显然会让一个有罪的妇女面色转白，可是塞莱斯蒂纳却以舒展的眉头、含笑的眼神迎了上去。

"And he is coming back to dinner," she said. "Why that startled air?"

“而且他今天会过来吃晚饭。”她说，“为什么你一副吃惊的表情？”

"My dear," replied Rabourdin, "I have mortally offended des Lupeaulx; such men never forgive, and yet he fawns upon me! Do you think I don't see why?”

“亲爱的，”拉布丹答道，“我极大地冒犯了德吕卜克斯。像他这种人从不会原谅别人，而他现在却来奉承讨好我！你觉得我还没明白过来吗？”

"The man seems to me," she said, "to have good taste; you can't expect me to blame him. I really don't know anything more flattering

to a woman than to please a worn-out palate. After—”

“在我看来，”她说，“这个人品味不错，你别指望我会对他横加指责。我只知道，最能讨好一个女人的事就是取悦一个尝遍美食的人。之后——”

"A truce to nonsense, Celestine. Spare a much-tried man. I cannot get an audience of the minister, and my honor is at stake.”

“别再讲那些没用的了，塞莱斯蒂纳。饶了你饱经磨难的丈夫吧。我得不到大臣的接见，而我的名誉正处在岌岌可危。”

"Good heavens, no! Dutocq can have the promise of a good place as soon as you are named head of the division."

“上帝啊，不！你可以答应迪托克，一旦你被任命为司长就给他一个好位子。”

"Ah! I see what you are about, dear child," said Rabourdin; "but the game you are playing is just as dishonorable as the real thing that is going on around us. A lie is a lie, and an honest woman—”

“啊！亲爱的宝贝，我明白你在想什么了，”拉布丹说，“但是你正在使的把戏就和我们身边正在发生的真实事件一样不光彩。说谎就是说谎，一个诚实的女子——”

"Let me use the weapons employed against us."

“别人用什么武器对付我们，我就用什么武器加以回击。”

"Celestine, the more that man des Lupeaulx feels he is foolishly caught in a trap, the more bitter he will be against me."

“塞莱斯蒂纳，德吕卜克斯那个人越是觉得自己愚蠢地掉进了陷阱里，他就会越刻薄地对待我。”

"What if I get him dismissed altogether?"

“如果我把他完全踢出局呢？”

Rabourdin looked at his wife in amazement.

拉布丹惊讶地看着妻子。

"I am thinking only of your advancement; it was high time, my poor husband," continued Celestine. "But you are mistaking the dog for the game," she added, after a pause. "In a few days des Lupeaulx will have accomplished all that I want of him. While you are trying to speak to the minister, and before you can even see him on business, I shall have seen him and spoken with him. You are worn out in trying to bring that plan of your brain to birth,—a plan which you have been hiding from me; but you will find that in three months your wife has accomplished more than you have done in six years. Come, tell me this fine scheme of yours.”

“我现在考虑的只有你的仕途高升。现在正是关键时刻，我可怜的丈夫。”塞莱斯蒂纳继续说道。“但是您错把狗当成了把戏。”顿了一会儿，她又补充道，“德吕卜克斯在几天之内就会完成我期望他做到的所有事情。当你还在想办法和大臣说上话时，在你能和他见上一面讨论公事之前，我应该就已经见到他并跟他谈过话了。你为了将脑中的方案付诸实践已经疲惫不堪了——这个方案你一直都没对我说过。不过你会发现，你的妻子在这三个月里所做的比你在六年里完成的还要多。来吧，把你的完美计划告诉我吧。”

Rabourdin, continuing to shave, cautioned his wife not to say a word about his work, and after assuring her that to confide a single idea to des Lupeaulx would be to put the cat near the milk-jug, he began an explanation of his labors.

拉布丹一边继续刮着脸，一边提醒妻子对他的工作一个字也别提。他明确地告诉妻子，哪怕只是向德吕卜克斯透露其中的一个想法，也无异于把一只猫放在牛奶壶边上，然后他便开始解释他的工作了。

"Why didn't you tell me this before, Rabourdin?" said Celestine, cutting her husband short at his fifth sentence. "You might have saved yourself a world of trouble. I can understand that a man should be blinded by an idea for a moment, but to nurse it up for six or seven years, that's a thing I cannot comprehend! You want to reduce the budget,—a vulgar and commonplace idea! The budget ought, on the contrary, to reach two hundred millions. Then, indeed, France would be great. If you want a new system let it be one of loans, as Monsieur de Nucingen keeps saying. The poorest of all treasuries is the one with a surplus that it never uses; the mission of a minister of finance is to fling gold out of the windows. It will come back to him through the cellars; and you, you want to hoard it! The thing to do is to increase the offices and all government employments, instead of reducing them! So far from lessening the public debt, you ought to increase the creditors. If the Bourbons want to reign in peace, let them seek creditors in the towns and villages, and place their loans there; above all, they ought not to let foreigners draw interest away from France; some day an alien nation might ask us for the capital. Whereas if capital and interest are held only in France, neither France nor credit can perish. That's what saved England. Your plan is the tradesman's plan. An ambitious public man should produce some bold scheme,—he should make himself another Law, without Law's fatal ill-luck; he ought to exhibit the power of credit, and show that we should reduce, not principal, but interest, as they do in England.”

“为什么你以前不告诉我这些呢，拉布丹？”丈夫刚讲到第五句，就被塞莱斯蒂纳掐断了，“你原本可以免受一大堆麻烦。我可以理解一个人被某个想法蒙蔽一时，可是花六七年酝酿一个想法，这就让我没法理解了！你要削减财政预算——真是一个粗俗而普通的想法！恰恰相反，预

算应该达到两亿。那样法兰西就的的确确是个伟大的国度了。如果你想建立一个新体制，那就建立贷款体制吧，纽沁根先生就一直是这样说的。有盈余却从来不用的国库是最为贫穷的国库，财务大臣的职责就是使劲把金子从窗口丢出去。他会从地窖里拿回金子的。而你呢，您竟然想把金子囤积起来！人们要做的是增加办公室和整个政府的雇员，而不是减少办公室数量、裁减雇员！你非但不应该减少公债，反而应该增加债权人的数量。倘若波旁王朝要想和平统治，就得派人去城镇乡间寻找债权人，并让他们放贷。最重要的是，国家可不应该让外国人从法国拿走利息，要不然说不准哪一天某个外国政府会向我们要资金的。但是如果资本和利息都只保留在法国，那么法国和信贷则都不会陨落。英格兰就是这样得救的。你的方案是一个商人的方案。一个有抱负的公众人物应该设计出一项有胆识的计划来——他应该成为另一个约翰·罗，不过不要重蹈他的厄运。他应该展现信贷的力量，告诉我们不应该减少本金，而应该减少利息，就像人们在英格兰所做的那样。”

"Come, come, Celestine," said Rabourdin; "mix up ideas as much as you please, and make fun of them,—I'm accustomed to that; but don't criticise a work of which you know nothing as yet.”

“好啦，好啦，塞莱斯蒂纳，”拉布丹说道，“你想怎么混淆就怎么混淆，你想怎么打趣我的想法都行——我已经习惯了，但是不要对一项你还一无所知的工作横加批判。”

"Do I need," she asked, "to know a scheme the essence of which is to govern France with a civil service of six thousand men instead of twenty thousand? My dear friend, even allowing it were the plan of a man of genius, a king of France who attempted to carry it out would get himself dethroned. You can keep down a feudal aristocracy by levelling a few heads, but you can't subdue a hydra with thousands. And is it with the present ministers—between ourselves, a wretched crew—that you expect to carry out your reform? No, no; change the monetary system if you will, but do not meddle with men, with little men; they cry out too much, whereas gold is dumb.”

“我确实想——”她问，“知道这个想裁减现有的两万公务员，用六千人管理法兰西的计划的精髓是什么？亲爱的，即便承认这是一项天才的计划，即便法国国王想尝试将这一计划付诸实践，他也会被废掉的。你杀几个人头还可以控制封建贵族，可是就算杀几千人也制服不了九头蛇啊。你是否期望让现在的几位大臣——我们说心里话，让这帮可怜的家伙——去实施你的改革呢？那不行，那不行。如果你愿意，去改变货币系统吧，但别让那些男人——那些小男人给搅和了。他们会大吵大闹，而金子却是哑巴。”

"But, Celestine, if you will talk, and put wit before argument, we shall never understand each other."

“可是塞莱斯蒂纳，如果你在讨论的时候，只顾说俏皮话却不顾论点的话 ，那我们俩永远也没办法理解对方。”

"Understand! I understand what that paper, in which you have analyzed the capacities of the men in office, will lead to," she replied, paying no attention to what her husband said. "Good heavens! you have sharpened the axe to cut off your own head. Holy Virgin! why didn't you consult me? I could have at least prevented you from committing anything to writing, or, at any rate, if you insisted on putting it to paper, I would have written it down myself, and it should never have left this house. Good God! to think that he never told me! That's what men are! capable of sleeping with the wife of their bosom for seven years, and keeping a secret from her! Hiding their thoughts from a poor woman for seven years!—doubting her devotion!”

“我理解！你在那份文书中分析了办公室里那些人的能力，我理解这会带来怎样的后果。”她回答道，压根不理会丈夫的话，“上帝啊！你已经把斧子磨锋利了，要砍掉自己脑袋啦。圣母啊！你为什么和我商量商量呢？至少我本可以阻止你把那些话写下来，或者不管怎么样，倘若你坚持要写在纸上，我会亲自执笔，而且永远不会那些纸出这间屋子。上帝啊！想想看，他从来没告诉过我！这便是男人！他们能在自己妻子的胸口睡七年，却一直守着一个秘密不告诉她！他们在可怜的女人面前隐藏自己的想法，隐藏了七年之久啊！还要怀疑她是否忠心！”

"But," cried Rabourdin, provoked, "for eleven years and more I have been unable to discuss anything with you because you insist on cutting me short and substituting your ideas for mine. You know nothing at all about my scheme."

“但是，”拉布丹被惹火了，大声说道，“在过去的十一年多里，我都没办法跟你谈任何事情，因为你总打断我的话，然后用你自己的想法取而代之。您完全不懂我的方案。”

"Nothing! I know all."

“完全不懂！我什么都懂。”

"Then tell it to me!" cried Rabourdin, angry for the first time since his marriage.

“那么说来听听吧！”拉布丹大声回道。自结婚以来，他第一次发脾气。

"There! it is half-past six o'clock; finish shaving and dress at once," she cried hastily, after the fashion of women when pressed on a point they are not ready to talk of. "I must go; we'll adjourn the discussion, for I don't want to be nervous on a reception-day. Good heavens! the poor soul!" she thought, as she left the room, "it is hard to be in labor for seven years and bring forth a dead child! And not trust his wife!"

“瞧！都六点半了，你快把脸刮完，赶紧穿好衣服。”塞莱斯蒂纳就像是一个被迫讨论她未曾准备过的话题的女人一般，匆匆嚷了起来，“我

得走了，我们先暂停这个讨论吧，我可不想在接待日弄得紧张兮兮的。上帝啊！这个可怜的人儿！”她一边想着一边离开房间，“辛辛苦苦怀胎七年却是个死胎，这太叫人难受了！而且他还不相信自己的妻子！”

She went back into the room.

她又返回了房间。

"If you had listened to me you would never had interceded to keep your chief clerk; he stole that abominable paper, and has, no doubt, kept a fac-simile of it. Adieu, man of genius!”

“如果你之前肯听我的，就不会代为求情保住你那个一等科员了。就是他偷走了那份可恨至极的文件。而且毫无疑问，他一定留有副本。再见，我的天才！”

Then she noticed the almost tragic expression of her husband's grief; she felt she had gone too far, and ran to him, seized him just as he was, all lathered with soap-suds, and kissed him tenderly.

接着她注意到她丈夫脸上近乎悲惨的神情，感觉出自己做过头了，于是她跑过去抓住他。就算他的脸上满是肥皂水，她还是轻柔地吻了吻他。

"Dear Xavier, don't be vexed," she said. "To-night, after the people are gone, we will study your plan; you shall speak at your ease,—I will listen just as long as you wish me to. Isn't that nice of me? What do I want better than to be the wife of Mohammed?”

“亲爱的格扎维埃，别发愁。”她开口道，“今晚等客人们都走了，我们一起研究你的方案。请你放松地讲给我听——你希望我听多久我就听多久。你说我这样好吗？能嫁给一个像默罕默德一般的人物，我还想奢求什么呢？”

She began to laugh; and Rabourdin laughed too, for the soapsuds were clinging to Celestine's lips, and her voice had the tones of the purest and most steadfast affection.

她笑了。她的声音里包含着最纯洁、最坚定的感情，而且肥皂泡正好粘在她的嘴唇上，所以拉布丹也大笑了起来。

"Go and dress, dear child; and above all, don't say a word of this to des Lupeaulx. Swear you will not. That is the only punishment that I impose—”

“去穿好衣服，亲爱的宝贝。最重要的是，别对德吕卜克斯说一个字。你得发誓你不会这么做。这是我唯一强加给你的惩罚——”

"Impose!" she cried. "Then I won't swear anything.”

“强加！”她喊道，“那么我就不发誓。”

"Come, come, Celestine, I said in jest a really serious thing."

“好啦，好啦，塞莱斯蒂纳，那只是句玩笑话，可是我说的这件事的确很严肃。”

"To-night," she said, "I mean your general-secretary to know whom I am really intending to attack; he has given me the means.”

“今天晚上，”她说，“我是说你的秘书长会了解到谁是我真正要进攻的对象，他已经把方法传授给我了。”

"Attack whom?"

“你要进攻谁？”

"The minister," she answered, drawing himself up. "We are to be invited to his wife's private parties.”

“大臣。”她挺起腰杆说，“我们将受邀参加他妻子的贵宾聚会。”

In spite of his Celestine's loving caresses, Rabourdin, as he finished dressing, could not prevent certain painful thoughts from clouding his brow.

虽然塞莱斯蒂纳给了拉布丹充满爱意的爱抚，可更衣时他心里还是不由得升起了某种痛苦的思绪，他的眉宇间也是阴云密布。

"Will she ever appreciate me?" he said to himself. "She does not even understand that she is the sole incentive of my whole work. How wrong-headed, and yet how excellent a mind!— If I had not married I might now have been high in office and rich. I could have saved half my salary; my savings well-invested would have given me to-day ten thousand francs a year outside of my office, and I might then have become, through a good marriage— Yes, that is all true," he exclaimed, interrupting himself, "but I have Celestine and my two children." The man flung himself back on his happiness. To the best of married lives there come moments of regret. He entered the salon and looked around him. "There are not two women in Paris who understand making life pleasant as she does. To keep such a home as this on twelve thousand francs a year!" he thought, looking at the flower-stands bright with bloom, and thinking of the social enjoyments that were about to gratify his vanity. "She was made to be the wife of a minister. When I think of his Excellency's wife, and how little she helps him! the good woman is a comfortable middle-class dowdy, and when she goes to the palace or into society—” He pinched his lips together. Very busy men are apt to have very ignorant notions about household matters, and you can make them believe that a hundred thousand francs afford little or that twelve thousand afford all.

“究竟会不会有那么一天，她会欣赏我呢？”他自问道，“她甚至还没明白，她是我全部工作的唯一动力。我的头脑是多么执迷不悟，又多么

优秀聪明啊！假如我没结婚，我可能已经升上高位、十分富有了。我本可以省下一半的俸禄。如果这笔余钱投资得当的话，现在我每年就能拿到一万法郎的外快。通过一桩好的婚姻，我还可以成为——是的，这都是真的。”他惊叫了一声，打断了自己的思索，“但我有塞莱斯蒂纳，还有两个孩子。”他又重新投入到了自己的幸福生活中去。最好的婚姻也有遗憾的时候。他走进客厅，环顾四周。“巴黎没有第二个女人能比她更懂得如何过上快乐的生活。用一年一万二千法郎的收入维持这样的家庭生活！”他一边想一边看着那些鲜花盛开的花台，想到了那些令他的虚荣心得以满足的社交娱乐。“她是做大臣夫人的料。想想大臣阁下的妻子，她几乎帮不上大臣什么忙！那个好女人是中产阶级里安逸生活的邋遢女子，当她要去皇宫或者出席社交活动时——”他紧紧地抿起了嘴唇。大忙人容易对处理家庭事务毫无概念。你可以让他们相信十万法郎几乎什么也买不起，或者让他们相信一万二千法郎什么都买得起。

Though impatiently expected, and in spite of the flattering dishes prepared for the palate of the gourmet-emeritus, des Lupeaulx did not come to dinner; in fact he came in very late, about midnight, an hour when company dwindles and conversations become intimate and confidential. Andoche Finot, the journalist, was one of the few remaining guests.

尽管塞莱斯蒂纳为那位美食家准备了讨他欢心的盛宴，还焦急地期待着他，德吕卜克斯却没来吃晚餐。事实上他来得很晚，大约午夜才到。此时已经有人离开了，一些有机要相商的人正在亲密地谈着话。剩下的客人没几个了，其中就有安多什·菲诺，他是名记者。

"I now know all," said des Lupeaulx, when he was comfortably seated on a sofa at the corner of the fireplace, a cup of tea in his hand and Madame Rabourdin standing before him with a plate of sandwiches and some slices of cake very appropriately called "leaden cake." "Finot, my dear and witty friend, you can render a great service to our gracious queen by letting loose a few dogs upon the men we were talking of. You have against you," he said to Rabourdin, lowering his voice so as to be heard only by the three persons whom he addressed, "a set of usurers and priests—money and the church. The article in the liberal journal was instituted by an old money-lender to whom the paper was under obligations; but the young fellow who wrote it cares nothing about it. The paper is about to change hands, and in three days more will be on our side. The royalist opposition,—for we have, thanks to Monsieur de Chateaubriand, a royalist opposition, that is to say, royalists who have gone over to the liberals,—however, there's no need to discuss political matters now,—these assassins of Charles X. have promised me to support your appointment at the price of our acquiescence in one of their amendments. All my batteries are manned. If they threaten us with Baudoyer we shall say to the clerical phalanx, 'Such and such a paper and such and such

men will attack your measures and the whole press will be against you' (for even the ministerial journals which I influence will be deaf and dumb, won't they, Finot?). 'Appoint Rabourdin, a faithful servant, and public opinion is with you—'"

“我现在全都弄清楚了，”德吕卜克斯说。他正舒舒服服地坐在壁炉角旁的沙发上，手里端着一杯茶。拉布丹夫人站在他跟前，手里端着一盘三明治和几块蛋糕。蛋糕唤作“铅饼”，真是名符其实。“菲诺，亲爱的智者，我的好朋友，你放出狗去咬那些我们谈起过的人，你就能帮了我们尊贵的皇后大忙。和你们作对的，”他压低嗓门对拉布丹讲道，只让这三个听众听见，“是一群放高利贷的和牧师——钱和教堂。自由派报纸上的文章是一个老资历的放贷人安排的，自由派报纸欠着他债，不过写文章的那个年轻人可不关心这事。那份报纸要转手了，三天之后就会站到我们这一边。保王党反对派——感谢夏多布里昂先生，我们拥有保王党反对派的支持，即那些倒向自由派的保王党人——不过，现在没必要讨论政治——这些查理十世的行刺者们已经承诺我会支持你得到任命，代价是我们得默许他们的一项修正案。我所有的炮门都已蓄势待发。假如他们用包杜阿耶威胁我们，我们就会对牧师团讲，‘某某报纸和某某人士将攻击你们的行事方式，整个报业都会反对你们。’（甚至连部门期刊也会装聋作哑，因为那份期刊由我控制。菲诺，对吧？）‘提任拉布丹这个忠实的公仆，公众意见也就会支持你们——’”

"Hi, hi!" laughed Finot.

“哈哈！”菲诺大笑起来。

"So, there's no need to be uneasy," said des Lupeaulx. "I have arranged it all to-night; the Grand Almoner must yield.”

“因此，再没必要心神不宁了。”德吕卜克斯说道，“今晚我把一切都安排妥当了，大神父一定会屈服的。”

"I would rather have had less hope, and you to dinner," whispered Celestine, looking at him with a vexed air which might very well pass for an expression of wounded love.

“我倒宁可你给我少点儿希望，也要你来吃晚餐。”塞莱斯蒂纳望着德吕卜克斯低声说道。她露出一副伤脑筋的神情，明明白白地告诉他她对他的爱受伤了。

"This must win my pardon," he returned, giving her an invitation to the ministry for the following Tuesday.

“看看这个，你一定会宽恕我的。”他回答道，给了她一份请柬，上面请她下个星期二去大臣家。

Celestine opened the letter, and a flush of pleasure came into her face. No enjoyment can be compared to that of gratified vanity.

塞莱斯蒂纳打开请柬，脸上立刻洋溢起快乐的红光。没有什么比虚荣心的满足更令人高兴的事了。

"You know what the countess's Tuesdays are," said des Lupeaulx, with a confidential air. "To the usual ministerial parties they are what the 'Petit-Chateau' is to a court ball. You will be at the heart of power! You will see there the Comtesse Feraud, who is still in favor notwithstanding Louis XVIII.'s death, Delphine de Nucingen, Madame de Listomere, the Marquise d'Espard, and your dear Firmiani; I have had her invited to give you her support in case the other women attempt to black-ball you. I long to see you in the midst of them."

“你知道伯爵夫人周二的宴会都是什么样子的吗？”德吕卜克斯故作神秘地说，“她的宴会之于普通的部级聚会，就如同一座小别墅之于一场宫廷舞会。您将置身权力的中央！在那里，您将见到费罗伯爵夫人，虽然路易十八已死，她仍然广受宠爱。您还将见到但斐娜·德纽沁根、德利斯多迈尔夫人、德埃斯巴侯爵夫人和你喜爱的菲尔米亚尼，是我让他们邀请的她。这样万一其他夫人想把你排除在外，她还可以帮你一把。我期待在她们中间看见你。”

Celestine threw up her head like a thoroughbred before the race, and re-read the invitation just as Baudoyer and Saillard had re-read the articles about themselves in the newspapers, without being able to quaff enough of it.

塞莱斯蒂纳就像赛前的纯种马一样，高高地昂起了头。她像包杜阿耶和萨亚尔重读报上那些有关他们的文章一样，重新读了一遍那份请柬，而且怎么读也读不够。

"There first, and next at the Tuileries," she said to des Lupeaulx, who was startled by the words and by the attitude of the speaker, so expressive were they of ambition and security.

“首先是去那里，下一步就是去杜伊勒里宫。”她对德吕卜克斯说。她的抱负和信心被她的话和她的态度表现得如此淋漓尽致，以至于德吕卜克斯都惊呆了。

"Can it be that I am only a stepping-stone?" he asked himself. He rose, and went into Madame Rabourdin's bedroom, where she followed him, understanding from a motion of his head that he wished to speak to her privately.

“莫非我只是一块踏脚石吗？”他自问道。他晃了晃脑袋，起身走进了拉布丹夫人的卧房。她看懂了这个动作，知道他想和她私下谈谈，于是跟了过去。

"Well, your husband's plan," he said; "what of it?"

“好吧，你丈夫的方案，”他问，“写了些什么呢？”

"Bah! the useless nonsense of an honest man!" she replied. "He wants to suppress fifteen thousand offices and do the work with five or six thousand. You never heard of such nonsense; I will let you read

the whole document when copied; it is written in perfect good faith. His analysis of the officials was prompted only by his honesty and rectitude,—poor dear man!”

“呸！就是老实人的无稽之谈！”她回答道，“他想裁掉一万五千个公务员，用五六千人干活。你从没听说过如此谬论吧。等我把那份文书复印好了，我会给你看全文的。他写得倒是很诚恳。他之所以想分析公务员，仅仅因为他那诚实而正直的品行——真是个可怜又可爱的人儿。”

Des Lupeaulx was all the more reassured by the genuine laugh which accompanied these jesting and contemptuous words, because he was a judge of lying and knew that Celestine spoke in good faith.

她的玩笑话、轻蔑的话语再加上这真诚的一笑，使得德吕卜克斯十分放心。他善于辨别谎言，所以他知道塞莱斯蒂纳没有欺骗他。

"But still, what is at the bottom of it all?" he asked.

“不过，他到底想干什么呢？”他问道。

"Well, he wants to do away with the land-tax and substitute taxes on consumption.”

“哦，他想撤销地税，用消费税取而代之。”

"Why it is over a year since Francois Keller and Nucingen proposed some such plan, and the minister himself is thinking of a reduction of the land-tax.”

“哎呀，一年多前弗朗索瓦·凯勒和纽沁根就已提出了类似的计划，大臣自己也在考虑降低地税。”

"There!" exclaimed Celestine, "I told him there was nothing new in his scheme."

“你瞧瞧！”塞莱斯蒂纳叫了起来，“我告诉过他，他的方案里根本没有新东西。”

"No; but he is on the same ground with the best financier of the epoch,—the Napoleon of finance. Something may come of it. Your husband must surely have some special ideas in his method of putting the scheme into practice.”

“是没有。但是他和当今最棒的金融家站在了同一个立场上——那可是金融界的拿破仑。那个计划可能真会搞出点东西。你丈夫的办法里一定包含了一些特别的想法，能将方案付诸实践。”

"No, it is all commonplace," she said, with a disdainful curl of her lip. "Just think of governing France with five or six thousand offices, when what is really needed is that everybody in France should be personally enlisted in the support of the government."

“不，从头到尾都很一般，”她说着轻蔑地翘起了嘴唇，“想想看，用

五六千人治理法国；而现在真正需要做的，是把法国的每一个人都招募进来支持政府。”

Des Lupeaulx seemed satisfied that Rabourdin, to whom in his own mind he had granted remarkable talents, was really a man of mediocrity.

德吕卜克斯发现他一直深信才华出众的拉布丹其实也就是个平庸之辈，似乎十分满意。

"Are you quite sure of the appointment? You don't want a bit of feminine advice?" she said.

“你对这项任命很有把握吗？你不需要一点儿女人的建议吗？”她问。

"You women are greater adepts than we in refined treachery," he said, nodding.

“在优雅的背叛里，你们女人比我们更在行。”他点头说道。

"Well, then, say Baudoyer to the court and clergy, to divert suspicion and put them to sleep, and then, at the last moment, write Rabourdin."

“哦，那你就告诉宫廷和牧师，包杜阿耶获得了任命。这样一来，他们就不会起疑心，还会安心入睡，然后你在最后那一刻写上拉布丹的名字。”

"There are some women who say yes as long as they need a man, and no when he has played his part," returned des Lupeaulx, significantly.

“有些女人只要需要男人，就会说好；当他的戏份演完后，就会说不。”德吕卜克斯别有用意地回了一句。

"I know they do," she answered, laughing; "but they are very foolish, for in politics everything recommences. Such proceedings may do with fools, but you are a man of sense. In my opinion the greatest folly any one can commit is to quarrel with a clever man."

“我知道她们会那样做，”她一边大笑起来，一边回答道，“但是她们真够蠢的，因为政治圈里一切都可以从头再来。这种手法对付傻瓜还行，可是你是一个有见识的男人。在我看来，一个人能犯的最大错误就是和一个聪明人杠上。”

"You are mistaken," said des Lupeaulx, "for such a man pardons. The real danger is with the petty spiteful natures who have nothing to do but study revenge,—I spend my life among them.”

“你错了，”德吕卜克斯说，“因为这种人会原谅别人的。真正的危险是和本性恶毒的卑鄙小人在一起。这种人无所事事，只会寻思着如何报

复别人——我这辈子就是在和这群人打交道。”

When all the guests were gone, Rabourdin came into his wife's room, and after asking for her strict attention, he explained his plan and made her see that it did not cut down the revenue but on the contrary increased it; he showed her in what ways the public funds were employed, and how the State could increase tenfold the circulation of money by putting its own, in the proportion of a third, or a quarter, into the expenditures which would be sustained by private or local interests. He finally proved to her plainly that his plan was not mere theory, but a system teeming with methods of execution. Celestine, brightly enthusiastic, sprang into her husband's arms and sat upon his knee in the chimney-corner.

等所有客人都离去后，拉布丹来到了妻子的房间。他先要求她仔细聆听，然后开始阐述他的计划，使她明白这一计划非但没有减少、反而增加了财政收入。他指出该以何种方式使用国家资金，该如何将国家三分之一或者四分之一的货币流通投入到由私人或地方利息维持的开销中去，从而将货币流通量增加十倍。最后他简单明了地向她证明了，他这个计划不单单是理论，而是一套拥有大量实践方法的机制。塞莱斯蒂纳兴奋极了，欢快地投入了丈夫的怀抱中。他靠在炉角边，而她则坐在他膝盖上。

"At last I find the husband of my dreams!" she cried. "My ignorance of your real merit has saved you from des Lupeaulx's claws. I calumniated you to him gloriously and in good faith.”

“我终于找到我梦中的丈夫啦！”她叫出声来，“我之前不了解你的真本事，却也因此把你从德吕卜克斯的爪子下救了出来。我在他面前态度诚恳、痛痛快快地诋毁了你。”

The man wept with joy. His day of triumph had come at last. Having labored for many years to satisfy his wife, he found himself a great man in the eyes of his sole public.

丈夫喜极而泣。他的凯旋日终于来了。他为了让妻子满意辛勤付出了很多年，如今他发现在他唯一的民众眼里，自己成了一个伟大的人物。

"To one who knows how good you are, how tender, how equable in anger, how loving, you are tenfold greater still. But," she added, "a man of genius is always more or less a child; and you are a child, a dearly beloved child," she said, caressing him. Then she drew that invitation from that particular spot where women put what they sacredly hide, and showed it to him.

“对于一个了解你心眼儿有多好、有多温柔，生起气来有多平和、有多么招人喜爱的人来说，你还要伟大十倍。但是，”她加上一句，“一个天才或多或少都带点儿孩子气。你就是孩子，一个惹人疼爱的孩子。”她

说着拥抱了他。然后她从一个特别的的地方取出了那份请柬——女人们把那些神圣的东西藏在此处——递给他看。

"Here is what I wanted," she said; "Des Lupeaulx has put me face to face with the minister, and were he a man of iron, his Excellency shall be made for a time to bend the knee to me."

“我要的就在这里，”她说，“德吕卜克斯安排了我和大臣面对面接触。即使大臣阁下是个铁血汉子，在某个时候他也会不得不向我屈膝下跪的。”

The next day Celestine began her preparations for entrance into the inner circle of the ministry. It was her day of triumph, her own! Never courtesan took such pains with herself as this honest woman bestowed upon her person. No dressmaker was ever so tormented as hers. Madame Rabourdin forgot nothing. She went herself to the stable where she hired carriages, and chose a coupe that was neither old, nor bourgeois, nor showy. Her footman, like the footmen of great houses, had the dress and appearance of a master. About ten on the evening of the eventful Tuesday, she left home in a charming full mourning attire. Her hair was dressed with jet grapes of exquisite workmanship,—an ornament costing three thousand francs, made by Fossin for an Englishwoman who had left Paris before it was finished. The leaves were of stamped iron-work, as light as the vine-leaves themselves, and the artist had not forgotten the graceful tendrils, which twined in the wearer's curls just as, in nature, they catch upon the branches. The bracelets, necklace, and earrings were all what is called Berlin iron-work; but these delicate arabesques were made in Vienna, and seemed to have been fashioned by the fairies who, the stories tell us, are condemned by a jealous Carabosse to collect the eyes of ants, or weave a fabric so diaphanous that a nutshell can contain it. Madame Rabourdin's graceful figure, made more slender still by the black draperies, was shown to advantage by a carefully cut dress, the two sides of which met at the shoulders in a single strap without sleeves. At every motion she seemed, like a butterfly, to be about to leave her covering; but the gown held firmly on by some contrivance of the wonderful dressmaker. The robe was of mousseline de laine—a material which the manufacturers had not yet sent to the Paris markets; a delightful stuff which some months later was to have a wild success, a success which went further and lasted longer than most French fashions. The actual economy of mousseline de laine, which needs no washing, has since injured the sale of cotton fabrics enough to revolutionize the Rouen manufactories. Celestine's little feet, covered with fine silk stockings and turk-satin shoes (for silk-satin is inadmissible in deep mourning) were of elegant proportions. Thus dressed, she was very handsome. Her complexion, beautified by

a bran-bath, was softly radiant. Her eyes, suffused with the light of hope, and sparkling with intelligence, justified her claims to the superiority which des Lupeaulx, proud and happy on this occasion, asserted for her.

第二天，塞莱斯蒂纳开始为打入部门内部圈子做准备。这是她的胜利日，这日子是属于她的！从来没有哪个交际花会像这个诚实的女人一样，如此费劲地打扮自己。也没有哪个裁缝像她的裁缝那样备受折磨。拉布丹夫人什么都没拉下。她亲自去以前她雇过马车的马房，挑选了一辆双座轿式马车。马车既不陈旧也不惹眼，式样还不庸俗。她的侍者和那些显赫大宅子里的侍者一样，无论是外貌长相还是衣着打扮都像个主人。这个星期二发生了很多事情。晚上十点左右，她身着一整套迷人的丧服离开了家。她的头上装点着精美的手工葡萄形黑玉，花了她三千法郎。这个头饰原先是福桑店为一名英国女子做的，可饰品还未完成她就离开了巴黎。饰品上的树叶是把铁制品捣锤后成型的，轻得就如同真正的葡萄藤叶。艺术家还不忘做出优雅的藤蔓，使它们缠绕在佩戴者的卷发上，就像真正的藤蔓攀附在枝条上一般。手镯、项链和耳环都唤作“柏林的铁制品”，不过其实这些精细的藤蔓花饰都是在维也纳制造的。它们似乎出自故事里的仙女们之手。在故事里，她们被妒火中烧的卡拉博斯判了刑，要去收集蚂蚁的眼睛或者纺出一件轻巧得能装进一枚坚果壳的织物。拉布丹夫人的优雅身段在一袭黑衣里显得更加纤细，裁剪精细的服装使她一身的优点尽显。这身衣服没有袖子，衣服两侧被一根带子在肩膀处连成了一体。她每做一个动作，都像是一只即将破茧的蝴蝶，但是那位杰出裁缝的巧妙设计使得礼服稳稳当当地穿在了她身上。她的裙子是用毛棉混纺薄呢面料做的，这种材料那时还没有在巴黎上市。几个月后，这种漂亮的布料将大获成功，比大多数法国的流行时尚都走得更远、更久。毛棉混纺薄呢不需要洗涤。这项真正的实惠从那时起就对棉织品的销售造成了打击。这打击是如此之深，以至于人们对鲁昂的制造业进行了彻底的改革。塞莱斯蒂纳的一双小脚上穿着精美的丝袜和土耳其缎做的鞋子（因为真丝缎是不允许在服丧期穿戴的），显得高雅而协调。这番打扮显得她非常俊俏。她的肌肤洗过麸皮浴后变得格外漂亮，焕发出柔柔的光彩。她的眼睛充满了希望的光，闪烁着智慧的光芒。她之前跟德吕卜克斯说过她会做到完美，从她的眼睛就能看出她的确做到了这一点。这让德吕卜克斯感到自豪而快乐，坚定地站在她一边。

She entered the room well (women will understand the meaning of that expression), bowed gracefully to the minister's wife, with a happy mixture of deference and of self-respect, and gave no offence by a certain reliance on her own dignity; for every beautiful woman has the right to seem a queen. With the minister himself she took the pretty air of sauciness which women may properly allow themselves with men, even when they are grand dukes. She reconnoitred the field, as it were, while taking her seat, and saw that she was in the midst of one of those select parties of few persons, where the women eye and appraise each other, and every word said echoes in all ears;

where every glance is a stab, and conversation a duel with witnesses; where all that is commonplace seems commoner still, and where every form of merit or distinction is silently accepted as though it were the natural level of all present. Rabourdin betook himself to the adjoining salon in which a few persons were playing cards; and there he planted himself on exhibition, as it were, which proved that he was not without social intelligence.

她举止得当地走进了房间（女人们可以理解这句话的意思），优雅地向大臣夫人躬身行礼。这一动作漂亮地将敬意和自尊融合到了一起。她端庄却又自持，所以没有冒犯别人，因为每个漂亮的女人都有权看上去像女皇一般。和大臣相处时，她则表现出一副无礼却又妩媚的神情。女人和男人在一起时，哪怕是和地位高贵的公爵在一起时也可以适度如此。她就坐后开始勘察这个战场，这也的的确确是个战场。她发现自己已经置身于只有少数人参加的贵宾聚会之中了。在这里，女人们相互打量、相互欣赏。人们说的每一句话都会回响在所有人耳边，每一种眼神都能戳伤人，每一轮对话都像一场被见证的决斗。在这里，普通的东西看上去会更一般；每一项优点或出众之处都会被人们默然接纳，仿佛在场的所有人自然而然就有这种水平。拉布丹一个人走进了隔壁客厅，那里有一些人正在玩牌。他站着一动不动，好像在做展览一样，以此证明了他并非没有社交才能。

"My dear," said the Marquise d'Espard to the Comtesse Feraud, Louis XVIII.'s last mistress, "Paris is certainly unique. It produces—whence and how, who knows?—women like this person, who seems ready to will and to do anything.”

“亲爱的，”德埃斯巴侯爵夫人对费罗伯爵夫人——路易十八的最后一任情妇说道，“巴黎当然是一个极不寻常的地方。”巴黎培育出了——从哪里又是以何种方式，谁知道呢？——这样一个女人。她看上去已经准备好了，既什么都想要，又什么都肯做。”

"She really does will, and does do everything," put in des Lupeaulx, puffed up with satisfaction.

“她确实什么都想要，又什么都肯做。”德吕卜克斯评价道，他满足极了。

At this moment the wily Madame Rabourdin was courting the minister's wife. Carefully coached the evening before by des Lupeaulx, who knew all the countess's weak spots, she was flattering her without seeming to do so. Every now and then she kept silence; for des Lupeaulx, in love as he was, knew her defects, and said to her the night before, "Be careful not to talk too much,"—words which were really an immense proof of attachment. Bertrand Barrere left behind him this sublime axiom: "Never interrupt a woman when dancing to give her advice," to which we may add (to make this chapter of the female code complete), "Never blame a woman for scattering her

pearls."

此刻，诡计多端的拉布丹夫人正在讨好大臣夫人。德吕卜克斯了解伯爵夫人的所有弱点，前天晚上他已经仔细教导过她了。这时候拉布丹夫人正在讨好大臣太太，而从表面根本看不出来。她时不时保持安静，因为当时的德吕卜克斯和此刻一样爱着她。他熟知她的缺点，前夜告诉她说，“当心别说太多”——这句话的确可以证明他有多么爱她。贝特朗·巴雷尔给后世留下了一句崇高的格言：“在一个女人跳舞的时候，永远别为了给她忠告而打断她”。我们还可以再加上一句（使本章——女性法则章趋于完善），“永远不要因为一个女人抛洒珍珠而责怪她。

The conversation became general. From time to time Madame Rabourdin joined in, just as a well-trained cat puts a velvet paw on her mistress's laces with the claws carefully drawn in. The minister, in matters of the heart, had few emotions. There was not another statesman under the Restoration who had so completely done with gallantry as he; even the opposition papers, the "Miroir," "Pandora," and "Figaro," could not find a single throbbing artery with which to reproach him. Madame Rabourdin knew this, but she knew also that ghosts return to old castles, and she had taken it into her head to make the minister jealous of the happiness which des Lupeaulx was appearing to enjoy. The latter's throat literally gurgled with the name of his divinity. To launch his supposed mistress successfully, he was endeavoring to persuade the Marquise d'Espard, Madame de Nucingen, and the countess, in an eight-ear conversation, that they had better admit Madame Rabourdin to their coalition; and Madame de Camps was supporting him. At the end of the hour the minister's vanity was greatly tickled; Madame Rabourdin's cleverness pleased him, and she had won his wife, who, delighted with the siren, invited her to come to all her receptions whenever she pleased.

她们的谈话没有涉及什么具体的方面。拉布丹夫人时而补充几句。她就像一只精心驯过的猫一样，小心翼翼地收起爪子，把天鹅绒一般柔顺的脚掌放在了女主人的蕾丝上。大臣的内心则几乎没有多少情感可言。在复辟王朝下，没有第二个政治家能像他这样，从来不向女人献殷勤。甚至是连《镜报》、《潘多拉》和《费加罗》这样的反对派报纸，也挑不出一根悸动的脉搏来指责他。拉布丹夫人了解这一点，不过她也知道鬼魂总会回到古老的城堡里。于是，她已在脑中记下要让大臣嫉妒德吕卜克斯在表面上享受的幸福。事实上，后者的喉咙里正在咕隆着他女神的名字。他为了成功推出他认定的情人，正在参加一个八只耳朵一起听的谈话。他正在努力说服德埃斯巴侯爵夫人、纽沁根夫人及伯爵夫人，让她们相信接受拉布丹夫人加入她们的同盟是明智之举，德康夫人对他表示支持。这一个小时过去后，大臣的虚荣心极大地骚动起来，拉布丹夫人的机智取悦了他。她也赢得了他太太的心，大臣夫人快活地邀请这个女妖来参加她的全部宴会，只要她乐意，什么时候来都行。

"For your husband, my dear," she said, "will soon be director; the

minister intends to unite the two divisions and place them under one director; you will then be one of us, you know."

“亲爱的，至于你的丈夫，”她说，“不久就会当上司长。大臣有意将两个司合二为一，由一名司长主管。到时你就是我中的一员了，你知道的。”

His Excellency carried off Madame Rabourdin on his arm to show her a certain room, which was then quite celebrated because the opposition journals blamed him for decorating it extravagantly; and together they laughed over the absurdities of journalism.

大臣阁下挽着拉布丹夫人的胳膊，带她去参观一个房间。那个房间相当出名，因为反对派的报纸骂他将这个房间装修得过于豪华。他们俩一同嘲笑了报业的荒唐。

"Madame, you really must give the countess and myself the pleasure of seeing you here often."

“夫人，你一定要让我和我的夫人经常能在这里见到你，我们会倍感荣幸的。”

And he went on with a round of ministerial compliments.

然后他说了一通大臣级别的恭维话。

"But, Monseigneur," she replied, with one of those glances which women hold in reserve, "it seems to me that that depends on you."

“但是，阁下，”她一边回答一边瞥了他一样，那是女人有所保留时才有的眼神，“在我看来，这似乎要取决于您。”

"How so?"

“怎么讲？”

"You alone can give me the right to come here."

“只有您才能给我来这里拜访的权利。”

"Pray explain."

“请解释一下。”

"No; I said to myself before I came that I would certainly not have the bad taste to seem a petitioner."

“还是别说了。来这里之前我跟自己说，一定不要表现得像个请愿者，那样很没品味。”

"No, no, speak freely. Places asked in this way are never out of place," said the minister, laughing; for there is no jest too silly to amuse a solemn man.

“没关系，没关系，你尽管说。用这种方式争取的位子永远都

有。”这种玩笑话就算再傻也能把庄重严肃的人逗得乐开怀，于是大臣大笑了起来。

"Well, then, I must tell you plainly that the wife of the head of a bureau is out of place here; a director's wife is not.”

“既然这样，好吧，我得直截了当地告诉你，这里没有给处长夫人的位子，却有给司长夫人的位置。”

"That point need not be considered," said the minister, "your husband is indispensable to the administration; he is already appointed."

“你不用考虑那一点，”大臣讲，“你的丈夫是政府不可或缺的人才，他已经被任命了。”

"Is that a veritable fact?"

“当真？”

"Would you like to see the papers in my study? They are already drawn up."

“你想去我的书房看看那些文书吗？已经拟定好了。”

"Then," she said, pausing in a corner where she was alone with the minister, whose eager attentions were now very marked, "let me tell you that I can make you a return."

“那么，”她说着在屋子的一角停了下来。她只身和大臣呆在那里，而大臣对她的热切注意已是显而易见了，“让我来告诉您，我可以给您回报。”

She was on the point of revealing her husband's plan, when des Lupeaulx, who had glided noiselessly up to them, uttered an angry sound, which meant that he did not wish to appear to have overheard what, in fact, he had been listening to. The minister gave an ill-tempered look at the old beau, who, impatient to win his reward, had hurried, beyond all precedent, the preliminary work of the appointment. He had carried the papers to his Excellency that evening, and desired to take himself, on the morrow, the news of the appointment to her whom he was now endeavoring to exhibit as his mistress. Just then the minister's valet approached des Lupeaulx in a mysterious manner, and told him that his own servant wished him to deliver to him at once a letter of the utmost importance.

在这之前，德吕卜克斯已经悄无声息地溜到了他们身边。就在她打算透露丈夫方案的节骨眼上，他发出了一种相当不乐意的声音，意思是告诉他们无意中听到他们的对话非他所愿。事实上，他一直都在听。大臣生气地看了眼这个上了年纪的花花公子。之前德吕卜克斯等不及要拿到奖赏，便跳过了所有的先前步骤，匆匆办完了任命的预备工作。当天

晚上，他把文件带来交给了大臣阁下，并渴望第二日他能亲自将任命的消息告诉塞莱斯蒂纳。现在，他正努力将她作为自己的情妇展示给别人看。就在那个当口，大臣的男仆神神秘秘地走到德吕卜克斯身旁，说他的下人希望自己把一封万分重要的信函立刻交给他。

The general-secretary went up to a lamp and read a note thus worded:—

秘书长走到灯前看那张便条，便条里写着：

Contrary to my custom, I am waiting in your ante-chamber to see you; you have not a moment to lose if you wish to come to terms with

我打破了自己的常规，正侯于您的前厅想要见您。如想达成协议，请一刻也不要耽搁。

Your obedient servant, Gobseck.

您顺从的仆人，高布赛克。

The secretary shuddered when he saw the signature, which we regret we cannot give in fac-simile, for it would be valuable to those who like to guess character from what may be called the physiognomy of signature. If ever a hieroglyphic sign expressed an animal, it was assuredly this written name, in which the first and the final letter approached each other like the voracious jaws of a shark,—insatiable, always open, seeking whom to devour, both strong and weak. As for the wording of the note, the spirit of usury alone could have inspired a sentence so imperative, so insolently curt and cruel, which said all and revealed nothing. Those who had never heard of Gobseck would have felt, on reading words which compelled him to whom they were addressed to obey, yet gave no order, the presence of the implacable money-lender of the rue des Gres. Like a dog called to heel by the huntsman, des Lupeaulx left his present quest and went immediately to his own rooms, thinking of his hazardous position. Imagine a general to whom an aide-de-camp rides up and says: "The enemy with thirty thousand fresh troops is attacking on our right flank."

看到这个签名，秘书不禁打了个冷颤。我们很遗憾不能提供副本，因为对于那些爱根据所谓的笔迹相面术猜测别人性格的读者来说，这可能是很有价值的。假如哪个象形文标记能表达出某种动物的话，肯定要数这个手写的名字了。首字母和尾字母像贪婪无比的鲨鱼大嘴一样互相靠近——贪心无比、永远大张；寻找猎物，无论是强者弱者，都会被一口吞掉。至于信函的用词，光凭高利贷的精神就能令一句话听起来如此具有权威性、如此唐突无礼、如此冷酷无情。一切都说了，却什么也没有表露。这些话迫使他就范遵从，却没有给他下达任何命令。读完这些话，从来没听说过高布赛克的人，也能感觉到是希腊街那位铁石心肠的放贷人来了。德吕卜克斯像一只被召唤的狗一样，乖乖地跑到猎人脚

边。他丢下眼前对拉布丹夫人的追求，一边考虑着自身的危险境遇，一边火速朝他的私人房间走去。想象一下，副官骑着马上前对将军说：“敌人新增三万大军，正袭击我军右翼。”

A very few words will serve to explain this sudden arrival of Gigonnet and Gobseck on the field of battle,—for des Lupeaulx found them both waiting. At eight o'clock that evening, Martin Falleix, returning on the wings of the wind,—thanks to three francs to the postboys and a courier in advance,—had brought back with him the deeds of the property signed the night before. Taken at once to the Cafe Themis by Mitral, these securities passed into the hands of the two usurers, who hastened (though on foot) to the ministry. It was past eleven o'clock. Des Lupeaulx trembled when he saw those sinister faces, emitting a simultaneous look as direct as a pistol shot and as brilliant as the flash itself.

稍稍几句话就可以说明羊腿子和高布塞克突然出现在战场的用意——因为德吕卜克斯发现他们俩都在等他。那天晚上八点，幸好马丁·法莱克斯提前给了马车夫和信使的三个法郎，他才得以乘着风的翅膀飞速返回，并带回了前一个晚上签订的地契。米特拉尔立刻带着这些担保书赶去忒弥斯咖啡馆，交到了这两个高利贷人手里，然后他们匆忙（虽然是徒步）赶到了部里。已经过了十一点了。见到那两张凶险的面孔，德吕卜克斯抖了两下。他们俩一齐直射出子弹般的目光，如火光一样耀眼刺目。

"What is it, my masters?" he said.

“有何贵干，老爷们？”他问。

The two extortioners continued cold and motionless. Gigonnet silently pointed to the documents in his hand, and then at the servant.

两个勒索人还是冷若冰霜、一动不动。羊腿子默默地指着自己手里拿的文卷，又指了指那个下人。

"Come into my study," said des Lupeaulx, dismissing his valet by a sign.

“到我书房来吧。”德吕卜克斯示意仆人退下，对他们俩说。

"You understand French very well," remarked Gigonnet, approvingly.

“你很懂法语啊。”羊腿子赞许道。

"Have you come here to torment a man who enabled each of you to make a couple of hundred thousand francs?"

“你们来这里，是要折磨一个使你们各自挣了几十万法郎的人吗？”

"And who will help us to make more, I hope," said Gigonnet.

“我希望，这个人可以帮我们挣更多。”羊腿子说。

"Some new affair?" asked des Lupeaulx. "If you want me to help you, consider that I recollect the past."

“有新买卖？”德吕卜克斯问道，“我想起了往事，如果你们想让我帮忙，想想这一点吧。”

"So do we," answered Gigonnet.

“我们也想起了往事。”羊腿子回答。

"My debts must be paid," said des Lupeaulx, disdainfully, so as not to seem worsted at the outset.

“我的债一定会还清的。”德吕卜克斯不屑地说，以免在一开始就陷入最困难的境地。

"True," said Gobseck.

“没错。”高布赛克说道。

"Let us come to the point, my son," said Gigonnet. "Don't stiffen your chin in your cravat; with us all that is useless. Take these deeds and read them.”

“让我们谈正事吧，我的儿。”羊腿子继续道，“领结后面你的下巴已经僵了，别装啦，这对我们根本没用。拿着这些地契看看吧。”

The two usurers took a mental inventory of des Lupeaulx's study while he read with amazement and stupefaction a deed of purchase which seemed wafted to him from the clouds by angels.

他先是惊讶后是麻木地读完这份购买契据——像是天使在云层里吹送给他的一样，而两个放贷人则在心中计算着德吕卜克斯书房里的财产清单。

"Don't you think you have a pair of intelligent business agents in Gobseck and me?" asked Gigonnet.

“有了我和高布赛克，你不觉得你就有一对聪明的生意代理人吗？”羊腿子问道。

"But tell me, to what do I owe such able co-operation?" said des Lupeaulx, suspicious and uneasy.

“可是你告诉我，你们给了我这么有力的协助，我为此欠下了什么？”德吕卜克斯问道。他满心疑惑、十分不安。

"We knew eight days ago a fact that without us you would not have known till to-morrow morning. The president of the chamber of commerce, a deputy, as you know, feels himself obliged to resign.”

“有一件事八天前我们就已经知道了。而如果不是我们，恐怕你直到明天早上才会知道这件事呢。商务部大臣，如你所知也是一名议员，感

到自己不得不辞去职务。”

Des Lupeaulx's eyes dilated, and were as big as daisies.

德吕卜克斯眼睛睁得像菊花一般大。

"Your minister has been tricking you about this event," said the concise Gobseck.

“在这件事上，你的大臣一直欺骗了你。”高布赛克说道。

"You master me," said the general-secretary, bowing with an air of profound respect, bordering however, on sarcasm.

“你们才是我的主人啊。”秘书长一边说，一边带着深深的敬意向他们躬身行礼，不过也带着接近讽刺的意味。

"True," said Gobseck.

“没错。”高布赛克说。

"Can you mean to strangle me?"

“你们会想要勒死我吗？”

"Possibly."

“可能会。”

"Well, then, begin your work, executioners," said the secretary, smiling.

“好吧，那么开始吧，刽子手们。”秘书笑道。

"You will see," resumed Gigonnet, "that the sum total of your debts is added to the sum loaned by us for the purchase of the property; we have bought them up."

“你会发现，”羊腿子又开口说道，“你的债务总额里还添加了一笔被我们贷出来买那块地皮的钱。我们把你现在所有的债务全买下了。”

"Here are the deeds," said Gobseck, taking from the pocket of his greenish overcoat a number of legal papers.

“这是契约。”高布赛克一边说，一边从淡绿色的大衣口袋里掏出一堆法律文书。

"You have three years in which to pay off the whole sum," said Gigonnet.

“您有三年时间还清所有债务。”羊腿子说。

"But," said des Lupeaulx, frightened at such kindness, and also by so apparently fantastic an arrangement. "What do you want of me?"

“但是，”他们对他如此友善，显而易见这安排又如此优厚，把德吕卜克斯吓坏了，“你们想叫我做什么？”

"La Billardiere's place for Baudoyer," said Gigonnet, quickly.

“拉比亚尔迪埃的位子给包杜阿耶。”羊腿子快人快语。

"That's a small matter, though it will be next to impossible for me to do it," said des Lupeaulx. "I have just tied my hands."

“这不是什么难事，可是让我这么做几乎不可能。”德吕卜克斯说，“我刚把手绑住了。”

"Bite the cords with your teeth," said Gigonnet.

“那就用牙齿咬断绳子。”羊腿子说。

"They are sharp," added Gobseck.

“你有一口利齿。”高布赛克补充道。

"Is that all?" asked des Lupeaulx.

“你们想让我做的只有这事？”德吕卜克斯问。

"We keep the title-deeds of the property till the debts are paid," said Gigonnet, putting one of the papers before des Lupeaulx; "and if the matter of the appointment is not satisfactorily arranged within six days our names will be substituted in place of yours."

“债务还清之前，我们会一直保留地契。”羊腿子抽出一份文件放到德吕卜克斯面前，“假如任命一事办得让人不满意的话，六天之内你的名字将被我们的名字取代。”

"You are deep," cried the secretary.

“你们真是老谋深算啊！”秘书叫了起来。

"Exactly," said Gobseck.

“非常准确。”高布赛克说。

"And this is all?" exclaimed des Lupeaulx.

“那么你们想让我做的只有这事？”德吕卜克斯叫道。

"All," said Gobseck.

“是只有这事。”高布赛克说。

"You agree?" asked Gigonnet.

“你同意了？”羊腿子问。

Des Lupeaulx nodded his head.

德吕卜克斯点了点头。

"Well, then, sign this power of attorney. Within two days Baudoyer is to be nominated; within six your debts will be cleared off, and—”

“好吧，那么签字吧，这是委托书。包杜阿耶将在两天之内获得提任，而你的债务将于六天之内还清，而且——”

"And what?" asked des Lupeaulx.

“而且什么？”德吕卜克斯问道。

"We guarantee—”

“我们担保————”

"Guarantee!—what?" said the secretary, more and more astonished.

“担保！——担保什么？”秘书越发震惊。

"Your election to the Chamber," said Gigonnet, rising on his heels. "We have secured a majority of fifty-two farmers' and mechanics' votes, which will be thrown precisely as those who lend you this money dictate.”

“您将获选进入议院。”羊腿子一边说，一边提起了他两只脚的脚后跟，我们已经确信获得五十二位农民和修理工的选票，这占了选票的多数。只要借给你钱的人发布了命令，这些选票就会一张不少地投给你。”

Des Lupeaulx wrung Gigonnet's hand.

德吕卜克斯紧紧地握住了羊腿子的手。

"It is only such as we who never misunderstand each other," he said; "this is what I call doing business. I'll make you a return gift.”

“只有我们这样子的，互相之间才决不会产生误会，”他说，“这就是我所说的做买卖。我会给你一份回礼的。”

"Right," said Gobseck.

“好的。”高布赛克说。

"What is it?" asked Gigonnet.

“什么回礼？”羊腿子问。

"The cross of the Legion of honor for your imbecile of a nephew."

“一枚荣誉军团十字勋章，送给你的傻瓜侄孙女婿。”

"Good," said Gigonnet, "I see you know him well."

“很好，”羊腿子道，“我看你对他挺了解的。”

The pair took leave of des Lupeaulx, who conducted them to the staircase.

德吕卜克斯把他们送到了楼梯，两人向他告辞离开。

"They must be secret envoys from foreign powers," whispered the footmen to each other.

“他们一定是国外实例的密使。”仆人们压低了声音，议论纷纷。

Once in the street, the two usurers looked at each other under a street lamp and laughed.

两个放贷人一走到街上，便在路灯下互相看了看，大笑起来。

"He will owe us nine thousand francs interest a year," said Gigonnet; "that property doesn't bring him in five.”

“每年他都会欠我们九千法郎的利息，”羊腿子说，“而那块地皮连五千都挣不了。”

"He is under our thumb for a long time," said Gobseck.

“在很长一段时间里，他都会被我们牵着鼻子走。”高布赛克讲道。

"He'll build; he'll commit extravagancies," continued Gigonnet; "Falleix will get his land."

“他一定会大兴土木，一定会挥霍浪费，”羊腿子继续说，“法莱克斯会得到他的地皮的。”

"His interest is only to be made deputy; the old fox laughs at the rest," said Gobseck.

“他所关心的仅仅是成为议员，这只老狐狸对别的事都只会付之一笑。”高布赛克说。

"Hey! hey!"

“嘿！嘿！”

"Hi! hi!

“哈！哈！”

These dry little exclamations served as a laugh to the two old men, who took their way back (always on foot) to the Cafe Themis.

这几句简短而阴冷的感叹便是这两个老头子的笑声，他们返回了（永远是步行走去）忒弥斯咖啡馆。

Des Lupeaulx returned to the salon and found Madame Rabourdin sailing with the wind of success, and very charming; while his Excellency, usually so gloomy, showed a smooth and gracious countenance.

德吕卜克斯返回了客厅，见拉布丹夫人正搭乘得胜的风帆，浑身散发着魅力。反观一贯忧郁的大臣阁下，也显出了平和优雅的神态。

"She performs miracles," thought des Lupeaulx. "What a wonderfully clever woman! I must get to the bottom of her heart."

“她总能创造奇迹。”德吕卜克斯心想，“这个女人多么美妙，多么聪明啊！我必须搞清楚她心底的想法。”

"Your little lady is decidedly handsome," said the Marquise to the secretary; "now if she only had your name."

“你的小女人果真漂亮，”侯爵夫人对秘书长说，“要是她现在只属于你。”

"Yes, her defect is that she is the daughter of an auctioneer. She will fail for want of birth," replied des Lupeaulx, with a cold manner that contrasted strangely with the ardor of his remarks about Madame Rabourdin not half an hour earlier.

“是啊，她是一名拍卖商的女儿，这是她的缺点。她会因为对出身的渴求而失败。”德吕卜克斯冷冷地回答，这与不到半小时前他对拉布丹夫人的热烈评价形成了奇怪的反差。

The marquise looked at him fixedly.

侯爵夫人盯着他看。

"The glance you gave them did not escape me," she said, motioning towards the minister and Madame Rabourdin; "it pierced the mask of your spectacles. How amusing you both are, to quarrel over that bone!"

“我可没错过你瞥向他们的那个眼神，”她说着朝大臣和拉布丹夫人走去，“那个眼神刺穿了你那副眼镜面具。你们俩真逗，为了块骨头吵嘴！”

As the marquise turned to leave the room the minister joined her and escorted her to the door.

侯爵夫人转身离去房间，大臣过来护送她走到门口。

"Well," said des Lupeaulx to Madame Rabourdin, "what do you think of his Excellency?"

“好吧，”德吕卜克斯问拉布丹夫人，“你觉得大臣阁下怎么样？”

"He is charming. We must know these poor ministers to appreciate them," she added, slightly raising her voice so as to be heard by his Excellency's wife. "The newspapers and the opposition calumnies are so misleading about men in politics that we are all more or less influenced by them; but such prejudices turn to the advantage of statesmen when we come to know them personally."

“他很有风度。我们必须了解这些可怜的大臣，然后才能欣赏他们。”她补充这句话时稍稍扬起了嗓门，好让大臣夫人也听见。“报业和反对派对的诽谤，真是太容易使人们对政界人物产生错误印象了，而我们或多或少都受到了影响。不过当我们逐渐了解这些政治家本人后，这些偏见却转而对他们有利了。”

"He is very good-looking," said des Lupeaulx.

“他仪表堂堂。”德吕卜克斯说道。

"Yes, and I assure you he is quite lovable," she said, heartily.

“确实是的，我向你保证他很招人喜欢。”她衷心地说。

"Dear child," said des Lupeaulx, with a genial, caressing manner; "you have actually done the impossible."

“好孩子，”德吕卜克和蔼亲切地说，“事实上，你完成了一件不可能办到的事情。”

"What is that?"

“什么事？”

"Resuscitated the dead. I did not think that man had a heart; ask his wife. But he may have just enough for a passing fancy. Therefore profit by it. Come this way, and don't be surprised.” He led Madame Rabourdin into the boudoir, placed her on a sofa, and sat down beside her. "You are very sly," he said, "and I like you the better for it. Between ourselves, you are a clever woman. Des Lupeaulx served to bring you into this house, and that is all you wanted of him, isn't it? Now when a woman decides to love a man for what she can get out of him it is better to take a sexagenarian Excellency than a quadragenarian secretary; there's more profit and less annoyance. I'm a man with spectacles, grizzled hair, worn out with dissipation,—a fine lover, truly! I tell myself all this again and again. It must be admitted, of course, that I can sometimes be useful, but never agreeable. Isn't that so? A man must be a fool if he cannot reason about himself. You can safely admit the truth and let me see to the depths of your heart; we are partners, not lovers. If I show some tenderness at times, you are too superior a woman to pay any attention to such follies; you will forgive me,—you are not a school-girl, or a bourgeoise of the rue Saint-Denis. Bah! you and I are too well brought up for that. There's the Marquise d'Espard who has just left the room; this is precisely what she thinks and does. She and I came to an understanding two years ago (the coxcomb!), and now she has only to write me a line and say, 'My dear des Lupeaulx, you will oblige me by doing such and such a thing,' and it is done at once. We are engaged at this very moment in getting a commission of lunacy on her husband. Ah! you women, you can get what you want by the bestowal of a few favors. Well, then, my dear child, bewitch the minister. I'll help you; it is my interest to do so. Yes, I wish he had a woman who could influence him; he wouldn't escape me,—for he does escape me quite often, and the reason is that I hold him only through his intellect. Now if I were one with a pretty woman who was also intimate with him, I should hold him by his weaknesses, and that is

much the firmest grip. Therefore, let us be friends, you and I, and share the advantages of the conquest you are making.”

“让死人复活。我原来以为他是个没心没肺的人，问问他的夫人吧。不过也许他还能产生那么一闪而过的幻想。所以用这个给自己带来点儿好处吧。过来，别惊讶。”他把她带至化妆室，让她坐在沙发上，自己则坐在她身旁。“你真狡猾，”他说，“因为这个我更喜欢你了。就我们俩私底下说，你是个聪明女人。让德吕卜克斯为你效劳，带你到这所宅子来，而这就是你想要从他身上得到的全部，不是吗？哎，当女人因为从一个男人身上能得到好处而决定爱他时，一个六十多的大臣会比四十几的秘书更加合适——好处更多，烦恼却更少。我是个戴眼镜的男人，头发灰白、损耗一空——可我是一个真正的情人！我一遍又一遍地这样告诉自己。当然，我得承认，有时候我能派上用场，但从不会讨人喜欢。难道不是吗？一个无法深入了解自己的人，肯定是愚蠢的人。你可以放心地承认这一事实，让我看到你的内心世界。我们不是情人，而是合作伙伴。假如我有时候表现出些许温柔，你是不会注意到这种愚蠢之举的，因为你是如此优秀的一位女性。你会原谅我的——你可不是在校女生，或者圣德尼街上的小资。呵！我们有这样好的教养，当然不会那样做。你瞧见德埃斯巴侯爵夫人刚刚离开房间了吧，这正是她心中所想和实际做的事情。我和她两年前心意相通（这个花花公子！），而现在呢，她只要给我写个字条，上面写着‘亲爱的德吕卜克斯，我请求你替我办成某某事情’，我立刻就会办好。此时此刻，我们俩一起委托她的丈夫完成一件非常疯狂的事。噢！你们这些年轻的女人啊，只需给予别人少许的好处，就能得到想要的东西。既然这样，那么亲爱的，让大臣对你着迷吧。我会帮你的，我能从中得到好处。是的，我希望他有一个能影响他的女人，这样他就摆脱不了我了——因为他确实总想摆脱我，原因是我只利用他的心智来控制他。假如现在我有一个亲近的漂亮女伴，她和他的关系也很密切，那么我就可以通过他的弱点抓住他了，抓得再牢固不过了。因此，我和你，我们俩做朋友吧。你正在征服的东西，也让我分享其中的利益。

Madame Rabourdin listened in amazement to this singular profession of rascality. The apparent artlessness of this political swindler prevented her from suspecting a trick.

这份怪异的流氓式表白，让拉布丹夫人听了大吃一惊。这个政治骗子表现得毫不做作，所以她相信他没有在耍花招。

"Do you believe he really thinks of me?" she asked, falling into the trap.

“你觉得他真的会考虑我吗？”她正在掉进陷阱，问道。

"I know it; I am certain of it."

“我懂这个，我确定。”

"Is it true that Rabourdin's appointment is signed?”

“拉布丹的任命当真签署了吗？”

"I gave him the papers this morning. But it is not enough that your husband should be made director; he must be Master of petitions."

“今早我已经把公文交给他了。不过做司长对您丈夫来说还不够，他肯定能当上稽查长。”

"Yes," she said.

“是啊。”她说。

"Well, then, go back to the salon and coquette a little more with his Excellency."

“好吧，那么回到客厅去，再和大臣阁下调调情吧。”

"It is true," she said, "that I never fully understood you till to-night. There is nothing commonplace about you.”

“说真的，”她回答，“直到今晚我才完全了解你。你绝不是一个平凡人。”

"We will be two old friends," said des Lupeaulx, "and suppress all tender nonsense and tormenting love; we will take things as they did under the Regency. Ah! they had plenty of wit and wisdom in those days!"

“我们会成为老朋友，”德吕卜克斯说，“把那无聊的温情和折磨人的情爱扔到一边吧。我们会以摄政王时期的方式来行事。啊！那个年代的人可真算得上足智多谋啊！”

"You are really strong; you deserve my admiration," she said, smiling, and holding out her hand to him, "one does more for one's friend, you know, than for one's—”

“你真厉害，我该尊敬你。”她一边微笑着向他伸出手去，“你知道，人们为朋友所做的胜过为——”

She left him without finishing her sentence.

话还没说完，她便离开了。

"Dear creature!" thought des Lupeaulx, as he saw her approach the minister, "des Lupeaulx has no longer the slightest remorse in turning against you. To-morrow evening when you offer me a cup of tea, you will be offering me a thing I no longer care for. All is over. Ah! when a man is forty years of age women may take pains to catch him, but they won't love him.”

“可爱的小精怪！”德吕卜克斯看着她朝大臣走去，心想，“德吕卜克斯与你反目，也不会再有一丝自责了。明晚你给我递上一杯茶时，我也不会再在乎什么了。一切都结束了。啊！一个男人如果到了四十岁，女

人或许会费劲心思去捕获他，但不会爱上他。”

He looked himself over in a mirror, admitting honestly that though he did very well as a politician he was a wreck on the shores of Cythera. At the same moment Madame Rabourdin was gathering herself together for a becoming exit. She wished to make a last graceful impression on the minds of all, and she succeeded. Contrary to the usual custom in society, every one cried out as soon as she was gone, "What a charming woman!" and the minister himself took her to the outer door.

他照照镜子，不得不承认自己虽然是一名出色的政客，却也是西岱岛海岸的一艘破船。与此同时，拉布丹夫人正抖擞精神，准备告辞了。她希望在最后给在场的每一个人都留下美好的印象。她成功了。大臣亲自送她到外门的门口。她刚走出去，大家都惊呼起来：“这个女人太有魅力了！”，这可与通常的社交习惯刚好相反。

"I am quite sure you will think of me to-morrow," he said, alluding to the appointment.

“我敢肯定明天你一定会想到我的。”大臣说，他在暗指那个任命。

"There are so few high functionaries who have agreeable wives," remarked his Excellency on re-entering the room, "that I am very well satisfied with our new acquisition."

“高级公务员中很少有人有这么可爱的妻子。”大臣阁下回房间时这样评论道，“我非常满意我们的这个新发现。”

"Don't you think her a little overpowering?" said des Lupeaulx with a piqued air.

“您不觉得她风头太盛了吗？”德吕卜克斯气呼呼地说道。

The women present all exchanged expressive glances; the rivalry between the minister and his secretary amused them and instigated one of those pretty little comedies which Parisian women play so well. They excited and led on his Excellency and des Lupeaulx by a series of comments on Madame Rabourdin: one thought her too studied in manner, too eager to appear clever; another compared the graces of the middle classes with the manners of high life, while des Lupeaulx defended his pretended mistress as we all defend an enemy in society.

在场所有的女士们都意味深长地互相看了几眼。大臣和他的秘书之间的敌意可把她们逗乐了，激得她们玩起了巴黎女性十分擅长的一种漂亮小喜剧。她们拿出了一连串对拉布丹夫人的评语，刺激、诱导大臣阁下和德吕卜克斯。一个女人觉得她的举止太过讲究，太急于表现出自己的聪颖；另一个把中产阶级的风度同上流社会的举止做比较。德吕卜克斯捍卫他假想的情妇，就像我们保护自己的社交对手一样。

"Do her justice, ladies," he said; "is it not extraordinary that the

daughter of an auctioneer should appear as well as she does? See where she came from, and what she is. She will end in the Tuileries; that is what she intends,—she told me so.”

“女士们，请对她公平点儿。”他发话道，“作为一名拍卖商的女儿，她的外表和行为都同样出色，这难道还不算出众吗？瞧瞧她是从哪里来的，再看看她现在是个什么样子。最终她会去杜伊勒里宫，那可是她的打算——她就是这么跟我说的。”

"Suppose she is the daughter of an auctioneer," said the Comtesse Feraud, smiling, "that will not hinder her husband's rise to power.”

“就算她是一名拍卖商的女儿。”费罗伯爵夫人微笑着说，“那也不会拖累她丈夫升上高位。”

"Not in these days, you mean," said the minister's wife, tightening her lips.

“你不是说，在今天这个年代吧。”大臣夫人绷紧了嘴唇说。

"Madame," said his Excellency to the countess, sternly, "such sentiments and such speeches lead to revolutions; unhappily, the court and the great world do not restrain them. You would hardly believe, however, how the injudicious conduct of the aristocracy in this respect displeases certain clear-sighted personages at the palace. If I were a great lord, instead of being, as I am, a mere country gentleman who seems to be placed where he is to transact your business for you, the monarchy would not be as insecure as I now think it is. What becomes of a throne which does not bestow dignity on those who administer its government? We are far indeed from the days when a king could make men great at will,—such men as Louvois, Colbert, Richelieu, Jeannin, Villeroy, Sully,—Sully, in his origin, was no greater than I. I speak to you thus because we are here in private among ourselves. I should be very paltry indeed if I were personally offended by such speeches. After all, it is for us and not for others to make us great.”

“夫人啊，”阁下对伯爵夫人严厉地说，“这般情绪和言辞可以引发一场革命。不幸的是，宫廷和贵族并没有对其加以限制。然而你几乎难以相信，贵族在这方面的做法有失妥当，这令皇宫里的一些有见地的人多么不满。倘若我不是现在这个小小乡绅，呆在这个位子上似乎是为了替你们做事的，而是一个大领主，君主制就不会像我现在所想的这样不稳定了。倘若王权不能将尊严给予其政府的管理者的话，那王权将会成为什么样子呢？以前一个国王可以按照自己的意愿塑造伟大人物，诸如卢瓦、科尔贝、黎塞留、让南、维勒鲁瓦还有叙利——叙利的出身不比我好。而如今，我们确实已经远离了那个年代。我给您说这个，那是因为这是我们私底下的谈话。如果我觉得此番言论冒犯了我本人的话，那我肯定就会是一个微不足道的小人物了。毕竟，成为重要人物，是为了我们自己而不是为别人。

"You are appointed, dear," cried Celestine, pressing her husband's hand as they drove away. "If it had not been for des Lupeaulx I should have explained your scheme to his Excellency. But I will do it next Tuesday, and it will help the further matter of making you Master of petitions."

“亲爱的，您获任了！”塞莱斯蒂纳和丈夫驾车离去时，她紧紧抓住他的手大声叫道。“要不是因为德吕卜克斯在那里，我已经把你的方案解释给大臣阁下听了。不过我会在下个星期二跟他解释的，这会为你当上稽查长出一份力。”

In the life of every woman there comes a day when she shines in all her glory; a day which gives her an unfading recollection to which she recurs with happiness all her life. As Madame Rabourdin took off one by one the ornaments of her apparel, she thought over the events of this evening, and marked the day among the triumphs and glories of her life,—all her beauties had been seen and envied, she had been praised and flattered by the minister's wife, delighted thus to make the other women jealous of her; but, above all, her grace and vanities had shone to the profit of conjugal love. Her husband was appointed.

每一个女性的一生里都有那么一天。那一天她会绽放全部的光芒，那一天会带给她永不褪色的记忆，那段记忆让她一辈子幸福留念。拉布丹夫人一边将佩饰一件件卸下，一边回想着晚上发生的种种事情，纪念着这个承载她一生的胜利和荣耀的日子——她所有的美丽之处都受到瞩目、被人羡慕。大臣太太也对她赞许有佳，甚至还奉承了她两句。其他的女人嫉妒她，这让她快活极了。可最重要的是，她的高雅和虚荣还给她的婚姻感情带来了好处。她丈夫获得了任命。

"Did you think I looked well to-night?" she said to him, joyously.

“你觉得今天晚上我看上去还不错吧？”她高兴地问他。

At the same instant Mitral, waiting at the Cafe Themis, saw the two usurers returning, but was unable to perceive the slightest indications of the result on their impassible faces.

与此同时，等候在忒弥斯咖啡馆的米特拉尔看见两个放贷人回来了，不过他无法从他们那麻木不仁的脸上读出一丝半点迹象，好让他知道结果如何。

"What of it?" he said, when they were all seated at table.

“怎么样了？”当他们都就坐时，他问道。

"Same as ever," replied Gigonnet, rubbing his hands, "victory with gold."

“和以前一样。”羊腿子一边摩擦着双手一边说道，“金币获胜。”

"True," said Gobseck.

“就是这样。”高布赛克说。

Mitral took a cabriolet and went straight to the Saillards and Baudoyers, who were still playing boston at a late hour. No one was present but the Abbe Gaudron. Falleix, half-dead with the fatigue of his journey, had gone to bed.

米特拉尔乘一辆单马双座篷车直奔萨亚尔和包杜阿耶家。这时候已经很晚了，可这两个人还在玩波士顿。除了他们俩，只有戈德龙神父还在那里。法莱克斯一路累得半死，已经去睡了。

"You will be appointed, nephew," said Mitral; "and there's a surprise in store for you.”

“侄子啊，你就要被任命啦。”米特拉尔说，“而且还有一份惊喜等着你。”

"What is it?" asked Saillard.

“是什么？”萨亚尔问。

"The cross of the Legion of honor?" cried Mitral.

“荣誉十字勋章？”米特拉尔大声叫了起来。

"God protects those who guard his altars," said Gaudron.

“上帝会保佑那些保护他圣坛的人。”戈德龙神父说道。

Thus the Te Deum was sung with equal joy and confidence in both camps.

于是这两个营都一样的高兴，一样的满怀信心，一样唱起了赞歌。

CHAPTER VIII Forward, Mollusks!

第八章　前进吧，蛀虫！

The next day, Wednesday, Monsieur Rabourdin was to transact business with the minister, for he had filled the late La Billardiere's place since the beginning of the latter's illness. On such days the clerks came punctually, the servants were specially attentive, there was always a certain excitement in the offices on these signing-days,—and why, nobody ever knew. On this occasion the three servants were at their post, flattering themselves they should get a few fees; for a rumor of Rabourdin's nomination had spread through the ministry the night before, thanks to Dutocq. Uncle Antoine and Laurent had donned their full uniform, when, at a quarter to eight, des Lupeaulx's servant came in with a letter, which he begged Antoine to give secretly to Dutocq, saying that the general-secretary had ordered him to deliver it without fail at Monsieur Dutocq's house by seven o'clock.

第二天，也就是星期三，拉布丹要和大臣谈公事。因为自从已故的拉比亚尔迪埃患病开始，一直是拉布丹替他在做份内之事。在这种日子里，公务员上班都很守时，听差也格外专注。每逢签署日，各个办公室就会躁动起来，但原因何在无人知晓。这会儿，那三个听差已经到岗，正乐呵呵地说自己应该拿点报酬了。因为有关提名拉布丹的传闻，在头天晚上已经传遍部里，这可得归功于迪托克。七点四十五时，安托万大叔和洛朗已经换好全套制服。这时候，德吕卜克斯的仆从带来了一封信，说秘书长命他一定在七点之前将信转送到迪托克家。他请求安托万偷偷把信交给迪托克。

"I'm sure I don't know how it happened," he said, "but I overslept myself. I've only just waked up, and he'd play the devil's tattoo on me if he knew the letter hadn't gone. I know a famous secret, Antoine; but don't say anything about it to the clerks if I tell you; promise? He would send me off if he knew I had said a single word; he told me so.”

“我不明白是怎么回事，”他说，“我睡过头了。我刚刚才醒。如果他知道我没把信送出去的话，就会变成一头刺了青的魔鬼，给我厉害瞧瞧的。安托万，我知道一个惊天秘密。但你可别对公务员们提一个字，你能保证吗？如果他知道我说漏了一个字，他会解雇我的。他是这么跟我说的。”

"What's inside the letter?" asked Antoine, eying it.

“信里写了些什么？”安托万眼睛盯着信。

"Nothing; I looked this way—see.”

“什么都没写，我这样看了——你瞧。”

He made the letter gape open, and showed Antoine that there was nothing but blank paper to be seen.

他把信拉开一道口子给安托万看，那里除了张白纸，什么也没有。

"This is going to be a great day for you, Laurent," went on the secretary's man. "You are to have a new director. Economy must be the order of the day, for they are going to unite the two divisions under one director—you fellows will have to look out!”

“洛朗，今天会是您的大日子。”秘书的下人继续说，“你们会有一位新司长上任。如今讲求精简节约，他们打算把两个司合为一个司，由一个司长管理——伙计们，你们得当心啊！”

"Yes, nine clerks are put on the retired list," said Dutocq, who came in at the moment; "how did you hear that?"

“是的，有九位公务员上了退休名单了。”此时，迪托克进来了，“你们是怎么听说的？”

Antoine gave him the letter, and he had no sooner opened it than he rushed headlong downstairs in the direction of the secretary's office.

安托万把信交给他，他刚一打开信，就径直跑下楼，朝着秘书长的办公室冲去。

The bureaus Rabourdin and Baudoyer, after idling and gossiping since the death of Monsieur de la Billardiere, were now recovering their usual official look and the dolce far niente habits of a government office. Nevertheless, the approaching end of the year did cause rather more application among the clerks, just as porters and servants become at that season more unctuously civil. They all came punctually, for one thing; more remained after four o'clock than was usual at other times. It was not forgotten that fees and gratuities depend on the last impressions made upon the minds of masters. The news of the union of the two divisions, that of La Billardiere and that of Clergeot, under one director, had spread through the various offices. The number of the clerks to be retired was known, but all were in ignorance of the names. It was taken for granted that Poiret would not be replaced, and that would be a retrenchment. Little La Billardiere had already departed. Two new supernumeraries had made their appearance, and, alarming circumstance! they were both sons of deputies. The news told about in the offices the night before, just as the clerks were dispersing, agitated all minds, and for the first half-hour after arrival in the morning they stood around the stoves and talked it over. But earlier than that, Dutocq, as we have seen, had

rushed to des Lupeaulx on receiving his note, and found him dressing. Without laying down his razor, the general-secretary cast upon his subordinate the glance of a general issuing an order.

自德拉比亚尔迪埃先生去世以来，拉布丹和包杜阿耶手下的两个处里的人闲着没事做，喜欢说长道短的。如今这两个处已经恢复了平常的办公景象，政府部门里那种无所事事的安静习惯也回来了。然而临近年底，门卫和听差在这一时节会表现得更加彬彬有礼，公务员们跟他们很相像，他们工作起来确实更勤恳了。所有人都准点上班，此其一。更多的人待到四点后才下班，其他时候他们可不是这样的。要记得，一个人拿到的报酬和小费取决于他留给上级的最后印象。合并拉比亚尔迪埃和克莱若两个司并由一个司长管理，这个消息已经传遍了各个办公室。退休公务员的人数已经揭晓，但大家还不知道究竟是谁。人们理所当然地认为普瓦雷不会被换掉，这便是职务精简。小拉比亚尔迪埃已离开。来了两个新的见习生——情况不妙！他们俩均为议员之子。头天傍晚公务员们正要下班时，这一消息已传到办公室，令所有人惶恐不安。早上上班的头半个小时，他们就围在炉子边议论纷纷。不过，正如我们所看到的，早些时候迪托克就拿着德吕卜克斯的便条就冲了过去，他看见德吕卜克斯正在梳洗。秘书长没有放下手中的剃须刀，向他的下属瞥了一眼，那是他下达的将军令。

"Are we alone?" he asked.

“只有我们俩吗？”他问。

"Yes, monsieur."

“是，先生。”

"Very good. March on Rabourdin; forward! steady! Of course you kept a copy of that paper?"

“很好。进军拉布丹。快去！要稳妥！你一定留着文件副本吧？”

"Yes."

“是的。”

"You understand me? Inde iroe! There must be a general hue and cry raised against him. Find some way to start a clamor—”

“你明白我的意思吗？公愤！一定要让全体都大声指责他。找条路子，开始大声喧哗——”

"I could get a man to make a caricature, but I haven't five hundred francs to pay for it.”

“我可以找人画幅讽刺漫画，可是我出不起这五百法郎。”

"Who would make it?"

“谁画？”

"Bixou."

“毕西沃。”

"He shall have a thousand and be under-head-clerk to Colleville, who will arrange with them; tell him so.”

“他可以得到一千法郎，还能当上科勒维尔下面的副处长。科勒维尔会把这两件事都安排好的，就这样告诉他。”

"But he wouldn't believe it on nothing more than my word.”

“可我的话，他是不会信的。”

"Are you trying to make me compromise myself? Either do the thing or let it alone; do you hear me?"

“您想坏我名声吗？要么做，要么别管。听见我说的话了吗？”

"If Monsieur Baudoyer were director—”

“假如包杜阿耶当了司长——”

"Well, he will be. Go now, and make haste; you have no time to lose. Go down the back-stairs; I don't want people to know you have just seen me.”

“嗯，他会的。快去，快点，没时间了。你从后面的楼梯下去吧，我可不希望别人知道你刚见过我。”

While Dutocq was returning to the clerks' office and asking himself how he could best incite a clamor against his chief without compromising himself, Bixiou rushed to the Rabourdin office for a word of greeting. Believing that he had lost his bet the incorrigible joker thought it amusing to pretend that he had won it.

迪托克一边走回公务员办公室，一边想着如何能在不损害自己的情况下，最好地挑起针对自己上司的反对声，。而与此同时，毕西沃冲进了拉布丹所在处的办公室，朝他们打了个招呼。这个无可救药的家伙相信自己已经赌输了，却觉得假装成赢家也是件挺有意思的事。

Bixiou (mimicking Phellion's voice). "Gentlemen, I salute you with a collective how d'ye do, and I appoint Sunday next for the dinner at the Rocher de Cancale. But a serious question presents itself. Is that dinner to include the clerks who are dismissed?”

毕西沃（模仿菲利翁的嗓音）：“先生们，我向大家致以集体式的问好。我指定下个星期天在牡蛎岩吃饭。不过，出了个严重问题。饭局也包括被解职的公务员吗？”

Poiret. "And those who retire?"

普瓦雷：“还包括那些退休的吗？”

Bixiou. "Not that I care, for it isn't I who pay.” (General stupefaction.) "Baudoyer is appointed. I think I already hear him

calling Laurent" (mimicking Baudoyer), "Laurent! lock up my hair-shirt, and my scourge.” (They all roar with laughter.) "Yes, yes, he laughs well who laughs last. Gentlemen, there's a great deal in that anagram of Colleville's. 'Xavier Rabourdin, chef de bureau—D'abord reva bureaux, e-u fin riche.’ If I were named 'Charles X., par la grace de Dieu roi de France et de Navarre,' I should tremble in my shoes at the fate those letters anagrammatize.”

毕西沃：“我可管不着，因为买单的不是我。”（大家都惊呆了）“包杜阿耶获任。我想，我已经听见他在使唤洛朗。”（模仿包杜阿耶），“洛朗快来！把我的鬃毛还有鞭子都锁起来。”（众人一阵狂笑）“是的，是的，谁笑到最后，谁就笑得最好。诸位，科勒维尔的字谜暗藏了不少玄机。‘格扎维埃·拉布丹，处长——开始在政府，有钱在别地儿。’假如我叫‘查理十世，受上帝赐福，成为法兰西和纳瓦尔国王’，那些解开的字母所预示的命运，会令我瑟瑟发抖。”

Thuillier. "Look here! are you making fun?"

蒂利埃：“看呀！您还开玩笑呢？”

Bixiou. "No, I am not. Rabourdin resigns in a rage at finding Baudoyer appointed director."

毕西沃：“我可没有开玩笑。拉布丹发现包杜阿耶被委任为司长后，会大发雷霆，然后辞职。”

Vimeux (entering.) "Nonsense, no such thing! Antoine (to whom I have just been paying forty francs that I owed him) tells me that Monsieur and Madame Rabourdin were at the minister's private party last night and stayed till midnight. His Excellency escorted Madame Rabourdin to the staircase. It seems she was divinely dressed. In short, it is quite certain that Rabourdin is to be director. Riffe, the secretary's copying clerk, told me he sat up all the night before to draw the papers; it is no longer a secret. Monsieur Clergeot is retired. After thirty years' service that's no misfortune. Monsieur Cochlin, who is rich—”

维默（进来）：“一派胡言，没有的事！安托万（我刚把欠他的四十个法郎还给他）告诉我说，拉布丹夫妇昨晚参加了大臣的贵宾聚会，午夜才回去。大臣一直护送拉布丹夫人走到楼梯。她打扮得美极了。简言之，可以肯定拉布丹将成为司长。秘书长的文书员里弗说，他昨晚熬夜草拟了委任文件，这不再是什么秘不可宣的东西了。克莱若先生退了。他已经工作了三十年，这也不是什么坏事。有钱的科尚先生——”

Bixiou. "By cochineal."

毕西沃：“像胭脂虫。”

Vimeux. "Yes, cochineal; he's a partner in the house of Matifat, rue des Lombards. Well, he is retired; so is Poiret. Neither is to be

replaced. So much is certain; the rest is all conjecture. The appointment of Monsieur Rabourdin is to be announced this morning; they are afraid of intrigues.”

维默：“是的，就是胭脂虫。他是隆巴尔街上马蒂法剧院的合伙人。哦，他退了。普瓦雷也退了。没人填补他们的空缺。这些是可以肯定的，其他均为猜测。拉布丹先生的提任将于今早宣布。他们怕有人会耍阴谋。”

Bixiou. "What intrigues?"

毕西沃：“什么样的阴谋？”

Fleury. "Baudoyer's, confound him! The priests uphold him; here's another article in the liberal journal,—only half a dozen lines, but they are queer" (reads):

弗勒里：“包杜阿耶耍的阴谋，他真是该死！他有那些牧师的支持。自由报又写了一篇文章，只有六行，不过怪怪的。”（他念道）：

"Certain persons spoke last night in the lobby of the Opera-house of the return of Monsieur de Chateaubriand to the ministry, basing their opinion on the choice made of Monsieur Rabourdin (the protege of friends of the noble viscount) to fill the office for which Monsieur Baudoyer was first selected. The clerical party is not likely to withdraw unless in deference to the great writer.

“昨晚，某些人在剧场大厅说起夏多布里昂先生重回部里一事。他们有这种想法是基于一项决策——拉布丹将代替原来的首选人包杜阿耶先生，被委任为司长。神职会是不太可能会撤退的，除非他们愿意遵从那位大作家的意思。

"Blackguards!"

“无赖！”

Dutocq (entering, having heard the whole discussion). "Blackguards! Who? Rabourdin? Then you know the news?"

迪托克（听完整个讨论，走进办公室）：“无赖！谁？拉布丹吗？那么你们已经知道那个消息了吗？”

Fleury (rolling his eyes savagely). "Rabourdin a blackguard! Are you mad, Dutocq? do you want a ball in your brains to give them weight?"

弗勒里（眼珠转个不停）：“拉布丹是个无赖！迪托克，你发什么疯？要不要往你脑袋里踢个球进去，好让它有点儿重量？”

Dutocq. "I said nothing against Monsieur Rabourdin; only it has just been told to me in confidence that he has written a paper denouncing all the clerks and officials, and full of facts about their

lives; in short, the reason why his friends support him is because he has written this paper against the administration, in which we are all exposed—”

迪托克：“我可没说任何反对拉布丹的话。只是刚才有人私下告诉我，他写了一份文书，在里面诋毁全体公务员和行政人员，还暴露他们所有的生活细节。简而言之，他的朋友之所以支持他就是因为他已经写好了那份反对政府的文书。在那份文书里，我们都被曝光了——”

Phellion (in a loud voice). "Monsieur Rabourdin is incapable of—”

菲利翁（大着嗓门）：“拉布丹先生不可能——”

Bixiou. "Very proper in you to say so. Tell me, Dutocq" (they whisper together and then go into the corridor).

毕西沃：“你说这个再合适不过了。跟我说说，迪托克。”（他们两人小声嘀咕着，然后走进了过道）。

Bixiou. "What has happened?"

毕西沃：“出了什么事？”

Dutocq. "Do you remember what I said to you about that caricature?"

迪托克：“还记得我对你说过的讽刺漫画那事吗？”

Bixiou. "Yes, what then?"

毕西沃：“记着呢，然后呢？”

Dutocq. "Make it, and you shall be under-head-clerk with a famous fee. The fact is, my dear fellow, there's dissension among the powers that be. The minister is pledged to Rabourdin, but if he doesn't appoint Baudoyer he offends the priests and their party. You see, the King, the Dauphin and the Dauphine, the clergy, and lastly the court, all want Baudoyer; the minister wants Rabourdin.”

迪托克：“画出来你就能当上副处，还能获得一笔不菲的收入。我亲爱的朋友，事实上权力与权力之间存在着分歧。大臣是对拉布丹做了保证，可是他如果不任命包杜阿耶，就冒犯了那些牧师和他们的党派。你看，有国王、太子、太子妃、神职人员，最后还有宫廷，他们都要包杜阿耶，而大臣却想要拉布丹。

Bixiou. "Good!"

毕西沃：“很好！”

Dutocq. "To ease the matter off, the minister, who sees he must give way, wants to strangle the difficulty. We must find some good reason for getting rid of Rabourdin. Now somebody has lately unearthed a paper of his, exposing the present system of

administration and wanting to reform it; and that paper is going the rounds,—at least, this is how I understand the matter. Make the drawing we talked of; in so doing you'll play the game of all the big people, and help the minister, the court, the clergy,—in short, everybody; and you'll get your appointment. Now do you understand me?”

迪托克：“大臣已明白他必须做出让步。他希望将这种困境控制住，以缓和事态。为了赶走拉布丹，我们得想出一个好理由。最近，有人发现了他写的一份文书。他在里面曝光现行的行政体制，表明他对其进行改革的意愿。那份文件正四处传阅——至少在我看来是这样的。把我们谈过的内容画出来，你就会玩所有大人物都在玩的牌。你会帮大臣、宫廷和教会——简单地说，你会帮上所有人的忙，然后你就会获得任命。现在，你懂我意思了？”

Bixiou. "I don't understand how you came to know all that; perhaps you are inventing it.”

毕西沃：“我不懂你是怎么了解到这一切的，大概是你自个儿捏造的吧。”

Dutocq. "Do you want me to let you see what Rabourdin wrote about you?"

迪托克：“想让我给您看看，拉布丹是怎么说你的吗？”

Bixiou. "Yes."

毕西沃：“我想啊。”

Dutocq. "Then come home with me; for I must put the document into safe keeping."

迪托克：“那就上我家去，因为我必须将这份文件保管在安全的地方。”

Bixiou. "You go first alone." (Re-enters the bureau Rabourdin.) "What Dutocq told you is really all true, word of honor! It seems that Monsieur Rabourdin has written and sent in very unflattering descriptions of the clerks whom he wants to 'reform.' That's the real reason why his secret friends wish him appointed. Well, well; we live in days when nothing astonishes me" (flings his cloak about him like Talma, and declaims):—

毕西沃：“你一人先走吧。”（返回拉布丹的处里）“我以我的名誉保证，迪托克告诉你们的全是实话！拉布丹似乎对他想‘改革’的公务员，做了一番令人十分不悦的描写。这便是他的那些密友希望他获任的真正原因。哎，哎，在我们所生活的这个年代，已经没有什么能让我震惊的事情啦。”（他像塔尔马那样匆匆披上外衣，大声说道）：

"Thou who has seen the fall of grand, illustrious heads, Why thus

amazed, insensate that thou art, "to find a man like Rabourdin employing such means?

“卓越杰出的领袖的下台，诸位又不是没见过。发现拉布丹这样的人耍这种手段，犯得着惊讶吗，诸位真是无知。

Baudoyer is too much of a fool to know how to use them. Accept my congratulations, gentlemen; either way you are under a most illustrious chief" (goes off).

包杜阿耶太蠢，根本就不会耍手段。先生们，接受我的祝贺吧。不论走哪条路，管你们的上司都会很出色。”（离去）

Poiret. "I shall leave this ministry without ever comprehending a single word that gentleman utters. What does he mean with his 'heads that fall'?”

普瓦雷：“等我离开这部门时，我都还会听不明白这先生说的任何一句话。‘伟人下台’，他指什么？”

Fleury. “'Heads that fell?' why, think of the four sergeants of Rochelle, Ney, Berton, Caron, the brothers Faucher, and the massacres.”

弗勒里：“‘伟人下台？’噢，想想罗谢勒四军士、奈伊、贝尔东、卡龙、富歇兄弟，还有大屠杀。”

Phellion. "He asserts very flippantly things that he only guesses at."

菲利翁：“他轻率地断言了一些仅仅是他自己推测的事。”

Fleury. "Say at once that he lies; in his mouth truth itself turns to corrosion."

弗勒里：“马上揭发他在撒谎，真话在他嘴里也会腐蚀掉。”

Phellion. "Your language is unparliamentary and lacks the courtesy and consideration which are due to a colleague."

菲利翁：“你这是出言不逊。这样说你的同事既是没礼貌，也是有欠考虑的。”

Vimeux. "It seems to me that if what he says is false, the proper name for it is calumny, defamation of character; and such a slanderer deserves the thrashing."

维默：“在我看来，如果他说的不是事实，我们该把它称之为污蔑、诽谤他人，而这种造谣者应该挨鞭子。”

Fleury (getting hot). "If the government offices are public places, the matter ought to be taken into the police-courts.”

弗勒里（情绪激动）：“如果政府办公室算是公共场合，这件事就该

递交警局处理。”

Phellion (wishing to avert a quarrel, tries to turn the conversation). "Gentleman, might I ask you to keep quiet? I am writing a little treatise on moral philosophy, and I am just at the heart of it."

菲利翁（希望避免争论，试图转移话题）：“先生们，可否请大家安静一下？我正在写一点儿有关道德观的论述，正写到核心部分。”

Fleury (interrupting). "What are you saying about it, Monsieur Phellion?"

弗勒里（插话）：“菲利翁先生，关于道德观您都写了什么？”

Phellion (reading). "Question.—What is the soul of man?

菲利翁（念道）：“问题——什么是人的灵魂？

"Answer.—A spiritual substance which thinks and reasons.”

“回答——是一种精神物质，可以进行思考和推理。”

Thuillier. "Spiritual substance! you might as well talk about immaterial stone." Poiret. "Don't interrupt; let him go on.”

蒂利埃：“精神物质！您还可以谈谈非物质的石头呢。”普瓦雷：“别吵，让他接着说。”

Phellion (continuing). "Quest.— Whence comes the soul?

菲利翁（继续）：“问题——灵魂从哪里来？

"Ans.— From God, who created it of a nature one and indivisible; the destructibility thereof is, consequently, not conceivable, and he hath said—”

“回答——源自上帝，上帝创造了它，使其成为本性且不可切分，因而毁灭灵魂是不可想象的。上帝还说——”

Poiret (amazed). "God said?"

普瓦雷（惊讶）：“上帝说过？”

Phellion. "Yes, monsieur; tradition authorizes the statement."

菲利翁：“是的，先生。传统授权我写出这番言论。”

Fleury (to Poiret). "Come, don't interrupt, yourself.”

弗勒里（对普瓦雷）：“继续，你别自己打断自己的话。”

Phellion (resuming). “—and he hath said that he created it immortal; in other words, the soul can never die.

菲利翁（继续）：“他还说，他创造了灵魂并使其永生。换句话说，灵魂永不灭。

"Quest.— What are the uses of the soul?

“问题——灵魂是用来干什么的？

"Ans.— To comprehend, to will, to remember; these constitute understanding, volition, memory.

“回答——用来理解、希冀和记忆。这三方面构成了理解力、自主力和记忆力。

"Quest.— What are the uses of the understanding?

“问题——理解力是用来干什么的？

"Ans.— To know. It is the eye of the soul.”

“回答——用来知晓。理解力是灵魂的眼睛。”

Fleury. "And the soul is the eye of what?"

弗雷里：“灵魂是何物的眼睛？”

Phellion (continuing). "Quest.— What ought the understanding to know?

菲利翁（接着说道）：“问题——理解力应该知道什么？

"Ans.— Truth.

“回答——真理。

"Quest.— Why does man possess volition?

“问题——人为什么拥有自主力？

"Ans.— To love good and hate evil.

“回答——为了热爱美善，憎恨邪恶。

"Quest.— What is good?

“问题——什么是美善？

"Ans.— That which makes us happy.”

“回答——让人幸福的事情。”

Vimeux. "Heavens! do you teach that to young ladies?"

维默：“上帝啊！你给年轻的姑娘们教这些？”

Phellion. "Yes" (continuing). "Quest.— How many kinds of good are there?”

菲利翁：“没错。”（继续念道）“问题——有多少种美善？”

Fleury. "Amazingly indecorous, to say the least."

弗勒里：“退一步讲，这也太不合礼仪了。”

Phellion (aggrieved). "Oh, monsieur!" (Controlling himself.) "But

here's the answer,—that's as far as I have got" (reads):—

菲利翁（愤愤不平）：“噢，先生！”（控制着自己的情绪）“但这就是答案——就我所知——”（往下念）

"Ans.— There are two kinds of good,—eternal good and temporal good.”

“回答——有两种美善——永恒的美善和暂时的美善。”

Poiret (with a look of contempt). "And does that sell for anything?"

普瓦雷（不屑一顾的神色）：“这卖得出去吗？”

Phellion. "I hope it will. It requires great application of mind to carry on a system of questions and answers; that is why I ask you to be quiet and let me think, for the answers—”

菲利翁：“但愿。做出一套问答需要耗费大量的脑力劳动，这也是我请大家安静下来让我思考答案的原因——”

Thuillier (interrupting). "The answers might be sold separately."

蒂利埃（插话）：“这些答案可以单独出售。”

Poiret. "Is that a pun?"

普瓦雷：“这是双关语？”

Thuillier. "No; a riddle."

蒂利埃：“不，是谜语。”

Phellion. "I am sorry I interrupted you" (he dives into his office desk). "But" (to himself) "at any rate, I have stopped their talking about Monsieur Rabourdin."

菲利翁：“抱歉，打断你们了。”（他对着办公桌埋下了头）。“可是，”（他心想）“不管怎样，我已经叫他们停止讨论拉布丹先生了。”

At this moment a scene was taking place between the minister and des Lupeaulx which decided Rabourdin's fate. The general-secretary had gone to see the minister in his private study before the breakfast-hour, to make sure that La Briere was not within hearing.

而此时此刻发生在大臣和德吕卜克斯之间的一幕决定了拉布丹的命运。秘书长在用早餐的时间之前，就去了大臣的私人书房同大臣见面，以确保拉布里埃不会听到他和大臣的对话。

"Your Excellency is not treating me frankly—”

“大臣阁下，您对我没有诚意———”

"He means a quarrel," thought the minister; "and all because his mistress coquetted with me last night. I did not think you so juvenile,

my dear friend," he said aloud.

“他想吵架，”大臣想到，“完全是因为昨晚他的情人和我打成了一片。亲爱的朋友，我不认为你会这么不成熟。”他大着嗓门说。

"Friend?" said the general-secretary, "that is what I want to find out."

“我们还是朋友吗？”秘书长问，“这是我想弄明白的。”

The minister looked haughtily at des Lupeaulx.

大臣傲慢地瞧了瞧德·吕卜克斯。

"We are alone," continued the secretary, "and we can come to an understanding. The deputy of the arrondissement in which my estate is situated—”

“就我们俩。”秘书长接着讲，“我们可以好好了解了解对方。我的地产所在的行政区的那位议员——”

"So it is really an estate!" said the minister, laughing, to hide his surprise.

“你那还真算得上是地产了！”大臣大笑起来，以掩饰惊讶的表情。

"Increased by a recent purchase of two hundred thousand francs' worth of adjacent property," replied des Lupeaulx, carelessly. "You knew of the deputy's approaching resignation at least ten days ago, and you did not tell me of it. You were perhaps not bound to do so, but you knew very well that I am most anxious to take my seat in the centre. Has it occurred to you that I might fling myself back on the 'Doctrine'?—which, let me tell you, will destroy the administration and the monarchy both if you continue to allow the party of representative government to be recruited from men of talent whom you ignore. Don't you know that in every nation there are fifty to sixty, not more, dangerous heads, whose schemes are in proportion to their ambition? The secret of knowing how to govern is to know those heads well, and either to chop them off or buy them. I don't know how much talent I have, but I know that I have ambition; and you are committing a serious blunder when you set aside a man who wishes you well. The anointed head dazzles for the time being, but what next?— Why, a war of words; discussions will spring up once more and grow embittered, envenomed. Then, for your own sake, I advise you not to find me at the Left Centre. In spite of your prefect's manoeuvres (instructions for which no doubt went from here confidentially) I am secure of a majority. The time has come for you and me to understand each other. After a breeze like this people sometimes become closer friends than ever. I must be made count and receive the grand cordon of the Legion of honor as a reward for my

public services. However, I care less for those things just now than I do for something else in which you are more personally concerned. You have not yet appointed Rabourdin, and I have news this morning which tends to show that most persons will be better satisfied if you appoint Baudoyer.”

“我最近花了二十万，又添了一些地产。”德·吕卜克斯心不在焉地说着，“您至少十天前就知道那位议员准备辞职，可没有告知知我。也许您没有义务这样做。但您很清楚我多么希望能在中间派拿到一个席位。您曾想过我可能会重新投身于那种‘主义’中去吗？请允许我告诉您，如果您继续让代议制政府的政党录用那些被您忽视的人才，那么那种‘主义’会把政府和君主制全都毁掉。您不知道吗？每个国家都存在危险的头目。他们的数量不超过五六十个，而他们的野心有多大，就有多少计谋。治理的秘诀在于深入了解那些头目，要么砍掉他们的脑袋，要么收买他们。我不清楚自己有多少才能，但我知道我有抱负。而您正在犯一个严重错误——把一个祝福您的人搁到一旁、置之不理。上天指定的人会闪耀一时，可然后呢？哎，然后就是舌战，辩论会再次出现，并衍生出痛苦和怨恨。那么，为了您自己，我建议您别去左中派找我。虽然您的高级行政官有所行动（无疑有关这些行动的机密指令是从这儿发出去的），我还是确保获得了多数票。时候到了，我们该看穿对方的心思了。这阵微风吹过后，有时人们可以变成比之前任何时候都亲密的朋友。作为我服务公共事业的奖励，我必须被赐予伯爵之位，并获得荣誉军团的大军官勋位绶章。可是，比起我刚才提到的那些事情，我更在乎另一件与您本人密切相关的事情。您尚未任命拉布丹，而今早我得到消息，从中似乎可以看出如果您任命包杜阿耶，绝大多数人才会满意。”

"Appoint Baudoyer!" echoed the minister. "Do you know him?"

“任命包杜阿耶！”大臣重复了一遍，“你了解他吗？”

"Yes," said des Lupeaulx; "but suppose he proves incapable, as he will, you can then get rid of him by asking those who protect him to employ him elsewhere. You will thus get back an important office to give to friends; it may come in at the right moment to facilitate some compromise."

“了解，”德吕卜克斯说道，“可假如结果表明他是个草包，他肯定也就是个草包，那您就可以辞了他，让保护他的人在别地替他谋职。于是，您就可以将那个重要的职位要回来，重新让给您的友人。如果时机合适，您还可以促成某些折中方案。”

"But I have pledged it to Rabourdin."

“但是，我已经对拉布丹做过保证了。”

"That may be; and I don't ask you to make the change this very day. I know the danger of saying yes and no within twenty-four hours. But postpone the appointment, and don't sign the papers till the day after to-morrow; by that time you may find it impossible to retain

Rabourdin,—in fact, in all probability, he will send you his resignation—”

“也许吧。不过我并不是想让您今天就改变主意。我清楚在二十四小时之内说好与不好都很危险。可是您可以推迟任命，等到后天再在任命文件上签字。到那个时候，您会发现保住拉布丹几乎是不可能了。事实上，他非常有可能会向您递交辞呈——”

"His resignation?"

“他要辞职？”

"Yes."

“对。”

"Why?"

“可为什么呢？”

"He is the tool of a secret power in whose interests he has carried on a system of espionage in all the ministries, and the thing has been discovered by mere accident. He has written a paper of some kind, giving short histories of all the officials. Everybody is talking of it; the clerks are furious. For heaven's sake, don't transact business with him to-day; let me find some means for you to avoid it. Ask an audience of the King; I am sure you will find great satisfaction there if you concede the point about Baudoyer; and you can obtain something as an equivalent. Your position will be better than ever if you are forced later to dismiss a fool whom the court party impose upon you.”

“他是一股秘密势力的工具。他为他们的利益服务，已经在各部完成了一整套间谍任务。这只是有人无意中发现的。他写了某份文书，在里面讲述了全体行政人员的小故事。人人都在谈论此事，公务员们愤怒了。看在上帝的份上，您今天别和他议事了，我替您想法子避开这件事。请您禀报国王吧。我敢肯定，假如您在包杜阿耶这一点上让步，您在国王面前会得到无比的满足，并将获得等量的回报。如果您之后不得已开除了那个宫廷党派强加进来的傻子，您将获得好得不得了的职位。”

"What has made you turn against Rabourdin?"

“是什么事情令你对拉布丹反目的？”

"Would you forgive Monsieur de Chateaubriand for writing an article against the ministry? Well, read that, and see how Rabourdin has treated me in his secret document," said des Lupeaulx, giving the paper to the minister. "He pretends to reorganize the government from beginning to end,—no doubt in the interests of some secret society of which, as yet, we know nothing. I shall continue to be his friend for the sake of watching him; by that means I may render the government such signal service that they will have to make me count; for the

peerage is the only thing I really care for. I want you fully to understand that I am not seeking office or anything else that would cause me to stand in your way; I am simply aiming for the peerage, which will enable me to marry a banker's daughter with an income of a couple of hundred thousand francs. And so, allow me to render you a few signal services which will make the King feel that I have saved the throne. I have long said that Liberalism would never offer us a pitched battle. It has given up conspiracies, Carbonaroism, and revolts with weapons; it is now sapping and mining, and the day is coming when it will be able to say, 'Out of that and let me in!' Do you think I have been courting Rabourdin's wife for my own pleasure? No, but I got much information from her. So now, let us agree on two things; first, the postponement of the appointment; second, your sincere support of my election. You shall find at the end of the session that I have amply repaid you.”

“如果夏多布里昂先生写了篇文章反对我们部门，您会原谅他吗？好吧，读读这个吧，看看拉布丹在他的密文里是如何整我的。”德吕卜克斯一边说，一边把文书递给了大臣。“从头到尾，他一直在假装要重组政府——无疑，这符合某秘密团体的利益，而我们却对此一无所知。为了监视他，我还会充当他的朋友。我可以通过这种方式为政府传递信息，为此他们必须加封我为伯爵，因为我唯一真正在乎的就是贵族院。我想让您彻底明白，我不想谋什么职位或其他什么，来碍您的事。很简单，我的目标是贵族院，可以让我娶到一名银行家的女儿，并带来二十万的收益。所以请允许我向您传达一些信息，好让国王觉得是我拯救了他的王位。我一直在说，自由主义决不会让我们惨败。自由主义不再搞阴谋诡计、炭烧党主义和武器憎恨了。现在它正在秘密而缓慢地进行破坏。自由主义可以说，‘你出去，让我进去！’的那一天已经不远了。您觉得我一直围着拉布丹的妻子转，是为了我自己的快乐？不，反而我从她身上获得了很多信息。那么现在，请让我们在两点上达成统一吧。首先，推迟任命；其次，请您为我的竞选提供诚挚的支持。在落幕的时候，您会发现我对您的回报有多么丰厚了。”

For all answer, the minister took the appointment papers and placed them in des Lupeaulx's hand.

大臣取出任命公文放到了德吕卜克斯的手里，回应了他这番话中所有的要求。

"I will go and tell Rabourdin," added des Lupeaulx, "that you cannot transact business with him till Saturday."

“我会去告诉拉布丹，”德吕卜克斯补充说，“直到星期六您才能有空跟他议事。”

The minister replied with an assenting gesture. The secretary despatched his man with a message to Rabourdin that the minister could not work with him until Saturday, on which day the Chamber

was occupied with private bills, and his Excellency had more time at his disposal.

大臣做了个手势表示同意。秘书派他的人给拉布丹送了个口信，说大臣要到星期六才可以和他议事。星期六议院会忙着讨论私人议案，所以大臣阁下就有更多可自由支配的时间。

Just at this moment Saillard, having brought the monthly stipend, was slipping his little speech into the ear of the minister's wife, who drew herself up and answered with dignity that she did not meddle in political matters, and besides, she had heard that Monsieur Rabourdin was already appointed. Saillard, terrified, rushed up to Baudoyer's office, where he found Dutocq, Godard, and Bixiou in a state of exasperation difficult to describe; for they were reading the terrible paper on the administration in which they were all discussed.

与此同时，萨亚尔给大臣太太带来了每月的俸禄，还在她耳边顺带提了提那一小句话。大臣太太直起身来，郑重地回答说她不参与政事，而且她听说拉布丹已经获得了任命。萨亚尔吓了一跳，急匆匆地冲进了包杜阿耶的办公室，看见迪托克、戈达尔还有毕西沃也在那里。他们正读着那份把他们每个人都论述了一遍、且糟糕透顶的行政文书，因此都表现出了难以描述的恼怒。

Bixiou (with his finger on a paragraph). "Here you are, pere Saillard. Listen" (reads):—

毕西沃（手指按着一个段落）：“萨亚尔老爷，您来啦。听听这个。”（念道）：

"Saillard.— The office of cashier to be suppressed in all the ministries; their accounts to be kept in future at the Treasury. Saillard is rich and does not need a pension.

“萨亚尔——是一名出纳员。所有部门的出纳员都该被压制，日后他们的账本应该将保存在国库里。萨亚尔很富有，不需要领退休金。

"Do you want to hear about your son-in-law?” (Turns over the leaves.) "Here he is" (reads):—

“想听听有关您女婿的吗？”（翻页）“在这儿。”（念道）：

"Baudoyer.— Utterly incapable. To be thanked and dismissed. Rich; does not need a pension.

“包杜阿耶——毫无才干。应受责备，应被解职。他很富裕，不需要领退休金。

"And here's for Godard" (reads):—

“还有戈达尔的。”（念道）：

"Godard.— Should be dismissed; pension one-third of his present

salary.

“戈达尔——应该被解职，领的退休金应该为他现在薪水的三分之一。

"In short, here we all are. Listen to what I am" (reads): "An artist who might be employed by the civil list, at the Opera, or the Menus-Plaisirs, or the Museum. Great deal of capacity, little self-respect, no application,—a restless spirit. Ha! I'll give you a touch of the artist, Monsieur Rabourdin!”

“简言之，我们都被写进去了。听听我的”（念道）：“一名艺术家，可以为皇室开支、王室娱乐或者在剧场、博物馆里供职。他才华横溢，却少有自尊、毫不勤奋，是一个永无休止的精灵。哈！拉布丹先生，我会按艺术家的方式来教训教训您！”

Saillard. "Suppress cashiers! Why, the man's a monster?”

萨亚尔：“压制出纳员！我的天，这人是个怪物吗？”

Bixiou. "Let us see what he says of our mysterious Desroys." (Turns over the pages; reads.)

毕西沃：“让我们瞧瞧，他是怎么说我们神秘莫测的德鲁瓦的。”（翻页念道）

"Desroys.— Dangerous; because he cannot be shaken in principles that are subversive of monarchial power. He is the son of the Conventionel, and he admires the Convention. He may become a very mischievous journalist.”

“德鲁瓦——危险分子，因为他坚持颠覆君权的信条，这个信条无法撼动。他是国会议员之子，赞赏国民议会。他可能会成为一名胸怀恶意的记者。”

Baudoyer. "The police are not worse spies!"

包杜阿耶：“警察当起间谍来也不差嘛！”

Godard. "I shall go the general-secretary and lay a complaint in form; we must all resign in a body if such a man as that is put over us.”

戈达尔：“我会去找秘书长并正式投诉他。如果让这种人当上我们的上司，我们就全体请辞。”

Dutocq. "Gentlemen, listen to me; let us be prudent. If you rise at once in a body, we may all be accused of rancor and revenge. No, let the thing work, let the rumor spread quietly. When the whole ministry is aroused your remonstrances will meet with general approval."

迪托克：“先生们，听我说一下。我们要谨慎行事。如果我们立刻一块儿起哄，将会被指是心怀仇恨、发起报复。别那样，让事情顺其自

然，让这个传闻悄悄传开。当部门全体都起来抗议时，你们就能赢得普遍支持。

Bixiou. "Dutocq believes in the principles of the grand air composed by the sublime Rossini for Basilio,—which goes to show, by the bye, that the great composer was also a great politician. I shall leave my card on Monsieur Rabourdin to-morrow morning, inscribed thus: 'Bixiou; no self-respect, no application, restless mind.'"

毕西沃："迪托克坚信的是伟大的罗西尼献给巴西利奥的宏大作曲中的原则。顺便说一声，这也显示了这位伟大的作曲家还是一位伟大的政治家。明早我会把我的名片留在拉布丹桌上，上面写着：'毕西沃——没有自尊、毫不勤奋、永不休止的精灵。'"

Godard. "A good idea, gentlemen. Let us all leave our cards to-morrow on Rabourdin inscribed in the same way."

戈达尔："先生们，这是个好办法。明天我们都把自己的名片留在拉布丹桌上，并以同样的方式附文。"

Dutocq (leading Bixiou apart). "Come, you'll agree to make that caricature now, won't you?"

迪托克（把毕西沃拉到一边）："好了，你现在同意画那幅讽刺漫画了，对吧？"

Bixiou. "I see plainly, my dear fellow, that you knew all about this affair ten days ago" (looks him in the eye). "Am I to be under-head-clerk?"

毕西沃："我亲爱的朋友，我已完全看明白了，十天前你就已经知道了这一切。"（直视他的眼睛）。"我会当上副处吗？"

Dutocq. "On my word of honor, yes, and a thousand-franc fee beside, just as I told you. You don't know what a service you'll be rendering to powerful personages."

迪托克："我以我的名誉担保，你会当上副处。此外你还能拿到一千法郎的酬金，之前我就是这么跟你说过的。你还不知道，你会为那些权贵之士出多少力。"

Bixiou. "You know them?"

毕西沃："你认识他们？"

Dutocq. "Yes."

迪托克："认识。"

Bixiou. "Well, then I want to speak with them."

毕西沃。"那好，我想和他们谈谈。"

Dutocq (dryly). "You can make the caricature or not, and you can

be under-head-clerk or not,—as you please.”

迪托克（冷冰冰地说）：“你可以画，也可以不画；你可以当副处，也可以不当——你请便。”

Bixiou. "At any rate, let me see that thousand francs."

毕西沃：“不管怎样，我先瞧瞧那一千法郎。”

Dutocq. "You shall have them when you bring the drawing."

迪托克：“把画拿给我，你就可以拿到那笔钱。”

Bixiou. "Forward, march! that lampoon shall go from end to end of the bureaus to-morrow morning. Let us go and torment the Rabourdins.” (Then speaking to Saillard, Godard, and Baudoyer, who were talking together in a low voice.) "We are going to stir up the neighbors." (Goes with Dutocq into the Rabourdin bureau. Fleury, Thuillier, and Vimeux are there, talking excitedly.) "What's the matter, gentlemen? All that I told you turns out to be true; you can go and see for yourselves the work of this infamous informer; for it is in the hands of the virtuous, honest, estimable, upright, and pious Baudoyer, who is indeed utterly incapable of doing any such thing. Your chief has got every one of you under the guillotine. Go and see; follow the crowd; money returned if you are not satisfied; execution gratis! The appointments are postponed. All the bureaus are in arms; Rabourdin has been informed that the minister will not work with him. Come, be off; go and see for yourselves.”

毕西沃：“进军！明天早上，各个处里将都能听到嘲讽的声音。我们去折磨折磨拉布丹一家吧。”（萨亚尔、戈达尔和包杜阿耶正在低声交谈着，他对他们说）“我们去激一激我们的邻居吧。”（和迪托克一起走进了拉布丹的处里。弗勒里、蒂利埃还有维默都在那里，他们正在兴奋地谈论着什么。）“有什么事吗，先生们？我之前跟你们说的都是真的。你们可以自己亲自去瞧一瞧那名臭名昭著的告密者写出了什么样的作品，那份文书现在就在包杜阿耶手里。包杜阿耶品行高贵、诚实坦率、值得尊敬、正直虔诚，他是完全做不出这种事情来的。你们的上司已经把你们每一个人都送上了断头台。跟着大伙一块儿去看看吧。假如你们不满意，钱会返还给你们的，这可是免费的处决啊！提任被延迟了。各个处都已经拿起了武器。拉布丹接到通知，大臣将不与他议事。来吧，放下手头的事，大家都去亲眼看看吧。”

They all depart except Phellion and Poiret, who are left alone. The former loved Rabourdin too well to look for proof that might injure a man he was determined not to judge; the other had only five days more to remain in the office, and cared nothing either way. Just then Sebastien came down to collect the papers for signature. He was a good deal surprised, though he did not show it, to find the office deserted.

他们都离开了，只剩下菲利翁和普瓦雷两人。菲利翁太热爱拉布丹了，所以他不希望看到一项伤人的佐证，而且他已决定不对拉布丹做任何评判了。普瓦雷还剩短短的五天就退了，他什么也不在乎了。此时，塞巴斯蒂安下来收集文书给拉布丹签字。他发现办公室竟然空了，大吃一惊，尽管他没有显露出来。

Phellion. "My young friend" (he rose, a rare thing), "do you know what is going on? what scandals are rife about Monsieur Rabourdin whom you love, and" (bending to whisper in Sebastien's ear) "whom I love as much as I respect him. They say he has committed the imprudence to leave a paper containing comments on the officials lying about in the office—" (Phellion stopped short, caught the young man in his strong arms, seeing that he turned pale and was near fainting, and placed him on a chair.) "A key, Monsieur Poiret, to put down his back; have you a key?"

菲利翁："年轻的朋友，"（他站起身来，他少有会这么做）"你知道出什么事了？有关拉布丹先生的谣言四处蔓延，就是你热爱的拉布丹先生"（他倾着身子在塞巴斯蒂安耳边低声说）"我热爱他，也同样敬重他。据说，他把一份文件大大方方地放在办公室里，里面写着他对行政人员的评价，这也太草率了——"（菲利翁见年轻人脸色发白，几乎快要晕倒，急忙停了下来，用胳膊牢牢稳住了他，让他坐到椅子上去）"钥匙，普瓦雷先生，用钥匙按压他的背部。您有钥匙吗？"

Poiret. "I have the key of my domicile."

普瓦雷："我有我住所的钥匙。"

(Old Poiret junior promptly inserted the said key between Sebastien's shoulders, while Phellion gave him some water to drink. The poor lad no sooner opened his eyes than he began to weep. He laid his head on Phellion's desk, and all his limbs were limp as if struck by lightning; while his sobs were so heartrending, so genuine, that for the first time in his life Poiret's feelings were stirred by the sufferings of another.)

（上了年纪的小普瓦雷说着立刻用他刚才说到的钥匙捅进了塞巴斯蒂安的两肩之间。菲利翁则给他拿了水喝。）可怜的小伙一睁开眼，就开始呜咽。他一头倒在菲利翁的桌上，四肢瘫软，就像被闪电劈了一样。他的哭声是这般的揪心、真实，以至于普瓦雷有生以来第一次为别人的痛苦感到痛心。）

Phellion (speaking firmly). "Come, come, my young friend; courage! In times of trial we must show courage. You are a man. What is the matter? What has happened to distress you so terribly?"

菲利翁（坚定地说）："好啦好啦，年轻人，勇敢点儿！我们要用勇气经受考验。你是个男人。出了什么事？什么事让你如此悲痛？"

Sebastien (sobbing). "It is I who have ruined Monsieur Rabourdin. I left that paper lying about when I copied it. I have killed my benefactor; I shall die myself. Such a noble man!—a man who ought to be minister!”

塞巴斯蒂安（抽泣着说）：“毁了拉布丹先生的那个人是我。我抄好那份文书就留在办公室里了。我害了我的恩人，我可以去死了。他是多么高贵的人啊——他应该做大臣的！”

Poiret (blowing his nose). "Then it is true he wrote the report."

普瓦雷（擤了擤鼻子）：“那他果真写了那份报告？”

Sebastien (still sobbing). "But it was to—there, I was going to tell his secrets! Ah! that wretch of a Dutocq; it was he who stole the paper.”

塞巴斯蒂安（还在抽泣）：“但是那是要——天啊，我差点走漏了他的秘密！噢！可恶的迪托克，就是他偷走了文书。”

His tears and sobs recommenced and made so much noise that Rabourdin came up to see what was the matter. He found the young fellow almost fainting in the arms of Poiret and Phellion.

他又开始掉泪抽泣。他哭得如此大声，以至于拉布丹都走了过来，想看看发生了什么事。他看见小伙子差点儿晕倒在普瓦雷和菲力翁的怀里。

Rabourdin. "What is the matter, gentlemen?"

拉布丹：“先生们，出什么事了？”

Sebastien (struggling to his feet, and then falling on his knees before Rabourdin). "I have ruined you, monsieur. That memorandum,—Dutocq, the monster, he must have taken it.”

塞巴斯蒂安（费劲地站起来，然后跪倒在拉布丹面前。）“先生，我毁了您的前途。那份备忘录——迪托克，这个魔鬼，一定是他拿走的。”

Rabourdin (calmly). "I knew that already" (he lifts Sebastien). "You are a child, my young friend." (Speaks to Phellion.) "Where are the other gentlemen?"

拉布丹（平静地说）：“我早已知情。”（他扶起塞巴斯蒂安）。“年轻人，你还是个孩子。”（对菲力翁说）“其他人都去哪儿了？”

Phellion. "They have gone into Monsieur Baudoyer's office to see a paper which it is said—”

菲力翁：“他们去了包杜阿耶办公室，去看一份文书，据说——”

Rabourdin (interrupting him). "Enough." (Goes out, taking Sebastien with him. Poiret and Phellion look at each other in amazement, and do not know what to say.)

拉布丹（打断了他）：“别说了。”（他带着塞巴斯蒂安离开了办公室。普瓦雷和菲力翁惊讶地看着对方，不知道该说什么。）

Poiret (to Phellion). "Monsieur Rabourdin—”

普瓦雷（对着菲利翁）：“啊，拉布丹先生——”

Phellion (to Poiret). "Monsieur Rabourdin—”

菲利翁（对着普瓦雷）。“拉布丹先生——”

Poiret. "Well, I never! Monsieur Rabourdin!"

普瓦雷：“哦，我从来没有！拉布丹先生！”

Phellion. "But did you notice how calm and dignified he was?"

菲利翁：“您注意到了吗？他是如此镇定、如此威严高贵。”

Poiret (with a sly look that was more like a grimace). "I shouldn't be surprised if there were something under it all.”

普瓦雷（神情诡异，更像是在扮鬼脸）：“倘若这所有的一切背后有人在搞鬼，我一点儿也不会奇怪。”

Phellion. "A man of honor; pure and spotless."

菲利翁：“他是一个正直高贵的人，他纯洁无暇。”

Poiret. "Who is?"

普瓦雷：“是谁——”

Phellion. "Monsieur Poiret, you think as I think about Dutocq; surely you understand me?"

菲利翁：“普瓦雷先生，我对迪托克的看法和您一样。您肯定明白我的意思吧？”

Poiret (nodding his head three times and answering with a shrewd look). "Yes." (The other clerks return.)

普瓦雷（点了三下头，一脸精明地回答道）：“没错。”（其他公务员返回了办公室）

Fleury. "A great shock; I still don't believe the thing. Monsieur Rabourdin, a king among men! If such men are spies, it is enough to disgust one with virtue. I have always put Rabourdin among Plutarch's heroes.”

弗勒里。“这太令人震惊啦，我还是不敢相信这件事。拉布丹先生，他是一个领袖人物！假如这种人是间谍，那么就算道德也会让人恶心反感了。我一直都把他看成普鲁塔克笔下的英雄一般的人物。”

Vimeux. "It is all true."

维默：“一切都是事实。”

Poiret (reflecting that he had only five days more to stay in the office). "But, gentlemen, what do you say about the man who stole that paper, who spied upon Rabourdin?" (Dutocq left the room.)

普瓦雷（想起他留在办公室里的时间只剩下五天了）。“可是先生们，你们怎么看偷这份文书的那个人？他那时在监视拉布丹。”（迪托克离去）。

Fleury. "I say he is a Judas Iscariot. Who is he?"

弗勒里：“我认为他就是叛徒犹大。他是谁？”

Phellion (significantly). "He is not here at this moment."

菲利翁（意味深长地说）：“这会儿，他不在这儿。”

Vimeux (enlightened). "It is Dutocq!"

维默（受到启发）：“是迪托克！”

Phellion. "I have no proof of it, gentlemen. While you were gone, that young man, Monsieur de la Roche, nearly fainted here. See his tears on my desk!"

菲利翁：“先生们，我没有证据说明这一点。你们离开后，年轻的德拉罗什先生几乎昏倒在这儿。看，我桌上还有他的眼泪！”

Poiret. "We held him fainting in our arms.— My key, the key of my domicile!—dear, dear! it is down his back." (Poiret goes hastily out.)

普瓦雷：“他倒在我们怀里——我的钥匙，我的住所钥匙——天哪，天哪！钥匙还挂在他背上呢。”（普瓦雷匆忙离去。）

Vimeux. "The minister refused to transact business with Rabourdin to-day; and Monsieur Saillard, to whom the secretary said a few words, came to tell Monsieur Baudoyer to apply for the cross of the Legion of honor,—there is one to be granted, you know, on New-Year's day, to all the heads of divisions. It is quite clear what it all means. Monsieur Rabourdin is sacrificed by the very persons who employed him. Bixiou says so. We were all to be turned out, except Sebastien and Phellion."

维默：“今天大臣拒绝同拉布丹议事。萨亚尔先生在跟秘书长说了几句话后，就叫包杜阿耶先生去申请荣誉军团的十字勋章。大家都知道，每逢新年第一天所有司长都会被授予这样的勋章。意思已经很清楚明了啦。拉布丹先生被雇他的那些人牺牲了。毕西沃就是这么说的。除了塞巴斯蒂安还有菲利翁以外，我们都会出局。”

Du Bruel (entering). "Well, gentlemen, is it true?"

迪布吕埃尔（进来）：“哎，先生们，你们说的是真的吗？”

Thuillier. "To the last word."

蒂利埃："句句属实。"

Du Bruel (putting his hat on again). "Good-bye." (Hurries out.)

迪布吕埃尔（重新戴上帽子）："告辞。"（快步出门）

Thuillier. "He may rush as much as he pleases to his Duc de Rhetore and Duc de Maufrigneuse, but Colleville is to be our under-head-clerk, that's certain."

蒂利埃："他一定会尽可能快得朝他的德雷托雷公爵和德摩弗里纽斯公爵那里奔去。不过可以肯定科勒维尔将成为我们的副处。"

Phellion. "Du Bruel always seemed to be attached to Monsieur Rabourdin."

菲利翁："迪布吕埃尔好像一直都是拉布丹先生的追随者啊。"

Poiret (returning). "I have had a world of trouble to get back my key. That boy is crying still, and Monsieur Rabourdin has disappeared." (Dutocq and Bixiou enter.)

普瓦雷（重新回到办公室）："我历尽千辛万苦，终于找回了我的钥匙。那小子还在哭，拉布丹先生不见了。"（迪托克和毕西沃走了进来。）

Bixiou. "Ha, gentlemen! strange things are going on in your bureau. Du Bruel! I want you." (Looks into the adjoining room.) "Gone?"

毕西沃："嗨，先生们！你们处里正在发生奇怪的事情。迪布吕埃尔！快出来见我。"（朝隔壁房瞅了瞅）"他走了吗？"

Thuillier. "Full speed."

蒂利埃："一溜烟儿跑了。"

Bixiou. "What about Rabourdin?"

毕西沃："那拉布丹人呢？"

Fleury. "Distilled, evaporated, melted! Such a man, the king of men, that he—"

弗勒里："蒸发了、挥发了、融化了！这样的人，人们的领袖，他——"

Poiret (to Dutocq). "That little Sebastien, in his trouble, said that you, Monsieur Dutocq, had taken the paper from him ten days ago."

普瓦雷（对迪托克说）："小塞巴斯蒂安刚才很苦恼。迪托克先生，他说是您在十天前从他那里拿走了那份文书。"

Bixiou (looking at Dutocq). "You must clear yourself of that, my good friend." (All the clerks look fixedly at Dutocq.)

毕西沃（看着迪托克）：“亲爱的朋友，您必须证明自己的清白。”（全体公务员的目光都集中到了迪托克身上。）

Dutocq. "Where's the little viper who copied it?”

迪托克：“抄写文件的阴险小人，他在哪儿？”

Bixiou. "Copied it? How did you know he copied it? Ha! ha! it is only the diamond that cuts the diamond." (Dutocq leaves the room.)

毕西沃：“抄？您如何知道他是抄的？哈！哈！只有钻石才可以切割钻石。”（迪托克离去。）

Poiret. "Would you listen to me, Monsieur Bixiou? I have only five days and a half to stay in this office, and I do wish that once, only once, I might have the pleasure of understanding what you mean. Do me the honor to explain what diamonds have to do with these present circumstances."

普瓦雷：“毕西沃先生，能请您听我说一句吗？我呆在这个办公室的时间只剩下五天半了。我真的希望有那么一次，哪怕只有一次，我能有幸听懂您的意思。我能有幸请您解释一下，钻石和现在的情景之间有什么关系呢。”

Bixiou. "I meant papa,—for I'm willing for once to bring my intellect down to the level of yours,—that just as the diamond alone can cut the diamond, so it is only one inquisitive man who can defeat another inquisitive man.”

毕西沃：“普瓦雷老爷，我是说——这次我愿意把智商降到您的水平——就像只有钻石才能切得开钻石那样，也只有好管闲事的人才能击退另一个管闲事的人。”

Fleury. “'Inquisitive man' stands for 'spy.'”

弗勒里：“‘好管闲事的人’指的是‘间谍’。”

Poiret. "I don't understand.”

普瓦雷：“我还是弄不明白。”

Bixiou. "Very well; try again some other time."

毕西沃：“好吧，下次再试吧。”

Monsieur Rabourdin, after taking Sebastien to his room, had gone straight to the minister; but the minister was at the Chamber of Deputies. Rabourdin went at once to the Chamber, where he wrote a note to his Excellency, who was at that moment in the tribune engaged in a hot discussion. Rabourdin waited, not in the conference hall, but in the courtyard, where, in spite of the cold, he resolved to remain and intercept his Excellency as he got into his carriage. The usher of the Chamber had told him that the minister was in the thick

of a controversy raised by the nineteen members of the extreme Left, and that the session was likely to be stormy. Rabourdin walked to and for in the courtyard of the palace for five mortal hours, a prey to feverish agitation. At half-past six o'clock the session broke up, and the members filed out. The minister's chasseur came up to find the coachman.

拉布丹先生把塞巴斯蒂安带回自己办公室后，就直接去找大臣，而大臣那时正在议院。拉布丹立刻前往议院，那时大臣正在专席上参加一场激烈的讨论，他便在那里给大臣阁下写了张便条。拉布丹没进会议厅，而是候在了庭院中。他不顾寒冷的天气，决意等在那里，在大臣上马车时拦住他。议院传达员告诉他，极左派的十九名议员挑起了一场辩论，大臣正处在这场辩论最激烈的部分，而这场会议很可能会变得像暴风雨一般激烈。拉布丹在议会院子里走过来又走过去，挨过了那难熬的五个小时。他既兴奋又焦虑，被这种情绪害惨了。六点半休会，议员们散席了。大臣的侍者出来找车夫。

"Hi, Jean!" he called out to him; "Monseigneur has gone with the minister of war; they are going to see the King, and after that they dine together, and we are to fetch him at ten o'clock. There's a Council this evening.”

“嘿，让！”他大声对车夫说，“大人和国防部长一块儿走了，他们要去见国王，之后再一起吃晚宴。我们十点去接他。今晚议会要开会。”

Rabourdin walked slowly home, in a state of despondency not difficult to imagine. It was seven o'clock, and he had barely time to dress.

拉布丹慢慢走回家，不难想象他那一脸的沮丧。那时都七点了，他还没来得及换装。

"Well, you are appointed?" cried his wife, joyously, as he entered the salon.

“你被任命了？”妻子见他进了客厅，就高兴地叫了起来。

Rabourdin raised his head with a grievous motion of distress and answered, "I fear I shall never again set foot in the ministry."

拉布丹神情悲伤，痛苦地抬起头回答道：“恐怕我再也不可能踏进部里一步了。”

"What?" said his wife, quivering with sudden anxiety.

“为什么？”妻子问道。她突然间紧张了起来，浑身震颤不已。

"My memorandum on the officials is known in all the offices; and I have not been able to see the minister."

“我写的那份关于全体行政人员的备忘录，现在所有的办公室都知道了，我还没能见上大臣的面。”

Celestine's eyes were opened to a sudden vision in which the devil, in one of his infernal flashes, showed her the meaning of her last conversation with des Lupeaulx.

塞莱斯蒂纳眼前突然出现了一幕景象，在那幅景象里魔鬼闪现出几道邪恶的凶光，其中一道让她明白了她同德吕卜克斯最后一次谈话的意义。

"If I had behaved like a low woman," she thought, "we should have had the place."

“如果我那时表现得像个低俗的女子，”她心想，“我们本应该拿到那个职位。”

She looked at Rabourdin with grief in her heart. A sad silence fell between them, and dinner was eaten in the midst of gloomy meditations.

她看着拉布丹，满心愁苦。他们都很悲痛，两个人都默不作声。他们沉浸在忧愁的沉思中吃完了晚饭。

"And it is my Wednesday," she said at last.

“今天是我的星期三。”她最后开口说。

"All is not lost, dear Celestine," said Rabourdin, laying a kiss on his wife's forehead; "perhaps to-morrow I shall be able to see the minister and explain everything. Sebastien sat up all last night to finish the writing; the papers are copied and collated; I shall place them on the minister's desk and beg him to read them through. La Briere will help me. A man is never condemned without a hearing.”

“亲爱的塞莱斯蒂纳，我们还没有输光，”拉布丹亲了下妻子的额头，“也许明天我可以见到大臣，向他解释清楚一切。塞巴斯蒂安昨天熬通宵写完了那份文书，抄写、核对完了那些文件。我会把文件放在大臣办公桌上，恳请他通读一遍。拉布里埃会帮我一把。不开听证会，是不可能给一个人定罪的。”

"I am curious to see if Monsieur des Lupeaulx will come here to-night.”

“我很好奇，想看看德吕卜克斯先生今晚会不会来。”

"He? Of course he will come," said Rabourdin; "there's something of the tiger in him; he likes to lick the blood of the wounds he has given.”

“他吗？他当然会来，”拉布丹说道，“他本性如虎，就爱吮吸被他抓破的伤口里流出来的血。”

"My poor husband," said his wife, taking his hand, "I don't see how it is that a man who could conceive so noble a reform did not

also see that it ought not to be communicated to a single person. It is one of those ideas that a man should keep in his own mind, for he alone can apply them. A statesman must do in our political sphere as Napoleon did in his; he stooped, twisted, crawled. Yes, Bonaparte crawled! To be made commander-in-chief of the Army of Italy he married Barrere's mistress. You should have waited, got yourself elected deputy, followed the politics of a party, sometimes down in the depths, at other times on the crest of the wave, and you should have taken, like Monsieur de Villele, the Italian motto 'Col tempo,' in other words, 'All things are given to him who knows how to wait.' That great orator worked for seven years to get into power; he began in 1814 by protesting against the Charter when he was the same age that you are now. Here's your fault; you have allowed yourself to be kept subordinate, when you were born to rule.”

“我可怜的丈夫啊，”妻子握住他的手说，“我不明白，为什么一个人能构想出如此崇高的改革，却没看出这一改革是不能对任何人讲的。有些想法应该被一个人留在自己的脑海里，因为他一人就可以实施，而改革就是其中之一。在我们的政治圈里，一个政治家必须像拿破仑那样，卑躬屈膝、忍受折磨，趴在地上慢慢爬。是啊，波拿巴也趴在地上爬过！为了被任命为意大利军队的首席指挥官，他娶了巴拉斯的情妇。你本应该再等等，好当选为议员，跟随某个政党，时而沉到深处，时而冲上浪头。你应该像德维莱勒先生那样，信仰那句意大利格言'Col tempo'，就是说‘知道如何等待的人，才会获得一切。’那个伟大的演说家整整干了七年才得势。一八一四年他开始反对宪章时，也就是你现在这个年纪。您天生就是统治者，却放任自己做了别人的下属，这就是你犯的错。”

The entrance of the painter Schinner imposed silence on the wife and husband, but these words made the latter thoughtful.

画家施奈尔走了进来，夫妻俩不得不沉默了下来，不过这些话倒是引发了拉布丹的思考。

"Dear friend," said the painter, grasping Rabourdin's hand, "the support of artists is a useless thing enough, but let me say under these circumstances that we are all faithful to you. I have just read the evening papers. Baudoyer is appointed director and receives the cross of the Legion of honor—”

“亲爱的朋友，”画家抓住拉布丹的手说，“艺术家的支持真没有多大用处，不过在目前的情况下，我们全都忠于您。我刚读过晚报。包杜阿耶获任司长一职，并被授予荣誉军团十字勋章——”

"I have been longer in the department, I have served twenty-four hours," said Rabourdin with a smile.

“可我在部里待得更久，而且一直以来二十四小时待命为部里服

务。”拉布丹回以微笑。

"I know Monsieur le Comte de Serizy, the minister of State, pretty well, and if he can help you, I will go and see him," said Schinner.

“我跟国务大臣德赛里奇伯爵很熟，如果他能帮上您的忙，我会去找他。”施奈尔说道。

The salon soon filled with persons who knew nothing of the government proceedings. Du Bruel did not appear. Madame Rabourdin was gayer and more graceful than ever, like the charger wounded in battle, that still finds strength to carry his master from the field.

很快沙龙里挤满了人，他们尚不知道政府里新发生的情况。迪布吕埃尔没有出现。拉布丹夫人比以往更喜悦、更优雅。她犹如战场上受伤的战马，仍然有力量把主人从战场上背出来。

"She is very courageous," said a few women who knew the truth, and who were charmingly attentive to her, understanding her misfortunes.

“她非常勇敢。”几位知晓真相的女士议论着。她们体谅她的遭遇，对她格外关心。

"But she certainly did a great deal to attract des Lupeaulx," said the Baronne du Chatelet to the Vicomtesse de Fontaine.

“不过，为了赢得德吕卜克斯的注意，她的确做了大量工作。”沙特莱男爵夫人向德方丹子爵夫人说道。

"Do you think—" began the vicomtesse.

“你是否觉得——”子爵夫人开腔道。

"If so," interrupted Madame de Camps, in defence of her friend, "Monsieur Rabourdin would at least have had the cross."

“如果是这样的话，”德康夫人为了捍卫朋友，打断了子爵夫人的话，“拉布丹夫人至少可以荣获勋章。”

About eleven o'clock des Lupeaulx appeared; and we can only describe him by saying that his spectacles were sad and his eyes joyous; the glasses, however, obscured the glances so successfully that only a physiognomist would have seen the diabolical expression which they wore. He went up to Rabourdin and pressed the hand which the latter could not avoid giving him.

大约十一点的时候德吕卜克斯到了。他的样子只能这样形容——忧伤的眼镜后有一双快活的眼睛，不过镜片将眼神掩饰得十分成功，只有面相专家才可以看出镜片后那魔鬼一般的表情。他朝拉布丹走去，一把抓住拉布丹不得不向他伸出的手。

Then he approached Madame Rabourdin.

然后他朝拉布丹夫人走去。

"We have much to say to each other," he remarked as he seated himself beside the beautiful woman, who received him admirably.

“我们双方都有很多事跟对方谈。”他一边说一边坐到了这个漂亮女人身边，而她非常周到地招待了他。

"Ah!" he continued, giving her a side glance, "you are grand indeed; I find you just what I expected, glorious under defeat. Do you know that it is a very rare thing to find a superior woman who answers to the expectations formed of her. So defeat doesn't dishearten you? You are right; we shall triumph in the end," he whispered in her ear. "Your fate is always in your own hands,—so long, I mean, as your ally is a man who adores you. We will hold counsel together.”

“啊！”他斜瞟了一眼夫人，继续说道“你真厉害，正如我所料的那样，被打败了却依旧光彩照人。你可知道，能达到人们对她的期望的优秀女子真是太少了。所以失败了你也没伤心？你说对了，我们会取得最后的胜利。”他悄悄对她说。“你的命运总是掌握在你自己手中——只要，我的意思是，只要你和热爱你的人结盟。以后我们会一起商讨事情的。”

"But is Baudoyer appointed?" she asked.

“可是包杜阿耶被任命了？”她问。

"Yes," said the secretary.

“是的。”秘书答道。

"Does he get the cross?"

“他拿到勋章了吗？”

"Not yet; but he will have it later."

“还没，不过以后会拿到的。”

"Amazing!"

“不可思议！”

"Ah! you don't understand political exigencies.”

“啊！你可不太了解政局中的紧急状况。”

During this evening, which seemed interminable to Madame Rabourdin, another scene was occurring in the place Royale,—one of those comedies which are played in seven Parisian salons whenever there is a change of ministry. The Saillards' salon was crowded. Monsieur and Madame Transon arrived at eight o'clock; Madame

Transon kissed Madame Baudoyer, nee Saillard. Monsieur Bataille, captain of the National Guard, came with his wife and the curate of Saint Paul's.

这个晚上对拉布丹夫人来说似乎没有尽头，而王室广场却是另外一番景象——一旦某个部有人事变动，巴黎的七大沙龙就会开演喜剧，这番景象就是其中之一。萨亚尔的沙龙里挤满了人。特朗松夫妇是八点到达的。特朗松夫人吻了吻包杜阿耶夫人——娘家姓萨亚尔。国民自卫军的上尉巴塔伊先生携妻子和圣保罗教堂的助理神父一道进来。

"Monsieur Baudoyer," said Madame Transon. "I wish to be the first to congratulate you; they have done justice to your talents. You have indeed earned your promotion."

“包杜阿耶先生。”特朗松夫人开口道，“我希望成为第一个祝贺您的人，您的才华获得了公正的评判。您的提升实至名归。”

"Here you are, director," said Monsieur Transon, rubbing his hands, "and the appointment is very flattering to this neighborhood."

“司长先生，您在这里呀，”特朗松先生一边说一边搓着双手，“您被任命为司长，我们区也是与有荣焉啊。”

"And we can truly say it came to pass without any intriguing," said the worthy Saillard. "We are none of us political intriguers; we don't go to select parties at the ministry.”

“而且我们的的确确可以说，我们在任命这件事上没有耍过任何伎俩。”可敬的萨亚尔说，“我们可不是搞阴谋的人，也没去过部里的贵宾聚会。”

Uncle Mitral rubbed his nose and grinned as he glanced at his niece Elisabeth, the woman whose hand had pulled the wires, who was talking with Gigonnet. Falleix, honest fellow, did not know what to make of the stupid blindness of Saillard and Baudoyer. Messieurs Dutocq, Bixiou, du Bruel, Godard, and Colleville (the latter appointed head of the bureau) entered.

米特拉尔大叔揉了揉鼻子，一边咧嘴笑一边瞟了一眼他的侄女——伊丽莎白。这个之前在幕后操纵的女人正和羊腿子说话。法莱克斯是个老实家伙，他对萨亚尔和包杜阿耶愚蠢盲目的行为感到无所适从。迪托克、毕西沃、迪布吕埃尔、戈达尔还有科勒维尔几位先生都来了。（科勒维尔已被任命为处长）

"What a crew!" whispered Bixiou to du Bruel. "I could make a fine caricature of them in the shapes of fishes,—dorys, flounders, sharks, and snappers, all dancing a saraband!”

“这是怎样一帮人啊！”毕西沃小声对迪布吕埃尔说，“我可以为他们画一幅精美的鱼形讽刺画，画上海鲂、比目鱼、鲨鱼、甲鱼，全都在跳西班牙萨拉本舞曲！”

"Monsieur," said Colleville, "I come to offer you my congratulations; or rather we congratulate ourselves in having such a man placed over us; and we desire to assure you of the zeal with which we shall co-operate in your labors. Allow me to say that this event affords a signal proof to the truth of my axiom that a man's destiny lies in the letters of his name. I may say that I knew of this appointment and of your other honors before I heard of them, for I spend the night in anagrammatizing your name as follows:” (proudly) "Isidore C. T. Baudoyer,— Director, decorated by us (his Majesty the King, of course).”

“先生，”科勒维尔说道，“我是来向您表示祝贺的，或者说我们是来为我们自己庆贺的，因为有您这样一位人物做我们的上司。我们非常愿意向您保证，我们将以满腔热情协助您，为您做事。请容我说一句，您被任命这件大事有力地证明了我那句格言的真实性——一个人的命运就藏在他的姓名字母里。可以说，我在听说本次任命和您的其他荣誉之前就已经知道了这一切，因为我花了一晚上功夫解您的名字，以下就是——”（自豪地）“Isidore C.T.Baudoyer——被我们授予勋章（当然，是国王陛下）。”

Baudoyer bowed and remarked piously that names were given in baptism.

包杜阿耶躬身行了个礼，虔诚地说他的名字是受洗礼时起的。

Monsieur and Madame Baudoyer, senior, father and mother of the new director, were there to enjoy the glory of their son and daughter-in-law. Uncle Gigonnet-Bidault, who had dined at the house, had a restless, fidgety look in his eye which frightened Bixiou.

老包杜阿耶夫妇——新司长的父母也在那里享受儿子和儿媳的荣誉。比多叔祖在家吃过饭了。他的眼神中流露出烦躁不安的情绪，这让毕西沃害怕极了。

"There's a queer one," said the latter to du Bruel, calling his attention to Gigonnet, "who would do in a vaudeville. I wonder if he could be bought. Such an old scarecrow is just the thing for a sign over the Two Baboons. And what a coat! I did think there was nobody but Poiret who could show the like after that after ten years' public exposure to the inclemencies of Parisian weather.”

“这人真怪呀。”毕西沃对迪布吕埃尔说，让他注意羊腿子，“可以用到杂剧里。我在想能否把他买下来。这样一个像稻草人一样的老家伙正好可以放在那两只狒狒头顶做标识。还有那外衣！我还认为在巴黎饱受了十年的恶劣天气之后，能扮成那个样子的只有普瓦雷了。”

"Baudoyer is magnificent," said du Bruel.

“包杜阿耶太棒了。”迪布吕埃尔说道。

"Dazzling," answered Bixiou.

“令人晕眩！”毕西沃会到。

"Gentlemen," said Baudoyer, "let me present you to my own uncle, Monsieur Mitral, and to my great-uncle through my wife, Monsieur Bidault.”

“诸位先生，”包杜阿耶开口道，“请允许我向你们介绍我的叔叔米特拉尔先生和我妻子的叔祖比多先生。”

Gigonnet and Mitral gave a glance at the three clerks so penetrating, so glittering with gleams of gold, that the two scoffers were sobered at once.

羊腿子和米特拉尔朝那三个公务员扫了一眼。他们的眼神闪烁着金子的光芒，又如此具有穿透力，使得那两个嘲笑他们的人立刻清醒过来。

"Hein?" said Bixiou, when they were safely under the arcades in the place Royale; "did you examine those uncles?—two copies of Shylock. I'll bet their money is lent in the market at a hundred per cent per week. They lend on pawn; and sell most that they lay hold of, coats, gold lace, cheese, men, women, and children; they are a conglomeration of Arabs, Jews, Genoese, Genevese, Greeks, Lombards, and Parisians, suckled by a wolf and born of a Turkish woman.”

“嗨？”当他们俩安然走在王室广场的拱廊下时，毕西沃开口道，“你有没有仔细观察那些大叔？——他们就是夏洛克的两个翻版。我敢打赌，他们把钱放到市面上，一周就得收百分之百的利息。他们把钱借给典当行，并且把手头的大部分东西都卖出去，有大衣、金链子、奶酪、男人、妇女和孩子。他们集合了阿拉伯人、犹太人、热那亚人、日内瓦人、希腊人、伦巴第人和巴黎人的特点。他们是土耳其女人的孩子，而且是喝狼奶长大的。”

"I believe you," said Godard. "Uncle Mitral used to be a sheriff's officer.”

“我相信你说的。”戈达尔说，“米特拉尔大叔以前是执达吏。”

"That settles it," said du Bruel.

“这就能说明一切了。”迪布吕埃尔说。

"I'm off to see the proof of my caricature," said Bixiou; "but I should like to study the state of things in Rabourdin's salon to-night. You are lucky to be able to go there, du Bruel.”

“我去看看讽刺画的样张。”毕西沃说，“不过今晚我还应该去研究一下拉布丹沙龙的情况。迪布吕埃尔，你能去那儿很走运啊。”

"I!" said the vaudevillist, "what should I do there? My face doesn't

lend itself to condolences. And it is very vulgar in these days to go and see people who are down.”

“我！”杂剧家说道，“我去干嘛？我还装不出一副同情的苦脸呢。而且在如今这个年代，去看望下台的人是很无礼的。”

Charpter IX The Resignation

第九章　辞职

By midnight Madame Rabourdin's salon was deserted; only two or three guests remained with des Lupeaulx and the master and mistress of the house. When Schinner and Monsieur and Madame de Camps had likewise departed, des Lupeaulx rose with a mysterious air, stood with his back to the fireplace and looked alternately at the husband and wife.

到了午夜，拉布丹夫人的沙龙已经没有什么客人了，只剩下两三个宾客、德吕卜克斯和房子的男女主人。等施奈尔和德康夫妇也离开后，德吕卜克斯神神秘秘地站起身来，背靠着壁炉，一会儿看着那个做丈夫的，一会儿瞅瞅他的妻子。

"My friends," he said, "nothing is really lost, for the minister and I are faithful to you. Dutocq simply chose between two powers the one he thought strongest. He has served the court and the Grand Almoner; he has betrayed me. But that is in the order of things; a politician never complains of treachery. Nevertheless, Baudoyer will be dismissed as incapable in a few months; no doubt his protectors will find him a place,—in the prefecture of police, perhaps,—for the clergy will not desert him.”

“朋友们，”他讲道，“我和大臣是忠于你们的，因此你们其实什么也没失去。迪托克只是在两股力量之间选择了他认为较强的一边。他替宫廷和神职会做事，他背叛了我。不过，这就是事情的常态，一个政客永远不会控诉背信弃义的行为。不管怎样，几个月之内包杜阿耶会因能力不足而解职。毫无疑问，他的保护人会替他另谋出路——也许会去警署——因为教会是不会扔下他的。”

From this point des Lupeaulx went on with a long tirade about the Grand Almoner and the dangers the government ran in relying upon the church and upon the Jesuits. We need not, we think, point out to the intelligent reader that the court and the Grand Almoner, to whom the liberal journals attributed an enormous influence under the administration, had little really to do with Monsieur Baudoyer's appointment. Such petty intrigues die in the upper sphere of great self-interests. If a few words in favor of Baudoyer were obtained by the importunity of the curate of Saint-Paul's and the Abbe Gaudron, they would have been withdrawn immediately at a suggestion from the minister. The occult power of the Congregation of Jesus (admissible certainly as confronting the bold society of the "Doctrine," entitled "Help yourself and heaven will help you,") was formidable

only through the imaginary force conferred on it by subordinate powers who perpetually threatened each other with its evils. The liberal scandal-mongers delighted in representing the Grand Almoner and the whole Jesuitical Chapter as political, administrative, civil, and military giants. Fear creates bugbears. At this crisis Baudoyer firmly believed in the said Chapter, little aware that the only Jesuits who had put him where he now was sat by his own fireside, and in the Cafe Themis playing dominoes.

在这一点上，德吕卜克斯继续发表长篇演说，论述大神父团以及政府运作依赖于教会和耶稣会的危害性。自由派报纸把政府的巨大影响力归功于宫廷和大神父团。但我们觉得，它们其实和包杜阿耶的任命没多少牵连，聪明的读者不说也能明白。此类小花招在上层权势中是没有用武之地的。如果圣保罗神父和戈德龙神父一再纠缠，替包杜阿耶说好话，只要大臣一个指示，他们就会立刻闭嘴。耶稣会的秘密势力（在遭遇敢于冒险、标榜“自救的人会获得上帝的拯救”“教义”社团时，必然是被允许存在的）只有借助假想的力量才能发挥令人生畏的威力，而这股力量是它的那些不断地利用其罪恶自相威胁的下属机构赋予的。自由派那些散播丑闻的人乐于把大神父团和耶稣会描绘成政治、行政、民政和军事上的巨人。害怕会产生惊恐。在这场危机里，包杜阿耶坚信教会，而全然没有意识到，真正让他登上现在这个职位的“耶稣”正坐在他家的火炉边，正坐在忒弥斯咖啡馆里玩多米诺牌。

At certain epochs in history certain powers appear, to whom all evils are attributed, though at the same time their genius is denied; they form an efficient argument in the mouth of fools. Just as Monsieur de Talleyrand was supposed to hail all events of whatever kind with a bon mot, so in these days of the Restoration the clerical party had the credit of doing and undoing everything. Unfortunately, it did and undid nothing. Its influence was not wielded by a Cardinal Richelieu or a Cardinal Mazarin; it was in the hands of a species of Cardinal de Fleury, who, timid for over five years, turned bold for one day, injudiciously bold. Later on, the "Doctrine" did more, with impunity, at Saint-Merri, than Charles X. pretended to do in July, 1830. If the section on the censorship so foolishly introduced into the new charter had been omitted, journalism also would have had its Saint-Merri. The younger Branch could have legally carried out Charles X.'s plan.

特定的历史年代出现特定的权力，特定的权力产生种种邪恶。然而与此同时，这些特定权利的天赋是得不到认可的，他们会经由蠢人之口掀起一场有效的争论。正如德塔莱朗先生想拿一句漂亮的话应付一切事情一样，在复辟的这段日子里，教会的名声很不错，它可以做任何事情，也可以什么都不做。不幸的是，它无论做了什么都等于没做。操控势力的既不是黎塞留红衣大主教，也不是马扎林的红衣大主教，当时的教会是由弗勒里红衣主教一系把持的。弗勒里胆怯地过了五年，有一天

他壮起了胆子，但欠缺考虑。后来，“教义社”在圣梅丽做了比查理十世在一八三零年七月想做的更为出格的事情，却免遭惩戒。新宪章愚蠢地引入了关于审查的部分，假如这部分被删掉，新闻界同样可以有它自己的圣梅丽。更为年轻的旁支就可以按律法实施查理十世的方案。

"Remain where you are, head of a bureau under Baudoyer," went on des Lupeaulx. "Have the nerve to do this; make yourself a true politician; put ideas and generous impulses aside; attend only to your functions; don't say a word to your new director; don't help him with a suggestion; and do nothing yourself without his order. In three months Baudoyer will be out of the ministry, either dismissed, or stranded on some other administrative shore. They may attach him to the king's household. Twice in my life I have been set aside as you are, and overwhelmed by an avalanche of folly; I have quietly waited and let it pass.”

“你原地不动，当一名包杜阿耶手下的处长。”德吕卜克斯继续说道，“勇敢点儿，当一名真正的政客，把你的各种想法和一时冲动抛到一边，专注于自己的本职。别对你的新司长提一个字，别帮他出一个建议，没他的指令就什么也别做。三个月内，包杜阿耶就会被部里踢出去，要么解职，要么去其他部门搁浅。他们也许会送他去王室。我这辈子，有两次就像你这样被搁到一边，愚蠢之举如崩塌的雪山一般把我掩埋了。我静静地守候着，让事情过去。”

"Yes," said Rabourdin, "but you were not calumniated; your honor was not assailed, compromised—”

“没错，”拉布丹说道，“但是，没人诋毁过你，没人攻击、毁坏你的名节——”

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried des Lupeaulx, interrupting him with a burst of Homeric laughter. "Why, that's the daily bread of every remarkable man in this glorious kingdom of France! And there are but two ways to meet such calumny,—either yield to it, pack up, and go plant cabbages in the country; or else rise above it, march on, fearless, and don't turn your head.”

“哈哈哈！”德吕卜克斯爆发出一连串大笑，打断了他，“哎呀，在这个辉煌的法兰西国度里，对每一个杰出人士来说，这种事就像每天吃饭一样平常！有两种方法对抗诽谤——一种是屈服，收拾行囊，去乡下种洋白菜；一种是勇敢无畏地站起来、往前走，并且别回头。”

"For me, there is but one way of untying the noose which treachery and the work of spies have fastened round my throat," replied Rabourdin. "I must explain the matter at once to his Excellency, and if you are as sincerely attached to me as you say you are, you will put me face to face with him to-morrow.”

“对我而言，要打开这个由叛徒和间谍系在我咽喉上的套索，办法只

有一个。”拉布丹回答，“我必须立刻向大臣阁下解释这件事。你说你会对我们真诚相待，假如你说的是真的，请安排我明天与他面谈。”

"You mean that you wish to explain to him your plan for the reform of the service?"

“你是说，你希望向他解释你的改革方案吗？”

Rabourdin bowed.

拉布丹躬身行礼。

"Well, then, trust the papers with me,—your memoranda, all the documents. I promise you that he shall sit up all night and examine them.”

“那好，把你的文书——备忘录和所有宗卷——都交给我。我保证，他一定会花一整晚仔细阅读的。”

"Let us go to him, then!" cried Rabourdin, eagerly; "six years' toil certainly deserves two or three hours attention from the king's minister, who will be forced to recognize, if he does not applaud, such perseverance.”

“那么，我们一块儿去见他吧！”拉布丹热切地大声说道，“六年辛苦也该换来国王的大臣两三个小时的关注。即使他不赞赏我如此持久的毅力，这一点他也不得不承认。”

Compelled by Rabourdin's tenacity to take a straightforward path, without ambush or angle where his treachery could hide itself, des Lupeaulx hesitated for a single instant, and looked at Madame Rabourdin, while he inwardly asked himself, "Which shall I permit to triumph, my hatred for him, or my fancy for her?"

拉布丹不屈不挠，要走一条直截了当的解决之道。德吕卜克斯因此失去了叛逆的埋伏地，无处藏身。他望着拉布丹夫人，顿了一小会儿，扪心自问，“我憎恨他但热爱她，我该承诺哪一方的胜利呢？”

"You have no confidence in my honor," he said, after a pause. "I see that you will always be to me the author of your secret analysis. Adieu, madame."

“你并不信任我的荣誉。”他停了一会儿又说，“我明白了，对我而言你永远就是那篇秘密分析文论的作者。再会，拉布丹夫人。”

Madame Rabourdin bowed coldly. Celestine and Xavier returned at once to their own rooms without a word; both were overcome by their misfortune. The wife thought of the dreadful situation in which she stood toward her husband. The husband, resolving slowly not to remain at the ministry but to send in his resignation at once, was lost in a sea of reflections; the crisis for him meant a total change of life and the necessity of starting on a new career. All night he sat before

his fire, taking no notice of Celestine, who came in several times on tiptoe, in her night-dress.

拉布丹夫人冷淡地躬身行礼。塞莱斯蒂纳和格扎维埃一句话也没说，就各自回了自己房间，他们双双被这场灾难压垮了。妻子思考着她和她丈夫所处的可怕境地。丈夫慢慢下了决心，决定不在部里干了，并决定马上辞职。他沉入了沉思的海洋，对他而言这场危难意味着生活将彻底改变，他必须开始新的事业。他在炉火前坐了一整晚，塞莱斯蒂纳好几次身着睡袍悄悄走进房间，他都没注意到。

"I must go once more to the ministry, to bring away my papers, and show Baudoyer the routine of the business," he said to himself at last. "I had better write my resignation now."

“我还必须去部里一趟，拿回我的文书，告诉包杜阿耶一些常规事务。”他最后对自己说，“我最好现在就写辞职信。”

He turned to his table and began to write, thinking over each clause of the letter, which was as follows:—

他回到桌前开始动笔了，斟酌着信中的每一个短句。信的内容如下：

Monseigneur,—I have the honor to inclose to your Excellency my resignation. I venture to hope that you still remember hearing me say that I left my honor in your hands, and that everything, for me, depended on my being able to give you an immediate explanation.

大臣阁下——我很荣幸奉上辞职信一封。我斗胆希望阁下还记得，我曾说过我将我的荣誉交付给您。对我而言，一切都取决于我是否可以立即向您解释。

This explanation I have vainly sought to give. To-day it would, perhaps, be useless; for a fragment of my work relating to the administration, stolen and misused, has gone the rounds of the offices and is misinterpreted by hatred; in consequence, I find myself compelled to resign, under the tacit condemnation of my superiors.

然而，我试图做出的解释是徒劳的。到如今，解释也许已经无济于事。因为在我的这份有关行政部门的论述中，有一个片段被盗、被误用，已经在部里流传开，被人们带着仇恨的情绪误读。结果，在上级不言自明的怪罪下，我不得不提出辞职。

Your Excellency may have thought, on the morning when I first sought to speak with you, that my purpose was to ask for my promotion, when, in fact, I was thinking only of the glory and usefulness of your ministry and of the public good. It is all-important, I think, to correct that impression.

阁下也许会认为，那天上午我第一次找您谈话是想请求您提升我。而事实上，我当时仅仅是在考虑，您的部门和公共事业这两方面的荣耀

和可用价值。我认为纠正这一错误的印象非常重要。

Then followed the usual epistolary formulas.

接下来就是常规的书信体例。

It was half-past seven in the morning when the man consummated the sacrifice of his ideas; he burned everything, the toil of years. Fatigued by the pressure of thought, overcome by mental suffering, he fell asleep with his head on the back of his armchair. He was wakened by a curious sensation, and found his hands covered with his wife's tears and saw her kneeling before him. Celestine had read the resignation. She could measure the depth of his fall. They were now to be reduced to live on four thousand francs a year; and that day she had counted up her debts,—they amounted to something like thirty-two thousand francs! The most ignoble of all wretchedness had come upon them. And that noble man who had trusted her was ignorant that she had abused the fortune he had confided to her care. She was sobbing at his feet, beautiful as the Magdalen.

早上七点半，他的思想祭奠圆满结束，然后他把多年的辛苦努力全烧了。思想的压力令他精疲力尽，心灵的折磨令他难以承受。他靠着扶手椅、仰着头，就这样睡着了。他后来有一种奇妙的感觉，便醒了过来，看见妻子跪在他面前，他的双手上都是她的眼泪。塞莱斯蒂纳读了辞职信。她可以测出丈夫跌得有多深。如今，他们又沦落到靠每年四千法郎营生的地步。那天她算过她欠的所有债务——他们的债台几乎筑到了三万两千法郎！所有发生在他们身上的不幸中，这是最不光彩的一件事。这个高贵的男子信任她，把财产托付给她照管，却还不知道这笔钱已经被妻子挥霍大半了。她跪在他的脚边啜泣，如玛德莱娜一样美丽。

"My cup is full," cried Xavier, in terror. "I am dishonored at the ministry, and dishonored—”

“我到头了。”格扎维埃十分恐惧，大声喊道，“我在部里的名声坏了，名声坏了——”

The light of her pure honor flashed from Celestine's eyes; she sprang up like a startled horse and cast a fulminating glance at Rabourdin.

纯洁的荣誉焕发的光彩在塞莱斯蒂纳的眼中一闪而过。她像一匹受惊的马那样一跃而起，对丈夫掷去谴责的目光。

"I! I!" she said, on two sublime tones. "Am I a base wife? If I were, you would have been appointed. But," she added mournfully, "it is easier to believe that than to believe what is the truth."

“我呢！我呢！”她发出极高的两个音，“我是一个卑贱的妇人吗？如果我是，你就可以获得委任了。但是，”她忧伤地补充说，“比起事实，这个更容易让人相信。”

"Then what is it?" said Rabourdin.

“那么真相是什么？”拉布丹说道。

"All in three words," she said; "I owe thirty thousand francs."

“几个字就能说明一切，”她说，“我欠下了三万两千法郎。”

Rabourdin caught his wife to his heart with a gesture of almost frantic joy, and seated her on his knee.

欣喜若狂的拉布丹一把将她拥入怀中，把她放在自己的膝上。

"Take comfort, dear," he said, in a tone of voice so adorably kind that the bitterness of her grief was changed to something inexpressibly tender. "I too have made mistakes; I have worked uselessly for my country when I thought I was being useful to her. But now I mean to take another path. If I had sold groceries we should now be millionaires. Well, let us be grocers. You are only twenty-eight, dear angel; in ten years you shall recover the luxury that you love, which we must needs renounce for a short time. I, too, dear heart, am not a base or common husband. We will sell our farm; its value has increased of late. That and the sale of our furniture will pay my debts.”

“放松，亲爱的。”他说话的语气是如此美妙亲切，令她的痛苦伤感变成了一种无法言喻的温和心绪。“我也有错。我原以为自己对国家有用，可我的工作是一点用处都没有的。但是现在，我想走另一条道路。如果过去我是个卖食品杂货的，如今我们就该是百万富翁了。我们开个食品杂货店吧。你才二十八岁，我的小天使。十年之内，你就可以重新获得你热爱的奢华。目前我们得告别这种奢华生活，不过这是短暂的。亲爱的，我也不是一个卑贱的、普普通通的丈夫。我们卖掉农庄吧，最近还升值了呢。加上卖家具的钱，就可以还我的债了。”

My debts! Celestine embraced her husband a thousand times in the single kiss with which she thanked him for that generous word.

那是我的债！塞莱斯蒂纳感激丈夫的慷慨陈词。她一边吻着丈夫，一边不停地拥抱他。

"We shall still have a hundred thousand francs to put into business. Before the month is out I shall find some favorable opening. If luck gave a Martin Falleix to a Saillard, why should we despair? Wait breakfast for me. I am going now to the ministry, but I shall come back with my neck free of the yoke."

“我们还会有十万法郎，可以投到生意里去。月底前我就能找到机会，顺顺利利开个头。如果幸运女神把法莱克斯赐给了萨亚尔，我们为什么要绝望呢？等我一起吃早餐。我现在要去部里，我会打开架在脖子上的枷锁再回来。”

Celestine clasped her husband in her arms with a force men do not possess, even in their passionate moments; for women are stronger through emotion than men through power. She wept and laughed and sobbed in turns.

塞莱斯蒂纳紧紧抱住丈夫，那是男人们在最激动的时刻都使不出的的力量，因为情感型的女人比力量型的男人更强大。她一会儿哭，一会儿笑，一会儿又呜呜咽咽。

When Rabourdin left the house at eight o'clock, the porter gave him the satirical cards suggested by Bixiou. Nevertheless, he went to the ministry, where he found Sebastien waiting near the door to entreat him not to enter any of the bureaus, because an infamous caricature of him was making the round of the offices.

八点的时候，拉布丹出了门，门卫把毕西沃画的的讽刺名片交给了他。不过他还是去了部里，还发现塞巴斯蒂安正等候在门口。塞巴斯蒂安恳请他一个办公室也别进去，因为各个办公室都在传看一张龌龊的漫画，画上的主人公正是他。

"If you wish to soften the pain of my downfall," he said to the lad, "bring me that drawing; I am now taking my resignation to Ernest de la Briere myself, that it may not be altered or distorted while passing through the routine channels. I have my own reasons for wishing to see that caricature."

“假如你想缓和我失意的痛苦，”他对小伙子说，“就把那幅画给我。现在我要亲自去找埃内斯特·德拉布里埃请辞，免得走正常渠道又会被别人歪曲事实或者曲解。我自有道理，我想看看那幅画。”

When Rabourdin came back to the courtyard, after making sure that his letter would go straight into the minister's hands, he found Sebastien in tears, with a copy of the lithograph, which the lad reluctantly handed over to him.

拉布丹确保信件会直接送到大臣手里后就回到了庭院里，看见塞巴斯蒂安正在哭泣，手里还拿着一幅平板印刷出的画。小伙子很不情愿地把画递给了拉布丹。

"It is very clever," said Rabourdin, showing a serene brow to his companion, though the crown of thorns was on it all the same.

“真聪明。”拉布丹平静地朝他的同伴扬了扬一边的眉毛，虽然他依旧眉头紧锁。

He entered the bureaus with a calm air, and went at once into Baudoyer's section to ask him to come to the office of the head of the division and receive instructions as to the business which that incapable being was henceforth to direct.

他淡定自若地进了处里，并立刻去了包杜阿耶部门，请他去司长办

公室接受指导。从今以后，这个无能之辈就要按照这些指导来管理这个司了。

"Tell Monsieur Baudoyer that there must be no delay," he added, in the hearing of all the clerks; "my resignation is already in the minister's hands, and I do not wish to stay here longer than is necessary.”

“告诉包杜阿耶先生，绝对不能耽搁。”他大声补充，好让每个公务员听得到，“我的辞职信已经交到大臣手里了，我可不希望在这儿多呆，浪费不必要的时间。”

Seeing Bixiou, Rabourdin went straight up to him, showed him the lithograph, and said, to the great astonishment of all present,—

拉布丹一看见毕西沃，便径直朝他走去，把平板印刷的画放他面前。他说了一番话，令在场所有人都惊讶不已。他说——

"Was I not right in saying you were an artist? Still, it is a pity you directed the point of your pencil against a man who cannot be judged in this way, nor indeed by the bureaus at all;—but everything is laughed at in France, even God.”

“你是一位艺术家，我没说错吧？然而，很可惜你的铅笔所指向的人，不应该被这样评判，也根本不该由各个处来评判——可是在法国，一切都可以拿来嘲笑，甚至是上帝。”

Then he took Baudoyer into the office of the late La Billardiere. At the door he found Phellion and Sebastien, the only two who, under his great disaster, dared to remain openly faithful to the fallen man. Rabourdin noticed that Phellion's eyes were moist, and he could not refrain from wringing his hand.

然后，他带着包杜阿耶朝已故的拉比亚尔迪埃先生的办公室走去。他在门口见到了菲利翁和塞巴斯蒂安。在拉布丹遭受这一重大灾难时，也只有这两个人敢公开表示，他们仍旧忠于这位下台的失败者。拉布丹注意到菲利翁眼圈湿了，忍不住用力握住他的手。

"Monsieur," said the good man, "if we can serve you in any way, make use of us."

“先生，”好心人开口说，“如果有任何用得着我们的地方，尽管开口。”

Monsieur Rabourdin shut himself up in the late chief's office with Monsieur Baudoyer, and Phellion helped him to show the new incumbent all the administrative difficulties of his new position. At each separate affair which Rabourdin carefully explained, Baudoyer's little eyes grew big as saucers.

拉布丹把包杜阿耶和自己关进了已故司长的办公室。菲利翁在一旁

帮他，向这位现任司长讲解这个新职位上将要处理的所有行政难题。拉布丹把每一件事都单独分开、仔细解说。包杜阿耶听着这一件又一件事，小眼睛睁得跟碟子那么大。

"Farewell, monsieur," said Rabourdin at last, with a manner that was half-solemn, half-satirical.

“告辞了，先生。”拉布丹最后说道，语气里一半是庄重一半是讽刺。

Sebastien meanwhile had made up a package of papers and letters belonging to his chief and had carried them away in a hackney coach. Rabourdin passed through the grand courtyard, while all the clerks were watching from the windows, and waited there a moment to see if the minister would send him any message. His Excellency was dumb. Phellion courageously escorted the fallen man to his home, expressing his feelings of respectful admiration; then he returned to the office, and took up his work, satisfied with his own conduct in rendering these funeral honors to the neglected and misjudged administrative talent.

与此同时，塞巴斯蒂安已经打包整理好了属于他上司的文书和信函，让一辆出租马车送走了。拉布丹穿过偌大的庭院时，所有公务员都隔着窗户望着他。他们等了一会儿，想看看大臣是否会给他任何口信。大臣阁下什么都没说。菲利翁勇敢地护送这位退下的官员回家，向他表达了敬意，然后回到办公室继续工作。他向这位被忽视、被错判的行政天才献上了葬礼般的尊敬，他对此感到心满意足。

Bixiou (seeing Phellion re-enter). "Victrix cause diis placuit, sed victa Catoni."

毕西沃（瞧见菲利翁回来）："Victrix cause diis placuit,send victa Catoni."

Phellion. "Yes, monsieur."

菲利翁：“对，先生。”

Poiret. "What does that mean?"

普瓦雷：“他刚说的是什么意思？”

Fleury. "That priests rejoice, and Monsieur Rabourdin has the respect of men of honor."

弗勒里：“牧师们欢喜了，而拉布丹先生赢得了高贵人士的尊重。”

Dutocq (annoyed). "You didn't say that yesterday.”

迪托克（被惹恼了）：“昨天你可没这么说。”

Fleury. "If you address me you'll have my hand in your face. It is known for certain that you filched those papers from Monsieur

Rabourdin.” (Dutocq leaves the office.) "Oh, yes, go and complain to your Monsieur des Lupeaulx, spy!"

弗勒里：“倘若你是跟我说话，我就真要打你的脸了。我们都知道了，一定是你从拉布丹那儿偷走了文书。”（迪托克离开办公室）“哦，没错，去找你的德吕卜克斯抱怨吧，你这个奸细！”

Bixiou (laughing and grimacing like a monkey). "I am curious to know how the division will get along. Monsieur Rabourdin is so remarkable a man that he must have had some special views in that work of his. Well, the minister loses a fine mind." (Rubs his hands.)

毕西沃（一边大笑，一边扮成猴子的嘴脸）：“我很想知道，这个司究竟会怎样走下去。拉布丹先生如此超群，他一定在他的作品里提出了一些独到的见解。唉，大臣失去了一个智囊啊。”（搓着双手）

Laurent (entering). "Monsieur Fleury is requested to go to the secretary's office.”

洛朗（进来）：“弗勒里先生，秘书办公室叫您过去。”

All the clerks. "Done for!"

全体公务员：“完了！”

Fleury (leaving the room). "I don't care; I am offered a place as responsible editor. I shall have all my time to myself to lounge the streets or do amusing work in a newspaper office.”

弗勒里（离开房间）：“我才不会在乎呢。别人已经请我去做责任编辑啦。以后所有的时间都是我自己的了。我可以去逛街，或是到报社去做点儿有趣的工作。”

Bixiou. "Dutocq has already made them cut off the head of that poor Desroys."

毕西沃：“迪托克已叫人砍掉了德鲁瓦小可怜的脑袋。”

Colleville (entering joyously). "Gentlemen, I am appointed head of this bureau."

科勒维尔（高高兴兴地走进来）：“先生们，我被任命为处长啦。”

Thuillier. "Ah, my friend, if it were I myself, I couldn't be better pleased.”

蒂利埃：“啊，朋友，如果当上处长的是我，那我就再高兴不过了。”

Bixiou. "His wife has managed it." (Laughter.)

毕西沃：“是他妻子一手操办的。”（大笑）

Poiret. "Will any one tell me the meaning of all that is happening here to-day?”

普瓦雷：“谁能可以告诉我今天这儿发生的一切意味着什么吗？”

Bixiou. "Do you really want to know? Then listen. The antechamber of the administration is henceforth a chamber, the court is a boudoir, the best way to get in is through the cellar, and the bed is more than ever a cross-cut.”

毕西沃：“你真想知道？听好了。从今往后，部门前厅就是议会，宫廷则变成休息室。想进宫廷最好的办法就是走地窖，而床是最好的捷径。

Poiret. "Monsieur Bixiou, may I entreat you, explain?"

普瓦雷：“毕西沃先生，可以恳请你解释一下吗？”

Bixiou. "I'll paraphrase my opinion. To be anything at all you must begin by being everything. It is quite certain that a reform of this service is needed; for on my word of honor, the State robs the poor officials as much as the officials rob the State in the matter of hours. But why is it that we idle as we do? because they pay us too little; and the reason of that is we are too many for the work, and your late chief, the virtuous Rabourdin, saw all this plainly. That great administrator,—for he was that, gentlemen,—saw what the thing is coming to, the thing that these idiots call the 'working of our admirable institutions.' The chamber will want before long to administrate, and the administrators will want to legislate. The government will try to administrate and the administrators will want to govern, and so it will go on. Laws will come to be mere regulations, and ordinances will be thought laws. God made this epoch of the world for those who like to laugh. I live in a state of jovial admiration of the spectacle which the greatest joker of modern times, Louis XVIII., bequeathed to us" (general stupefaction). "Gentlemen, if France, the country with the best civil service in Europe, is managed thus, what do you suppose the other nations are like? Poor unhappy nations! I ask myself how they can possibly get along without two Chambers, without the liberty of the press, without reports, without circulars even, without an army of clerks? Dear, dear, how do you suppose they have armies and navies? how can they exist at all without political discussions? Can they even be called nations, or governments? It is said (mere traveller's tales) that these strange peoples claim to have a policy, to wield a certain influence; but that's absurd! how can they when they haven't 'progress' or 'new lights'? They can't stir up ideas, they haven't an independent forum; they are still in the twilight of barbarism. There are no people in the world but the French people who have ideas. Can you understand, Monsieur Poiret," (Poiret jumped as if he had been shot) "how a nation can do without heads of divisions, general-secretaries and directors, and all

this splendid array of officials, the glory of France and of the Emperor Napoleon,—who had his own good reasons for creating a myriad of offices? I don't see how those nations have the audacity to live at all. There's Austria, which has less than a hundred clerks in her war ministry, while the salaries and pensions of ours amount to a third of our whole budget, a thing that was unheard of before the Revolution. I sum up all I've been saying in one single remark, namely, that the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-lettres, which seems to have very little to do, had better offer a prize for the ablest answer to the following question: Which is the best organized State; the one that does many things with few officials, or the one that does next to nothing with an army of them?"

毕西沃："好，那我就解释一下我的观点。要成为重要人物，一开始就必须无所不用其极。我们完全可以肯定，对行政机构的改革是必要的。我以我的名誉担保，国家在掠夺贫穷的公务员，而公务员也同样在掠夺属于国家的时间。可是，我们为什么会这么懒散呢？因为他们付给我们的薪水太少了，而他们的理由是我们人手过多。你们的前任上司，品格高尚的拉布丹，把这一切看得明明白白。先生们，他曾是一位伟大的行政人员。他看见了事态的发展趋势，这种发展趋势却被傻瓜们称为'我们这些令人钦佩的机构的运作'。用不了多久，议会就会想要管理公务了，而行政人员会想要立法。政府会试图治理国家，而行政官员会想要管理国家，所以这种状况会这样延续下去。法律会沦为规章，而指令会被奉为法律。上帝为爱笑的人创造了这个时代。我欣赏这一场景，这是现代最会开玩笑的路易十八的馈赠，我生活得很快乐。"（全体公务员目瞪口呆）。"先生们，作为欧洲行政管理做得最好的国家，假如法国就是这样管理的，大家觉得其他国家又能是什么样子呢？可怜的欧洲各国，真不幸！我问自己，这些国家不设两院，没有自由派报纸，不作报告，不发布通告，甚至连一支公务员队伍都不建，怎么能维系下去呢？天哪，天哪，你们能想象这些国家有陆军和海军吗？少了政治讨论，这一切是怎样存在的呢？这样还能被称作国家或政府吗？据说（这仅仅为旅行者讲的故事），这些奇异的民族声称他们用某种政策发挥影响力。不过这真荒唐！他们没有接受'进步思潮'，也没有'新视野'，是如何做到这些的呢？他们无法产生思想，没有一个独立的论坛，尚处在野蛮的昏暗地带之中。事实上，世界上只有法国人有思想。你听懂了吗，普瓦雷先生，"（普瓦雷像被枪击中了一样一下子跳了起来）"一个国家若没有司长、秘书长和各部门的主管，没了所有这些波澜壮阔的公务员阵营，没了法兰西和拿破仑皇帝的荣耀，能做什么呢？而拿破仑皇帝有充足的理由，缔造庞大的公务系统。我真不明白那些国家怎么有胆量存活于世。奥地利国防部的职员才不到一百人，而我们的薪水和退休金达到了财政总预算的三分之一，这在大革命之前是闻所未闻的。我仅用一句评价来总结以上的话，即法兰西文学院似乎无事可做，最好为能够回应以下问题的最有力回答设立奖项：哪个国家组织得更好，即能用少数公务员完成大量事务，或是空有一支大军却基本上什么也不做？"

Poiret. "Is that your last word?"

普瓦雷：“你说完了？”

Bixiou. "Yes, sir! whether English, French, German or Italian,—I let you off the other languages.”

毕西沃：“是的，先生！英文、法文、德文或者意大利文，我就不用别的语言跟你说了。”

Poiret (lifting his hands to heaven). "Gracious goodness! and they call you a witty man!"

普瓦雷（双手举向空中）：“我的天！他们说你是个聪明人！”

Bixiou. "Haven't you understood me yet?”

毕西沃：“你还是听不懂我说的话？”

Phellion. "Your last observation was full of excellent sense."

菲利翁：“你最后一句评论非常有见地。”

Bixiou. "Just as full as the budget itself, and like the budget again, as complicated as it looks simple; and I set it as a warning, a beacon, at the edge of this hole, this gulf, this volcano, called, in the language of the 'Constitutionel,' 'the political horizon.'”

毕西沃：这句话就像财政预算一样内容丰富，也像财政预算一样看似简单实则复杂。我把这句话当做一种警告、一个信号，可以用在洞口、港湾边、火山口的边缘。这些边缘用‘宪政’上的话来说，叫做‘政治地平线’。”

Poiret. "I should much prefer a comprehensible explanation."

普瓦雷：如果有一种我能理解得了的解释，那我会喜欢得多的。”

Bixiou. "Hurrah for Rabourdin! there's my explanation; that's my opinion. Are you satisfied?”

毕西沃：“万岁，拉布丹！这就是我的解释，这就是我的观点。你满意吗？”

Colleville (gravely). "Monsieur Rabourdin had but one defect."

科勒维尔（庄重地）：“拉布丹先生只有一个缺陷。”

Poiret. "What was it?"

普瓦雷：“是什么啊？”

Colleville. "That of being a statesman instead of a subordinate official."

科勒维尔：“他是政治家，而非下属官员。”

Phellion (standing before Bixiou). "Monsieur! why did you, who

understand Monsieur Rabourdin so well, why did you make that inf—that odi—that hideous caricature?”

菲利翁（站在毕西沃面前）：“先生啊！你这么了解拉布丹先生，可为什么还要画那幅丑恶——那幅可憎——那幅丑陋的讽刺画呢？”

Bixiou. "Do you forget our bet? don't you know I was backing the devil's game, and that your bureau owes me a dinner at the Rocher de Cancale?”

毕西沃：“你忘了我们打过赌吗？你不知道我是站在魔鬼那边在玩牌，你忘记了你们处欠我一顿牡蛎岩餐厅里的大餐吗？”

Poiret (much put-out). "Then it is a settled thing that I am to leave this government office without ever understanding a sentence, or a single word uttered by Monsieur Bixiou."

普瓦雷（非常懊恼）：“那么这是铁定的事了——我在离职时，绝对还是连毕西沃先生说的一句话，甚至一个字眼都听不懂。”

Bixiou. "It is your own fault; ask these gentlemen. Gentlemen, have you understood the meaning of my observations? and were those observations just, and brilliant?"

毕西沃：“那是你自个儿的问题了，问问这些先生们吧。先生们，你们听明白我的评论了？我的评论公正、精彩吗？”

All. "Alas, yes!"

所有公务员：“啊，是的！”

Minard. "And the proof is that I shall send in my resignation. I shall plunge into industrial avocations."

米纳尔：“我会递交辞职信，这就是证明。我将投身工业，做点儿副业。”

Bixiou. "What! have you managed to invent a mechanical corset, or a baby's bottle, or a fire engine, or chimneys that consume no fuel, or ovens which cook cutlets with three sheets of paper?”

毕西沃：“什么！你发明了机绣女士胸衣、婴儿奶瓶、消防车、不用烧燃料的烟囱，还是用三张纸就可以烤肉片的炉子？”

Minard (departing.) "Adieu, I shall keep my secret."

米纳尔（离去）：“再会，这个秘密我是不会说的。”

Bixiou. "Well, young Poiret junior, you see,—all these gentlemen understand me.”

毕西沃：“啊，小普瓦雷，你看，这些先生们都明白我的意思。”

Poiret (crest-fallen). "Monsieur Bixiou, would you do me the honor to come down for once to my level and speak in a language I

can understand?"

普瓦雷（从浪尖上摔下）：“毕西沃先生，你可否屈尊一次降到我的水平，说说我能听得懂的话？”

Bixiou (winking at the rest). "Willingly." (Takes Poiret by the button of his frock-coat.) "Before you leave this office forever perhaps you would be glad to know what you are—”

毕西沃（冲其他人眨眼睛）：“我很乐意。”（他揪着普瓦雷工作服的底扣）“在你永远离开这个办公室之前，也许你会十分乐意知道你是个——”

Poiret (quickly). "An honest man, monsieur."

普瓦雷（很迅速）：“诚实的人，先生。”

Bixiou (shrugging his shoulders). “—to be able to define, explain, and analyze precisely what a government clerk is? Do you know what he is?”

毕西沃（耸肩）：“能准确无误地定义、解释和分析政府公务员吗？你了解什么是公务员吗？”

Poiret. "I think I do."

普瓦雷：“我觉得我能。”

Bixiou (twisting the button). "I doubt it."

毕西沃（扭着那枚扣子）：“我看不见得。”

Poiret. "He is a man paid by government to do work."

普瓦雷：“政府出钱，公务员出力。”

Bixiou. "Oh! then a soldier is a government clerk?"

毕西沃：“噢！那士兵也算公务员喽？”

Poiret (puzzled). "Why, no."

普瓦雷（困惑不解）：“啊，那可不算。”

Bixiou. "But he is paid by the government to do work, to mount guard and show off at reviews. You may perhaps tell me that he longs to get out of his place,—that he works too hard and fingers too little metal, except that of his musket.”

毕西沃：“那就是政府出钱，他出力啊。他会站岗防卫，还会在检阅时卖弄一下自己。也许你还可以跟我说，他巴不得离开这个岗位——他干得太苦了，除了他的滑膛枪，几乎连一点儿金属都摸不到。”

Poiret (his eyes wide open). "Monsieur, a government clerk is, logically speaking, a man who needs the salary to maintain himself, and is not free to get out of his place; for he doesn't know how to do

anything but copy papers.”

普瓦雷（眼睛睁得大大的）：“先生，按逻辑说，政府公务员靠薪水来维持生计，不可以任意离岗，因为他除了抄写文书什么也不会。”

Bixiou. "Ah! now we are coming to a conclusion. So the bureau is the clerk's shell, husk, pod. No clerk without a bureau, no bureau without a clerk. But what do you make, then, of a customs officer?” (Poiret shuffles his feet and tries to edge away; Bixiou twists off one button and catches him by another.) "He is, from the bureaucratic point of view, a neutral being. The excise-man is only half a clerk; he is on the confines between civil and military service; neither altogether soldier nor altogether clerk— Here, here, where are you going?” (Twists the button.) "Where does the government clerk proper end? That's a serious question. Is a prefect a clerk?”

毕西沃：“啊！现在我们可以下结论了。所以，处就是公务员的壳、外皮和荚。公务员不可以没有了处，而处里也不可以没有公务员。但是，你又怎样理解税收官呢？”（普瓦雷滑着步子企图溜走。毕西沃扯下一颗纽扣，又抓住另一颗扣子拽住了他。）“从官僚的观点来看，他是一个中性人物。消费税官只是半个公务员，限于民政和军务之间。既非完全意义上的士兵，也非完整的公务员。嘿，你这是上哪儿去呀？”（扭着扣子。）“划分政府公务员的真正界限在哪里？那是一个很严肃的问题。高级行政长官是公务员吗？”

Poiret (hesitating). "He is a functionary."

普瓦雷（犹豫中）：“他是个公职人员。”

Bixiou. "But you don't mean that a functionary is not a clerk? that's an absurdity.”

毕西沃：“可你不是想说公职人员不算公务员吧？这真荒唐。”

Poiret (weary and looking round for escape). "I think Monsieur Godard wants to say something."

普瓦雷（显出疲态，环顾四周想要逃离）：“我觉得戈达尔先生想发表看法。”

Godard. "The clerk is the order, the functionary the species."

戈达尔：“公务员是一个阶级，而公职人员是一种类型。”

Bixiou (laughing). "I shouldn't have thought you capable of that distinction, my brave subordinate.”

毕西沃（大笑）：“我都没料到你能区分出这两类来，我的手下真有勇气。”

Poiret (trying to get away). "Incomprehensible!"

普瓦雷（试图挣脱）：“不可思议！”

Bixiou. "La, la, papa, don't step on your tether. If you stand still and listen, we shall come to an understanding before long. Now, here's an axiom which I bequeath to this bureau and to all bureaus: Where the clerk ends, the functionary begins; where the functionary ends, the statesman rises. There are very few statesmen among the prefects. The prefect is therefore a neutral being among the higher species. He comes between the statesman and the clerk, just as the custom-house officer stands between the civil and the military. Let us continue to clear up these important points." (Poiret turns crimson with distress.) "Suppose we formulate the whole matter in a maxim worthy of Larochefoucault: Officials with salaries of twenty thousand francs are not clerks. From which we may deduce mathematically this corollary: The statesman first looms up in the sphere of higher salaries; and also this second and not less logical and important corollary: Directors-general may be statesmen. Perhaps it is in that sense that more than one deputy says in his heart, 'It is a fine thing to be a director-general.' But in the interests of our noble French language and of the Academy—"

毕西沃："哎呀，哎呀，我说，普瓦雷老爷，别踩着你的栓绳啦。如果你站着听一会儿，很快我们都会明白的。听着，我要赠给本处和所有处一条公理：公务员做到头，就开始做公职人员；公职人员做到头，就开始当政治家。高级行政长官中很少出政治家。所以，高级行政官员是高级品种里的中等类型。他介于政治家和公务员两者之间，就好比收税官夹在民政和军务中间。我们接着解释这些重要观点。"（普瓦雷窘得脸色绯红）"假如我们用一句和拉罗什福科的箴言价值相当的格言系统性地阐释整件事情：薪水达到两万的官员便不是公务员。由此，我们可以从数学方面得出一个推断：政治家先出现于薪水较高的层面。我们还能得出第二个推断，其逻辑性和重要性不亚于第一个推断：司长可以成为政治家。也许从这种意义上来讲，会有不止一位公务员在心底对自己说'做司长好啊。'不过，为了我们高贵的法文和学院利益——"

Poiret (magnetized by the fixity of Bixiou's eye). "The French language! the Academy!"

普瓦雷（被毕西沃坚定不移的眼神深深吸引住）："法文！学院！"

Bixiou (twisting off the second button and seizing another). "Yes, in the interests of our noble tongue, it is proper to observe that although the head of a bureau, strictly speaking, may be called a clerk, the head of a division must be called a bureaucrat. These gentlemen" (turning to the clerks and privately showing them the third button off Poiret's coat) "will appreciate this delicate shade of meaning. And so, papa Poiret, don't you see it is clear that the government clerk comes to a final end at the head of a division? Now that question once settled, there is no longer any uncertainty; the government clerk who has hitherto seemed undefinable is defined."

毕西沃（揪下第二颗扣子，又抓住一个)：“是啊，为了母语的利益，我们可以说尽管严格来说处长大概可以称作公务员，但司长就一定得被称作官僚了。诸位，”（他转向那些公务员，偷偷给他们看普瓦雷衣服上被扯下来的第三颗纽扣）“是可以领会此种微妙含义的。那么普瓦雷老爷，你没看出来如果一个人当上了司长，他就不再是政府公务员了吗？这是很明显的事。现在问题一解决，就不再有任何不确定了。到目前为止似乎无法定义的公务员也被定义了。”

Poiret. "Yes, that appears to me beyond a doubt."

普瓦雷：“对，在我看来这是毋庸置疑的。”

Bixiou. "Nevertheless, do me the kindness to answer the following question: A judge being irremovable, and consequently debarred from being, according to your subtle distinction, a functionary, and receiving a salary which is not the equivalent of the work he does, is he to be included in the class of clerks?”

毕西沃：“不过，请你帮帮忙，再回答一下以下问题：法官是不会被撤职的。所以按照你的精细划分，法官自然就不算公职人员。他获得的薪水与工作不对等，那么他应该属于公务员之列吗？”

Poiret (gazing at the cornice). "Monsieur, I don't follow you.”

普瓦雷（凝视门檐）：“先生，我不明白你在说什么。”

Bixiou (getting off the fourth button). "I wanted to prove to you, monsieur, that nothing is simple; but above all—and what I am going to say is intended for philosophers—I wish (if you'll allow me to misquote a saying of Louis XVIII.),—I wish to make you see that definitions lead to muddles.”

毕西沃（扯下第四颗扣子）：“先生，我想向你证明，所有的事情都是复杂的。不过最重要的是——我将要说的话是说给哲学家听的——我希望（假如你允许我错误地引述一句路易十八的话）——我希望你能明白，下定义会使人陷入混乱之中。”

Poiret (wiping his forehead). "Excuse me, I am sick at my stomach" (tries to button his coat). "Ah! you have cut off all my buttons!"

普瓦雷（擦擦额头）：“抱歉，我胃不舒服。”（试着扣上外套）。“哦！你怎么把我的扣子全扯下了！”

Bixiou. "But the point is, do you understand me?"

毕西沃：“但重点是你听懂了我说的话了吗？”

Poiret (angrily). "Yes, monsieur, I do; I understand that you have been playing me a shameful trick and twisting off my buttons while I have been standing here unconscious of it."

普瓦雷（生气了）：“我听懂了，先生。我知道你对我开了个很可耻的玩笑。就在我站着的时候，不知不觉扯下了我的扣子。”

Bixiou (solemnly). "Old man, you are mistaken! I wished to stamp upon your brain the clearest possible image of constitutional government" (all the clerks look at Bixiou; Poiret, stupefied, gazes at him uneasily), "and also to keep my word to you. In so doing I employed the parabolical method of savages. Listen and comprehend: While the ministers start discussions in the Chambers that are just about as useful and as conclusive as the one we are engaged in, the administration cuts the buttons off the tax-payers.”

普瓦雷（郑重地）：“老先生，你弄错了！我希望尽可能地把最清晰的宪政政府印象印到你的脑海里，”（所有公务员都看向毕西沃。普瓦雷不知所措，局促地盯着他看）“并且我向你保证。我这么做是用野蛮人的方式打了个比方。听一听，想一想：大臣们在议院展开讨论，就像我们现在所进行的谈话一样有用、有结论。与此同时，行政机构也在从纳税人身上扯下纽扣。

All. "Bravo, Bixiou!"

所有人：“太棒了，毕西沃！”

Poiret (who comprehends). "I don't regret my buttons.”

普瓦雷（想明白了）：“我不遗憾被扯掉几颗扣子了。”

Bixiou. "I shall follow Minard's example; I won't pocket such a paltry salary as mine any longer; I shall deprive the government of my co-operation.” (Departs amid general laughter.)

毕西沃：“我会像米纳尔那样，不再将这点儿微薄的薪水放入我的衣袋，我不会再给政府服务了。”（在众人笑声中离去。）

Another scene was taking place in the minister's reception-room, more instructive than the one we have just related, because it shows how great ideas are allowed to perish in the higher regions of State affairs, and in what way statesmen console themselves.

与此同时，大臣的接待室里正在发生另外一幕场景。这一幕场景表现了伟大的思想是如何在管理国家大事的政府高层中泯灭的，表现了政治家们是通过何种方式来安慰自己的，因此这比我们刚刚讲述的那一幕场景更具教育意义。

Des Lupeaulx was presenting the new director, Monsieur Baudoyer, to the minister. A number of persons were assembled in the salon,—two or three ministerial deputies, a few men of influence, and Monsieur Clergeot (whose division was now merged with La Billardiere's under Baudoyer's direction), to whom the minister was promising an honorable pension. After a few general remarks, the great event of the day was brought up.

德吕卜克斯正在将新司长——包杜阿耶先生介绍给大臣认识。沙龙里聚着不少人，有两三个担任大臣的议员、几个有权有势的人物和克莱若先生（他的司现在已经与拉比亚迪埃的司合并，归包杜阿耶先生主管）。大臣已经许诺给他一笔相当可观的养老金。他们笼统聊了几句后，谈起了当天的那件大事。

A deputy. "So you lose Rabourdin?"

一名议员："这么说，你放走了拉布丹？"

Des Lupeaulx. "He has resigned."

德吕卜克斯："他是辞职的。"

Clergeot. "They say he wanted to reform the administration."

克莱若："据说，他希望改革行政体制。"

The Minister (looking at the deputies). "Salaries are not really in proportion to the exigencies of the civil service."

大臣（看着议员们）："公务员的薪酬与行政部门的迫切需要并不成比例。"

De la Briere. "According to Monsieur Rabourdin, one hundred clerks with a salary of twelve thousand francs would do better and quicker work than a thousand clerks at twelve hundred."

德拉布里埃："按照拉布丹先生的意思，一百名年薪一万二千法郎的公务员会比一千名年薪一千二百法郎的公务员办事更好、更快。"

Clergeot. "Perhaps he is right."

克莱若："也许，他是对的。"

The Minister. "But what is to be done? The machine is built in that way. Must we take it to pieces and remake it? No one would have the courage to attempt that in face of the Chamber, and the foolish outcries of the Opposition, and the fierce denunciations of the press. It follows that there will happen, one of these days, some damaging 'solution of continuity' between the government and the administration."

大臣："可我们还能做什么呢？机器就是那样建的。我们必须要把它打碎重造吗？在议员面前，在反对派愚蠢的呼声面前，在报业激烈的诋毁面前，没人有胆量去尝试。由此得出这样的结论，有一天政府和行政部门之间会出现一些破坏性的'衔接上的不连贯'。"

A deputy. "In what way?"

一位议员："以什么方式出现呢？"

The Minister. "In many ways. A minister will want to serve the public good, and will not be allowed to do so. You will create

interminable delays between things and their results. You may perhaps render the theft of a penny actually impossible, but you cannot prevent the buying and selling of influence, the collusions of self-interest. The day will come when nothing will be conceded without secret stipulations, which may never see the light. Moreover, the clerks, one and all, from the least to the greatest, are acquiring opinions of their own; they will soon be no longer the hands of a brain, the scribes of governmental thought; the Opposition even now tends towards giving them a right to judge the government and to talk and vote against it.”

大臣：“很多方式。大臣希望好好服务于大众，却不被准许这么做。人为的拖沓没完没了，事情的结果迟迟不出来。你可以让人从国库偷不走一分钱，却阻止不了势力的买卖和利益的勾结。总有一天会发展到，人们不写秘密条款就不会承认任何事情的地步，而那些秘密条款可能永远都会被藏在暗处。而且所有的公务员，从最低级别至最高级别，都在形成自己的观点。很快他们将不再是别人思想的书写者，不再是政府思想的抄书吏。如今，反对派甚至企图给予他们评判政府、讨论政府、投票反对政府的权利。”

Baudoyer (in a low voice, but meaning to be heard). "Monseigneur is really fine."

包杜阿耶（低声说话，却希望被别人听见）：“阁下说得太对了。”

Des Lupeaulx. "Of course bureaucracy has its defects. I myself think it slow and insolent; it hampers ministerial action, stifles projects, and arrests progress. But, after all, French administration is amazingly useful."

德吕卜克斯：“当然，官僚制度有它的弊端。我本人就觉得官僚制度效率较低、怠慢工作，阻碍了行政部署，遏制了项目进程，抑制了发展。可法国的行政体系毕竟还是相当有用的。”

Baudoyer. "Certainly!"

包杜阿耶：“那当然！”

Des Lupeaulx. "If only to maintain the paper and stamp industries! Suppose it is rather fussy and provoking, like all good housekeepers,—it can at any moment render an account of its disbursements. Where is the merchant who would not gladly give five per cent of his entire capital if he could insure himself against leakage?”

德吕卜克斯：“只要可以维护造纸业和印花业！想想看，行政体系就像所有出色的管家那样过度操心、令人恼火——但它能够随时随刻拿出开支账本。如果经商者拿出总资产的百分之五，就可以免除漏财之苦，哪个商人会不愿意这么做呢？”

The Deputy (a manufacturer). "The manufacturing interests of all

nations would joyfully unite against that evil genius of theirs called leakage."

议员（一名制造商）：“所有国家的制造业利益集团，都乐于联合起来，对抗被叫做漏洞的魔鬼天才。”

Des Lupeaulx. "After all, though statistics are the childish foible of modern statesmen, who think that figures are estimates, we must cipher to estimate. Figures are, moreover, the convincing argument of societies based on self-interest and money, and that is the sort of society the Charter has given us,—in my opinion, at any rate. Nothing convinces the 'intelligent masses' as much as a row of figures. All things in the long run, say the statesmen of the Left, resolve themselves into figures. Well then, let us figure" (the minister here goes off into a corner with a deputy, to whom he talks in a low voice). "There are forty thousand government clerks in France. The average of their salaries is fifteen hundred francs. Multiply forty thousand by fifteen hundred and you have sixty millions. Now, in the first place, a publicist would call the attention of Russia and China, also that of Austria, the American republics, and indeed that of the whole world, to the fact that for this price France possesses the most inquisitorial, fussy, ferreting, scribbling, paper-blotting, fault-finding old housekeeper of a civil service on God's earth. Not a copper farthing of the nation's money is spent or hoarded that is not ordered by a note, proved by vouchers, produced and re-produced on balance-sheets, and receipted for when paid; orders and receipts are registered on the rolls, and checked and verified by an army of men in spectacles. If there is the slightest mistake in the form of these precious documents, the clerk is terrified, for he lives on such minutiae. Some nations would be satisfied to get as far as this; but Napoleon went further. That great organizer appointed supreme magistrates of a court which is absolutely unique in the world. These officials pass their days in verifying money-orders, documents, roles, registers, lists, permits, custom-house receipts, payments, taxes received, taxes spent, etc.; all of which the clerks write or copy. These stern judges push the gift of exactitude, the genius of inquisition, the sharp-sightedness of lynxes, the perspicacity of account-books to the point of going over all the additions in search of subtractions. These sublime martyrs to figures have been known to return to an army commissary, after a delay of two years, some account in which there was an error of two farthings. This is how and why it is that the French system of administration, the purest and best on the globe has rendered robbery, as his Excellency has just told you, next to impossible, and as for peculation, it is a myth. France at this present time possesses a revenue of twelve hundred millions, and she spends it. That sum enters her treasury, and

that sum goes out of it. She handles, therefore, two thousand four hundred millions, and all she pays for the labor of those who do the work is sixty millions,—two and a half per cent; and for that she obtains the certainty that there is no leakage. Our political and administrative kitchen costs us sixty millions, but the gendarmerie, the courts of law, the galleys and the police cost just as much, and give no return. Moreover, we employ a body of men who could do no other work. Waste and disorder, if such there be, can only be legislative; the Chambers lead to them and render them legal. Leakage follows in the form of public works which are neither urgent nor necessary; troops re-uniformed and gold-laced over and over again; vessels sent on useless cruises; preparations for war without ever making it; paying the debts of a State, and not requiring reimbursement or insisting on security."

德吕卜克斯："现代政治家觉得数字是估计出来的。归根结底，虽然统计数字是他们幼稚的缺点，但我们必须秘密地进行估算。更何况，社会是以金钱、利益为基础的，而数字是这一方面有力的论据。这正是宪章所给予我们的社会——至少在我看来是这样的。没有什么比一排数字更能令'智慧的民众'信服了。左派政治家说，长此以往所有事情都能用数字解决了。那么，我们算算看吧。"（大臣和一名议员去了屋子一角，小声交谈着。）"法国有四万公务员。他们的平均薪酬为一千五百法郎。四万乘以一千五，那就是六千万。那么第一，政论家凭借法国靠这笔钱拥有了全世界最好奇、最会操心、最热衷于搜罗消息、最粗制滥造、最浪费纸张、最吃毛求疵的老管家——法国的行政部门这一事实，可以引起俄国和中国的注意，还能引起奥地利、美国乃至全世界的关注。国库里，要支出或存入每一个法寻都得写便条，要有凭据为证，要一而再再而三地记录在资产负债表上，如果是支出还要打收据。汇款指令和收据都被登记在宗卷里，由一支戴眼镜的队伍进行检查、核实。倘若这些贵重的表格出现一丝错误，公务员就着了慌，因为他就靠这些细枝末节的东西存活的。有些国家走到这一步就很满足了，可是拿破仑却走得更远。这位伟大的组织者任命了最高法院法官，这在世界上是绝无仅有的。这些官吏把时间耗费在核对财务票据、文卷、职责、登记记录、名录、许可令、关税收据、缴纳、税收收入和税收支出等等方面。所有这一切都是由公务员书写或抄写下来的。那些严厉的法官充分运用他们做事精细的天赋、调查询问的才能、锐利的洞察力和对账目的敏锐观察。为了找出遗漏，他们甚至会仔细检查所有账目的叠加。众所周知，这些高尚的数字殉道者在搁置了整整两年后，才把某份有两个法寻误差的账目退回了军粮库。这就是法国行政系统运行的方式和原因。这一世上最纯洁、最优越的系统，正如大臣阁下刚才所说，使得盗窃国库和挪用公款几乎不可能发生，这可是个神话。目前，法国有十二亿的岁入，同时也花掉了这么多。法国的国库有这笔收入，也有这笔支出。于是，国家掌握了二十四亿，她为替她做事的劳力共支付六千万——占总数的百分之二点五。她花这笔钱以确保没有漏洞。我们政府和行政部门的厨房要花掉我们六千万。可是宪兵、法庭、军舰和警局花销也花了我们六千

万，却没有给我们任何回报。而且，我们雇的一帮人除了公务什么事都不会做。如果的确存在浪费和失调，那可只能说是立法层面上的浪费和失调。议院造成了这些浪费和失调，并将它们合法化。造成漏洞的公共事业既不紧急也非必要。部队不停地更换制服、重镶金边；舰队被派去做无用的巡逻；国家做战争准备却从不真正参加战争；偿还国家债务，却既不索要补偿也不给担保。

Baudoyer. "But such leakage has nothing to do with the subordinate officials; this bad management of national affairs concerns the statesmen who guide the ship."

包杜阿耶："可是这些漏洞和下属官员毫无关系，国家事务管理不善与引导国家这艘大船的政治家有关。"

The Minister (who has finished his conversation). "There is a great deal of truth in what des Lupeaulx has just said; but let me tell you" (to Baudoyer), "Monsieur le directeur, that few men see from the standpoint of a statesman. To order expenditure of all kinds, even useless ones, does not constitute bad management. Such acts contribute to the movement of money, the stagnation of which becomes, especially in France, dangerous to the public welfare, by reason of the miserly and profoundly illogical habits of the provinces which hoard their gold."

大臣（已经和那位议员讨论好了）："德吕卜克斯刚刚说的有不少都是正确的。不过让我来告诉你，"（对包杜阿耶说）"司长先生，很少有人会站在政治家的立场上看问题。下达各项开销的指令，甚至是那些没用的开销的指令，不会造成国家管理不善。这些举措促成了资金流动。由于各个省有一些小气、极度不合逻辑的习惯，它们囤积黄金，造成货币流通停滞不前，危害到了公共福利，这在法国尤为严重。"

The Deputy (who listened to des Lupeaulx). "But it seems to me that if your Excellency was right just now, and if our clever friend here" (takes Lupeaulx by the arm) "was not wrong, it will be difficult to come to any conclusion on the subject."

议员（听过了德吕卜克斯那番话）："但是，在我看来，如果大臣阁下刚才说的是对的，如果我们这位聪明的朋友"（抓住德吕卜克斯的胳膊）"也没错，那在这个问题上我们是很难得出结论了。"

Des Lupeaulx (after looking at the minister). "No doubt something ought to be done."

德吕卜克斯（看了看大臣后）："无疑，该做点儿事情了。"

De la Briere (timidly). "Monsieur Rabourdin seems to have judged rightly."

德拉布里埃（胆怯地）："拉布丹先生的判断似乎是正确的。"

The Minister. "I will see Rabourdin."

大臣："我要见拉布丹。"

Des Lupeaulx. "The poor man made the blunder of constituting himself supreme judge of the administration and of all the officials who compose it; he wants to do away with the present state of things, and he demands that there be only three ministries."

德吕卜克斯："那个可怜人犯了个错误，他自认为是整个行政部门和部门里全体行政人员的最高审判长。他想要撤掉现行事务，并要求只留有三个部。"

The Minister. "He must be crazy."

大臣："他肯定是疯了。"

The Deputy. "How do you represent in three ministries the heads of all the parties in the Chamber?"

议员："那如何在三个部里给议院各党领袖安排职务呢？"

Baudoyer (with an air that he imagined to be shrewd). "Perhaps Monsieur Rabourdin desired to change the Constitution, which we owe to our legislative sovereign."

包杜阿耶（故作精明态）："大概，拉布丹先生希望改变宪法，而这也正是我们欠立法最高领导者的。"

The Minister (thoughtful, takes La Briere's arm and leads him into the study). "I want to see that work of Rabourdin's, and as you know about it—"

大臣（陷入深思，拉着拉布里埃的手臂把他带进书房）："我要看看拉布丹写的文书，据你所知——"

De la Briere. "He has burned it. You allowed him to be dishonored and he has resigned from the ministry. Do not think for a moment, Monseigneur, that Rabourdin ever had the absurd thought (as des Lupeaulx tries to make it believed) to change the admirable centralization of power."

德拉布里埃："他烧掉了。您令他颜面扫地，他辞去了部里的职务。大人，请您绝对不要以为拉布丹会如此荒谬（就像德吕卜克斯试图让人相信的那样），想要改变令人称赞的中央集权制。"

The Minister (to himself). "I have made a mistake" (is silent a moment). "No matter; we shall never be lacking in plans for reform."

大臣（自言自语）："是我错了。"（沉默片刻）"不要紧，我们永远不缺改革方案。"

De la Briere. "It is not ideas, but men capable of executing them that we lack."

德拉布里埃："我们不缺思想，缺的是有能力将思想付诸实践的

人。”

Des Lupeaulx, that adroit advocate of abuses came into the minister's study at this moment.

德吕卜克斯，这位不正之风的娴熟辩护者，这会儿来到了大臣书房。

"Monseigneur, I start at once for my election."

“阁下，我得马上动身参加竞选了。”

"Wait a moment," said his Excellency, leaving the private secretary and taking des Lupeaulx by the arm into the recess of a window. "My dear friend, let me have that arrondissement,—if you will, you shall be made count and I will pay your debts. Later, if I remain in the ministry after the new Chamber is elected, I will find a way to send in your name in a batch for the peerage.”

“等等，”大臣阁下说完，将私人秘书留在原地，拉着德吕卜克斯的胳膊去了窗边的壁凹处。“亲爱的朋友，把那个选区给我吧——假如你愿意，你会成为伯爵，我还会替你偿还债务。以后，如果新议院选出来后我还留在这个部里的话，我会想办法让你的名字位列贵族院。”

"You are a man of honor, and I accept."

“您真令人敬重，我同意。”

This is how it came to pass that Clement Chardin des Lupeaulx, whose father was ennobled under Louis XV., and who beareth quarterly, first, argent, a wolf ravisant carrying a lamb gules; second, purpure, three mascles argent, two and one; third, paly of twelve, gules and argent; fourth, or, on a pale endorsed, three batons fleurdelises gules; supported by four griffon's-claws jessant from the sides of the escutcheon, with the motto "En Lupus in Historia," was able to surmount these rather satirical arms with a count's coronet.

后来事情就是这样发展的。克莱芒·夏尔丹·德吕卜克斯的父亲在路易十五时期被封为贵族，而他自己的盾面分为四格：第一格是银色的，画着一只狼叼着一头红色的羔羊；第二格是紫色的，画着三个银色菱形徽纹，其中两个画在了一块儿，还有一个是单独的；第三格是红银相间的，画着十二个徽纹；第四格，或者说徽章的背面，画着三根红色小棍和王室盾文花饰，被四只狮鹫的爪子托着。狮鹫爪子还从盾纹面的两侧伸了出来，盾纹面上刻有铭文“历史之狼”。在盾纹面上这些具有讽刺意味的纹章下面还能配上一个伯爵的冠冕。

Towards the close of the year 1830 Monsieur Rabourdin did some business on hand which required him to visit the old ministry, where the bureaus had all been in great commotion, owing to a general removal of officials, from the highest to the lowest. This revolution bore heaviest, in point of fact, upon the lackeys, who are not fond of

seeing new faces. Rabourdin had come early, knowing all the ways of the place, and he thus chanced to overhear a dialogue between the two nephews of old Antoine, who had recently retired on a pension.

一八三零年年末，拉布丹先生要回老部门处理手头的一些事情。部里有一场大规模的人事变动，涉及的人员从最低到最高级别都有，各个处里都是一片混乱。事实上，这次变革里最感到厌烦的是听差仆役们，这时他们可不大喜欢新面孔。拉布丹很早就到了，他熟悉这地方的每一条通道，所以无意中他碰巧听到了老安托万的两个侄子的一段谈话，而老安托万最近也已经退了休、领上退休金了。

"Well, Laurent, how is your chief of division going on?"

“喂，我说洛朗，你的司长进展如何？”

"Oh, don't talk to me about him; I can't do anything with him. He rings me up to ask if I have seen his handkerchief or his snuff-box. He receives people without making them wait; in short, he hasn't a bit of dignity. I'm often obliged to say to him: But, monsieur, monsieur le comte your predecessor, for the credit of the thing, used to punch holes with his penknife in the arms of his chair to make believe he was working. And he makes such a mess of his room. I find everything topsy-turvy. He has a very small mind. How about your man?”

“哦，别跟我说他，我拿他一点办法都没有。他老是拉铃，问我有没有瞧见他的手帕或者鼻烟盒。他接见别人前也不让他们等会儿。总之，他一点儿都不庄重。我经常不得不跟他这样讲：可是先生，您的前任——那位伯爵先生爱用削笔刀在椅子的扶手上穿孔，好让人相信他是在工作。他把屋子弄得乱糟糟的。我总是看见所有的东西都是横七竖八的。他还心胸狭隘。你服侍的那人呢？”

"Mine? Oh, I have succeeded in training him. He knows exactly where his letter-paper and envelopes, his wood, and his boxes and all the rest of his things are. The other man used to swear at me, but this one is as meek as a lamb,—still, he hasn't the grand style! Moreover, he isn't decorated, and I don't like to serve a chief who isn't; he might be taken for one of us, and that's humiliating. He carries the office letter-paper home, and asked me if I couldn't go there and wait at table when there was company.”

“我的？哦，我成功地完成了对他的培训。他现在准确地知道他的信纸、信封、木板、盒子和其他所有他自己的东西摆放的位置。他的前任以前老是骂我，而这位温顺得像只羔羊一样——但是，他缺少大家风范！而且，他未曾被授予过勋章，我不喜欢服侍一个没授过勋的人。人家可能会把他当成我们中间的一员，那真是丢人。他把公文纸带回家，还问我如果他家有客人，我是否可以去他家服侍他们用餐。”

"Hey! what a government, my dear fellow!"

“嘿！老伙计，这政府怎么了？”

"Yes, indeed; everybody plays low in these days."

“没错，千真万确，这年岁人人都很低俗。”

"I hope they won't cut down our poor wages.”

“但愿他们别削减我们那点儿可怜的工资。”

"I'm afraid they will. The Chambers are prying into everything. Why, they even count the sticks of wood.”

“恐怕他们会的。那些议员什么都打听。哼，他们连有几根木头都要数一数。”

"Well, it can't last long if they go on that way.”

“所以啊，如果他们再这样下去，这政府可就长不了啦。”

"Hush, we're caught! somebody is listening.”

“嘘，我们给逮住了！有人偷听。”

"Hey! it is the late Monsieur Rabourdin. Ah, monsieur, I knew your step. If you have business to transact here I am afraid you will not find any one who is aware of the respect that ought to be paid to you; Laurent and I are the only persons remaining about the place who were here in your day. Messieurs Colleville and Baudoyer didn't wear out the morocco of the chairs after you left. Heavens, no! six months later they were made Collectors of Paris.”

“哎呀！是我们的前任拉布丹先生。啊，先生，我太熟悉您的脚步声啦。假如您来是有事要办，我怕这儿没人会知道他们该多么尊敬您。您那个年代的人留下来的人，就剩我跟洛朗了。您离开后，科勒维尔先生和包杜阿耶先生连椅子上的摩洛哥羊皮革都没磨破呢。上帝啊，不！六个月后，他们就被委任为巴黎收税员了。”

公主

[英] D. H. 劳伦斯 著

The Princess

外语教学与研究出版社

D. H. Lawrence

The Princess

公主

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外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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The Princess

公主

To her father, she was The Princess. To her Boston aunts and uncles she was just Dollie Urquhart, poor little thing.

在她父亲眼里，她就是公主。而对于在波士顿的舅舅舅妈们来说，她仅仅是个可怜的小孩子多利·厄克特。

Colin Urquhart was just a bit mad. He was of an old Scottish family, and he claimed royal blood. The blood of Scottish kings flowed in his veins. On this point, his American relatives said, he was just a bit "off". They could not bear any more to be told which royal blood of Scotland blued his veins. The whole thing was rather ridiculous, and a sore point. The only fact they remembered was that it was not Stuart.

科林·厄克特只是有点疯疯癫癫的。他出身于一个古老的苏格兰家庭，自称有王室血统。他身上流淌着苏格兰王室的血液。对于这件事情，他的美国亲戚们认为，他只是有点“不正常”。他们早听厌了他和苏格兰王室有血缘关系的这些话。整个事情都极其荒谬，令人恼火。他们只记得一件事，就是他不姓斯图亚特。

He was a handsome man, with a wide-open blue eye that seemed sometimes to be looking at nothing, soft black hair brushed rather low on his low, broad brow, and a very attractive body. Add to this a most beautiful speaking voice, usually rather hushed and diffident, but sometimes resonant and powerful like bronze, and you have the sum of his charms. He looked like some old Celtic hero. He looked as if he should have worn a greyish kilt and a sporran, and shown his knees. His voice came direct out of the hushed Ossianic past.

他是个英俊的男人，一双蓝蓝的大眼睛有时看起来空洞无物；低平、宽阔的额头上梳着一头软软的黑发；身材挺拔。此外，他有悦耳动听的嗓音。这声音平时十分低沉谦恭，但有时也会像洪钟一样响亮有力。这就是他的全部魅力。他看起来就像某个古老的凯尔特英雄。他似乎本应该穿一条浅灰色的苏格兰方格呢短裙，扎一条毛皮袋，并且露着两只膝盖。他的嗓音直接传承自古老的英雄诗人奥西恩低沉的嗓音。

For the rest, he was one of those gentlemen of sufficient but not excessive means who fifty years ago wandered vaguely about, never arriving anywhere, never doing anything, and never definitely being anything, yet well received in the good society of more than one country.

至于其他方面，他算得上一位家境殷实但并不十分阔绰的绅士。五

十年前，这些绅士毫无目的地游手好闲，他们从未达成过任何目标，从未做成过任何事，也从未真正成为过任何栋梁之才。然而，他们却受到不止一个国家上流社会的热烈欢迎。

He did not marry till he was nearly forty, and then it was a wealthy Miss Prescott, from New England. Hannah Prescott at twenty-two was fascinated by the man with the soft black hair not yet touched by grey, and the wide, rather vague blue eyes. Many women had been fascinated before her. But Colin Urquhart, by his very vagueness, had avoided any decisive connection.

他将近四十才结婚，娶的是来自新英格兰的有钱姑娘普雷斯科特。二十二岁的汉纳·普雷斯科特被这位拥有一头松软乌黑、尚未灰白的黑发男人吸引住了，他蓝蓝的眼睛大而朦胧。在她之前，也曾有过很多女人对他着迷。但是科林·厄克特以他一贯模棱两可的态度避免了确定任何关系。

Mrs. Urquhart lived three years in the mist and glamour of her husband's presence. And then it broke her. It was like living with a fascinating spectre. About most things he was completely, even ghostly oblivious. He was always charming, courteous, perfectly gracious in that hushed, musical voice of his. But absent. When all came to all, he just wasn't there. "Not all there," as the vulgar say.

厄克特夫人在他丈夫的朦胧魅惑中生活了三年。后来，她再也受不了了。她活像和一个迷人的幽灵生活在一起。对于大多数事情，他都全然无知，甚至像幽灵一样健忘。他那低沉悦耳的声音总是魅力十足、彬彬有礼、亲切和蔼。但也总是心不在焉的。总而言之，他就是有点迷糊。就像俗话说的，“有点失常”。

He was the father of the little girl she bore at the end of the first year. But this did not substantiate him the more. His very beauty and his haunting musical quality became dreadful to her after the first few months. The strange echo: he was like a living echo! His very flesh, when you touched it, did not seem quite the flesh of a real man.

在婚后的第一年年末，她生下了一个小女孩，他成了父亲。但这并没有让他清醒一些。没过几个月，她就有些害怕他英俊的外表和他那令人难忘的、动听的声音了。他整个人就像活着的回声一样，奇怪的回声！他的肌肤摸上去不大像一个真人的肌肤。

Perhaps it was that he was a little bit mad. She thought it definitely the night her baby was born.

或许，这是因为他有点疯狂的缘故。她在孩子出生的那天晚上就确实这样想过。

"Ah, so my little princess has come at last!" he said, in his throaty, singing Celtic voice, like a glad chant, swaying absorbed.

“哦，我的小公主终于来了！”他用凯尔特人低沉洪亮的声音说道，就像是在唱一首欢乐的圣歌，全神贯注，声音悠扬婉转。

It was a tiny, frail baby, with wide, amazed blue eyes. They christened it Mary Henrietta. She called the little thing My Dollie. He called it always My Princess.

婴儿瘦小、孱弱，睁着一双惊奇而湛蓝的大眼睛。他们给孩子取教名叫“玛丽·亨里埃塔”。她母亲管孩子叫“我的多利”。他却总是叫她“我的公主”。

It was useless to fly at him. He just opened his wide blue eyes wider, and took a child-like, silent dignity there was no getting past.

对他发火一点用都没有。他只是把那双大大的蓝眼睛睁得更大，一脸平静，带着孩子般的尊严，眼神中空洞无物。

Hannah Prescott had never been robust. She had no great desire to live. So when the baby was two years old she suddenly died.

汉纳·普雷斯科特一直以来身体都很虚弱。她并不奢望长寿。因此，在婴儿刚满两岁时，她就突然撒手人寰了。

The Prescotts felt a deep but unadmitted resentment against Colin Urquhart. They said he was selfish. Therefore they discontinued Hannah's income, a month after her burial in Florence, after they had urged the father to give the child over to them, and he had courteously, musically, but quite finally refused. He treated the Prescotts as if they were not of his world, not realities to him: just casual phenomena, or gramophones, talking-machines that had to be answered. He answered them. But of their actual existence he was never once aware.

普雷斯科特的娘家人对科林·厄克特有着深深的不满，但他们并不承认。他们说他很自私。将汉纳在佛罗伦萨安葬一个月后，他们要求厄克特把女儿交给他们抚养，而他则彬彬有礼、声音悦耳地断然拒绝了这个请求。于是，汉纳的家人不再给他提供汉纳的那份收入所得。他对待普雷斯科特家的人就像他们并不属于他的世界，也不是实际存在的人，他们只是临时性地存在，或者像一台台必须答复的留声机。他答复他们。但是对于他们的真实存在，他却从未意识到。

They debated having him certified unsuitable to be guardian of his own child. But that would have created a scandal. So they did the simplest thing, after all—washed their hands of him. But they wrote scrupulously to the child, and sent her modest presents of money at Christmas, and on the anniversary of the death of her mother.

普雷斯科特家的人原本打算设法证明他并不适合做孩子的监护人。但那会成为一桩丑闻。所以，他们最后做了件最简单的事情——对他的事不闻不问。不过，他们依然认真地给孩子写信，并在圣诞节和她母亲

忌日的时候适度地寄给她一些钱当礼物。

To The Princess her Boston relatives were for many years just a nominal reality. She lived with her father, and he travelled continually, though in a modest way, living on his moderate income. And never going to America. The child changed nurses all the time. In Italy it was a contadina; in India she had an ayah; in Germany she had a yellow-haired peasant girl.

对于这位“公主”来说，这么多年以来，她在波士顿的亲戚们只是有名无实而已。她和父亲一起生活。父亲不断迁徙，但开销比较有节制。他们靠着父亲的平平收入过活。不过父亲从来不去美国。孩子则不断地更换保姆。在意大利，保姆是一名农妇；在印度，是一个女佣；在德国，则是一个黄头发的农村姑娘。

Father and child were inseparable. He was not a recluse. Wherever he went he was to be seen paying formal calls going out to luncheon or to tea, rarely to dinner. And always with the child. People called her Princess Urquhart, as if that were her christened name.

父亲和孩子形影不离。他不是一个隐士。不论走到哪里，总看到他走亲访友、出门赴午宴或者喝茶，偶尔也去吃晚饭。他总是带着孩子一起。人们管她叫“厄克特公主”，就像这是她的教名一样。

She was a quick, dainty little thing with dark gold hair that went a soft brown, and wide, slightly prominent blue eyes that were at once so candid and so knowing. She was always grown up; she never really grew up. Always strangely wise, and always childish.

她是一个聪明、俊俏的小姑娘，长着一头略显褐色的金发，一双略微凸出的蓝色大眼睛显得坦诚而又精明。她总是显得很成熟；可她却从来没有真正长大过。她总是异常伶俐，又总是十分幼稚。

It was her father's fault.

这是她父亲的错。

"My little Princess must never take too much notice of people and the things they say and do," he repeated to her. "People don't know what they are doing and saying. They chatter-chatter, and they hurt one another, and they hurt themselves very often, till they cry. But don't take any notice, my little Princess. Because it is all nothing. Inside everybody there is another creature, a demon which doesn't care at all. You peel away all the things they say and do and feel, as cook peels away the outside of the onions. And in the middle of everybody there is a green demon which you can't peel away. And this green demon never changes, and it doesn't care at all about all the things that happen to the outside leaves of the person, all the chatter-chatter, and all the husbands and wives and children, and troubles

and fusses. You peel everything away from people, and there is a green, upright demon in every man and woman; and this demon is a man's real self, and a woman's real self. It doesn't really care about anybody, it belongs to the demons and the primitive fairies, who never care. But, even so, there are big demons and mean demons, and splendid demonish fairies, and vulgar ones. But there are no royal fairy women left. Only you, my little Princess. You are the last of the royal race of the old people; the last, my Princess. There are no others. You and I are the last. When I am dead there will be only you. And that is why, darling, you will never care for any of the people in the world very much. Because their demons are all dwindled and vulgar. They are not royal. Only you are royal, after me. Always remember that. And always remember, it is a great secret. If you tell people, they will try to kill you, because they will envy you for being a Princess. It is our great secret, darling. I am a prince, and you a princess, of the old, old blood. And we keep our secret between us, all alone. And so, darling, you must treat all people very politely, because noblesse oblige. But you must never forget that you alone are the last of Princesses, and that all other are less than you are, less noble, more vulgar. Treat them politely and gently and kindly, darling. But you are the Princess, and they are commoners. Never try to think of them as if they were like you. They are not. You will find, always, that they are lacking, lacking in the royal touch, which only you have—"

"我的小公主，你永远不必过分在意他人，也不必在乎他们说或做的事。"他反复对她说，"他们对自己做的和说的事，自己都搞不清楚。他们说长道短，他们彼此伤害，而且他们也经常伤到自己，直到他们为此痛哭不已。不过，我的小公主，你不必在意这些。因为这些都毫无意义。在每个人的内心都有另一个自我，一个对一切都不在意的魔鬼。你可以剥离他们所说的、所做的，以及感觉到的一切东西，就像厨子剥掉一层层的洋葱皮那样。而每个人的内心最后都有一个你剥不掉的绿色恶魔。这个绿魔永远不变，它对发生在外部世界的所有事情，所有的流言蜚语、儿女情长、生活烦恼和小题大做都根本不在乎。你把人身上所有的东西都剥离了，就剩下这个诚实的绿魔。它存在于所有的男人和女人心中；这个魔鬼才是男人和女人的真正自我。它并不真的关心任何人，它是从不关心人的魔鬼和原始精灵。但即便如此，魔鬼也有高尚和卑鄙之分，精灵也有优雅和粗俗之别。但却没有王室的女精灵存在。只有你，我的小公主，你是个例外。你是昔日王族最后的后裔；我的公主，你是最后一个。再没有其他人了。你和我是仅存的。等我一死，就只剩你一个了。亲爱的，这就是为什么你永远不必太过在乎世上其他人的原因。因为他们的绿魔全都渺小而鄙俗。他们不是王族之人。除我之外，只有你是王族。你要永远记住这点。永远记住，这是最大的秘密。如果你告诉了别人，他们会设法杀了你，因为他们会嫉妒你是公主。亲爱的，这是我们最大的秘密。我是王子，你是公主，我们都属于最古老的血统。我们各自保守这个秘密吧。因此，亲爱的，你必须非常礼貌地对

待所有人，因为王公贵族必须如此。但你永远不要忘记，只有你才是最后的公主。世上的其他人都不如你，他们没你高贵，比你粗俗。亲爱的，你要温文尔雅、亲和友善地对待他们。但你是公主，他们是平民。决不能把他们看成是和你一样的人。他们和你不同。你总是会发现，他们根本没有王族的气魄，而这种气魄，只有你有——”

The Princess learned her lesson early—the first lesson, of absolute reticence, the impossibility of intimacy with any other than her father; the second lesson, of naïve, slightly benevolent politeness. As a small child, something crystallised in her character, making her clear and finished, and as impervious as crystal.

公主很早就受到启蒙——人生第一课便是保持绝对沉默，除父亲外，不能与其他任何人亲近；第二课，要朴实、与人为善、彬彬有礼。尽管还是个小孩子，她性格的一部分却已经成形了。她纯洁、完美，且如水晶般百毒不侵。

"Dear child!" her hostesses said of her. "She is so quaint and old-fashioned; such a lady, poor little mite!”

“可爱的孩子！”她的女房东们这样评价她，“她这么优雅，又这么老成；真是个淑女，可怜的小东西！”

She was erect, and very dainty. Always small, nearly tiny in physique, she seemed like a changeling beside her big, handsome, slightly mad father. She dressed very simply, usually in blue or delicate greys, with little collars of old Milan point, or very finely-worked linen. She had exquisite little hands, that made the piano sound like a spinet when she played. She was rather given to wearing cloaks and capes, instead of coats, out of doors, and little eighteenth-century sort of hats. Her complexion was pure apple-blossom.

她身形笔直，小巧玲珑。她体形总是很瘦小，几乎是个小不点，在身材高大、相貌英俊、有点疯癫的父亲身边，看起来像个低能儿。她穿着非常朴素，衣裳不是蓝色就是浅灰色，领口很小，镶着旧式的米兰针绣花边或是做工十分精细的亚麻布。她的小手非常纤细，当她弹钢琴时，那琴声听起来就像是古琴发出的。去外面的时候，她喜欢穿着披风和披肩，而不是大衣，并且喜欢戴着十八世纪风格的小帽子。她的肤色就像纯净的苹果花的颜色。

She looked as if she had stepped out of a picture. But no one, to her dying day, ever knew exactly the strange picture her father had framed her in and from which she never stepped.

她看起来就像是从画里走出来的。但直到她临死的一天，也没有人真正了解过那幅奇怪的画究竟什么样，她父亲把她框在这画里，而她也从来没有从那里走出来过。

Her grandfather and grandmother and her Aunt Maud demanded

twice to see her, once in Rome and once in Paris. Each time they were charmed, piqued, and annoyed. She was so exquisite and such a little virgin. At the same time so knowing and so oddly assured. That odd, assured touch of condescension, and the inward coldness, infuriated her American relations.

她的外祖父母和她的莫德姨妈曾两次要求探望她，一次在罗马，一次在巴黎。每次他们都被她吸引，却又都被她激怒、被她惹恼了。她是如此优雅，是个如此清纯的小小处女。同时，她又如此世故、异常自信。那种古怪、自信的屈尊之态和她内心的冷漠使她的美国亲戚们非常恼火。

Only she really fascinated her grandfather. He was spellbound; in a way, in love with the little faultless thing. His wife would catch him brooding, musing over his grandchild, long months after the meeting, and craving to see her again. He cherished to the end the fond hope that she might come to live with him and her grandmother.

不过她的确吸引住了她的外祖父。他对她着了迷；在某种程度上，他爱上了这个完美无瑕的小姑娘。见面后好几个月，他妻子还能看见他独自沉思，想念他的外孙女，并渴望再次见到她。他直到临终还怀着热切的希望，盼着她可以来和他们夫妻俩生活在一起。

"Thank you so much, grandfather. You are so very kind. But Papa and I are such an old couple, you see, such a crochety old couple, living in a world of our own."

“非常感谢您，外公。您可真好。可是爸爸和我这么多年一直两个人做伴，您瞧，我们俩相依为命，生活在我们自己的世界里。”

Her father let her see the world—from the outside. And he let her read. When she was in her teens she read Zola and Maupassant, and with the eyes of Zola and Maupassant she looked on Paris. A little later she read Tolstoi and Dostoevsky. The latter confused her. The others, she seemed to understand with a very shrewd, canny understanding, just as she understood the Decameron stories as she read them in their old Italian, or the Nibelung poems. Strange and uncanny, she seemed to understand things in a cold light perfectly, with all the flush of fire absent. She was something like a changeling, not quite human.

她的父亲让她认识这个世界——从局外人的角度。而且他还让她读书。她十几岁时便读了左拉和莫泊桑的作品，而且她还透过左拉和莫泊桑的视角来审视巴黎。稍后，她又阅读了托尔斯泰和陀思妥耶夫斯基的著作。后者让她很困惑。至于其他作品，凭着聪颖的天资及敏锐的理解力，她似乎都能读懂，就像她能读懂古意大利文的《十日谈》，或是《尼伯龙根之歌》那样。奇怪而又不可思议的是，她似乎完全以一种冷冰冰的眼光看待世事，没有一丝激情。她就像个低能儿，不太像正常

人。

This earned her, also, strange antipathies. Cabmen and railway porters, especially in Paris and Rome, would suddenly treat her with brutal rudeness, when she was alone. They seemed to look on her with sudden violent antipathy. They sensed in her curious impertinence, an easy, sterile impertinence towards the things they felt most. She was so assured, and her flower of maidenhood was so scentless. She could look at a lusty, sensual Roman cabman as if he were a sort of grotesque, to make her smile. She knew all about him, in Zola. And the peculiar condescension with which she would give him her order, as if she, frail, beautiful thing, were the only reality, and he, coarse monster, was a sort of Caliban floundering in the mud on the margin of the pool of the perfect lotus, would suddenly enrage the fellow, the real Mediterranean who prided himself on his beauté male, and to whom the phallic mystery was still the only mystery. And he would turn a terrible face on her, bully her in a brutal, coarse fashion—hideous. For to him she had only the blasphemous impertinence of her own sterility.

这也为她招致了莫名其妙的反感。当她独自一人的时候，出租马车车夫和铁路行李搬运工会突然粗暴无礼地对待她，尤其是在巴黎和罗马。他们好像带着一种突然爆发的、粗暴的反感情绪看待她。他们从她古怪、无礼的神态中，察觉到她对他们最引以为傲的东西表现得轻慢无礼、不屑一顾。她是如此自负，而她的少女情怀又是那么的单调乏味。她看待一个健壮、性感的罗马车夫就好像他是某种让她发笑的怪物。在左拉的作品里，她了解了关于车夫的一切。她会居高临下地告诉他她的目的地，仿佛只有柔弱美丽的她才是唯一的、真正的人，而他，粗俗的丑八怪，则只是个半人半兽的怪物，只配在开满美丽莲花的池塘边的泥土里打滚。正是她这种神情会突然激怒车夫，因为作为地道的地中海人，他对自己的阳刚之美引以为傲，并且在他看来，雄性的奥秘仍是唯一的奥秘。于是他会转过脸，对她怒目而视，以野蛮、粗鲁的方式欺负她——非常可怕。因为对他来说，她也只是一个亵渎神明、傲慢无礼、发育不良的女人。

Encounters like these made her tremble, and made her know she must have support from the outside. The power of her spirit did not extend to these low people, and they had all the physical power. She realised an implacability of hatred in their turning on her. But she did not lose her head. She quietly paid out money and turned away.

类似这样的遭遇使她害怕，也使她明白，她必须得到外部世界的支持。她的精神力量无法触及这些下等人，而他们却具有强大的肉体力量。她从他们对她的怒气中看到了无情的憎恶。但她并没有仓皇失措。她从容地付钱，然后转身离开。

Those were dangerous moments, though, and she learned to be

prepared for them. The Princess she was, and the fairy from the North, and could never understand the volcanic phallic rage with which coarse people could turn on her in a paroxysm of hatred. They never turned on her father like that. And quite early she decided it was the New England mother in her whom they hated. Never for one minute could she see with the old Roman eyes, see herself as sterility, the barren flower taking on airs and an intolerable impertinence. This was what the Roman cabman saw in her. And he longed to crush the barren blossom. Its sexless beauty and its authority put him in a passion of brutal revolt.

然而，这种情况毕竟很危险，于是她开始学着对此有所准备。她是公主，从北方来的精灵。她永远无法理解那些粗野的人在对她的仇恨突然发作时所爆发出的强烈、充满男性气息的愤怒。他们从不会对她父亲那样发火。而她很早就认定，他们憎恨她，是因为她体内那来自新英格兰州的母亲的血统。她一刻也不能以原始罗马人的眼光看待自己，把自己看成是发育不良之人，看成装模作样的无果之花，或是令人无法容忍的无礼之人。而罗马车夫就是这样看待她的。并且他渴望把这朵无果之花压碎。她无关性感的美丽和她盛气凌人的权威一下激起了他粗鲁反抗的热情。

When she was nineteen her grandfather died, leaving her a considerable fortune in the safe hands of responsible trustees. They would deliver her her income, but only on condition that she resided for six months in the year in the United States.

在她十九岁时，她的外祖父去世了，给她留下数量可观的遗产，委托给了可靠的受托人好生保管。他们可以交给她这笔收入，但是前提条件是她必须每年在美国居住六个月。

"Why should they make me conditions?" she said to her father. "I refuse to be imprisoned six months in the year in the United States. We will tell them to keep their money."

“他们为什么要给我限定这些条件呢？”她对父亲说，“我拒绝每年去美国关六个月禁闭。告诉他们自己留着那些钱吧。”

"Let us be wise, my little Princess, let us be wise. No, we are almost poor, and we are never safe from rudeness. I cannot allow anybody to be rude to me. I hate it, I hate it!" His eyes flamed as he said it. "I could kill any man or woman who is rude to me. But we are in exile in the world. We are powerless. If we were really poor, we should be quite powerless, and then I should die. No, my Princess. Let us take their money, then they will not dare to be rude to us. Let us take it, as we put on clothes, to cover ourselves from their aggressions."

“咱们要明智点，我的小公主，我们必须明智点。不，我们没什么

钱，而且我们总免不了被人粗暴对待。我不能允许任何人对我粗暴无礼。我讨厌这样，我讨厌！”他说这些的时候眼里冒着火，“我可以杀了任何一个对我无礼的人，无论男女。但在这个世界上，我们是流亡在外的人。我们无权无势。如果我们真变得穷困潦倒，我们就更没什么力量了，那样我就活不下去了。不，我的公主。我们要他们的钱，然后他们就不敢对我们无礼了。我们拿了这笔钱，就像穿上了衣服一样，可以保护我们免受他们的侵害。”

There began a new phase, when the father and daughter spent their summers on the Great Lakes or in California, or in the South-West. The father was something of a poet, the daughter something of a painter. He wrote poems about the lakes or the redwood trees, and she made dainty drawings. He was physically a strong man, and he loved the out-of-doors. He would go off with her for days, paddling in a canoe and sleeping by a camp-fire. Frail little Princess, she was always undaunted, always undaunted. She would ride with him on horseback over the mountain trails till she was so tired she was nothing but a bodiless consciousness sitting astride her pony. But she never gave in. And at night he folded her in her blanket on a bed of balsam pine twigs, and she lay and looked at the stars unmurmuring. She was fulfilling her réle.

从那往后，一个新时期便开始了。父亲和女儿或在五大湖岸边，或在加利福尼亚州，或在美国西南部度过他们的夏天。父亲有几分诗人气质，女儿也多少算得上是个画家。他写诗歌咏湖泊或是红木树林，而女儿则绘出美丽的图画。他身体强壮，热爱户外活动。他常带着女儿外出几天，驾只独木舟在湖上荡桨，晚上则睡在篝火旁边。柔弱的小公主，她总是很勇敢，永远那么勇敢。她会骑马和父亲一起走过山道，直到她累得好像已经没有了身体，只剩下她的意识还骑在马背上。但她从不服输。晚上，父亲给她裹上毯子，把她放在松树枝铺成的床上。她躺在那里，仰望星空，从不抱怨。她是在履行自己的职责。

People said to her as the years passed, and she was a woman of twenty-five, then a woman of thirty, and always the same virgin dainty Princess, 'knowing' in a dispassionate way, like an old woman, and utterly intact:

时光荏苒，她先是长成了二十五岁的姑娘，然后变成了三十岁的大姑娘。不过她一直是那个纯洁、优雅的公主，就像老妇人那样平心静气地洞悉一切，并仍旧保持着童贞。于是有人对她说：

"Don't you ever think what you will do when your father is no longer with you?"

“难道你从没想过，如果你父亲不在你身边了，你要怎么办？”

She looked at her interlocutor with that cold, elfin detachment of hers:

她带着她那种冷冰冰的、精灵般的超然神情望着和她说话的人，说道：

"No, I never think of it," she said.

“没有，我从未想过。”

She had a tiny, but exquisite little house in London, and another small, perfect house in Connecticut, each with a faithful housekeeper. Two homes, if she chose. And she knew many interesting literary and artistic people. What more?

她在伦敦有一座很小却很别致的房子，在美国康涅狄格州也有座小而漂亮的房子，每一处都有一个忠实的女管家。要是她愿意，可以两所房子换着住。而且她还认识很多有趣的文艺圈的朋友。她还需要什么呢？

So the years passed imperceptibly. And she had that quality of the sexless fairies, she did not change. At thirty-three she looked twenty-three.

于是时光悄悄地溜走了。而她就像没有性别的精灵一样，丝毫没有改变。她三十三岁了，可看上去就像二十三岁。

Her father, however, was ageing, and becoming more and more queer. It was now her task to be his guardian in his private madness. He spent the last three years of life in the house in Connecticut. He was very much estranged, sometimes had fits of violence which almost killed the little Princess. Physical violence was horrible to her; it seemed to shatter her heart. But she found a woman a few years younger than herself, well-educated and sensitive, to be a sort of nurse-companion to the mad old man. So the fact of madness was never openly admitted. Miss Cummins, the companion, had a passionate loyalty to the Princess, and a curious affection, tinged with love, for the handsome, white-haired, courteous old man, who was never at all aware of his fits of violence once they had passed.

然而，她的父亲却渐渐衰老了，变得愈发古怪。现在，当父亲在人后发病时，轮到她来照顾他了。生命的最后三年，他是在康涅狄格州的家里度过的。他和亲戚们很疏远。有时他癫狂突然发作，这让小公主痛苦万分。她非常反感肉体的暴力；这似乎要把她的心都撕碎了。不过，她雇了个小她几岁、受过良好教育又敏感的女人来护理并陪伴这个疯癫的老人。所以她从未公开地承认过父亲发疯这件事。卡明斯小姐作为陪护，对公主热诚而忠实，并且对这位白发苍苍、彬彬有礼的英俊老头充满一种奇特的、夹杂着爱恋的关切之情。而一旦发作完毕，老人从来对自己发狂的事都是一无所知。

The Princess was thirty-eight years old when her father died. And quite unchanged. She was still tiny, and like a dignified, scentless

flower. Her soft brownish hair, almost the colour of beaver fur, was bobbed, and fluffed softly round her apple-blossom face, that was modelled with an arched nose like a proud old Florentine portrait. In her voice, manner and bearing she was exceedingly still, like a flower that has blossomed in a shadowy place. And from her blue eyes looked out the Princess's eternal laconic challenge, that grew almost sardonic as the years passed. She was the Princess, and sardonically she looked out on a princeless world.

父亲去世那年，公主三十八岁。她依然没什么变化。她还是那么瘦小，就像一朵尊贵却没有芬芳气息的花朵。她那一头软软的、近似海狸毛皮色的褐色头发剪得短短的，蓬松地围在她那苹果花般的脸颊周围。她鼻子高挺，整张脸活像一位高贵的古佛罗伦萨人的画像。她的声音、举止和神态都非常平静，她就像一支开在幽暗之处的鲜花。她的蓝眼睛里永远流露出毫不掩饰的怀疑之色，随着时间的流逝，这神态几乎变成了讥讽。她是公主，嘲弄地看着一个没有王子的世界。

She was relieved when her father died, and at the same time, it was as if everything had evaporated around her. She had lived in a sort of hot-house, in the aura of her father's madness. Suddenly the hot-house had been removed from around her, and she was in the raw, vast, vulgar open air.

父亲死了，她松了口气。同时，她周围的一切似乎都不复存在了。以前，她像生活在温室里，生活在父亲疯癫的氛围中。突然，这温室从她身边撤走了，她来到了外面原始、广阔的俗世之中。

Quoi faire? What was she to do? She seemed faced with absolute nothingness. Only she had Miss Cummins, who shared with her the secret, and almost the passion for her father. In fact, the Princess felt that her passion for her mad father had in some curious way transferred itself largely to Charlotte Cummins during the last years. And now Miss Cummins was the vessel that held the passion for the dead man. She herself, the Princess, was an empty vessel.

该做什么呢？她该怎么办？她似乎是面对着一片完全的虚无。不过她还有卡明斯小姐，她与公主分享父亲的秘密，乃至对父亲的热爱之情。事实上，公主觉察到，在过去的几年里，她对疯癫父亲的大部分感情以一种古怪的方式自动转而驻扎在了夏洛蒂·卡明斯身上。而现在，卡明斯小姐成了承载对那故去之人的热烈感情的容器。而她自己、公主本人，却成了一个空容器。

An empty vessel in the enormous warehouse of the world.

在世界这个巨大仓库中的一个空容器。

Quoi faire? What was she to do? She felt that, since she could not evaporate into nothingness, like alcohol from an unstoppered bottle, she must do something. Never before in her life had she felt the

incumbency. Never, never had she felt she must do anything. That was left to the vulgar.

该做什么呢？她该怎么办？她感觉，既然自己不能像一瓶没盖严盖子的酒精那样完全挥发、消失殆尽，那就必须做些事情。长这么大她从没感觉到有这种义务。她从来、从来没觉得自己该做些什么事。那些都是凡夫俗子该操心的。

Now her father was dead, she found herself on the fringe of the vulgar crowd, sharing their necessity to do something. It was a little humiliating. She felt herself becoming vulgarised. At the same time she found herself looking at men with a shrewder eye: an eye to marriage. Not that she felt any sudden interest in men, or attraction towards them. No. She was still neither interested nor attracted towards men vitally. But marriage, that peculiar abstraction, had imposed a sort of spell on her. She thought that marriage, in the blank abstract, was the thing she ought to do. That marriage implied a man she also knew. She knew all the facts. But the man seemed a property of her own mind rather than a thing in himself, another thing.

现在她父亲去世了，她发觉自己沦落到了凡夫俗子的边缘，承担了他们那种有必要做些什么的义务。这让她觉得有点丢脸。她觉得自己变得庸俗了。同时，她发现自己看男人的眼光也变得更加敏锐起来：那是一种考察婚姻的眼光。这并不是说她忽然对男人产生了兴趣，或者突然对他们着了迷。不。她对男人仍然没有什么特别的兴趣，也并没有十分着迷。但是婚姻这独特的抽象概念本身却多少使她有些着迷。她想，从空白的抽象意义上讲，走进婚姻是她该做的事情。她还知道，婚姻意味着要有一个男人。所有这些事情她都知道。但是这个男人似乎只是她自己思想的产物，而不是一个男人本身、一个真实的客体。

Her father died in the summer, the month after her thirty-eighth birthday. When all was over, the obvious thing to do, of course, was to travel. With Miss Cummins. The two women knew each other intimately, but they were always Miss Urquhart and Miss Cummins to one another, and a certain distance was instinctively maintained. Miss Cummins, from Philadelphia, of scholastic stock, and intelligent but untravelled, four years younger than the Princess, felt herself immensely the junior of her 'lady'. She had a sort of passionate veneration for the Princess, who seemed to her ageless, timeless. She could not see the rows of tiny, dainty, exquisite shoes in the Princess's cupboard without feeling a stab at the heart, a stab of tenderness and reverence, almost of awe.

她父亲是在夏天去世的，就在她三十八岁生日之后的那个月。当然，料理完后事，显然该出门旅行了。和卡明斯小姐一起。两个女人虽然非常亲密，但却永远以厄克特小姐和卡明斯小姐相称，她们出于本能总是保持着一定的距离。卡明斯小姐来自费城，出身于书香门第，很聪

明，但见的世面很少。她只比公主小四岁，却总觉得比她的“女主子”资历浅很多。她对公主怀有一种热切的崇拜之情。在她看来，公主没有年龄，时间在她身上也停滞不前。她每次在公主的橱柜里看到那一排排小巧、精致的小鞋，都禁不住心头一阵激动，那是一种亲切、崇敬乃至敬畏的激动。

Miss Cummins also was virginal, but with a look of puzzled surprise in her brown eyes. Her skin was pale and clear, her features well modelled, but there was a certain blankness in her expression, where the Princess had an odd touch of Renaissance grandeur. Miss Cummins's voice was also hushed almost to a whisper; it was the inevitable effect of Colin Urquhart's room. But the hushedness had a hoarse quality.

卡明斯小姐也是处女，可她棕色的眼睛里总是带着满含疑惑的惊讶神情。她皮肤白皙，五官端正，可神情总透出一丝迷惘，而公主则带着一股文艺复兴时期的高贵之气。卡明斯小姐的声音也很低沉，近乎耳语；这是总呆在科林·厄克特房间里的必然结果。不过她低沉的声音有些沙哑。

The Princess did not want to go to Europe. Her face seemed turned west. Now her father was gone, she felt she would go west, westwards, as if for ever. Following, no doubt, the March of Empire, which is brought up rather short on the Pacific coast, among swarms of wallowing bathers.

公主不想去欧洲。她似乎想去美国西部。现在她的父亲不在了，她觉得她可以往西走，再往西，似乎可以一直走下去。毫无疑问，她要沿着当年大英帝国西征的路线一直前进，直到抵达太平洋沿岸，最后在大群戏水的泳客中结束旅程。

No, not the Pacific coast. She would stop short of that. The South-West was less vulgar. She would go to New Mexico.

不，她不要走到太平洋沿岸。她会在到那之前停住。西南部没有太平洋沿岸那么俗气。她要到新墨西哥去。

She and Miss Cummins arrived at the Rancho del Cerro Gordo towards the end of August, when the crowd was beginning to drift back east. The ranch lay by a stream on the desert some four miles from the foot of the mountains, a mile away from the Indian pueblo of San Cristobal. It was a ranch for the rich; the Princess paid thirty dollars a day for herself and Miss Cummins. But then she had a little cottage to herself, among the apple trees of the orchard, with an excellent cook. She and Miss Cummins, however, took dinner at evening in the large guest-house. For the Princess still entertained the idea of marriage.

将近八月底，当大批度假的人开始返回东部的时候，她和卡明斯小

姐来到了塞罗戈多牧场。牧场位于一块荒地之上，在一条小溪旁边，距山脚下约有四英里，离印第安人居住的圣克里斯托瓦尔村有一英里的距离。这是富人来的牧场；公主自己和卡明斯小姐每天的开销是三十美元。但随后她便自己买了一座位于苹果园的小屋，那里还有一位出色的厨师。不过，她和卡明斯小姐仍去大宾馆用晚餐。因为公主还惦记着她的婚姻大事。

The guests at the Rancho del Cerro Gordo were of all sorts, except the poor sort. They were practically all rich, and many were romantic. Some were charming, others were vulgar, some were movie people, quite quaint and not unattractive in their vulgarity, and many were Jews. The Princess did not care for Jews, though they were usually the most interesting to talk to. So she talked a good deal with the Jews, and painted with the artists, and rode with the young men from college, and had altogether quite a good time. And yet she felt something of a fish out of water, or a bird in the wrong forest. And marriage remained still completely in the abstract. No connecting it with any of these young men, even the nice ones.

来塞罗戈多牧场度假的什么人都有，就是没有穷人。他们事实上都很富有，很多人还很浪漫。他们有些人极富魅力，有些则庸俗不堪。有些是电影圈里的人，非常与众不同，尽管庸俗，倒也吸引人。还有许多是犹太人。公主并不特别喜欢犹太人，尽管与他们聊天往往是最有趣的。所以，她常常和犹太人一起聊天，和艺术家一起绘画，和大学里来的男青年一起骑马。总之，她玩得非常开心。然而，她总有一种鱼离开了水，或是鸟飞错了林的感觉。而婚姻则仍是个完全抽象的概念。她并没有把它与这些青年中的任何一个联系起来，哪怕是最优秀的那些也没有。

The Princess looked just twenty-five. The freshness of her mouth, the hushed, delicate-complexioned virginity of her face gave her not a day more. Only a certain laconic look in her eyes was disconcerting. When she was forced to write her age, she put twenty-eight, making the figure two rather badly, so that it just avoided being a three.

公主看起来只有二十五岁。红润的嘴唇、娴静的气质和娇嫩纯净的肌肤让她看起来就是这个年纪。只是她眼中流露出的干练使人感到疑惑。不得不填写年龄的时候，她就填二十八，还总是把数字二写得很潦草，反正就是写得不像数字三。

Men hinted marriage at her. Especially boys from college suggested it from a distance. But they all failed before the look of sardonic ridicule in the Princess's eyes. It always seemed to her rather preposterous, quite ridiculous, and a tiny bit impertinent on their part.

男人们曾暗示要与她结婚。尤其是读大学的那些小伙子们更是间接地向她表示过。但他们都在公主眼中那讥讽、嘲弄的神色面前败了下来。公主总是觉得他们非常荒谬、可笑，而且还有点无礼。

The only man that intrigued her at all was one of the guides, a man called Romero—Domingo Romero. It was he who had sold the ranch itself to the Wilkiesons, ten years before, for two thousand dollars. He had gone away, then reappeared at the old place. For he was the son of the old Romero, the last of the Spanish family that had owned miles of land around San Cristobal. But the coming of the white man and the failure of the vast flocks of sheep, and the fatal inertia which overcomes all men, at last, on the desert near the mountains, had finished the Romero family. The last descendants were just Mexican peasants.

唯一让她感兴趣的人是个向导，名叫罗梅罗——多明戈·罗梅罗。十年前，就是他把这块牧场卖给了威尔基森一家，得了两千美元。他离开了此地，但后来又重返故土。因为他是老罗梅罗的儿子，老罗梅罗是在圣克里斯托瓦尔周围拥有好几英里土地的西班牙家族最后的子孙。但白人的到来、大规模养羊的失败以及全人类都无法战胜的、致命的懒惰，最终使得罗梅罗家族衰败在这片山脚下的荒漠之中。最后的子孙都沦为了墨西哥农民。

Domingo, the heir, had spent his two thousand dollars, and was working for white people. He was now about thirty years old, a tall, silent fellow, with a heavy closed mouth and black eyes that looked across at one almost sullenly. From behind he was handsome, with a strong, natural body, and the back of his neck very dark and well-shapen, strong with life. But his dark face was long and heavy, almost sinister, with that peculiar heavy meaninglessness in it, characteristic of the Mexicans of his own locality. They are strong, they seem healthy. They laugh and joke with one another. But their physique and their natures seem static, as if there were nowhere, nowhere at all for their energies to go, and their faces, degenerating to misshapen heaviness, seem to have no raison d'être, no radical meaning. Waiting either to die or to be aroused into passion and hope. In some of the black eyes a queer, haunting mystic quality, sombre and a bit gruesome, the skull-and-cross-bones look of the Penitentes. They had found their raison d'être in self-torture and death-worship. Unable to wrest a positive significance for themselves from the vast, beautiful, but vindictive landscape they were born into, they turned on their own selves, and worshipped death through self-torture. The mystic gloom of this showed in their eyes.

多明戈，这个家族的继承人，花光了他的两千美元后，就替白人干活。他今年大概三十岁，身材高大，沉默寡言，总是抿着厚厚的嘴唇，一双黑眼睛看起人来几乎是带着怒气。从后面看，他英俊且身材健美，黝黑的后颈线条优美，整个人生机勃勃。但他黝黑的长脸却显得十分沉闷，几乎算得上凶恶，带着那一带墨西哥人特有的阴沉、漠然的表情。他们都很强壮，看起来都很健康。他们相互嬉笑取乐。但是他们体格和

本性是静止不变的，仿佛没有什么地方——压根没有地方能让他们释放精力。他们的脸慢慢变得丑恶而又沉重，似乎他们失去了生存的理由，也失去了活着的意义。他们不是等着死亡，就是等着被重新唤起激情和希望。有些人的黑眼睛里射出一种挥之不去的古怪、神秘的光芒，忧郁又带点阴森，这是悔罪之人的那种“危险勿近”的眼神。他们在自我折磨和死亡崇拜中找到了活着的理由。在他们出生的这片广阔、美丽却充满敌意的土地上，他们无法为自己找到积极的生存意义，于是他们就开始从自己身上寻找，并且通过自我折磨来崇拜死亡。他们的眼里便显露了这种神秘的阴郁之光。

But as a rule the dark eyes of the Mexicans were heavy and half alive, sometimes hostile, sometimes kindly, often with the fatal Indian glaze on them, or the fatal Indian glint.

不过通常来说，墨西哥人阴沉的黑眼睛总显得半死不活，有时充满敌意，有时却很友善，且常常透出那种典型的印第安人的神采和光芒。

Domingo Romero was almost a typical Mexican to look at, with the typical heavy, dark, long face, clean-shaven, with an almost brutally heavy mouth. His eyes were black and Indian-looking. Only, at the centre of their hopelessness was a spark of pride, or self-confidence, or dauntlessness. Just a spark in the midst of the blackness of static despair.

多明戈·罗梅罗看起来几乎是个典型的墨西哥人。他长着一张典型的阴沉、黝黑的长脸，脸上刮得很干净，还有一张近乎粗鲁的厚嘴巴。他的黑眼睛透着印第安人的神情。只不过，在他眼里透出的绝望之中，还有一点骄傲，或是自信，或是无畏的火花。那是黑暗、静寂的绝望中唯一的火花。

But this spark was the difference between him and the mass of men. It gave a certain alert sensitiveness to his bearing and a certain beauty to his appearance. He wore a low-crowned black hat, instead of the ponderous headgear of the usual Mexican, and his clothes were thinnish and graceful. Silent, aloof, almost imperceptible in the landscape, he was an admirable guide, with a startling quick intelligence that anticipated difficulties about to rise. He could cook, too, crouching over the camp-fire and moving his lean deft brown hands. The only fault he had was that he was not forthcoming, he wasn't chatty and cosy.

不过这火花却使得他和大多数男人有所不同。这火花使他的行为举止更加灵活、机敏，也使他的外表更加英俊。他不像一般的墨西哥人那样戴着呆板的大帽子，而是戴着一顶低矮的冠状黑帽，衣着轻便、得体。在这片景色中，他沉默、冷淡，几乎丝毫不引人注意。但他是位出色的向导，总能用他令人吃惊的机敏头脑预知可能发生的困难。他还会做饭，常在篝火旁蹲着，轻巧灵活地移动着他那双褐色的、瘦削的手。他唯一的缺点就是与人不太亲近。他不擅言辞，对人也不够友好。

"Oh, don't send Romero with us," the Jews would say. "One can't get any response from him."

“哦，别派罗梅罗给我们做向导，”那些犹太人总这么说，“你从他那里连个答话都听不到。”

Tourists come and go, but they rarely see anything, inwardly. None of them ever saw the spark at the middle of Romero's eye; they were not alive enough to see it.

游客们你来我往，不过他们很少看到罗梅罗内在的东西。从来没人看到过罗梅罗目光深处的火花；他们没那么细致、敏感。

The Princess caught it one day, when she had him for a guide. She was fishing for trout in the canyon, Miss Cummins was reading a book, the horses were tied under the trees, Romero was fixing a proper fly on her line. He fixed the fly and handed her the line, looking up at her. And at that moment she caught the spark in his eye. And instantly she knew that he was a gentleman, that his 'demon', as her father would have said, was a fine demon. And instantly her manner towards him changed.

有一天，公主找他做向导时，发现了他眼中的火花。当时她正在峡谷里钓鳟鱼，卡明斯小姐在读书，马拴在树下，而罗梅罗在往公主的钓线上放合适的苍蝇做鱼饵。他把苍蝇装好，然后把钓线递给公主，这时他抬头看了她一眼。就在这一瞬间，她看到了他目光里的火花。她立刻知道了，他是位绅士，而他的“魔鬼”，就像她父亲会说的，是个善良的魔鬼。于是她马上对他另眼相看了。

He had perched her on a rock over a quiet pool, beyond the cotton-wood trees. It was early September, and the canyon already cool, but the leaves of the cottonwoods were still green. The Princess stood on her rock, a small but perfectly-formed figure, wearing a soft, close grey sweater and neatly-cut grey riding-breeches, with tall black boots, her fluffy brown hair straggling from under a little grey felt hat. A woman? Not quite. A changeling of some sort, perched in outline there on the rock, in the bristling wild canyon. She knew perfectly well how to handle a line. Her father had made a fisherman of her.

他把她安置在一个静谧的水塘边的一块石头上，水塘就在棉木树丛前面。时间已是九月初，峡谷里已经有了些许凉意，不过棉木树依然枝叶翠绿。公主站在石头上，身材娇小却玲珑有致。她穿着一件柔软的灰色紧身毛衣，一条剪裁利落的灰色马裤和一双黑色的长马靴，蓬松的棕色秀发从灰色小毡帽里披散下来。她算得上一个女人吗？还不能。她只能算略有女人味。她小小的轮廓置于这石块上，置于野外荒草丛生的峡谷之中。她非常清楚怎么用这钓线。父亲早已教会了她。

Romero, in a black shirt and with loose black trousers pushed into wide black riding-boots, was fishing a little farther down. He had put

his hat on a rock behind him; his dark head was bent a little forward, watching the water. He had caught three trout. From time to time he glanced up-stream at the Princess, perched there so daintily. He saw she had caught nothing.

罗梅罗穿着一件黑衬衣和一条宽松的黑裤，裤脚塞在宽松的黑色马靴里。他在稍往下游去一点的地方钓鱼。他把帽子放在身后的石头上；他黝黑的脑袋稍向前倾，注视着水面。他已经钓到三条鳟鱼了。他时不时地朝上游瞥一眼，公主正在那里优雅地垂钓。他看到她什么也没有钓到。

Soon he quietly drew in his line and came up to her. His keen eye watched her line, watched her position. Then, quietly, he suggested certain changes to her, putting his sensitive brown hand before her. And he withdrew a little, and stood in silence, leaning against a tree, watching her. He was helping her across the distance. She knew it, and thrilled. And in a moment she had a bite. In two minutes she landed a good trout. She looked round at him quickly, her eyes sparkling, the colour heightened in her cheeks. And as she met his eyes a smile of greeting went over his dark face, very sudden, with an odd sweetness.

很快，他默默地收了线，走到她的身边。他敏锐地看了看她的钓线，还有她的位置。接着，他轻声地建议她改变一下姿势，并将他灵敏的褐色大手伸到她面前做示范。然后他退后几步，背靠一棵树静静地站着，注视着她。他正在远处支持着她。公主知道这点，并为此激动不已。很快她就觉得有鱼上钩了。不到两分钟，她就钓上来一条大鳟鱼。她很快扭头看了看他，两眼发亮，脸颊绯红。就在她对上他的目光时，他黝黑的脸上忽然浮现了一丝笑容以示祝贺，带着一种特别的温柔。

She knew he was helping her. And she felt in his presence a subtle, insidious male kindliness she had never known before waiting upon her. Her cheek flushed, and her blue eyes darkened.

她知道他在帮她。而有他在时，她便会感觉到一种微妙而隐秘的来自男性的关怀。她从没想过自己会有这种感觉。她的脸红了，蓝眼睛也变得十分深沉。

After this, she always looked for him, and for that curious dark beam of a man's kindliness which he could give her, as it were, from his chest, from his heart. It was something she had never known before.

从这以后，她便总是寻找他，寻找他所能给予她的那种来自男性的奇妙、幽暗的关怀之光，这光芒来自他的胸怀、他的内心。这是她以前从未体验过的。

A vague, unspoken intimacy grew up between them. She liked his voice, his appearance, his presence. His natural language was Spanish;

he spoke English like a foreign language, rather slow, with a slight hesitation, but with a sad, plangent sonority lingering over from his Spanish. There was a certain subtle correctness in his appearance; he was always perfectly shaved; his hair was thick and rather long on top, but always carefully groomed behind. And his fine black cashmere shirt, his wide leather belt, his well-cut, wide black trousers going into the embroidered cowboy boots had a certain inextinguishable elegance. He wore no silver rings or buckles. Only his boots were embroidered and decorated at the top with an inlay of white suéde. He seemed elegant, slender, yet he was very strong.

他们之间生出了一种模糊且无法言说的亲密关系。她喜欢他的声音、外表和风度。他的母语是西班牙语；他把英语当外语讲，说得很慢，还有点结结巴巴的，但又带着股悲伤、哀婉的腔调，那是从他的母语西班牙语中带过来的。他挺喜欢修饰自己的外表；他的脸总是刮得干干净净，头顶的头发虽又浓又长，却总是向后梳得整整齐齐。他身上穿着质地良好的黑色开司米衬衫，腰上系着宽皮带，下身是一条剪裁合体的宽松黑长裤，裤脚塞进绣花牛仔靴的靴筒里。他这身打扮透着一股无法抑制的优雅之气。他不戴银环，也不系扣链。只是在马靴上绣了花，靴筒上沿用白色小羊皮镶了一道边。他看起来温文尔雅、身材修长，但又非常强壮。

And at the same time, curiously, he gave her the feeling that death was not far from him. Perhaps he too was half in love with death. However that may be, the sense she had that death was not far from him made him 'possible' to her.

但与此同时，奇怪的是，公主觉得死亡已经离他不远了。也许他也愿意去死。不管出于什么原因，总之这种他将不久于人世的感觉，让他成了公主“可以接受”的人。

Small as she was, she was quite a good horsewoman. They gave her at the ranch a sorrel mare, very lovely in colour, and well-made, with a powerful broad neck and the hollow back that betokens a swift runner. Tansy, she was called. Her only fault was the usual mare's failing, she was inclined to be hysterical.

公主虽然身材娇小，却是骑马的高手。牧场的人给了她一匹栗色母马。它毛色漂亮，体形俊美，脖子又粗又有力。它背部向下凹陷，说明它可以跑得很快。母马名叫坦西。它唯一的缺点是一般母马都有的通病，就是容易变得歇斯底里。

So that every day the Princess set off with Miss Cummins and Romero, on horseback, riding into the mountains. Once they went camping for several days, with two more friends in the party.

于是公主每天都与卡明斯小姐和罗梅罗一起动身，骑马到山里去。一次，他们带上另外两个朋友一起出去露营了几天。

"I think I like it better," the Princess said to Romero, "when we three go alone."

“我想我更喜欢这样，”公主对罗梅罗说道，“就是我们三个人单独出去。”

And he gave her one of his quick, transfiguring smiles.

他很快地冲她笑了一下，让人心情很好。

It was curious no white man had ever showed her this capacity for subtle gentleness, this power to help her in silence across a distance, if she were fishing without success, or tired of her horse, or if Tansy suddenly got scared. It was as if Romero could send her from his heart a dark beam of succour and sustaining. She had never known this before, and it was very thrilling.

说来奇怪，若是她钓鱼一无所获，或是骑马累了，或是坦西突然受了惊吓，没有一个白人男子能对她这样细心呵护，没人有这种能从远处默默支持她的力量。似乎罗梅罗能从内心深处传给她一道深沉的光亮，给她支持和帮助。以前她从未有过这种感觉，因此她非常激动。

Then the smile that suddenly creased his dark face, showing the strong white teeth. It creased his face almost into a savage grotesque. And at the same time there was in it something so warm, such a dark flame of kindliness for her, she was elated into her true Princess self.

此外，他黝黑的面孔上会突然绽开笑容，露出洁白强健的牙齿。这微笑几乎使他脸上露出野蛮的怪相。但同时，这微笑里却包含着如此温暖的气息，包含着关怀她的熊熊火焰。她很开心，自己又成了真正的公主了。

Then that vivid, latent spark in his eye, which she had seen, and which she knew he was aware she had seen. It made an inter-recognition between them, silent and delicate. Here he was delicate as a woman in this subtle inter-recognition.

此外，她捕捉到了他目光中那灵动的、隐藏的火花，并且她知道他意识到了这一点。于是，他们两人便有了一丝心照不宣的、微妙的默契。在这种微妙的默契中，他像女人一样敏感。

And yet his presence only put to flight in her the idée fixe of 'marriage'. For some reason, in her strange little brain, the idea of marrying him could not enter. Not for any definite reason. He was in himself a gentleman, and she had plenty of money for two. There was no actual obstacle. Nor was she conventional.

不过，他的存在反而驱走了她“想要结婚”的困扰。出于某种原因，在她古怪的小脑瓜里，从没出现过嫁给他的念头。也没有什么确切的原因。他本身是位绅士，而她也有足够的钱供两人生活。并没有什么实质上的阻碍。而她也不是守旧之人。

No, now she came down to it, it was as if their two 'dæmons' could marry, were perhaps married. Only their two selves, Miss Urquhart and Seéor Domingo Romero, were for some reason incompatible. There was a peculiar subtle intimacy of inter-recognition between them. But she did not see in the least how it would lead to marriage. Almost she could more easily marry one of the nice boys from Harvard or Yale.

不，现在她总结原因，发现似乎他们两人的“魔鬼”可以结合，或许他们已经结合了。只不过他们两个人本身，厄克特小姐和多明戈·罗梅罗先生，却出于某种原因互不相容。他们之间有种独特、微妙、心照不宣的亲密关系。但她压根不认为这会促使他们结婚。要她嫁给一个念哈佛或耶鲁大学的好小伙差不多还更容易些。

The time passed, and she let it pass. The end of September came, with aspens going yellow on the mountain heights, and oak-scrub going red. But as yet the cottonwoods in the valley and canyons had not changed.

时间慢慢流逝，而她听之任之。时间到了九月底，山顶上的山杨树叶开始泛黄，橡木林也开始泛红。可是河谷和峡谷里的棉木树却依然翠绿。

"When will you go away?" Romero asked her, looking at her fixedly, with a blank black eye.

“你什么时候离开？”罗梅罗问她，两眼紧紧地盯着她，黑黑的眼睛有些失神。

"By the end of October," she said. "I have promised to be in Santa Barbara at the beginning of November."

“十月底，”她说，“我答应别人了，十一月初要到圣巴巴拉。”

He was hiding the spark in his eye from her. But she saw the peculiar sullen thickening of his heavy mouth.

他藏起了眼中的火花，不让她看到。不过她看到他的厚嘴唇抿得更厚，那是他特有的闷闷不乐的表情。

She had complained to him many times that one never saw any wild animals, except chipmunks and squirrels, and perhaps a skunk and a porcupine. Never a deer, or a bear, or a mountain lion.

她曾不止一次地和他抱怨，说这里除了金花鼠、小松鼠，也许还有一两只臭鼬和豪猪之外，什么野生动物也看不到。这里从没见过鹿啊，熊啊，或者美洲狮什么的。

"Are there no bigger animals in these mountains?" she asked, dissatisfied.

“难道这山里就没有大点的野兽吗？”她不满地问道。

"Yes," he said. "There are deer—I see their tracks. And I saw the tracks of a bear.”

“有啊，”他说道，“这里有鹿——我见过它们的足迹。我也见过熊留下的痕迹。”

"But why can one never see the animals themselves?" She looked dissatisfied and wistful like a child.

“但为什么人们从没看到过这些动物呢？”她看起来既不满又渴望，像个孩子一样。

"Why, it's pretty hard for you to see them. They won't let you come close. You have to keep still, in a place where they come. Or else you have to follow their tracks a long way."

“这还用问，你很难见到它们的。它们根本不容你靠近。你得一动不动地守在它们会出没的地方。要么你就得跟着它们的足迹，走很长的路去找。”

"I can't bear to go away till I've seen them: a bear, or a deer—”

“可我根本舍不得离开，除非我能看看它们：一头熊，或一只鹿之类的——”

The smile came suddenly on his face, indulgent.

他的脸上突然露出宠溺的笑容。

"Well, what do you want? Do you want to go up into the mountains to some place, to wait till they come?"

“那么，你想怎么着？你想进山去找个地方呆着，在那儿等它们出现吗？”

"Yes," she said, looking up at him with a sudden naïve impulse of recklessness.

“没错。”她说道，抬起头带着股一时性起的天真的鲁莽劲望着他。

And immediately his face became sombre again, responsible.

马上他又板起脸，显得很可靠。

"Well," he said, with slight irony, a touch of mockery of her. "You will have to find a house. It's very cold at night now. You would have to stay all night in a house."

“哦，”他有点讽刺地带着点讥笑她的调子说道，“你得找间屋子。现在夜里很冷。你必须整夜呆在屋里。”

"And there are no houses up there?" she said.

“那山上没有房子吗？”她问道。

"Yes," he replied. "There is a little shack that belongs to me, that a

miner built a long time ago, looking for gold. You can go there and stay one night, and maybe you see something. Maybe! I don't know. Maybe nothing come."

“有，”他回答，“山上有间小屋是我的，那是很久以前一个采矿的人来找金子时盖的。你可以去那过一夜，也许可以看到什么野兽。也许吧！我也叫不准。或许什么也看不到。”

"How much chance is there?"

“有多大把握可以看到？”

"Well, I don't know. Last time when I was there I see three deer come down to drink at the water, and I shot two raccoons. But maybe this time we don't see anything."

“哦，我也不清楚。上次我在那儿看到三头鹿下来喝水，还打死两头浣熊。但这次我们可能什么也看不到。”

"Is there water there?" she asked.

“那里有水吗？”她问道。

"Yes, there is a little round pond, you know, below the spruce trees. And the water from the snow runs into it."

“有，有个小圆池塘，你知道，就在云杉林下面。雪融化后，水就流到池塘里了。”

"Is it far away?" she asked.

“那儿离这儿很远吗？”她问道。

"Yes, pretty far. You see that ridge there"—and turning to the mountains he lifted his arm in the gesture which is somehow so moving, out in the West, pointing to the distance—"that ridge where there are no trees, only rock"—his black eyes were focussed on the distance, his face impassive, but as if in pain—"you go round that ridge, and along, then you come down through the spruce trees to where that cabin is. My father bought that placer claim from a miner who was broke, but nobody ever found any gold or anything, and nobody ever goes there. Too lonesome!"

“是的，很远。你看那条山脉——”他转身朝向大山，举起手臂向西挥动、指着远处，那姿势不知为何十分动人，“——那条没有树木、只有石头的山脊——”他黑眼睛盯着远处，脸上不动声色，不过似乎很痛苦，“——你越过那条山脉，一直向前走，然后向下穿过云杉林，就到小木屋了。我父亲从一个破产的采矿人手里买了那片砂矿区，不过谁也没有找到过金子或者其他什么东西，也没人到那儿去。那儿太偏僻了！”

The Princess watched the massive, heavy-sitting, beautiful bulk of the Rocky Mountains. It was early in October, and the aspens were

already losing their gold leaves; high up, the spruce and pine seemed to be growing darker; the great flat patches of oak scrub on the heights were red like gore.

公主注视着落基山那巨大、雄伟的美丽身影。时间已是十月初了。山杨树上金黄色的叶子已经开始脱落；而在高处，云杉和松树看起来颜色变得更深了；山丘大片平坦的土地上，橡木林像血一样红。

"Can I go over there?" she asked, turning to him and meeting the spark in his eye.

“我能去那儿吗？”她转身问他，目光正迎上他眼中的火花。

His face was heavy with responsibility.

他一脸严肃，显得很有责任感。

"Yes," he said, "you can go. But there'll be snow over the ridge, and it's awful cold, and awful lonesome."

“可以，”他说道，“你可以去。不过山上有雪，非常寒冷，并且荒凉得很。”

"I should like to go," she said, persistent.

“我愿意去。”她很执著地说道。

"All right," he said. "You can go if you want to."

“那好，”他说道，“你要是想去就去吧。”

She doubted, though, if the Wilkiesons would let her go; at least alone with Romero and Miss Cummins.

不过，她怀疑威尔基森一家会不会让她去，至少不一定让她单独跟罗梅罗和卡明斯小姐一起去。

Yet an obstinacy characteristic of her nature, an obstinacy tinged perhaps with madness, had taken hold of her. She wanted to look over the mountains into their secret heart. She wanted to descend to the cabin below the spruce trees, near the tarn of bright green water. She wanted to see the wild animals move about in their wild unconsciousness.

然而，她天生固执，固执得似乎带点疯狂，这使她坚定不移。她想要看透这些大山，看到它们隐秘的内心。她想下到那位于云杉林下面、清澈泛绿的小湖边的小屋那里去。她想看那些野生动物在自然野性的状态下无意识地四下走动。

"Let us say to the Wilkiesons that we want to make the trip round the Frijoles canyon," she said.

“我们就对威尔基森一家说，我们只是想去弗贺勒斯峡谷走一圈。”她说道。

The trip round the Frijoles canyon was a usual thing. It would not be strenuous, nor cold, nor lonely: they could sleep in the log house that was called an hotel.

去弗贺勒斯峡谷旅行是稀松平常的事。去那儿旅行既不费力，也不会觉得寒冷、寂寞：他们可以在被称作“旅店”的小木屋里过夜。

Romero looked at her quickly.

罗梅罗飞快地看了她一眼。

"If you want to say that," he replied, "you can tell Mrs. Wilkieson. Only I know she'll be mad with me if I take you up in the mountains to that place. And I've got to go there first with a pack-horse, to take lots of blankets and some bread. Maybe Miss Cummins can't stand it. Maybe not. It's a hard trip."

“如果你想这么说，”他回答道，“那你就告诉威尔基森太太吧。只不过我知道，要是我领你进山去那个地方，她会冲我发火的。我还必须先牵匹驮马去一趟，多送上去几条毯子和一些面包。兴许卡明斯小姐会受不了的。也兴许不会。这次旅行会很艰苦。”

He was speaking, and thinking, in the heavy, disconnected Mexican fashion.

他用墨西哥人迟缓、不连贯的方式边想边说道。

"Never mind!" The Princess was suddenly very decisive and stiff with authority. "I want to do it. I will arrange with Mrs. Wilkieson. And we'll go on Saturday."

“不要紧！”公主突然下了决心，显得坚定不移。“我想这么做。我去和威尔基森太太商量。我们星期六就动身。”

He shook his head slowly.

他慢慢地摇了摇头。

"I've got to go up on Sunday with a pack-horse and blankets," he said. "Can't do it before."

“我星期天得先牵匹驮马上去，送几条毯子，”他说道，“在那之前走不了。”

"Very well!" she said, rather piqued. "Then we'll start on Monday."

“很好！”她挺生气地说道，“那我们就周一出发。”

She hated being thwarted even the tiniest bit.

她讨厌受到阻碍，哪怕是一丁点也不行。

He knew that if he started with the pack on Sunday at dawn he would not be back until late at night. But he consented that they

should start on Monday morning at seven. The obedient Miss Cummins was told to prepare for the Frijoles trip. On Sunday Romero had his day off. He had not put in an appearance when the Princess retired on Sunday night, but on Monday morning, as she was dressing, she saw him bringing in the three horses from the corral. She was in high spirits.

他很清楚，即使他星期天黎明便起身去送东西，也要到深夜才能回来。不过他还是同意星期一早上七点便出发。公主告诉顺从的卡明斯小姐为去弗贺勒斯峡谷旅行做准备。星期天罗梅罗没去工作。直到星期天晚上公主上床休息，他都没有露面。但周一早上，她正穿着衣服，便看到他从马棚牵了三匹马过来。她兴高采烈。

The night had been cold. There was ice at the edges of the irrigation ditch, and the chipmunks crawled into the sun and lay with wide, dumb, anxious eyes, almost too numb to run.

昨晚非常寒冷。灌溉水渠边上都结了冰，花栗鼠爬到太阳下躺着，睁着忧虑的大眼睛呆呆地望着，几乎冻僵了，跑也跑不动了。

"We may be away two or three days," said the Princess.

“我们也许要离开两三天。”公主说道。

"Very well. We won't begin to be anxious about you before Thursday, then," said Mrs. Wilkieson, who was young and capable: from Chicago. "Anyway," she added, "Romero will see you through. He's so trustworthy."

“非常好。那到星期四之前，我们都不用操心你了。”威尔基森太太说道。她年轻干练，是芝加哥人。“不管怎样，”她又补充道，“罗梅罗会照顾你的。他非常值得信赖。”

The sun was already on the desert as they set off towards the mountains, making the greasewood and the sage pale as pale-grey sands, luminous the great level around them. To the right glinted the shadows of the adobe pueblo, flat and almost invisible on the plain, earth of its earth. Behind lay the ranch and the tufts of tall, plumy cottonwoods, whose summits were yellowing under the perfect blue sky.

他们向着大山出发时，太阳已经在荒漠上升起来了，照得灌木丛和鼠尾草苍白得好似灰白的砂石，反射着周围的广大原野。右边，隐隐看得见印第安人村落里土坯房的影子，低矮的房子在这故国平坦的土地上几乎看不清楚。在他们身后，是牧场和一丛丛高大、繁茂的棉木树，树梢在蔚蓝的天空下正渐渐泛黄。

Autumn breaking into colour in the great spaces of the South-West.

西南部广阔的天地间已经染上了秋天的色彩。

But the three trotted gently along the trail, towards the sun that sparkled yellow just above the dark bulk of the ponderous mountains. Side-slopes were already gleaming yellow, flaming with a second light, under coldish blue of the pale sky. The front slopes were in shadow, with submerged lustre of red oak scrub and dull-gold aspens, blue-black pines and grey-blue rock. While the canyon was full of a deep blueness.

三个人骑马顺着山路朝着太阳的方向缓缓前行。金光灿烂的太阳正好升到了黑苍苍的崇山峻岭之上。山坡上已是一片灿烂的金黄，闪烁着光芒，衬托着淡蓝且有些苍白的天空。正面山坡还被阴影笼罩着，那里红色的橡木丛、暗金色的山杨、蓝黑色的松树和灰蓝色的山岩隐隐闪着光泽。而峡谷里则是一片幽蓝色。

They rode single file, Romero first, on a black horse. Himself in black, made a flickering black spot in the delicate pallor of the great landscape, where even pine trees at a distance take a film of blue paler than their green. Romero rode on in silence past the tufts of furry greasewood. The Princess came next, on her sorrel mare. And Miss Cummins, who was not quite happy on horseback, came last, in the pale dust that the others kicked up. Sometimes her horse sneezed, and she started.

他们骑马单个行走，罗梅罗骑着一匹黑马走在最前面。他穿着一身黑衣服，在苍茫辽阔的景色中成了一个忽隐忽现的黑点。在这大背景中，就连远处的松树都淡化成了蓝色，而非绿色。罗梅罗一声不响地骑马穿过一丛丛茂密的肉叶刺茎藜。公主骑着那匹栗色母马走在他后面。然后是卡明斯小姐，她骑在马背上并不太开心，走在最后头，被前面两匹马扬起的白灰笼罩着。有时她的马会突然打个响鼻，吓她一跳。

But on they went at a gentle trot. Romero never looked round. He could hear the sound of the hoofs following, and that was all he wanted.

然而他们就这样缓缓前行着。罗梅罗始终没有回头看。他能听到身后的马蹄声，这对他来说就够了。

For the rest, he held ahead. And the Princess, with that black, unheeding figure always travelling away from her, felt strangely helpless, withal elated.

至于其他的，他只管赶路就是了。而公主看着总是远远地走在前面的那个穿着黑衣、对她毫不理会的人，感到莫名地无助，同时又兴高采烈。

They neared the pale, round foot-hills, dotted with the round dark piéon and cedar shrubs. The horses clinked and trotted among the stones. Occasionally a big round greasewood held out fleecy tufts of flowers, pure gold. They wound into blue shadow, then up a steep

stony slope, with the world lying pallid away behind and below. Then they dropped into the shadow of the San Cristobal canyon.

他们走近了苍白、浑圆的山麓，那里布满了圆滚滚的黑色矮松和雪松灌木。马儿们在石间笃笃地小跑着。偶尔，从高大、圆滚滚的肉叶刺茎藜上伸出一团团毛茸茸、金灿灿的花朵。他们蜿蜒前行，走进那蓝色的阴影，而后又登上一片陡峭的石坡，整个苍茫的大地都被甩在了身后、留在了脚下。随后，他们潜入了圣克里斯托瓦尔峡谷的背阴处。

The stream was running full and swift. Occasionally the horses snatched at a tuft of grass. The trail narrowed and became rocky; the rocks closed in; it was dark and cool as the horses climbed and climbed upwards, and the tree trunks crowded in the shadowy, silent tightness of the canyon. They were among cottonwood trees that ran straight up and smooth and round to an extraordinary height. Above, the tips were gold, and it was sun. But away below, where the horses struggled up the rocks and wound among the trunks, there was still blue shadow by the sound of waters and an occasional grey festoon of old man's beard, and here and there a pale, dripping crane's-bill flower among the tangle and the débris of the virgin place. And again the chill entered the Princess's heart as she realised what a tangle of decay and despair lay in the virgin forests.

涨满水的小溪畅快地流淌着。偶尔，马儿们会去争抢一丛草吃。小路越来越窄，到处都是岩石；山岩也朝路上挤过来。随着马儿们不停地向上行进，光线越来越暗，温度也越来越低。在阴暗、幽静的峡谷里，树木密密麻麻地生长在一起。他们走进了棉木树林，这些树的树干光滑又滚圆，直指云天。上面的树梢金灿灿的，那是太阳的光辉。但是下面，在马儿们沿石坡挣扎而上、在树木间蜿蜒穿行的地方，依然是蓝色的阴影，其间水声潺潺，偶尔还可见像老人胡须般垂下的灰色树枝。这片原始森林里到处可见苍白、欲滴的洋葵花开在杂乱无章的碎石中间。当公主发现了这片原始森林显现出的衰败、令人绝望的混乱景象时，她便又感到心灰意冷了。

They scrambled downwards, splashed across stream, up rocks and along the trail of the other side. Romero's black horse stopped, looked down quizzically at the fallen trees, then stepped over lightly. The Princess's sorrel followed, carefully. But Miss Cummins's buckskin made a fuss, and had to be got round.

他们爬下石坡，趟过小溪，又登上石岸，沿着小溪另一边的山路向前走。罗梅罗的黑马停下了，犹疑地看了看倒在路上的树木，然后轻巧地跨了过去。公主的栗色马紧随其后，也小心地跨过去了。可是卡明斯小姐的鹿皮马却害怕了，只好绕道走。

In the same silence, save for the clinking of the horses and the splashing as the trail crossed stream, they worked their way upwards in the tight, tangled shadow of the canyon. Sometimes, crossing

stream, the Princess would glance upwards, and then always her heart caught in her breast. For high up, away in heaven, the mountain heights shone yellow, dappled with dark spruce firs, clear almost as speckled daffodils against the pale turquoise blue lying high and serene above the dark-blue shadow where the Princess was. And she would snatch at the blood-red leaves of the oak as her horse crossed a more open slope, not knowing what she felt.

在同样的寂静中，只听见马蹄笃笃和趟过溪水的哗哗声。他们在幽暗的峡谷中那密实、杂乱的林间穿行，努力向上攀登。有时在趟过溪水时，公主会向上望一望，然后她的心总是会在胸中怦怦直跳。因为在高耸如云、几近天边的地方，山峰闪耀着金灿灿的光芒，那里点缀着黑色的云杉，通透得几乎好似带斑点的水仙花，映衬着碧蓝的天空。天空是那么高远、宁静，笼罩着公主置身的深蓝幽谷。在骑马经过较开阔的山坡时，她会伸出手采几片血红的橡树叶，她也搞不明白自己是什么感觉。

They were getting fairly high, occasionally lifted above the canyon itself, in the low groove below the speckled, gold-sparkling heights which towered beyond. Then again they dipped and crossed stream, the horses stepping gingerly across a tangle of fallen, frail aspen stems, then suddenly floundering in a mass of rocks. The black emerged ahead, his black tail waving. The Princess let her mare find her own footing; then she too emerged from the clatter. She rode on after the black. Then came a great frantic rattle of the buckskin behind. The Princess was aware of Romero's dark face looking round, with a strange, demon-like watchfulness, before she herself looked round, to see the buckskin scrambling rather lamely beyond the rocks, with one of his pale buff knees already red with blood.

他们已经爬得很高了，偶尔还走在峡谷顶上，走进斑斑驳驳、金光灿烂的高耸山峰脚下的沟壑之中。接着，他们又向下走，趟过了小溪。马儿们小心翼翼地走过一堆掉落的、杂乱的枯山杨枝，又忽而落入了一堆乱石中挣扎。黑马走在前面，甩着它的黑尾巴。公主让她的母马自己选路；然后她也笃笃地跟了上来。她跟在黑马后面继续走。接着，后面传来鹿皮马狂乱的马蹄声。没等公主转过头看，她便发现罗梅罗回过头，黝黑的脸上一副奇怪的、魔鬼般的警觉表情。于是她也转过去，只见那鹿皮马踩在岩石上一瘸一拐地走着，浅黄色的膝盖中有一个已经被鲜血染红了。

"He almost went down!" called Miss Cummins.

“它差点倒下了！”卡明斯小姐叫道。

But Romero was already out of the saddle and hastening down the path. He made quiet little noises to the buckskin, and began examining the cut knee.

而罗梅罗已经跳下马，沿着小路快步走了过去。他轻声地安慰着鹿皮马，并开始检查它划破了的膝盖。

"Is he hurt?" cried Miss Cummins anxiously, and she climbed hastily down.

“它受伤了吧？”卡明斯小姐担心地叫道，也快速爬下马。

"Oh, my goodness!" she cried, as she saw the blood running down the slender buff leg of the horse in a thin trickle. "Isn't that awful?" She spoke in a stricken voice, and her face was white.

“哦，我的天哪！”看到瘦长的浅黄色马腿上流下一小股鲜血，她惊叫道。“伤得很重吧？”她用痛苦的声音问道，脸色煞白。

Romero was still carefully feeling the knee of the buckskin. Then he made him walk a few paces. And at last he stood up straight and shook his head.

罗梅罗仍旧小心地摸着鹿皮马的膝盖。然后他让马走了几步。最后他直起身子，摇了摇头。

"Not very bad!" he said. "Nothing broken."

“不是很糟！”他说道，“没有骨折。”

Again he bent and worked at the knees. Then he looked up at the Princess.

他又弯下身，检查了一下马的膝盖。然后他抬头望着公主。

"He can go on," he said. "It's not bad."

“它还能走，”他说道，“伤得不是很严重。”

The Princess looked down at the dark face in silence.

公主向下看着这张黑脸，一声不吭。

"What, go on right up here?" cried Miss Cummins. "How many hours?"

“什么？从这还要向上走？”卡明斯小姐叫道，“还得几个小时？”

"About five!" said Romero simply.

“大概五个小时吧！”罗梅罗简短地说道。

"Five hours!" cried Miss Cummins. "A horse with a lame knee! And a steep mountain! Why-y!”

“五个小时！”卡明斯小姐叫道，“骑着一匹跛马！爬一座陡峭的大山！我的天啊！”

"Yes, it's pretty steep up there," said Romero, pushing back his hat and staring fixedly at the bleeding knee. The buckskin stood in a

stricken sort of dejection. "But I think he'll make it all right," the man added.

“不错，山上是很陡。”罗梅罗说着把帽子推到后面，紧盯着那条流血的马腿。鹿皮马沮丧地站着，非常痛苦。“不过我相信它会平安爬上去的。”罗梅罗又补充道。

"Oh!" cried Miss Cummins, her eyes bright with sudden passion of unshed tears. "I wouldn't think of it. I wouldn't ride him up there, not for any money."

“哦！”卡明斯小姐叫道，情绪激动，眼里闪着泪光，“我不想这么做。我不愿骑它上去，给多少钱都不去。”

"Why wouldn't you?" asked Romero.

“为什么不呢？”罗梅罗问道。

"It hurts him."

“这会伤害它的。”

Romero bent down again to the horse's knee.

罗梅罗又弯下身去检查马腿。

"Maybe it hurts him a little," he said. "But he can make it all right, and his leg won't get stiff."

“它可能会觉得有点痛，”他说道，“但它上得去，它的腿也不会太僵硬。”

"What! Ride him five hours up the steep mountains?" cried Miss Cummins. "I couldn't. I just couldn't do it. I'll lead him a little way and see if he can go. But I couldn't ride him again. I couldn't. Let me walk."

“什么！骑着它走五小时爬上陡峭的大山？”卡明斯小姐叫道，“我做不到。我就是不能这么做。我要牵着它走几步，看看它还能不能走。但我不能再骑它了。我不能。我自己走路好了。”

"But Miss Cummins, dear, if Romero says he'll be all right?" said the Princess.

“可是，卡明斯小姐，亲爱的，要是罗梅罗说它会没事呢？”公主说。

"I know it hurts him. Oh, I just couldn't bear it."

“我知道它腿很疼。哎，我就是受不了。”

There was no doing anything with Miss Cummins. The thought of a hurt animal always put her into a sort of hysterics.

什么也劝不动卡明斯小姐了。一想到有动物受伤，她就变会得有些

歇斯底里。

They walked forward a little, leading the buckskin. He limped rather badly. Miss Cummins sat on a rock.

他们牵着鹿皮马朝前走了一小段路。马儿跛得厉害。卡明斯小姐坐在一块石头上。

"Why, it's agony to see him!" she cried. "It's cruel!"

“瞧，看它这样真叫人难受！”她叫道，“这太残忍了！”

"He won't limp after a bit, if you take no notice of him," said Romero. "Now he plays up, and limps very much, because he wants to make you see."

“过一会儿它就不跛了，要是你不注意着它的话，”罗梅罗说，“它现在是装样子，跛得非常厉害，因为它想让你看到。”

"I don't think there can be much playing up," said Miss Cummins bitterly. "We can see how it must hurt him."

“我不认为它能装什么样子，”卡明斯小姐痛苦地说，“我们可以看到那伤口有多疼。”

"It don't hurt much," said Romero.

“伤口疼得并不厉害。”罗梅罗说。

But now Miss Cummins was silent with antipathy.

但现在卡明斯小姐干脆不说话了，她非常生气。

It was a deadlock. The party remained motionless on the trail, the Princess in the saddle, Miss Cummins seated on a rock, Romero standing black and remote near the drooping buckskin.

大家陷入了僵局。他们停在山路上没有动，公主骑在马上，卡明斯小姐坐在石头上，罗梅罗则黑着脸远远地站在沮丧的鹿皮马旁边。

"Well!" said the man suddenly at last. "I guess we go back, then."

“那好！”终于，罗梅罗突然说道，“那我们回去吧。”

And he looked up swiftly at his horse, which was cropping at the mountain herbage and treading on the trailing reins.

说完，他抬头快速扫了一眼他的马。那匹马正啃食着山坡上的青草，蹄子踩着拖在地上的缰绳。

"No!" cried the Princess. "Oh no!" Her voice rang with a great wail of disappointment and anger. Then she checked herself.

“不行！”公主叫道，“不行！”她大声嚷道，声音里充满了强烈的失望感和愤怒。然后她又克制住了自己。

Miss Cummins rose with energy.

卡明斯小姐带劲地站起来。

"Let me lead the buckskin home," she said, with cold dignity, "and you two go on."

“让我牵鹿皮马回去吧，”她冷淡、严肃地说道，“你们两人继续走。”

This was received in silence. The Princess was looking down at her with a sardonic, almost cruel gaze.

大家听了都没说话。公主面带嘲讽、近乎无情地低头盯着她。

"We've only come about two hours," said Miss Cummins. "I don't mind a bit leading him home. But I couldn't ride him. I couldn't have him ridden with that knee."

“我们才走了大概两个小时，”卡明斯小姐说道，“我丝毫不介意牵着它回去。不过我不会骑它。我不能骑着它，它的腿还伤着呢。”

This again was received in dead silence. Romero remained impassive, almost inert.

大家听了这话又没什么反应。罗梅罗依旧很漠然，甚至有点呆滞。

"Very well, then," said the Princess. "You lead him home. You'll be quite all right. Nothing can happen to you, possibly. And say to them that we have gone on and shall be home tomorrow—or the day after.”

“那好吧，”公主说道，“你把它牵回去。你不会有事的。你不会有什么事的，一定不会。你告诉他们，说我们继续往前走了，明天——或者后天就会回家。”

She spoke coldly and distinctly. For she could not bear to be thwarted.

她说得非常冷淡、干脆。因为她受不了被人阻碍。

"Better all go back, and come again another day," said Romero—non-committal.

“我们最好都回去，改天再来。”罗梅罗说——含含糊糊地。

"There will never be another day," cried the Princess. "I want to go on."

“不会有改天了，”公主嚷道，“我想继续走下去。”

She looked at him square in the eyes, and met the spark in his eye.

她直直地盯着他的眼睛，撞上了他眼中的火花。

He raised his shoulders slightly.

他微微耸了耸肩。

"If you want it," he said. "I'll go on with you. But Miss Cummins can ride my horse to the end of the canyon, and I lead the buckskin. Then I come back to you."

“你要是想走，”他说，“我就陪你走。不过卡明斯小姐可以骑我的马走到峡谷尽头，我来牵这匹伤马。然后我再回来找你。”

It was arranged so. Miss Cummins had her saddle put on Romero's black horse, Romero took the buckskin's bridle, and they started back. The Princess rode very slowly on, upwards, alone. She was at first so angry with Miss Cummins that she was blind to everything else. She just let her mare follow her own inclinations.

事情就这么定下来了。卡明斯小姐把她的马鞍搬到罗梅罗的黑马上，罗梅罗则牵着鹿皮马的缰绳，二人开始往回走。公主则继续慢慢上行，独自一人。刚开始她非常生卡明斯小姐的气，对其他什么事都不在意。她就让她的母马自己择路而行。

The peculiar spell of anger carried the Princess on, almost unconscious, for an hour or so. And by this time she was beginning to climb pretty high. Her horse walked steadily all the time. They emerged on a bare slope, and the trail wound through frail aspen stems. Here a wind swept, and some of the aspens were already bare. Others were fluttering their discs of pure, solid yellow leaves, so nearly like petals, while the slope ahead was one soft, glowing fleece of daffodil yellow; fleecy like a golden foxskin, and yellow as daffodils alive in the wind and the high mountain sun.

公主满腔怒气，不知不觉已经向前走了大概一个小时。而此时，她已经开始向上爬得越来越高了。她的马一直在稳步前进。她骑着马来到一个光秃秃的斜坡上，山道从脆弱的山杨茎中蜿蜒而过。一阵风吹过，有些山杨树的叶子已落尽了。其他山杨则挥舞着它们干净、结实的黄色圆树叶，那树叶就像花瓣一样。而前面的斜坡是一条柔软而闪光的、像水仙那么黄的羊绒。它轻软得就像金色的狐皮，颜色黄得就像在高山太阳下、在微风中盛开的水仙花一样。

She paused and looked back. The near great slopes were mottled with gold and the dark hue of spruce, like some unsinged eagle, and the light lay gleaming upon them. Away through the gap of the canyon she could see the pale blue of the egg-like desert, with the crumpled dark crack of the Rio Grande Canyon. And far, far off, the blue mountains like a fence of angels on the horizon.

公主停下来，回头看。近处的大斜坡上点缀着一片片金色或者黑色的云杉，就像未被完全烤焦的大鹰。阳光洒在上面，闪闪发光。远处，

从峡谷的缺口望出去，她可以看见那片淡蓝色的卵形荒漠，以及里奥格兰德峡谷谷底的那些弯弯曲曲、颜色深暗的裂纹。而在遥远的地方，蓝色的群山就像是天使在地平线上围起的一道屏障。

And she thought of her adventure. She was going on alone with Romero. But then she was very sure of herself, and Romero was not the kind of man to do anything to her against her will. This was her first thought. And she just had a fixed desire to go over the brim of the mountains, to look into the inner chaos of the Rockies. And she wanted to go with Romero, because he had some peculiar kinship with her; there was some peculiar link between the two of them. Miss Cummins anyhow would have been only a discordant note.

这时，她想到了自己的冒险行为。她就要单独和罗梅罗前行了。但随即她又感到对自己很有把握，而且罗梅罗不是那种会违背她的意愿、对她有非礼行为的人。这是她的第一个念头。她只拥有一个执著的愿望，就是要翻山越岭，去窥察落基山内部的混沌之态。而且她想和罗梅罗一起走，因为他和她有着特殊的亲密关系；他们两个之间有某种特殊的纽带。总之，卡明斯小姐只不过是个不和谐音符而已。

She rode on, and emerged at length in the lap of the summit. Beyond her was a great concave of stone and stark, dead-grey trees, where the mountain ended against the sky. But nearer was the dense black, bristling spruce, and at her feet was the lap of the summit, a flat little valley of sere grass and quiet-standing yellow aspens, the stream trickling like a thread across.

她骑马向前走，最后来到山顶下面的一个山坳处。在她上面，一块巨大的山岩凹了进去，还有一些光秃秃的灰色枯树，那便是山巅和蓝天的交界处。不过，近处却是一片浓黑色的、密密麻麻的云杉。在她脚下是山顶下的山坳，这是个平坦的小峡谷，长满枯草，泛黄的山杨静立其中，一条小溪像一根细线一样穿流而过。

It was a little valley or shell from which the stream was gently poured into the lower rocks and trees of the canyon. Around her was a fairy-like gentleness, the delicate sere grass, the groves of delicate-stemmed aspens dropping their flakes of bright yellow. And the delicate, quick little stream threading through the wild, sere grass.

小溪就是从这个小山谷缓缓地流到山谷低处的乱石和草木间的。周围气氛静谧安逸，宛如仙境。这里有纤细的枯草，还有一丛丛脆弱的山杨树正掉下很多亮黄色的叶片。溪水像细线一样从野生的枯草间急速流过。

Here one might expect deer and fawns and wild things, as in a little paradise. Here she was to wait for Romero, and they were to have lunch.

在这里，你可能看见麋鹿、幼鹿和其他别的野生动物，好像置身于

一个小小的天堂。她打算在这里等候罗梅罗，然后他们就吃午饭。

She unfastened her saddle and pulled it to the ground with a crash, letting her horse wander with a long rope. How beautiful Tansy looked, sorrel, among the yellow leaves that lay like a patina on the sere ground. The Princess herself wore a fleecy sweater of a pale, sere buff, like the grass, and riding-breeches of a pure orange-tawny colour. She felt quite in the picture.

她卸下马鞍，把它砰地扔到地上，让马拖着长长的缰绳随意走动。金黄的树叶像一个薄层一样铺满草木干枯的地面，一身栗色的坦西在这里看起来多么美丽啊！公主自己穿了件跟枯草一个颜色的浅黄色羊毛衫，一条纯橘黄色的马裤。她觉得她和整个画面十分协调。

From her saddle-pouches she took the packages of lunch, spread a little cloth, and sat to wait for Romero. Then she made a little fire. Then she ate a devilled egg. Then she ran after Tansy, who was straying across-stream. Then she sat in the sun, in the stillness near the aspens, and waited.

她从马鞍袋里取出一包包午餐，在地上铺了一小块布，坐着等罗梅罗回来。然后她生了一小堆火。之后她吃了一个辣味煎鸡蛋。然后她跑去把正要游荡到小溪对岸的坦西追了回来。之后她才静静坐到山杨树旁的阳光下，等着罗梅罗。

The sky was blue. Her little alp was soft and delicate as fairy-land. But beyond and up jutted the great slopes, dark with the pointed feathers of spruce, bristling with grey dead trees among grey rock, or dappled with dark and gold. The beautiful, but fierce, heavy cruel mountains, with their moments of tenderness.

天空是蓝色的。小山线条柔和、景致优美，仿佛仙境一般。但再往上便是突出来的巨大斜坡，它被云杉的羽状尖叶遮挡得黑森森一片。斜坡上灰色的岩石间布满灰色的枯树，或是点缀着深色的阴影和金色的阳光。这美丽、险峻、深邃、环境严酷的大山，也自有它亲切、温柔的时候。

She saw Tansy start, and begin to run. Two ghost-like figures on horseback emerged from the black of the spruce across the stream. It was two Indians on horseback, swathed like seated mummies in their pale-grey cotton blankets. Their guns jutted beyond the saddles. They rode straight towards her, to her thread of smoke.

她看见坦西受惊跑了起来。从溪流对面黑压压的云杉树丛里，钻出了两个鬼魅般的身影，骑在马背上。那是两个骑马的印第安人。他们裹着浅灰色的棉毯，就像木乃伊一样坐在马背上。他们的枪从马鞍后支了出来。他们径直朝她、朝她身边这缕青烟跑来。

As they came near, they unswathed themselves and greeted her,

looking at her curiously from their dark eyes. Their black hair was somewhat untidy, the long rolled plaits on their shoulders were soiled. They looked tired.

他们跑到近前，松开棉毯，向她问好，黑眼睛好奇地看着她。他们的黑头发有点乱糟糟的，肩上长长的卷辫子也脏兮兮的。他们看上去很疲惫。

They got down from their horses near her little fire—a camp was a camp—swathed their blankets round their hips, pulled the saddles from their ponies and turned them loose, then sat down. One was a young Indian whom she had met before, the other was an older man.

他们在她的小火堆旁下了马——营地再小也是个营地。他们把棉毯裹在腰部，卸下马鞍，放开马，然后坐了下来。有一个年轻的印第安人她以前曾经见过，另一个年纪则较大。

"You all alone?" said the younger man.

“你一个人吗？”年轻点的问道。

"Romero will be here in a minute," she said, glancing back along the trail.

“罗梅罗马上就到了。”她说，眼睛朝后面的小道扫了一眼。

"Ah, Romero! You with him? Where are you going?"

“哦，罗梅罗！你和他同行？你们这是去哪儿？”

"Round the ridge," she said. "Where are you going?"

“翻过这座山，”她说，“你们要去哪儿？”

"We going down to Pueblo."

“我们下山去普韦布洛市。”

"Been out hunting? How long have you been out?"

“出来打猎吧？出来多久了？”

"Yes. Been out five days." The young Indian gave a little meaningless laugh.

“是的。已经出来五天了。”年轻的印第安人干笑了几声。

"Got anything?"

“打到什么了吗？”

"No. We see tracks of two deer—but not got nothing.”

“没有。我们看见两头鹿的蹄印——不过什么也没打到。”

The Princess noticed a suspicious-looking bulk under one of the saddles—surely a folded-up deer. But she said nothing.

公主注意到，其中一个马鞍下有一大堆看起来很可疑的东西——准是一头包裹起来的鹿。不过她什么也没说。

"You must have been cold," she said.

“你们一定冻坏了吧？”她说。

"Yes, very cold in the night. And hungry. Got nothing to eat since yesterday. Eat it all up." And again he laughed his little meaningless laugh. Under their dark skins, the two men looked peaked and hungry. The Princess rummaged for food among the saddle-bags. There was a lump of bacon—the regular stand-back—and some bread. She gave them this, and they began toasting slices of it on long sticks at the fire. Such was the little camp Romero saw as he rode down the slope: the Princess in her orange breeches, her head tied in a blue-and-brown silk kerchief, sitting opposite the two dark-headed Indians across the camp-fire, while one of the Indians was leaning forward toasting bacon, his two plaits of braid-hair dangling as if wearily.

“是啊，夜里很冷。而且肚子很饿。我们从昨天起就饿着肚子。干粮都吃光了。”然后他又干笑了几声。从他们的黑脸上，看得出他们既憔悴又饥饿。公主在马鞍袋里翻找着食物。那里有一块熏肉——普通的后腿肉——和一些面包。她把吃的递给他们，他们便用长棍串起这些薄片，在火上烤了起来。当罗梅罗翻下斜坡时，他看到的小营地就是这样一番景象：公主穿着橘黄马裤，头上扎着一条蓝褐相间的丝巾，隔着篝火与两个黑头发的印第安人相对而坐。其中一个印第安人正倾着身子烤熏肉，两条辫子无精打采地垂了下来。

Romero rode up, his face expressionless. The Indians greeted him in Spanish. He unsaddled his horse, took food from the bags, and sat down at the camp to eat. The Princess went to the stream for water, and to wash her hands.

罗梅罗骑马走上前，面无表情。印第安人用西班牙语向他问好。他卸下马鞍，从马鞍袋里取出食物，在营地里坐下来吃。公主去小溪边取水，顺便洗了洗手。

"Got coffee?" asked the Indians.

“有咖啡吗？”印第安人问。

"No coffee this outfit," said Romero.

“这回没带。”罗梅罗说。

They lingered an hour or more in the warm midday sun. Then Romero saddled the horses. The Indians still squatted by the fire. Romero and the Princess rode away, calling Adios! to the Indians over the stream and into the dense spruce whence two strange figures had emerged.

他们在中午温暖的阳光下逗留了一个多小时。然后罗梅罗装上了马鞍。印第安人依然蹲坐在火边。罗梅罗和公主骑马走了，隔着小溪向他们说“再见！”，然后走进了那两个奇怪的身影刚才走出的那片茂密的云杉林。

When they were alone, Romero turned and looked at her curiously, in a way she could not understand, with such a hard glint in his eyes. And for the first time she wondered if she was rash.

就剩下他们两个时，罗梅罗回过头，异样地看着她，眼里有种十分严厉的神色，让她无法理解。这时，她才第一次想到，她这么做是否有些轻率。

"I hope you don't mind going alone with me," she said.

“我希望你不介意单独与我同行。”她说道。

"If you want it," he replied.

“只要你愿意就行。”他回答道。

They emerged at the foot of the great bare slope of rocky summit, where dead spruce trees stood sparse and bristling like bristles on a grey dead hog. Romero said the Mexicans, twenty years back, had fired the mountains, to drive out the whites. This grey concave slope of summit was corpse-like.

他们来到一个光秃秃的大斜坡下，上面的山顶满是岩石。山脚下稀疏地立着几棵枯死的云杉，像灰色的死猪身上竖着的鬃毛。罗梅罗说，二十年前墨西哥人把山烧了，想要把白人赶跑。山顶下这凹进去的灰色斜坡就像死尸一般。

The trail was almost invisible. Romero watched for the trees which the Forest Service had blazed. And they climbed the stark corpse slope, among dead spruce, fallen and ash-grey, into the wind. The wind came rushing from the west, up the funnel of the canyon, from the desert. And there was the desert, like a vast mirage tilting slowly upwards towards the west, immense and pallid, away beyond the funnel of the canyon. The Princess could hardly look.

这条山道几乎看不清楚。罗梅罗留意着护林人在树皮上刻的路标。他们迎着风，穿行在倒下的灰色死云杉中，攀登那光秃秃的、尸体般的山坡。风从西边呼啸而至，顺着烟囱般的峡谷从荒漠上刮了过来。而荒漠就像巨大的海市蜃楼幻景，倾斜着慢慢向西升起来，浩瀚无边，苍茫一片，远远地就在烟囱状的峡谷的外面。公主几乎什么都看不见了。

For an hour their horses rushed the slope, hastening with a great working of the haunches upwards, and halting to breathe, scrambling again, and rowing their way up length by length, on the livid, slanting wall. While the wind blew like some vast machine.

他们的马花了一个小时爬那座陡坡。马儿腰身使劲，急切地向上跃，又不时地停下来喘口气，接着再爬，在那倾斜的青灰色石壁上一步一步地奋力向上攀登。而风就像某种巨大的机器一样使劲地吹着。

After an hour they were working their way on the incline, no longer forcing straight up. All was grey and dead around them; the horses picked their way over the silver-grey corpses of the spruce. But they were near the top, near the ridge.

一个小时后，他们开始走缓坡，不必再使劲地径直向上爬了。他们周围的景色一片灰暗，了无生气。马儿在银灰色、枯死的云杉枝干间自己找路前进。不过他们已经接近山顶和山脊了。

Even the horses made a rush for the last bit. They had worked round to a scrap of spruce forest near the very top. They hurried in, out of the huge, monstrous, mechanical wind, that whistled inhumanly and was palely cold. So, stepping through the dark screen of trees, they emerged over the crest.

就连马儿也冲刺着跑完了最后一段路。他们到了距离山顶非常近的一小片残余的云杉林里。他们赶快钻进树林里，好避开那恐怖的、吹个不停的大风。那风凛冽、呼啸、冷得刺骨。于是，他们穿过密不透光的黑暗树林，来到了山顶。

In front now was nothing but mountains, ponderous, massive, down-sitting mountains, in a huge and intricate knot, empty of life or soul. Under the bristling black feathers of spruce near-by lay patches of white snow. The lifeless valleys were concaves of rock and spruce, the rounded summits and the hog-backed summits of grey rock crowded one behind the other like some monstrous herd in arrest.

此时他们眼前只有山，气势磅礴、雄伟壮丽、拔地而起的大山。群山重峦叠嶂，却没有生命，也没有灵魂。在附近的云杉林那一簇簇黑色枝叶下，有一块块的白雪。在死气沉沉的凹谷里，到处是岩石和云杉。圆形的山顶和像猪的脊背般拱起的灰色山顶岩层层叠叠，宛如一群被捕获的巨大野兽。

It frightened the Princess, it was so inhuman. She had not thought it could be so inhuman, so, as it were, anti-life. And yet now one of her desires was fulfilled. She had seen it, the massive, gruesome, repellent core of the Rockies. She saw it there beneath her eyes, in its gigantic, heavy gruesomeness.

公主吓了一跳，这山竟如此野性。她没想到它竟会如此野性，野性到似乎站在了生命的对立面。不过，现在她的一个愿望得到了满足。她看到了落基山，看到了它的雄伟、森然、与世隔绝的中心地带。她把它辽阔、庄严、触目惊心的景观都看在眼里了。

And she wanted to go back. At this moment she wanted to turn

back. She had looked down into the intestinal knot of these mountains. She was frightened. She wanted to go back.

于是她想回去了。此时她想往回走了。她已经看到了下面群山之中的沟壑交错。她感到害怕了。她想回去。

But Romero was riding on, on the lee side of the spruce forest, above the concaves of the inner mountains. He turned round to her and pointed at the slope with a dark hand.

可是罗梅罗骑马继续向前走，沿着云杉林背风的一侧，走在山坳上面。他回过头看着她，伸出一只黝黑的手指着一座山坡。

"Here a miner has been trying for gold," he said. It was a grey scratched-out heap near a hole—like a great badger hole. And it looked quite fresh.

“有个采矿人曾想在这儿开采金子。”他说道。在一个洞口附近有个挖出来的灰色土堆——那洞就像一只巨大的獾洞。它看上去像刚刚挖的。

"Quite lately?" said the Princess.

“是最近的事？”公主问道。

"No, long ago—twenty, thirty years.” He had reined in his horse and was looking at the mountains. "Look!" he said. "There goes the Forest Service trail—along those ridges, on the top, way over there till it comes to Lucytown, where is the Goverment road. Lucytown在地名译名手册中查不到，取参考译文的译法。 We go down there—no trail—see behind that mountain—you see the top, no trees, and some grass?”

“不，是很久以前——二三十年前吧。”他勒住马，望着眼前的山峦。“看！”他说，“那就是护林人的小路——沿着那些山脊，翻过山顶，从那往前直通到卢西镇，镇上有政府修的公路。我们从那里下去——没有路——看那座山后面，你看那个山顶了吗，没有树，只有些草的那座？”

His arm was lifted, his brown hand pointing, his dark eyes piercing into the distance, as he sat on his black horse twisting round to her. Strange and ominous, only the demon of himself, he seemed to her. She was dazed and a little sick, at that height, and she could not see any more. Only she saw an eagle turning in the air beyond, and the light from the west showed the pattern on him underneath.

他坐在黑马上，朝她扭过身子，抬着一条胳膊，褐色的手指着前方，黑眼睛犀利地望着远处。在她看来，他样子有点古怪，阴森森的，只显露出魔鬼的一面。在那种高度，她感到头晕，还有点恶心。她看不下去了。不过她看见空中有只鹰在盘旋，西边的余辉将它的身影投在下面的大地上。

"Shall I ever be able to go so far?" asked the Princess faintly, petulantly.

“我还能走那么远吗？”公主虚弱而气急败坏地问道。

"Oh yes! All easy now. No more hard places."

“噢，可以！现在路都好走了。再没有难走的路了。”

They worked along the ridge, up and down, keeping on the lee side, the inner side, in the dark shadow. It was cold. Then the trail laddered up again, and they emerged on a narrow ridge-track, with the mountain slipping away enormously on either side. The Princess was afraid. For one moment she looked out, and saw the desert, the desert ridges, more desert, more blue ridges, shining pale and very vast, far below, vastly palely tilting to the western horizon. It was ethereal and terrifying in its gleaming, pale, half-burnished immensity, tilted at the west. She could not bear it. To the left was the ponderous, involved mass of mountains all kneeling heavily.

他们沿着山脊上上下下，在山的内侧，背风的一面、在幽暗的阴影中前行。天气非常冷。接着路又陡峭起来，他们走上一条狭窄的山脊小路，两边都是陡峭的悬崖。公主害怕了。有那么一刻她朝外看去，看到的只是荒漠和荒凉的山脊，以及更多的荒漠和更多蓝色的山脊。这些荒漠和山脊闪着苍白的光，无边无垠、苍茫辽阔，在她脚下很远的地方向西方的地平线倾斜着。辽阔的大地闪着光辉，苍白而近乎荒芜，向西方倾斜着，显得虚无飘渺，令人害怕。她受不了了。在她左边是巨大雄伟的重重山脉，气势恢宏。

She closed her eyes and let her consciousness evaporate away. The mare followed the trail. So on and on, in the wind again.

她闭上眼睛，让自己的意识消失。母马顺着山路走。他们就这样一直走，又走到了风中。

They turned their backs to the wind, facing inwards to the mountains. She thought they had left the trail; it was quite invisible.

他们转过身背对着风，脸向里朝着大山。她以为他们已经离开了山路；路很不好认。

"No," he said, lifting his hand and pointing. "Don't you see the blazed trees?"

“没有，”他说道，举起一只手指着，“你难道没有看到那些刻了记号的树吗？”

And making an effort of consciousness, she was able to perceive on a pale-grey dead spruce stem the old marks where an axe had chipped a piece away. But with the height, the cold, the wind, her brain was numb.

她努力打起精神，才在一棵灰白色的枯云杉的树干上看到了用斧子削去一小条树皮留下的陈旧记号。不过在这样的高度，这么寒冷的大风天，她的脑子都迟钝了。

They turned again and began to descend; he told her they had left the trail. The horses slithered in the loose stones, picking their way downward. It was afternoon, the sun stood obtrusive and gleaming in the lower heavens—about four o'clock. The horses went steadily, slowly, but obstinately onwards. The air was getting colder. They were in among the lumpish peaks and steep concave valleys. She was barely conscious at all of Romero.

他们又转了个弯，开始向下走；他告诉她，他们已经离开那条山路了。马儿在碎石上跌跌撞撞地找路向下走。正是下午，太阳垂在天边散发着余晖——大概已是四点钟了。马儿走得很稳，虽慢却很坚定地继续前进着。空气越发寒冷了。他们置身于一道道崇山峻岭和一座座险峻的凹谷之中。她几乎忘记了身边的罗梅罗。

He dismounted and came to help her from her saddle. She tottered, but would not betray her feebleness.

他跳下马，过来扶她下马。她踉踉跄跄地走着，不肯显露她的虚弱无力。

"We must slide down here," he said. "I can lead the horses."

“我们得从这里下去，”他说道，“我来牵这两匹马。”

They were on a ridge, and facing a steep bare slope of pallid, tawny mountain grass on which the western sun shone full. It was steep and concave. The Princess felt she might start slipping, and go down like a toboggan into the great hollow.

他们正在一个山脊上，面向一片只长着枯黄野草的光秃秃的陡坡。夕阳的余晖洒满整个山坡。山坡很陡，凹向山谷。公主觉得她就要滑下去了似的，像雪橇一样直滑到深深的谷底。

But she pulled herself together. Her eye blazed up again with excitement and determination. A wind rushed past her; she could hear the shriek of spruce trees far below. Bright spots came on her cheeks as her hair blew across. She looked a wild, fairy-like little thing.

不过她还是振作了起来。她眼中又闪耀着兴奋而坚决的光芒。一阵大风吹过；她听到从下面远远地传来云杉林海的涛声。风把她的头发吹乱了，她激动得面露红光。她看起来就像个狂野的小仙女。

"No," she said. "I will take my horse."

“不，”她说，“我来牵我的马。”

"Then mind she doesn't slip down on top of you," said Romero. And away he went, nimbly dropping down the pale, steep incline,

making from rock to rock, down the grass, and following any little slanting groove. His horse hopped and slithered after him, and sometimes stopped dead, with forefeet pressed back, refusing to go farther. He, below his horse, looked up and pulled the reins gently, and encouraged the creature. Then the horse once more dropped his forefeet with a jerk, and the descent continued.

“那你注意别让它滑下来压在你身上。”罗梅罗说道。然后他便走开了，灵活地滑下那苍白的陡坡，在石间跳来跳去，滑下草地，沿着倾斜的小凹槽走。他的马儿跟在后面，连跳带滑，时而一动不动地站住，前腿往回缩，不肯再走了。在马儿下方的他便会抬头看着马儿，轻扯着缰绳、鼓励它。然后马儿便会又落下前腿，轻轻一跃，继续往下走。

The Princess set off in blind, reckless pursuit, tottering and yet nimble. And Romero, looking constantly back to see how she was faring, saw her fluttering down like some queer little bird, her orange breeches twinkling like the legs of some duck, and her head, tied in the blue and buff kerchief, bound round and round like the head of some blue-topped bird. The sorrel mare rocked and slipped behind her. But down came the Princess in a reckless intensity, a tiny, vivid spot on the great hollow flank of the tawny mountain. So tiny! Tiny as a frail bird's egg. It made Romero's mind go blank with wonder.

公主盲目地出发了，大胆地跟着走，尽管踉踉跄跄，却也还灵活。而罗梅罗不时回头看她进展如何。只见公主像只古怪的小鸟一样飘下来，橘黄色的马裤像鸭腿似的一晃一晃的。她头上绑着蓝褐相间的头巾，跳来跳去的，像只头上长着蓝色羽毛的小鸟。栗色母马摇摇摆摆、踉踉跄跄地跟在她后面。不过公主仍不顾一切地径直向下冲，在黄褐色大山凹陷的侧翼中，像个灵活的小黑点。那么小！小得就像一颗易碎的鸟蛋。这让罗梅罗惊呆了。

But they had to get down, out of that cold and dragging wind. The spruce trees stood below, where a tiny stream emerged in stones. Away plunged Romero, zigzagging down. And away behind, up the slope, fluttered the tiny, bright-coloured Princess, holding the end of the long reins, and leading the lumbering, four-footed, sliding mare.

不过他们必须得下山去，因为山上的风太冷、太大了。下面是云杉树，一条小溪从石缝间流过。罗梅罗沿之字形向下猛冲了很远。娇小、衣着鲜亮的公主跟在后面，从斜坡上飘下来。她牵着长长缰绳的末端，拉着笨拙、四蹄打滑的母马。

At last they were down. Romero sat in the sun, below the wind, beside some squaw-berry bushes. The Princess came near, the colour flaming in her cheeks, her eyes dark blue, much darker than the kerchief on her head, and glowing unnaturally.

他们终于下来了。罗梅罗坐在阳光下背风的地方，旁边是一丛浆果

灌木。公主走上前，脸上红扑扑的，深蓝的眼睛比她头上的绸巾还要蓝得多，发出异样的光彩。

"We make it," said Romero.

“我们终于下来了。”罗梅罗说道。

"Yes," said the Princess, dropping the reins and subsiding on to the grass, unable to speak, unable to think.

“是啊。”公主说道，扔下缰绳往草地上一坐，累得没法说话、没法思考了。

But, thank heaven, they were out of the wind and in the sun.

不过谢天谢地，他们总算走出了风口，到了阳光下。

In a few minutes her consciousness and her control began to come back. She drank a little water. Romero was attending to the saddles. Then they set off again, leading the horses still a little farther down the tiny stream-bed. Then they could mount.

过了一会儿，她开始慢慢恢复知觉，也能活动身体了。她喝了点水。罗梅罗则在整理马鞍。然后他们又出发了，牵着马沿着小河床又走了一段。之后他们才骑马前行。

They rode down a bank and into a valley grove dense with aspens. Winding through the thin, crowding, pale-smooth stems, the sun shone flickering beyond them, and the disc-like aspen leaves, waving queer mechanical signals, seemed to be splashing the gold light before her eyes. She rode on in a splashing dazzle of gold.

他们骑马沿一条河岸下行，进了一处长着茂密山杨树林的峡谷。他们在那些纤细、密密麻麻、苍白而又光滑的树干间蜿蜒穿行。太阳在他们头顶照耀，溜圆的山杨叶子摇曳着，像在发射奇怪的机械信号，似乎在公主眼前洒下了点点金光。她就在一片耀眼的金光中骑马前进。

Then they entered shadow and the dark, resinous spruce trees. The fierce boughs always wanted to sweep her off her horse. She had to twist and squirm past.

接着，他们进入了背阴处，到了幽暗、树脂味十足的云杉林里。讨厌的大树枝总是想把她扫下马去。她不得不扭动身子穿过去。

But there was a semblance of an old trail. And all at once they emerged in the sun on the edge of the spruce grove, and there was a little cabin, and the bottom of a small, naked valley with grey rock and heaps of stones, and a round pool of intense green water, dark green. The sun was just about to leave it.

不过那儿看起来有一条古老的山路。一下子，他们就从云杉林边缘钻了出来，走到了阳光下。只见一座小木屋坐落在一个光秃秃的小山谷

底部，山谷里到处是灰岩石和成堆的石头，还有一个圆形水池，池水墨绿墨绿的。阳光正要从水面消失。

Indeed, as she stood, the shadow came over the cabin and over herself; they were in the lower gloom, a twilight. Above, the heights still blazed.

确实，就当她站在那儿的时候，阴影便笼罩了小屋，也笼罩了她自己；他们在一片低地的阴影之中，周围暮色四合。而上面，山顶上依旧阳光明媚。

It was a little hole of a cabin, near the spruce trees, with an earthen floor and an unhinged door. There was a wooden bed-bunk, three old sawn-off log-lengths to sit on as stools, and a sort of fireplace; no room for anything else. The little hole would hardly contain two people. The roof had gone—but Romero had laid on thick spruce boughs.

木屋在云杉林旁边，就像个小洞窟，泥土地面，门没上铰链。屋里有一张木板床，三截锯开的旧圆木墩子当凳子坐，还有一个类似壁炉的地方。此外就再没有空间放什么别的了。这洞窟太小了，几乎容不下两个人。屋顶早没了——但罗梅罗在上面厚厚地铺了层云杉的大树枝。

The strange squalor of the primitive forest pervaded the place, the squalor of animals and their droppings, the squalor of the wild. The Princess knew the peculiar repulsiveness of it. She was tired and faint.

这地方弥漫着原始森林的怪味，那是股动物身上的味道和粪便的味道，一种野性的味道。公主熟悉这股特殊的、恶心的气味。她很疲惫，又觉得头晕晕的。

Romero hastily got a handful of twigs, set a little fire going in the stove grate, and went out to attend to the horses. The Princess vaguely, mechanically, put sticks on the fire, in a sort of stupor, watching the blaze, stupefied and fascinated. She could not make much fire—it would set the whole cabin alight. And smoke oozed out of the dilapidated mud-and-stone chimney.

罗梅罗急急忙忙抱了一把细树枝来，在壁炉里升了一小堆火，然后又出去照料马儿。公主茫然、机械地把枯枝放到火上，怔怔地望着火苗发呆，仿佛入迷了。她不能把火生得太大——那样会把整个小屋烧着的。烟从破损的、糊着泥巴的石砌烟囱中冒了出去。

When Romero came in with the saddle-pouches and saddles, hanging the saddles on the wall, there sat the little Princess on her stump of wood in front of the dilapidated fire-grate, warming her tiny hands at the blaze, while her oranges breeches glowed almost like another fire. She was in a sort of stupor.

罗梅罗扛着马鞍袋和马鞍走进来，把马鞍挂在墙上。小公主坐在微

弱的炉火前的木墩上，就着火烤着小手。她的橘黄色马裤亮得就像另一团火。她有些恍惚。

"You have some whisky now, or some tea? Or wait for some soup?" he asked.

“你现在想喝点威士忌，还是茶？或者等一会儿喝汤？”他问。

She rose and looked at him with bright, dazed eyes, half comprehending; the colour glowing hectic in her cheeks.

公主站起来，亮晶晶的眼睛茫然地看着他，好像似懂非懂；她的面颊红得滚烫。

"Some tea," she said, "with a little whisky in it. Where's the kettle?"

“喝点茶，”她说，“里面加点威士忌。水壶在哪儿？”

"Wait," he said. "I'll bring the things."

“等一下，”他说，“我去取。”

She took her cloak from the back of her saddle, and followed him into the open. It was a deep cup of shadow. But above the sky was still shining, and the heights of the mountains were blazing with aspen like fire blazing.

她从马鞍后面取出她的披风，跟着他来到了户外。四下里十分阴暗。可是，上面的天空依然阳光灿烂，山顶闪闪发光，顶上的山杨就像火苗在燃烧。

Their horses were cropping the grass among the stones. Romero clambered up a heap of grey stones and began lifting away logs and rocks, till he had opened the mouth of one of the miner's little old workings. This was his cache. He brought out bundles of blankets, pans for cooking, a little petrol camp-stove, an axe, the regular camp outfit. He seemed so quick and energetic and full of force. This quick force dismayed the Princess a little.

他们的马儿在乱石间啃着草。罗梅罗爬上一个灰石堆，把盖在上面的原木和石块挪开，直到他打开一个采矿人挖的、窄窄的旧巷道口。这是他的贮藏室。他取出几条毯子、做饭用的平底锅、一只很小的汽油野营炉、一把斧子和其他常用的野营用具。他看上去动作灵敏、精力充沛又富有力量。他迅速恢复的体力让公主有些诧异。

She took a saucepan and went down the stones to the water. It was very still and mysterious, and of a deep green colour, yet pure, transparent as glass. How cold the place was! How mysterious and fearful.

她拿起一只长柄锅，走下石堆，来到水边。水面非常平静、神秘，

湖水呈深绿色，但却像玻璃一样清澈、透明。这地方多冷啊！又是多么的神秘可怕。

She crouched in her dark cloak by the water, rinsing the saucepan, feeling the cold heavy above her, the shadow like a vast weight upon her, bowing her down. The sun was leaving the mountain-tops, departing, leaving her under profound shadow. Soon it would crush her down completely.

她穿着黑披风在水边蹲下来，开始冲洗长柄锅。她感到寒气很重，阴影像巨大的重担压下来，要把她压弯了。阳光正从山顶消退，把她留在浓重的阴影之中。很快黑暗就会把她完全压垮。

Sparks? Or eyes looking at her across the water? She gazed, hypnotised. And with her sharp eyes she made out in the dusk the pale form of a bob-cat crouching by the water's edge, pale as the stones among which it crouched, opposite. And it was watching her with cold, electric eyes of strange intentness, a sort of cold, icy wonder and fearlessness. She saw its museau pushed forward, its tufted ears pricking intensely up. It was watching her with cold, animal curiosity, something demonish and conscienceless.

是火花吗？还是一双眼睛越过水面在看着她？她凝视着，精神恍惚。在黄昏里，她目光锐利地辨认出那是一只野猫伏在水边，淡淡的身影和对岸它潜伏其中的石头一样苍白。它用一双冷酷的、仿佛带电的眼睛目不转睛地盯着她，带着股冷冰冰的好奇，且毫不畏惧。她看见它的口鼻向前伸着，毛茸茸的耳朵竖得直直的。它带着冷静的、动物特有的好奇打量着她，有点像魔鬼般肆无忌惮。

She made a swift movement, spilling her water. And in a flash the creature was gone, leaping like a cat that is escaping; but strange and soft in its motion, with its little bob-tail. Rather fascinating. Yet that cold, intent, demonish watching! She shivered with cold and fear. She knew well enough the dread and repulsiveness of the wild.

她惊得猛一抬手，把水都泼了出来。野猫一转眼就不见了，它逃得飞快，但动作却奇特而轻柔，还晃着条小尾巴。真是非常迷人。可是，那冰冷、专注、魔鬼般的目光却实在让人不寒而栗！公主因为寒冷和恐惧战栗起来。她十分清楚这荒野的可怕和可憎之处。

Romero carried in the bundles of bedding and the camp outfit. The windowless cabin was already dark inside. He lit a lantern, and then went out again with the axe. She heard him chopping wood as she fed sticks to the fire under her water. When he came in with an armful of oak-scrub faggots, she had just thrown the tea into the water.

罗梅罗把铺盖和野营用品搬进了屋里。没有窗户的小屋里早已一片漆黑。他点亮提灯，然后又拿着斧子走了出去。炉子上烧着水，她往火

里加柴的时候，听到了他劈木头的声音。当他抱着一大捆橡木劈柴走进来的时候，她刚往水里放了茶叶。

"Sit down," she said, "and drink tea."

“来坐下吧，”她招呼道，“喝点茶吧。”

He poured a little bootleg whisky into the enamel cups, and in the silence the two sat on the log-ends, sipping the hot liquid and coughing occasionally from the smoke.

他往搪瓷杯里倒了一点私酿威士忌。静默中，两人坐在木墩上小口啜着热茶，偶尔被烟呛得咳了几声。

"We burn these oak sticks," he said. "They don't make hardly any smoke."

“我们烧这些橡木枝吧，”他说道，“这些柴几乎没烟。”

Curious and remote he was, saying nothing except what had to be said. And she, for her part, was as remote from him. They seemed far, far apart, worlds apart, now they were so near.

他神情古怪，表现得很冷淡，除了必须说的话，一句都不多说。而她这边对他也一样冷漠。他们看起来距离非常遥远，好似分隔在两个世界，而此时他们却坐得如此贴近。

He unwrapped one bundle of bedding, and spread the blankets and the sheepskin in the wooden bunk.

他打开一床铺盖，把毛毯和羊皮铺在木板床上。

"You lie down and rest," he said, "and I make the supper."

“你躺下休息吧，”他说，“我来做晚饭。”

She decided to do so. Wrapping her cloak round her, she lay down in the bunk, turning her face to the wall. She could hear him preparing supper over the little petrol stove. Soon she could smell the soup he was heating; and soon she heard the hissing of fried chicken in a pan.

她决定听他的。她用披风裹紧身子，在床上躺了下来，转过脸对着墙壁。她能听到他在小汽油炉上做晚饭。不一会儿，她就闻到了他炖的汤的香味；又过了一会儿，她听到了锅里的炸鸡发出的嘶嘶声。

"You eat your supper now?" he said.

“现在就吃晚饭吗？”他说道。

With a jerky, despairing movement, she sat up in the bunk, tossing back her hair. She felt cornered.

她绝望地从床上猛地坐起来，把头发甩到后面。她感到走投无路了。

"Give it me here," she said.

“端过来给我吧。”她说道。

He handed her first the cupful of soup. She sat among the blankets, eating it slowly. She was hungry. Then he gave her an enamel plate with pieces of fried chicken and currant jelly, butter and bread. It was very good. As they ate the chicken he made the coffee. She said never a word. A certain resentment filled her. She was cornered.

他先递给她一满杯汤。她裹着毛毯坐着，慢慢喝着汤。她饿坏了。接着，他递给她一只搪瓷盘，上面放着炸鸡块、醋栗果冻、黄油和面包。食物非常美味。他们吃鸡时，他还煮着咖啡。她一句话都没说。她感到有些愤恨。她被逼到绝境了。

When supper was over he washed the dishes, dried them, and put everything away carefully, else there would have been no room to move in the hole of a cabin. The oak-wood gave out a good bright heat.

吃完晚饭，他把盘子洗好、擦干，把东西都小心地收好。不然的话，这小屋里就连动一动的空间都没了。橡木燃烧着，散发出明亮的光和源源不断的热量。

He stood for a few moments at a loss. Then he asked her:

他不知所措地站了一会儿。然后，他问她：

"You want to go to bed soon?"

“你这就想睡了吗？”

"Soon," she said. "Where are you going to sleep?"

“马上睡，”她说道，“你去哪儿睡？”

"I make my bed here—" he pointed to the floor along the wall. "Too cold out of doors."

“我在这打个地铺——”他指着靠墙的地板，“外面实在太冷了。”

"Yes," she said. "I suppose it is."

“是的，”她说，“我想是的。”

She sat immobile, her cheeks hot, full of conflicting thoughts. And she watched him while he folded the blankets on the floor, a sheepskin underneath. Then she went out into night.

她坐着一动不动，脸颊发烫，心里矛盾重重。她看他先在下面垫了一张羊皮，然后把毯子铺在地上。然后她走到了屋外的夜色之中。

The stars were big. Mars sat on the edge of a mountain, for all the world like the blazing eye of a crouching mountain lion. But she

herself was deep, deep below in a pit of shadow. In the intense silence she seemed to hear the spruce forest crackling with electricity and cold. Strange, foreign stars floated on that unmoving water. The night was going to freeze. Over the hills came the far sobbing-singing howling of the coyotes. She wondered how the horses would be.

星星非常明亮。火星挂在山巅，活像大山这头踞伏的狮子那闪闪发光的眼睛。但她自己却深陷于幽暗的深谷之中。一片死寂中，她仿佛听到云杉树林因带电和结冰而啪啪作响。陌生、遥远的星星仿佛漂浮在那片一动不动的水面上。今晚肯定要结冰了。从山那边远远地传来了幼狼悲泣哀鸣般的嗥叫。她在想马儿将如何过夜。

Shuddering a little, she turned to the cabin. Warm light showed through its chinks. She pushed at the rickety, half-opened door.

她冷得有点哆嗦，便转身回屋了。墙壁的裂缝里射出温暖的光。她推开摇摇晃晃的、半掩着的门。

"What about the horses?" she said.

“这些马儿怎么过夜？”她问道。

"My black, he won't go away. And your mare will stay with him. You want to go to bed now?"

“我那匹黑马不会走远的。而你的母马会和它呆在一起。你想现在就睡吗？”

"I think I do."

“我想是的。”

"All right. I feed the horses some oats."

“那好。我去给马喂点燕麦。”

And he went out into the night.

然后他便出去，走入了夜色中。

He did not come back for some time. She was lying wrapped up tight in the bunk.

过了一阵他才回来。公主身上紧紧地裹着毯子，躺在床上。

He blew out the lantern, and sat down on his bedding to take off his clothes. She lay with her back turned. And soon, in the silence, she was asleep.

他把提灯吹灭，坐在他的铺上脱衣服。公主背冲着他躺着。不久，万籁俱寂，她睡着了。

She dreamed it was snowing, and the snow was falling on her through the roof, softly, softly, helplessly, and she was going to be buried alive. She was growing colder and colder, the snow was

weighing down on her. The snow was going to absorb her.

公主梦见外面下起了雪，雪花穿过屋顶，轻轻、轻轻地，又无助地飘落到她的身上，她就要被雪活埋了。她觉得越来越冷，雪朝她压下来。雪就要把她融化了。

She awoke with a sudden convulsion, like pain. She was really very cold; perhaps the heavy blankets had numbed her. Her heart seemed unable to beat, she felt she could not move.

她突然在一阵像是疼痛般的惊厥中醒来。她的确非常冷；也许是沉重的毛毯把她压得麻木了。她的心脏好像跳不动了，她觉得自己动弹不得。

With another convulsion she sat up. It was intensely dark. There was not even a spark of fire, the light wood had burned right away. She sat in thick oblivious darkness. Only through a chink she could see a star.

又是一阵痉挛，她坐了起来。屋里一片漆黑。炉里甚至没有一点火星，柴早烧光了。她坐在浓重、无声无息的黑暗之中。她只能透过墙上的裂缝看到一颗星星。

What did she want? Oh, what did she want? She sat in bed and rocked herself woefully. She could hear the steady breathing of the sleeping man. She was shivering with cold; her heart seemed as if it could not beat. She wanted warmth, protection, she wanted to be taken away from herself. And at the same time, perhaps more deeply than anything, she wanted to keep herself intact, intact, untouched, that no one should have any power over her, or rights to her. It was a wild necessity in her that no one, particularly no man, should have any rights or power over her, that no one and nothing should possess her.

她想要什么？噢，她想要什么呢？她坐在床上，悲伤地摇晃着身体。她听到了睡着的罗梅罗那均匀的呼吸声。她冻得直哆嗦；心脏似乎都无法跳动了。她想要温暖、需要呵护，她想从此情此景中逃离。而同时，她又想要保持自己绝对贞洁、毫发无损，这种意愿也许比其他任何意愿都更加强烈。没人有力量支配她或是有权利占有她。这是她内心一种狂热的需要。没有人、尤其是男人，可以有权利或力量支配她，没有任何人、任何东西可以占有她。

Yet that other thing! And she was so cold, so shivering, and her heart could not beat. Oh, would not someone help her heart to beat?

可是那件事呢！她是那么冷，冷得直打哆嗦，冷得心脏都无法跳动了。唉，难道没人能帮她的心脏恢复跳动吗？

She tried to speak, and could not. Then she cleared her throat.

她想说话，可是说不出来。然后她清了清嗓子。

"Romero," she said strangely, "it is so cold."

“罗梅罗，”她声音怪怪地说，“这儿好冷啊。”

Where did her voice come from, and whose voice was it, in the dark?

她的声音是从哪儿发出来的？黑暗中是谁的声音？

She heard him at once sit up, and his voice, startled, with a resonance that seemed to vibrate against her, saying:

她听见他立刻坐了起来，说话声音中透出意外，带着一种仿佛能让她颤动的共鸣，他说道：

"You want me to make you warm?"

“你要我给你暖和身子吗？”

"Yes."

“是的。”

As soon as he had lifted her in his arms, she wanted to scream to him not to touch her. She stiffened herself. Yet she was dumb.

他刚一把她抱在怀里，她便立刻想冲他尖叫，叫他别碰自己。她绷起身子。可是她说不出话来。

And he was warm, but with a terrible animal warmth that seemed to annihilate her. He panted like an animal with desire. And she was given over to this thing.

他的身体很温暖，但带着一种可怕的、动物的热度，仿佛要把她吞噬了。他像一头发情的动物一样喘着粗气。于是她向他的欲望屈服了。

She had never, never wanted to be given over to this. But she had willed that it should happen to her. And according to her will, she lay and let it happen. But she never wanted it. She never wanted to be thus assailed and handled, and mauled. She wanted to keep herself to herself.

她从没、从没想过会屈服于这种欲望。可是她希望这事也能发生在自己身上。于是她按照自己的意愿躺下来，让一切顺其自然地发生了。可她从没主动要求过这种事。她从没想过会受到这样的骚扰、摆布和伤害。她想把自己留给自己。

However, she had willed it to happen, and it had happened. She panted with relief when it was over.

然而她希望这种事情发生，而且事情也的确发生了。事情结束的时候，她舒了一口气。

Yet even now she had to lie within the hard, powerful clasp of this other creature, this man. She dreaded to struggle to go away. She

dreaded almost too much the icy cold of that other bunk.

可她甚至现在还依然不得不躺在这个人、这个男人强有力的怀抱里。她不敢挣脱出来。她太害怕她床上的冰冷了。

"Do you want to go away from me?" asked his strange voice. Oh, if it could only have been a thousand miles away from her! Yet she had willed to have it thus close.

“你想离开我吗？”他声音怪怪地问。唉，要是他离她有一千英里该多好啊！可是她想要离他这么近。

"No," she said.

“不。”她答道。

And she could feel a curious joy and pride surging up again in him: at her expense. Because he had got her. She felt like a victim there. And he was exulting in his power over her, his possession, his pleasure.

她能够感到一种奇特的喜悦和骄傲又在他心中高涨起来：以她受伤害为代价。因为他占有了她。她觉得自己就像个受害者。而他在为有力量控制她、占有她、得到享受而感到满心欢喜。

When dawn came, he was fast asleep. She sat up suddenly.

黎明时分，他睡得很沉。她突然坐了起来。

"I want a fire," she said.

“我要生火。”她说。

He opened his brown eyes wide, and smiled with a curious tender luxuriousness.

他睁大棕色的眼睛，带着异样的亲切和放肆的神情笑了。

"I want you to make a fire," she said.

“我要你去生火。”她说道。

He glanced at the chinks of light. His brown face hardened to the day.

他瞥了一眼从墙壁的缝隙里透进来的光线。天一亮，他褐色的脸立即显得坚毅起来。

"All right," he said. "I'll make it."

“好的，”他说，“我来生火。”

She did her face while he dressed. She could not bear to look at him. He was so suffused with pride and luxury. She hid her face almost in despair. But feeling the cold blast of air as he opened the door, she wriggled down into the warm place where he had been.

How soon the warmth ebbed, when he had gone!

他穿衣的时候，她掩上了脸。她没法看他。他脸上充满骄傲、放纵的神气。她近乎绝望地把脸藏起来。但他打开门时，她感到寒气扑面而来，便赶忙挪到他刚才睡过的带热气的地方。他走后，热气这么快就消散了！

He made a fire and went out, returning after a while with water.

他生好火，走了出去，过了一会儿端着水回来了。

"You stay in bed till the sun comes," he said. "It very cold."

“你躺着吧，等太阳出来再起床，”他说道，“现在非常冷。”

"Hand me my cloak."

“把我的披风拿过来。”

She wrapped the cloak fast round her, and sat up among the blankets. The warmth was already spreading from the fire.

她快速地用披风裹紧身子，围着毯子坐了起来。炉火开始散发热量了。

"I suppose we will start back as soon as we've had breakfast?"

“我想，我们一吃过早饭就回去吧？”

He was crouching at his camp-stove making scrambled eggs. He looked up suddenly, transfixed, and his brown eyes, so soft and luxuriously widened, looked straight at her.

他正蹲在野营炉边煎鸡蛋。他猛地抬起头，呆住了。他那温柔的、带着骄纵神情的棕色眼睛睁得很大，直视着她。

"You want to?" he said.

“你想回去？”他问道。

"We'd better get back as soon as possible," she said, turning aside from his eyes.

“我们最好尽快回去。”她说道，避开了他的眼光。

"You want to get away from me?" he asked, repeating the question of the night in a sort of dread.

“你想离开我吗？”他有点不安地重复着夜里问过的问题。

"I want to get away from here," she said decisively. And it was true. She wanted supremely to get away, back to the world of people.

“我想离开这里。”她坚决地说。她说的是实话。她非常想离开这里，回到人群中去。

He rose slowly to his feet, holding the aluminium frying-pan.

他慢慢站了起来，手里握着长柄铝锅。

"Don't you like last night?" he asked.

“你不喜欢昨晚的事？”他问道。

"Not really," she said. "Why? Do you?"

“不怎么喜欢，”她说，“为什么这么问？你喜欢？”

He put down the frying-pan and stood staring at the wall. She could see she had given him a cruel blow. But she did not relent. She was getting her own back. She wanted to regain possession of all herself, and in some mysterious way she felt that he possessed some part of her still.

他放下了锅，站着，盯着墙壁。她明白她残酷地打击了他。但她没有心软。她是在报复。她想重新获得完整的自己，而且她有种莫名其妙的感觉，就是他还占有着她的一部分。

He looked round at her slowly, his face greyish and heavy.

他慢慢地转过脸望着她，脸色灰暗而凝重。

"You Americans," he said, "you always want to do a man down."

“你们美国佬，”他说道，“你们总是爱批评人。”

"I am not American," she said. "I am British. And I don't want to do any man down. I only want to go back now."

“我不是美国人，”她说道，“我是英国人。而且我不想批评任何人。我现在只是想回去。”

"And what will you say about me, down there?"

“那么，你下山之后会怎么说我呢？”

"That you were very kind to me, and very good."

“说你对我非常友善，非常好。”

He crouched down again, and went on turning the eggs. He gave her her plate, and her coffee, and sat down to his own food.

他又蹲下身，继续翻着煎蛋。他把她的盘子、她的咖啡递给她，自己也坐下来吃饭。

But again he seemed not to be able to swallow. He looked up at her.

可是他看起来似乎吃不下。他抬头看着她。

"You don't like last night?" he asked.

“你不喜欢昨晚那事吗？”他问道。

"Not really," she said, though with some difficulty. "I don't care

for that kind of thing."

“不怎么喜欢，”她说道，尽管有点为难，“我对这种事不太上心。”

A blank sort of wonder spread over his face at these words, followed immediately by a black look of anger, and then a stony, sinister despair.

听到这些话，他脸上闪过茫然又惊愕的神情，继而他黑下脸来，显得怒气冲冲，接着又摆出了一副冷酷、阴险的绝望表情。

"You don't?" he said, looking her in the eyes.

“你不喜欢？”他说，直视着她的眼睛。

"Not really," she replied, looking back with steady hostility into his eyes.

“不太喜欢。”她答复道，带着股敌意坚定地回望着他。

Then a dark flame seemed to come from his face.

随后，他的脸上阴云密布。

"I make you," he said, as if to himself.

“我会让你喜欢的。”他说道，仿佛在自言自语。

He rose and reached her clothes, that hung on a peg: the fine linen underwear, the orange breeches, the fleecy jumper, the blue-and-bluff kerchief; then he took up her riding-boots and her bead moccasins. Crushing everything in his arms, he opened the door. Sitting up, she saw him stride down to the dark-green pool in the frozen shadow of that deep cup of a valley. He tossed the clothing and the boots out on the pool. Ice had formed. And on the pure, dark green mirror, in the slaty shadow, the Princess saw her things lying, the white linen, the orange breeches, the black boots, the blue moccasins, a tangled heap of colour. Romero picked up rocks and heaved them out at the ice, till the surface broke and the fluttering clothing disappeared in the rattling water, while the valley echoed and shouted again with the sound.

他站起身，伸手取下了她挂在木钉上的衣物：质地精良的亚麻内衣、橘黄色马裤、羊毛套衫和蓝褐色头巾；随后又拿起她的马靴和缀着珠子的便鞋。他把所有东西都塞在怀里，打开了门。公主坐起身，看见他大踏步走到了墨绿色的池塘边，那笼罩着幽深山谷的寒冷阴影中的水池。他把衣物和鞋子都朝水池扔了出去。水面已经结了冰。公主看见她的衣物被扔在了峡谷灰暗的阴影中那纯净、墨绿、镜子般的冰面上，她的白色亚麻内衣、橘黄马裤、黑马靴和蓝便鞋，各种颜色杂乱地堆积在了一起。罗梅罗搬起石头砸向冰面，直到冰面破了，衣物飘飘摇摇地在荡漾着的水里消失了，同时从山谷中传来了阵阵回声。

She sat in despair among the blankets, hugging tight her pale-blue cloak. Romero strode straight back to the cabin.

她绝望地坐在毯子里，紧紧地裹着浅蓝色的披风。罗梅罗大踏步地径直走回了小屋。

"Now you stay here with me," he said.

“现在你就跟我呆在这儿吧。”他说道。

She was furious. Her blue eyes met his. They were like two demons watching one another. In his face, beyond a sort of unrelieved gloom, was a demonish desire for death.

公主非常愤怒。她的蓝眼睛直视他的眼睛。他们像两个魔鬼似的对望着。他脸上除了毫无缓解的阴郁之色，就是一种魔鬼般的对死亡的渴望。

He saw her looking round the cabin, scheming. He saw her eyes on his rifle. He took the gun and went out with it. Returning, he pulled out her saddle, carried it to the tarn, and threw it in. Then he fetched his own saddle, and did the same.

他发现她在环顾小木屋，像在考虑着什么计划。他看出她在盯着自己的步枪。他把枪取下来，拿着走了出去。他又回来，拖出她的马鞍，拿到小湖边扔了进去。然后他拿走自己的马鞍，也扔了下去。

"Now will you go away?" he said, looking at her with a smile.

“现在你还要离开吗？”他微笑地望着她，说道。

She debated within herself whether to coax him and wheedle him. But she knew he was already beyond it. She sat among her blankets in a frozen sort of despair, hard as hard ice with anger.

她内心充满矛盾，想着要不要哄骗、诱惑他一下。不过她明白，他已经不吃这一套了。她坐在毯子中间，绝望透顶，心肠冷硬得像冰一样，带着怒气。

He did the chores, and disappeared with the gun. She got up in her blue pyjamas, huddled in her cloak, and stood in the doorway. The dark-green pool was motionless again, the stony slopes were pallid and frozen. Shadow still lay, like an after-death, deep in this valley. Always in the distance she saw the horses feeding. If she could catch one! The brilliant yellow sun was half-way down the mountain. It was nine o'clock.

他做完杂活，然后提着枪走了。她起了床，穿着蓝色的睡衣，紧紧裹着披风，站在门口。墨绿的池水又纹丝不动了，石坡上一片苍白，寒气逼人。阴影仍像幽灵一样笼罩在山谷深处。她总能看见马儿在远处吃草。她要能抓住一匹马就好了！金灿灿的太阳已经到了半山腰。九点钟了。

All day she was alone, and she was frightened. What she was frightened of she didn't know. Perhaps the crackling in the dark spruce wood. Perhaps just the savage, heartless wildness of the mountains. But all day she sat in the sun in the doorway of the cabin, watching, watching for hope. And all the time her bowels were cramped with fear.

一整天她都独自一人，心里很害怕。究竟怕什么，她自己也不知道。或许是害怕黑森森的云杉林中传出的声音。或许只是害怕大山的狂野、无情、荒凉。不过，一整天她都坐在小屋门口的阳光下，一直观望，等待机会。而她的肠胃一直因恐惧而痉挛着。

She saw a dark spot that probably was a bear, roving across the pale grassy slope in the far distance, in the sun.

她看见一个黑点，可能是头熊，在阳光下慢慢悠悠地在远处苍白的草坡上走过。

When, in the afternoon, she saw Romero approaching, with silent suddenness, carrying his gun and a dead deer, the cramp in her bowels relaxed, then became colder. She dreaded him with a cold dread.

下午，她看见罗梅罗突然不声不响地回来了，扛着枪和一头死鹿。她肠胃的痉挛消失了，取而代之的是一片冰冷。她对他带着股冷冰冰的惧意。

"There is deer-meat," he said, throwing the dead doe at her feet.

“有鹿肉吃了。”他说着把打死的母鹿扔到她脚下。

"You don't want to go away from here," he said. "This is a nice place."

“你不想离开这儿了吧，”他说道，“这可是个好地方。”

She shrank into the cabin.

她退缩到屋里。

"Come into the sun," he said, following her. She looked up at him with hostile, frightened eyes.

“到阳光里来。”他说着跟在她身后。她充满敌意又胆怯地抬头看着他。

"Come into the sun," he repeated, taking her gently by the arm, in a powerful grasp.

“到阳光这儿来。”他又说道，有力地握着她的胳膊，轻轻地拽着她。

She knew it was useless to rebel. Quietly he led her out, and seated himself in the doorway, holding her still by the arm.

她知道反抗也没用。他静静地领她出来，自己在门口坐下，仍拽着她的胳膊。

"In the sun it is warm," he said. "Look, this is a nice place. You are such a pretty white woman, why do you want to act mean to me? Isn't this a nice place? Come! Come here! It is sure warm here."

“在阳光下暖和些，”他说，“你看，这地方挺好。你真是个漂亮的白种女人，为什么要对我这么刻薄呢？难道这地方不好吗？来！到这儿来！这儿很暖和。”

He drew her to him, and in spite of her stony resistance, he took her cloak from her, holding her in her thin blue pyjamas.

他把公主拉到面前，不顾她冷冰冰的拒绝就把她的披风脱掉，抱着她只穿着薄薄蓝色睡衣的身体。

"You sure are a pretty little white woman, small and pretty," he said. "You sure won't act mean to me—you don't want to, I know you don't."

“你真是个漂亮的小白种女人，又小又可爱，”他说，“你肯定不会对我刻薄的——你不想这么做，我知道你不想。”

She, stony and powerless, had to submit to him. The sun shone on her white, delicate skin.

她无能为力，只得冷冷地顺从他。阳光照在她白皙、娇嫩的皮肤上。

"I sure don't mind hell fire," he said. "After this."

“我肯定不会害怕地狱之火了，”他说，“在这之后。”

A queer, luxurious good humour seemed to possess him again. But though outwardly she was powerless, inwardly she resisted him, absolutely and stonily.

他似乎一时来了兴致，古古怪怪的，情欲大发。她尽管表面上无力拒绝，内心却坚定而冷酷地拒绝了他。

When later he was leaving her again, she said to him suddenly:

等过了一会儿，他又放开她的时候，她突然对他说：

"You think you can conquer me this way. But you can't. You can never conquer me."

“你以为这样你就可以征服我了。但是你不能。你绝不可能征服我。”

He stood arrested, looking back at her, with many emotions conflicting in his face—wonder, surprise, a touch of horror, and an unconscious pain that crumpled his face till it was like a mask. Then

he went out without saying a word, hung the dead deer on a bough, and started to flay it. While he was at this butcher's work, the sun sank and cold night came on again.

他呆呆地站着，回头望着她，脸上露出种种复杂的表情——惊诧、意外、憎恶、潜意识的痛苦，这些表情将他的脸揉变了形，揉成了一张面具。随后，他一言不发地走了出去，把死鹿挂在一个树杈上，开始剥皮。就在他给鹿剥着皮时，太阳落山了，寒冷的夜晚又降临了。

"You see," he said to her as he crouched, cooking the supper, "I ain't going to let you go. I reckon you called to me in the night, and I've some right. If you want to fix it up right now with me, and say you want to be with me, we'll fix it up now and go down to the ranch to-morrow and get married or whatever you want. But you've got to say you want to be with me. Else I shall stay right here, till something happens."

“你瞧，”他蹲着做晚餐的时候对她说，“我不会放你走的。我想，晚上是你叫我的，所以我有理由。你如果现在就想与我和好，说你愿意和我在一起，那我们就没事了，明天就下山回牧场结婚，或者做任何你想做的事。但是你必须说你愿意和我在一起。否则我就呆在这儿，直到你答应为止。”

She waited a while before she answered:

她过了一会儿才答道：

"I don't want to be with anybody against my will. I don't dislike you; at least, I didn't, till you tried to put your will over mine. I won't have anybody's will put over me. You can't succeed. Nobody could. You can never get me under your will. And you won't have long to try, because soon they will send someone to look for me."

“我不想违背自己的意愿和任何人在一起。我不讨厌你；至少在你想把你的意愿强加给我之前是这样。我不会让任何人的意愿强加在我头上。你不会成功的。谁也不能。我决不会受你的支配。你也没多少时间尝试了，因为很快他们就会派人来找我的。”

He pondered this last, and she regretted having said it. Then, sombre, he bent to the cooking again.

他掂量着最后一句话，而公主也后悔不该这么说。随后，他又闷闷不乐地弯下身做饭了。

He could not conquer her, however much he violated her. Because her spirit was hard and flawless as a diamond. But he could shatter her. This she knew. Much more, and she would be shattered.

不论他怎么亵渎她，他都不能征服她。因为她的意志像钻石一样刚强、坚不可摧。但是他能毁坏她的身体。她知道这一点。她更清楚，她的身体迟早要被他摧毁的。

In a sombre, violent excess he tried to expend his desire for her. And she was racked with an agony, and felt each time she would die. Because, in some peculiar way, he had got hold of her, some unrealised part of her which she never wished to realise. Racked with a burning, tearing anguish, she felt that the thread of her being would break, and she would die. The burning heat that racked her inwardly.

他阴郁、放纵地对她施暴，想耗尽自己对她的欲望。而她则痛苦不堪，每一次都觉得自己要死了。因为，他以某种特殊的方式占有了她，占有了她从不希望发现也从未发现过的部分。她被火灼般、撕裂般的剧痛折磨着，感到自己的生命之线就要断了，她就要死了。那火灼般的剧痛让她内心非常痛苦。

If only, only she could be alone again, cool and intact! If only she could recover herself again, cool and intact! Would she ever, ever, ever be able to bear herself again?

要是、要是她再能一个人独处该多好啊，又冷静又完美无瑕！要是她能再恢复成以前的自己该多好，又冷静又完美无瑕！她的行为举止究竟还能否和从前一样呢？

Even now she did not hate him. It was beyond that. Like some racking, hot doom. Personally he hardly existed.

即使现在，她都不恨他。这超越了恨。她把这看成是充满折磨的、残酷的命运。而他个人几乎是不存在的。

The next day he would not let her have any fire, because of attracting attention with the smoke. It was a grey day, and she was cold. He stayed round, and heated soup on the petrol stove. She lay motionless in the blankets.

第二天，他不肯给她生火，因为他怕冒烟会引起注意。那是个阴天，她觉得很冷。他呆在一边，用汽油炉热汤。她躺在毯子里一动不动。

And in the afternoon she pulled the clothes over her head and broke into tears. She had never really cried in her life. He dragged the blankets away and looked to see what was shaking her. She sobbed in helpless hysterics. He covered her over again and went outside, looking at the mountains, where clouds were dragging and leaving a little snow. It was a violent, windy, horrible day, the evil of winter rushing down.

下午，她用衣服盖着头，突然哭了起来。她一生还没真正痛哭过。他掀开毯子，看她为什么颤抖。她无助地抽泣着，歇斯底里。他又把毯子给她盖上，走了出去，望着大山。云朵缓缓飘过，撒下星星点点的雪。这天狂风大作、十分可怕。严酷的冬天降临了。

She cried for hours. And after this a great silence came between

them. They were two people who had died. He did not touch her any more. In the night she lay and shivered like a dying dog. She felt that her very shivering would rupture something in her body, and she would die.

她哭了好几个钟头。之后，他们两人陷入了一片沉默之中。他们就像两个已经死了的人。他再也不碰她了。晚上，她躺着，浑身战栗，就像一条将死的狗。她觉得自己身体里的某些器官就要颤抖得断掉了，然后她就会死了。

At last she had to speak.

最后，她不得不开口了。

"Could you make a fire? I am so cold," she said, with chattering teeth.

“你能生堆火吗？我好冷。”她说，牙齿直打战。

"Want to come over here?" came his voice.

“想来这里吗？”他的声音传来。

"I would rather you made me a fire," she said, her teeth knocking together and chopping the words in two.

“我更希望你给我生堆火。”她说，牙齿不住地打战，两次才把话说完。

He got up and kindled a fire. At last the warmth spread, and she could sleep.

他爬起来生了堆火。最后，温暖蔓延开来，她能睡了。

The next day was still chilly, with some wind. But the sun shone. He went about in silence, with a dead-looking face. It was now so dreary and so like death she wished he would do anything rather than continue in this negation. If now he asked her to go down with him to the world and marry him, she would do it. What did it matter? Nothing mattered any more.

第二天依旧很冷，寒风冷冽。不过太阳高照。罗梅罗一声不响地走来走去，面如死灰。现在，一切都是那么枯燥乏味、了无生气，她反倒希望他能做点什么，只要不继续消沉就行。如果现在他要她下山嫁给他，她会的。那又有什么关系呢？一切都无关紧要了。

But he would not ask her. His desire was dead and heavy like ice within him. He kept watch around the house.

但他不再问了。他的欲望泯灭了，像冰块一样沉沉地埋在了心里。他总在小屋周围守望。

On the fourth day as she sat huddled in the doorway in the sun, hugged in a blanket, she saw two horsemen come over the crest of the

grassy slope—small figures. She gave a cry. He looked up quickly and saw the figures. The men had dismounted. They were looking for the trail.

第四天，当她裹着毯子，蜷缩着坐在门口的阳光里时，她看见两个骑着马的小小身影穿过草坡顶上走了过来。她大喊了一声。他立即抬头，也看到了那两个身影。那两个男人下了马。他们正在找路。

"They are looking for me," she said.

“他们是来找我的。”她说。

"Muy bien," he answered in Spanish.

“非常好。”他用西班牙语说道。

He went and fetched his gun, and sat with it across his knees.

他走过去抓起枪，把枪架在膝上坐了下来。

"Oh!" she said. "Don't shoot!"

“啊！”她说，“别开枪！”

He looked across at her.

他转过头望着她。

"Why?" he said. "You like staying with me?"

“为什么？”他问，“你愿意和我在一起？”

"No," she said. "But don't shoot."

“不，”她说，“但别开枪。”

"I ain't going to Pen," he said.

“我不会去坐牢的。”他说道。

"You won't have to go to Pen," she said. "Don't shoot!"

“你可以不用去坐牢，”她说道，“别开枪！”

"I'm going to shoot," he muttered.

“我要开枪。”他喃喃自语道。

And straightaway he kneeled and took very careful aim. The Princess sat on in an agony of helplessness and hopelessness.

他立即跪了下来，小心地瞄准。公主坐在那儿，束手无策，痛苦而又绝望。

The shot rang out. In an instant she saw one of the horses on the pale grassy slope rear and go rolling down. The man had dropped in the grass, and was invisible. The second man clambered on his horse, and on that precipitous place went at a gallop in a long swerve

towards the nearest spruce tree cover. Bang! Bang! went Romero's shots. But each time he missed, and the running horse leaped like a kangaroo towards cover.

枪声响了。公主立刻看到灰白的草坡上有一匹马扬起前蹄，翻了下去。骑马的人跌进草丛里，看不见了。第二个人伏在马背上，在那危险的地方突然大幅转向，朝着最近一棵能做掩护的云杉树策马疾驰。砰！砰！罗梅罗连开两枪。不过他一次都没打中，那匹奔跑的马儿就像袋鼠一样向藏身处跃了过去。

It was hidden. Romero now got behind a rock; tense silence, in the brilliant sunshine. The Princess sat on the bunk inside the cabin, crouching, paralysed. For hours, it seemed, Romero knelt behind this rock, in his black shirt, bare-headed, watching. He had a beautiful, alert figure. The Princess wondered why she did not feel sorry for him. But her spirit was hard and cold, her heart could not melt. Though now she would have called him to her, with love.

马藏起来了。这时，罗梅罗也躲到了石头后面。明媚的阳光下是一片紧张的寂静。公主坐在小屋里的木板床上，缩成一团，无法动弹。罗梅罗跪在石头后面，穿着黑衬衫，光着头，四处观望，好像已经跪了好几个小时。他身姿优美，动作敏捷。公主在想，为什么她不为他觉得难过。不过她的意志坚强、头脑冷静，她的心是不会软下来的。尽管现在她本该充满爱意地叫他过来。

But no, she did not love him. She would never love any man. Never! It was fixed and sealed in her, almost vindictively.

可是不，她不爱他。她决不会爱上任何男人。决不！这个念头扎根并深埋在了她的心里，几乎像一种惩罚似的。

Suddenly she was so startled she almost fell from the bunk. A shot rang out quite close from behind the cabin. Romero leaped straight into the air, his arms fell outstretched, turning as he leaped. And even while he was in the air, a second shot rang out, and he fell with a crash, squirming, his hands clutching the earth towards the cabin door.

突然，她吓了一跳，差点从床上掉下去。小屋后面很近的地方响了一枪。只见罗梅罗直直地跳了起来，双臂向外垂着，身体随着跳跃的动作在空中旋转着。甚至当他还没着地时，便又响了第二枪，他砰地倒在地上，双手紧抠着泥土朝屋门蠕动着。

The Princess sat absolutely motionless, transfixed, staring at the prostrate figure. In a few moments the figure of a man in the Forest Service appeared close to the house; a young man in a broad-brimmed Stetson hat, dark flannel shirt, and riding-boots, carrying a gun. He strode over to the prostrate figure.

公主怔怔地坐着，一动不动，盯着那具伏在地上的躯体。片刻之后，一个看林人的身影来到屋前；这是个年轻人，戴一顶宽边的斯泰森毡帽，穿着深色法兰绒衬衫，脚蹬马靴，提着一杆枪。他大步走到伏在地上的躯体前。

"Got you, Romero!" he said aloud. And he turned the dead man over. There was already a little pool of blood where Romero's breast had been.

“打中你了，罗梅罗！”他大声地说道。然后他把死人翻了过来。罗梅罗胸口着地的地方，已有了一小摊血。

"H'm!" said the Forest Service man. "Guess I got you nearer than I thought."

“嗬！”看林人说道，“比我自己想象的打得还准。”

And he squatted there, staring at the dead man.

他蹲在那儿，盯着死人出神。

The distant calling of his comrade aroused him. He stood up.

远处他同伴的喊声让他回过神。他站了起来。

"Hullo, Bill!" he shouted. "Yep! Got him! Yep! Done him in, apparently."

“嗨，比尔！”他喊道，“是的！我打中他了！对！把他打死了，很显然。”

The second man rode out of the forest on a grey horse. He had a ruddy, kind face, and round brown eyes, dilated with dismay.

另一个人骑着一匹灰马，从树林里跑了出来。他长着一张红润、和善的脸，一双褐色的圆眼睛惊愕地睁得大大的。

"He's not passed out?" he asked anxiously.

“他还没死吗？”他担心地问。

"Looks like it," said the first young man coolly.

“看着好像是。”第一个人冷静地说道。

The second dismounted and bent over the body. Then he stood up again, and nodded.

第二个人下马，俯身查看了一下尸体。随后他又站了起来，点点头。

"Yea-a!" he said. "He's done in all right. It's him all right, boy! It's Domingo Romero."

“是的！”他说，“他没命了。就是他，兄弟！他是多明戈·罗梅罗。”

"Yep! I know it!" replied the other.

“是的！我就知道！”另一个答道。

Then in perplexity he turned and looked into the cabin, where the Princess squatted, staring with big owl eyes from her red blanket.

接着，他不解地转身往小屋里看去，只见公主裹着红毯子蹲坐着，瞪着像猫头鹰眼睛般的一双大眼睛。

"Hello!" he said, coming towards the hut. And he took his hat off. Oh, the sense of ridicule she felt! Though he did not mean any.

“你好！”他说道，向着小屋走来。然后他摘下了帽子向她致意。哦，她有种被嘲弄的感觉！尽管他并没有这个意思。

But she could not speak, no matter what she felt.

可她无法说话，不管她感觉如何。

"What'd this man start firing for?" he asked.

“这个人为什么要开枪？”他问道。

She fumbled for words, with numb lips.

她蠕动着麻木的嘴唇，笨嘴拙舌地试图说点什么。

"He had gone out of his mind!" she said, with solemn, stammering conviction.

“他神志不清！”她郑重又结结巴巴地说道，很有说服力。

"Good Lord! You mean to say he'd gone out of his mind? Whew! That's pretty awful! That explains it then. H'm!"

“上帝啊！你的意思是说，他疯了？哎呀！这太恐怖了！这说明了一切。嗯！”

He accepted the explanation without more ado.

他立即接受了这个解释。

With some difficulty they succeeded in getting the Princess down to the ranch. But she, too, was not a little mad.

他们颇费了些力气才把公主带下山，送回牧场。可是她也神志不清得厉害。

"I'm not quite sure where I am," she said to Mrs. Wilkieson, as she lay in bed. "Do you mind explaining?"

“我不太明白我在哪里，”她躺在床上，对威尔基森太太说道，“你能给我解释一下吗？”

Mrs. Wilkieson explained tactfully.

威尔基森太太非常巧妙地解释了一下。

"Oh yes!" said the Princess. "I remember. And I had an accident in the mountains, didn't I? Didn't we meet a man who'd gone mad, and who shot my horse from under me?"

“哦，对呀！”公主说，“我想起来了。我在山上遇到了意外，对不对？我们是不是遇到了一个疯子，他开枪从下面把我的马打翻了，是吗？”

"Yes, you met a man who had gone out of his mind."

“是的，你遇到了一个疯子。”

The real affair was hushed up. The Princess departed east in a fortnight's time, in Miss Cummins's care. Apparently she had recovered herself entirely. She was the Princess, and a virgin intact.

真相就这样被掩盖了。过了不到两周，公主在卡明斯小姐的陪护下，出发去了东部。很明显，她已经完全康复了。她还是公主，还是一个完美无瑕的处女。

But her bobbed hair was grey at the temples, and her eyes were a little mad. She was slightly crazy.

不过她两鬓的短发已经灰白，眼神也有些疯癫了。她神经有点不正常了。

"Since my accident in the mountains, when a man went mad and shot my horse from under me, and my guide had to shoot him dead, I have never felt quite myself."

“自从我在山上遭遇了那场意外：一个疯男人从下面开枪把我身下的马打翻了，我的向导又不得不开枪把他打死了以后，我就总感觉身体不大对劲。”

So she put it.

她是这样说的。

Later, she married an elderly man, and seemed pleased.

后来，她嫁给了一个上了年纪的人，似乎满意了。

THE COLLECTION OF ANTIQUITIES

古物陈列室

（法）巴尔扎克 / 著

外语教学与研究出版社

Honoré de Balzac

The Collection of Antiquities

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巴尔扎克（法）著
范勤勇 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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The Collection of Antiquities

古物陈列室

There stands a house at a corner of a street, in the middle of a town, in one of the least important prefectures in France, but the name of the street and the name of the town must be suppressed here. Every one will appreciate the motives of this sage reticence demanded by convention; for if a writer takes upon himself the office of annalist of his own time, he is bound to touch on many sore subjects. The house was called the Hotel d'Esgrignon; but let d'Esgrignon be considered a mere fancy name, neither more nor less connected with real people than the conventional Belval, Floricour, or Derville of the stage, or the Adalberts and Mombreuses of romance. After all, the names of the principal characters will be quite as much disguised; for though in this history the chronicler would prefer to conceal the facts under a mass of contradictions, anachronisms, improbabilities, and absurdities, the truth will out in spite of him. You uproot a vine-stock, as you imagine, and the stem will send up lusty shoots after you have ploughed your vineyard over.

法国一座最最微不足道的省城中心的一个街角处有一栋房子，但笔者不得不将这条街道和这座城市的名称隐去。这种缄默符合社会礼节，大家都会理解这一明智之举的。因为，如果一个作家要为自己的时代做编年史，就不可避免地会触到许多令人伤痛的话题。这座房子名为德埃斯格里尼翁公馆。不过，还是把这一名称视为杜撰吧，它与现实生活中的人没什么关系，就像戏剧舞台上常见的贝尔瓦尔、弗罗里库尔、德维尔，或是小说中的阿达贝尔、蒙布勒兹一般。毕竟，书中主要人物的姓名也同样被更换了；因为，尽管历史上编年史家想用大量自相矛盾、颠倒时代的荒诞言论来掩盖真相。不过，无论如何，事实总会昭然若揭的。正如你想象的一样，一株葡萄藤被拔掉后，它剩下的根茎又会在犁过的葡萄园里长出茁壮的嫩芽来。

The "Hotel d'Esgrignon" was nothing more nor less than the house in which the old Marquis lived; or, in the style of ancient documents, Charles Marie Victor Ange Carol, Marquis d'Esgrignon. It was only an ordinary house, but the townspeople and tradesmen had begun by calling it the Hotel d'Esgrignon in jest, and ended after a score of years by giving it that name in earnest.

“德埃斯格里尼翁公馆”其实只是一位老侯爵的住所。根据古文件记载，这个老贵族的姓名是夏尔·马里·维克托·安热·卡罗尔，他被封为德埃斯格里尼翁侯爵。这只是栋平常的房子，市民们和商人最初叫它“德埃斯格里尼翁公馆”是出于嘲讽，结果二十几年后，人们就真用这个名字叫它

了。

The name of Carol, or Karawl, as the Thierrys would have spelt it, was glorious among the names of the most powerful chieftains of the Northmen who conquered Gaul and established the feudal system there. Never had Carol bent his head before King or Communes, the Church or Finance. Intrusted in the days of yore with the keeping of a French March, the title of marquis in their family meant no shadow of imaginary office; it had been a post of honor with duties to discharge. Their fief had always been their domain. Provincial nobles were they in every sense of the word; they might boast of an unbroken line of great descent; they had been neglected by the court for two hundred years; they were lords paramount in the estates of a province where the people looked up to them with superstitious awe, as to the image of the Holy Virgin that cures the toothache. The house of d'Esgrignon, buried in its remote border country, was preserved as the charred piles of one of Caesar's bridges are maintained intact in a river bed. For thirteen hundred years the daughters of the house had been married without a dowry or taken the veil; the younger sons of every generation had been content with their share of their mother's dower and gone forth to be captains or bishops; some had made a marriage at court; one cadet of the house became an admiral, a duke, and a peer of France, and died without issue. Never would the Marquis d'Esgrignon of the elder branch accept the title of duke.

卡罗尔(Carol)这个姓氏一定会被蒂埃里兄弟拼写成Karawl，而这原本是从前北欧最有权势的领袖之一的光荣姓氏。当年北欧人南下征服了高卢，在这里建立起了封建制度。卡罗尔家族从未向什么人低过头，不管是君主还是民众，是教会还是金融巨头。很久以前，他们曾经负责驻守法兰西的一个边疆省，所以侯爵这个头衔对他们来说绝不是有名无实的虚衔，而是一个充满荣誉的要职；他们有很多职责要履行。他们的封地一直都是他们的势力范围。这个家族是真正的外省贵族。他们或许会为拥有源远流长的高贵血统而自豪；他们被宫廷忽视已长达两百年；他们是整个省内地位最高的贵族。当地人一直非常景仰他们，就如同迷信并崇拜一位能医治牙疼的圣女一般。德埃斯格里尼翁家族的这座公馆隐身于遥远的边境乡村，保存完好，如同凯撒大帝时期的一座桥梁那烧焦的木桩还原封不动地埋藏在河床底一样。一千三百年来，这个家族的女儿总是没有嫁妆就嫁人，要不就是当了修女。每一代长子以外的儿子们都满足于接受母亲遗产中为他们特意留下的那一份，要不当了兵，要不当了主教。有的人跟宫廷联姻，还有个次子当上了海军上将，被封为公爵，又成了法兰西贵族院议员，身后没有子嗣。德埃斯格里尼翁侯爵家的长房从来不肯接受公爵的头衔。

"I hold my marquisate as His Majesty holds the realm of France, and on the same conditions," he told the Constable de Luynes, a very paltry fellow in his eyes at that time.

“我拥有自己的这块侯爵领地如同国王陛下拥有法兰西国土一般，两者的条件相同。”他这么对德吕内元帅说。当时，这位元帅在他眼里不过是个无足轻重的家伙。

You may be sure that d'Esgrignons lost their heads on the scaffold during the troubles. The old blood showed itself proud and high even in 1789. The Marquis of that day would not emigrate; he was answerable for his March. The reverence in which he was held by the countryside saved his head; but the hatred of the genuine sans-culottes was strong enough to compel him to pretend to fly, and for a while he lived in hiding. Then, in the name of the Sovereign People, the d'Esgrignon lands were dishonored by the District, and the woods sold by the Nation in spite of the personal protest made by the Marquis, then turned forty. Mlle. d'Esgrignon, his half-sister, saved some portions of the fief, thanks to the young steward of the family, who claimed on her behalf the partage de presuccession, which is to say, the right of a relative to a portion of the emigre's lands. To Mlle. d'Esgrignon, therefore, the Republic made over the castle itself and a few farms. Chesnel (Choisnel), the faithful steward, was obliged to buy in his own name the church, the parsonage house, the castle gardens, and other places to which his patron was attached—the Marquis advancing the money.

可以肯定的是，德埃斯格里尼翁家的人在兵荒马乱的年头上过绞架。即使在1789年，这一脉古老的血统还是显得高贵而骄傲。那时的侯爵没有逃亡国外，因为他要守卫边疆。乡亲们对他的尊敬保住了他的性命，可他还是不得不假装要逃离，甚至一度躲了起来，因为真正的激进主义者非常仇视他。然后，地方当局以至高无上的人民的名义践踏了这一家族的领地。国家把这个家族的森林出售了，毫不理会时年四十岁的侯爵的个人抗议。多亏家里一位年轻的管家，侯爵同父异母的妹妹德埃斯格里尼翁小姐才保住了部分财产。这位管家以他女主人的名义要求预分继承财产的权利，也就是亲戚继承流亡者部分领地的权利。因此，共和国政府把这座古堡和几片农场分给了她。那位忠实的管家名叫谢内尔。他不得不以自己的名义买下了主人最舍不得的教堂、神父居所、古堡的花园和其他几处地方，由侯爵出钱。

The slow, swift years of the Terror went by, and the Marquis, whose character had won the respect of the whole country, decided that he and his sister ought to return to the castle and improve the property which Maitre Chesnel—for he was now a notary—had contrived to save for them out of the wreck. Alas! was not the plundered and dismantled castle all too vast for a lord of the manor shorn of all his ancient rights; too large for the landowner whose woods had been sold piecemeal, until he could scarce draw nine thousand francs of income from the pickings of his old estates?

这段恐怖的岁月缓慢而又迅速地逝去了。侯爵的人品早已获得整个

地区的尊敬，而这时候，侯爵决定和妹妹一起回到古堡来住，并重振谢内尔长官替他们奋力抢下的财产——谢内尔如今已经当上公证人了。哎呀！对于一个被剥夺了一切世袭权利，本来拥有的森林被拆分变卖，只能从残余的地产中获得区区九千法郎的庄园主来说，这座被洗劫一空的古堡未免显得太空荡、太大了吧？

It was in the month of October 1800 that Chesnel brought the Marquis back to the old feudal castle, and saw with deep emotion, almost beyound his control, his patron standing in the midst of the empty courtyard, gazing round upon the moat, now filled up with rubbish, and the castle towers razed to the level of the roof. The descendant of the Franks looked for the missing Gothic turrets and the picturesque weather vanes which used to rise above them; and his eyes turned to the sky, as if asking of heaven the reason of this social upheaval. No one but Chesnel could understand the profound anguish of the great d'Esgrignon, now known as Citizen Carol. For a long while the Marquis stood in silence, drinking in the influences of the place, the ancient home of his forefathers, with the air that he breathed; then he flung out a most melancholy exclamation.

1800年10月，谢内尔带着侯爵回到了这座封建古堡。彼时，侯爵立于空空的院子中央，注视着已被垃圾填满的壕沟，抬头四望被削到跟屋顶一样高的塔楼。谢内尔饱含深情地看着这一幕，几乎不能自已。这个法兰克人的后裔寻找着已然不见的哥特式塔楼和过去上面升起的别致的风向标。他的目光转向天空，仿佛在向上帝询问着这次社会动荡的原因。除了谢内尔，没有谁能够理解伟大的德埃斯格里尼翁这种深沉的痛苦。那时候，侯爵已经成了公民卡罗尔。侯爵默默地矗立良久，沉浸在祖业的氛围之中，嗅着空气里的气息，然后发出一声幽怨至极的叹息。

"Chesnel," he said, "we will come back again some day when the troubles are over; I could not bring myself to live here until the edict of pacification has been published; THEY will not allow me to set my scutcheon on the wall."

“谢内尔，”他说，“等动乱平息了，我们总有一天要回到这里。我要等到叛变平定的布告张贴出来后才能回来住，如今他们是不会允许我把族徽挂在墙上的。”

He waved his hand toward the castle, mounted his horse, and rode back beside his sister, who had driven over in the notary's shabby basket-chaise.

他朝古堡挥了挥手，转身上马，骑马走在他妹妹后面，而他妹妹坐在公证人那破旧的藤条马车里。

The Hotel d'Esgrignon in the town had been demolished; a couple of factories now stood on the site of the aristocrat's house. So Maitre Chesnel spent the Marquis' last bag of louis on the purchase of the old-

fashioned building in the square, with its gables, weather-vane, turret, and dovecote. Once it had been the courthouse of the bailiwick, and subsequently the presidial; it had belonged to the d'Esgrignons from generation to generation; and now, in consideration of five hundred louis d'or, the present owner made it over with the title given by the Nation to its rightful lord. And so, half in jest, half in earnest, the old house was christened the Hotel d'Esgrignon.

城里面的德埃斯格里尼翁公馆已经被毁掉了，公馆的旧址处现在是几个工场。因此，公证人谢内尔用侯爵的最后一袋路易在广场处买了一栋带有山形墙、风向标、小塔楼和鸽子房的老式建筑。这房子从前是贵族领主的审判厅，后来被用作辖区的审判厅。它世代都属于德埃斯格里尼翁家族，而它现在的主人打着国家的名号，以五百路易的价格把这所房子归还了它的合法业主。也就是打那时起，人们开始用半嘲讽半郑重的口吻把这所房子称为德埃斯格里尼翁公馆。

In 1800 little or no difficulty was made over erasing names from the fatal list, and some few emigres began to return. Among the very first nobles to come back to the old town were the Baron de Nouastre and his daughter. They were completely ruined. M. d'Esgrignon generously offered them the shelter of his roof; and in his house, two months later, the Baron died, worn out with grief. The Nouastres came of the best blood in the province; Mlle. de Nouastre was a girl of two-and-twenty; the Marquis d'Esgrignon married her to continue his line. But she died in childbirth, a victim to the unskilfulness of her physician, leaving, most fortunately, a son to bear the name of the d'Esgrignons. The old Marquis—he was but fifty-three, but adversity and sharp distress had added months to every year—the poor old Marquis saw the death of the loveliest of human creatures, a noble woman in whom the charm of the feminine figures of the sixteenth century lived again, a charm now lost save to men's imaginations. With her death the joy died out of his old age. It was one of those terrible shocks which reverberate through every moment of the years that follow. For a few moments he stood beside the bed where his wife lay, with her hands folded like a saint, then he kissed her on the forehead, turned away, drew out his watch, broke the mainspring, and hung it up beside the hearth. It was eleven o'clock in the morning.

1800年，要把自己的名字从那黑名单上消除变得很容易了。于是，一些逃亡的贵族又重新回来了。回城的第一批贵族中包括德努阿斯特男爵和他的女儿。他们已经完全破产了。德埃斯格里尼翁先生慷慨地让他们住在自己家里。两个月后，就在这座房子里，男爵郁郁而终。德努阿斯特家是这个省血统最为纯正的家族。德埃斯格里尼翁侯爵娶了时年二十二岁的德努阿斯特小姐，以便传宗接代。然而，由于医生的过错，她在生产时去世了。万幸的是，她给埃斯格里尼翁个家族留下了一个儿子。可怜的老侯爵，他那时才五十三岁，可是看上去远远不止这个岁

数，这都得怪他承受的那些坎坷和揪心的痛苦——他眼看着世间最可爱的女人断了气。这个贵族女人的身上具有十六世纪女性的那种高雅风韵，如今这种风韵只存在于人们的想象里了。随着妻子的去世，他老年岁月的快乐也一去不复返了。这次可怕的打击影响着老侯爵余生中的每时每刻。他在床前站了一会儿。他的妻子双手合拢，像圣女般躺在床上。然后他吻了吻妻子的额角，转过身去，掏出怀表，折断发条，把表挂在壁炉旁。那会儿是上午十一点。

"Mlle. d'Esgrignon," he said, "let us pray God that this hour may not prove fatal yet again to our house. My uncle the archbishop was murdered at this hour; at this hour also my father died—"

“德埃斯格里尼翁小姐，”他说，“让我们祈求上帝，别让这一时刻再次成为我们家族不祥的时刻。我的伯父大主教大人在这一时刻被杀害，我的父亲也死在这个时刻——”

He knelt down beside the bed and buried his face in the coverlet; his sister did the same, in another moment they both rose to their feet. Mlle. d'Esgrignon burst into tears; but the old Marquis looked with dry eyes at the child, round the room, and again on his dead wife. To the stubbornness of the Frank he united the fortitude of a Christian.

他在床边跪下来，把自己的脸埋在床单里，他妹妹的动作与他一样。过了一会儿，两人都站了起来。德埃斯格里尼翁小姐泪如雨下，而老侯爵用干枯的眼睛看了看那婴孩，环视了一下房间，然后又望向他逝去的妻子。在这个人的身上，除了法兰克人的坚韧之外，还结合了基督徒的不屈不挠。

These things came to pass in the second year of the nineteenth century. Mlle. d'Esgrignon was then twenty-seven years of age. She was a beautiful woman. An ex-contractor for forage to the armies of the Republic, a man of the district, with an income of six thousand francs, persuaded Chesnel to carry a proposal of marriage to the lady. The Marquis and his sister were alike indignant with such presumption in their man of business, and Chesnel was almost heartbroken; he could not forgive himself for yielding to the Sieur du Croisier's (du Bousquier) blandishments. The Marquis' manner with his old servant changed somewhat; never again was there quite the old affectionate kindliness, which might almost have been taken for friendship. From that time forth the Marquis was grateful, and his magnanimous and sincere gratitude continually wounded the poor notary's feelings. To some sublime natures gratitude seems an excessive payment; they would rather have that sweet equality of feeling which springs from similar ways of thought, and the blending of two spirits by their own choice and will. And Maitre Chesnel had known the delights of such high friendship; the Marquis had raised him to his own level. The old noble looked on the good notary as

something more than a servant, something less than a child; he was the voluntary liege man of the house, a serf bound to his lord by all the ties of affection. There was no balancing of obligations; the sincere affection on either side put them out of the question.

这些事发生在十九世纪开始的第二年里。德埃斯格里尼翁小姐时年二十七岁。她是个漂亮女人。当地有一个暴发户，从前是共和国部队的粮草供应商，如今每年有六千法郎的收入。他说服了谢内尔代他向小姐求亲。自己的代理人竟然会这么做，这让侯爵兄妹愤懑不已。而谢内尔本人也很伤心，为自己听信了西厄尔·迪克鲁瓦西耶（迪布斯基耶）的甜言蜜语而后悔不已。侯爵兄妹对这位老仆人的态度开始有了某种程度的改变，再也没有了旧时那种几乎可以视为亲密友情的成分。从那时起，侯爵对谢内尔的感情只剩感激，而他的这种宽大而真诚的感恩之情一直让可怜的公证人痛苦不已。对于某些高尚的心灵来说，感恩如同过度的还债。他们宁愿享受那感情对等所产生的美妙感觉，这种感觉往往源于思想上的契合以及两个灵魂的自愿融合。谢内尔享受过这种高尚友谊带来的快乐。侯爵曾与他平等相处。在老侯爵的眼里，这个好公证人的地位虽不及一个儿子，可是也超出一个仆人；他自愿当一个家仆，他是通过各种感情纽带同领主联系在一起的农奴。他们之间不存在什么相互的义务，双方真挚的感情交流使这些根本没有必要。

In the eyes of the Marquis, Chesnel's official dignity was as nothing; his old servitor was merely disguised as a notary. As for Chesnel, the Marquis was now, as always, a being of a divine race; he believed in nobility; he did not blush to remember that his father had thrown open the doors of the salon to announce that "My Lord Marquis is served." His devotion to the fallen house was due not so much to his creed as to egoism; he looked on himself as one of the family. So his vexation was intense. Once he had ventured to allude to his mistake in spite of the Marquis' prohibition, and the old noble answered gravely—"Chesnel, before the troubles you would not have permitted yourself to entertain such injurious suppositions. What can these new doctrines be if they have spoiled YOU?"

在侯爵眼里，加在谢内尔头上的官方头衔毫无意义，这个老仆人不过是扮成了公证人的样子而已。在谢内尔眼里，侯爵永远是神圣种族中的一员。谢内尔相信贵族血统的优越。他回想起自己的父亲打开客厅大门通报“侯爵大人，开饭了”之时并不会感到羞耻。与其说他对这个没落贵族家庭的忠诚是源自信仰，倒不如说是出于私心。他将自己视为这个家庭的一员。因此，他非常苦恼。曾有一次，他不顾侯爵的禁令，鼓起勇气向侯爵提起自己犯错的事。老贵族严肃地回答他：“谢内尔，在战乱以前，你绝对不会提出这样伤人的建议。是什么新学说把你害了啊？”

Maitre Chesnel had gained the confidence of the whole town; people looked up to him; his high integrity and considerable fortune contributed to make him a person of importance. From that time forth he felt a very decided aversion for the Sieur du Crosier; and though

there was little rancor in his composition, he set others against the sometime forage-contractor. Du Croisier, on the other hand, was a man to bear a grudge and nurse a vengeance for a score of years. He hated Chesnel and the d'Esgrignon family with the smothered, all-absorbing hate only to be found in a country town. His rebuff had simply ruined him with the malicious provincials among whom he had come to live, thinking to rule over them. It was so real a disaster that he was not long in feeling the consequences of it. He betook himself in desperation to a wealthy old maid, and met with a second refusal. Thus failed the ambitious schemes with which he had started. He had lost his hope of a marriage with Mlle. d'Esgrignon, which would have opened the Faubourg Saint-Germain of the province to him; and after the second rejection, his credit fell away to such an extent that it was almost as much as he could do to keep his position in the second rank.

公证人谢内尔赢得了全城人的信任，人们敬重他。他的极度正直和日渐丰厚的家产让他成为了一个重要人物。从那时起，他明显对迪克鲁瓦西耶怀有厌恶感。虽说他的个性里并没有多少怀恨记仇的成分，但他的这一倾向让好些人家憎恶起这位曾经的军队供应商来了。话说回来，迪克鲁瓦西耶先生可是个记恨的人，他的恨念可以保持二十年之久。他对谢内尔和德埃斯格里尼翁一家隐隐产生了一种不共戴天的仇恨，这种事只有在乡村小镇才能见到。求婚失败一下子让他在心怀恶意的外省人眼里名誉扫地，而他本想和这些人生活在一起，还想着要统治他们。没过多久，这件灾难性的事就显出了后果。走投无路之下，他去向一位有钱的老姑娘求婚，结果再次遭到拒绝。他那原本野心勃勃的计划就此落空。他先是丧失了与德埃斯格里尼翁小姐联姻的机会，这本来是他进入外省的圣日耳曼圈子的大好机会。而在第二次被拒绝后，他的声望一落千丈，以致他费了好大劲才留在了二流交际圈里。

In 1805, M. de la Roche-Guyon, the oldest son of an ancient family which had previously intermarried with the d'Esgrignons, made proposals in form through Maitre Chesnel for Mlle. Marie Armande Clair d'Esgrignon. She declined to hear the notary.

1805年，一个古老家族的长子——德拉罗什—居永先生，通过公证人谢内尔向玛丽·阿芒德·克莱尔·德埃斯格里尼翁小姐求婚。这个家族以前也曾经跟埃斯格里尼翁家族联姻。她听不进公证人的话。

"You must have guessed before now that I am a mother, dear Chesnel," she said; she had just put her nephew, a fine little boy of five, to bed.

“你想必已经猜到，我已经当了母亲，亲爱的谢内尔。”她把自己的侄儿放下睡觉，然后对公证人说。她的侄子五岁了，是个标致的小男孩。

The old Marquis rose and went up to his sister, but just returned from the cradle; he kissed her hand reverently, and as he sat down

again, found words to say:

老侯爵起身迎接刚从摇篮处走回来的妹妹。他恭敬地吻了吻妹妹的手，重新坐了下来，想到了要说的话：

"My sister, you are a d'Esgrignon.”

“我的妹妹，你是德埃斯格里尼翁家的一员。”

A quiver ran through the noble girl; the tears stood in her eyes. M. d'Esgrignon, the father of the present Marquis, had married a second wife, the daughter of a farmer of taxes ennobled by Louis XIV. It was a shocking mesalliance in the eyes of his family, but fortunately of no importance, since a daughter was the one child of the marriage. Armande knew this. Kind as her brother had always been, he looked on her as a stranger in blood. And this speech of his had just recognized her as one of the family.

高贵的女孩颤抖了一下，眼中含着泪水。老侯爵，也就是现任侯爵的父亲，再婚时娶了一个包税商的女儿。这个包税商在路易十四时代被封为贵族。在族人看来，这门亲事门不当户不对，令人震惊。好在问题不大，因为这个太太只生下了一个女儿。阿芒德知道这件事。作为哥哥，他虽然待她很好，可始终把她看作家族里的外人。而他刚才的话承认了她是家族的一员。

And was not her answer the worthy crown of eleven years of her noble life? Her every action since she came of age had borne the stamp of the purest devotion; love for her brother was a sort of religion with her.

她的回答不正为自己十一年的贵族生活加上了一顶当之无愧的桂冠吗？从成年起，她的每个举动都烙上了最忠诚的印记，她对哥哥的崇拜几乎已经有了某种宗教意味。

"I shall die Mlle. d'Esgrignon," she said simply, turning to the notary.

“我要当一辈子的德埃斯格里尼翁小姐。”她直截了当地对公证人说。

"For you there could be no fairer title," returned Chesnel, meaning to convey a compliment. Poor Mlle. d'Esgrignon reddened.

“对您来说，没有比这更体面的头衔了。”谢内尔回答道，本意是要恭维一番。可怜的德埃斯格里尼翁小姐满脸绯红。

"You have blundered, Chesnel," said the Marquis, flattered by the steward's words, but vexed that his sister had been hurt. "A d'Esgrignon may marry a Montmorency; their descent is not so pure as ours. The d'Esgrignons bear or, two bends, gules," he continued, "and nothing during nine hundred years has changed their scutcheon; as it

was at first, so it is to-day. Hence our device, Cil est nostre, taken at a tournament in the reign of Philip Augustus, with the supporters, a knight in armor or on the right, and a lion gules on the left.”

“你这可是句蠢话，谢内尔。”老侯爵说。他既为这位老仆的奉承话而得意，又担心这话伤到了自己的妹妹。“德埃斯格里尼翁家的人可以和蒙莫朗西家的人结婚；他们的血统可没有我们的那么纯正。德埃斯格里尼翁家的族徽是黄底，上面有两条红色的斜带。”他接着说，“九百年来，这个徽章从没变过，一开始是什么样，现在还是什么样。我们族徽上的铭文是拉丁文“这是属于我们的”。这句铭文是在菲利普·奥古斯特统治时期的一次比赛中获得的。除了辅助的部分外，徽章的右侧是一位身着黄色铁甲的骑士，左侧是一头红色的狮子。”

"I do not remember that any woman I have ever met has struck my imagination as Mlle. d'Esgrignon did," said Emile Blondet, to whom contemporary literature is indebted for this history among other things. "Truth to tell, I was a boy, a mere child at the time, and perhaps my memory-pictures of her owe something of their vivid color to a boy's natural turn for the marvelous.

除了其他一些事情之外，埃米尔·布隆代对这一段故事的叙述也对当代文学作出了很大的贡献。他曾说：“我没有遇见过像德埃斯格里尼翁小姐这样对我的想象力造成冲击的女性了。”“说实话，我当时年龄尚幼，只是个孩子，我记忆中她的那些绚丽多彩的画面或许来源于一个男孩对美好事物自然而然的向往。

"If I was playing with other children on the Parade, and she came to walk there with her nephew Victurnien, the sight of her in the distance thrilled me with very much the effect of galvanism on a dead body. Child as I was, I felt as though new life had been given me."

“每当我在行军广场上同别的孩子玩耍，远远看见她带着自己的侄子维克蒂尼安走过来时，我的心就怦怦乱跳，那种感觉就像在一个死去的男孩身上通了电一般。尽管只是个孩子，我还是能感觉到好像被赋予了新的生命一般。”

"Mlle. Armande had hair of tawny gold; there was a delicate fine down on her cheek, with a silver gleam upon it which I loved to catch, putting myself so that I could see the outlines of her face lit up by the daylight, and feel the fascination of those dreamy emerald eyes, which sent a flash of fire through me whenever they fell upon my face. I used to pretend to roll on the grass before her in our games, only to try to reach her little feet, and admire them on a closer view. The soft whiteness of her skin, her delicate features, the clearly cut lines of her forehead, the grace of her slender figure, took me with a sense of surprise, while as yet I did not know that her shape was graceful, nor her brows beautiful, nor the outline of her face a perfect oval. I admired as children pray at that age, without too clearly

understanding why they pray. When my piercing gaze attracted her notice, when she asked me (in that musical voice of hers, with more volume in it, as it seemed to me, than all other voices), 'What are you doing little one? Why do you look at me?' I used to come nearer and wriggle and bite my finger-nails, and redden and say: 'I don't know.' And if she chanced to stroke my hair with her white hand, and ask me how old I was, I would run away and call from a distance, 'Eleven!'

“阿芒德小姐有一头略带褐色的金发，她的双颊有一层薄薄的绒毛，反射着银光。我喜欢捕捉这一道银光，于是我会停下来，好看着阳光照亮她脸颊的轮廓，感受她那梦幻般的翡翠色眼睛的魔力。每当她的眼神落在我的身上时，就好像在我身上投下了一簇火焰。玩耍时，我常常假装在她面前的草地上打滚，只是想要凑近她的小脚，好近距离地欣赏一番。我只是惊奇于她那柔软洁白的皮肤、精致的面容、线条清晰的前额、苗条优雅的身姿，却没有留意到她优美的身段、美丽的眉毛，还有那完美的鹅蛋脸。那时的我对她的仰慕就像儿童祈祷一般，不是很清楚自己为什么要这么做。有时候，当我直直的眼神终于引起了她的注意，她就（用在我看来最为悦耳动听的声音）问我：‘小朋友，你在干什么？为什么看我呀？’我便会凑得更近一点，扭着身子，咬着指甲，红着脸说：‘我不知道。’如果她碰巧用雪白的手抚摸我的头发，问我几岁，我就会跑开，远远地答道：‘十一岁!'

Every princess and fairy of my visions, as I read the Arabian Nights, looked and walked like Mlle. d'Esgrignon; and afterwards, when my drawing-master gave me heads from the antique to copy, I noticed that their hair was braided like Mlle. d'Esgrignon's. Still later, when the foolish fancies had vanished one by one, Mlle. Armande remained vaguely in my memory as a type; that Mlle. Armande for whom men made way respectfully, following the tall brown-robed figure with their eyes along the Parade and out of sight. Her exquisitely graceful form, the rounded curves sometimes revealed by a chance gust of wind, and always visible to my eyes in spite of the ample folds of stuff, revisited my young man's dreams. Later yet, when I came to think seriously over certain mysteries of human thought, it seemed to me that the feeling of reverence was first inspired in me by something expressed in Mlle. d'Esgrignon's face and bearing. The wonderful calm of her face, the suppressed passion in it, the dignity of her movements, the saintly life of duties fulfilled,—all this touched and awed me. Children are more susceptible than people imagine to the subtle influences of ideas; they never make game of real dignity; they feel the charm of real graciousness, and beauty attracts them, for childhood itself is beautiful, and there are mysterious ties between things of the same nature.

我读《一千零一夜》时，在我眼前出现的每位公主或是仙女的容貌

和举止都跟德埃斯格里尼翁小姐一模一样。后来，我的图画老师拿古代的头像让我临摹时，我注意到这些头像的发式都和德埃斯格里尼翁小姐的发型很像。后来，当那些愚蠢的念头一个个消失之后，阿芒德小姐还是作为一个样板模糊地留在我的记忆中。男士们见了阿芒德小姐都会恭敬地让到一旁，目送着这个穿着棕色长裙的颀长身影走过行军广场，然后消失在他们的视线中。如果正好有一阵风掠过，尽管有层层叠叠的衣物，我总是能留意到她曼妙的身段和丰满的曲线。这一切在年轻的我的梦境里时时重温。后来，当我严肃地思考人类思想的某些未解之谜时，我发现，自己心中的崇敬之情最初是被德埃斯格里尼翁小姐的容颜和仪态中的某种成分激发出来的。她那冷静无比的面容、那冷静中压抑着的热情、那端庄的举止、那履行责任的神圣生活——所有这一切都让我感动和敬畏。儿童比人们想象的更容易受到观念的微妙影响。他们从不嘲笑真正的高贵，他们能够感受到真正优雅的风度，也会被美所吸引，因为童年本身就是美妙的，在本质相似的事物之间，存在着某些神秘的联系。

"Mlle. d'Esgrignon was one of my religions. To this day I can never climb the staircase of some old manor-house but my foolish imagination must needs picture Mlle. Armande standing there, like the spirit of feudalism. I can never read old chronicles but she appears before my eyes in the shape of some famous woman of old times; she is Agnes Sorel, Marie Touchet, Gabrielle; and I lend her all the love that was lost in her heart, all the love that she never expressed. The angel shape seen in glimpses through the haze of childish fancies visits me now sometimes across the mists of dreams.”

“德埃斯格里尼翁小姐曾是我信仰的宗教之一。直到今天，每次我登上一栋古老的领主宅邸的楼梯时，总会痴痴地想象阿芒德小姐就立在那里，就像是封建制度的精神。每次读古代编年史时，她都会以那时候某些名女人的形象出现在我的眼前。一会儿是阿涅丝·索雷尔，一会儿是玛丽·图谢，一会儿又是加布里埃尔。我还为她加上了所有她压抑于心底、从未得到释放的爱。曾在童年时代的朦胧幻觉中匆匆瞥见的那个天使般的面孔，如今时常会造访我迷雾般的梦境。”

Keep this portrait in mind; it is a faithful picture and sketch of character. Mlle. d'Esgrignon is one of the most instructive figures in this story; she affords an example of the mischief that may be done by the purest goodness for lack of intelligence.

记住这幅画像吧，它从内心和外表两方面忠实地刻画了这个人物。德埃斯格里尼翁小姐是这部小说里最有教育意义的人物之一。如果缺乏智慧，即使是最纯粹的善良也会带来恶果，而她就提供了这样一个例子。

Two-thirds of the emigres returned to France during 1804 and 1805, and almost every exile from the Marquis d'Esgrignon's province came back to the land of his fathers. There were certainly defections.

Men of good birth entered the service of Napoleon, and went into the army or held places at the Imperial court, and others made alliances with the upstart families. All those who cast in their lots with the Empire retrieved their fortunes and recovered their estates, thanks to the Emperor's munificence; and these for the most part went to Paris and stayed there. But some eight or nine families still remained true to the proscribed noblesse and loyal to the fallen monarchy. The La Roche-Guyons, Nouastres, Verneuils, Casterans, Troisvilles, and the rest were some of them rich, some of them poor; but money, more or less, scarcely counted for anything among them. They took an antiquarian view of themselves; for them the age and preservation of the pedigree was the one all-important matter; precisely as, for an amateur, the weight of metal in a coin is a small matter in comparison with clean lettering, a flawless stamp, and high antiquity. Of these families, the Marquis d'Esgrignon was the acknowledged head. His house became their cenacle. There His Majesty, Emperor and King, was never anything but "M. de Bonaparte"; there "the King" meant Louis XVIII., then at Mittau; there the Department was still the Province, and the prefecture the intendance.

1804到1805年间，三分之二的逃亡贵族都回到法国来了，而几乎所有从德埃斯格里尼翁侯爵所在的省份逃出去的贵族，都回到了祖先居住的土地。这其中当然不乏变节者。家世不错的转而效忠于拿破仑。他们在军队服役，或是在宫廷任职，还有的与暴发户家族联姻。由于国王的宽宏大量，所有投向他的贵族们都收回了他们旧时的财产和领地。这其中的大多数人去了巴黎，之后就定居在那里。但大约有八九个家族仍然效忠于失势的贵族和垮台的王室。这些家族包括拉罗什—居永、努阿斯特、韦纳伊、卡斯泰朗、特鲁瓦维尔等等。他们有的富，有的穷，可是金钱多少对他们来说并不重要。他们用一种考古学家的眼光来看自己。对他们来说，最要紧的是保持家族的古老和血统的纯净。这就好像在一个爱好者看来，相比起古币上文字是否清晰，印花是否完好，以及年代是否久远来，硬币本身金属的重量根本微不足道。这些家庭中，德埃斯格里尼翁侯爵是公认的领袖。他家变成了他们聚会的场所。在这里，皇帝兼国王陛下永远只是“波拿巴先生”，“国王”指的还是当时身在米拓的路易十八，而现在的县仍然还叫省，现在的行政区还叫总管区。

The Marquis was honored among them for his admirable behavior, his loyalty as a noble, his undaunted courage; even as he was respected throughout the town for his misfortunes, his fortitude, his steadfast adherence to his political convictions. The man so admirable in adversity was invested with all the majesty of ruined greatness. His chivalrous fair-mindedness was so well known, that litigants many a time had referred their disputes to him for arbitration. All gently bred Imperalists and the authorities themselves showed as much indulgence for his prejudices as respect for his

personal character; but there was another and a large section of the new society which was destined to be known after the Restoration as the Liberal party; and these, with du Croisier as their unacknowledged head, laughed at an aristocratic oasis which nobody might enter without proof of irreproachable descent. Their animosity was all the more bitter because honest country squires and the higher officials, with a good many worthy folk in the town, were of the opinion that all the best society thereof was to be found in the Marquis d'Esgrignon's salon. The prefect himself, the Emperor's chamberlain, made overtures to the d'Esgrignons, humbly sending his wife (a Grandlieu) as ambassadress.

德埃斯格里尼翁侯爵因为他令人钦佩的行为被这群人所尊敬。他具有贵族的忠诚和无畏的勇气，他面对不幸时所表现出的坚韧不拔和对自己政见的执着甚至为他赢得了全城人的普遍景仰。这位如此令人钦佩的身处逆境的先生具有伟大事物被毁后留下的威严。他骑士般的公平公正人尽皆知，以至于好几位诉讼当事人都请他仲裁纠纷。所有受过良好教养的保皇派，甚至于官方当局都对他的偏见十分纵容，一如他们尊敬他的为人一般。可在新社会里有这样一大群人，这些人在王权复辟后将被称为自由党人。他们心照不宣的领袖人物是迪克鲁瓦西耶，他们嘲笑这片贵族的绿洲，因为除了血统毋庸置疑的贵族外，任何人都不准进入这里。由于许多诚实的乡绅、高级官吏，以及城里的正派人士都认为，在德埃斯格里尼翁侯爵家的沙龙聚会的都是上流社会的精英，这让这些人的仇恨情绪更为高涨。当地的区长本身是皇帝的侍从。他想尽办法要挤进德埃斯格里尼翁侯爵家的聚会，于是低声下气地把自己的妻子（格朗利厄家族的一员）当作代表先派过去。

Wherefore, those excluded from the miniature provincial Faubourg Saint-Germain nicknamed the salon "The Collection of Antiquities," and called the Marquis himself "M. Carol." The receiver of taxes, for instance, addressed his applications to "M. Carol (ci-devant des Grignons)," maliciously adopting the obsolete way of spelling.

就这样，那些被排挤在这个微型小圣日耳曼区以外的人给这个沙龙取了一个绰号，名为“古物陈列室”，还把侯爵本人叫做“卡罗尔先生”。例如，收税的人把缴税人姓名写成“卡罗尔先生（前贵族德格里尼翁）”。这种老掉牙的拼法显然是不怀好意的。

"For my own part," said Emile Blondet, "if I try to recall my childhood memories, I remember that the nickname of 'Collection of Antiquities' always made me laugh, in spite of my respect—my love, I ought to say—for Mlle. d'Esgrignon. The Hotel d'Esgrignon stood at the angle of two of the busiest thoroughfares in the town, and not five hundred paces away from the market place. Two of the drawing-room windows looked upon the street and two upon the square; the room was like a glass cage, every one who came past could look through it from side to side. I was only a boy of twelve at the time, but I thought,

even then, that the salon was one of those rare curiosities which seem, when you come to think of them afterwards, to lie just on the borderland between reality and dreams, so that you can scarcely tell to which side they most belong.

埃米尔·布隆代回忆道："至于我，如果试图回忆童年时代，我就会想起'古物陈列室'这个诨名是怎样时时令我发笑。尽管我非常尊敬，或者应该说十分爱慕德埃斯格里尼翁小姐。德埃斯格里尼翁公馆坐落于城里两条最繁华的大街交汇处，离市场不到五百步。客厅有两扇窗户面朝大街，还有两扇面朝广场。这个客厅就像座玻璃笼子，每个路过的人都可以从这头看到那头。那时我还只是个十二岁的男孩，但即使是那时，我也觉得这间客厅是一种罕见的珍品。事后回忆起来，它好像横亘于梦境和现实之间，以至于很难弄清它到底属于哪一边。

"The room, the ancient Hall of Audience, stood above a row of cellars with grated air-holes, once the prison cells of the old court-house, now converted into a kitchen. I do not know that the magnificent lofty chimney-piece of the Louvre, with its marvelous carving, seemed more wonderful to me than the vast open hearth of the salon d'Esgrignon when I saw it for the first time. It was covered like a melon with a network of tracery. Over it stood an equestrian portrait of Henri III., under whom the ancient duchy of appanage reverted to the crown; it was a great picture executed in low relief, and set in a carved and gilded frame. The ceiling spaces between the chestnut cross-beams in the fine old roof were decorated with scroll-work patterns; there was a little faded gilding still left along the angles. The walls were covered with Flemish tapestry, six scenes from the Judgment of Solomon, framed in golden garlands, with satyrs and cupids playing among the leaves. The parquet floor had been laid down by the present Marquis, and Chesnel had picked up the furniture at sales of the wreckage of old chateaux between 1793 and 1795; so that there were Louis Quatorze consoles, tables, clock-cases, andirons, candle-sconces and tapestry-covered chairs, which marvelously completed a stately room, large out of all proportion to the house. Luckily, however, there was an equally lofty ante-chamber, the ancient Salle des Pas Perdus of the presidial, which communicated likewise with the magistrate's deliberating chamber, used by the d'Esgrignons as a dining-room.

"这间客厅过去是审判公堂，下面有一排装有格子气窗的牢房，过去是法院关押囚犯的地方。现在，这间地下室已经被改造成了厨房。第一次见到侯爵家客厅里那巨大的壁炉时，我觉得卢浮宫那雕刻精美的高大烟囱都不如它好。壁炉上覆盖着网格的窗饰，看上去像一个瓜。壁炉上方是一幅亨利三世的骑马像。在这位国王的统治下，这个省从亲王的采邑划归国王统治。这是一幅绝好的浅浮雕画，装裱在雕花的镀金画框中。古色古香的天花板由一道道栗色的正交梁构成，梁木之间的空隙处

饰有螺旋状的图案。天花板的外角都镀过金，但现在只剩一点隐约可见的金色了。四周墙上挂着弗兰德式壁毯，毯上织着《所罗门的审判》中的六个场景，周围绣着金色的花环，还有许多撒提尔和小爱神在枝叶间游戏的画面。现任侯爵在屋里铺上了镶木地板，谢内尔在一七九三年和一七九五年间变卖古堡的残余物品时买下了几件家具，有路易十四时代的小桌、餐桌、钟盒、铁质柴架、烛台，还有包着织锦的椅子。这些东西不可思议地装满了这间庄严的屋子，大得与房子的其余部分很不相称。然而，幸好有一间同样高大的前厅，这里过去是初审法院的候审室。跟这个房间相通的是过去的审判员合议室，如今被德埃斯格里尼翁侯爵用作饭厅。

"Beneath the old paneling, amid the threadbare braveries of a bygone day, some eight or ten dowagers were drawn up in state in a quavering line; some with palsied heads, others dark and shriveled like mummies; some erect and stiff, others bowed and bent, but all of them tricked out in more or less fantastic costumes as far as possible removed from the fashion of the day, with be-ribboned caps above their curled and powdered 'heads,' and old discolored lace. No painter however earnest, no caricature however wild, ever caught the haunting fascination of those aged women; they come back to me in dreams; their puckered faces shape themselves in my memory whenever I meet an old woman who puts me in mind of them by some faint resemblance of dress or feature. And whether it is that misfortune has initiated me into the secrets of irremediable and overwhelming disaster; whether that I have come to understand the whole range of human feelings, and, best of all, the thoughts of Old Age and Regret; whatever the reason, nowhere and never again have I seen among the living or in the faces of the dying the wan look of certain gray eyes that I remember, nor the dreadful brightness of others that were black.

“在老旧的镶板下，在那破败的、只属于过去的富丽堂皇之间，大约八到十个老贵妇庄重地站在一起，排成一条弯弯的线。她们有的摇晃着脑袋，有的干瘪乌黑得像木乃伊，有的身体僵直，有的弯腰驼背，但她们都穿着与流行式样相去甚远的奇怪服饰，头发扑粉，卷成发卷，头戴系着缎带的帽子，旧花边都褪了色。不论多么认真的画家或是多么狂野的漫画都画不出这群老妇人挥之不去的奇异身影。她们常出现在我的梦境中，那一张张布满皱纹的脸定格了我对她们的记忆。每当我遇见一位容貌或打扮与这些妇女相似的老妇人，我马上就会想起她们。不知是不是命运坎坷使我认识到无法挽回的巨大灾难的奥秘，或是我开始理解了人类所有的感情，尤其是恋旧和悔恨之情。不管是因为什么，无论在任何地方的活人或是弥留之人的脸上，我都再也没见过这群老妇人这种灰色眼珠的暗淡色调和某些黑眼珠骇人的炯炯寒光。

"Neither Hoffmann nor Maturin, the two weirdest imaginations of our time, ever gave me such a thrill of terror as I used to feel when I

watched the automaton movements of those bodies sheathed in whalebone. The paint on actors' faces never caused me a shock; I could see below it the rouge in grain, the rouge de naissance, to quote a comrade at least as malicious as I can be. Years had leveled those women's faces, and at the same time furrowed them with wrinkles, till they looked like the heads on wooden nutcrackers carved in Germany. Peeping in through the window-panes, I gazed at the battered bodies, and ill-jointed limbs (how they were fastened together, and, indeed, their whole anatomy was a mystery I never attempted to explain); I saw the lantern jaws, the protuberant bones, the abnormal development of the hips; and the movements of these figures as they came and went seemed to me no whit less extraordinary than their sepulchral immobility as they sat round the card-tables.

“即使是霍夫曼和马图林这两个当代最富于想象力的人，也从未让我感受到从前看见这群穿着鲸骨撑衣服的老妇人那种机械动作时的惊悚。我从来不曾对演员脸上的胭脂感到惊奇，因为我能在她们的脸上看见经年不褪的胭脂，用一个跟我同样顽皮的朋友的话说，那是天生的胭脂。岁月使得她们的脸部变得扁平，并且布满了皱纹，活像德国的木制玩具上雕刻的人头。我透过窗户窥视这些松松垮垮的躯体和她们那像是脱了臼的四肢（这些肢体的关节是如何连在一起的，还有她们身体的整体构造如何，这些确实都是我从未想要探究和解释的迷）。我还看见那些瘦长的下巴、突出的骨骼、异常肥大的臀部。她们来来去去走动的样子，和她们像死人般围坐在牌桌旁一动不动地打牌时一样，都那么令人惊诧。

"The men looked gray and faded like the ancient tapestries on the wall, in dress they were much more like the men of the day, but even they were not altogether convincingly alive. Their white hair, their withered waxen-hued faces, their devastated foreheads and pale eyes, revealed their kinship to the women, and neutralized any effects of reality borrowed from their costume.

“这里的男人如同旧壁毯一般灰扑扑的，仿佛褪了色。他们的服饰倒是接近于当下流行的款式，但就算是这样，他们看起来也完全不像活人。他们的白发、憔悴蜡黄的面孔、饱经沧桑的前额、暗淡无神的眼睛，泄露了他们与那些老妇人的关系，进而破坏了他们那身现代服饰所产生的真实感。

"The very certainty of finding all these folk seated at or among the tables every day at the same hours invested them at length in my eyes with a sort of spectacular interest as it were; there was something theatrical, something unearthly about them.

“每天同一时间，你肯定可以看见这些人日日如一地在沙龙里坐着，或是围着桌子打牌。最后，看他们似乎成了我的某种特别的兴趣。他们身上有某种戏剧性的成分，但又有些怪异。

"Whenever, in after times, I have gone through museums of old furniture in Paris, London, Munich, or Vienna, with the gray-headed custodian who shows you the splendors of time past, I have peopled the rooms with figures from the Collection of Antiquities. Often, as little schoolboys of eight or ten we used to propose to go and take a look at the curiosities in their glass cage, for the fun of the thing. But as soon as I caught sight of Mlle. Armande's sweet face, I used to tremble; and there was a trace of jealousy in my admiration for the lovely child Victurnien, who belonged, as we all instinctively felt, to a different and higher order of being from our own. It struck me as something indescribably strange that the young fresh creature should be there in that cemetery awakened before the time. We could not have explained our thoughts to ourselves, yet we felt that we were bourgeois and insignificant in the presence of that proud court."

“后来，每次走进巴黎、伦敦、维也纳、慕尼黑的旧家具博物馆，当为你讲解这些古老华美的家具的银发老管理员从身边经过时，我总会想象那些屋子里住满了古物陈列室中的人物。还是十来岁的小学生时，我们经常相约一起去看那些呆在玻璃笼子里的稀罕东西，并且以此为乐。可是，只要一看见阿芒德小姐那甜美的容颜，我就会不由自主地哆嗦起来。我对那个可爱的孩子维克蒂尼安的喜爱中掺杂着一丝嫉妒，我们都本能地感觉到，他与我们不属于一个等级，而且高人一等。这个青春焕发的小家伙竟然生活在这些像是提前复活的死人中间，让我感觉说不出的奇怪。我们也无法解释自己的想法，可是在这座高傲的庭院面前，我们总能感觉到自己是中产阶级，而且微不足道。”

The disasters of 1813 and 1814, which brought about the downfall of Napoleon, gave new life to the Collection of Antiquities, and what was more than life, the hope of recovering their past importance; but the events of 1815, the troubles of the foreign occupation, and the vacillating policy of the Government until the fall of M. Decazes, all contributed to defer the fulfilment of the expectations of the personages so vividly described by Blondet. This story, therefore, only begins to shape itself in 1822.

1813到1814年间的灾难让拿破仑垮台，这让古物陈列室又焕发了新的生机。而比这生机更重要的是，恢复旧日那重要地位的希望再次点燃。可是，一八一五年外敌入侵的事件，加上M. 德卡兹下台前政府优柔寡断的政策，都使得布隆代笔下这些栩栩如生的人物的希望无法尽快实现。因此，我们的故事到1822年才开始成形。

In 1822 the Marquis d'Esgrignon's fortunes had not improved in spite of the changes worked by the Restoration in the condition of emigres. Of all the nobles hardly hit by Revolutionary legislation, his case was the hardest. Like other great families, the d'Esgrignons before 1789 derived the greater part of their income from their rights as lords of the manor in the shape of dues paid by those who held of

them; and, naturally, the old seigneurs had reduced the size of the holdings in order to swell the amounts paid in quit-rents and heriots. Families in this position were hopelessly ruined. They were not affected by the ordinance by which Louis XVIII. put the emigres into possession of such of their lands as had not been sold; and at a later date it was impossible that the law of indemnity should indemnify them. Their suppressed rights, as everybody knows, were revived in the shape of a land tax known by the very name of domaines, but the money went into the coffers of the State.

一八二二年，尽管原先逃亡的贵族在复辟时期得到了不少好处，但德埃斯格里尼翁侯爵的财产却没有增加。在所有被革命政府的法令沉重打击的贵族中，他受的打击最为严重。一七八九年前，与其他大家族一样，德埃斯格里尼翁家族大部分的收入都来自领地的产权，他们向租用土地的人收取税款。当然，老庄园主们尽可能压缩每次所出售领地的大小，以便增加他们的领地产权转移税和租地继承税的收入。这样的家族都无可救药地破产了。路易十八把未拍卖的领地归还逃亡贵族的法令对他们没有影响，之后的赔偿法案也不可能给他们带来什么赔偿。大家都知道，他们被剥夺的产权已经以土地税的形式恢复，如今叫做公产，但这些收益都进了国库。

The Marquis by his position belonged to that small section of the Royalist party which would hear of no kind of compromise with those whom they styled, not Revolutionaries, but revolted subjects, or, in more parliamentary language, they had no dealings with Liberals or Constitutionnels. Such Royalists, nicknamed Ultras by the opposition, took for leaders and heroes those courageous orators of the Right, who from the very beginning attempted, with M. de Polignac, to protest against the charter granted by Louis XVIII. This they regarded as an ill-advised edict extorted from the Crown by the necessity of the moment, only to be annulled later on. And, therefore, so far from co-operating with the King to bring about a new condition of things, the Marquis d'Esgrignon stood aloof, an upholder of the straitest sect of the Right in politics, until such time as his vast fortune should be restored to him. Nor did he so much as admit the thought of the indemnity which filled the minds of the Villele ministry, and formed a part of a design of strengthening the Crown by putting an end to those fatal distinctions of ownership which still lingered on in spite of legislation.

按照他的地位，侯爵属于决不与革命党人妥协的那一小派保王党人。他们管革命党叫乱党，或者客气一点说，他们与自由党或是立宪派没有任何来往。这些保王党被反对党戏称为极端派，他们把那些勇敢的右派演说家奉为领袖和英雄。从一开始，这些演说家就与德波利尼亚克先生一起，反对路易十八钦定的宪章。他们认为，这一宪章是国王迫于局势而颁布的，未经斟酌，之后定将废除。因此，德埃斯格里尼翁侯爵

绝对不会同路易十八合作建立一个新的时局，而是袖手旁观，在政治上支持为数不多的右派人士，等待着有朝一日，他的巨大财产物归原主。他甚至不理睬维莱勒内阁苦苦想出的赔偿法。该法令是一系列巩固王权的措施的一部分，它制止仍然存在的对重要产权的违法分割。

The miracles of the Restoration of 1814, the still greater miracle of Napoleon's return in 1815, the portents of a second flight of the Bourbons, and a second reinstatement (that almost fabulous phase of contemporary history), all these things took the Marquis by surprise at the age of sixty-seven. At that time of life, the most high-spirited men of their age were not so much vanquished as worn out in the struggle with the Revolution; their activity, in their remote provincial retreats, had turned into a passionately held and immovable conviction; and almost all of them were shut in by the enervating, easy round of daily life in the country. Could worse luck befall a political party than this—to be represented by old men at a time when its ideas are already stigmatized as old-fashioned?

1814年，王朝奇迹般地复辟。更令人惊奇的是，一八一五年，拿破仑回归，波旁王室再度逃亡，但紧接着又第二次复辟（这几乎是当代历史的传奇一页），这一切都让当时已六十七岁的侯爵惊叹不已。到了这个年纪，对那个年代最高傲的人们来说，就算大革命没有打垮他们，也已经把他们的意志消磨殆尽。他们躲在外省的寓所里，将自己的行动化作不可动摇的信念。而且他们几乎都闭门不出，在乡间过着慵懒无聊的闲适生活。自己的主张已经被人指责为陈旧保守了，还由一群老头子来充当代表，对一个政党来说，还有什么比这更不幸的吗？

When the legitimate sovereign appeared to be firmly seated on the throne again in 1818, the Marquis asked himself what a man of seventy should do at court; and what duties, what office he could discharge there? The noble and high-minded d'Esgrignon was fain to be content with the triumph of the Monarchy and Religion, while he waited for the results of that unhoped-for, indecisive victory, which proved to be simply an armistice. He continued as before, lord-paramount of his salon, so felicitously named the Collection of Antiquities.

到1818年，合法的国王似乎重新坐稳了王位后，侯爵扪心自问：一个七十岁的老人还能在朝廷做点什么？他在那里还能担当什么样的职位，履行什么样的职责？因此，高贵且傲慢的德埃斯格里尼翁欣欣然于君主政体和宗教的胜利，同时等待着这个不期而至的胜利会带来的后果。而这个胜利本身还未有定论，目前还只是停战而已。像往常一样，他还是那间沙龙的最高统治者。把这间沙龙称为古物陈列室，真是实至名归。

But when the victors of 1793 became the vanquished in their turn, the nickname given at first in jest began to be used in bitter

earnest. The town was no more free than other country towns from the hatreds and jealousies bred of party spirit. Du Croisier, contrary to all expectation, married the old maid who had refused him at first; carrying her off from his rival, the darling of the aristocratic quarter, a certain Chevalier whose illustrious name will be sufficiently hidden by suppressing it altogether, in accordance with the usage formerly adopted in the place itself, where he was known by his title only. He was "the Chevalier" in the town, as the Comte d'Artois was "Monsieur" at court. Now, not only had that marriage produced a war after the provincial manner, in which all weapons are fair; it had hastened the separation of the great and little noblesse, of the aristocratic and bourgeois social elements, which had been united for a little space by the heavy weight of Napoleonic rule. After the pressure was removed, there followed that sudden revival of class divisions which did so much harm to the country.

可是，当一七九三年的胜利者们变成战败者的时候，这个原本出于玩笑的绰号就变得更加富于讽刺意味了。在这座城里，党派间的敌意与猜忌绝不逊于任何别的城市。出乎所有人的意料，迪克鲁瓦西耶娶了那个起初拒绝过他的有钱的老姑娘。他是从一个情敌手里把她抢过来的。此人是本城贵族中的宠儿，是一位骑士。按照本城的旧有的习惯，他根本没有必要报出自己声名显赫的姓氏，只须说出自己的贵族头衔即可。城里的人都管他叫“骑士”，一如宫里的人都管德阿图瓦伯爵叫“先生”一样。现在，这场婚姻不但引发了一场外省风行的可以使用任何武器的争斗，而且还加深了高级贵族与低层贵族之间的分裂，还有贵族阶级与中产阶级之间的对立。在拿破仑统治的强大压力下，贵族阶级和中产阶级曾经联合在一起，寻求一点狭小的空间。在压力解除之后，阶级间的裂痕又猛地恢复，给这个国家带来莫大的伤害。

The most national of all sentiments in France is vanity. The wounded vanity of the many induced a thirst for Equality; though, as the most ardent innovator will some day discover, Equality is an impossibility. The Royalists pricked the Liberals in the most sensitive spots, and this happened specially in the provinces, where either party accused the other of unspeakable atrocities. In those days the blackest deeds were done in politics, to secure public opinion on one side or the other, to catch the votes of that public of fools which holds up hands for those that are clever enough to serve out weapons to them. Individuals are identified with their political opinions, and opponents in public life forthwith became private enemies. It is very difficult in a country town to avoid a man-to-man conflict of this kind over interests or questions which in Paris appear in a more general and theoretical form, with the result that political combatants also rise to a higher level; M. Laffitte, for example, or M. Casimir-Perier can respect M. de Villele or M. de Payronnet as a man. M. Laffitte, who drew the

fire on the Ministry, would have given them an asylum in his house if they had fled thither on the 29th of July 1830. Benjamin Constant sent a copy of his work on Religion to the Vicomte de Chateaubriand, with a flattering letter acknowledging benefits received from the former Minister. At Paris men are systems, whereas in the provinces systems are identified with men; men, moreover, with restless passions, who must always confront one another, always spy upon each other in private life, and pull their opponents' speeches to pieces, and live generally like two duelists on the watch for a chance to thrust six inches of steel between an antagonist's ribs. Each must do his best to get under his enemy's guard, and a political hatred becomes as all-absorbing as a duel to the death. Epigram and slander are used against individuals to bring the party into discredit.

虚荣是法国最典型的国民性。许多人的虚荣心受到伤害后就渴望平等，但即使最热心的革新者有一天也会发现，平等是不可能的。保王党人专挑自由党人心里最敏感的部位下刀子。这种事在外省尤其多，在那里，两个党派常常互相指责对方犯下了难以言喻的暴行。在那些日子里，最肮脏的勾当发生在政界。为了吸引公众舆论支持某一方，争取那些愚蠢的看客们的选票，你只须聪明地把武器分给他们，他们就会高举双手支持你。一个人的政见决定了他的身份，政见不同者常成为私敌。在外省，由某些问题和利害关系引发的个人冲突非常难以避免。而在巴黎，这些问题更为普遍，且具有其理论形态，结果使得巴黎的政治斗士们也提高到了一个更高的水平。例如，拉菲特先生或是卡齐米尔—佩里耶先生可以尊重德维莱勒先生或是德佩罗内先生的人格。拉斐特先生曾经下令向大臣们开枪，可是如果1830年7月29日那天，大臣们去他的公馆避难的话，他一样也会给予他们庇护。邦雅曼·康斯坦送了一本自著的关于宗教的书给夏多布里昂子爵，内附一封谄媚的信，承认自己得到过这位前任大臣的好处。在巴黎，人就是政治体制。而在外省，政治体制变成了人，而且是些热情得不到纾解的人。他们总是相互较劲，打探彼此的私生活，在对方的话里找碴儿，就好像两个决斗的人那样互相观察，拼命寻找机会，好把手中的利刃插入对手的肋骨之间六寸深。每个人都想方设法找到敌人的软肋，像生死决斗一样，全神贯注地要将政治上的对手置于死地。他们针对个人讽刺挖苦、诽谤中伤，为的是让他的党派名誉扫地。

In such warfare as this, waged ceremoniously and without rancor on the side of the Antiquities, while du Croisier's faction went so far as to use the poisoned weapons of savages—in this warfare the advantages of wit and delicate irony lay on the side of the nobles. But it should never be forgotten that the wounds made by the tongue and the eyes, by gibe or slight, are the last of all to heal. When the Chevalier turned his back on mixed society and entrenched himself on the Mons Sacer of the aristocracy, his witticisms thenceforward were directed at du Croisier's salon; he stirred up the fires of war, not

knowing how far the spirit of revenge was to urge the rival faction. None but purists and loyal gentlemen and women sure one of another entered the Hotel d'Esgrignon; they committed no indiscretions of any kind; they had their ideas, true or false, good or bad, noble or trivial, but there was nothing to laugh at in all this. If the Liberals meant to make the nobles ridiculous, they were obliged to fasten on the political actions of their opponents; while the intermediate party, composed of officials and others who paid court to the higher powers, kept the nobles informed of all that was done and said in the Liberal camp, and much of it was abundantly laughable. Du Croisier's adherents smarted under a sense of inferiority, which increased their thirst for revenge.

在这样的战争里，古物陈列室这一边隆重且不存怨恨地进行着，而迪克鲁瓦西耶公馆那边却进展到了使用野蛮人的有毒武器的地步。在这场战争中，贵族方面的优势是智慧的头脑和巧妙的讽刺。但是要记住，在所有的创伤中，舌头和眼睛以及嘲讽和轻蔑造成的创伤，是所有创伤中最难以愈合的。自从骑士放弃了鱼龙混杂的交际场合，躲进贵族们的圣殿后，他就开始用俏皮话攻击迪克鲁瓦西耶家的沙龙。他挑起了战火，却不知道那报复之心会促使对方反击到什么程度。能够进入德埃斯格里尼翁公馆的都是些纯正的贵族，男士忠心耿耿，女士相互信赖，因此这里不会有任何欠稳重的言谈举止。他们的思想，不论是真是假，是好是坏，是高贵还是平凡，其中都不会有什么可以沦为笑柄的内容。如果自由党人想让对手显得可笑，就不得不攻击贵族们的政治行为。而由行政官吏和一些趋炎附势之人组成的中间派，却总是给贵族们带去自由党阵营里许多可笑的行为和言论。这种处于下风的感觉让迪克鲁瓦西耶的党羽们越发想报仇雪恨。

In 1822, du Croisier put himself at the head of the manufacturing interest of the province, as the Marquis d'Esgrignon headed the noblesse. Each represented his party. But du Croisier, instead of giving himself out frankly for a man of the extreme Left, ostensibly adopted the opinions formulated at a later date by the 221 deputies.

1822年，迪克鲁瓦西耶成为了本省工业界的领袖人物，如同德埃斯格里尼翁侯爵是贵族的领袖一般。他们各自代表自己的党派。不过，迪克鲁瓦西耶不肯大方地承认自己是极左派的领袖，只是表面上采纳了后来由二百二十一个下议院议员提出的法案意见。

By taking up this position, he could keep in touch with the magistrates and local officials and the capitalists of the department. Du Croisier's salon, a power at least equal to the salon d'Esgrignon, larger numerically, as well as younger and more energetic, made itself felt all over the countryside; the Collection of Antiquities, on the other hand, remained inert, a passive appendage, as it were, of a central authority which was often embarrassed by its own partisans; for not merely did they encourage the Government in a mistaken policy, but

some of its most fatal blunders were made in consequence of the pressure brought to bear upon it by the Conservative party.

担当了这个职务后，他就可以跟本省的法官、地方官员和资本家们保持联系。迪克鲁瓦西耶家的沙龙至少不逊色于古物陈列室，甚至在人数上更胜一筹，成员更年轻，也更活跃，影响力能够通达全省。与之相比，古物陈列室则十分平静，好像是某个政权被动的附属物。这个政权常常因为自己的成员而处于窘境，因为他们不但怂恿政权做出错误的决策，甚至在保守党人的压力下犯下一些致命的错误。

The Liberals, so far, had never contrived to carry their candidate. The department declined to obey their command knowing that du Croisier, if elected, would take his place on the Left Centre benches, and as far as possible to the Left. Du Croisier was in correspondence with the Brothers Keller, the bankers, the oldest of whom shone conspicuous among "the nineteen deputies of the Left," that phalanx made famous by the efforts of the entire Liberal press. This same M. Keller, moreover, was related by marriage to the Comte de Gondreville, a Constitutional peer who remained in favor with Louis XVIII. For these reasons, the Constitutional Opposition (as distinct from the Liberal party) was always prepared to vote at the last moment, not for the candidate whom they professed to support, but for du Croisier, if that worthy could succeed in gaining a sufficient number of Royalist votes; but at every election du Croisier was regularly thrown out by the Royalists. The leaders of that party, taking their tone from the Marquis d'Esgrignon, had pretty thoroughly fathomed and gauged their man; and with each defeat, du Croisier and his party waxed more bitter. Nothing so effectually stirs up strife as the failure of some snare set with elaborate pains.

迄今为止，自由党人从未在选举中胜出。因为省里的民众们清楚，一旦迪克鲁瓦西耶当选，就会坐在中左的位置，而且尽量靠近左派，所以民众都不愿听从他的指挥。迪克鲁瓦西耶跟凯勒兄弟有来往。凯勒兄弟是银行家，大哥是倍受自由党媒体追捧的“左翼十九议员”中引人注目的人物。这位凯勒先生还与德贡德雷维尔伯爵结有姻亲。这位伯爵是宪章册封的上议院议员，在路易十八面前十分得宠。基于这些原因，只要迪克鲁瓦西耶能在保王党人处得到足够的票以形成大多数的话，宪政反对派（区别于自由党的叫法）随时准备在最后一刻投票支持他，而不投给他们声称要支持的那个候选人。可是每次选举时，迪克鲁瓦西耶总是被保王党人所抛弃。保王党的首领们对德埃斯格里尼翁侯爵言听计从，对迪克鲁瓦西耶和其党羽的一举一动都看得一清二楚。每次失败后，迪克鲁瓦西耶对侯爵和其党派的仇恨都会变得更加强烈。让这两派的冲突更为严重的，是一次精心设计的圈套的失败。

In 1822 there seemed to be a lull in hostilities which had been kept up with great spirit during the first four years of the Restoration. The salon du Croisier and the salon d'Esgrignon, having measured

their strength and weakness, were in all probability waiting for opportunity, that Providence of party strife. Ordinary persons were content with the surface quiet which deceived the Government; but those who knew du Croisier better, were well aware that the passion of revenge in him, as in all men whose whole life consists in mental activity, is implacable, especially when political ambitions are involved. About this time du Croisier, who used to turn white and red at the bare mention of d'Esgrignon or the Chevalier, and shuddered at the name of the Collection of Antiquities, chose to wear the impassive countenance of a savage. He smiled upon his enemies, hating them but the more deeply, watching them the more narrowly from hour to hour. One of his own party, who seconded him in these calculations of cold wrath, was the President of the Tribunal, M. du Ronceret, a little country squire, who had vainly endeavored to gain admittance among the Antiquities.

到了1822年，复辟头四年那激烈的斗争似乎已经缓和下来。在认清了自己的长处和弱点之后，迪克鲁瓦西耶和德埃斯格里尼翁两家的沙龙无疑都在都在等待机会，等待政党斗争之神的旨意。普通人会对这一表面上的平静感到满意，这一平静甚至骗过了政府。但是，那些熟悉迪克鲁瓦西耶的人非常清楚，这个人同那些一辈子工于心计的人一样，他心里复仇的烈火永不会熄灭，尤其是在掺杂了政治野心之后。过去，一听见德埃斯格里尼翁或是骑士的名字，迪克鲁瓦西耶的脸上就会红一块白一块，听到古物陈列室时也会不寒而栗。而现在，他选择摆出野蛮人那种若无其事的冷漠样。他对敌人笑眯眯的，可私底下却更恨他们，更加密切地时刻观察着他们。他的一个党羽——法院院长迪龙瑟莱先生支持他这种压制怒火的计策。此人本来是个小乡绅，本想挤进古物陈列室，却没能成功。

The d'Esgrignons' little fortune, carefully administered by Maitre Chesnel, was barely sufficient for the worthy Marquis' needs; for though he lived without the slightest ostentation, he also lived like a noble. The governor found by his Lordship the Bishop for the hope of the house, the young Comte Victurnien d'Esgrignon, was an elderly Oratorian who must be paid a certain salary, although he lived with the family. The wages of a cook, a waiting-woman for Mlle. Armande, an old valet for M. le Marquis, and a couple of other servants, together with the daily expenses of the household, and the cost of an education for which nothing was spared, absorbed the whole family income, in spite of Mlle. Armande's economies, in spite of Chesnel's careful management, and the servants' affection. As yet, Chesnel had not been able to set about repairs at the ruined castle; he was waiting till the leases fell in to raise the rent of the farms, for rents had been rising lately, partly on account of improved methods of agriculture, partly by the fall in the value of money, of which the landlord would get the

benefit at the expiration of leases granted in 1809.

虽然有管家谢内尔精心打理，但德埃斯格里尼翁那笔小小的财产还是很难满足这位可敬的贵族的生活需要。因为虽然他的生活毫不奢华，可他毕竟过着贵族生活。他的儿子维克蒂尼安·德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵是这个家族的希望。主教大人帮他找了个家庭教师，是奥拉托利会的一位老会友。虽说这位老师住在公馆里，可总得向他支付一定的薪水。厨子、阿芒德小姐的贴身女佣、侍候侯爵先生的老仆，还有另外几个仆人，这些人都要付薪水。此外还有日常的家庭开支和面面俱到的教育费用。尽管阿芒德小姐十分节俭，谢内尔理财得当，仆人们对主人忠心耿耿，但这些支出还是耗尽了整个家庭的收入。谢内尔至今无法着手修缮破旧的古堡，他在等租约到期，好提高农场的租金，因为地租最近一直看涨，部分原因是农作方式得到了改进，再就是因为货币贬值。因此，在1809年签订的租约到期后，地主就能得到好处。

The Marquis himself knew nothing of the details of the management of the house or of his property. He would have been thunderstruck if he had been told of the excessive precautions needed "to make both ends of the year meet in December," to use the housewife's saying, and he was so near the end of his life, that every one shrank from opening his eyes. The Marquis and his adherents believed that a House, to which no one at Court or in the Government gave a thought, a House that was never heard of beyond the gates of the town, save here and there in the same department, was about to revive its ancient greatness, to shine forth in all its glory. The d'Esgrignons' line should appear with renewed lustre in the person of Victurnien, just as the despoiled nobles came into their own again, and the handsome heir to a great estate would be in a position to go to Court, enter the King's service, and marry (as other d'Esgrignons had done before him) a Navarreins, a Cadignan, a d'Uxelles, a Beausant, a Blamont-Chauvry; a wife, in short, who should unite all the distinctions of birth and beauty, wit and wealth, and character.

侯爵本人对家庭和财产管理的细节一窍不通。如果有人告诉他，必须要极度小心花钱才能达到家庭主妇常说的“收支相抵”，侯爵一定会感到晴天霹雳。因为他已是行将就木之年，谁都不忍让他看见真相。尽管这个家庭在宫里和政府里从来没有人提起过，除了在省里的几个地方之外，出了城就没有人知道这个公馆。可是侯爵和他的追随者认为，公馆正在恢复它过去的荣光，并将发扬光大。到了维克蒂尼安这里，德埃斯格里尼翁这一血脉就会重现兴旺发达，正如那些失去财产的贵族恢复产业一样，这位俊俏的家业继承人一定会进到宫里为国王效劳，然后如同自己的先辈一样，娶一个纳瓦兰家族、卡迪昂家族、德于克塞尔家族、博桑家族，或者布拉蒙—肖夫里家族的女儿为妻。总之，那一定是一位集出身、美貌、智慧、财富和德行等于一身的姑娘。

The intimates who came to play their game of cards of an evening —the Troisvilles (pronounced Treville), the La Roche-Guyons, the

Casterans (pronounced Cateran), and the Duc de Verneuil—had all so long been accustomed to look up to the Marquis as a person of immense consequence, that they encouraged him in such notions as these. They were perfectly sincere in their belief; and indeed, it would have been well founded if they could have wiped out the history of the last forty years. But the most honorable and undoubted sanctions of right, such as Louis XVIII. had tried to set on record when he dated the Charter from the one-and-twentieth year of his reign, only exist when ratified by the general consent. The d'Esgrignons not only lacked the very rudiments of the language of latter-day politics, to wit, money, the great modern RELIEF, or sufficient rehabilitation of nobility; but, in their case, too, "historical continuity" was lacking, and that is a kind of renown which tells quite as much at Court as on the battlefield, in diplomatic circles as in Parliament, with a book, or in connection with an adventure; it is, as it were, a sacred ampulla poured upon the heads of each successive generation. Whereas a noble family, inactive and forgotten, is very much in the position of a hard-featured, poverty-stricken, simple-minded, and virtuous maid, these qualifications being the four cardinal points of misfortune. The marriage of a daughter of the Troisvilles with General Montcornet, so far from opening the eyes of the Antiquities, very nearly brought about a rupture between the Troisvilles and the salon d'Esgrignon, the latter declaring that the Troisvilles were mixing themselves up with all sorts of people.

每晚到这里来打牌的好友，如特鲁瓦维尔（发音作特雷维尔）、拉罗什—居永、卡斯泰朗（发音作卡泰朗）、韦纳伊公爵等人，早已习惯于将侯爵当作一个有力的人物，以至于他们也鼓励侯爵保持自己的这种想法。他们的信念完全是真挚的，如果能把之前四十年的历史抹去，它就确实是正确的了。如同路易十八试图把通过宪章的日期记为他登基的第二十一年一样，要得到一种最光荣、最无疑的权利，必须得到一致的赞同。德埃斯格里尼翁这样的人物缺乏现代政治语言的基本要素——金钱。这是当代贵族阶级复兴的伟大证书。不仅如此，他们还缺少“历史延续性”。这种声望既可以在宫廷获得，也可以在沙场获得，还可以在外交界和议会的讲坛上获得，也可以通过一本书，或者与一次冒险产生关联而获得。这种名气相当于倒在每个新生一代头上的圣油，。一个贵族家庭如果陷入沉寂，被人遗忘，就好比一个丑陋、贫穷、愚蠢，但却善良的姑娘，集四个不幸的要点于一身。特鲁瓦维尔家的一个女儿嫁给了蒙科尔内将军，这非但没有令古物陈列室里的人睁开眼睛看清现实，反而几乎使特鲁瓦维尔家和德埃斯格里尼翁沙龙决裂，因为后者声称特鲁瓦维尔家与各式各样的人搅在一起。

There was one, and one only, among all these folk who did not share their illusions. And that one, needless to say, was Chesnel the notary. Although his devotion, sufficiently proved already, was simply

unbounded for the great house now reduced to three persons; although he accepted all their ideas, and thought them nothing less than right, he had too much common sense, he was too good a man of business to more than half the families in the department, to miss the significance of the great changes that were taking place in people's minds, or to be blind to the different conditions brought about by industrial development and modern manners. He had watched the Revolution pass through the violent phase of 1793, when men, women, and children wore arms, and heads fell on the scaffold, and victories were won in pitched battles with Europe; and now he saw the same forces quietly at work in men's minds, in the shape of ideas which sanctioned the issues. The soil had been cleared, the seed sown, and now came the harvest. To his thinking, the Revolution had formed the mind of the younger generation; he touched the hard facts, and knew that although there were countless unhealed wounds, what had been done was past recall. The death of a king on the scaffold, the protracted agony of a queen, the division of the nobles' lands, in his eyes were so many binding contracts; and where so many vested interests were involved, it was not likely that those concerned would allow them to be attacked. Chesnel saw clearly. His fanatical attachment to the d'Esgrignons was whole-hearted, but it was not blind, and it was all the fairer for this. The young monk's faith that sees heaven laid open and beholds the angels, is something far below the power of the old monk who points them out to him. The ex-steward was like the old monk; he would have given his life to defend a worm-eaten shrine.

在这些人中，有一个人，也只有一个人没有这样的幻觉。不消说，此人就是公证人谢内尔。尽管他绝对忠诚于这个现今只剩三个成员的大家族，这点在本文中已经得到证实；尽管他完全接受他们的看法，而且认为这种想法无可非议，可是他有太多的常识，在经营上比省里大多数的家庭都精明，因此他不会漠视人心的巨大变化，也不会不承认近代工业和现代习惯所带来的巨大变化。他曾目睹一七九三年大革命那暴风骤雨般的斗争。当时，男人、女人和小孩武装起来，断头台上无数人头落地，欧洲战场捷报频传。如今，他又看见同一股力量正以观念的形式在人心中静静地起作用，正是这种观念引起了这些事件。经过了开垦和播种，如今该收获了。在他看来，革命塑造了年轻一代的思想。他看到了无情的事实，他也明白，尽管有无数难以弥合的创伤，但发生过的事实已经无可挽回了。国王在断头台上人头落地，王后的幽怨延绵不绝，贵族的土地被瓜分。在他的眼里，这是许许多多有约束力的合同，牵涉到如此多的既得利益，那些相关人士不可能容忍对他们的攻击。谢内尔看得很清楚。他对德埃斯格里尼翁一家的狂热追随是全心全意的，但他并不盲目，这一点让一切更公平。一个年轻僧侣的信仰能让天堂洞开，让他看到天使，可是比起一个向他指引这一切的老僧侣来说，年轻僧侣的道行就差得远了。这位前总管就像这老年僧侣，他愿意舍命去捍卫一个

被虫蛀的圣物箱。

He tried to explain the "innovations" to his old master, using a thousand tactful precautions; sometimes speaking jestingly, sometimes affecting surprise or sorrow over this or that; but he always met the same prophetic smile on the Marquis' lips, the same fixed conviction in the Marquis' mind, that these follies would go by like others. Events contributed in a way which has escaped attention to assist such noble champions of forlorn hope to cling to their superstitions. What could Chesnel do when the old Marquis said, with a lordly gesture, "God swept away Bonaparte with his armies, his new great vassals, his crowned kings, and his vast conceptions! God will deliever us from the rest."

他尝试万分小心地向他的旧主解释这些“革新”。他有时用嘲笑的口吻，有时又对这事或那事表现出惊讶或难过，但他总能看见侯爵嘴角上不变的预言家似的微笑——侯爵心里同样确信，这些罪恶会像其他那些邪恶一样逝去。某种程度上，种种事件不知不觉地帮助这些孤注一掷的贵族斗士们坚持着自己的迷信。老侯爵做了个威严的手势，说道：“上帝扫除了波拿巴，扫除了他的军队、他册立的新藩属、他封的国王和他那庞大的计划。上帝会把我们从其他的东西中解救出来的！”这样一来，谢内尔还能做些什么？

And Chesnel hung his head sadly, and did not dare to answer, "It cannot be God's will to sweep away France.” Yet both of them were grand figures; the one, standing out against the torrent of facts like an ancient block of lichen-covered granite, still upright in the depths of an Alpine gorge; the other, watching the course of the flood to turn it to account. Then the good gray-headed notary would groan over the irreparable havoc which the superstitions were sure to work in the mind, the habits, and ideas of the Comte Victurnien d'Esgrignon.

谢内尔只能伤心地垂下头，不敢回答。他心想：“上帝不会想扫除法兰西的！”然而他们二人都很伟大：一个矗立在现实的洪流中，如同耸立于阿尔卑斯山的深谷中的一块布满青苔的花岗岩；另一个在观察着水向，思考着如何加以利用。想到这些迷信的念头将在维克蒂尼安·德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵的心灵、生活习惯和思想上造成无法挽回的伤害时，满头银发的善良的公证人不由得叹息起来。

Idolized by his father, idolized by his aunt, the young heir was a spoilt child in every sense of the word; but still a spoilt child who justified paternal and maternal illusions. Maternal, be it said, for Victurnien's aunt was truly a mother to him; and yet, however careful and tender she may be that never bore a child, there is something lacking in her motherhood. A mother's second sight cannot be acquired. An aunt, bound to her nursling by ties of such pure affection as united Mlle. Armande to Victurnien, may love as much as a mother

might; may be as careful, as kind, as tender, as indulgent, but she lacks the mother's instinctive knowledge when and how to be severe; she has no sudden warnings, none of the uneasy presentiments of the mother's heart; for a mother, bound to her child from the beginnings of life by all the fibres of her being, still is conscious of the communication, still vibrates with the shock of every trouble, and thrills with every joy in the child's life as if it were her own. If Nature has made of woman, physically speaking, a neutral ground, it has not been forbidden to her, under certain conditions, to identify herself completely with her offspring. When she has not merely given life, but given of her whole life, you behold that wonderful, unexplained, and inexplicable thing—the love of a woman for one of her children above the others. The outcome of this story is one more proof of a proven truth—a mother's place cannot be filled. A mother foresees danger long before a Mlle. Armande can admit the possibility of it, even if the mischief is done. The one prevents the evil, the other remedies it. And besides, in the maiden's motherhood there is an element of blind adoration, she cannot bring herself to scold a beautiful boy.

由于父亲和姑姑的溺爱，这位年轻的继承人变成了一个地地道道的被宠坏了的孩子，不过他还是能满足父母的期望。说起母爱，维克蒂尼安的姑姑真能算得上他的母亲。可不管有多么体贴细心，她毕竟没有生育过孩子，在她的母性中总缺点什么。她没有母亲那种先见之明。姑侄之间可以像阿芒德小姐和维克蒂尼安之间一样纯洁而亲密地相处，姑姑可以像母亲一样爱侄子，像母亲般细心、慈爱、温柔、宽容，可是她不具备母亲那种天生的能力，知道何时应该严厉，知道应该怎样严厉。她的心无法像母亲那样感受到突然的警告和不安的预兆。一位母亲在子女生命之初就与他们有千丝万缕的联系，日后仍然可以感受得到，在孩子每次遇到麻烦的时候都会受到震动，而在孩子高兴的时候又会欣喜不已，仿佛孩子的生活就是她自己的生活。如果从肉体上来说，大自然让女人成为孩子来到世界前停留的地方，但它并没有禁止她在某种情况下与自己后代完全相通。当她不仅赋予了子女肉体上的生命，而且将自己全部的生命奉献给他们，你就可以看见那种奇妙的、无人解释，而且无法解释的现象，那就是女人对孩子那胜过对其他任何人的爱。这篇故事的结局会再次证明这样一个道理：母爱是不可替代的。一个母亲可以早早预见的危险，放在阿芒德小姐这里却需要很久，甚至等到错已酿成，她才会承认。一个能阻止邪恶的发生，另一个只会在事后补救。此外，一个姑娘充当母亲，必然会对孩子有一种盲目的溺爱，她不可能去斥责一个漂亮的男孩。

A practical knowledge of life, and the experience of business, had taught the old notary a habit of distrustful clear-sighted observation, something akin to the mother's instinct. But Chesnel counted for so little in the house (especially since he had fallen into something like disgrace over that unlucky project of a marriage between a

d'Esgrignon and a du Croisier), that he had made up his mind to adhere blindly in future to the family doctrines. He was a common soldier, faithful to his post, and ready to give his life; it was never likely that they would take his advice, even in the height of the storm; unless chance should bring him, like the King's bedesman in The Antiquary, to the edge of the sea, when the old baronet and his daughter were caught by the high tide.

生活的实践和业务的经验让老公证人养成了凡事不轻信、观察清楚的习惯，这与母亲本能的预见力类似。但谢内尔在这个家里人微言轻，尤其在他试图撮合德埃斯格里尼翁家和迪克鲁瓦西耶家联姻的事不幸失败后，他的地位更是一落千丈，以至于他下定决心，以后都盲从于这个家庭的信条。他是个普通的士兵，忠于职守，随时准备献出生命。即使是在风暴最激烈的时候，主人也绝不可能听从他的建议，除非命运安排他像《古董商人》里国王的受施者一样，只有在海边遇见涨潮时，老男爵和女儿才不得不听从他的忠告。

Du Croisier caught a glimpse of his revenge in the anomalous education given to the lad. He hoped, to quote the expressive words of the author quoted above, "to drown the lamb in its mother's milk.” THIS was the hope which had produced his taciturn resignation and brought that savage smile on his lips.

从年轻贵族所受的那不当的教育中，迪克鲁瓦西耶发现了报复的机会。用上文我引用过的那位作家说的另一句生动的话来说，他希望能够“把羊羔淹死在母羊的奶水里。”正是这个希望让他沉默地退避着，嘴角露出野蛮人的笑容。

The young Comte Victurnien was taught to believe in his own supremacy as soon as an idea could enter his head. All the great nobles of the realm were his peers, his one superior was the King, and the rest of mankind were his inferiors, people with whom he had nothing in common, towards whom he had no duties. They were defeated and conquered enemies, whom he need not take into account for a moment; their opinions could not affect a noble, and they all owed him respect. Unluckily, with the rigorous logic of youth, which leads children and young people to proceed to extremes whether good or bad, Victurnien pushed these conclusions to their utmost consequences. His own external advantages, moreover, confirmed him in his beliefs. He had been extraordinarily beautiful as a child; he became as accomplished a young man as any father could wish.

从年轻的维克蒂尼安伯爵能够接受知识时起，就有人教他要相信自己高人一等。国内所有其他贵族与他都是平等的，他唯一的上级就是国王，其余的人都是下级。这些下级与自己毫无共同之处，而且自己对他们不负有任何责任。他们是战败者，是被征服的敌人，他一刻都不需要去考虑他们；他们的意见不能影响一个贵族，他们都应该对他毕恭毕

敬。不幸的是，维克蒂尼安将这些结论推向了极端——年轻人严格的逻辑总是鼓动孩子或是青年将任何观念都推向极端，无论是好是坏。此外，他的外在优势更是加强了他的信念。孩提时，他就长得特别好看；后来，他长成了任何父亲所能希望的最完美的儿子。

He was of average height, but well proportioned, slender, and almost delicate-looking, but muscular. He had the brilliant blue eyes of the d'Esgrignons, the finely-moulded aquiline nose, the perfect oval of the face, the auburn hair, the white skin, and the graceful gait of his family; he had their delicate extremities, their long taper fingers with the inward curve, and that peculiar distinction of shapeliness of the wrist and instep, that supple felicity of line, which is as sure a sign of race in men as in horses. Adroit and alert in all bodily exercises, and an excellent shot, he handled arms like a St. George, he was a paladin on horseback. In short, he gratified the pride which parents take in their children's appearance; a pride founded, for that matter, on a just idea of the enormous influence exercised by physical beauty. Personal beauty has this in common with noble birth; it cannot be acquired afterwards; it is everywhere recognized, and often is more valued than either brains or money; beauty has only to appear and triumph; nobody asks more of beauty than that it should simply exist.

他中等个头，体格匀称，长得很清瘦，看上去甚至有些消瘦，可实际上肌肉发达。他有德埃斯格里尼翁家族那亮蓝的眼睛、优美的鹰钩鼻、完美的鹅蛋脸、赤褐色的头发、雪白的肤色，还有家族的优雅步法。他四肢修长，纤细的手指向内微弯，手腕和脚背有一种特别的形态。这种灵活的身体结构在人身上是良种的标志，就像在马身上一样。他做各种体育运动时都敏捷而机警，枪法也很了得，使用武器时有圣乔治之风，骑在马上如同古代的游侠。总之，他能满足一切父母对于子女外表的骄傲之情。这种骄傲是有充分依据的，因为俊美的外表具有很大的影响。外表的美同贵族血统一样，都是无法后天得到的。美在任何地方都能得到承认，并且经常比金钱和才智更有价值。美只要一出现，就能取得胜利。只要美存在，人们就别无所求了。

Fate had endowed Victurnien, over and above the privileges of good looks and noble birth, with a high spirit, a wonderful aptitude of comprehension, and a good memory. His education, therefore, had been complete. He knew a good deal more than is usually known by young provincial nobles, who develop into highly-distinguished sportsmen, owners of land, and consumers of tobacco; and are apt to treat art, sciences, letters, poetry, or anything offensively above their intellects, cavalierly enough. Such gifts of nature and education surely would one day realize the Marquis d'Esgrignon's ambitions; he already saw his son a Marshal of France if Victurnien's tastes were for the army; an ambassador if diplomacy held any attractions for him; a cabinet minister if that career seemed good in his eyes; every place in

the state belonged to Victurnien. And, most gratifying thought of all for a father, the young Count would have made his way in the world by his own merits even if he had not been a d'Esgrignon.

除了贵族血统和美这两个特权之外，命运还赋予了维克蒂尼安勇气、绝顶的聪明和极好的记忆力。因此，他所受的教育十分完善。比起外省其他的年轻贵族来说，他更有学问。这些人往往成为十分出色的运动员、地主、烟鬼，可是对于艺术、科学、文学、诗歌，或任何他们的才智所不能及的讨厌的事物，他们往往不以为然。拥有如此高的天赋，受过如此精心的教育，有一天，他必将实现德埃斯格里尼翁侯爵的抱负。他仿佛已经看见，如果维克蒂尼安想从军，他就会成为法国的元帅；如果外交界对他有吸引力，他就会是大使；要是他选择从政，他必将当上内阁大臣——总之，国家机关内所有的职位都属于维克蒂尼安。作为父亲，侯爵还有一个最令人满意的想法，那就是：即使年轻的伯爵不是德埃斯格里尼翁家族的后裔，他也会凭借自己的努力出人头地。

All through his happy childhood and golden youth, Victurnien had never met with opposition to his wishes. He had been the king of the house; no one curbed the little prince's will; and naturally he grew up insolent and audacious, selfish as a prince, self-willed as the most high-spirited cardinal of the Middle Ages,—defects of character which any one might guess from his qualities, essentially those of the noble.

在整个幸福的童年和黄金的少年时代中，维克蒂尼安的一切意愿从来没人反对过。他是家里的皇帝，没人敢违抗这位小王子的意愿。自然而然地，他变得肆无忌惮、胆大妄为，像一个王子一样自私自利，像中世纪最暴虐的红衣主教一样任性顽固——从他的品行中，你就能猜出这些性格缺陷，而这些本质上就是贵族的缺陷。

The Chevalier was a man of the good old times when the Gray Musketeers were the terror of the Paris theatres, when they horsewhipped the watch and drubbed servers of writs, and played a host of page's pranks, at which Majesty was wont to smile so long as they were amusing. This charming deceiver and hero of the ruelles had no small share in bringing about the disasters which afterwards befell. The amiable old gentleman, with nobody to understand him, was not a little pleased to find a budding Faublas, who looked the part to admiration, and put him in mind of his own young days. So, making no allowance for the difference of the times, he sowed the maxims of a roue of the Encyclopaedic period broadcast in the boy's mind. He told wicked anecdotes of the reign of His Majesty Louis XV.; he glorified the manners and customs of the year 1750; he told of the orgies in petites maisons, the follies of courtesans, the capital tricks played on creditors, the manners, in short, which furnished forth Dancourt's comedies and Beaumarchais' epigrams. And unfortunately, the corruption lurking beneath the utmost polish tricked itself out in Voltairean wit. If the Chevalier went rather too far at times, he always

added as a corrective that a man must always behave himself like a gentleman.

那位骑士是那美好的旧时代里的人物。那时候，身穿灰色制服的火枪手们是巴黎的戏院的噩梦。他们鞭打守门人，殴打公职人员，玩种种耍弄宫廷内侍的鬼把戏，只要事情滑稽，总能博得国王一笑。这是位可爱的骗子，也是闺房里的英雄。他在后来发生的这场不幸中起了不小的作用。这位可亲的老绅士发现没有人理解他，因此，当他发现这个还没长大的福布拉斯时，心中很是高兴。况且他看起来好像很钦佩自己，于是伯爵还向他讲述了自己的青年时代。因此，他不顾时代的不同，把百科全书式的风流子弟们的行为准则播撒到这个年轻人的心中。他讲述路易十五时代那些邪恶的轶事，夸耀一七五零年间的习惯和风俗，讲述幽会场所那放荡的生活、交际花的疯狂，还有怎样捉弄债主。总之，都是些可用作当古的喜剧和博马歇的讽刺短诗题材的行为。不幸的是，这些对意志的腐蚀掩藏在极其漂亮的言语下，而且还伪装成了伏尔泰式的机智。如果有时候骑士说的太过分了，他就自己纠正说，一个男人必须表现得像个绅士。

Of all this discourse, Victurnien comprehended just so much as flattered his passions. From the first he saw his old father laughing with the Chevalier. The two elderly men considered that the pride of a d'Esgrignon was a sufficient safeguard against anything unbefitting; as for a dishonorable action, no one in the house imagined that a d'Esgrignon could be guilty of it. HONOR, the great principle of Monarchy, was planted firm like a beacon in the hearts of the family; it lighted up the least action, it kindled the least thought of a d'Esgrignon. "A d'Esgrignon ought not to permit himself to do such and such a thing; he bears a name which pledges him to make a future worthy of the past”—a noble teaching which should have been sufficient in itself to keep alive the tradition of noblesse—had been, as it were, the burden of Victurnien's cradle song. He heard them from the old Marquis, from Mlle. Armande, from Chesnel, from the intimates of the house. And so it came to pass that good and evil met, and in equal forces, in the boy's soul.

在这一大堆话里，维克蒂尼安只听得进那些引得起他的激情的部分。从一开始，他就看见老父亲和骑士在一起说笑。这两个老人认为，德埃斯格里尼翁家族有一种天生的傲气，这种傲气足以抵抗任何不合适的行为。家里的人都无法想象，一个德埃斯格里尼翁家族的人会做出什么不名誉的举动来。荣誉是君主体制的伟大原则，这个词像灯塔一般矗立在家族每个人的心里，照亮他们最细小的行为，激发每个德埃斯格里尼翁家人最细微的思想。“一个德埃斯格里尼翁家族的人不应该做这样或那样的事，他的姓氏要求他的未来能对得起他的祖先。”这原本是能让贵族传统保持生机的金科玉律，也曾是维克蒂尼安在摇篮中就要听的歌谣。老侯爵、阿芒德小姐、谢内尔，还有公馆的常客都对他说过这句话。因此，善和恶以同等力量同时存在于这个年轻男孩的心里。

At the age of eighteen, Victurnien went into society. He noticed some slight discrepancies between the outer world of the town and the inner world of the Hotel d'Esgrignon, but he in no wise tried to seek the causes of them. And, indeed, the causes were to be found in Paris. He had yet to learn that the men who spoke their minds out so boldly in evening talk with his father, were extremely careful of what they said in the presence of the hostile persons with whom their interests compelled them to mingle. His own father had won the right of freedom of speech. Nobody dreamed of contradicting an old man of seventy, and besides, every one was willing to overlook fidelity to the old order of things in a man who had been violently despoiled.

维克蒂尼安十八岁时进入了社交界。他注意到，外面的世界和德埃斯格里尼翁公馆里面的世界稍有不同，可他并没有试图探寻其中原因。真的，他将会在巴黎发现这个原因。他还不知道，那些晚上在自己家中如此大胆地对他的父亲说出自己想法的人，在他们的仇敌面前说话时都非常小心翼翼，他们出于利益不得不与敌人来往。他的父亲享有言论自由的权利。没人想要去反驳一个七十岁的老人，更何况人人都知道他被粗暴地剥夺了全部财产，因此大家都愿意宽容对待他对旧秩序的忠诚。

Victurnien was deceived by appearances, and his behavior set up the backs of the townspeople. In his impetuous way he tried to carry matters with too high a hand over some difficulties in the way of sport, which ended in formidable lawsuits, hushed up by Chesnel for money paid down. Nobody dared to tell the Marquis of these things. You may judge of his astonishment if he had heard that his son had been prosecuted for shooting over his lands, his domains, his covers, under the reign of a son of St. Louis! People were too much afraid of the possible consequences to tell him about such trifles, Chesnel said.

维克蒂尼安被这些表面现象所迷惑，他的行为让市民们厌恶。他鲁莽的行事方式使他在户外运动时惹的一些麻烦演变成了严重的官司，多亏谢内尔花了钱才把官司摆平。谁都不敢把这些事告诉侯爵。你可以想象，如果他听说自己的儿子在圣路易统治的时代，因为在自己的采邑上、自己的森林里打猎而被人起诉，会感到多么震惊啊！谢内尔说，大家都很害怕告诉他这些事可能造成的后果，所以都不敢说。

The young Count indulged in other escapades in the town. These the Chevalier regarded as "amourettes," but they cost Chesnel something considerable in portions for forsaken damsels seduced under imprudent promises of marriage: yet other cases there were which came under an article of the Code as to the abduction of minors; and but for Chesnel's timely intervention, the new law would have been allowed to take its brutal course, and it is hard to say where the Count might have ended. Victurnien grew the bolder for these victories over bourgeois justice. He was so accustomed to be pulled out of scrapes, that he never thought twice before any prank.

Courts of law, in his opinion, were bugbears to frighten people who had no hold on him. Things which he would have blamed in common people were for him only pardonable amusements. His disposition to treat the new laws cavalierly while obeying the maxims of a Code for aristocrats, his behavior and character, were all pondered, analyzed, and tested by a few adroit persons in du Croisier's interests. These folk supported each other in the effort to make the people believe that Liberal slanders were revelations, and that the Ministerial policy at bottom meant a return to the old order of things.

年轻的伯爵还沉溺于在城里做些别的恶作剧。这些事被骑士称为“风流韵事”，可是谢内尔不得不付出一笔笔为数不少的钱，因为伯爵用不负责任的结婚许诺来引诱那些年轻女孩，又抛弃了她们。还有的事情在民法典中被称为“诱拐未成年少女”，新法律对此事的处罚非常严厉。要不是谢内尔及时出面干涉，很难说这些官司会让年轻的伯爵如何收场。这些跟市民打的官司的胜利，让维克蒂尼安越发胆大。他如此习惯于从麻烦中抽身，以至于他做任何恶作剧时都不会犹豫。在他看来，法院不过是用来吓唬那些拿他没办法的老百姓的讨厌把戏。那些老百姓做了就应该受到处罚的事情，对他来说不过是一件可以原谅的娱乐而已。他这种藐视新法律、同时又服从贵族法典信条的倾向，他的行为、性格，这些都被迪克鲁瓦西耶那边的几个敏锐的人仔细考量着，并加以分析和检验。这些人互相扶持，努力让人们相信自由党的诽谤其实是真相，而当时内阁推行的政策不过是想回归旧秩序。

What a bit of luck to find something by way of proof of their assertions! President du Ronceret, and the public prosecutor likewise, lent themselves admirably, so far as was compatible with their duty as magistrates, to the design of letting off the offender as easily as possible; indeed, they went deliberately out of their way to do this, well pleased to raise a Liberal clamor against their overlarge concessions. And so, while seeming to serve the interests of the d'Esgrignons, they stirred up feeling against them. The treacherous de Ronceret had it in his mind to pose as incorruptible at the right moment over some serious charge, with public opinion to back him up. The young Count's worst tendencies, moreover, were insidiously encouraged by two or three young men who followed in his train, paid court to him, won his favor, and flattered and obeyed him, with a view to confirming his belief in a noble's supremacy; and all this at a time when a noble's one chance of preserving his power lay in using it with the utmost discretion for half a century to come.

能为自己的论点找到些许证据，多幸运啊！法院院长迪龙瑟莱和检察长一样，只要不违反作为法务人员的原则，他们都会尽量对被告一方宽大处理。事实上，他们是故意这样越权处理的，并且很高兴听见自由党人对他们的过分让步大呼反对。这样，表面上照顾了德埃斯格里尼翁家族的利益，实际上却激起了民众对他们的反感。奸诈的迪龙瑟莱的心

里还有一个想法，就是等找到一件严重的案情并且背后有公众支持的时候，再显示出公正执法的样子。除此之外，两三个尾随于他的年轻人阴险地鼓动着年轻公爵的不良倾向。这些年轻人对他很奉承，赢得了他的好感，奉承他，而且顺从于他，想要让他更相信自己的高贵地位。然而，在这往后的一个半世纪中，一个贵族要保住权力，他就必须极度谨慎。

Du Croisier hoped to reduce the d'Esgrignons to the last extremity of poverty; he hoped to see their castle demolished, and their lands sold piecemeal by auction, through the follies which this harebrained boy was pretty certain to commit. This was as far as he went; he did not think, with President du Ronceret, that Victurnien was likely to give justice another kind of hold upon him. Both men found an ally for their schemes of revenge in Victurnien's overweening vanity and love of pleasure. President du Ronceret's son, a lad of seventeen, was admirably fitted for the part of instigator. He was one of the Count's companions, a new kind of spy in du Croisier's pay; du Croisier taught him his lesson, set him to track down the noble and beautiful boy through his better qualities, and sardonically prompted him to encourage his victim in his worst faults. Fabien du Ronceret was a sophisticated youth, to whom such a mystification was attractive; he had precisely the keen brain and envious nature which finds in such a pursuit as this the absorbing amusement which a man of an ingenious turn lacks in the provinces.

迪克鲁瓦西耶想让德埃斯格里尼翁一家穷困潦倒。他希望见到他们的城堡被粉碎，他们的土地一片片被拍卖——这个轻率的小男孩肯定会做出些荒唐事，让这些成为现实。他也就想了这么多。他认为，有迪龙瑟莱院长在，维克蒂尼安不太可能再逃脱正义的制裁了。两个人都发现，维克蒂尼安的过分虚荣和耽于享受也为他们的复仇计划推波助澜。迪龙瑟莱院长的儿子是一个十七岁的少年，他是煽动者的极好人选。作为伯爵的同伴之一，他是迪克鲁瓦西耶雇佣的新型间谍。迪克鲁瓦西耶教他通过自己良好的品质来跟随这个高贵英俊的少年，讽刺的是，还让他鼓励他的受害者犯那些的过错。法比安·迪龙瑟莱是一个久经世故的青年，这种神秘感对他很有吸引力。他恰好具有敏锐的大脑和善妒的本性，这让他能在这样一件事中发现省里的机灵人所缺少的吸引人的乐趣。

In three years, between the ages of eighteen and one-and-twenty, Victurnien cost poor Chesnel nearly eighty thousand francs! And this without the knowledge of Mlle. Armande or the Marquis. More than half of the money had been spent in buying off lawsuits; the lad's extravagance had squandered the rest. Of the Marquis' income of ten thousand livres, five thousand were necessary for the housekeeping; two thousand more represented Mlle. Armande's allowance (parsimonious though she was) and the Marquis' expenses. The

handsome young heir—presumptive, therefore, had not a hundred louis to spend. And what sort of figure can a man make on two thousand livres? Victurnien's tailor's bills alone absorbed his whole allowance. He had his linen, his clothes, gloves, and perfumery from Paris. He wanted a good English saddle-horse, a tilbury, and a second horse. M. du Croisier had a tilbury and a thoroughbred. Was the bourgeoisie to cut out the noblesse? Then, the young Count must have a man in the d'Esgrignon livery. He prided himself on setting the fashion among young men in the town and the department; he entered that world of luxuries and fancies which suit youth and good looks and wit so well. Chesnel paid for it all, not without using, like ancient parliaments, the right of protest, albeit he spoke with angelic kindness.

在十八岁到二十一岁这三年间，维克蒂尼安让可怜的谢内尔花费了大约八万法郎！而阿芒德小姐和侯爵对这件事一无所知。这笔钱的一大半用于摆平官司，其他的都被少年挥霍掉了。在侯爵一万里弗的收入中，有一半必须用于家务管理。尽管阿芒德小姐很是节俭，她和侯爵的费用开支也需要两千里弗。因此，可想而知，那位年轻英俊的继承人可以花费的钱还不到一百个路易。对于一个男人来说，两千里弗能做什么呢？维克蒂尼安光是用在衣服上的费用就是这个数目了。他的亚麻布料、衣服、手套和香水都来自巴黎。他想要一匹英国驯马，一辆二轮轻便马车，然后还要一匹马。迪克鲁瓦西耶有一辆二轮轻便马车和一匹良种马。资产阶级是否会取代贵族阶级呢？并且，年轻的伯爵还要一个人做自家的马夫。能为市里和区里的年轻人当时尚的榜样，他很是骄傲。他进入了奢侈和幻想的世界，这非常适合这种英俊又聪明的年轻人。谢内尔为所有这一切付账，但他也会像从前的议会一样行使他的抗议权，虽然他表态时都会带着天使般的仁慈态度。

"What a pity it is that so good a man should be so tiresome!" Victurnien would say to himself every time that the notary staunched some wound in his purse.

“这么好的一个人竟然如此乏味，真是可惜！”每次公证人想让自己的钱包少受一点害的时候，维克蒂尼安都会这么想。

Chesnel had been left a widower, and childless; he had taken his old master's son to fill the void in his heart. It was a pleasure to him to watch the lad driving up the High Street, perched aloft on the box-seat of the tilbury, whip in hand, and a rose in his button-hole, handsome, well turned out, envied by every one.

谢内尔是个鳏夫，且没有子女。他一直用老主人的儿子来填补自己内心的空白。他很高兴看到这个少年驾驶轻便马车穿过大街。少年高高地坐在车座上，手中拿着马鞭，衣服纽扣孔插了支玫瑰花，英俊潇洒，高调亮相，被众人艳羡着。

Pressing need would bring Victurnien with uneasy eyes and

coaxing manner, but steady voice, to the modest house in the Rue du Bercail; there had been losses at cards at the Troisvilles, or the Duc de Verneuil's, or the prefecture, or the receiver-general's, and the Count had come to his providence, the notary. He had only to show himself to carry the day.

有什么迫切的需要时，维克蒂尼安就会带着不安的眼神和一副油嘴滑舌来到羊圈街一所简陋的房子，然而他的声音却很平静。每当他在特鲁瓦维尔家、韦纳伊公爵家、省长家或税务局长家打牌输了钱，伯爵都会来找眷顾他的公证人。他只要露面就成功了。

"Well, what is it, M. le Comte? What has happened?" the old man would ask, with a tremor in his voice.

“哟，怎么了，伯爵先生？出什么事了？”老人会带着颤音问道。

On great occasions Victurnien would sit down, assume a melancholy, pensive expression, and submit with little coquetries of voice and gesture to be questioned. Then when he had thoroughly roused the old man's fears (for Chesnel was beginning to fear how such a course of extravagance would end), he would own up to a peccadillo which a bill for a thousand francs would absolve. Chesnel possessed a private income of some twelve thousand livres, but the fund was not inexhaustible. The eighty thousand francs thus squandered represented his savings, accumulated for the day when the Marquis should send his son to Paris, or open negotiations for a wealthy marriage.

如果情况重大，维克蒂尼安便会坐下来，假装一副愁容，无论怎么问，他的声音动作都似撒娇。然后，当他彻底让老人害怕起来之后（因为谢内尔正开始担心这种奢侈会带来什么样的后果），他才会坦白说，这是件一千法郎就可以解决的小问题。谢内尔私人收入大约一万二千里弗，但是这笔资金也是会耗尽的。被挥霍的八万法郎是他的积蓄，原本存着以备侯爵要送他儿子去巴黎，或要结门富贵亲事用的。

Chesnel was clear-sighted so long as Victurnien was not there before him. One by one he lost the illusions which the Marquis and his sister still fondly cherished. He saw that the young fellow could not be depended upon in the least, and wished to see him married to some modest, sensible girl of good birth, wondering within himself how a young man could mean so well and do so ill, for he made promises one day only to break them all on the next.

只要维克蒂尼安不在他面前，谢内尔就会很精明。在他那里，侯爵和他妹妹依然怀抱着的那些希望一个接一个地破灭了。他见这个小伙子一点都不可靠，便希望他能娶一个出身好、端庄又懂事的女孩。同时，他也很奇怪，这么好心的年轻人怎么能做出这么糟糕的事，因为他今天做出许多承诺，第二天却又全部打破。

But there is never any good to be expected of young men who confess their sins and repent, and straightway fall into them again. A man of strong character only confesses his faults to himself, and punishes himself for them; as for the weak, they drop back into the old ruts when they find that the bank is too steep to climb. The springs of pride which lie in a great man's secret soul had been slackened in Victurnien. With such guardians as he had, such company as he kept, such a life as he led, he had suddenly became an enervated voluptuary at that turning-point in his life when a man most stands in need of the harsh discipline of misfortune and adversity which formed a Prince Eugene, a Frederick II., a Napoleon. Chesnel saw that Victurnien possessed that uncontrollable appetite for enjoyments which should be the prerogative of men endowed with giant powers; the men who feel the need of counterbalancing their gigantic labors by pleasures which bring one-sided mortals to the pit.

但是，对于那种承认且忏悔自己的罪行、而后立马再次犯错的年轻人是没有什么好期待的。坚强的人只会对自己承认错误，并且为此惩罚自己；而对软弱的人来说，当他们发现上岸的路太过陡峭、难以攀登时，便又会重蹈覆辙。伟人灵魂深处的那些自豪感之弦，已经在维克蒂尼安身上松了下来。由于他有这样的监护人和同伴，过着这样的生活，他突然在人生的这个转折点变成了软弱的酒色之徒。而此时，一个人最需要经历不幸和逆境的艰苦磨练，正是这种磨练造就了欧根亲王、腓特烈二世和拿破仑。谢内尔看到维克蒂尼安拥有无法控制的享乐的欲望，这些欲望本来应当是拥有巨大权力之人的特权。人们觉得有必要用享乐来对抗繁重的劳动，而只是享乐却会把人带进深渊。

At times the good man stood aghast; then, again, some profound sally, some sign of the lad's remarkable range of intellect, would reassure him. He would say, as the Marquis said at the rumor of some escapade, "Boys will be boys." Chesnel had spoken to the Chevalier, lamenting the young lord's propensity for getting into debt; but the Chevalier manipulated his pinch of snuff, and listened with a smile of amusement.

有时，这个好人也会心存恐惧。然而，伯爵那代表着卓越智慧的深刻的俏皮话又会使他安心下来。就像侯爵在听到儿子恶作剧的传言时那样，他会说：“男孩子毕竟是男孩子。”谢内尔曾对骑士哀叹说，小主人很容易陷入债务之中。但骑士总是摆弄着他那撮鼻烟，饶有兴趣地微笑倾听。

"My dear Chesnel, just explain to me what a national debt is," he answered. "If France has debts, egad! why should not Victurnien have debts? At this time and at all times princes have debts, every gentleman has debts. Perhaps you would rather that Victurnien should bring you his savings?—Do you know that our great Richelieu (not the Cardinal, a pitiful fellow that put nobles to death, but the Marechal),

do you know what he did once when his grandson the Prince de Chinon, the last of the line, let him see that he had not spent his pocket-money at the University?”

“亲爱的谢内尔，请向我解释一下国债是什么意思。”他回答道，“哎呀！如果法国都可以欠债，为什么维克蒂尼安不可以欠债呢？君主们欠债，每个绅士都欠债，现在是这样，而且一直都是。也许你想让维克蒂尼安给你他的积蓄？——你知道我们伟大的黎塞留吧（不是那个把贵族处死的可怜的红衣主教，而是元帅），你知道当他得知自己的孙子希农亲王，也就是他们家族的最后一脉，在大学里没花完所有的零花钱时，他是怎么做的吗？”

"No, M. le Chevalier."

“不知道，骑士先生。”

"Oh, well; he flung the purse out of the window to a sweeper in the courtyard, and said to his grandson, 'Then they do not teach you to be a prince here?'"

“哦，他把钱包从窗户扔给正在庭院打扫的仆人，然后对他的孙子说：‘他们难道没有教你怎样在这里当一个亲王吗？’”

Chesnel bent his head and made no answer. But that night, as he lay awake, he thought that such doctrines as these were fatal in times when there was one law for everybody, and foresaw the first beginnings of the ruin of the d'Esgrignons.

谢内尔低着头没有回答。但是那天晚上，他躺在床上想，在这个人人都得遵循同一法律的时代，这类教条是具有毁灭性的。他也同时预见了德埃斯格里尼翁家族走向灭亡的开始。

But for these explanations which depict one side of provincial life in the time of the Empire and the Restoration, it would not be easy to understand the opening scene of this history, an incident which took place in the great salon one evening towards the end of October 1822. The card-tables were forsaken, the Collection of Antiquities—elderly nobles, elderly countesses, young marquises, and simple baronesses—had settled their losses and winnings. The master of the house was pacing up and down the room, while Mlle. Armande was putting out the candles on the card-tables. He was not taking exercise alone, the Chevalier was with him, and the two wrecks of the eighteenth century were talking of Victurnien. The Chevalier had undertaken to broach the subject with the Marquis.

如果没有对帝国和复辟时期外省生活的解释，那么就很难理解这段历史的序幕。1822年10月底的一个晚上，这一事件发生于这间大客厅里。牌局散场了。年老的贵族、年老的伯爵夫人、年轻的侯爵夫人以及普通的男爵夫人——古物陈列室里的人们已经算好了他们的输赢。阿芒

德小姐熄灭牌桌上的蜡烛时，房子的主人正在房间里来回走动。他并非单独做这项运动，骑士在和他一起做。这两位十八世纪的遗物正在谈论着维克蒂尼安。骑士受人之托向侯爵提起这个话题。

"Yes, Marquis," he was saying, "your son is wasting his time and his youth; you ought to send him to court."

“是的，侯爵，”他说，“您的儿子正在浪费他的时间和青春，您应当送他去宫廷。”

"I have always thought," said the Marquis, "that if my great age prevents me from going to court—where, between ourselves, I do not know what I should do among all these new people whom his Majesty receives, and all that is going on there—that if I could not go myself, I could at least send my son to present our homage to His Majesty. The King surely would do something for the Count—give him a company, for instance, or a place in the Household, a chance, in short, for the boy to win his spurs. My uncle the Archbishop suffered a cruel martyrdom; I have fought for the cause without deserting the camp with those who thought it their duty to follow the Princes. I held that while the King was in France, his nobles should rally round him.—Ah! well, no one gives us a thought; a Henry IV. would have written before now to the d'Esgrignons, 'Come to me, my friends; we have won the day!'—After all, we are something better than the Troisvilles, yet here are two Troisvilles made peers of France; and another, I hear, represents the nobles in the Chamber.” (He took the upper electoral colleges for assemblies of his own order.) "Really, they think no more of us than if we did not exist. I was waiting for the Princes to make their journey through this part of the world; but as the Princes do not come to us, we must go to the Princes."

“我总是在想，”侯爵说，“如果我因为年事已高而无法进宫——说句私底下的话，在国王陛下所接纳的那些新人之间，以及那里所发生的一切事情中，我不知道自己能做些什么——如果我自己不能去的话，至少可以将我的儿子送过去，向陛下致意。国王一定会给伯爵一些恩典，比如让他带个队伍，或是在宫里当个差，给他一个机会，总之，让这个孩子建功立业。我的叔父大主教先生悲惨地殉教，而我也一直为事业而战斗，没有像那些临阵脱逃的人一样以跟随亲王们逃跑为己任。我认为，只要国王陛下还在法国，贵族们就应该伴随左右。啊！这下好了，如今没人想到我们了。如果是亨利四世当朝，他早就会写信给德埃斯格里尼翁家族了，信里会说：‘来吧，我的朋友，我们已经胜利了！’总之，我们家要好过特鲁瓦维尔家，可他家已经有两个人进了法兰西贵族院，听说还有一个在议会里代表贵族。”（他把大区选举团当成自己阶级的议会了。）“真的，他们压根没想到我们，就当我们不存在一样。我一直在等待亲王们到这块地方来，可是既然他们不来找我们，我们就必须去找他们了。”

"I am enchanted to learn that you think of introducing our dear Victurnien into society," the Chevalier put in adroitly. "He ought not to bury his talents in a hole like this town. The best fortune that he can look for here is to come across some Norman girl" (mimicking the accent), "country-bred, stupid, and rich. What could he make of her?—his wife? Oh! good Lord!”

“我很高兴你想到要把我们亲爱的维克蒂尼安送到社会上去，”骑士熟练地插话道，“他不应该把自己的才智埋没在这偏僻的小城里。他在这里能找到的最多是些诺曼底姑娘，（他说这话时还努力模仿诺曼底口音）在乡下长大、愚蠢又有钱。他要这姑娘来干什么？做妻子？哦！我的天啊！”

"I sincerely hope that he will defer his marriage until he has obtained some great office or appointment under the Crown," returned the gray-haired Marquis. "Still, there are serious difficulties in the way."

“我真心希望他能在得到国王的一些重要的任命或是委派之后再结婚。”白发苍苍的侯爵回答道，“可这还是有严重的困难阻碍着。”

And these were the only difficulties which the Marquis saw at the outset of his son's career.

以下就是侯爵所能看见的自己儿子在事业开端时会遇见的唯一困难。

"My son, the Comte d'Esgrignon, cannot make his appearance at court like a tatterdemalion," he continued after a pause, marked by a sigh; "he must be equipped. Alas! for these two hundred years we have had no retainers. Ah! Chevalier, this demolition from top to bottom always brings me back to the first hammer stroke delivered by M. de Mirabeau. The one thing needful nowadays is money; that is all that the Revolution has done that I can see. The King does not ask you whether you are a descendant of the Valois or a conquerer of Gaul; he asks whether you pay a thousand francs in tailles which nobles never used to pay. So I cannot well send the Count to court without a matter of twenty thousand crowns—”

“我这个儿子，德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵不能像个穷鬼一样去宫里，”他停下来叹了口气，然后接着说，“他得有副行头。哎呀！最近这两百年来，我们都没有自己的家臣了。啊！骑士，这样彻头彻尾的破坏总是让我回想起德米拉博先生敲下的第一锤。如今唯一需要的就是钱，这就是我能看见的大革命带来的全部后果。国王不会问你的祖上是瓦卢瓦还是高卢的征服者，他只会问你有没有交一千法郎的租税，而过去的贵族是不用交这笔钱的。所以，要是没有两万法郎，我是不可能把伯爵送到宫里去的——”

"Yes," assented the Chevalier, "with that trifling sum he could cut

a brave figure."

“是的，”骑士附和道，“有了这笔小钱，他就能放心大胆地出去见世面了。”

"Well," said Mlle. Armande, "I have asked Chesnel to come to-night. Would you believe it, Chevalier, ever since the day when Chesnel proposed that I should marry that miserable du Croisier—”

“对了，”阿芒德小姐说，“我叫谢内尔今晚到这儿来了。您相信吗，骑士，自从谢内尔建议我嫁给那个卑鄙的迪克鲁瓦西耶那天开始——”

"Ah, that was truly unworthy, mademoiselle!" cried the Chevalier.

“啊！小姐，那可真是太不合适了！”骑士惊呼道。

"Unpardonable!" said the Marquis.

“不可原谅！”侯爵说道。

"Well, since then my brother has never brought himself to ask anything whatsoever of Chesnel," continued Mlle. Armande.

“从那时起，我哥哥就再也没有开口向谢内尔提过任何要求。”阿芒德小姐继续道。

"Of your old household servant? Why, Marquis, you would do Chesnel honor—an honor which he would gratefully remember till his latest breath.”

“向您过去的仆人请求吗？哦! 侯爵，您这样会给足谢内尔面子的，他直到咽气时都会铭记于心。”

"No," said the Marquis, "the thing is beneath one's dignity, it seems to me.”

“不，”侯爵答道，“在我看来，这样会失去我的尊严。”

"There is not much question of dignity; it is a matter of necessity," said the Chevalier, with the trace of a shrug.

“没什么尊严的问题，您需要这样做。”骑士说着，稍稍耸了下肩膀。

"Never," said the Marquis, riposting with a gesture which decided the Chevalier to risk a great stroke to open his old friend's eyes.

“决不。”侯爵说道。他这种尖锐的反击促使骑士决定冒个险，用一记重击来打开老朋友的眼界。

"Very well," he said, "since you do not know it, I will tell you myself that Chesnel has let your son have something already, something like—”

“很好，”他说道，“既然你不知道，我就亲自告诉你，谢内尔已经让

你儿子得到一些东西，比如——”

"My son is incapable of accepting anything whatever from Chesnel," the Marquis broke in, drawing himself up as he spoke. "He might have come to YOU to ask you for twenty-five louis—”

“我儿子不会接受谢内尔的任何东西，”侯爵一边打断他的话，一边靠过去，“他可以找你去要二十五个路易——”

"Something like a hundred thousand livres," said the Chevalier, finishing his sentence.

“比如十万里弗。”骑士把他的话说完。

"The Comte d'Esgrignon owes a hundred thousand livres to a Chesnel!" cried the Marquis, with every sign of deep pain. "Oh! if he were not an only son, he should set out to-night for Mexico with a captain's commission. A man may be in debt to money-lenders, they charge a heavy interest, and you are quits; that is right enough; but CHESNEL! a man to whom one is attached!—”

“德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵欠了谢内尔这种人十万里弗！”侯爵大叫道，显得十分痛苦，“哦！假如他不是独生子，今晚他就得带着上尉的委任状去墨西哥。一个人可以欠放贷人的债，他们索要重息，那也就两相抵消了，这够公平，可居然是谢内尔！一个与我们有关系的人！”

"Yes, our adorable Victurnien has run through a hundred thousand livres, dear Marquis," resumed the Chevalier, flicking a trace of snuff from his waistcoat; "it is not much, I know. I myself at his age—But, after all, let us let old memories be, Marquis. The Count is living in the provinces; all things taken into consideration, it is not so much amiss. He will not go far; these irregularities are common in men who do great things afterwards—”

“对，我们可爱的维克蒂尼安花光了那十万里弗，亲爱的侯爵，”骑士弹掉背心上的一根烟丝，继续说道，“我知道，这并不多。我和他一样大时——但是，管他呢，侯爵，过去的就不提了。伯爵住在外省。综合考虑，这也不算多大的缺点。他会适可而止的，这些反常行为在那些以后成就伟业的人物中是很普遍的——”

"And he is sleeping upstairs, without a word of this to his father," exclaimed the Marquis.

“而他现在正在楼上睡觉，一个字都没有对他的父亲提过。”侯爵大喊道。

"Sleeping innocently as a child who has merely got five or six little bourgeoises into trouble, and now must have duchesses," returned the Chevalier.

“他睡得像个孩子一样天真，他不过只是给五六个中产阶级小姑娘惹

了点麻烦，现在却要得到公爵夫人了。”骑士回答道。

"Why, he deserves a lettre de cachet!"

“唉，他会招来拘捕令的！”

"They' have done away with lettres de cachet," said the Chevalier. "You know what a hubbub there was when they tried to institute a law for special cases. We could not keep the provost's courts, which M. de Bonaparte used to call commissions militaires.”

“他们已经取消了拘捕令，”骑士说道，“您知道他们想要订立特殊法律时吵成什么样子了吗。我们无法保留刑事法庭，这些法庭以前被德波拿巴先生称作军法会议。”

"Well, well; what are we to do if our boys are wild, or turn out scapegraces? Is there no locking them up in these days?" asked the Marquis.

“好啊，好啊，如果我们的孩子们四处撒野，或变成无赖，我们该怎么办呢？现在都不能关他们了吗？”侯爵问道。

The Chevalier looked at the heartbroken father and lacked courage to answer, "We shall be obliged to bring them up properly."

骑士望着心碎的父亲，没有勇气回答了：“我们只得好好地培养他们。”

"And you have never said a word of this to me, Mlle. d'Esgrignon," added the Marquis, turning suddenly round upon Mlle. Armande. He never addressed her as Mlle. d'Esgrignon except when he was vexed; usually she was called "my sister."

“你从来都没有向我说过这件事，德埃斯格里尼翁小姐。”侯爵一边补充道，一边突然转向阿芒德小姐。除非他很恼火，否则从不称呼她为德埃斯格里尼翁小姐，而是通常称她为“我的妹妹”。

"Why, monsieur, when a young man is full of life and spirits, and leads an idle life in a town like this, what else can you expect?" asked Mlle. d'Esgrignon. She could not understand her brother's anger.

“哎呀，先生，一个充满生机和朝气、在这样的城市里过着悠闲生活的小伙子，你还想指望他干其他什么事呢？”德埃斯格里尼翁小姐回答道。她不能理解哥哥的怒气。

"Debts! eh! why, hang it all!" added the Chevalier. "He plays cards, he has little adventures, he shoots,—all these things are horribly expensive nowadays.”

“债务！咳！哎呀，真该死！”骑士补充道，“他打牌，他有点小艳遇，他打猎——现在这些事情是非常贵的。”

"Come," said the Marquis, "it is time to send him to the King. I

will spend to-morrow morning in writing to our kinsmen.”

“得了，”侯爵说道，“现在是送他去见国王的时候了。明早我就写信给我们的亲戚。”

"I have some acquaintance with the Ducs de Navarreins, de Lenoncourt, de Maufrigneuse, and de Chaulieu," said the Chevalier, though he knew, as he spoke, that he was pretty thoroughly forgotten.

“我同德纳瓦兰、德勒农古、德摩弗里纽斯、德肖利厄几位公爵都认识。”骑士说道，尽管他在说这句话的时候意识到，自己已经被他们完全地忘记了。

"My dear Chevalier, there is no need of such formalities to present a d'Esgrignon at court," the Marquis broke in. —"A hundred thousand livres," he muttered; "this Chesnel makes very free. This is what comes of these accursed troubles. M. Chesnel protects my son. And now I must ask him.... No, sister, you must undertake this business. Chesnel shall secure himself for the whole amount by a mortgage on our lands. And just give this harebrained boy a good scolding; he will end by ruining himself if he goes on like this."

“我亲爱的骑士，要把德埃斯格里尼翁家的人送到朝廷里去，不需要那些正式的手续。”侯爵插话进来。“十万里弗，”他自语道，“这个谢内尔太随意了。这就是被诅咒的乱世的后果。谢内尔保护着我的儿子。而现在我必须请求他……不，妹妹，你必须做这件事。谢内尔应当放心，因为我们要拿我们的土地来抵押所有的债务。而且还要把这个轻率的小孩好好教训一顿。再这样下去，他就会把自己毁了。”

The Chevalier and Mlle. d'Esgrignon thought these words perfectly simple and natural, absurd as they would have sounded to any other listener. So far from seeing anything ridiculous in the speech, they were both very much touched by a look of something like anguish in the old noble's face. Some dark premonition seemed to weigh upon M. d'Esgrignon at that moment, some glimmering of an insight into the changed times. He went to the settee by the fireside and sat down, forgetting that Chesnel would be there before long; that Chesnel, of whom he could not bring himself to ask anything.

骑士和德埃斯格里尼翁小姐觉得这席话非常简单明了，但是其他任何人听了都会觉得荒唐。他们不但完全没有感到这席话中的荒谬，反而被老贵族脸上所表现出来的痛苦表情深深地打动了。在那一刻，德埃斯格里尼翁先生似乎感受到了一种不详的预兆，隐约看到了时代变迁的影子。他走到壁炉旁的靠背椅处坐了下来，他忘记了谢内尔不久就要过来。那个谢内尔，他是不会向他要任何东西的。

Just then the Marquis d'Esgrignon looked exactly as any imagination with a touch of romance could wish. He was almost bald, but a fringe of silken, white locks, curled at the tips, covered the back

of his head. All the pride of race might be seen in a noble forehead, such as you may admire in a Louis XV., a Beaumarchais, a Marechal de Richelieu, it was not the square, broad brow of the portraits of the Marechal de Saxe; nor yet the small hard circle of Voltaire, compact to overfulness; it was graciously rounded and finely moulded, the temples were ivory tinted and soft; and mettle and spirit, unquenched by age, flashed from the brilliant eyes. The Marquis had the Conde nose and the lovable Bourbon mouth, from which, as they used to say of the Comte d'Artois, only witty and urbane words proceed. His cheeks, sloping rather than foolishly rounded to the chin, were in keeping with his spare frame, thin legs, and plump hands. The strangulation cravat at his throat was of the kind which every marquis wears in all the portraits which adorn eighteenth century literature; it is common alike to Saint-Preux and to Lovelace, to the elegant Montesquieu's heroes and to Diderot's homespun characters (see the first editions of those writers' works).

此时此刻，德埃斯格里尼翁侯爵的样子很像任何浪漫的想象所希望看到的那样。他的头几乎秃了，但后脑勺上还是覆盖着一些柔软的白发，发梢卷曲着。你可以在一个贵族的额头上看到这个家族所有的骄傲，就如同你能在路易十五、博马歇、黎塞留元帅的前额上看到的那样，而不是像萨克斯元帅肖像上的那种又方又宽的前额，也不像伏尔泰那又小又硬、过分丰满的圆脑袋。贵族的前额优雅圆润且塑造得体，他的鬓角柔软且带有象牙白色。他的勇气和精神并未被年纪压倒，而是从他睿智的眼神中闪耀出来。侯爵有着孔德家族的鼻子和波旁家族可爱的嘴，就像人们过去形容德阿图瓦伯爵的那样，这张嘴只会说出智慧而文雅的话来。他的脸颊并不是愚蠢的连到下巴处的那种圆形，而是瘦削的，同他高瘦的身材、细细的腿和丰满的手很相称。他喉头处紧束的领带同十八世纪文学中对各位侯爵穿戴的描写一样，这与圣普乐、洛弗拉斯、孟德斯鸠作品中高贵的主角和狄德罗的朴素主角（参阅这些作家书稿的原版）的装扮很像。

The Marquis always wore a white, gold-embroidered, high waistcoat, with the red ribbon of a commander of the Order of St. Louis blazing upon his breast; and a blue coat with wide skirts, and fleur-de-lys on the flaps, which were turned back—an odd costume which the King had adopted. But the Marquis could not bring himself to give up the Frenchman's knee-breeches nor yet the white silk stockings or the buckles at the knees. After six o'clock in the evening he appeared in full dress.

侯爵总是穿着一件金线绣的宽大的白色背心，胸口处还有耀眼的圣路易骑士勋章的红缎带，外面穿着下摆宽大的蓝色大衣，向后折起的垂边上还有百合花的图案——这套奇怪的装束是国王所采用的。但侯爵并没有放弃法国式的齐膝短裤，也没有放弃白色长筒丝袜和膝盖处的扣子。晚上六点以后，他就会穿戴整齐地露面。

He read no newspapers but *the Quotidienne* and *the Gazette de France*, two journals accused by the Constitutional press of obscurantist views and uncounted "monarchical and religious" enormities; while the Marquis d'Esgrignon, on the other hand, found heresies and revolutionary doctrines in every issue. No matter to what extremes the organs of this or that opinion may go, they will never go quite far enough to please the purists on their own side; even as the portrayer of this magnificent personage is pretty certain to be accused of exaggeration, whereas he has done his best to soften down some of the cruder tones and dim the more startling tints of the original.

他只读《每日新闻》和《法兰西新闻》两份报纸。立宪派指责这两份报纸中有反启蒙主义观点和无数“君主和宗教”的罪恶行径，但在另一方面，德埃斯格里尼翁侯爵却能在每一期中发现异端邪说和革命的教条。不管持这种或那种观点的一方走向怎样的极端，他们都无法完全满足自己这边的纯粹主义者。即使描述这位非凡人物的人很有可能会被指责为言过其实，他还是要尽其所能来软化粗鲁的论调，把原本惊人的地方模糊处理。

The Marquis d'Esgrignon rested his elbows on his knees and leant his head on his hands. During his meditations Mlle. Armande and the Chevalier looked at one another without uttering the thoughts in their minds. Was he pained by the discovery that his son's future must depend upon his sometime land steward? Was he doubtful of the reception awaiting the young Count? Did he regret that he had made no preparation for launching his heir into that brilliant world of court? Poverty had kept him in the depths of his province; how should he have appeared at court? He sighed heavily as he raised his head.

德埃斯格里尼翁侯爵把双肘支在膝盖上，头靠在手上。在他沉思期间，阿芒德小姐和骑士互相对望着，没有说出心中的想法。他是因为发现儿子的未来必须依赖以前的管家而痛苦吗？他是对年轻伯爵即将受到的待遇心存怀疑吗？他是在后悔没有为把自己的继承人送入辉煌的宫廷世界而做好准备吗？贫穷把他留在了外省的偏僻处，他怎能在皇宫里出现呢？他深深叹了口气，抬起头来。

That sigh, in those days, came from the real aristocracy all over France; from the loyal provincial noblesse, consigned to neglect with most of those who had drawn sword and braved the storm for the cause.

在那个时期，这样的叹气来自整个法国真正的贵族阶层，也来自于忠实的外省贵族。由于有了那些为大业而勇敢拔剑抵御暴风雨的贵族，他们被忽略了。

"What have the Princes done for the du Guenics, or the Fontaines, or the Bauvans, who never submitted?" he muttered to himself. "They fling miserable pensions to the men who fought most bravely, and

give them a royal lieutenancy in a fortress somewhere on the outskirts of the kingdom."

“亲王们对那些不愿投降的迪盖尼克家、方丹家或博旺家做过什么呢？”他喃喃自语道，“他们只掷给那些作战最英勇的人少得可怜的养老金，并且让他们在王国边界某处的堡垒里担任皇家中尉之职。”

Evidently the Marquis doubted the reigning dynasty. Mlle. d'Esgrignon was trying to reassure her brother as to the prospects of the journey, when a step outside on the dry narrow footway gave them notice of Chesnel's coming. In another moment Chesnel appeared; Josephin, the Count's gray-aired valet, admitted the notary without announcing him.

很明显，侯爵怀疑在位的皇朝。德埃斯格里尼翁小姐正努力让她哥哥为这次旅途的前景放宽心时，外面干燥狭窄的人行道上的脚步声提醒他们，谢内尔到了。不一会儿，谢内尔就出现了。伯爵的白发仆人约瑟芬未经禀报就把公证人引了进来。

"Chesnel, my boy—" (Chesnel was a white-haired man of sixty-nine, with a square-jawed, venerable countenance; he wore knee-breeches, ample enough to fill several chapters of dissertation in the manner of Sterne, ribbed stockings, shoes with silver clasps, an ecclesiastical-looking coat and a high waistcoat of scholastic cut.)

“谢内尔，我的孩子——”（谢内尔六十九岁，满头白发，方下巴，面容庄重，穿着宽大到足够塞进好几章斯特恩式论文的齐膝短裤，脚穿棱纹袜和带有银扣的鞋子，身着一件教士模样的大衣和学者式的宽大背心。）

"Chesnel, my boy, it was very presumptuous of you to lend money to the Comte d'Esgrignon! If I repaid you at once and we never saw each other again, it would be no more than you deserve for giving wings to his vices."

“谢内尔，我的孩子，你竟然借钱给德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵，真是太鲁莽了！你居然鼓动他作恶，就算现在我把钱立即还给你，且我们再不相见，这也是你应得的。”

There was a pause, a silence such as there falls at court when the King publicly reprimands a courtier. The old notary looked humble and contrite.

侯爵停顿了一下，如同国王在朝廷上当众指责朝臣时的静默一样。老公证人看起来既谦卑又懊悔。

"I am anxious about that boy, Chesnel," continued the Marquis in a kindly tone; "I should like to send him to Paris to serve His Majesty. Make arrangements with my sister for his suitable appearance at court.—And we will settle accounts—"

“我很为那孩子担心，谢内尔，”侯爵用和善的语气继续道，“我想送他去巴黎为国王陛下服务。与我妹妹一起安排一下适合他进宫穿的服装吧——然后我们来解决旧账——”

The Marquis looked grave as he left the room with a friendly gesture of farewell to Chesnel.

侯爵表情庄重，向谢内尔友好地做了个告别的手势，然后离开了房间。

"I thank M. le Marquis for all his goodness," returned the old man, who still remained standing.

“感谢侯爵先生的善意。”老人回答道，仍然站在那里一动不动。

Mlle. Armande rose to go to the door with her brother; she had rung the bell, old Josephin was in readiness to light his master to his room.

阿芒德小姐站起来，与她哥哥一起向门口走去。她拉了铃，老约瑟芬已经准备好为他主人照明，送他到房间去。

"Take a seat, Chesnel," said the lady, as she returned, and with womanly tact she explained away and softened the Marquis' harshness. And yet beneath that harshness Chesnel saw a great affection. The Marquis' attachment for his old servant was something of the same order as a man's affection for his dog; he will fight any one who kicks the animal, the dog is like a part of his existence, a something which, if not exactly himself, represents him in that which is nearest and dearest—his sensibilities.

“请坐，谢内尔。”女士转过身来说道。她用女性特有的策略消除并软化了侯爵的严厉态度。然而，谢内尔看到了严厉背后那深深的情感。侯爵对他老仆人的感情就如同一个人对他的爱犬一样，谁踢了那条狗，他就会同他打架，因为狗已经成为他生命中的一部分，即便不是他本人，也代表了他最近最亲的东西——感情。

"It is quite time that M. le Comte should be sent away from the town, mademoiselle," he said sententiously.

“伯爵先生现在应当离开此城了，小姐。”他简洁地说道。

"Yes," returned she. "Has he been indulging in some new escapade?"

“是的。”她回答道，“他最近又做出什么出轨的事了吗？”

"No, mademoiselle."

“没有，小姐。”

"Well, why do you blame him?"

“唉，那你为什么要怪他呢？”

"I am not blaming him, mademoiselle. No, I am not blaming him. I am very far from blaming him. I will even say that I shall never blame him, whatever he may do."

“我没有怪他啊，小姐。不，我没有怪他。我不可能怪他。我甚至敢说，无论他做什么，我都不会怪他。”

There was a pause. The Chevalier, nothing if not quick to take in a situation, began to yawn like a sleep-ridden mortal. Gracefully he made his excuses and went, with as little mind to sleep as to go and drown himself. The imp Curiosity kept the Chevalier wide awake, and with airy fingers plucked away the cotton wool from his ears.

此时又是一个停顿。骑士很快明白了形势，于是像个很困的人一样打了个哈欠。他优雅地道歉并离开了。其实他根本不想睡，就像他根本不想把自己淹死一样。好奇心的精灵让骑士完全清醒着，还用轻快的手指拿掉他耳朵里的棉花。

"Well, Chesnel, is it something new?" Mlle. Armande began anxiously.

“好了，谢内尔，有什么新消息吗？”阿芒德小姐焦急地问道。

"Yes, things that cannot be told to M. le Marquis; he would drop down in an apoplectic fit."

“是的，但是不能告诉侯爵先生。如果他知道了，一定会中风昏倒的。”

"Speak out," she said. With her beautiful head leant on the back of her low chair, and her arms extended listlessly by her side, she looked as if she were waiting passively for her deathblow.

“说吧，”她说道。她漂亮的头靠在矮椅后背上，两手无力地垂在身侧，看起来好像在消极地等待着那致命的一击。

"Mademoiselle, M. le Comte, with all his cleverness, is a plaything in the hands of mean creatures, petty natures on the lookout for a crushing revenge. They want to ruin us and bring us low! There is the President of the Tribunal, M. de Ronceret; he has, as you know, a very great notion of his descent—"

“小姐，就凭他那些智慧，伯爵先生已经是那帮卑鄙家伙的玩物了，这些家伙正等着实施毁灭性报复。他们想要毁掉我们，让我们完蛋！其中有法院院长迪龙瑟莱先生。你知道，他有他们家族很多的特质——”

"His grandfather was an attorney," interposed Mlle. Armande.

“他祖父是个代理人。”阿尔芒德小姐插话道。

"I know he was. And for that reason you have not received him; nor does he go to M. de Troisville's, nor to M. le Duc de Verneuil's, nor

to the Marquis de Casteran's; but he is one of the pillars of du Croisier's salon. Your nephew may rub shoulders with young M. Fabien du Ronceret without condescending too far, for he must have companions of his own age. Well and good. That young fellow is at the bottom of all M. le Comte's follies; he and two or three of the rest of them belong to the other side, the side of M. le Chevalier's enemy, who does nothing but breathe threats of vengeance against you and all the nobles together. They all hope to ruin you through your nephew. The ringleader of the conspiracy is this sycophant of a du Croisier, the pretended Royalist. Du Croisier's wife, poor thing, knows nothing about it; you know her, I should have heard of it before this if she had ears to hear evil. For some time these wild young fellows were not in the secret, nor was anybody else; but the ringleaders let something drop in jest, and then the fools got to know about it, and after the Count's recent escapades they let fall some words while they were drunk. And those words were carried to me by others who are sorry to see such a fine, handsome, noble, charming lad ruining himself with pleasure. So far people feel sorry for him; before many days are over they will—I am afraid to say what—”

“我知道他是。就因为那个原因，你们没有接纳他，而且特鲁瓦维尔家、韦纳伊公爵家、卡斯泰朗侯爵家都不接纳他，但他是迪克鲁瓦西耶家的沙龙的顶梁柱之一。以你侄儿的年纪来说，他必须有同伴在左右，所以即使是和年轻的法比安·迪龙瑟莱先生接触，也不算是太过于屈尊。不错。这个年轻人就是伯爵先生犯错的根本所在。他和其他两三个人属于骑士先生敌对的一派，这一派只想对你们和所有的贵族威胁报复。他们都希望通过您的侄儿来毁掉你们。这场阴谋的罪魁祸首就是伪装成保皇派的谄媚者迪克鲁瓦西耶。迪克鲁瓦西耶那的妻子对此毫不知情。您是知道她的，如果她早得知这些罪恶的话，我也早就知晓了。同其他人一样，这些疯狂的年轻人有段时间也不知情，但是那些元凶在嘲笑中提到了些什么，所以就连傻子都知晓了。而且，在伯爵最近几次越轨行为之后，他们喝醉时也说漏了些秘密。有些人不愿意看到这么纯良、英俊、高贵又迷人的年轻人耽于享乐，所以把这些话告诉了我。到目前为止，人们还对他感到可惜，但是我恐怕，过不了多久，他们就会——”

"They will despise him; say it out, Chesnel!" Mlle. Armande cried piteously.

“他们会鄙视他。说出来吧，谢内尔！”阿芒德小姐伤心地大哭道。

"Ah! How can you keep the best people in the town from finding out faults in their neighbors? They do not know what to do with themselves from morning to night. And so M. le Comte's losses at play are all reckoned up. Thirty thousand francs have taken flight during these two months, and everybody wonders where he gets the money. If they mention it when I am present, I just call them to order. Ah! but —'Do you suppose' (I told them this morning), 'do you suppose that if

the d'Esgrignon family have lost their manorial rights, that therefore they have been robbed of their hoard of treasure? The young Count has a right to do as he pleases; and so long as he does not owe you a half-penny, you have no right to say a word.'"

"啊！你怎能让城里最好的人不去找邻居的毛病呢？他们从早到晚不知道要做什么。所以伯爵先生输的钱都被算得清清楚楚。这两个月又输掉了三万法郎，大家都很好奇他从哪里得到这些钱。如果他们说这些的时候我在场，我就会让他们老实点。啊！但是——'你们认为'（我今天上午这么告诉他们的），'你们认为如果德埃斯格里尼翁家族失去了庄园的产权，他们就失去所有的宝藏了吗？年轻的伯爵有权去做他想做的事情。只要他不欠你们半分钱，你们就无权在这里嚼舌根。'"

Mlle, Armande held out her hand, and the notary kissed it respectfully.

阿芒德小姐伸出手来，公证人尊敬地亲了一下。

"Good Chesnel!... But, my friend, how shall we find the money for this journey? Victurnien must appear as befits his rank at court."

"谢内尔，不错！……但是，朋友，我们该怎样为他的这次旅途筹资呢？维克蒂尼安在宫廷的穿着必须符合他的等级。"

"Oh! I have borrowed money on Le Jard, mademoiselle."

"哦！我抵押雅尔那里的地产借了些钱，小姐。"

"What? You have nothing left! Ah, heaven! what can we do to reward you?"

"什么？你现在什么都没有了！啊，老天爷！我们该怎么回报你呢？"

"You can take the hundred thousand francs which I hold at your disposal. You can understand that the loan was negotiated in confidence, so that it might not reflect on you; for it is known in the town that I am closely connected with the d'Esgrignon family."

"你们可以接受我为你们所准备的十万法郎。"您应该明白，这次借款是秘密协商的，为的是不牵扯到你们，因为城里人都知道，我与德埃斯格里尼翁家族的关系很紧密。"

Tears came into Mlle. Armande's eyes. Chesnel saw them, took a fold of the noble woman's dress in his hands, and kissed it.

阿芒德小姐眼中充满了泪水。谢内尔见得此景，折起这位贵妇人衣裙的一角，并在上面亲了一下。

"Never mind," he said, "a lad must sow his wild oats. In great salons in Paris his boyish ideas will take a new turn. And, really, though our old friends here are the worthiest folk in the world, and no

one could have nobler hearts than they, they are not amusing. If M. le Comte wants amusement, he is obliged to look below his rank, and he will end by getting into low company."

“不用担心，”他说，“年轻人都会放荡不羁的。在巴黎的上层沙龙中，他那些孩子气的想法会被改变的。确实，尽管我们的老朋友们是世界上最杰出的人士，而且没有人比他们的心灵更高贵，但他们却很无趣。如果伯爵先生想要找点儿乐子，他就不得不屈尊降贵，最终只得与这些低等级人为伍。”

Next day the old traveling coach saw the light, and was sent to be put in repair. In a solemn interview after breakfast, the hope of the house was duly informed of his father's intentions regarding him—he was to go to court and ask to serve His Majesty. He would have time during the journey to make up his mind about his career. The navy or the army, the privy council, an embassy, or the Royal Household,—all were open to a d'Esgrignon, a d'Esgrignon had only to choose. The King would certainly look favorably upon the d'Esgrignons, because they had asked nothing of him, and had sent the youngest representative of their house to receive the recognition of Majesty.

第二天，那辆陈旧的旅行马车见到了阳光，并被送去修理。在午饭后严肃的谈话中，这个家族的希望得知了父亲对他的意图——他将被送到宫里去，并为陛下服务。在旅途中，他有时间来决定自己以后的职业。海军或是陆军、枢密院、外使馆，或是王宫——所有的这一切都向德埃斯格里尼翁家的人敞开着，一个埃斯格里尼翁家的人只需要选择就可以了。国王一定会很看好德埃斯格里尼翁家族的，因为他们什么都没有向他要求，还要把他们家族最小的代表人送去接受国王的赏识。

But young d'Esgrignon, with all his wild pranks, had guessed instinctively what society in Paris meant, and formed his own opinions of life. So when they talked of his leaving the country and the paternal roof, he listened with a grave countenance to his revered parent's lecture, and refrained from giving him a good deal of information in reply. As, for instance, that young men no longer went into the army or the navy as they used to do; that if a man had a mind to be a second lieutenant in a cavalry regiment without passing through a special training in the Ecoles, he must first serve in the Pages; that sons of the greatest houses went exactly like commoners to Saint-Cyr and the Ecole polytechnique, and took their chances of being beaten by base blood. If he had enlightened his relatives on these points, funds might not have been forthcoming for a stay in Paris; so he allowed his father and Aunt Armande to believe that he would be permitted a seat in the King's carriages, that he must support his dignity at court as the d'Esgrignon of the time, and rub shoulders with great lords of the realm.

但是，由于他所经历过的放荡不羁的生活，年轻的德埃斯格里尼翁本能地猜想巴黎社会指的是什么，并且形成了自己的观点。因此，当他们跟他说起要送他离开本省和这祖屋时，他表情严肃地听着他所敬畏的父亲所发表的言论，忍住了用那一大堆见闻回嘴的冲动。比如说，年轻人已经不再参加海军或陆军了；如果没有经过精英学校培训，那就必须首先在侍卫队服役，然后才能成为骑兵团少尉；名门的儿子们进圣西尔军校或综合理工学院的方式与普通人一样，而且也有可能被低等血统的人打败。如果他告诉亲戚们这些事的话，他们就不会给他呆在巴黎用的钱款。所以他让父亲和阿芒德姑姑相信他可以在国王的马车上占有一席，相信他会在皇宫里保住德埃斯格里尼翁家族的尊严，还会与宫廷中的大贵族来往。

It grieved the Marquis that he could send but one servant with his son; but he gave him his own valet Josephin, a man who can be trusted to take care of his young master, and to watch faithfully over his interests. The poor father must do without Josephin, and hope to replace him with a young lad.

侯爵为只能给儿子一个仆人而感到难过，但是他把他的贴身男仆约瑟芬给了他。他信得过约瑟芬，相信他可以照顾他的年轻主人，并且会忠诚地维护他的利益。可怜的父亲现在没有约瑟芬的陪伴了，只能用一个年轻小伙子代替他。

"Remember that you are a Carol, my boy," he said; "remember that you come of an unalloyed descent, and that your scutcheon bears the motto Cil est nostre; with such arms you may hold your head high everywhere, and aspire to queens. Render grace to your father, as I to mine. We owe it to the honor of our ancestors, kept stainless until now, that we can look all men in the face, and need bend the knee to none save a mistress, the King, and God. This is the greatest of your privileges."

“记住，你是卡罗尔家的一员，我的孩子，”他说道，“记住你有纯正血统，你的盾饰上印有格言：‘这是属于我们的’。有了这枚纹章，你可以在任何地方扬眉吐气，可以向王后们求婚。感谢你父亲的恩惠吧，正如我感谢我的父亲一样。我们感谢祖先的恩惠，一直到现在都一尘不染，所以我们可以直面任何人，而且只会对女士、国王，还有上帝下跪。这就是你最大的特权。”

Chesnel, good man, was breakfasting with the family. He took no part in counsels based on heraldry, nor in the inditing of letters addressed to divers mighty personages of the day; but he had spent the night in writing to an old friend of his, one of the oldest established notaries of Paris. Without this letter it is not possible to understand Chesnel's real and assumed fatherhood. It almost recalls Daedalus' address to Icarus; for where, save in old mythology, can you look for comparisons worthy of this man of antique mould?

好人谢内尔正与这家人共进早餐。他既没有加入宗族的商议，也没有给当时的各种要人写信，但是他彻夜给他的一个老朋友写了一封信，这位老朋友是巴黎最老的公证人之一。如果没有这封信，我们就不可能理解谢内尔作为亲生父亲和假定的父亲的感受。这很容易让人联想起代达罗斯给伊卡洛斯写的信，因为你还可以在古老的神话以外找到类似的古董人物吗？

"MY DEAR AND ESTIMABLE SORBIER,—I remember with no little pleasure that I made my first campaign in our honorable profession under your father, and that you had a liking for me, poor little clerk that I was. And now I appeal to old memories of the days when we worked in the same office, old pleasant memories for our hearts, to ask you to do me the one service that I have ever asked of you in the course of our long lives, crossed as they have been by political catastrophes, to which, perhaps, I owe it that I have the honor to be your colleague. And now I ask this service of you, my friend, and my white hairs will be brought with sorrow to the grave if you should refuse my entreaty. It is no question of myself or of mine, Sorbier, for I lost poor Mme. Chesnel, and I have no child of my own. Something more to me than my own family (if I had one) is involved—it is the Marquis d'Esgrignon's only son. I have had the honor to be the Marquis' land steward ever since I left the office to which his father sent me at his own expense, with the idea of providing for me. The house which nurtured me has passed through all the troubles of the Revolution. I have managed to save some of their property; but what is it, after all, in comparison with the wealth that they have lost? I cannot tell you, Sorbier, how deeply I am attached to the great house, which has been all but swallowed up under my eyes by the abyss of time. M. le Marquis was proscribed, and his lands confiscated, he was getting on in years, he had no child. Misfortunes upon misfortunes! Then M. le Marquis married, and his wife died when the young Count was born, and to-day this noble, dear, and precious child is all the life of the d'Esgrignon family; the fate of the house hangs upon him. He has got into debt here with amusing himself. What else should he do in the provinces with an allowance of a miserable hundred louis? Yes, my friend, a hundred louis, the great house has come to this.

“我亲爱且可敬的索尔比耶：我现在还能愉快地回忆起当初在您父亲手下开始从事这一受人尊敬的职业时的情形，而且当时您对我这个可怜的小职员还有所好感。现在，凭着我们当时一起办公时的回忆——我们心底那些美好而久远的记忆，来请求您帮个忙，这也是我在这么长的人生当中第一次向您请求。这一段生活来源于一些政治灾难，而或许正因为此，我才能有幸成为您的同事。现在，我在此向您请求帮助，我的朋友。如果您拒绝我的请求的话，我这白发老头将会带着悲伤进棺材的。

我不是为了自己或家人而请求您，索尔比耶，因为我失去了可怜的谢内尔夫人，而且我也没有子嗣。对我来说，这件事要比我自己的家庭（如果我有的话）还要重要——这是关于德埃斯格里尼翁侯爵的独子的。我很有幸能在离开事务所后成为侯爵家的土地管家。侯爵的父亲想要培养我，所以自己出资送我去的事务所。这个栽培我的家族在大革命中经历了种种困难。我已经尽力挽救了他们的部分财产，但说到底，这又怎能与他们所损失的财富相比呢？索尔比耶，我无法告诉您我与这个大家族之间的深厚感情，而我亲眼目睹了这个大家族被时代的深渊吞噬。侯爵先生被剥夺了公权，他的田地也被充公。随着年华的流逝，他始终没有子嗣。不幸接踵而至！后来，侯爵先生结了婚，但他的妻子在生小伯爵时去世了。现在，这个高贵、可亲、珍贵的小孩便是德埃斯格里尼翁家族的全部生命，整个大家族的命运也都与他息息相关。他在玩乐之时陷入债务之中。在外省，那可怜的一百路易的津贴能让他做些什么呢？是的，我的朋友，一百路易，这个大家族已经沦落到了这般田地。

"In this extremity his father thinks it necessary to send the Count to Paris to ask for the King's favor at court. Paris is a very dangerous place for a lad; if he is to keep steady there, he must have the grain of sense which makes notaries of us. Besides, I should be heartbroken to think of the poor boy living amid such hardships as we have known. —Do you remember the pleasure with which we spent a day and a night there waiting to see The Marriage of Figaro? Oh, blind that we were! —We were happy and poor, but a noble cannot be happy in poverty. A noble in want—it is a thing against nature! Ah! Sorbier, when one has known the satisfaction of propping one of the grandest genealogical trees in the kingdom in its fall, it is so natural to interest oneself in it and to grow fond of it, and love it and water it and look to see it blossom. So you will not be surprised at so many precautions on my part; you will not wonder when I beg the help of your lights, so that all may go well with our young man.

“在这种绝境下，他的父亲觉得有必要把伯爵送到巴黎，去皇宫寻求国王的恩赐。对一个小伙子来说，巴黎是个很危险的地方。如果他想在那儿稳稳地立足的话，他就必须拥有我们公证人所具备的那点理智。除此之外，一想到这个可怜的小孩将要经历我们曾经历过的这种困苦，我的心都要碎了。您还记得我们花一天一夜等着观看《费加罗的婚礼》时的喜悦吗？哦，我们当时多么无知啊！我们贫穷而快乐，但一个贵族是不会在困苦中快乐的。困苦的贵族——这是违背自然的事情！啊！索尔比耶，当一个人因为支撑王国里即将倒下的最高大的世系树而感到满足时，他自然也会对这棵树感兴趣，并且喜欢它、爱护它，为它浇水，直到它开花。这样，您就不会对我的这些预防措施感到奇怪，也不会去想我为什么要请求您的帮助，这样我们的年轻人才能一切顺利。

"Keep yourself informed of his movements and doings, of the company which he keeps, and watch over his connections with women. M. le Chevalier says that an opera dancer often costs less than

a court lady. Obtain information on that point and let me know. If you are too busy, perhaps Mme. Sorbier might know what becomes of the young man, and where he goes. The idea of playing the part of guardian angel to such a noble and charming boy might have attractions for her. God will remember her for accepting the sacred trust. Perhaps when you see M. le Comte Victurnien, her heart may tremble at the thought of all the dangers awaiting him in Paris; he is very young, and handsome; clever, and at the same time disposed to trust others. If he forms a connection with some designing woman, Mme. Sorbier could counsel him better than you yourself could do. The old man-servant who is with him can tell you many things; sound Josephin, I have told him to go to you in delicate matters.

“请一直留意他在做什么，身边有什么样的伙伴，并监督他与女性之间的联系。骑士先生说，剧院的舞者总是比宫里的贵妇便宜。请收集关于这一点的信息，并通知我。如果您太忙的话，也许索尔比耶夫人能知晓这个年轻人的情况，知道他去过哪些地方。她也许会对充当如此高贵而迷人的孩子的监护天使的主意有兴趣。上帝一定会为她接受如此神圣的信任事业而保佑她的。也许在见到维克蒂尼安伯爵时，她的心就会为想到他在巴黎可能面临的所有危险而战栗。他非常年轻、英俊、机智，同时又容易相信他人。如果他与某些狡猾的女人来往，索尔比耶夫人可能比您本人更适合给他劝告。他身边的老男仆会告诉您许多事情。请听约瑟芬说，我让他在遇到棘手的事情时就去找您。

"But why should I say more? We once were clerks together, and a pair of scamps; remember our escapades, and be a little bit young again, my old friend, in your dealings with him. The sixty thousand francs will be remitted to you in the shape of a bill on the Treasury by a gentlemen who is going to Paris," and so forth.

“但我为什么还要再往下说呢？我们以前一起当过文书，也是一对顽皮的家伙。还记得我们的恶作剧吧，我的老朋友？当您和他打交道时，请再变得年轻点吧。有位要去巴黎的先生会把六万法郎的国库券转交给您。”等等。

If the old couple to whom this epistle was addressed had followed out Chesnel's instructions, they would have been compelled to take three private detectives into their pay. And yet there was ample wisdom shown in Chesnel's choice of a depositary. A banker pays money to any one accredited to him so long as the money lasts; whereas, Victurnien was obliged, every time that he was in want of money, to make a personal visit to the notary, who was quite sure to use the right of remonstrance.

假如遵照谢内尔在信中的指示的话，收到信的这对老夫妇就不得不自己雇佣三个私家侦探。然而，谢内尔选择的这个托管人显示出了他过人的智慧。只要有足够的钱，一位银行家就会付钱给依附于他的人。然

而现在，每次需要钱时，维克蒂尼安都必须亲自拜访公证人，而后者肯定会运用他的抗议权。

Victurnien heard that he was to be allowed two thousand francs every month, and thought that he betrayed his joy. He knew nothing of Paris. He fancied that he could keep up princely state on such a sum.

维克蒂尼安听说自己每月可以有两千法郎，这样一想就忍不住笑了起来。他对巴黎一无所知。他幻想着，有了这笔钱，他就能过上王子般的生活。

Next day he started on his journey. All the benedictions of the Collection of Antiquities went with him; he was kissed by the dowagers; good wishes were heaped on his head; his old father, his aunt, and Chesnel went with him out of the town, tears filling the eyes of all three. The sudden departure supplied material for conversation for several evenings; and what was more, it stirred the rancorous minds of the salon du Croisier to the depths. The forage-contractor, the president, and others who had vowed to ruin the d'Esgrignons, saw their prey escaping out of their hands. They had based their schemes of revenge on a young man's follies, and now he was beyond their reach.

第二天，他踏上了旅程。带着来自古物陈列室所有的祝福，带着那些老年贵妇的亲吻，还带着许多美好的祝愿，他在老父亲、姑姑和谢内尔三个满眼泪水的人的陪同下出了城。他的突然离去为人们提供了几个晚上的谈资。除此之外，这件事激起了迪克鲁瓦西耶沙龙成员们那深深的恶毒。这帮军队供应商、院长，以及其他发誓要毁掉德埃斯格里尼翁家族的人，眼看着他们的猎物从手中逃走了。他们原本把复仇计划都寄托在这个年轻人的胡闹上，现在却够不着他了。

The tendency in human nature, which often gives a bigot a rake for a daughter, and makes a frivolous woman the mother of a narrow pietist; that rule of contraries, which, in all probability, is the "resultant" of the law of similarities, drew Victurnien to Paris by a desire to which he must sooner or later have yielded. Brought up as he had been in the old-fashioned provincial house, among the quiet, gentle faces that smiled upon him, among sober servants attached to the family, and surroundings tinged with a general color of age, the boy had only seen friends worthy of respect. All of those about him, with the exception of the Chevalier, had example of venerable age, were elderly men and women, sedate of manner, decorous and sententious of speech. He had been petted by those women in gray gowns and embroidered mittens described by Blondet. The antiquated splendors of his father's house were as little calculated as possible to suggest frivolous thoughts; and lastly, he had been educated by a

sincerely religious abbe, possessed of all the charm of old age, which has dwelt in two centuries, and brings to the Present its gifts of the dried roses of experience, the faded flowers of the old customs of its youth. Everything should have combined to fashion Victurnien to serious habits; his whole surroundings from childhood bade him continue the glory of a historic name, by taking his life as something noble and great; and yet Victurnien listened to dangerous promptings.

人类有种天性，会使得顽固的人盲从于他的女儿，使得轻浮的女人成为笃信者的母亲。这种相反的规律很可能是相似定律的“生成物”，而正是因为这种规律，维克蒂尼安在一种他迟早要屈从的欲望的驱使下去了巴黎。他在旧式外省家庭长大，四周都是对他微笑的、平静而温柔的面孔，家里的佣人头脑冷静，周边环境也普遍带有成熟的色彩，因此，这个孩子只看得到值得尊敬的朋友。除了骑士以外，他身边所有年长的男士和女士都为他做出了榜样。他们举止沉着，言语简洁得体。他受到了布隆代笔下那种身穿灰色礼服、戴刺绣手套的女人们的宠爱。他父亲那样式过时的豪宅不会引起任何轻浮的思想。最后，还有一位经历了两个世纪、身上散发出迷人的老人气质的虔诚神父来教导他。老神父把那干枯的经验之花带到了现代，这些凋谢的花带着它青春时代的老习俗。所有的这一切都应该使得维克蒂尼安养成认真严肃的习惯。从童年时代开始，他周围的整个环境就让他认为自己的生命高贵而伟大，以此教导他要延续家族历史的光荣名号，但维克蒂尼安却听从了危险的怂恿。

For him, his noble birth was a stepping-stone which raised him above other men. He felt that the idol of Noblesse, before which they burned incense at home, was hollow; he had come to be one of the commonest as well as one of the worst types from a social point of view—a consistent egoist. The aristocratic cult of the EGO simply taught him to follow his own fancies; he had been idolized by those who had the care of him in childhood, and adored by the companions who shared in his boyish escapades, and so he had formed a habit of looking and judging everything as it affected his own pleasure; he took it as a matter of course when good souls saved him from the consequences of his follies, a piece of mistaken kindness which could only lead to his ruin. Victurnien's early training, noble and pious though it was, had isolated him too much. He was out of the current of the life of the time, for the life of a provincial town is certainly not in the main current of the age; Victurnien's true destiny lifted him above it. He had learned to think of an action, not as it affected others, nor relatively, but absolutely from his own point of view. Like despots, he made the law to suit the circumstance, a system which works in the lives of prodigal sons the same confusion which fancy brings into art.

对他来说，他的高贵身份是他凌驾于其他人之上的垫脚石。他觉得贵族们在家里焚香祭拜的贵族偶像只是个空壳。他成了最普通的一种

人，也是从社会角度来看最差的一类人——完全的自我主义者。贵族对自我的狂热崇拜只是让他学会了遵循自己的幻想。他被那些在孩童时期照顾他的人崇拜着，也被与他一起孩子气地胡作非为的同伴们欣赏着，因此他形成了一种习惯，也就是通过能给自己带来多少乐趣来看待和评断所有的事物。他也认为，别的好人来挽救他犯下的错误是理所当然的，而这种被误解的善意最终只能导致他的毁灭。尽管维克蒂尼安早期接受的培训高贵且神圣，但还是把他与外界隔离了。因为外省的生活肯定与这个时代的主流不同，所以他已经远离了时代生活的大潮。维克蒂尼安的真实宿命也让他远离了时代。他学会的看待一种行为的方式，既不依据它对他人的影响，又不顾相对作用，而是绝对从自己的角度去观察。像专制君主一样，他制定了规则来适应周边的环境，这种规则作用于这个回头的浪子，就如同幻想之于艺术。

Victurnien was quick-sighted, he saw clearly and without illusion, but he acted on impulse, and unwisely. An indefinable flaw of character, often seen in young men, but impossible to explain, led him to will one thing and do another. In spite of an active mind, which showed itself in unexpected ways, the senses had but to assert themselves, and the darkened brain seemed to exist no longer. He might have astonished wise men; he was capable of setting fools agape. His desires, like a sudden squall of bad weather, overclouded all the clear and lucid spaces of his brain in a moment; and then, after the dissipations which he could not resist, he sank, utterly exhausted in body, heart, and mind, into a collapsed condition bordering upon imbecility. Such a character will drag a man down into the mire if he is left to himself, or bring him to the highest heights of political power if he has some stern friend to keep him in hand. Neither Chesnel, nor the lad's father, nor Aunt Armande had fathomed the depths of a nature so nearly akin on many sides to the poetic temperament, yet smitten with a terrible weakness at its core.

尽管维克蒂尼安目光敏锐，看待事情清楚，不带任何错觉，但是他的行为却冲动而不理智。性格上难以定义的缺陷使得他的做法与想法不一致，这种性格在年轻人身上很常见，但是又无法解释。尽管会在许多意想不到的方面显示出活跃的思维，但是一旦理智想要自我表现的话，那暗黑的大脑似乎就不复存在了。他可能让智者为之惊讶，也会让愚人目瞪口呆。如同一场突如其来的风暴，他的欲望会立刻覆盖住大脑中所有清晰明朗的部分。然后，在经历了无法抵御的放荡之后，他身心俱疲，陷入一种类似疯傻了的崩溃境地。如果放任自流，这种性格会把一个人拖入泥潭。而若是有位坚定的朋友拉他一把，这种性格就会助他登上政治权力的最高峰。他的本性在很多方面十分接近诗人的气质，但却被其中一种可怕的弱点所摧毁，然而不管是谢内尔，还是他的父亲和姑姑都没能深入了解这一点。

By the time the old town lay several miles away, Victurnien felt not the slightest regret; he thought no more about the father, who had

loved ten generations in his son, nor of the aunt, and her almost insane devotion. He was looking forward to Paris with vehement ill-starred longings; in thought he had lived in that fairyland, it had been the background of his brightest dreams. He imagined that he would be first in Paris, as he had been in the town and the department where his father's name was potent; but it was vanity, not pride, that filled his soul, and in his dreams his pleasures were to be magnified by all the greatness of Paris. The distance was soon crossed. The traveling coach, like his own thoughts, left the narrow horizon of the province for the vast world of the great city, without a break in the journey. He stayed in the Rue de Richelieu, in a handsome hotel close to the boulevard, and hastened to take possession of Paris as a famished horse rushes into a meadow.

已经离开这座老城几英里远了，然而维克蒂尼安却没有感到一丝遗憾。他既没有去想那付出十代的爱给他的父亲，也没有想那几近疯狂地爱他的姑姑。他只是带着一种病态的、疯狂的憧憬期待着巴黎。在想象中，他仿佛已经住进了那个仙境，那是他最美丽的梦境的背景。他设想着，在巴黎，他会在所有人之上，就像在自己父亲的名号很有影响力的城里和省区一样。但是，他的心中充斥的不是自豪，而是虚荣，而且在他的想象中，伟大的巴黎也会放大他的乐趣。旅程很快就结束了。如同他的思绪一样，马车在旅途过程中一刻也没有休息，离开了外省狭隘的视野，来到了大城市的广阔天地。他在黎塞留大街上靠近路边的一家豪华的旅馆住了下来，然后便迫不及待地想要占领巴黎，就像饥饿的马奔向牧场一样。

He was not long in finding out the difference between country and town, and was rather surprised than abashed by the change. His mental quickness soon discovered how small an entity he was in the midst of this all-comprehending Babylon; how insane it would be to attempt to stem the torrent of new ideas and new ways. A single incident was enough. He delivered his father's letter of introduction to the Duc de Lenoncourt, a noble who stood high in favor with the King. He saw the duke in his splendid mansion, among surroundings befitting his rank. Next day he met him again. This time the Peer of France was lounging on foot along the boulevard, just like any ordinary mortal, with an umbrella in his hand; he did not even wear the Blue Ribbon, without which no knight of the order could have appeared in public in other times. And, duke and peer and first gentleman of the bedchamber though he was, M. de Lenoncourt, in spite of his high courtesy, could not repress a smile as he read his relative's letter; and that smile told Victurnien that the Collection of Antiquities and the Tuileries were separated by more than sixty leagues of road; the distance of several centuries lay between them.

没过多久，他就发现了城市与乡村的区别。对于这种变化，他并不

觉得不安，而是十分惊讶。他敏锐的大脑很快就发现，自己在这无所不包的繁华都市里是多么微不足道，而试图阻止新思潮和新方式又是多么不理智。单单一件事情就足以说明问题了。他把父亲写的介绍信送给一位很受国王赏识的贵族——德勒农古公爵。他在那豪华的宅邸里见到了公爵，宅邸四周的一切都跟他的地位很相称。第二日，他又见到他。这次，这位法国贵族院议员正在大道上徒步闲逛，手中拿着一把伞，如同其他普通人一样。他甚至都没有佩戴蓝色绶带，而在其他时候，任何有爵位的人在公开场合出现时都得佩戴它。尽管德勒农古先生是公爵，是贵族院议员，还是宫廷第一侍寝官，虽然他非常彬彬有礼，但读到他亲戚写来的这封信时，他还是忍不住笑了起来。而这一笑也让维克蒂尼安懂得了，古物陈列室和杜伊勒里宫之间隔着六十多里格的路程，而这也是几个世纪的距离。

The names of the families grouped about the throne are quite different in each successive reign, and the characters change with the names. It would seem that, in the sphere of court, the same thing happens over and over again in each generation; but each time there is a quite different set of personages. If history did not prove that this is so, it would seem incredible. The prominent men at the court of Louis XVIII., for instance, had scarcely any connection with the Rivieres, Blacas, d'Avarays, Vitrolles, d'Autichamps, Pasquiers, Larochejaqueleins, Decazes, Dambrays, Laines, de Villeles, La Bourdonnayes, and others who shone at the court of Louis XV. Compare the courtiers of Henri IV. with those of Louis XIV.; you will hardly find five great families of the former time still in existence. The nephew of the great Richelieu was a very insignificant person at the court of Louis XIV.; while His Majesty's favorite, Villeroi, was the grandson of a secretary ennobled by Charles IX. And so it befell that the d'Esgrignons, all but princes under the Valois, and all-powerful in the time of Henri IV., had no fortune whatever at the court of Louis XVIII., which gave them not so much as a thought. At this day there are names as famous as those of royal houses—the Foix-Graillys, for instance, or the d'Herouvilles—left to obscurity tantamount to extinction for want of money, the one power of the time.

在不同君主的统治时期，围绕在国王周围的家族姓氏都大不相同，人物也随着姓氏而改变。在皇宫范围内，同样的事情似乎在每代君王时期都循环往复地发生着，但是每次出现的一群名流都大不相同。幸好还有历史作证，否则很难让人相信这件事。比如，路易十八宫中的要人与路易十五时在宫廷中十分风光的里维埃、布拉卡、德阿瓦雷、维特罗勒、德奥蒂尚、帕基耶、拉罗什雅克兰、德卡兹、当布雷、莱内、德维莱勒、拉布尔多奈等人几乎没有任何关系。如果将亨利四世时期与路易十四时期的朝臣相比较，你很难找到五个前一时期遗留下来的大家族。黎塞留大元帅的侄子在路易十四宫中是个无足轻重的小人物，而路易十四的宠臣维勒鲁瓦是查理九世册封为贵族的一位大臣的孙子。因此，这

样的事也发生在德埃斯格里尼翁家族头上。在瓦卢瓦时代，这个家族只位居王公之下，在亨利四世时代更是显贵一时，但是路易十八并没怎么看重这个家族，于是这个家族开始倒运起来。在这个时代，有许多同王室一样著名的姓氏，比如富瓦—格拉伊家族或德埃鲁维尔家族，由于他们缺少这个时代的权力——金钱，因此变得默默无闻，几近灭绝。

All which things Victurnien beheld entirely from his own point of view; he felt the equality that he saw in Paris as a personal wrong. The monster Equality was swallowing down the last fragments of social distinction in the Restoration. Having made up his mind on this head, he immediately proceeded to try to win back his place with such dangerous, if blunted weapons, as the age left to the noblesse. It is an expensive matter to gain the attention of Paris. To this end, Victurnien adopted some of the ways then in vogue. He felt that it was a necessity to have horses and fine carriages, and all the accessories of modern luxury; he felt, in short, "that a man must keep abreast of the times," as de Marsay said—de Marsay, the first dandy that he came across in the first drawing-room to which he was introduced. For his misfortune, he fell in with a set of roues, with de Marsay, de Ronquerolles, Maxime de Trailles, des Lupeaulx, Rastignac, Ajuda-Pinto, Beaudenord, de la Roche-Hugon, de Manerville, and the Vandenesses, whom he met wherever he went, and a great many houses were open to a young man with his ancient name and reputation for wealth. He went to the Marquise d'Espard's, to the Duchesses de Grandlieu, de Carigliano, and de Chaulieu, to the Marquises d'Aiglemont and de Listomere, to Mme. de Serizy's, to the Opera, to the embassies and elsewhere. The Faubourg Saint-Germain has its provincial genealogies at its fingers' ends; a great name once recognized and adopted therein is a passport which opens many a door that will scarcely turn on its hinges for unknown names or the lions of a lower rank.

这些事情都是维克蒂尼安完全从自身的角度看到的，他认为自己在巴黎所感受到的平等是种个人错误。在复辟时代，平等这个怪物正在吞噬社会等级最后的一点碎片。下定决心之后，他立即开始尝试用时代留给贵族阶层的危险且钝重的武器来赢回自己的地位。要在巴黎赢得关注是很费钱的。为了达到这个目的，维克蒂尼安采纳了当时一些时尚的生活方式。他觉得必须有马和漂亮的马车，还有所有时髦奢侈的配件。简言之，他觉得正如德马尔赛所说：“一个男人必须紧跟时代步伐”。德马尔赛是他在首次被引入一间客厅时所遇见的第一位花花公子。很倒霉的是，与他为伍的德马尔赛、龙克罗尔、马克西姆·德特拉伊、德吕卜克斯、拉斯蒂尼亚克、阿瞿达—平托、博德诺、德拉罗什—于贡、德马内维尔、范德内斯等人都是一群浪荡子，他无论到哪里都能遇见他们，而许多人家都因为他古老的姓氏和财富声望而为他敞开大门。他去过德埃斯巴侯爵家，去过德格朗利厄、德卡里格里亚诺、德肖利厄等公爵夫人

家，去过德艾格勒蒙、德利斯托迈等侯爵夫人家，去过德塞里齐夫人家，还去过歌剧院、使馆和其他一些地方。圣日耳曼区有自己的地方宗谱，一旦某个高贵的姓氏经过验证被纳入宗谱中，这张通行证就能打开任何对不知名的姓氏或下层的重要人士很少开放的门。

Victurnien found his relatives both amiable and ready to welcome him so long as he did not appear as a suppliant; he saw at once that the surest way of obtaining nothing was to ask for something. At Paris, if the first impulse moves people to protect, second thoughts (which last a good deal longer) impel them to despise the protege. Independence, vanity, and pride, all the young Count's better and worse feelings combined, led him, on the contrary, to assume an aggressive attitude. And therefore the Ducs de Verneuil, de Lenoncourt, de Chaulieu, de Navarreins, d'Herouville, de Grandlieu, and de Maufrigneuse, the Princes de Cadignan and de Blamont-Chauvry, were delighted to present the charming survivor of the wreck of an ancient family at court.

维克蒂尼安觉察到，只要他看起来不像有什么请求，他的亲戚们就会对他和蔼可亲，而且随时准备热情地接待他。他也立即发现，一旦他有所要求，那么一定会一无所获。在巴黎，如果人们的第一个念头是去保护一个人，那么在重新考虑后（这一阶段延续的时间更长），他们会鄙视这个寻求保护的人。独立、虚荣、骄傲，这些好的和坏的情感混杂起来，反而使得伯爵呈现出一种盛气凌人的态度。所以，德韦纳伊、德勒农古、德肖利厄、德纳瓦兰、德埃鲁维尔、德格朗利厄、德摩弗里纽斯等公爵，还有德卡迪昂亲王和德布拉蒙—肖夫里亲王都很乐意把这个破落的古老家族的极有魅力的幸存者带入宫。

Victurnien went to the Tuileries in a splendid carriage with his armorial bearings on the panels; but his presentation to His Majesty made it abundantly clear to him that the people occupied the royal mind so much that his nobility was like to be forgotten. The restored dynasty, moreover, was surrounded by triple ranks of eligible old men and gray-headed courtiers; the young noblesse was reduced to a cipher, and this Victurnien guessed at once. He saw that there was no suitable place for him at court, nor in the government, nor the army, nor, indeed, anywhere else. So he launched out into the world of pleasure. Introduced at the Elyess-Bourbon, at the Duchesse d'Angouleme's, at the Pavillon Marsan, he met on all sides with the surface civilities due to the heir of an old family, not so old but it could be called to mind by the sight of a living member. And, after all, it was not a small thing to be remembered. In the distinction with which Victurnien was honored lay the way to the peerage and a splendid marriage; he had taken the field with a false appearance of wealth, and his vanity would not allow him to declare his real position. Besides, he had been so much complimented on the figure

that he made, he was so pleased with his first success, that, like many other young men, he felt ashamed to draw back. He took a suite of rooms in the Rue du Bac, with stables and a complete equipment for the fashionable life to which he had committed himself. These preliminaries cost him fifty thousand francs, which money, moreover, the young gentleman managed to draw in spite of all Chesnel's wise precautions, thanks to a series of unforeseen events.

维克蒂尼安坐着面板上带有家徽的豪华马车前往杜伊勒里宫觐见国王，但这次觐见也让他完全明白了，国王的头脑中装满了臣民，以至于很快就会忘记他的高贵地位。此外，复辟的王朝被许多有资格的老一辈和花白头发的朝臣团团围住，而年轻的贵族则被降到无足轻重的地位——维克蒂尼安立即就猜到了这一点。他看到，不管是皇宫、政府、军队还是其他任何地方都没有适合他的位置。因此，他开始踏进了享乐世界。他被引见到爱丽舍—波旁宫、德安古莱姆公爵夫人家，还有马尔桑会馆。作为古老家族的后代，他得到了表面上的恭敬，然而如果不是见到他本人的话，别人根本就想不起来这个古老家族。毕竟，能被记起已经很不错了。维克蒂尼安的显赫头衔使他可以获得贵族爵位或拥有一门好亲事。他的虚荣使他不愿意显示出自己真正的境况，于是他还是假装很富有。此外，因为他创造的形象受到无数赞扬，他对自己最初的成功感到很满意，而且像许多其他的青年人一样，他觉得后退很丢脸。他在巴克大街上租了一套房子，里面带有马厩，还有他为自己设计的时尚生活所需要的一整套设备。尽管谢内尔做了明智的防范措施，但由于一系列无法预见的事，这个年轻绅士还是成功得到了用于初步准备所需的五万法郎。

Chesnel's letter certainly reached his friend's office, but Maitre Sorbier was dead; and Mme. Sorbier, a matter-of-fact person, seeing it was a business letter, handed it on to her husband's successor. Maitre Cardot, the new notary, informed the young Count that a draft on the Treasury made payable to the deceased would be useless; and by way of reply to the letter, which had cost the old provincial notary so much thought, Cardot despatched four lines intended not to reach Chesnel's heart, but to produce the money. Chesnel made the draft payable to Sorbier's young successor; and the latter, feeling but little inclination to adopt his correspondent's sentimentality, was delighted to put himself at the Count's orders, and gave Victurnien as much money as he wanted.

谢内尔的信确实送达了他朋友的办公室，但公证人索尔比耶先生却已去世了，而实事求是的索尔比耶夫人以为这是一封商务信件，便把它转交给了她丈夫的接任者。新的公证人卡多先生告知年轻的伯爵，因为支付者已死，所以国库券无效。卡多用四行字回复了这份外省公证人费尽心机写成的信，不是为了与谢内尔以心相交，而是想要处置这笔钱。谢内尔授予索尔比耶的这个年轻接任者付款的权利，但后者一点都没有理解写信人的感情，而是为能照伯爵的命令行事而高兴。因此，维克蒂

尼安想要多少钱，他就给他多少钱。

Now those who know what life in Paris means, know that fifty thousand francs will not go very far in furniture, horses, carriages, and elegance generally; but it must be borne in mind that Victurnien immediately contracted some twenty thousand francs' worth of debts besides, and his tradespeople at first were not at all anxious to be paid, for our young gentleman's fortune had been prodigiously increased, partly by rumor, partly by Josephin, that Chesnel in livery.

那些熟知巴黎生活的人都知道，要买那些家具、马匹、车辆和精致物品，五万法郎根本就花不了多久。但是要记住，维克蒂尼安很快就向外面借了两万元的账，而且因为一些传闻，也因为看起来像穿着仆人衣服的谢内尔的约瑟芬，他的财富被过分夸大，以至于债主们起初并不急于让他还债。

Victurnien had not been in town a month before he was obliged to repair to his man of business for ten thousand francs; he had only been playing whist with the Ducs de Navarreins, de Chaulieu, and de Lenoncourt, and now and again at his club. He had begun by winning some thousands of francs but pretty soon lost five or six thousand, which brought home to him the necessity of a purse for play. Victurnien had the spirit that gains goodwill everywhere, and puts a young man of a great family on a level with the very highest. He was not merely admitted at once into the band of patrician youth, but was even envied by the rest. It was intoxicating to him to feel that he was envied, nor was he in this mood very likely to think of reform. Indeed, he had completely lost his head. He would not think of the means; he dipped into his money-bags as if they could be refilled indefinitely; he deliberately shut his eyes to the inevitable results of the system. In that dissipated set, in the continual whirl of gaiety, people take the actors in their brilliant costumes as they find them, no one inquires whether a man can afford to make the figure he does, there is nothing in worse taste than inquiries as to ways and means. A man ought to renew his wealth perpetually, and as Nature does—below the surface and out of sight. People talk if somebody comes to grief; they joke about a newcomer's fortune till their minds are set at rest, and at this they draw the line. Victurnien d'Esgrignon, with all the Faubourg Saint-Germain to back him, with all his protectors exaggerating the amount of his fortune (were it only to rid themselves of responsibility), and magnifying his possessions in the most refined and well-bred way, with a hint or a word; with all these advantages—to repeat—Victurnien was, in fact, an eligible Count. He was handsome, witty, sound in politics; his father still possessed the ancestral castle and the lands of the marquisate. Such a young fellow is sure of an admirable reception in houses where there are marriageable

daughters, fair but portionless partners at dances, and young married women who find that time hangs heavy on their hands. So the world, smiling, beckoned him to the foremost benches in its booth; the seats reserved for marquises are still in the same place in Paris; and if the names are changed, the things are the same as ever.

一个月还没到，维克蒂尼安不得不再去公证人那里取了一万法郎。他只是时不时在俱乐部与德纳瓦兰、德绍利厄和德勒农古三位公爵玩惠斯特纸牌。起初，他还赢了几千法郎，但很快就输了五六千，所以他不得不再拿些钱来继续玩。维克蒂尼安的这种精神让他在哪里都能赢得好感，也使得这个来自大家族的年轻人的地位变得很高。他立刻就成为贵族青年之一，甚至还被其他人嫉妒。他迷醉于这种艳羡之中，这种情绪当然很难让他改过。事实上，他已经完全失去了理智。他没有想过得到钱的途径，而只是将手伸入钱袋，就好像钱袋可以无限制地重新填满似的。他故意不去思考这种做法必将带来的后果。在那种声色犬马、花天酒地的生活中，人们都像衣着华丽的演员，没有人会去询问一个人是否支付得起这这样的开销，也没有什么比询问钱的来路更没品位了。一个人应当像大自然一样持续地更新自己的财富，但这些过程都在暗地里进行，不为人所见。如果有人遇到麻烦，人们就会谈论他。他们会一直开新来的人财产的玩笑，直到他们累了为止，而且在这一点上，他们也有底线。维克蒂尼安·德埃斯格里尼翁背后有整个圣日耳曼区的支持，他的护佑者们也夸大了他的财富（可能只是为了卸掉身上的责任），还用非常良好优雅的暗示方式放大了他的财产。所有这些好处反复作用着，使得维克蒂尼安成为一名真正合格的伯爵。他英俊、机智，政治地位稳固。他的父亲还拥有祖传的城堡和侯爵领地。那些有未嫁女儿的家庭、长相不错但没有嫁妆的舞伴，以及年轻已婚的无聊妇女必然会带着艳羡来接待这样的一位年轻小伙子。因此，世界微笑着召唤他坐到了社会舞台的第一排。在巴黎，那些为侯爵准备的座位仍旧在那儿，就算名字变了，事情却依旧如故。

In the most exclusive circle of society in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, Victurnien found the Chevalier's double in the person of the Vidame de Pamiers. The Vidame was a Chevalier de Valois raised to the tenth power, invested with all the prestige of wealth, enjoying all the advantages of high position. The dear Vidame was a repositary for everybody's secrets, and the gazette of the Faubourg besides; nevertheless, he was discreet, and, like other gazettes, only said things that might safely be published. Again Victurnien listened to the Chevalier's esoteric doctrines. The Vidame told young d'Esgrignon, without mincing matters, to make conquests among women of quality, supplementing the advice with anecdotes from his own experience. The Vicomte de Pamiers, it seemed, had permitted himself much that it would serve no purpose to relate here; so remote was it all from our modern manners, in which soul and passion play so large a part, that nobody would believe it. But the excellent Vidame did more than this.

在圣日耳曼区最精英的社交圈子里，维克蒂尼安发现了骑士的翻版——主教代理官德帕米埃。主教代理官是第十权利级别培育出来的德瓦卢瓦骑士，他不仅富有，而且还享受着高位所带来的一切优势。亲爱的主教代理官既是每个人秘密的储藏地，又是圣日耳曼区的官方发言人，但他像其他官方发言人一样小心谨慎，只说那些可以发表的话。维克蒂尼安又听到了骑士秘传的教条。主教代理官一点都不装腔作势，他让年轻的德埃斯格里尼翁去征服高贵的女性，还拿了自己的轶事作为佐证。似乎没有必要在这里叙述德帕米埃的故事。在我们现代的礼节中，灵魂和热情扮演了非常重要的角色，而他的故事却离这些太遥远，以至于没有人会相信。但是，卓越的主教代理官做的不仅如此。

"Dine with me at a tavern to-morrow," said he, by way of conclusion. "We will digest our dinner at the Opera, and afterwards I will take you to a house where several people have the greatest wish to meet you."

“明天和我一起到酒馆吃饭，”他像是在做总结一样地说道，“我们去歌剧院消食，然后我带你去一家许多人都很想认识你的人家。”

The Vidame gave a delightful little dinner at the Rocher de Cancale; three guests only were asked to meet Victurnien—de Marsay, Rastignac, and Blondet. Emile Blondet, the young Count's fellow-townsman, was a man of letters on the outskirts of society to which he had been introduced by a charming woman from the same province. This was one of the Vicomte de Troisville's daughters, now married to the Comte de Montcornet, one of those of Napoleon's generals who went over to the Bourbons. The Vidame held that a dinner-party of more than six persons was beneath contempt. In that case, according to him, there was an end alike of cookery and conversation, and a man could not sip his wine in a proper frame of mind.

主教代理官请他在牡蛎岩酒馆吃了顿爽口的小餐。他只邀请了三个人来与维克蒂尼安见面——德马尔赛、拉斯蒂尼亚克和布隆代。作家埃米尔·布隆代是年轻伯爵的老乡，他经过同省的一位漂亮姑娘的引见才踏入名流社会的边缘。这个姑娘是特鲁瓦维尔子爵的一个女儿，现在是德蒙科尔内伯爵的妻子。她丈夫是拿破仑手下的将军，后来转到了波旁家族。主教代理官认为六个以上的人共餐甚为荒谬。他认为，在那种情况下，一个人既不能好好吃饭，也不能好好聊天，而且也没办法一边喝酒一边保持良好的思绪。

"I have not yet told you, my dear boy, where I mean to take you to-night," he said, taking Victurnien's hands and tapping on them. "You are going to see Mlle. des Touches; all the pretty women with any pretensions to wit will be at her house en petit comite. Literature, art, poetry, any sort of genius, in short, is held in great esteem there. It is one of our old-world bureaux d'esprit, with a veneer of monarchical doctrine, the livery of this present age.”

“我还没告诉你今天晚上我要带你去哪儿，亲爱的孩子，”他握着维克蒂尼安的手，轻轻地拍着，“你要去见德图谢小姐，所有那一小拨有点自作聪明的女人都会在那儿。文学、艺术、诗歌，总之，各种天赋都能在那里得到高度的评价。这是我们旧时代的文学社，穿上了君主制教条的外衣就成了这个时代的侍从。”

"It is sometimes as tiresome and tedious there as a pair of new boots, but there are women with whom you cannot meet anywhere else," said de Marsay.

“这有时候像穿双新靴子一样烦人又乏味，但是在那里，你能遇到在其他地方遇不到的女人。”德马尔赛说。

"If all the poets who went there to rub up their muse were like our friend here," said Rastignac, tapping Blondet familiarly on the shoulder, "we should have some fun. But a plague of odes, and ballads, and driveling meditations, and novels with wide margins, pervades the sofas and the atmosphere."

“如果所有去那儿的诗人都与我们这位朋友培养雅趣，”拉斯蒂尼亚克热情地拍了拍布隆代的肩头，说道，“那我们就有乐趣了。但是，那堆颂词、民歌、胡言乱语，还有大幅空白的小说充斥在沙发和空气之中。”

"I don't dislike them," said de Marsay, "so long as they corrupt girls' minds, and don't spoil women.”

“我不讨厌它们，”德马尔赛说道，“只要它们能腐坏姑娘们的思想，却又不把妇女们宠坏。”

"Gentlemen," smiled Blondet, "you are encroaching on my field of literature."

“绅士们，”布隆代笑着说道，“你们侵入了我的文学领地了。”

"You need not talk. You have robbed us of the most charming woman in the world, you lucky rogue; we may be allowed to steal your less brilliant ideas," cried Rastignac.

“你不需要发言。你这个走运的无赖抢走了世界上最迷人的女人，我们有权窃取你稍欠明智的想法。”拉斯蒂尼亚克大叫道。

"Yes, he is a lucky rascal," said the Vidame, and he twitched Blondet's ear. "But perhaps Victurnien here will be luckier still this evening—”

“是的，他确实是个幸运儿，”主教代理官说着，拧了一下布隆代的耳朵，“但是今晚，坐在这儿的维克蒂尼安或许更走运些——”

"ALREADY!" exclaimed de Marsay. "Why, he only came here a month ago; he has scarcely had time to shake the dust of his old manor house off his feet, to wipe off the brine in which his aunt kept him preserved; he has only just set up a decent horse, a tilbury in the latest style, a groom—”

“这么快！”德马尔赛惊叫道。“怎么，他才来一个月，几乎还没时间抖掉脚上的老家宅邸的尘土，擦掉姑姑为了不让他变质而浸泡的盐水呢。他也只是刚刚才得到一匹良马、最新款式的二轮轻便马车，还有一个马夫——”

"No, no, not a groom," interrupted Rastignac; "he has some sort of an agricultural laborer that he brought with him 'from his place.' Buisson, who understands a livery as well as most, declared that the man was physically incapable of wearing a jacket.”

“不，不，不是马夫，”拉斯蒂尼亚克插话道，“而是个‘从他那地方’带来的庄稼汉。最了解仆役服饰的比松说，那家伙的身体穿不了夹克衫。”

"I will tell you what, you ought to have modeled yourself on Beaudenord," the Vidame said seriously. "He has this advantage over all of you, my young friends, he has a genuine specimen of the English

tiger—”

“我告诉你们，你们应该以博德诺为榜样。”主教代理官一本正经地说道，“我年轻的朋友们，他比你们都有优势，他有一个纯正的英国马夫——”

"Just see, gentlemen, what the noblesse have come to in France!" cried Victurnien. "For them the one important thing is to have a tiger, a thoroughbred, and baubles—”

“先生们，看吧，法国的贵族已经成什么样了！”维克蒂尼安大叫道，“他们看重的只是马夫、纯种马和一些小玩意儿——”

"Bless me!" said Blondet. " 'This gentleman's good sense at times appalls me.’—Well, yes, young moralist, you nobles have come to that. You have not even left to you that lustre of lavish expenditure for which the dear Vidame was famous fifty years ago. We revel on a second floor in the Rue Montorgueil. There are no more wars with the Cardinal, no Field of the Cloth of Gold. You, Comte d'Esgrignon, in short, are supping in the company of one Blondet, younger son of a miserable provincial magistrate, with whom you would not shake hands down yonder; and in ten years' time you may sit beside him among peers of the realm. Believe in yourself after that, if you can.”

“天啊！”布隆代说道，“‘这位绅士的明智有时会让我震惊。’——是的，年轻的道德家，你们这些贵族都达到这种程度了。你甚至没有像五十年前亲爱的主教代理官那样，让自己陷入奢侈花费的光环中。我们正在蒙托格伊街的三楼上狂欢。再也没有同红衣主教的战争，也没有金缕衣原野。总之，你，德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵，正同一位可怜的外省官员的次子布隆代吃饭。在家乡时，你都不会愿意同这位官员握手。但十年之后，你和布隆代或许会一起坐在贵族席中。如果可以，那就相信自己吧。 "

"Ah, well," said Rastignac, "we have passed from action to thought, from brute force to force of intellect, we are talking—”

“啊，好，”拉斯蒂尼亚克说道，“我们已经从行为谈到思想，从暴力谈到智力，现在我们正在谈着——”

"Let us not talk of our reverses," protested the Vidame; "I have made up my mind to die merrily. If our friend here has not a tiger as yet, he comes of a race of lions, and can dispense with one."

“我们不要谈不顺的事情了，”主教代理官抗议道，“我决定要快乐地死去。假若哪位朋友现在还没有小马夫的话，那他就属于狮子的种族，不需要也可以。”

"He cannot do without a tiger," said Blondet; "he is too newly come to town."

“他必须得有个马夫，”布隆代说道，“他才刚刚来到这坐城市。”

"His elegance may be new as yet," returned de Marsay, "but we are adopting it. He is worthy of us, he understands his age, he has brains, he is nobly born and gently bred; we are going to like him, and serve him, and push him—"

“也许他的优雅举止对我们还很陌生，”德马尔赛回答道，“但我们正在习惯这一点。他值得成为我们的一员，他懂得他的时代，有头脑，出身高贵且受过良好的教育。我们会喜欢他，为他服务，也会把他推向——”

"Whither?" inquired Blondet.

“哪儿？”布隆代问道。

"Inquisitive soul!" said Rastignac.

“好奇的家伙！”拉斯蒂尼亚克说道。

"With whom will he take up to-night?" de Marsay asked.

“今晚他将和谁在一起？”德马尔赛问道。

"With a whole seraglio," said the Vidame.

“跟整个后宫在一起。”主教代理官说道。

"Plague take it! What can we have done that the dear Vidame is punishing us by keeping his word to the infanta? I should be pitiable indeed if I did not know her—"

“该死！我们究竟犯了什么错，亲爱的主教代理官要为这郡主保守秘密，以此来惩罚我们呢？如果不认识她的话，我真是太可怜了——”

"And I was once a coxcomb even as he," said the Vidame, indicating de Marsay.

“以前我也同他一样，是个花花公子。”主教代理官指着德马尔赛说道。

The conversation continued pitched in the same key, charmingly scandalous, and agreeably corrupt. The dinner went off very pleasantly. Rastignac and de Marsay went to the Opera with the Vidame and Victurnien, with a view to following them afterwards to Mlle. des Touches' salon. And thither, accordingly, this pair of rakes betook themselves, calculating that by that time the tragedy would have been read; for of all things to be taken between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, a tragedy in their opinion was the most unwholesome. They went to keep a watch on Victurnien and to embarrass him, a piece of schoolboys's mischief embittered by a jealous dandy's spite. But Victurnien was gifted with that page's effrontery which is a great help to ease of manner; and Rastignac, watching him as he made his entrance, was surprised to see how

quickly he caught the tone of the moment.

谈话一直按照这种方式进行着，全是迷人的诽谤和欣然的腐化。晚餐进行得很愉快。拉斯蒂尼亚克和德马尔赛想要跟着他们到德图谢小姐的沙龙去，因此随同主教代理官和维克蒂尼安一起去了歌剧院。因为这两个浪荡子认为最不健康的就是晚上十一点到十二点间的悲剧念诵，因此，他们在那儿计算着时间，等悲剧结束了再过去。他们去那儿是为了监视维克蒂尼安，并让他感到尴尬，纨绔子弟的怨恨心理让这种孩子气的恶作剧更为恶毒。但是，维克蒂尼安天生像仆人一般脸皮厚，这大大地帮助他缓解了敌意。而看着他进门，拉斯蒂尼亚克十分惊讶于他把握时代基调的速度。

"That young d'Esgrignon will go far, will he not?" he said, addressing his companion.

“那年轻的德埃斯格里尼翁会走的很远，不是吗？”他对他的同伴说道。

"That is as may be," returned de Marsay, "but he is in a fair way."

“也许吧，”德马尔赛答道，“但他还不错。”

The Vidame introduced his young friend to one of the most amiable and frivolous duchesses of the day, a lady whose adventures caused an explosion five years later. Just then, however, she was in the full blaze of her glory; she had been suspected, it is true, of equivocal conduct; but suspicion, while it is still suspicion and not proof, marks a woman out with the kind of distinction which slander gives to a man. Nonentities are never slandered; they chafe because they are left in peace. This woman was, in fact, the Duchesse de Maufrigneuse, a daughter of the d'Uxelles; her father-in-law was still alive; she was not to be the Princesse de Cadignan for some years to come. A friend of the Duchesse de Langeais and the Vicomtesse de Beauseant, two glories departed, she was likewise intimate with the Marquise d'Espard, with whom she disputed her fragile sovereignty as queen of fashion. Great relations lent her countenance for a long while, but the Duchesse de Maufrigneuse was one of those women who, in some way, nobody knows how, or why, or where, will spend the rents of all the lands of earth, and of the moon likewise, if they were not out of reach. The general outline of her character was scarcely known as yet; de Marsay, and de Marsay only, really had read her. That redoubtable dandy now watched the Vidame de Pamiers' introduction of his young friend to that lovely woman, and bent over to say in Rastignac's ear:

主教代理官把他年轻的朋友介绍给了当时最可爱、最轻佻的公爵夫人之一，而五年之后，她的那些轶事就给曝光了。然而在当时，她的声望非常高。事实上，她可疑的行为引起过人们的怀疑，但只是怀疑，没

有证据。而这种怀疑会让女士鹤立鸡群，就如同诽谤会给男士带来名声一样。无足轻重的人从来都不会受人诽谤，他们生气是因为人们不去干扰他们的生活。事实上，这位德摩弗里纽斯公爵夫人是德于克塞尔家的女儿。她的公公还健在，过了好些年之后她才成为了德卡迪昂王妃。风光已逝的德朗热公爵夫人和德博塞昂子爵夫人都是她的朋友，德埃斯巴侯爵夫人也同样与她很亲密，她们二人在竞争着时尚皇后的称号。广泛的人脉在很长一段时期内给了她支持，但从某方面来说，德摩弗里纽斯公爵夫人是这样一种女人，无人知晓她用何种方式、为什么，或者在哪里花掉了地球上所有土地的地租。如果够得到的话，她也同样会把月球上的地租花掉。很少有人知晓她的大致性格。德马尔赛，也只有德马尔赛真正地解读过她。看到主教代理官德帕米埃把他年轻的朋友介绍给那位可爱的女士，这个令人敬畏的纨绔子弟俯下身，凑到拉斯蒂尼亚克的耳边说道：

"My dear fellow, he will go up WHIZZ! like a rocket, and come down like a stick," an atrociously vulgar saying which was remarkably fulfilled.

“我亲爱的朋友，他会像火箭一样飕飕地直向上窜，然后又像块木头一样跌下来。”这句残酷又庸俗的话最终被惊人地验证了。

The Duchesse de Maufrigneuse had lost her heart to Victurnien after first giving her mind to a serious study of him. Any lover who should have caught the glance by which she expressed her gratitude to the Vidame might well have been jealous of such friendship. Women are like horses let loose on a steppe when they feel, as the Duchess felt with the Vidame de Pamiers, that the ground is safe; at such moments they are themselves; perhaps it pleases them to give, as it were, samples of their tenderness in intimacy in this way. It was a guarded glance, nothing was lost between eye and eye; there was no possibility of reflection in any mirror. Nobody intercepted it.

在经过一番认真研究之后，德摩弗里纽斯公爵夫人就为他痴迷了。任何一位情人看到她对主教代理官那感激的眼神时，都会为这种友好感到嫉妒。当女人感到安全时，她们就会像大草原上脱缰的马儿一样。主教代理官正让公爵夫人有这种安全感。此时此刻，她们的本性表露无遗，也许这种传达柔情的方式让她们感到很舒服。这是一个谨慎的眼神，眉目传情中不会为人觉察，即使在镜子中也不会显示出来。没有人能够截住它。

"See how she has prepared herself," Rastignac said, turning to de Marsay. "What a virginal toilette; what swan's grace in that snow—white throat of hers! How white her gown is, and she is wearing a sash like a little girl; she looks round like a madonna inviolate. Who would think that you had passed that way?”

“看她是怎么准备自己的，”拉斯蒂尼亚克转过身来对德马尔赛说道，“纯洁的装扮，她那像天鹅一般优雅雪白的脖子！她的长袍是多么洁

白，还像个小女孩似的戴了条腰带，看起来就像不可玷污的圣母。谁能想到你曾做过那些事呢？”

"The very reason why she looks as she does," returned de Marsay, with a triumphant air.

“这就是为什么她要如此打扮的原因。”德马尔赛胜利似的回答道。

The two young men exchanged a smile. Mme. de Maufrigneuse saw the smile and guessed at their conversation, and gave the pair a broadside of her eyes, an art acquired by Frenchwomen since the Peace, when Englishwomen imported it into this country, together with the shape of their silver plate, their horses and harness, and the piles of insular ice which impart a refreshing coolness to the atmosphere of any room in which a certain number of British females are gathered together. The young men grew serious as a couple of clerks at the end of a homily from headquarters before the receipt of an expected bonus.

这两个年轻人对视一笑。看到这个微笑，德摩弗里纽斯夫人猜想到了他们谈话的内容，她向这两个家伙翻了个白眼。从和平时期时起，法国女人从英国女人那里学来这门艺术。她们同时学到的还有银餐具、马匹、马具的外形，以及能让一间聚集着英国女人的房间凉爽下来的冰块。这两个年轻人突然严肃了起来，就像两个即将领到奖金，却还在聆听上头快要结束的说教的职员一般。

The Duchess when she lost her heart to Victurnien had made up her mind to play the part of romantic Innocence, a role much understudied subsequently by other women, for the misfortune of modern youth. Her Grace of Maufrigneuse had just come out as an angel at a moment's notice, precisely as she meant to turn to literature and science somewhere about her fortieth year instead of taking to devotion. She made a point of being like nobody else. Her parts, her dresses, her caps, opinions, toilettes, and manner of acting were all entirely new and original. Soon after her marriage, when she was scarcely more than a girl, she had played the part of a knowing and almost depraved woman; she ventured on risky repartees with shallow people, and betrayed her ignorance to those who knew better. As the date of that marriage made it impossible to abstract one little year from her age without the knowledge of Time, she had taken it into her head to be immaculate. She scarcely seemed to belong to earth; she shook out her wide sleeves as if they had been wings. Her eyes fled to heaven at too warm a glance, or word, or thought.

迷上了维克蒂尼安以后，公爵夫人决心要扮演浪漫纯真的角色。很多其他女性也扮演过这一角色，真是现代年轻人的不幸。德摩弗里纽斯夫人立刻装扮得像个天使，这与年近四十的她不想去笃信宗教，而要转向文学和科学的动机相同。她通过与众不同来突出自己。她的配饰、服

饰、帽子、观点、打扮以及行为举止都完全富有新意。结婚后不久，虽然她还只是个女孩，却扮演着一个狡猾而堕落的妇女的角色。她冒险地同肤浅的人巧舌如簧地对答，却在那些更有学识的人面前暴露出自己的无知。因为结婚时间使她无法缩减自己的年纪，所以她就想着要让自己完美起来。她看起来不像是地面上的人，她摆动着的宽阔袖口仿佛一双翅膀。只要某道眼光、某句话或某个想法过于热烈，她就会向天上看去。

There is a madonna painted by Piola, the great Genoese painter, who bade fair to bring out a second edition of Raphael till his career was cut short by jealousy and murder; his madonna, however, you may dimly discern through a pane of glass in a little street in Genoa.

皮奥拉是一位出色的热那亚画家，他准备将自己打造成第二个拉斐尔，但他的事业却因为妒忌和谋杀而终止。然而，在热那亚的一条小街上，你还可以透过橱窗隐约看到他画的圣母像。

A more chaste-eyed madonna than Piola's does not exist but compared with Mme. de Maufrigneuse, that heavenly creature was a Messalina. Women wondered among themselves how such a giddy young thing had been transformed by a change of dress into the fair veiled seraph who seemed (to use an expression now in vogue) to have a soul as white as new fallen snow on the highest Alpine crests. How had she solved in such short space the Jesuitical problem how to display a bosom whiter than her soul by hiding it in gauze? How could she look so ethereal while her eyes drooped so murderously? Those almost wanton glances seemed to give promise of untold languorous delight, while by an ascetic's sigh of aspiration after a better life the mouth appeared to add that none of those promises would be fulfilled. Ingenuous youths (for there were a few to be found in the Guards of that day) privately wondered whether, in the most intimate moments, it were possible to speak familiarly to this White Lady, this starry vapor slidden down from the Milky Way. This system, which answered completely for some years at a stretch, was turned to good account by women of fashion, whose breasts were lined with a stout philosophy, for they could cloak no inconsiderable exactions with these little airs from the sacristy. Not one of the celestial creatures but was quite well aware of the possibilities of less ethereal love which lay in the longing of every well-conditioned male to recall such beings to earth. It was a fashion which permitted them to abide in a semi-religious, semi-Ossianic empyrean; they could, and did, ignore all the practical details of daily life, a short and easy method of disposing of many questions. De Marsay, foreseeing the future developments of the system, added a last word, for he saw that Rastignac was jealous of Victurnien.

没有哪一幅画上的圣母有比皮奥拉笔下的那位更纯洁的眼神了，但

与德摩弗里纽斯公爵夫人比起来，这位圣母也只是位梅莎莉娜。女人们很好奇，这位轻浮的年轻女士怎么通过改变装扮而变成了披着面纱的美丽六翼天使，而且看起来（用流行话来说）好像拥有像阿尔卑斯山最高峰上新落下的雪一样洁白的灵魂？她是怎样如此利落狡猾地利用轻纱的遮掩展示出比她的灵魂更加雪白的胸脯？她怎么能看起来如此超凡脱俗，但眼神低垂时却杀伤力十足？那些放荡的眼神似乎在承诺无法言喻的慵懒愉悦，但她又会发出禁欲者一般的叹息，渴望更好的生活，好像又说明这些承诺都无法兑现。那些直率的年轻人（当时卫队里就能发现好些）私下琢磨，能否在最亲近的时刻与这位白衣夫人亲密交谈——她就像银河上滑落的星云一般。在后来几年里，那些时尚女性纷纷追捧这套有效的方法。她们胸中自有大大的哲学，因为她们可以用一点点圣洁的气质来掩盖内心强烈的欲望。这些天上的创造物都非常清楚，会有这样一种尘世的爱情，这种爱情来源于条件不错男性将她们召唤到地上的渴求。这种方式让她们可以呆在半宗教、半奥西恩式的九天上。在那里，她们能够、也确实忽略掉了生活中的琐事。在处理许多问题时，这种方法快速又简单。德马尔赛预见到了这套方法的发展趋势，所以，当他看到拉斯蒂尼亚克对维克蒂尼安很嫉妒时，便最后加了一句话。

"My boy," said he, "stay as you are. Our Nucingen will make your fortune, whereas the Duchess would ruin you. She is too expensive."

“小伙子，”他说道，“呆着别动。我们的纽沁根会帮你发财，而公爵夫人则会毁掉你。她太费钱了。”

Rastignac allowed de Marsay to go without asking further questions. He knew Paris. He knew that the most refined and noble and disinterested of women—a woman who cannot be induced to accept anything but a bouquet—can be as dangerous an acquaintance for a young man as any opera girl of former days. As a matter of fact, the opera girl is an almost mythical being. As things are now at the theatres, dancers and actresses are about as amusing as a declaration of the rights of woman, they are puppets that go abroad in the morning in the character of respected and respectable mothers of families, and act men's parts in tight-fitting garments at night.

拉斯蒂尼亚克让德马尔赛离开了，没有再问更多的问题。他对巴黎很了解。他知道，那种最典雅、高贵、无私，不会接受鲜花以外的诱惑的女性也和以前歌剧院的女孩一样，可能对小伙子很危险。而实际上，歌剧院的女孩现在差不多成了神话人物。而现在的剧院里，舞女和女演员就像女权宣言一样充满趣味。她们像木偶一般，白天在外面扮演着受人尊敬的家庭主妇，晚上又身着紧身衣扮演男人的角色。

Worthy M. Chesnel, in his country notary's office, was right; he had foreseen one of the reefs on which the Count might shipwreck. Victurnien was dazzled by the poetic aureole which Mme. de Maufrigneuse chose to assume; he was chained and padlocked from the first hour in her company, bound captive by that girlish sash, and

caught by the curls twined round fairy fingers. Far corrupted the boy was already, but he really believed in that farrago of maidenliness and muslin, in sweet looks as much studied as an Act of Parliament. And if the one man, who is in duty bound to believe in feminine fibs, is deceived by them, is not that enough?

可敬的谢内尔是对的。在外省的公证办公室里，他已经预见到了可能会让伯爵搁浅的暗礁。维克蒂尼安被德摩弗里纽斯夫人精心打造的富有诗意的光环照得头晕眼花。一与她接触，他就被她那少女般的装扮俘虏，被那仙女般的手指所卷出的发环紧紧锁住。尽管这个孩子已经非常堕落了，但他确实相信了那个薄纱遮盖的处女般的神情，相信了那有如议院法案一般细究出来的可爱表情。一个男人如果一定要去相信女性的谎话，被这种谎话欺骗不也是很应该的吗？

For a pair of lovers, the rest of their species are about as much alive as figures on the tapestry. The Duchess, flattery apart, was avowedly and admittedly one of the ten handsomest women in society. "The loveliest woman in Paris" is, as you know, as often met with in the world of love-making as "the finest book that has appeared in this generation," in the world of letters.

对一对恋人而言，其他的同类就像地毯上绣着的人物一般不真实。除去那些恭维话，公爵夫人也是公众承认的社交界十大美人之一。众所周知，在这个谈情说爱的世界里，“巴黎最可爱的女人”就等同于文学界里的“这一代最好的书”。

The converse which Victurnien held with the Duchess can be kept up at his age without too great a strain. He was young enough and ignorant enough of life in Paris to feel no necessity to be upon his guard, no need to keep a watch over his lightest words and glances. The religious sentimentalism, which finds a broadly humorous commentary in the after-thoughts of either speaker, puts the old-world French chat of men and women, with its pleasant familiarity, its lively ease, quite out of the question; they make love in a mist nowadays.

以他的年纪，维克蒂尼安与公爵夫人的谈话不会有太多约束。他太年轻了，对巴黎的生活一无所知，因此他并不觉得有必要保持警惕，也不觉得需要对自己的话语和眼神处处谨慎。谈话后，这两人在幽默的回味中找到了的神圣感觉，它完全不同于旧时代法国男女谈话时愉快的亲密和自在感。现在，他们在朦胧中谈情说爱。

Victurnien was just sufficient of an unsophisticated provincial to remain suspended in a highly appropriate and unfeigned rapture which pleased the Duchess; for women are no more to be deceived by the comedies which men play than by their own. Mme. de Maufrigneuse calculated, not without dismay, that the young Count's infatuation was likely to hold good for six whole months of disinterested love. She looked so lovely in this dove's mood,

quenching the light in her eyes by the golden fringe of their lashes, that when the Marquise d'Espard bade her friend good-night, she whispered, "Good! very good, dear!" And with those farewell words, the fair Marquise left her rival to make the tour of the modern Pays du Tendre; which, by the way, is not so absurd a conception as some appear to think. New maps of the country are engraved for each generation; and if the names of the routes are different, they still lead to the same capital city.

因为会演戏的女性不会被男性的谎言所欺骗，所以当公爵夫人看到维克蒂尼安这个外省的纯朴人处于一种合适的真正快感当中时，她感到很高兴。德摩弗里纽斯夫人有点失望地估计到，年轻伯爵的痴迷只会让这段没有利益的爱情维持六个月。她看起来像白鸽一样可爱，用她金色的睫毛覆盖住眼中射出的光芒。当她的朋友德埃斯巴侯爵夫人向她道晚安时，她轻轻地说："好的！非常好，亲爱的！"告别之后，美丽的侯爵夫人就离开了她的对手，前往现代的温柔国度。顺便说一句，这种想法并不像有些人想的那样荒唐。每一代都会刻出这个国度的新地图。即使道路名称各异，它们还是会通向同一个都城。

In the course of an hour's tete-a-tete, on a corner sofa, under the eyes of the world, the Duchess brought young d'Esgrignon as far as Scipio's Generosity, the Devotion of Amadis, and Chivalrous Self-abnegation (for the Middle Ages were just coming into fashion, with their daggers, machicolations, hauberks, chain-mail, peaked shoes, and romantic painted card-board properties). She had an admirable turn, moreover, for leaving things unsaid, for leaving ideas in a discreet, seeming careless way, to work their way down, one by one, into Victurnien's heart, like needles into a cushion. She possessed a marvelous skill in reticence; she was charming in hypocrisy, lavish of subtle promises, which revived hope and then melted away like ice in the sun if you looked at them closely, and most treacherous in the desire which she felt and inspired. At the close of this charming encounter she produced the running noose of an invitation to call, and flung it over him with a dainty demureness which the printed page can never set forth.

在众目睽睽之下，公爵夫人和年轻的德埃斯格里尼翁在拐角沙发上对谈了一个小时。其间，二人从西庇阿的豪爽谈到阿玛迪斯的忠贞，再到骑士的自我献身（因为中世纪的匕首、堞口、锁子甲、盔甲、尖鞋和浪漫的涂卡道具正要风靡）。除此之外，令人羡慕的是，她还能像将针扎入垫子一样留下一些东西不说，看似疏忽地留下一些谨慎的想法，然后将他们一个一个慢慢地装进维克蒂尼安的心里去。她非常擅于缄默，虚伪得很有魅力。她会大方地给出微妙的承诺，这种承诺能激起你的希望，但当你想要仔细端详时，它们又会同阳光下的冰块一样融化掉。而且，她对自己感受到和渴望的欲望的态度也很狡诈。在这种有趣的亲密接触即将结束时，她还会用邀请拜访的方式打了个活结，并用文字无法

描述的态度优雅端庄地把它套在他身上。

"You will forget me," she said. "You will find so many women eager to pay court to you instead of enlightening you.... But you will come back to me undeceived. Are you coming to me first?... No. As you will.—For my own part, I tell you frankly that your visits will be a great pleasure to me. People of soul are so rare, and I think that you are one of them.—Come, good-bye; people will begin to talk about us if we talk together any longer.”

“你会忘记我的，”她说道，“你会发现许多想要拜访你，但却不会启发你的女性……但是你不会上当，而是会回到我这里的。你先来我这里吗？……不，随你所愿。对我自己来讲，坦白说，你的到来会让我很高兴。有灵魂的人太少见了，但我认为你是其中之一。好了，再见吧。我们继续聊的话，别人要开始说我们的闲话了。”

She made good her words and took flight. Victurnien went soon afterwards, but not before others had guessed his ecstatic condition; his face wore the expression peculiar to happy men, something between an Inquisitor's calm discretion and the self-contained beatitude of a devotee, fresh from the confessional and absolution.

说完之后，她就离开了。维克蒂尼安很快也离开了，但在他离开前，他那狂喜的情形已让他人猜到几分了。他的那种表情专属于幸福的人，介于审判官的沉着谨慎与刚忏悔赦免后的虔诚教徒的那种沉默的幸福之间。

"Mme. de Maufrigneuse went pretty briskly to the point this evening," said the Duchesse de Grandlieu, when only half-a-dozen persons were left in Mlle. des Touches' little drawing-room—to wit, des Lupeaulx, a Master of Requests, who at that time stood very well at court, Vandenesse, the Vicomtesse de Grandlieu, Canalis, and Mme. de Serizy.

“德摩弗里纽斯夫人今天晚上做得真利索。”德格朗利厄公爵夫人说道。当时只有六个人留在德图谢小姐的小客厅里，也就是当时朝中重要的议案发言人德吕卜克斯、范德奈斯、德格朗利厄子爵夫人、卡纳利和德塞里齐夫人。

"D'Esgrignon and Maufrigneuse are two names that are sure to cling together," said Mme. de Serizy, who aspired to epigram.

“德埃斯格里尼翁和摩弗里纽斯这两个名字一定会绑在一起的。”爱说俏皮话的德塞里齐夫人说道。

"For some days past she has been out at grass on Platonism," said des Lupeaulx.

“过去几日里，她都呆在柏拉图精神恋爱的草原上。”德吕卜克斯说道。

"She will ruin that poor innocent," added Charles de Vandenesse.

“她会毁掉那个可怜的笨蛋的。”夏尔·德范德奈斯说道。

"What do you mean?" asked Mlle. des Touches.

“你是什么意思？”德图谢小姐问道。

"Oh, morally and financially, beyond all doubt," said the Vicomtesse, rising.

“哦，毫无疑问，道德上和经济上都会的。”子爵夫人站起来，说道。

The cruel words were cruelly true for young d'Esgrignon.

对于年轻的德埃斯格里尼翁来说，这些残酷的字眼却是残酷的事实。

Next morning he wrote to his aunt describing his introduction into the high world of the Faubourg Saint-Germain in bright colors flung by the prism of love, explaining the reception which met him everywhere in a way which gratified his father's family pride. The Marquis would have the whole long letter read to him twice; he rubbed his hands when he heard of the Vidame de Pamiers' dinner—the Vidame was an old acquaintance—and of the subsequent introduction to the Duchess; but at Blondet's name he lost himself in conjectures. What could the younger son of a judge, a public prosecutor during the Revolution, have been doing there?

第二日早晨，他给他的姑姑写信，描述了他在爱情三棱镜折射出的明亮颜色下被引入圣日耳曼高等社区的事，也用可以满足他父亲的家族自豪感的方式解释了他在各处受到的接待。侯爵让人把这封长信完整地念了两遍。当他听到老熟人——主教代理官德帕米埃的晚宴，以及后来被引见给公爵夫人的部分时，他都搓了搓双手，但听到布隆代的名字时，他就只能猜想了。一个当过大革命时期诉讼代理人的法官的次子在那里做什么呢？

There was joy that evening among the Collection of Antiquities. They talked over the young Count's success. So discreet were they with regard to Mme. de Maufrigneuse, that the one man who heard the secret was the Chevalier. There was no financial postscript at the end of the letter, no unpleasant reference to the sinews of war, which every young man makes in such a case. Mlle. Armande showed it to Chesnel. Chesnel was pleased and raised not a single objection. It was clear, as the Marquis and the Chevalier agreed, that a young man in favor with the Duchesse de Maufrigneuse would shortly be a hero at court, where in the old days women were all-powerful. The Count had not made a bad choice. The dowagers told over all the gallant adventures of the Maufrigneuses from Louis XIII. to Louis XVI.—they

spared to inquire into preceding reigns—and when all was done they were enchanted.—Mme. de Maufrigneuse was much praised for interesting herself in Victurnien. Any writer of plays in search of a piece of pure comedy would have found it well worth his while to listen to the Antiquities in conclave.

那天晚上，古物陈列室中一片喜庆。他们谈论着年轻侯爵取得的成功。他们对德摩弗里纽斯夫人的事十分谨慎，以至于只有骑士知晓这个秘密。不同于此类情形下每个年轻人的做法，这封信的末尾没有要求经济支持的附言，没有在结尾处提到这令人不快的关键点。阿芒德小姐给谢内尔看了这封信。谢内尔感到很满意，没有提出任何反对意见。骑士和侯爵都认为，一个能赢得德摩弗里纽斯公爵夫人厚爱的人显然很快会在宫廷里成为英雄。过去，女性在宫廷内的力量非常大。伯爵的选择还不赖。贵妇们谈论着摩弗里纽斯家族从路易十三时期到路易十六时期的英勇事迹——她们没有提及以前的朝代——谈话结束后，她们都很高兴，大家都盛赞对维克蒂尼安感兴趣的德摩弗里纽斯夫人本人。任何一位想要些纯喜剧的作家都会发现，来听一听这陈列室的私密谈话是完全值得的。

Victurnien received charming letters from his father and aunt, and also from the Chevalier. That gentleman recalled himself to the Vidame's memory. He had been at Spa with M. de Pamiers in 1778, after a certain journey made by a celebrated Hungarian princess. And Chesnel also wrote. The fond flattery to which the unhappy boy was only too well accustomed shone out of every page; and Mlle. Armande seemed to share half of Mme. de Maufrigneuse's happiness.

维克蒂尼安收到来自父亲、姑姑，还有来自骑士的充满赞叹的来信。那位绅士回忆了主教代理官的往事。1877年，在与一位有名的匈牙利公主的某段旅行之后，他同德帕米埃先生一起到过斯帕。谢内尔也写了信。每一页都是这个不幸的孩子听惯了的讨好奉承。此外，阿芒德小姐看起来也分享了德摩弗里纽斯夫人一半的快乐。

Thus happy in the approval of his family, the young Count made a spirited beginning in the perilous and costly ways of dandyism. He had five horses—he was moderate—de Marsay had fourteen! He returned the Vidame's hospitality, even including Blondet in the invitation, as well as de Marsay and Rastignac. The dinner cost five hundred francs, and the noble provincial was feted on the same scale. Victurnien played a good deal, and, for his misfortune, at the fashionable game of whist.

收到家人的赞同，年轻的伯爵感到很高兴，因此充满激情地踏上了花花公子这条危险且昂贵的道路。他拥有五匹马——他算有节制的，德马尔赛拥有十四匹！他回请了主教代理官的好意，甚至还在邀请函中包括了布隆代，还有德马尔赛和拉斯蒂尼亚克。这顿饭局花费了五百法郎，这位高贵的外省人也受到了同等规模的款待。维克蒂尼安经常打

牌，但倒霉的是，当时流行的是惠斯特纸牌。

He laid out his days in busy idleness. Every day between twelve and three o'clock he was with the Duchess; afterwards he went to meet her in the Bois de Boulogne and ride beside her carriage. Sometimes the charming couple rode together, but this was early in fine summer mornings. Society, balls, the theatre, and gaiety filled the Count's evening hours. Everywhere Victurnien made a brilliant figure, everywhere he flung the pearls of his wit broadcast. He gave his opinion on men, affairs, and events in profound sayings; he would have put you in mind of a fruit-tree putting forth all its strength in blossom. He was leading an enervating life wasteful of money, and even yet more wasteful, it may be of a man's soul; in that life the fairest talents are buried out of sight, the most incorruptible honesty perishes, the best-tempered springs of will are slackened.

他生活在忙碌的空虚中。每天十二点到三点间，他都和公爵夫人在一起。然后，他在布洛涅森林同她会面，骑马走在她的马车边。有时，这迷人的一对会一同骑马，但这会是在晴朗的夏日清晨。社交、舞会、剧院和娱乐活动填满了伯爵晚上的时间。维克蒂尼安在各处都显得很杰出，到处抛洒他智慧的珍珠。他用充满深意的话语来评价他人、事情和事件，他会让你想起那种用尽全力开花的果树。他这种靡废的生活不仅浪费金钱，更浪费的是人的精神。这种生活会埋葬最好的天才、毁掉最难腐化的诚实，并让调适得最好的意志之弦松懈下来。

The Duchess, so white and fragile and angel-like, felt attracted to the dissipations of bachelor life; she enjoyed first nights, she liked anything amusing, anything improvised. Bohemian restaurants lay outside her experience; so d'Esgrignon got up a charming little party at the Rocher de Cancale for her benefit, asked all the amiable scamps whom she cultivated and sermonized, and there was a vast amount of merriment, wit, and gaiety, and a corresponding bill to pay. That supper led to others. And through it all Victurnien worshiped her as an angel. Mme. de Maufrigneuse for him was still an angel, untouched by any taint of earth; an angel at the Varietes, where she sat out the half-obscene, vulgar farces, which made her laugh; an angel through the cross-fire of highly-flavored jests and scandalous anecdotes, which enlivened a stolen frolic; a languishing angel in the latticed box at the Vaudeville; an angel while she criticised the postures of opera dancers with the experience of an elderly habitue of le coin de la reine; an angel at the Porte Saint-Martin, at the little boulevard theatres, at the masked balls, which she enjoyed like any schoolboy. She was an angel who asked him for the love that lives by self-abnegation and heroism and self-sacrifice; an angel who would have her lover live like an English lord, with an income of a million francs. D'Esgrignon once exchanged a horse because the animal's coat did not satisfy her

notions. At play she was an angel, and certainly no bourgeoise that ever lived could have bidden d'Esgrignon "Stake for me!" in such an angelic way. She was so divinely reckless in her folly, that a man might well have sold his soul to the devil lest this angel should lose her taste for earthly pleasures.

如此洁白纤细、有如天使般的公爵夫人为独身生活的花天酒地所吸引。她喜爱首场演出，喜爱任何有趣的、即兴创作的东西。因为她没有去过波西米亚餐馆，德埃斯格里尼翁便请来了所有经她调教和说教的可爱的淘气鬼，为她在牡蛎岩饭店举行了一场吸引人的小聚会。聚会里充满了喜悦、睿智和欢乐，相应的，还有一张需要支付的账单。那顿晚宴也引起了其他宴会。在所有这些晚宴中，维克蒂尼安都把她当作天使来崇敬。对他来说，德摩弗里纽斯夫人仍然是纤尘不染的天使。在多艺剧院看到半淫秽粗俗的闹剧时，这位天使会大笑；在激起狂欢嬉戏的高雅打趣和绯闻轶事中，这位天使会与人斗智；在滑稽歌舞剧院的格栅包厢里，这位天使感到百无聊赖；这位天使也会以出类拔萃的老行家的经验来评价歌舞女的姿势；在圣—马丁剧院、在大街上的小剧场、在她像小学生一样喜欢的化装舞会上，她是天使。她这种天使会要求他为了爱情而自我克制、具有英雄气概和自我献身精神，她的情人要像个拥有一百万法郎收入的英国贵族一样生活。德埃斯格里尼翁曾经因为马匹的毛色不讨她的欢心而换掉了这匹马。在赌博时，她是一位天使。确实，当世没有哪位贵族会像天使一样地对德埃斯格里尼翁大喊：“为我下注！”她的荒唐行为既神圣又不计后果。为了避免这位天使对人间的乐趣失去兴趣，一个男人会将自己的灵魂出卖给魔鬼。

The first winter went by. The Count had drawn on M. Cardot for the trifling sum of thirty thousand francs over and above Chesnel's remittance. As Cardot very carefully refrained from using his right of remonstrance, Victurnien now learned for the first time that he had overdrawn his account. He was the more offended by an extremely polite refusal to make any further advance, since it so happened that he had just lost six thousand francs at play at the club, and he could not very well show himself there until they were paid.

第一个冬季过去了。伯爵从卡多先生那里取走了谢内尔所有的汇款，另外还多拿了微不足道的三万法郎。由于卡多非常小心，不愿意行使他的劝谏权，维克蒂尼安直到现在才第一次知晓他已经超支了。恰巧他刚刚在俱乐部里输掉六千法郎，如果不还清的话就没法再在那里露面。因此，当他再进一步要求取款却遭到了极其委婉的拒绝时，他更为恼火。

After growing indignant with Maitre Cardot, who had trusted him with thirty thousand francs (Cardot had written to Chesnel, but to the fair Duchess' favorite he made the most of his so-called confidence in him), after all this, d'Esgrignon was obliged to ask the lawyer to tell him how to set about raising the money, since debts of honor were in question.

公证人卡多信任地让他支出了三万法郎（卡多给谢内尔写过信，但在漂亮的公爵夫人所钟意的人面前，他却充分地利用所谓对他的信任）。德埃斯格里尼翁对卡多的愤怒升级后，他又因为债务所涉及到的声望问题而不得不向律师询问该如何得到钱财。

"Draw bills on your father's banker, and take them to his correspondent; he, no doubt, will discount them for you. Then write to your family, and tell them to remit the amount to the banker."

“在与你父亲有交情的银行家那里开些支票，然后拿到代理商那里去，他肯定会为你贴现的。然后再写信回家，让他们把那些钱汇给银行家。”

An inner voice seemed to suggest du Croisier's name in this predicament. He had seen du Croisier on his knees to the aristocracy, and of the man's real disposition he was entirely ignorant. So to du Croisier he wrote a very offhand letter, informing him that he had drawn a bill of exchange on him for ten thousand francs, adding that the amount would be repaid on receipt of the letter either by M. Chesnel or by Mlle. Armande d'Esgrignon. Then he indited two touching epistles—one to Chesnel, another to his aunt. In the matter of going headlong to ruin, a young man often shows singular ingenuity and ability, and fortune favors him. In the morning Victurnien happened on the name of the Paris bankers in correspondence with du Croisier, and de Marsay furnished him with the Kellers' address. De Marsay knew everything in Paris. The Kellers took the bill and gave him the sum without a word, after deducting the discount. The balance of the account was in du Croisier's favor.

在这样的困境中，内心深处的一个声音在提示着迪克鲁瓦西耶的名字。他见过迪克鲁瓦西耶向贵族下跪，但对他的真性情却一无所知。因此，他给迪克鲁瓦西耶写了封非常随意的信，请他支付自己所支取的一万法郎期票，并说收到信之后，谢内尔先生或阿芒德·德埃斯格里尼翁会还掉借款。然后，他又创作了两封感人的书信——一封给谢内尔，另一封给他姑姑。在步入毁灭之时，年轻人常常能显示出独特的聪敏和能力，幸运也会眷顾他。那天早上，维克蒂尼安偶然知晓了一位与迪克鲁瓦西耶有来往的巴黎银行家的名字，德马尔赛也向他提供了凯勒兄弟的地址。德马尔赛对巴黎无所不知。减掉贴现率的部分后，凯勒兄弟二话不说就给他开了期票。银行账户的收支对迪克鲁瓦西耶有利。

But the gaming debt was as nothing in comparison with the state of things at home. Invoices showered in upon Victurnien.

但同家中情形进行比起来，这笔赌债根本不算什么。清单如雨点般落在维克蒂尼安身上。

"I say! Do you trouble yourself about that sort of thing?" Rastignac said, laughing. "Are you putting them in order, my

dear boy? I did not think you were so business-like.”

“呀！你弄这些东西不嫌麻烦吗？”拉斯蒂尼亚克笑着说，“亲爱的孩子，你在整理吗？我没想到你这么像商人。”

"My dear fellow, it is quite time I thought about it; there are twenty odd thousand francs there."

“亲爱的伙伴，我确实该考虑这件事了，这儿有两万多法郎呢。”

De Marsay, coming in to look up d'Esgrignon for a steeplechase, produced a dainty little pocket-book, took out twenty thousand francs, and handed them to him.

过来请德埃斯格里尼翁一同去越野赛马的德马尔赛从一个精致的小皮包中取出两万法郎，递给他。

"It is the best way of keeping the money safe," said he; "I am twice enchanted to have won it yesterday from my honored father, Milord Dudley."

“这是保证钱财安全的最好方法。”他说道，“我今天加倍地高兴，因为这钱是我昨天从尊敬的父亲大人——迪德莱老爷那里赢来的。”

Such French grace completely fascinated d'Esgrignon; he took it for friendship; and as to the money, punctually forgot to pay his debts with it, and spent it on his pleasures. The fact was that de Marsay was looking on with an unspeakable pleasure while young d'Esgrignon "got out of his depth," in dandy's idiom; it pleased de Marsay in all sorts of fondling ways to lay an arm on the lad's shoulder; by and by he should feel its weight, and disappear the sooner. For de Marsay was jealous; the Duchess flaunted her love affair; she was not at home to other visitors when d'Esgrignon was with her. And besides, de Marsay was one of those savage humorists who delight in mischief, as Turkish women in the bath. So when he had carried off the prize, and bets were settled at the tavern where they breakfasted, and a bottle or two of good wine had appeared, de Marsay turned to d'Esgrignon with a laugh:

德埃斯格里尼翁完全为这法国式的优雅倾倒了，他认为这就是友情。至于那笔钱，他当时忘记用来偿还债务，而是拿去享乐去了。事实上，当年轻的德埃斯格里尼翁像花花公子们常说的那样“彻底垮掉”时，德马尔赛在一边看着，心底有无法言喻的快乐，他很高兴可以用各种溺爱的方式将手臂搭在这个小伙子的肩膀上。而渐渐地，小伙子就会感受到它的重量，并且会更快地沉沦。因为德马尔赛嫉妒他。公爵夫人炫耀着自己的风流韵事，每当德埃斯格里尼翁在身边时，她就不会在家接待任何其他人。除此之外，如同洗浴中的土耳其妇女一样，德马尔赛也是那种幸灾乐祸的凶残幽默家。所以当他赢钱时，他们就会去吃早餐的酒馆花掉那些赌钱。一两瓶好酒出现之后，德马尔赛笑着转向德埃斯格里

尼翁：

"Those bills that you are worrying over are not yours, I am sure."

“你担心的那些账单不是你的，我敢肯定。”

"Eh! if they weren't, why should he worry himself?" asked Rastignac.

“什么！如果不是他的，他为什么要担心呢？”拉斯蒂尼亚克问道。

"And whose should they be?" d'Esgrignon inquired.

“那应该是谁的呢？”德埃斯格里尼翁问。

"Then you do not know the Duchess' position?" queried de Marsay, as he sprang into the saddle.

“你不知道公爵夫人的情况吗？”德马尔赛一边跳上马一边问道。

"No," said d'Esgrignon, his curiosity aroused.

“不知道。”德埃斯格里尼翁说道，他开始好奇了。

"Well, dear fellow, it is like this," returned de Marsay—“thirty thousand francs to Victorine, eighteen thousand francs to Houbigaut, lesser amounts to Herbault, Nattier, Nourtier, and those Latour people,—altogether a hundred thousand francs.”

“啊，亲爱的同伴，是这样的，”德马尔赛回答道，“她欠维多琳三万法郎，欠乌比冈一万八千法郎，欠埃尔伯、纳蒂埃、努蒂埃和拉图尔家那些人的稍微少些——总共十万法郎。”

"An angel!" cried d'Esgrignon, with eyes uplifted to heaven.

“天使啊！”德埃斯格里尼翁仰天长叹。

"This is the bill for her wings," Rastignac cried facetiously.

“这些都是她那双翅膀的开支。”拉斯蒂尼亚克开玩笑似的说道。

"She owes all that, my dear boy," continued de Marsay, "precisely because she is an angel. But we have all seen angels in this position," he added, glancing at Rastignac; "there is this about women that is sublime: they understand nothing of money; they do not meddle with it, it is no affair of theirs; they are invited guests at the 'banquet of life,' as some poet or other said that came to an end in the workhouse.”

“这都是她欠的债，我亲爱的孩子，”德马尔赛继续说道，“正因为她是个天使。但是我们看到的天使都是这种情形。”他看了一眼拉斯蒂尼亚克，补充道：“女人在这一点上令人赞叹。她们对金钱一点都不了解，她们也不会瞎弄金钱，这与她们无关。正如死在济贫院的某个诗人或其他人所说，她们是被邀请参加‘生命宴会’的嘉宾。”

"How do you know this when I do not?" d'Esgrignon artlessly returned.

“我都不知道这件事，你是怎么知道的？”德埃斯格里尼翁天真地问。

"You are sure to be the last to know it, just as she is sure to be the last to hear that you are in debt."

“你肯定是最后一个知道的，就如同她肯定会是最后一个得知你在欠债的人一样。”

"I thought she had a hundred thousand livres a year," said d'Esgrignon.

“我原以为她每年有十万里弗的收入。”德埃斯格里尼翁说道。

"Her husband," replied de Marsay, "lives apart from her. He stays with his regiment and practises economy, for he has one or two little debts of his own as well, has our dear Duke. Where do you come from? Just learn to do as we do and keep our friends' accounts for them. Mlle. Diane (I fell in love with her for the name's sake), Mlle. Diane d'Uxelles brought her husband sixty thousand livres of income; for the last eight years she has lived as if she had two hundred thousand. It is perfectly plain that at this moment her lands are mortgaged up to their full value; some fine morning the crash must come, and the angel will be put to flight by—must it be said?—by sheriff's officers that have the effrontery to lay hands on an angel just as they might take hold of one of us.”

“她的丈夫，”德马尔赛答道，“没有和她住在一起。我们亲爱的公爵，他住在军团，勤俭节约，因为他自己也有一两笔小债。你是从哪儿来的？向我们学习吧，也来帮朋友算算账。迪亚娜小姐（我因这个名字而爱过她），迪亚娜·德于克塞尔小姐给她丈夫带来了六万里弗的收入，但在过去八年里，她像拥有二十万里弗一样地生活着。显而易见，现在她的地产都全值抵押了。某个晴朗的早晨，这一切肯定都会崩塌，天使也会逃出治安官们的控制领域。那些治安官们会厚颜无耻地将他们的手伸向这位天使，就如同他们可能会抓捕我们中的一位一样——这些事一定要说出来吗？”

"Poor angel!"

“可怜的天使！”

"Lord! it costs a great deal to dwell in a Parisian heaven; you must whiten your wings and your complexion every morning," said Rastignac.

“老天！在巴黎天堂住下来是要花很大一笔钱的。每天早晨，你都得漂白自己的翅膀和面孔。”拉斯蒂尼亚克说道。

Now as the thought of confessing his debts to his beloved Diane had passed through d'Esgrignon's mind, something like a shudder ran through him when he remembered that he still owed sixty thousand francs, to say nothing of bills to come for another ten thousand. He went back melancholy enough. His friends remarked his ill-disguised preoccupation, and spoke of it among themselves at dinner.

现在，德埃斯格里尼翁一想到要向亲爱的迪亚娜坦白自己的债务，他就会浑身打冷战，因为他想起自己还欠着六万法郎，这还不算那即将新增的一万法郎。他非常沮丧地回去了。他的朋友们注意到了他那伪装得很差的心思，便在晚餐的时候提起了这件事。

"Young d'Esgrignon is getting out of his depth. He is not up to Paris. He will blow his brains out. A little fool!" and so on and so on.

“年轻的德埃斯格里尼翁就要垮掉了。他在巴黎呆不下去了。他会彻底完蛋。小笨蛋！”等等。

D'Esgrignon, however, promptly took comfort. His servant brought him two letters. The first was from Chesnel. A letter from Chesnel smacked of the stale grumbling faithfulness of honesty and its consecrated formulas. With all respect he put it aside till the evening. But the second letter he read with unspeakable pleasure. In Ciceronian phrases, du Croisier groveled before him, like a Sganarelle before a Geronte, begging the young Count in future to spare him the affront of first depositing the amount of the bills which he should condescend to draw. The concluding phrase seemed meant to convey the idea that here was an open cashbox full of coin at the service of the noble d'Esgrignon family. So strong was the impression that Victurnien, like Sganarelle or Mascarille in the play, like everybody else who feels a twinge of conscience at his finger-tips, made an involuntary gesture.

然而，德埃斯格里尼翁立即就得到了安慰。他的仆人给他带来了两封信。第一封来自谢内尔。谢内尔的信总是泛着陈腐的唠叨，表现着他的忠心正直，而且都是些神圣的套话。他很恭敬地将信放置一边，留到晚上去读。但读第二封信时，他有种无法描述的快乐。如同斯卡纳莱尔向捷农特下跪一样，迪克鲁瓦西耶在他面前奴颜婢膝，用雄辩的语句恳求年轻的伯爵，请他从今以后不要再提前押金，只需屈身开期票，否则就等于是在侮辱他。信的结尾处似乎表明，现在有一个打开的、装满钱币的钱箱专供高贵的德埃斯格里尼翁家族使用。就像戏中的斯卡纳莱尔和马斯卡利尔一样，维克蒂尼安看过信之后是如此兴奋，以至于像任何一个感到手指刺痛的人一样，他不由自主地打了个手势。

Now that he was sure of unlimited credit with the Kellers, he opened Chesnel's letter gaily. He had expected four full pages, full of expostulation to the brim; he glanced down the sheet for the familiar words "prudence," "honor," "determination to do right," and the like, and saw something else instead which made his head swim.

既然他确信自己可以从凯勒兄弟那里无限制借贷，他便高兴地打开了谢内尔的信。他原以为这会是一封满是劝诫之词的四页长信，于是扫视着信件，寻找“谨慎”、“荣誉”、“决心去做好”等等熟悉的字眼，然而他读到的却是些令他头晕的东西。

"MONSIEUR LE COMTE,—Of all my fortune I have now but two hundred thousand francs left. I beg of you not to exceed that amount, if you should do one of the most devoted servants of your family the honor of taking it. I present my respects to you.

“伯爵先生：现在，我所有的财产只剩二十万法郎了。如果您肯赏光从您家最忠诚的仆人手中取钱的话，我恳请您不要超过那个数目。向您致敬。

CHESNEL.”

谢内尔。”

"He is one of Plutarch's men," Victurnien said to himself, as he tossed the letter on the table. He felt chagrined; such magnanimity made him feel very small.

“他是普鲁塔克那种人，”维克蒂尼安一边将信扔在桌上，一边自语道。他感到懊恼。这种慷慨让他觉得自己十分渺小。

"There! one must reform," he thought; and instead of going to a restaurant and spending fifty or sixty francs over his dinner, he retrenched by dining with the Duchesse de Maufrigneuse, and told her about the letter.

“好吧！人必须得改过。”他想。为了节省开支，他没有去餐馆吃五六十法郎一顿的饭，而是去德摩弗里纽斯公爵夫人那里吃了，并把信的事告诉了她。

"I should like to see that man," she said, letting her eyes shine like two fixed stars.

“我很想见见那个人。”她说道，两只眼睛像星星一样闪耀着。

"What would you do?"

“你想做什么呢？”

"Why, he should manage my affairs for me."

“啊，他可以帮我管理事务。”

Diane de Maufrigneuse was divinely dressed; she meant her toilet to do honor to Victurnien. The levity with which she treated his affairs or, more properly speaking, his debts fascinated him.

迪亚娜·德摩弗里纽斯穿着很高贵，她想用自己的打扮给维克蒂尼安带来荣耀。她如此轻率地对待他的事情，或更确切地说——他的债务，这一点让他着迷。

The charming pair went to the Italiens. Never had that beautiful and enchanting woman looked more seraphic, more ethereal. Nobody in the house could have believed that she had debts which reached the sum total mentioned by de Marsay that very morning. No single one of the cares of earth had touched that sublime forehead of hers, full of woman's pride of the highest kind. In her, a pensive air seemed to be some gleam of an earthly love, nobly extinguished. The men for the most part were wagering that Victurnien, with his handsome figure, laid her under contribution; while the women, sure of their rival's subterfuge, admired her as Michael Angelo admired Raphael, in petto. Victurnien loved Diane, according to one of these ladies, for the sake of her hair—she had the most beautiful fair hair in France; another maintained that Diane's pallor was her principal merit, for she was not really well shaped, her dress made the most of her figure; yet others thought that Victurnien loved her for her foot, her one good point, for she had a flat figure. But (and this brings the present-day manner of Paris before you in an astonishing manner) whereas all the men said that the Duchess was subsidizing Victurnien's splendor, the women, on the other hand, gave people to understand that it was Victurnien who paid for the angel's wings, as Rastignac said.

这引人注目的一对去了意大利剧院。这个漂亮迷人的女人从来没有像现在这样纯洁而优雅过。剧院里的任何一个人都不会相信，她欠债的数目已经如德马尔赛今天早晨说的那么多了。她那美到极致的前额脱离了任何尘世的烦恼，充满了最高地位女性的骄傲。对她来说，忧愁如同尘世间爱情中的微光一闪，华丽地消失了。大多数男人打赌认为维克蒂尼安会用他的英俊外表征服她，而女人却十分相信她的伎俩，并偷偷地欣赏起这位竞争对手来，就像米开朗琪罗欣赏拉斐尔一样。一位女士说，维克蒂尼安是因为迪亚娜的头发才爱上了她——她有全法国最美丽的金发。另一位女士说，迪亚娜主要的优点在于她白皙的皮肤，因为她的体型其实并不好，只是她的衣着显得她身材婀娜。其他人则认为，维克蒂尼安是因为她的脚才爱上她的，因为她身材不行，只有脚还不错。但是（现在巴黎的这种行为会让你感到惊讶），尽管男人们都说公爵夫人增添了维克蒂尼安的光彩，女人们却认为是维克蒂尼安在支付着天使的翅膀，就如同拉斯蒂尼亚克说的那样。

As they drove back again, Victurnien had it on the tip of his tongue a score of times to open this chapter, for the Duchess' debts weighed more heavily upon his mind than his own; and a score of times his purpose died away before the attitude of the divine creature beside him. He could see her by the light of the carriage lamps; she was bewitching in the love-languor which always seemed to be extorted by the violence of passion from her madonna's purity. The Duchess did not fall into the mistake of talking of her virtue, of her angel's estate, as provincial women, her imitators, do. She was far too

clever. She made him, for whom she made such great sacrifices, think these things for himself. At the end of six months she could make him feel that a harmless kiss on her hand was a deadly sin; she contrived that every grace should be extorted from her, and this with such consummate art, that it was impossible not to feel that she was more an angel than ever when she yielded.

当他们驾车回去时，维克蒂尼安好几次几乎就要提起这件事情，因为公爵夫人的债务比他自己的还要沉重地压在他心上。但是每一次，这种想法又被身边神圣天使的姿态消掉了。他借着马车灯光看着她，温情款款的她显得十分迷人，而这种温柔似乎总是在与狂热的激情一番搏斗后才从那圣母般的纯洁中显露出来。公爵夫人没有犯错，她不会去谈论自己的美德和天使的身份，不像那些模仿她的外省女人那样。她太聪明了。她为他奉献了许多，想让他自己来想到这些东西。六个月之后，她还是能让他觉得无伤大碍地亲吻她的手也是一种死罪。她故意表现得好像每个优雅的姿态都来自她本身，而且她的高超技巧让人不得不感到，她的每次屈服都让她更像天使。

None but Parisian women are clever enough always to give a new charm to the moon, to romanticize the stars, to roll in the same sack of charcoal and emerge each time whiter than ever. This is the highest refinement of intellectual and Parisian civilization. Women beyond the Rhine or the English Channel believe nonsense of this sort when they utter it; while your Parisienne makes her lover believe that she is an angel, the better to add to his bliss by flattering his vanity on both sides—temporal and spiritual. Certain persons, detractors of the Duchess, maintain that she was the first dupe of her own white magic. A wicked slander. The Duchess believed in nothing but herself.

只有巴黎女人才能如此聪明，总是能赋予月亮新的魅力，让星星变得浪漫，每次从同样的煤炭袋里打滚出来后却变得更加白净。这是智慧和巴黎文明最高级的精华。莱茵河那头或是英吉利海峡那边的女人会相信自己说的这种荒唐话，但巴黎女人则是让情人认为她是个天使，还会通过奉承来满足他们世俗上和精神上双重的虚荣心，让他们更加高兴。有些批评公爵夫人的人认为，她自己是这一魔法最先欺骗的对象。这是恶毒的中伤。公爵夫人只相信她自己。

By the end of the year 1823 the Kellers had supplied Victurnien with two hundred thousand francs, and neither Chesnel nor Mlle. Armande knew anything about it. He had had, besides, two thousand crowns from Chesnel at one time and another, the better to hide the sources on which he was drawing. He wrote lying letters to his poor father and aunt, who lived on, happy and deceived, like most happy people under the sun. The insidious current of life in Paris was bringing a dreadful catastrophe upon the great and noble house; and only one person was in the secret of it. This was du Croisier. He rubbed his hands gleefully as he went past in the dark and looked in

at the Antiquities. He had good hope of attaining his ends; and his ends were not, as heretofore, the simple ruin of the d'Esgrignons, but the dishonor of their house. He felt instinctively at such times that his revenge was at hand; he scented it in the wind! He had been sure of it indeed from the day when he discovered that the young Count's burden of debt was growing too heavy for the boy to bear.

到1823年底，凯勒兄弟已经为维克蒂尼安提供了二十万法郎，而谢内尔和阿芒德小姐均对此一无所知。此外，他还时不时地让谢内尔给他寄来两千法朗，从而更好地掩饰自己取款的来源。他写信哄骗可怜的父亲和姑姑，而他们像世上大多数幸福的人一样，在欺骗中快乐地生活着。巴黎生活的暗流正在给这个伟大高贵的家庭带来可怕的灭顶之灾，而知道其中秘密的只有一个人。那就是迪克鲁瓦西耶。在夜里经过古物陈列室并向里面张望时，他都会高兴地搓一搓手。他很有希望达到他的目标，而且他的目标已与之前有所不同，不仅仅是要打垮德埃斯格里尼翁家族，他还要让这个家族丢尽颜面。他本能地感到，复仇的时机即将到来，他从风中闻到了气息！当他发现年轻的伯爵背负着无法承担的债务时，他就确信这一天即将到来。

Du Croisier's first step was to rid himself of his most hated enemy, the venerable Chesnel. The good old man lived in the Rue du Bercail, in a house with a steep-pitched roof. There was a little paved courtyard in front, where the rose-bushes grew and clambered up to the windows of the upper story. Behind lay a little country garden, with its box-edged borders, shut in by damp, gloomy-looking walls. The prim, gray-painted street door, with its wicket opening and bell attached, announced quite as plainly as the official scutcheon that "a notary lives here."

迪克鲁瓦西耶的第一步就是除掉他最讨厌的敌人，也就是受人尊敬的谢内尔。这个好心的老人住在羊圈街的一所高尖顶的房子里。屋前有个铺了石板的小院子，里面种着的蔷薇花爬到了二楼的窗户上。后面有一座小小的乡村花园，四边由黄杨树围起，外围是潮湿、幽暗的墙壁。整洁的灰色大门带有边门和门铃，就像官方标牌一样明明白白地告诉人们：“这里住着个公证人。”

It was half-past five o'clock in the afternoon, at which hour the old man usually sat digesting his dinner. He had drawn his black leather-covered armchair before the fire, and put on his armor, a painted pasteboard contrivance shaped like a top boot, which protected his stockinged legs from the heat of the fire; for it was one of the good man's habits to sit for a while after dinner with his feet on the dogs and to stir up the glowing coals. He always ate too much; he was fond of good living. Alas! if it had not been for that little failing, would he not have been more perfect than it is permitted to mortal man to be? Chesnel had finished his cup of coffee. His old housekeeper had just taken away the tray which had been used for the

purpose for the last twenty years. He was waiting for his clerks to go before he himself went out for his game at cards, and meanwhile he was thinking—no need to ask of whom or what. A day seldom passed but he asked himself, "Where is HE? What is HE doing?" He thought that the Count was in Italy with the fair Duchesse de Maufrigneuse.

此时是下午五点半。这个时候，老人通常都坐在那儿消化正餐。他把包着黑色皮革的扶手椅移到了火炉前，穿上像长筒靴似的、用硬纸板涂成的盔甲，好让他那穿着长筒袜的腿远离火的高温，因为这个好人习惯于吃饭后坐一会儿，一边把脚搁在壁炉的铁架子上，一边翻动燃烧的木炭。他总是吃很多，他很讲究吃穿。哎呀！如果不是有这个小缺点，难道他不是尘世中最完美的人吗？谢内尔刚喝完咖啡。他的老管家刚刚取走了盘子，这个盘子在过去的二十年里都是用于此处。他在等职员离开，然后他好出去玩纸牌。等待期间，他也在思考——没必要去问他在想谁或想什么。几乎每一天，他都会问自己：“他在哪里？他在做什么？”他以为伯爵和德摩弗里纽斯公爵夫人一起在意大利。

When every franc of a man's fortune has come to him, not by inheritance, but through his own earning and saving, it is one of his sweetest pleasures to look back upon the pains that have gone to the making of it, and then to plan out a future for his crowns. This it is to conjugate the verb "to enjoy" in every tense. And the old lawyer, whose affections were all bound up in a single attachment, was thinking that all the carefully-chosen, well-tilled land which he had pinched and scraped to buy would one day go to round the d'Esgrignon estates, and the thought doubled his pleasure. His pride swelled as he sat at his ease in the old armchair; and the building of glowing coals, which he raised with the tongs, sometimes seemed to him to be the old noble house built up again, thanks to his care. He pictured the young Count's prosperity, and told himself that he had done well to live for such an aim. Chesnel was not lacking in intelligence; sheer goodness was not the sole source of his great devotion; he had a pride of his own; he was like the nobles who used to rebuild a pillar in a cathedral to inscribe their name upon it; he meant his name to be remembered by the great house which he had restored. Future generations of d'Esgrignons should speak of old Chesnel. Just at this point his old housekeeper came in with signs of alarm in her countenance.

当一个人的每个法郎都不是靠继承，而是自己赚取和积攒的，他最甜蜜的快乐之一便是回顾赚钱时所经历过的苦痛，然后计划着怎样在未来花掉这些钱。这就好比是把“享受”这个词在各种时态中的形式全部列举一遍。这个老律师的感情全都绑在他唯一依恋的事物上了。他想着自己省吃俭用精心选购的良田有一天会成为德埃斯格里尼翁家的财产，这种想法让他加倍快乐。当他舒舒服服地坐在那张老扶手椅上时，他的自豪感膨胀了起来。有时候他似乎觉得，这个古老高贵的家族就像他用火

钳撩起的火炭一样再次兴旺了起来，而这一切都多亏了他的照料。他想象着年轻伯爵的成功，并告诉自己，自己已经为这样的目标做得很好了。谢内尔并非缺乏智慧，他的忠贞也不只是源于其极好的品德。他有他自己的骄傲。就如同过去贵族会在大教堂内建造纪念柱，并把他们的名字都刻在上面一样，他也希望由他重振的这个大家族能够记住他的名字。德埃斯格里尼翁家族的子孙都应当谈起老谢内尔来。就在这个时候，老管家面带惊恐地走了进来。

"Is the house on fire, Brigitte?"

“房子着火了吗，布丽吉特？”

"Something of the sort," said she. "Here is M. du Croisier wanting to speak to you—”

“差不多，”她说道，“迪克鲁瓦西耶先生想要和您谈谈——”

"M. du Croisier," repeated the old lawyer. A stab of cold misgiving gave him so sharp a pang at the heart that he dropped the tongs. "M. du Croisier here!" thought he, "our chief enemy!"

“迪克鲁瓦西耶先生。”老律师重复了一遍。一阵冰冷的不安感刺进他的心脏，这一击如此尖锐，以至于他丢掉了手中的火钳。“迪克鲁瓦西耶先生在这里！”他想着，“我们的头号对头！”

Du Croisier came in at that moment, like a cat that scents milk in a dairy. He made a bow, seated himself quietly in the easy-chair which the lawyer brought forward, and produced a bill for two hundred and twenty-seven thousand francs, principal and interest, the total amount of sums advanced to M. Victurnien in bills of exchange drawn upon du Croisier, and duly honored by him. Of these, he now demanded immediate payment, with a threat of proceeding to extremities with the heir-presumptive of the house. Chesnel turned the unlucky letters over one by one, and asked the enemy to keep the secret. This he engaged to do if he were paid within forty-eight hours. He was pressed for money he had obliged various manufacturers; and there followed a series of the financial fictions by which neither notaries nor borrowers are deceived. Chesnel's eyes were dim; he could scarcely keep back the tears. There was but one way of raising the money; he must mortgage his own lands up to their full value. But when du Croisier learned the difficulty in the way of repayment, he forgot that he was hard pressed; he no longer wanted ready money, and suddenly came out with a proposal to buy the old lawyer's property. The sale was completed within two days. Poor Chesnel could not bear the thought of the son of the house undergoing a five years' imprisonment for debt. So in a few days' time nothing remained to him but his practice, the sums that were due to him, and the house in which he lived. Chesnel, stripped of all his lands, paced to and fro in

his private office, paneled with dark oak, his eyes fixed on the beveled edges of the chestnut cross-beams of the ceiling, or on the trellised vines in the garden outside. He was not thinking of his farms now, or of Le Jard, his dear house in the country; not he.

这时，迪克鲁瓦西耶走了进来，就像猫闻到乳品店里的奶味一样。他鞠了一躬，静静地在律师给他端来的安乐椅上坐下，然后拿出一张连本带利总共二十二万七千法郎的账单，所有账单都是维克蒂尼安先生用期票的形式要求他垫付的。现在，他要求立即偿还这些钱，还威胁说要采取极端措施来对付这个家族的假定继承人。谢内尔把这些倒霉的期票一张张翻过，还请求对头保守秘密。如果能在四十八小时之内付款的话，他可以做到这一点。他欠了许多厂商的钱急切需要还，还说了一连串关于资金上的谎话，无论是公证人还是借款人都不会相信这些。谢内尔的眼睛模糊了，几乎控制不住眼泪。只有一种方式来筹钱了，他必须把自己所有的田地都抵押出去。但当迪克鲁瓦西耶得知还款困难时，他便忘记了自己被催得很紧的事。他不再要现钱，而是突然提议购买老律师的财产。不到两天，买卖就办成了。可怜的谢内尔不忍想象这个家族的孩子要因为债务而坐五年的牢。因此，几天之后，除了他的工作室、应得的账目以及他现在居住的房屋外，他什么都不剩了。被剥夺了所有的地产的谢内尔在他那带有黑色橡木板壁的私人办公室里踱来踱去，眼睛盯着天花板上交叉倾斜的栗色梁木，或者盯着外边花园架子上的葡萄藤。现在，他不再去想他的田庄、他那可爱的外省雅尔别墅了，不再想了。

"What will become of him? He ought to come back; they must marry him to some rich heiress," he said to himself; and his eyes were dim, his head heavy.

“他将会怎样呢？他应该回来。他们一定要让他娶一个有钱的女继承人。”他想着，眼睛湿润了，脑袋也很重。

How to approach Mlle. Armande, and in what words to break the news to her, he did not know. The man who had just paid the debts of the family quaked at the thought of confessing these things. He went from the Rue du Bercail to the Hotel d'Esgrignon with pulses throbbing like some girl's heart when she leaves her father's roof by stealth, not to return again till she is a mother and her heart is broken.

他不知道应该怎样到阿芒德小姐那儿去，不知道该用怎样的话语告诉她这个消息。一想到要去坦白这些事情，这个刚偿还家族债务的人就浑身发抖。从羊圈街走向德埃斯格里尼翁公馆时，他的心怦怦地跳着，就像某个偷偷摸摸从家里逃走、直到做了母亲而且被伤透心后才回家的女孩一样。

Mlle. Armande had just received a charming letter, charming in its hypocrisy. Her nephew was the happiest man under the sun. He had been to the baths, he had been traveling in Italy with Mme. de Maufrigneuse, and now sent his journal to his aunt. Every sentence

was instinct with love. There were enchanting descriptions of Venice, and fascinating appreciations of the great works of Venetian art; there were most wonderful pages full of the Duomo at Milan, and again of Florence; he described the Apennines, and how they differed from the Alps, and how in some village like Chiavari happiness lay all around you, ready made.

阿芒德小姐刚收到一封令人陶醉的信，之所以令人陶醉是因为它的伪善。她的侄儿是天下最快乐的人。他将他的日记寄给姑姑，里面记录着他同德摩弗里纽斯夫人去温泉，还有去意大利旅游的事。每句话中都溢满了爱情。信中有对威尼斯迷人的描述、对威尼斯艺术精品的神魂颠倒，还有整页整夜的对米兰中央教堂和佛罗伦萨的大笔赞叹。他描述了亚平宁山脉，解释了它与阿尔卑斯山的不同之处，还有在基亚瓦里这种村庄里，你是如何随时随处都被快乐围绕——现成的快乐。

The poor aunt was under the spell. She saw the far-off country of love, she saw, hovering above the land, the angel whose tenderness gave to all that beauty a burning glow. She was drinking in the letter at long draughts; how should it have been otherwise? The girl who had put love from her was now a woman ripened by repressed and pent-up passion, by all the longings continually and gladly offered up as a sacrifice on the altar of the hearth. Mlle. Armande was not like the Duchess. She did not look like an angel. She was rather like the little, straight, slim and slender, ivory-tinted statues, which those wonderful sculptors, the builders of cathedrals, placed here and there about the buildings. Wild plants sometimes find a hold in the damp niches, and weave a crown of beautiful bluebell flowers about the carved stone. At this moment the blue buds were unfolding in the fair saint's eyes. Mlle. Armande loved the charming couple as if they stood apart from real life; she saw nothing wrong in a married woman's love for Victurnien; any other woman she would have judged harshly; but in this case, not to have loved her nephew would have been the unpardonable sin. Aunts, mothers, and sisters have a code of their own for nephews and sons and brothers.

可怜的姑姑被施了魔咒。她看到了这个遥远的爱情国度，她看见天使在天空盘旋，天使的温柔为如此的美景更增添了灼热的光彩。她大口狂饮般读着这封信，不然她应该怎么办呢？在被压抑和抑制的情感下，在为了家庭不断愉快地奉献的所有渴望下，那个割舍了爱情的女孩现在已经变成了成熟的女人。阿芒德小姐与公爵夫人不同。她看起来不像一个天使。她倒很像那些被优秀的雕塑家和大教堂的建造者放置在教堂各处的雕像一般，小巧、笔直、纤细苗条，还带着乳白色。野生植物有时会在潮湿的壁龛里生长，还会在雕花的石头旁结成美丽的风铃草花冠。此时此刻，蓝色的花蕾正在美丽仙女的眼中绽放。阿芒德小姐宠爱这对好似脱离尘世的情侣，她并不觉得一个有妇之夫爱上维克蒂尼安有什么不对。如果是其他女人，她可能会大加指责，但是在这件事情上，不爱

她的侄子反而会是一种无法宽恕的罪恶。姑姑、母亲和姐姐们对待她们的侄儿、儿子和弟弟会有一套自己的方式。

Mlle. Armande was in Venice; she saw the lines of fairy palaces that stand on either side of the Grand Canal; she was sitting in Victurnien's gondola; he was telling her what happiness it had been to feel that the Duchess' beautiful hand lay in his own, to know that she loved him as they floated together on the breast of the amorous Queen of Italian seas. But even in that moment of bliss, such as angels know, some one appeared in the garden walk. It was Chesnel! Alas! the sound of his tread on the gravel might have been the sound of the sands running from Death's hour-glass to be trodden under his unshod feet. The sound, the sight of a dreadful hopelessness in Chesnel's face, gave her that painful shock which follows a sudden recall of the senses when the soul has sent them forth into the world of dreams.

阿芒德小姐正置身于威尼斯。她看到大运河两岸成排的神仙宫殿，她正坐在维克蒂尼安的尖头小船上，而他在向她讲述着公爵夫人的纤手放在他手中的感觉，讲着当他们在多情的意大利皇后海上漂荡时，当他知道她的爱时，他是多么高兴。但只有天使会知道，就在那幸福的时刻，有一个人走进了花园。是谢内尔！哎呀！他踩在沙砾上的声音有如他赤脚踩在死神的沙漏中漏出的沙子上一般。这种声音和谢内尔脸上那可怕绝望的表情猛地召回了她那已经被送入梦幻世界的灵魂，然后给了她痛苦的一击。

"What is it?" she cried, as if some stab had pierced to her heart.

“什么事情？”她就像胸口被一把匕首扎入一般大叫起来。

"All is lost!" said Chesnel. "M. le Comte will bring dishonor upon the house if we do not set it in order." He held out the bills, and described the agony of the last few days in a few simple but vigorous and touching words.

“什么都没了！”谢内尔说，“如果不进行整顿的话，伯爵先生就会给这个家族蒙羞。”他拿出期票来，用了一些简单但有力感人的话描述了过去几日的苦痛。

"He is deceiving us! The miserable boy!" cried Mlle. Armande, her heart swelling as the blood surged back to it in heavy throbs.

“他在欺骗我们！这个卑鄙的孩子！”阿芒德小姐大叫道，她的心脏随着血液的大量涌回而膨胀起来。

"Let us both say mea culpa, mademoiselle," the old lawyer said stoutly; "we have always allowed him to have his own way; he needed stern guidance; he could not have it from you with your inexperience of life; nor from me, for he would not listen to me. He has had no mother."

“小姐，让我们一起说‘是我的过失’吧，”老律师坚决地说，“我们总是让他自行其是。他需要严厉的督导，但他无法从缺乏生活经验的你身上得到，也不会从我身上得到，因为他不听我的。他没有母亲。”

"Fate sometimes deals terribly with a noble house in decay," said Mlle. Armande, with tears in her eyes.

“有时，命运会很糟糕地对待一个没落的贵族家庭。”阿芒德小姐满眼泪水地说道。

The Marquis came up as she spoke. He had been walking up and down the garden while he read the letter sent by his son after his return. Victurnien gave his itinerary from an aristocrat's point of view; telling how he had been welcomed by the greatest Italian families of Genoa, Turin, Milan, Florence, Venice, Rome, and Naples. This flattering reception he owed to his name, he said, and partly, perhaps, to the Duchess as well. In short, he had made his appearance magnificently, and as befitted a d'Esgrignon.

在她说话的时候，侯爵出现了。他刚才一边在花园里来回踱步，一边读儿子归来之后写给他的信。维克蒂尼安从贵族的角度叙述了他的行程，讲述了他是如何受到热那亚、都灵、米兰、佛罗伦萨、威尼斯、罗马，还有那不勒斯的意大利大家族的欢迎。他说，这种奉承的招待是因为他的家世，也可能部分因为公爵夫人。总之，他的排场很大，配得上德埃斯格里尼翁家的身份。

"Have you been at your old tricks, Chesnel?" asked the Marquis.

“你在使以前的花招吗，谢内尔？”侯爵问道。

Mlle. Armande made Chesnel an eager sign, dreadful to see. They understood each other. The poor father, the flower of feudal honor, must die with all his illusions. A compact of silence and devotion was ratified between the two noble hearts by a simple inclination of the head.

阿芒德小姐向谢内尔做了个焦急的暗号，看起来很可怕。他们明白对方的想法。这个可怜的父亲，这朵封建荣耀之花，必须带着所有的幻想死去。只简单地点了下头，这两颗高尚的心灵就通过了保密和忠贞的合约。

"Ah! Chesnel, it was not exactly in this way that the d'Esgrignons went into Italy at the end of the fourteenth century, when Marshal Trivulzio, in the service of the King of France, served under a d'Esgrignon, who had a Bayard too under his orders. Other times, other pleasures. And, for that matter, the Duchesse de Maufrigneuse is at least the equal of a Marchesa di Spinola.”

“啊！谢内尔，十四世纪末，效忠法国国王的特里威尔斯元帅就为德埃斯格里尼翁家族效力，当时家族麾下还有贝亚尔听从指挥。在那个时

候，德埃斯格里尼翁家族去意大利可完全不是现在这个样子。其他时代有其他时代的乐事。在这点上，摩弗里纽斯公爵夫人至少也能和迪斯宾诺拉公爵夫人相提并论了。”

And, on the strength of his genealogical tree, the old man swung himself off with a coxcomb's air, as if he himself had once made a conquest of the Marchesa di Spinola, and still possessed the Duchess of to-day.

这个老人像个花花公子似的攀着家系树晃来晃去，好像他本人曾经征服过迪斯宾诺拉公爵夫人，而且仍占有现在的公爵夫人一般。

The two companions in unhappiness were left together on the garden bench, with the same thought for a bond of union. They sat for a long time, saying little save vague, unmeaning words, watching the father walk away in his happiness, gesticulating as if he were talking to himself.

那两个悲伤的同伴一起坐在花园长凳上，同样的想法让他们结成了同盟。他们坐了很久，一边含糊地说着毫无意义的话，一边望着这位老父亲幸福地离开。他边走边打着手势，好像在自言自语一般。

"What will become of him now?" Mlle. Armande asked after a while.

“现在他会怎样呢？”过了一会儿，阿芒德小姐问道。

"Du Croisier has sent instructions to the MM. Keller; he is not to be allowed to draw any more without authorization."

“迪克鲁瓦西耶已经对凯勒兄弟下令，在没有授权的情况下不准再付钱给他。”

"And there are debts," continued Mlle. Armande.

“还有债务。”阿芒德小姐继续道。

"I am afraid so."

“恐怕是这样。”

"If he is left without resources, what will he do?"

“如果没有资助，他该怎么办？”

"I dare not answer that question to myself."

“我自己不敢回答这个问题。”

"But he must be drawn out of that life, he must come back to us, or he will have nothing left."

“但必须把他从那种生活中拉出来，他必须回到我们这儿来，否则他就一无所有了。”

"And nothing else left to him," Chesnel said gloomily. But Mlle. Armande as yet did not and could not understand the full force of those words.

“他也什么都不剩了。”谢内尔忧郁地说道。但是，阿芒德小姐当时并没有、也不可能理解这句话的深意。

"Is there any hope of getting him away from that woman, that Duchess? Perhaps she leads him on."

“有没有可能让他远离那个女人，那个公爵夫人？可能是她把他引入歧途的。”

"He would not stick at a crime to be with her," said Chesnel, trying to pave the way to an intolerable thought by others less intolerable.

“不和她在一起，他可能会犯罪。”谢内尔说。他努力用一些不那么难以忍受的想法为一个令人无法忍受的想法铺路。

"Crime," repeated Mlle. Armande. "Oh, Chesnel, no one but you would think of such a thing!" she added, with a withering look; before such a look from a woman's eyes no mortal can stand. "There is but one crime that a noble can commit—the crime of high treason; and when he is beheaded, the block is covered with a black cloth, as it is for kings.”

“犯罪，”阿芒德小姐重复道，“噢，谢内尔，只有你才能想到这上面去！”她尖刻地补充道。任何凡人都无法忍受她的那种眼神。“贵族只会犯一种罪——叛国罪。当他被斩首时，垫头木会用黑布盖起来，就像为国王准备的一样。”

"The times have changed very much," said Chesnel, shaking his head. Victurnien had thinned his last thin, white hairs. "Our Martyr-King did not die like the English King Charles.”

“时代已经大不一样了。”谢内尔摇着头说道。维克蒂尼安让他仅剩的稀疏白发更加稀疏了。“我们殉难的国王同英国查尔斯国王的死法不一样。”

That thought soothed Mlle. Armande's splendid indignation; a shudder ran through her; but still she did not realize what Chesnel meant.

这个说法缓和了阿芒德小姐的震怒。她打了个冷战，但她还是不理解谢内尔所说的。

"To-morrow we will decide what we must do," she said; "it needs thought. At the worst, we have our lands."

“明天我们再决定要做什么，”她说道，“这需要考虑一下。再怎么糟糕，我们还有土地。”

"Yes," said Chesnel. "You and M. le Marquis own the estate conjointly; but the larger part of it is yours. You can raise money upon it without saying a word to him."

“是的，”谢内尔说道，“您和侯爵先生共同拥有这些地产，但大部分都归您。您不用通知他就可以把财产拿去抵押。”

The players at whist, reversis, boston, and backgammon noticed that evening that Mlle. Armande's features, usually so serene and pure, showed signs of agitation.

那天晚上，玩惠斯特纸牌、翻转棋、波士顿纸牌和十五子棋的人都注意到，阿芒德小姐平日那安详纯洁的表情透露出些许不安来。

"That poor heroic child!" said the old Marquise de Casteran, "she must be suffering still. A woman never knows what her sacrifices to her family may cost her."

“那个可怜而勇敢的孩子！”老卡斯泰朗侯爵夫人说道，“她肯定还在受苦。女人从来不知道自己要为家庭付出多大的代价。”

Next day it was arranged with Chesnel that Mlle. Armande should go to Paris to snatch her nephew from perdition. If any one could carry off Victurnien, was it not the woman whose motherly heart yearned over him? Mlle. Armande made up her mind that she would go to the Duchesse de Maufrigneuse and tell her all. Still, some sort of pretext was necessary to explain the journey to the Marquis and the whole town. At some cost to her maidenly delicacy, Mlle. Armande allowed it to be thought that she was suffering from a complaint which called for a consultation of skilled and celebrated physicians. Goodness knows whether the town talked of this or no! But Mlle. Armande saw that something far more than her own reputation was at stake. She set out. Chesnel brought her his last bag of louis; she took it, without paying any attention to it, as she took her white capuchine and thread mittens.

第二天，按照谢内尔的计划，阿芒德小姐要去巴黎把侄儿从万劫不复的地狱中拯救出来。如果有人要去带走维克蒂尼安，除了这个对他有母亲般爱护的女人之外，还能是谁呢？阿芒德小姐决定去德摩弗里纽斯公爵夫人那里，把一切都告诉她。但是，她还是需要某种借口，好向侯爵和全城人解释这次行程的目的。阿芒德小姐牺牲了一些自己处女般的娇弱形象，让人们认为她生了某种疾病，需要去看技艺高超的名医。天知道全城的人会不会谈论这件事！但是阿芒德小姐认为，有些比她自己的名誉更重要的东西正处于险境。她动身了。谢内尔给她带来了自己的最后一袋路易。她不在意地接过钱，就如同接过白帽子和毛线手套一样。

"Generous girl! What grace!" he said, as he put her into the carriage with her maid, a woman who looked like a gray sister.

“多么宽厚的姑娘！多么优雅！”他一边说一边把她和她的女仆送进马车里。这个女仆看起来就像个护理病人的修女。

Du Croisier had thought out his revenge, as provincials think out everything. For studying out a question in all its bearings, there are no folk in this world like savages, peasants, and provincials; and this is how, when they proceed from thought to action, you find every contingency provided for from beginning to end. Diplomatists are children compared with these classes of mammals; they have time before them, an element which is lacking to those people who are obliged to think about a great many things, to superintend the progress of all kinds of schemes, to look forward for all sorts of contingencies in the wider interests of human affairs. Had du Croisier sounded poor Victurnien's nature so well, that he foresaw how easily the young Count would lend himself to his schemes of revenge? Or was he merely profiting by an opportunity for which he had been on the watch for years? One circumstance there was, to be sure, in his manner of preparing his stroke, which shows a certain skill. Who was it that gave du Croisier warning of the moment? Was it the Kellers? Or could it have been President du Ronceret's son, then finishing his law studies in Paris?

就像外省人凡事都考虑周全一样，迪克鲁瓦西耶已经仔细考虑过了他的复仇计划。世界上没有谁能像野蛮人、农民和外省人那样仔细周到地考虑一个问题，这就是为什么当他们把想法付诸行动之时，你会发现他们已经从头至尾把每一种可能性都考虑过了。与这几类哺乳动物相比，外交家不过是孩童罢了。这些人有的是时间，而那些不得不考虑许多事情、监管所有计划进程、去预见各种涉及更广泛利益的人类事业中出现的变数的人所缺少的正是时间。是不是因为迪克鲁瓦西耶对维克蒂尼安的本性非常了解，所以才能预见年轻的伯爵很容易就会落入他的复仇阴谋？或者他只是受益于他观察等待了多年的时机？可以肯定的是，在他准备出击时，有一种情形能够显示出某种技巧。是谁告知了迪克鲁瓦西耶时机到了呢？是凯勒兄弟吗？还是当时在巴黎学习法律的法院院长迪龙瑟莱的儿子呢？

Du Croisier wrote to Victurnien, telling him that the Kellers had been instructed to advance no more money; and that letter was timed to arrive just as the Duchesse de Maufrigneuse was in the utmost perplexity, and the Comte d'Esgrignon consumed by the sense of poverty as dreadful as it was cunningly hidden. The wretched young man was exerting all his ingenuity to seem as if he were wealthy!

迪克鲁瓦西耶写信告诉维克蒂尼安，告诉他凯勒兄弟将遵照指示不再给他支取钱了。那封信来得正是时候，德摩弗里纽斯公爵夫人到了最困惑的时刻，而德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵被可怕的贫穷所困，却还得将它巧妙地掩饰起来。这个可怜的年轻人绞尽脑汁想让自己看起来富有！

Now in the letter which informed the victim that in future the Kellers would make no further advances without security, there was a tolerably wide space left between the forms of an exaggerated respect and the signature. It was quite easy to tear off the best part of the letter and convert it into a bill of exchange for any amount. The diabolical missive had been enclosed in an envelope, so that the other side of the sheet was blank. When it arrived, Victurnien was writhing in the lowest depths of despair. After two years of the most prosperous, sensual, thoughtless, and luxurious life, he found himself face to face with the most inexorable poverty; it was an absolute impossibility to procure money. There had been some throes of crisis before the journey came to an end. With the Duchess' help he had managed to extort various sums from bankers; but it had been with the greatest difficulty, and, moreover, those very amounts were about to start up again before him as overdue bills of exchange in all their rigor, with a stern summons to pay from the Bank of France and the commercial court. All through the enjoyments of those last weeks the unhappy boy had felt the point of the Commander's sword; at every supper-party he heard, like Don Juan, the heavy tread of the statue outside upon the stairs. He felt an unaccountable creeping of the flesh, a warning that the sirocco of debt is nigh at hand. He reckoned on chance. For five years he had never turned up a blank in the lottery, his purse had always been replenished. After Chesnel had come du Croisier (he told himself), after du Croisier surely another gold mine would pour out its wealth. And besides, he was winning great sums at play; his luck at play had saved him several unpleasant steps already; and often a wild hope sent him to the Salon des Etrangers only to lose his winnings afterwards at whist at the club. His life for the past two months had been like the immortal finale of Mozart's Don Giovanni; and of a truth, if a young man has come to such a plight as Victurnien's, that finale is enough to make him shudder. Can anything better prove the enormous power of music than that sublime rendering of the disorder and confusion arising out of a life wholly give up to sensual indulgence? that fearful picture of a deliberate effort to shut out the thought of debts and duels, deceit and evil luck? In that music Mozart disputes the palm with Moliere. The terrific finale, with its glow, its power, its despair and laughter, its grisly spectres and elfish women, centres about the prodigal's last effort made in the after-supper heat of wine, the frantic struggle which ends the drama. Victurnien was living through this infernal poem, and alone. He saw visions of himself—a friendless, solitary outcast, reading the words carved on the stone, the last words on the last page of the book that had held him spellbound—THE END!

现在，这封信告知受害人，凯勒兄弟以后不会在没有保证的情况下

给他支钱，而在夸张的问候和签名间留下了可以忍受的空白。你很容易就能把这封信的一大部分撕掉，并将它变成一张任意数额的汇票。这封恼人的信函是装在信封内的，因此纸的另一面是空白的。收到信时，维克蒂尼安正在绝望的深渊里痛苦地打滚。经过两年最兴旺、最世俗、最无忧和奢侈的生活之后，他发觉自己正在面对最无法改变的贫困，而且他根本不可能弄到钱。在旅途结束之前，他已历经了几次危机带来的苦痛。在公爵夫人的帮助之下，他成功地强行从银行家那里取得许多款项。但是这么做是非常困难的，并且那些借款又将非常严酷地变成到期票据摆在他的面前，他还要面对法国银行的催款通知和商事法院严厉的传唤。在最后几周的享乐中，这个沮丧的孩子感到命令者的剑锋了。如同唐璜一般，每次晚餐时，他都会听到外面台阶上的石像那沉重的脚步声。他感到一种无法描述的毛骨悚然，警告他债务的热风已经近在咫尺。他指望着机遇了。这五年来，他还从未在机遇方面落空，他的钱包总是会被重新填满。谢内尔之后，又来了个迪克鲁瓦西耶（他告诉自己），迪克鲁瓦西耶之后肯定还会有另一个金矿来为他提供财富。此外，他也从赌博当中赢了许多钱，他在赌博上的好运已经多次将他从不愉快的处境中挽救出来。而他那疯狂的希望又常常驱使他去外侨沙龙，结果却又在俱乐部的惠斯特纸牌中输掉赢来的钱。过去的两个月以来，他的生活就如同莫扎特《唐乔凡尼》中那不朽的尾声。事实上，任何一个处在与维克蒂尼安相同的困境中的年轻人在听到那段尾声时都会战栗。难道还有什么比对完全沉溺于世俗享乐的生活所引起的无序和困惑的高超描绘更能证明音乐的伟大力量吗——那幅描述竭尽全力想要把债务和斗争、欺骗和霉运忘却的可怕图景？在那首乐曲中，莫扎特可以与莫里哀平起平坐。这一绝妙的尾声中有喜悦、力量、绝望和欢笑、可怕的幽灵和恶作剧的女人，它集中体现了这个浪子在饭后酒醉时所做的努力，而这出戏剧就在他的疯狂挣扎中结束。维克蒂尼安独自一人经历着整首可怕的诗篇。他看到自己的幻影，一个没有朋友的、孤独的放逐者，正读着刻在石头上的文字，也就是那本给他施了魔法的书最后一页上最后的文字——结束！

Yes; for him all would be at an end, and that soon. Already he saw the cold, ironical eyes which his associates would turn upon him, and their amusement over his downfall. Some of them he knew were playing high on that gambling-table kept open all day long at the Bourse, or in private houses at the clubs, and anywhere and everywhere in Paris; but not one of these men could spare a banknote to save an intimate. There was no help for it—Chesnel must be ruined. He had devoured Chesnel's living.

是的，对他来说，一切都要结束了，而且非常快。他已经看到伙伴们投来的那种冷酷、讽刺的眼神，还有他们看到他垮台时的高兴。他认识的一些人正在交易所里全日开放的赌桌上，在俱乐部的私人住宅里，或在巴黎其他任何地方玩着很大的赌注，但是他们中没有一位会拿出一张钞票来挽救熟人。没有任何援助了——谢内尔肯定破产了。他已经将谢内尔的积蓄吞噬殆尽。

He sat with the Duchess in their box at the Italiens, the whole house envying them their happiness, and while he smiled at her, all the Furies were tearing at his heart. Indeed, to give some idea of the depths of doubt, despair, and incredulity in which the boy was groveling; he who so clung to life—the life which the angel had made so fair—who so loved it, that he would have stooped to baseness merely to live; he, the pleasure-loving scapegrace, the degenerate d'Esgrignon, had even taken out his pistols, had gone so far as to think of suicide. He who would never have brooked the appearance of an insult was abusing himself in language which no man is likely to hear except from himself.

当他同公爵夫人坐在意大利剧院的包厢时，剧院里所有的人都嫉妒他们的快乐；而当他对着她微笑时，复仇三女神却正在撕扯着他的心。确实，让我告诉你这个孩子正蜷伏在怎样的怀疑、沮丧和不信任的深渊里：他对天使所给他的美好生活如此热爱，以至于他宁愿卑躬屈膝以求苟活。这个爱好享乐的饭桶、德埃斯格里尼翁家族的败类居然曾经拿出手枪，他甚至想过要自杀。他这个从来都不允许任何人侮辱的人现在却在咒骂着自己，而这些咒骂的话也只有从自己口中说出来才能入耳。

He left du Croisier's letter lying open on the bed. Josephin had brought it in at nine o'clock. Victurnien's furniture had been seized, but he slept none the less. After he came back from the Opera, he and the Duchess had gone to a voluptuous retreat, where they often spent a few hours together after the most brilliant court balls and evening parties and gaieties. Appearances were very cleverly saved. Their love-nest was a garret like any other to all appearance; Mme. de Maufrigneuse was obliged to bow her head with its court feathers or wreath of flowers to enter in at the door; but within all the peris of the East had made the chamber fair. And now that the Count was on the brink of ruin, he had longed to bid farewell to the dainty nest, which he had built to realize a day-dream worthy of his angel. Presently adversity would break the enchanted eggs; there would be no brood of white doves, no brilliant tropical birds, no more of the thousand bright-winged fancies which hover above our heads even to the last days of our lives. Alas! alas! in three days he must be gone; his bills had fallen into the hands of the money-lenders, the law proceedings had reached the last stage.

他把迪克鲁瓦西耶的信摊开了放在床上。九点钟的时候，约瑟芬把它送了进来。维克蒂尼安的家具都被拿走了，但他还是睡了一觉。每次从大剧院回来后，他和公爵夫人都会到奢华的寓所去。豪华的宫廷舞会和晚间聚会活动结束后，他们会一起在那里呆上好几个小时。面子上掩护得很巧妙。他们的爱巢表面上看起来只是一间普通的阁楼，德摩弗里纽斯夫人进屋时都不得不低下她那戴着宫廷羽毛或花环的头。但房间里的一切都弄得很漂亮，好像由东方仙女装饰过一般。伯爵建造这个爱巢

是为了实现一个配得上他的天使的白日梦，而既然他已到了毁灭的边缘，他便想要和这个精致的爱巢告别。现在的困境将会打破那些被施了魔法的蛋，再也不会有成群的白鸽、鲜艳的热带鸟，再也不会有千百种带着光翼的幻想了。即使到了生命的最后一天，这些幻想也会在我们的头顶盘旋。哎呀！哎呀！三天之后他就必须离开，因为他的账单已经落到了放债者手上，法律程序已经到了最后一步。

An evil thought crossed his brain. He would fly with the Duchess; they would live in some undiscovered nook in the wilds of North or South America; but—he would fly with a fortune, and leave his creditors to confront their bills. To carry out the plan, he had only to cut off the lower portion of that letter with du Croisier's signature, and to fill in the figures to turn it into a bill, and present it to the Kellers. There was a dreadful struggle with temptation; tears shed, but the honor of the family triumphed, subject to one condition. Victurnien wanted to be sure of his beautiful Diane; he would do nothing unless she should consent to their flight. So he went to the Duchess in the Rue Faubourg Saint-Honore, and found her in coquettish morning dress, which cost as much in thought as in money, a fit dress in which to begin to play the part of Angel at eleven o'clock in the morning.

一个邪恶的念头闪过他的脑海。他要同公爵夫人一起逃走。他们会在北美洲或南美洲荒野上某个无人知晓的僻静处住下来，但是——他会带着一大笔钱逃走，让他的债主们自己去面对那些账单。要执行这个计划，他只需把那封带有迪克鲁瓦西耶签名的信的下半部分裁下来，再在上面填上数字，把它变成一张票据，然后拿到凯勒兄弟那里去兑现。这是同诱惑进行的一场令人痛苦的斗争。他流泪了，但家族的荣誉还是胜利了，只是还有一个条件。维克蒂尼安想要得到美丽的迪亚娜的肯定答复：除非她同意出逃，否则他是什么都不会做的。因此，他去了圣奥诺雷大街上的公爵夫人家，找到了正穿着妖艳的晨衣的她。她在这件晨衣上花的心思同它的价钱一般，这件衣裳非常适合她在上午十一点扮演天使的角色。

Mme. de Maufrigneuse was somewhat pensive. Cares of a similar kind were gnawing her mind; but she took them gallantly. Of all the various feminine organizations classified by physiologists, there is one that has something indescribably terrible about it. Such women combine strength of soul and clear insight, with a faculty for prompt decision, and a recklessness, or rather resolution in a crisis which would shake a man's nerves. And these powers lie out of sight beneath an appearance of the most graceful helplessness. Such women only among womankind afford examples of a phenomenon which Buffon recognized in men alone, to wit, the union, or rather the disunion, of two different natures in one human being. Other women are wholly women; wholly tender, wholly devoted, wholly mothers, completely null and completely tiresome; nerves and brain and blood are all in

harmony; but the Duchess, and others like her, are capable of rising to the highest heights of feelings, or of showing the most selfish insensibility. It is one of the glories of Moliere that he has given us a wonderful portrait of such a woman, from one point of view only, in that greatest of his full-length figures—Celimene; Celimene is the typical aristocratic woman, as Figaro, the second edition of Panurge, represents the people.

德摩弗里纽斯夫人也有几分忧郁。她的大脑也被同样的担忧折磨着，但她勇敢地面对了。按照生理学家对各种不同女性个体的分类，有一种女人身上拥有某种无法描述的可怕成分。这类女性拥有坚强的灵魂和清晰的洞察力，还有果敢决断的能力和不顾一切的轻率，这让她们在身处能使男人胆战心惊的危机中时仍能作出决定。而且，这些能力隐藏在最优雅无助的外表下，表面上看不见。在所有女性中，只有此类女性显示出布封只在男性身上发现的那种特质，即两种不同本质在一个人身上的联合或分离。其他女人完全是女性化的。她们全都那样温柔、忠贞、富于母性、完全无用，而且令人厌倦。她们的神经、大脑和血液完全协调一致。但是，公爵夫人和其他与她同类的人能够拥有最高尚的情感，或是能显示出最自私的麻木。莫里哀的伟大之处之一在于，他仅仅从一个角度就非常完整地为我们描述了这样一个女人——塞利梅纳的精彩形象。就如同费加罗——翻版的巴汝奇——代表了人民一般，塞利梅纳则代表了典型的贵族妇女。

So, the Duchess, being overwhelmed with debt, laid it upon herself to give no more than a moment's thought to the avalanche of cares, and to take her resolution once and for all; Napoleon could take up or lay down the burden of his thoughts in precisely the same way. The Duchess possessed the faculty of standing aloof from herself; she could look on as a spectator at the crash when it came, instead of submitting to be buried beneath. This was certainly great, but repulsive in a woman. When she awoke in the morning she collected her thoughts; and by the time she had begun to dress she had looked at the danger in its fullest extent and faced the possibilities of terrific downfall. She pondered. Should she take refuge in a foreign country? Or should she go to the King and declare her debts to him? Or again, should she fascinate a du Tillet or a Nucingen, and gamble on the stock exchange to pay her creditors? The city man would find the money; he would be intelligent enough to bring her nothing but the profits, without so much as mentioning the losses, a piece of delicacy which would gloss all over. The catastrophe, and these various ways of averting it, had all been reviewed quite coolly, calmly, and without trepidation.

因此，在债务的重压之下，公爵夫人只给自己一点点时间来考虑那种雪崩般的烦恼，而且想一劳永逸地解决问题。拿破仑也会用完全相同的方式来拿起或放下思想上的包袱。公爵夫人拥有从自己的角色中抽离

出来的能力，她可以像旁观者一样看着灾难的来临，而不是被动地被其埋葬。这确实是很了不起的，但是对一个女人来说，又是令人反感的。早上醒来时，她整理着思绪，到了开始打扮的时候，她就已经完全看到危险的严重性，明白了自己可能面对的可怕的破产。她沉思着。她应该逃到国外去吗？或者她应该去见国王，告诉他自己的债务？又或者，她是否应该去迷住某个迪蒂耶或纽沁根，然后去证券交易所赌一把来还债呢？实业家会弄到钱的，他的聪明才智足够给她带来利润，更不用提损失了，只需一点儿小手腕就可以完全掩盖。她非常冷静、平和且毫无惊恐地将这场灾难，以及避免它的各种方式都在脑中过了一遍。

As a naturalist takes up some king of butterflies and fastens him down on cotton-wool with a pin, so Mme. de Maufrigneuse had plucked love out of her heart while she pondered the necessity of the moment, and was quite ready to replace the beautiful passion on its immaculate setting so soon as her duchess' coronet was safe. SHE knew none of the hesitation which Cardinal Richelieu hid from all the world but Pere Joseph; none of the doubts that Napoleon kept at first entirely to himself. "Either the one or the other," she told herself.

就如同博物学家用一个别针把某只最大的蝴蝶钉在棉絮上一般，德摩弗里纽斯夫人沉思着现在的需要时便把爱情从心里扯了出去，并且完全准备好换掉纯洁布景下那美丽的热情，只要她公爵夫人的冠冕能够安全无恙。她不懂红衣主教黎塞留避开世人、只展示给约瑟修士的那种踌躇，也不懂拿破仑起初不让人知晓的那种疑虑。“不这样，就那样。”她告诉自己。

She was sitting by the fire, giving orders for her toilette for a drive in the Bois if the weather should be fine, when Victurnien came in.

她正坐在壁炉旁，指示下人如果天气不错的话就给她打扮一下，她要骑马去布罗涅森林。就在这时，维克蒂尼安进来了。

The Comte d'Esgrignon, with all his stifled capacity, his so keen intellect, was in exactly the state which might have been looked for in the woman. His heart was beating violently, the perspiration broke out over him as he stood in his dandy's trappings; he was afraid as yet to lay a hand on the corner-stone which upheld the pyramid of his life with Diane. So much it cost him to know the truth. The cleverest men are fain to deceive themselves on one or two points if the truth once known is likely to humiliate them in their own eyes, and damage themselves with themselves. Victurnien forced his own irresolution into the field by committing himself.

尽管德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵有着所有被压抑着的能力和机智，但他这时所处的情境可能正是这个女人想要从他身上看到的。他的心剧烈地跳动着，汗水也浸湿了那花花公子式的服装。他这时还不敢把手放到那块支撑着他和迪亚娜那金字塔般生活的基石上。真相让他付出了如此沉重

的代价。最聪明的人乐于在某一两件事情上自欺，如果他们认为真相一旦被知晓，自己就会被羞辱，或者会让自己受到伤害的话。维克蒂尼安强迫自己把一直犹豫不决的问题摆出来。

"What is the matter with you?" Diane de Maufrigneuse had said at once, at the sight of her beloved Victurnien's face.

“你怎么了？”一看到深爱的维克蒂尼安的表情，迪亚娜·德摩弗里纽斯立刻问道。

"Why, dear Diane, I am in such a perplexity; a man gone to the bottom and at his last gasp is happy in comparison."

“唉，亲爱的迪亚娜，我现在的处境十分混乱，就连一个沉在水底、奄奄一息的人都比我快乐。”

"Pshaw! it is nothing," said she; "you are a child. Let us see now; tell me about it."

“哼！这根本不算什么，”她说道，“你真是个孩子。让我们来看看，告诉我吧。”

"I am hopelessly in debt. I have come to the end of my tether."

“我的债务已经令我绝望了。我现在已经走投无路了。”

"Is that all?" said she, smiling at him. "Money matters can always be arranged somehow or other; nothing is irretrievable except disasters in love."

“就这些吗？”她笑着对他说，“金钱的问题总能用这种或那种方式来处理，只有失败的爱情才无法挽回。”

Victurnien's mind being set at rest by this swift comprehension of his position, he unrolled the bright-colored web of his life for the last two years and a half; but it was the seamy side of it which he displayed with something of genius, and still more of wit, to his Diane. He told his tale with the inspiration of the moment, which fails no one in great crises; he had sufficient artistic skill to set it off by a varnish of delicate scorn for men and things. It was an aristocrat who spoke. And the Duchess listened as she could listen.

迪亚娜迅速理解了他的处境，这让他安下了心。维克蒂尼安讲述了过去两年半中他那纸醉金迷的生活，但是只是谈了阴暗面。说话的时候，他向迪亚娜展示出天才、甚至智慧的一面。他在讲故事时带有当下的灵感，任何人在重大的危机中都会拥有这种灵感。他有足够的艺术技巧，可以在展示这种灵感的同时又对人和世事进行微妙的嘲讽。这是一位贵族的说话方式。而公爵夫人用她善于聆听的态度倾听着。

One knee was raised, for she sat with her foot on a stool. She rested her elbow on her knee and leant her face on her hand so that her fingers closed daintily over her shapely chin. Her eyes never left

his; but thoughts by myriads flitted under the blue surface, like gleams of stormy light between two clouds. Her forehead was calm, her mouth gravely intent—grave with love; her lips were knotted fast by Victurnien's lips. To have her listening thus was to believe that a divine love flowed from her heart. Wherefore, when the Count had proposed flight to this soul, so closely knit to his own, he could not help crying, "You are an angel!"

她抬起一条腿的膝盖，把脚搁在矮凳上坐下。她把肘放在膝盖上，用手撑着脸蛋，这样她的手指便优雅地合拢着，托着形状姣好的下巴。她的视线从来没有离开过他，但千万思绪从这蓝色的表面下掠过，就如同两朵云之间暴风雨的闪光一般。她的前额显示出平静，她的嘴显示出深沉的专注——那是深沉的爱意，而她的嘴唇紧紧地和维克蒂尼安的双唇纠缠在一起。她这样的倾听，让人们不得不相信一种神圣的爱情正从她心底流动出来。因此，伯爵建议要同这位与他如此亲密的人一起逃走后，他忍不住叫了起来："你就是一个天使啊！"

The fair Maufrigneuse made silent answer; but she had not spoken as yet.

美丽的德摩弗里纽斯无声地回应了他，但她并未开口说话。

"Good, very good," she said at last. (She had not given herself up to the love expressed in her face; her mind had been entirely absorbed by deep-laid schemes which she kept to herself.) "But THAT is not the question, dear." (The "angel" was only "that" by this time.) "Let us think of your affairs. Yes, we will go, and the sooner the better. Arrange it all; I will follow you. It is glorious to leave Paris and the world behind. I will set about my preparations in such a way that no one can suspect anything."

"好，很好。"她最终说道。（她并不像脸上所表现出来的那样愿意为爱情委曲求全，而是完全沉浸在她心里那个秘密的计划当中。）"但是，亲爱的，那个不是问题。"（到了这时候，"天使"仅是"那个"罢了。）"让我们想一下你的事情。是的，我们会出发，越快越好。把一切都安排好，我会跟你走。把巴黎和这个生活圈都抛下，这是很光荣的。我会小心地开始做准备，不让任何人起疑心。"

I WILL FOLLOW YOU! Just so Mlle. Mars might have spoken those words to send a thrill through two thousand listening men and women. When a Duchesse de Maufrigneuse offers, in such words, to make such a sacrifice to love, she has paid her debt. How should Victurnien speak of sordid details after that? He could so much the better hide his schemes, because Diane was particularly careful not to inquire into them. She was now, and always, as de Marsay said, an invited guest at a banquet wreathed with roses, a banquet which mankind, as in duty bound, made ready for her.

我会跟你走！马尔斯小姐可能对两千多个男男女女说过这令人兴奋的话语。当一位德摩弗里纽斯公爵夫人用那种话来表达她对爱情作出的牺牲时，她就还了她的债了。在这之后，维克蒂尼安怎能再说出那些可耻的细节呢？他最好还是隐瞒他的计划，因为迪亚娜非常谨慎地没有询问他。正如德马尔赛所说，她现在是，而且一直都是环绕着玫瑰的宴席的座上宾，这一宴席理应由男人们为她准备。

Victurnien would not go till the promise had been sealed. He must draw courage from his happiness before he could bring himself to do a deed on which, as he inwardly told himself, people would be certain to put a bad construction. Still (and this was the thought that decided him) he counted on his aunt and father to hush up the affair; he even counted on Chesnel. Chesnel would think of one more compromise. Besides, "this business," as he called it in his thoughts, was the only way of raising money on the family estate. With three hundred thousand francs, he and Diane would lead a happy life hidden in some palace in Venice; and there they would forget the world. They went through their romance in advance.

维克蒂尼安要等到承诺得到保证了才愿意离开。在他决定做某件他确定别人会因此对他产生不良印象的事情之前，他必须从自己的幸福当中汲取勇气。他仍然（正是这种想法决定了他的人生）指望姑姑和父亲来替他平息事端，他甚至还指望谢内尔。谢内尔应该能想到另一种和解方式。此外，“这桩生意”——他自己这样称呼这件事情——是用家族地产聚财的唯一办法。有了三十万法郎，他和迪亚娜可以藏在威尼斯的某个宫殿里快乐地生活。在那里，他们会忘掉整个世界。他们已经提前体验过浪漫了。

Next day Victurnien made out a bill for three hundred thousand francs, and took it to the Kellers. The Kellers advanced the money, for du Croisier happened to have a balance at the time; but they wrote to let him know that he must not draw again on them without giving them notice. Du Croisier, much astonished, asked for a statement of accounts. It was sent. Everything was explained. The day of his vengeance had arrived.

第二天，维克蒂尼安造了张三十万法郎的期票，然后拿到凯勒兄弟那里兑换。因为当时迪克鲁瓦西耶恰好有余额，凯勒兄弟便预付了钱，但他们也写信让他不要在不通知他们的情况下再去取钱。迪克鲁瓦西耶很是吃惊，要了账户正本。他们寄给了他。一切都明白了。他复仇的日子已经到了。

When Victurnien had drawn "his" money, he took it to Mme. de Maufrigneuse. She locked up the banknotes in her desk, and proposed to bid the world farewell by going to the Opera to see it for the last time. Victurnien was thoughtful, absent, and uneasy. He was beginning to reflect. He thought that his seat in the Duchess' box

might cost him dear; that perhaps, when he had put the three hundred thousand francs in safety, it would be better to travel post, to fall at Chesnel's feet, and tell him all. But before they left the opera-house, the Duchess, in spite of herself, gave Victurnien an adorable glance, her eyes were shining with the desire to go back once more to bid farewell to the nest which she loved so much. And boy that he was, he lost a night.

当维克蒂尼安支出“他的”钱之后，他把钱拿到德摩弗里纽斯夫人那里。她把钞票锁进桌子抽屉里，然后提议最后去一次大歌剧院，作为对这个世界的告别。维克蒂尼安心事重重、心不在焉，而且坐立不安。他开始仔细考虑了。他觉得，呆在公爵夫人的包厢会让他付出很大代价。也许他应该把三十万法郎放在安全的地方，然后最好还是去旅行站，俯身在谢内尔的脚下，把一切都告诉他。但是，在他们离开歌剧院之前，公爵夫人情不自禁地用可爱的眼光扫了一下维克蒂尼安，她的眼中闪耀着想要再一次向她所钟爱的爱巢道别的愿望。但这个男孩太年轻了，错过了这一晚。

The next day, at three o'clock, he was back again at the Hotel de Maufrigneuse; he had come to take the Duchess' orders for that night's escape. And, "Why should we go?" asked she; "I have thought it all out. The Vicomtesse de Beauseant and the Duchesse de Langeais disappeared. If I go too, it will be something quite commonplace. We will brave the storm. It will be a far finer thing to do. I am sure of success." Victurnien's eyes dazzled; he felt as if his skin were dissolving and the blood oozing out all over him.

第二日三点时，他又回到德摩弗里纽斯公馆，来听取公爵夫人对这天晚上的出逃的指示。“我们为什么要离开呢？”她问道，“我都想过了。德博塞昂子爵夫人和德朗热公爵夫人都失踪了。如果我也离开，这也太过平庸了。我们要勇敢面对这场暴风雨。这样做会好得多。我相信肯定能成功。”维克蒂尼安感觉一阵目眩，他觉得自己的皮肤好像裂开了一般，鲜血涌出覆盖了全身。

"What is the matter with you?" cried the fair Diane, noticing a hesitation which a woman never forgives. Your truly adroit lover will hasten to agree with any fancy that Woman may take into her head, and suggest reasons for doing otherwise, while leaving her free exercise of her right to change her mind, her intentions, and sentiments generally as often as she pleases. Victurnien was angry for the first time, angry with the wrath of a weak man of poetic temperament; it was a storm of rain and lightning flashes, but no thunder followed. The angel on whose faith he had risked more than his life, the honor of his house, was very roughly handled.

“你怎么了？”漂亮的迪亚娜喊道，她注意到了那种女性永远无法原谅的犹豫不决。恋爱场上的老手会很快对女人头脑中的任何想法都表示

赞同，然后再暗示采取另一种做法的理由，并给她们完全自由地改变想法、意图和情绪的权利。维克蒂尼安第一次发火了，这是那种带有诗人气质的软弱者的怒火，如同一场闪电交加却没有雷声的暴风雨。因为信任这位天使，他把比他生命更重要的家族荣誉拿来冒险；而现在，他非常粗暴地对待她。

"So," said she, "we have come to this after eighteen months of tenderness! You are unkind, very unkind. Go away!—I do not want to see you again. I thought that you loved me. You do not.”

“原来如此，”她说道，“我们十八个月的温存已经走到了现在这个地步！你不好，太不好了。走开！我再也不想见你了。我原以为你是爱我的。可你并不爱我。”

"I DO NOT LOVE YOU?" repeated he, thunderstruck by the reproach.

“我不爱你？”他重复道。这一指责如同雷劈一般。

"No, monsieur."

“是的，先生。”

"And yet—” he cried. "Ah! if you but knew what I have just done for your sake!"

“你还——”他大叫道，“啊！你要是知道我刚为你做了什么就不会这么说了！”

"And how have you done so much for me, monsieur? As if a man ought not to do anything for a woman that has done so much for him."

“先生，你为我做了那么多，那又怎样呢？好像一个女人为男人付出了许多，而男人不应该为她做任何事似的。”

"You are not worthy to know it!" Victurnien cried in a passion of anger.

“你不配知道！”维克蒂尼安愤怒地大叫道。

"Oh!"

“噢！”

After that sublime, "Oh!" Diane bowed her head on her hand and sat, still, cold, and implacable as angels naturally may be expected to do, seeing that they share none of the passions of humanity.

在那高贵的“噢！”之后，迪亚娜用手斜撑着脑袋，冷冷地、一动不动地坐在那里，如同没有人间情感的天使一般难以抚慰。

At the sight of the woman he loved in this terrible attitude, Victurnien forgot his danger. Had he not just that moment wronged

the most angelic creature on earth? He longed for forgiveness, he threw himself before her, he kissed her feet, he pleaded, he wept. Two whole hours the unhappy young man spent in all kinds of follies, only to meet the same cold face, while the great silent tears dropping one by one, were dried as soon as they fell lest the unworthy lover should try to wipe them away. The Duchess was acting a great agony, one of those hours which stamp the woman who passes through them as something august and sacred.

看到他所钟爱的女人的这种可怕态度，维克蒂尼安忘记了自己的险境。难道他不是刚刚错怪了人间最神圣的天使吗？他渴求宽恕，他在她面前下跪，亲吻她的双脚，一边恳求一边哭泣。这个不幸的年轻人花了整整两个小时干了各种傻事，得到的却还是一样冷冰冰的面孔，而大颗大颗的泪水一个接一个静静地滚下来，却又很快被揩干，以防不称职的恋人想要把它们抹去。公爵夫人正表演着一种极大的痛苦，女人所经历的这些痛苦时刻看起来既庄重又神圣。

Two more hours went by. By this time the Count had gained possession of Diane's hand; it felt cold and spiritless. The beautiful hand, with all the treasures in its grasp, might have been supple wood; there was nothing of Diane in it; he had taken it, it had not been given to him. As for Victurnien, the spirit had ebbed out of his frame, he had ceased to think. He would not have seen the sun in heaven. What was to be done? What course should he take? What resolution should he make? The man who can keep his head in such circumstances must be made of the same stuff as the convict who spent the night in robbing the Bibliotheque Royale of its gold medals, and repaired to his honest brother in the morning with a request to melt down the plunder. "What is to be done?" cried the brother. "Make me some coffee," replied the thief. Victurnien sank into a bewildered stupor, darkness settled down over his brain. Visions of past rapture flitted across the misty gloom like the figures that Raphael painted against a black background; to these he must bid farewell. Inexorable and disdainful, the Duchess played with the tip of her scarf. She looked in irritation at Victurnien from time to time; she coquetted with memories, she spoke to her lover of his rivals as if anger had finally decided her to prefer one of them to a man who could so change in one moment after twenty-eight months of love.

又过了两个多小时。这时，伯爵已经握住了迪亚娜的手；她的手冷冰冰的，没有生气。这只美丽的、戴着珠宝的手就像一根软木一般，里面没有一点迪亚娜的灵魂。它是被他夺过来的，而不是主动递给他的。而维克蒂尼安的精神已经离开了他的躯壳，他不再思考了。他看不到天堂里的太阳。要做什么呢？应该怎么办呢？该下什么决心呢？头脑处于这种状况的人，肯定和那种用了整个晚上的时间来盗窃皇家图书馆的金质勋章，然后一大早就跑到他老实的兄弟那里去把偷来的东西熔化掉的

罪犯是同一种货色。“要做什么呢？”兄弟大叫道。“给我泡杯咖啡。”窃贼回答道。维克蒂尼安陷入眩晕恍惚的状态中，头脑中一片黑暗。过去享乐的情景从朦胧的幽暗中掠过，如同拉斐尔在黑色背景上画出的人物一般——他必须同这些情景告别了。带着一脸不可动摇、轻蔑倨傲的表情，公爵夫人把玩着披肩的一角。她时不时愤怒地看着他，用过去的事来调情，对情人谈到他的情敌，就好像这次生气让她最终下定决心，用他们中的一个来替代他这个在二十八个月的爱情后瞬间改变了的男子一样。

"Ah! that charming young Felix de Vandenesse, so faithful as he was to Mme. de Mortsauf, would never have permitted himself such a scene! He can love, can de Vandenesse! De Marsay, that terrible de Marsay, such a tiger as everyone thought him, was rough with other men; but like all strong men, he kept his gentleness for women. Montriveau trampled the Duchesse de Langeais under foot, as Othello killed Desdemona, in a burst of fury which at any rate proved the extravagance of his love. It was not like a paltry squabble. There was rapture in being so crushed. Little, fair-haired, slim, and slender men loved to torment women; they could only reign over poor, weak creatures; it pleased them to have some ground for believing that they were men. The tyranny of love was their one chance of asserting their power. She did not know why she had put herself at the mercy of fair hair. Such men as de Marsay, Montriveau, and Vandenesse, dark-haired and well grown, had a ray of sunlight in their eyes.”

“啊！那个对德莫尔索夫人如此忠诚的、年轻迷人的菲利克斯·德范德奈斯就绝对不会闹出这种事来！他懂得爱，德范德奈斯真的懂！德马尔赛，那个可怕的德马尔赛，大家都认为他是个老虎，他对待其他男人很是粗暴。但是，像所有强壮的男人一样，他会对女性温柔。蒙特利沃大发雷霆时会把德朗热公爵夫人踩在脚下，就如同奥赛罗杀死苔丝狄蒙娜一般，但不管怎样，这也证明了他爱情的热烈。那不像这种琐碎的争吵。这样的践踏中也是有激情的。小巧、金发、细瘦苗条的男人喜欢折磨女人。他们只能统治那些可怜、柔弱的人，他们很高兴还有一件事能证明他们是男人。爱情上的专横是表现力量的唯一机会。她不知道为什么要受到金发男人的虐待。而德马尔赛、蒙特利沃、旺德奈斯那种有深色头发、身体健壮的人的眼中都闪耀着阳光。”

It was a storm of epigrams. Her speeches, like bullets, came hissing past his ears. Every word that Diane hurled at him was triple-barbed; she humiliated, stung, and wounded him with an art that was all her own, as half a score of savages can torture an enemy bound to a stake.

这是一串风暴般的讽刺之言。她的话像子弹一般从他耳边嗖嗖飞过。迪亚娜扔向他的每个字都带着三个倒钩，她用自己独特的方式来羞辱、刺痛、伤害他，就如同六个野蛮人折磨一个被绑在木桩上的敌人一般。

"You are mad!" he cried at last, at the end of his patience, and out he went in God knows what mood. He drove as if he had never handled the reins before, locked his wheels in the wheels of other vehicles, collided with the curbstone in the Place Louis-Quinze, went he knew not whither. The horse, left to its own devices, made a bolt for the stable along the Quai d'Orsay; but as he turned into the Rue de l'Universite, Josephin appeared to stop the runaway.

“你疯了！”他的耐心已到了极限，于是最后大喊了一声，然后带着鬼才知道的心情出去了。他好像是从未握过缰绳的人一般驾车前进，要么是车轮同其他马车的轮子卡在一起了，要么是撞向路易十五广场上的路边石，就这样漫无目的地行驶着。他的马自己沿着奥尔塞码头跑向马厩。但是，当他转向大学路的时候，约瑟芬出现挡住了路。

"You cannot go home, sir," the old man said, with a scared face; "they have come with a warrant to arrest you."

“先生，你现在不能回去，”老人面带惊恐地说道，“他们已经带着命令过来拘捕你了。”

Victurnien thought that he had been arrested on the criminal charge, albeit there had not been time for the public prosecutor to receive his instructions. He had forgotten the matter of the bills of exchange, which had been stirred up again for some days past in the form of orders to pay, brought by the officers of the court with accompaniments in the shape of bailiffs, men in possession, magistrates, commissaries, policemen, and other representatives of social order. Like most guilty creatures, Victurnien had forgotten everything but his crime.

尽管检察官还没有收到他的伪票，但维克蒂尼安认为自己是因为犯罪而被逮捕的。他已经忘记了交易票据的事情了。过去的几天里，这些票据被法庭官员，还有法警、持有人、地方行政官、委托人、警官和其他维护社会秩序的代表等人看作付款指令。如同绝大部分犯罪的人一样，维克蒂尼安除了自己的罪行，什么都不记得了。

"It is all over with me," he cried.

“一切都完了。”他喊道。

"No, M. le Comte, drive as fast as you can to the Hotel du Bon la Fontaine, in the Rue de Grenelle. Mlle. Armande is waiting there for you, the horses have been put in, she will take you with her."

“不，伯爵先生，尽快赶到格勒奈尔街的邦拉封丹旅馆去。阿芒德小姐正在那里等你。马匹已经准备好了，她会带你走。”

Victurnien, in his trouble, caught like a drowning man at the branch that came to his hand; he rushed off to the inn, reached the place, and flung his arms about his aunt. Mlle. Armande cried as if her

heart would break; any one might have thought that she had a share in her nephew's guilt. They stepped into the carriage. A few minutes later they were on the road to Brest, and Paris lay behind them. Victurnien uttered not a sound; he was paralyzed. And when aunt and nephew began to speak, they talked at cross purposes; Victurnien, still laboring under the unlucky misapprehension which flung him into Mlle. Armande's arms, was thinking of his forgery; his aunt had the debts and the bills on her mind.

就像溺水的人抓住别人递给他的树枝一般，身陷困境的维克蒂尼安急匆匆地冲向旅馆，到了地方便一下子抱住了姑姑。阿芒德小姐哭得好像心都碎了，任何人都会以为她是侄儿的同谋。他们一起上了马车。几分钟后，他们已经把巴黎扔在身后，奔上了去布雷斯特的路。维克蒂尼安瘫软着，一个字都没说。当这姑侄二人开始交谈时，他们互相会错了意：仍处于让他投向阿芒德小姐怀抱中的倒霉误会之中的维克蒂尼安正想着他造假的事，而姑姑则想着债务和期票。

"You know all, aunt," he had said.

“你全知道了，姑姑。”他说道。

"Poor boy, yes, but we are here. I am not going to scold you just yet. Take heart."

“可怜的孩子，是的，但是我们现在在这儿了。我现在不会责备你。振作点吧。”

"I must hide somewhere."

“我必须藏起来。”

"Perhaps.... Yes, it is a very good idea."

“也许……是的，这是个非常好的主意。”

"Perhaps I might get into Chesnel's house without being seen if we timed ourselves to arrive in the middle of the night?”

“如果我们能掐好时间在午夜到达的话，也许我可以神不知鬼不觉地躲到谢内尔家里呢？”

"That will be best. We shall be better able to hide this from my brother.—Poor angel! how unhappy he is!" said she, petting the unworthy child.

“那最好不过了。这样我们就更容易向我哥哥隐瞒这件事了——可怜的天使！他现在是多么地难过啊！”她边说边轻轻地拍着这个孽子。

"Ah! now I begin to know what dishonor means; it has chilled my love."

“啊！现在我开始懂得了耻辱是什么意思了，它冷却了我的爱情。”

"Unhappy boy; what bliss and what misery!" And Mlle. Armande drew his fevered face to her breast and kissed his forehead, cold and damp though it was, as the holy women might have kissed the brow of the dead Christ when they laid Him in His grave clothes. Following out the excellent scheme suggested by the prodigal son, he was brought by night to the quiet house in the Rue du Bercail; but chance ordered it that by so doing he ran straight into the wolf's jaws, as the saying goes. That evening Chesnel had been making arrangements to sell his connection to M. Lepressoir's head-clerk. M. Lepressoir was the notary employed by the Liberals, just as Chesnel's practice lay among the aristocratic families. The young fellow's relatives were rich enough to pay Chesnel the considerable sum of a hundred thousand francs in cash.

“不幸的孩子，多大的幸福就有多大的灾难！”阿芒德小姐将他冰凉潮湿却又焦躁不安的脸拉到胸口，同圣女们在将基督放入尸衣时亲吻基督的前额一般，她也在他的前额上亲了一下。按照那个浪子所提出的绝

妙计划，他应该在当天晚上到达羊圈街那栋安静的住宅内。但由于命运的安排，他这样做就如同谚语中所说的一样，直接奔入了狼的口中。那天晚上，谢内尔正同勒普雷索瓦先生的总管计划着出售事务所的事。正如谢内尔为保皇派的家庭做事一般，勒普雷索瓦先生是自由党雇佣的公证员。这个年轻人的亲戚非常有钱，因此能够给谢内尔支付十万法郎这样大一笔数额可观的现金。

Chesnel was rubbing his hands. "A hundred thousand francs will go a long way in buying up debts," he thought. "The young man is paying a high rate of interest on his loans. We will lock him up down here. I will go yonder myself and bring those curs to terms."

谢内尔搓着手。“十万法郎能还清很多债务了。”他想，“年轻人借的都是高利贷。我们会把他关在这里。我会亲自过去和那些恶狗们谈判。”

Chesnel, honest Chesnel, upright, worthy Chesnel, called his darling Comte Victurnien's creditors "curs."

谢内尔，诚实的谢内尔，正直可敬的谢内尔，他把他亲爱的维克蒂尼安伯爵的债主们称为“恶狗们”。

Meanwhile his successor was making his way along the Rue du Bercail just as Mlle. Armande's traveling carriage turned into it. Any young man might be expected to feel some curiosity if he saw a traveling carriage stop at a notary's door in such a town and at such an hour of the night; the young man in question was sufficiently inquisitive to stand in a doorway and watch. He saw Mlle. Armande alight.

就在他的接替人沿着羊圈街走时，阿芒德小姐正驾着四轮马车驶进这条街。如果在夜里的这个时候看到这座城里有一辆马车停在公证人的门口，任何一个小伙子都会感到好奇。我们说到的那个年轻人正非常好奇地站在门道处望着。他看到阿芒德小姐从车上下来。

"Mlle. Armande d'Esgrignon at this time of night!" said he to himself. "What can be going forward at the d'Esgrignons'?”

“德埃斯格里尼翁家的阿芒德小姐在晚上的这个时候过来了！”他心想，“德埃斯格里尼翁家到底发生了什么事？”

At the sight of mademoiselle, Chesnel opened the door circumspectly and set down the light which he was carrying; but when he looked out and saw Victurnien, Mlle. Armande's first whispered word made the whole thing plain to him. He looked up and down the street; it seemed quite deserted; he beckoned, and the young Count sprang out of the carriage and entered the courtyard. All was lost. Chesnel's successor had discovered Victurnien's hiding place.

看到小姐后，谢内尔小心地开了门，还将手中的灯放了下来。他向外望去，看到了维克蒂尼安。而阿芒德小姐刚在他耳边说了一个词，他

便明白了整件事情。他上下望了一下街道，似乎没有人。他招呼了一下，年轻的伯爵便跳出马车，走进了庭院。一切都输掉了。谢内尔的接替人发现了维克蒂尼安的藏身之处。

Victurnien was hurried into the house and installed in a room beyond Chesnel's private office. No one could enter it except across the old man's dead body.

维克蒂尼安被匆忙地带入室内，安置在谢内尔私人办公室内的一间房间里。谁想要进来，都非得跨过老人的尸身不可。

"Ah! M. le Comte!" exclaimed Chesnel, notary no longer.

“啊！伯爵先生！”已经不再是公证人的谢内尔感叹道。

"Yes, monsieur," the Count answered, understanding his old friend's exclamation. "I did not listen to you; and now I have fallen into the depths, and I must perish."

“是的，先生。”伯爵明白老朋友的这一声感叹，回答道，“我没有听你的。现在我已跌进深渊，永不得翻身了。”

"No, no," the good man answered, looking triumphantly from Mlle. Armande to the Count. "I have sold my connection. I have been working for a very long time now, and am thinking of retiring. By noon to-morrow I shall have a hundred thousand francs; many things can be settled with that. Mademoiselle, you are tired," he added; "go back to the carriage and go home and sleep. Business to-morrow.”

“不，不。”好心的老人回答着，得意洋洋地看看阿芒德小姐，又看看伯爵。“我已经卖掉了事务所。我已经工作太久了，现在想着要退休了。明天中午之前，我将得到十万法郎，这笔钱可以处理许多事情。小姐，您累了，”他补充道，“回马车上去，回家睡觉吧。明天再办事。”

"Is he safe?" returned she, looking at Victurnien.

“他安全吗？”她看着维克蒂尼安，回问道。

"Yes."

“是的。”

She kissed her nephew; a few tears fell on his forehead. Then she went.

她亲了亲侄儿，一些眼泪落在他的前额上。然后，她离开了。

"My good Chesnel," said the Count, when they began to talk of business, "what are your hundred thousand francs in such a position as mine? You do not know the full extent of my troubles, I think."

“我的好谢内尔，”他们开始谈正事时，伯爵说，“十万法郎对我现在的这种情形有什么用？我想，你不知道我现在惹的麻烦有多大。”

Victurnien explained the situation. Chesnel was thunderstruck. But for the strength of his devotion, he would have succumbed to this blow. Tears streamed from the eyes that might well have had no tears left to shed. For a few moments he was a child again, for a few moments he was bereft of his senses; he stood like a man who should find his own house on fire, and through a window see the cradle ablaze and hear the hiss of the flames on his children's curls. He rose to his full height—il se dressa en pied, as Amyot would have said; he seemed to grow taller; he raised his withered hands and wrung them despairingly and wildly.

维克蒂尼安解释了他的情况。谢内尔惊愕万分。要不是忠诚的力量，他已经对这一打击低头了。原以为已经干涸的眼中也流出了泪水。有好一会儿，他又是一个小孩了；有好一会儿，他已丧失理智了。他站在那里，就像一个发现自己的房子着了火，透过窗户看到摇篮被烧着了，还听到孩子头发着火发出的嘶嘶声的人一样。他站直了身子——如同阿米奥所说的那样，“他站起来了”。他看起来变高了，举起干枯的手，绝望而疯狂地挥动着。

"If only your father may die and never know this, young man! To be a forger is enough; a parricide you must not be. Fly, you say? No. They would condemn you for contempt of court! Oh, wretched boy! Why did you not forge MY signature? I would have paid; I should not have taken the bill to the public prosecutor.—Now I can do nothing. You have brought me to a stand in the lowest pit in hell!—Du Croisier! What will come of it? What is to be done?—If you had killed a man, there might be some help for it. But forgery—FORGERY! And time—the time is flying," he went on, shaking his fist towards the old clock. "You will want a sham passport now. One crime leads to another. First," he added, after a pause, "first of all we must save the house of d'Esgrignon.”

“但愿你父亲到死都不要知晓这件事，年轻人！伪造已经足够了，不要再成杀父者了。你说逃走？不能。他们会控告你藐视法庭！哦，可怜的孩子！为什么你不伪造我的签名？我会偿付的。我不应该把账单交给检察官的——现在我无能为力了。你已经把我逼到地狱的最底层了——迪克鲁瓦西耶！还会发生什么呢？该怎么办呢？如果你杀了人，可能还能帮上点忙。但是伪造罪——伪造罪！还有时间——时间飞逝而去。”他继续说道，同时对着那台老钟挥动着拳头。“你现在需要一个假护照。一件罪行会引起另一件罪行。首先，”他停顿了一下，继续补充道，“首先，我们必须拯救德埃斯格里尼翁家族。”

"But the money is still in Mme. de Maufrigneuse's keeping," exclaimed Victurnien.

“但那些钱还由德摩弗里纽斯夫人保管着。”维克蒂尼安叫道。

"Ah!" exclaimed Chesnel. "Well, there is some hope left—a faint

hope. Could we soften du Croisier, I wonder, or buy him over? He shall have all the lands if he likes. I will go to him; I will wake him and offer him all we have.—Besides, it was not you who forged that bill; it was I. I will go to jail; I am too old for the hulks, they can only put me in prison.”

“啊！”谢内尔喊道，“唉，还有点希望——一点微弱的希望。我想，我们能不能软化迪克鲁瓦西耶，或者收买他？如果他想要的话，尽可以拥有所有的地产。我会到他那里去。我会叫醒他，然后把我们所有的一切都给他。还有，那张票据不是你伪造的，是我。我会去坐牢。我年纪太大，上不了苦工船，他们只能把我送进监狱。”

"But the body of the bill is in my handwriting," objected Victurnien, without a sign of surprise at this reckless devotion.

“但是，那张票据上是我的字迹。”维克蒂尼安否决道。他一点都没有表现出对这一愚忠行为的惊讶。

"Idiot!...that is, pardon, M. le Comte. Josephin should have been made to write it," the old notary cried wrathfully. "He is a good creature; he would have taken it all on his shoulders. But there is an end of it; the world is falling to pieces," the old man continued, sinking exhausted into a chair. "Du Croisier is a tiger; we must be careful not to rouse him. What time is it? Where is the draft? If it is at Paris, it might be bought back from the Kellers; they might accommodate us. Ah! but there are dangers on all sides; a single false step means ruin. Money is wanted in any case. But there! nobody knows you are here, you must live buried away in the cellar if needs must. I will go at once to Paris as fast as I can; I can hear the mail coach from Brest."

“傻瓜！……这，对不起，伯爵先生。你应该让约瑟芬去写的。”老公证人愤怒地叫道，“他是个好人，他会承担一切的。但一切都完了，世界都垮塌了。”老人继续说着，筋疲力尽地陷入椅子中。“迪克鲁瓦西耶是只老虎，我们要小心谨慎，不要去惹它。现在什么时间了？票据在哪里？如果是在巴黎，我们还有可能从凯勒兄弟手里买回来，他们可能会同意的。啊！但处处都有危险，一个失误就会毁了一切。不管什么情况，都需要用钱。但是！没有人知道你在这里，如果有必要，你必须躲到地窖里去。我会尽快去巴黎的，我已经听到布雷斯特邮车的声音了。”

In a moment the old man recovered the faculties of his youth—his agility and vigor. He packed up clothes for the journey, took money, brought a six-pound loaf to the little room beyond the office, and turned the key on his child by adoption.

不一会儿，这位老人又恢复了他年轻时的能力——灵敏而有活力。他包裹好旅途所需的衣物，拿上钱，将一块六磅重的面包放到办公室那头的小房间内，然后把他的义子关在里面。

"Not a sound in here," he said, "no light at night; and stop here till I come back, or you will go to the hulks. Do you understand, M. le Comte? Yes, TO THE HULKS! if anybody in a town like this knows that you are here."

“在这里别出声，”他说道，“晚上不要点灯，呆在这里直到我回来，否则你会被拉到苦力船上去的。你懂吗，伯爵先生？是的，被拉到苦力船上去！如果像我们这种城里的任何人知道你在这里的话。”

With that Chesnel went out, first telling his housekeeper to give out that he was ill, to allow no one to come into the house, to send everybody away, and to postpone business of every kind for three days. He wheedled the manager of the coach-office, made up a tale for his benefit—he had the makings of an ingenious novelist in him—and obtained a promise that if there should be a place, he should have it, passport or no passport, as well as a further promise to keep the hurried departure a secret. Luckily, the coach was empty when it arrived.

说完这些，谢内尔就出去了。他先是让管家对外说他病了，不要让任何人进屋，送走所有人，并且将任何事务都推后三天。为了达到目的，他编了一个故事——他有天才小说家的那种能力。他对着驿站站长一通阿谀奉承，得到了站长的保证：如果有座位的话，不管有没有护照，都给他预留下来。除此之外，站长还答应对这次匆忙的离开保密。很幸运的是，邮车到达时是空的。

In the middle of the following night Chesnel was set down in Paris. At nine o'clock in the morning he waited on the Kellers, and learned that the fatal draft had returned to du Croisier three days since; but while obtaining this information, he in no way committed himself. Before he went away he inquired whether the draft could be recovered if the amount were refunded. Francois Keller's answer was to the effect that the document was du Croisier's property, and that it was entirely in his power to keep or return it. Then, in desperation, the old man went to the Duchess.

第二天午夜，谢内尔在巴黎下车。早上九点钟，他在凯勒兄弟那里等待着，得知那张致命的票据三天前已经送回到迪克鲁瓦西耶那里去了。但在获取这些信息时，他一点都没有将自己牵扯进去。离开前，他询问如果款项能还清的话，票据是否可以追回。弗朗索瓦·凯勒回答说，这份文件是迪克鲁瓦西耶的财产，他完全有权利来决定是保留还是送回。然后，老人绝望地去了公爵夫人那里。

Mme. de Maufrigneuse was not at home to any visitor at that hour. Chesnel, feeling that every moment was precious, sat down in the hall, wrote a few lines, and succeeded in sending them to the lady by dint of wheedling, fascinating, bribing, and commanding the most insolent and inaccessible servants in the world. The Duchess was still

in bed; but, to the great astonishment of her household, the old man in black knee-breeches, ribbed stockings, and shoes with buckles to them, was shown into her room.

在那个时间段，德摩弗里纽斯夫人在家不接待任何人。谢内尔觉得每一点时间都非常珍贵，于是，他坐在大厅内写了几行字，然后用哄骗、迷惑、贿赂和命令等方式，成功地让世界上最无礼、最难以接近的仆人把字条送到了夫人那里。公爵夫人还没起床。但是，让仆人万分惊讶的是，夫人把这个穿着黑短裤、棱纹长筒袜和带扣鞋子的老人请进了房间。

"What is it, monsieur?" she asked, posing in her disorder. "What does he want of me, ungrateful that he is?"

“什么事，先生？”她一边问，一边慌忙地摆好姿势，“他想要我的什么，他这个忘恩负义的人？”

"It is this, Mme. la Duchesse," the good man exclaimed, "you have a hundred thousand crowns belonging to us."

“是这样，公爵夫人，”善良的老人大声说道，“您这里有属于我们的十万法朗。”

"Yes," began she. "What does it signify—?”

“是的，”她说道，“您的意思是——?"

"The money was gained by a forgery, for which we are going to the hulks, a forgery which we committed for love of you," Chesnel said quickly. "How is it that you did not guess it, so clever as you are? Instead of scolding the boy, you ought to have had the truth out of him, and stopped him while there was time, and saved him."

“那笔钱是通过伪造票据得来的，为此我们得上苦工船。而我们之所以会犯这个伪证罪，正是因为对您的爱，”谢内尔急促地说，“您这么聪明，怎么会猜不出来呢？您不应该责骂这个孩子，而是应该向他问出实情，及时地阻止他、拯救他。”

At the first words the Duchess understood; she felt ashamed of her behavior to so impassioned a lover, and afraid besides that she might be suspected of complicity. In her wish to prove that she had not touched the money left in her keeping, she lost all regard for appearances; and besides, it did not occur to her that the notary was a man. She flung off the eider-down quilt, sprang to her desk (flitting past the lawyer like an angel out of one of the vignettes which illustrate Lamartine's books), held out the notes, and went back in confusion to bed.

刚听了几个字，公爵夫人便明白了。她对自己那样去对待这个充满激情的情人而感到羞愧，同时也担心自己会被怀疑是他的共犯。为了证明自己没有动过她保管的钱，她完全忘了形象。此外，她也没在意到这

位公证人是个男人。她掀开鸭绒被，奔向书桌（就像拉马丁书里的短文中描述的天使一般，飞快地掠过律师的身旁），拿出纸币，然后心慌意乱地回到床上。

"You are an angel, madame." (She was to be an angel for all the world, it seemed.) "But this will not be the end of it. I count upon your influence to save us."

“您是一位天使，夫人。”（看起来，她对世界上所有的人来说都是天使。）“但这还没有结束。我指望您的影响力能够拯救我们。”

"To save you! I will do it or die! Love that will not shrink from a crime must be love indeed. Is there a woman in the world for whom such a thing has been done? Poor boy! Come, do not lose time, dear M. Chesnel; and count upon me as upon yourself."

“拯救你们！我会这样做的，否则我会去死！如果爱情在罪行面前都不会退却，那一定是真爱。世界上还有哪个女人经受过这样的考验呢？可怜的孩子！快，不要耽误时间，亲爱的谢内尔先生，您可以绝对地信赖我。”

"Mme. la Duchesse! Mme. la Duchesse!" It was all that he could say, so overcome was he. He cried, he could have danced; but he was afraid of losing his senses, and refrained.

“公爵夫人！公爵夫人！”这就是他唯一能说的话，他太激动了。他大叫着，甚至想跳舞。但他害怕失去理智，忍住了没有跳。

"Between us, we will save him," she said, as he left the room.

“我们两个会拯救他的。”他离开房间时，她说道。

Chesnel went straight to Josephin. Josephin unlocked the young Count's desk and writing-table. Very luckily, the notary found letters which might be useful, letters from du Croisier and the Kellers. Then he took a place in a diligence which was just about to start; and by dint of fees to the postilions, the lumbering vehicle went as quickly as the coach. His two fellow-passengers on the journey happened to be in as great a hurry as himself, and readily agreed to take their meals in the carriage. Thus swept over the road, the notary reached the Rue du Bercail, after three days of absence, an hour before midnight. And yet he was too late. He saw the gendarmes at the gate, crossed the threshold, and met the young Count in the courtyard. Victurnien had been arrested. If Chesnel had had the power, he would beyond a doubt have killed the officers and men; as it was, he could only fall on Victurnien's neck.

谢内尔直接去找了约瑟芬。约瑟芬打开年轻伯爵的办公桌和写字台。很幸运地是，公证人发现了迪克鲁瓦西耶和凯勒兄弟写给他的信，可能有些用处。然后，他急匆匆地登上一辆快要出发的公共马车，给了

左马驭者一点钱，这辆笨重的车子便像四轮大马车一样飞驰了起来。同车的两位乘客碰巧也和他一样急着赶路，于是同意在马车上吃饭。马车就这样在路上奔驰着。在他离开三天后，公证人终于在午夜前一小时到达了羊圈街。但他还是太迟了。他看到门口有宪兵，跨过门槛，在庭院里见到了年轻的伯爵。维克蒂尼安已经被捕了。如果谢内尔有能力的话，他一定会把所有的办事人员和士兵都杀死。但是现在，他只能俯身靠近维克蒂尼安的脖子旁边。

"If I cannot hush this matter up, you must kill yourself before the indictment is made out," he whispered. But Victurnien had sunk into such stupor, that he stared back uncomprehendingly.

“如果我不能摆平此事，你必须在他们起诉之前自杀。”他低声说道。然而此刻的维克蒂尼安已经如此恍惚，他转过头来迷惑地看着他。

"Kill myself?" he repeated.

“自杀？”他重复道。

"Yes. If your courage should fail, my boy, count upon me," said Chesnel, squeezing Victurnien's hand.

“是的。如果你没有勇气的话，我的孩子，那就让我来。”谢内尔紧握着维克蒂尼安的手说。

In spite of the anguish of mind and tottering limbs, he stood firmly planted, to watch the son of his heart, the Comte d'Esgrignon, go out of the courtyard between two gendarmes, with the commissary, the justice of the peace, and the clerk of the court; and not until the figures had disappeared, and the sound of footsteps had died away into silence, did he recover his firmness and presence of mind.

尽管内心痛苦，四肢无力，但他还是坚强地站在那儿，看着他心疼的孩子——德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵——在警官、治安官和法院人员的簇拥下被两名宪兵带出庭院。直到人影都离开了视线，脚步声也归于平静，他才恢复了平静，冷静下来。

"You will catch cold, sir," Brigitte remonstrated.

“您会着凉的，先生。”布里吉特提醒他。

"The devil take you!" cried her exasperated master.

“见鬼去吧！”她那恼怒的主人喊道。

Never in the nine-and-twenty years that Brigitte had been in his service had she heard such words from him! Her candle fell out of her hands, but Chesnel neither heeded his housekeeper's alarm nor heard her exclaim. He hurried off towards the Val-Noble.

布里吉特服侍他二十九年了，从来都没听他这样说话过！她手中的蜡烛掉了下来，但谢内尔既没有注意到管家受到的惊吓，也没有听到她

的叫喊声。他匆忙地朝瓦—诺布勒跑去。

"He is out of his mind," said she; "after all, it is no wonder. But where is he off to? I cannot possibly go after him. What will become of him? Suppose that he should drown himself?"

“他发疯了，”她说，“毕竟，这也不奇怪。但他会去哪里呢？我是不可能赶上他的。他会发生什么事呢？他会去跳河吗？”

And Brigitte went to waken the head-clerk and send him to look along the river bank; the river had a gloomy reputation just then, for there had lately been two cases of suicide—one a young man full of promise, and the other a girl, a victim of seduction. Chesnel went straight to the Hotel du Croisier. There lay his only hope. The law requires that a charge of forgery must be brought by a private individual. It was still possible to withdraw if du Croisier chose to admit that there had been a misapprehension; and Chesnel had hopes, even then, of buying the man over.

布里吉特叫醒了总管，让他沿着河边察看。那段时间了，那条河的名声很臭，因为最近发生了两起自杀事件——一起是一位前途无量的年轻男子，另一起是一个受到引诱的女孩。谢内尔径直去了迪克鲁瓦西耶公馆。这是他仅有的希望了。法律规定，指控伪证罪需要个人起诉才行。如果迪克鲁瓦西耶选择承认这是个误会，还是有可能撤回公诉的。即使到这时候，谢内尔还是希望可以用钱来收买他。

M. and Mme. du Croisier had much more company than usual that evening. Only a few persons were in the secret. M. du Ronceret, president of the Tribunal; M. Sauvager, deputy Public Prosecutor; and M. du Coudrai, a registrar of mortgages, who had lost his post by voting on the wrong side, were the only persons who were supposed to know about it; but Mesdames du Ronceret and du Coudrai had told the news, in strict confidence, to one or two intimate friends, so that it had spread half over the semi-noble, semi-bourgeois assembly at M. du Croisier's. Everybody felt the gravity of the situation, but no one ventured to speak of it openly; and, moreover, Mme. du Croisier's attachment to the upper sphere was so well known, that people scarcely dared to mention the disaster which had befallen the d'Esgrignons or to ask for particulars. The persons most interested were waiting till good Mme. du Croisier retired, for that lady always retreated to her room at the same hour to perform her religious exercises as far as possible out of her husband's sight.

迪克鲁瓦西耶夫妇那天晚上的客人比平时多得多。只有一些人知道内情。法院院长迪龙瑟莱先生、副检察官索瓦热先生，还有因为投票时站错了队伍而丢掉职位的前房地产抵押登记官迪库德雷先生是仅有的几位应当知晓这件事的人。但是，迪龙瑟莱夫人和迪库德雷夫人非常秘密地把这件事告诉了一两个亲密的朋友，于是这件事便在迪克鲁瓦西耶先

生那半贵族、半市民的聚集圈里传了开来。所有人都感觉到了事态的严重性，但没有谁敢公开谈论这件事，更不敢提及德埃斯格里尼翁家的灾难或询问详情，因为大家都知道迪克鲁瓦西耶夫人与上流社会是有关系的。与此事最有利害关系的几位也要等到善良的迪克鲁瓦西耶夫人离席后才谈论，因为这位夫人总是在固定的时间回到自己的房间去祷告，并尽可能远离她丈夫的视线。

Du Croisier's adherents, knowing the secret and the plans of the great commercial power, looked round when the lady of the house disappeared; but there were still several persons present whose opinions or interests marked them out as untrustworthy, so they continued to play. About half past eleven all had gone save intimates: M. Sauvager, M. Camusot, the examining magistrate, and his wife, M. and Mme. du Ronceret and their son Fabien, M. and Mme. du Coudrai, and Joseph Blondet, the eldest of an old judge; ten persons in all.

迪克鲁瓦西耶的几位追随者知晓这一伟大的盈利事业的秘密和计划，当这家的女主人离开后，他们便四处张望。但是在场的还有几个人，这些人的观点或兴趣让他们觉得不可信赖，所以他们继续打牌。到了十一点半左右，只剩下亲信了：索瓦热先生、预审法官卡米索先生及夫人、迪龙瑟莱夫妇及儿子法比安、迪库德雷夫妇，还有一个老法官的大儿子约瑟夫·布隆代——总共十个人。

It is told of Talleyrand that one fatal day, three hours after midnight, he suddenly interrupted a game of cards in the Duchesse de Luynes' house by laying down his watch on the table and asking the players whether the Prince de Conde had any child but the Duc d'Enghien.

据说在那灾难性的一天的凌晨三点，塔列朗在德吕内公爵夫人家里玩牌时突然打断游戏，将表放在桌上，并问牌友们孔代亲王除了德昂吉安公爵之外是否还有其他子女。

"Why do you ask?" returned Mme. de Luynes, "when you know so well that he has not."

“为什么问这个？”德吕内公爵夫人回答道，“你很清楚他没有。”

"Because if the Prince has no other son, the House of Conde is now at an end."

“因为如果这位亲王没有其他子女的话，孔代家族就走到头了。”

There was a moment's pause, and they finished the game.—President du Ronceret now did something very similar. Perhaps he had heard the anecdote; perhaps, in political life, little minds and great minds are apt to hit upon the same expression. He looked at his watch, and interrupted the game of boston with:

一段停顿后，他们把牌打完。然后，迪龙瑟莱院长做了件很相似的

事。或许他听过这件轶事，又或许在政治生涯中，小人物和大人物拥有同样的表达方式。他看了一下表，打断了波士顿纸牌游戏：

"At this moment M. le Comte d'Esgrignon is arrested, and that house which has held its head so high is dishonored forever.”

“现在，德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵先生被捕了，这个如此高贵的家族永远都得名声扫地了。”

"Then, have you got hold of the boy?" du Coudrai cried gleefully.

“那么，你抓住那个孩子了吗？”迪库德雷高兴地喊道。

Every one in the room, with the exception of the President, the deputy, and du Croisier, looked startled.

除了院长、副检察官和迪克鲁瓦西耶外，屋里所有的人都显得很吃惊。

"He has just been arrested in Chesnel's house, where he was hiding," said the deputy public prosecutor, with the air of a capable but unappreciated public servant, who ought by rights to be Minister of Police. M. Sauvager, the deputy, was a thin, tall young man of five-and-twenty, with a lengthy olive-hued countenance, black frizzled hair, and deep-set eyes; the wide, dark rings beneath them were completed by the wrinkled purple eyelids above. With a nose like the beak of some bird of prey, a pinched mouth, and cheeks worn lean with study and hollowed by ambition, he was the very type of a second-rate personage on the lookout for something to turn up, and ready to do anything if so he might get on in the world, while keeping within the limitations of the possible and the forms of law. His pompous expression was an admirable indication of the time-serving eloquence to be expected of him. Chesnel's successor had discovered the young Count's hiding place to him, and he took great credit to himself for his penetration.

“他刚刚在他藏身的谢内尔家被捕。”副检察官说。他的神情像是一个颇有能力但未被赏识的公务人员，好像他理应成为警务大臣似的。副检察官索瓦热先生是一个瘦高个的二十五岁年轻人，有着一张橄榄色的长脸、黑色的鬈发、深陷的眼睛，眼睛下面那宽宽的黑眼圈与上面紫色的皱巴巴的眼皮相呼应。他的鼻子呈鹰钩状，嘴唇紧抿着，脸颊因为学习和野心而变得清瘦甚至凹陷下去。他是那种典型的整日观察有什么事要发生的二流人物，只要能向上爬，他随时准备好做任何事，只要把它控制在可能性和法律允许的范围之内。他那浮夸的表情恰好显示出他应当具有的趋炎附势的口才。谢内尔的接替者把年轻伯爵的藏身之处透露给他，而他却把这个当作自己的功劳。

The news seemed to come as a shock to the examining magistrate, M. Camusot, who had granted the warrant of arrest on Sauvager's

application, with no idea that it was to be executed so promptly. Camusot was short, fair, and fat already, though he was only thirty years old or thereabouts; he had the flabby, livid look peculiar to officials who live shut up in their private study or in a court of justice; and his little, pale, yellow eyes were full of the suspicion which is often mistaken for shrewdness.

这一消息让预审法官卡米索先生吃了一惊。他授权索瓦热先生执行逮捕，但没想到这么快就办好了。卡米索身材矮小、头发金黄，虽然才三十岁上下，但身子已经发福了。他看起来松松垮垮的，脸色阴沉，这是关在办公室或法院里的官员们的特色。他那暗淡的黄色小眼睛里装满了怀疑，总会被人误认为是精明的表现。

Mme. Camusot looked at her spouse, as who should say, "Was I not right?"

卡米索夫人看着她的丈夫，好像在说："我没说错吧？"

"Then the case will come on," was Camusot's comment.

"那么，这个案子就要去审了。"卡米索评价道。

"Could you doubt it?" asked du Coudrai. "Now they have got the Count, all is over."

"你还怀疑吗？"迪库德雷问道，"现在他们抓到了伯爵，一切都结束了。"

"There is the jury," said Camusot. "In this case M. le Prefet is sure to take care that after the challenges from the prosecution and the defence, the jury to a man will be for an acquittal.—My advice would be to come to a compromise," he added, turning to du Croisier.

"还有陪审团，"卡米索说道，"在这个案子中，省长先生肯定会受到检察署和被告的压力，陪审团都会是赞成无罪释放的人。因此，我建议最好还是和解。"他转向迪克鲁瓦西耶，补充道。

"Compromise!" echoed the President; "why, he is in the hands of justice."

"和解！"院长重复道，"为什么啊，他现在已经在法院手里了。"

"Acquitted or convicted, the Comte d'Esgrignon will be dishonored all the same," put in Sauvager.

"不管是无罪释放还是被判刑，德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵总归颜面无存了。"索瓦热说道。

"I am bringing an action," said du Croisier. "I shall have Dupin senior. We shall see how the d'Esgrignon family will escape out of his clutches."

"我是诉讼人，"迪克鲁瓦西耶说道，"我会聘请老迪潘来。我们看看

德埃斯格里尼翁家族怎么逃出他的手心。”

"The d'Esgrignons will defend the case and have counsel from Paris; they will have Berryer," said Mme. Camusot. "You will have a Roland for your Oliver."

“德埃斯格里尼翁家族会辩护的，他们会去巴黎请顾问律师。他们会请到贝里耶。”卡米索夫人说道，“要对付你的奥利弗就得请罗兰来。”

Du Croisier, M. Sauvager, and the President du Ronceret looked at Camusot, and one thought troubled their minds. The lady's tone, the way in which she flung her proverb in the faces of the eight conspirators against the house of d'Esgrignon, caused them inward perturbation, which they dissembled as provincials can dissemble, by dint of lifelong practice in the shifts of a monastic existence. Little Mme. Camusot saw their change of countenance and subsequent composure when they scented opposition on the part of the examining magistrate. When her husband unveiled the thoughts in the back of his own mind, she had tried to plumb the depths of hate in du Croisier's adherents. She wanted to find out how du Croisier had gained over this deputy public prosecutor, who had acted so promptly and so directly in opposition to the views of the central power.

迪克鲁瓦西耶、索瓦热先生和迪龙瑟莱院长望着卡米索，他们都被同一种想法困扰着。卡米索太太说话的口气让她眼前这八个同谋毁坏德埃斯格里尼翁家族的人忐忑不安，但由于外省人终年过着修道士般的生活，善于掩盖自己的感情，所以那种忐忑不安并未显露出来。娇小的卡米索太太注意到，当这几个人察觉到预审法官违背了他们的意愿时都变了脸色，随后又平静下来。她的丈夫暴露了自己的想法时，她便努力探测了一下迪克鲁瓦西耶的这些追随者愤恨的程度。她想弄明白迪克鲁瓦西耶是怎样争取到了第一副检察官，使得他这么快行动起来，并且这个行动与当权者的看法相左。

"In any case," continued she, "if celebrated counsel come down from Paris, there is a prospect of a very interesting session in the Court of Assize; but the matter will be snuffed out between the Tribunal and the Court of Appeal. It is only to be expected that the Government should do all that can be done, below the surface, to save a young man who comes of a great family, and has the Duchesse de Maufrigneuse for a friend. So I think that we shall have a 'sensation at Landernau.'"

“不管怎样，”她接着说道，“如果从巴黎来一些有名的律师，那么在重罪法庭上将会有一场有趣的审判。不过，这个案件会在初审法院和高等法院之间解决的。只能期待政府暗中尽全力营救这个出身名门的青年了，况且他还有德摩弗里纽斯公爵夫人那样的朋友。因此，我相信这里也会有‘朗德诺事件’了。”

"How you go on, madame!" the President said sternly. "Can you suppose that the Court of First Instance will be influenced by considerations which have nothing to do with justice?"

“夫人，您这话可就不对了！”法院院长严肃地说道，“您认为一审法院会受那些与司法毫不相干的想法的影响吗？”

"The event proves the contrary," she said meaningly, looking full at Sauvager and the President, who glanced coldly at her.

“事实证明恰恰相反。”她针锋相对道，直直地看着索瓦热和院长，而他们两个也冷冷地盯着她。

"Explain yourself, madame," said Sauvager. "you speak as if we had not done our duty."

“夫人，请把话说清楚，”索瓦热说道，“你的意思是我们没有尽职了？”

"Mme. Camusot meant nothing," interposed her husband.

“贱内不是这个意思。”她丈夫插话道。

"But has not M. le President just said something prejudicing a case which depends on the examination of the prisoner?" said she. "And the evidence is still to be taken, and the Court had not given its decision?"

“可是，难道院长先生刚才没有对这件需要对犯人进行调查的案子说一些带有偏见的话吗？”她说，“更何况还要收集证据，法院也尚未宣布调查结果，是吧？”

"We are not at the law-courts," the deputy public prosecutor replied tartly; "and besides, we know all that."

“我们现在不是在法庭上，”副检察官尖刻地回应她，“再说，这些事我们都知道。”

"But the public prosecutor knows nothing at all about it yet," returned she, with an ironical glance. "He will come back from the Chamber of Deputies in all haste. You have cut out his work for him, and he, no doubt, will speak for himself."

“可正检察官还什么都不知道呢，”她嘲讽地扫了他一眼，说道，“他会匆匆地从下议院赶回来。你们取代了他的工作，毫无疑问，他本人会阐明自己的看法的。”

The deputy prosecutor knitted his thick bushy brows. Those interested read tardy scruples in his countenance. A great silence followed, broken by no sound but the dealing of the cards. M. and Mme. Camusot, sensible of a decided chill in the atmosphere, took their departure to leave the conspirators to talk at their ease.

副检察官的浓眉拧成了一团。与此事有利害关系的人都在他脸上看到了为时已晚的疑虑。接下来，客厅里一片寂静，只听见牌的声音。卡米索夫妇敏锐地感觉到了这种坚定冷漠的气氛，于是起身告辞，好让这些玩弄阴谋的家伙能够畅谈。

"Camusot," the lady began in the street, "you went too far. Why lead those people to suspect that you will have no part in their schemes? They will play you some ugly trick."

“卡米索，”在街上，妻子开口道，“你说得太多了。你为什么要让那些人疑心你不会参与他们的阴谋呢？他们会想办法整你的。”

"What can they do? I am the only examining magistrate."

“他们又能怎么样呢？我是唯一的预审法官。”

"Cannot they slander you in whispers, and procure your dismissal?"

“难道他们不能背地里中伤你，让你免职？”

At that very moment Chesnel ran up against the couple. The old notary recognized the examining magistrate; and with the lucidity which comes of an experience of business, he saw that the fate of the d'Esgrignons lay in the hands of the young man before him.

就在此时，谢内尔碰到了这对夫妇。这位老公证人认出了预审法官。丰富的办事经验让他头脑清醒，他看出了德埃斯格里尼翁家族的命运就掌握在眼前这个年轻人的手里。

"Ah, sir!" he exclaimed, "we shall soon need you badly. Just a word with you.—Your pardon, madame," he added, as he drew Camusot aside.

“噢，先生，”他喊道，“我们很需要您。只跟您说一句话——请您原谅，夫人。”他一边说，一边把预审法官拉到一旁。

Mme. Camusot, as a good conspirator, looked towards du Croisier's house, ready to break up the conversation if anybody appeared; but she thought, and thought rightly, that their enemies were busy discussing this unexpected turn which she had given to the affair. Chesnel meanwhile drew the magistrate into a dark corner under the wall, and lowered his voice for his companion's ear.

卡米索夫人是个机灵人，她望着迪克鲁瓦西耶家的方向，一旦有人出来，便会随时打断他们的谈话。但她想得很对，她刚才搅乱了敌人的预谋，此时他们正忙着商量如何应付这一意料之外的变化。与此同时，谢内尔把法官拉到了墙边一个黑暗的角落，压低了声音对他耳语。

"If you are for the house of d'Esgrignon," he said, "Mme. la Duchesse de Maufrigneuse, the Prince of Cadignan, the Ducs de Navarreins and de Lenoncourt, the Keeper of the Seals, the Chancellor,

the King himself, will interest themselves in you. I have just come from Paris; I knew all about this; I went post-haste to explain everything at Court. We are counting on you, and I will keep your secret. If you are hostile, I shall go back to Paris to-morrow and lodge a complaint with the Keeper of the Seals that there is a suspicion of corruption. Several functionaries were at du Croisier's house to-night, and no doubt, ate and drank there, contrary to law; and besides, they are friends of his.”

“如果您能够帮德埃斯格里尼翁家的忙，”他说道，“德摩弗里纽斯公爵夫人、德卡迪昂亲王、德纳瓦兰公爵、德勒农古公爵、掌玺大臣、大法官，甚至国王本人都会对您另眼相看的。我刚从巴黎回来，所以什么都知道，我已经在朝堂上讲明了一切。我们的希望寄托在您身上，而且我会替您保守秘密的。如果您反对我们，我明天就回巴黎，向掌玺大臣告你们有受贿嫌疑。今天晚上，有几位官员聚在迪克鲁瓦西耶家里大吃大喝，这毫无疑问，而且这违反法律。更何况，这几个官员都是迪克鲁瓦西耶的朋友。”

Chesnel would have brought the Almighty to intervene if he had had the power. He did not wait for an answer; he left Camusot and fled like a deer towards du Croisier's house. Camusot, meanwhile, bidden to reveal the notary's confidences, was at once assailed with, "Was I not right, dear?"—a wifely formula used on all occasions, but rather more vehemently when the fair speaker is in the wrong. By the time they reached home, Camusot had admitted the superiority of his partner in life, and appreciated his good fortune in belonging to her; which confession, doubtless, was the prelude of a blissful night.

如果谢内尔有这个本事，他一定也会把上帝请来干涉此事。他不等卡米索回应，便像头鹿似的直奔迪克鲁瓦西耶家。这时，卡米索太太让丈夫把谢内尔的秘密告诉她。听完了丈夫的讲述，她立刻质问道：“亲爱的，我没说错吧？”这是妻子在各种场合下常用的说话模式，即使自己错了，她们也会这样说，而且语气会更加强烈。到家时，卡米索已经承认了妻子的高明之处，并表示能娶到她是他的无上荣幸。无疑，这样的坦言昭示了一个欢乐夜晚的到来。

Chesnel met his foes in a body as they left du Croisier's house, and began to fear that du Croisier had gone to bed. In his position he was compelled to act quickly, and any delay was a misfortune.

谢内尔碰到了这群从迪克鲁瓦西耶家出来的敌人，于是他开始担心迪克鲁瓦西耶已经睡觉了。他的处境逼迫他迅速行动，任何迟疑都将是个灾难。

"In the King's name!" he cried, as the man-servant was closing the hall door. He had just brought the King on the scene for the benefit of an ambitious little official, and the word was still on his lips. He fretted and chafed while the door was unbarred; then, swift as a

thunderbolt, dashed into the ante-chamber, and spoke to the servant.

“看在国王的份上，等一等！”他冲着正要关闭前厅大门的仆人喊道。他刚才为了一个有野心的小官员而搬出了国王，这会儿，那个说辞依旧在他嘴边。门闩一打开，他就火急火燎地像一道闪电般冲进了前厅，对仆人说道：

"A hundred crowns to you, young man, if you can wake Mme. du Croisier and send her to me this instant. Tell her anything you like."

“年轻人，如果你能立刻叫醒迪克鲁瓦西耶太太并让她到这儿来，我就给你一百法朗。随便你跟她怎么说。”

Chesnel grew cool and composed as he opened the door of the brightly lighted drawing-room, where du Croisier was striding up and down. For a moment the two men scanned each other, with hatred and enmity, twenty years' deep, in their eyes. One of the two had his foot on the heart of the house of d'Esgrignon; the other, with a lion's strength, came forward to pluck it away.

当谢内尔推开灯火通明的客厅的门，看见迪克鲁瓦西耶在里面走来走去时，他随即镇静下来。二人互相打量了片刻，眼神中流露出积聚了二十年的深深的仇恨和敌意。他们一个已经在德埃斯格里尼翁家族的心脏踏上一脚，而另一个却冲上前来，要用狮子般的力量把这只脚扯下来。

"Your humble servant, sir," said Chesnel. "Have you made the charge?"

“先生，我恭敬地向您问好。”谢内尔说道，“您已经起诉了吗？”

"Yes, sir."

“是的，先生。”

"When was it made?"

“什么时候呢？”

"Yesterday."

“就昨天。”

"Have any steps been taken since the warrant of arrest was issued?"

“逮捕令签发后还没有采取任何行动吗？”

"I believe so."

“我想是这样的。”

"I have come to treat with you."

“我是来跟您谈判的。”

"Justice must take its course, nothing can stop it, the arrest has been made."

“司法工作必须进行下去，谁也阻止不了，人犯已经逮捕了。”

"Never mind that, I am at your orders, at your feet." The old man knelt before du Croisier, and stretched out his hands entreatingly.

“我们不要在乎这些吧，我现在给您跪下，听凭您的吩咐。”这位老人在迪克鲁瓦西耶的面前跪下，哀求地伸出双手。

"What do you want? Our lands, our castle? Take all; withdraw the charge; leave us nothing but life and honor. And over and besides all this, I will be your servant; command and I will obey."

“您想要什么？我们的土地，我们的城堡？全都拿去吧，只要您能撤诉，给我们留下生命和尊严。除此之外，我愿做您的仆人，遵从您的任何命令。”

Du Croisier sat down in an easy-chair and left the old man to kneel.

迪克鲁瓦西耶在一张安乐椅上坐了下来，任这位老人跪在那里。

"You are not vindictive," pleaded Chesnel; "you are good-hearted, you do not bear us such a grudge that you will not listen to terms. Before daylight the young man ought to be at liberty.”

“您没有报复心，”老头恳求道，“您是大好人，不会记恨到不肯和解的地步的。天亮之前，这个年轻人会被放出来的。”

"The whole town knows that he has been arrested," returned du Croisier, enjoying his revenge.

“可全城的人都知道他被捕了。”迪克鲁瓦西耶回答道，此刻的他正享受着复仇的滋味。

"It is a great misfortune, but as there will be neither proofs nor trial, we can easily manage that."

“那很不幸。但要是既没有证据，也不进行审判，我们便可以轻而易举地解决问题。”

Du Croisier reflected. He seemed to be struggling with self-interest; Chesnel thought that he had gained a hold on his enemy through the great motive of human action. At that supreme moment Mme. du Croisier appeared.

迪克鲁瓦西耶陷入了深思。他似乎是在艰难地考虑自己的得失。谢内尔认为自己已经通过人类的这种强有力的动机控制住了迪克鲁瓦西耶。就在这紧要的关头，迪克鲁瓦西耶夫人出现了。

"Come here and help me to soften your dear husband, madame?" said Chesnel, still on his knees. Mme. du Croisier made him rise with

every sign of profound astonishment. Chesnel explained his errand; and when she knew it, the generous daughter of the intendants of the Ducs de Alencon turned to du Croisier with tears in her eyes.

“夫人，请过来帮我说服您亲爱的丈夫吧。”谢内尔说道，依旧跪在那里。迪克鲁瓦西耶夫人非常吃惊地扶起了谢内尔。谢内尔说明了来意。知道事情的经过后，这位阿朗松公爵管家的心地善良的女儿转向迪克鲁瓦西耶，眼含热泪地说：

"Ah! monsieur, can you hesitate? The d'Esgrignons, the honor of the province!" she said.

“啊！先生，你还犹豫？德埃斯格里尼翁家族是我省的荣耀啊！”她说道。

"There is more in it than that," exclaimed du Croisier, rising to begin his restless walk again.

“问题不只是这些。”迪克鲁瓦西耶大声说道，起身又开始不安地踱来踱去。

"More? What more?" asked Chesnel in amazement.

“还有？还有什么？”谢内尔吃惊地问道。

"France is involved, M. Chesnel! It is a question of the country, of the people, of giving my lords your nobles a lesson, and teaching them that there is such a thing as justice, and law, and a bourgeoisie—a lesser nobility as good as they, and a match for them! There shall be no more trampling down half a score of wheat fields for a single hare; no bringing shame on families by seducing unprotected girls; they shall not look down on others as good as they are, and mock at them for ten whole years, without finding out at last that these things swell into avalanches, and those avalanches will fall and crush and bury my lords the nobles. You want to go back to the old order of things. You want to tear up the social compact, the Charter in which our rights are set forth—”

“谢内尔先生，事关整个法国！这关系到国家、人民，关系到给我的先生们，也就是你们这些贵族一个教训，让他们知道这个国家还有司法、法律和中产阶级。尽管中产阶级不如他们那么高贵，但我们比得上他们贵族，能够与他们相媲美。不能再让他们仅为一只野兔就践踏十块麦田，不能再让他们引诱良家女子而令他们的家族蒙羞，也不能再让他们藐视那些实际上跟他们地位相当的人，嘲弄那些人整整十年，却不知道这些事情最终会酿成雪崩，然后滚落、砸死、埋葬他们这些贵族。你们想恢复旧的秩序。你们想撕毁社会契约，撕毁这阐述我们权利的宪章——”

"And so?"

“就这些吗？”

"Is it not a sacred mission to open the people's eyes?" cried du Croisier. "Their eyes will be opened to the morality of your party when they see nobles going to be tried at the Assize Court like Pierre and Jacques. They will say, then, that small folk who keep their self-respect are as good as great folk that bring shame on themselves. The Assize Court is a light for all the world. Here, I am the champion of the people, the friend of law. You yourselves twice flung me on the side of the people—once when you refused an alliance, twice when you put me under the ban of your society. You are reaping as you have sown.”

“让民众睁开双眼，这难道不是一件神圣的使命吗？”迪克鲁瓦西耶嚷道，“当民众看见你们贵族像皮埃尔和雅克这些平民一样走上重罪法庭、接受审判时，他们就会看清你们的德行。那时候，他们会说，保持自尊的小人物实际上并不比令自己蒙羞的大人物差。重罪法庭是一道照亮世界的光线。那时，我就是人民的拥护者、法律的朋友。你本人曾两度把我推向人民那一边，一次是拒绝我的联姻，第二次是把我摈弃在你们的交际圈之外。你会自食其果的！”

If Chesnel was startled by this outburst, so no less was Mme. du Croisier. To her this was a terrible revelation of her husband's character, a new light not merely on the past but on the future as well. Any capitulation on the part of the colossus was apparently out of the question; but Chesnel in no wise retreated before the impossible.

这种情感的宣泄让谢内尔和迪克鲁瓦西耶夫人都吃惊不小。对她而言，这暴露了丈夫性格中可怕的一面，让她不仅对过去，而且对将来都有了新的认识。想让这个巨人投降显然不可能了，但谢内尔也决不会在不可能的事面前退步。

"What, monsieur?" said Mme. du Croisier. "Would you not forgive? Then you are not a Christian."

“怎么，先生？”迪克鲁瓦西耶夫人说道，“难道你不能宽恕吗？那么，你不是一个基督徒。”

"I forgive as God forgives, madame, on certain conditions."

“夫人，我和上帝一样，只在一定的条件下宽恕。”

"And what are they?" asked Chesnel, thinking that he saw a ray of hope.

“什么条件？”谢内尔问道，以为自己看到了些许希望。

"The elections are coming on; I want the votes at your disposal."

“大选即将来临，我要你手中掌握的选票。”

"You shall have them."

“都给你。”

"I wish that we, my wife and I, should be received familiarly every evening, with an appearance of friendliness at any rate, by M. le Marquis d'Esgrignon and his circle," continued du Croisier.

“我还希望，德埃斯格里尼翁先生和他圈子里的人每天晚上都能亲切地招待我们夫妇，至少表面上要友好。”迪克鲁瓦西耶接着说。

"I do not know how we are going to compass it, but you shall be received."

“虽然我不知道我们要怎么做，但你们会得到招待的。”

"I wish to have the family bound over by a surety of four hundred thousand francs, and by a written document stating the nature of the compromise, so as to keep a loaded cannon pointed at its heart."

“我要这个家族交纳四十万法郎的保证金，并用书面文字记下协议的内容，好留一个装了炮弹的炮口对着他们的心脏。”

"We agree," said Chesnel, without admitting that the three hundred thousand francs was in his possession; "but the amount must be deposited with a third party and returned to the family after your election and repayment."

“我们同意。”谢内尔说，他并没有承认他手中已有了三十万法郎，“但这笔钱必须寄存在第三方的手中。等大选结束了，欠款也还清了，这笔钱必须还给这个家族。”

"No; after the marriage of my niece, Mlle. Duval. She will very likely have four million francs some day; the reversion of our property (mine and my wife's) shall be settled upon her by her marriage-contract, and you shall arrange a match between her and the young Count.”

“不行，要等到我的外甥女杜瓦尔小姐结婚之后。她将来有一天很可能会拥有四百万法郎。我和我夫人打算通过婚姻契约的形式把她立为我们的财产继承人，她和你们年轻的伯爵的婚事就由你来安排了。”

"Never!"

“不可能！”

"NEVER!" repeated du Croisier, quite intoxicated with triumph. "Good-night!”

“不可能！”迪克鲁瓦西耶重复道，完全陶醉在自己的胜利中，“那就晚安吧！”

"Idiot that I am," thought Chesnel, "why did I shrink from a lie to such a man?"

“我真是个傻瓜，”谢内尔心想，“为什么该给这种人撒谎的时候，我却退缩了呢？”

Du Croisier took himself off; he was pleased with himself; he had enjoyed Chesnel's humiliation; he had held the destinies of a proud house, the representatives of the aristocracy of the province, suspended in his hand; he had set the print of his heel on the very heart of the d'Esgrignons; and, finally, he had broken off the whole negotiation on the score of his wounded pride. He went up to his room, leaving his wife alone with Chesnel. In his intoxication, he saw his victory clear before him. He firmly believed that the three hundred thousand francs had been squandered; the d'Esgrignons must sell or mortgage all that they had to raise the money; the Assize Court was inevitable to his mind.

迪克鲁瓦西耶起身离开。他对自己很满意，因为他享受着谢内尔的卑躬屈膝，而且他已掌握了一个代表本省贵族阶级的、骄傲的家族的命运。他已把自己的脚印印在了德埃斯格里尼翁家族的胸口上，并最终因为自己受伤的自尊而中断了整个谈判。他丢下妻子和谢内尔，上楼回到了自己的房间。在自我陶醉中，他清晰地看到胜利就在眼前。他坚信那三十万法郎早就被挥霍一空，而德埃斯格里尼翁家必须卖掉或者典当所有财产来筹款。在他看来，上重罪法庭是迟早的事。

An affair of forgery can always be settled out of court in France if the missing amount is returned. The losers by the crime are usually well-to-do, and have no wish to blight an imprudent man's character. But du Croisier had no mind to slacken his hold until he knew what he was about. He meditated until he fell asleep on the magnificent manner in which his hopes would be fulfilled by the way of the Assize Court or by marriage. The murmur of voices below, the lamentations of Chesnel and Mme. du Croisier, sounded sweet in his ears.

在法国，伪造票据罪可以私了，只要骗走的款项能够归还。受害者通常都是有钱人，他们并不想让做事轻率的人难堪。但是，迪克鲁瓦西耶不达到自己的目的时决不会收手。他一直思索着，直到他睡着，还梦到他的愿望会通过重罪法庭或者婚姻而完美地实现。楼下的私语声，也就是谢内尔和迪克鲁瓦西耶夫人的哀叹声在他听来是那么悦耳。

Mme. du Croisier shared Chesnel's views of the d'Esgrignons. She was a deeply religious woman, a Royalist attached to the noblesse; the interview had been in every way a cruel shock to her feelings. She, a staunch Royalist, had heard the roaring of that Liberalism, which, in her director's opinion, wished to crush the Church. The Left benches for her meant the popular upheaval and the scaffolds of 1793.

迪克鲁瓦西耶夫人对德埃斯格里尼翁家族的看法同谢内尔一样。她是个虔诚的天主教教徒，同那些贵族一样是个保皇派人。今晚的会谈在各方面残酷地震撼了她的感情。她是个坚定的保皇派人，曾听过自由党人的吼声。而在她的导师看来，自由党人想要摧毁教会。在她看来，左派就意味着一七九三年的大范围剧变和绞刑台。

"What would your uncle, that sainted man who hears us, say to this?" exclaimed Chesnel. Mme. du Croisier made no reply, but the great tears rolled down her checks.

“如果您那位高尚的伯父听到我们的谈话，他会怎么说呢？”谢内尔嚷道。迪克鲁瓦西耶夫人没有回答，但泪水大颗大颗地从她的脸颊滚落。

"You have already been the cause of one poor boy's death; his mother will go mourning all her days," continued Chesnel; he saw how his words told, but he would have struck harder and even broken this woman's heart to save Victurnien. "Do you want to kill Mlle. Armande, for she would not survive the dishonor of the house for a week? Do you wish to be the death of poor Chesnel, your old notary? For I shall kill the Count in prison before they shall bring the charge against him, and take my own life afterwards, before they shall try me for murder in an Assize Court."

“您已经让一个可怜的男孩死去，他的母亲会永远悲伤的。”谢内尔继续说道。他看到他的话凑了效，但他会更努力地伤她，哪怕是让她心碎，只要能够救出维克蒂尼安。“您想害死阿芒德小姐吗？她要是知道这种家门不幸的事，决不会苟活一个星期的。难道您也要让您的老公证人谢内尔死去吗？因为我会在他们控告伯爵之前就在监狱里把他杀死，之后我也会自杀，免得因为谋杀而上重罪法庭受审。”

"That is enough! that is enough, my friend! I would do anything to put a stop to such an affair; but I never knew M. du Croisier's real character until a few minutes ago. To you I can make the admission: there is nothing to be done.”

“够了！够了，我的朋友！我愿做任何事来阻止这件事，但我也是几分钟前才了解了迪克鲁瓦西耶真正的性格。我得向您承认，没有办法了。”

"But what if there is?"

“如果有办法呢？”

"I would give half the blood in my veins that it were so," said she, finishing her sentence by a wistful shake of the head.

“如果真有，我愿献出我半身的鲜血。”她说。话语结束时，她还点点头，显出非常渴望成功的样子。

As the First Consul, beaten on the field of Marengo till five o'clock in the evening, by six o'clock saw the tide of battle turned by Desaix's desperate attack and Kellermann's terrific charge, so Chesnel in the midst of defeat saw the beginnings of victory. No one but a Chesnel, an old notary, an ex-steward of the manor, old Maitre Sorbier's junior clerk, in the sudden flash of lucidity which comes with despair, could

rise thus, high as a Napoleon, nay, higher. This was not Marengo, it was Waterloo, and the Prussians had come up; Chesnel saw this, and was determined to beat them off the field.

拿破仑在晚上五点前都一直在马朗戈战场吃败仗，而由于德赛拼命的进攻和凯勒曼漂亮的冲锋，他在六点钟时看到了战况的转机。与他一样，谢内尔在一连串的失败中也看到了成功的苗头。只有这样一个曾做过庄园的管家，还在老律师索尔比耶那里当过小办事员的老公证人谢内尔才能在绝望中豁然开朗，变得同拿破仑一样伟大——不，比他更加伟大。因为这不是马朗戈战役，而是滑铁卢。普鲁士人已经杀来了，谢内尔看到了，还决心要打败他们。

"Madame," he said, "remember that I have been your man of business for twenty years; remember that if the d'Esgrignons mean the honor of the province, you represent the honor of the bourgeoisie; it rests with you, and you alone, to save the ancient house. Now, answer me; are you going to allow dishonor to fall on the shade of your dead uncle, on the d'Esgrignons, on poor Chesnel? Do you want to kill Mlle. Armande weeping yonder? Or do you wish to expiate wrongs done to others by a deed which will rejoice your ancestors, the intendants of the dukes of Alencon, and bring comfort to the soul of our dear Abbe? If he could rise from his grave, he would command you to do this thing that I beg of you upon my knees.”

“夫人，”他说，“想想我为您经营了二十年的事务，想想如果德埃斯格里尼翁家族是本省的荣耀，那么您就代表了中产阶级的荣耀。拯救这个家族的使命就落在您身上了，只有您一个人了。现在，夫人，请回答我，您会允许耻辱落在您死去的伯父、德埃斯格里尼翁家族，还有可怜的谢内尔身上吗？您愿意杀死终日落泪的阿芒德小姐吗？或者您愿意做些事情来弥补对其他人的伤害，好让您的长辈——阿朗松公爵家的管家开心，并告慰我们亲爱的神父的在天之灵吗？如果他能够从坟墓中活过来，他也会要求您做我现在跪着求您做的事情的。”

"What is it?" asked Mme. du Croisier.

“您要我做什么？”迪克鲁瓦西耶夫人问道。

"Well. Here are the hundred thousand crowns," said Chesnel, drawing the bundles of notes from his pocket. "Take them, and there will be an end of it."

“这样的。这里有十万法郎，”谢内尔说着，从口袋里取出一叠钞票，“收下吧，这就完了。”

"If that is all," she began, "and if no harm can come of it to my husband—”

“如果就这样，”迪克鲁瓦西耶夫人说，“如果这样不会伤害我的丈夫——”

"Nothing but good," Chesnel replied. "You are saving him from eternal punishment in hell, at the cost of a slight disappointment here below."

“不，只有好处，”谢内尔答道，“您是在用今世的一点点失望免除他在地狱里将受的永久的惩罚。”

"He will not be compromised, will he?" she asked, looking into Chesnel's face.

“他不会受牵连吧，会吗？”她望着谢内尔问道。

Then Chesnel read the depths of the poor wife's mind. Mme. du Croisier was hesitating between her two creeds; between wifely obedience to her husband as laid down by the Church, and obedience to the altar and the throne. Her husband, in her eyes, was acting wrongly, but she dared not blame him; she would fain save the d'Esgrignons, but she was loyal to her husband's interests.

谢内尔看出了这位可怜的妻子的心思。迪克鲁瓦西耶夫人正在自己的两种信仰下犹豫不决，即宗教规定的妻子对丈夫的顺从和她对圣坛与王权的忠心。在她看来，丈夫是在做错事，但她却不敢责备他；她乐意去救德埃斯格里尼翁家族，但她也忠诚于丈夫的利益。

"Not in the least," Chesnel answered; "your old notary swears it by the Holy Gospels—”

“一点也不会，”谢内尔回答，“您的老公证人可以按着圣福音书发誓——”

He had nothing left to lose for the d'Esgrignons but his soul; he risked it now by this horrible perjury, but Mme. du Croisier must be deceived, there was no other choice but death. Without losing a moment, he dictated a form of receipt by which Mme. du Croisier acknowledged payment of a hundred thousand crowns five days before the fatal letter of exchange appeared; for he recollected that du Croisier was away from home, superintending improvements on his wife's property at the time.

为了德埃斯格里尼翁家族，他把除了灵魂的一切都献出来了，现在他又说了假话，拿自己的灵魂来冒险。但他必须欺骗迪克鲁瓦西耶夫人，否则只有死路一条。他马上口述了一张收据，内容是迪克鲁瓦西耶夫人在那张要命的收据出现前五天收到了十万法郎。因为他想起迪克鲁瓦西耶当时正好不在家，他去监督他妻子庄园里的修缮工作了。

"Now swear to me that you will declare before the examining magistrate that you received the money on that date," he said, when Mme. du Croisier had taken the notes and he held the receipt in his hand.

当迪克鲁瓦西耶夫人接了钱，谢内尔也得到了收据，他说道：“现在

请对我发誓，您会在预审法官面前说您是在收据上写的那天收到这笔钱的。”

"It will be a lie, will it not?"

“那是在说谎，不是吗？”

"Venial sin," said Chesnel.

“这是可赦之罪。”谢内尔说。

"I could not do it without consulting my director, M. l'Abbe Couturier.”

“我必须征求我的神父库迪里耶先生的意见才能这样做。”

"Very well," said Chesnel, "will you be guided entirely by his advice in this affair?"

“好吧，”谢内尔说道，“在这件事上，您会完全听从他的建议吗？”

"I promise that."

“我发誓我会的。”

"And you must not give the money to M. du Croisier until you have been before the magistrate."

“在面见法官之前，您千万不要把这钱交给迪克鲁瓦西耶先生。”

"No. Ah! God give me strength to appear in a Court of Justice and maintain a lie before men!"

“我不会的。啊！愿上帝赐予我力量吧，让我能站在法庭上，并当众坚持一个谎言！”

Chesnel kissed Mme. du Croisier's hand, then stood upright, and majestic as one of the prophets that Raphael painted in the Vatican.

谢内尔吻了下迪克鲁瓦西耶夫人的手，然后站直了身子，就像拉斐尔在罗马教廷里画的先知那样庄严。

"You uncle's soul is thrilled with joy," he said; "you have wiped out for ever the wrong that you did by marrying an enemy of altar and throne"—words that made a lively impression on Mme. du Croisier's timorous mind.

“您伯父的魂灵充满了喜悦，”谢内尔说道，“您已经彻底洗清了嫁给一个与圣坛和王权为敌的人的罪孽。”这番话在迪克鲁瓦西耶夫人怯懦的心中留下了真切的印象。

Then Chesnel all at once bethought himself that he must make sure of the lady's director, the Abbe Couturier. He knew how obstinately devout souls can work for the triumph of their views when once they come forward for their side, and wished to secure the

concurrence of the Church as early as possible. So he went to the Hotel d'Esgrignon, roused up Mlle. Armande, gave her an account of that night's work, and sped her to fetch the Bishop himself into the forefront of the battle.

接着，谢内尔立即想起来，他必须确保迪克鲁瓦西耶夫人的神父库迪里耶站在自己这一边。他明白，一旦虔诚的人加入自己这一边，他们将会多么固执地想方设法让自己这一方的观点获胜。于是，他想尽可能早点确保与教会的合作。所以，他去德埃斯格里尼翁公馆叫醒了阿芒德小姐，告诉了她那天晚上的事，并让她把主教本人拉到战场的最前线来。

"Ah, God in heaven! Thou must save the house of d'Esgrignon!" he exclaimed, as he went slowly home again. "The affair is developing now into a fight in a Court of Law. We are face to face with men that have passions and interests of their own; we can get anything out of them. This du Croisier has taken advantage of the public prosecutor's absence; the public prosecutor is devoted to us, but since the opening of the Chambers he has gone to Paris. Now, what can they have done to get round his deputy? They have induced him to take up the charge without consulting his chief. This mystery must be looked into, and the ground surveyed to-morrow; and then, perhaps, when I have unraveled this web of theirs, I will go back to Paris to set great powers at work through Mme. de Maufrigneuse.”

“啊，我的上帝！您必须救救德埃斯格里尼翁家族！”他一边缓缓地往家走，一边喊道，“现在，这件事正在演变成一场司法斗争。我们眼前的人各自都有欲望和利益，我们可以从他们那里得到任何东西。这个迪克鲁瓦西耶利用了正检察官不在的机会。这位检察官是忠于我们的，但自议会召开以来，他就去巴黎了。现在，他们究竟如何说服副检察官呢？他们已经说服他不征求上级的意见就接受起诉。我必须弄清楚其中的秘密，明天要调查情况。明白了他们的阴谋后，我或许可以回到巴黎，通过德摩弗里纽斯夫人把更有权势的人也卷进来。”

So he reasoned, poor, aged, clear-sighted wrestler, before he lay down half dead with bearing the weight of so much emotion and fatigue. And yet, before he fell asleep he ran a searching eye over the list of magistrates, taking all their secret ambitions into account, casting about for ways of influencing them, calculating his chances in the coming struggle. Chesnel's prolonged scrutiny of consciences, given in a condensed form, will perhaps serve as a picture of the judicial world in a country town.

他就像一个可怜而精明的老摔跤手，在因为太多的情绪和过分的疲惫而倒地不起前，他还在盘算着。但在他入睡之前，他把法院官员的名单审视了一遍，考虑了他们所有隐秘的欲念，探寻能够影响他们的方法，并估测自己在即将到来的争斗中的胜算。这里简要描述的谢内尔对

法院官员所做的长长的心理分析或许可以反映一个城镇的司法世界的情况。

Magistrates and officials generally are obliged to begin their career in the provinces; judicial ambition there ferments. At the outset every man looks towards Paris; they all aspire to shine in the vast theatre where great political causes come before the courts, and the higher branches of the legal profession are closely connected with the palpitating interests of society. But few are called to that paradise of the man of law, and nine-tenths of the profession are bound sooner or later to regard themselves as shelved for good in the provinces. Wherefore, every Tribunal of First Instance and every Court-Royal is sharply divided in two. The first section has given up hope, and is either torpid or content; content with the excessive respect paid to office in a country town, or torpid with tranquillity. The second section is made up of the younger sort, in whom the desire of success is untempered as yet by disappointment, and of the really clever men urged on continually by ambition as with a goad; and these two are possessed with a sort of fanatical belief in their order.

法官和检察官通常不得不在外省开始他们的事业生涯，而他们对司法界的野心会从那里开始发酵。一开始，他们每个人都望着巴黎，希望能够在那个宽广的舞台上大显拳脚，因为重大的政治案件都在那里审理，而且法律界的高端部门都与活生生的社会利益密切相关。可是很少有人能够进入那个法官的天堂，十分之九都迟早要在外省安顿下来。因此，所有的初审法院和重罪法庭都分为两个完全不同的派别。第一个派别已经放弃了希望，要么麻木，要么满足。他们满足于城镇的普通人对司法界人士过多的尊敬，或者是麻木于平静的生活。第二个派别由年轻人和真正聪明的人组成。前者渴望成功的欲望还未经受现实的挫败，而后者受到野心的不断鞭策。这两种人对自己的事业有种狂热的信念。

At this time the younger men were full of Royalist zeal against the enemies of the Bourbons. The most insignificant deputy official was dreaming of conducting a prosecution, and praying with all his might for one of those political cases which bring a man's zeal into prominence, draw the attention of the higher powers, and mean advancement for King's men. Was there a member of an official staff of prosecuting counsel who could hear of a Bonapartist conspiracy breaking out somewhere else without a feeling of envy? Where was the man that did not burn to discover a Caron, or a Berton, or a revolt of some sort? With reasons of State, and the necessity of diffusing the monarchical spirit throughout France as their basis, and a fierce ambition stirred up whenever party spirit ran high, these ardent politicians on their promotion were lucid, clear-sighted, and perspicacious. They kept up a vigorous detective system throughout the kingdom; they did the work of spies, and urged the nation along a

path of obedience, from which it had no business to swerve.

在那个时期，富有保皇主义热情的年轻人敌视那些跟波旁王朝作对的人。即便是最不起眼的副检察官都在梦想着提起公诉，祈祷着审理一场重大的政治案件，以显示自己的干劲，从而引起高层的注意，并能够因此晋升。在检察署里，如果听到别处爆发了波拿巴主义者的叛乱，有哪一位官员不会深感艳羡呢？谁不渴望发现一个卡隆、一个贝尔东，或是一场叛变？这些狂热的政治家们正在步步高升，嘴上喊着维护国家利益和在整个法国推行君主政体，其疯狂的野心随着党派斗争的加剧而膨胀，各个都精明、警觉、有远见。他们在全国设立严密的侦探系统，通过间谍活动将国民拖向了无法扭转的服从之路。

Justice, thus informed with monarchical enthusiasm, atoned for the errors of the ancient parliaments, and walked, perhaps, too ostentatiously hand in hand with religion. There was more zeal than discretion shown; but justice sinned not so much in the direction of machiavelism as by giving the candid expression to its views, when those views appeared to be opposed to the general interests of a country which must be put safely out of reach of revolutions. But taken as a whole, there was still too much of the bourgeois element in the administration; it was too readily moved by petty liberal agitation; and as a result, it was inevitable that it should incline sooner or later to the Constitutional party, and join ranks with the bourgeoisie in the day of battle. In the great body of legal functionaries, as in other departments of the administration, there was not wanting a certain hypocrisy, or rather that spirit of imitation which always leads France to model herself on the Court, and, quite unintentionally, to deceive the powers that be.

司法界受到君主政体狂热的鼓动，纠正了原有议会所犯的过失，而且有些过于招摇地与宗教界携手前进。司法界表现出更多的是狂热，而不是慎重。他们犯的错误不是玩弄阴谋诡计，而是坦率地表达他们的观点，但这些观点与一个国家必须避免革命的根本利益相悖。但整体而言，司法界仍有过多的中产阶级成分，太容易受卑鄙的自由党的煽动。结果就是，他们迟早会变成立宪派，在日后的战争中加入中产阶级的行列。跟其他行政部门一样，庞大的司法系统里不乏一种虚伪，或者说是模仿精神。它总会让整个法国以宫廷为榜样，从而无意间骗过了宫廷。

Officials of both complexions were to be found in the court in which young d'Esgrignon's fate depended. M. le President du Ronceret and an elderly judge, Blondet by name, represented the section of functionaries shelved for good, and resigned to stay where they were; while the young and ambitious party comprised the examining magistrate M. Camusot, and his deputy M. Michu, appointed through the interests of the Cinq-Cygnes, and certain of promotion to the Court of Appeal of Paris at the first opportunity.

在决定年轻的德埃斯格里尼翁命运的法庭中同样能发现司法官员中的这两种情况。法院院长迪龙瑟莱先生，还有个名叫布隆代的老法官代表着法院中那些停滞不前、安于现状的人，而年轻又有野心的一派包括预审法官卡米索先生和他的副手米许先生。米许是通过五天鹅家族的举荐获得这个职位的，只要一有机会，他就会被提拔到巴黎的上诉法院去。

President du Ronceret held a permanent post; it was impossible to turn him out. The aristocratic party declined to give him what he considered to be his due, socially speaking; so he declared for the bourgeoisie, glossed over his disappointment with the name of independence, and failed to realize that his opinions condemned him to remain a president of a court of the first instance for the rest of his life. Once started in this track the sequence of events led du Ronceret to place his hopes of advancement on the triumph of du Croisier and the Left. He was in no better odor at the Prefecture than at the Court-Royal. He was compelled to keep on good terms with the authorities; the Liberals distrusted him, consequently he belonged to neither party. He was obliged to resign his chances of election to du Croisier, he exercised no influence, and played a secondary part. The false position reacted on his character; he was soured and discontented; he was tired of political ambiguity, and privately had made up his mind to come forward openly as leader of the Liberal party, and so to strike ahead of du Croisier. His behavior in the d'Esgrignon affair was the first step in this direction. To begin with, he was an admirable representative of that section of the middle classes which allows its petty passions to obscure the wider interests of the country; a class of crotchety politicians, upholding the government one day and opposing it the next, compromising every cause and helping none; helpless after they have done the mischief till they set about brewing more; unwilling to face their own incompetence, thwarting authority while professing to serve it. With a compound of arrogance and humility they demand of the people more submission than kings expect, and fret their souls because those above them are not brought down to their level, as if greatness could be little, as if power existed without force.

迪龙瑟莱院长的职位是终身制的，没有人可以将其免职。由于贵族阶级拒绝给予他他认为自己应得的社会地位，于是他宣布站到中产阶级一边，好掩盖他作为自由派的失落，但却没有发现他的政见会让他一辈子呆在初审法院院长的职位上。一旦走上了这条路，他便不得不把自己晋升的希望寄托在迪克鲁瓦西耶和左派的胜利上。他在辖区政府和皇家法庭里的名声也不太好。他不得不与当局者保持友好的关系。自由党人也不相信他，因此他不属于任何一个党派。他只得把自己议员候选人的身份让给了迪克鲁瓦西耶，失去了影响力，只能当个配角。这种在他看来荒谬的地位影响了他的性格，他变得性情乖张，对一切不满。他厌倦

了自己政治上的含糊态度，暗下决心要成为自由党人的领袖，好凌驾于迪克鲁瓦西耶之上。他在德埃斯格里尼翁的案件上所采取的行动就是他迈向这个方向的第一步。首先，他是那种把自己微不足道的欲望放在整个国家重大利益之上的中产阶级的极好代表。这个阶级的政客们反复无常，今天支持政府，明天就反对政府，他们对每件事妥协，却不帮助任何一方。他们做了坏事后无人帮忙，只能继续下去。他们不愿承认自己的无能，口称要为当局服务，却又为当局设置障碍。他们既傲慢又谦卑，要求民众给予他们超过王权要求的顺从。而对于那些在他们之上而又不能降到他们水平上的人，就腐蚀他们的灵魂，好像伟大可以渺小，没有力量权利同样存在似的。

President du Ronceret was a tall, spare man with a receding forehead and scanty, auburn hair. He was wall-eyed, his complexion was blotched, his lips thin and hard, his scarcely audible voice came out like the husky wheezings of asthma. He had for a wife a great, solemn, clumsy creature, tricked out in the most ridiculous fashion, and outrageously overdressed. Mme. la Presidente gave herself the airs of a queen; she wore vivid colors, and always appeared at balls adorned with the turban, dear to the British female, and lovingly cultivated in out-of-the-way districts in France. Each of the pair had an income of four or five thousand francs, which with the President's salary, reached a total of some twelve thousand. In spite of a decided tendency to parsimony, vanity required that they should receive one evening in the week. Du Croisier might import modern luxury into the town, M. and Mme. de Ronceret were faithful to the old traditions. They had always lived in the old-fashioned house belonging to Mme. du Ronceret, and had made no changes in it since their marriage. The house stood between a garden and a courtyard. The gray old gable end, with one window in each story, gave upon the road. High walls enclosed the garden and the yard, but the space taken up beneath them in the garden by a walk shaded with chestnut trees was filled in the yard by a row of outbuildings. An old rust-devoured iron gate in the garden wall balanced the yard gateway, a huge, double-leaved carriage entrance with a buttress on either side, and a mighty shell on the top. The same shell was repeated over the house-door.

迪龙瑟莱院长是个瘦高个子，前额后倾，赤褐色的头发稀稀疏疏。他的眼睛向外斜视，满脸斑点，薄薄的嘴唇线条很硬，嗓音模糊不清，就像哮喘病人沙哑的喘息声。他的妻子是个高大、严肃、笨拙的女人，着装怪异且过于讲究。院长夫人摆出一副王后的神气，服装颜色艳丽，而且总是戴着头巾出现在舞会上。这种头巾深受英国女性和法国边远地区的女性的喜爱。他们夫妇各自每年都有四五千法郎的收入，再加上院长的官俸，总收入达到约一万两千法郎。尽管他们一贯吝啬，但是虚荣心让他们每周都有一个晚上要宴请宾客。或许迪克鲁瓦西耶把现代的奢华引进到这个城镇，但迪龙瑟莱夫妇依然忠于旧的生活传统。他们一直

住在迪龙瑟莱夫人家的老宅子里，自他们结婚以来从未改变过。这所房子位于一个花园和一座庭院之间。临街是一面灰色的旧山形墙，每层都有个窗户。花园和庭院都有高墙围绕，花园里沿墙有一条小径，两旁种着栗树，庭院中靠墙处有一排小屋子。院墙上有一扇生锈的铁门，院子那边的两面扶墙之间有一个可供两辆马车并行的大门，大门顶上是个巨型的贝型装饰。同样的贝型装饰也出现在房子的正门上面。

The whole place was gloomy, close, and airless. The row of iron-gated openings in the opposite wall, as you entered, reminded you of prison windows. Every passer-by could look in through the railings to see how the garden grew; the flowers in the little square borders never seemed to thrive there.

整个地方阴暗、沉闷、无风。对面的墙上开着一排铁制小窗，一走进来就会让人想起监狱的窗户。每个行人都可以透过栅栏看到园内生长的一切花草，这些生长在如此狭小地方的花儿似乎从未盛开过。

The drawing-room on the ground floor was lighted by a single window on the side of the street, and a French window above a flight of steps, which gave upon the garden. The dining-room on the other side of the great ante-chamber, with its windows also looking out into the garden, was exactly the same size as the drawing-room, and all three apartments were in harmony with the general air of gloom. It wearied your eyes to look at the ceilings all divided up by huge painted crossbeams and adorned with a feeble lozenge pattern or a rosette in the middle. The paint was old, startling in tint, and begrimed with smoke. The sun had faded the heavy silk curtains in the drawing-room; the old-fashioned Beauvais tapestry which covered the white-painted furniture had lost all its color with wear. A Louis Quinze clock on the chimney-piece stood between two extravagant, branched sconces filled with yellow wax candles, which the Presidente only lighted on occasions when the old-fashioned rock-crystal chandelier emerged from its green wrapper. Three card-tables, covered with threadbare baize, and a backgammon box, sufficed for the recreations of the company; and Mme. du Ronceret treated them to such refreshments as cider, chestnuts, pastry puffs, glasses of eau sucree, and home-made orgeat. For some time past she had made a practice of giving a party once a fortnight, when tea and some pitiable attempts at pastry appeared to grace the occasion.

底楼的客厅只有一个面向街道的窗户，还有一面落地窗，落地窗下面是一段通向花园的台阶。前厅的另一端是餐厅，它的窗户也面向花园，大小跟客厅一样。三个房间与整个地方的阴沉气氛很协调。天花板全用巨大的漆过的横梁隔开，中间饰有薄薄的菱形图案或玫瑰花，看起来令人厌倦。油漆很旧了，颜色很惊人，漆面还被烟熏过。客厅里挂着的厚重的绸子窗帘已被阳光晒得褪了色，用于遮盖白漆家具的老式博韦织锦全都因磨损而失去了颜色。壁炉架上面放着一座路易十五时代的座

钟，其两旁是两个奢华的多枝烛台，烛台上面插着黄色的蜡烛。只有在需要摘下绿色罩子、现出水晶装饰的旧灯的场合中，院长才会点亮这些蜡烛。三张铺着旧毡子的牌桌和一副西洋双陆棋就足够客人娱乐了。迪龙瑟莱夫人会用苹果酒、栗子、糕饼、糖水和自制的杏仁糖浆等来款待他们。有段时间，她经常每两周用茶和糕点来请一次客，实在是可怜。

Once a quarter the du Roncerets gave a grand three-course dinner, which made a great sensation in the town, a dinner served up in execrable ware, but prepared with the science for which the provincial cook is remarkable. It was a Gargantuan repast, which lasted for six whole hours, and by abundance the President tried to vie with du Croisier's elegance.

每一季度，迪龙瑟莱夫妇都要设下盛宴待客，震动全城。那顿饭有三道菜，盛在简陋的餐具里，但做得很精美——外省人以厨艺见长。这顿大餐持续整整六个小时，院长想用自己的慷慨同迪克鲁瓦西耶的高雅相抗衡。

And so du Ronceret's life and its accessories were just what might have been expected from his character and his false position. He felt dissatisfied at home without precisely knowing what was the matter; but he dared not go to any expense to change existing conditions, and was only too glad to put by seven or eight thousand francs every year, so as to leave his son Fabien a handsome private fortune. Fabien du Ronceret had no mind for the magistracy, the bar, or the civil service, and his pronounced turn for doing nothing drove his parent to despair.

就这样，迪龙瑟莱的生活及其相关的一切都与他的性格和他徒有虚名的职位相一致。他在家里感觉不满意，却不知道具体的原因。但他又不敢花钱去改变现状，只能庆幸自己每年攒下七八千法郎，可以给他的儿子法比安留下一笔丰厚的财产。法比安不想当法官，不想当律师，也不想参与行政事务，他那明显无所事事的倾向让迪龙瑟莱夫妇感到绝望。

On this head there was rivalry between the President and the Vice-President, old M. Blondet. M. Blondet, for a long time past, had been sedulously cultivating an acquaintance between his son and the Blandureau family. The Blandureaus were well-to-do linen manufacturers, with an only daughter, and it was on this daughter that the President had fixed his choice of a wife for Fabien. Now, Joseph Blondet's marriage with Mlle. Blandureau depended on his nomination to the post which his father, old Blondet, hoped to obtain for him when he himself should retire. But President du Ronceret, in underhand ways, was thwarting the old man's plans, and working indirectly upon the Blandureaus. Indeed, if it had not been for this affair of young d'Esgrignon's, the astute President might have cut them

out, father and son, for their rivals were very much richer.

在这一点上，迪龙瑟莱院长和副院长——老布隆代先生间一直有竞争。布隆代先生很久以前就让他的儿子跟布朗迪罗家交往。布朗迪罗是个富有的布商，仅有一个女儿，院长希望她能嫁给自己的儿子法比安。现在，老法官的儿子约瑟夫·布隆代同布朗迪罗小姐的婚事取决于其父退休之后能否在法院里给他弄个职位。但迪龙瑟莱院长暗地里破坏老法官的计划，对布朗迪罗家旁敲侧击。如果不是出现了年轻的德埃斯格里尼翁的事，精明的院长早把老法官父子挤掉了，因为院长比他们有钱多了。

M. Blondet, the victim of the machiavelian President's intrigues, was one of the curious figures which lie buried away in the provinces like old coins in a crypt. He was at that time a man of sixty-seven or thereabouts, but he carried his years well; he was very tall, and in build reminded you of the canons of the good old times. The smallpox had riddled his face with numberless dints, and spoilt the shape of his nose by imparting to it a gimlet-like twist; it was a countenance by no means lacking in character, very evenly tinted with a diffused red, lighted up by a pair of bright little eyes, with a sardonic look in them, while a certain sarcastic twitch of the purpled lips gave expression to that feature.

作为老谋深算的院长的牺牲品，布隆代就像墓穴中的古币，属于被埋没在外省的古怪人物。他那时大概六十七岁，但看上去还比较年轻，高高的个子，体态让人想起过去的修道士。天花在他的脸上留下了无数的凹痕，并把他的鼻子扭曲成了螺旋形。但是他的面容一点都不乏特色，满脸泛着红光，一双小眼睛闪闪发亮，常夹嘲讽的神情，紫色的嘴唇嘲笑地抽搐着，更是彰显了其面容特征。

Before the Revolution broke out, Blondet senior had been a barrister; afterwards he became the public accuser, and one of the mildest of those formidable functionaries. Goodman Blondet, as they used to call him, deadened the force of the new doctrines by acquiescing in them all, and putting none of them in practice. He had been obliged to send one or two nobles to prison; but his further proceedings were marked with such deliberation, that he brought them through to the 9th Thermidor with a dexterity which won respect for him on all sides. As a matter of fact, Goodman Blondet ought to have been President of the Tribunal, but when the courts of law were reorganized he had been set aside; Napoleon's aversion for Republicans was apt to reappear in the smallest appointments under his government. The qualification of ex-public accuser, written in the margin of the list against Blondet's name, set the Emperor inquiring of Cambaceres whether there might not be some scion of an ancient parliamentary stock to appoint instead. The consequence was that du Ronceret, whose father had been a councillor of parliament, was

nominated to the presidency; but, the Emperor's repugnance notwithstanding, Cambaceres allowed Blondet to remain on the bench, saying that the old barrister was one of the best jurisconsults in France.

大革命爆发前，老布隆代是个律师，后来成为一位公诉人。他是那些令人敬畏的官员中最温和的一位。人们都叫他老好人布隆代，因为他缓和了所有新主张的力量，他默许它们，却不去执行。他迫于无奈让一两个贵族坐了牢，但却故意将他们的案子拖到热月九日。他做得如此巧妙，赢得了各方面的尊敬。事实上，老好人布隆代本可以做法院院长，但法院重组时，他就被排除了，因为拿破仑讨厌共和党人，不愿他们在他的政府里担任哪怕是最微小的职务。大革命中做过公诉人的经历记在布隆代的名下，于是皇帝问康巴塞雷斯，该地区有没有议员家庭出身的人来代替他。结果是，父亲做过议员的迪龙瑟莱被任命为院长。尽管皇帝不喜欢布隆代，但康巴塞雷斯仍允许他留在司法界，理由是这个老律师是全法国最优秀的法学家之一。

Blondet's talents, his knowledge of the old law of the land and subsequent legislation, should by rights have brought him far in his profession; but he had this much in common with some few great spirits: he entertained a prodigious contempt for his own special knowledge, and reserved all his pretentions, leisure, and capacity for a second pursuit unconnected with the law. To this pursuit he gave his almost exclusive attention. The good man was passionately fond of gardening. He was in correspondence with some of the most celebrated amateurs; it was his ambition to create new species; he took an interest in botanical discoveries, and lived, in short, in the world of flowers. Like all florists, he had a predilection for one particular plant; the pelargonium was his especial favorite. The court, the cases that came before it, and his outward life were as nothing to him compared with the inward life of fancies and abundant emotions which the old man led. He fell more and more in love with his flower-seraglio; and the pains which he bestowed on his garden, the sweet round of the labors of the months, held Goodman Blondet fast in his greenhouse. But for that hobby he would have been a deputy under the Empire, and shone conspicuous beyond a doubt in the Corps Legislatif.

布隆代的才干、他的对国家旧法律和新法律的精通理应让他在自己的职业领域大展宏图，但他同那些极少数的天才一样，极其瞧不起自己的专业知识，把自己的抱负、时间和能力都放在了与法律无关的追求上。在这个追求上，他几乎付出了所有的精力。这位老好人狂热于园艺学。他与那些最有名的园艺爱好者都保持着联络。他有培育新品种的雄心，对植物学的新发现很感兴趣。总之，他生活在一个花的世界里。同所有的种花人一样，他对某种植物情有独钟，天竺葵就是他的最爱。与他那充满幻想、富于情感的内在生活相比，法庭、案件还有他的现实生

活都显得微不足道。他越来越喜欢他的花室，他在花园里所耗费的心血和长年累月快乐的劳作把老好人布隆代牢牢地拴在了温室里。如果没有这个爱好，他可能在拿破仑称帝时代就是众议员了，无疑会扬名于立法机构。

His marriage was the second cause of his obscurity. As a man of forty, he was rash enough to marry a girl of eighteen, by whom he had a son named Joseph in the first year of their marriage. Three years afterwards Mme. Blondet, then the prettiest woman in the town, inspired in the prefect of the department a passion which ended only with her death. The prefect was the father of her second son Emile; the whole town knew this, old Blondet himself knew it. The wife who might have roused her husband's ambition, who might have won him away from his flowers, positively encouraged the judge in his botanical tastes. She no more cared to leave the place than the prefect cared to leave his prefecture so long as his mistress lived.

他的婚姻是他不能出名的第二个原因。四十岁的时候，他鲁莽地娶了个十八岁的女孩，婚后第一年就生了个儿子，取名叫约瑟夫。三年之后，作为当时全城最漂亮的女人，她得到本省省长的爱恋，但这段恋情却以她的去世而告终。省长便是她的第二个儿子埃米尔的父亲，全城的人都知道这件事，老布隆代本人也知道。布隆代太太本可以刺激丈夫的野心，可以让丈夫爱她而不是那些花朵，但却更加鼓励了他对植物的爱。她再也不愿离开这个地方，如同省长只要他的情人活着就不愿离开本省一样。

Blondet felt himself unequal at his age to a contest with a young wife. He sought consolation in his greenhouse, and engaged a very pretty servant-maid to assist him to tend his ever-changing bevy of beauties. So while the judge potted, pricked out, watered, layered, slipped, blended, and induced his flowers to break, Mme. Blondet spent his substance on the dress and finery in which she shone at the prefecture. One interest alone had power to draw her away from the tender care of a romantic affection which the town came to admire in the end; and this interest was Emile's education. The child of love was a bright and pretty boy, while Joseph was no less heavy and plain-featured. The old judge, blinded by paternal affection loved Joseph as his wife loved Emile.

布隆代感觉以自己的年纪无法跟年轻的妻子斗争。他在自己的温室里找到了慰藉，还雇了个美丽的女佣帮他照看这些变化无穷的花儿。当老法官在栽花、育苗、浇水、压条、接枝、为花搞颜色杂交的时候，布隆代太太却在挥霍他的财产用于买衣服饰品，好在省里风光无限。只有一件事能在情感之外引起她的关注，而且最后得到了全城人的欣赏，这便是她儿子埃米尔的教育问题。这个私生子长得聪明帅气，而那个约瑟夫却甚为笨拙，长相平平。老法官一味地喜爱约瑟夫，就像他妻子喜欢埃米尔一样。

For a dozen years M. Blondet bore his lot with perfect resignation. He shut his eyes to his wife's intrigue with a dignified, well-bred composure, quite in the style of an eighteenth century grand seigneur; but, like all men with a taste for a quiet life, he could cherish a profound dislike, and he hated his younger son. When his wife died, therefore, in 1818, he turned the intruder out of the house, and packed him off to Paris to study law on an allowance of twelve hundred francs for all resource, nor could any cry of distress extract another penny from his purse. Emile Blondet would have gone under if it had not been for his real father.

十几年来，布隆代先生完全接受了自己的命运。他对妻子的背叛不闻不问，保持着十八世纪大贵族那种尊严、高贵的镇静。但同所有热爱平静生活的人一样，他内心存有深深的厌恶，他讨厌这个小儿子。1818年，他的妻子过世后，他就把这个入侵者赶出家门，打发他去巴黎学习法律，每年只提供一千两百法郎，任凭儿子如何哭泣，也不追加一分。如果不是生父的援助，埃米尔·布隆代恐怕活不下去了。

M. Blondet's house was one of the prettiest in the town. It stood almost opposite the prefecture, with a neat little court in front. A row of old-fashioned iron railings between two brick-work piers enclosed it from the street; and a low wall, also of brick, with a second row of railings along the top, connected the piers with the neighboring house. The little court, a space about ten fathoms in width by twenty in length, was cut in two by a brick pathway which ran from the gate to the house door between a border on either side. Those borders were always renewed; at every season of the year they exhibited a successful show of blossom, to the admiration of the public. All along the back of the gardenbeds a quantity of climbing plants grew up and covered the walls of the neighboring houses with a magnificent mantle; the brick-work piers were hidden in clusters of honeysuckle; and, to crown all, in a couple of terra-cotta vases at the summit, a pair of acclimatized cactuses displayed to the astonished eyes of the ignorant those thick leaves bristling with spiny defences which seem to be due to some plant disease.

布隆代住的是全城最漂亮的房子。房子几乎就在省属公署对面，前面有一个整洁的小院子。一道装在两根砖砌柱子之间的旧式铁栅栏门把房子同马路隔开。一面顶端也有一排铁栅栏的矮砖墙将砖砌柱子和邻近的房舍联系起来。这个小院子宽十寻，长二十寻，被一条从大门通到屋门的砖砌小路分为两个花坛。这些花坛时常翻新，四季都繁花盛开，供人们欣赏。花坛后面生长着大量的攀援植物，它们攀附在邻家的后墙上，就像给房屋披上了件绿斗篷。砖砌的柱子被环绕其上的金银花所掩盖。最特别的是柱顶上的几个陶制花盆里栽种的仙人掌，它们已经适应了环境，好像患有某种植物病一般，向人们展示着自己厚实多刺的叶片，让无知的人见了大为惊奇。

It was a plain-looking house, built of brick, with brick-work arches above the windows, and bright green Venetian shutters to make it gay. Through the glass door you could look straight across the house to the opposite glass door, at the end of a long passage, and down the central alley in the garden beyond; while through the windows of the dining-room and drawing-room, which extended, like the passage from back to front of the house, you could often catch further glimpses of the flower-beds in a garden of about two acres in extent. Seen from the road, the brick-work harmonized with the fresh flowers and shrubs, for two centuries had overlaid it with mosses and green and russet tints. No one could pass through the town without falling in love with a house with such charming surroundings, so covered with flowers and mosses to the roof-ridge, where two pigeons of glazed crockery ware were perched by way of ornament.

房子是砖砌的，看上去很朴实。窗户上方有砖盖的拱形结构，翠绿的威尼斯百叶窗给整个房子增添了不少喜色。透过玻璃窗可以看见长长的走廊尽头的另一扇玻璃门，通向花园中间的通道。与贯穿房屋前后的走廊一样，客厅和餐厅的窗户延伸很长。透过这两扇窗，你可以看到花园里约两英亩大小的花丛。从马路上看，砖墙同鲜花和灌木相映成趣，因为两个世纪以来，砖墙上已经生满了绿色和黄褐色的苔藓。但凡来过这座城市的人没有不喜欢这所房子的，因为它的环境是如此迷人，鲜花满园，青苔蔓延至屋脊，屋顶上还装饰着两只上釉的陶制鸽子。

M. Blondet possessed an income of about four thousand livres derived from land, besides the old house in the town. He meant to avenge his wrongs legitimately enough. He would leave his house, his lands, his seat on the bench to his son Joseph, and the whole town knew what he meant to do. He had made a will in that son's favor; he had gone as far as the Code will permit a man to go in the way of disinheriting one child to benefit another; and what was more, he had been putting by money for the past fifteen years to enable his lout of a son to buy back from Emile that portion of his father's estate which could not legally be taken away from him.

布隆代除了拥有城里的这所老宅，还有大约四千里弗的地租收入。他想要通过合法的方式实施报复。他会将自己的房子、土地和在法院的职位一并留给儿子约瑟夫，这全城的人都清楚。他已经立好了有利于大儿子的遗嘱，在法律许可的范围内厚此薄彼。而且，他十五年来又存了一笔钱，好让他的傻大儿子能够从埃米尔的手中买回本该依法留给他的那一部分财产。

Emile Blondet thus turned adrift had contrived to gain distinction in Paris, but so far it was rather a name than a practical result. Emile's indolence, recklessness, and happy-go-lucky ways drove his real father to despair; and when that father died, a half-ruined man, turned out of office by one of the political reactions so frequent under the

Restoration, it was with a mind uneasy as to the future of a man endowed with the most brilliant qualities.

被逐出家门的埃米尔·布隆代在巴黎出了名，不过那只是在名誉上，而非物质方面。埃米尔的好逸恶劳、自由放任和无忧无虑令他的生父大失所望。他的生父因为在复辟时期经常发生的政治波动而丢了官位，到死的时候已算是家道衰败，但他临终前还惦记着他这极有天分的孩子的未来。

Emile Blondet found support in a friendship with a Mlle. de Troisville, whom he had known before her marriage with the Comte de Montcornet. His mother was living when the Troisvilles came back after the emigration; she was related to the family, distantly it is true, but the connection was close enough to allow her to introduce Emile to the house. She, poor woman, foresaw the future. She knew that when she died her son would lose both mother and father, a thought which made death doubly bitter, so she tried to interest others in him. She encouraged the liking that sprang up between Emile and the eldest daughter of the house of Troisville; but while the liking was exceedingly strong on the young lady's part, a marriage was out of the question. It was a romance on the pattern of Paul et Virginie. Mme. Blondet did what she could to teach her son to look to the Troisvilles, to found a lasting attachment on a children's game of "make-believe" love, which was bound to end as boy-and-girl romances usually do. When Mlle. de Troisville's marriage with General Montcornet was announced, Mme. Blondet, a dying woman, went to the bride and solemnly implored her never to abandon Emile, and to use her influence for him in society in Paris, whither the General's fortune summoned her to shine.

埃米尔·布隆代借着同德特鲁瓦维尔小姐的友谊获得了她的帮助。其实，埃米尔早在她与德蒙柯内尔伯爵结婚前就认识她。德特鲁瓦维尔家族从海外回来时，埃米尔的母亲还在世。她与这个家族沾亲带故，虽然血缘关系稍远，但这足以让她把儿子介绍给这个家族认识。这个可怜的女人预见了未来。她知道，一旦她死了，自己的儿子不仅会失去母亲，还会失去父亲。这种想法让死亡变得更加痛苦，所以她极力为他寻找靠山。她促成了埃米尔和德特鲁瓦维尔家大小姐间的恋情。虽然大小姐非常喜欢埃米尔，但不可能嫁给他。他们的恋情就像保罗和维尔日妮的一样。布隆代太太尽已所能让埃米尔明白德特鲁瓦维尔家族是他的保护伞，并通过孩子们过家家似的爱情游戏与他们建立持久的联系，但这种恋情最终会像少男少女的初恋一样终结。德特鲁瓦维尔小姐同德蒙柯内尔将军的婚事一公布，生命垂危的布隆代夫人还去拜访了德特鲁瓦维尔小姐，郑重地请求她不要抛弃埃米尔，并请她借助自己的影响帮他融入巴黎上层社会，因为将军的万贯家财足够让她在巴黎风光无限。

Luckily for Emile, he was able to make his own way. He made his appearance, at the age of twenty, as one of the masters of modern

literature; and met with no less success in the society into which he was launched by the father who at first could afford to bear the expense of the young man's extravagance. Perhaps Emile's precocious celebrity and the good figure that he made strengthened the bonds of his friendship with the Countess. Perhaps Mme. de Montcornet, with the Russian blood in her veins (her mother was the daughter of the Princess Scherbelloff), might have cast off the friend of her childhood if he had been a poor man struggling with all his might among the difficulties which beset a man of letters in Paris; but by the time that the real strain of Emile's adventurous life began, their attachment was unalterable on either side. He was looked upon as one of the leading lights of journalism when young d'Esgrignon met him at his first supper party in Paris; his acknowledged position in the world of letters was very high, and he towered above his reputation. Goodman Blondet had not the faintest conception of the power which the Constitutional Government had given to the press; nobody ventured to talk in his presence of the son of whom he refused to hear. And so it came to pass that he knew nothing of Emile whom he had cursed and Emile's greatness.

幸运的是，埃米尔靠自己就能立足。二十岁的时候，他便以现代文学大师之一的身份崭露头角。他在上流社会取得了不小的成功。他的生父将他引入了上流社会，在最初的几年里还能提供足够的钱财供其挥霍。或许是因为埃米尔少年成名、风流倜傥，他同德蒙柯内尔伯爵的友谊十分稳固。如果布隆代是一个在巴黎拼尽全力、艰难生存的文人，这位拥有俄罗斯血统的德蒙柯内尔伯爵夫人（她的母亲是赛布洛夫公主的女儿）本可以抛开这位童年时代的朋友。可是自埃米尔紧张的冒险生活开始以来，他们间的情谊没有任何变化。当年轻的德埃斯格里尼翁在他来到巴黎后的第一个晚宴上遇到埃米尔时，他是新闻界最耀眼的明星。他在文学界的地位极高，远远超过了他的名声。老好人布隆代完全不清楚立宪政府赋予了新闻界多大的权利，也没有人敢在他面前提及他不愿听人提及的儿子。因此，老法官对这个他憎恨的儿子及他的影响力一无所知。

Old Blondet's integrity was as deeply rooted in him as his passion for flowers; he knew nothing but law and botany. He would have interviews with litigants, listen to them, chat with them, and show them his flowers; he would accept rare seeds from them; but once on the bench, no judge on earth was more impartial. Indeed, his manner of proceeding was so well known, that litigants never went near him except to hand over some document which might enlighten him in the performance of his duty, and nobody tried to throw dust in his eyes. With his learning, his lights, and his way of holding his real talents cheap, he was so indispensable to President du Ronceret, that, matrimonial schemes apart, that functionary would have done all that

he could, in an underhand way, to prevent the vice-president from retiring in favor of his son. If the learned old man left the bench, the President would be utterly unable to do without him.

老布隆代的正直态度就像他爱花的程度一样，他只知道法律和植物学。他会接见诉讼当事人，聆听他们的诉说，同他们聊天，带他们欣赏自己的花，还会接受他们给的珍奇的花种。但一旦到了法庭上，他就成了世界上最公正的法官。他的工作作风众所周知，以至于诉讼人接近他只是为了把能帮助他处理案件的文件交给他而已，没有人试图欺骗他。他的学识、他的智慧，还有他那一向轻视自己才干的做派，让他成为迪龙瑟莱院长不可或缺的副手。因此，即便不考虑与婚姻有关的问题，院长也会暗地里千方百计地阻止副院长退休，不让他的儿子来接班。如果这位有学问的老法官离了职，院长什么事也做不了。

Goodman Blondet did not know that it was in Emile's power to fulfil all his wishes in a few hours. The simplicity of his life was worthy of one of Plutarch's men. In the evening he looked over his cases; next morning he worked among his flowers; and all day long he gave decisions on the bench. The pretty maid-servant, now of ripe age, and wrinkled like an Easter pippin, looked after the house, and they lived according to the established customs of the strictest parsimony. Mlle. Cadot always carried the keys of her cupboards and fruit-loft about with her. She was indefatigable. She went to market herself, she cooked and dusted and swept, and never missed mass of a morning. To give some idea of the domestic life of the household, it will be enough to remark that the father and son never ate fruit till it was beginning to spoil, because Mlle. Cadot always brought out anything that would not keep. No one in the house ever tasted the luxury of new bread, and all the fast days in the calendar were punctually observed. The gardener was put on rations like a soldier; the elderly Valideh always kept an eye upon him. And she, for her part, was so deferentially treated, that she took her meals with the family, and in consequence was continually trotting to and fro between the kitchen and the parlor at breakfast and dinner time.

老好人布隆代不知道，他的儿子埃米尔在数小时之内就可以帮他完成他的一切愿望。他生活俭朴，堪与普卢塔克笔下的英雄们相比。他晚上了解案情，早晨照看花卉，一整天进行审判。那个负责料理家务的漂亮女佣现在也上了年纪，脸上的皱纹就像复活节的苹果一样。他们依据最严格的节俭习惯来生活。这位卡多小姐总是随身带着食厨和果品储藏室的钥匙。她从不知道疲倦。她亲自去市场，亲自做饭、打扫卫生，早上从不忘记做弥撒。如果要对这个家庭的日常生活有个概念的话，只要说出一件事就足够了：父子俩从来只能吃到已经开始腐烂的水果，因为卡多小姐总是拿出那些已经无法再储藏的水果来。他们从未品享用过新鲜面包的滋味，并且严格遵从教会的规定按时斋戒。这位园丁的食物就像士兵那样配给，并且还时常受到这位皇太后的监视。她很受尊敬，同

他们一起用餐。因此，早饭和正餐时，她总是在厨房和饭厅之间跑来跑去。

Mlle. Blandureau's parents had consented to her marriage with Joseph Blondet upon one condition—the penniless and briefless barrister must be an assistant judge. So, with the desire of fitting his son to fill the position, old M. Blondet racked his brains to hammer the law into his son's head by dint of lessons, so as to make a cut-and-dried lawyer of him. As for Blondet junior, he spent almost every evening at the Blandureaus' house, to which also young Fabien du Ronceret had been admitted since his return, without raising the slightest suspicion in the minds of father or son.

至于约瑟夫·布隆代同布朗迪罗小姐的婚事，女方家已给出了条件：这个一文不名、无人问津的律师必须当上助理法官。所以，为了让儿子能够胜任该职位，老布隆代先生绞尽脑汁把法学知识一课一课地灌输到他的头脑里，好让他能成为一名中规中矩的律师。小布隆代几乎每晚都在布朗迪罗家过夜。法比安·迪龙瑟莱自巴黎回来以后也常去那儿，可是老布隆代和他的儿子对这件事丝毫没有起疑心。

Everything in this life of theirs was measured with an accuracy worthy of Gerard Dow's Money Changer; not a grain of salt too much, not a single profit foregone; but the economical principles by which it was regulated were relaxed in favor of the greenhouse and garden. "The garden was the master's craze," Mlle. Cadot used to say. The master's blind fondness for Joseph was not a craze in her eyes; she shared the father's predilection; she pampered Joseph; she darned his stockings; and would have been better pleased if the money spent on the garden had been put by for Joseph's benefit.

法官的家庭生活严格遵照节约的原则，严格到热拉尔·道在《兑金币的人》中所描写的那样，一粒盐都不能放过。但在温室和花园这方面，这种节俭的原则就放宽了。“老爷爱花园到了疯狂的程度。”卡多小姐常说。在她看来，主人对约瑟夫的溺爱不是发狂，因为她也同样偏爱着他。她惯着约瑟夫，帮他补袜子。如果花在花园上的钱能够用在约瑟夫身上，她会更开心。

That garden was kept in marvelous order by a single man; the paths, covered with river-sand, continually turned over with the rake, meandered among the borders full of the rarest flowers. Here were all kinds of color and scent, here were lizards on the walls, legions of little flower-pots standing out in the sun, regiments of forks and hoes, and a host of innocent things, a combination of pleasant results to justify the gardener's charming hobby.

这花园被法官一个人管理得非常出色。小径上铺着河边细沙，并经常用耙梳理；小径两旁是曲曲折折的花坛，种满了奇花异草。这里的花有各种各样的颜色和气味。墙上爬着的蜥蜴、阳光下摆着的一大堆小花盆、大量的耙和锄、大堆有用无害的东西，这些令人愉快的劳动成果共同见证了老法官的雅兴。

At the end of the greenhouse the judge had set up a grandstand, an amphitheatre of benches to hold some five or six thousand pelargoniums in pots—a splendid and famous show. People came to see his geraniums in flower, not only from the neighborhood, but even from the departments round about. The Empress Marie Louise, passing through the town, had honored the curiously kept greenhouse with a visit; so much was she impressed with the sight, that she spoke of it to Napoleon, and the old judge received the Cross of the Legion of Honor. But as the learned gardener never mingled in society at all, and went nowhere except to the Blandureaus, he had no suspicion of the President's underhand manoeuvres; and others who could see the President's intentions were far too much afraid of him to interfere or to warn the inoffensive Blondets.

在温室的一端，法官建造了一个看台，一个圆形的梯台，上面放置了五六千盆天竺葵——这是一幅有名的壮丽景观。天竺葵开花的时候，

不仅是附近的人，就连邻省的人都来观赏。玛丽—路易丝皇后途径本城时也驾临观看了温室，并留下了深刻的印象。回去后，她把这件事告诉了拿破仑皇帝，皇帝还赐给老法官一枚十字勋章。但由于这位学识渊博的园丁除了到布朗迪罗家以外，从不去任何别的社交场合，所以对院长暗地里耍的花招一无所知。尽管别人知道院长的意图，但都对院长十分畏惧，不敢干涉或者提醒无害的布隆代父子。

As for Michu, that young man with his powerful connections gave much more thought to making himself agreeable to the women in the upper social circles to which he was introduced by the Cinq-Cygnes, than to the extremely simple business of a provincial Tribunal. With his independent means (he had an income of twelve thousand livres), he was courted by mothers of daughters, and led a frivolous life. He did just enough at the Tribunal to satisfy his conscience, much as a schoolboy does his exercises, saying ditto on all occasions, with a "Yes, dear President." But underneath the appearance of indifference lurked the unusual powers of the Paris law student who had distinguished himself as one of the staff of prosecuting counsel before he came to the provinces. He was accustomed to taking broad views of things; he could do rapidly what the President and Blondet could only do after much thinking, and very often solved knotty points for them. In delicate conjunctures the President and Vice-President took counsel with their junior, confided thorny questions to him, and never failed to wonder at the readiness with which he brought back a task in which old Blondet found nothing to criticise. Michu was sure of the influence of the most crabbed aristocrats, and he was young and rich; he lived, therefore, above the level of departmental intrigues and pettinesses. He was an indispensable man at picnics, he frisked with young ladies and paid court to their mothers, he danced at balls, he gambled like a capitalist. In short, he played his part of young lawyer of fashion to admiration; without, at the same time, compromising his dignity, which he knew how to assert at the right moment like a man of spirit. He won golden opinions by the manner in which he threw himself into provincial ways, without criticising them; and for these reasons, every one endeavored to make his time of exile endurable.

至于那个拥有强大关系网年轻人米许，他把自己大量的心思花在讨好由五天鹅家族介绍进入上流社会的贵妇们身上，极少顾及到一个外省法院的简单事情。他每年大约有一万两千里弗的收入，足以保证生活，因此有女儿的母亲都向他献殷勤，而他一直过着放荡的生活。他在法院里做的工作只够满足自己的良心，就像小学生做功课一样，无论什么时候总是说：“是的，亲爱的院长。”可是，在这冷漠外表的背后隐藏着非凡的能力。在他到外省之前，还在巴黎学习法律的时候，他就已经作为一名检察官崭露头角。他惯于全面地把握事情。他能迅速地处理院长和布隆代要考虑良久才能处理的案件，而且经常帮助他们解决棘手的问

题。在遇到难以处理的事件时，院长和副院长会征求这位下级的意见，把棘手的问题讲给他听，而且总能惊讶地发现，他能很快提出解决问题的方法来，方法之绝连老布隆代也指不出问题。米许有大多数性情暴躁的贵族们的支持，而且他又年轻又富有，因此完全生活在政府部门间的争权夺利和尔虞我诈之外。他是野餐时不可或缺的人选，他同年轻姑娘嬉戏，逢迎她们的母亲，在舞会上跳舞，像资本家那样赌博。总之，他扮演了一个令人称赞的入时的年轻律师的角色，同时又不破坏自己的尊严。他像所有聪明人一样，知道如何在恰当的时机维护自己的尊严。他不加批评地接受了外省的风俗习惯，也因此赢得了人们的好评。正因如此，所有人都努力让他在外省这段流放般的生活更加好受些。

The public prosecutor was a lawyer of the highest ability; he had taken the plunge into political life, and was one of the most distinguished speakers on the ministerialist benches. The President stood in awe of him; if he had not been away in Paris at the time, no steps would have been taken against Victurnien; his dexterity, his experience of business, would have prevented the whole affair. At that moment, however, he was in the Chamber of Deputies, and the President and du Croisier had taken advantage of his absence to weave their plot, calculating, with a certain ingenuity, that if once the law stepped in, and the matter was noised abroad, things would have gone too far to be remedied.

这位检察官是个极具才干的律师，他沉浸在政治生活中，是司法部门中最有名的演说家之一。院长很敬畏他。如果他不是远在巴黎，针对维克蒂尼安的行动就无法实施。他的精明和办事经验足可以阻止这一切的发生。但他当时正在下议院开会，院长和迪克鲁瓦西耶利用了他外出的时间安排了他们的阴谋，并巧妙地算计到，一旦这件事涉及了法律，并且宣扬出去，事情就无可挽回了。

As a matter of fact, no staff of prosecuting counsel in any Tribunal, at that particular time, would have taken up a charge of forgery against the eldest son of one of the noblest houses in France without going into the case at great length, and a special reference, in all probability, to the Attorney-General. In such a case as this, the authorities and the Government would have tried endless ways of compromising and hushing up an affair which might send an imprudent young man to the hulks. They would very likely have done the same for a Liberal family in a prominent position, so long as the Liberals were not too openly hostile to the throne and the altar. So du Croisier's charge and the young Count's arrest had not been very easy to manage. The President and du Croisier had compassed their ends in the following manner.

实际上，当时任何一个法院的检察官在碰到控告贵族家庭长子犯了伪造票据罪时，都不会不进行长时间的调查，也不会不征求检察长的意见就起诉。遇到这样的案件，当局和政府会想尽办法为当事人调停，努

力平息事件，以免将一个鲁莽的年轻人送到苦工船上。他们也很可能对一个地位显赫的自由党家庭成员做同样的事，只要这个家庭不要太公开地反对王室和教会。因此，迪克鲁瓦西耶的指控和年轻伯爵的被捕并不是那么容易就能办成的。院长和迪克鲁瓦西耶采取了如下办法来达到他们的目的。

M. Sauvager, a young Royalist barrister, had reached the position of deputy public prosecutor by dint of subservience to the Ministry. In the absence of his chief he was head of the staff of counsel for prosecution, and, consequently, it fell to him to take up the charge made by du Croisier. Sauvager was a self-made man; he had nothing but his stipend; and for that reason the authorities reckoned upon some one who had everything to gain by devotion. The President now exploited the position. No sooner was the document with the alleged forgery in du Croisier's hands, than Mme. la Presidente du Ronceret, prompted by her spouse, had a long conversation with M. Sauvager. In the course of it she pointed out the uncertainties of a career in the magistrature debout compared with the magistrature assise, and the advantages of the bench over the bar; she showed how a freak on the part of some official, or a single false step, might ruin a man's career.

索瓦热先生是个年轻的保皇党律师，他通过拍大臣的马屁才得到了副检察官的职位。在正检察官离职期间，他是检察署的老大，因此，他有权利接受迪克鲁瓦西耶的诉讼。索瓦热是个靠自己的力量成功的人。除了固定的薪水之外，他什么都没有。正因为这样，当权者信赖像他这样靠付出才能有收获的人。现在，院长利用了这种情况。迪克鲁瓦西耶一拿到那张所谓的伪造票据，迪龙瑟莱院长就让自己的夫人同索瓦热先生长谈了一次。在交谈中，她向副检察官指出了与站着的司法人员相比，坐着的司法人员事业中的变数，并指出了法官相对于律师的优势。她还告诉他，某些官员的一个念头或是一步走错都可能断送掉一个人的前程。

"If you are conscientious and give your conclusions against the powers that be, you are lost," continued she. "Now, at this moment, you might turn your position to account to make a fine match that would put you above unlucky chances for the rest of your life; you may marry a wife with fortune sufficient to land you on the bench, in the magistrature assise. There is a fine chance for you. M. du Croisier will never have any children; everybody knows why. His money, and his wife's as well, will go to his niece, Mlle. Duval. M. Duval is an ironmaster, his purse is tolerably filled, to begin with, and his father is still alive, and has a little property besides. The father and son have a million of francs between them; they will double it with du Croisier's help, for du Croisier has business connections among great capitalists and manufacturers in Paris. M. and Mme. Duval the younger would be certain to give their daughter to a suitor brought forward by du

Croisier, for he is sure to leave two fortunes to his niece; and, in all probability, he will settle the reversion of his wife's property upon Mlle. Duval in the marriage contract, for Mme. du Croisier has no kin. You know how du Croisier hates the d'Esgrignons. Do him a service, be his man, take up this charge of forgery which he is going to make against young d'Esgrignon, and follow up the proceedings at once without consulting the public prosecutor at Paris. And, then, pray Heaven that the Ministry dismisses you for doing your office impartially, in spite of the powers that be; for if they do, your fortune is made! You will have a charming wife and thirty thousand francs a year with her, to say nothing of four millions expectations in ten years' time.”

“如果你认真尽责，提出与当局者相悖的观点，那么你就完了。”她接着说道，“现在，你可以运用自己的职位攀门好亲事，好让你余生免于任何不幸。你可以娶个足够有钱、可以将你置于坐着的司法人员中的妻子。这对你是个好机会。迪克鲁瓦西耶不会有孩子，所有人都知道原因。他和他妻子的钱财都会留给他的外甥女杜瓦尔小姐。杜瓦尔先生是一名铁器制造商，他的钱袋装得满满的。而杜瓦尔先生的父亲还健在，也小有些财产。他们父子的财富达到上百万法郎，在迪克鲁瓦西耶的帮助下，这笔钱还可以翻上一倍，因为迪克鲁瓦西耶同巴黎的资本界和制造业巨头都有往来。因为迪克鲁瓦西耶的两笔财产都会落到自己女儿的手中，所以杜瓦尔夫妇一定会把女儿嫁给他所推荐的男子。由于迪克鲁瓦西耶太太没有亲属，迪克鲁瓦西耶十有八九也会运用婚约的规定，把他太太的财产也留给杜瓦尔小姐。你知道迪克鲁瓦西耶有多憎恨德埃斯格里尼翁家族。帮他一个忙吧，支持他吧，受理这桩控告年轻的德埃斯格里尼翁伪造票据的案子吧，请马上行动，不要征求身在巴黎的检察官的意见。然后，祈祷上帝让当局因为你的公正免你的职吧，不要管当权者。如果他们肯这样做，你就发财了！你会有个漂亮的妻子，她每年有三万法郎的收入，且不说十年后还有四百万法郎的预期。”

In two evenings Sauvager was talked over. Both he and the President kept the affair a secret from old Blondet, from Michu, and from the second member of the staff of prosecuting counsel. Feeling sure of Blondet's impartiality on a question of fact, the President made certain of a majority without counting Camusot. And now Camusot's unexpected defection had thrown everything out. What the President wanted was a committal for trial before the public prosecutor got warning. How if Camusot or the second counsel for the prosecution should send word to Paris?

只用两个晚上的时间，索瓦热就被说动了。他和院长都没有把这件事告诉老布隆代、米许和第二副检察官他们。院长相信布隆代的正直无私，所以即便不考虑卡米索，他也能赢得多数。但现在卡米索突然倒戈，一切都完了。院长想在检察官知悉前得到一个控诉成立的决定。如果卡米索或者第二副检察官给巴黎那边送信呢？

And here some portion of Camusot's private history may perhaps explain how it came to pass that Chesnel took it for granted that the examining magistrate would be on the d'Esgrignons' side, and how he had the boldness to tamper in the open street with that representative of justice.

卡米索的个人生活史或许能够解释谢内尔为什么如此肯定这个法官会站在德埃斯格里尼翁家这边，而且竟敢如此大胆地在大街上拦住他。

Camusot's father, a well-known silk mercer in the Rue des Bourdonnais, was ambitious for the only son of his first marriage, and brought him up to the law. When Camusot junior took a wife, he gained with her the influence of an usher of the Royal cabinet, backstairs influence, it is true, but still sufficient, since it had brought him his first appointment as justice of the peace, and the second as examining magistrate. At the time of his marriage, his father only settled an income of six thousand francs upon him (the amount of his mother's fortune, which he could legally claim), and as Mlle. Thirion brought him no more than twenty thousand francs as her portion, the young couple knew the hardships of hidden poverty. The salary of a provincial justice of the peace does not exceed fifteen hundred francs, while an examining magistrate's stipend is augmented by something like a thousand francs, because his position entails expenses and extra work. The post, therefore, is much coveted, though it is not permanent, and the work is heavy, and that was why Mme. Camusot had just scolded her husband for allowing the President to read his thoughts.

卡米索的父亲是布尔多奈街上的一位著名的丝绸商人，卡米索是他第一任妻子的儿子。这位父亲对他寄予很高的期望，要把他培育成司法人员。卡米索娶妻后，通过妻子获得了内廷一个传达员的支持。尽管这种支持只是暗地的，但很管用，因为他被任命为民庭初审法官，后来又调任为刑庭预审法官。他结婚的时候，父亲只给了他六千法郎（这只是他依法继承母亲遗产的数目）。由于他的妻子蒂里翁小姐带来的嫁妆只有两万法郎，这小两口懂得生活的艰辛。外省民事法官的俸禄不超过一千五百法郎，而刑庭预审法官还有大约一千法郎的补贴，因为他这个职位需要额外的花费，工作量更大。因此，尽管这个职位不是终身的，工作又很重，还是有很多人艳羡。正因如此，卡米索太太刚才责怪她丈夫让院长看透了他的心思。

Marie Cecile Amelie Thirion, after three years of marriage, perceived the blessing of Heaven upon it in the regularity of two auspicious events—the births of a girl and a boy; but she prayed to be less blessed in the future. A few more of such blessings would turn straitened means into distress. M. Camusot's father's money was not likely to come to them for a long time; and, rich as he was, he would scarcely leave more than eight or ten thousand francs a year to each of

his children, four in number, for he had been married twice. And besides, by the time that all "expectations," as matchmakers call them, were realized, would not the magistrate have children of his own to settle in life? Any one can imagine the situation for a little woman with plenty of sense and determination, and Mme. Camusot was such a woman. She did not refrain from meddling in matters judicial. She had far too strong a sense of the gravity of a false step in her husband's career.

婚后三年，玛丽·塞西尔·阿梅莉·蒂里翁在两件称心的事上感受到了上帝的福祉，那就是她生下了一男一女。但是，她祈求上帝今后在这方面不要再保佑她了。再多几次这种护佑，她家就会由拮据变成贫穷了。卡米索父亲的钱似乎还要等很久才能到他们手中。而且，尽管他父亲有钱，但结过两次婚，有四个孩子，他也不过留给每个人一年八千到一万法郎。除此之外，等到媒人所谓的“期望”兑现的时候，法官自己的孩子不是也要成家了吗？任何人都能想得出一个理性果断的妇女在家庭中的情况，卡米索太太就是这样的妇女。她不避讳过问丈夫的司法事务。她十分清楚，丈夫在他的事业上只要走错一步，就会有严重的后果。

She was the only child of an old servant of Louis XVIII., a valet who had followed his master in his wanderings in Italy, Courland, and England, till after the Restoration the King awarded him with the one place that he could fill at Court, and made him usher by rotation to the royal cabinet. So in Amelie's home there had been, as it were, a sort of reflection of the Court. Thirion used to tell her about the lords, and ministers, and great men whom he announced and introduced and saw passing to and fro. The girl, brought up at the gates of the Tuileries, had caught some tincture of the maxims practised there, and adopted the dogma of passive obedience to authority. She had sagely judged that her husband, by ranging himself on the side of the d'Esgrignons, would find favor with Mme. la Duchesse de Maufrigneuse, and with two powerful families on whose influence with the King the Sieur Thirion could depend at an opportune moment. Camusot might get an appointment at the first opportunity within the jurisdiction of Paris, and afterwards at Paris itself. That promotion, dreamed of and longed for at every moment, was certain to have a salary of six thousand francs attached to it, as well as the alleviation of living in her own father's house, or under the Camusots' roof, and all the advantages of a father's fortune on either side. If the adage, "Out of sight is out of mind," holds good of most women, it is particularly true where family feeling or royal or ministerial patronage is concerned. The personal attendants of kings prosper at all times; you take an interest in a man, be it only a man in livery, if you see him every day.

她是路易十八的一个老仆人的独女。这个仆人曾跟着国王去过意大

利、库尔朗德和英国，复辟之后，国王就赏给他一个宫里的职位——内廷的传达员。因此，可以这么说，在阿梅莉家里能够看到宫廷中的景象的反映。老蒂里翁经常把由他向国王禀报、引进，或是看到的进进出出的王公大臣的事情讲给她听。在杜伊勒里宫门前长大的蒂里翁多少受到宫里盛行的格言的影响，接受了被动服从当局的教条。她明智地判断，如果她丈夫站在德埃斯格里尼翁这一边，他就可以获宠于德摩弗里纽斯公爵夫人，这样一来，她父亲在国王面前就有两个有权有势的家族做靠山。一旦有机会，卡米索或许可以在巴黎辖区内当法官，然后再到巴黎任职。这个每时每刻都在梦想和期望的升迁一旦实现，将会带来六千法郎的收入。她可以开开心心地住在父亲的家里，或者在卡米索的家里，享用两家父亲财富带来的益处。如果“眼不见，心不烦”这句格言对多数女人有效的话，它尤其适用于家庭情感或者大臣和国王的宠爱方面。国王的侍从总是很多，他总会偏爱某个，只要是个天天见到的穿制服的人。

Mme. Camusot, regarding herself as a bird of passage, had taken a little house in the Rue du Cygne. Furnished lodgings there were none; the town was not enough of a thoroughfare, and the Camusots could not afford to live at an inn like M. Michu. So the fair Parisian had no choice for it but to take such furniture as she could find; and as she paid a very moderate rent, the house was remarkably ugly, albeit a certain quaintness of detail was not wanting. It was built against a neighboring house in such a fashion that the side with only one window in each story, gave upon the street, and the front looked out upon a yard where rose-bushes and buckhorn were growing along the wall on either side. On the farther side, opposite the house, stood a shed, a roof over two brick arches. A little wicket-gate gave entrance into the gloomy place (made gloomier still by the great walnut-tree which grew in the yard), but a double flight of steps, with an elaborately-wrought but rust-eaten handrail, led to the house door. Inside the house there were two rooms on each floor. The dining-room occupied that part of the ground floor nearest the street, and the kitchen lay on the other side of a narrow passage almost wholly taken up by the wooden staircase. Of the two first-floor rooms, one did duty as the magistrate's study, the other as a bedroom, while the nursery and the servants' bedroom stood above in the attics. There were no ceilings in the house; the cross-beams were simply white-washed and the spaces plastered over. Both rooms on the first floor and the dining-room below were wainscoted and adorned with the labyrinthine designs which taxed the patience of the eighteenth century joiner; but the carving had been painted a dingy gray most depressing to behold.

卡米索夫人认为自己只是这个城市的过客，所以只在天鹅街找了个小房子。这是座不带家具的租屋，因为这座城里来往的旅客并不多，而卡米索一家又不像米许先生一样住得起旅馆。所以，这个生在巴黎的美

丽女人只能选择她能负担得起的家具。因为房租很便宜，所以房子非常难看，但某些细节部分还算别致。房子紧挨着邻近房舍，一边面街，且每层只有一个窗户。正面望出去是个院子，两边沿墙生长着玫瑰花和泻鼠李。房子对面的另一头有个棚子，棚顶就搭在两个砖砌的拱形结构上。通过一个小便门可以进入这个阴暗的小房子（庭院中的大核桃树使其显得尤为阴暗）。有几级装有做工精细的、长满铁锈的扶手的石阶一直通向屋门。房子内每层都有两间屋子。底楼临街的那间是饭厅，厨房在一条狭窄走廊的另一端，走廊几乎被一道木质楼梯占满了。第二层的两个房间分别是法官的办公室和夫妇二人的卧室，保姆和仆人的卧室在顶楼。房子没有天花板，横梁上只涂着石灰，缝隙里用墙泥填塞。二楼的房间和底楼的餐厅都装有饰着迷宫般复杂图案的壁板，体现出了十八世纪工匠所耗费的心血。但这些壁板被漆成了暗灰色，看起来让人更加抑郁。

The magistrate's study looked as though it belonged to a provincial lawyer; it contained a big bureau, a mahogany armchair, a law student's books, and shabby belongings transported from Paris. Mme. Camusot's room was more of a native product; it boasted a blue-and-white scheme of decoration, a carpet, and that anomalous kind of furniture which appears to be in the fashion, while it is simply some style that has failed in Paris. As to the dining-room, it was nothing but an ordinary provincial dining-room, bare and chilly, with a damp, faded paper on the walls.

法官的书房看起来好像是外省律师的书房：一张大办公桌、一把桃花心木的大靠背椅、法学学生的书籍，还有从巴黎运来的破家具。卡米索夫人的房间更富本土气息：蓝白相间的饰物、一块地毯，还有看上去时髦、但在巴黎并不入流的奇形怪状的家具。至于餐厅，那只是间普通的外省人的餐厅，空空的，冷冷的，墙上贴着潮湿而又褪了色的壁纸。

In this shabby room, with nothing to see but the walnut-tree, the dark leaves growing against the walls, and the almost deserted road beyond them, a somewhat lively and frivolous woman, accustomed to the amusements and stir of Paris, used to sit all day long, day after day, and for the most part of the time alone, though she received tiresome and inane visits which led her to think her loneliness preferable to empty tittle-tattle. If she permitted herself the slightest gleam of intelligence, it gave rise to interminable comment and embittered her condition. She occupied herself a great deal with her children, not so much from taste as for the sake of an interest in her almost solitary life, and exercised her mind on the only subjects which she could find—to wit, the intrigues which went on around her, the ways of provincials, and the ambitions shut in by their narrow horizons. So she very soon fathomed mysteries of which her husband had no idea. As she sat at her window with a piece of intermittent embroidery work in her fingers, she did not see her woodshed full of

faggots nor the servant busy at the wash tub; she was looking out upon Paris, Paris where everything is pleasure, everything is full of life. She dreamed of Paris gaieties, and shed tears because she must abide in this dull prison of a country town. She was disconsolate because she lived in a peaceful district, where no conspiracy, no great affair would ever occur. She saw herself doomed to sit under the shadow of the walnut-tree for some time to come.

从这个简陋的房间望出去，什么也看不到，除了那棵深色树叶紧挨着墙壁的核桃树，还有外面那条几乎废弃的街道。这个习惯了巴黎的快乐和喧嚣的活泼轻佻的妇女时常整日整日地独坐着，消磨大部分光景。尽管她有时也接待一些令人厌倦的无聊客人，但这往往会让她觉得，与其听这空洞的谈话，还不如独处。如果她显露出一点点聪明才智，就会招致无休止的评论，这只能让她的处境更加痛苦。她把大量的时间花在照顾自己的孩子上，与其说这是一种兴趣，倒不如说是孤寂生活中的一种消遣。能引起她兴趣的只有她身边的诡计、外省人的阴谋，以及限于狭小范围内的野心。因此，她很快弄清了她丈夫还不明白的秘密。她坐在窗户旁边，手里拿着还没有完工的刺绣。她看不见那堆满木材的棚子，也看不见在洗衣桶边忙碌的女仆，而是眼望着巴黎，那到处充满了快乐、充满了生命的巴黎。她边梦想着巴黎的快乐气氛，边流下了眼泪，因为她必须窝在这无聊的、像监狱般的小城里。她郁郁寡欢，因为她生活在一个平静的地区，没有阴谋，也不会发生什么重大事件。她觉得自己未来很长一段时间内注定要生活在这棵核桃树下。

Mme. Camusot was a little, plump, fresh, fair-haired woman, with a very prominent forehead, a mouth which receded, and a turned-up chin, a type of countenance which is passable in youth, but looks old before the time. Her bright, quick eyes expressed her innocent desire to get on in the world, and the envy born of her present inferior position, with rather too much candor; but still they lighted up her commonplace face and set it off with a certain energy of feeling, which success was certain to extinguish in later life. At that time she used to give a good deal of time and thought to her dresses, inventing trimmings and embroidering them; she planned out her costumes with the maid whom she had brought with her from Paris, and so maintained the reputation of Parisiennes in the provinces. Her caustic tongue was dreaded; she was not loved. In that keen, investigating spirit peculiar to unoccupied women who are driven to find some occupation for empty days, she had pondered the President's private opinions, until at length she discovered what he meant to do, and for some time past she had advised Camusot to declare war. The young Count's affair was an excellent opportunity. Was it not obviously Camusot's part to make a stepping-stone of this criminal case by favoring the d'Esgrignons, a family with power of a very different kind from the power of the du Croisier party?

卡米索太太是个身材矮小、体态丰满、脸色红润的金发女人，她前额突出、嘴巴内陷、下巴翘起。这种面容年轻时还算可以，但会显得未老先衰。她明亮敏锐的眼睛过分明显地表现出她想要向上爬的天真欲望，还显出了因为地位低下而产生的嫉妒，但它们也为她平凡的面孔增添了色彩，烘托出了某种强烈的感情，而后来的成功必将淡化这种情感。那时候，她常在自己的服饰上花大量的时间和心思，自己发明一些饰品，并在上面刺绣。她还与从巴黎带来的女仆一起设计服装，这才在外省保住了巴黎女人的声望。她说话尖酸刻薄，令人畏惧，没有人喜欢她。那些无所事事、不得不找事做来打发空虚日子的妇女个个目光敏锐、善于观察。她参透了院长隐秘的想法，并最后发现了他的意图，还曾多次建议卡米索向院长宣战。年轻伯爵的案件正是一个绝好的机会。通过袒护比迪克鲁瓦西耶一党更有权势的德埃斯格里尼翁家族，把这个案件当作踏脚石，这明显就是卡米索应该扮演的角色，不是吗？

"Sauvager will never marry Mlle. Duval. They are dangling her before him, but he will be the dupe of those Machiavels in the Val-Noble to whom he is going to sacrifice his position. Camusot, this affair, so unfortunate as it is for the d'Esgrignons, so insidiously brought on by the President for du Croisier's benefit, will turn out well for nobody but YOU," she had said, as they went in.

“索瓦热绝不可能娶到杜瓦尔小姐。他们只是给了他希望，但他终会被瓦—诺布勒的那些阴谋家所蒙骗，并且还会因此丢掉职位。卡米索，这个案件对德埃斯格里尼翁家族极为不利，这是院长为了迪克鲁瓦西耶的利益而策划的，可这最后会对你有利。”到家后，她对他说。

The shrewd Parisienne had likewise guessed the President's underhand manoeuvres with the Blandureaus, and his object in baffling old Blondet's efforts, but she saw nothing to be gained by opening the eyes of father or son to the perils of the situation; she was enjoying the beginning of the comedy; she knew about the proposals made by Chesnel's successor on behalf of Fabien du Ronceret, but she did not suspect how important that secret might be to her. If she or her husband were threatened by the President, Mme. Camusot could threaten too, in her turn, to call the amateur gardener's attention to a scheme for carrying off the flower which he meant to transplant into his house.

这个精明的巴黎女人同样猜到了院长针对布朗迪罗家的秘密活动，还有他阻碍老布隆代计划的目的，但她没觉得警告布隆代父子他们的危险处境对自己会有任何好处。她欣赏着这一喜剧的开幕。她知道谢内尔的接任者代表法比安·迪龙瑟莱向布朗迪罗家求婚的事，但她没想过这个秘密对她有多重要。如果院长威胁她或她丈夫的话，卡米索夫人也可以威胁院长——她会告诉那位业余园艺家，说有人设计要抢走他本想移植到自己家的那朵花。

Chesnel had not penetrated, like Mme. Camusot, into the means

by which Sauvager had been won over; but by dint of looking into the various lives and interests of the men grouped about the Lilies of the Tribunal, he knew that he could count upon the public prosecutor, upon Camusot, and M. Michu. Two judges for the d'Esgrignons would paralyze the rest. And, finally, Chesnel knew old Blondet well enough to feel sure that if he ever swerved from impartiality, it would be for the sake of the work of his whole lifetime,—to secure his son's appointment. So Chesnel slept, full of confidence, on the resolve to go to M. Blondet and offer to realize his so long cherished hopes, while he opened his eyes to President du Ronceret's treachery. Blondet won over, he would take a peremptory tone with the examining magistrate, to whom he hoped to prove that if Victurnien was not blameless, he had been merely imprudent; the whole thing should be shown in the light of a boy's thoughtless escapade.

与卡米索夫人一样，谢内尔也没有想明白索瓦热是如何被迪克鲁瓦西耶收买的，但通过研究在法庭中职务分布的利害关系，他知道自己可以依靠检察官、卡米索和米许先生。只要两个法官站在德埃斯格里尼翁家这一边，其他人就没辙了。最后，谢内尔非常了解老布隆代。如果有什么事能让老法官放弃公正的办事作风，那就是他一辈子的任务——确保儿子得到在法院的职位。因此，谢内尔充满自信地睡下了。他决定要去见老布隆代，帮助他实现他的夙愿，同时还要让他看清迪龙瑟莱院长的阴谋。争取到布隆代之后，他得找预审法官谈判，希望能够向他证明，就算维克蒂尼安确有过失，那也只是因为行事轻率，整件事都是年轻人的鲁莽行为造成的。

But Chesnel slept neither soundly nor for long. Before dawn he was awakened by his housekeeper. The most bewitching person in this history, the most adorable youth on the face of the globe, Mme. la Duchesse de Maufrigneuse herself, in man's attire, had driven alone from Paris in a caleche, and was waiting to see him.

但是谢内尔睡得不熟，也没有睡很久。天还没亮，他就被管家叫醒。这个故事中最迷人的人物、世界上最可爱的年轻人——德摩弗里纽斯公爵夫人女扮男装，独自驾车从巴黎赶来，正等着要见他。

"I have come to save him or to die with him," said she, addressing the notary, who thought that he was dreaming. "I have brought a hundred thousand francs, given me by His Majesty out of his private purse, to buy Victurnien's innocence, if his adversary can be bribed. If we fail utterly, I have brought poison to snatch him away before anything takes place, before even the indictment is drawn up. But we shall not fail. I have sent word to the public prosecutor; he is on the road behind me; he could not travel in my caleche, because he wished to take the instructions of the Keeper of the Seals.”

“我是来救他的，或者与他共赴黄泉。”她对还以为自己在做梦的公

证人说道，“我带来了十万法郎，是国王自己掏的腰包，来买维克蒂尼安的无罪释放，如果他的敌人可以被收买的话。如果我们完全失败了，我会在任何事发生之前把他毒死，甚至在起诉之前。但我们绝不会失败。我已经捎信给检察官了，他就在回来的路上。他不能跟我同车回来，因为他想去请示一下掌玺大臣。”

Chesnel rose to the occasion and played up to the Duchess; he wrapped himself in his dressing-gown, fell at her feet, and kissed them, not without asking her pardon for forgetting himself in his joy.

谢内尔对这种情景应对自如，他要投公爵夫人的所好。他裹上睡衣，拜倒在她的脚下，亲吻它们，同时还请求公爵夫人原谅他的得意忘形。

"We are saved!" cried he; and gave orders to Brigitte to see that Mme. la Duchesse had all that she needed after traveling post all night. He appealed to the fair Diane's spirit, by making her see that it was absolutely necessary that she should visit the examining magistrate before daylight, lest any one should discover the secret, or so much as imagine that the Duchesse de Maufrigneuse had come.

“我们得救了！”他嚷道。他还吩咐布里吉特为在邮车上颠簸了一夜的公爵夫人准备好她需要的东西。他说服美丽的迪亚娜，让她必须在天亮之前就去拜访预审法官，以免别人发现这个秘密，或者猜到公爵夫人来了。

"And have I not a passport in due form?" quoth she, displaying a sheet of paper, wherein she was described as M. le Vicomte Felix de Vandeness, Master of Requests, and His Majesty's private secretary. "And do I not play my man's part well?" she added, running her fingers through her wig a la Titus, and twirling her riding switch.

“我不是有一张合法的护照吗？”她说着，拿出了一张纸，上面写着她是内阁审议员、国王的私人秘书菲利克斯·德范德奈斯子爵。“我扮男子还扮得不错吧？”她接着说，同时捋了一下她那提图斯式的假发，又转了转手中的马鞭。

"O! Mme. la Duchesse, you are an angel!" cried Chesnel, with tears in his eyes. (She was destined always to be an angel, even in man's attire.) "Button up your greatcoat, muffle yourself up to the eyes in your traveling cloak, take my arm, and let us go as quickly as possible to Camusot's house before anybody can meet us.”

“啊！公爵夫人，您是一位天使！”谢内尔热泪盈眶地说道。（她注定永远是位天使，即便穿着男人的服饰。）“扣好您的大衣，把斗篷一直遮到您的眼睛下面，挽着我的手臂，趁别人还没见到我们，我们赶紧去卡米索家。”

"Then am I going to see a man called Camusot?" she asked.

“我是不是要去见一个叫卡米索的男人？”她问道。

"With a nose to match his name," assented Chesnel.

“这人的鼻子和他的姓氏还挺匹配。”谢内尔答道。

The old notary felt his heart dead within him, but he thought it none the less necessary to humor the Duchess, to laugh when she laughed, and shed tears when she wept; groaning in spirit, all the same, over the feminine frivolity which could find matter for a jest while setting about a matter so serious. What would he not have done to save the Count? While Chesnel dressed; Mme. de Maufrigneuse sipped the cup of coffee and cream which Brigitte brought her, and agreed with herself that provincial women cooks are superior to Parisian chefs, who despise the little details which make all the difference to an epicure. Thanks to Chesnel's taste for delicate fare, Brigitte was found prepared to set an excellent meal before the Duchess.

尽管老公证人心如死灰，但他还是觉得有必要迎合公爵夫人，她笑他也笑，她落泪他也落泪。但他仍然为这个女人的轻浮叹息，面对着如此严重的事情，居然还有心开玩笑。为了救年轻的伯爵，他还有什么事不能干？谢内尔穿衣服的时候，德摩弗里纽斯夫人啜饮着布里吉特给她做的牛奶咖啡。她承认外省女人的厨艺比巴黎厨师的高超。巴黎的大厨们对这些小细节不屑一故，而美食家恰恰看重这些。由于谢内尔对美食的讲究，布里吉特随时都可以为公爵夫人准备一顿美食。

Chesnel and his charming companion set out for M. and Mme. Camusot's house.

谢内尔同他俊俏的同伴一起向卡米索夫妇家走去。

"Ah! so there is a Mme. Camusot?" said the Duchess. "Then the affair may be managed."

“啊！也就是说，还有一位卡米索太太？”公爵夫人说道，“那事情就好办了。”

"And so much the more readily, because the lady is visibly tired enough of living among us provincials; she comes from Paris," said Chesnel.

“更好的是，这位太太显然对生活在我们这些外省人之间感到厌烦——她是从巴黎来的。”谢内尔说。

"Then we must have no secrets from her?"

“那我们就不需要瞒着她什么事情了？”

"You will judge how much to tell or to conceal," Chesnel replied humbly. "I am sure that she will be greatly flattered to be the Duchesse de Maufrigneuse's hostess; you will be obliged to stay in her

house until nightfall, I expect, unless you find it inconvenient to remain.”

“就由您来决定告诉她多少，保留多少吧。”谢内尔谦逊地说道，“我相信，她能接待德摩弗里纽斯公爵夫人，一定会受宠若惊。我想，您得在她家里呆到天黑，除非您觉得不合适。”

"Is this Mme. Camusot a good-looking woman?" asked the Duchess, with a coxcomb's air.

“这个卡米索夫人长得漂亮吗？”公爵夫人面带着纨绔子弟的神气问道。

"She is a bit of a queen in her own house."

“她在家里有点像王后。”

"Then she is sure to meddle in court-house affairs," returned the Duchess. "Nowhere but in France, my dear M. Chesnel, do you see women so much wedded to their husbands that they are wedded to their husband's professions, work, or business as well. In Italy, England, and Germany, women make it a point of honor to leave men to fight their own battles; they shut their eyes to their husbands' work as perseveringly as our French citizens' wives do all that in them lies to understand the position of their joint-stock partnership; is not that what you call it in your legal language? Frenchwomen are so incredibly jealous in the conduct of their married life, that they insist on knowing everything; and that is how, in the least difficulty, you feel the wife's hand in the business; the Frenchwoman advises, guides, and warns her husband. And, truth to tell, the man is none the worse off. In England, if a married man is put in prison for debt for twenty-four hours, his wife will be jealous and make a scene when he comes back.”

“那她肯定会干涉法院事务了。”公爵夫人说道，“我亲爱的谢内尔先生，只有在法国，你才能看到女人如此完全地嫁给她们的丈夫，嫁给他们的职业、他们的工作，还有他们的事务。在意大利、英国还有德国，女人认为让她们的男人独自在事业上打拼才是荣耀。她们对自己丈夫的工作不闻不问，其坚定程度不亚于法国妇女要求了解夫妻的共同财产。你们在法律上是这么说的吗？法国妇女对她们的婚姻生活有一种令人难以置信的嫉妒心，她们坚持要知道所有的事情，这就是为什么哪怕在极小的困难中，你都会感受到妻子的作用。法国女人会建议、引导、警告她们的丈夫。说实话，男人并不觉得这有什么不好。在英国，如果一个已婚男人因为欠债在监狱关了一天，他的妻子都会吃醋。丈夫回到家后，她还会跟他大闹一场。”

"Here we are, without meeting a soul on the way," said Chesnel. "You are the more sure of complete ascendency here, Mme. la Duchesse, since Mme. Camusot's father is one Thirion, usher of the

royal cabinet.”

“我们到了，路上一个人都没有遇到。”谢内尔说，“公爵夫人，您在这里就尽管行使您的权威吧，因为卡米索夫人的父亲姓蒂里翁，是宫廷的传达员。”

"And the King never thought of that!" exclaimed the Duchess. "He thinks of nothing! Thirion introduced us, the Prince de Cadignan, M. de Vandeness, and me! We shall have it all our own way in this house. Settle everything with M. Camusot while I talk to his wife."

“可国王从没想到过这个人！”公爵夫人嚷道，“他什么也想不到！蒂里翁曾把德卡迪昂亲王、德范德奈斯先生，还有我引见给国王！在这所房子里，我们可以按照我们的意思来办事。你去同卡米索先生安排一下所有的事情，我去和他太太谈谈。”

The maid, who was washing and dressing the children, showed the visitors into the little fireless dining-room.

那个负责给孩子们洗刷、穿衣的女仆将来访者领进了没有生火的小餐厅里。

"Take that card to your mistress," said the Duchess, lowering her voice for the woman's ear; "nobody else is to see it. If you are discreet, child, you shall not lose by it."

“把这张名片交给你的女主人，”公爵夫人凑到女仆的耳边，低声说道，“不要让别人看到。姑娘，如果你做事谨慎的话，我不会亏待你的。”

At the sound of a woman's voice, and the sight of the handsome young man's face, the maid looked thunderstruck.

这个女仆听到的是个女人的嗓音，看到的却是一张俊俏的年轻男人的面孔，她看起来吓坏了。

"Wake M. Camusot," said Chesnel, "and tell him, that I am waiting to see him on important business," and she departed upstairs forthwith.

“请去叫醒卡米索先生，”谢内尔说道，“告诉他，我有重要的事要见他。”女仆立刻上楼去了。

A few minutes later Mme. Camusot, in her dressing-gown, sprang downstairs and brought the handsome stranger into her room. She had pushed Camusot out of bed and into his study with all his clothes, bidding him dress himself at once and wait there. The transformation scene had been brought about by a bit of pasteboard with the words MADAME LA DUCHESSE DE MAUFRIGNEUSE engraved upon it. A daughter of the usher of the royal cabinet took in the whole situation at once.

几分钟后，卡米索夫人穿着晨衣匆匆走下楼梯，将这个英俊的陌生人带进了自己的房间。她已经把卡米索推下床，赶进他的办公室，并把衣服都给了他，让他赶紧穿好衣服在那里候着。这个戏剧性的场景是由那张印着“德摩弗里纽斯公爵夫人”字样的名片引发的。王室传达员的女儿立刻就明白了一切。

"Well!" exclaimed the maid-servant, left with Chesnel in the dining-room, "Would not any one think that a thunderbolt had dropped in among us? The master is dressing in his study; you can go upstairs."

“啊！”同谢内尔一起留在餐厅的女仆嚷道，“谁能说这不是一个雷落到我们头上了！主人正在书房穿衣服，您可以上楼了。”

"Not a word of all this, mind," said Chesnel.

“记住，一个字都不能说出去。”谢内尔说道。

Now that he was conscious of the support of a great lady who had the King's consent (by word of mouth) to the measures about to be taken for rescuing the Comte d'Esgrignon, he spoke with an air of authority, which served his cause much better with Camusot than the humility with which he would otherwise have approached him.

谢内尔清楚，有了一个得到国王口头授意采取措施营救德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵的贵妇的支持，他讲起话来就带着一种权威，这比他低三下四地去见卡米索的效果要好得多。

"Sir," said he, "the words let fall last evening may have surprised you, but they are serious. The house of d'Esgrignon counts upon you for the proper conduct of investigations from which it must issue without a spot.”

“先生，”他说道，“昨晚我说的话可能让您吃惊，但我是认真的。德埃斯格里尼翁家族就靠您了，您得恰当地审理这个案件，不要让这个家族蒙上一点污点。”

"I shall pass over anything in your remarks, sir, which must be offensive to me personally, and obnoxious to justice; for your position with regard to the d'Esgrignons excuses you up to a certain point, but __”

“先生，我可以不去计较您话中冒犯我个人和司法的地方，因为您在德埃斯格里尼翁家族中的位置使您在一定程度上可以得到谅解，但是____”

"Pardon me, sir, if I interrupt you," said Chesnel. "I have just spoken aloud the things which your superiors are thinking and dare not avow; though what those things are any intelligent man can guess, and you are an intelligent man.—Grant that the young man had acted imprudently, can you suppose that the sight of a d'Esgrignon dragged

into an Assize Court can be gratifying to the King, the Court, or the Ministry? Is it to the interest of the kingdom, or of the country, that historic houses should fall? Is not the existence of a great aristocracy, consecrated by time, a guarantee of that Equality which is the catchword of the Opposition at this moment? Well and good; now not only has there not been the slightest imprudence, but we are innocent victims caught in a trap.”

“先生，请原谅我打断您一下。”谢内尔说道，“我刚才说的正是您的上级想说而又不敢说的，聪明人应该猜得出，而您就是个聪明人。就算那个年轻人做事鲁莽，那您认为，如果一个德埃斯格里尼翁家的人出现在重罪法庭上，国王、宫廷和司法部门会高兴吗？有着历史荣耀的家族竟然会败落，这符合国王和国家的利益吗？平等是眼下反对党的流行口号，而长期以来被视为神圣的贵族的存在，难道不是对平等的保证吗？好吧，我老实告诉您，这件事中不仅不存在丝毫的鲁莽行事，而且我们是被陷害的无辜受害者。”

"I am curious to know how," said the examining magistrate.

“我倒很想知道此话怎讲？”预审法官说道。

"For the last two years, the Sieur du Croisier has regularly allowed M. le Comte d'Esgrignon to draw upon him for very large sums," said Chesnel. "We are going to produce drafts for more than a hundred thousand crowns, which he continually met; the amounts being remitted by me—bear that well in mind—either before or after the bills fell due. M. le Comte d'Esgrignon is in a position to produce a receipt for the sum paid by him, before this bill, this alleged forgery was drawn. Can you fail to see in that case that this charge is a piece of spite and party feeling? And a charge brought against the heir of a great house by one of the most dangerous enemies of the Throne and Altar, what is it but an odious slander? There has been no more forgery in this affair than there has been in my office. Summon Mme. du Croisier, who knows nothing as yet of the charge of forgery; she will declare to you that I brought the money and paid it over to her, so that in her husband's absence she might remit the amount for which he has not asked her. Examine du Croisier on the point; he will tell you that he knows nothing of my payment to Mme. du Croisier.

“过去两年来，西厄尔·迪克鲁瓦西耶都会定期兑付德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵给他开出的巨额款项票据。”谢内尔说道，“我们会出示超过十万法郎的票据，这些钱一直由迪克鲁瓦西耶垫付，而我会在票据到期前后付清垫款，请您记清楚。德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵先生会拿出一张收据，日期是在这张所谓的假票据开出之前。难道您看不出来，这次指控是出自仇恨和党派之争吗？一个国王和教会的敌人对一个大家族的继承者的控告，这难道不是可憎的诽谤吗？这个案件中没有伪造罪，正如我的事务中没有伪造罪一样。您可以传唤迪克鲁瓦西耶夫人，她现在对伪造罪这

个指控还一无所知，她会告诉您，我已经把钱交给了她。当时她丈夫不在家，她会把钱转交给他，而她丈夫还没向她要这笔钱。问问迪克鲁瓦西耶，他会说自己根本不知道我把钱交给了迪克鲁瓦西耶夫人这回事。

"You may make such assertions as these, sir, in M. d'Esgrignon's salon, or in any other house where people know nothing of business, and they may be believed; but no examining magistrate, unless he is a driveling idiot, can imagine that a woman like Mme. du Croisier, so submissive as she is to her husband, has a hundred thousand crowns lying in her desk at this moment, without saying a word to him; nor yet that an old notary would not have advised M. du Croisier of the deposit on his return to town.”

“先生，您可以在德埃斯格里尼翁家的沙龙，或者根本不知道这件事的人家里说这些话，他们或许还相信。除非他是个傻瓜，否则一个预审法官不会相信对丈夫百依百顺的迪克鲁瓦西耶夫人会在这时候瞒着丈夫在抽屉里藏着十万法郎，也不会相信像您这样的老公证人不会让她在迪克鲁瓦西耶回城之后告诉他垫款的事。”

"The old notary, sir, had gone to Paris to put a stop to the young man's extravagance.”

“先生，老公证人去了巴黎，想要阻止那年轻人的挥霍。”

"I have not yet examined the Comte d'Esgrignon," Camusot began; "his answers will point out my duty."

“我还没有审问过德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵，”卡米索说道，“他的回答会让我明白我的职责。”

"Is he in close custody?"

“他被严加看管着吗？”

"Yes."

“是的。”

"Sir," said Chesnel, seeing danger ahead, "the examination can be made in our interests or against them. But there are two courses open to you: you can establish the fact on Mme. du Croisier's deposition that the amount was deposited with her before the bill was drawn; or you can examine the unfortunate young man implicated in this affair, and he in his confusion may remember nothing and commit himself. You will decide which is the more credible—a slip of memory on the part of a woman in her ignorance of business, or a forgery committed by a d'Esgrignon.”

“先生，”谢内尔看出了眼前的危险，说道，“预审可以对我们有利，也可以不利。有两条路可供您选择：您可以依据迪克鲁瓦西耶夫人的证词确定欠款已在账单生成之前付清了这一事实，或者您可以审问那个受

到牵连的不幸的年轻人，他头脑混乱，可能什么都不记得，于是都招认了。您来决定哪个更为可信，是一个不懂生意的妇人的一时疏忽，还是一个德埃斯格里尼翁家的人伪造了票据。”

"All this is beside the point," began Camusot; "the question is, whether M. le Comte d'Esgrignon has or has not used the lower half of a letter addressed to him by du Croisier as a bill of exchange.”

“这些都不重要，”卡米索说道，“问题在于，德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵先生是不是把迪克鲁瓦西耶寄给他的信的下半截制成了一张票据。”

"Eh! and so he might," a voice cried suddenly, as Mme. Camusot broke in, followed by the handsome stranger, "so he might when M. Chesnel had advanced the money to meet the bill—”

“唉！他可以这样做。”突然走进来的卡米索夫人说道，她身后跟着那个英俊的陌生人，“他可以这样做，因为谢内尔先生已经提前把钱付清了。”

She leant over her husband.

她凑到丈夫身边。

"You will have the first vacant appointment as assistant judge at Paris, you are serving the King himself in this affair; I have proof of it; you will not be forgotten," she said, lowering her voice in his ear. "This young man that you see here is the Duchesse de Maufrigneuse; you must never have seen her, and do all that you can for the young Count boldly."

“如果你在这个案子里帮国王的忙，你会得到巴黎助理法官的第一个空缺。我有这个把握，人家不会忘记你的。”她贴到丈夫的耳边，压低了声音说道，“你看到的这个年轻人就是德摩弗里纽斯公爵夫人，你肯定没见过她。大胆地尽你所能帮助这个年轻伯爵吧。”

"Gentlemen," said Camusot, "even if the preliminary examination is conducted to prove the young Count's innocence, can I answer for the view the court may take? M. Chesnel, and you also, my sweet, know what M. le President wants.”

“先生，”卡米索说道，“即便初审证明年轻的伯爵无罪，我能保证法院接受我的宣判吗？还有您，我亲爱的谢内尔先生，您也知道院长想要什么。”

"Tut, tut, tut!" said Mme. Camusot, "go yourself to M. Michu this morning, and tell him that the Count has been arrested; you will be two against two in that case, I will be bound. MICHU comes from Paris, and you know he is devoted to the noblesse. Good blood cannot lie."

“嘘，嘘，嘘！”卡米索夫人说道，“你今天早上就去见米许先生，告

诉他伯爵已经被捕。如果这样，我相信在这案件中，你们就二比二了。米许是从巴黎来的，你知道他忠于贵族。高贵血统的人是不会说谎的。”

At that very moment Mlle. Cadot's voice was heard in the doorway. She had brought a note, and was waiting for an answer. Camusot went out, and came back again to read the note aloud:

就在此时，卡多小姐在门口叫嚷。她带来一张条子，正等着回复。卡米索走出去，接了条子，回来大声地读道：

"M. le Vice-President begs M. Camusot to sit in audience to-day and for the next few days, so that there may be a quorum during M. le President's absence.”

“法院副院长先生请求卡米索先生于今日及之后数日旁听开庭审判，以保证院长不在期间能保证法定旁听人数。”

"Then there is an end of the preliminary examination!" cried Mme. Camusot. "Did I not tell you, dear, that they would play you some ugly trick? The President has gone off to slander you to the public prosecutor and the President of the Court-Royal. You will be changed before you can make the examination. Is that clear?”

“那么，这个案子预审结束了！”卡米索夫人叫道，“亲爱的，我不是告诉过你他们要整你吗？院长已经到检察长和高等法院院长面前诋毁你了。在预审之前你就会被撤换的。你明白吗？”

"You will stay, monsieur," said the Duchess. "The public prosecutor is coming, I hope, in time."

“先生，您不会被撤换的，”公爵夫人说道，“我想检察官能够及时回来。”

"When the public prosecutor arrives," little Mme. Camusot said, with some heat, "he must find all over.—Yes, my dear, yes," she added, looking full at her amazed husband.—“Ah! old hypocrite of a President, you are setting your wits against us; you shall remember it! You have a mind to help us to a dish of your own making, you shall have two served up to you by your humble servant Cecile Amelie Thirion!—Poor old Blondet! It is lucky for him that the President has taken this journey to turn us out, for now that great oaf of a Joseph Blondet will marry Mlle. Blandureau. I will let Father Blondet have some seeds in return.—As for you, Camusot, go to M. Michu's, while Mme. la Duchesse and I will go to find old Blondet. You must expect to hear it said all over the town to-morrow that I took a walk with a lover this morning.”

“当他回来的时候，”卡米索夫人有些兴奋地说道，“他一定会发现一切都结束了。是的，亲爱的，是的。”她望着惊呆了的丈夫，接着说：“啊！院长这个老滑头，你戏弄我们，我会让你记住的。你想请我们

吃大餐，我——你谦卑的仆人——塞西尔·阿梅莉·蒂里翁一定会加倍奉还！可怜的老布隆代！这对他来说太幸运了。院长出手想推翻我们，而这样一来，那个呆子约瑟夫·布隆代就可以娶到布朗迪罗小姐了。我会让老布隆代有所收获的。至于你，卡米索，你去找米许先生，公爵夫人和我会去找老布隆代。你明天肯定会听到全城的人都在说我和我的情郎今早在城里闲逛的事。”

Mme. Camusot took the Duchess' arm, and they went through the town by deserted streets to avoid any unpleasant adventure on the way to the old Vice-President's house. Chesnel meanwhile conferred with the young Count in prison; Camusot had arranged a stolen interview. Cook-maids, servants, and the other early risers of a country town, seeing Mme. Camusot and the Duchess taking their way through the back streets, took the young gentleman for an adorer from Paris. That evening, as Cecile Amelie had said, the news of her behavior was circulated about the town, and more than one scandalous rumor was occasioned thereby. Mme. Camusot and her supposed lover found old Blondet in his green-house. He greeted his colleague's wife and her companion, and gave the charming young man a keen, uneasy glance.

卡米索夫人挽着公爵夫人的手臂，她们穿过城市，向老副院长家走去。为了避免遇到不愿见的人，她们专拣偏僻的街道走。与此同时，在卡米索的安排下，谢内尔悄悄地去监狱见了年轻的伯爵。厨娘、仆人，还有城里其他早起的人看见卡米索夫人和公爵夫人走在小街上，都把这个年轻人当作从巴黎来的情人。那天晚上，正如塞西尔·阿梅莉所言，有关她的传闻遍及全城，而且谣言还不止一种说法。卡米索夫人和她所谓的情郎在温室里找到了老布隆代。他问候了同事的太太和她的伴侣，还敏锐而不安地瞥了一眼这个迷人的年轻人。

"I have the honor to introduce one of my husband's cousins," said Mme. Camusot, bringing forward the Duchess; "he is one of the most distinguished horticulturists in Paris; and as he cannot spend more than one day with us, on his way back from Brittany, and has heard of your flowers and plants, I have taken the liberty of coming early."

“我荣幸地向您介绍我丈夫的一个堂弟，”卡米索夫人说着，把公爵夫人领上前来，“他是巴黎顶尖的园艺家之一，刚从布列塔尼回来，能跟我们在一起的时间还不到一天。他听说了您的花和植物，我就冒昧地大清早带他来了。”

"Oh, the gentleman is a horticulturist, is he?" said the old Blondet.

“啊，这位先生是个园艺家，是吗？”老布隆代说道。

The Duchess bowed.

公爵夫人向他鞠了一躬。

"This is my coffee-plant," said Blondet, "and here is a tea-plant.”

“这是我的咖啡树，”布隆代说道，“这是我的茶树。”

"What can have taken M. le President away from home?" put in Mme. Camusot. "I will wager that his absence concerns M. Camusot."

“院长先生为什么会在这个时候出远门呢？”卡米索夫人说道，“我敢打赌，这与卡米索先生有关。”

"Exactly.—This, monsieur, is the queerest of all cactuses," he continued, producing a flower-pot which appeared to contain a piece of mildewed rattan; "it comes from Australia. You are very young, sir, to be a horticulturist."

“完全正确。先生，这是最奇怪的一株仙人掌。”他指着一盆看起来像发了霉的藤杖的花说道，“它来自澳大利亚。先生，作为一个园艺家，您真是非常年轻。”

"Dear M. Blondet, never mind your flowers," said Mme. Camusot. "YOU are concerned, you and your hopes, and your son's marriage with Mlle. Blandureau. You are duped by the President.”

“亲爱的布隆代先生，不要再管您的花了。”卡米索夫人说道，“眼下的事情涉及到您和您的愿望，还有您的儿子同布朗迪罗小姐的婚事。您被院长骗了。”

"Bah!" said old Blondet, with an incredulous air.

“呸！”老布隆代一副质疑的神气说道。

"Yes," retorted she. "If you cultivated people a little more and your flowers a little less, you would know that the dowry and the hopes you have sown, and watered, and tilled, and weeded are on the point of being gathered now by cunning hands."

“是真的，”她反驳道，“如果您多栽培一下人，少栽培一下花，您就会知道，您播种、浇灌、耕种、锄草的嫁妆和希望正被那双阴险的手所攫取。”

"Madame!—”

“夫人！——”

"Oh, nobody in the town will have the courage to fly in the President's face and warn you. I, however, do not belong to the town, and, thanks to this obliging young man, I shall soon be going back to Paris; so I can inform you that Chesnel's successor has made formal proposals for Mlle. Claire Blandureau's hand on behalf of young du Ronceret, who is to have fifty thousand crowns from his parents. As for Fabien, he has made up his mind to receive a call to the bar, so as to gain an appointment as judge.”

“城里没有人敢公然违背院长告诉你这件事。但我不是本城人，而且多亏了这位乐于助人的年轻人，我很快就会回巴黎。我可以告诉您，谢内尔的接任者已经代表年轻的迪龙瑟莱向克莱尔·布朗迪罗小姐正式提亲了，男方父母会提供五万法郎。至于法比安，他已决心当一名律师，并争取日后当上法官。”

Old Blondet dropped the flower-pot which he had brought out for the Duchess to see.

老布隆代失手摔落了一盆正要拿给公爵夫人看的花。

"Oh, my cactus! Oh, my son! and Mlle. Blandureau!... Look here! the cactus flower is broken to pieces."

“啊，我的仙人掌！啊，我的儿子！还有布朗迪罗小姐！看啊！仙人掌给摔碎了。”

"No," Mme. Camusot answered, laughing; "everything can be put right. If you have a mind to see your son a judge in another month, we will tell you how you must set to work—”

“不，”卡米索夫人笑着回答，“一切都还可以挽回。如果您想让您的儿子一个月后当上法官，我会告诉您您必须怎么做——”

"Step this way, sir, and you will see my pelargoniums, an enchanting sight while they are in flower—” Then he added to Mme. Camusot, "Why did you speak of these matters while your cousin was present."

“先生，这边走，您看一下我的天竺葵吧，它们开放的时候真是迷人啊——”接着，他对卡米索夫人说，“为什么要在您的堂弟面前讲这件事？”

"All depends upon him," riposted Mme. Camusot. "Your son's appointment is lost for ever if you let fall a word about this young man.”

“一切全靠他。”卡米索夫人机敏地答道，“您要是把这个年轻人的身份泄露出去一个字，您儿子的任命就会落空。”

"Bah!"

“呸！”

"The young man is a flower—”

“这位年轻人是一朵花——”

"Ah!"

“啊！”

"He is the Duchesse de Maufrigneuse, sent here by His Majesty to save young d'Esgrignon, whom they arrested yesterday on a charge of

forgery brought against him by du Croisier. Mme. la Duchesse has authority from the Keeper of the Seals; he will ratify any promises that she makes to us—”

“这个‘男人’其实是德摩弗里纽斯公爵夫人，国王派她来拯救年轻的德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵。昨天，伯爵因为被迪克鲁瓦西耶指控伪造票据而被捕。公爵夫人得到了掌玺大臣的授权，他会认可她对我们作出的任何许诺。”

"My cactus is all right!" exclaimed Blondet, peering at his precious plant.—"Go on, I am listening."

“我的仙人掌还有救！”布隆代端详着他那棵宝贵的植物叫道，“继续说吧，我听着呢。”

"Take counsel with Camusot and Michu to hush up the affair as soon as possible, and your son will get the appointment. It will come in time enough to baffle du Ronceret's underhand dealings with the Blandureaus. Your son will be something better than assistant judge; he will have M. Camusot's post within the year. The public prosecutor will be here today. M. Sauvager will be obliged to resign, I expect, after his conduct in this affair. At the court my husband will show you documents which completely exonerate the Count and prove that the forgery was a trap of du Croisier's own setting.”

“跟卡米索和米许商量一下，尽快把这件事平息下来，你的儿子就会得到任命的。这样，迪龙瑟莱在布朗迪罗家耍的阴谋就不会得逞。你的儿子不会只是助理法官，一年之内，他可以坐到卡米索先生的位置。检察官今天就会回来。我想，索瓦热先生会因为自己在这个案件中所做的事而引咎辞职的。在法庭上，我丈夫会向您出示完全可以证明伯爵清白的文件，证明所谓的伪造票据只不过是迪克鲁瓦西耶设下的陷阱罢了。”

Old Blondet went into the Olympic circus where his six thousand pelargoniums stood, and made his bow to the Duchess.

老布隆代走进种着六千株天竺葵的环形花坛，向公爵夫人鞠了一躬。

"Monsieur," said he, "if your wishes do not exceed the law, this thing may be done."

“先生，”他说，“如果您的愿望不超出法律的界限，我可以做这件事。”

"Monsieur," returned the Duchess, "send in your resignation to M. Chesnel to-morrow, and I will promise you that your son shall be appointed within the week; but you must not resign until you have had confirmation of my promise from the public prosecutor. You men of law will come to a better understanding among yourselves. Only let him know that the Duchesse de Maufrigneuse had pledged her word to

you. And not a word as to my journey hither," she added.

“先生，”公爵夫人回答说，“明天请把您的辞职书交给谢内尔先生，我向您保证，您的儿子会在一周之内得到任命。但是，在从检察官那里证实我的承诺之前，不要递交辞职书。你们司法人员之间更容易相互理解。只要告诉他，是德摩弗里纽斯公爵夫人向您许诺的就行了。不要提我来过这里。”她又加上一句。

The old judge kissed her hand and began recklessly to gather his best flowers for her.

老法官吻了她的手，急忙采了几朵最漂亮的花送给她。

"Can you think of it? Give them to madame," said the Duchess. "A young man should not have flowers about him when he has a pretty woman on his arm."

“您难道想不到吗？应该把这些花送给这位太太。”公爵夫人说，“当一个青年人挽着一位美丽的女人时，他手里不应该有花的。”

"Before you go down to the court," added Mme. Camusot, "ask Chesnel's successor about those proposals that he made in the name of M. and Mme. du Ronceret.”

“去法庭之前，”卡米索太太说，“问一下谢内尔的接任者，看他以迪龙瑟莱夫妇的名义提出了什么建议。”

Old Blondet, quite overcome by this revelation of the President's duplicity, stood planted on his feet by the wicket gate, looking after the two women as they hurried away through by-streets home again. The edifice raised so painfully during ten years for his beloved son was crumbling visibly before his eyes. Was it possible? He suspected some trick, and hurried away to Chesnel's successor.

院长的表里不一被揭发了出来，这让老布隆代瞠目结舌。他呆呆地站在小门口，望着两位夫人匆匆地从小街回家了。他辛苦了十年为心爱的儿子建造的大厦正在他的眼前坍塌。这可能吗？他疑心有阴谋，便匆匆地去找谢内尔的接任者了。

At half-past nine, before the court was sitting, Vice-President Blondet, Camusot, and Michu met with remarkable punctuality in the council chamber. Blondet locked the door with some precautions when Camusot and Michu came in together.

九点半，在开庭之前，副院长布隆代、卡米索和米许相当准时地到了会议室。卡米索和米许一起进来后，布隆代谨慎地锁上了门。

"Well, Mr. Vice-President," began Michu, "M. Sauvager, without consulting the public prosecutor, has issued a warrant for the apprehension of one Comte d'Esgrignon, in order to serve a grudge borne against him by one du Croisier, an enemy of the King's

government. It is a regular topsy-turvy affair. The President, for his part, goes away, and thereby puts a stop to the preliminary examination! And we know nothing of the matter. Do they, by any chance, mean to force our hand?”

“副院长先生，”米许说，“索瓦热先生没有征求检察官的意见就颁发了对德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵的逮捕令，这是为了满足一个叫迪克鲁瓦西耶的人对他的私愤，而这个迪克鲁瓦西耶又是国王政府的敌人。这真是颠倒黑白！而院长又外出了，这样，预审工作就搁置了下来。我们对这件事还一无所知。他们有没有可能会逼迫我们照他们的意思办？”

"This is the first word I have heard of it," said the Vice-President. He was furious with the President for stealing a march on him with the Blandureaus. Chesnel's successor, the du Roncerets' man, had just fallen into a snare set by the old judge; the truth was out, he knew the secret.

“我还是第一次听说这件事。”副院长说。他很生气，因为院长背着他跟布朗迪罗家来往甚密。谢内尔的接任者是迪龙瑟莱的人，他落入了老法官设下的圈套。真相大白了，他知晓这个秘密。

"It is lucky that we spoke to you about the matter, my dear master," said Camusot, "or you might have given up all hope of seating your son on the bench or of marrying him to Mlle. Blandureau."

“幸亏我们跟您讲了这件事，亲爱的副院长，”卡米索说，“否则您就别指望您的儿子坐上法官的位置，或者娶布朗迪罗小姐为妻了。”

"But it is no question of my son, nor of his marriage," said the Vice-President; "we are talking of young Comte d'Esgrignon. Is he or is he not guilty?”

“问题不是我儿子，也不是他的婚姻，”副院长说，“我们说的是年轻的德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵。”他到底是有罪还是无罪？”

"It seems that Chesnel deposited the amount to meet the bill with Mme. du Croisier," said Michu, "and a crime has been made of a mere irregularity. According to the charge, the Count made use of the lower half of a letter bearing du Croisier's signature as a draft which he cashed at the Kellers’.”

“好像是谢内尔把票据上写的钱交给了迪克鲁瓦西耶夫人。”米许说，“他们只不过是没按规矩来，却被人说成了犯罪。根据指控状，这位伯爵把带有迪克鲁瓦西耶签名的下半截信纸做成了一张票据，并在凯勒兄弟那里支取了现金。”

"An imprudent thing to do," was Camusot's comment.

“真是鲁莽。”卡米索评论道。

"But why is du Croisier proceeding against him if the amount was

paid in beforehand?" asked Vice-President Blondet.

“但是如果那笔钱已经预付了，为什么迪克鲁瓦西耶还要告他呢？”布隆代副院长问道。

"He does not know that the money was deposited with his wife; or he pretends that he does not know," said Camusot.

“或许他不知道那笔钱已经交到了他太太手里，或者是他假装不知道。”卡米索说道。

"It is a piece of provincial spite," said Michu.

“这是外省人复仇的伎俩。”米许说。

"Still it looks like a forgery to me," said old Blondet. No passion could obscure judicial clear-sightedness in him.

“我还是觉得这是伪造票据罪。”老布隆代说。任何感情都无法影响他在司法上的洞察力。

"Do you think so?" returned Camusot. "But, at the outset, supposing that the Count had no business to draw upon du Croisier, there would still be no forgery of the signature; and the Count believed that he had a right to draw on Croisier when Chesnel advised him that the money had been placed to his credit."

“您这样认为吗？”卡米索问道，“但是，假设年轻的伯爵一开始就无权向迪克鲁瓦西耶开票据，那就不存在什么伪造签名的罪名了。伯爵之所以认为自己有这个权利，是由于谢内尔告诉他这笔钱已经付过了。”

"Well, then, where is the forgery?" asked Blondet. "It is the intent to defraud which constitutes forgery in a civil action."

“那么，伪造罪又在哪里呢？”布隆代问道，“在民事上，伪造的目的就是欺骗。”

"Oh, it is clear, if you take du Croisier's version for truth, that the signature was diverted from its purpose to obtain a sum of money in spite of du Croisier's contrary injunction to his bankers," Camusot answered.

“噢，显然，如果您相信迪克鲁瓦西耶的话是事实，那他的签名也只是被拿来支付一笔钱而已，尽管他禁止他的银行家付钱。”卡米索答道。

"Gentlemen," said Blondet, "this seems to me to be a mere triffle, a quibble.—Suppose you had the money, I ought perhaps to have waited until I had your authorization; but I, Comte d'Esgrignon, was pressed for money, so I—Come, come, your prosecution is a piece of revengeful spite. Forgery is defined by the law as an attempt to obtain any advantage which rightfully belongs to another. There is no forgery here, according to the letter of the Roman law, nor according to the

spirit of modern jurisprudence (always from the point of a civil action, for we are not here concerned with the falsification of public or authentic documents). Between private individuals the essence of a forgery is the intent to defraud; where is it in this case? In what times are we living, gentlemen? Here is the President going away to balk a preliminary examination which ought to be over by this time! Until to-day I did not know M. le President, but he shall have the benefit of arrears; from this time forth he shall draft his decisions himself. You must set about this affair with all possible speed, M. Camusot.”

“先生们，”布隆代说，”我看这只是件微不足道的小事情。假设您有一笔钱，我或许就要一直等待，直到得到您的批准。但是，我——德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵正急等钱用，所以我就——得了吧，您的控告只是为了报复。在法律上，伪造罪的定义是一种企图占有本应属于别人的利益的行为。无论是依据罗马法规还是现代法律的精神（我们这里的法律始终在民法范围，因为这里涉嫌伪造的不是公文），伪造罪在此都不能成立。在民事范围内，伪造罪旨在欺骗，而这个案件中有这种企图吗？先生们，我们生活在什么时代？院长离开了，使得这会儿本该结束的预审不能进行！直到今天，我才真正认识了院长，但他要为他的过错付出代价。从今往后，他得自己起草判决书了。卡米索先生，您必须尽快着手处理这个案件。”

"Yes," said Michu. "In my opinion, instead of letting the young man out on bail, we ought to pull him out of this mess at once. Everything turns on the examination of du Croisier and his wife. You might summons them to appear while the court is sitting, M. Camusot; take down their depositions before four o'clock, send in your report to-night, and we will give our decision in the morning before the court sits.”

“是的，”米许说，“在我看来，与其让他们把这年轻人保释出去，不如赶紧把他从这混乱中放出去。一切都要看迪克鲁瓦西耶和他妻子的审讯结果。卡米索先生，您可以在开庭的时候传讯他们，并在四点之前记下他们的口供，今晚就把报告递上来，我们要在明天早上开庭之前作出决定。”

"We will settle what course to pursue while the barristers are pleading," said Vice-President Blondet, addressing Camusot.

“律师们辩论的时候，我们可以商量下一步的计划。”布隆代副院长对卡米索说。

And with that the three judges put on their robes and went into court.

商讨之后，这三位法官穿上长袍，走进了法庭。

At noon Mlle. Armande and the Bishop reached the Hotel d'Esgrignon; Chesnel and M. Couturier were there to meet them. There

was a sufficiently short conference between the prelate and Mme. du Croisier's director, and the latter set out at once to visit his charge.

中午时分，阿芒德小姐和主教到了德埃斯格里尼翁公馆，谢内尔和库迪里耶先生正在那里等着他们。主教同迪克鲁瓦西耶太太的导师进行了简短的交谈，然后后者立刻前去拜访迪克鲁瓦西耶太太。

At eleven o'clock that morning du Croisier received a summons to appear in the examining magistrate's office between one and two in the afternoon. Thither he betook himself, consumed by well-founded suspicions. It was impossible that the President should have foreseen the arrival of the Duchesse de Maufrigneuse upon the scene, the return of the public prosecutor, and the hasty confabulation of his learned brethren; so he had omitted to trace out a plan for du Croisier's guidance in the event of the preliminary examination taking place. Neither of the pair imagined that the proceedings would be hurried on in this way. Du Croisier obeyed the summons at once; he wanted to know how M. Camusot was disposed to act. So he was compelled to answer the questions put to him. Camusot addressed him in summary fashion with the six following inquiries:—

那天上午十一点，迪克鲁瓦西耶收到了法院的传票，让他在下午一点至两点之间到预审法官的办公室去。他满腹疑虑地去了。院长万万没有料到德摩弗里纽斯公爵夫人的到场，也没预料到检查官会回来，更不会知道他的三位法官同事会匆忙地交换意见，因此他忽略了同迪克鲁瓦西耶商讨应对预审开庭的计划。他们两人都没有想到事态会这样急转直下。迪克鲁瓦西耶赶紧出庭，他想了解卡米索先生打算怎么做。因此，他不得不回答他们提出的问题。卡米索简要地问了他下面六个问题：

"Was the signature on the bill alleged to be a forgery in your handwriting?—Had you previously done business with M. le Comte d'Esgrignon?—Was not M. le Comte d'Esgrignon in the habit of drawing upon you, with or without advice?—Did you not write a letter authorizing M. d'Esgrignon to rely upon you at any time?—Had not Chesnel squared the account not once, but many times already?—Were you not away from home when this took place?”

“被控为伪造的票据上面的签名是不是你的？在此之前，你同德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵先生是否有交易来往？德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵是否惯于向你开票据，无论打招呼或者不打招呼？你是不是曾经写信授权德埃斯格里尼翁先生随时要你贴钱？谢内尔是否曾不止一次地把你贴的钱还给你？在他还款给你的时候，你是不是不在家？”

All these questions the banker answered in the affirmative. In spite of wordy explanations, the magistrate always brought him back to a "Yes" or "No." When the questions and answers alike had been resumed in the proces-verbal, the examining magistrate brought out a final thunderbolt.

这个银行家对所有这些问题的回答都是肯定的。不论他怎么解释，法官总要求他用“是”或者“不是”来回答。当这些问答都做好笔录以后，法官问了最后一个惊雷似的问题。

"Was du Croisier aware that the money destined to meet the bill had been deposited with him, du Croisier, according to Chesnel's declaration, and a letter of advice sent by the said Chesnel to the Comte d'Esgrignon, five days before the date of the bill?”

“根据谢内尔的申明和谢内尔写给德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵的通知信，所谓伪造票据的金额已由谢内尔在票据签发的五天之前送到了迪克鲁瓦西耶家，对此迪克鲁瓦西耶是否知情？”

That last question frightened du Croisier. He asked what was meant by it, and whether he was supposed to be the defendant and M. le Comte d'Esgrignon the plaintiff? He called the magistrate's attention to the fact that if the money had been deposited with him, there was no ground for the action.

最后的这个问题让迪克鲁瓦西耶大吃一惊。他询问这个问题意味着什么，是不是说他成了被告，而德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵成了原告呢？他向法官强调一个事实，那就是如果那笔钱早已到了他手里，他就没有理由再控告了。

"Justice is seeking information," said the magistrate, as he dismissed the witness, but not before he had taken down du Croisier's last observation.

“司法部门正在搜寻有关的信息。”法官说着，记下迪克鲁瓦西耶最后的话，然后让他走了。

"But the money, sir—”

“可先生，这笔钱——”

"The money is at your house."

“这钱就在你家里。”

Chesnel, likewise summoned, came forward to explain the matter. The truth of his assertions was borne out by Mme. du Croisier's deposition. The Count had already been examined. Prompted by Chesnel, he produced du Croisier's first letter, in which he begged the Count to draw upon him without the insulting formality of depositing the amount beforehand. The Comte d'Esgrignon next brought out a letter in Chesnel's handwriting, by which the notary advised him of the deposit of a hundred thousand crowns with M. du Croisier. With such primary facts as these to bring forward as evidence, the young Count's innocence was bound to emerge triumphantly from a court of law.

谢内尔同样也被传到法庭，讲述了事情的经过。他的话的真实性也得到了迪克鲁瓦西耶太太的证实。伯爵已经审问过了。在谢内尔的指示下，他向法庭出示了迪克鲁瓦西耶的第一封信。在信中，迪克鲁瓦西耶请求伯爵给他开出票据，不必提前付款，否则就是公开羞辱他。接着，德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵又拿出了谢内尔写给他的信。公证人在信中告诉他，他已经将十万法郎付给迪克鲁瓦西耶了。这些原始的证据可以成功地证明年轻伯爵是无辜的。

Du Croisier went home from the court, his face white with rage, and the foam of repressed fury on his lips. His wife was sitting by the fireside in the drawing-room at work upon a pair of slippers for him. She trembled when she looked into his face, but her mind was made up.

迪克鲁瓦西耶从法院回到家里，脸气得发白，嘴唇上由于压抑的愤怒而泛着泡沫。他的妻子正坐在客厅的火炉旁边，给他缝制拖鞋。看见丈夫的脸色，她哆嗦起来，但她已下定了决心。

"Madame," he stammered out, "what deposition is this that you made before the magistrate? You have dishonored, ruined, and betrayed me!"

“夫人，”迪克鲁瓦西耶结结巴巴地说，“您在法官跟前作了什么证？”您让我丢人，毁了我，还出卖了我！”

"I have saved you, monsieur," answered she. "If some day you will have the honor of connecting yourself with the d'Esgrignons by marrying your niece to the Count, it will be entirely owing to my conduct to-day.”

“先生，我救了您呀。”她答道，“如果有一天，您有幸能把您的外甥女嫁给年轻的伯爵，同德埃斯格里尼翁家族联姻，那就全都是我今天的功劳。”

"A miracle!" cried he. "Balaam's ass has spoken. Nothing will astonish me after this. And where are the hundred thousand crowns which (so M. Camusot tells me) are here in my house?”

“真是奇迹！”他叫道，“巴兰的驴子都开口说话了。从此往后，再出什么事我都不会吃惊了。那卡米索说的送到我家来的十万法郎呢？”

"Here they are," said she, pulling out a bundle of banknotes from beneath the cushions of her settee. "I have not committed mortal sin by declaring that M. Chesnel gave them into my keeping."

“在这里。”她说着，从长靠椅的坐垫下面取出了一叠钞票来，“谢内尔先生把这交给我来保管，我这么讲没有犯什么不可饶恕的大罪吧。”

"While I was away?"

" 是我外出的时候吗？ "

"You were not here."

" 当时您不在旁边。 "

"Will you swear that to me on your salvation?"

“您敢对上帝起誓吗？”

"I swear it," she said composedly.

“我发誓。”她镇定地说。

"Then why did you say nothing to me about it?" demanded he.

“那您为什么不告诉我这件事呢？”他问道。

"I was wrong there," said his wife, "but my mistake was all for your good. Your niece will be Marquise d'Esgrignon some of these days, and you will perhaps be a deputy, if you behave well in this deplorable business. You have gone too far; you must find out how to get back again.”

“在这方面我有错，”他妻子说，“但我这么做也是为了您好。您的外甥女早晚有一天会成为德埃斯格里尼翁侯爵夫人的，而如果您在这件可叹的事中表现得当的话，您有可能会成为议员。 您已经做得太过分了，您必须想想怎么回头。”

Du Croisier, under stress of painful agitation, strode up and down his drawing-room; while his wife, in no less agitation, awaited the result of this exercise. Du Croisier at length rang the bell.

迪克鲁瓦西耶的内心极度不安，在客厅里走来走去。他的太太也跟他一样不安，等待着他踱来踱去的最终结果。终于，迪克鲁瓦西耶按了铃。

"I am not at home to any one to-night," he said, when the man appeared; "shut the gates; and if any one calls, tell them that your mistress and I have gone into the country. We shall start directly after dinner, and dinner must be half an hour earlier than usual."

“今晚我不见客，”男仆过来时，他说道，“关上大门，如果有人来，就说我和夫人去乡下了。我们晚饭后立即动身，晚饭要比平时提前半小时。”

The great news was discussed that evening in every drawing-room; little shopkeepers, working folk, beggars, the noblesse, the merchant class—the whole town, in short, was talking of the Comte d'Esgrignon's arrest on a charge of forgery. The Comte d'Esgrignon would be tried in the Assize Court; he would be condemned and branded. Most of those who cared for the honor of the family denied the fact. At nightfall Chesnel went to Mme. Camusot and escorted the stranger to the Hotel d'Esgrignon. Poor Mlle. Armande was expecting

him; she led the fair Duchess to her own room, which she had given up to her, for his lordship the Bishop occupied Victurnien's chamber; and, left alone with her guest, the noble woman glanced at the Duchess with most piteous eyes.

当晚，每家的客厅里都在讨论这个重大新闻。小商贩、工人、乞丐、贵族、商人……总之，全城的人都在谈论德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵因伪造票据而被捕的事。德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵将被送上重罪法庭。他会被治罪，还会被打上烙印。大多数关心这个家族荣耀的人都否认这件事。天黑以后，谢内尔去了卡米索夫人家，把那个陌生人护送到了德埃斯格里尼翁公馆。可怜的阿芒德小姐正在那里等他。她把漂亮的公爵夫人带到了自己的房间，并让她住在那里，因为主教大人住在维克蒂尼安的房间里。同她的客人单独相处时，这位贵族妇女望着公爵夫人，眼中透出无限凄凉。

"You owed help, indeed, madame, to the poor boy who ruined himself for your sake," she said, "the boy to whom we are all of us sacrificing ourselves."

“夫人，这孩子是为了您才毁了自己的，您确实应当帮他一把吧。”她说，“我们都在为这个孩子牺牲自己。”

The Duchess had already made a woman's survey of Mlle. d'Esgrignon's room; the cold, bare, comfortless chamber, that might have been a nun's cell, was like a picture of the life of the heroic woman before her. The Duchess saw it all—past, present, and future—with rising emotion, felt the incongruity of her presence, and could not keep back the falling tears that made answer for her.

公爵夫人早已经用她女性的眼光扫视了德埃斯格里尼翁小姐的卧室。她的房间寒冷、空荡，没有任何奢华用品，看起来就像修女的小房间。这就是她眼前这个英勇的女人的生活场景。公爵夫人看见了眼前这个女人的过去、现在和未来，感动之情油然而生，体会到了自己跟她的差距，忍不住的眼泪替她作出了回答。

But in Mlle. Armande the Christian overcame Victurnien's aunt. "Ah, I was wrong; forgive me, Mme. la Duchesse; you did not know how poor we were, and my nephew was incapable of the admission. And besides, now that I see you, I can understand all—even the crime!”

而在阿芒德小姐身上，基督徒的德行超出了作为维克蒂尼安的姑姑的情感。“啊！我错了，请原谅我吧，公爵夫人，您不知道我们有多穷，我的侄儿不会承认这点的。不过，既然见到了您，我便理解了所有的事情，甚至于犯罪！”

And Mlle. Armande, withered and thin and white, but beautiful as those tall austere slender figures which German art alone can paint, had tears too in her eyes.

阿芒德小姐干瘪、瘦弱而又苍白，但很漂亮，只有德国画家才能画出这样身材修长而又相貌端庄的姑娘。她的眼睛也潮湿了。

"Do not fear, dear angel," the Duchess said at last; "he is safe."

“别怕，亲爱的天使，”公爵夫人终于说话了，“他会没事的。”

"Yes, but honor?—and his career? Chesnel told me; the King knows the truth.”

“他会没事的，可他的名誉呢？他的前程呢？谢内尔告诉我说，国王知道这件事的真相。”

"We will think of a way of repairing the evil," said the Duchess.

“我们会想办法来补救的。”公爵夫人说。

Mlle. Armande went downstairs to the salon, and found the Collection of Antiquities complete to a man. Every one of them had come, partly to do honor to the Bishop, partly to rally round the Marquis; but Chesnel, posted in the antechamber, warned each new arrival to say no word of the affair, that the aged Marquis might never know that such a thing had been. The loyal Frank was quite capable of killing his son or du Croisier; for either the one or the other must have been guilty of death in his eyes. It chanced, strangely enough, that he talked more of Victurnien than usual; he was glad that his son had gone back to Paris. The King would give Victurnien a place before very long; the King was interesting himself at last in the d'Esgrignons. And his friends, their hearts dead within them, praised Victurnien's conduct to the skies. Mlle. Armande prepared the way for her nephew's sudden appearance among them by remarking to her brother that Victurnien would be sure to come to see them, and that he must be even then on his way.

阿德芒小姐下楼走进客厅，发现古物陈列室的人已经到齐了。所有前来的人一半是为了向主教致敬，一半是为了支持德埃斯格里尼翁侯爵。但谢内尔站在前厅，告诫每个刚来的人不要提起那件事，这样老侯爵就永远不会知道发生了这样的事了。这个忠诚的法兰克人极有可能会杀死自己的儿子，或者杀死迪克鲁瓦西耶，因为在他看来，他们中必有一个犯了死罪。但非常奇怪的是，侯爵比平常更多地谈及维克蒂尼安。他很高兴自己的儿子回到巴黎去了。过不了多久，国王就会给维克蒂尼安一个职位，国王终于惦记起德埃斯格里尼翁家族的人了。他的朋友们心灰意冷，却仍要极力吹捧着维克蒂尼安的行为。阿芒德小姐想为她侄子的出现铺路，于是告诉她哥哥维克蒂尼安肯定会来看他们的，而且说不准已经在路上了。

"Bah!" said the Marquis, standing with his back to the hearth, "if he is doing well where he is, he ought to stay there, and not be thinking of the joy it would give his old father to see him again. The

King's service has the first claim.”

“呸！”侯爵背对着壁炉站起来，说道，“如果他在他的职位上做得好，他就该呆在那儿，而不是想着他的老父亲见到他会多么开心。侍奉国王是第一要务。”

Scarcely one of those present heard the words without a shudder. Justice might give over a d'Esgrignon to the executioner's branding iron. There was a dreadful pause. The old Marquise de Casteran could not keep back a tear that stole down over her rouge, and turned her head away to hide it.

听了这话，众人无不惊骇。法律的制裁会把一个德埃斯格里尼翁家族的人置于刽子手的烙铁之下。一阵可怕的沉默。老德卡斯泰朗侯爵夫人禁不住流下了眼泪，她转过头来不让人看见。

Next day at noon, in the sunny weather, a whole excited population was dispersed in groups along the high street, which ran through the heart of the town, and nothing was talked of but the great affair. Was the Count in prison or was he not?—All at once the Comte d'Esgrignon's well-known tilbury was seen driving down the Rue Saint-Blaise; it had evidently come from the Prefecture, the Count himself was on the box seat, and by his side sat a charming young man, whom nobody recognized. The pair were laughing and talking and in great spirits. They wore Bengal roses in their button-holes. Altogether, it was a theatrical surprise which words fail to describe.

第二天中午，阳光明媚，一拨拨兴奋的人们散布在穿过城中心的大街上，无一不在谈论那件大事。年轻的伯爵有没有进监狱？突然，大家都熟悉的德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵的二轮轻便马车沿着圣布莱兹街驶来，很明显是从辖区政府那边过来。伯爵亲自驾着车，身旁还坐着一个大家都不认识的潇洒的年轻人。二人兴致很高，一边笑一边说。他们的衣服纽扣里插着孟加拉玫瑰。总之，这种令人惊奇的戏剧场面无法用言语形容。

At ten o'clock the court had decided to dismiss the charge, stating their very sufficient reasons for setting the Count at liberty, in a document which contained a thunderbolt for du Croisier, in the shape of an INASMUCH that gave the Count the right to institute proceedings for libel. Old Chesnel was walking up the Grand Rue, as if by accident, telling all who cared to hear him that du Croisier had set the most shameful of snares for the d'Esgrignons' honor, and that it was entirely owing to the forbearance and magnanimity of the family that he was not prosecuted for slander.

十点钟时，法院决定撤销起诉，并给出了让年轻的伯爵获得自由的充足理由。文件中还指出，德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵有权以诽谤罪起诉迪克鲁瓦西耶，这对迪克鲁瓦西耶来讲是个晴天霹雳。老谢内尔假装不经意

地走过中心大街，碰到任何愿意听的人，他就向他们讲述迪克鲁瓦西耶如何安排了可耻的陷阱来破坏德埃斯格里尼翁家族的声誉，而且完全是由于这个家族的忍让和大度，他们才没有以诽谤的罪名起诉他。

On the evening of that famous day, after the Marquis d'Esgrignon had gone to bed, the Count, Mlle. Armande, and the Chevalier were left with the handsome young page, now about to return to Paris. The charming cavalier's sex could not be hidden from the Chevalier, and he alone, besides the three officials and Mme. Camusot, knew that the Duchess had been among them.

在这个不同寻常的一天的晚上，德埃斯格里尼翁侯爵睡觉后，年轻的伯爵、阿芒德小姐、骑士，连同那个即将返回巴黎的帅气的年轻男侍聚在了一起。这位迷人的侍从的性别是瞒不过骑士的。除了三位法官和卡米索夫人之外，只有他一个人知道公爵夫人来过这里。

"The house is saved," began Chesnel, "but after this shock it will take a hundred years to rise again. The debts must be paid now; you must marry an heiress, M. le Comte, there is nothing left for you to do."

“家族是得救了。”谢内尔说，“但是经过这次打击，要再兴旺起来还要一百年。现在必须把债务还清。您一定得娶个有钱的女继承人，伯爵先生，没有别的出路了。”

"And take her where you may find her," said the Duchess.

“别管她是什么出身，娶她吧。”公爵夫人说。

"A second mesalliance!" exclaimed Mlle. Armande.

“又是个门不当户不对的婚姻！”阿德芒小姐喊道。

The Duchess began to laugh.

公爵夫人开始笑了。

"It is better to marry than to die," she said. As she spoke she drew from her waistcoat pocket a tiny crystal phial that came from the court apothecary.

“结婚还是比死好吧。”她说。说话时，她从马甲的口袋里掏出了宫廷药剂师给她的一个小小的水晶药瓶。

Mlle. Armande shrank away in horror. Old Chesnel took the fair Maufrigneuse's hand, and kissed it without permission.

阿芒德小姐惊骇地后退。老谢内尔没获许可就来亲吻漂亮的德摩弗里纽斯夫人的手。

"Are you all out of your minds here?" continued the Duchess. "Do you really expect to live in the fifteenth century when the rest of the world has reached the nineteenth? My dear children, there is no

noblesse nowadays; there is no aristocracy left! Napoleon's Code Civil made an end of the parchments, exactly as cannon made an end of feudal castles. When you have some money, you will be very much more of nobles than you are now. Marry anybody you please, Victurnien, you will raise your wife to your rank; that is the most substantial privilege left to the French noblesse. Did not M. de Talleyrand marry Mme. Grandt without compromising his position? Remember that Louis XIV. took the Widow Scarron for his wife.”

“你们都疯了吗？”公爵夫人继续说道，“当世界上其他的人都活在十九世纪时，你们难道真的期望活在十五世纪吗？亲爱的孩子们，现在没有贵族了，不再有贵族的存在了！拿破仑的民法典就像大炮摧毁封建城堡一样消灭了贵族的称号。只要有钱，就能比你们这些贵族更高贵。维克蒂尼安，你想娶谁就娶谁吧，你的妻子会提升到你的级别，这就是法国贵族所剩下的最实惠的特权。塔列朗先生不是娶了格朗特夫人而并未影响自己的地位吗？不要忘了，路易十四还娶了寡妇斯卡龙呢？”

"He did not marry her for her money," interposed Mlle. Armande.

“他娶她并不是为了她的钱。”阿芒德小姐插话道。

"If the Comtesse d'Esgrignon were one du Croisier's niece, for instance, would you receive her?" asked Chesnel.

“举个例子，如果德埃斯格里尼翁伯爵夫人是迪克鲁瓦西耶的外甥女，您会接受她吗？”谢内尔问道。

"Perhaps," replied the Duchess; "but the King, beyond all doubt, would be very glad to see her.—So you do not know what is going on in the world?" continued she, seeing the amazement in their faces. "Victurnien has been in Paris; he knows how things go there. We had more influence under Napoleon. Marry Mlle. Duval, Victurnien; she will be just as much Marquise d'Esgrignon as I am Duchesse de Maufrigneuse.”

“也许会吧，”公爵夫人答道，“可是国王肯定会高兴地接见她。所以，你们还不知道世界上发生了什么事吗？”她看到了所有人脸上诧异的神情，接着说。“维克蒂尼安去过巴黎，他知道那里的情况。我们在拿破仑的统治下更有势力了。维克蒂尼安，您就娶杜瓦尔小姐吧，她将来就是德埃斯格里尼翁侯爵夫人，就像我是德摩弗里纽斯公爵夫人一样。”

"All is lost—even honor!" said the Chevalier, with a wave of the hand.

“一切都没了，连名誉都没了！”骑士挥挥手说。

"Good-bye, Victurnien," said the Duchess, kissing her lover on the forehead; "we shall not see each other again. Live on your lands; that is the best thing for you to do; the air of Paris is not at all good for you."

“再见了，维克蒂尼安，”公爵夫人说着，吻了下情人的前额，“我们再也不会相见了。您最好呆在您的地盘，巴黎的空气对您毫无益处。”

"Diane!" the young Count cried despairingly.

“迪亚娜！”年轻的伯爵绝望地喊道。

"Monsieur, you forget yourself strangely," the Duchess retorted coolly, as she laid aside her role of man and mistress, and became not merely an angel again, but a duchess, and not only a duchess, but Moliere's Celimene.

“先生，很奇怪，您忘了您的身份。”公爵夫人冷静地回答。她已放下了她的男人角色和情妇身份，又变成了一个天使。但她不仅是天使，还是公爵夫人；但又不仅是公爵夫人，她还是莫里哀笔下的塞利梅纳。

The Duchesse de Maufrigneuse made a stately bow to these four personages, and drew from the Chevalier his last tear of admiration at the service of le beau sexe.

德摩弗里纽斯公爵夫人庄重地向这四个人行了个礼，把骑士感动得流下了眼泪——这是他侍奉贵妇流下的最后一滴眼泪。

"How like she is to the Princess Goritza!" he exclaimed in a low voice.

“她真像戈里扎公主！”他低声惊叹道。

Diane had disappeared. The crack of the postilion's whip told Victurnien that the fair romance of his first love was over. While peril lasted, Diane could still see her lover in the young Count; but out of danger, she despised him for the weakling that he was.

迪亚娜走了。马夫的马鞭一响，宣告维克蒂尼安美好的初恋结束了。在危险尚未结束时，迪亚娜还能把年轻的伯爵当作自己的情人看。但是，一旦他脱离危险，她就瞧不起像他那样懦弱的男人了。

Six months afterwards, Camusot received the appointment of assistant judge at Paris, and later he became an examining magistrate. Goodman Blondet was made a councillor to the Royal-Court; he held the post just long enough to secure a retiring pension, and then went back to live in his pretty little house. Joseph Blondet sat in his father's seat at the court till the end of his days; there was not the faintest chance of promotion for him, but he became Mlle. Blandereau's husband; and she, no doubt, is leading to-day, in the little flower-covered brick house, as dull a life as any carp in a marble basin. Michu and Camusot also received the Cross of the Legion of Honor, while Blondet became an Officer. As for M. Sauvager, deputy public prosecutor, he was sent to Corsica, to du Croisier's great relief; he had decidedly no mind to bestow his niece upon that functionary.

六个月以后，卡米索被调到巴黎任助理法官，后来又成了预审法官。老好人布隆代成了高等法院的顾问。他在那里任职，一直到退休，然后回来住在他漂亮的小房子里。约瑟夫·布隆代接了父亲在法院的班，一辈子都没升过官，但他娶了布朗迪罗小姐为妻。现在，这位小姐住在这所铺满了花的砖房里，肯定过着大理石池子里的鲤鱼一样的烦闷生活。米许和卡米索得到了荣誉勋位十字勋章，而布隆代得到了荣誉勋位四级勋章。至于那位副检察官索瓦热先生，他被派到柯西嘉岛，这让迪克鲁瓦西耶长舒了一口气，因为他根本就不想把外甥女嫁给他。

Du Croisier himself, urged by President du Ronceret, appealed from the finding of the Tribunal to the Court-Royal, and lost his cause. The Liberals throughout the department held that little d'Esgrignon was guilty; while the Royalists, on the other hand, told frightful stories of plots woven by "that abominable du Croisier" to compass his revenge. A duel was fought indeed; the hazard of arms favored du Croisier, the young Count was dangerously wounded, and his antagonist maintained his words. This affair embittered the strife between the two parties; the Liberals brought it forward on all occasions. Meanwhile du Croisier never could carry his election, and saw no hope of marrying his niece to the Count, especially after the duel.

迪克鲁瓦西耶本人在迪龙瑟莱院长的鼓动下，向高等法院提出了对初审法院裁决的申诉，结果败诉了。法院中的自由党人都认为年轻的德埃斯格里尼翁有罪，但保王党人却讲着可怕的故事，说那个“可憎的迪克鲁瓦西耶”为了报复而设下了陷阱。迪克鲁瓦西耶同维克蒂尼安的确进行了一场决斗，但迪克鲁瓦西耶的运气更好。年轻的伯爵受到了重创，而他的对手也坚持自己的说法。这件事加剧了两党之间的斗争，自由党在任何场合都会把这件事摆出来说。同时，迪克鲁瓦西耶没能参加竞选，而且他看不到把外甥女嫁给伯爵的任何希望，尤其是在这次决斗之后。

A month after the decision of the Tribunal was confirmed in the Court-Royal, Chesnel died, exhausted by the dreadful strain, which had weakened and shaken him mentally and physically. He died in the hour of victory, like some old faithful hound that has brought the boar to bay, and gets his death on the tusks. He died as happily as might be, seeing that he left the great House all but ruined, and the heir in penury, bored to death by an idle life, and without a hope of establishing himself. That bitter thought and his own exhaustion, no doubt, hastened the old man's end. One great comfort came to him as he lay amid the wreck of so many hopes, sinking under the burden of so many cares—the old Marquis, at his sister's entreaty, gave him back all the old friendship. The great lord came to the little house in the Rue du Bercail, and sat by his old servant's bedside, all unaware how much that servant had done and sacrificed for him. Chesnel sat upright, and repeated Simeon's cry.—The Marquis allowed them to

bury Chesnel in the castle chapel; they laid him crosswise at the foot of the tomb which was waiting for the Marquis himself, the last, in a sense, of the d'Esgrignons.

高等法院认可初审法院判决的一个月之后，谢内尔无论在精神上还是身体上都变得很虚弱，撑不住了。他在胜利的时刻死去，就像一只忠诚的老猎犬，牢牢地困住一只野猪，并将其咬死。他总算可以比较开心地离去，因为身后的大家族保住了，留下了一贫如洗的继承人。这位继承人由于无所事事的生活而无聊至极，而又毫无实现自我的希望。想到这个令人痛心的现实，加上他本身已经筋疲力尽，这些无疑加速了这位老人的死亡。可是当众多希望破灭，他也深陷于种种忧虑的重负下时，谢内尔也得到一个很大的慰藉——在妹妹的恳求下，老侯爵重拾了昔日对他的友情。这位大贵族来到羊圈街的那间小房子里，坐在这位老仆人的床边，全然不知这位老仆为他做了多少事，牺牲了多少。谢内尔笔挺地坐着，背诵了西梅翁的感恩歌——侯爵同意他们把谢内尔埋葬在古堡的小圣堂里。他们把他横放在侯爵本人的坟墓的底部——在某种意义上，这是德埃斯格里尼翁家族的末代子孙安息的地方。

And so died one of the last representatives of that great and beautiful thing, Service; giving to that often discredited word its original meaning, the relation between feudal lord and servitor. That relation, only to be found in some out-of-the-way province, or among a few old servants of the King, did honor alike to a noblesse that could call forth such affection, and to a bourgeoisie that could conceive it. Such noble and magnificent devotion is no longer possible among us. Noble houses have no servitors left; even as France has no longer a King, nor an hereditary peerage, nor lands that are bound irrevocably to an historic house, that the glorious names of the nation may be perpetuated. Chesnel was not merely one of the obscure great men of private life; he was something more—he was a great fact. In his sustained self-devotion is there not something indefinably solemn and sublime, something that rises above the one beneficent deed, or the heroic height which is reached by a moment's supreme effort? Chesnel's virtues belong essentially to the classes which stand between the poverty of the people on the one hand, and the greatness of the aristocracy on the other; for these can combine homely burgher virtues with the heroic ideals of the noble, enlightening both by a solid education.

最后一位崇高伟大的仆人的代表人物就这样去世了。“忠仆”一词常被人当作贬义词来用，我们在这里要恢复它表明封建领主与其仆人关系的原始意义。这种关系只有在某个偏远的省份或者是国王的几个老仆人身上才找得到，但它却给能焕发出这种情感的贵族阶级，或是依旧有这种情感的中产阶级带来了荣耀。这种高尚而壮丽的忠诚今天已经不复存在了。贵族家庭没有了奴仆，正如法国再也没了国王，也没了世袭的爵位，永久地分给有辉煌历史的家族的土地也没了——人们本以为国家的

这些光荣的名字都是永垂不朽的。谢内尔不仅是私人生活中的一个鲜为人知的大人物，除此之外，他还是一个伟大的存在。在他不断的自我牺牲中，难道没有体现出一种难以言表的庄严和崇高，或者比那种凭一时极大的努力而做的善行或英雄高度更高的成就吗？谢内尔的道德实质上介于贫苦大众和大贵族之间，能够把市民朴实的道德同贵族崇高的理想结合起来。他凭借着坚实的修养，让这些理想大放异彩。

Victurnien was not well looked upon at Court; there was no more chance of a great match for him, nor a place. His Majesty steadily refused to raise the d'Esgrignons to the peerage, the one royal favor which could rescue Victurnien from his wretched position. It was impossible that he should marry a bourgeoise heiress in his father's lifetime, so he was bound to live on shabbily under the paternal roof with memories of his two years of splendor in Paris, and the lost love of a great lady to bear him company. He grew moody and depressed, vegetating at home with a careworn aunt and a half heart-broken father, who attributed his son's condition to a wasting malady. Chesnel was no longer there.

宫廷不看好维克蒂尼安，于是他再也找不到一桩好亲事，也找不到一份差事。国王坚定地拒绝册封德埃斯格里尼翁家的人为贵族，而这又是唯一能让维克蒂尼安摆脱其悲惨境地的恩赐。父亲在世的时候，他不可能娶一个中产阶级女继承人。所以，他只能住在祖传的破房子里，回想着在巴黎的那两年光辉岁月，还有那段已然逝去的与一位贵妇的恋情，聊以自慰。他在忧虑的姑姑和几乎破产的父亲身边过着单调乏味的生活，也变得悲伤忧郁，父亲还以为他害了相思病。谢内尔已经不在了。

The Marquis died in 1830. The great d'Esgrignon, with a following of all the less infirm noblesse from the Collection of Antiquities, went to wait upon Charles X. at Nonancourt; he paid his respects to his sovereign, and swelled the meagre train of the fallen king. It was an act of courage which seems simple enough to-day, but, in that time of enthusiastic revolt, it was heroism.

侯爵卒于1830年。这位伟大的德埃斯格里尼翁侯爵在死前还在古物陈列室所有能够走动的贵族的追随下赶到诺南库尔，去侍奉经过那里的查理十世。他向国王致敬，并加入了跟随这位即将垮台的国王稀疏的队列。这个英勇的行动在今天看起来似乎很简单，但在那个叛乱狂热的时代，那是个英雄的举动。

"The Gaul has conquered!" These were the Marquis' last words.

“高卢人赢了！”这是侯爵最后的话。

By that time du Croisier's victory was complete. The new Marquis d'Esgrignon accepted Mlle. Duval as his wife a week after his old father's death. His bride brought him three millions of francs for du

Croisier and his wife settled the reversion of their fortunes upon her in the marriage-contract. Du Croisier took occasion to say during the ceremony that the d'Esgrignon family was the most honorable of all the ancient houses in France.

到那时，迪克鲁瓦西耶取得了彻底的胜利。老父亲去世一周后，新的德埃斯格里尼翁侯爵娶了杜瓦尔小姐为妻。由于迪克鲁瓦西耶夫妇以婚约的形式把他们财产的继承权留给了杜瓦尔小姐，所以她有三百万法郎的嫁妆。在婚礼上，迪克鲁瓦西耶抓住时机，称德埃斯格里尼翁家族是法国所有古老的家族中最可敬的。

Some day the present Marquis d'Esgrignon will have an income of more than a hundred thousand crowns. You may see him in Paris, for he comes to town every winter and leads a jolly bachelor life, while he treats his wife with something more than the indifference of the grand seigneur of olden times; he takes no thought whatever for her.

总有一天，现任的德埃斯格里尼翁侯爵会有超过十万法郎的收入。你或许能在巴黎看到侯爵，因为每年冬天他都会来这里，过着快乐的单身生活。他用从前大封建君主的冷漠对待他的妻子，甚至有过之而无不及——他根本就不去想她。

"As for Mlle. d'Esgrignon," said Emile Blondet, to whom all the detail of the story is due, "if she is no longer like the divinely fair woman whom I saw by glimpses in my childhood, she is decidedly, at the age of sixty-seven, the most pathetic and interesting figure in the Collection of Antiquities. She queens it among them still. I saw her when I made my last journey to my native place in search of the necessary papers for my marriage. When my father knew who it was that I had married, he was struck dumb with amazement; he had not a word to say until I told him that I was a prefect.

“至于德埃斯格里尼翁小姐，”我们整个故事细节的提供者埃米尔·布隆代说，“即便她不再是我孩童时代见到的那个貌似天仙的女人，六十七岁的她必定是古物陈列室里最惹人怜、最有趣的人物。她依旧是那里的王后。我上次回家乡寻找结婚用的必要文件时见过她。当父亲得知我要结婚的对象时，他惊得哑口无言。直到我告诉他我已当上省长时，他才开口。

“'You were born to it,' he said, with a smile.

“‘你天生就是当省长的材料。’他笑着对我说。

"As I took a walk around the town, I met Mlle. Armande. She looked taller than ever. I looked at her, and thought of Marius among the ruins of Carthage. Had she not outlived her creed, and the beliefs that had been destroyed? She is a sad and silent woman, with nothing of her old beauty left except the eyes, that shine with an unearthly light. I watched her on her way to mass, with her book in her hand,

and could not help thinking that she prayed to God to take her out of the world."

“我在城里溜达时遇见了阿芒德小姐。她看起来比以往任何时候都要高大。我看着她，想起了迦太基废墟上的马里乌斯。她难倒不是在自己的信条和信仰被摧毁后还活了下来吗？她是个忧伤恬静的女人，除了一双闪烁着脱俗光芒的眼睛之外，往日的美貌荡然无存。望着她手持经书去做弥撒的身影，我不禁想，她是在去祈祷上帝尽早带她离开尘世。”

LES JARDIES, July 1837.

1837年于雅尔迪。

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FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 BEIJING

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu

Beijing, China 100089

http://www.fltrp.com

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

关于财富的形成和分配的思考： 英汉对照/（法） 杜尔哥著； 孙丰田译.— 北京： 外语教学与研究出版社， 2012.6

（外研社双语读库. 学·书系）

书名原文： Reflections on the Formation and Distribution of Wealth

ISBN 978-7-5135-2121-5

I. ①关… II. ①杜… ②孙… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物 ②重农学派—研究 IV. ①H319.4：F

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2012) 第135518号

出版人： 蔡剑峰

责任编辑： 邓芳 辛欣

版式设计： 张苏梅

封面设计： 袁 璐 刘 冬

出版发行： 外语教学与研究出版社

社 址： 北京市西三环北路19号（100089）

网 址： http://www.fltrp.com

版 次： 2012年7月第1版 2012年7月第1次印刷

书 号： ISBN 978-7-5135-2121-5

* * *

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总序

外研社自创立之日起就一贯秉承“记载人类文明，沟通世界文化”的宗旨。上世纪90年代以来，我们陆续出版了“九十年代英语系列丛书”、“大师经典文库”、“英美文学文库”等系列经典图书，在最大限度满足国内英语学习者阅读需求的同时，也为中华民族引进和吸收海外优秀文化发挥了重要的桥梁纽带作用。

在多年出版实践中我们发现，对原版图书简单地以外语形式呈现，会使一些初级和中级外语学习者望而却步；而纯粹的译著，在翻译过程中又容易失掉原著中的某些精妙之笔，甚至丢失信息，因为每种语言都蕴含着其他语言无法精确对应的情致、智慧和对真善美的洞见。文化交流本身是一个双向互动的过程，因此在大量引入外文作品的同时，我们也不能忽略本民族文化在世界范围内的推广和传播，即把中国文化传递给世界。

基于上述考虑，我们应时推出“外研社双语读库”，立足经典，涵盖中外名家名作，涉及社会科学各个领域，以书系划分，采用双语编排，对文化背景附有注释。旨在积累世界各民族精粹文化的同时，向世界传递中国文化，为国内广大英语学习者提供题材广泛、质量过硬的双语经典读物，也为社科各领域学者了解西方学术经典提供优质的研究素材。

2010年1月，双语读库“文·书系”出版问世，该书系收录了20部西方经典著作，多出自19和20世纪著名作家、学者、思想家和哲学家笔下，作品的题材丰富，包括传记、小说、游记、杂文、回忆录等。该书系自问世以来，受到了广大英语爱好者的欢迎和好评。

2010年3月，外研社和中国外语教育研究中心联合设立“外汉翻译教学研究基金”项目，选取百余部国外经典学术著作，面向全国高校公开招募翻译项目组，参与投标者遍及全国近百所高校，在国内具有较大影响力。中标的译者多为全国重点高校的翻译专家、学者及中青年翻译人才，经过层层选拔脱颖而出；每个中标项目组还聘请相关领域的专家顾问，为其提供专业领域方面的支持和帮助，以确保译文的准确性和权威性。

此次推出的双语读库“学·书系”拟收录该“基金”项目中的优秀译作分批次进行出版，并细分为哲学辑、经济学辑、历史学辑、地理学辑、语言学辑、社会学辑、教育学辑等。“学·书系”依旧采用英汉对照编排，可作为社科各领域的学术研究读物以及中、高端英汉双语读物使用。

“学·书系”所选原作虽为经典名著，却也无法避免时间和空间上的局限性，希望读者朋友们能“取其精华，去其糟粕”。各篇译作均为译者倾尽全力、呕心沥血之作，不足之处，还请各位读者批评、指正。

译者 序

安·罗伯特·雅克·杜尔哥（1727—1781）是法国重农主义学派的重要代表人物之一。杜尔哥出身于法国的一个贵族世家，作为家中的幼子，他很早就接受了法国天主教会的教育，先后在路易学院、圣叙尔皮斯神学院和索邦神学院学习。1747年获神学学士学位，曾任索邦神学院院士、名誉副院长。1751年放弃神职从政。1752年任代理检察长。1753年任衡平法院裁判长。1761年被任命为利摩日州州长。1774年，他被路易十六任命为海军大臣，一个月后被调任财政大臣。在将近两年的财政大臣任期内，他提出了一系列反封建、反重商主义的改革法令，并推崇重农学派的思想。1774年秋，他取消对谷物贸易的限制，在国内实施了谷物贸易自由。1775年对运进城市的谷物实行了减少税款的措施；在这一年还对特权阶级征收建造街道税，而对农民则废除了建造街道时的徭役。1776年取消对酒类贸易的限制，实行贸易自由。这些改革损害了王室和特权阶级的利益，引起了封建统治阶级的强烈不满，以失败而告终。1776年5月，杜尔哥被解职。之后，他逐渐脱离政治生活。

作为一个重农主义者，杜尔哥同意重农学派的基本理论观点，如自然秩序、自由放任、纯产品、农业的优先地位和单一税制等，但他并不参加这个学派的派系活动，而是致力于进一步发展、修正魁奈的论点。魁奈和杜尔哥都是重农学派的主要代表人物。重农学派是法国古典经济学的主要代表。“自然秩序”是重农学派思想体系的理论基础。重农学派认为，人类社会存在着不以人们意志为转移的客观规律，即他们所说的“自然秩序”。“人为秩序”的确定应以“自然秩序”为准则。他们认为农业才是财富的真正源泉，才是社会繁荣富强的根本，只有农业才能创造物质财富并使其数量不断扩大。“纯产品”学说是重农学派理论体系的核心，是重农学派的剩余价值理论，也是重农学派一切政策主张的基石。在农业中，生产费用是由生产资料和工人的工资构成的。一般来说，生产资料的价值是既定的，所以“纯产品”的多少决定于工资的多少。“纯产品”就是工人剩余劳动创造出来的剩余价值。魁奈确认剩余价值不是在流通过程而是在生产过程中产生的，确定了剩余价值的真正起源，由此为科学地研究资本主义生产奠定了基础。

杜尔哥修正并发展了魁奈关于社会阶级结构的学说。重农学派把社会分为三个阶级，即生产阶级、土地所有者阶级和不生产阶级。而杜尔哥进一步明确地把生产阶级和不生产阶级各自划分为两个对立的阶级，即把生产阶级划分为农业工人和农业资本家，同时把不生产阶级划分为工业工人和工业资本家。对资本主义社会的资本家和雇佣工人两个主要阶级，进行了比较正确的解剖和说明，指出资本家占有和投入资本，使别人从事劳动，而赚取利润；雇佣工人则一无所有，靠给别人劳动，只能挣得工资。而工人的工资“受制于那些为生存而工作的工人之间的竞争。工资的高低并不完全由工人自己决定；而是取决于他与雇佣者所达成的协议。后者会尽可能压低价格，因为有大量的工人任其挑选，他会优先选用出价最低的工人。因此，为了与其他人竞争，工人们不得不降低自身的价格。在各个行业中，工人的工资只限于维持生存”。这正是后来被称为“工资铁律”的早期表述。而只有土地所有者最有能力有效耕种土地，使劳动产出超过其劳动工资，产生剩余产品。杜尔哥还分析了土地所有者使土地高产的五种不同方式：1.由获得固定薪资的工人耕种。2.由奴隶耕种。3.出让土地换取地租。4.同意给予耕种者确定份额的产品，通常为一半，土地所有者垫付耕种所需的费用。5.将土地租给农民，由农民垫付所有费用，在土地出租期间，农民每年向土地所有者支付约定的收入。杜尔哥还指出，尽管土地所有者拥有巨大的剩余，但由于他们拥有更多闲暇，有更多欲望和激情，所以他们储蓄较少；他们把自己看作财富的保证；他们考虑更多的是如何惬意地享受财富而不是如何增加财富：奢侈是他们的天性。关于货币流通的真正意义，杜尔哥指出：“正是这种不断的垫付和回收组成了所谓的货币流通：这种富有成效的流通，推动着所有的社会劳动，支持着社会的运转，成为国家的生命所在，我们完全可以将它比作人类体内血液的循环。”

杜尔哥对魁奈的“纯产品”理论也有重要的发展。魁奈不把“纯产品”看成是劳动的产物，而是把它说成是自然的恩赐。他认为土地所有者如不通过土地耕种者的劳动是什么也得不到的。杜尔哥承认“纯产品”是自然的赐予。但他认为，“纯产品”本来是自然对于农业阶级的劳动的赐予，只是在土地私有制建立之后、在土地所有权和耕种劳动分离之后，它才成为土地所有者不必劳动而借以生活的收入。杜尔哥认识到“纯产品”转化为地租被土地所有者占有是土地私有权的结果，比魁奈更进一步地说明了地租的本质和根源。在资本的来源和用途方面，杜尔哥进行了独特的论述。他列举了资本的五种使用方式：购买田产、投入农业企业、投入工业或制造业、投入商业和放贷取息。杜尔哥还由地租引出利息，由利息引出利润，认为出租土地可以取得地租，借出货币可以得到利息，投资开办企业就应得到利润。

重农学派的经济学说在杜尔哥的著作中得到了最大程度的发展。他曾为《百科全书》写过“市集与市场”、“基金”等论文，而杜尔哥最重要的著作是1766年写成的《关于财富的形成和

分配的思考》。这部名著被视为亚当·斯密的《国富论》的前驱，为英国古典政治经济学的完整理论体系的形成和工业革命的开始奠定了基础。作为重农主义的重要文献，该著作发展、修正了魁奈的论点，使重农主义作为资产阶级思想体系的特征有了更加鲜明的表现。这部著作本来是他为行将回国的两个在法国留学的中国学生写的。和魁奈一样，杜尔哥对中国人的发明、创造和经验是极为重视的，对中国的文明是极为赞赏的，他认为法国的改革需要借助中国的社会实践、中国的经验与文明。因此，他在担任利摩日州长时，就十分重视加强与当时在法国留学的两位中国青年高丽殊与杨德旺的交往，从他们那里了解中国的情况。当这两位中国留学生要返回中国时，杜尔哥向他们提出了52个经济问题，这就是杜尔哥的《中国问题集》，让他们回国后作出回答，以帮助法国思想家全面了解中国的经济情况。为了使他们理解这些问题的目的和意义，杜尔哥在问题的前面写了一篇分析性的引言作为指导，这篇引言便是后来的《关于财富的形成和分配的思考》一书。杜尔哥所提出的问题都与他所掌握的中国经济知识有着不同程度的联系，他受了中国情况的启发，也直接从中国古代文化中汲取了营养。而两位中国留学生回国后，就积极地收集中国农业经济、科学技术和工艺资料，并定期向法国国务大臣贝尔坦汇报；还协助在华耶稣会士汇编由法国资助出版的关于中国的材料——《北京教士报告》。重农学派就这样从中国留法学生和耶稣会士那里获得了中国思想、政治、经济、文化的历史资料和中国的水稻、桑树和茶叶栽培术、中国农具制造术和粮食储存法等农业资料。中国许多先进的农具、农艺和籽实就这样传到法国和欧洲。杜尔哥在担任法国财政大臣时，就借助中国发展农业经济的经验和重农主义理论，进行了有利于资本主义发展的改革，以图实现他的重农主义的主张。所以，研究者都说杜尔哥的《关于财富的形成和分配的思考》一书受中国的影响最深。

译者

2011年夏

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- 返回总目录

Anne Robert Jacques Turgot

REFLECTIONS ON THE FORMATION AND DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH

Section 1

The impossibility of the existence of Commerce upon the supposition of an equal division of lands, where every man should possess only what is necessary for his own support.

If the land was divided among all the inhabitants of a country, so that each of them possessed precisely the quantity necessary for his support, and nothing more; it is evident that all of them being equal, no one would work for another. Neither would any of them possess wherewith to pay another for his labour, for each person having only such a quantity of land as was necessary to produce a subsistence, would consume all he should gather, and would not have any thing to give in exchange for the labour of others.

Section 2

The above hypothesis neither has existed nor could continue. The diversity of soils and multiplicity of wants, compel an exchange of the productions of the earth, against other productions.

This hypothesis never can have existed, because the earth has been cultivated before it has been divided; the cultivation itself having been the only motive for a division, and for that law which secures to every one his property. For the first persons who have employed themselves in cultivation, have probably worked as much land as their strength would permit, and, consequently, more than was necessary for their own nourishment.

If this state could have existed, it could not possibly be durable; each one gathering from his field only a subsistence, and not having wherewith to pay others for their labour, would not be enabled to supply his other wants of lodging, clothing, &c. &c., except by the labour of his hands, which would be nearly impossible, as every soil does not produce every material.

The man whose land was only fit to produce grain, and would neither bring forth cotton or flax, would want linen to clothe him. Another would have ground proper for cotton, which would not yield grain. One would want wood for his fire, and another be destitute of corn to support him. Experience would soon teach every one what species of productions his land was best adapted to, and he would confine himself to the cultivation of it; in order to procure himself those things he stood in need of, by an exchange with his neighbours, who, having on their part acquired the same experience, would have cultivated those productions which were best suited to their fields, and would have abandoned the cultivation of any other.

Section 3

The productions of the earth require long and difficult preparations, before they are rendered fit to supply the wants of men.

The productions which the earth supplies to satisfy the different wants of man, will not, for the most part, administer to those wants, in the state nature affords them; it is necessary they should undergo different operations, and be prepared by art. Wheat must be converted into flour, then into bread; hides must be dressed or tanned; wool and cotton must be spun; silk must be taken from the cod; hemp and flax must be soaked, peeled, spun, and wove into different textures; then cut and sewed together again to make garments, &c. If the same man who cultivates on his own land these different articles, and who raises them to supply his wants, was obliged to perform all the intermediate operations himself, it is certain he would succeed very badly. The greater part of these preparations require care, attention, and a long experience; all which are only to be acquired by progressive labour, and that on a great quantity of materials. Let us refer, for example, to the preparation of hides: what labourer can pursue all the particular things necessary to those operations, which continue several months, sometimes several years? If he is able to do it, can he do it with a single hide? What a loss of time, of room, and of materials, which might be employed, either at the same time or successively, to tan a large quantity of skins! But should he even succeed in manning a single skin, and want one pair of shoes, what will he do with the remainder? Will he kill an ox to make this pair of shoes? Will he cut down a tree to make a pair of wooden shoes? We may say the same thing of every other want of every other man, who, if he was reduced to his field, and the labour of his own hands, would waste much time, take much trouble, be very badly equipped in every respect, and would also cultivate his lands very ill.

Section 4

The necessity of these preparations, bring on the exchange of productions for labour.

The same motive which has established the exchange of commodity for commodity, between the cultivators of lands of different natures, has also necessarily brought on the exchange of commodities for labour, between the cultivators and another portion of society, who shall have preferred the occupation of preparing and completing the productions of the earth, to the cultivation of it. Every one profits by this arrangement, for every one attaching himself to a peculiar species of labour, succeeds much better therein. The husbandman draws from his field the greatest quantity it is able to produce, and procures to himself, with greater facility, all the other objects of his wants, by an exchange of his superflux, than he could have done by his own labour. The shoemaker, by making shoes for the husbandman, secures to himself a portion of the harvest of the latter. Every workman labours for the wants of the workmen of every other trade, who, on their side, toil also for him.

Section 5

Pre-eminence of the husbandman who produces, over the artificer who prepares. The husbandman is the first mover in the circulation of labour: it is he who causes the earth to produce the wages of every artificer.

It must, however, be observed that the husbandman, finishing every one with the most important and the most considerable objects of their consumption (I mean their food, and the materials of almost all manufactures), has the advantage of a greater degree of independence. His labour, among the different species of labour, appropriated to the different members of society, supports the same pre-eminence and priority, as the procuring of food did among the different works he was obliged, in his solitary state, to employ himself in, in order to minister to his wants of every kind. This is not a pre-eminence of honour or of dignity, but of physical necessity. The husbandman can, generally speaking, subsist without the labour of other workmen; but no other workmen can labour, if the husbandman does not provide him wherewith to exist. It is this circulation, which, by a reciprocal exchange of wants, renders mankind necessary to each other, and which forms the bond of society: it is therefore the labour of the husbandman which gives the first movement. What his industry causes the earth to produce beyond his personal wants, is the only fund for the wages, which all the other members of society receive in recompense for their toil. The latter, by availing themselves of the produce of this exchange, to purchase in their turn the commodities of the husbandman, only return to him precisely what they have received. There is here a very essential difference between these two species of labour, on which it is necessary to reflect, and to be well assured of the ground on which they stand, before we trust to the innumerable consequences which flow from them.

Section 6

The wages of the workman is limited by the competition among those who work for a subsistence. He only gains a livelihood.

The mere workman, who depends only on his hands and his industry, has nothing but such part of his labour as he is able to dispose of to others. He sells it at a cheaper or a dearer price; but this high or low price does not depend on himself alone; it results from the agreement he has made with the person who employs him. The latter pays him as little as he can help, and as he has the choice from among a great number of workmen, he prefers the person who works cheapest. The workmen are therefore obliged to lower their price in opposition to each other. In every species of labour it must happen, and, in effect, it does happen, that the wages of the workman is confined merely to what is necessary to procure him a subsistence.

Section 7

The husbandman is the only one whose industry produces more than the wages of his labour. He, therefore, is the only source of all wealth.

The situation of the husbandman is materially different. The soil, independent of any other man, or of any agreement, pays him immediately the price of his toil. Nature does not bargain with him, or compel him to content himself with what is absolutely necessary. What she grants is neither limited to his wants, nor to a conventional valuation of the price of his day's work. It is a physical consequence of the fertility of the soil, and of justice, rather than of the difficulty of the means, which he has employed to render the soil fruitful. As soon as the labour of the husbandman produces more than sufficient for his necessities, he can, with the excess which nature affords him of pure free will beyond the wages of his toil, purchase the labour of other members of society. The latter, in selling to him, only procures a livelihood; but the husbandman, besides his subsistence, collects an independent wealth at his disposal, which he has not purchased, but which he can sell. He is, therefore, the only source of all those riches which, by their circulation, animates the labours of society: because he is the only one whose labour produces more than the wages of his toil.

Section 8

First division of society into two classes, the one productive, or the cultivators, the other stipendiary, or the artificers.

Here then is the whole society divided, by a necessity founded on the nature of things, into two classes, both industrious, one of which, by its labour, produces, or rather draws from the earth, riches continually renewing, which supply the whole society with subsistence, and with materials for all its wants; while the other is employed in giving to the said materials such preparations and forms as render them proper for the use of man, sells his labour to the first, and receives in return a subsistence. The first may be called the productive, the latter the stipendiary class.

Section 9

In the first ages of society, the proprietors could not be distinguished from the cultivators.

Hitherto we have not distinguished the husbandman from the proprietor of the land; and in the first origin they were not in fact so distinguished. It is by the labour of those who have first cultivated the fields, and who have enclosed them to secure their harvest, that all land has ceased to be common, and that a property in the soil has been established. Until societies have been formed, and until the pubic strength, or the laws, becoming superior to the force of individuals, have been able to guarantee to every one the tranquil possession of his property, against all invasion from without; the property in a field could only be secured as it had been acquired, by continuing to cultivate it; the proprietor could not be assured of having his field cultivated by the help of another; and that person taking all the trouble, could not easily have comprehended that the whole harvest did not belong to him. On the other hand, in this early age, when every industrious man would find as much land as he wanted, he would not be tempted to labour for another. It necessarily follows, that every proprietor must cultivate his own field or abandon it entirely.

Section 10

Progress of society; all lands have an owner.

But the land begins to be with people, and to be cleared more and more. The best lands are in process of time fully occupied. There remains only for those who come last, nothing but barren land, rejected by the first occupants. But at last, every spot has found a master, and those who cannot gain a property therein, have no other resource but to exchange the labour of their hands in some of the employments of the stipendiary class, for the excess of commodities possessed by the cultivating proprietor.

Section 11

The proprietors begin to be able to ease themselves of the labour of cultivation, by the help of hired cultivators.

Meantime, since the earth produces to the proprietor who cultivates it, not a subsistence only, not only wherewith to procure himself by way of exchange, what he otherwise wants, but also a considerable superfluity; he is enabled with this superfluity, to pay other men to cultivate his land. For among those who live by wages, as many are content to labour in this employment as in any other. The proprietor, therefore, might then be eased of the labour of culture, and he soon was so.

Section 12

Inequality in the division of property: causes which render that inevitable.

The original proprietors would (as I have already mentioned) occupy as much land as their strength would permit them with their families to cultivate. A man of greater strength, more laborious, more attentive about the future, would occupy more than a man of a contrary character. He, whose family is the most numerous having greater wants and more hands, extends his possessions further; this is a first cause of inequality. —Every piece of ground is not equally fertile; two men with the same extent of land, may reap a very different harvest; this is a second source of inequality. Property in descending from fathers to their children, divides into greater or less portions, according as the descendants are more or less numerous, and as one generation succeeds another, sometimes the inheritances again subdivide, and sometimes re-unite again by the extinction of some of the branches; this is a third source of inequality. The difference of knowledge, of activity, and, above all, the economy of some, contrasted with the indolence, inaction, and dissipation of others, is a fourth principle of inequality, and the most powerful of all: the negligent and inattentive proprietor, who cultivates badly, who in a fruitful year consumes in frivolous things the whole of his superfluity, finds himself reduced on the least accident to request assistance from his more provident neighbour, and to live by borrowing. If by any new accident, or by a continuation of his negligence, he finds himself not in a condition to repay, he is obliged to have recourse to new loans, and at last has no other resource but to abandon a part, or even the whole of his property to his creditor, who receives it as an equivalent; or to assign it to another, in exchange for other valuables with which he discharges his obligation to his creditor.

Section 13

Consequences of this inequality: The cultivator distinguished from the proprietor.

Thus is the property in the soil made subject to purchase and sale. The portion of the dissipating or unfortunate, increases the share of the more happy or industrious proprietor; and in this infinite variety of possessions, a great number of proprietors must possess more than they can cultivate. Besides, it is very natural for a rich man to wish for a tranquil enjoyment of his property, and instead of employing his whole time in toilsome labour, he rather prefers giving a part of his superfluity to people to work for him.

Section 14

Division of the produce between the cultivator and the proprietor. Net produce, or revenue.

By this new arrangement, the produce of the land divides into two parts. The one comprehends the subsistence and the profits of the husbandman, which are the rewards for his labour, and the conditions on which he agrees to cultivate the field of the proprietor; the other which remains, is that independent and disposable part, which the earth produces as a free gift to the proprietor over and above what he has disbursed; and it is out of this share of the proprietor's, or what is called the revenue, that he is enabled to live without labour, and which he can carry wherever he will.

Section 15

A new division of society into three classes. Cultivators, Artificers, and Proprietors, or the productive, stipendiary, and disposable classes.

We now behold society divided into three branches: the class of husbandmen, whom we may denominate cultivators; the class of artificers and others, who work for hire upon the productions of the earth; and the class of proprietors, the only one which, not being confined by a want of support to a particular species of labour, may be employed in the general service of society, as for war, and the administration of justice, either by a personal service, or by the payment of a part of their revenue, with which the state may hire others to fill these employments. The appellation which suits the best with this division, for this reason, is that of the disposable class.

Section 16

Resemblance between the two laborious classes.

The two classes of cultivators and artificers, resemble each other in many respects, and particularly that those who compose them do not possess any revenue, and both equally subsist on the wages which are paid them out of the productions of the earth. Both have also this circumstance in common, that they only gain the price of their labour and their disbursements, and that this price is nearly the same in the two classes. The proprietor agreeing with those who cultivate his ground to pay them as small a part as possible of its produce, in the same manner as he bargains with the shoemaker to buy his shoes as cheap as he can. In a word, neither the cultivator, nor the artificer receives more than a bare recompense for his labour.

Section 17

Essential difference between the two laborious classes.

But there is this difference between the two species of labour; that the work of the cultivator produces not only his own wages, but also that revenue which serves to pay all the different classes of artificers, and other stipendiaries their salaries: whereas the artificers receive simply their salary, that is to say, their part of the productions of the earth, in exchange for their labour, and which does not produce any increase. The proprietor enjoys nothing but by the labour of the cultivator. He receives from him his subsistence, and wherewith to pay for the labour of the other stipendiaries. He has need of the cultivator by the necessity arising from the physical order of things, by which necessity the earth is not fruitful without labour; but the cultivator has no need of the proprietor but by virtue of human conventions, and of those civil laws which have guaranteed to the first cultivators and their heirs, the property in the lands they had occupied, even after they ceased to cultivate them. But these laws can only secure to the idle man, that part of the production of his land which it produces beyond the retribution due to the cultivators. The cultivator, confined as he is to a stipend for his labour, still preserves that natural and physical priority which renders him the first mover of the whole machine of society, and which causes both the subsistence and wealth of the proprietor, and the salaries paid for every other species of labour, to depend on his industry. The artificer, on the contrary, receives his wages either of the proprietor or of the cultivator, and only gives them in exchange for his stipend, an equivalent in labour, and nothing more.

Thus, although neither the cultivator nor the artificer gains more than a recompense for their toil; yet the labour of the cultivator produces besides that recompense, a revenue to the proprietor, while the artificer does not produce any revenue either for himself or others.

Section 18

This difference authorises another distinction into the productive and barren classes.

We may then distinguish the two classes not disposable into the productive class, which is that of the cultivators, or the barren class, which comprehends all the other stipendiary members of society.

Section 19

How the proprietors may draw a revenue from their lands.

The proprietors who do not cultivate their lands themselves, may adopt different methods of cultivating them, or make different agreements with those who cultivate them.

Section 20

First method, or cultivation by labourers on wages.

They may, in the first place, pay men by the day or the year, to work their fields, and reserve to themselves the whole of the produce; this includes a supposition that the proprietor pays all advances, both for seed, and the wages of the labourers, until after the harvest. But this method requires great labour and assiduity on the part of the proprietor, who alone can direct his men in their labour, see that they employ their time well, and watch over their fidelity, that they shall not carry away any part of the produce. It is true that he may pay a man of more knowledge, and whose fidelity he knows, who, in quality of manager and conductor, may direct the workmen, and keep an account of the produce; but he will be always subject to fraud. Besides, this method is extremely expensive, unless a large population, or want of employ in other species of labour, forces the workmen to content themselves with very low salaries.

Section 21

Second method, cultivation by slaves.

In times not very distant from the origin of society, it was almost impossible to find men willing to work on the lands of another, because all the land not being as yet occupied, those who were willing to labour, preferred the clearing of new lands, and the cultivation of them on their own account; this is pretty much the case in all new colonies.

In this situation violent men then conceived the expedient of obliging other men by force to labour for them. They employed slaves. The latter have had no justice to look for, from the hands of people, who have not been able to reduce them to slavery without violating all the laws of humanity. Meantime, the physical law of nature secures to them their part of the productions which they have raised; for the master must necessarily nourish them, in order to profit by their labour. But this species of recompense is confined to mere necessaries for their subsistence.

This abominable custom of slavery has formerly been universal, and has spread over the greatest part of the globe. The principal object of the wars carried on by the ancients was, to carry off slaves, whom the conquerors either compelled to work for them, or sold to others. This species of thieving, and this trade, still continues, attended with all its cruel circumstances, on the coast of Guinea, where the Europeans encourage it by going thither to purchase negroes for the cultivation of their American colonies.

The excessive labour to which avaricious masters force their slaves, causes many of them to perish; and it becomes necessary, to keep up the number requisite for cultivation, that this trade should supply annually a very large number. And as war is the principal source which supplies this commerce, it is evident that it can subsist no longer than the people continue being divided into very small nations, who are incessantly plundering each other, and every district is at continued war with its neighbours. Let England, France, and Spain carry on the most cruel hostilities, the frontiers alone of each state will be the only parts invaded, and that in a few places only. All the rest of the country will be quiet, and the small number of prisoners they could make on either side, would be but a weak resource for the cultivation of each of the three nations.

Section 22

Cultivation by slaves cannot exist in great societies.

Thus when men are formed into great societies, the recruits of slaves are not sufficiently numerous to support the consumption which the cultivation requires. And although they supply the labour of men by that of beasts, a time will come, when the lands can no longer be worked by slaves. The practice is then continued only for the interior work of the house, and in the end it is totally abolished; because in proportion as nations become polished, they form conventions for the exchange of prisoners of war. These conventions are the more readily made, as every individual is very much interested to be free from the danger of falling into a state of slavery.

Section 23

Slavery annexed to the land, succeeds to slavery properly so called.

The descendants of the first slaves, attached at first to the cultivation of the ground, change their condition. The interior peace among nations, not leaving wherewithal to supply the consumption of slaves, the masters are obliged to take greater care of them. Those who were born in the house, accustomed from their infancy to their situation, revolt the less at it, and their masters have less need to employ rigour to restrain them. By degrees the land they cultivate becomes their country, they become a part of the nation, and in the end, they experience confidence and humanity on the part of their masters.

Section 24

Vassalage succeeds to slavery, annexed to the land, and the slave becomes a proprietor. Third method: alienation of the land for a certain service.

The administration of an estate, cultivated by slaves, requires a careful attention, and an irksome residence. The master secures to himself a freer, easier, and more secure enjoyment of his property, by interesting his slaves in the cultivation of it, and by abandoning to each of them a certain portion of land, on condition of their paying him a portion of the produce. Some have made this agreement for a time, and have only left their serfs, or slaves, a precious and revocable possession. Others have assigned them lands in perpetuity, retaining an annual rent payable either in provisions or in money, and requiring from the possessors certain services. Those who received these lands, under the condition prescribed, became proprietors and free, under the name of tenant, or vassal; and the ancient proprietors, under the title of lords, reserved only the right of exacting payment of the rent, and other stipulated duties. Thus it has happened in the greater part of Europe.

Section 25

Fourth method. Partial colonization.

These lands, rendered free at the expense of rent, may yet change masters, may divide or reunite by means of succession and sale; and such a vassal may in his turn have more than he can cultivate himself. In general the rent to which those lands are subject, is not so large, but that, by cultivating them well, the cultivator is enabled to pay all advances, and expenses, procure himself a subsistence, and besides, an excess of productions which form a revenue. Henceforth the proprietary vassal becomes desirous of enjoying this revenue without labour, and of having his lands also cultivated by others. On the other hand, the greater part of the lords grant out those parts of their possessions only, which are the least within their reach, and retain those they can cultivate with the least expense. The cultivation by slaves not being practicable, the first method that offers, and the most simple to engage free men to cultivate lands which do not belong to them, was to resign to them such a portion of the produce, as would engage them to cultivate better than those husbandmen who are employed at a fixed salary. The most common method has been to divide it into equal parts, one of which belonged to the cultivator and the other to the proprietor. This has given place to the name (in France) of metayer (medietarius) or cultivator for half produce. In arrangements of this kind, which take place throughout the greatest part of France, the proprietor pays all contingencies; that is to say, he provides at his expense, the cattle for labour, ploughs, and other utensils of husbandry, seed, and the support of the cultivator and his family, from the time the latter enters into the metairie until the first harvest.

Section 26

Fifth method. Renting, or letting out the land.

Rich and intelligent cultivators, who saw to what perfection an active and well directed cultivation, for which neither labour nor expense was spared, would raise the fruitfulness of land, judged with reason that they would gain more, if the proprietors should consent to abandon, for a certain number of years, the whole of the harvest, on condition of receiving annually a certain revenue, and to be free of all expenses of cultivation. By that they would be assured that the increase of productions, which their disbursements and their labour procured, would belong entirely to themselves. The proprietor, on his side, would gain thereby, 1st, a more tranquil enjoyment of his revenue, being freed from the care of advances, and of keeping an account of the produce; 2nd, a more equal enjoyment, since he would receive every year the same and a more certain price for his farm: because he would run no risk of losing his advances; and the cattle and other effects with which the farmers had stocked it, would become a security for his payment. On the other hand, the lease being only for a small number of years, if his tenant paid him too little, he could augment it at the expiration thereof.

Section 27

The last method is the most advantageous, but it supposes the country already rich.

This method of securing lands is the most advantageous both to proprietors and cultivators. It is universally established where there are any rich cultivators, in a condition to make the advances necessary for the cultivation. And as the rich cultivators are in a situation to bestow more labour and manure upon the ground, there results from thence a prodigious augmentation in the productions, and in the revenue of the land.

In Picardy, Normandy, the environs of Paris, and in most of the provinces in the north of France, the lands are cultivated by farmers; in those of the south, by the metayers. Thus the northern are incomparably richer and better cultivated than the southern provinces.

Section 28

Recapitulation of the several methods of making lands productive.

I have just mentioned five different methods by which proprietors are enabled to ease themselves of the labour of the cultivation, and to make their land productive, by the hands of others.

1. By workmen paid at a fixed salary.

2. By slaves.

3. By ceding their lands for rent.

4. By granting to the cultivator a determined portion, which is commonly half the produce, the proprietor paying the advances necessary for the cultivation.

5. By letting their land to farmers, who undertake to make all the necessary advances, and who engage to pay to the proprietors, during the number of years agreed on, a revenue equal to its value.

Of these five methods, the first is too expensive, and very seldom practised; the second is only used in countries as yet ignorant and barbarous; the third is rather a means of procuring a value for, than abandoning of the property for money, so that the ancient proprietor is no longer any thing more than a mere creditor.

The two last methods of cultivation are the most common, that is, the cultivation by metayers in the poor, and by farmers in the richer countries.

Section 29

Of capitals in general, and of the revenue of money.

There is another way of being rich, without labour, and without possessing lands, of which I have not yet spoken, and of which it is necessary to explain the origin and connection, with other parts of the system of the distribution of riches in society, of which I have just drawn the outlines. This consists in living by what is called the revenue of money, or of the interest which is paid for the loan thereof.

Section 30

Of the use of gold and silver in commerce.

Gold and silver are two species of merchandize, like others, and less valuable than many of them, because they are of no use for the real wants of life. To explain how these two metals are become the representative pledges of every species of riches; how they influence the commercial markets, and how they enter into the composition of fortunes, it is necessary to go back again and return to our first principles.

Section 31

Rise of commerce. Principle of the valuation of commercial things.

Reciprocal wants first introduced exchanges of what we possessed, for what we stood in need of one species of provision was bartered for another, or for, labour. In exchanging, it is necessary that each party is convinced of the quality and quantity of every thing exchanged. In this agreement it is natural that every one should desire to receive as much as he can, and to give as little; and both being equally masters of what they have to barter, it is in a man's own breast to balance the attachment he has to the thing he gives, with the desire he feels to possess that which he is willing to receive, and consequently to fix the quantity of each of the exchanged things. If the two persons do not agree, they must relax a little on one side or the other, either by offering more or being content with less. I will suppose that one is in want of corn and the other of wine; and that they agree to exchange a bushel of corn for six pints of wine. It is evident that by both of them, one bushel of corn and six pints of wine are looked upon as exactly equivalent, and that in this particular exchange, the price of a bushel of corn is six pints of wine, and the price of six pints of wine is one bushel of corn. But in another exchange between other men, this price will be different, accordingly as one or the other of them shall have a more or less pressing want of one commodity or the other; and a bushel of corn may be exchanged against eight pints of wine, while another bushel shall be bartered for four pints only. Now it is evident, that not one of these three prices can be looked on as the true price of a bushel of corn, rather than the others; to each of the dealers, the wine he has received was equivalent to the corn he had given. In a word, so long as we consider each exchange independent of any other, the value of each thing exchanged has no other measure than the wants or desires of one party weighed with those of the other, and is fixed only by their agreement.

Section 32

How the current value of the exchange of merchandise is established.

Meantime it happens that many individuals have wine to dispose of to those who possess corn. If one is not willing to give more than four pints for a bushel, the proprietor of the corn will not exchange with him, when he shall know that another will give six or eight pints for the same bushel. If the former is determined to have the corn, he will be obliged to raise his price equal to what is offered by others. The sellers of wine profit on their side by the competition among the sellers of corn. No one resolves to part with his property, before he has compared the different offers which are made to him, of the commodity he stands in need of, and then he accepts of the best offer. The value of the wine and corn is not fixed by the two proprietors with respect to their own wants and reciprocal abilities, but by a general balance of the wants of all the sellers of corn, with those of all the sellers of wine. For those who will willingly give eight pints of wine for a bushel of corn, will give but four when they shall know that a proprietor of corn is willing to give two bushels for eight pints. The medium price between the different offers and the different demands, will become the current price to which all the buyers and sellers will conform in their exchanges; and it will be true if we say, that six pints of wine will be to every one the equivalent for a bushel of corn, that is, the medium price, until a diminution of supply on one side, or of demand on the other, causes a variation.

Section 33

Commerce gives all merchandize a current value with respect to any other merchandize; from whence it follows that all merchandize is the equivalent for a certain quantity of any other merchandize, and may be looked on as a pledge to represent it.

Corn is not only exchanged for wine, but also for any object which the proprietors of the corn may stand in need of as wood, leather, woolen, cotton, &c. it is the same with wine and every other particular species. If a bushel of corn is equivalent to six pints of wine, and a sheep is equivalent to three bushels of corn, the same sheep will be equivalent to eighteen pints of wine. He who having the corn, wants the wine, may, without inconvenience, exchange his corn for a sheep, in order afterwards to exchange the sheep for the wine he stands in need of.

Section 34

Every merchandize may serve as a scale or common measure, by which to compare the value of any other.

It follows from hence, that in a country where the commerce is very brisk, where there are many productions and much consumption, where there are great supplies and a great demand for all sorts of commodities, every sort will have a current price, having relation to every other species; that is to say, that a certain quantity of one will be of equal value to a certain quantity of any others. Thus the same quantity of corn which is worth eighteen pints of wine, is also the value of a sheep, a piece of leather, or a certain quantity of iron; and all these things have, in the transactions of trade an equal value. To express or make known the value of any particular thing, it is evident, that it is sufficient to announce the quantity of any other known production, which will be looked on as an equivalent for it. Thus, to make known what a piece of leather of a certain size is worth, we may say indifferently, that it is worth three bushels of corn, or eighteen pints of wine. We may by the same method express the value of a certain quantity of wine, by the number of sheep, or bushels of corn it will bring in trade.

We see by this, that every species of commodity that can be an object of commerce, may be measured, as I may say, by each other, that every one may serve as a common measure, or scale of comparison to describe the value of every other species, and in like manner every merchandize becomes in the hands of him who possesses it, a means to procure all others—a sort of universal pledge.

Section 35

Every species of merchandize does not present a scale equally commodious. It is proper to prefer the use of such as are not susceptible of any great alteration in quality, and have a value principally relative to the number and quantity.

But although all merchandize has essentially this property of representing any other, is able to serve as a common measure, to express its value, and to become a universal pledge to procure any of them by way of exchange, yet all cannot be employed with the same degree of facility for these two uses. The more susceptible any merchandize is to change its value by an alteration in its quality, the more difficult it is to make it a scale of reference for the value of others. For example, if eighteen pints of wine of Anjou are equivalent in value to a sheep, eighteen pints of Cape wine may be equivalent to eighteen sheep. Thus he who to express the value of a sheep, would say it is worth eighteen pints of wine, would employ an equivocal language, and would not communicate any precise idea, at least until he added some explanation, which would be very inconvenient. We are, therefore, obliged to choose for a scale of comparison, such commodities as being more commonly in use, and consequently of a value more generally known, are more like each other, and of which consequently the value has more relation to the quantity than the quality.

Section 36

For want of an exact correspondence between the value and the number or quantity, it is supplied by a mean valuation, which becomes a species of real money.

In a country where there are only one race of sheep, we may easily take the value of a fleece or of a sheep by the common method of valuation, and we may say that a barrel of wine, or a piece of stuff, is worth a certain number of fleeces or of sheep. There is in reality some inequality in sheep, but when we want to sell them, we take care to estimate that inequality, and to reckon (for example) two lambs for one sheep. When it is necessary to treat of the relative value of other merchandize, we fix the common value of a sheep of middling age and quality, as the symbol of unity. In this view the enunciation of the value of sheep, becomes an agreed language, and this word one sheep, in the language of commerce, signifies only a certain value, which, in the mind of him who understands it, carries the idea not only of a sheep, but as a certain quantity of every other commodity, which is esteemed equivalent thereto, and this expression is more applicable to a fictitious and abstract value, than to the value of a real sheep; that if by chance a mortality happens among the sheep, and that to purchase one of them, you must give double the quantity of corn or wine that was formerly given, we shall rather say, that one sheep is worth two sheep, than change the expression we have been accustomed to for all other valuations.

Section 37

Example of those mean valuations which become an ideal expression for value.

There exists, in the commerce of every nation, many examples of fictitious valuations of merchandize, which are, as we may say, only a conventional language to express their value. Thus the cooks of Paris, and the fishmongers who furnish great houses, generally sell by the piece. A fat pullet is esteemed one piece, a chicken half a piece, more or less, according to the season: and so of the rest. In the negro trade in the American colonies, they sell a cargo of negroes at the rate of so much per negro, an Indian piece. The women and children are valued, so that, for example, three children, or one woman and two children are reckoned as one head of negro. They increase or diminish the value on account of the strength or other quality of the slaves, so that certain slaves are reckoned as two heads of negroes.

The Mandingo negroes, who carry on a trade for gold dust with the Arabian merchants, bring all their commodities to a fictitious scale, which both parties call macutes, so that they tell the merchants they will give so many macutes in gold. They value thus in macutes the merchandize they receive; and bargain with the merchants upon that valuation. Thus in Holland they reckon by bank florins, which is only a fictitious money, and which in commerce is sometimes of a greater, sometimes of a less value than the coin which is denominated a florin.

Section 38

All merchandize is a representative pledge of every object of commerce, but more or less commodities for use, as it possesses a greater or less facility to be transported, and to be preserved without alteration.

The variation in the quality of merchandize, and in the different prices in proportion to that quality, which renders them more or less proper than others to serve as a common measure, is also more or less an impediment to their being a representative pledge of every other merchandize of equal value. Nevertheless there is also, as to this last property, a very essential difference between the different species of merchandize. It is (for example) evident, that a man who possesses a piece of linen, is more certain of procuring for it, when he pleases, a certain quantity of corn, than if he had a barrel of wine of equal value: the wine being subject to a variety of accidents, which may in a moment deprive him of the whole property.

Section 39

All merchandize has the two essential properties of money, to measure and to represent all value: and in this sense all merchandize is money.

These two properties of serving as a common measure of all value, and of being a representative pledge of all other commodities of equal value, comprehend all that constitute the essence and use of what is called money; and it follows from the details which I have just now given, that all merchandize is, in some respect, money; and participates more or less, according to its particular nature, of these two essential properties. All is more or less proper to serve as a common measure, in proportion as it is more or less in general use, of a more similar quality, and more easy to be divided into aliquot parts. All is more or less applicable for the purpose of a general pledge of exchange, in proportion as it is less susceptible of decay or alteration in quantity or quality.

Section 40

Reciprocally all money is essentially merchandize.

We can take only that which has a value for a common measure of value, that which is received in commerce in exchange for other properties; and there is no universal representative pledge of value, but something of equal value. A money of convention is therefore a thing impossible.

Section 41

Different matters are able to serve and have served for current money.

Many nations have adopted in their language and in their trade, as a common measure of value, different matters more or less precious. There are at this day, some barbarous nations, who make use of a species of little shells, called cowries. I remember having seen when at college, some apricot stones exchanged and passed as a species of money among the scholars, who made use of them at certain games. I have already spoken of a valuation by heads of cattle; some of these are to be found in the vestiges of the laws of the ancient German nations, who over-ran the Roman Empire. The first Romans, or at least the Latins, their ancestors, made use of them also. It is pretended that the first money they struck in brass, represented the value of a sheep, and bore the image of that animal, and that the name of Pecunia has obtained from pecus. This conjecture carries with it a great probability.

Section 42

Metals, and particularly gold and silver, are the most proper for that purpose, and why.

We are now arrived at the introduction of the precious metals into trade. All metals, as they have been discovered, have been admitted into exchange, on account of their real utility. Their splendour has caused them to be sought for, to serve as ornaments; their ductility and their solidity have rendered them proper for utensils, more durable and lighter than those of clay. But these substances cannot be brought into commerce without becoming almost immediately a universal money. A piece of any metal, of whatever sort, has exactly the same qualities as another piece of the same metal provided they are both equally pure. Now the ease with which we can separate, by different chemical operations, a metal from other metals with which it is incorporated, enables us to bring it to a degree of purity, or, as they call it, to what standard we please; then the value of metal differs only as to its weight. In expressing, therefore, the value of any merchandize by the weight of metal which may be had in exchange, we shall then have the clearest, the most commodious, and most precise expression of value; and hence it is impossible but it must be preferred in practice to all other things. Nor are metals less proper than other merchandize for becoming the universal token of all value that can be measured: as they are susceptible of all imaginable divisions, there is not any object of commerce, great or small, whose value cannot be exactly paid by a certain quantity of metal. To this advantage of accommodating itself to every species of division, they join that of being unalterable, and those which are scarce, as gold and silver, have a great value, although of a weight and size little considerable.

These two metals are then, of all merchandize, the easiest to ascertain their quality, to divide their quantity, and to convey to all places at the easiest expense. Every one, therefore, who has a superfluity, and who is not at the time in want of another useful commodity, will hasten to exchange it for silver, with which he is more certain, than with any thing else, to procure himself the commodity he shall wish for at the time he is in want.

Section 43

Gold and silver are constituted, by the nature of things, money, and universal money, independent of all convention, and of all laws.

Here then is gold and silver constituted money, and universal money, and that without any arbitrary agreement among men, without the intervention of any law, but only by the nature of things. They are not, as many people imagine, signs of value; they have an intrinsic value in themselves, if they are capable of being the measure and the token of other values. This property they have in common with all other commodities which have a value in commerce. They only differ in being at the same time more divisible, more unchangeable, and of more easy conveyance than other merchandize, by which they are more commodiously employed to measure and represent the value of others.

Section 44

Other metals are only employed for these uses, in a secondary manner.

All metals are capable of being employed as money. But those which are too common have too little value in a large bulk to be employed in the current uses of commerce. Copper, silver, and gold, are the only ones which have been brought into constant use. And even copper, except among people to whom neither mines nor commerce have supplied a sufficient quantity of gold or silver, has never been used but in exchanges of small value.

Section 45

The use of gold and silver, as money, has augmented their value as materials.

It is not possible, but the eagerness with which every one has sought to exchange their superfluous commodities for gold and silver, rather than for any other commodity, must have augmented the value of these two materials in commerce. These are only thereby rendered more commodious for their employment as tokens, or common measure.

Section 46

Variations in the value of gold and silver, compared with the other objects of commerce, and with each other.

This value is susceptible of change, and in truth is continually changing; so that the same quantity of metal which answered to a certain quantity of such or such a commodity, becomes no longer equal thereto, and it requires a greater or less quantity of silver to represent the same commodity. When it requires more, it is said the commodity is dearer. when it requires less, that it is become cheaper; but they may as well say, that the silver is in the first case become cheaper, and in the latter dearer. Silver and gold not only vary in price, compared with all other commodities, but they vary also with each other, in proportion as they are more or less abundant. It is notorious, that we now give in Europe from fourteen to fifteen ounces of silver for one ounce of gold; and that in former times we gave only ten or eleven ounces.

Again, that at present in China, they do not give more than twelve ounces of silver for one ounce of gold, so that there is a very great advantage in carrying silver to China, to exchange for gold, to bring back to Europe. It is visible, that, in process of time, this commerce will make gold more common in Europe, and less common in China, and that the value of these two materials must finally come in both places to the same proportion.

A thousand different causes concur, to fix and to change incessantly the comparative value of commodities, either with respect to each other, or with respect to silver. The same causes conspire to fix and vary the comparative value, whether in respect to the value of each commodity in particular, or with respect to the totality of the other values which are actually in commerce. It is not possible to investigate these different causes, or to unfold their effects, without entering into very extensive and very difficult details, which I shall decline in this discussion.

Section 47

The use of payments in money, has given room for the distinction of seller and buyer.

In proportion as mankind became familiarized to the custom of valuing all things in silver, of exchanging all their superfluous commodities for silver, and of not parting with that money but for things which are useful or agreeable to them at the moment, they become accustomed to consider the exchanges of commerce in a different point of view. They have made a distinction of two persons, the buyer and the seller: the seller is him who gives commodities for money; and the buyer is him who gives money for commodities.

Section 48

The use of money has much facilitated the separation of different labours among the different orders of society.

The more money becomes a universal medium, the more everyone is enabled, by devoting himself solely to that species of cultivation and industry, of which he has made choice, to divest himself entirely of every thought for his other wants, and only to think of providing the most money he can, by the sale of his fruits or his labour, being sure with that money to possess all the rest. It is thus, that the use of money has prodigiously hastened the progress of society.

Section 49

Of the excess of annual produce accumulated to form capitals.

As soon as men are found, whose property in land assures them an annual revenue more than sufficient to satisfy all their wants, among them there are some, who, either uneasy respecting the future, or, perhaps, only provident, lay by a portion of what they gather every year, either with a view to guard against possible accidents, or to augment their enjoyments. When the commodities they have gathered are difficult to preserve, they ought to procure themselves in exchange, such objects of a more durable nature, and such as will not decrease in their value by time, or those that may be employed in such a manner, as to procure such profits as will make good the decrease with advantage.

Section 50

Personal property, accumulation of money.

This species of possession, resulting from the accumulation of annual produce, not consumed, is known by the name of personal property. Household goods, houses, merchandize in store, utensils of trade, and cattle are under this denomination. It is evident men must have toiled hard to procure themselves as much as they could of this kind of wealth, before they became acquainted, but it is not less evident that, as with the use of money, soon as it was known, that it was the least liable to alteration of all the objects of commerce, and the most easy to preserve without trouble, it would be principally sought after by whoever wished to accumulate. It was not the proprietors of land only who thus accumulated their superfluity. Although the profits of industry are not, like the revenue of lands, a gift of nature; and the industrious man draws from his labour only the price which is given him by the persons who pay him his wages; although the latter is as frugal as he can of his salary, and that a competition obliges an industrious man to content himself with a less price than he otherwise would do, it is yet certain that these competitions have neither been so numerous or strong in any species of labour, but that a man more expert, more active, and who practises more economy than others in his personal expenses, has been able, at all times, to gain a little more than sufficient to support him and his family, and reserve his surplus to form a little hoard.

Section 51

Circulating wealth is an indispensible requisite for all lucrative works.

It is even necessary, that in every trade the workmen, or those who employ them, possess a certain quantity of circulating wealth, collected before-hand. We here again are obliged to go back to a retrospect of many things which have been as yet only hinted at, after we have spoken of the division of different professions, and of the different methods by which the proprietors of capitals may render them of value; because, otherwise, we should not be able to explain them properly, without interrupting the connection of our ideas.

Section 52

Necessity of advances for cultivation.

Every species of labour, of cultivation, of industry, or of commerce, require advances. When people cultivate the ground, it is necessary to sow before they can reap; they must also support themselves until after the harvest. The more cultivation is brought to perfection and enlivened, the more considerable these advances are. Cattle, utensils for farming, buildings to hold the cattle, to store the productions, a number of persons, in proportion to the extent of the undertaking, must be paid and subsisted until the harvest. It is only by means of considerable advances, that we obtain rich harvests, and that lands produce a large revenue. In whatever business they engage, the workman must be provided with tools, must have a sufficient quantity of such materials as the object of his labour requires: and he must subsist until the sale of his goods.

Section 53

First advance furnished by the land although uncultivated.

The earth was ever the first and the only source of all riches: it is that which by cultivation produces all revenue; it is that which has afforded the first fund for advances, anterior to all cultivation. The first cultivator has taken the grain he has sown from such productions as the land had spontaneously produced; while waiting for the harvest, he has supported himself by hunting, by fishing, or upon wild fruits. His tools have been the branches of trees, procured in the forests, and cut with stones sharpened upon other stones; the animals wandering in the woods he has taken in the chace, caught them in his traps, or has subdued them unawares. At first he has made use of them for food, afterwards to help him in his labours. These first funds or capital have increased by degrees. Cattle were in early times the most sought after of all circulating property; and were also the easiest to accumulate; they perish, but they also breed, and this sort of riches is in some respects unperishable. This capital augments by generation alone, and affords an annual produce, either in milk, wool, leather, and other materials, which, with wood taken in the forest, have effected the first foundations for works of industry.

Section 54

Cattle a circulating wealth, even before the cultivation of the earth.

In times when there was yet a large quantity of uncultivated land, and which did not belong to any individual, cattle might be maintained without having a property in land. It is even probable, that mankind have almost every where began to collect flocks and herds, and to live on what they produced, before they employed themselves in the more laborious occupation of cultivating the ground. It seems that those nations who first cultivated the earth, are those who found in their country such sorts of animals as were the most susceptible of being tamed, and that they have by this been drawn from the wandering and restless life of hunters and fishers, to the more tranquil enjoyment of pastoral pursuits. Pastoral life requires a longer residence in the same place, affords more leisure, more opportunities to study the difference of lands, to observe the ways of nature in the productions of such plants as serve for the support of cattle. Perhaps it is for this reason, that the Asiatic nations have first cultivated the earth, and that the inhabitants of America have remained so long in a savage state.

Section 55

Another species of circulating wealth, and advances necessary for cultivation, slaves.

The slaves were another kind of personal property, which at first were procured by violence, and afterwards by way of commerce and exchange. Those that had many, employed them not only in the culture of land, but in various other channels of labour. The facility of accumulating, almost without measure, those two sources of riches, and of making use of them abstractedly from the land, caused the land itself to be estimated, and the value compared to moveable riches.

Section 56

Personal property has an exchangeable value, even for land itself.

A man that would have been possessed of a quantity of lands without cattle or slaves, would undoubtedly have made an advantageous bargain, in yielding a part of his land, to a person that would have offered him in exchange, cattle and slaves to cultivate the rest. It is chiefly by this principle that property in land entered likewise into commerce, and had a comparative value with that of all the other goods. If four bushels of corn, the net produce of an acre of land, was worth six sheep, the acre itself that feeds them could have been given for a certain value, greater indeed, but always easy to settle by the same way, as the price of other wares. Namely, at first by debates among the two contractors, next, by the current price established by the agreement of those who exchange land for cattle, or the contrary. It is by the scale of this current specie that lands are appraised, when a debtor is prosecuted by his creditor, and is constrained to yield up his property.

Section 57

Valuations of lands by the proportion of their revenue, with the sum of personal property, or the value for which they are exchanged: this proportion is called the price of lands.

It is evident, that if land, which produces a revenue equivalent to six sheep, can be sold for a certain value, which may always be expressed by a number of sheep equivalent to that value; this number will bear a fixed proportion with that of six, and will contain it a certain number of times. Thus the price of an estate is nothing else but its revenue multiplied a certain number of times; twenty times if the price is a hundred and twenty sheep; thirty times if one hundred and eighty sheep. And so the current price of land is reckoned by the proportion of the value of the revenue; and the number of times, that the price of the sale contains that of the revenue, is called so many years purchase of the land. They are sold at the price of twenty, thirty, or forty years purchase, when on purchasing them we pay twenty, thirty, or forty times. their revenue. It is also not less evident, that this price must vary according to the number of purchasers, or sellers of land, in the same manner as other goods vary in a ratio to the different proportion between the offer and the demand.

Section 58

All capital in money, and all amounts of value, are equivalent to land producing a revenue equal to some portion of that capital or value. First employment of capitals. Purchase of lands.

Let us now go back to the time after the introduction of money. The facility of accumulating it has soon rendered it the most desirable part of personal property, and has afforded the means of augmenting, by economy, the quantity of it without limits. Whoever, either by the revenue of his land. or by the salary of his labour or industry, receives every year a higher income than he needs to spend, may lay up the residue and accumulate it: these accumulated values are what we name a capital. The pusillanimous miser, that keeps his money with the mere view of soothing his imagination against apprehension of distress in the uncertainty of futurity, keeps his money in a hoard. If the dangers he had foreseen should eventually take place, and he in his poverty be reduced to live every year upon the treasure, or a prodigal successor lavish it by degrees, this treasure would soon be exhausted, and the capital totally lost to the possessor. The latter can draw a far greater advantage from it; for an estate in land of a certain revenue, being but an equivalent of a sum of value equal to the revenue, taken a certain number of times, it follows, that any sum whatsoever of value is equivalent to an estate in land, producing a revenue equal to a fixed proportion of that sum. It is perfectly the same whether the amount of this capital consists in a mass of metal, or any other matter, since money represents all kinds of value. as well as all kinds of value represent money. By these means the possessor of a capital may at first employ it in the purchase of lands; but he is not without other resources.

Section 59

Another employment for money in advances for enterprises of manufacture or industry.

I have already observed, that all kinds of labour, either of cultivation or industry, required advances. And I have shewn how the earth, by the fruits and herbages it spontaneously produces for the nourishment of men and animals, and by the trees, of which man has first formed his utensils, had furnished the first advances for cultivation; and even of the first manual works a man can perform for his own service. For instance, it is the earth that provides the stone, clay, and wood, of which the first houses were built; and, before the division of professions, when the same man that cultivated the earth provided also for his other wants by his own labour, there was no need of other advances. But when a great part of society began to have no resource but in their hands, it was necessary that those who lived thus upon salaries, should have somewhat before hand, that they might either procure themselves the materials on which they laboured, or subsist during the time they were waiting for their salary.

Section 60

Explanation of the use of the advances of capitals in enterprises of industry; on their returns and the profits they ought to produce.

In early times, he that employed labouring people under him, furnished the materials himself, and paid from day to day the salaries of the workmen. It was the cultivator or the owner himself that gave to the spinner the hemp he had gathered, and he maintained her during the time of her working. Thence he passed the yarn to a weaver, to whom he gave every day the salary agreed upon. But those slight daily advances can only take place in the coarsest works. A vast number of arts, and even of those arts indispensable for the use of the most indigent members of society, require that the same materials should pass through many different hands, and undergo, during a considerable space of time, difficult and various operations. I have already mentioned the preparation of leather, of which shoes are made. Whoever has seen the workhouse of a tanner, cannot help feeling the absolute impossibility of one, or even several indigent persons providing themselves with leather, lime, tan, utensils, etc. and causing the requisite buildings to be erected to put the tan house to work, and of their living during a certain space of time, till their leather can be sold. In this art, and many others, must not those that work on it have learned the craft before they presume to touch the materials, lest they should waste them in their first trials? Here then is another absolute necessity of advances. Who shall now collect the materials for the manufactory, the ingredients, the requisite utensils for their preparation? Who is to construct canals, markets, and buildings of every denomination? How shall that multitude of workmen subsist till the time of their leather being sold, and of whom none individually would be able to prepare a single skin; and where the emolument of the sale of a single skin could not afford subsistence to any one of them? Who shall defray the expenses for the instruction of the pupils and apprentices? Who shall maintain them until they are sufficiently instructed, guiding them gradually from an easy labour proportionate to their age, to works that demand more vigour and ability? It must then be one of those proprietors of capitals, or moveable accumulated property that must employ them, supplying them with advances in part for the construction and purchase of materials, and partly for the daily salaries of the workmen that are preparing them. It is he that must expect the sale of the leather, which is to return him not only his advances, but also an emolument

sufficient to indemnify him for what his money would have procured him, had he turned it to the acquisition of lands, and moreover of the salary due to his troubles and care, to his risque, and even to his skill; for surely, upon equal profits, he would have preferred living without solicitude, on the revenue of land, which he could have purchased with the same capital. In proportion as this capital returns to him by the sale of his works, he employs it in new purchases for supporting his family and maintaining his manufactory; by this continual circulation, he lives on his profits, and lays by in store what he can spare to increase his stock, and to advance his enterprise by augmenting the mass of his capital, in order proportionably to augment his profits.

Section 61

Subdivisions of the industrious stipendiary class, in undertaking capitalists and simple workmen.

Thus the whole class-employed in supplying the different wants of society, with an immense variety of works of industry, is, if I may speak thus, subdivided into two classes. The one, of the undertakers, manufacturers and masters, all proprietors of large capitals, which they avail themselves of, by furnishing work to the other class, composed of artificers, destitute of any property but their hands, who advance only their daily labour, and receive no profits but their salaries.

Section 62

Another employment of capitals, in advances towards undertakings of agriculture. Observations on the use, and indispensable profits of capitals in undertakings of agriculture.

In speaking first of the placing of capitals in manufacturing enterprises, I had in view to adduce a more striking example, of the necessity and effect of large advances, and of the course of their circulation. But I have reversed the natural order, which seemed to require that I should rather begin to speak of enterprises of agriculture, which also can neither be performed, nor extended, nor afford any profit, but by means of considerable advances. It is the proprietors of great capitals, who, in order to make them productive in undertakings of agriculture, take leases of lands, and pay to the owners large rents, taking on themselves the whole burthen of advances. Their case must necessarily be the same as that of the undertakers of manufactures. Like them, they are obliged to make the first advances towards the undertaking, to provide themselves with cattle, horses, utensils of husbandry, to purchase the first seeds; like them they must maintain and nourish their carters, reapers, threshers, servants, and labourers, of every denomination, who subsist only by their hands, who advance only their labour, and reap only their salaries. Like them, they ought to have not only their capital, I mean, all their prior and annual advances returned, but, 1st, a profit equal to the revenue they could have acquired with their capital, exclusive of any fatigue; 2ndly. The salary, and the price of their own trouble, of their risk, and their industry; 3rdly. An emolument to enable them to replace the effects employed in their enterprise, and the loss by waste, cattle dying, and utensils wearing out, &c., all which ought to be first charged on the products of the earth. The over-plus will serve the cultivator to pay to the proprietor, for the permission he has given him to make use of his field in the accomplishing of his enterprise; that is, the price of the leasehold, the rent of the proprietor and the clear product: for all that the land produces, until reimbursement of the advances, and profits of every kind to him that has made these advances, cannot be looked upon as a revenue, but only as a reimbursement of the expenses of the cultivation, since if the cultivator could not obtain them, he would be loath to risk his wealth and trouble in cultivating the field of another.

Section 63

The competition between the capitalists, undertakers of cultivation, fixes the current price of leases of lands.

The competition between rich undertakers of cultivation fixes the current price of leases, in proportion to the fertility of the soil, and of the rate at which its productions are sold, always according to the calculation which farmers make both of their expenditures, and of the profits they ought to draw from their advances. They cannot give to the owners more than the overplus. But when the competition among them happens to be more animated, they sometimes render him the whole overplus, the proprietor leasing his land to him that offers the greatest rent.

Section 64

The default of capitalists, undertakers, limits the cultivation of lands to a small extent.

When, on the contrary, there are no rich men that possess capitals large enough to embark in enterprises of agriculture; when, through the low rate of the productions of the earth, or any other cause, the crops are not sufficient to ensure to the undertakers, besides the reimbursement of their capital, emoluments adequate at least to those they would derive from their money, by employing it in some other channel; there are no farmers that offer to lease lands, the proprietors are constrained to hire mercenaries or metayers, which are equally unable to make any advances, or duly to cultivate it. The proprietor himself makes moderate advances, which only produce him an indifferent revenue: If the land happens to belong to an owner, poor, negligent, and in debt, to a widow, or a minor, it remains unmanured; such is the principle of the difference I have observed between provinces, where the lands are cultivated by opulent farmers, as in Normandy and the Isle de France, and those where they are cultivated only by indigent mercenaries, as in Limousin, Angoumois, Bourbonnais, and several others.

Section 65

Subdivisions of the class of cultivators into undertakers, or farmers, and hired persons, servants, and day-labourers.

Hence it follows, that the class of cultivators may be divided, like that of manufacturers, into two branches, the one of undertakers or capitalists, who make the advances, the other of simple stipendiary workmen. It results also, that capitals alone can form and support great enterprises of agriculture, that give to the lands an unvariable value, if I may use the expression, and that secure to the proprietors a revenue always equal, and the largest possible.

Section 66

Fourth employment of capitals, in advances for enterprises of commerce. Necessity of the interposition of merchants, properly so called, between the producers of the commodities and the consumers.

The undertakers either in cultivation or manufacture, draw their advances and profits only from the sale of the fruits of the earth, or the commodities fabricated. It is always the wants and the ability of the consumer that sets the price on the sale; but the consumer does not want the produce prepared or fitted up at the moment of the crop, or the perfection of the work. However, the undertakers want their stocks immediately and regularly reimbursed, to embark in fresh enterprises: the manuring and the seed ought to succeed the crops without interruption. The workmen of a manufacture are unceasingly to be employed in beginning other works, in proportion as the first are distributed, and to replace the materials in proportion as they are consumed. It would not be advisable to stop short in an enterprise once put in execution, nor is it to be presumed that it can be begun again at any time. It is then the strictest interest of the undertaker, to have his capital quickly reimbursed by the sale of his crop or commodities. On the other hand, it is the consumers interest to find, when and where he wishes it, the things he stands in need of it would be extremely inconvenient for him to be necessitated to make, at the time of the crop, his provision for the whole course of a year. Among the objects of usual consumption, there are many that require long and expensive labours, labours that cannot be undertaken with profit, except on a large quantity of materials, and on such as the consumption of a small number of inhabitants of a limited district, may not be sufficient for even the sale of the work of a single manufactory. Undertakings of this kind must then necessarily be in a reduced number, at a considerable distance from each other, and consequently very distant from the habitations of the greater number of consumers. There is no man, not oppressed under the extremest misery, that is not in a situation to consume several things, which are neither gathered nor fabricated, except in places considerably distant from him, and not less distant from each other. A person that could not procure himself the objects of his consumption but in buying it directly from, the hand of him that gathers or works it, would be either unprovided with many commodities, or pass his life in wandering after them.

This double interest which the person producing and the consumer have, the former to find a purchaser, the other to find where to purchase, and yet not to waste useful time in expecting a purchaser, or in finding a seller, has given the idea to a third person to stand between the one and the other. And it is the object of the mercantile profession, who purchase goods from the hands of the person who produces them, to store them in warehouses, whither the consumer comes to make his purchase. By these means the undertaker, assured of the sale and the re-acquisition of his funds, looks undisturbed and indefatigably out for new productions, and the consumer finds within his reach and at once, the objects of which he is in want.

Section 67

Different orders of merchants. They all have this in common, that they purchase to sell again; and that their traffic is supported by advances which are to revert with a profit, to be engaged in new enterprises.

From the green-woman who exposes her ware in a market, to the merchants of Nantz or Cadiz, who traffic even to India and America, the profession of a trader, or what is properly called commerce, divides into an infinity of branches, and it may be said of degrees. One trader confines himself to provide one or several species of commodities which he sells in his shop to those who choose; another goes with certain commodities to a place where they are in demand, to bring from thence in exchange, such things as are produced there, and are wanted in the place from whence he departed: one makes his exchanges in his own neighbourhood, and by himself, another by means of correspondents, and by the interposition of carriers, whom he pays, employs, and sends from one province to another, from one kingdom to another, from Europe to Asia, and from Asia back to Europe. One sells his merchandize by retail to those who use them, another only sells in large parcels at a time, to other traders who retail them out to the consumers: but all have this in common that they buy to sell again, and that their first purchases are advances which are returned to them only in course of time. They ought to be returned to them, like those of the cultivators and manufacturers, not only within a certain time, to be employed again in new purchases, but also, 1. with an equal revenue to what they could acquire with their capital without any labour; 2. with the value of their labour, of their risk, and of their industry. Without being assured of this return, and of these indispensable profits, no trader would enter into business, nor could any one possibly continue therein: tis in this view he governs himself in his purchases, on a calculation he makes of the quantity and the price of the things, which he can hope to dispose of in a certain time: the retailer learns from experience, by the success of limited trials made with precaution, what is nearly the wants of those consumers who deal with him. The merchant learns from his correspondents, of the plenty or scarcity, and of the price of merchandize in those different countries to which his commerce extends; he directs his speculations accordingly, he sends his goods from the country where they bear a low price to those where they are sold dearer, including the expense of transportation in the calculation of the advances he ought to be reimbursed. Since trade is necessary, and it is impossible

to undertake any commerce without advances proportionable to its extent; we here see another method of employing personal property, a new use that the possessor of a parcel of commodities reserved and accumulated, of a sum of money, in a word, of a capital, may make of it to procure himself subsistence, and to augment, his riches.

Section 68

The true idea of the circulation of money.

We see by what has been just now said, how the cultivation of lands, manufactures of all kinds, and all the branches of trade, depend on a mass of capital, or the accumulation of personal property, which, having been at first advanced by the undertakers, in each of these different branches, ought to return to them again every year with a regular profit; that is, the capital to be again invested, and advanced in the continuation of the same enterprises, and the profits employed for the greater or less subsistence of the undertakers. It is this continued advance and return which constitutes what ought to be called the circulation of money: this useful and fruitful circulation, which animates all the labour of society, which supports all the motion, and is the life of the body politic, and which is with great reason compared to the circulation of the blood in the human body. For, if by any disorder in the course of the expenses of the different orders of society, the undertakers cease to draw back their advances with such profit as they have a right to expect; it is evident they will be obliged to reduce their undertakings; that the total of the labour, of the consumption of the fruits of the earth, of the productions and of the revenue would be equally diminished; that poverty will succeed to riches, and that the common workman, ceasing to find employ, will fall into the deepest misery.

Section 69

All extensive undertakings, particularly those of manufactures and of commerce, must indispensibly have been very confined, before the introduction of gold and silver in trade.

It is almost unnecessary to remark, that undertakings of all kinds, but especially those of manufactures, and above all those of commerce, must, unavoidably be very confined, before the introduction of gold and silver in trade; since it was almost impossible to accumulate considerable capitals, and yet more difficult, to multiply and divide payments so much as is necessary, to facilitate and increase the exchanges to that extent, which a spirited commerce and circulation require. The cultivation of the land only may support itself to a certain degree, because the cattle are the principal cause of the advances required therein, and it is very probable, there is then no other adventurer in cultivation but the proprietor. As to arts of all kinds, they must necessarily have been in the greatest languor before the introduction of money; they were confined to the coarsest works, for which the proprietors supported the advances, by nourishing the workmen, and furnishing them with materials, or they caused them to be made in their own houses by their servants.

Section 70

Capitals being as necessary to all undertakings as labour and industry, the industrious man shares voluntarily the profit of his enterprise with the owner of the capital who furnishes him the funds he is in need of.

Since capitals are the indispensable foundation of all lucrative enterprises; since with money we can furnish means for culture, establish manufactures, and raise a commerce, the profits of which being accumulated and frugally laid up, will become a new capital: since, in a word, money is the principal means to beget money; those who with industry and the love of labour are destitute of capital, and have not sufficient for the undertaking they wish to embark in, have no difficulty in resolving to give up to the proprietors of such capital or money, who are willing to trust them, a portion of the profits which they are in expectation of gaining, over and above their advances.

Section 71

Fifth employment of capitals, lending on interest; nature of a loan.

The possessors of money balance the risk their capital may run, if the enterprise does not succeed, with the advantage of enjoying a constant profit without toil; and regulate themselves thereby, to require more or less profit or interest for their money, or to consent to lend it for such an interest as the borrower offers. Here another opportunity opens to the possessor of money, viz, lending on interest, or the commerce of money. Let no one mistake me here, lending on interest is only a trade, in which the lender is a man who sells the use of his money, and the borrower one who buys; precisely the same as the proprietor of an estate, or the person who farms it, buys and sells respectively the use of the hired land. The Latin term for a loan of money or interest, expresses it exactly, usura pecuniae, a word which adopted into the French language is become odious, by a consequence of false ideas being adopted on the interest of money.

Section 72

False ideas on lending upon interest.

The rate of interest is by no means founded, as may be imagined, on the profit the borrower hopes to make, with the capital of which he purchases the use. This rate like the price of all other merchandize, is fixed by the circumstances of buyer and seller; by the proportion of the sum offered with the demand. People borrow with every kind of view, and with every sort of motive. One borrows to undertake an enterprise that is to make his fortune, another to buy an estate, another to pay his losses at play, another to supply the loss of his revenue, of which some accident has deprived him, another to exist on, in expectation of what he is able to gain by his labour. but all these motives which determine the borrower, are very indifferent to the lender. He attends to two things only, the interest he is to receive, and the safety of his capital. He never attends to the use the borrower puts it to, as a merchant does not care to what use the buyer applies the commodities he sells him.

Section 73

Errors of the schoolmen refuted.

It is for want of having examined the lending of money on interest in its true point of view that moralists, more rigid than enlightened, would endeavour to make us look on it as a crime. Scholastic theologists have concluded, that as money itself was not prolific, it was unjust to require a premium for the loan of it. Full of these prejudices they have fancied their doctrine was sanctioned by this passage in the Gospel, mutuum date nihil inde sperantes: Those theologians who have adopted more reasonable principles on the subject of interest of money, have been branded with the harshest reproaches from those who adopt the other side of the question.

Nevertheless, there are but few reflections necessary to expose the trifling reasons that are adduced to condemn the taking of interest. A loan of money is a reciprocal contract, free between both parties, and entered into only by reason of its being mutually advantageous. It is evident, if the lender finds an advantage in receiving an interest for his money, the borrower is not less interested in finding that money he stands in need of, since otherwise he would not borrow and submit himself to the payment of interest. Now on this principle, can any one look on such an advantageous contract as a crime, in which both parties are content, and which certainly does no injury to any other person? Let them say the lender takes advantage of the wants of the borrower, to force the payment of interest, this is talking as absurd as if we were to say, that a baker who demands money for the bread he sells, takes advantage of his customer's wants. If in this latter case, the money is an equivalent for the bread the buyer receives, the money which the borrower receives to day, is equally an equivalent for the capital and interest he agrees to pay at the expiration of a certain time; for in fact, it is an advantage to the borrower, to have, during that interval, the use of the money he stands in need of, and it is a disadvantage to the lender to be deprived of it. This disadvantage may be estimated, and it is estimated, the interest is the rate. This rate ought to be larger, if the lender runs a risk of losing his capital by the borrower becoming insolvent. The bargain therefore is perfectly equal on both sides and consequently, fair and honest. Money considered as a physical substance, as a mass of metal, does not produce any thing; but money made use of in advances in cultivation, in manufacture, in commerce, produces a certain profit; with money we can acquire land, and thereby procure a revenue: the person therefore who lends his

money, does not only give up the unfruitful possession of such money, but deprives himself of the profit which it was in his power to procure by it, and the interest which indemnifies him from this loss cannot be looked upon as unjust. The schoolmen, compelled to acknowledge the justice of these considerations, have allowed that interest for money may be taken, provided the capital is alienated, that is, provided the lender gave up his right to be reimbursed his money in a certain time, and permitted the borrower to retain it as long as he was inclined to pay the interest thereof only. The reason of this toleration was, that then it is no longer a loan of money for which an interest is paid, but a purchase, which is bought with a sum of money, as we purchase lands. This was a mode to which they had recourse, to comply with the absolute necessity which exists of borrowing money, in the course of the transactions of society, without fairly avowing the fallacy of those principles, upon which they had condemned the practice: but this clause for the alienation of the capital, is not an advantage to the borrower, who remains equally indebted to the lender, until he shall have repaid the capital, and whose property always remains as a security for the safety of such capital;—it is even a disadvantage, as he finds it more difficult to borrow money when he is in want of it; for persons who would willingly consent to lend for a year or two, a sum of money which they had destined for the purchase of an estate, would not lend it for an uncertain time. Besides, if they are permitted to sell their money for a perpetual rent, why may they not lend it for a certain number of years, for a rent which is only to continue for that term? If an interest of 1000 livres per annum is equivalent to the sum of 20000 livres from him to keep such a sum in perpetuity, 1000 livres will be an equivalent for the possession of that sum for one year.

Section 74

True foundation of interest of money.

A man then may lend his money as lawfully as he may sell it; and the possessor of money may either do one or the other, not only because money is equivalent to a revenue, and a means to procure a revenue: not only because the lender loses, during the continuance of the loan, the revenue he might have procured by it; not only because he risks his capital; not only because the borrower can employ it in advantageous acquisitions, or in undertakings from whence he will draw a large profit; the proprietor of money may lawfully receive the interest of it, by a more general and decisive principle. Even if none of these circumstances should take place, he will not have the less right to require an interest for his loan, for this reason only, that his money is his own. Since it is his own, he has a right to keep it, nothing can imply a duty in him to lend it; if then he does lend, he may annex such a condition to the loan as he chooses, in this he does no injury to the borrower, since the latter agrees to the conditions, and has no sort of right over the sum lent. The profit which money can procure the borrower, is doubtless one of the most prevailing motives to determine him to borrow on interest; it is one of the means which facilitates his payment of the interest, but this is by no means that which gives a right to the lender to require it; it is sufficient for him that his money is his own, and this is a right inseparable from property. He who buys bread, does it for his support, but the right the baker has to exact a price is totally independent of the use of bread; the same right he would possess in the sale of a parcel of stones, a right founded on this principle only, that the bread is his own, and no one has any right to oblige him to give it up for nothing.

Section 75

Answer to an objection.

This reflection brings us to the consideration of the application made by an author, of the text, mutuum date nihil inde sperantes, and shows how false that application is, and how distant from the meaning of the Gospel. The passage is clear, as interpreted by modern and reasonable divines as a precept of charity. All mankind are bound to assist each other; a rich man who should see, his fellow creature in distress, and who, instead of gratuitously assisting, should sell him what he needed, would be equally deficient in the duties of Christianity and of humanity. In such circumstances, charity does not only require us to lend without interest, she orders us to lend, and even to give if necessary. To convert the precept of charity into a precept of strict justice, is equally repugnant to reason, and the sense of the text. Those whom I here attack do not pretend that it is a duty of justice to lend their money; they must be obliged then to confess, that the first words of the passage, mutuum date, contain only a precept of charity. Now I demand why they extend the latter part of this passage to a principle of justice. What, is the duty of lending not a strict precept, and shall its accessory only, the condition of the loan, be made one; it would have been said to man, "It is free for you to lend or not to lend, but if you do lend, take care you do not require any interest for your money, and even when a merchant shall require a loan of you for an undertaking, in which he hopes to make a large profit, it will be a crime in you to accept the interest he offers you; you must absolutely either lend to him gratuitously, or not lend to him all? You have indeed one method to make the receipt of interest lawful, it is to lend your capital for an indefinite term, and to give up all right to be repaid it, which is to be optional to your debtor, when he pleases, or when he can. If you find any inconvenience on the score of security, or if you foresee you shall want your money in a certain number of years, you have no other course to take but not to lend: It is better for you to deprive this merchant of this most fortunate opportunity, than to commit a sin by assisting him." This is what they must have seen in these five words, mutuum date nihil inde sperantes, when they have read them under these false prejudices.

Every man who shall read this text unprejudiced, will soon find its real meaning; that is, "as men, as Christians, you are all brothers, all friends; act towards each other as brethren and friends; help each other in your necessities; let your purges he reciprocally open to each

other, and do not sell that assistance which you are mutually indebted to each other, in requiring an interest for a loan which charity requires of you as a duty." This is the true sense of the passage in question. The obligation to lend without interest, and to lend, have evident relation to each other; they are of the same order, and both inculcate a duty of charity, and not a precept of rigorous justice, applicable to all cases of lending.

Section 76

The rate of interest ought to be fixed, as the price of every other merchandize, by the course of trade alone.

I have already said, that the price of money borrowed, is regulated like the price of all other merchandize, by the proportion of the money at market with the demand for it: thus, when there are many borrowers who are in want of money, the interest of money rises; when there are many possessors who are ready to lend, it falls. It is therefore an error to believe that the interest of money in trade ought to be fixed by the laws of princes. It has a current price fixed like that of all other merchandize. This price varies a little, according to the greater or less security which the lender has; but on equal security, he ought to raise and fall his price in proportion to the abundance of the demand, and the law no more ought to fix the interest of money than it ought to regulate the price of any other merchandizes which have a currency in trade.

Section 77

Money has in commerce two different valuations. One expresses the quantity of money or silver we give to procure different sorts of commodities; the other expresses the relation a sum of money has, in the interest it will procure in the course of trade.

It seems by this explanation of the manner in which money is either sold or lent for an annual interest, that there are two ways of valuing money in commerce. In. buying and selling a certain weight of silver represents a certain quantity of labour, or of merchandize of every species; for example, one ounce of silver is equal to a certain quantity of corn, or to the labour of a man for a certain number of days. In lending, and in the commerce of money, a capital is the equivalent of an equal rent, to a determinate portion of that capital; and reciprocally an annual rent represents a capital equal to the amount of that rent repeated a certain number of times, according as interest is at a higher or lower rate.

Section 78

These two valuations are independent of each other, and are governed by quite different principles.

These two different methods of fixing a value, have much less connection, and depend much less on each other than we should be tempted to believe at first sight. Money may be very common in ordinary commerce, may hold a very low value, answer to a very small quantity of commodities, and the interest of money may at the same time be very high.

I will suppose there are one million ounces of silver in actual circulation in commerce, and that an ounce of silver is given in the market for a bushel of corn. I will suppose that there is brought into the country in some manner or other, another million of ounces of silver, and this augmentation is distributed to every one in the same proportion as the first million, so that he who had before two ounces, has now four. The silver considered as a quantity of metal, will certainly diminish in price, or which is the same thing, commodities will be purchased dearer, and it becomes necessary, in order to procure the same measure of corn which he had before with one ounce of silver, to give more silver, perhaps two ounces instead of one. But it does not by any means follow from thence, that the interest of money falls, if all this money is carried to market, and employed in the current expenses of those who possess it, as it is supposed the first million of ounces of silver was; for the interest of money falls only when there is a greater quantity of money to be lent, in proportion to the wants of the borrowers, than there was before. Now the silver which is carried to market is not to be lent; it is money which is hoarded up, which forms the accumulated capital for lending; and the augmentation of the money in the market, or the diminution of its price in comparison with commodities in the ordinary course of trade, are very far from causing infallibly, or by a necessary consequence, a decrease of the interest of money; on the contrary, it may happen that the cause which augments the quantity of money in the market, and which consequently increases the price of other commodities by lowering the value of silver, is precisely the same cause which augments the hire of money, or the rate of interest.

In effect, I will suppose for a moment, that all the rich people in a country, instead of saving from their revenue, or from their annual profits, shall expend the whole; that, not satisfied with expending their whole revenue, they dissipate a part of their capital; that a man

who has 100,000 livres in money, instead of employing them in a profitable manner, or lending them, consumes them by degrees in foolish expenses; it is apparent that on one side there will be more silver employed in common circulation, to satisfy the wants and humours of each individual, and that consequently its value will be lowered; on the other hand there will certainly be less money to be lent; and as many people will in this situation of things ruin themselves, there will clearly be more borrowers. The interest of money will consequently augment, while the money itself will become more plenty in circulation, and the value of it will fall, precisely by the same cause.

We shall no longer be surprised at this apparent inconsistency, if we consider that the money brought into the market for the purchase of corn, is that which is daily circulated to procure the necessaries of life; but that which is offered to be lent on interest, is what is actually drawn out of that circulation to be laid by and accumulated into a capital.

Section 79

In comparing the value of money with that of commodities, we consider silver as a metal, which is an object of commerce. In estimating the interest of money we attend to the use of it during a determinate time.

In the market a measure of corn is purchased with a certain weight of silver, or a quantity of silver is bought with a certain commodity, it is this quantity which is valued and compared with the value of other commodities. In a loan upon interest, the object of the valuation is the use of a certain quantity of property during a certain time. It is in this case no longer a mass of silver, compared with a quantity of corn, but it is a portion of effects compared with a certain portion of the same, which is become the customary price of that mass for a certain time. Let twenty thousand ounces of silver be an equivalent in the market for twenty thousand measures of corn, or only for ten thousand, the use of those twenty thousand ounces of silver for a year is not worth less on a loan than the twentieth part of the principal sum, or one thousand ounces of silver, if interest is at five per cent.

Section 80

The price of interest depends immediately on the proportion of the demand of the borrowers, with the offer of the lenders, and this proportion depends principally on the quantity of personal property, accumulated by an excess of revenue and of the annual produce to form capitals, whether these capitals exist in money or in any other kind of effects having a value in commerce.

The price of silver in circulation has no influence but with respect to the quantity of this metal employed in common circulation; hut the rate of interest is governed by the quantity of property accumulated and laid by to form a capital. It is indifferent whether this property is in metal or other effects, provided these effects, are easily convertible into money. It is far from being the case, that the mass of metal existing in a state, is as large as the amount of the property lent on interest in the course of a year; but all the capitals in furniture, merchandize, tools, and cattle, supply the place of silver and represent it. A paper signed by a man, who is known to be worth 100,000 livres, and who promises to pay 100 marks in a certain time is worth that sum; the whole property of the man who has signed this note is answerable for the payment of it, in whatever the nature of these effects consists, provided they are in value 100,000 livres. It is not therefore the quantity of silver existing as merchandize which causes the rate of interest to rise or fall, or which brings more money in the market to be lent; it is only the capitals existing in commerce, that is to say, the actual value of personal property of every kind accumulated, successively saved out of the revenues and profits to be employed by the possessors to procure them new revenues and new profits. It is these accumulated savings which are offered to the borrowers, and the more there are of them, the lower the interest of money will be, at least if the number of borrowers is not augmented in proportion.

Section 81

The spirit of economy continually augments the amount of capitals, luxury continually tends to destroy them.

The spirit of economy in any nation tends incessantly to augment the amount of the capitals, to increase the number of lenders, and to diminish that of the borrowers. The habit of luxury has precisely a contrary effect, and by what has been already remarked on the use of capitals in all undertakings, whether of cultivation, manufacture, or commerce, we may judge if luxury enriches a nation, or impoverishes it.

Section 82

The lowering of interest proves, that in Europe economy has in general prevailed over luxury.

Since the interest of money has been constantly diminishing in Europe for several centuries, we must conclude, that the spirit of economy has been more general than the spirit of luxury. It is only people of fortune who run into luxury, and among the rich, the sensible part of them confine their expenses within their incomes, and pay great attention not to touch their capital. Those who wish to become rich are far more numerous in a nation than those which are already so. Now, in the present state of things, as all the land is occupied, there is but one way to become rich it is either to possess, or to procure in some way or other, a revenue or an annual profit above what is absolutely necessary for subsistence, and to lay up every year in reserve to form a capital, by means of which they may obtain an increase of revenue or annual profit, which will again produce another saving, and become capital. There are consequently a great number of men interested and employed in amusing capitals.

Section 83

Recapituation of the five different methods of employing capitals.

I have reckoned five different methods of employing capitals, or of placing them so as to procure a profit.

1st. To buy an estate, which brings in a certain revenue.

2nd. To employ money in undertakings of cultivation; in leasing lands whose produce should render back, besides the expenses of farming, the interest on the advances, and a recompense for the labour of him who employs his property and attention in the cultivation.

3rd. To place a capital in some undertaking of industry or manufactures.

4th. To employ it in commerce.

5th. To lend it to those who want it, for an annual interest.

Section 84

The influence which the different methods of employing money have on each other.

It is evident that the annual returns, which capitals, placed in different employs, will produce, are proportionate to each other, and all have relation to the actual rate of the interest of money.

Section 85

Money invested in land, necessarily produces the least.

The person who invests his money in land let to a solvent tenant, procures himself a revenue which gives him very little trouble in receiving, and which he may dispose of in the most agreeable manner, by indulging all his inclinations. There is a greater advantage in the purchase of this species of property, than of any other, since the possession of it is more guarded against accidents. We must therefore purchase a revenue in land at a higher price, and must content ourselves with a less revenue for an equal capital.

Section 86

Money on interest ought to bring a little more income, than land purchased with an equal capital.

He who lends his money on interest, enjoys it still more peaceably and freely than the possessor of land, but the insolvency of his debtor may endanger the loss of his capital. He will not therefore content himself with an interest equal to the revenue of the land which he could buy with an equal capital. The interest of money lent, must consequently be larger than the revenue of an estate purchased with the same capital; for if the proprietor could find an estate to purchase of an equal income, he would prefer that.

Section 87

Money employed in cultivation, manufactures, or commerce, ought to produce more than the interest of money on loan.

By a like reason, money employed in agriculture, in manufactures, or in commerce, ought to produce a more considerable profit than the revenue of the same capital employed in the purchase of lands, or the interest of money on loan: for these undertakings, besides the capital advanced, requiring much care and labour, and if they were not more lucrative, it would be much better to secure an equal revenue, which might be enjoyed without labour. It is necessary then, that, besides the interest of the capital, the undertaker should draw every year a profit to recompence him for his care, his labour, his talents, the risque he runs, and to replace the wear and tear of that portion of his capital which he is obliged to invest in effects capable of receiving injury, and exposed to all kinds of accidents.

Section 88

Meantime the freedom of these various employments are limited by each other, and maintain, notwithstanding their inequality, a species of equilibrium.

The different uses of the capitals produce very unequal profits; but this inequality does not prevent them from having a reciprocal influence on each other, nor from establishing a species of equilibrium among themselves, like that between two liquors of unequal gravity, and which communicate with each other by means of a reversed syphon, the two branches of which they fill; there can be no height to which the one can rise or fall, but the liquor in the other branch will be affected in the same manner.

I will suppose, that on a sudden, a great number of proprietors of lands are desirous of setting them. It is evident that the price of lands will fall, and that with a less sum we may acquire a larger revenue; this cannot come to pass without the interest of money rising, for the possessors of money would choose rather to buy lands, than to lend at a lower interest than the revenue of the lands they could purchase. If, then, the borrowers want to have money, they will be constrained to pay a greater rate. If the interest of the money increases, they will prefer lending it, to setting out in a hazardous manner on enterprises of agriculture, industry, and commerce: and they will be aware of any enterprises but those that produce, besides the retribution for their trouble, an emolument by far greater than the rate of the lender's produce. In a word, if the profits, springing from a use of money, augment or diminish, the capitals are converted by withdrawing them from other employings, or are withdrawn by converting them to other ends, which necessarily alters, in each of those employments, the proportion of profits on the capital to the annual product. Generally, money converted into property in land, does not bring in so much as money on interest; and money on interest brings less than money used in laborious enterprises: but the produce of money laid out in any way whatever, cannot augment or decrease without implying a proportionate augmentation, or decrease in other employments of money.

Section 89

The current interest of money is the standard by which the abundance or scarcity of capitals may be judged; it is the scale on which the extent of a nation's capacity for enterprises in agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, may be reckoned.

Thus the current interest of money may be considered as a standard of the abundance or scarcity of capitals in a nation, and of the extent of enterprises of every denomination, in which she may embark: it is manifest, that the lower the interest of money is, the more valuable is the land. A man that has an income of fifty thousand livres, if the land is sold but at the rate of twenty years purchase is an owner of only one million; he has two millions, if the land is sold at the rate of forty. If the interest is at five per cent. any land to be brought into cultivation would continue fallow, if, besides the recovery of the advances, and the retribution due to the care of the cultivator, its produce would not afford five per cent. No manufactory, no commerce can exist, that does not bring in five per cent. exclusively of the salary and equivalents for the risque and trouble of the undertaker. If there is a neighbouring nation in which the interest stands only at two per cent. not only it will engross all the branches of commerce, from which the nation where an interest at five per cent. is established, is excluded, but its manufacturers and merchants, enabled to satisfy themselves with a lower interest, will also sell their goods at a more moderate price, and will attract the almost exclusive commerce of all articles, which they are not prevented to sell by particular circumstances of excessive dearth, and expenses of carriages, from the nation in which the interest bears five per cent.

Section 90

Influence of the rate of interest of money on all lucrative enterprises.

The price of the interest may be looked upon as a kind of level, under which all labour, culture, industry, or commerce, acts. It is like a sea expanded over a vast country, the tops of the mountains rise above the surface of the water, and form fertile and cultivated islands. If this sea happens to give way, in proportion as it descends, sloping ground, then plains and vallies appear, which cover themselves with productions of every kind. It wants no more than a foot elevation, or falling, to inundate or to restore culture to unmeasurable tracts of land. It is the abundance of capitals that animates enterprise; and a low interest of money is at the same time the effect and a proof of the abundance of capitals.

Section 91

The total Riches of a nation consists, 1. in the clear revenue of all the real estates, multiplied by the rate of the price of land. 2. in the sum of all the moveable riches existing in a nation.

Real estates are equivalent to any capital equal to their annual revenue, multiplied by the current rate at which lands are sold. Thus if we add the revenue of all lands, viz. the clear revenue they render to the proprietor, and to all those that share in the property, as the lord that levies a rent, the curate that levies the tythe, the sovereign that levies the tax; if say I, we should add all these sums, and multiply them by the rate at which lands are sold, we would have the sum of all the wealth of a nation in real estates. To have the whole of a nation's wealth, the moveable riches ought to be joined, which consist in the sum of capitals converted into enterprises of culture, industry, and commerce, which is never lost; as all advances, in any kind of undertaking, must unceasingly return to the undertaker, to be unceasingly converted into enterprises, which without that could not be continued. It would be a gross mistake to confound the immense mass of moveable riches with the mass of money that exists in a state; the latter is a small object in comparison with the other. To convince one's self of this, we need only remember the immense quantity of beasts, utensils, and seed, which constitute the advances of agriculture; the materials, tools, moveables, and merchandises of every kind, that fill up the work-houses, shops, and warehouses of all manufacturers, of all merchants, and of all traders, and it will be plain, that in the totality of riches either real or moveable of a nation, the specie makes but an inconsiderable part: but all riches and money being continually exchangeable, they all represent money, and money represents them all.

Section 92

The sum of lent capitals cannot be understood without a two-fold reckoning.

We must not include in the calculation of the riches of a nation the sum of lent capitals; for the capitals could only be lent either to proprietors of lands, or to undertakers to enhance their value in their enterprises, since there are but these two kinds of people that can answer for a capital, and discharge the interest: a sum of money lent to people that have neither estate nor industry, would be a dead capital, and not an active one. If the owner of land of 400,000 livres borrows 100,000, his land is charged with a rent that diminishes his revenue by that sum. If he should sell it; out of the 400,000 livres he would receive, 100,000 are the property of the creditor. By these means the capital of the lender would always form, in the calculation of existing riches, a double estimate. The land is always worth 400,000 l. when the proprietor borrows 100,000 l. that does not make 500,000 l. it only follows, that in the 400,000 l. one hundred thousand belongs to the lender, and that there remains no more than 300,000 l. to the borrower.

The same double estimate would have place in the calculation, if we should comprehend in the total calculation of capitals, the money lent to an undertaker to be employed in advance for his undertaking; it only results, that that sum, and the part of the profits which represents the interest, belongs to the lender. Let a merchant employ 10,000 livres of his property in his trade, and engross the whole profit, or let him have those 10,000 livres borrowed of another, to whom he pays the interest, and is satisfied with the overplus of profit, and the salary of his industry, it still makes only 10,000 livres.

But if we cannot include, without making a double estimate in the calculation of national riches, the capital of the money lent on interest, we ought to call in the other kinds of moveables, which though originally forming an object of expense, and not carrying any profit, become, however, by their durability, a true capital, that constantly increases; and which, as it may occasionally be exchanged for money, is as if it was a stock in store, which may enter into commerce and make good, when necessary, the loss of other capitals. Such are the moveables of every kind; jewels, plates, paintings, statues, ready money shut up in chests by misers: all those matters have a value, and the sum of all those values may make a considerable object among wealthy nations. Yet be it considerable or not, it must

always he added to the price of real estates, and to that of circulating advances in enterprises of every denomination, in order to form the total sum of the riches of a nation. As for the rest, it is superfluous to say, though it is easy to be defined, as we have just done, in what consists the totality of the riches of a nation; it is probably impossible to discover to how much they amount, unless some rule be found out to fix the proportion of the total commerce of a nation, with the revenue of its land: a feasible thing, but which has not been executed as yet in such a manner as to dispel all doubts.

Section 93

In which of the three classes of society the lenders of money are to be ranked.

Let us see now, how what we have just discussed about the different ways of employing capitals, agrees with what we have before established about the division of all the members of society into three classes, the one the productive class of husbandmen, the industrious or trading class, and the disposing class, or the class of proprietors.

Section 94

The lender of money belongs, as to his persons, to the disposing class.

We have seen that every rich man is necessarily possessor either of a capital in moveable riches, or funds equivalent to a capital. Any estate in land is of equal value with a capital; consequently every proprietor is a capitalist, but not every capitalist a proprietor of a real estate; and the possessor of a moveable capital may choose to confer it on acquiring funds, or to improve it in enterprises of the cultivating class, or of the industrious class. The capitalist, turned an undertaker in culture or industry, is no more of the disposing class, than the simple workmen in those two lines; they are both taken up in the continuation of their enterprises. The capitalist who keeps to the lending money, lends it either to a proprietor or to an undertaker. If he lends it to a proprietor, he seems to belong to the class of proprietors, and he becomes co-partitioner in the property; the income of the land is destined to the payment of the interest of his trust; the value of the funds is equal to the security of his capital.

If the money-lender has lent to an undertaker, it is certain that his person belongs to the disposing class; but his capital continues destined to the advances of the enterpriser, and cannot be withdrawn without hurting the enterprise, or without being replaced by a capital of equal value.

Section 95

The use which the money-lender makes of his interest.

Indeed, the interest he draws from that capital seems to make him of the disposing class, since the undertaker and the enterprise may shift without it. It seems also we may form an inference, that in the profits of the two laborious classes, either in the culture of the earth or industry, there is a disposable portion, namely, that which answers to the interest of the advances, calculated on the current rate of interest of money lent; it appears also that this conclusion seems to agree with what we have said, that the mere class of proprietors had a revenue properly so called, a disposing revenue, and that all the members of the other classes had only salaries or profits. This merits some future inquiry. If we consider the thousand crowns that a man receives annually, who has lent 60,000 livres, to a merchant, in respect to the use he may make of it, there is no doubt of this being perfectly disposable, since the enterprise may subsist without it.

Section 96

The interest of the money is not disposable in one sense, viz. so as the state may be authorized to appropriate, without any inconvenience, a part to supply its wants.

But it does not ensue that they are of the disposing class in such a sense, that the state can appropriate to itself with propriety a portion for the public wants. Those 1000 crowns are not a retribution, which culture or commerce bestows gratuitously on him that makes the advance; it is the price and the condition of this advance, independently of which the enterprise could not subsist. If this retribution is diminished, the capitalist will withdraw his money, and the undertaking will cease. This retribution ought then to be inviolable, and enjoy an entire immunity, because it is the price of an advance made for the enterprise, without which the enterprise could not exist. To encroach upon it, would cause an augmentation in the price of advances in all enterprises, and consequently diminish the enterprises themselves, that is to say, cultivation, industry, and commerce.

This answer should lead us to infer, that if we have said, that the capitalist who had lent money to a proprietor, seemed to belong to the class of proprietors, this appearance had somewhat equivocal in it which wanted to be elucidated. In fact, it is strictly true, that the interest of his money is not more disposable, that is, it is not more susceptible of retrenchment, than that of money lent to the undertakers in agriculture and commerce. But the interest is equally the price of the free agreement, and they cannot retrench any part of it without altering or changing the price of the loan.

For it imports little to whom the loan has been made: if the price decreases or augments for the proprietor of lands, it will also decrease and augment for the cultivator, the manufacturer, and the merchant. In a word, the proprietor who lends money ought to be considered, as a dealer in a commodity absolutely necessary for the production of riches, and which cannot be at too low a price. It is also as unreasonable to charge this commerce with duties as it would be to lay a duty on a dunghill which serves to manure the land. Let us conclude from hence, that the person who lends money belongs properly to the disposable class as to his person, because he has nothing to do; but not as to the nature of his property, whether the interest of his money is paid by the proprietor of land out of a portion of his income, or whether it is paid by an undertaker, out of a part of

his profits designed to pay the interest of his advances.

Section 97

Objection.

It may doubtless be objected, that the capitalist may indifferently either lend his money, or employ it in the purchase of land; that in either case he only receives an equivalent for his money, and whichever way he has employed it, he ought not the less to contribute to the public charges.

Section 98

Answer to this objection.

I answer first, that in fact, when the capitalist has purchased an estate, the revenue will be equal as to him, to what he would have received for his money by lending it; but there is this essential difference with respect to the state, that the price which he gives for his land, does not contribute in any respect to the income it produces. It would not have produced a less income, if he had not purchased it. This income, as we have already explained, consists in what the land produces, beyond the salary of the cultivators, of their profits, and the interest of their advances. It is not the same with the interest of money; it is the express condition of the loan, the price of the advance, without which the revenue or profits, which serve to pay it, could never exist.

I answer in the second place, that if the lands were charged separately with the contribution to the public expenses, as soon as that contribution shall be once regulated, the capitalist who shall purchase these lands will not reckon as interest for his money, that part of the revenue which is affected by this contribution. The same as a man who now buys an estate, does not buy the tythe which the curate or clergy receives, but the revenue which remains after that tythe is deducted.

Section 99

There exists no revenue strictly disposable in a state, but the clear produce of lands.

It is manifest by what I have said, that the interest of money lent is taken on the revenue of lands, or on the profits of enterprises of culture, industry, and commerce. But we have already shown that these profits themselves were only a part of the production of lands; that the produce of land is divided in two portions; that the one was designed for the salary of the cultivator, for his profits, for the recovery and interest of his advances; and that the other was the part of the proprietor, or the revenue which the proprietor expended at his option, and from whence he contributes to the general expenses of the state.

We have demonstrated, that what the other classes of society received, was merely the salaries and profits paid, either by the proprietor upon his revenue, or by the agents of the productive class, on the part destined to their wants, and which they are obliged to purchase of the industrious class. Whether these profits be now distributed in wages to the workmen, in profits to undertakers, or in interests of advances, they do not change the nature, or augment the sum of the revenue produced by the productive class over and above the price of their labour, in which the industrious class does not participate, but as far as the price of their labour extends.

Hence it follows, that there is no revenue but the clear produce of land, and that all other profit is paid, either by that revenue, or makes part of the expenditure that serves to produce the revenue.

Section 100

The land has also furnished the total of moveable riches, or existing capitals, and which are formed only by a portion of its production reserved every year.

Not only there does not exist, nor can exist, any other revenue than the clear produce of land, but it is the earth also that has furnished all capitals, that form the mass of all the advances of culture and commerce. It has produced, without culture, the first gross and indispensible advances of the first labourers; all the rest are the accumulated fruits of the economy of successive ages, since they have begun to cultivate the earth. This economy has effect not only on the revenues of proprietors, but also on the profits of all the members of laborious classes. It is even generally true, that, though the proprietors have more overplus, they spare less; for, having more treasure, they have more desires, and more passions; they think themselves better ensured of their fortune; and are more desirous of enjoying it contentedly, than to augment it; luxury is their pursuit. The stipendiary class, and he chiefly the undertakers of the other classes, receiving profits proportionate to their advances, talents, and activity, have, though they are not possessed of a revenue properly so called, a superfluity beyond their subsistence; but, absorbed as they generally are, only in their enterprises, and anxious to increase their fortune; restrained by their labour from amusements and expensive passions; they save their whole superfluity, to re-convert it in other enterprises, and augment it. The greater part of the undertakers in agriculture borrow but little, and they almost all rest on the capital of their own funds. The undertakers of other businesses, who wish to render their fortune stable, strive likewise to attain to the same state. Those that make their enterprises on borrowed funds, are greatly in danger of failing. However, although capitals are formed in part by the saving of profits in the laborious classes, yet, as those profits spring always from the earth, they are almost all repaid, either by the revenue, or in the expenses that serve to produce the revenue; it is evident, that the capitals are derived from the earth as well as the revenue, or rather that they are but an accumulation of a part of the riches produced by the earth, which the proprietors of the revenue, or those that share it, are able to lay by every year in store, without consuming it on their wants.

Section 101

Although money is the direct object in saving, and it is, if we may call it so, the first foundation of capitals, yet money and specie form but an insensible part is the total sum of capitals.

We have seen what an inconsiderable part money forms in the total sum of existing capitals, but it makes a very large one in the formation of them. In fact, almost all savings are only in money; it is in money that the revenue is paid to the proprietors, that the advances and profits are received by the undertakers of every kind; it is their money which they save, and the annual increase of capitals happens in money; but all the undertakers make no other use of it, than immediately to convert it into the different kinds of effects on which their enterprises turn; thus, money returns into circulation, and the greater part of capitals exist only, as we have already explained it, in effects of different natures.

第一节

假设平均分配土地，每个人拥有的土地仅仅能够维持生存，那么，商业是不可能存在的。

如果将土地在全国居民中进行分配，使每个人恰好拥有维持生存所必需的土地，不多不少；显而易见，既然人人平等了，就没有人会去为别人工作，也没有人拥有可以偿付他人劳动的东西，因为每个人拥有的土地的产出仅仅能够维持生存，人们必然会消耗掉自己的全部所得，所以没有额外的东西用来交换他人的劳动。

第二节

上述假设未曾存在过，即使存在也无法延续。土壤的差异性和需求的多样性导致了土地产品与其他产品的交换。

这种假设永远都不可能存在，因为土地在被分配之前就已经被耕种过了；而耕种本身一直是土地分配和保障私有财产的法律的唯一动因。第一批自己耕种土地的人，很可能竭尽全力去耕种尽可能多的土地，从而最终拥有了超出维持生存所需要的土地。

即使这种假设曾经存在过，也不可能持久；如果每个人土地的产出仅仅能够维持生存，没有盈余用以偿付别人的劳动，那么，要满足自己居住、衣着等其他方面的需求，就只能自己动手去实现，而这几乎是不可能的，因为任何一片土地都不可能生产出所有的原料。

如果一个人的土地只适合种植谷物，而无法种植棉花或亚麻，他就会需要亚麻布来做衣服。另外一个人的土地可能适合种植棉花，而不能生产谷物。有人可能需要木头来生火，而有人或许缺乏谷物来充饥。经验将很快使每个人知道自己的土地最适合种植什么作物，而他将会专门种植这种作物，从而可以通过与邻居进行交换而获得自己需要的东西。而他的邻居也已经获得同样的经验，他们也仅仅种植最适合自己土地的作物，而放弃种植其他作物。

第三节

土地产品需要经过耗时、费力的加工过程，才能用以满足人们的需求。

土地产出的用以满足人类不同需求的产品，在自然界赋予的状态下，大多数都无法满足这些需求；它们必须经过各种工序和人工处理。小麦必须先磨成面粉，然后再做成面包；生皮必须经过鞣制或硝制；羊毛和棉花必须经过纺织；蚕丝必须从蚕茧中抽出；大麻和亚麻必须经过浸泡、去皮、纺纱，再织成各种质地的布料，然后经过裁剪和缝制才能做成衣物等。如果同一个人在自己的土地上种植所有这些不同的作物，从而满足自己各方面的需求，他就必须亲自完成所有的中间环节，而这注定是要失败的。这些加工过程，大部分都需要细心、专心以及长期积累起的经验；而所有这些只有通过不断的劳动和使用大量原料才能获得。让我们以兽皮加工为例：整个制作过程需要持续几个月的时间，有时甚至要几年的时间，什么样的劳动者能够完成所有这些必需的具体操作呢？即使能够完成，他会为了加工一张兽皮而这样做吗？这要损耗多少时间、空间和原料！用这些损耗的时间、空间和原料可以同时或连续地硝制大量的皮革。即使他能够成功地硝制一张皮革，而他只需要一双鞋子，那剩余的皮革怎么处理呢？他会为了做这双鞋子而宰杀一头牛吗？他会为了做一双木鞋而砍倒一棵树吗？我们可以依此类推，如果人们仅仅依靠自己的土地和靠自己的双手劳动来满足自己的所有需求，将会浪费很多时间，遇到很多麻烦，这样每个环节都准备不好，而且还会连地也种得很差。

第四节

这些加工过程的必要性，带来了产品与劳动的交换。

同样的动因，既促成了种植不同作物的土地耕种者之间的产品交换，也必定带来了土地耕种者与社会另一部分成员之间产品与劳动的交换，这一部分成员宁可从事农产品的生产加工，也不愿耕种土地。每个人都从这种交换中获益，因为每个人都专注于一种特定的工作，这样就可以做得更好。农夫从他的土地里获得能够产出的最大数量的产品，通过用剩余产品进行交换，他可以更容易获得所有其他想要的东西，比他自己制作要容易得多。鞋匠通过为农夫制作鞋子，可以获得后者收成的一部分。每一个工人都为了满足其他行业工人的需要而劳动，而其他行业的工人也同样为了他的需要而劳动。

第五节

生产原料的农夫比从事原料加工的工匠更重要。农夫是整个劳动循环的原动力：是他使得土地为每一个工匠提供工资。

然而，必须注意到，农夫为每个人提供最重要的、数量最多的消费品（我指的是人们的食物以及几乎所有制造业的原料），因此在独立性方面拥有更大程度的优势。在适合不同社会成员的不同类别的劳动中，他的劳动保持着同样重要和优先的地位，正如他当初为了满足自己的每一样需求而独自劳动时，获取食物比其他必须从事的劳动更重要、更优先一样。这不是荣誉或尊严方面的重要地位，而是一种必然的物质需要。通常来说，农夫离开其他工人的劳动照样能够生存下去；但是，如果农夫不提供赖以生存的生活资料，其他工人则无法劳动。正是这种循环，通过需求的相互交换，使人类必须相互依靠，也正是这种循环使社会关系建立了起来：所以，正是农夫的劳动开启了这一循环。农夫的勤奋使土地生产出超出他自身需要的产品，而超出的这部分正是工资的唯一来源，并成为所有其他社会成员的劳动报酬。当后者利用这种劳动换得的报酬去购买农夫的产品时，只不过把他们从农夫那里得来的又悉数返还给农夫而已。这两种劳动有本质区别，我们必须仔细思考并确定这种区别所依据的事实，然后才能相信这种区别所产生的无数后果。

第六节

工人的工资受制于那些为生存而工作的工人之间的竞争。他的所得只能维持生计。

仅仅依靠自己的双手和辛勤劳作的纯粹的工人，除了能将自己的一部分劳动出卖给他人，其他的一无所有。他将自己的劳动以低价或高价出售；但是，价格的高低并不完全由他自己决定，而是取决于他与雇佣者所达成的协议。后者会尽可能压低价格，因为有大量的工人任其挑选，他会优先选用出价最低的工人。因此，为了与其他人竞争，工人们不得不降低自身的价格。在各个行业中，工人的工资只限于维持生存，而且实际情况也的确如此。

第七节

只有农夫的辛勤劳动的产出才超过自己的劳动工资。因此，农夫是所有财富的唯一源泉。

农夫的处境却截然不同。土地会直接支付给他劳动报酬，不受任何其他人或协议的制约。大自然不会与他讨价还价，或者逼迫他仅仅满足于维持生存。大自然所赐予他的，既不会局限于他的需求，也不会局限于其日劳动价格的协议估值。这是土地肥力和公平正义的自然结果，而不在于他使用多么困难的方法将土壤变得肥沃。一旦农夫的劳动创造出了超过自身所必需的财富，他就可以用大自然赋予他的超出其劳动工资的部分，去购买其他社会成员的劳动。后者向他出售劳动后的所得仅仅能够维持生计；而农夫，除了维持生存，还能够得到一笔独立的、可以自由支配的财富，这笔财富不是他购买的，却是他可以出售的。因此，他是所有财富的唯一源泉，而这些财富通过流通来激发社会劳动：因为农夫是唯一一类劳动产出超过劳动工资的人。

第八节

社会第一次被划分为两个阶级，一个是生产阶级，即土地耕种者们，另一个是薪资阶级，即工匠们。

这时，由于事物发展的必然规律，整个社会被划分为两个阶级，二者都很勤劳。其中一个阶级通过自己的劳动从土地里生产出，或者更恰当地说，从土地里抽取财富；这些财富不断增长，为整个社会提供生活资料，为它的一切需求提供原料；而另一个阶级则被雇佣来对这些原料进行加工制作，做成适合人们使用的产品，将他的劳动力出售给第一个阶级，换取生存所必需的生活资料。第一个阶级可以称为生产阶级，第二个阶级可以称为薪资阶级。

第九节

在社会形成的初期，我们还无法将土地所有者和耕种者区分开来。

迄今为止，我们还没有把农夫和土地所有者区别开来；事实上，他们之间最初也没有太明显的区别。正是那些最初耕种土地以及为了保护自己的收成而圈占土地的人们的劳动，使得土地不再是公共财产，由此确立了土地的所有权。在社会形成之前、在公共力量——即凌驾于个人力量之上的法律——还不能够保障每个人可以安安稳稳地拥有自己的财产而免受外来侵犯之前，要保持土地的所有权，只有像当初取得土地一样，不停地耕种；土地所有者如果让别人帮助自己耕种土地，他对土地的所有权将得不到保障；那个费了力气耕种土地的人，很难理解为什么全部收成并不都归他所有。另一方面，在这个初期，每一个勤奋的人想要多少土地就能够得到多少土地，他也就不会想去为别人工作。这导致的必然结果就是，每一个土地所有者必须亲自耕种自己的土地，否则就必须完全放弃土地。

第十节

社会进步了；所有土地都有了主人。

后来，土地上开始有人居住，而且越来越多的土地被开垦。随着时间的推移，最好的土地都被人占有了。对于那些后来者，只剩下早先的占有者舍弃不要的贫瘠的土地。但是，每一片土地最终都有了一个主人，而没有得到土地的人别无选择，只能从事薪资阶级的工作，用自己的亲手劳动换取从事耕种的土地所有者手中的剩余产品。

第十一节

在雇佣的土地耕种者的帮助下，土地所有者开始能够让自己摆脱耕种劳动。

同时，由于土地不仅为耕种它的所有者提供生活资料，不仅使所有者可以通过交换满足其他方面的需求，而且使他拥有大量的剩余产品；利用这些剩余产品，土地所有者可以雇佣其他人来耕种自己的土地。因为在那些依靠工资生活的人当中，愿意耕种土地的人与愿意从事其他工作的人一样多。所以，土地所有者就可能摆脱耕种劳动，而且很快他就真的不必耕种了。

第十二节

所拥有的土地分配的不平等是造成这种不可避免的现象的原因。

最初的土地所有者（正如我已经提到的）将会竭尽全力占有尽可能多的土地，与自己的家族一起耕种。一个力大、勤劳而又关注未来的人，会比相反性格的人占有更多的土地。而家庭成员较多的人，需求更大，人手更多，可以不断扩充自己占有的土地；这是造成不平等的第一个原因。——不是每一块土地都一样肥沃；拥有同样面积土地的两个人也可能获得截然不同的收成；这是造成不平等的第二个根源。所拥有的土地从父辈传给子孙时，根据后代多少的不同而分成或大或小的部分。在一代一代的传承中，遗产有时会再次分割，而有时由于某一家族支系的消亡会再次合并；这是造成不平等的第三个根源。有些人有知识、有活力，更重要的是节俭，另外一些人则好逸恶劳、缺乏活力、挥霍浪费，这是造成不平等的第四个根源，也是最重要的原因：漫不经心、疏忽大意的土地所有者，不但土地耕种得很差，而且在丰收年里又轻率地挥霍掉全部的剩余产品，因而即使遇到最小的意外，也会沦落到向更有远见的邻居求助的地步，而且只能靠赊借维持生计。如果又有新的意外发生，或者他仍然疏于耕种，他就会发现自己无力偿还债务，从而被迫欠下新的债务，而到最后没有其他办法，只能放弃自己拥有的部分土地，甚至将全部地产给债权人，作为债务的等值物；或者将这土地转让给他人，从而换得其他有价值的物品，用以向债权人履行清偿义务。

第十三节

这种不平等的后果是耕种者从土地所有者中分离出来。

这样，土地财产就可以购买和出售了。挥霍浪费或遭遇不幸的土地所有者失去的土地，增加了比较幸运或勤奋的土地所有者的土地；这种所有权无穷无尽地变化，只会导致相当多的土地所有者必定拥有超出他们耕种能力的土地。另外，富人很自然地想要安静地享受他的地产带来的收益，因此，他更愿意用自己的一部分剩余产品换取别人来为他工作，而不想再把自己的所有时间都用于辛苦的劳作。

第十四节

耕种者和土地所有者之间的产品分配。净产品或收入。

通过这种新的安排，土地产品分为了两部分。一部分包括生活资料和农民的利润，作为他的劳动报酬，也是他同意耕种土地所有者土地的条件；剩下的另一部分是独立的、可以自由支配的部分，是土地生产出来作为礼物无偿给予土地所有者的、超出他垫付的部分。正是由于土地所有者的这一部分产品，或者称为“收入”，使他能够不用劳动就可以生活，而且他可以带这笔收入去他想去的任何地方。

第十五节

社会重新划分为三个阶级。土地耕种者、手工业者和土地所有者，或者叫生产阶级、薪资阶级和可自由支配阶级。

我们看到这时社会划分为三个阶级：农夫阶级，我们可以称他们为土地耕种者；手工业者及其他人，他们受雇于人而从事土地产品的生产；还有土地所有者阶级，也是唯一不用为了满足生活需要而去从事某种特定劳动的阶级，他们或许受雇从事社会中的一般性服务。至于战争和司法方面的工作，或者由个人从事，或者国家利用土地所有者收入的一部分，雇佣其他人来从事。由于这一原因，最适合这一阶层的名称就是可自由支配阶级。

第十六节

两个劳动阶级的相似之处。

土地耕种者和手工业者这两个阶级，在许多方面都很相似，特别是构成这两个阶级的人群都没有任何收入，都是依靠从土地产品中付给他们的工资维持生计。二者还有一个相同的情况，那就是他们仅仅获得自身劳动和垫付的回报，而这种回报在两个阶级中几乎完全一样。土地所有者与土地耕种者达成协议，从产出中拿出尽可能少的部分支付给土地耕种者，就像他与鞋匠讨价还价，想尽可能便宜地买到鞋子一样。总而言之，不管是土地耕种者还是手工业者，他们得到的仅仅是对他们劳动的报偿。

第十七节

两个劳动阶级的本质区别。

但是，这两种劳动之间存在区别；土地耕种者不仅创造自己的工资，而且创造出用于支付不同手工业者阶级和其他薪资阶级的薪金的收入：而手工业者仅仅得到自己的薪金，也就是他们用劳动交换来的属于他们的那部分土地产品，而他们的劳动并没有创造任何收入。土地所有者仅仅享有土地耕种者的劳动。他从土地耕种者那里获得生活资料，并用于支付其他薪资阶级的劳动。土地所有者需要土地耕种者，因为根据事物的物质秩序所形成的自然规律，没有辛勤的耕种，土地就不会有好收成。而土地耕种者之所以需要土地所有者，仅仅是由于人类的习俗和保障土地耕种者所有权的民法。那些民法保障第一代土地耕种者及其继承人拥有他们所占有的土地的所有权，即使他们不再耕种这些土地。但是，对于那些不参与劳动的闲人，这些法律只能保障他们获得自己土地产出的、支付土地耕种者报酬之外的那部分土地产品。土地耕种者尽管只能得到自己的劳动报酬，但仍然保持着自然和物质方面的首要地位，这种地位使其成为推动整个社会机器运转的第一股力量，使土地所有者的生活资料和财富，以及用于支付其他劳动的薪金都要依靠他的辛勤劳作。而手工业者，与此相反，从土地所有者或耕种者那里获得工资，而只需要付出同等价值的劳动作为交换，其他不需要任何付出。

这样，尽管土地耕种者和手工业者都仅仅获得与其劳动相当的报酬，但是，土地耕种者的劳动，除了创造出劳动报酬，还有土地所有者的收入，而手工业者没有为自己或他人创造任何收入。

第十八节

这种区别导致了另一种区分方式，即生产阶级和不生产阶级的区分。

于是，我们可以把可自由支配阶级之外的两个阶级划分为生产阶级，即土地耕种者，和不生产阶级，包括社会成员中所有其他薪资人员。

第十九节

土地所有者如何从自己的土地中获得收入。

那些不亲自耕种自己土地的土地所有者，可以采取不同的方式进行耕种，即与那些土地耕种者达成不同的协议。

第二十节

第一种方式是利用靠工资生活的劳动者进行耕种。

首先，他们可以通过日付或年付的方式雇佣他人耕种土地，而全部产出归自己所有；这包括一个前提，即在收获之前，土地所有者垫付所有种子的费用和工人的工资。但是，这种方式需要土地所有者付出大量心血，能够独自一人指导工人劳动，确保他们合理利用时间，并监督他们的忠诚度，确保他们不会带走任何产品。他确实可以雇佣一个更有知识、值得信任的人，这个人要具备管理者和指挥者的能力，可以指导工人劳动，并且能够记录产品的数量；但是，他总会面临受欺骗的危险。另外，这种方式极其昂贵，除非人口众多或者其他种类的劳动缺少工作机会，从而迫使工人接受非常低的薪水。

第二十一节

第二种方式是由奴隶进行耕种。

在社会形成初期，几乎不可能找到愿意在别人的土地上工作的人，因为土地还没有被完全占据，那些愿意劳动的人，宁愿去开辟新的土地，然后自己耕种；所有新的殖民地差不多都是这种状况。

在这种情况下，粗暴的人就想出方便的办法，用武力强迫其他人为他们劳动。他们雇佣奴隶。奴隶们从这些人手中得不到正义，因为这些人正是违反了人类的所有法律才将他们变成奴隶。同时，自然规律则确保他们得到土地产品中属于他们的部分；因为想要从他们的劳动中获得利润，主人就必须养活他们。但是，这些报酬仅限于能维持他们生活的必需品。

这种可怕的奴隶制度之前已经普遍存在，而且已经蔓延到世界的大部分地区。古人发动战争的主要目的就是抢夺奴隶，胜利者或者强迫奴隶为他们劳动，或者将奴隶卖给他人。这种掠夺行为和奴隶贸易，带着它残忍的面目，仍然在几内亚沿岸盛行。欧洲人到那里购买黑人以开发他们的美洲殖民地，从而助长了这种行为。

贪婪的奴隶主强迫奴隶进行超负荷的劳动，导致许多奴隶死亡。而为了保持耕种所需奴隶的数量，这种贸易每年都需要供应大量的奴隶。由于战争是为这种贸易提供奴隶的主要来源，显而易见，只有在人们不断地被划分为很小的国家而且不断地相互厮杀，只有每个地区与其相邻的地区不断地发生战争，这种贸易才能继续存在。即使英国、法国和西班牙互相进行最激烈的战争，各交战国的边境也只是唯一受到侵略的部分，而且只是一小部分地区。国家的其他地方仍然保持平静，而各方所能得到的少量的奴隶，对于三个国家的耕种只是一个微弱的资源。

第二十二节

大型社会中不可能存在用奴隶进行耕种的方式。

因此，当人类形成大型社会时，所能征募的奴隶数量不足以满足耕种的需要。尽管劳动力不足可以由牲畜来补充，但是总有一天，土地不再由奴隶来耕种。于是，只有家务劳动继续由奴隶来完成，直到最后奴隶制被完全废除；因为，随着各个国家成为文明国家，他们形成了交换战俘的惯例。这些惯例很容易形成，因为每个人都想摆脱沦为奴隶的危险境地。

第二十三节

随着所谓真正的奴隶制的出现，奴隶被束缚在了土地上。

最初进行土地耕种的第一代奴隶的后代，改变了自己的生存状态。国家之间的内部和平，导致没有足够的奴隶供应来满足对奴隶的消费需求，奴隶主不得不更好地关照自己的奴隶。那些在奴隶主家中出生的奴隶，从小就适应了自己的生活状态，很少反抗，他们的主人也就不需要花太多的力气去管束他们。渐渐地，他们耕种的土地变成了他们自己的国家，他们成为了国家的一分子，最终，他们从自己的主人那里感受到了信心和仁慈。

第二十四节

奴隶制之后是分封制度，由于被束缚在土地上，奴隶成为土地所有者。第三种方式是为了某种服务而出让土地。

管理由奴隶耕种的土地，需要格外小心，更令人讨厌的是还要为奴隶提供住所。通过激发奴隶耕种土地的兴趣，并且以奴隶们支付一定份额的土地产品为条件分给奴隶们一定数量的土地，奴隶主确保自己能更加自由、轻松而安全地享受自己的地产。一些奴隶主与奴隶签订短时的契约，只留给自己的农奴或奴隶们很少的、可以收回所有权的土地。另外一些奴隶主则把土地永久地分配给奴隶们，条件是他们每年以实物或货币的形式缴纳地租，并承担一定的劳役。那些获得土地的奴隶们，在规定的条件下，变成了土地所有者和自由人，被称为佃户或奴仆；而被称为领主的过去的土地所有者，只保有索取租金以及其他规定的税费的权利。这样，这种制度就在欧洲大部分地区流传开来。

第二十五节

第四种方式是部分殖民。

这些以支付租金为代价而可以自由耕种的土地，也可能会易主，可能由于继承和买卖等方式被分割或合并；这样，奴仆就可能会拥有超出自己耕种能力的土地。一般而言，耕种那些土地所要缴纳的地租并不太多，只要能够很好地耕种，耕种者就能够支付所有的垫付和花费，使自己获得一份生活资料，另外，还会获得形成收入的剩余产品。此后，拥有土地的奴仆就渴望不用劳动而享有这样的收入，并且也把自己的土地让别人来耕种。另一方面，大部分地主所出让的只是离他们最远的那部分土地，而保留那些自己能够以最少费用耕种的土地。既然由奴隶们进行耕种已不可行，那么，吸引自由人参与耕种不属于自己的土地的最初，也是最容易的方法，就是分配给他们一部分产品，从而使他们比那些用固定薪资雇佣的农夫更好地耕种土地。最普遍的方法就是将土地产品分成相等的部分，其中一部分属于耕种者，另一部分属于土地所有者。这种方式（在法国）被称为“对分佃农（medietarius）”，即获得半数产品的耕种者。对于这种遍布法国大部分地区的方式，土地所有者垫付所有的不可预见的费用；也就是说，从耕种者进行对分佃耕开始，直到第一次收获，土地所有者要自付费用提供耕畜、其他农具、种子以及耕种者及其家人的生活资料。

第二十六节

第五种方式是土地的包租或出租。

富裕而又聪明的耕种者注意到，如果不惜劳力和费用进行积极的、有很好指导的耕种，就会提高土地的收成，而且可以合理地断定：如果土地所有者在每年获得一定收入并无需支付所有耕种费用的条件下，同意在一定年限内放弃所有的收成，他们将得到更多。这样，就可以确保他们的支出和劳动所获得的产量的增加全部属于他们自己。而土地所有者也会由此得到以下好处：1.更加安心地享受自己的收入，不用担心垫付费用，也不用操心记录土地的产量；2.由于每年会从自己的农场收获相同的、更加确定的收入，他可以更加安稳地享受：因为他不会有损失自己的垫付费用的风险；而耕畜以及其他农民已经储备的财物，将成为农民支付地租的保障。另一方面，土地的租种年限并不长，如果佃户支付的地租太少，他可以在租期届满时提高租金。

第二十七节

最后一种方式也是最有利的一种方式，但是这种方式要以国家的富足为前提。

这种保障土地的方法对土地所有者和耕种者都是最有利的。凡是存在能够垫付耕种所需费用的富足的耕种者的地方，都普遍利用这种方式。由于富足的耕种者能够对土地投入更多的劳动和肥料，因而这能够极大地提高产量和土地收入。

在皮卡第、诺曼底、巴黎郊区，以及法国北部的大多数省份，土地是由农民来耕种的；在南部地区，则是由对分佃农耕种。因此，北部省份比南部省份富裕得多，土地也比南部耕种得好。

第二十八节

简要重述使土地高产的几种方式。

我刚刚谈到土地所有者得以使自己摆脱耕种劳作并且利用他人的劳动使自己土地高产的五种不同方式。

1.由获得固定薪资的工人耕种。

2.由奴隶耕种。

3.出让土地换取地租。

4.同意给予耕种者确定份额的产品，通常为一半，土地所有者垫付耕种所需的费用。

5.将土地租给农民，由农民垫付所有费用，在土地出租期间，农民每年向土地所有者支付约定的收入。

这五种方式中，第一种成本太高，很少被人采用；第二种仅用于愚昧而野蛮的国家；第三种与其说是为了货币而放弃所有权，不如说是为货币确定价值。所以，原来的土地所有者只不过是债权人。

最后两种耕种方式是最常见的，即由穷人中的对分佃农和富裕国家中的农民来耕种。

第二十九节

一般资本和货币收入。

另外有一种致富方式我还没有谈到，不用劳动，也无需拥有土地，我们有必要先解释一下它的起源以及它与社会财富分配系统中其他部分的关联，我刚刚已经勾勒出这个系统的大体轮廓。这种方式主要是靠所谓的货币收入，即贷款利息维持下去。

第三十节

金、银在商业中的使用。

金和银是两种商品，与其他商品一样，而且不如很多其他商品贵重，因为它们对实际的生活需求毫无用处。要解释这两种金属如何成为了各种财富的代表物、它们如何影响商业市场以及它们如何成为财富的组成部分，我们有必要再次回顾最初的那些原则。

第三十一节

商业的产生。商品价值的评估原则。

互补的需求关系首先促成了人们用自己的财产进行相互交换，因为我们急需的某种生活资料可以用其他物品或劳动进行交换。在交换过程中，各方有必要确认用于交换的每种物品的质量和数量。在这样的协议中，每个人自然都想用尽可能少的物品换得尽可能多的物品；同样作为交换物品的主人，交换者必须自己来权衡他对于所交出的物品的依恋程度和所想要拥有的物品的渴望程度，依此来确定每种交换物品的数量。如果交换双方无法达成协议，其中一方必须适当妥协，同意多付出一点儿或少得到一点儿。假设一方需要谷物，另一方需要葡萄酒；他们同意用一蒲式耳谷物兑换六品脱葡萄酒。显然对于双方而言，一蒲式耳谷物和六品脱葡萄酒看起来是完全等值的，在这次特定的交换中，一蒲式耳谷物的价格就等于六品脱葡萄酒的价格，而六品脱葡萄酒的价格就等于一蒲式耳谷物的价格。但是，在另外两个人之间进行的另外一次交换中，根据其中一方对某种商品需求的迫切程度，这个价格也会相应地有所不同。一蒲式耳谷物或许能兑换八品脱葡萄酒，而另外一蒲式耳谷物或许只能兑换四品脱葡萄酒。现在很清楚了，不能将这三种价格中的任何一种看作一蒲式耳谷物的真正价格，而否定其他两种；对于每一个交换者，他所得到的葡萄酒都等价于他所给出的谷物。总之，只要我们认为每一次交换都与其他交换无关，每种交换物品的价值就只能通过交换双方需求或欲望的博弈来衡量，并且只能通过他们达成的协议来确定。

第三十二节

商品交换中的现时价值是如何确定的。

其间，这样的事情也会时有发生：许多拥有葡萄酒的人都想与拥有谷物的人进行交换。如果有人不愿意用多于四品脱的葡萄酒兑换一蒲式耳的谷物，而谷物的所有者知道有人愿意用六品脱或八品脱葡萄酒来兑换同样一蒲式耳的谷物，那他就不会与前者进行交换。如果前者一定要得到谷物，他就必须把自己的购买价格提高到与其他人的一样。葡萄酒销售者通过谷物销售者之间的竞争而获益。在对他所需商品的不同报价进行比较之前，没有人会决定卖掉自己的财产，而他最终会接受最高的报价。葡萄酒和谷物的价值不是由其所有者自己的需求和互补能力决定，而是由所有谷物销售者和葡萄酒销售者的需求之间的平衡来决定。因为，如果那些愿意用八品脱葡萄酒兑换一蒲式耳谷物的人知道有人愿意用两蒲式耳谷物兑换八品脱葡萄酒，他们就会用四品脱葡萄酒来兑换一蒲式耳谷物。这种不同报价和不同需求之间的中间价格将会成为所有买卖者在交换中所遵守的现时价格；我们也可以说，对所有人而言，六品脱葡萄酒等值于一蒲式耳谷物，也就是中间价格，直到其中一方供应减少或另一方需求减少，才会引起价格的变动。

第三十三节

商业根据其他商品确定所有商品的现时价值；从此，所有商品都成为一定数量的其他任何商品的等值物，可以看作某种商品的代表物。

谷物不仅可以兑换葡萄酒，还可以兑换谷物所有者所需的任何物品，如木材、皮革、羊毛和棉花等等。葡萄酒和其他任何物品都一样。如果一蒲式耳谷物等值于六品脱葡萄酒，而一只绵羊等值于三蒲式耳谷物，那么，同样一只绵羊就等值于十八品脱葡萄酒。拥有谷物而需要葡萄酒的人，就可以很方便地用他的谷物兑换一只绵羊，然后再用绵羊兑换自己所需的葡萄酒。

第三十四节

每种商品都可以作为价值尺度或共同标准，我们依此来比较其他商品的价值。

由此可见，在一个商业繁荣、拥有大量产品和消费、对于各种商品有充足供应和巨大需求的国家，每种商品都会有一个与其他商品相关联的现时价格；也就是说，一定数量的某种商品等价于一定数量的其他商品。这样，等价于八品脱葡萄酒的同样数量的谷物，也等价于一只绵羊、一张皮革或一定数量的铁；在商业交易中，所有这些商品都具有同等价值。显而易见，为了明确某种特定商品的价值，只要说明任何其他已经确定价值的、可视为其等价物的产品的数量就可以了。因此，要明确一定尺寸的皮革的价值，我们可以不假思索地说，它的价值等于三蒲式耳谷物或十八品脱葡萄酒。用同样的方法，我们可以通过一定数量的葡萄酒在贸易中所能兑换的绵羊数或谷物的蒲式耳数来表示其价值。

由此可见，能够作为商业对象的任何一种商品，可以说都能够相互衡量，每种商品都可以作为共同标准或比较的尺度，来描述其他各种商品的价值，同样，每种商品在其所有者手中都成为获得其他商品的一种手段—— 一种通用的担保品。

第三十五节

并非每种商品都具有同等便利的尺度。我们最好使用质不易产生巨大变化、而价值主要与数目和数量相关联的商品。

尽管所有商品本质上都具备这种代表其他商品的属性，都能够作为一种共同标准来表示其他商品的价值，从而成为通过交换获取其他任何商品的通用担保品，但是，并非所有商品都能够同等便利地用来满足这两个用途。一种商品越是容易受到品质改变的影响而发生变化，就越难作为衡量其他商品价值的参考尺度。例如，如果十八品脱安茹葡萄酒等值于一只绵羊，而十八品脱开普敦葡萄酒或许等值于十八只绵羊。那么，如果有人说一只绵羊值十八品脱葡萄酒，这就是一种不明确的说法，无法传达出确切的概念，至少他还应该添加一些说明，这样就很不方便。所以，我们所选择的作为比较尺度的商品，必须是更加通用的，因而其价值更加为人熟知，而且与所比较的商品更加类似，因而其价值与数量而不是与质量的关系更加紧密。

第三十六节

由于价值和数目或数量之间缺乏严格的一致性，平均价值就被用来作为补充，这种平均价值成为了一种真正的货币。

在只有一种绵羊的国家，我们可以很容易地利用常见的估价方法来确定一次剪下的羊毛的或一只绵羊的价值，我们可以说一桶葡萄酒或一件物品等值于一定数目的羊毛或绵羊。但是，现实生活中绵羊是有差异的，当我们想卖掉它们时，就会仔细估算这种差异，从而认定（例如）两只小羊等于一只成年绵羊的价值。当需要涉及其他商品的相对价值时，我们就会将一只中等年龄和质量的绵羊的一般价值固定下来，作为统一的标准。这样，绵羊价值的确定，就成为一种认可的说法，而在商业语言中，“一只绵羊”这个词仅仅表示一定的价值，对于明白其含义的人而言，它不仅表示一只绵羊的意思，而且表示与一只绵羊等值的一定数量的所有其他商品。和用它来表示一只真正的绵羊的价值比起来，它更适合表示虚构的和抽象的价值；如果碰巧羊群中发生了大规模死亡，要购买一只绵羊必须付出之前两倍数量的谷物或葡萄酒，我们应该说一只绵羊值两只绵羊，而不会改变我们用于表示其他商品价值的习惯说法。

第三十七节

成为价值的理想表达法的平均价值举例。

每个国家的商业中都有许多商品虚构价值的例子，这些例子，我们可以说，只是一种表达商品价值的习惯说法。因此，为豪门巨富提供服务的巴黎厨师和鱼贩们，通常按件出售他们的商品。一只体肥的小母鸡按一件计算，一只小鸡则按半件计算，计算标准根据季节不同而增减：其他商品也一样。在美国殖民地的黑人贸易中，他们按照每个黑人为一印第安件来出售整船的黑人。女人和孩子被定价出售，例如，三个孩子或一个女人加两个孩子被定为一头黑人。根据奴隶们的力气和其他品质的不同，价值或增或减，因此，有些奴隶相当于两头黑人。

与阿拉伯商人进行金粉贸易的曼丁哥黑人，用一种双方称之为“马库特”的虚构的尺度来衡量他们所有的商品。这样，他们会告诉阿拉伯的商人会用金子支付多少马库特。他们同样也用马库特来衡量他们得到的商品；并且用这种估价方式与阿拉伯人讨价还价。在荷兰，人们用银行弗罗林这种虚构货币作为衡量尺度。而在商业中，这种虚构货币的价值有时大于、有时小于被命名为“弗罗林”的硬币的价值。

第三十八节

所有商品都是其他商业标的物的代表性象征物，但是由于受到每种商品是否便于运输和保存而不发生变化等因素的影响，各种商品被使用的频率不等。

商品质量的差异以及由此造成的价格差异，使得有些商品比另外一些商品更适合作为标准尺度，也不同程度地妨碍它们成为各种其他等值商品的代表性象征物。但是，至于这最后一种属性，不同种类的商品之间仍然存在本质的差异。显然（例如），一个人拥有一匹亚麻布比拥有同等价值的一桶葡萄酒更能确保他换得他所需要的一定数量的谷物：因为葡萄酒会受到各种意外因素的影响，甚至可能使人瞬间失去其全部财产。

第三十九节

所有商品都具有货币的两个本质属性，即衡量和代表所有价值：从这种意义上说，所有商品都是货币。

作为衡量所有价值的标准尺度和所有其他等值商品的代表性象征物，这两种属性包含了所谓货币的本质和使用的所有构成成分；从我刚刚讨论过的细节来看，所有商品在某种程度上都是货币；而且根据它们各自的具体性质，都或多或少具有这两种本质属性。根据被使用的普遍程度、质量的相似程度以及是否容易分割成等值的部分，它们都或多或少适合作为标准尺度。根据是否容易腐烂，或者数量和质量发生变化的程度，它们都或多或少适合作为交换活动中的通用象征物。

第四十节

反过来说，所有货币本质上都是商品。

我们只能使用本身具有一定价值的商品作为衡量价值的标准尺度，也只能使用在商业中被接受的商品去换取其他财产；除了具有同等价值的物品外，没有通用的价值的代表性象征物。因此，本位货币是不可能存在的。

第四十一节

各种不同的物质都能够成为而且已经成为流通货币。

许多国家已经在他们的语言和贸易中采用了贵重程度不同的物质作为价值的标准尺度。甚至在目前，还有一些原始民族使用被称为考利特的小贝壳作为货币。我记得在上大学时，曾经见到同学们在某些游戏中用一些杏黄色的石子作为货币相互交换和传递。我已经讨论过用牲口的头数来进行估价；我们可以在占领过罗马帝国的古日耳曼民族残留的法律条文中找到其中的一些估价规则。最初的罗马人，或者至少他们的祖先拉丁人，也使用过这样的估价方法。据说，最初的货币由黄铜铸造而成，代表一只绵羊的价值，上面铸有绵羊的形象，“货币（pecunia）”这个名称就是从“牛羊群（pecus）”这个词衍生而来的。这种推测具有很大的可能性。

第四十二节

金属最适合实现这一目的，特别是金银，以下是原因说明。

我们现在可以讨论贵金属在贸易中的出现了。所有金属，由于它们现实的用途，从被发现的那一刻起，就可以用于交换。它们所具有的灿烂光泽使人们四处寻找它们作为装饰品；它们的柔韧性和稳固性使它们适合用于制作器皿，比用泥土制作的器皿更加轻便耐用。但是，这些物质没有立刻成为通用货币，从而就无法在商业中使用。任何一块金属，不管是哪种金属，与同等纯度的另外一块同样的金属具有完全相同的品质。而且，通过不同的化学作用，我们可以轻松地将一种金属从与它混合在一起的其他金属中分离出来，这样我们就能够使金属达到一定的纯度，或者按照人们的说法，达到我们想要的标准；这样，金属价值的差异就仅仅取决于它的重量。所以，通过在交换中使用的金属的重量来确定商品的价值，我们就拥有了最清楚、最方便和最精确的价值表达方式；因此，人们在实践中不可能但必须优先考虑使用金属作为衡量价值的标准。至于是否适合成为所有能够衡量的价值的通用象征，金属比起其他商品一点儿也不差：由于它们能够被任意分割，因此任何一种商品，无论大小，其价值都能够精确地用一定数量的金属来支付。除了能够进行任意分割这一优点外，它们还具有经久不变的特性。而且像金银这样的稀有金属，尽管重量和体积很小，但具有极高的价值。

因此，在所有的商品中，这两种金属最容易进行质量确定和数量分割，而且可以用最低廉的花费将它们运到各个地方。所以，任何拥有剩余商品而又暂时不需要其他商品的人，都会将剩余商品兑换成白银，这样他就比拥有其他任何东西都更能确保自己在需要的时候换取想要的商品。

第四十三节

黄金和白银是天然的货币，也是独立于所有惯例和法律的通用货币。

于是，黄金和白银构成了货币，而且是通用货币，这不是人们之间的任意约定，也没有受到任何法律的干预，而只是出于事物的天性。它们并不像一些人所想象的那样，是价值的符号；既然能够成为其他价值的尺度和象征，它们本身就具有内在的价值。它们所具有的这种属性与所有其他在商业中有价值的商品的属性相同。唯一的不同之处在于它们同时还具有便于分割、不可改变和比其他商品更容易运输等特点，从而使它们更便于用来衡量和代表其他商品的价值。

第四十四节

使用其他金属实现这些用途只是次要手段。

所有金属都能够用来充当货币。但是，那些过于普通的金属，由于体积大而价值小，不便于在商业中使用。铜、白银和黄金是经常被使用的仅有的几种金属。除了那些通过采矿和商业还不能提供足够数量黄金和白银的民族外，甚至连铜也仅仅用于很小的价值交换。

第四十五节

金银作为货币，增加了它们作为物质本身的价值。

虽然金银本身的价值不可能改变，但人们想方设法将自己的剩余商品兑换成黄金和白银，而不愿兑换成任何其他商品，这必然会增加两种物质在商业中的价值。这样只会使金银更适合用来作代币或标准尺度。

第四十六节

黄金和白银与其他商业标的物及彼此相比较，其价值的变化。

这种价值很容易发生变化，而且实际上一直在变化；因此，与一定数量这种或那种商品等值的同等数量的金属，变得不再等值，而需要更多或更少数量的白银来代表同样的商品。当需要更多时，说明这种商品变得昂贵了；当需要更少时，说明它变得便宜了；但是，人们也可以说，在第一种情况下白银便宜了，而在第二种情况下白银昂贵了。与其他商品相比，白银和黄金不仅各自的价格会发生变化，彼此之间的相对价值也会根据各自数量的增减而发生变化。众所周知，我们如今在欧洲要用十四到十五盎司白银兑换一盎司黄金；而在从前，我们只需要十或十一盎司。

此外，在目前的中国，用不到十二盎司白银就可以兑换一盎司黄金，所以将白银运到中国去兑换黄金，然后运回欧洲，这样就会获得巨大的收益。显而易见，随着时间的推移，这种商业会使黄金在欧洲越来越普通，而在中国越来越珍贵，这两种物质的价值最后肯定会在中国和欧洲达到平衡。

商品彼此之间或与白银之间的相对价值，会由于各种各样的原因不断地被确定下来，又会不断地发生变化。这些原因也一起决定和改变着相对价值，不管是对于每种特定商品的相对价值或是对于商业中实际存在的其他价值总和的相对价值。如果不广泛深入地讨论其中的细节，我们就不可能探究所有这些不同的原因，或是阐明它们的影响，而我不打算在这里进行如此深入的探讨。

第四十七节

使用货币进行支付的做法使卖方和买方产生了区别。

随着人类越来越习惯使用白银衡量所有东西、把所有剩余商品都兑换成白银以及只用这种货币换取当时对他们有用或他们喜欢的东西，他们也开始习惯从不同的角度考虑商业交换。他们开始区分两种人，即买家和买家：卖家是指那些用商品换取货币的人；而买家是指那些用货币换取商品的人。

第四十八节

货币的使用在很大程度上促进了不同社会阶层之间的劳动分工。

货币越是成为通用的媒介，人们就越是能够完全放弃对于自己其他需求的想法，而只会投身于他所选择的那种农业和工业中，并且只会考虑通过出售他的成果或劳动获得尽可能多的货币，确保使用这些货币可以拥有其他所有东西。正是这样，货币的使用对于社会的进步产生了巨大的推动作用。

第四十九节

剩余的年产品积累形成资本。

从人类诞生的那天起，他们所拥有的土地财产就确保他们的年收入足以满足所有的需求，而其中有些人因为对于未来感到不安，或者只是出于长远考虑，于是将每年收入的一部分储存起来，或者是为了预防可能发生的意外，或者为了让自己更好地享受。当获得的商品不易储存时，他们就会兑换成持久耐用的物品，这样就不会随着时间而贬值，或者兑换成能够获取利润的物品，获取的利润在弥补贬值带来的损失后还有盈余。

第五十节

个人财产，货币的积累。

这种将没有消费掉的年产品积累起来形成的财产，被称为个人财产。家庭用品、房屋、库存商品、贸易品、以及牲畜都属于这类财产。显然，在他们熟悉使用货币之前，人们必须努力劳动以获得尽可能多的此类财富；但同样明显的是，人们一旦知道在所有商业标的物中货币最不容易发生变化，而且最容易储存，它就成为想要积累财富的人们追逐的主要目标。这样，土地所有者就不是唯一积累剩余产品的人。尽管工业利润不像土地收入一样，并不是大自然的恩赐；勤劳的人从他的劳动中仅仅获得雇佣者支付给他的工资；尽管雇佣者会支付尽可能少的薪水，而竞争也迫使勤劳的人满足于比没有竞争情况下更低的价格，仍然可以肯定的说，在所有劳动中，竞争既不够充分，也不够激烈，只要比别人更专业、更积极，在个人开支方面比别人更节约，一个人的收入总能足以养家糊口并有盈余，于是就可以将剩余产品保存起来作为储备。

第五十一节

流动财富是所有盈利行业必不可少的条件。

在任何贸易中，工人或雇主都甚至有必要事先储备好一定数量的流动财富。在我们讨论完不同职业的分工以及资本所有者用资本获得价值的不同方式之后，我们不得不再次回顾一些之前只是暗示过的事情；否则的话，要合理地解释这些事情，就会打断我们的思路。

第五十二节

农业中垫付的必要性。

每一种劳动，无论是农业、工业，还是商业，都需要垫付。人们耕种土地时，必须先播种才能收割；而且在收获之前他们也要养活自己。农业发展越成熟、越有活力，需要垫付的数量就越大。耕畜、农具、圈养牲畜和储存产品的场所，还要根据所承担劳动的程度，在收获前给一部分工人支付工资和提供生活资料。只有通过相当数量垫付的方式，人们才能获得丰收，土地才能带来巨大的收入。不管从事什么行业，工人必须拥有工具，必须拥有足够数量的其劳动所需的原料；而且在售出自己的货物之前他必须要养活自己。

第五十三节

由尚未被耕种的土地所提供的第一笔垫付。

土地曾经是所有财富的首要的，也是唯一的来源：是土地在经过耕种后创造了所有的收入；而在所有土地被耕种之前，也是土地提供了第一笔垫付资金。第一个土地耕种者播下的粮食种子，是由土地自然生产出来的；在等待收获的过程中，他依靠打猎、捕渔、或采食野果养活自己。他从森林中找来树枝，用相互打磨锋利的石块将树枝切割，当作自己的工具；他追捕森林中出没的野兽，用陷阱或趁它们没有防备时捕捉它们。最初，他只是将捕获的动物作为食物，后来就开始利用它们帮助自己劳动。这些最初的资金或资本一点点地逐渐增加。在早期，耕畜是人们最想得到的流动财产；也是最容易积累的；它们会死亡，但也会繁殖，这种财富在某种意义上可以说是永远不会消失的。这种资本仅仅通过繁殖就可以不断增加，还可以提供牛奶、羊毛、皮革和其他材料等年产品，这些年产品和从森林中获得的木材一起，构成了工业劳动的第一批基金。

第五十四节

在土地耕种之前，牲畜就是一种流动财富。

在还有大量土地未被耕种并且不属于任何个人的时代，人们没有田产也可以饲养牲畜。甚至还有可能，在他们从事更加辛苦的耕种土地的工作之前，各地的人们就已经开始圈养牛羊并依靠它们的产品生活了。似乎正是那些在自己居住的土地上发现了容易驯养的动物的民族，首先开始耕种土地，并通过这种方式从四处游荡、居无定所的狩猎和捕鱼生活中解脱出来，开始了比较安定的畜牧生活。畜牧生活需要长时间居住在一个地方，这样就使人们有更多的空闲时间，有更多的机会研究土地的差异，观察植物饲料生长过程中的自然规律。或许正是由于这个原因，亚洲民族首先开始耕种土地，而美洲的居民却在很长一段时间内停滞在野蛮状态之中。

第五十五节

另外一种流动财富和农业的必要垫付——奴隶。

奴隶是另外一种个人财产，最初通过暴力获得，后来通过商业和交换获得。拥有很多奴隶的人不仅利用奴隶耕种土地，还让他们从事各种其他的劳动。由于这两种财富都很容易几乎可以毫无限制地积累，而且与土地分离后仍然可以方便地使用，从而导致土地本身被估价，并且可以用土地的价值与流动财富进行比较。

第五十六节

个人财产具有可交换价值，甚至对土地本身也是如此。

一个拥有一定数量土地却没有牲畜或奴隶的人，如果通过放弃自己的一部分土地来换取他人的牲畜和奴隶，以用来耕种剩余的土地，那他毫无疑问是做了一桩划算的买卖。田产主要通过这种方式进入了商业领域，并且具有了与其他商品的比较价值。如果四蒲式耳谷物——也就是一英亩土地的净产量——价值六只绵羊，那么，产出这些谷物的一英亩土地本身就可以被赋予一定的价值，这个价值当然要高于四蒲式耳谷物的价值，但总能像给其他商品定价一样很容易确定。也就是说，首先通过交易双方的讨价还价，然后，根据其他用土地交换牲畜或用牲畜交换土地的人们所确立的现时价格。当债务人被债权人控告，而必须放弃其财产的时候，土地正是通过这种现时价格的衡量尺度来被定价的。

第五十七节

土地的价值是通过土地收入与全部个人财产或土地所交换价值的比例来确定的：这个比例被称为土地的价格。

显然，如果土地收入等值于六只绵羊，而这块土地能够以一定的价值出售，通常都是用等值的绵羊的只数来表示；那么，这个数字与数字“六”之间会有一种固定的比例关系，会是“六”的一定倍数。这样，一块地产的价格不过是其产生的收入的若干倍；如果价格是一百二十只绵羊，那就是二十倍；如果是一百八十只绵羊，那就是三十倍。因此，土地的现时价格就由收入价值的比例来确定；而出售价格所包含的收入的倍数被称为土地的年购买。他们以二十、三十或四十年购买售出，当购买土地时，我们支付二十、三十或四十倍的土地收入。同样显而易见的是，这个价格必定根据土地购买者和出售者的人数而发生变化，正如其他商品的价格也会随着供应和需求的不同比例而发生变化一样。

第五十八节

所有货币资本和所有价值都等价于产生一定收入的土地。资本的第一种运用方式。购买土地。

现在让我们回到货币刚刚产生后的时期。便于积累的特点使货币成为人们最想得到的个人财产，并且提供了使其数量无限增长的方法，那就是节约。不管是谁，或是通过自己的土地收入，或是通过其劳动和勤奋获得的薪水，如果每年能够得到比他需要的花费更高的收入，他就可以把多余的部分积累起来：这些积累起来的价值就是我们所说的资本。胆小的守财奴害怕在不确定的未来会陷入贫困，为了消除自己的忧虑，便将货币囤积起来。如果他所预见的危机真的发生而使他陷入贫困，从而每年只能靠这笔财富生活，或者他有一个奢侈浪费的后代一点点地挥霍，这笔财富很快就会耗尽，这笔资本将完全归新的所有者。而后者能够利用这笔财富获得更大的利益：既然能够产生一定收入的地产只是与这一收入一定倍数相等的一笔金额的等值物，由此可以得出结论，无论价值多大的一笔金额都是某一块地产的等值物，而这块地产产生的收入等于这笔金额的一定比例。不管是由大量的金属构成，还是由任何其他物质构成，这笔资本都完全一样，因为货币代表所有种类的价值，正如所有种类的价值都代表货币一样。通过这些方式，资本所有者可以首先利用它购买土地；但是，他并不是没有其他利用资本的方法。

第五十九节

货币的另一种运用方式是用作制造业或工业企业的垫付。

我已经说过，所有种类的劳动，不管是农业还是工业劳动，都需要垫付。而且我也已经指出，土地如何通过自然产出的果实和牧草为人类和动物提供食物以及如何通过人类最初用来制造工具的树木，为农业提供了第一笔垫付；甚至是人类为自己使用而制造的第一批手工制品的垫付。例如，是土地提供了建造第一批房屋使用的石块、泥土和木材；另外，在职业分工之前，当一个人既要耕种土地，又要通过自己的劳动满足自身其他需求的时候，不需要其他的垫付。但是，当大部分社会成员除了自己的双手外没有其他资源时，那些依靠薪水生活的人就有必要提前获得某些东西，用于换取他们劳动所需的原材料，或者在等待发放薪水期间维持自己的生活。

第六十节

关于工业企业中预付资本的说明；关于预付资本的收回以及它们应该产生的利润。

在早期，雇佣劳动工人为自己劳动的雇主不仅要自己提供原料，而且还要按日支付工人的薪酬。土地耕种者或土地主人把自己收获的麻纱交给纺纱工人，并且要在纺纱工人工作期间维持她的生活。然后，再将纺线交给织工，并且每天支付约定的薪酬。但是，那些数量不多的每日的垫付只能用于最简单粗劣的工作中。在大多数手工业中，甚至那些必须由最贫穷的社会成员来从事的手工业中，同一种原料需要经过很多工序，而且要在很长一段时间内经历各种不同的、困难的加工。我已经讲过在制作鞋子时皮革的准备过程。凡是见过制革工人工作场所的人，都会不假思索地感到这是绝对不可能做到的。一个甚至几个穷人要自己准备兽皮、石灰、皮硝和工具等等，要建造硝皮所必需的房屋，还要在皮革售出之前维持自己的生活。在这种手工艺中，或者其他手工艺中，为了避免在第一次尝试中浪费原料，从事该种行业的人岂不是必须在冒昧地接触这些原料之前就要掌握这门手艺吗？这就产生了另外一个垫付的绝对必要性。应该由谁为工厂准备原料，由谁来提供准备过程中所需的各种要素和工具呢？由谁来修建运河、市场以及各种建筑物呢？这些人中谁也不能独立地完成一张皮革，而且出售一张皮革的所得也无法维持他们当中任何一个人的生活。在这种情况下，那么多的工人在他们所有的皮革售出之前怎样维持生活？由谁来支付指导学生和学徒的费用呢？在他们熟练掌握手艺之前，谁来为他们提供生活资料，以便引导他们逐渐地从与他们年龄相适应的简单劳动过渡到需要更强的体力和能力的劳动？只有资本所有者或积累的可动财产的所有者能够雇佣他们，并且提供垫付，一方面用于建造厂房和购买原料，另一方面用于支付准备阶段工人每日的薪酬。也正是他，一定盼望皮革能够售出，从而不仅可以收回他的垫付，还可以得到一笔收入。这笔收入不仅足以补偿如果他用这笔垫付购买土地所获得的收益，而且超出的部分还可以作为他费心劳神、承担风险，甚至他的劳动技能的报酬。毫无疑问，如果能获得相同的利润，他肯定更愿意依靠同样一笔资本可以买进的土地收入，无忧无虑地生活。根据出售产品后资本回收的情况，他会用这笔资本去购买供养家庭和维持工厂的新原料；
通过这种不断的循环，他一方面依靠利润来维持生活，另一方面将盈余部分积累起来不断增加自己的储备，并且通过增加资本的数量推动自己的企业发展，从而不断地增加自己的利润。

第六十一节

勤劳的薪资阶级再次细分为企业资本家和普通劳动工人。

这样，向社会提供种类繁多的工业品以满足不同需求的整个阶级，可以说再次细分为两个阶级。一个阶级包括企业家、制造业主，以及大量资本的所有者，他们通过为另外一个阶级提供工作来获得利益。而另外一个阶级由手工业者和除了双手一无所有的穷人组成，他们只能垫付自己每天的劳动，得不到利润，得到的只有自己的薪酬。

第六十二节

资本的另外一种用途是作为农业企业的垫付。以下是关于农业企业中资本运用和必不可少的资本利润的说明。

我首先谈到制造企业中资本的运用，目的是举出一个更加显著的例子，来说明大量垫付的必要性和影响以及它们的流通过程。但是，我颠倒了正常的次序，按正常的次序我应该首先讨论农业企业。不通过大量垫付的方式，农业企业就既无法运转、无法扩张，也无利可图。为了使资本在农业企业中产生更大的利润，大量资本的所有者向土地所有者支付大笔租金来租用土地，并且自己负担全部垫付。他们的情况必定与制造企业的情况相同。像制造企业一样，他们也不得不提供企业的第一笔垫付，自己准备牲畜、马匹、农具，还要购买第一批种子；同样像制造企业一样，他们必须向他们的车夫、收割工人、打谷工人、仆人，以及其他各种工人提供生活资料。这些人只能靠自己的双手维持生活，只能垫付自己的劳动，也只能得到自己的薪酬。同样像制造企业一样，他们不仅应该收回自己的资本，我的意思是说，所有之前和每年的垫付，而且应该得到：第一，与他们通过资本不用费力就可以取得的收入相等的利润；第二，薪酬，也就是他们自己费心劳神、承担风险和辛勤劳作的代价；第三，一笔能够使他们更新企业动产的报酬，包括由浪费、牲畜死亡和农具损坏等造成的损失，这些费用都应该首先从土地的产出中扣除。剩余部分则由土地耕种者支付给土地所有者，作为后者允许他使用自己的土地来开办企业的报酬；即地租的价格，土地所有者获得的租金，也就是净产品：在扣除垫付和这些垫付应该获得的利润之前，不能把土地的所有产出都看作是一种收入，而只能看作对耕种费用的一种补偿，因为如果土地耕种者得不到这些土地产品，他就不愿意贸然投入自己的财富和劳动去耕种别人的土地。

第六十三节

资本家和农业企业家之间的竞争确定了地租的现时价格。

富有的农业企业家之间的竞争确定了地租的现时价格，一般是根据土地的肥沃程度和土地产品的出售价格，而土地产品的出售价格总是根据农民在考虑自己的支出和应该从垫付中获得的利润后所做的计算来确定。他们不能付给土地所有者超出剩余产品以外的东西。但是，当他们之间的竞争非常激烈时，他们有时候会把全部剩余产品都交给土地所有者，而土地所有者只把土地租给租金报价最高的人。

第六十四节

资本家和企业家的投入不足，使土地耕种局限于小规模。

相反，如果拥有充足资本的富人不把自己的资本投入农业企业；如果由于土地产品价格很低或其他原因导致收成不足，企业家只能收回投入的资本，不能额外获得至少相当于把资本用于其他渠道所能获得的收益；那就没有农民愿意租种土地，土地所有者就只能雇佣那些同样无法提供垫付或无法正常耕种土地的对分佃农来耕种土地。土地所有者提供适当的垫付，而这些垫付只能为他带来很少的收入：如果土地恰好属于一个贫穷、怠慢和欠债的所有者，或者属于一个寡妇或是未成年人，这块土地就会处于无人耕种的状态；这就是我所观察到的省份之间土地存在差异的原因，例如在诺曼底和法兰西岛，土地由富裕的农民耕种，而在利穆赞、昂古穆瓦、波旁以及其他地区，土地仅仅由贫穷的对分佃农耕种。

第六十五节

土地耕种者阶级细分为两个阶层，一个是企业家或农场主，另一个是雇佣工人、仆人和日工。

因此，像制造业者一样，土地耕种者阶级被细分为两个阶层，一个是企业家或资本家，他们提供垫付，另一个是普通的薪酬工人。导致的结果也一样，那就是只有资本能够形成并支撑大的农业企业，只有资本能够赋予土地一种不变的价值，如果我可以这样说的话，也只有资本能够保证土地所有者获得一份稳定的、尽可能多的收入。

第六十六节

运用资本的第四种方式是用作商业企业的垫付。商人介入商品生产者和消费者之间的必要性。

农业或制造业中的企业家只能通过出售土地产品或生产的商品来收回垫付并获得利润。出售价格总是由消费者的需求和能力来确定；但是，消费者并不要求在收割时或产品完工时就把产品准备好或安装好。然而，企业家们希望能够及时、定期地收回资金，再投入到新的企业中去：收割以后必须接着施肥、播种。随着第一批产品分销出去之后，制造业工人会不断地被雇佣开始生产新的产品，随着原料的不断消耗，新的原料要补充进来。对于一个企业来说，一旦开始运转，就不能有片刻的停顿，也不能想当然地认为可以随时重新开工。因此，企业家最关心的就是通过出售他们的农作物或商品快速地收回资本。另一方面，消费者关心的是能够随时随地找到他需要的商品；如果消费者必须在农作物收割时就要备齐全年所需的给养，那么对他来说是极其不方便的。在日常消费品的生产中，有些需要长期、昂贵的劳动，这些劳动无法带来利润，除非有大量的原料，使某个限定区域的少数居民不足以消费掉一个工厂所销售的商品。因此，这类企业的数量必然很少，而且彼此相距很远，从而也就远离拥有大量消费者的居住区。如果不是极端吝啬，每个人都会消费几种商品，这些商品没有一样不是在距离他的居住地很远的工厂生产制造的，而且这些不同工厂之间也相距很远。如果一个人只能直接从生产者手中购买自己所需的消费品，那么他就会有许多产品无法买到，或者把时间都耗费在四处购买这些商品上面。

生产者想要找到买家，消费者则希望知道去哪里购买，而且不用浪费有用的时间去寻找买家或卖家，这种双方面的需求使得第三种人想到可以成为他们双方的中间人。这就是商人这个职业的目的所在，从生产者手中购买商品，储存在仓库中，使消费者可以从那里购买到自己需要的商品。通过这些方式，企业家因为确信商品能够售出，并且有把握收回自己的资金，他就会毫无顾虑地、不知疲倦地去物色新的产品，而消费者也可以马上在自己附近购买到他所需要的物品。

第六十七节

不同层次的商人。他们都从事买进卖出的工作，他们的买卖全靠各种垫付来支撑，这些垫付创造利润后被收回，并被重新投入新的企业中。

从市场上卖青菜的菜农，到远赴印度和美洲的南特或加的斯的商人，商人所在的行业，或者更准确地称为商业，细分为无数的门类，也可以说是无数的层次。有的商人仅提供一种或几种商品，出售给去他的店铺选购的消费者；另外一个商人会把某种特定的商品运到需要的地方，然后换回那个地方生产的而他所在的地方需要的商品：有的商人在自己的附近，靠自己一个人的力量完成交易，而有的商人则通过自己出资雇佣并且分派到各地的联络人员和运输人员完成交易。他派出的人员从一个省到另一个省，从一个王国到另一个王国，从欧洲到亚洲，然后从亚洲再回到欧洲。有的商人通过零售将自己的商品卖给使用者，而有的商人每次仅以大宗商品的方式，将商品卖给那些零售商：但有一点是相同的，即他们买入商品是为了再次卖出，他们买入的第一批商品是一种需要一定时间才可以收回的垫付。这种垫付就像农业和手工业中的垫付一样，不仅应该在一定时间内收回，并重新投入用于购买新产品，而且还应该获得：1.相当于他们利用自己的资本不用劳动就可以获得的收入；2.他们的劳动、他们所承担的风险以及他们的辛勤劳动产生的价值。如果不能保证收回这些垫付并且获得这些必不可少的利润，就没有商人愿意从事商业活动，也不可能有人会继续下去：正是考虑到这一点，他在买进时才能决定购买的数量和价格，以便能够在一定时间内卖出：在几次谨慎的成功尝试之后，零售商可以通过经验了解什么商品接近他的顾客的需求。商人通过自己的联系人可以了解他的生意所延伸到的不同国家中商品充足还是稀缺，以及商品的价格；从而相应地调整买卖，他把商品从价格低的国家运到价格高的国家，把运输费用计算在应该收回的垫付内。因为商业是必要的，没有占其规模一定比例的垫付不可能从事商业活动；我们在这里又看到另外一种使用个人财产的新方法，一批保存和积累起来的商品，一大笔钱，或者称为资本，其所有者可以用它获取生活资料，并增加自己的财富。

第六十八节

货币流通的真正意义。

通过上面的讨论我们可以看到，土地耕种、各种制造业，以及商业的各种模式是如何依赖大量资本或是个人财产累积的，这笔资本在各种不同的商业模式中都是先由企业家垫付，而且应该每年都能够收回并且有固定的利润；也就是说，资本被再次利用，作为垫付用于同一企业的延续，而利润用于购买企业家或多或少的生活资料。正是这种不断的垫付和回收组成了所谓的货币流通：这种富有成效的流通，推动着所有的社会劳动，支持着社会的运转，成为国家的生命所在，完全可以将它比作人类体内血液的循环。因为，如果社会不同阶层的消费过程发生了混乱，企业家就无法收回他们的垫付，也无法获得他们有理由期待的利润；这样，他们就不得不缩小自己的企业；工作的数量、土地产品的消费量和产品和收入的数量都会相应地减少；贫穷将取代富裕，普通工人找不到工作，将会陷入最悲惨的境地。

第六十九节

在金银进入商业领域之前，所有粗放型企业，特别是制造业和商业企业，必定很受限制。

几乎不必说，在金银进入商业领域之前，所有企业，特别是制造业企业以及最重要的商业企业，必定不可避免地受到限制；因为当时几乎不可能积累大量资本，而且更困难的是，几乎不可能将报酬按照需要进行翻番和分配，从而将交易促进和提高到繁荣的商业和流通要求的程度。土地的耕种仅能支撑自身发展到一定程度，因为牲畜是所需垫付的主要来源，很可能除了土地所有者外不会再有其他投资者。至于各种手工业，在货币使用之前，必定一直处于不景气的状态；它们都局限于从事最粗劣的工作，经营者提供垫付，用于养活工人以及为他们提供原料，或让他们的仆人在家中完成加工。

第七十节

资本如同劳动和勤奋一样，都是所有企业所必需的，因此勤奋的人主动与为他提供所需资金的资本所有者分享企业的利润。

因为资本是所有获利企业必不可少的基础；因为有货币我们就可以改进耕种方式、建立制造业和商业，把货币带来的利润节约、累积起来就变成了新的资本：总之，因为货币是产生新的货币的主要方式，所以，那些勤奋、热爱劳动却又缺乏资本的人，由于没有足够的资本用于自己想要从事的企业，就会毫不犹豫地决定放弃一部分他们期望获得的超出垫付的利润，把这部分利润让给愿意把资本托付给他们使用的资本或货币所有者。

第七十一节

运用资本的第五种方式：贷款取息；贷款的性质。

货币所有者会权衡他们的资本可能由于企业失败而遭遇的风险，以及不用劳动就可以获得的稳定的利润；并据此确定增加或减少所要求的货币的利润或利息，或同意按照借款人提出的利息借出货币。在此，货币所有者又多了另外一个机会，即有息借贷，或者称为货币商业。请大家不要误会我的意思，有息借贷只不过是一种贸易，其中贷款人是出售自己货币使用权的人，而借款人是购买这种使用权的人；正如一份地产的所有者或耕种者，分别购买和出售这块出租土地的使用权。确切地说，拉丁语中把货币贷款或利息称为“usurapecuniæ”，由于人们对于货币利息的错误观念，这个词被法语采用后，变成了一个令人讨厌的词。

第七十二节

关于贷款取息的错误观念。

利率并非人们所想象的那样，建立在借款人希望利用他已购买使用权的资本获得的利润的基础之上。利率与所有其他商品的价格一样，是根据买卖双方的情况而定的；根据供给和需求数量的比例来确定。人们贷款的目的各不相同，动机也各种各样。有人贷款是为了建立企业从而创造财富，有人是为了购买地产，有人是为了偿还赌债，有人是为了弥补由于意外而造成的收入损失，还有人是希望在自己通过劳动能够获得收益之前生存下来；但是，所有这些促使借款人借款的动机，对贷款人来说都无关紧要。他只关心两件事情，他能获得的利息和他的资本是否安全。他从来不关心借款人用他的资本做什么，就像一个商人不会关心买家用他所出售的商品做什么一样。

第七十三节

经院哲学家们不愿承认的错误。

正是因为没有研究贷款取息的真正意义，有些顽固而不开明的道德家竭力地想让我们把它看作一种犯罪。经院派神学家们已经得出结论，因为货币本身不会产生利润，所以放贷取息是不公平的。他们满怀偏见地认为他们的学说是受到圣经福音书中经文的支持的，“借给人，不指望偿还（mutuum date nihil inde sperantes）”：而那些在货币利息方面采取更合理原则的神学家们，受到了持对立观点一派的最严厉的责备。

然而，只要稍加思索，就可以看出那些用来谴责收取利息的借口是多么微不足道。贷款是一种借贷双方之间自愿签订的互惠合同，正是因为对双方都有好处才会签订。显然，如果贷款人发现收取利息能够使自己获益，这丝毫不会减少借款人对于自己所需要的这笔贷款的兴趣，因为如果不是这样的话，他就不会借款并且支付利息。根据这一原理，有谁能够把这样一种对双方都有利、双方都满意，而且不会伤害任何其他人的合同看作是一种犯罪呢？如果他们说贷款人是利用借款人的需求趁火打劫，强迫其支付利息，就像我们说“面包师出售面包赚钱是利用顾客的需求趁火打劫”一样荒唐。如果在后一种情况下，支付的货币是作为购买者得到面包的等价物，那么，借款人今天收到的货币同样是他同意在到期还款时所归还的本金和利息的等价物；因为实际上，对于借款人而言，能够在贷款期内使用他所需要的这笔货币也是一种获益，而对于贷款人而言，被剥夺了这笔货币的使用权则是一种损失。这种损失是可以被估价的，也确实被估价了，利息就是它的价格。如果贷款人承担着由于借款人破产而失去其本金的风险，这个价格应该更高。所以，合同对双方是完全平等的，因而也是公平和真实的。货币被看作是一种自然物质，是一堆金属，不会产出任何东西；但是，货币在农业、制造业以及商业中被用作垫付，并产生一定的利润；我们可以利用货币购买土地，从而获得收入：所以，借给他货币的人，不仅放弃了这笔货币的不会产生收益的所有权，而且使自己丧失了本来利用这笔货币能够获得的利润，因此，用于赔偿他的这种损失的利息不能被看作是不公平的。被迫承认这些想法合理性的经院派哲学家们已经同意可以收取利息，前提是将资本让渡，也就是贷款人放弃要求在一定时间内归还本金的权利，只要借款人愿意支付利息就可以一直使用这笔借款。这种许可的原因是，这样一来，这笔货币就不再是需要支付利息的贷款，而是用一笔货币购买的另外一笔货币，就像用货币购买土地一样。这是他们借助的一种方式，以便承认在社会交易中借款存在的绝对必要性，而无须明确地承认他们之前谴责这种做法的荒谬性。但是，关于让渡本金的这一条款对于借款人并没有好处，除非已经偿还了本金，否则他始终负债于贷款人，而他的财产始终要作为保证本金安全的担保品；——甚至还有坏处，那就是他会发现在需要的时候借款更加困难了；因为打算用一笔资金购买地产的人，只愿意将这笔资金借出一两年，而不愿意将它无限期地借

出。另外，如果允许他们出售货币换取永久性租金，那他们为什么不能将货币按照一定年限出租而只在租期内收取租金呢？如果1000里弗赫每年的利息等值于永久持有20000里弗赫，那么，1000里弗赫就是拥有20000里弗赫一年的等值物了。

第七十四节

货币利息的真正基础。

这样，一个人可以像出售货币一样，将自己的货币合法地借出；而货币所有者或者将货币出售，或者将货币借出，不仅因为货币等值于一笔收入，是获得收入的一种手段；不仅因为贷款人在贷款期内会损失他本来能够通过这笔货币获得的收入；不仅因为他承担着失去自己本金的风险；也不仅因为借款人可以将这笔贷款用于有利可图的方面，或者用于他能够获得巨大利润的企业；货币所有者可以依据更加普遍性和决定性的原则，合法地收取利息。即使上述情况都没有发生，仅凭他的货币属于他自己这一点，他要求贷款利息的权利也不会受到影响。既然货币是自己的，他就有权保有它，没有任何理由规定他有出借的义务；如果他将货币借出，可以对贷款附以他选择的条件，这样做不会伤害借款人，因为后者同意这些条件，而且没有权利要求借款的数量。货币能够带给借款人的利润，毫无疑问是借款人决定付息借款的最主要的动因；利润也是其用以支付利息的来源之一，但这绝不是赋予贷款人要求利息的权利的依据；他的货币属于他自己所有，仅凭这一点他就享有要求利息的权利，而这种权利是与财产密不可分的。购买面包的人是为了维持生活，但面包师要求支付一定价钱的权利与面包的用途是毫不相干的；即使他出售的是一袋石头，他也拥有同样的权利，这种权利是建立在这一原则之上的，即面包属于他自己所有，谁也没有任何权利强迫他无偿地予以放弃。

第七十五节

对一种反对意见的回应。

这种思考使我们想到一位作者引用了圣经福音书中“借给人，不指望偿还”这一节的经文，我们可以看到这种引用是多么地错误，与圣经的旨意是多么不相符。正如现代理性的神学家们所理解的那样，这段经文明显是一种关于仁爱的箴言。所有人类都应该相互帮助，如果一个富人看到他的同类在经受苦难，不去无偿地帮助他，反而将所需的东西出售给他，那也是缺乏基督教和人道主义责任感的表现。在这种情况下，仁爱不仅要求我们要无息贷款，还命令我们一定要贷款给需要的人，必要的时候甚至要施舍给需要的人。要将仁爱的箴言转变成绝对正义的规则，与理智和经文的真正意义都是背道而驰的。我在这里抨击的那些人不要谎称贷款是一种正义的义务；他们必须迫使自己承认，经文开头的几个字“借给人……”仅仅是一条仁爱的箴言。现在我想要知道，他们为什么把后面的部分引申为一种正义的原则。如果贷款的义务不是一种严格的准则，而只有其附属品——贷款条件才是，这可真是一件怪事。这就像告诉人们，“贷款或不贷款是你的自由，但是如果你要贷款，请注意你不能收取任何利息，即使一个商人要向你借款去建立能够获得巨大利润的企业，如果你接受他支付的利息也是一种犯罪；你必须绝对保证或者完全无偿地贷款给他，或者完全不贷款给他。你的确有一种方式可以合法地收取利息，那就是将你的资本无限期地贷出，并且放弃所有要求归还本金的权利，债务人何时愿意归还、何时能够归还完全由他自己决定。如果你出于资金的安全考虑而感到任何不方便，或者你能够预见到在若干年内需要使用你的资金，那你除了不将资金借出，其他别无选择：与其犯罪来帮助一个商人，毋宁让他失去这个幸运的机会。”当他们在这些错误的偏见影响下来看“借给人，不指望偿还”这几个字的时候，肯定就得出了上面这些荒谬的结论。

任何一个不带偏见来读这段经文的人，马上就能发现它的真正意义，即“作为人，作为基督徒，你们之间都是兄弟，都是朋友；像对待兄弟和朋友一样对待彼此；当你们急需帮助的时候就彼此帮助吧；把你们的钱袋向彼此敞开吧，不要通过贷款取息的方式售卖那些你们得到的彼此的帮助，这种贷款是仁爱为你规定的一种责任。”这才是我们讨论的这段经文的真正意义。无息贷款的义务和贷款的义务显然是相互联系的；它们的地位都是一样的，二者都在倡导一种仁爱的责任，而不是适用于所有贷款情况的严格正义的准则。

第七十六节

利率，像其他商品的价格一样，应仅仅根据交易过程而决定。

我已经说过，所借货币的价格，像其他商品的价格一样，是由市场上货币数量与货币需求量的比例来调节的：这样，如果需要货币的借款人很多，货币的利息就会上升；如果有许多货币所有者都准备借出货币，利息就会下降。所以，如果认为商业中的货币利息应该由国君制定的法律来决定，那就是一种错误的认识。像所有其他商品一样，货币利息也有固定的现时价格。这一价格会根据出借人收回本金的安全性的大小而略有变动；但在安全性相同的情况下，他应该根据需求的大小提高或降低自己的价格，而法律不应该决定货币的利息，就像它不应该调节商业中流通的任何其他商品的价格一样。

第七十七节

货币在商业中有两种不同的估价。一种表明我们获得各种商品所付出的货币或白银的数量；另一种表明一定数量的货币与其在交易过程中所得利息的关系。

通过对于售出或借出货币来获取年息的方式的说明来看，在商业中有两种方式可以对货币进行估价。在买卖过程中，一定重量的白银代表一定数量的劳动，或者一定数量不同种类的商品；例如，一盎司白银等于一定数量的谷物，或者等于一个人一定天数的劳动。在借贷过程中和在货币商业中，一笔本金是数量相当于这笔本金一定比例的租金的等值物；反过来说，年租金代表一笔本金，而这笔本金等于这笔租金根据利率高低连续缴纳若干次的总和。

第七十八节

这两种估价方式是彼此独立的，它们由完全不同的原则来把握。

这两种确定价值的方式之间的关联性和相互依存性，比我们乍看之下所认为的要小得多。在一般商业中，货币或许非常普通，可能价值很小，相当于数量很少的商品，而同时货币利息却可能很高。

假设在商业中实际流通的白银有一百万盎司，市场上购买一蒲式耳谷物需要支付一盎司白银。再假设有另外一百万盎司白银通过某种方式进入到这个国家，而这笔新增的白银也按照前一个一百万同样的比例分配到每个人手中，这样，之前拥有两盎司的人现在便拥有了四盎司。如果将白银看作是一定数量的金属，那它的价格肯定会降低，或者同样的道理，商品会变得更加昂贵，为了购买之前一盎司白银能够买到的同样数量的谷物，人们需要支付更多白银，或许需要两盎司，而不是一盎司。但是，如果所有这些货币，像我们假设的第一批一百万盎司白银一样，都进入市场，而且都用在那些所有者的当前开支上的话，货币的利息绝不会因此而降低；因为，相对于借款人对货币的需求量，只有当可以出借的货币量超过之前时，货币利息才会下降。现在，进入市场的白银并不是要用来出借的；用来出借的是那些积蓄起来的累积资金；而市场上货币数量的增加，或者其价格在普通贸易中相对于商品价格的降低，绝不会必然或立刻造成货币利息的下降；相反，造成市场上货币数量增加，并由此造成白银价值降低而导致其他商品价格上升，这也正是使货币租金或利率上升的原因。

实际上，我暂时假设一个国家中的所有富人，不是从他们的收入或年利润中提取一部分作为储备，而是全部消耗掉；不但不满足于消耗掉所有收入，还浪费掉一部分资本；一个拥有十万里弗赫货币的人，不以能够获利的方式利用这笔资金或将其借出，而是一点一点地将其花费在愚蠢的开销上面；显然，一方面，在日常流通中，将有更多的白银用于满足个人的需求和一时的兴致上，从而导致其价值降低；另一方面，能够借出的货币必然会减少；由于在这种情况下许多人会倾家荡产，借款人无疑会增多。货币利息便会相应地增加，而货币本身在流通中的数量会变得更加充足，其本身的价值便会下降，而这完全是由于同样的原因。

如果我们考虑到为了购买谷物而进入市场的货币，就是日常流通中用于购买生活必需品的货币，我们就不会对这种表面的矛盾感到惊讶了；但是，那部分为获取利息而借出的货币，实际上是从日常流通中抽取并储存起来累积成资本的那部分货币。

第七十九节

在将货币的价值与商品的价值比较的过程中，我们将白银看作金属，看作一种商品。在判断货币利息时，我们关注的是它在一定时间内的使用权。

在市场上，购买一定数量的谷物需要支付一定重量的白银，或者用某种商品购买一定数量的白银，我们正是对这一数量进行估价，并与其他商品的价值进行比较。对于一笔需要付息的贷款，估价的目标是一定时间内一定数量财产的使用权。在这种情况下，我们不再是拿一堆金属来与一定数量的谷物作比较，而是拿一部分财产与同一笔财产的某一特定部分进行比较，而这一特定部分变成了一定时间内这笔财产的通常价格。假设在市场中，两万盎司的白银等值于两万蒲式耳谷物，或者仅仅等值于一万蒲式耳谷物，那么，如果利率为百分之五，两万盎司白银作为贷款使用一年需要付出的代价，不少于这笔本金的二十分之一，即一千盎司白银。

第八十节

利息的价格直接取决于借款人的需求和贷款人的供应之间的比例，而这一比例主要取决于通过积累剩余收入和年产品而形成资本的动产的数量，不管这些资本是以货币形式，还是以任何其他在商业中具有价值的财产的形式存在。

流通中白银的价格只与日常流通中使用的这种金属的数量有关；但是，利率是由所积累和储存起来以形成资本的财富的数量来决定的。这种财富无论是金属还是其他财物都无关紧要，只要这些财物能够很方便地被转换成货币。绝不会出现这样的情况：一个国家中存在的金属的数量，与一年中为获得利息而借出的财富数量相等；但是，所有以家具、商品、工具和牲畜等形式存在的资本，取代了白银的地位，并且能够代表白银。如果一个拥有十万里弗赫的人签署了一份票据，承诺在某一特定时间支付一百马克，那么，这份票据就值一百马克；签署这份票据的人所拥有的全部财富可以确保他能够兑现这份票据，不管这些财物属于什么性质，只要它们价值十万里弗赫就可以。所以，导致利率升高或降低，或使市场中有更多货币用于借贷的原因，并不是以商品形式存在的白银数量，而是商业中存在的各种资本，即从收入和利润中所积累的、不断节省出的、其所有者用来获得新的收入和利润的各种个人财产的实际价值。提供给借款人的正是这些积累起来的储蓄，它们的数量越多，货币利息就越低，至少在借款人数量比例不增加的情况下是这样。

第八十一节

节俭精神使资本数量不断增加，而奢侈浪费则不断地消耗资本。

任何国家中的节俭精神都会使资本的数量增加，使贷款人的数量增加，而使借款人的数量减少。而奢侈浪费的习惯却起着完全相反的作用，根据前面对于资本在所有企业中的使用所作的论述，不管是在农业、制造业，还是在商业中，我们都可以判断出奢侈浪费会使一个国家更富有，还是更贫穷。

第八十二节

利息的下降证明，总的说来，在欧洲节俭的精神胜过奢侈的风气。

既然欧洲的货币利息几个世纪以来一直在不断下降，我们肯定就可以得出这样的结论，那就是节俭精神比奢侈浪费更加普遍。只有富人才会过奢侈的生活，而在富人之中，明智的人会把自己的开支限定在收入之内，非常小心而不去动用他们的资本。在一个国家里，希望成为富人的人数要远远超过已经成为富人的人数。在目前的情况下，所有土地都已经被人占有，只有一种方法能够致富，就是在绝对必需的生活资料之外，通过某种方式拥有或取得一份收入或一份年利润，并且每年储存一部分来形成资本，通过这种方式人们可以增加收入或年利润，于是又产生了另外的一部分储蓄，并且变为资本。因此，许多人都对积蓄资本产生兴趣，并且致力于积蓄资本。

第八十三节

扼要重述运用资本的五种不同方法。

我已经列举了运用资本或合理配置资本以获得利润的五种不同方法。

第一，用来购买地产，从而带来一定的收入。

第二，将货币投入到农业企业；作为回报，租种土地的产出除了可以抵消耕种的花费，还可以获得垫付的利息，以及对于把财产和精力都投入到耕种当中的人所付出的劳动的补偿。

第三，把资本投入到工业或制造业企业。

第四，把资本投入到商业。

第五，把资本按照收取年息的方式借给需要的人。

第八十四节

运用货币的不同方法之间的相互影响。

显然，将资本投入到不同用途所产生的年利润彼此是成比例的，都与实际的货币利率相关联。

第八十五节

投资于土地的货币，其产出必然是最少的。

一个人如果用货币购买土地并把土地租给一个有偿付能力的佃农，他就可以毫不费力地获得一份收入，而且可以随心所欲地花掉它。购买这类财产比购买其他财产有更大的好处，因为拥有土地能更好地预防意外情况的发生。所以，我们必须用更高的价格获得一份土地收入，并且必须对于同等资本所获得的较少的收入感到满足。

第八十六节

将货币用于贷款取息所带来的收入应该高于用同样的资本购买土地所获得的收入。

放贷取息者可以比土地所有者更加安闲、自由地享受货币带来的好处。但是，如果债务人破产，他就有失去本金的风险。所以，他不会满足于收取与使用同样资本购买土地所能获得的收入相等的利息。因此，借出货币的利息必须高于使用同样资本购买地产所能获得的收入；因为，如果货币所有者发现购买一块地产能够获得同等的收入，他肯定会优先考虑购买地产。

第八十七节

将货币投入到农业、制造业或商业中所产生的收入应该高于用于借贷所获得的利息。

由于同样的原因，将货币投入到农业、制造业或商业中所产生的利润应该比用于购买土地或贷款取息的同等资本带来的收入高得多；因为这些企业，除了垫付资本，需要大量的照管和劳动，如果它们不能带来更多的收益，那就不如确保一份可能不需要劳动就可以获得的同等的收入。所以，除了资本利息外，企业家有必要每年抽取一定的利润来补偿他在照管、劳动和才智等方面的付出和他所承担的风险，并用来弥补那一部分不得不投入的、用于防范伤害和各种意外事件的资本的损耗。

第八十八节

同时，这些不同方法的自由使用彼此会互相限制，尽管它们的地位并不平等，但它们之间却保持着一种平衡。

不同的资本运用方式会产生完全不同的利润；但这种不同并没有妨碍它们之间产生相互的影响，也没有妨碍它们之间形成一种平衡，就像充满虹吸瓶两端水管的、不同比重的两种液体，通过倒置的虹吸瓶相互连通并达到平衡一样；一端水管中的液体不会升高或降低到某一高度，除非另一端水管中的液体被升高或降低到同一高度。

假设突然之间有大量的土地所有者都想出售自己的土地。毫无疑问，土地价格将会下降。那么，用较少的资本就能获得较多的收入；如果货币利息不升高，这样的情况是不会发生的，因为货币所有者会宁愿选择购买土地，而不会以低于通过购买土地所获得的收入的利息将货币借出。所以，如果借款人想借到货币，他们就不得不支付较高的利息。如果货币利息升高，货币所有人就会宁愿把货币借贷出去，而不愿投入到有风险的农业、工业和商业企业中：有些企业除了能够补偿人们付出的辛劳，还能够创造出远大于出借人所得利息的报酬，人们只会选择经营这样的企业。总之，如果一种运用货币的方式所产生的利润增加或减少，资本就会从利润减少的那一方面抽调出来投入到利润增加的这一方面，或者被抽调出来投入到有必要调整资本利润与年产量比例的那些资本运作当中。一般说来，货币转换成土地财产，不会带来像货币利息那么多的收入；而货币利息又少于投入劳动企业所带来的收入：但是，不论货币投资于哪一方面，只要货币的其他运作方式的比例不增加或减少，货币的产出就不会增加或减少。

第八十九节

通行利息是用以判断资本多寡的标准；它是衡量一个国家能够使农业、制造业和商业发展到何种程度的尺度。

因此，通行利息可以被看作判断一个国家资本多寡，以及这个国家所从事的各种企业的发展程度的标准：显然，货币利息越低，土地价值就越高。一个能够每年收入5万里弗赫地租的人，如果土地仅以相当于20年收入出售的话，他就只拥有100万；如果以40倍出售，他就得到200万。如果利息是5%，除了补偿垫付以及耕种者的辛劳外，如果土地产出不足以支付5%的利息，任何闲置的土地都会继续荒废下去。任何工厂和商业，如果除了支付企业家的薪酬、补偿他所承担的风险和付出的辛劳外，不能带来5%的利息，那么它们都无法生存。如果邻国的利息只有2%，那么这个邻国不仅会垄断各种商业而将通过这些商业建立起来的利息为5%的国家排除在外，而且由于它的生产者和商人能够享受较低的利息，也会以更加适中的价格出售他们的商品，而且会把所有不受过分匮乏等特殊状况和运费影响的商业全都从那个利息为5%的国家中吸引过来。

第九十节

货币利率对所有盈利企业的影响。

利息的价格可以被看作是一种确保所有劳动、农业、工业或商业正常运转的标准。它就像大国之中一片辽阔的海洋；山峰露出水面，形成肥沃、耕种过的岛屿。如果这片海洋恰好退潮，随着水位逐渐下降，先是倾斜的地面，然后是平原和山谷，便会慢慢显露出来，上面长满各种各样的作物。海水只要上涨一英尺，就足以淹没无限广阔的土地，海水只要下降一英尺，就可以使无限广阔的土地上恢复农业。使企业充满活力的是充足的资本；而低利既是资本充足的结果，也是资本充足的证明。

第九十一节

一个国家的总财富包括：**1.**所有地产净收入乘以地价率。**2.**一个国家中存在的所有可动财富的总和。

地产等价于任何与地产年收入相等的资本，乘以出售土地的通行比率。这样，如果我们把所有土地收入相加，即土地带给土地所有者和所有那些享有土地所有权的人——如征收地租的领主、征收什一税的教堂牧师、征收赋税的君主——的净收入；如果，我是说，我们把所有这些数目加在一起，乘以地价率，我们将得到一个国家在地产方面的财富的总和。要想知道一个国家财富的总和，应该加上可动财富，这包括投入到农业、工业和商业企业中的资本，这些资本永远不会失去；因为所有垫付，在任何企业中，必定会不断地重新回到企业家手中，又不断地投入到企业中去，否则企业就无法继续运转。将一个国家中大量的可动财富与大量的货币相混淆是一个非常严重的错误；二者比起来，后者只是微不足道的一小部分。为了使自己相信这一点，我们只需要记住构成农业垫付的大量的牲畜、农具和种子；填满所有生产者和贸易商的工厂、商店和仓库的原料、工具、可移动的东西以及各种商品。显而易见，在一个国家的全部财富中，不管是动产还是不动产，金属货币仅占极小的部分：但是，所有财富和货币不断地互相交换，所有财富都代表货币，货币也代表着全部财富。

第九十二节

不能把借贷资本包括在总财富之内，否则会导致重复计算。

我们一定不能将借出资本的数目计算在一个国家的财富中；因为资本只能借给土地所有者或在企业中提高这些资本价值的企业家们，只有这两种人能够对资本负责，有能力偿付利息：如果将货币借给既没有地产也没有工业的人，这笔货币就会变成不生息资金，而不是一笔流动资本。如果一个拥有价值四十万里弗赫田产的土地所有者借了十万里弗赫，他的田产就要承担一笔租金，他的收入中要减去这笔租金。如果他将土地出售；在他得到的四十万里弗赫当中，有十万里弗赫是债权人的收入。这样，贷款人的资本在统计现存财富的过程中总是被重复计算。这块土地总是价值四十万里弗赫，当土地所有者借入十万里弗赫时，这不能算是五十万里弗赫。只能说，在这四十万里弗赫中，有十万里弗赫属于贷款人，而剩下不超过三十万里弗赫属于借款人。

如果我们在计算资本总量时，把借给企业家作为其企业垫付的货币包括在内，也会在统计中发生同样的重复计算；结果只能是，那笔数目和代表利息的那部分利润属于贷款人。假如一个商人将一万里弗赫的财产投入贸易中，并独占全部利润，或者假设他从别人那里借入一万里弗赫并支付利息，而且满足于剩余利润和他的辛勤劳作所获得的薪水，不管是哪种情况，这笔资本的总数仍然只有一万里弗赫。

但是，如果在统计国家财富时避免重复计算，我们就不能把为获取利息而借出的那部分货币资本包括在内，我们应该把其他各种动产都包括进来，尽管这些动产最初形成的是支出对象，并不产生任何利润，但是，由于他们的耐久性，变成了一笔真正的资本，并不断增加；由于有时可以兑换成货币，它们就像一笔可以投入商业的储备金，而且必要的时候还可以弥补其他资本的损失。这包括各种动产；宝石、金属餐具、油画、雕像，以及守财奴们藏在柜子里的现款：所有这些物品都有价值，而所有这些价值的总和在富裕国家中可以占据相当大的份额。但是，不管份额是大是小，为了计算一个国家财富的总额，必须把它添加到地产价格以及各种企业的流动垫付中。至于其他，不用多说，尽管很容易确定一个国家财富总额的构成要素，像我们刚刚做的那样；但是，要想知道具体数目大概是不可能的，除非能找到一种方法可以来确定一个国家全部商业与这个国家土地收入的比例：这件事或许可以做到，但至今还没有人按照排除所有疑虑的方式去做。

第九十三节

在社会的三个阶级中，贷款人应该被列入哪个阶级？

现在让我们看看，刚刚关于不同的资本运用方式的讨论，与我们之前确定的把所有社会成员划分为三个阶级——农民组成的生产阶级、工业或商业阶级和可自由支配阶级或土地所有者阶级——的说法是如何达到一致的。

第九十四节

根据其构成人员，贷款人属于可自由支配阶级。

我们已经看到，每一个富人必定是可动财富中资本的所有者或是相当于资本的资金的所有者。任何地产都等值于一笔资本；因此，每个土地所有者都是资本家，但不是每个资本家都是土地所有者；一笔可动资本的所有者可以选择用它获取资金，或者将其投入耕种阶级或工业阶级的企业中以提高其价值。一个转变为农业或工业企业家的资本家不再属于可自由支配阶级，就像农业或工业企业中的一般工人一样；他们都被束缚在企业的运转当中。固守于贷款业务的资本家，把资本借给土地所有者或企业家。如果他把资本借给土地所有者，他看起来应该属于土地所有者阶级，而他就变成了财产的瓜分者；这块土地的收入必定会用来支付他的贷款利息；这笔资金的价值就等于他的资本的担保品。

如果贷款人把资本借给企业家，他本人肯定属于可自由支配阶级；但是，他的资本会不断地投入企业垫付中，一旦抽回就会损害到企业，或者说，如果没有一笔等值的资本作为替换，他的资本就无法从企业中抽回。

第九十五节

贷款人对于利息的使用。

的确，他从资本中获得的利息使他看起来像可自由支配阶级，因为企业家和企业可以不需要它。我们似乎同样可以得到一个推论，在两个劳动阶级的利润中，不论是农业或工业，有一部分是可以自由支配的，即按照现行贷款利息计算、用于支付垫付利息的那一部分；另外，这一结论看起来好像与我们此前所说的相一致，即纯粹的土地所有者阶级有一份所谓的收入，一份可自由支配的收入，而其他阶级的所有成员只有薪水或利润。这有利于后面的研究。如果我们注意到一个人把六万里弗赫借给一个商人，他每年可以收入一千克朗的利息，再考虑他对这笔利息的使用，我们会毫无疑问地认为这笔收入是完全可以自由支配的，因为没有这笔资本企业一样可以运转。

第九十六节

只要国家有权在不造成任何麻烦的条件下征用部分利息来满足国家的需求，货币利息在某种意义上说就是不能自由支配的。

但是，不能因此就认为他们属于可自由支配阶级，国家可以为满足公共需求而适当地征用一部分。那一千克朗不是农业或商业由于他提供垫付而无偿赠与的报酬；而是这笔垫付的价格和条件，没有这笔垫付企业就无法运转。如果这笔报酬减少了，资本家便会抽回自己的资金，而企业就会停止运转。所以，这笔报酬应当是不可侵犯的，并享受完全免税的权利，因为它是企业垫付的价格，而没有这笔垫付企业就无法存在。如果侵占它，就会造成所有企业垫付价格的升高，从而导致企业自身数量的减少，也就是说，农业、工业和商业的减少。

这个答案应该使我们得出结论，如果我们说，把货币借给土地所有者的资本家看起来好像属于土地所有者阶级，那么，这种表面现象有一些模棱两可而需要加以阐明。实际上，严格说来，他的货币所带来的利息，与借给农业和商业企业家的货币所带来的利息比起来，其可支配程度和易被侵占的程度一点儿都不强。但是，这种利息同样是一种自由商定的价格，在不改变贷款价格的情况下，借贷双方不能减少任何一部分。

因为这与把贷款贷给谁没有太大关系：如果对于土地所有者价格降低或升高，那对于土地耕种者、手工业者和商人同样是降低或升高的。总之，借出货币的土地所有者应该被看作是一个经营者，他所经营的商品对于创造财富是绝对必要的，而且不能以太低的价格销售。对这种商业进行征税就像对用于土地肥料的粪堆征税一样不合理。由此我们可以得出结论，就其本人而言，贷款人严格说来属于可自由支配阶级，因为他不从事任何行业；但就其财产的性质而言，则不属于这个阶级，不管他的货币带来的利息是由土地所有者的部分收入来支付，还是由企业家计划用以支付其垫付利息的利润的一部分来支付。

第九十七节

反对意见。

无疑会有人这样反对我的观点：资本家不会在意是把货币借出还是用于购买土地，无论在哪种情况下，他得到的只是其货币的等值物，而且不管他把货币用于哪一方面，他都得对公共费用有所贡献。

第九十八节

对于这种反对意见的答复。

首先我要说，实际上，当资本家购买地产后，对他而言，收入就等于他把货币借出所能获得的收入；但是，对于国家而言，这有着本质的区别，他购买土地所支付的价钱，对于土地所产生的收入没有任何帮助。即使他没有购买这块土地，这块土地所产生的收入也不会减少。如我们已经解释过的那样，这个收入取决于除了耕种者的薪水、利润，以及垫付利息之外，土地的其他产出。它与货币利息不同；它是贷款的明确的条件，是垫付的价格，如果没有这种垫付，用于偿付它的收入或利润都永远不存在。

我想答复的第二点是，如果土地独立承担资助公共开支的义务，只要这种资助成为制度，购买这些土地的资本家就不会把这种资助制度所规定的那部分收入算作自己的货币利息。同样，一个人现在购买一块地产，他并没有购买牧师所征收的什一税，而只买入了扣除什一税后剩余的那部分收入。

第九十九节

一个国家中并不存在绝对可支配收入，而只有土地的净产出。

我所说的可以表明，贷款利息或者取自土地收入，或者取自农业、工业和商业企业的利润。但是，我们已经指出，这些利润本身只是土地产出的一部分；而土地的产出分为两部分；一部分作为耕种者的薪水、他的利润，以及他的垫付的收回和利息；另一部分是属于土地所有者的部分，或者说是土地所有者可以自由支出的收入，他可以从中拿出一部分资助国家的总体开支。

我们已经说明，社会其他阶级收到的只是薪水和利润，或者是由土地所有者用他的收入支付，或者是由生产者阶级的代理人用他们不得不从工业阶级那里购买的、用于满足自身需求的那部分来支付。不管这些利润现在是分配到工人工资里、企业家利润里，还是垫付的利息里，它们都不会改变性质，也不会增加生产者阶级所创造的收入总量，使之超过他们的劳动价格，工业阶级并没有参与这种劳动，而只是增加到他们的劳动价格所延伸的高度。

因此，没有收入，只有土地的净产出，所有其他利润或者由这种收入支付，或者构成用于创造这种收入的支出的一部分。

第一百节

土地还提供了全部的可动财富或现存资本，而这些仅仅由每年节省下来的一部分产出所形成。

除了土地净产出，不但不存在，而且也无法存在任何其他收入，但是，土地还提供了用作农业和商业的全部垫付的所有资本。它还在没有农业的情况下，产出了最早的劳动者的第一批全部的、不可或缺的垫付；所有其他垫付则是自人类开始耕种土地以来，一代代节约而积累起来的成果。这种节约不仅影响到土地所有者的收入，而且影响到劳动者阶级所有成员的利润。甚至一般可以这样说，尽管土地所有者有较多的盈余，但他们节省下的却较少；因为，拥有的财富越多，他们的欲望和热情就越多；他们认为自己有把握获得财富；于是更加渴望安心地享受自己的财富，而不是增加自己的财富；奢侈是他们所追求的。薪酬阶级，主要是其他阶级中的企业家，根据他们的垫付、才智和活动获得利润，尽管没有所谓的严格意义上的收入，但是除了生活资料外还有盈余；但是，他们一般都只专注于自己的企业，渴望增加自己的财富；由于劳动而限制了他们娱乐和消费的热情；他们把所有盈余都节省下来，重新投入到其他企业中，使它不断增加。大部分农业企业家很少借款，他们几乎全部依靠自己的资金。其他行业的企业家，希望自己的财富保持稳定，也同样地努力达到相同的状态。那些利用借款运作企业的人，承担着巨大的失败的风险。但是，尽管资本一部分是由劳动者阶级节省下的利润形成的，然而，就像那些总是由土地产生的利润一样，他们几乎全部通过收入或用于创造收入的开支来偿付；显然，资本既来自土地，也来自收入，或者他们只是土地所产出的一部分财富的积累，收入的所有者或者那些分享这部分收入的人能够每年把它保存起来，而不会为了自身的需求而把它消费掉。

第一百零一节

尽管货币是储存的直接对象，而且是资本的首要基础，如果我们可以这样说的话，但是货币只是资本总量中无足轻重的一部分。

我们已经看到货币在现存资本总量中是多么微不足道的一部分，但是它对于资本的形成却起到了重要作用。实际上，几乎所有储蓄都是以货币形式存在的；收入是以货币的形式支付给土地所有者的，垫付和利润也都是以货币的形式被各种企业家接收的；他们存储的正是他们的货币，每年的资本增长也是以货币形式产生的；但是，所有企业家并没有把货币用于其他方面，而是立刻把它转化成企业所需要的各种动产；于是，货币重新回到流通当中，只有资本中占份额较大的部分以不同性质的动产存在，像我们已经说明的那样。

Plato

SYMPOSIUM

会饮篇

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FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 BEIJING

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu

Beijing, China 100089

http://www.fltrp.com

图书在版编目（CIP）数据

会饮篇 /（古希腊）柏拉图（Plato）著；李林，毛力译．—北京：外语教学与研究出版社，2015.10
ISBN 978-7-5135-6794-7

Ⅰ．①会…　Ⅱ．①柏…②李…③毛…　Ⅲ．①柏拉图（前427～前347）- 美学思想　Ⅳ．①B502.232②B83-095.45

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字（2015）第260008号

出版人　蔡剑峰
责任编辑　刘为华　马爱群
封面设计　孟耕宇
出版发行　外语教学与研究出版社
社　　址　北京市西三环北路19号（100089）
网　　址　http://www.fltrp.com
版　　次　2015年12月第1版
书　　号　ISBN 978-7-5135-6794-7

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举报电话：（010）88817519　电子邮箱：banquan@fltrp.com
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译者序

柏拉图（约公元前427 - 前347年），是古希腊伟大的哲学家、思想家，出身贵族，师从苏格拉底，后在雅典的阿卡德摩建立了自己的学园，一生著述颇丰。在讲学过程中，他写出了四十余篇的对话集，内容涉猎广泛，其中比较著名的有《理想国》、《会饮篇》、《裴多篇》等。柏拉图是西方客观唯心主义的创始人，其哲学思想博大精深，与他的老师苏格拉底，学生亚里士多德并称为古希腊三大哲学家。《会饮篇》写于公元前385 - 前380年之间，是一篇对话式的作品，详细地叙述了众人在一次会饮上对爱、美和哲学修养的讨论。

在柏拉图所有作品中，《会饮篇》被认为是形式上最为完美的作品，它所蕴含的主题思想广泛而深刻，众所周知的“柏拉图式的爱情”正是源于此篇对话。《会饮篇》里描述的爱情是要寻找自己最初的另一半，真正的爱情是一种持之以恒的情感，惟有摒弃肉欲的精神之爱才能经得起时间的考验。关于“柏拉图式的爱情”一直以来众说纷纭，但确定的是，这种爱情是指引人向善、向上的力量。

在阅读《会饮篇》时，苏格拉底是我们必须要了解的人物之一，因为他在整个宴会中属于焦点式的人物，而且整个《会饮篇》的主体部分正是由苏格拉底和阿伽通的对话组成的。苏格拉底（公元前469 - 前399年）是古希腊著名的思想家，哲学家和教育家，被后人认为是西方哲学的奠基者。他在与阿伽通的对话中，阐释了爱神的存在状态，爱的对象，爱的本质以及爱对人们的影响。苏格拉底借第俄提玛表达了人们所爱的对象正是他们所缺乏的，凡人通过与爱人孕育下一代来获得永恒的爱，而爱的本质正是永生。然而，真正的永生是心灵的永生，是智慧与美德的永生，所以通过精神层面的事物，例如诗歌，法律以及哲学，人们可以获得永生。

《会饮篇》记录的是众人在一次私人宴会上的发言。阿波罗多洛是整篇对话的转述者，但他并未参加此次宴会，而是从亚理斯托脱顿那里听来的。对话是从众人对爱神的赞美开始的，论及了两种性质的爱神、爱的起源、同性之爱等话题。而后苏格拉底告诉众人他从第俄提玛那里受到的启发，即真正不朽的爱是精神之爱，而不是肉体之爱。参加这次宴会的一共有七个人，分别是费德鲁斯，保萨尼阿斯，艾利马卡斯，阿

里斯托芬，阿伽通，苏格拉底，亚西比德。

宴会上，医生出身的艾利马卡斯引用了费德鲁斯的话，提出了讨论的主题，他说道，众神均受到诗与圣歌的赞颂，而唯有伟大、荣耀的爱神是个例外，诸多诗人中没有一个写诗歌颂扬他的。他建议众人从左向右每人轮流做一次赞美爱神的演说。

首先出场的是费德鲁斯。费德鲁斯说爱神是最古老的神，是人类幸福的来源。费德鲁斯认为“年轻人最大的幸福莫过于有一个忠贞的爱人，而对于爱人而言，最幸福是的事情就是有一位心爱的少年”。因为爱情能指引人们过上更高尚的生活，能促使相爱的两个人变得更优秀。爱神将神勇之气注入到爱人身上，使他们敢于为他们心爱的人献出生命。这样，由相爱的人组成的城邦或是军队就能被治理的井井有条。

第二个出场的是保萨尼阿斯，他区分了天国爱神和尘世爱神，认为从出身来看，天国爱神的诞生完全来源于男性，所以其爱情对象是心智健全的年轻男子，且没有淫乱的念头，而尘世爱神是由男女结合孕育而生的。尘世爱神的爱是肉体上的，并非心灵上的，拥有这种爱的人做事不分善恶。保萨尼阿斯指出，时间是爱情的试金石，迅速地接受爱人的追求是可耻的，同时受金钱诱惑和政治威胁而委身他人也是可耻的。他认为爱人对心爱的人殷勤伺候并不是谄媚，因为爱的目的是为了完善品德，增长智慧。

接下来艾利马卡斯从一个医生的角度进行发言。他认为爱神的威力是遍布于神和人的一切事物之中的。他强调“和谐”在万事万物中的调节作用，要求人们以所有的言行举止来接受与崇敬和谐之爱。他鼓励人们去追求健康状态的爱，去爱那些品格端正或者积极向上的人，并要谨防尘世之爱的侵扰以免堕落。

随后，阿里斯托芬讲了一个著名的圆球人神话，解释了同性之爱和异性之爱的起源。宙斯为了削弱原始人类的力量，将其劈成两半，所以我们每个人都是不完整的，只有找到自己的另一半才能最终完整。那些由“雌雄同体”的圆球人剖开而成的两人则会成为异性恋的典范。而那些由雌性圆球人剖开而成的女人们则会追求女人；由雄性圆球人剖开而成的男人们则会追求男人，这些人往往是少年男子中最优秀的。他主张劝解所有人变得虔诚，追随美德，赞美爱神，只有这样才能获得幸福。

而阿伽通在随后的演讲中主要阐释了爱神的本性，他认为爱神是最年轻的，温柔而秀美。但同时爱神又神勇无比，充满智慧，审慎公正。

接下来是苏格拉底和阿伽通的对话，这也是整个会饮的主要部分。在与阿伽通对话的过程中，苏格拉底借第俄提玛说出了爱神是位伟大的精灵，像所有精灵一样，他介乎于神和人之间。他同时又是一位释义者，在神和人之间，把人类的祈祷传递给众神，把神的命令和回复再转给人类。爱就是希望拥有美好的东西，并且永远占有。爱情的目的是在美的对象中传播种子，凭他孕育繁衍，达到凡人所能享有的不朽。

最后来到宴会的是醉醺醺的亚西比德，他在整篇对话中的作用是来反衬苏格拉底的精神之爱。亚西比德表达了他对苏格拉底强烈的仰慕之情，将苏格拉底赞扬得无人能及。同时，亚西比德还诉说了苏格拉底在从军期间的事迹，用以赞美苏格拉底是古今无双的人物，他坚韧勇敢，思想圣洁，充满美德，指引人走向最崇高的目标。但苏格拉底认为他只是为了在自己和阿伽通之间引起一场争吵，所以苏格拉底转而发言赞美阿伽通。

宴会的最后只剩下了苏格拉底，阿里斯托芬和阿伽通还在畅饮。苏格拉底迫使两人接受了他的观点，即对喜剧有天赋的人对悲剧也有天赋，真正创作悲剧的艺术家也是真正创作喜剧的艺术家。天亮时，三人中只有苏格拉底还醒着，他便起身同亚理斯托脱顿一起回到了自己的学园。

本书是依据本杰明·周伊特英文版翻译而成的，期间我们参看了朱光潜先生、王太庆先生和王晓朝先生的译本，对于其中精彩的地方多有汲取，在此我们对各位前辈表示衷心的感谢。

我们这次翻译秉持“信、达、雅”这样的标准，在忠实于原文的基础上，完整而准确地表达出原作的内容，但有几处句子在保证传达原作思想内容的同时作了灵活的处理。在翻译过程中我们遇到了许多障碍，比如甄别词义，查对难句的多个译本和音译古希腊地名和人名等。在此期间除了要熟悉翻译的内容，还要了解和查阅古希腊柏拉图及其创作的《会饮篇》的相关背景及资料，使译文尽可能接近原作的风格。由于英语与汉语属于不同的语系，两者各方面差异很大，为了让译文具有更强的可读性，在翻译的过程中我们对某些句子进行了数次翻译，尽量用最贴切、最自然的语言再现原语的意义，保证其既符合汉语的习惯又忠实于原文。

核对阶段也是比较耗时的，这期间我们进一步深化了对原文的理解和表达，对译文与原文进行了反复的核实，又对原文中有疑问的难句进

行了多次的推敲。同时，进一步核对译文在人名、地名方面有无错漏，核对译文的段落、句子、字词和标点有无错漏，并对译文中不妥的地方进行了修改。之后，又脱离原文对译文进行审校，检查是否还有生硬拗口的地方。

在翻译与校对的过程中，我们得到了多方的支持和帮助。在此，我们特别感谢以普通读者身份为我们校稿的哈尔滨工程大学外语系本科生韩月和叶伟。虽然经过多次校稿，但是我们的翻译仍有不妥之处，敬请各界人士批评指正。

现在，译稿要正式出版了，回顾整个翻译过程，我们要对中央高校基础科研基金项目：美国现代主义诗歌中“陌生化”手法之非语言技巧研究（HEUCF151206）基金的大力支持深表感谢！

译者

二零一二年四月

会饮篇

对话人：阿波罗多洛，对他的同伴重复他从亚理斯托脱顿那里听来的对话，并且他已经同格劳空讲述过了这则对话。费德鲁斯、保萨尼阿斯、艾利马卡斯、阿里斯托芬、阿伽通、苏格拉底、亚西比德，一群赴宴畅饮者。场景：阿伽通的住所就你想要了解的事情，我认为我已准备好如何回答了。前天我正要从我的家乡法勒伦去往一个城市，我认识的一个人，从后面看到我，便开玩笑地从远处大声地喊我，说，阿波罗多洛，你这个秃头（英文中O thou Phalerian可能是（希腊语）关于‘秃头的’文字游戏。），快停下！

我按照他说的停了下来，而后他说道，阿波罗多洛，我刚才正找你呢，想请教你关于苏格拉底、亚西比德和其他一些人在阿伽通家举行的晚宴上赞扬爱的对话。

菲利普的儿子菲尼克斯，将这些对话讲给了别人，这个人又转述给了我。他的叙述含混不清，但是他说你知道，所以我希望你可以给我描述一下。还有谁比你更适合来转述你朋友的话呢？所以首先请你告诉我，他说，这次聚会你在场吗

我答道，如果你认为这场宴请是最近才举行的，或者我可能也参加了这次晚宴，那么格劳空，我肯定告诉你的人不清楚这场谈话。怎么会这样，他回答说，是的，我确实是这样认为的。

不可能，我说道。你不知道阿伽通已好几年没住在雅典了吗？并且我认识苏格拉底不过三年光景，自此我每日要做的便是知晓他的言行。

曾经有一段时间我到处游走，幻想我会找到好的工作，但是和你现在一样，我当时真是一个很可怜的家伙。而且我认为除了成为一位哲学家，我可以做好任何事情。

好吧，他说，言归正传，告诉我宴会是什么时候开始的。我回答说，在我们还小的时候，阿伽通的第一部悲剧获了奖。第二天，他和他的歌舞队，为庆祝胜利而做了祭祀的庆典。

那么这一定是很长时间以前的事了，他说道，那么是谁告诉你的——苏格拉底吗？

不，实际上不是，我回答道，但是同一个人也告诉了菲尼克斯——他是一个小家伙，从不穿鞋，名字叫亚理斯托脱顿，来自于西达塞纳乌

姆的一个小镇。

他曾经去过阿伽通的宴会。我想在那时除了他，没有人能如此虔诚地崇拜苏格拉底。

此外，我曾经问过苏格拉底他叙述的某些内容是否属实，苏格拉底确认属实。

那么，格劳空说，让我们把故事的原委再说一遍吧；在去雅典的路上，我们不是正好可以说说此事吗？于是我们边走边谈论关于爱的这些对话。因此，就像我最开始说的，我已对你的请求做好了准备，而且如果你愿意听，我会把对话的内容再复述一遍。

因为去谈论或去听别人谈论哲学总是令我感到极大的喜悦，更别说还能让人受益匪浅了。

但是当我听到另一类人的谈话，尤其是你们富人和商人的谈话，就会让我感到不快。我可怜你们，我的同伴们，因为你们认为自己在做事情，而实际上你们什么都没做。

我敢说反过来你也同情我，你认为我是不幸的，而且你极有可能是正确的。但是我当然知道你是如何看我的——在这一点上我们的看法是不同的。

同伴：我明白了，阿波罗多洛，你跟他们是一样的——总是说自己的坏话，也说别人的。我的确相信你怜悯世上所有的人，除了苏格拉底，但首先是你自己，在这一点上你真对得起你的原名。我不知道你是怎么得到疯子阿波罗多洛这个称谓的，但你当之无愧。因为除了苏格拉底，你总是反对所有的人，包括你自己。

阿波罗多洛：是的，朋友，我认为我被人称为疯子是因为我对我自己和你有这样的看法，不需要其他的证据说明。

同伴：不再说那个了，阿波罗多洛；但是我再次请求你重复那次谈话。

阿波罗多洛：好的，爱的故事是这样的——但或许我最好从头讲起，尽量用亚理斯托脱顿的原话。

他说他见到刚刚沐浴完毕、穿上拖鞋的苏格拉底。一看到这双拖鞋不同寻常，便问苏格拉底他打扮地这么漂亮是要去哪里——

去阿伽通家参加宴会，他答道，昨天，他邀请我参加为庆祝胜利而做的祭神典礼，可是因为担心人多，我拒绝了他，但是我许诺今天会去，所以我穿上了华丽的衣裳，因为他是那么出色的人。虽然我未被邀

请，但我是否能与你同去？

我会按你吩咐的那样做的，我答道。

接下来，他说，让我们来推翻这个谚语吧——

“未被邀请的好人去了下等人的宴会。”我们的谚语应该这么说，“未被邀请的好人去了好人的宴会。”

这种改动可能会得到荷马本人的许可，他不但推翻了这个谚语而且从字面上违背了这则谚语。因为，在他把阿伽门农描述为最勇敢的人之后，他让斯巴达王这个胆小的战士（《伊利亚特》），在未被邀请的情况下参加了阿伽门农的宴会与祭祀活动。不是好人去了下等人的宴会，而是下等人去了好人的宴会。

亚理斯托脱顿说，苏格拉底，我相当畏惧这会成为我的例子，就像是荷马史诗里的斯巴达王，我成了那个下等人，“在智者们的宴会上，未被邀请的人去了。”

但是我要说我被你邀请了，然后你就不得不找个借口。“两个人正好一起去，”

他答道，他们中不管哪一个都会顺便用荷马的方式找出个借口来（《伊利亚特》）。

他们就是这样边走边谈的。

不知想起了什么，苏格拉底突然想入了神，落在了后面，并希望正在等待他的亚理斯托脱顿继续在他前面走着。

当他到达阿伽通的寓所时，发现门大开着，而此时一件可笑的事发生了。

一位仆人出来迎接他，并立刻引他到宴会厅，此时客人们都斜靠在椅子上，因为宴会就要开始了。

阿伽通一出来就说，欢迎你，亚理斯托脱顿——你来的正是时候，加入我们的晚宴吧。如果你是由于其他原因才来，把它放在一边别管它，加入到我们当中吧，因为昨天我还在找你，如果我能找到你的话，就邀请你了。

但是你对苏格拉底做了什么？

我转过身，但苏格拉底不知去向。我不得不解释说他刚才还和我在一起，而且我是应他的邀请才来参加晚宴的。

你来是正确的，阿伽通说，但是他本人在哪里？他说，刚刚当我进

来时，他还在我后面，我无法想象他去哪了。

去找他吧，孩子，阿伽通说，把他带来；与此同时，亚理斯托脱顿在艾利马卡斯旁边坐下。

然后仆人帮他沐浴，他便躺下了，一会儿另一个仆人进来了，报告说我们的朋友苏格拉底已在邻居家的门廊处休息了。“他在那呆上了，”他说，“我去叫他，他应当不会生气。”多奇怪呀，阿伽通说，那么你必须再叫他一次，不停地去召唤他。

别打扰他了，给我传信的人说，他惯于随处停留，毫无原因地迷失自己。我认为他很快就会出现，因此别打扰他。

好吧，如果你这样认为，我就不管他了，阿伽通说。然后他又转向仆人们，补充道，“不要等他了，我们开始晚宴吧。

尽情享用吧，因为在这儿不会有人对你们发号施令，到目前为止我还没有让你们无拘无束过。但在这种场合，你们就是我的主人，我和我的伙伴就是你们的客人。善待我们，我们将赞扬你们。”

此后，晚宴开始了，但是仍不见苏格拉底的影子。在宴会期间阿伽通多次想要找人去叫他，但是亚理斯托脱顿反对。最后，当晚宴已进行一半时——因为他的这种冥想，跟往常一样，持续不长——苏格拉底进来了。

独自依靠在桌子尽头的椅子上的阿伽通，请求坐在苏格拉底旁边。“我可以触碰到你了，”他说，“这样就可以把你从门廊处驻足时得到的智慧教给我，它们现在为你所有，因为我确定在找到你所寻找的东西之前，你是不会离开的。”

苏格拉底说，我多么希望如他所愿发生那样的事情，智慧能够通过触摸从知识较为丰富的人传递给知识较为匮乏的人，就好像水能够通过毛线从较满的杯子流向较空的一样。如若是那样，我又该多么重视享有坐在你旁边的这种特权！因为你向我灌注了一股丰富而美丽的智慧之泉，而我自己的智慧是那样平庸，令人质疑，几乎就像梦境一样空洞。

而你的智慧，明亮而充满希望，前天它以青春般的绚烂呈现出来，在场的有超过三万的希腊人可以证明。

你在嘲笑我吧，苏格拉底，阿伽通说，不久你我就得决定谁会赢得智慧的棕榈树——此次酒神狄俄尼索斯是裁判，但现在你最好赶快吃饭吧。

苏格拉底坐在他的椅子上，和其他人共进晚餐。之后是奠酒祭神仪

式和奉颂神明的圣歌，以及一些常规仪式，然后他们要开始畅饮了，突然保萨尼阿斯说，现在，我的朋友们，我们怎么才能畅饮而尽量不伤害到自己？

我能向你保证我强烈地感受到昨天饮酒对我的伤害，而且需要时间恢复。我怀疑你们大多数都有同样的体会，因为你们都参加了昨天的聚会。

那么请考虑一下，喝酒怎么才能成为一件轻而易举的事情呢？

我完全同意，阿里斯托芬，我们应当尽一切办法避免饮酒过度，因为我自己就是昨天饮酒过度的人之一。

我认为你是对的，阿库美努的儿子艾利马卡斯说道，但是我仍想听听另一个人的说法，阿伽通酒量大吗？我可不胜酒力，阿伽通说。

然后，艾利马卡斯说，像我、亚理斯托脱顿、费德鲁斯和其他酒量小的人从不喝酒，有幸发现今天能喝的人却不在喝酒的兴头上。

（这不包括苏格拉底，他要么喝酒要么避开，而且无论我们做什么他都不介意。）

咳，因为没有人愿意喝多，作为一位医生，请原谅我这样说，大量喝酒是恶习，如果我能自制，我决不多喝，当然也不会劝别人喝，尤其是那些仍能感受到昨日畅饮之痛的人。

我总是依照你的建议来做，尤其是你作为医生所提的建议，费德鲁斯还有其他人也附和道，如果他们是明智的，也会照做。大家也同意喝酒不应成为今天会饮的形式，但是他们都应当以喝得高兴为宜。

然后，艾利马卡斯说道，既然你们都同意饮酒要随意，那就不勉强了。接下来，我要打发刚才进来的那个吹笛子的女孩出去，演奏给自己听，或者，如果她愿意的话，演奏给里面的女人们听。

今天让我们用谈话来取而代之，并且，如果你们允许的话，我来说说谈些什么。

这个提议被采纳后，艾利马卡斯接着说道，

我将效仿欧里庇得斯创作的《莫兰尼普》中的话作为开场白，

我要说的话不是我自己的，而是引用费德鲁斯的。

因为他时常用愤愤不平的口吻对我说：“这真是怪事，艾利马卡斯！众神均受到诗与圣歌的赞颂，而唯有伟大、荣耀的爱神是个例外，诸多诗人中没有一个写诗歌颂扬他的。

也有一些可敬的诡辩家们——比如，杰出的普罗狄克斯，用散文称

颂大力神赫拉克勒斯及其他英雄人物。更特别的是，我曾偶然读到一本哲学著作，里面把盐的效用作为雄辩论述的主题，还有其他一些诸如此类的事物也受到过类似的称赞。

想一想，这些事物都已经受到过如此热切的关注，而至今却仍没有一个人敢写诗适当地赞颂爱神！

这位伟大的神竟被忽略到如此的地步。”

此刻，在这一点上费德鲁斯的话在我看来似乎是相当正确的，因此我想要应援他向爱神致敬，并且我认为此时此刻聚集在一起的我们最好的选择就是礼赞爱神。

如果你们赞同我的观点，那我们将有足够的谈资。我建议我们从左向右每人轮流做一次赞美爱神的演说。

每个人都要尽其所能，费德鲁斯应该首先发言，因为他坐在左手边的第一个位置，并且他是这次话题的发起人。

艾利马卡斯，没有人会反对你的提议，苏格拉底说道。

我怎能反对你的提议，除了爱情我对其他一无所知。我想阿伽通和保萨尼阿斯也不会反对。毫无疑问，阿里斯托芬亦是如此，他的全部心思都放在酒神狄俄尼索斯和爱神阿弗洛狄特身上。我看周围在座的人也不会反对。

我发觉这一提议对于位次最后的人有些困难，但是如果我们能先听到一些精彩的演说，那也算令人心满意足了。

那就让费德鲁斯开始他对爱神的颂扬吧，并祝他好运。其他在座的人都表示赞同，并希望费德鲁斯按照苏格拉底的吩咐首先开始。

亚理斯托脱顿无法回忆起聚会中的所有谈话，我也记不起他向我转述的所有内容，但我将告诉你们我认为最值得回忆的部分，还有主要演说者都说了什么。

费德鲁斯在开始便肯定地说道爱神是伟大的神灵，并且在神与人之中是十分不可思议的，但是尤为神奇的还是他的出生。

因为他是诸神中最年长的，这是他的光荣。他可以获得这份荣耀的凭证之一就是没有关于他父母的任何记载，从来没有诗人或散文家声称他有父母。

如赫西奥德说，

最初存在的是混沌，然后是胸怀广阔的大地，

那是一切事物永恒的基座，

然后就是爱神。

换言之，混沌之后，大地和爱神，这两者继而产生。

巴门尼德也赞颂《产生》：

世界主宰造就的第一个神就是爱神。

并且阿库西劳也同意赫西奥德的观点。

因此，很多人都可以证明爱神是诸神中最年长的。

此外，他不仅是最年长的，而且最能让我们受益。

因为我知道，对于一个刚开始生活的年轻人而言，没有什么能比有一个忠贞的爱人更幸福的了，或者对于爱人而言没有什么能比有一位心爱的少年更幸福的了。

因为没有什么能比爱情更好地灌输给人们这样的原则，这应是指引人们过上高尚生活的原则，血亲、荣誉、财富或任何其他动机都比不上它。

我所说的是什么原则呢？

是荣辱感，没有了荣辱感，国家和个人都不会做出善事或伟业。

并且我认为如果一个人被发现正在做不光彩的事情，或者在被别人羞辱时却由于怯懦而屈服，那么这些事被他心的爱人发现远比被他的父亲，同伴们或者是其他人发现更令其痛苦。

被爱的人也一样，在任何一种不光彩的境遇中被人看到，都会对他的爱人怀有相同的情感。

因此如果能想出一个方法，叫一个城邦或是一个军队全由爱人和他们的所爱组成，他们将会成为自己城市的最好管理者，戒除所有耻辱，彼此竞争获得荣誉；并且如果他们并肩作战，虽然只有少数人，也可征服全世界。

因为一个人如果擅自离岗或是丢弃武器，固然怕全军看见，但更怕被他心爱的人看见。与其被爱人看见，他宁愿万劫不复。

或者说谁会在危难时刻背弃或辜负自己心爱的人呢？

在这样的时刻纵使是最怯懦的人也会受到爱神的鼓舞，变成一个可以与最勇敢的人相媲美的英雄。

正如荷马所说，神将这种英勇之气注入某些英雄们的心灵，爱神自身具有这种特质便把这种神勇之气注入到爱人身上。

爱情会使男人们敢于为他们心爱的人献出生命——这一点只有爱情可以做到，女人们亦是如此。

就这一点而言，珀利阿斯的女儿，阿尔刻提斯，是全希腊的典范。因为她愿意为她的丈夫献出自己的生命，而其他人却做不到，虽然她的丈夫也有父母，但是目前，她的柔情已经超过了他们，使他的父母与儿子似乎成了陌路，变得只不过是在姓氏上有关系而已。她的行为对于神和人都是如此的高尚以至于在众多行为高尚的人之中，她是少有的几个受到神钦佩的，并被赐予起死回生特权的人。这一非凡的荣誉是诸神对爱的奉献和爱所表现的美德的回报。

而俄阿格罗斯的儿子，奥菲士，演奏竖琴的人，诸神却让他空手而归，并且只是让他看了他所寻找的人的幽灵，而不能放她本人离开，因为他没有显示出勇气。他只是一个竖琴琴师——不敢像阿尔刻提斯那样为爱而死，而只是设法活着进入冥府。此外，他们之后让他死在女人们的手中作为他怯懦的惩罚。

阿基里斯对于他的爱人帕特洛克罗斯的真爱却收到了不同的回报——他的爱人而不是他的爱（把帕特洛克罗斯写成是被爱的人，这是埃斯库罗斯犯的一个愚蠢的错误，因为很明显阿基里斯才是两个人中更好看的，他也比其他英雄们更英俊，并且，如荷马所说，他还没有长胡子，且年轻许多）。

此外，由于诸神十分尊敬爱所展现的美德，所以就被爱人而言，报答给爱人的爱是更加受到他们的敬佩、重视、回报。因为爱人更为神圣，因为他受到了神的启示。

由于母亲的劝告，现在阿基里斯十分清楚的意识到如果他不杀赫克托耳，他将可以免于一死，并且可以返回家乡，长寿到老。

然而他还是献出自己的生命来为他的朋友报仇，并且他不仅敢于为保护他而死，还敢紧跟他而死。因此，诸神对他的优待甚至高于阿尔刻提斯，把他送到了“幸福岛”。

有许多理由可以证实爱神是最年长，最高尚，也是最伟大的神灵之一，是生前美德以及死后幸福的最主要创造者和给予者。

费德鲁斯的发言就是这样或大致如此。至于接下来的其他一些讲话，亚理斯托脱顿就记不清楚了，他接下来复述的是保萨尼阿斯的话。

费德鲁斯，他说道，我认为题目提的不是很正确，我们不应当如此不加区分地被要求颂扬爱神。

如果爱神只有一种，那你所说的倒还不错，但是既然爱神不止一位，我们就应该先确定他们中哪些是我们要歌颂的。

我将改正这一缺点。首先我将要告诉大家哪位爱神是值得歌颂的，而后我将用配得上他的方式来歌颂值得歌颂的他。

众所周知，爱神和阿佛洛狄特是分不开的，如果仅有一个阿佛洛狄特，那就仅有一位爱神，但是由于有两位女神，那就有两位爱神。

难道我认为这位女神有两个化身是错的吗？

年长的女神叫天国爱神——她没有母亲，是天神的女儿。年幼的女神，是宙斯和狄俄涅女儿——我们称她为尘世爱神。既然另一位爱神叫天国爱神，那么作为她的伙伴，这位爱神叫尘世爱神也是合情合理的。

凡是神都应该得到歌颂，但是必须分清他们的本质，因此我必须试着区分两位爱神的特质。

由于行事的方式不同，采取的行动也就各不相同。

比如说，我们现在所做的事情，饮酒，歌唱，谈话，这些行为本身是无所谓好坏的，但是由于它们的行为方式不同，它们所呈现出的结果也不尽相同。做的好的时候，它们就好，做的不好的时候，它们就恶。因此，同理可知，不是所有的爱都是高尚的，值得称颂的，只有那些目的高尚的才是。

尘世女神所引起的爱本质上是尘世的，并且没有差别，比如人类的较为粗俗的感受，这种爱往往是女人们的还有青年人们的爱，是肉体的而非心灵上的——最愚蠢的人就是这种爱的对象，即只贪求达到目标，却从不考虑是否是高尚地达到了目的，因此有这种爱的人做事不分善恶。

这位女神的母亲远比另外一位的要年轻，并且她是由男女结合而生，兼有两种特性。

而天国女神的产生却没有女性的成分，——她的产生只来自于男性。这种爱只属于青年，此外，因为这位女神年龄较长，她没有任何放荡淫乱的念头。

受到这种爱鼓舞的人们更倾向于男子，喜欢他，因为他具有更勇敢、更聪明的本质。任何人都可以看出他们情感特质中的纯粹热情。

他们爱的不是男孩，而是他们的智慧，他们推理能力差不多在他们刚长胡子的时候就开始发展提高了。

在选择青年作为伴侣时，他们是想要对对方忠诚，并使之成为终生伴侣，而不是要利用他们的年幼无知来欺骗他们，愚弄他们，或是碰到另外的对象就将前者抛弃。

但是爱慕年幼男孩应当受到法律的禁止，因为他们的未来还不确定。无论是在身体还是在心灵方面，他们呈现出的结果都可好可坏，并且可能会有过多高尚的热情浪费在他们身上。就此而言，具有美德的人本身就具有约束自己的法律，而较为粗俗的这类爱人应当强制受到约束。这就如同我们制止或试图制止他们爱上良家妇女一样。

这些粗俗的人使得爱情受人指责，并且有些人已经开始否定这类感情的合法性，因为他们在这些俗人身上看到了不正当的行为与邪恶，因为毫无疑问任何高雅而合乎法律的行为理所当然是不会受到指责的。

现在在雅典和在斯巴达，有关爱情的规定是令人困惑的，但是在大多数城邦里，它们是简单明了的。在伊利斯和波埃提亚，以及在那些不善辞令的人们所居住的城市里，规定是非常直截了当的。法律支持这些结合，无论老少，没有人对于他们这种丢面子的事有什么好说的。在我看来，这是由于他们在那些地方不善言辞，因此爱人们就不必费心力去恳求对方了。

在爱奥尼亚和其他一些地方，大多是些蛮夷之国，这一风俗被认为是可耻的。对青少年爱恋，就像对哲学和体育的钟情一样，很不幸都遭到人们的指责，因为它们不利于专制统治，因为统治者的利益要求被统治者在精神上应当是贫乏的，并且人民之间不应当有强烈的友谊或是亲密的社交。正像我们雅典的暴君——在他们的经验中学到的那样，爱，在其他诸多动机之上，有可能激发这些强烈的情感，因为正是阿里司托吉顿的爱和哈谟狄乌的坚定不移使得专制君主的政权土崩瓦解。

由此可知，把这些情感的爱恋看做是秽闻，是由于怀有这种情感的人的邪恶品质使其污秽不堪。换句话说，这是由于统治者的追逐私利和被统治者的胆小怯懦；另一方面，在某些国家，这些情感的爱恋之所以被不分青红皂白地赋予给荣誉，是因为持有这一观点的人们懒惰倦怠。

在我们国家（雅典）盛行着一个好很多的原则，但是正如我刚才所说的，这一原则的解释也更复杂，不易理解。

我们观察到，光明正大的爱比偷偷摸摸的爱更高尚，并且崇高的爱尤其受到尊敬，即使相爱的人们没有他人貌美。

此外，细想一下，世人给予爱人的鼓励该有多么大。人们不认为他在做不体面的事情，但是如果成功了，他就会得到赞扬，如果失败了，他就会受到指责。

而且，在追求爱的过程中，人类的习俗允许他做很多奇怪的事，如

果做这些事情是出于任何获利动机，或是为了谋求官职或权利，他将会受到哲学严厉的谴责。

他可能会恳求、乞求、哀求、发誓、躺在门口的垫子上、忍受比任何奴隶所经受的都更为艰苦的奴役——在任何其他情况下，他的朋友和他的仇敌都同样会来阻止他，但是现在没有一个朋友会为他感到羞耻、会来劝解他，没有一个他的仇敌会来控诉他卑鄙或是谄媚。爱人的所作所为有一种魅力能够使得他的行为变得高尚。习俗认定它们是应当被大力赞美的并且无损它们的品质。此外，最奇怪的是，只有爱人可以发誓之后再违背誓言（人们这样说），诸神将会宽恕他的罪行，因为根本没有爱人的誓言这回事。

由此可知诸神和人类都给予爱人完全的自由，正如我们这一地区（雅典）盛行的习俗所示。

就此而言，在雅典，人们完全可以认为爱与被爱都是光荣的。

但是当父母禁止他们的儿子和他们的爱人们谈话，并且请家庭教师来看管他们时，当他们的同伴和同龄人发现他们有任何这种举动就加以指责，而他们的长辈拒绝制止这些指责者，也不谴责他们时——任何一个仔细思考这一切的人，反过来，会认为我们这样做非常不光彩。

但正如我一开始说的那样，我认为事实是，要判断这些做法是光荣还是耻辱不是一个简单的问题。做的方式高尚它们就高尚，做的方式可耻它们就可耻。

无力抵抗邪恶或做邪恶的事就是可耻，相反如果接受美德或崇高的行为就是高尚。

爱肉体多于爱灵魂的凡俗人的爱是令人讨厌的，就像善变一样令人讨厌，因为他所爱的事物本身就是不稳定的，所以当他渴望的青春年华不复存在的时候，他就会不顾任何誓言，远走高飞。但品质高尚的爱却是永恒的，因为这爱与永恒不变结为一体。

我们这地方的习俗是要人们对这两种人好好地彻底加以考验，这就会使我们接受一种爱人，而回避另一种，因此这一习俗鼓励一些人去追求所爱的人，而鼓励另一些人逃避所爱的人。爱人与被爱的人都要经历种种质疑、考验直到他们显示出他们各自属于这两类中的哪一类。

正因为这个原因，所以，首先，草率地接受一份感情是可耻的，因为如同对许多其他事情一样，时间对此是最好的试金石。其次，不能克服对金钱、财富或政治权利的贪恋，便是可耻，无论这个人是怕失去，

或是由于尝过金钱、政治腐败的甜头后就不能克服他们的诱惑而吓得屈服了。

因为这些东西没有一样具有永恒不变的性质，而慷慨的友谊也从不会从他们之中产生。

因此习俗仅允许我们使用尊贵的情感这一种方式去爱，这就是使用美德的方式。因为正如我们说过的，爱人为心上人做的任何事情对他来说都不算是谄媚，或是耻辱，因此被爱的人仅有一种自愿服务的方式，而且这方式是受人尊敬的，这是正直而善良的奉献。

因为我们有一项习俗，依据这项习俗，任何一个人在增进智慧或提高美德的前提下对另一个人提供服务——这样的自愿性服务，我认为，是不会被认为是不光彩的，并且也不应受到谄媚的指责。

这两种习俗，一个是关于青少年的爱情，另一个是关于被普遍接受的哲学和美德的实践，应当合二为一，那么被爱的人就可以体面地与爱人沉浸在爱情之中。

那么，当爱人与被爱的人在一起的时候，他们各自有各自的法则，爱人认为，对他所眷顾而心爱的人做任何事情都是正当的。而被爱的人则认为，对能使他变得聪慧而善良的人表达任何善意之举是正当的。一个有传递智慧和美德的本领，另一个考虑到教育和智慧从而力图获得它们，当这两项爱的法则都得以实现并且合二为一时——然后，也只有这样，被爱的人才能体面地接受爱人的爱。

当爱情是如此公正无私的时候，（爱的）背叛也并不羞耻，但是在其他任何情况下，背不背叛都同样可耻。由于一个人以为他的爱人很富有而与他亲近，但结果发现他很贫穷进而对他的无利可图而感到失望，那么他仍然很可耻。因为他的行为已极大地表明这恰好是他愿意为了金钱委身于任何有利可图的人，但这是不光彩的。

同理，如果他和一个人相爱是因为他是一个好人，并且希望他会因为有爱人的陪伴而进步，那么他就是道德高尚的，即使结果他发现他所爱的人是个恶棍，并没有美德，并且如果他遭到背叛，他犯下的也是高尚的错误。

因为他已证明，对他而言，他愿意为了美德和进步为任何人做任何事，再也没有比这更高尚的事情了。

因此，但凡为了美德而接受一个人都是高尚的。

这是神圣的，起于天国女神的爱情，对于个人和城邦来说，它都是

非常宝贵的，它使得爱人和被爱的人都渴望为自身的进步而努力。

但除此以外，其他的爱情都起于另一位爱神，尘世爱神。

对于你，费德鲁斯，我已经尽可能好地即兴表达了我对爱神的赞美。

保萨尼阿斯停了下来——这就是我从智者们那里学会的双声叠韵的说话方式。接着亚理斯托脱顿说道，该轮到阿里斯托芬了，但是要不是他吃得太多了，就是因为其他什么原因他正在打嗝，次序不得不轮到正靠在下方卧榻上的医生艾利马卡斯。艾利马卡斯，他说道，你要么设法止住我的打嗝，要么替我发言直到我不再打嗝。

我将两者都做到，艾利马卡斯说，我将替你发言，之后轮到我的时候，你再说。然而，在我发言的时候我建议你屏住呼吸，如果你这么做一段时间之后，打嗝还没好，就用一点水漱漱口。如果还是继续打嗝，用什么东西让你的鼻子发痒，然后打喷嚏，如果你能打一两次喷嚏的话，即使是最严重的打嗝也肯定会停止。

阿里斯托芬说，我会按照你的建议来做，现在继续发言吧。

艾利马卡斯所说如下：看到保萨尼阿斯开了一个好头，但结尾却缺乏说服力，我必须尽力对他的话做一些补充。

我认为他正确地区分了两类爱情。

但我的医术进一步告诉我，这两种爱情不仅是人类灵魂对于美少年的爱，或是对于任何事物的爱，而且可以在所有动物和大地所孕育的产物身上找到，可以说在万事万物身上都适用。这是我从我自己的医学医术上总结出的结论，由此我得知爱神的力量是多么的伟大，神奇和普遍，爱神的威力遍布神和人的一切事物之中。

为了向我的行业致敬，我将从医学讲起。

人类的身体就蕴含着这两类爱神，两者被公认为截然不同，他们也拥有不同的爱情与渴望。健康者的渴望是一种，患病者的渴望则是另一种。正如刚才保萨尼阿斯所说，与好人相爱是荣，与恶人相爱是耻——在身体方面也是如此，好的、健康的部分要加以爱护的，不好的、生病的部分是不能加以爱护的，是要加以避免的。

这就是医生的职责，并且这正是医学的所在，因为医学大体上被看作是与身体有关的爱与渴望的学问，如何去满足或抑制他们。好的医生能将好的爱与坏的爱区分开来的人，并且将一种转换成另一种，并且医术高明的医生知道在何时去除爱和栽培爱，还可以调解构造中最敌对的

部分，使得他们成为好友。

现在最敌对的部分就是那些对立面，如冷和热，苦与甜，干燥与潮湿之类的。

正如我们这的诗人朋友们所说，并且我相信他们所说的，我的前辈，阿斯克勒庇俄斯，是医学的始祖——他知道如何让相互敌对的部分协调一致，不仅是医学的方方面面受到他的统治，体育和畜牧技术也在他的统治之下。

任何一个对此话题稍加注意的人都会发现，音乐之中也有类似的相对事物的调和。我认为这应该就是赫拉克利特的意思，虽然，他的表达并不精确，因为他说是由不和谐而产生和谐，如弓弦与竖琴所产生的协调。

现在有一种荒谬的言论，说和谐就是不调和，或是由仍处在不调和状态的因素组合而成的。

他的意思或许是说，和弦是由曾经不协调的或高或低的不同音符组成的，但现在被音乐的艺术调和了。因为如果高音和低音仍不协调，就不可能有和弦，这一点很明显。

因为和弦就是声音的和谐，声音的和谐是一种协调一致。但如果音符不一致就不可能将不一致变成一致，你不可能使不一致变得和谐。

同样地，节奏也是由或长或短的因素组成，曾经他们互不相同，但是现在他们协调一致。正如前面提到的例子，医学，同样在所有这些他例中，音乐带来的这种协调一致，使得爱与和谐在其中生长。因此当把它们应用到和弦与节奏领域里时，音乐也与爱情的一些原则有了关系。

此外，从和弦与节奏的本质来看，就不难理解还不具有双重性的爱了。

但当你将他们应用于现实生活之中，无论是作曲还是正确地演奏谱好的曲调——即我们所谓的音乐教育，都是艰难的，并且需要技艺高超的艺术家。

然后我们要重复美丽与天国之爱那古老的故事了——也就是乌拉尼亚之爱，主掌美丽与天国之爱的缪斯，她负责接受有节制的人，还有那些仍不节制但有可能变得节制的人，并且保存他们的爱。还要重复世俗的波吕许漠尼亚之爱，这种爱必须要被慎用才可以享受快感，以不至于产生淫荡；正如在我所从事的医学领域，控制饕餮之欲是非常重要的，这样才可能享受美味而又不引发疾病。

由此，我推断在音乐，医学，还有在所有其他人与神的事物之中，我们都应尽可能地注意这两种爱神，因为她们两个都是当前存在的。

一年四季的变化也充满了这些原则。正如我刚才所说，当热与冷、湿与干的因素达到一种相互和谐的爱的状态，并且以温和而和谐的形式混合在一起，它们就给人类、动物和植物带来健康与富足，并且毫无危害。然而放荡的爱要是占了上风并且影响一年四季的运行，那就非常有害了，这是瘟疫的祸根，也会给动物和植物带来许多其他种类的疾病。因为白霜、冰雹与荒芜的春天都是这些过量和失调的爱所导致的，这些天体运行与四季变迁的知识即被称为天文学。

此外，我认为占卜术是神与人交流的艺术，它的所有祭祀与整个职权都与保留美德与治愈邪恶之爱有关。

因为如果一个人尊敬另一种爱，而不以他所有的言行举止来接受与尊敬和崇敬和谐之爱，那么所有形式的不虔诚都有可能发生，无论他的感情是针对神灵或是父母，是针对生者还是逝者。

因此，占卜术就是要关注这些种类的爱并治愈它们，并且它是众神和人类的调解者，通过了解存在于人类爱情之中的虔诚与不虔诚倾向来发挥作用。

总之，这就是伟大的，强有力的，甚至是无所不能的爱的力量。

并且更特别的是，爱无论在神还是人之中都是威力最大的，爱涉及到美德，爱因为有了节制和公正的陪伴而变得完美，它是所有幸福与和谐的源泉，并且使得我们彼此成为朋友，乃至和高于我们的神成为朋友。

我敢说我也遗漏了几样赞扬爱神的话语，但这并不是有意的，而且你，阿里斯托芬，现在或许会把它补充上，或是用另一种方式来赞扬，因为我感觉到你不打嗝了。

阿里斯托芬接着说道，是的，我一打喷嚏，就不打嗝了。我想身体的协调性喜爱那样的噪音和痒痒，因为我一打喷嚏，嗝就止住了。

艾利马卡斯说道，当心，阿里斯托芬，我的朋友，虽然你要开始讲了，但是你在取笑我。我不得不看看在你或许平和地演讲时，我能否不去嘲笑你。

你是对的，阿里斯托芬笑着说道。

我会收回我的话。但请你不要监视我，因为我怕在我将做的演讲中，我只会被他们嘲笑，可是如果其他人能和我一起笑，这会更好，因

为这天生就适合我们诗人的灵感。

你指望说完你的话就溜走吗，阿里斯托芬？

好吧，如果你非常小心并且牢记你会受到责问，我或许会被说服，让你走。

阿里斯托芬声称要用另一种风格来演讲，他有意要用另一种方式来赞美爱神，即不像保萨尼阿斯也不像艾利马卡斯的方式。

他说道，在我看来，从人类对爱神的忽视就可断定，人类根本从来都不理解爱神的力量。

因为如果他们理解爱神，他们肯定会建造宏伟的庙宇和祭坛，向他做出庄严的祭祀。但人类什么也没做，当然其中大多数都应被做。因为在众神中，他是人类最好的朋友，是救助者和治愈疾病的人，而疾病是阻碍人类走向幸福的巨大障碍。

我会尽量向你描绘他的力量，而你要把我正教授给你的东西再教授给其他人。

首先，让我谈谈人类的本性（原始状态）和在其身上所发生的事情。因为人类原来的本性并不像现在这样，与现在不同。

不像现在这样他们有两种性别，而原本是三种，男人，女人和他们的结合体，并且这个雌雄共体还有与之相符的名字，这是曾经的确存在的，但是现在却没有了，“雌雄同体”这个词仅被作为谴责之词保留着。

其次，原始的人类是圆的，他的后背和侧面形成一个圆形。他有四只手和四只脚，一个头上有两张脸，分别看向两边，也恰恰这样精准地长在圆圆的脖颈上。同样也有四只耳朵，两个隐蔽的生殖器，其余器官的数量同样按照这个比例增加。

他能像现在的人类一样直立行走，随他所愿向后或向前走，而且还能长距离地滚动，四只手和四只脚能够转动，总共八个，就像翻筋斗的演员，用腿使身体在空中翻滚，这就是他想要快跑时的样子。

现在是三种性别，就像我已描述的，因为太阳，月亮和地球是三个。男人原来是太阳的孩子，女人是地球的，雌雄双体的是月亮所生的，也是太阳和月亮的组合，他们都是圆的，滚动着移动，就像他们的父母。

他们力量大的可怕，他们心中的想法非常强烈，他们向神发起了进攻。这其中就包括俄托斯和厄菲俄托斯的故事，据荷马所说，他们竟胆敢登天，袭击众神。

天庭上疑云密布。

诸神应当杀死他们，或是用雷电消灭这个种族，就像他们对巨人所做的那样，那么人类对他们的祭奠和崇拜就将结束。但是另一方面，诸神又不能任由他们傲慢无礼，无法无天。

最后，经过许久的沉思，宙斯找到一种方法。

他说："我想我有办法了，这不仅将消减他们的锐气而且将改善他们的举止。人类将继续存在，但是我会将他们截成两半，这样他们的力气就会减少而数量却会增加，这将使他们对我们更加有益。

他们将用两条腿直立行走，而且如果他们继续这样傲慢无礼，不安分的话，我将把他们再劈成两半，他们则会用单条腿跳着走。"

他此言一出就把人类劈成两半，就像一个被截成两半等待腌渍的花楸果，或者像是用发丝截开鸡蛋一样；就在他把他们一个接着一个地劈开时，他命令阿波罗要使他们的脸和截开的那一半脖子能够转动，以便人类可以对被截开的部分进行思考：如此他才会得到教训学会谦卑。

阿波罗又被命令治愈他们的伤口，组合好他们的形体。因此他让脸可以转动，又从身体两侧拽出皮肤，覆盖住用我们现在的话说就是肚子的地方，就像钱包合在一起一样，在中间做出一个口，他用一个节把它固定住（就与现在的肚脐一样）。他又塑造出胸部，除去大部分皱纹，与鞋匠在鞋楦上弄平皮革非常相似。然而他在肚子和肚脐这块留下一些皮褶，作为对之前状态的留念。

分开后，人类的这两个部分，每一个都渴望找到他的另一半，他们走到一起，伸出手来，紧紧地拥抱彼此，渴望融为一体，他们几乎要死于饥饿和自我忽视，因为分开之后他们不愿做任何事情；而且当一半死去时，而另一半还活着，幸存的那一半就会寻找另一个伴侣，就像我们所称呼的那样，他们要么是男人要么是女人——因为他们是由百分之百的男人或女人截得下来的——找到后就紧紧依附在一起。

他们是要被毁灭的，如不是宙斯怜悯他们，想出了一个新办法：他把生殖的这部分转向前面，因为这不是身体器官曾经的位置安排，他们不再像今天的草蜢那样把卵产在地里，而是种在彼此的身体里。在交媾之后，男人就会让女人生育，以便通过彼此的拥抱他们可能会繁衍下一代，这样人类或许会延续。要么如果是男人遇到男人，他们由此也会获得满足，平静下来，开始生活：根植在我们身上对彼此的渴望是如此久远，把我们原来的本性再次结合在一起，合二为一，治愈人类的伤痛。

被截开时，我们每个人仅有一面，就像一条扁扁的鱼，只不过是每个人身上都留下一个凹面，他总是在寻找另一半。

由曾经具有双重本性被称作雌雄同体而截开成的男人是女人的情夫，奸夫者通常是来自于这一类，而贪求男人的奸妇们也是来自于这一类。由女人截开后成为女人的并不喜欢男人，而眷恋女人，女性伴侣们就出于这一类。

但是由男人截下的就会追求男人，当他们年轻时，由于原本是男人截下的，他们会徘徊在男人周围，拥抱他们，他们是男孩和青年中最优秀的，因为他们的男性特征最突出。

有些人甚至肯定地说他们是伤风败俗的，但这说法不对。因为他们不是想要给自己蒙羞才这样做的，而是因为他们英勇而强壮，具有男人的沉着冷静，他们拥抱的是与他们相像的另一半。

这些人长大后成为了我们的政治家，就是这些人，极好地证明了我正在保护的事物的真实性。

他们一成人便成为年轻人的爱人，自然也不会想要结婚或是生孩子——如果真是结了婚，他们也会依法行事；但如果未结婚而彼此被允许住在一起，他们也会心满意足。这样的天性易于产生爱，并随时为回报爱而做好准备，且总是接受与他相似的那个人。

当他们其中一个遇到他的另一半，就是他自身的另一半，不论他是年轻人的爱人亦或是另一种的爱人，这一对人就会沉浸在爱、友谊和亲密关系的惊奇之中，一方怎么都不会走出另一方的视线，就像我说的，即使是一会儿。他们就是要共度一生的人，然而他们不能解释对彼此到底渴望什么。

由于一半对另一半的这种强烈的渴望好像不是渴望与爱人交媾，而是彼此的灵魂明显渴望某种其他无以言表的东西，她对此仅有一种模糊的、不确定的预感。

假使火神赫菲斯托斯，带着他的工具，来到并肩躺在一起的这对人的身旁，对他们说：“你们这些人需要彼此的什么呢？”他们不能解释。

进一步推测，当他看到他们的疑惑，他说：“你们想要成为一个人吗，整天总是形影不离？因为如果这是你们所要的，我可以把你们融为一体，让你们一同成长，这样你们会成为一个人，当活着的时候，两个人共同生活，就好像一个人，死后，在阴间仍是一个逝者的灵魂而不是两个——我问这是否是你们所钟爱的愿望，这一境界是否使你们满

意？”——当听到这个建议时，他们中没有一个会否认，或不承认这样的相逢与相互的融合，想要成为一体而非两个人的想法正表达了他自古就有的需求（比较亚里士多德《政治学》）。

原因是人类的本性原本就是一个整体，对于完整的渴望和追求即被称作爱。

我说，我们曾经是一个人，但现在由于人类的邪恶，上帝把我们分开了，就像阿卡迪亚人被斯巴达人分散到各个村庄（比较亚里士多德《政治学》）。

如果我们不听从上帝的命令，我们就会有再被分割成两半的危险，过着浮雕般的生活，那样子就像刻在纪念碑上，仅剩下从中间竖着剖开的半个鼻子的侧面肖像，我们就会有像符牌一样生活的危险。

因此让我们劝解所有人变得虔诚，我们或许可以摆脱邪恶，获得美德，这其中爱神对我们来说，就是主和侍从的关系：让所有的人都顺从他，反对他的人就是众神的敌人。因为如果我们是爱神的朋友，并能与他和平相处，我们应当会找到真爱，而这在如今的世上很少见。

我是严肃认真的，因为我必须请求艾利马卡斯不要取笑我，或者在我对保萨尼阿斯和阿伽通所说的话里找到任何隐喻。而他俩，就像我所怀疑的，都具有男人的本性，属于我一直以来描述的那一类人。

但我的话有更广泛的用武之地——他们包括任何地方的男人和女人。而且我认为，如果我们的爱有完美的结局，那么每个回到最初状态的那个人就得到了他原本真正的爱，那么我们这个种族将会幸福。

如果这是最好的结果，在来世和今生它必是达到此种结合的最近途径——而那样才会获得和谐的爱。

因此，如果我们要赞扬给我们这种恩惠的人，我们必须赞扬爱神，他是我们最大的恩人，因为他许诺，如果我们是虔诚的，他就把我们恢复到最初的状态，治愈我们，使我们幸福并得到祝福。

艾利马卡斯，这就是我关于爱的演讲，虽然与你的不同，但是我祈求它不会成为你攻击的笑柄，这样每个人都能轮到。每个人或更确切说是两个中的一个，因为现在唯一剩下的就是阿伽通和苏格拉底。

实际上，我要批评你了，艾利马卡斯说道，因为我认为你的演讲有魅力，难道我不知道阿伽通和苏格拉底是精通爱这门艺术的大师吗，在人们已经谈到了如此多的事情之后，我应是真的害怕他们会无话可说。但是虽然如此，我依旧充满希望。

苏格拉底说，你说的很好，阿伽通；但是如果你是我现在的状况，或更确切地说，在阿伽通已说完时，我将要面对的状态，那么毫无疑问，你将会处于极大的困境之中。

阿伽通说，苏格拉底，你想迷惑我吗，希望我会因听众对我的期待而惶恐不安。

阿伽通回答苏格拉底说，多奇怪，如果我认为你面对一小群人就会紧张起来的话，我应当是忘了你在演讲时所表现出的勇气和雅量，你和演员们一起登台面对这巨大的剧院，可却表现的镇定自若。

阿伽通说，苏格拉底，你认为我满脑子都是戏剧，以至于都不知道，对于一个有头脑的人来说，几个好的法官要比许多笨蛋令人畏惧得多？

苏格拉底回答道，不，阿伽通，把那样或任何其他需要改进的地方归咎于你，应该是我犯的大错。

我相当清醒地意识到，如果你碰巧遇到任何你认为明智的人，你将会更加注意他们的观点而不是大多数人的观点。

但另一方面，由于我们是剧场中大多数愚蠢者的一部分，不能被视为精选出来的智者。虽然我知道，如果你碰巧在场，但并不是我们其中的一员，而是来自一些真正有智慧的人，在他面前，你会因让自己丢脸而感到愧疚——你难道不会吗？

是的，阿伽通说。

但在众多人面前，你不会觉得羞愧，如果你认为在他们面前你作了丢脸的事？

此时费德鲁斯打断了他们，说，别回答他，我亲爱的阿伽通；因为如果他能找到一个谈话的伙伴，尤其是一个英俊的伙伴，他就不再关心我们的计划是否能完成了。

现在我爱听他谈话，但是此时我不能忘记对爱神的赞美，这是我应从他和每一个人那里听到的。当你和他向爱神做完礼赞后，便可以讲了。

阿伽通说，非常好，费德鲁斯；我看我没有理由说明为什么不继续我的演讲，因为我会有很多其他与苏格拉底交流的机会。让我先说说我应当如何讲，然后再讲——

前面的演讲者们，似乎并没有赞扬爱神，或者是阐明他的本性，就已经开始庆祝人类从他那里得到的恩惠了。但是我更愿意先赞扬爱神，

然后再谈他的赠予，这才是赞扬万物的正确方式。

并非出于不敬或冒犯，我认为在所有被尊崇的神中，他是最受人们尊敬的，因为他是最美丽、最好的吗？

他是最美丽的，因为首先他是最年轻的，关于他的青春，他本人就是见证者，不因岁月而蹉跎，他十分敏捷，真的是比我们大多数人敏捷得多——就像爱憎恨他，不愿靠近他。

但是青春和爱依偎在一起——正如谚语所说，物以类聚。费德鲁斯说的很多关于爱神的事情，我都赞同，但是我不能认同说他比伊阿珀托斯和克罗诺斯还要年长——并非如此。我坚持认为他在众神中是最年轻的一位，而且永远年轻。

如果关于诸神的传说是真实的话，那么赫西奥德和巴门尼德提到的众神在古时候所做的事情，则是定命神所为，而不是爱神；如果爱神生长在那个时期，众神中就不会有囚禁或残害，或其他暴力的存在，就像现在的天堂，自爱神的统治时期开始后，一直和平而甜美。爱神既年轻又温柔，应当有一位像荷马一样的诗人去描写他的温柔，这正像荷马对埃特所做的描述，她是一位性格温和的女神——

“她的双脚柔软，因为她走在人的头上，而不是地面上”这极好地证明了她的温柔——她不是走在坚硬的物质上而是走在柔软的东西上。

让我们举出一个同样能证明爱神温柔的例子：因为他不是走在陆地上，也不是走在人那不是十分柔软的头颅上，而是行走在神和人的心和灵魂里，心和灵魂可是万物中最柔软的——他走在其中、住在其中并在心和灵魂中筑巢。

当然，他并不是存在于每一个灵魂之中，因为当灵魂变得冷酷时他就会离开，变得温柔时他就会停留在那里；他总是用各种各样的方式偎依在温柔地方的最温柔之处，万物中的他怎能不是最温柔的呢？

事实上他是最温柔、最年轻的，而且他有柔顺而灵活的身体；因为如果他坚硬不能弯曲他就不能环抱万物，或屈身进出每个人的灵魂而不被察觉。他身体的灵活性和对称性恰好证实了他的魅力，这是世间公认的特别方式下爱神的特质，不雅和爱总是彼此矛盾的。

他白皙的面容能够以他居住在花朵中得以显现。因为无论是在身体或灵魂或其他任何事物中，若其间花朵凋落或美丽衰退，他就不会在其中停留，而是在有花朵和香气的地方，他才坐在那里、停留在那里。

关于这位神的美丽我说的已经够多了，可是我还有更多要说的。

现在我要说说他的美德：他最大的荣誉就是他既不加害于神或人也不受神或人的欺压。因为如若他忍受，他不会凭藉暴力来忍受，暴力根本不能靠近他，他也从来不使用暴力行事。

因为所有的人都是通过自由意愿来招待他，就像城邦的君主们所制定的法律一样，有自愿的协议，就有公正。

他不仅公正而且极其有节制，因为“节制”是公认的肉体享受和欲望的主宰者，爱神从不受到这些享受的控制。他是他们的主人，而他们是爱神的仆人。实际上如果爱神要征服他们，他就必须得有节制。

至于勇气，即使是战神也不能与他相比。战神是被俘的而受到监禁的人，而爱神是统治者，因为爱，阿弗洛狄特的爱主宰着爱神，就像故事传诵的那样：主人就是比仆人强大。

如若爱神要征服其他人中最勇敢的，他本人必须是最勇猛的。对于爱神的勇气、正义和节制我已经谈了很多，但是我还是要说说他的智慧。根据我能力的大小，我必须要竭尽全力。

首先爱神是一位诗人（此时，就像艾利马卡斯一样，我要赞美我的行业），他也是其他人诗歌创作的源泉，如果爱神本人不是诗人，那么他不可能成为此种源泉。

每个碰到爱神的人都会变成诗人，即使之前他不懂音乐（来自欧里庇得斯的残篇）。这也证明爱神是一位真正的诗人，精通所有的美术。因为如果一个人自身不具有某种东西，他是不能把它给予他人的，或者说他不可能教授连他自己都不懂的事情。

谁能否认动物的产生是他的所为？难道它们不是爱神智慧的结晶吗，难道不是从他而生吗？至于艺术家，难道我们不知道只有受到爱的启发的，人才会有获得声望的机会？——遇到爱神的人才不会走在黑暗之中。

在爱和欲望的指引下，阿波罗找到并发现了医药、箭术和占卜术，所以他也是爱神的信徒。

同样缪斯所演奏的音乐的旋律，火神赫菲斯托斯的冶金术，雅典娜的编织术，宙斯对神和人的绝对统治，都可归功于爱神，因为是爱神发明了它们。

因此爱神把众神的帝国做了调整——热爱美，这是明显的，因为爱神不关心畸形的所在。

古时候，就像我开始说的，众神做了可怕的事情，因为他们被定命

神所左右。但现在，自从爱神诞生以来，以及爱神对美丽事物的热爱，使得天上人间充满了幸福。

因此，费德鲁斯，我说爱神他本人是最美丽、最优秀的，所以导致除他以外的最公正、最优秀事物的产生。

有一行诗突然浮现在我的脑海里，诗文里说爱神就是这样一位神："给世界带来和平，使暴风雨平静下来，让风静止，努力让受害者睡去。"

是爱神把人类的不满去掉，取而代之的是喜爱，是他让人们在这样的场合上相遇：祭祀，宴席，舞会，他是我们的主——他送来了礼节，打发掉无礼和粗鲁，他永远善良、仁慈，从不刻薄；爱是美好带来的欢欣，智慧创造的奇观，神仙赋予的惊奇，缺乏爱的人渴望得到它，拥有爱的人又万般珍惜它；他是微妙、奢侈、愿望、爱好、温柔、优雅的根源；他关注美德，无视邪恶：在每个词语、职业、愿望和恐惧中，爱神是救世主、领航员、同伴和助手；神和人的荣耀，最优秀、最聪明的领导者：每个人都追寻他的脚步，唱着甜蜜的歌赞美他，加入到那甜蜜的旋律中，由此，爱让神和人的灵魂陶醉。

这就是我的演讲，费德鲁斯，半开玩笑式的，然而还是在一定的严肃范围以内，根据我自己的能力，我把此奉献给爱神。

当阿伽通做完演讲，亚理斯托脱顿说大家发出一片欢呼声。大家认为这位年轻人在某种程度上对得起他自己，也对的起爱神。

苏格拉底看着艾利马卡斯说，告诉我，阿库美努之子，我没有理由恐惧吗？当我说阿伽通会做出一番精彩的演讲时，我难道不是一位真正的预言家，而且我要处于困境之中了？

艾利马卡斯答道，让阿伽通担心的预言的这一部分似乎对我来说是真的；但是另一部分就不是了——就是你要陷入困境之中。苏格拉底说，我亲爱的朋友，在听到那样华丽而别具一格的演讲后，为什么我或别人不会陷入困境之中？

结束语的美妙尤为打动我——有谁听了会不觉得惊奇？

当我反思自己智力的诸多不足之处时，如果有可能逃避的话，我随时会因羞愧而逃走。

因为我想起高尔吉亚，在他演讲结束时真想不到阿伽通正向我摇晃着修辞大师可怕的头，只这一下就会使我和我的演讲陷入僵局，就像荷马所说的（《奥德赛》），让我哑口无言。

于是我感觉到之前我是多么愚蠢，答应在歌颂爱时和你交换位置，在我还不知道该去赞美什么的时候，竟说自己也是位艺术大师。

因为以我的愚建，我想赞美的主题应当是真实而准确的，而这只是假设，演讲者要从真实的事中去选择最好的，并以最佳的方式把它们陈述出来。

我觉得非常骄傲，认为我知道正确赞美的本质，并且应当可以讲好。

然而现在我注意到，此次目的就是要把所有的伟大和光荣归功于爱神，不论是否真的属于他，也不考虑是真实或是谎话——那不重要。因为最初的提议似乎并不是说，你们每个人要真实地赞美爱神，而是说你们要给人感觉是在赞美他。

因此你们把在任何地方都可以得到的，各种可以想象的赞美的语句都用在爱神身上。你们说，“这一切都是他的，”并且“所有那一切都由他而生，”使得不了解他的人似乎认为爱神是最诚实的、最好的，因为你们不能利用了解他的那些人。

你们已排练出高贵而庄严的赞美诗。但是当我说我愿轮到我时，是因为我曲解了赞美的本质，我必须请求免除我在无知中许下的诺言，这是嘴上的承诺而不是心灵的承诺（就像欧里庇得斯要说的（欧里庇得斯《希波吕托斯》））。

对这样格调的赞美说再见吧，因为我不会以那样的方式赞美。不，我的确不能。

但是如果你们喜欢听到关于爱的真理，我准备以我自己的方式来讲，虽然成为了你的对手，我不会使自己变得荒谬。

那么，说说吧，费德鲁斯，你是否愿意听到关于爱的真理，我可能以各种各样的话语或形式说出来，而这也是此时我所想到的。

那和你的想法一致吗？

亚理斯托脱顿说，费德鲁斯和他的同伴请求苏格拉底以他认为最好的方式来演讲。

然后，苏格拉底又补充道，请你允许我先问阿伽通另外一些问题，以便于我可以把他的许可作为我演讲的前提。

费德鲁斯说，我同意：提问吧。

然后，苏格拉底按照如下的继续讲：在你刚刚说出的华丽的演讲词里，我认为你是对的，我亲爱的阿伽通，提出先讲爱神的本性，然后讲

他的善行——这是我非常赞同的开头的讲法。

既然你如此富有表现力地讲出了爱神的本性，我可以进一步地请问一下，爱是具体的爱还是虚无的爱？

此处我必须要亲自解释一下：我不想你说爱是父爱或是母爱——那样说很可笑；但要按你想说的方式来回答，是否我刚才问的是父亲，某某人的父亲？对于此你会发现这很容易回答，是儿子的父亲或是女儿的父亲：这样的回答也许是对的。

阿伽通说，肯定是对的。

你会对母亲做同样的表述吗？

阿伽通表示赞同。

然而让我再问你一个问题以便阐明我的意思：难道兄弟不是基本上被视为某人的兄弟吗？阿伽通答道，当然。

那是兄弟或是姊妹的兄弟？

是，阿伽通说。

现在，苏格拉底说，我要问你关于爱神的事了——爱神的爱是具体的还是虚无的？当然，是具体的，他答道。

记住这话，并告诉我我想要知道的——爱神是否渴望那样的爱。

是，当然了。

他是否拥有他所热爱和渴望的事物？

我得说，可能没有。

苏格拉底回答道，不，我会让你考虑是否“必然地”远不是一个词这么简单。

推论他渴望某样东西就是需要某样东西，也就是说没有渴望就是什么都不需要，在我看来，阿伽通，这绝对而且必然是对的。你是怎样想的？

阿伽通说，我同意你的观点。非常好。伟大的人就渴望伟大吗，或强壮的人就渴望强壮吗？那会与我们之前的提出的观点相矛盾。

的确是。因为他有了某种品质，他就不再想要它了？非常正确。

苏格拉底又说到，如果一个强大的人渴望强大，敏捷的人想要敏捷，健康的想要健康，那样的话，他或许会被认为想要他已拥有或具有的某种品质。

我给出的这个例子是为了我们可以避免误解。因为具有这些品质的人，阿伽通，在那时就应当有了各自的优势，不论他们作何选择。谁还

想要他已拥有了的品质呢？

因此，当有人说，我健康并渴望健康，或者我富有并渴望富有，我仅仅渴望拥有我已经拥有的——对于这样的人我们应回答：“你，我的朋友，拥有财富、健康和力量，想要继续拥有它们，因为在那一刻，不论你作何选择，你已拥有它们。

当你说，我渴望我已经拥有的，别无它求，这并不意味着在将来你想要拥有你现在所拥有的？”他一定会同意我们的见解——他不会吗？

阿伽通回答道，他一定会。

然后，苏格拉底说，他渴望现在拥有的东西会在将来仍为他所有，这就等同说他渴望某些对他来说不存在的东西，他现在还未得到的东西。的确是，阿伽通说。

那么他和每个人都渴望，渴望现在还没有的，渴望是在将来而不是在现在得到的，渴望现在他还没有的，不存在的，这就是他需要的——这些就是爱和渴望所寻求的某种事物吗？

的确是的，阿伽通说。

那么现在，苏格拉底说，让我们概括一下论点。首先，不是爱某样东西，也不是爱某种人缺少的东西。

进一步回忆你在演讲所说的内容，如果你忘记了我会提醒你的，你说热爱美好的事物使得众神的帝国井然有序，因为丑陋的事物里没有爱——你刚才说的不是这个意思吗？

是的，阿伽通说。

是的，我的朋友，这样的话天下无双。如果这是真的，爱神是只爱美丽的事物而不爱丑陋的事物吗？

阿伽通表示赞同。

这就已经承认说爱神具有某种人类需要却还没有的品质吗？

的确是，阿伽通说。

那么神想要自己还没有拥有的美丽吗？当然，阿伽通答道。

你会把想要的却并不美丽的东西称作美丽吗？当然不会。

那么你还说爱是美丽的吗？

阿伽通回答道，我恐怕不能理解我正说的话了。

苏格拉底回答道，阿伽通，你的演讲很精彩，但是仍有一个小问题我欣然想问：美好的事物难道不美丽吗？

是的。那么在想要美丽的同时，爱也想要美好的事物吗？

阿伽通说，我不能驳倒你，苏格拉底，让我们假设你说的是对的。

更确切地说，亲爱的阿伽通，你不能驳倒事实真相，因为苏格拉底很容易被驳倒。

现在，我要离开你一下，我要复述关于爱的一个传说，这是从曼蒂尼亚的第俄提玛那里听来的（比较亚西比德）。古时候，在瘟疫到来以前，雅典人祭祀时，一位精通这种以及许多其他种类知识的女人，把这瘟疫推后了十年。

在爱的这门艺术中她是我的导师，我要把她对我说的重述给你，以阿伽通许可的那样开始，如果不是完全一样，也几乎与那位博学的女人问我时所说的一样。我想这是最简单的方式，我会尽可能把这两部分讲述好（比较《高尔吉亚篇》）。

按照阿伽通在前面所建议的，我必须首先讲一下爱神的品格和本质，然后再谈他的善行。

首先我要对她说几乎相同的话，这是以前他对我说的话，爱神是一位伟大的神，同样也是美丽的。通过我的演讲，她对我证明就像我证明给他的那样，爱神既不美丽也不善良。

“第俄提玛，你这是什么意思，”我说，“那么爱是邪恶和污秽不堪的吗？”“嘘，”她喊道，“不美丽就一定是污秽的吗？”

“当然，”我说。“不聪明的人就是无知吗？你难道没看到在智慧和无知之间的中间值吗？”“那是什么？”我说。

“正确的观点，”她答道，“如你所知，不能给出一个理由就是不知道（因为知道怎能说不清楚缘由呢？此外，无知也不能，因为无知怎能获得真实），但很清楚正确的观点是介于无知和智慧之间的某种东西。”

“非常正确，”我回答道。“那么就别坚持认为，”她说，“不美丽的事物就必然是污秽的，或者不美好的就一定是邪恶，或者推断因为爱既不美也不善良，因此他就是污秽、邪恶的，因为他是介于二者之间的。”“好啊，”我说，“当然所有人都承认爱神是位伟大的神。”

“是通过那些知道的人还是通过那些不知道的人呢？”“所有人。”“苏格拉底，怎样，”她带着微笑说，“对于那些说他根本不是神的人而言，能承认爱神是一位伟大的神吗？”“他们是谁？”我说。

“你和我就是他们中的两个，”她回答道。“那怎么可能呢？”我说。

“这是相当明了的，”她答道，“因为你本人就承认神是幸福而美丽的——当然你会承认——你敢说哪个神不是吗？”“当然不会，”我回

答。“你的意思是幸福的人，就是那些拥有美好或美丽事物的人？”

“是的。”“你承认爱神，因为他有需求，需要那些他想要的好而美丽的事物？”“是的，我承认。”

“但是如果他自身没有好或美丽的那部分，他怎能成为神呢？”“不可能。”“那么你看，你也否认了爱神的神性。”

“那么爱神是什么呢？”我问道，“他是永生的吗？”“不。”“那么他是怎样的呢？”“就和前面的例子里介绍的一样，他既不会像凡人一样注定一死，也不会长生不老，但是他是介乎二者之间的。”

“第俄提玛，他是什么呢？”“他是位伟大的精灵，像所有精灵一样他介乎于神和人之间。”

“那么，”我说，“他有怎样的能力？”

“他是一位释义者，”她答道，“在神和人之间，把人类的祈祷和祭品传递给众神，把神的命令和回复再转给人类。他是一个中间人，跨越了分开神和人之间的鸿沟，因此他的身上凝聚了所有的一切，通过他，先知和牧师的学问，祭祀，神秘的事物和符咒，以及所有的预言和咒语都找到出路传播出来。

因为神不与人交往，但是通过爱神，所有神与人的交流和谈话，无论是他们醒着或睡着，都被传递给彼此。

能够懂得这种交流的智慧才是神圣而崇高的。其他的，比如艺术和手工艺方面的才智，则微不足道且普普通通。

现在这些精灵或中间力量数量众多、种类各异，其中之一就有爱神。”我说，“谁是他的父亲和母亲？”她说，“这个故事要花些时间来讲，不过我会告诉你的。

在阿弗洛狄忒生日那天，众神举行了一次宴会，波罗斯或称作富裕之神，他是机智之神墨提斯的儿子，是客人之一。

宴会结束后，贫乏神伯尼阿，按照她在这种场合里的那种习惯，来到门前乞讨。

现在富裕之神深受甘露（神酒，那时还没有酒）的影响，走进宙斯的花园，倒头便睡。贫乏之神考虑到自己贫困的处境，设法怀上他的孩子，因此躺在他的身旁，怀上了爱神，部分原因是因为富裕之神是自然而然对美丽事物的热爱者，因为阿弗洛狄忒本人就很美丽，也是因为爱神是在她生日那天出生的，自然就是她的追随者和伴随者。就像爱神的出身一样，他的境遇也便如此。

起初如大多数人所想，爱神总是处于贫穷之中，除了温柔和美丽以外，他可以处于任何状态之中。他粗暴并且肮脏，不穿鞋，居无定所，他躺在赤裸和毫无遮掩的大地上，苍天之下，大街上，或房门前休息，像他妈妈一样爱神总是处于困境之中。

在一定程度上也像他父亲，爱神总是阴谋反对美丽和美好的事情。他勇敢，有魄力，强壮，是一位非常好的猎人，总是设计这样或那样的阴谋诡计，渴望追寻才智，足智多谋。永远都是一位哲学家，又像巫师、魔术师、诡辩家那样令人害怕。

从本质上讲，他既不会终有一死也不会永生，但当他富裕时他就活跃起来，健康成长，而贫穷时便没有了生气，而凭借父亲的性格，他就会再次活跃起来。

但是源源不断而来的财富又会不断地流走，因此他从不需求什么也不会永远处于富裕之中。进一步讲他是介乎于愚昧无知和知识渊博之间。

这事情的真相是这样的：没有哪个神是哲学家或智慧的追寻者，因为神已经是博学的了，任何博学的人也不会去追寻智慧。

无知者也不会寻求智慧。

因为这就是愚昧的不幸，然而既不崇高也不聪明的他对自己却是心满意足的：他不想要他不需要的。”“但是第俄提玛，”我说，“那么谁热爱智慧呢，如果他们既不聪明也不愚蠢？”“孩子就能回答这个问题，”她回答道，“他们就是介乎于二者之间的那些人，爱神是其中之一。

因为智慧是一样非常美丽的东西，爱神具有美丽的天性，因此爱神也是一位哲学家或热爱智慧的人，爱好智慧的人就处于智慧与无知之间。

他的出身也是起因于此，因为他的父亲富有且有智慧，而他的母亲贫穷而愚昧。我亲爱的苏格拉底，这就是爱神这个精灵的本质。

你对他有错误的想法是很自然的，就像从你说的话里我可推测，你的话起于爱和被爱的混乱之中，这使得你认为爱不分黑白全都是美丽的。

因为被爱真的是令人愉快的，微妙而完美，并受到祝福的。但是爱的原则是具有另一性质的，就像我已描述的。”

我说：“噢，你这个奇怪的女人，你说的很好。但是假使爱神就像你所说的，他对人类而言又有什么用处呢？”

“苏格拉底，”她回答道，“我试着详细说明一下：我已经说了他的本质和出身，你也承认爱具有美的性质。但是有人会说，苏格拉底和第俄提玛，美在何处？——更确切地说让我把这个问题清楚地解释一下，问，当一个人爱上美丽的事物，他想要什么？”

我回答她说：“那美丽可能就是他想要的。”“还有，”她说，“这答案暗示了一个深层次的问题：拥有美丽又能让人得到什么呢？”

“对你的问题，”我答道，“我还没准备好如何回答。”

“那么，”她说，“让我用‘好’这个词代替美丽，然后再重复一次这个问题：如果有爱的人热爱好的事物，那么他爱的是什么？”“要拥有美好的事物。”我说。“拥有美好事物的人又得到什么呢？”“幸福，”我答道，“回答那个问题不是很难。”

“是的，”她说，“幸福的人因得到好的东西而感到幸福。那也就无需问为什么人渴望幸福了。这个答案是确定的。”

“你是对的。”我说。“这种愿望和渴望对所有人都是共同的吗？是所有的人永远都渴望美好的东西为自己所有或仅是某些人这样？——你怎么说？”“所有的人，”我回答，“这种渴望对所有的人都是相同的。”

“那么，为什么，”她反驳道，“苏格拉底，如果不是所有的人都要去爱，而仅是部分人呢？然而你说，所有的人总是爱相同的事物。”“我自己也很纳闷，”我说，“为什么是这样。”

“没有什么可纳闷的，”她答道，“原因是爱的一部分被分离走了，却得到了这个名称的全部，但其余部分有其他的名称。”“解释一下。”我说。

如下就是她对我的回答：“诗歌，你知道，是复杂多样的。把所有不存在的事物创造或转变成为存在的事物即是诗歌或创作，所有艺术所经历的这一过程是具有创造性的，所以艺术大师都是诗人或创作者。”

“的确如此。”

“还有，”她说，“你知道他们不被称为诗人，但却拥有其他的称呼。仅涉及到音乐和韵律那部分艺术，而且它是与其他部分分开的，被叫做诗歌，在词的这个意义上讲，掌握诗歌的人才被称作诗人。”

“非常正确，”我说。“要拥有爱也是一样的。

因为你通常会说所有对美好和幸福的渴望仅仅就是爱所产生的伟大而微妙的力量。但是经由其他渠道靠近他的人，不论是为了挣钱，或是热衷于体育运动或热爱哲学，都不会被称作爱人——这个名称的全部意

义适合于那些人，他们的爱只有一种形式——单单只有他们被称作是去爱，或是爱人。”

“我敢说，”我回答道，“你是对的。”

“是的，”她补充说，“你听人们说爱人们正在寻求他们的另一半，但是我说他们正在寻求的不是他们自身的另一半，也不是整体的另一半，除非另一半或整体也很好。如果他们是有害的，他们会砍掉他们自己的手和脚并把他们扔掉。因为他们爱属于别人的东西，除非偶然有某个人称属于他的是好的，属于别人的是坏的。因为人们只爱美好的事物。除此以外还有其他吗？”

“当然，我应当说没有。”“那么，”她说，“这一简单的真理就是人们热爱美好的事物。”“是的，”我说。“另外我必须要问他们是否爱拥有这些好的东西？”“是的，那必须要补充说一下。”“不仅拥有而且要永远拥有美好的东西吗？”

“那也必须要补充说一下。”“那么爱，”她说，“一般会被描述为这种爱，那就是要永远拥有好的事物吗？”“绝大多数情况下是这样的。”

“那么如果这就是爱的本质，你能进一步告诉我，”她说，“追求爱的方式是怎样的呢？那些表现出所有这种被称作爱的渴望和炙热的人们在做什么？在他们的视野里他们看到的是什么？回答我。”

我回答道：“不，第俄提玛，如果我知道，我就不会对你的智慧感到惊讶了，我也就不会来到这里想从你这儿学习关于爱的事情。”

“好吧，”她说，“我会教给你的——他们视野里所看到的事物要么源于美丽，要么源于身体，或是灵魂。”“我不明白，”我说，“您这睿智的回答需要解释一下。”

“我会把我的意思说得更清楚一些，”她回答道，“我的意思是，所有的人是需要花费一定的时间和精力才能使身心达到生育的阶段。

人的本性在某个年龄段是渴望生殖的——生殖一定是在美丽之中生殖而不是在丑恶之中生殖。这种生殖是把男人和女人联系在一起的纽带，是神圣的。因为怀孕和生殖是人世间生物取得永生的原理，而且他们不可能处于不和谐之中。

但是丑陋总是和神圣相悖的，而美丽却能与之和谐相处。

然而，美丽是命运之神或主管出生的生产女神，因此，当接近美丽的事物时，这种孕育的力量是吉祥的、扩散性的、没有危险的，产生并取得结果。一见到丑陋她就愁眉苦脸萎缩不前，感觉痛苦，转过脸去，

收缩枯萎，而且抑制怀孕也不是毫无痛苦的。

这就是为什么，当怀孕的时刻到来时，热闹的自然界是完美的，美的降临在减轻了分娩之痛时，又有这样一种忙乱和狂喜。

苏格拉底，因为爱不是像你想像的那样，仅爱美丽的事物。”“那是什么样的呢？”“爱在美丽中繁衍生息。”“是的，”我说。“是的，的确是，”她回答道。

“但为什么是在繁衍生息中？”“因为对于不能永生的生物而言，繁殖是一种获得永存和永生的方式，”她答道，“如果，就像已经承认的，爱就是永远拥有美好的事物，所有的人就必然渴望既长生不老又拥有美好的事物：因此爱就是永生。”

这就是在不同时间谈及爱时，她所教给我的。

我记得她曾经对我说：“苏格拉底，是什么产生了爱以及随之而来的渴望？你难道没有看到，所有的动物，鸟和兽，在要求生殖，受到爱的感染时，是多么的痛苦，这源于渴望彼此的结合。接下来是照顾好下一代，为了他们的利益，最弱小的会随时准备与最强大的做最顽强的搏斗，为他们而死，为了维护年轻的一代他们会忍饥挨饿，会忍受任何苦难。

人类可能被认为是从这一理由而生，但是为什么动物竟然也有这些激情呢？你能告诉我为什么吗？”

我再一次回答说不知道。她对我说：“如果你不知道这个，你还能期待成为精通爱这门艺术的大师吗？”“但是我已告诉你了，第俄提玛，我的无知是我来找你的原因。因为我意识到我需要一名老师，告诉我这件事的起因还有关于爱的其他神秘的事情。”

“不惊奇吗，”她说，“如果你认为爱是永生的，就像我们这几次认为的那样，因此也基于同样的原理，这种不能永生的本质在尽可能地寻求永存和永生。这只能靠繁衍生息获得，因为繁衍后代总是在老的旧的地方留下新的。甚至是在同样的个体生命中就有这样的演替而并不是要在绝对的结合之中：人类就被称作上述这样的个体，然而在这短暂的青春流逝走向年老的瞬间，每一个动物都被认为是有生命和身份的，他正经历着失去和补偿的这一反复交替的过程——头发、肉体、骨头和整个身体总是不停地变化。

这不仅对身体而言是真理，也适用于灵魂，我们中没有哪个人会保持习惯、性情、观点、愿望、快乐、痛苦，恐惧一成不变，它们总是变

来变去的；知识也是同样的，对于不能永生的我们而言还有更令我们感到吃惊的，就是不仅知识一般来说会繁荣和枯萎，以至于就知识而言，我们也从未表现出相同性；而且每一种知识都经历着同样的变化。

“回忆”这个词的含义是什么，而知识的离去，就是忘记过去，而由于回忆被更新后保存下来，看似同样的而实际上却变了，根据演替的法则，所有不能永生的事物被保存下来，不一定绝对一样，但经过替换，旧的、已耗尽的、注定一死的生物留下另一个新的同样的存在物——不像神圣的事物，神圣的事物总是一成不变，不会转换成其他？

同样，苏格拉底，凡人之体，或任何不能永生之物，都带有几分不朽的性质，但是这是以另一种方式不朽。

那么就不必对人人都有的对于后代的爱而感到惊异了，因为那种博爱和兴趣是为了永生。”

我对她的话感到非常惊讶，然后说：“这真的是事实吗，噢，聪明的第俄提玛？”

她以一位技艺娴熟的诡辩家所具有的最大权威回答我说：“对于那个，苏格拉底，你可以放心——仅去想一想人类的野心，你就会对于他们行为方式的愚蠢而感到吃惊，除非你考虑到他们是如何受到贪念永垂不朽的名望的鼓动。他们随时准备冒着各种危险，这远比为孩子所冒的风险多得多，花费金钱和遭受各种苦难，甚至赴死，为了身后能流芳百世。

你能想像到阿尔刻提斯愿意为阿德墨托斯而死，或者阿基里斯替帕特洛克罗斯报仇，或你们自己的国王，科德洛斯为他的儿子们维持王权地位而做的牺牲，他们是不是没有想像到自己给世人留下的美德会流芳百世？而且这些美德在我们这个时代仍有流传呢？不仅如此，”她说，“我相信人会做任何事情，他们越有能力就会做得越多，希望获得不朽美德的显赫名望，因为他们渴望不朽。

“那些仅在身体方面有孕育能力的人，就要使他们自己极力接近女人并期望有孩子——这是他们爱的本质。他们的后代，就像他们期望的，会保留对他们的记忆，给予他们渴望将来会有的祝福和永存不朽。

但是在心灵方面具有孕育能力的人——因为必然会有人，他们的心灵比身体更富有创造性——会想哪一个是适合灵魂去怀有或容纳的。

这些想法是什么呢？——一般而言，就是智慧和美德。诸如此类的创造者有诗人和所有值得享有发明家称号的艺术家。

但是目前为止，最伟大、最公正的那种智慧所涉及的就是城邦和家庭管理，这被称作节制和公正。

一个人年轻时，在他的身上就播下了这样的种子，他自身受到激发，当他到了成年，就渴望生儿育女。

他徘徊着去寻求美丽以便他有后人——因为他不愿在丑陋中留下后代——自然要拥抱美丽的而不是丑陋的身体。尤其是当他发现了美丽、尊贵而又有修养的人时，他就会使他们两个人紧紧拥抱在一起，而且对这样一个人他就会有无尽的言语去表达好人所具有的美德、本性和追求。

他尽力去教育他。每当碰到他记忆里存有的美丽，甚至当记忆里没有时，他就把长久以来所想的孕育出来，和他一起照顾他所生育的孩子。他们是通过更近的血缘关系而结婚，并且比生育凡胎的人有更亲密的友谊，因为他们共同的后代是更美丽，更不朽于人世的。

当想到荷马和赫西奥德还有其他伟大的诗人时，谁不想要超凡脱俗的孩子？

谁不会在生育孩子时仿效他们，比如说他们的孩子，会保留着对他们的记忆，并让他们的美名流芳百世？或者谁又不想有像莱科勾那样的孩子，成为救世主，不仅是古斯巴达而且是希腊的救世主，就像人们说的那样？还有梭伦，让人尊敬的雅典法律的制定者。还有在诸多其他地方的很多其他的人，在希腊人和野蛮人之中，他们为世界创造出很多宏伟之作，是每一种美德的根源。为了有像他们的孩子那样的孩子，以他们的名誉建造了许多的庙宇。这不是为了纪念任何人而建的，而是为了他的不能永生的孩子。

“爱的不太神秘之处，甚至是你，苏格拉底，也可以领悟。对于更大更加隐蔽的，既是这神秘的顶峰了，对于此，如果你以正确的态度去追寻，它们会指引你到那里，我不知道你能否到达。但是我会尽我最大努力告知你，如果你能领悟，就要注意听。

因为能在这件事上以正确的路线行进的人，应当在年轻时就开始去与具有美丽形体的人交往了。首先，如果他的老师正确的引导他，仅爱这样一种样子——他就应当通过它创造出美丽的想法，不久他自发地就会认识到一种形体的美丽近乎于另一种形体的美丽。那么一般而言，如果形体的美丽就是他所追寻的，那么当他无法识别出每一种形体的美丽和相同之处时该是多么的愚蠢！

当他认识到这一点时，他会把他对某一事物猛烈的爱减少一些，会蔑视它，认为它是不起眼的，并成为热爱所有美丽事物的人。在下一阶段，他会考虑心灵的美丽要比外在形体的美丽更值得人的尊敬。

因此如果一颗善良的心灵哪怕只有一点美丽之处，他将会愿意去爱并照顾他，将会找寻到并想出能使年轻人变好的思想，直到他被迫去思忖和领悟制度与法律的美丽，去理解他们所有的美丽只是源于一类东西的美丽，个人的美丽只占一点。

法律和制度之后，他会走向科学，他会看到它们的美丽，不像一个热爱青年或成人或制度的仆人，他本人是自私的、心胸狭窄的奴隶，然而逐渐走向并注视着这片广阔的美丽海域，在对智慧之爱这无边的领域里，他将会创造出许多美好和高贵的思想与观念，直到在那块海滨长大，并逐渐变得强壮，最后在他眼前显示出一种单一的学科，这就是无处不在的美丽之科学。对于此我会继续讲下去；请尽最大努力集中注意力听我讲：

“目前为止，在所有关于爱的事物中他所受的教育，他已学会以应遵守的秩序和顺序去看美丽的事物，当走到尽头时他会突然觉察到令人惊奇的美丽之本质（这个，苏格拉底，就是所有我们之前辛苦讨论的终极原因）——这种本质起初是永恒的，不生长也不衰退，也不会渐渐增多或渐渐减少。

其次，不会从一个立场上看是美丽，而从另一个立场上看是邪恶的，或一时或一种关系或一处是美丽的，而再一次或另一种关系或另一处是邪恶的，就好像是对某些人是美丽的，对他人是邪恶的，或是貌似一张脸或双手或身体构造的其他部分，亦或是任何一种形式的演讲或任何一种学科，或是存在于任何一种事物之中，例如，在动物，或天上或地上，或任何其他地方。但是爱却是绝对的、独立的、简单和永恒的，不会减少亦不会增大，没有任何变化，它被赋予给所有其他事物中日益增大和渐趋毁灭的美丽之中。

在真爱的影响之下，他从这些高度开始觉察出美，离尽头不是很远。

爱的事物之中真正的顺序，或由另一人引导的顺序是从尘世的美丽开始，为了寻求其他的美丽而攀升，只是把这些作为台阶，从一级走向二级，从二级走向所有美丽的形式，从美丽的形式走向美丽的实践，从美丽的实践到美丽的观念，直到从美丽的观念处他得出绝对美丽的概

念，最后他知道了爱的本质是什么。

亲爱的苏格拉底，”曼蒂尼亚来的这位贵客说，“这就是人类首先应当有的生活，沉思于绝对的爱；这种爱一旦你见到，你就不会再追寻钱财的多少、衣服的贵贱、美丽的男孩或青年，这些现在在诱惑你的事物。你和许多人都愿意这样生活，仅是看着他们，与他们交谈而废寝忘食，如果那是可能的——你只是想要看看他们和他们在一起。但如果一个人有眼力能辨别出真正的美丽——

这神圣的美丽，我意思是，纯洁、清澈、没有杂质的，不会受到必死之念的搅扰，还有人类生活的所有外在虚荣的污染——朝那个方向看，与真正简单而神圣的美丽交流呢？

记得仅在一次共同的交流中，用心灵去看美好的东西时，他能够产生的不是美的意象，而却是真实的（因为抓住的不是一个意象而是真实），产生并养育真正的美德以成为神灵的朋友并获得永生，如果凡人可以做到的话。那样的话活着会不光彩吗？”

这些话，费德鲁斯——我不仅对你这样说，而且是对你们所有的人说的——都是第俄提玛的原话，我被说服相信这些话了。

由于相信这些话，我试着去说服你们，为了达到这一目标，人性不容易找到比爱更好的帮手了：因此，我认为每个人应当尊敬他就像我本人尊敬他一样，走他走的路，并鼓励他人也这样做，现在并永远要根据我能力的大小来赞扬爱的力量和精神。

我已说出的话，你，费德鲁斯，可能会唤醒人们去赞美爱，或任何其他你喜欢的东西。

苏格拉底说完后，聚会的人们就鼓掌喝彩，阿里斯托芬正要开始说些话回应苏格拉底演讲里涉及的暗示时，突然听到了来自于一些狂饮者的猛烈敲门声，随即传来了长笛女吹来的笛声。

阿伽通告诉侍者去看看这些闯入者是谁。“如果是我们的朋友，”他说，“把他们邀请进来，但如不是，就说会饮结束了。”

后来不一会儿，他们就听到亚西比德在庭院里宏亮的嗓音。他现在正处于极度的醉酒状态，不停的大吼和喊叫“阿伽通在哪？带我去见阿伽通，”最后，被一个长笛女和一些侍从扶着，他找到了他们。“嘿，朋友们，”他说，亚西比德出现在门旁，他戴着常春藤和紫罗兰编织的花环，头旁飘垂着缎带。

“你们会接受一位烂醉如泥的人做为你们狂饮的一员吗？或者我应当

给阿伽通带上花冠，这也是我来的目的，然后就走？

因为昨天我不能来，因此今天我到这儿来了，头上戴着这些缎带，从我的头上拿下，带到最美丽最聪明的人的头上，就像我被允许拜访他一样。你们会因为我喝醉了而嘲笑我吗？然而我却十分清楚我正在说实话，虽然你们会笑。但是首先告诉我，如果我加入到其中，我说的话能被理解吗（比如之前我说的，你们会给一位十足的醉汉机会吗？等等）？你们是否会和我一起喝呢？”

会饮者们大声地请求他加入进来，阿伽通特别邀请了他一下。于是他被和他一起来的人们引了进来。在他被引进来的时候，他打算给阿伽通带上花冠，他从头上拿下缎带捧在面前，这样却妨碍他看到苏格拉底，而苏格拉底正给他腾地方，亚西比德就在阿伽通和苏格拉底之间的空位置坐了下来，他拥抱了阿伽通，并给他带了花冠。阿伽通说，脱下便鞋，在这边的卧榻下让他作为第三个发言人。

亚西比德说，一定，但在我们的会饮中谁会是第三个人的搭档呢？在转过身来开始讲时，他看到了苏格拉底。

以赫拉克勒斯的名义，他说，这是谁？苏格拉底总是躺在这等着我，就是他那个样子，出人意料地出现在各种各样的场合。现在为了你自己你说了什么，为什么你躺在这儿，我发现你在此处已找到了一块地方，不是通过爱开玩笑的人或是爱听笑话的人，就像阿里斯托芬，而是通过会饮者中最美的人吗？

苏格拉底转向阿伽通说：我必须请求你保护我，阿伽通，因为这个人的热情对我来说，已经变成一件十分严肃的事情。

自从我成为他的仰慕者，我就从未被允许和其他任何长得漂亮的人说话，甚至都不能看他们一眼。

如果我这样做了，他就会因艳羡和嫉妒而发狂，不仅要辱骂我而且几乎不能让他的手离开我，此刻他可能会对我做出某种伤害。

请注意这个，一定要使我和他和解，或者，如果他企图使用武力，请保护我，因为我打身体上就畏惧他这些疯狂和热烈的企图。

亚西比德说，你和我之间从不可能有和解，但是目前我要推迟对你的惩罚。

我必须请求你，阿伽通，还给我一些缎带，我会把它们带到这位宇宙专制者的令人不可思议的头上——我不会让他因为我给你戴上了缎带却忽略了他，而抱怨我，在谈话中他总能胜过所有的人。这不止一次，

就好像你们前天的那个样子，而总是这个样子。因此，他拿了一些缎带，戴到了苏格拉底的头上，又屈身坐了回来。

然后他说，我的朋友们，你们似乎是清醒的，这可是不能让人忍受的。你们必须喝酒——因为这是我被认可的约定——我选我自己为宴会的主人直到你们都喝的令我满意为止。

他说，让我们用大的高脚杯，阿伽通，更确切地说，他又转向侍从说，把那个冷酒器递给我。

他看到的那个冷酒器是一个能容纳超过两夸脱酒的容器——他斟满酒并一饮而尽，又吩咐侍从再为苏格拉底斟满。

亚西比德说，注意看，我的朋友们，我这精心设计的骗局对苏格拉底是不起作用的，因为他非常能喝酒而且从未喝醉过。苏格拉底喝了侍从为他斟满的酒。

艾利马卡斯说，亚西比德，这算什么？难道我们不要交流也不要畅饮赞美，仅仅就好像因为饥渴而喝酒吗？

亚西比德回答说，好哇，这位让人尊敬的最博学的，而且最值得人钦佩的大人物的儿子！

艾利马卡斯说，你也一样，但我们又将做什么呢？亚西比德说，那个就由你定。

“聪明的医生有办法使我们的伤口愈合（来自《萧伯的荷马》，Il.）”应当给我们下个处方，我们会听从。你想要什么？

艾利马卡斯说，好的，在你来之前，我们通过一项决议，我们中的每个人轮流为赞美爱而做一次演讲，尽可能往好里说，次序是从左到右。鉴于我们都已说过，你还没说而且喝得很多，你应该说了，可以按照你的意愿随便强加给苏格拉底什么苦活，他也可以这样对待他右手边的人，等等。

亚西比德说，那样很好，艾利马卡斯，而醉汉的演讲与清醒者的相比几乎不能有什么有利之处。我就想要知道，亲爱的朋友，你们是否真地相信苏格拉底刚刚说过的话。因为我能向你保证与之相反的也是事实，如果我在他面前赞扬除他以外的任何人，不论是上帝或是人类，他几乎都要干涉我的。

真不害臊，苏格拉底说。亚西比德说，保持沉默吧，因为以波塞冬的名义发誓，有你在场的时候我是不会赞扬任何人的。利马卡斯说，那么，你是否愿意赞扬苏格拉底。亚西比德说，你认为呢，艾利马卡斯？

我是应当在你们所有人面前攻击他和惩罚他吗？

苏格拉底说，你在说什么？你打算以我为代价引起一场笑话吗？那是你赞扬的目的吗？如果你允许的话，我打算讲出事实。我不仅允许你，而且恳请你说出真相。

亚西比德说，那么我要马上开始了，如果我说的有任何不对的地方，如果你愿意，你可以打断我，并说“那是假话，”虽然我的意图是要讲出事实。

但是当事物进入我的脑海里时，你一定不要怀疑是否我会胡乱地讲。列举事物时的流畅和有序是你的超凡之处，而你所有的这些超凡之处在我这种情况下可不容易做到。

现在，我的孩子们，我要以一种貌似讽刺的方式赞扬苏格拉底了，然而我不是要与他开玩笑，而仅是为了说出事实。

我说，他可真像西勒诺斯，这个森林之神的半身像，矗立在雕塑店里，嘴里衔着管乐器亦或长笛。他们被塑造成中间敞开的样子，里面是神的肖像。同样我要说他像玛息阿，那个萨梯。

苏格拉底，你本人不能否定你的脸长得像萨梯的。啊，在其他方面也有相像之处。例如，你是个恃强凌弱者，如果你不承认的话，我有证人能证明。你不是一个吹笛手吗？你是，而且远比玛息阿吹的好得多。

的确，通过呼吸的力量，他过去用他的乐器迷惑过人类的心灵，演奏他音乐的人现在还在那样做：比如说奥林匹斯的美妙音乐（比较亚里士多德《政治学》）就来自于教授他们的玛息阿，这些乐曲不论是由伟大的乐师或是可怜的吹笛女来演奏，都具有其他乐曲所没有的魅力。单单它们自身就具有情感，并能表现出那些对众神和神秘之物有需求的人的欲望，因为它们是神圣的。

但你只用你的话语就产生出同样的效果，不需要长笛，那就是你与他的不同之处。我们听其他人演讲时，甚至是一位非常棒的演说家，也不会对我们有丝毫的影响，或是太大的影响，然而你那甚至尚未完成的作品和只言片语，哪怕是二手的，不管是被复述到什么糟糕的地步，都能迷惑住听到它们的每个人的灵魂，不论男人、女人或小孩。

如果我不是担心你会认为我喝的酩酊大醉了，我本想发誓证明它们总是，而且依旧对我产生影响。与女神西布莉的随从的狂欢乱舞相比，我的心要跳的更剧烈，听到它们时，我会泪流满面。

我注意到其他许多人也受到同样的影响。

我听过伯里克利（古雅典政治家）和其他伟大的演说家的演讲，我认为他们说的很好，但是我却从未有过同样的感觉。他们的演讲不会令我振作，一想到我这种臣服的状态，我并不感到愤怒。

但是这位玛息阿经常把我带到那样一条路上，我感觉就好像我几乎不能忍受我所过的生活（这个，苏格拉底，你会承认的）。我意识到，如果我没有掩住耳朵不去听，迅速走开，就像要避免听到塞壬的歌声一样，那我的命运就要和其他人一样了——他会麻木我，我会坐在他的旁边等待变老。

因为他使我承认我不应当像我现在这样生活，忽略我自己心灵所需要的东西，忙碌于雅典人的事情。因此我抑制自己不去听，使我自己远离他。

他是唯一一位曾经让我觉得羞愧的人，你或许认为这不是我的本性，可没有其他人让我有同样的感受。

因为我知道我不能回答他的问题或者说我不应该按照他的吩咐去做，但是一旦我离开他，对名望的热爱就会击败我。

因此我逃开并快速远离他，当我看到他时，我会为自己已对他所做的忏悔并且感到羞愧。

许多次，我希望他死去，然而我知道如若他死去我会更加伤心而不是开心，因此我不知所措了。

这就是吹长笛的萨梯让我和许多其他人所遭受的。

然而当我向你们展现这比喻是多么准确时，请再一次听我说，他的力量是多么非凡。让我告诉你，你们中没有人了解他。但是我会让他为你们所知，既然已经开始，我就必须得继续讲。你想看看他是多么喜欢漂亮的人吗？

他总是会和他们在一起，总是受到他们的折磨，并且他什么都不知道，对一切事物都一无所知——那就是他所表现出来的样子。

在这方面他不像西勒诺斯吗？当然，他很像。他外表的面具就是被雕刻好的西勒诺斯的头部。但是，噢，我这些正饮酒的同伴们，当他真实的一面被揭开时，里面是有怎样的自我节制呀！

你们要知道，许多人为之惊叹的美丽、财富和荣誉对他来说都毫无价值，受到他绝对的鄙视：他一点也不尊敬那些拥有它们的人。他们不能与其相比，他用整个一生的精力去嘲笑和愚弄他们。但是当我揭开他的表象，向里看时，看到他严肃认真的一面，那是神圣和珍贵的化身，

那令人着迷的品质使我甘愿立刻去做苏格拉底命令我做的任何事情。它们可能会被其他人忽视，但我能注意到它们。

现在我想他极其倾心于我的美丽，我认为我因此应当有极大的机会听他告诉我他所知道的，因为我对我的青春魅力极有自信。

在实施计划时，我首先走到他旁边，然后把通常陪伴我的仆人打发走了（我要坦白整个事件的真相，请你们听着。如果我说错了，苏格拉底，你会揭露错误之处吗）。

喔，他和我单独在一起了，我认为当没有人和我们在一起时，我应当听到他说出爱人们在热恋中说出的话，当他们身旁没有别人时，我心中充满了快乐。可这种事并没发生，他还像通常一样交谈，跟我呆了一天便走了。

然后我邀请他去健身房较量一下，当没有旁人在的时候，他和我摔跤，扭打了几次。我想，在这种方式下我或许会成功。可我没成功，我对他一点办法也没有了。

最后，因为到目前为止我还没有成功，我认为我必须采取更强硬的措施，大胆地对他进攻，我按此方式开始了，不放弃他，只是要看看他和我之间会发生什么。

因此我邀请他与我共进晚餐，正好像他是一位美丽的青年，而我则是一个狡猾的情人。

劝说他过来不是很容易，然而，过了一会儿，他却接受了我的邀请。当他第一次来的时候，晚餐一结束，他立刻就要走，我真是没有脸面去挽留他。第二次，仍依照我的计划，在晚餐后，我继续和他谈至深夜，当他要离去时，我假借天色已晚劝他最好留下来。

因此他躺在我旁边的睡椅上，跟吃饭时一样，寓所里只有我们两个人在睡觉。

我讲这一切时，无愧于人。但如果我是清醒的，接下来发生的就很难讲述了。然而就像谚语里说的，“酒后吐真言，”不论身旁有没有这些小伙子们（来自于两个寓言引喻。），我必须说。

此外，当我赞扬苏格拉底时，若是隐瞒了他高尚的行为，我就应该受到责备。

此外，我已感受到阴险之徒设计的圈套。遭受苦难的人，就像他们说的，只愿意向同样遭受苦难的同伴们诉说，因为只有他们可能理解他，在判断他出于痛苦而说或做的事情时不会偏激。

因为我已被比毒蛇还毒的牙齿咬过，所以在我的心灵，心里，或其他部位，我知道那种最剧烈的疼痛发生在一个直率的年轻人身上会比毒蛇的牙齿咬的还猛烈。哲学带给人的剧痛，会使人无所不说，无所不做。

在我周围的你们，费德鲁斯、阿伽通、艾利马卡斯、保萨尼阿斯、亚理斯托脱顿和阿里斯托芬，你们所有人，我就不必说苏格拉底本人了，在你们渴求智慧的道路上，也有着同样疯狂、激昂的经历。因此听着，原谅我那时做的事和现在说的话。但是让侍从和其他鄙俗的、粗鲁的人捂住耳朵不听。

当灯熄了，仆人走了以后，我认为我必须对他坦白，不再弄得含糊不清。因此我晃了晃他，说："苏格拉底，你睡了吗？""没有，"他说。"你知道我正在考虑什么吗？""你在考虑什么？"他说。"我认为，"我回答道，"对我曾有过的所有爱人，你是唯一值得我爱慕的，你看起来太谨慎了以至于不愿说出来。

现在，我感觉拒绝你这样或那样的好意，我应当是个傻瓜，因此我把我和我朋友所有的一切都献给你，听你吩咐，希望你会帮助我获得美德，这是我尤为想要的，而且在这儿方面比起其他人，你对我的帮助能更大些。

如果我拒绝给你这样的人恩惠，博学的人就会指责我，那我就有更多的理由感到羞愧。世俗的人，大多数都是愚蠢的，而如果我允许他们说我的话，我就不应当感到那么羞愧。"

他用反语的方式回答了这些话，这是他特有的风格——"亚西比德，我的朋友，如果你说的是真的，你的确有高尚的志向，如果我自身真的有种力量可以使你变好。的确，你一定在我身上看到某种罕有的美丽，远比我在你身上看到的高尚的多。

因此，如果你打算和我一起分享，用美交换美丽，你将大大超过我。作为对外表的回报，你会获得真正的美丽——就像狄俄墨得斯，用黄金兑换黄铜。

但再看看，亲爱的朋友，看看你是否没有看错我。当肉眼不能辨别时，心灵开始变得有判断力，在你变老之前，这是一个漫长的过程。"

听到此，我说："我已经告诉了你我的目的，这是相当严肃的，你考虑了你所想的，对你和我是最好的吗。""那是件好事，"他说，"那么改天我们会以所认为最恰当的方式来考虑这事还有其他事，并付诸行

动。”于是，我想他受了打击，我说出的话就像箭一样刺伤了他，因此，等不及再去多听，我起了身，把我的外套随手扔到他旁边，爬到他破旧的大外衣下面，由于时值冬日，整个晚上我就躺在那，想着我臂弯里这个令人惊奇的怪物。

此外，苏格拉底，这个是你拒绝不了的。然而，尽管我做了所有这些，他对我所有的诱惑都是如此的不为所动，如此鄙视、嘲笑和轻视我的美丽——真的，就像我想的，有些迷人的地方——噢，裁判员们，你们听着，因为你们应是苏格拉底高傲德行的裁判员——什么都没发生，早晨我醒来时（让众神为我作证）我只是从一位父亲或一位长兄的长椅上起来的。

这次被拒之后，一想到我自己的丢人之处，你猜我肯定有怎样的感觉呢？

然而，我禁不住对他天生的节制、自制和刚毅惊叹不已。我从未想像过我会遇到一位在智慧和耐力方面像他这样的人。

因此，我无法对他生气或与他断绝关系，这比我希望赢得他的程度还重要。因为我非常晓得如果埃阿斯不能被钢铁所伤，他更不会为金钱所动。我唯一通过个人魅力去迷惑他的机会失败了。因此我那时不知所措，没有人像我曾这样不可救药地被另一个人束缚着。我和他之间所发生的事情就这样一直继续到波提狄亚，我们在那集体用餐，我则有机会观察他抵抗疲劳的超凡能力。

他的耐力简直太了不起了，当我们的供给切断时，我们要被迫没有食物而行进——那种情况，在战时是经常发生的，他不仅比我，而且比任何人都优秀，没有人能与他相比。然而，节日里他是唯一一位真正有实力去享受的人。虽然不愿意喝酒，但如果强迫他，他能把我们全都喝倒，一演讲就很精彩！没有人曾看到苏格拉底喝醉过，他的酒量，如果我没弄错，不久以后就得到了验证。他忍耐寒冷的毅力也是令人吃惊的。

那时出现了严霜，因为那个地区的冬天真的很可怕，其他人或是呆在屋里，或要是出去的话，穿的衣服就出奇的多，穿好鞋子，把脚裹在毡子和羊毛织物里。这时候，苏格拉底赤裸着脚站在冰上，他穿着平时的衣服，却比其他穿鞋的士兵行进得还好，他们愤怒地看着他，因为他似乎是在鄙视他们。

我已经告诉你们一个故事，现在我必须告诉你们另一个，这是值得

一听的，“关于一位有耐力的人所做的和所遭受的”在他出门远足时。

一天早上，他正在想某件他无法解决的事。他不愿放弃，但是从一大早一直想到中午——他就站在那一动不动地思索着。中午时，他引来了别人的注意，流言传到了好奇的人群里，说苏格拉底从天一破晓就一直站着，思索着某件事。

最后，晚上晚餐后，出于好奇，一些爱奥尼亚人（我应当解释一下，这不是在冬季而是在夏季），他们拿出席子睡在空旷处，这样他们可以注视着他，看他是否会整晚都站着。

他就在那一直站到第二天一大早。随着日光的降临，他向太阳做了祈祷，然后就上路了。我还要讲一下，如果你们愿意听的话——实际上我必须讲——关于他作战时的勇猛。因为正是他，救了我的命吗？现在，就是在这次战役中，由于勇敢我受到了奖励。因为我受伤了，他不愿离开我，但是他挽救了我和我的部队。由于勇敢，他应该受到奖励而将军想要把它授予给我，部分原因是因为我的头衔，我告诉他们这事，（再者，这个，苏格拉底是不会怀疑或否认的），但是他比将军还积极，让我而不是他受到奖励。

在另一个场合里，他的行为也是非常出众的——代立昂战役后，军队撤退时，他在重武器部队中——此时要比在波提狄亚更有机会好好看看他，因为我本人骑在马上，所以相对安全。

他和拉刻正在撤退，因为部队在撤退，我遇到他们，告诉他们不要丧失勇气，并许诺和他们在一起。在那，你们或许会看到他，阿里斯托芬，如同你所描述的（阿里斯托芬《云》），他就好像走在雅典的大街上，像鹈鹕一样昂首阔步地走，转动着眼睛，沉着地注视着敌人还有朋友，这使得任何人，甚至离得很远的人都能明白，任何进攻他的人都可能遇到激烈的抵抗。就这样，他和他的同伴们跑掉了——因为这样的人才永远不会卷入战争中。那些轻率逃跑的人，才是唯一被追击的对象。

我尤为注意到，他比拉刻更加沉着、镇定。

在赞扬苏格拉底方面，我或许要叙述许多令人惊奇的事。他大多数的行为方式在另外一个人身上都能找到相似之处，但是，他有绝对不像任何人的地方，那是或曾是很令人吃惊的。你可以设想，伯拉西达和其他曾像阿基里斯的人，或你可以想像曾像伯里克利的内斯特和安特诺尔，其他著名的人也有同样的说法。但是对于这个奇怪的人，你将永远不能找到任何与其相似的人，不论离得多远，不管是现在还是过去的人

中——除了我在谈森林之神和萨梯时所暗示的。他们不仅能在外貌上代表他本人，而且在言语方面也可以。

因为，虽然我忘记之前对你提到过此事，但是他的话就像森林之神的塑像敞开时的样子。当你起初听到时，他们显得荒谬、可笑。他的话表面上看起来就像好色之徒萨梯的皮肤——因为他的话尽是拖物的驴子、铁匠、补鞋匠、制革匠，他总是用同样的话重复同样的事（比较《高尔吉亚篇》），以至于任何一个无知的或没有经验的人都有意要嘲笑他。但是打开半身像看到里面的人将会发现，这是对他们唯一有意义的话，也是最神圣的，富有美德，具有最广泛的含义，或更确切地说，可以扩展到一位善良而正直的人的全部职责。

朋友们，这就是我对苏格拉底的赞美之词。

由于他对我的不友善，我又说了些对他责备的言辞。他不仅不友善待我，而且也不友善对待卡密德，格劳孔的儿子，攸惕顿，狄俄克勒斯的儿子，也不友善对待许多其他人——开始时，作为他们的爱人，最后却使他们向他献殷勤。

因此我对你说，阿伽通，“不要被他骗了，要从我这儿学到些教训，并有所警惕，不要成为一个傻瓜，要从经验中学习，就像谚语里说的。”

亚西比德一说完，大家就因他的直言不讳而笑了出来，因为他似乎仍旧爱着苏格拉底。

苏格拉底说，你是清醒的，亚西比德，否则你是不会讲得这么多去隐藏你对你的萨梯的赞美之意，因为整个这部长篇大论只不过是一部精心策划的，婉转曲折的陈述，顺便说一下，其主旨在最后便显露出来。你想在我和阿伽通之间引起一场争吵，你的想法是我应该爱你而不是其他人，而且你们和你仅应该爱阿伽通一人。

但是，这个由萨梯或森林之神演绎的戏剧阴谋已被发现，阿伽通，你不能允许他离间我们。

阿伽通说，我相信你是对的，我也认为他把他自己置于你我之间的目的就是为了离间我们。但是，那个举动毫无意义，因为我要走到并躺在你身旁的椅子上。

是的，是的，苏格拉底回答说，你一定要过来躺在我下面的椅子上。

哎，亚西比德说，我是怎样被这个人给愚弄的呀。他决意每一轮都要打败我。我恳求你，允许阿伽通躺在我们中间吧。

苏格拉底说，当然不可能了，既然你赞扬了我，反过来该我赞扬我右边的人了，他若再赞扬我就是乱了次序，我必须请求你同意这一点，不要嫉妒，因为我极其渴望赞美这位青年。

阿伽通喊道，好哇！我要马上站起来，以便苏格拉底可以赞扬我。

亚西比德说，还是通常的样子，有苏格拉底的地方，美丽的人不会给其他任何人机会。现在，他多么容易就找到了一个似是而非的理由，把阿伽通吸引到他自己身旁。

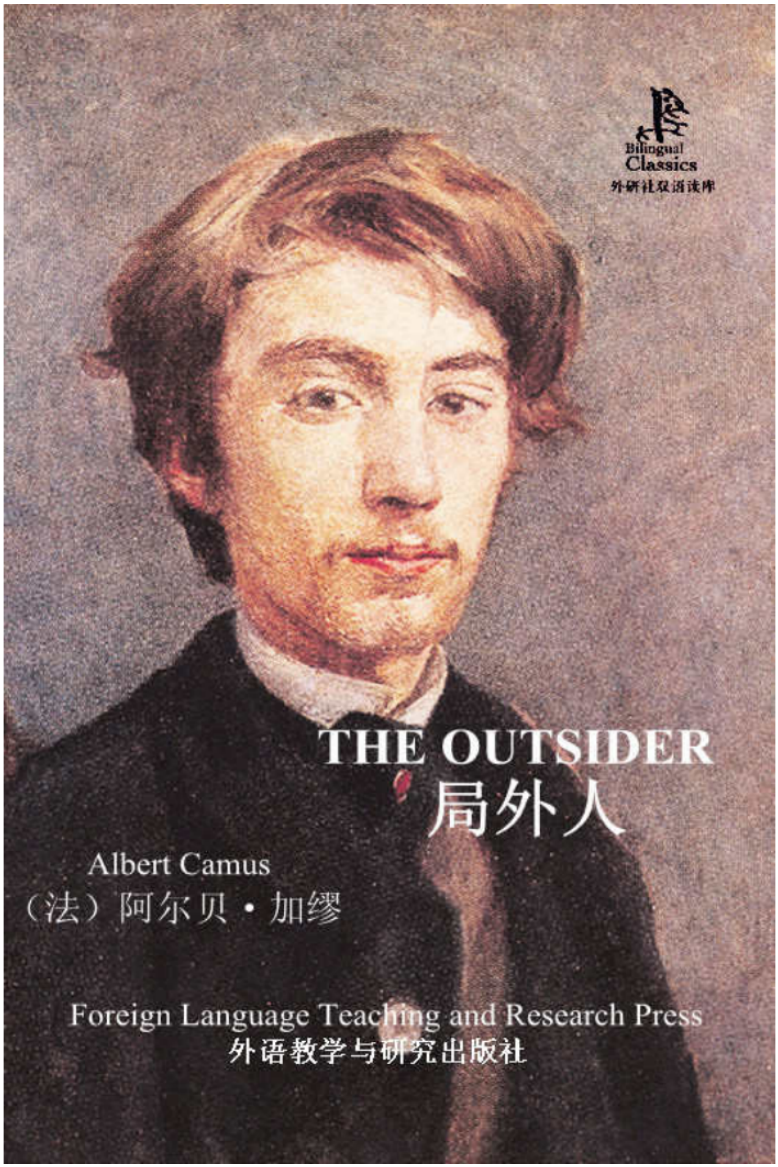
阿伽通站起身来以便于坐到苏格拉底旁边的椅子上，这时突然进来一帮狂欢者，破坏了宴会的讲话次序。某个要出去的人没有关门，他们见到门就进来了，无拘无束。接下来就极其的混乱了，每个人都被迫又喝了不少酒。

亚理斯托脱顿说艾利马卡斯、费德鲁斯还有其他人都走开了——他睡着了，由于夜晚很长，所以得到了很好的休息。黎明时，被公鸡报晓的声音惊醒了，只剩下了苏格拉底，阿里斯托芬和阿伽通，他们正从一个循环传递的大酒杯里取酒喝，苏格拉底正对他们讲话呢。

亚理斯托脱顿仅是半醒着，他没有听到讲话的开始，他记住的主要事情就是苏格拉底迫使其他两位承认，对喜剧有天赋的人对悲剧也有天赋，真正创作悲剧的艺术家也是真正创作喜剧的艺术家。至于这一点，他们勉强同意，由于昏昏欲睡地，并不能完全领悟辩论的主题。

首先是阿里斯托芬睡着了，然后，天已破晓后阿伽通也睡着了。

苏格拉底，把他们都说睡着了后，起身离开了。亚理斯托脱顿，就像他的习惯那样，跟着他。在吕克昂，他洗了个澡，像往常一样度过了这一天。晚上他在自己的房间睡下了。



Bilingual Classics
外研社双语读库

THE OUTSIDER
局外人

Albert Camus
（法）阿尔贝·加缪

Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
外语教学与研究出版社

The Outsider

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阿尔贝·加缪（法） 著
外研社编译组 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

Chinese translation copyright © Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press 2012

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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Part One

第一部

Chapter I

第一章

Mother died today. Or, maybe, yesterday; I can't be sure. The telegram from the Home says: YOUR MOTHER PASSED AWAY. FUNERAL TOMORROW. DEEP SYMPATHY. Which leaves the matter doubtful; it could have been yesterday.

今天，母亲死了。或者是昨天，我也不是很清楚。我收到养老院的电报，上面写着：母亡。明日下葬。节哀。电报没把事情说清楚，母亲也可能是昨天去世的。

The Home for Aged Persons is at Marengo, some fifty miles from Algiers. With the two o'clock bus I should get there well before nightfall. Then I can spend the night there, keeping the usual vigil beside the body, and be back here by tomorrow evening. I have fixed up with my employer for two days' leave; obviously, under the circumstances, he couldn't refuse. Still, I had an idea he looked annoyed, and I said, without thinking: "Sorry, sir, but it's not my fault, you know.”

养老院位于马伦戈，距离阿尔及尔约五十英里。我坐两点钟的公共汽车，天黑之前应该能赶到那里。这样我就可以在那里过夜，按规矩在母亲遗体旁守灵，明晚之前再赶回来。我跟老板请了两天的假，显然，这种情况下，他不得不批假。不过，我知道他不大高兴，便不加思索地说：“很抱歉，但老板你知道，这可不是我的错啊。”

Afterwards it struck me I needn't have said that. I had no reason to excuse myself; it was up to him to express his sympathy and so forth. Probably he will do so the day after tomorrow, when he sees me in black. For the present, it's almost as if Mother weren't really dead. The funeral will bring it home to me, put an official seal on it, so to speak....

后来，我突然意识到我没必要这么说。我没有必要表示抱歉，倒是他应该对我说些表示哀悼之类的话。等后天他看见我穿黑色丧服，可能就会这样说了。现在，我感觉母亲好像还没有死。而葬礼会让我深刻意识到母亲已离世，像盖了公章一样确凿无疑了，可以说……

I took the two-o'clock bus. It was a blazing hot afternoon. I'd lunched, as usual, at Céleste's restaurant. Everyone was most kind, and Céleste said to me, "There's no one like a mother.” When I left they came with me to the door. It was something of a rush, getting away, as at the last moment I had to call in at Emmanuel's place to borrow his black tie and mourning band. He lost his uncle a few months ago.

我赶上了两点钟的公共汽车。那是个极其炎热的下午。像往常一样，我在塞莱斯特的饭馆吃了午饭。人人都来安慰我。塞莱斯特还对我

说：“没有谁能替代母亲的位置。”我要走的时候，他们一直把我送到门口。我走得有些匆忙，因为临出发前我还得去埃马纽埃尔那里借黑领结和黑纱。他叔叔几个月前刚刚去世。

I had to run to catch the bus. I suppose it was my hurrying like that, what with the glare off the road and from the sky, the reek of gasoline, and the jolts, that made me feel so drowsy. Anyhow, I slept most of the way. When I woke I was leaning against a soldier; he grinned and asked me if I'd come from a long way off, and I just nodded, to cut things short. I wasn't in a mood for talking.

我不得不跑着去赶公共汽车。我猜想可能是因为我急着赶路，再加上一路上灼热耀眼的阳光、难闻的汽油味儿和汽车的颠簸，把我搞得昏昏欲睡。反正我几乎睡了一路。醒来时，我靠在一个士兵身上。他朝我笑了笑，问我是不是从很远的地方来。我不想多说什么，只是点了点头。我没心情聊天。

The Home is a little over a mile from the village. I went there on foot. I asked to be allowed to see Mother at once, but the doorkeeper told me I must see the warden first. He wasn't free, and I had to wait a bit. The doorkeeper chatted with me while I waited; then he led me to the office. The warden was a very small man, with gray hair, and a Legion of Honor rosette in his buttonhole. He gave me a long look with his watery blue eyes. Then we shook hands, and he held mine so long that I began to feel embarrassed. After that he consulted a register on his table, and said:

养老院距离村子还有一英里多的路程。我是走着去的。我请求立刻见到母亲，但门卫告诉我，我得先去见见院长。院长正忙着，我得等一会儿。等候的时候，门卫跟我聊了会儿天，然后把我带到院长办公室。院长身材非常矮小，头发灰白，扣眼上别了一枚荣誉军团的玫瑰勋章。他用那双淡蓝色的眼睛打量了我许久。接着我们握了手，他握我手的时间长得让我有些尴尬。之后，他查阅了桌上的登记薄，说：

"Madame Meursault entered the Home three years ago. She had no private means and depended entirely on you."

“默尔索夫人是三年前来到这里的。她没有私人收入，完全靠你抚养。”

I had a feeling he was blaming me for something, and started to explain. But he cut me short.

我感觉他有点儿责备我的意思，就赶紧开始解释。但他打断了我，说道：

"There's no need to excuse yourself, my boy. I've looked up the record and obviously you weren't in a position to see that she was properly cared for. She needed someone to be with her all the time,

and young men in jobs like yours don't get too much pay. In any case, she was much happier in the Home.”

“你不需要解释，孩子。我已经看过档案了，显然，你无力好好地照顾她。她需要有人一直陪在身边，而做你这一行的年轻人薪水又不高。无论如何，她在养老院过得要开心得多。”

I said, "Yes, sir; I'm sure of that.”

我说：“是的，院长，这点我确定。”

Then he added: "She had good friends here, you know, old folks like herself, and one gets on better with people of one's own generation. You're much too young; you couldn't have been much of a companion to her.”

接着他又说：“你知道，她在这儿有许多好友，和她一样的老年人；人跟同龄人在一起总会相处得更好些。”你太年轻了，没法好好给她做伴儿。”

That was so. When we lived together, Mother was always watching me, but we hardly ever talked. During her first few weeks at the Home she used to cry a good deal. But that was only because she hadn't settled down. After a month or two she'd have cried if she'd been told to leave the Home. Because this, too, would have been a wrench. That was why, during the last year, I seldom went to see her. Also, it would have meant losing my Sunday—not to mention the trouble of going to the bus, getting my ticket, and spending two hours on the journey each way.

的确如此。以前我们住在一起的时候，母亲总是看着我，但我们几乎从不说话。刚进养老院的几个星期，她经常哭。但这仅仅是因为她还不适应。一两个月后，要是让她离开养老院，她也会哭的。因为离开养老院也会让她很痛苦。为此，这一年来我很少去看她。当然，去看她意味着我得牺牲我的星期天——更别提赶汽车，买车票，在路上来回颠簸四个小时了。

The warden went on talking, but I didn't pay much attention. Finally he said:

院长还在说个不停，但我没太注意他说什么。最后，他说：

"Now, I suppose you'd like to see your mother?”

“我想现在你希望再看看你母亲吧？”

I rose without replying, and he led the way to the door. As we were going down the stairs he explained:

我站起身来，没有答话，跟着他走出门去。下楼的时候，他解释道：

"I've had the body moved to our little mortuary—so as not to upset the other old people, you understand. Every time there's a death here, they're in a nervous state for two or three days. Which means, of course, extra work and worry for our staff.”

“我让人把她的遗体移到小太平间了——免得其他老人担心害怕，你理解吧。每次这儿有人死了，他们都会紧张两三天。当然，这就会给我们的工作人员带来额外的工作和麻烦。”

We crossed a courtyard where there were a number of old men, talking amongst themselves in little groups. They fell silent as we came up with them. Then, behind our backs, the chattering began again. Their voices reminded me of parakeets in a cage, only the sound wasn't quite so shrill. The warden stopped outside the entrance of a small, low building.

我们穿过一个院子，里面有一些老人，三两成群，正在谈论着什么。我们一来，他们就不说话了。我们一走，他们又开始议论了。他们的声音让我想到了笼子里的鹦鹉，只不过没那么吵。院长在一幢小小的矮房子门前停了下来：

"So here I leave you, Monsieur Meursault. If you want me for anything, you'll find me in my office. We propose to have the funeral tomorrow morning. That will enable you to spend the night beside your mother's coffin, as no doubt you would wish to do. Just one more thing; I gathered from your mother's friends that she wished to be buried with the rites of the Church. I've made arrangements for this; but I thought I should let you know.”

“就是这儿，默尔索先生。如果你需要我，请随时到办公室找我。我们准备明天早上举行葬礼。这样晚上你就能为你母亲守灵了，你肯定希望这样做。还有一件事：我从你母亲的朋友们那儿得知，她希望葬礼能按教会仪式举行。我已经安排好了，但我觉得还是应该告诉你这件事。”

I thanked him. So far as I knew, my mother, though not a professed atheist, had never given a thought to religion in her life.

我向他道了谢。据我所知，尽管母亲生前并未说过自己是个无神论者，但她也从来没信仰过什么宗教。

I entered the mortuary. It was a bright, spotlessly clean room, with whitewashed walls and a big skylight. The furniture consisted of some chairs and trestles. Two of the latter stood open in the center of the room and the coffin rested on them. The lid was in place, but the screws had been given only a few turns and their nickeled heads stuck out above the wood, which was stained dark walnut. An Arab woman—a nurse, I supposed—was sitting beside the bier; she was wearing a blue smock and had a rather gaudy scarf wound round her hair.

我进了太平间。里面很亮，一尘不染，墙壁刷成白色，房顶开了扇大天窗。房间里有几把椅子和一些支架。房屋中间的两个支架上放着母亲的棺材。棺材盖着盖子，但螺丝钉只浅浅地拧进去几圈，它们镍制的头从木头里翘了出来，周围的木头被染成了深胡桃色。棺材旁边站一个阿拉伯女人，我想她应该是护士。她穿着蓝大褂，头上包着一块很俗丽的围巾。

Just then the keeper came up behind me. He'd evidently been running, as he was a little out of breath.

这时，门卫来到了我身后。他有些气喘吁吁，显然是跑着来的。

"We put the lid on, but I was told to unscrew it when you came, so that you could see her."

“我们把棺材给盖上了，但你来了，他们就让我打开，好让你看看。”

While he was going up to the coffin I told him not to trouble.

他正要走向棺材，我告诉他不必了。

"Eh? What's that?" he exclaimed. "You don't want me to ...?”

“嗯？怎么了？”他叫道，“你不想让我……?"

"No," I said.

“不想。”我说。

He put back the screwdriver in his pocket and stared at me. I realized then that I shouldn't have said, "No," and it made me rather embarrassed. After eying me for some moments he asked:

他把螺丝刀放回口袋，目不转睛地看着我。这时我意识到不应该说“不想”，这让我很尴尬。盯着我看了一会儿后，他问道：

"Why not?" But he didn't sound reproachful; he simply wanted to know.

“为什么？”但他没有责备的意思，只是想知道为什么。

"Well, really I couldn't say," I answered.

“唔，说真的，我也不知道。”我说。

He began twiddling his white mustache; then, without looking at me, said gently:

他开始抚弄他白色的小胡子，然后，他避开我的目光，柔声说道：

"I understand."

“我理解。”

He was a pleasant-looking man, with blue eyes and ruddy cheeks.

He drew up a chair for me near the coffin, and seated himself just behind. The nurse got up and moved toward the door. As she was going by, the keeper whispered in my ear:

他相貌不错，蓝眼睛，面色红润。他给我搬来一把椅子，放在棺材附近，他自己则坐在我身后。护士起身朝门口走去。她经过时，门卫向我耳语道：

"It's a tumor she has, poor thing.”

“她长了肿瘤，可怜的人啊。”

I looked at her more carefully and I noticed that she had a bandage round her head, just below her eyes. It lay quite flat across the bridge of her nose, and one saw hardly anything of her face except that strip of whiteness.

我更仔细地看了看她，注意到她眼睛下面饶头缠了条绷带。绷带就在鼻梁上面，除了这条白色的绷带几乎看不到她的脸。

As soon as she had gone, the keeper rose.

她一走，门卫就起身了，说道：

"Now I'll leave you to yourself.”

“我走了，不打扰你了。”

I don't know whether I made some gesture, but instead of going he halted behind my chair. The sensation of someone posted at my back made me uncomfortable. The sun was getting low and the whole room was flooded with a pleasant, mellow light. Two hornets were buzzing overhead, against the skylight. I was so sleepy I could hardly keep my eyes open. Without looking round, I asked the keeper how long he'd been at the Home. "Five years." The answer came so pat that one could have thought he'd been expecting my question.

我不知道是不是我打了什么手势，总之他没有走，而是在我椅子后面停住了。有人站在我背后，我很不自在。太阳快下山了，整个房间沐浴在一种柔和、舒适的光线中。两只大黄蜂在头顶天窗上嗡嗡地飞。我很困，眼睛几乎都睁不开了。我问门卫在养老院呆多久了，但没有回头看他。“五年了。”他流利地答道，仿佛是在等我问似的。

That started him off, and he became quite chatty. If anyone had told him ten years ago that he'd end his days as doorkeeper at a home at Marengo, he'd never have believed it. He was sixty-four, he said, and hailed from Paris.

然后他就打开了话匣子，滔滔不绝地说了起来。十年前要是有人告诉他，他最终会在马伦戈的一家养老院当门卫，终老一生，他绝不会相信。他说他今年六十四岁，来自巴黎。

When he said that, I broke in. "Ah, you don't come from here?”

说到这里，我打断了他，问道：“哦，那你不是本地人？”

I remembered then that, before taking me to the warden, he'd told me something about Mother. He had said she'd have to be buried mighty quickly because of the heat in these parts, especially down in the plain. "At Paris they keep the body for three days, sometimes four." After that he had mentioned that he'd spent the best part of his life in Paris, and could never manage to forget it. "Here," he had said, "things have to go with a rush, like. You've hardly time to get used to the idea that someone's dead, before you're hauled off to the funeral.” "That's enough," his wife had put in. "You didn't ought to say such things to the poor young gentleman.” The old fellow had blushed and begun to apologize. I told him it was quite all right. As a matter of fact, I found it rather interesting, what he'd been telling me; I hadn't thought of that before.

我这才想起来，带我去见院长之前他跟我说起过母亲的一些事。他说母亲得尽快下葬，因为这一带天气太热，特别是平原地区。“在巴黎，尸体还能停放三天，有时四天。”之后，他又说他在巴黎度过了人生中最美妙的一段时光，怎么也忘不了。“在这儿啊，”他说，“什么都是匆匆忙忙的。你还没来得及接受某人已过世的事实，就被拖去参加他的葬礼了。”“别说了，”他老婆插话道，“你不应该跟这位可怜的年轻人说这些。”老头脸红了，开始跟我道歉。我告诉他没有关系。实际上，我觉得他说的很有意思，我以前从来没有想过这些。

Now he went on to say that he'd entered the Home as an ordinary inmate. But he was still quite hale and hearty, and when the keeper's job fell vacant, he offered to take it on.

此时，他接着告诉我，他本来也是被养老院收容的。但他觉得自己身体还硬朗，门卫的职位一空缺，他就自荐当了门卫。

I pointed out that, even so, he was really an inmate like the others, but he wouldn't hear of it. He was "an official, like." I'd been struck before by his habit of saying "they" or, less often, "them old folks," when referring to inmates no older than himself. Still, I could see his point of view. As doorkeeper he had a certain standing, and some authority over the rest of them.

我指出，即便如此，他还和其他人一样是养老院收容的人，但他不承认。他觉得自己“像个领导”。之前我还觉得惊讶，他说起那些年纪并不比他大的被养老院收容的人，总是说“他们”，偶尔也会说“那些老人”。不过，我明白他的意思。他是门卫，是有些地位的，从某种程度上说，他还管着其他人呢。

Just then the nurse returned. Night had fallen very quickly; all of a sudden, it seemed, the sky went black above the skylight. The

keeper switched on the lamps, and I was almost blinded by the blaze of light.

这时，护士又进来了。天黑得特别快，好像一眨眼的工夫，天窗上面的天就黑了。门卫打开灯，明亮的灯光让我头晕目眩。

He suggested I should go to the refectory for dinner, but I wasn't hungry. Then he proposed bringing me a mug of *café au lait.* As I am very partial to *café au lait* I said, "Thanks," and a few minutes later he came back with a tray. I drank the coffee, and then I wanted a cigarette. But I wasn't sure if I should smoke, under the circumstances—in Mother's presence. I thought it over; really, it didn't seem to matter, so I offered the keeper a cigarette, and we both smoked.

他建议我去食堂吃饭，但我不饿。他又说给我带杯牛奶咖啡。我很喜欢牛奶咖啡，就说：“好的，谢谢。”一会儿工夫，他端了个托盘回来。我喝了咖啡，还想抽根烟。但我不知道这时在母亲面前能不能抽烟。我仔细想了想，觉得这真没有关系，就给了门卫一根烟，我们抽了起来。

After a while he started talking again.

过了一会儿，他又说：

"You know, your mother's friends will be coming soon, to keep vigil with you beside the body. We always have a 'vigil' here, when anyone dies. I'd better go and get some chairs and a pot of black coffee.”

“你知道，你母亲的朋友们很快也会来和你一起守灵。只要有人去世，我们都会守灵的。我去搬几把椅子，再拿壶黑咖啡来。”

The glare off the white walls was making my eyes smart, and I asked him if he couldn't turn off one of the lamps. "Nothing doing," he said. They'd arranged the lights like that; either one had them all on or none at all. After that I didn't pay much more attention to him. He went out, brought some chairs, and set them out round the coffin. On one he placed a coffeepot and ten or a dozen cups. Then he sat down facing me, on the far side of Mother. The nurse was at the other end of the room, with her back to me. I couldn't see what she was doing, but by the way her arms moved I guessed that she was knitting. I was feeling very comfortable; the coffee had warmed me up, and through the open door came scents of flowers and breaths of cool night air. I think I dozed off for a while.

灯光照在白墙上，让我的眼睛很痛，我问他能不能关掉一个灯。“没用。”他说。灯就是这样装的，要么都打开，要么都关上。我之后就没再怎么注意他。他出去了，进来时带了几把椅子，围着棺材摆好。他在一把椅子上放了咖啡壶，还有十多个杯子。然后，他隔着棺材在我对面坐

下。护士在屋子的另一头坐下，背对着我。我看不清她在做什么，但看她胳膊的动作我猜她是在织毛衣。我感觉很舒服，咖啡温暖了我的身体，门开着，飘进来一股花香，还有微凉的夜风。我想我打了一会儿盹儿。

I was wakened by an odd rustling in my ears. After having had my eyes closed, I had a feeling that the light had grown even stronger than before. There wasn't a trace of shadow anywhere, and every object, each curve or angle, seemed to score its outline on one's eyes. The old people, Mother's friends, were coming in. I counted ten in all, gliding almost soundlessly through the bleak white glare. None of the chairs creaked when they sat down. Never in my life had I seen anyone so clearly as I saw these people; not a detail of their clothes or features escaped me. And yet I couldn't hear them, and it was hard to believe they really existed.

我被耳边一阵奇怪的窸窣声吵醒了。闭上眼睛后，我觉得屋里的灯光更刺眼了。一点儿阴影都没有，每样东西、每条曲线、每个角度，似乎都清晰地出现在我眼前。母亲的那些朋友，那些老人们进来了。我数了一下，一共有十个人，在这阴惨惨的耀眼灯光下，他们几乎无声无息地走过。他们坐下来，椅子没有一点儿响声。他们的衣服，他们的面容，任何一个细节都没有逃过我的眼睛，以前我从来没有这样看清过其他人。但我听不到他们说什么，甚至难以相信他们真的存在。

Nearly all the women wore aprons, and the strings drawn tight round their waists made their big stomachs bulge still more. I'd never yet noticed what big paunches old women usually have. Most of the men, however, were as thin as rakes, and they all carried sticks. What struck me most about their faces was that one couldn't see their eyes, only a dull glow in a sort of nest of wrinkles.

几乎所有的老太太都系着围裙，腰间的带子束得很紧，大肚子鼓得更高了。我从来没有注意过老太太会有这么大的肚子。然而大部分的老头都瘦骨嶙峋，拄着拐杖。最让我惊讶的是我几乎看不到他们的眼睛，只能在满脸的皱纹中捕捉到一丝呆滞的目光。

On sitting down, they looked at me, and wagged their heads awkwardly, their lips sucked in between their toothless gums. I couldn't decide if they were greeting me and trying to say something, or if it was due to some infirmity of age. I inclined to think that they were greeting me, after their fashion, but it had a queer effect, seeing all those old fellows grouped round the keeper, solemnly eying me and dandling their heads from side to side. For a moment I had an absurd impression that they had come to sit in judgment on me.

他们坐下来，看着我，不自然地摇摇头，他们的牙都掉光了，嘴唇陷了进去。我不知道他们是在跟我打招呼，想说些什么，还是因为年纪大了身体虚弱。我猜他们是在以他们的方式跟我打招呼，但看到这些老

人坐在门卫周围，摇晃着脑袋认真地看着我，还是有一种奇怪的效果。一时间我有一种可笑的错觉，觉得他们像是来审判我的。

A few minutes later one of the women started weeping. She was in the second row and I couldn't see her face because of another woman in front. At regular intervals she emitted a little choking sob; one had a feeling she would never stop. The others didn't seem to notice. They sat in silence, slumped in their chairs, staring at the coffin or at their walking sticks or any object just in front of them, and never took their eyes off it. And still the woman sobbed. I was rather surprised, as I didn't know who she was. I wanted her to stop crying, but dared not speak to her. After a while the keeper bent toward her and whispered in her ear; but she merely shook her head, mumbled something I couldn't catch, and went on sobbing as steadily as before.

没过多久，有个老太太哭了起来。她坐在第二排，前面还坐了一个老太太，所以我看不清她的脸。她抽抽嗒嗒地哭着，我感觉她会哭个不停。其他人好像都没听到似的。他们一声不吭，瘫坐在椅子里，目不转睛地盯着棺材，或是拐杖，或是眼前的随便什么东西。那个老太太还在哭。我很惊奇，因为我不知道她是谁。我想让她别再哭了，可我不敢对她说。过了一会儿，门卫弯下腰在她耳边说了句话，可她只是摇了摇头，咕哝几句我听不懂的话，接着便像之前那样有规律地抽泣起来。

The keeper got up and moved his chair beside mine. At first he kept silent; then, without looking at me, he explained.

门卫起身把椅子搬到我身边坐了下来。起初他没有说话，一会儿，他避开我的目光，解释道：

"She was devoted to your mother. She says your mother was her only friend in the world, and now she's all alone.”

“她跟你母亲关系很好。她说在这世上你母亲是她唯一的朋友，现在她孤身一人了。”

I had nothing to say, and the silence lasted quite a while. Presently the woman's sighs and sobs became less frequent, and, after blowing her nose and snuffling for some minutes, she, too, fell silent.

我不知道说什么，沉默了很久。过了一会儿，老太太的叹气声和哭泣声不那么频繁了，她擤了擤鼻子，又抽泣了几分钟，然后也安静了下来。

I'd ceased feeling sleepy, but I was very tired and my legs were aching badly. And now I realized that the silence of these people was telling on my nerves. The only sound was a rather queer one; it came only now and then, and at first I was puzzled by it. However, after listening attentively, I guessed what it was; the old men were sucking at the insides of their cheeks, and this caused the odd, wheezing

noises that had mystified me. They were so much absorbed in their thoughts that they didn't know what they were up to. I even had an impression that the dead body in their midst meant nothing at all to them. But now I suspect that I was mistaken about this.

我感觉不困了，但很疲惫，腿疼得厉害。现在我发觉这些人的沉默不语让我很难受。只能偶尔听到一种奇怪的声响，起初我不知道那是什么声音。但仔细一听，我猜到了那是什么：几个老头吸着腮帮子，发出了那种奇怪的、让我摸不着头脑的呼哧声。他们陷入了沉思，对那声音浑然不觉。我曾以为他们中间躺着的死者对他们来说不算什么。但现在，我想我错了。

We all drank the coffee, which the keeper handed round. After that, I can't remember much; somehow the night went by. I can recall only one moment; I had opened my eyes and I saw the old men sleeping hunched up on their chairs, with one exception. Resting his chin on his hands clasped round his stick, he was staring hard at me, as if he had been waiting for me to wake. Then I fell asleep again. I woke up after a bit, because the ache in my legs had developed into a sort of cramp.

我们都喝了咖啡，是门卫端来的。之后的事我记不清了，不知怎的，一夜就这样过去了。我只记得期间我睁开眼，看见老头们一个个缩成一团在椅子上睡着了，只有一个老头例外。他双手紧握着拐杖，下巴支在手上，盯着我看，好像在等我醒来似的。随后，我又睡着了。因为腿疼已经发展成了一种绞痛，没多久我又醒了。

There was a glimmer of dawn above the skylight. A minute or two later one of the old men woke up and coughed repeatedly. He spat into a big check handkerchief, and each time he spat it sounded as if he were retching. This woke the others, and the keeper told them it was time to make a move. They all got up at once. Their faces were ashen gray after the long, uneasy vigil. To my surprise each of them shook hands with me, as though this night together, in which we hadn't exchanged a word, had created a kind of intimacy between us.

天窗上已经露出黎明的曙光。一两分钟后，一个老头醒了，不停咳嗽着。他把痰吐在一块大方格手帕上，每次吐痰好像都在干呕。其他人都被他吵醒了，门卫说他们也该走了。他们立马都站了起来。这漫长的、不自在的一夜弄得他们个个面色苍白。我很惊讶的是，他们都跟我握了手，好像经过一夜共同守灵，彼此之间更加亲切了，尽管整夜我们都没有说过一句话。

I was quite done in. The keeper took me to his room, and I tidied myself up a bit. He gave me some more "white" coffee, and it seemed to do me good. When I went out, the sun was up and the sky mottled red above the hills between Marengo and the sea. A morning breeze was blowing and it had a pleasant salty tang. There was the promise

of a very fine day. I hadn't been in the country for ages, and I caught myself thinking what an agreeable walk I could have had, if it hadn't been for Mother.

我真的很累了。门卫把我带到他房间，我洗了把脸。他又给我倒了些“白咖啡”，喝完之后我似乎感觉好多了。我出去时，太阳已经升起，马伦戈市区和大海之间的山岭上空呈现出斑驳的红色。阵阵晨风吹来，带着一股宜人的咸味。看来今天的天气不错。我好久都没有到乡下来了，我不由得想，若不是因为母亲的事情，这该是一次多么愉快的散步啊。

As it was, I waited in the courtyard, under a plane tree. I sniffed the smells of the cool earth and found I wasn't sleepy any more. Then I thought of the other fellows in the office. At this hour they'd be getting up, preparing to go to work; for me this was always the worst hour of the day. I went on thinking, like this, for ten minutes or so; then the sound of a bell inside the building attracted my attention. I could see movements behind the windows; then all was calm again. The sun had risen a little higher and was beginning to warm my feet. The keeper came across the yard and said the warden wished to see me. I went to his office and he got me to sign some document. I noticed that he was in black, with pin-stripe trousers. He picked up the telephone receiver and looked at me.

我在院子里一棵法国梧桐树下等着。我闻着清新的泥土味儿，就再也不瞌睡了。然后，我想到了办公室的同事们。此时，他们该起床上班了，对我来说，这是一天里最糟糕的时候。我又这样胡思乱想了十多分钟，这时，房子里的一阵铃声吸引了我的注意。我看到窗户后面有人在走动，随后一切又归于平静。太阳升高了一些，我的脚开始被阳光晒得暖暖的。门卫穿过院子，说院长要见我。我去了他办公室，他让我在文件上签字。我注意到他穿着黑上衣和细条纹的裤子。院长拿起电话，看着我，问道：

"The undertaker's men arrived some moments ago, and they will be going to the mortuary to screw down the coffin. Shall I tell them to wait, for you to have a last glimpse of your mother?”

“殡仪馆的人刚才到了，他们会去太平间拧紧棺材盖的螺丝。你想最后再看看你母亲吗？我让他们等等？”

"No," I said.

“不必了。”我说。

He spoke into the receiver, lowering his voice. "That's all right, Figeac. Tell the men to go there now.”

他对着电话低声说道：“好吧，菲雅克。告诉他们现在就可以去了。”

He then informed me that he was going to attend the funeral, and I thanked him. Sitting down behind his desk, he crossed his short legs and leaned back. Besides the nurse on duty, he told me, he and I would be the only mourners at the funeral. It was a rule of the Home that inmates shouldn't attend funerals, though there was no objection to letting some of them sit up beside the coffin, the night before.

然后，他说他也要去参加葬礼，我向他道了谢。他在办公桌后面坐下来，叠起两条小短腿，靠在椅子上。他告诉我，除了值班护士，只有我和他去送葬。养老院规定院里的老人们不许去送葬，但可以在送葬前一天守灵。

"It's for their own sakes," he explained, "to spare their feelings. But in this particular instance I've given permission to an old friend of your mother to come with us. His name is Thomas Pérez.” The warden smiled. "It's a rather touching little story in its way. He and your mother had become almost inseparable. The other old people used to tease Pérez about having a fiancée. 'When are you going to marry her?' they'd ask. He'd turn it with a laugh. It was a standing joke, in fact. So, as you can guess, he feels very badly about your mother's death. I thought I couldn't decently refuse him permission to attend the funeral. But, on our medical officer's advice, I forbade him to sit up beside the body last night.”

“这也是为他们着想，”他解释道，“免得他们难过。不过，这次我破例允许你母亲的一个老朋友参加。他叫托马·佩雷。”说到这里，院长笑了笑。“这真是个相当感人的小插曲。他和你母亲几乎形影不离。大家都打趣说你母亲是佩雷的未婚妻。‘你什么时候娶她啊？’他们总这样问他。他只是笑笑。事实上这只是个玩笑而已。所以可想而知，对于你母亲的死，他非常难过。我想应该允许他参加葬礼。但根据医生的建议，昨晚我没有让他守灵。”

For some time we sat there without speaking. Then the warden got up and went to the window. Presently he said:

我们沉默了许久。之后，院长起身走到了窗前。过了一会儿，他说：

"Ah, there's the padre from Marengo. He's a bit ahead of time.”

“啊，马伦戈的神父来了。他倒是来得早。”

He warned me that it would take us a good three quarters of an hour, walking to the church, which was in the village. Then we went downstairs.

院长说教堂在村子里，至少要三刻钟才能走到那里。然后，我们下了楼。

The priest was waiting just outside the mortuary door. With him

were two acolytes, one of whom had a censer. The priest was stooping over him, adjusting the length of the silver chain on which it hung. When he saw us he straightened up and said a few words to me, addressing me as, "My son." Then he led the way into the mortuary.

神父已经在太平间门外等着了。他还带了两个助手，其中一个拿着香炉。神父俯下身，调整香炉上银链的长短。他看到我们过来，直起腰，对我说了几句话，并叫我“孩子”。接着，他带我们进了太平间。

I noticed at once that four men in black were standing behind the coffin and the screws in the lid had now been driven home. At the same moment I heard the warden remark that the hearse had arrived, and the priest starting his prayers. Then everybody made a move. Holding a strip of black cloth, the four men approached the coffin, while the priest, the boys, and myself filed out. A lady I hadn't seen before was standing by the door. "This is Monsieur Meursault," the warden said to her. I didn't catch her name, but I gathered she was a nursing sister attached to the Home. When I was introduced, she bowed, without the trace of a smile on her long, gaunt face. We stood aside from the doorway to let the coffin by; then, following the bearers down a corridor, we came to the front entrance, where a hearse was waiting. Oblong, glossy, varnished black all over, it vaguely reminded me of the pen trays in the office.

我一眼就看到有四个穿黑色衣服的人站在棺材后面，棺盖上的螺丝现在已经拧好了。这时，院长说灵车已经到了，神父也开始祈祷了。随后大家都开始行动了。那四个人握着一方黑布走向棺材，神父、两个助手，还有我都出去了。有位女士站在门口，我以前没有见过。“这是默尔索先生。”院长介绍说。我没有听清她的名字，不过我猜她是养老院里的护士。院长介绍了我，她欠身点头，憔悴、瘦长的脸上没有一丝笑容。我们在门外站成一排，让棺材过去，接着跟着抬棺的人走过走廊。到达前门，灵车已经在那里等着了。灵车是长方形的，周身是发亮的黑漆，让我想起了办公室的那些钢笔盒。

Beside the hearse stood a quaintly dressed little-man, whose duty it was, I understood, to supervise the funeral, as a sort of master of ceremonies. Near him, looking constrained, almost bashful, was old M. Pérez, my mother's special friend. He wore a soft felt hat with a pudding-basin crown and a very wide brim—he whisked it off the moment the coffin emerged from the doorway—trousers that concertina'd on his shoes, a black tie much too small for his high white double collar. Under a bulbous, pimply nose, his lips were trembling. But what caught my attention most was his ears; pendulous, scarlet ears that showed up like blobs of sealing wax on the pallor of his cheeks and were framed in wisps of silky white hair.

灵车旁站着一个穿着古怪的小个子男人，我想他应该是司仪，负责

葬礼的顺利进行。在他身旁有个老头，看起来很拘谨，几乎羞红了脸。他就是老M.佩雷，我母亲的一位特别的朋友。他头戴一顶软毡帽，圆顶宽檐——棺材经过门口时他摘下了帽子——裤腿的风琴褶垂到脚面上，白衬衫领子很高，显得黑领带太短了。他鼻子圆圆的，长满了粉刺，嘴唇不停地颤抖。但给我印象最深的是他的耳朵，他绯红的耳朵耷拉着，像两块封蜡嵌在几缕银发里，映衬着他苍白的脸颊。

The undertaker's factotum shepherded us to our places, with the priest in front of the hearse, and the four men in black on each side of it. The warden and myself came next, and, bringing up the rear, old Pérez and the nurse.

司仪作了安排，神父走在灵车前面，四个抬棺材的人走在灵车两边。后面就是我和院长，再后面是老佩雷和护士。

The sky was already a blaze of light, and the air stoking up rapidly. I felt the first waves of heat lapping my back, and my dark suit made things worse. I couldn't imagine why we waited so long for getting under way. Old Pérez, who had put on his hat, took it off again. I had turned slightly in his direction and was looking at him when the warden started telling me more about him. I remember his saying that old Pérez and my mother used often to have a longish stroll together in the cool of the evening; sometimes they went as far as the village, accompanied by a nurse, of course.

阳光灿烂，天气很快热了起来。我背上热浪滚滚，加上又穿了件黑衣服，热得不得了。我不知道为什么要等这么久才能上路。老佩雷戴上了帽子，但现在又摘了下来。院长跟我谈起他，我轻轻转过头，望着老佩雷。院长说，我母亲和佩雷以前经常在凉爽的傍晚散步，有时会一直走到村子那边。当然了，他们有护士陪着的。

I looked at the countryside, at the long lines of cypresses sloping up toward the skyline and the hills, the hot red soil dappled with vivid green, and here and there a lonely house sharply outlined against the light—and I could understand Mother's feelings. Evenings in these parts must be a sort of mournful solace. Now, in the full glare of the morning sun, with everything shimmering in the heat haze, there was something inhuman, discouraging, about this landscape.

我望着田野，一排排柏树通向山岭，通向天边，灼热的红土上点缀着鲜艳的绿色，一座座孤零零的房子在阳光下显现出清晰的轮廓——我能够理解母亲的感受。这里的夜晚一定能带给人一丝略带伤感的慰藉。现在，上午的太阳火辣辣的，一切都亮得刺眼，这片景象显得有些冷酷无情，令人心灰意冷。

At last we made a move. Only then I noticed that Pérez had a slight limp. The old chap steadily lost ground as the hearse gained speed. One of the men beside it, too, fell back and drew level with me.

I was surprised to see how quickly the sun was climbing up the sky, and just then it struck me that for quite a while the air had been throbbing with the hum of insects and the rustle of grass warming up. Sweat was running down my face. As I had no hat I tried to fan myself with my handkerchief.

我们终于上路了。这时我才发现老佩雷有点儿跛脚。随着灵车加速，老头有些跟不上了。车子旁边的一个人也跟不上了，和我并排走着。真是奇怪，太阳怎么上升得这么快，这时我才发现空气中充斥着田野中虫子的嗡嗡声和青草的悉索声，已经有好一会儿了。我脸上开始流汗。因为没戴帽子，我只能用手帕扇风。

The undertaker's man turned to me and said something that I didn't catch. At that same time he wiped the crown of his head with a handkerchief that he held in his left hand, while with his right he tilted up his hat. I asked him what he'd said. He pointed upward.

殡仪馆的一个伙计转过头跟我说话，我没有听清。这时，他用右手把帽子一边抬起，左手拿手帕擦了擦头顶的汗。我问他说了什么。他指了指天空。

"Sun's pretty bad today, ain't it?”

“今天的太阳够大的啊！”

"Yes," I said.

“是啊。”我说。

After a while he asked: "Is it your mother we're burying?”

过了一会儿，他问我：“是你母亲要下葬吗？”

"Yes," I said again.

“是的。”我答道。

"What was her age?"

“她多大年纪？”

"Well, she was getting on." As a matter of fact, I didn't know exactly how old she was.

“唔，她年纪不小了。”实际上，我真不知道她究竟多少岁。

After that he kept silent. Looking back, I saw Pérez limping along some fifty yards behind. He was swinging his big felt hat at arm's length, trying to make the pace. I also had a look at the warden. He was walking with carefully measured steps, economizing every gesture. Beads of perspiration glistened on his forehead, but he didn't wipe them off.

之后，他就沉默了。我回头看了看，老佩雷跛着脚走在后面，已经

落下约有五十码远。他急着往前赶，伸长胳膊摇晃着他的大毡帽。我也看了看院长。他正认真地、从容不迫地走着，没有一个多余的动作。汗珠在他额头上闪烁，但他没擦。

I had an impression that our little procession was moving slightly faster. Wherever I looked I saw the same sun-drenched countryside, and the sky was so dazzling that I dared not raise my eyes. Presently we struck a patch of freshly tarred road. A shimmer of heat played over it and one's feet squelched at each step, leaving bright black gashes. In front, the coachman's glossy black hat looked like a lump of the same sticky substance, poised above the hearse. It gave one a queer, dreamlike impression, that blue-white glare overhead and all this blackness round one: the sleek black of the hearse, the dull black of the men's clothes, and the silvery-black gashes in the road. And then there were the smells, smells of hot leather and horse dung from the hearse, veined with whiffs of incense smoke. What with these and the hangover from a poor night's sleep, I found my eyes and thoughts growing blurred.

我感觉我们的小队伍稍稍加快了步伐。视线所及之处全是阳光普照的乡野，光线太刺眼，我都不敢抬头。一会儿，我们走到一段刚铺了沥青的公路上。太阳烤得地面发烫，脚踩上去嘎吱作响，留下清晰的黑印子。前面车夫的帽子黝黑发亮，看上去就像一块黏黏的沥青，竖在灵车顶上。这一切给人一种奇怪的、梦一般的错觉，头顶是蓝白色的强光，周围尽是黑色：灵车是油亮的黑色，人们穿的衣服是单调的黑色，还有柏油路上闪着银光的黑印子。还有各种气味，热皮革味、灵车的马粪味和香炉的缕缕轻烟杂糅在一起。昨晚一夜都没怎么睡，再加上这些，我睡眼惺忪、神志不清。

I looked back again. Pérez seemed very far away now, almost hidden by the heat haze; then, abruptly, he disappeared altogether. After puzzling over it for a bit, I guessed that he had turned off the road into the fields. Then I noticed that there was a bend of the road a little way ahead. Obviously Pérez, who knew the district well, had taken a short cut, so as to catch up with us. He rejoined us soon after we were round the bend; then began to lose ground again. He took another short cut and met us again farther on; in fact, this happened several times during the next half-hour. But soon I lost interest in his movements; my temples were throbbing and I could hardly drag myself along.

我又回头看了看。老佩雷已经落得很远了，几乎被朦胧的热气遮挡住，后来，他突然一下子不见了。我疑惑了一会儿，猜想他可能已经从公路拐进田里了。然后，我发现路在前面不远处转了个弯。显然，佩雷对这里的路相当熟悉，他抄近路，想追上我们。我们刚过转弯处，他就追上了我们，可不一会儿又落下了。他又抄近路追上了我们，没多久又落下了。事实上，在接下来的半小时内，同样的情况反复了好几次。但

我很快不再注意他的举动了。我太阳穴跳得厉害，几乎挪不动步子。

After that everything went with a rush; and also with such precision and matter-of-factness that I remember hardly any details. Except that when we were on the outskirts of the village the nurse said something to me. Her voice took me by surprise; it didn't match her face at all; it was musical and slightly tremulous. What she said was: "If you go too slowly there's the risk of a heatstroke. But, if you go too fast, you perspire, and the cold air in the church gives you a chill.” I saw her point; either way one was in for it.

这之后，一切都进行得匆忙而准确，一切都是按规矩来，我几乎不记得任何细节了。我只记得，在村口，护士跟我说了些话。她的声音令我感到意外，因为那声音和她的面孔一点儿也不协调，很悦耳，还有些颤抖。她说的是：“如果走得太慢，就有可能中暑。但走得太快又会出汗，教堂里的凉气会让你觉得冷。”我明白她的意思，任何一种方式都免不了要遭罪。

Some other memories of the funeral have stuck in my mind. The old boy's face, for instance, when he caught up with us for the last time, just outside the village. His eyes were streaming with tears, of exhaustion or distress, or both together. But because of the wrinkles they couldn't flow down. They spread out, crisscrossed, and formed a smooth gloss on the old, worn face.

送葬那天的事，还有一些我也记得。比如说，老佩雷在村口终于追上我们时的那张脸。他泪如泉涌，不知是因为悲伤还是疲惫，抑或是两者都有。但是由于皱纹的关系，泪水没有流下来。泪水在脸颊散开又交叉，为那张苍老疲倦的脸平添了一丝亮光。

And I can remember the look of the church, the villagers in the street, the red geraniums on the graves, Pérez's fainting fit—he crumpled up like a rag doll—the tawny-red earth pattering on Mother's coffin, the bits of white roots mixed up with it; then more people, voices, the wait outside a café for the bus, the rumble of the engine, and my little thrill of pleasure when we entered the first brightly lit streets of Algiers, and I pictured myself going straight to bed and sleeping twelve hours at a stretch.

我还记得村里教堂的样子，路上的村民，坟墓上红色的天竺葵。佩雷昏了过去——就像散架的木偶——红褐色的土撒在母亲的棺材上，土里还夹杂着白色的树根。我还记得人很多、很吵；记得我在一个咖啡馆外等车，上车后汽车马达轰鸣。车子一拐进阿尔及尔灯火通明的大街，我心中就突然升起小小的喜悦，盼望着直接上床，一口气睡上十二个小时。

Chapter II

第二章

On waking I understood why my employer had looked rather cross when I asked for my two days off; it's a Saturday today. I hadn't thought of this at the time; it only struck me when I was getting out of bed. Obviously he had seen that it would mean my getting four days' holiday straight off, and one couldn't expect him to like that. Still, for one thing, it wasn't my fault if Mother was buried yesterday and not today; and then, again, I'd have had my Saturday and Sunday off in any case. But naturally this didn't prevent me from seeing my employer's point.

醒来时，我明白了当时我要请两天假，老板为何那么不高兴了，因为今天是星期六。当时我并没有想到这点，起床的时候我才发觉。老板当然想到了，这就意味着我有四天的假期，他自然是不乐意了。不过，一方面，安葬母亲是在昨天而非今天，这并不是我的错；另一方面，无论如何星期六和星期天都是属于我的。但是，当然了，我还是理解了老板的心情。

Getting up was an effort, as I'd been really exhausted by the previous day's experiences. While shaving, I wondered how to spend the morning, and decided that a swim would do me good. So I caught the streetcar that goes down to the harbor.

昨天确实够折腾的，我实在是不想起床。刮脸的时候，我在想上午要干什么，最后我决定去游个泳，应该对我有好处。于是我乘电车去了海滨。

It was quite like old times; a lot of young people were in the swimming pool, amongst them Marie Cardona, who used to be a typist at the office. I was rather keen on her in those days, and I fancy she liked me, too. But she was with us so short a time that nothing came of it.

像往常一样，游泳池里有很多年轻人。玛丽·卡多娜也在，她曾在我们办公室当打字员。那时我非常喜欢她，我幻想着她也是喜欢我的。但她没在我们那里呆多长时间，什么也没发生。

While I was helping her to climb on to a raft, I let my hand stray over her breasts. Then she lay flat on the raft, while I trod water. After a moment she turned and looked at me. Her hair was over her eyes and she was laughing. I clambered up on to the raft, beside her. The air was pleasantly warm, and, half jokingly, I let my head sink back upon her lap. She didn't seem to mind, so I let it stay there. I had the

sky full in my eyes, all blue and gold, and I could feel Marie's stomach rising and falling gently under my head. We must have stayed a good half-hour on the raft, both of us half asleep. When the sun got too hot she dived off and I followed. I caught up with her, put my arm round her waist, and we swam side by side. She was still laughing.

我扶她爬上皮筏时，一只手轻轻滑过她的乳房。她平躺在皮筏上，我在踩水。过了一会儿，她转过身来看了看我。玛丽的头发遮住了眼睛，她在笑。我也爬上了皮筏，挨着她。天气暖和而舒适，我半开玩笑地把头枕在她肚子上。她好像并不介意，所以我就这样呆着了。我眼前是整片天空，蓝蓝的，泛着金色，我能感觉到玛丽的肚子在我的脑袋下面轻轻起伏。我们在皮筏上半睡半醒地呆了足足有半小时。后来阳光太热了，她下了水，我也下了水。我追上她，抱着她的腰，和她并排游起来。她还在笑。

While we were drying ourselves on the edge of the swimming pool she said: "I'm browner than you.” I asked her if she'd come to the movies with me that evening. She laughed again and said, "Yes," if I'd take her to the comedy everybody was talking about, the one with Fernandel in it.

我们坐在游泳池边晾干身体时，她说：“我晒得比你还黑。”我问她晚上想不想和我一起去看电影。她又笑了，说：“可以啊。”她想看人们都在谈论的那部喜剧，有费南代尔的那部片子。

When we had dressed, she stared at my black tie and asked if I was in mourning. I explained that my mother had died. "When?" she asked, and I said, "Yesterday." She made no remark, though I thought she shrank away a little. I was just going to explain to her that it wasn't my fault, but I checked myself, as I remembered having said the same thing to my employer, and realizing then it sounded rather foolish. Still, foolish or not, somehow one can't help feeling a bit guilty, I suppose.

穿好衣服后，她看到了我的黑领结，问我是不是在戴孝。我说我母亲去世了。“什么时候？”她问。我回答说：“昨天。”她没说什么，但我觉得她确实吓得后退了一步。我正想跟她解释说这不是我的错，但我忍住了，因为我跟老板也说过同样的话，后来意识到这样做很傻。但不管傻不傻，我想人在这种情况下总会觉得有些愧疚的。

Anyhow, by evening Marie had forgotten all about it. The film was funny in parts, but some of it was downright stupid. She pressed her leg against mine while we were in the picture house, and I was fondling her breast. Toward the end of the show I kissed her, but rather clumsily. Afterward she came back with me to my place.

不管怎样，到了晚上，玛丽就把这些都忘记了。电影有些地方很滑稽，有的地方极其愚蠢。在电影院的时候，她把腿紧挨着我的腿，我抚

弄着她的乳房。电影快结束的时候，我吻了她，但动作笨拙。后来，她跟我去了我住的地方。

When I woke up, Marie had gone. She'd told me her aunt expected her first thing in the morning. I remembered it was a Sunday, and that put me off; I've never cared for Sundays. So I turned my head and lazily sniffed the smell of brine that Marie's head had left on the pillow. I slept until ten. After that I stayed in bed until noon, smoking cigarettes. I decided not to lunch at Céleste's restaurant as I usually did; they'd be sure to pester me with questions, and I dislike being questioned. So I fried some eggs and ate them off the pan. I did without bread as there wasn't any left, and I couldn't be bothered going down to buy it.

我醒来时，玛丽已经走了。她说她婶婶让她一大早就过去。我记得那天是星期天，真是烦人，我从不喜欢星期天。于是我转过头来，懒懒地闻着枕头上玛丽头发上留下的海水的咸味。我一直睡到十点钟。之后我躺在床上抽烟，直到中午。我平时都是在塞莱斯特的饭馆吃午饭的，但那天我决定不去了；他们肯定会缠着我问个不停，我不喜欢人家质问我。所以我煎了几个鸡蛋，没铲出锅就吃了。没有面包了，我也懒得下去买，所以就没吃。

After lunch I felt at loose ends and roamed about the little flat. It suited us well enough when Mother was with me, but now that I was by myself it was too large and I'd moved the dining table into my bedroom. That was now the only room I used; it had all the furniture I needed: a brass bedstead, a dressing table, some cane chairs whose seats had more or less caved in, a wardrobe with a tarnished mirror. The rest of the flat was never used, so I didn't trouble to look after it.

吃过饭，我觉得无所适从，就在这间狭小的公寓里来回踱步。这房子我和母亲住刚好合适，可后来只剩我一人了，房子显得太大了，我就把饭桌搬进了卧室。现在我只用这一间屋子，我需要的家具都在这里：一张黄铜架子的床，一个梳妆台，几把座垫下陷的藤椅，一个衣柜，上面有一面生锈的镜子。公寓的其他部分我从来没用过，也就懒得管。

A bit later, for want of anything better to do, I picked up an old newspaper that was lying on the floor and read it. There was an advertisement of Kruschen Salts and I cut it out and pasted in into an album where I keep things that amuse me in the papers. Then I washed my hands and, as a last resource, went out on to the balcony.

后来，也没什么事干，我就捡起地上的一张旧报纸，读了起来。报上有一则克鲁申盐业公司的广告，我把它剪了下来，贴在一个册子里，这里面收集了一些我从报纸上剪下来的有趣的东西。然后，我洗了洗手，最后，由于实在无事可做，我去了阳台。

My bedroom overlooks the main street of our district. Though it

was a fine afternoon, the paving blocks were black and glistening. What few people were about seemed in an absurd hurry. First of all there came a family, going for their Sunday-afternoon walk; two small boys in sailor suits, with short trousers hardly down to their knees, and looking rather uneasy in their Sunday best; then a little girl with a big pink bow and black patent-leather shoes. Behind them was their mother, an enormously fat woman in a brown silk dress, and their father, a dapper little man, whom I knew by sight. He had a straw hat, a walking stick, and a butterfly tie. Seeing him beside his wife, I understood why people said he came of a good family and had married beneath him.

从我的卧室可以俯瞰这一区的主街。尽管下午天气很好，但路面黑乎乎的，闪闪发光。少有的几个行人都行色匆匆，看上去有些可笑。先是看见一家人，他们是在星期天的下午出来散步的，两个小男孩穿着海军服，短裤刚到膝盖，穿着这身盛装，他们显得很不自在，还有个小女孩，头上扎一只粉红色的大蝴蝶结，脚蹬一双黑色漆皮鞋。他们的母亲跟在后面，是个很肥硕的女人，身穿一件褐色的丝绸连衣裙，他们的父亲个子不高，但很精悍，我见他很面熟。他头戴一顶草帽，手持一根手杖，扎着蝴蝶领结。看到他和他老婆，我就明白了为什么人们说他家世不错，却娶了一个门不当户不对的老婆。

Next came a group of young fellows, the local "bloods," with sleek oiled hair, red ties, coats cut very tight at the waist, braided pockets, and square-toed shoes. I guessed they were going to one of the big theaters in the center of the town. That was why they had started out so early and were hurrying to the streetcar stop, laughing and talking at the top of their voices.

过了一会儿，又来了一群当地的小混混，所谓的“浪子”。他们头发油光锃亮，系着红领带，上衣腰身收得很紧，口袋镶着饰边，穿着方头皮鞋。我猜他们是要去市中心的一家大电影院看电影。所以他们很早动身，高声说笑着，匆匆忙忙地去赶电车。

After they had passed, the street gradually emptied. By this time all the matinees must have begun. Only a few shopkeepers and cats remained about. Above the sycamores bordering the road the sky was cloudless, but the light was soft. The tobacconist on the other side of the street brought a chair out on to the pavement in front of his door and sat astride it, resting his arms on the back. The streetcars which a few minutes before had been crowded were now almost empty. In the little café, Chez Pierrot, beside the tobacconist's, the waiter was sweeping up the sawdust in the empty restaurant. A typical Sunday afternoon. ...

他们走后，街上渐渐没什么行人了。这时，日场电影一定都开始了。街上只剩下一些店主，还有几只猫。路边的悬铃木上方是万里无云

的天空，但阳光却很柔和。街对面卖香烟的搬了一把椅子放在门前的人行道上，双腿骑在上面，两只胳膊搭在椅背上。几分钟前还挤得水泄不通的电车，现在几乎都空了。在卖香烟的隔壁，有个叫“皮埃罗”的小咖啡馆，这会儿没有顾客，服务生正在打扫地上的木屑。星期天就是这个样子。……

I turned my chair round and seated myself like the tobacconist, as it was more comfortable that way. After smoking a couple of cigarettes I went back to the room, got a tablet of chocolate, and returned to the window to eat it. Soon after, the sky clouded over, and I thought a summer storm was coming. However, the clouds gradually lifted. All the same, they had left in the street a sort of threat of rain, which made it darker. I stayed watching the sky for quite a while.

我也把椅子转过来，像卖香烟的那样骑在上面，因为这样要更舒服一些。抽了几支烟后，我进房间拿了块巧克力，又回到窗前吃起来。很快，天就阴了，我想暴雨就要来了。可是，乌云渐渐又散去了。但由于刚才的乌云，街上笼罩着一种暴雨般的阴霾，显得更暗了。我朝着天空望了很久。

At five there was a loud clanging of streetcars. They were coming from the stadium in our suburb where there had been a football match. Even the back platforms were crowded and people were standing on the steps. Then another streetcar brought back the teams. I knew they were the players by the little suitcase each man carried. They were bawling out their team song, "Keep the ball rolling, boys." One of them looked up at me and shouted, "We licked them!" I waved my hand and called back, "Good work!" From now on there was a steady stream of private cars.

五点钟的时候，轰隆隆的电车开过来了。车里挤满了从郊区体育馆看完足球赛回来的人们。甚至连后门台阶上也挤满了人。后面一辆电车上是球队。我从他们每人提的小箱子认出他们是球员。他们正扯着嗓子唱他们的队歌：“向前冲啊，伙计们！”其中一个抬头看到了我，对我大喊一声：“我们赢啦！”我挥了挥手，回他一句：“好样的！”从这时起，街上的私家车多了起来。

The sky had changed again; a reddish glow was spreading up beyond the housetops. As dusk set in, the street grew more crowded. People were returning from their walks, and I noticed the dapper little man with the fat wife amongst the passers-by. Children were whimpering and trailing wearily after their parents. After some minutes the local picture houses disgorged their audiences. I noticed that the young fellows coming from them were taking longer strides and gesturing more vigorously than at ordinary times; doubtless the picture they'd been seeing was of the wild-West variety. Those who had been to the picture houses in the middle of the town came a little

later, and looked more sedate, though a few were still laughing. On the whole, however, they seemed languid and exhausted. Some of them remained loitering in the street under my window. A group of girls came by, walking arm in arm. The young men under my window swerved so as to brush against them, and shouted humorous remarks, which made the girls turn their heads and giggle. I recognized them as girls from my part of the town, and two or three of them, whom I knew, looked up and waved to me.

天色又暗了下来，屋顶上方的天空被染成了红色。黄昏时刻，街上变得更拥挤了。散步的人也往家里赶了，在人群中我又注意到了那个精悍的小个子男人和他胖胖的妻子。孩子们哭闹着，疲倦不堪地跟在父母身后。没过多久，大批的观众都从本区的电影院涌出来了。我注意到那些年轻人出来的时候个个都大步流星、手舞足蹈，比平时活跃得多。他们看的肯定是部西部片。去市中心电影院的人回来得稍晚，他们显得更安静些，但还是有一些人说笑着。然而，总的来说，他们看起来还是无精打采、疲倦不堪。有些人在我窗户下的街道上闲逛。一群互相挽着胳膊的女孩走了过来。窗下的小伙子们马上掉转身，以便同她们擦身而过，他们大声讲着笑话，逗得女孩子们回过头来咯咯笑。我认出有几个女孩跟我是一个地方的，其中两三个我认识的还抬头冲我挥了挥手。

Just then the street lamps came on, all together, and they made the stars that were beginning to glimmer in the night sky paler still. I felt my eyes getting tired, what with the lights and all the movement I'd been watching in the street. There were little pools of brightness under the lamps, and now and then a streetcar passed, lighting up a girl's hair, or a smile, or a silver bangle.

这时，所有路灯同时亮了起来，夜空中刚刚出现的闪闪繁星因此而黯然失色了。盯着街上闪烁的霓虹和过往的行人看了这么久，我感到眼睛累了。路灯下形成了一个个小小的光圈，不时经过的电车灯光会照亮某个女孩的头发、笑脸或是银手镯。

Soon after this, as the streetcars became fewer and the sky showed velvety black above the trees and lamps, the street grew emptier, almost imperceptibly, until a time came when there was nobody to be seen and a cat, the first of the evening, crossed, unhurrying, the deserted street.

很快，电车越来越少了，树木和路灯上方的夜空笼上了一层黑丝绒，不经意间，街道变得越来越空，直到空无一人，只有夜晚的第一只猫慢慢悠悠地穿过空荡荡的马路。

It struck me that I'd better see about some dinner. I had been leaning so long on the back of my chair, looking down, that my neck hurt when I straightened myself up. I went down, bought some bread and spaghetti, did my cooking, and ate my meal standing. I'd intended to smoke another cigarette at my window, but the night had turned

rather chilly and I decided against it. As I was coming back, after shutting the window, I glanced at the mirror and saw reflected in it a corner of my table with my spirit lamp and some bits of bread beside it. It occurred to me that somehow I'd got through another Sunday, that Mother now was buried, and tomorrow I'd be going back to work as usual. Really, nothing in my life had changed.

我意识到该吃晚饭了。由于倚在椅背上向下看了很久，当我直起身来时，脖子很是酸痛。我下楼买了面包和意大利面条，做了晚饭，站着就吃完了。我本想在窗前再抽支烟，可夜里变得很冷，我就打消了这个念头。我关上窗户，转身回来，在镜子里瞥到桌子一角摆放的酒精灯和旁边的面包屑。我意识到我又挨过了一个周日，母亲已经安葬，明天我又该像往常一样回去上班了。我的生活的确没什么改变。

Chapter III

第三章

I had a busy morning in the office. My employer was in a good humor. He even inquired if I wasn't too tired, and followed it up by asking what Mother's age was. I thought a bit, then answered, "Round about sixty," as I didn't want to make a blunder. At which he looked relieved—why, I can't imagine—and seemed to think that closed the matter.

上午我一直在办公室忙。老板心情很好。他甚至问我是不是很累，接着又问我母亲多大年纪。我想了想才回答："六十岁左右吧。"因为我不想犯错。他看起来松了一口气——我不知道为什么——好像事情就这么结束了。

There was a pile of bills of lading waiting on my desk, and I had to go through them all. Before leaving for lunch I washed my hands. I always enjoyed doing this at midday. In the evening it was less pleasant, as the roller towel, after being used by so many people, was sopping wet. I once brought this to my employer's notice. It was regrettable, he agreed—but, to his mind, a mere detail. I left the office building a little later than usual, at half-past twelve, with Emmanuel, who works in the Forwarding Department. Our building overlooks the sea, and we paused for a moment on the steps to look at the shipping in the harbor.

桌上有一大堆提货单，都等着我处理。外出吃午饭前，我洗了手。我总是喜欢中午的时候洗手。晚上就没那么令人愉快了，因为滚筒上的擦手巾被很多人用过后已经湿透了。我曾跟老板提起过这件事。真是遗憾，他同意我的看法——但对他来说，这只是件芝麻小事。我比平时稍晚些离开办公大楼。中午十二点半时,我和埃马纽埃尔一起出来，他在运输部工作。从我们办公楼可以俯瞰大海，我们在楼梯上站了一会儿，看了看停靠在港口的船只。

The sun was scorching hot. Just then a big truck came up, with a din of chains and backfires from the engine, and Emmanuel suggested we should try to jump it. I started to run. The truck was well away, and we had to chase it for quite a distance. What with the heat and the noise from the engine, I felt half dazed. All I was conscious of was our mad rush along the water front, amongst cranes and winches, with dark hulls of ships alongside and masts swaying in the offing. I was the first to catch up with the truck. I took a flying jump, landed safely, and helped Emmanuel to scramble in beside me. We were both of us out of breath, and the bumps of the truck on the roughly laid cobbles

made things worse. Emmanuel chuckled, and panted in my ear, "We've made it!”

外面烈日当头。这时，来了一辆卡车，链条哗啦作响，发动机砰砰地回火。埃马纽埃尔建议我们跳上这辆车。于是我开始跑。卡车已经开得很远了，我们不得不追着车跑了很远一段路。天气很热，卡车发动机噪音又很大，我感到头晕目眩。我只知道我们沿着海岸，在吊车和绞车之间发疯似的狂奔。黑色的轮船船身，还有海上不远处晃动的桅杆，都在我们视线中闪过。我先追上了卡车。我纵身一跃，稳稳地落在了卡车上，然后又帮埃马纽埃尔爬上车，他在我身边坐下来。我们都上气不接下气，再加上车子在用鹅卵石草草铺成的路上颠簸着，感觉更难受了。埃马纽埃尔咯咯笑着，气喘吁吁地在我耳边说：“我们成功了！”

By the time we reached Céleste's restaurant we were dripping with sweat. Céleste was at his usual place beside the entrance, with his apron bulging on his paunch, his white mustache well to the fore. When he saw me he was sympathetic and "hoped I wasn't feeling too badly.” I said, "No," but I was extremely hungry. I ate very quickly and had some coffee to finish up. Then I went to my place and took a short nap, as I'd drunk a glass of wine too many.

我们到达塞莱斯特饭馆的时候，已经是大汗淋漓了。像往常一样，塞莱斯特站在门边，挺着个大肚子，系着围裙，白色的小胡子十分显眼。看到我时，他面露同情，说但愿我不要太难过。我说还好，但我饿极了。我吃得很快，最后还喝了些咖啡。然后我回到住处，小憩了一会儿，因为我喝酒喝多了。

When I woke I smoked a cigarette before getting off my bed. I was a bit late and had to run for the streetcar. The office was stifling, and I was kept hard at it all the afternoon. So it came as a relief when we closed down and I was strolling slowly along the wharves in the coolness. The sky was green, and it was pleasant to be out-of-doors after the stuffy office. However, I went straight home, as I had to put some potatoes on to boil.

醒来以后，我抽了支烟才起床。时间不多了，我得跑着赶电车。办公室很闷，整个下午我都在拼命干活。下班后我沿着码头漫步，吹着凉风，感觉很轻松。天空是绿色的，离开沉闷的办公室到外面走走，真是舒服。尽管这样，我还是直接回家了，因为我想煮些土豆吃。

The hall was dark and, when I was starting up the stairs, I almost bumped into old Salamano, who lived on the same floor as I. As usual, he had his dog with him. For eight years the two had been inseparable. Salamano's spaniel is an ugly brute, afflicted with some skin disease—mange, I suspect; anyhow, it has lost all its hair and its body is covered with brown scabs. Perhaps through living in one small room, cooped up with his dog, Salamano has come to resemble it. His towy hair has gone very thin, and he has reddish blotches on his face.

And the dog has developed something of its master's queer hunched-up gait; it always has its muzzle stretched far forward and its nose to the ground. But, oddly enough, though so much alike, they detest each other.

走廊里黑黢黢的，上楼梯时我差点儿撞到了老萨拉玛诺，他跟我住同一层。像往常一样，他和狗在一起。八年来，他俩形影不离。萨拉玛诺的这只西班牙猎狗长得很丑，它得了一种皮肤病——我想应该是疥癣；总之毛都掉光了，浑身都是褐色的痂。也许是跟狗挤在同一间小屋子里时间长了，萨拉玛诺都长得有些像它了。他浅色的头发变得非常稀疏，脸上长了红斑。这狗走起路来也像主人一样奇怪；它弓着腰，驼着背，撅着嘴，耷拉着鼻子。奇怪的是，尽管他们很相像，但谁也不喜欢谁。

Twice a day, at eleven and six, the old fellow takes his dog for a walk, and for eight years that walk has never varied. You can see them in the rue de Lyon, the dog pulling his master along as hard as he can, till finally the old chap misses a step and nearly falls. Then he beats his dog and calls it names. The dog cowers and lags behind, and it's his master's turn to drag him along. Presently the dog forgets, starts tugging at the leash again, gets another hiding and more abuse. Then they halt on the pavement, the pair of them, and glare at each other; the dog with terror and the man with hatred in his eyes. Every time they're out, this happens. When the dog wants to stop at a lamppost, the old boy won't let him, and drags him on, and the wretched spaniel leaves behind him a trail of little drops. But, if he does it in the room, it means another hiding.

每天两次，十一点钟和六点钟，老萨拉玛诺都要带狗出去走走，八年来从未间断过。人们可以在里昂路上看到他们，狗拼命往前拽它的主人，直到最后老头打个趔趄，差点儿摔倒为止。于是他就对狗又打又骂。狗吓得往后退，老头又得拽着它往前走。不久狗就忘了刚才的事，又开始用力拖绳索，结果又招来一顿打骂。于是，他们两个都在人行道上停下来，怒视着对方，狗很害怕，老头的眼里则充满了憎恨。每次他们出去都是这样。狗要到路灯柱下撒尿，可老头偏不让，硬拽着它往前走，可怜的狗就哩哩啦啦地尿了一路。但如果它在屋里撒尿，又会招来一顿毒打。

It's been going on like this for eight years, and Céleste always says it's a "crying shame," and something should be done about it; but really one can't be sure. When I met him in the hall, Salamano was bawling at his dog, calling him a bastard, a lousy mongrel, and so forth, and the dog was whining. I said, "Good evening," but the old fellow took no notice and went on cursing. So I thought I'd ask him what the dog had done. Again, he didn't answer, but went on shouting, "You bloody cur!" and the rest of it. I couldn't see very clearly, but he seemed to be fixing something on the dog's collar. I

raised my voice a little. Without looking round, he mumbled in a sort of suppressed fury: "He's always in the way, blast him!” Then he started up the stairs, but the dog tried to resist and flattened itself out on the floor, so he had to haul it up on the leash, step by step.

八年来一直都是这样，塞莱斯特总是说“太可怜了”，真该想点办法，但谁也没法子。我在走廊碰见萨拉玛诺时，他正冲着狗大喊大叫，骂它是“混蛋”、“杂种”，狗直哼哼。我跟他打招呼：“晚上好！”可这个老家伙没有理我，还在骂。于是我就问他狗犯什么错了。他还是没有理我，继续骂着“混蛋”、“杂种”之类的话。我看得不是很清楚，他好像在固定狗脖子上的项圈。我提高了一点儿嗓门。他头也没回，憋着火对我说：“这个混蛋老是碍我事儿，找打！”随后，他开始上楼梯了，狗不肯走，趴倒在地上，他就拖着狗一步一步往上走。

Just then another man who lives on my floor came in from the street. The general idea hereabouts is that he's a pimp. But if you ask him what his job is, he says he's a warehouseman.

Still, he often has a word for me, and drops in sometimes for a short talk in my room, because I listen to him. As a matter of fact, I find what he says quite interesting. So, really I've no reason for freezing him off. His name is Sintès; Raymond Sintès. He's short and thick-set, has a nose like a boxer's, and always dresses very sprucely. He, too, once said to me, referring to Salamano, that it was "a damned shame," and asked me if I wasn't disgusted by the way the old man served his dog. I answered: "No."

这时，跟我同一层的另一位邻居回来了。这一带的人都说他是个拉皮条的。但是，要是你问他的职业，他就说他是个仓库管理员。他常跟我说话，有时还到我房间跟我聊聊天，因为我愿意听他说话。事实上，我觉得他说话很有意思。所以，我没有理由不搭理他。他姓桑特，雷蒙德·桑特。他个子不高，长得很粗壮，鼻子就像拳击手的一样，总是穿得干干净净的。一次，说到萨拉玛诺，他也对我说：“真是太可恶了！”还问我看到老头这样对待狗是不是也感到讨厌。我说：“没有。”

We went up the stairs together, Sintès and I, and when I was turning in at my door, he said:

桑特和我一起上楼，我正要开门，他说：

"Look here! How about having some grub with me? I've a black pudding and some wine.”

“喂！一块儿吃点东西怎么样？我这里有黑香肠和葡萄酒。”

It struck me that this would save my having to cook my dinner, so I said, "Thanks very much."

我突然想到这样我就不用做饭了，就说：“好吧，太谢谢你！”

He, too, has only one room, and a little kitchen without a window. I saw a pink-and-white plaster angel above his bed, and some photos of sporting champions and naked girls pinned to the opposite wall. The bed hadn't been made and the room was dirty. He began by lighting a paraffin lamp; then fumbled in his pocket and produced a rather grimy bandage, which he wrapped round his right hand. I asked him what the trouble was. He told me he'd been having a roughhouse with a fellow who'd annoyed him.

他也只有一间房，外带一间没有窗户的小厨房。我看到他的床上方有张粉白相间的天使石膏像，还有几张体坛冠军的相片，对面墙上贴着几张裸体女人的画像。床上乱七八糟，房间里也很脏。他点了煤油灯，翻了翻口袋，掏出一卷脏兮兮的绷带，把右手缠了起来。我问他怎么回事。他说他跟一个家伙打了一架，那家伙惹了他。

"I'm not one who looks for trouble," he explained, "only I'm a bit short-tempered. That fellow said to me, challenging-like, 'Come down off that streetcar, if you're a man.' I says, 'You keep quiet, I ain't done nothing to you.' Then he said I hadn't any guts. Well, that settled it. I got down off the streetcar and I said to him, 'You better keep your mouth shut, or I'll shut it for you.' 'I'd like to see you try!' says he. Then I gave him one across the face, and laid him out good and proper. After a bit I started to help him get up, but all he did was to kick at me from where he lay. So I gave him one with my knee and a couple more swipes. He was bleeding like a pig when I'd done with him. I asked him if he'd had enough, and he said, 'Yes.' “

“我不惹人的，”他说，“可我脾气有点儿不好。那小子就挑衅道：‘如果你是个男子汉，就从电车上下来’。我说：‘别吵，我懒得理你。’然后他就说我没本事。这可惹恼了我。我下了电车，说：‘你最好闭嘴，不然我就教训教训你。’‘我倒想看看你有多大本事！’他说。我就一拳朝他的脸抡过去，他就倒在了地上。我正要扶他起来，他却躺在地上给了我一脚。所以我就用膝盖踢了他，又痛扁了他一顿。结果他满脸流血。我问他够不够，他说：‘够了。’”

Sintès was busy fixing his bandage while he talked, and I was sitting on the bed.

桑特一边说一边缠绷带，我坐在床上。

"So you see," he said, "it wasn't my fault; he was asking for it, wasn't he?”

“你看看，”他说，“这不是我的错，是他自找的，是不是？”

I nodded, and he added:

我点点头，他又说：

"As a matter of fact, I rather want to ask your advice about

something; it's connected with this business. You've knocked about the world a bit, and I daresay you can help me. And then I'll be your pal for life; I never forget anyone who does me a good turn.”

“事实上，我有件事，正想征求一下你的意见，和刚才那件事有关的。你见过些世面，我想你能帮我。这样我们就是一辈子的朋友了，我是不会忘记对我有恩的人的。”

When I made no comment, he asked me if I'd like us to be pals. I replied that I had no objection, and that appeared to satisfy him. He got out the black pudding, cooked it in a frying pan, then laid the table, putting out two bottles of wine. While he was doing this he didn't speak.

我没说什么，他问我愿不愿意做他的朋友。我说没问题，他看起来很满意。他拿出黑香肠，放在锅里煎，随后摆好桌子，还拿出两瓶酒。他忙着手头的活儿，没有说话。

We started dinner, and then he began telling me the whole story, hesitating a bit at first.

我们开始吃饭，他边吃边讲，开始跟我说整件事情。一开始他还有点儿迟疑。

"There's a girl behind it—as usual. We slept together pretty regular. I was keeping her, as a matter of fact, and she cost me a tidy sum. That fellow I knocked down is her brother.”

“我的故事跟一个女孩有关——通常都是这样。我们经常一起睡。事实上我包养了她，她花了我不少钱。跟我打架的那家伙是她兄弟。”

Noticing that I said nothing, he added that he knew what the neighbors said about him, but it was a filthy lie. He had his principles like everybody else, and a job in a warehouse.

他注意到我没说什么，便解释道他知道邻居们是怎么说他的，但那都是胡说八道、血口喷人。他跟其他人一样，有自己的原则，而且他在仓库有一份工作。

"Well," he said, "to go on with my story ... I found out one day that she was letting me down." He gave her enough money to keep her going, without extravagance, though; he paid the rent of her room and twenty francs a day for food. "Three hundred francs for rent, and six hundred for her grub, with a little present thrown in now and then, a pair of stockings or whatnot. Say, a thousand francs a month. But that wasn't enough for my fine lady; she was always grumbling that she couldn't make both ends meet with what I gave her. So one day I says to her, 'Look here, why not get a job for a few hours a day? That'd make things easier for me, too. I bought you a new dress this month, I pay your rent and give you twenty francs a day. But you go and waste

your money at the café with a pack of girls. You give them coffee and sugar. And, of course, the money comes out of my pocket. I treat you on the square, and that's how you pay me back.' But she wouldn't hear of working, though she kept on saying she couldn't make do with what I gave her. And then one day I found out she was doing me dirt."

"好，"他说，"我们接着讲……一天，我发现她在欺骗我。"他给她的钱足够她维持生活——当然不是太奢侈的生活。他为她付房租，每天还给她二十法郎伙食费。"房租三百法郎，饭钱六百法郎，我还时不时地送她点小礼物，袜子或者其他小玩意。一个月差不多要一千法郎。但对于这位时髦女郎来说，还是不够花，她总是抱怨我给的钱少，入不敷出。于是，有一天我就对她说：'喂，你为什么不找份工作，每天上几个小时的班呢？这样我也轻松些。这个月我给你买了一条裙子，付了房租，每天还给你二十法郎。可你却跟你的女友们去咖啡馆浪费钱。你请她们喝加糖的咖啡。当然，出钱的却是我。我待你不薄，你就这样回报我。'可她就是不去工作，还总说我给的钱不够。后来有一天，我发现了她背着我在搞什么勾当。"

He went on to explain that he'd found a lottery ticket in her bag, and, when he asked where the money'd come from to buy it, she wouldn't tell him. Then, another time, he'd found a pawn ticket for two bracelets that he'd never set eyes on.

他接着说，他在她包里发现了一张彩票，他问哪里来的钱买彩票，她不说。还有一次，他发现一张她典当了两只镯子的单子，可他从来没有见过那两只镯子。

"So I knew there was dirty work going on, and I told her I'd have nothing more to do with her. But, first, I gave her a good hiding, and I told her some home truths. I said that there was only one thing interested her and that was getting into bed with men whenever she'd the chance. And I warned her straight, 'You'll be sorry one day, my girl, and wish you'd got me back. All the girls in the street, they're jealous of your luck in having me to keep you.' "

"所以我知道她肯定在干下流的勾当，我就说我不想再和她有什么瓜葛了。不过，我先打了她一顿，又教训了她一通。我说她满脑子就想着一件事，那就是一逮住机会就和男人上床。我还直言不讳地警告她：'总有一天你会后悔的，小娘儿们，到时候你别想求我回心转意。街上那么多的女人都在嫉妒你的好运气，因为你傍上了我。"

He'd beaten her till the blood came. Before that he'd never beaten her. "Well, not hard, anyhow; only affectionately-like. She'd howl a bit, and I had to shut the window. Then, of course, it ended as per usual. But this time I'm done with her. Only, to my mind, I ain't punished her enough. See what I mean?"

直到把她打出血，他才住手。以前，他从来不打她的。"唔，我打得

也不重，只是怜爱地碰碰她罢了。她却大声叫唤，我不得不把窗户关上。然后，当然，就像往常那样停手了。但这次我和她真的结束了。只是我觉得，我惩罚她惩罚得还不够。你明白我的意思吗？”

He explained that it was about this he wanted my advice. The lamp was smoking, and he stopped pacing up and down the room, to lower the wick. I just listened, without speaking. I'd had a whole bottle of wine to myself and my head was buzzing. As I'd used up my cigarettes I was smoking Raymond's. Some late streetcars passed, and the last noises of the street died off with them. Raymond went on talking. What bored him was that he had "a sort of lech on her" as he called it. But he was quite determined to teach her a lesson.

他说，他就是想听听我对这件事有何建议。油灯冒烟了，他停下话来，调了调灯芯。我一直听着，没有说话。我喝了一整瓶的酒，有点儿头晕。我的烟抽光了，就抽雷蒙德的。末班电车驶过，把城市的嘈杂声也带走了。雷蒙德继续说着。他说他烦恼的是“他对这个女人还有欲望”。但他已经决定了要狠狠地教训她一下。

His first idea, he said, had been to take her to a hotel, and then call in the special police. He'd persuade them to put her on the register as a "common prostitute," and that would make her wild. Then he'd looked up some friends of his in the underworld, fellows who kept tarts for what they could make out of them, but they had practically nothing to suggest. Still, as he pointed out, that sort of thing should have been right up their street; what's the good of being in that line if you don't know how to treat a girl who's let you down? When he told them that, they suggested he should "brand" her. But that wasn't what he wanted, either. It would need a lot of thinking out. ... But, first, he'd like to ask me something. Before he asked it, though, he'd like to have my opinion of the story he'd been telling, in a general way.

起初，他打算把她带到一家旅馆，然后叫专门的警察来。他想说服警察们，让他们把她当作“妓女”备案记录，那会让她发疯的。然后他咨询了几个黑道上的朋友，他们也有些可以利用的女人，可实际上他们也没有提出什么可行的办法。他说，这种事还是得找他们，当你也不知道怎么处置这样一个让你很失望的女人时，找他们是有用的。他跟他们说了这件事后，他们建议他“坏她的名声”。但他也不想这样。还得再考虑考虑。……但是他想先问我件事。不过在问之前，他想先听听我对这件事的大体看法。

I said I hadn't any, but I'd found it interesting.

我说我没有什么看法，不过我觉得很有意思。

Did I think she really had done him dirt?

我认为她真的对他不忠吗？

I had to admit it looked like that. Then he asked me if I didn't think she should be punished and what I'd do if I were in his shoes. I told him one could never be quite sure how to act in such cases, but I quite understood his wanting her to suffer for it.

我不得不承认看上去是这样的。然后，他问我是否认为不该惩罚她，还有，如果我是他的话会怎么做。我说碰上这种事谁也说不准该怎么做，但我完全能够理解他想教训她的想法。

I drank some more wine, while Raymond lit another cigarette and began explaining what he proposed to do. He wanted to write her a letter, "a real stinker, that'll get her on the raw," and at the same time make her repent of what she'd done. Then, when she came back, he'd go to bed with her and, just when she was "properly primed up," he'd spit in her face and throw her out of the room. I agreed it wasn't a bad plan; it would punish her, all right.

我又喝了点儿酒，雷蒙德又点了一支烟，然后开始说他的计划。他想写封信给她，告诉她“她是个烦人的家伙，要揭揭她的老底”，同时还要让她对她的所作所为感到懊悔。然后，等她回来后，再跟她上床，等她“正蠢蠢欲动”的时候，吐她一脸唾沫，再把她赶出去。我说要是想惩罚她的话，这倒是个不错的想法。

But, Raymond told me, he didn't feel up to writing the kind of letter that was needed, and that was where I could help. When I didn't say anything, he asked me if I'd mind doing it right away, and I said, "No," I'd have a shot at it.

但是，雷蒙德告诉我，他不大会写这样的信，要我帮他写。我没有说什么，他就问我是不是不愿意马上写。我说不是的，我可以试试。

He drank off a glass of wine and stood up. Then he pushed aside the plates and the bit of cold pudding that was left, to make room on the table. After carefully wiping the oilcloth, he got a sheet of squared paper from the drawer of his bedside table; after that, an envelope, a small red wooden penholder, and a square inkpot with purple ink in it. The moment he mentioned the girl's name I knew she was a Moor.

他喝了一杯酒，站了起来。然后，他把盘子和吃剩下的冷香肠推到一边，在桌子上留出写信的地方。他仔细地擦了擦桌子上的油布，从床头柜的抽屉里拿出一张方格纸，接着又拿出一个信封、一支红木的小笔杆，还有一小方瓶紫色墨水。他一告诉我那女人的名字，我就知道她是一个摩尔人。

I wrote the letter. I didn't take much trouble over it, but I wanted to satisfy Raymond, as I'd no reason not to satisfy him. Then I read out what I'd written. Puffing at his cigarette, he listened, nodding now and then. "Read it again, please," he said. He seemed delighted. "That's the stuff," he chuckled. "I could tell you was a brainy sort, old boy, and

you know what's what.”

我写了信。我没太用心写，但我想让雷蒙德满意，因为我没有理由不让他满意。然后我把信念给他听。他一边吐着烟圈一边听，不时地点点头。“请再读一遍。”他说。他似乎很满意。“就这样，”他咯咯地笑着说，“我就知道你脑子好使，老伙计，你什么都懂。”

At first I hardly noticed that "old boy." It came back to me when he slapped me on the shoulder and said, "So now we're pals, ain't we?” I kept silence and he said it again. I didn't care one way or the other, but as he seemed so set on it, I nodded and said, "Yes."

起初我几乎没注意他叫我“老伙计”。直到他拍了拍我的肩膀，说：“现在我们算是真正的朋友了吧？”我这才反应过来。我没有说话，他就又说了一遍。不管怎样，我都觉得无所谓，但他似乎很坚持，我就点了点头，说：“好。”

He put the letter into the envelope and we finished off the wine. Then both of us smoked for some minutes, without speaking. The street was quite quiet, except when now and again a car passed. Finally, I remarked that it was getting late, and Raymond agreed. "Time's gone mighty fast this evening," he added, and in a way that was true. I wanted to be in bed, only it was such an effort making a move. I must have looked tired, for Raymond said to me, "You mustn't let things get you down.” At first I didn't catch his meaning. Then he explained that he had heard of my mother's death; anyhow, he said, that was something bound to happen one day or another. I appreciated that, and told him so.

他把信装进信封，接着我们喝完了酒。然后，我们又抽了一会儿烟，两个人都没有说话。街上很安静，偶尔能听到汽车驶过的声音。最后，我说时候不早了，雷蒙德也这样觉得。“今晚时间过得真快。”他又说道。从某种程度上说，确实是这样。我想上床睡觉，只是有些挪不动步了。我看上去一定很累，因为雷蒙德对我说：“不要太难过了。”开始我没有明白他的意思。然后，他解释说他听说我母亲过世了，但不管怎样，他说，这是迟早要发生的事。我对他表示感谢，并说确实是这样的。

When I rose, Raymond shook hands very warmly, remarking that men always understood each other. After closing the door behind me I lingered for some moments on the landing. The whole building was as quiet as the grave, a dank, dark smell rising from the well hole of the stairs. I could hear nothing but the blood throbbing in my ears, and for a while I stood still, listening to it. Then the dog began to moan in old Salamano's room, and through the sleep-bound house the little plaintive sound rose slowly, like a flower growing out of the silence and the darkness.

我站起来，雷蒙德亲切地握住我的手，说男人总是能够互相理解。我出来后把门带上，又在楼梯平台上停了一会儿。整栋楼像坟墓一样寂静，楼梯井隐约飘过来一股潮湿、阴暗的气味。我什么都听不见，除了耳朵里血液涌动的声音；我一动不动地站在那里，听了一会儿。然后，老萨拉玛诺的狗开始在屋里哼哼，那低沉哀怨的声音从沉睡的屋里慢慢传出来，仿佛从寂静和黑暗中盛开的花朵。

Chapter IV

第四章

I had a busy time in the office throughout the week. Raymond dropped in once to tell me he'd sent off the letter. I went to the pictures twice with Emmanuel, who doesn't always understand what's happening on the screen and asks me to explain it. Yesterday was Saturday, and Marie came as we'd arranged. She had a very pretty dress, with red and white stripes, and leather sandals, and I couldn't take my eyes off her. One could see the outline of her firm little breasts, and her sun-tanned face was like a velvety brown flower. We took the bus and went to a beach I know, some miles out of Algiers. It's just a strip of sand between two rocky spurs, with a line of rushes at the back, along the tide line. At four o'clock the sun wasn't too hot, but the water was pleasantly tepid, and small, languid ripples were creeping up the sand.

整个星期我工作都很忙。雷蒙德来过一次，说他把信寄出去了。我跟埃马纽埃尔看过两次电影。他有时候看不懂，要我给他解释。昨天是星期六，我和玛丽事先约好了，她来找我。她穿了一件非常漂亮的红白条纹裙子，脚上一双皮凉鞋，看得我心里痒痒的。隔着衣服可以看出她小巧结实的乳房的轮廓；她被太阳晒黑的脸像一朵柔软的褐色花朵。我们坐公共汽车去了我认识的一个海滩，距离阿尔及尔有几英里远。其实那只是两座山脊之间的一块狭长沙地，在山后面，海滩沿岸有一片灯心草。下午四点，阳光不是很强烈，但水很暖和，阵阵轻柔的海浪拍打着岸上的沙子。

Marie taught me a new game. The idea was, while one swam, to suck in the spray off the waves and, when one's mouth was full of foam, to lie on one's back and spout it out against the sky. It made a sort of frothy haze that melted into the air or fell back in a warm shower on one's cheeks. But very soon my mouth was smarting with all the salt I'd drawn in; then Marie came up and hugged me in the water, and pressed her mouth to mine. Her tongue cooled my lips, and we let the waves roll us about for a minute or two before swimming back to the beach.

玛丽教我玩一种新游戏。就是在游水的时候，迎着海浪吞一口水花含在口里，然后翻过身，把水朝天吐出去。带着泡沫的水花在空中泛起一阵薄雾，或像淋浴一样洒在脸上，很温暖。没多久，海水里的盐把我的嘴弄得很痛，玛丽游到我身边，和我拥抱，把她的嘴唇贴到我嘴唇上。她伸出舌头吻我的双唇,缓解了疼痛。我们又在水里翻腾了一阵，然后才上岸。

When we had finished dressing, Marie looked hard at me. Her eyes were sparkling. I kissed her; after that neither of us spoke for quite a while. I pressed her to my side as we scrambled up the foreshore. Both of us were in a hurry to catch the bus, get back to my place, and tumble on to the bed. I'd left my window open, and it was pleasant to feel the cool night air flowing over our sunburned bodies.

我们穿好衣服之后，玛丽深情地望着我。两眼闪闪发光。我吻了她，之后我们好一会儿都没有说话。我紧紧搂着她，爬上了海滩。我们两人急匆匆地赶上了公共汽车，回到我的住处，然后跳上了床。我没有关窗户，夜晚的凉风吹在我们晒得黝黑的身上，很是舒服。

Marie said she was free next morning, so I proposed she should have luncheon with me. She agreed, and I went down to buy some meat. On my way back I heard a woman's voice in Raymond's room. A little later old Salamano started grumbling at his dog and presently there was a sound of boots and paws on the wooden stairs; then, "Filthy brute! Get on, you cur!" and the two of them went out into the street. I told Marie about the old man's habits, and it made her laugh. She was wearing one of my pajama suits, and had the sleeves rolled up. When she laughed I wanted her again. A moment later she asked me if I loved her. I said that sort of question had no meaning, really; but I supposed I didn't. She looked sad for a bit, but when we were getting our lunch ready she brightened up and started laughing, and when she laughs I always want to kiss her. It was just then that the row started in Raymond's room.

玛丽说她明天上午没事，所以我提议她跟我一起吃午饭。她答应了，我就下楼去买肉。回来的时候，我听到雷蒙德的房间里有女人的声音。一会儿，老萨拉玛诺又骂起他的狗来，不久，又听到了木楼梯上的靴子声和爪子声。接着，他骂道：“脏货！给我起来，畜生！”然后他俩就上街去了。我跟玛丽说了老头的日常习惯，她听了笑个不停。她穿着一件我的睡衣，把袖子卷了起来。她笑的时候，我心里痒痒的。一会儿，她问我爱不爱她。我说这种问题真的没有意义，但我想我并不爱她。她似乎有些难过，可是我们在做午饭的时候，她情绪又好了起来，开始有说有笑，每次她笑的时候，我总是想吻她。就在这时，雷蒙德的房间里传来了吵闹声。

First we heard a woman saying something in a high-pitched voice; then Raymond bawling at her, "You let me down, you bitch! I'll learn you to let me down!" There came some thuds, then a piercing scream—it made one's blood run cold—and in a moment there was a crowd of people on the landing. Marie and I went out to see. The woman was still screaming and Raymond still knocking her about. Marie said, wasn't it horrible! I didn't answer anything. Then she asked me to go and fetch a policeman, but I told her I didn't like policemen. However, one turned up presently; the lodger on the

second floor, a plumber, came up, with him. When he banged on the door the noise stopped inside the room. He knocked again, and, after a moment, the woman started crying, and Raymond opened the door. He had a cigarette dangling from his underlip and a rather sickly smile.

我们先是听到一个女人高声说了些什么，接着雷蒙德骂道：“你辜负了我，你这个臭娘儿们！我要教训你，让你辜负我！”接着便是砰的几声，然后是一声厉声尖叫——让人心里直打颤——很快，楼梯上就站满了人。我和玛丽也出去了。那女人一直在尖叫，雷蒙德还在不停地打她。玛丽说，真是可怕极了！我没有说什么。然后她让我去叫警察，但我告诉她我不喜欢警察。不过，不久一个警察就来了，他是和住在三楼的一个管道工一起来的。警察敲了敲门，里面的动静就停了。他又敲了敲门，一会儿，女人哭了起来，雷蒙德把门打开了。他嘴里的烟耷拉着，脸上露出了苍白的笑容。

"Your name?" Raymond gave his name. "Take that cigarette out of your mouth when you're talking to me," the policeman said gruffly. Raymond hesitated, glanced at me, and kept the cigarette in his mouth. The policeman promptly swung his arm and gave him a good hard smack on the left cheek. The cigarette shot from his lips and dropped a yard away. Raymond made a wry face, but said nothing for a moment. Then in a humble tone he asked if he mightn't pick up his cigarette.

“你叫什么名字？”雷蒙德报上了名字。“跟我说话的时候把烟从嘴里拿掉。”警察粗暴地说道。雷蒙德犹豫了一下，看了看我，嘴里仍旧叼着烟。警察立马挥起胳膊，狠狠给了雷蒙德一巴掌，打在左脸上。香烟从他嘴里飞了出去，落到一码远的地方。雷蒙德脸色很难看，不过他什么也没说。过了一会儿，他低声下气地问警察能不能把烟捡起来。

The officer said, "Yes," and added: "But don't you forget next time that we don't stand for any nonsense, not from guys like you.”

警察说“可以”，又说：“下次不要忘了，我们可不是闹着玩的，特别是对你们这些家伙。”

Meanwhile the girl went on sobbing and repeating: "He hit me, the coward. He's a pimp.”

同时，那女人一直在哭，不停地说：“他打了我，懦夫。他是个拉皮条的。”

"Excuse me, officer," Raymond put in, "but is that in order, calling a man a pimp in the presence of witnesses?"

“请问一下，警察先生，”雷蒙德插嘴道，“当着众人的面说一个男人是皮条客，这合法吗？”

The policeman told him to shut his trap.

警察让他闭嘴。

Raymond then turned to the girl. "Don't you worry, my pet. We'll meet again.”

雷蒙德便转向那个女人。“等着瞧吧，小娘儿们，我们还会见面的。”

"That's enough," the policeman said, and told the girl to go away. Raymond was to stay in his room till summoned to the police station. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," the policeman added, "getting so tight you can't stand steady. Why, you're shaking all over!”

“够了。”警察说道，然后叫那个女人走。雷蒙德则要呆在屋里，直到警察局来传唤他。“真是不知羞耻，”警察又说道，“醉成这样，都站不直了。嗨，你全身都在发抖！”

"I'm not tight," Raymond explained. "Only when I see you standing there and looking at me, I can't help trembling. That's only natural.”

“我没醉，”雷蒙德辩解道，“只是看到你站在这里看着我，我就忍不住哆嗦。这是出于本能。”

Then he closed his door, and we all went away. Marie and I finished getting our lunch ready. But she hadn't any appetite, and I ate nearly all. She left at one, and then I had a nap.

然后，他关上了门，我们就都散了。我和玛丽做好了午饭。但她不想吃，几乎全都是我吃了。一点钟她走了，之后我又睡了一会儿。

Toward three there was a knock at my door and Raymond came in. He sat down on the edge of my bed and for a minute or two said nothing. I asked him how it had gone off. He said it had all gone quite smoothly at first, as per program; only then she'd slapped his face and he'd seen red, and started thrashing her. As for what happened after that, he needn't tell me, as I was there.

快三点的时候，有人敲门，是雷蒙德来找我。他坐在床沿上，沉默了一两分钟。我问了他事情的经过。他说刚开始还好，一切照旧，后来她打了他一个耳光，他便勃然大怒，开始痛打她。后来的事情，就没必要说了，因为我当时在场。

"Well," I said, "you taught her a lesson, all right, and that's what you wanted, isn't it?”

“好吧，”我说道，“这下你教训了她，该满意了吧？”我说。

He agreed, and pointed out that whatever the police did, that wouldn't change the fact she'd had her punishment. As for the police, he knew exactly how to handle them. But he'd like to know if I'd expected him to return the blow when the policeman hit him.

他说是满意了，他还说警察来也没有用，反正他是教训了她。至于警察，他知道如何对付他们。不过他还问我，是不是觉得警察打他的时候他应该还手。

I told him I hadn't expected anything whatsoever and, anyhow, I had no use for the police. Raymond seemed pleased and asked if I'd like to come out for a stroll with him. I got up from the bed and started brushing my hair. Then Raymond said that what he really wanted was for me to act as his witness. I told him I had no objection; only I didn't know what he expected me to say.

我说无论如何我也不希望这样，再说，对警察来说我也没什么用处。雷蒙德好像很满意，问我愿不愿意跟他出去走走。我从床上下来，梳了梳头发。然后他说，其实他想让我做他的证人。我说我没有意见，只是不知道他想让我说什么。

"It's quite simple," he replied. "You've only got to tell them that the girl had let me down.”

“这很简单，”他说，“你只要告诉他们那女人辜负了我。”

So I agreed to be his witness.

于是我答应了给他作证。

We went out together, and Raymond stood me a brandy in a café. Then we had a game of billiards; it was a close game and I lost by only a few points. After that he proposed going to a brothel, but I refused; I didn't feel like it. As we were walking slowly back he told me how pleased he was at having paid out his mistress so satisfactorily. He made himself extremely amiable to me, and I quite enjoyed our walk.

我们一起出去，雷蒙德请我在咖啡馆喝了一杯白兰地。接着我们打了一会儿桌球，两人几乎不相上下，我只输他几分。之后他提议去逛妓院，我没同意，因为我不想去。于是我们慢慢走回去，他说他很高兴，因为他好好惩罚了他的情妇。他对我很是亲近，我散步散得也很开心。

When we were nearly home I saw old Salamano on the doorstep; he seemed very excited. I noticed that his dog wasn't with him. He was turning like a teetotum, looking in all directions, and sometimes peering into the darkness of the hall with his little bloodshot eyes. Then he'd mutter something to himself and start gazing up and down the street again.

快到家时，我看见老萨拉玛诺站在门阶上，看起来很紧张。我注意到他没有牵着狗。他像个陀螺，左右乱转，四处张望，时不时用他那布满血丝的小眼睛凝视黑黢黢的走廊。接着，他咕哝了几句，又朝着街上来回张望。

Raymond asked him what was wrong, but he didn't answer at

once. Then I heard him grunt, "The bastard! The filthy cur!" When I asked him where his dog was, he scowled at me and snapped out, "Gone!" A moment later, all of a sudden, he launched out into it.

雷蒙德问他出了什么事，但他没有立马回答。然后我听到他咕哝着骂道：“脏货！混蛋！”当我问他狗哪里去了时，他怒视着我，骂道：“走了！”过了一会儿，他突然滔滔不绝地说起来。

"I'd taken him to the Parade Ground as usual. There was a fair on, and you could hardly move for the crowd. I stopped at one of the booths to look at the Handcuff King. When I turned to go, the dog was gone. I'd been meaning to get a smaller collar, but I never thought the brute could slip it and get away like that.”

“像往常一样，我带它去练兵场。那儿有个集市，人很多，几乎走都走不动。我在一个棚子前停下来，看《手铐国王》的表演。等我转身要走的时候，发现狗不见了。我早就想买个小点儿的项圈，可没想到这个杂种能脱掉项圈，就这样走了啊。”

Raymond assured him the dog would find its way home, and told him stories of dogs that had traveled miles and miles to get back to their masters. But this seemed to make the old fellow even more worried than before.

雷蒙德安慰他说狗会自己回来的，他还说了几个关于狗走了好远还能回到主人身边的故事。但这似乎让老头变得更不安了。

"Don't you understand, they'll do away with him; the police, I mean. It's not likely anyone will take him in and look after him; with all those scabs he puts everybody off.”

“你们难道不明白吗？他们会把它弄走的——我指的是警察。不会有好心人收留它、照顾它的；它一身的疤，没人会要的。”

I told him that there was a pound at the police station, where stray dogs are taken. His dog was certain to be there and he could get it back on payment of a small charge. He asked me how much the charge was, but there I couldn't help him. Then he flew into a rage again.

我告诉他警察局有个流浪狗收留处。他的狗肯定在那里，付一点儿钱就可以领回来。他问我要掏多少钱，但这个我也不清楚。于是他又发起火来。

"Is it likely I'd give money for a mutt like that? No damned fear! They can kill him, for all I care.” And he went on calling his dog the usual names.

“我怎么可能为这个狗杂种花钱？去死吧！杀了它吧，我不在乎！”接着，他又开始骂狗了。

Raymond gave a laugh and turned into the hall. I followed him upstairs, and we parted on the landing. A minute or two later I heard Salamano's footsteps and a knock on my door.

雷蒙德大笑，转身进了楼。我跟着他上了楼，我们在楼梯口分了手。过了一两分钟，我听到老萨拉玛诺的脚步声，他敲了敲我的门。

When I opened it, he halted for a moment in the doorway.

我开了门，他在门口停了一会儿。

"Excuse me ... I hope I'm not disturbing you.”

“不好意思……希望没打扰到你。”

I asked him in, but he shook his head.

我让他进来，但他摇了摇头。

He was staring at his toe caps, and the gnarled old hands were trembling. Without meeting my eyes, he started talking.

他望着自己的鞋尖，他那粗糙而苍老的双手哆嗦着。他没有看我，说道：

"They won't really take him from me, will they, Monsieur Meursault? Surely they wouldn't do a thing like that. If they do—I don't know what will become of me.”

“默尔索先生，他们不会真的把它从我身边带走的，对吗？他们肯定不会这样做的。如果他们这样做——我不知道自己会变成什么样啊。”

I told him that, so far as I knew, they kept stray dogs in the pound for three days, waiting for their owners to call for them. After that they disposed of the dogs as they thought fit.

我说，据我所知，他们会收留流浪狗三天，等待主人去认领。之后他们就随意处置了。

He stared at me in silence for a moment, then said, "Good evening." After that I heard him pacing up and down his room for quite a while. Then his bed creaked. Through the wall there came to me a little wheezing sound, and I guessed that he was weeping. For some reason, I don't know what, I began thinking of Mother. But I had to get up early next day; so, as I wasn't feeling hungry, I did without supper, and went straight to bed.

他盯着我，许久都没有说话，然后说了声：“晚安。”后来我听到他在自己的房间踱来踱去，有好一会儿。接着，他的床咯吱咯吱地响了一阵。透过墙，我听到一阵喘息声，我想可能是他在哭。不知为什么，我忽然开始想母亲了。但第二天早上还得早起，我也不饿，所以就没吃晚饭，直接上床睡觉了。

Chapter V

第五章

Raymond rang me up at the office. He said that a friend of his—to whom he'd spoken about me—invited me to spend next Sunday at his little seaside bungalow just outside Algiers. I told him I'd have been delighted; only I had promised to spend Sunday with a girl. Raymond promptly replied that she could come, too. In fact, his friend's wife would be very pleased not to be the only woman in a party of men.

雷蒙德往我办公室打了个电话。他说他的一个朋友——他以前跟他说起过我——邀请我下星期天去他的海滨小屋，离阿尔及尔不远。我说我很愿意去，不过我已经和一个女孩子约好一起过周日了。雷蒙德马上说她也可以来。事实上，他朋友的妻子也很乐意，这样就不至于只有她一个女士了。

I'd have liked to hang up at once, as my employer doesn't approve of my using the office phone for private calls. But Raymond asked me to hold on; he had something else to tell me, and that was why he'd rung me up, though he could have waited till the evening to pass on the invitation.

我本想马上挂掉电话，因为我的老板不喜欢我在办公室打私人电话。可雷蒙德让我不要挂，他说他有重要的事情跟我说，这就是为什么他现在要给我打电话，他本来可以晚上再把朋友的邀请转告给我的。

"It's like this," he said. "I've been shadowed all the morning by some Arabs. One of them's the brother of that girl I had the row with. If you see him hanging round the house when you come back, pass me the word.”

“是这样的，”他说，“有一帮阿拉伯人上午一直盯着我。其中有一个就是跟我闹事的那个情妇的兄弟。如果你回来时看到他们在房子附近，就给我传个信。”

I promised to do so.

我答应了。

Just then my employer sent for me. For a moment I felt uneasy, as I expected he was going to tell me to stick to my work and not waste time chattering with friends over the phone. However, it was nothing of the kind. He wanted to discuss a project he had in view, though so far he'd come to no decision. It was to open a branch at Paris, so as to be able to deal with the big companies on the spot, without postal delays, and he wanted to know if I'd like a post there.

就在这时，老板派人来叫我。我一时间感觉很不安，我想他肯定是叫我好好工作，不要跟朋友打电话闲聊浪费时间。然而，根本就不是这样的。他想跟我讨论一项计划，尽管目前他还没有决定。他打算在巴黎开一个分部，能够直接跟当地的大公司做生意，不用因邮递而耽搁时间。他问我是否愿意去那里。

"You're a young man," he said, "and I'm pretty sure you'd enjoy living in Paris. And, of course, you could travel about France for some months in the year.”

“你还年轻，”他说，“我想你会喜欢住在巴黎的。当然，一年里你还有时间去法国各地走走。”

I told him I was quite prepared to go; but really I didn't care much one way or the other.

我告诉他说我随时可以出发，但事实上，去或不去我真的不太在意。

He then asked if a "change of life," as he called it, didn't appeal to me, and I answered that one never changed his way of life; one life was as good as another, and my present one suited me quite well.

他问我是不是对“改变生活方式”不感兴趣，我回答说人是永远无法改变自己生活方式的，各自的生活有各自的好处，我现在的生活对我来说就很合适。

At this he looked rather hurt, and told me that I always shilly-shallied, and that I lacked ambition—a grave defect, to his mind, when one was in business.

他看起来很受伤，说我总是优柔寡断、胸无大志——对于做生意的人来说可是个很严重的缺点。

I returned to my work. I'd have preferred not to vex him, but I saw no reason for "changing my life." By and large it wasn't an unpleasant one. As a student I'd had plenty of ambition of the kind he meant. But, when I had to drop my studies, I very soon realized all that was pretty futile.

我回去工作了。我并不想惹他，但我真看不出我为什么要“改变生活方式”。总的来说，我的生活还不错。我读书时，有过很多他说的那种雄心壮志。但当我被迫辍学时，我很快就明白这些都无所谓。

Marie came that evening and asked me if I'd marry her. I said I didn't mind; if she was keen on it, we'd get married.

晚上，玛丽来找我，问我愿不愿意娶她。我说我无所谓，如果她很想结婚，我们就结婚。

Then she asked me again if I loved her. I replied, much as before, that her question meant nothing or next to nothing—but I supposed I

didn't.

于是，她又问我爱不爱她。我的回答跟以前差不多，说这种问题没有什么意义，如果真的要回答的话，我想我并不爱她。

"If that's how you feel," she said, "why marry me?"

“如果是这样，”她说，“那为什么要娶我呢？”

I explained that it had no importance really, but, if it would give her pleasure, we could get married right away. I pointed out that, anyhow, the suggestion came from her; as for me, I'd merely said, "Yes."

我解释说这真的无所谓，但如果能让她高兴，我们马上就可以结婚。我提醒她，不管怎么说是她提议要结婚的，而我只是说：“可以。”

Then she remarked that marriage was a serious matter.

接着，她说结婚是件大事。

To which I answered: "No."

我回答说：“不是的。”

She kept silent after that, staring at me in a curious way. Then she asked:

她沉默了，好奇地望着我。接着，她问我：

"Suppose another girl had asked you to marry her—I mean, a girl you liked in the same way as you like me—would you have said 'Yes' to her, too?”

“假设另外一个女孩问你娶不娶她——我是说，你像喜欢我一样喜欢她——你也会同意吗？”

"Naturally."

“当然会。”

Then she said she wondered if she really loved me or not. I, of course, couldn't enlighten her as to that. And, after another silence, she murmured something about my being "a queer fellow." "And I daresay that's why I love you," she added. "But maybe that's why one day I'll come to hate you.”

于是她说，她怀疑她自己是否真的爱我。当然，我在这一点上没法让她高兴。又沉默了许久，她嘟囔着说我是个“怪人”。“我想这就是为什么我爱你。”她说，“但也许某一天，我也会因为同样的理由而恨你。”

To which I had nothing to say, so I said nothing.

我也不知说什么，所以我没说什么。

She thought for a bit, then started smiling and, taking my arm,

repeated that she was in earnest; she really wanted to marry me.

她想了一会儿，又开始微笑了，她挽起我的胳膊，很认真地说她真的想跟我结婚。

"All right," I answered. "We'll get married whenever you like." I then mentioned the proposal made by my employer, and Marie said she'd love to go to Paris.

“好吧，”我说，“你说什么时候结婚就什么时候结婚。”我跟她说起老板的提议，玛丽说她很愿意去巴黎。

When I told her I'd lived in Paris for a while, she asked me what it was like.

我告诉她我在巴黎呆过一段时间，她问我那地方怎么样。

"A dingy sort of town, to my mind. Masses of pigeons and dark courtyards. And the people have washed-out, white faces."

“在我印象中，那里很脏。有很多鸽子和黑乎乎的庭院。那儿的人没精打采、面色苍白。”

Then we went for a walk all the way across the town by the main streets. The women were good-lookers, and I asked Marie if she, too, noticed this. She said, "Yes," and that she saw what I meant. After that we said nothing for some minutes. However, as I didn't want her to leave me, I suggested we should dine together at Céleste's. She'd have loved to dine with me, she said, only she was booked up for the evening. We were near my place, and I said, "*Au revoir*, then."

后来，我们出去散步，逛遍了城里的几条大街。女人们都很漂亮，我问玛丽她是否也注意到了。她说她也看到了，她知道我的意思。之后，我们好几分钟没说话。可我不想让她走，就说我们可以一起去塞莱斯特的饭馆吃饭。她很愿意去，但她说她晚上有事。快走到我住处时，我说：“那再见了”。

She looked me in the eyes.

她看着我：

"Don't you want to know what I'm doing this evening?"

“你不想知道我晚上有什么事吗？”

I did want to know, but I hadn't thought of asking her, and I guessed she was making a grievance of it. I must have looked embarrassed, for suddenly she started laughing and bent toward me, pouting her lips for a kiss.

我的确想知道，可我没想到要问她，我猜她有些不悦。我一定是一副很难堪的样子，她突然笑了，朝我弯过身子，撅起嘴等我吻她。

I went by myself to Céleste's. When I had just started my dinner

an odd-looking little woman came in and asked if she might sit at my table. Of course she might. She had a chubby face like a ripe apple, bright eyes, and moved in a curiously jerky way, as if she were on wires. After taking off her closefitting jacket she sat down and started studying the bill of fare with a sort of rapt attention. Then she called Céleste and gave her order, very fast but quite distinctly; one didn't lose a word. While waiting for the hors d'oeuvre she opened her bag, took out a slip of paper and a pencil, and added up the bill in advance. Diving into her bag again, she produced a purse and took from it the exact sum, plus a small tip, and placed it on the cloth in front of her.

我独自去了塞莱斯特的饭馆。我正要吃饭的时候，一个长相古怪的小个子女人进来了，问我是否可以和我同坐一张桌子。当然可以的。她的脸像熟透的苹果一样圆，两眼炯炯有神，但动作僵硬，有点儿抽筋，好像身上绑着电线似的。她脱下紧身外套，坐下，全神贯注地研究起菜谱来。然后她叫来了塞莱斯特，点了菜，她说话很快，但口齿很清楚，每个词都掷地有声。等凉菜的时候，她打开手提包，拿出一张纸和铅笔，提前把账单计算好。接着又从包里拿出钱包，拿出正好的钱，外加一点儿小费，放在面前的桌布上。

Just then the waiter brought the hors d'oeuvre, which she proceeded to wolf down voraciously. While waiting for the next course, she produced another pencil, this time a blue one, from her bag, and the radio magazine for the coming week, and started making ticks against almost all the items of the daily programs. There were a dozen pages in the magazine, and she continued studying them closely throughout the meal. When I'd finished mine she was still ticking off items with the same meticulous attention. Then she rose, put on her jacket again with the same abrupt, robot-like gestures, and walked briskly out of the restaurant.

这时服务员送来了小菜，她狼吞虎咽、一扫而光。等下一个菜时，她又从包里拿出一支铅笔，这回是一支蓝色的，还拿出下周的广播杂志，把几乎所有的节目都勾了出来。杂志有十几页，整顿饭的时间，她都在仔细研究这本杂志。我吃完了饭，她还在专心致志地给每项节目打勾。接着，她站起身，用同样快速而又机械的动作穿上了外套，匆匆走出了饭馆。

Having nothing better to do, I followed her for a short distance. Keeping on the curb of the pavement, she walked straight ahead, never swerving or looking back, and it was extraordinary how fast she covered the ground, considering her smallness. In fact, the pace was too much for me, and I soon lost sight of her and turned back homeward. For a moment the "little robot" (as I thought of her) had much impressed me, but I soon forgot about her.

我也无事可干，就出去跟了她一阵子。她贴着人行道的路边，笔直地向前走，脚步不偏不倚，也不回头。她个头那么小，竟然能走得这么快，真让人吃惊。事实上，她的步子太快了，我跟不上，很快我就看不到她了，只好往回走。有一阵我觉得这个“小机器人”（我是这么觉得的）很有意思，但很快我就忘了她。

As I was turning in at my door I ran into old Salamano. I asked him into my room, and he informed me that his dog was definitely lost. He'd been to the pound to inquire, but it wasn't there, and the staff told him it had probably been run over. When he asked them whether it was any use inquiring about it at the police station, they said the police had more important things to attend to than keeping records of stray dogs run over in the streets. I suggested he should get another dog, but, reasonably enough, he pointed out that he'd become used to this one, and it wouldn't be the same thing.

正要进门时，我遇到了老萨拉玛诺。我请他进我屋里一坐，他告诉我他的狗真的丢了。因为他去收留处问过，狗不在那儿。那里的人跟他说，狗很可能让车给轧死了。他问能否去警察局问问，人家说这种车子轧死流浪狗的事情是没有记录的，警察还有许多更重要的事情去办。我建议他再养一条狗，可他说和这条狗在一起已经习惯了，再养一条也没法跟这条一样。他说得也对。

I was seated on my bed, with my legs up, and Salamano on a chair beside the table, facing me, his hands spread on his knees. He had kept on his battered felt hat and was mumbling away behind his draggled yellowish mustache. I found him rather boring, but I had nothing to do and didn't feel sleepy. So, to keep the conversation going, I asked some questions about his dog—how long he had had it and so forth. He told me he had got it soon after his wife's death. He'd married rather late in life. When a young man, he wanted to go on the stage; during his military service he'd often played in the regimental theatricals and acted rather well, so everybody said. However, finally, he had taken a job in the railway, and he didn't regret it, as now he had a small pension. He and his wife had never hit it off very well, but they'd got used to each other, and when she died he felt lonely. One of his mates on the railway whose bitch had just had pups had offered him one, and he had taken it, as a companion. He'd had to feed it from the bottle at first. But, as a dog's life is shorter than a man's, they'd grown old together, so to speak.

我坐在床上，把腿也收上来，萨拉玛诺坐在桌旁的椅子上，面对着我，双手放在膝盖上。他戴着破毡帽，小胡子发黄，嘴里含含糊糊不知在说什么。我觉得他很无聊，不过我也没有什么事，一点儿睡意也没有。所以我就没话找话，问起狗的事情。我问他养狗多长时间了。他说他老婆死后他就养了这条狗。他结婚很晚。年轻的时候，他曾想演戏，在部队服役时，他经常在军队歌舞剧团表演，大家都说他演得很好。后

来，他进了铁路部门工作。对此他并不后悔，因为他现在还能拿到一小笔退休金。他跟老婆不怎么合得来，但也相互适应了，老婆死后，他很孤独。铁路上的一个工友养的狗下了崽，就给了他一条小狗当个伴儿。刚开始他还得用奶瓶给它喂奶。但由于狗的寿命比人的寿命短，所以他们可以说是一块儿变老了。

"He was a cantankerous brute," Salamano said. "Now and then we had some proper set-tos, he and I. But he was a good mutt all the same.”

“它脾气很坏，”萨拉马诺说，“我们俩时不时会吵架，就我和它。但它还是一条好狗。”

I said he looked well bred, and that evidently pleased the old man.

我说那狗看上去是个好品种，老头听了显然很高兴。

"Ah, but you should have seen him before his illness!" he said. "He had a wonderful coat; in fact, that was his best point, really. I tried hard to cure him; every mortal night after he got that skin disease I rubbed an ointment in. But his real trouble was old age, and there's no curing that.”

“唉，你没见过它生病之前的样子！”他说，“它的毛很漂亮，最漂亮的就是它那一身毛。我想办法给它治病，自从它得了皮肤病，我每天都给它抹药。但它真正的问题是衰老，这个没法治。”

Just then I yawned, and the old man said he'd better make a move. I told him he could stay, and that I was sorry about what had happened to his dog. He thanked me, and mentioned that my mother had been very fond of his dog. He referred to her as "your poor mother," and was afraid I must be feeling her death terribly. When I said nothing he added hastily and with a rather embarrassed air that some of the people in the street said nasty things about me because I'd sent my mother to the Home. But he, of course, knew better; he knew how devoted to my mother I had always been.

正说到这里，我打了个哈欠，老头便说他该走了。我说他可以再呆一会儿，还说对于狗的事情我感到很难过。他很感激，还提到我母亲很喜欢他的狗。他称我母亲为“你可怜的母亲”，说母亲去世一定让我很难过。我没有作声，他便又匆匆地、不大自然地说，这里的人对我有些看法，因为我把母亲送进了养老院。但他当然很理解我；他知道我一直是很孝顺的。

I answered—why, I still don't know—that it surprised me to learn I'd produced such a bad impression. As I couldn't afford to keep her here, it seemed the obvious thing to do, to send her to a home. "In any case," I added, "for years she'd never had a word to say to me, and I

could see she was moping, with no one to talk to.”

我回答说——我也不知道为什么要答话——我觉得很惊讶，我给人们的印象竟然这样差。因为我养活不了她，把她送到养老院似乎是顺理成章的事。“再说，她好几年都跟我没有什么话可说，我看得出来她闷得慌。”我补充道。

"Yes," he said, "and at a home one makes friends, anyhow."

“是啊，”他说，“不管怎样她在养老院还有些伴儿。”

He got up, saying it was high time for him to be in bed, and added that life was going to be a bit of a problem for him, under the new conditions. For the first time since I'd known him he held out his hand to me—rather shyly, I thought—and I could feel the scales on his skin. Just as he was going out of the door, he turned and, smiling a little, said:

他起身告辞，说他得马上睡觉了，还说生活发生了变化，他不知道怎么办。他向我伸出手，这是我认识他以来的第一次——我想他挺不好意思——我能感觉到他手上的硬皮。出门时，他转身朝我微微一笑，说：

"Let's hope the dogs won't bark again tonight. I always think it's mine I hear....”

“希望今晚不要再有狗叫了。我老以为是我的狗……”

Chapter VI

第六章

It was an effort waking up that Sunday morning; Marie had to jog my shoulders and shout my name. As we wanted to get into the water early, we didn't trouble about breakfast. My head was aching slightly and my first cigarette had a bitter taste. Marie told me I looked like a mourner at a funeral, and I certainly did feel very limp. She was wearing a white dress and had her hair loose. I told her she looked quite ravishing like that, and she laughed happily.

星期天早上，我怎么也醒不来，玛丽又是叫，又是推，才把我弄醒。我们想早点儿去游泳，所以就没吃早餐。我感到头有点儿痛，抽第一根烟时还觉得有些苦味儿。玛丽说我的表情像是在参加葬礼，而我确实感觉自己浑身无力。她穿了件白色的裙子，披着头发。我说她这样很迷人，她高兴得直笑。

On our way out we banged on Raymond's door, and he shouted that he'd be with us in a jiffy. We went down to the street and, because of my being rather under the weather and our having kept the blind down in my room, the glare of the morning sun hit me in the eyes like a clenched fist.

下楼的时候，我们用力敲了敲雷蒙德的门，他在屋里喊说他很快就来。由于我很疲倦，房间的百叶窗又没有打开，等我们走到街上时，阳光照在我脸上，就像被打了一拳。

Marie, however, was almost dancing with delight, and kept repeating, "What a heavenly day!" After a few minutes I was feeling better, and noticed that I was hungry. I mentioned this to Marie, but she paid no attention. She was carrying an oilcloth bag in which she had stowed our bathing kit and a towel. Presently we heard Raymond shutting his door. He was wearing blue trousers, a short-sleeved white shirt, and a straw hat. I noticed that his forearms were rather hairy, but the skin was very white beneath. The straw hat made Marie giggle. Personally, I was rather put off by his getup. He seemed in high spirits and was whistling as he came down the stairs. He greeted me with, "Hello, old boy!" and addressed Marie as "Mademoiselle."

但玛丽高兴得都要跳起来了，一直说：“天气真好！”过了一会儿，我感觉好多了，觉得有点儿饿了。我跟玛丽说了，可她没有在意。她拿着一个油布包，里面装了我们的泳衣和一条浴巾。不久我们就听到了雷蒙德关门的声音。他穿了一条蓝裤子、一件短袖白衬衫，头戴一顶草帽。我注意到他前臂上的毛很多，但皮肤雪白。他的草帽让玛丽看了咯咯直笑。而我也觉得他的这身打扮好笑。他看起来兴高采烈，吹着口哨

下了楼。他跟我们打招呼，称呼我“老伙计”，而称呼玛丽为“小姐”。

On the previous evening we had visited the police station, where I gave evidence for Raymond—about the girl's having been false to him. So they let him off with a warning. They didn't check my statement.

前一天晚上我和他去了警察局，我给雷蒙德作了证，我说那女人欺骗了雷蒙德。所以雷蒙德只是受到警告，他们就放他走了。他们没有验证我的证词。

After some talk on the doorstep we decided to take the bus. The beach was within easy walking distance, but the sooner we got there the better. Just as we were starting for the bus stop, Raymond plucked my sleeve and told me to look across the street. I saw some Arabs lounging against the tobacconist's window. They were staring at us silently, in the special way these people have—as if we were blocks of stone or dead trees. Raymond whispered that the second Arab from the left was "his man," and I thought he looked rather worried. However, he assured me that all that was ancient history. Marie, who hadn't followed his remarks, asked, "What is it?"

我们在门前聊了会儿，决定坐公共汽车去。虽然海滩并不远，走路过去都行，但还是越早到越好。我们正要去车站，雷蒙德突然拉了拉我的袖子，让我看马路对面。我看见一帮阿拉伯人正在卖香烟的那家橱窗边闲逛。他们默默地盯着我们，阿拉伯人看人总是这么奇怪——好像我们是石头或枯树一样。雷蒙德悄悄告诉我，左边第二个就是他说的“那个人”，我看到他心事重重，但他说事情都已经过去了。玛丽没听明白他的话，就问：“什么事啊？”

I explained that those Arabs across the way had a grudge against Raymond. She insisted on our going at once. Then Raymond laughed, and squared his shoulders. The young lady was quite right, he said. There was no point in hanging about here. Halfway to the bus stop he glanced back over his shoulder and said the Arabs weren't following. I, too, looked back. They were exactly as before, gazing in the same vague way at the spot where we had been.

我告诉玛丽路那边的那些阿拉伯人跟雷蒙德有仇。她坚持说我们得马上走。雷蒙德端起肩膀，笑了笑。他说，这位年轻女士说得对。在这里闲荡没有什么意义。我们朝车站走去，半路上雷蒙德回头看了看，说那帮阿拉伯人没有跟着我们。我也回头看了看。那帮人还在原地，还是那样面无表情地望着我们刚才呆的地方。

When we were in the bus, Raymond, who now seemed quite at ease, kept making jokes to amuse Marie. I could see he was attracted by her, but she had hardly a word for him. Now and again she would catch my eye and smile.

我们上了公共汽车，这时雷蒙德似乎完全放心了，老是开玩笑逗玛

丽开心。我感到雷蒙德很喜欢她，但她跟他几乎没话可说。她时不时地望着我笑笑。

We alighted just outside Algiers. The beach is not far from the bus stop; one has only to cross a patch of highland, a sort of plateau, which overlooks the sea and shelves down steeply to the sands. The ground here was covered with yellowish pebbles and wild lilies that showed snow-white against the blue of the sky, which had already the hard, metallic glint it gets on very hot days. Marie amused herself swishing her bag against the flowers and sending the petals showering in all directions. Then we walked between two rows of little houses with wooden balconies and green or white palings. Some of them were half hidden in clumps of tamarisks; others rose naked from the stony plateau. Before we came to the end of it, the sea was in full view; it lay smooth as a mirror, and in the distance a big headland jutted out over its black reflection. Through the still air came the faint buzz of a motor engine and we saw a fishing boat very far out, gliding almost imperceptibly across the dazzling smoothness.

我们刚到阿尔及尔的郊区，就下了车。海滩在公共汽车站不远处，穿过一块高地，一片高原，俯瞰大海，下坡就是沙滩。高地上到处都是发黄的鹅卵石和野百合花，花朵映衬着蓝色的天空，显得雪白雪白的，而天空因为天气酷热，闪耀着金属色的光芒。玛丽一边走，一边抡起手提包，打得花瓣到处飞，她就这样逗自己开心。我们从两排小房子中间穿过，这些房子还有木阳台，栅栏有绿色的，也有白色的。有些房子隐没在柽柳丛中，有些则孤零零地伫立在石头高地上。还没有走到尽头，大海就在眼前了，平静得像面镜子，远处的一个大岬角从它黑色的倒影中露了出来。寂静的空气中传来微弱的马达声，我们看到远处有一条小渔船从平静的、波光粼粼的海面缓缓驶来，我们几乎没有察觉到。

Marie picked some rock irises. Going down the steep path leading to the sea, we saw some bathers already on the sands.

玛丽采了几朵岩石鸢尾花。我们从一条陡峭的小路向下走向海边，看到沙滩上已经有来游泳的人了。

Raymond's friend owned a small wooden bungalow at the near end of the beach. Its back rested against the cliffside, while the front stood on piles, which the water was already lapping. Raymond introduced us to his friend, whose name was Masson. He was tall, broad-shouldered, and thick-set; his wife was a plump, cheerful little woman who spoke with a Paris accent.

雷蒙德的朋友在海滩的这一头有间小木屋。房子背靠着峭壁，前面有木桩，已经能被海浪拍打到了。雷蒙德把我们介绍给他的朋友马松。马松高大魁梧、肩膀很宽；他的妻子是个小个子的胖女人，活泼开朗，说话带巴黎口音。

Masson promptly told us to make ourselves at home. He had gone out fishing, he said, first thing in the morning, and there would be fried fish for lunch. I congratulated him on his little bungalow, and he said he always spent his week ends and holidays here. "With the missus, needless to say," he added. I glanced at her, and noticed that she and Marie seemed to be getting on well together; laughing and chattering away. For the first time, perhaps, I seriously considered the possibility of my marrying her.

马松很快就说让我们随意些，不要客气。他说，他一大早就去钓鱼了，午餐有炸鱼吃。我说他的小屋很漂亮，他告诉我他的周末和假期总是在这里过。“不用说，当然是跟我太太一起。”他接着说。我看了看她，注意到玛丽和他太太好像很合得来，有说有笑的。也许是第一次，我认真地考虑了和她结婚的事。

Masson wanted to have a swim at once, but his wife and Raymond were disinclined to move. So only the three of us, Marie, Masson, and myself, went down to the beach. Marie promptly plunged in, but Masson and I waited for a bit. He was rather slow of speech and had, I noticed, a habit of saying "and what's more" between his phrases—even when the second added nothing really to the first. Talking of Marie, he said: "She's an awfully pretty girl, and what's more, charming.”

马松想马上就去游泳，但他妻子和雷蒙德不想动。所以，只有玛丽、马松，还有我去了海滩。玛丽立刻就跳进了水里，但我和马松稍等了一会儿。我发现他说话很慢，而且句与句之间总喜欢加上“还有”——即使后面的内容和前面基本没什么差别。说到玛丽，他说：“她真的很不错，还有，很有魅力。”

But I soon ceased paying attention to this trick of his; I was basking in the sunlight, which, I noticed, was making me feel much better. The sand was beginning to stoke up underfoot and, though I was eager for a dip, I postponed it for a minute or two more. At last I said to Masson: "Shall we go in now?" and plunged. Masson walked in gingerly and only began to swim when he was out of his depth. He swam hand over hand and made slow headway, so I left him behind and caught up with Marie. The water was cold and I felt all the better for it. We swam a long way out, Marie and I, side by side, and it was pleasant feeling how our movements matched, hers and mine, and how we were both in the same mood, enjoying every moment.

不过，很快我就不再注意他的口头禅了，我发现日光浴让我觉得舒服多了。沙子开始烫脚了，虽然我真的想下水，但我还是又拖了几分钟。最后，我跟马松说：“我们现在下水吧？”然后就扎进了水里。马松小心翼翼地走进水里，直到水快要淹没他了，他才开始游。他游自由泳，游得很慢，于是我撇下他，去追玛丽了。水很凉，但我感觉很好。

我和玛丽游了很远，我们肩并着肩，步调和心情都别无二致，享受着这每一分每一秒，这种感觉真好。

Once we were out in the open, we lay on our backs and, as I gazed up at the sky, I could feel the sun drawing up the film of salt water on my lips and cheeks. We saw Masson swim back to the beach and slump down on the sand under the sun. In the distance he looked enormous, like a stranded whale. Then Marie proposed that we should swim tandem. She went ahead and I put my arms round her waist, from behind, and while she drew me forward with her arm strokes, I kicked out behind to help us on.

到了开阔处，我们改游仰泳。我仰望着天空，能感觉到阳光烘干了我嘴唇和双颊上的那层海水。我们看到马松游回海滩，倒在沙滩上晒太阳。远远看去，马松真是个庞然大物，像一条搁浅海滩的鲸。之后玛丽提议我们一起游。她在前面，我在后面抱住她的腰，她用胳膊划水，我用脚向后蹬。

That sound of little splashes had been in my ears for so long that I began to feel I'd had enough of it. So I let go of Marie and swam back at an easy pace, taking long, deep breaths. When I made the beach I stretched myself belly downward beside Masson, resting my face on the sand. I told him "it was fine" here, and he agreed. Presently Marie came back. I raised my head to watch her approach. She was glistening with brine and holding her hair back. Then she lay down beside me, and what with the combined warmth of our bodies and the sun, I felt myself dropping off to sleep.

哗啦哗啦的水声一直在耳畔，游了很久，我开始觉得累了。于是我放开了玛丽，慢悠悠地往回游，不断地深呼吸。回到海滩，我趴在马松旁边，肚子朝下，脸贴着沙滩。我跟他说“这样真舒服”，他说没错。不久，玛丽也回来了。我抬起头，看着她走近。她浑身是水，在阳光下闪闪发光，头发甩在背后。然后，她躺到了我身边，紧挨着我。我们两个身体散发的热气再加上炙热的阳光让我觉得要睡着了。

After a while Marie tugged my arm. and said Masson had gone to his place; it must be nearly lunchtime. I rose at once, as I was feeling hungry, but Marie told me I hadn't kissed her once since the early morning. That was so—though I'd wanted to, several times. "Let's go into the water again," she said, and we ran into the sea and lay flat amongst the ripples for a moment. Then we swam a few strokes, and when we were almost out of our depth she flung her arms round me and hugged me. I felt her legs twining round mine, and my senses tingled.

过了一会儿，玛丽拉了拉我的胳膊，说马松已经回去了，午餐时间应该到了。我立刻起身，因为我很饿了，可是玛丽说从早到现在我还没有吻过她呢。还真是这样，虽然好几次我都想吻她。她说：“我们再下水

吧。”我们就跑着扑进海里，在浪花中间平躺了一会儿。然后，我们又游了一阵子，游到深处，整个人要没在水里时，玛丽伸出双臂抱住了我。我感到她的腿夹着我的腿，我感到一阵冲动。

When we got back, Masson was on the steps of his bungalow, shouting to us to come. I told him I was ravenously hungry, and he promptly turned to his wife and said he'd taken quite a fancy to me. The bread was excellent, and I had my full share of the fish. Then came some steak and potato chips. None of us spoke while eating. Masson drank a lot of wine and kept refilling my glass the moment it was empty. By the time coffee was handed round I was feeling slightly muzzy, and I started smoking one cigarette after another. Masson, Raymond, and I discussed a plan of spending the whole of August on the beach together, sharing expenses. Suddenly Marie exclaimed: "I say! Do you know the time? It's only half-past eleven!”

我们回来时，马松已经站在小屋外的台阶上喊了，叫我们回去。我告诉他我饿极了，他立刻转过身去，告诉他的妻子说他很喜欢我。面包很好吃，我把我那份鱼吃得干干净净。接着上来的还有牛排和炸土豆条。吃饭的时候我们都没说话。马松喝了很多酒，还不断地给我添酒。咖啡上来的时候我已经感觉头有些昏昏沉沉的了，我一连抽了好几根烟。我们三个，马松、雷蒙德，还有我，计划整个八月份都在这里度过，费用大家平摊。忽然间，玛丽喊道：“哎呀！你们知道现在几点吗？才十一点半啊！”

We were all surprised at that, and Masson remarked that we'd had a very early lunch, but really lunch was a movable feast, you had it when you felt like it.

我们都很惊讶，马松说因为我们吃得很早，不过午餐时间的确可以安排得很灵活，想吃的时候就吃。

This set Marie laughing, I don't know why. I suspect she'd drunk a bit too much.

听到这里，玛丽笑了起来，我也不知道为什么。我想她是有点儿喝多了。

Then Masson asked if I'd like to come with him for a stroll on the beach.

这时，马松问我愿不愿意跟他去海滩走走。

"My wife always has a nap after lunch," he said. "Personally I find it doesn't agree with me; what I need is a short walk. I'm always telling her it's much better for the health. But, of course, she's entitled to her own opinion.”

“我老婆午饭后总要小睡一会儿的。”他说，“我个人不大喜欢午睡，我喜欢出门走一会儿。我总跟她说这更有益于健康。但是，当然啦，她

有她自己的想法。”

Marie proposed to stay and help with the washing up. Mme Masson smiled and said that, in that case, the first thing was to get the men out of the way. So we went out together, the three of us.

玛丽说她要留下来帮忙洗碗。马松太太笑了笑说，这样的话，首先得把男人们赶出去。所以我们三个就出门了。

The light was almost vertical and the glare from the water seared one's eyes. The beach was quite deserted now. One could hear a faint tinkle of knives and forks and crockery in the shacks and bungalows lining the foreshore. Heat was welling up from the rocks, and one could hardly breathe.

太阳几乎是直射在沙滩上，海面的阳光一闪一闪的，刺得人睁不开眼。海滩上没有什么人。可以隐约听到沿着海滩那一排棚屋和小木屋里刀叉杯盘叮叮当当的响声。海边的岩石被晒得滚烫滚烫的，热得人都喘不过气来。

At first Raymond and Masson talked of things and people I didn't know. I gathered that they'd been acquainted for some time and had even lived together for a while. We went down to the water's edge and walked along it; now and then a longer wave wet our canvas shoes. I wasn't thinking of anything, as all that sunlight beating down on my bare head made me feel half asleep.

刚开始，雷蒙德和马松在谈一些人和事，都是我不知道的。我这才知道他们认识很久了，而且还在一起住过一段时间。我们走向水边，沿着海岸走着，不时涌上来的海浪打湿了我们的帆布鞋。我什么也没想，我没戴帽子，太阳晒得我昏昏欲睡。

Just then Raymond said something to Masson that I didn't quite catch. But at the same moment I noticed two Arabs in blue dungarees a long way down the beach, coming in our direction. I gave Raymond a look and he nodded, saying, "That's him.” We walked steadily on. Masson wondered how they'd managed to track us here. My impression was that they had seen us taking the bus and noticed Marie's oilcloth bathing bag; but I didn't say anything.

这时，雷蒙德跟马松说了句什么，但我没听清。也就在此时，我看到在不远处有两个穿着蓝色粗布工服的阿拉伯人朝我们这个方向走来。我看了看雷蒙德，他点了点头说：“就是他。”我们继续走着。马松很纳闷他们怎么会跟到这里的。我想他们是看到我们上了车，还注意到了玛丽的油布包，但我什么也没说。

Though the Arabs walked quite slowly, they were much nearer already. We didn't change our pace, but Raymond said: "Listen! If there's a roughhouse, you, Masson, take on the second one.

那些阿拉伯人走得很慢，但离我们越来越近了。我们没有停下来，但雷蒙德说：“听着，如果要打的话，你，马松，对付第二个。

I'll tackle the fellow who's after me. And you, Meursault, stand by to help if another one comes up, and lay him out.”

我来收拾找我的那家伙。你，默尔索，站在一边，如果有人上来，你来对付。”

I said, "Right," and Masson put his hands in his pockets.

我说：“好。”马松把手插进口袋里。

The sand was as hot as fire, and I could have sworn it was glowing red. The distance between us and the Arabs was steadily decreasing. When we were only a few steps away the Arabs halted. Masson and I slowed down, while Raymond went straight up to his man. I couldn't hear what he said, but I saw the native lowering his head, as if to butt him in the chest. Raymond lashed out promptly and shouted to Masson to come. Masson went up to the man he had been marking and struck him twice with all his might. The fellow fell flat into the water and stayed there some seconds with bubbles coming up to the surface round his head. Meanwhile Raymond had been slogging the other man, whose face was streaming with blood. He glanced at me over his shoulder and shouted: "Just you watch! I ain't finished with him yet!”

沙子滚烫得很，我觉得沙子都烧红了。我们之间的距离越来越近了。只有几步远的时候，阿拉伯人站住了。我和马松放慢了脚步，雷蒙德直奔那个家伙。我没听清他们说了什么，我看到那人低下头，好像是想撞雷蒙德的胸口。雷蒙德上去就是一拳，叫马松过来。马松朝那家伙冲过去，狠狠地砸了两拳。只见那人倒在水中，头栽在水里，一会儿，从水里冒出了水泡。与此同时，雷蒙德又和另外一个人厮打起来，那人满脸是血。他转身朝我喊道，“小心！我还得对付这小子！”

"Look out!" I cried. "He's got a knife.”

“当心！”我喊道，“他有刀。”

I spoke too late. The man had gashed Raymond's arm and his mouth as well.

太晚了。那人已经在雷蒙德的胳膊上划了一刀，嘴上也划了一刀。

Masson sprang forward. The other Arab got up from the water and placed himself behind the fellow with the knife. We didn't dare to move. The two natives backed away slowly, keeping us at bay with the knife and never taking their eyes off us. When they were at a safe distance they swung round and took to their heels. We stood stock-still, with the sunlight beating down on us. Blood was dripping from Raymond's wounded arm, which he was squeezing hard above the

elbow.

马松纵身一跃，跳了过去。那个阿拉伯人从水里爬起来，站在拿刀人的后面。我们不敢动了。他们两个慢慢后退，拿刀逼着我们，死死地盯着我们看。等他们退到相对安全的地方，转身就跑了。我们站在那里没有动，呆在太阳底下。雷蒙德的胳膊不住地流血，他用力地摁着胳膊肘上方。

Masson remarked that there was a doctor who always spent his Sundays here, and Raymond said: "Good. Let's go to him at once." He could hardly get the words out, as the blood from his other wound made bubbles in his mouth.

马松说有一个医生经常来这里过周末，雷蒙德说："好，那我们赶紧去吧。"他话都说不清，因为嘴上的伤流的血弄得他满嘴泡沫。

We each gave him an arm and helped him back to the bungalow. Once we were there he told us the wounds weren't so very deep and he could walk to where the doctor was. Marie had gone quite pale, and Mme Masson was in tears.

我们扶着他回到木屋。等我们到了木屋，雷蒙德说伤口不深，他可以走去医生那里。玛丽吓得脸色发白，马松太太哭了起来。

Masson and Raymond went off to the doctor's while I was left behind at the bungalow to explain matters to the women. I didn't much relish the task and soon dried up and started smoking, staring at the sea.

马松陪雷蒙德去找医生，我留了下来把事情的经过讲给她俩听。我真的不想说这件事。最后，我不说了，望着大海抽起烟来。

Raymond came back at about half-past one, accompanied by Masson. He had his arm bandaged and a strip of sticking plaster on the corner of his mouth. The doctor had assured him it was nothing serious, but he was looking very glum. Masson tried to make him laugh, but without success.

大约一点半，雷蒙德和马松回来了。雷蒙德胳膊上缠着绷带，嘴角贴着橡皮膏。医生说没什么大碍，但雷蒙德的脸色阴沉。马松想逗他笑，但没有用。

Presently Raymond said he was going for a stroll on the beach. I asked him where he proposed to go, and he mumbled something about "wanting to take the air." We—Masson and I—then said we'd go with him, but he flew into a rage and told us to mind our own business. Masson said we mustn't insist, seeing the state he was in. However, when he went out, I followed him.

不一会儿，雷蒙德说他想去海滩走走。我问他打算去哪里，他说想出去喘口气。我和马松说我们陪他一块儿去，可他发火了，叫我们少管

闲事。马松说我们就不要跟他去了，看情况再说。不过，他一出去，我们还是跟了出去。

It was like a furnace outside, with the sunlight splintering into flakes of fire on the sand and sea. We walked for quite a while, and I had an idea that Raymond had a definite idea where he was going; but probably I was mistaken about this.

外面热得像火炉一样，太阳照在沙上和海面上，仿佛火花四溅。我们走了很久。我觉得雷蒙德知道他要去哪里，但也许是我错了。

At the end of the beach we came to a small stream that had cut a channel in the sand, after coming out from behind a biggish rock. There we found our two Arabs again, lying on the sand in their blue dungarees. They looked harmless enough, as if they didn't bear any malice, and neither made any move when we approached. The man who had slashed Raymond stared at him without speaking. The other man was blowing down a little reed and extracting from it three notes of the scale, which he played over and over again, while he watched us from the corner of an eye.

我们走到海滩尽头，看到一股溪流，溪流是从一块巨石后面的沙窝里流出来的。在那里，我们看见了那两个阿拉伯人，他们躺在沙滩上，穿着蓝色粗布工服。他们看上去很平静，没有敌意，看到我们来了他们也没有动。用刀刺了雷蒙德的那个人望着他，一声不吭。另一个吹着一根芦苇细管，一边不断地重复着一个三音符的音阶，一边用眼角瞄着我们。

For a while nobody moved; it was all sunlight and silence except for the tinkle of the stream and those three little lonely sounds. Then Raymond put his hand to his revolver pocket, but the Arabs still didn't move. I noticed the man playing on the reed had his big toes splayed out almost at right angles to his feet.

这时，大家谁都没动。阳光灿烂，四下一片寂静，只能听到潺潺的流水声和芦苇管吹出的那微弱、单调的音阶。雷蒙德把手伸进装有手枪的口袋，可是这两个阿拉伯人没有动。我注意到那个吹芦苇管的人大脚趾与其他脚趾分得很开，几乎与脚成直角。

Still keeping his eyes on his man, Raymond said to me: "Shall I plug him one?"

雷蒙德盯着那个人，对我说：“我给他来一枪？”

I thought quickly. If I told him not to, considering the mood he was in, he might very well fly into a temper and use his gun. So I said the first thing that came into my head.

我快速地想了想。我要是说不行，他一定会火冒三丈，非开枪不可。所以我立马回答了他。

"He hasn't spoken to you yet. It would be a lowdown trick to shoot him like that, in cold blood.”

我说，“他还没跟你说话呢。就这样冷血地开枪射他，手段有些卑劣吧。”

Again, for some moments one heard nothing but the tinkle of the stream and the flute notes weaving through the hot, still air.

又是一阵寂静，除了溪流声和芦苇管发出的声音，只有炙热的、死气沉沉的空气。

"Well," Raymond said at last, "if that's how you feel, I'd better say something insulting, and if he answers back I'll loose off.”

“那好”，雷蒙德终于说道，“这样的话，我最好先骂他一顿，如果他还口，我就干掉他！。”

"Right," I said. "Only, if he doesn't get out his knife you've no business to fire.”

“好，”我说，“如果他不掏刀子，你就不要开枪。”

Raymond was beginning to fidget. The Arab with the reed went on playing, and both of them watched all our movements.

雷蒙德有些火了。那个阿拉伯人还在吹着芦苇管，他俩一直在注视着我们的一举一动。

"Listen," I said to Raymond. "You take on the fellow on the right, and give me your revolver. If the other one starts making trouble or gets out his knife, I'll shoot.”

“我说，”我对雷蒙德说，“把枪给我，你对付右边这个家伙。如果另外一个上的话，或是他拿刀子，我就开枪干掉他。”

The sun glinted on Raymond's revolver as he handed it to me. But nobody made a move yet; it was just as if everything had closed in on us so that we couldn't stir. We could only watch each other, never lowering our eyes; the whole world seemed to have come to a standstill on this little strip of sand between the sunlight and the sea, the twofold silence of the reed and stream. And just then it crossed my mind that one might fire, or not fire—and it would come to absolutely the same thing.

雷蒙德把枪递给我，太阳照得手枪闪闪发亮。我们谁都没有动一下，好像整个世界都聚焦到我们身上，让我们一动也不能动。我们互相盯着对方，不眨一下眼睛。在阳光、大海之间，一切都好像停止了，芦苇管的声音和溪流声也没有了。就在这时，我突然意识到，可以开枪，也可以不开枪——结果绝对是一样的。

Then, all of a sudden, the Arabs vanished; they'd slipped like

lizards under cover of the rock. So Raymond and I turned and walked back. He seemed happier, and began talking about the bus to catch for our return.

后来，忽然，那两个阿拉伯人不见了，他们像蜥蜴般溜到了岩石下面。所以我和雷蒙德往回走了。他看起来好了些，还说我们坐公共汽车回去。

When we reached the bungalow Raymond promptly went up the wooden steps, but I halted on the bottom one. The light seemed thudding in my head and I couldn't face the effort needed to go up the steps and make myself amiable to the women. But the heat was so great that it was just as bad staying where I was, under that flood of blinding light falling from the sky. To stay, or to make a move—it came to much the same. After a moment I returned to the beach, and started walking.

我们一回到小木屋，雷蒙德就登上木台阶，可我却在第一级台阶上停下了。太阳晒得我头晕，我没有力气爬上台阶，也没有精神跟两个女人和气地说话了。可是天气太热，呆在耀眼的一片阳光下真是够难受的。呆在那里，或是走开——结果都是一样的。过了一会儿，我转身回到海滩，一直朝前走。

There was the same red glare as far as eye could reach, and small waves were lapping the hot sand in little, flurried gasps. As I slowly walked toward the boulders at the end of the beach I could feel my temples swelling under the impact of the light. It pressed itself on me, trying to check my progress. And each time I felt a hot blast strike my forehead, I gritted my teeth, I clenched my fists in my trouser pockets and keyed up every nerve to fend off the sun and the dark befuddlement it was pouring into me. Whenever a blade of vivid light shot upward from a bit of shell or broken glass lying on the sand, my jaws set hard. I wasn't going to be beaten, and I walked steadily on.

到处都是火辣辣的阳光，细小的海浪拍打着滚烫的沙子，发出微微的响声。我朝海滩尽头的岩石慢慢走去时，感觉太阳穴在强烈的阳光下突突直跳。这让我很难受，很难向前走。每当我感到一阵热气扑上额头时，我就咬紧牙，攥紧插在裤兜里的拳头，绷紧全身的每一根神经来抵挡炙热的阳光，还有涌向我的阴郁的昏迷。每当看到沙滩上的贝壳或是玻璃碎片反射过来的耀眼光芒时，我都咬紧牙关挺着。我不会被打倒的。我稳稳地走着。

The small black hump of rock came into view far down the beach. It was rimmed by a dazzling sheen of light and feathery spray, but I was thinking of the cold, clear stream behind it, and longing to hear again the tinkle of running water. Anything to be rid of the glare, the sight of women in tears, the strain and effort—and to retrieve the pool of shadow by the rock and its cool silence!

我看到了远处海边那一小堆黑色的岩石。耀眼的阳光和轻软的浪花围绕着岩石，但我想到的是后面凉爽、清澈的溪水，还想再听听那淙淙的溪流声。只要能远离阳光，远离女人的眼泪，不再苦苦挣扎——只要能回到岩石旁的阴凉处，享受片刻的清凉与宁静。

But when I came nearer I saw that Raymond's Arab had returned. He was by himself this time, lying on his back, his hands behind his head, his face shaded by the rock while the sun beat on the rest of his body. One could see his dungarees steaming in the heat. I was rather taken aback; my impression had been that the incident was closed, and I hadn't given a thought to it on my way here.

可是当我走近时，我看到了雷蒙德的对手阿拉伯人又回来了。这次只有他一个人，仰面躺在地上，双手枕在脑后，脸被岩石的阴凉遮住了，身子却暴露在烈日下。他的粗布工作服晒得都冒气了。我相当吃惊，我的想法是那件事情已经了结了，而且来这儿的路上我也没再多想。

On seeing me, the Arab raised himself a little, and his hand went to his pocket. Naturally, I gripped Raymond's revolver in the pocket of my coat. Then the Arab let himself sink back again, but without taking his hand from his pocket. I was some distance off, at least ten yards, and most of the time I saw him as a blurred dark form wobbling in the heat haze. Sometimes, however, I had glimpses of his eyes glowing between the half-closed lids. The sound of the waves was even lazier, feebler, than at noon. But the light hadn't changed; it was pounding as fiercely as ever on the long stretch of sand that ended at the rock. For two hours the sun seemed to have made no progress; becalmed in a sea of molten steel. Far out on the horizon a steamer was passing; I could just make out from the corner of an eye the small black moving patch, while I kept my gaze fixed on the Arab.

一看到我，他稍稍抬起身子，一只手插进口袋里。我自然而然地握紧了上衣口袋里雷蒙德的那支枪。接着，那个阿拉伯人又躺下了，但没有把手从口袋里抽出来。我离他还有些距离，至少有十码吧，大多时候他只是我眼前热浪中一个模糊的黑影。然而，有时我隐约能看到他半闭的眼睑下目光闪烁。海浪的声音比正午的时候显得更慵懒无力了。但阳光还是那么强烈，还是像之前那样猛烈地照射着绵延至岩石尽头的沙滩。两个钟头了，太阳好像没有任何变化，继续烘烤着平静的大海。远远的海平面上驶过一艘小轮船，我只能从眼角辨认出那个移动的小黑点，因为我一直盯着那个阿拉伯人。

It struck me that all I had to do was to turn, walk away, and think no more about it. But the whole beach, pulsing with heat, was pressing on my back. I took some steps toward the stream. The Arab didn't move. After all, there was still some distance between us. Perhaps because of the shadow on his face, he seemed to be grinning

at me.

我意识到我需要做的就是转身走开，别再想这件事。可是整个海滩，伴随着滚滚热浪，都在背后推着我。我朝溪流走了几步。那个阿拉伯人没有动。毕竟我们离得不算近。也许是因为他脸上的阴影，我觉得他好像在朝我笑。

I waited. The heat was beginning to scorch my cheeks; beads of sweat were gathering in my eyebrows. It was just the same sort of heat as at my mother's funeral, and I had the same disagreeable sensations—especially in my forehead, where all the veins seemed to be bursting through the skin. I couldn't stand it any longer, and took another step forward. I knew it was a fool thing to do; I wouldn't get out of the sun by moving on a yard or so. But I took that step, just one step, forward. And then the Arab drew his knife and held it up toward me, athwart the sunlight.

我等了等。太阳晒得我双颊发烫，汗珠聚在我的眉间。这天和安葬我母亲那天一样热，我的感觉也一样难受——尤其是前额，仿佛所有的血管都要爆裂了。我实在是受不了了，又朝前走了一步。我知道这很愚蠢，朝前走一两码也躲不过炙热的太阳。可我还是迈出了那一步，就一步，朝前。这时，阿拉伯人抽出了刀，迎着阳光，对准我。

A shaft of light shot upward from the steel, and I felt as if a long, thin blade transfixed my forehead. At the same moment all the sweat that had accumulated in my eyebrows splashed down on my eyelids, covering them with a warm film of moisture. Beneath a veil of brine and tears my eyes were blinded; I was conscious only of the cymbals of the sun clashing on my skull, and, less distinctly, of the keen blade of light flashing up from the knife, scarring my eyelashes, and gouging into my eyeballs.

刀锋闪闪发光，好像一把长剑刺中了我的前额。这时我眉间聚集的汗水全都溅落到了眼皮上，罩上了一层暖暖的湿气。这层汗水和眼泪让我什么都看不见了，我只觉得铙钹似的太阳扣在我头上，还有那我看不真切的、闪闪发光的刀锋，它仿佛穿过我的睫毛，戳进了我的眼球。

Then everything began to reel before my eyes, a fiery gust came from the sea, while the sky cracked in two, from end to end, and a great sheet of flame poured down through the rift. Every nerve in my body was a steel spring, and my grip closed on the revolver. The trigger gave, and the smooth underbelly of the butt jogged my palm. And so, with that crisp, whipcrack sound, it all began. I shook off my sweat and the clinging veil of light. I knew I'd shattered the balance of the day, the spacious calm of this beach on which I had been happy. But I fired four shots more into the inert body, on which they left no visible trace. And each successive shot was another loud, fateful rap on the door of my undoing.

我觉得眼前一切都在晃动，海上刮来一阵炽热的狂风，天空裂成两半，一团热火从裂缝处倾斜下来。我全身的每一根神经都如钢条般绷紧了，我紧紧握着手枪。我扣动了扳机，光滑的枪柄震了一下我的手掌。猛然间一声清脆的巨响，一切便随之开始了。我甩掉了汗水，也甩掉了挥之不去的炙热的阳光。我知道我打破了这一天的平衡，打破了我曾经在这海滩享受的幸福与宁静。但我又朝那具僵硬的尸体开了四枪，尸体上看不出子弹的痕迹。而每声枪响，都像是一记沉重、致命的叩门声，叩开了我的苦难之门。

Part Two

第二部

Chapter I

第一章

I was questioned several times immediately after my arrest. But they were all formal examinations, as to my identity and so forth. At the first of these, which took place at the police station, nobody seemed to have much interest in the case. However, when I was brought before the examining magistrate a week later, I noticed that he eyed me with distinct curiosity. Like the others, he began by asking my name, address, and occupation, the date and place of my birth. Then he inquired if I had chosen a lawyer to defend me. I answered, "No," I hadn't thought about it, and asked him if it was really necessary for me to have one.

我被捕之后，很快就被审讯了几次。但都是些形式上的审查，询问身份之类的事情。第一次审查是在警察局，似乎没有人对这个案子感兴趣。然而，一个星期之后，我被带到了地方预审法官那里，我注意到他以一种独特的眼神好奇地盯着我。和其他人一样，他开始也是询问我的姓名、住址、职业、出生日期、出生地等等。然后，他问我是否找了辩护律师。我答道：“没有。”我还没有想过，我问他我是不是真的需要找一个律师。

"Why do you ask that?" he said. I replied that I regarded my case as very simple. He smiled. "Well, it may seem so to you. But we've got to abide by the law, and, if you don't engage a lawyer, the court will have to appoint one for you.”

“为什么这么问呢？”他说。我回答说我想我的案子很简单。他微微一笑。“在你看来，好像是这样的。可是我们得依法办事，如果你不找律师的话，法庭将不得不给你指定一个。”

It struck me as an excellent arrangement that the authorities should see to details of this kind, and I told him so. He nodded, and agreed that the Code was all that could be desired.

我很惊讶当局还会想到这样的细节，作出这样好的安排，并把我的惊讶告诉了预审法官。他点了点头，说法律条款确实制定得万无一失。

At first I didn't take him quite seriously. The room in which he interviewed me was much like an ordinary sitting room, with curtained windows, and a single lamp standing on the desk. Its light fell on the armchair in which he'd had me sit, while his own face stayed in shadow.

起初，我没把这位地方预审法官当回事。他是在一个类似普通起居室的房间里审讯我的，窗子上挂着窗帘，桌上只有一盏台灯。他让我坐在一把扶手椅上，台灯的光照亮了我，而他的脸却在黑暗中。

I had read descriptions of such scenes in books, and at first it all

seemed like a game. After our conversation, however, I had a good look at him. He was a tall man with clean-cut features, deep-set blue eyes, a big gray mustache, and abundant, almost snow-white hair, and he gave me the impression of being highly intelligent and, on the whole, likable enough. There was only one thing that put one off: his mouth had now and then a rather ugly twist; but it seemed to be only a sort of nervous tic. When leaving, I very nearly held out my hand and said, "Good-by"; just in time I remembered that I'd killed a man.

我在书里读过类似的描述，起初，这一切看上去就像是一场游戏。然而，谈话结束后，我仔细看了看他。他身材高大，五官轮廓清晰，有着一双深陷的蓝色眼睛，留着灰色的大胡子，一头浓密的头发几乎全白了。他给我的印象非常机智，总的来说，也很和蔼可亲。唯一让人觉得有些反感的就是他的嘴不时地抽动着，十分难看，不过这似乎只是一种神经紧张而引起的抽搐。出去的时候，我差点儿想跟他握手告别，说“再见”，不过我马上意识到我是一个杀人犯。

Next day a lawyer came to my cell; a small, plump, youngish man with sleek black hair. In spite of the heat—I was in my shirt sleeves—he was wearing a dark suit, stiff collar, and a rather showy tie, with broad black and white stripes. After depositing his brief case on my bed, he introduced himself, and added that he'd perused the record of my case with the utmost care. His opinion was that it would need cautious handling, but there was every prospect of my getting off, provided I followed his advice. I thanked him, and he said: "Good. Now let's get down to it.”

第二天，一个律师来到我的牢房。他很年轻，个子不高，有些胖，黑头发油亮油亮的。尽管天气很热——我穿着短袖衬衫——他却穿着一套硬领的深色西服，打着一条相当显眼的黑白宽条纹相间的领带。他把公文包放在了我床上，做了自我介绍，并补充说他已经仔仔细细地看过了我的案件记录。他说处理我的案子需要十分谨慎，但是只要我听从他的建议，胜诉还是有希望的。我向他表示感谢，他说：“那好，我们言归正传。”

Sitting on the bed, he said that they'd been making investigations into my private life. They had learned that my mother died recently in a home. Inquiries had been conducted at Marengo and the police informed that I'd shown "great callousness" at my mother's funeral.

他坐在我床边，说他们已经调查过我的私生活了。他们知道我母亲不久前在养老院去世了。他们去马伦戈进行了调查，那里的警察说我在母亲葬礼上表现得“麻木不仁”。

"You must understand," the lawyer said, "that I don't relish having to question you about such a matter. But it has much importance, and, unless I find some way of answering the charge of 'callousness,' I shall be handicapped in conducting your defense. And that is where you,

and only you, can help me.”

“你必须理解，”律师说，“我也不想问你这些事情。但这很重要，因为如果我无法找到回应‘麻木不仁’这一控诉的方法，我就没办法为你辩护。而在这一点上，你，只有你才能帮我。”

He went on to ask if I had felt grief on that "sad occasion." The question struck me as an odd one; I'd have been much embarrassed if I'd had to ask anyone a thing like that.

他接着问我，在那个“悲痛的场合”，我是否感到很难过。我觉得这个问题很奇怪，如果我不得以问了别人这样一个问题，我会觉得很尴尬的。

I answered that, of recent years, I'd rather lost the habit of noting my feelings, and hardly knew what to answer. I could truthfully say I'd been quite fond of Mother—but really that didn't mean much. All normal people, I added as on afterthought, had more or less desired the death of those they loved, at some time or another.

我回答说，近些年来我已经不再注意自己的感觉，因此几乎不知道该怎么回答。坦白说我很爱母亲——但这确实说明不了什么。我想了想，接着补充道，有时所有正常的人或多或少都会渴望他们深爱的人死去。

Here the lawyer interrupted me, looking greatly perturbed.

说到这里，律师打断了我，他显得极其烦躁不安。

"You must promise me not to say anything of that sort at the trial, or to the examining magistrate."

“你一定要保证绝不在法庭上说这类话，也不能在地方预审法官那儿说。”

I promised, to satisfy him, but I explained that my physical condition at any given moment often influenced my feelings. For instance, on the day I attended Mother's funeral, I was fagged out and only half awake. So, really, I hardly took stock of what was happening. Anyhow, I could assure him of one thing: that I'd rather Mother hadn't died.

为了令他满意，我向他做了保证，不过我解释说我的身体状况在特定的时刻往往会影响到我的情绪。比如，参加母亲葬礼那天，我很疲倦，几乎都要睡着了。所以，那天发生的事我真的几乎没怎么注意。但不管怎样，有一点我可以确定：我也不希望母亲死去。

The lawyer, however, looked displeased. "That's not enough," he said curtly.

但律师看起来不大高兴。“这还不够。”他愤愤地说道。

After considering for a bit he asked me if he could say that on that day I had kept my feelings under control.

他想了想，问我他是否可以说那天我控制住了我的感情。

"No," I said. "That wouldn't be true.”

“不行，”我说，“这不是事实。”

He gave me a queer look, as if I slightly revolted him; then informed me, in an almost hostile tone, that in any case the head of the Home and some of the staff would be cited as witnesses.

他用一种很奇怪的眼神看了看我，仿佛有些讨厌我。然后他几乎是用一种很不友好的语气跟我说，无论如何，养老院的院长和一些工作人员会出庭作证。

"And that might do you a very nasty turn," he concluded.

“这可能会对你很不利。”律师说。

When I suggested that Mother's death had no connection with the charge against me, he merely replied that this remark showed I'd never had any dealings with the law.

当我告诉他母亲的去世和这个案子没有关系时，他只是回答说这表明我没跟法律打过交道。

Soon after this he left, looking quite vexed. I wished he had stayed longer and I could have explained that I desired his sympathy, not for him to make a better job of my defense, but, if I might put it so, spontaneously. I could see that I got on his nerves; he couldn't make me out, and, naturally enough, this irritated him. Once or twice I had a mind to assure him that I was just like everybody else; quite an ordinary person. But really that would have served no great purpose, and I let it go—out of laziness as much as anything else.

说完不久，他就走了，看起来很生气。我希望他能多呆一会儿，这样我就可以向他解释，我想得到他的同情，并不是为了得到更好的辩护，而是为了得到他发自真心的辩护，如果可以这样说的话。我明白我令他很不愉快，他不能理解我，这自然会令他很生气。有一两次我想向他保证，我和其他人一样，是一个很正常的人。但这也确实没什么用，随他吧——我不想说，也懒得说。

Later in the day I was taken again to the examining magistrate's office. It was two in the afternoon and, this time, the room was flooded with light—there was only a thin curtain on the window—and extremely hot.

后来，也是在那天，我又被带到了地方预审法官的办公室。时间是下午两点，房间里很亮——只有一层薄薄的窗帘挡着阳光——天气很热。

After inviting me to sit down, the magistrate informed me in a very polite tone that, "owing to unforeseen circumstances," my lawyer was unable to be present. I should be quite entitled, he added, to reserve my answers to his questions until my lawyer could attend.

预审法官请我坐下，然后很客气地通知我，“由于意想不到的情况，”我的律师没来。他说，我有权对他的提问保持沉默，直到我的律师到场后再作答。

To this I replied that I could answer for myself. He pressed a bell push on his desk and a young clerk came in and seated himself just behind me. Then we—I and the magistrate—settled back in our chairs and the examination began. He led off by remarking that I had the reputation of being a taciturn, rather self-centered person, and he'd like to know what I had to say to that. I answered: "Well, I rarely have anything much to say. So, naturally I keep my mouth shut."

对此，我说我可以自己回答。他按了一下桌上的按钮，一个年轻的书记员进来了，坐到了我后面。接着我们——我和预审法官——坐回到了椅子上，审讯便开始了。他一上来就说，人家说我是一个沉默寡言、以自我为中心的人，他想知道我对此怎么说。我回答说：“好吧，我几乎没什么话可说。所以，我通常都沉默不语。”

He smiled as on the previous occasion, and agreed that that was the best of reasons. "In any case," he added, "it has little or no importance."

他像上次一样笑了笑，说我的回答不无道理。“无论如何，”他又说，“这无关紧要。”

After a short silence he suddenly leaned forward, looked me in the eyes, and said, raising his voice a little: "What really interests me is—you!”

他沉默了一会儿，突然向前探过身子来，看着我，提高了嗓门对我说：“真正让我感兴趣的是——你！”

I wasn't quite clear what he meant, so I made no comment.

我不太清楚他指的是什么，所以就没有作声。

"There are several things," he continued, "that puzzle me about your crime. I feel sure that you will help me to understand them."

“你的案子中我有好几点不大明白，”他继续说道，“我想你能帮我弄明白。”

When I replied that really it was quite simple, he asked me to give him an account of what I'd done that day. As a matter of fact, I had already told him at our first interview—in a summary sort of way, of course—about Raymond, the beach, our swim, the fight, then the

beach again, and the five shots I'd fired. But I went over it all again, and after each phrase he nodded. "Quite so, quite so." When I described the body lying on the sand, he nodded more emphatically, and said, "Good!" I was tired of repeating the same story; I felt as if I'd never talked so much in all my life before.

我说这一切其实很简单，他让我再讲一遍我那天都做了什么。事实上，第一次审讯的时候我已经说过了——当然是概括性的——关于雷蒙德、海滩、游泳、打架、回到海滩，还有我开的那五枪。但我又说了一遍，我每说一句，他都会点点头，说："的确如此，的确如此。"当我说到躺在地上的尸体时，他更加坚决地点点头，说道："很好！"我厌烦了反复讲述同一个故事，我觉得我从来都没有说过这么多的话。

After another silence he stood up and said he'd like to help me; I interested him, and, with God's help, he would do something for me in my trouble. But, first, he must put a few more questions.

他又停了一会儿，站起来，说他愿意帮我，他对我很感兴趣，有上帝保佑，他愿意为我排忧解难。不过，首先他必须再问我几个问题。

He began by asking bluntly if I'd loved my mother.

他直截了当地问我是不是爱我的母亲。

"Yes," I replied, "like everybody else." The clerk behind me, who had been typing away at a steady pace, must just then have hit the wrong keys, as I heard him pushing the carrier back and crossing something out.

"是的"，我答道，"像其他人一样。"我身后的书记员一直有节奏地敲打着打字机，这时他一定是按错了键，因为我听到他退回机子，删掉了什么。

Next, without any apparent logical connection, the magistrate sprang another question. "Why did you fire five consecutive shots?"

接着，预审法官又抛出了一个无明显逻辑关系的问题，他问道："为什么连开了五枪？"

I thought for a bit; then explained that they weren't quite consecutive. I fired one at first, and the other four after a short interval.

我想了想，然后解释说并不是连开了五枪。我先开了一枪，停了一小会儿，又开了四枪。

"Why did you pause between the first and second shot?"

"为什么第一枪和第二枪之间又隔了一会儿呢？"

I seemed to see it hovering again before my eyes, the red glow of the beach, and to feel that fiery breath on my cheeks—and, this time, I

made no answer.

那红热的沙滩仿佛又在我眼前旋转，我感到炙热的太阳烤着我的双颊——。这一次，我没有回答。

During the silence that followed, the magistrate kept fidgeting, running his fingers through his hair, half rising, then sitting down again. Finally, planting his elbows on the desk, he bent toward me with a queer expression.

接着是一阵沉默，在此期间预审法官一直坐立不安，手挠着头发，微微起身，又坐下去。最后，他把胳膊撑在桌子上，俯下身，神情怪异地望着我。

"But why, why did you go on firing at a prostrate man?"

“但是为什么，为什么他倒下了你还要继续开枪？”他问道。

Again I found nothing to reply.

我又无言以对。

The magistrate drew his hand across his forehead and repeated in a slightly different tone: "I ask you 'Why?' I insist on your telling me.”

预审法官一只手摁着额头，语调稍稍有些变化：“我在问你‘为什么’，你必须告诉我。”

I still kept silent.

我依旧没有说话。

Suddenly he rose, walked to a file cabinet standing against the opposite wall, pulled a drawer open, and took from it a silver crucifix, which he was waving as he came back to the desk.

他突然站了起来，走到对面墙边的文件柜前，打开一个抽屉，拿出一个银质耶稣受难像，朝我走来，边走边挥着这个十字架。

"Do you know who this is?" His voice had changed completely; it was vibrant with emotion.

“你知道这是谁吗？”他的声音完全变了，颤抖着，十分激动。

"Of course I do," I answered.

“当然知道。”我答道。

That seemed to start him off; he began speaking at a great pace. He told me he believed in God, and that even the worst of sinners could obtain forgiveness of Him. But first he must repent, and become like a little child, with a simple, trustful heart, open to conviction. He was leaning right across the table, brandishing his crucifix before my eyes.

于是他开始滔滔不绝地说起来，语速极快。他说他信仰上帝，还说甚至连十恶不赦的人也会得到上帝的宽恕。但首先他必须悔过，要像孩子一样，用一颗简单真诚的心去忏悔。他从桌子对面探过身，在我面前晃着这个耶稣受难像。

As a matter of fact, I had great difficulty in following his remarks, as, for one thing, the office was so stiflingly hot and big flies were buzzing round and settling on my cheeks; also because he rather alarmed me. Of course, I realized it was absurd to feel like this, considering that, after all, it was I who was the criminal. However, as he continued talking, I did my best to understand, and I gathered that there was only one point in my confession that badly needed clearing up—the fact that I'd waited before firing a second time. All the rest was, so to speak, quite in order; but that completely baffled him.

事实上，我很难听懂他的话，因为，一方面，房间里燥热的空气令人窒息，有几只大苍蝇嗡嗡地在屋里盘旋，还落在了我脸上，另一方面，我也很怕他。当然，考虑到毕竟我才是罪犯，这种害怕的情绪有些荒谬。但他一直不停地在说，我尽可能去理解他的话，我猜我的供词中只有一点还需要澄清，那就是为什么我等了一会儿才开了第二枪。其余的事实可以说都很清楚，但就这一点令他迷惑不解。

I started to tell him that he was wrong in insisting on this; the point was of quite minor importance. But, before I could get the words out, he had drawn himself up to his full height and was asking me very earnestly if I believed in God. When I said, "No," he plumped down into his chair indignantly.

我正想告诉他这样固执己见是不对的，在这一点上刨根问底没什么意义。可还没等我说，他就站直了身子，认真地问我是否信仰上帝。我回答说不，他很愤怒地坐了下来。

That was unthinkable, he said; all men believe in God, even those who reject Him. Of this he was absolutely sure; if ever he came to doubt it, his life would lose all meaning. "Do you wish," he asked indignantly, "my life to have no meaning?" Really I couldn't see how my wishes came into it, and I told him as much.

他说这是不可能的，所有人都信仰上帝，甚至包括那些背弃上帝的人。他坚信这一点，如果对于这一点还有怀疑的话，他的生活就彻底失去了意义。“难道你想让我的生活失去意义吗？”他愤怒地喊道。我真不明白为什么是我想让他的生活失去意义，我便这样告诉了他。

While I was talking, he thrust the crucifix again just under my nose and shouted: "I, anyhow, am a Christian. And I pray Him to forgive you for your sins. My poor young man, how can you not believe that He suffered for your sake?"

我正说着，他把耶稣受难十字架伸到我鼻子下面，大叫道：“我，无

论如何我都是一个基督徒。而且我请求上帝饶恕你的罪过。可怜的孩子，你怎么能不相信他是为你而受难的呢？”

I noticed that his manner seemed genuinely solicitous when he said, "My poor young man"—but I was beginning to have enough of it. The room was growing steadily hotter.

我注意到他叫我“可怜的孩子”时，看起来神情的确十分真切——可我已经有点儿听够了。房间里变得越来越热。

As I usually do when I want to get rid of someone whose conversation bores me, I pretended to agree. At which, rather to my surprise, his face lit up.

像平常一样，当我不想听一个人说话的时候，我就假装同意他说的。让我惊讶的是，他竟然以为他说服了我，精神大好。

"You see! You see! Now won't you own that you believe and put your trust in Him?”

“你看！你看！现在你是不是承认你也相信上帝了？”

I must have shaken my head again, for he sank back in his chair, looking limp and dejected.

我肯定是又摇了摇头，因为他又瘫坐回椅子上，无精打采、十分沮丧。

For some moments there was a silence during which the typewriter, which had been clicking away all the time we talked, caught up with the last remark. Then he looked at me intently and rather sadly.

他许久都没有说话，打字员一直用打字机记录着我们的对话，这时还在记录着最后一句。然后，他全神贯注地看着我，很伤心的样子。

"Never in all my experience have I known a soul so case-hardened as yours," he said in a low tone. "All the criminals who have come before me until now wept when they saw this symbol of our Lord's sufferings.”

“我从来都没有见过像你这样顽固的灵魂，”他轻声说道，“所有来到我面前的罪犯看到耶稣受难像时没有一个不痛哭流涕的。”

I was on the point of replying that was precisely because they were criminals. But then I realized that I, too, came under that description. Somehow it was an idea to which I never could get reconciled.

我正想回答说因为是他们是罪犯。可想一想，我也跟他们一样是罪犯。不知怎么，我总也不能适应这种想法。

To indicate, presumably, that the interview was over, the

magistrate stood up. In the same weary tone he asked me a last question: Did I regret what I had done?

这时，地方预审法官站了起来，意思好像是审讯结束了。他用同样疲倦的口吻问了我最后一个问题：是否对自己的行为感到后悔？

After thinking a bit, I said that what I felt was less regret than a kind of vexation—I couldn't find a better word for it. But he didn't seem to understand. ... This was as far as things went at that day's interview.

我想了想，说与其说是后悔，还不如说是有些苦恼，我找不到更好的措辞来表达。可他好像不大明白。……那天的审讯就到此为止了。

I came before the magistrate many times more, but on these occasions my lawyer always accompanied me. The examinations were confined to asking me to amplify my previous statements. Or else the magistrate and my lawyer discussed technicalities. At such times they took very little notice of me, and, in any case, the tone of the examinations changed as time went on. The magistrate seemed to have lost interest in me, and to have come to some sort-of decision about my case. He never mentioned God again or displayed any of the religious fervor I had found so embarrassing at our first interview. The result was that our relations became more cordial. After a few questions, followed by an exchange of remarks with the lawyer, the magistrate closed the interview. My case was "taking its course," as he put it. Sometimes, too, the conversation was of a general order, and the magistrate and lawyer encouraged me to join in it. I began to breathe more freely. Neither of the two men, at these times, showed the least hostility toward me, and everything went so smoothly, so amiably, that I had an absurd impression of being "one of the family." I can honestly say that during the eleven months these examinations lasted I got so used to them that I was almost surprised at having ever enjoyed anything better than those rare moments when the magistrate, after escorting me to the door of the office, would pat my shoulder and say in a friendly tone: "Well, Mr. Antichrist, that's all for the present!” After which I was made over to my jailers.

后来这位预审法官又审讯过我几次，但每次都有我的律师陪同。每次审讯都只是再明确一下我之前的陈述。或者是预审法官和律师讨论诉讼程序的一些细节问题。这几次他们已经不怎么注意我了，而且无论如何，随着时间的流逝，审讯的语气也变得和以前不一样了。这位预审法官似乎已经对我失去兴趣了，差不多把我的案子定性了。他再没跟我提过上帝，也没再像第一次审讯时那样表现出任何让我觉得尴尬的宗教狂热情绪。于是，我们之间变得更友好了。他问几个问题，再跟律师交流几句，审讯就结束了。按照他的说法，我的案子在“正常进行”。有时预审法官和律师也会谈些一般性的话题，他们鼓励我也参与其中。我开始

更自由地呼吸了。这几次两个人对我都没有表现出丝毫敌意，一切都进行得很顺利，他们对我非常亲切，我甚至觉得我已经成为“大家庭中的一员”了，当然这种想法很荒谬。坦白说，在受审的这十一个月里，令我惊奇的是，我已经适应了这里的一切，我甚至觉得这是一段最快乐的时光。每次预审法官送我到门口，都会拍拍我的肩膀，亲切地说：“好吧，反基督先生，今天就到此为止吧！”然后，他们就把我交给了狱卒。

Chapter II

第二章

There are some things of which I've never cared to talk. And, a few days after I'd been sent to prison, I decided that this phase of my life was one of them. However, as time went by, I came to feel that this aversion had no real substance. In point of fact, during those early days, I was hardly conscious of being in prison; I had always a vague hope that something would turn up, some agreeable surprise.

有些事情我从来都不想说。自从我进了监狱，没过多久，我就觉得这里的生活我也不喜欢谈论了。然而，随着时间的流逝，我发现这样的反感没有必要。事实上，刚开始的几天里，我没有觉得我是在坐牢，我模糊地希望会有什么新奇的事情发生。

The change came soon after Marie's first and only visit. From the day when I got her letter telling me they wouldn't let her come to see me any more, because she wasn't my wife—it was from that day that I realized that this cell was my last home, a dead end, so to speak.

直到第一次，也是唯一一次，玛丽来看我之后，情况才变了。那之后，我收到她的来信，她说他们不允许她再来看我，因为她不是我的妻子——从那天起，我才意识到这个地方是我最后的归宿了，我的生活到此为止了。

On the day of my arrest they put me in a biggish room with several other prisoners, mostly Arabs. They grinned when they saw me enter, and asked me what I'd done. I told them I'd killed an Arab, and they kept mum for a while. But presently night began to fall, and one of them explained to me how to lay out my sleeping mat. By rolling up one end one makes a sort of bolster. All night I felt bugs crawling over my face.

我被捕的那天，他们把我关在一个大牢房里，里面有好几个囚犯，大部分是阿拉伯人。他们看到我都笑了，问我犯了什么罪。我说我杀了一个阿拉伯人，他们便沉默了一会儿。没多久，天就黑了，有个人就告诉我怎样铺垫子睡觉。把一头卷起来，就可以枕着睡觉了。一整夜我都觉得有虫子在我脸上爬。

Some days later I was put by myself in a cell, where I slept on a plank bed hinged to the wall. The only other furniture was a latrine bucket and a tin basin. The prison stands on rising ground, and through my little window I had glimpses of the sea. One day when I was hanging on the bars, straining my eyes toward the sunlight playing on the waves, a jailer entered and said I had a visitor. I

thought it must be Marie, and so it was.

过了几天，我被关进一个单间牢房，可以睡在链在墙上的一块板子上。房间里唯一的家具就是一只便桶和一个铁盆。监狱建在一片高地上，透过小窗户还可以看见大海。有一天，我正抓着铁栏杆，看着波光粼粼的海面，一个监狱看守进来，说有人来看我。我想一定是玛丽，真的是她。

To go to the Visitors' Room, I was taken along a corridor, then up a flight of steps, then along another corridor. It was a very large room, lit by a big bow window, and divided into three compartments by high iron grilles running transversally. Between the two grilles there was a gap of some thirty feet, a sort of no man's land between the prisoners and their friends. I was led to a point exactly opposite Marie, who was wearing her striped dress. On my side of the rails were about a dozen other prisoners, Arabs for the most part. On Marie's side were mostly Moorish women. She was wedged between a small old woman with tight-set lips and a fat matron, without a hat, who was talking shrilly and gesticulated all the time. Because of the distance between the visitors and prisoners I found I, too, had to raise my voice.

去接待室的路上，他们带着我穿过一个走廊，上了一段台阶，又穿过另一个走廊。接待室很大，有一扇很大的弓形窗，所以屋里很亮，两道大铁栅栏把房间分成了三个部分。铁栅栏之间有大约三十英尺的地方，可以说是隔开囚犯和探望者的“无人区”。我被带到玛丽正对面的地方，她穿着那件条纹连衣裙。栏杆的这一边有十几个囚犯，大部分是阿拉伯人。玛丽那边站的大部分是摩尔妇女。她左右两边各站着一个女人，一个是身材矮小的老太太，嘴唇闭得紧紧的；另一个妇女很胖，没戴帽子，说话嗓门很大，一直指手划脚。由于探望者和囚犯之间离得很远，我也不得不提高嗓门。

When I came into the room the babel of voices echoing on the bare walls, and the sunlight streaming in, flooding everything in a harsh white glare, made me feel quite dizzy. After the relative darkness and the silence of my cell it took me some moments to get used to these conditions. After a bit, however, I came to see each face quite clearly, lit up as if a spotlight played on it.

我走进屋子，吵吵嚷嚷的声音回响在光秃秃的墙壁间，阳光射进房间，一切都笼罩在耀眼的白光中，让我觉得头晕目眩。我的牢房相对暗些、安静些，所以过了好一会儿我才适应了接待室的环境。不过，过了一小会儿，我就看清了每个人的脸，每张脸都明亮得像被打了聚光灯。

I noticed a prison official seated at each end of the no man's land between the grilles. The native prisoners and their relations on the other side were squatting opposite each other. They didn't raise their voices and, in spite of the din, managed to converse almost in whispers. This murmur of voices coming from below made a sort of

accompaniment to the conversations going on above their heads. I took stock of all this very quickly and moved a step forward toward Marie. She was pressing her brown, sun-tanned face to the bars and smiling as hard as she could. I thought she was looking very pretty, but somehow couldn't bring myself to tell her so.

我发现两道铁栅栏之间那片“无人区”的两头各坐了一个看守。当地的阿拉伯囚犯和他们的亲属都面对面蹲着。尽管接待室里闹哄哄的，但他们并没有提高嗓门儿喊，而是几乎在以耳语交谈。这低处的悄声细语，成了他们头顶闹哄哄的谈话的伴奏。我很快便注意到了这一点，便又朝玛丽走近了一步。她把晒黑了的脸贴在栅栏上，朝我挤出一丝微笑。我觉得她很漂亮，但不知怎么告诉她。

"Well?" she asked, pitching her voice very high. "What about it? Are you all right, have you everything you want?"

“还好吗？”她大声问道，“怎么样？你还好吗？需要的东西都有吗？”

"Oh, yes. I've everything I want.”

“哦，是的。我需要的东西我都有。”

We were silent for some moments; Marie went on smiling. The fat woman was bawling at the prisoner beside me, her husband presumably, a tall, fair, pleasant-looking man.

我们沉默了一会儿，玛丽一直笑着。那个胖女人朝我旁边的一个人大叫，那人应该是她的丈夫，个子挺高，长相还不错。

"Jeanne refused to have him," she yelled.

“让娜不想要他。”她大声叫道。

"That's just too bad," the man replied.

“真是糟糕。”那个男人说。

"Yes, and I told her you'd take him back the moment you got out; but she wouldn't hear of it.”

“我跟她说了，等你一出来就把他弄回来，可她不听。”

Marie shouted across the gap that Raymond sent me his best wishes, and I said, "Thanks." But my voice was drowned by my neighbor's, asking "if he was quite fit."

玛丽也大声对我说雷蒙德问我好，我说：“谢谢。”但我的声音正好被旁边的人盖过去了，他问：“他身体还好吧？”

The fat woman gave a laugh. "Fit? I should say he is! The picture of health."

胖女人笑道：“好？我得说他很好！他身体状况很好。”

Meanwhile the prisoner on my left, a youngster with thin, girlish hands, never said a word. His eyes, I noticed, were fixed on the little old woman opposite him, and she returned his gaze with a sort of hungry passion. But I had to stop looking at them as Marie was shouting to me that we mustn't lose hope.

我左边是一个年轻人，手像女孩子的手一般纤细，一直一言不发。我注意到他注视着对面的那个小个子的老太太，她也热切地望着他。但我必须停止看他们了，因为玛丽开始朝我喊道，我们不能失去希望。

"Certainly not," I answered. My gaze fell on her shoulders, and I had a sudden longing to squeeze them, through the thin dress. Its silky texture fascinated me, and I had a feeling that the hope she spoke of centered on it, somehow. I imagine something of the same sort was in Marie's mind, for she went on smiling, looking straight at me.

“对，不能。”我说。我的目光落在她肩上，我突然间很想隔着薄薄的裙子搂一搂她的肩膀。细腻的布料吸引了我，我有一种莫名的感觉，仿佛她所说的希望全集中在这上面了。我想这也是玛丽的意思，因为她一直在直视着我，笑个不停。

"It'll all come right, you'll see, and then we shall get married.”

“一切都会没事的，等你出来我们就结婚。”

All I could see of her now was the white flash of her teeth, and the little puckers round her eyes. I answered: "Do you really think so?" but chiefly because I felt it up to me to answer something.

现在，我眼中只看到她亮白的牙齿，还有她眼角细小的皱纹。我回答道：“你真的这样想吗？”但只要是因为觉得该回答些什么。

She started talking very fast in the same high-pitched voice.

她开始语速飞快地说起来，声音还是那么高。

"Yes, you'll be acquitted, and we'll go bathing again, Sundays.”

“是的，你会被释放的，星期天我们还去游泳。”

The woman beside me was still yelling away, telling her husband that she'd left a basket for him in the prison office. She gave a list of the things she'd brought and told him to mind and check them carefully, as some had cost quite a lot. The youngster on my other side and his mother were still gazing mournfully at each other, and the murmur of the Arabs droned on below us. The light outside seemed to be surging up against the window, seeping through, and smearing the faces of the people facing it with a coat of yellow oil.

我旁边的那个妇女还在冲这边吼，告诉她丈夫她在监狱办公室留了一个篮子给他。她一样样地说她带来的东西，嘱咐他要仔细检查，因为有些东西很贵。我另一边的年轻人和他母亲一直忧郁地对望着，那些阿

拉伯人则继续在我们下面低声交谈。窗外的光线越来越强烈，面向阳光的人们脸上都被涂上了一层黄色的油彩。

I began to feel slightly squeamish, and wished I could leave. The strident voice beside me was jarring on my ears. But, on the other hand, I wanted to have the most I could of Marie's company. I've no idea how much time passed. I remember Marie's describing to me her work, with that set smile always on her face. There wasn't a moment's letup in the noise—shouts, conversations, and always that muttering undertone. The only oasis of silence was made by the young fellow and the old woman gazing into each other's eyes.

我开始觉得有点儿恶心，真想离开这儿。刺耳的嘈杂声让我很难受。但另外一方面，我很想让玛丽多陪陪我。我不知道时间过去了多久。我记得玛丽跟我讲了她的工作，她总是在微笑。所有声音交织成一片，喊叫声、说话声，还有那无时无刻不在进行的低语。只有我身边的年轻人和那个老太太之间有个僻静的港湾，他俩只是互相望着。

Then, one by one, the Arabs were led away; almost everyone fell silent when the first one left. The little old woman pressed herself against the bars and at the same moment a jailer tapped her son's shoulder. He called, "*Au revoir*, Mother," and, slipping her hand between the bars, she gave him a small, slow wave with it.

后来，那些阿拉伯人都被带走了，第一个人一走，大家几乎都不说话了。那个小老太太靠近铁栅栏，这时，一个看守拍了拍他儿子的肩膀。他叫道：“再见，妈妈。”老太太把手从栏杆伸出来，慢慢地、轻轻地挥了挥手。

No sooner was she gone than a man, hat in hand, took her place. A prisoner was led up to the empty place beside me, and the two started a brisk exchange of remarks—not loud, however, as the room had become relatively quiet. Someone came and called away the man on my right, and his wife shouted at him—she didn't seem to realize it was no longer necessary to shout—"Now, mind you look after yourself, dear, and don't do anything rash!”

她一走，她站的地方就来了一个男人，手里拿着一顶帽子。这时，我旁边也带来一个犯人，他们就开始说个不停——不过声音很小，因为房间已经安静了下来。有人来把我右边的人叫走了，他老婆还是大声喊着——她没有意识到现在不需要这么大声：“保重啊，亲爱的，不要太冲动！”

My turn came next. Marie threw me a kiss. I looked back as I walked away. She hadn't moved; her face was still pressed to the rails, her lips still parted in that tense, twisted smile.

接下来就是我了。玛丽给了我一个飞吻。我边走着边回头。她没有动，脸仍然紧紧地贴着栏杆，嘴巴微张，那不自然的微笑仍挂在唇边。

Soon after this I had a letter from her. And it was then that the things I've never liked to talk about began. Not that they were particularly terrible; I've no wish to exaggerate and I suffered less than others. Still, there was one thing in those early days that was really irksome: my habit of thinking like a free man. For instance, I would suddenly be seized with a desire to go down to the beach for a swim. And merely to have imagined the sound of ripples at my feet, the smooth feel of the water on my body as I struck out, and the wonderful sensation of relief it gave brought home still more cruelly the narrowness of my cell.

不久后我收到了她的一封信。我不愿说起的那些事情也是从这时开始的。那些事情并没有多可怕。我不想夸张，而且我并没有别人那么难过。不过，刚开始那些天，有一点的确让我很难受：我还不习惯把自己看作一个不自由的人。例如，有时我会突然很想去海里游一圈。我想象着脚下海浪的响声，想象着纵身跳进水里的惬意，那种释放的快感只会让我更加强烈地感觉到牢房的狭小。

Still, that phase lasted a few months only. Afterward, I had prisoner's thoughts. I waited for the daily walk in the courtyard or a visit from my lawyer. As for the rest of the time, I managed quite well, really. I've often thought that had I been compelled to live in the trunk of a dead tree, with nothing to do but gaze up at the patch of sky just overhead, I'd have got used to it by degrees. I'd have learned to watch for the passing of birds or drifting clouds, as I had come to watch for my lawyer's odd neckties, or, in another world, to wait patiently till Sunday for a spell of love-making with Marie. Well, here, anyhow, I wasn't penned in a hollow tree trunk. There were others in the world worse off than I. I remembered it had been one of Mother's pet ideas—she was always voicing it—that in the long run one gets used to anything.

但这仅持续了几个月。后来，我便把自己当作囚犯了。我等待着每天到院子里放风，或是律师来访。其余的时间我也安排得很好。我常常想，要是我不得不住在一棵枯树干里，望着天空，什么都不干，我也能渐渐习惯的。我会习惯抬头看看路过的鸟儿或是天空飘着的朵朵云彩，就像我常常等待着，希望看到律师戴古怪的领带，或者在另一个世界耐心地等待着周末和玛丽的一番云雨。好吧，无论如何，我还没被困在枯树干里。世上有些人比我还不幸。我记得母亲以前经常说——她总是这样说——时间长了，什么都会习惯的。

Usually, however, I didn't think things out so far. Those first months were trying, of course; but the very effort I had to make helped me through them. For instance, I was plagued by the desire for a woman—which was natural enough, considering my age. I never thought of Marie especially. I was obsessed by thoughts of this woman or that, of all the ones I'd had, all the circumstances under which I'd

loved them; so much so that the cell grew crowded with their faces, ghosts of my old passions. That unsettled me, no doubt; but, at least, it served to kill time.

不过通常我不会想得那么深入。当然，头几个月真的很苦，但是我一直在努力，也就熬过来了。比如说，我老是想女人——像我这个年纪，这倒也很正常。我倒不是专门想玛丽。我满脑子都是女人，这个或者那个，我想到我拥有过的所有女人，以及我与她们相爱的前前后后，以至于整个牢房浮现的都是她们的面庞，还有我曾经的热望与冲动。毫无疑问，这让我很难受，但话说回来，这也能帮我打发打发时间。

I gradually became quite friendly with the chief jailer, who went the rounds with the kitchen hands at mealtimes. It was he who brought up the subject of women. "That's what the men here grumble about most," he told me.

渐渐地，看守长对我友好起来。开饭时他总是跟厨房伙计一块儿各牢房转转。是他跟我谈起女人的。“这是牢里男人们抱怨最多的一件事。”他说。

I said I felt like that myself. "There's something unfair about it," I added, "like hitting a man when he's down.”

我说我也是这样认为的。“这不公平，”我说，“这就像打一个已经倒在地上的人。”

"But that's the whole point of it," he said; "that's why you fellows are kept in prison.”

“就是这样，”他说，“这就是为什么你们这些人要坐牢。”

"I don't follow.”

“什么意思？”

"Liberty," he said, "means that. You're being deprived of your liberty.”

“自由，”他说，“就是说你们被剥夺了自由。”

It had never before struck me in that light, but I saw his point. "That's true," I said. "Otherwise it wouldn't be a punishment.”

我从来没想过这个问题，但我明白他的意思了。“你说得对，”我说，“要不然我们怎么受惩罚呢？”

The jailer nodded. "Yes, you're different, you can use your brains. The others can't. Still, those fellows find a way out; they do it by themselves.” With which remark the jailer left my cell. Next day I did like the others.

他点点头。“对，你和他们不一样，你很聪明。但他们不。不过他们仍试图找到出路，靠他们自己。”说完他就走了。第二天，我还是和他们

一样。

The lack of cigarettes, too, was a trial. When I was brought to the prison, they took away my belt, my shoelaces, and the contents of my pockets, including my cigarettes. Once I had been given a cell to myself I asked to be given back, anyhow, the cigarettes. Smoking was forbidden, they informed me. That, perhaps, was what got me down the most; in fact, I suffered really badly during the first few days. I even tore off splinters from my plank bed and sucked them. All day long I felt faint and bilious. It passed my understanding why I shouldn't be allowed even to smoke; it could have done no one any harm. Later on, I understood the idea behind it; this privation, too, was part of my punishment. But, by the time I understood, I'd lost the craving, so it had ceased to be a punishment.

另外，没有烟抽对我也是个考验。我进监狱的时候，他们没收了我的腰带、鞋带，还没收了口袋里的东西，包括香烟。一进入单人牢房，我就要求他们把东西还给我，不管怎样，把烟还我。但他们告诉我，这里不允许吸烟。也许这就是让我最痛苦的事。事实上，起初几天我真的相当痛苦。我甚至从床板上撕下木片来咂。我整天都感到头晕，心情很糟糕。我不明白他们为何不让我抽烟，这又不会伤害到任何人。后来我明白了，这也是惩罚的一部分。但我明白了这一点后就不再想抽烟了，所以这也就不再算是惩罚了。

Except for these privations I wasn't too unhappy. Yet again, the whole problem was: how to kill time. After a while, however, once I'd learned the trick of remembering things, I never had a moment's boredom. Sometimes I would exercise my memory on my bedroom and, starting from a corner, make the round, noting every object I saw on the way. At first it was over in a minute or two. But each time I repeated the experience, it took a little longer. I made a point of visualizing every piece of furniture, and each article upon or in it, and then every detail of each article, and finally the details of the details, so to speak: a tiny dent or incrustation, or a chipped edge, and the exact grain and color of the woodwork. At the same time I forced myself to keep my inventory in mind from start to finish, in the right order and omitting no item. With the result that, after a few weeks, I could spend hours merely in listing the objects in my bedroom. I found that the more I thought, the more details, half-forgotten or malobserved, floated up from my memory. There seemed no end to them.

除了这些烦恼之外，我倒也没什么不悦的。不过主要的问题还是如何打发时间。然而没过多久，我学会了靠回忆往昔而打发时间，此后就再也不感到无聊了。有时我会回忆我的卧室，从一个角落出发，把每样东西都想一遍，转一圈再回到原处。刚开始，一两分钟就想完了。但每次重新开始想的时候，花的时间就稍长些。我刻意回想每一件家具的样

子，回想家具上面或里面放着的每一样东西、以及每件东西的细节，最后可以说细到不能再细，比如一个细小的凹痕或是一个硬壳，或是一个有缺口的边儿，或是木头的纹理和颜色。同时，我还逼自己记清每一样东西，从头到尾，依次记下，一件不漏。过了几个星期，我还真的能花上几个小时回想我房间的东西。我发现，我想得越多，越能够想起原已忘记或是根本不记得的一些细节。我似乎能想起数不清的东西。

So I learned that even after a single day's experience of the outside world a man could easily live a hundred years in prison. He'd have laid up enough memories never to be bored. Obviously, in one way, this was a compensation.

所以我明白了，即时在自由的世界有过一天的生活，进入监狱后也能很容易地呆上一百年。他有足够的回忆，一点儿都不会感到无聊。当然，从某种意义上来说，这也算是一种补偿。

Then there was sleep. To begin with, I slept badly at night and never in the day. But gradually my nights became better, and I managed to doze off in the daytime as well. In fact, during the last months, I must have slept sixteen or eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. So there remained only six hours to fill—with meals, relieving nature, my memories...and the story of the Czech.

然后就是睡觉的问题。刚开始，我晚上睡不好，白天根本睡不着。慢慢地，晚上睡得好多了，白天也能打个盹儿了。实际上，后来的几个月里，我每天都要睡上十六到十八个小时。所以，我只剩六个小时的时间需要填满——吃饭啊，上厕所啊，还有回忆往事……还有捷克人的故事。

One day, when inspecting my straw mattress, I found a bit of newspaper stuck to its underside.

有一天，我发现草垫下的床板上粘着一小块报纸。

The paper was yellow with age, almost transparent, but I could still make out the letter print. It was the story of a crime. The first part was missing, but I gathered that its scene was some village in Czechoslovakia. One of the villagers had left his home to try his luck abroad. After twenty-five years, having made a fortune, he returned to his country with his wife and child. Meanwhile his mother and sister had been running a small hotel in the village where he was born. He decided to give them a surprise and, leaving his wife and child in another inn, he went to stay at his mother's place, booking a room under an assumed name. His mother and sister completely failed to recognize him. At dinner that evening he showed them a large sum of money he had on him, and in the course of the night they slaughtered him with a hammer. After taking the money they flung the body into the river. Next morning his wife came and, without thinking, betrayed

the guest's identity. His mother hanged herself. His sister threw herself into a well. I must have read that story thousands of times. In one way it sounded most unlikely; in another, it was plausible enough. Anyhow, to my mind, the man was asking for trouble; one shouldn't play fool tricks of that sort.

报纸年代太久，已经发黄透亮，但上面的字还能看得清。这是一个关于犯罪的故事。第一部分已经没有了，但可以推断出故事发生在捷克斯洛伐克的一个村庄。一个村民离开自己的家乡，外出谋生。二十五年后，他赚了很多钱，带着老婆和一个孩子回到家乡。他母亲和妹妹在他的家乡开了个小旅馆。他打算给他们一个惊喜，于是便把老婆孩子安排在另一家旅馆，自己用假名字到母亲的旅馆登记住了下来。他母亲和妹妹完全没有认出他来。吃晚饭的时候，他向她们亮出了自己身上带的一大笔钱。夜里，她俩用锤子把他打死了。她们拿走了他的钱，然后把尸体扔进了河里。第二天，他老婆来了，无意间说出了他的真实身份。母亲上吊自杀了。妹妹也投了井。这个故事我读过无数遍了。有时想想，这简直难以置信，但再一想，这也合情合理。无论如何，我觉得他是自作自受，怎么说也不应该玩这种花样。

So, what with long bouts of sleep, my memories, readings of that scrap of newspaper, the tides of light and darkness, the days slipped by. I'd read, of course, that in jail one ends up by losing track of time. But this had never meant anything definite to me. I hadn't grasped how days could be at once long and short. Long, no doubt, as periods to live through, but so distended that they ended up by overlapping on each other. In fact, I never thought of days as such; only the words "yesterday" and "tomorrow" still kept some meaning.

睡长长的觉、回忆、读那一方残缺的报纸，就这样，昼夜更替间，时间一天天过去了。当然，我以前在书里读到，在监狱里，人最后就没有了时间的概念。但这对我来说，并没有什么意义。我不明白时间为什么很长又很短。毫无疑问，就一生而言，时间是很长的，但其实一生也是一天一天累积起来的。事实上，我从没有这样想过，对我而言，只有“昨天”和“明天”还有些意义。

When, one morning, the jailer informed me I'd now been six months in jail, I believed him—but the words conveyed nothing to my mind. To me it seemed like one and the same day that had been going on since I'd been in my cell, and that I'd been doing the same thing all the time.

有一天，看守对我说我已经入狱六个月了，我相信他，但对我来说，这毫无意义。我在牢房里度过的每一天都是一样的，总是做着同样的事。

After the jailer left me I shined up my tin pannikin and studied my face in it. My expression was terribly serious, I thought, even when I tried to smile. I held the pannikin at different angles, but

always my face had the same mournful, tense expression.

看守走后，我擦了擦我的锡制小盘子，然后看着反光里自己的脸。即使我试着微笑，可我的样子依然很严肃。我拿着锅朝不同的角度看看，可我的表情总是同样地哀伤、紧张。

The sun was setting and it was the hour of which I'd rather not speak—"the nameless hour," I called it—when evening sounds were creeping up from all the floors of the prison in a sort of stealthy procession. I went to the barred window and in the last rays looked once again at my reflected face. It was as serious as before; and that wasn't surprising, as just then I was feeling serious. But, at the same time, I heard something that I hadn't heard for months. It was the sound of a voice; my own voice, there was no mistaking it. And I recognized it as the voice that for many a day of late had been sounding in my ears. So I knew that all this time I'd been talking to myself.

太阳下山了，这是我最不愿意提及的时刻——我称之为“无名时刻”——夜晚的嘈杂声从监狱的每层楼悄悄地传来。我走近铁窗，借着最后的光线，又从锡盘的反光中端详了自己的样子。还是像之前那样严肃，这并不奇怪，因为刚才我的心情确实很沉重。但就在此时，我听到了一种我几个月来都没有听到过的声音。这是一种人发出的声音，毫无疑问是我自己的声音。我听出来了，这是最近许多天一直回响在我耳边的声音。我这才意识到我一直在跟自己说话。

And something I'd been told came back; a remark made by the nurse at Mother's funeral. No, there was no way out, and no one can imagine what the evenings are like in prison.

我想起了母亲葬礼那天护士对我说过的话。确实没有出路，没有人能够想象监狱里的夜晚是怎样的。

Chapter III

第三章

On the whole I can't say that those months passed slowly; another summer was on its way almost before I realized the first was over. And I knew that with the first really hot days something new was in store for me. My case was down for the last sessions of the Assize Court, and those sessions were due to end some time in June.

总的来说，我觉得那几个月过得不慢，我还没有意识到上一个夏天已然逝去，又一个夏天就来了。我知道天气一热的时候，我的案子就会有新的进展。我的案子定在巡回法庭最后一次开庭时审理，这次庭审将于六月结束。

The day on which my trial started was one of brilliant sunshine. My lawyer assured me the case would take only two or three days. "From what I hear," he added, "the court will dispatch your case as quickly as possible, as it isn't the most important one on the Cause List. There's a case of parricide immediately after, which will take them some time.”

开庭的那天，太阳火辣辣的。我的辩护律师跟我保证，说我的案子两三天就可以审完。“据我所知，”他说，“法院会尽快把你的案子结了，因为你的案子并不是审案日程表上最重要的一个。在你的案子之后，马上就有一个弑父案要审理，这要花他们一些时间。”

They came for me at half-past seven in the morning and I was conveyed to the law courts in a prison van. The two policemen led me into a small room that smelled of darkness. We sat near a door through which came sounds of voices, shouts, chairs scraping on the floor; a vague hubbub which reminded me of one of those small-town "socials" when, after the concert's over, the hall is cleared for dancing.

早上七点半，他们来提我，一辆囚车把我送到法院。两名法警把我送到一个小房间，里面传来阴暗的气息。我们坐在门口，门外传来说话声、叫喊声以及椅子摩擦地板的声音。这小小的喧闹让我想到了小镇上的“社交活动”。音乐会结束后，人们收拾好大厅准备跳舞。

One of my policemen told me the judges hadn't arrived yet, and offered me a cigarette, which I declined. After a bit he asked me if I was feeling nervous. I said, "No," and that the prospect of witnessing a trial rather interested me; I'd never had occasion to attend one before.

其中一个法警告诉我法官还没有来，他递给我一支烟，我谢绝了。过了一会儿，他问我紧不紧张。我说，“不紧张”，还说我对法庭审判很感兴趣，我从来都没见过这样的场面。

"Maybe," the other policeman said. "But after an hour or two one's had enough of it.”

“或许是吧，”另一个法警说，“但过一两个小时，你就看够了。”

After a while a small electric bell purred in the room. They unfastened my handcuffs, opened the door, and led me to the prisoner's dock.

没过多久，房间里的小电铃响了。他们打开了我的手铐，开了门，让我走到被告席去。

There was a great crowd in the courtroom. Though the Venetian blinds were down, light was filtering through the chinks, and the air stiflingly hot already. The windows had been kept shut. I sat down, and the police officers took their stand on each side of my chair.

法庭里人很多。活动百叶窗关着，但仍有光线透过缝隙射进来，法庭里燥热的空气令人窒息。窗户都紧闭着。我坐了下来，两名法警分别站在我的两侧。

It was then that I noticed a row of faces opposite me. These people were staring hard at me, and I guessed they were the jury. But somehow I didn't see them as individuals. I felt as you do just after boarding a streetcar and you're conscious of all the people on the opposite seat staring at you in the hope of finding something in your appearance to amuse them. Of course, I knew this was an absurd comparison; what these people were looking for in me wasn't anything to laugh at, but signs of criminality. Still, the difference wasn't so very great, and, anyhow, that's the idea I got.

这时，我注意到有一排面孔正对着我。这些人都死死地盯着我，我猜他们就是陪审团。但不知怎的，我看不出他们彼此之间有什么不同。就像是在电车上，一上车你就会发现坐在你对面的所有人都在看着你，想在你身上找到些可笑的地方。当然，我知道这种对比很荒谬，这些人可不是要看我有什么可笑之处，而是要找出我犯罪的蛛丝马迹。不过，这并没有太大的区别，反正我是这样想的。

What with the crowd and the stuffiness of the air I was feeling a bit dizzy. I ran my eyes round the courtroom but couldn't recognize any of the faces. At first I could hardly believe that all these people had come on my account. It was such a new experience, being a focus of interest; in the ordinary way no one ever paid much attention to me.

法庭里人多，空气又不好，我感到有些头昏脑胀。我看了看四周，但没有看到熟人。一开始我真的不敢相信所有的人都是为我而来的。成为众人关注的焦点真是件新奇的事，平时，从没人会如此关注我。

"What a crush!" I remarked to the policeman on my left, and he

explained that the newspapers were responsible for it.

“这么多人啊！”我对左边的法警说道，他说因为我的案子上了报纸。

He pointed to a group of men at a table just below the jury box. "There they are!"

他指着陪审席下边那张桌子旁的一帮人。“就是他们！”

"Who?" I asked, and he replied, "The press." One of them, he added, was an old friend of his.

“谁？”我问，他答：“媒体。”他说，其中有一个是他的老朋友。

A moment later the man he'd mentioned looked our way and, coming to the dock, shook hands warmly with the policeman. The journalist was an elderly man with a rather grim expression, but his manner was quite pleasant. Just then I noticed that almost all the people in the courtroom were greeting each other, exchanging remarks and forming groups—behaving, in fact, as in a club where the company of others of one's own tastes and standing makes one feel at ease. That, no doubt, explained the odd impression I had of being *de trop* here, a sort of gate-crasher.

过了一会儿，那位老朋友向我们这边望了望，然后走到了被告席这里，和那个法警很友好地握手。这位记者年纪已经不小，表情严肃，不过举止很可亲。就在那时，我注意到，所有人几乎都在打招呼，互相问候，三五成群聚在一起——事实上，看上去就像是在俱乐部碰到了同个圈子的人，个个轻松自得。难怪我刚才会有奇怪的感觉，仿佛我是多余的，像是一个擅自闯入的家伙。

However, the journalist addressed me quite amiably, and said he hoped all would go well for me. I thanked him, and he added with a smile:

不过那位记者很和蔼地跟我打了招呼，说希望我一切顺利。我谢了他，他微笑着说：

"You know, we've been featuring you a bit. We're always rather short of copy in the summer, and there's been precious little to write about except your case and the one that's coming on after it. I expect you've heard about it; it's a case of parricide.”

“你知道，我们在对你进行专题报道。一到夏天，我们总是没什么事情可报道，除了你的案子和下一个案子，我们没什么好写的。我想你也听说了，就是那个弑父案。”

He drew my attention to one of the group at the press table, a plump, small man with huge black-rimmed glasses, who made me think of an overfed weasel.

他指了指媒体那张桌子旁边坐着的一个人，那是个胖胖的矮个子男人，戴一副黑框眼镜，我觉得他像一只肥胖的鼬鼠。

"That fellow's the special correspondent of one of the Paris dailies. As a matter of fact, he didn't come on your account. He was sent for the parricide case, but they've asked him to cover yours as well.”

“他是巴黎一家日报的特派记者。实际上，他不是为你的案子而来的。他是来报道那个弑父案的，不过报社让他顺便把你的案子也报道了。

It was on the tip of my tongue to say, "That was very kind of them," but then I thought it would sound silly. With a friendly wave of his hand he left us, and for some minutes nothing happened.

我差点儿要说：“他们真好。”但我觉得这样说很愚蠢。他很亲切地挥了挥手，然后走了，我们又等了几分钟。

Then, accompanied by some colleagues, my lawyer bustled in, in his gown. He went up to the press table and shook hands with the journalists. They remained laughing and chatting together, all seemingly very much at home here, until a bell rang shrilly and everyone went to his place. My lawyer came up to me, shook hands, and advised me to answer all the questions as briefly as possible, not to volunteer information, and to rely on him to see me through.

接着，我的律师风风火火地赶来。他穿着律师袍，同来的还有他的一些同事。他朝记者们走去，跟他们握手。他们有说有笑，就好像在家里一样，直到尖锐的铃声响起，他们才各自回到自己的位置。律师走到我身边，和我握了手，告诉我回答问题尽可能简短些，不要主动说话，其他的交给他来办。

I heard a chair scrape on my left, and a tall, thin man wearing pince-nez settled the folds of his red gown as he took his seat. The Public Prosecutor, I gathered. A clerk of the court announced that Their Honors were entering, and at the same moment two big electric fans started buzzing overhead. Three judges, two in black and the third in scarlet, with brief cases under their arms, entered and walked briskly to the bench, which was several feet above the level of the courtroom floor. The man in scarlet took the central, high-backed chair, placed his cap of office on the table, ran a handkerchief over his small bald crown, and announced that the hearing would now begin.

我听到左边椅子在挪动，一个瘦高的男人坐了下来。他穿着红袍，戴着一副夹鼻眼镜，坐下的同时理了理长袍的褶皱。我想他是公诉人。法庭书记员宣布法官到庭，同时，房顶的两盏大电扇开始嗡嗡地转起来。三个法官走进来，他们两个穿黑袍，一个穿红袍，夹着公文包，迅速走向法官席。法官席比地板高出几英尺。穿红袍的法官坐在中间的高背椅上，把帽子放在桌上，用手帕擦了擦他头上的一小块秃顶，接着宣

布庭审开始。

The journalists had their fountain pens ready; they all wore the same expression of slightly ironical indifference, with the exception of one, a much younger man than his colleagues, in gray flannels with a blue tie, who, leaving his pen on the table, was gazing hard at me. He had a plain, rather chunky face; what held my attention were his eyes, very pale, clear eyes, riveted on me, though not betraying any definite emotion. For a moment I had an odd impression, as if I were being scrutinized by myself. That—and the fact that I was unfamiliar with court procedure—may explain why I didn't follow very well the opening phases: the drawing of lots for the jury, the various questions put by the presiding judge to the Prosecutor, the foreman of the jury, and my counsel (each time he spoke all the jurymen's heads swung round together toward the bench), the hurried reading of the charge sheet, in the course of which I recognized some familiar names of people and places; then some supplementary questions put to my lawyer.

记者们准备好了钢笔，他们脸上都带些愤世嫉俗般的漠然。只有一个例外。那是一个非常年轻的记者，他穿着灰色法兰绒衣服，系一条蓝色领带；他把笔放在桌上，正目不转睛地看着我。他的脸圆圆的，长相平平，两只平静而又敏锐的眼睛一直盯着我，表情不可捉摸。一时间我觉得很奇怪，好像是我在审视着我自己。这种感觉伴随着我，再加上我对庭审过程不熟悉，所以一开始我都没太明白是怎么回事：比如陪审员抽签，主审法官对公诉人、陪审团主席以及我的律师的提问（我的律师每次一答话，陪审员们的脑袋便齐刷刷转向法官席）、匆匆念完的起诉书（我听到了一些熟悉的人名和地名），还有需要律师回答的一些附加问题。

Next, the Judge announced that the court would call over the witness list. Some of the names read out by the clerk rather surprised me. From amongst the crowd, which until now I had seen as a mere blur of faces, rose, one after the other, Raymond, Masson, Salamano, the doorkeeper from the Home, old Pérez, and Marie, who gave me a little nervous wave of her hand before following the others out by a side door. I was thinking how strange it was I hadn't noticed any of them before when I heard the last name called, that of Céleste. As he rose, I noticed beside him the quaint little woman with a mannish coat and brisk, decided air, who had shared my table at the restaurant. She had her eyes fixed on me, I noticed. But I hadn't time to wonder about her; the Judge had started speaking again.

接下来，法官宣布传唤证人。法庭书记员念到的一些名字让我很惊讶。雷蒙德、马松、萨拉玛诺、养老院的门卫、老佩雷，还有玛丽，一个接一个从面目模糊的听众中间站起身来。玛丽有些不安地朝我挥了挥手，然后跟着其他人从侧门出去了。我还在奇怪怎么早没有注意到他

们，这时，书记员念到了最后一个名字——塞莱斯特。他起身的时候，我注意到他身边坐着那个和我共用过一张餐桌的古怪女人。她穿着一件男式外套，一副坚定而神气的样子。我发现她一直盯着我。我还没来得及多想，法官又开始讲话了。

He said that the trial proper was about to begin, and he need hardly say that he expected the public to refrain from any demonstration whatsoever. He explained that he was there to supervise the proceedings, as a sort of umpire, and he would take a scrupulously impartial view of the case. The verdict of the jury would be interpreted by him in a spirit of justice. Finally, at the least sign of a disturbance he would have the court cleared.

他说审判就要开始了，请听众务必保持安静。他说，他会公正地引导诉讼程序，不偏不倚地认真对待本案。他会本着公正的原则解释陪审团的判决。最后，他说谁只要捣一点儿乱，都将被逐出法庭。

The day was stoking up. Some of the public were fanning themselves with newspapers, and there was a constant rustle of crumpled paper. On a sign from the presiding judge the clerk of the court brought three fans of plaited straw, which the three judges promptly put in action.

天气越来越热。有些人拿报纸扇了起来，法庭里响起了皱报纸的哗啦哗啦声。主审法官示意法庭书记员拿来三把草扇，三个法官马上就扇了起来。

My examination began at once. The Judge questioned me quite calmly and even, I thought, with a hint of cordiality. For the nth time I was asked to give particulars of my identity and, though heartily sick of this formality, I realized that it was natural enough; after all, it would be a shocking thing for the court to be trying the wrong man.

审讯马上开始了。主审法官心平气和地问我问题，我甚至觉得他有些亲切。我被第N次要求自报家门，尽管很厌烦，但我知道这也合乎常理：万一审错了人，那麻烦可就大了。

The Judge then launched into an account of what I'd done, stopping after every two or three sentences to ask me, "Is that correct?" To which I always replied, "Yes, sir," as my lawyer had advised me. It was a long business, as the Judge lingered on each detail. Meanwhile the journalists scribbled busily away. But I was sometimes conscious of the eyes of the youngest fixed on me; also those of the queer little robot woman. The jurymen, however, were all gazing at the red-robed judge, and I was again reminded of the row of passengers on one side of a tram. Presently he gave a slight cough, turned some pages of his file, and, still fanning his face, addressed me gravely.

接着，主审法官开始叙述我的所作所为，每隔两三句就问我：“是这样吗？”我每次的回答都是：“是的，大人。”是我的律师让我这么说的。主审法官念了很长时间，因为每个细节都被提及了。此时，记者们一直忙着在纸上龙飞凤舞。不过，有时我能感觉到那位年轻记者盯着我，还有那个怪怪的、机器人般的小妇人。所有的陪审员都望着主审法官，这时我又想起了电车上的那一排乘客。主审法官咳嗽了一声，翻了翻材料，一边扇扇子，一边严肃地对我说起话来。

He now proposed, he said, to trench on certain matters which, on a superficial view, might seem foreign to the case, but actually were highly relevant. I guessed that he was going to talk about Mother, and at the same moment realized how odious I would find this. His first question was: Why had I sent my mother to an institution? I replied that the reason was simple; I hadn't enough money to see that she was properly looked after at home. Then he asked if the parting hadn't caused me distress. I explained that neither Mother nor I expected much of one another—or, for that matter, of anybody else; so both of us had got used to the new conditions easily enough. The Judge then said that he had no wish to press the point, and asked the Prosecutor if he could think of any more questions that should be put to me at this stage.

他说，他现在要提几个问题，这些问题表面上看跟案子无关，但事实上有很大关系。我想他要问到母亲了，与此同时我意识到我会觉得很讨厌。他的第一个问题是：我为什么要把母亲送到养老院？我说原因很简单，我没有钱请人在家照顾她。他问我和母亲分开是否难过。我说，无论是母亲还是我，都没有期望从对方或是从任何人那里得到什么，所以我们彼此都很快适应了新生活。接着，主审法官说他无意深究这一点，还问公诉人此时是否有其他问题要问我。

The Prosecutor, who had his back half turned to me, said, without looking in my direction, that, subject to His Honor's approval, he would like to know if I'd gone back to the stream with the intention of killing the Arab. I said, "No." In that case, why had I taken a revolver with me, and why go back precisely to that spot? I said it was a matter of pure chance. The Prosecutor then observed in a nasty tone: "Very good. That will be all for the present."

公诉人半转过身，没有看我，说，如果主审法官允许，他想知道我是否是因为想杀死阿拉伯人才回到溪边的。我说：“不是。”既然是这样，那你为什么带了手枪，而且偏偏又回到了那个地方呢？我说这纯属偶然。公诉人以一种很阴险的语气说：“好的。暂时就这些问题。”

I couldn't quite follow what came next. Anyhow, after some palavering among the bench, the Prosecutor, and my counsel, the presiding judge announced that the court would now rise; there was an adjournment till the afternoon, when evidence would be taken.

接下来的事情我就不太清楚了。无论如何，经过法官、公诉人以及我的辩护律师的协商，主审法官宣布休庭，下午进行取证。

Almost before I knew what was happening I was rushed out to the prison van, which drove me back, and I was given my midday meal. After a short time, just enough for me to realize how tired I was feeling, they came for me. I was back in the same room, confronting the same faces, and the whole thing started again. But the heat had meanwhile much increased, and by some miracle fans had been procured for everyone: the jury, my lawyer, the Prosecutor, and some of the journalists, too. The young man and the robot woman were still at their places. But they were not fanning themselves and, as before, they never took their eyes off me.

我还没明白怎么回事，他们就急匆匆把我押上囚车，带回监狱，让我吃了午饭。没过多久，我正感到很疲惫的时候，他们来提我了。我被送回同一个法庭，面对着同样的面孔，一切重新开始。只是法庭里更热了，陪审员、我的律师、公诉人以及几个记者奇迹般地每人手里都拿着把扇子。那位年轻记者和那个机器人般的女人仍坐在各自的位子上。但他们没有扇扇子，仍像之前那样目不转睛地盯着我。

I wiped the sweat from my face, but I was barely conscious of where or who I was until I heard the warden of the Home called to the witness box. When asked if my mother had complained about my conduct, he said, "Yes," but that didn't mean much; almost all the inmates of the Home had grievances against their relatives. The Judge asked him to be more explicit; did she reproach me with having sent her to the Home, and he said, "Yes," again. But this time he didn't qualify his answer.

我擦了擦脸上的汗，直到我听见养老院院长被传唤到证人席，我才意识到我是谁、身处何地。法官问他母亲是否抱怨过我把她送进养老院，他说“是的”，不过这没什么，养老院的老人几乎都会这样抱怨他们的亲人。法官让他说得更清楚些，她是否怪我把她送进养老院，他就又说了一遍：“是的。”但这次他没有辩解什么。

To another question he replied that on the day of the funeral he was somewhat surprised by my calmness. Asked to explain what he meant by "my calmness," the warden lowered his eyes and stared at his shoes for a moment. Then he explained that I hadn't wanted to see Mother's body, or shed a single tear, and that I'd left immediately the funeral ended, without lingering at her grave. Another thing had surprised him. One of the undertaker's men told him that I didn't know my mother's age. There was a short silence; then the Judge asked him if he might take it that he was referring to the prisoner in the dock. The warden seemed puzzled by this, and the Judge explained: "It's a formal question. I am bound to put it.”

回答另外一个问题时，他说他对我在葬礼那天冷静的表现感到很惊讶。当法官问及我是如何表现得“冷静”时，院长低下头盯着他的鞋子看了一会儿。然后他说，我不想看母亲的遗体，没掉过一滴眼泪，下葬后马上就走了，都没有在坟前默哀。还有一件事情让他很惊讶。殡仪馆的一个人跟他说我不知道母亲多大年纪。法庭里一片寂静，这时，主审法官问他说的是否就是被告席上的犯人。院长没明白这是什么意思，法官解释道：“这是法律程序。我必须这样问。”

The Prosecutor was then asked if he had any questions to put, and he answered loudly: "Certainly not! I have all I want." His tone and the look of triumph on his face, as he glanced at me, were so marked that I felt as I hadn't felt for ages. I had a foolish desire to burst into tears. For the first time I'd realized how all these people loathed me.

他接着问公诉人是否还有问题要问，公诉人大声说：“当然没有了！我的问题都问了。”他的语气，以及看我时那得意洋洋的神情，深深地印在了我脑海中。我很多年都没有过这种感觉了。这让我产生了一种愚蠢的想哭的愿望。我第一次意识到这些人都是多么讨厌我。

After asking the jury and my lawyer if they had any questions, the Judge heard the doorkeeper's evidence. On stepping into the box the man threw a glance at me, then looked away. Replying to questions, he said that I'd declined to see Mother's body, I'd smoked cigarettes and slept, and drunk café au lait. It was then I felt a sort of wave of indignation spreading through the courtroom, and for the first time I understood that I was guilty. They got the doorkeeper to repeat what he had said about the coffee and my smoking.

主审法官问陪审团和辩护律师是否还有问题，接着传唤门卫来作证。走向证人席时，那个门卫看了我一眼，然后就转过脸去。回答提问时，他说我拒绝看母亲的遗体，我抽烟、睡觉，还喝了牛奶咖啡。此时，我才意识到我激怒了法庭里所有的人，我第一次认识到我是有罪的。他们让门卫再说一遍咖啡和抽烟的事。

The Prosecutor turned to me again, with a gloating look in his eyes. My counsel asked the doorkeeper if he, too, hadn't smoked. But the Prosecutor took strong exception to this. "I'd like to know," he cried indignantly, "who is on trial in this court. Or does my friend think that by aspersing a witness for the prosecution he will shake the evidence, the abundant and cogent evidence, against his client?" None the less, the Judge told the doorkeeper to answer the question.

公诉人又转向我，眼神里有些许幸灾乐祸。我的律师问门卫他是不是也抽烟了。但公诉人对这个问题表示极为反对。“我想知道，”他愤怒地喊道，“是谁在接受审判？我的朋友，难道你认为污蔑证人就可以动摇充分而有力的证词、为你的委托人辩护吗？”尽管如此，法官还是让门卫回答问题。

The old fellow fidgeted a bit. Then, "Well, I know I didn't ought to have done it," he mumbled, "but I did take a cigarette from the young gentleman when he offered it—just out of politeness.”

老头有点儿难为情了。“我知道我不应该这么做，”他喃喃地说，“可我的确接了这个年轻人递给我的一支烟——只是出于礼貌。”

The Judge asked me if I had any comment to make. "None," I said, "except that the witness is quite right. It's true I offered him a cigarette.”

法官问我有没有要补充的。“没有，”我说，“的确，证人说得对。我确实给了他一支烟。”

The doorkeeper looked at me with surprise and a sort of gratitude. Then, after hemming and hawing for a bit, he volunteered the statement that it was he who'd suggested I should have some coffee.

门卫看了看我，表情既惊讶又带着一丝感激。接着，他迟疑了一下，又主动说是他劝我喝些咖啡的。

My lawyer was exultant. "The jury will appreciate," he said, "the importance of this admission."

我的律师很得意。“陪审团一定会重视这一点的。”他说道。

The Prosecutor, however, was promptly on his feet again. "Quite so," he boomed above our heads. "The jury will appreciate it. And they will draw the conclusion that, though a third party might inadvertently offer him a cup of coffee, the prisoner, in common decency, should have refused it, if only out of respect for the dead body of the poor woman who had brought him into the world."

然而，公诉人马上站了起来。“确实如此。”他雷鸣般的声音回响在我们头顶，“陪审团一定会重视这一点的。他们的结论是，一个外人无意地请他喝咖啡，但这个囚犯但凡懂点礼数就应该拒绝，这是对那个可怜的女人的尸体的尊重，是她给了他生命。”

After which the doorkeeper went back to his seat.

之后，门卫回到他的座位上。

When Thomas Pérez was called, a court officer had to help him to the box. Pérez stated that, though he had been a great friend of my mother, he had met me once only, on the day of the funeral. Asked how I had behaved that day, he said:

现在传唤托马·佩雷了，一个执事扶他来到证人席。佩雷说他是我母亲的好朋友，只在下葬那天见过我一次。法官问他我那天的表现，他说：

"Well, I was most upset, you know. Far too much upset to notice things. My grief sort of blinded me, I think. It had been a great shock, my dear friend's death; in fact, I fainted during the funeral. So I didn't hardly notice the young gentleman at all.”

“你们知道，我是最难过的。我太难过了，所以什么都没看到。我想是痛苦蒙住了我的眼睛。我朋友的离世让我悲痛欲绝，事实上我在葬礼上都晕倒了。所以，我几乎没注意到这位年轻的先生做了什么。”

The Prosecutor asked him to tell the court if he'd seen me weep. And when Pérez answered, "No," added emphatically: "I trust the jury will take note of this reply."

公诉人问他有没有看到我哭。佩雷很坚决地说“没有”，又断然加上一句“我想陪审团会重视这一点的。”

My lawyer rose at once, and asked Pérez in a tone that seemed to me needlessly aggressive:

我的律师立刻站了起来，用一种在我看来有些过火的语气问佩雷：

"Now, think well, my man! Can you swear you saw he didn't shed a tear?”

“哦，老兄，你好好想想！你能发誓没看到他哭吗？”

Pérez answered, "No."

佩雷答道：“不能。”

At this some people tittered, and my lawyer, pushing back one sleeve of his gown, said sternly:

这时法庭里有人笑了，我的律师卷起长袍的一只袖子，很严肃地说：

"That is typical of the way this case is being conducted. No attempt is being made to elicit the true facts."

“这场官司就是这个样子。你们并没有找出真相。”

The Prosecutor ignored this remark; he was making dabs with his pencil on the cover of his brief, seemingly quite indifferent.

公诉人根本不理会律师说的话，他用铅笔戳着材料袋，显得十分冷漠。

There was a break of five minutes, during which my lawyer told me the case was going very well indeed. Then Céleste was called. He was announced as a witness for the defense. The defense meant me.

审讯暂停五分钟，律师对我说一切都进展得很顺利。接着传唤了塞莱斯特。他是为被告辩护的证人。被告就是我了。

Now and again Céleste threw me a glance; he kept squeezing his

Panama hat between his hands as he gave evidence. He was in his best suit, the one he wore when sometimes of a Sunday he went with me to the races. But evidently he hadn't been able to get his collar on; the top of his shirt, I noticed, was secured only by a brass stud. Asked if I was one of his customers, he said, "Yes, and a friend as well." Asked to state his opinion of me, he said that I was "all right" and, when told to explain what he meant by that, he replied that everyone knew what that meant. "Was I a secretive sort of man?" "No," he answered, "I shouldn't call him that. But he isn't one to waste his breath, like a lot of folks.”

塞莱斯特时不时地看我一眼，作证的过程中，他手里一直摆弄着那顶巴拿马草帽。他穿着自己最好的外套，那是星期天他和我一块儿去看赛马时穿的。但显然他没能把外套领子竖起来，因为他的衬衫领口只系着一枚铜纽扣。他们问他我是不是他的顾客，他说：“是的，我们还是朋友。”他们问到他对我的看法，他说我“很好”。法官让他解释，他说大家都知道这是什么意思。“他是一个寡言少语的人吗？”“不是的，”他回答道，“不是这样的。但他从不说废话，不像好多人。”

The Prosecutor asked him if I always settled my monthly bill at his restaurant when he presented it. Céleste laughed. "Oh, he paid on the nail, all right. But the bills were just details-like, between him and me.” Then he was asked to say what he thought about the crime. He placed his hands on the rail of the box and one could see he had a speech all ready.

公诉人问他我是不是每月都能按时支付他餐馆的账单。塞莱斯特笑了。“噢，他总是马上就付。但这是我们两个人之间的事。”然后法官问他对于我的罪行有什么看法。他把手扶在栏杆上，看得出他是有话要说。

"To my mind it was just an accident, or a stroke of bad luck, if you prefer. And a thing like that takes you off your guard."

“我觉得这只是个事故，或者说是运气不好。发生这种事，谁也没有防备。”

He wanted to continue, but the Judge cut him short. "Quite so. That's all, thank you.”

他还要说下去，但法官打断了他。“好了。可以了，谢谢你。”

For a bit Céleste seemed flabbergasted; then he explained that he hadn't finished what he wanted to say. They told him to continue, but to make it brief.

塞莱斯特看上去很吃惊，他说他还没有说完。他们让他继续，但要说得简短些。

He only repeated that it was "just an accident."

他只是重复说“这不过是个事故”。

"That's as it may be," the Judge observed. "But what we are here for is to try such accidents, according to law. You can stand down."

“是这样的，”法官说，“但我们的职责就是依据法律审判这类事故。你可以坐下了。”

Céleste turned and gazed at me. His eyes were moist and his lips trembling. It was exactly as if he'd said: "Well, I've done my best for you, old man. I'm afraid it hasn't helped much. I'm sorry.”

他转过头凝视着我。他的眼睛湿润了，嘴唇哆嗦着。他好像在说：“我已经尽力了，老伙计。我恐怕没帮上什么忙。真对不起。”

I didn't say anything, or make any movement, but for the first time in my life I wanted to kiss a man.

我没有说什么，也没有动，但这是我生平第一次想亲吻一个男人。

The Judge repeated his order to stand down, and Céleste returned to his place amongst the crowd. During the rest of the hearing he remained there, leaning forward, elbows on knees and his Panama between his hands, not missing a word of the proceedings.

法官又一次请他离开辩护席，塞莱斯特便回到了听众席的位子上。接下来的审讯过程中，他一直坐在那里，身子前倾，胳膊肘顶在膝盖上，手拿着巴拿马草帽，一字不漏地听着。

It was Marie's turn next. She had a hat on and still looked quite pretty, though I much preferred her with her hair free. From where I was I had glimpses of the soft curve of her breasts, and her underlip had the little pout that always fascinated me. She appeared very nervous.

接下来传唤的是玛丽。她戴了顶帽子，依旧那么漂亮，不过我更喜欢她散着头发的样子。从我坐的地方可以看到她乳房的曲线，我总是很喜欢她下唇略略撅起的样子。她看起来很紧张。

The first question was: How long had she known me? Since the time when she was in our office, she replied. Then the Judge asked her what were the relations between us, and she said she was my girl friend. Answering another question, she admitted promising to marry me. The Prosecutor, who had been studying a document in front of him, asked her rather sharply when our "liaison" had begun. She gave the date. He then observed with a would-be casual air that apparently she meant the day following my mother's funeral. After letting this sink in he remarked in a slightly ironic tone that obviously this was a "delicate topic" and he could enter into the young lady's feelings, but—and here his voice grew sterner—his duty obliged him to waive considerations of delicacy.

法官首先问她认识我多久了。她说从她在我们公司上班那时起就认识了。接着法官问她我们是什么关系，她说她是我女朋友。回答另外一个问题时，她说她答应要和我结婚的。公诉人本来在翻阅他面前的一份材料，此时突然问她我们是什么时候开始“发生关系”的。她说了日期。公诉人假装满不在乎地说，那个日子好像是母亲下葬后的第二天。他让听众领会了一会儿他的意思，接着略带讥讽地说，当然这是一个“敏感话题”，他很理解这位年轻女士的心情，但是——这时他的语气开始变得很严肃——他的职责让他无法回避这一敏感问题。

After making this announcement he asked Marie to give a full account of our doings on the day when I had "intercourse" with her for the first time. Marie wouldn't answer at first, but the Prosecutor insisted, and then she told him that we had met at the baths, gone together to the pictures, and then to my place. He then informed the court that, as a result of certain statements made by Marie at the proceedings before the magistrate, he had studied the movie programs of that date, and turning to Marie asked her to name the film that we had gone to see. In a very low voice she said it was a picture with Fernandel in it. By the time she had finished, the courtroom was so still you could have heard a pin drop.

然后，他要求玛丽详细讲一讲她和我第一次“发生关系”那天的事情。玛丽不愿意说，但公诉人坚持让她说，玛丽便告诉他我们在游泳池相遇，一起看了场电影，然后回到了我住的地方。公诉人接着对法官说，根据玛丽向预审法官提供的证词，他查阅了那天的电影上映表。他转向玛丽，问她那天我们看的是什么电影。玛丽的声音很小，她说那是一部费南代尔的片子。她说完后，整个法庭鸦雀无声，甚至连针落地的声音都能听见。

Looking very grave, the Prosecutor drew himself up to his full height and, pointing at me, said in such a tone that I could have sworn he was genuinely moved:

公诉人这时站了起来，神情严肃，指着我，那语调让人觉得他一定是非常激动：

"Gentlemen of the jury, I would have you note that on the next day after his mother's funeral that man was visiting the swimming pool, starting a liaison with a girl, and going to see a comic film. That is all I wish to say.”

“陪审员先生们，请注意，就在母亲下葬后的第二天，这个人就去游泳，搞男女关系，还去看滑稽电影。我想说的就是这些。”

When he sat down there was the same dead silence. Then all of a sudden Marie burst into tears. He'd got it all wrong, she said; it wasn't a bit like that really, he'd bullied her into saying the opposite of what she meant. She knew me very well, and she was sure I hadn't done

anything really wrong—and so on. At a sign from the presiding judge, one of the court officers led her away, and the hearing continued.

他坐了下来，法庭里又是一片寂静。忽然，玛丽哭了起来。她说他理解错了，事情不是这样的，是他逼她这样说的，事情原本不是这样的。她说她很了解我，她敢确定我没有做过坏事——等等。主审法官示意一位书记员把她带走，审讯继续进行。

Hardly anyone seemed to listen to Masson, the next witness. He stated that I was a respectable young fellow; "and, what's more, a very decent chap.” Nor did they pay any more attention to Salamano, when he told them how kind I'd always been to his dog, or when, in answer to a question about my mother and myself, he said that Mother and I had very little in common and that explained why I'd fixed up for her to enter the Home. "You've got to understand," he added. "You've got to understand.” But no one seemed to understand. He was told to stand down.

接下来是马松，人们都不大愿意听他说。他说我是一个品格高尚的年轻人，“还有，是个非常正派的人”。萨拉玛诺的话也没有人愿意听，他说我对他的狗很好。当问到我母亲和我的时候，他说我跟母亲没什么话可说，所以才把她送进养老院。“你们要理解，”他接着说，“你们要理解啊。”但好像没有一个人理解。法官让他坐下。

Raymond was the next, and last, witness. He gave me a little wave of his hand and led off by saying I was innocent. The Judge rebuked him.

接下来轮到雷蒙德了，他是最后一个证人。他朝我微微招了招手，然后就说我是无罪的。主审法官斥责道：

"You are here to give evidence, not your views on the case, and you must confine yourself to answering the questions put you."

“要你来这里是提供证据的，而不是作判断的，你先等人提问，然后才能回答。”

He was then asked to make clear his relations with the deceased, and Raymond took this opportunity of explaining that it was he, not I, against whom the dead man had a grudge, because he, Raymond, had beaten up his sister. The judge asked him if the deceased had no reason to dislike me, too. Raymond told him that my presence on the beach that morning was a pure coincidence.

法官首先问他与被害人的关系，雷蒙德趁此机会解释说是他自己而不是我跟死者有仇，因为是他——雷蒙德——打了死者的姐姐。法官反问他被害人是否就没有理由憎恨我。雷蒙德说那天我去海滩完全是巧合。

"How comes it then," the Prosecutor inquired, "that the letter

which led up to this tragedy was the prisoner's work?”

“可为什么，”公诉人问道，“那封导致悲剧的信正是出自被告之手？”

Raymond replied that this, too, was due to mere chance.

雷蒙德回答说这也出于偶然。

To which the Prosecutor retorted that in this case "chance" or "mere coincidence" seemed to play a remarkably large part. Was it by chance that I hadn't intervened when Raymond assaulted his mistress? Did this convenient term "chance" account for my having vouched for Raymond at the police station and having made, on that occasion, statements extravagantly favorable to him? In conclusion he asked Raymond to state what were his means of livelihood.

公诉人反驳他说难道这个案件中“偶然”或是“巧合”就决定了一切吗？难道雷蒙德羞辱他的情妇而我没有干涉也是出于偶然吗？难道我去警察局为雷蒙德做伪证，为他说了一堆好话也是出于偶然吗？最后他问雷蒙德靠什么谋生。

On his describing himself as a warehouseman, the Prosecutor informed the jury it was common knowledge that the witness lived on the immoral earnings of women. I, he said, was this man's intimate friend and associate; in fact, the whole background of the crime was of the most squalid description. And what made it even more odious was the personality of the prisoner, an inhuman monster wholly without a moral sense.

雷蒙德说他是一个仓库管理员。公诉人朝着陪审团说，这个证人干的是靠女人挣钱的行当。他说我是这个人的好朋友和同谋，实际上，这是一个最下流的无耻事件。更糟糕的是，被告是一个没有道德、没有人性的恶魔。

Raymond began to expostulate, and my lawyer, too, protested. They were told that the Prosecutor must be allowed to finish his remarks.

雷蒙德要抗议，我的律师也提出抗议。但法官说一定要让公诉人说完。

"I have nearly done," he said; then turned to Raymond. "Was the prisoner your friend?"

“我快说完了。”他说，接着他问雷蒙德，“被告是你的朋友吗？”

"Certainly. We were the best of pals, as they say."

“当然。我们是最好的朋友。”

The Prosecutor then put me the same question. I looked hard at

Raymond, and he did not turn away.

接着公诉人又问我同样的问题。我看了看雷蒙德，他没有避开我的眼睛。

Then, "Yes," I answered.

然后我答道：“是的。”

The Prosecutor turned toward the jury.

这时，公诉人转向陪审团。

"Not only did the man before you in the dock indulge in the most shameful orgies on the day following his mother's death. He killed a man cold-bloodedly, in pursuance of some sordid vendetta in the underworld of prostitutes and pimps. That, gentlemen of the jury, is the type of man the prisoner is.”

“站在你们面前的这个人，他不仅在母亲死后的第二天便去干了最荒淫无耻的勾当。他还为了妓女和皮条客之间某种见不得人的冤仇，残忍地杀害了一个人。陪审员先生们，被告就是这样一个人。”

No sooner had he sat down than my lawyer, out of all patience, raised his arms so high that his sleeves fell back, showing the full length of his starched shirt cuffs.

还没等他坐下，我的律师就忍无可忍了，他举起胳膊，袍子的袖子褪了下去，露出了硬挺挺的衬衫袖口。

"Is my client on trial for having buried his mother, or for killing a man?" he asked.

“他是被控埋葬母亲，还是被控杀人？”他问道。

There were some titters in court. But then the Prosecutor sprang to his feet and, draping his gown round him, said he was amazed at his friend's ingenuousness in failing to see that between these two elements of the case there was a vital link. They hung together psychologically, if he might put it so. "In short," he concluded, speaking with great vehemence, "I accuse the prisoner of behaving at his mother's funeral in a way that showed he was already a criminal at heart.”

法庭上有人窃窃发笑。公诉人立刻从椅子上弹起来，整理了一下袍子，说他感到很惊讶，有人竟然天真到看不出这两件事情有着直接的、至关重要的联系。他认为或许可以这样说，从心理学角度，二者有着紧密的联系。“简言之，”他激动地说，“我控告被告，因为在母亲的葬礼上，他的举止表明他已经具备了杀人犯的心理。”

These words seemed to take much effect on the jury and public. My lawyer merely shrugged his shoulders and wiped the sweat from

his forehead. But obviously he was rattled, and I had a feeling things weren't going well for me.

这句话似乎对陪审团以及听众产生了很大影响。我的律师只是耸了耸肩，擦了擦额头的汗水。但他明显很慌乱，我觉得事情不妙了。

Soon after this incident the court rose. As I was being taken from the courthouse to the prison van, I was conscious for a few brief moments of the once familiar feel of a summer evening out-of-doors. And, sitting in the darkness of my moving cell, I recognized, echoing in my tired brain, all the characteristic sounds of a town I'd loved, and of a certain hour of the day which I had always particularly enjoyed. The shouts of newspaper boys in the already languid air, the last calls of birds in the public garden, the cries of sandwich vendors, the screech of streetcars at the steep corners of the upper town, and that faint rustling overhead as darkness sifted down upon the harbor—all these sounds made my return to prison like a blind man's journey along a route whose every inch he knows by heart.

很快审讯就结束了。他们把我带出法庭，送上了囚车，有那么一刹那，我似乎又感受到了夏日傍晚室外那熟悉的气息。坐在前进的昏暗囚车里，我疲倦的内心深处回响起了我深爱的这座城市的各种声音，在这个一天当中我最爱的时刻。慵懒的空气中报童的吆喝声，街头公园的最后的鸟鸣声，三明治小贩的叫卖声，郊区电车急转弯时发出的刺耳摩擦声，夜幕降临时港口上空隐约的嘈杂声——这一切声音陪伴我回到狱中，就像旅途中的盲人，所走的每一步都牢记在心。

Yes, this was the evening hour when—how long ago it seemed!—I always felt so well content with life. Then, what awaited me was a night of easy, dreamless sleep. This was the same hour, but with a difference; I was returning to a cell, and what awaited me was a night haunted by forebodings of the coming day. And so I learned that familiar paths traced in the dusk of summer evenings may lead as well to prisons as to innocent, untroubled sleep.

是啊，这就是傍晚时分——那是多久以前的事了啊！——那时我对自己的生活总是很满意。那时的傍晚，等待我的是一夜安稳、无梦的睡眠。现在，同样是傍晚时分，世界却完全变了。我回到牢房，整晚心头都萦绕着对明天种种不祥的预感。于是我意识到，夏日黄昏中这条熟悉的路既能通向安稳的睡眠，也能通向监牢。

Chapter IV

第四章

It is always interesting, even in the prisoner's dock, to hear oneself being talked about. And certainly in the speeches of my lawyer and the prosecuting counsel a great deal was said about me; more, in fact, about me personally than about my crime.

即便是在被告席上，听听别人谈论自己也是很有意思的。当然，在我的辩护律师和控方的发言中，大家谈论更多的是我这个人，而不是我的罪行。

Really there wasn't any very great difference between the two speeches. Counsel for the defense raised his arms to heaven and pleaded guilty, but with extenuating circumstances. The Prosecutor made similar gestures; he agreed that I was guilty, but denied extenuating circumstances.

不过两方的发言并没有什么大的区别。辩护律师举起胳膊，说我是有罪的，但有宽恕的余地。公诉人也伸出双手，说我的确有罪，但没有宽恕的余地。

One thing about this phase of the trial was rather irksome. Quite often, interested as I was in what they had to say, I was tempted to put in a word, myself. But my lawyer had advised me not to. "You won't do your case any good by talking," he had warned me. In fact, there seemed to be a conspiracy to exclude me from the proceedings; I wasn't to have any say and my fate was to be decided out of hand.

审判进行到这个阶段，有一点令我很气恼。有几次，我对他们的争论很感兴趣，很想加入进去，亲自说几句话。但我的律师警告我不要这样。“你别说话，对你没有好处的。”他警告我。实际上，他们处理案子时把我撂在一边，仿佛这是他们的阴谋，我没有发言权，他们在决定着我的命运。

It was quite an effort at times for me to refrain from cutting them all short, and saying: "But, damn it all, who's on trial in this court, I'd like to know? It's a serious matter for a man, being accused of murder. And I've something really important to tell you.”

有好几次我都想打断他们，对他们说：“该死，我真想知道这法庭上究竟谁是被告？对于一个被控告谋杀的人来说，这是一个很严肃的问题。我有些很重要的话想告诉你们。”

However, on second thoughts, I found I had nothing to say. In any case, I must admit that hearing oneself talked about loses its interest

very soon. The Prosecutor's speech, especially, began to bore me before he was halfway through it. The only things that really caught my attention were occasional phrases, his gestures, and some elaborate tirades—but these were isolated patches.

但是，我又想了想，我也没有什么可说的。不管怎样，我必须承认很快我就对他们如何谈论我不感兴趣了。尤其是公诉人的发言，他还没讲完一半，我就开始烦躁了。唯一让我感兴趣的是那些只言片语、几个手势，还有他激烈的长篇大论——但这些不过是些无关紧要的片段。

What he was aiming at, I gathered, was to show that my crime was premeditated. I remember his saying at one moment, "I can prove this, gentlemen of the jury, to the hilt. First, you have the facts of the crime; which are as clear as daylight. And then you have what I may call the night side of this case, the dark workings of a criminal mentality."

我猜他的核心思想是要表明我杀人是有预谋的。我记得他曾说道：“陪审员先生们，我可以充分地证明这一点。首先，犯罪事实是明摆着的，光天化日行凶。再就是我所说的这个案件不为人知的一面，即犯人阴暗的心理。”

He began by summing up the facts, from my mother's death onward. He stressed my heartlessness, my inability to state Mother's age, my visit to the swimming pool where I met Marie, our matinee at the pictures where a Fernandel film was showing, and finally my return with Marie to my rooms. I didn't quite follow his remarks at first, as he kept on mentioning "the prisoner's mistress," whereas for me she was just "Marie." Then he came to the subject of Raymond. It seemed to me that his way of treating the facts showed a certain shrewdness. All he said sounded quite plausible. I'd written the letter in collusion with Raymond so as to entice his mistress to his room and subject her to ill-treatment by a man "of more than dubious reputation." Then, on the beach, I'd provoked a brawl with Raymond's enemies, in the course of which Raymond was wounded. I'd asked him for his revolver and gone back by myself with the intention of using it. Then I'd shot the Arab. After the first shot I waited. Then, "to be certain of making a good job of it," I fired four more shots deliberately, point-blank, and in cold blood, at my victim.

他开始罗列母亲死后我的所作所为。他强调我很冷漠，连母亲的年龄都不记得，葬礼之后的第二天就跟玛丽去游泳，还看了日场电影，而且是费南代尔的片子，最后还和玛丽一起回到了住处。起初我不太明白他的话，他一直说什么“犯人的情妇”，但对我来说她就是“玛丽”。接着，他说到了雷蒙德。我发现他分析事实的方式的确很精明。他的话听起来很有说服力。我和雷蒙德合谋写信，把他的情妇诱骗到家里，然后让一个“名誉很不好”的人去羞辱她。后来在海滩上，我向雷蒙德的对头

们挑衅，结果雷蒙德受伤了。我问他要了枪，然后一个人回去，并打算使用这武器。然后，我就开枪打了那个阿拉伯人。打了第一枪后等了一会儿。随后“为了保证事情干得干净利索”，我又故意地、断然地、无情地朝着受害人开了四枪。

"That is my case," he said. "I have described to you the series of events which led this man to kill the deceased, fully aware of what he was doing. I emphasize this point. We are not concerned with an act of homicide committed on a sudden impulse which might serve as extenuation. I ask you to note, gentlemen of the jury, that the prisoner is an educated man. You will have observed the way in which he answered my questions; he is intelligent and he knows the value of words. And I repeat that it is quite impossible to assume that, when he committed the crime, he was unaware what he was doing."

“事情就是这样的。”他说，“我已经把事情的原委描述得很清楚，这个人杀人的时候神智清醒。我要强调这一点。我们要知道他杀人不是出于一时的冲动，没有任何可以减刑的理由。陪审员先生们，请注意这个犯罪嫌疑人是读过书的。你们都注意到了他是怎么回答我的问题的，他很聪明，知道怎么说话，用词得当。我要重申的是，在他犯罪的过程中，他不可能不知道自己在做什么。”

I noticed that he laid stress on my "intelligence." It puzzled me rather why what would count as a good point in an ordinary person should be used against an accused man as an overwhelming proof of his guilt. While thinking this over, I missed what he said next, until I heard him exclaim indignantly: "And has he uttered a word of regret for his most odious crime? Not one word, gentlemen. Not once in the course of these proceedings did this man show the least contrition."

我注意到他强调了我“很聪明”这一点。我有些困惑，对于普通人来说这是优点，但在一个被控告的人身上就成了罪证。我这么想着，结果漏听了他接下来说的话，直到后来听到他义愤填膺地叫嚷道：“他为他可憎的罪行说过一句悔过的话吗？一句都没有啊，先生们。在整个审讯过程中这个人没有表示出一丝悔恨。”

Turning toward the dock, he pointed a finger at me, and went on in the same strain. I really couldn't understand why he harped on this point so much. Of course, I had to own that he was right; I didn't feel much regret for what I'd done. Still, to my mind he overdid it, and I'd have liked to have a chance of explaining to him, in a quite friendly, almost affectionate way, that I have never been able really to regret anything in all my life. I've always been far too much absorbed in the present moment, or the immediate future, to think back. Of course, in the position into which I had been forced, there was no question of my speaking to anyone in that tone. I hadn't the right to show any friendly feeling or possess good intentions. And I tried to follow what

came next, as the Prosecutor was now considering what he called my "soul."

他转身面向被告席，用一根手指指着我，继续对我横加指责。我真的不知道为什么他要没完没了地强调这一点。当然，我不得不承认他说得有道理，我的确没怎么对我的行为感到悔恨。但我还是觉得他有点儿过分，我真想友好地，甚至亲切地向他解释解释，我这辈子从来没对任何事情真正感到后悔过。我总是被现在还有马上要发生的事情深深吸引，没时间回头看。当然，以我目前的处境，我是不可能以这种口吻对任何人说话的。我没有权利对任何人表示友好，或是表达善意。我试着接着往下听，因为公诉人现在谈到我的“灵魂”了。

He said he'd studied it closely—and had found a blank, "literally nothing, gentlemen of the jury." Really, he said, I had no soul, there was nothing human about me, not one of those moral qualities which normal men possess had any place in my mentality. "No doubt," he added, "we should not reproach him with this. We cannot blame a man for lacking what it was never in his power to acquire. But in a criminal court the wholly passive ideal of tolerance must give place to a sterner, loftier ideal, that of justice. Especially when this lack of every decent instinct is such as that of the man before you, a menace to society." He proceeded to discuss my conduct toward my mother, repeating what he had said in the course of the hearing. But he spoke at much greater length of my crime—at such length, indeed, that I lost the thread and was conscious only of the steadily increasing heat.

他说，他曾仔细研究过我的灵魂——发现是个空白：“陪审团先生们，这个人的灵魂空空如也。”他说，我的确根本就没有灵魂，没有人性，我心里也没有普通人所拥有的那些道德准则。“当然，”他补充道，“这一点我们也不能怪他。一个人没有能力得到某种东西，我们就不能怪他没有这种东西。可在刑事法庭上，宽容的理念应该让位于一个更严肃、更高尚的原则，那就是正义。尤其是当你们面前这个人完全没有良知，已经威胁到社会的时候。”他接下来又开始谈论我对母亲的所作所为，重复了他在审讯时说过的话。但他用了更长的篇幅讲述我的罪行——以至于我最终没了头绪，只觉得法庭里越来越热了。

A moment came when the Prosecutor paused and, after a short silence, said in a low, vibrant voice: "This same court, gentlemen, will be called on to try tomorrow that most odious of crimes, the murder of a father by his son." To his mind, such a crime was almost unimaginable. But, he ventured to hope, justice would be meted out without paltering. And yet, he made bold to say, the horror that even the crime of parricide inspired in him paled beside the loathing inspired by my callousness.

他停了下来，沉默了一会儿，又用低沉的、颤抖的声音说：“先生们，本法庭明天将审理一宗滔天罪行，一个儿子杀死了自己的亲生父

亲。”在他看来，这种罪行是让人难以想象的。但他冒昧地希望法官不要手软，要严惩罪犯。不过，他敢说与这起弑父案相比，我的冷漠更让他感到憎恶。

"This man, who is morally guilty of his mother's death, is no less unfit to have a place in the community than that other man who did to death the father that begat him. And, indeed, the one crime led on to the other; the first of these two criminals, the man in the dock, set a precedent, if I may put it so, and authorized the second crime. Yes, gentlemen, I am convinced”—here he raised his voice a tone—"that you will not find I am exaggerating the case against the prisoner when I say that he is also guilty of the murder to be tried tomorrow in this court. And I look to you for a verdict accordingly."

“这个人要为他母亲的死负道义上的责任，和那个杀死父亲的人一样，他们的罪行都是自绝于社会的罪行。实际上，一种罪行可以导致另一种罪行的产生。在这两个罪犯之中，前者——即被告席的这个罪犯——就是后者的前身，很有可能转变为后者。我可以确信这一点，先生们。”——说到这里，他提高了嗓音——“这个罪犯和明天将要审判的那个罪犯罪行相同，我这么说一点儿都不夸张。所以，我请求法官给予相应的惩罚。”

The Prosecutor paused again, to wipe the sweat off his face. He then explained that his duty was a painful one, but he would do it without flinching. "This man has, I repeat, no place in a community whose basic principles he flouts without compunction. Nor, heartless as he is, has he any claim to mercy. I ask you to impose the extreme penalty of the law; and I ask it without a qualm. In the course of a long career, in which it has often been my duty to ask for a capital sentence, never have I felt that painful duty weigh so little on my mind as in the present case. In demanding a verdict of murder without extenuating circumstances, I am following not only the dictates of my conscience and a sacred obligation, but also those of the natural and righteous indignation I feel at the sight of a criminal devoid of the least spark of human feeling."

这时，公诉人又停了一下，擦了擦脸上的汗水。然后，他说他的职责让他很痛苦，但他仍要无所畏惧地这样做。“我再说一遍，这个人无法在社会上立足，他公然藐视社会基本法则，而且毫无愧意。他太冷酷了，没有一点儿同情心。我毫不犹豫地请求法官处以极刑。在我漫长的职业生涯中，我有义务请求对罪犯处以死刑，这种义务令我痛苦，然而这一次，我感到从未有过的坦然。我请求法官不要从轻处理这桩杀人案。我的请求既受到我的良心和神圣职责的驱使，也是出于我对这个丧尽天良的罪犯的本能的愤慨。”

When the Prosecutor sat down there was a longish silence. Personally I was quite overcome by the heat and my amazement at

what I had been hearing. The presiding judge gave a short cough, and asked me in a very low tone if I had anything to say. I rose, and as I felt in the mood to speak, I said the first thing that crossed my mind: that I'd had no intention of killing the Arab. The Judge replied that this statement would be taken into consideration by the court. Meanwhile he would be glad to hear, before my counsel addressed the court, what were the motives of my crime. So far, he must admit, he hadn't fully understood the grounds of my defense.

公诉人坐了下来，法庭里安静了很久。法庭上的酷热，还有这番让我惊讶的话，使我不知所措。主审法官咳了几声，低声问我还有什么话要说。我的确有话要说，于是我站起身，脱口说出了脑子里闪过的第一个念头：我说我本不想打死那个阿拉伯人。法官回答说法庭会考虑到这一点。同时他说，他希望在律师为我辩护之前，我能说一说自己的犯罪动机。他坦言，到目前为止，他还是不太清楚我的辩护理由。

I tried to explain that it was because of the sun, but I spoke too quickly and ran my words into each other. I was only too conscious that it sounded nonsensical, and, in fact, I heard people tittering.

我试图解释说是太阳导致了我犯罪，但我说得太快，有点儿语无伦次。我意识到我说的话很可笑，也确实听到有人在窃笑。

My lawyer shrugged his shoulders. Then he was directed to address the court, in his turn. But all he did was to point out the lateness of the hour and to ask for an adjournment till the following afternoon. To this the judge agreed.

我的律师耸了耸肩。接下来就轮到他发言了。可他只是说时间不早了，需要休庭，第二天下午再说。法官同意了。

When I was brought back next day, the electric fans were still churning up the heavy air and the jurymen plying their gaudy little fans in a sort of steady rhythm. The speech for the defense seemed to me interminable. At one moment, however, I pricked up my ears; it was when I heard him saying: "It is true I killed a man." He went on in the same strain, saying "I" when he referred to me. It seemed so queer that I bent toward the policeman on my right and asked him to explain. He told me to shut up; then, after a moment, whispered: "They all do that." It seemed to me that the idea behind it was still further to exclude me from the case, to put me off the map, so to speak, by substituting the lawyer for myself. Anyway, it hardly mattered; I already felt worlds away from this courtroom and its tedious "proceedings."

第二天，我被押回法庭，电扇仍搅动着混浊的空气，陪审员们依旧使劲闪着手中俗丽的小扇子。律师的辩护对我来说太冗长了。不过有一阵子，我确实竖起了耳朵，因为我听到他说：“我的确是杀了人。”他继

续以这种口吻说着，当他说到我时，总是以“我”相称。我觉得很奇怪，俯下身问我右侧的法警这是怎么回事。他让我住嘴，过了一会儿，他冲我耳语道：“他们都是这样的。”在我看来，这样做还是为了进一步把我排斥在案子之外，律师取代了我，而我已不复存在。不过，这也没什么关系。我已经感觉离这个法庭、离那些单调乏味的“诉讼程序”万里之遥了。

My lawyer, in any case, struck me as feeble to the point of being ridiculous. He hurried through his plea of provocation, and then he, too, started in about my soul. But I had an impression that he had much less talent than the Prosecutor.

无论如何，我觉得我的辩护律师很弱智，弱智到可笑的地步。他匆匆为我的挑衅辩护了一下，接着便也开始谈我的灵魂。但我觉得他的水平远不如公诉人。

"I, too," he said, "have closely studied this man's soul; but, unlike my learned friend for the prosecution, I have found something there. Indeed, I may say that I have read the prisoner's mind like an open book.” What he had read there was that I was an excellent young fellow, a steady, conscientious worker who did his best by his employer; that I was popular with everyone and sympathetic in others' troubles. According to him I was a dutiful son, who had supported his mother as long as he was able. After anxious consideration I had reached the conclusion that, by entering a home, the old lady would have comforts that my means didn't permit me to provide for her. "I am astounded, gentlemen," he added, "by the attitude taken up by my learned friend in referring to this Home. Surely if proof be needed of the excellence of such institutions, we need only remember that they are promoted and financed by a government department." I noticed that he made no reference to the funeral, and this seemed to me a serious omission. But, what with his long-windedness, the endless days and hours they had been discussing my "soul," and the rest of it, I found that my mind had gone blurred; everything was dissolving into a grayish, watery haze.

“我也仔细探索过这个人的灵魂，”他说，“但跟这位公诉人不同的是，我发现了一些东西。真的，可以说我很清楚地读懂了犯人的心思。”他说他发现我是一个很不错的年轻人，一个可靠的员工，对工作尽职尽责，在同事中口碑不错，也很有同情心。他还说我是一个孝顺的儿子，尽自己的能力赡养母亲。经过一番焦灼的思索，我决定把母亲送进养老院，这样她老人家就可以享受到我无法提供的舒适。“我感到很震惊，先生们，”他又说道，“我精通法律的同行在提到养老院时竟是这种态度。诚然，如果需要证明这类机构的好处的话，我们只需要记住这是由政府部门设立和资助的。”我注意到他没有提及葬礼的事情，在我看来这是一个严重的疏漏。但是，随着他们喋喋不休、时时刻刻、日复一日地讨论我的“灵魂”，还有其他东西，我发觉我的头脑变得混沌不清，好

像一切都消融在一片灰色的迷雾中。

Only one incident stands out; toward the end, while my counsel rambled on, I heard the tin trumpet of an ice-cream vendor in the street, a small, shrill sound cutting across the flow of words. And then a rush of memories went through my mind—memories of a life which was mine no longer and had once provided me with the surest, humblest pleasures: warm smells of summer, my favorite streets, the sky at evening, Marie's dresses and her laugh. The futility of what was happening here seemed to take me by the throat, I felt like vomiting, and I had only one idea: to get it over, to go back to my cell, and sleep...and sleep.

我只记得一件小事，那就是最后，正当我的律师滔滔不绝为我辩护时，我听到街上卖冰激凌的小贩吹响了他锡制的喇叭，那微弱而刺耳的声音穿过律师喋喋不休的说辞传到了我的耳畔。这时我的脑海中又涌现出种种美好的回忆——那种我已经无法再拥有的生活，曾带给我最简单、最踏实的快乐：夏日里温暖的气息，我最喜欢的街道，迷人的夜空，还有玛丽的裙子和她的笑。现在这里发生的一切都毫无意义，我仿佛被扼住了喉咙，直想吐。我心里只剩下一个念头：赶紧结束，回到牢房，睡觉……睡觉。

Dimly I heard my counsel making his last appeal.

我隐约听到我的律师在进行最后陈述。

"Gentlemen of the jury, surely you will not send to his death a decent, hard-working young man, because for one tragic moment he lost his self-control? Is he not sufficiently punished by the lifelong remorse that is to be his lot? I confidently await your verdict, the only verdict possible—that of homicide with extenuating circumstances.”

“陪审员先生们，你们肯定不会把一个因一时失控酿成悲剧的正直、勤奋的年轻人处以死刑吧？他的一生注定将在悔恨中度过，这惩罚还不够吗？我充满信心地等待你们的判决，唯一合理的判决——就是对这桩杀人案酌情从轻处理。”

The court rose, and the lawyer sat down, looking thoroughly exhausted. Some of his colleagues came to him and shook his hand. "You put up a magnificent show, old man," I heard one of them say. Another lawyer even called me to witness: "Fine, wasn't it?” I agreed, but insincerely; I was far too tired to judge if it had been "fine" or otherwise.

法庭辩论结束，我的律师坐了下来，显得精疲力尽。一些同事过来同他握手。“表现很棒，伙计。”有人说。另一个律师甚至让我来作证，问我：“你说是不是不错？”我随便应承了一下；我太累了，无力去判断律师的表现到底是不是“不错”。

Meanwhile the day was ending and the heat becoming less intense. By some vague sounds that reached me from the street I knew that the cool of the evening had set in. We all sat on, waiting. And what we all were waiting for really concerned nobody but me. I looked round the courtroom. It was exactly as it had been on the first day. I met the eyes of the journalist in gray and the robot woman. This reminded me that not once during the whole hearing had I tried to catch Marie's eye. It wasn't that I'd forgotten her; only I was too preoccupied. I saw her now, seated between Céleste and Raymond. She gave me a little wave of her hand, as if to say, "At last!" She was smiling, but I could tell that she was rather anxious. But my heart seemed turned to stone, and I couldn't even return her smile.

天快黑了，也不那么热了。隐约能听到街上的一些响动，我知道凉爽的夜晚已经来临了。我们都坐在那里，等待着。大家都在等待着，可事情只跟我一个人有关。我环顾了一下法庭。它和第一天一模一样。我和那个一身灰衣的记者的目光，还有那个机器人般的女人的目光相遇。这让我想起来整个审判过程中我都没有看玛丽一眼。并不是我忘记了她，而是我走神走得太厉害了。现在我看见她了，她坐在赛莱斯特和雷蒙德中间。她朝我稍稍招了招手，好像在说："总算完了！"她面带微笑，但我看得出她很焦虑。可我的内心似乎已经麻木了，我甚至都没有回她一个微笑。

The judges came back to their seats. Someone read out to the jury, very rapidly, a string of questions. I caught a word here and there. "Murder of malice aforethought ... Provocation ... Extenuating circumstances." The jury went out, and I was taken to the little room where I had already waited. My lawyer came to see me; he was very talkative and showed more cordiality and confidence than ever before. He assured me that all would go well and I'd get off with a few years' imprisonment or transportation. I asked him what were the chances of getting the sentence quashed. He said there was no chance of that. He had not raised any point of law, as this was apt to prejudice the jury. And it was difficult to get a judgment quashed except on technical grounds. I saw his point, and agreed. Looking at the matter dispassionately, I shared his view. Otherwise there would be no end to litigation. "In any case," the lawyer said, "you can appeal in the ordinary way. But I'm convinced the verdict will be favorable."

法官们重新回到座位上。然后有人开始向陪审团快速地宣读一连串的问题。我时不时地捕捉到一些字眼。"蓄意杀人……挑衅……减轻罪行。"陪审员们出去了，我被带回到原来等待的那间小屋子。我的律师来看我，他口若悬河，比以往任何时候都更热情真挚、胸有成竹。他跟我保证，说一切很顺利，我只要坐几年牢或是被流放几年就可以了。我问他有没有撤销判决的可能。他说没有那种可能。他没有提及法律问题，因为这势必会引起陪审团的偏见。而且除非是出于技术层面的原因，否

则很难撤销判决。我觉得他说得有理。我冷静地想了想，就同意了他的看法。否则诉讼就没完没了了。“无论如何，”律师说，“你是可以按常规上诉的。但我确信判决会对你有利。”

We waited for quite a while, a good three quarters of an hour, I should say. Then a bell rang. My lawyer left me, saying:

我们等了很久，我想足足有三刻钟。然后，铃声响了。我的律师起身离开，对我说：

"The foreman of the jury will read out the answers. You will be called on after that to hear the judgment."

“陪审团主席要宣读答复了。宣读结束后会叫你进来听判决结果。”

Some doors banged. I heard people hurrying down flights of steps, but couldn't tell whether they were near by or distant. Then I heard a voice droning away in the courtroom.

我听到了敲门声。我听到有人急匆匆地从楼梯上跑下，但不知道他们离我是远是近。接着，我听到法庭里一个声音懒洋洋地读着什么。

When the bell rang again and I stepped back into the dock, the silence of the courtroom closed in round me, and with the silence came a queer sensation when I noticed that, for the first time, the young journalist kept his eyes averted. I didn't look in Marie's direction. In fact, I had no time to look, as the presiding judge had already started pronouncing a rigmarole to the effect that "in the name of the French people" I was to be decapitated in some public place.

铃又响了，我又回到被告席上，法庭的寂静包围了我，而这寂静伴随着一种奇怪的感觉。这时，我注意到那个年轻的记者第一次避开了我的目光。我没有朝玛丽那边看。事实上，我还没来得及看她，主审法官就开始宣读他的长篇大论，大意是“要以法兰西人民的名义”将我公开斩首示众。

It seemed to me then that I could interpret the look on the faces of those present; it was one of almost respectful sympathy. The policemen, too, handled me very gently. The lawyer placed his hand on my wrist. I had stopped thinking altogether. I heard the Judge's voice asking if I had anything more to say. After thinking for a moment, I answered, "No." Then the policemen led me out.

似乎就是在那一刻，我明白了在场的人的表情，类似于一种敬而远之的同情。法警对我也很温和。律师把手放在我的手腕上。我完全停止了思考。庭审法官问我还有没有话要说。我想了想，答道：“没有。”然后，法警就把我带了出去。

Chapter V

第五章

I have just refused, for the third time, to see the prison chaplain. I have nothing to say to him, don't feel like talking—and shall be seeing him quite soon enough, anyway. The only thing that interests me now is the problem of circumventing the machine, learning if the inevitable admits a loophole.

这已经是我第三次拒绝见监狱神父了。我没有什么可以跟他说的，什么都不想说，而且，反正我很快又会见到他。我现在只对行刑的机器会不会失灵感兴趣，会不会有什么漏洞使不可抗拒的命运出现转机。

They have moved me to another cell. In this one, lying on my back, I can see the sky, and there is nothing else to see. All my time is spent in watching the slowly changing colors of the sky, as day moves on to night. I put my hands behind my head, gaze up, and wait.

他们把我换到另一间牢房。在这里，我躺在地上，就能看见天空，别的什么都看不到。我从早到晚所有的时间都用来看天空的颜色慢慢变化。我把手放在脑后，躺着、望着、等着。

This problem of a loophole obsesses me; I am always wondering if there have been cases of condemned prisoners' escaping from the implacable machinery of justice at the last moment, breaking through the police cordon, vanishing in the nick of time before the guillotine falls. Often and often I blame myself for not having given more attention to accounts of public executions. One should always take an interest in such matters. There's never any knowing what one may come to. Like everyone else I'd read descriptions of executions in the papers. But technical books dealing with this subject must certainly exist; only I'd never felt sufficiently interested to look them up. And in these books I might have found escape stories. Surely they'd have told me that in one case, anyhow, the wheels had stopped; that once, if only once, in that inexorable march of events, chance or luck had played a happy part. Just once! In a way I think that single instance would have satisfied me. My emotion would have done the rest. The papers often talk of "a debt owed to society"—a debt which, according to them, must be paid by the offender. But talk of that sort doesn't touch the imagination. No, the one thing that counted for me was the possibility of making a dash for it and defeating their bloodthirsty rite; of a mad stampede to freedom that would anyhow give me a moment's hope, the gambler's last throw. Naturally, all that "hope" could come to was to be knocked down at the corner of a street or

picked off by a bullet in my back. But, all things considered, even this luxury was forbidden me; I was caught in the rattrap irrevocably.

那个机器发生故障的想法令我欲罢不能，我老是在想，要是行刑的机器真的出了问题，是否有死囚曾在最后时刻逃脱，越过警戒线，在断头台的铡刀落下之前的瞬间逃之夭夭。所以我总是责怪自己以前没有太注意有关当众执行死刑的描述。人应该经常关心此类事情。谁也不会知道以后会遇到什么事。和大家一样，我在报纸上读过执行死刑的描述。专门描写此类事情的书籍肯定也有，只是我从来没想过要看。或许在这些书里我能找到关于逃跑的故事。这些故事肯定会告诉我，至少有一次，绞架的轮子坏了；只要一次，在不可更改的必然事件之中，只要一次的偶然或是运气，便可以改变我的人生。只要一次！在某种程度上，我觉得这样的意外只一次就可以让我满足了。其余的我的情绪可以摆平。报纸上经常谈论“欠社会的债”的问题——在他们看来，罪犯必须偿还所欠的债。但在想象中，我就不管那么多了。不，对我来说唯一重要的是逃跑的可能性，冲出他们为我设置的死刑的包围圈，向着自由逃亡，跑出去我就有希望，我要抓住这最后一根救命的稻草。当然，所谓“希望”的后果，就是我在街上被拦截，或是背部中弹倒地。可是经过全面考虑，我发现我连这种待遇也享受不到。我再度陷入了绝望中，无法自拔。

Try as I might, I couldn't stomach this brutal certitude. For really, when one came to think of it, there was a disproportion between the judgment on which it was based and the unalterable sequence of events starting from the moment when that judgment was delivered. The fact that the verdict was read out at eight P.M. rather than at five, the fact that it might have been quite different, that it was given by men who change their underclothes, and was credited to so vague an entity as the "French people"—for that matter, why not to the Chinese or the German people?—all these facts seemed to deprive the court's decision of much of its gravity. Yet I could but recognize that, from the moment the verdict was given, its effects became as cogent, as tangible, as, for example, this wall against which I was lying, pressing my back to it.

不管我多努力，都无法接受这个残酷的事实。因为说真的，仔细想想，法庭的判决其实有很大的随意性，这种随意的判决一经生效，竟带来无法更改的后果，这实在不公平。比如说，判决是在晚上八点而不是下午五点宣读的；判决本来有可能完全不同；陪审员们中间还换了衣服；而且判决是以“法兰西人民的名义”，这是一个很模糊的概念，为什么不是以“中国人民的名义”或是“德国人民的名义”呢？考虑到这些偶然因素，法庭的判决似乎也没什么权威性了。然而，我不得不承认，从判决下达的那一刻起，它起的作用就像我倚靠的这堵墙一样真实、不容辩驳。

When such thoughts crossed my mind, I remembered a story Mother used to tell me about my father. I never set eyes on him.

Perhaps the only things I really knew about him were what Mother had told me. One of these was that he'd gone to see a murderer executed. The mere thought of it turned his stomach. But he'd seen it through and, on coming home, was violently sick. At the time, I found my father's conduct rather disgusting. But now I understood; it was so natural. How had I failed to recognize that nothing was more important than an execution; that, viewed from one angle, it's the only thing that can genuinely interest a man? And I decided that, if ever I got out of jail, I'd attend every execution that took place. I was unwise, no doubt, even to consider this possibility. For, the moment I'd pictured myself in freedom, standing behind a double rank of policemen—on the right side of the line, so to speak—the mere thought of being an onlooker who comes to see the show, and can go home and vomit afterward, flooded my mind with a wild, absurd exultation. It was a stupid thing to let my imagination run away with me like that; a moment later I had a shivering fit and had to wrap myself closely in my blanket. But my teeth went on chattering; nothing would stop them.

想到这里，我记起母亲曾经给我讲过的一个有关父亲的故事。我从来没有见过父亲。或许我所知道的关于他的仅有的一些事也都是母亲告诉我的。一次，他去看一个杀人犯被处决。一想到这件事，他就感到不舒服。但他还是去看了，回来后吐得很厉害。当时，我觉得父亲的行为很令人厌恶。但现在我明白了，这很自然。我当时怎么没有意识到，执行死刑比任何事情都重要，从某个角度来看，它甚至可以是让一个人真正感兴趣的唯一的东西啊？我决定，如果我出狱的话，我要去看所有的死刑处决。毫无疑问，这种想法太愚蠢了，根本就没有这种可能性了。要是真有那么一天，我自由了，站在两排警察后面——也就是站在对的那一边——仅仅作为一个看客，看完还可以回家呕吐，一想到这些，一种可笑的狂喜就涌上我的心头。这种信马由缰的想象是很愚蠢的，因为过不了多一会儿，我又会突然怕得发抖，赶紧用毯子把身子裹得紧紧的。但我的牙齿还是咯咯打颤，怎么都止不住。

Still, obviously, one can't be sensible all the time. Another equally ridiculous fancy of mine was to frame new laws, altering the penalties. What was wanted, to my mind, was to give the criminal a chance, if only a dog's chance; say, one chance in a thousand. There might be some drug, or combination of drugs, which would kill the patient (I thought of him as "the patient") nine hundred and ninety times in a thousand. That he should know this was, of course, essential. For after taking much thought, calmly, I came to the conclusion that what was wrong about the guillotine was that the condemned man had no chance at all, absolutely none. In fact, the patient's death had been ordained irrevocably. It was a foregone conclusion. If by some fluke the knife didn't do its job, they started again. So it came to this, that—

against the grain, no doubt—the condemned man had to hope the apparatus was in good working order! This, I thought, was a flaw in the system; and, on the face of it, my view was sound enough. On the other hand, I had to admit it proved the efficiency of the system. It came to this; the man under sentence was obliged to collaborate mentally, it was in his interest that all should go off without a hitch.

显然，人不可能永远保持理智。我还有一个可笑的想法，那就是制定新的法律，修改死刑制度。我想我们需要给犯人一个机会，哪怕是很渺茫的机会，比如千分之一的机会就可以。可以发明一种药物，或是混合药物，病人（我把犯人当成“病人”）吃了以后有千分之九百九十九的可能性死掉。当然让他知道这一点很关键。经过仔细、冷静的考虑，我得出的结论是断头台的缺点在于它没有给犯人任何机会，一点儿机会也没有。事实上，犯人的死是确定无疑的。这是预料中的结局。如果断头刀侥幸没能砍掉犯人的脑袋，那就得再来一次。所以死囚往往希望行刑机器正常运转，尽管这一点并非他的初衷。我觉得这是行刑机制不完善的一面，乍看之下，我的观点很有道理。但另一方面，我不得不承认，这证明了这种机制很有效率。结果就是，受刑的人必须做好心理准备，他关心的就是一切顺利进行。

Another thing I had to recognize was that, until now, I'd had wrong ideas on the subject. For some reason I'd always supposed that one had to go up steps and climb on to a scaffold, to be guillotined. Probably that was because of the 1789 Revolution; I mean, what I'd learned about it at school, and the pictures I had seen. Then one morning I remembered a photograph the newspapers had featured on the occasion of the execution of a famous criminal. Actually the apparatus stood on the ground; there was nothing very impressing about it, and it was much narrower than I'd imagined. It struck me as rather odd that picture had escaped my memory until now. What had struck me at the time was the neat appearance of the guillotine; its shining surfaces and finish reminded me of some laboratory instrument. One always has exaggerated ideas about what one doesn't know. Now I had to admit it seemed a very simple process, getting guillotined; the machine is on the same level as the man, and he walks toward it as he steps forward to meet somebody he knows. In a sense, that, too, was disappointing. The business of climbing a scaffold, leaving the world below, so to speak, gave something for a man's imagination to get hold of. But, as it was, the machine dominated everything; they killed you discreetly, with a hint of shame and much efficiency.

另外，我还意识到，直到现在，我对行刑这个问题还存在着一些错误概念。不知怎么回事，我总以为死囚要爬上台阶才能上断头台，被处以死刑。可能是由于1789年大革命的缘故吧，我是说，我在学校里学到过，书本里有这样的图片。直到有一天早上，我回想起报纸上的一张照

片，上面正在处决一个轰动一时的犯人。实际上，行刑机器就放在平地上，没有什么特别的，比我想象的要窄小得多。真奇怪，我竟然现在才想起那张照片。当时令我惊讶的是行刑机器精致的外形，抛光的表面闪闪发亮，让我联想到实验室里的某种仪器。对于自己不熟悉的东西，人们总喜欢夸大。现在我不得不承认，被砍头其实再简单不过了，行刑器具就在面前，人走过去就像碰到他的熟人一样。从某种意义上来说，这也很令人绝望。爬上断头台，离开脚下的世界，可以说，给人留下了一些想象的余地。可是，行刑器具决定了一切，它们小心翼翼地把你处死，让你蒙羞，而且效率很高。

There were two other things about which I was always thinking: the dawn and my appeal. However, I did my best to keep my mind off these thoughts. I lay down, looked up at the sky, and forced myself to study it. When the light began to turn green I knew that night was coming. Another thing I did to deflect the course of my thoughts was to listen to my heart. I couldn't imagine that this faint throbbing which had been with me for so long would ever cease. Imagination has never been one of my strong points. Still, I tried to picture a moment when the beating of my heart no longer echoed in my head. But, in vain. The dawn and my appeal were still there. And I ended by believing it was a silly thing to try to force one's thoughts out of their natural groove.

还有两件事情我一直无法释怀：一是黎明的到来，二是我的上诉。然而，我尽量让自己不去想这些。我躺在地上，望着天空，逼着自己琢磨起天空来。天色开始变绿的时候，我知道夜幕降临了。此外，我还聆听自己心跳的声音，以此转移注意力。我不敢想象这种伴随了我如此之久的微弱跳动最终将会停止。想象从来都不是我的强项。可我还是尽量设想心脏不再跳动的那一刻。但是没用。黎明还是会到来，我的上诉还是让我烦恼。最后我不再那样做，我认为强迫自己以自己不习惯的思维方式去思考，这很愚蠢。

They always came for one at dawn; that much I knew. So, really, all my nights were spent in waiting for that dawn. I have never liked being taken by surprise. When something happens to me I want to be ready for it. That's why I got into the habit of sleeping off and on in the daytime and watching through the night for the first hint of daybreak in the dark dome above. The worst period of the night was that vague hour when, I knew, they usually come; once it was after midnight I waited, listening intently. Never before had my ears perceived so many noises, such tiny sounds. Still, I must say I was lucky in one respect; never during any of those periods did I hear footsteps. Mother used to say that however miserable one is, there's always something to be thankful for. And each morning, when the sky brightened and light began to flood my cell, I agreed with her. Because I might just as well have heard footsteps, and felt my heart

shattered into bits. Even though the faintest rustle sent me hurrying to the door and, pressing an ear to the rough, cold wood, I listened so intently that I could hear my breathing, quick and hoarse like a dog's panting—even so there was an end; my heart hadn't split, and I knew I had another twenty-four hours' respite.

他们总是黎明时刻来提死囚，我很清楚。因此，我度过的每个晚上其实都是为了等待那个黎明。我从来不喜欢措手不及。什么事情我都要有所准备。所以我只在白天的时候睡一睡，而整个晚上我都望着上方黑暗的苍穹，等待着破晓的第一缕曙光。最难熬的就是黎明即将到来的时刻，我知道他们通常是这个时候来的；一过半夜，我就等待着，聚精会神地听着。我的耳朵从来没有像现在这样，听得出那么多细微的声音。可我想我还是比较幸运的，因为这段时间我从来都没有听到过脚步声。母亲曾经说过，无论一个人多么不幸，总有可以感激的东西。每当早晨天空变亮，阳光照进牢房时，我都觉得她说得很有道理。因为我满可以听到脚步声，满可以感到我的心脏会裂成碎片。即使听到一点窸窸窣窣的声音，我都会冲向门口，耳朵贴在粗糙、冰冷的木头上，聚精会神地听着。我甚至能听到自己的呼吸声，很快、很粗，像狗喘气一样——即使这种惴惴不安也有尽头；我的心脏没有开裂，我知道我又能多活二十四小时了。

Then all day there was my appeal to think about. I made the most of this idea, studying my effects so as to squeeze out the maximum of consolation. Thus, I always began by assuming the worst; my appeal was dismissed. That meant, of course, I was to die. Sooner than others, obviously. "But," I reminded myself, "it's common knowledge that life isn't worth living, anyhow.” And, on a wide view, I could see that it makes little difference whether one dies at the age of thirty or threescore and ten—since, in either case, other men and women will continue living, the world will go on as before. Also, whether I died now or forty years hence, this business of dying had to be got through, inevitably. Still, somehow this line of thought wasn't as consoling as it should have been; the idea of all those years of life in hand was a galling reminder! However, I could argue myself out of it, by picturing what would have been my feelings when my term was up, and death had cornered me. Once you're up against it, the precise manner of your death has obviously small importance. Therefore—but it was hard not to lose the thread of the argument leading up to that "therefore"—I should be prepared to face the dismissal of my appeal.

而后，白天我一直想着上诉的事情。我充分思考这个问题，仔细研究所有后果，以此得到尽可能多的慰藉。所以，我总是先考虑最坏的结果，也就是我的上诉被驳回。当然，这也就意味着我会被处死。显然，我死得比正常人早。“但是”，我提醒自己，“反正谁都知道活着也没什么意义。”再说，从长远来看，我觉得一个人三十岁死还是七十岁死没什么差别——因为不论什么岁数死，别的人还是继续活着，世界依然还是这

个世界。而且，不管是现在死还是四十年之后死，反正都是死，这是不可避免的。然而，这种想法还是没能带给我足够的慰藉，一想到本来还可以多活那么多年月我就觉得揪心！不过，我可以说服自己不这样想，我就想象当我把多出来的这些年也活完，终于被死神逼入绝境时，会是什么样的感觉。既然确定会死，究竟以什么样的方式死显然就不那么重要了。因此——尽管这个“因此”是费了九牛二虎之力才推理出来的——我应该做好上诉被驳回的思想准备。

At this stage, but only at this stage, I had, so to speak, the right, and accordingly I gave myself leave, to consider the other alternative; that my appeal was successful. And then the trouble was to calm down that sudden rush of joy racing through my body and even bringing tears to my eyes. But it was up to me to bring my nerves to heel and steady my mind; for, even in considering this possibility, I had to keep some order in my thoughts, so as to make my consolations, as regards the first alternative, more plausible. When I'd succeeded, I had earned a good hour's peace of mind; and that, anyhow, was something.

这样，也只有这样，我才有权利允许自己去考虑另一种可能性，即上诉成功。想到这里，我便难以克制住身体里那股突然的兴奋，甚至高兴得热泪盈眶。这时我就要努力抑制自己，心平气和，因为，即使考虑到这种可能性，我也要保持清醒，这样万一是前一种结果，我还能安慰自己。平静下来之后，我就能获得一个小时的安宁，毕竟，这也是不容易的。

It was at one of these moments that I refused once again to see the chaplain. I was lying down and could mark the summer evening coming on by a soft golden glow spreading across the sky. I had just turned down my appeal, and felt my blood circulating with slow, steady throbs. No, I didn't want to see the chaplain. ... Then I did something I hadn't done for quite a while; I fell to thinking about Marie. She hadn't written for ages; probably, I surmised, she had grown tired of being the mistress of a man sentenced to death. Or she might be ill, or dead. After all, such things happen. How could I have known about it, since, apart from our two bodies, separated now, there was no link between us, nothing to remind us of each other? Supposing she were dead, her memory would mean nothing; I couldn't feel an interest in a dead girl. This seemed to me quite normal; just as I realized people would soon forget me once I was dead. I couldn't even say that this was hard to stomach; really, there's no idea to which one doesn't get acclimatized in time.

也就是在这种情况下，我又一次拒绝见神父。我躺着，望着天空中那一道柔和的金光，我知道夏日的傍晚来到了。我不再想上诉了，感到我的血液在身体里缓慢、平稳地流动着。不，我不想见神父。……然后，我想起了玛丽，我已经很久没想起她了。她很久没有给我写信了，我想，她可能已经厌倦了当一个死囚的情妇。或许她病了，或是死了。

毕竟，这都有可能。我怎么会知道呢？除了我们已经分开的肉体，我们之间已经毫无瓜葛，没有什么东西可以让彼此记起对方了。假设她死了，她怎么想也就无所谓了，我也不会去在乎一个死了的姑娘。在我看来这也正常，就像我明白，等我死了，人们很快就会忘了我一样。我也不好说这样很无情，事实上，时间一长，没有什么适应不了的。

My thoughts had reached this point when the chaplain walked in, unannounced. I couldn't help giving a start on seeing him. He noticed this evidently, as he promptly told me not to be alarmed. I reminded him that usually his visits were at another hour, and for a pretty grim occasion. This, he replied, was just a friendly visit; it had no concern with my appeal, about which he knew nothing. Then he sat down on my bed, asking me to sit beside him. I refused—not because I had anything against him; he seemed a mild, amiable man.

我正想到这里，神父突然进来了。我看见他，本能地吓了一跳。显然他注意到了，因为他马上对我说不要害怕。我说平时他不是这个时候来的，而且他一来准没好事。他说，这次他完全是出于好意，跟上诉没有关系，他对上诉的事情一无所知。然后，他坐到我床上，让我坐在他旁边。我拒绝了——并不是因为我反感他，他看起来还是很和善的。

He remained quite still at first, his arms resting on his knees, his eyes fixed on his hands. They were slender but sinewy hands, which made me think of two nimble little animals. Then he gently rubbed them together. He stayed so long in the same position that for a while I almost forgot he was there.

起初他一动没动，胳膊放在膝盖上，眼睛盯着双手。他的手细长但很有力，让我想到了两只身手敏捷的小动物。然后，他轻轻地搓了搓手。他保持同一个姿势坐了很久，一时间我几乎都忘了他还在那里。

All of a sudden he jerked his head up and looked me in the eyes.

忽然，他抬起头，看着我。

"Why," he asked, "don't you let me come to see you?”

“为什么，”他问道，“你为什么拒绝见我？”

I explained that I didn't believe in God.

我说我不相信上帝。

"Are you really so sure of that?"

“你真的确定是这样吗？”他反问。

I said I saw no point in troubling my head about the matter; whether I believed or didn't was, to my mind, a question of so little importance.

我说我不想绞尽脑汁想这个问题，在我看来，相信或不相信并不重

要。

He then leaned back against the wall, laying his hands flat on his thighs. Almost without seeming to address me, he remarked that he'd often noticed one fancies one is quite sure about something, when in point of fact one isn't. When I said nothing, he looked at me again, and asked:

他向后倚在墙上，将两手平放在大腿上。他说他注意到，一个人往往自认为很确定某事，其实并不确定。他说这话时，假装不是冲着我说的。我什么也没有说，他又看了看我，问：

"Don't you agree?”

“你说是不是？”

I said that seemed quite possible. But, though I mightn't be so sure about what interested me, I was absolutely sure about what didn't interest me. And the question he had raised didn't interest me at all.

我说这完全有可能。不过，尽管我不大确信什么是我感兴趣的，但我非常确信什么是我不感兴趣的。他所说的事情我一点儿都不感兴趣。

He looked away and, without altering his posture, asked if it was because I felt utterly desperate that I spoke like this. I explained that it wasn't despair I felt, but fear—which was natural enough.

他没有看我，也没有动，问我是不是因为很绝望才这样说。我说我并没有感到绝望，而是感到很害怕——这也很自然。

"In that case," he said firmly, "God can help you. All the men I've seen in your position turned to Him in their time of trouble.”

“这样的话，”他很有把握地说，“上帝会帮助你的。我见过的所有跟你处境相同的人都在身处绝境时向上帝寻求过帮助。”

Obviously, I replied, they were at liberty to do so, if they felt like it. I, however, didn't want to be helped, and I hadn't time to work up interest for something that didn't interest me.

我说，如果他们愿意，他们当然有权利这样做。可是，我不愿意别人帮我，对于我不感兴趣的事情，我也没有时间再去培养兴趣。

He fluttered his hands fretfully; then, sitting up, smoothed out his cassock. When this was done he began talking again, addressing me as "my friend." It wasn't because I'd been condemned to death, he said, that he spoke to me in this way. In his opinion every man on the earth was under sentence of death.

他气得两手直抖。然后他坐直身子，抚平教士袍上的褶皱。然后，他又开始说话，称呼我为“我的朋友”。他说，他这样对我说话并不是因为我被判了死刑。他认为这个世界上的每个人都是被判了死刑的人。

There, I interrupted him; that wasn't the same thing, I pointed out, and, what's more, could be no consolation.

我打断了他，说事情并不是这样的，再说，他这样说也安慰不了我。

He nodded. "Maybe. Still, if you don't die soon, you'll die one day. And then the same question will arise. How will you face that terrible, final hour?”

他点了点头。“也许吧。不过，你现在不死，以后总有一天要死的。那时仍会有这样的问题。那你怎么面对这可怕的、最后的时刻呢？”

I replied that I'd face it exactly as I was facing it now.

我回答说我会像现在一样面对那一时刻。

Thereat he stood up, and looked me straight in the eyes. It was a trick I knew well. I used to amuse myself trying it on Emmanuel and Céleste, and nine times out of ten they'd look away uncomfortably. I could see the chaplain was an old hand at it, as his gaze never faltered. And his voice was quite steady when he said: "Have you no hope at all? Do you really think that when you die you die outright, and nothing remains?"

这时他站了起来，两眼直瞪着我。他这一套我很熟悉。我以前经常和埃马纽埃尔，还有塞莱斯特这样玩，十有八九他们都会因为不自在而移开目光。我看得出神父也是个老手，他的目光一直没有移开。他的声音很坚定，对我说：“你真的不怀有任何希望了吗？你真的认为死就是一了百了，就什么都不会留下吗？”

I said: "Yes."

我回答说：“是的。”

He dropped his eyes and sat down again. He was truly sorry for me, he said. It must make life unbearable for a man, to think as I did.

他垂下了眼睛，又坐了下来。他说他真的很同情我。这样的人生实在令人难以承受。

The priest was beginning to bore me, and, resting a shoulder on the wall, just beneath the little skylight, I looked away. Though I didn't trouble much to follow what he said, I gathered he was questioning me again. Presently his tone became agitated, urgent, and, as I realized that he was genuinely distressed, I began to pay more attention.

我开始对他厌烦了，我肩膀靠在墙上，站在小天窗下，扭头看向别处。尽管我没怎么听他说，可我猜他又在质问我了。不久，他的声音变得焦虑、急促，然后我意识到他确实很痛苦，于是我开始留心他的话。

He said he felt convinced my appeal would succeed, but I was saddled with a load of guilt, of which I must get rid. In his view man's justice was a vain thing; only God's justice mattered. I pointed out that the former had condemned me. Yes, he agreed, but it hadn't absolved me from my sin. I told him that I wasn't conscious of any "sin"; all I knew was that I'd been guilty of a criminal offense. Well, I was paying the penalty of that offense, and no one had the right to expect anything more of me.

他说他确信我的上诉会成功，但我的罪孽深重，必须摆脱这一重担。他认为，人间的正义不算什么，只有上帝的正义才是真正的正义。我说正是人间的正义判了我死刑。他说，是这样的，但我的罪孽并没有被洗刷掉。我告诉他我并不知道什么是“罪孽”，我只知道我是一个罪犯。我已经为此被判了死刑，不能再对我有更多的要求了。

Just then he got up again, and it struck me that if he wanted to move in this tiny cell, almost the only choice lay between standing up and sitting down. I was staring at the floor. He took a single step toward me, and halted, as if he didn't dare to come nearer. Then he looked up through the bars at the sky.

这时他又站了起来，我很惊讶，牢房这么小，他要活动的话也就只能是站起来或是坐下。我盯着地板。他朝我走了一步，停了下来，好像不敢靠近我。然后，他抬起头，透过天窗的栅栏望着天空。

"You're mistaken, my son," he said gravely. "There's more that might be required of you. And perhaps it will be required of you.”

“你错了，我的孩子，”他严肃地说，“我们可以要求你更多的东西。或许我们可以提出这样的要求。”

"What do you mean?"

“什么要求？”

"You might be asked to see ..."

“要你看看……”

"To see what?"

“看什么？”

Slowly the priest gazed round my cell, and I was struck by the sadness of his voice when he replied:

神父慢慢地环顾了一下我的牢房，他哀伤的声音令我诧异，他说：

"These stone walls, I know it only too well, are steeped in human suffering. I've never been able to look at them without a shudder. And yet—believe me, I am speaking from the depths of my heart—I know that even the wretchedest amongst you have sometimes seen, taking

form against that grayness, a divine face. It's that face you are asked to see.”

“我深知这些石墙承载着人类无尽的苦痛。每次看到它们，我心头都会为之一颤。但——请相信我，我说的都是真心话——我知道，甚至你们当中最悲惨的人也能从这些灰白的石头中看到一张神圣的脸。这就是要你看的那张脸。”

This roused me a little. I informed him that I'd been staring at those walls for months; there was nobody, nothing in the world, I knew better than I knew them. And once upon a time, perhaps, I used to try to see a face. But it was a sun-gold face, lit up with desire—Marie's face. I had no luck; I'd never seen it, and now I'd given up trying. Indeed, I'd never seen anything "taking form," as he called it, against those gray walls.

这让我有点儿激动。我说墙上的这些石头我已经看了好几个月了，没有人也没有任何东西比我更熟悉它们了。或许很久以前我试图在墙上找到一张脸。但那是一张太阳般金黄的脸，充满欲望——那是玛丽的脸。可不幸的是我没找到，现在我也放弃了。事实上，我从来没有从这些灰白的墙上“看到”任何东西。

The chaplain gazed at me with a sort of sadness. I now had my back to the wall and light was flowing over my forehead. He muttered some words I didn't catch; then abruptly asked if he might kiss me. I said, "No." Then he turned, came up to the wall, and slowly drew his hand along it.

神父看了看我，很是悲伤。我现在背靠在墙上，阳光照耀着我的额头。他咕哝了些什么，但我没听清，然后他突然问，他是否可以亲吻我一下。我说：“不行。”然后他转过身，朝墙走过去，慢慢地把手放在墙上。

"Do you really love these earthly things so very much?" he asked in a low voice.

“你真的爱尘世间的一切吗？”他低声问道。

I made no reply.

我没回答。

For quite a while he kept his eyes averted. His presence was getting more and more irksome, and I was on the point of telling him to go, and leave me in peace, when all of a sudden he swung round on me, and burst out passionately:

很久，他都没有看我。他呆在这里，让我感到越来越烦，我真想让他走，好让我安静会儿，正在这时，他突然转过身，激动地大声对我说：

"No! No! I refuse to believe it. I'm sure you've often wished there was an afterlife.”

“不，不，我不相信你说的。我确信你常常希望会有来世。”

Of course I had, I told him. Everybody has that wish at times. But that had no more importance than wishing to be rich, or to swim very fast, or to have a better-shaped mouth. It was in the same order of things. I was going on in the same vein, when he cut in with a question. How did I picture the life after the grave?

我当然想过，我告诉他。每个人时常都会这样想的。但那并不比成为富人的愿望，游泳游得快些的想法，或是有一张好看的嘴巴的愿望更加重要。都是那么回事。我正要接着说，他突然打断了我。他问我如何看待死后的生活？

I fairly bawled out at him: "A life in which I can remember this life on earth. That's all I want of it.” And in the same breath I told him I'd had enough of his company.

我朝他喊道：“一种我可以记得尘世生活的生活。这就是我想要的。”然后，我跟他说我受够了，不喜欢他在这儿。

But, apparently, he had more to say on the subject of God. I went close up to him and made a last attempt to explain that I'd very little time left, and I wasn't going to waste it on God.

但是，显然他还想跟我谈论有关上帝的事情。我靠近他，最后一次向他解释道，我时间不多了，我不愿意把它浪费在上帝身上。

Then he tried to change the subject by asking me why I hadn't once addressed him as "Father," seeing that he was a priest. That irritated me still more, and I told him he wasn't my father; quite the contrary, he was on the others' side.

然后他就转移了话题，问我为什么不称他为“父亲”，因为他是个神父。这让我更加恼火，我说他又不是我父亲，恰恰相反，他是别人的父亲。

"No, no, my son," he said, laying his hand on my shoulder. "I'm on your side, though you don't realize it—because your heart is hardened. But I shall pray for you.”

“不，我的孩子，”他说，把一只手放在我的肩上，“我是‘你的’父亲，只是你不明白，因为你的心麻木了。但我会为你祈祷的。”

Then, I don't know how it was, but something seemed to break inside me, and I started yelling at the top of my voice. I hurled insults at him, I told him not to waste his rotten prayers on me; it was better to burn than to disappear. I'd taken him by the neckband of his cassock, and, in a sort of ecstasy of joy and rage, I poured out on him

all the thoughts that had been simmering in my brain. He seemed so cocksure, you see. And yet none of his certainties was worth one strand of a woman's hair. Living as he did, like a corpse, he couldn't even be sure of being alive. It might look as if my hands were empty. Actually, I was sure of myself, sure about everything, far surer than he; sure of my present life and of the death that was coming. That, no doubt, was all I had; but at least that certainty was something I could get my teeth into—just as it had got its teeth into me. I'd been right, I was still right, I was always right. I'd passed my life in a certain way, and I might have passed it in a different way, if I'd felt like it. I'd acted thus, and I hadn't acted otherwise; I hadn't done x, whereas I had done y or z. And what did that mean? That, all the time, I'd been waiting for this present moment, for that dawn, tomorrow's or another day's, which was to justify me. Nothing, nothing had the least importance and I knew quite well why. He, too, knew why. From the dark horizon of my future a sort of slow, persistent breeze had been blowing toward me, all my life long, from the years that were to come. And on its way that breeze had leveled out all the ideas that people tried to foist on me in the equally unreal years I then was living through. What difference could they make to me, the deaths of others, or a mother's love, or his God; or the way a man decides to live, the fate he thinks he chooses, since one and the same fate was bound to "choose" not only me but thousands of millions of privileged people who, like him, called themselves my brothers. Surely, surely he must see that? Every man alive was privileged; there was only one class of men, the privileged class. All alike would be condemned to die one day; his turn, too, would come like the others'. And what difference could it make if, after being charged with murder, he were executed because he didn't weep at his mother's funeral, since it all came to the same thing in the end? The same thing for Salamano's wife and for Salamano's dog. That little robot woman was as "guilty" as the girl from Paris who had married Masson, or as Marie, who wanted me to marry her. What did it matter if Raymond was as much my pal as Céleste, who was a far worthier man? What did it matter if at this very moment Marie was kissing a new boy friend? As a condemned man himself, couldn't he grasp what I meant by that dark wind blowing from my future? …

这时，不知怎么回事，我好像身体里有什么东西爆炸了一样，拼命朝他大吼起来。我骂他，我叫他不要再废话，为我祈什么祷，最好从我眼前滚蛋。我揪住他的长袍领口，把内心酝酿已久的想法一股脑都朝着他发泄出来，带着狂喜，带着愤怒。你看，他看上去是那么自信。然而，他确信的东西还不如女人的一根头发有价值。他活着就像死了一样，行尸走肉一般，因为他连他自己是否活着都不能确定。或许我看起来是两手空空。事实上我对自己很确信，对一切都很确信，比他有把握

得多。我对自己的现在以及即将到来的死亡都很有把握。是的，我只有这点把握，但我至少抓住了这个真理，就像这个真理抓住了我一样。我以前是正确的，我现在也是正确的，我一直都是正确的。我曾以某种方式生活，如果我愿意，我也可以以另一种方式生活。我这样做了，没有那样做，我没做这样的事，却做了那样的或别样的事。这是怎么回事呢？我一直在等待着这一时刻，明天或是某一天的黎明，那证明我无罪的时刻。一切，一切都无所谓。我深知这是为什么。他也知道为什么。我过去的所有日子里，一直有一阵微风，从未知的未来岁月缓缓朝我吹来。这阵微风，将人们在那段已逝的、同样虚幻的岁月里强加给我的想法统统吹散了。别人的死，母亲的爱，神父眼中的上帝，一个人选择的生活方式，对我来说都没有什么区别；因为尽管神父以为他能选择自己的命运，事实上，却注定是由同一个命运来“选择”我们——我，还有千千万万幸运的人，像他那样称我为“兄弟”的人。他懂吗？他真的懂吗？每个活着的人都是享有特权的；世上只有一类人——享有特权的人。所有人总有一天都会被宣判死亡；他也会，和其他人一样。假如他被控谋杀，又因为在母亲的葬礼上没有哭而被判死刑，这又有什么区别呢？到头来都是一样的结果。和萨拉玛诺的妻子以及他的狗一样的结果。那个机器人般的小妇人，嫁给马松的那个巴黎女人，还有想跟我结婚的玛丽，也都是“有罪”的。雷蒙德是不是像塞莱斯特那样够朋友，又有什么关系呢？如果此刻玛丽正在跟他的新男友接吻，又有什么关系呢？我已经被判死刑，难道他还不明白我所说的那股来自未来的黑色的风是什么意思吗？……

I had been shouting so much that I'd lost my breath, and just then the jailers rushed in and started trying to release the chaplain from my grip. One of them made as if to strike me. The chaplain quietened them down, then gazed at me for a moment without speaking. I could see tears in his eyes. Then he turned and left the cell.

我喊了很久，喊得我气喘吁吁，正在这时，监狱看守们冲过来，把神父从我手中拽了出去。其中还有一个人想打我。但神父却劝他们不要动武，他盯着我看了一会儿，没有说话。我看到他眼中含泪。然后，他转身离开了牢房。

Once he'd gone, I felt calm again. But all this excitement had exhausted me and I dropped heavily on to my sleeping plank. I must have had a longish sleep, for, when I woke, the stars were shining down on my face. Sounds of the countryside came faintly in, and the cool night air, veined with smells' of earth and salt, fanned my cheeks. The marvelous peace of the sleepbound summer night flooded through me like a tide. Then, just on the edge of daybreak, I heard a steamer's siren. People were starting on a voyage to a world which had ceased to concern me forever. Almost for the first time in many months I thought of my mother. And now, it seemed to me, I understood why at her life's end she had taken on a "fiancé”; why she'd played at making a fresh start.

他走之后，我平静了下来。但激动了这么一阵子，我已经精疲力竭了，于是重重地倒在了木板床上。我肯定睡了很久，因为醒来时，满天星光正照着我的脸。飘渺的声响从远处的乡村传来，夜晚凉爽的风，夹杂着泥土的气息和海水的咸味，朝我扑面而来。宁静而美丽的夏夜像潮水一样浸透了我的全身。后来，就在破晓时分，我听到了轮船的汽笛声。人们正踏上旅程，去往一个已经跟我毫无关系的世界。几个月以来，我几乎第一次想起了母亲。现在，我似乎明白了为什么母亲在垂暮之年还找了一个“未婚夫”，为什么她还想尝尝重新再来的滋味。

With death so near, Mother must have felt like someone on the brink of freedom, ready to start life all over again. No one, no one in the world had any right to weep for her. And I, too, felt ready to start life all over again. It was as if that great rush of anger had washed me clean, emptied me of hope, and, gazing up at the dark sky spangled with its signs and stars, for the first time, the first, I laid my heart open to the benign indifference of the universe. To feel it so like myself, indeed, so brotherly, made me realize that I'd been happy, and that I was happy still. For all to be accomplished, for me to feel less lonely, all that remained to hope was that on the day of my execution there should be a huge crowd of spectators and that they should greet me with howls of execration.

当时母亲已经离死亡很近了，她一定觉得自己快解脱了，准备开始新生活了。任何人，任何人都没有权利为她而哭。而我，感觉也准备好了重新开始新的生活。刚才那一阵巨大的愤怒仿佛涤荡了我，让我摒弃了全部希望。望着繁星闪闪的夜空，第一次，真的是第一次，我对这个美好而冷漠的世界敞开了心扉。这友爱的世界，让我感觉如此踏实，我觉得我以前是幸福的，现在仍然很幸福。为了让一切水到渠成，为了让我不感到那么孤独，我唯一希望的就是在我被处决的那天，有很多很对人来看我，并对我报以憎恶的怒吼。

THE END.

（全文终）

觉醒

凯特·肖邦

Kate Chopin

The Awakening

爱德娜走出了家庭，离开了丈夫孩子，自己靠绘画独立为生。但是罗伯特却不敢面对社会的压力，最后，爱德娜将自己裸身投进了波光粼粼的大海，再也没有游回来……

外语教学与研究出版社

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The Awakening

觉醒

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外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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I

第一章

A green and yellow parrot, which hung in a cage outside the door, kept repeating over and over:

在门外挂着的鸟笼子里一只绿黄相间的鹦鹉不停地叫着：

"Allez vous-en! Allez vous-en! Sapristi! That's all right!"

“滚！滚！该死的东西！这才像话！”

He could speak a little Spanish, and also a language which nobody understood, unless it was the mocking-bird that hung on the other side of the door, whistling his fluty notes out upon the breeze with maddening persistence.

它能说一点儿西班牙语，还能说一种谁也听不懂的语言，但是挂在门另一侧的鸟笼里的画眉除外。这只画眉也迎着微风清亮地啁啾着，叫个不停，真让人生气。

Mr. Pontellier, unable to read his newspaper with any degree of comfort, arose with an expression and an exclamation of disgust.

蓬迪里埃先生实在没法舒舒服服地看报纸了。他站了起来，脸上和嘴里都流露着厌恶。

He walked down the gallery and across the narrow "bridges" which connected the Lebrun cottages one with the other. He had been seated before the door of the main house. The parrot and the mockingbird were the property of Madame Lebrun, and they had the right to make all the noise they wished. Mr. Pontellier had the privilege of quitting their society when they ceased to be entertaining.

他走下长廊，穿过连接勒布伦家一栋栋别墅的狭窄通道。他原本是坐在正屋门口的。鹦鹉和画眉都是勒布伦夫人的宝贝，它们有权为所欲为地喧闹。但当它们不惹人爱的时候，蓬迪里埃先生也有权走开。

He stopped before the door of his own cottage, which was the fourth one from the main building and next to the last. Seating himself in a wicker rocker which was there, he once more applied himself to the task of reading the newspaper. The day was Sunday; the paper was a day old. The Sunday papers had not yet reached Grand Isle. He was already acquainted with the market reports, and he glanced restlessly over the editorials and bits of news which he had not had time to read before quitting New Orleans the day before.

他走到自己的别墅门前停下来。他的别墅是从正屋数的第四栋，也

是倒数第二栋。他在门口的柳条摇椅上坐下来，又接着读报。这天是星期天，报纸是前一天的。星期天的报纸还没送到格兰德岛上。他已经了解了有关市场的报道，便匆忙地瞅了几眼社论和杂七杂八的新闻，这些是他头一天离开新奥尔良前没来得及看的。

Mr. Pontellier wore eye-glasses. He was a man of forty, of medium height and rather slender build; he stooped a little. His hair was brown and straight, parted on one side. His beard was neatly and closely trimmed.

蓬迪里埃先生戴着一副眼镜。他四十来岁，中等身高，身形稍瘦，有点儿驼背。棕色的直发梳成分头。胡子被仔细地修剪得整整齐齐。

Once in a while he withdrew his glance from the newspaper and looked about him. There was more noise than ever over at the house. The main building was called "the house," to distinguish it from the cottages. The chattering and whistling birds were still at it. Two young girls, the Farival twins, were playing a duet from "Zampa" upon the piano. Madame Lebrun was bustling in and out, giving orders in a high key to a yard-boy whenever she got inside the house, and directions in an equally high voice to a dining-room servant whenever she got outside. She was a fresh, pretty woman, clad always in white with elbow sleeves. Her starched skirts crinkled as she came and went. Farther down, before one of the cottages, a lady in black was walking demurely up and down, telling her beads. A good many persons of the pension had gone over to the Cheniere Caminada in Beaudelet's lugger to hear mass. Some young people were out under the wateroaks playing croquet. Mr. Pontellier's two children were there sturdy little fellows of four and five. A quadroon nurse followed them about with a faraway, meditative air. Mr. Pontellier finally lit a cigar and began to smoke, letting the paper drag idly from his hand. He fixed his gaze upon a white sunshade that was advancing at snail's pace from the beach. He could see it plainly between the gaunt trunks of the water-oaks and across the stretch of yellow camomile. The gulf looked far away, melting hazily into the blue of the horizon. The sunshade continued to approach slowly. Beneath its pink-lined shelter were his wife, Mrs. Pontellier, and young Robert Lebrun. When they reached the cottage, the two seated themselves with some appearance of fatigue upon the upper step of the porch, facing each other, each leaning against a supporting post.

偶尔他会把目光从报纸上移开，看看四周。宅子的噪音比以前更大了。正屋被称作“宅子”，以区别于其他的别墅。鸟儿们还在那儿喋喋不休地叫着。法理瓦尔家的双胞胎小姐妹正在钢琴上弹奏《扎姆巴》（注：《扎姆巴》：三幕喜歌剧）里的二重奏。勒布伦夫人正忙里忙外，一进屋就要对院子里的杂工大声地发号施令；一出门又要用同样的嗓门对饭厅里的侍女指东道西的。她是一个皮肤鲜亮的漂亮女子，总穿

着白色短袖衣服。来回进出时她那浆得硬挺的裙子发出沙沙的声响。远处一栋别墅前，一位身穿黑衣服的女子正娴静地来回走动，边走边数着念珠。膳宿公寓里的很多人都乘坐博德莱家的帆船到谢尼·卡米内达去望弥撒了。一些年轻人在水栎树下玩槌球。蓬迪里埃先生那两个长得结结实实的孩子也在那儿，两个小家伙一个四岁，一个五岁。一个有点黑人血统的保姆跟着他们，心不在焉的样子，好像在想着什么。蓬迪里埃先生终于点了支雪茄烟开始抽起来，任凭报纸从手中散乱地滑落到地上。他的目光停在一把白色的太阳伞上，它正从海滩缓缓地向前移动。透过细长的水栎树干的缝隙，穿过一片黄春菊丛，他可以清楚地看到它。远处，朦朦胧胧中，海湾与蓝色的地平线交融在一起。太阳伞还在徐徐地靠近。粉色边的伞盖下走着他的妻子蓬迪里埃夫人和年轻的罗伯特·勒布伦。他们俩走到别墅跟前时，面对面地坐到了走廊的上层台阶上，每人靠着一根柱子，面露倦色。

"What folly! To bathe at such an hour in such heat!" exclaimed Mr. Pontellier. He himself had taken a plunge at daylight. That was why the morning seemed long to him.

“真蠢！在这么热的天气里的这个时候去洗澡。”蓬迪里埃先生大声说。他自己在天刚亮时已经下水洗了一阵子。因此这个上午对他来说特别漫长。

"You are burnt beyond recognition," he added, looking at his wife as one looks at a valuable piece of personal property which has suffered some damage. She held up her hands, strong, shapely hands, and surveyed them critically, drawing up her fawn sleeves above the wrists. Looking at them reminded her of her rings, which she had given to her husband before leaving for the beach. She silently reached out to him, and he, understanding, took the rings from his vest pocket and dropped them into her open palm. She slipped them upon her fingers; then clasping her knees, she looked across at Robert and began to laugh. The rings sparkled upon her fingers. He sent back an answering smile.

“你被晒得都让人认不出来了。”他看着他的妻子接着说道，就好像看着一件受了些损坏的贵重私人物件一样。她伸出两只又结实又漂亮的手，又把浅黄色的袖子拉到手腕上边，挑剔地打量着自己的手。看着她的手，她忽然想起了她的戒指，临去海滩前她把它们交给了她的丈夫。她默默地向他伸出手，他明白了她的意思，从背心兜儿里掏出戒指放入她打开的掌心。她把戒指一个个套上，然后抱着双膝看着罗伯特笑起来。戒指在她手指上闪闪发光。罗伯特也冲她回以微笑。

"What is it?" asked Pontellier, looking lazily and amused from one to the other. It was some utter nonsense; some adventure out there in the water, and they both tried to relate it at once. It did not seem half so amusing when told. They realized this, and so did Mr. Pontellier. He yawned and stretched himself. Then he got up, saying he had half

a mind to go over to Klein's hotel and play a game of billiards.

“什么事？”蓬迪里埃先生边问边懒散地向两人各看了一眼，感到很好笑。其实完全只是胡闹，是他们在水里遇到的有意思的事，他们俩都争着马上讲出来。可是讲出来以后就没那么有意思了。他们意识到了这一点，蓬迪里埃先生也是这么觉得。他打了个哈欠，又伸伸懒腰。然后他站起来，说他有点想去克莱恩旅馆玩一盘台球。

"Come go along, Lebrun," he proposed to Robert. But Robert admitted quite frankly that he preferred to stay where he was and talk to Mrs. Pontellier.

“走吧，一块儿去玩吧，勒布伦！”他向罗伯特建议道。但罗伯特十分坦率地说他更愿意留下来陪蓬迪里埃夫人聊天。

"Well, send him about his business when he bores you, Edna," instructed her husband as he prepared to leave.

“那么，爱德娜，他要是招你烦了，你就让他干自己的事去吧。”她丈夫准备走时叮嘱她说。

"Here, take the umbrella," she exclaimed, holding it out to him. He accepted the sunshade, and lifting it over his head descended the steps and walked away.

“哎，把伞带上。”她边喊边把伞递给他。他接过伞，撑在头顶，下了台阶走了。

"Coming back to dinner?" his wife called after him. He halted a moment and shrugged his shoulders. He felt in his vest pocket; there was a ten-dollar bill there. He did not know; perhaps he would return for the early dinner and perhaps he would not. It all depended upon the company which he found over at Klein's and the size of "the game." He did not say this, but she understood it, and laughed, nodding good-by to him.

“你回来吃午饭吗？”她的妻子在他身后喊道。他停了一下，耸了耸肩。他伸手摸了摸背心口袋，里面有一张十美元的钞票。他自己也说不好，或许回来吃顿午饭，或许不回。这都要看他在克莱恩旅馆找到什么球友和台球戏的规模而定。他没明说，但她懂他的意思，笑了笑，点了点头表示再见。

Both children wanted to follow their father when they saw him starting out. He kissed them and promised to bring them back bonbons and peanuts.

两个孩子看到爸爸要出门都要跟着去。他亲了亲他们，答应他们回来时会给他们带糖果和花生。

II

第二章

Mrs. Pontellier's eyes were quick and bright; they were a yellowish brown, about the color of her hair. She had a way of turning them swiftly upon an object and holding them there as if lost in some inward maze of contemplation or thought.

蓬迪里埃夫人的眼睛灵动而闪亮，棕黄的颜色接近于她的发色。她看东西时常常眼睛很快地转到这个东西上，然后又盯住它不动，好像陷入了内心的千思万绪之中。

Her eyebrows were a shade darker than her hair. They were thick and almost horizontal, emphasizing the depth of her eyes. She was rather handsome than beautiful. Her face was captivating by reason of a certain frankness of expression and a contradictory subtle play of features. Her manner was engaging.

她眉毛的颜色比发色深些。这又浓又直的眉毛使她的眼睛显得格外深邃。与其说她长得美丽，还不如说她长得俊俏。她有一张迷人的面庞，这是由于她表情坦率，神情难以捉摸而又微妙地变化着。她的确有着动人的风韵。

Robert rolled a cigarette. He smoked cigarettes because he could not afford cigars, he said. He had a cigar in his pocket which Mr. Pontellier had presented him with, and he was saving it for his after-dinner smoke.

罗伯特卷了一支烟。他抽自己卷的纸烟，他说这是因为他抽不起雪茄。他兜里有一支雪茄，是蓬迪里埃先生送给他的，他准备留着饭后抽。

This seemed quite proper and natural on his part. In coloring he was not unlike his companion. A clean-shaved face made the resemblance more pronounced than it would otherwise have been. There rested no shadow of care upon his open countenance. His eyes gathered in and reflected the light and languor of the summer day.

这对于他似乎是很正当且自然的事。在肤色上，他和他的同伴颇为相像。他的脸修得干干净净，使这种相像更加鲜明。从他那明朗的面容看他没有任何忧愁。他的眼睛聚集和反射着夏日的光辉与沉闷。

Mrs. Pontellier reached over for a palm-leaf fan that lay on the porch and began to fan herself, while Robert sent between his lips light puffs from his cigarette. They chatted incessantly: about the things around them; their amusing adventure out in the water—it had

again assumed its entertaining aspect; about the wind, the trees, the people who had gone to the Cheniere; about the children playing croquet under the oaks, and the Farival twins, who were now performing the overture to "The Poet and the Peasant."

蓬迪里埃夫人伸手拿起放在门廊上的棕榈叶扇子扇了起来。罗伯特则抽着烟，口吐阵阵轻烟。他们一直在聊天：谈到他们周围的琐事；谈到他们在水里的趣事——这件事现在好像又变得有意思起来；谈到风和树，还有那些去谢尼的人；谈到水栎树下玩槌球的孩子们，以及正在弹奏《诗人和农夫》序曲的法里瓦尔家的双胞胎。

Robert talked a good deal about himself. He was very young, and did not know any better. Mrs. Pontellier talked a little about herself for the same reason. Each was interested in what the other said. Robert spoke of his intention to go to Mexico in the autumn, where fortune awaited him. He was always intending to go to Mexico, but some way never got there. Meanwhile he held on to his modest position in a mercantile house in New Orleans, where an equal familiarity with English, French and Spanish gave him no small value as a clerk and correspondent.

罗伯特讲了很多他自己的事。他还相当年轻，懂得并不多。蓬迪里埃夫人出于同样的原因也只是讲了一点儿关于自己的事。他们彼此对对方说的都颇感兴趣。罗伯特讲到秋天他打算去墨西哥，在那儿他有发财的机会。他一直都想去墨西哥，但因为种种原因一直没去成。他现在在新奥尔良的一家商号拥有一个小职位，由于对英语、法语和西班牙语都同样精通，所以在那儿无论作为书记员还是联络员他都很受重视。

He was spending his summer vacation, as he always did, with his mother at Grand Isle. In former times, before Robert could remember, "the house" had been a summer luxury of the Lebruns. Now, flanked by its dozen or more cottages, which were always filled with exclusive visitors from the "Quartier Francais," it enabled Madame Lebrun to maintain the easy and comfortable existence which appeared to be her birthright.

目前他像往常一样正在格兰德岛他母亲这里度暑假。以前，尚在罗伯特记事前，这座“宅子”曾是专门供勒布伦家来消夏的地方。现在它的两侧盖起了十几栋别墅，总是住满了只从法国居住区来的游客，因此勒布伦夫人仍然可以维持她安逸舒服的生活，过这种生活似乎是她与生俱来的权利。

Mrs. Pontellier talked about her father's Mississippi plantation and her girlhood home in the old Kentucky bluegrass country. She was an American woman, with a small infusion of French which seemed to have been lost in dilution. She read a letter from her sister, who was away in the East, and who had engaged herself to be married. Robert was interested, and wanted to know what manner of girls the sisters

were, what the father was like, and how long the mother had been dead.

蓬迪里埃夫人讲起了她父亲在密西西比河上的庄园和她少女时期在熟悉的肯塔基州早熟禾草原地区的家。她是个美国女人，融入了一点法国血统，后来好像也被冲淡并消失了。她读了她妹妹从东方给她寄来的信。她的妹妹已经订婚了，并打算结婚。罗伯特很感兴趣，想知道她的姐妹们是什么样的女孩子，她的父亲又是什么样子，她的母亲去世多长时间了。

When Mrs. Pontellier folded the letter it was time for her to dress for the early dinner.

蓬迪里埃夫人把信收起来的时候，已经是该换衣服吃午饭的时间了。

"I see Leonce isn't coming back," she said, with a glance in the direction whence her husband had disappeared. Robert supposed he was not, as there were a good many New Orleans club men over at Klein's.

“我看莱翁斯不会回来了。”她边说边朝她丈夫离开的方向看了一眼。罗伯特也觉得他不会回来了，因为有很多新奥尔良俱乐部的男人都在克莱恩旅馆那儿。

When Mrs. Pontellier left him to enter her room, the young man descended the steps and strolled over toward the croquet players, where, during the half-hour before dinner, he amused himself with the little Pontellier children, who were very fond of him.

当蓬迪里埃夫人离开他进屋时，这个年轻人就下了台阶，踱步走到玩槌球的孩子们那儿。就在那儿，趁着午饭前的半个小时，他和蓬迪里埃家的小孩们玩了一会儿，孩子们都很喜欢他。

III

第三章

It was eleven o'clock that night when Mr. Pontellier returned from Klein's hotel. He was in an excellent humor, in high spirits, and very talkative. His entrance awoke his wife, who was in bed and fast asleep when he came in. He talked to her while he undressed, telling her anecdotes and bits of news and gossip that he had gathered during the day. From his trousers pockets he took a fistful of crumpled bank notes and a good deal of silver coin, which he piled on the bureau indiscriminately with keys, knife, handkerchief, and whatever else happened to be in his pockets. She was overcome with sleep, and answered him with little half utterances.

那天晚上十一点蓬迪里埃先生才从克莱恩旅馆回到家。他兴致很高，情绪不错，非常健谈。他一进家门就把已经在床上熟睡的妻子吵醒了。他一边脱衣服一边和她说话，告诉她这一天所听来的奇闻趣事、琐碎消息和闲话。他从裤兜儿里掏出一把皱巴巴的钞票，还有很多银币，它们和钥匙、小刀、手绢还有其他任何也装在裤兜里的东西一起被杂乱地堆放在梳妆台上。她太困了，只能支支吾吾地应答着。

He thought it very discouraging that his wife, who was the sole object of his existence, evinced so little interest in things which concerned him, and valued so little his conversation.

他感觉非常败兴。他的妻子是他生存的唯一目标，可她对他所在意的事情却毫无兴致，对他的谈话丝毫也不重视。

Mr. Pontellier had forgotten the bonbons and peanuts for the boys. Notwithstanding he loved them very much, and went into the adjoining room where they slept to take a look at them and make sure that they were resting comfortably. The result of his investigation was far from satisfactory. He turned and shifted the youngsters about in bed. One of them began to kick and talk about a basket full of crabs.

蓬迪里埃先生早把孩子们的糖果和花生的事忘到了脑后。但是他是非常疼爱孩子们的，他走进隔壁孩子们的卧室去看了一看，确保孩子们睡得舒适。这一看结果却不令他满意。他把孩子们在床上翻了翻身又挪动了几下。其中一个开始边踢腿边说梦话，说满满一篮子螃蟹之类的胡话。

Mr. Pontellier returned to his wife with the information that Raoul had a high fever and needed looking after. Then he lit a cigar and went and sat near the open door to smoke it.

蓬迪里埃先生回到妻子身边，对她说拉乌尔发高烧，需要照顾。然

后他点了支雪茄，走到敞开的门旁边坐下抽烟。

Mrs. Pontellier was quite sure Raoul had no fever. He had gone to bed perfectly well, she said, and nothing had ailed him all day. Mr. Pontellier was too well acquainted with fever symptoms to be mistaken. He assured her the child was consuming at that moment in the next room.

蓬迪里埃夫人非常肯定拉乌尔没发烧。她说他上床时很好，这一天也没感觉哪里不适。可蓬迪里埃先生对发烧的症状非常了解，不会搞错。他向她确保孩子此刻正在隔壁房间饱受高烧之苦。

He reproached his wife with her inattention, her habitual neglect of the children. If it was not a mother's place to look after children, whose on earth was it? He himself had his hands full with his brokerage business. He could not be in two places at once; making a living for his family on the street, and staying at home to see that no harm befell them. He talked in a monotonous, insistent way.

他责备妻子不关心孩子们，一向忽视他们。照顾孩子如果不是做母亲的本分的话，又究竟该是谁的呢？他自己手头满是经纪行的业务。他不能同时承担这两个重任：又要在外面赚钱养家糊口，又要在家里照看孩子，确保他们安然无恙。他絮絮叨叨地不停地数落着。

Mrs. Pontellier sprang out of bed and went into the next room. She soon came back and sat on the edge of the bed, leaning her head down on the pillow. She said nothing, and refused to answer her husband when he questioned her. When his cigar was smoked out he went to bed, and in half a minute he was fast asleep.

蓬迪里埃夫人从床上跳起来，去了隔壁房间。不一会儿她就回来了，坐在床边，把头倚在枕头上。她什么也不说，也不回答她丈夫的问话。他抽完烟就上了床，半分钟不到就睡熟了。

Mrs. Pontellier was by that time thoroughly awake. She began to cry a little, and wiped her eyes on the sleeve of her peignoir. Blowing out the candle, which her husband had left burning, she slipped her bare feet into a pair of satin mules at the foot of the bed and went out on the porch, where she sat down in the wicker chair and began to rock gently to and fro.

可此时，蓬迪里埃夫人却完全清醒了。她开始轻声哭泣起来，在睡衣袖子上擦着眼泪。吹灭她丈夫点着的还在燃着的蜡烛，她光脚穿上放在床脚的缎面拖鞋，往外走到门廊上。在那里她坐进柳条摇椅，开始轻轻地来回摇晃起来。

It was then past midnight. The cottages were all dark. A single faint light gleamed out from the hallway of the house. There was no sound abroad except the hooting of an old owl in the top of a water-

oak, and the everlasting voice of the sea, that was not uplifted at that soft hour. It broke like a mournful lullaby upon the night.

已经是后半夜了。所有别墅都漆黑一片。只有一道微弱的光线从主屋的廊道那里照射过来。外面寂静一片，只能听见水栎树顶一只老猫头鹰的叫声，还有在这夜深人静时分平和的海面上发出的永不停息的声音。它像凄婉的摇篮曲一样打破黑夜的宁静。

The tears came so fast to Mrs. Pontellier's eyes that the damp sleeve of her peignoir no longer served to dry them. She was holding the back of her chair with one hand; her loose sleeve had slipped almost to the shoulder of her uplifted arm. Turning, she thrust her face, steaming and wet, into the bend of her arm, and she went on crying there, not caring any longer to dry her face, her eyes, her arms. She could not have told why she was crying. Such experiences as the foregoing were not uncommon in her married life. They seemed never before to have weighed much against the abundance of her husband's kindness and a uniform devotion which had come to be tacit and self-understood.

蓬迪里埃夫人泪如雨下，睡衣袖子已经湿透，不能再用来擦泪了。她一只手抓住椅背，宽松的衣袖几乎从举起的手臂滑落到肩部。她转过身去，把热而潮湿的脸塞进臂弯里接着大哭，再也无心去擦拭她的面颊、眼睛和手臂了。她自己也说不清为什么哭。自从结婚以来像刚才这样的经历并不少见。不过之前她丈夫对她无微不至的体贴和一贯的忠诚似乎使这些经历显得微不足道，对于这些她是默然领会、心知肚明的。

An indescribable oppression, which seemed to generate in some unfamiliar part of her consciousness, filled her whole being with a vague anguish. It was like a shadow, like a mist passing across her soul's summer day. It was strange and unfamiliar; it was a mood. She did not sit there inwardly upbraiding her husband, lamenting at Fate, which had directed her footsteps to the path which they had taken. She was just having a good cry all to herself. The mosquitoes made merry over her, biting her firm, round arms and nipping at her bare insteps.

一种来自于她意识陌生深处的无以名状的压抑感使她整个人充满了莫名的烦闷。这就像阴影，像迷雾，拂过她夏日的心灵。这是一种奇怪而陌生的感觉，是一种心情。她不是坐在那里暗自谴责她的丈夫，也不是在悲叹自己的命运，而正是命运引领她走上这条他们所走过的道路。她只是独自在那里痛哭。蚊子肆意地叮咬着她，叮咬着她结实圆润的手臂，叮咬着她赤裸的脚背。

The little stinging, buzzing imps succeeded in dispelling a mood which might have held her there in the darkness half a night longer.

正是这些嗡嗡叫着叮咬她的淘气虫们成功地驱走了她的这种情绪，

否则，她也许还会带着这种情绪在黑暗中呆上半夜。

The following morning Mr. Pontellier was up in good time to take the rockaway which was to convey him to the steamer at the wharf. He was returning to the city to his business, and they would not see him again at the Island till the coming Saturday. He had regained his composure, which seemed to have been somewhat impaired the night before. He was eager to be gone, as he looked forward to a lively week in Carondelet Street.

第二天一早，蓬迪里埃先生起床很准时，为了坐四轮马车到码头搭汽船。他要回城去处理他的生意，直到下周六他们才会在这个岛上再见到他。此时他很自若，从头一天晚上的坏情绪中恢复了镇静。他急着离开，期望在卡龙德莱特大街过一周快活的生活。

Mr. Pontellier gave his wife half of the money which he had brought away from Klein's hotel the evening before. She liked money as well as most women, and, accepted it with no little satisfaction.

蓬迪里埃先生把头一天晚上从克莱恩旅馆拿回来的钱给了妻子一半。她和大多数女人一样喜欢钱，所以心满意足地收下了。

"It will buy a handsome wedding present for Sister Janet!" she exclaimed, smoothing out the bills as she counted them one by one.

“用这钱可以给珍妮特妹妹买件漂亮的结婚礼物！”她高兴地说，一边把钱弄平一边一张一张地数着。

"Oh! We'll treat Sister Janet better than that, my dear," he laughed, as he prepared to kiss her good-by.

“哦！我们要对她比这样更好些，亲爱的。”他一边笑着说一边准备跟她吻别。

The boys were tumbling about, clinging to his legs, imploring that numerous things be brought back to them. Mr. Pontellier was a great favorite, and ladies, men, children, even nurses, were always on hand to say goodby to him. His wife stood smiling and waving, the boys shouting, as he disappeared in the old rockaway down the sandy road.

孩子们在他周围转，抱着他的腿，求他给他们带回来许多好东西。蓬迪里埃先生很有人缘，女士们、男人们、孩子们，就连保姆们都总是来跟他告别。他的妻子站在那里，一边微笑一边挥手，孩子们叫喊着，看着他坐着旧四轮马车在砂路上远去。

A few days later a box arrived for Mrs. Pontellier from New Orleans. It was from her husband. It was filled with friandises, with luscious and toothsome bits—the finest of fruits, pates, a rare bottle or two, delicious syrups, and bonbons in abundance.

几天后，一个盒子从新奥尔良寄到了蓬迪里埃夫人这里。这是她丈

夫寄过来的。盒子里装满了花式小蛋糕，以及各种各样的美味可口的小食品：精美的水果、馅饼、一两瓶名贵好酒、可口的糖浆还有很多糖果。

Mrs. Pontellier was always very generous with the contents of such a box; she was quite used to receiving them when away from home. The pates and fruit were brought to the dining-room; the bonbons were passed around. And the ladies, selecting with dainty and discriminating fingers and a little greedily, all declared that Mr. Pontellier was the best husband in the world. Mrs. Pontellier was forced to admit that she knew of none better.

对于盒子里的食品，蓬迪里埃夫人向来很慷慨。她外出度假的时候经常会收到它们。她把馅饼和水果拿到餐厅，糖果则分给周围的人。女士们一边用纤纤细手有点贪婪地挑着糖果，一边齐夸蓬迪里埃先生是世上最好的丈夫。蓬迪里埃夫人也不得不承认她没看到过更好的了。

IV

第四章

It would have been a difficult matter for Mr. Pontellier to define to his own satisfaction or any one else's wherein his wife failed in her duty toward their children. It was something which he felt rather than perceived, and he never voiced the feeling without subsequent regret and ample atonement.

他的妻子到底在哪些地方没有尽到做母亲的责任，蓬迪里埃先生对此还真难做出令自己或别人满意的解释。这其实只是他感觉到的，而不是他察觉到的，而且每次他把这种感觉说出来就开始后悔，接着就尽力弥补。

If one of the little Pontellier boys took a tumble whilst at play, he was not apt to rush crying to his mother's arms for comfort; he would more likely pick himself up, wipe the water out of his eyes and the sand out of his mouth, and go on playing. Tots as they were, they pulled together and stood their ground in childish battles with doubled fists and uplifted voices, which usually prevailed against the other mother-tots. The quadroon nurse was looked upon as a huge encumbrance, only good to button up waists and panties and to brush and part hair; since it seemed to be a law of society that hair must be parted and brushed.

蓬迪里埃家的孩子如果在玩耍时摔了一跤，通常不会立刻哭着跑到妈妈怀里寻找安慰，而是自己爬起来，擦干泪水，弄掉嘴里的沙子，再接着玩。虽然他们还只是些小娃娃，但在跟其他依赖母亲的小孩子们打架时，他们总是能挥舞着双拳，提高嗓门，绑在一起，共同作战，因此他们总是能在打架中占上风。他们把那个有点黑人血统的保姆看成是个大累赘，他们认为她只会给他们系系衣裤的扣子、梳梳头发，因为头发一定是要梳理整齐似乎是社会的法则。

In short, Mrs. Pontellier was not a mother-woman. The motherwomen seemed to prevail that summer at Grand Isle. It was easy to know them, fluttering about with extended, protecting wings when any harm, real or imaginary, threatened their precious brood. They were women who idolized their children, worshiped their husbands, and esteemed it a holy privilege to efface themselves as individuals and grow wings as ministering angels.

简单地说，蓬迪里埃夫人不算是个好妈妈。那年夏天在格兰德岛上到处都能看到好妈妈。好妈妈们一眼就能认出来，她们只要感觉自己的幼雏受到伤害，无论是真的还是她们想象的，她们就会立刻张开翅膀去保护他们。她们是这样的女人：宠爱孩子，尊敬丈夫，认为抹杀自我，

长出翅膀成为救苦救难的天使是一种神圣的权利。

Many of them were delicious in the role; one of them was the embodiment of every womanly grace and charm. If her husband did not adore her, he was a brute, deserving of death by slow torture. Her name was Adele Ratignolle. There are no words to describe her save the old ones that have served so often to picture the bygone heroine of romance and the fair lady of our dreams. There was nothing subtle or hidden about her charms; her beauty was all there, flaming and apparent: the spun-gold hair that comb nor confining pin could restrain; the blue eyes that were like nothing but sapphires; two lips that pouted, that were so red one could only think of cherries or some other delicious crimson fruit in looking at them. She was growing a little stout, but it did not seem to detract an iota from the grace of every step, pose, gesture. One would not have wanted her white neck a mite less full or her beautiful arms more slender. Never were hands more exquisite than hers, and it was a joy to look at them when she threaded her needle or adjusted her gold thimble to her taper middle finger as she sewed away on the little night-drawers or fashioned a bodice or a bib.

她们很多人都在甜蜜地扮演着这种角色，其中有一个女人身上更是体现了所有女性的美德与魅力。如果她的丈夫不珍惜她，那么他就是个十恶不赦、不得好死的浑蛋。她的名字是阿黛尔·拉蒂诺尔。除了经常用来描写久远的爱情故事中的女主人公和我们梦中的窈窕淑女的那些陈词滥调外，还真是找不出更好的词来形容她了。她的魅力完全外露，没有什么含蓄与微妙之处。她的美丽全然显现，光彩照人：一头漂亮的金发不管是梳子还是发夹都难束住，一双眼睛像蓝宝石一样闪亮，撅起的两片红唇让人一看就会想起红红的樱桃或是其他深红色的甜蜜果子。她开始有点儿发胖，但这似乎丝毫不影响她步态的优美，姿势的高雅和举止的得体。人们不会要求她那白白的脖颈再稍微瘦些或是她那漂亮的手臂再细些。没有谁的手比她的手更美了，尤其是在她穿针引线或在其纤细的中指上戴着金顶针缝小孩儿睡裤或做着胸衣和围兜的时侯，看着这样一双手简直就是一种享受。

Madame Ratignolle was very fond of Mrs. Pontellier, and often she took her sewing and went over to sit with her in the afternoons. She was sitting there the afternoon of the day the box arrived from New Orleans. She had possession of the rocker, and she was busily engaged in sewing upon a diminutive pair of night-drawers.

拉蒂诺尔夫人很喜欢蓬迪里埃夫人。她经常在下午拿着针线活到她那里坐坐。蓬迪里埃先生从新奥尔良寄来盒装食品的那天下午，她碰巧也在那里。当时她坐在那张摇椅里，正忙着缝制一条小睡裤。

She had brought the pattern of the drawers for Mrs. Pontellier to cut out—a marvel of construction, fashioned to enclose a baby's body

so effectually that only two small eyes might look out from the garment, like an Eskimo's. They were designed for winter wear, when treacherous drafts came down chimneys and insidious currents of deadly cold found their way through key-holes.

她拿来了一个小睡裤的样式让蓬迪里埃夫人剪裁－－这真是一个让人惊异的作品：衣服做得正好包住孩子的身体，只露出两只眼睛，就像爱斯基摩人一样。这是专门设计冬天穿的，即便是危险的寒风从烟囱窜入或是冷得要死的寒流阴险地从锁眼袭进，也不用害怕了。

Mrs. Pontellier's mind was quite at rest concerning the present material needs of her children, and she could not see the use of anticipating and making winter night garments the subject of her summer meditations. But she did not want to appear unamiable and uninterested, so she had brought forth newspapers, which she spread upon the floor of the gallery, and under Madame Ratignolle's directions she had cut a pattern of the impervious garment.

蓬迪里埃夫人对于孩子们目前的物质需要很放心，也看不出有什么必要在夏天去想着为孩子做冬季睡衣的事。但是她不想让人感觉她没有亲切感，对此漠不关心，因此她拿出报纸，摊在走廊地面上，在拉蒂诺尔夫人的指点下，把这个风穿不透的睡衣的样式剪出来。

Robert was there, seated as he had been the Sunday before, and Mrs. Pontellier also occupied her former position on the upper step, leaning listlessly against the post. Beside her was a box of bonbons, which she held out at intervals to Madame Ratignolle.

罗伯特也在，还坐在上个星期天坐过的老地方。蓬迪里埃夫人也坐在台阶最上面一级那老地方，懒散地靠着柱子。在她旁边放着一盒糖果，她时不时地拿起来递给拉蒂诺尔夫人。

That lady seemed at a loss to make a selection, but finally settled upon a stick of nougat, wondering if it were not too rich; whether it could possibly hurt her. Madame Ratignolle had been married seven years. About every two years she had a baby. At that time she had three babies, and was beginning to think of a fourth one. She was always talking about her "condition." Her "condition" was in no way apparent, and no one would have known a thing about it but for her persistence in making it the subject of conversation.

那位女士好像不知所措，不知道挑哪块好，最后拿了一块牛轧糖，还担心是不是太腻了会使她不适。拉蒂诺尔夫人结婚七年了。大约每两年就有一个孩子。现在她有三个孩子，正准备要第四个呢。她总是谈起她的身孕。她的身孕不大明显，如果不是她总是在谈话当中不时地提起，没人会知道她怀孕了。

Robert started to reassure her, asserting that he had known a lady who had subsisted upon nougat during the entire—but seeing the

color mount into Mrs. Pontellier's face he checked himself and changed the subject.

罗伯特开始安慰她，让她放心，说曾认识一位女士简直靠牛轧糖过活，在她整个……但他看到蓬迪里埃夫人脸色不对，马上停住，换了话题。

Mrs. Pontellier, though she had married a Creole, was not thoroughly at home in the society of Creoles; never before had she been thrown so intimately among them. There were only Creoles that summer at Lebrun's. They all knew each other, and felt like one large family, among whom existed the most amicable relations. A characteristic which distinguished them and which impressed Mrs. Pontellier most forcibly was their entire absence of prudery. Their freedom of expression was at first incomprehensible to her, though she had no difficulty in reconciling it with a lofty chastity which in the Creole woman seems to be inborn and unmistakable.

蓬迪里埃夫人虽然嫁给了一个克里奥尔人，但在克里奥尔人的社交圈子里却并非熟不拘礼，此前也从未十分亲切地融入到他们中间去。那年夏天租住勒布伦家别墅的只有克里奥尔人。他们互相之间很熟悉，感觉像是个大家庭，他们中间存在着最为亲切友好的关系。他们与众不同，给蓬迪里埃夫人印象最深的特点是他们从不表现出拘束。他们无拘无束的表达开始蓬迪里埃夫人是不能理解的，可是后来发现克里奥尔女人们天生的明显的高尚德操，她很容易就谅解了她们。

Never would Edna Pontellier forget the shock with which she heard Madame Ratignolle relating to old Monsieur Farival the harrowing story of one of her accouchements, withholding no intimate detail. She was growing accustomed to like shocks, but she could not keep the mounting color back from her cheeks. Oftener than once her coming had interrupted the droll story with which Robert was entertaining some amused group of married women.

爱德娜·蓬迪里埃永远都不会忘记当她听到拉蒂诺尔夫人跟法里瓦尔老先生讲起一次她生孩子的痛苦经历时她有多么震惊，而且拉蒂诺尔夫人讲得非常详细，没有漏掉任何私密的细节。她已经渐渐习惯于类似的让她吃惊的事，但有时还是禁不住脸红。不止一次，当罗伯特正在讲一个可笑的故事逗那些已婚女子时，爱德娜的到来打断了他。

A book had gone the rounds of the pension. When it came her turn to read it, she did so with profound astonishment. She felt moved to read the book in secret and solitude, though none of the others had done so,—to hide it from view at the sound of approaching footsteps. It was openly criticised and freely discussed at table. Mrs. Pontellier gave over being astonished, and concluded that wonders would never cease.

在这个别墅区曾经传读着一本书。她觉得这种书只能在僻静的角落里偷着读，一听到别人的脚步声就该藏起来。可是没有人这样做。这样的书竟被拿到桌面上公开讲评，自由讨论。蓬迪里埃夫人也不再惊愕，她断定这种怪事会经常出现。

V

第五章

They formed a congenial group sitting there that summer afternoon—Madame Ratignolle sewing away, often stopping to relate a story or incident with much expressive gesture of her perfect hands; Robert and Mrs. Pontellier sitting idle, exchanging occasional words, glances or smiles which indicated a certain advanced stage of intimacy and camaraderie.

一个夏日的午后，他们情投意合的一伙人结伴坐在一起－－拉蒂诺尔夫人在做针线活，时不时地停下来用她那双漂亮的手有声有色地比划着讲述一个故事或是一件真事；罗伯特和蓬迪里埃夫人则懒懒地坐在那里，时不时地交流几句，互相对视一下或是彼此微笑一下，表示他们的情谊和亲昵程度又进了一步。

He had lived in her shadow during the past month. No one thought anything of it. Many had predicted that Robert would devote himself to Mrs. Pontellier when he arrived. Since the age of fifteen, which was eleven years before, Robert each summer at Grand Isle had constituted himself the devoted attendant of some fair dame or damsel. Sometimes it was a young girl, again a widow; but as often as not it was some interesting married woman.

过去一个月里他一直跟她形影不离。没有人会多想什么。很多人早就料到罗伯特一来到这儿就会专心陪伴蓬迪里埃夫人。自从早在十一年前他还十五岁的时候，每年夏天来格兰德岛上时，罗伯特都会成为某个漂亮夫人或小姐的忠实随从。有时是一位年轻小姐，也有时是个寡妇，但也经常会是一个有情趣的已婚女子。

For two consecutive seasons he lived in the sunlight of Mademoiselle Duvigne's presence. But she died between summers; then Robert posed as an inconsolable, prostrating himself at the feet of Madame Ratignolle for whatever crumbs of sympathy and comfort she might be pleased to vouchsafe.

在连续两个季度里，他曾经受到杜菲格妮小姐的宠爱。可是，一个夏天过去了，另一个夏天还没来到时，她却死了。于是罗伯特摆出一副伤心欲绝的样子拜倒在拉蒂诺尔夫人的面前，以求她高兴时能恩赐他些许怜悯与抚慰。

Mrs. Pontellier liked to sit and gaze at her fair companion as she might look upon a faultless Madonna.

蓬迪里埃夫人喜欢坐在那里看着她那漂亮的女伴，好像欣赏一尊洁白无瑕的圣母玛利亚的雕像。

"Could any one fathom the cruelty beneath that fair exterior?" murmured Robert. "She knew that I adored her once, and she let me adore her. It was 'Robert, come; go; stand up; sit down; do this; do that; see if the baby sleeps; my thimble, please, that I left God knows where. Come and read Daudet to me while I sew.'"

“有谁能弄清那美丽的外表下所隐藏的冷酷吗？”罗伯特低声说，“她知道我曾经爱慕过她，她也让我爱慕她。常常是‘罗伯特，过来呀；到那儿去；站起来；坐下去；做这个；做那个；去看看小宝贝睡了没有；把我的顶针拿来，上帝啊，我把它放哪儿了呢；来，我缝衣服的时候给我读一段都德（注：法国小说家）的作品。’”

"Par exemple! I never had to ask. You were always there under my feet, like a troublesome cat."

“比如说吧！我从来都不用要求，你总是赖在我的脚下，像只惹人厌的小猫。”

"You mean like an adoring dog. And just as soon as Ratignolle appeared on the scene, then it WAS like a dog. 'Passez! Adieu! Allez vous-en!'"

“你的意思是说像只崇拜你的小狗。等到拉蒂诺尔先生一出现，我还真像一条狗了。‘去吧！再见！滚吧！’”

"Perhaps I feared to make Alphonse jealous," she interjoined, with excessive naivete. That made them all laugh. The right hand jealous of the left! The heart jealous of the soul! But for that matter, the Creole husband is never jealous; with him the gangrene passion is one which has become dwarfed by disuse.

“我那是可能是担心阿尔方斯嫉妒。”拉蒂诺尔夫人过于天真地插话说。这使得大家都笑了起来。就像右手嫉妒左手一样！也像心灵嫉妒灵魂一样！但是对这样的事，克里奥尔的丈夫们是从来不会嫉妒的，这种腐烂了的感情已经因为长期不用而变得退化了。

Meanwhile Robert, addressing Mrs Pontellier, continued to tell of his one time hopeless passion for Madame Ratignolle; of sleepless nights, of consuming flames till the very sea sizzled when he took his daily plunge. While the lady at the needle kept up a little running, contemptuous comment:

此时罗伯特还在继续冲着蓬迪里埃夫人讲他对拉蒂诺尔夫人曾经不可自拔的感情，讲到他因此所度过的不眠之夜，讲到这种炽热的情感火焰又是怎样在他每天冲入大海游泳时发出哧哧的响声。此刻，做着针线活的拉蒂诺尔夫人用一点法语轻蔑地连续评论道：

"Blagueur—farceur—gros bete, va!”

“小丑－－骗子－－怪东西！”

He never assumed this seriocomic tone when alone with Mrs. Pontellier. She never knew precisely what to make of it; at that moment it was impossible for her to guess how much of it was jest and what proportion was earnest. It was understood that he had often spoken words of love to Madame Ratignolle, without any thought of being taken seriously. Mrs. Pontellier was glad he had not assumed a similar role toward herself. It would have been unacceptable and annoying.

当他和蓬迪里埃夫人单独在一起的时候，从来不用这种半严肃半调侃的语气。她真的弄不清是怎么回事，当时她也猜不出这种语气有多少是调侃的成分，又有多少是真心的。谁都明白他曾经常对拉蒂诺尔夫人说些暧昧的话，可从来没想着被当回事。蓬迪里埃夫人非常高兴他没用同样的方式对待她，那可是很让人懊恼、难以接受的。

Mrs. Pontellier had brought her sketching materials, which she sometimes dabbled with in an unprofessional way. She liked the dabbling. She felt in it satisfaction of a kind which no other employment afforded her.

蓬迪里埃夫人随身带着速写工具。她有时候随便画画，画得不专业。她喜欢涂涂画画。画画能给她一种别的什么东西都给予不了她的满足感。

She had long wished to try herself on Madame Ratignolle. Never had that lady seemed a more tempting subject than at that moment, seated there like some sensuous Madonna, with the gleam of the fading day enriching her splendid color.

她早就想试着给拉蒂诺尔夫人画像。那位女士从来没像现在这样有魅力，坐在那里像圣母玛利亚画像一样给人以美感，在落日的余晖下尤其显得光彩夺目。

Robert crossed over and seated himself upon the step below Mrs. Pontellier, that he might watch her work. She handled her brushes with a certain ease and freedom which came, not from long and close acquaintance with them, but from a natural aptitude. Robert followed her work with close attention, giving forth little ejaculatory expressions of appreciation in French, which he addressed to Madame Ratignolle.

罗伯特走了过来，坐在蓬迪里埃夫人下面的一个台阶上，这样可以更方便地看她作画。她用笔轻松自如，并不是因为长期练习之后的熟能生巧，而是因为具有天赋。罗伯特聚精会神地看着她作画，突然用法语冲着拉蒂诺尔夫人赞赏地喊道：

"Mais ce n'est pas mal! Elle s'y connait, elle a de la force, oui."

“画得真不赖！她知道怎样作画，她有能力，一点没错。”

During his oblivious attention he once quietly rested his head against Mrs. Pontellier's arm. As gently she repulsed him. Once again he repeated the offense. She could not but believe it to be thoughtlessness on his part; yet that was no reason she should submit to it. She did not remonstrate, except again to repulse him quietly but firmly. He offered no apology. The picture completed bore no resemblance to Madame Ratignolle. She was greatly disappointed to find that it did not look like her. But it was a fair enough piece of work, and in many respects satisfying.

在入神的欣赏过程中他曾一度把头轻轻地靠在蓬迪里埃夫人的手臂上。她轻轻地推开了他。可他又一次靠了上来。她只好当他是无意之举，但她感觉没有理由听任他那样做。她没有直接表达反对之意，只是又一次轻轻地但很坚定地推开了他。他也没表示歉意。作好的画跟拉蒂诺尔夫人根本不像。她看到画儿画得不像她，颇感失望。但这还算是一幅不错的作品，在很多方面还是令人满意的。

Mrs. Pontellier evidently did not think so. After surveying the sketch critically she drew a broad smudge of paint across its surface, and crumpled the paper between her hands.

蓬迪里埃夫人显然不这么认为。很挑剔地审视了这幅画后，她用颜料在上面涂了宽宽的一道污迹并在手里把画纸揉成了一团。

The youngsters came tumbling up the steps, the quadroon following at the respectful distance which they required her to observe. Mrs. Pontellier made them carry her paints and things into the house. She sought to detain them for a little talk and some pleasantry. But they were greatly in earnest. They had only come to investigate the contents of the bonbon box. They accepted without murmuring what she chose to give them, each holding out two chubby hands scoop-like, in the vain hope that they might be filled; and then away they went.

小孩子们跌跌撞撞地上了台阶，那个有点黑人血统的保姆跟在他们后面，保持了一段距离，这是他们要求她这么做的。蓬迪里埃夫人让他们拿着颜料和其他东西进屋了。她本想把他们留下来聊聊天，逗逗趣。可他们却很认真。他们主要是来检查一下糖果盒里装的东西。他们一声不吭，只顾接着妈妈挑给他们的糖果，都捧着胖胖的小手希望妈妈能给他们满满一捧糖果，可都没能如愿，接着就走开了。

The sun was low in the west, and the breeze soft and languorous that came up from the south, charged with the seductive odor of the sea. Children freshly befurbelowed, were gathering for their games under the oaks. Their voices were high and penetrating.

夕阳西沉，轻柔的南风带着海水诱人的气味慵懒地吹拂过来。孩子们新换了精致的衣服聚在橡树下做游戏。他们时不时地尖声高叫着。

Madame Ratignolle folded her sewing, placing thimble, scissors, and thread all neatly together in the roll, which she pinned securely. She complained of faintness. Mrs. Pontellier flew for the cologne water and a fan. She bathed Madame Ratignolle's face with cologne, while Robert plied the fan with unnecessary vigor.

拉蒂诺尔夫人收起了针线活，将顶针、剪刀、针线整齐地卷在一起，用别针别紧。她叫苦说头晕眼花的。蓬迪里埃夫人很快去拿了古龙香水和一把扇子。她给拉蒂诺尔夫人脸上喷了些古龙香水，罗伯特则使劲地为她摇着扇子。

The spell was soon over, and Mrs. Pontellier could not help wondering if there were not a little imagination responsible for its origin, for the rose tint had never faded from her friend's face.

这阵眩晕很快过去了，蓬迪里埃夫人禁不住怀疑这头晕是不是有点想象出来的，因为拉蒂诺尔夫人脸上的红润一直也没有消退过。

She stood watching the fair woman walk down the long line of galleries with the grace and majesty which queens are sometimes supposed to possess. Her little ones ran to meet her. Two of them clung about her white skirts, the third she took from its nurse and with a thousand endearments bore it along in her own fond, encircling arms. Though, as everybody well knew, the doctor had forbidden her to lift so much as a pin!

她站在那里看着这位美丽的夫人以只有皇后才有的仪态和贵气走下长廊。她的孩子们迎着她跑过来。两个孩子拽着她的白裙子，她把第三个孩子从保姆手里接过来，亲热地抱在手臂里，亲了又亲。可大家都清楚地知道，医生不允许她拿重物，就连一根针都不行呢。

"Are you going bathing?" asked Robert of Mrs. Pontellier. It was not so much a question as a reminder.

“你还要不要去游泳了？”罗伯特冲着蓬迪里埃夫人说。这与其说是在问，不如说是在提醒她。

"Oh, no," she answered, with a tone of indecision. "I'm tired; I think not." Her glance wandered from his face away toward the Gulf, whose sonorous murmur reached her like a loving but imperative entreaty.

“哦，不了，”她回答道，口气有点儿犹豫，“我有点儿累了，所以我想还是不去了。”她的目光从他脸上移向了海湾的方向，海浪那洪亮的哗哗声像是一声声急切的充满爱意的恳求，传入她的耳畔。

"Oh, come!" he insisted. "You mustn't miss your bath. Come on. The water must be delicious; it will not hurt you. Come."

“哦，来吧！”他坚持说，“你一定不能错过现在游泳的好时机。快来吧！海水一定很舒服，对你没坏处的。快来吧！”

He reached up for her big, rough straw hat that hung on a peg outside the door, and put it on her head. They descended the steps, and walked away together toward the beach. The sun was low in the west and the breeze was soft and warm.

他伸手把挂在门外钉子上用粗草编成的大草帽拿下来戴在她头上。他们一起走下台阶，向海滩走去。夕阳西下，微风轻拂，暖意十足。

VI

第六章

Edna Pontellier could not have told why, wishing to go to the beach with Robert, she should in the first place have declined, and in the second place have followed in obedience to one of the two contradictory impulses which impelled her.

爱德娜·蓬迪里埃自己也说不清为什么愿意和罗伯特一起到海滩去。她本应该起初就拒绝他的，但是后来又向驱使她的两股相冲突的冲动中的一股屈服了，跟着他去了。

A certain light was beginning to dawn dimly within her,—the light which, showing the way, forbids it.

她的心中开始隐隐地亮起一线曙光－－这种光线为她指出一条道路，不允许她这样做。

At that early period it served but to bewilder her. It moved her to dreams, to thoughtfulness, to the shadowy anguish which had overcome her the midnight when she had abandoned herself to tears.

在这种萌芽时期，它只能使她困惑。这使她进入梦幻之中，陷入沉思之中，使她她被一种难以捉摸的烦闷包围着，正是这种烦闷致使她在那天子夜里痛哭一场。

In short, Mrs. Pontellier was beginning to realize her position in the universe as a human being, and to recognize her relations as an individual to the world within and about her. This may seem like a ponderous weight of wisdom to descend upon the soul of a young woman of twenty-eight—perhaps more wisdom than the Holy Ghost is usually pleased to vouchsafe to any woman.

简单地说，蓬迪里埃夫人开始意识到她作为一个人在整个宇宙间的位置了，也认识到她作为一个个体与自己的内心世界以及周围世界的关系。这或许像是一种有分量的智慧降临到一位二十八岁的少妇的灵魂之上－－这种智慧甚至或许比圣灵常常愿意赐予给任何一位女子的智慧还要多。

But the beginning of things, of a world especially, is necessarily vague, tangled, chaotic, and exceedingly disturbing. How few of us ever emerge from such beginning! How many souls perish in its tumult!

可是万物之初，尤其是世界之初，一定是模糊难辨，纠结缠绕，杂乱无章，且极其困扰人心的。我们中能有几人从这本初中崭露头角！又有多少人在这混乱中陨落！

The voice of the sea is seductive; never ceasing, whispering, clamoring, murmuring, inviting the soul to wander for a spell in abysses of solitude; to lose itself in mazes of inward contemplation.

大海的浪声是极具诱惑力的：有时私语，有时喧哗，有时低吟，永无休止，引诱人的心灵徘徊于寂寞的深渊中，消失在内心冥想的迷惘中。

The voice of the sea speaks to the soul. The touch of the sea is sensuous, enfolding the body in its soft, close embrace.

大海的浪声撞击着人的心弦。大海的抚摸令人陶醉，它把人的身体拥入了它那温柔亲切的怀抱。

VII

第七章

Mrs. Pontellier was not a woman given to confidences, a characteristic hitherto contrary to her nature. Even as a child she had lived her own small life all within herself. At a very early period she had apprehended instinctively the dual life—that outward existence which conforms, the inward life which questions.

蓬迪里埃夫人不是那种善于交知心话的女人，目前看来这种性格与她的本性是截然相反的。甚至在孩童时期，她就生活在自己的内心小世界里。从很早开始她就对这种双重生活心领神会：顺从的外部存在，质疑的内心生活。

That summer at Grand Isle she began to loosen a little the mantle of reserve that had always enveloped her. There may have been—there must have been—influences, both subtle and apparent, working in their several ways to induce her to do this; but the most obvious was the influence of Adele Ratignolle. The excessive physical charm of the Creole had first attracted her, for Edna had a sensuous susceptibility to beauty. Then the candor of the woman's whole existence, which every one might read, and which formed so striking a contrast to her own habitual reserve—this might have furnished a link. Who can tell what metals the gods use in forging the subtle bond which we call sympathy, which we might as well call love.

那年夏天在格兰德岛上，她开始一点点掀起那一直包裹着她的沉默保守的帷幔。可能是，不，肯定是有一种既微妙又显而易见的影响力在几个方面起着作用，促使她这样做的，但其中最明显的当属阿黛尔·拉蒂诺尔的影响。这位克里奥尔女人无与伦比的外在魅力首先吸引了她，因为爱德娜很容易受到美的东西的感染。其次这个女人全部存在的率真之处每个人都能看得到。这与她一贯的沉默保守形成鲜明的对比——这一点也可能起到了推波助澜的作用。谁知道上帝用什么样的金属材料铸成了我们既可称之为同情又可称之为爱的微妙联系呢。

The two women went away one morning to the beach together, arm in arm, under the huge white sunshade. Edna had prevailed upon Madame Ratignolle to leave the children behind, though she could not induce her to relinquish a diminutive roll of needlework, which Adele begged to be allowed to slip into the depths of her pocket. In some unaccountable way they had escaped from Robert.

一天上午这两位女士手拉着手，撑着一把大白伞一起向海滩走去。爱德娜虽然劝服了阿黛尔把孩子们留在家里，可她还是没能阻止她放弃那一小卷针线活。这是在阿黛尔的恳求下爱德娜让她塞进她的口袋里去

的。她们俩心照不宣地躲开了罗伯特。

The walk to the beach was no inconsiderable one, consisting as it did of a long, sandy path, upon which a sporadic and tangled growth that bordered it on either side made frequent and unexpected inroads. There were acres of yellow camomile reaching out on either hand. Further away still, vegetable gardens abounded, with frequent small plantations of orange or lemon trees intervening. The dark green clusters glistened from afar in the sun.

去海滩的路并不近，包括一条长长的沙路，沙路两旁零星地长出一些纠结在一起的野草，时不时就出乎意料地侵占到路面上来。许多黄菊从路的两边伸展开来。再远一点的地方是大片的菜园，常常有小片的橘子或柠檬树间落其中。郁郁葱葱的树丛在阳光的照耀下从远处看闪闪发光。

The women were both of goodly height, Madame Ratignolle possessing the more feminine and matronly figure. The charm of Edna Pontellier's physique stole insensibly upon you. The lines of her body were long, clean and symmetrical; it was a body which occasionally fell into splendid poses; there was no suggestion of the trim, stereotyped fashion-plate about it. A casual and indiscriminating observer, in passing, might not cast a second glance upon the figure. But with more feeling and discernment he would have recognized the noble beauty of its modeling, and the graceful severity of poise and movement, which made Edna Pontellier different from the crowd.

两位夫人都身材高挑，拉蒂诺尔夫人更具有女性端庄的仪态。爱德娜·蓬迪里埃形体的魅力会偷偷地无形中吸引着你。她身体的线条是修长、简洁和匀称的，身体的姿态时而十分优雅，丝毫没有那些典型的时髦女人精心修饰的味道。一个经常不在意的粗心过路者可能不会再看她第二眼。但一个具有丰富情感和欣赏眼光的人一定会注意到她体格的高贵之美，以及她姿势和动作的高雅与含蓄，这使她格外与众不同。

She wore a cool muslin that morning—white, with a waving vertical line of brown running through it; also a white linen collar and the big straw hat which she had taken from the peg outside the door. The hat rested any way on her yellow-brown hair, that waved a little, was heavy, and clung close to her head.

那天早晨，她穿了一件白底带棕色竖条波浪线的凉爽的细布衣服，配着一个白色的亚麻领子，头戴那顶她从门外钉子上取下的大草帽。帽子随意地戴在她那略带卷曲的棕黄色的头发上，帽子很沉，紧扣在她头上。

Madame Ratignolle, more careful of her complexion, had twined a gauze veil about her head. She wore dogskin gloves, with gauntlets that protected her wrists. She was dressed in pure white, with a

fluffiness of ruffles that became her. The draperies and fluttering things which she wore suited her rich, luxuriant beauty as a greater severity of line could not have done.

拉蒂诺尔夫人对自己的皮肤更加呵护，用一条薄纱的丝巾包在头上。她还戴着狗皮手套，带有长护腕以保护她的手腕。她穿着一件纯白色的带松软花边的衣服，很合体。她穿戴的这些饰物和飘逸的衣服非常适合她这种华丽高贵的美，这种美是更为简洁朴素的衣物衬托不出来的。

There were a number of bath-houses along the beach, of rough but solid construction, built with small, protecting galleries facing the water. Each house consisted of two compartments, and each family at Lebrun's possessed a compartment for itself, fitted out with all the essential paraphernalia of the bath and whatever other conveniences the owners might desire. The two women had no intention of bathing; they had just strolled down to the beach for a walk and to be alone and near the water. The Pontellier and Ratignolle compartments adjoined one another under the same roof.

沿着海滩有很多间浴室，建得简陋但很结实，临水边建有矮小的作遮挡之用的长廊。每个浴室都有两间，租住勒布伦家别墅的每家都各占一间，里面有一切沐浴所需要的随身物品以及主人们可能想要的各种其他器材。两位女士并无沐浴之意，她们只不过在海滩上散散步，在离水近的地方独自呆上一会儿。蓬迪里埃和拉蒂诺尔两家的浴室相邻，处在一个屋檐下。

Mrs. Pontellier had brought down her key through force of habit. Unlocking the door of her bath-room she went inside, and soon emerged, bringing a rug, which she spread upon the floor of the gallery, and two huge hair pillows covered with crash, which she placed against the front of the building.

蓬迪里埃夫人习惯性地随身带着钥匙。她打开浴室的门走了进去，很快又出来了，拿了一条毯子铺在长廊的地上，还把两个套着粗布枕套的大马鬃枕头倚在房屋前墙边。

The two seated themselves there in the shade of the porch, side by side, with their backs against the pillows and their feet extended. Madame Ratignolle removed her veil, wiped her face with a rather delicate handkerchief, and fanned herself with the fan which she always carried suspended somewhere about her person by a long, narrow ribbon. Edna removed her collar and opened her dress at the throat. She took the fan from Madame Ratignolle and began to fan both herself and her companion. It was very warm, and for a while they did nothing but exchange remarks about the heat, the sun, the glare. But there was a breeze blowing, a choppy, stiff wind that whipped the water into froth. It fluttered the skirts of the two women

and kept them for a while engaged in adjusting, readjusting, tucking in, securing hair-pins and hat-pins. A few persons were sporting some distance away in the water. The beach was very still of human sound at that hour. The lady in black was reading her morning devotions on the porch of a neighboring bathhouse. Two young lovers were exchanging their hearts' yearnings beneath the children's tent, which they had found unoccupied.

她们俩在走廊的阴凉处并肩坐下，背靠着枕头，两腿伸开。拉蒂诺尔夫人摘下面纱，用一条很精致的手绢擦了擦脸，又拿出那把总是用一根细长丝带系挂在身上某处的扇子扇着风。爱德娜也摘下衣领，解开衣裙的领口。她从拉蒂诺尔夫人手里拿过扇子，为他们两人一起扇了起来。天气暖和，好一阵子她们无所事事，只是闲聊着气温、太阳和刺眼的光照。但此时来了一阵猛烈的风，吹得海面波浪翻滚，泛起泡沫。海风也吹乱了两位女士的裙子，弄得她们一时间直忙着整理、再整理衣着，把衣衫塞到裙子里，把发针和帽针别紧。远处有几个人在海水里嬉戏。那个时分海滩上静无人声。在隔壁的浴室长廊上，那位身穿黑色服装的女士正在念早祷文。一对年轻的恋人发现一个儿童帐篷正空闲着，便趁机在那儿谈情说爱。

Edna Pontellier, casting her eyes about, had finally kept them at rest upon the sea. The day was clear and carried the gaze out as far as the blue sky went; there were a few white clouds suspended idly over the horizon. A lateen sail was visible in the direction of Cat Island, and others to the south seemed almost motionless in the far distance.

爱德娜·蓬迪里埃往周围看了看，最后把目光停落在海面上。天气晴朗，蓝蓝的天空一望无际，几片白云懒散地悬于地平线上。在猫儿岛的方向可以看见一只大三角帆船，其他船只向南行驶，远远看去几乎像是静止的样子。

"Of whom—of what are you thinking?" asked Adele of her companion, whose countenance she had been watching with a little amused attention, arrested by the absorbed expression which seemed to have seized and fixed every feature into a statuesque repose.

“你在想谁？想什么？”阿黛尔问她的同伴。她十分感兴趣地专注地看着她的同伴的脸，被她那陷入沉思的表情所吸引，那表情完全有着像雕像一样的恬静。

"Nothing," returned Mrs. Pontellier, with a start, adding at once: "How stupid! But it seems to me it is the reply we make instinctively to such a question. Let me see," she went on, throwing back her head and narrowing her fine eyes till they shone like two vivid points of light. "Let me see. I was really not conscious of thinking of anything; but perhaps I can retrace my thoughts."

“什么也没想，”蓬迪里埃夫人吃了一惊然后回答道，马上又加上了

一句，“多么愚蠢的回答！但我认为这是我们对这样一个问题本能的回答。让我想想啊！”她继续说着，把头往后靠了靠，漂亮的双眼眯成了两个熠熠生辉的光点。“让我想想。我真的没意识到我在想什么，可是或许我会回想起来什么的。”

"Oh! never mind!" laughed Madame Ratignolle. "I am not quite so exacting. I will let you off this time. It is really too hot to think, especially to think about thinking."

“哦！没关系！”拉蒂诺尔夫人笑着说，“我只是随便问问。这次我就放过你吧。这么热的天的确没必要去想事情，尤其是想你的思绪。”

"But for the fun of it," persisted Edna. "First of all, the sight of the water stretching so far away, those motionless sails against the blue sky, made a delicious picture that I just wanted to sit and look at. The hot wind beating in my face made me think—without any connection that I can trace of a summer day in Kentucky, of a meadow that seemed as big as the ocean to the very little girl walking through the grass, which was higher than her waist. She threw out her arms as if swimming when she walked, beating the tall grass as one strikes out in the water. Oh, I see the connection now!"

“还是想想看吧，这会有趣的，”爱德娜坚持说，“首先，看着海水向远处延伸，那些帆船在碧蓝的天空下一动不动，构成了一幅美妙的图画，这正是我坐在这里想看到的。热风拂着我的脸，使我不禁想起了在肯塔基州度过的一个夏天，这似乎没什么联系，但还是让我想起了在广阔如大海的草地上一个小女孩在草丛中穿行，那草比她的腰还要高呢。她展开双臂，边走边拍打那高高的草丛，就像是游泳时拍打水面一样。哦！现在我明白联系在哪儿了。”

"Where were you going that day in Kentucky, walking through the grass?"

“那天在肯塔基州穿过草地时，你打算到哪儿去？”

"I don't remember now. I was just walking diagonally across a big field. My sun-bonnet obstructed the view. I could see only the stretch of green before me, and I felt as if I must walk on forever, without coming to the end of it. I don't remember whether I was frightened or pleased. I must have been entertained.

“我现在记不得了。当时我正斜穿过一大片田野。我的太阳帽遮住了视线。我只能看见眼前的绿色在延伸，我感觉好像我得永远走下去，没有尽头。我不记得当时我是害怕还是高兴。我想我一定是感觉特别有意思吧。

"Likely as not it was Sunday," she laughed; "and I was running away from prayers, from the Presbyterian service, read in a spirit of gloom by my father that chills me yet to think of."

“很可能那是个星期天，”她笑着说，“我逃避做祷告跑掉了，从长老会礼拜仪式上逃走的，我父亲念祷告词的那种阴郁的语调至今让我想起来还不寒而栗。”

"And have you been running away from prayers ever since, ma chere?" asked Madame Ratignolle, amused.

“这么说，亲爱的，从那以后每当做祷告的时候你都溜掉喽？”拉蒂诺尔夫人问她，觉得很有趣。

"No! oh, no!" Edna hastened to say. "I was a little unthinking child in those days, just following a misleading impulse without question. On the contrary, during one period of my life religion took a firm hold upon me; after I was twelve and until-until—why, I suppose until now, though I never thought much about it—just driven along by habit. But do you know," she broke off, turning her quick eyes upon Madame Ratignolle and leaning forward a little so as to bring her face quite close to that of her companion, "sometimes I feel this summer as if I were walking through the green meadow again; idly, aimlessly, unthinking and unguided."

“不！哦，不！”爱德娜急忙辩解，“那时我只是一个不懂事的小孩，只是被错误的冲动左右。相反，在我生命中的某个时期，宗教深深地占据了我；从十二岁起直到直到，哦，我想一直到现在，尽管我从来没有认真考虑过，只是受习惯驱使而已。但你知道吗，”她停了一下，目光迅速地移到拉蒂诺尔夫人身上，身子往前倾了倾，把脸靠近她同伴的脸，接着说，“有时侯我感觉这个夏天我好像又走在那块绿色草丛中了：懒懒散散地，漫无目的地走着，没有方向感，什么也不想。”

Madame Ratignolle laid her hand over that of Mrs. Pontellier, which was near her. Seeing that the hand was not withdrawn, she clasped it firmly and warmly. She even stroked it a little, fondly, with the other hand, murmuring in an undertone, "Pauvre cherie."

拉蒂诺尔夫人把她的手放在蓬迪里埃夫人那只靠近她的手上。看她没有将手收回，便更坚定更热情地握住了它。她甚至还用另外一只手爱抚地轻拍它，并低语道：“招人怜的人儿啊！”

The action was at first a little confusing to Edna, but she soon lent herself readily to the Creole's gentle caress. She was not accustomed to an outward and spoken expression of affection, either in herself or in others. She and her younger sister, Janet, had quarreled a good deal through force of unfortunate habit. Her older sister, Margaret, was matronly and dignified, probably from having assumed matronly and housewifely responsibilities too early in life, their mother having died when they were quite young, Margaret was not effusive; she was practical. Edna had had an occasional girl friend, but whether accidentally or not, they seemed to have been all of one type—the

self-contained. She never realized that the reserve of her own character had much, perhaps everything, to do with this. Her most intimate friend at school had been one of rather exceptional intellectual gifts, who wrote fine-sounding essays, which Edna admired and strove to imitate; and with her she talked and glowed over the English classics, and sometimes held religious and political controversies.

这一举动刚开始让爱德娜感到有点迷惑不解，但很快她就乐意地接受了这位克里奥尔女子亲切的怜爱之举。她不习惯于那种外露的或口头的情感表达，无论是对别人还是对她。因为这个不幸的习惯，她和她的小妹妹珍妮特曾多次吵架。她的姐姐玛格丽特是很庄重高贵的，这可能是因为她们还小的时候妈妈就过世了，她早早地承担起主妇掌管家事的责任，玛格丽特不属于感情奔放型的，她很实际。爱德娜偶尔结交个女性朋友，但不知是否属于巧合，她们好像都是一个类型－－沉默寡言。她从未意识到自己内敛的性格与此有着很大的，或许是一切的关系。她读书时最亲密的朋友是一个相当具有才智的女孩，写过韵律优美的篇章，对此爱德娜非常钦佩并试图模仿。她和她的朋友经常激烈地讨论英国古典文学，有时还对一些宗教和政治问题争论不休。

Edna often wondered at one propensity which sometimes had inwardly disturbed her without causing any outward show or manifestation on her part. At a very early age—perhaps it was when she traversed the ocean of waving grass—she remembered that she had been passionately enamored of a dignified and sad-eyed cavalry officer who visited her father in Kentucky. She could not leave his presence when he was there, nor remove her eyes from his face, which was something like Napoleon's, with a lock of black hair failing across the forehead. But the cavalry officer melted imperceptibly out of her existence.

爱德娜经常对自己的这种习性感到奇怪，这种习性有时使她在内心里感到迷惑，而在外表上却没有丝毫流露。很早以前－－大概是在她穿越起伏的草海时，她记得她狂热地迷恋过一位外表庄重，眼神忧伤的骑兵军官，这位军官当时到肯塔基州拜访她的父亲。只要他在，她就没法离开，也没法把目光从他脸上移开。那张脸有点像拿破仑的脸，有一绺黑发斜披在额前。可是后来这位骑兵军官不知不觉地在她的存在中渐渐消失了。

At another time her affections were deeply engaged by a young gentleman who visited a lady on a neighboring plantation. It was after they went to Mississippi to live. The young man was engaged to be married to the young lady, and they sometimes called upon Margaret, driving over of afternoons in a buggy. Edna was a little miss, just merging into her teens; and the realization that she herself was nothing, nothing, nothing to the engaged young man was a bitter affliction to her. But he, too, went the way of dreams.

还有一次，她被一位年轻绅士深深吸引，对他产生了爱慕之情，当时这位年轻的绅士是到邻近的庄园拜见一位女士的。那是他们搬到密西西比州定居之后的事。这位年轻的绅士与那位年轻的女士订了婚，准备结婚。他们有时下午坐着轻便马车来拜访玛格丽特。当时爱德娜还是个小姑娘，刚刚进入青年期。她意识到这位已订过婚的年轻人对自己毫不在意，这使她很心酸苦痛。但他也在梦幻之中渐渐消失。

She was a grown young woman when she was overtaken by what she supposed to be the climax of her fate. It was when the face and figure of a great tragedian began to haunt her imagination and stir her senses. The persistence of the infatuation lent it an aspect of genuineness. The hopelessness of it colored it with the lofty tones of a great passion.

在她长成为一位年轻女子时，一件她认为是她生命中的关键性事件降临在她身上。当时，一个伟大的悲剧演员的面孔和身影开始萦绕在她的脑海，扰乱了她的心房。这种迷恋的情感挥之不去，好似真情实感。因为这种感情是毫无结果的，这又使它带有一种伟大激情的崇高色彩。

The picture of the tragedian stood enframed upon her desk. Any one may possess the portrait of a tragedian without exciting suspicion or comment. (This was a sinister reflection which she cherished.) In the presence of others she expressed admiration for his exalted gifts, as she handed the photograph around and dwelt upon the fidelity of the likeness. When alone she sometimes picked it up and kissed the cold glass passionately.

这位悲剧演员的照片被她镶在相框里摆在书桌上。谁都可以拥有一张悲剧演员的照片而不致于引起人们强烈的猜疑或评论。（她把这种不祥的的想法珍藏在心中。）当着别人面，她对他那极高的天赋表示钦佩，还把照片传给大家看，并刻意强调它和照片本人的逼真程度。私下里，她有时拿起那冰冷的玻璃相框，深情地吻着它。

Her marriage to Leonce Pontellier was purely an accident, in this respect resembling many other marriages which masquerade as the decrees of Fate. It was in the midst of her secret great passion that she met him. He fell in love, as men are in the habit of doing, and pressed his suit with an earnestness and an ardor which left nothing to be desired. He pleased her; his absolute devotion flattered her. She fancied there was a sympathy of thought and taste between them, in which fancy she was mistaken. Add to this the violent opposition of her father and her sister Margaret to her marriage with a Catholic, and we need seek no further for the motives which led her to accept Monsieur Pontellier for her husband.

她和莱翁斯·蓬迪里埃的婚姻纯属偶然，这一点跟许多其他的婚姻相似，看起来都像是命运的安排。就在她正处于这种私密的强烈激情之中时，她邂逅了他。正如容易发生在所有男人们身上的那样，他对她一见

倾心。他诚挚急切地向她求婚，极其热烈。他取悦了她，他的全情投入使她感到满足。她幻想他们彼此之间会志趣相投，但她这种幻想是错误的。而且，因为他是天主教徒，她的父亲和姐姐玛格丽特强烈反对他们的婚事。这样，我们就不用再找让她接受蓬迪里埃先生做丈夫的缘由了。

The acme of bliss, which would have been a marriage with the tragedian, was not for her in this world. As the devoted wife of a man who worshiped her, she felt she would take her place with a certain dignity in the world of reality, closing the portals forever behind her upon the realm of romance and dreams.

如果能同那个悲剧演员结婚的话，她就会幸福至极了，可这辈子是做不到了。于是她觉得，如果做一个受到忠诚的丈夫崇拜的妻子，她可以有一定的地位，在现实生活中有尊严地活下去，因而永远地关上了通往浪漫和梦幻王国的大门。

But it was not long before the tragedian had gone to join the cavalry officer and the engaged young man and a few others; and Edna found herself face to face with the realities. She grew fond of her husband, realizing with some unaccountable satisfaction that no trace of passion or excessive and fictitious warmth colored her affection, thereby threatening its dissolution.

没过多久，这个悲剧演员也和骑兵军官以及订过婚的年轻人还有其他几个人一起远离了她的生活。爱德娜发觉自己面对着现实的生活。她越来越喜欢她的丈夫，她有一种不可名状的满足感，因为她意识到没有一种激情或泛滥的极其不真实的热情会影响到她的感情，使她的感情消失。

She was fond of her children in an uneven, impulsive way. She would sometimes gather them passionately to her heart; she would sometimes forget them. The year before they had spent part of the summer with their grandmother Pontellier in Iberville. Feeling secure regarding their happiness and welfare, she did not miss them except with an occasional intense longing. Their absence was a sort of relief, though she did not admit this, even to herself. It seemed to free her of a responsibility which she had blindly assumed and for which Fate had not fitted her.

她一种不稳定的、冲动的方式爱着她的孩子们。有时她会充满激情地把他们拥在怀里，有时又会忘掉他们。前一年，他们在伊伯维尔和奶奶度过了一部分夏日时光。她觉得他们在奶奶那儿过得很快乐，能得到很好的照顾，所以就不牵挂，只是偶尔有一种见到他们的强烈渴望。孩子们不在她身边是一种解脱，尽管她甚至对自己都不愿意承认这一点。这好像把她从盲目承担下来的职责中解放出来，而命运压根就没有赋予她承担起这种责任的能力。

Edna did not reveal so much as all this to Madame Ratignolle that summer day when they sat with faces turned to the sea. But a good part of it escaped her. She had put her head down on Madame Ratignolle's shoulder. She was flushed and felt intoxicated with the sound of her own voice and the unaccustomed taste of candor. It muddled her like wine, or like a first breath of freedom.

那个夏天当她们面向大海坐在那里的时候，爱德娜并没有把所有的这些讲给拉蒂诺尔夫人听。不过她还是讲了一大部分。她将头靠在拉蒂诺尔夫人的肩膀上。她脸颊发红，陶醉于自己说话的语调和不习惯于的坦诚的感觉之中。这种感觉像美酒一样使她迷醉，或者像初次呼吸到自由的空气一样。

There was the sound of approaching voices. It was Robert, surrounded by a troop of children, searching for them. The two little Pontelliers were with him, and he carried Madame Ratignolle's little girl in his arms. There were other children beside, and two nurse-maids followed, looking disagreeable and resigned.

忽然传来很多人走近的声音。是罗伯特，身边围着很多孩子，正在找她们俩。蓬迪里埃家的两个小家伙在他身边，他怀里还则抱着拉蒂诺尔夫人家的小姑娘。旁边还有其他孩子，两个保姆跟在后面，脸上露出不耐烦但也无奈的神情。

The women at once rose and began to shake out their draperies and relax their muscles. Mrs. Pontellier threw the cushions and rug into the bath-house. The children all scampered off to the awning, and they stood there in a line, gazing upon the intruding lovers, still exchanging their vows and sighs. The lovers got up, with only a silent protest, and walked slowly away somewhere else.

两位夫人马上站起来，抖了抖衣裳，放松放松肌肉。蓬迪里埃夫人把垫子和毯子扔进浴室。孩子们都蹦跳地跑到遮篷下面，站在那一排，盯着那两个抢占他们帐篷的情人看，此刻他们还在山盟海誓，相互慨叹。这对情人站了起来，默默地表示出不满，便慢慢地走开到别处去了。

The children possessed themselves of the tent, and Mrs. Pontellier went over to join them.

孩子们自己占据了帐篷，蓬迪里埃夫人走过去加入到他们的行列。

Madame Ratignolle begged Robert to accompany her to the house; she complained of cramp in her limbs and stiffness of the joints. She leaned draggingly upon his arm as they walked.

拉蒂诺尔夫人要罗伯特陪她回屋去，抱怨说她四肢抽筋，关节僵硬。她靠在他手臂上拖着步子走了。

VIII

第八章

"Do me a favor, Robert," spoke the pretty woman at his side, almost as soon as she and Robert had started their slow, homeward way. She looked up in his face, leaning on his arm beneath the encircling shadow of the umbrella which he had lifted.

“帮我个忙，罗伯特。”刚走上回家的路的这位在他身旁的漂亮夫人立即说道。在他举着的太阳伞的阴影的包围中，她倚在他的手臂上，抬头看着他的脸。

"Granted; as many as you like," he returned, glancing down into her eyes that were full of thoughtfulness and some speculation.

“尽管吩咐，多少都行。”他回答道，往下看着她那充满冥思和遐想的眼神。

"I only ask for one; let Mrs. Pontellier alone."

“我只想求你帮一个忙，别再纠缠蓬迪里埃夫人。”

"Tiens!" he exclaimed, with a sudden, boyish laugh. "Voila que Madame Ratignolle est jalouse!"

“瞧瞧！”他带着点孩子气地突然笑着叫道，“看来拉蒂诺尔夫人有点吃醋！”

"Nonsense! I'm in earnest; I mean what I say. Let Mrs. Pontellier alone."

“胡说！我说正经的，我是认真的。别再纠缠蓬迪里埃夫人了。”

"Why?" he asked; himself growing serious at his companion's solicitation.

“为什么呀？”他问，也开始逐渐严肃地对待起他的同伴的恳求了。

"She is not one of us; she is not like us. She might make the unfortunate blunder of taking you seriously."

“她跟我们不是一类的，她不像我们。她会真的把你当回事，这对她来说将是个不幸的错误。”

His face flushed with annoyance, and taking off his soft hat he began to beat it impatiently against his leg as he walked. "Why shouldn't she take me seriously?" he demanded sharply. "Am I a comedian, a clown, a jack-in-the-box? Why shouldn't she? You Creoles! I have no patience with you! Am I always to be regarded as a feature of an amusing programme? I hope Mrs. Pontellier does take

me seriously. I hope she has discernment enough to find in me something besides the blagueur. If I thought there was any doubt—”

他有点恼了，脸红了起来，摘下呢帽，很不耐烦地边走边把帽子在腿上拍打着。“为什么她就不应该把我当回事？”他很尖利地责问到。“难道我是一个滑稽演员，跳梁小丑，道具玩偶吗？为什么她就不该这样？你们这些克里奥尔人啊！我真是对你们失去耐心了！难道我总是被看作是娱乐节目中取悦人的主角吗？我希望蓬迪里埃夫人能当真。我希望她有充分的识别能力看清我除了吹吹牛皮的小丑外还有什么品质。如果我觉得可疑的话－－”

"Oh, enough, Robert!" she broke into his heated outburst. "You are not thinking of what you are saying. You speak with about as little reflection as we might expect from one of those children down there playing in the sand. If your attentions to any married women here were ever offered with any intention of being convincing, you would not be the gentleman we all know you to be, and you would be unfit to associate with the wives and daughters of the people who trust you."

“哦，够了，罗伯特。”她打断了他激烈的叫嚷。“你不知道自己在说什么。你这样讲话跟那些在沙地上玩的孩子们一样欠思考。如果你对任何一个已婚女子的关注让她们确信有意当真的话，那么你就不是我们大家心目中的正人君子，你也不适合在跟那些信任你的人们的妻子和女儿们来往了。”

Madame Ratignolle had spoken what she believed to be the law and the gospel. The young man shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

拉蒂诺尔夫人讲出了她自己认为是法律和准则的话。这个年轻人不耐烦地耸了耸肩。

"Oh! well! That isn't it," slamming his hat down vehemently upon his head. "You ought to feel that such things are not flattering to say to a fellow."

“哦！行吧！事情不会是那样的。”他使劲地把帽子按在头上。“你应该知道对一个男人说这种话并不讨人喜欢。”

"Should our whole intercourse consist of an exchange of compliments? Ma foi!"

“难道我们现在所有的讲话是在互相恭维吗？真是的！”

"It isn't pleasant to have a woman tell you—” he went on, unheedingly, but breaking off suddenly: "Now if I were like Arobin-you remember Alcee Arobin and that story of the consul's wife at Biloxi?" And he related the story of Alcee Arobin and the consul's wife; and another about the tenor of the French Opera, who received letters which should never have been written; and still other stories, grave

and gay, till Mrs. Pontellier and her possible propensity for taking young men seriously was apparently forgotten.

“让一个女人来教训你真令人不快－－”他继续说，毫不理会她的话。忽然他停了下来说，“现在假设我像阿罗宾那样－－你还记不记得阿尔塞·阿罗宾和那个在比罗西的领事的妻子的故事吗？”然后他就讲起了关于阿罗宾和领事的妻子的故事，接着又讲了法国歌剧院男高音歌手收到过很多封本不该写出来的信件的故事，还有一些其它的故事，有低沉的，有欢快的，直到他们显然忘记了蓬迪里埃夫人和她倾向于对年轻男子过于认真的话题为止。

Madame Ratignolle, when they had regained her cottage, went in to take the hour's rest which she considered helpful. Before leaving her, Robert begged her pardon for the impatience—he called it rudeness—with which he had received her well-meant caution.

当他们重新回到她的房屋时，拉蒂诺尔夫人进去休息了一小时，她认为这对她很有帮助。在离开她之前，罗伯特请求她原谅自己在听取她善意的劝告时的不耐烦－－他称之为粗鲁。

"You made one mistake, Adele," he said, with a light smile; "there is no earthly possibility of Mrs. Pontellier ever taking me seriously. You should have warned me against taking myself seriously. Your advice might then have carried some weight and given me subject for some reflection. Au revoir. But you look tired," he added, solicitously. "Would you like a cup of bouillon? Shall I stir you a toddy? Let me mix you a toddy with a drop of Angostura."

“阿黛尔，其实你犯了一个错误，”他微微笑了一下说，“蓬迪里埃夫人根本不可能对我认真。反倒是你应该提醒我不要对她过于认真。那样你的建议才有些分量，会给我提供思考的内容。再见吧。看来你很累，”他又关切地加了一句，“给你来杯牛肉汤好吗？要不我给你调杯棕榈酒？让我在棕榈酒里加点安古斯图拉苦味剂（注：安古斯图拉树皮制剂，一种苦味剂，源于商标名称）吧。”

She acceded to the suggestion of bouillon, which was grateful and acceptable. He went himself to the kitchen, which was a building apart from the cottages and lying to the rear of the house. And he himself brought her the golden-brown bouillon, in a dainty Sevres cup, with a flaky cracker or two on the saucer.

喝杯牛肉汤的建议很对她心思，她很感激地接受了。他亲自去了厨房。厨房与正屋隔开，位于房子后面。他又亲自给她端来金黄色的牛肉汤，用一个精致的塞夫勒瓷杯盛着，还有一两片薄脆饼干，装在一只碟子里。

She thrust a bare, white arm from the curtain which shielded her open door, and received the cup from his hands. She told him he was a bon garcon, and she meant it. Robert thanked her and turned away

toward "the house."

她从遮住敞开的门的帘子后面伸出一只赤裸的白皙的手臂从他手中接过杯子。她告诉他说他是个好小伙子，她此话是真心的。罗伯特谢了她，转身向“宅子”走去。

The lovers were just entering the grounds of the pension. They were leaning toward each other as the wateroaks bent from the sea. There was not a particle of earth beneath their feet. Their heads might have been turned upside-down, so absolutely did they tread upon blue ether. The lady in black, creeping behind them, looked a trifle paler and more jaded than usual. There was no sign of Mrs. Pontellier and the children. Robert scanned the distance for any such apparition. They would doubtless remain away till the dinner hour. The young man ascended to his mother's room. It was situated at the top of the house, made up of odd angles and a queer, sloping ceiling. Two broad dormer windows looked out toward the Gulf, and as far across it as a man's eye might reach. The furnishings of the room were light, cool, and practical.

这时那对情人刚进入别墅区的院子。他们互相依偎着就像被海浪冲击的水栎树依靠在一起那样。他们脚下没有一粒儿尘土。他们绝对都可以头朝地脚朝天地在蓝色的苍穹中漫步了。那个穿黑色衣服的女人在他们后面缓慢地走着，脸色看上去比平时有点苍白，也更疲倦。没看见蓬迪里埃夫人和孩子们的踪迹。罗伯特向周围扫视了一番也没发现他们的踪影。毫无疑问，他们会呆到午饭时才回来。于是，这个年轻人就上楼到他妈妈房间去了。这个房间在正屋的顶层，每个屋角都很奇特，屋顶坡也很奇怪。两扇宽宽的天窗面向海湾，向外看去，一望无际。屋内陈设简洁，清爽，实用。

Madame Lebrun was busily engaged at the sewing-machine. A little black girl sat on the floor, and with her hands worked the treadle of the machine. The Creole woman does not take any chances which may be avoided of imperiling her health.

勒布伦夫人正在缝纫机前忙活着。一个黑人小姑娘正坐在地板上用手摇动缝纫机的踏板。对那些有害身体健康的活儿，只要能避免，这位克里奥尔女人是从来不沾手的。

Robert went over and seated himself on the broad sill of one of the dormer windows. He took a book from his pocket and began energetically to read it, judging by the precision and frequency with which he turned the leaves. The sewing-machine made a resounding clatter in the room; it was of a ponderous, by-gone make. In the lulls, Robert and his mother exchanged bits of desultory conversation.

罗伯特走过去坐在一扇天窗的宽阔的窗台上。他从口袋里掏出一本书开始读了起来。从他翻动书页的准确性和频率上来看，他读得很起

劲。缝纫机在房间里发出咔哒咔哒的回响声。这台缝纫机是一个笨重的老牌子。插空罗伯特和母亲漫无边际地闲聊着。

"Where is Mrs. Pontellier?"

“蓬迪里埃夫人在哪呢？”

"Down at the beach with the children."

“在下边海滩上跟孩子们在一起。”

"I promised to lend her the Goncourt. Don't forget to take it down when you go; it's there on the bookshelf over the small table." Clatter, clatter, clatter, bang! for the next five or eight minutes.

“我答应过她要把龚古尔的那本小说借给她的。你走的时候别忘了把它带下去，就在那边小桌子上的书架上面。”咔哒！咔哒！咔哒！砰！接着又持续响了五到八分钟。

"Where is Victor going with the rockaway?"

“维克多坐着四轮轻便马车要到哪里去呀？”

"The rockaway? Victor?"

“四轮轻便马车？维克多？”

"Yes; down there in front. He seems to be getting ready to drive away somewhere."

“对啊，就在下面大门口。他好像准备赶着马车到哪里去似的。”

"Call him." Clatter, clatter!

“快叫住他。”咔哒！咔哒！

Robert uttered a shrill, piercing whistle which might have been heard back at the wharf.

罗伯特发出了一声尖锐、有穿透力的就连在码头那儿都能听到的口哨声。

"He won't look up."

“可他不抬头看。”

Madame Lebrun flew to the window. She called "Victor!" She waved a handkerchief and called again. The young fellow below got into the vehicle and started the horse off at a gallop.

勒布伦夫人飞快地跑到窗口。她大叫道：“维克托！”她挥着手绢，又叫了一声。下面的那个年轻人跳上马车，赶着马疾驰而去。

Madame Lebrun went back to the machine, crimson with annoyance. Victor was the younger son and brother—a tete montee, with a temper which invited violence and a will which no ax could

break.

勒布伦夫人回到缝纫机那儿，气得面红耳赤。维克多是勒布伦家的小儿子，是罗伯特的弟弟，是个急性子，脾气暴躁、倔强，没人能说服他。

"Whenever you say the word I'm ready to thrash any amount of reason into him that he's able to hold."

“无论何时，只要您说话，我随时都可以教训他一顿，让他懂点道理。”

"If your father had only lived!" Clatter, clatter, clatter, clatter, bang! It was a fixed belief with Madame Lebrun that the conduct of the universe and all things pertaining thereto would have been manifestly of a more intelligent and higher order had not Monsieur Lebrun been removed to other spheres during the early years of their married life.

“如果你爸爸还活着该多好啊！”咔哒，咔哒，咔哒，咔哒，砰！勒布伦夫人固执地认为，如果不是勒布伦先生在他们婚后没几年就早早地去了另一个世界的话，整个宇宙以及所有相关事物的运行都会明显地更加聪明，更加有序。

"What do you hear from Montel?" Montel was a middle-aged gentleman whose vain ambition and desire for the past twenty years had been to fill the void which Monsieur Lebrun's taking off had left in the Lebrun household. Clatter, clatter, bang, clatter!

“蒙泰尔来信了吗？”蒙泰尔是一个中年绅士，在过去二十年里，他一直想填补勒布伦先生去世后勒布伦家里留下的空缺，但这只是徒劳的奢望。咔哒，咔哒，砰，咔哒！

"I have a letter somewhere," looking in the machine drawer and finding the letter in the bottom of the workbasket. "He says to tell you he will be in Vera Cruz the beginning of next month,"—clatter, clatter!—"and if you still have the intention of joining him"—bang! clatter, clatter, bang!

“我有一封他的来信，我把它放在什么地方了。”她往缝纫机抽屉里看了看，在放针线活儿的篮子底下找到了它。“他让我告诉你下个月初他要到维拉克鲁斯”－－咔哒，咔哒－－“假如你仍想跟他一起去”－－砰！咔哒，咔哒，砰！

"Why didn't you tell me so before, mother? You know I wanted—" Clatter, clatter, clatter!

“为什么没早点告诉我呢，妈妈？你知道我想－－”咔哒，咔哒，咔哒！

"Do you see Mrs. Pontellier starting back with the children? She

will be in late to luncheon again. She never starts to get ready for luncheon till the last minute." Clatter, clatter! "Where are you going?"

“你看蓬迪里埃夫人带着孩子们回来了？午餐她又要晚了。她总是在最后一刻做好吃午餐的准备。”咔哒，咔哒！“你要去哪里？”

"Where did you say the Goncourt was?"

“你刚才说龚古尔的那本小说放哪了？”

IX

第九章

Every light in the hall was ablaze; every lamp turned as high as it could be without smoking the chimney or threatening explosion. The lamps were fixed at intervals against the wall, encircling the whole room. Some one had gathered orange and lemon branches, and with these fashioned graceful festoons between. The dark green of the branches stood out and glistened against the white muslin curtains which draped the windows, and which puffed, floated, and flapped at the capricious will of a stiff breeze that swept up from the Gulf.

大厅里的所有灯都点着了，每盏灯都点到了最高的亮度，就像差一点就要冒烟或者有爆炸的危险似的。环绕整个房间，靠着墙有间隔地装上了灯。有人还采来些橘子和柠檬树枝，装点在这些雅致的灯饰之间。暗绿的树枝衬托着洁白的亚麻窗帘，闪闪发亮。从海湾那边扫过来一阵阵劲风肆意地吹来，吹得窗帘不停地飞扬飘动。

It was Saturday night a few weeks after the intimate conversation held between Robert and Madame Ratignolle on their way from the beach. An unusual number of husbands, fathers, and friends had come down to stay over Sunday; and they were being suitably entertained by their families, with the material help of Madame Lebrun. The dining tables had all been removed to one end of the hall, and the chairs ranged about in rows and in clusters. Each little family group had had its say and exchanged its domestic gossip earlier in the evening. There was now an apparent disposition to relax; to widen the circle of confidences and give a more general tone to the conversation.

那是个星期六的晚上，离罗伯特和拉蒂诺尔夫人那天在从海滩往回走的路上进行的亲密交谈已有几个星期。回来过星期天的丈夫们、父亲们和朋友们出奇的多；他们受到在这儿的家人体面的款待，还有莱布伦夫人在物质上的帮助。所有的餐桌都移到了大厅的一头，椅子在周围摆成一排排，一圈圈。每个小家庭在黄昏十分已经聊过了家常话。他们现在显然想放松一下，把谈话的圈子扩大，使话题更广一些。

Many of the children had been permitted to sit up beyond their usual bedtime. A small band of them were lying on their stomachs on the floor looking at the colored sheets of the comic papers which Mr. Pontellier had brought down. The little Pontellier boys were permitting them to do so, and making their authority felt.

很多孩子都得到许可，可以玩到比他们正常上床时间晚一些。一小群孩子趴在地上看着蓬迪里埃先生带回来的彩图漫画。蓬迪里埃家的小家伙们带着很有权威的架势允许其他孩子们看这些漫画。

Music, dancing, and a recitation or two were the entertainments furnished, or rather, offered. But there was nothing systematic about the programme, no appearance of prearrangement nor even premeditation.

有音乐、舞蹈和一两段朗诵提供给大家助兴，或者说是友情出演。很明显，这些节目没有体系，不像是有所准备的，甚至是临场发挥的。

At an early hour in the evening the Farival twins were prevailed upon to play the piano. They were girls of fourteen, always clad in the Virgin's colors, blue and white, having been dedicated to the Blessed Virgin at their baptism. They played a duet from "Zampa," and at the earnest solicitation of every one present followed it with the overture to "The Poet and the Peasant."

刚到傍晚时分，法里瓦尔家的双胞胎受邀弹奏钢琴。她们是两个十四岁的姑娘。在接受洗礼时已经献身圣母玛利亚了，所以总穿着蓝白色的贞女服装。她们弹奏了《扎姆巴》里的二重奏，又应在场每个人的诚挚请求接着弹奏了《诗人和农夫》的前奏曲。

"Allez vous-en! Sapristi!" shrieked the parrot outside the door. He was the only being present who possessed sufficient candor to admit that he was not listening to these gracious performances for the first time that summer. Old Monsieur Farival, grandfather of the twins, grew indignant over the interruption, and insisted upon having the bird removed and consigned to regions of darkness. Victor Lebrun objected; and his decrees were as immutable as those of Fate. The parrot fortunately offered no further interruption to the entertainment, the whole venom of his nature apparently having been cherished up and hurled against the twins in that one impetuous outburst.

“滚！该死的东西！”挂在门外的那只鹦鹉尖叫道。它是所有在场者中唯一能坦诚地承认那个夏天它并不是第一次听到这样美妙的表演的。老法里瓦尔先生，也就是这对双胞胎的祖父，对这种干扰非常恼怒，执意要把这只鸟移送去黑暗的地方。维克多·勒布伦反对这样做，而他的决定就像是天命，是不可改变的。幸好这只鹦鹉再不干扰人们的娱乐了。在刚才向双胞胎发出的那一声猛烈的尖叫之后，它本性中积攒的所有恶毒的力量都已经用尽了。

Later a young brother and sister gave recitations, which every one present had heard many times at winter evening entertainments in the city.

后来，一对年轻的兄妹表演了朗诵，这个表演在场的每个人在城里的冬季娱乐活动中听过很多次了。

A little girl performed a skirt dance in the center of the floor. The mother played her accompaniments and at the same time watched her

daughter with greedy admiration and nervous apprehension. She need have had no apprehension. The child was mistress of the situation. She had been properly dressed for the occasion in black tulle and black silk tights. Her little neck and arms were bare, and her hair, artificially crimped, stood out like fluffy black plumes over her head. Her poses were full of grace, and her little black-shod toes twinkled as they shot out and upward with a rapidity and suddenness which were bewildering.

一个小女孩在地板中央表演了长裙舞。妈妈为她伴奏并热切而赞赏地看着她的女儿，心中满是焦虑和忐忑不安。她本不需要紧张。这个小女孩完全能控制得了场面。她穿着适合这个场合的黑色绢网裙子和紧身黑绸裤子。她的小脖子和手臂露在外面，满头人工做成的卷发像黑色的羽毛一样蓬松地站立着。她的舞姿优美极了，穿着黑色舞鞋的小脚尖时而飞快地踢出去，时而又突然高高地抬起，使人目不暇接。

But there was no reason why every one should not dance. Madame Ratignolle could not, so it was she who gaily consented to play for the others. She played very well, keeping excellent waltz time and infusing an expression into the strains which was indeed inspiring. She was keeping up her music on account of the children, she said; because she and her husband both considered it a means of brightening the home and making it attractive.

但是不让每个人都参与跳舞是不应该的。拉蒂诺尔夫人因为不能跳舞，所以很愉悦地答应为跳舞的人伴奏。她伴奏非常出色，华尔兹舞曲的拍子把握得非常准确，并在旋律中注入了鼓舞人心的情感。她说她是为了孩子们坚持经常演奏的，因为她和她丈夫都认为这是营造愉快的家庭氛围，使家更具吸引力的一个好方法。

Almost every one danced but the twins, who could not be induced to separate during the brief period when one or the other should be whirling around the room in the arms of a man. They might have danced together, but they did not think of it.

除了双胞胎之外，差不多每个人都跳了舞。没法让她俩分开，让其中一个和一个男人抱着绕着这间屋子跳舞，一小会儿都不行。她们俩本可以自己搭档跳舞，可她们没想着要跳。

The children were sent to bed. Some went submissively; others with shrieks and protests as they were dragged away. They had been permitted to sit up till after the ice-cream, which naturally marked the limit of human indulgence.

孩子们都被送上床睡觉去了。有些孩子很听话地去了，有的则在被拖走的时候又尖叫又抗议的。大人们允许孩子玩到吃完冰激淋之后再走，这自然意味着大人们能对他们纵容的极限了。

The ice-cream was passed around with cake—gold and silver cake

arranged on platters in alternate slices; it had been made and frozen during the afternoon back of the kitchen by two black women, under the supervision of Victor. It was pronounced a great success—excellent if it had only contained a little less vanilla or a little more sugar, if it had been frozen a degree harder, and if the salt might have been kept out of portions of it. Victor was proud of his achievement, and went about recommending it and urging every one to partake of it to excess.

冰激淋和蛋糕一起端上来了，金黄色和银白色的蛋糕一片片盛在大浅盘子里，交叉摆放着。在维克托的监督下，两个黑人妇女在后厨房用了一下午的时间做好它们又进行了冰冻。大家都说做得非常成功－－如果再少放点香草添加剂，多放点糖，冻得再硬实一点，盐加得再适量些，那就更好了。维克多为自己的成就感到骄傲，四处推荐，要每个人都尽量多吃些。

After Mrs. Pontellier had danced twice with her husband, once with Robert, and once with Monsieur Ratignolle, who was thin and tall and swayed like a reed in the wind when he danced, she went out on the gallery and seated herself on the low window-sill, where she commanded a view of all that went on in the hall and could look out toward the Gulf. There was a soft effulgence in the east. The moon was coming up, and its mystic shimmer was casting a million lights across the distant, restless water.

蓬迪里埃夫人跟她丈夫跳了两次舞，跟罗伯特跳了一次，又和拉蒂诺尔先生跳了一次。这位先生又瘦又高，跳舞的时候像一根芦苇随风晃动。之后，她走到外边长廊那里，在矮矮的窗台上坐下。在那里，她既可以看清楚大厅里的一切，也可以远眺海湾的景色。这时东方的天空上可以看到柔和的光辉。月亮爬上了天空，神秘的月光一泻千里，在远处那波澜起伏的海面上映出万道银光。

"Would you like to hear Mademoiselle Reisz play?" asked Robert, coming out on the porch where she was. Of course Edna would like to hear Mademoiselle Reisz play; but she feared it would be useless to entreat her.

“你想听雷西小姐弹琴吗？”罗伯特走到她所在的廊前问她。爱德娜当然想听，但她担心请求她没用，请不来她。

"I'll ask her," he said. "I'll tell her that you want to hear her. She likes you. She will come." He turned and hurried away to one of the far cottages, where Mademoiselle Reisz was shuffling away. She was dragging a chair in and out of her room, and at intervals objecting to the crying of a baby, which a nurse in the adjoining cottage was endeavoring to put to sleep. She was a disagreeable little woman, no longer young, who had quarreled with almost every one, owing to a temper which was self-assertive and a disposition to trample upon the

rights of others. Robert prevailed upon her without any too great difficulty.

“我去跟她说，”他说道，“我去跟她说你想听她弹琴。她很喜欢你。她会来的。”罗伯特转身急匆匆地赶到远处的一栋别墅。雷西小姐正在那里踱着步子。她拖着一把椅子从屋里搬进搬出的，时不时地对一个婴儿的哭声表示抗议。隔壁别墅里，一个保姆正在努力哄这个婴儿睡觉。她是一个难相处的小个子女人，年纪不轻了；因为她自负，脾气坏，性情古怪，无视别人的权利，她几乎跟这里的每个人都吵过架。可罗伯特没费很大劲就说服了她。

She entered the hall with him during a lull in the dance. She made an awkward, imperious little bow as she went in. She was a homely woman, with a small weazened face and body and eyes that glowed. She had absolutely no taste in dress, and wore a batch of rusty black lace with a bunch of artificial violets pinned to the side of her hair.

在跳舞的间歇，雷西小姐跟他一起进入了大厅。她进来时很别扭地轻轻鞠了一躬，给人感觉专横跋扈的样子。她是一个相貌平平的女子，脸孔和身体都很干瘪，眼睛发亮。她对穿着打扮绝对没有品位，穿着一套褪了色的黑色花边衣裙，头发一侧别着一小束假紫罗兰花。

"Ask Mrs. Pontellier what she would like to hear me play," she requested of Robert. She sat perfectly still before the piano, not touching the keys, while Robert carried her message to Edna at the window. A general air of surprise and genuine satisfaction fell upon every one as they saw the pianist enter. There was a settling down, and a prevailing air of expectancy everywhere. Edna was a trifle embarrassed at being thus signaled out for the imperious little woman's favor. She would not dare to choose, and begged that Mademoiselle Reisz would please herself in her selections.

“去问一下蓬迪里埃夫人想听我弹什么？”她要求罗伯特道。罗伯特走到窗前给爱德娜传口信的时候，她就绝对安静地坐在钢琴前，没动琴键。当人们看到这位钢琴家进来的时候，都非常地惊喜和满足。大家都安静下来，大厅里弥漫着期待的气氛。受到这个专横跋扈的小女人的特别钟爱使爱德娜感觉稍稍有点尴尬。她不敢挑选，而是请求雷西小姐自己随意选曲弹奏。

Edna was what she herself called very fond of music. Musical strains, well rendered, had a way of evoking pictures in her mind. She sometimes liked to sit in the room of mornings when Madame Ratignolle played or practiced. One piece which that lady played Edna had entitled "Solitude." It was a short, plaintive, minor strain. The name of the piece was something else, but she called it "Solitude." When she heard it there came before her imagination the figure of a man standing beside a desolate rock on the seashore. He

was naked. His attitude was one of hopeless resignation as he looked toward a distant bird winging its flight away from him.

爱德娜，用她自己的话说，是非常喜欢音乐的。弹奏得好的乐曲能在她脑海中激起一幅幅回忆的画面。她有时喜欢在早上坐在房间里听拉蒂诺尔夫人弹奏或练习。那位小姐弹奏的一支曲子，爱德娜把它称做《孤独曲》。这是一支很短，很哀婉的小调。这支曲子其实另有其名，但爱德娜把它称为《孤独曲》。当她听到这首曲子的时候，她的脑海中就会浮现出一个人影，站在海滩上一块荒凉的岩石旁。他赤裸着身体。当他看着远方的一只小鸟拍打着翅膀飞离他时，他是无奈而绝望的。

Another piece called to her mind a dainty young woman clad in an Empire gown, taking mincing dancing steps as she came down a long avenue between tall hedges. Again, another reminded her of children at play, and still another of nothing on earth but a demure lady stroking a cat.

另一支曲子使她脑海里浮现出一位身穿帝国时期长袍的优雅的年轻女子，迈着斯文的舞蹈步伐，顺着一条夹在两排高高的篱笆之间的长长的林荫道走过来。又一支曲子使她想起了正在玩耍的孩子，还有一支曲子在她眼前呈现出一位娴静的小姐在爱抚一只小猫的画面，除此之外大地上一片白净。

The very first chords which Mademoiselle Reisz struck upon the piano sent a keen tremor down Mrs. Pontellier's spinal column. It was not the first time she had heard an artist at the piano. Perhaps it was the first time she was ready, perhaps the first time her being was tempered to take an impress of the abiding truth.

雷西小姐弹出的最初几个弦音便使蓬迪里埃夫人的脊背从上到下感到一阵阵强烈的颤抖。她并非第一次听到艺术家弹奏钢琴。但也许这是第一次她有心理准备，渴望接受这一永恒的真理。

She waited for the material pictures which she thought would gather and blaze before her imagination. She waited in vain. She saw no pictures of solitude, of hope, of longing, or of despair. But the very passions themselves were aroused within her soul, swaying it, lashing it, as the waves daily beat upon her splendid body. She trembled, she was choking, and the tears blinded her.

她期待着脑海中的这些真切的图画在她想象中聚集并大放光彩。可她的等待是徒劳的。她没看到任何孤独、希望、渴求或绝望的画面。而这些情感却在她的灵魂身处被唤起，支配并鞭打着她的心灵，正如海潮每天击打着她美好的身体一样。她颤抖着，抽泣着，泪水模糊了她的视线。

Mademoiselle had finished. She arose, and bowing her stiff, lofty bow, she went away, stopping for neither, thanks nor applause. As she passed along the gallery she patted Edna upon the shoulder.

雷西小姐弹完了。她站起来，生硬而又傲慢地略鞠一躬就走了，没有因为大家的感谢与掌声而做任何停留。她路过长廊的时候，轻轻地拍了拍爱德娜的肩膀。

"Well, how did you like my music?" she asked. The young woman was unable to answer; she pressed the hand of the pianist convulsively. Mademoiselle Reisz perceived her agitation and even her tears. She patted her again upon the shoulder as she said:

“哦，你喜欢我的演奏吗？”她问道。这位年轻的夫人没能作出回答，只是猛劲地按住了这位钢琴家的手。雷西小姐看出了她的激动情绪，甚至也看到她噙着泪水。她又拍了拍她的肩膀说道：

"You are the only one worth playing for. Those others? Bah!" and she went shuffling and sidling on down the gallery toward her room.

“你是唯一值得我为之弹奏的人。其他那些人？呸！”说完就拖着步子侧身穿过长廊回自己房间了。

But she was mistaken about "those others." Her playing had aroused a fever of enthusiasm. "What passion!" "What an artist!" "I have always said no one could play Chopin like Mademoiselle Reisz!" "That last prelude! Bon Dieu! It shakes a man!"

可她对“其他那些人”的想法错了。她的演奏唤起了大家的热情，使大家兴奋不已。“多么有激情啊！”“多么好的一位艺术家啊！”“我总是说没人能像雷西小姐那样把肖邦的曲子弹得那么好吧！”“最后那支前奏曲！美极了！真是震撼人心啊！”

It was growing late, and there was a general disposition to disband. But some one, perhaps it was Robert, thought of a bath at that mystic hour and under that mystic moon.

夜渐深了，大家都有散场的意思。但有人，可能是罗伯特，却考虑要在这神秘的时段到神秘的月光下沐浴呢。

X

第十章

At all events Robert proposed it, and there was not a dissenting voice. There was not one but was ready to follow when he led the way. He did not lead the way, however, he directed the way; and he himself loitered behind with the lovers, who had betrayed a disposition to linger and hold themselves apart. He walked between them, whether with malicious or mischievous intent was not wholly clear, even to himself.

不管怎样，罗伯特最终还是提出了建议，也没有人不赞成。只要他领路，没人不愿意跟他走。最后他也没领路，只是指了方向，而他自己则和那对情侣一起在后面逗留。那对情侣总是喜欢迁延一会儿以和别人保持一段距离，而这次没这样。他在他们中间走着，到底是什么意图，是蓄意的还是故意淘气，没有谁能完全明白，就连他自己也搞不清楚。

The Pontelliers and Ratignolles walked ahead; the women leaning upon the arms of their husbands. Edna could hear Robert's voice behind them, and could sometimes hear what he said. She wondered why he did not join them. It was unlike him not to. Of late he had sometimes held away from her for an entire day, redoubling his devotion upon the next and the next, as though to make up for hours that had been lost. She missed him the days when some pretext served to take him away from her, just as one misses the sun on a cloudy day without having thought much about the sun when it was shining.

蓬迪里埃夫人和拉蒂诺尔夫人在走在前面，各自都靠在她们丈夫的手臂上。爱德娜能听得到罗伯特在他们后面讲话的声音，有时候还能听到他所说的话。她感到奇怪为什么他没有加入他们。他不这样做倒不像他了。最近，他有时一整天都避开她。等到第二天和第三天又加倍对她献殷勤，像是要弥补前一天失去的时光。他找借口来避着她的那些日子里，她很想念他，正如人们在多云天气渴望太阳，而在阳光照耀的日子不会太多地想起太阳一样。

The people walked in little groups toward the beach. They talked and laughed; some of them sang. There was a band playing down at Klein's hotel, and the strains reached them faintly, tempered by the distance. There were strange, rare odors abroad—a tangle of the sea smell and of weeds and damp, new-plowed earth, mingled with the heavy perfume of a field of white blossoms somewhere near. But the night sat lightly upon the sea and the land. There was no weight of darkness; there were no shadows. The white light of the moon had fallen upon the world like the mystery and the softness of sleep.

人们三五成群地向海滩走去。他们谈笑风生，有的还在唱歌。克莱恩酒店那边，有只乐队正在演奏，隐隐约约能听到乐曲的旋律，远远传来，曲调柔和。外面有股奇怪少有的气味－－夹杂着海水、海草和潮湿的新翻泥土的气味，和附近一片田野里盛开的白花散发出来的浓郁香味混合在一起。黑夜静静地笼罩在海面和大地上。夜色不浓，也无阴影。洁白的月色映照着大地，像睡梦一样神秘而轻柔。

Most of them walked into the water as though into a native element. The sea was quiet now, and swelled lazily in broad billows that melted into one another and did not break except upon the beach in little foamy crests that coiled back like slow, white serpents.

大多数人走进水里，就好像进入一个天然的环境里一样。此时海面风平浪静，大片的海面缓慢起伏，又一波一波地消失了，只有在拍打海滩时才形成充满泡沫的浪尖，而立刻又翻卷回去，像一条缓慢的白色巨蛇蜿蜒着向后退去。

Edna had attempted all summer to learn to swim. She had received instructions from both the men and women; in some instances from the children. Robert had pursued a system of lessons almost daily; and he was nearly at the point of discouragement in realizing the futility of his efforts. A certain ungovernable dread hung about her when in the water, unless there was a hand near by that might reach out and reassure her.

爱德娜整个夏天都在尝试着学游泳。她得到男男女女的指教，有时她还向孩子们学习。罗伯特几乎每天都会教她一套游泳课程。当意识到他的努力只是徒劳时，他几乎泄气了。爱德娜下水的时候总是被一种难以控制的恐惧缠绕，除非附近有一只手伸出来能够让她安心。

But that night she was like the little tottering, stumbling, clutching child, who of a sudden realizes its powers, and walks for the first time alone, boldly and with over-confidence. She could have shouted for joy. She did shout for joy, as with a sweeping stroke or two she lifted her body to the surface of the water.

但那天晚上，她像个刚学步的小孩儿，跌跌撞撞，磕磕绊绊，拉拉扯扯，忽然间感觉到了力量，能够初次独立行走了，既勇敢又洋溢着自信。她兴奋地要叫起来了。她真的叫了出来，使劲划了一两下，把身子浮出了水面。

A feeling of exultation overtook her, as if some power of significant import had been given her to control the working of her body and her soul. She grew daring and reckless, overestimating her strength. She wanted to swim far out, where no woman had swum before.

她欣喜万分，好像从外部被赋予了一股重要的力量而得以控制她整个的身心。她变得胆大而不顾后果，过高地估计了自己的力量。她想往

远处游，游到以前女人们从未游到过的地方。

Her unlooked-for achievement was the subject of wonder, applause, and admiration. Each one congratulated himself that his special teachings had accomplished this desired end.

她这未曾想到的成就成为人们吃惊、赞许和羡慕的对象。每个人都祝贺他，说是他的特殊训练使爱德娜取得这令人满意的成就。

"How easy it is!" she thought. "It is nothing," she said aloud; "why did I not discover before that it was nothing. Think of the time I have lost splashing about like a baby!" She would not join the groups in their sports and bouts, but intoxicated with her newly conquered power, she swam out alone.

“这么简单呀！”她想。“这根本不算什么事，”她大声说，“为什么我以前就没发现这根本不算什么事呢。想想我像娃娃一样劈里啪啦地打水所浪费的时间吧！”她不愿意加入到别人的戏水和比赛，而是陶醉于新征服的力量中，自己一个人向海里游去了。

She turned her face seaward to gather in an impression of space and solitude, which the vast expanse of water, meeting and melting with the moonlit sky, conveyed to her excited fancy. As she swam she seemed to be reaching out for the unlimited in which to lose herself.

她转过头朝着大海，看到远处那一大片水域和月光映照的天空相接并融合在一起，使她在激动与幻想之中感到空旷与孤寂。她游着，好像要游到无垠的地方而使自己消失在那里。

Once she turned and looked toward the shore, toward the people she had left there. She had not gone any great distance that is, what would have been a great distance for an experienced swimmer. But to her unaccustomed vision the stretch of water behind her assumed the aspect of a barrier which her unaided strength would never be able to overcome.

她时而回头向岸上看一看，向落在在岸边的人们看过去。其实她没有游很远的距离，对一个有经验的游泳者来说，这根本算不上远。但她尚不习惯看到的身后的一大片水域好像变成了一道障碍，若要靠她自己的力量是永远无法克服的。

A quick vision of death smote her soul, and for a second of time appalled and enfeebled her senses. But by an effort she rallied her staggering faculties and managed to regain the land.

一种死亡的兆头突然快速地重击了她的灵魂，一时间使她恐惧不已，全身麻木。但她努力振作精神，鼓足余劲设法游回到岸边。

She made no mention of her encounter with death and her flash of terror, except to say to her husband, "I thought I should have perished out there alone."

她没有提及与死神相遇和那一闪而过的恐惧感，只是跟她丈夫说：“我以为我自己会在那边淹死呢。”

"You were not so very far, my dear; I was watching you", he told her.

你没游出多远，亲爱的，我一直在看着你呢。”他告诉她。

Edna went at once to the bath-house, and she had put on her dry clothes and was ready to return home before the others had left the water. She started to walk away alone. They all called to her and shouted to her. She waved a dissenting hand, and went on, paying no further heed to their renewed cries which sought to detain her.

爱德娜立刻走进浴室，换了干衣服，准备在别人从水里出来之前就回家。她开始独自往回走。大家都叫她，冲她大声喊。她只是挥了一下手表示不愿意留下来并继续往前走，不再理会那些人的一声声叫喊。

"Sometimes I am tempted to think that Mrs. Pontellier is capricious," said Madame Lebrun, who was amusing herself immensely and feared that Edna's abrupt departure might put an end to the pleasure.

“有时候我禁不住要想蓬迪里埃夫人真有点变化无常。”勒布伦夫人说。她自己玩得很尽兴，生怕爱德娜的突然离开会结束这欢快的场面。

"I know she is," assented Mr. Pontellier; "sometimes, not often."

“我知道她是这样，”蓬迪里埃先生同意地说道，“不过只是有时候，不经常这样。”

Edna had not traversed a quarter of the distance on her way home before she was overtaken by Robert.

爱德娜在回家路上还没走到四分之一路程时就被罗伯特追上了。

"Did you think I was afraid?" she asked him, without a shade of annoyance.

“你以为我会害怕呀？”她问他说，丝毫没有恼怒的样子。

"No; I knew you weren't afraid."

“不是，我知道你不会害怕。”

"Then why did you come? Why didn't you stay out there with the others?"

“那你怎么来了？怎么没留在那里跟其他人在一起呢？”

"I never thought of it."

“我根本没想过。”

"Thought of what?"

“没想过什么？”

"Of anything. What difference does it make?"

“什么都没想过。又有什么关系呢？”

"I'm very tired," she uttered, complainingly.

“我非常累。”她抱怨地说道。

"I know you are."

“我知道你很累。”

"You don't know anything about it. Why should you know? I never was so exhausted in my life. But it isn't unpleasant. A thousand emotions have swept through me to-night. I don't comprehend half of them. Don't mind what I'm saying; I am just thinking aloud. I wonder if I shall ever be stirred again as Mademoiselle Reisz's playing moved me to-night. I wonder if any night on earth will ever again be like this one. It is like a night in a dream. The people about me are like some uncanny, half-human beings. There must be spirits abroad to-night.”

“你什么都不知道。你如何会知道呢？我平生从来没有像这样感到精疲力尽。可这并非不愉快。今晚有千思万绪掠过我的脑海。可我连它们的一半都理解不了。不用在意我在说什么，就当我在胡思乱语吧。我不知道以后会不会再有像今晚听雷西小姐的弹奏这样感到震撼的时候了。我不知道以后在这世上是否会有一天晚上像今晚这样了。这就像梦境中的夜晚。我周围的人好像都神秘古怪，似人非人。今晚外面一定有鬼魂出没。”

"There are," whispered Robert, "Didn't you know this was the twenty-eighth of August?”

“肯定是有，”罗伯特说，“你难道忘了今天是八月二十八日吗？”

"The twenty-eighth of August?”

“八月二十八日？”

"Yes. On the twenty-eighth of August, at the hour of midnight, and if the moon is shining—the moon must be shining—a spirit that has haunted these shores for ages rises up from the Gulf. With its own penetrating vision the spirit seeks some one mortal worthy to hold him company, worthy of being exalted for a few hours into realms of the semi-celestials. His search has always hitherto been fruitless, and he has sunk back, disheartened, into the sea. But to-night he found Mrs. Pontellier. Perhaps he will never wholly release her from the spell. Perhaps she will never again suffer a poor, unworthy earthling to walk in the shadow of her divine presence.”

“是的。八月二十八日午夜时分，如果有月光的话－－必须得有月

光，这时一个长久以来一直在这片海岸出现的鬼魂就会从海湾上升起。这个鬼魂会凭着敏锐的眼力找寻某个值得与他为伴的人，值得被提升到一个半神的领域去欢度几个小时的人。直到现在他的寻找都没有结果，于是他总是灰心丧气地沉回到海中。可今天晚上他发现了蓬迪里埃夫人。也许这次他不再会使她完全地从他的魔咒中解脱出来。可能她永远不会再忍受一个可怜的、不值得在意的凡人跟在她神圣的身影后面了吧。”

"Don't banter me," she said, wounded at what appeared to be his flippancy. He did not mind the entreaty, but the tone with its delicate note of pathos was like a reproach. He could not explain; he could not tell her that he had penetrated her mood and understood. He said nothing except to offer her his arm, for, by her own admission, she was exhausted. She had been walking alone with her arms hanging limp, letting her white skirts trail along the dewy path. She took his arm, but she did not lean upon it. She let her hand lie listlessly, as though her thoughts were elsewhere—somewhere in advance of her body, and she was striving to overtake them.

“不要戏弄我了。”她说，他的这些看似轻浮的话让她很受伤。他没有理会她的恳求，但她那淡淡的哀婉的语调像是一种责备。他没法解释，没法告诉她他已经猜透并已理解了她的心境。他什么也没说，只是向她伸出了手臂，因为她自己已经承认她精疲力尽了。之前她独自无精打采地垂着手臂走着，让白色长裙拖到沾满露水的小道上。她挽着他的手臂，但没有靠在上面。她懒洋洋地把手搭在他的手臂上，好像思绪已经飞到了别处，一个远离她身体的地方，而她正在努力追赶它们。

Robert assisted her into the hammock which swung from the post before her door out to the trunk of a tree.

罗伯特帮助她躺到悬挂在在门口柱子上和一个树干之间的吊床上。

"Will you stay out here and wait for Mr. Pontellier?" he asked.

“你要在这外面等蓬迪里埃先生吗？”他问她。

"I'll stay out here. Good-night.”

“我会待在这外边。晚安。”

"Shall I get you a pillow?"

“我拿个枕头给你吧？”

"There's one here," she said, feeling about, for they were in the shadow.

“这里有一个。”她边说边四处摸索，因为他们在幽暗处。

"It must be soiled; the children have been tumbling it about."

“那个一定被弄脏了，孩子们一直拿它到处翻滚呢。”

"No matter." And having discovered the pillow, she adjusted it beneath her head. She extended herself in the hammock with a deep breath of relief. She was not a supercilious or an over-dainty woman. She was not much given to reclining in the hammock, and when she did so it was with no cat-like suggestion of voluptuous ease, but with a beneficent repose which seemed to invade her whole body.

“没关系。”她找着了枕头，把它移动到头底下。她在吊床上伸展了一下身体，轻松地长舒了一口气。她不是一个高傲或过分讲究的女人。她平时没有躺在吊床上的喜好，她躺在那里时没有像猫那样的迷人的安逸，而是一种全身舒畅的歇息。

"Shall I stay with you till Mr. Pontellier comes?" asked Robert, seating himself on the outer edge of one of the steps and taking hold of the hammock rope which was fastened to the post.

“我留下来陪你到蓬迪里埃先生回来好吗？”罗伯特边问边在外边的一级台阶边上坐下，手抓在门柱上的系吊床用的绳子上。

"If you wish. Don't swing the hammock. Will you get my white shawl which I left on the window-sill over at the house?”

“你愿意就留下来吧！别摇吊床。把我放在那边房屋窗台上的白色披肩拿来好吗？”

"Are you chilly?"

“你是不是冷了？”

"No; but I shall be presently."

“不冷，不过过会儿会冷的。”

"Presently?" he laughed. "Do you know what time it is? How long are you going to stay out here?"

“过会儿？”他笑了。“你知道现在几点了？你还打算在外面呆多长时间？”

"I don't know. Will you get the shawl?"

“我不知道。你把披肩拿来，好吗？”

"Of course I will," he said, rising. He went over to the house, walking along the grass. She watched his figure pass in and out of the strips of moonlight. It was past midnight. It was very quiet.

“当然可以。”他边说边站起身。他沿着草地向房子走去。她看着他的身影在狭长的月光下忽隐忽现。已过午夜。到处寂静无声。

When he returned with the shawl she took it and kept it in her hand. She did not put it around her.

当他拿着披肩回来时，她接过放在手里。她没把披肩围上。

"Did you say I should stay till Mr. Pontellier came back?"

“你说我应该在这里呆到蓬迪里埃先生回来吗？”

"I said you might if you wished to."

“我说过你愿意就留下来。”

He seated himself again and rolled a cigarette, which he smoked in silence. Neither did Mrs. Pontellier speak. No multitude of words could have been more significant than those moments of silence, or more pregnant with the first-felt throbbings of desire.

他又坐了下来，卷了一支烟，默默地抽着。蓬迪里埃夫人也没说话。此时的沉默比任何喋喋不休都更意味深长，更满含着初尝欲望的那种悸动。

When the voices of the bathers were heard approaching, Robert said good-night. She did not answer him. He thought she was asleep. Again she watched his figure pass in and out of the strips of moonlight as he walked away.

听到游完泳回来的人声越来越近了，罗伯特道了晚安。她没有回应。他还以为她睡着了。他离开了，她再一次看着他的身影时隐时现地在狭长的月光下消失。

XI

第十一章

"What are you doing out here, Edna? I thought I should find you in bed," said her husband, when he discovered her lying there. He had walked up with Madame Lebrun and left her at the house. His wife did not reply.

“你在外边干什么呢，爱德娜？我想你应该已经上床了。”她丈夫发现她躺在那儿时说。他跟勒布伦夫人一道走回来，在主屋门口跟她道了别。她妻子没回应他。

"Are you asleep?" he asked, bending down close to look at her.

“你是睡着了吗？”他边说边弯下身子靠近她仔细看了看。

"No." Her eyes gleamed bright and intense, with no sleepy shadows, as they looked into his.

“没睡着。”她两眼发亮，炯炯有神，毫无睡意，盯着他的眼睛。

"Do you know it is past one o'clock? Come on," and he mounted the steps and went into their room.

“你知道现在都过一点钟了吧？来，进屋吧！”他跨上台阶进了屋。

"Edna!" called Mr. Pontellier from within, after a few moments had gone by.

“爱德娜！”他从屋里叫道，这时已经过了好一会儿了。

"Don't wait for me," she answered. He thrust his head through the door.

“不用等我。”她回答道。他从门那里探出头来。

"You will take cold out there," he said, irritably. "What folly is this? Why don't you come in?"

“你在外面会感冒的。”他急躁地说。“这太愚蠢了。你为什么不进来？”

"It isn't cold; I have my shawl."

“天不冷，再说我有披肩。”

"The mosquitoes will devour you."

“蚊子会把你吃了。”

"There are no mosquitoes."

“没有蚊子。”

She heard him moving about the room; every sound indicating impatience and irritation. Another time she would have gone in at his request. She would, through habit, have yielded to his desire; not with any sense of submission or obedience to his compelling wishes, but unthinkingly, as we walk, move, sit, stand, go through the daily treadmill of the life which has been portioned out to us.

她听到他在屋里来回走动，听声音像是很不耐烦和恼怒的样子。要是以前，她早就答应他的请求进去了。她会习惯性地满足他的愿望，没有丝毫屈从或顺应他的强制性意愿的感觉，而是不假思索地那样去做，就像我们每天走路、移动、坐下、站起和度过给我们安排好的单调生活一样。

"Edna, dear, are you not coming in soon?" he asked again, this time fondly, with a note of entreaty.

“爱德娜，亲爱的，你不马上进来吗？”他又问，这回带着亲昵而又恳求的口气。

"No; I am going to stay out here."

“不，我就在这外面呆着。”

"This is more than folly," he blurted out. "I can't permit you to stay out there all night. You must come in the house instantly."

“这太愚蠢了。”他脱口而出，“我不能容许你在那外面呆一整夜。你必须马上进屋。”

With a writhing motion she settled herself more securely in the hammock. She perceived that her will had blazed up, stubborn and resistant. She could not at that moment have done other than denied and resisted. She wondered if her husband had ever spoken to her like that before, and if she had submitted to his command. Of course she had; she remembered that she had. But she could not realize why or how she should have yielded, feeling as she then did.

她扭动了一下身体，更安稳地躺在吊床里。她感觉她的硬性子上来了，倔强而不屈服。此刻她除了拒绝与违抗之外不可能做别的什么。她在想她丈夫以前曾否跟她这样讲过话，她曾否也屈从于他的发号施令。这当然是有过的，她记得有过。但她不明白，那时她也是这么想的话，她为什么屈从了，她是怎样屈从的。

"Leonce, go to bed," she said, "I mean to stay out here. I don't wish to go in, and I don't intend to. Don't speak to me like that again; I shall not answer you."

“莱翁斯，你睡吧！”她说，“我就想呆在这儿。我不愿意进去，也不打算进去。别再那样跟我说话了，我是不会回答你的。”

Mr. Pontellier had prepared for bed, but he slipped on an extra

garment. He opened a bottle of wine, of which he kept a small and select supply in a buffet of his own. He drank a glass of the wine and went out on the gallery and offered a glass to his wife. She did not wish any. He drew up the rocker, hoisted his slippered feet on the rail, and proceeded to smoke a cigar. He smoked two cigars; then he went inside and drank another glass of wine. Mrs. Pontellier again declined to accept a glass when it was offered to her. Mr. Pontellier once more seated himself with elevated feet, and after a reasonable interval of time smoked some more cigars.

蓬迪里埃先生本已准备上床睡了，可现在又披上一件衣服。他开了一瓶红酒，他在自己的酒柜里存了几瓶精选的好酒。他自己喝了一杯酒，又拿了一杯到长廊那儿给他的妻子。她一点儿都不想喝。他拽过摇椅坐下，抬起穿着拖鞋的脚放在栏杆上，接着点了一支烟。他抽了两支烟，接着又进屋喝了一杯酒。他又拿给他妻子一杯酒，而她又一次谢绝了。蓬迪里埃先生又一次抬起脚坐下来，隔了相当一段时间，又抽了好几支烟。

Edna began to feel like one who awakens gradually out of a dream, a delicious, grotesque, impossible dream, to feel again the realities pressing into her soul. The physical need for sleep began to overtake her; the exuberance which had sustained and exalted her spirit left her helpless and yielding to the conditions which crowded her in.

爱德娜开始感觉逐渐从梦幻中－－一个甜蜜、怪异和不现实的梦幻中醒来，感觉现实又一次挤压着她的心灵。睡眠的生理需要开始袭扰着她，刚才那种激发着她的情绪、使她精神振作的生气现在离开了她，使她无助，只得屈从于紧紧围住她的现实生活。

The stillest hour of the night had come, the hour before dawn, when the world seems to hold its breath. The moon hung low, and had turned from silver to copper in the sleeping sky. The old owl no longer hooted, and the water-oaks had ceased to moan as they bent their heads.

大地这时好像屏住了呼吸，就在黎明前夕，深夜最静寂的时刻来临了。月亮低悬在静谧的天空中，已由银色变成了古铜色。猫头鹰不再鸣叫，水栎树也垂下了头，停止了呜咽。

Edna arose, cramped from lying so long and still in the hammock. She tottered up the steps, clutching feebly at the post before passing into the house.

爱德娜起身来，由于长时间一动不动地躺在吊床上，感觉有点抽筋。她磕磕绊绊地走上台阶，虚弱地抓着柱子进了屋。

"Are you coming in, Leonce?" she asked, turning her face toward her husband.

“你进不进来，莱翁斯？”她转过脸问她的丈夫。

"Yes, dear," he answered, with a glance following a misty puff of smoke. "Just as soon as I have finished my cigar."

“就来，亲爱的，”他吐了一口烟雾，看了她一眼回答道，“我抽完这支烟就来。”

XII

第十二章

She slept but a few hours. They were troubled and feverish hours, disturbed with dreams that were intangible, that eluded her, leaving only an impression upon her half-awakened senses of something unattainable. She was up and dressed in the cool of the early morning. The air was invigorating and steadied somewhat her faculties. However, she was not seeking refreshment or help from any source, either external or from within. She was blindly following whatever impulse moved her, as if she had placed herself in alien hands for direction, and freed her soul of responsibility.

她只睡了短短几个小时。这几小时也是烦恼和躁动不安的，不断地被模模糊糊的怎么也记不清的梦境所困扰，留下来的只是半梦半醒难以如愿的感觉。在充满凉意的早晨，她起来穿好了衣服。这空气使她精力充沛，也稍微稳定了她的情绪。然而，她并不是在借助任何外在的或内在的力量来恢复精力。她是在盲目地任凭冲动的影响引导她，好像把自己置身于一种陌生的力量的指引下，从而使自己从心灵的责任中解脱出来。

Most of the people at that early hour were still in bed and asleep. A few, who intended to go over to the Cheniere for mass, were moving about. The lovers, who had laid their plans the night before, were already strolling toward the wharf. The lady in black, with her Sunday prayer-book, velvet and gold-clasped, and her Sunday silver beads, was following them at no great distance. Old Monsieur Farival was up, and was more than half inclined to do anything that suggested itself. He put on his big straw hat, and taking his umbrella from the stand in the hall, followed the lady in black, never overtaking her.

这么早大多数人还仍在床上睡着。只有少数几个打算到谢尼去望弥撒的人在四处走动。那对情人头一天晚上已有所安排，现在已经在往码头方向缓步走去。穿黑色衣服的女人拿着她那本绒面金边的祷告书和做礼拜用的银色念珠在他们后面不远处跟着。老法里瓦尔先生起来了，他之前半点儿打算都没有，只是想有什么事做什么事。他戴上他的大草帽，从大厅的伞架上拿下他的伞，跟在那个穿黑色衣服的女人后面，一直没超过她。

The little negro girl who worked Madame Lebrun's sewing-machine was sweeping the galleries with long, absent-minded strokes of the broom. Edna sent her up into the house to awaken Robert.

那个在勒布伦家摇缝纫机的黑人小女孩正在长廊上拿着扫帚慢吞吞地心不在焉地扫着地。爱德娜让她到主屋去把罗伯特叫醒。

"Tell him I am going to the Cheniere. The boat is ready; tell him to hurry."

“告诉他我要去谢尼岛。船已备好，告诉他快点。”

He had soon joined her. She had never sent for him before. She had never asked for him. She had never seemed to want him before. She did not appear conscious that she had done anything unusual in commanding his presence. He was apparently equally unconscious of anything extraordinary in the situation. But his face was suffused with a quiet glow when he met her.

罗伯特很快就过来了。她以前从没派人叫过他。她也从没要求他做过什么。她以前好像从来也没需要过他。对于派人叫他过来她好像也没有意识到有什么异常的地方。他也同样没意识到这有什么不寻常的地方。可他一见到她，脸就悄悄地泛起红晕。

They went together back to the kitchen to drink coffee. There was no time to wait for any nicety of service. They stood outside the window and the cook passed them their coffee and a roll, which they drank and ate from the window-sill. Edna said it tasted good.

他们一起回厨房去喝咖啡。他们没有时间等待周到地服务了。他们在窗外站着，厨师给他们递过来咖啡和面包卷，他们就在窗台上吃喝起来。爱德娜说面包卷味道很好。

She had not thought of coffee nor of anything. He told her he had often noticed that she lacked forethought.

她根本没考虑到咖啡或别的什么。他告诉她他早就注意到她缺乏远见。

"Wasn't it enough to think of going to the Cheniere and waking you up?" she laughed. "Do I have to think of everything?—as Leonce says when he's in a bad humor. I don't blame him; he'd never be in a bad humor if it weren't for me."

“我想到了去谢尼岛，想到了把你叫醒，难道这还不够吗？”她笑了笑说，“我难道该事事都考虑到吗？－－就像莱翁斯在情绪糟糕的时候说的那样。我不怪他，要不是因为我，他的情绪也不会那么糟。”

They took a short cut across the sands. At a distance they could see the curious procession moving toward the wharf—the lovers, shoulder to shoulder, creeping; the lady in black, gaining steadily upon them; old Monsieur Farival, losing ground inch by inch, and a young barefooted Spanish girl, with a red kerchief on her head and a basket on her arm, bringing up the rear.

他们抄小路穿过沙滩。远远地他们能够看见一支奇怪的队伍朝码头走去－－那对情人肩并肩缓慢地走着；穿黑色衣服的女人稳步赶上了他们；老法里瓦尔先生一点点掉了队；还有一个光着脚的西班牙小女孩，

头上戴一条红色方围巾，胳膊上挎着一个篮子在后面压队。

Robert knew the girl, and he talked to her a little in the boat. No one present understood what they said. Her name was Mariequita. She had a round, sly, piquant face and pretty black eyes. Her hands were small, and she kept them folded over the handle of her basket. Her feet were broad and coarse. She did not strive to hide them. Edna looked at her feet, and noticed the sand and slime between her brown toes.

罗伯特认识这个小女孩，他在船上跟她讲了几句话。在场的人没一个懂得他们在说什么。她的名字叫玛丽吉塔。她的脸圆圆的，俏皮可爱，一双黑眼睛非常漂亮。她的手长得很小，总是紧紧地抓住提篮。她的脚却又大又粗。她并未努力掩藏它们。爱德娜看了一眼她的脚，注意到她棕色的脚趾之间满是沙子和烂泥。

Beaudelet grumbled because Mariequita was there, taking up so much room. In reality he was annoyed at having old Monsieur Farival, who considered himself the better sailor of the two. But he would not quarrel with so old a man as Monsieur Farival, so he quarreled with Mariequita. The girl was deprecatory at one moment, appealing to Robert. She was saucy the next, moving her head up and down, making "eyes" at Robert and making "mouths" at Beaudelet.

博德莱看到玛丽吉塔在船上就嘟哝了一句，嫌她占地方太多。实际上他是对老法里瓦尔先生很恼火，因为这位先生总说自己比他更会驾船。可他不想跟法里瓦尔先生这样岁数大的人争吵，于是便跟玛丽吉塔吵了起来。这个小女孩有一阵子不以为然，并恳求罗伯特的帮助。过一会儿就变得无礼，上下晃着小脑袋，跟罗伯特眉飞色舞，跟博德莱则唇枪舌战。

The lovers were all alone. They saw nothing, they heard nothing. The lady in black was counting her beads for the third time. Old Monsieur Farival talked incessantly of what he knew about handling a boat, and of what Beaudelet did not know on the same subject.

那对情人独自在那里。他们视而不见，充耳不闻。穿黑色衣服的女人正在第三次数她的念珠。老法里瓦尔先生不停地讲他是如何会驾船，而博德莱在这方面又如何不在行。

Edna liked it all. She looked Mariequita up and down, from her ugly brown toes to her pretty black eyes, and back again.

爱德娜喜欢这一切。她上上下下打量着玛丽吉塔，从她难看的棕色脚趾到漂亮的黑眼睛一遍遍地看。

"Why does she look at me like that?" inquired the girl of Robert.

“她为什么那样打量我？”这个小女孩问罗伯特说。

"Maybe she thinks you are pretty. Shall I ask her?"

“大概她认为你长得漂亮。我去问问她吧？”

"No. Is she your sweetheart?"

“不用问。她是你的情人吧？”

"She's a married lady, and has two children."

“她是结过婚的夫人，有两个孩子。”

"Oh! well! Francisco ran away with Sylvano's wife, who had four children. They took all his money and one of the children and stole his boat."

“哦！好吧！弗朗西斯科和有四个孩子的西尔瓦诺的妻子私奔了。他们卷走了他所有的钱，带走了其中的一个孩子，还偷了他的船。

"Shut up!"

“闭嘴！”

"Does she understand?"

“她明白吗？”

"Oh, hush!"

“哦，嘘！”

"Are those two married over there—leaning on each other?”

“那边的那两个结婚了吗？ - - 相互靠在一起的那两个。”

"Of course not," laughed Robert.

“当然没有了。”罗伯特笑着说。

"Of course not," echoed Mariequita, with a serious, confirmatory bob of the head.

“当然没有了。”玛丽吉塔附和说，严肃而确定地点了点头。

The sun was high up and beginning to bite. The swift breeze seemed to Edna to bury the sting of it into the pores of her face and hands. Robert held his umbrella over her. As they went cutting sidewise through the water, the sails bellied taut, with the wind filling and overflowing them. Old Monsieur Farival laughed sardonically at something as he looked at the sails, and Beaudelet swore at the old man under his breath.

太阳高高地升起，开始晒人了。疾劲的海风像针一样刺入爱德娜脸和手上的毛孔里。罗伯特为她撑起了伞。当船侧穿水面向前驶去时，帆被风吹得满满的，绷紧着。老法里瓦尔先生看了看帆，带着嘲讽的意味笑着什么，而博德莱则压低嗓门骂起这位老先生。

Sailing across the bay to the Cheniere Caminada, Edna felt as if

she were being borne away from some anchorage which had held her fast, whose chains had been loosening—had snapped the night before when the mystic spirit was abroad, leaving her free to drift whithersoever she chose to set her sails. Robert spoke to her incessantly; he no longer noticed Mariequita. The girl had shrimps in her bamboo basket. They were covered with Spanish moss. She beat the moss down impatiently, and muttered to herself sullenly.

船穿过海湾到达了谢尼·卡米内达岛，爱德娜感觉好像从一个把她拴得很牢的锚地里解放出来。昨天晚上，那个神秘的鬼魂出来时，拴住她的铁链被拉断并松开了，使她能够自由自在地随意选择扬帆航行。罗伯特不停地跟她说话，不再理会玛丽吉塔了。这个小女孩的竹篮里装着小虾。上面盖着寄生藤。她一边不耐烦地拍打着寄生藤一边愠怒地喃喃自语着。

"Let us go to Grande Terre to-morrow?" said Robert in a low voice.

“我们明天去格兰德·特尔瑞好吗？”罗伯特小声说。

"What shall we do there?"

“我们去干什么呀？”

"Climb up the hill to the old fort and look at the little wriggling gold snakes, and watch the lizards sun themselves."

“爬上山顶到古老的城堡去看蠕动的金色小蛇，看蜥蜴晒太阳。”

She gazed away toward Grande Terre and thought she would like to be alone there with Robert, in the sun, listening to the ocean's roar and watching the slimy lizards writhe in and out among the ruins of the old fort.

她凝望着远处的格兰德·特尔瑞，心里想她很愿意和罗伯特单独到那里去：在阳光下听大海的呼啸声，看滑溜溜的蜥蜴在古老城堡的废墟里四处扭动着身体。

"And the next day or the next we can sail to the Bayou Brulow," he went on.

“接着后天或大后天我们可以航行到贝莱·贝鲁洛去。”他继续说。

"What shall we do there?"

我们到那里能干什么呢？”

"Anything—cast bait for fish.”

“干什么都行－－投饵钓鱼。”

"No; we'll go back to Grande Terre. Let the fish alone."

“不去。我们还是回格兰德·特尔瑞去吧。不管什么鱼了。”

"We'll go wherever you like," he said. "I'll have Tonie come over and help me patch and trim my boat. We shall not need Beaudelet nor any one. Are you afraid of the pirogue?"

“你想上哪儿都行。”他说，“我要让托尼过来帮我把船修补一下。这回我们不需要博德莱或任何人。你害怕乘独木舟吗？”

"Oh, no."

“哦，不怕。”

"Then I'll take you some night in the pirogue when the moon shines. Maybe your Gulf spirit will whisper to you in which of these islands the treasures are hidden—direct you to the very spot, perhaps.”

“那么哪天晚上有月光的时候我带你乘独木舟。或许你那个海湾的鬼魂会小声告诉你哪个岛上藏有财宝，或许还会把你引到确切的地点。”

"And in a day we should be rich!" she laughed. "I'd give it all to you, the pirate gold and every bit of treasure we could dig up. I think you would know how to spend it. Pirate gold isn't a thing to be hoarded or utilized. It is something to squander and throw to the four winds, for the fun of seeing the golden specks fly."

“那么我们马上就能发大财了。”她笑着说，“我会把所有财宝都给你，把我们能挖出来的海盗的金子和所有财宝全给你。我想你会知道怎么把它们花掉。海盗的金子不应该秘藏起来，也不是用来正经花的。它应该是用来挥霍的东西，大把地花掉，也感受一下看着金片飞舞的乐趣。”

"We'd share it, and scatter it together," he said. His face flushed.

“我们分享它，一块儿把它花掉。”他说。他的脸有点红。

They all went together up to the quaint little Gothic church of Our Lady of Lourdes, gleaming all brown and yellow with paint in the sun's glare.

他们和其他人一起朝着古老而雅致的小哥特式圣母教堂走去，在阳光照耀下，它那油漆闪耀着棕黄色的光芒。

Only Beaudelet remained behind, tinkering at his boat, and Mariequita walked away with her basket of shrimps, casting a look of childish ill humor and reproach at Robert from the corner of her eye.

只有博德莱一个人留下来修理他的船；玛丽吉塔提着她的一篮子虾走了，满脸孩子气的任性的样子，斜着眼责怪地看了看罗伯特。

XIII

第十三章

A feeling of oppression and drowsiness overcame Edna during the service. Her head began to ache, and the lights on the altar swayed before her eyes. Another time she might have made an effort to regain her composure; but her one thought was to quit the stifling atmosphere of the church and reach the open air. She arose, climbing over Robert's feet with a muttered apology. Old Monsieur Farival, flurried, curious, stood up, but upon seeing that Robert had followed Mrs. Pontellier, he sank back into his seat. He whispered an anxious inquiry of the lady in black, who did not notice him or reply, but kept her eyes fastened upon the pages of her velvet prayer-book.

在教堂做礼拜时，一种压抑和困倦的感觉使爱德娜无法忍受。她的头开始疼，祭坛上的烛光在她眼前摇曳。换做平时，她会努力振奋精神，可她现在唯一的想法就是要逃离教堂里令人窒息的气氛，到外面去透透气。她站起身，跨过罗伯特的脚，低声说了句抱歉。老法里瓦尔先生感到奇怪，慌张地站了起来，但看到罗伯特跟在蓬迪里埃夫人身后，就又坐回到座位里。他有点焦虑地小声问穿黑色衣服的女人，她没注意听他的话，也没回答，眼睛一直盯着她那本绒边儿的祷告书的书页。

"I felt giddy and almost overcome," Edna said, lifting her hands instinctively to her head and pushing her straw hat up from her forehead. "I couldn't have stayed through the service." They were outside in the shadow of the church. Robert was full of solicitude.

“我感觉头晕目眩的，几乎受不了了。”爱德娜边说边不自觉地抬起手把草帽从额头推起来。“我实在不能在那呆到礼拜结束了。”他们在教堂外面的阴凉处呆着。罗伯特非常担忧。

"It was folly to have thought of going in the first place, let alone staying. Come over to Madame Antoine's; you can rest there." He took her arm and led her away, looking anxiously and continuously down into her face.

“开始你就不应该要来，更别说是呆这么久。来，我们去安托万夫人家吧，你可以在那里休息休息。”他挽着她的胳膊把她带走，不停地焦虑地看着她的脸色。

How still it was, with only the voice of the sea whispering through the reeds that grew in the salt-water pools! The long line of little gray, weather-beaten houses nestled peacefully among the orange trees. It must always have been God's day on that low, drowsy island, Edna thought. They stopped, leaning over a jagged fence made

of sea-drift, to ask for water. A youth, a mild-faced Acadian, was drawing water from the cistern, which was nothing more than a rusty buoy, with an opening on one side, sunk in the ground. The water which the youth handed to them in a tin pail was not cold to taste, but it was cool to her heated face, and it greatly revived and refreshed her.

周围真安静啊！只听见海水透过咸水湾里长出的芦苇传出低低的声音。那长长的一排饱经风霜的灰色小房子静静地依偎在橘子树丛中。爱德娜想，在这低洼沉寂的小岛上，一定每天都是安息日吧。他们停了下来，倚在由海上漂浮物做成的凸凹不平的篱笆上，想找水喝。一个面容温和的厄凯底亚青年正从一个蓄水箱里打水。这个水箱埋在地下，一侧有一个出水口，与其说它是蓄水箱还不如说是一个生了锈的浮标。这个青年用镀锡铁皮桶装着水递给他们，水喝起来一点儿也不凉，可是对她那发热的脸来说已算凉爽。这水使她极大地恢复了精神，感觉神清气爽。

Madame Antoine's cot was at the far end of the village. She welcomed them with all the native hospitality, as she would have opened her door to let the sunlight in. She was fat, and walked heavily and clumsily across the floor. She could speak no English, but when Robert made her understand that the lady who accompanied him was ill and desired to rest, she was all eagerness to make Edna feel at home and to dispose of her comfortably.

安托万夫人的小屋舍在村子的远端。她以浓重的乡土热情，非常好客地接待了他们，就像开门迎接阳光一样。她长的很胖，缓慢而又笨拙地走过来。她不会说英语，但当罗伯特让她明白跟他在一起的这位夫人病了，想要休息一下时，她马上不遗余力地想办法让爱德娜感到无拘无束，把她安置得很舒适。

The whole place was immaculately clean, and the big, four-posted bed, snow-white, invited one to repose. It stood in a small side room which looked out across a narrow grass plot toward the shed, where there was a disabled boat lying keel upward.

整个房间洁净无垢，四柱的大床，雪白的被褥，给人舒适恬静的感觉。这张床放在一间小偏屋里，向外看去可以看到一片狭长的草地通向一个小棚，在那儿放了一条龙骨朝上的破船。

Madame Antoine had not gone to mass. Her son Tonie had, but she supposed he would soon be back, and she invited Robert to be seated and wait for him. But he went and sat outside the door and smoked. Madame Antoine busied herself in the large front room preparing dinner. She was boiling mullets over a few red coals in the huge fireplace.

安托万夫人没去望弥撒。她的儿子托尼去了，但她说他很快就会回

来，她邀罗伯特坐下来等他。可他却走到门外，坐在那里抽烟。安托万夫人在前面的大房间里忙着准备午餐。她在大火炉里的几块儿烧红的煤上煮鲱鱼。

Edna, left alone in the little side room, loosened her clothes, removing the greater part of them. She bathed her face, her neck and arms in the basin that stood between the windows. She took off her shoes and stockings and stretched herself in the very center of the high, white bed. How luxurious it felt to rest thus in a strange, quaint bed, with its sweet country odor of laurel lingering about the sheets and mattress! She stretched her strong limbs that ached a little. She ran her fingers through her loosened hair for a while. She looked at her round arms as she held them straight up and rubbed them one after the other, observing closely, as if it were something she saw for the first time, the fine, firm quality and texture of her flesh. She clasped her hands easily above her head, and it was thus she fell asleep.

爱德娜独自留在小小的里间里。她松开衣衫，脱下大部分衣服。她在站在两扇窗户之间的脸盆里洗了脸，脖子和手臂。她脱下鞋袜，躺在高高的白色大床中央舒展着身体。此刻，像这样躺在奇异古雅的大床上，闻着月桂花香甜的乡土气味在床单和床垫之间弥散着是多么奢华的感觉呀！她伸了伸有点酸痛的结实的四肢。她把手指插入蓬松的头发里梳了一会儿。她抬起圆润的胳膊看了看，又把两只手臂相互摩擦了几下，仔细地看着手臂上那姣好、结实、富有弹性的肌肉，像是第一次看到似的。她用手舒服地抱着头，就这样睡着了。

She slept lightly at first, half awake and drowsily attentive to the things about her. She could hear Madame Antoine's heavy, scraping tread as she walked back and forth on the sanded floor. Some chickens were clucking outside the windows, scratching for bits of gravel in the grass. Later she half heard the voices of Robert and Tonie talking under the shed. She did not stir. Even her eyelids rested numb and heavily over her sleepy eyes. The voices went on—Tonie's slow, Acadian drawl, Robert's quick, soft, smooth French. She understood French imperfectly unless directly addressed, and the voices were only part of the other drowsy, muffled sounds lulling her senses.

她开始没睡实，半睡半醒，昏昏沉沉地隐约能听见周围的动静。她能听见安托万夫人在沙地上来回走动时发出的沉重的嚓嚓脚步声。一些小鸡在窗外咯咯地叫，扒着草地上的沙粒。后来她又隐约听见罗伯特和托尼在棚子下讲话的声音。她没动弹。她觉得睡意很浓，连眼皮都睁不开。讲话声一直在持续－－托尼那慢悠悠的拉长调子的厄凯底亚乡土话，罗伯特那快速、柔和、流畅的法语。她懂点法语，但不完全懂，除非直接跟她讲话。说话的声音掺杂着别的一些低沉的、懒散的声响催她入眠。

When Edna awoke it was with the conviction that she had slept long and soundly. The voices were hushed under the shed. Madame Antoine's step was no longer to be heard in the adjoining room. Even the chickens had gone elsewhere to scratch and cluck. The mosquito bar was drawn over her; the old woman had come in while she slept and let down the bar. Edna arose quietly from the bed, and looking between the curtains of the window, she saw by the slanting rays of the sun that the afternoon was far advanced. Robert was out there under the shed, reclining in the shade against the sloping keel of the overturned boat. He was reading from a book. Tonie was no longer with him. She wondered what had become of the rest of the party. She peeped out at him two or three times as she stood washing herself in the little basin between the windows.

当爱德娜醒来的时候，确信自己已经酣睡了很久。小棚下的说话声安静下来。隔壁屋里安托万夫人的脚步声也不再听得见。甚至小鸡也跑到别的地方去啄食和咯咯地叫了。蚊帐为她放了下来。在她睡着时老妇人进来放下了蚊帐。爱德娜静静地从床上起身，从窗帘中间往外看去。通过那倾斜的阳光，她能够看出已经是下午晚些时候了。罗伯特在外面小棚下，倚着翻过来的小船的龙骨坐在阴凉处。他正在读一本书。托尼没再跟他在一起。她想知道他们一拨人中的其他人都怎么样了。她在两个窗户之间的小脸盆里洗脸时，偷偷地看了罗伯特两三次。

Madame Antoine had laid some coarse, clean towels upon a chair, and had placed a box of poudre de riz within easy reach. Edna dabbed the powder upon her nose and cheeks as she looked at herself closely in the little distorted mirror which hung on the wall above the basin. Her eyes were bright and wide awake and her face glowed.

安托万夫人在椅背上搭了几条干净的粗毛巾，还在旁边放了一盒擦脸粉，随手就能够得着。爱德娜在鼻子和脸上轻轻地搽了粉，又在脸盆上方悬挂的扭曲变形了的小镜子里仔细地照了照。她双目明亮，不仅神清气爽而且容光焕发。

When she had completed her toilet she walked into the adjoining room. She was very hungry. No one was there. But there was a cloth spread upon the table that stood against the wall, and a cover was laid for one, with a crusty brown loaf and a bottle of wine beside the plate. Edna bit a piece from the brown loaf, tearing it with her strong, white teeth. She poured some of the wine into the glass and drank it down. Then she went softly out of doors, and plucking an orange from the low-hanging bough of a tree, threw it at Robert, who did not know she was awake and up.

她梳洗打扮后，走进了隔壁的屋子。她非常饿。没人在屋里。但靠墙的桌子上铺着桌布，上面还摆好了一份餐具，有一个脆黄的烤面包，盘子边上还放了一瓶葡萄酒。爱德娜咬了一口烤面包，用洁白而有力的

牙齿嚼着。她往杯子里倒了一些红酒，喝了下去。然后她轻柔地走到门外，从低悬的树枝上摘下一个橘子，把它扔给罗伯特。他还不知道她已经醒了，并且起来了。

An illumination broke over his whole face when he saw her and joined her under the orange tree.

当他看见她时，立刻满脸大放光彩，并马上走到橘子树下她那儿。

"How many years have I slept?" she inquired. "The whole island seems changed. A new race of beings must have sprung up, leaving only you and me as past relics. How many ages ago did Madame Antoine and Tonie die? and when did our people from Grand Isle disappear from the earth?"

“我睡了多少年了？”她问道，“整个小岛好像都变样了。一定是出现了一个新的人种，只有你我是过去遗留下来的。安托万夫人和托尼是多少年前去世的？和我们一起来格兰德岛的那些人又是什么时候从这个地球上消失的呢？”

He familiarly adjusted a ruffle upon her shoulder.

他很亲密地往她肩膀上轻轻地碰了一下。

"You have slept precisely one hundred years. I was left here to guard your slumbers; and for one hundred years I have been out under the shed reading a book. The only evil I couldn't prevent was to keep a broiled fowl from drying up."

“你睡了正好一百年。我留下来保护你睡觉。一百年来我一直在那小棚下读书。唯一没阻止得了的坏事是把烧鸡烤干了。”

"If it has turned to stone, still will I eat it," said Edna, moving with him into the house. "But really, what has become of Monsieur Farival and the others?"

“就算成为石头，我也会吃的。”爱德娜边说边跟他进了屋。“不过说真的，老法里瓦尔先生和其他人怎么样了？”

"Gone hours ago. When they found that you were sleeping they thought it best not to awake you. Any way, I wouldn't have let them. What was I here for?"

“几个小时前走了。他们发现你在睡觉，觉得最好不要吵醒你。当然了，我也绝不会让他们吵醒你的。否则我在这里干什么？”

"I wonder if Leonce will be uneasy!" she speculated, as she seated herself at table.

“我不知道莱翁斯是否会担心我。”她坐在桌子旁边想着说道。

"Of course not; he knows you are with me," Robert replied, as he busied himself among sundry pans and covered dishes which had been

left standing on the hearth.

“当然不会了，他知道你跟我在一起。”罗伯特一边回答一边忙着摆放炉边放着的各种平锅和有盖的餐盘。

"Where are Madame Antoine and her son?" asked Edna.

“安托万夫人和她的儿子在哪里？”爱德娜问。

"Gone to Vespers, and to visit some friends, I believe. I am to take you back in Tonie's boat whenever you are ready to go."

“我想是去做晚祷了，也去看些朋友。你什么时候准备好了我就可以用托尼的船带你回去。

He stirred the smoldering ashes till the broiled fowl began to sizzle afresh. He served her with no mean repast, dripping the coffee anew and sharing it with her. Madame Antoine had cooked little else than the mullets, but while Edna slept Robert had foraged the island. He was childishly gratified to discover her appetite, and to see the relish with which she ate the food which he had procured for her.

他把闷着的炉火拨散开，直到烧鸡开始再次发出滋滋声。他为她做了丰盛的一餐，又煮了咖啡，并跟她一起分享美餐。安托万夫人除了鲱鱼之外没做别的什么，但爱德娜睡着的时候，罗伯特把整个小岛搜了个遍。当罗伯特看到她这么津津有味地把他为她找来的吃的统统吃下去，发现她有这么好的胃口，简直像孩子一样满足。

"Shall we go right away?" she asked, after draining her glass and brushing together the crumbs of the crusty loaf.

“我们马上就走吗？”在喝光了杯子里的酒，又把面包屑扫到一堆之后，她问道。

"The sun isn't as low as it will be in two hours," he answered.

“太阳两个小时之后才会落。”他回答说。

"The sun will be gone in two hours."

“太阳两个小时之内是会落的。”

"Well, let it go; who cares!"

“哦，要落就落吧，谁管它！”

They waited a good while under the orange trees, till Madame Antoine came back, panting, waddling, with a thousand apologies to explain her absence. Tonie did not dare to return. He was shy, and would not willingly face any woman except his mother.

他们在橘子树下呆了好一阵子，直到安托万夫人上气不接下气，摇摇晃晃地走回来，千抱歉万抱歉地为她刚才的失陪解释。托尼不敢回家。他害羞，除了他妈妈外不愿意见任何女人。

It was very pleasant to stay there under the orange trees, while the sun dipped lower and lower, turning the western sky to flaming copper and gold. The shadows lengthened and crept out like stealthy, grotesque monsters across the grass.

当太阳渐渐西沉，把西边的天空染成了古铜色和金黄色的时候，呆在橘子树下是非常惬意的。阴影逐渐变长，像许多鬼鬼祟祟的奇异的怪物一样穿过草坪爬过来。

Edna and Robert both sat upon the ground—that is, he lay upon the ground beside her, occasionally picking at the hem of her muslin gown.

爱德娜和罗伯特都坐在地上－－确切地说，他躺在她身边的草地上，偶尔摆弄一下她的薄纱裙的裙边。

Madame Antoine seated her fat body, broad and squat, upon a bench beside the door. She had been talking all the afternoon, and had wound herself up to the storytelling pitch.

安托万夫人那胖胖的身体满满当当地坐在门外的长椅上。她一下午都在讲话，她突发讲故事的兴致。

And what stories she told them! But twice in her life she had left the Cheniere Caminada, and then for the briefest span. All her years she had squatted and waddled there upon the island, gathering legends of the Baratarians and the sea. The night came on, with the moon to lighten it. Edna could hear the whispering voices of dead men and the click of muffled gold.

她给他们讲了好多故事呀！她这一生只离开过谢尼·卡米内达岛两次，而且历时也极短。这么多年来她一直在这个小岛上安居或行走，收集了很多关于巴雷塔里安人以及大海的传说。夜幕降临了，月亮也升了起来照亮夜空。爱德娜似乎能听到死人的低语声和金子所发出的沉闷的哗啦声。

When she and Robert stepped into Tonie's boat, with the red lateen sail, misty spirit forms were prowling in the shadows and among the reeds, and upon the water were phantom ships, speeding to cover.

当她和罗伯特踏上托尼的船，张起那红色的三角帆时，模糊的鬼影在阴暗处来回游荡。在芦苇间、在水上，有些鬼船正飞快地向隐蔽处驶去。

XIV

第十四章

The youngest boy, Etienne, had been very naughty, Madame Ratignolle said, as she delivered him into the hands of his mother. He had been unwilling to go to bed and had made a scene; whereupon she had taken charge of him and pacified him as well as she could. Raoul had been in bed and asleep for two hours.

拉蒂诺尔夫人把那个最小的男孩艾蒂安交到他妈妈手里时说他很淘气。他一直不愿意上床睡觉，闹了一阵，这样她就一直照顾着他，尽力让他平静下来。拉乌尔已经上床睡了两个小时了。

The youngster was in his long white nightgown, that kept tripping him up as Madame Ratignolle led him along by the hand. With the other chubby fist he rubbed his eyes, which were heavy with sleep and ill humor. Edna took him in her arms, and seating herself in the rocker, began to coddle and caress him, calling him all manner of tender names, soothing him to sleep.

这个小男孩穿着一件白色的长睡衣，拉蒂诺尔夫人牵着他的手走的时候，他总是被睡衣绊着跟头。他用另一只肥胖的小手揉搓着眼睛，困极了，还满肚子不高兴。爱德娜把他抱在怀里坐在摇椅上，开始亲吻他、爱抚他，用各种各样亲昵的名字叫他，哄他入睡。

It was not more than nine o'clock. No one had yet gone to bed but the children.

时间还不到九点钟。除了孩子们还没人上床睡觉。

Leonce had been very uneasy at first, Madame Ratignolle said, and had wanted to start at once for the Cheniere. But Monsieur Farival had assured him that his wife was only overcome with sleep and fatigue, that Tonie would bring her safely back later in the day; and he had thus been dissuaded from crossing the bay. He had gone over to Klein's, looking up some cotton broker whom he wished to see in regard to securities, exchanges, stocks, bonds, or something of the sort, Madame Ratignolle did not remember what. He said he would not remain away late. She herself was suffering from heat and oppression, she said. She carried a bottle of salts and a large fan. She would not consent to remain with Edna, for Monsieur Ratignolle was alone, and he detested above all things to be left alone.

拉蒂诺尔夫人说莱翁斯开始非常不安，还想立马出发到谢尼岛去。但老法里瓦尔先生叫他放心，说他妻子只是又困又乏，晚些时候托尼就会把她安全地送回来，就这样才阻止了他穿过海湾到谢尼岛去。现在他

去克莱恩旅馆找一个什么棉花经纪人，他希望能跟他谈一谈关于债券、汇兑、股票、证券之类的事务去了，拉蒂诺尔夫人也记不清到底是什么事了。他说他不会在那里呆很晚的。拉蒂诺尔夫人说她自己热得难受，感到憋闷。她手拿一瓶嗅盐和一把大大的扇子。她没同意留在爱德娜那里，因为拉蒂诺尔先生独自一个人在家，他最讨厌被独自留在家里。

When Etienne had fallen asleep Edna bore him into the back room, and Robert went and lifted the mosquito bar that she might lay the child comfortably in his bed. The quadroon had vanished. When they emerged from the cottage Robert bade Edna good-night.

艾蒂安睡着后，爱德娜把他抱进后屋，罗伯特走进去帮她掀起蚊帐，以便她把孩子舒舒服服地安置在床上。那个有点黑人血统的保姆没影儿了。他们从别墅走出来时，罗伯特同爱德娜道了晚安。

"Do you know we have been together the whole livelong day, Robert—since early this morning?" she said at parting.

“你知道吗？今天我们在一起呆了整整一天呢－－从一大早开始。”分别时她说。

"All but the hundred years when you were sleeping. Goodnight."

“还要除去你在睡觉的那一百年。晚安！”

He pressed her hand and went away in the direction of the beach. He did not join any of the others, but walked alone toward the Gulf.

他紧紧地握了一下她的手，朝海滩的方向走去。他没有加入到其他人，只是独自朝海湾走去。

Edna stayed outside, awaiting her husband's return. She had no desire to sleep or to retire; nor did she feel like going over to sit with the Ratignolles, or to join Madame Lebrun and a group whose animated voices reached her as they sat in conversation before the house. She let her mind wander back over her stay at Grand Isle; and she tried to discover wherein this summer had been different from any and every other summer of her life. She could only realize that she herself—her present self—was in some way different from the other self. That she was seeing with different eyes and making the acquaintance of new conditions in herself that colored and changed her environment, she did not yet suspect.

爱德娜留在屋外面，等待她丈夫回来。她没有睡意，也不想去就寝，也不想过去和拉蒂诺尔夫人一起坐坐，或加入到勒布伦夫人那伙人中。她能听见他们坐在主屋前热烈谈话的声音。她让思绪飞回到她在格兰德岛度过的时光，想找到这个夏天与生命中的其他夏天的不同之处。她仅仅能意识到她自己－－她现在的自己－－和另外一个自己，在某些方面是不一样的。可她却没有怀疑到她现在正以不同的眼光看事物，她正在融入一种新的境况，这种境况使她周围的环境更有色彩并有了变

化。

She wondered why Robert had gone away and left her. It did not occur to her to think he might have grown tired of being with her the livelong day. She was not tired, and she felt that he was not. She regretted that he had gone. It was so much more natural to have him stay when he was not absolutely required to leave her.

她不知道为什么罗伯特走开了，把她留在这儿。她从未考虑过罗伯特这样整整一天跟她在一起可能会感觉厌倦。她没有感到厌倦，她想他也不会。她很遗憾他走了。如果他没有被请求必须离开的话，那他留下来是再自然不过的事了。

As Edna waited for her husband she sang low a little song that Robert had sung as they crossed the bay. It began with "Ah! Si tu savais," and every verse ended with "si tu savais."

爱德娜等待丈夫时，低声唱起了他们穿过海湾时罗伯特唱过的一首曲子。歌儿的开头是“啊！如果你知道”，在每节的末尾也都是“如果你知道”。

Robert's voice was not pretentious. It was musical and true. The voice, the notes, the whole refrain haunted her memory.

罗伯特的声音一点儿也不做作。听起来动听而真诚。这歌声，这调子，整个的乐曲萦绕在她的记忆中。

XV

第十五章

When Edna entered the dining-room one evening a little late, as was her habit, an unusually animated conversation seemed to be going on. Several persons were talking at once, and Victor's voice was predominating, even over that of his mother. Edna had returned late from her bath, had dressed in some haste, and her face was flushed. Her head, set off by her dainty white gown, suggested a rich, rare blossom. She took her seat at table between old Monsieur Farival and Madame Ratignolle.

一天傍晚，爱德娜稍晚了一些进入餐厅，她一贯这样。那里好像正进行着一场不同寻常的热闹谈话。好几个人同时在说话，维克托的声音压倒所有人，甚至比他妈妈的声音还要高。爱德娜洗浴后回来晚一些，匆忙地打扮了一下，脸色有点红。她的头在雅致的白色长衫的衬托下，给人感觉像一朵娇艳、珍贵的鲜花一样。她在法里瓦尔老先生和拉蒂诺尔夫人之间的位子上坐了下来。

As she seated herself and was about to begin to eat her soup, which had been served when she entered the room, several persons informed her simultaneously that Robert was going to Mexico. She laid her spoon down and looked about her bewildered. He had been with her, reading to her all the morning, and had never even mentioned such a place as Mexico. She had not seen him during the afternoon; she had heard some one say he was at the house, upstairs with his mother. This she had thought nothing of, though she was surprised when he did not join her later in the afternoon, when she went down to the beach.

她一进屋仆人就给她端上了汤。她坐下来刚要开始喝汤时，几个人不约而同地告诉她罗伯特要去墨西哥。她放下汤匙，困惑地看着周围。他一上午都跟她在一起，读书给她听，只字未提墨西哥这个地方。一下午她再没见到他，听人说他在正屋，在楼上和他妈妈在一起。尽管她有点吃惊她下午去海滩的时候他没跟她一起去，但她还是没多想。

She looked across at him, where he sat beside Madame Lebrun, who presided. Edna's face was a blank picture of bewilderment, which she never thought of disguising. He lifted his eyebrows with the pretext of a smile as he returned her glance. He looked embarrassed and uneasy. "When is he going?" she asked of everybody in general, as if Robert were not there to answer for himself.

她扫了他一眼，他就坐在主座位的勒布伦夫人旁边。爱德娜一脸迷惑而茫然的表情，对此她从没想要掩饰。他扬起眉毛，回看了她一眼，

笑了一笑试图掩盖一下。他看上去有点尴尬和不安。“他打算什么时候走？”她冲着在座的所有人问道，好像罗伯特不在场，不能自己回答一样。

"To-night!" "This very evening!" "Did you ever!" "What possesses him!" were some of the replies she gathered, uttered simultaneously in French and English.

“就今晚！”“就今天晚上！”“你听过这种事吗？”“他真是鬼迷心窍了！”这些是她得到的回答，有的用英语，有的用法语，不约而同地说出来的。

"Impossible!" she exclaimed. "How can a person start off from Grand Isle to Mexico at a moment's notice, as if he were going over to Klein's or to the wharf or down to the beach?"

“这不可能！”她叫道。“一个人怎么能这么一会儿功夫就要从格兰德岛远赴墨西哥，说走就走，好像是去克莱恩旅馆或码头或是海滩那么简单。”

"I said all along I was going to Mexico; I've been saying so for years!" cried Robert, in an excited and irritable tone, with the air of a man defending himself against a swarm of stinging insects.

“我一直说我打算到墨西哥去，这么多年来我一直在说！”罗伯特喊叫道，带着激动而又恼怒的语调，并摆出一副对着一群叮人的昆虫保护自己的架势。

Madame Lebrun knocked on the table with her knife handle.

勒布伦夫人用刀把敲着桌子。

"Please let Robert explain why he is going, and why he is going to-night," she called out. "Really, this table is getting to be more and more like Bedlam every day, with everybody talking at once. Sometimes—I hope God will forgive me—but positively, sometimes I wish Victor would lose the power of speech."

“请让罗伯特解释一下他为什么打算走，而且今晚就走。”她喊道，“真是的，这张餐桌越来越像疯人院的餐桌了，每天人人都抢着一起说话。有时候－－愿上帝饶恕我－－可说真的，有时候我希望维克托能变成哑巴。

Victor laughed sardonically as he thanked his mother for her holy wish, of which he failed to see the benefit to anybody, except that it might afford her a more ample opportunity and license to talk herself.

维克托嘲讽地笑了笑，感谢他妈妈的神圣愿望。对于这个愿望，他觉得除了给她自己提供了更多讲话的机会和权限之外，他再也看不出给别人带来任何好处。

Monsieur Farival thought that Victor should have been taken out

in mid-ocean in his earliest youth and drowned. Victor thought there would be more logic in thus disposing of old people with an established claim for making themselves universally obnoxious. Madame Lebrun grew a trifle hysterical; Robert called his brother some sharp, hard names.

法里瓦尔先生认为维克托在非常小的时候就应该被带到大海中淹死。而维克托则认为用这种方式处置那些总是引起众人普遍反感的老家伙们才更加合情理。勒布伦夫人变得有些歇斯底里，罗伯特用了尖刻难听的话骂了他弟弟一顿。

"There's nothing much to explain, mother," he said; though he explained, nevertheless—looking chiefly at Edna—that he could only meet the gentleman whom he intended to join at Vera Cruz by taking such and such a steamer, which left New Orleans on such a day; that Beaudelet was going out with his lugger-load of vegetables that night, which gave him an opportunity of reaching the city and making his vessel in time.

“没有什么可解释的，妈妈。”罗伯特说道，可其实他是在解释－－主要是冲着爱德娜－－说他打算在维拉克鲁兹和一位先生见面，只有在某天乘坐某船从奥尔良出发才行。碰巧那天晚上博德莱要装一船蔬菜进城，这就给他提供了一个去奥尔良的机会，这样他就可以准时乘上去维拉克鲁兹的大船。

"But when did you make up your mind to all this?" demanded Monsieur Farival.

“可你是什么时候打定主意要做这一切的？”法里瓦尔先生问道。

"This afternoon," returned Robert, with a shade of annoyance.

“就今天下午。”罗伯特有些恼怒地回答。

"At what time this afternoon?" persisted the old gentleman, with nagging determination, as if he were cross-questioning a criminal in a court of justice.

“今天下午几点？”老先生坚持不懈地追问，像是在法庭上审问罪犯一样。

"At four o'clock this afternoon, Monsieur Farival," Robert replied, in a high voice and with a lofty air, which reminded Edna of some gentleman on the stage.

“下午四点钟，法里瓦尔先生。”罗伯特带着傲慢的表情大声回答，那样子使爱德娜感觉像是她在舞台上看过的某位绅士。

She had forced herself to eat most of her soup, and now she was picking the flaky bits of a court bouillon with her fork.

她强迫自己几乎喝完了汤，现在她正用叉子拨动着几片薄鱼片。

The lovers were profiting by the general conversation on Mexico to speak in whispers of matters which they rightly considered were interesting to no one but themselves. The lady in black had once received a pair of prayer-beads of curious workmanship from Mexico, with very special indulgence attached to them, but she had never been able to ascertain whether the indulgence extended outside the Mexican border. Father Fochel of the Cathedral had attempted to explain it; but he had not done so to her satisfaction. And she begged that Robert would interest himself, and discover, if possible, whether she was entitled to the indulgence accompanying the remarkably curious Mexican prayer-beads.

在众人这场关于墨西哥的议论中，那对情人正好趁机窃窃私语，说些其他人不感兴趣，而只有他们感觉有意思的话题。那位穿黑色衣服的女人曾经收到一对从墨西哥寄来的工艺精湛的念珠。这对念珠有着特别的赦免罪过的作用，可她不确定在墨西哥以外的地方这种赦罪作用是否有效。天主教堂的福什尔神父尝试为她解释，但没能使她满意。于是他请求罗伯特，如果可能的话，希望他愿意帮忙了解了解，她是否有资格被赐予这种极为奇特的墨西哥念珠的赦罪作用。

Madame Ratignolle hoped that Robert would exercise extreme caution in dealing with the Mexicans, who, she considered, were a treacherous people, unscrupulous and revengeful. She trusted she did them no injustice in thus condemning them as a race. She had known personally but one Mexican, who made and sold excellent tamales, and whom she would have trusted implicitly, so soft-spoken was he. One day he was arrested for stabbing his wife. She never knew whether he had been hanged or not.

拉蒂诺尔夫人希望罗伯特在同墨西哥人接触时要极为小心，因为在她看来，墨西哥人是一个狡猾、不择手段和报复心强的民族。她相信她这样谴责这个民族并非冤枉他们。她本人曾认识一个墨西哥人，他制作并出售味道很好的五香玉米粉蒸肉。他说起话来很温和，所以拉蒂诺尔夫人完全地信任他。可有一天他却因为捅了他的妻子而被逮捕。后来她一直不知道他被判了绞刑没有。

Victor had grown hilarious, and was attempting to tell an anecdote about a Mexican girl who served chocolate one winter in a restaurant in Dauphine Street. No one would listen to him but old Monsieur Farival, who went into convulsions over the droll story.

维克托闹得越来越欢实了，他试图给大家讲述关于一个墨西哥小姑娘的奇闻轶事。有一年冬天，这个墨西哥小姑娘在多芬街的一家饭店当服务员，给客人端巧克力饮品。除了老法里瓦尔先生听了这个滑稽的故事笑得前仰后合之外，没人愿意听他的故事。

Edna wondered if they had all gone mad, to be talking and clamoring at that rate. She herself could think of nothing to say about

Mexico or the Mexicans.

爱德娜想知道这些人说笑吵闹到这种程度是不是都疯掉了。对于墨西哥和墨西哥人她本人想不起来任何可以谈论的东西。

"At what time do you leave?" she asked Robert.

“你什么时候出发？”她问罗伯特。

"At ten," he told her. "Beaudelet wants to wait for the moon."

“十点。”他告诉她。“博德莱想等到月亮升起来再走。”

"Are you all ready to go?"

“你完全准备好了要走吗？”

"Quite ready. I shall only take a hand-bag, and shall pack my trunk in the city.”

“准备差不多了。我只带一个手提包就行，进了城再打包收拾衣箱。”

He turned to answer some question put to him by his mother, and Edna, having finished her black coffee, left the table.

他转身回答他妈妈问他的某个问题。爱德娜把她的清咖啡喝完就离开餐桌走了。

She went directly to her room. The little cottage was close and stuffy after leaving the outer air. But she did not mind; there appeared to be a hundred different things demanding her attention indoors. She began to set the toilet-stand to rights, grumbling at the negligence of the quadroon, who was in the adjoining room putting the children to bed. She gathered together stray garments that were hanging on the backs of chairs, and put each where it belonged in closet or bureau drawer. She changed her gown for a more comfortable and commodious wrapper. She rearranged her hair, combing and brushing it with unusual energy. Then she went in and assisted the quadroon in getting the boys to bed.

她径直回到了她的房间。从屋外走进来，她感觉小别墅里不通风，让人憋闷。可她并不介意，好像屋里有上百件不同的事情需要她关心。她一边把梳妆台收拾利索一边咕哝着说有点黑人血统的保姆做事粗心。这个保姆正在隔壁房间安顿孩子们上床睡觉。她把乱挂在椅背上的衣服收拾起来，分别放回衣柜和梳妆台的抽屉里。她脱下了长外衣，换上更为舒服、宽松的轻便睡衣。她又重新整理了头发，异常起劲地梳理着、拂拭着。然后她进去帮保姆把孩子们送上床。

They were very playful and inclined to talk—to do anything but lie quiet and go to sleep. Edna sent the quadroon away to her supper and told her she need not return. Then she sat and told the children a

story. Instead of soothing it excited them, and added to their wakefulness. She left them in heated argument, speculating about the conclusion of the tale which their mother promised to finish the following night.

他们玩意还很浓，还想讲话——什么都想做，就是不想安静地躺下睡觉。爱德娜打发保姆去吃饭并告诉她不用再回来了。然后她坐下来给孩子们讲了个故事。这故事非但没使他们平静下来，反倒使他们更兴奋，更无睡意。她留下他们自己去展开激烈的争论，猜测他们的妈妈答应第二天晚上要讲的故事结局。

The little black girl came in to say that Madame Lebrun would like to have Mrs. Pontellier go and sit with them over at the house till Mr. Robert went away. Edna returned answer that she had already undressed, that she did not feel quite well, but perhaps she would go over to the house later. She started to dress again, and got as far advanced as to remove her peignoir. But changing her mind once more she resumed the peignoir, and went outside and sat down before her door. She was overheated and irritable, and fanned herself energetically for a while. Madame Ratignolle came down to discover what was the matter.

那个黑人小女孩过来传话说勒布伦夫人想让蓬迪里埃夫人过去坐坐，直到罗伯特出发为止。爱德娜回话说她已经换了衣服，感觉不大舒服，不过或许晚一会儿她会到正屋去。她又开始穿衣服，刚刚把睡衣脱下。可她又改变了主意。她又把它穿上，走出去坐在门口。她感觉闷热烦躁，用扇子使劲扇了一会儿。拉蒂诺尔夫人下来看看是怎么回事。

"All that noise and confusion at the table must have upset me," replied Edna, "and moreover, I hate shocks and surprises. The idea of Robert starting off in such a ridiculously sudden and dramatic way! As if it were a matter of life and death! Never saying a word about it all morning when he was with me."

“刚才餐桌上的混乱和喧嚣使得我心情很不舒畅，”爱德娜回答道，“况且，我最讨厌让我吃惊和意外的事。罗伯特这么突然，这么戏剧性地动身的想法真是太荒唐了。这好像是决定生死的事情似的。他一上午跟我在一起都只字未提。

"Yes," agreed Madame Ratignolle. "I think it was showing us all—you especially—very little consideration. It wouldn't have surprised me in any of the others; those Lebruns are all given to heroics. But I must say I should never have expected such a thing from Robert. Are you not coming down? Come on, dear; it doesn't look friendly."

“可不是嘛，”拉蒂诺尔夫人赞成地说，“我想这明显是他根本没考虑我们大家的感受－－尤其是你的感受。换做是别人我还不会感到意外，勒布伦家的人总容易摆出英雄的架势。可我还得说我还从来没料到罗伯

特会这样做。你真不下来吗？来吧，亲爱的，否则的话会显得不大友善。”

"No," said Edna, a little sullenly. "I can't go to the trouble of dressing again; I don't feel like it."

“不去，”爱德娜有点愠怒地说，“我不能再费劲换衣服了。我不愿意。”

"You needn't dress; you look all right; fasten a belt around your waist. Just look at me!"

“你不用再换衣服了，看上去挺好的，系条腰带就行。你看看我！”

"No," persisted Edna; "but you go on. Madame Lebrun might be offended if we both stayed away."

“不。”爱德娜坚持说。“你自己去吧。假如我们两个都不过去，勒布伦夫人会生气的。

Madame Ratignolle kissed Edna good-night, and went away, being in truth rather desirous of joining in the general and animated conversation which was still in progress concerning Mexico and the Mexicans.

拉蒂诺尔夫人吻了一下爱德娜，道了声晚安便走了，其实是很想加入到还在进行中的众人关于墨西哥和墨西哥人的热闹谈话中去。

Somewhat later Robert came up, carrying his hand-bag.

过了有一会儿，罗伯特拎着手提包上来了。

"Aren't you feeling well?" he asked.

“你感觉不大舒服吗？”他问。

"Oh, well enough. Are you going right away?"

“哦，还行。你马上就走吗？”

He lit a match and looked at his watch. "In twenty minutes," he said. The sudden and brief flare of the match emphasized the darkness for a while. He sat down upon a stool which the children had left out on the porch.

他点了一根火柴，看了看表。“二十分钟之后走。”他说。火柴这么短暂地突然亮了一下，显得周围更加黑暗。他在孩子们留在平台上的一个小板凳上坐下。

"Get a chair," said Edna.

“拿把椅子坐吧！”爱德娜说道。

"This will do," he replied. He put on his soft hat and nervously took it off again, and wiping his face with his handkerchief,

complained of the heat.

“坐这儿就行。”他回答说。他戴上呢帽，又局促不安地摘下来，还用手绢擦了擦脸，抱怨说天热。

"Take the fan," said Edna, offering it to him.

“拿扇子扇扇吧。”爱德娜边说边把扇子递给他。

"Oh, no! Thank you. It does no good; you have to stop fanning some time, and feel all the more uncomfortable afterward."

“哦，不用了！谢谢。没多大用处，总要停下来不扇，便会感觉更加不舒服。”

"That's one of the ridiculous things which men always say. I have never known one to speak otherwise of fanning. How long will you be gone?"

“那是男人们总是说起的荒唐理论。我没听过哪位男士说扇子好的。你要走多长时间？”

"Forever, perhaps. I don't know. It depends upon a good many things."

“也许永远呆在那儿了。我自己也不知道。要根据很多情况而定。”

"Well, in case it shouldn't be forever, how long will it be?"

“哦，如果不是永远，会是多长时间？”

"I don't know."

“我不知道。”

"This seems to me perfectly preposterous and uncalled for. I don't like it. I don't understand your motive for silence and mystery, never saying a word to me about it this morning." He remained silent, not offering to defend himself. He only said, after a moment:

“对我来说这似乎太荒谬，太没道理了。这我真不喜欢。我不知道你动机何在，这么沉默，这么神秘，一上午跟我都只字不提。他默不作声，也不替自己辩解。过了一会儿，他只说：

"Don't part from me in any ill humor. I never knew you to be out of patience with me before."

“别在我们分别时这么丧气吧。我以前从未感觉你对我这么不耐烦。”

"I don't want to part in any ill humor," she said. "But can't you understand? I've grown used to seeing you, to having you with me all the time, and your action seems unfriendly, even unkind. You don't even offer an excuse for it. Why, I was planning to be together, thinking of how pleasant it would be to see you in the city next

winter."

“我并非想在分别时闹得不愉快。”她说，“难道你不能理解吗？我已经习惯看见你，和你在一起，而现在你的做法很不友善，甚至狠心。你甚至连个借口也不给我。哦，我本计划我们要在一起，想想今年冬天在城里跟你见面多令人高兴的事。”

"So was I," he blurted. "Perhaps that's the—” He stood up suddenly and held out his hand. "Good-by, my dear Mrs. Pontellier; good-by. You won't—I hope you won't completely forget me." She clung to his hand, striving to detain him.

“我也想啊。”他随口说道。“也许那是——”他突然站起身来，伸出手。“再见吧，我亲爱的蓬迪里埃夫人，再见。你不会——我希望你不会完全把我忘了。”她抓着他的手，想要多留他一会儿。

"Write to me when you get there, won't you, Robert?" she entreated.

“一到那儿就给我写信好吗，罗伯特？”她恳求道。

"I will, thank you. Good-by.”

“我会写的，谢谢。再见。”

How unlike Robert! The merest acquaintance would have said something more emphatic than "I will, thank you; good-by," to such a request.

这真不像罗伯特呀！对这样的恳求，他竟然只说了句“我会写的，谢谢，再见”，而仅仅熟识的人都不会说出这样的客套话。

He had evidently already taken leave of the people over at the house, for he descended the steps and went to join Beaudelet, who was out there with an oar across his shoulder waiting for Robert. They walked away in the darkness. She could only hear Beaudelet's voice; Robert had apparently not even spoken a word of greeting to his companion.

很明显他已经跟那边主屋里的人道别过了，因为他径直走下台阶去找博德莱了。此时博德莱正扛着桨在那儿等罗伯特呢。他们在黑夜中走远了。她只能听到博德莱的声音，显然罗伯特什么也没说，就连招呼都没跟他的同伴打。

Edna bit her handkerchief convulsively, striving to hold back and to hide, even from herself as she would have hidden from another, the emotion which was troubling—tearing—her. Her eyes were brimming with tears.

爱德娜使劲地咬着手绢，努力控制和掩饰那种困扰和折磨她的情感，不仅不让别人看出，甚至也不让自己感受到。她眼里满含泪水。

For the first time she recognized the symptoms of infatuation which she had felt incipiently as a child, as a girl in her earliest teens, and later as a young woman. The recognition did not lessen the reality, the poignancy of the revelation by any suggestion or promise of instability. The past was nothing to her; offered no lesson which she was willing to heed. The future was a mystery which she never attempted to penetrate. The present alone was significant; was hers, to torture her as it was doing then with the biting conviction that she had lost that which she had held, that she had been denied that which her impassioned, newly awakened being demanded.

她第一次清楚地发觉她当初在儿童时代，紧接着少女时代，再后来是少妇时代所经历过的迷恋的征兆。可发觉到这种迷恋并未以任何变幻莫测的暗示或承诺减少这种感受的现实性，也未能抑制她那哀伤情感的强烈表露。过去对她并不重要，未能给她提供任何她乐于接受的教训。未来是神秘的，她从未想过要深入探析。唯独现在是有意义的，是属于她的，而这正折磨着她，使她痛心地意识到：她曾经把握的，又失去了；她那充满激情的刚刚被唤醒的自我所需要的东西，她得不到了。

XVI

第十六章

"Do you miss your friend greatly?" asked Mademoiselle Reisz one morning as she came creeping up behind Edna, who had just left her cottage on her way to the beach. She spent much of her time in the water since she had acquired finally the art of swimming. As their stay at Grand Isle drew near its close, she felt that she could not give too much time to a diversion which afforded her the only real pleasurable moments that she knew. When Mademoiselle Reisz came and touched her upon the shoulder and spoke to her, the woman seemed to echo the thought which was ever in Edna's mind; or, better, the feeling which constantly possessed her.

“你很想你的朋友吗？”一天早上在爱德娜刚离开家往海滩走的路上，雷西小姐慢慢从她身后赶上来问她。自从她终于掌握了游泳技巧后，她的很多时间是在水里度过的。就在她在格兰德岛度过的时光即将结束的时候，她感觉只有这种消遣方式才能给她带来真正愉悦的时刻，在这上面花再多的时间都不为过。当雷西小姐赶来抚着她的肩膀和她说话时，这个女人好像吐露出埋藏在她心底的想法，或者更恰当地说，是控制着她使她无法自拔的情感。

Robert's going had some way taken the brightness, the color, the meaning out of everything. The conditions of her life were in no way changed, but her whole existence was dulled, like a faded garment which seems to be no longer worth wearing. She sought him everywhere—in others whom she induced to talk about him. She went up in the mornings to Madame Lebrun's room, braving the clatter of the old sewing-machine. She sat there and chatted at intervals as Robert had done. She gazed around the room at the pictures and photographs hanging upon the wall, and discovered in some corner an old family album, which she examined with the keenest interest, appealing to Madame Lebrun for enlightenment concerning the many figures and faces which she discovered between its pages.

罗伯特的离开在某种程度上使一切都失去了光芒、色彩和意义。她的生活境况绝对没有改变，可整个生活本身变得单调乏味了，就像是一件褪了色的衣服，已经不再有穿的价值了。她到处寻找他的影子－－在她能够引得谈论他的其他人身上。她总在早上去勒布伦夫人的房间，甘心在那儿听着老缝纫机的咔哒声。她坐在那里，像罗伯特以前那样趁间歇跟勒布伦夫人聊聊天。她环顾房间四周，凝视着墙上挂着的图画和照片，在房间某个角落发现一个旧的家庭相册。她兴致极高地翻阅着相册，仔细看着相片上的人和脸孔，对于其中的很多还请勒布伦夫人给予

说明。

There was a picture of Madame Lebrun with Robert as a baby, seated in her lap, a round-faced infant with a fist in his mouth. The eyes alone in the baby suggested the man. And that was he also in kilts, at the age of five, wearing long curls and holding a whip in his hand. It made Edna laugh, and she laughed, too, at the portrait in his first long trousers; while another interested her, taken when he left for college, looking thin, long-faced, with eyes full of fire, ambition and great intentions. But there was no recent picture, none which suggested the Robert who had gone away five days ago, leaving a void and wilderness behind him.

有一张相片是勒布伦夫人抱着罗伯特照的：罗伯特还是个婴儿，坐在勒布伦夫人的腿上，长着圆圆的娃娃脸，嘴里还吮着小拳头。唯独从眼睛能看出是罗伯特。还有一张是他穿着苏格兰式褶裙照的，当时他五岁，留着长长的卷发，手里还拿着一条鞭子。这张照片使爱德娜笑了起来。还有一张让她发笑的是他第一次穿长裤时照的。另有一张让她感到有趣的是她要去上大学时照的，看上去有些瘦，细长的脸孔，一双闪亮的眼睛，充满雄心抱负的样子。可相册里没有罗伯特的近照，那个五天前走了的罗伯特，只留下了空虚和迷惘。

"Oh, Robert stopped having his pictures taken when he had to pay for them himself! He found wiser use for his money, he says," explained Madame Lebrun. She had a letter from him, written before he left New Orleans. Edna wished to see the letter, and Madame Lebrun told her to look for it either on the table or the dresser, or perhaps it was on the mantelpiece.

“哦，罗伯特到了得自己付钱照相的时候就不再照相了。他说钱应该花在更用得着的地方。”勒布伦夫人解释道。她收到了他的一封来信，这封信是他离开奥尔良之前写的。爱德娜想看看这封信，勒布伦夫人告诉她在桌子上或梳妆台上找一找，也有可能在壁炉架上。

The letter was on the bookshelf. It possessed the greatest interest and attraction for Edna; the envelope, its size and shape, the post-mark, the handwriting. She examined every detail of the outside before opening it. There were only a few lines, setting forth that he would leave the city that afternoon, that he had packed his trunk in good shape, that he was well, and sent her his love and begged to be affectionately remembered to all. There was no special message to Edna except a postscript saying that if Mrs. Pontellier desired to finish the book which he had been reading to her, his mother would find it in his room, among other books there on the table. Edna experienced a pang of jealousy because he had written to his mother rather than to her.

最后信在书架上找到了。这封信引起了爱德娜极大的兴趣：信封，

它的大小和形状、邮戳、笔迹对她来说都极具吸引力。她在打开信封之前仔细查看了信封的每一个细节。信里只有几行字，说他要在当天下午从奥尔良出发，他已经打好衣箱，他身体安好，向妈妈问安，并请妈妈代他向所有人问好。他没有什么特别的信儿捎给爱德娜，只在信末的附笔中说：假如蓬迪里埃夫人想要读完他一直念给她听的那本书，他妈妈要到他房间桌子上其他书中间找到它。因为他只给他妈妈写了信，而没写给她，爱德娜感到一阵嫉妒。

Every one seemed to take for granted that she missed him. Even her husband, when he came down the Saturday following Robert's departure, expressed regret that he had gone.

她想念他，这一点每个人都认为理所当然。就连她丈夫，在罗伯特走后的那个星期六回来的时候，也对他的离开表示遗憾。

"How do you get on without him, Edna?" he asked.

“没有他你可怎么办呀，爱德娜？”他问。

"It's very dull without him," she admitted. Mr. Pontellier had seen Robert in the city, and Edna asked him a dozen questions or more. Where had they met? On Carondelet Street, in the morning. They had gone "in" and had a drink and a cigar together. What had they talked about? Chiefly about his prospects in Mexico, which Mr. Pontellier thought were promising. How did he look? How did he seem—grave, or gay, or how? Quite cheerful, and wholly taken up with the idea of his trip, which Mr. Pontellier found altogether natural in a young fellow about to seek fortune and adventure in a strange, queer country.

“没有他一切都很乏味。”她承认道。蓬迪里埃先生曾在城里见过罗伯特，于是爱德娜便问了他很多问题。他们在哪儿见过呀？一大早在卡伦德莱街。他们还进了酒吧一起喝了杯酒抽了支烟。他们都聊了些什么呀？主要是他在墨西哥的前景，蓬迪里埃先生认为是很有前途的。他看上去怎么样呀？他心情怎么样——郁闷还是快乐，或是别的样子？哦，情绪很高，一心想着旅行的事。蓬迪里埃先生认为这对于一个即将到一个陌生奇特的国家去寻求财富和冒险的年轻人来说再自然不过了。

Edna tapped her foot impatiently, and wondered why the children persisted in playing in the sun when they might be under the trees. She went down and led them out of the sun, scolding the quadroon for not being more attentive.

爱德娜不耐烦地用脚轻轻敲击着地面，奇怪孩子们本可以在树下玩，怎么非得坚持在太阳底下玩。她走下去把孩子们从太阳底下领出来，并责备保姆不用心。

It did not strike her as in the least grotesque that she should be making of Robert the object of conversation and leading her husband

to speak of him. The sentiment which she entertained for Robert in no way resembled that which she felt for her husband, or had ever felt, or ever expected to feel. She had all her life long been accustomed to harbor thoughts and emotions which never voiced themselves. They had never taken the form of struggles. They belonged to her and were her own, and she entertained the conviction that she had a right to them and that they concerned no one but herself. Edna had once told Madame Ratignolle that she would never sacrifice herself for her children, or for any one. Then had followed a rather heated argument; the two women did not appear to understand each other or to be talking the same language. Edna tried to appease her friend, to explain.

她总是使罗伯特成为谈话的中心，甚至引得她丈夫来讲一讲他，对此她竟然一点儿也不觉得怪异。她心里对罗伯特所怀有的情感跟对她丈夫的感情不同，这种感情对她丈夫从来没有过，她也从未期望会有。她一生都习惯于把一些思想和情感埋藏在心里，而不表达出来。这些思想也从未在她内心斗争过。这些情感属于她，是她自己的，她认为她有权处理这些情感，它们除了跟她自己以外和任何人都没有关系。爱德娜曾经告诉过拉蒂诺尔夫人，她永远不会为了孩子，或者任何人牺牲自己。于是便引起了一场相当激烈的争论。这两位女子好像彼此不能理解对方，也没有共同语言。爱德娜想安抚一下她的朋友，就解释道：

"I would give up the unessential; I would give my money, I would give my life for my children; but I wouldn't give myself. I can't make it more clear; it's only something which I am beginning to comprehend, which is revealing itself to me."

“我愿意放弃一些不重要的东西，我愿意贡献金钱，甚至可以为孩子们牺牲我的生命，但绝不会牺牲我的自我。我不能说得更清楚，这也是我自己刚刚明白的东西，慢慢领会到的。”

"I don't know what you would call the essential, or what you mean by the unessential," said Madame Ratignolle, cheerfully; "but a woman who would give her life for her children could do no more than that—your Bible tells you so. I'm sure I couldn't do more than that."

“我不懂你所谓的重要的东西是什么，不重要的东西又是什么，”拉蒂诺尔夫人情绪高昂地说，“但是一个女人肯为自己的孩子牺牲生命，这可是最大的奉献了－－圣经就是这样告诉你的。我确信我自己做不了更多了。”

"Oh, yes you could!" laughed Edna.

“哦，不是，你能的！”爱德娜笑道。

She was not surprised at Mademoiselle Reisz's question the morning that lady, following her to the beach, tapped her on the

shoulder and asked if she did not greatly miss her young friend.

那天早上雷西小姐跟着她走下海滩，拍着她的肩膀问她是不是很想她年轻的朋友的时候，她并不感到吃惊。

"Oh, good morning, Mademoiselle; is it you? Why, of course I miss Robert. Are you going down to bathe?"

“哦，早上好，雷西小姐。是你呀？啊，我当然想罗伯特啦。你要下去游泳吗？”

"Why should I go down to bathe at the very end of the season when I haven't been in the surf all summer," replied the woman, disagreeably.

“我一夏天都没到海里去冲冲，怎么又会在季节末下去游泳呢？”这个女人令人不愉快地回答道。

"I beg your pardon," offered Edna, in some embarrassment, for she should have remembered that Mademoiselle Reisz's avoidance of the water had furnished a theme for much pleasantry. Some among them thought it was on account of her false hair, or the dread of getting the violets wet, while others attributed it to the natural aversion for water sometimes believed to accompany the artistic temperament. Mademoiselle offered Edna some chocolates in a paper bag, which she took from her pocket, by way of showing that she bore no ill feeling. She habitually ate chocolates for their sustaining quality; they contained much nutriment in small compass, she said. They saved her from starvation, as Madame Lebrun's table was utterly impossible; and no one save so impertinent a woman as Madame Lebrun could think of offering such food to people and requiring them to pay for it.

“请原谅。”爱德娜有些尴尬地说，她本该记得雷西小姐总是逃避下水，这常被别人作为笑料来讲。有些人认为这是因为她的假发，或者是因为怕弄湿了她头上的假紫罗兰花。还有些人则认为这是由于她天生对水厌恶，这种厌恶感有时是伴随着艺术气质而来的。雷西小姐从兜里的纸包里拿出一些巧克力递给爱德娜吃，以此表示她没生气。她习惯吃巧克力来维持体力，她说这些小块里含有丰富的营养。巧克力能帮她抵御饥饿，因为勒布伦夫人提供的伙食绝不可能让她不饿。勒布伦夫人真是无耻地无药可救了，给别人提供这样的食物还让别人付钱。

"She must feel very lonely without her son," said Edna, desiring to change the subject. "Her favorite son, too. It must have been quite hard to let him go."

“没有儿子在身边她一定会感到非常孤单。”爱德娜说，很想换个话题。“那可是她最喜欢的儿子。让他离开一定很不好受。”

Mademoiselle laughed maliciously.

雷西小姐不怀好意地笑了起来。

"Her favorite son! Oh, dear! Who could have been imposing such a tale upon you? Aline Lebrun lives for Victor, and for Victor alone. She has spoiled him into the worthless creature he is. She worships him and the ground he walks on. Robert is very well in a way, to give up all the money he can earn to the family, and keep the barest pittance for himself. Favorite son, indeed! I miss the poor fellow myself, my dear. I liked to see him and to hear him about the place the only Lebrun who is worth a pinch of salt. He comes to see me often in the city. I like to play to him. That Victor! hanging would be too good for him. It's a wonder Robert hasn't beaten him to death long ago."

“她最喜欢的儿子！哦，天哪！谁拿这样一套假话敷衍你？阿林·勒布伦是为维克托活着的，只为他一个人。她已经把他宠成一文不值的家伙了。她喜欢他和他的任何举动。从某种程度上说，罗伯特还是很好的，他把能赚来的钱都给了家里，留给自己的是维持最低生活水平的少量费用。最喜爱的儿子，真是！我本人都很想这个可怜的小伙子。我喜欢看见他，听见他在这里出出进进－－他是勒布伦家唯一值得一提的人。在城里时他经常来看我。我喜欢弹奏给他听。而那个维克托！绞死他都不为过。真奇怪罗伯特怎么没早点打死他。”

"I thought he had great patience with his brother," offered Edna, glad to be talking about Robert, no matter what was said.

“我认为他对他弟弟很有耐心。”爱德娜说，她很愿意说说罗伯特，无论说什么都行。

"Oh! he thrashed him well enough a year or two ago," said Mademoiselle. "It was about a Spanish girl, whom Victor considered that he had some sort of claim upon. He met Robert one day talking to the girl, or walking with her, or bathing with her, or carrying her basket—I don't remember what;—and he became so insulting and abusive that Robert gave him a thrashing on the spot that has kept him comparatively in order for a good while. It's about time he was getting another."

“哦！一两年前他曾经狠狠地打过他一次。”雷西小姐说。那是因为一个西班牙小女孩，维克托认为自己对她有某种特权。有一天他碰见罗伯特和那个小女孩说话，或是散步，或是游泳，或是帮她拿篮子什么的－－我也记不清了－－维克托变得很粗鲁，竟然骂了起来，于是罗伯特当场就打了他一顿，使他相对老实了一段时间。我看现在是时候他再挨一顿打了。

"Was her name Mariequita?" asked Edna.

“她的名字叫玛丽吉塔吗？”爱德娜问。

"Mariequita—yes, that was it; Mariequita. I had forgotten. Oh, she's a sly one, and a bad one, that Mariequita!"

“玛丽吉塔－－对，就是这个名字，玛丽吉塔。我还真给忘了。哦。她是个狡猾的女孩，一个坏女孩，那个玛丽吉塔！”

Edna looked down at Mademoiselle Reisz and wondered how she could have listened to her venom so long. For some reason she felt depressed, almost unhappy. She had not intended to go into the water; but she donned her bathing suit, and left Mademoiselle alone, seated under the shade of the children's tent. The water was growing cooler as the season advanced. Edna plunged and swam about with an abandon that thrilled and invigorated her. She remained a long time in the water, half hoping that Mademoiselle Reisz would not wait for her.

爱德娜低头看了雷西小姐一眼，奇怪自己怎么能这么长时间听她在这里口吐恶语呢。因为某种原因，她感到很压抑，几乎是不高兴。她本没打算下水游泳，可她还是穿上了泳装，留下雷西小姐一个人在那里，坐在孩子们的帐篷的阴凉处。随着季节的过去，海水逐渐变凉了。爱德娜投入水里，尽情地四处游着，感到无比兴奋与欢畅。她在水里呆了很久，一半是希望雷西小姐不再等她了。

But Mademoiselle waited. She was very amiable during the walk back, and raved much over Edna's appearance in her bathing suit. She talked about music. She hoped that Edna would go to see her in the city, and wrote her address with the stub of a pencil on a piece of card which she found in her pocket.

可雷西小姐还是在等着她。回去的路上她很亲切，极力赞扬爱德娜穿着泳装的样子。她还讲到了音乐。她希望爱德娜回城时去看她，并从兜里找到一张卡片用铅笔头在上面写下了她的地址。

"When do you leave?" asked Edna.

“你什么时候走？”爱德娜问道。

"Next Monday; and you?"

“下个周一，你呢？”

"The following week," answered Edna, adding, "It has been a pleasant summer, hasn't it, Mademoiselle?"

“再下周。”爱德娜回答，又加上一句，“这是个愉快的夏天，不是吗，雷西小姐？”

"Well," agreed Mademoiselle Reisz, with a shrug, "rather pleasant, if it hadn't been for the mosquitoes and the Farival twins."

“是的，”雷西小姐耸耸肩赞同道，“还算愉快，如果没有蚊子和法里瓦尔家的双胞胎会更好些。”

XVII

第十七章

The Pontelliers possessed a very charming home on Esplanade Street in New Orleans. It was a large, double cottage, with a broad front veranda, whose round, fluted columns supported the sloping roof. The house was painted a dazzling white; the outside shutters, or jalousies, were green. In the yard, which was kept scrupulously neat, were flowers and plants of every description which flourishes in South Louisiana. Within doors the appointments were perfect after the conventional type. The softest carpets and rugs covered the floors; rich and tasteful draperies hung at doors and windows. There were paintings, selected with judgment and discrimination, upon the walls. The cut glass, the silver, the heavy damask which daily appeared upon the table were the envy of many women whose husbands were less generous than Mr. Pontellier.

蓬迪里埃夫妇在新奥尔良埃斯普拉内德街拥有一栋非常漂亮的宅子。这是座宽敞的双层别墅，前面有一个宽大的阳台，刻着凹槽的圆柱子支撑着倾斜的屋顶。房子被漆得白得耀眼，外面的百叶窗或叫遮阳窗是绿色的。院子被精心收拾得干净整洁，里面种着各种各样的花草植物，都是在路易斯安那州南部茂密生长的植物。屋内的陈设按照传统的方式布置得很完美。地板上铺着极为柔软的大小地毯，门窗上都挂着华丽而高雅的帷幔。墙上挂有经过赏析鉴别之后精挑细选出来的图画。雕花玻璃器皿，银器和平日铺在桌子上的厚锦缎台布更让许多女士羡慕不已，她们的丈夫不像蓬迪里埃先生那么慷慨。

Mr. Pontellier was very fond of walking about his house examining its various appointments and details, to see that nothing was amiss. He greatly valued his possessions, chiefly because they were his, and derived genuine pleasure from contemplating a painting, a statuette, a rare lace curtain—no matter what—after he had bought it and placed it among his household gods.

蓬迪里埃先生很喜欢在房子里四处转转，仔细查看各种陈设和配备，看看是否有什么缺少的地方。他很看重他拥有的这些东西，主要是因为这些东西属于他。他买回东西后总是放在其它家居用品旁一起欣赏，从中感受真正的快乐，无论是一幅画、一个小雕塑、一块珍贵的花边窗帘，或者别的什么。

On Tuesday afternoons—Tuesday being Mrs. Pontellier's reception day—there was a constant stream of callers—women who came in carriages or in the street cars, or walked when the air was soft and distance permitted. A light-colored mulatto boy, in dress coat and

bearing a diminutive silver tray for the reception of cards, admitted them. A maid, in white fluted cap, offered the callers liqueur, coffee, or chocolate, as they might desire. Mrs. Pontellier, attired in a handsome reception gown, remained in the drawing-room the entire afternoon receiving her visitors. Men sometimes called in the evening with their wives.

每个星期二的下午－－星期二是蓬迪里埃夫人接待客人的日子－－总是客流不断－－夫人们有的乘马车来，有的乘街车来，如果空气好，距离近的话有的也走着来。一个肤色较浅的混血侍童，身穿制服，手捧装名片的小银盘，在门口接待他们。一个侍女，头戴白色褶边帽子，根据客人的喜好，端来烈酒、咖啡或巧克力饮料。蓬迪里埃夫人身穿漂亮的待客长裙，整个下午都在客厅里招待她的客人。男客人有时也在晚上带着妻子来拜访。

This had been the programme which Mrs. Pontellier had religiously followed since her marriage, six years before. Certain evenings during the week she and her husband attended the opera or sometimes the play.

从六年前她结婚以来，蓬迪里埃夫人一直虔诚地遵照这种安排。一周中有些晚上，她和她的丈夫会去看歌剧，有时是话剧。

Mr. Pontellier left his home in the mornings between nine and ten o'clock, and rarely returned before half-past six or seven in the evening—dinner being served at half-past seven.

蓬迪里埃先生每天上午九点到十点之间离开家，很少会在晚上六点半或七点之前回来——晚餐七点半开始。

He and his wife seated themselves at table one Tuesday evening, a few weeks after their return from Grand Isle. They were alone together. The boys were being put to bed; the patter of their bare, escaping feet could be heard occasionally, as well as the pursuing voice of the quadroon, lifted in mild protest and entreaty. Mrs. Pontellier did not wear her usual Tuesday reception gown; she was in ordinary house dress. Mr. Pontellier, who was observant about such things, noticed it, as he served the soup and handed it to the boy in waiting.

他们从格兰德岛回来几周后，一个周二的晚上，他和他的妻子坐在餐桌旁。只有他们俩独自坐在那里。孩子们被送上床睡觉去了。他们时不时地能听到孩子们光着小脚丫逃跑的啪嗒声和混血保姆追赶他们时发出的温和的抗议和恳求的声音。蓬迪里埃夫人没穿每逢周二待客时常穿的长裙，只穿了普通的家居服。对于此类事情，蓬迪里埃先生是很有观察力的。他盛完汤又把汤碗递回去给侍童的时候就注意到了。

"Tired out, Edna? Whom did you have? Many callers?" he asked. He tasted his soup and began to season it with pepper, salt, vinegar,

mustard—everything within reach.

“你累了吗，爱德娜？你招待哪些人了？很多客人吗？”他问。他品尝了汤，开始往汤里撒胡椒粉、盐、醋、芥末等伸手够得着的各种调味品。

"There were a good many," replied Edna, who was eating her soup with evident satisfaction. "I found their cards when I got home; I was out."

“很多客人。”爱德娜边喝汤边回答，显然很满意。“我到家后看了他们的名片。我出去了。”

"Out!" exclaimed her husband, with something like genuine consternation in his voice as he laid down the vinegar cruet and looked at her through his glasses. "Why, what could have taken you out on Tuesday? What did you have to do?"

“出去了！”她丈夫吃惊地叫道，从他的声音中能听出他真的很惊讶。他放下醋瓶，透过眼镜盯着她。“哎，你有什么事非要周二出去办呢？有什么事你非得去办呢？”

"Nothing. I simply felt like going out, and I went out."

“没什么事。我只是觉得想出去走走，所以就出去了。”

"Well, I hope you left some suitable excuse," said her husband, somewhat appeased, as he added a dash of cayenne pepper to the soup.

“哦，我希望你临走时留了话，留下了合理的理由。”她丈夫说道，算是平静了下来。他在汤里又加了一点胡椒粉。

"No, I left no excuse. I told Joe to say I was out, that was all."

“不，我没留话。我只告诉乔我出去，就这些。”

"Why, my dear, I should think you'd understand by this time that people don't do such things; we've got to observe les convenances if we ever expect to get on and keep up with the procession. If you felt that you had to leave home this afternoon, you should have left some suitable explanation for your absence.

“哦，亲爱的，我本以为到现在你该明白，人们是不会这样做的。如果我们希望能跟上别人的步子，我们必须得遵守礼节。假如你认为你今天下午不得不出门的话，你应该留话对此作出合适的解释呀。”

"This soup is really impossible; it's strange that woman hasn't learned yet to make a decent soup. Any free-lunch stand in town serves a better one. Was Mrs. Belthrop here?”

“这汤简直不堪入口。真是奇怪了，那个女人怎么到现在也没学会做一碗像样的汤。城里任何一家便餐摊提供的汤都比这个汤好。贝尔泰罗

普夫人来了吗？”

"Bring the tray with the cards, Joe. I don't remember who was here."

“乔，把装名片的银盘拿过来。我记不得都有谁来过了。”

The boy retired and returned after a moment, bringing the tiny silver tray, which was covered with ladies' visiting cards. He handed it to Mrs. Pontellier.

侍童退了下去，过了一会儿，就拿着那个小银盘回来了，上面放着来访的夫人们的名片。他把银盘递给了蓬迪里埃夫人。

"Give it to Mr. Pontellier," she said.

“把它给蓬迪里埃先生送过去。”她说。

Joe offered the tray to Mr. Pontellier, and removed the soup.

乔把银盘端给了蓬迪里埃先生，撤下了汤。

Mr. Pontellier scanned the names of his wife's callers, reading some of them aloud, with comments as he read.

蓬迪里埃先生查看了他妻子的来客的名字，有些名字还大声读出来并加以评论：

“'The Misses Delasidas.' I worked a big deal in futures for their father this morning; nice girls; it's time they were getting married. 'Mrs. Belthrop.' I tell you what it is, Edna; you can't afford to snub Mrs. Belthrop. Why, Belthrop could buy and sell us ten times over. His business is worth a good, round sum to me. You'd better write her a note. 'Mrs. James Highcamp.' Hugh! the less you have to do with Mrs. Highcamp, the better. 'Madame Laforce.' Came all the way from Carrolton, too, poor old soul. 'Miss Wiggs,' 'Mrs. Eleanor Boltons.'" He pushed the cards aside.

“‘法拉西达家的姑娘们’。我今天上午还和她们的父亲做了一大笔期货交易，都是些好女孩，都到了谈婚论嫁的年龄。‘贝尔泰罗普夫人。’我告诉你是怎么回事吧，爱德娜，对她你可怠慢不得。哦，像我们这样的商行，贝尔泰罗普先生能买卖十家都不止。他的生意对我可是一笔相当的金额。你最好能写一个便条给她解释一下。‘詹姆斯·海坎普夫人。’嘘！跟海坎普夫人你越少打交道越好。‘拉福斯太太’。也大老远的从卡罗尔顿赶来，哦，可怜的老太太。‘威格斯小姐’，‘埃利诺·博尔顿斯夫人’。”他把名片推到了一边。

"Mercy!" exclaimed Edna, who had been fuming. "Why are you taking the thing so seriously and making such a fuss over it?"

“我的天啊！”爱德娜怒气冲天地叫道。“你为什么把这事看得这么严重，整得这么大惊小怪的呢？”

"I'm not making any fuss over it. But it's just such seeming trifles that we've got to take seriously; such things count."

“我并没有大惊小怪。可正是这些看上去小得不足挂齿的事我们得当回事，这类事情才重要呢。”

The fish was scorched. Mr. Pontellier would not touch it. Edna said she did not mind a little scorched taste. The roast was in some way not to his fancy, and he did not like the manner in which the vegetables were served.

鱼被烧焦了。蓬迪里埃先生一点也不想碰它。爱德娜说她不介意有点儿烧焦的味道。烤肉也有些不合他的口味，蔬菜的做法他也不喜欢。

"It seems to me," he said, "we spend money enough in this house to procure at least one meal a day which a man could eat and retain his self-respect.”

“我想，”他说，“我们家花了够多的钱，应该能让一个人起码一天吃一顿可以下咽的顾及他的尊严的饭吧。”

"You used to think the cook was a treasure," returned Edna, indifferently.

“你过去常认为这个厨子很难得的。”爱德娜冷冷地反驳了他。

"Perhaps she was when she first came; but cooks are only human. They need looking after, like any other class of persons that you employ. Suppose I didn't look after the clerks in my office, just let them run things their own way; they'd soon make a nice mess of me and my business."

“也许她刚来的时候是那样，可是厨子终究是人。她也需要照管，就像你雇佣的其他那帮人一样。如果我对办公室的职员不去照管，就让他们随意处理我的生意，那么他们很快就会把我和我的生意弄得一团糟。

"Where are you going?" asked Edna, seeing that her husband arose from table without having eaten a morsel except a taste of the highly-seasoned soup.

“你要去哪里？”爱德娜问道，她看到她的丈夫除了尝了一口调料加得很浓的汤外什么也没吃就起身离开了餐桌。

"I'm going to get my dinner at the club. Good night." He went into the hall, took his hat and stick from the stand, and left the house.

“我打算到俱乐部去吃晚餐。晚安吧。”他进了大厅，从架子上取下帽子和手杖便离开了家。

She was somewhat familiar with such scenes. They had often made her very unhappy. On a few previous occasions she had been completely deprived of any desire to finish her dinner. Sometimes she

had gone into the kitchen to administer a tardy rebuke to the cook. Once she went to her room and studied the cookbook during an entire evening, finally writing out a menu for the week, which left her harassed with a feeling that, after all, she had accomplished no good that was worth the name.

这种场面对她而言可以说是很熟悉的。这也常让她感到非常不愉快。以前有几次这样的场合，她完全没有胃口把晚饭吃完了。有时候她会去厨房勉强地责骂一顿厨子。曾经有一次她回到自己的房间，一晚上都在研究烹调书，最后写出了一周的菜谱，可是这还是使她很烦恼，因为她感觉这其实一点儿实际的用处也没有。

But that evening Edna finished her dinner alone, with forced deliberation. Her face was flushed and her eyes flamed with some inward fire that lighted them. After finishing her dinner she went to her room, having instructed the boy to tell any other callers that she was indisposed.

但那天晚上，她强迫自己独自从容地吃完了晚饭。她脸泛红，内心的火焰使她两眼发光。晚饭后她回了自己的房间，指示侍童告任何其他的客人她身体不适。

It was a large, beautiful room, rich and picturesque in the soft, dim light which the maid had turned low. She went and stood at an open window and looked out upon the deep tangle of the garden below. All the mystery and witchery of the night seemed to have gathered there amid the perfumes and the dusky and tortuous outlines of flowers and foliage. She was seeking herself and finding herself in just such sweet, half-darkness which met her moods. But the voices were not soothing that came to her from the darkness and the sky above and the stars. They jeered and sounded mournful notes without promise, devoid even of hope. She turned back into the room and began to walk to and fro down its whole length, without stopping, without resting. She carried in her hands a thin handkerchief, which she tore into ribbons, rolled into a ball, and flung from her. Once she stopped, and taking off her wedding ring, flung it upon the carpet. When she saw it lying there, she stamped her heel upon it, striving to crush it. But her small boot heel did not make an indenture, not a mark upon the little glittering circlet.

这是一间又大又漂亮的房间，富丽而又别致。女仆已经把灯光调低，房间显得格外暗淡柔和。她过去站在一个开着的窗户旁边，看着下面枝繁叶茂的幽暗花园。所有黑夜的神秘与魅力似乎都聚集在那儿，在芳香中，在鲜花和绿叶的昏暗曲折的轮廓之间。在这样一个符合她情绪的甜蜜的半明半暗的夜幕中，她在寻找并发现了自己。可是，从黑暗，从头顶的天空，从星辰传来的声音并未给她带来些许安慰。它们只有嘲弄和悲戚的调子，没有给予任何允诺，毫无希望。她转身回到自己房

间，开始在整个房间无休止地来回走动。她手里拿着一条薄手绢，把它撕成彩条，揉成一团，又扔了出去。她停了一下，摘下手指上的婚戒，扔在地毯上。她看见戒指在地上，就用脚跟去踩它，拼命要碾碎它。可她那小小的鞋后跟没能给它造成任何损伤，这个小东西依旧闪闪发光，一点损坏的痕迹也没有。

In a sweeping passion she seized a glass vase from the table and flung it upon the tiles of the hearth. She wanted to destroy something. The crash and clatter were what she wanted to hear.

一阵强烈的冲动袭遍她的全身，她从桌子上抓起一个玻璃花瓶，向火炉的砖面扔过去。她想毁灭什么东西。嘭隆哗啦的声音正是她想听到的。

A maid, alarmed at the din of breaking glass, entered the room to discover what was the matter.

女仆听见玻璃破碎的声音吓了一跳，进屋来看看发生什么事了。

"A vase fell upon the hearth," said Edna. "Never mind; leave it till morning."

“一个花瓶倒在炉台上了。”爱德娜说。“不要紧，留到明早再收拾吧。”

"Oh! you might get some of the glass in your feet, ma'am," insisted the young woman, picking up bits of the broken vase that were scattered upon the carpet. "And here's your ring, ma'am, under the chair."

“哦！你会踩到玻璃碎片伤了脚的，夫人。”这个年轻女仆坚持说，边说边捡起散在地毯上的花瓶碎片。“哎呀，这是你的戒指，在椅子下面，夫人。”

Edna held out her hand, and taking the ring, slipped it upon her finger.

爱德娜伸手拿过戒指，把它套在手上。

XVIII

第十八章

The following morning Mr. Pontellier, upon leaving for his office, asked Edna if she would not meet him in town in order to look at some new fixtures for the library.

第二天早上，蓬迪里埃先生在离开家去办公室前问爱德娜能否在城里见面，为书房挑选些新的摆设。

"I hardly think we need new fixtures, Leonce. Don't let us get anything new; you are too extravagant. I don't believe you ever think of saving or putting by."

“我并不认为我们需要新的摆设，莱翁斯。我们不要再添置新的东西了，你太奢侈了。我觉得你从不想着攒钱。”

"The way to become rich is to make money, my dear Edna, not to save it," he said. He regretted that she did not feel inclined to go with him and select new fixtures. He kissed her good-by, and told her she was not looking well and must take care of herself. She was unusually pale and very quiet.

“爱德娜，亲爱的，致富是要靠挣钱，不是靠攒钱。”他说。他非常遗憾她不愿意跟他去挑选新摆设。他跟她吻别，告诉她她脸色不好，得照顾好自己。她脸色异常苍白，不愿意讲话。

She stood on the front veranda as he quitted the house, and absently picked a few sprays of jessamine that grew upon a trellis near by. She inhaled the odor of the blossoms and thrust them into the bosom of her white morning gown. The boys were dragging along the banquette a small "express wagon," which they had filled with blocks and sticks. The quadroon was following them with little quick steps, having assumed a fictitious animation and alacrity for the occasion. A fruit vender was crying his wares in the street.

他离家之后，她站在前面的阳台上，心不在焉地从附近的花架上摘下几枝茉莉花。她深深地嗅了嗅花朵的香味，接着把花儿塞进她的白色晨衣的胸口里。孩子们正顺着坡道拖着他们装满小木块和小木棍的一个小“快速马车”。那个混血保姆迈着快速的小碎步跟在他们身后，装出很不自然的乐意和快活的样子来应付这种场合。一个水果小贩正在街上叫卖着他的货物。

Edna looked straight before her with a self-absorbed expression upon her face. She felt no interest in anything about her. The street, the children, the fruit vender, the flowers growing there under her

eyes, were all part and parcel of an alien world which had suddenly become antagonistic.

爱德娜直直地看着前方，脸上带着沉湎于自我的神色。她对周围的一切都毫无兴趣。街道，孩子们，水果贩，在她眼下生长着的花朵，这一切的一切都好像属于一个忽然间充满敌意的陌生世界。

She went back into the house. She had thought of speaking to the cook concerning her blunders of the previous night; but Mr. Pontellier had saved her that disagreeable mission, for which she was so poorly fitted. Mr. Pontellier's arguments were usually convincing with those whom he employed. He left home feeling quite sure that he and Edna would sit down that evening, and possibly a few subsequent evenings, to a dinner deserving of the name.

她回到屋里去了。她本考虑要找厨子谈谈她前一天晚上犯的错误，可蓬迪里埃先生替她省去了这份不愉快的任务，而她也太不适合做这个了。蓬迪里埃先生的说教通常对他所雇用的人都是很有说服力的。他离开家时确信当天晚上，或许之后连续几个晚上，他和爱德娜都能坐下享受一顿名副其实的像样晚餐。

Edna spent an hour or two in looking over some of her old sketches. She could see their shortcomings and defects, which were glaring in her eyes. She tried to work a little, but found she was not in the humor. Finally she gathered together a few of the sketches—those which she considered the least discreditable; and she carried them with her when, a little later, she dressed and left the house. She looked handsome and distinguished in her street gown. The tan of the seashore had left her face, and her forehead was smooth, white, and polished beneath her heavy, yellow-brown hair. There were a few freckles on her face, and a small, dark mole near the under lip and one on the temple, half-hidden in her hair.

爱德娜花了一两个小时的时间把以前画的旧画拿出来翻看了一遍。她能够看出它们的缺点和不足，在她眼中是如此明显灼目。她努力想再画点什么，却发现实在没情绪。最后她挑了几张画－－这几张画她认为最不让她丢脸了。过了一会儿，她穿着打扮了一下，拿着画出门了。她穿着上街的衣服看上去漂亮又贵气。在海滩上晒黑了的面庞又恢复了以往的白皙，在浓密的棕黄色头发下的额头格外光洁润白。她的脸上有几个雀斑，下唇附近有一颗小黑痣，太阳穴上也有一颗，若隐若现地藏在头发里。

As Edna walked along the street she was thinking of Robert. She was still under the spell of her infatuation. She had tried to forget him, realizing the inutility of remembering. But the thought of him was like an obsession, ever pressing itself upon her. It was not that she dwelt upon details of their acquaintance, or recalled in any special or peculiar way his personality; it was his being, his existence, which

dominated her thought, fading sometimes as if it would melt into the mist of the forgotten, reviving again with an intensity which filled her with an incomprehensible longing.

爱德娜在街上走着的时候，心里想着罗伯特。她仍旧处于对他的迷恋当中。她曾力争忘掉他，也意识到想他是无益的。可是这种想念压在她的心头，摆脱不掉。这并非她总是回想他们交往的细节，或是回忆起他品格上某些特殊或独到的地方，而是罗伯特本人，他的存在占据了她的思想的。有时它会消退，像是在记忆的迷雾中消逝，可一旦重来，就会变得更加强烈，更使她充满了一种难以理解的渴望之情。

Edna was on her way to Madame Ratignolle's. Their intimacy, begun at Grand Isle, had not declined, and they had seen each other with some frequency since their return to the city. The Ratignolles lived at no great distance from Edna's home, on the corner of a side street, where Monsieur Ratignolle owned and conducted a drug store which enjoyed a steady and prosperous trade. His father had been in the business before him, and Monsieur Ratignolle stood well in the community and bore an enviable reputation for integrity and clearheadedness. His family lived in commodious apartments over the store, having an entrance on the side within the porte cochere. There was something which Edna thought very French, very foreign, about their whole manner of living. In the large and pleasant salon which extended across the width of the house, the Ratignolles entertained their friends once a fortnight with a soiree musicale, sometimes diversified by card-playing. There was a friend who played upon the 'cello. One brought his flute and another his violin, while there were some who sang and a number who performed upon the piano with various degrees of taste and agility. The Ratignolles' soirees musicales were widely known, and it was considered a privilege to be invited to them.

爱德娜此时在去往拉蒂诺尔夫人家的路上。她们的亲密交往自从在格兰德岛开始以后并未冷淡，回城后彼此见面非常频繁。拉蒂诺尔家离爱德娜家不远，在一条侧街的拐角。拉蒂诺尔先生在那里经营着一家属于自己的药房，生意做得稳固又兴隆。在他之前，他的父亲也曾做这个生意。拉蒂诺尔先生在这一带是很站得住脚的，而且因为人品好与头脑精明而赢得令人羡慕的声誉。他家住在药房楼上的宽敞公寓里，大门开在侧面，在马车的入口处。爱德娜感觉他们的整个生活方式里有一种很法国化、异国情调的东西。拉蒂诺尔夫妇在他家那大而舒服的，有整个房子那么宽的客厅里，每两个星期举办一次音乐晚会来招待他们的朋友，有时还换个花样，打打纸牌。还有一个朋友演奏大提琴呢。还有一个带来长笛，另一个带来小提琴；有一些人唱歌，还有一些人则以不同程度的品味与技艺弹奏钢琴。拉蒂诺尔家的音乐晚会闻名遐迩，能受邀来参加的人都倍感荣幸。

Edna found her friend engaged in assorting the clothes which had

returned that morning from the laundry. She at once abandoned her occupation upon seeing Edna, who had been ushered without ceremony into her presence.

爱德娜发现她的朋友正忙着整理那天早上从洗衣店拿回来的衣服。她一见到并没有客套就被仆人直接带进来的爱德娜，便马上放下了手中的活。

“'Cite can do it as well as I; it is really her business," she explained to Edna, who apologized for interrupting her. And she summoned a young black woman, whom she instructed, in French, to be very careful in checking off the list which she handed her. She told her to notice particularly if a fine linen handkerchief of Monsieur Ratignolle's, which was missing last week, had been returned; and to be sure to set to one side such pieces as required mending and darning.

“这事西蒂也一样能做好，这原本就是她的活。”拉蒂诺尔夫人见爱德娜因为打扰而表示歉意便解释说。然后她叫来一个年轻的黑人妇女，递给她一张清单，并用法语指示她按照单子仔细核对。她告诉她要特别注意有一条上周丢失的细麻手绢这次是不是送回来了，另外还要确保把需要修整和织补的东西放到一边。

Then placing an arm around Edna's waist, she led her to the front of the house, to the salon, where it was cool and sweet with the odor of great roses that stood upon the hearth in jars.

接着她搂着爱德娜的腰把她带到屋子前面，走进客厅。那里很凉快，炉台上花瓶里的大朵玫瑰花散发出阵阵芳香。

Madame Ratignolle looked more beautiful than ever there at home, in a neglige which left her arms almost wholly bare and exposed the rich, melting curves of her white throat.

拉蒂诺尔夫人在家穿着长长的家居服，双臂几乎全部裸露着，并且袒露着她白皙的丰腴动人的颈部曲线，使她看上去更加漂亮。

"Perhaps I shall be able to paint your picture some day," said Edna with a smile when they were seated. She produced the roll of sketches and started to unfold them. "I believe I ought to work again. I feel as if I wanted to be doing something. What do you think of them? Do you think it worth while to take it up again and study some more? I might study for a while with Laidpore."

“或许有一天我能为你画一张像。”她们坐下后爱德娜笑着说。她拿出那卷画，开始把它们展开。“我认为我应该再干点什么。我感觉好像我需要做点什么。你觉得呢？你认为我是不是应该再重新开始画画，再多学一点呢？我可以跟雷德浦尔学一段时间。

She knew that Madame Ratignolle's opinion in such a matter

would be next to valueless, that she herself had not alone decided, but determined; but she sought the words of praise and encouragement that would help her to put heart into her venture.

她知道拉蒂诺尔夫人在这样的事上的意见几乎毫无价值，而她自己非但已经做出了决定，而且决心坚定，但是她还是想寻求一些能激励她去做的赞美和鼓励的话。

"Your talent is immense, dear!"

“你极有天赋，亲爱的！”

"Nonsense!" protested Edna, well pleased.

“胡说！”爱德娜嘴里抗议着，心里却很高兴。

"Immense, I tell you," persisted Madame Ratignolle, surveying the sketches one by one, at close range, then holding them at arm's length, narrowing her eyes, and dropping her head on one side. "Surely, this Bavarian peasant is worthy of framing; and this basket of apples! never have I seen anything more lifelike. One might almost be tempted to reach out a hand and take one."

“确实很有天赋，我跟你说。”拉蒂诺尔夫人坚持说。她挨张审视这些画，时而放在跟前，时而伸长胳膊远观，时而眯着眼睛，侧起头仔细欣赏。“真的，这张巴伐利亚农民的画值得装上框裱起来，还有这篮子苹果！我从没见过画得这么逼真的。简直让人禁不住伸手去拿一个。

Edna could not control a feeling which bordered upon complacency at her friend's praise, even realizing, as she did, its true worth. She retained a few of the sketches, and gave all the rest to Madame Ratignolle, who appreciated the gift far beyond its value and proudly exhibited the pictures to her husband when he came up from the store a little later for his midday dinner.

尽管意识到－－其实她一直都明白自己的画的真正价值，但是听了她的朋友的赞美之词，她还是控制不住那种几乎是得意的感觉。她只留下几张画，把其余的都给了拉蒂诺尔夫人。她对这个礼物的赏识远远超出了它的价值，当她丈夫过了一会儿从店里上来吃午饭的时候，她便自豪地把这些画展示给他看。

Mr. Ratignolle was one of those men who are called the salt of the earth. His cheerfulness was unbounded, and it was matched by his goodness of heart, his broad charity, and common sense. He and his wife spoke English with an accent which was only discernible through its un-English emphasis and a certain carefulness and deliberation. Edna's husband spoke English with no accent whatever. The Ratignolles understood each other perfectly. If ever the fusion of two human beings into one has been accomplished on this sphere it was surely in their union.

拉蒂诺尔先生一直是人们所谓的社会中坚力量。他有着极为愉快的心态，又加之内心善良，古道热肠，通情达理。他和他的妻子说英语都带着不太重的口音，只能从他们非英语的语调和有些小心谨慎的发音中能听得出来。爱德娜的丈夫说英语是一点都不带口音的。不过，拉蒂诺尔夫妻彼此之间完全能听明白。如果这个地球上有哪两个人能完美地融合成一体，那就非他们俩莫属了。

As Edna seated herself at table with them she thought, "Better a dinner of herbs," though it did not take her long to discover that it was no dinner of herbs, but a delicious repast, simple, choice, and in every way satisfying.

当爱德娜和他们一起坐在餐桌边上时，她想这顿饭吃素更好些。可她很快便发现这并不是一顿素餐，而是美味的一餐，既简单又精美，各个方面都令人满意。

Monsieur Ratignolle was delighted to see her, though he found her looking not so well as at Grand Isle, and he advised a tonic. He talked a good deal on various topics, a little politics, some city news and neighborhood gossip. He spoke with an animation and earnestness that gave an exaggerated importance to every syllable he uttered. His wife was keenly interested in everything he said, laying down her fork the better to listen, chiming in, taking the words out of his mouth.

拉蒂诺尔先生见到她很高兴，尽管他发现她看上去没有在格兰德岛上的时候那么气色好。他劝她喝点补品。他谈了很多，话题广泛，说了点政治话题，还有些城里的消息和街头闲话。他讲得既快活又热情，好像对他说出的每个字都夸大了它的重要性。他的妻子对他讲的一切都表现出极大的兴趣。她放下叉子更用心地听，有时插一两句话，有时不等他把话说完就接了过去。

Edna felt depressed rather than soothed after leaving them. The little glimpse of domestic harmony which had been offered her, gave her no regret, no longing. It was not a condition of life which fitted her, and she could see in it but an appalling and hopeless ennui. She was moved by a kind of commiseration for Madame Ratignolle,—a pity for that colorless existence which never uplifted its possessor beyond the region of blind contentment, in which no moment of anguish ever visited her soul, in which she would never have the taste of life's delirium. Edna vaguely wondered what she meant by "life's delirium." It had crossed her thought like some unsought, extraneous impression.

离开他们后，爱德娜非但没感到宽慰，倒更觉得沮丧了。对这家庭和睦的一瞥没有让她感觉遗憾，也没有给她任何向往。这并不是一种适合她的生活状态，她从中所能看到的只是可怕而又无望的乏味。她突然深深地同情起拉蒂诺尔夫人了－－怜悯她这种单调乏味的生活。这种生

活不会使她精神振奋，而只能使她盲目地满足于现状。在这种生活现状中，没有什么烦恼能够触动她的心灵，她也永远品尝不到生命的热狂的滋味。爱德娜对于她自己所指的“生命的热狂”是什么也模糊不清。这种想法好像只是一种意外获得的外在印象而已，在她的脑海里一闪而过。

XIX

第十九章

Edna could not help but think that it was very foolish, very childish, to have stamped upon her wedding ring and smashed the crystal vase upon the tiles. She was visited by no more outbursts, moving her to such futile expedients. She began to do as she liked and to feel as she liked. She completely abandoned her Tuesdays at home, and did not return the visits of those who had called upon her. She made no ineffectual efforts to conduct her household en bonne menagere, going and coming as it suited her fancy, and, so far as she was able, lending herself to any passing caprice.

爱德娜禁不住想到她踩她的婚戒，又把玻璃花瓶摔碎在壁炉上是多么愚蠢，多么幼稚。她不再感情迸发，激动得做出此种无益的举动。她开始想怎么做就怎么做，想怎么认为就怎么认为。她完全放弃了每周二在家接待宾客的事，对那些来访的客人，也不回访。她不再做徒劳的努力去好好地管理家务，而是随心所欲地进进出出，只要可能，便允许自己使使性子。

Mr. Pontellier had been a rather courteous husband so long as he met a certain tacit submissiveness in his wife. But her new and unexpected line of conduct completely bewildered him. It shocked him. Then her absolute disregard for her duties as a wife angered him. When Mr. Pontellier became rude, Edna grew insolent. She had resolved never to take another step backward.

蓬迪里埃先生，只要妻子对他有种无言的的顺从，便会是一个很有礼貌的丈夫。可她最近的一些出乎意料的新行为方式让他感到很迷惑。他对此感到震惊。而且她对做妻子的责任的公然漠视激怒了他。当蓬迪里埃先生变得粗鲁的时候，她变得更为蛮横了。她决心不再走一步回头路。

"It seems to me the utmost folly for a woman at the head of a household, and the mother of children, to spend in an atelier days which would be better employed contriving for the comfort of her family."

“在我看来，一个女人作为一家之长，作为孩子的母亲，应该花时间致力于家人的舒适生活，而不是把时间浪费在画室里，这样做真是太愚蠢了。”

"I feel like painting," answered Edna. "Perhaps I shan't always feel like it."

“我就是想画画。”爱德娜回答说，“或许我不会总是喜欢这样的。”

"Then in God's name paint! but don't let the family go to the devil. There's Madame Ratignolle; because she keeps up her music, she doesn't let everything else go to chaos. And she's more of a musician than you are a painter."

“天啊，那就画吧！但不要让一家人都跟着遭殃啊。看看拉蒂诺尔夫人吧！她一直玩音乐，但她并没有把别的事弄得乱七八糟啊。比起你这个画家，她才更像个音乐家。”

"She isn't a musician, and I'm not a painter. It isn't on account of painting that I let things go."

“她不是音乐家，我也并非什么画家。并非是由于画画我才放手其他事情的。”

"On account of what, then?"

“那是由于什么？”

"Oh! I don't know. Let me alone; you bother me."

“哦！我自己也不晓得。让我静一静，别烦我。”

It sometimes entered Mr. Pontellier's mind to wonder if his wife were not growing a little unbalanced mentally. He could see plainly that she was not herself. That is, he could not see that she was becoming herself and daily casting aside that fictitious self which we assume like a garment with which to appear before the world.

有时蓬迪里埃先生脑子里会有一种念头：觉得他的妻子是不是逐渐脑子有点不正常了。他能够清楚地看出她已经不像她自己了。也就是说，他根本没能看出她正在恢复她的原本的自我，日渐抛掉那个虚假的自我。这个虚假的自我就像是我们穿着出现在世人面前的外衣一样。

Her husband let her alone as she requested, and went away to his office. Edna went up to her atelier—a bright room in the top of the house. She was working with great energy and interest, without accomplishing anything, however, which satisfied her even in the smallest degree. For a time she had the whole household enrolled in the service of art. The boys posed for her. They thought it amusing at first, but the occupation soon lost its attractiveness when they discovered that it was not a game arranged especially for their entertainment. The quadroon sat for hours before Edna's palette, patient as a savage, while the house-maid took charge of the children, and the drawing-room went undusted. But the housemaid, too, served her term as model when Edna perceived that the young woman's back and shoulders were molded on classic lines, and that her hair, loosened from its confining cap, became an inspiration. While Edna worked she sometimes sang low the little air, "Ah! si tu savais!"

她的丈夫按她的要求留下她一个人安静一会儿，自己去办公室了。

爱德娜上楼去了她的画室－－那是顶楼的一个明亮的房间。她兴致很高，干得很起劲，可是却没能完成一幅令她感到些许满意的作品。有一段时间，她使全家人都卷入到了她的艺术中。孩子们也配合她摆好姿势。开始他们觉得很有意思，可当他们发现这并非是专门为他们安排的趣味游戏的时候，这事很快就失去了吸引力。保姆在她的调色板前连坐几个小时，像野人那样有耐性，而照顾孩子的事由女仆代劳了，客厅的灰尘也没人打扫。可女仆偶尔也轮得上当把模特。爱德娜感觉这个年轻妇女的背部和肩部线条优美，而且从她束发的便帽里露出的松散的头发给人以艺术灵感。爱德娜作画的时候有时低声哼唱那首小曲："啊！如果你知道！"

It moved her with recollections. She could hear again the ripple of the water, the flapping sail. She could see the glint of the moon upon the bay, and could feel the soft, gusty beating of the hot south wind. A subtle current of desire passed through her body, weakening her hold upon the brushes and making her eyes burn.

回忆往事让她很有感触。她仿佛又听见了海水的起伏，船帆的鼓动。她仿佛看见月光在海湾上闪烁，感觉阵阵热乎乎的南风柔和地吹过来。一股微妙的欲望穿流过她的身体，使她无力拿起画笔，眼睛在灼烧。

There were days when she was very happy without knowing why. She was happy to be alive and breathing, when her whole being seemed to be one with the sunlight, the color, the odors, the luxuriant warmth of some perfect Southern day. She liked then to wander alone into strange and unfamiliar places. She discovered many a sunny, sleepy corner, fashioned to dream in. And she found it good to dream and to be alone and unmolested.

有些天她很幸福，但又说不出为什么。她为还活着，还呼吸着而感到幸福，就好像整个人已经和某个完美的南方的日子里的阳光、色彩、芬芳和洋溢的温暖融为一体。她此时喜欢独自在陌生、不熟悉的地方漫游。她找到了很多洒满阳光、慵懒困倦而适合于幻想的安静角落。她发现在这里幻想着，安静独处，不受干扰，真是好极了。

There were days when she was unhappy, she did not know why,—when it did not seem worth while to be glad or sorry, to be alive or dead; when life appeared to her like a grotesque pandemonium and humanity like worms struggling blindly toward inevitable annihilation. She could not work on such a day, nor weave fancies to stir her pulses and warm her blood.

有些天她很不快乐，也说不清为什么－－这时，无论乐与忧，生或死，都毫无价值；生活对她好像是一团怪异的喧嚣；人就像虫子一样盲目地挣扎，不可避免地走向毁灭。在这样的日子里她不能工作，也不能编织梦幻来刺激她的脉搏，温暖她的血液。

XX

第二十章

It was during such a mood that Edna hunted up Mademoiselle Reisz. She had not forgotten the rather disagreeable impression left upon her by their last interview; but she nevertheless felt a desire to see her—above all, to listen while she played upon the piano. Quite early in the afternoon she started upon her quest for the pianist. Unfortunately she had mislaid or lost Mademoiselle Reisz's card, and looking up her address in the city directory, she found that the woman lived on Bienville Street, some distance away. The directory which fell into her hands was a year or more old, however, and upon reaching the number indicated, Edna discovered that the house was occupied by a respectable family of mulattoes who had chambres garnies to let. They had been living there for six months, and knew absolutely nothing of a Mademoiselle Reisz. In fact, they knew nothing of any of their neighbors; their lodgers were all people of the highest distinction, they assured Edna. She did not linger to discuss class distinctions with Madame Pouponne, but hastened to a neighboring grocery store, feeling sure that Mademoiselle would have left her address with the proprietor.

在这样一种情绪中爱德娜去找了雷西小姐。她并没有忘记他们上次见面留给她的相当不愉快的印象，可她仍渴望见到她－－尤其是要听她弹钢琴。那天下午很早的时候她就开始去找这位钢琴家。可不幸的是她把雷西小姐的名片放错了地方或弄丢了。在查阅了城市居民的姓名地址簿之后，她发现雷西小姐家住在挺远的比安维尔街。可爱德娜手里的这本地址簿是一年多或是更久以前出版的，等她按照地址簿上的地址找来时，她发现房子里住的是一个有身份的黑白混血的家庭，他们出租带家具的房间。他们已经在这里住了半年了，可对这个雷西小姐却毫不知情。事实上，他们对任何一家邻居都不了解。他们让爱德娜放心，住在他们这里的房客都是最高贵的人。爱德娜没有留下来跟普蓬纳夫人讨论阶级区分，而是匆忙赶到邻近的杂货店，确信雷西小姐可能会把新地址留给了杂货店的老板。

He knew Mademoiselle Reisz a good deal better than he wanted to know her, he informed his questioner. In truth, he did not want to know her at all, or anything concerning her—the most disagreeable and unpopular woman who ever lived in Bienville Street. He thanked heaven she had left the neighborhood, and was equally thankful that he did not know where she had gone.

他告诉爱德娜说他对雷西小姐的了解比他希望所了解的多得多。说

真的，对于这位小姐他根本不想了解，也不想知道关于她的任何事。她是曾经在比安维尔街居住过的最令人讨厌和最不受欢迎的女人。他说谢天谢地她已经离开这里，也同样感谢上帝他不知道她去了哪里。

Edna's desire to see Mademoiselle Reisz had increased tenfold since these unlooked-for obstacles had arisen to thwart it. She was wondering who could give her the information she sought, when it suddenly occurred to her that Madame Lebrun would be the one most likely to do so. She knew it was useless to ask Madame Ratignolle, who was on the most distant terms with the musician, and preferred to know nothing concerning her. She had once been almost as emphatic in expressing herself upon the subject as the corner grocer.

这些始料不及的障碍反倒使爱德娜想见雷西小姐的愿望增加了十倍。她正想着谁能为她提供她想要的信息，突然间，她想起勒布伦夫人可能是最有可能的人了。她知道问拉蒂诺尔夫人是没有用的，她跟这位音乐家极为疏远，对她的任何事也不愿意过问。她也曾有一次几乎跟杂货店老板一样强烈地表示过自己对这位小姐的看法。

Edna knew that Madame Lebrun had returned to the city, for it was the middle of November. And she also knew where the Lebruns lived, on Chartres Street.

爱德娜知道勒布伦夫人已经回城了，因为此时已经是十一月中旬了。她也知道勒布伦家住哪儿－－夏特雷街。

Their home from the outside looked like a prison, with iron bars before the door and lower windows. The iron bars were a relic of the old regime, and no one had ever thought of dislodging them. At the side was a high fence enclosing the garden. A gate or door opening upon the street was locked. Edna rang the bell at this side garden gate, and stood upon the banquette, waiting to be admitted.

勒布伦家从外观上看像是监狱，门上和低矮的窗户上都安上了铁栅栏。这些铁栅栏是旧政权的遗迹，也没有人考虑过把它们拆下来。两侧是环绕花园的高高的篱笆墙。朝街的大门是锁着的。爱德娜按响了花园侧门的门铃，站在人行道上等着被允许进去。

It was Victor who opened the gate for her. A black woman, wiping her hands upon her apron, was close at his heels. Before she saw them Edna could hear them in altercation, the woman—plainly an anomaly—claiming the right to be allowed to perform her duties, one of which was to answer the bell.

出来为她开门的是维克托。一个黑人妇女，用围裙擦着手，紧跟在他后面。爱德娜还没见到他们时就听见他们你一句我一句地争吵。这个女人－－明显有点反常－－声称她有权履行自己的职责，其中之一就是听到门铃后去开门。

Victor was surprised and delighted to see Mrs. Pontellier, and he made no attempt to conceal either his astonishment or his delight. He was a dark-browed, good-looking youngster of nineteen, greatly resembling his mother, but with ten times her impetuosity. He instructed the black woman to go at once and inform Madame Lebrun that Mrs. Pontellier desired to see her. The woman grumbled a refusal to do part of her duty when she had not been permitted to do it all, and started back to her interrupted task of weeding the garden. Whereupon Victor administered a rebuke in the form of a volley of abuse, which, owing to its rapidity and incoherence, was all but incomprehensible to Edna. Whatever it was, the rebuke was convincing, for the woman dropped her hoe and went mumbling into the house.

看到蓬迪里埃夫人维克托觉得又惊又喜，他也没试图掩饰他这种惊喜之情。他是个眉毛很浓，长得帅气的十九岁的小伙子，长得非常像他妈妈，可要比他妈妈性急十倍。他命令那个黑人女仆马上去告诉勒布伦夫人，说蓬迪里埃夫人想见她。那个黑人女仆咕哝着说，既然不让她履行全部职责，那么部分的工作她也拒绝做，然后又回到花园继续干被打断的除草的活。维克托用一大串责骂的话训斥她，因为说得又快又不连贯，爱德娜什么也没听明白。不管怎么说，责骂是有说服力的，因为那个女人扔下锄头，咕哝着进屋了。

Edna did not wish to enter. It was very pleasant there on the side porch, where there were chairs, a wicker lounge, and a small table. She seated herself, for she was tired from her long tramp; and she began to rock gently and smooth out the folds of her silk parasol. Victor drew up his chair beside her. He at once explained that the black woman's offensive conduct was all due to imperfect training, as he was not there to take her in hand. He had only come up from the island the morning before, and expected to return next day. He stayed all winter at the island; he lived there, and kept the place in order and got things ready for the summer visitors.

爱德娜不愿意进屋。侧面回廊这里挺舒服，有几把椅子，一个柳条躺椅，还有一张小桌子。她坐了下来，因为走了很长的路后她很累，她坐在摇椅上轻轻地晃着，顺手把她绸伞上的皱褶扯平。维克托拽了把椅子在她身边坐下。他立刻解释说那个黑人妇女的无礼完全是因为调教不严造成的，因为他不常在家里，没能亲自调教她。他头天早上才从岛上回来，打算第二天就回去。他整个冬天都呆在岛上，他住在那里，把一切都弄得井井有条，为夏天要来的游客做好准备。

But a man needed occasional relaxation, he informed Mrs. Pontellier, and every now and again he drummed up a pretext to bring him to the city. My! but he had had a time of it the evening before! He wouldn't want his mother to know, and he began to talk in a whisper. He was scintillant with recollections. Of course, he couldn't think of

telling Mrs. Pontellier all about it, she being a woman and not comprehending such things. But it all began with a girl peeping and smiling at him through the shutters as he passed by. Oh! but she was a beauty! Certainly he smiled back, and went up and talked to her. Mrs. Pontellier did not know him if she supposed he was one to let an opportunity like that escape him. Despite herself, the youngster amused her. She must have betrayed in her look some degree of interest or entertainment. The boy grew more daring, and Mrs. Pontellier might have found herself, in a little while, listening to a highly colored story but for the timely appearance of Madame Lebrun.

但他告诉蓬迪里埃夫人，一个人偶尔也需要放松一下，他时不时地就会找个机会进城。天啊！他昨天晚上玩得可是过足了瘾。他不想让他妈妈知道，开始小声说话。他满是可以回忆的事。当然了，他不会考虑把一切都跟蓬迪里埃夫人说。她一个女人不会理解这样的事。事情由一个女孩开始，当他路过时，一个女孩从百叶窗里偷着看他，还冲他笑。哦！她可是个美丽的姑娘！当然了，他也冲她回眸一笑，然后走上去跟她搭话。如果蓬迪里埃夫人认为他是那种轻易让这种机会从他身边溜走的人的话，那说明她对他还不够了解。她不禁被这个小伙子逗得很开心。她一定是在表情中不自觉地流露出了一些兴致，这个小伙子越来越肆无忌惮了。若非勒布伦夫人的及时出现的话，蓬迪里埃夫人一会儿就会听到一段绘声绘色的风流韵事。

That lady was still clad in white, according to her custom of the summer. Her eyes beamed an effusive welcome. Would not Mrs. Pontellier go inside? Would she partake of some refreshment? Why had she not been there before? How was that dear Mr. Pontellier and how were those sweet children? Had Mrs. Pontellier ever known such a warm November?

那位女士还依照夏天的习惯穿着白色衣服。她的眼睛闪亮，欢迎之意溢于言表。蓬迪里埃夫人不进屋坐吗？她要来点茶点吗？她以前怎么总也不来呀？亲爱的蓬迪里埃先生怎么样？还有可爱的孩子们好吗？蓬迪里埃夫人是否曾经经历过这么温暖的十一月？

Victor went and reclined on the wicker lounge behind his mother's chair, where he commanded a view of Edna's face. He had taken her parasol from her hands while he spoke to her, and he now lifted it and twirled it above him as he lay on his back. When Madame Lebrun complained that it was so dull coming back to the city; that she saw so few people now; that even Victor, when he came up from the island for a day or two, had so much to occupy him and engage his time; then it was that the youth went into contortions on the lounge and winked mischievously at Edna. She somehow felt like a confederate in crime, and tried to look severe and disapproving.

维克托走过去躺在他妈妈椅子后面的柳条躺椅上，在那里他能看见

爱德娜的脸。他跟她说话的时候从她手中接过了遮阳伞，现在则仰卧在躺椅上举起伞转着。勒布伦夫人开始发牢骚：回到城里生活真是枯燥乏味；她现在见不到几个朋友；就连维克托，刚从岛上回来一两天就忙得脱不开身，把时间排得满满的。这时这个小伙子在躺椅上扭曲着身体，冲爱德娜坏坏地眨着眼睛。她觉得自己好像是个共谋犯，便尽力显得严肃起来，做出一副责备的样子。

There had been but two letters from Robert, with little in them, they told her. Victor said it was really not worth while to go inside for the letters, when his mother entreated him to go in search of them. He remembered the contents, which in truth he rattled off very glibly when put to the test.

他们告诉爱德娜罗伯特来过两封信，但信里没写什么。当他妈妈让他进屋把信找来时，维克托说信里的确没什么值得看的内容。他说记得信的内容，一试他还真把信的内容快速地说了出来。

One letter was written from Vera Cruz and the other from the City of Mexico. He had met Montel, who was doing everything toward his advancement. So far, the financial situation was no improvement over the one he had left in New Orleans, but of course the prospects were vastly better. He wrote of the City of Mexico, the buildings, the people and their habits, the conditions of life which he found there. He sent his love to the family. He inclosed a check to his mother, and hoped she would affectionately remember him to all his friends. That was about the substance of the two letters. Edna felt that if there had been a message for her, she would have received it. The despondent frame of mind in which she had left home began again to overtake her, and she remembered that she wished to find Mademoiselle Reisz.

一封信从维拉克鲁兹写来，另一封信则是从墨西哥城写来的。他已经见到了蒙泰尔，他为罗伯特的发展出了很多力。直到目前，经济状况比他离开奥尔良时没什么改善，但当然前景还是很光明的。他信里写到了墨西哥城，他在那里所见到的建筑，居民以及他们的风俗和生活条件。他向家人问好。他随信给母亲附了一张支票，并希望她代他问候所有的朋友。这就是两封信的大体内容。爱德娜觉得如果罗伯特真给她捎来什么话，他们会告诉她的。她离开家时的那种沮丧情绪又开始占据了她，这时她才想起来她想要雷西小姐的地址。

Madame Lebrun knew where Mademoiselle Reisz lived. She gave Edna the address, regretting that she would not consent to stay and spend the remainder of the afternoon, and pay a visit to Mademoiselle Reisz some other day. The afternoon was already well advanced.

勒布伦夫人确实知道雷西小姐住在哪儿。她把地址给了爱德娜，并对她不能留下来跟他们一起度过下午的余下时光而感到遗憾，还说改天再去拜访雷西小姐。其实整个下午已经快过完了。

Victor escorted her out upon the banquette, lifted her parasol, and held it over her while he walked to the car with her. He entreated her to bear in mind that the disclosures of the afternoon were strictly confidential. She laughed and bantered him a little, remembering too late that she should have been dignified and reserved.

维克托跟她一起往车子那儿走，帮她撑着伞，护送着她走在人行道上。他恳求她对下午的谈话内容严格保密。她笑着，有点打趣着他，过后才意识到她应该更庄重更矜持些。

"How handsome Mrs. Pontellier looked!" said Madame Lebrun to her son.

“蓬迪里埃夫人长得可真好看呀！”勒布伦夫人跟她儿子说。

"Ravishing!" he admitted. "The city atmosphere has improved her. Some way she doesn't seem like the same woman."

“真是很迷人！”他同意道。“城里的氛围使她更迷人了。不过不知为什么，她好像跟过去不是同一个人似的。

XXI

第二十一章

Some people contended that the reason Mademoiselle Reisz always chose apartments up under the roof was to discourage the approach of beggars, peddlars and callers. There were plenty of windows in her little front room. They were for the most part dingy, but as they were nearly always open it did not make so much difference. They often admitted into the room a good deal of smoke and soot; but at the same time all the light and air that there was came through them. From her windows could be seen the crescent of the river, the masts of ships and the big chimneys of the Mississippi steamers. A magnificent piano crowded the apartment. In the next room she slept, and in the third and last she harbored a gasoline stove on which she cooked her meals when disinclined to descend to the neighboring restaurant. It was there also that she ate, keeping her belongings in a rare old buffet, dingy and battered from a hundred years of use.

有些人认为，雷西小姐选择最顶层的公寓是因为要离乞丐、小商贩和访问者远一点。她那间狭小的前屋有很多扇窗户。窗户大多都很脏，不过因为窗户几乎总是敞开着，干净或是脏也没什么区别。大量的煤烟灰尘透过敞开的窗户进入室内，但同时阳光和空气也由此进入。从她的窗户看出去可以看到弯曲的河流，轮船的桅杆和密西西比河上汽轮的大烟囱。一架华丽的大钢琴挤满了房间。旁边的房间是她的卧房，第三间也是最后一间屋子里放了一个汽油炉，她不想去邻近的饭店吃饭的时候就在这个炉子上做饭。那也是她吃饭的地方。她把很多东西存放在一个罕见的老式碗柜里。这个碗柜又脏又破，好像用了百年似的。

When Edna knocked at Mademoiselle Reisz's front room door and entered, she discovered that person standing beside the window, engaged in mending or patching an old prunella gaiter. The little musician laughed all over when she saw Edna. Her laugh consisted of a contortion of the face and all the muscles of the body. She seemed strikingly homely, standing there in the afternoon light. She still wore the shabby lace and the artificial bunch of violets on the side of her head.

爱德娜敲了雷西小姐前屋的门进入室内时发现雷西小姐正站在窗边，忙着修理或补缀一只斜纹呢料的旧鞋罩。这个小个子音乐家看到爱德娜开怀大笑。她笑得面部和全身肌肉都拧着。在午后的阳光中她站在那里显得格外其貌不扬。她仍旧穿着那件破旧的带花边的衣服，一侧头上还戴着一束假紫罗兰花。

"So you remembered me at last," said Mademoiselle. "I had said to myself, 'Ah, bah! she will never come.'"

“你终于想起我来了。”雷西小姐说，“我曾跟自己说：‘啊！呸！她是不会来的。’”

"Did you want me to come?" asked Edna with a smile.

“你想让我来吗？”爱德娜面带微笑地说。

"I had not thought much about it," answered Mademoiselle. The two had seated themselves on a little bumpy sofa which stood against the wall. "I am glad, however, that you came. I have the water boiling back there, and was just about to make some coffee. You will drink a cup with me. And how is la belle dame? Always handsome! always healthy! always contented!" She took Edna's hand between her strong wiry fingers, holding it loosely without warmth, and executing a sort of double theme upon the back and palm.

“我没太多想。”雷西小姐回答道。她们俩在靠墙的一张凹凸不平的小沙发上坐下。“但是，你来了我非常高兴。我在后面那儿正烧着水呢，正要去煮咖啡。跟我一起喝一杯吧。漂亮的夫人，你怎么样啊？总是那么漂亮！总是那么健康！总是那么满足！”她拿过爱德娜的手，用她那瘦而结实的冰凉手指松松地抓着，在她的手背和手掌上弹着，像是在弹奏某个复调旋律。

"Yes," she went on; "I sometimes thought: 'She will never come. She promised as those women in society always do, without meaning it. She will not come.' For I really don't believe you like me, Mrs. Pontellier."

“是的，”雷西小姐继续说，“我有时想：‘她不会来的。她像社交场合的那些女人总是做的那样，随口答应其实绝无诚意。她是不会来的。’因为我的确不认为你喜欢我，蓬迪里埃夫人。”

"I don't know whether I like you or not," replied Edna, gazing down at the little woman with a quizzical look.

“我不知道我是否喜欢你。”爱德娜用古怪的目光凝视着这个矮小的女人。

The candor of Mrs. Pontellier's admission greatly pleased Mademoiselle Reisz. She expressed her gratification by repairing forthwith to the region of the gasoline stove and rewarding her guest with the promised cup of coffee. The coffee and the biscuit accompanying it proved very acceptable to Edna, who had declined refreshment at Madame Lebrun's and was now beginning to feel hungry. Mademoiselle set the tray which she brought in upon a small table near at hand, and seated herself once again on the lumpy sofa.

蓬迪里埃夫人这种直率的承认使雷西小姐很是高兴。为了表达她的

满意，她立刻去汽油炉旁为她的客人倒了杯承诺过的咖啡。咖啡和一起端上来的饼干很合爱德娜的胃口。她刚才在勒布伦家谢绝了茶点，现在开始感到饿了。雷西小姐把端过来的茶盘放在手边的一张小桌子上，然后又坐回到那张坑坑洼洼的沙发上。

"I have had a letter from your friend," she remarked, as she poured a little cream into Edna's cup and handed it to her.

“我收到了你朋友的一封来信。”她边说边往爱德娜的杯子里放了一点奶油并递给她。

"My friend?"

“我朋友？”

"Yes, your friend Robert. He wrote to me from the City of Mexico."

“对，你朋友罗伯特。他是从墨西哥城写信给我的。”

"Wrote to YOU?" repeated Edna in amazement, stirring her coffee absently.

“写信给你？”爱德娜惊异地重复道，心不在焉地搅拌着咖啡。

"Yes, to me. Why not? Don't stir all the warmth out of your coffee; drink it. Though the letter might as well have been sent to you; it was nothing but Mrs. Pontellier from beginning to end."

“对啊，写信给我。为什么不行？不要把咖啡里的热气都搅拌开了，快喝吧。不过这封信或许还是本应该寄给你好，从头到尾没谈别的，都是蓬迪里埃夫人。”

"Let me see it," requested the young woman, entreatingly.

“让我看看吧！”这个年轻的女人恳求道。

"No; a letter concerns no one but the person who writes it and the one to whom it is written."

“不可以。一封信只牵涉到写信人和收信人，没有别人。”

"Haven't you just said it concerned me from beginning to end?"

“刚才你不是还说信从头到尾都是关于我的吗？”

"It was written about you, not to you. 'Have you seen Mrs. Pontellier? How is she looking?' he asks. 'As Mrs. Pontellier says,' or 'as Mrs. Pontellier once said.' 'If Mrs. Pontellier should call upon you, play for her that Impromptu of Chopin's, my favorite. I heard it here a day or two ago, but not as you play it. I should like to know how it affects her,' and so on, as if he supposed we were constantly in each other's society."

“信里写到你，但不是写给你的。‘你见过蓬迪里埃夫人吗？她怎么

样？’他问。‘正如蓬迪里埃夫人所说’，或是‘正如蓬迪里埃夫人曾说过的那样’，‘如果蓬迪里埃夫人来拜访你，请给她弹奏那首我最喜欢的肖邦的即兴曲。我前一两天在这里听过一次，但弹得和你的弹奏不同。我想知道这首曲子对她有什么影响’，诸如此类，好像他认为我们经常交往似的。”

"Let me see the letter."

“就让我看看信吧！”

"Oh, no."

“哦，不可以。”

"Have you answered it?"

“你已经回信了吗？”

"No."

“还没呢。”

"Let me see the letter."

“就让我看看信吧！”

"No, and again, no."

“不可以，再说一次，不可以。”

"Then play the Impromptu for me."

“那你就给我弹那首即兴曲吧！”

"It is growing late; what time do you have to be home?"

“天色挺晚的了，你得什么时候回家？”

"Time doesn't concern me. Your question seems a little rude. Play the Impromptu."

“我不用顾虑时间。你的问题似乎不大礼貌。快弹奏那首即兴曲吧！”

"But you have told me nothing of yourself. What are you doing?"

“可你还没告诉我关于你的东西呢。你在做些什么？”

"Painting!" laughed Edna. "I am becoming an artist. Think of it!"

“画画。”爱德娜笑着说，“我要变成艺术家了。想想看吧！”

"Ah! an artist! You have pretensions, Madame."

“啊！艺术家！你可真自命不凡啊，夫人。”

"Why pretensions? Do you think I could not become an artist?"

“为什么说是自命不凡？你觉得我不能成为艺术家吗？”

"I do not know you well enough to say. I do not know your talent or your temperament. To be an artist includes much; one must possess many gifts—absolute gifts—which have not been acquired by one's own effort. And, moreover, to succeed, the artist must possess the courageous soul."

“我对你了解还不够，说不好。我不了解你的才能或秉性。要成为一个艺术家需要很多，要拥有多方面的天赋－－绝对的天赋－－这是靠后天的努力没法获得的。而且，要想成功，一个艺术家必须有无畏的精神。”

"What do you mean by the courageous soul?"

“你所谓的无畏的精神指什么？”

"Courageous, ma foi! The brave soul. The soul that dares and defies."

“无畏，对！勇敢的精神。那种敢于冒险，敢于挑战的精神。”

"Show me the letter and play for me the Impromptu. You see that I have persistence. Does that quality count for anything in art?"

“给我看看那封信，给我弹奏即兴曲吧！你看我有坚持不懈的精神。这种品质对艺术起着重要作用吧？”

"It counts with a foolish old woman whom you have captivated," replied Mademoiselle, with her wriggling laugh.

“这对被你迷住的一个愚蠢的老女人起着重要作用，”雷西小姐边回答边咯咯地笑着。

The letter was right there at hand in the drawer of the little table upon which Edna had just placed her coffee cup. Mademoiselle opened the drawer and drew forth the letter, the topmost one. She placed it in Edna's hands, and without further comment arose and went to the piano.

信就在跟前的小桌子的抽屉里，就是爱德娜刚才放咖啡杯的那张小桌子。雷西小姐打开抽屉，拿出信，那封信就放在最上面。她把信放到爱德娜手里，然后没再做任何评论，起身走到钢琴旁。

Mademoiselle played a soft interlude. It was an improvisation. She sat low at the instrument, and the lines of her body settled into ungraceful curves and angles that gave it an appearance of deformity. Gradually and imperceptibly the interlude melted into the soft opening minor chords of the Chopin Impromptu.

雷西小姐弹了段柔和的间奏。这是个即兴的演奏。她低坐在钢琴旁，身体的线条形成了很不雅观的曲线和角度，看起来像畸形的样子。渐渐地不知不觉地间奏就变成了肖邦的即兴曲的柔和的开场小和弦。

Edna did not know when the Impromptu began or ended. She sat in the sofa corner reading Robert's letter by the fading light. Mademoiselle had glided from the Chopin into the quivering love notes of Isolde's song, and back again to the Impromptu with its soulful and poignant longing.

爱德娜不知道即兴曲是什么时候开始弹奏的或是什么时候结束的。她就着微弱的灯光坐在沙发的角落里读着罗伯特的来信。雷西小姐已经从肖邦很自然地转弹到伊索尔德歌曲中令人心动的缠绵恋歌，然后又弹回到即兴曲，弹奏出它那深沉又强烈的渴望之情。

The shadows deepened in the little room. The music grew strange and fantastic—turbulent, insistent, plaintive and soft with entreaty. The shadows grew deeper. The music filled the room. It floated out upon the night, over the housetops, the crescent of the river, losing itself in the silence of the upper air.

小屋子里的光线渐渐阴暗下来。音乐声也变得奇妙怪异－－时而汹涌澎湃，急迫热切，时而又凄婉哀伤，柔声苦求。光线越来越阴暗了。音乐充溢着整个房间。琴声在夜晚的空气中飘荡，笼罩在屋顶上，弥漫在蜿蜒的河流上，最后消失在静谧的天空中。

Edna was sobbing, just as she had wept one midnight at Grand Isle when strange, new voices awoke in her. She arose in some agitation to take her departure. "May I come again, Mademoiselle?" she asked at the threshold.

爱德娜在抽泣，就像在格兰德岛上有一次半夜她内心的一种新奇的声音唤醒后那样哭泣着。她激动地起身离开。“我还可以再来吗，雷西小姐？”她站在门口问道。

"Come whenever you feel like it. Be careful; the stairs and landings are dark; don't stumble."

“只要你想来，随时都可以来。小心！楼梯和廊阶都很黑，不要绊倒了。”

Mademoiselle reentered and lit a candle. Robert's letter was on the floor. She stooped and picked it up. It was crumpled and damp with tears. Mademoiselle smoothed the letter out, restored it to the envelope, and replaced it in the table drawer.

雷西小姐又进了屋，点亮了一根蜡烛。罗伯特的来信掉在地上。她弯腰将它拾起。信已经皱巴巴的，被泪打湿了。雷西小姐把信展平，装回信封，重新放进桌子抽屉里。

XXII

第二十二章

One morning on his way into town Mr. Pontellier stopped at the house of his old friend and family physician, Doctor Mandelet. The Doctor was a semi-retired physician, resting, as the saying is, upon his laurels. He bore a reputation for wisdom rather than skill—leaving the active practice of medicine to his assistants and younger contemporaries—and was much sought for in matters of consultation. A few families, united to him by bonds of friendship, he still attended when they required the services of a physician. The Pontelliers were among these.

一天早上，蓬迪里埃先生在进城的路上顺道在他的老朋友家庭医生芒代勒家门口停下来。芒代勒医生是个半退休的医生，正如人们所说，满足于自己的既得成就。他的声誉主要在于其智慧而非医术。他把医疗上的具体业务交给他的助手或是更年轻一些的同行们，自己多是从事一些被咨询的工作。有几个家庭因为是朋友的关系，他们需要医生的时候他仍去给看病。蓬迪里埃家就是这几个家庭之一。

Mr. Pontellier found the Doctor reading at the open window of his study. His house stood rather far back from the street, in the center of a delightful garden, so that it was quiet and peaceful at the old gentleman's study window. He was a great reader. He stared up disapprovingly over his eye-glasses as Mr. Pontellier entered, wondering who had the temerity to disturb him at that hour of the morning.

蓬迪里埃先生发现医生正在书房敞开的窗户前看书。他的房子远离街道，位于一个别致的小花园中心，所以这位老先生的书房窗前非常祥静安和。他是一个极爱读书的人。蓬迪里埃先生进来时，他透过眼镜不满地往上瞪着眼睛，想着谁会这么莽撞地一大早来打扰他。

"Ah, Pontellier! Not sick, I hope. Come and have a seat. What news do you bring this morning?" He was quite portly, with a profusion of gray hair, and small blue eyes which age had robbed of much of their brightness but none of their penetration.

“啊，是蓬迪里埃！不是病了吧，我希望。进来坐吧！今天早上有什么消息呀？”他身体较胖，头发灰白了很多，小小的蓝眼睛因为岁月而失去了原有的光亮但却丝毫未失其敏锐。

"Oh! I'm never sick, Doctor. You know that I come of tough fiber—of that old Creole race of Pontelliers that dry up and finally blow away. I came to consult—no, not precisely to consult—to talk to you

about Edna. I don't know what ails her."

“哦！我绝没生病，医生。你知道我的身体本就壮实，这源于古老的克里奥尔蓬迪里埃家族，这个家族的人从来都是逐渐衰老最后无疾而终的。我来是咨询－－确切地说也不算是咨询－－就是想跟您谈谈爱德娜的情况。我不知道她生了什么病。”

"Madame Pontellier not well," marveled the Doctor. "Why, I saw her—I think it was a week ago—walking along Canal Street, the picture of health, it seemed to me.”

“蓬迪里埃夫人身体不适吗？”医生有点惊讶。“咦，我见过她－－我想那是一周前吧－－在运河街上走着，我看她很健康的样子。”

"Yes, yes; she seems quite well," said Mr. Pontellier, leaning forward and whirling his stick between his two hands; "but she doesn't act well. She's odd, she's not like herself. I can't make her out, and I thought perhaps you'd help me."

“是的，是的，她看起来很好，”蓬迪里埃先生身体前倾，两手转着他的拐杖，“但她举止不对劲。她很怪，不像原来那样了。我都快认不出她了。我想也许您能帮帮我。”

"How does she act?" inquired the Doctor.

“她举止如何不对劲？”医生问。

"Well, it isn't easy to explain," said Mr. Pontellier, throwing himself back in his chair. "She lets the housekeeping go to the dickens."

“啊，不容易解释，”蓬迪里埃先生向后靠在椅背上说，“她竟然不管家务了。”

"Well, well; women are not all alike, my dear Pontellier. We've got to consider—”

“行啦，行啦，不是所有女人都是一样的，我亲爱的蓬迪里埃先生。我们得考虑－－”

"I know that; I told you I couldn't explain. Her whole attitude—toward me and everybody and everything—has changed. You know I have a quick temper, but I don't want to quarrel or be rude to a woman, especially my wife; yet I'm driven to it, and feel like ten thousand devils after I've made a fool of myself. She's making it devilishly uncomfortable for me," he went on nervously. "She's got some sort of notion in her head concerning the eternal rights of women; and—you understand—we meet in the morning at the breakfast table.”

这个我懂，因此我刚才才说我没法解释清楚。她的整个态度－－对我、对每个人、对每件事的态度——都变了。你知道我脾气急，但我不

想吵架或是对女人，尤其是对自己的妻子粗鲁，但我现在被逼成这样了，这真出丑，我简直要疯掉了。她使我极其不舒服。”他紧张地继续说，“她脑子里有一种什么念头，有关女性的永恒权利；而且－－您理解吗－－我们每天只在早餐桌旁能见着。

The old gentleman lifted his shaggy eyebrows, protruded his thick nether lip, and tapped the arms of his chair with his cushioned fingertips.

这位老先生抬起粗浓的眉毛，突起宽厚的下唇，用垫起的手指尖轻轻敲着椅子的扶手。

"What have you been doing to her, Pontellier?"

“最近你一直怎样对她，蓬迪里埃先生？”

"Doing! Parbleu!"

“怎样对她！怎么了？”

"Has she," asked the Doctor, with a smile, "has she been associating of late with a circle of pseudo-intellectual women—super-spiritual superior beings? My wife has been telling me about them.”

“她最近是否，”医生微笑着问道，“她最近是否一直在接触一些伪知性女人－－所谓的超精神的上等人物？我妻子一直在跟我说关于她们的事。”

"That's the trouble," broke in Mr. Pontellier, "she hasn't been associating with any one. She has abandoned her Tuesdays at home, has thrown over all her acquaintances, and goes tramping about by herself, moping in the street-cars, getting in after dark. I tell you she's peculiar. I don't like it; I feel a little worried over it."

“这就是麻烦所在，”蓬迪里埃先生插话说，“她一直不跟任何人接触。她放弃了每周二的家庭接待活动，把所有的熟人都抛开了，自己在在街上乱跑，乘坐街车，天黑后才回家。我告诉你她真怪。我不喜欢这样，对此我有点担忧。”

This was a new aspect for the Doctor. "Nothing hereditary?" he asked, seriously. "Nothing peculiar about her family antecedents, is there?"

这对医生来说还真是个新情况。“不是遗传的问题吧？”他严肃地问，“她的家族前辈没有特殊的病史，是吧？”

"Oh, no, indeed! She comes of sound old Presbyterian Kentucky stock. The old gentleman, her father, I have heard, used to atone for his weekday sins with his Sunday devotions. I know for a fact, that his race horses literally ran away with the prettiest bit of Kentucky farming land I ever laid eyes upon. Margaret—you know Margaret—she has all the Presbyterianism undiluted. And the youngest is

something of a vixen. By the way, she gets married in a couple of weeks from now.”

“哦，没有，真的没有。她出身于肯塔基州一个有历史的健康的长老会家族。我听说她父亲那位老绅士过去常常在礼拜天虔诚地祈祷以忏悔他一周的罪过。我知道一件事实，因为赛马，我曾亲眼看过最漂亮的一片肯塔基农场被他输掉了。玛格丽特－－你知道玛格丽特的－－她可是对长老会教义全然遵照的。家族里最小的女儿可是个小辣椒。顺便说一下，她几周后就要结婚了。”

"Send your wife up to the wedding," exclaimed the Doctor, foreseeing a happy solution. "Let her stay among her own people for a while; it will do her good."

“快让你妻子去参加婚礼吧。”医生叫道，预言说这会很好地解决问题。“让她跟自己的家人在一起呆一段时间，这对她有好处。”

"That's what I want her to do. She won't go to the marriage. She says a wedding is one of the most lamentable spectacles on earth. Nice thing for a woman to say to her husband!" exclaimed Mr. Pontellier, fuming anew at the recollection.

“我也想让她这么做，可她不愿意去参加婚礼。她说婚礼是这世上最悲凉的景象之一。一个女人竟对她的丈夫说出这样的好话！”蓬迪里埃先生叫道，一提起这话他就再次怒气冲冲的。

"Pontellier," said the Doctor, after a moment's reflection, "let your wife alone for a while. Don't bother her, and don't let her bother you. Woman, my dear friend, is a very peculiar and delicate organism—a sensitive and highly organized woman, such as I know Mrs. Pontellier to be, is especially peculiar. It would require an inspired psychologist to deal successfully with them. And when ordinary fellows like you and me attempt to cope with their idiosyncrasies the result is bungling. Most women are moody and whimsical. This is some passing whim of your wife, due to some cause or causes which you and I needn't try to fathom. But it will pass happily over, especially if you let her alone. Send her around to see me."

“蓬迪里埃先生，”医生想了一会儿说，“让你妻子一个人静一段时间吧。不要打扰她，也别让她烦扰你。我亲爱的朋友，女人是个非常特殊的娇弱的生命体－－并且就我所认识的蓬迪里埃夫人这样的敏感和极为精细的女人尤其特殊。需要一个有天赋的心理学家才能成功地解决她们的问题。像你我这样的凡夫俗子试图对付这些个性特征，其结果必定是一团糟。大多数女人都情绪变化快，古怪念头多。你妻子也是一时有某种怪念头，这是由于某个原因或某些原因，你我不需要去试图猜测。但事情最终会愉快地结束的，尤其是你如果不管她的话。让她过来见我。”

"Oh! I couldn't do that; there'd be no reason for it," objected Mr. Pontellier.

“哦！我不能这么做，没有理由这么做。”蓬迪里埃先生反对道。

"Then I'll go around and see her," said the Doctor. "I'll drop in to dinner some evening en bon ami.

“那么我去见她吧，”医生说，“找一天晚上我作为老朋友到你家吃晚饭。”

"Do! by all means," urged Mr. Pontellier. "What evening will you come? Say Thursday. Will you come Thursday?" he asked, rising to take his leave.

“就这么定了！一定要这么办！”蓬迪里埃先生热切地说道。“哪天晚上你能来？周四吧。周四你能来吗？”他边问边起身准备告辞。

"Very well; Thursday. My wife may possibly have some engagement for me Thursday. In case she has, I shall let you know. Otherwise, you may expect me."

“很好，那就定周四。我妻子可能为我预约了周四的事。一旦她约了，我会让你知道。否则，你就等我吧。”

Mr. Pontellier turned before leaving to say:

蓬迪里埃先生临走时又转身说，

"I am going to New York on business very soon. I have a big scheme on hand, and want to be on the field proper to pull the ropes and handle the ribbons. We'll let you in on the inside if you say so, Doctor," he laughed.

“我不久会去纽约出差，我手头有个大项目，我想在现场亲自掌控和操作。医生，如果你愿意，我们让你也加入进来。”他笑着说。

"No, I thank you, my dear sir," returned the Doctor. "I leave such ventures to you younger men with the fever of life still in your blood."

“不了，谢谢了，亲爱的先生。”医生回答道，“我还是把这样的活动留给你们这些仍然血气方刚的年轻人吧。”

"What I wanted to say," continued Mr. Pontellier, with his hand on the knob; "I may have to be absent a good while. Would you advise me to take Edna along?"

“我想说的是，”蓬迪里埃先生把手放在门把手上继续说，“我可能得离开相当长一段时间。你建议我带爱德娜同去吗？”

"By all means, if she wishes to go. If not, leave her here. Don't contradict her. The mood will pass, I assure you. It may take a month, two, three months—possibly longer, but it will pass; have patience.”

“如果她愿意的话，当然带她去好啦。如果她不愿意去，就把她留在这里。不要跟她拧着来。我向你保证，这种情绪会过去的。也许要一个

月、两个月、三个月，或者更长时间，可总会过去的，耐心点。”

"Well, good-by, a jeudi," said Mr. Pontellier, as he let himself out.

“好吧，再见，周四见。”蓬迪里埃先生说完便出去了。

The Doctor would have liked during the course of conversation to ask, "Is there any man in the case?" but he knew his Creole too well to make such a blunder as that.

医生在谈话过程中本想问：“这件事是否涉及任何男士？”但他太了解克里奥尔人，没犯这样唐突的错误。

He did not resume his book immediately, but sat for a while meditatively looking out into the garden.

他没有马上继续读书，而是坐在那里，向外望着花园沉思了一会儿。

XXIII

第二十三章

Edna's father was in the city, and had been with them several days. She was not very warmly or deeply attached to him, but they had certain tastes in common, and when together they were companionable. His coming was in the nature of a welcome disturbance; it seemed to furnish a new direction for her emotions.

爱德娜的爸爸进了城，跟他们一起呆了几天。她和爸爸之间并没有很亲密深切的关系，但他们有某些共同的志趣，因此在一起的时候还是很好相处。爸爸的到来虽然叨扰，还是受到欢迎的，这好像使她的情绪有了新的转向。

He had come to purchase a wedding gift for his daughter, Janet, and an outfit for himself in which he might make a creditable appearance at her marriage. Mr. Pontellier had selected the bridal gift, as every one immediately connected with him always deferred to his taste in such matters. And his suggestions on the question of dress—which too often assumes the nature of a problem—were of inestimable value to his father-in-law. But for the past few days the old gentleman had been upon Edna's hands, and in his society she was becoming acquainted with a new set of sensations. He had been a colonel in the Confederate army, and still maintained, with the title, the military bearing which had always accompanied it. His hair and mustache were white and silky, emphasizing the rugged bronze of his face. He was tall and thin, and wore his coats padded, which gave a fictitious breadth and depth to his shoulders and chest. Edna and her father looked very distinguished together, and excited a good deal of notice during their perambulations. Upon his arrival she began by introducing him to her atelier and making a sketch of him. He took the whole matter very seriously. If her talent had been ten-fold greater than it was, it would not have surprised him, convinced as he was that he had bequeathed to all of his daughters the germs of a masterful capability, which only depended upon their own efforts to be directed toward successful achievement.

他来主要是给女儿珍妮特买结婚礼物的，也给自己买一件外衣，好穿着体面地出现在女儿的婚礼上。蓬迪里埃先生帮他选好了结婚礼物，在这样的事情上他的每个亲戚都是遵从他的品味的。而且他在衣服方面的建议－－通常触及问题的实质－－对其岳父来说具有不可估量的价值。可过去这几天这位老绅士一直受到爱德娜的照顾，而且在他的社交圈里她又逐渐有了一些新的感受。他曾在南部联邦军队中当过上校，现

在仍旧保留着和此头衔相配的一向的军队做派。他的头发胡须都已是银白色且柔软光洁，衬托着他那粗糙的古铜色面孔。他又高又瘦，但穿着带垫肩的大衣让人会认为他胸挺肩宽的。爱德娜和她的父亲在一起时看起来非常与众不同，所以他们漫步时尤为引人注意。他一到来她就带他进入她的画室，为他画了一张素描。他很把这个当回事。即使她的天赋比实际高出十倍，他都不会感到吃惊，因为他相信是他赋予了她的女儿们出色的才华，能不能成功并取得成就则取决于她们自己的努力。

Before her pencil he sat rigid and unflinching, as he had faced the cannon's mouth in days gone by. He resented the intrusion of the children, who gaped with wondering eyes at him, sitting so stiff up there in their mother's bright atelier. When they drew near he motioned them away with an expressive action of the foot, loath to disturb the fixed lines of his countenance, his arms, or his rigid shoulders.

在她的画笔前，他坚挺地、一动不动地坐着，就像过去对着炮眼坐着一样。他很讨厌孩子们闯进来，他们睁大眼睛好奇地注视着外公如此僵直地坐在妈妈那明亮的画室里。当他们靠近时，他抬起一只脚示意让他们离开，不想影响他的面部表情、他的手臂和僵直的肩部的固定线条。

Edna, anxious to entertain him, invited Mademoiselle Reisz to meet him, having promised him a treat in her piano playing; but Mademoiselle declined the invitation. So together they attended a soiree musicale at the Ratignolles'. Monsieur and Madame Ratignolle made much of the Colonel, installing him as the guest of honor and engaging him at once to dine with them the following Sunday, or any day which he might select. Madame coquetted with him in the most captivating and naive manner, with eyes, gestures, and a profusion of compliments, till the Colonel's old head felt thirty years younger on his padded shoulders. Edna marveled, not comprehending. She herself was almost devoid of coquetry.

爱德娜热切地希望好好招待爸爸，因而邀请雷西小姐来见他，已经答应请雷西小姐为他弹奏钢琴，可雷西小姐拒绝了她的邀请。因此他们便一起到拉蒂诺尔家参加了音乐晚会。拉蒂诺尔先生和夫人盛情款待了上校，把他当成贵宾并邀请他下周日或是他随意选一天来吃晚饭。拉蒂诺尔夫人用最狐媚且幼稚的举止、姿态和眼神来卖弄风情，并用一连串的奉承话恭维这位老先生，直搞得他垫肩上的老脑袋感觉年轻了三十岁。爱德娜非常吃惊，难以理解。她自己早已没有卖弄风情的兴致。

There were one or two men whom she observed at the soiree musicale; but she would never have felt moved to any kittenish display to attract their notice—to any feline or feminine wiles to express herself toward them. Their personality attracted her in an agreeable way. Her fancy selected them, and she was glad when a lull

in the music gave them an opportunity to meet her and talk with her. Often on the street the glance of strange eyes had lingered in her memory, and sometimes had disturbed her.

在晚会上有那么一两个男人引起了她的注意，可她无意显出媚态来吸引他们的注意，或是使用女人惯用的柔媚的伎俩向他们表达自己的心意。他们令人愉快的个性吸引了她。她的喜好使她看中了他们，所以当音乐暂停，他们有机会来见她并和她攀谈的时候，她很高兴。经常在街上有些陌生眼睛的注视在她的记忆里留存，有时也搅扰着她。

Mr. Pontellier did not attend these soirees musicales. He considered them bourgeois, and found more diversion at the club. To Madame Ratignolle he said the music dispensed at her soirees was too "heavy," too far beyond his untrained comprehension. His excuse flattered her. But she disapproved of Mr. Pontellier's club, and she was frank enough to tell Edna so.

蓬迪里埃先生是不参加这些音乐晚会的。他认为这些音乐会有点太小资，而更愿意去俱乐部里找乐子。他对拉蒂诺尔夫人说她家音乐晚会上的音乐太“深奥”了，远远超出了他这种没经过陶冶的人对音乐的理解力。他的这个借口使她感到很愉快。可她不赞成蓬迪里埃先生去俱乐部，也够坦率地这样告诉爱德娜。

"It's a pity Mr. Pontellier doesn't stay home more in the evenings. I think you would be more—well, if you don't mind my saying it—more united, if he did.”

“很遗憾蓬迪里埃先生晚上不在家多呆。我想你们应该会更－－哦，如果你不介意我这样说的话－－更亲近些，如果他呆在家的话。”

"Oh! dear no!" said Edna, with a blank look in her eyes. "What should I do if he stayed home? We wouldn't have anything to say to each other."

“哦！天啊，不！”爱德娜说，眼神茫然。“如果他呆在家我该怎么做？我们互相之间没什么可说的。”

She had not much of anything to say to her father, for that matter; but he did not antagonize her. She discovered that he interested her, though she realized that he might not interest her long; and for the first time in her life she felt as if she were thoroughly acquainted with him. He kept her busy serving him and ministering to his wants. It amused her to do so. She would not permit a servant or one of the children to do anything for him which she might do herself. Her husband noticed, and thought it was the expression of a deep filial attachment which he had never suspected.

就此而言，她跟爸爸也没有很多话说，但他不会因此而冷待她。她发现爸爸很有意思，尽管她知道这感觉不会持续很长时间，但她平生第

一次感觉到和爸爸相处得完全融洽。因为要侍候他，随时满足他的需要，他使她忙了起来。这么做她很开心。只要是她自己能为他做的事，她就不允许佣人或任何一个孩子去做。她丈夫注意到这些，以为这是她殷切的孝心的流露，这一点他从未怀疑过。

The Colonel drank numerous "toddies" during the course of the day, which left him, however, imperturbed. He was an expert at concocting strong drinks. He had even invented some, to which he had given fantastic names, and for whose manufacture he required diverse ingredients that it devolved upon Edna to procure for him.

这位上校每天喝很多搀水的烈性酒，但仍能保持清醒。他精通于调制烈性酒。他甚至自己发明了一些调酒，还给自己的酒起了些奇妙的名字。为此需要各种配料，这些他就交给爱德娜帮他弄到。

When Doctor Mandelet dined with the Pontelliers on Thursday he could discern in Mrs. Pontellier no trace of that morbid condition which her husband had reported to him. She was excited and in a manner radiant. She and her father had been to the race course, and their thoughts when they seated themselves at table were still occupied with the events of the afternoon, and their talk was still of the track. The Doctor had not kept pace with turf affairs. He had certain recollections of racing in what he called "the good old times" when the Lecompte stables flourished, and he drew upon this fund of memories so that he might not be left out and seem wholly devoid of the modern spirit. But he failed to impose upon the Colonel, and was even far from impressing him with this trumped-up knowledge of bygone days. Edna had staked her father on his last venture, with the most gratifying results to both of them. Besides, they had met some very charming people, according to the Colonel's impressions. Mrs. Mortimer Merriman and Mrs. James Highcamp, who were there with Alcee Arobin, had joined them and had enlivened the hours in a fashion that warmed him to think of.

周四那天芒代勒医生同蓬迪里埃家人共进晚餐时，并没有看出蓬迪里埃夫人身上有任何她丈夫跟他说的那种病态的迹象。她显得很兴奋，活力四射。她和爸爸去看了赛马，在晚餐桌旁就坐时，思想还是被下午的事占据着，而且他们谈的也还是赛马。医生不了解赛马的新近情况。他回想起过去赛马的一些事，他称那时为“往昔美好时光”，那时莱克姆马业很兴旺。他靠大量的回忆使他不被置之局外，感觉完全跟不上时代的脚步。但他还是没能影响上校，靠他捏造的往日的知识也远远没有给上校留下印象。在上校最后一把押赌时，爱德娜也下了注，令人喜悦的结果是他们双双获利。此外，他们还遇到了一些在上校的印象里很招人喜欢的人。随阿尔塞·阿罗宾一起来的莫蒂梅·梅里曼夫人和詹姆斯·海坎普夫人也加入到他们当中来，活跃了他们的时光，使他想起来就情绪高涨。

Mr. Pontellier himself had no particular leaning toward horseracing, and was even rather inclined to discourage it as a pastime, especially when he considered the fate of that blue-grass farm in Kentucky. He endeavored, in a general way, to express a particular disapproval, and only succeeded in arousing the ire and opposition of his father-in-law. A pretty dispute followed, in which Edna warmly espoused her father's cause and the Doctor remained neutral.

蓬迪里埃先生本人对赛马不是特别地爱好，尤其是想到肯塔基那片郁郁葱葱的农场的命运时，就更倾向于反对把赛马当做消遣。他试图用一般的方式来表达他对赌马的不赞同，结果招来了他岳父的反对，激起了他的愤怒。接下来是一场令人不悦的争论，爱德娜大力拥护她爸爸的观点，医生则保持中立。

He observed his hostess attentively from under his shaggy brows, and noted a subtle change which had transformed her from the listless woman he had known into a being who, for the moment, seemed palpitant with the forces of life. Her speech was warm and energetic. There was no repression in her glance or gesture. She reminded him of some beautiful, sleek animal waking up in the sun.

他浓眉下的双眼密切地注视着女主人，注意到她身上的微妙变化。这种变化使得那个他所熟知的曾经一直无精打采的女人身上此刻似乎有生命的力量在迸发。她说话时热情洋溢，精力充沛。她的眼神和举止中没有丝毫压抑感。她使他想到一个在阳光下醒来的美丽光亮的小动物。

The dinner was excellent. The claret was warm and the champagne was cold, and under their beneficent influence the threatened unpleasantness melted and vanished with the fumes of the wine.

晚餐好极了。红葡萄酒喝得人暖乎乎的，香槟酒又是那么清爽。在这种氛围的积极影响下，刚才不愉快的兆头就随着酒香而融化、消散了。

Mr. Pontellier warmed up and grew reminiscent. He told some amusing plantation experiences, recollections of old Iberville and his youth, when he hunted 'possum in company with some friendly darky; thrashed the pecan trees, shot the grosbec, and roamed the woods and fields in mischievous idleness.

蓬迪里埃先生喝得热乎乎，开始怀旧起来。他讲了一些农场的有趣经历，回忆起旧时他在伊伯维尔度过的时光，以及青年时期的趣事：那时他同一些黑人伙伴一起猎捕负鼠，摇落核桃树上的果实，打蜡嘴雀，懒散而调皮地在树林和田野里漫步。

The Colonel, with little sense of humor and of the fitness of things, related a somber episode of those dark and bitter days, in

which he had acted a conspicuous part and always formed a central figure. Nor was the Doctor happier in his selection, when he told the old, ever new and curious story of the waning of a woman's love, seeking strange, new channels, only to return to its legitimate source after days of fierce unrest. It was one of the many little human documents which had been unfolded to him during his long career as a physician. The story did not seem especially to impress Edna. She had one of her own to tell, of a woman who paddled away with her lover one night in a pirogue and never came back. They were lost amid the Baratarian Islands, and no one ever heard of them or found trace of them from that day to this. It was a pure invention. She said that Madame Antoine had related it to her. That, also, was an invention. Perhaps it was a dream she had had. But every glowing word seemed real to those who listened. They could feel the hot breath of the Southern night; they could hear the long sweep of the pirogue through the glistening moonlit water, the beating of birds' wings, rising startled from among the reeds in the salt-water pools; they could see the faces of the lovers, pale, close together, rapt in oblivious forgetfulness, drifting into the unknown.

上校缺乏幽默感也不注重场合，讲了他在过去苦难时期的一些忧郁的往事，在那些事中他起到了明显的作用，总是中心人物。芒代勒医生的选择也不令人高兴。他讲了一个老套而又常新的古怪故事，说的是一个女人在爱情消逝后，试图通过奇怪的新途径寻求出路，结果在经过强烈的动荡后还是回归其合理的归宿。这是他在漫长的行医生涯中所接触到的众多病例中的一个。这个故事好像没有给爱德娜留下特殊的印象。她也讲了一个故事，说一个女人在一个夜晚和她的情人划着独木舟离开，从此再也没有回来。他们在巴拉塔里群岛中失踪，从此杳无音信，没有人找到他们的下落。这个故事纯属虚构。她说这个故事是安托万夫人讲给她听的。这也是瞎编的。也许这是她做过的一个梦。但她的每一个词都洋溢着情感，所有听的人都感觉是真的。大家能够感觉到南方夜晚那炙热的空气；能够听到船桨悠悠地划在闪烁着月光的水面上的声音；还有水鸟从咸水湾的芦苇丛中展翅惊飞的声音；也似乎能够看到一对情人紧靠在一起，面色苍白，在迷惘中忘掉了一切，最后漂入无际的海域。

The champagne was cold, and its subtle fumes played fantastic tricks with Edna's memory that night.

那天晚上，清爽的香槟酒和微微的酒香让爱德娜的回忆充满了幻想。

Outside, away from the glow of the fire and the soft lamplight, the night was chill and murky. The Doctor doubled his old-fashioned cloak across his breast as he strode home through the darkness. He knew his fellow-creatures better than most men; knew that inner life which so seldom unfolds itself to unanointed eyes. He was sorry he

had accepted Pontellier's invitation. He was growing old, and beginning to need rest and an imperturbed spirit. He did not want the secrets of other lives thrust upon him.

在室外，远离炉火的光辉和柔和灯光的地方，夜色阴沉，寒气逼人。医生在黑夜中大步走回家时，将老式的斗篷折起来系在胸前。他比大部分人更了解他的这些克里奥尔同胞们，了解他们的对那些没有神性的眼睛从不展露的内心世界。他后悔接受了蓬迪里埃的邀请。他年龄大了，开始需要休息和不被搅扰的安宁。他不想了解他身边人的秘密。

"I hope it isn't Arobin," he muttered to himself as he walked. "I hope to heaven it isn't Alcee Arobin."

“我希望不是阿罗宾。”他边走边自言自语地低语道，“希望老天保佑不是阿尔塞·阿罗宾。”

XXIV

第二十四章

Edna and her father had a warm, and almost violent dispute upon the subject of her refusal to attend her sister's wedding. Mr. Pontellier declined to interfere, to interpose either his influence or his authority. He was following Doctor Mandelet's advice, and letting her do as she liked. The Colonel reproached his daughter for her lack of filial kindness and respect, her want of sisterly affection and womanly consideration. His arguments were labored and unconvincing. He doubted if Janet would accept any excuse—forgetting that Edna had offered none. He doubted if Janet would ever speak to her again, and he was sure Margaret would not.

爱德娜和她父亲对于她拒绝参加她妹妹婚礼的事进行了激动的，几乎是激烈地争吵。蓬迪里埃先生不愿干涉，既不施以任何影响，也不介入自己的威权。他是按照芒代勒医生的建议，让她按自己的意愿做事。上校责备女儿不尊敬孝顺家人，缺乏姐妹手足情谊和女性的体贴。但他的教导对爱德娜来说是做作、没有说服力的。他对珍妮特会接受爱德娜的任何借口表示怀疑－－忘了爱德娜根本没有提供任何借口。他对珍妮特以后还会理她也感到怀疑，他敢肯定玛格丽特是不会再理她了。

Edna was glad to be rid of her father when he finally took himself off with his wedding garments and his bridal gifts, with his padded shoulders, his Bible reading, his "toddies" and ponderous oaths.

当爱德娜的父亲终于拿着他参加婚礼要穿的衣服和结婚礼物，穿着他那有垫肩的衣服，带着他的圣经，烈性酒和连串的赌咒离开时，她很高兴终于摆脱了父亲。

Mr. Pontellier followed him closely. He meant to stop at the wedding on his way to New York and endeavor by every means which money and love could devise to atone somewhat for Edna's incomprehensible action.

紧接着蓬迪里埃先生也走了。他打算在去纽约的路上顺道去参加婚礼，想尽办法用钱和爱来弥补爱德娜不可理喻的做法。

"You are too lenient, too lenient by far, Leonce," asserted the Colonel. "Authority, coercion are what is needed. Put your foot down good and hard; the only way to manage a wife. Take my word for it."

“你太宽容了，到现在都过于宽容了，莱翁斯。”上校断言说，“现在需要威权和逼迫。要狠狠跺脚，这才是管制老婆的唯一方法。相信我的话。”

The Colonel was perhaps unaware that he had coerced his own wife into her grave. Mr. Pontellier had a vague suspicion of it which he thought it needless to mention at that late day.

上校可能没意识到他曾经这样威逼他的妻子而使她进入了坟墓。蓬迪里埃先生对此有点模糊的怀疑，但认为没必要立马就在这一天提及。

Edna was not so consciously gratified at her husband's leaving home as she had been over the departure of her father. As the day approached when he was to leave her for a comparatively long stay, she grew melting and affectionate, remembering his many acts of consideration and his repeated expressions of an ardent attachment. She was solicitous about his health and his welfare. She bustled around, looking after his clothing, thinking about heavy underwear, quite as Madame Ratignolle would have done under similar circumstances. She cried when he went away, calling him her dear, good friend, and she was quite certain she would grow lonely before very long and go to join him in New York.

爱德娜对她丈夫离开家并不像对她父亲离开那样有意识地感到高兴。当蓬迪里埃先生要离家较长时间动身的那天，爱德娜想起他的很多体贴的做法和反复的浓烈爱意的表达，也变得柔情蜜意。她关心他的健康和幸福。她忙里忙外，为他整理衣服，想着给他带点厚内衣，就像在类似情况下拉蒂诺尔夫人会做的那样。他走的时候她哭了，还叫他亲爱的，好朋友，并确定过不了多久她就会感到孤独而到纽约去见他。

But after all, a radiant peace settled upon her when she at last found herself alone. Even the children were gone. Old Madame Pontellier had come herself and carried them off to Iberville with their quadroon. The old madame did not venture to say she was afraid they would be neglected during Leonce's absence; she hardly ventured to think so. She was hungry for them—even a little fierce in her attachment. She did not want them to be wholly "children of the pavement," she always said when begging to have them for a space. She wished them to know the country, with its streams, its fields, its woods, its freedom, so delicious to the young. She wished them to taste something of the life their father had lived and known and loved when he, too, was a little child.

但最终她发现只剩她自己的时候，她竟然感觉格外地安逸。甚至孩子们也走了。老蓬迪里埃夫人亲自过来把孩子们和混血保姆一起带到伊伯维尔去了。老妇人没敢说她害怕在莱翁斯不在家的时候孩子们会被忽视，她几乎不敢这样想。她非常渴望照顾他们，这种渴望甚至有点迫切。每当请求带孩子们回去住一阵子的时候，她总说不想让孩子们完全像“街上的孩子们”那样。她希望孩子们了解乡村，那里有小河、田野、树林。那里的自由自在会让孩子们很喜欢。她希望让他们体验一下当他们的父亲也还是个孩子时所过的生活，所熟知以及喜欢的东西。

When Edna was at last alone, she breathed a big, genuine sigh of relief. A feeling that was unfamiliar but very delicious came over her. She walked all through the house, from one room to another, as if inspecting it for the first time. She tried the various chairs and lounges, as if she had never sat and reclined upon them before. And she perambulated around the outside of the house, investigating, looking to see if windows and shutters were secure and in order. The flowers were like new acquaintances; she approached them in a familiar spirit, and made herself at home among them. The garden walks were damp, and Edna called to the maid to bring out her rubber sandals. And there she stayed, and stooped, digging around the plants, trimming, picking dead, dry leaves. The children's little dog came out, interfering, getting in her way. She scolded him, laughed at him, played with him. The garden smelled so good and looked so pretty in the afternoon sunlight. Edna plucked all the bright flowers she could find, and went into the house with them, she and the little dog.

当爱德娜最终一个人时，她放松地深舒了一口气。一种她所不熟悉但却又很甜蜜的感觉袭遍她的全身。她在房子里四处走来走去，从一个屋走到另一个屋，好像是第一次审视这个房子似的。她在不同的座椅和躺椅上试了试，好像以前从来没在那里坐过或趟过似的。她在房子外围巡回、察看，看看窗子和百叶窗是不是安全关好。园子里的花都好像是新识似的；她亲切地靠近花朵，在花丛中感到舒适自在。花园里的小路有点湿，她喊女仆拿来她的橡胶拖鞋。她就呆在那儿，弯腰给植物松松土，剪剪枝杈，摘摘枯叶。孩子们的小狗跑过来，干扰她，碍着她干活。她训斥他，笑他，又跟他玩。午后的阳光下，花园里芬芳扑鼻，景色怡人。爱德娜把她所能看到的所有鲜艳的花朵都摘了下来，拿着它们和小狗一起回到房子里。

Even the kitchen assumed a sudden interesting character which she had never before perceived. She went in to give directions to the cook, to say that the butcher would have to bring much less meat, that they would require only half their usual quantity of bread, of milk and groceries. She told the cook that she herself would be greatly occupied during Mr. Pontellier's absence, and she begged her to take all thought and responsibility of the larder upon her own shoulders.

甚至厨房都有了一种以前她从未感受到的有趣的东西。她进去指点厨子，说以后只要屠户的很少的肉，还有面包，牛奶以及其它食品只需要通常一半的量就可以。她告诉厨子蓬迪里埃先生不在的这段时间她会很忙，她请厨子全面考虑并负责她以前所需要关心的伙食上的事。

That night Edna dined alone. The candelabra, with a few candies in the center of the table, gave all the light she needed. Outside the circle of light in which she sat, the large dining-room looked solemn and shadowy. The cook, placed upon her mettle, served a delicious repast—a luscious tenderloin broiled a point. The wine tasted good;

the marron glace seemed to be just what she wanted. It was so pleasant, too, to dine in a comfortable peignoir.

那天晚上爱德娜独自用餐。餐桌中央的蜡烛架上点的几根蜡烛足以提供她所需要的光线。在她所坐的有光线的地方以外，诺大的餐厅显得庄重而昏暗。厨子大受鼓励，给她端上来美味的晚餐 - - 鲜美的烤成七分熟的嫩肉。酒的味道不错；糖渍栗子也好像恰是她所想吃的。而且，穿着宽松的便服吃饭也如此令人愉悦。

She thought a little sentimentally about Leonce and the children, and wondered what they were doing. As she gave a dainty scrap or two to the doggie, she talked intimately to him about Etienne and Raoul. He was beside himself with astonishment and delight over these companionable advances, and showed his appreciation by his little quick, snappy barks and a lively agitation.

想起莱翁斯和孩子们她略微有些伤感，想着他们在干什么。她给小狗一两块可口的碎肉吃，一边亲密地同他说着有关艾蒂安和拉乌尔的事。小狗对这些友好的举动感到惊喜异常，欢快地轻声叫着表示感激，活跃地摇动着身子。

Then Edna sat in the library after dinner and read Emerson until she grew sleepy. She realized that she had neglected her reading, and determined to start anew upon a course of improving studies, now that her time was completely her own to do with as she liked.

晚餐后爱德娜坐在书房里读爱默生的作品，直到感到困了为止。她意识到她之前忽视了读书，于是她决心重新开始提高学养，既然现在她的时间完全可以按她的意愿由自己支配。

After a refreshing bath, Edna went to bed. And as she snuggled comfortably beneath the eiderdown a sense of restfulness invaded her, such as she had not known before.

清爽地沐浴之后，爱德娜上床睡觉。当她舒舒服服地蜷在鸭绒被下的时候，一种安宁的感觉侵袭着她，这是她以前从未感受过的。

XXV

第二十五章

When the weather was dark and cloudy Edna could not work. She needed the sun to mellow and temper her mood to the sticking point. She had reached a stage when she seemed to be no longer feeling her way, working, when in the humor, with sureness and ease. And being devoid of ambition, and striving not toward accomplishment, she drew satisfaction from the work in itself.

天气阴暗的时候爱德娜不愿画画。她需要阳光使她陶醉，使她的情绪达到顶点。她已经到了这样一个阶段：她好像不再摸索着画画；当她有作画情绪时，她就能安定自如地画画了。因为没有什么雄心，也不求什么成就，她能从画画本身得到满足感。

On rainy or melancholy days Edna went out and sought the society of the friends she had made at Grand Isle. Or else she stayed indoors and nursed a mood with which she was becoming too familiar for her own comfort and peace of mind. It was not despair; but it seemed to her as if life were passing by, leaving its promise broken and unfulfilled. Yet there were other days when she listened, was led on and deceived by fresh promises which her youth held out to her.

在阴雨或是沉郁的天气，爱德娜就出去找她在格兰德岛交的那些朋友。或者她就呆在家里，抱有一种她已习惯了的心定神凝的情绪。这种情绪并非绝望，但对她来说似乎是生命流逝，前景破灭。然而也有这样的日子：她倾听着自己的心声，产生一种错觉，好像青春又给她带来新的希望。

She went again to the races, and again. Alcee Arobin and Mrs. Highcamp called for her one bright afternoon in Arobin's drag. Mrs. Highcamp was a worldly but unaffected, intelligent, slim, tall blonde woman in the forties, with an indifferent manner and blue eyes that stared. She had a daughter who served her as a pretext for cultivating the society of young men of fashion. Alcee Arobin was one of them. He was a familiar figure at the race course, the opera, the fashionable clubs. There was a perpetual smile in his eyes, which seldom failed to awaken a corresponding cheerfulness in any one who looked into them and listened to his good-humored voice. His manner was quiet, and at times a little insolent. He possessed a good figure, a pleasing face, not overburdened with depth of thought or feeling; and his dress was that of the conventional man of fashion.

爱德娜又一次去了赛马场。一个阳光明媚的下午，阿尔塞·阿罗宾和海坎普夫人乘坐阿罗宾的马车来看望她。海坎普夫人四十几岁，世故但

不做作，身材纤细高挑，金发碧眼，聪慧但很冷漠。她有一个女儿，是她结交时髦年轻男士的借口。阿尔塞·阿罗宾便是其中的一个。他在赛马场、歌剧院和时尚俱乐部是大家所熟知的人物。他的眼里永远都充盈着笑意。对于任何注视他的双眼，聆听他轻松幽默的声音的人来说，无不唤起一种相应的喜悦之情。他很安静，但偶尔有点傲慢。他身材很好，脸上没有思虑过度的痕迹，是一张令人愉悦的面孔；他的着装属于那种时髦男士通常的着装。

He admired Edna extravagantly, after meeting her at the races with her father. He had met her before on other occasions, but she had seemed to him unapproachable until that day. It was at his instigation that Mrs. Highcamp called to ask her to go with them to the Jockey Club to witness the turf event of the season.

自从在赛马场遇上爱德娜和她父亲后，他便对她极为爱慕。他之前在多个场合见过爱德娜，但在那天之前，她对他来说一直是遥不可及的。就是在他的鼓动下海坎普夫人才来看望爱德娜并邀她一起去赛马俱乐部看本季的赛马。

There were possibly a few track men out there who knew the race horse as well as Edna, but there was certainly none who knew it better. She sat between her two companions as one having authority to speak. She laughed at Arobin's pretensions, and deplored Mrs. Highcamp's ignorance. The race horse was a friend and intimate associate of her childhood. The atmosphere of the stables and the breath of the blue grass paddock revived in her memory and lingered in her nostrils. She did not perceive that she was talking like her father as the sleek geldings ambled in review before them. She played for very high stakes, and fortune favored her. The fever of the game flamed in her cheeks and eyes, and it got into her blood and into her brain like an intoxicant. People turned their heads to look at her, and more than one lent an attentive car to her utterances, hoping thereby to secure the elusive but ever-desired "tip." Arobin caught the contagion of excitement which drew him to Edna like a magnet. Mrs. Highcamp remained, as usual, unmoved, with her indifferent stare and uplifted eyebrows.

赛马场里没有几个像爱德娜那样懂得赛马的，比她懂的还多的更是没有了。她作为一个有发言权的权威人物坐在两个同伴中间。她嘲笑阿罗宾不懂装懂，慨叹海坎普夫人的无知。赛马是她童年时期的朋友和知己。赛马场马棚的氛围和围场里青草的味道在她的脑海里重新浮现出来，徘徊在她的嗅觉中。当这些健壮的被阉割的雄马缓步行走在他们面前接受检阅时，她没有察觉到她说起话来跟她父亲一模一样。她把赌注下得很高，而且运气总是很好。比赛场上的热烈气氛使她满脸通红，眼睛发亮，像麻醉剂一样注入了她的血液和大脑中。人们纷纷转过头来看她，不只一个人伸长耳朵听她说话，希望从中获取关于赛马的隐蔽但亟需的“小窍门”。阿罗宾也被这种激动所感染，这情绪像是磁铁一样把他

吸引到爱德娜身上。海坎普太太一如既往地无动于衷，眼神冷漠，眉毛上扬。

Edna stayed and dined with Mrs. Highcamp upon being urged to do so. Arobin also remained and sent away his drag.

爱德娜受到再三恳求，留下来跟海坎普夫人一起用餐。阿罗宾也留了下来，把自己的马车打发走了。

The dinner was quiet and uninteresting, save for the cheerful efforts of Arobin to enliven things. Mrs. Highcamp deplored the absence of her daughter from the races, and tried to convey to her what she had missed by going to the "Dante reading" instead of joining them. The girl held a geranium leaf up to her nose and said nothing, but looked knowing and noncommittal. Mr. Highcamp was a plain, bald-headed man, who only talked under compulsion. He was unresponsive. Mrs. Highcamp was full of delicate courtesy and consideration toward her husband. She addressed most of her conversation to him at table. They sat in the library after dinner and read the evening papers together under the droplight; while the younger people went into the drawing-room near by and talked. Miss Highcamp played some selections from Grieg upon the piano. She seemed to have apprehended all of the composer's coldness and none of his poetry. While Edna listened she could not help wondering if she had lost her taste for music.

席间一直很安静，了无趣味，除了阿罗宾有兴致地努力想使气氛活跃起来。海坎普太太对于她女儿没能参加赛马深感遗憾，尽力将女儿因为去参加“但丁作品阅读”而没和他们一起去赛马场而错过的东西一一讲给她听。这个女孩什么也不说，只是拿着一片天竺葵的叶子放在鼻子旁边，看上去好像心里清楚只是不想表态。海坎普先生长相朴实，秃顶，不到万不得已不愿讲话。他反应很冷淡。海坎普夫人对她丈夫很有礼貌，而且体贴周到。就餐时主要是她跟他说话。晚餐后他们坐在书房里，一起在吊灯下看晚报，年轻人则去了旁边的客厅聊天。海坎普小姐选了几支格里格的曲子坐在钢琴旁弹奏。她似乎对作曲家的冷漠完全了解，而对他的诗意却一无所知。爱德娜边听边禁不住想是不是自己失去了对音乐的品味。

When the time came for her to go home, Mr. Highcamp grunted a lame offer to escort her, looking down at his slippered feet with tactless concern. It was Arobin who took her home. The car ride was long, and it was late when they reached Esplanade Street. Arobin asked permission to enter for a second to light his cigarette—his match safe was empty. He filled his match safe, but did not light his cigarette until he left her, after she had expressed her willingness to go to the races with him again.

到了爱德娜该回家的时候，海坎普先生一边笨拙地看着他那穿着拖

鞋的脚，一边缺乏诚意地咕哝着要送她。最后是阿罗宾送她回家。这段车程很长，等他们到达埃斯普拉内德街时，天色已晚。阿罗宾请求爱德娜允许他进去一小会儿去点支他的雪茄烟－－他的火柴盒空了。他装满了火柴盒，直到爱德娜表示愿意跟他再去看赛马，他才离开并点燃雪茄。

Edna was neither tired nor sleepy. She was hungry again, for the Highcamp dinner, though of excellent quality, had lacked abundance. She rummaged in the larder and brought forth a slice of Gruyere and some crackers. She opened a bottle of beer which she found in the icebox. Edna felt extremely restless and excited. She vacantly hummed a fantastic tune as she poked at the wood embers on the hearth and munched a cracker.

爱德娜既不累也不困。她又饿了，因为海坎普家的晚餐尽管精致美味，但量并不丰富。她在食橱里翻找了一通，拿出一片干酪和一些脆饼干。她把从冰箱里找出来的那瓶啤酒打开。她很激动，难以平静下来。她一边茫然地哼着一首奇异的调子，一边拨弄着炉火的余烬并大声嚼着饼干。

She wanted something to happen—something, anything; she did not know what. She regretted that she had not made Arobin stay a half hour to talk over the horses with her. She counted the money she had won. But there was nothing else to do, so she went to bed, and tossed there for hours in a sort of monotonous agitation.

她希望有什么事发生，什么事都行；她自己也不知道什么事。她后悔没让阿罗宾留下来再呆半个小时，和她聊聊赛马。她点了点她赛马赢的钱。但实在没别的事可做了，所以她上了床。既无聊又烦闷不安，她辗转反侧，好几个小时也没睡着。

In the middle of the night she remembered that she had forgotten to write her regular letter to her husband; and she decided to do so next day and tell him about her afternoon at the Jockey Club. She lay wide awake composing a letter which was nothing like the one which she wrote next day. When the maid awoke her in the morning Edna was dreaming of Mr. Highcamp playing the piano at the entrance of a music store on Canal Street, while his wife was saying to Alcee Arobin, as they boarded an Esplanade Street car:

半夜时爱德娜才想起来她忘了按期给她丈夫写信了。她决定第二天再写，把她下午是如何在赛马俱乐部度过的告诉他。她躺在那儿睡不着，脑子里便构思那封信，而事实上跟她第二天写的那封信完全不一样。早晨女仆喊醒她时，爱德娜还在睡梦中，梦见海坎普先生正在运河街的一家乐器商店门口弹钢琴，而他的妻子一边和阿尔塞·阿罗宾登上一辆滨海街车一边对他说：

"What a pity that so much talent has been neglected! but I must

go."

“真遗憾这么多天赋被忽视了！不过我必须得走了。”

When, a few days later, Alcee Arobin again called for Edna in his drag, Mrs. Highcamp was not with him. He said they would pick her up. But as that lady had not been apprised of his intention of picking her up, she was not at home. The daughter was just leaving the house to attend the meeting of a branch Folk Lore Society, and regretted that she could not accompany them. Arobin appeared nonplused, and asked Edna if there were any one else she cared to ask.

几天之后，当阿尔塞·阿罗宾又乘着他的车来拜访爱德娜时，海坎普夫人没和他在一起。他说他们将去接她。但是因为那位夫人事先没有被告知他打算来接她，所以不在家。她的女儿正要离开家去参加民俗协会分会的会议，所以说很遗憾不能陪他们一起去了。阿罗宾好像陷入窘境，问爱德娜想不想约别的什么人同行。

She did not deem it worth while to go in search of any of the fashionable acquaintances from whom she had withdrawn herself. She thought of Madame Ratignolle, but knew that her fair friend did not leave the house, except to take a languid walk around the block with her husband after nightfall. Mademoiselle Reisz would have laughed at such a request from Edna. Madame Lebrun might have enjoyed the outing, but for some reason Edna did not want her. So they went alone, she and Arobin.

爱德娜认为不值得去找任何一个时尚的熟人，她已经从这个圈子脱离出来了。她考虑了拉蒂诺尔夫人，但她知道她的这位好友除了天黑后跟她丈夫在别墅区周围慢慢地散会儿步之外是不外出的。雷西小姐会嘲笑爱德娜这样的请求的。勒布伦夫人很可能会乐意外出，但因为某种原因，爱德娜不想让她去。因此他们两人只好独自去了，她和阿罗宾。

The afternoon was intensely interesting to her. The excitement came back upon her like a remittent fever. Her talk grew familiar and confidential. It was no labor to become intimate with Arobin. His manner invited easy confidence. The preliminary stage of becoming acquainted was one which he always endeavored to ignore when a pretty and engaging woman was concerned.

这天下午她过得特别高兴。那种兴奋又像一阵阵的发烧一样向她袭来。她和阿罗宾讲话也越来越亲近和交心。跟阿罗宾接近起来是不费力的。他的举止很容易博得别人的信任。当涉及到漂亮的女士时，相识的初级阶段是他总能努力越过而并不担心的。

He stayed and dined with Edna. He stayed and sat beside the wood fire. They laughed and talked; and before it was time to go he was telling her how different life might have been if he had known her years before. With ingenuous frankness he spoke of what a

wicked, ill-disciplined boy he had been, and impulsively drew up his cuff to exhibit upon his wrist the scar from a saber cut which he had received in a duel outside of Paris when he was nineteen. She touched his hand as she scanned the red cicatrice on the inside of his white wrist. A quick impulse that was somewhat spasmodic impelled her fingers to close in a sort of clutch upon his hand. He felt the pressure of her pointed nails in the flesh of his palm.

他留下来与爱德娜共进晚餐。他留下来坐在炉火旁。他们谈笑风生。临走前他告诉她如果他早几年认识她，生活可能会是多么的不同。他真挚坦诚地说起他曾是个多么没教养的坏小伙儿，并冲动地挽起袖子给她看他手腕上的伤疤，这是他十九岁那年在巴黎郊外的一次决斗中受到的剑伤。当她仔细地察看他白皙的手腕内侧的红色伤疤时碰了一下他的手。一股有点痉挛似的快速冲动使她的手指紧紧地抓住了他的手。他感觉到她尖尖的手指甲压在他的手掌上。

She arose hastily and walked toward the mantel.

她匆忙地站起来朝壁炉走去。

"The sight of a wound or scar always agitates and sickens me," she said. "I shouldn't have looked at it."

“看到伤口或疤痕总是让我烦躁和恶心，”爱德娜说。“我本不该看的。”

"I beg your pardon," he entreated, following her; "it never occurred to me that it might be repulsive."

“请原谅。”他跟着她恳求道，“我从没想过它可能会惹人反感。”

He stood close to her, and the effrontery in his eyes repelled the old, vanishing self in her, yet drew all her awakening sensuousness. He saw enough in her face to impel him to take her hand and hold it while he said his lingering good night.

他站得靠她很近，他眼神里放肆的神态驱走了她身上原有的、正在消失的自我，激起了她正在觉醒的所有知觉。他在她的脸上看到足够的东西来促使他在恋恋不舍地道晚安时握住她的手。

"Will you go to the races again?" he asked.

“你还会再去看赛马吗？”他问。

"No," she said. "I've had enough of the races. I don't want to lose all the money I've won, and I've got to work when the weather is bright, instead of—"

“不去了。”她说。“我已经去了够多次了。我不想把赢的所有钱都输掉。如果天气好，我还得工作，而不是－－”

"Yes; work; to be sure. You promised to show me your work.

What morning may I come up to your atelier? To-morrow?”

“哦，工作，那是当然。你答应过给我看你的画的。哪天早晨我能到你的画室？明天怎么样？”

"No!"

“不行！”

"Day after?"

“那后天呢？”

"No, no."

“不行，也不行。”

"Oh, please don't refuse me! I know something of such things. I might help you with a stray suggestion or two."

“哦，请不要拒绝我！对画画我是了解一些的。说不定我能帮你提出零星的建议呢。”

"No. Good night. Why don't you go after you have said good night? I don't like you," she went on in a high, excited pitch, attempting to draw away her hand. She felt that her words lacked dignity and sincerity, and she knew that he felt it.

“不行。晚安。为什么说了晚安之后你还不走？我不喜欢你。”她继续高声地激动地说道，试图把手抽回来。她感觉她的话有失体面，也不真诚，她知道他也感觉到了。

"I'm sorry you don't like me. I'm sorry I offended you. How have I offended you? What have I done? Can't you forgive me?" And he bent and pressed his lips upon her hand as if he wished never more to withdraw them.

“很遗憾你不喜欢我。对不起我冒犯了你。我怎么触怒你了呢？我做了什么？你不能原谅我吗？”他弯下身子把嘴唇贴到她的手上，好像永远都不想收回去。

"Mr. Arobin," she complained, "I'm greatly upset by the excitement of the afternoon; I'm not myself. My manner must have misled you in some way. I wish you to go, please." She spoke in a monotonous, dull tone. He took his hat from the table, and stood with eyes turned from her, looking into the dying fire. For a moment or two he kept an impressive silence.

“阿罗宾先生，”她嗔怪到，“今天下午太兴奋了，使我现在很心烦意乱，有点不适。一定是我的举止在某些方面让你误会了。请你离开。”她说话的语气单调沉闷。他从桌子上拿起帽子，站在那里，眼神从她身上移开，看着要熄灭的炉火。他沉默了一小会儿，那种沉默令人难忘。

"Your manner has not misled me, Mrs. Pontellier," he said finally.

"My own emotions have done that. I couldn't help it. When I'm near you, how could I help it? Don't think anything of it, don't bother, please. You see, I go when you command me. If you wish me to stay away, I shall do so. If you let me come back, I—oh! you will let me come back?”

“不是你的举止让我误会，蓬迪里埃夫人。”他最后说道，“是我自己的情感所致。我情不自禁。我跟你在一起的时候自己又怎能禁得住呢？别想这些了，请别烦恼了。你看，你要我走我就走。如果你希望我远离你我一定会照做。如果你让我再来，我－－哦！你还会让我再来吗？”

He cast one appealing glance at her, to which she made no response. Alcee Arobin's manner was so genuine that it often deceived even himself.

他恳切地看了她一眼，但对此她没有做出任何反应。阿尔塞·阿罗宾的态度是那么真诚，经常把自己都能给骗了。

Edna did not care or think whether it were genuine or not. When she was alone she looked mechanically at the back of her hand which he had kissed so warmly. Then she leaned her head down on the mantelpiece. She felt somewhat like a woman who in a moment of passion is betrayed into an act of infidelity, and realizes the significance of the act without being wholly awakened from its glamour. The thought was passing vaguely through her mind, "What would he think?"

爱德娜对于他的态度真诚与否从未在乎也没认真想过。她自己一个人的时候，机械地看着阿罗宾曾热情地吻过的手背。然后她把头靠在壁炉架上。她感觉自己有点像是一个因为一时的感情冲动而被引入歧途而犯下不贞行为的女人，意识到了这种行为的严重性，却又不能从这种诱惑中完全清醒过来。一个模糊的念头在她脑海里闪过：“他会怎么想？”

She did not mean her husband; she was thinking of Robert Lebrun. Her husband seemed to her now like a person whom she had married without love as an excuse.

她指的并不是她丈夫；她想的是罗伯特·勒布伦。她的丈夫对她来说好像是一个并不是因为爱情而跟她结婚的人。

She lit a candle and went up to her room. Alcee Arobin was absolutely nothing to her. Yet his presence, his manners, the warmth of his glances, and above all the touch of his lips upon her hand had acted like a narcotic upon her.

她点了根蜡烛，上楼进了她的房间。阿尔塞·阿罗宾对她来说根本什么都不是。然而他的出现，他的态度，他眼神中的温情，尤其是他嘴唇触碰她的手时的感觉，都像麻醉剂一样在她身上起着作用。

She slept a languorous sleep, interwoven with vanishing dreams.

她懒洋洋地睡着了，睡眠中交织着消逝的梦境。

XXVI

第二十六章

Alcee Arobin wrote Edna an elaborate note of apology, palpitant with sincerity. It embarrassed her; for in a cooler, quieter moment it appeared to her, absurd that she should have taken his action so seriously, so dramatically. She felt sure that the significance of the whole occurrence had lain in her own self-consciousness. If she ignored his note it would give undue importance to a trivial affair. If she replied to it in a serious spirit it would still leave in his mind the impression that she had in a susceptible moment yielded to his influence. After all, it was no great matter to have one's hand kissed. She was provoked at his having written the apology. She answered in as light and bantering a spirit as she fancied it deserved, and said she would be glad to have him look in upon her at work whenever he felt the inclination and his business gave him the opportunity.

阿尔塞·阿罗宾给爱德娜写了封煞费苦心的道歉信，信中充满了诚意。这使她很尴尬，因为她冷静下来的时候意识到她竟然这样严肃地、大惊小怪地把他的行为当回事真有些荒唐。她确信整个事情发生的起因都在于她自己太敏感。如果她不理会他的信，可能会显得小题大做。如果她以严肃的态度回了信，会给他留下一种印象，好像她当时在他的影响下动了感情。毕竟吻一下手不算是什么大不了的事。她对阿罗宾写了这样一封道歉信感到很生气。她用她认为恰当的轻松玩笑的语气写了封回信，说如果阿罗宾愿意，工作时间也允许的话，她很高兴能让他来看她作画。

He responded at once by presenting himself at her home with all his disarming naivete. And then there was scarcely a day which followed that she did not see him or was not reminded of him. He was prolific in pretexts. His attitude became one of good-humored subservience and tacit adoration. He was ready at all times to submit to her moods, which were as often kind as they were cold. She grew accustomed to him. They became intimate and friendly by imperceptible degrees, and then by leaps. He sometimes talked in a way that astonished her at first and brought the crimson into her face; in a way that pleased her at last, appealing to the animalism that stirred impatiently within her.

他立即回应，以一副能让人消除忧虑的天真幼稚的姿态出现在她家里。后来几乎没有一天爱德娜没看见他或是没想到他。他总是能找到许许多多的借口。他对爱德娜的态度变成了温言恭顺和无言的爱慕。他总是很情愿地顺从于爱德娜忽冷忽热变化无端的情绪。她对他也渐渐习惯

了。他们之间的亲密和友好从不知不觉已发展到突飞猛进。有时他的说话方式刚开始使她吃惊，然后使她脸红，最后又使她感到很逗，同时也勾起了她内心躁动的情欲。

There was nothing which so quieted the turmoil of Edna's senses as a visit to Mademoiselle Reisz. It was then, in the presence of that personality which was offensive to her, that the woman, by her divine art, seemed to reach Edna's spirit and set it free.

没有什么能像去见雷西小姐那样可以让爱德娜感官的骚动平静下来。尽管这个女人的性格很是令她不快，但就是这样一个女人用她神圣的音乐，似乎触动了她的心灵并放飞了它。

It was misty, with heavy, lowering atmosphere, one afternoon, when Edna climbed the stairs to the pianist's apartments under the roof. Her clothes were dripping with moisture. She felt chilled and pinched as she entered the room. Mademoiselle was poking at a rusty stove that smoked a little and warmed the room indifferently. She was endeavoring to heat a pot of chocolate on the stove. The room looked cheerless and dingy to Edna as she entered. A bust of Beethoven, covered with a hood of dust, scowled at her from the mantelpiece.

那是一个雾蒙蒙的昏暗沉闷的下午，爱德娜爬上台阶来到顶层钢琴家的公寓。她的衣服湿淋淋的。她感觉很冷，进屋时已冻得缩成一团。雷西小姐正在一个生锈的炉子旁边拨火，这个火炉轻微冒着烟，并未使房间暖和多少。她正努力在炉子上热一罐巧克力奶。爱德娜进屋时感觉房间沉闷昏暗。一尊覆满灰尘的贝多芬半身塑像好像从壁炉上沉脸看着她。

"Ah! here comes the sunlight!" exclaimed Mademoiselle, rising from her knees before the stove. "Now it will be warm and bright enough; I can let the fire alone."

“啊！阳光照进来了！”雷西小姐从炉前站起来喊道，“马上就要暖和明亮了，我可以不用管炉火了。”

She closed the stove door with a bang, and approaching, assisted in removing Edna's dripping mackintosh.

她砰地一声关上炉门，走上前帮爱德娜脱下滴着水的雨衣。

"You are cold; you look miserable. The chocolate will soon be hot. But would you rather have a taste of brandy? I have scarcely touched the bottle which you brought me for my cold." A piece of red flannel was wrapped around Mademoiselle's throat; a stiff neck compelled her to hold her head on one side.

“你很冷吧，看上去惨兮兮的。巧克力奶很快就会热了。不过你想尝尝白兰地吗？上次我感冒时你给我带来的那瓶我还没动呢！一块红色的法兰绒围在她脖子上，僵硬的脖子使她不得不把头偏向一边。

"I will take some brandy," said Edna, shivering as she removed her gloves and overshoes. She drank the liquor from the glass as a man would have done. Then flinging herself upon the uncomfortable sofa she said, "Mademoiselle, I am going to move away from my house on Esplanade Street."

“我要喝点白兰地。”爱德娜边说边哆嗦着脱下手套和套鞋。爱德娜用杯子喝着烈性酒，像男人常做的样子。接着她猛地坐在那个不舒服的沙发上说：“雷西小姐，我打算从埃斯普拉内德街的房子里搬出来。”

"Ah!" ejaculated the musician, neither surprised nor especially interested. Nothing ever seemed to astonish her very much. She was endeavoring to adjust the bunch of violets which had become loose from its fastening in her hair. Edna drew her down upon the sofa, and taking a pin from her own hair, secured the shabby artificial flowers in their accustomed place.

“啊！”音乐家突然叫出来，既不惊讶也没表现出特别的兴趣。好像从来没有什么事使她感到特别吃惊。她正努力把从头发上松下来的一束紫罗兰重新别好。爱德娜把她拉到沙发上坐下，从自己的头发里拿下别针，帮她把那束破旧的假花别在原来的位置。

"Aren't you astonished?"

“难道你不感到吃惊吗？”

"Passably. Where are you going? to New York? to Iberville? to your father in Mississippi? where?"

“还行。你打算去哪儿？纽约吗？还是伊伯维尔？还是密西西比你父亲那里？到底去哪里？”

"Just two steps away," laughed Edna, "in a little four-room house around the corner. It looks so cozy, so inviting and restful, whenever I pass by; and it's for rent. I'm tired looking after that big house. It never seemed like mine, anyway—like home. It's too much trouble. I have to keep too many servants. I am tired bothering with them."

“离原来住的地方只有两步远。”爱德娜笑着说，“就在街角那里，一栋四室的小房子。无论什么时候我路过那里，都感觉那房子看上去既舒服又安静，招人喜欢。那房子现在可供出租。打理那个大房子我实在觉得厌倦了。它看上去从来不像是我的，总之，不像一个家的样子。这房子太麻烦。我得用那么多佣人。我讨厌麻烦跟他们打交道。”

"That is not your true reason, ma belle. There is no use in telling me lies. I don't know your reason, but you have not told me the truth." Edna did not protest or endeavor to justify herself.

“真正的原因不在此，我的美人。跟我说谎没用。我不知道真正的原因，但你的确没说实话。”爱德娜没有抗议也没试图为自己辩解。

"The house, the money that provides for it, are not mine. Isn't that enough reason?"

“那房子以及房子上的花费都不是我的。这个理由够充分吧？”

"They are your husband's," returned Mademoiselle, with a shrug and a malicious elevation of the eyebrows.

“它们都是你丈夫的。”雷西小姐回答道，同时耸了耸肩，又把眉毛不怀好意地上挑了一下。

"Oh! I see there is no deceiving you. Then let me tell you: It is a caprice. I have a little money of my own from my mother's estate, which my father sends me by driblets. I won a large sum this winter on the races, and I am beginning to sell my sketches. Laidpore is more and more pleased with my work; he says it grows in force and individuality. I cannot judge of that myself, but I feel that I have gained in ease and confidence. However, as I said, I have sold a good many through Laidpore. I can live in the tiny house for little or nothing, with one servant. Old Celestine, who works occasionally for me, says she will come stay with me and do my work. I know I shall like it, like the feeling of freedom and independence."

“啊！我看没必要骗你。那我告诉你吧：这只是个随心的想法。我自己有一小笔从我母亲遗产里得到的钱，我父亲一点一点给我寄来。今年冬天赛马我赢了一大笔，而且现在我开始卖我的画了。莱德保尔对我的画越来越满意，他说我画画越来有力且有个性了。我不能自己做出判断，但我感觉我已经画得更自如也更有信心了。不过正如我刚才所说，我已通过莱德保尔卖了很多画。我可以和一个佣人住在那个小房子里，没太多需求。那个时不时地帮我做事的老塞莉斯泰因说她要跟我过来住并帮我做事。我知道我会喜欢的，喜欢那种自由和独立的感觉。”

"What does your husband say?"

“你丈夫怎么说？”

"I have not told him yet. I only thought of it this morning. He will think I am demented, no doubt. Perhaps you think so."

“我还没告诉他呢。我今天早晨才想到的。毫无疑问，他会认为我疯了。也许你也是这么认为的。”

Mademoiselle shook her head slowly. "Your reason is not yet clear to me," she said.

雷西小姐慢慢地摇了摇头。她说：“你的理由我还是没搞清楚。”

Neither was it quite clear to Edna herself; but it unfolded itself as she sat for a while in silence. Instinct had prompted her to put away her husband's bounty in casting off her allegiance. She did not know how it would be when he returned. There would have to be an

understanding, an explanation. Conditions would some way adjust themselves, she felt; but whatever came, she had resolved never again to belong to another than herself.

其实爱德娜自己也搞不清楚，但她坐在那儿沉默片刻之后，一切就不言自明了。本能驱使她抛开她丈夫对她的慷慨，从而使她从对她丈夫的忠贞中解脱出来。她不知道他回来时会怎么样。一定要做一番解释，还需要理解。她感觉到那时事情会有转机的，但无论发生什么，她已下定决心，除了自己以外，她不再属于另外一个人了。

"I shall give a grand dinner before I leave the old house!" Edna exclaimed. "You will have to come to it, Mademoiselle. I will give you everything that you like to eat and to drink. We shall sing and laugh and be merry for once." And she uttered a sigh that came from the very depths of her being.

“在我离开旧房子前我要举行一次盛大的晚宴！”爱德娜大声说，“雷西小姐，你务必来。我要盛情款待你。我们要尽情地唱，尽情地笑，愉快地过上一回。”然后她发自内心地叹了口气。

If Mademoiselle happened to have received a letter from Robert during the interval of Edna's visits, she would give her the letter unsolicited. And she would seat herself at the piano and play as her humor prompted her while the young woman read the letter.

如果在爱德娜来访期间雷西小姐碰巧收到了罗伯特的来信，不用爱德娜请求，她会主动把信给她看的。当这个年轻女人读信的时候，她会坐在钢琴旁随兴为她弹奏。

The little stove was roaring; it was red-hot, and the chocolate in the tin sizzled and sputtered. Edna went forward and opened the stove door, and Mademoiselle rising, took a letter from under the bust of Beethoven and handed it to Edna.

小炉子里的火烧得很旺，呼呼作响，锡罐里的巧克力奶也滋滋地响，喷溅出来。爱德娜走上前把炉门打开，雷西小姐起身从贝多芬雕像下拿出一封信递给爱德娜。

"Another! so soon!" she exclaimed, her eyes filled with delight. "Tell me, Mademoiselle, does he know that I see his letters?"

“又来一封信！怎么这么快？”她嘴里喊着，眼里满是喜悦的光芒。“告诉我，雷西小姐，他知道我看了他的信吗？”

"Never in the world! He would be angry and would never write to me again if he thought so. Does he write to you? Never a line. Does he send you a message? Never a word. It is because he loves you, poor fool, and is trying to forget you, since you are not free to listen to him or to belong to him."

“完全不知道！他要是知道的话会很生气，而且一定不会再给我写信

了。他写信给你了吗？只字片语都没写。他给你捎过信儿吗？从未有一个字捎来。这是因为他爱你，可怜的傻瓜，他正尽力忘记你，因为你不能自由地听从他或属于他。”

"Why do you show me his letters, then?"

“那你为什么要把他的信给我看？”

"Haven't you begged for them? Can I refuse you anything? Oh! you cannot deceive me," and Mademoiselle approached her beloved instrument and began to play. Edna did not at once read the letter. She sat holding it in her hand, while the music penetrated her whole being like an effulgence, warming and brightening the dark places of her soul. It prepared her for joy and exultation.

“不是你求我给你看的吗？我能拒绝你什么吗？啊！你骗不了我。”雷西小姐走近她心爱的钢琴，开始弹奏起来。爱德娜没有马上读信。她坐在那，手里拿着信，琴声像一股灿烂的光辉穿过她的全身，温暖照亮了她那心灵的阴郁之处。这一切使她欢欣并狂喜不已。

"Oh!" she exclaimed, letting the letter fall to the floor. "Why did you not tell me?" She went and grasped Mademoiselle's hands up from the keys. "Oh! unkind! malicious! Why did you not tell me?"

“啊！”她叫着，任凭信滑到了地板上。“你为什么没告诉我？”她过去把雷西小姐的手从琴键上抓了起来。“哦！你真不好！你真狠毒！为什么没告诉我？”

"That he was coming back? No great news, ma foi. I wonder he did not come long ago."

“你指的是他要回来吗？不是件大新闻，我的美人。我奇怪他怎么这么久都没回来。”

"But when, when?" cried Edna, impatiently. "He does not say when."

“但什么时候，到底什么时候他会回来？”爱德娜急切地问。“他自己也没说什么时候。”

"He says 'very soon.' You know as much about it as I do; it is all in the letter."

“他说‘很快’会回来。对此你跟我知道的一样多。都在信里写着呢。”

"But why? Why is he coming? Oh, if I thought—" and she snatched the letter from the floor and turned the pages this way and that way, looking for the reason, which was left untold.

“可为什么呢？他为什么要回来呢？啊，要是我想－－”她从地板上抓起信，翻来覆去地看，想找出信中根本没有提到的原因。

"If I were young and in love with a man," said Mademoiselle,

turning on the stool and pressing her wiry hands between her knees as she looked down at Edna, who sat on the floor holding the letter, "it seems to me he would have to be some grand esprit; a man with lofty aims and ability to reach them; one who stood high enough to attract the notice of his fellow-men. It seems to me if I were young and in love I should never deem a man of ordinary caliber worthy of my devotion.”

“要是我还年轻并爱上一位男子－－”雷西小姐说。她转过琴凳，把两只瘦而结实的手放在两膝之间，低头看着拿着信坐在地板上的爱德娜。“在我看来他会是个机智的人；一个有着崇高的理想并有能力实现这些理想的人；一个身居高位能够引起同胞关注的人。如果我现在还年轻并且在谈恋爱，我不会认为一个有普通才能的男子值得我倾慕。”

"Now it is you who are telling lies and seeking to deceive me, Mademoiselle; or else you have never been in love, and know nothing about it. Why," went on Edna, clasping her knees and looking up into Mademoiselle's twisted face, "do you suppose a woman knows why she loves? Does she select? Does she say to herself: 'Go to! Here is a distinguished statesman with presidential possibilities; I shall proceed to fall in love with him.' Or, 'I shall set my heart upon this musician, whose fame is on every tongue?' Or, 'This financier, who controls the world's money markets?'

“现在你是在说谎试图骗我，雷西小姐，要不就是你从来没爱过，对爱情一无所知。哎，”爱德娜抱着双膝抬头看着雷西小姐扭曲的面孔接着说，“你觉得一个女人知道自己为什么爱吗？她有选择机会吗？她会对自己这样说吗：‘去吧！这是个有着当总统的可能性的卓越的政治家，我要爱上他。’或者说，‘我要把心放在这个音乐家的身上，既然他名声显赫、家喻户晓。’或者说，‘还是这个金融家吧，因为他掌控着全世界的金钱市场。’”

"You are purposely misunderstanding me, ma reine. Are you in love with Robert?"

“你在有意曲解我的意思，我的女皇。你是不是爱上罗伯特了？”

"Yes," said Edna. It was the first time she had admitted it, and a glow overspread her face, blotching it with red spots.

“是这样。”爱德娜说。这是她第一次承认这件事，一阵红晕泛过她的面颊，她的脸上布满了红色的斑点。

"Why?" asked her companion. "Why do you love him when you ought not to?"

“为什么呀？”她的同伴问道， “你为什么要爱上他？这是不应该的呀！”

Edna, with a motion or two, dragged herself on her knees before

Mademoiselle Reisz, who took the glowing face between her two hands.

爱德娜动了动身子，双膝跪地挪到雷西小姐跟前。雷西小姐双手捧着她那绯红的脸颊。

"Why? Because his hair is brown and grows away from his temples; because he opens and shuts his eyes, and his nose is a little out of drawing; because he has two lips and a square chin, and a little finger which he can't straighten from having played baseball too energetically in his youth. Because—”

“为什么呀？因为他有一头飘逸的从太阳穴散出去的棕色头发？因为他的眼睛一睁一闭的？因为他的鼻子不适合素描？因为他有双唇和有棱角的下巴？因为他有一个由于小时候打垒球时用力过度而不能伸直的小手指？还是因为－－”

"Because you do, in short," laughed Mademoiselle. "What will you do when he comes back?" she asked.

“简言之，就是因为你爱他。”雷西小姐笑着说。“他若回来了你打算做什么？”她问。

"Do? Nothing, except feel glad and happy to be alive."

“做什么？什么也不做呀，只是感觉很高兴、活着很幸福。”

She was already glad and happy to be alive at the mere thought of his return. The murky, lowering sky, which had depressed her a few hours before, seemed bracing and invigorating as she splashed through the streets on her way home.

一想到他要回来了她就已经很高兴，觉得活着真幸福了。此刻，她溅着积水穿过大街走在回家的路上，几个小时前使她沮丧的阴暗低沉的天气好像使她精神爽快，心情欢快。

She stopped at a confectioner's and ordered a huge box of bonbons for the children in Iberville. She slipped a card in the box, on which she scribbled a tender message and sent an abundance of kisses.

她在糖果店停下来给在伊伯维尔的孩子们订购了一大盒糖果。她在盒子里插了一张卡片，上面潦草地留了很慈爱的话，还有一大堆吻。

Before dinner in the evening Edna wrote a charming letter to her husband, telling him of her intention to move for a while into the little house around the block, and to give a farewell dinner before leaving, regretting that he was not there to share it, to help out with the menu and assist her in entertaining the guests. Her letter was brilliant and brimming with cheerfulness.

那天晚餐前，爱德娜给她丈夫写了一封充满感情的信，告诉他她打算搬到街区附近的一个小房子去住一阵子。离开前她准备举行一次告别

宴会，很遗憾他不能在这里跟她一起分享，帮她定菜单和招待客人。她的信写得很好，充溢着轻松愉悦的气息。

XXVII

第二十七章

"What is the matter with you?" asked Arobin that evening. "I never found you in such a happy mood." Edna was tired by that time, and was reclining on the lounge before the fire.

“你怎么了？”那天傍晚阿罗宾问她，“我从没发现你情绪这么好过。”爱德娜当时已经累了，在炉火前的躺椅上靠着。

"Don't you know the weather prophet has told us we shall see the sun pretty soon?"

“难道你不知道天气预报员说我们很快就要见到太阳了吗？”

"Well, that ought to be reason enough," he acquiesced. "You wouldn't give me another if I sat here all night imploring you." He sat close to her on a low tabouret, and as he spoke his fingers lightly touched the hair that fell a little over her forehead. She liked the touch of his fingers through her hair, and closed her eyes sensitively.

“嗯，这个理由够充分，”他勉强承认道，“即便我在这里求你一夜你也不会给出另外一个理由。”他靠近她，在一个低矮的板凳上坐下，一边说话，一边用手指触摸垂在她额头的几缕小碎发。她喜欢他的手指触摸她头发的那种感觉，敏感地闭上眼睛。

"One of these days," she said, "I'm going to pull myself together for a while and think—try to determine what character of a woman I am; for, candidly, I don't know. By all the codes which I am acquainted with, I am a devilishly wicked specimen of the sex. But some way I can't convince myself that I am. I must think about it."

“等哪天，”她说，“我得聚集精神好好考虑一下，我到底属于哪一类女人，老实说，我还真不知道。从目前我所知道的标准看，我算是女性中典型的极坏的女人了。但是在有些地方，我还不能确认我就属于那种类型。我必须要考虑一下了。”

"Don't. What's the use? Why should you bother thinking about it when I can tell you what manner of woman you are." His fingers strayed occasionally down to her warm, smooth cheeks and firm chin, which was growing a little full and double.

“算了，没什么意义。为什么你要烦恼去想这个问题，如果我能来告诉你你到底是哪种女人啊。”他的手指偶尔移动到她温暖、光滑的面颊和坚挺的下颌上。爱德娜的下颌现在有些丰满，出了双下颌。

"Oh, yes! You will tell me that I am adorable; everything that is captivating. Spare yourself the effort."

“得了！你肯定会说我招人喜欢，处处都吸引人。别费那劲了。”

"No; I shan't tell you anything of the sort, though I shouldn't be lying if I did."

“不是啊，我才不会说那种话；不过，即便我说，也不是说谎啊。”

"Do you know Mademoiselle Reisz?" she asked irrelevantly.

“你认识雷西小姐吗？”爱德娜不相及地问道。

"The pianist? I know her by sight. I've heard her play."

“那个钢琴师？我见过她，还听过她的演奏。”

"She says queer things sometimes in a bantering way that you don't notice at the time and you find yourself thinking about afterward."

“她有时会用一种调侃的方式说一些古怪的事情，这些话你不会马上注意到，但是常常令你回过头再去琢磨。”

"For instance?"

“比如说？”

"Well, for instance, when I left her to-day, she put her arms around me and felt my shoulder blades, to see if my wings were strong, she said. 'The bird that would soar above the level plain of tradition and prejudice must have strong wings. It is a sad spectacle to see the weaklings bruised, exhausted, fluttering back to earth.' Whither would you soar?"

“比如，当我今天离开她的时候，她用她的胳膊抱着我，触摸我的肩胛，还说要看我的翅膀是不是很强壮了。‘想要飞过传统与偏见的地平线的鸟儿，就一定要有强壮的翅膀。看到那些弱者伤痕累累，精疲力竭的踉跄落地，那场面实在悲壮啊。’你会飞向哪里？”

"I'm not thinking of any extraordinary flights. I only half comprehend her."

“我不会想尝试任何一种不平凡的飞行。我对她的话半懂不懂。”

"I've heard she's partially demented," said Arobin.

“听说她有点疯。”阿罗比说道。

"She seems to me wonderfully sane," Edna replied.

“我看她异常清醒。”爱德娜回应道。

"I'm told she's extremely disagreeable and unpleasant. Why have you introduced her at a moment when I desired to talk of you?"

“有人跟我说她十分不招人喜欢，常令人不快。为什么在我想和你谈你自己的时候把她拽进来？”

"Oh! talk of me if you like," cried Edna, clasping her hands beneath her head; "but let me think of something else while you do."

“嗨！你愿意谈我，那就谈吧。”爱德娜一边叫道，一边把她的双手扣在头后面，“但是，当你谈我的时候，我要去想其他的事情。”

"I'm jealous of your thoughts tonight. They're making you a little kinder than usual; but some way I feel as if they were wandering, as if they were not here with me." She only looked at him and smiled. His eyes were very near. He leaned upon the lounge with an arm extended across her, while the other hand still rested upon her hair. They continued silently to look into each other's eyes. When he leaned forward and kissed her, she clasped his head, holding his lips to hers.

“今天晚上，我嫉妒你的那些想法。它们让你比平常略微可亲，但是我有些感觉到它们似乎在漫游，似乎没有与我同在此地。”爱德娜只是微笑地看着他。他的眼睛离她很近。他斜靠在躺椅上，一只胳膊伸出去将她揽住，另一手依然停留在她的发间。他们静静地相互凝视着着对方的眼睛。当阿罗宾探身亲吻她的时候，爱德娜抱紧他的脸，将他的双唇贴向她。

It was the first kiss of her life to which her nature had really responded. It was a flaming torch that kindled desire.

这是她人生的第一次真正出于本真的欲求的吻。像一只燃烧的火把点燃了她的欲望。

XXVIII

第二十八章

Edna cried a little that night after Arobin left her. It was only one phase of the multitudinous emotions which had assailed her. There was with her an overwhelming feeling of irresponsibility. There was the shock of the unexpected and the unaccustomed. There was her husband's reproach looking at her from the external things around her which he had provided for her external existence. There was Robert's reproach making itself felt by a quicker, fiercer, more overpowering love, which had awakened within her toward him. Above all, there was understanding. She felt as if a mist had been lifted from her eyes, enabling her to took upon and comprehend the significance of life, that monster made up of beauty and brutality. But among the conflicting sensations which assailed her, there was neither shame nor remorse. There was a dull pang of regret because it was not the kiss of love which had inflamed her, because it was not love which had held this cup of life to her lips.

那天晚上阿罗宾走后，爱德娜哭了一会儿。这只是困扰着她的多种情感中的一种。她满负着一种愧疚的感觉。事情突如其来，出奇不意，让她自己感到震撼。她感到为她提供了物质生活条件的丈夫正在用谴责的眼神看着她，这眼神来自于周围她丈夫供给她的那些物品。她还感到，罗伯特以一种更加迅猛，更加炽烈，更加有力的爱在谴责她，这种爱曾唤醒她的心灵，使她倾心于他。最重要的是，她开始懂了。她感到她眼前的迷雾好像消逝了，使她能够认识和理解生活的意义，生活这个既由美好又由残酷组成的怪物。但是，在所有的这些困扰着她的冲突的情感中，既没有羞愧也没有悔恨。然而她也感到了一阵隐约的遗憾，因为不是爱之吻燃起了她的情欲，她唇边品尝的也不是因爱产生的甘露。

XXIX

第二十九章

Without even waiting for an answer from her husband regarding his opinion or wishes in the matter, Edna hastened her preparations for quitting her home on Esplanade Street and moving into the little house around the block. A feverish anxiety attended her every action in that direction. There was no moment of deliberation, no interval of repose between the thought and its fulfillment. Early upon the morning following those hours passed in Arobin's society, Edna set about securing her new abode and hurrying her arrangements for occupying it. Within the precincts of her home she felt like one who has entered and lingered within the portals of some forbidden temple in which a thousand muffled voices bade her begone.

在她丈夫对于她搬家之事没有答复自己的想法和意见之前，爱德娜实在等不及了，匆忙地准备离开在埃斯普拉内德街的家而搬到附近的那个小房子里。一种热切的渴望伴随着她每一个朝这个方向努力的行动。没有时间仔细考虑，在想法与付诸行动之间也容不得任何间隔来歇歇脚。在阿罗宾的交际圈子里度过几小时后，一大早爱德娜就着手计划到新住所安身，匆忙安排入住事宜。在原先住处的周围，她感觉自己好像是个要进入一座禁寺并在门口徘徊的人，只听见成千个低沉的声音呼唤她离开。

Whatever was her own in the house, everything which she had acquired aside from her husband's bounty, she caused to be transported to the other house, supplying simple and meager deficiencies from her own resources.

房子里所有属于她的东西，只要不是花她丈夫的钱得到的，她都让运到她的小房子里，以弥补她自己微薄和不足的经济来源。

Arobin found her with rolled sleeves, working in company with the house-maid when he looked in during the afternoon. She was splendid and robust, and had never appeared handsomer than in the old blue gown, with a red silk handkerchief knotted at random around her head to protect her hair from the dust. She was mounted upon a high stepladder, unhooking a picture from the wall when he entered. He had found the front door open, and had followed his ring by walking in unceremoniously.

下午阿罗宾来探望时，发现爱德娜正挽起袖子和女仆一道干活。她看上去健康又有活力，穿着件旧的蓝长衫从来没显得这么漂亮过，头上随意地包着一个红绸子手帕，不让灰尘落到头发上。他进来时她正爬在一个高梯上，在把一幅画从墙上摘下来。他发现前门开着，便按了门

铃，随后就没讲究礼节直接进来了。

"Come down!" he said. "Do you want to kill yourself?" She greeted him with affected carelessness, and appeared absorbed in her occupation.

“快下来！”他说，“你想要摔死呀？”她假装不在意地跟他打了招呼，好像集中精力在干活。

If he had expected to find her languishing, reproachful, or indulging in sentimental tears, he must have been greatly surprised.

如果他之前以为她是个柔弱，爱耍小性子，或是常常伤感哭泣的人，那他看到她那样子一定是吃惊不小。

He was no doubt prepared for any emergency, ready for any one of the foregoing attitudes, just as he bent himself easily and naturally to the situation which confronted him.

毫无疑问，他做好了应付任何突发情况的准备，准备好了应对任何一种以前她曾有过的态度，就像他很容易自然地应付了之前所面对的情景一样。

"Please come down," he insisted, holding the ladder and looking up at her.

“请下来吧！”他坚持说，一边把住梯子一边抬头看着她。

"No," she answered; "Ellen is afraid to mount the ladder. Joe is working over at the 'pigeon house'—that's the name Ellen gives it, because it's so small and looks like a pigeon house—and some one has to do this.”

“不，”她回答说，“爱伦不敢爬梯子。乔在那边‘鸽舍’里干活－－那是爱伦给小房子起的名字，因为它那么小，看起来像鸽舍－－总得有人来干这个活。

Arobin pulled off his coat, and expressed himself ready and willing to tempt fate in her place. Ellen brought him one of her dust-caps, and went into contortions of mirth, which she found it impossible to control, when she saw him put it on before the mirror as grotesquely as he could. Edna herself could not refrain from smiling when she fastened it at his request. So it was he who in turn mounted the ladder, unhooking pictures and curtains, and dislodging ornaments as Edna directed. When he had finished he took off his dust-cap and went out to wash his hands.

阿罗宾脱下外衣，表示自己准备好愿意替她冒这个险。爱伦把一顶她除尘戴的帽子拿给他，强忍住笑，可后来看到他在镜子前戴帽子的极为滑稽的样子，实在禁不住大笑起来。爱德娜应他的要求给他把帽子系好时，自己也忍不住笑了。于是他接下来爬上梯子，把画和窗帘都摘下

来，并按照爱德娜的指示把其他的装饰品也卸下来。干完活后，他摘下除尘帽出去洗手了。

Edna was sitting on the tabouret, idly brushing the tips of a feather duster along the carpet when he came in again.

他再进来时，爱德娜正坐在躺椅上，懒洋洋地在地毯边上蹭着鸡毛掸子上端的羽毛。

"Is there anything more you will let me do?" he asked.

“你还有什么别的活让我干吗？”他问。

"That is all," she answered. "Ellen can manage the rest." She kept the young woman occupied in the drawing-room, unwilling to be left alone with Arobin.

“就这么多了。”她回答说，“剩下的爱伦都能干。”她让年轻的女仆在客厅里忙活，不愿意单独和阿罗宾留下来。

"What about the dinner?" he asked; "the grand event, the coup d'etat?"

“晚宴怎么样了？”他问，“是件大事，就是‘政变’吗？”

"It will be day after to-morrow. Why do you call it the 'coup d'etat?' Oh! it will be very fine; all my best of everything—crystal, silver and gold, Sevres, flowers, music, and champagne to swim in. I'll let Leonce pay the bills. I wonder what he'll say when he sees the bills.

“会在后天。你为什么把它称为‘政变’呢？哦！会搞得很好，要用我所有最好的东西－－水晶器皿、金银器皿、赛福尔瓷器、鲜花、音乐、还有多到可以在里面游泳的香槟酒呢。我要让莱翁斯付钱。我不知道看到账单时他会说什么。”

"And you ask me why I call it a coup d'etat?" Arobin had put on his coat, and he stood before her and asked if his cravat was plumb. She told him it was, looking no higher than the tip of his collar.

“你问我为什么把它称作‘政变’？”阿罗宾已经穿上外衣站在她面前，问她他的领结打得正不正。她告诉他打正了，看上去没有高过他的衣领尖。

"When do you go to the 'pigeon house?'—with all due acknowledgment to Ellen.”

“你什么时候搬去‘鸽舍’？－－很认可爱伦起的这个外号。”

"Day after to-morrow, after the dinner. I shall sleep there.”

“后天，晚宴后。我就要在那儿睡了。”

"Ellen, will you very kindly get me a glass of water?" asked Arobin. "The dust in the curtains, if you will pardon me for hinting

such a thing, has parched my throat to a crisp."

“爱伦，麻烦你给我倒杯水好吗？”阿罗宾说，“请原谅我提及这个，窗帘上的灰呛得我喉咙干得难受。”

"While Ellen gets the water," said Edna, rising, "I will say good-by and let you go. I must get rid of this grime, and I have a million things to do and think of.”

“等爱伦给你拿来水，”爱德娜站起来说，“我要跟你说再见并让你离开了。我必须除掉这些污垢，我还有千百万件事要做要考虑呢。”

"When shall I see you?" asked Arobin, seeking to detain her, the maid having left the room.

“我什么时候可以再见你？”女仆离开屋的时候阿罗宾说，试图留住她。

"At the dinner, of course. You are invited."

“当然是宴会上见啦。你是被邀请的对象呀。”

"Not before?—not to-night or to-morrow morning or tomorrow noon or night? or the day after morning or noon? Can't you see yourself, without my telling you, what an eternity it is?"

“之前不行吗？－－今天晚上或是明天早上、中午或晚上不行吗？或是后天早上或中午？我要是不告诉你难道你自己不明白这段时间太久了吗？”

He had followed her into the hall and to the foot of the stairway, looking up at her as she mounted with her face half turned to him.

他跟着她走到大厅和楼梯口，看着她爬上楼梯，侧过脸看着他。

"Not an instant sooner," she said. But she laughed and looked at him with eyes that at once gave him courage to wait and made it torture to wait.

“早一点儿都不行。”她说。但是她看着他笑了，她的眼神立刻给了他等待的勇气，去忍受等待的煎熬。

XXX

第三十章

Though Edna had spoken of the dinner as a very grand affair, it was in truth a very small affair and very select, in so much as the guests invited were few and were selected with discrimination. She had counted upon an even dozen seating themselves at her round mahogany board, forgetting for the moment that Madame Ratignolle was to the last degree souffrante and unpresentable, and not foreseeing that Madame Lebrun would send a thousand regrets at the last moment. So there were only ten, after all, which made a cozy, comfortable number.

虽然爱德娜把这次晚宴说成是盛大的事件，但实际上只是个很小规模、很挑剔的宴会，因为少数的那么几个来宾都是经过仔细甄选的。她数出了刚好十二个人安排他们坐在她的圆形红木餐桌旁，忘记了拉蒂诺尔夫人由于正处在妊娠反应最严重时期而不能出席，也没预料到勒布伦夫人会在最后一刻表示万分歉意而不能参加宴会。所以最终只有十位来宾，不过这还是个让人舒服满意的人数。

There were Mr. and Mrs. Merriman, a pretty, vivacious little woman in the thirties; her husband, a jovial fellow, something of a shallow-pate, who laughed a good deal at other people's witticisms, and had thereby made himself extremely popular. Mrs. Highcamp had accompanied them. Of course, there was Alcee Arobin; and Mademoiselle Reisz had consented to come. Edna had sent her a fresh bunch of violets with black lace trimmings for her hair. Monsieur Ratignolle brought himself and his wife's excuses. Victor Lebrun, who happened to be in the city, bent upon relaxation, had accepted with alacrity. There was a Miss Mayblunt, no longer in her teens, who looked at the world through lorgnettes and with the keenest interest. It was thought and said that she was intellectual; it was suspected of her that she wrote under a nom de guerre. She had come with a gentleman by the name of Gouvernail, connected with one of the daily papers, of whom nothing special could be said, except that he was observant and seemed quiet and inoffensive. Edna herself made the tenth, and at half-past eight they seated themselves at table, Arobin and Monsieur Ratignolle on either side of their hostess.

来宾里有梅里曼先生和太太。梅里曼太太是个三十几岁的小巧活泼的女士；她的丈夫是个快活的男士，他有点头脑肤浅，对别人讲的笑话他总是哈哈大笑，这倒使他很受大家的欢迎。他们是同海坎普夫人一道来的。当然，阿尔塞·阿罗宾也在，还有雷西小姐也同意前来参加宴会。

爱德娜之前还给她送去一束新的镶着黑色缎带的紫罗兰花给她做发饰。拉蒂诺尔先生只身前来，捎来他妻子不能出席的理由。维克托·勒布伦碰巧在城里一心想消遣一下，欣然接受了邀请。还有一个梅布朗特小姐，不再是十几岁的小姑娘了，透过她的有柄眼镜，用极为热切的好奇眼光观察着周围。据说她是个知识分子，大家也都这么认为，还怀疑她用笔名发表文章。她是跟一位与报界有联系的名叫古韦内尔的绅士一起来的。至于这位先生没什么特别可说的，除了他具有观察力，好像很安静，性情温和。爱德娜本人就是坐席中的第十个人了。八点半时，大家入席，阿罗宾和拉蒂诺尔先生各自坐在女主人的一侧。

Mrs. Highcamp sat between Arobin and Victor Lebrun. Then came Mrs. Merriman, Mr. Gouvernail, Miss Mayblunt, Mr. Merriman, and Mademoiselle Reisz next to Monsieur Ratignolle.

海坎普太太坐在阿罗宾和维克托·勒布伦之间。再依次是梅里曼太太，古韦纳尔先生，梅布朗特小姐，梅里曼先生，还有雷西小姐坐在拉蒂诺尔先生的旁边。

There was something extremely gorgeous about the appearance of the table, an effect of splendor conveyed by a cover of pale yellow satin under strips of lace-work. There were wax candles, in massive brass candelabra, burning softly under yellow silk shades; full, fragrant roses, yellow and red, abounded. There were silver and gold, as she had said there would be, and crystal which glittered like the gems which the women wore.

餐桌看上去极其炫目，镶着花边的淡黄色的缎子桌布给餐桌增添了不少光彩。大黄铜烛台上蜡烛的烛光在黄绸子灯罩下的灯光的衬托下闪着柔和的光茫，桌子上满是盛开着的散发着香味的黄色和红色玫瑰。正如她所说，还有金银器皿，水晶器皿像女士们佩戴的珠宝一样闪闪发光。

The ordinary stiff dining chairs had been discarded for the occasion and replaced by the most commodious and luxurious which could be collected throughout the house. Mademoiselle Reisz, being exceedingly diminutive, was elevated upon cushions, as small children are sometimes hoisted at table upon bulky volumes.

为了这个场合，普通的硬质餐椅都撤了下去，替换上了整个房子里所能找到的最为宽敞奢华的椅子。雷西小姐因为个子太小，座位上加了好几个垫子，就像孩子们坐在餐桌边要垫上厚厚的书一样。

"Something new, Edna?" exclaimed Miss Mayblunt, with lorgnette directed toward a magnificent cluster of diamonds that sparkled, that almost sputtered, in Edna's hair, just over the center of her forehead.

“新买的吗，爱德娜？”梅布朗特小姐透过她的有柄眼睛看着爱德娜头上闪闪发光的一簇华贵的钻石大声地问，那钻石在爱德娜前额中心的头发上光彩炫目。

"Quite new; 'brand' new, in fact; a present from my husband. It arrived this morning from New York. I may as well admit that this is my birthday, and that I am twenty-nine. In good time I expect you to drink my health. Meanwhile, I shall ask you to begin with this cocktail, composed—would you say 'composed?'" with an appeal to Miss Mayblunt—"composed by my father in honor of Sister Janet's wedding."

“新的，崭新的，我丈夫送给我的礼物。今天早晨刚从纽约捎来的。我还是承认吧，今天是我的生日，今天我二十九岁了。我希望你们能在此祝我健康。同时，我想请你们先喝一杯鸡尾酒，是我父亲为我妹妹珍妮特的婚礼特别调制的，我用“调制”这个词对吧？”她向梅布朗特小姐问道。

Before each guest stood a tiny glass that looked and sparkled like a garnet gem.

每个客人面前都放着一个小杯子，它们像红宝石一样晶莹闪亮。

"Then, all things considered," spoke Arobin, "it might not be amiss to start out by drinking the Colonel's health in the cocktail which he composed, on the birthday of the most charming of women—the daughter whom he invented.”

“那么，通盘考虑的话，”阿罗宾说，“这倒是个不错的主意：让我们首先用上校调制的鸡尾酒为他的健康干杯，就在这位最美的女人——上校的女儿生日这天－－为他干杯！”

Mr. Merriman's laugh at this sally was such a genuine outburst and so contagious that it started the dinner with an agreeable swing that never slackened.

梅里曼先生一听到这些俏皮话就实实在在地哈哈大笑起来，笑得极具感染力，使整个宴会的气氛开始活跃起来，这气氛也一直保持着。

Miss Mayblunt begged to be allowed to keep her cocktail untouched before her, just to look at. The color was marvelous! She could compare it to nothing she had ever seen, and the garnet lights which it emitted were unspeakably rare. She pronounced the Colonel an artist, and stuck to it.

梅布朗特小姐请求大家允许她不喝她面前的鸡尾酒，她要观赏。那颜色美极了！她觉得她以前所看到的没有什么能跟它相媲美，它发出的深红色的光泽是难以名状的，太稀有了。她宣称上校一定是个艺术家，并坚持自己的观点。

Monsieur Ratignolle was prepared to take things seriously; the mets, the entre-mets, the service, the decorations, even the people. He looked up from his pompano and inquired of Arobin if he were related to the gentleman of that name who formed one of the firm of Laitner

and Arobin, lawyers. The young man admitted that Laitner was a warm personal friend, who permitted Arobin's name to decorate the firm's letterheads and to appear upon a shingle that graced Perdido Street.

拉蒂诺尔先生倾向于严肃地对待宴会，包括菜肴、甜点、侍应、装饰甚至是来宾。他把眼神从鲳鲹鱼转移到阿罗宾的身上，问他是否跟莱特纳与阿罗宾律师事务所的阿罗宾有任何关系。这个年轻人承认莱特纳是他的关系很好的私交，他同意将阿罗宾的名字出现在公司信纸的信头上和公司的招牌上，这为玻迪都街增色不少。

"There are so many inquisitive people and institutions abounding," said Arobin, "that one is really forced as a matter of convenience these days to assume the virtue of an occupation if he has it not." Monsieur Ratignolle stared a little, and turned to ask Mademoiselle Reisz if she considered the symphony concerts up to the standard which had been set the previous winter. Mademoiselle Reisz answered Monsieur Ratignolle in French, which Edna thought a little rude, under the circumstances, but characteristic. Mademoiselle had only disagreeable things to say of the symphony concerts, and insulting remarks to make of all the musicians of New Orleans, singly and collectively. All her interest seemed to be centered upon the delicacies placed before her.

“有如此多的人或单位愿意打听事，”阿罗宾说，“以至于有人为了方便被迫将本不是自己的职业说成是他的。”拉蒂诺尔先生听得有点目瞪口呆，转过去问雷西小姐她是否认为交响乐会达到了去年冬天举办的音乐会的水平。雷西小姐用法语回答了拉蒂诺尔先生，爱德娜认为在这种场合有点不礼貌，但很符合她的个性。雷西小姐对交响乐会的评价只有些令人不悦的话，对于新奥尔良的音乐家，无论是个人还是集体，都是侮辱的言辞。她的所有兴致似乎都在她面前的美味佳肴上。

Mr. Merriman said that Mr. Arobin's remark about inquisitive people reminded him of a man from Waco the other day at the St. Charles Hotel—but as Mr. Merriman's stories were always lame and lacking point, his wife seldom permitted him to complete them. She interrupted him to ask if he remembered the name of the author whose book she had bought the week before to send to a friend in Geneva. She was talking "books" with Mr. Gouvernail and trying to draw from him his opinion upon current literary topics. Her husband told the story of the Waco man privately to Miss Mayblunt, who pretended to be greatly amused and to think it extremely clever.

梅里曼先生说刚才阿罗宾先生提到的关于有些好打听事的人的话让他想起前几天在圣查理旅馆遇到的一个从瓦可来的人－－但因为梅里曼先生的故事总是蹩脚而缺乏要点，他的妻子很少让他讲完。她打断他的话，问他是否还记得上星期她买来送给日内瓦的一个朋友的那本书的作

者名字。她当时正同古韦内尔谈书，试图了解一些他关于当前文学领域的一些话题的观点。她丈夫把这个来自瓦可的人的故事单独讲给了梅布朗特小姐听，她假装听得兴致盎然，认为这个故事很机巧。

Mrs. Highcamp hung with languid but unaffected interest upon the warm and impetuous volubility of her left-hand neighbor, Victor Lebrun. Her attention was never for a moment withdrawn from him after seating herself at table; and when he turned to Mrs. Merriman, who was prettier and more vivacious than Mrs. Highcamp, she waited with easy indifference for an opportunity to reclaim his attention. There was the occasional sound of music, of mandolins, sufficiently removed to be an agreeable accompaniment rather than an interruption to the conversation. Outside the soft, monotonous splash of a fountain could be heard; the sound penetrated into the room with the heavy odor of jessamine that came through the open windows.

海坎普夫人无精打采但不装腔作势地听着她左手边的维克托·勒布伦热情急切地不停讲着话。她落座后注意力一直没离开过他。当他转过去跟那位比海坎普夫人更漂亮更活泼的梅里曼夫人说话时，她则漠然而放松地等待重新引起他的注意。席间偶尔传来音乐声，是曼陀林的乐声，声音离他们足够远，不会干扰他们的交谈而是宜人的伴奏。外面可以听到喷泉水花溅起的单调却又柔和的声音，这声音伴着从窗户飘入的浓浓茉莉花香传进室内。

The golden shimmer of Edna's satin gown spread in rich folds on either side of her. There was a soft fall of lace encircling her shoulders. It was the color of her skin, without the glow, the myriad living tints that one may sometimes discover in vibrant flesh. There was something in her attitude, in her whole appearance when she leaned her head against the high-backed chair and spread her arms, which suggested the regal woman, the one who rules, who looks on, who stands alone.

爱德娜的缎子褶裙在她身体两侧层层铺展开来，闪着金色的微光。柔软的花边吊带绕在肩上。她的肤色并非红润，但在她富有活力的肌体上可以窥见无数生机勃勃的色调。当她把头靠在高高的椅背上，展开双臂时，她的神态和整个外貌有着非凡之处，就好像一个王室的女子在发号施令，环顾四周，独领风骚。

But as she sat there amid her guests, she felt the old ennui overtaking her; the hopelessness which so often assailed her, which came upon her like an obsession, like something extraneous, independent of volition. It was something which announced itself; a chill breath that seemed to issue from some vast cavern wherein discords waited. There came over her the acute longing which always summoned into her spiritual vision the presence of the beloved one, overpowering her at once with a sense of the unattainable.

可当她坐在来宾中的时候，曾经那种倦怠的感觉再次笼罩着她；那种经常困扰她，萦绕着她的绝望感侵袭着她，好像是不受她的意愿所控的外在事物一样。这种情感不宣而至，像是从充满着不和谐音符的深谷中吹出来的一股冷风。突然一种强烈的渴望袭上她的心头，这是总是召唤她心爱的人出现在脑海中的那种渴望，带有一种永不可及的感觉立刻征服了她。

The moments glided on, while a feeling of good fellowship passed around the circle like a mystic cord, holding and binding these people together with jest and laughter. Monsieur Ratignolle was the first to break the pleasant charm. At ten o'clock he excused himself. Madame Ratignolle was waiting for him at home. She was bien souffrante, and she was filled with vague dread, which only her husband's presence could allay.

时间飞速过去，友好的感觉像是神秘的绳索在围桌而坐的人们之间传递着，用欢声笑语把他们紧紧绑在一起。拉蒂诺尔先生第一个打破了愉悦的气氛。十点钟的时候他跟大家告辞。拉蒂诺尔夫人正在家等着他呢。她身体较弱，总是有隐隐约约的害怕的感觉，只有丈夫在身边才能够缓解这种恐惧。

Mademoiselle Reisz arose with Monsieur Ratignolle, who offered to escort her to the car. She had eaten well; she had tasted the good, rich wines, and they must have turned her head, for she bowed pleasantly to all as she withdrew from table. She kissed Edna upon the shoulder, and whispered: "Bonne nuit, ma reine; soyez sage." She had been a little bewildered upon rising, or rather, descending from her cushions, and Monsieur Ratignolle gallantly took her arm and led her away.

雷西小姐也起身要走，拉蒂诺尔先生说愿意护送她上车。她吃得不错，也尝了馥郁的好酒，他们一定使她忘乎所以了，因为她离开餐桌时愉悦地欠身跟大家告别。她吻了爱德娜的肩膀低声跟她说：“晚安，亲爱的，要安分些。”她起身时，或者说从垫子上下来时有点手足无措，拉蒂诺尔先生殷勤地扶起她的手臂陪她走了出去。

Mrs. Highcamp was weaving a garland of roses, yellow and red. When she had finished the garland, she laid it lightly upon Victor's black curls. He was reclining far back in the luxurious chair, holding a glass of champagne to the light.

海坎普太太正在编织玫瑰花环，有红玫瑰和黄玫瑰。她编完花环把它轻轻地放在维克托黑色的卷发上。他向后斜倚在华丽的椅背上，对着灯光举起一杯香槟。

As if a magician's wand had touched him, the garland of roses transformed him into a vision of Oriental beauty. His cheeks were the color of crushed grapes, and his dusky eyes glowed with a languishing

fire.

就像被魔术师的魔杖点了他一下似的，玫瑰花环立刻把他变成了一个东方美男子的样子。他面色像压碎的葡萄一样鲜红，黑眸中闪烁着伤感的光芒。

"Sapristi!" exclaimed Arobin.

“我的天啊！”阿罗宾大声喊道。

But Mrs. Highcamp had one more touch to add to the picture. She took from the back of her chair a white silken scarf, with which she had covered her shoulders in the early part of the evening. She draped it across the boy in graceful folds, and in a way to conceal his black, conventional evening dress. He did not seem to mind what she did to him, only smiled, showing a faint gleam of white teeth, while he continued to gaze with narrowing eyes at the light through his glass of champagne.

海坎普太太又加了画龙点睛的一笔。她从椅背上拿起一块白丝巾，晚餐刚开始时她曾把它披在肩上。她把这块丝巾折得很漂亮披在这个小伙子的肩上，遮住了他传统的黑色晚礼服。他对她所做的一切好像并不在意，只是笑着，微微露出洁白的牙齿，继续眯着眼睛透过香槟酒杯凝视着灯光。

"Oh! to be able to paint in color rather than in words!" exclaimed Miss Mayblunt, losing herself in a rhapsodic dream as she looked at him.

“哦！色彩比言辞更能起到渲染的作用！”梅布朗特小姐大声喊道。当她看着维克托的时候，已陷入狂想之中。

“"There was a graven image of Desire Painted with red blood on a ground of gold."' murmured Gouvernail, under his breath.

“‘有一尊欲望之神的雕像，用鲜血在黄金底座上描绘而成。’”古韦内尔先生压低气息低吟着。

The effect of the wine upon Victor was to change his accustomed volubility into silence. He seemed to have abandoned himself to a reverie, and to be seeing pleasing visions in the amber bead.

酒对维克托的影响是使他从平常的口若悬河变成了默默无言。他好像已经已任由自己沉湎于幻想之中，在琥珀念珠里看到心仪的幻像。

"Sing," entreated Mrs. Highcamp. "Won't you sing to us?"

“唱首歌吧！”海坎普太太请求道，“给我们唱首歌好吗？”

"Let him alone," said Arobin.

“不用理他。”阿罗宾说。

"He's posing," offered Mr. Merriman; "let him have it out."

“他在故意装腔作势，”梅里曼先生说，“让他那么呆着吧！”

"I believe he's paralyzed," laughed Mrs. Merriman. And leaning over the youth's chair, she took the glass from his hand and held it to his lips. He sipped the wine slowly, and when he had drained the glass she laid it upon the table and wiped his lips with her little filmy handkerchief.

“我想他是酩酊大醉了。”梅里曼太太笑着说。斜靠过这个青年的椅子，她把酒杯从他手里拿过来放到他的唇边。他慢慢地呷着酒，等他把杯子里的酒喝干后，她把酒杯放在桌子上，用她的小薄纱手帕给他擦了嘴。

"Yes, I'll sing for you," he said, turning in his chair toward Mrs. Highcamp. He clasped his hands behind his head, and looking up at the ceiling began to hum a little, trying his voice like a musician tuning an instrument. Then, looking at Edna, he began to sing:

“来吧，我给你们唱歌吧。”他边说边把椅子转向海坎普太太。他将双手扣在脑后，仰头看着天花板哼了几声，像音乐家调试乐器一样试了试音。然后他看着爱德娜，开始唱了起来：

"Ah! si tu savais!"

“啊！如果你知道！”

"Stop!" she cried, "don't sing that. I don't want you to sing it," and she laid her glass so impetuously and blindly upon the table as to shatter it against a carafe. The wine spilled over Arobin's legs and some of it trickled down upon Mrs. Highcamp's black gauze gown. Victor had lost all idea of courtesy, or else he thought his hostess was not in earnest, for he laughed and went on:

“停！”爱德娜叫道，“不要唱这首歌。我不想让你唱这首歌。”她猛地把酒杯随意地放到桌子上，不慎碰在一个玻璃酒瓶上，把杯子打碎了。酒洒在阿罗宾的腿上，还有一些滴在了海坎普夫人的黑色薄纱礼服上。维克托完全不顾礼节，要不就是他认为女主人并非是严肃的，因而笑着继续唱到：

"Ah! si tu savais

“啊！如果你知道

Ce que tes yeux me disent”—

你的眼神告诉我”——

"Oh! you mustn't! you mustn't," exclaimed Edna, and pushing back her chair she got up, and going behind him placed her hand over his mouth. He kissed the soft palm that pressed upon his lips.

“哦！你不能唱！你不能唱！”爱德娜大声叫道，她把椅子往后推开

站了起来，走到他身后，把手放到他嘴上。他吻了一下按在他嘴上的柔柔的手心。

"No, no, I won't, Mrs. Pontellier. I didn't know you meant it," looking up at her with caressing eyes. The touch of his lips was like a pleasing sting to her hand. She lifted the garland of roses from his head and flung it across the room.

“不唱了，我不唱了，蓬迪里埃夫人。我不知道你是认真的。”他用热切的眼神看着爱德娜。碰触他嘴唇的感觉就像是什么轻柔地叮了她的手一下似的令人愉悦。她把玫瑰花环从他头上拿下来，朝房间另一头扔去。

"Come, Victor; you've posed long enough. Give Mrs. Highcamp her scarf."

“行啦，维克托，你装模做样够久了。把围巾还给海坎普太太吧！”

Mrs. Highcamp undraped the scarf from about him with her own hands. Miss Mayblunt and Mr. Gouvernail suddenly conceived the notion that it was time to say good night. And Mr. and Mrs. Merriman wondered how it could be so late.

海坎普太太亲手把围巾从维克托身上解下来。梅布朗特小姐和古韦内尔先生突然表示也该告辞了。梅里曼夫妇也感觉怎么这么晚了。

Before parting from Victor, Mrs. Highcamp invited him to call upon her daughter, who she knew would be charmed to meet him and talk French and sing French songs with him. Victor expressed his desire and intention to call upon Miss Highcamp at the first opportunity which presented itself. He asked if Arobin were going his way. Arobin was not.

在跟维克托分别之前，海坎普太太邀请他去拜访她的女儿，她说她知道她女儿一定很高兴跟他会面，同他一起讲法语，唱唱法语歌。维克托表示很愿意也很渴望见到海坎普小姐，一有机会就去拜见。他问阿罗宾要不要一道走。阿罗宾说不走。

The mandolin players had long since stolen away. A profound stillness had fallen upon the broad, beautiful street. The voices of Edna's disbanding guests jarred like a discordant note upon the quiet harmony of the night.

曼陀林的演奏者早就悄悄地离开了。深深的沉寂再一次降临这条宽阔美丽的街道。爱德娜家散席的客人的嘈杂声在这样一个安静的夜晚就刺耳的音符一样不和谐。

XXXI

第三十一章

"Well?" questioned Arobin, who had remained with Edna after the others had departed.

“还好吧？”阿罗宾问道，他别人都离开后他留下来陪爱德娜。

"Well," she reiterated, and stood up, stretching her arms, and feeling the need to relax her muscles after having been so long seated.

“还好吧！”她重复着，起身伸了伸胳膊，感觉坐了这么长时间需要放松一下肌肉。

"What next?" he asked.

“接下来做什么？”他问。

"The servants are all gone. They left when the musicians did. I have dismissed them. The house has to be closed and locked, and I shall trot around to the pigeon house, and shall send Celestine over in the morning to straighten things up."

仆人们都离开了。音乐师们离开的时候他们就离开了。我把他们都打发走了。房子得关上门锁好，我要快点到“鸽舍”去，派塞莉斯泰因早上来帮我整理。

He looked around, and began to turn out some of the lights.

他四处看看，开始关上几盏灯。

"What about upstairs?" he inquired.

“楼上情况怎么样？”他问道。

"I think it is all right; but there may be a window or two unlatched. We had better look; you might take a candle and see. And bring me my wrap and hat on the foot of the bed in the middle room."

“我想都好吧，但也许还有一两扇窗没拴。我们最好再看看，你可以拿根蜡烛去看一下。把放在中间屋子床尾的我的披肩和帽子拿给我。

He went up with the light, and Edna began closing doors and windows. She hated to shut in the smoke and the fumes of the wine. Arobin found her cape and hat, which he brought down and helped her to put on.

他拿着蜡烛上去了，爱德娜开始关门窗。她讨厌把烟酒味道关在屋子里。阿罗宾找到她的披肩和帽子，拿下来帮她戴上。

When everything was secured and the lights put out, they left through the front door, Arobin locking it and taking the key, which he carried for Edna. He helped her down the steps.

一切都安排妥当，灯也熄了，他们走前门离开了。阿罗宾锁上门，钥匙他帮爱德娜拿着。他扶着她下了台阶。

"Will you have a spray of jessamine?" he asked, breaking off a few blossoms as he passed.

“你想要一簇茉莉花吗？”经过花丛时他折下几朵问爱德娜。

"No; I don't want anything."

“不，我什么也不想要。”

She seemed disheartened, and had nothing to say. She took his arm, which he offered her, holding up the weight of her satin train with the other hand. She looked down, noticing the black line of his leg moving in and out so close to her against the yellow shimmer of her gown. There was the whistle of a railway train somewhere in the distance, and the midnight bells were ringing. They met no one in their short walk.

她好像很低沉，没有什么话说。她一只手挽着阿罗宾伸过来的胳膊，另一只手提着她拖地的缎子长衣。她往下看了看，看到阿罗宾迈着双腿，黑色的裤腿紧靠着她闪闪发光的黄缎子长裙。远处传来火车鸣笛的声音，午夜的钟声也在回荡着。在他们短暂步行的路途中，他们谁也没碰到。

The "pigeon house" stood behind a locked gate, and a shallow parterre that had been somewhat neglected. There was a small front porch, upon which a long window and the front door opened. The door opened directly into the parlor; there was no side entry. Back in the yard was a room for servants, in which old Celestine had been ensconced.

“鸽舍”位于一扇上了锁的大门和有些无人打理的矮矮的花坛的后面。房前有一个小小的长廊，一扇长窗和前门敞开着。进门直接就是客厅，没有旁厅。后院有一个仆人的屋子，老塞莉斯泰因就住在那里。

Edna had left a lamp burning low upon the table. She had succeeded in making the room look habitable and homelike. There were some books on the table and a lounge near at hand. On the floor was a fresh matting, covered with a rug or two; and on the walls hung a few tasteful pictures. But the room was filled with flowers. These were a surprise to her. Arobin had sent them, and had had Celestine distribute them during Edna's absence. Her bedroom was adjoining, and across a small passage were the diningroom and kitchen.

爱德娜在桌子上留着一盏灯，微微地点着。她把房间布置得舒适而

又温馨。桌上有一些书，近旁还有一把躺椅。地板上是新换的垫子，上面还铺着一两块小地毯，墙上挂着几幅很有品位的画。但屋子里摆满了鲜花。这些是给爱德娜的惊喜。爱德娜不在的时候，阿罗宾把它们送来，又吩咐塞莉斯泰因摆好。她的卧室就在旁边，穿过窄小的过道便是餐厅和厨房。

Edna seated herself with every appearance of discomfort.

爱德娜坐下来，看上去很不舒服。

"Are you tired?" he asked.

“你很累吧？”他问。

"Yes, and chilled, and miserable. I feel as if I had been wound up to a certain pitch—too tight—and something inside of me had snapped.” She rested her head against the table upon her bare arm.

“是的，还冷，还很难受。我感觉好像紧张到了极点，好像身体里有一种东西折断了。”她把头趴在桌子上她裸露的胳膊上。

"You want to rest," he said, "and to be quiet. I'll go; I'll leave you and let you rest."

“你想要休息，”他说，“想安静。那我走吧。我离开让你休息吧！”

"Yes," she replied.

“好的。”爱德娜回答说。

He stood up beside her and smoothed her hair with his soft, magnetic hand. His touch conveyed to her a certain physical comfort. She could have fallen quietly asleep there if he had continued to pass his hand over her hair. He brushed the hair upward from the nape of her neck.

他起身站在她身旁，用他那柔软、富有磁性的手抚摸着她的头发。他的抚摸传给她一种身体上的舒适。如果他继续这样抚摸她的头发的话，她很可能会安静地入睡的。他把她的头发从脖子后面轻轻向上梳拢。

"I hope you will feel better and happier in the morning," he said. "You have tried to do too much in the past few days. The dinner was the last straw; you might have dispensed with it."

“我希望你早上醒来会觉得好一些，心情愉悦些。”他说，“过去这几天你做了太多事。晚宴是最后一根稻草，把你累垮了。其实你可以不举行这次晚宴。”

"Yes," she admitted; "it was stupid."

“是啊，”她承认道，“的确是挺蠢的。”

"No, it was delightful; but it has worn you out." His hand had

strayed to her beautiful shoulders, and he could feel the response of her flesh to his touch. He seated himself beside her and kissed her lightly upon the shoulder.

“不，还是挺让人高兴的，只是把你累坏了。”他的手落到她美丽的肩膀上，他能感觉到她的身体对于他抚摸的反应。他在她身边坐下，轻轻地吻了吻她的肩膀。

"I thought you were going away," she said, in an uneven voice.

“你不是要走了么。”她说道，声音有点不平静。

"I am, after I have said good night."

“我是要走，等我说了晚安之后就走。”

"Good night," she murmured.

“那晚安吧！”她小声说。

He did not answer, except to continue to caress her. He did not say good night until she had become supple to his gentle, seductive entreaties.

他没回答，只是继续爱抚着她。直到她顺从了他柔情蜜意的请求他才道了晚安。

XXXII

第三十二章

When Mr. Pontellier learned of his wife's intention to abandon her home and take up her residence elsewhere, he immediately wrote her a letter of unqualified disapproval and remonstrance. She had given reasons which he was unwilling to acknowledge as adequate. He hoped she had not acted upon her rash impulse; and he begged her to consider first, foremost, and above all else, what people would say. He was not dreaming of scandal when he uttered this warning; that was a thing which would never have entered into his mind to consider in connection with his wife's name or his own. He was simply thinking of his financial integrity. It might get noised about that the Pontelliers had met with reverses, and were forced to conduct their menage on a humbler scale than heretofore. It might do incalculable mischief to his business prospects.

当蓬迪里埃先生得知妻子有意离家搬到别处去住时，立刻给她写了封信表示坚决不同意并提出抗议。他不认为她所提出的理由是充分的。他希望她不要冲动行事，请求她首先考虑人们会说什么，这才是最重要的。他提出这个警告时根本不是在胡思乱想会有什么丑闻，有关他妻子和他本人名誉的事他脑子里从来没想过。他只是在考虑他财产的健全。很可能会有流言蜚语说蓬迪里埃家遭遇了不幸，不得已削减家务开支。这对他的生意前景可能会产生不可估算的损害。

But remembering Edna's whimsical turn of mind of late, and foreseeing that she had immediately acted upon her impetuous determination, he grasped the situation with his usual promptness and handled it with his well-known business tact and cleverness.

但想起了爱德娜最近脑子里总有怪念头，也预见到她对她那轻率的决定已立即付诸了行动，他像他一贯的那样果断地抓住时机，以他在生意上颇为知名的策略和机敏处理了这件事。

The same mail which brought to Edna his letter of disapproval carried instructions—the most minute instructions—to a well-known architect concerning the remodeling of his home, changes which he had long contemplated, and which he desired carried forward during his temporary absence.

在寄给爱德娜表示不赞成的信的同时，他又寄给一个有名的建筑师一封信，信中极为详细地说明他要改造他的住处，他早就考虑要改变一下，现在希望能在他暂时外出期间实施。

Expert and reliable packers and movers were engaged to convey

the furniture, carpets, pictures—everything movable, in short—to places of security. And in an incredibly short time the Pontellier house was turned over to the artisans. There was to be an addition—a small snuggery; there was to be frescoing, and hardwood flooring was to be put into such rooms as had not yet been subjected to this improvement.

专家、可靠的包装工、搬运工都行动起来，把家具、地毯、画－－简言之，所有能够搬动的东西－－都搬到安全的地方。在极短的时间内，蓬迪里埃家的房子就交给了工匠们。要添点东西－－一个舒适的小屋；或是挂上些壁画；或者在以前没有这样改善的房间铺上硬木地板。

Furthermore, in one of the daily papers appeared a brief notice to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Pontellier were contemplating a summer sojourn abroad, and that their handsome residence on Esplanade Street was undergoing sumptuous alterations, and would not be ready for occupancy until their return. Mr. Pontellier had saved appearances!

而且，在一家日报上还刊登了一个简短的声明，大意是说蓬迪里埃夫妇考虑夏天到国外旅居一阵子。他们在埃斯普拉内德街的漂亮房子正在进行豪华改装，在他们回国之前不能居住。蓬迪里埃先生保住了他的名声！

Edna admired the skill of his maneuver, and avoided any occasion to balk his intentions. When the situation as set forth by Mr. Pontellier was accepted and taken for granted, she was apparently satisfied that it should be so.

爱德娜对他的处理技巧表示赞赏，并尽量不阻碍他的计划。当蓬迪里埃先生声明的这个情况被接受并认为是理所当然时，她显然很满意，觉得事情就应该是这个样子。

The pigeon house pleased her. It at once assumed the intimate character of a home, while she herself invested it with a charm which it reflected like a warm glow. There was with her a feeling of having descended in the social scale, with a corresponding sense of having risen in the spiritual. Every step which she took toward relieving herself from obligations added to her strength and expansion as an individual. She began to look with her own eyes; to see and to apprehend the deeper undercurrents of life. No longer was she content to "feed upon opinion" when her own soul had invited her.

“鸽舍”也令她很满意。它立刻呈现出一种家的温馨氛围，而她自己也给它带来一种魅力，使它折射出温暖的光辉。她有一种社会地位下降的感觉，但相应地，精神世界却有极大的提升。她为了把自己从责任中解放出来所走的每一步都给她增添了作为一个个体的力量和胸怀。她开始用自己的眼光来看世界，来观察和理解生活更深处的暗流。当自己的

心灵召唤她时，她已不再满足于只接受别人的观点。

After a little while, a few days, in fact, Edna went up and spent a week with her children in Iberville. They were delicious February days, with all the summer's promise hovering in the air.

过了一阵子，其实是几天后，爱德娜去伊伯维尔和孩子们一起度过了一个星期。那是二月的美好时光，空气中已弥漫着夏天将至的气息。

How glad she was to see the children! She wept for very pleasure when she felt their little arms clasping her; their hard, ruddy cheeks pressed against her own glowing cheeks. She looked into their faces with hungry eyes that could not be satisfied with looking. And what stories they had to tell their mother! About the pigs, the cows, the mules! About riding to the mill behind Gluglu; fishing back in the lake with their Uncle Jasper; picking pecans with Lidie's little black brood, and hauling chips in their express wagon. It was a thousand times more fun to haul real chips for old lame Susie's real fire than to drag painted blocks along the banquette on Esplanade Street!

看到孩子们她真高兴啊！当她感觉到他们的小胳膊抱着她，他们结实红润的小脸蛋贴着她容光焕发的脸颊时，她高兴得流下泪来。她贪婪地盯着他们的脸看，怎么看都看不够似的。他们有多少故事要跟妈妈讲啊！有关猪啊、牛啊、骡子啊！还有骑马到格拉格鲁后面的磨坊去；和贾思博叔叔一起去后面湖里钓鱼；和丽迪家的黑孩子们一起去拾山核桃，用他们家的快车拉些碎木片。拉这些真的碎木片给瘸腿的苏珊老奶奶烧火用要比在埃斯普拉内德街的院子里拖彩色积木车有趣一千倍呢！

She went with them herself to see the pigs and the cows, to look at the darkies laying the cane, to thrash the pecan trees, and catch fish in the back lake. She lived with them a whole week long, giving them all of herself, and gathering and filling herself with their young existence. They listened, breathless, when she told them the house in Esplanade Street was crowded with workmen, hammering, nailing, sawing, and filling the place with clatter. They wanted to know where their bed was; what had been done with their rocking-horse; and where did Joe sleep, and where had Ellen gone, and the cook? But, above all, they were fired with a desire to see the little house around the block. Was there any place to play? Were there any boys next door? Raoul, with pessimistic foreboding, was convinced that there were only girls next door. Where would they sleep, and where would papa sleep? She told them the fairies would fix it all right.

她亲自和孩子们一起去看猪和牛；去看黑人们砍甘蔗；去摇山核桃树打核桃；还到后面的湖里去钓鱼。她跟他们一起呆了整整一周，全身心地陪他们。他们幼年的活力也使她精神焕发，充满生气。当她告诉他们埃斯普拉内德街的房子里挤满了工人，敲打、锯木和钉钉子，到处都是叮当的声音时，他们屏住呼吸，津津有味地听着。他们想知道他们的

床放在哪？他们的木马怎么样了？乔在哪儿睡？爱伦去哪里？还有厨子呢？可更重要的是，他们非常渴望看看街区附近的那个小房子。那里有玩的地方吗？隔壁有男孩子吗？拉乌尔通过悲观的预测，确信隔壁只有女孩子。他们要睡在哪儿？还有爸爸要睡在哪儿呢？她告诉他们仙女们会把一切都安排好的。

The old Madame was charmed with Edna's visit, and showered all manner of delicate attentions upon her. She was delighted to know that the Esplanade Street house was in a dismantled condition. It gave her the promise and pretext to keep the children indefinitely.

老夫人因为爱德娜的来访感到很愉快，百般努力，细心地照顾她。她知道埃斯普拉内德街的房子正在翻修时很是高兴。这相当于给了她借口和承诺无限期地把孩子们留下来。

It was with a wrench and a pang that Edna left her children. She carried away with her the sound of their voices and the touch of their cheeks. All along the journey homeward their presence lingered with her like the memory of a delicious song. But by the time she had regained the city the song no longer echoed in her soul. She was again alone.

跟孩子们离别对爱德娜来说是极大的痛苦和打击。他们的声音还在她耳边回荡，她觉得孩子们的脸仍贴在她的面颊上。在回家的路上，孩子们像对美妙的歌曲的记忆一样萦绕在她的脑海里。等她再回到城里时，这首歌不再回响在她的心灵里。她又独自一个人了。

XXXIII

第三十三章

It happened sometimes when Edna went to see Mademoiselle Reisz that the little musician was absent, giving a lesson or making some small necessary household purchase. The key was always left in a secret hiding-place in the entry, which Edna knew. If Mademoiselle happened to be away, Edna would usually enter and wait for her return.

有时候爱德娜去看雷西小姐时碰巧这位小个子音乐家不在，出去教课或是购买一些小件家居必须品什么的了。钥匙总是藏在门口一个爱德娜知道的秘密地方。假如雷西小姐碰巧不在，爱德娜通常自己开门进屋等她回来。

When she knocked at Mademoiselle Reisz's door one afternoon there was no response; so unlocking the door, as usual, she entered and found the apartment deserted, as she had expected. Her day had been quite filled up, and it was for a rest, for a refuge, and to talk about Robert, that she sought out her friend.

一天下午，她敲雷西小姐的房门时没人应答，于是她便像以往那样自己开门进屋。正如她所料，屋里空无一人。她的日程安排得非常满。她来找她的朋友只是为了休息一下，为了寻求一种慰藉，为了聊聊罗伯特。

She had worked at her canvas—a young Italian character study—all the morning, completing the work without the model; but there had been many interruptions, some incident to her modest housekeeping, and others of a social nature.

一上午她都在她那间意大利式的书房里的画布前工作，在没有模特的情况下完成作品。但在作画过程中多次被打断，有些是简单的家务事，有些则是社交性质的事。

Madame Ratignolle had dragged herself over, avoiding the too public thoroughfares, she said. She complained that Edna had neglected her much of late. Besides, she was consumed with curiosity to see the little house and the manner in which it was conducted. She wanted to hear all about the dinner party; Monsieur Ratignolle had left so early. What had happened after he left? The champagne and grapes which Edna sent over were TOO delicious. She had so little appetite; they had refreshed and toned her stomach. Where on earth was she going to put Mr. Pontellier in that little house, and the boys? And then she made Edna promise to go to her when her hour of trial

overtook her.

拉蒂诺尔夫人曾拖着身子来过，她说她尽量避免走大道。她抱怨说爱德娜最近没去看望她。此外，她充满好奇，想看看这个小房子什么样子以及被打理得怎样。她还想听听晚宴的情况，拉蒂诺尔先生早早地就告辞了。他走后都发生了什么事呢？爱德娜送来的香槟和葡萄味道太好了。她本来没什么胃口，这些使她食欲大振。爱德娜究竟准备把蓬迪里埃先生安排在这个小房子的什么地方？还有孩子们呢？接着她让爱德娜答应她，等她受罪的时刻降临时，爱德娜一定要来看她。

"At any time—any time of the day or night, dear," Edna assured her.

“无论什么时候，不管是白天还是黑夜，亲爱的。”爱德娜向她保证道。

Before leaving Madame Ratignolle said:

离开前拉蒂诺尔夫人说：

"In some way you seem to me like a child, Edna. You seem to act without a certain amount of reflection which is necessary in this life. That is the reason I want to say you mustn't mind if I advise you to be a little careful while you are living here alone. Why don't you have some one come and stay with you? Wouldn't Mademoiselle Reisz come?"

“从某种意义上说，你对我来说就像个孩子，爱德娜。你行事好像不经过一定的考虑，这在我们生活中是必要的。正因为这个原因我想说，你别介意如果我建议你独自住在这儿的时候要小心一点。为什么不找个人来跟你同住呢？难道雷西小姐不愿意过来吗？”

"No; she wouldn't wish to come, and I shouldn't want her always with me."

“不愿意，她的确不愿意过来，我也不想总跟她在一起。”

"Well, the reason—you know how evil-minded the world is—some one was talking of Alcee Arobin visiting you. Of course, it wouldn't matter if Mr. Arobin had not such a dreadful reputation. Monsieur Ratignolle was telling me that his attentions alone are considered enough to ruin a woman's name."

“哎，其实原因是－－你知道现在人们心眼有多坏－－有人在谈论阿罗宾经常来拜访你。当然了，如果阿罗宾先生没有那样坏的名声就没什么要紧。拉蒂诺尔先生告诉我单是他献献殷勤就足以毁了一个女人的名声。

"Does he boast of his successes?" asked Edna, indifferently, squinting at her picture.

“他吹嘘他得手了吗？”爱德娜边眯着眼看着她的画边无动于衷地

问。

"No, I think not. I believe he is a decent fellow as far as that goes. But his character is so well known among the men. I shan't be able to come back and see you; it was very, very imprudent to-day.”

“没，我认为没有。我相信在那方面他还是个体面的人。但他的为人在男人们中间是人人皆知的。我不能再来看你了。今天真是太轻率了。

"Mind the step!" cried Edna.

“注意台阶！”爱德娜喊道。

"Don't neglect me," entreated Madame Ratignolle; "and don't mind what I said about Arobin, or having some one to stay with you.

“不要把我忘了，”拉蒂诺尔夫人请求说，“也不要介意我说的关于阿罗宾的话，要不找个人来跟你一起住吧！”

"Of course not," Edna laughed. "You may say anything you like to me." They kissed each other good-by. Madame Ratignolle had not far to go, and Edna stood on the porch a while watching her walk down the street.

“当然不会介意啦。”爱德娜笑着说，“你想跟我说什么就说什么。”她们互相吻别。拉蒂诺尔夫人离得不远，爱德娜在廊道上站了一会儿目送她沿街走下去。

Then in the afternoon Mrs. Merriman and Mrs. Highcamp had made their "party call." Edna felt that they might have dispensed with the formality. They had also come to invite her to play vingt-et-un one evening at Mrs. Merriman's. She was asked to go early, to dinner, and Mr. Merriman or Mr. Arobin would take her home. Edna accepted in a half-hearted way. She sometimes felt very tired of Mrs. Highcamp and Mrs. Merriman.

接着，下午的时候，梅里曼太太和海坎普太太因为那次晚宴而“回访”。爱德娜感觉她们本可以免除礼节。她们还顺便邀她哪天晚上到梅里曼太太家去玩二十一点（注：一种扑克游戏）。还要她早点去吃晚餐，梅里曼先生或是阿罗宾会送她回家。爱德娜不是完全情愿地接受了邀请。她有时候对海坎普太太和梅里曼太太感觉非常厌烦。

Late in the afternoon she sought refuge with Mademoiselle Reisz, and stayed there alone, waiting for her, feeling a kind of repose invade her with the very atmosphere of the shabby, unpretentious little room.

下午晚些时候，她又到雷西小姐那里寻求慰藉。她独自在雷西小姐家等她回来，在这间小屋那简陋质朴的氛围中她感觉一种安逸感侵袭着她。

Edna sat at the window, which looked out over the house-tops

and across the river. The window frame was filled with pots of flowers, and she sat and picked the dry leaves from a rose geranium. The day was warm, and the breeze which blew from the river was very pleasant. She removed her hat and laid it on the piano. She went on picking the leaves and digging around the plants with her hat pin. Once she thought she heard Mademoiselle Reisz approaching. But it was a young black girl, who came in, bringing a small bundle of laundry, which she deposited in the adjoining room, and went away.

爱德娜坐在窗边，从窗户看出去越过屋顶可以看到河的对面。窗台上放满了花盆，她坐在那儿摘着天竺葵的枯叶。天气暖洋洋的，从河面吹来的微风非常怡人。她把帽子摘下来放在钢琴上。她继续摘枯叶并用帽子上的别针松松花土。有一次她以为她听到了雷西小姐走近的声音。可却是一个黑人小女孩，进来拿着一小捆洗好的衣服，放在隔壁房间就走了。

Edna seated herself at the piano, and softly picked out with one hand the bars of a piece of music which lay open before her. A half-hour went by. There was the occasional sound of people going and coming in the lower hall. She was growing interested in her occupation of picking out the aria, when there was a second rap at the door. She vaguely wondered what these people did when they found Mademoiselle's door locked.

爱德娜坐在钢琴旁，一只手轻轻拿起一本乐谱在面前展开。半个小时过去了。楼下大厅里间或传来人们进进出出的声音。她正聚精会神找抒情曲，这时候突然间又响起敲门声。她有些莫名地想知道这些人发现雷西小姐的门锁着会怎么做。

"Come in," she called, turning her face toward the door. And this time it was Robert Lebrun who presented himself. She attempted to rise; she could not have done so without betraying the agitation which mastered her at sight of him, so she fell back upon the stool, only exclaiming, "Why, Robert!"

“请进。”她喊道，把脸转向了门口。这一次，进来的是罗伯特·勒布伦。她试图站起身来，可她又不能同时不流露出由于看见罗伯特而掌控着她的激动情绪。所以她又跌坐到琴凳上，只是叫着：“哎呀！罗伯特！”

He came and clasped her hand, seemingly without knowing what he was saying or doing.

他过来抓着她的手，看上去不知道怎么说或怎么做。

"Mrs. Pontellier! How do you happen—oh! how well you look! Is Mademoiselle Reisz not here? I never expected to see you.”

“蓬迪里埃夫人！怎么这么巧－－哦！你看上去好极了！雷西小姐不

在家吗？我没料到会见到你。”

"When did you come back?" asked Edna in an unsteady voice, wiping her face with her handkerchief. She seemed ill at ease on the piano stool, and he begged her to take the chair by the window.

“你什么时候回来的？”爱德娜用手帕擦着脸，用颤抖的声音问道。她坐在琴凳上好像很不舒服，他请她坐到床边的椅子上。

She did so, mechanically, while he seated himself on the stool.

她机械地照做了，而他则在琴凳上坐下。

"I returned day before yesterday," he answered, while he leaned his arm on the keys, bringing forth a crash of discordant sound.

“我前天回来的。”他回答说。他把胳膊靠在琴键上，使琴发出一连串不悦耳的声音。

"Day before yesterday!" she repeated, aloud; and went on thinking to herself, "day before yesterday," in a sort of an uncomprehending way. She had pictured him seeking her at the very first hour, and he had lived under the same sky since day before yesterday; while only by accident had he stumbled upon her. Mademoiselle must have lied when she said, "Poor fool, he loves you."

“前天！”她大声重复道，然后又以一副很不理解的样子继续自言自语：“前天就回来了。”她曾设想他一回来就会找她，可从前天起他们就在同一片蓝天下生活，而他只是碰巧才撞上了她。雷西小姐曾说：“可怜的傻瓜，他爱你。”她一定在说谎。

"Day before yesterday," she repeated, breaking off a spray of Mademoiselle's geranium; "then if you had not met me here to-day you wouldn't—when—that is, didn't you mean to come and see me?"

“前天，”爱德娜重复着，把雷西小姐的一支天竺葵折断了，“那么，如果你没在这儿看到我的话，你也不会－－什么时候——这么说吧，你不打算来看看我吗？”

"Of course, I should have gone to see you. There have been so many things—" he turned the leaves of Mademoiselle's music nervously. "I started in at once yesterday with the old firm. After all there is as much chance for me here as there was there—that is, I might find it profitable some day. The Mexicans were not very congenial."

“当然了，我本应该早去看你。可有那么多事情要做－－”他紧张地翻着雷西小姐的乐谱说，“我昨天立马着手联系我原来的公司。毕竟在这里我有着跟在那儿同样的机会－－也就是说，有一天我可能会发现这里是有钱可赚的。墨西哥人不是那么好相处的。”

So he had come back because the Mexicans were not congenial;

because business was as profitable here as there; because of any reason, and not because he cared to be near her. She remembered the day she sat on the floor, turning the pages of his letter, seeking the reason which was left untold.

那么就是说他回来是因为墨西哥人不好相处；因为这里的生意和在那里一样有钱可赚；因为任何原因，就不是因为他想离她更近一些。她记得那天她坐在地板上，反复翻看着他的信，寻找他没说出来的理由。

She had not noticed how he looked—only feeling his presence; but she turned deliberately and observed him. After all, he had been absent but a few months, and was not changed. His hair—the color of hers—waved back from his temples in the same way as before. His skin was not more burned than it had been at Grand Isle. She found in his eyes, when he looked at her for one silent moment, the same tender caress, with an added warmth and entreaty which had not been there before the same glance which had penetrated to the sleeping places of her soul and awakened them.

她开始没注意他看上去什么样子——只是感觉他的存在；现在她特意转过身来打量着他。走了几个月，他竟然没变。他的头发－－跟她一样的发色－－还像以往一样从两个鬓角向后梳着。他的皮肤并未比在格兰德岛上的时候晒得更黑。当他默默地看着她时，她发现他的眼神里有着同样的温情，还有过去所没有的热情和恳切的神情－－就是这样的眼神曾经渗入她灵魂中沉睡的深处把她唤醒。

A hundred times Edna had pictured Robert's return, and imagined their first meeting. It was usually at her home, whither he had sought her out at once. She always fancied him expressing or betraying in some way his love for her. And here, the reality was that they sat ten feet apart, she at the window, crushing geranium leaves in her hand and smelling them, he twirling around on the piano stool, saying:

爱德娜曾成百次地想象着罗伯特归来的画面，想象着他回来后他们的第一次相见。无论他在哪里把她找到，设想中的第一次见面通常是在她家里。她总是幻想着罗伯特会以某种方式向她表达或流露出他对她的爱意。而此刻在这里，现实是他们相隔十英尺坐着，她在窗边用手揉碎天竺葵的叶子闻着，他则在琴凳上扭过身子说：

"I was very much surprised to hear of Mr. Pontellier's absence; it's a wonder Mademoiselle Reisz did not tell me; and your moving—mother told me yesterday. I should think you would have gone to New York with him, or to Iberville with the children, rather than be bothered here with housekeeping. And you are going abroad, too, I hear. We shan't have you at Grand Isle next summer; it won't seem—do you see much of Mademoiselle Reisz? She often spoke of you in the few letters she wrote.”

“听到蓬迪里埃先生不在的消息我很吃惊，很奇怪雷西小姐没有告诉我，还有关于你搬家的事－－我母亲昨天告诉我的。我觉得你应该跟蓬迪里埃先生一起去纽约，或是去伊伯维尔跟孩子们呆在一起，而不是在这里为家务所累。我还听说你要到国外去。明年夏天我们在格兰德岛就见不着你了。这好像不－－你常来看雷西小姐吗？她给我写过几封信，经常提及你。”

"Do you remember that you promised to write to me when you went away?" A flush overspread his whole face.

“你还记得离开时曾答应过给我写信吗？”罗伯特听了脸上泛起红晕。

"I couldn't believe that my letters would be of any interest to you."

“我无法相信你会对我的信感兴趣。”

"That is an excuse; it isn't the truth." Edna reached for her hat on the piano. She adjusted it, sticking the hat pin through the heavy coil of hair with some deliberation.

“这是托辞，不是实话。”爱德娜伸手去够放在钢琴上的帽子。她把帽子戴正，慢慢地用别针把帽子别在粗厚的盘发上。

"Are you not going to wait for Mademoiselle Reisz?" asked Robert.

“你不打算等雷西小姐了吗？”罗伯特问。

"No; I have found when she is absent this long, she is liable not to come back till late." She drew on her gloves, and Robert picked up his hat.

“不打算等了，我已知道她若是这么长时间不回来，就可能很晚才回来。”她戴上了她的手套，罗伯特也把他的帽子拿起来。

"Won't you wait for her?" asked Edna.

“难道你也不等她了吗？”爱德娜问。

"Not if you think she will not be back till late," adding, as if suddenly aware of some discourtesy in his speech, "and I should miss the pleasure of walking home with you." Edna locked the door and put the key back in its hiding-place.

“不等了，既然你认为她很晚才会回来，”突然意识到好像这话欠礼貌，他又加上，“况且否则我就错过了送你回家的这个荣幸了。”爱德娜锁好门，把钥匙放回到其隐藏的地方。

They went together, picking their way across muddy streets and sidewalks encumbered with the cheap display of small tradesmen. Part of the distance they rode in the car, and after disembarking, passed the Pontellier mansion, which looked broken and half torn asunder.

Robert had never known the house, and looked at it with interest.

他们选择了泥泞的街道和小商贩们摆满便宜货的人行道一起走着。有一段路他们坐了车，下车后，他们经过蓬迪里埃家的住宅，翻修中看上去很破旧，几乎被拆倒。罗伯特以前没来过这个房子，饶有兴致地看着。

"I never knew you in your home," he remarked.

“我从未在你家里见过你。”他说。

"I am glad you did not."

“很高兴你没有。”

"Why?" She did not answer. They went on around the corner, and it seemed as if her dreams were coming true after all, when he followed her into the little house.

“为什么呢？”她没有回答。他们继续走到街角。当罗伯特跟她进入她的小房子时，她感觉好像她的梦想终成真了似的。

"You must stay and dine with me, Robert. You see I am all alone, and it is so long since I have seen you. There is so much I want to ask you."

“你一定要留下来跟我一起吃晚饭，罗伯特。你看我现在独自一个人，也这么久没见到你了。我有好多事想要问你。”

She took off her hat and gloves. He stood irresolute, making some excuse about his mother who expected him; he even muttered something about an engagement. She struck a match and lit the lamp on the table; it was growing dusk. When he saw her face in the lamp-light, looking pained, with all the soft lines gone out of it, he threw his hat aside and seated himself.

她摘下了帽子和手套。他站在那里犹豫着，借口说他母亲在等他，又吞吞吐吐地说有个约会。已近黄昏，她划了根火柴点亮桌子上的灯。当他看到灯光下她的面庞带有痛苦之色，失去了往日的柔和，他把帽子放在一边坐了下来。

"Oh! you know I want to stay if you will let me!" he exclaimed. All the softness came back. She laughed, and went and put her hand on his shoulder.

“哦！你知道，如果你愿意让我留的话，我很想留下来。”他兴奋地说。她的脸庞恢复了柔和之色。她笑了，过去把手放在他肩上。

"This is the first moment you have seemed like the old Robert. I'll go tell Celestine." She hurried away to tell Celestine to set an extra place. She even sent her off in search of some added delicacy which she had not thought of for herself. And she recommended great care in

dripping the coffee and having the omelet done to a proper turn.

“这才开始像以前的罗伯特。我去吩咐塞莉斯泰因。”她匆忙去告诉塞莉斯泰因晚餐多留一个位子。她甚至吩咐她再去找几样好菜，这些就连为她自己她都没想过。她还特别关照怎样煮咖啡，炒鸡蛋时什么时候翻个儿合适。

When she reentered, Robert was turning over magazines, sketches, and things that lay upon the table in great disorder. He picked up a photograph, and exclaimed:

当她再进屋时，罗伯特正在翻看杂志、素描和非常杂乱地堆在桌子上的东西。他拿起一张照片喊道：

"Alcee Arobin! What on earth is his picture doing here?"

“阿尔塞·阿罗宾！他的照片怎么会在这儿？”

"I tried to make a sketch of his head one day," answered Edna, "and he thought the photograph might help me. It was at the other house. I thought it had been left there. I must have packed it up with my drawing materials."

“有一天我想给他画幅头像，”爱德娜回答说，“他认为这张照片可能对我有帮助。当时是在那个房子。我还以为把它留在那儿了呢。我一定是把它跟其他的画画材料包在一起了。”

"I should think you would give it back to him if you have finished with it."

“我认为如果你画完了应该把它还给他。”

"Oh! I have a great many such photographs. I never think of returning them. They don't amount to anything." Robert kept on looking at the picture.

“哦！这样的照片我还有很多。我从未想过要还给他们。它们并不是什么重要的东西。罗伯特继续看着照片。

"It seems to me—do you think his head worth drawing? Is he a friend of Mr. Pontellier's? You never said you knew him."

“在我看来－－你认为他的头像值得画吗？他是蓬迪里埃先生的朋友吗？你从没说过你认识他。”

"He isn't a friend of Mr. Pontellier's; he's a friend of mine. I always knew him—that is, it is only of late that I know him pretty well. But I'd rather talk about you, and know what you have been seeing and doing and feeling out there in Mexico." Robert threw aside the picture.

“他不是蓬迪里埃先生的朋友，而是我的一个朋友。我一直认识他－－或者说，只是最近更熟了。不过我更想谈谈你，想了解你在墨西哥的见闻，在那儿做的事和对那儿的感受。”罗伯特把相片扔在一边。

"I've been seeing the waves and the white beach of Grand Isle; the quiet, grassy street of the Cheniere; the old fort at Grande Terre. I've been working like a machine, and feeling like a lost soul. There was nothing interesting."

“我看到过格兰德岛的波涛和白色沙滩；谢尼岛的安静的绿茵街道；还有格兰德·特尔瑞的古堡。我一直像一台机器一样地工作，感觉像一个迷失的幽灵。没有什么有意思的事。”

She leaned her head upon her hand to shade her eyes from the light.

她把头靠在手上以遮住照着她眼睛的灯光。

"And what have you been seeing and doing and feeling all these days?" he asked.

“这些日子你看到些什么？做了些什么？有什么感受？”他问。

"I've been seeing the waves and the white beach of Grand Isle; the quiet, grassy street of the Cheniere Caminada; the old sunny fort at Grande Terre. I've been working with a little more comprehension than a machine, and still feeling like a lost soul. There was nothing interesting."

“我一直在看着格兰德岛的波涛和白色沙滩；谢尼·卡内尔达安静的绿茵街道；格兰德·特尔瑞那阳光照耀下的古堡。我比一台机器更有理解力地工作着，仍感觉像一个迷失的幽灵。没有什么有意思的事。”

"Mrs. Pontellier, you are cruel," he said, with feeling, closing his eyes and resting his head back in his chair. They remained in silence till old Celestine announced dinner.

“蓬迪里埃夫人，你太残忍了。”他闭上眼睛，头靠椅背深情地说。他们就这样默默无语，直到老塞莉斯泰因来宣布晚餐准备好了。

XXXIV

第三十四章

The dining-room was very small. Edna's round mahogany would have almost filled it. As it was there was but a step or two from the little table to the kitchen, to the mantel, the small buffet, and the side door that opened out on the narrow brick-paved yard.

餐厅很小。爱德娜的红木圆桌差不多把它全占满了。好像只需走一两步就可以从小餐桌这儿走到厨房、走到壁炉、走到小餐橱、走到通往狭窄的砖铺庭院的侧门。

A certain degree of ceremony settled upon them with the announcement of dinner. There was no return to personalities. Robert related incidents of his sojourn in Mexico, and Edna talked of events likely to interest him, which had occurred during his absence. The dinner was of ordinary quality, except for the few delicacies which she had sent out to purchase. Old Celestine, with a bandana tignon twisted about her head, hobbled in and out, taking a personal interest in everything; and she lingered occasionally to talk patois with Robert, whom she had known as a boy.

晚餐开始后他们之间保持着一定的礼貌。话题没有再回到个人问题上。罗伯特讲了他呆在墨西哥时的一些事；爱德娜也讲了些他不在期间发生的他可能会感兴趣的事。晚餐是家常便饭，只添了几个她派人去买的好菜。老塞莉斯泰因，头上包着一块印花方巾，蹒跚地进进出出，对一切都挺感兴趣，偶尔停下来用方言跟罗伯特聊上几句；罗伯特还小的时候老塞莉斯泰因就认识他。

He went out to a neighboring cigar stand to purchase cigarette papers, and when he came back he found that Celestine had served the black coffee in the parlor.

他去邻近的烟摊买了香烟纸，等他回来时，他发现塞莉斯泰因正往客厅里端清咖啡。

"Perhaps I shouldn't have come back," he said. "When you are tired of me, tell me to go."

“也许我本不该回来。”他说，“你什么时候厌烦我了就告诉我，让我走。”

"You never tire me. You must have forgotten the hours and hours at Grand Isle in which we grew accustomed to each other and used to being together."

“你从来不会让我感到厌烦。你一定忘了我们在格兰德岛度过的那么

多时光，我们在那里逐渐熟悉，经常呆在一起。”

"I have forgotten nothing at Grand Isle," he said, not looking at her, but rolling a cigarette. His tobacco pouch, which he laid upon the table, was a fantastic embroidered silk affair, evidently the handiwork of a woman.

“在格兰德岛的日子我一点儿也没忘。”他说，眼睛没看她，只是埋头卷着烟。他放在桌子上的烟草袋是个很精致的绣花丝绸的玩意儿，明显是个女人的手工活。

"You used to carry your tobacco in a rubber pouch," said Edna, picking up the pouch and examining the needlework.

“你过去常用胶皮烟袋装烟。”爱德娜说着，拿起这个烟袋仔细地看着针线活。

"Yes; it was lost."

“对啊，但那个丢了。”

"Where did you buy this one? In Mexico?"

“这个烟袋你在哪儿买的？是墨西哥吗？”

"It was given to me by a Vera Cruz girl; they are very generous," he replied, striking a match and lighting his cigarette.

“是一个维拉克鲁兹的女孩送给我的；她们非常大方。”他边回答边划了根火柴点着了烟。

"They are very handsome, I suppose, those Mexican women; very picturesque, with their black eyes and their lace scarfs."

“她们一定很美丽，我想，那些墨西哥女人，非常别致，黑眼睛，披着蕾丝边的披肩。”

"Some are; others are hideous, just as you find women everywhere."

“有一些是，但有一些很丑，就像你所有地方看到的女人一样。”

"What was she like—the one who gave you the pouch? You must have known her very well.”

“她长得什么样－－给你烟袋的那个？你一定很了解她吧？”

"She was very ordinary. She wasn't of the slightest importance. I knew her well enough."

“她长相很一般。丝毫没什么出众的地方。我很了解她。”

"Did you visit at her house? Was it interesting? I should like to know and hear about the people you met, and the impressions they made on you."

“你到她家里拜访过她吗？有趣吗？我想了解你遇到的那些人，他们给你留下什么印象。”

"There are some people who leave impressions not so lasting as the imprint of an oar upon the water."

“有些人留下的印象不那么持久，就像桨划过水留下的印记一样。”

"Was she such a one?"

“她属于这一类吗？”

"It would be ungenerous for me to admit that she was of that order and kind." He thrust the pouch back in his pocket, as if to put away the subject with the trifle which had brought it up.

“我要是承认她属于这类就太不大度了。”他把烟袋塞回到衣袋中，好像要避开这个小物件所引起的话题。

Arobin dropped in with a message from Mrs. Merriman, to say that the card party was postponed on account of the illness of one of her children.

这时阿罗宾来了，捎来梅里曼太太要他传的口信，说由于她的一个孩子生病，所以玩牌的聚会延期了。

"How do you do, Arobin?" said Robert, rising from the obscurity.

“你好，阿罗宾。”罗伯特从暗处起身说道。

"Oh! Lebrun. To be sure! I heard yesterday you were back. How did they treat you down in Mexique?"

“哦！勒布伦。真是你呀！昨天听说你回来了。墨西哥那边他们待你怎么样？”

"Fairly well."

“相当不错。”

"But not well enough to keep you there. Stunning girls, though, in Mexico. I thought I should never get away from Vera Cruz when I was down there a couple of years ago."

“但没好到把你留在那儿。尽管墨西哥有绝色的美人儿。我想几年前我到维拉克鲁兹的时候真不该再离开。”

"Did they embroider slippers and tobacco pouches and hat-bands and things for you?" asked Edna.

“她们给你绣拖鞋、烟袋、帽带或者别的什么东西了吗？”爱德娜问。

"Oh! my! no! I didn't get so deep in their regard. I fear they made more impression on me than I made on them."

“哦！天啊！没有！我跟她们没那么深的交情。怕是她们给我的印象要比我给她们的印象深吧。”

"You were less fortunate than Robert, then."

“这么说你没有罗伯特幸运了。”

"I am always less fortunate than Robert. Has he been imparting tender confidences?"

“我总是没罗伯特那么幸运。他向你透露他那些温柔的小秘密了吗？”

"I've been imposing myself long enough," said Robert, rising, and shaking hands with Edna. "Please convey my regards to Mr. Pontellier when you write."

“我已经打扰很久了。”罗伯特说着站了起来，跟爱德娜握手告辞。“再写信时请代我问候蓬迪里埃先生。”

He shook hands with Arobin and went away.

他跟阿罗宾握了手便离开了。

"Fine fellow, that Lebrun," said Arobin when Robert had gone. "I never heard you speak of him."

“好小伙子，那个勒布伦。”罗伯特走之后阿罗宾说道，“我从没听你说起过他。”

"I knew him last summer at Grand Isle," she replied. "Here is that photograph of yours. Don't you want it?"

“去年夏天，我在格兰德岛上认识他的。”爱德娜回答说，“这是你那张照片。难道你不想要了？”

"What do I want with it? Throw it away." She threw it back on the table.

“还要它干什么？把它扔了吧。”她把照片又放回到桌子上。

"I'm not going to Mrs. Merriman's," she said. "If you see her, tell her so. But perhaps I had better write. I think I shall write now, and say that I am sorry her child is sick, and tell her not to count on me."

“我不打算去梅里曼太太家了。”她说，“如果你见着她，跟她说一声。不过也许我最好写封信。我想我现在就该写，说听说她的孩子病了我很难过，还要告诉她别算上我了。”

"It would be a good scheme," acquiesced Arobin. "I don't blame you; stupid lot!"

“这主意不错，”阿罗宾赞同道，“我不会怪你的，傻瓜！”

Edna opened the blotter, and having procured paper and pen,

began to write the note. Arobin lit a cigar and read the evening paper, which he had in his pocket.

爱德娜打开记事薄，撕下纸，拿起笔开始写便条。阿罗宾点了一支雪茄，从口袋里拿出晚报读了起来。

"What is the date?" she asked. He told her.

“今天几号？”她问。他告诉了她。

"Will you mail this for me when you go out?"

“你出去的时候帮我把它寄了好吗？”

"Certainly." He read to her little bits out of the newspaper, while she straightened things on the table.

“当然可以啦。”爱德娜收拾桌子上的东西时，他给她读报纸上的一些小片段。

"What do you want to do?" he asked, throwing aside the paper. "Do you want to go out for a walk or a drive or anything? It would be a fine night to drive."

“你想做什么？”他把报纸扔到一边问道，“你想出去散散步或是坐车兜风什么的吗？今晚坐车兜风挺合适。”

"No; I don't want to do anything but just be quiet. You go away and amuse yourself. Don't stay."

“不，我什么也不想做，只想安静一会儿。你自己出去找乐子吧。别在这儿呆着了。”

"I'll go away if I must; but I shan't amuse myself. You know that I only live when I am near you."

“如果非让我走我就走，可是我不想自己找乐子。你知道只有你在旁边我才觉得过得快乐。”

He stood up to bid her good night.

他起身跟她道晚安。

"Is that one of the things you always say to women?"

“这是你经常跟女人们说的话吧？”

"I have said it before, but I don't think I ever came so near meaning it," he answered with a smile. There were no warm lights in her eyes; only a dreamy, absent look.

“我以前说过，不过从不像现在这样认真。”他笑着回答。她目光朦胧，眼神里没有热情的光芒，看上去心不在焉。

"Good night. I adore you. Sleep well," he said, and he kissed her hand and went away.

“晚安吧。我很爱你。好好睡吧。”他说着，吻了她的手便离开了。

She stayed alone in a kind of reverie—a sort of stupor. Step by step she lived over every instant of the time she had been with Robert after he had entered Mademoiselle Reisz's door. She recalled his words, his looks. How few and meager they had been for her hungry heart! A vision—a transcendently seductive vision of a Mexican girl arose before her. She writhed with a jealous pang. She wondered when he would come back. He had not said he would come back. She had been with him, had heard his voice and touched his hand. But some way he had seemed nearer to her off there in Mexico.

她独自一个人呆在那儿，陷入幻想中－－一种恍惚的状态。她一点点回忆着罗伯特进入雷西小姐家后她跟他在一起的时光。她回忆着他的话，他的容颜。可是这一切是那么的稀少贫乏，怎么能满足她那饥渴的心！她脑海里出现一个幻觉－－幻觉中出现一个妩媚动人的墨西哥女孩。一阵嫉妒让她极为不安。她想知道他什么时候会再来。他没有说他会再来。她曾和他呆在一起过，听着他的声音，抚摸着他的手。但从某种意义上说，他远在墨西哥时倒好像离她更近似的。

XXXV

第三十五章

The morning was full of sunlight and hope. Edna could see before her no denial—only the promise of excessive joy. She lay in bed awake, with bright eyes full of speculation. "He loves you, poor fool." If she could but get that conviction firmly fixed in her mind, what mattered about the rest? She felt she had been childish and unwise the night before in giving herself over to despondency. She recapitulated the motives which no doubt explained Robert's reserve. They were not insurmountable; they would not hold if he really loved her; they could not hold against her own passion, which he must come to realize in time. She pictured him going to his business that morning. She even saw how he was dressed; how he walked down one street, and turned the corner of another; saw him bending over his desk, talking to people who entered the office, going to his lunch, and perhaps watching for her on the street. He would come to her in the afternoon or evening, sit and roll his cigarette, talk a little, and go away as he had done the night before. But how delicious it would be to have him there with her! She would have no regrets, nor seek to penetrate his reserve if he still chose to wear it.

第二天早上阳光明媚，一切都生机勃勃。爱德娜不再感到压抑－－只有无限的喜悦。她躺在床上，醒着，明亮的双眸充满了思索。“他是爱你的，可怜的傻瓜。”如果她能在大脑中坚信这一点，其他的一切又有什么关系呢？她感觉头一天晚上她的沮丧低沉真是孩子气，不明智。她总结出了毫无疑问地能够解释罗伯特的冷淡的原因。它们并非难以克服。如果他真的爱她，这种冷淡不会持久；面对她的激情，这种冷淡不可能持久；他一定会适时意识到她的激情的。她的脑海里出现了那天早晨他去上班的画面。她甚至好像看到他怎样穿着打扮；怎样走在一条街上，拐过另一个街角；还看到他在办公室伏在桌前同进来的人说话，看到他去吃午饭，或许还在街上张望着找她。下午或傍晚，他会到她这里来，坐在那儿卷支烟，说会儿话，然后像头一天晚上那样离开。但是有他跟她在一起该是多么好呀！如果他选择这样冷淡下去，她也不会遗憾，也不会寻机打破这种局面。

Edna ate her breakfast only half dressed. The maid brought her a delicious printed scrawl from Raoul, expressing his love, asking her to send him some bonbons, and telling her they had found that morning ten tiny white pigs all lying in a row beside Lidie's big white pig.

爱德娜半披着衣服吃了早饭。女仆拿来拉乌尔寄来的自己乱涂的一张有趣的画，表达了他对妈妈的爱，并求她寄些糖果，还告诉她那天早

上他们发现丽迪的大白猪旁边躺了一排十只小猪仔。

A letter also came from her husband, saying he hoped to be back early in March, and then they would get ready for that journey abroad which he had promised her so long, which he felt now fully able to afford; he felt able to travel as people should, without any thought of small economies—thanks to his recent speculations in Wall Street.

还有一封信是她丈夫寄来的，说他希望三月初回来，那时他们会准备好到国外旅行，这是他答应她很长时间的事了，现在他完全能负担得起这次旅行，像人们应该的那样去旅行，不用考虑琐碎的经济问题－－因为他最近在华尔街的投机买卖不错。

Much to her surprise she received a note from Arobin, written at midnight from the club. It was to say good morning to her, to hope she had slept well, to assure her of his devotion, which he trusted she in some faintest manner returned.

她还很惊讶地收到了阿罗宾的一个便条，是半夜从俱乐部写来的。便条里他向她问了早安，说希望她睡了个好觉，向她表示他对她的真情，并表示相信她绝不会有丝毫回应的。

All these letters were pleasing to her. She answered the children in a cheerful frame of mind, promising them bonbons, and congratulating them upon their happy find of the little pigs.

所有这些信都使她感到高兴。她很快乐地给孩子们回了信，答应他们糖果的事，并对他们幸福地发现了小猪仔表示祝贺。

She answered her husband with friendly evasiveness,—not with any fixed design to mislead him, only because all sense of reality had gone out of her life; she had abandoned herself to Fate, and awaited the consequences with indifference.

她以友好的模棱两可的态度给她丈夫回了信－－没有任何的肯定的答复以免误导他，因为所有的现实感已远离了她的生活。她已把自己交付于命运，漠然地等待着最后的裁决。

To Arobin's note she made no reply. She put it under Celestine's stove-lid.

对阿罗宾的便条她没有回复。她把它扔进了塞莉斯泰因的火炉盖下。

Edna worked several hours with much spirit. She saw no one but a picture dealer, who asked her if it were true that she was going abroad to study in Paris.

爱德娜精力充沛地工作了几个小时。除了一个画商她没见任何人。这个画商来问她是不是她真的要出国到巴黎去学习。

She said possibly she might, and he negotiated with her for some

Parisian studies to reach him in time for the holiday trade in December.

她说可能她会去。商人便和她商量要她把在巴黎学习时的一些画及时地寄给他，以便在十二月的假日交易中出售。

Robert did not come that day. She was keenly disappointed. He did not come the following day, nor the next. Each morning she awoke with hope, and each night she was a prey to despondency. She was tempted to seek him out. But far from yielding to the impulse, she avoided any occasion which might throw her in his way. She did not go to Mademoiselle Reisz's nor pass by Madame Lebrun's, as she might have done if he had still been in Mexico.

那天罗伯特没来。她失望极了。第二天他也没来，接下来那天他还是没来。每天早晨她都怀着希望醒来，而每天晚上她又为低沉沮丧所折磨。她总是很想去找罗伯特。但她没有屈从于这种冲动，避免了可能与他见面的任何机会。她不像他还在墨西哥时那样去雷西小姐家，也不会有意路过勒布伦家。

When Arobin, one night, urged her to drive with him, she went—out to the lake, on the Shell Road. His horses were full of mettle, and even a little unmanageable. She liked the rapid gait at which they spun along, and the quick, sharp sound of the horses' hoofs on the hard road. They did not stop anywhere to eat or to drink. Arobin was not needlessly imprudent. But they ate and they drank when they regained Edna's little dining-room—which was comparatively early in the evening.

一天晚上，当阿罗宾极力劝她跟他驾车去兜风时，她去了－－到贝壳路那里的湖边去兜风。他的马精力充沛，甚至有点难以驾驭。她喜欢马儿疾驰的步伐，喜欢听坚硬的马路上的快而尖利的马蹄声。一路上他们也没停下来吃点什么或是喝点什么。阿罗宾也没有什么不必要的轻率举动。等他们回到爱德娜的小餐室时，时候尚早，他们吃喝了点东西。

It was late when he left her. It was getting to be more than a passing whim with Arobin to see her and be with her. He had detected the latent sensuality, which unfolded under his delicate sense of her nature's requirements like a torpid, torrid, sensitive blossom.

等他离开她时已经很晚了。对阿罗宾来说，来看她，陪着她已经不只是一闪即过的念头了。他早已发现她那潜伏的欲望，他敏锐地察觉到她的这种出于天性的需求就像是一朵狂热而敏感的花苞一样慢慢地展开。

There was no despondency when she fell asleep that night; nor was there hope when she awoke in the morning.

那天晚上她入睡时没感到消沉，早晨醒来时也没怀有任何希望。

XXXVI

第三十六章

There was a garden out in the suburbs; a small, leafy corner, with a few green tables under the orange trees. An old cat slept all day on the stone step in the sun, and an old mulatresse slept her idle hours away in her chair at the open window, till, some one happened to knock on one of the green tables. She had milk and cream cheese to sell, and bread and butter. There was no one who could make such excellent coffee or fry a chicken so golden brown as she.

在郊外有一个花园，一个林荫掩映的小角落里，几张绿色的桌子摆在橘子树下。一只老猫整天睡在阳光下的石阶上。一个黑白混血的老太太坐在敞开的窗边椅子上酣睡以打发无聊的时间，直到有人会敲那些绿色桌子。她有牛奶、乳酪出售，还有面包和黄油。没人能像她那样煮出这样美味的咖啡，也没有人能像她那样把鸡烤得呈现出那种金黄色。

The place was too modest to attract the attention of people of fashion, and so quiet as to have escaped the notice of those in search of pleasure and dissipation. Edna had discovered it accidentally one day when the high-board gate stood ajar. She caught sight of a little green table, blotched with the checkered sunlight that filtered through the quivering leaves overhead. Within she had found the slumbering mulatresse, the drowsy cat, and a glass of milk which reminded her of the milk she had tasted in Iberville.

这个地方太简陋，不能吸引时髦客人的光顾；它也太安静，不能引起寻欢作乐的人们的注意。有一天那高高的木门半开着的时候爱德娜偶然发现了这里。她看见了一张绿色的小桌子，透过头上摇曳的树叶，阳光斑驳地落在桌子上。再往里她还看见那个酣睡着的黑白混血老太太，那只打瞌睡的猫，还有一杯牛奶，使她想起了她在伊伯维尔乡下喝的牛奶。

She often stopped there during her perambulations; sometimes taking a book with her, and sitting an hour or two under the trees when she found the place deserted. Once or twice she took a quiet dinner there alone, having instructed Celestine beforehand to prepare no dinner at home. It was the last place in the city where she would have expected to meet any one she knew.

她散步时经常在那儿停下来。有时她拿着书，发现这个地方安静无人时，就在树下坐下来看一两个小时的书。也有那么一两次她提前吩咐塞莉斯泰因不要为她在家准备晚餐，而独自在那儿安静地吃上一顿饭。在城里，这儿是她最不可能会遇到熟人的地方。

Still she was not astonished when, as she was partaking of a modest dinner late in the afternoon, looking into an open book, stroking the cat, which had made friends with her—she was not greatly astonished to see Robert come in at the tall garden gate.

一天傍晚，她正在吃一顿便饭，一边看着翻开的书，一边还抚摸着已跟她有交情的老猫。这时，她看见罗伯特进来了，站在高高的花园门口，但她并没有十分吃惊。

"I am destined to see you only by accident," she said, shoving the cat off the chair beside her. He was surprised, ill at ease, almost embarrassed at meeting her thus so unexpectedly.

“我注定只有碰巧才能见到你。”她说着把那只猫从她旁边的椅子上推下去。他很惊讶，有点慌张，这样出乎意料地遇见她使他几乎感到很尴尬。

"Do you come here often?" he asked.

“你经常来这里吗？”他问。

"I almost live here," she said.

“我几乎要在这里住了。”她说。

"I used to drop in very often for a cup of Catiche's good coffee. This is the first time since I came back."

“我过去常来喝杯卡蒂歇煮的香喷喷的咖啡。不过这是我回来后的第一次。”

"She'll bring you a plate, and you will share my dinner. There's always enough for two—even three." Edna had intended to be indifferent and as reserved as he when she met him; she had reached the determination by a laborious train of reasoning, incident to one of her despondent moods. But her resolve melted when she saw him before designing Providence had led him into her path.

“让她给你拿个盘子，你可以跟我吃一份晚餐。量很大，足够两个人，甚至三个人吃了。爱德娜曾打算再见到他时要像他那样冷淡矜持。她费了很大力气给自己讲道理，最终下定了决心，当然这也同她低落的情绪有关。可是当她看见上帝有预谋地把他带到她的生活轨道中来时，她的决心顿时消失。

"Why have you kept away from me, Robert?" she asked, closing the book that lay open upon the table.

“你为什么一直躲着我，罗伯特？”她问，合上放在桌子上的打开的书。

"Why are you so personal, Mrs. Pontellier? Why do you force me to idiotic subterfuges?" he exclaimed with sudden warmth. "I suppose

there's no use telling you I've been very busy, or that I've been sick, or that I've been to see you and not found you at home. Please let me off with any one of these excuses."

“你为什么如此过于涉及私人的事，蓬迪里埃夫人？你为什么总是强迫我去编一些愚蠢的托辞？”他大声叫道，语气突然变得热烈起来。“我觉得要是告诉你我最近很忙，或是病了，或是去看你但你不在家这些都没用。请不要让我说这些借口。”

"You are the embodiment of selfishness," she said. "You save yourself something—I don't know what—but there is some selfish motive, and in sparing yourself you never consider for a moment what I think, or how I feel your neglect and indifference. I suppose this is what you would call unwomanly; but I have got into a habit of expressing myself. It doesn't matter to me, and you may think me unwomanly if you like."

“你真是自私的化身，”她说，“你内心有所掩藏－－我不知道是什么－－但你有自私的动机，为了使自己免于伤害，却丝毫不考虑我的想法，或是我对你的冷落与漠视的感受。我想这就是你所认为的不像女人的品质，但我已习惯于表达我的情感。没关系，要是你愿意认为我不像女人，你就那样想好了。”

"No; I only think you cruel, as I said the other day. Maybe not intentionally cruel; but you seem to be forcing me into disclosures which can result in nothing; as if you would have me bare a wound for the pleasure of looking at it, without the intention or power of healing it."

“不是，我只是认为你残忍，就像我那天说的那样。也许你不是有意残忍的，但你似乎在强迫我吐露真情，而这不会有什么好结果，就好像你揭了我的伤疤，只是喜欢看看它而已，并无意也无力为我疗伤。”

"I'm spoiling your dinner, Robert; never mind what I say. You haven't eaten a morsel."

“我真是搞坏了你吃饭的心情，罗伯特。别在意我说的话。你还一点饭没吃呢。”

"I only came in for a cup of coffee." His sensitive face was all disfigured with excitement.

“我只是来喝杯咖啡而已。”他那张敏感的面孔已激动得变了形。

"Isn't this a delightful place?" she remarked. "I am so glad it has never actually been discovered. It is so quiet, so sweet, here. Do you notice there is scarcely a sound to be heard? It's so out of the way; and a good walk from the car. However, I don't mind walking. I always feel so sorry for women who don't like to walk; they miss so much—so many rare little glimpses of life; and we women learn so little of life

on the whole.

“这真是个怡人的地方，是吧？”她说道，“我真高兴它没有被大家发现。这里真是宁静，恬然。你有没有注意到这里几乎寂静无声。它离大道很远，下车后要走很长时间。可我不介意走路。我总是为那些不喜欢走路的女士们感到遗憾，她们错过了很多——很多生活中罕见的场景。总之，我们女人对生活了解得太少了。”

"Catiche's coffee is always hot. I don't know how she manages it, here in the open air. Celestine's coffee gets cold bringing it from the kitchen to the dining-room. Three lumps! How can you drink it so sweet? Take some of the cress with your chop; it's so biting and crisp. Then there's the advantage of being able to smoke with your coffee out here. Now, in the city—aren't you going to smoke?"

“卡蒂歇的咖啡总是热乎乎的。我不知道在这户外她是怎么做到的。塞莉斯泰因的咖啡从厨房拿到餐厅就凉了。三块方糖！你怎么能喝这么甜的咖啡？吃些芹菜和排骨吧，很脆，口感不错。还有个好处就是你可以在这里边抽烟边喝咖啡。现在在城里——你不抽烟吗？”

"After a while," he said, laying a cigar on the table.

“过会儿抽。”他说着把雪茄放在桌子上。

"Who gave it to you?" she laughed.

“谁给你的呀？”她笑着问。

"I bought it. I suppose I'm getting reckless; I bought a whole box." She was determined not to be personal again and make him uncomfortable.

“我自己买的。我想我越来越轻率了。我买了一整盒。”她决定不再提及私人问题让他感到不舒服了。

The cat made friends with him, and climbed into his lap when he smoked his cigar. He stroked her silky fur, and talked a little about her. He looked at Edna's book, which he had read; and he told her the end, to save her the trouble of wading through it, he said.

那只猫同他交上了朋友，在他抽烟时爬到了他的腿上。他抚摸着它丝滑的皮毛，说了几句关于它的话。他看了看爱德娜的书，这本书他曾读过，就跟她讲了书的结局，说省着她还得费力地把它读完。

Again he accompanied her back to her home; and it was after dusk when they reached the little "pigeon-house.” She did not ask him to remain, which he was grateful for, as it permitted him to stay without the discomfort of blundering through an excuse which he had no intention of considering. He helped her to light the lamp; then she went into her room to take off her hat and to bathe her face and hands.

他又再次送她回家，等他们回到她的小“鸽舍”时天色已晚。她没有要他留下来，对此他很感激，这等于让他留下来而又免去了他不情愿的费心找借口的尴尬。他帮她点了灯，然后她进了屋，摘下帽子开始洗漱。

When she came back Robert was not examining the pictures and magazines as before; he sat off in the shadow, leaning his head back on the chair as if in a reverie. Edna lingered a moment beside the table, arranging the books there. Then she went across the room to where he sat. She bent over the arm of his chair and called his name.

当她回来时，罗伯特不像以前那样翻阅画和杂志，他坐在暗处，头倚着椅背，好像陷入幻想之中。爱德娜在桌旁停留片刻，整理着书刊。然后她穿过房间走到他坐的地方。她俯身趴在他坐着的椅子的扶手上，叫着他的名字。

"Robert," she said, "are you asleep?"

“罗伯特，”她说，“你睡着了吗？”

"No," he answered, looking up at her.

“没。”他回答说，抬头看着她。

She leaned over and kissed him—a soft, cool, delicate kiss, whose voluptuous sting penetrated his whole being-then she moved away from him. He followed, and took her in his arms, just holding her close to him. She put her hand up to his face and pressed his cheek against her own. The action was full of love and tenderness. He sought her lips again. Then he drew her down upon the sofa beside him and held her hand in both of his.

她靠过去吻了他－－这样温柔、清凉、淡淡的一吻使他销魂，接着她从他身边走开。他跟上她，把她拥入怀里，紧紧地抱着她。她把手放在他的脸上，把它紧紧贴在自己的面颊上。这动作充满了温存与爱意。他再次寻找着她的嘴唇。然后他把她拉到沙发上，让她坐在他身边，双手抓着她的手。

"Now you know," he said, "now you know what I have been fighting against since last summer at Grand Isle; what drove me away and drove me back again."

“现在你知道了，”他说，“知道自从去年夏天在格兰德岛以来我一直做着什么样的思想斗争，又是什么驱使我离开又驱使我回来。”

"Why have you been fighting against it?" she asked. Her face glowed with soft lights.

“你为什么要一直做思想斗争？”她问。她脸上闪着柔和的光。

"Why? Because you were not free; you were Leonce Pontellier's wife. I couldn't help loving you if you were ten times his wife; but so

long as I went away from you and kept away I could help telling you so." She put her free hand up to his shoulder, and then against his cheek, rubbing it softly. He kissed her again. His face was warm and flushed.

“因为什么？因为你不是自由人，你是莱翁斯·蓬迪里埃的妻子。可即使你是他的妻子，我也禁不住爱你。但只要我远离你，一直远离你，我就能控制住自己，不跟你说这些话。她把手搭在他的肩上，接着又放在他的脸上，温柔地抚摸着他的面颊。他又吻了吻她。他的脸热烈而绯红。

"There in Mexico I was thinking of you all the time, and longing for you."

“远在墨西哥的时候，我一直很想你，渴望见到你。”

"But not writing to me," she interrupted.

“但就是不给我写信。”她打断他的话。

"Something put into my head that you cared for me; and I lost my senses. I forgot everything but a wild dream of your some way becoming my wife."

“我有这样的念头，认为你在乎我，因此我失去了理智。我忘记一切，只是狂野地梦想着你会成为我的妻子。”

"Your wife!"

“你的妻子！”

"Religion, loyalty, everything would give way if only you cared."

“只要你愿意，宗教、忠贞，一切都会让路的。”

"Then you must have forgotten that I was Leonce Pontellier's wife."

“那么你一定忘了我是莱翁斯·蓬迪里埃的妻子了。”

"Oh! I was demented, dreaming of wild, impossible things, recalling men who had set their wives free, we have heard of such things."

“哦！我简直是神经错乱了，净想些狂妄、不可能的事，记得也有男人让他们的妻子自由，我们曾听过这类事情的。”

"Yes, we have heard of such things."

“的确，我们曾听说过这类事情。”

"I came back full of vague, mad intentions. And when I got here—"

“所以我回来了，带着模糊疯狂的打算。而当我到这里的时候——”

"When you got here you never came near me!" She was still caressing his cheek.

“当你到这里时，你从不靠近我！”她还是在抚摸着他的面颊。

"I realized what a cur I was to dream of such a thing, even if you had been willing."

“我意识到，即使你愿意，我幻想这样的事也是很卑劣的。”

She took his face between her hands and looked into it as if she would never withdraw her eyes more. She kissed him on the forehead, the eyes, the cheeks, and the lips.

她双手捧着他的脸，仔细端详着，好像再也不愿把眼睛从他脸上移开。她吻着他的额头、双眼、脸颊还有嘴唇。

"You have been a very, very foolish boy, wasting your time dreaming of impossible things when you speak of Mr. Pontellier setting me free! I am no longer one of Mr. Pontellier's possessions to dispose of or not. I give myself where I choose. If he were to say, 'Here, Robert, take her and be happy; she is yours,' I should laugh at you both."

“你是个很傻很傻的孩子，真是在浪费时间幻想不可能的事情，还说什么蓬迪里埃先生会让我自由。我不再是可供蓬迪里埃先生随意处置的财产。我给我自己选择出路的机会。如果他会说：‘嗨，罗伯特，带她走吧，给她幸福，她是你的了。’那样的话我会嘲笑你们俩的。”

His face grew a little white. "What do you mean?" he asked.

他的脸变得有点苍白。“你这是什么意思？”他问。

There was a knock at the door. Old Celestine came in to say that Madame Ratignolle's servant had come around the back way with a message that Madame had been taken sick and begged Mrs. Pontellier to go to her immediately.

忽然有人敲门。老塞莉斯泰因进来说拉蒂诺尔夫人的仆人来传话说夫人快要生了，请蓬迪里埃德里埃夫人马上过去。

"Yes, yes," said Edna, rising; "I promised. Tell her yes—to wait for me. I'll go back with her."

“好的，好的，”爱德娜站起来说，“我答应过她的。告诉她我马上去，让她等着我。我跟她一起回去。”

"Let me walk over with you," offered Robert.

“让我陪你过去吧。”罗伯特提出。

"No," she said; "I will go with the servant. She went into her room to put on her hat, and when she came in again she sat once more upon the sofa beside him. He had not stirred. She put her arms about his

neck.

“不用了，”她说，“我同仆人一道去。”她进屋戴上帽子，再回来时又坐到沙发上挨着他。他没有动。她抱住他的脖子。

"Good-by, my sweet Robert. Tell me good-by.” He kissed her with a degree of passion which had not before entered into his caress, and strained her to him.

“再见，亲爱的罗伯特。跟我说再见吧！”他热情地吻着她，远比抚摸她的时候热情，然后又紧紧地拥住了她。

"I love you," she whispered, "only you; no one but you. It was you who awoke me last summer out of a life-long, stupid dream. Oh! you have made me so unhappy with your indifference. Oh! I have suffered, suffered! Now you are here we shall love each other, my Robert. We shall be everything to each other. Nothing else in the world is of any consequence. I must go to my friend; but you will wait for me? No matter how late; you will wait for me, Robert?”

“我爱你，”她小声说，“只爱你一个，没有别人只有你。”是你去年夏天把我从昏睡已久的愚蠢的梦中唤醒。哦！你的冷漠使我如此不快乐。哦！我遭受了痛苦、折磨！现在你在这里了，我们将彼此珍爱，我的罗伯特。我们要珍视彼此。世上任何别的事都无关紧要。现在我必须去看朋友了，你能等我吗？无论多晚你都等着，好吗，罗伯特？”

"Don't go; don't go! Oh! Edna, stay with me," he pleaded. "Why should you go? Stay with me, stay with me."

“别走，别走！哦！爱德娜，留下来陪我。”他请求道，“你为什么要走？留下来陪我，留下来陪我。”

"I shall come back as soon as I can; I shall find you here." She buried her face in his neck, and said good-by again. Her seductive voice, together with his great love for her, had enthralled his senses, had deprived him of every impulse but the longing to hold her and keep her.

我尽可能快地回来，我回到这里找你。”她用面颊贴着他的脖子又跟他说再见。她那诱人的声音，再加上他对她的挚爱，使他销魂，使他忘记一切，只想将她拥入怀中把她留住。

XXXVII

第三十七章

Edna looked in at the drug store. Monsieur Ratignolle was putting up a mixture himself, very carefully, dropping a red liquid into a tiny glass. He was grateful to Edna for having come; her presence would be a comfort to his wife. Madame Ratignolle's sister, who had always been with her at such trying times, had not been able to come up from the plantation, and Adele had been inconsolable until Mrs. Pontellier so kindly promised to come to her. The nurse had been with them at night for the past week, as she lived a great distance away. And Dr. Mandelet had been coming and going all the afternoon. They were then looking for him any moment.

爱德娜到药店里看了看。拉蒂诺尔先生正小心谨慎地举着一种合剂，将一种红色的液体倒入一个小杯子中。他对爱德娜的到来表示感激，她的在场对他妻子将是莫大的安慰。拉蒂诺尔夫人的姐姐以前在这样的艰难时刻总是跟她在一起，可这次没能从农场赶来。阿黛尔之前一直感到不安，直到蓬迪里埃夫人仁慈地答应她会过来她才感到安慰些。过去一周，护士晚上一直陪着她，因为她住得离这儿很远。整个下午芒代勒医生一直来来回回地忙着。他们时刻都需要他。

Edna hastened upstairs by a private stairway that led from the rear of the store to the apartments above. The children were all sleeping in a back room. Madame Ratignolle was in the salon, whither she had strayed in her suffering impatience. She sat on the sofa, clad in an ample white peignoir, holding a handkerchief tight in her hand with a nervous clutch. Her face was drawn and pinched, her sweet blue eyes haggard and unnatural. All her beautiful hair had been drawn back and plaited. It lay in a long braid on the sofa pillow, coiled like a golden serpent. The nurse, a comfortable looking Griffe woman in white apron and cap, was urging her to return to her bedroom.

爱德娜匆忙从药店后面通往上面寓所的私人楼梯上去了。孩子们都在后面的房间里睡了。拉蒂诺尔夫人正在客厅里，变得痛苦而焦急。她坐在沙发上，身穿宽松的白色睡衣，手里紧紧地攥着一块手绢，很紧张地抓着。她的脸枯槁而瘦削，那迷人的蓝眼睛也异常憔悴。漂亮的头发都拢到后面扎成了辫子。长辫搭在沙发枕上像一条金蛇盘旋在那里。那个长相姣好的黑白混血护士戴着白帽子，正极力劝她回卧室。

"There is no use, there is no use," she said at once to Edna. "We must get rid of Mandelet; he is getting too old and careless. He said he would be here at half-past seven; now it must be eight. See what time

it is, Josephine.”

“没用的，没用的，”她立刻对爱德娜说，“我们不要再请芒代勒医生了，他太老了，也不细心。他说他七点半会来这里，现在一定有八点了。看看现在几点了，若斯菲娜。”

The woman was possessed of a cheerful nature, and refused to take any situation too seriously, especially a situation with which she was so familiar. She urged Madame to have courage and patience. But Madame only set her teeth hard into her under lip, and Edna saw the sweat gather in beads on her white forehead. After a moment or two she uttered a profound sigh and wiped her face with the handkerchief rolled in a ball. She appeared exhausted. The nurse gave her a fresh handkerchief, sprinkled with cologne water.

这位女士有着达观的性格，在任何情况下都不会慌张，尤其是对她所熟悉的情况。她劝夫人鼓足勇气，耐心等待。可夫人只是紧咬下唇，爱德娜看到汗水在她苍白的额头上结成了汗珠。过了一会儿，她长叹一口气，用卷成一团的手绢擦了擦脸。她看上去精疲力尽。护士递给她一块新手绢，还洒上了香水。

"This is too much!" she cried. "Mandelet ought to be killed! Where is Alphonse? Is it possible I am to be abandoned like this-neglected by every one?”

“这太过分了！”她叫道，“芒代勒应该被处死！阿尔方斯在哪？可以这样把我扔在这里没人管吗？”

"Neglected, indeed!" exclaimed the nurse. Wasn't she there? And here was Mrs. Pontellier leaving, no doubt, a pleasant evening at home to devote to her? And wasn't Monsieur Ratignolle coming that very instant through the hall? And Josephine was quite sure she had heard Doctor Mandelet's coupe. Yes, there it was, down at the door.

“真是没人管啊！”护士大声说道。难道她没在这儿吗？这里不还有蓬迪里埃夫人吗？毫无疑问，她放弃了在家里度过愉快的夜晚而来这里看她。还有拉蒂诺尔先生这时不也正穿过前厅过来了吗？若斯菲娜还确定她听到了芒代勒医生的马车声。是的，到了，就在门口。

Adele consented to go back to her room. She sat on the edge of a little low couch next to her bed.

阿黛尔同意回她自己的房间。她坐在挨着床的一个低矮的睡椅的边上。

Doctor Mandelet paid no attention to Madame Ratignolle's upbraidings. He was accustomed to them at such times, and was too well convinced of her loyalty to doubt it.

芒代勒医生没有在意拉蒂诺尔夫人的谴责。在这种时候他已习惯于这些话，并相信夫人对他的忠心是毋庸置疑的。

He was glad to see Edna, and wanted her to go with him into the salon and entertain him. But Madame Ratignolle would not consent that Edna should leave her for an instant. Between agonizing moments, she chatted a little, and said it took her mind off her sufferings.

他很高兴见到爱德娜，并想让她陪他一起去客厅和他呆一会儿。可拉蒂诺尔夫人不让爱德娜离开她片刻。在阵痛间歇，她闲聊几句，说这样能使她忘记痛苦。

Edna began to feel uneasy. She was seized with a vague dread. Her own like experiences seemed far away, unreal, and only half remembered. She recalled faintly an ecstasy of pain, the heavy odor of chloroform, a stupor which had deadened sensation, and an awakening to find a little new life to which she had given being, added to the great unnumbered multitude of souls that come and go.

爱德娜开始感觉不安。一种莫名的恐惧攫住了她。她自己的这种经历好像很久远，很不真实，她只隐约记得一部分。她模糊地记得那强烈地疼痛的感觉，那浓浓的氯仿的味道，完全没了知觉的那种昏迷，醒来之后发现她所赋予的那个小生命。就这样她为世间那来来去去的无数的灵魂中又增添了新的一员。

She began to wish she had not come; her presence was not necessary. She might have invented a pretext for staying away; she might even invent a pretext now for going. But Edna did not go. With an inward agony, with a flaming, outspoken revolt against the ways of Nature, she witnessed the scene of torture.

她真希望她没有来，她在这里是没有必要的。她本可能找个借口呆在家里的，她甚至可以找个借口现在回去。可爱德娜没有走。她怀着对自然规律的强烈而直率的反抗，带着内心的苦痛，目睹了这个折磨人的场面。

She was still stunned and speechless with emotion when later she leaned over her friend to kiss her and softly say good-by. Adele, pressing her cheek, whispered in an exhausted voice: "Think of the children, Edna. Oh think of the children! Remember them!"

过后，爱德娜还愣在那里，饱含感情地默默呆着，然后她俯身吻了她的朋友，轻柔地跟她告别。阿黛尔贴着她的面颊，筋疲力竭地低声说：“为孩子们考虑考虑，爱德娜。哦！考虑考虑孩子们吧！记着他们！”

XXXVIII

第三十八章

Edna still felt dazed when she got outside in the open air. The Doctor's coupe had returned for him and stood before the porte cochere. She did not wish to enter the coupe, and told Doctor Mandelet she would walk; she was not afraid, and would go alone. He directed his carriage to meet him at Mrs. Pontellier's, and he started to walk home with her.

爱德娜出来到室外时仍感到很茫乱。医生的马车已经回来接他了，就停在门口的通道那儿。她不想上车，便告诉芒代勒医生她愿意步行，她不害怕，想一个人回去。他吩咐马车到蓬迪里埃夫人的家门口去接他，便陪她一起走回家。

Up—away up, over the narrow street between the tall houses, the stars were blazing. The air was mild and caressing, but cool with the breath of spring and the night. They walked slowly, the Doctor with a heavy, measured tread and his hands behind him; Edna, in an absent-minded way, as she had walked one night at Grand Isle, as if her thoughts had gone ahead of her and she was striving to overtake them.

在那两旁满是高楼的狭窄街道的上空，星光在闪烁。空气柔和怡人，但是伴着春夜的微风还是有些凉意。他们慢慢走着，医生背着手迈着缓慢沉重的步伐，爱德娜心不在焉，就像那天晚上在格兰德岛上散步那样，好像她的思绪已经超越了她，而她正努力赶上它们。

"You shouldn't have been there, Mrs. Pontellier," he said. "That was no place for you. Adele is full of whims at such times. There were a dozen women she might have had with her, unimpressionable women. I felt that it was cruel, cruel. You shouldn't have gone."

“你本不应该去那里，蓬迪里埃夫人。”他说，“那不是你呆的地方。这种时候阿黛尔满脑子怪念头。有十来个女人可以来陪她，那些不易受影响的女人。我觉得这太残忍，太残忍了。你真不该来。”

"Oh, well!" she answered, indifferently. "I don't know that it matters after all. One has to think of the children some time or other; the sooner the better."

“哦！行啦！”她冷漠地回答道，“我不知道这终究有什么关系。人时不时地得考虑孩子，越早越好。”

"When is Leonce coming back?"

“莱翁斯何时会回来？”

"Quite soon. Some time in March."

“很快。三月份的时候。”

"And you are going abroad?"

“你打算到国外去吗？”

"Perhaps—no, I am not going. I'm not going to be forced into doing things. I don't want to go abroad. I want to be let alone. Nobody has any right—except children, perhaps—and even then, it seems to me—or it did seem—" She felt that her speech was voicing the incoherency of her thoughts, and stopped abruptly.

“也许吧－－不，我不准备去。我不愿意被强迫去做什么事。我不想去国外。我想一个人呆着。没有人有权－－或许除了孩子们－－即使是那样，对我来说好像－－或者过去对我来说好像－－”她感觉到了自己语无伦次表现出的思绪混乱，所以突然停了下来。

"The trouble is," sighed the Doctor, grasping her meaning intuitively, "that youth is given up to illusions. It seems to be a provision of Nature; a decoy to secure mothers for the race. And Nature takes no account of moral consequences, of arbitrary conditions which we create, and which we feel obliged to maintain at any cost."

“麻烦的是，”医生从直觉上明白了她的意思，叹口气说，“年轻就容易受错觉误导啊。这好像是自然规律，好像是一个圈套，好让母亲们完成人生历程。自然不会考虑道德后果，不会考虑我们所自行创造的条件，而我们却感到有义务要不惜一切代价来维持它们。”

"Yes," she said. "The years that are gone seem like dreams—if one might go on sleeping and dreaming—but to wake up and find—oh! well! perhaps it is better to wake up after all, even to suffer, rather than to remain a dupe to illusions all one's life."

“是啊。”她说，“逝去的岁月如梦一般－－有人可能会继续在梦幻中酣睡下去－－可醒来后却发现－－哦！啊！或者最好还是醒来，即使要遭受痛苦，也比一生都在幻觉中受欺骗要好。”

"It seems to me, my dear child," said the Doctor at parting, holding her hand, "you seem to me to be in trouble. I am not going to ask for your confidence. I will only say that if ever you feel moved to give it to me, perhaps I might help you. I know I would understand, And I tell you there are not many who would—not many, my dear."

“在我看来，亲爱的孩子，”医生在分手时握着她的手说，“你似乎处于困惑之中。我不会要你向我吐露什么。我只是想说，如果你什么时候愿意向我吐露，或许我可以帮助你。我知道我会理解你，我告诉你不是有很多人会做到－－不会有很多人，亲爱的。”

"Some way I don't feel moved to speak of things that trouble me. Don't think I am ungrateful or that I don't appreciate your sympathy. There are periods of despondency and suffering which take possession of me. But I don't want anything but my own way. That is wanting a good deal, of course, when you have to trample upon the lives, the hearts, the prejudices of others—but no matter-still, I shouldn't want to trample upon the little lives. Oh! I don't know what I'm saying, Doctor. Good night. Don't blame me for anything."

“可能我还是不想谈及困扰我的问题。不要认为我不知感恩或是对你的同情不领情。我会有感到十分沮丧或是痛苦的时侯。但除了愿意用我自己的方式去解决，我不想要别的什么。当然这也是要求很多，为此你得伤害其他的生命、打击很多心灵、无视别人的偏见－－可不管怎样－－我仍不会想要伤害那些幼小的生命。哦！我不知道自己在说什么，医生。晚安。不要因为任何事而怪我。”

"Yes, I will blame you if you don't come and see me soon. We will talk of things you never have dreamt of talking about before. It will do us both good. I don't want you to blame yourself, whatever comes. Good night, my child."

“好的，不过如果你不最近来看我的话我会怪你的。我们要谈谈你从前做梦都不会想到会谈及的话题。这对我们两个人都有好处。无论发生什么事，我都不希望你责怪自己。晚安，我的孩子。”

She let herself in at the gate, but instead of entering she sat upon the step of the porch. The night was quiet and soothing. All the tearing emotion of the last few hours seemed to fall away from her like a somber, uncomfortable garment, which she had but to loosen to be rid of. She went back to that hour before Adele had sent for her; and her senses kindled afresh in thinking of Robert's words, the pressure of his arms, and the feeling of his lips upon her own. She could picture at that moment no greater bliss on earth than possession of the beloved one. His expression of love had already given him to her in part. When she thought that he was there at hand, waiting for her, she grew numb with the intoxication of expectancy. It was so late; he would be asleep perhaps. She would awaken him with a kiss. She hoped he would be asleep that she might arouse him with her caresses.

她走进门，但没有进屋，只是坐在门廊的台阶上。夜很安静，也让人平静。过去几个小时的激动情绪似乎离她远去，像是脱掉了一件褪了色的、令人不舒服的旧衣服，她也只有松开才能脱下来。她又回想到了阿黛尔派人来叫她之前的时光，一想到罗伯特的话，他的拥抱，他的亲吻，她又重新燃起了盎然的兴致。彼刻她感觉人世间没有比拥有至爱更加快乐的事了。他所表达的爱意表明他已经把他的心从某种意义上给予了她。当她想到他就在那里等着她，她便在期待的陶醉中变得麻木。这

么晚了，也许他已经睡了。她要吻他一下把他叫醒。她希望他已经睡着，这样她就可以用她的爱抚把他唤醒。

Still, she remembered Adele's voice whispering, "Think of the children; think of them." She meant to think of them; that determination had driven into her soul like a death wound—but not to-night. To-morrow would be time to think of everything.

可她仍又想起了阿黛尔对她的呓语："考虑考虑孩子们，考虑考虑孩子们吧！"她愿意为他们着想，这种决心像致命伤一样刺入她的灵魂－－但是今晚不要。明天再考虑这一切。

Robert was not waiting for her in the little parlor. He was nowhere at hand. The house was empty. But he had scrawled on a piece of paper that lay in the lamplight:

罗伯特没有在小客厅等她。他根本不在这里。屋子里空空如也。但他在一张纸上草草地留了话，放在台灯下面。

"I love you. Good-by—because I love you."

"我爱你。再见吧－－正因为我爱你。"

Edna grew faint when she read the words. She went and sat on the sofa. Then she stretched herself out there, never uttering a sound. She did not sleep. She did not go to bed. The lamp sputtered and went out. She was still awake in the morning, when Celestine unlocked the kitchen door and came in to light the fire.

爱德娜读了这几个字后感到眩晕。她走到沙发边坐下。然后在那儿舒展着身体，一声不支。她没有睡着。她也没上床去睡。油灯发出噼啪的声音，之后熄灭了。第二天早上当塞莉斯泰因打开厨房门进来点火时，她仍醒着。

XXXIX

第三十九章

Victor, with hammer and nails and scraps of scantling, was patching a corner of one of the galleries. Mariequita sat near by, dangling her legs, watching him work, and handing him nails from the tool-box. The sun was beating down upon them. The girl had covered her head with her apron folded into a square pad. They had been talking for an hour or more. She was never tired of hearing Victor describe the dinner at Mrs. Pontellier's. He exaggerated every detail, making it appear a veritable Lucullean feast. The flowers were in tubs, he said. The champagne was quaffed from huge golden goblets. Venus rising from the foam could have presented no more entrancing a spectacle than Mrs. Pontellier, blazing with beauty and diamonds at the head of the board, while the other women were all of them youthful houris, possessed of incomparable charms. She got it into her head that Victor was in love with Mrs. Pontellier, and he gave her evasive answers, framed so as to confirm her belief. She grew sullen and cried a little, threatening to go off and leave him to his fine ladies. There were a dozen men crazy about her at the Cheniere; and since it was the fashion to be in love with married people, why, she could run away any time she liked to New Orleans with Celina's husband.

维克托正用锤子、钉子和碎木片修补走廊的一个角落。玛丽吉塔坐在旁边，摇着双腿，看他干活，从工具箱里拿钉子递给他。太阳直射在他们头顶上。那个女孩把围裙叠成方块盖在头顶上。他们已经聊了一个多小时了。对于维克托描述蓬迪里埃夫人家的那次晚宴她是百听不厌。他把每个细节都大肆渲染一番，使它听起来像是一次真正的卢卡拉斯（注：古罗马大将）式的盛宴。他说宴会厅摆满了一簇簇鲜花。他们用金制的大高脚杯畅饮香槟酒。就算是从泡沫中升起的维纳斯女神也没有头戴钻石发饰、艳丽动人的蓬迪里埃夫人令人神魂颠倒，而其他女人全是年轻的美人儿，个个有着无与伦比的魅力。她脑子里闪过一个念头：维克托爱上了蓬迪里埃夫人，而他的回答闪烁其词，如此反应更证实了她的想法。她生气起来，又哭闹了一会儿，威胁说要离开他，让他去找那些高贵的妇人们去吧。在谢尼这里，有十多个男人都对她着迷呢。既然现在爱上已婚的人很流行，那么，她随时都可以跟塞丽娜的丈夫私奔到新奥尔良去。

Celina's husband was a fool, a coward, and a pig, and to prove it to her, Victor intended to hammer his head into a jelly the next time he encountered him. This assurance was very consoling to Mariequita. She dried her eyes, and grew cheerful at the prospect.

塞丽娜的丈夫是个傻瓜、胆小鬼、猪脑袋，为了证明给她看，维克托准备下次看见他要用锤子把他的脑袋砸成果酱。这个保证让玛丽吉塔非常安心。她擦干眼泪，马上高兴了起来。

They were still talking of the dinner and the allurements of city life when Mrs. Pontellier herself slipped around the corner of the house. The two youngsters stayed dumb with amazement before what they considered to be an apparition. But it was really she in flesh and blood, looking tired and a little travel-stained.

他们还在继续说着那天的晚宴和都市生活的魅力，这时候蓬迪里埃夫人从房子拐角处悄然走过来。在这个他们认为是幽灵的人影面前，这两个年轻人惊呆了。可这确实是活生生的蓬迪里埃夫人，看上去劳累不堪，有点旅途的疲惫。

"I walked up from the wharf", she said, "and heard the hammering. I supposed it was you, mending the porch. It's a good thing. I was always tripping over those loose planks last summer. How dreary and deserted everything looks!"

“我是从码头那儿走过来的。”她说，“听到了锤子声。我想可能是你在修长廊。是件好事。去年夏天我总是被这些松了的木板绊倒。现在这里一切看上去是那么的沉闷荒凉！

It took Victor some little time to comprehend that she had come in Beaudelet's lugger, that she had come alone, and for no purpose but to rest.

维克托好一会儿才搞明白她是坐博德莱的船来的，是独自来的，没有特别的目的，只是来休息休息。

"There's nothing fixed up yet, you see. I'll give you my room; it's the only place."

“您看，什么也没准备。我把我的房间给您，这是仅有的住处。”

"Any corner will do," she assured him.

“有个地方就行。”她宽慰他道。

"And if you can stand Philomel's cooking," he went on, "though I might try to get her mother while you are here. Do you think she would come?" turning to Mariequita.

“如果您能将就菲罗梅做的饭，”他继续说，“不过既然您来了，我争取找她妈妈来。你认为她会来吗？”他转过去跟玛丽吉塔说。

Mariequita thought that perhaps Philomel's mother might come for a few days, and money enough.

玛丽吉塔认为如果给她足够多的工钱或许菲罗梅的妈妈会来几天。

Beholding Mrs. Pontellier make her appearance, the girl had at

once suspected a lovers' rendezvous. But Victor's astonishment was so genuine, and Mrs. Pontellier's indifference so apparent, that the disturbing notion did not lodge long in her brain. She contemplated with the greatest interest this woman who gave the most sumptuous dinners in America, and who had all the men in New Orleans at her feet.

看到蓬迪里埃夫人出现，这个女孩立刻怀疑这是情人的约会。可是维克托的吃惊是那么真实，蓬迪里埃夫人的冷漠又是那么明显，因此这种恼人的想法没有在她脑子里停留很久。她带着极大的兴致打量着这位举办了全美国最奢华的宴会，并使新奥尔良的所有男人都拜倒在她脚下的女人。

"What time will you have dinner?" asked Edna. "I'm very hungry; but don't get anything extra."

“你们几时吃饭？”爱德娜问，“我非常饿，不过不要额外加菜。”

"I'll have it ready in little or no time," he said, bustling and packing away his tools. "You may go to my room to brush up and rest yourself. Mariequita will show you."

“我立刻就叫人准备好。”他边说边匆忙把工具收好。“您可以先到我的房间梳洗并休息一下。让玛丽吉塔领您去。”

"Thank you, "said Edna. "But, do you know, I have a notion to go down to the beach and take a good wash and even a little swim, before dinner?"

“很感谢。”爱德娜说，“可你知道吗，我还想午饭前去海滩好好洗一洗，甚至还会游上一小会儿呢？”

"The water is too cold!" they both exclaimed. "Don't think of it."

“水太凉了！”他们俩一起叫道，“别想这事。”

"Well, I might go down and try—dip my toes in. Why, it seems to me the sun is hot enough to have warmed the very depths of the ocean. Could you get me a couple of towels? I'd better go right away, so as to be back in time. It would be a little too chilly if I waited till this afternoon."

“那好吧，我可以下去试一试－－用脚趟趟水吧。我看阳光够强的，已经能把海洋深处的水都晒暖了。你能给我拿几块毛巾吗？我最好马上走，以便能及时赶回来。如果等到下午水可能会有点太凉了。”

Mariequita ran over to Victor's room, and returned with some towels, which she gave to Edna.

玛丽吉塔跑到维克托的房间，回来时拿了些毛巾给爱德娜。

"I hope you have fish for dinner," said Edna, as she started to walk

away; "but don't do anything extra if you haven't."

“我希望午饭能有鱼吃，”爱德娜临走前说，“但如果没有的话也别另外去做。”

"Run and find Philomel's mother," Victor instructed the girl. "I'll go to the kitchen and see what I can do. By Gimminy! Women have no consideration! She might have sent me word."

“快跑去找菲罗梅的妈妈，”维克托指示那个女孩说，“我去厨房看看能做点什么。真是的！女人考虑事情可真不周全！她本可以给我提前捎个信的。”

Edna walked on down to the beach rather mechanically, not noticing anything special except that the sun was hot. She was not dwelling upon any particular train of thought. She had done all the thinking which was necessary after Robert went away, when she lay awake upon the sofa till morning.

爱德娜非常机械地往海滩走着，除了感觉烈日炎炎外没注意到任何特别的东西。她也没在专注地想某件特别的事。罗伯特走后，她独自躺在沙发上彻夜未眠时已经把该想的事都想了。

She had said over and over to herself: "To-day it is Arobin; to-morrow it will be some one else. It makes no difference to me, it doesn't matter about Leonce Pontellier—but Raoul and Etienne!” She understood now clearly what she had meant long ago when she said to Adele Ratignolle that she would give up the unessential, but she would never sacrifice herself for her children.

她反复地跟自己说：“今天是阿罗宾，明天可能是别的人。这对我来说没什么区别，莱翁斯·蓬迪里埃也不重要－－但拉乌尔和艾蒂安！她现在清楚地理解很久以前她对阿黛尔·拉蒂诺尔所说的话的意义所在，她说她可以放弃那些不重要的东西，但她不会为了孩子而牺牲自己。

Despondency had come upon her there in the wakeful night, and had never lifted. There was no one thing in the world that she desired. There was no human being whom she wanted near her except Robert; and she even realized that the day would come when he, too, and the thought of him would melt out of her existence, leaving her alone. The children appeared before her like antagonists who had overcome her; who had overpowered and sought to drag her into the soul's slavery for the rest of her days. But she knew a way to elude them. She was not thinking of these things when she walked down to the beach.

在她醒着的那天晚上，沮丧情绪侵扰着她，到现在也挥之不去。这世间没有她留恋的东西了。除了罗伯特之外，她也不想任何人在她身边。她甚至意识到将来会有那么一天，就连他也会从她脑海里消失，她再也不会想起他，于是只剩下她孤单的自己。孩子们像征服了她的敌人

一样出现在她面前，他们控制了她，压倒了她，还试图在她生命中余下的日子里把她拖入灵魂的奴役之中。可她知道有一种方法可以逃避他们。当她往海边走的时候，她不想这些事情了。

The water of the Gulf stretched out before her, gleaming with the million lights of the sun. The voice of the sea is seductive, never ceasing, whispering, clamoring, murmuring, inviting the soul to wander in abysses of solitude. All along the white beach, up and down, there was no living thing in sight. A bird with a broken wing was beating the air above, reeling, fluttering, circling disabled down, down to the water.

海湾的水面在她面前伸展开来，在阳光照耀下波光粼粼。大海的声音充满了诱惑，无休无止，时而低吟，时而高亢，凄凄婉婉，呼唤着灵魂在孤独的深渊中徘徊。绵延的白色海滩上，由远至近，望过去空无一人。一只翅膀受伤的小鸟正在振翅起飞，可是它盘旋着，拍打着翅膀，翻滚着落了下去，最后跌入水中。

Edna had found her old bathing suit still hanging, faded, upon its accustomed peg.

爱德娜发现她的旧泳衣还挂在原来的木桩上，已经褪了色。

She put it on, leaving her clothing in the bath-house. But when she was there beside the sea, absolutely alone, she cast the unpleasant, pricking garments from her, and for the first time in her life she stood naked in the open air, at the mercy of the sun, the breeze that beat upon her, and the waves that invited her.

她把它穿上，把她身穿的衣服留在更衣室里。当她在海边完全一个人时，她把紧箍在她身上的不舒服的泳衣脱下。这是她平生第一次在户外赤裸着身体，沐浴在阳光下，任凭海风吹拂着她，海浪召唤着她。

How strange and awful it seemed to stand naked under the sky! how delicious! She felt like some new-born creature, opening its eyes in a familiar world that it had never known.

赤裸地站在蓝天下感觉是那么奇怪，那么恐怖！但又那么美妙！她感觉像是一个新生的生命，在从未了解的却又熟悉的世界里睁开了眼睛。

The foamy wavelets curled up to her white feet, and coiled like serpents about her ankles. She walked out. The water was chill, but she walked on. The water was deep, but she lifted her white body and reached out with a long, sweeping stroke. The touch of the sea is sensuous, enfolding the body in its soft, close embrace.

溅着泡沫的波浪淹没了她雪白的脚，又像蛇一样盘在她的双膝。她趟水往前走。海水冰凉，但她还是继续往前走。海水很深，但她抬起身体，展开双臂慢慢地用力划水向前。大海的爱抚舒服极了，海水拥着她

的身体，温柔而又亲密。

She went on and on. She remembered the night she swam far out, and recalled the terror that seized her at the fear of being unable to regain the shore. She did not look back now, but went on and on, thinking of the blue-grass meadow that she had traversed when a little child, believing that it had no beginning and no end.

她继续向前游着。她回忆起那天晚上她游得很远，并记起当时害怕再也回不到岸上的那种恐惧感。她现在也不回头看，只是往前游，又想起儿时穿过草原的情景，相信那没有起点也没有终点。

Her arms and legs were growing tired.

她胳膊和腿都非常累。

She thought of Leonce and the children. They were a part of her life. But they need not have thought that they could possess her, body and soul. How Mademoiselle Reisz would have laughed, perhaps sneered, if she knew! "And you call yourself an artist! What pretensions, Madame! The artist must possess the courageous soul that dares and defies."

她想到了莱翁斯和孩子们。他们是她生活的一部分。可他们不应该认为他们能够占有她－－她的身体和灵魂。如果雷西小姐知道的话一定会笑话她，也许还会嗤之以鼻的。“你还称自己为艺术家呢！真是自负啊，女士！艺术家必须拥有敢于挑战与蔑视的勇气。”

Exhaustion was pressing upon and overpowering her.

疲倦慢慢压上了她并最终征服了她。

"Good-by—because I love you.” He did not know; he did not understand. He would never understand. Perhaps Doctor Mandelet would have understood if she had seen him—but it was too late; the shore was far behind her, and her strength was gone.

“再见吧！正因为我爱你。”他根本不知道，他根本不懂。他永远不会懂的。或许如果她去见芒代勒医生，他会理解她的－－但一切都太迟了，海岸已经远远抛在后面，她已经精疲力竭了。

She looked into the distance, and the old terror flamed up for an instant, then sank again. Edna heard her father's voice and her sister Margaret's. She heard the barking of an old dog that was chained to the sycamore tree. The spurs of the cavalry officer clanged as he walked across the porch. There was the hum of bees, and the musky odor of pinks filled the air.

她往远处看去，曾经的那种恐惧又一次攫住了她，接着又消失了。爱德娜仿佛又听到她父亲的声音，还有她姐姐玛格丽特。她听到了拴在枫树上的一只老狗的叫声。还听到骑兵军官走过长廊时靴刺发出的铿锵

声。还有蜜蜂的嗡嗡叫声和空气中弥漫着的石竹花的清香。

卡门

CARMEN

(法) 梅里美/著

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE

外语教学与研究出版社

Prosper Mérimée

Carmen

卡门

（法）普罗斯珀·梅里美 著
杨元元 夏娇 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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CHAPTER I

第一章

I had always suspected the geographical authorities did not know what they were talking about when they located the battlefield of Munda in the county of the Bastuli-Poeni, close to the modern Monda, some two leagues north of Marbella.

那些地理学的权威们都说蒙达古战场遗址位于巴斯图利—波尼地区。那里靠近现在的蒙达，在马尔贝拉北面二里格左右。但我一直怀疑他们在这个问题上根本就是言而无据。

According to my own surmise, founded on the text of the anonymous author of *the Bellum Hispaniense*, and on certain information culled from the excellent library owned by the Duke of Ossuna, I believed the site of the memorable struggle in which Caesar played double or quits, once and for all, with the champions of the Republic, should be sought in the neighborhood of Montilla.

根据某无名氏所著《西班牙战争》以及奥苏那公爵珍贵藏书中的某些资料，我作出推测：这场值得纪念的战争的遗址应该到蒙蒂利亚附近去找寻。在此战中，恺撒一劳永逸地击败了共和制度的拥护者。

Happening to be in Andalusia during the autumn of 1830, I made a somewhat lengthy excursion, with the object of clearing up certain doubts which still oppressed me. A paper which I shall shortly publish will, I trust, remove any hesitation that may still exist in the minds of all honest archaeologists. But before that dissertation of mine finally settles the geographical problem on the solution of which the whole of learned Europe hangs, I desire to relate a little tale. It will do no prejudice to the interesting question of the correct locality of Monda.

1830年秋，我恰好在安达卢西亚，于是就做了一次长途旅行，以消除萦绕心头的一些疑惑。我坚信，我即将发表的一篇论文，将会把所有求实的考古学家心中遗留的所有疑惑一扫而光。但是，在我的论文最终解决这个全欧学术界都悬而未决的地理问题之前，我想先讲一个小故事。这个故事对蒙达位于何处这个有趣的问题不会产生任何先入为主的影响。

I had hired a guide and a couple of horses at Cordova, and had started on my way with no luggage save a few shirts, and *Caesar's Commentaries*. As I wandered, one day, across the higher lands of the Cachena plain, worn with fatigue, parched with thirst, scorched by a burning sun, cursing Caesar and Pompey's sons alike, most heartily, my eye lighted, at some distance from the path I was following, on a

little stretch of green sward dotted with reeds and rushes. That betokened the neighborhood of some spring, and, indeed, as I drew nearer I perceived that what had looked like sward was a marsh, into which a stream, which seemed to issue from a narrow gorge between two high spurs of the Sierra di Cabra, ran and disappeared.

我在科尔多瓦雇了一个向导，租了两匹马，便开始了我的旅程，除了几件衬衫和恺撒的《出征记》，没带其他任何行李。一天，我在烈日的灼烧下疲惫不堪、口渴难耐地奔走于加切那平原高处，不由得从心底里咒骂着恺撒和庞培的儿子们。突然我眼前一亮，发现离我走的小径颇远处有一小块翠绿的草皮，上面零星地长着芦苇和灯芯草。这预示着附近有泉水。果然，我慢慢走近时发现，原来刚才看起来像草地的地方，其实是一片沼泽。有一条像是从卡布拉山脉两个高峰间一道狭窄的峡谷中流出的溪流在这里流入沼泽，消失不见了。

If I rode up that stream, I argued, I was likely to find cooler water, fewer leeches and frogs, and mayhap a little shade among the rocks.

我相信，如果溯流而上，肯定可以找到更凉爽的溪水，水蛭和青蛙也会少些，或许在岩石间还会有些许阴凉。

At the mouth of the gorge, my horse neighed, and another horse, invisible to me, neighed back. Before I had advanced a hundred paces, the gorge suddenly widened, and I beheld a sort of natural amphitheatre, thoroughly shaded by the steep cliffs that lay all around it. It was impossible to imagine any more delightful halting place for a traveler. At the foot of the precipitous rocks, the stream bubbled upward and fell into a little basin, lined with sand that was as white as snow. Five or six splendid evergreen oaks, sheltered from the wind, and cooled by the spring, grew beside the pool, and shaded it with their thick foliage. And round about it a close and glossy turf offered the wanderer a better bed than he could have found in any hostelry for ten leagues round.

一进峡谷口，我的马就嘶鸣起来，另一匹马也随即应和，可我却看不见那匹马的踪影。前行不足百步，峡谷豁然开朗，一处天然的竞技场呈现在我眼前，四周危岩耸立，将其完全遮蔽起来。对一个旅行者来说，简直无法想象还有比这更惬意的歇脚地了。险峻的岩石脚下，溪流冒着水泡奔涌而出，落入一个水潭，潭底铺着一层雪白的沙子。五六株茂盛的常青橡树长在水潭边，在这里得以免受狂风的侵袭，还享受着泉水的滋润，以其浓密的枝叶为水潭遮阴。水潭周围有一片茂密、光滑的草地，为游人提供了一张十分舒适的床，方圆十里格之内任何客栈的床铺都没有这么舒服。

The honor of discovering this fair spot did not belong to me. A man was resting there already—sleeping, no doubt—before I reached it. Roused by the neighing of the horses, he had risen to his feet and

had moved over to his mount, which had been taking advantage of its master's slumbers to make a hearty feed on the grass that grew around. He was an active young fellow, of middle height, but powerful in build, and proud and sullen-looking in expression. His complexion, which may once have been fine, had been tanned by the sun till it was darker than his hair. One of his hands grasped his horse's halter. In the other he held a brass blunderbuss.

然而，发现这个绝妙地点的殊荣并不属于我。在我到那里之前，一个男人已经在那里休息了。毫无疑问，他是在睡觉。被马的嘶鸣声吵醒后，他立刻站了起来，并朝他的马走去。而马趁主人睡觉的时间，已经饱餐了一顿周围的青草。这是一个年轻的汉子，中等身高，但长得很壮实，表情傲慢而阴沉。他的肤色原来可能很漂亮，现在却被太阳晒得比头发还黑。他一只手紧抓着马缰绳。而他的另一只手握着一把铜制的大口径短枪。

At the first blush, I confess, the blunderbuss, and the savage looks of the man who bore it, somewhat took me aback. But I had heard so much about robbers, that, never seeing any, I had ceased to believe in their existence. And further, I had seen so many honest farmers arm themselves to the teeth before they went out to market, that the sight of firearms gave me no warrant for doubting the character of any stranger. "And then," quoth I to myself, "what could he do with my shirts and my Elzevir edition of *Caesar's Commentaries*?" So I bestowed a friendly nod on the man with the blunderbuss, and inquired, with a smile, whether I had disturbed his nap. Without any answer, he looked me over from head to foot. Then, as if the scrutiny had satisfied him, he looked as closely at my guide, who was just coming up. I saw the guide turn pale, and pull up with an air of evident alarm. "An unlucky meeting!" thought I to myself. But prudence instantly counseled me not to let any symptom of anxiety escape me. So I dismounted. I told the guide to take off the horses' bridles, and kneeling down beside the spring, I laved my head and hands and then drank a long draught, lying flat on my belly, like Gideon's soldiers.

坦白讲，乍一看到那大口径短枪和那人一脸的凶相，我确实被吓了一跳。但是，由于听过那么多关于强盗的故事却从没真正见到过，我已经不相信强盗真的存在了。况且我也见过很多老实巴交的农民全副武装地去赶集，以至于看到陌生人带着武器，也不会怀疑他们居心不良了。“再说，”我暗自思量着，“他拿走我的衬衫和埃尔塞维尔版的《出征记》又有什么用呢？”于是，我冲着这位拿枪的汉子友好地点了点头，并微笑着问我是不是打扰到他睡觉了。他没有回答，只是从头到脚地打量我。随后，他似乎对审视结果感到满意，便又同样仔细地打量起我刚刚赶上来的向导。只见向导脸色变得煞白，明显惊慌地收住了脚步。“遇到坏人了！”我心里想道。但是，为了谨慎起见，我当即决定不露出任何不安的迹象。于是我从马上下来。我告诉向导卸下马鞍。然后我跪在泉水

边，把脑袋和双手都埋进清凉的泉水里，接着大喝一通。我肚皮贴地平趴着，活像基甸的士兵（注：“基甸”为圣经英雄，通过让士兵去溪边喝水来挑选亲兵，凡是趴着喝水的都淘汰去）。

Meanwhile, I watched the stranger, and my own guide. This last seemed to come forward unwillingly. But the other did not appear to have any evil designs upon us. For he had turned his horse loose, and the blunderbuss, which he had been holding horizontally, was now dropped earthward.

同时，我留神观察着陌生人和向导。后者走上前来时似乎很不情愿。而前者看起来对我们没有任何恶意。因为他已经放开了马，原来平端着的大口径短枪的枪口现在指向了地面。

Not thinking it necessary to take offence at the scant attention paid me, I stretched myself full length upon the grass, and calmly asked the owner of the blunderbuss whether he had a light about him. At the same time I pulled out my cigar-case. The stranger, still without opening his lips, took out his flint, and lost no time in getting me a light. He was evidently growing tamer, for he sat down opposite to me, though he still grasped his weapon. When I had lighted my cigar, I chose out the best I had left, and asked him whether he smoked.

我觉得没有必要因为人家不重视我而生气，便躺在草地上，身体舒展开，很随便地问这个持枪的汉子有没有带点火物。同时我掏出了我的雪茄烟盒。这个陌生人虽然还是不说话，却掏出打火石，当即就为我点火。尽管还拿着武器，他却坐到了我对面，显然变得和气多了。点着烟后，我从剩下的烟里选了支最好的，问他抽不抽烟。

"Yes, senor," he replied. These were the first words I had heard him speak, and I noticed that he did not pronounce the letter s in the Andalusian fashion, whence I concluded he was a traveler, like myself, though, maybe, somewhat less of an archaeologist.[1]

“抽的，先生。”他回答道。这是我听他说的第一句话，我注意到他“ s ”这个音发的不像安达卢西亚口音。由此我推断，他和我一样也是个旅行者，只不过并不像我一样精通考古罢了。

"You'll find this a fairly good one," said I, holding out a real Havana regalia.

“您会发现这支非常不错。”我边说边递给他一支地道的哈瓦那雪茄。

He bowed his head slightly, lighted his cigar at mine, thanked me with another nod, and began to smoke with a most lively appearance of enjoyment.

他微微地点了点头，用我的烟头点着烟，又冲我点了下头表示谢意，然后非常享受地抽了起来。

"Ah!" he exclaimed, as he blew his first puff of smoke slowly out of his ears and nostrils. "What a time it is since I've had a smoke!"

“啊！”他长叹一声，同时从耳朵和鼻孔里慢慢地喷出第一口烟。“我都好久没抽烟了！”

In Spain the giving and accepting of a cigar establishes bonds of hospitality similar to those founded in Eastern countries on the partaking of bread and salt. My friend turned out more talkative than I had hoped. However, though he claimed to belong to the partido of Montilla, he seemed very ill-informed about the country. He did not know the name of the delightful valley in which we were sitting, he could not tell me the names of any of the neighboring villages, and when I inquired whether he had not noticed any broken-down walls, broad-rimmed tiles, or carved stones in the vicinity, he confessed he had never paid any heed to such matters. On the other hand, he showed himself an expert in horseflesh, found fault with my mount—not a difficult affair—and gave me a pedigree of his own, which had come from the famous stud at Cordova. It was a splendid creature, indeed, so tough, according to its owner's claim, that it had once covered thirty leagues in one day, either at the gallop or at full trot the whole time. In the midst of his story the stranger pulled up short, as if startled and sorry he had said so much. "The fact is I was in a great hurry to get to Cordova," he went on, somewhat embarrassed. "I had to petition the judges about a lawsuit." As he spoke, he looked at my guide Antonio, who had dropped his eyes.

在西班牙，一个人递一只雪茄过去，如果对方接受了，双方就建立起了一种友好关系，类似于在东欧国家人们通过共同分享面包和盐来结下情谊。出乎我意料的是这个人竟十分健谈。但是，虽然他自称是蒙蒂利亚人，对当地却似乎并不熟悉。他不知道我们现在歇脚的这个迷人的山谷叫什么名字，也说不出邻近任何一个村庄的名字，而当我问他是否注意到附近有任何残垣断壁、宽边大瓦，或是石头雕刻时，他承认自己从没留意过这些东西。不过，谈起马来他却是个行家。他指出我的马有种种不足——这并非难事——接着他向我谈起他的马的血统，说它来自著名的科尔多瓦马场。这确实是匹好马，据它的主人说，它非常健壮，极能吃苦耐劳，曾一日跑过一百五十多里格，全程都在飞奔或疾驰。故事正讲到兴头上，陌生汉子突然停住了，似乎为自己说得太多而感到震惊和懊悔。“实际上我正急着往科尔多瓦赶。”他有些尴尬地接着说道，“我要为一桩官司去求法官们。”他一边说着，一边看着我的向导安东尼奥，后者已经垂下眼皮。

The spring and the cool shade were so delightful that I bethought me of certain slices of an excellent ham, which my friends at Montilla had packed into my guide's wallet. I bade him produce them, and invited the stranger to share our impromptu lunch. If he had not smoked for a long time, he certainly struck me as having fasted for

eight-and-forty hours at the very least. He ate like a starving wolf, and I thought to myself that my appearance must really have been quite providential for the poor fellow. Meanwhile my guide ate but little, drank still less, and spoke never a word, although in the earlier part of our journey he had proved himself a most unrivalled chatterer. He seemed ill at ease in the presence of our guest, and a sort of mutual distrust, the cause of which I could not exactly fathom, seemed to be between them.

清凉的泉水和凉爽的树阴令我心旷神怡，我不由得想起蒙蒂利亚的朋友们曾往向导的旅行袋里塞了几段美味的火腿。我吩咐向导把火腿拿出来，并邀请这个陌生人和我们一起享用这顿临时午餐。如果说他很久没抽烟了，那么他的吃相着实让我觉得他至少两天两夜没吃东西了。他的吃相就像一只饿狼。我暗自想道，这个可怜的人能遇见我真是太幸运了。可是，我的向导却吃得很少，也没怎么喝，还一声不吭。然而在我们之前的旅程中他已经证明了自己是个无敌的话匣子。在这个陌生人面前，他看起来很不自在，他们中间似乎存在着一种互不信任的感觉，为什么会这样我也弄不清楚。

The last crumbs of bread and scraps of ham had disappeared. We had each smoked our second cigar; I told the guide to bridle the horses, and was just about to take leave of my new friend, when he inquired where I was going to spend the night.

连最后一点面包屑和火腿渣也被吃得一干二净。我们各自又抽了支雪茄；我告诉向导牵马备鞍，正当我要向这位新朋友告别时，他却问我准备在哪里过夜。

Before I had time to notice a sign my guide was making to me I had replied that I was going to the Venta del Cuervo.

我还没来得及注意到向导的暗示，就已经脱口说出自己要去居尔沃客店。

"That's a bad lodging for a gentleman like you, sir! I'm bound there myself, and if you'll allow me to ride with you, we'll go together."

“先生，您这样的绅士怎么能住那样一个鬼地方！我自己也要去那里，如果您允许我奉陪的话，我们一起走吧。”

"With pleasure!" I replied, mounting my horse.

“好呀！”我说着骑上了马。

The guide, who was holding my stirrup, looked at me meaningly again. I answered by shrugging my shoulders, as though to assure him I was perfectly easy in my mind, and we started on our way.

向导一边托住我的马镫，又冲我使了个眼色。我耸了耸肩作为回答，仿佛安慰他说我一点也不担心。接着我们上路了。

Antonio's mysterious signals, his evident anxiety, a few words dropped by the stranger, above all, his ride of thirty leagues, and the far from plausible explanation he had given us of it, had already enabled me to form an opinion as to the identity of my fellow-traveler. I had no doubt at all I was in the company of a smuggler, and possibly of a brigand. What cared I? I knew enough of the Spanish character to be very certain I had nothing to fear from a man who had eaten and smoked with me. His very presence would protect me in case of any undesirable meeting. And besides, I was very glad to know what a brigand was really like. One doesn't come across such gentry every day. And there is a certain charm about finding one's self in close proximity to a dangerous being, especially when one feels the being in question to be gentle and tame.

安东尼奥神秘的暗示，显而易见的焦虑，以及陌生人无意中说出的一些话，尤其是他一口气骑了三十里格以及为此给出的牵强解释，已经让我对这个同伴的身份心里有数了。无疑，我正与一个走私贩或强盗同行。那又有什么关系呢？凭我对西班牙人性格的了解，我确信一个与我一起吃过饭吸过烟的人没什么好怕的。遇到坏人时有他在身边还能保护我一下。此外，我非常高兴能了解到强盗到底是什么样的。这类人可不是每天都能碰到的。而且，与一个危险人物在近距离接触有某种魅力，尤其是感觉这个人又很温驯的时候。

I was hoping the stranger might gradually fall into a confidential mood, and in spite of my guide's winks, I turned the conversation to the subject of highwaymen. I need scarcely say that I spoke of them with great respect. At that time there was a famous brigand in Andalusia, of the name of Jose-Maria, whose exploits were on every lip. "Supposing I should be riding along with Jose-Maria!" said I to myself. I told all the stories I knew about the hero—they were all to his credit, indeed, and loudly expressed my admiration of his generosity and his valor.

我期望这个陌生人能逐渐向我吐露一些实情，所以，尽管向导一个劲地冲我眨眼递眼色，我还是把谈话的话题引到了强盗上面去。自不必说，我说起他们时满怀敬意。当时，在安达卢西亚有一个有名的强盗叫何塞-玛丽亚，他的壮举人尽皆知。“难道与我同行的竟是何塞-玛丽亚？”我暗自思量。我讲了自己知道的关于这位英雄的所有故事，当然全是为他歌功颂德的，而且表达了我对他的慷慨大方和英勇无畏的强烈仰慕。

"Jose-Maria is nothing but a blackguard," said the stranger gravely.

“何塞-玛丽亚不过是个恶棍。”陌生人冷冷地说。

"Is he just to himself, or is this an excess of modesty?" I queried, mentally, for by dint of scrutinizing my companion, I had ended by

reconciling his appearance with the description of Jose-Maria which I read posted up on the gates of various Andalusian towns. "Yes, this must be he—fair hair, blue eyes, large mouth, good teeth, small hands, fine shirt, a velvet jacket with silver buttons on it, white leather gaiters, and a bay horse. Not a doubt about it. But his incognito shall be respected!" We reached the venta. It was just what he had described to me. In other words, the most wretched hole of its kind I had as yet beheld. One large apartment served as kitchen, dining-room, and sleeping chamber. A fire was burning on a flat stone in the middle of the room, and the smoke escaped through a hole in the roof, or rather hung in a cloud some feet above the soil. Along the walls five or six mule rugs were spread on the floor. These were the travelers' beds. Twenty paces from the house, or rather from the solitary apartment which I have just described, stood a sort of shed that served for a stable.

“他这是在公正地评价自己呢，还是过分谦虚？”我思索道，因为通过对这个旅伴的细致观察，我已经把他与何塞·玛丽亚对上号了。我曾在安达卢西亚多个小镇的城门上贴的告示中读到过对何塞·玛丽亚长相的描述。“是的，一定是他——金黄头发、蓝眼睛、大嘴巴、一口好牙、一双小手、优质衬衫、带银纽扣的丝绒短上衣、白皮绑腿、一匹枣红色马。毫无疑问，就是他！但是既然他不愿公开身份，还是尊重他的意愿吧！”我们到了客店。客店的状况正如他向我描述的那样。换句话说，这是我见过的最寒酸的一家客栈了。一间大屋既是厨房，又是餐厅，还是卧室。屋子中间的一块平石板上生着火，滚滚浓烟从屋顶的一个窟窿挤出去，更确切地说，是在离地几英尺高的地方形成了烟云。五六张骡子皮靠着墙铺散在地板上。这就是旅客的床了。在离房子，或者不如说离我刚才描述的那间唯一的房间二十步远的地方，有一个当马厩用的草棚。

The only inhabitants of this delightful dwelling visible at the moment, at all events, were an old woman, and a little girl of ten or twelve years old, both of them as black as soot, and dressed in loathsome rags. "Here's the sole remnant of the ancient populations of Munda Boetica," said I to myself. "O Caesar! O Sextus Pompeius, if you were to revisit this earth how astounded you would be!"

在这个可爱的寓所里，仅有的居住者是一个老太婆和一个十或十二岁的小女孩。这两人都浑身炭黑、衣衫褴褛。“这就是古代蒙达—巴蒂加居民的全部遗产了。”我心想，“啊，恺撒！啊，塞克斯图斯·庞贝乌斯，如果你们重回这片土地，该会吃惊成什么样子！”

When the old woman saw my travelling companion an exclamation of surprise escaped her. "Ah! Senor Don Jose!" she cried.

一看到我的旅伴，老太婆不由得惊呼起来。“啊！唐何塞先生！”她叫道。

Don Jose frowned and lifted his hand with a gesture of authority that forthwith silenced the old dame.

唐何塞皱起眉头，威严地扬了扬手，老太婆立刻闭上了嘴。

I turned to my guide and gave him to understand, by a sign that no one else perceived, that I knew all about the man in whose company I was about to spend the night. Our supper was better than I expected. On a little table, only a foot high, we were served with an old rooster, fricasseed with rice and numerous peppers, then more peppers in oil, and finally a gaspacho—a sort of salad made of peppers. These three highly spiced dishes involved our frequent recourse to a goatskin filled with Montella wine, which struck us as being delicious.

我转向向导，用只有我们才懂的手势告诉他我很清楚今晚要和谁一起过夜。晚餐比我预想的要丰盛得多。食物放在一个仅一英尺高的小桌上。首先上的是一盆红烧老公鸡块烩米饭，里面放了很多辣椒，接着是过油胡椒，最后是“西班牙冷汤”——一种用胡椒制成的沙拉。这三道辣味十足的菜迫使我们不断地从装满蒙蒂利亚酒的山羊皮囊里倒酒喝，里面的酒实在美味极了。

After our meal was over, I caught sight of a mandolin hanging up against the wall—in Spain you see mandolins in every corner—and I asked the little girl, who had been waiting on us, if she knew how to play it.

吃完饭后，我看到墙上挂着一个曼陀林——在西班牙的每个角落都会看到的一种乐器。我问一直在侍候我们的小女孩会不会弹。

"No," she replied. "But Don Jose does play well!"

“不会，”她答道，“但是唐何塞弹得可好了！”

"Do me the kindness to sing me something," I said to him, "I'm passionately fond of your national music."

“请您行行好，为我随便唱一曲吧。”我对他说，“我非常喜爱你们的民族音乐。”

"I can't refuse to do anything for such a charming gentleman, who gives me such excellent cigars," responded Don Jose gaily, and having made the child give him the mandolin, he sang to his own accompaniment. His voice, though rough, was pleasing, the air he sang was strange and sad. As to the words, I could not understand a single one of them.

“我不能拒绝为您这样一位真正的绅士做点事，您给了我那么名贵的雪茄。”唐何塞高兴地说道。他让那女孩把曼陀林递过来，自弹自唱起来。他的声音虽然粗犷，却十分悦耳，曲调古怪而悲凉。至于歌词，我一点也听不懂。

"If I am not mistaken," said I, "that's not a Spanish air you have just been singing. It's like the zorzicos I've heard in the Provinces, and the words must be in the Basque language."

“如果我没猜错的话，”我说，“您刚才唱的不是西班牙歌曲。倒像是我在特权省份（指阿尔瓦省，比斯开省，吉普斯夸省，以及纳瓦拉省的一部分，这些省都享受特殊待遇）听过的‘索尔西科’，歌词应该是巴斯克语吧。”

The Basque language is spoken in these countries.

在这些地方，人们说巴斯克语。

"Yes," said Don Jose, with a gloomy look. He laid the mandolin down on the ground, and began staring with a peculiarly sad expression at the dying fire. His face, at once fierce and noble-looking, reminded me, as the firelight fell on it, of Milton's Satan. Like him, perchance, my comrade was musing over the home he had forfeited, the exile he had earned, by some misdeed. I tried to revive the conversation, but so absorbed was he in melancholy thought, that he gave me no answer.

“是的。”唐何塞神情沮丧地答道。他把曼陀林放在地上，开始凝视快要熄灭的火堆，表情特别忧伤。火光照在他的脸上，立刻映现出他凶悍而高贵的脸庞，让我想起了弥尔顿笔下的撒旦。或许，同撒旦一样，我的旅伴也在思念其失去的家园，思考因罪行而酿成的流放。我试着想恢复谈话，但他还是沉浸在悲伤中，不做任何回应。

The old woman had already gone to rest in a corner of the room, behind a ragged rug hung on a rope. The little girl had followed her into this retreat, sacred to the fair sex. Then my guide rose, and suggested that I should go with him to the stable. But at the word Don Jose, waking, as it were, with a start, inquired sharply whither he was going.

老太婆已经去房间的一个角落歇息了，前面有一张挂在绳子上的破毯子挡着。小女孩也跟着她进了这个女性专用的安歇处。向导站起来，建议我跟他一起去马厩。但正是这句话把唐何塞惊醒了，厉声问向导要去哪里。

"To the stable," answered the guide.

“去马厩。”向导答道。

"What for? The horses have been fed! You can sleep here. The senor will give you leave."

“干什么去？马已经喂了！你可以在这里睡，先生会答应的。”

"I'm afraid the senor's horse is sick. I'd like the senor to see it. Perhaps he'd know what should be done for it."

“我恐怕先生的马病了。我想先生还是去看看好。可能他会知道该怎么办。”

It was quite clear to me that Antonio wanted to speak to me apart.

很明显，安东尼奥想单独跟我说话。

But I did not care to rouse Don Jose's suspicions, and being as we were, I thought far the wisest course for me was to appear absolutely confident.

但是我不想引起唐何塞的怀疑，而且在当时情境下，我认为对我来说最明智的做法就是表现出完全的信任。

I therefore told Antonio that I knew nothing on earth about horses, and that I was desperately sleepy. Don Jose followed him to the stable, and soon returned alone. He told me there was nothing the matter with the horse, but that my guide considered the animal such a treasure that he was scrubbing it with his jacket to make it sweat, and expected to spend the night in that pleasing occupation. Meanwhile I had stretched myself out on the mule rugs, having carefully wrapped myself up in my own cloak, so as to avoid touching them. Don Jose, having begged me to excuse the liberty he took in placing himself so near me, lay down across the door, but not until he had primed his blunderbuss afresh and carefully laid it under the wallet, which served him as a pillow.

于是我告诉安东尼奥我对马一窍不通，而且实在困极了。唐何塞跟着他去了马厩，很快便一个人回来了。他告诉我马一点问题没有，但我的向导把马看得如此金贵，正在用上衣擦马让它出汗，而且想整晚都做这个令人愉快的工作。在他说话的时候，我已经在骡皮毯子上躺下了，并且已经小心地用自己的斗篷把身体裹住，生怕碰到那些毯子。唐何塞先是请我原谅他冒昧地睡在我的身边，然后在门前躺了下来，而在这之前，他已经为大口径短枪换了火药，并且小心地把枪放在他当枕头的旅行袋的下面。

I had thought I was so tired that I should be able to sleep even in such a lodging. But within an hour a most unpleasant itching sensation roused me from my first nap. As soon as I realized its nature, I rose to my feet, feeling convinced I should do far better to spend the rest of the night in the open air than beneath that inhospitable roof. Walking tiptoe I reached the door, stepped over Don Jose, who was sleeping the sleep of the just, and managed so well that I got outside the building without waking him. Just beside the door there was a wide wooden bench. I lay down upon it, and settled myself, as best I could, for the remainder of the night. I was just closing my eyes for a second time when I fancied I saw the shadow of a man and then the

shadow of a horse moving absolutely noiselessly, one behind the other. I sat upright, and then I thought I recognized Antonio. Surprised to see him outside the stable at such an hour, I got up and went toward him. He had seen me first, and had stopped to wait for me.

我想我一定是太累了，竟然能在这样的破地方睡着。但是，还不到一个钟头，一阵非常难受的瘙痒就把我从初睡中弄醒了。一弄清是怎么回事，我立刻站了起来，深信在外面度过后半夜要比在这破屋里受罪强得多。我踮着脚尖走到门口，从睡得正熟的唐何塞身上跨了过去，我小心翼翼，没有把他吵醒。在房门边有一张宽大的木制长凳。我躺在上面，尽可能舒服地安置好自己，以求后半夜好过点。当我正想合上眼睛再睡觉时，似乎看到了一个人和一匹马的影子，两者一前一后不声不响地移动着。我坐了起来，然后我认出那人是安东尼奥。我很惊讶在这个时间看见他在马厩外面，便起身向他走去。他早已看到了我，并且停下来等我了。

"Where is he?" Antonio inquired in a low tone.

“他呢？”安东尼奥低声问。

"In the venta. He's asleep. The bugs don't trouble him. But what are you going to do with that horse?" I then noticed that, to stifle all noise as he moved out of the shed, Antonio had carefully muffled the horse's feet in the rags of an old blanket.

“在客店里。还睡着呢。他不怕臭虫。你把马牵出来干什么？”我这时才注意到，为了在出马棚时不出声响，安东尼奥已经仔细地用旧毯子的破布条把马蹄裹起来了。

"Speak lower, for God's sake," said Antonio. "You don't know who that man is. He's Jose Navarro, the most noted bandit in Andalusia. I've been making signs to you all day long, and you wouldn't understand."

“看在上帝的份上，说话声低点。”安东尼奥说道，“您不知道那个人是谁。他是何塞·纳瓦罗，安达卢西亚最有名的强盗。我一整天都在给您暗示，可是您不理会。”

"What do I care whether he's a brigand or not," I replied. "He hasn't robbed us, and I'll wager he doesn't want to."

“他是不是强盗关我什么事。”我回答道，“他又没抢我们，我敢打赌他也没想这么做。”

"That may be. But there are two hundred ducats on his head. Some lancers are stationed in a place I know, a league and a half from here, and before daybreak I'll bring a few brawny fellows back with me. I'd have taken his horse away, but the brute's so savage that nobody but Navarro can go near it."

“这倒可能是真的。但是他的人头可值二百金币呢。我知道离这里一点五里格处驻扎着一些长矛轻骑兵，天亮之前我就能带回几个壮汉来。我本来想骑他的马去，但那畜牲的性子太烈了，除了纳瓦罗，谁也别想接近它。”

"Devil take you!" I cried. "What harm has the poor fellow done you that you should want to inform against him? And besides, are you certain he is the brigand you take him for?"

“你见鬼去吧！”我叫道，“那个可怜的家伙怎么得罪你了，你竟然要去告发他？另外，你确定他就是你所说的那个强盗吗？”

"Perfectly certain! He came after me into the stable just now, and said, 'You seem to know me. If you tell that good gentleman who I am, I'll blow your brains out!' You stay here, sir, keep close to him. You've nothing to fear. As long as he knows you are there, he won't suspect anything."

“非常确定！他刚才跟着我进了马厩，对我说：‘你好像认得我，你要敢对那个好心的绅士说出我是谁，我就打穿你的脑袋！’您呆在这里，先生，看紧他。您什么也不用害怕。只要他知道您在这里，就不会起疑心。”

As we talked, we had moved so far from the venta that the noise of the horse's hoofs could not be heard there. In a twinkling Antonio snatched off the rags he had wrapped around the creature's feet, and was just about to climb on its back. In vain did I attempt with prayers and threats to restrain him.

说话间，我们已经离客店很远了，马蹄声不可能被听到了。一眨眼的功夫，安东尼奥就扯掉了裹在马蹄子上的破布，要翻身上马。我又是恳求又是威胁，但都没有用。

"I'm only a poor man, senor," quoth he, "I can't afford to lose two hundred ducats—especially when I shall earn them by ridding the country of such vermin. But mind what you're about! If Navarro wakes up, he'll snatch at his blunderbuss, and then look out for yourself! I've gone too far now to turn back. Do the best you can for yourself!"

“我只是个穷苦人，先生。”他说道，“我不能白白丢掉二百金币——而且挣这笔钱也是为民除害。但是您一定要当心！如果纳瓦罗醒了的话，肯定会跳起来抓他的大口径短枪，那时您一定要小心！我已经没有退路了。您好好照顾自己吧！”

The villain was in his saddle already, he spurred his horse smartly, and I soon lost sight of them both in the darkness.

那无赖已经上马了，他挥鞭策马。黑暗中他和马匹的身影很快消失在我的视野。

I was very angry with my guide, and terribly alarmed as well.

After a moment's reflection, I made up my mind, and went back to the venta. Don Jose was still sound asleep, making up, no doubt, for the fatigue and sleeplessness of several days of adventure. I had to shake him roughly before I could wake him up. Never shall I forget his fierce look, and the spring he made to get hold of his blunderbuss, which, as a precautionary measure, I had removed to some distance from his couch.

我对向导非常生气，也感到甚为惊恐。再三斟酌，我拿定了主意，回到旅店。唐何塞还在熟睡着。毫无疑问，这些天的冒险旅程让他疲惫不堪、睡眠不足，此时他正在补觉呢。我不得不粗鲁地把他推醒。我永远也忘不了那凶狠的目光和他跃起拿枪的动作。不过，作为防备，我已经把枪移到离他睡觉处远一些的地方了。

"Senor," I said, "I beg your pardon for disturbing you. But I have a silly question to ask you. Would you be glad to see half a dozen lancers walk in here?"

“先生，”我说，“请原谅我把您弄醒。但我有一个愚蠢的问题要问您。如果看到五六个长矛轻骑兵来这里，您会高兴吗？”

He bounded to his feet, and in an awful voice he demanded:

他一下子跳起来，用可怕的声音问道：

"Who told you?"

“谁告诉您的？”

"It's little matter whence the warning comes, so long as it be good."

“只要消息可靠，从哪里得来的又有什么关系。”

"Your guide has betrayed me—but he shall pay for it! Where is he?"

“您的向导出卖了我，他会付出代价的！他在哪里？”

"I don't know. In the stable, I fancy. But somebody told me—"

“我不知道。我猜在马厩吧。但是有人告诉了我——”

"Who told you? It can't be the old hag—"

“谁告诉您的？不可能是老婆子——”

"Some one I don't know. Without more parleying, tell me, yes or no, have you any reason for not waiting till the soldiers come? If you have any, lose no time! If not, good-night to you, and forgive me for having disturbed your slumbers!"

“一个我不认识的人。别再多说了，告诉我您有没有理由不在这里坐以待毙？如果有，就别再浪费时间了！如果没有，祝您晚安，请原谅我

扰了您的睡眠！”

"Ah, your guide! Your guide! I had my doubts of him at first—but—I'll settle with him! Farewell, senor. May God reward you for the service I owe you! I am not quite so wicked as you think me. Yes, I still have something in me that an honest man may pity. Farewell, senor! I have only one regret—that I can not pay my debt to you!"

“啊，您的向导！是那个向导！我早就怀疑他了，我会找他算账的！再见，先生。愿上帝报答您对我的恩德！我并不像你们想象的那么坏。是的，我身上有些东西是值得一个正直的人同情的。再见，先生！我只有一个遗憾，那就是无法报答您对我的恩德！”

"As a reward for the service I have done you, Don Jose, promise me you'll suspect nobody—nor seek for vengeance. Here are some cigars for your journey. Good luck to you." And I held out my hand to him.

“唐何塞，作为对我的回报，答应我不要怀疑任何人，也不要报复。这里有几支雪茄，带着路上抽吧。祝您好运。”说着，我向他伸出手。

He squeezed it, without a word, took up his wallet and blunderbuss, and after saying a few words to the old woman in a lingo that I could not understand, he ran out to the shed. A few minutes later, I heard him galloping out into the country.

他紧握着我的手，什么也没说，拿起他的旅行包和大口径短枪，对老太婆用我听不懂的方言说了几句话后，就向马厩跑去。几分钟后，我听到他已策马奔驰在田野上了。

As for me, I lay down again on my bench, but I did not go to sleep again. I queried in my own mind whether I had done right to save a robber, and possibly a murderer, from the gallows, simply and solely because I had eaten ham and rice in his company. Had I not betrayed my guide, who was supporting the cause of law and order? Had I not exposed him to a ruffian's vengeance? But then, what about the laws of hospitality?

而我重新躺到长凳上，却再也睡不着了。我在心里问自己，仅仅因为在一起吃了火腿和米饭，就从绞刑架上救了这个强盗抑或是杀人犯，究竟是对是错？难道我就没背叛我的向导吗？他可是在维护法律秩序呀！难道我就没把他置于恶棍的报复之下？但那样的话，好客之道又怎么说呢？

"A mere savage prejudice," said I to myself. "I shall have to answer for all the crimes this brigand may commit in future." Yet is that instinct of the conscience which resists every argument really a prejudice? It may be I could not have escaped from the delicate position in which I found myself without remorse of some kind. I was

still tossed to and fro, in the greatest uncertainty as to the morality of my behavior, when I saw half a dozen horsemen ride up, with Antonio prudently lagging behind them. I went to meet them, and told them the brigand had fled over two hours previously. The old woman, when she was questioned by the sergeant, admitted that she knew Navarro, but said that living alone, as she did, she would never have dared to risk her life by informing against him. She added that when he came to her house, he habitually went away in the middle of the night. I, for my part, was made to ride to a place some leagues away, where I showed my passport, and signed a declaration before the Alcalde. This done, I was allowed to recommence my archaeological investigations. Antonio was sulky with me; suspecting it was I who had prevented his earning those two hundred ducats. Nevertheless, we parted good friends at Cordova, where I gave him as large a gratuity as the state of my finances would permit.

“都只是乡野村夫的偏见罢了。”我告诉自己，“我将不得不为这个恶棍以后犯下的所有罪行负责。”可是，良知本能地推翻每个推论，难道这真的是一种偏见吗？或许在当时那种尴尬的处境中，我无法毫无懊悔之意地脱身吧。当我还在反复思考自己的做法是否符合道德的时候，我看到有五六个长矛轻骑兵来了，安东尼奥小心翼翼地跟在后面。我迎上前去，告诉他们强盗两小时之前就逃走了。面对骑兵小队长的询问，老太婆承认认识纳瓦罗，但她孤苦伶仃，不敢冒险告发他。她又补充说，每次他来这里，总是习惯半夜走。而我本人，被要求到几里格外向镇长出示我的护照并签署一份陈述书。做完这些后，我获准重新开始我的考古调查。安东尼奥对我有些恼怒，怀疑是我阻碍了他拿到那二百金币。不管怎样，我们在科尔多瓦还是像好朋友那样地分了手。在那里，我尽我财力所能给了他一笔可观的报酬。

(1) The Andalusians aspirate the s, and pronounce it like the soft c and the z, which Spaniards pronounce like the English th. An Andalusian may always be recognized by the way in which he says senor.

（1）安达卢西亚人发"s"音时送气，同柔声"c"和"z"发音相像，而其他地区的西班牙人把这两个音发成英语的"th"。从一个人说"senor"的方式就能辨别出他是不是安达卢西亚人。

CHAPTER II

第二章

I spent several days at Cordova. I had been told of a certain manuscript in the library of the Dominican convent which was likely to furnish me with very interesting details about the ancient Munda. The good fathers gave me the most kindly welcome. I spent the daylight hours within their convent, and at night I walked about the town. At Cordova a great many idlers collect, toward sunset, in the quay that runs along the right bank of the Guadalquivir. Promenaders on the spot have to breathe the odor of a tan yard which still keeps up the ancient fame of the country in connection with the curing of leather. But to atone for this, they enjoy a sight which has a charm of its own. A few minutes before the Angelus bell rings, a great company of women gathers beside the river, just below the quay, which is rather a high one. Not a man would dare to join its ranks. The moment the Angelus rings, darkness is supposed to have fallen. As the last stroke sounds, all the women disrobe and step into the water. Then there is laughing and screaming and a wonderful clatter. The men on the upper quay watch the bathers, straining their eyes, and seeing very little. Yet the white uncertain outlines perceptible against the dark-blue waters of the stream stir the poetic mind, and the possessor of a little fancy finds it not difficult to imagine that Diana and her nymphs are bathing below, while he himself runs no risk of ending like Acteon.

我在科尔多瓦住了几天。有人告诉我，多明我会修道院的图书馆内有部手稿，上面可能有我非常感兴趣的、有关古蒙达的资料。好心的神父们热情地接待了我。我白天在修道院里度过，傍晚在镇上散步。在科尔多瓦，日落时分总有一大群闲散之人聚集在瓜达尔基维尔河右岸的码头上。此处的漫步者不得不忍受着制革工场散发出的气味。这个制革工场至今仍为当地保持着皮革加工的古老声誉。然而，这里的景观独具魅力、值得观赏，弥补了上述缺陷。祈祷钟敲响前几分钟，一大群女人聚集在河边，站在高高的码头下面。没有一个男人胆敢加入这个行列。祈祷钟响起来的时候，黑夜就应该到来了。最后一响落下，所有的女人都脱下衣服，走进水里。接着，水中一片嬉笑声、叫嚷声和动人的碰击声。码头上的男人们注视着沐浴的妇女，瞪大了眼睛，却看不到多少。然而，在深蓝色的河水中若隐若现的白色胴体撩拨着充满诗意的心灵，只要有一丁点想象力的人，就不难在眼前呈现出迪亚娜和仙女们在下面洗澡的画面，而作为偷窥者的自己却没有遭遇阿克托安下场的危险。

I have been told that one day a party of good-for-nothing fellows banded themselves together, and bribed the bell-ringer at the

cathedral to ring the Angelus some twenty minutes before the proper hour. Though it was still broad daylight, the nymphs of the Guadalquivir never hesitated, and putting far more trust in the Angelus bell than in the sun, they proceeded to their bathing toilette—always of the simplest—with an easy conscience. I was not present on that occasion. In my day, the bell-ringer was incorruptible, the twilight was very dim, and nobody but a cat could have distinguished the difference between the oldest orange woman, and the prettiest shop-girl, in Cordova.

有人告诉我，有一天，一群小混混聚在一起，贿赂了大教堂的敲钟人，让他提前二十分钟敲钟。虽然天依然很亮，瓜达尔基维尔河的仙女们却宁可相信祈祷钟而不是太阳，毫不犹豫地换上了浴装——向来是最简单的那种——没有一丁点不好意思。当时我不在现场。我在这里的时候，敲钟人是不受贿赂的。在昏暗的暮色中，只有猫才能区分出哪个是卖橘子的老太婆，哪个是科尔多瓦最漂亮的女店员。

One evening, after it had grown quite dusk, I was leaning over the parapet of the quay, smoking, when a woman came up the steps leading from the river, and sat down near me. In her hair she wore a great bunch of jasmine—a flower which, at night, exhales a most intoxicating perfume. She was dressed simply, almost poorly, in black, as most work-girls are dressed in the evening. Women of the richer class only wear black in the daytime, at night they dress a la francesa. When she drew near me, the woman let the mantilla which had covered her head drop on her shoulders, and "by the dim light falling from the stars" I perceived her to be young, short in stature, well-proportioned, and with very large eyes. I threw my cigar away at once. She appreciated this mark of courtesy, essentially French, and hastened to inform me that she was very fond of the smell of tobacco, and that she even smoked herself, when she could get very mild papelitos. I fortunately happened to have some such in my case, and at once offered them to her. She condescended to take one, and lighted it at a burning string which a child brought us, receiving a copper for its pains. We mingled our smoke, and talked so long, the fair lady and I, that we ended by being almost alone on the quay. I thought I might venture, without impropriety, to suggest our going to eat an ice at the neveria.[1] After a moment of modest demur, she agreed. But before finally accepting, she desired to know what o'clock it was. I struck my repeater, and this seemed to astound her greatly.

一天晚上，天已经很暗了。当我正靠着码头的栏杆吸烟时，一个女人从河梯走上来，坐在我的身边。她的头发上戴了一大簇茉莉——一种在夜晚散发出醉人芳香的鲜花。她穿得很简朴，几乎可以说是寒酸，像大多数女工一样，在晚上穿着一袭黑衣。富有阶层的妇女们只有在白天穿黑色衣服，而在晚上穿法式晚礼服。走近我之后，这位女郎让蒙头的

纱巾滑落到肩上，“借助繁星发出的微光”，我看出她是个年轻女子，身材娇小而匀称，有着一双大眼睛。我立刻扔掉了手中的雪茄。她明白我的行为完全是出于法国式的礼貌，便连忙告诉我她很喜欢闻雪茄的烟味，而且在遇到非常温醇的上好雪茄时，她甚至还会来一支。幸好我的烟盒里有几支这样的好烟，便赶紧递给她。她赏脸拿了一支，我花了一个铜币，让一个小孩拿来一根引火绳把烟点着。我们吞云吐雾，谈了很长时间，以至最后码头上几乎只剩我和这位漂亮的女郎了。我想，邀请她去“内维里亚”吃冷饮，应该不算冒昧吧。她稍微推辞了几句，便接受了邀请。但在最后接受邀请前，她想知道已经几点了。我按了一下打簧表，而这似乎让她十分吃惊。

"What clever inventions you foreigners do have! What country do you belong to, sir? You're an Englishman, no doubt!" [2]

“你们外国人的发明真了不起！您是哪国人啊，先生？您一定是英国人！”

"I'm a Frenchman, and your devoted servant. And you, senora, or senorita, you probably belong to Cordova?"

“我是法国人，也是您忠实的追随者。您呢太太，或小姐，您大概是科尔多瓦人吧？”

"No."

“不是。”

"At all events, you are an Andalusian? Your soft way of speaking makes me think so."

“至少，您是安达卢西亚人吧？您柔和的口音让我这样觉得。”

"If you notice people's accent so closely, you must be able to guess what I am."

“如果您如此细致地注意人们的口音，您一定能猜到我是哪里人。”

"I think you are from the country of Jesus, two paces out of Paradise."

“我想您来自与天堂只有两步之隔的耶稣国吧。”

I had learned the metaphor, which stands for Andalusia, from my friend Francisco Sevilla, a well-known picador.

这个比喻指的正是安达卢西亚，是我从朋友——著名的骑马斗牛士弗朗西斯科·塞维利亚那里学来的。

"Pshaw! The people here say there is no place in Paradise for us!"

“得了吧！这里的人说天堂里没有我们的位置！”

"Then perhaps you are of Moorish blood—or—" I stopped, not venturing to add "a Jewess."

“那么，您也许是摩尔人——或者——”我停住了，没敢说出“犹太人”三个字。

"Oh come! "Oh come! You must see I'm a gipsy! Wouldn't you like me to tell you la baji [3]? Did you never hear tell of Carmencita? That's who I am!"

“哎呀说吧！“哎呀说吧！您一定看出我是吉普赛人了！您难道不想让我给您算算‘巴希’吗？您难道从没听说过小卡门吗？就是我！”

I was such a miscreant in those days—now fifteen years ago—that the close proximity of a sorceress did not make me recoil in horror. "So be it!" I thought. "Last week I ate my supper with a highway robber. To-day I'll go and eat ices with a servant of the devil. A traveler should see everything." I had yet another motive for prosecuting her acquaintance. When I left college—I acknowledge it with shame—I had wasted a certain amount of time in studying occult science, and had even attempted, more than once, to exorcise the powers of darkness. Though I had been cured, long since, of my passion for such investigations, I still felt a certain attraction and curiosity with regard to all superstitions, and I was delighted to have this opportunity of discovering how far the magic art had developed among the gypsies.

这件事离现在已经15年了，那时我不信教，即使有一个女巫在身边也不会让我害怕退缩。“是就是吧！”我心里想，“上周我与一个强盗一起共进晚餐。今天我将跟魔鬼的奴仆一起吃冰饮。旅行中的人就应该什么都见识见识。”我想跟她相识还有另一动机。说来惭愧，走出大学后，我曾浪费了不少时间研究秘术，甚至不止一次地尝试要驱除鬼怪。虽然我早已不对那样的研究着迷了，却仍然对所有迷信的东西感到向往和好奇。而且，我很高兴有机会了解吉普赛人的巫术发展到什么程度了。

Talking as we went, we had reached the neveria, and seated ourselves at a little table, lighted by a taper protected by a glass globe. I then had time to take a leisurely view of my gitana, while several worthy individuals, who were eating their ices, stared open-mouthed at beholding me in such gay company.

说话间，我们走到了“内维里亚”。我们坐在一张小桌旁，桌上有一支罩在玻璃球里的蜡烛照明。这时我才有空好好端详一下我的吉普赛女郎，而此时几个正在吃冰饮的几个宾客，看到我有美人相伴都惊羡不已。

I very much doubt whether Senorita Carmen was a pure-blooded gipsy. At all events, she was infinitely prettier than any other woman of her race I have ever seen. For a woman to be beautiful, they say in Spain, she must fulfill thirty ifs, or, if it please you better, you must be able to define her appearance by ten adjectives, applicable to three

portions of her person.

我很怀疑卡门小姐是不是纯正的吉普赛人。她美极了。我见过的其他吉普赛女人，无论如何都无法与她相比。西班牙人说，一个女人必须满足三十个条件才算得上漂亮，或者换种说法，你必须能够用十个形容词来描述她的外表，而每个词要适合她身体的三个部位。

For instance, three things about her must be black, her eyes, her eyelashes, and her eyebrows. Three must be dainty, her fingers, her lips, her hair, and so forth. For the rest of this inventory, see Brantome. My gipsy girl could lay no claim to so many perfections. Her skin, though perfectly smooth, was almost of a copper hue. Her eyes were set obliquely in her head, but they were magnificent and large. Her lips, a little full, but beautifully shaped, revealed a set of teeth as white as newly skinned almonds. Her hair—a trifle coarse, perhaps—was black, with blue lights on it like a raven's wing, long and glossy. Not to weary my readers with too prolix a description, I will merely add, that to every blemish she united some advantage, which was perhaps all the more evident by contrast. There was something strange and wild about her beauty. Her face astonished you, at first sight, but nobody could forget it. Her eyes, especially, had an expression of mingled sensuality and fierceness which I had never seen in any other human glance. "Gipsy's eye, wolf's eye!" is a Spanish saying which denotes close observation. If my readers have no time to go to the "Jardin des Plantes" to study the wolf's expression, they will do well to watch the ordinary cat when it is lying in wait for a sparrow.

比如说，她必须有三黑：眼睛、睫毛、眉毛。有三娇嫩：手指、嘴唇、头发等等。其他的条件，请参阅布兰托姆的作品。我眼前的吉普赛女郎称不上是十全十美。她的皮肤虽然极为光滑，颜色却近似黄铜。她的眼睛虽然有点斜，却又大又美。她的嘴唇稍微有点厚，但唇形却很美，露出一口洁白的牙齿，像刚剥皮的杏仁。她的头发或许有点粗，却长长的、乌黑发亮，像乌鸦的翅膀一样泛着蓝色的光泽。为了不让读者因为描述太过冗长而感到乏味，我只再加最后一句：她的每个缺点同时又兼备着某些优点，通过对比优点显得更为突出。她的美有些奇异和野性。她的脸乍一看让人吃惊，却又让人无法忘记。尤其是她的眼睛，有种既勾魂又凶悍的神情。我从未在其他人眼中看到过这种神情。“吉普赛人的眼睛，狼的眼睛！”这句西班牙谚语显示了对事物的细致观察。如果读者们没有时间到植物园去观察狼的眼睛，也可以等一只普通的猫趴在地上等着捕麻雀时，去观察猫的眼睛。

It will be understood that I should have looked ridiculous if I had proposed to have my fortune told in a café. I therefore begged the pretty witch's leave to go home with her. She made no difficulties about consenting, but she wanted to know what o'clock it was again, and requested me to make my repeater strike once more.

显然，我要是提出在咖啡馆让她给我算命，会显得十分可笑。因此，我请求这位美丽的女巫允许我送她回去。她毫无难色地答应了，但她还是想知道几点了，让我再按一下我的打簧表。

"Is it really gold?" she said, gazing at it with rapt attention.

“它真的是金的吗？”她问道，专注地盯着表看。

When we started off again, it was quite dark. Most of the shops were shut, and the streets were almost empty. We crossed the bridge over the Guadalquivir, and at the far end of the suburb we stopped in front of a house of anything but palatial appearance. The door was opened by a child, to whom the gipsy spoke a few words in a language unknown to me, which I afterward understood to be Romany, or chipe calli—the gipsy idiom. The child instantly disappeared, leaving us in sole possession of a tolerably spacious room, furnished with a small table, two stools, and a chest. I must not forget to mention a jar of water, a pile of oranges, and a bunch of onions.

当我们离开的时候，天已经很黑了。大多数商店都关门了，街上几乎空无一人。我们走过瓜达尔基维尔大桥，来到了城郊边上一所简陋的房子前停了下来。开门的是一个孩子。吉卜赛女郎用我听不懂的语言对他说了几句话。后来我才明白，这是吉普赛土语，叫罗姆语或希贝加里。这个孩子马上走开了，只留我们两个在这个相当宽敞的屋子里。屋里的家具只有一张小桌，两张凳子，和一个箱子。我不该忘记提到，屋里还有一罐水，一堆橘子和一堆洋葱。

As soon as we were left alone, the gipsy produced, out of her chest, a pack of cards, bearing signs of constant usage, a magnet, a dried chameleon, and a few other indispensable adjuncts of her art. Then she bade me cross my left hand with a silver coin, and the magic ceremonies duly began. It is unnecessary to chronicle her predictions, and as for the style of her performance, it proved her to be no mean sorceress.

屋里一剩下我们俩，吉普赛女郎就从她的箱子里拿出一副似乎用过多次的纸牌、一块磁石、一条干瘪的蜥蜴，和其他一些算命必备的物件。然后，她吩咐我用银币在左手上划一个十字，巫术仪式便正式开始了。关于她作出的种种预言就没有必要再叙述了，而至于她算命的手法，则已经证明她可不是一般的女巫。

Unluckily we were soon disturbed. The door was suddenly burst open, and a man, shrouded to the eyes in a brown cloak, entered the room, apostrophizing the gipsy in anything but gentle terms. What he said I could not catch, but the tone of his voice revealed the fact that he was in a very evil temper. The gipsy betrayed neither surprise nor anger at his advent, but she ran to meet him, and with a most striking volubility, she poured out several sentences in the mysterious

language she had already used in my presence. The word payllo, frequently reiterated, was the only one I understood. I knew that the gypsies use it to describe all men not of their own race. Concluding myself to be the subject of this discourse, I was prepared for a somewhat delicate explanation. I had already laid my hand on the leg of one of the stools, and was studying within myself to discover the exact moment at which I had better throw it at his head, when, roughly pushing the gipsy to one side, the man advanced toward me. Then with a step backward he cried:

可惜的是，不久我们就被打断了。门猛地一下被推开，一个男人进来了。这人裹着棕色的斗篷，只露出两个眼睛，他用很粗鲁的语言把吉普赛女郎训斥了一番。他说的什么我听不懂，但从他说话的语气中可以听出他很生气。吉普赛女郎对他的到来既不感到吃惊，也不表示生气，而是跑过去迎接他，并且用在我面前用过的神秘语言对他叽里咕噜说了一通，其流利程度令人惊讶。我能听懂的只有她反复说的"payllo"一词。我知道吉普赛人用这个词来称呼外族人。由此我推断出自己就是谈话的主题，我有了心理准备，知道这样的话解释起来可就难了。我已经抓住了一只板凳腿，心里正盘算着要找准时机，最好能砸中那人脑袋。这时，那人粗暴地把吉普赛女郎推到一边，向我走来。然而，他后退了一步，喊道：

"What, sir! Is it you?"

“啊，先生！是您吗？”

I looked at him in my turn and recognized my friend Don Jose. At that moment I did feel rather sorry I had saved him from the gallows.

我也向他看去，认出他正是我的朋友唐何塞。在那一刻，我真的后悔从绞刑架上救了他。

"What, is it you, my good fellow?" I exclaimed, with as easy a smile as I could muster. "You have interrupted this young lady just when she was foretelling me most interesting things!"

“啊，是您吗，我的老朋友？”我喊道，尽可能挤出一个自然的笑脸。“您打断了这位年轻女士，她刚才正在给我算命呢，可有趣了。”

"The same as ever. There shall be an end to it!" he hissed between his teeth, with a savage glance at her.

“又来这一套，总有一天要完蛋的！”他咬牙切齿地说，狠狠地瞪了她一眼。

Meanwhile the gitana was still talking to him in her own tongue. She became more and more excited. Her eyes grew fierce and bloodshot, her features contracted, she stamped her foot. She seemed to me to be earnestly pressing him to do something he was unwilling to do. What this was I fancied I understood only too well, by the

fashion in which she kept drawing her little hand backward and forward under her chin. I was inclined to think she wanted to have somebody's throat cut, and I had a fair suspicion the throat in question was my own. To all her torrent of eloquence Don Jose's only reply were two or three shortly spoken words. At this the gipsy cast a glance of the most utter scorn at him, then, seating herself Turkish-fashion in a corner of the room, she picked out an orange, tore off the skin, and began to eat it.

与此同时，吉普赛女郎还在用土语跟他说话。而且她越来越激动。她的眼睛充血、目光越来越凶狠、面部抽紧，不停地跺脚。在我看来，她似乎在极力地逼他做什么他不愿做的事。至于是什么事，我认为我已经很明白了，从她不住地用小手在脖子上抹来抹去就能看出来。我认为她想割断某个人的喉咙，而且我非常怀疑她指的正是我的喉咙。对于她的滔滔不绝，唐何塞只是简短地回应三言两语。后来，吉普赛女郎只好用极端鄙夷的眼神瞪了他一眼，径直去房间一角盘腿而坐，拣起一个橘子，剥了皮吃起来。

Don Jose took hold of my arm, opened the door, and led me into the street. We walked some two hundred paces in the deepest silence. Then he stretched out his hand.

唐何塞抓着我的胳膊，打开门，带我走到街上。我们沉默着走了大约有二百步。然后他松开了手。

"Go straight on," he said, "and you'll come to the bridge."

“直着往前走，”他说，“您就会到桥上。”

That instant he turned his back on me and departed at a great pace. I took my way back to my inn, rather crestfallen, and considerably out of temper. The worst of all was that, when I undressed, I discovered my watch was missing.

话音刚落，他转身快速离去。我非常沮丧地回到旅馆，心情相当不好。糟糕至极的是，脱衣服时，我发现表不翼而飞了。

Various considerations prevented me from going to claim it next day, or requesting the Corregidor to be good enough to have a search made for it. I finished my work on the Dominican manuscript, and went on to Seville. After several months spent wandering hither and thither in Andalusia, I wanted to get back to Madrid, and with that object I had to pass through Cordova. I had no intention of making any stay there, for I had taken a dislike to that fair city, and to the ladies who bathed in the Guadalquivir. Nevertheless, I had some visits to pay, and certain errands to do, which must detain me several days in the old capital of the Mussulman princes.

出于多种考虑，第二天我既没有去索回，也没有请求镇长发善心来

派人去找。我完成对多明我会手稿的研究工作后，接着前往塞维利亚。在安达卢西亚四处奔走了几个月后，我想回马德里了，而这就要经过科尔多瓦。我无意在那里逗留，因为我已经对这座美丽的城市和在瓜达尔基维尔河沐浴的妇女们了产生了反感。尽管如此，我还得拜访几个朋友，办几件事情，而这使我不得不在这个穆斯林亲王们的古都逗留几天。

The moment I made my appearance in the Dominican convent, one of the monks, who had always shown the most lively interest in my inquiries as to the site of the battlefield of Munda, welcomed me with open arms, exclaiming:

我一出现在多明我会修道院，一位素来对我探寻蒙达古战场遗址很感兴趣的神父，便张开双臂欢迎我，高兴地喊道：

"Praised be God! You are welcome! My dear friend. We all thought you were dead, and I myself have said many a pater and ave (not that I regret them!) for your soul. Then you weren't murdered, after all? That you were robbed, we know!"

“感谢天主！欢迎您！我亲爱的朋友。我们都以为您死了呢，我为您的灵魂念了多少次《天主经》和《圣母经》，当然我毫不后悔这么做！那么您并没有遭到谋杀?您是被抢劫了，这个我们知道。”

"What do you mean?" I asked, rather astonished.

“您这么说是什么意思？”我很吃惊地问道。

"Oh, you know! That splendid repeater you used to strike in the library whenever we said it was time for us to go into church. Well, it has been found, and you'll get it back."

“哦，您知道，就是过去在图书馆，我们一说到去教堂的时间了，您就会按一下的那绝妙的打簧表啊。对了，它已经被找到了，您可以把它领回去了。”

"Why," I broke in, rather put out of countenance, "I lost it—”

“是吗，”我有点难为情地打断他说，“我把它弄丢了——”

"The rascal's under lock and key, and as he was known to be a man who would shoot any Christian for the sake of a peseta, we were most dreadfully afraid he had killed you. I'll go with you to the Corregidor, and he'll give you back your fine watch. And after that, you won't dare to say the law doesn't do its work properly in Spain."

“那个恶棍已经坐牢了，据说他是个为了一比塞塔都会向任何一个基督徒开枪的家伙，我们担心极了，害怕他已经把您杀害了。我会陪您一起去镇长那里，他会把您漂亮的表还给您的。到那时，您就不敢再说在西班牙司法机关没有起到应有的作用了。”

"I assure you," said I, "I'd far rather lose my watch than have to

give evidence in court to hang a poor unlucky devil, and especially because—because—”

“我想让您明白，”我说道，“我宁愿不要我的表，也不会出庭作证去吊死一个倒霉的穷鬼，特别是因为——因为——”

"Oh, you needn't be alarmed! He's thoroughly done for; they might hang him twice over. But when I say hang, I say wrong. Your thief is an Hidalgo. So he's to be garroted the day after to-morrow, without fail. So you see one theft more or less won't affect his position. [4] Would to God he had done nothing but steal! But he has committed several murders, one more hideous than the other."

“啊！您不用这么惊慌！他一定会被吊死的，他们都能吊死他两次了。我说吊死还说错了呢。偷您的这个贼是个下级贵族。所以他后天要受绞刑，绝不赦免。所以您看，这种小案多一桩少一桩都不会影响对他的量刑。如果他只偷东西倒要感谢上帝了，但他供出的多桩谋杀案，一件比一件可怕。”

"What's his name?"

“他叫什么名字？”

"In this country he is only known as Jose Navarro, but he has another Basque name, which neither your nor I will ever be able to pronounce. By the way, the man is worth seeing, and you, who like to study the peculiar features of each country, shouldn't lose this chance of noting how a rascal bids farewell to this world in Spain. He is in jail, and Father Martinez will take you to him."

“在这个国家，人们只知道他叫何塞·纳瓦罗，但他还有另外一个巴斯克名字，无论你我都不会念。顺便提一下，这个人值得一看，而且像您这样喜欢研究每个地方的不同特征的人不应错过这个机会，可以在西班牙见识一下一个恶棍怎样告别这个世界。他关在监狱里，马蒂内神父会带您去。”

So bent was my Dominican friend on my seeing the preparations for this "neat little hanging job" that I was fain to agree. I went to see the prisoner, having provided myself with a bundle of cigars, which I hoped might induce him to forgive my intrusion.

我的多明我会朋友如此热衷于让我看看这项“简便的小绞刑”的准备工作，我只得同意了。我带了一包雪茄去监狱看他，希望这能让他原谅我的冒昧打扰。

I was ushered into Don Jose's presence just as he was sitting at table. He greeted me with a rather distant nod, and thanked me civilly for the present I had brought him. Having counted the cigars in the bundle I had placed in his hand, he took out a certain number and returned me the rest, remarking that he would not need any more of

them.

我被领入唐何塞的牢房时，他正在吃饭。他冷淡地冲我点了下头算是打招呼，并且很礼貌地感谢我给他带来的礼物。数了数我放在他手上的一包烟，他拿出几支，把剩下的还给我，说再多了也用不着了。

I inquired whether by laying out a little money, or by applying to my friends, I might not be able to do something to soften his lot. He shrugged his shoulders, to begin with, smiling sadly. Soon, as by an after-thought, he asked me to have a mass said for the repose of his soul.

我问他是不是花点钱或者是求一下我的朋友，我或许能做些什么减轻他的刑罚。他先是耸了耸肩，苦笑了一下。不一会儿，他又改变了主意，请我让人做一场弥撒来拯救他的灵魂。

Then he added nervously: "Would you—would you have another said for a person who did you a wrong?"

他怯生生地加上一句：“您能——您能为我这个害过你的人做场弥撒吗？”

"Assuredly I will, my dear fellow," I answered. "But no one in this country has wronged me so far as I know."

“当然可以，我亲爱的朋友。”我回答道，“但据我所知，在这个国家没有人得罪过我。”

He took my hand and squeezed it, looking very grave. After a moment's silence, he spoke again.

他抓过我的手，紧紧地握着，表情非常严肃。沉默了一会儿后，他说道：

"Might I dare to ask another service of you? When you go back to your own country perhaps you will pass through Navarre. At all events you'll go by Vittoria, which isn't very far off."

“我还可以请您再帮我个忙吗？在您回国时，或许您会经过纳瓦拉。至少您会经过维特多利亚，离纳瓦拉不算远。”

"Yes," said I, "I shall certainly pass through Vittoria. But I may very possibly go round by Pampeluna, and for your sake, I believe I should be very glad to do it."

“是的，”我说道，“我一定会经过维特多利亚。但是我也很可能绕道走潘普洛纳，而且为了您，我愿意这么做。”

"Well, if you do go to Pampeluna, you'll see more than one thing that will interest you. It's a fine town. I'll give you this medal," he showed me a little silver medal that he wore hung around his neck. "You'll wrap it up in paper”—he paused a moment to master his

emotion—"and you'll take it, or send it, to an old lady whose address I'll give you. Tell her I am dead—but don't tell her how I died."

“太好了，如果您果真去潘普洛纳的话，您会看到很多令您感兴趣的事情。那是一个美丽的城镇。我把这枚圣章给您。”他让我看他挂在脖子上的一枚小银牌。“您用纸把它包好”——他停顿了一下来控制自己的情绪——“然后拿着它，把它交给或者寄给一位老妇人，我会给您她的地址。告诉她我死了——但别告诉她我是怎么死的。”

I promised to perform his commission. I saw him the next day, and spent part of it in his company. From his lips I learned the sad incidents that follow.

我答应他一定会完成他托付的事。我第二天又去看他，同他消磨了半天功夫。从他口中，我得知了下面这个悲惨的故事。

(1) A café to which a depot of ice, or rather of snow, is attached. There is hardly a village in Spain without its neveria.

（1）“内维里亚”：一种附有冰库，更确切地说是雪库的咖啡馆。在西班牙几乎每个村都有。

(2) Every traveler in Spain who does not carry about samples of calicoes and silks is taken for an Englishman (inglesito). It is the same thing in the East.

（2）在西班牙，只要不带棉布或丝织品的旅客都会被当成英国人。在东欧国家也一样。

(3) Your fortune.

（3）‘巴希’：你的命运。

(4) In 1830, the noble class still enjoyed this privilege. Nowadays, under the constitutional regime, commoners have attained the same dignity.

（4）在1830年，贵族依然享有这种特权。现在，在宪法的统治下，普通人也取得了同样的尊严。

CHAPTER III

第三章

"I was born," he said, "at Elizondo, in the valley of Baztan. My name is Don Jose Lizzarrabengoa, and you know enough of Spain, sir, to know at once, by my name, that I come of an old Christian and Basque stock. I call myself Don, because I have a right to it, and if I were at Elizondo I could show you my parchment genealogy. My family wanted me to go into the church, and made me study for it, but I did not like work. I was too fond of playing tennis, and that was my ruin. When we Navarrese begin to play tennis, we forget everything else. One day, when I had won the game, a young fellow from Alava picked a quarrel with me. We took to our maquilas [1] , and I won again. But I had to leave the neighborhood . I fell in with some dragoons, and enlisted in the Almanza Cavalry Regiment. Mountain folks like us soon learn to be soldiers. Before long I was a corporal, and I had been told I should soon be made a sergeant, when, to my misfortune, I was put on guard at the Seville Tobacco Factory. If you have been to Seville you have seen the great building, just outside the ramparts, close to the Guadalquivir; I can fancy I see the entrance, and the guard room just beside it, even now. When Spanish soldiers are on duty, they either play cards or go to sleep. I, like an honest Navarrese, always tried to keep myself busy. I was making a chain to hold my priming-pin, out of a bit of wire: all at once, my comrades said, 'there's the bell ringing, the girls are coming back to work.' You must know, sir, that there are quite four or five hundred women employed in the factory. They roll the cigars in a great room into which no man can go without a permit from the Veintiquatro [2], because when the weather is hot they make themselves at home, especially the young ones. When the work-girls come back after their dinner, numbers of young men go down to see them pass by, and talk all sorts of nonsense to them. Very few of those young ladies will refuse a silk mantilla, and men who care for that sort of sport have nothing to do but bend down and pick their fish up. While the others watched the girls go by, I stayed on my bench near the door. I was a young fellow then—my heart was still in my own country, and I didn't believe in any pretty girls who hadn't blue skirts and long plaits of hair falling on their shoulders. [3] And besides, I was rather afraid of the Andalusian women. I had not got used to their ways yet; they were always jeering one—never spoke a single word of sense. So I was sitting with my nose down upon my chain, when I heard some bystanders say, 'Here comes the gitanella!' Then I lifted up my eyes, and I saw her! It was that very Carmen you

know, and in whose rooms I met you a few months ago.

“我出生在，”他说，“巴斯坦谷地的埃利松多。我叫唐何塞·利萨拉本戈亚，如果先生对西班牙了解甚多的话，一听到我的名字就知道我来自一个世代信奉基督教的家庭，是巴斯克血统。我说自己的姓氏带有“唐”字，因为我有权利这么叫，要是我现在还在埃利松多，我可以让您看看我们记载在羊皮卷上的家谱。家里人希望我去教堂工作，让我学习相关的东西，但我不喜欢在那里呆着。我太喜欢打网球了，网球成了我的祸根。我们纳瓦拉人一打起网球来，就忘记了一切。有一天，我赢了一局比赛，一个从阿拉瓦来的小伙子和我吵了一架。我们动用了马基拉，我又赢了。可是我因此不得不离开了家乡。我在路上碰见了些龙骑兵，就参加了阿尔曼萨骑兵团。像我们这样的山里人很快就能学会打仗。不久我就升为下士，人家还说我很快就能升中士。不幸的是，我一下子又被调到塞维利亚烟厂当警卫去了。如果您去过塞维利亚，您应该见过烟厂那座高大的厂房，就在城墙外边，靠近瓜达尔基维尔河；我现在都还能想象得出那个大门和大门旁边的警卫室。其他西班牙士兵值班的时候，不是打牌就是睡觉。不过我是个老实的纳瓦拉人，所以我总是忙个不停。我正在用线圈做条链子，栓住火枪的通针。突然，同伴们喊道：‘钟响啦，姑娘们要回来工作啦。’先生，您要知道这家烟厂有四、五百名女工呢。她们在一间大房子里卷烟，没有二十四号人物的允许，男人们不得擅自进入。因为天气炎热时，女工们会穿着随便，尤其是年轻的女工们。每当年轻女工吃完饭回来，许多小伙子就会特意出去等她们从门口路过，和她们说各种各样挑逗的话。要是有小伙送上一条丝绸披肩头纱，很少有女孩会拒绝；那些喜欢玩这种伎俩的男人们只需弯腰就能钓到他们想要的鱼。其他人都在观察路过的姑娘，我还是老老实实地坐在门边的长凳上。当时我也是个年轻的小伙子，只是我心念家乡，一直觉得只有穿着蓝裙子、长辫子披肩的女孩才是漂亮的。另外，我其实很怕安达卢西亚的女人。我并不习惯她们的说话方式，她们总是嘲笑别人——没有一句正经话。所以，当时我只顾低头做我的链子，突然我听见有人喊道：‘吉普赛小姑娘来啦！’抬头一看，我见到了她！她就是您认识的那个卡门，几个月前我就是在她的房间里遇见了您。

"She was wearing a very short skirt, below which her white silk stockings—with more than one hole in them—and her dainty red morocco shoes, fastened with flame-coloured ribbons, were clearly seen. She had thrown her mantilla back, to show her shoulders, and a great bunch of acacia that was thrust into her chemise. She had another acacia blossom in the corner of her mouth, and she walked along, swaying her hips, like a filly from the Cordova stud farm. In my country anybody who had seen a woman dressed in that fashion would have crossed himself. At Seville every man paid her some bold compliment on her appearance. She had an answer for each and all, with her hand on her hip, as bold as the thorough gipsy she was. At first I didn't like her looks, and I fell to my work again. But she, like all women and cats, who won't come if you call them, and do come if

you don't call them, stopped short in front of me, and spoke to me.

她穿着一条小短裙，露出白丝袜，袜子破了不止一个洞呢。脚上穿着一双精致的摩洛哥红鞋，系着火红的鞋带，十分引人注目。她故意把披肩头纱拨到身后，露出她的肩膀和无袖宽内衣上的金合欢花。她的嘴角还衔着一朵金合欢花，只见她扭着臀部走来，活像一匹科尔多瓦小母马。谁要是在我的家乡见着这样打扮的女子，非得气得画十字不可。然而，在塞维利亚，每个人对她的姿色都要大胆地恭维一番。她对每个人的恭维都会回应，还把手放在腰间，一副大胆而放肆的吉普赛人的模样。刚开始我并不喜欢她的样子，所以我又重新开始我的工作。但是，所有的女人和猫都一样，越是叫她们，她们越是不来；越是不搭理她们，她们反而还愿意跑过来。她也一样，她在我面前停了下来，对我说话。

“'Compadre,' said she, in the Andalusian fashion, 'won't you give me your chain for the keys of my strong box?'

‘伙计，’她用安达卢西亚的口气对我说，‘把你的链条送给我吧，我好挂保险箱的钥匙，可以吗?'

“'It's for my priming-pin,' said I.

‘这是我挂通针用的。’我回答道。

“‘Your priming-pin!' she cried, with a laugh.

‘你的通针！’她笑道，

'Oho! I suppose the gentleman makes lace, as he wants pins!'

‘哦！我还以为这位先生要做花边，所以要用针呢!'

"Everybody began to laugh, and I felt myself getting red in the face, and couldn't hit on anything in answer.

所有的人都开始大笑；我的脸红了，但是我找不到任何话来回答她。

“'Come, my love!' she began again, 'make me seven ells of lace for my mantilla, my pet pin-maker!'

‘好吧，宝贝！’她又开始说了，‘给我的披肩头纱做七厄尔花边吧，我心爱的制针郎!'

"And taking the acacia blossom out of her mouth she flipped it at me with her thumb so that it hit me just between the eyes. I tell you, sir, I felt as if a bullet had struck me. I didn't know which way to look. I sat stock-still, like a wooden board. When she had gone into the factory, I saw the acacia blossom, which had fallen on the ground between my feet. I don't know what made me do it, but I picked it up, unseen by any of my comrades, and put it carefully inside my jacket. That was my first folly.

她取下嘴边的金合欢花，用手指一弹，正中我的眉心。先生，跟您说吧，我当时的感觉就像被子弹打中一样。我不知道该往哪里看。我坐在那里，一动不动，像个木板。她走进工厂后，这朵金合欢花已经掉在了地上，在我两脚之间。我不知道自己中了什么邪，我把花捡了起来，趁同伴们不注意，小心翼翼地塞进了我的夹克里。那是我干的第一件蠢事。

"Two or three hours later I was still thinking about her, when a panting, terrified-looking porter rushed into the guard-room. He told us a woman had been stabbed in the great cigar-room, and that the guard must be sent in at once. The sergeant told me to take two men, and go and see to it. I took my two men and went upstairs. Imagine, sir, that when I got into the room, I found, to begin with, some three hundred women, stripped to their shifts, or very near it, all of them screaming and yelling and gesticulating, and making such a row that you couldn't have heard God's own thunder. On one side of the room one of the women was lying on the broad of her back, streaming with blood, with an X newly cut on her face by two strokes of a knife. Opposite the wounded woman, whom the best-natured of the band were attending, I saw Carmen, held by five or six of her comrades. The wounded woman was crying out, 'A confessor, a confessor! I'm killed!' Carmen said nothing at all. She clinched her teeth and rolled her eyes like a chameleon. 'What's this?' I asked.

“两三个小时后，我还是在想她。这时，一个大惊失色的看门人气喘吁吁地跑来警卫室。他告诉我们一名女工在那个卷烟大厅里被刺伤了，要警卫员立刻过去。中士叫我带两个人去看看。我带了两个人上楼。先生，可想而知，当我走进这间屋子时，我一下子发现三百多名女工都只穿着衬衣或类似衬衣的工作服，所有人都在尖叫、大喊、指手画脚、争吵不休，置身这番喧闹之中就算上帝亲自打雷你都听不到。在屋子里的另一头，一名女工躺在地上，四脚朝天，浑身是血，她的脸上还有两道被小刀新划伤的十字形刀口。几位好心的女工正在照料这位受伤者，而在她们对面，卡门已经被另外五六个同伴拽住了。受伤的女工哭喊着：‘告解神父！告解神父！我要死啦！’卡门一声不吭。她咬紧牙关，眼珠像变色蜥蜴一样不停地转动。‘发生了什么事？’我问道。

I had hard work to find out what had happened, for all the work-girls talked at once. It appeared that the injured girl had boasted she had money enough in her pocket to buy a donkey at the Triana Market. 'Why,' said Carmen, who had a tongue of her own, 'can't you do with a broom?' Stung by this taunt, it may be because she felt herself rather unsound in that particular, the other girl replied that she knew nothing about brooms, seeing she had not the honor of being either a gipsy or one of the devil's godchildren, but that the Senorita Carmen would shortly make acquaintance with her donkey, when the Corregidor took her out riding with two lackeys behind her

to keep the flies off. 'Well,' retorted Carmen, 'I'll make troughs for the flies to drink out of on your cheeks, and I'll paint a draught-board on them!' [4] And thereupon, slap, bank! She began making St. Andrew's crosses on the girl's face with a knife she had been using for cutting off the ends of the cigars.

所有的姑娘们同时和我说话，我费了九牛二虎之力才弄明白是怎么回事。原来这位受伤的女工夸口说她口袋里的钱多得可以在特里亚纳集市买下一头驴。‘怎么，’多嘴多舌的卡门问道，‘你有把扫把还不够吗？’这名女工被卡门的奚落刺痛，很可能当时她自己也觉得自己的话漏洞百出。于是她反唇相讥，说卡门对扫把的事情一无所知，因为自己没有卡门这么幸运，既不是吉普赛人也不是恶魔的教女。不过，卡门小姐很快就能和她的毛驴相识，因为镇长就要带她出去游街，还有两个跟班的在她后面给她赶苍蝇。‘行啊，’卡门又开始反击道，‘让我先在你脸上挖几道水槽给苍蝇喝水，然后再在你脸上画个三桅船吧！’随即卡门啪地打了过去！她开始用切烟头的小刀在对方脸上划了几个圣安德烈十字架。

"The case was quite clear. I took hold of Carmen's arm. 'Sister mine,' I said civilly, 'you must come with me.' She shot a glance of recognition at me, but she said, with a resigned look: 'Let's be off. Where is my mantilla?' She put it over her head so that only one of her great eyes was to be seen, and followed my two men, as quiet as a lamb. When we got to the guardroom the sergeant said it was a serious job, and he must send her to prison. I was told off again to take her there. I put her between two dragoons, as a corporal does on such occasions. We started off for the town. The gipsy had begun by holding her tongue. But when we got to the Calle de la Serpiente—you know it, and that it earns its name by its many windings—she began by dropping her mantilla on to her shoulders, so as to show me her coaxing little face, and turning round to me as well as she could, she said:

“案情一目了然。我抓住卡门的胳膊。‘姐妹，’我礼貌地说，‘跟我走一趟吧。’她瞄了我一眼，认出了我，于是顺从地看着我说：‘走吧。我的披肩头纱到哪去了？’她戴上披肩头纱，只露出一只大眼睛，跟在我的两个警卫后面，安静得像只小羊羔。到了警卫室，中士说情节严重，必须把她送进监狱。中士又让我送她进监狱。我让她走在两个龙骑兵中间。下士遇到这种情况，通常都是像我这样做的。我们向镇上出发了。这个吉普赛姑娘刚开始很沉默。但是，当我们到达蛇街——您知道的，这条街弯弯曲曲，真是名副其实——她就撩开她的披肩头纱，将它移至肩膀处，这样就能让我看见她诱人的小脸蛋，并极力朝向我，她说：

“'Oficial mio, where are you taking me to?'

“‘长官，您要带我去哪里?'

“'To prison, my poor child,' I replied, as gently as I could, just as

any kind-hearted soldier is bound to speak to a prisoner, and especially to a woman.

“‘去监狱，可怜的孩子。’我极尽温柔地回答她，就像好兵优待俘虏一样，特别是对待女俘虏的时候。

“‘Alack! What will become of me! Senor Oficial, have pity on me! You are so young, so good-looking.' Then, in a lower tone, she said, 'Let me get away, and I'll give you a bit of the bar lachi, that will make every woman fall in love with you!'

“‘唉！我在那里会变成个什么样子啊！长官先生，可怜可怜我吧！您这么年轻，长得又好。’然后，她放低音调对我说：‘让我逃走，我送您一块巴尔拉奇，它会让每一个姑娘都爱上您!'

"The bar lachi, sir, is the loadstone, with which the gypsies declare one who knows how to use it can cast any number of spells. If you can make a woman drink a little scrap of it, powdered, in a glass of white wine, she'll never be able to resist you. I answered, as gravely as I could:

“巴尔拉奇，先生，是天然磁石。吉普赛人声称不论是谁只要知道怎么用它，就可以为所欲为。比方说，如果您让一个女子喝了掺了这块巴尔拉奇粉末的白葡萄酒，她就再也无法拒绝您了。我十分严肃地回答了她：

“'We are not here to talk nonsense. You'll have to go to prison. Those are my orders, and there's no help for it!'

“‘别和我说这么多废话。你必须去监狱。这是命令，求我也没用!'

"We men from the Basque country have an accent which all Spaniards easily recognize; on the other hand, not one of them can ever learn to say Bai, jaona![5]

“西班牙其他地方的人很容易辨认出我们巴斯克人的口音；不过，他们怎么也学不会说‘巴依，哈噢那’。

"So Carmen easily guessed I was from the Provinces. You know, sir, that the gypsies, who belong to no particular country, and are always moving about, speak every language, and most of them are quite at home in Portugal, in France, in our Provinces, in Catalonia, or anywhere else. They can even make themselves understood by Moors and English people. Carmen knew Basque tolerably well.

“所以卡门很容易就猜测出我来自特权省份。您知道，先生，吉普赛人并没有他们自己确定的国家，他们经常迁移，会说各种语言，不过他们大部分居住在葡萄牙、法国、住在我们的特权省份、加泰罗尼亚等国家和地区。甚至摩尔人和英国人都能听懂他们的话。卡门的巴斯克语相当流利。

“'Laguna ene bihotsarena, comrade of my heart,' said she suddenly. 'Do you belong to our country?'

“‘我的意中人，我的心肝宝贝。’她突然用巴斯克语对我说，‘我们是同乡吗?'

"Our language is so beautiful, sir, that when we hear it in a foreign country it makes us quiver. I wish," added the bandit in a lower tone, "I could have a confessor from my own country."

“我们的家乡话实在是太美妙啦，先生，在外地听到家乡话实在让人激动呀。我希望，”这位‘土匪’放低声音加了一句，“我能有一个来自我家乡的告解神父。”

After a silence, he began again.

沉默一阵后，‘他’又开始说了：

“'I belong to Elizondo,' I answered in Basque, very much affected by the sound of my own language.

“‘我是埃利松多人。’听到自己家乡的语言我心里很激动，于是我用巴斯克语回答了她。

“'I come from Etchalar,' said she (that's a district about four hours' journey from my home). 'I was carried off to Seville by the gypsies. I was working in the factory to earn enough money to take me back to Navarre, to my poor old mother, who has no support in the world but me, besides her little barratcea[6] with twenty cider-apple trees in it.

“‘我来自埃查拉（埃查拉地区离我们家有四个小时的路程）。’她说，‘我是被吉普赛人带到塞利维亚的。我在这家烟厂工作，等我赚够了钱，我就会回纳瓦拉，回到我可怜的妈妈身边。她有一个种了二十棵酿酒用的苹果树的小巴拉查 ，除此之外我就是她活在世上的唯一支撑。

Ah! if I were only back in my own country, looking up at the white mountains! I have been insulted here, because I don't belong to this land of rogues and sellers of rotten oranges; and those hussies are all banded together against me, because I told them that not all their Seville jacques[7] , and all their knives, would frighten an honest lad from our country, with his blue cap and his maquila! Good comrade, won't you do anything to help your own countrywoman?'

啊！要是我能回到家乡就好了，就看看那白皑皑的山峰也好啊！我在这里被人辱骂，就因为我不是本地人，和这些卖橘子的小贩骗子不是一类人；那些荡妇联合起来对付我，就因为我告诉她们并不是所有的雅克在塞维利亚舞动他们的刀子就能吓倒我们家乡戴着蓝帽、挥动马基拉的老实小伙子！好老乡，难道不帮一帮自己的同乡吗?'

"She was lying then, sir, as she has always lied. I don't know that that girl ever spoke a word of truth in her life, but when she did

speak, I believed her—I couldn't help myself. She mangled her Basque words, and I believed she came from Navarre. But her eyes and her mouth and her skin were enough to prove she was a gipsy. I was mad, I paid no more attention to anything, I thought to myself that if the Spaniards had dared to speak evil of my country, I would have slashed their faces just as she had slashed her comrade's. In short, I was like a drunken man, I was beginning to say foolish things, and I was very near doing them.

“她在撒谎，先生，她一直都在撒谎。我不知道她这辈子是否说过一句真话，可是，不论她说什么，我总是相信她——情不自禁地相信她。她说的巴斯克语很烂，可我还是相信她就是纳瓦拉人。其实她的眼睛、嘴巴、皮肤都足以表明她是吉普赛人。我一定是疯了，什么也不顾。我告诉自己对于任何敢说我的家乡坏话的西班牙人，我都要撕破他们的脸，就像她之前划破同事的脸一样。总之，我就像喝醉酒一样，开始说些蠢话，马上就要做蠢事了。

“‘If I were to give you a push and you tumbled down, good fellow-countryman,' she began again in Basque, 'those two Castilian recruits wouldn't be able to keep me back.'

“‘要是我推你一下，你就跌倒了，我的好老乡。’她又用巴斯克语说，‘那两个卡斯蒂利亚兵就没法阻止我逃跑。’

"Faith, I forgot my orders, I forgot everything, and I said to her, 'Well, then, my friend, girl of my country, try it, and may our Lady of the Mountain help you through.'

“我的天！我忘了我的使命，忘了一切。我对她说：‘那好吧，朋友，我的同乡姑娘，我们试试吧，愿山的女神助你渡过难关。’

"Just at that moment we were passing one of the many narrow lanes one sees in Seville. All at once Carmen turned and struck me in the chest with her fist. I tumbled backward, purposely. With a bound she sprang over me, and ran off, showing us a pair of legs! People talk about a pair of Basque legs! but hers were far better—as fleet as they were well-turned. As for me, I picked myself up at once, but I stuck out my lance[8] crossways and barred the street, so that my comrades were checked at the very first moment of pursuit. Then I started to run myself, and they after me—but how were we to catch her? There was no fear of that, what with our spurs, our swords, and our lances.

“就在那时，我们路过了塞维利亚许多蜿蜒的小巷中的一处。突然，卡门转身，并在我的胸口打了一拳。我故意向后跌了下去。她轻轻一跳，从我身上跃过，然后就逃跑了，我们只看到了她的双腿。大家都说巴斯克人的腿很灵敏！她的双腿不仅灵活、敏捷，而且线条优美。我马上站了起来，伸出长矛，横着挡住了街道，这样另外两名士兵就无法在第一时间追赶卡门。随后我赶紧先跑去追卡门，他们俩跟在我后面——

可是我们怎么可能追得上她呢？我们穿着马刺，佩戴着剑和长矛，想要追上她是不可能的。

"In less time than I have taken to tell you the story the prisoner had disappeared. And besides, every gossip in the quarter covered her flight, poked scorn at us, and pointed us in the wrong direction. After a good deal of marching and countermarching, we had to go back to the guard-room without a receipt from the governor of the jail.

“在给您讲述这个过程所用的时间内，这个入狱者已经消失得无影无踪。此外，这一地区的所有爱说长道短的人都掩护她逃跑，大家都嘲笑我们，还把我们指向错误的方向。我们来回找了很久都没有找到她，于是不得不在没有拿到监狱长的回执的情况下就回了警卫室。

"To avoid punishment, my men made known that Carmen had spoken to me in Basque; and to tell the truth, it did not seem very natural that a blow from such a little creature should have so easily overthrown a strong fellow like me. The whole thing looked suspicious, or, at all events, not over-clear. When I came off guard I lost my corporal's stripes, and was condemned to a month's imprisonment. It was the first time I had been punished since I had been in the service. Farewell, now, to the sergeant's stripes, on which I had reckoned so surely!

“为了逃避处罚，我的两个手下的士兵说卡门和我说了几句巴斯克语；而且说句实话，我这么强壮一男子汉怎么会抵不住像卡门这么一个弱女子的一下攻击呢，的确很奇怪。整个经过看起来很可疑，或者说，怎么看都太明显了。我被撤除了警卫的职务，下士头衔也没了，还被判坐牢一个月。这是我第一次在服役期间受处罚。现在我只能和我的中士军衔说再见了，本来我还以为这个军衔我拿定了。

"The first days in prison were very dreary. When I enlisted I had fancied I was sure to become an officer, at all events. Two of my compatriots, Longa and Mina, are captains-general, after all. Chapalangarra was a colonel, and I have played tennis a score of times with his brother, who was just a needy fellow like myself. 'Now,' I kept crying to myself, 'all the time you served without being punished has been lost. Now you have a bad mark against your name, and to get yourself back into the officers' good graces you'll have to work ten times as hard as when you joined as a recruit.' And why have I got myself punished? For the sake of a gipsy hussy, who made game of me, and who at this moment is busy thieving in some corner of the town. Yet I couldn't help thinking about her. Will you believe it, sir, those silk stockings of hers with the holes in them, of which she had given me such a full view as she took to her heels, were always before my eyes? I used to look through the barred windows of the jail into the street, and among all the women who passed I never could see one

to compare with that minx of a girl—and then, in spite of myself, I used to smell the acacia blossom she had thrown at me, and which, dry as it was, still kept its sweet scent. If there are such things as witches, that girl certainly was one.

“在监狱的头几天很郁闷。还记得我刚入伍的时候，我已经设想自己无论怎样都注定会成为一名长官了。如今，我的两个同胞，隆加、米纳已经是上校了。查帕兰加拉也是上校了。他哥哥和我一样是个穷光蛋，曾经和我打过许多次网球。‘现在，’我不停地对着自己哭诉，‘服役中无过错的记录已经成了过去。一旦你有了不良记录，想要重新恢复自己的好名声要付出的努力就是做新兵时的十倍。’话说回来，我为什么会受到处罚？都是因为一个吉普赛荡妇，她捉弄了我。这时她还不知道在镇上的哪个角落里干些偷鸡摸狗的勾当呢！可是我还是忍不住想她。您信吗先生，她逃跑时，袜子和袜子上的那些破洞我看得清清楚楚，那情景时常浮现在我的眼前。在监狱里，我常常隔着栅栏看窗外的街景，望着来来回回走过的女人，总觉得没有一个比得上那个轻佻的姑娘；我总是不由自主地去闻一闻她扔给我的那朵金合欢花。虽然花已经枯了，可是余香尚存。如果世上真的有女巫，那个姑娘肯定是其中一个。

"One day the jailer came in, and gave me an Alcala roll.[9]

“一天，监狱看守进来给了我一块阿尔卡拉卷式面包。

“'Look here,' said he, 'this is what your cousin has sent you.'

‘拿着，’他说，‘这是你表妹给你的。’

"I took the loaf, very much astonished, for I had no cousin in Seville. It may be a mistake, thought I, as I looked at the roll, but it was so appetizing and smelt so good, that I made up my mind to eat it, without troubling my head as to whence it came, or for whom it was really intended.

我接过面包，感到很吃惊，我在塞维利亚根本就没有表妹。看着这块面包，我想可能是弄错了。不过这面包闻着香极了，激起了我的食欲。我并没有多想它是从哪里来的或是本来要给谁的，我就决定先把它吃了再说。

"When I tried to cut it, my knife struck on something hard. I looked, and found a little English file, which had been slipped into the dough before the roll had been baked. The roll also contained a gold piece of two piastres. Then I had no further doubt—it was a present from Carmen. To people of her blood, liberty is everything, and they would set a town on fire to save themselves one day in prison. The girl was artful, indeed, and armed with that roll, I might have snapped my fingers at the jailers. In one hour, with that little file, I could have sawn through the thickest bar, and with the gold coin I could have exchanged my soldier's cloak for civilian garb at the nearest shop. You may fancy that a man who has often taken the eaglets out of their

nests in our cliff would have found no difficulty in getting down to the street out of a window less than thirty feet above it. But I didn't choose to escape. I still had a soldier's code of honor, and desertion appeared to me in the light of a heinous crime. Yet this proof of remembrance touched me. When a man is in prison he likes to think he has a friend outside who takes an interest in him. The gold coin did rather offend me; I should have very much liked to return it; but where was I to find my creditor? That did not seem a very easy task.

“当我切面包的时候，刀子碰到了硬硬的东西。我看了看，发现了一片英式小锉刀，这应该是面包还没烘烤前夹入生面团的。面包里还有一枚两皮阿斯特金币。毫无疑问，这是卡门给我的礼物。对她这个血统的人来说，自由就是一切。只要能少坐一天牢，要她放把火把整个城镇给烧了她都愿意。这个姑娘的确很狡猾，有了那块面包，对付监狱看守简直易如反掌。有了那块小锉刀，我就可以在一个小时内把最粗的铁栏杆锯断，再用那块金币在最近的店里把我的这身军装换成平民打扮。您可以想象一下，一个经常在悬崖峭壁掏鹰巢抓小鹰的人想要从不到三丈高的窗口跳到街道上，其实是没有任何困难的。但是我并不想逃跑。我还保持着一份军人的荣誉，因此逃跑对我来说更是罪大恶极。不过这至少表示她还记得我，我很感动。一个人坐牢时，总是会想着外边有一个朋友还关心、在乎他。但是那枚金币让我很不愉快；我很想尽快还掉；不过我能到哪里去找我的债主呀？那可不是件简单的事。

"After the ceremony of my degradation I had fancied my sufferings were over, but I had another humiliation before me. That came when I left prison, and was told off for duty, and put on sentry, as a private soldier. You can not conceive what a proud man endures at such a moment. I believe I would have just as soon been shot dead—then I should have marched alone at the head of my platoon, at all events; I should have felt I was somebody, with the eyes of others fixed upon me.

“撤职手续办完后，我以为我的痛苦遭遇就此结束了，没想到还有另外一桩蒙羞的事等着我。那是在我离开监狱后，上级派我值班，要我像列兵一样站岗哨。您无法想象一个自尊心极强的人如何忍受这样的煎熬。我想我还不如被枪毙了算了，至少枪毙时我一个人走在队伍前，我可以自我感觉自己是个人物，其他人都注视着我。

"I was posted as sentry on the door of the colonel's house. The colonel was a young man, rich, good-natured, fond of amusing himself. All the young officers were there, and many civilians as well, besides ladies—actresses, as it was said. For my part, it seemed to me as if the whole town had agreed to meet at that door, in order to stare at me. Then up drove the colonel's carriage, with his valet on the box. And who should I see get out of it, but the gipsy girl! She was dressed up, this time, to the eyes, togged out in golden ribbons—a spangled gown, blue shoes, all spangled too, flowers and gold lace all over her.

In her hand she carried a tambourine. With her there were two other gipsy women, one young and one old. They always have one old woman who goes with them, and then an old man with a guitar, a gipsy too, to play alone, and also for their dances. You must know these gipsy girls are often sent for to private houses, to dance their special dance, the Romalis, and often, too, for quite other purposes.

“我被派往一位上校家，在他家门前站岗。上校是一位富有的年轻人，脾气很好，喜欢寻欢作乐。年轻军官都愿意去他那里，还有许多老百姓，也有一些女士，据说是女演员之类。在我看来，我觉得整个城镇上的人是约好了在他家门口会合来盯着我看的。随后，上校的车也来了，他的贴身男仆也坐在上面。猜我还看见谁从车上下来，那个吉普赛姑娘！这次她打扮得花枝招展，浑身披戴着金色丝带，连眼睛也精心打扮过。她穿着闪闪发光的群袍、亮晶晶的蓝色皮鞋，浑身上下光彩夺目，缀满了花饰和金花边。她手上还拿着铃鼓。和她一道的还有另外两个吉普赛女人，一老一少。一个老女人总会跟着她们，还有一个弹吉他的老男人，也是吉普赛人，他单独演奏，为她们的舞蹈伴奏。您知道这些吉普赛女孩经常都是去私宅跳舞，她们一般都跳自己特殊的舞蹈，罗马里舞，当然还有其他节目。

"Carmen recognized me, and we exchanged glances. I don't know why, but at that moment I should have liked to have been a hundred feet beneath the ground.

“卡门认出了我，我们互相看了一眼。我不知道为什么，就在那时，我恨不得找个地洞钻进去。

“'Agur laguna,'[10] said she. 'Oficial mio! You keep guard like a recruit,' and before I could find a word in answer, she was inside the house.

“她说：‘阿古尔，拉古纳。长官！您站岗就和新兵一样啊。’我还没来得及回答，她已经进了屋。

"The whole party was assembled in the patio, and in spite of the crowd I could see nearly everything that went on through the lattice.[11] I could hear the castanets and the tambourine, the laughter and applause. Sometimes I caught a glimpse of her head as she bounded upward with her tambourine. Then I could hear the officers saying many things to her which brought the blood to my face. As to her answers, I knew nothing of them. It was on that day, I think, that I began to love her in earnest—for three or four times I was tempted to rush into the patio, and drive my sword into the bodies of all the coxcombs who were making love to her. My torture lasted a full hour; then the gypsies came out, and the carriage took them away. As she passed me by, Carmen looked at me with those eyes you know, and said to me very low, 'Comrade, people who are fond of good fritata come to eat it at Lillas Pastia's at Triana!'

“整个聚会都在庭院进行。尽管人群熙熙攘攘，我几乎还是可以通过铁门看到里面发生的一切。我可以听见响板声、铃鼓声、欢笑声和掌声。当她摇着铃鼓向上跳跃时，我时不时还能瞥见她的头。之后我听见官员们对她说了许多荤话，气得我满脸通红。至于她是怎么回答的，我没听见。我想就是从那一天开始，我真正爱上了她——因为有好几次我都想冲进庭院，把我的剑刺向那些调戏她的纨绔子弟。整整一个小时我都在煎熬；后来，吉普赛女郎们都出来了，上校的车又把她们送走了。卡门从我身边经过时，她用她特有的眼神看着我，您知道的那种眼神，并且低声对我说：‘老乡啊，想吃美味煎鱼，就去特里亚纳的利拉·帕斯蒂亚的饭店!'

"Then, light as a kid, she stepped into the carriage, the coachman whipped up his mules, and the whole merry party departed, whither I know not.

“随后，她就像小山羊一样轻轻一跃就上了车。车夫快马加鞭，这群快活的人一下子就不知去向了。

"You may fancy that the moment I was off guard I went to Triana; but first of all I got myself shaved and brushed myself up as if I had been going on parade. She was living with Lillas Pastia, an old fried-fish seller, a gipsy, as black as a Moor, to whose house a great many civilians resorted to eat fritata, especially, I think, because Carmen had taken up her quarters there.

“您能想象吗，我一换班就跑去了特里亚纳；而且，走之前我还刮胡子、刷衣服，就像要去参加阅兵典礼一样。她就住在利拉·帕斯蒂亚的饭店，店主是个老煎鱼商，吉普赛人，肤色和摩尔人一样黑。许多老百姓都到这里来吃煎鱼。我觉得卡门住在这里之后生意更加红火了。

“'Lillas,' she said, as soon as she saw me. 'I'm not going to work any more to-day. To-morrow will be a day, too.[12] Come, fellow-countryman, let us go for a walk!'

“‘利拉’，她一看见我就说，‘我今天就不干活啦。明天会是新的一天。快来，老乡，我们出去走走!'

"She pulled her mantilla across her nose, and there we were in the street, without my knowing in the least whither I was bound.

她用披肩头纱盖住脸，我们到了大街上，我一点也不知道我们要到哪里去。

“'Senorita,' said I, 'I think I have to thank you for a present I had while I was in prison. I've eaten the bread; the file will do for sharpening my lance, and I keep it in remembrance of you. But as for the money, here it is.'

“‘小姐’，我说，‘我想我应该谢谢你在我蹲监狱时还给我送礼物。面包我已经吃了；小锉刀我留着磨长枪用，也算是做个纪念吧。不过那钱

我得还你，拿着。’

“'Why, he's kept the money!' she exclaimed, bursting out laughing. 'But, after all, that's all the better—for I'm decidedly hard up! What matter! The dog that runs never starves![13] Come, let's spend it all! You shall treat.'

“‘啊！你居然一直都留着啊！’她叫嚷着大笑起来。‘不过，还给我也好，反正最近我手头有点紧！管他呢！会跑的狗饿不死！走，我们去花个精光。你请客。’

"We had turned back toward Seville. At the entrance of the Calle de la Serpiente she bought a dozen oranges, which she made me put into my handkerchief. A little farther on she bought a roll, a sausage, and a bottle of manzanilla. Then, last of all, she turned into a confectioner's shop. There she threw the gold coin I had returned to her on the counter, with another she had in her pocket, and some small silver, and then she asked me for all the money I had. All I possessed was one peseta and a few cuartos, which I handed over to her, very much ashamed of not having more. I thought she would have carried away the whole shop. She took everything that was best and dearest, yemas[14], turon[15], preserved fruits—as long as the money lasted. And all these, too, I had to carry in paper bags. Perhaps you know the Calle del Candilejo, where there is a head of Don Pedro the Avenger.[16] That head ought to have given me pause. We stopped at an old house in that street. She passed into the entry, and knocked at a door on the ground floor. It was opened by a gipsy, a thorough-paced servant of the devil. Carmen said a few words to her in Romany. At first the old hag grumbled. To smooth her down Carmen gave her a couple of oranges and a handful of sugar-plums, and let her have a taste of wine. Then she hung her cloak on her back, and led her to the door, which she fastened with a wooden bar. As soon as we were alone she began to laugh and caper like a lunatic, singing out, 'You are my rom, I'm your romi.'[17]

“我们又回了塞维利亚。来到蛇街路口，她买了十几个橘子，让我用我的手帕包起来。走了一小段路后，她又买了个面包、香肠和一瓶西班牙雪利酒。最后，她走进一家糖果店。她把我还给她的金币扔在柜台上，又另外从口袋里又拿了一个，还拿出了些银币，然后要我把身上的钱都拿出来。我只有一个比塞塔和几个小钱，全给了她，就这么一点钱，我真是不好意思。我以为她想把整家店都买下来。她挑最好最贵的东西拿，耶玛、特伦、蜜饯，直到把钱花光。她又让我用纸袋子把所有这些装起来然后提着。也许您认识灯街吧，那有一个复仇者唐佩德罗的头像。这个头像本来应该引起我的注意的。我们在这条街的一间老房子前停下。她走了进去，敲了楼下的门。一个吉普赛人开了门，这个人活像魔鬼的门徒。卡门用罗姆语对她说了几句话。老太婆先是嘀咕了几句。为了堵住她的嘴，卡门给了她几个橘子和一把糖果，并且让她尝了

几口白酒。然后，卡门为她披上了斗篷，送她出门，随即用木门闩把门锁上。我们两人独处时，她开始发疯似的又笑又跳，唱道：‘你是我的罗姆，我是你的罗密。’

"There I stood in the middle of the room, laden with all her purchases, and not knowing where I was to put them down. She tumbled them all onto the floor, and threw her arms round my neck, saying:

“我站在屋子的中间，拿着她买的那些东西，不知道该往哪里放。她把东西全扔在地板上，然后抱住我的脖子，说：

“'I pay my debts, I pay my debts! That's the law of the Cales.'[18]

“‘我要还债啦，我要还债啦！这是加莱的规矩。’

"Ah, sir, that day! that day!

“啊！先生，那一天！那一天！

When I think of it I forget what to-morrow must bring me!"

每当我想起那一天，我就会忘记还有明天！”

For a moment the bandit held his peace, then, when he had relighted his cigar, he began afresh.

‘土匪’沉默了一阵，然后重新点燃香烟，继续往下说：

"We spent the whole day together, eating, drinking, and so forth. When she had stuffed herself with sugar-plums, like any child of six years old, she thrust them by handfuls into the old woman's water-jar. 'That'll make sherbet for her,' she said. She smashed the yemas by throwing them against the walls. 'They'll keep the flies from bothering us.' There was no prank or wild frolic she didn't indulge in. I told her I should have liked to see her dance, only there were no castanets to be had. Instantly she seized the old woman's only earthenware plate, smashed it up, and there she was dancing the Romalis, and making the bits of broken crockery rattle as well as if they had been ebony and ivory castanets. That girl was good company, I can tell you! Evening fell, and I heard the drums beating tattoo.

“那天我们整天都在一起吃饭、喝酒,等等。她吃糖的举动就像个六岁的孩子，还随手把一把糖扔进了老太婆的水壶里。‘给她做冰冻果子露吧。’她说。她把耶玛往墙上到处扔。‘这样苍蝇就不会来打扰我们啦。’这世上的恶作剧就没有她没耍过的。我跟她讲我想看她跳舞，可是又没有响板呀。突然，她抓起老太婆的唯一的一个盘子，摔成碎片，然后就跳起了罗马里舞。她一边敲着碎片一边跳舞，其声响效果并不亚于黑檀木和象牙响板。我可以这么跟您说，那个姑娘真是个好玩伴。夜幕降临，我听见归营的鼓声。

“‘I must get back to quarters for roll-call,' I said.

“‘我必须回营房，要点名了。’我说。

“'To quarters!' she answered, with a look of scorn. 'Are you a negro slave, to let yourself be driven with a ramrod like that! You are as silly as a canary bird. Your dress suits your nature.[19] Pshaw! you've no more heart than a chicken.'

“‘回去！’她轻蔑地回答说，‘你是个黑奴吗，你就这么让那些死板的人牵着鼻子走啊！和金丝雀一样蠢里蠢气。你的衣服和你一样都透着傻气。走吧！你这个比小鸡还胆小的人。’

"I stayed on, making up my mind to the inevitable guard-room. The next morning the first suggestion of parting came from her.

“我没有走，决心大不了回警卫室思过去。第二天早上，倒是她首先和我提出再见。

“'Hark ye, Joseito,' she said. 'Have I paid you? By our law, I owed you nothing, because you're a payllo. But you're a good-looking fellow, and I took a fancy to you. Now we're quits. Good-day!'

“‘喂，小何塞，’她说，‘我已经还债了吧？按照我们的规矩，我不再欠你什么了,而且你还是个外族人。不过你是个俊小伙，我喜欢你。现在我们互不相欠了。再见啦!'

"I asked her when I should see her again.

“我问她我们什么时候再见面。

“'When you're less of a simpleton,' she retorted, with a laugh. Then, in a more serious tone, 'Do you know, my son, I really believe I love you a little; but that can't last! The dog and the wolf can't agree for long. Perhaps if you turned gipsy, I might care to be your romi. But that's all nonsense, such things aren't possible. Pshaw! my boy. Believe me, you're well out of it. You've come across the devil—he isn't always black—and you've not had your neck wrung. I wear a woolen suit, but I'm no sheep.[20] Go and burn a candle to your majari[21], she deserves it well. Come, good-by once more. Don't think any more about La Carmencita, or she'll end by making you marry a widow with wooden legs.'[22]

“‘等你稍微变聪明了点的时候再说吧。’她笑着反驳道。随后，她又用严肃的语气告诉我：‘你知道吗，小伙子，我真的觉得我有点爱上你了；不过这种感觉不会长久的！狗和狼怎么可能长久地在一起。也许如果你是个吉普赛人，我还可以考虑做你的罗密。不过这都是废话，不可能发生的事情。走吧！我的小伙子。相信我吧，其实你很划算呀。你遇到了魔鬼——魔鬼并非总是黑脸又黑心的——你的脖子也没被拧断。我穿着羊毛衫，但我不是小绵羊。去为你的马亚里点支蜡烛吧，你该好好报答她的。走吧，再说声再见。别再想小卡门啦，不然她会让你娶一个木腿寡妇。’

"As she spoke, she drew back the bar that closed the door, and once we were out in the street she wrapped her mantilla about her, and turned on her heel.

“她边说边打开门闩，我们一走在大街上，她就用披肩头纱裹住脸部，掉头就走。

"She spoke the truth. I should have done far better never to think of her again. But after that day in the Calle del Candilejo I couldn't think of anything else. All day long I used to walk about, hoping I might meet her. I sought news of her from the old hag, and from the fried-fish seller. They both told me she had gone away to Laloro, which is their name for Portugal. They probably said it by Carmen's orders, but I soon found out they were lying. Some weeks after my day in the Calle del Candilejo I was on duty at one of the town gates. A little way from the gate there was a breach in the wall. The masons were working at it in the daytime, and at night a sentinel was posted on it, to prevent smugglers from getting in. All through one day I saw Lillas Pastia going backward and forward near the guard-room, and talking to some of my comrades. They all knew him well, and his fried-fish and fritters even better. He came up to me, and asked if I had any news of Carmen.

“她说的是实话。如果我不再想她，我就不会是现在这个样子了。可是自灯街回来后，我满脑子全是她。我经常在街上游荡，希望能碰到她。我从老太婆和煎鱼商那里打听她的消息。他们告诉我她已经去了拉罗洛，也就是我们所说的葡萄牙。很可能是卡门要他们这么说的，而且很快我就识破了他们的谎言。在灯街游荡几个星期后，我在一个城门站岗了。离城门不远处，有一面城墙有缺口。白天，泥瓦匠在那里修补缺口；晚上就设置一个岗哨防止走私分子进入。有一天，我看见利拉·帕斯蒂亚在警卫室附近来回走动，还和我的同事们说了些什么。大家都认识他，他做的煎鱼和煎饼更是人尽皆知。他朝我走来，问我有没有卡门的消息。

“'No,' said I.

“‘没有。’我说。

“'Well,' said he, 'you'll soon hear of her, old fellow.'

“‘噢，’他说，‘你很快就会有她的消息啦，老伙计。’

"He was not mistaken. That night I was posted to guard the breach in the wall. As soon as the sergeant had disappeared I saw a woman coming toward me. My heart told me it was Carmen. Still I shouted:

“他没说错。那天晚上上级派我驻守城墙的缺口。中士一走，我就看见一个女人朝我走来。我知道那个人一定是卡门。不过我还是喊道：

“'Keep off! Nobody can pass here!'

“‘走开！此处禁止通行!'

“'Now, don't be spiteful,' she said, making herself known to me.

“‘哎呀，干嘛这么凶呀！’她故意这样说，让我认出她。

“'What! you here, Carmen?'

“‘什么！是你呀，卡门?'

“'Yes, mi payllo. Let us say few words, but wise ones. Would you like to earn a douro? Some people will be coming with bundles. Let them alone.'

“‘是呀，我的外族人。我们别废话啦，说正事吧。你想赚一银币吗？有人马上会提着包过来。你就放他们过去吧。’

“'No,' said I, 'I must not allow them through. These are my orders.'

“‘不行，’我说，‘我不能让他们过去。这是命令。’

“'Orders! orders! You didn't think about orders in the Calle del Candilejo!'

“‘命令！命令！你在灯街的时候怎么不想想命令呢!'

“'Ah!' I cried, quite maddened by the very thought of that night. 'It was well worth while to forget my orders for that! But I won't have any smuggler's money!'

“‘啊！’我叫了出来，只要一想到那天晚上我就要发狂，‘为了那天晚上的事情忘记命令也是值得的！但是现在我决不会收走私犯的钱!'

“'Well, if you won't have money, shall we go and dine together at old Dorotea's?'

“‘好吧，既然你不收钱，那我们就一起去多罗特老太婆那里吃饭好吗?'

“'No,' said I, half choked by the effort it cost me. 'No, I can't.'

“‘不行。’我艰难地说出这个词，几乎透不过气来，‘不行，我不能这样做。’

“'Very good! If you make so many difficulties, I know to whom I can go. I'll ask your officer if he'll come with me to Dorotea's. He looks good-natured, and he'll post a sentry who'll only see what he had better see. Good-bye, canary-bird! I shall have a good laugh the day the order comes out to hang you!'

“‘很好！如果你这么难做，我知道我该去求谁了。我去问问你的长官愿不愿意和我去多罗特家。他脾气很好，他会另外派一个他觉得合适的小伙子来站岗。再见，金丝雀！有朝一日，命令下来说要判你绞刑，

我会大笑一场的!'

"I was weak enough to call her back, and I promised to let the whole of gypsydom pass in, if that were necessary, so that I secured the only reward I longed for. She instantly swore she would keep her word faithfully the very next day, and ran off to summon her friends, who were close by. There were five of them, of whom Pastia was one, all well loaded with English goods. Carmen kept watch for them. She was to warn them with her castanets the instant she caught sight of the patrol. But there was no necessity for that. The smugglers finished their job in a moment.

“我一时心软，把她叫了回来。我答应她如果有必要所有吉普赛人都可以放行，其实我只是想我得到我梦寐以求的回报。她马上发誓她第二天一定会信守诺言，然后跑去叫她的那些朋友，其实他们就躲在附近。他们一共有五个人，帕斯蒂亚也在那里，个个拖着许多英国私货。卡门替他们把风。她打算一看见巡警就敲响板来警告他们。不过没这必要了。这些走私者一溜烟就跑了。

"The next day I went to the Calle del Candilejo. Carmen kept me waiting, and when she came, she was in rather a bad temper.

“第二天，我去了灯街。卡门让我等了很久，她一来，还发脾气。

“'I don't like people who have to be pressed,' she said. 'You did me a much greater service the first time, without knowing you'd gain anything by it. Yesterday you bargained with me. I don't know why I've come, for I don't care for you any more. Here, be off with you. Here's a douro for your trouble.'

“‘我不喜欢摆架子的人。’她说，‘第一次，你不知道自己能得到什么回报就很痛快地帮了我。昨天你却和我讨价还价。我不知道我来这干嘛，我已经一点也不在乎你了。拿着这些走吧。麻烦你了，这是给你的一银币。’

"I very nearly threw the coin at her head, and I had to make a violent effort to prevent myself from actually beating her. After we had wrangled for an hour I went off in a fury. For some time I wandered about the town, walking hither and thither like a madman. At last I went into a church, and getting into the darkest corner I could find, I cried hot tears. All at once I heard a voice.

“我差点就把钱扔到她头上。我好不容易控制住自己，还是没打她。我们争吵了一小时以后，我生气地走了。我就像疯子一样在这个城镇四处走动了很久。最后，我走进一间教堂，找了一个最暗的角落，痛哭起来。突然我听见一个声音。

“'A dragoon in tears. I'll make a philter of them!'

“‘龙骑兵的眼泪啊。我可以用来做春药啊!'

"I looked up. There was Carmen in front of me.

“我抬头一看，卡门站在我面前。

“'Well, mi payllo, are you still angry with me?' she said. 'I must care for you in spite of myself, for since you left me I don't know what has been the matter with me. Look you, it is I who ask you to come to the Calle del Candilejo, now!'

“‘嗯，我的外族人呀，你还在生我的气吗？’她对我说,‘尽管我一直埋怨你，但我一定是喜欢上你了，因为你走了以后我不知道自己究竟是怎么了。好啦，现在我问你你是不是还愿意来灯街见我！'

"So we made it up: but Carmen's temper was like the weather in our country. The storm is never so close, in our mountains, as when the sun is at its brightest. She had promised to meet me again at Dorotea's, but she didn't come.

“于是我们又和好了；不过卡门的脾气和我家乡的天气一模一样。在我们家乡的山里，刚刚还是阳光灿烂，一下子暴风雨就来临了。她答应我在多罗特家再见一次面，可是她没来。

"And Dorotea began telling me again that she had gone off to Portugal about some gipsy business.

“这次多罗特又告诉我她去葡萄牙做他们吉普赛人的生意去了。

"As experience had already taught me how much of that I was to believe, I went about looking for Carmen wherever I thought she might be, and twenty times in every day I walked through the Calle del Candilejo. One evening I was with Dorotea, whom I had almost tamed by giving her a glass of anisette now and then, when Carmen walked in, followed by a young man, a lieutenant in our regiment.

“经验告诉我她的话并不可信，凡是卡门可能会去的地方我都找遍了，我每天都会在灯街来回走上二十多次。一天晚上，我在多特罗家里——因为我经常请她喝杯茴香酒，她已经什么都对我说了——突然卡门走了进来，后面跟了个年轻人，是我们团的中尉。

“'Get away at once,' she said to me in Basque. I stood there, dumfounded, my heart full of rage.

“‘立刻给我出去。’她用巴斯克语对我说。我一动不动、目瞪口呆、怒不可遏。

“'What are you doing here?' said the lieutenant to me. 'Take yourself off—get out of this.'

“‘你在这里干嘛？’中尉对我说，‘还不快滚，滚出去!'

"I couldn't move a step. I felt paralyzed. The officer grew angry, and seeing I did not go out, and had not even taken off my forage cap,

he caught me by the collar and shook me roughly. I don't know what I said to him. He drew his sword, and I unsheathed mine. The old woman caught hold of my arm, and the lieutenant gave me a wound on the forehead, of which I still bear the scar. I made a step backward, and with one jerk of my elbow I threw old Dorotea down. Then, as the lieutenant still pressed me, I turned the point of my sword against his body and he ran upon it. Then Carmen put out the lamp and told Dorotea, in her own language, to take to flight. I fled into the street myself, and began running along, I knew not whither. It seemed to me that some one was following me. When I came to myself I discovered that Carmen had never left me.

“我迈不开步。觉得自己瘫痪了一样。中尉生气了，见我还没出去，甚至连帽子都还没摘，于是他提起我的衣领就粗暴地一阵摇晃。我不知道我跟他说了些什么。他拔出军刀，我也拔剑对峙。老太婆抓住我的胳膊不放，中尉乘机给了我一刀，我前额的这个疤痕现在还在呢。我往后退了一步，一拉胳膊竟把老多罗特摔倒在地。之后，中尉一直咄咄逼人，我把剑对准中尉，一剑刺了下去。卡门赶紧把灯灭了，并用她的家乡话叫老多罗特逃跑。我自己也逃到马路上，一个人狂奔，不知奔向哪里。我发觉有人在跟踪我。我停了一下，原来卡门一直都没有离开我。

“‘Great stupid of a canary-bird!' she said, 'you never make anything but blunders. And, indeed, you know I told you I should bring you bad luck. But come, there's a cure for everything when you have a Fleming from Rome [23] for your love. Begin by rolling this handkerchief round your head, and throw me over that belt of yours. Wait for me in this alley—I'll be back in two minutes.'

“‘大笨蛋，死金丝雀！’她说，‘就会闯祸。看吧，我早告诉你我会让你倒大霉的。算啦，有罗马的弗兰芒女人做情人，就有了包治百病的灵丹妙药。先把这个手帕绑在你头上，再把你的皮带扔给我。在巷子里等我，我两分钟后就回来。’

"She disappeared, and soon came back bringing me a striped cloak which she had gone to fetch, I knew not whence. She made me take off my uniform, and put on the cloak over my shirt. Thus dressed, and with the wound on my head bound round with the handkerchief, I was tolerably like a Valencian peasant, many of whom come to Seville to sell a drink they make out of 'chufas.'[24] Then she took me to a house very much like Dorotea's, at the bottom of a little lane. Here she and another gipsy woman washed and dressed my wounds, better than any army surgeon could have done, gave me something, I know not what, to drink, and finally made me lie down on a mattress, on which I went to sleep.

她走了，很快就又回来了，她给我一件条纹斗篷，不知道她从哪里弄来的。她让我脱掉军装，把斗篷穿在衬衫外面。这样穿戴，再加上手

帕包住我头上的伤口，我像极了巴伦西亚的乡下人，这些人经常到塞维利亚来卖用油莎草制作的饮料。’然后她带我去一间在一条小巷最深处的屋子，很像多罗特的那所屋子。她和另外一个吉普赛女人给我擦洗、包扎伤口，比军医还熟练，又给我喝了点东西，我也不知道是什么，最后她让我躺在一个床垫上，我就睡着了。

"Probably the woman had mixed one of the soporific drugs of which they know the secret in my drink, for I did not wake up till very late the next day. I was rather feverish, and had a violent headache. It was some time before the memory of the terrible scene in which I had taken part on the previous night came back to me. After having dressed my wound, Carmen and her friend, squatting on their heels beside my mattress, exchanged a few words of 'chipe calli,' which appeared to me to be something in the nature of a medical consultation. Then they both of them assured me that I should soon be cured, but that I must get out of Seville at the earliest possible moment, for that, if I was caught there, I should most undoubtedly be shot.

“那女人很可能是掺了什么催眠药在我喝的东西里，那应该是她们的秘方，因为我第二天很晚才起来。我发高烧，头痛欲裂。好长时间我才回想起昨天晚上发生的惨剧。包扎好伤口后，卡门和她的朋友蹲在我的床边用土话说了几句，好像是有关我的病情诊断之类的。她俩都告诉我说我很快就会好起来的，不过我必须尽快离开塞维利亚，如果在这里被抓住，我肯定会被枪毙的。

“'My boy,' said Carmen to me, 'you'll have to do something. Now that the king won't give you either rice or haddock [25] you'll have to think of earning your livelihood. You're too stupid for stealing a pastesas.[26] But you are brave and active. If you have the pluck, take yourself off to the coast and turn smuggler. Haven't I promised to get you hanged? That's better than being shot, and besides, if you set about it properly, you'll live like a prince as long as the minons [27] and the coast-guard don't lay their hands on your collar.'

“‘我的小伙子，’卡门对我说，‘你必须做点什么。现在国王不会再给你大米或是黑线鳕啦，你必须考虑考虑自谋生路啦。你太笨，又不会帕斯特萨斯。不过，你既勇敢又积极。有胆量的话就去海岸运私货吧。我之前不是和你说过要让你绞死么？那比枪毙好多了，而且如果你好好干，只要宪兵和边防军逮不着你，你就会过着和王子一样的生活。’

"In this attractive guise did this fiend of a girl describe the new career she was suggesting to me,—the only one, indeed, remaining, now I had incurred the penalty of death. Shall I confess it, sir? She persuaded me without much difficulty. This wild and dangerous life, it seemed to me, would bind her and me more closely together. In future, I thought, I should be able to make sure of her love.

“这个魔鬼般的女孩就是用这种花言巧语描述着我以后的新职业。的确，这也是我唯一的出路，我现在已经犯下了死罪。还用我对您说吗，先生？她很轻松地就说服了我。对我来说，这种漂泊、危险的生活让我们彼此联系更紧密了。我以为日后我就能牢牢抓住她的心了。

"I had often heard talk of certain smugglers who travelled about Andalusia, each riding a good horse, with his mistress behind him and his blunderbuss in his fist. Already I saw myself trotting up and down the world, with a pretty gipsy behind me. When I mentioned that notion to her, she laughed till she had to hold her sides, and vowed there was nothing in the world so delightful as a night spent camping in the open air, when each rom retired with his romi beneath their little tent, made of three hoops with a blanket thrown across them.

“我经常听人说起一些走私者在安达卢西亚附近，个个骑着骏马，背后带着情人，手握短统枪，逍遥自在。我已经开始想象自己奔驰在世界各地，背后带着我漂亮的吉普赛女郎。我和她提到这个想法的时候，她笑得直不起腰来。她发誓在这世上没有什么比夜宿露营更有意思的了，每个罗姆都带着罗密在他们自己的小帐篷里休息。帐篷是用三个环圈支着一条毯子建成的。

“'If I take to the mountains,' said I to her, 'I shall be sure of you. There'll be no lieutenant there to go shares with me.'

“‘只有把你带到我们山里，’我对她说，‘我才对你放心。那样就不会有中尉和我争你啦。’

“'Ha! ha! you're jealous!' she retorted, 'so much the worse for you. How can you be such a fool as that? Don't you see I must love you, because I have never asked you for money?'

“‘哈！哈！你吃醋啦！’她反驳我说，‘你活该。你怎么这么笨啊？难道你看不出来吗，我爱你呀，我从来都没向你要过钱呢。'

"When she said that sort to thing I could have strangled her.

听她说出这种话时，我恨不得掐死她。

"To shorten the story, sir, Carmen procured me civilian clothes, disguised in which I got out of Seville without being recognized. I went to Jerez, with a letter from Pastia to a dealer in anisette whose house was the smugglers' meeting-place. I was introduced to them, and their leader, surnamed El Dancaire, enrolled me in his gang. We started for Gaucin, where I found Carmen, who had told me she would meet me there. In all these expeditions she acted as spy for our gang, and she was the best that ever was seen. She had now just returned from Gibraltar, and had already arranged with the captain of a ship for a cargo of English goods which we were to receive on the coast. We went to meet it near Estepona. We hid part in the mountains, and

laden with the rest, we proceeded to Ronda. Carmen had gone there before us. It was she again who warned us when we had better enter the town. This first journey, and several subsequent ones, turned out well. I found the smuggler's life pleasanter than a soldier's: I could give presents to Carmen, I had money, and I had a mistress. I felt little or no remorse, for, as the gypsies say, 'The happy man never longs to scratch his itch.' We were made welcome everywhere, my comrades treated me well, and even showed me a certain respect. The reason of this was that I had killed my man, and that some of them had no exploit of that description on their conscience. But what I valued most in my new life was that I often saw Carmen. She showed me more affection than ever; nevertheless, she would never admit, before my comrades, that she was my mistress, and she had even made me swear all sorts of oaths that I would not say anything about her to them. I was so weak in that creature's hands, that I obeyed all her whims. And besides, this was the first time she had revealed herself as possessing any of the reserve of a well-conducted woman, and I was simple enough to believe she had really cast off her former habits.

“简而言之，先生，卡门给了我一套便服。伪装了一下后，我离开了塞维利亚，没有人认出我来。我带着帕斯蒂亚的一封信去赫雷斯找一个卖茴香酒的人，走私者一般都在他那里碰头。有人把我介绍给他们；他们的领导绰号叫‘赌棍’，接受我入伙了。我们动身去高辛，我在那里见到了卡门，她告诉我我们在那里碰面。在这些冒险中，卡门扮演的是我们团伙的间谍的角色，并且她被认为是最棒的一个。她刚刚从直布罗陀回来，已经同一个船老大商量好运一批英国货，我们准备去海岸交接。我们在埃斯特波纳附近等他们。我们把一部分货藏进山里，然后带着剩下的货前往龙达。卡门已经提前去龙达了。又是她指示我们进城的最佳时间。第一次出行以及接下来的几趟都比较顺利。我发觉走私的生活比当兵那阵要有意思多了：我可以买礼物给卡门，有钱了，还有了个情人。我并没怎么觉得后悔，正如吉普赛人所言：‘风流快活，疥疮不痒。’我们到处都很受欢迎，弟兄们对我也很好，有的甚至敬重我几分。原因就在于我曾经杀过一个人，他们当中还没有人有过这种经历。但是，在我的新生活里，我最看重的还是能够经常见到卡门。她比以前更爱我了；不过，她从不在我的弟兄面前承认她是我的女人，她还让我发誓绝不在弟兄面前提起她。在这个尤物面前我很软弱，我顺从她的一切想法。而且当她第一次在我面前规规矩矩，像良家妇女一样时，我竟然单纯地相信她已经改掉了她的旧习气。

"Our gang, which consisted of eight or ten men, was hardly ever together except at decisive moments, and we were usually scattered by twos and threes about the towns and villages. Each one of us pretended to have some trade. One was a tinker, another was a groom; I was supposed to peddle haberdashery, but I hardly ever showed myself in large places, on account of my unlucky business at Seville.

One day, or rather one night, we were to meet below Veger. El Dancaire and I got there before the others.

“我们这个团伙有八到十个人，除了关键时刻，我们很少齐聚一堂，经常都是三三两两地散布在各个城镇和村落。我们每个人都有个掩护职业。这个是补锅匠，那个是马夫；我卖男子服饰，不过由于在塞维利亚发生的那场悲剧，我从不在大地方现身。一天，确切地说是一天夜里，我们打算在维赫尔城会面。‘赌棍’和我比其他人先到达那里。

“'We shall soon have a new comrade,' said he. 'Carmen has just managed one of her best tricks.

“‘我们很快就会有个新成员啦。’他说，‘卡门的诡计又得逞了。

She has contrived the escape of her rom, who was in the presidio at Tarifa.'

她帮她的罗姆逃出了塔里法监狱。’

"I was already beginning to understand the gipsy language, which nearly all my comrades spoke, and this word rom startled me.

“我已经开始有些明白吉普赛语了，几乎所有的弟兄都说吉普赛语，罗姆这个词让我大吃一惊。

“‘What! her husband?

“‘什么！她的丈夫？

Is she married, then?' said I to the captain.

她已经结婚了？’我问老大。

“'Yes!' he replied, 'married to Garcia el Tuerto [28]—as cunning a gipsy as she is herself. The poor fellow has been at the galleys. Carmen has wheedled the surgeon of the presidio to such good purpose that she has managed to get her rom out of prison.

“‘是啊！’他回答说，‘她嫁给了‘独眼龙’加西亚，吉普赛人，跟她一样机灵呀。这可怜的家伙被判了苦役。卡门千方百计讨好狱医，本来可以让罗姆逃跑。

Faith! that girl's worth her weight in gold. For two years she has been trying to contrive his escape, but she could do nothing until the authorities took it into their heads to change the surgeon. She soon managed to come to an understanding with this new one.'

唉!这个女孩真是千金难买呀。两年来她一直想方设法让他逃走，可惜没有成功，原来官方把狱医给换了。不过她很快就和这个新医生搞好关系啦。’

"You may imagine how pleasant this news was for me. I soon saw Garcia el Tuerto. He was the very ugliest brute that was ever nursed in gypsydom. His skin was black, his soul was blacker, and he was

altogether the most thorough-paced ruffian I ever came across in my life. Carmen arrived with him, and when she called him her rom in my presence, you should have seen the eyes she made at me, and the faces she pulled whenever Garcia turned his head away.

“您可以想象得到，听到这个消息，我有多‘高兴’。很快我见到了‘独眼龙’加西亚。他是吉普赛民族养育的、最丑的野蛮人。他皮肤黑、心更黑，他是我所有见过人当中，最不折不扣的恶棍。卡门和他一起来的，她当着我的面叫他罗姆；加西亚转过头去时，她对我挤眉弄眼，做鬼脸。您应该见过她的这副嘴脸。

"I was disgusted, and never spoke a word to her all night. The next morning we had made up our packs, and had already started, when we became aware that we had a dozen horsemen on our heels. The braggart Andalusians, who had been boasting they would murder every one who came near them, cut a pitiful figure at once. There was a general rout. El Dancaire, Garcia, a good-looking fellow from Ecija, who was called El Remendado, and Carmen herself, kept their wits about them. The rest forsook the mules and took to the gorges, where the horses could not follow them. There was no hope of saving the mules, so we hastily unstrapped the best part of our booty, and taking it on our shoulders, we tried to escape through the rocks down the steepest of the slopes. We threw our packs down in front of us and followed them as best we could, slipping along on our heels. Meanwhile the enemy fired at us. It was the first time I had ever heard bullets whistling around me and I didn't mind it very much. When there's a woman looking on, there's no particular merit in snapping one's fingers at death. We all escaped except the poor Remendado, who received a bullet wound in the loins. I threw away my pack and tried to lift him up.

“我只觉得恶心，整晚都没和她说一句话。第二天早上，我们打包行李出发了，突然发现后面有十多个骑兵跟踪。这些自负的安达卢西亚人，平时夸夸其谈说自己可以杀人不眨眼，现在吓得一副可怜相。于是，大家纷纷逃跑。只有‘赌棍’、加西亚、卡门和一个来自埃西哈的帅小伙雷蒙达多并没有惊慌失措。其他人都丢下骡子，往山沟冲，以免被骑兵追上。想要保住骡子是不可能了，因此我们赶紧卸下最贵重的货物扛在肩上，我们爬陡坡，过峭壁，企图逃走。我们把货物往前一扔，然后尽力跟着货物往下滑。此时，敌人向我们开火。我第一次听见子弹在耳边飞过的呼呼声，觉得也不过如此。为了一个女人笑看生死并没有什么了不起。我们几个都脱险了，除了可怜的雷蒙达多，他的腰部中了一枪。我扔下货物去扶他起来。

“'Idiot!' shouted Garcia, 'what do we want with offal! Finish him off, and don't lose the cotton stockings!'

“‘蠢货！’加西亚喊道，‘要他这个废物干嘛！把他干了，别丢了棉长

筒袜!'

“'Drop him!' cried Carmen.

“‘甩掉他！’卡门叫嚷着。

"I was so exhausted that I was obliged to lay him down for a moment under a rock. Garcia came up, and fired his blunderbuss full into his face. 'He'd be a clever fellow who recognized him now!' said he, as he looked at the face, cut to pieces by a dozen slugs.

当时我筋疲力尽，不得不把他放在一块岩石下休息一会儿。加西亚赶上前，朝他脸上开了一枪。‘现在看还有谁有本事认出他来！”他一边说着，一边看着小伙子的脸，又朝它开了十几枪，把它打得稀巴烂。

"There, sir; that's the delightful sort of life I've led! That night we found ourselves in a thicket, worn out with fatigue, with nothing to eat, and ruined by the loss of our mules. What do you think that devil Garcia did? He pulled a pack of cards out of his pocket and began playing games with El Dancaire by the light of a fire they kindled. Meanwhile I was lying down, staring at the stars, thinking of El Remendado, and telling myself I would just as lief be in his place. Carmen was squatting down near me, and every now and then she would rattle her castanets and hum a tune. Then, drawing close to me, as if she would have whispered in my ear, she kissed me two or three times over almost against my will.

“是啊，先生，这就是我所喜欢生活！那天晚上，我们来到一片灌木丛，没有力气，没有食物，没有骡子，什么都没了。您能猜到恶魔加西亚都做了些什么吗？他从口袋里掏出一副牌，开始和‘赌棍’玩牌，他们在旁边生了一堆火。而我此时正躺在地上，望着满天星星，想起了雷蒙达多。要是我和他一样死了，还反倒清静。卡门蹲在我旁边，她时不时敲击响板，低声吟唱。然后，她向我靠近，好像想在我的耳边说点什么，而且还没经过我的同意亲了我好几次。

“'You are a devil,' said I to her.

“‘你是个魔鬼。’我对她说。

“'Yes,' she replied.

“‘没错。’她答道。

"After a few hours' rest, she departed to Gaucin, and the next morning a little goatherd brought us some food. We stayed there all that day, and in the evening we moved close to Gaucin. We were expecting news from Carmen, but none came. After daylight broke we saw a muleteer attending a well-dressed woman with a parasol, and a little girl who seemed to be her servant. Said Garcia, 'There go two mules and two women whom St. Nicholas has sent us. I would rather have had four mules, but no matter. I'll do the best I can with these.'

“休息了几个小时后，她就去了高辛。第二天早晨，一个放羊娃给我们送了点吃的。我们整天都在那里，到了晚上，我们也向高辛转移。我们等着卡门的消息，但是杳无音讯。黎明破晓时，我们看见一个人赶着骡子，带着一个衣着得体的妇人和一个小女孩，这个女孩看起来是她的女仆。加西亚说：‘圣尼古拉给我们派了两匹骡子和两个女人。我宁愿要四匹骡子，不过不要紧。我会好好处理的。’

"He took his blunderbuss, and went down the pathway, hiding himself among the brushwood.

“他拿起短统枪，沿着小路走去，藏在灌木丛里。

"We followed him, El Dancaire and I keeping a little way behind. As soon as the woman saw us, instead of being frightened—and our dress would have been enough to frighten any one—she burst into a fit of loud laughter.

我们跟着他，‘赌棍’和我跟在他后面，保持着一小段距离。按理说我们的装扮是很吓人的，不过那妇人看见我们，不但没有被吓到，反而放声大笑。

'Ah! the lillipendi! They take me for an erani!'[29]

‘哈！一群利依本迪！竟然把我当成一个艾拉尼。’

"It was Carmen, but so well disguised that if she had spoken any other language I should never have recognized her. She sprang off her mule, and talked some time in an undertone with El Dancaire and Garcia. Then she said to me:

“原来是卡门，她乔装得太好了，如果她讲其他语言，我肯定认不出她来。她从骡子上下来，低声和‘赌棍’、加西亚嘀咕了一会儿。然后对我说：

“‘Canary-bird, we shall meet again before you're hanged. I'm off to Gibraltar on gipsy business—you'll soon have news of me.'

“‘金丝雀，在你被绞刑前，我们应该能再见上一面。我要去直布罗陀做生意啦，你很快就会有我的消息的。’

"We parted, after she had told us of a place where we should find shelter for some days. That girl was the providence of our gang. We soon received some money sent by her, and a piece of news which was still more useful to us—to the effect that on a certain day two English lords would travel from Gibraltar to Granada by a road she mentioned. This was a word to the wise. They had plenty of good guineas. Garcia would have killed them, but El Dancaire and I objected. All we took from them, besides their shirts, which we greatly needed, was their money and their watches.

“我们分开前，她告诉我们一个地方，在那里我们可以找到一个暂避

几天的藏身之处。她是我们这个团伙的救星。我们很快就收到她送来的钱，还有一条比钱更有用的消息：某日会有两个英国豪绅从直布罗陀出发经过某地到格拉纳达。聪明人有这点提示就足够了。这两个英国人腰缠万贯。加西亚说要把他们杀了，我和‘赌棍’都不同意。除了我们急用的衬衫外，我们还把他们身上的钱和手表全拿走了。

"Sir, a man may turn rogue in sheer thoughtlessness. You lose your head over a pretty girl, you fight another man about her, there is a catastrophe, you have to take to the mountains, and you turn from a smuggler into a robber before you have time to think about it. After this matter of the English lords, we concluded that the neighborhood of Gibraltar would not be healthy for us, and we plunged into the Sierra de Ronda. You once mentioned Jose-Maria to me. Well, it was there I made acquaintance with him. He always took his mistress with him on his expeditions. She was a pretty girl, quiet, modest, well-mannered, you never heard a vulgar word from her, and she was quite devoted to him. He, on his side, led her a very unhappy life. He was always running after other women, he ill-treated her, and then sometimes he would take it into his head to be jealous. One day he slashed her with a knife. Well, she only doted on him the more! That's the way with women, and especially with Andalusians. This girl was proud of the scar on her arm, and would display it as though it were the most beautiful thing in the world. And then Jose-Maria was the worst of comrades in the bargain. In one expedition we made with him, he managed so that he kept all the profits, and we had all the trouble and the blows. But I must go back to my story. We had no sign at all from Carmen. El Dancaire said: 'One of us will have to go to Gibraltar to get news of her. She must have planned some business. I'd go at once, only I'm too well known at Gibraltar.' El Tuerto said:

“先生，一个人变坏往往是完全意想不到的。为了一个漂亮女郎，一个人可能会丧失理智，为了她和其他男人打架，祸从天降，不得不逃回山里，从走私者沦为抢劫犯，这一切还没来得及思考就已经发生了。搞定那两个英国人后，我们觉得不宜再呆在直布罗陀附近了，所以我们就去了龙达山。您曾经和我提起过何塞-玛丽亚。其实，我就是在那里认识他的。远征的时候，他总是会带上他的情人。他的情人漂亮、文静、谦虚，又懂礼貌，您绝不可能听到她说任何一句脏话，而且她对他还忠心耿耿。而他并没有给她幸福的生活。他总是会有其他的女人，还虐待她，有时候还会故意吃醋。有一天，他给了她一刀子。可是，她却更加宠着他。女人就是这样，尤其是安达卢西亚的女人。这个女子对她手臂上的伤疤还很得意，还十分愿意把它显露出来，好像那是世上最好看的东西。而且当时何塞-玛丽亚在交易场上是最不够义气的弟兄。一次远征中，我们和他合作，他成功拿走了所有的好处，剩给我们的竟是麻烦和损失。现在还是言归正传吧。我们又没有了卡门的消息。‘赌棍’说：‘我们当中要有个人去直布罗陀打听打听她的消息。她一定又计划了有什么

好生意了。本来该我去的，可是我在直布罗陀太出名啦。”独眼龙’说：

“'I'm well known there too. I've played so many tricks on the crayfish [30]—and as I've only one eye, it is not over easy for me to disguise myself.'

“‘我在那里也很出名呀。我对‘淡水螯虾’搞的诡计太多——而且我只有一只眼，要乔装打扮也不方便。’

“'Then I suppose I must go,' said I, delighted at the very idea of seeing Carmen again. 'Well, how am I to set about it?'

“‘那还是我去吧。’我说，一想到又能见到卡门，心里特别高兴，‘那么，我该怎么去呢?'

"The others answered:

“其他人答道：

“‘You must either go by sea, or you must get through by San Rocco, whichever you like the best; once you are in Gibraltar, inquire in the port where a chocolate-seller called La Rollona lives. When you've found her, she'll tell you everything that's happening.'

“‘要么坐船去，要么绕道圣罗克，你随便挑。到那以后在港口附近打听一个卖巧克力的商贩，他叫胖娃娃。一旦你找到了她，她就会告诉你那里发生的一切。’

"It was settled that we were all to start for the Sierra, that I was to leave my two companions there, and take my way to Gibraltar, in the character of a fruit-seller. At Ronda one of our men procured me a passport; at Gaucin I was provided with a donkey. I loaded it with oranges and melons, and started forth. When I reached Gibraltar I found that many people knew La Rollona, but that she was either dead or had gone ad finibus terroe, [31] and, to my mind, her disappearance explained the failure of our correspondence with Carmen. I stabled my donkey, and began to move about the town, carrying my oranges as though to sell them, but in reality looking to see whether I could not come across any face I knew. The place is full of ragamuffins from every country in the world, and it really is like the Tower of Babel, for you can't go ten paces along a street without hearing as many languages. I did see some gypsies, but I hardly dared confide in them. I was taking stock of them, and they were taking stock of me. We had mutually guessed each other to be rogues, but the important thing for us was to know whether we belonged to the same gang. After having spent two days in fruitless wanderings, and having found out nothing either as to La Rollona or as to Carmen, I was thinking I would go back to my comrades as soon as I had made a few purchases, when, toward sunset, as I was walking along a street, I heard a woman's

voice from a window say, 'Orange-seller!'

“我们就这样定了，我们三个都去齿状山脊，然后我再以水果商的身份独自去直布罗陀。在龙达，一个我们的人给我弄到了一个过境通行证；到了高辛又有人送我一头驴。我装了些橘子和瓜，就出发了。抵达直布罗陀时，我发现许多人都认识‘胖娃娃’，但是有人说她已经死了，还有人说她去“菲尼布斯特罗”了。在我看来，她的失踪正是我们没有联系上卡门的原因。我把驴子拴在棚子里，开始在街上逗留，提着橘子，就像我在卖水果一样。不过实际上，我在试探能不能遇到我熟悉的面孔。这地方是世界各国三教九流齐聚之处，简直就是一座巴别塔，只要在街上走十步，就可以听见十种不同的语言。我的确碰见了些吉普赛人，不过我实在不敢相信他们。我试探他们，他们也试探我。我们相互猜忌对方是流氓，不过我们可以确定大家是不是一伙的，这才是重要之处。我在大街上整整游荡了两天，毫无音讯，既没有卡门的消息，也没有‘胖娃娃’的下落。夜幕降临之际，正当我想是不是应该买点东西打道回府时，我在街上徘徊着，听见从某个窗台传来一位妇人的声音‘卖橘子的!'

"I looked up, and on a balcony I saw Carmen looking out, beside a scarlet-coated officer with gold epaulettes, curly hair, and all the appearance of a rich milord. As for her, she was magnificently dressed, a shawl hung on her shoulders, she'd a gold comb in her hair, everything she wore was of silk; and the cunning little wretch, not a bit altered, was laughing till she held her sides.

“我抬起头，看见卡门在阳台上四处张望，旁边还有一个红装军官，佩戴着金肩章和卷发，一副绅士派头。而卡门呢，她也盛装打扮，穿着名贵披肩，金梳缠发、浑身绸缎；这个狡猾的小荡妇，一点都没变，一直笑个不停，笑得直不起腰来。

"The Englishman shouted to me in mangled Spanish to come upstairs, as the lady wanted some oranges, and Carmen said to me in Basque:

“英国人用蹩脚的西班牙语叫我上楼，说女士要买橘子。卡门用巴斯克语对我说：

“'Come up, and don't look astonished at anything!'

“‘上来，别大惊小怪的!'

"Indeed, nothing that she did ought ever to have astonished me. I don't know whether I was most happy or wretched at seeing her again. At the door of the house there was a tall English servant with a powdered head, who ushered me into a splendid drawing-room. Instantly Carmen said to me in Basque, 'You don't know one word of Spanish, and you don't know me.' Then turning to the Englishman, she added:

确实，她做什么我都已经不觉得吃惊了。又见到她了，我不知道自己高兴还是难过了。门口站着一个高大的、脸上抹了粉脂的英国仆人，他把我引进了豪华的客厅。卡门立即用巴斯克语对我说：‘你一点也不懂西班牙语，而且你不认识我。’随后她转向英国人，说道：

“'I told you so. I saw at once he was a Basque. Now you'll hear what a queer language he speaks. Doesn't he look silly? He's like a cat that's been caught in the larder!'

“‘我告诉过你吧。我一眼就看出他是巴斯克人。你听，他说话多怪。样子也很笨吧？就像被抓进食品贮藏室里的一只小猫咪。’

“'And you,' said I to her in my own language, 'you look like an impudent jade—and I've a good mind to scar your face here and now, before your spark.'

“‘你呢，’我用土话对她说，‘你就是一个不要脸的荡妇——我已经想好了，现在我要在你的情郎面前把你的脸划花。’

“'My spark!' said she. 'Why, you've guessed that all alone! Are you jealous of this idiot? You're even sillier than you were before our evening in the Calle del Candilejo! Don't you see, fool, that at this moment I'm doing gipsy business, and doing it in the most brilliant manner? This house belongs to me—the guineas of that crayfish will belong to me! I lead him by the nose, and I'll lead him to a place that he'll never get out of!'

“‘我的情郎！’她说，‘什么，你就这么确定他是我的情郎！你就因为这个蠢货吃醋啦？你现在怎么比我们在灯街幽会那阵还傻！难道你看不出来吗，我现在是在做吉普赛的生意呢，而且还很不错呢。这栋房子是我的，那个‘淡水螯虾’的钱很快也就归我啦！他被我牵着鼻子走，我要把他带到一个他永远都出不来的地方去!'

“'And if I catch you doing any gipsy business in this style again, I'll see to it that you never do any again!' said I.

“‘如果下次让我碰见你再这样做吉普赛的生意，我保证你吃不了兜着走！’我对她说。

“‘Ah! upon my word!

“‘哎呀！我敢保证！

Are you my rom, pray that you give me orders? If El Tuerto is pleased, what have you to do with it? Oughtn't you to be very happy that you are the only man who can call himself my minchorro?'[32]

你是我的罗姆吗，你没有权利命令我吧？如果‘独眼龙’愿意，你又能奈何我吗？非得要只有你一个人是我的明乔洛你才满足吗?'

“'What does he say?' inquired the Englishman.

“‘他说什么？’英国人问道。

“'He says he's thirsty, and would like a drink,' answered Carmen, and she threw herself back upon a sofa, screaming with laughter at her own translation.

“‘他说他有点渴，想喝点东西。’卡门这样回答。她重新坐回沙发，对她自己的翻译狂笑不止。

"When that girl begins to laugh, sir, it was hopeless for anybody to try and talk sense. Everybody laughed with her. The big Englishman began to laugh too, like the idiot he was, and ordered the servant to bring me something to drink.

“当这个女孩开始大笑的时候，先生，任何人都没办法和她讲理。所有人都跟着她笑了。这个高个子英国人也开始笑了，就像个白痴，他吩咐仆人给我弄点喝的。

"While I was drinking she said to me:

“我正喝着，卡门对我说：

“'Do you see that ring he has on his finger? If you like I'll give it to you.'

“‘看见他手上的戒指了吗？如果你想要，我可以送给你。’

"And I answered:

“我回应她：

“'I would give one of my fingers to have your milord out on the mountains, and each of us with a maquila in his fist.'

‘我可以送一根手指给你，让我把你的绅士带到山里，我们每人拿着一根马基拉。’

“'Maquila, what does that mean?' asked the Englishman.

“‘马基拉是什么意思？”英国人问道。

“'Maquila,' said Carmen, still laughing, 'means an orange. Isn't it a queer word for an orange? He says he'd like you to eat maquila.'

“‘马基拉，’卡门一边笑着一边说，‘意思就是一个橘子。这样一个词说的就是橘子，很怪吧？他说他想让你吃马基拉。’

“'Does he?' said the Englishman. 'Very well, bring more maquila to-morrow.'

“‘是吗？’英国人说，‘好啊，明天再送点马基拉过来。’

"While we were talking a servant came in and said dinner was ready. Then the Englishman stood up, gave me a piastre, and offered his arm to Carmen, as if she couldn't have walked alone. Carmen, who

was still laughing, said to me:

“我们正说着话的时候，一个仆人走了进来，说晚餐已经准备好了。接着，这个英国人站了起来，给了我一皮埃斯特的钱，然后伸出手臂让卡门搀扶着，就像卡门自己不能走一样。卡门还在不停地笑，她对我说：

“'My boy, I can't ask you to dinner. But to-morrow, as soon as you hear the drums beat for parade, come here with your oranges. You'll find a better furnished room than the one in the Calle del Candilejo, and you'll see whether I am still your Carmencita. Then afterwards we'll talk about gipsy business.'

“‘我的小伙子，我不能让你在里这吃饭啦。不过明天，只要你一听见阅兵典礼的击鼓声，你就带着橘子来这里。到时你会发现一间比灯街那还要漂亮的房间，你看看我到底还是不是你的小卡门。然后我们再谈谈吉普赛的生意。’

"I gave her no answer—even when I was in the street I could hear the Englishman shouting, 'Bring more maquila to-morrow,' and Carmen's peals of laughter.

“我没有回答。走在街上的时候还听见英国人大声嚷嚷‘明天多带点马基拉来’和卡门持续而响亮的笑声。

"I went out, not knowing what I should do; I hardly slept, and next morning I was so enraged with the treacherous creature that I made up my mind to leave Gibraltar without seeing her again. But the moment the drums began to roll, my courage failed me. I took up my net full of oranges, and hurried off to Carmen's house. Her window-shutters had been pulled apart a little, and I saw her great dark eyes watching for me. The powdered servant showed me in at once. Carmen sent him out with a message, and as soon as we were alone she burst into one of her fits of crocodile laughter and threw her arms around my neck. Never had I seen her look so beautiful. She was dressed out like a queen, and scented; she had silken furniture, embroidered curtains—and I togged out like the thief I was!

“出去以后，我不知道自己该干什么；我几乎没怎么睡觉；第二天早上，我决定离开直布罗陀不再见她了，这个荡妇太让我生气了。可是鼓声开始响起的时候，我没有勇气离开了。我把所有的橘子都带上，赶去卡门那里。卡门把百叶窗拉开了一些，我看见她那双黑溜溜的大眼睛正在张望着我。抹了脂粉的仆人立即带我进去。卡门让他出去捎信。我们两人一独处，她立刻张嘴假笑起来，双臂搂着我的脖子。我从未见过她如此漂亮。她打扮得像皇后一样，香气扑人；家具上也满是绫罗绸缎，窗帘的刺绣也很精美——而我，打扮得却像个贼。

“'Minchorro,' said Carmen, 'I've a good mind to smash up everything here, set fire to the house, and take myself off to the

mountains.' And then she would fondle me, and then she would laugh, and she danced about and tore up her fripperies. Never did monkey gambol nor make such faces, nor play such wild tricks, as she did that day. When she had recovered her gravity—

“‘明乔洛，’卡门说，‘我真想把这里砸得稀巴烂，放把火把这个房子烧了，然后去山里。’接着，她爱抚我、哈哈笑、跳着舞，撕扯着她华丽的衣服。猴子也不会像她那天那样活蹦乱跳、做着鬼脸、淘气耍宝。然后，她又一本正经起来。

“'Hark!' she said, 'this is gipsy business. I mean him to take me to Ronda, where I have a sister who is a nun' (here she shrieked with laughter again). 'We shall pass by a particular spot which I shall make known to you. Then you must fall upon him and strip him to the skin. Your best plan would be to do for him, but,' she added, with a certain fiendish smile of hers, which no one who saw it ever had any desire to imitate, 'do you know what you had better do? Let El Tuerto come up in front of you. You keep a little behind. The crayfish is brave, and skilful too, and he has good pistols. Do you understand?'

“‘听着！’她说，‘谈谈这宗吉普赛生意吧。我打算让他带我去龙达，那里有我一个修道姐妹。’（说到这里她又大笑起来。）‘我们会经过一个特别的地方，以后我会告诉你具体位置。那时，你就扑向他，扒了他的皮。最好是宰了他，不过，’她又带着一丝邪恶的笑容，没人愿意模仿这样的笑，‘你知道该怎么办最好吗？让‘独眼龙’打头阵。你们稍微往后一些。这只‘淡水螯虾’勇猛、彪悍又懂技巧，还有手枪。明白了吧?'

"And she broke off with another fit of laughter that made me shiver.

“她又是一阵狂笑，真令人毛骨悚然。

“'No,' said I, 'I hate Garcia, but he's my comrade. Some day, maybe, I'll rid you of him, but we'll settle our account after the fashion of my country. It's only chance that has made me a gipsy, and in certain things I shall always be a thorough Navarrese[33], as the proverb says.

“‘不行，’我说，‘我恨加西亚，但他是我的弟兄。总有一天，我会使你摆脱他，然后我们俩再按照我老家的规矩算总账。事出偶然，我成了个吉普赛人，但是，就像俗语说的，我永远还是一瓶真真正正的纳瓦拉菲诺酒。

“'You're a fool,' she rejoined, 'a simpleton, a regular payllo. You're just like the dwarf who thinks himself tall because he can spit a long way.[34] You don't love me! Be off with you!'

‘你是个草包，’她抢过话来，‘一个笨蛋，一个真正的外人。你就像矮子吐痰，自以为吐得远就个子高。你不爱我！你走吧!'

"Whenever she said to me 'Be off with you,' I couldn't go away. I promised I would start back to my comrades and wait the arrival of the Englishman. She, on her side, promised she would be ill until she left Gibraltar for Ronda.

“每次她说‘你走吧’，我怎么都走不开。我答应她立刻去和弟兄们会合，等待英国人出现。她自己也答应我她会装病，一直装到离开直布罗陀去龙达时。

"I remained at Gibraltar two days longer. She had the boldness to disguise herself and come and see me at the inn. I departed, I had a plan of my own. I went back to our meeting-place with the information as to the spot and the hour at which the Englishman and Carmen were to pass by. I found El Dancaire and Garcia waiting for me. We spent the night in a wood, beside a fire made of pine-cones that blazed splendidly. I suggested to Garcia that we should play cards, and he agreed. In the second game I told him he was cheating; he began to laugh; I threw the cards in his face. He tried to get at his blunderbuss. I set my foot on it, and said, 'They say you can use a knife as well as the best ruffian in Malaga; will you try it with me?' El Dancaire tried to part us. I had given Garcia one or two cuffs, his rage had given him courage, he drew his knife, and I drew mine. We both of us told El Dancaire he must leave us alone, and let us fight it out. He saw there was no means of stopping us, so he stood on one side. Garcia was already bent double, like a cat ready to spring upon a mouse. He held his hat in his left hand to parry with, and his knife in front of him—that's their Andalusian guard. I stood up in the Navarrese fashion, with my left arm raised, my left leg forward, and my knife held straight along my right thigh. I felt I was stronger than any giant. He flew at me like an arrow. I turned round on my left foot, so that he found nothing in front of him. But I thrust him in the throat, and the knife went in so far that my hand was under his chin. I gave the blade such a twist that it broke. That was the end. The blade was carried out of the wound by a gush of blood as thick as my arm, and he fell full length on his face.

“我在直布罗陀多呆了两天。她胆大包天，乔装打扮后，来小旅馆看我。我出发了，我有我自己的计划。我到了我们约好见面的地方，了解了英国人和卡门预定路过的时间和地点。‘赌棍’和加西亚在等我。我们在丛林中度过了一晚上，用松果烧了一堆熊熊烈火。我建议加西亚一起玩牌，他同意了。第二局的时候我发现他作弊；他笑了起来，我把牌朝他脸上扔去。他要去取他的老式大口径短枪。我一脚把枪踩在地上，对他说：‘听人说你会耍刀子，同马拉加的高手不相上下；要不我们比比看？’‘赌棍’试着把我们分开。我已经给了加西亚一两拳。他生气极了，因此有勇气拔刀，我也拔出我的刀。我们俩都跟‘赌棍’说别管这事，让我们自己一决雌雄。他知道再阻止我们也是徒劳，于是他站在一边。加

西亚已经弓着身子，这架势就像猫开始要捉老鼠。他左手拿帽子躲刀，自己把刀放在面前，这是安达卢西亚的防卫式。我则摆纳瓦拉人的架势，左手臂抬起，左腿前倾，刀子贴近右腿。我感觉自己比巨人还厉害。他箭一般向我冲来。我转身移开左脚，于是他一无所获。我把刀刺向他的喉咙，刀子进入得太深，我的手直接就到了他的下巴下面。我把刀子用力一绞，刀都断了。决斗结束了。鲜血喷涌而出，血流粗如胳膊，竟然把刀尖冲了出来，他趴在了地上。

“'What have you done?' said El Dancaire to me.

“‘你在干嘛？’‘赌棍’对我说。

“'Hark ye,' said I, 'we couldn't live on together. I love Carmen and I mean to be the only one. And besides, Garcia was a villain. I remember what he did to that poor Remendado. There are only two of us left now, but we are both good fellows. Come, will you have me for your friend, for life or death?'

“‘听着，’我说，‘我和他不能同时存活在这个世上。我爱卡门，而且我是她的唯一。而且，加西亚是个混蛋，我仍记得他是怎么对可怜的雷蒙达多的。现在只剩下我们俩了，我们都是好汉。你说吧，你愿意做我的生死之交吗?'

"El Dancaire stretched out his hand. He was a man of fifty.

“‘赌棍’向我伸出了他的手。他已经是个五十岁的人了。

“'Devil take these love stories!' he cried. 'If you'd asked him for Carmen he'd have sold her to you for a piastre! There are only two of us now—how shall we manage for to-morrow?'

“‘让这些爱情故事见鬼去吧！’他叫道。‘如果你跟他要卡门，只要一皮阿斯特，他就会把她卖给你！只剩下我们俩了，我们明天该怎么办?'

“'I'll manage it all alone,' I answered. 'I can snap my fingers at the whole world now.'

“‘我一个人就能应付。’我回答他，‘现在整个世界都在我的掌控之中。’

"We buried Garcia, and we moved our camp two hundred paces farther on. The next morning Carmen and her Englishman came along with two muleteers and a servant. I said to El Dancaire:

我们把加西亚埋了，挪到二百步以外宿营。第二天早晨，卡门和英国人来了，还有两个骡夫和一个仆人。我对‘赌棍’说：

“'I'll look after the Englishman, you frighten the others—they're not armed!'

“‘我来对付英国人，你唬住其他人，他们都没有武器!'

"The Englishman was a plucky fellow. He'd have killed me if

Carmen hadn't jogged his elbow.

“这个英国人的确是个勇士。要不是卡门轻推了一下他一肘部，我就死定了。

"To put it shortly, I won Carmen back that day, and my first words were to tell her she was a widow.

“简单地说，那天我赢回了卡门，我第一句话就跟她说她已经是个寡妇了。

"When she knew how it had all happened—

“当她搞清来龙去脉后，她说：

“'You'll always be a lillipendi,' she said. 'Garcia ought to have killed you. Your Navarrese guard is a pack of nonsense, and he has sent far more skilful men than you into the darkness. It was just that his time had come—and yours will come too.'

“‘你永远都是个利依本迪！’她说，‘本来应该是加西亚把你杀了。你的纳瓦拉招式一无是处，他杀过很多比你厉害得多的人。只是他劫数已到。你也快了。’

“‘Ay, and yours too!—if you're not a faithful romi to me.'

“‘是吗，你也一样！如果你不做个忠诚的罗密。’

“'So be it,' said she. 'I've read in the coffee grounds, more than once, that you and I were to end our lives together.

“‘太好了。’她说，‘我不止一次在咖啡渣子里预测到我们会一起同归于尽。

Pshaw! what must be, will be!' and she rattled her castanets, as was her way when she wanted to drive away some worrying thought.

唉!该来的总是会来！’她敲起响板。当她心烦意乱时，她总是这样排解忧愁。

"One runs on when one is talking about one's self. I dare say all these details bore you, but I shall soon be at the end of my story. Our new life lasted for some considerable time. El Dancaire and I gathered a few comrades about us, who were more trustworthy than our earlier ones, and we turned our attention to smuggling. Occasionally, indeed, I must confess we stopped travellers on the highways, but never unless we were at the last extremity, and could not avoid doing so; and besides, we never ill-treated the travellers, and confined ourselves to taking their money from them.

人一说起自己的事情总是没完没了。您一定对我说的这些细节厌烦了吧，不过我的故事就快结束了。我们的新生活还是持续了一段相当长时间的。‘赌棍’和我又招了些新弟兄，他们比之前那些要可靠多了，我

们又准备走私货物。我不得不承认有时候我们会拦路抢劫，但绝对是在万不得已的时候才这样做的；而且，我们不会暴力对待路人，只是拿走他们的钱。

"For some months I was very well satisfied with Carmen. She still served us in our smuggling operations, by giving us notice of any opportunity of making a good haul. She remained either at Malaga, at Cordova, or at Granada, but at a word from me she would leave everything, and come to meet me at some venta or even in our lonely camp. Only once—it was at Malaga—she caused me some uneasiness. I heard she had fixed her fancy upon a very rich merchant, with whom she probably proposed to play her Gibraltar trick over again. In spite of everything El Dancaire said to stop me, I started off, walked into Malaga in broad daylight, sought for Carmen and carried her off instantly. We had a sharp altercation.

“几个月来我对卡门还是比较满意的。她还是在我们走私的时候帮我们通风报信，告诉我们赚一大笔钱的好时机。她一会儿在马拉加，一会儿在科尔多瓦，一会儿在格拉纳达。可是，只要我说一句话，她就会不顾一切地来见我，或是在客店，甚至是在荒凉的帐篷里会面。只有一次在马拉加，她让我放心不下。我听说她又看中了一个大富商，她很想像在直布罗陀时那样故伎重演。‘赌棍’费尽心思阻止我，我还是去找她了。我到了马拉加，大白天里我找到了她，立即把她抓了回来。我们大吵了一架。

“'Do you know,' said she, 'now that you're my rom for good and all, I don't care for you so much as when you were my minchorro! I won't be worried, and above all, I won't be ordered about. I choose to be free to do as I like. Take care you don't drive me too far; if you tire me out, I'll find some good fellow who'll serve you just as you served El Tuerto.'

“‘你知道吗？’她说，‘现在不管怎样，你都是我的罗姆了，我不那么在意你了，不如你是我的情人时那么在意了。我不需要你担心我，最重要的是，我不愿被人指使。我宁愿选择自由，做我自己喜欢做的事。小心别把我逼急了；把我惹恼了，我就去找个好男人，我叫他像你对付‘独眼龙’一样对付你。’

"El Dancaire patched it up between us; but we had said things to each other that rankled in our hearts, and we were not as we had been before. Shortly after that we had a misfortune: the soldiers caught us, El Dancaire and two of my comrades were killed; two others were taken. I was sorely wounded, and, but for my good horse, I should have fallen into the soldiers' hands. Half dead with fatigue, and with a bullet in my body, I sought shelter in a wood, with my only remaining comrade. When I got off my horse I fainted away, and I thought I was going to die there in the brushwood, like a shot hare. My comrade

carried me to a cave he knew of, and then he sent to fetch Carmen.

“‘赌棍’把我们俩劝和了；不过，我们所说的话伤了对方的心，我们再也回不到从前了。不久之后，我们就倒大霉了：有士兵逮住了我们，‘赌棍’和我的两个弟兄被杀了；另外两个被带走了。我自己严重受伤，而且，要不是我有一匹好马，我也早就落入对方之手。我半死不活，还中了一枪，我和剩下的唯一一个弟兄在树林里找了个藏身的地方。下马时，我昏迷过去，觉得自己就要死在丛林里了，像只被射中的野兔。我的弟兄把我带到一个我们熟悉的山洞，然后他就去找卡门。

"She was at Granada, and she hurried to me at once. For a whole fortnight she never left me for a single instant. She never closed her eyes; she nursed me with a skill and care such as no woman ever showed to the man she loved most tenderly. As soon as I could stand on my feet, she conveyed me with the utmost secrecy to Granada. These gipsy women find safe shelter everywhere, and I spent more than six weeks in a house only two doors from that of the Corregidor who was trying to arrest me. More than once I saw him pass by, from behind the shutter. At last I recovered, but I had thought a great deal, on my bed of pain, and I had planned to change my way of life. I suggested to Carmen that we should leave Spain, and seek an honest livelihood in the New World. She laughed in my face.

“她在格拉纳达，闻讯她立刻就赶来了。整整两个星期里，她一刻也未曾离开过我。她从来没合过眼；她熟练、细心地照顾着我，让我觉得世界上再也没有一个女人能够做到像她这样，就算是对最心爱的男人也不行。当我可以自己站起来的时候，她以最秘密的方式把我带去了格拉纳达。这些吉普赛女人到处寻找安全的避难所，我在一间屋子里呆了六个多星期，其实这间屋子和要抓我的镇长的家只隔了两道门。我看见他不止一次从百叶窗后面经过。最终我康复了，躺在病床上的时候我想了很多，我决定改变我的生活方式。我向卡门建议说，我们一起离开西班牙，去新大陆过正经的生活。她又取笑我了。

“'We were not born to plant cabbages,' she cried. 'Our fate is to live payllos! Listen: I've arranged a business with Nathan Ben-Joseph at Gibraltar. He has cotton stuffs that he can not get through till you come to fetch them. He knows you're alive, and reckons upon you. What would our Gibraltar correspondents say if you failed them?'

“‘我们生来不是种白菜的，’她叫道，‘注定我们要过着依靠外族人的生活！听着：我已经在直布罗陀安排好了一宗和纳坦·本-约瑟夫的生意。他有一批棉制品只等着你过手他才能拿到。他知道你还活着，而且他看好你。如果你不去，我们直布罗陀的信使该怎么说?'

"I let myself by persuaded, and took up my vile trade once more.

“我说服了自己，重新做起见不得人的买卖。

"While I was hiding at Granada there were bull-fights there, to

which Carmen went. When she came back she talked a great deal about a skilful picador of the name of Lucas. She knew the name of his horse, and how much his embroidered jacket had cost him. I paid no attention to this; but a few days later, Juanito, the only one of my comrades who was left, told me he had seen Carmen with Lucas in a shop in the Zacatin. Then I began to feel alarmed. I asked Carmen how and why she had made the picador's acquaintance.

“我藏身格拉纳达时，正好有几场斗牛比赛，卡门跑去看热闹了。回来时，她总是提起一个名叫卢卡斯的骑马斗牛士，说他身手不错。她知道他的马的名字，就连他的针织衬衫多少钱她也知道。我并没怎么在意；不过，一些日子之后，留在我身边的、唯一的弟兄华尼托告诉我他看见卡门在萨加旦店里，和卢卡斯一起。这时我开始有点警觉。我问卡门是怎么认识卢卡斯的，为什么会认识他。

“'He's a man out of whom we may be able to get something,' said she. 'A noisy stream has either water in it or pebbles. He has earned twelve hundred reals at the bull-fights. It must be one of two things: we must either have his money, or else, as he is a good rider and a plucky fellow, we can enroll him in our gang. We have lost such an one an such an one; you'll have to replace them. Take this man with you!'

“‘我们可能可以从他身上得到点什么。”她说，‘哗哗的小溪不是有水，就是有石头。他在斗牛场上可以赚一千二百雷阿尔银币。有两条路：我们或者抢了他的钱；或者拉他入伙，他是个骑马好手，而且又勇敢。我们的人接连不断地丧生了；你得找人替代他们。拉他入伙吧!'

“'I want neither his money nor himself,' I replied, 'and I forbid you to speak to him.'

“‘我不想要他的钱，也不想要他这个人。’我回答她，‘我不允许你再跟他说话。’

“'Beware!' she retorted. 'If any one defies me to do a thing, it's very quickly done.'

“‘你醒醒吧！’她开始反驳我，‘要是谁硬不让我做什么事情，我偏要马上就做。’

"Luckily the picador departed to Malaga, and I set about passing in the Jew's cotton stuffs. This expedition gave me a great deal to do, and Carmen as well. I forgot Lucas, and perhaps she forgot him too—for the moment, at all events. It was just about that time, sir, that I met you, first at Montilla, and then afterward at Cordova. I won't talk about that last interview. You know more about it, perhaps, than I do. Carmen stole your watch from you, she wanted to have your money besides, and especially that ring I see on your finger, and which she declared to be a magic ring, the possession of which was very

important to her. We had a violent quarrel, and I struck her. She turned pale and began to cry. It was the first time I had ever seen her cry, and it affected me in the most painful manner. I begged her to forgive me, but she sulked with me for a whole day, and when I started back to Montilla she wouldn't kiss me. My heart was still very sore, when, three days later, she joined me with a smiling face and as merry as a lark. Everything was forgotten, and we were like a pair of honeymoon lovers. Just as we were parting she said, 'There's a fete at Cordova; I shall go and see it, and then I shall know what people will be coming away with money, and I can warn you.'

“幸运的是，卢卡斯去了马拉加，我也要开始运送犹太人的棉制品了。这次远征我要做的事情很多，卡门也是一样。我把卢卡斯给忘了，也许她也忘了他，至少暂时是这样。先生，正好就是在那个时候，我遇见了您，先是在蒙蒂利亚，然后在科尔多瓦。我先不说我们最后见面的情况。您可能比我知道的还要多。卡门偷了您的表，还想要您的钱，尤其是您手上的那个戒指，她认为那是个魔戒。对于她来说，把戒指拿到手很重要。我们大吵了一架，我还对她动手了。她脸色苍白，哭了起来。这是我第一次看见她哭，让我很心疼。我求她原谅我，可是她一整天都和我赌气，连我动身去蒙蒂利亚，她也不和我吻别。我伤心极了。不过，三天之后，她竟然也来了，满脸笑容、欢欣雀跃。一切都过去了，我们就像一对蜜月中的恋人。分别时，她说：‘科尔多瓦有个宴会；我要去看看，那样我就知道哪些人口袋里有钱，然后再通知你。’

"I let her go. When I was alone I thought about the fete, and about the change in Carmen's temper. 'She must have avenged herself already,' said I to myself, 'since she was the first to make our quarrel up.' A peasant told me there was to be bull-fighting at Cordova. Then my blood began to boil, and I went off like a madman straight to the bull-ring. I had Lucas pointed out to me, and on the bench, just beside the barrier, I recognized Carmen. One glance at her was enough to turn my suspicion into certainty. When the first bull appeared Lucas began, as I had expected to play the agreeable; he snatched the cockade off the bull and presented it to Carmen, who put it in her hair at once.[35]

“我让她去了。一个人的时候，我想了想那场宴会，想了想卡门性情的转变。‘她一定是已经报复我了，’我自言自语，‘才会主动来找我。’一个乡下人告诉我科尔多瓦有一场斗牛比赛。我开始发怒了，就像个疯子一样，直奔斗牛场。我让人给我指出谁是卢卡斯；在紧靠栏杆的座位上，我认出了卡门。一见到她，我就确信无疑她出轨了。果然不出我所料，第一场斗牛赛开始，卢卡斯就对卡门大献殷勤，他把牛身上的绸带花结献给她，卡门欣然接受，立即戴在头上。

"The bull avenged me. Lucas was knocked down, with his horse on his chest, and the bull on top of both of them. I looked for Carmen, she had disappeared from her place already. I couldn't get out of mine,

and I was obliged to wait until the bull-fight was over. Then I went off to that house you already know, and waited there quietly all that evening and part of the night. Toward two o'clock in the morning Carmen came back, and was rather surprised to see me.

“不过那头牛替我报仇了。卢卡斯被顶中，马撞到了他的胸部。他被牛踩在了脚下。我看了看卡门，她已经不在她原来坐的地方了。我又不能从座位上挤出来，不得不等到斗牛结束。然后我去了您知道的那间房子，静静地等了一晚上。直到凌晨两点，卡门才回来。看见我她很吃惊。

“'Come with me,' said I.

“‘跟我走。’我说。

“'Very well,' said she, 'let's be off.'

“‘好啊，’她说，‘我们走。’

"I went and got my horse, and took her up behind me, and we travelled all the rest of the night without saying a word to each other. When daylight came we stopped at a lonely inn, not far from a hermitage. There I said to Carmen:

“我出去骑马，让她坐在我身后。整晚我们都这样溜达，没有说半句话。天亮时，我们在一家偏僻的小旅馆门口停下，离一家修道院不远。在那里，我对卡门说：

“‘Listen—I forget everything, I won't mention anything to you. But swear one thing to me—that you'll come with me to America, and live there quietly!'

“‘听着，我既往不咎，就当一切都没发生过。但是，你要对我发誓你要和我一起去美洲，在那里安安分分地生活!'

“'No,' said she, in a sulky voice, 'I won't go to America—I am very well here.'

“‘不行，’她低声说，‘我不去美洲，我在这里过得很好。’

“'That's because you're near Lucas. But be very sure that even if he gets well now, he won't make old bones. And, indeed, why should I quarrel with him? I'm tired of killing all your lovers; I'll kill you this time.'

“‘因为在这里你离卢卡斯很近。不过你想想吧，即使他现在得救了，他也活不长久。确实，我干嘛和他吵？我累了，不想把你的情人一个个杀光；这次我要杀的是你。’

"She looked at me steadily with her wild eyes, and then she said:

“她用凶野的目光镇定地看着我，说：

“'I've always thought you would kill me. The very first time I saw

you I had just met a priest at the door of my house. And to-night, as we were going out of Cordova, didn't you see anything? A hare ran across the road between your horse's feet. It is fate.'

“‘我早就知道你会杀我。第一次遇见你的时候，我在家门口碰到了一位神父。今晚，我们离开科尔多瓦的时候，难道你没看见什么吗？一只野兔从你的马蹄中间穿过马路。命中注定。’

“'Carmencita,' I asked, 'don't you love me any more?'

“‘小卡门，’我问她，‘你不再爱我了吗?'

"She gave me no answer, she was sitting cross-legged on a mat, making marks on the ground with her finger.

“她没有回答我，而是盘腿坐在一张席子上，用手指在地上划来划去。

“'Let us change our life, Carmen,' said I imploringly. 'Let us go away and live somewhere we shall never be parted. You know we have a hundred and twenty gold ounces buried under an oak not far from here, and then we have more money with Ben-Joseph the Jew.'

“‘我们换种生活吧，卡门。”我苦苦哀求着，‘我们离开这里，去一个我们俩永远都不会分开的地方。你知道，距离这里不远，我们在一棵橡树下藏了一百二十盎司黄金。我们在犹太人本·约瑟夫那里也还有钱。’

"She began to smile, and then she said, 'Me first, and then you. I know it will happen like that.'

“她开始笑了，然后说：‘先是我，然后是你。我知道会那样的。’

“'Think about it,' said I. 'I've come to the end of my patience and my courage. Make up your mind—or else I must make up mine.'

“‘考虑考虑吧。’我说，‘我的忍耐和勇气是有限度的。你决定吧，不然我就做出选择。’

"I left her alone and walked toward the hermitage. I found the hermit praying. I waited till his prayer was finished. I longed to pray myself, but I couldn't. When he rose up from his knees I went to him.

“我离开了她，向修道院那边走去。我听见了修道士的祷告声。我一直等到他祈祷完。本来我也想祈祷的，可是我不会。他站起来时，我朝他走去。

“'Father,' I said, 'will you pray for some one who is in great danger?'

“‘神父，’我说，‘您愿意为一个危在旦夕的人祈祷吗?'

“'I pray for every one who is afflicted,' he replied.

“‘我为所有苦难者祈祷。’他回答我。

“'Can you say a mass for a soul which is perhaps about to go into the presence of its Maker?'

“‘您能为一个即将回归造物主的灵魂做弥撒吗?'

“'Yes,' he answered, looking hard at me.

“‘可以。’他回答道，不解地看着我。

"And as there was something strange about me, he tried to make me talk.

“他觉得我有点奇怪，想开导我。

“'It seems to me that I have seen you somewhere,' said he.

“‘我好像在哪里见过你。’他说。

"I laid a piastre on his bench.

“我把一皮阿斯特的钱放在他凳子上。

“'When shall you say the mass?' said I.

“‘您什么时候可以弥撒？’我问。

“'In half an hour. The son of the innkeeper yonder is coming to serve it. Tell me, young man, haven't you something on your conscience that is tormenting you? Will you listen to a Christian's counsel?'

“‘过半个小时吧。那边旅馆老板的儿子要来帮我上祭。年轻人，告诉我，你是不是有什么良心上的不安？你愿意听一个基督徒的忠告吗?'

"I could hardly restrain my tears. I told him I would come back, and hurried away. I went and lay down on the grass until I heard the bell. Then I went back to the chapel, but I stayed outside it. When he had said the mass, I went back to the venta. I was hoping Carmen would have fled. She could have taken my horse and ridden away. But I found her there still. She did not choose that any one should say I had frightened her. While I had been away she had unfastened the hem of her gown and taken out the lead that weighted it; and now she was sitting before a table, looking into a bowl of water into which she had just thrown the lead she had melted. She was so busy with her spells that at first she didn't notice my return. Sometimes she would take out a bit of lead and turn it round every way with a melancholy look. Sometimes she would sing one of those magic songs, which invoke the help of Maria Padella, Don Pedro's mistress, who is said to have been the Bari Crallisa—the great gipsy queen.[36]

“我几乎快哭了。我告诉他我会再回来的，然后匆忙离开了。我跑到草地里躺下，一直到我听见钟声。我回到教堂，但没有走进去。他做完弥撒后，我就回小旅馆去了。我真希望卡门已经逃跑了。她本可以骑着

我的马逃跑。不过我看见她还在那里。她不愿意让人说她怕我。我不在的时候，她取下了裙袍的贴边，拿出一根曾给裙袍加重的铅条；现在她坐在桌子前，看着盛满水的碗里的铅条，她已经把铅条熔化后倒进水里去了。她正忙着弄她的魔法，刚开始还没发现我已经回来了。有时，她会取出一点铅，面无表情地将铅撒向四周。有时候她会吟唱着一些魔咒，请求玛丽亚·帕迪亚显灵。玛丽亚·帕迪亚是国王唐佩德罗的情妇，据说她就是巴丽·克里丽萨，伟大的吉普赛女王。

“'Carmen,' I said to her, 'will you come with me?' She rose, threw away her wooden bowl, and put her mantilla over her head ready to start. My horse was led up, she mounted behind me, and we rode away.

“‘卡门，’我对她说，‘跟我来好吗？’她站了起来，把木碗扔在一边，戴上披肩头纱，准备和我走。我的马已经备好了，她坐在我身后，我们离开了小旅馆。

"After we had gone a little distance I said to her, 'So, my Carmen, you are quite ready to follow me, isn't that so?'

“走了一段路后，我问她：‘好了，我的卡门，你已经准备好和我一起走了吧，是这样的吧?'

"She answered, 'Yes, I'll follow you, even to death—but I won't live with you any more.'

“她回答：‘没错，我要跟着你，即便去死也跟着你，但我不会再和你一起生活了。’

"We had reached a lonely gorge. I stopped my horse.

“我们到了一个偏僻的峡谷里。我勒住马。

“'Is this the place?' she said.

“‘是在这里死吗？’她说。

"And with a spring she reached the ground. She took off her mantilla and threw it at her feet, and stood motionless, with one hand on her hip, looking at me steadily.

“她轻轻一跳，下了马。她摘下披肩头纱，扔在脚下。然后她一动不动，一手插腰，盯着我看。

“'You mean to kill me, I see that well,' said she. 'It is fate. But you'll never make me give in.'

“‘你想杀了我，我早就看出来了。’她说，‘这是命。不过我不会屈服的。’

"I said to her: 'Be rational, I implore you; listen to me. All the past is forgotten. Yet you know it is you who have been my ruin—it is because of you that I am a robber and a murderer. Carmen, my

Carmen, let me save you, and save myself with you.'

“我对她说：‘理智一些，我求你了，你听我说。我们把一切都忘了吧。而且，你心里清楚你是我的祸根，我是因为你才变成了一个抢劫者和谋杀者。卡门，我的卡门，让我救你，这样你也可以救我。’

“'Jose,' she answered, 'what you ask is impossible. I don't love you any more. You love me still, and that is why you want to kill me. If I liked, I might tell you some other lie, but I don't choose to give myself the trouble. Everything is over between us two. You are my rom, and you have the right to kill your romi, but Carmen will always be free. A calli she was born, and a calli she'll die.'

“‘何塞，’她回答道，‘那是不可能的。我不爱你了。你还爱我，所以你要杀我。如果我愿意，我还是可以对你撒谎，但是我不想给自己找麻烦。我们俩已经结束了。你是我的罗姆，你有权利杀你的罗密，但是卡门可以永远获得自由。她生为加莱人，死为加莱鬼。’

“'Then, you love Lucas?' I asked.

“‘难道你爱的是卢卡斯？’我问。

“‘Yes, I have loved him—as I loved you—for an instant—less than I loved you, perhaps. But now I don't love anything, and I hate myself for ever having loved you.'

‘没错，我爱过他，就像我也爱过你。就一阵子吧，可能还不如你。但是现在我谁都不爱，我恨自己曾经爱过你。’

"I cast myself at her feet, I seized her hands, I watered them with my tears, I reminded her of all the happy moments we had spent together, I offered to continue my brigand's life, if that would please her. Everything, sir, everything—I offered her everything if she would only love me again.

“我跪在她脚下，抓着她的手，回忆起我们一起度过的快乐时光。我的泪水夺眶而出，把她的手都浇湿了。我说如果她愿意的话，我可以继续现在做土匪、强盗的生活。一切，先生，一切——只要她能重新再爱我一次，我愿意付出一切。

"She said:

“她说：

“'Love you again? That's not possible! Live with you? I will not do it!'

“‘再爱你？不可能！和你一起生活？我不愿意!'

"I was wild with fury. I drew my knife, I would have had her look frightened, and sue for mercy—but that woman was a demon.

“我当时气疯了。我拿出刀子，本来只是想让她看见了以后害怕，向

我求饶，可是她真的是个魔鬼。

"I cried, 'For the last time I ask you. Will you stay with me?'

“我吼着：‘我再问你最后一次。你愿意跟着我吗?'

“'No! no! no!' she said, and she stamped her foot.

“‘不愿意！不愿意！不愿意！’她跺着脚说。

"Then she pulled a ring I had given her off her finger, and cast it into the brushwood.

“她从手指上脱下我送给她的那枚戒指，扔到了灌木丛里。

"I struck her twice over—I had taken Garcia's knife, because I had broken my own. At the second thrust she fell without a sound. It seems to me that I can still see her great black eyes staring at me. Then they grew dim and the lids closed.

“我捅了她两刀。我用的刀子是加西亚的，因为我的已经断了。她挨了第二刀后，一声不吭就倒下了。她那双黑溜溜的大眼睛瞪着我，至今犹在眼前。然后她的眼睛逐渐茫然，最后合上了。

"For a good hour I lay there prostrate beside her corpse. Then I recollected that Carmen had often told me that she would like to lie buried in a wood. I dug a grave for her with my knife and laid her in it. I hunted about a long time for her ring, and I found it at last. I put it into the grave beside her, with a little cross—perhaps I did wrong. Then I got upon my horse, galloped to Cordova, and gave myself up at the nearest guard-room. I told them I had killed Carmen, but I would not tell them where her body was. That hermit was a holy man! He prayed for her—he said a mass for her soul. Poor child! It's the cale who are to blame for having brought her up as they did."

“我失魂落魄，在尸体旁边坐了大半天。忽然，我想起来卡门以前经常跟我说，她希望死了以后葬在树林里。我用刀子给她挖了个坟墓，把她安放在里面。我到处找了很长时间，最后才找到她的戒指。我把戒指放在她身边，还插上一个小十字架，也许我做错了。然后我骑上马，飞奔至科尔多瓦，看到一个警卫室就自首了。我告诉他们我杀了卡门，但是没有告诉他们她的尸体在哪里。那个修道士真是个圣人！他真的为她祈祷，还为她的灵魂做弥撒。可怜的孩子！这是加莱人的罪过，培养出她这样一个人。”

(1) Iron-shod sticks used by the Basques.

（1）“马基拉”：巴斯克人用的铁套棍子。

(2) Magistrate in charge of the municipal police arrangements, and local government regulations.

（2）“二十四号人物”：主管市警察局和当地政府部门的地方官员。

(3) The costume usually worn by peasant women in Navarre and the Basque Provinces.

（3）纳瓦拉和巴斯克各省乡下女子的日常装扮。

(4) Pintar un javeque, "paint a xebec," a particular type of ship. Most Spanish vessels of this description have a checkered red and white stripe painted around them.

（4）“三桅船”：古西班牙小型三桅船，船体多漆成红白相间的方格图案，此处暗指血染成的花脸。

(5) Yes, sir.

（5）“巴依，哈噢那！”:“是的，先生。”（巴斯克语）

(6) Field, garden.

（6）“巴拉查”：田地，园子。（巴斯克语）

(7) Bravos, boasters.

（7）“雅克”：坏蛋，吹牛的人。

(8) All Spanish cavalry soldiers carry lances.

（8）所有西班牙骑兵都配有长矛在身。

(9) Alcala de los Panaderos, a village two leagues from Seville, where the most delicious rolls are made. They are said to owe their quality to the water of the place, and great quantities of them are brought to Seville every day.

（9）“阿尔卡拉”：离塞维利亚大概六里格远的一个小村庄，生产的面包很好吃。据说那里的水质很好，所以面包也好吃，每天都有大批的面包送往塞维利亚。

(10) Good-day, comrade!

（10）“阿古尔，拉古纳”：你好，老乡！（巴斯克语）

(11) In most of the houses in Seville there is an inner court

surrounded by an arched portico.

（11）在塞维利亚，许多房子都是有内院的，庭院被拱形门廊所包围。

This is used as a sitting-room in summer.

夏天，这个内院可以当做起居室。

Over the court is stretched a piece of tent cloth, which is watered during the day and removed at night.

白天，院子上头盖张布蓬，在蓬上洒水，晚上把蓬收起来。

The street door is almost always left open, and the passage leading to the court (zaguan) is closed by an iron lattice of very elegant workmanship.

朝街的大门总是开着的，通向内院的走廊（闸关）上有一道铁门。这扇门是关着的，门上的刻花技艺精湛。

(12) Manana sera otro dia.—A Spanish proverb.

（12）“明天是新的一天。”——西班牙谚语

(13) Chuquel sos pirela, cocal terela. "The dog that runs finds a bone."—Gipsy proverb.

（13）“会跑的狗总能找到骨头吃。”——吉普赛谚语

(14) Sugared yolks of eggs.

（14）“耶玛”：甜蛋黄。

(15) A sort of nougat.

（15）“特伦”：一种牛轧糖。

(16) This king, Don Pedro, whom we call "the Cruel," and whom Queen Isabella, the Catholic, never called anything but "the Avenger," was fond of walking about the streets of Seville at night in search of adventures, like the Caliph Haroun al Raschid.

（16）我们称国王唐佩德罗为“暴君”，王后伊莎贝拉是个天主教徒，她称国王为“复仇者”。这位国王喜欢夜里在塞维利亚的大马路上游荡、冒险，这与穆斯林国王哈隆·拉希德相似。

One night, in a lonely street, he quarrelled with a man who was singing a serenade.

一天夜里，在一条偏僻的小路上，国王与一个正在唱小夜曲的男人吵了起来。

There was a fight, and the king killed the amorous caballero.

后来他们又打了起来，国王把这个多情郎给杀了。

At the clashing of their swords, an old woman put her head out of the window and lighted up the scene with a tiny lamp (candilejo) which she held in her hand.

就在他们打斗吵闹的时候，有个老太婆从窗台探出头来，她拿着一盏小灯正好看见了这一幕。

My readers must be informed that King Don Pedro, though nimble and muscular, suffered from one strange fault in his physical conformation.

读者们，你们应该知道国王虽然身手敏捷，但是他身体构造有个怪毛病。

Whenever he walked his knees cracked loudly.

他走路的时候，膝盖骨咯咯作响。

By this cracking the old woman easily recognized him.

这个女的一听到这声音，就知道他是谁了。

The next day the veintiquatro in charge came to make his report to the king.

第二天，负责调查案件的二十四号人物来向国王汇报案件。

"Sir, a duel was fought last night in such a street—one of the combatants is dead."

他说：“陛下，昨晚有一条街上发生了一场决斗——一方丧命了。”

"Have you found the murderer?"

“你找到了杀人者没？”

"Yes, sir."

“找到了，陛下。”

"Why has he not been punished already?"

“那么怎么他还没有受罚？”

"Sir, I await your orders!"

“陛下，我在等您的命令！”

"Carry out the law."

“执行法律！”

Now the king had just published a decree that every duelist was to have his head cut off, and that head was to be set up on the scene of the fight.

当时，国王刚刚颁布了一项法令，要求凡是参加决斗的人都要被砍头，砍下的头颅还要放在决斗现场。

The*veintiquatro* got out of the difficulty like a clever man.

那个二十四号人物很聪明地摆脱了困境。

He had the head sawed off a statue of the king, and set that up in a niche in the middle of the street in which the murder had taken place.

他锯下了一尊国王塑像的头，把它放在杀戮发生的那条街道的一个壁龛里。

The king and all the Sevillians thought this a very good joke.

国王和所有塞维利亚居民都觉得这是一个很好的笑话。

The street took its name from the lamp held by the old woman, the only witness of the incident.

灯街的名字就是从那个老太婆手中提着的灯得名的——她是唯一的目击者。

The above is the popular tradition.

上述内容来自民间传说。

Zuniga tells the story somewhat differently. However that may be, a street called*Calle del Candilejo*still exists in Seville, and in that street there is a bust which is said to be a portrait of Don Pedro.

而苏尼加说法又有所不同，不管怎么说，在塞维利亚，现在的确是有一条灯街，街里有一个半身头像，据说就是唐佩德罗的雕像。

This bust, unfortunately, is a modern production. During the seventeenth century the old one had become very much defaced, and the municipality had it replaced by that now to be seen.

不过，遗憾的是，这是现代作品，原作在十七世纪就腐蚀了，当时市政府就换了现在这尊仿制品。

(17) Rom, husband. Romi, wife.

（17）“罗姆”：丈夫；“罗密”：妻子。

(18) Calo, feminine calli, plural cales. Literally "black," the name the gypsies apply to themselves in their own language.

（18）“加莱”：吉普赛人自称语，男子为“加罗”，女子为“加里”，男女复数统称“加莱”。字面意思是“黑”。

(19) Spanish dragoons wear a yellow uniform.

（19）西班牙龙骑兵穿黄色军装。

(20) Me dicas vriarda de jorpoy, bus ne sino braco.—A gipsy proverb.

（20）“我穿着羊毛衫，但我不是小绵羊。”——吉普赛谚语

(21) The Saint, the Holy Virgin.

（21）“马亚里”：圣徒、圣母。

(22) The gallows, which is the widow of the last man hanged upon it.

（22）“木腿媳妇”：暗喻绞刑架，新婚男人与寡妇刚刚结合就要被吊死用的工具。

(23) Flamenco de Roma, a slang term for the gypsies.

（23）“罗马的佛兰芒女人”：吉普赛女人。

Roma does not stand for the Eternal City, but for the nation of the romi, or the married folk—a name applied by the gypsies to themselves.

这里的罗马并不是不朽古都罗马，而是代表罗密这个民族，或者说是已婚人士，这是吉普赛人的自称语。

The first gypsies seen in Spain probably came from the Low Countries, hence their name of Flemings.

西班牙第一批吉普赛人可能是来自低地国家（如荷兰），因此有佛兰芒人之称。

(24) A bulbous root, out of which rather a pleasant beverage is manufactured.

（24）“油莎草”：一种球茎植物的根须，农民可以用来做各种饮料。

(25) The ordinary food of a Spanish soldier.

（25）“大米”、“黑线鳕”：西班牙士兵常吃的食物。

(26) Ustilar a pastesas, to steal cleverly, to purloin without violence.

（26）“帕斯特萨斯”：高明的偷窃手段，非暴力偷窃。

(27) A sort of volunteer corps.

（27）“宪兵”：志愿兵的一种。

(28) One-eyed man.

（28）只有一只眼的人。

(29) "The idiots, they take me for a smart lady!"

（29）“一群利依本迪！竟然把我当成一个艾拉尼。”：一群笨蛋，竟然把我当成一个贵小姐。

(30) Name applied by the Spanish populace to the British soldiers, on account of the colour of their uniform.

（30）“淡水螯虾”：西班牙人普遍都把英国士兵叫做“淡水螯虾”，因为他们军装的颜色和淡水螯虾一样。

(31) To the galleys, or else to all the devils in hell.

（31）“菲尼布斯特罗”：进监狱，或下地狱变成魔鬼。

(32) My "lover," or rather my "fancy."

（32）“明乔洛”：我的“情人”，或者我的“宝贝”。

(33) Navarro fino.

(33)“一瓶真真正正的纳瓦拉菲诺酒”：真正的纳瓦拉人。

(34) Or esorjle de or marsichisle, sin chisnar lachinguel. "The promise of a dwarf is that he will spit a long way."—A gipsy proverb.

（34）“你就像矮子吐痰，自以为吐得远就个子高”：矮子的骄傲之处就是吐痰吐得远。——吉普赛谚语

(35) La divisa. A knot of ribbon, the colour of which indicates the pasturage from which each bull comes. This knot of ribbon is fastened

into the bull's hide with a sort of hook, and it is considered the very height of gallantry to snatch it off the living beast and present it to a woman.

(35)“绸带花结”：花结的颜色代表牛的来历。这个花结是用钩子系在公牛的身上的。据说，能从活牛身上摘下花结献给女士的人，堪称风流绝顶。

(36) Maria Padella was accused of having bewitched Don Pedro. According to one popular tradition she presented Queen Blanche of Bourbon with a golden girdle which, in the eyes of the bewitched king, took on the appearance of a living snake. Hence the repugnance he always showed toward the unhappy princess.

(36)人们指责玛丽亚·帕迪利亚利用魔法勾引国王唐佩德罗。一个传统的普遍说法就是她给了波旁王妃布兰奇一条金腰带，但是那条腰带在着了魔的国王眼里却是一条活生生的蛇。所以国王对可怜的王妃越来越反感。

CHAPTER IV

第四章

Spain is one of the countries in which those nomads, scattered all over Europe, and known as Bohemians, Gitanas, Gypsies, Ziegeuner, and so forth, are now to be found in the greatest numbers. Most of these people live, or rather wander hither and thither, in the southern and eastern provinces of Spain, in Andalusia, and Estramadura, in the kingdom of Murcia. There are a great many of them in Catalonia. These last frequently cross over into France and are to be seen at all our southern fairs. The men generally call themselves grooms, horse doctors, mule-clippers; to these trades they add the mending of saucepans and brass utensils, not to mention smuggling and other illicit practices. The women tell fortunes, beg, and sell all sorts of drugs, some of which are innocent, while some are not. The physical characteristics of the Gypsies are more easily distinguished then described, and when you have known one, you should be able to recognize a member of the race among a thousand other men. It is by their physiognomy and expression, especially, that they differ from the other inhabitants of the same country. Their complexion is exceedingly swarthy, always darker than that of the race among whom they live. Hence the name of cale (blacks) which they frequently apply to themselves.[1] Their eyes, set with a decided slant, are large, very black, and shaded by long and heavy lashes. Their glance can only be compared to that of a wild creature. It is full at once of boldness and shyness, and in this respect their eyes are a fair indication of their national character, which is cunning, bold, but with "the natural fear of blows," like Panurge. Most of the men are strapping fellows, slight and active. I don't think I ever saw a gipsy who had grown fat. In Germany the gipsy women are often very pretty; but beauty is very uncommon among the Spanish gitanas. When very young, they may pass as being attractive in their ugliness, but once they have reached motherhood, they become absolutely repulsive. The filthiness of both sexes is incredible, and no one who has not seen a gipsy matron's hair can form any conception of what it is, not even if he conjures up the roughest, the greasiest, and the dustiest heads imaginable. In some of the large Andalusian towns certain of the gipsy girls, somewhat better looking than their fellows, will take more care of their personal appearance. These go out and earn money by performing dances strongly resembling those forbidden at our public balls in carnival time. An English missionary, Mr. Borrow, the author of two very interesting works on the Spanish

Gypsies, whom he undertook to convert on behalf of the Bible Society, declares there is no instance of any gitana showing the smallest weakness for a man not belonging to her own race. The praise he bestows upon their chastity strikes me as being exceedingly exaggerated. In the first place, the great majority are in the position of the ugly woman described by Ovid, "Casta quam nemo rogavit." As for the pretty ones, they are, like all Spanish women, very fastidious in choosing their lovers. Their fancy must be taken, and their favour must be earned. Mr. Borrow quotes, in proof of their virtue, one trait which does honour to his own, and especially to his simplicity: he declares that an immoral man of his acquaintance offered several gold ounces to a pretty gitana, and offered them in vain. An Andalusian, to whom I retailed this anecdote, asserted that the immoral man in question would have been far more successful if he had shown the girl two or three piastres, and that to offer gold ounces to a gipsy was as poor a method of persuasion as to promise a couple of millions to a tavern wench. However that may be, it is certain that the gitana shows the most extraordinary devotion to her husband. There is no danger and no suffering she will not brave, to help him in his need. One of the names which the Gypsies apply to themselves, Rome, or "the married couple," seems to me a proof of their racial respect for the married state. Speaking generally, it may be asserted that their chief virtue is their patriotism—if we may thus describe the fidelity they observe in all their relations with persons of the same origin as their own, their readiness to help one another, and the inviolable secrecy which they keep for each other's benefit, in all compromising matters. And indeed something of the same sort may be noticed in all mysterious associations which are beyond the pale of the law.

波西米亚人，又称吉达诺人、吉普赛人，或齐热内尔人，是一个流浪民族，散布在整个欧洲。目前，西班牙是他们聚集人数最多的国家之一。他们大多数居住在，更确切地说是流浪在西班牙南部和东部省份，如安达卢西亚，艾斯特拉马都拉及穆尔西亚王国。另外，还有大量的吉普赛人聚集在加泰罗尼亚。这一地区的吉普赛人常常越境到法国去，在我们南部的所有集市上都能看到他们。吉普赛男人们通常以喂马、医马、剪骡毛为业，另外有些也修补锅和铜器，更不必说走私及其他非法勾当了。女人们靠算命、乞讨、卖药为生，卖的药中有些是有毒的，有些则是无害的。吉普赛人的体貌特征辨别起来相对容易，但要描述出来却有些难。只要你见过一个吉普赛人，你就能在一千个人中认出其中仅有的一个吉普赛人。他们与当地居民的不同尤其表现在其外貌和表情上。他们皮肤黝黑，颜色总会比其居住地的当地民族深一些。所以他们常自称为“加莱人”（黑人）。他们的眼睛明显有些斜，但却大而乌黑，而且有长而浓密的睫毛遮护。他们的目光唯有野兽可以比拟。其中勇敢与怯懦并存。从这一角度看，他们的眼神正显示了其民族性格：狡猾、勇敢，但又像巴汝奇（注：讽刺小说《巨人传》中人物庞大固埃）那

样“天生害怕挨打”。大部分吉普赛人身体魁梧、修长而敏捷。我从没见过任何一个吉普赛胖子。在德国，吉普赛女人通常很漂亮；但是西班牙的却很少有漂亮的。青春年少时，她们的丑或许也还有一些迷人之处，而一旦做了母亲，她们就完全变得令人恶心了。吉普赛人无论男女，都脏得令人难以置信。如果没有见过一个吉普赛中年妇女的头发，就不可能对其肮脏程度形成任何概念。即使把她的头发想象成最粗糙、最油腻、最肮脏的头发也不为过。在安达卢西亚的一些大城镇里，姿色稍微出众的吉普赛姑娘们更加注意其外表。她们靠出去跳舞挣钱，跳的舞蹈与狂欢节公共舞会上禁跳的舞蹈极为相似。英国传教士博罗先生，代表圣经协会向西班牙的吉普赛人传教。他写了两部关于西班牙吉普赛人的作品，读来非常有趣。他宣称，任何一个吉普赛女子都不可能会委身于外族男子。我觉得，他对她们忠贞程度的赞扬太过夸张了。首先，她们中的大多数都是奥维德（注：罗马诗人，诗歌集《变形记》的作者）笔下描述的丑婆娘：“没人要的处女。”而那些漂亮的吉普赛姑娘，就像所有西班牙妇女一样，选择爱人时非常挑剔。双方必须两情相悦、心意相称。为了证明她们的忠贞，博罗先生举了一个例子。其实倒证明了他自己的一大特点，尤其证明了他的天真幼稚。他说他认识的一个浪荡子弟给了一个漂亮的吉普赛女子好几盎司黄金，结果却一无所获。我对一个安达卢西亚人转述了这段轶闻。他断言，如果这个浪荡子弟给那个吉普赛姑娘的是两三皮阿斯特，成功的机会会大得多。给一个吉普赛人几盎司黄金，就像许诺给一个客栈的乡下姑娘几百万，都不是什么有说服力的好办法。虽然如此，可以肯定的是，吉普赛女子对其丈夫特别地忠诚。在丈夫需要的时候，不管要冒多大险，吃多少苦，她都义无反顾。“罗姆”是吉普赛人使用的称呼之一，意思是“已婚夫妇”。在我看来，这是他们民族尊重婚姻的一个证据。总体来说，我们可以断言，他们的主要美德是爱族精神。退一万步讲，他们在与自己族人的各种交往中遵循着忠诚原则，并且随时准备互相帮助。在所有危及信誉的事件中，他们能为了对方利益彼此保守秘密。确实，像这种精神，在所有超越法律界限的神秘组织中都能看到。

Some months ago, I paid a visit to a gipsy tribe in the Vosges country. In the hut of an old woman, the oldest member of the tribe, I found a gipsy, in no way related to the family, who was sick of a mortal disease. The man had left a hospital, where he was well cared for, so that he might die among his own people. For thirteen weeks he had been lying in bed in their encampment, and receiving far better treatment than any of the sons and sons-in-law who shared his shelter. He had a good bed made of straw and moss, and sheets that were tolerably white, whereas all the rest of the family, which numbered eleven persons, slept on planks three feet long. So much for their hospitality. This very same woman, humane as was her treatment of her guest said to me constantly before the sick man: "Singo, singo, homte hi mulo." "Soon, soon he must die!" After all, these people live such miserable lives, that a reference to the approach of death can have no terrors for them.

几个月前，我参观了住在孚日山区的一个吉普赛部落。有一个老太婆，是部落中最年长的成员。我发现，在她的小屋里住了一个患了不治之症的吉普赛男人，此人与这个家庭非亲非故。虽然在医院里得到了很好的照顾，这个人还是离开了医院，只为能死在自己族人身边。在这里，他已经在帐篷里卧床十三个星期了，受到的照顾比这家里的儿子和女婿还好。他睡在由稻草和苔藓做的好床上，被褥还算洁白，而家里的其他十一个人，都睡在三英尺长的木板上。吉普赛人就是这般热情好客。同样是这个老太婆，对待她的客人那么仁慈，却不断地当着病人的面说："Singo, singo, homte hi mulo."意思是："很快，很快他就要死了。"毕竟，这些人过着如此悲惨的生活，以至于当面提到死也不会让他们害怕了。

One remarkable feature in the gipsy character is their indifference about religion. Not that they are strong-minded or skeptical. They have never made any profession of atheism. Far from that, indeed, the religion of the country which they inhabit is always theirs; but they change their religion when they change the country of their residence. They are equally free from the superstitions which replace religious feeling in the minds of the vulgar. How, indeed, can superstition exist among a race which, as a rule, makes its livelihood out of the credulity of others? Nevertheless, I have remarked a particular horror of touching a corpse among the Spanish Gypsies. Very few of these could be induced to carry a dead man to his grave, even if they were paid for it.

吉普赛人性格的一个显著特点是他们对宗教的漠然。倒不是因为他们意志坚定或持怀疑态度。他们从未宣称自己是无神论者。而且事实也的确远非如此。他们居住地区的宗教往往就是他们的宗教；但是当他们改变了定居地时，宗教信仰也随之改变了。他们同样也不受迷信的束缚，而迷信在原始民族的思想中代替了宗教。的确，在一个一贯利用别人的轻信为生的民族中，迷信怎么可能存在下去呢？然而，我却注意到西班牙的吉普赛人在接触尸体时却特别害怕。就算给钱，也很少有吉普赛人愿意抬死人下葬。

I have said that most gipsy women undertake to tell fortunes. They do this very successfully. But they find a much greater source of profit in the sale of charms and love-philters. Not only do they supply toads' claws to hold fickle hearts, and powdered loadstone to kindle love in cold ones, but if necessity arises, they can use mighty incantations, which force the devil to lend them his aid. Last year the following story was related to me by a Spanish lady. She was walking one day along the Calle d'Alcala, feeling very sad and anxious. A gipsy woman who was squatting on the pavement called out to her, "My pretty lady, your lover has played you false!" (It was quite true.) "Shall I get him back for you?" My readers will imagine with what joy the proposal was accepted, and how complete was the confidence inspired

by a person who could thus guess the inmost secrets of the heart. As it would have been impossible to proceed to perform the operations of magic in the most crowded street in Madrid, a meeting was arranged for the next day. "Nothing will be easier than to bring back the faithless one to your feet!" said the gitana. "Do you happen to have a handkerchief, a scarf, or a mantilla, that he gave you?" A silken scarf was handed her. "Now sew a piastre into one corner of the scarf with crimson silk—sew half a piastre into another corner—sew a peseta here—and a two-real piece there; then, in the middle you must sew a gold coin—a doubloon would be best." The doubloon and all the other coins were duly sewn in. "Now give me the scarf, and I'll take it to the Campo Santo when midnight strikes. You come along with me, if you want to see a fine piece of witchcraft. I promise you shall see the man you love to-morrow!" The gipsy departed alone for the Campo Santo, since my Spanish friend was too much afraid of witchcraft to go there with her. I leave my readers to guess whether my poor forsaken lady ever saw her lover, or her scarf, again.

我说过，大部分吉普赛女人靠给人算命为生。在这方面她们很是得心应手。但她们通过卖符咒和春药挣得更多。她们不仅拿蟾蜍的爪子抓住易变的心，还会把天然磁石磨成粉末在冰冷的心中点起爱火，而且在必要时，她们还能用咒语迫使魔鬼来助一臂之力。去年一位西班牙女士给我讲了下面的故事。有一天她正又伤心又忧虑地走在阿尔卡拉街上。一个坐在街上的吉普赛女人冲她叫道：“美丽的夫人，您的爱人背叛了您！”（这是真的。）“您想让我使他回心转意吗？”读者们可以想象，这样的提议被多么欣喜地接受了，一个能猜中你心底秘密的人能激起多么完全的信任！由于不能在马德里最繁华的街道上施巫术，她们约定第二天见面。“没有什么事比把不忠的人带回您脚下更容易了！”这个吉普赛女郎说，“您有没有他送您的手帕、头巾，或披肩？”夫人递给她一块丝绸头巾。“现在用深红色丝线在头巾一角缝上一枚皮阿斯特，在另一角缝半个皮阿斯特，在这里缝一枚比塞塔，那里缝两个雷阿尔银币；然后，在中间必须缝一枚金币，最好是达布隆。”达布隆和其他硬币都按要求缝上了。“现在把头巾给我，午夜一到我就把它带到墓地去。如果你想看一出绝妙的巫术的话，跟我一起去吧。我保证明天你就能见到所爱的男人！”因为我的西班牙朋友太害怕巫术了，不敢跟她一起去，吉普赛女人一个人去了墓地。至于可怜的被抛弃的夫人究竟能否再见她的爱人或是她的头巾，我还是留给读者去猜吧。

In spite of their poverty and the sort of aversion they inspire, the Gypsies are treated with a certain amount of consideration by the more ignorant folk, and they are very proud of it. They feel themselves to be a superior race as regards intelligence, and they heartily despise the people whose hospitality they enjoy. "These Gentiles are so stupid," said one of the Vosges Gypsies to me, "that there is no credit in taking them in. The other day a peasant woman

called out to me in the street. I went into her house. Her stove smoked and she asked me to give her a charm to cure it. First of all I made her give me a good bit of bacon, and then I began to mumble a few words in Romany. 'You're a fool,' I said, 'you were born a fool, and you'll die a fool!' When I had got near the door I said to her, in good German, 'The most certain way of keeping your stove from smoking is not to light any fire in it!' and then I took to my heels."

吉普赛人虽然生活贫困，而且有些惹人厌恶，但在更为无知的粗人中还颇享威信，这让他们很是自豪。在智力上，他们感觉自己是上等民族，而且从心底里蔑视那些欢迎他们的人。“这些外族人太愚蠢了，”孚日山区的一个吉普赛人对我说，“骗他们算不得什么本事。有一天，一个乡下女人在街上喊我，我就到她屋里去了。她的炉子在冒烟，她让我念咒语让炉子别冒烟了。首先我让她给我一大块咸猪肉，然后我用罗马尼语咕哝道：‘你是个蠢货，你生来是个蠢货，到死也是个蠢货！’当我快走出门口时，我用标准的德语对她说：‘让你的炉子不冒烟的最好办法就是别在里面生火！’说完我拔腿就跑。”

The history of the Gypsies is still a problem. We know, indeed, that their first bands, which were few and far between, appeared in Eastern Europe towards the beginning of the fifteenth century. But nobody can tell whence they started, or why they came to Europe, and, what is still more extraordinary, no one knows how they multiplied, within a short time, and in so prodigious a fashion, and in several countries, all very remote from each other. The Gypsies themselves have preserved no tradition whatsoever as to their origin, and though most of them do speak of Egypt as their original fatherland, that is only because they have adopted a very ancient fable respecting their race.

吉普赛人的历史仍然是个谜。的确，我们知道第一批吉普赛人人数很少，且分布稀疏，大约在十五世纪初期出现在欧洲东部。但没有人能说出他们从哪里来，或为什么来到欧洲。更为离奇的是，没有人知道他们是如何在这么短的时间内，而且在距离遥远的多个地区，以如此惊人的速度繁衍的。吉普赛人自己没有保留下任何有关自己渊源的传统。虽然他们大部分人说埃及是他们的祖国，但那只是因为他们接受了一个关于自己种族的古老传说罢了。

Most of the Orientalists who have studied the gipsy language believe that the cradle of the race was in India. It appears, in fact, that many of the roots and grammatical forms of the Romany tongue are to be found in idioms derived from the Sanskrit. As may be imagined, the Gypsies, during their long wanderings, have adopted many foreign words. In every Romany dialect a number of Greek words appear.

研究过吉普赛语言的大多数东方学者都认为，这个民族的发源地是印度。事实上，吉普赛语的很多词根和语法形式似乎能从衍生自梵文的

方言中找到。可以想象，吉普赛人在长期的流浪中采用了很多外来词。在每一种罗姆语方言中，都会有一些希腊词汇。

At the present day the Gypsies have almost as many dialects as there are separate hordes of their race. Everywhere, they speak the language of the country they inhabit more easily than their own idiom, which they seldom use, except with the object of conversing freely before strangers. A comparison of the dialect of the German Gypsies with that used by the Spanish Gypsies, who have held no communication with each other for several centuries, reveals the existence of a great number of words common to both. But everywhere the original language is notably affected, though in different degrees, by its contact with the more cultivated languages into the use of which the nomads have been forced. German in one case and Spanish in the other have so modified the Romany groundwork that it would not be possible for a gipsy from the Black Forest to converse with one of his Andalusian brothers, although a few sentences on each side would suffice to convince them that each was speaking a dialect of the same language. Certain words in very frequent use are, I believe, common to every dialect. Thus, in every vocabulary which I have been able to consult, pani means water, manro means bread, mas stands for meat, and lon for salt.

今天，吉普赛人的方言数量几乎跟他们民族彼此隔离的部落的数量一样多。各地的吉普赛人讲当地语言比讲自己的方言更为流利，他们很少说方言，只有在陌生人面前为了与自己人交谈方便时才用。德国的吉普赛人与西班牙的吉普赛人已有几个世纪不相往来了，对比两者的方言就能发现大量两者共有的词汇。但是在与当地更为发达的语言的接触中，他们居住的各个地方的原始土语都会明显受到不同程度的影响，因为流浪民族不得不使用当地语言。一边是德语，一边是西班牙语，它们大大改变了吉普赛语的基础，以至于来自德国南部黑森林的吉普赛人无法与他在安达卢西亚的兄弟交谈，虽然只要双方说几句话就足以证明他们的土语同宗同源。我相信他们常用的某些词是每种方言所共有的。在我能考证的每种方言词汇中，"pani"指水，"manro"指面包，"mas"是肉，"lon"是盐。

The nouns of number are almost the same in every case. The German dialect seems to me much purer than the Spanish, for it has preserved numbers of the primitive grammatical forms, whereas the Gitanos have adopted those of the Castilian tongue. Nevertheless, some words are an exception, as though to prove that the language was originally common to all. The preterite of the German dialect is formed by adding ium to the imperative, which is always the root of the verb. In the Spanish Romany the verbs are all conjugated on the model of the first conjugation of the Castilian verbs. From jamar, the infinitive of "to eat," the regular conjugation should be jame, "I have

eaten." From lillar, "to take," lille, "I have taken." Yet, some old Gypsies say, as an exception, jayon and lillon. I am not acquainted with any other verbs which have preserved this ancient form.

数字名词在每种方言中都差不多。在我看来，德国的吉普赛方言比西班牙的纯正得多，因为它保留了很多原始的语法形式，而西班牙的吉普赛人却采用了卡斯蒂利亚语的语法形式。虽然如此，却有许多例外的词语，好像要证明这种语言原来是他们是通用的。德国吉普赛方言的过去式是由命令式加"ium"构成的，命令式一律是动词的词根。在西班牙罗姆语中，动词全部按照卡斯蒂利亚语动词的第一变位形式来变位的。例如"jamar"是“吃”的动词原形，规则变位应该是"jame"——“我吃过了”；"lillar"是“拿”的原形，规则变位应该是"lille"——“我已经拿了”。可是，许多年老的吉普赛人却不这么变位，而是把这两个词变成成"jayon"和"lillon"。其他保留了这种古老形式的动词我就不知道了。

While I am thus showing off my small acquaintance with the Romany language, I must notice a few words of French slang which our thieves have borrowed from the Gypsies. From Les Mysteres de Paris honest folk have learned that the word chourin means "a knife." This is pure Romany—tchouri is one of the words which is common to every dialect. Monsieur Vidocq calls a horse gres—this again is a gipsy word—gras, gre, graste, and gris. Add to this the word romanichel, by which the Gypsies are described in Parisian slang. This is a corruption of romane tchave—"gipsy lads." But a piece of etymology of which I am really proud is that of the word frimousse, "face," "countenance"—a word which every schoolboy uses, or did use, in my time. Note, in the first place, the Oudin, in his curious dictionary, published in 1640, wrote the word firlimouse. Now in Romany, firla, or fila, stands for "face," and has the same meaning—it is exactly the os of the Latins. The combination of firlamui was instantly understood by a genuine gipsy, and I believe it to be true to the spirit of the gipsy language.

既然我已在这样卖弄我对罗姆语的一知半解，不妨再列举几个法国俚语。我注意到这些俚语都是我们的“小偷”从吉普赛人那里借来的。从《巴黎的秘密》中，求实的人已经学到"chourin"这个词是“一把小刀”的意思。这是纯正的罗姆语——"tchouri"是各种方言共有的词之一。维多克先生管马叫"gres"——这又是个吉普赛词语——"gras"，"gre"，及"gris"。再多加一个词"romanichel"，巴黎俚语中用它来指吉普赛人。这是从"romanetchave"变来的，意思是“吉普赛小伙子”。但是我真正感到自豪的是找到了"frimousse"这个词的词源，意为“脸”、“面”，这个词每个学童都用，至少我小时候是这样。首先请注意，在乌丹于1640年出版的古怪的字典里，就写入了"firlimouse"这个词。现在的罗姆语中，"firla"，或"fila"，是“脸”的意思，"mui"也是这个意思，相当于拉丁语的"os"。一个真正的吉普赛人能立即理解复合词"firlamui"的意思，我相信它符合吉普赛语言的精神本质。

I have surely said enough to give the readers of Carmen a

favorable idea of my Romany studies. I will conclude with the following proverb, which comes in very appropriately: En retudi panda nasti abela macha. "Between closed lips no fly can pass."

为了让《卡门》的读者对我的吉普赛语研究有个好印象，无疑我已经说得足够多了。下面的谚语，用在这里非常合适，我想以它作为结语。那就是：“只要不开口，苍蝇就飞不进口。”

(1) It has struck me that the German Gypsies, though they thoroughly understand the word cale, do not care to be called by that name.Among themselves they always use the designation Romanetchave.

（1）让我印象深刻的是德国的吉普赛人虽然完全理解“加莱”这个词的意思，却不介意被这么称呼。他们在自己人中一直使用"romanetchave"这个称呼。

[爱尔兰] 威廉·巴特勒·叶芝
凯尔特的薄暮
The Celtic Twilight
外语教学与研究出版社

William Butler Yeats

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凯尔特的薄暮

威廉·巴特勒·叶芝（爱尔兰） 著
外研社编译组 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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- The Man And His Boots 男人和他的靴子
- A Coward 胆小鬼
- The Three O'Byrnes And The Evil Faeries 三个奥伯尼和邪恶精灵
- Drumcliff And Rosses 鼓崖和罗西斯
- The Thick Skull Of The Fortunate 幸运者的硬头骨
- The Religion Of A Sailor 一个水手的信仰
- Concerning The Nearness Together Of Heaven, Earth, And Purgatory 天堂、人间和炼狱的密切关系
- The Eaters Of Precious Stones 食宝石者
- Our Lady Of The Hills 山中圣母
- The Golden Age 黄金时代
- A Remonstrance With Scotsmen For Having Soured The Disposition Of Their Ghosts And Faeries 抗议苏格兰人对精灵鬼

怪之本性的摧残
- War 战争
- The Queen And The Fool 女王与愚人
- The Friends Of The People Of Faery 精灵的朋友们
- Dreams That Have No Moral 荒诞的梦
- By The Roadside 在路边
- Into The Twilight 走进薄暮

- 返回总目录

The Celtic Twilight

凯尔特的薄暮

Time drops in decay
时光滴滴消逝，
Like a candle burnt out,
似蜡烛燃尽，
And the mountains and woods
群山与林木，
Have their day, have their day;
终有时，终有时；
But, kindly old rout
而拥有浴火而生之情怀的
Of the fire-born moods,
善良的古老族群，
You pass not away.
你们将万古常存。

The Hosting Of The Sidhe

仙军出征

The host is riding from Knocknarea[1],
大军正从诺科纳雷策马而来，
And over the grave of Clooth-na-bare[2];
越过克鲁斯 - 娜 - 贝尔的坟地；
Caolte[3] tossing his burning hair,
克伍特甩动流火般的发丝，
And Niamh[4] calling, "Away, come away;
尼尔芙呼喊着，“快，冲啊！
Empty your heart of its mortal dream.
除去你们心中凡俗的梦。
The winds awaken, the leaves whirl round,
风儿醒转，树叶飞旋，
Our cheeks are pale, our hair is unbound,
我们脸颊苍白，头发飘扬，
Our breasts are heaving, our eyes are a-gleam,
我们胸膛起伏，眼睛闪亮，
Our arms are waving, our lips are apart,
手臂挥舞，摇唇呼喊，
And if any gaze on our rushing band,
若是谁望见这支奔驰的队伍，
We come between him and the deed of his hand,
我们就来到他与他手头的活计之中，
We come between him and the hope of his heart."
我们就来到他与他内心的希望当中。”
The host is rushing 'twixt night and day;
队伍飞奔前行，日夜兼程；
And where is there hope or deed as fair?

何处有希望如此，何处寻事业如斯？

Caolte tossing his burning hair,

克伍特甩动流火般的发丝，

And Niamh calling, "Away, come away."

尼尔芙呼喊着，“快，冲啊！”

(1) 诺科纳雷山，爱尔兰斯莱戈郡斯莱戈镇西部的一座石灰石山。传说中山顶上有爱尔兰神话中梅芙女王的坟墓。

(2) 克鲁斯 - 娜 - 贝尔，爱尔兰神话中的长寿女神，因不堪忍受生命之漫长，四处寻找求死之法。

(3) 克伍特，爱尔兰神话中的勇士。据说他健步如飞，且能与动物交谈，还善于讲故事。

(4) 尼尔芙，爱尔兰神话中的海神之女。

A Teller Of Tales

讲故事者

Many of the tales in this book were told me by one Paddy Flynn, a little bright-eyed old man, who lived in a leaky and one-roomed cabin in the village of Ballisodare[1], which is, he was wont to say, "the most gentle"— whereby he meant faery—“place in the whole of County Sligo[2]." Others hold it, however, but second to Drumcliff[3] and Drumahair[4]. The first time I saw him he was cooking mushrooms for himself; the next time he was asleep under a hedge, smiling in his sleep. He was indeed always cheerful, though I thought I could see in his eyes (swift as the eyes of a rabbit, when they peered out of their wrinkled holes) a melancholy which was well-nigh a portion of their joy; the visionary melancholy of purely instinctive natures and of all animals.

一个叫帕迪.弗林的老人为我讲述了书中的大部分故事。他个子矮小，眼睛明亮，住在巴利索代尔村一间透风的陋室中。他老说“这儿是斯莱戈郡最神奇的地方”——这里，他指的是精灵们。其他人则认为，这里比不上鼓岩和鼓发。我与他初次见面时，他正在煮蘑菇；再次见面时，他在树篱下睡觉，睡梦中犹带微笑。他的确总是很快活，除了他的眼睛——当这双眼睛在爬满皱纹的眼窝中往外打量时，如兔子的眼睛一般灵活——我想我能察觉到他快乐的眼里也流露出一丝忧郁；这种对未来的忧郁纯粹与生俱来，而且是所有动物都有的。

And yet there was much in his life to depress him, for in the triple solitude of age, eccentricity, and deafness, he went about much pestered by children. It was for this very reason perhaps that he ever recommended mirth and hopefulness. He was fond, for instance, of telling how Collumcille[5] cheered up his mother. "How are you to-day, mother?" said the saint. "Worse," replied the mother. "May you be worse to-morrow," said the saint. The next day Collumcille came again, and exactly the same conversation took place, but the third day the mother said, "Better, thank God." And the saint replied, "May you be better to-morrow." He was fond too of telling how the Judge smiles at the last day alike when he rewards the good and condemns the lost to unceasing f lames. He had many strange sights to keep him cheerful or to make him sad. I asked him had he ever seen the faeries, and got the reply, "Am I not annoyed with them?" I asked too if he had ever seen the banshee[6]. "I have seen it," he said, "down there by the water, batting the river with its hands."

其实，他生活中有太多的沮丧，年老、性格古怪和耳背使他越发孤

独，顽童们又总来烦扰他。也许正因如此，他才如此钟情于欢乐与希望。比如，他喜欢讲述圣科隆巴如何安慰母亲的故事。“母亲，您今天怎么样了？”圣人问道。“更糟糕了。”母亲答道。“愿您明天更糟糕。”圣人说道。第二天，圣科隆巴又来了，两人完全重复了前一天的对话。然而第三天，母亲则说：“感谢上帝，我好些了。”圣人回答她说：“愿您明天更好些。”他也喜欢讲审判之神如何在末日微笑着，嘉赏善行，将堕落者抛入永不熄灭的烈火之中。他看到太多稀奇古怪的景象，有的让他欢喜，有的则让他忧愁。我问他是否见过精灵，他反问：“我还没被他们烦够吗？”我又问他见过报丧女妖没有，“见过，”他说，“就在水边，她用手在河中拍水呢。”

I have copied this account of Paddy Flynn, with a few verbal alterations, from a note-book which I almost filled with his tales and sayings, shortly after seeing him. I look now at the note-book regretfully, for the blank pages at the end will never be filled up. Paddy Flynn is dead; a friend of mine gave him a large bottle of whiskey, and though a sober man at most times, the sight of so much liquor filled him with a great enthusiasm, and he lived upon it for some days and then died. His body, worn out with old age and hard times, could not bear the drink as in his young days. He was a great teller of tales, and unlike our common romancers, knew how to empty heaven, hell, and purgatory, faeryland and earth, to people his stories. He did not live in a shrunken world, but knew of no less ample circumstance than did Homer himself. Perhaps the Gaelic people shall by his like bring back again the ancient simplicity and amplitude of imagination. What is literature but the expression of moods by the vehicle of symbol and incident? And are there not moods which need heaven, hell, purgatory, and faeryland for their expression, no less than this dilapidated earth? Nay, are there not moods which shall find no expression unless there be men who dare to mix heaven, hell, purgatory, and faeryland together, or even to set the heads of beasts to the bodies of men, or to thrust the souls of men into the heart of rocks? Let us go forth, the tellers of tales, and seize whatever prey the heart long for, and have no fear. Everything exists, everything is true, and the earth is only a little dust under our feet.

拜访帕迪.弗林后不久，我的笔记本几乎记满了他讲的故事和他的话语，现在，我只是稍作文字上的调整，又誊抄了一遍。看着笔记，想着最后几页那将永远无缘填补的空白，心里有些懊恼。帕迪去世了。我有个朋友送他一大瓶威士忌，素有节制的他，见到这么多酒竟然兴奋不已，大醉几日之后，便再也没有醒过来。年事已高，加上生活艰辛，他的身体已不如年轻时那样能扛得住酒精的考验。弗林很会讲故事，和一般讲传奇故事的人不同，他知道如何向人们道尽天堂、地狱、炼狱、精灵王国和人间的故事。他生活的世界并不小，了解的也丝毫不逊于荷马。也许，正由于这类人的存在，盖尔人方能唤回古朴而丰富的想象。

如果没有以象征和事件为载体而作的情绪表达，文学将是什么样？如果没有天堂、地狱、炼狱、精灵王国，而仅仅依赖于荒芜的人间，情感该如何表述？不但如此，如果没有勇者敢于将天堂、地狱、炼狱、精灵之地糅合，乃至将兽头安在人身，将人的灵魂置入顽石，那么情怀将如何言表？讲故事的人哪，让我们前进吧，抓住心灵向往的所有猎物，勿要惧怕。万物皆存，所言皆实，人间不过是我们脚下的些许微尘。

(1) 巴利索代尔村，斯莱戈郡的一个村庄。

(2) 斯莱戈郡，属于康诺特省，位于爱尔兰西部。

(3) 鼓岩，也可音译为特拉姆克力夫，爱尔兰斯莱戈郡北部的一个村庄，为叶芝墓地所在地。

(4) 鼓发，也可音译为特拉姆海，村庄名。

(5) 圣科隆巴（521—597），6世纪爱尔兰著名的基督教传教士。

(6) 女妖，爱尔兰神话中代表死亡、冥世。她常披裹尸布或灰色外袍，或者化身为洗衣妇，在河边洗将死之人的血衣。

Belief And Unbelief

相信与怀疑

There are some doubters even in the western villages. One woman told me last Christmas that she did not believe either in hell or in ghosts. Hell she thought was merely an invention got up by the priest to keep people good; and ghosts would not be permitted, she held, to go "trapsin about the earth" at their own free will; "but there are faeries," she added, "and little leprechauns[1], and water-horses and fallen angels." I have met also a man with a mohawk[2] Indian tattooed upon his arm, who held exactly similar beliefs and unbeliefs. No matter what one doubts one never doubts the faeries, for, as the man with the mohawk Indian on his arm said to me, "they stand to reason." Even the official mind does not escape this faith.

即便是在西部村庄，也有不少怀疑论者。上次过圣诞，有个女人对我说她不相信地狱和鬼魂。她觉得地狱不过是牧师希望人心向善而编造出来的，鬼魂也不可能被允许随意“在人间到处旅行”。“但是，精灵是有的，”她又说，“小矮人啊，水马啦，还有坠落人间的天使都是存在的。”我还遇到一个胳膊上刺有莫霍克印第安人图案的男人，他的想法与那个女人惊人地相似。不管人们怀疑什么，却从不怀疑精灵的存在，因为，就像那个胳膊上刺有莫霍克印第安人图案的男人对我说的：“它们的存在合情合理嘛。”即使官方也对此深信不疑。

A little girl who was at service in the village of Grange, close under the seaward slopes of Ben Bulben[3], suddenly disappeared one night about three years ago. There was at once great excitement in the neighbourhood, because it was rumoured that the faeries had taken her. A villager was said to have long struggled to hold her from them, but at last they prevailed, and he found nothing in his hands but a broomstick[4]. The local constable was applied to, and he at once instituted a houseto-house search, and at the same time advised the people to burn all the bucalauns (ragweed) on the field she vanished from, because bucalauns are sacred to the faeries. They spent the whole night burning them, the constable repeating spells the while. In the morning the little girl was found, the story goes, wandering in the field. She said the faeries had taken her away a great distance, riding on a faery horse. At last she saw a big river, and the man who had tried to keep her from being carried off was drifting down it—such are the topsy-turvydoms of faery glamour— in a cockleshell. On the way her companions had mentioned the names of several people who were about to die shortly in the village.

大概三年前，在本布尔本山朝海山坡附近的格兰奇村里，有个做佣人的小女孩，一天晚上突然失踪了。附近地区顿时骚动起来，因为据传这个小女孩是被精灵们掳走的。听说，当时有个村民拼命想保住这个女孩子，但最终没能斗过它们，手中只捞到一根扫帚柄。当地治安官参与调查此事，立即下令挨家挨户进行搜查，与此同时，奉劝人们烧掉女孩失踪的那片地里的全部豚草，因为精灵们视豚草为神物。人们花了一个通宵烧掉所有的豚草，治安官也彻夜不停地念着咒语。故事还说，这个小女孩是在第二天的早晨被找到的，她当时正在田地里游荡。女孩说，精灵们带她骑着仙马走了很远，后来，她看到一条大河，那个拼命想救她的人在一只小船上，正顺流而下——精灵们的魔力总是令人异想天开。一路上，精灵们还提到了村子里几个不久将去世的人的名字。

Perhaps the constable was right. It is better doubtless to believe much unreason and a little truth than to deny for denial's sake truth and unreason alike, for when we do this we have not even a rush candle to guide our steps, not even a poor sowlth to dance before us on the marsh, and must needs fumble our way into the great emptiness where dwell the mis-shapen dhouls. And after all, can we come to so great evil if we keep a little fire on our hearths and in our souls, and welcome with open hand whatever of excellent come to warm itself, whether it be man or phantom, and do not say too fiercely, even to the dhouls themselves, "Be ye gone"? When all is said and done, how do we not know but that our own unreason may be better than another's truth? For it has been warmed on our hearths and in our souls, and is ready for the wild bees of truth to hive in it, and make their sweet honey. Come into the world again, wild bees, wild bees!

也许治安官是对的。宁可信其有，不可信其无。对于那些非理性的事物或者具有一点真实性的事物，最好还是持相信的态度吧，这要比为了否定而去将真理和谬误一并否定要好；因为当我们这样做时，我们没有灯芯草烛光引路，甚至没有微弱的鬼火在沼泽之地迎面起舞，我们只能在居住着形形色色鬼魂的荒芜之地摸索前行。此外，如果我们在壁炉中和灵魂里燃起长明之火，张开双臂欢迎所有前来取暖的美好生灵，无论对人或幽灵，甚至魔鬼本身，也不忍心呵斥“你走开”，我们真会因此而招致莫大的不幸吗？到头来，我们怎么会知道自己所相信的非理性的事物就不比别人所相信的真理更好呢？毕竟，这些生灵已经在我们的壁炉前与灵魂中取暖了，且随时准备迎接真理的野蜂前来筑巢，酿蜜。野蜂啊，野蜂，请再度临驾我们的世界吧！

(1) 妖精，爱尔兰神话中的男性精灵，个子矮小，常化身为喜欢搞恶作剧的老年男子。

(2) 莫霍克，北美印第安人的一个分支。

(3) 本布尔本山，爱尔兰有名的石山，位于斯莱戈郡。

(4) 扫帚柄，传说中女巫乘之飞行于空中。

Mortal Help

凡人的帮助

One hears in the old poems of men taken away to help the gods in a battle, and Cuchullain[1] won the goddess Fand[2] for a while, by helping her married sister and her sister's husband to overthrow another nation of the Land of Promise. I have been told, too, that the people of faery cannot even play at hurley unless they have on either side some mortal, whose body, or whatever has been put in its place, as the story-teller would say, is asleep at home. Without mortal help they are shadowy and cannot even strike the balls. One day I was walking over some marshy land in Galway[3] with a friend when we found an old, hard-featured man digging a ditch. My friend had heard that this man had seen a wonderful sight of some kind, and at last we got the story out of him. When he was a boy he was working one day with about thirty men and women and boys. They were beyond Tuam[4] and not far from Knock-na-gur. Presently they saw, all thirty of them, and at a distance of about half-a-mile, some hundred and fifty of the people of faery. There were two of them, he said, in dark clothes like people of our own time, who stood about a hundred yards from one another, but the others wore clothes of all colours, "bracket" or chequered, and some with red waistcoats.

古诗中常记载凡人被掳去助神作战之事。库丘林帮助女神芳德的妹妹和妹夫战胜了福地的另一个种族，从而一度赢得女神的芳心。我也听说，精灵们如果不依靠凡人的帮助，便连曲棍球都没法打，而那些被借助的肉身或者取代它的东西则在家中酣然大睡——讲故事的人这么说。若没有凡人的帮助，精灵们就只是影子，甚至都没办法击球。那天，我和一个朋友在戈尔韦郡的湿地散步时，看到一个面容严峻的老头在挖沟渠。朋友听说此人见过某种异象。最后，我们终于让老人道出了整个故事。那时，他还是个孩子。有一天，他们三十来个大人（男女都有）小孩在一起干活。他们所在的地方已经过了蒂厄姆镇，离诺科纳格不远。开工不久，大家都看到约摸半英里外出现了大约150个精灵。他说其中两个和当时的人们一样穿着深色衣服，相距约100码站着。其他的则穿得花花绿绿，有穿弧形花纹的，有穿格子样式的，还有一些穿着红色马甲。

He could not see what they were doing, but all might have been playing hurley, for "they looked as if it was that." Sometimes they would vanish, and then he would almost swear they came back out of the bodies of the two men in dark clothes. These two men were of the size of living men, but the others were small. He saw them for about half-an-hour, and then the old man he and those about him were

working for took up a whip and said, "Get on, get on, or we will have no work done!" I asked if he saw the faeries too, "Oh, yes, but he did not want work he was paying wages for to be neglected." He made everybody work so hard that nobody saw what happened to the faeries.

他看不清这些精灵在做什么，也许都在打曲棍球吧，因为“看起来像是那样”。他几乎可以赌誓，说他确实看到精灵们时而消失不见，时而又从那两个穿深色衣服的精灵的身体中出来。那两个人身高和常人差不多，其他的要矮小些。看了大约半小时后，他和同伴为之工作的那老头挥着鞭子，叫喊着：“干活，干活，要不完不成了！”我问他，雇主是否也看到了精灵。“哦，是的。但他可不希望付了我们工钱，活却没干完。”雇主催着大伙使劲干活，以至于谁也没看到精灵们最后怎么样了。

(1) 库丘林，爱尔兰神话中独身保卫祖国抵抗侵略的英雄。

(2) 芳德，爱尔兰神话中的美貌女神。与库丘林相爱，但遭到库丘林之凡妻的攻击，海神将长袍隔于库丘林与芳德之间，使他们失去对彼此的记忆，回归平静。

(3) 戈尔韦郡，位于爱尔兰西部海岸，属于康诺特省。

(4) 蒂厄姆镇，戈尔韦郡的一个镇。

A Visionary

幻视者

A young man came to see me at my lodgings the other night, and began to talk of the making of the earth and the heavens and much else. I questioned him about his life and his doings. He had written many poems and painted many mystical designs since we met last, but latterly had neither written nor painted, for his whole heart was set upon making his mind strong, vigorous, and calm, and the emotional life of the artist was bad for him, he feared. He recited his poems readily, however. He had them all in his memory. Some indeed had never been written down. They, with their wild music as of winds blowing in the reeds, (I wrote this sentence long ago. This sadness now seems to me a part of all peoples who preserve the moods of the ancient peoples of the world. I am not so preoccupied with the mystery of Race as I used to be, but leave this sentence and other sentences like it unchanged. We once believed them, and have, it may be, not grown wiser.) seemed to me the very inmost voice of Celtic sadness, and of Celtic longing for infinite things the world has never seen. Suddenly it seemed to me that he was peering about him a little eagerly. "Do you see anything, X—?" I said. "A shining, winged woman, covered by her long hair, is standing near the doorway," he answered, or some such words. "Is it the influence of some living person who thinks of us, and whose thoughts appear to us in that symbolic form?" I said; for I am well instructed in the ways of the visionaries and in the fashion of their speech. "No," he replied; "for if it were the thoughts of a person who is alive I should feel the living influence in my living body, and my heart would beat and my breath would fail. It is a spirit. It is some one who is dead or who has never lived."

有天晚上，一个年轻人跑到住处来看我，就人间和天堂的创造以及其他话题和我聊开了。我问了他的生活和工作近况。自上次我们见面后，他写了不少诗，画了许多神秘的图案，可最近却既没写诗也没画画。他把心思都放在让自己变得意志顽强，充满活力，且冷静沉着上了，担心情绪化的艺术家生活对自己不利。但他还是很乐意吟诵自己的诗篇，这些都刻在他的脑海中，实际上，有些诗还从未被记录下来。在我听来，这些诗有着狂野的韵律，如狂风吹过芦苇一般（很久前我就写下了这个句子。现在，我以为，这种悲伤似乎属于所有继承了世界上远古人类气质的民族。我不再像以往那样专注于种族神话，但还是原封不动地留下这句话，以及诸如此类的话。我们曾相信它们，也许并没有变得更聪明）。正如一种内心最深处的声音，倾诉着凯尔特的忧伤，倾诉

着凯尔特人对在这个世界上从未见过的无数事物的向往。猛然间，我察觉他似乎正有些热切地盯着他的周围。“你看到什么了，X？”我问他。“一位闪闪发光的长着翅膀的女子，长发盖住她的身子，正站在门口附近，”他回答道，差不多是这样的话吧。“这是不是某些活着的人想到我们所带来的影响呢，他们的思想便以那种象征的形式出现在我们面前？”我说道。因为我对通灵的方法以及通灵的交流方式都很了解。“不，”他回答说，“如果真是某个活人的思想，我鲜活的身体应该能感觉到那种生命的气息，我的心跳会加速，我也会屏住呼吸。这是一个灵魂，也许属于某个死去的人，也许属于从来就不曾活过的人。”

I asked what he was doing, and found he was clerk in a large shop. His pleasure, however, was to wander about upon the hills, talking to half mad and visionary peasants, or to persuade queer and consciencestricken persons to deliver up the keeping of their troubles into his care. Another night, when I was with him in his own lodging, more than one turned up to talk over their beliefs and disbeliefs, and sun them as it were in the subtle light of his mind. Sometimes visions come to him as he talks with them, and he is rumoured to have told divers people true matters of their past days and distant friends, and left them hushed with dread of their strange teacher, who seems scarce more than a boy, and is so much more subtle than the oldest among them.

我问起他的工作，得知他在一家大商铺做店员。他的兴趣却在于山间漫步，与那些半疯狂、喜好幻想的农夫交谈，或者说服那些怪异的、受良心谴责的人向他敞开心扉，倾诉烦恼。又一个晚上，我去他家，来了几个人谈论他们所信仰的和疑惑的，而他则以自己敏锐的思想之光照耀他们。当他与他们交谈时，幻象有时会光顾他。谣传称，他能说出各人往日的真实经历及其远方的友人。面对这位古怪的老师，人们心怀畏惧，噤若寒蝉。他看似年少，却连最长者也不及他敏锐。

The poetry he recited me was full of his nature and his visions. Sometimes it told of other lives he believes himself to have lived in other centuries, sometimes of people he had talked to, revealing them to their own minds. I told him I would write an article upon him and it, and was told in turn that I might do so if I did not mention his name, for he wished to be always "unknown, obscure, impersonal." Next day a bundle of his poems arrived, and with them a note in these words: "Here are copies of verses you said you liked. I do not think I could ever write or paint any more. I prepare myself for a cycle of other activities in some other life. I will make rigid my roots and branches. It is not now my turn to burst into leaves and flowers."

他给我吟诵的诗歌中充满了他的天性和梦幻。时而，讲述他前几世的生活（他相信自己有前世）；时而，讲述那些与他交谈过的人，展现出他们的内心世界。我告诉他，我想就他和这首诗歌写一篇文章。他答复我说，可以这么做，只要不提他的名字，因为他希望自己永远都“无

名，平凡，超然”。次日，我收到他寄来的一大捆诗，还有一张这样的便条：“这些都是你说过喜欢的诗篇。我想我将不再作诗或画画了，我准备去经历另一种人生的生命轮回。我将使自己的根须和枝条坚硬起来，而现在并非是我吐露新叶与繁花之时。”

The poems were all endeavours to capture some high, impalpable mood in a net of obscure images. There were fine passages in all, but these were often embedded in thoughts which have evidently a special value to his mind, but are to other men the counters of an unknown coinage. To them they seem merely so much brass or copper or tarnished silver at the best. At other times the beauty of the thought was obscured by careless writing as though he had suddenly doubted if writing was not a foolish labour. He had frequently illustrated his verses with drawings, in which an unperfect anatomy did not altogether hide extreme beauty of feeling. The faeries in whom he believes have given him many subjects, notably Thomas of Ercildoune[1] sitting motionless in the twilight while a young and beautiful creature leans softly out of the shadow and whispers in his ear. He had delighted above all in strong effects of colour: spirits who have upon their heads instead of hair the feathers of peacocks; a phantom reaching from a swirl of flame towards a star; a spirit passing with a globe of iridescent crystal—symbol of the soul—half shut within his hand. But always under this largess of colour lay some tender homily addressed to man's fragile hopes. This spiritual eagerness draws to him all those who, like himself, seek for illumination or else mourn for a joy that has gone. One of these especially comes to mind. A winter or two ago he spent much of the night walking up and down upon the mountain talking to an old peasant who, dumb to most men, poured out his cares for him. Both were unhappy: X— because he had then first decided that art and poetry were not for him, and the old peasant because his life was ebbing out with no achievement remaining and no hope left him. Both how Celtic! how full of striving after a something never to be completely expressed in word or deed. The peasant was wandering in his mind with prolonged sorrow. Once he burst out with "God possesses the heavens—God possesses the heavens— but He covets the world”; and once he lamented that his old neighbours were gone, and that all had forgotten him: they used to draw a chair to the fire for him in every cabin, and now they said, "Who is that old fellow there?" "The fret" [Irish for doom] "is over me," he repeated, and then went on to talk once more of God and heaven. More than once also he said, waving his arm towards the mountain, "Only myself knows what happened under the thorn-tree forty years ago”; and as he said it the tears upon his face glistened in the moonlight.

那些诗歌都竭力通过种种朦胧的幻象来捕捉某种强烈而飘忽的情绪。整体说来，每一篇都有精彩的段落，但往往都植入了他的思想。这些思想显然都具有他独特的价值观念；而对他人而言，这些思想却像某种无名的铸币。在这些人眼中，这些仅仅是黄铜、紫铜，顶多是褪去光泽的银子。有时，思想之美却又被粗心的书写所遮掩，似乎他突然间怀疑书写不过是一种愚蠢的苦力。他不时在诗篇中画上插图，这些并不完美的注解丝毫也掩盖不了他情感的极致之美。他所信仰的精灵们给他提供了许多题材，特别是：厄尔塞尔多恩的托马斯静坐在暮霭之中，年轻而美丽的精灵从暗处轻柔地斜探出身来，朝他低声耳语。他最喜欢色彩带来的强烈效果：精灵们头上长的并非头发，而是孔雀的羽毛；幽灵从火焰旋涡中朝星星伸手；一个精灵手捧一个斑斓如虹的水晶球——灵魂的象征——经过。然而，在这绚烂色彩的慷慨背后，始终隐藏着他对人类脆弱希望的温柔布道。他这种精神上的热望吸引了那些像他一样寻求启示或悼念已逝欢乐的人们向他靠近。其中一个人给人印象尤其深刻。一两年前的冬天，他大半个晚上都在山中来来回回游荡，与一位老农进行对话。老人对大多人都保持沉默，却向他倾吐心声。两人都郁郁寡欢：X是因为开始那会儿刚发现美术和诗歌不适合自己；老农则因为年迈无所成，希望不复存在。他们都是如此典型的凯尔特人，都奋力追逐着某些言语或行为永远无法彻底表述的某种东西。老农带着深沉的忧伤沉浸在自己的思绪中。他时而喟叹“上帝拥有天堂——上帝拥有天堂——但他还思慕着人间”，时而又哀悼自己的老邻居们都撒手人寰，所有人都已经遗忘了他：过去每走进一户人家，邻居们都为他拉上一把椅子；而现在，人们说：“那边那个老头是谁啊？”“我的末日就要到了。”他重复着，接着又说起上帝和天堂。他不止一次朝大山挥舞手臂，说：“只有我自己知道40年前那颗荆棘树下所发生的事情。”每次说这句话时，他的泪珠就在月光下闪闪发光。

This old man always rises before me when I think of X—. Both seek— one in wandering sentences, the other in symbolic pictures and subtle allegoric poetry to express a something that lies beyond the range of expression; and both, if X— will forgive me, have within them the vast and vague extravagance that lies at the bottom of the Celtic heart. The peasant visionaries that are, the landlord duelists that were, and the whole hurly-burly of legends—Cuchullain fighting the sea for two days until the waves pass over him and he dies, Caolte storming the palace of the gods, Oisin[2] seeking in vain for three hundred years to appease his insatiable heart with all the pleasures of faeryland, these two mystics walking up and down upon the mountains uttering the central dreams of their souls in no less dream-laden sentences, and this mind that finds them so interesting—all are a portion of that great Celtic phantasmagoria whose meaning no man has discovered, nor any angel revealed.

想起X时，我脑海中总会浮现出这位老人的样子。他们都在追寻着——一个用散漫的语言，一个凭借具有象征意义的图画和敏感富有寓意

的诗歌——来表达某种难以形容的东西；他们——愿X能原谅我——都拥有凯尔特人心底那无边且朦胧的张狂。所有的主人公大抵都是这样：农夫幻想者们，地主决斗者们，所有纷纷扰扰的传说——库丘林与大海作战两日，直到海浪将他淹没，吞噬掉他的生命；克伍特袭击众神宫邸；奥辛贪心不足，欲得精灵王国所有的欢乐，苦寻300年，徒劳无功；这两个神秘人物在群山间上下游走，以呓语般的词句吐露出灵魂深处最炙热的梦想；以及我这个认为他们如此有趣的人——如此种种，都属于包罗万象的伟大的凯尔特文化的一部分，其间深意无人发觉，也不曾有天使揭示。

(1) 厄尔塞尔多恩的托马斯（1220—1298），13世纪苏格兰著名的预言大师。

(2) 奥辛，爱尔兰神话中的勇士。被尼尔芙带到不老国，并与之育有一子一女。浑然中在不老国度过300年，奥辛决定回到爱尔兰。因未能遵照尼尔芙使之不老的嘱托而变为一个300多岁的老人，不久即死去。

Village Ghosts

乡村幽魂

In the great cities we see so little of the world, we drift into our minority. In the little towns and villages there are no minorities; people are not numerous enough. You must see the world there, perforce. Every man is himself a class; every hour carries its new challenge. When you pass the inn at the end of the village you leave your favourite whimsy behind you; for you will meet no one who can share it. We listen to eloquent speaking, read books and write them, settle all the affairs of the universe. The dumb village multitudes pass on unchanging; the feel of the spade in the hand is no different for all our talk: good seasons and bad follow each other as of old. The dumb multitudes are no more concerned with us than is the old horse peering through the rusty gate of the village pound. The ancient map-makers wrote across unexplored regions, "Here are lions." Across the villages of fishermen and turners of the earth, so different are these from us, we can write but one line that is certain, "Here are ghosts."

在大城市中，我们不知不觉沉浸于自己的小圈子中，对世界知之甚少。小镇和乡间生活却没有什么小圈子，因为那里的人不够多。在那里，你定能了解到整个世界。每个人自成一个阶级，每个时辰都有新的挑战。走过村尾的小酒馆时，你会将自己偏爱的念头抛在脑后，因为你无法遇到能和你共享的人。我们聆听雄辩滔滔的演说，读书写书，处理世间的所有事务。乡间静默寡言的人们则过着一成不变的生活；不管我们说些什么，但他们铁锹握在手中的感觉从未改变：好年景和坏年景循环往复，一如既往。沉默的村民对我们，就如村庄马厩里的老马透过生锈的栅栏向外凝视时那般淡漠。古时候，地图绘制者在未经勘测的地域写上“此处有狮群出没”。渔夫和农夫的村子和我们的世界大不一样，对于它们，我们也只能写上唯一确定的话，“此处有幽灵出没”。

My ghosts inhabit the village of H—, in Leinster[1]. History has in no manner been burdened by this ancient village, with its crooked lanes, its old abbey churchyard full of long grass, its green background of small firtrees, and its quay, where lie a few tarry fishing-luggers. In the annals of entomology it is well known. For a small bay lies westward a little, where he who watches night after night may see a certain rare moth fluttering along the edge of the tide, just at the end of evening or the beginning of dawn. A hundred years ago it was carried here from Italy by smugglers in a cargo of silks and laces. If the moth-hunter would throw down his net, and go hunting for ghost tales or tales of the faeries and such-like children of Lillith[2], he would have need for far less patience.

我说的鬼魂住在伦斯特省的H村。在这个古老的村庄里，小路弯弯曲曲，陈旧的修道院墓地长满了高大的荒草，村里种满了绿油油的矮小的冷杉树，码头上横着几条渔船。小村在历史上名不见经传，在昆虫编年史上倒是颇有名气。稍微往西走，有个小海湾，若你在那里连续观察几个晚上，可能会看到一种极其罕见的蛾子，在黑夜结束或黎明开始时，沿着潮水的边缘振翅飞行。100年前，这种蛾子随着运输丝绸和缎带的走私货船从意大利来到这里。捕蛾者们若是扔掉网兜，转而猎取鬼魂、精灵或像莉莉斯的孩子们之类的故事，他们就远不必费捕蛾那么大的耐心了。

To approach the village at night a timid man requires great strategy. A man was once heard complaining, "By the cross of Jesus! How shall I go? If I pass by the hill of Dunboy old Captain Burney may look out on me. If I go round by the water, and up by the steps, there is the headless one and another on the quays, and a new one under the old churchyard wall. If I go right round the other way, Mrs. Stewart is appearing at Hillside Gate, and the devil himself is in the Hospital Lane."

晚上，胆怯者若要走这个村庄，往往需要有周详的对策。曾听到有人抱怨：“主啊，我该怎么走？如果走邓巴尔山，老船长伯尼说不准会发现我。如果沿河边走吧，上台阶的时候无头鬼在等着，码头边也有一个呢。老墓地围墙根么，有个新鬼。如果干脆绕着走另外一条路，斯图尔特夫人会在山坡大门出没，而魔鬼自己正守着医院路呢。”

I never heard which spirit he braved, but feel sure it was not the one in the Hospital Lane. In cholera times a shed had been there set up to receive patients. When the need had gone by, it was pulled down, but ever since the ground where it stood has broken out in ghosts and demons and faeries. There is a farmer at H—, Paddy B—by name—a man of great strength, and a teetotaller. His wife and sister-in-law, musing on his great strength, often wonder what he would do if he drank. One night when passing through the Hospital Lane, he saw what he supposed at first to be a tame rabbit; after a little he found that it was a white cat. When he came near, the creature slowly began to swell larger and larger, and as it grew he felt his own strength ebbing away, as though it were sucked out of him. He turned and ran.

我始终没有听说他毅然走向了哪个幽灵，但我觉得肯定不是医院路的那个。霍乱时期，人们在那里搭了个棚子接收病人。后来不需要了，棚子也就被推倒了。此后，那里突然冒出许多鬼魂、恶魔和精灵。H村有个叫帕迪.贝某某的农夫，力大无穷，滴酒不沾。他的妻子和妻妹经常好奇地想，他那么大力气，要是喝醉了酒会做出什么事情来呢。有天晚上，这个农夫从医院路经过，看到个什么东西，开始以为是只温顺的兔子，过了会儿发现是只白猫。当他走近的时候，那个畜生开始膨胀，越变越大，与此同时，他感到自己的力量正在一点点消失，似乎被吸走

了。他转身逃跑了。

By the Hospital Lane goes the "Faeries Path." Every evening they travel from the hill to the sea, from the sea to the hill. At the sea end of their path stands a cottage. One night Mrs. Arbunathy, who lived there, left her door open, as she was expecting her son. Her husband was asleep by the fire; a tall man came in and sat beside him. After he had been sitting there for a while, the woman said, "In the name of God, who are you?" He got up and went out, saying, "Never leave the door open at this hour, or evil may come to you." She woke her husband and told him. "One of the good people has been with us," said he.

医院路旁边是“精灵路”，每天晚上，精灵们都在山间和海边往返。在海边精灵路的尽头有间小屋。阿布纳西夫人住在里边。有天晚上，她敞着门等儿子回家，她丈夫在炉火边打盹。一个高个子男人走了进来，坐在她丈夫旁边。等他坐了一会儿，女人问他：“看在上帝的份上，你到底是谁？”那人起身走了，留下了一句话：“千万不要在这个时候敞开门，否则可能会招致不幸。”她叫醒丈夫，说了这件事。“有个好人和我们在一起呢，”丈夫说。

Probably the man braved Mrs. Stewart at Hillside Gate. When she lived she was the wife of the Protestant clergyman. "Her ghost was never known to harm any one," say the village people; "it is only doing a penance upon the earth." Not far from Hillside Gate, where she haunted, appeared for a short time a much more remarkable spirit. Its haunt was the bogeen, a green lane leading from the western end of the village. I quote its history at length: a typical village tragedy. In a cottage at the village end of the bogeen lived a house-painter, Jim Montgomery, and his wife. They had several children. He was a little dandy, and came of a higher class than his neighbours. His wife was a very big woman. Her husband, who had been expelled from the village choir for drink, gave her a beating one day. Her sister heard of it, and came and took down one of the window shutters—Montgomery was neat about everything, and had shutters on the outside of every window—and beat him with it, being big and strong like her sister. He threatened to prosecute her; she answered that she would break every bone in his body if he did. She never spoke to her sister again, because she had allowed herself to be beaten by so small a man. Jim Montgomery grew worse and worse: his wife soon began to have not enough to eat. She told no one, for she was very proud. Often, too, she would have no fire on a cold night. If any neighbours came in she would say she had let the fire out because she was just going to bed. The people about often heard her husband beating her, but she never told any one. She got very thin. At last one Saturday there was no food in the house for herself and the children. She could bear it no

longer, and went to the priest and asked him for some money. He gave her thirty shillings. Her husband met her, and took the money, and beat her. On the following Monday she got very ill, and sent for a Mrs. Kelly. Mrs. Kelly, as soon as she saw her, said, "My woman, you are dying," and sent for the priest and the doctor. She died in an hour. After her death, as Montgomery neglected the children, the landlord had them taken to the workhouse. A few nights after they had gone, Mrs. Kelly was going home through the bogeen when the ghost of Mrs. Montgomery appeared and followed her. It did not leave her until she reached her own house. She told the priest, Father S—, a noted antiquarian, and could not get him to believe her. A few nights afterwards Mrs. Kelly again met the spirit in the same place. She was in too great terror to go the whole way, but stopped at a neighbour's cottage midway, and asked them to let her in. They answered they were going to bed. She cried out, "In the name of God let me in, or I will break open the door." They opened, and so she escaped from the ghost. Next day she told the priest again. This time he believed, and said it would follow her until she spoke to it.

那个胆怯的人选择的可能是山坡大门边斯图尔特夫人的那个方向。她生前是新教牧师的妻子。“还没听说过她的灵魂伤害过谁。”村民们说，“她只是在世间赎罪罢了。”然而，在她出没的山坡大门附近，一度曾出现过一个更为离奇的鬼魂。她经常出没于村庄西头一条叫博根的草丛遍布的巷子。我详细记下了她的故事：一个典型的乡村悲剧。村头那个巷子里有一座小房子，里面住着一个漆匠，名叫吉姆.蒙哥马利，家里还有妻子和几个孩子。男人比邻居们出身略微高贵一点，带点纨绔子弟习气。他的妻子身材高大，但有一天，男人因酗酒被村里的唱诗班开除了，回家后将她揍了一顿。妻子有个妹妹，个子和姐姐一般高大，气力也不在话下。她闻讯赶来，取下一扇百叶窗揍了姐夫一顿（蒙哥马利做什么都很在行，将家中每扇窗户外都安了百叶窗）。男人威胁说去起诉她，妻妹说，他要是敢那样做，就敲碎他每一根骨头。她不再和姐姐说话，气她竟然让这么个小个子男人给打了。吉姆.蒙哥马利日子过得愈来愈糟糕，不久妻子便开始吃不饱了，但她很要强，也没告诉别人。在寒冷的晚上，她常常没火烤。要是有邻居来串门，她就说正打算睡觉才灭了火。周围的人老听到丈夫打她，但她从未向谁说过，身子也瘦到了极点。最后，在一个周六，她和孩子们都没吃的了。她再也受不了了，就跑到牧师那去借钱，借到30先令。丈夫碰到她，拿走钱，还打了她一顿。到了周一，女人变得很虚弱，叫人请来凯莉夫人。凯莉夫人一见到她，就说，“天哪，快要死的人了啊。”于是她派人去请牧师和医生。女人不到一个钟头就死了。女人死后，蒙哥马利对孩子们疏于照料，房东便将他们送到救济院。之后没几天，凯莉夫人晚上从那条巷子回家时，蒙哥马利夫人的灵魂出现了，跟着她，直到她抵达家门才离去。凯莉夫人将这件事告诉了牧师R神父，他是当地一位非常有名的文物专家，却怎么也不相信有这种事。几天后的一个夜里，凯莉夫人又在同一个地方遇到那个鬼魂。她恐惧极了，不敢走回家，半道上在一个邻居的小屋前

停下来，请求进屋，屋里的人回答说要上床睡觉了。她大喊道：“看在上帝的份上，让我进去吧，要不我就砸开门。”门开了，她这才摆脱了鬼魂。次日，她又向牧师说了此事。这回他信了，并说如果她不开口和鬼魂说话，就会一直被缠着。

She met the spirit a third time in the bogeen. She asked what kept it from its rest. The spirit said that its children must be taken from the workhouse, for none of its relations were ever there before, and that three masses were to be said for the repose of its soul. "If my husband does not believe you," she said, "show him that," and touched Mrs. Kelly's wrist with three fingers. The places where they touched swelled up and blackened. She then vanished. For a time Montgomery would not believe that his wife had appeared: "she would not show herself to Mrs. Kelly," he said—"she with respectable people to appear to." He was convinced by the three marks, and the children were taken from the workhouse. The priest said the masses, and the shade must have been at rest, for it has not since appeared. Some time afterwards Jim Montgomery died in the workhouse, having come to great poverty through drink.

第三次在那条巷子遇到鬼魂，凯莉夫人问它是什么让她不能安息。鬼魂说，必须把孩子们带出救济院，因为她从没有亲戚去过那里面。此外，若要使她的灵魂安息，需要做三次弥撒。“我丈夫若不信你，”她说，“让他看这个。”说着，用三个指头碰了一下凯莉夫人的手腕，手腕被碰之处便肿胀变黑了。鬼魂随即消失了。蒙哥马利起初不相信妻子显形了。“她应该是不会让凯莉夫人看到自己的，”他说，“她只在尊贵的人面前现身。”但三个指印说服了他，孩子们也被带出了救济院。牧师做了三次弥撒，自此鬼魂再也没出现过，想必是获得安宁了吧。后来，蒙哥马利一直酗酒，家境愈加窘迫，最后死在救济院。

I know some who believe they have seen the headless ghost upon the quay, and one who, when he passes the old cemetery wall at night, sees a woman with white borders to her cap (I wonder why she had white borders to her cap. The old Mayo woman, who has told me so many tales, has told me that her brother-in-law saw "a woman with white borders to her cap going around the stacks in a field, and soon after he got a hurt, and he died in six months.") creep out and follow him. The apparition only leaves him at his own door. The villagers imagine that she follows him to avenge some wrong. "I will haunt you when I die" is a favourite threat. His wife was once half-scared to death by what she considers a demon in the shape of a dog.

我认识一些人，他们觉得自己在码头上见过无头鬼魂。有人说，自己有一次晚上路过老墓地的围墙，看见一个带着白色饰边帽子的女人（我在想她的帽子上为什么有白色饰边。梅奥郡的老妇人给我讲过许多故事，她曾经就说过她丈夫的兄弟看到“一个带着白色饰边帽子的女人在地里绕着垛子走，没多久他就受了伤，六个月后去世了”）爬出来，一路

跟着他到家门口。村民猜测女人跟着他可能想伺机报复。很多人喜欢用“我死了也要缠着你”来威胁别人。这个男人的妻子有次被吓得半死，她认为自己遇到了一个化作狗形的魔鬼。

These are a few of the open-air spirits; the more domestic of their tribe gather within-doors, plentiful as swallows under southern eaves.

以上说的只是户外的一些幽魂，那些更恋家的幽灵则聚集在屋内，多得像向阳屋檐下的燕子。

One night a Mrs. Nolan was watching by her dying child in Fluddy's Lane. Suddenly there was a sound of knocking heard at the door. She did not open, fearing it was some unhuman thing that knocked. The knocking ceased. After a little the front-door and then the back-door were burst open, and closed again. Her husband went to see what was wrong. He found both doors bolted. The child died. The doors were again opened and closed as before. Then Mrs. Nolan remembered that she had forgotten to leave window or door open, as the custom is, for the departure of the soul. These strange openings and closings and knockings were warnings and reminders from the spirits who attend the dying.

一天晚上，弗拉迪巷的一位诺兰夫人正守着将要咽气的孩子，突然听到一阵敲门声。她担心那敲门的不是人，就没有去开。敲门声停了。没多久，后门和前门相继猛地开了，随即又关了。她丈夫出去看是怎么回事，发现两扇门都闩着。孩子断气了。门又像先前那样开了又关。诺兰夫人想起来，照习俗应该打开门或窗让灵魂离去，但自己忘了这事。这些奇怪的开门、关门和敲门声都是那些照料垂死者的神灵发出的警告和提醒吧。

The house ghost is usually a harmless and well-meaning creature. It is put up with as long as possible. It brings good luck to those who live with it. I remember two children who slept with their mother and sisters and brothers in one small room. In the room was also a ghost. They sold herrings in the Dublin streets, and did not mind the ghost much, because they knew they would always sell their fish easily while they slept in the "ha'nted" room.

家中的鬼魂通常不会伤人且怀有善意，我们应当尽量包容它们的存在，它能为同它一起住的人带来好运。记得有两个孩子和母亲以及兄弟姐妹们同睡一间小屋，屋里还有个幽灵。这家人在都柏林街头卖鲱鱼，并不是很介意和鬼魂同住，因为他们知道住在这间“闹鬼”的屋里，往往毫不费劲就把鱼卖掉了。

I have some acquaintance among the ghost-seers of western villages. The Connaught[3] tales are very different from those of Leinster. These H— spirits have a gloomy, matter-of-fact way with them. They come to announce a death, to fulfil some obligation, to

revenge a wrong, to pay their bills even—as did a fisherman's daughter the other day—and then hasten to their rest. All things they do decently and in order. It is demons, and not ghosts, that transform themselves into white cats or black dogs. The people who tell the tales are poor, serious-minded fishing people, who find in the doings of the ghosts the fascination of fear. In the western tales is a whimsical grace, a curious extravagance. The people who recount them live in the most wild and beautiful scenery, under a sky ever loaded and fantastic with flying clouds. They are farmers and labourers, who do a little fishing now and then. They do not fear the spirits too much to feel an artistic and humorous pleasure in their doings. The ghosts themselves share in their quaint hilarity. In one western town, on whose deserted wharf the grass grows, these spirits have so much vigour that, when a misbeliever ventured to sleep in a haunted house, I have been told they flung him through the window, and his bed after him. In the surrounding villages the creatures use the most strange disguises. A dead old gentleman robs the cabbages of his own garden in the shape of a large rabbit. A wicked sea-captain stayed for years inside the plaster of a cottage wall, in the shape of a snipe, making the most horrible noises. He was only dislodged when the wall was broken down; then out of the solid plaster the snipe rushed away whistling.

我认识西边村庄里的一些幽灵预言者。康诺特省的故事和伦斯特省的差别很大。H村庄的幽灵们都忧郁且实在，它们出来宣告死亡，履行一些义务，为冤屈复仇，甚至偿付账单——就如某天一个渔夫的女儿做的——然后，匆忙赶去安息。它们做的一切都光明正大，有条不紊。只有魔鬼才会把自己变成白猫或黑狗，鬼魂不会。讲这些故事的都是些贫穷、认真的渔民，他们从幽灵的行为中发现了恐惧的魅力。而西边村子的故事，高雅中透着精灵古怪，荒诞不经而又引人入胜。讲故事的人们住在最原始而美丽的地方，那里的天空永远布满奇幻的浮云。他们都是些农夫和劳工，偶尔打点鱼，他们并不太害怕幽灵，也能感受到幽灵行为中的艺术和幽默气息，从而获得快乐。幽灵们也会分享他们那古怪的乐趣。有一个西部小镇，废弃的码头上荒草丛生，那里的幽灵充满活力，据说有哪个无鬼神论者胆敢在鬼屋里睡觉的话，幽灵们会将他扔出窗户，把床也丢出去。周边的村子里，幽灵们则采用最奇怪的化身。一个老绅士死后变成了一只巨大的兔子，在自家园子里偷卷心菜。还有个坏心眼的船长，死后变成鹬，在屋墙的泥灰中呆了数年，发出极为凄厉的叫声，墙倒后才离开。墙倒的时候，这只鹬从坚固的泥灰中跑出来，尖叫着飞走了。

(1) 伦斯特省，爱尔兰东部的一个省，下设12郡，包括都柏林等地。

(2) 莉莉斯，神话人物，据载为夜之魔女，也是法力高强的女巫，掌管疾病、罪恶和死亡。

(3) 康诺特省（现称Connacht），爱尔兰西部的一个省，下设五郡，主要城区有南部的戈尔韦和北部的斯莱戈。

"Dust Hath Closed Helen's Eye" [1]

“灰尘蒙上海伦的眼睛”

I

（一）

I have been lately to a little group of houses, not many enough to be called a village, in the barony of Kiltartan in County Galway, whose name, Ballylee[2], is known through all the west of Ireland. There is the old square castle, Ballylee, inhabited by a farmer and his wife, and a cottage where their daughter and their son-in-law live, and a little mill with an old miller, and old ash-trees throwing green shadows upon a little river and great stepping-stones. I went there two or three times last year to talk to the miller about Biddy Early[3], a wise woman that lived in Clare[4] some years ago, and about her saying, "There is a cure for all evil between the two mill-wheels of Ballylee," and to find out from him or another whether she meant the moss between the running waters or some other herb. I have been there this summer, and I shall be there again before it is autumn, because Mary Hynes, a beautiful woman whose name is still a wonder by turf fires, died there sixty years ago; for our feet would linger where beauty has lived its life of sorrow to make us understand that it is not of the world. An old man brought me a little way from the mill and the castle, and down a long, narrow boreen that was nearly lost in brambles and sloe bushes, and he said, "That is the little old foundation of the house, but the most of it is taken for building walls, and the goats have ate those bushes that are growing over it till they've got cranky, and they won't grow any more. They say she was the handsomest girl in Ireland, her skin was like dribbled snow"—he meant driven snow, perhaps,—"and she had blushes in her cheeks. She had five handsome brothers, but all are gone now!" I talked to him about a poem in Irish, Raftery[5], a famous poet, made about her, and how it said, "there is a strong cellar in Ballylee." He said the strong cellar was the great hole where the river sank underground, and he brought me to a deep pool, where an otter hurried away under a grey boulder, and told me that many fish came up out of the dark water at early morning "to taste the fresh water coming down from the hills."

最近，我去了戈尔韦郡的基尔塔坦分区，这儿有座名叫巴里丽的庄园，该庄园在爱尔兰西部闻名遐迩。那里有几户人家，房子不够多，算不上村庄；还有座叫巴里丽的方形古堡，里面住着一位农夫和他的妻

子；古堡旁有个小屋，住了农夫的女儿、女婿；还有座小磨坊，里面有位老磨坊主；古老的白蜡树在小河和大石阶上投下绿阴。我去年去过那儿二三次，与老磨坊主谈起多年前住在克莱尔郡的聪明女人比迪·厄尔利，以及她的名言，“巴里丽的两个水车轮之间有能驱逐所有邪恶的妙方”。我想从他或是别人那儿得知，比迪指的是水车轮流水间的苔藓还是其他药草。这个夏天，我已经去过了，但为了玛丽·海因斯，我打算秋天来临之前再走一趟。玛丽是个漂亮的女人，60年前在那去世的，但其芳名依然是炉火边奇妙的话题。我们的脚步会停留在美人充满忧伤的生活之地，这便让我们了解这种美不属于人间。一位老人带着我从磨坊和古堡往外走了一小段路，又沿着一条狭长的几乎被树莓和黑刺李灌木丛掩盖的小道向下走，一直到路的尽头，然后说：“那就是房子的老地基了，不过大部分已经被挖走砌墙用了。它上边长的灌木丛叫山羊给吃了，就变得东倒西歪的，再也长不高了。人们都说她是爱尔兰最俊俏的姑娘，皮肤像滴落的雪花。”——可能他指的是吹积的雪吧——“她脸颊还透着红润。她有五个英俊的兄弟，可惜都不在人世了！”我和他说起一首著名的爱尔兰诗歌，是著名诗人拉夫特里为她而作的，诗中这样写道：“巴里丽有个坚固的酒窖。”老人说“坚固的酒窖”，指的是小河潜入地下的巨洞。他带我到一个深水池塘边，一只水獭嗖地躲到灰色大石头后面去了。他对我说，清晨很多鱼从黑暗的水中游上来，“品尝山上流下来的清新的山泉”。

I first heard of the poem from an old woman who lives about two miles further up the river, and who remembers Raftery and Mary Hynes. She says, "I never saw anybody so handsome as she was, and I never will till I die," and that he was nearly blind, and had "no way of living but to go round and to mark some house to go to, and then all the neighbours would gather to hear. If you treated him well he'd praise you, but if you did not, he'd fault you in Irish. He was the greatest poet in Ireland, and he'd make a song about that bush if he chanced to stand under it. There was a bush he stood under from the rain, and he made verses praising it, and then when the water came through he made verses dispraising it." She sang the poem to a friend and to myself in Irish, and every word was audible and expressive, as the words in a song were always, as I think, before music grew too proud to be the garment of words, flowing and changing with the flowing and changing of their energies. The poem is not as natural as the best Irish poetry of the last century, for the thoughts are arranged in a too obviously traditional form, so the old poor half-blind man who made it has to speak as if he were a rich farmer offering the best of everything to the woman he loves, but it has naïve and tender phrases. The friend that was with me has made some of the translation, but some of it has been made by the country people themselves. I think it has more of the simplicity of the Irish verses than one finds in most translations.

我最早是从一个老妇人那儿听来的这首诗。妇人家在河上游，离这里大约两英里，她记得拉夫特里和玛丽·海因斯，说："我从没见过像她这么标致的人，今后也见不到啦。"又说，拉夫特里眼睛几乎失明，并且"没有谋生的活计，只能每天到处转，标上记号要去哪家，然后周边的邻居就会围过来听他说话。若是你对他好，他就赞美你，要不然，他就用爱尔兰语指责你。他是爱尔兰最伟大的诗人，即使碰巧站在灌木丛边，他也能写首关于灌木的歌谣来。有次他站在灌木边躲雨，就作诗赞美它，后来雨水淋下来，他又作诗指责它"。老妇人用爱尔兰语为我和朋友唱起那首献给玛丽·海因斯的诗，每一个词都清晰入耳，饱含深情，犹如旧日歌谣那样，我想那时，音乐还不像后来演变得那般壮丽，不屑于只是歌词的外袍，而是随着歌词力量的流动和嬗变婉转流畅。这首诗不及爱尔兰上个世纪最美妙的诗歌那么自然，因为其表达思想的形式过于传统。因而，这位不幸的几乎失明的老汉说起话来，就如一个富有的农夫向心爱的女人奉上自己最好的一切，但其中却不乏天真和温情的话语。同去的朋友译出诗的一部分，还有一部分是当地人自己译的。我认为，与绝大多数译作相比，这个译本更具爱尔兰歌谣的质朴特色：

"Going to Mass by the will of God, The day came wet and the wind rose; I met Mary Hynes at the cross of Kiltartan, And I fell in love with her then and there.

"遵从上帝的旨意去做弥撒，天气潮湿，风儿渐起；在基尔塔坦的岔路口，我邂逅了玛丽·海因斯，倾刻间，我爱上了她。

I spoke to her kind and mannerly, As by report was her own way; And she said, "Raftery, my mind is easy, You may come to-day to Ballylee."

我唤她，温和有礼，据说，她待人如斯；而她说："拉夫特里，我性子直，你今日便可前往巴里丽。"

When I heard her offer I did not linger, When her talk went to my heart my heart rose. We had only to go across the three fields, We had daylight with us to Ballylee.

听到她的邀约，我未停留，听到她的话儿，我心徜徉。我们只须穿过三块农田，我们在日落前就到了巴里丽。

The table was laid with glasses and a quart measure, She had fair hair, and she sitting beside me; And she said, "Drink, Raftery, and a hundred welcomes, There is a strong cellar in Ballylee."

桌上摆着酒杯和一夸脱酒，她金发如丝，坐在我身旁；她说："喝吧，拉夫特里，欢迎之至，巴里丽有个坚固的酒窖。"

O star of light and O sun in harvest, O amber hair, O my share of the world, Will you come with me upon Sunday Till we agree together before all the people?

啊，灿烂的星辰，啊，丰收时节的阳光，啊，金色的秀发，啊，我

的那个世界，周日你是否愿意来陪我，直到我们在众人面前结成亲眷？

I would not grudge you a song every Sunday evening, Punch on the table, or wine if you would drink it, But, O King of Glory, dry the roads before me, Till I find the way to Ballylee.

每个周日晚上我将不吝赠予你颂歌，桌上有潘趣酒，如果你愿喝，还有葡萄酒，但是，荣耀的君主啊，请沥干我眼前的路，让我寻得通向巴里丽的道途。

There is sweet air on the side of the hill When you are looking down upon Ballylee; When you are walking in the valley picking nuts and blackberries, There is music of the birds in it and music of the Sidhe[6].

当你从山上俯瞰巴里丽，会嗅出山坡上空气甜美；当你漫步山谷，撷取坚果与黑莓，会听到鸟鸣如歌，仙乐飘飘。

What is the worth of greatness till you have the light Of the flower of the branch that is by your side? There is no god to deny it or to try and hide it, She is the sun in the heavens who wounded my heart.

名望值几何？怎比得过身畔枝头鲜花的光彩？她如天堂的阳光，灼伤我的心。对此神明不会否认，亦不会试图隐匿。

There was no part of Ireland I did not travel, From the rivers to the tops of the mountains, To the edge of Lough Greine[7] whose mouth is hidden, And I saw no beauty but was behind hers.

我游历过爱尔兰每一寸土地，江河深处，群山之巅，甚至入口深藏的格雷恩湖畔，我未见过美人如她。

Her hair was shining, and her brows were shining too; Her face was like herself, her mouth pleasant and sweet. She is the pride, and I give her the branch, She is the shining flower of Ballylee.

她的长发光彩流溢，她的眉毛闪耀光芒；她的脸蛋儿端庄秀丽，她的双唇喜悦甜蜜。她是骄傲的化身，我赠她以花枝，她是巴里丽亮丽的鲜花。

It is Mary Hynes, this calm and easy woman, Has beauty in her mind and in her face. If a hundred clerks were gathered together, They could not write down a half of her ways.”

这就是玛丽·海因斯，宁静亲和的女子，她的美现于容颜，藏于心灵。若是一百个文书汇集一堂，怕也写不完她一半的好。”

An old weaver, whose son is supposed to go away among the Sidhe (the faeries) at night, says, "Mary Hynes was the most beautiful thing ever made. My mother used to tell me about her, for she'd be at every hurling, and wherever she was she was dressed in white. As

many as eleven men asked her in marriage in one day, but she wouldn't have any of them. There was a lot of men up beyond Kilbecanty one night, sitting together drinking, and talking of her, and one of them got up and set out to go to Ballylee and see her; but Cloon Bog was open then, and when he came to it he fell into the water, and they found him dead there in the morning. She died of the fever that was before the famine." Another old man says he was only a child when he saw her, but he remembered that "the strongest man that was among us, one John Madden, got his death of the head of her, cold he got crossing rivers in the night-time to get to Ballylee." This is perhaps the man the other remembered, for tradition gives the one thing many shapes. There is an old woman who remembers her, at Derrybrien[8] among the Echtge[9] hills, a vast desolate place, which has changed little since the old poem said, "the stag upon the cold summit of Echtge hears the cry of the wolves," but still mindful of many poems and of the dignity of ancient speech. She says, "The sun and the moon never shone on anybody so handsome, and her skin was so white that it looked blue, and she had two little blushes on her cheeks." And an old wrinkled woman who lives close by Ballylee, and has told me many tales of the Sidhe, says, "I often saw Mary Hynes, she was handsome indeed. She had two bunches of curls beside her cheeks, and they were the colour of silver. I saw Mary Molloy that was drowned in the river beyond, and Mary Guthrie that was in Ardrahan[10], but she took the sway of them both, a very comely creature. I was at her wake too—she had seen too much of the world. She was a kind creature. One day I was coming home through that field beyond, and I was tired, and who should come out but the Poisin Glegeal (the shining flower), and she gave me a glass of new milk." This old woman meant no more than some beautiful bright colour by the colour of silver, for though I knew an old man—he is dead now—who thought she might know " the cure for all the evils in the world," that the Sidhe knew, she has seen too little gold to know its colour. But a man by the shore at Kinvara[11], who is too young to remember Mary Hynes, says, "Everybody says there is no one at all to be seen now so handsome; it is said she had beautiful hair, the colour of gold. She was poor, but her clothes every day were the same as Sunday, she had such neatness. And if she went to any kind of a meeting, they would all be killing one another for a sight of her, and there was a great many in love with her, but she died young. It is said that no one that has a song made about them will ever live long."

有个老织工，据说他儿子有天晚上被精灵掳走了，织工说：“玛丽·海因斯是有史以来最美的人。我母亲过去常跟我说起她，说每次打曲棍球她都会去，到哪里都穿着白衣裳。整整十一个男人在同一天向她求婚，但她一个都没有答应。有天晚上，很多人聚到基尔伯坎地，一边喝

酒，一边讨论玛丽。这时有个人站起来，出发前往巴里丽去见她。然而科伦沼泽当时张着血盆大口，他路过时失足掉进水中，第二天早上人们发现他死在那里。玛丽在大饥荒前患热病死了。”还有一位老人说，见到玛丽的时候他还是个孩子，但记得“我们中最强壮的叫约翰·马登，为见她而丧了命，他在夜里下水渡河去巴里丽，结果得了伤寒病。”这两个故事可能说的是同一个人，只不过传说中同一件事往往有多个版本罢了。还有个老妇人也记得她。这位妇人住在埃奇格山区的德利布莱恩村，那是一片广袤而人烟稀少的地方，如古诗记载道，“埃奇格冰冷山峰上，雄鹿听到了狼群的嚎叫”，千百年来，那里的模样几乎没变，老妇人一如既往地钟情于诗歌和庄严的古语。她说：“日月的光华从未照耀过如此标致的人，她的皮肤白得泛青，两颊微微带着红晕。”住在巴里丽附近的另一位满脸皱纹的老妇人给我讲过许多精灵的故事，她说：“我经常看见玛丽·海因斯，她长得真是标致。脸颊旁有两绺卷发，银白色的。我见过溺死在那边河里的玛丽·莫洛伊，还有阿德拉罕的玛丽·格恩里，但海因斯把她们都比下去了，真是个标致的人。我也为她守过灵——她已经看透了这世界。她心肠很好。有天我穿过那边的田地回家，筋疲力尽。这个时侯，除了那朵亮丽的鲜花，还有谁会跑出来呢？她给了我一杯新鲜的牛奶。”这个老妇人觉得世上没有比银色更美更亮的颜色了。我认识一位现在已经过世的老汉，他因此认为老妇人可能知道山脚神人所了解的“驱逐人间所有邪恶的妙方”，但她可能只是没见过金子，故而不知道金色的美罢了。金瓦拉海岸边有个男人，因为太年轻，所以并不记得玛丽·海因斯，但他说：“大家都说再也见不到那样的美人啦。听说她有美丽的头发，是金色的。她虽然贫穷，却每天都穿得像周日做礼拜一样，一直都是那么干净整洁。而且若是她去参加哪个集会，他们会争得你死我活的，就为能去看她一眼，很多人都爱上了她，但她年纪轻轻就死了。据说，没有哪个被写进诗歌的人能长寿。”

Those who are much admired are, it is held, taken by the Sidhe, who can use ungoverned feeling for their own ends, so that a father, as an old herb doctor told me once, may give his child into their hands, or a husband his wife. The admired and desired are only safe if one says "God bless them" when one's eyes are upon them. The old woman that sang the song thinks, too, that Mary Hynes was "taken," as the phrase is, "for they have taken many that are not handsome, and why would they not take her? And people came from all parts to look at her, and maybe there were some that did not say 'God bless her.'" An old man who lives by the sea at Duras has as little doubt that she was taken, "for there are some living yet can remember her coming to the pattern (A "pattern," or "patron," is a festival in honour of a saint.) there beyond, and she was said to be the handsomest girl in Ireland." She died young because the gods loved her, for the Sidhe are the gods, and it may be that the old saying[12], which we forget to understand literally, meant her manner of death in old times. These poor countrymen and countrywomen in their beliefs, and in their emotions, are many years nearer to that old Greek world, that set beauty beside

the fountain of things, than are our men of learning. She "had seen too much of the world"; but these old men and women, when they tell of her, blame another and not her, and though they can be hard, they grow gentle as the old men of Troy grew gentle when Helen passed by on the walls.

人们说，过分被人赞美钦慕的人将被山脚神人掳走，他能利用人类放纵的感情达到自己的目的。因此，一个药草医生曾经对我说，父亲可能会把孩子交给精灵，丈夫可能会把妻子给它们。只有当人们眼睛看着这些被爱慕或是期待的人说“上帝保佑他们”时，他们才是安全的。唱那首歌的老妇人也认为玛丽·海因斯是被“掳走”的，她这么说：“他们都掳走了那么多不漂亮的，怎么可能放过她？人们从四面八方赶来看她，可能有些人没有说‘上帝保佑她’。”一位家住杜拉斯海边的老人也相信她是被掳走的，“有些活着的人还记得她出现在守护神祭奠节（祭奠某个圣人的节日）上，大家都说她是爱尔兰最标致的姑娘。”她年纪轻轻就死了，因为众神眷顾她，而山脚神人就是神灵。或许，那句被我们忽略字面含义的古老谚语早已暗示了她的死因。相比于现在我们当中有学识的人，这些贫穷的乡民们的信仰和感情更接近古希腊世界，那就是将美与万物之源并列。她“已经看透了这世界”，但是，无论老头还是老妇人说起她，都只会归咎于别人，并不曾怪罪她。他们的心肠未必总那么软，但提到她，就变得温柔，就如特洛伊城中老人们见到海伦从城墙边走过，他们的心都软了一样。

The poet who helped her to so much fame has himself a great fame throughout the west of Ireland. Some think that Raftery was half blind, and say, "I saw Raftery, a dark man, but he had sight enough to see her,"。or the like, but some think he was wholly blind, as he may have been at the end of his life. Fable makes all things perfect in their kind, and her blind people must never look on the world and the sun. I asked a man I met one day, when I was looking for a pool na mna Sidhe where women of faery have been seen, how Raftery could have admired Mary Hynes so much if he had been altogether blind? He said, "I think Raftery was altogether blind, but those that are blind have a way of seeing things, and have the power to know more, and to feel more, and to do more, and to guess more than those that have their sight, and a certain wit and a certain wisdom is given to them." Everybody, indeed, will tell you that he was very wise, for was he not only blind but a poet? The weaver whose words about Mary Hynes I have already given, says, "His poetry was the gift of the Almighty, for there are three things that are the gift of the Almighty—poetry and dancing and principles. That is why in the old times an ignorant man coming down from the hillside would be better behaved and have better learning than a man with education you'd meet now, for they got it from God;" and a man at Coole says, "When he put his finger to one part of his head, everything would come to him as if it was

written in a book;" and an old pensioner at Kiltartan says, "He was standing under a bush one time, and he talked to it, and it answered him back in Irish. Some say it was the bush that spoke, but it must have been an enchanted voice in it, and it gave him the knowledge of all the things of the world. The bush withered up afterwards, and it is to be seen on the roadside now between this and Rahasine." There is a poem of his about a bush, which I have never seen, and it may have come out of the cauldron of fable in this shape.

那位为她带来如此多美名的诗人，自己在爱尔兰西部也是家喻户晓。有人认为拉夫特里只是半盲，说“我见过拉夫特里，视力不好，但还是足以看清她”，或者差不多的话。有些人却认为他彻底失明了，或者他死前可能是这样。传说总是将万物各归其位，传说中的盲人则从来不可能看见世界和阳光。那天，我去寻找一个有人见过有女精灵出现的水塘，途中遇到一个男人，便问他，如果拉夫特里完全失明，他怎么可能如此爱慕玛丽·海因斯？他答道：“我认为拉夫特里完全失明了，但是盲人看东西有自己的方式，与视力正常的人相比，他们甚至有能力了解更多，感知更多，做更多，猜测更多。上天赐予了他们独特的智慧与学识。”确实，人人都说他智慧非凡，是否因为他既是瞎子又是诗人？之前提到的那个谈起过玛丽·海因斯的织布工说：“他的诗是万能之主的恩赐。世上有三样东西是万能之主的恩赐——诗歌、舞蹈和法则。这也是为什么古时候没文化的山里人比现在你见到的受过教育的人行为更得体，见识更深刻，因为他们的天赋是神赐予的。”库尔的一个男人说：“他用手指摸摸头，就什么都明白了，好像它本来就写在书中一样。”基尔塔坦的一个老侍从说：“有次他站在灌木下和树说起话来，树用爱尔兰语回答他。有人说是灌木在说话，不过一定是某种被施了魔法的声音附在树上，传授给他世间万物的知识。后来，灌木就枯萎了，从这里往拉赫西恩的路边还能见到这棵树呢。”拉夫特里写过一首关于灌木的诗，我从没有读过，它可能就来源于这个传说吧。

A friend of mine met a man once who had been with him when he died, but the people say that he died alone, and one Maurteen Gillane told Dr. Hyde that all night long a light was seen streaming up to heaven from the roof of the house where he lay, and "that was the angels who were with him"; and all night long there was a great light in the hovel, "and that was the angels who were waking him. They gave that honour to him because he was so good a poet, and sang such religious songs." It may be that in a few years Fable, who changes mortalities to immortalities in her cauldron, will have changed Mary Hynes and Raftery to perfect symbols of the sorrow of beauty and of the magnificence and penury of dreams.
1900

大家都说诗人死的时候身边没人，可我有个朋友却见过他死时守护在他身边的那个人。有个叫摩尔提恩·吉兰的人告诉海德医生说，彻夜里，一束亮光从诗人安息处的屋顶射向天堂，“那是和他在一起的天使

们”。整个晚上，小屋里都发出强烈的光芒，“那是天使们在为他守灵，向他致敬，因为他是那么优秀的诗人，吟唱过那么虔诚的歌谣”。也许，历经多年，在这个擅长将凡人变为神仙的传说故事的大熔炉中，玛丽·海因斯和拉夫特里将蜕变为忧伤之美与梦想之富丽伟大和贫瘠的完美象征。
1900年

II

（二）

When I was in a northern town awhile ago, I had a long talk with a man who had lived in a neighbouring country district when he was a boy. He told me that when a very beautiful girl was born in a family that had not been noted for good looks, her beauty was thought to have come from the Sidhe, and to bring misfortune with it. He went over the names of several beautiful girls that he had known, and said that beauty had never brought happiness to anybody. It was a thing, he said, to be proud of and afraid of. I wish I had written out his words at the time, for they were more picturesque than my memory of them.
1902

不久前，我去了北方的小镇，和一个幼时住在邻近村子的男人促膝长谈。他对我说，如果一个非常漂亮的女孩诞生在一个并不以美貌出名的家庭，人们会认为其美貌来自山脚神人，随之将带来厄运。他提起几个他所知道的漂亮女孩的名字，说美貌没有给任何人带来快乐。他认为，美貌是让人既骄傲又害怕的东西。要是我将他当时所说的都记下来就好了，因为原话比我回忆起来的更为生动。
1902年

(1) 标题取自英国诗人托马斯·纳什（1567—1601）的诗《瘟疫之时》。

(2) 巴里丽方型古堡，16世纪的塔楼。叶芝于1916年将其购下，在其后的12年里该古堡成为叶芝一家的避暑胜所。这座古堡是叶芝中后期创作的重要源泉。

(3) 比迪·厄尔利（1798—1874），19世纪为农夫治病的爱尔兰传统医生。她因反对地主和天主教神父的意愿，以行巫之名受到指控。

(4) 克莱尔郡，属于爱尔兰芒斯特省。

(5) 安东尼·拉夫特里（1784—1835），18世纪爱尔兰语盲人诗人，被称为最后的吟游诗人。

(6) 山脚神人，爱尔兰民间传说中的神，据说住在山脚下。

(7) 格雷恩湖，位于克莱尔郡。

(8) 德利布莱恩村，属于戈尔韦郡，一个极小的村庄。

(9) 埃奇格山，位于爱尔兰西部的山脉，横跨戈尔韦郡和克莱尔郡。

(10) 阿德拉罕村，位于戈尔韦郡。

(11) 金瓦拉村，戈尔韦郡南部的海港村。

(12)该句谚语为：神爱者去世早（Thosewhomthegodslovedieyoung）

A Knight Of The Sheep

羊骑士

Away to the north of Ben Bulben and Cope's mountain lives "a strong farmer," a knight of the sheep they would have called him in the Gaelic days. Proud of his descent from one of the most fighting clans of the Middle Ages, he is a man of force alike in his words and in his deeds. There is but one man that swears like him, and this man lives far away upon the mountain. "Father in Heaven, what have I done to deserve this?" he says when he has lost his pipe; and no man but he who lives on the mountain can rival his language on a fair day over a bargain. He is passionate and abrupt in his movements, and when angry tosses his white beard about with his left hand.

在本布尔本山和科普山以北有个“强壮的农夫”，若是在盖尔时期，人们就会称他羊骑士。他来自中世纪最善战的家族之一，并为此而自豪，说话和做事也都很强势。说起骂人，可以和他匹敌的仅有一人，此人住在遥远的高山上。“圣父啊，我做了什么要遭这样的报应？”他丢了烟斗后这么说。赶集的时候，唯有高山上的那个人才能敌得过他那巧舌如簧的讨价还价。他性情暴躁，行事鲁莽，生气时就用左手乱扯自己花白的络腮胡子。

One day I was dining with him when the servant-maid announced a certain Mr. O'Donnell. A sudden silence fell upon the old man and upon his two daughters. At last the eldest daughter said somewhat severely to her father, "Go and ask him to come in and dine." The old man went out, and then came in looking greatly relieved, and said, "He says he will not dine with us." "Go out," said the daughter, "and ask him into the back parlour, and give him some whiskey." Her father, who had just finished his dinner, obeyed sullenly, and I heard the door of the back parlour—a little room where the daughters sat and sewed during the evening—shut to behind the men. The daughter then turned to me and said, "Mr. O'Donnell is the tax-gatherer, and last year he raised our taxes, and my father was very angry, and when he came, brought him into the dairy, and sent the dairy-woman away on a message, and then swore at him a great deal. 'I will teach you, sir,' O'Donnell replied, 'that the law can protect its officers'; but my father reminded him that he had no witness. At last my father got tired, and sorry too, and said he would show him a short way home. When they were half-way to the main road they came on a man of my father's who was ploughing, and this somehow brought back remembrance of the wrong. He sent the man away on a message, and began to swear at the tax-gatherer again. When I heard of it I was

disgusted that he should have made such a fuss over a miserable creature like O'Donnell; and when I heard a few weeks ago that O'Donnell's only son had died and left him heart-broken, I resolved to make my father be kind to him next time he came.”

有天，我在他家吃饭，女佣说有位奥唐奈先生来访。老人和他的两个女儿顿时沉默下来。最后，长女对父亲说：“去请他进来和我们一起用餐。”语气中带着点严厉。老人去了，回来时的表情如释重负，说：“他说不和我们一起吃。”“去，”女儿命令道，“请他去后屋喝点威士忌。”父亲刚用完餐，不悦地顺从了。接着，我听到他们进了后屋，关上了门。那是一间很小的屋子，女儿们傍晚时分常坐在那里做针线。大女儿这才向我解释说：“奥唐奈先生是税务官，去年他提高了我们的税，父亲很生气，等奥唐奈来时，就带他去牛奶场，支开奶场女工，狠狠骂了他一通。‘我会教训你的，先生。’奥唐奈对我父亲说，‘法律会保护他的官员。’但父亲提醒他没有证人。最后，父亲骂累了，还有点后悔，就说给他指条近道回家。在去大路的途中，他们遇到我父亲的一个农夫，他正在耕地，这又勾起了那些不愉快。父亲打发走了那个人，又开始咒骂税务官。听到这件事，我感到很气愤，父亲竟然对可怜的奥唐奈先生如此地无理取闹。几个礼拜前，我听说奥唐奈先生的独子死了，他伤心透了，我就决定下次他来时，要让父亲对他和气点。”

She then went out to see a neighbour, and I sauntered towards the back parlour. When I came to the door I heard angry voices inside. The two men were evidently getting on to the tax again, for I could hear them bandying figures to and fro. I opened the door; at sight of my face the farmer was reminded of his peaceful intentions, and asked me if I knew where the whiskey was. I had seen him put it into the cupboard, and was able therefore to find it and get it out, looking at the thin, grief-struck face of the tax-gatherer. He was rather older than my friend, and very much more feeble and worn, and of a very different type. He was not like him, a robust, successful man, but rather one of those whose feet find no resting-place upon the earth. I recognized one of the children of reverie, and said, "You are doubtless of the stock of the old O'Donnells[1]. I know well the hole in the river where their treasure lies buried under the guard of a serpent with many heads." "Yes, sur," he replied, "I am the last of a line of princes."

随后，大女儿去邻居家串门，我信步走向后屋。才到门口，就听到里面的争吵声。两个男人显然又是为税收的事，因为我听到他们就数字争论不休。我推开门，农夫看到我，立刻想起自己的和平本意，于是问我是否知道威士忌放在哪里。我之前见他把酒搁在食橱里，于是就去找出来，然后瞅着税务官饱含悲伤的削瘦的脸。他比我朋友老态许多，衰弱憔悴许多，两人是完全不同的类型。他不像农夫那样精力充沛，颇有成就，而是属于那类在世上找不到立足之地的人。在他身上，我看到那种充满幻想的孩子的影子，于是说：“你肯定是老奥唐奈家族的后人。我知道河里有个洞，他们把宝藏埋在里头，还派了一条多头蛇看守

着。”“是的，先生，”他答道，“我就是王子后代里最后一个子孙。”

We then fell to talking of many commonplace things, and my friend did not once toss up his beard, but was very friendly. At last the gaunt old tax-gatherer got up to go, and my friend said, "I hope we will have a glass together next year." "No, no," was the answer, "I shall be dead next year." "I too have lost sons," said the other in quite a gentle voice. "But your sons were not like my son." And then the two men parted, with an angry flush and bitter hearts, and had I not cast between them some common words or other, might not have parted, but have fallen rather into an angry discussion of the value of their dead sons. If I had not pity for all the children of reverie I should have let them fight it out, and would now have many a wonderful oath to record.

然后，我们聊了些寻常琐事，朋友没有扯过一下胡须，倒是很友好。最后，神态憔悴的老税务官起身要走，朋友说：“希望我们明年还能一起喝一杯。”“哦，不行啦，”他说，“活不到明年了。”“我也失去过儿子，”另外一个用极其温和的声音说。“可是你的儿子和我儿子不一样。”两人就这么告别了，都气得面红耳赤，满心愤懑。若不是我岔开话题，聊些别的事情，他们也许还不会分开，而是就各自早夭儿子的价值进行一番愤怒的争论了。若不是同情那些充满幻想的孩童，我就任由他们争吵下去，可能现在又能多记录些精彩的咒骂了。

The knight of the sheep would have had the victory, for no soul that wears this garment of blood and clay can surpass him. He was but once beaten; and this is his tale of how it was. He and some farm hands were playing at cards in a small cabin that stood against the end of a big barn. A wicked woman had once lived in this cabin. Suddenly one of the players threw down an ace and began to swear without any cause. His swearing was so dreadful that the others stood up, and my friend said, "All is not right here; there is a spirit in him." They ran to the door that led into the barn to get away as quickly as possible. The wooden bolt would not move, so the knight of the sheep took a saw which stood against the wall near at hand, and sawed through the bolt, and at once the door flew open with a bang, as though some one had been holding it, and they fled through.

最后获胜的一定是羊骑士，还没有哪个长着血肉之躯的凡夫俗子能骂得过他。他仅失败过一次，以下就是那次经历。他和几个农夫在大谷仓背面的一间小屋里玩牌。小屋里曾经住过一个邪恶的女人。突然间，有个玩牌的人掷下一张A，无缘无故就开始骂人。他骂得实在太难听了，其他人纷纷站起来，我这位朋友说：“这里不太对劲，他被鬼魂附体了。”于是他们就朝通往谷仓的门跑去，想尽快离开小屋。但木闩推不动，羊骑士拿起手边一把靠墙立着的锯子，锯断闩子，门砰的一声开了，好像刚才有人在外面抵着它。于是大伙逃了出去。

(1) 奥唐奈家族，一个古老的爱尔兰权力家族，早期出过国王、王子和领主。

An Enduring Heart

忍耐的心

One day a friend of mine was making a sketch of my Knight of the Sheep. The old man's daughter was sitting by, and, when the conversation drifted to love and love-making, she said, "Oh, father, tell him about your love affair." The old man took his pipe out of his mouth, and said, "Nobody ever marries the woman he loves," and then, with a chuckle, "There were fifteen of them I liked better than the woman I married," and he repeated many women's names. He went on to tell how when he was a lad he had worked for his grandfather, his mother's father, and was called (my friend has forgotten why) by his grandfather's name, which we will say was Doran. He had a great friend, whom I shall call John Byrne; and one day he and his friend went to Queenstown to await an emigrant ship, that was to take John Byrne to America. When they were walking along the quay, they saw a girl sitting on a seat, crying miserably, and two men standing up in front of her quarrelling with one another. Doran said, "I think I know what is wrong. That man will be her brother, and that man will be her lover, and the brother is sending her to America to get her away from the lover. How she is crying! But I think I could console her myself." Presently the lover and brother went away, and Doran began to walk up and down before her, saying, "Mild weather, Miss," or the like. She answered him in a little while, and the three began to talk together. The emigrant ship did not arrive for some days; and the three drove about on outside cars very innocently and happily, seeing everything that was to be seen. When at last the ship came, and Doran had to break it to her that he was not going to America, she cried more after him than after the first lover. Doran whispered to Byrne as he went aboard ship, "Now, Byrne, I don't grudge her to you, but don't marry young."

一天，我有个朋友给我的羊骑士画速描。老人的女儿坐在旁边，我们聊天的话题突然扯到爱情和求爱，她说：“哦，父亲，给他说说您的罗曼史吧。”老人将嘴里的烟斗拿下来，说：“没有人能娶到自己心爱的女人。”他低声笑起来，继续道，“曾有15个女人，我对她们的喜爱超过了我娶的女人。”他列举了许多女人的名字。他接着说到年轻时如何为外祖父干活，大家都用外祖父的名字“多兰”叫他（原因他已经忘了）。他有个非常要好的朋友，我就叫他约翰·伯恩吧。有一天，两人去昆斯敦郡等一艘移民船，约翰·伯恩将乘这艘船去美国。他们正沿着码头走时，看到一个女孩坐着悲戚戚地哭，她面前站着两个男人，正在吵架。多兰说：“我大概知道是怎么回事，一个是她兄弟，一个是她恋人，兄弟想送

女孩去美国，让她离开恋人。瞧她哭的！不过，我想我应该能安慰她。”过了会儿，恋人和兄弟都走了，多兰开始在女孩子面前来回走，说些“小姐，天气不错”之类的话。没多久，她答话了，三个人便开始聊起来。移民船几天都没有来，他们便天真快乐地坐车兜风，想看的地方都看遍了。船最终还是来了，多兰不得不告诉女孩他不去美国，女孩哭得比上一次还伤心。登船时，多兰对伯恩耳语：“喂，伯恩，我并非不舍得把她交给你，不过可别太年轻就结婚。”

When the story got to this, the farmer's daughter joined in mockingly with, "I suppose you said that for Byrne's good, father." But the old man insisted that he had said it for Byrne's good; and went on to tell how, when he got a letter telling of Byrne's engagement to the girl, he wrote him the same advice. Years passed by, and he heard nothing; and though he was now married, he could not keep from wondering what she was doing. At last he went to America to find out, and though he asked many people for tidings, he could get none. More years went by, and his wife was dead, and he well on in years, and a rich farmer with not a few great matters on his hands. He found an excuse in some vague business to go out to America again, and to begin his search again. One day he fell into talk with an Irishman in a railway carriage, and asked him, as his way was, about emigrants from this place and that, and at last, "Did you ever hear of the miller's daughter from Innis Rath?" and he named the woman he was looking for. "Oh yes," said the other, "she is married to a friend of mine, John MacEwing. She lives at such-and-such a street in Chicago.”

故事说到这里，农夫的女儿插话进来，打趣道：“我猜你这样说是为伯恩好呢，父亲。”但老人强调他确实是为伯恩好才说的。接着又说他在收到伯恩和女孩订婚的信时，他怎样回信给伯恩，给了他同样的劝告。后来过了好多年他都没有他们的音信，那时他虽然已经结婚，却还忍不住在想她过得如何。最后，他前往美国去看个究竟，虽然向很多人打听她的消息，但还是一无所获。一晃多年又过去了，他妻子去世了，自己倒是多年来一直很健康，过着富裕清闲的农场主生活。一次，趁着做一笔什么生意的机会，他再度去美国，寻找她的下落。有天，他在火车车厢里和一个爱尔兰人聊起了天，他就像往常一样，打听来自各个地方的移民，最后问：“你听说过因尼斯拉斯磨坊主的女儿吗？”他随后说出自己要找的那个女人的名字。“哦，听过，”那人说，“她嫁给了我一个朋友约翰·马克艾维。她家就在芝加哥某某街上。”

Doran went to Chicago and knocked at her door. She opened the door herself, and was "not a bit changed." He gave her his real name, which he had taken again after his grandfather's death, and the name of the man he had met in the train. She did not recognize him, but asked him to stay to dinner, saying that her husband would be glad to meet anybody who knew that old friend of his. They talked of many things, but for all their talk, I do not know why, and perhaps he did

not know why, he never told her who he was. At dinner he asked her about Byrne, and she put her head down on the table and began to cry, and she cried so he was afraid her husband might be angry. He was afraid to ask what had happened to Byrne, and left soon after, never to see her again.

多兰去了芝加哥，敲了她家的门。她自己来开的门，而且“一点都没变”。他说出自己的真名（外祖父死后他就改回真名了），又说了火车上遇到的男人的名字。女人没有认出他来，但邀请他留下来吃顿便饭，说丈夫会乐意见到认识他那位老朋友的任何人。他们聊了很多，但是，不知道为什么，也许他自己都不清楚，他自始至终没有告诉女人自己是谁。吃饭时，他问起伯恩，女人将头伏在桌上哭起来，见她哭得那么伤心，他不禁担心她丈夫可能会生气，于是不敢细问伯恩的遭遇，匆匆离开了，再也没见过她。

When the old man had finished the story, he said, "Tell that to Mr. Yeats, he will make a poem about it, perhaps." But the daughter said, "Oh no, father. Nobody could make a poem about a woman like that." Alas! I have never made the poem, perhaps because my own heart, which has loved Helen and all the lovely and fickle women of the world, would be too sore. There are things it is well not to ponder over too much, things that bare words are the best suited for.

讲完故事，老人说：“讲给叶芝先生听吧，可能他会就此写首诗的。”但女儿反对：“哦，不，父亲。没有人能为那样的女人作诗。”哎呀！我没能写成那首诗，可能因为我自己的缘故吧，这颗心啊，曾爱上海伦和世上所有可爱而薄情的女人，已经变得过于酸楚了。有些事情最好不要琢磨太多，用质朴的语言把事情说清楚就最合适不过了。

1902

1902年

The Sorcerers

巫师

In Ireland we hear but little of the darker powers, (I know better now. We have the dark powers much more than I thought, but not as much as the Scottish, and yet I think the imagination of the people does dwell chiefly upon the fantastic and capricious.) and come across any who have seen them even more rarely, for the imagination of the people dwells rather upon the fantastic and capricious, and fantasy and caprice would lose the freedom which is their breath of life, were they to unite them either with evil or with good. And yet the wise are of opinion that wherever man is, the dark powers who would feed his rapacities are there too, no less than the bright beings who store their honey in the cells of his heart, and the twilight beings who flit hither and thither, and that they encompass him with a passionate and melancholy multitude. They hold, too, that he who by long desire or through accident of birth possesses the power of piercing into their hidden abode can see them there, those who were once men or women full of a terrible vehemence, and those who have never lived upon the earth, moving slowly and with a subtler malice. The dark powers cling about us, it is said, day and night, like bats upon an old tree; and that we do not hear more of them is merely because the darker kinds of magic have been but little practised. I have indeed come across very few persons in Ireland who try to communicate with evil powers, and the few I have met keep their purpose and practice wholly hidden from those among whom they live. They are mainly small clerks and the like, and meet for the purpose of their art in a room hung with black hangings. They would not admit me into this room, but finding me not altogether ignorant of the arcane science, showed gladly elsewhere what they would do. "Come to us," said their leader, a clerk in a large flour-mill, "and we will show you spirits who will talk to you face to face, and in shapes as solid and heavy as our own."

在爱尔兰，人们对黑暗力量耳闻甚少（现在我明白多了。我们这里的黑暗力量比我原本想的多得多，但不如苏格兰多，而且我依然觉得人类的想象力主要停留在奇妙与多变的事物之中），碰上亲眼目睹者的机会则更少了。因为人们的想象力多停留在奇妙和变幻无常的事物上，而这些事物一旦与邪恶或善良相结合，就会丧失自由，而自由对于它们，就像呼吸对于生命一般重要。但是，智者认为，无论人身处何方，能够满足其贪婪欲念的黑暗力量也与之相随，而且这种力量并不少于将甜蜜储存在人心房的光明精灵，也不少于薄暮中飘忽不定四处飞舞的精灵

们。它们或热切，或忧郁，团团将人围绕。智者还认为，有些人因为长期努力或者偶然天生的缘故，拥有洞悉精灵鬼怪们隐秘居所的本领，能看到精灵鬼怪们的存在。他们能看到那些身上充满可怖怨气的死去的男男女女，以及那些从来不曾在人间活过的东西，正怀着阴险的恶意缓缓移动。据说，黑暗力量日日夜夜纠缠着我们，就如盘踞在古树上的蝙蝠。我们之所以甚少听说，只不过因为黑暗魔法很少被实施。我在爱尔兰的确很少遇到试图与邪恶力量交流的人，遇到的那几个人也将他们的意图和行为完全隐瞒起来，不向外界透露。这些人一般都是些小职员之类的人，常聚在挂满黑窗帘的屋里探讨法术。他们本来不允许我进黑屋子，但在得知我对这种玄学并非一无所知后，就高兴地带我去其他地方观看他们的活动。他们的头领是个大面粉磨坊的职员，“来吧，”他说，“我们将给你展现幽灵，它们将和你面对面交谈，模样就和我们一样真实，体重也差不多。”

I had been talking of the power of communicating in states of trance with the angelical and faery beings—the children of the day and of the twilight—and he had been contending that we should only believe in what we can see and feel when in our ordinary everyday state of mind. "Yes," I said, "I will come to you," or some such words; "but I will not permit myself to become entranced, and will therefore know whether these shapes you talk of are any the more to be touched and felt by the ordinary senses than are those I talk of." I was not denying the power of other beings to take upon themselves a clothing of mortal substance, but only that simple invocations, such as he spoke of, seemed unlikely to do more than cast the mind into trance, and thereby bring it into the presence of the powers of day, twilight, and darkness.

我一直在谈论恍惚状态中与天使或精灵们交流的力量，这些天使和精灵是白昼或薄暮中的孩子。但他声称，我们只应该相信在日常清醒状态下的见闻和感受。“好的，”我说，“我会去找你。”大概说了这些话。“但我不会让自己变得神志不清，这样才能弄明白，你所讲的那些东西是否比我说的更容易被正常感官所触摸和感受。”我并非否认其他生灵有幻化人形的力量，但是，他提到的那些简单咒语，似乎最多只能使人精神恍惚，从而感受到白昼、薄暮和黑夜的力量。

"But," he said, "we have seen them move the furniture hither and thither, and they go at our bidding, and help or harm people who know nothing of them." I am not giving the exact words, but as accurately as I can the substance of our talk.

“可是，”他说，“我们见过它们把家具搬得到处都是呢；它们还能照我们的嘱咐行事，帮助或伤害那些根本对它们一无所知的人。”我写的并非他的原话，但是我尽可能准确地记下了当时谈话的主要内容。

On the night arranged I turned up about eight, and found the leader sitting alone in almost total darkness in a small back room. He

was dressed in a black gown, like an inquisitor's dress in an old drawing, that left nothing of him visible: except his eyes, which peered out through two small round holes. Upon the table in front of him was a brass dish of burning herbs, a large bowl, a skull covered with painted symbols, two crossed daggers, and certain implements shaped like quern stones, which were used to control the elemental powers in some fashion I did not discover. I also put on a black gown, and remember that it did not fit perfectly, and that it interfered with my movements considerably. The sorcerer then took a black cock out of a basket, and cut its throat with one of the daggers, letting the blood fall into the large bowl. He opened a book and began an invocation, which was certainly not English, and had a deep guttural sound. Before he had finished, another of the sorcerers, a man of about twenty-five, came in, and having put on a black gown also, seated himself at my left band. I had the invoker directly in front of me, and soon began to find his eyes, which glittered through the small holes in his hood, affecting me in a curious way. I struggled hard against their inf luence, and my head began to ache. The invocation continued, and nothing happened for the first few minutes. Then the invoker got up and extinguished the light in the hall, so that no glimmer might come through the slit under the door. There was now no light except from the herbs on the brass dish, and no sound except from the deep guttural murmur of the invocation.

约定的那天晚上，我大约八点到了那里，发现头领几乎全身着黑，独自坐在小密室里。他穿着黑袍，就像古画中审判官的制服，这衣服使得他几乎成了隐身人：除了那双眼睛通过两个小圆洞凝视着外面。他面前的桌子上摆着正在燃烧药草的黄铜盘子、一个大碗、画了符的头骨和两把交叉放着的匕首，以及一些磨石形状的工具——常用来控制原始的神灵，但使用方法我没弄懂。我也穿了身黑袍，记得并不太合身，使我行动起来非常不方便。巫师从篮子里抓出一只黑公鸡，用其中一把匕首割破鸡喉，将鸡血滴在大碗内。他翻开一本书，开始念咒——当然不是用英语，音调中带着深沉的喉音。还没念完，又进来一位巫师，约莫二十五岁，也是一袭黑袍，在我左手边坐下。念咒的巫师正对着我，很快我就发现，他那双透过头罩小圆洞闪烁的眼睛以奇特的方式影响着我。我努力与这种影响抗争，但我的头开始疼起来。咒语继续念着，起初几分钟安然无事。然后，念咒的巫师站起来，熄灭厅中灯光，因此门底下再也没有微光可能透过来了。除了铜盘中药草燃烧发出的光外，再没有一丝光；除了咒语中传出的低沉喉音外，再也没有半点声音。

Presently the man at my left swayed himself about, and cried out, "O god! O god!" I asked him what ailed him, but he did not know he had spoken. A moment after he said he could see a great serpent moving about the room, and became considerably excited. I saw nothing with any definite shape, but thought that black clouds were

forming about me. I felt I must fall into a trance if I did not struggle against it, and that the influence which was causing this trance was out of harmony with itself, in other words, evil. After a struggle I got rid of the black clouds, and was able to observe with my ordinary senses again. The two sorcerers now began to see black and white columns moving about the room, and finally a man in a monk's habit, and they became greatly puzzled because I did not see these things also, for to them they were as solid as the table before them. The invoker appeared to be gradually increasing in power, and I began to feel as if a tide of darkness was pouring from him and concentrating itself about me; and now too I noticed that the man on my left hand had passed into a death-like trance. With a last great effort I drove off the black clouds; but feeling them to be the only shapes I should see without passing into a trance, and having no great love for them, I asked for lights, and after the needful exorcism returned to the ordinary world.

没多久，我左边的男人开始摇晃身体，并大喊：“啊，神啊，神啊！”我问他怎么了，但他根本不知道自己说过话。又过了会儿，他说看到一条巨蛇在屋里游走，人变得异常激动。我没看到任何具形的东西，但觉得周围开始涌现乌云。我感觉，若不抵抗，肯定会陷入恍惚，而造成恍惚的力量本身就是混乱不堪的，换句话说，它是邪恶的。抗争了一阵后，我驱散了乌云，又能用正常感觉观察了。两个巫师现在开始看见黑色和白色的柱子在屋里移动，最后是个修道士模样的男人。我没看到这些，他们对此感到极其不解。对他们而言，这些东西就像面前的桌子一样真实。念咒的巫师似乎在逐渐增加力量，我开始感到似乎有黑暗的潮流从他身上涌出，集中向我扑过来。这时，我发现自己左边的男人已经进入死一般的昏睡状态。我尽力最后一搏，驱散了乌云，但感觉它们是我没进入恍惚状态下所见到的唯一形体，不过我并不太喜欢它们。我要求亮灯，经过必要的驱邪后，回到了正常世界。

I said to the more powerful of the two sorcerers—"What would happen if one of your spirits had overpowered me?" "You would go out of this room," he answered, "with his character added to your own." I asked about the origin of his sorcery, but got little of importance, except that he had learned it from his father. He would not tell me more, for he had, it appeared, taken a vow of secrecy.

我问两个巫师中力量更强大的那位：“如果你的幽灵中的某一个制服了我，会发生什么？”“你会走出这间屋子，”他说，“而且它的个性会融入到你的个性中。”我问起他这套魔法的来历，没得到什么重要线索，只知道他是从父亲那儿学来的。他不会向我透露更多了，因为他看似发过誓要保密。

For some days I could not get over the feeling of having a number of deformed and grotesque figures lingering about me. The Bright Powers are always beautiful and desirable, and the Dim Powers are

now beautiful, now quaintly grotesque, but the Dark Powers express their unbalanced natures in shapes of ugliness and horror.

有好些天，我都总感觉有许多畸形古怪的人影在身边萦绕。光明力量总是那么美丽而令人神往，黯淡力量时而美丽，时而离奇古怪。然而，黑暗力量却以丑陋和恐怖之态表现出它们扭曲的本性。

The Devil

魔鬼

My old Mayo[1] woman told me one day that something very bad had come down the road and gone into the house opposite, and though she would not say what it was, I knew quite well. Another day she told me of two friends of hers who had been made love to by one whom they believed to be the devil. One of them was standing by the road-side when he came by on horseback, and asked her to mount up behind him, and go riding. When she would not he vanished. The other was out on the road late at night waiting for her young man, when something came flapping and rolling along the road up to her feet. It had the likeness of a newspaper, and presently it flapped up into her face, and she knew by the size of it that it was the Irish Times. All of a sudden it changed into a young man, who asked her to go walking with him. She would not, and he vanished.

梅奥郡的老妇人有一天告诉我，有个坏家伙沿路下来走进了对面那户人家。虽然她没说是什么，但我很清楚。又有一天，她告诉我说她有两个朋友被她们认为是魔鬼的人求过爱。其中一个站在路边时，魔鬼骑马经过，邀她上去坐在自己身后一起骑马。她拒绝后，那人就消失了。另外那个呢，一天夜里在路上等自己的年轻恋人，这时，有个看起来像报纸的东西从路边飘过来，沿路翻滚到她脚下，接着又飞到了她脸上，根据大小她认出是《爱尔兰时报》。突然，报纸变成了一个年轻的男人，邀请她一起散步。她拒绝了，男人也没了踪影。

I know of an old man too, on the slopes of Ben Bulben, who found the devil ringing a bell under his bed, and he went off and stole the chapel bell and rang him out. It may be that this, like the others, was not the devil at all, but some poor wood spirit whose cloven feet[2] had got him into trouble.

我还认识一位家住本布尔本山坡的老人，他发现魔鬼在自己床下摇一个铃铛，于是，他出去偷偷拿来教堂的钟，用钟声把它赶出去了。可能和其他故事里的一样，这个东西，根本不是魔鬼，而只是个因分趾蹄惹上麻烦的可怜树精吧。

(1) 梅奥郡，属于康诺特省，位于爱尔兰西部海岸。

(2) 分趾蹄，西方传说或文学作品中，分趾蹄常和魔鬼联系起来。

Happy And Unhappy Theologians

快乐与不快乐的神学家们

I

（一）

A Mayo woman once said to me, "I knew a servant girl who hung herself for the love of God. She was lonely for the priest and her society, (The religious society she had belonged to.) and hung herself to the banisters with a scarf. She was no sooner dead than she became white as a lily, and if it had been murder or suicide she would have become black as black. They gave her Christian burial, and the priest said she was no sooner dead than she was with the Lord. So nothing matters that you do for the love of God." I do not wonder at the pleasure she has in telling this story, for she herself loves all holy things with an ardour that brings them quickly to her lips. She told me once that she never hears anything described in a sermon that she does not afterwards see with her eyes. She has described to me the gates of Purgatory as they showed themselves to her eyes, but I remember nothing of the description except that she could not see the souls in trouble but only the gates. Her mind continually dwells on what is pleasant and beautiful. One day she asked me what month and what flower were the most beautiful. When I answered that I did not know, she said, "the month of May, because of the Virgin,[1] and the lily of the valley, because it never sinned, but came pure out of the rocks," and then she asked, "what is the cause of the three cold months of winter?" I did not know even that, and so she said, "the sin of man and the vengeance of God." Christ Himself was not only blessed, but perfect in all manly proportions in her eyes, so much do beauty and holiness go together in her thoughts. He alone of all men was exactly six feet high, all others are a little more or a little less.

梅奥郡有个女人曾对我说：“我认识一个女佣因为爱慕上帝而上吊了。她得不到神父和社团（女佣参加的宗教社团）的理解，于是用围巾把自己吊死在扶栏上。她刚死就变得像百合一样洁白，要是谋杀或自杀，她死后会变得漆黑。人们为她举行了基督徒的葬礼，神父说，她一死就到了主的身边。所以，只要是出于对上帝的爱，做任何事情都没关系。”我对她讲述此事时所流露出来的快乐并不感到惊奇，因为她本人就狂热地爱着一切神圣的事物，喜欢不停地讲述这些事物。她还跟我说过，布道中听到的所有东西，之后她总能亲眼见到。她向我描述过炼狱之门浮现在她眼前的情形，但我全然忘了，仅仅记得她说她看不见受煎

熬的灵魂，只看到那些门。她的思想时刻专注于愉悦和美丽的事物。有一天，她问我哪个月份、什么花最美。我回答说不知道。她说：“五月最美，因为是圣母月；山谷的百合最美，因为它从岩石中干干净净长出来，从未沾染罪恶。”然后她又问：“三个月的寒冬是怎么来的？”我连这都不知道，于是她说：“人类的罪恶和上帝的惩罚。”在她看来，美与神圣总是相伴而生。因此，基督在她眼中，不仅神圣非凡，而且拥有男性的所有优点。在所有的男人中只有他恰好六英尺高，其他人都比这高点或矮点。

Her thoughts and her sights of the people of faery are pleasant and beautiful too, and I have never heard her call them the Fallen Angels. They are people like ourselves, only better-looking, and many and many a time she has gone to the window to watch them drive their wagons through the sky, waggon behind waggon in long line, or to the door to hear them singing and dancing in the Forth. They sing chiefly, it seems, a song called "The Distant Waterfall," and though they once knocked her down she never thinks badly of them. She saw them most easily when she was in service in King's County[2], and one morning a little while ago she said to me, "Last night I was waiting up for the master and it was a quarter-past eleven. I heard a bang right down on the table. 'King's County all over,' says I, and I laughed till I was near dead. It was a warning I was staying too long. They wanted the place to themselves." I told her once of somebody who saw a faery and fainted, and she said, "It could not have been a faery, but some bad thing, nobody could faint at a faery. It was a demon. I was not afraid when they near put me, and the bed under me, out through the roof. I wasn't afraid either when you were at some work and I heard a thing coming flop-flop up the stairs like an eel, and squealing. It went to all the doors. It could not get in where I was. I would have sent it through the universe like a flash of fire. There was a man in my place, a tearing fellow, and he put one of them down. He went out to meet it on the road, but he must have been told the words. But the faeries are the best neighbours. If you do good to them they will do good to you, but they don't like you to be on their path." Another time she said to me, "They are always good to the poor."

她所想象和勾画出的精灵们也都是令人愉悦的，美丽的，而且我从没听过她称它们为堕落天使。它们是和我们相似的人，只是模样漂亮些。无数次，她走到窗前，观看精灵们驱赶着一辆接一辆的一长队四轮车掠过天际；或者，跑到门口，聆听它们的歌舞声。它们似乎经常唱一支名叫《远方瀑布》的曲子，尽管曾经被它们撞倒过一次，她也从没觉得它们不好。她在国王郡做女仆时最容易见到精灵。不久前的一天早上，她对我说：“昨晚我正在等主人，当时是十一点过一刻。我听到桌上砰的一声。‘全国王郡都听到啦’，我说着，笑得快断气了。这声音在警告我呆得太久了，它们想要单独呆在那个地方。”有一次，我跟她说起有

人看见精灵后晕倒的事，她说：“那肯定不是精灵，而是某种坏的东西，没有人见了精灵会晕倒。那是个魔鬼。有一次，精灵差点把我连人带床顶破屋顶推了出去，我一点都不害怕。还有一次我正在干活，听到有个像鳗鱼的东西啪嗒啪嗒走上楼梯，还尖叫着，我也没觉得害怕。后来，它到每扇门前走了一趟，但就是进不了我那间屋。它要是进来，我就会立马把它扔到天边去。还有一个处境和我一模一样的男人，那家伙厉害着哩，干掉了一个精灵。他跑到路边去见它，不过他肯定知道了咒语。其实精灵们是最好的邻居。只要善待它们，它们也会报答你，但它们不喜欢你挡它们的道。”又有一次，她对我说：“精灵们总是善待穷人。”

II

There is, however, a man in a Galway village who can see nothing but wickedness. Some think him very holy, and others think him a little crazed, but some of his talk reminds one of those old Irish visions of the Three Worlds, which are supposed to have given Dante the plan of the Divine Comedy. But I could not imagine this man seeing Paradise. He is especially angry with the people of faery, and describes the faun-like[3] feet that are so common among them, who are indeed children of Pan[4], to prove them children of Satan. He will not grant that "they carry away women, though there are many that say so," but he is certain that they are "as thick as the sands of the sea about us, and they tempt poor mortals."

（二）

然而，在戈尔韦郡的一个村里，有个男人见到的尽是邪恶。有人认为他很神圣，其他人觉得他有些癫狂。然而，他有些话使人想起那些古老的爱尔兰关于三重世界的幻想。据说，但丁从这些幻想中摄取灵感，从而创作了《神曲》。但我无法想象这个人见到天堂的情形。他对精灵人极为气恼，称它们中大多长着农牧神似的脚，是撒旦的后代，其实它们是潘神的孩子。他不赞同“它们掳走女人，尽管很多人这么说”，却肯定地认为它们“多得像海边的沙子，包围着我们，引诱可怜的凡人”。

He says, "There is a priest I know of was looking along the ground like as if he was hunting for something, and a voice said to him, 'If you want to see them you'll see enough of them,' and his eyes were opened and he saw the ground thick with them. Singing they do be sometimes, and dancing, but all the time they have cloven feet." Yet he was so scornful of unchristian things for all their dancing and singing that he thinks that "you have only to bid them begone and they will go. It was one night," he says, "after walking back from Kinvara and down by the wood beyond I felt one coming beside me, and I could feel the horse he was riding on and the way he lifted his legs, but they do not make a sound like the hoofs of a horse. So I

stopped and turned around and said, very loud, 'Be off!' and he went and never troubled me after. And I knew a man who was dying, and one came on his bed, and he cried out to it, 'Get out of that, you unnatural animal!' and it left him. Fallen angels they are, and after the fall God said, 'Let there be Hell,' and there it was in a moment." An old woman who was sitting by the fire joined in as he said this with "God save us, it's a pity He said the word, and there might have been no Hell the day," but the seer did not notice her words. He went on, "And then he asked the devil what would he take for the souls of all the people. And the devil said nothing would satisfy him but the blood of a virgin's son, so he got that, and then the gates of Hell were opened." He understood the story, it seems, as if it were some riddling old folk tale.

他说："我认识一个神父，有一次，他在地上到处瞧，好像在找什么东西，有个声音就对他说：‘你要想看它们，那就让你看个够。他睁开眼睛，发现满地都是那些精灵。有时候，它们确实会唱歌，也跳舞，但是一直都长着分趾蹄。”不管它们的歌舞多么美妙，他都极其鄙视这些非基督徒的小东西，认为“你只要命令它们走开，它们就走了”。“有天晚上，”他说，“我从金瓦拉走回来，穿过树林的时候，我觉得有个东西到了身边，我能感觉到它骑的马和它蹬腿的方式，可是它们并没有弄出一点马蹄声。我就停下来，转身大喝了声‘走开！’它就走了，再也没骚扰过我。我认识一个快要咽气的男人，有个东西跑到他床上，他冲它大喊：‘滚开，你这个怪物！’它就离开他走了。它们都是些堕落天使，堕落后，上帝说：‘有个地狱吧。’马上就有了地狱。”有位老妇人在烤火，听他说起这事，插嘴道：“上帝拯救了我们，可惜的是他说了那个词，要不或许就没有地狱了。”但那位预言家没有注意到她的话，继续说：“然后他问魔鬼想用人类的灵魂换取什么。魔鬼回答说，只有处女之子的鲜血才能让他满足。于是，他得到了这个。随后，地狱的所有大门也都敞开了。”他讲述的这则故事似乎是从谜一般的古老民间传说推断出来的。

"I have seen Hell myself. I had a sight of it one time in a vision. It had a very high wall around it, all of metal, and an archway, and a straight walk into it, just like what 'ud be leading into a gentleman's orchard, but the edges were not trimmed with box, but with red-hot metal. And inside the wall there were cross-walks, and I'm not sure what there was to the right, but to the left there were five great furnaces, and they full of souls kept there with great chains. So I turned short and went away, and in turning I looked again at the wall, and I could see no end to it.

“我亲眼见过地狱，在一次幻境中我见过它。地狱外面有高高的围墙，全部是金属做的，有扇拱门，还有一条笔直的路向里面延伸，就像那种通向贵族果园的小径，但四周边界可不是黄杨木树篱，而是烧红的金属。围墙里面阡陌交通，我不知道右边有什么，但左边是五个大熔炉，塞满了被巨链锁住的灵魂。我立即转身离开。拐弯时，我又看了看

围墙，望不到尽头。”

"And another time I saw Purgatory. It seemed to be in a level place, and no walls around it, but it all one bright blaze, and the souls standing in it. And they suffer near as much as in Hell, only there are no devils with them there, and they have the hope of Heaven.

“还有一次，我见到炼狱，似乎是在一块平地上，没有围墙，只是一片熊熊燃烧的烈火，各种灵魂站在火中。它们遭受的痛苦像在地狱里一般，只是这里没有魔鬼，还有希望升入天堂。”

"And I heard a call to me from there, 'Help me to come out o' this!' And when I looked it was a man I used to know in the army, an Irishman, and from this county, and I believe him to be a descendant of King O'Connor of Athenry[5].

“我听到里面有人叫我，‘救我出去吧！’闻声看去，那是我在军队里认识的一个爱尔兰人，就是这个郡的，我认为他是阿森赖镇奥康纳王的后代。”

"So I stretched out my hand first, but then I called out, 'I'd be burned in the flames before I could get within three yards of you.' So then he said, 'Well, help me with your prayers,' and so I do.

“于是，我先是伸出手去，不过后来我喊道：‘我还没走到离你三码的地方，就会被火烧掉啦。’他回答说，‘好吧，那你用祈祷挽救我吧。’我照做了。”

"And Father Connellan says the same thing, to help the dead with your prayers, and he's a very clever man to make a sermon, and has a great deal of cures made with the Holy Water he brought back from Lourdes[6].”

“康奈兰神父也这样说过，以祈祷拯救亡者。他很聪明，擅长布道，还从卢尔德取回圣水，做了许多种药。”

1902

1902年

(1) 在西方宗教中，5月为圣母马利亚月。

(2) 奥法利郡（Offaly），位于爱尔兰伦斯特省。1556年设郡，以英王玛丽一世的夫君菲利浦二世命名，故而又称国王郡。

(3) 农牧神，罗马神话中的牧神之一，呈半人半羊状。

(4) 潘神，希腊神话中的畜牧神。

(5) 阿森赖镇，属于戈尔韦郡。

(6) 卢尔德，法国西南部的宗教圣地，据说圣母马利亚于1858年在此显灵，其后，该地以治病奇迹而闻名。

The Last Gleeman

最后的吟游诗人

Michael Moran[1] was born about 1794 off Black Pitts, in the Liberties of Dublin, in Faddle Alley. A fortnight after birth he went stone blind from illness, and became thereby a blessing to his parents, who were soon able to send him to rhyme and beg at street corners and at the bridges over the Liffey[2]. They may well have wished that their quiver were full of such as he, for, free from the interruption of sight, his mind became a perfect echoing chamber, where every movement of the day and every change of public passion whispered itself into rhyme or quaint saying.

迈克尔·莫兰约于1794年诞生在都柏林特区布莱克匹兹的法德尔巷。他出生两周后患病失明，这反而让他的父母因祸得福，小小年纪就把他打发到街角和利菲河的桥上吟唱乞讨。他们怕是还希望家里的孩子都能像他这般，因为，没有了视觉的干扰，他的思想便成了十足的回音室，所有的日常生活和公众情感每一丝变化，都在脑海中飒飒作响，转化成为歌谣或离奇的谚语。

By the time he had grown to manhood he was the admitted rector of all the ballad-mongers of the Liberties. Madden, the weaver, Kearney, the blind fiddler from Wicklow[3], Martin from Meath[4], M'Bride from heaven knows where, and that M'Grane, who in after days, when the true Moran was no more, strutted in borrowed plumes, or rather in borrowed rags, and gave out that there had never been any Moran but himself, and many another, did homage before him, and held him chief of all their tribe. Nor despite his blindness did he find any difficulty in getting a wife, but rather was able to pick and choose, for he was just that mixture of ragamuffin and of genius which is dear to the heart of woman, who, perhaps because she is wholly conventional herself, loves the unexpected, the crooked, the bewildering. Nor did he lack, despite his rags, many excellent things, for it is remembered that he ever loved caper sauce, going so far indeed in his honest indignation at its absence upon one occasion as to f ling a leg of mutton at his wife. He was not, however, much to look at, with his coarse frieze coat with its cape and scalloped edge, his old corduroy trousers and great brogues, and his stout stick made fast to his wrist by a thong of leather: and he would have been a woeful shock to the gleeman MacConglinne[5], could that friend of kings have beheld him in prophetic vision from the pillar stone at Cork[6]. And yet though the short cloak and the leather wallet were no more, he was a true gleeman, being alike poet, jester, and newsman of the people. In

the morning when he had finished his breakfast, his wife or some neighbour would read the newspaper to him, and read on and on until he interrupted with, "That'll do—I have me meditations;" and from these meditations would come the day's store of jest and rhyme. He had the whole Middle Ages under his frieze coat.

迈克尔成年后被公认为特区吟游歌手的头领。织布工马登、威克洛的盲人小提琴手卡尼、米斯郡的马丁、不知从哪里冒出来的马布莱德，还有马格雷恩（此人在莫兰去世后，得意洋洋地穿着莫兰式的行头，确切地说是穿着莫兰式的破布衫，宣称说从来就没有什么莫兰，所谓的莫兰就是他自己）等人，都向他致以敬意，推崇他为他们所有这些人的首领。失明也不曾妨碍他娶妻，相反，他还能挑挑拣拣，因为他恰恰是女人们心中爱慕的浪子与天才的结合物。也许由于女人们都恪守传统，因而喜爱这种出人意料的家伙，花言巧语的浪子，或是迷一样的男人。别看他衣衫褴褛，他可并不缺好东西。记得他向来喜食续随子酱，有次看到桌上没有摆，大发雷霆，竟把整条羊腿砸向妻子。不过，他外表并不起眼，穿着带披肩有牙月边的粗糙绒呢外套，一条旧灯芯绒裤子，蹬一双硕大的拷花皮鞋，手腕上用皮带紧紧地绑了根粗手杖：若是游吟诗人马克孔林，这位国王的朋友，在科克郡石柱的幻境中瞧见莫兰这付尊容，准会吓得不轻。虽然不再用短斗蓬和皮钱夹，他依然是个真正的吟游诗人，充当着人民的诗人、小丑和送报人。每天早饭过后，妻子或邻居会为他读报，他们会一直读下去直到他突然打断：“好了——我该好好想想了。”一番思忖之后，一天的笑话和歌谣就出来了。他把整个中世纪的故事都装进了自己的粗呢大衣里。

He had not, however, MacConglinne's hatred of the Church and clergy, for when the fruit of his meditations did not ripen well, or when the crowd called for something more solid, he would recite or sing a metrical tale or ballad of saint or martyr or of Biblical adventure. He would stand at a street corner, and when a crowd had gathered would begin in some such fashion as follows (I copy the record of one who knew him)—"Gather round me, boys, gather round me. Boys, am I standin' in puddle? am I standin' in wet?" Thereon several boys would cry, "Ali, no! yez not! yer in a nice dry place. Go on with St. Mary; go on with Moses[7]" —each calling for his favourite tale. Then Moran, with a suspicious wriggle of his body and a clutch at his rags, would burst out with "All me buzzim friends are turned backbiters;" and after a final "If yez don't drop your coddin' and diversion I'll lave some of yez a case," by way of warning to the boys, begin his recitation, or perhaps still delay, to ask, "Is there a crowd round me now? Any blackguard heretic around me?"

但是，他并不像马克孔林那样厌恶教会和教士。当他的思想果实尚未熟透，或者人们说想听点有说服力的故事时，他就会朗诵或吟唱一段关于圣人、殉道者、《圣经》历险题材的诗体故事或是民谣。他会站在街头，人群聚拢后，可能唱段这样的开场白（我从他的一个熟人那里抄

来这段话）——“围过来吧，孩子们，围过来吧。孩子们，难道我是站在水坑里吗？是站在湿地上吗？”几个男孩子立即大声回答：“哦，没有！您没有！您站在干爽的好地方。讲讲圣玛丽吧，讲讲摩西吧”——每个人都喊出自己最喜欢的故事。莫兰迟疑地挪挪身子，裹紧破烂衣裳，突然大声喊到：“我的好朋友都变成背后诽谤者了”。最后又警告男孩子们说，“你们要是还吵吵闹闹不安分，我就给你们点厉害看看，”说着他就开始吟诵。或者，也可能再拖延一下，问，“我身边围满了人吗？有没有无耻的异教徒在旁边？”

The best-known of his religious tales was St. Mary of Eg ypt, a long poem of exceeding solemnity, condensed from the much longer work of a certain Bishop Coyle. It told how a fast woman of Egypt, Mary by name, followed pilgrims to Jerusalem for no good purpose, and then, turning penitent on finding herself withheld from entering the Temple by supernatural interference, fled to the desert and spent the remainder of her life in solitary penance. When at last she was at the point of death, God sent Bishop Zozimus to hear her confession, give her the last sacrament, and with the help of a lion, whom He sent also, dig her grave. The poem has the intolerable cadence of the eighteenth century, but was so popular and so often called for that Moran was soon nicknamed Zozimus, and by that name is he remembered. He had also a poem of his own called Moses, which went a little nearer poetry without going very near. But he could ill brook solemnity, and before long parodied his own verses in the following ragamuffin fashion:

他最有名的宗教故事是《埃及的圣玛丽》，这是一首极其庄严的长诗，从主教科伊尔的长篇著作精编而来。诗歌讲述了埃及一个名叫玛丽的放荡女子的故事。她漫无目的地跟随朝圣者来到耶路撒冷，结果发现神的力量阻止她进入圣堂，于是开始忏悔。她逃往沙漠，在孤独的苦修中度过余生。弥留之际，上帝派主教索西穆斯来听她的忏悔，为她举行最后的圣礼。上帝还遣来狮子帮她挖掘坟墓。诗歌使用的是令人难以忍受的18世纪韵律，但很受欢迎，大家经常要求他唱这首诗，莫兰很快就获得“索西穆斯”的昵称，并以此闻名遐迩。他也创作了一首叫做《摩西》的诗，类似韵律诗，却又不完全是。但他忍受不了庄重的诗歌，没多久就以浪子风格改编出自己的诗行：

In Egypt's land, contagious to the Nile,

在埃及的土地上，尼罗河畔，

King Pharaoh's daughter went to bathe in style.

法老的女儿气派非凡去沐浴。

She tuk her dip, then walked unto the land,

她泡了泡，就上了岸，

To dry her royal pelt she ran along the strand.

为吹干那娇贵的身子，她沿着河岸跑。

A bulrush tripped her, whereupon she saw

芦苇绊倒她，于是她看见

A smiling babby in a wad o' straw.

稻草窝中婴儿在微笑。

She tuk it up, and said with accents mild,

她抱起孩子，说话轻又柔：

"Tare-and-agers, girls, which av yez owns the child?”

“哎呀呀，天哪，姑娘们，这是谁家的孩子？”

His humorous rhymes were, however, more often quips and cranks at the expense of his contemporaries. It was his delight, for instance, to remind a certain shoemaker, noted alike for display of wealth and for personal uncleanness, of his inconsiderable origin in a song of which but the first stanza has come down to us:

不过，他幽默的押韵诗更多充斥着对同时代人的讽刺和讥诮。比如，某个鞋匠因炫耀财富和生活肮脏而出名，莫兰便热衷于用歌谣提醒鞋匠注意自己的卑微出身，不过这首诗只有第一节流传了下来：

At the dirty end of Dirty Lane,

在肮脏街的肮脏尽头，

Liv'd a dirty cobbler, Dick Maclane;

住着肮脏的鞋匠迪克·麦克莱恩；

His wife was in the old king's reign

老国王在位时，鞋匠的老婆

A stout brave orange-woman.

肥胖又彪悍，橙子卖得欢。

On Essex Bridge she strained her throat,

埃塞克斯桥上她喊破喉咙，

And six-a-penny was her note.

吆喝着：六个一便士！

But Dickey wore a bran-new coat,

但是啊，迪克穿件新外套，

He got among the yeomen.

摇身混进了财主堆。

He was a bigot, like his clan,

他这个老顽固，跟族人没两样，

And in the streets he wildly sang,

大街小巷他疯疯癫癫把歌唱，

O Roly, toly, toly raid, with his old jade.

和他的老婆娘一道，噢罗利，托里，托里来了。

He had troubles of divers kinds, and numerous interlopers to face and put down. Once an officious peeler arrested him as a vagabond, but was triumphantly routed amid the laughter of the court, when Moran reminded his worship of the precedent set by Homer, who was also, he declared, a poet, and a blind man, and a beggar man. He had to face a more serious difficulty as his fame grew. Various imitators started up upon all sides.

莫兰惹上各种麻烦，还要应付无数麻烦制造者。有次，一个多管闲事的巡警将他当流浪汉逮捕。不过，莫兰辩护说自己虔诚地追随荷马，自己和他一样也是个诗人、盲人和乞丐。法庭哄然大笑，巡警大败。然而，名气越大，莫兰面临的问题也越严峻。形形色色的模仿者从四处冒了出来。

A certain actor, for instance, made as many guineas as Moran did shillings by mimicking his sayings and his songs and his getup upon the stage. One night this actor was at supper with some friends, when dispute arose as to whether his mimicry was overdone or not. It was agreed to settle it by an appeal to the mob. A forty-shilling supper at a famous coffeehouse was to be the wager. The actor took up his station at Essex Bridge, a great haunt of Moran's, and soon gathered a small crowd. He had scarce got through "In Egypt's land, contagious to the Nile," when Moran himself came up, followed by another crowd. The crowds met in great excitement and laughter.

比如，有个演员通过模仿他在台上的言语、歌谣和穿着，赚的几尼个数和莫兰赚的先令一般多。有天晚上，这个演员和一些朋友吃饭，大家开始争论他的模仿究竟是否超过了莫兰。最后他们决定让观众来决定。赌注是在一家著名的咖啡馆里吃顿四十先令的晚餐。演员在莫兰经常演出的埃塞克斯桥搭了台子，没多久，就聚了一小群围观者。他才开唱“在埃及的土地上，尼罗河畔，”莫兰就来了，身边也跟着一群人。两伙人群相遇，大家异常兴奋，笑声迭出。

"Good Christians," cried the pretender, "is it possible that any man would mock the poor dark man like that?"

“善良的基督徒啊，”模仿者大声说，“竟然还有人模仿我这可怜的瞎

子？”

"Who's that? It's some imposhterer," replied Moran.

“你是谁？你这个假冒者。”莫兰叫道。

"Begone, you wretch! It's you'ze the imposhterer. Don't you fear the light of heaven being struck from your eyes for mocking the poor darkman?"

“走开，你这无耻之徒！你才是假冒者。你捉弄可怜的盲人，就不怕遭天谴？”

"Saints and angels, is there no protection against this? You're a most inhuman blaguard to try to deprive me of my honest bread this way," replied poor Moran.

“圣人和天使们，就没有人来阻止这种事情吗？你这个毫无人性的骗子，竟然想以这种方式夺走我正当的生计。”可怜的莫兰答道。

"And you, you wretch, won't let me go on with the beautiful poem. Christian people, in your charity won't you beat this man away? He's taking advantage of my darkness." The pretender, seeing that he was having the best of it, thanked the people for their sympathy and protection, and went on with the poem, Moran listening for a time in bewildered silence.

“你，你这个卑鄙的家伙，阻拦我吟唱美丽的诗句。基督徒们，你们难道不愿发发慈悲将这个人轰走吗？他欺负我是个瞎子呢。”假冒者看自己占尽上风，谢过人们的怜悯和保护，继续吟唱诗句，莫兰不知所措地沉默着，听了一会儿。

After a while Moran protested again with: "Is it possible that none of yez can know me? Don't yez see it's myself; and that's some one else?"

过了片刻，莫兰再次申辩：“你们当中就真的没有人认识我？你们不知道我才是真的，那个人是假冒的？”

"Before I can proceed any further in this lovely story," interrupted the pretender, "I call on yez to contribute your charitable donations to help me to go on."

“在我接着讲这个有趣的故事之前，”假冒者打断他，“我请求你仁慈点让我讲下去。”

"Have you no sowl to be saved, you mocker of heaven?" cried Moran, put completely beside himself by this last injury—"Would you rob the poor as well as de save the world? O, was ever such wickedness known?"

“难道你的灵魂就不需要拯救吗？你这天杀的嘲弄者！”莫兰大声喝

道，他因这最残忍的伤害怒不可遏——“你想抢劫穷人毁灭世界吗？啊，谁听过这种恶毒的事情？”

"I leave it to yourselves, my friends," said the pretender, "to give to the real dark man, that you all know so well, and save me from that schemer," and with that he collected some pennies and half-pence. While he was doing so, Moran started his Mary of Eg ypt, but the indignant crowd seizing his stick were about to be labour him, when they fell back bewildered anew by his close resemblance to himself.

“你们自己决定吧，朋友们，”假冒者说，“帮帮你们很熟悉的真正的盲人吧，帮我摆脱那个阴谋家吧。”说着，就收到一些便士和半便士。他正收钱的时候，莫兰开始唱起《埃及的圣玛丽》，愤怒的人群抢了他的手杖正要打他，却住了手——他和莫兰本人如此神似，人们不禁再次陷入困惑。

The pretender now called to them to "just give him a grip of that villain, and he'd soon let him know who the imposhterer was!"

假冒者呼吁人们：“抓住那个恶棍吧，马上他就会明白谁才是假冒者！”

They led him over to Moran, but instead of closing with him he thrust a few shillings into his hand, and turning to the crowd explained to them he was indeed but an actor, and that he had just gained a wager, and so departed amid much enthusiasm, to eat the supper he had won.

人们把他引到莫兰跟前，但他并没有同莫兰打起来，反而朝莫兰手中塞了些先令，转身向人群解释自己其实是个演员，又说刚才赢了一笔赌注，于是离开兴奋的人群，去吃赢来的晚餐了。

In April 1846 word was sent to the priest that Michael Moran was dying. He found him at 15 (now 14) Patrick Street, on a straw bed, in a room full of ragged ballad-singers come to cheer his last moments. After his death the ballad-singers, with many fiddles and the like, came again and gave him a fine wake, each adding to the merriment whatever he knew in the way of rann, tale, old saw, or quaint rhyme. He had had his day, had said his prayers and made his confession, and why should they not give him a hearty send-off? The funeral took place the next day. A good party of his admirers and friends got into the hearse with the coffin, for the day was wet and nasty.

1846年4月，神父得到消息称迈克尔·莫兰就要死了。他在帕特里克街15号（现在是14号）找到了莫兰，他躺在稻草床上，屋里挤满了衣着破烂的民谣歌手，他们前来为他最后的时光欢庆。莫兰死后，那些民谣歌手们带上小提琴之类的乐器再次登门，为他好好守了一次灵，每个人都献上自己所知道的传说、故事、古谚或奇妙的韵诗为之增添欢乐。他曾风光无限，也曾祈祷过，忏悔过，难道他们不该给他举行一个热烈的

送别仪式吗？葬礼在第二天举行。由于天气潮湿恶劣，大群仰慕者和朋友们纷纷挤进了灵车。

They had not gone far when one of them burst out with "It's cruel cowld, isn't it?" "Garra'," replied another, "we'll all be as stiff as the corpse when we get to the berrin-ground." "Bad cess to him," said a third; "I wish he'd held out another month until the weather got dacent." A man called Carroll thereupon produced a half-pint of whiskey, and they all drank to the soul of the departed. Unhappily, however, the hearse was overweighted, and they had not reached the cemetery before the spring broke, and the bottle with it.

没走多远，有人突然说："冷极了，不是吗？""是啊，"另一个回答，"等我们到了墓地，恐怕都变得跟尸体一样僵硬了。""他运气真不好，"第三个人说；"多希望他能撑到下个月，那时天气好一点。"于是，有个叫卡罗尔的男人拿出半品脱威士忌，他们都向死者的灵魂敬了酒。不幸的是，灵车超载，还没到墓地弹簧就断了，酒瓶也摔碎了。

Moran must have felt strange and out of place in that other kingdom he was entering, perhaps while his friends were drinking in his honour. Let us hope that some kindly middle region was found for him, where he can call dishevelled angels about him with some new and more rhythmical form of his old

也许，当朋友们向莫兰敬酒时，他对于自己将要进入的新王国一定感到陌生又不安吧。让我们祝愿，他能找到一片友好的中央之地，在那里，他可以用更新颖、更富节奏的形式唱出旧日的歌谣，召唤零散的天使聚集身旁：

Gather round me, boys, will yez

围过来吧，孩子们，不过来吗？

Gather round me?

围过来好吗？

And hear what I have to say

来听听我唱的什么，

Before ould Salley brings me

趁着老萨利还没为我端来

My bread and jug of tay;

面包和茶水。

and fling outrageous quips and cranks at cherubim and seraphim. Perhaps he may have found and gathered, ragamuffin though he be, the Lily of High Truth, the Rose of Far-sought Beauty, for whose lack so many of the writers of Ireland, whether famous or forgotten, have

been futile as the blown froth upon the shore.

并将辛辣的讽刺和讥诮，抛向小天使和六翼天使。虽然莫兰只是流浪者，或许，他已然发现并采集到至高真理的百合和稀世之美的玫瑰。因为缺少了这两样，爱尔兰如此多作家，有名的，无名的，都犹如拍岸的浪花一样微不足道。

(1) 迈克尔·莫兰（1794—1846），19世纪爱尔兰街头诗人，又称佐西默斯。

(2) 利菲河，穿流于都柏林市区的一条河。

(3) 威克洛郡，位于爱尔兰东部海岸，南邻都柏林。

(4) 米斯郡，位于爱尔兰东部伦斯特省。

(5) 马克孔林，中世纪爱尔兰诗人，传说中利用幻象治好了国王卡瑟尔的暴食症。

(6) 科克郡，位于爱尔兰最南端。

(7) 摩西，犹太教、基督教《圣经》故事中古代犹太人的领袖。

Regina, Regina Pigmeorum, Veni

女王，精灵女王，来吧

One night a middle-aged man, who had lived all his life far from the noise of cab-wheels, a young girl, a relation of his, who was reported to be enough of a seer to catch a glimpse of unaccountable lights moving over the fields among the cattle, and myself, were walking along a far western sandy shore. We talked of the Forgetful People as the faery people are sometimes called, and came in the midst of our talk to a notable haunt of theirs, a shallow cave amidst black rocks, with its reflection under it in the wet sea sand. I asked the young girl if she could see anything, for I had quite a number of things to ask the Forgetful People. She stood still for a few minutes, and I saw that she was passing into a kind of waking trance, in which the cold sea breeze no longer troubled her, nor the dull boom of the sea distracted her attention. I then called aloud the names of the great faeries, and in a moment or two she said that she could hear music far inside the rocks, and then a sound of confused talking, and of people stamping their feet as if to applaud some unseen performer. Up to this my other friend had been walking to and fro some yards off, but now he passed close to us, and as he did so said suddenly that we were going to be interrupted, for he heard the laughter of children somewhere beyond the rocks. We were, however, quite alone. The spirits of the place had begun to cast their inf luence over him also. In a moment he was corroborated by the girl, who said that bursts of laughter had begun to mingle with the music, the confused talking, and the noise of feet. She next saw a bright light streaming out of the cave, which seemed to have grown much deeper, and a quantity of little people, (The people and faeries in Ireland are sometimes as big as we are, sometimes bigger, and sometimes, as I have been told, about three feet high. The Old Mayo woman I so often quote, thinks that it is something in our eyes that makes them seem big or little.) in various coloured dresses, red predominating, dancing to a tune which she did not recognize.

有天晚上，我们三个人在遥远的西部海滩散步。三人分别是：中年男子，他一辈子都住在远离车马喧嚣的地方；年轻姑娘，她是中年男子的亲戚，据说能像先知那样看见田野里牛群间的神秘亮光；还有我。我们谈起“健忘的人们”有时是精灵们的别称。交谈中，我们不知不觉走到了有名的精灵们的出没之地，那是位于黑色岩石中的一个浅洞，投影在潮湿的海滩沙地上。我问年轻姑娘是否看到了什么，因为我有许多事想问问“健忘的人们”。她凝神站了一会儿，我发现她渐渐陷入了怔怔恍惚

之中，冷冽的海风不能再烦扰她，大海隆隆的澎湃也不能打乱她的思绪。于是，我大声唤起一些伟大精灵的名字。过了一会儿，她说能听到岩石深处传来的音乐声，还听到些含糊的说话声，又听到人们在跺脚，似乎在为某个他们看不到的表演者喝彩。另外那位朋友刚才一直在几码外来回走动，这时朝我们走了过来，突然说，可能有什么人要来打扰到我们，因为他听到岩石后面传来孩子们的笑声。可是我们周边并没有人，显然，这个地方的精灵们也开始对他施加影响了。很快，女孩也同意他的说法。她说阵阵笑声混杂在音乐声、含糊的说话声和脚步声当中。接着，她看到洞穴中透出一道强光，洞穴似乎变得更幽深，里面有很多小人（有人告诉我，爱尔兰的精灵们有时跟我们人类一样高，有时又比我们高，有时则只有大约三英尺高。我经常提到的那个梅奥郡的老妇人认为，是我们凡人的眼睛里有什么东西使得精灵们看起来时高时矮）。穿着各色衣服，红色居多，正和着一首她不知道的曲子起舞。

I then bade her call out to the queen of the little people to come and talk with us. There was, however, no answer to her command. I therefore repeated the words aloud myself, and in a moment a very beautiful tall woman came out of the cave. I too had by this time fallen into a kind of trance, in which what we call the unreal had begun to take upon itself a masterful reality, and was able to see the faint gleam of golden ornaments, the shadowy blossom of dim hair. I then bade the girl tell this tall queen to marshal her followers according to their natural divisions, that we might see them. I found as before that I had to repeat the command myself. The creatures then came out of the cave, and drew themselves up, if I remember rightly, in four bands. One of these bands carried quicken boughs in their hands, and another had necklaces made apparently of serpents' scales, but their dress I cannot remember, for I was quite absorbed in that gleaming woman. I asked her to tell the seer whether these caves were the greatest faery haunts in the neighbourhood. Her lips moved, but the answer was inaudible. I bade the seer lay her hand upon the breast of the queen, and after that she heard every word quite distinctly. No, this was not the greatest faery haunt, for there was a greater one a little further ahead. I then asked her whether it was true that she and her people carried away mortals, and if so, whether they put another soul in the place of the one they had taken? "We change the bodies," was her answer. "Are any of you ever born into mortal life?" "Yes." "Do I know any who were among your people before birth?" "You do." "Who are they?" "It would not be lawful for you to know." I then asked whether she and her people were not "dramatizations of our moods"? "She does not understand," said my friend, "but says that her people are much like human beings, and do most of the things human beings do." I asked her other questions, as to her nature, and her purpose in the universe, but only seemed to puzzle her. At last she appeared to lose patience, for she wrote this message for me upon the sands—the

sands of vision, not the grating sands under our feet—"Be careful, and do not seek to know too much about us." Seeing that I had offended her, I thanked her for what she had shown and told, and let her depart again into her cave. In a little while the young girl awoke out of her trance, and felt again the cold wind of the world, and began to shiver.

于是，我请她召唤小人们的女王出来和我们谈话。但是，她的召唤没有引起任何反应。于是，我自己又大声重复了一遍那些召唤的话，不一会儿，一个美丽非凡的高个子女人走出了洞穴。这时，我也开始恍惚起来，那些我们所认为的虚幻之物在恍惚中开始显得非常真实，我能看见金色首饰柔和的光泽和黑色发丝间的明灭花影。之后我请姑娘告诉高个子女王召集部下，让它们按本来的队列站好，好让我们看到它们。我发现，和上次一样，我还是得亲自复述一遍。果然，精灵们从洞穴中出来，开始列队站立，如果我没记错的话，它们分成了四组。有一组精灵手持魔杖，还有一组佩戴蛇形项链，但是它们的服饰我记不清了，因为我的注意力全集中在那个光辉的女王身上。我请女王告诉先知，是否这些洞穴是附近精灵们活动的最大区域。她的嘴唇动了动，说什么却听不见。我请先知将手放在女王胸前，这样一来，她每一个字都听得清清楚楚。不，这里不是最大的精灵活动地，因为往前走不远处有个更大的。我又问她，她和她的臣民是否真的曾掳走凡人，如果是真的，她们是否将别的灵魂放入掳走的这个人身上。“我们交换身体。”她回答。“你们中有人曾投胎到凡间吗？”“有。”“我认识你们当中投生到凡间的人吗？”“你认识。”“都有谁呢？”“你知道这些不合适。”我又问，她和她的臣民是否并非是“由人类的情绪所编造出来的东西”，“她没明白，”朋友说，“不过她说，她的臣民和人类很像，做的大部分事情和人类差不多。”我又问了她一些其他问题，比如她的性质，她在宇宙中的目标，但这些问题似乎令她迷惑不解。最后，她似乎失去了耐心，在幻境中的沙滩上——而非脚下沙沙作响的沙滩，为我写下了这句话，“注意，别试图了解我们太多。”我意识到触怒了她，就马上为她的现身和回答表示感谢，然后就任她回洞穴中去了。一会儿，女孩从恍惚状态中醒过来，又重新感觉到尘世间海风的冷冽，打起了寒战。

I tell these things as accurately as I can, and with no theories to blur the history. Theories are poor things at the best, and the bulk of mine have perished long ago. I love better than any theory the sound of the Gate of Ivory, turning upon its hinges, and hold that he alone who has passed the rose-strewn threshold can catch the far glimmer of the Gate of Horn.[1] It were perhaps well for us all if we would but raise the cry Lilly[2] the astrologer raised in Windsor Forest, "Regina, Regina Pigmeorum, Veni," and remember with him, that God visiteth His children in dreams. Tall, glimmering queen, come near, and let me see again the shadowy blossom of thy dim hair.

我尽量准确地讲述这些事情，且不以任何理论去模糊记忆。理论不过是可怜之物，我的很多理论也早已消失。相比理论，我更喜欢象牙之门随铰链转动的声音，并且认为，只有走过撒满玫瑰的门槛的人，才能

捕捉到远处牛角之门的微光。或许，倘若我们仅仅发出占星家利利在温莎森林中的呼喊，这对我们而言都是最好的，“女王，精灵女王，来吧”，我们也将和他一样记住，上帝在梦中与他的孩子们会面。光辉的高个子女王，走近一些吧，让我们再看一眼你黑色发丝间明灭的花影。

(1) 牛角门（GateofHorn），象牙门（GateofIvory），在荷马史诗《奥德赛》和维吉尔的《埃涅伊德》中均有描述，认为牛角门和象牙门是传送梦兆的出口，通过牛角门的梦兆是真梦，通过象牙门的梦兆是假梦。

(2) 威廉·利利（1602—1681），17世纪英国著名的占星家和术士。

"And Fair, Fierce Women"

“那些美丽而勇武的女子”

One day a woman that I know came face to face with heroic beauty, that highest beauty which Blake says changes least from youth to age, a beauty which has been fading out of the arts, since that decadence we call progress, set voluptuous beauty in its place.

一天，我认识的一个妇人亲眼看到了一位传奇般的美人，那种绝世之美，正是布莱克所说的从年少到迟暮都分毫不减的美，那种美已渐渐从艺术中淡出，因为在我们称之为进步的颓废艺术中，取而代之的是奢华俗艳之美。

She was standing at the window, looking over to Knocknarea where Queen Maive[1] is thought to be buried, when she saw, as she has told me, "the finest woman you ever saw travelling right across from the mountain and straight to her." The woman had a sword by her side and a dagger lifted up in her hand, and was dressed in white, with bare arms and feet. She looked "very strong, but not wicked," that is, not cruel. The old woman had seen the Irish giant, and "though he was a fine man," he was nothing to this woman, "for he was round, and could not have stepped out so soldierly;" "she was like Mrs.—” a stately lady of the neighbourhood, "but she had no stomach on her, and was slight and broad in the shoulders, and was handsomer than any one you ever saw; she looked about thirty."

妇人正临窗站立，远眺诺科纳雷，据说梅芙女王就安葬在那里。这时，她看见（她的原话）“你生平所见最美的女人正穿过大山，径直朝她走去”。女人腰间佩剑，手擎匕首，一袭白衣，手臂裸露，赤足，看上去“力量强大，但并不邪恶”，也就是不凶残。老妇人此前见过爱尔兰巨人，“尽管他相貌英俊”，但全然不能与这名女子相比，“因为他身子圆滚，走路没那么英武”。“她就像某某夫人”，附近一位仪态高贵的女士，“不过，她腰腹挺拔，肩膀纤细而宽阔，比你见过的任何人都要有风度，看上去三十岁的样子”。

The old woman covered her eyes with her hands, and when she uncovered them the apparition had vanished. The neighbours were "wild with her," she told me, because she did not wait to find out if there was a message, for they were sure it was Queen Maive, who often shows herself to the pilots.

老妇人用双手蒙上眼睛，等拿开手时幻象也已经消失。她告诉我，由于没等到弄清楚是否有什么预示，邻居们对她“很是气恼”，因为他们都肯定那就是梅芙女王，她经常在水手们面前现身呢。

I asked the old woman if she had seen others like Queen Maive, and she said, "Some of them have their hair down, but they look quite different, like the sleepy-looking ladies one sees in the papers. Those with their hair up are like this one. The others have long white dresses, but those with their hair up have short dresses, so that you can see their legs right up to the calf." After some careful questioning I found that they wore what might very well be a kind of buskin; she went on, "They are fine and dashing looking, like the men one sees riding their horses in twos and threes on the slopes of the mountains with their swords swinging." She repeated over and over, "There is no such race living now, none so finely proportioned," or the like, and then said, "The present Queen (Queen Victoria) is a nice, pleasant-looking woman, but she is not like her. What makes me think so little of the ladies is that I see none as they be," meaning as the spirits. "When I think of her and of the ladies now, they are like little children running about without knowing how to put their clothes on right. Is it the ladies? Why, I would not call them women at all."

我问老妇人是否见过其他像梅芙女王的人，她说：“她们有的披着头发，像人们在报纸上看到的那些睡意朦胧的女人，跟这个大不一样。那些束起头发的倒是像她。还有的穿着白色长裙，而头发扎起来的则穿着短裙，露出小腿肚子。”仔细询问后，我得知她们很可能都穿着一种高统靴。她接着说，“她们看上去活泼漂亮，就像人们见到的那些三三两两在山坡上骑马舞剑的男人。”她不断重复着“现在没这样的人啦，没这么完美的人啦！”之类的话，然后又说：“我们现在的女王（维多利亚女王）是一个端庄可亲的美人，但也不像她。我瞧不上那贵族女子，觉得这些人没哪样比得上她们。”她们指的是精灵们。“每当我想起她，再想想今天的贵族女子，觉得她们就像到处乱跑不知如何穿衣打扮的小孩子。这还算贵族女子吗？奇怪，我才不称她们为女人呢。”

The other day a friend of mine questioned an old woman in a Galway workhouse about Queen Maive, and was told that "Queen Maive was handsome, and overcame all her enemies with a bawl stick, for the hazel is blessed, and the best weapon that can be got. You might walk the world with it," but she grew "very disagreeable in the end—oh very disagreeable. Best not to be talking about it. Best leave it between the book and the hearer." My friend thought the old woman had got some scandal about Fergus[2] son of Roy and Maive in her head.

前几天，我的一个朋友向戈尔韦郡济贫院的一位老妇人打听梅芙女王，被告知“梅芙女王端庄标致，曾用一根榛树枝击败了所有的敌人，因为那根树枝被赐福过，是天下最厉害的武器，拥有它就能走遍世界”。但是她最后变得“让人非常失望——哦，太让人失望了。最好别提了。最好别写进书里，也别说给人听”。我朋友认为老妇人可能想起了罗伊之子费格斯和梅芙女王之间的丑闻。

And I myself met once with a young man in the Burren Hills who remembered an old poet who made his poems in Irish and had met when he was young, the young man said, one who called herself Maive, and said she was a queen "among them," and asked him if he would have money or pleasure. He said he would have pleasure, and she gave him her love for a time, and then went from him, and ever after he was very mournful. The young man had often heard him sing the poem of lamentation that he made, but could only remember that it was "very mournful," and that he called her "beauty of all beauties."

有一次，我自己在布伦山区遇到一个年轻男子，他记起一位用爱尔兰语写诗的老人。年轻人说，这个诗人年轻的时候碰到过一个自称是梅芙的人，她说自己是“那些人”的女王，并问诗人想要金钱还是快乐。他说想要快乐。于是，她与他相爱了一段时日，就离开了他。从那以后，他一直很悲伤。诗人作过一首哀悼的诗歌，年轻人常听他吟唱，不过只记得这首诗“很伤感”，以及他称她是“美人中的美人”。

1902

1902年

(1) 梅芙女王，爱尔兰神话中的康诺特女王。

(2) 弗格斯，爱尔兰神话中的阿尔斯特王，梅芙女王的情人之一。

Enchanted Woods

着魔的树林

I

（一）

Last summer, whenever I had finished my day's work, I used to go wandering in certain roomy woods, and there I would often meet an old countryman, and talk to him about his work and about the woods, and once or twice a friend came with me to whom he would open his heart more readily than to me, He had spent all his life lopping away the witch elm and the hazel and the privet and the hornbeam from the paths, and had thought much about the natural and supernatural creatures of the wood. He has heard the hedgehog—"grainne oge," he calls him— "grunting," and is certain that he steals apples by rolling about under an apple tree until there is an apple sticking to every quill. He is certain too that the cats, of whom there are many in the woods, have a language of their own—some kind of old Irish. He says, "Cats were serpents, and they were made into cats at the time of some great change in the world. That is why they are hard to kill, and why it is dangerous to meddle with them. If you annoy a cat it might claw or bite you in a way that would put poison in you, and that would be the serpent's tooth." Sometimes he thinks they change into wild cats, and then a nail grows on the end of their tails; but these wild cats are not the same as the marten cats, who have been always in the woods. The foxes were once tame, as the cats are now, but they ran away and became wild. He talks of all wild creatures except squirrels—whom he hates—with what seems an affectionate interest, though at times his eyes will twinkle with pleasure as he remembers how he made hedgehogs unroll themselves when he was a boy, by putting a wisp of burning straw under them.

去年夏天，结束白天的工作后，我就去一片宽阔的树林里漫步。在那儿经常能遇上一个老农，我就和他聊聊他的活计以及那片树林。有一两次，有个朋友和我一起去了，比起我来，老农似乎更愿意向他敞开心扉。他一辈子都在修剪挡在路上的无主榆、榛子树、水蜡树和鹅耳枥，思考了很多树林中那些自然生物或是精灵鬼怪。他听见过刺猬——他称它为“长刺的家伙”——“咕哝的声音”，而且他还确信刺猬偷苹果的方法就是在一棵苹果树下打滚，直到每根刺上都钉上一个苹果。他还确信，树林里众多的猫有它们自己的语言——某种古爱尔兰语。他说：“猫原本是毒蛇，在某次世界巨变的时候，它们被变成了猫，这就是为什么猫不

容易被杀死，为什么招惹它们很危险。你要是惹恼了猫，它可能挠你，咬你，会使你中毒，那就像毒蛇的利齿。”有时他认为，它们变成野猫，然后在尾巴尖上长出一枚指甲，但这些野猫和那些老呆在林子里的貂猫不一样。狐狸曾像现在的猫一样温顺，但后来逃跑了，变得难以驯服。他饶有兴趣地谈起所有野生动物，唯独没提松鼠——他讨厌松鼠。但是，回忆起孩提时他如何将一把燃烧的麦秆塞到刺猬下面，迫使它们伸开蜷卷着的身子这些事时，他眼中不时闪耀着喜悦的光芒。

I am not certain that he distinguishes between the natural and supernatural very clearly. He told me the other day that foxes and cats like, above all, to be in the "forths" and lisses after nightfall; and he will certainly pass from some story about a fox to a story about a spirit with less change of voice than when he is going to speak about a marten cat—a rare beast now-a-days. Many years ago he used to work in the garden, and once they put him to sleep in a garden-house where there was a loft full of apples, and all night he could hear people rattling plates and knives and forks over his head in the loft. Once, at any rate, be has seen an unearthly sight in the woods. He says, "One time I was out cutting timber over in Inchy, and about eight o'clock one morning when I got there I saw a girl picking nuts, with her hair hanging down over her shoulders, brown hair, and she had a good, clean face, and she was tall and nothing on her head, and her dress no way gaudy but simple, and when she felt me coming she gathered herself up and was gone as if the earth had swallowed her up. And I followed her and looked for her, but I never could see her again from that day to this, never again." He used the word clean as we would use words like fresh or comely.

我不确定他是否能很清楚地区分自然生物和精灵鬼怪。有一天，他告诉我，狐狸和猫喜欢在夜幕降临后呆在“山寨”里。他老是从一只狐狸的故事转而讲到妖精的故事，语气几乎不变，就和他要转到说貂猫的故事一样——现在貂猫可是一种稀有动物呢。很多年前，他常在花园里干活。有一回，人们让他睡在花园的一所房子里，那里有一间存满苹果的阁楼。他整晚上都能听到头顶上的阁楼里有人在弄得盘子刀叉叮叮咚咚响个不停。他至少有一次在这片树林里见到过神秘景象。他说：“我有段时间外出在茵奇伐木。一天早上，大约八点我到了那儿，看见一个女孩正在采坚果，棕色长发披肩，脸蛋干净漂亮，个子高挑，头上没戴什么，衣着朴素，一点都不花哨。她一觉察到我来了，就缩起身子，消失了，就像钻到地里去了。我顺着她的方向到处找，但那天以后再也没见过她，再没见过。”他所说的“干净”就是我们常说的白净或清秀。

Others too have seen spirits in the Enchanted Woods. A labourer told us of what a friend of his had seen in a part of the woods that is called Shanwalla, from some old village that was before the wood. He said, "One evening I parted from Lawrence Mangan in the yard, and he went away through the path in Shanwalla, an' bid me goodnight.

And two hours after, there he was back again in the yard, an' bid me light a candle that was in the stable. An' he told me that when he got into Shanwalla, a little fellow about as high as his knee, but having a head as big as a man's body, came beside him and led him out of the path an' round about, and at last it brought him to the lime-kiln, and then it vanished and left him.”

其他人也在这片神奇的树林中见过精灵鬼怪。一个劳工跟我们讲起他朋友在树林中一个地方见到的东西。那里叫山瓦拉，就在树林前面的某个古老村庄附近。他说：“有天晚上，我在庭院和劳伦斯·曼根分手，他跟我道了晚安，就从山瓦拉的小路走了。过了两个小时，他又到庭院中，还吩咐我点燃马厩里的一支蜡烛。他告诉我，到山瓦拉时，就出现个小人，大概到他的膝盖那么高，头却跟普通人的身子一样大，这人走到他旁边，引他走出那条小路，然后转来转去，最后带他走到石灰窑就消失了，剩下他一个人。”

A woman told me of a sight that she and others had seen by a certain deep pool in the river. She said, "I came over the stile from the chapel, and others along with me; and a great blast of wind came and two trees were bent and broken and fell into the river, and the splash of water out of it went up to the skies. And those that were with me saw many figures, but myself I only saw one, sitting there by the bank where the trees fell. Dark clothes he had on, and he was headless."

有个妇人跟我说起她和一些人在一个深水塘边见到的河中异象。她说：“我从小礼拜堂出来，越过篱笆墙，其他人和我在一起。突然刮起一阵大风，有两棵树被刮弯了，后来就被刮断了，掉进河里，河水溅到了半空中。我的那些同伴看到许多人影，但我只看到一个，他就坐在河岸边树倒下的地方，穿着深色衣服，没有脑袋。”

A man told me that one day, when he was a boy, he and another boy went to catch a horse in a certain field, full of boulders and bushes of hazel and creeping juniper and rock-roses, that is where the lake side is for a little clear of the woods. He said to the boy that was with him, "I bet a button that if I fling a pebble on to that bush it will stay on it," meaning that the bush was so matted the pebble would not be able to go through it. So he took up "a pebble of cow-dung, and as soon as it hit the bush there came out of it the most beautiful music that ever was heard." They ran away, and when they had gone about two hundred yards they looked back and saw a woman dressed in white, walking round and round the bush. "First it had the form of a woman, and then of a man, and it was going round the bush."

有个男人跟我说，在他小的时候，有一天，他和另一个男孩去某块地里追赶一匹马。那片地是湖边的林中空地，到处是大石块、榛树丛，还有匍地刺柏和岩蔷薇丛。他对同伴说：“我敢赌一个纽扣，要是向那丛灌木扔卵石，它肯定会停在上面。”意思是这灌木丛太密了，石子不会穿

过枝叶掉下去。于是，他拾起一块“像牛粪的卵石，这石头刚碰到灌木，树丛里就传出来一阵从没听过的最美妙的音乐”。他们跑开了，跑了将近二百码，回头看时，发现一个白衣女子正绕着灌木走。“起初是个女人的样子，后来又变成了男人，一直围着树丛兜圈子。”

II

（二）

I often entangle myself in argument more complicated than even those paths of Inchy as to what is the true nature of apparitions, but at other times I say as Socrates said when they told him a learned opinion about a nymph of the Illissus[1], "The common opinion is enough for me." I believe when I am in the mood that all nature is full of people whom we cannot see, and that some of these are ugly or grotesque, and some wicked or foolish, but very many beautiful beyond any one we have ever seen, and that these are not far away when we are walking in pleasant and quiet places. Even when I was a boy I could never walk in a wood without feeling that at any moment I might find before me somebody or something I had long looked for without knowing what I looked for. And now I will at times explore every little nook of some poor coppice with almost anxious footsteps, so deep a hold has this imagination upon me. You too meet with a like imagination, doubtless, somewhere, wherever your ruling stars will have it, Saturn driving you to the woods, or the Moon, it may be, to the edges of the sea. I will not of a certainty believe that there is nothing in the sunset, where our forefathers imagined the dead following their shepherd the sun, or nothing but some vague presence as little moving as nothing. If beauty is not a gateway out of the net we were taken in at our birth, it will not long be beauty, and we will find it better to sit at home by the fire and fatten a lazy body or to run hither and thither in some foolish sport than to look at the finest show that light and shadow ever made among green leaves. I say to myself, when I am well out of that thicket of argument, that they are surely there, the divine people, for only we who have neither simplicity nor wisdom have denied them, and the simple of all times and the wise men of ancient times have seen them and even spoken to them. They live out their passionate lives not far off, as I think, and we shall be among them when we die if we but keep our natures simple and passionate. May it not even be that death shall unite us to all romance, and that some day we shall fight dragons among blue hills, or come to that whereof all romance is but

茵奇的那些小路错综复杂，而每当我想起什么是鬼魅的真正本性时，常常陷入比那些小路还要复杂的思绪当中。但在其他时候，我又

说：“我知道一般的看法就够了。”别人告诉苏格拉底关于伊利索斯河上仙女的睿智观点时，他就是这么说的。心情愉快的时候，我相信，整个世界充满了我们看不到的人。这些人中，有的丑陋或怪诞，有的邪恶或愚蠢，而很多人却有我们从未领略过的美貌。当我们在舒适而安静的地方散步时，这些人离我们并不遥远。甚至早在孩提时代，漫步林间时，我都会感觉到，面前随时可能冒出些我神往已久却不可名状的人或物。现在，我时常迈着热切的脚步，去探寻那些贫瘠矮林中每一处隐匿的角落，可见这种想象对我影响多么深远。你肯定也在某处体验过这类似的想象吧，无论你的守护之星将它置于何处。土星带你进入树林之中，而月亮，或许带你走到大海之滨。我也不能确信日落之处是否真的空无一物，我们的祖先曾想象逝者在那里追随牧放他们的太阳，或者真的没有什么，只不过是些模糊的，如无物一般几乎不动的存在。如果美不是我们自降生之日起便陷入的大网的出口，那么，美将不复为美。并且，我们会发现，坐在家中烤火，养肥慵懒的身子，或是在可笑的游戏中狼奔豕突，都胜过欣赏光与影在绿叶之间的绝美表演。当我远离争论之丛，我告诉自己，那些可爱的人们，它们当然存在。因为只有我们这些失去天真亦无智慧的人，才会否定它们的存在。而古往今来质朴的人们和古代的智者，都见过它们，甚至与它们交谈过。它们在并不遥远的地方过着热情洋溢的生活，正如我想的那样。只要我们保持纯朴和热情的本性，死后，我们就会成为它们中的一员。愿死亡将我们与一切传奇相联系，有朝一日，我们将在蓝色山林中与恶龙作战，或者觉悟。所有的传奇，不过是

"Foreshadowings mingled with the images Of man's misdeeds in greater days than these,"

“预兆与幻象交织，昭示着人类在昌平盛世的罪孽”

as the old men thought in The Earthly Paradise[2] when they were in good spirits.

——就如《人间天堂》中老人们在快乐时所想的那样。

1902

1902年

(1) 伊利索斯河，古希腊的一条河流。

(2) 《人间天堂》，英国诗人威廉·莫里斯创作的长诗。

Miraculous Creatures

神奇物种

There are marten cats and badgers and foxes in the Enchanted Woods, but there are of a certainty mightier creatures, and the lake hides what neither net nor line can take. These creatures are of the race of the white stag that flits in and out of the tales of Arthur, and of the evil pig that slew Diarmuid[1] where Ben Bulben mixes with the sea wind. They are the wizard creatures of hope and fear, they are of them that fly and of them that follow among the thickets that are about the Gates of Death. A man I know remembers that his father was one night in the wood of Inchy, "where the lads of Gort[2] used to be stealing rods. He was sitting by the wall, and the dog beside him, and he heard something come running from Owbawn Weir, and he could see nothing, but the sound of its feet on the ground was like the sound of the feet of a deer. And when it passed him, the dog got between him and the wall and scratched at it there as if it was afraid, but still he could see nothing but only hear the sound of hoofs. So when it was passed he turned and came away home." " Another time," the man says, "my father told me he was in a boat out on the lake with two or three men from Gort, and one of them had an eel-spear, and he thrust it into the water, and it hit something, and the man fainted and they had to carry him out of the boat to land, and when he came to himself he said that what he struck was like a calf, but whatever it was, it was not fish!" A friend of mine is convinced that these terrible creatures, so common in lakes, were set there in old times by subtle enchanters to watch over the gates of wisdom. He thinks that if we sent our spirits down into the water we would make them of one substance with strange moods of ecstasy and power, and go out it may be to the conquest of the world. We would, however, he believes, have first to outface and perhaps overthrow strange images full of a more powerful life than if they were really alive. It may be that we shall look at them without fear when we have endured the last adventure, that is death.

着魔的树林中有貂猫、獾和狐狸，不过这里必定也有一些力量更强大的物种，湖水里还隐匿着用渔网或钓线都无法捕获的生物。这些生物有的是亚瑟传说中白色牡鹿的群族，有的是在本布尔本山与海风交汇处屠戮迪尔米德的妖猪种族。它们是带来希望与恐惧的邪魔生物，在死亡大门边的灌木丛中飞舞徘徊。我认识的一个人记得，有天晚上，他父亲去茵奇树林中。“戈特的孩子们以前老去那里偷树枝。父亲靠墙坐着，狗呆在他身旁，突然他听到从奥巴恩韦尔跑来了什么东西，可是什么也看

不到。从蹄声听来像是鹿。它经过时，狗退到我父亲身后的墙边，还刨着墙面，似乎很害怕。但父亲还是什么也看不到，只听到蹄声。等它离开后，父亲赶忙转身回家了。”“后来又有一次，”男人说，“父亲告诉我，他和二三个戈特镇的男人乘船出湖，其中有个人带着鳗鱼渔叉，用渔叉朝水中刺，不知击中了什么，那人就晕厥过去，他们只好将他从船中拖上岸。男人苏醒过来后说，他击中的像是头小牛犊，反正不管是什么，绝不是鱼！”我有个朋友深信，湖中这些随处可见的可怕生物，是被古代狡猾的巫师安排在那儿看守智慧之门的。他认为，倘若我们将自己的灵魂投入水中，便可以使之变成性情狂热、充满力量的灵物，待它们从水中出来后，便可征服世界。然而，他相信，我们首先得正视，甚至打败那些比它们真正活着时有着更强大生命力的古怪形象。也许，当我们忍受过最后的历险，即死亡之后，我们将直视它们而无所畏惧。

1902

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(1) 迪尔米德，爱尔兰神话中的勇士。由于爱上了芬尼亚头领芬恩的妻子格雷尼，遭到忌恨。芬恩伺机报复，在与迪尔米德一起狩猎时，假借野猪将勇士杀死。

(2) 戈特镇，位于戈尔韦郡南部。

Aristotle Of The Books

书虫亚里士多德

The friend who can get the wood-cutter to talk more readily than he will to anybody else went lately to see his old wife. She lives in a cottage not far from the edge of the woods, and is as full of old talk as her husband.

我那个唯一能使樵夫倾吐心声的朋友，最近去看了看自己的老伴。他的老伴住在离森林边缘不远的村舍里，和她丈夫一样，也知道许多老故事。

This time she began to talk of Goban, the legendary mason, and his wisdom, but said presently, "Aristotle of the Books, too, was very wise, and he had a great deal of experience, but did not the bees get the better of him in the end? He wanted to know how they packed the comb, and he wasted the better part of a fortnight watching them, and he could not see them doing it. Then he made a hive with a glass cover on it and put it over them, and he thought to see. But when he went and put his eyes to the glass, they had it all covered with wax so that it was as black as the pot; and he was as blind as before. He said he was never rightly kilt till then. They had him that time surely!"

这次，她提起了传奇泥瓦匠格本和他的智慧，但不久话锋一转，说：“书虫亚里士多德也很睿智，还有极其丰富的经验，但最后还不是输给了蜜蜂？他想知道蜜蜂怎么筑巢，花了近两个星期的时间观察，但就是没能看到它们筑巢。后来，他做了一个蜂房，上面罩了个玻璃盖，把蜜蜂罩在里面，心想这回能看到了。等他把眼睛贴到玻璃上去看时，蜜蜂已经用蜂蜡把玻璃涂得像锅底一样漆黑，他和上次一样瞎忙活了。他说，在那之前，可从没真的失败过。蜜蜂们着实让他吃了回败仗！”

1902

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The Swine Of The Gods

仙猪

A few years ago a friend of mine told me of something that happened to him when he was a young man and out drilling with some Connaught Fenians. They were but a car-full, and drove along a hillside until they came to a quiet place. They left the car and went further up the hill with their rifles, and drilled for a while. As they were coming down again they saw a very thin, long-legged pig of the old Irish sort, and the pig began to follow them. One of them cried out as a joke that it was a fairy pig, and they all began to run to keep up the joke. The pig ran too, and presently, how nobody knew, this mock terror became real terror, and they ran as for their lives. When they got to the car they made the horse gallop as fast as possible, but the pig still followed. Then one of them put up his rifle to fire, but when he looked along the barrel he could see nothing. Presently they turned a corner and came to a village. They told the people of the village what had happened, and the people of the village took pitchforks and spades and the like, and went along the road with them to drive the pig away. When they turned the corner they could not find anything.

几年前，一个朋友跟我讲起他的一次经历。那时他还年轻，和康诺特省的芬尼亚勇士们一起出去演练。他们满满地挤在一辆马车上，车沿着山腰行驶，最后到了一处僻静的地方。他们走下车，带着来复枪爬上山操练了一会儿。往回走时，他们看到一条精瘦的古爱尔兰种的长腿猪，那猪开始跟着他们走。有人开了个玩笑大声嚷道那是一头猪精，于是，为了迎合这个玩笑，大家都跑了起来。猪也跟着跑。不一会儿，不知怎的，恶作剧演变成了真实的恐惧，他们奋力逃命。上车后，他们策马全速奔驰，但猪依然尾随着。后来，有个人举起来复枪，打算开火，但他顺着枪管看去，什么也没有。没多久，他们拐弯进了一个村庄。给村民讲完事情经过，大家带了草耙和铁锹之类的工具沿路去驱赶那头猪，但他们拐过弯后，却什么都没发现。

1902

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A Voice

一个声音

One day I was walking over a bit of marshy ground close to Inchy Wood when I felt, all of a sudden, and only for a second, an emotion which I said to myself was the root of Christian mysticism. There had swept over me a sense of weakness, of dependence on a great personal Being somewhere far off yet near at hand. No thought of mine had prepared me for this emotion, for I had been pre-occupied with Aengus[1] and Edain[2], and with Mannanan[3], son of the sea. That night I awoke lying upon my back and hearing a voice speaking above me and saying, "No human soul is like any other human soul, and therefore the love of God for any human soul is infinite, for no other soul can satisfy the same need in God." A few nights after this I awoke to see the loveliest people I have ever seen. A young man and a young girl dressed in olive-green raiment, cut like old Greek raiment, were standing at my bedside. I looked at the girl and noticed that her dress was gathered about her neck into a kind of chain, or perhaps into some kind of stiff embroidery which represented ivy-leaves. But what filled me with wonder was the miraculous mildness of her face. There are no such faces now. It was beautiful, as few faces are beautiful, but it had neither, one would think, the light that is in desire or in hope or in fear or in speculation. It was peaceful like the faces of animals, or like mountain pools at evening, so peaceful that it was a little sad. I thought for a moment that she might be the beloved of Aengus, but how could that hunted, alluring, happy, immortal wretch have a face like this? Doubtless she was from among the children of the Moon, but who among them I shall never know.

有一天，我在茵奇森林附近的沼泽地散步，突然之间，某种情绪涌上心头，又旋即消失，我心想那就是基督教神秘论的根源。一阵虚弱感向我袭来，伴随的还有对某种强大造物的依赖感，似乎他远在天涯却又近在咫尺。我丝毫没有预料到这种情绪的到来，因为我一直在出神地想着安格斯和伊旦，以及海之子玛纳纳恩。那天夜间，我从睡梦中醒来，仰面躺着，听到头顶有个声音说：“世上没有哪两个人的灵魂是相同的，因此上帝对每个人的灵魂都充满无限怜爱。因为，上帝对某个灵魂的需求，其他别的灵魂都无法满足。”过了几个晚上，我醒来时看到了平生见过的最可爱的人。一对年轻男女正站在我床边，身着橄榄绿衣裳，古希腊式剪裁。我端详着女孩，留意到她的衣裳在颈部束拢成项链似的饰物，或许，是一种硬刺绣织成的常春藤叶花边。她的面容奇迹般地平和，这令我惊叹不已。这样的容颜在今天几近绝迹。它的美，世间稀有，然而你会觉得，这张脸上不曾折射出一丝欲望、憧憬、恐惧或沉思

之光。它那么安详，犹如动物的脸，又如夜间的山中深潭；那么恬静，竟透出些许忧伤。我一度想，也许她就是安格斯的恋人，但那个被人爱慕、快乐迷人、永生的可怜人，怎会拥有如此平和的面容？无疑，她是月亮的女儿，至于是哪个女儿，我永远也无法得知。

1902

1902年

(1) 安格斯，爱尔兰神话中的爱与美之神，年轻男女的守护神。

(2) 伊旦，安格斯的爱人。

(3) 玛纳纳恩，凯尔特神话中海之子，其职责通常是指引死者的灵魂进入死后的世界。

Kidnappers

掳人的精灵

A little north of the town of Sligo, on the southern side of Ben Bulben, some hundreds of feet above the plain, is a small white square in the limestone. No mortal has ever touched it with his hand; no sheep or goat has ever browsed grass beside it. There is no more inaccessible place upon the earth, and few more encircled by awe to the deep considering. It is the door of faery-land. In the middle of night it swings open, and the unearthly troop rushes out. All night the gay rabble sweep to and fro across the land, invisible to all, unless perhaps where, in some more than commonly "gentle" place—Drumcliff or Drum-a-hair—the nightcapped heads of faery-doctors may be thrust from their doors to see what mischief the "gentry" are doing. To their trained eyes and ears the fields are covered by red-hatted riders, and the air is full of shrill voices—a sound like whistling, as an ancient Scottish seer has recorded, and wholly different from the talk of the angels, who "speak much in the throat, like the Irish," as Lilly, the astrologer, has wisely said. If there be a new-born baby or new-wed bride in the neighbourhood, the nightcapped "doctors" will peer with more than common care, for the unearthly troop do not always return empty-handed. Sometimes a new-wed bride or a new-born baby goes with them into their mountains; the door swings to behind, and the new-born or the new-wed moves henceforth in the bloodless land of Faery; happy enough, but doomed to melt out at the last judgment like bright vapour, for the soul cannot live without sorrow. Through this door of white stone, and the other doors of that land where geabheadh tu an sonas aer pighin ("you can buy joy for a penny"), have gone kings, queens, and princes, but so greatly has the power of Faery dwindled, that there are none but peasants in these sad chronicles of mine.

在斯莱戈镇往北一点，本布尔本山南侧，高出平原几百英尺处，有一小块白色的方形石灰岩。那里从没有凡人之手触摸过，也没有绵羊或山羊在旁边吃过草。人间找不到哪个地方比它更难以接近，也没有几处地方像它那般弥漫着令人心生敬畏的气息。那里就是精灵王国之门，门在午夜开启，仙军奔涌而出。通宵达旦，这群欢乐之众在大地上来回扫荡，谁也看不见它们，或许只有在那些非比寻常的“高贵”之地，比如鼓崖或鼓发，巫医们把裹着睡帽的脑袋从各家门内探出来，监视着“贵人们”干的“好事”。对他们经过训练的眼睛和耳朵而言，地里遍布着头戴红帽的骑兵，空气中充斥着声声尖叫。苏格兰古代的一位预言家曾描述，这种尖叫声就像哨声，跟天使的说话声全然不同。占星家利利曾睿智地

指出，天使们“就像爱尔兰人一样，大多用喉音说话”。若是附近有婴儿降生或女子出嫁，这些头戴睡帽的“医生们”就会凝神关注着，比平日更加仔细，因为，这支仙军并非总是空手而归。有时，它们将新娘或新生儿带回山中。仙门关闭，新生儿或新娘子从此脱离凡间，踏入精灵王国。它们在那里无忧无虑，不过注定要在最后的审判日如明亮的蒸气般消失殆尽，因为没有忧伤，灵魂便不能存活。经由这扇白色石门和其他大门，进入“一便士买来快乐”精灵王国的，有国王们、王后们还有王子们。然而，如今精灵国的力量已大不如前了，在我这些凄凉的记载中，只剩下庄稼汉了。

Somewhere about the beginning of last century appeared at the western corner of Market Street, Sligo, where the butcher's shop now is, not a palace, as in Keats's "Lamia", but an apothecary's shop, ruled over by a certain unaccountable Dr. Opendon. Where he came from, none ever knew. There also was in Sligo, in those days, a woman, Ormsby by name, whose husband had fallen mysteriously sick. The doctors could make nothing of him. Nothing seemed wrong with him, yet weaker and weaker he grew. Away went the wife to Dr. Opendon. She was shown into the shop parlour. A black cat was sitting straight up before the fire. She had just time to see that the side-board was covered with fruit, and to say to herself, "Fruit must be wholesome when the doctor has so much," before Dr. Opendon came in. He was dressed all in black, the same as the cat, and his wife walked behind him dressed in black likewise. She gave him a guinea, and got a little bottle in return. Her husband recovered that time. Meanwhile the black doctor cured many people; but one day a rich patient died, and cat, wife, and doctor all vanished the night after. In a year the man Ormsby fell sick once more. Now he was a goodlooking man, and his wife felt sure the "gentry" were coveting him. She went and called on the "faery-doctor" at Cairnsfoot. As soon as he had heard her tale, he went behind the back door and began muttering, muttering, muttering—making spells. Her husband got well this time also. But after a while he sickened again, the fatal third time, and away went she once more to Cairnsfoot, and out went the faery-doctor behind his back door and began muttering, but soon he came in and told her it was no use—her husband would die; and sure enough the man died, and ever after when she spoke of him Mrs. Ormsby shook her head saying she knew well where he was, and it wasn't in heaven or hell or purgatory either. She probably believed that a log of wood was left behind in his place, but so bewitched that it seemed the dead body of her husband.

大约上个世纪初，在斯莱戈镇集市街西角现在是肉铺的那个地方，并没有济慈在《拉弥亚》中所说的宫殿，而是一家药铺，老板是个令人捉摸不透的人，叫奥潘顿医生。他从哪里来，无人知晓。当时，斯莱戈镇还有个叫奥姆斯比的女人，她丈夫突然得了怪病。医生束手无策。他

看起来好像没得什么病，却日渐虚弱。妻子去找奥潘顿医生。医生让人带她去药店大厅，一只黑猫正直立地蹲在火边。她恰巧看到橱柜上摆满水果，于是自言自语："医生家有这么多水果，可见水果是有益健康的。"随即，奥潘顿医生就进来了。他身着黑色，就像那只猫一样，后面跟着他的妻子，也是一身黑。女人给了医生一个几尼，换来一小瓶东西。她丈夫那次康复了。黑衣医生同时还治愈了其他很多人。但有一天，一个很有钱的病人死了，于是，那只猫、医生和他妻子在第二天晚上都没了踪影。不出一年，奥姆斯比先生再次病倒。由于他英俊漂亮，妻子觉得肯定是"贵人们"盯上了他。她去凯恩斯福特拜访"巫医"。医生一听完她的话，就走到后门背面，开始喃喃地念起咒语。这回，她的丈夫也好了。但是没多久，他第三次病倒，这次性命攸关。妻子再次去找凯恩斯福特，巫医绕到后门背后，开始念咒，但他很快就回屋了，告诉她没用了——她丈夫将会死去。男人果然死了，从那以后，每次说起丈夫，奥姆斯比夫人都摇摇头说很清楚他去了哪里，不是天堂，也不是地狱，更不是炼狱。她大概认为他的墓中留有的只是一段圆木头，但被施了魔法，所以看起来就像她丈夫的尸体。

She is dead now herself, but many still living remember her. She was, I believe, for a time a servant or else a kind of pensioner of some relations of my own.

现在，这个女人已经过世了，但很多在世的人还记得她。我相信，她有段时间给我的某些亲戚做过佣人或是雇工。

Sometimes those who are carried off are allowed after many years—seven usually—a final glimpse of their friends. Many years ago a woman vanished suddenly from a Sligo garden where she was walking with her husband. When her son, who was then a baby, had grown up he received word in some way, not handed down, that his mother was glamoured by faeries, and imprisoned for the time in a house in Glasgow[1] and longing to see him. Glasgow in those days of sailing-ships seemed to the peasant mind almost over the edge of the known world, yet he, being a dutiful son, started away. For a long time he walked the streets of Glasgow; at last down in a cellar he saw his mother working. She was happy, she said, and had the best of good eating, and would he not eat? and therewith laid all kinds of food on the table; but he, knowing well that she was trying to cast on him the glamour by giving him faery food, that she might keep him with her, refused and came home to his people in Sligo.

有时候，那些被掳走的人在多年后——通常是七年，被允许见朋友们最后一面。很多年前，斯莱戈镇有个女人同丈夫在花园散步时，突然间不见了。当时，她儿子还很小，儿子长大后，不知道从哪儿得来消息说母亲是被精灵们施了法，正关在格拉斯哥的某座房子里，很想见见他。至于获得消息的途径就无从查证了。当时的交通工具主要限于帆船，在农夫看来，格拉斯哥几乎超出了已知世界的边缘；但他是个孝顺的儿子，于是启程了。他走遍格拉斯哥的大街小巷，找了很长一段时

间。最终，在一间地窖里找到了他母亲，她正在干活。她说，她很开心，吃的也是最好的，他不想尝尝吗？然后他母亲在桌上摆了各种食物，但他很清楚，母亲想以精灵食物向他施魔法，好将他留在身边，于是，就拒绝了，返回到斯莱戈的家中。

Some five miles southward of Sligo is a gloomy and tree-bordered pond, a great gathering-place of water-fowl, called, because of its form, the Heart Lake. It is haunted by stranger things than heron, snipe, or wild duck. Out of this lake, as from the white square stone in Ben Bulben, issues an unearthly troop. Once men began to drain it; suddenly one of them raised a cry that he saw his house in f lames. They turned round, and every man there saw his own cottage burning. They hurried home to find it was but faery glamour. To this hour on the border of the lake is shown a half-dug trench—the signet of their impiety. A little way from this lake I heard a beautiful and mournful history of faery kidnapping. I heard it from a little old woman in a white cap, who sings to herself in Gaelic, and moves from one foot to the other as though she remembered the dancing of her youth.

斯莱戈镇往南五英里处有一个幽暗的水塘，树木环绕，水禽聚集。水塘因其形状得名，叫心湖。湖边常有诡异之物出没，比苍鹭、鹬或野鸭子更为古怪。就像本布尔本山的白色方形石门，这湖中也有精灵大军涌出。有一次，人们打算在那里开渠，突然有一个人大叫一声，说看到家里起火了。大家转身一看，每个人都发现自家小屋着火了，匆忙赶回家，却发现只是精灵们的把戏。直到今天，那个挖了一半的沟渠还在湖边，标志着人们对精灵的不敬。在湖的不远处，我听到一段关于精灵们诱拐人类的美丽而忧伤的故事。那是一个带着白帽子的瘦小老妇人讲给我听的。她用盖尔语哼唱着，重心在两只脚间移来移去，彷佛忆起年轻时的舞步。

A young man going at nightfall to the house of his just married bride, met in the way a jolly company, and with them his bride. They were faeries, and had stolen her as a wife for the chief of their band. To him they seemed only a company of merry mortals. His bride, when she saw her old love, bade him welcome, but was most fearful lest he should eat the faery food, and so be glamoured out of the earth into that bloodless dim nation, wherefore she set him down to play cards with three of the cavalcade; and he played on, realizing nothing until he saw the chief of the band carrying his bride away in his arms. Immediately he started up, and knew that they were faeries; for slowly all that jolly company melted into shadow and night. He hurried to the house of his beloved. As he drew near came to him the cry of the keeners. She had died some time before he came. Some noteless Gaelic poet had made this into a forgotten ballad, some odd verses of which my white-capped friend remembered and sang for me.

有个年轻人在黄昏时前往新婚妻子家，途中遇到一支兴高采烈的乐

队，他的妻子和他们在一起。它们是精灵，偷来新娘给队长做夫人。然而，在男人眼中，它们不过是一群快活的凡人。他的新娘看到旧日情人，表示欢迎，却很担心万一男人吃了那些精灵食物，也将被施了魔法，进入那个脱离凡尘的幽暗国度。因此，她安排男人坐下和队伍中的三个精灵玩纸牌。于是，他浑然不觉地开始玩牌，直到看见乐队长抱走自己的妻子才意识到不对劲。他当即站起来，发现它们原来是精灵——因为整个快活的乐队慢慢地变成影子融进夜色当中。他匆忙赶去妻子家，快到时，他听到了哭丧女的哀号。妻子在他赶到之前已经咽气。一位无名的盖尔族诗人将这个故事编成民谣，民谣已经失传，但我这位戴白帽子的朋友还记得几句，就唱给了我听。

Sometimes one hears of stolen people acting as good genii to the living, as in this tale, heard also close by the haunted pond, of John Kirwan of Castle Hacket. The Kirwans (I have since heard that it was not the Kirwans, but their predecessors at Castle Hacket, the Hackets themselves, I think, who were descended from a man and a spirit, and were notable for beauty. I imagine that the mother of Lord Cloncurry was descended from the Hackets. It may well be that all through these stories the name of Kirwan has taken the place of the older name. Legend mixes everything together in her cauldron.) are a family much rumoured of in peasant stories, and believed to be the descendants of a man and a spirit. They have ever been famous for beauty, and I have read that the mother of the present Lord Cloncurry was of their tribe.

有时候，人们听说被掳走的人为活人做好事，就像下面这个传说中所讲的那样。这也是从鬼怪出没的池塘附近听到的，主人公是哈克特城堡的约翰·柯万。柯万家族（我后来听说并非柯万家族，而是他们在哈克特城堡的先辈，我觉得是哈克特家族自己，他们是人和精灵的后裔，以美貌著称。我猜克伦卡里领主的母亲是哈克特的后人。极有可能，这些故事在流传的时候，人们用柯万取代了原来更古老的姓氏。传说像个大熔炉，总把一切混合到一起）在农夫们的故事中传闻很多，大家相信他们是人类和精灵的后代，一直以美貌著称。我从书上读到过，现在的克伦卡里领主的母亲是他们的族人。

John Kirwan was a great horse-racing man, and once landed in Liverpool with a fine horse, going racing somewhere in middle England. That evening, as he walked by the docks, a slip of a boy came up and asked where he was stabling his horse. In such and such a place, he answered. "Don't put him there," said the slip of a boy; "that stable will be burnt to-night." He took his horse elsewhere, and sure enough the stable was burnt down. Next day the boy came and asked as reward to ride as his jockey in the coming race, and then was gone. The racetime came round. At the last moment the boy ran forward and mounted, saying, "If I strike him with the whip in my left hand I will lose, but if in my right hand bet all you are worth." For, said Paddy Flynn, who told me the tale, "the left arm is good for

nothing. I might go on making the sign of the cross with it, and all that, come Christmas, and a Banshee, or such like, would no more mind than if it was that broom." Well, the slip of a boy struck the horse with his right hand, and John Kirwan cleared the field out. When the race was over, "What can I do for you now?" said he. "Nothing but this," said the boy: "my mother has a cottage on your land-they stole me from the cradle. Be good to her, John Kirwan, and wherever your horses go I will watch that no ill follows them; but you will never see me more." With that he made himself air, and vanished.

约翰·柯万是个出色的骑手，曾经带着一匹骏马在利物浦登岸，准备前往英格兰中部某个地方赛马。那天晚上，他经过码头，一个瘦削的男孩走过来，问他打算把马拴在哪儿。在某某地方，他回答。“别放在那里，”瘦男孩说，“那个马厩今晚会失火。”柯万便把马安置到了别处，男孩说的那个马厩果然被烧毁了。次日，男孩来了，要求在赛马会上做他的骑师，以算作对自己的回报，然后消失了。赛马就要开始了，男孩在最后一刻跑过来，跳上马，说道：“我要是用左手挥鞭抽这匹马，我就会输；但要是用右手，你就押上所有的钱。”给我讲这个故事的帕迪·弗林说，那是因为“左手做什么都不中用。我要是用左手划十字，基督也好，女妖也罢，或类似的东西，他们都不会在意，就好像我用的是扫帚一样。”当然，瘦男孩用的是右手挥鞭，约翰·柯万把所有的钱都赢到了手。比赛结束后，“现在我怎么报答你？”他问。“就一件事，”男孩回答，“我母亲的房子在你的领地上，我还在摇篮里时就被精灵们偷走了。请对她好一点，约翰·柯万，无论你的马去哪里，我将保证它们不得病，但你再也见不到我了。”才说完，他就变作空气消失了。

Sometimes animals are carried off—apparently drowned animals more than others. In Claremorris, Galway, Paddy Flynn told me, lived a poor widow with one cow and its calf. The cow fell into the river, and was washed away. There was a man thereabouts who went to a red-haired woman —for such are supposed to be wise in these things —and she told him to take the calf down to the edge of the river, and hide himself and watch. He did as she had told him, and as evening came on the calf began to low, and after a while the cow came along the edge of the river and commenced suckling it. Then, as he had been told, he caught the cow's tail. Away they went at a great pace across hedges and ditches, till they came to a royalty (a name for the little circular ditches, commonly called raths or forts, that Ireland is covered with since Pagan times). Therein he saw walking or sitting all the people who had died out of his village in his time. A woman was sitting on the edge with a child on her knees, and she called out to him to mind what the red-haired woman had told him, and he remembered she had said, Bleed the cow. So he stuck his knife into the cow and drew blood. That broke the spell, and he was able to turn her homeward. "Do not forget the spancel," said the woman with the

child on her knees; "take the inside one." There were three spancels on a bush; he took one, and the cow was driven safely home to the widow.

有时候，动物也被掠走——显然，在被掠走的动物中，以溺水的动物居多。帕迪·弗林告诉我，在戈尔韦郡的克莱尔莫里斯，有个可怜的寡妇，与一头母牛和它的小牛仔相依为命。母牛掉进河里被冲走了。附近有个男人就去找一个红头发的妇人——人们认为长着红发的女人对付这种事情很有一套。红发妇人叫他把小牛带到河边，自己躲起来监视着。他照吩咐做了。天黑了，小牛开始哞哞叫，过了一会儿，母牛就沿着河岸走了过来，开始给小牛喂奶。然后，男人就照吩咐的那样，抓住了母牛的尾巴。他们飞快地越过篱笆和沟渠，最后到了一个皇家寨子（一个小的环形沟渠，通常叫山寨或者堡垒，从异教徒时代起，这些山寨就遍布了爱尔兰）。他见到山寨里面走动的、坐着的都是当时村里死去的人。有个女人坐在边上，腿上抱着孩子，冲他大声说别忘了红发妇人交代的事。男人这才想起，红发妇人叫他给母牛放血。于是，他把刀子捅入母牛的身体，放出血来。这样就破了魔咒，他才能安全地把母牛赶回家。“别忘了拴牛绳，”膝上抱着孩子的女人说，“拿最里面的那根。”一丛灌木上放着三根拴牛绳，他拿了一根，将母牛安全地赶回了寡妇家。

There is hardly a valley or mountainside where folk cannot tell you of some one pillaged from amongst them. Two or three miles from the Heart Lake lives an old woman who was stolen away in her youth. After seven years she was brought home again for some reason or other, but she had no toes left. She had danced them off. Many near the white stone door in Ben Bulben have been stolen away.

几乎在所有的山谷或山腰，你都能听到人们说起有人被掳走的事情。离心湖两三英里的地方，住着一位老妇人，她年轻时就被掳走过。七年后，不知为什么，她又被送回来了，但脚趾头全都没了——她跳舞太多把脚趾头都磨掉了。在本布尔本山的白色石门附近居住的很多人都被精灵们掳走了。

It is far easier to be sensible in cities than in many country places I could tell you of. When one walks on those grey roads at evening by the scented elder-bushes of the white cottages, watching the faint mountains gathering the clouds upon their heads, one all too readily discovers, beyond the thin cobweb veil of the senses, those creatures, the goblins, hurrying from the white square stone door to the north, or from the Heart Lake in the south.

我可以列举出许多村庄，在那些地方保持理智可比在城里要难得多。倘若你在傍晚走上那些灰色小径，穿行于白色村舍和香气氤氲的接骨木丛间，凝望朦胧的群山顶部云烟缭绕。这时，透过那层薄如蛛网的理性面纱你将轻而易举地发现那些生灵，那些小妖精，正从北边的白色方形石门或南边的心湖匆匆而出。

(1) 格拉斯哥，苏格兰西南部的港埠。

The Untiring Ones

不知疲倦者

It is one of the great troubles of life that we cannot have any unmixed emotions. There is always something in our enemy that we like, and something in our sweetheart that we dislike. It is this entanglement of moods which makes us old, and puckers our brows and deepens the furrows about our eyes. If we could love and hate with as good heart as the faeries do, we might grow to be long-lived like them. But until that day their untiring joys and sorrows must ever be one-half of their fascination. Love with them never grows weary, nor can the circles of the stars tire out their dancing feet. The Donegal[1] peasants remember this when they bend over the spade, or sit full of the heaviness of the fields beside the griddle at nightfall, and they tell stories about it that it may not be forgotten. A short while ago, they say, two faeries, little creatures, one like a young man, one like a young woman, came to a farmer's house, and spent the night sweeping the hearth and setting all tidy. The next night they came again, and while the farmer was away, brought all the furniture up-stairs into one room, and having arranged it round the walls, for the greater grandeur it seems, they began to dance. They danced on and on, and days and days went by, and all the country-side came to look at them, but still their feet never tired. The farmer did not dare to live at home the while; and after three months he made up his mind to stand it no more, and went and told them that the priest was coming. The little creatures when they heard this went back to their own country, and there their joy shall last as long as the points of the rushes are brown, the people say, and that is until God shall burn up the world with a kiss.

人生的大麻烦之一在于我们无法拥有毫无掺杂的情感。敌人身上总有我们喜爱之处，而心爱的人身上也有我们厌恶之处。这种情绪纠葛催人老去，添了我们额上的褶皱，深了我们眼周的皱纹。倘若我们能像精灵们那般，以赤子之心去爱或恨，那么我们或许会像它们那样获得永生。然而，在那天来临之前，精灵们那不知疲倦的快乐和忧伤，必然在很大程度上仍是它们的魅力所在。它们的爱永不疲气，斗转星移，它们的舞步却永不停歇。每当俯身用铁锹干活的时候，每当夜暮降临，坐在矿筛旁歇歇精疲力竭的身体的时候，多尼戈尔的农夫就会说起这个观点，讲述关于它的一些故事，使它永久流传下来。他们说，不久前，有两个精灵，两个小东西，一个像个年轻男人，一个像个年轻女人，走进了一家农户，整晚都在打扫炉台，把一切收拾得整整齐齐。第二天晚上，它们又来了，趁农夫不在的时候，他们将所有家具都搬到楼上一间

屋子，靠墙摆着，因为这样看起来更为壮观。之后它们开始跳舞。它们跳啊跳，一天又一天过去了，所有的村民都跑来看，可它们的脚似乎永远不知疲倦。在那期间，那个农夫不敢住在家里。过了三个月，他决定不再忍受，于是跑去对它们说，牧师要来了。小家伙们听到这话，就回自己的世界去了。人们说，在那里，只要灯芯草尖端还是褐色，也就是说，只要上帝还没有以吻将这个世界燃为灰烬，它们的快乐就将永恒延续。

But it is not merely faeries who know untiring days, for there have been men and women who, falling under their enchantment, have attained, perhaps by the right of their God-given spirits, an even more than faery abundance of life and feeling. It seems that when mortals have gone amid those poor happy leaves of the Imperishable Rose of Beauty, blown hither and thither by the winds that awakened the stars, the dim kingdom has acknowledged their birthright, perhaps a little sadly, and given them of its best. Such a mortal was born long ago at a village in the south of Ireland. She lay asleep in a cradle, and her mother sat by rocking her, when a woman of the Sidhe (the faeries) came in, and said that the child was chosen to be the bride of the prince of the dim kingdom, but that as it would never do for his wife to grow old and die while he was still in the first ardour of his love, she would be gifted with a faery life. The mother was to take the glowing log out of the fire and bury it in the garden, and her child would live as long as it remained unconsumed. The mother buried the log, and the child grew up, became a beauty, and married the prince of the faeries, who came to her at nightfall. After seven hundred years the prince died, and another prince ruled in his stead and married the beautiful peasant girl in his turn; and after another seven hundred years he died also, and another prince and another husband came in his stead, and so on until she had had seven husbands. At last one day the priest of the parish called upon her, and told her that she was a scandal to the whole neighbourhood with her seven husbands and her long life. She was very sorry, she said, but she was not to blame, and then she told him about the log, and he went straight out and dug until he found it, and then they burned it, and she died, and was buried like a Christian, and everybody was pleased. Such a mortal too was Clooth-na-bare (Doubtless Clooth-na-bare should be Cailleac Bare, which would mean the old Woman Bare. Bare or Bere or Verah or Dera or Dhera was a very famous person, perhaps the mother of the Gods herself. A friend of mine found her, as he thinks frequenting Lough Leath, or the Grey Lake on a mountain of the Fews. Perhaps Lough Ia is my mishearing, or the storyteller's mispronunciation of Lough Leath, for there are many Lough Leaths.), who went all over the world seeking a lake deep enough to drown her faery life, of which she had grown weary, leaping from hill to lake and lake to hill, and

setting up a cairn of stones wherever her feet lighted, until at last she found the deepest water in the world in little Lough Ia, on the top of the Birds' Mountain at Sligo.

然而，除精灵们外，还有些尘世男女也领略过不知疲倦的生活。他们被精灵们施了魔法，也许是由于获得了上帝赐予的精灵之气的缘故，因而拥有比精灵们更丰富的生命和感情。似乎，当凡人们走入了精灵世界——在那里，精灵们就如永恒的美之玫瑰那可怜而快乐的花瓣，被唤醒群星的阵阵风儿吹得纷飞飘散——幽暗王国早已承认他们与生俱来的权利，或许带着一丝黯然，并且给予他们最高礼遇。很久以前，在爱尔兰南部的一个村庄里就诞生了这样一个凡人。她躺在摇篮中睡觉，她母亲坐在旁边摇着摇篮。这时，一个精灵王国的女人走进来，说这个孩子被选中做幽暗王国王子的新娘。当王子初尝爱情时，他的妻子已然衰老或死去是万万不行的，因而，她要被赐予精灵的长命。这位母亲要从火炉中取出燃烧着的圆木，将它埋到花园中。只要木头还没燃尽，孩子的生命就将延续。母亲埋下了圆木，而孩子也日渐长大，出落成美人。日暮之时，精灵王子前来找她，他们成了亲。700年后，王子去世；另一个王子接替他的位置，也把这位漂亮的农家女儿娶为妻子；又过了700年，这个王子也去世了，又换了下一位王子和丈夫。如此，她有了七位丈夫。终于有一天，教区的牧师登门拜访，告诉她整个社区都以她的七位丈夫和她的长寿为耻。她说自己很抱歉，但那不是自己的错。然后，她告诉他圆木之事，于是，牧师径直走出去挖来挖去，终于找到了这根圆木。然后，他们把它烧了，女人就死了。她的葬礼像个基督徒的葬礼，人人都满意。另一个这样的凡人是克鲁斯-娜 - 贝尔（无疑，克鲁斯 - 娜 - 贝尔就是卡里克·贝尔，也即老妇人贝尔。贝尔、贝雷、薇拉、德拉或笛拉指的都是同一个非常出名的人，也许她本身就是众神之母。我一个朋友发现，就如他所想，她时常出现在费斯山巅的里斯湖或灰湖。也许，伊俄湖是我听错了，或者就是讲故事者对里斯湖的发音错误，因为有很多地方都叫里斯湖），她厌倦了精灵的长寿，满世界找足够深的湖来结束自己精灵的长命。她在高山与河畔之间奔走，她的脚所踏之处，她都堆起一堆石块作为标记。直到最后，她在斯莱戈百鸟山的山颠找到了世界上最深的湖——小小的伊俄湖。

The two little creatures may well dance on, and the woman of the log and Clooth-na-bare sleep in peace, for they have known untrammelled hate and unmixed love, and have never wearied themselves with "yes" and "no," or entangled their feet with the sorry net of "maybe" and "perhaps." The great winds came and took them up into themselves.

那两个小精灵很可能将永远舞蹈下去，圆木女人和克鲁斯 - 娜 - 贝尔将安然长眠，毕竟她们领略过无所顾忌的恨和毫无掺杂的爱，她们从未在“是”与“不是”间使自己疲倦不堪，也从未将双足陷入“或许”与“可能”的遗憾之网中。大风起兮，将万物归于本真。

(1) 多尼戈尔郡，位于爱尔兰西北部，属于阿尔斯特省

Earth, Fire And Water

大地、火和水

Some French writer that I read when I was a boy, said that the desert went into the heart of the Jews in their wanderings and made them what they are. I cannot remember by what argument he proved them to be even yet the indestructible children of earth, but it may well be that the elements have their children. If we knew the Fire Worshippers better we might find that their centuries of pious observance have been rewarded, and that the fire has given them a little of its nature; and I am certain that the water, the water of the seas and of lakes and of mist and rain, has all but made the Irish after its image. Images form themselves in our minds perpetually as if they were reflected in some pool. We gave ourselves up in old times to mythology, and saw the Gods everywhere. We talked to them face to face, and the stories of that communion are so many that I think they outnumber all the like stories of all the rest of Europe. Even to-day our country people speak with the dead and with some who perhaps have never died as we understand death; and even our educated people pass without great difficulty into the condition of quiet that is the condition of vision. We can make our minds so like still water that beings gather about us that they may see, it may be, their own images, and so live for a moment with a clearer, perhaps even with a fiercer life because of our quiet. Did not the wise Porphyry[1] think that all souls come to be born because of water, and that "even the generation of images in the mind is from water"?

幼时，我读过一位法国作家的书，书上说犹太人漫游的时候，沙漠便进入到他们心中，于是造就了他们今天的模样。我忘了作家是如何论证他们是不可摧毁的大地儿女的，不过，或许是说任何元素都有自己的后代罢。倘若我们对火的崇拜者多些了解，我们或将发现，他们数百年的虔诚笃信已然得到回报，火已赐予他们火的部分天性。我确信，水——海水、湖水、雾水和雨水，几乎都照自身的形象塑造了爱尔兰人。这些形象将它们自身永恒地注入我们的心灵，就如它们在池塘投射出影像。在古代，我们全身心虔诚地信仰神话，认为诸神无所不在。我们与神面对面交谈，而有关此类交流的故事在爱尔兰不胜枚举，我认为其数量超过欧洲其他地方数量的总和。即便是在今天，我们乡间的人们依然与亡者对话，也与那些或许从未像我们所理解的死亡那般死去的人对话。我们中间即便是颇有学识的人也可轻易入定，进入幻境。我们可以让心灵静如止水，围绕在我们身边的生灵或许可以从中看到自己的影像，并且在这种宁静的影响下，体验一下更为澄净或更为热烈的生活。智者普菲力欧斯不也认为，所有灵魂因水而生，而且“即便是心中形象的

产生也来自于水”吗？

1902

1902年

(1) 普菲力欧斯，（234—约305），腓尼基新柏拉图主义哲学家。

The Old Town

古镇

I fell, one night some fifteen years ago, into what seemed the power of faery.

大约十五年前的一天晚上，我似乎陷入了精灵们的魔力当中。

I had gone with a young man and his sister—friends and relations of my own—to pick stories out of an old countryman; and we were coming home talking over what he had told us. It was dark, and our imaginations were excited by his stories of apparitions, and this may have brought us, unknown to us, to the threshold, between sleeping and waking, where Sphinxes[1] and Chimaeras[2] sit open-eyed and where there are always murmurings and whisperings. I cannot think that what we saw was an imagination of the waking mind.

我和一个小伙子及其妹妹去找一位老农收集故事，兄妹二人是我的朋友兼亲戚。回家途中，我们谈论起老人告诉我们的故事。天已经黑了，老人那些精灵鬼怪的故事使我们的想象力异常活跃，因而，可能在不曾察觉的时候，我们已被带至昏睡与清醒之间的门槛，斯芬克斯和客迈拉坐在那儿，神情警惕。在那里，喃喃低语声、窃窃私语声不绝于耳。我认为接下来我们所看到的绝非头脑清醒时的想象。

We had come under some trees that made the road very dark, when the girl saw a bright light moving slowly across the road. Her brother and myself saw nothing, and did not see anything until we had walked for about half-an-hour along the edge of the river and down a narrow lane to some fields where there was a ruined church covered with ivy, and the foundations of what was called "the Old Town," which had been burned down, it was said, in Cromwell's day. We had stood for some few minutes, so far as I can recollect, looking over the fields full of stones and brambles and elder-bushes, when I saw a small bright light on the horizon, as it seemed, mounting up slowly towards the sky; then we saw other faint lights for a minute or two, and at last a bright flame like the flame of a torch moving rapidly over the river. We saw it all in such a dream, and it seems all so unreal, that I have never written of it until now, and hardly ever spoken of it, and even when thinking, because of some unreasoning impulse, I have avoided giving it weight in the argument. Perhaps I have felt that my recollections of things seen when the sense of reality was weakened must be untrustworthy.

我们走上一条树木掩映的昏暗小道，这时，女孩看见路面有明亮的光团缓缓飘过。她哥哥和我什么都没看到，且一路都没看到什么，直到

我们又沿着河边走了大约半小时，穿过一条狭窄的巷子，到了旷野上，那里有座爬满常春藤的教堂废墟。那片地叫作“古镇”，据说在克伦威尔时代就被烧毁了。就我所能回忆起来的我只记得我们停留了几分钟，正打量着地里遍布的石块、树莓和接骨木，这时，我看到地平线上冒出一点小小的亮光，它似乎正徐徐升上夜空；又过了一两分钟，我们看到另外一些昏暗的光；最后，有如火炬烈焰的明亮火光迅速划过河面。我们恍如在梦中见到这种景象，它似乎那么不真实，因而，此前我一直没有写下它，也几乎不曾提起它，即便是思考时，由于某种莫名的原因，也避免去认真探索它。也许，我觉得，我见到那些景象之时，真实感觉已然模糊，那么，关于它的回忆，必然就不可靠了。

A few months ago, however, I talked it over with my two friends, and compared their somewhat meagre recollections with my own. That sense of unreality was all the more wonderful because the next day I heard sounds as unaccountable as were those lights, and without any emotion of unreality, and I remember them with perfect distinctness and confidence. The girl was sitting reading under a large old-fashioned mirror, and I was reading and writing a couple of yards away, when I heard a sound as if a shower of peas had been thrown against the mirror, and while I was looking at it I heard the sound again, and presently, while I was alone in the room, I heard a sound as if something much bigger than a pea had struck the wainscoting beside my head.

然而，几个月前，我和两位朋友谈起此事，并将他们依稀的记忆与我的进行比较。而在次日，那种非真实感显得愈发神奇，因为，我听见一些声音，它们就像那些光一样无法解释。但是，我并没觉得不真实，且确信对它们记得清清楚楚。当时，女孩在一面旧式的大镜子下坐着读书，我在不远处阅读，写作。就在这时，我听到一种声音，就像一些豌豆洒在镜子上的声音，抬头看镜子时，那个声音再次响起。过了一会儿，当我独自一人呆在屋里时，我彷佛听到有比豌豆大得多的东西砸在我脑袋边的壁板上。

And after that for some days came other sights and sounds, not to me but to the girl, her brother, and the servants. Now it was a bright light, now it was letters of fire that vanished before they could be read, now it was a heavy foot moving about in the seemingly empty house. One wonders whether creatures who live, the country people believe, wherever men and women have lived in earlier times, followed us from the ruins of the old town? Or did they come from the banks of the river by the trees where the first light had shone for a moment?

那之后，过了一些日子，又有一些奇怪的景象和声音，这回我没有碰上，而是那个女孩和她的哥哥以及仆人们遇到了。时而，出现明亮的光；时而，出现许多字母模样的火光，来不及看清就消失了；时而，看起来空荡荡的屋子里响起沉重的脚步声。我在想，莫非，正如村民们所

坚信的那样，那些盘踞在古人旧时居所的生物们，从古镇的废墟中跟着我们来了？还是，从那树木掩映的河堤，那光亮最初闪烁之处，它们就跟来了？

1902

1902年

(1) 斯芬克斯，希腊神话中有翼的狮身女怪,传说她常叫过路行人猜谜,猜不出者即遭杀害。

(2) 客迈拉，希腊神话中的吐火女怪，狮头，羊身，蛇尾。

The Man And His Boots

男人和他的靴子

There was a doubter in Donegal, and he would not hear of ghosts or sheogues, and there was a house in Donegal that had been haunted as long as man could remember, and this is the story of how the house got the better of the man. The man came into the house and lighted a fire in the room under the haunted one, and took off his boots and set them on the hearth, and stretched out his feet and warmed himself. For a time he prospered in his unbelief; but a little while after the night had fallen, and everything had got very dark, one of his boots began to move. It got up off the floor and gave a kind of slow jump towards the door, and then the other boot did the same, and after that the first boot jumped again. And thereupon it struck the man that an invisible being had got into his boots, and was now going away in them. When the boots reached the door they went up-stairs slowly, and then the man heard them go tramp, tramp round the haunted room over his head. A few minutes passed, and he could hear them again upon the stairs, and after that in the passage outside, and then one of them came in at the door, and the other gave a jump past it and came in too. They jumped along towards him, and then one got up and hit him, and afterwards the other hit him, and then again the first hit him, and so on, until they drove him out of the room, and finally out of the house. In this way he was kicked out by his own boots, and Donegal was avenged upon its doubter. It is not recorded whether the invisible being was a ghost or one of the Sidhe, but the fantastic nature of the vengeance is like the work of the Sidhe who live in the heart of fantasy.

多尼戈尔郡有个怀疑论者，从不屑于听鬼怪妖魔之事。郡里有座房子，自人们有记忆以来就闹鬼。这里讲的就是那座房子如何治服这个人的故事。男人进了屋，在闹鬼房间的楼下生起火，脱下靴子放在火边，伸出脚，烤起火来。起初，他并不相信有鬼魂存在。然而，天黑后不久，屋里一片昏暗，他的一只靴子开始挪动起来。它从地板上起来，慢悠悠地朝着门口跳了一步，继而，另一只靴子也同样跳了一下，接着，又轮到第一只靴子跳。看到这种景象，男人猛然醒悟：一种看不见的东西穿上了他的靴子，并且现在正穿着它们要走呢。靴子走到门口后，慢吞吞地顺着楼梯往上爬，接着，男人听见头顶的鬼屋中传来叭嗒叭嗒的脚步声，那是靴子在来回踱步。过了几分钟，他听到靴子走下楼梯，穿过外面的过道，然后，其中一只靴子进了门，另一只跳着越过它，也进来了。它们径直朝男人跳过来，之后，一只靴子跳起来踢了他一脚，接着是另一只踢……如此反复，直到把他赶出房间，最终赶出了大门。就

这样，男人被自己的靴子踢了出来，多尼戈尔惩罚了这个不信邪的家伙。至于靴子里那看不见的东西是鬼魂还是精灵，并没有记载，但这种奇妙的自然的报复倒像是精灵们的杰作，它们就生活在奇思妙想的心中。

A Coward

胆小鬼

One day I was at the house of my friend the strong farmer, who lives beyond Ben Bulben and Cope's mountain, and met there a young lad who seemed to be disliked by the two daughters. I asked why they disliked him, and was told he was a coward. This interested me, for some whom robust children of nature take to be cowards are but men and women with a nervous system too finely made for their life and work. I looked at the lad; but no, that pink-and-white face and strong body had nothing of undue sensibility. After a little he told me his story. He had lived a wild and reckless life, until one day, two years before, he was coming home late at night, and suddenly fell himself sinking in, as it were, upon the ghostly world. For a moment he saw the face of a dead brother rise up before him, and then he turned and ran. He did not stop till he came to a cottage nearly a mile down the road. He flung himself against the door with so much of violence that he broke the thick wooden bolt and fell upon the floor. From that day he gave up his wild life, but was a hopeless coward. Nothing could ever bring him to look, either by day or night, upon the spot where he had seen the face, and he often went two miles round to avoid it; nor could, he said, "the prettiest girl in the country" persuade him to see her home after a party if he were alone. He feared everything, for he had looked at the face no man can see unchanged—the imponderable face of a spirit.

有一天，我去拜访那个强壮的农夫朋友，他家在本布尔本山和科普斯山附近。在他家，我碰到一个小伙子，农夫的两个女儿似乎不喜欢他。我问她们为何不喜欢，回答说他是个胆小鬼。这引起了我的兴趣，因为，有些人之所以被强壮的人们看成胆小鬼，其实只是他们在生活和工作中神经系统过于细腻罢了。我打量着小伙子，不是那样，他脸蛋白里透红，身子强壮，没有任何过于敏感的神经。过了没多久，他跟我讲了他的故事。他本来过着豪放不羁的生活，直到两年前的一天发生了那件事情。那天，他深夜回家时，突然感觉自己好像陷入了鬼魂的世界。一瞬间，他看到一个死去兄弟的脸浮现在他面前，吓得他转身就跑。他沿着路跑了大约一英里，到了一家农舍前，他猛地朝门冲过去，把结实的木闩都给撞断了，自己倒在屋内。从那天起，他停止了自己无节制的生活，但是却成了一个不可救药的胆小鬼。无论白天黑夜，他都不敢再去那张脸出现的地方瞧一眼，经常绕行两英里避开那个地方。他还说，倘若只有他一个人，即使是“村里最漂亮的姑娘”都没法说服他在聚会后送她回家。他对什么都害怕，因为，他看到了一张任何人看了都不可能面不改色的脸——鬼魂诡异的脸。

The Three O'Byrnes And The Evil Faeries

三个奥伯尼和邪恶精灵

In the dim kingdom there is a great abundance of all excellent things. There is more love there than upon the earth; there is more dancing there than upon the earth; and there is more treasure there than upon the earth. In the beginning the earth was perhaps made to fulfil the desire of man, but now it has got old and fallen into decay. What wonder if we try and pilfer the treasures of that other kingdom!

幽暗王国里有无数美好的东西。那里的爱比人间多，那里的舞会比人间多，那里的财富也比人间多。起初，人间的出现或许尚能满足人类的欲望，而现在，人间已经日渐衰老，趋向消亡。若是我们能试图从别的王国窃来财富，那该多好啊！

A friend was once at a village near Sleive League. One day he was straying about a rath called "Cashel Nore." A man with a haggard face and unkempt hair, and clothes falling in pieces, came into the rath and began digging. My friend turned to a peasant who was working near and asked who the man was. "That is the third O'Byrne," was the answer. A few days after he learned this story: A great quantity of treasure had been buried in the rath in pagan times, and a number of evil faeries set to guard it; but some day it was to be found and belong to the family of the O'Byrnes. Before that day three O'Byrnes must find it and die. Two had already done so. The first had dug and dug until at last he had got a glimpse of the stone coffin that contained it, but immediately a thing like a huge hairy dog came down the mountain and tore him to pieces. The next morning the treasure had again vanished deep into the earth. The second O'Byrne came and dug and dug until he found the coffer, and lifted the lid and saw the gold shining within. He saw some horrible sight the next moment, and went raving mad and soon died. The treasure again sank out of sight. The third O'Byrne is now digging. He believes that he will die in some terrible way the moment he finds the treasure, but that the spell will be broken, and the O'Byrne family made rich for ever, as they were of old.

我有个朋友曾去过斯利夫里格附近的村庄。有一天，他正在一个叫“卡舍尔诺尔”的史前山寨里闲逛的时候，走来一个男人，只见他面容憔悴，头发蓬乱，衣衫褴褛，来到了山寨就开始挖个不停。朋友便去向附近干活的农夫打听那个男人是谁。“那是第三个奥伯尼。”农夫回答道。几天后，朋友打听到这个故事：异教时代，史前山寨中埋下了大量财宝，还有许多邪恶精灵被派来看守。但是，终有一天，财宝将被奥伯

尼家族发现并拥有。而在那之前，须得有三个奥伯尼找到财宝并为之死去。已经有两个奥伯尼这么做了。第一个挖啊挖啊，最后终于瞥见了装财宝的石棺，然而紧接着，一个类似长毛狗的庞然大物从山上扑下来，将他撕成了碎片。第二天清晨，宝藏又消失在深深的地下。第二个奥伯尼来了，挖啊挖啊，终于找到了箱子，揭开盖，看到里面闪烁的金子。接下来，不知他看到什么令人毛骨悚然的景象，变得语无伦次，疯疯癫癫，很快就死了。宝藏再次消失不见了。现在，第三个奥伯尼正在挖。他相信，在找到宝藏的那一刻，自己将以某种恐怖的方式死去，然而咒语也将破解，奥伯尼家族从此将拥有享用不尽的荣华富贵，就像他们的祖先那样。

A peasant of the neighbourhood once saw the treasure. He found the shin-bone of a hare lying on the grass. He took it up; there was a hole in it; he looked through the hole, and saw the gold heaped up under the ground. He hurried home to bring a spade, but when he got to the rath again he could not find the spot where he had seen it.

邻近有个农夫曾见过那些宝藏。他在草地上看见一根野兔胫骨，捡起来，发现骨头上有个洞，透过洞望去，看见黄金在地下积成了堆。于是，他急忙回家取铁锹，但再次赶到山寨时，却再也找不到之前看到宝藏的地方了。

Drumcliff And Rosses

鼓崖和罗西斯

Drumcliff and Rosses[1] were, are, and ever shall be, please Heaven! places of unearthly resort. I have lived near by them and in them, time after time, and have gathered thus many a crumb of faery lore. Drumcliff is a wide green valley, lying at the foot of Ben Bulben, the mountain in whose side the square white door swings open at nightfall to loose the faery riders on the world. The great St. Columba[2] himself, the builder of many of the old ruins in the valley, climbed the mountains on one notable day to get near heaven with his prayers. Rosses is a little sea-dividing, sandy plain, covered with short grass, like a green tablecloth, and lying in the foam midway between the round cairn-headed Knocknarea and "Ben Bulben, famous for hawks":

从古至今，鼓崖和罗西斯一直是精灵鬼怪的出没地，啊，上帝保佑！愿它们今后依然是吧。我多次在这两处地方及其附近住过，因此搜集到不少精灵故事。鼓崖是一片开阔的绿色山谷，位于本布尔本山脚下。正是在这座山的山坡上有白色的方形石门，黄昏时候，石门开启，将精灵骑士们放入人间。伟大的圣科伦巴是山谷中许多古老遗迹的缔造者，在一个重要的日子里，他登上本布尔本山的群峰之巅，到那离天堂更近处祈祷。罗西斯是片不大的被海隔开的沙质平原，矮草覆盖，犹如一块绿色餐布。它静静躺在白沫翻飞的海边，恰好位于山顶伫立着圆形石冢的诺科纳雷山和“以鹰隼出名的本布尔本山”的中部：

"But for Benbulben and Knocknarea Many a poor sailor'd be cast away, "

“要不是本布尔本山和诺科纳雷众多可怜的水手早已丧了命，”

as the rhyme goes.

歌谣如是唱道。

At the northern corner of Rosses is a little promontory of sand and rocks and grass: a mournful, haunted place. No wise peasant would fall asleep under its low cliff, for he who sleeps here may wake "silly," the "good people" having carried off his soul. There is no more ready shortcut to the dim kingdom than this plovery headland, for, covered and smothered now from sight by mounds of sand, a long cave goes thither "full of gold and silver, and the most beautiful parlours and drawingrooms." Once, before the sand covered it, a dog strayed in, and was heard yelping helplessly deep underground in a fort far inland. These forts or raths, made before modern history had begun, cover all Rosses and all Columkille. The one where the dog

yelped has, like most others, an underground beehive chamber in the midst. Once when I was poking about there, an unusually intelligent and "reading" peasant who had come with me, and waited outside, knelt down by the opening, and whispered in a timid voice, "Are you all right, sir?" I had been some little while underground, and he feared I had been carried off like the dog.

在罗西斯的北角，有一个小小的海岬，上面满是沙子、石头和草丛：那是一片悲伤之地，时有鬼魂出没。聪明的农夫不会在海角的矮峭壁下睡觉，否则一觉醒来可能会变“傻”，“好人们”已经把他的灵魂带走了。这个海岬是进入幽暗王国的最佳捷径，在那铺天盖地的沙丘下面，有一条现已被堵塞的长长的洞穴，通往“堆满金子银子，有最漂亮回廊和大厅的地方”。过去在沙子覆盖洞穴之前，有条狗闯了进去，人们听见它在地下深处遥远的堡垒中无助地吠叫。这些碉堡或者史前山寨，在现代文明开始之前就建造好了，遍布罗西斯和哥伦基尔的每个角落。狗儿吠叫的山寨中部有一个蜂巢形的地下洞室，这和大多数堡垒差不多。我曾经去那里探险，一个异常聪明和“博学”的农夫与我同行，他在外面等着，跪在洞口边，压低了声音胆怯地问我：“先生，你没事吧？”我在下面呆了有一小会儿了，他担心我像那只狗一样被掳走了。

No wonder he was afraid, for the fort has long been circled by ill-boding rumours. It is on the ridge of a small hill, on whose northern slope lie a few stray cottages. One night a farmer's young son came from one of them and saw the fort all flaming, and ran towards it, but the "glamour" fell on him, and he sprang on to a fence, cross-legged, and commenced beating it with a stick, for he imagined the fence was a horse, and that all night long he went on the most wonderful ride through the country. In the morning he was still beating his fence, and they carried him home, where he remained a simpleton for three years before he came to himself again. A little later a farmer tried to level the fort. His cows and horses died, and a manner of trouble overtook him, and finally he himself was led home, and left useless with "his head on his knees by the fire to the day of his death."

农夫的惧怕不足为奇，因为这座城堡常年流传着凶险的传说。它位于一座小山脊上，山的北坡有几间零落的村舍。有天晚上，一个农夫年幼的儿子从一间村舍走出来，看到城堡燃着熊熊大火。他朝城堡跑去，但是中了“魔法”，于是他跳到了一个篱笆上，盘腿坐在上面，开始拿棍子打那篱笆，幻想那是一匹马，整晚上骑着马在乡间惬意地奔跑。到了早上，他依然在鞭打篱笆，人们把他带回家，他变成了傻子，整整三年才恢复神智。不久，一个农夫想将城堡铲平，结果他的奶牛和马匹都死了，各种灾难降临到他头上。最后，他被人们带回家，从此成了废人，“每天靠在炉边，脑袋耷拉到膝盖上，一直到死”。

A few hundred yards southwards of the northern angle of Rosses is another angle having also its cave, though this one is not covered with sand. About twenty years ago a brig was wrecked near by, and

three or four fishermen were put to watch the deserted hulk through the darkness. At midnight they saw sitting on a stone at the cave's mouth two red-capped fiddlers fiddling with all their might. The men f led. A great crowd of villagers rushed down to the cave to see the fiddlers, but the creatures had gone.

在离罗西斯北部海角往南几百码的地方，也有一个海角，那里也有洞穴，不过没有被沙子覆盖。大约二十年前，有艘双桅船在附近失事，三四个渔民被派去在夜间看守废船。午夜时分，他们看到在洞穴入口的石头上，坐了两个头戴红帽的小提琴手，正在尽全力拉小提琴。渔民们都吓跑了。一大群村民闻讯，冲到洞边想看看小提琴手，但那两个家伙已经走了。

To the wise peasant the green hills and woods round him are full of never-fading mystery. When the aged countrywoman stands at her door in the evening, and, in her own words, "looks at the mountains and thinks of the goodness of God," God is all the nearer, because the pagan powers are not far: because northward in Ben Bulben, famous for hawks, the white square door swings open at sundown, and those wild unchristian riders rush forth upon the fields, while southward the White Lady, who is doubtless Maive herself, wanders under the broad cloud nightcap of Knocknarea. How may she doubt these things, even though the priest shakes his head at her? Did not a herd-boy, no long while since, see the White Lady? She passed so close that the skirt of her dress touched him. "He fell down, and was dead three days." But this is merely the small gossip of faerydom—the little stitches that join this world and the other.

在那个聪明的农夫看来，周边的青山绿树之中弥漫着永恒的神秘气息。晚上，当那个年迈的村妇站在家门口，用她的话来说，“看着群山，想想上帝的仁慈”的时候，上帝离这里最近，因为异教信仰的力量离这里不远：朝北是本布尔本山，以鹰隼而出名，白色方门在日落时打开，那些狂野的非基督骑兵们涌向大地，肆意奔驰；而朝南有白衣夫人——毫无疑问就是梅芙本人，她在诺科纳雷山顶宽广的暮云下漫游。妇人怎会怀疑这一切，即便牧师在朝她摇头。不是有个牧童，在不久前见到白衣夫人了吗？她几乎擦肩而过，裙裾碰到了牧童。“他跌倒在地，昏迷了三天。”但这仅仅是关于精灵王国的小传闻罢了——这些小传闻像细细的针脚一样将我们的世界与另一个世界缝合在一起。

One night as I sat eating Mrs. H—'s soda-bread, her husband told me a longish story, much the best of all I heard in Rosses. Many a poor man from Fin M'Cool[3] to our own days has had some such adventure to tell of, for those creatures, the "good people," love to repeat themselves. At any rate the story-tellers do. "In the times when we used to travel by the canal," he said, "I was coming down from Dublin. When we came to Mullingar[4] the canal ended, and I began to walk, and stiff and fatigued I was after the slowness. I had some

friends with me, and now and then we walked, now and then we rode in a cart. So on till we saw some girls milking cows, and stopped to joke with them. After a while we asked them for a drink of milk. 'We have nothing to put it in here,' they said, 'but come to the house with us.' We went home with them, and sat round the fire talking. After a while the others went, and left me, loath to stir from the good fire. I asked the girls for something to eat. There was a pot on the fire, and they took the meat out and put it on a plate, and told me to eat only the meat that came off the head. When I had eaten, the girls went out, and I did not see them again. It grew darker and darker, and there I still sat, loath as ever to leave the good fire, and after a while two men came in, carrying between them a corpse. When I saw them coming I hid behind the door. Says one to the other, putting the corpse on the spit, 'Who'll turn the spit?' Says the other, 'Michael H—, come out of that and turn the meat.' I came out all of a tremble, and began turning the spit. 'Michael H—,' says the one who spoke first, 'if you let it burn we'll have to put you on the spit instead;' and on that they went out. I sat there trembling and turning the corpse till towards midnight. The men came again, and the one said it was burnt, and the other said it was done right. But having fallen out over it, they both said they would do me no harm that time; and, sitting by the fire, one of them cried out: 'Michael H—, can you tell me a story?' 'Divil a one,' said I. On which he caught me by the shoulder, and put me out like a shot. It was a wild blowing night. Never in all my born days did I see such a night—the darkest night that ever came out of the heavens. I did not know where I was for the life of me. So when one of the men came after me and touched me on the shoulder, with a 'Michael H—, can you tell a story now?' 'I can,' says I. In he brought me; and putting me by the fire, says: 'Begin.' 'I have no story but the one,' says I, 'that I was sitting here, and you two men brought in a corpse and put it on the spit, and set me turning it.' 'That will do,' says he; 'ye may go in there and lie down on the bed.' And I went, nothing loath; and in the morning where was I but in the middle of a green field!"

有天晚上，我在H夫人家品尝她做的苏打面包，她丈夫给我讲了一个很长的故事，这是我在罗西斯听到的最精彩的故事了。从芬·马库尔到现在，很多穷人都有许多类似的历险故事可以讲述，因为那些伙计，那些“好人们”喜欢重复做事。至少，讲故事的人就是如此。“在人们依靠运河出行的时代，”他说，“我从都柏林出发，坐船到了运河的终点马林加。然后开始步行，走得身子僵硬，浑身乏力，速度也很缓慢。还有些朋友同行，我们有时走会儿，有时坐会儿大车。这样走着，最后，我们看见几个女孩在挤牛奶，便停下来和她们开玩笑。说笑了一会儿，我们问她们要点牛奶喝。‘这里没有盛奶的东西，’她们说，‘跟我们回家去吧。’我们就跟着到了她们家，围坐在火边坐下来聊天。不一会儿，大伙儿都走了，就剩我一个人，因为舍不得离开这温暖的炉火。我向女孩子

们要吃的东西。火上有口锅，她们从锅里盛出肉来放在碟中，嘱咐我只吃头上的肉。我吃完后，女孩们走了出去，我再没见到她们。天越来越黑，我依旧靠在温暖的火边，不愿意离开。没多久，两个男人走进里屋，抬着一具尸体。看见他们进来，我躲到了门后。他们把尸体扔在烤肉铁叉上，其中一个对同伴说：‘谁来翻铁叉呢？’另外一个说：‘迈克尔·H，快出来翻肉。’我浑身颤抖着走出来，开始翻铁叉。‘迈克尔·H，’第一个说话的人又说，‘你要是将它烤糊了，我们就把你放到铁叉上。’说着，他们就出去了。我坐在那里哆嗦着，翻着尸体，一直翻到午夜。两个男人又来了，一个说烤糊了，另外一个说正好。不过两人吵完后，都说暂时不会伤害我。他们坐在火边，一个扯开嗓门说：‘迈克尔·H，给我讲个故事吧？’“一个也不会。’我说道。听到这话，他抓住我的肩膀，像射子弹一样把我扔了出去。那天晚上刮着狂风，我这辈子从没见过这样的夜晚——上天赐予的最黑暗的晚上。我平生第一次吓得心惊胆落，魂不附体。所以，当其中一个人跟出来，碰了碰我的肩膀问：‘迈克尔·H，现在会讲了吧？’时，我马上就回答：‘会。’他把我抓了进去，放在火边，说：‘开始吧。’“我就会讲这个故事，’我说，‘那就是，我坐在这里，你们两个带来一具尸体，把它烤在铁叉上，让我翻动它。’“行了，’他说，‘你进房去，上床睡吧。’我乖乖地去了，毫不留恋，早上醒来发现自己竟然躺在一片绿地中间！”

"Drumcliff" is a great place for omens. Before a prosperous fishing season a herring-barrel appears in the midst of a storm-cloud; and at a place called Columkille's Strand, a place of marsh and mire, an ancient boat, with St. Columba himself, comes floating in from sea on a moonlight night: a portent of a brave harvesting. They have their dread portents too. Some few seasons ago a fisherman saw, far on the horizon, renowned Hy Brazel[5], where he who touches shall find no more labour or care, nor cynic laughter, but shall go walking about under shadiest boscage, and enjoy the conversation of Cuchullin and his heroes. A vision of Hy Brazel forebodes national troubles.

“鼓崖”是预兆频出之地。捕鱼季节若有大丰收，乌云中间就会出现一只鲱鱼桶。在一个叫科伦巴海滩的沼泽地，若月明之夜，圣科伦巴本人乘一艘古船沿海面漂来，这就预示着大丰收。当然，这里也有凶兆出现。几年前，有个渔民看到，在远处的地平线上，浮现出赫赫有名的海尔布雷泽尔岛。若是前往，人们将发现那里不再有劳累或忧虑，也没有嘲笑，人们可以在最茂密的树丛中徘徊，聆听库丘林和他的英雄们之间的交谈。但是，海尔布雷泽尔岛的出现预示着民族会有灾难。

Drumcliff and Rosses are chokeful of ghosts. By bog, road, rath, hillside, sea-border they gather in all shapes: headless women, men in armour, shadow hares, f ire-tongued hounds, whistling seals, and so on. A whistling seal sank a ship the other day. At Drumcliff there is a very ancient graveyard. The Annals of the Four Masters[6] have this verse about a soldier named Denadhach, who died in 871: "A pious soldier of the race of Con lies under hazel crosses at Drumcliff." Not

very long ago an old woman, turning to go into the churchyard at night to pray, saw standing before her a man in armour, who asked her where she was going. It was the "pious soldier of the race of Con," says local wisdom, still keeping watch, with his ancient piety, over the graveyard. Again, the custom is still common hereabouts of sprinkling the doorstep with the blood of a chicken on the death of a very young child, thus (as belief is) drawing into the blood the evil spirits from the too weak soul. Blood is a great gatherer of evil spirits. To cut your hand on a stone on going into a fort is said to be very dangerous.

鼓崖和罗西斯遍布着精灵鬼怪。在沼泽地、路边、山寨、山坡和海边，它们以各种形体出现：无头女鬼、穿盔甲的男人、幽灵兔、吐着火红舌头的猎犬、尖叫的海豹等等。前几天，有一只尖叫的海豹弄沉了一艘船。在鼓崖，有一个非常古老的墓地，《四位大师的爱尔兰编年史》中记载了一位名叫德纳达克的士兵，他死于871年：“科恩家族的虔诚士兵长眠于鼓崖的榛木十字架下。”不久前，一位老妇人晚上去教堂祷告，见到一个穿着盔甲的男人站在她面前，问她要去哪里。当地的智者说，那就是“科恩家族的虔诚士兵”，他带着昔日的虔诚，依然在守护墓地。有个习俗在这一带仍然流行，那就是小孩子死后，马上要在门阶上洒鸡血，（人们相信）它能吸收小孩那虚弱灵魂中的煞气。血极易吸收煞气。进入城堡时，若在石头上伤了指头，据说是非常危险的。

There is no more curious ghost in Drumcliff or Rosses than the snipe-ghost. There is a bush behind a house in a village that I know well: for excellent reasons I do not say whether in Drumcliff or Rosses or on the slope of Ben Bulben, or even on the plain round Knocknarea. There is a history concerning the house and the bush. A man once lived there who found on the quay of Sligo a package containing three hundred pounds in notes. It was dropped by a foreign sea captain. This my man knew, but said nothing. It was money for freight, and the sea captain, not daring to face his owners, committed suicide in mid-ocean. Shortly afterwards my man died. His soul could not rest. At any rate, strange sounds were heard round his house, though that had grown and prospered since the freight money. The wife was often seen by those still alive out in the garden praying at the bush I have spoken of, for the shade of the dead man appeared there at times. The bush remains to this day: once portion of a hedge, it now stands by itself, for no one dare put spade or pruning-knife about it. As to the strange sounds and voices, they did not cease till a few years ago, when, during some repairs, a snipe flew out of the solid plaster and away; the troubled ghost, say the neighbours, of the note-finder was at last dislodged.

在鼓崖或者罗西斯，最奇怪的莫过于变作鹬的鬼魂了。在一个我熟悉的村子里，有户人家的屋后有丛灌木。出于某些原因，我不想说出具体位置，总之是在鼓崖、罗西斯、本布尔本山坡，或者是诺科纳雷山附

近平原上的某处。关于这房子和灌木，有段历史。从前，有个男人住在那里，他在斯莱戈的码头上发现了一个包裹，里面装有300镑钞票，这是一个外国船长丢失的。男人知道这件事，却没有声张。因为这笔钱是运费，钱丢了，船长不敢回去向主人交差，中途便投海自尽了。之后不久，这个男人也死了。他的灵魂无法安息。总之，自这件事之后，他的房子周围响起奇怪的声音，且越来越吵闹。他妻子还在世时，人们常见到她在花园对着我提到的那丛灌木祈祷，因为男人的鬼魂在那里出现过几次。灌木丛现在还在，它曾被用来做篱笆，现在却孤零零地立着，因为没有人敢对它动铁锹或者剪刀。至于那些奇怪的吵闹声和说话声，直到几年前才停止，当时，人们在修房子，一只鹬从坚硬的灰泥中飞出来，离开了。邻居们说，那个被困的灵魂，也就是捡到钞票的那个男人的灵魂，终于解脱了。

My forebears and relations have lived near Rosses and Drumcliff these many years. A few miles northward I am wholly a stranger, and can find nothing. When I ask for stories of the faeries, my answer is some such as was given me by a woman who lives near a white stone fort— one of the few stone ones in Ireland—under the seaward angle of Ben Bulben: "They always mind their own affairs and I always mind mine□" for it is dangerous to talk of the creatures. Only friendship for yourself or knowledge of your forebears will loosen these cautious tongues. My friend, "the sweet Harp-String" (I give no more than his Irish name for fear of gaugers), has the science of unpacking the stubbornest heart, but then he supplies the potheen-makers with grain from his own fields. Besides, he is descended from a noted Gaelic magician who raised the "dhoul" in Great Eliza's century, and he has a kind of prescriptive right to hear tell of all kind of other-world creatures. They are almost relations of his, if all people say concerning the parentage of magicians be true.

多年来，我的祖辈和亲人一直在罗西斯和鼓崖附近住着。对于往北几英里的地方，我却全然陌生，什么都了解不到。当我打听精灵故事时，人们对我的回答，和一个女人曾经对我说的差不多。那个女人住在本布尔本山朝海一侧山脚下的一座白色石头城堡附近——爱尔兰少有的石头城堡之一，她这样搪塞我：“它们过它们的，我过我的。”谈论那些东西是危险的。因此，除非他们将你当朋友，或者认识你的祖辈，口风才不会那么紧。我的朋友“甜蜜的竖琴弦”（这里只说他的爱尔兰名字，以免收税官找他的麻烦），懂得如何让最顽固者敞开心扉。不过，他常给威士忌私酿贩子提供自产的麦子。此外，他的先祖是一位伊丽莎白时代会召唤“魂灵”的大名鼎鼎的盖尔人魔法师。因而，照习俗的约定，这位朋友有权力探知灵界所有生物的故事。那些生物都算得上是他的亲戚，倘若有关魔法师血统的说法成立的话。

(1) 罗西斯，位于阿尔斯特省多尼戈尔郡西部的岬地。

(2) 圣科伦巴（512—597），爱尔兰基督教教士。

(3) 芬·马库尔，爱尔兰神话中的猎人、勇士。

(4) 马林加，爱尔兰中部城市。

(5) 海尔布雷泽尔岛，爱尔兰神话中的幽灵之岛，据说常年被迷雾笼罩，每七年该岛才会显现一次。

(6) 《四位大师的爱尔兰编年史》，又称《爱尔兰编年史》记载了爱尔兰中世纪的编年史。

The Thick Skull Of The Fortunate

幸运者的硬头骨

I

（一）

Once a number of Icelandic peasantry found a very thick skull in the cemetery where the poet Egil(1) was buried. Its great thickness made them feel certain it was the skull of a great man, doubtless of Egil himself. To be doubly sure they put it on a wall and hit it hard blows with a hammer. It got white where the blows fell but did not break, and they were convinced that it was in truth the skull of the poet, and worthy of every honour. In Ireland we have much kinship with the Icelanders, or "Danes" as we call them and all other dwellers in the Scandinavian countries1. In some of our mountainous and barren places, and in our seaboard villages, we still test each other in much the same way the Icelanders tested the head of Egil. We may have acquired the custom from those ancient Danish pirates, whose descendants the people of Rosses tell me still remember every field and hillock in Ireland which once belonged to their forebears, and are able to describe Rosses itself as well as any native. There is one seaboard district known as Roughley, where the men are never known to shave or trim their wild red beards, and where there is a fight ever on foot. I have seen them at a boat-race fall foul of each other, and after much loud Gaelic, strike each other with oars. The first boat had gone aground, and by dint of hitting out with the long oars kept the second boat from passing, only to give the victory to the third. One day the Sligo people say a man from Roughley was tried in Sligo for breaking a skull in a row, and made the defence not unknown in Ireland, that some heads are so thin you cannot be responsible for them. Having turned with a look of passionate contempt towards the solicitor who was prosecuting, and cried, "that little fellow's skull if ye were to hit it would go like an egg-shell," he beamed upon the judge, and said in a wheedling voice, "but a man might wallop away at your lordship's for a fortnight."

很久以前，一些冰岛的农夫在诗人埃吉尔的墓地里发现了一个很厚的头骨。头骨厚得使他们相信它一定是某个伟人的，无疑应该是埃吉尔本人的。为了确认此事，他们将头骨按在墙上，用锤子使劲砸，头骨被砸之处略泛白色，却并没破碎。于是，他们相信这确实是诗人的头骨，值得人人敬仰。爱尔兰人和冰岛人（被我们称做“丹麦人”）以及其他斯

堪的纳维亚国家的居民都有深厚的血缘关系。在我们的一些山区、贫瘠地区以及海滨村庄里，人们依然用这种方式相互检验——就像冰岛人检验埃吉尔的头骨那样。这种习俗可能流传自古代的丹麦海盗。罗西斯人告诉我，丹麦海盗的后裔仍然还记得他们的祖先曾经在爱尔兰拥有的每一片土地和山丘，而且他们还能跟当地人一样详尽地描述罗西斯。海边有个叫拉夫里的地方，那里的男人长着蓬乱的红胡子，从来不刮，也不修剪。在那里，打架随处可见。我就曾经看到人们在划船比赛中互相打了起来，先是一阵盖尔语的高声吵闹，接着他们动用船桨互相殴打。第一只船搁浅了，于是挥舞长桨乱打，企图拦住第二只船，结果却让第三只船领了先。有一天，斯莱戈的人说，有个拉夫里人在接受审判，因为他在划船比赛的争吵中砸了别人的头。然而，他用爱尔兰人耳熟能详的话为自己辩护，说有些人的脑袋就是那么薄，你可不能为打破它们负责。他转身轻蔑地扫了一眼原告律师，大声说："那个小伙计的脑袋，你稍微敲一下，它就像鸡蛋壳那样碎了。"他对法官满脸堆笑，讨好地说，"但要是您的头，就得使劲砸上两星期才会破呢。"

II

I wrote all this years ago, out of what were even then old memories. I was in Roughley the other day, and found it much like other desolate places. I may have been thinking of Moughorow, a much wilder place, for the memories of one's childhood are brittle things to lean upon. 1902

（二）

我在几年前记下了这个故事，它当时就已经是些遥远的回忆了。后来，我去了拉夫里，发现它和其他荒凉的地方很相似。或许，我所说的可能是马弗洛，那里更加凄凉，毕竟，孩提时代的记忆并不可靠。1902年

(1) 北欧斯堪的纳维亚岛上的国家，包括挪威、瑞典、丹麦，有学者认为还包括芬兰和冰岛。

The Religion Of A Sailor

一个水手的信仰

A sea captain when he stands upon the bridge, or looks out from his deckhouse, thinks much about God and about the world. Away in the valley yonder among the corn and the poppies men may well forget all things except the warmth of the sun upon the face, and the kind shadow under the hedge; but he who journeys through storm and darkness must needs think and think. One July a couple of years ago I took my supper with a Captain Moran on board the s.s. Margaret, that had put into a western river from I know not where. I found him a man of many notions all flavoured with his personality, as is the way with sailors. He talked in his queer sea manner of God and the world, and up through all his words broke the hard energy of his calling.

一名船长无论是伫立船桥，还是从甲板室朝外眺望时，都在思索着上帝和世界。在远处山谷那边的玉米和罂粟地里，人们很可能忘记一切，只记得阳光洒在脸上的温暖和树篱下惬意的阴凉。而在风暴和黑暗中航行的人，却必须要不停地思索，再思索。几年前的七月，我和莫兰船长在玛格丽特号上共进晚餐。这艘船不知从何处驶进了一条西部河流。我发现这位船长的很多想法都很有特色。他以独特的水手方式谈论着上帝和世界，每一句话中都爆发着他那份职业的强大力量。

"Sur," said he, "did you ever hear tell of the sea captain's prayer?"

“先生，”他说，“您听过船长祈祷的故事吗？”

"No," said I; "what is it?"

“没有，”我说，“是什么样的呢？”

"It is," he replied, " 'O Lord, give me a stiff upper lip.' "

“就是，”他回答说，“主啊，赐我以镇定。”

"And what does that mean?"

“那是什么意思呢？”

"It means," he said, "that when they come to me some night and wake me up, and say, 'Captain, we're going down,' that I won't make a fool o' meself. Why, sur, we war in mid Atlantic, and I standin' on the bridge, when the third mate comes up to me lookin' mortial bad. Says he, 'Captain, all's up with us.' Says I, 'Didn't you know when you joined that a certain percentage go down every year?' 'Yes, sur,' says he; and says I, 'Arn't you paid to go down?' 'Yes, sur,' says he; and says I, 'Then go down like a man, and be damned to you!'"

“意思是，”他说，“假如某天水手们半夜过来叫醒我说：‘船长，我们在下沉。’我也不会慌神。哎呀，先生，我们在大西洋上航行，我正站在船桥上，三副神情慌张地跑过来说：‘船长，我们全完了。’我说：‘你来的时候难道不知道每年都会有一定比例的船沉下去吗？”“知道，先生。’他说，我又说：‘你拿薪水不就是为了有朝一日沉下去吗？”“是的，先生。’他说，于是我说：‘那就像个男子汉那样沉下去吧，该死的家伙！’”

Concerning The Nearness Together Of Heaven, Earth, And Purgatory

天堂、人间和炼狱的密切关系

In Ireland this world and the world we go to after death are not far apart. I have heard of a ghost that was many years in a tree and many years in the archway of a bridge, and my old Mayo woman says, "There is a bush up at my own place, and the people do be saying that there are two souls doing their penance under it. When the wind blows one way the one has shelter, and when it blows from the north the other has the shelter. It is twisted over with the way they be rooting under it for shelter. I don't believe it, but there is many a one would not pass by it at night." Indeed there are times when the worlds are so near together that it seems as if our earthly chattels were no more than the shadows of things beyond. A lady I knew once saw a village child running about with a long trailing petticoat upon her, and asked the creature why she did not have it cut short. "It was my grandmother's," said the child; "would you have her going about yonder with her petticoat up to her knees, and she dead but four days?" I have read a story of a woman whose ghost haunted her people because they had made her grave-clothes so short that the fires of purgatory burned her knees. The peasantry expect to have beyond the grave houses much like their earthly homes, only there the thatch will never grow leaky, nor the white walls lose their lustre, nor shall the dairy be at any time empty of good milk and butter. But now and then a landlord or an agent or a gauger will go by begging his bread, to show how God divides the righteous from the unrighteous.

在爱尔兰，人间和我们死后将去的世界相隔并不远。我听说有个鬼魂曾在一棵树上藏身多年，后来又在一座桥的拱道里住了多年。一位梅奥老妇人说：“在我家那边，有一丛灌木。人们确实在说，有两个灵魂在这个树丛下苦修。”风从南面吹来时，其中一个有遮挡；而风从北面吹来时，另一个有遮挡。为了遮风避雨，他们扎根于此，将树都拽得扭曲了。我不信这个，但很多人都不敢晚上从那里经过。”确实，有时候，这两个世界如此接近，以至于我们在凡间的财产似乎不过是另一个世界的影子。我认识一位女士，她曾看到村里有个小孩穿着拖地的长衬裙跑来跑去，就问这孩子为什么不把衬裙剪短点。“这是我奶奶的。”孩子说，“你想要她在那边穿着刚到膝盖的衬裙到处走吗？她死了才四天呀。”我读过一个故事，说一个女人的鬼魂缠上她的家人，因为他们替她做的寿衣太短，以致炼狱的火烧伤了她的膝盖。农夫们希望墓地那头的房子就像他们在人间的家，只不过那里的茅草屋顶永远不会渗漏，白墙永远不会黯淡，牛奶场随时都存满新鲜的牛奶和黄油。并且，地主、掮

客或税官会不时前来讨饭吃，以显示上帝对正直与邪恶的区别对待。

1892 and 1902.

1892年、1902年

The Eaters Of Precious Stones

食宝石者

Sometimes when I have been shut off from common interests, and have for a little forgotten to be restless, I get waking dreams, now faint and shadow-like, now vivid and solid-looking, like the material world under my feet. Whether they be faint or vivid, they are ever beyond the power of my will to alter in any way. They have their own will, and sweep hither and thither, and change according to its commands. One day I saw faintly an immense pit of blackness, round which went a circular parapet, and on this parapet sat innumerable apes eating precious stones out of the palms of their hands. The stones glittered green and crimson, and the apes devoured them with an insatiable hunger. I knew that I saw the Celtic Hell, and my own Hell, the Hell of the artist, and that all who sought after beautiful and wonderful things with too avid a thirst, lost peace and form and became shapeless and common. I have seen into other people's hells also, and saw in one an infernal Peter, who had a black face and white lips, and who weighed on a curious double scales not only the evil deeds committed, but the good deeds left undone, of certain invisible shades. I could see the scales go up and down, but I could not see the shades who were, I knew, crowding about him. I saw on another occasion a quantity of demons of all kinds of shapes—fish-like, serpent-like, ape-like, and dog-like-sitting about a black pit such as that in my own Hell, and looking at a moon-like reflection of the Heavens which shone up from the depths of the pit.

有时候，当我从平日的爱好中抽身出来，暂时忘却繁忙的事务，就开始做白日梦。这些梦，时而如影子般模糊不定，时而生动清晰真实可见，就如我脚下的物质世界一般。无论模糊还是清晰，它们都不会受控于我的意志，不会因它而产生任何变化。它们有自己的意愿，四处游走，随心所欲地变化。有一天，我隐约见到一个巨大的黑坑，周边围了一圈圆形栏杆，上面坐着无数的猿猴，它们正在吃各自手里的宝石。宝石闪烁着绿色或深红的光芒，猿猴们永不满足地吞食着。我知道，我看到了凯尔特的地狱，也是我自己的地狱，艺术家的地狱。还有所有贪婪地寻求美丽和奇妙之物，以至丧失平和心境以及本来的面貌，变得丑陋、平庸的人，这里也是他们的地狱。我也见过其他人的地狱。在一个地狱里，我见到阴间的彼得，他面黑唇白，用一个神奇的双刻度天平，称量一些隐形鬼魂所做的事，既称量它们已犯的罪行，也称量它们未实施的善行。我能看见天平上下摆动，却看不见那些鬼魂，但我知道，它们都拥挤着围在彼得身边。还有一次，我看到许多形体各异的魔鬼，有像鱼的，像巨蛇的，像猿猴的，像狗的，它们都坐在一个和我的地狱差

不多的黑坑里看着月亮——它仿像天堂的倒影，在黑坑深处放射着光芒。

Our Lady Of The Hills

山中圣母

When we were children we did not say at such a distance from the postoffice, or so far from the butcher's or the grocer's, but measured things by the covered well in the wood, or by the burrow of the fox in the hill. We belonged then to God and to His works, and to things come down from the ancient days. We would not have been greatly surprised had we met the shining feet of an angel among the white mushrooms upon the mountains, for we knew in those days immense despair, unfathomed love—every eternal mood,—but now the draw-net is about our feet. A few miles eastward of Lough Gill[1], a young Protestant girl, who was both pretty herself and prettily dressed in blue and white, wandered up among those mountain mushrooms, and I have a letter of hers telling how she met a troop of children, and became a portion of their dream. When they first saw her they threw themselves face down in a bed of rushes, as if in a great fear; but after a little other children came about them, and they got up and followed her almost bravely. She noticed their fear, and presently stood still and held out her arms. A little girl threw herself into them with the cry, "Ah, you are the Virgin out o' the picture!" "No," said another, coming near also, "she is a sky faery, for she has the colour of the sky." "No," said a third, "she is the faery out of the foxglove grown big." The other children, however, would have it that she was indeed the Virgin, for she wore the Virgin's colours. Her good Protestant heart was greatly troubled, and she got the children to sit down about her, and tried to explain who she was, but they would have none of her explanation. Finding explanation of no avail, she asked had they ever heard of Christ?

小时候，我们说到距离时，并不说到邮局那么远，或者到肉店、杂货店那么远，而是用树林中有盖水井或者山里狐狸洞之间的距离来衡量。那时，我们属于上帝和上帝的杰作，属于那些从古代流传下来的东西。假若在群山中的白色蘑菇间见到一位天使闪亮的双脚，我们也不会觉得特别惊奇，因为在那时，我们理解深深的绝望和无尽的爱——所有永恒的情感，然而现在，拖网却缠绕着我们的双脚。吉尔湖往东几英里的地方，有位信奉新教的年轻姑娘，相貌秀丽，穿着蓝白相间的美丽裙裳，在山里的那些蘑菇间漫步。我收到了她的一封来信，信中说她是如何遇到一群孩子，并被他们视为梦中人物的。孩子们刚一见到她，都急忙把脸埋到一片灯芯草上，似乎带着极大的畏惧；过了会儿，又过来几个孩子，他们才站起来，壮着胆子跟着她走。她意识到孩子们的畏惧，于是静静地站了一会儿，伸出双臂。一个小女孩扑进她怀里，大声

说：“啊，你就是画上的圣母！”“不对，”另外一个孩子也靠近了说，“她是天上的精灵，因为她有天空的颜色。”“不对，”第三个说，“她是毛地黄里的精灵，已经长大了。”然而，其他孩子都认为她的确就是圣母，因为她衣服的颜色和圣母一样。姑娘善良的新教徒之心深感不安，她让孩子们围坐在自己身边，试图解释自己是谁，但他们不相信。发现解释无用，她就问他们是否听说过基督。

"Yes," said one; "but we do not like Him, for He would kill us if it were not for the Virgin."

“知道，”一个说：“但我们不喜欢他，要不是圣母，他早就把我们杀了。”

"Tell Him to be good to me," whispered another into her ear.

“让他保佑我。”另外一个轻声对她耳语。

"He would not let me near Him, for dad says I am a divil," burst out a third.

“他不会让我靠近他的，因为爸爸说我是一个魔鬼，”第三个嚷嚷着。

She talked to them a long time about Christ and the apostles, but was finally interrupted by an elderly woman with a stick, who, taking her to be some adventurous hunter for converts, drove the children away, despite their explanation that here was the great Queen of Heaven come to walk upon the mountain and be kind to them. When the children had gone she went on her way, and had walked about half-amile, when the child who was called "a divil" jumped down from the high ditch by the lane, and said she would believe her "an ordinary lady" if she had "two skirts," for "ladies always had two skirts." The "two skirts" were shown, and the child went away crestfallen, but a few minutes later jumped down again from the ditch, and cried angrily, "Dad's a divil, mum's a divil, and I'm a divil, and you are only an ordinary lady," and having flung a handful of mud and pebbles ran away sobbing. When my pretty Protestant had come to her own home she found that she had dropped the tassels of her parasol. A year later she was by chance upon the mountain, but wearing now a plain black dress, and met the child who had first called her the Virgin out o' the picture, and saw the tassels hanging about the child's neck, and said, "I am the lady you met last year, who told you about Christ." "No, you are not! No, you are not! No, you are not!" was the passionate reply. And after all, it was not my pretty Protestant, but Mary, Star of the Sea, still walking in sadness and in beauty upon many a mountain and by many a shore, who cast those tassels at the feet of the child. It is indeed fitting that men pray to her who is the mother of peace, the mother of dreams, and the mother of

purity, to leave them yet a little hour to do good and evil in, and to watch old Time telling the rosary of the stars.

她给孩子们讲了很多关于基督和使徒们的故事，但最后一个拄着手杖的老妇人打断了他们的谈话。老妇人视姑娘为一个大胆的传教士，以为她在招揽皈依者，于是把孩子们赶走了。尽管孩子们解释说，她是伟大的天后，来到山间散步，并且对他们很亲切。孩子们走后，她继续上路。走了大约半英里，那个被称为是“魔鬼”的孩子从路边的高渠上跳下来，说要是她穿着“两条裙子”，就相信她是位“普通的女士”，因为“女士们总穿着两条裙子”。看到她果真穿着“两条裙子”，这个孩子垂头丧气地走了。可是几分钟之后，孩子再次从渠上跳下来，生气地嚷道：“爸爸是个魔鬼，妈妈是个魔鬼，我也是个魔鬼，而你只是位普通的女士。”孩子朝她扔了一把泥土和小卵石，呜咽着跑了。当这位漂亮的新教徒回到家时，发现阳伞上的流苏掉了。一年后，她偶然路过那座山，不过这次穿着朴素的黑裙。她遇到第一个称她为画中圣母的孩子，发现孩子项上戴着那些流苏，于是说：“我是你去年遇到那位女士，我给你讲过基督呢。”“不，你不是！不，你不是！不，你不是！”孩子激动地回答。毕竟，将流苏投在孩子脚边的，并不是我那个漂亮的新教徒，而是马利亚本人——这颗海之星辰，在群山之巅，众海之滨，美丽而忧伤地游走。人们应该向她，这位和平、梦想和纯洁之母祈祷，请求她多给他们留点时间行善或犯错，并凝视那古老时光捻动着星辰的念珠诵颂玫瑰经。

(1) 吉尔湖，主要位于斯莱戈郡，部分在利特里姆郡。

The Golden Age

黄金时代

A while ago I was in the train, and getting near Sligo. The last time I had been there something was troubling me, and I had longed for a message from those beings or bodiless moods, or whatever they be, who inhabit the world of spirits. The message came, for one night I saw with blinding distinctness a black animal, half weasel, half dog, moving along the top of a stone wall, and presently the black animal vanished, and from the other side came a white weasel-like dog, his pink flesh shining through his white hair and all in a blaze of light; and I remembered a pleasant belief about two faery dogs who go about representing day and night, good and evil, and was comforted by the excellent omen. But now I longed for a message of another kind, and chance, if chance there is, brought it, for a man got into the carriage and began to play on a fiddle made apparently of an old blacking-box, and though I am quite unmusical the sounds filled me with the strangest emotions. I seemed to hear a voice of lamentation out of the Golden Age. It told me that we are imperfect, incomplete, and no more like a beautiful woven web, but like a bundle of cords knotted together and f lung into a corner. It said that the world was once all perfect and kindly, and that still the kindly and perfect world existed, but buried like a mass of roses under many spadefuls of earth. The faeries and the more innocent of the spirits dwelt within it, and lamented over our fallen world in the lamentation of the wind-tossed reeds, in the song of the birds, in the moan of the waves, and in the sweet cry of the fiddle. It said that with us the beautiful are not clever and the clever are not beautiful, and that the best of our moments are marred by a little vulgarity, or by a pin-prick out of sad recollection, and that the fiddle must ever lament about it all. It said that if only they who live in the Golden Age could die we might be happy, for the sad voices would be still; but alas! alas! They must sing and we must weep until the Eternal gates swing open.

不久前，我乘火车去斯莱戈镇附近。上次去那儿时，我遇到了麻烦，故而一直以来迫切希望得到点启示，这启示可能来自那些生灵，或是那些无形的情感，或是那些居住于精灵世界的任何生物。启示终于来了，有天晚上，我清清楚楚地看到一个黑色的动物，一半像黄鼠狼，一半像狗，正沿着一面石墙顶部移动，不久就消失了；另一边又来了只像黄鼠狼的白狗，粉嫩皮肉在白色毛发下泛着光，整个身体都在闪闪发光。于是我想起一个关于两只精灵狗的有趣说法，据说它们会轮番出现，分别代表白天和黑夜、正义和邪恶。这个好预兆令我感到欣慰。但

是，现在，我希望得到另外一种启示。而机缘——倘若真有机缘——果然将启示带来了。一个男人走进车厢，开始拉小提琴，那小提琴显然是旧黑鞋油盒改造的。虽然我对音乐并不感兴趣，但那琴声使我心中充溢着奇异的情感。我似乎听到黄金时代的哀叹。琴声告诉我，我们都不完美，都不完整，不再像是一张精美的织网，而像是一束纠结缠绕的乱麻，被抛弃一隅；世界曾经完美而友善，而那个友善而完美的世界依然存在，只是如一簇玫瑰丛一般被掩埋在无尽的尘土之下。精灵和那些相对善良的灵魂居住其间，它们在风摆芦苇的叹息中，在鸟儿的歌声中，在浪花的低吟中，在小提琴柔婉的泣诉中为我们这个失落的世界哀叹。这琴声说，我们中漂亮的不聪明，聪明的不漂亮，我们最美好的时光或被一些粗鲁行为所玷污，或被悲伤的回忆之刺所破坏，而小提琴将永远为之哀悼。唯有生活在黄金时代的人们死去，我们才能幸福，因为，唯有如此哀悼之声才会停止。但是，唉，唉呀！它们必将悲歌，我们必将哭泣，直到永恒之门旋转开启。

We were now getting into the big glass-roofed terminus, and the fiddler put away his old blacking-box and held out his hat for a copper, and then opened the door and was gone.

列车缓缓驶入巨大玻璃屋顶下的终点站，那个小提琴手收拾好他的旧鞋油盒子，举着帽子讨过铜币，然后开门走了。

A Remonstrance With Scotsmen For Having Soured The Disposition Of Their Ghosts And Faeries

抗议苏格兰人对精灵鬼怪之本性的摧残

Not only in Ireland is faery belief still extant. It was only the other day I heard of a Scottish farmer who believed that the lake in front of his house was haunted by a water-horse. He was afraid of it, and dragged the lake with nets, and then tried to pump it empty. It would have been a bad thing for the water-horse had he found him. An Irish peasant would have long since come to terms with the creature. For in Ireland there is something of timid affection between men and spirits. They only illtreat each other in reason. Each admits the other side to have feelings. There are points beyond which neither will go. No Irish peasant would treat a captured faery as did the man Campbell tells of. He caught a kelpie, and tied her behind him on his horse. She was fierce, but he kept her quiet by driving an awl and a needle into her. They came to a river, and she grew very restless, fearing to cross the water. Again he drove the awl and needle into her. She cried out, "Pierce me with the awl, but keep that slender, hair-like slave (the needle) out of me." They came to an inn. He turned the light of a lantern on her; immediately she dropped down like a falling star, and changed into a lump of jelly. She was dead. Nor would they treat the faeries as one is treated in an old Highland[1] poem. A faery loved a little child who used to cut turf at the side of a faery hill. Every day the faery put out his hand from the hill with an enchanted knife. The child used to cut the turf with the knife. It did not take long, the knife being charmed. Her brothers wondered why she was done so quickly. At last they resolved to watch, and find out who helped her. They saw the small hand come out of the earth, and the little child take from it the knife. When the turf was all cut, they saw her make three taps on the ground with the handle. The small hand came out of the hill. Snatching the knife from the child, they cut the hand off with a blow. The faery was never again seen. He drew his bleeding arm into the earth, thinking, as it is recorded, he had lost his hand through the treachery of the child.

现在，不仅只有爱尔兰人才相信鬼神的存在。就在几天前，我听说，有个苏格兰农夫认为家门口的湖里有一只水马作怪，很是害怕，于是用网去打捞，后来又试图把水抽干。倘若水马真被他找到了，恐怕不会有好下场。若是换作一个爱尔兰农夫，想必早就放任这家伙存在了。在爱尔兰，人类和精灵鬼怪之间有一种天然的感情。他们不会无故伤害对方，也都承认对方是有情感的，双方都不会越过一定的界限。在这

里，没有哪个农夫会像坎贝尔说的那个男人那样对待被捕获的精灵。故事说，那人抓到一只马形水鬼，把她拉到马上，绑在自己身后。水鬼猛烈地挣扎，但他却用锥子和针刺她，使她安静下来。他们走到一条河边，水鬼变得非常不安，害怕渡水。男人再次用锥子和针刺她，她痛哭着说："用锥子刺我吧，但别用那根像细长头发一样的东西（她说的是针）。"他们进了一家客栈。男人把灯笼的火光照向水鬼，水鬼马上像流星一样落在地上，化作一团浆糊。她就这么死了。爱尔兰农夫们也不会像一首高地诗歌里写的那样对待精灵们。有个精灵爱上了一个常去精灵山边割草的小女孩。每天，精灵从山里伸出手，递给她一把施过魔法的刀，孩子就用那把刀割草。然而，刀被附上了魔法这事却没持续多久。女孩的兄弟们寻思着，她干活怎么那么快。最后，他们决定去看看是谁在帮助女孩。他们看到地面上伸出一只小手，小女孩从这手中接过一把刀。女孩割完草后，用刀柄在地上叩了三下，小手便又从山里伸了出来。兄弟们扑上去，从女孩手中抢过刀，砍下了那只手，精灵从此再也没有出现过。诗里说，他把流着血的手臂缩回地里，认为是女孩的背叛使他失去了一只手。

In Scotland you are too theological, too gloomy. You have made even the Devil religious. "Where do you live, good-wyf, and how is the minister?" he said to the witch when he met her on the high-road, as it came out in the trial. You have burnt all the witches. In Ireland we have left them alone. To be sure, the "loyal minority" knocked out the eye of one with a cabbage-stump on the 31st of March, 1711, in the town of Carrickfergus[2]. But then the "loyal minority" is half Scottish. You have discovered the faeries to be pagan and wicked. You would like to have them all up before the magistrate. In Ireland warlike mortals have gone amongst them, and helped them in their battles, and they in turn have taught men great skill with herbs, and permitted some few to hear their tunes. Carolan[3] slept upon a faery rath. Ever after their tunes ran in his head, and made him the great musician he was. In Scotland you have denounced them from the pulpit. In Ireland they have been permitted by the priests to consult them on the state of their souls. Unhappily the priests have decided that they have no souls, that they will dry up like so much bright vapour at the last day; but more in sadness than in anger they have said it. The Catholic religion likes to keep on good terms with its neighbours.

苏格兰人，你们太讲神学，太忧郁了。你们逼得魔鬼都信仰宗教。"善良的人，你住在哪里？牧师好吗？"他在大路上遇到女巫，就这么问候——这是审判中传出来的事。你们烧死了所有的女巫。在爱尔兰，我们才不会去干涉女巫。的确，1711年3月31日，在卡里克弗格斯镇，"忠诚少数派"用卷心菜头将一个巫婆的一只眼睛砸了出来。然而，当时那些"忠诚少数派"中有一半是苏格兰人。你们认为精灵们属于异教，是邪恶之物，希望法官将它们统统处置掉。在爱尔兰，骁勇善战的凡人进入精灵们中间，前来助战。作为回报，它们教给人类使用药草的

精湛医术，并且还邀请一些人欣赏它们的音乐。卡罗兰曾在精灵的山寨中过夜。此后，精灵们的音乐在他脑海回荡，他因此成为伟大的音乐家。在苏格兰，你们在布道台上谴责精灵们。而在爱尔兰，神父允许它们去咨询自己灵魂的状况。不幸的是，神父发现它们没有灵魂，在生命终结之日，它们将像明亮的雾气那样蒸发。说起此事，神父们更多的是悲伤而非愤怒。天主教乐意与邻居们友好相处。

These two different ways of looking at things have influenced in each country the whole world of sprites and goblins. For their gay and graceful doings you must go to Ireland; for their deeds of terror to Scotland. Our Irish faery terrors have about them something of makebelieve. When a peasant strays into an enchanted hovel, and is made to turn a corpse all night on a spit before the fire, we do not feel anxious; we know he will wake in the midst of a green field, the dew on his old coat. In Scotland it is altogether different. You have soured the naturally excellent disposition of ghosts and goblins. The piper M'Crimmon, of the Hebrides[4], shouldered his pipes, and marched into a sea cavern, playing loudly, and followed by his dog. For a long time the people could hear the pipes. He must have gone nearly a mile, when they heard the sound of a struggle. Then the piping ceased suddenly. Some time went by, and then his dog came out of the cavern completely flayed, too weak even to howl. Nothing else ever came out of the cavern. Then there is the tale of the man who dived into a lake where treasure was thought to be. He saw a great coffer of iron. Close to the coffer lay a monster, who warned him to return whence he came. He rose to the surface; but the bystanders, when they heard he had seen the treasure, persuaded him to dive again. He dived. In a little while his heart and liver floated up, reddening the water. No man ever saw the rest of his body.

这两种不同的观念对两个地区精灵鬼怪们的世界产生深远影响。若想看它们的喜悦和优雅行为，你得去爱尔兰；若想看它们的种种恐怖行为，那就去苏格兰。爱尔兰的精灵们如果做出什么恐怖事情，只是为了让人们相信它们的力量。如果一个农夫不小心走进一间鬼怪出现的小屋，被迫整夜翻动放在烧烤叉上的尸体，我们并不焦急。我们知道他将在绿地上醒来，旧外套上挂着露珠。在苏格兰，情形则全然不同。你们扭曲了幽灵和妖精们的美好天性。赫布里底群岛的风笛手麦克利蒙扛着风笛，走进海边的洞穴，大声吹奏，他的狗跟在后面。过了很久，人们还能听到风笛声。他想必走进洞里将近一英里了，这时人们听到洞里有打斗声。接着，风笛声突然停了。过了会儿，狗从洞里跑出来，皮被剥光了，连吠叫的力气都没了，而它的主人再也没有从洞里出来。还有一个故事，据说某个湖里有宝藏，一个男人潜水下去，见到一个巨大的铁箱子，旁边躺着一个妖怪。妖怪警告男人从哪里来就回哪里去。男人浮出水面，但那些旁观者听说他见到了宝藏，就怂恿他再潜水下去。他又去了。过了一会儿，他的心脏和肺浮了上来，染红了湖水。此后，男人

尸体的其他部分再没出现过。

These water-goblins and water-monsters are common in Scottish folk-lore. We have them too, but take them much less dreadfully. Our tales turn al l their doings to favour and to prett iness, or hopelessly humorize the creatures. A hole in the Sligo river is haunted by one of these monsters. He is ardently believed in by many, but that does not prevent the peasantry playing with the subject, and surrounding it with conscious fantasies. When I was a small boy I fished one day for congers in the monster hole. Returning home, a great eel on my shoulder, his head f lapping down in front, his tail sweeping the ground behind, I met a fisherman of my acquaintance. I began a tale of an immense conger, three times larger than the one I carried, that had broken my line and escaped. "That was him," said the fisherman. "Did you ever hear how he made my brother emigrate? My brother was a diver, you know, and grubbed stones for the Harbour Board. One day the beast comes up to him, and says, 'What are you after?' 'Stones, sur,' says he. 'Don't you think you had better be going?' 'Yes, sur,' says he. And that's why my brother emigrated. The people said it was because he got poor, but that's not true."

这些水妖、水怪在苏格兰的民间传说中很常见。我们也有，但远没有这么可怕。我们在故事中，将它们一切行为都描述成善行和美德，或者尽情地调侃它们。斯莱戈河的一个洞中有头怪物。很多人虔诚地相信它的存在，但这并不妨碍农夫们以此为话题开玩笑，编一些离奇古怪的故事。小时候，有一天，我去怪物洞钓康吉鳗。回家时，我肩上扛着一条大鳗鱼，鱼头在我胸前拍打，鱼尾在身后拖到了地上。我遇到一个认识的渔夫，于是，编了个巨鳗的故事，说它比扛着的这条大三倍，但挣脱渔线跑了。“就是它了。”渔夫说，“你知道吗，它使得我兄弟背井离乡。我兄弟是个潜水员，给港务局采石块。有一天，那个怪物走过来，对他说：‘你在找什么？”石头，先生。’他说。‘你不觉得你最好是离开这里？”好的，先生。’他说。这就是我兄弟移民的原因。大家说是因为他太穷了，其实不是。”

You—you will make no terms with the spirits of fire and earth and air and water. You have made the Darkness your enemy. We—we exchange civilities with the world beyond.

你们呀，你们才不会与火中、地里、空中和水下的精灵们和睦共处，你们已经使黑暗势力成为了自己的敌人。我们呢，我们和另一个世界以礼相待。

(1) 高地，这里指的是苏格兰。

(2)卡 里克弗格斯镇，位于爱尔兰安特里姆郡。

(3) 特洛·卡罗兰（1670—1738），18世纪爱尔兰盲人音乐家、竖琴师。

(4) 赫布里底群岛，又称西部群岛，位于苏格兰西部。

War

战争

When there was a rumour of war with France a while ago, I met a poor Sligo woman, a soldier's widow, that I know, and I read her a sentence out of a letter I had just had from London: "The people here are mad for war, but France seems inclined to take things peacefully," or some like sentence. Her mind ran a good deal on war, which she imagined partly from what she had heard from soldiers, and partly from tradition of the rebellion of '98[1], but the word London doubled her interest, for she knew there were a great many people in London, and she herself had once lived in "a congested district." "There are too many over one another in London. They are getting tired of the world. It is killed they want to be. It will be no matter; but sure the French want nothing but peace and quietness. The people here don't mind the war coming. They could not be worse than they are. They may as well die soldierly before God. Sure they will get quarters in heaven." Then she began to say that it would be a hard thing to see children tossed about on bayonets, and I knew her mind was running on traditions of the great rebellion. She said presently, "I never knew a man that was in a battle that liked to speak of it after. They'd sooner be throwing hay down from a hayrick." She told me how she and her neighbours used to be sitting over the fire when she was a girl, talking of the war that was coming, and now she was afraid it was coming again, for she had dreamed that all the bay was "stranded and covered with seaweed." I asked her if it was in the Fenian times[2] that she had been so much afraid of war coming. But she cried out, "Never had I such fun and pleasure as in the Fenian times. I was in a house where some of the officers used to be staying, and in the daytime I would be walking after the soldiers' band, and at night I'd be going down to the end of the garden watching a soldier, with his red coat on him, drilling the Fenians in the field behind the house. One night the boys tied the liver of an old horse, that had been dead three weeks, to the knocker, and I found it when I opened the door in the morning." And presently our talk of war shifted, as it had a way of doing, to the battle of the Black Pig, which seems to her a battle between Ireland and England, but to me an Armageddon[3] which shall quench all things in the Ancestral Darkness again, and from this to sayings about war and vengeance. "Do you know," she said, "what the curse of the Four Fathers is? They put the man-child on the spear, and somebody said to them, 'You will be cursed in the fourth generation after you,' and that is why disease or anything always comes in the fourth generation."

不久前，当传闻要与法国交战的时候，我遇到一个贫穷的斯莱戈妇女，据我所知，她是个士兵的遗孀。我给她读了一句话，出自我刚收到的一封从伦敦寄来的信，“这里的人都疯狂地想打仗，但法国似乎倾向于采用和平方式解决争端”，差不多就是这样的话吧。她的脑海中冒出许多关于战争的事，有些是她根据从士兵们那里听来的消息想象的，有些则是由1798年起义想到的。但“伦敦”这个词让她兴趣倍增，因为她知道伦敦人口众多，而她自己曾住在“一个拥挤的地区”。“伦敦的人太多了，他们对世界越来越厌烦，希望死在战场上。这倒没有问题，但可以肯定的是，法国人只想过和平安宁的日子。而我们这里的人并不反对战争，反正生活不会比现在更糟了。他们倒宁愿英勇地死在上帝面前，这样，他们肯定能在天堂里找到一席之地。”接着，她开始说，看到孩子们被挑在刺刀上是多么痛苦的事——我知道，她是想起那次大起义了。过了会儿，她说：“我还没看到谁打完仗后乐意再提起它。他们总是很快就开始干活，从干草垛上往下挑干草。”她告诉我，在她还是姑娘的时候，常常和邻居们坐在火边谈论将要发生的战争。而现在，她担心战争又要来了，因为她梦见整个海湾“布满了海藻”。我问她，是不是因为芬尼亚运动让她如此害怕战争来临。但她高声说：“我从没有像在芬尼亚运动时期那么快乐。那时，我住的房子里常有一些军官暂住。白天，我随着军乐队行走；到了晚上，我就到花园尽头，观看一个穿红外套的士兵在屋后田地里训练勇士。有一天晚上，那些男孩子们把死了三周的一匹老马的肝脏系在了我家门环上，我早上开门时发现了。”聊了会儿，我们转移了关于战争的话题，不知不觉就说到黑猪谷之战，在她看来，这是爱尔兰和英格兰之间的战争；而我觉得，它就像一场世界末日决战，将使万物终结于原始的黑暗之中。然后，我们又说到有关战争和复仇的谚语。“你知道，”她说，“四代人的诅咒是什么吗？他们将男孩挑上矛头，有人便对他们说：‘你们的第四代人将遭到诅咒。’这就是为什么疾病或其他报应通常发生在第四代人身上。”

1902

1902年

(1) 1798起义，爱尔兰人民为反对英国殖民统治而进行的第二次大规模武装起义。1798年5月，爱尔兰人民受法国革命影响，在托恩为首的爱尔兰人联合会领导下，在韦克斯福德、威克洛、安特里姆等地起义。

(2) 芬尼亚运动，19世纪爱尔兰争取民族独立的反英运动。

(3) 世界末日决战，指《圣经》中世界末日的善恶大决战。

The Queen And The Fool

女王与愚人

I have heard one Hearne, a witch-doctor, who is on the border of Clare and Galway, say that in "every household" of faery "there is a queen and a fool," and that if you are "touched" by either you never recover, though you may from the touch of any other in faery. He said of the fool that he was "maybe the wisest of all," and spoke of him as dressed like one of "the mummers that used to be going about the country." Since then a friend has gathered me some few stories of him, and I have heard that he is known, too, in the highlands. I remember seeing a long, lank, ragged man sitting by the hearth in the cottage of an old miller not far from where I am now writing, and being told that he was a fool; and I find from the stories that my friend has gathered that he is believed to go to faery in his sleep; but whether he becomes an Amadán-na-Breena, a fool of the forth, and is attached to a household there, I cannot tell. It was an old woman that I know well, and who has been in faery herself, that spoke of him. She said, "There are fools amongst them, and the fools we see, like that Amadán of Ballylee, go away with them at night, and so do the woman fools that we call Oinseachs (apes)." A woman who is related to the witchdoctor on the border of Clare, and who can cure people and cattle by spells, said, "There are some cures I can't do. I can't help any one that has got a stroke from the queen or the fool of the forth. I knew of a woman that saw the queen one time, and she looked like any Christian. I never heard of any that saw the fool but one woman that was walking near Gort, and she called out, 'There's the fool of the forth coming after me.' So her friends that were with her called out, though they could see nothing, and I suppose he went away at that, for she got no harm. He was like a big strong man, she said, and half naked, and that is all she said about him. I have never seen any myself, but I am a cousin of Hearne, and my uncle was away twenty-one years." The wife of the old miller said, "It is said they are mostly good neighbours, but the stroke of the fool is what there is no cure for; any one that gets that is gone. The Amadán-na-Breena we call him!" And an old woman who lives in the Bog of Kiltartan, and is very poor, said, "It is true enough, there is no cure for the stroke of the Amadán-na-Breena. There was an old man I knew long ago, he had a tape, and he could tell what diseases you had with measuring you; and he knew many things. And he said to me one time, 'What month of the year is the worst?' and I said, 'The month of May, of course.' 'It is not,' he said; 'but the month of June, for that's the month that the Amadán gives his

stroke!' They say he looks like any other man, but he's leathan (wide), and not smart. I knew a boy one time got a great fright, for a lamb looked over the wall at him with a beard on it, and he knew it was the Amadán, for it was the month of June. And they brought him to that man I was telling about, that had the tape, and when he saw him he said, 'Send for the priest, and get a Mass said over him.' And so they did, and what would you say but he's living yet and has a family! A certain Regan said, 'They, the other sort of people, might be passing you close here and they might touch you. But any that gets the touch of the Amadán-na-Breena is done for.' It's true enough that it's in the month of June he's most likely to give the touch. I knew one that got it, and he told me about it himself. He was a boy I knew well, and he told me that one night a gentleman came to him, that had been his land-lord, and that was dead. And he told him to come along with him, for he wanted him to fight another man. And when he went he found two great troops of them, and the other troop had a living man with them too, and he was put to fight him. And they had a great fight, and he got the better of the other man, and then the troop on his side gave a great shout, and he was left home again. But about three years after that he was cutting bushes in a wood and he saw the Amadán coming at him. He had a big vessel in his arms, and it was shining, so that the boy could see nothing else; but he put it behind his back then and came running, and the boy said he looked wild and wide, like the side of the hill. And the boy ran, and he threw the vessel after him, and it broke with a great noise, and whatever came out of it, his head was gone there and then. He lived for a while after, and used to tell us many things, but his wits were gone. He thought they mightn't have liked him to beat the other man, and he used to be afraid something would come on him." And an old woman in a Galway workhouse, who had some little knowledge of Queen Maive, said the other day, "The Amadán-na-Breena changes his shape every two days. Sometimes he comes like a youngster, and then he'll come like the worst of beasts, trying to give the touch he used to be. I heard it said of late he was shot, but I think myself it would be hard to shoot him."

我听一个住在克莱尔郡和戈尔韦郡边界处的名叫赫恩的巫医说过，每个精灵“家庭”，“都有一个女王和一个愚人”，要是你被这两个中的任意一个“摸”过，就别想再恢复健康，而被其他精灵摸到，或许还能治好。他提到的愚人，“可能是所有人中最聪明的”，还说他穿得像“过去那些在乡间到处演出的哑剧演员”。此后，有个朋友为我搜集了一些关于那个愚人的故事，我听说他在高地也很有名。我记得，曾看到一个穿着破烂的瘦高个男人，坐在旧磨坊小屋的炉边，那里离我现在写作的地方不远，别人告诉我他是个愚人。我从朋友搜集的故事中发现，人们确信，他在睡梦中会进入精灵王国。但他是否真变成了城堡中的愚人阿曼旦 -

纳 - 布里纳——属于那里的某个精灵家庭，我就不得而知了。一个跟我很熟的老妇人曾亲自去过精灵世界，她也说起过愚人。她说：“它们中间确实有愚人，我们见过的愚人，比如那个巴里丽的阿曼旦，晚上跟它们走了；女愚人也是如此，我们管她们叫奥因斯奇思（猿猴）。”克莱尔郡边界的那名巫医有个女亲戚，她能用咒语给人和牲畜治病，她说：“有些是我没法治好的。被城堡中的女王或愚人碰触过的人，别管是谁，我都爱莫能助。我知道有个女人见到过女王，说她和基督徒没有分别。但我从没听说谁见过愚人，唯有一次，听说有个女人在戈特附近散步时，突然叫了起来，‘城堡的愚人跟踪我！’她的同伴听了，尽管什么都没看见，也尖叫起来。我猜愚人是听到尖叫声走开了，所以女人没有受到伤害。她说，愚人像个高大强壮的男人，身子半裸。关于愚人，她说的就这些了。我从没亲眼见过，但我是赫恩的堂妹，我伯父已经被掳走21年了。”老磨坊主的妻子说：“据说它们通常都是好邻居，但愚人的触摸无药可救，不管谁要是被摸了，就都活不了了。我们管他叫阿曼旦 - 纳 - 布里纳！”在基尔塔坦的沼泽地，住着一位很穷的老妇人，她说：“确实是这样，被阿曼旦 - 纳 - 布里纳摸了就没法治了。很久前，我认识的一位老人，他有一把卷尺，用这尺子一量你，就能告诉你得了什么病，他了解很多事情。有一次，他对我说：‘一年中哪个月份最差？’我说：‘当然是五月。“不是五月，’他说，‘而是六月，因为那是阿曼旦出来摸人的月份！’他们说阿曼旦看起来和别的男人一样，只是身形宽一些，也不机灵。我知道一个男孩，有一次他被吓坏了。因为一只长着胡子的羔羊在墙的另一边盯着他看，他知道那就是阿曼旦，因为当时正好是六月。于是，大家带男孩子去见我刚说的那位有卷尺的老人。老人见到他就说：‘去请神父来，给他做个弥撒。’大家就去了，你猜后来怎么样，那孩子现在还活着呢，都成家啦！有个叫里根的人说：‘那些不同类的人，他们可能从你旁边经过，可能触摸你。但谁要是被阿曼旦 - 纳 - 布里纳摸了，那就死定了。’真的，他最有可能在六月份出来摸人。我认识一个被摸过的人，他亲口跟我说了这件事。这个男孩跟我很熟，他说有天晚上，有位绅士来找他，原来是他已经死去的老板。老板让男孩跟他走，想要他去和另外一个人搏斗。去了之后，男孩发现是两大队精灵，对方那一边也有一个凡人，而他得和那个凡人搏斗。两人打得难分难解，最后他赢了。于是，他这方的人大喊了一声，就又放他回家了。但三年后，他正在树林里修剪灌木丛时看到阿曼旦朝他走过来。这愚人手臂里抱个大罐子，闪着亮光，于是男孩被晃的什么也看不到。后来，愚人将罐子放在背后，朝他跑过来。男孩说他看上去粗野蛮壮，就像山坡那样。于是男孩开始逃跑，他就把罐子朝男孩扔过去，一声巨响，罐子碎了。不知道里面流出来了什么东西，男孩的大脑顿时就不清醒了。之后没多久，男孩就死了，他生前给我们讲了很多故事，但头脑已经不灵光了。他认为，精灵们也许并不希望他打败另外那个男人。他一直就担心自己会遭遇不测。”戈尔韦一家救济院里，有位老妇人对梅芙女王有所了解，前几天她说：“阿曼旦 - 纳 - 布里纳每两天就变个模样，有时变成个年轻人，有时又像最凶残的野兽，企图像过去那样触摸人。我听说，他后来被射杀了，不过，我觉得要射中他可没那么容易。”

I knew a man who was trying to bring before his mind's eye an

image of Ængus, the old Irish god of love and poetry and ecstasy, who changed four of his kisses into birds, and suddenly the image of a man with a cap and bells rushed before his mind's eye, and grew vivid and spoke and called itself “Ængus' messenger." And I knew another man, a truly great seer, who saw a white fool in a visionary garden, where there was a tree with peacocks' feathers instead of leaves, and f lowers that opened to show little human faces when the white fool had touched them with his coxcomb, and he saw at another time a white fool sitting by a pool and smiling and watching the images of many fair women floating up from the pool.

我认识一个男人，他试图想象出安格斯的形象，安格斯是古老的爱尔兰爱情、诗歌和欢乐之神，他曾经将自己的四个吻变成鸟儿。突然间，男人的脑海里浮现出一个头戴帽子、手持铃铛的男人形象，且逐渐清晰，开口说话，自称是“安格斯的信使”。我还认识另外一个男人，他是真正伟大的预言家，曾在幻想花园中见过一个白衣愚人。那个花园里有棵树，树上长的不是树叶，而是孔雀羽毛。每当白衣愚人用他的鸡冠帽子触碰树上的花蕾时，那些花蕾就会绽放成小小的人脸。还有一次，他看见一个白衣愚人坐在一个池塘边，微笑着，欣赏众多漂亮女子的身形飘然浮出池塘水面。

What else can death be but the beginning of wisdom and power and beauty? and foolishness may be a kind of death. I cannot think it wonderful that many should see a fool with a shining vessel of some enchantment or wisdom or dream too powerful for mortal brains in "every household of them." It is natural, too, that there should be a queen to every household of them, and that one should hear little of their kings, for women come more easily than men to that wisdom which ancient peoples, and all wild peoples even now, think the only wisdom. The self, which is the foundation of our knowledge, is broken in pieces by foolishness, and is forgotten in the sudden emotions of women, and therefore fools may get, and women do get of a certainty, glimpses of much that sanctity finds at the end of its painful journey. The man who saw the white fool said of a certain woman, not a peasant woman, "If I had her power of vision I would know all the wisdom of the gods, and her visions do not interest her." And I know of another woman, also not a peasant woman, who would pass in sleep into countries of an unearthly beauty, and who never cared for anything but to be busy about her house and her children; and presently an herb doctor cured her, as he called it. Wisdom and beauty and power may sometimes, as I think, come to those who die every day they live, though their dying may not be like the dying Shakespeare spoke of. There is a war between the living and the dead, and the Irish stories keep harping upon it. They will have it that when the potatoes or the wheat or any other of the fruits of the earth decay,

they ripen in faery, and that our dreams lose their wisdom when the sap rises in the trees, and that our dreams can make the trees wither, and that one hears the bleating of the lambs of faery in November, and that blind eyes can see more than other eyes. Because the soul always believes in these, or in like things, the cell and the wilderness shall never be long empty, or lovers come into the world who will not understand the verse—

死亡还能意味着什么？难道不就是智慧、权力和美貌的开始吗？或许，愚蠢也算是一种死亡。我认为，若很多人都能在“每个精灵家庭”中看到愚人抱着闪亮的罐子，里面装着对我们人类而言过于强大的魔法、智慧或者梦想，这可不是什么妙事。当然，每个精灵家庭也都有一个女王，而国王却鲜为人知，因为，女人比男人更容易拥有那种智慧，那种古老民族和所有野蛮民族甚至到现在依然视为其唯一的智慧。”自我，是我们知识之基础，却被愚蠢打成碎片，被女人突如其来的情绪遗忘，因此，愚人或将感到，而女人们必将感受到，圣人在苦旅终点处才有的那些感悟。那个见到过白衣愚人的男人说起一个并非农妇的女人：“我要是能有她那样的幻视能力，我早就获知众神的一切智慧了，而她对自己的幻视却并不感兴趣。”我还知道另一个女人，也不是农妇，她能在睡梦中进入非凡美妙的世界，但她却对这些从不在意，整天只是忙着干家务、照看孩子。后来，有个草药医生自称治愈了妇人。就像我想的那样，智慧、美丽和力量也许有时会光临那些在活着的每一天不断死去的人，只不过这种死去并非莎士比亚谈到的死去。战争在生者和死者之间延续，爱尔兰的故事则反复将其咏唱。故事说，倘若土豆、小麦或其他果实腐烂，它们将在精灵世界成熟；倘若我们的梦想失去智慧，养分便会在树中滋长；我们的梦想能让树木枯萎；有人在十一月听见精灵羔羊的咩咩声；失明的双目能比明亮的眼睛看到更多。因为人类总是相信这些，或类似的说法。所以，坟墓和荒野将永远不会长久地空寂，否则，世上的恋人们不会懂得这些诗句——

"Heardst thou not sweet words among

“难道，你没听见甜蜜的话语，在那

That heaven-resounding minstrelsy?

缭绕天堂吟唱中的？

Heardst thou not that those who die

难道，你没听说死去的灵魂，在那

Awake in a world of ecstasy?

喜悦的世界中醒转？

How love, when limbs are interwoven,

爱着，当肢体相纠缠，

And sleep, when the night of life is cloven,

睡着，当生命之夜四分五裂，

And thought to the world's dim boundaries clinging,

纷乱思索着，世界的幽暗边界，

And music when one's beloved is singing,

奏响那乐音，当心爱的人儿展开歌喉，

Is death?" [1]

这就是死亡？”

1901

1901年

(1) 本诗节选自雪莱的诗歌《罗莎琳德与海伦》，略有改动。

The Friends Of The People Of Faery

精灵的朋友们

Those that see the people of faery most often, and so have the most of their wisdom, are often very poor, but often, too, they are thought to have a strength beyond that of man, as though one came, when one has passed the threshold of trance, to those sweet waters where Maeldun[1] saw the dishevelled eagles bathe and become young again.

那些最常看见精灵的人，因此也拥有最多精灵的智慧。他们通常都很贫穷，但人们认为，这些人也通常拥有超越常人的力量。就好像一个跨过恍惚的门槛，抵达甘美的水域，迈尔登曾在那里见到羽翼凌乱的苍鹰沐浴后重新焕发青春。

There was an old Martin Roland, who lived near a bog a little out of Gort, who saw them often from his young days, and always towards the end of his life, though I would hardly call him their friend. He told me a few months before his death that "they" would not let him sleep at night with crying things at him in Irish, and with playing their pipes. He had asked a friend of his what he should do, and the friend had told him to buy a flute, and play on it when they began to shout or to play on their pipes, and maybe they would give up annoying him; and he did, and they always went out into the field when he began to play. He showed me the pipe, and blew through it, and made a noise, but he did not know how to play; and then he showed me where he had pulled his chimney down, because one of them used to sit up on it and play on the pipes. A friend of his and mine went to see him a little time ago, for she heard that "three of them" had told him he was to die. He said they had gone away after warning him, and that the children (children they had "taken," I suppose) who used to come with them, and play about the house with them, had "gone to some other place," because "they found the house too cold for them, maybe"; and he died a week after he had said these things.

戈特附近的沼泽旁住着一个叫马丁·罗兰的老人，他从年轻时起就常见到那些精灵，到去世前更是经常见到，只是我认为他算不上精灵的朋友。死前几个月，他曾告诉我说，“它们”在晚上用爱尔兰语冲他大喊大叫，还吹着风笛，吵得他无法入睡。他就请教一个朋友该怎么办，朋友让他买支长笛，在精灵们叫喊或吹笛时，就吹响笛子，这样它们或许就不会再来烦扰他了。他照办了，结果笛子一响，精灵们果然都跑到外边的田地里去了。他给我看了笛子，还吹了吹，笛子响了一声，看来他并不会吹曲子。然后，他又带我去看他拆掉烟囱的地方，因为，有个精灵

曾坐在上边吹风笛。我和他的一个朋友不久前去看他，因为她听说有“三个精灵”对他说过他很快就会死去。他说它们警告完就走了，孩子们（我猜是精灵们“掳”来的孩子们）过去老跟它们一起来，和它们在屋子里玩耍，又都“去了其他地方”，因为“可能它们觉得屋里太冷了，受不了吧”。果然，在他讲完这些一个星期后就死了。

His neighbours were not certain that he really saw anything in his old age, but they were all certain that he saw things when he was a young man. His brother said, "Old he is, and it's all in his brain the things he sees. If he was a young man we might believe in him." But he was improvident, and never got on with his brothers. A neighbour said, "The poor man, they say they are mostly in his head now, but sure he was a fine fresh man twenty years ago the night he saw them linked in two lots, like young slips of girls walking together. It was the night they took away Fallon's little girl." And she told how Fallon's little girl had met a woman "with red hair that was as bright as silver," who took her away. Another neighbour, who was herself "clouted over the ear" by one of them for going into a fort where they were, said, "I believe it's mostly in his head they are; and when he stood in the door last night I said, 'The wind does be always in my ears, and the sound of it never stops,' to make him think it was the same with him; but he says, 'I hear them singing and making music all the time, and one of them is after bringing out a little flute, and it's on it he's playing to them.' And this I know, that when he pulled down the chimney where he said the piper used to be sitting and playing, he lifted up stones, and he an old man, that I could not have lifted when I was young and strong."

邻居们不太确定他年老时是不是真的见了到什么，但他们都很肯定，他年轻时确实见到一些东西。他的兄弟说：“人老啦，他见到的那些东西都是些幻觉吧。要是他还年轻，我们或许可以相信他。”但是，他不知节俭，和兄弟们关系一直都不好。有个邻居说：“可怜的老人，人们说现在精灵大多是他的想象，但是可以肯定，20年前，他还是个活蹦乱跳的年轻人，有天晚上，他确实见到过精灵们排成两队在走路，它们身材窈窕，就像少女一般。也就是那个晚上，它们掳走了法伦的小女儿。”她又告诉我，法伦的小女儿是怎样碰到一个“长着一头银子般闪亮红发”的女人的，就是这个女人把她掳走了。还有一个邻居，她曾走进精灵们的城堡，然后被一个精灵“扇了耳光”。这个邻居说：“我相信它们大部分是他想象出来的。昨天晚上他站在门口时，我说‘我耳朵里确实老是进风，响个不停’，好让他明白这和他遇到的情况一样。但他说：‘我听到它们不停地唱歌、奏乐，其中有个精灵后来拿出一支小长笛，为其他精灵吹奏。’我还知道，他拆掉那个曾经老有精灵坐在上面吹笛子的烟囱时，还搬得动那些石头，他可是个老人呢，我年轻力壮时都搬不动。”

A friend has sent me from Ulster an account of one who was on terms of true friendship with the people of faery. It has been taken

down accurately, for my friend, who had heard the old woman's story some time before I heard of it, got her to tell it over again, and wrote it out at once. She began by telling the old woman that she did not like being in the house alone because of the ghosts and fairies; and the old woman said, "There's nothing to be frightened about in faeries, miss. Many's the time I talked to a woman myself that was a faery, or something of the sort, and no less and more than mortal anyhow. She used to come about your grandfather's house—your mother's grandfather, that is—in my young days. But you'll have heard all about her." My friend said that she had heard about her, but a long time before, and she wanted to hear about her again; and the old woman went on, "Well, dear, the very first time ever I heard word of her coming about was when your uncle—that is, your mother's uncle—Joseph married, and building a house for his wife, for he brought her first to his father's, up at the house by the Lough. My father and us were living nigh hand to where the new house was to be built, to overlook the men at their work. My father was a weaver, and brought his looms and all there into a cottage that was close by. The foundations were marked out, and the building stones lying about, but the masons had not come yet; and one day I was standing with my mother fornent the house, when we sees a smart wee woman coming up the field over the burn to us. I was a bit of a girl at the time, playing about and sporting myself, but I mind her as well as if I saw her there now!" My friend asked how the woman was dressed, and the old woman said, "It was a gray cloak she had on, with a green cashmere skirt and a black silk handkercher tied round her head, like the country women did use to wear in them times." My friend asked, "How wee was she?" And the old woman said, "Well now, she wasn't wee at all when I think of it, for all we called her the Wee Woman. She was bigger than many a one, and yet not tall as you would say. She was like a woman about thirty, brown-haired and round in the face. She was like Miss Betty, your grandmother's sister, and Betty was like none of the rest, not like your grandmother, nor any of them. She was round and fresh in the face, and she never was married, and she never would take any man; and we used to say that the Wee Woman—her being like Betty—was, maybe, one of their own people that had been took off before she grew to her full height, and for that she was always following us and warning and foretelling. This time she walks straight over to where my mother was standing. 'Go over to the Lough this minute!'—ordering her like that—'Go over to the Lough, and tell Joseph that he must change the foundation of this house to where I'll show you fornent the thornbush. That is where it is to be built, if he is to have luck and prosperity, so do what I'm telling ye this minute.' The house was being built on 'the path' I suppose—the path used by the

people of faery in their journeys, and my mother brings Joseph down and shows him, and he changes the foundations, the way he was bid, but didn't bring it exactly to where was pointed, and the end of that was, when he come to the house, his own wife lost her life with an accident that come to a horse that hadn't room to turn right with a harrow between the bush and the wall. The Wee Woman was queer and angry when next she come, and says to us, 'He didn't do as I bid him, but he'll see what he'll see.' " My friend asked where the woman came from this time, and if she was dressed as before, and the woman said, "Always the same way, up the field beyant the burn. It was a thin sort of shawl she had about her in summer, and a cloak about her in winter; and many and many a time she came, and always it was good advice she was giving to my mother, and warning her what not to do if she would have good luck. There was none of the other children of us ever seen her unless me; but I used to be glad when I seen her coming up the burn, and would run out and catch her by the hand and the cloak, and call to my mother, 'Here's the Wee Woman!' No man body ever seen her. My father used to be wanting to, and was angry with my mother and me, thinking we were telling lies and talking foolish like. And so one day when she had come, and was sitting by the fireside talking to my mother, I slips out to the field where he was digging. 'Come up,' says I, 'if ye want to see her. She's sitting at the fireside now, talking to mother.' So in he comes with me and looks round angry like and sees nothing, and he up with a broom that was near hand and hits me a crig with it. 'Take that now!' says he, 'for making a fool of me!' and away with him as fast as he could, and queer and angry with me. The Wee Woman says to me then, 'Ye got that now for bringing people to see me. No man body ever seen me, and none ever will.'

有位朋友从乌尔斯特给我寄来一份资料，讲述了一个人和精灵之间真正的友谊。故事记录得很精确，因为我听到故事前不久，朋友已经从老妇人那儿听过一遍了，并让她重述了一遍，当即记录下来了。朋友首先告诉老妇人，她害怕鬼魂和精灵，因些不喜欢单独呆在屋里。老妇人说：“小姐，精灵一点都不可怕。我自己就和一个精灵，或者精灵之类的女人说过很多次话呢，她和人类没有一点差别。在我小时候，她老去你外祖父家——其实是你母亲的外祖父家。你应该听说过她的事情吧。”朋友承认以前听过有关她的事，但那是很久以前的事了，想再听听。于是，老妇人接着说：“好哩，亲爱的孩子。我最早听人说起她，是你舅舅——其实，他是你母亲的舅舅——约瑟夫结婚的时候，为妻子盖了幢新房，因为他最初是把妻子带到了他父亲在湖边的家中。我父亲和我们家住得离建新房的地方不远，往下看就能看见男人们在干活。我父亲是个织布工，他把织布机之类的都放在旁边的小屋子里。地基已经标出来了，建房的石块堆在旁边，但泥瓦匠还没来。有一天，我和母亲站在地基对面，突然看见一个漂亮的娇小女人从河那边的田野里朝我们走来。

我那时还是个小不点，到处蹦蹦跳跳地玩耍，但我对她印象很深，就好像她还在那儿似的！”朋友问她这个女人的穿着打扮，老妇人回忆道：“她披着灰色斗篷，穿着绿色羊绒裙，头上围条黑色丝巾，就像那时乡村妇女的打扮。”我朋友又问：“她个子有多小？”老妇人答道：“嗯，想起来她其实一点都不小，只不过我们都叫她小女人。她比很多人都高大，但也算不上高个子。看起来她是个三十岁左右的女人，头发是褐色的，脸圆圆的，和贝蒂小姐有些像。贝蒂是你外祖母的妹妹，但她和其他姊妹都不像，既不像你外祖母，也不像其他任何姐妹。贝蒂的脸圆圆的，气色红润，她一辈子都没嫁人，因为她瞧不上任何男人。我们过去总说，你看小女人，那么像贝蒂，可能是她的姐妹呢，只不过还没长大就被掳走了，所以她总是跟随着我们，给我们一些警告和预言。这一次，小女人径直向我母亲站着的地方走过来。‘现在就去湖边！’——就那样命令我母亲——‘去湖边，告诉约瑟夫，他必须把这个房子的地基迁到我给你指的那个荆丛对面。他要想兴旺发达，房子就得建在那里。现在就按我刚才说的去做！’我猜，那是因为房子正建在“精灵路”上，那是精灵们出行时走的路。母亲把约瑟芬带来，给他指明地方。于是，他照吩咐迁了地基，但没完全建在指定地方。结果呢，搬到新家后，他妻子在意外中丧了命。当时，有一匹马，拉着耙子，在灌木丛和屋墙之间想向右转，但地方不够，撞到了约瑟夫的妻子。小女人再来时，表情古怪并且很生气，对我们说：‘他没有照我说的做，他就等着瞧吧。’”朋友问起小女人这次从哪里来，穿着是否和上次一样，妇人说：“总是老样子，从河那边的田地里过来。夏天披条薄围巾，冬天披着斗篷。她来过很多回，总是给我母亲提些好建议，警告她如果想走运，就一定不要做哪些事。我们家的孩子，除了我谁都没见过她。不过每次我看到她从河边过来，都很高兴，跑出去拉着她的手，拽着她的斗篷，喊我母亲：‘小女人来了！’从来没有男人见过她。我父亲曾经总想见见她，并且对我和母亲很恼火，以为我们在撒谎说胡话。于是，有一天她来了之后，坐在炉边和母亲说话时，我就溜到父亲干活的田里。‘快来，’我说，‘你不是想见她吗，她正坐在炉边和母亲说话呢。’于是父亲跟我回到家，四处看了看，一副生气的样子，因为他什么也没见到。他抓起手边的扫帚，打了我一顿。‘你欠揍！’他说，‘竟然敢耍我！’说完，他立刻就走了，对我既怀疑又愤怒。小女人之后对我说：‘这是对你带别人来看我的惩罚。从没有男人见过我，以后也不会有。’”

"There was one day, though, she gave him a queer fright anyway, whether he had seen her or not. He was in among the cattle when it happened, and he comes up to the house all trembling like. 'Don't let me hear you say another word of your Wee Woman. I have got enough of her this time.' Another time, all the same, he was up Gortin[2] to sell horses, and before he went off, in steps the Wee Woman and says she to my mother, holding out a sort of a weed, 'Your man is gone up by Gortin, and there's a bad fright waiting him coming home, but take this and sew it in his coat, and he'll get no harm by it.' My mother takes the herb, but thinks to herself, 'Sure there's nothing in it,' and throws it on the fire, and lo and behold, and sure enough! Coming

home from Gortin, my father got as bad a fright as ever he got in his life. What it was I don't right mind, but anyway he was badly damaged by it. My mother was in a queer way, frightened of the Wee Woman, after what she done, and sure enough the next time she was angry. 'Ye didn't believe me,' she said, 'and ye threw the herb I gave ye in the fire, and I went far enough for it.' There was another time she came and told how William Hearne was dead in America. 'Go over,' she says, 'to the Lough, and say that William is dead, and he died happy, and this was the last Bible chapter ever he read,' and with that she gave the verse and chapter. 'Go,' she says, 'and tell them to read them at the next class meeting, and that I held his head while he died.' And sure enough word came after that how William had died on the day she named. And, doing as she bid about the chapter and hymn, they never had such a prayer-meeting as that. One day she and me and my mother was standing talking, and she was warning her about something, when she says of a sudden, 'Here comes Miss Letty in all her finery, and it's time for me to be off.' And with that she gave a swirl round on her feet, and raises up in the air, and round and round she goes, and up and up, as if it was a winding stairs she went up, only far swifter. She went up and up, till she was no bigger than a bird up against the clouds, singing and singing the whole time the loveliest music I ever heard in my life from that day to this. It wasn't a hymn she was singing, but poetry, lovely poetry, and me and my mother stands gaping up, and all of a tremble. 'What is she at all, mother?' says I. 'Is it an angel she is, or a faery woman, or what?' With that up come Miss Letty, that was your grandmother, dear, but Miss Letty she was then, and no word of her being anything else, and she wondered to see us gaping up that way, till me and my mother told her of it. She went on gay-dressed then, and was lovely looking. She was up the lane where none of us could see her coming forward when the Wee Woman rose up in that queer way, saying, 'Here comes Miss Letty in all her finery.' Who knows to what far country she went, or to see whom dying?

“但是有一天，不管父亲有没有见着她，她都把父亲吓得不轻。当时，他正在放牛，回家后似乎浑身发抖。‘别再跟我提那个小女人，这次我受够她了。’又有一次，同样，他去戈廷卖马，还没出发呢，小女人登门了，拿出一束野草之类的东西对我母亲说：‘你丈夫要去戈廷，他会在那里吓坏了才回家，不过拿了这草缝在他的外套里，就能保证他不会受到伤害。’母亲接过草，但心里想：‘这肯定没什么用。’就把它扔进了火里，瞧她，还非常肯定呢。父亲从戈廷回来后，受了这辈子最恐怖的惊吓。具体是怎么回事我记不太清了，总之，他被吓坏了。我母亲想起自己做的事，很害怕小女人，变得古里古怪。果然，她下次来了很生气。‘你不相信我的话，’她说，‘还把我给你的草扔进火里，我为找到它不知走了多远的路。’还有一次，她来了，说起威廉·赫恩死在美洲的消

息。‘去吧，’她说，‘去湖边，就说威廉死了，死得很安详。这是他死前最后读的那章《圣经》。’说着，她给了那些诗句和章节。‘去，’她说，‘告诉他们在下次集会时诵读那些章节，还要说他死的时候我扶着他的头。’果然，随后传来威廉在她说的那天死去的消息。而且人们按她说的读了那些章节和赞美诗，他们还从来没有举行过这么盛大的祈祷会呢。有一天，小女人和我以及我母亲站着说话，她正在警告我母亲什么事情，突然就说：‘莱蒂小姐打扮得漂漂亮亮来了，我得走了。’说着，她脚一旋转，升上了天空，她转啊转啊，越升越高，似乎正顺着旋转的梯子往上走，只是比那快多了。她不断升高，最后看上去就像云端上的一只鸟儿那么大，同时，她一直唱着歌，我这辈子再也没听过那么动听的歌声。她唱的不是圣歌，而是诗歌，愉快的诗歌。我和母亲目瞪口呆地站着，望着她浑身战栗。‘她到底是什么，母亲？’我问，‘她是天使吗？或是女精灵？还是其他什么？’正说着，莱蒂小姐来了，就是你的外祖母，亲爱的，但她那时还是莱蒂小姐，还不知将来如何呢。她惊奇地看着我们那副目瞪口呆的样子，我们把事情的来龙去脉告诉她。她当时穿着明艳的衣服，看起来很漂亮。当小女人说着‘莱蒂小姐穿得漂漂亮亮地走来了’，又那样奇怪地升上天去时，莱蒂小姐在小径的高处，我们都看不见她朝这里走来。谁知道她去了什么遥远的地方呢，或是去看望哪位将死之人了呢？

"It was never after dark she came, but daylight always, as far as I mind, but wanst, and that was on a Hallow Eve night. My mother was by the fire, making ready the supper; she had a duck down and some apples. In slips the Wee Woman, 'I'm come to pass my Hallow Eve with you,' says she. 'That's right,' says my mother, and thinks to herself, 'I can give her her supper nicely.' Down she sits by the fire a while. 'Now I'll tell you where you'll bring my supper,' says she. 'In the room beyond there beside the loom—set a chair in and a plate.' 'When ye're spending the night, mayn't ye as well sit by the table and eat with the rest of us?' 'Do what you're bid, and set whatever you give me in the room beyant. I'll eat there and nowhere else.' So my mother sets her a plate of duck and some apples, whatever was going, in where she bid, and we got to our supper and she to hers; and when we rose I went in, and there, lo and behold ye, was her supper-plate a bit ate of each portion, and she clean gone!”

“她从不在天黑后过来，总是白天来，只有一次例外，我记得，那是在万圣节前夕的晚上，母亲正在炉边准备晚餐，煮了只鸭子，还准备了些苹果。突然小女人悄无声息地走了进来，说：‘我来和你们过万圣节前夜。’‘好啊，’母亲说，心里又想，‘我得给她准备一顿丰盛的晚餐。’小女人在炉边坐了会儿。‘我现在告诉你把我的晚餐放到哪里，’她说，‘就送到织布机旁边的屋子里，摆上椅子和餐盘。’‘既然来这里过夜，何不坐到桌边跟我们一起吃呢？’‘你就照吩咐做吧，把给我的食物放到那间屋里。我就在那里吃，哪儿也不去。’于是，母亲为她摆了餐盘，里面盛着鸭肉和几个苹果。按照她的吩咐准备好了一切，然后我们吃我们的，她

吃她的。我们吃完后，我去屋里找她，惊奇地发现，晚餐盘子里的东西，每样都只动了一点，而她已消失得无影无踪了！”

1897

1897年

(1) 迈尔登，《迈尔登游记》中的主人公，该书是以古爱尔兰语撰写的基督传说，创作于公元1000年前后。

(2) 戈廷村，爱尔兰蒂龙郡的一个村庄。

Dreams That Have No Moral

荒诞的梦

The friend who heard about Maive and the hazel-stick went to the workhouse another day. She found the old people cold and wretched, "like flies in winter," she said; but they forgot the cold when they began to talk. A man had just left them who had played cards in a rath with the people of faery, who had played "very fair"; and one old man had seen an enchanted black pig one night, and there were two old people my friend had heard quarrelling as to whether Raftery or Callanan[1] was the better poet. One had said of Raftery, "He was a big man, and his songs have gone through the whole world. I remember him well. He had a voice like the wind;" but the other was certain "that you would stand in the snow to listen to Callanan." Presently an old man began to tell my friend a story, and all listened delightedly, bursting into laughter now and then. The story, which I am going to tell just as it was told, was one of those old rambling moralless tales, which are the delight of the poor and the hard driven, wherever life is left in its natural simplicity. They tell of a time when nothing had consequences, when even if you were killed, if only you had a good heart, somebody would bring you to life again with a touch of a rod, and when if you were a prince and happened to look exactly like your brother, you might go to bed with his queen, and have only a little quarrel afterwards. We too, if we were so weak and poor that everything threatened us with misfortune, would remember, if foolish people left us alone, every old dream that has been strong enough to fling the weight of the world from its shoulders.

有一天，那位听说过梅芙和榛木手杖的朋友去救济院探访。她发现，那里的老人们衣不蔽体，处境凄惨。“就像冬天里的苍蝇，”她说。但大家说起话来就忘记了寒冷。有位刚刚去世的男人，曾经和精灵们在山寨里玩过纸牌，精灵们的玩法“非常公正”；还有个老头，有天晚上看到一头黑色的、被施了魔法的猪；朋友还听到两位老人在争论拉夫特里和卡拉南谁是更出色的诗人。其中一个说是拉夫特里：“那是个了不起的人，他的歌谣唱遍全世界呢。我还清清楚楚记得他呢，他的声音就像风儿。”另外一个坚信“你会甘愿站在雪地里听卡拉南的朗诵”。不久，一位老人开始给我朋友讲故事，大家都愉快地听着，不时爆发出一阵笑声。接下来我要按原样复述这个故事。它是那些古老且比较随意，并没有任何寓意的故事之一，这类故事往往被贫穷和处于困境中的人们视为乐趣，而故事中的生活也都保持着原始简单的状态。在故事所讲述的那个时代，做任何事情都不会有什么后果，即使你被杀了，只要你心地善良，就会有人用魔杖点你一下，使你起死回生。如果你是一位王子，又

碰巧长相和你的兄弟一模一样，你可能和他的王妃过夜，事后也不过引发点小争吵。我们也是，如果我们太弱小，太贫穷，以致于任何事情都能威胁到我们，使我们遭受不幸，那么我们就会记起——只要愚蠢的人们不来打搅——每个古老的梦想。这些梦想都强大到足以使凡尘摆脱它沉重的负担。

There was a king one time who was very much put out because he had no son, and he went at last to consult his chief adviser. And the chief adviser said, "It's easy enough managed if you do as I tell you. Let you send some one," says he, "to such a place to catch a fish. And when the fish is brought in, give it to the queen, your wife, to eat."

从前，有个国王没有子嗣，非常苦恼。最后，他去咨询他的军师。军师说："您若照我说的去做，就能轻易地解决这事。派个人，"他说，"去这个地方捕条鱼。鱼带回来后给王后，也就是您的妻子，让她吃掉。"

So the king sent as he was told, and the fish was caught and brought in, and he gave it to the cook, and bade her put it before the fire, but to be careful with it, and not to let any blob or blister rise on it. But it is impossible to cook a fish before the fire without the skin of it rising in some place or other, and so there came a blob on the skin, and the cook put her finger on it to smooth it down, and then she put her finger into her mouth to cool it, and so she got a taste of the fish. And then it was sent up to the queen, and she ate it, and what was left of it was thrown out into the yard, and there was a mare in the yard and a greyhound, and they ate the bits that were thrown out.

于是，国王就按军师说的做了。鱼捕到了，带进王宫。国王就把鱼交给厨娘，吩咐她用火烤，一定要小心翼翼，不能迸出油滴，鱼皮也不能起皱。但这怎么可能呢，烤鱼时，鱼皮这里或那里总会卷起来的。果然，鱼皮上冒出一滴油，厨娘用手指头把油抹平了，然后本能地把发烫的手指放进嘴里吮了吮，这样她就尝到了那鱼的味道。鱼随后被送到王后那里，她吃完了，把剩下的扔到院子里，那里有匹母马和一条灵，它们吃了那些被扔掉的残渣。

And before a year was out, the queen had a young son, and the cook had a young son, and the mare had two foals, and the greyhound had two pups.

不出一年，王后生了个儿子，厨娘也生了个儿子，母马产下了两匹马驹，灵产下两只幼崽。

And the two young sons were sent out for a while to some place to be cared, and when they came back they were so much like one another no person could know which was the queen's son and which was the cook's. And the queen was vexed at that, and she went to the chief adviser and said, "Tell me some way that I can know which is my

own son, for I don't like to be giving the same eating and drinking to the cook's son as to my own." "It is easy to know that," said the chief adviser, "if you will do as I tell you. Go you outside, and stand at the door they will be coming in by, and when they see you, your own son will bow his head, but the cook's son will only laugh."

两个年幼的孩子被送到某个地方一起抚养了一段时间。回来后，两人长得太像，没有人能认出谁是王子，谁是厨娘的孩子。王后为此很恼火，于是去军师那，对他说：“告诉我怎么认出自己的孩子，因为我不想让厨娘的儿子和我儿子享用同样的食物。”“很容易就知道谁是您的孩子，”军师说，“如果您照我说的去做。您走出去，站到他们进来时要经过的门口，当他们看到您的时候，您的儿子会朝您鞠躬，但厨娘的儿子只是笑笑。”

So she did that, and when her own son bowed his head, her servants put a mark on him that she would know him again. And when they were all sitting at their dinner after that, she said to Jack, that was the cook's son, "It is time for you to go away out of this, for you are not my son." And her own son, that we will call Bill, said, "Do not send him away, are we not brothers?" But Jack said, "I would have been long ago out of this house if I knew it was not my own father and mother owned it." And for all Bill could say to him, he would not stop. But before he went, they were by the well that was in the garden, and he said to Bill, "If harm ever happens to me, that water on the top of the well will be blood, and the water below will be honey."

王后照办了，当她的儿子鞠躬时，仆人们在他身上做了记号，以便王后以后也能认出儿子。之后，当大家都坐在餐桌边时，王后对厨娘的儿子杰克说：“你该走了，因为你不是我的儿子。”王后的儿子比尔说：“别把他送走，我们难道不是兄弟吗？”但杰克说：“要知道这不是我亲生父母的家，我早就走了。”不管比尔说什么，杰克还是走了。但走之前，在花园的井边，杰克对比尔说：“如果我有难，井水的表面将变成血水，下层变成蜂蜜。”

Then he took one of the pups, and one of the two horses, that was foaled after the mare eating the fish, and the wind that was after him could not catch him, and he caught the wind that was before him. And he went on till he came to a weaver's house, and he asked him for a lodging, and he gave it to him. And then he went on till he came to a king's house, and he sent in at the door to ask, "Did he want a servant?" "All I want," said the king, "is a boy that will drive out the cows to the field every morning, and bring them in at night to be milked." "I will do that for you," said Jack; so the king engaged him.

于是，杰克带着一驹一狗出发了。那匹马驹是母马吃了鱼后产下的。杰克的速度极快，风也追不上他。他马不停蹄地走，一直走到了一个织布工家中，杰克便向其请求借宿，织布工同意了。然后，他继续往

前走，一直走到一个国王的宫殿前，他到门前求见，问道：“国王需要仆人吗？”“我想要的，”国王说，“是一个小伙子，每天早上能帮我把一群奶牛赶到地里去，晚上再把它们赶回来挤奶。”“我愿意为你干这活。”杰克说。于是国王雇佣了他。

In the morning Jack was sent out with the four-and-twenty cows, and the place he was told to drive them to had not a blade of grass in it for them, but was full of stones. So Jack looked about for some place where there would be better grass, and after a while he saw a field with good green grass in it, and it belonging to a giant. So he knocked down a bit of the wall and drove them in, and he went up himself into an apple-tree and began to eat the apples. Then the giant came into the field. "Fee-fawfum," says he, "I smell the blood of an Irishman. I see you where you are, up in the tree," he said; "you are too big for one mouthful, and too small for two mouthfuls, and I don't know what I'll do with you if I don't grind you up and make snuff for my nose." "As you are strong, be merciful," says Jack up in the tree. "Come down out of that, you little dwarf," said the giant, "or I'll tear you and the tree asunder." So Jack came down. "Would you sooner be driving red-hot knives into one another's hearts," said the giant, "or would you sooner be fighting one another on red-hot f lags?" "Fighting on red-hot f lags is what I'm used to at home," said Jack, "and your dirty feet will be sinking in them and my feet will be rising." So then they began the fight. The ground that was hard they made soft, and the ground that was soft they made hard, and they made spring wells come up through the green f lags. They were like that all through the day, no one getting the upper hand of the other, and at last a little bird came and sat on the bush and said to Jack, "If you don't make an end of him by sunset, he'll make an end of you." Then Jack put out his strength, and he brought the giant down on his knees. "Give me my life," says the giant, "and I'll give you the three best gifts." "What are those?" said Jack. "A sword that nothing can stand against, and a suit that when you put it on, you will see everybody, and nobody will see you, and a pair of shoes that will make you ran faster than the wind blows." "Where are they to be found?" said Jack. "In that red door you see there in the hill." So Jack went and got them out. "Where will I try the sword?" says he. "Try it on that ugly black stump of a tree," says the giant. "I see nothing blacker or uglier than your own head," says Jack. And with that he made one stroke, and cut off the giant's head that it went into the air, and he caught it on the sword as it was coming down, and made two halves of it. "It is well for you I did not join the body again," said the head, "or you would have never been able to strike it off again." "I did not give you the chance of that," said Jack. And he brought away the great suit with him.

早上，杰克被派出去赶那24头奶牛。但他被告知去放牛的那片地里能让牛群吃的一片草叶都没有，全是石头。于是，杰克就在周围寻找草长得好一点的地方，过了会儿，他看到一片长满了优质绿草的田地，但那属于一个巨人。于是，杰克拆除了一小段围墙，将奶牛赶进去，自己爬上苹果树摘果子吃。接着，巨人到地里来了。“唬，唬，唬！”巨人咆哮着：“我闻到一个爱尔兰人血的味儿了。我看见你在哪里，就在那棵树上。”他又说：“一口吃你吧，太大了；两口吃，你又太小了。如果不把你磨成粉，给我做鼻烟，我还真不知道怎么处置你。”“你那么强大，就仁慈点吧。”杰克在树上说道。“下来，你这小侏儒。”巨人说，“否则，我就把你和树都撕碎。”于是杰克下了树。“你们喜欢将烧红了的刀子捅进彼此的心脏呢，”巨人说，“还是乐意在滚烫的石板上与对方搏斗？”“我在家时，都是在炽热的石板上搏斗。”杰克说，“你那双脏脚将会陷进去，而我将会站起来。”于是，他们开始搏斗。坚硬的土地被他们踩软了，而松软的土地被他们踩硬了，那些绿色石板也被他们打穿了并冒出了泉水。他们就这样大战了一天，胜负难分。最后，一只小鸟飞来，停在灌丛上，对杰克说：“你若不在日落前杀死他，他就会杀掉你。”于是，杰克竭尽全力，把巨人扭倒跪在地上。“饶命啊，”巨人说，“饶了我，我就给你三件最好的礼物。”“是什么？”杰克问。“一把攻无不克的宝剑；一套隐身衣，穿上它你能看见别人，别人看不见你；一双追风鞋，穿上它，风都赶不上你。”“在哪里能找到它们？”杰克问。“在山里的那扇红门内。”于是杰克去取出了东西。“我在哪儿可以试剑？”他说。“试试那个丑陋的黑树桩。”巨人说。“我看没有比你的头更黑更丑的了。”杰克说。说完，他一剑砍下巨人的头，巨人的头被抛在空中，等头往下落的时候，又挺剑迎上，将它劈成两半。“让你占便宜了，我的头没有回到身子上。”那个头说，“否则，你再也砍不下它。”“我才不给你那样的机会呢。”杰克说。然后他带着那件不寻常的隐身衣回家了。

So he brought the cows home at evening, and every one wondered at all the milk they gave that night. And when the king was sitting at dinner with the princess, his daughter, and the rest, he said, "I think I only hear two roars from beyond to-night in place of three.”

杰克晚上的时候把奶牛赶回家了。每个人都奇怪那天晚上奶牛怎么产了那么多奶。国王和公主（也就是国王的女儿）以及其他人进餐，国王说：“我想我今晚只听到远处发出的两声吼叫，而不是三声。”

The next morning Jack went out again with the cows, and he saw another field full of grass, and he knocked down the wall and let the cows in. All happened the same as the day before, but the giant that came this time had two heads, and they fought together, and the little bird came and spoke to Jack as before. And when Jack had brought the giant down, he said, "Give me my life, and I'll give you the best thing I have." "What is that?" says Jack. "It's a suit that you can put on, and you will see every one but no one can see you." "Where is it?" said Jack. "It's inside that little red door at the side of the hill." So Jack

went and brought out the suit. And then he cut off the giant's two heads, and caught them coming down and made four halves of them. And they said it was well for him he had not given them time to join the body.

第二天早上，杰克再次赶着奶牛出去，看到另一片长满绿草的田地。他拆掉围墙，把奶牛赶了进去。一切都和前天一模一样，只不过这次来的巨人有两个头。他们打了起来，小鸟又来和杰克说了同样的话。杰克将巨人打倒在地后，巨人说：“饶我一命，我会给你我最好的东西。”“是什么？”杰克问。“一套隐身衣，穿上它没人能看见你，你却能看见别人。”“它在哪里？”杰克问。“在山边的小红门里面。”于是，杰克过去取出了衣服。接着，他砍掉巨人的两个头，在它们落下时将它们接住，劈成四块。那些头说，便宜他了，因为他没有给它们时间回到身体上。

That night when the cows came home they gave so much milk that all the vessels that could be found were filled up.

那天晚上，奶牛赶回家后，产了很多奶，把所有能找到的瓶瓶罐罐都装满了。

The next morning Jack went out again, and all happened as before, and the giant this time had four heads, and Jack made eight halves of them. And the giant had told him to go to a little blue door in the side of the hill, and there he got a pair of shoes that when you put them on would go faster than the wind.

第三天早晨，杰克照样出去了。一切照旧，只不过这次的巨人有四个头。杰克将它们劈成了八块。巨人之前让他去山边一扇蓝色的小门里，在那，他找到了一双鞋，穿上那双鞋能跑得比风还快。

That night the cows gave so much milk that there were not vessels enough to hold it, and it was given to tenants and to poor people passing the road, and the rest was thrown out at the windows. I was passing that way myself, and I got a drink of it.

那天晚上，奶牛产的奶太多了，盛奶的罐子都不够用了，于是把一些牛奶给了佃户和路过的穷人，剩下的泼到窗外去了。我那天正好路过，还喝了些牛奶呢。

That night the king said to Jack, "Why is it the cows are giving so much milk these days? Are you bringing them to any other grass?" "I am not," said Jack, "but I have a good stick, and whenever they would stop still or lie down, I give them blows of it, that they jump and leap over walls and stones and ditches; that's the way to make cows give plenty of milk."

当天晚上，国王问杰克：“这些天奶牛怎么产这么多奶？你带它们去别的草地了吗？”“我没有。”杰克说，“不过我有一根好棍子，随便什么

时候，只要奶牛停下或躺下，我就用棍子打它们，打得它们跳起来，越过围墙、石块和沟渠，这样它们就产了许多奶。”

And that night at the dinner, the king said, "I hear no roars at all."

那天晚上吃晚餐时，国王说：“我一声吼叫都没听到。”

The next morning, the king and the princess were watching at the window to see what would Jack do when he got to the field. And Jack knew they were there, and he got a stick, and began to batter the cows, that they went leaping and jumping over stones, and walls, and ditches. "There is no lie in what Jack said," said the king then.

第四天早上，杰克去地里时，国王和公主在窗户旁监视着，看他会怎么做。杰克知道他们在那里，便取了根棍子，开始抽打奶牛，奶牛跳了起来，越过石块、围墙和沟渠。“杰克没有撒谎。”国王随后说。

Now there was a great serpent at that time used to come ever y seven years, and he had to get a king's daughter to eat, unless she would have some good man to fight for her. And it was the princess at the place Jack was had to be given to it that time, and the king had been feeding a bully underground for seven years, and you may believe he got the best of everything, to be ready to fight it.

曾经有条巨蛇，每七年到这里一次，每次都要吃一个公主才罢休，除非公主能找到某个勇士为她而战。这回，轮到杰克这里的公主被送去给巨蛇吃。七年来，国王秘密养着一个打手，给他创造了一切最好的条件，你可能觉得他应该能打败巨蛇了吧。

And when the time came, the princess went out, and the bully with her down to the shore, and when they got there what did he do, but to tie the princess to a tree, the way the serpent would be able to swallow her easy with no delay, and he himself went and hid up in an ivy-tree. And Jack knew what was going on, for the princess had told him about it, and had asked would he help her, but he said he would not. But he came out now, and he put on the suit he had taken from the first giant, and he came by the place the princess was, but she didn't know him. "Is that right for a princess to be tied to a tree?" said Jack. "It is not, indeed," said she, and she told him what had happened, and how the serpent was coming to take her. "If you will let me sleep for awhile with my head in your lap," said Jack, "you could wake me when it is coming." So he did that, and she awakened him when she saw the serpent coming, and Jack got up and fought with it, and drove it back into the sea. And then he cut the rope that fastened her, and he went away. The bully came down then out of the tree, and he brought the princess to where the king was, and he said, "I got a friend of mine to come and fight the serpent to-day, where I

was a little timorous after being so long shut up underground, but I'll do the fighting myself to-morrow.”

时辰到了，公主上路了，打手陪着她一直走到海边。到那里后，打手又做了什么呢，他只能把公主捆在树上，好让巨蛇轻而易举不费什么工夫就吞下她，打手自己则走开藏在一棵常春藤树上。杰克知道是怎么回事，因为公主曾经对他说过，并问他是否愿意帮忙，却被他拒绝了。但这时杰克还是来了，穿上他从第一个巨人那里得来的隐身衣，到了公主那里，公主自然是没有认出他来。“把公主绑在树上合适吗？”杰克问。“确实不合适。”她说，于是向他说了事情经过，以及巨蛇会如何来吃掉她。“要是你让我把头靠在你腿上睡会儿，”杰克说，“巨蛇来了你就能叫醒我了。”于是，他开始睡觉，公主看到巨蛇游来就把他叫醒了。杰克站起来巨蛇搏斗，把它赶回了大海。然后，他剪断绑着公主的绳索就走了。之后，打手从树上跳下来，带着公主去见国王，说道：“我今天请了一位朋友来和巨蛇搏斗，我被关了这么久，现在还有点不适应。但明天我会亲自动手。”

The next day they went out again, and the same thing happened, the bully tied up the princess where the serpent could come at her fair and easy, and went up himself to hide in the ivy-tree. Then Jack put on the suit he had taken from the second giant, and he walked out, and the princess did not know him, but she told him all that had happened yesterday, and how some young gentleman she did not know had come and saved her. So Jack asked might he lie down and take a sleep with his head in her lap, the way she could awake him. And all happened the same way as the day before. And the bully gave her up to the king, and said he had brought another of his friends to fight for her that day.

第二天，他们又去了，同样的事情发生了。打手把公主捆在方便巨蛇过来吃的地方，自己却走开，躲在常春藤树上。接着杰克穿上从第二个巨人那儿得来的隐身衣走了出来，公主还是没有认出他，但告诉了他昨天发生的一切，说一个与她素不相识的年轻绅士如何出现并救了她。杰克就问能否把头靠在她的腿上睡一觉，这样她就能叫醒他。一切都和头天一样。打手又将公主带到国王那里，说这一天请了另一个朋友为公主战斗。

The next day she was brought down to the shore as before, and a great many people gathered to see the serpent that was coming to bring the king's daughter away. And Jack brought out the suit of clothes he had brought away from the third giant, and she did not know him, and they talked as before. But when he was asleep this time, she thought she would make sure of being able to find him again, and she took out her scissors and cut off a piece of his hair, and made a little packet of it and put it away. And she did another thing, she took off one of the shoes that was on his feet.

第三天，公主又和前两天一样被带到了海边，很多人都聚集过来看要来带走国王女儿的那条蛇。杰克穿上从第三个巨人那里得到的隐身衣，公主还是没认出他，他们进行了同样的对话。但这次在他睡觉时，公主想她必须确保以后能找到他，于是拿出剪子，剪下杰克一绺头发，用一个小包包好,收起来。她还做了另一件事情，那就是脱下杰克的一只鞋。

And when she saw the serpent coming she woke him, and he said, "This time I will put the serpent in a way that he will eat no more king's daughters." So he took out the sword he had got from the giant, and he put it in at the back of the serpent's neck, the way blood and water came spouting out that went for fifty miles inland, and made an end of him. And then he made off, and no one saw what way he went, and the bully brought the princess to the king, and claimed to have saved her, and it is he who was made much of, and was the right-hand man after that.

看到巨蛇游来，公主叫醒杰克，他说：“这次我得让巨蛇再也吃不到国王的女儿。”于是，他取出从巨人那里得来的剑，从巨蛇项后刺进它的脖子，顿时血水喷涌而出，在地上流了五十英里，巨蛇死了。随后，杰克就离开了，没有人看到他去了哪里。打手将公主带到国王那里，宣布自己救了公主，他得到了嘉奖，自此成了国王的左右手。

But when the feast was made ready for the wedding, the princess took out the bit of hair she had, and she said she would marry no one but the man whose hair would match that, and she showed the shoe and said that she would marry no one whose foot would not fit that shoe as well. And the bully tried to put on the shoe, but so much as his toe would not go into it, and as to his hair, it didn't match at all to the bit of hair she had cut from the man that saved her.

不过当婚宴都准备妥当时，公主拿出那绺头发，说谁的头发能和这绺头发相符，她就嫁给谁，除此以外谁都不嫁。她又拿出那只鞋子，说谁能正好穿下这只鞋，她就嫁给谁，否则谁也不嫁。打手试着去穿鞋，结果连脚趾都塞不进去。至于头发呢，那绺在救命恩人头上剪下来的头发跟他的一点都不像。

So then the king gave a great ball, to bring all the chief men of the country together to try would the shoe fit any of them. And they were all going to carpenters and joiners getting bits of their feet cut off to try could they wear the shoe, but it was no use, not one of them could get it on.

为此，国王举行了一个大型舞会，召集全国所有的贵族子弟到一起，让他们来试鞋，看他们中是否有人能穿上那鞋。这些人纷纷跑到木匠和工匠那里削脚，以便能穿上那只鞋，但没有用，他们都穿不上。

Then the king went to his chief adviser and asked what could he

do. And the chief adviser bade him to give another ball, and this time he said, "Give it to poor as well as rich."

于是，国王去找军师，问他该怎么办。军师嘱咐他再举行一次舞会，但这次，他说：“让穷人和富人都参加吧。”

So the ball was given, and many came flocking to it, but the shoe would not fit any one of them. And the chief adviser said, "Is every one here that belongs to the house?" "They are all here," said the king, "except the boy that minds the cows, and I would not like him to be coming up here."

于是舞会又开始了，人们蜂拥而至，但谁都不能正好穿下那只鞋。军师就说：“王宫里所有的人都来了吗？”“都来了，”国王说：“除了那个放牛娃。我可不想让他出现在这里。”

Jack was below in the yard at the time, and he heard what the king said, and he was very angry, and he went and got his sword and came running up the stairs to strike off the king's head, but the man that kept the gate met him on the stairs before he could get to the king, and quieted him down, and when he got to the top of the stairs and the princess saw him, she gave a cry and ran into his arms. And they tried the shoe and it fitted him, and his hair matched to the piece that had been cut off. So then they were married, and a great feast was given for three days and three nights.

杰克当时正在下面的院子里，听见国王的话非常生气，取了剑跑上台阶，想要砍掉国王的脑袋，但他还没到国王那儿，守门人在楼梯上碰到他，把他拦住了，让他平静下来。就在杰克走到台阶顶端的时候，公主看到了他，尖叫一声扑向他的怀抱。他们让杰克试鞋，正好合适；头发也正好和剪下来的相符。于是，公主和杰克结了婚，盛大的婚宴举行了三天三夜。

And at the end of that time, one morning there came a deer outside the window, with bells on it, and they ringing. And it called out, "Here is the hunt, where is the huntsman and the hound?" So when Jack heard that he got up and took his horse and his hound and went hunting the deer. When it was in the hollow he was on the hill, and when it was on the hill he was in the hollow, and that went on all through the day, and when night fell it went into a wood. And Jack went into the wood after it, and all he could see was a mud-wall cabin, and he went in, and there he saw an old woman, about two hundred years old, and she sitting over the fire. "Did you see a deer pass this way?" says Jack. "I did not," says she, "but it's too late now for you to be following a deer, let you stop the night here." "What will I do with my horse and my hound?" said Jack. "Here are two ribs of hair," says she, "and let you tie them up with them." So Jack went out and tied up the horse and the hound, and when he came in again the

old woman said, "You killed my three sons, and I'm going to kill you now," and she put on a pair of boxing-gloves, each one of them nine stone weight, and the nails in them fifteen inches long. Then they began to fight, and Jack was getting the worst of it. "Help, hound!" he cried out, then "Squeeze hair," cried out the old woman, and the rib of hair that was about the hound's neck squeezed him to death. "Help, horse!" Jack called out, then, "Squeeze hair," called out the old woman, and the rib of hair that was about the horse's neck began to tighten and squeeze him to death. Then the old woman made an end of Jack and threw him outside the door.

婚宴结束的那天早上，来了一只鹿站在窗外，身上系着铃铛，叮当作响。这只鹿喊道：“猎物在这里，猎人和猎狗跑哪去了？”杰克听到这话，立刻起身，带上马匹和猎犬，去追赶那只鹿。鹿跑到山谷，他却还在山顶；鹿跑到山顶，他却还在山谷。就这样，白天过去了。黄昏时候，鹿跑进了一片树林，杰克跟着进了树林，却只见到一间土墙砌的小屋。于是他进了屋，见到一位老妇人，将近二百岁了，正坐在炉边。“您见到一只鹿从这里经过吗？”杰克问。“没有。”她答道，“不过，要追赶鹿的话，现在天也太黑了，你就在这里过夜吧。”“那我的马和猎狗怎么办？”杰克问。“给你两根头发，”她说，“用这些头发把它们拴起来吧。”于是杰克走出去，把马和猎狗拴了起来。他回到屋里时，老妇人厉声说：“你杀了我的三个儿子，我现在要杀了你。”说着她戴上一副拳击手套，每一只都有九块石头那么重，手套上的指甲每个都有15英寸长。他们打了起来，杰克渐落下风。“救我啊，猎犬！”他大喊着；“勒紧了，头发。”老妇人也紧接着大喊，猎犬被系在脖子上的头发勒死了。“救我啊，马儿！”杰克大喊；“勒紧了，头发。”妇人也紧接着大喊，系在马脖子上的头发越缠越紧，把马也勒死了。最后，老妇人杀了杰克，将他扔出门外。

To go back now to Bill. He was out in the garden one day, and he took a look at the well, and what did he see but the water at the top was blood, and what was underneath was honey. So he went into the house again, and he said to his mother, "I will never eat a second meal at the same table, or sleep a second night in the same bed, till I know what is happening to Jack."

现在，我们回头来说比尔吧。这天，他正在花园里，看了看井水，他竟看到井水上层是血，下面是蜂蜜。于是，他跑回屋，对母亲说：“在知道杰克出了什么事之前，我不会回原来的桌子吃饭，也不会回原来的床上睡觉。”

So he took the other horse and hound then, and set off, over the hills where cock never crows and horn never sounds, and the devil never blows his bugle. And at last he came to the weaver's house, and when he went in, the weaver says, "You are welcome, and I can give you better treatment than I did the last time you came in to me," for she thought it was Jack who was there, they were so much like one

another. "That is good," said Bill to himself, "my brother has been here." And he gave the weaver the full of a basin of gold in the morning before he left.

这样，他带着剩下的那匹马和猎狗出发了，越过一座座山峰——在那些地方，公鸡从不报晓，号角从未吹响，邪恶从不作祟。最后，他到了织布工家里，一进门，织布工就说：“欢迎啊，这回我会比上次你来我家时更好地款待你。”她还以为这是杰克呢，他们的确长得太像了。“太好了，”比尔心想，“我兄弟来过这里。”于是，次日早上离开前，他送给织布工满满一盆的金子。

Then he went on till he came to the king's house, and when he was at the door the princess came running down the stairs, and said, "Welcome to you back again." And all the people said, "It is a wonder you have gone hunting three days after your marriage, and to stop so long away." So he stopped that night with the princess, and she thought it was her own husband all the time.

他继续前进，然后到了国王的宫殿前。才到门口，公主就从台阶上跑下来，吹呼道：“欢迎你回家。”所有的人都说：“真是稀奇，你刚结婚就出去打了三天猎，跑了那么远的路。”于是，那天晚上他留下来和公主过夜，而公主一直以为他是自己的丈夫。

And in the morning the deer came, and bells ringing on her, under the windows, and called out, "The hunt is here, where are the huntsmen and the hounds?" Then Bill got up and got his horse and his hound, and followed her over hills and hollows till they came to the wood, and there he saw nothing but the mud-wall cabin and the old woman sitting by the fire, and she bade him stop the night there, and gave him two ribs of hair to tie his horse and his hound with. But Bill was wittier than Jack was, and before he went out, he threw the ribs of hair into the f ire secretly. When he came in the old woman said, "Your brother killed my three sons, and I killed him, and I'll kill you along with him." And she put her gloves on, and they began the fight, and then Bill called out, "Help, horse." "Squeeze hair," called the old woman; "I can't squeeze, I'm in the fire," said the hair. And the horse came in and gave her a blow of his hoof. "Help, hound," said Bill then. "Squeeze, hair," said the old woman; "I can't, I'm in the fire," said the second hair. Then the bound put his teeth in her, and Bill brought her down, and she cried for mercy. "Give me my life," she said, "and I'll tell you where you'll get your brother again, and his hound and horse." "Where's that?" said Bill. " Do you see that rod over the fire?" said she; "take it down and go outside the door where you'll see three green stones, and strike them with the rod, for they are your brother, and his horse and hound, and they'll come to life again." "I will, but I'll make a green stone of you first," said Bill, and he cut off her head with his sword.

第二天一早，鹿又来了，身上系着铃铛，叮当作响。她来到窗下，喊着："猎物在这里，猎人们和猎狗去哪了？"比尔立刻起床，带上他的马和猎狗，跟着鹿翻过一座座山，越过一个个山谷，最后到了树林里，但除了一间土墙屋和坐在炉边的老妇人，他什么都没看到。老妇人劝他在那里过夜，并给他两根头发让他拴住马匹和猎狗。但比尔比杰克聪明，他还没出门，就悄悄把头发扔进了火炉里。回屋后，老妇人说："你兄弟杀死了我三个儿子，我杀了他，现在要把你也一起杀掉。"她戴上手套，两人打了起来。然后，比尔大喊："救我啊，马儿。""勒紧了，头发。"妇人喊道；"勒不了，我在火里呢。"头发说。于是马跑进来，用蹄踢了妇人一通。"救我啊，猎狗。"比尔又喊。"勒紧了，头发。"老妇人说；"勒不了，我在火里呢。"第二根头发回答。于是猎狗进来，咬住妇人，比尔将她打倒在地，老妇人大声求饶。"留我一条命，"她说，"我会告诉你在哪儿能找回你的兄弟，还有他的马和猎狗。""在哪儿？"比尔说。"你看到炉边的那根棍子了吗？"她说，"把它拿下来，走出门，在门外你会看到三块绿石头，那就是你的兄弟和他的马匹以及猎狗，用那根棍子在他们身上敲一下，他们就会活过来。""我会的，不过，让我先把你变成绿石头。"比尔说。于是他用剑砍下了妇人的头。

Then he went out and struck the stones, and sure enough there were Jack, and his horse and hound, alive and well. And they began striking other stones around, and men came from them, that had been turned to stones, hundreds and thousands of them.

然后，他跑出去，敲了那些石头，果然，杰克、他的马匹和猎狗都好好地活过来了。他们又敲了敲周围的石头，结果都变成了人，足足有成百上千个人，原来他们也是先前被变成了石头。

Then they set out for home, but on the way they had some dispute or some argument together, for Jack was not well pleased to hear he had spent the night with his wife, and Bill got angry, and he struck Jack with the rod, and turned him to a green stone. And he went home, but the princess saw he had something on his mind, and he said then, "I have killed my brother." And he went back then and brought him to life, and they lived happy ever after, and they had children by the basketful, and threw them out by the shovelful. I was passing one time myself, and they called me in and gave me a cup of tea.

之后，他们启程回家，但在回家的路上，两人吵了起来，因为杰克听说比尔和他的妻子过夜，心里很不高兴。比尔也生气了，用棍子敲了一下杰克，把他变成了绿石头，自己回去了。然而公主发觉他有心事，他最终说，"我杀了自己的兄弟。"随后，他又回去把兄弟变活了。从此以后，公主与杰克在一起过上了幸福的生活，孩子多得成筐成筐的，得成铲成铲地扔出去。有一次，我路过那里，他们还请我进去喝茶呢。

1902

1902年

(1) 杰里迈亚·约瑟夫·卡拉南（1795—1829），19世纪爱尔兰诗人。

By The Roadside

在路边

Last night I went to a wide place on the Kiltartan road to listen to some Irish songs. While I waited for the singers an old man sang about that country beauty who died so many years ago, and spoke of a singer he had known who sang so beautifully that no horse would pass him, but must turn its head and cock its ears to listen. Presently a score of men and boys and girls, with shawls over their heads, gathered under the trees to listen. Somebody sang Sa Muirnén Déles, and then somebody else Jimmy Mo Mélestér, mournful songs of separation, of death, and of exile. Then some of the men stood up and began to dance, while another lilted the measure they danced to, and then somebody sang Eiblén a Réin, that glad song of meeting which has always moved me more than other songs, because the lover who made it sang it to his sweetheart under the shadow of a mountain I looked at every day through my childhood. The voices melted into the twilight and were mixed into the trees, and when I thought of the words they too melted away, and were mixed with the generations of men. Now it was a phrase, now it was an attitude of mind, an emotional form, that had carried my memory to older verses, or even to forgotten mythologies. I was carried so far that it was as though I came to one of the four rivers[1], and followed it under the wall of Paradise to the roots of the trees of knowledge and of life. There is no song or story handed down among the cottages that has not words and thoughts to carry one as far, for though one can know but a little of their ascent, one knows that they ascend like medieval genealogies through unbroken dignities to the beginning of the world. Folk art is, indeed, the oldest of the aristocracies of thought, and because it refuses what is passing and trivial, the merely clever and pretty, as certainly as the vulgar and insincere, and because it has gathered into itself the simplest and most unforgetable thoughts of the generations, it is the soil where all great art is rooted. Wherever it is spoken by the fireside, or sung by the roadside, or carved upon the lintel, appreciation of the arts that a single mind gives unity and design to, spreads quickly when its hour is come.

昨天晚上，我去基尔塔坦路边一片宽阔的地方，听一些爱尔兰民歌。我正在等歌手们的时候，有位老人唱起那首关于多年前死去的乡村美人的歌，又说到一位他认识的歌手，说他的歌声太动听了，以至于连马经过时都不愿挪步，非得站在那里，转过头来，竖起耳朵听他唱。没过多久，来了大约二十个人，有大人，有男孩，也有女孩，他们都裹着

头巾，都聚在树下听。有人唱起了《忠诚的恋人》，又有人唱起了《吉米啊，我的宝贝》，都是一些关于生离死别和流放的哀伤曲子。然后，他们中的一些人站起来，跳起了舞；同时有人欢快地跟着他们的节奏伴唱；之后，有人唱起《亲爱的埃布林》，这首关于相逢的欢歌每次都比其他的歌更能打动我的心，因为创作这首歌的人正在热恋中，每天都在山脚下为恋人唱这支歌，而我的整个孩提时代，每天都看得见那座山。歌声融入薄雾之中，飘入丛林之间，而每当我想到那些歌词时，它们也已然消逝，融入一代代人的生活中。时而，它是一个短语，时而，它又是一种心态，一种情绪模式，它将我的记忆带入更古老的歌谣之中，甚至是被遗忘的神话之中。我被带到了遥远的地方，似乎来到了四条河流中的一条，沿着河流，我在天堂的围墙下追随它，来到了知识和生命之树的脚下。在那些民间流传下来的歌谣或故事中，每一首歌谣或每一个故事都拥有一些词句或思想，能将你的思绪带往远方；或许你对它们的起源知之甚少。但是，你知道，它们就像中世纪的家谱，将绵延不断的贵族血统追溯到世界的源头。民间艺术，确实是最古老的思想贵族。因为它将稍纵即逝和琐碎无趣之物拒之门外，也拒绝徒有美貌或小聪明之物，更不必提粗俗与伪善；也因为，它将世世代代最淳朴和深刻的思想集于一身，故而，它是一切伟大艺术扎根的土壤。不管是在炉边的谈话，还是在路边的咏唱，抑或是刻在过梁上的铭文。总之，不论在哪儿，这些艺术经过一个人的整合和谋划，人们对艺术的欣赏便会在时机成熟之时迅速地传播开来。

In a society that has cast out imaginative tradition, only a few people— three or four thousand out of millions—favoured by their own characters and by happy circumstance, and only then after much labour, have understanding of imaginative things, and yet "the imagination is the man himself." The churches in the Middle Age won all the arts into their service because men understood that when imagination is impoverished, a principal voice—some would say the only voice—for the awakening of wise hope and durable faith, and understanding charity, can speak but in broken words, if it does not fall silent. And so it has always seemed to me that we, who would re-awaken imaginative tradition by making old songs live again, or by gathering old stories into books, take part in the quarrel of Galilee. Those who are Irish and would spread foreign ways, which, for all but a few, are ways of spiritual poverty, take part also. Their part is with those who were of Jewry, and yet cried out, "If thou let this man go thou art not Caesar's friend." [2]

在一个摒弃了想象传统的社会里，只有少数人——上百万人里只有三四千个——得益于于个人性格和美好环境，并且只有在历经千辛万苦之后，方能领悟想象中的事物，而“想象即人类本身”。中世纪的教堂利用所有艺术为己服务，这是因为，人们懂得，当想象力枯竭之后，那主要的，甚至有人认为是唯一的，为了唤醒智慧之希望、永久之信念以及理解仁爱的声音，如果不是全然沉寂，就会断断续续地有所表达。我经

常感觉，我们，这些通过赋予古老歌谣以新生命或搜集古老传说编辑成册，以期重新唤醒想象传统的人们，都去参与有关加利利人的论战。跟我们辩论的对方也是爱尔兰人，但他们却总是传播那些对大多人而言其精神内涵极其贫乏的外来文化。他们的立场是犹太人一方，并且高声喊道：“你若释放这个人，就不是恺撒的忠臣。”

1901

1901年

(1) 四条河流，《圣经·创世纪》（2：10-14）中记述：“有河从伊甸流出来，滋润那园子，从那里分为四道。”这四条支流分别是比逊河、基训河、底格里斯河和幼发拉底河。

(2) 原文来自《圣经·约翰福音》（19：12），“从此，彼拉多想要释放耶稣。无奈犹太人喊着说：“你若释放这个人，就不是恺撒的忠臣（原文作朋友）。”凡以自己为王的，就是背叛恺撒了。

Into The Twilight

走进薄暮

Out-worn heart, in a time out-worn,
疲倦之心，在疲惫之时，
Come clear of the nets of wrong and right;
远离那是与非的迷网；
Laugh, heart, again in the gray twilight;
欢笑吧，心，在灰色的薄暮之中再次欢笑；
Sigh, heart, again in the dew of the morn.
叹息吧，心，在黎明的甘露之中再次叹息。
Thy mother Eire is always young,
你的母亲爱尔兰将青春永驻，
Dew ever shining and twilight gray;
露珠永恒闪亮，薄暮永远幽暗，
Though hope fall from thee or love decay
尽管，你希望陨落，爱情凋谢，
Burning in fires of a slanderous tongue.
在流言蜚语的烈焰之中燃烧。
Come, heart, where hill is heaped upon hill,
来吧，心，这里青山之外犹是青山，
For there the mystical brotherhood
这里，神秘的手足情谊，
Of hollow wood and the hilly wood
存于幽谷树林、丘陵林间，阴晴之月
And the changing moon work out their will.
为他们将那心愿实现。
And God stands winding his lonely horn;
神伫立着吹响孤寂的号角；
And Time and World are ever in flight,

时光飞逝，万物如斯，

And love is less kind than the gray twilight,

爱情不及灰色的薄暮亲切，

And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn..

希望不及黎明的甘露珍贵。

Jerome K. Jerome

IDLE THOUGHTS OF AN IDLE FELLOW

懒人闲思录

[英] 杰罗姆·K. 杰罗姆◎著

外语教学与研究出版社

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外研社编译组 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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I. On Being Idle

1.懒散度日

Now, this is a subject on which I flatter myself I really am au fait. The gentleman who, when I was young, bathed me at wisdom's font for nine guineas[1] a term—no extras—used to say he never knew a boy who could do less work in more time; and I remember my poor grandmother once incidentally observing, in the course of an instruction upon the use of the Prayer-book, that it was highly improbable that I should ever do much that I ought not to do, but that she felt convinced beyond a doubt that I should leave undone pretty well everything that I ought to do.

那么，懒散度日的确是我自认为十分擅长的题目，这点可不是我自夸。小时候，有位先生每学期收我九几尼——不再额外收费——让我沐浴在智慧的清泉里。他常说，他从来没见过哪个男孩能比我用更多的时间，做更少的功课。我还记得我可怜的祖母在一次教我使用祈祷书的过程中顺便评论说，要我去做我不该做的事是极不可能的，不过同时她也坚信不疑，我该做的每件事情，也一定会原封不动地丢在原地。

I am afraid I have somewhat belied half the dear old lady's prophecy. Heaven help me! I have done a good many things that I ought not to have done, in spite of my laziness. But I have fully confirmed the accuracy of her judgment so far as neglecting much that I ought not to have neglected is concerned. Idling always has been my strong point I take no credit to myself in the matter—it is a gift. Few possess it. There are plenty of lazy people and plenty of slow-coaches, but a genuine idler is a rarity. He is not a man who slouches about with his hands in his pockets. On the contrary, his most startling charhacteristic is that he is always intensely busy.

现在，从某种程度上说，我恐怕已经证明了老祖母的预言有一半不对。上帝保佑！尽管天生一把懒骨头，我还是做了许许多多我本不该做的事。但就忽略了许多我本不该忽略的事情这一点而言，我倒是充分验证了她老人家判断的准确性。懒散度日一直是我的强项，在这件事上我并不居功自恃——这是一种天赋。极少有人拥有这份天赋。这世上有许许多多的懒汉和做事不紧不慢的人，但天生懒骨头却极为罕有。他并非双手插在口袋里到处闲逛的家伙。相反，他最引人注目的特征就是：他总是忙得不可开交。

It is impossible to enjoy idling thoroughly unless one has plenty of work to do. There is no fun in doing nothing when you have nothing to do. Wasting time is merely an occupation then, and a most exhausting one. Idleness, like kisses, to be sweet must be stolen.

一个人如果没有许许多多工作需要完成，就无法彻底享受懒散度日的乐趣。而一个人无事可做的时候，无所事事也失去了它原有的乐趣。于是浪费时间仅仅变成了一项任务，还是最劳心费神的任务。懒散度日的感觉就像吻一样，只有偷来的才甜美。

Many years ago, when I was a young man, I was taken very ill—I never could see myself that much was the matter with me, except that I had a beastly cold. But I suppose it was something very serious, for the doctor said that I ought to have come to him a month before, and that if it (whatever it was) had gone on for another week he would not have answered for the consequences. It is an extraordinary thing, but I never knew a doctor called into any case yet but what it transpired that another day's delay would have rendered cure hopeless. Our medical guide, philosopher, and friend is like the hero in a melodrama—he always comes upon the scene just, and only just, in the nick of time. It is Providence, that is what it is.

多年前，我还是个年轻小伙的时候，生了一场大病——我自己没觉得病得多厉害，只知道是场重感冒。但我推测情况应该很严重，因为医生说我本来一个月之前就该去找他，还说如果这病（甭管什么病吧）再拖一个礼拜，他也不敢对后果负责。不过这事太离奇了，我从没见过哪个医生接过延迟一天就会变得无药可救的病例。我们的医疗指导也好，哲学家也好，朋友也好，就像情节剧中的主人公一样——他总是恰好在紧要关头登场，不早也不晚。这是天意，早已注定。

Well, as I was saying, I was very ill and was ordered to Buxton[2] for a month, with strict injunctions to do nothing whatever all the while that I was there. "Rest is what you require," said the doctor, "perfect rest."

好吧，回到刚才的话题，我病得很严重，所以被安排到巴克斯顿休养一个月，整个养病期间被严格禁止做任何事情。“你需要的就是休息，”医生说道，“彻底休息。”

It seemed a delightful prospect. "This man evidently understands my complaint," said I, and I pictured to myself a glorious time—a four weeks' dolce far niente with a dash of illness in it. Not too much illness, but just illness enough—just sufficient to give it the flavor of suffering and make it poetical. I should get up late, sip chocolate, and have my breakfast in slippers and a dressing-gown. I should lie out in the garden in a hammock and read sentimental novels with a melancholy ending, until the books should fall from my listless hand, and I should recline there, dreamily gazing into the deep blue of the firmament, watching the fleecy clouds floating like white-sailed ships across its depths, and listening to the joyous song of the birds and the low rustling of the trees. Or, on becoming too weak to go out of doors, I should sit propped up with pillows at the open window of the

ground-floor front, and look wasted and interesting, so that all the pretty girls would sigh as they passed by.

事情听起来令人期待。“这位老兄显然很了解我的心思嘛。”我说道，并为自己描绘了一段无比美妙的时光——四个星期优哉游哉，其间养养小病。大病就不必了，小病就已足够——足以让我感到几丝苦楚，几分诗意就行了。我可以睡到日上三竿，品品巧克力饮料，然后穿着拖鞋和睡袍享用早餐。我可以躺在花园的吊床上读些结局凄凉的情感小说，直到书本从我无力的手中滑落。我还可以躺在那儿，迷蒙地凝望深蓝的天空，看朵朵白云飘浮，仿佛挂着白帆的船舶穿行深海，听鸟儿快乐地歌唱和树叶在风中沙沙作响。或者，身体太过虚弱不能外出的时候，我就在底楼临街敞开的窗口前，垫几个枕头临窗而坐，看起来孱弱消瘦却又惹人注意，引来那些路过的漂亮女孩们一声声叹息。

And twice a day I should go down in a Bath chair to the Colonnade to drink the waters. Oh, those waters! I knew nothing about them then, and was rather taken with the idea. "Drinking the waters" sounded fashionable and Queen Anne[3]-fi ed, and I thought I should like them. But, ugh! After the first three or four mornings! Sam Weller's description of them as "having a taste of warm fl at-irons" conveys only a faint idea of their hideous nauseousness. If anything could make a sick man get well quickly, it would be the knowledge that he must drink a glassful of them every day until he was recovered. I drank them neat for six consecutive days, and they nearly killed me; but after then I adopted the plan of taking a stiff glass of brandy-and-water immediately on the top of them, and found much relief thereby. I have been informed since, by various eminent medical gentlemen, that the alcohol must have entirely counteracted the effects of the chalybeate properties contained in the water. I am glad I was lucky enough to hit upon the right thing.

我得每天两次坐轮椅去科伦纳德喝矿泉水。噢，那水啊!我当时对那里的水一无所知，特别想去尝尝。“喝矿泉水”听起来很时髦，而且还有安妮女王那个时代的感觉，我觉得自己应该会喜欢。可是，唉！最初的三四个上午之后，那是什么感觉啊！萨姆·韦勒说它们尝起来“有股热熨斗的味道”，这实在太过轻描淡写，完全不足以描述它们可怕的恶心味道。假如有什么办法能让一个病人迅速康复，那就是告诉他，病好之前必须每天喝一杯这样的矿泉水。我就是这样连喝了六天纯矿泉水，差点儿要了我的命；不过后来我采取了一个方法，就是在喝完矿泉水后马上灌一杯高浓度的兑水白兰地，这样感觉就好多了。后来很多知名的医学家都告诉我，一定是酒精把矿泉水中铁盐质的作用完全抵消了。我很高兴自己运气不错，能够歪打正着。

But "drinking the waters" was only a small portion of the torture I experienced during that memorable month—a month which was, without exception, the most miserable I have ever spent. During the best part of it I religiously followed the doctor's mandate and did

nothing whatever, except moon about the house and garden and go out for two hours a day in a Bath chair. That did break the monotony to a certain extent. There is more excitement about Bath-chairing—especially if you are not used to the exhilarating exercise—than might appear to the casual observer. A sense of danger, such as a mere outsider might not understand, is ever present to the mind of the occupant. He feels convinced every minute that the whole concern is going over, a conviction which becomes especially lively whenever a ditch or a stretch of newly macadamized road comes in sight. Every vehicle that passes he expects is going to run into him; and he never finds himself ascending or descending a hill without immediately beginning to speculate upon his chances, supposing—as seems extremely probable—that the weak-kneed controller of his destiny should let go.

但是在这难忘的一个月里，也是我有生以来度过的最悲惨的一个月里，“喝矿泉水”只是我所受折磨的一小部分。那个月的大部分时间，我都虔诚地奉行医生的指示，不做任何事，只在房子和花园里走动走动，以及每天坐轮椅出行两小时。在某种程度上，这确实对单调的生活有所调剂。坐轮椅的乐趣——特别是你还不习惯这种令人兴奋的锻炼时——远比漫不经心的旁观者可能看到的要多。一个纯粹的局外人或许不会明白坐在轮椅上的人那时时涌上心头的不安全感。每分钟，他都认为轮椅要向前翻个个儿，这种信念在路上出现小坑或者遇到一段新铺的碎石子路时尤为强烈。道路上所有来来往往的车辆，他都认为会撞向自己；但凡上坡或者下坡，他就马上开始捻算自己的命数，生怕掌管自己命运的神仙一时腿脚发软就撒手不管了——而这似乎是极有可能的。

But even this diversion failed to enliven after awhile, and the ennui became perfectly unbearable. I felt my mind giving way under it. It is not a strong mind, and I thought it would be unwise to tax it too far. So somewhere about the twentieth morning I got up early, had a good breakfast, and walked straight off to Hayfield, at the foot of the Kinder Scout[4]—a pleasant, busy little town, reached through a lovely valley, and with two sweetly pretty women in it. At least they were sweetly pretty then; one passed me on the bridge and, I think, smiled; and the other was standing at an open door, making an unremunerative investment of kisses upon a red-faced baby. But it is years ago, and I dare say they have both grown stout and snappish since that time. Coming back, I saw an old man breaking stones, and it roused such strong longing in me to use my arms that I offered him a drink to let me take his place. He was a kindly old man and he humored me. I went for those stones with the accumulated energy of three weeks, and did more work in half an hour than he had done all day. But it did not make him jealous.

但是就连这个调剂也在一段时间后失去了效力，百无聊赖的生活终

于变得完全无法忍受。我觉得自己的心智正在其压迫下一点点崩溃。本来我就不是什么心智坚强的人，而且，我认为过度考验它实在不明智。所以，到大约第二十天的时候，一大早我就起来，好好吃了顿早餐，然后径直走向坐落在金德斯考特山脚下的海菲尔德——一个繁忙而舒适的小镇，穿过一个美丽的山谷就能到达。那儿还有两位十分甜美可人的女子，至少她们当时很甜美。其中一个在桥上和我擦肩而过，而且，我感觉到她嫣然一笑；另一个站在敞开的门前，把自己的吻无私地献给了一个脸蛋红润的婴儿。然而，那是好几年前了，我敢说现在她们已经发福，而且变得脾气暴躁。在回来的路上，我看见一个老头儿在砸石子。这个情景勾起了我想活动活动筋骨的强烈愿望，所以我请他喝酒，希望能代替他干活。老人和善而爽快，答应了我。于是，我带着积蓄了三个星期的力量向那些石头走去，半个小时就干了比老头儿干一整天还多的活儿。不过他倒没有因此而妒忌我。

Having taken the plunge, I went further and further into dissipation, going out for a long walk every morning and listening to the band in the pavilion every evening. But the days still passed slowly notwithstanding, and I was heartily glad when the last one came and I was being whirled away from gouty, consumptive Buxton to London with its stern work and life. I looked out of the carriage as we rushed through Hendon[5] in the evening. The lurid glare overhanging the mighty city seemed to warm my heart, and when, later on, my cab rattled out of St. Pancras' station[6], the old familiar roar that came swelling up around me sounded the sweetest music I had heard for many a long day.

第一次冒险之后，我更加无所顾忌，每天早上都到很远的地方散步，每天晚上都去公园的亭子听乐队演奏。可是日子还是过得缓慢无比。所以当最后一天到来，我坐上飞驰的列车离开巴克斯顿漫漫无期、虚耗生命的生活时，我打心眼儿里高兴可以返回伦敦严苛的工作和生活中。晚上经过亨登时，我向车厢外望去，广阔的城市上空灯火通明，那炫目的光线似乎温暖着我的心。而后来，当车驶出圣潘克拉斯车站时，古老而熟悉的喧哗声潮水般涌来，那真是这许多天以来我听到的最美妙的音乐。

I certainly did not enjoy that month's idling. I like idling when I ought not to be idling; not when it is the only thing I have to do. That is my pigheaded nature. The time when I like best to stand with my back to the fi re, calculating how much I owe, is when my desk is heaped highest with letters that must be answered by the next post. When I like to dawdle longest over my dinner is when I have a heavy evening's work before me. And if, for some urgent reason, I ought to be up particularly early in the morning, it is then, more than at any other time, that I love to lie an extra half-hour in bed.

我当然不喜欢这一个月的无所事事。我喜欢在我不该懒散，而并非在懒散成为我唯一可做之事的时候懒散度日。我的天性就是这样顽固。

我最喜欢背靠壁炉算自己欠多少账的时候，也正是我书桌上堆满了邮差下次来之前必须写好回复的信件的时候。我最喜欢慢条斯理享用晚餐的时候，也正是有一晚上的繁重工作在等待我的时候。另外，假如哪天因为某件急事需要起特别早，那一天我就比其他任何时候都更喜欢在床上多赖半个钟头。

Ah! How delicious it is to turn over and go to sleep again: "just for five minutes." Is there any human being, I wonder, besides the hero of a Sunday-school[7] "tale for boys," who ever gets up willingly? There are some men to whom getting up at the proper time is an utter impossibility. If eight o'clock happens to be the time that they should turn out, then they lie till half-past. If circumstances change and half-past eight becomes early enough for them, then it is nine before they can rise. They are like the statesman of whom it was said that he was always punctually half an hour late. They try all manner of schemes. They buy alarm-clocks (artful contrivances that go off at the wrong time and alarm the wrong people). They tell Sarah Jane to knock at the door and call them, and Sarah Jane does knock at the door and does call them, and they grunt back "awri" and then go comfortably to sleep again. I knew one man who would actually get out and have a cold bath; and even that was of no use, for afterward he would jump into bed again to warm himself.

啊！能够翻身再睡个回笼觉的滋味多么美妙，“就再睡五分钟”。我好奇除了主日学校“少年故事”里的主人公外，有谁会自觉自愿地起床呢？对于有些人来说，正点起床是绝对不可能的。如果八点钟是他们应该起床的时间，他们肯定要躺到八点半。如果情况有变，八点半起也来得及，那九点之前他们肯定不会起床。他们就像有些政客一样，据说每次都准时迟到半小时。他们也会尝试各种方法避免晚起。他们买闹钟（可这个精巧的设备不是闹错了时间，就是闹错了人）。他们让萨拉·简敲他们的房门叫他们，萨拉·简确实敲了他们的房门，也确实叫了他们，但他们迷迷糊糊地嗯哼两声算是回应，就又安逸地再次入睡。我认识一个人，他真的会爬出被窝，再洗个冷水澡；可即使那样也毫无用处，因为之后他又会钻回被窝把自己捂热。

I think myself that I could keep out of bed all right if I once got out. It is the wrenching away of the head from the pillow that I find so hard, and no amount of over-night determination makes it easier. I say to myself, after having wasted the whole evening, "Well, I won't do any more work tonight; I'll get up early tomorrow morning;" and I am thoroughly resolved to do so—then. In the morning, however, I feel less enthusiastic about the idea, and reflect that it would have been much better if I had stopped up last night. And then there is the trouble of dressing, and the more one thinks about that the more one wants to put it off.

对于我来说，如果已经起了床，还是可以不再钻回被窝的。但恰恰

就是把头拔出枕头的过程让我觉得太过艰难，就算下了一整晚的决心，还是难以做到。在虚度完一整晚的时光后，我会告诉自己：“今晚就不再做什么了，明天早早起床。”我干劲十足，决心一试——至少在当时。可是到了早上，我就感觉没那么多激情了，回想起来，还不如昨晚熬夜晚睡呢。接着又是穿衣打扮的麻烦，越想这些，就越不愿起床。

It is a strange thing this bed, this mimic grave, where we stretch our tired limbs and sink away so quietly into the silence and rest. "O bed, O bed, delicious bed, that heaven on earth to the weary head," as sang poor Hood[8], you are a kind old nurse to us fretful boys and girls. Clever and foolish, naughty and good, you take us all in your motherly lap and hush our wayward crying. The strong man full of care—the sick man full of pain—the little maiden sobbing for her faithless lover—like children we lay our aching heads on your white bosom, and you gently soothe us off to by-by.

床是一件很奇妙的家具，在这个仿制的墓穴上面，我们伸展疲惫的筋骨，然后多么平静地陷入寂静和睡眠之中。“床啊床，香甜的床，对于疲惫的头颅来说，你就是人间的天堂。”已故的胡德所唱不错，对我们这些浮躁的男孩女孩来说，你就好像是一个温柔可亲的老保姆。不管我们聪明还是迟钝，淘气还是乖巧，你都会将我们抱到你慈母般的膝上，安抚我们任性的哭闹。满腹心思的壮年人——饱受病痛煎熬的病人——为负心男子哭泣的少女——我们都像孩子一样将疼痛的脑袋伏在你洁白的胸膛上，在你温柔的抚慰下进入梦乡。

Our trouble is sore indeed when you turn away and will not comfort us. How long the dawn seems coming when we cannot sleep! Oh! Those hideous nights when we toss and turn in fever and pain, when we lie, like living men among the dead, staring out into the dark hours that drift so slowly between us and the light. And oh! Those still more hideous nights when we sit by another in pain, when the low fire startles us every now and then with a falling cinder, and the tick of the clock seems a hammer beating out the life that we are watching.

在你转身不顾、不再安抚我们的时刻，我们真是极度痛苦。无法入睡时，黎明的到来似乎永无可待！啊！那些我们在高烧和疼痛中辗转反侧的无眠之夜，我们躺着，仿佛活人躺在死魂的世界，双眼向外凝视着，看黑夜时光无比缓慢地从我们与光明之间流过。啊！还有那些更加可怕的夜晚：我们坐在火炉旁，守护着另一个遭受痛苦折磨的人。微弱的火苗不时噼啪作响，扣动心弦，灰烬片片坠落；而钟表的嘀嗒声，则声声如锤，像要把我们悉心守护的生命一点点砸碎。

But enough of beds and bedrooms. I have kept to them too long, even for an idle fellow. Let us come out and have a smoke. That wastes time just as well and does not look so bad. Tobacco has been a blessing to us idlers. What the civil-service clerk before Sir Walter's[9]

time found to occupy their minds with it is hard to imagine. I attribute the quarrelsome nature of the Middle Ages young men entirely to the want of the soothing weed. They had no work to do and could not smoke, and the consequence was they were forever fighting and rowing. If, by any extraordinary chance, there was no war going, then they got up a deadly family feud with the next-door neighbor, and if, in spite of this, they still had a few spare moments on their hands, they occupied them with discussions as to whose sweetheart was the best looking, the arguments employed on both sides being battle-axes, clubs, etc. Questions of taste were soon decided in those days. When a twelfth-century youth fell in love he did not take three paces backward, gaze into her eyes, and tell her she was too beautiful to live. He said he would step outside and see about it. And if, when he got out, he met a man and broke his head—the other man's head, I mean—then that proved that his—the first fellow's—girl was a pretty girl. But if the other fellow broke his head—not his own, you know, but the other fellow's—the other fellow to the second fellow, that is, because of course the other fellow would only be the other fellow to him, not the first fellow who—well, if he broke his head, then his girl—not the other fellow's, but the fellow who was the—Look here, if A broke B's head, then A's girl was a pretty girl; but if B broke A's head, then A's girl wasn't a pretty girl, but B's girl was. That was their method of conducting art criticism.

但是关于床铺和卧室就谈这么多吧。即使对于一个无所事事的人来说，这个话题也已说了太长时间。让我们从卧室里出来，抽几口烟吧！抽烟同样可以很好地消磨时光，看起来也还不是很坏。烟草是我们懒人的福音。难以想象沃尔特爵士时代之前的那些国家公职人员都找点什么来填塞他们的头脑。我认为中世纪年轻人争强好斗的全部原因就在于缺少这令人舒心的烟草。他们无事可做，也不能抽烟，所以只好永无休止地打斗和争吵。假如机缘巧合，天下太平，那么他们就得和隔壁邻居结下不共戴天的家族世仇。假如除此之外，他们还能有那么一星半点儿的空闲时间在手上，他们就会争论谁的女友最好看，而双方所持的论据往往是战斧或者棍棒之类的东西。品味问题在那个年代很快就能得出结论。十二世纪的年轻人坠入爱河时，从不后退三步，盯住女孩儿的眼睛，然后告诉她，她美得仿佛不属于人间——他说他想离开一会儿，去考虑一下这个问题。如果他走到外面，见到另一个男人，并且打破了他的头——我是指另一个人的头——那么就能证明他的——第一个人的——女友是个漂亮的姑娘。但如果另一个人打破了他4的4头——不是他自己的，你知道，而是另一个人的——对于第二个人来说的第一个人的，因为显然另一个人肯定是相对于他来说的另一个人，而不是第一个人——好吧，总之如果他打破了他的头，那么他的44女友——不是指另一个人的，而是指那个曾经44——这么说好了，如果甲打破了乙的头，那么甲的女友就是漂亮的；但如果乙打破了甲的头，那么甲的女友就不是漂亮的，而乙的女友才是漂亮的。这就是他们进行艺术评论的方法。

Nowadays we light a pipe and let the girls fight it out among themselves.

如今，我们只需点上烟斗，让姑娘们自己打一架，去解决这个问题吧。

They do it very well. They are getting to do all our work. They are doctors, and barristers, and artists. They manage theaters, and promote swindles, and edit newspapers. I am looking forward to the time when we men shall have nothing to do but lie in bed till twelve, read two novels a day, have nice little five-o'clock teas all to ourselves, and tax our brains with nothing more trying than discussions upon the latest patterns in trousers and arguments as to what Mr. Jones' coat was made of and whether it fitted him. It is a glorious prospect—for idle fellows.

姑娘们做得很好。她们正在慢慢接手我们所有的工作。她们中有医生，有律师，有艺术家。她们管理剧院，诈骗钱财，编辑报纸。我很期待有朝一日我们男人变得无事可做，睡到十二点才起床，每天读两本小说，下午独自享受惬意的小型“五时茶”聚会，除了讨论最新流行的裤子款式，争论诸如琼斯先生外套的质地和式样是否适合他之类的话题以外，再没有更烦心的事了。这是个多么光明的前景——对我们这些懒散的家伙来说。

(1)几尼，英国于1663—1813年间发行的金币，相当于21先令，即1.05英镑。

(2)巴克斯顿，英国德比郡的温泉疗养圣地。

(3)安妮女王（1665—1714），英国女王，在位时间为1702至1714年。

(4)金德斯考特山，位于英国德比郡。

(5)亨登，位于伦敦北部的一个小镇。

(6)圣潘克拉斯车站，伦敦最大的火车终点站。

(7)主日学校，指在星期日对儿童进行宗教教育的学校，大多附设于教堂。

(8)托马斯·胡德（1799—1845），英国诗人，所写《衬衫之歌》《劳动者之歌》等对当时不合理的社会现象表示抗议，其幽默诗亦负盛名。

(9)沃尔特·雷利（1554—1618)，英国探险家、作家，女王伊丽莎白一世的宠臣，早期美洲殖民者，把烟草和马铃薯带回欧洲。

II. On Being In Love

2.陷入爱河

You've been in love, of course! If not you've got it to come. Love is like the measles; we all have to go through it. Also like the measles, we take it only once. One never need be afraid of catching it a second time. The man who has had it can go into the most dangerous places and play the most foolhardy tricks with perfect safety. He can picnic in shady woods, ramble through leafy aisles, and linger on mossy seats to watch the sunset. He fears a quiet country-house no more than he would his own club. He can join a family party to go down the Rhine. He can, to see the last of a friend, venture into the very jaws of the marriage ceremony itself. He can keep his head through the whirl of a ravishing waltz, and rest afterward in a dark conservatory, catching nothing more lasting than a cold. He can brave a moonlight walk adown sweet-scented lanes or a twilight pull among the somber rushes. He can get over a stile without danger, scramble through a tangled hedge without being caught, come down a slippery path without falling. He can look into sunny eyes and not be dazzled. He listens to the Siren[1] voices, yet sails on with unveered helm. He clasps white hands in his, but no electric "Lulu"[2]-like force holds him bound in their dainty pressure.

你肯定陷入过爱河！如果现在还没有，有朝一日也会。恋爱就像患麻疹，我们每个人都会经历。也正如麻疹一样，一个人一生中只会遭遇一次。我们永远不必担心它会再次来袭。已经涉足过爱河的人可以到最危险的地方耍弄最愚勇的把戏而平安无事。他可以在浓阴蔽日的树林中野餐，在枝叶繁茂的小道中穿行，在长满青苔的座位上消磨时光，看夕阳西沉。寂静无声的乡间小屋对他来说就像自己的俱乐部，毫无可惧。他可以为了沿莱茵河旅行而参加一个家庭聚会，也可以为了再见朋友婚前最后一眼，在关键时刻闯入婚礼现场。可以在华尔兹舞那令人心醉神迷的旋转中保持镇定，然后在昏暗的暖房中稍作歇息，最后也不过得点小感冒而已。他敢于在花香四溢的小道上月下漫步，也能忍受黎明时分跋涉在忧郁的人流之中。他可以翻越栅栏而安然无恙，翻过乱蓬蓬的树篱而不被钩住，冲过湿滑的小路而步伐稳健。他可以直视璀璨的双眸而不为之所迷，可以听到塞壬的歌声而仍保持正确的航向。他即使手中紧握如玉柔荑，但在其娇小的力道下，没有任何“带电露露”般的力量能让其难以释手。

No, we never sicken with love twice. Cupid spends no second arrow on the same heart. Love's handmaids are our life-long friends. Respect, and admiration, and affection, our doors may always be left open for, but their great celestial master, in his royal progress, pays

but one visit and departs. We like, we cherish, we are very, very fond of—but we never love again. A man's heart is a fi rework that once in its time f lashes heavenward. Meteor-like, it blazes for a moment and lights with its glory the whole world beneath. Then the night of our sordid commonplace life closes in around it, and the burned-out case, falling back to earth, lies useless and uncared for, slowly smoldering into ashes. Once, breaking loose from our prison bonds, we dare, as mighty old Prometheus[3] dared, to scale the Olympian mount and snatch from Phoebus'[4] chariot the fire of the gods. Happy those who, hastening down again ere it dies out, can kindle their earthly altars at its flame. Love is too pure a light to burn long among the noisome gases that we breathe, but before it is choked out we may use it as a torch to ignite the cozy fire of affection.

是的，爱情这种病我们从不会患两次。丘比特从不向同一颗心射出第二只箭。爱情的侍女是我们终生为伴的朋友。对于尊敬、钦佩、爱慕这些情感，我们的心门或许还会为之而开启，但她们伟大神圣的主人，在其盛大的巡行途中只会造访我们一次，然后就此诀别，再不回头。我们喜欢，我们珍视，我们很钟意很钟意——但是我们不会再爱了。一个人的心，就像烟花一样，一生中只会朝向天空绽放一次。就像流星燃烧着划过天际，绚烂的光芒可以照亮整个世界，但转瞬即灭。之后，它就被我们暗淡、平凡生活的黑夜所湮没，而燃烧过后的躯壳，则又落回尘世，躺在那里不再有用，也无人问津，最后渐渐化为灰烬。曾经，我们冲破禁锢我们的牢笼，就像强大有力的老普罗米修斯一样，敢于攀上奥林匹亚山，从福玻斯的战车上盗取天火。那些在天火熄灭前匆忙回头下山，能够用它的火焰点燃他们人间祭坛的人是幸福的。爱情之焰太过圣洁，在我们呼吸的浑浊空气中无法持久燃烧，然而在它熄灭之前，我们可以将它用作火炬来点燃温馨的情谊之火。

And, after all, that warming glow is more suited to our cold little back parlor of a world than is the burning spirit love. Love should be the vestal fire of some mighty temple—some vast dim fane whose organ music is the rolling of the spheres. Affection will burn cheerily when the white flame of love is flickered out. Affection is a fire that can be fed from day to day and be piled up ever higher as the wintry years draw nigh. Old men and women can sit by it with their thin hands clasped, the little children can nestle down in front, the friend and neighbor has his welcome corner by its side, and even shaggy Fido and sleek Titty can toast their noses at the bars.

毕竟，比起热烈燃烧的精神之爱，那温暖的光热更适合我们阴冷窄小的人世后厅。爱情应该是在某个宏大的庙堂里供奉的贞洁之火——在那儿，某个恢宏阴暗的神殿中，管风琴奏出的音乐绕梁不绝。当爱情洁白的火焰摇摇曳曳，渐渐熄灭时，情谊之火却会快活地燃烧。只要日复一日地添加燃料，随着寒冷岁月的临近，它就会越燃越旺。老头老太太可以坐在火旁紧握彼此枯槁的双手，小孩子可以偎依在火前，朋友和邻

居也能在火旁找到一个舒适的角落，就连毛发蓬松的小狗和皮毛光滑的小猫也可以在火炉的围栏前烘烘鼻子。

Let us heap the coals of kindness upon that f ire. Throw on your pleasant words, your gentle pressures of the hand, your thoughtful and unselfish deeds. Fan it with good-humor, patience, and forbearance. You can let the wind blow and the rain fall unheeded then, for your hearth will be warm and bright, and the faces round it will make sunshine in spite of the clouds without.

让我们在火焰上堆上善意之炭。投入你动人的话语、你手掌温柔的摩挲、你体贴无私的行动作柴，用和善、忍耐和宽容作扇，将火煽得更旺。这样，即使风吹雨淋也无须畏惧，因为你的壁炉会始终温暖明亮，围绕在它周围的亲切面孔会驱散密蔽的乌云，带来阳光。

I am afraid, dear Edwin and Angelina[5], you expect too much from love. You think there is enough of your little hearts to feed this fierce, devouring passion for all your long lives. Ah, young folk! Don't rely too much upon that unsteady flicker. It will dwindle and dwindle as the months roll on, and there is no replenishing the fuel. You will watch it die out in anger and disappointment. To each it will seem that it is the other who is growing colder. Edwin sees with bitterness that Angelina no longer runs to the gate to meet him, all smiles and blushes; and when he has a cough now she doesn't begin to cry and, putting her arms round his neck, say that she cannot live without him. The most she will probably do is to suggest a lozenge, and even that in a tone implying that it is the noise more than anything else she is anxious to get rid of.

亲爱的埃德温和安杰利娜，你们对于爱情的期望恐怕太高了。你们认为，在你们漫长的一生中，你们小小的心脏可以为这极度强烈、吞噬一切的激情提供足够的能量。年轻人啊，不要对这摇曳不定的火苗过于依赖！随着岁月的流逝，它会越燃越弱，也没有谁为它补充燃料。你会在愤怒和失望中眼睁睁地看着它熄灭。爱情中的任何一方，都会觉得是对方在渐渐变得冷淡。埃德温酸楚地意识到安杰利娜再也不会带着满脸的绯红和笑意，迫不及待地跑到门口迎接他。如今，当他咳嗽时，她不再一边抽泣一边抱紧他的脖颈，诉说她的生活里不能没有他。现在的她，最可能做的就是劝他吃块润喉糖，即便那样，语气中也透露出对他的咳嗽声比对什么都感到厌烦。

Poor little Angelina, too, sheds silent tears, for Edwin has given up carrying her old handkerchief in the inside pocket of his waistcoat.

可怜的小安杰利娜也在默默流泪，因为埃德温已经不再把她送的那块旧手帕放在背心的贴身口袋里了。

Both are astonished at the falling off in the other one, but neither sees their own change. If they did they would not suffer as they do.

They would look for the cause in the right quarter—in the littleness of poor human nature—join hands over their common failing, and start building their house anew on a more earthly and enduring foundation. But we are so blind to our own shortcomings, so wide awake to those of others. Everything that happens to us is always the other person's fault. Angelina would have gone on loving Edwin forever and ever and ever if only Edwin had not grown so strange and different. Edwin would have adored Angelina through eternity if Angelina had only remained the same as when he first adored her.

两人都在为对方的日渐冷淡而震惊不已，但是谁也看不到自己的变化。如果看到了自己的变化，他们也就不会感到如此悲伤了。相反，他们会从正确的角度寻找原因——看到人可怜本性中的狭隘——然后携手面对他们共同的过失，在更加现实和牢固的地基上重建他们爱的小屋。然而，我们对自己的缺点总是熟视无睹，对别人的问题却明察秋毫。发生在我们身上的一切都总是对方的过错。安杰利娜本来会永远爱埃德温，可都怪埃德温变得如此冷淡和陌生。埃德温对安杰利娜的爱本会永无尽期，至死不渝，可谁让安杰利娜早已不再是他刚刚爱上她时的样子。

It is a cheerless hour for you both when the lamp of love has gone out and the f ire of affection is not yet lit, and you have to grope about in the cold, raw dawn of life to kindle it. God grant it catches light before the day is too far spent. Many sit shivering by the dead coals till night come.

当爱情油尽灯枯而情谊之火尚未点燃之时，两个人的生活会陷入一片暗淡，只能在人生阴冷潮湿、寒气逼人的黎明中摸索着将它点燃。但愿你们还来得及抓住光明。这世上有许许多多的人，坐在冰冷的炭堆旁瑟瑟发抖，直到黑夜来临也无法将它点燃。

But, there, of what use is it to preach? Who that feels the rush of young love through his veins can think it will ever f low feeble and slow! To the boy of twenty it seems impossible that he will not love as wildly at sixty as he does then. He cannot call to mind any middle-aged or elderly gentleman of his acquaintance who is known to exhibit symptoms of frantic attachment, but that does not interfere in his belief in himself. His love will never fall, whoever else's may. Nobody ever loved as he loves, and so, of course, the rest of the world's experience can be no guide in his case. Alas! Alas! Ere thirty he has joined the ranks of the sneerers. It is not his fault. Our passions, both the good and bad, cease with our blushes. We do not hate, nor grieve, nor joy, nor despair in our thirties like we did in our teens. Disappointment does not suggest suicide, and we quaff success without intoxication.

然而，这样的说教又有何用？感觉到爱在血管中奔腾的年轻人，又

怎能想到有一天它会流势渐缓，气若游丝！二十岁的小伙子认为这绝不可能，他们觉得自己即使到了六十岁，仍然会爱得像当年一样疯狂。虽然想不起身边有哪位中年人或是长辈表现出疯狂的激情，但他对自己却信心满满，毫不因此而动摇。不管别人可能会怎么样，反正他的爱情永远不会冷却。没有人像他那样爱过，因此别人的经验对他也就毫无指导意义。唉！奈何！不到而立之年，他也加入了对爱情冷眼旁观的队伍。这不是他的错。我们的激情，不管是有益的，还是有害的，都随着我们脸上羞愧的红晕一起消失了。到了三十几岁的时候，我们绝不会像十几岁的少年一样，咬牙切齿地憎恨，伤心欲绝地悲痛，欢天喜地地快乐，或是万念俱灰地绝望。伤心失望的时候，我们不会想要一死以求解脱；春风得意的时候，我们也不会狂喝滥饮，大醉酩酊。

We take all things in a minor key as we grow older. There are few majestic passages in the later acts of life's opera. Ambition takes a less ambitious aim. Honor becomes more reasonable and conveniently adapts itself to circumstances. And love—love dies. "Irreverence for the dreams of youth" soon creeps like a killing frost upon our hearts. The tender shoots and the expanding flowers are nipped and withered, and of a vine that yearned to stretch its tendrils round the world there is left but a sapless stump.

年龄越大，我们越懂得低调处事。人生这部戏越到后面，波澜壮阔的情节越少。雄心壮志不再那么野心勃勃。尊严变得更切合实际，并且总可以识时务地自我调节。至于爱情——爱情已死。“少年梦想轻狂不足惜”之类的想法像一层致命的寒霜，很快就悄无声息地罩上我们心头。柔弱的嫩芽和绽放的花朵已被掐断，枯萎败落，曾想将自己的卷须伸展到全世界的藤蔓，如今只剩下干瘪的残枝委地。

My fair friends will deem all this rank heresy, I know. So far from a man's not loving after he has passed boyhood, it is not till there is a good deal of gray in his hair that they think his protestations at all worthy of attention. Young ladies take their notions of our sex from the novels written by their own, and compared with the monstrosities that masquerade for men in the pages of that nightmare literature, Pythagoras' plucked bird[6]and Frankenstein's[7] demon were fair average specimens of humanity.

我知道，那些年轻漂亮的朋友必定把我这种以年龄来归类的说法当作异端邪说。如果一个男子已经成年，却从未有过爱情生活，那么在他两鬓染霜之前，他的任何辩驳都是毫无价值的。年轻的女孩是从小说中形成对男性的认识的，而这些小说却都是女性们自己写的。在这种噩梦一般的文学作品中，人的形象被严重扭曲。相比之下，毕达哥拉斯那被拔掉羽毛的鸟和弗兰肯斯坦的怪物简直是标准的人类范本。

In these so-called books, the chief lover, or Greek god, as he is admiringly referred to—by the way, they do not say which "Greek god" it is that the gentleman bears such a striking likeness to; it might

be hump-backed Vulcan[8], or double-faced Janus[9], or even driveling Silenus[10], the god of abstruse mysteries. He resembles the whole family of them, however, in being a blackguard, and perhaps this is what is meant. To even the little manliness his classical prototypes possessed, though, he ca n lay no claim whatever, being a listless effeminate noodle, on the shady side of forty. But oh! The depth and strength of this elderly party's emotion for some bread-and-butter school-girl! Hide your heads, ye young Romeos and Leanders[11]! This blase old beau loves with an hysterical fervor that requires four adjectives to every noun to properly describe.

在这种居然也能称其为书的小说中，男主人公仿佛就是希腊神祇，起码大家是这么充满钦慕地看待他的——顺便说一下，到底和他如此相似的是希腊神话里的哪位神祇，书里却只字未提；可能是驼背的武尔坎，或是双面神雅努斯，甚至可能是胡说八道的奥秘之神西勒诺斯。在他的身上可以找到所有希腊神祇的特点，可惜全是无赖的特点，这可能就是作者的本来意图。即使是他的那些神话原型们好歹拥有的那么一点点男子气概，他这个早已年过不惑、无精打采、柔弱娇气的傻瓜也半点全无。但是，哦！书中这些上了年纪的家伙们对一个乳臭未干的女学生所付出的感情是多么深厚，多么强烈啊！年轻的罗密欧和勒安得耳们，你们还是甘拜下风吧！虽然已经腻烦了享乐，但这些老花花公子们狂热起来，还是要在每个名词前面加四个形容词才足以准确描述。

It is well, dear ladies, for us old sinners that you study only books. Did you read mankind, you would know that the lad's shy stammering tells a truer tale than our bold eloquence. A boy's love comes from a full heart; a man's is more often the result of a full stomach. Indeed, a man's sluggish current may not be called love, compared with the rushing fountain that wells up when a boy's heart is struck with the heavenly rod. If you would taste love, drink of the pure stream that youth pours out at your feet. Do not wait till it has become a muddy river before you stoop to catch its waves.

亲爱的女士们，对于我们这些老坏蛋来说，你们只研究书本再好不过。如果你们肯研究研究真正的男性，你们就会知道，比起我们厚颜无耻的高谈阔论，男孩子害羞时结巴着说的话更有可信度。年轻男孩的表白来自一颗充满感情的心，成年男子的表白却大多来自一个充满食物的胃。的确，比起年轻男孩那被圣棒敲击心灵而涌出的汩汩清泉，成年男子那缓缓的水流或许称不上爱。如果你想品尝爱情的甘美，就请畅饮年轻男孩倾注在你脚下的那股清泉吧。不要等到它变成浑浊的河流，再俯身掬取那不再纯净的浪花。

Or is it that you like its bitter flavor—that the clear, limpid water is insipid to your palate and that the pollution of its after-course gives it a relish to your lips? Must we believe those who tell us that a hand foul with the filth of a shameful life is the only one a young girl cares to be caressed by?

或者你就是喜欢它苦涩的滋味——纯净清澈的水对你的味蕾来说毫无刺激，在生活的阅历中被污染过的水流却能使你口舌生津？有人说，年轻的女孩子只喜欢一种手的抚摸，那就是被下流的生活玷污了的手。难道我们真的要相信这些人的话？

That is the teaching that is bawled out day by day from between those yellow covers. Do they ever pause to think, I wonder, those devil's ladyhelps, what mischief they are doing crawling about God's garden, and telling childish Eves and silly Adams that sin is sweet and that decency is ridiculous and vulgar? How many an innocent girl do they not degrade into an evil-minded woman? To how many a weak lad do they not point out the dirty by-path as the shortest cut to a maiden's heart? It is not as if they wrote of life as it really is. Speak truth, and right will take care of itself. But their pictures are coarse daubs painted from the sickly fancies of their own diseased imagination.

这就是在那些泛黄的书皮之间日复一日被高声宣扬的教义。我很好奇，那些恶魔的女帮凶们，有没有停下笔想一想，她们告诉幼稚的夏娃和愚蠢的亚当：罪恶是甜蜜的，而庄重才是可笑而庸俗的。这样的是非颠倒会为上帝的花园带来怎样的危害？多少天真纯洁的少女都被她们教唆成了心肠恶毒的女人？多少意志薄弱的少年，都听信了她们的说法，把绕行那条肮脏的旁道作为通往少女内心的捷径？她们笔下的生活，并不是真实的生活。只要讲真话，正义就会不辨自明。可她们只用自己粗陋的笔触胡乱涂抹，描绘自己病态想象中畸形的世间百态。

We want to think of women not—as their own sex would show them— as Lorleis[12] luring us to destruction, but as good angels beckoning us upward. They have more power for good or evil than they dream of. It is just at the very age when a man's character is forming that he tumbles into love, and then the lass he loves has the making or marring of him. Unconsciously he molds himself to what she would have him, good or bad. I am sorry to have to be ungallant enough to say that I do not think they always use their influence for the best. Too often the female world is bounded hard and fast within the limits of the commonplace. Their ideal hero is a prince of littleness, and to become that many a powerful mind, enchanted by love, is "lost to life and use and name and fame."[13]

我们不愿把女性想象成—像她们自己性别的作者喜欢展现的那样—诱人走向毁灭的罗蕾莱，而愿意把她们当作引导我们向上的善良天使。女性拥有比她们想象中大得多的力量去引人向善，或助人从恶。男子坠入情网的年纪正好是其性格形成的年纪，而他所钟情的少女则会造就他，或者毁灭他。无论好坏，他都会不由自主地按照她的希望来塑造自己的人格。在这里，我要毫不客气地说一句，女孩儿们并不总是影响事物向最好的方向发展。太多时候，女性世界被牢牢局限在庸俗的现实生活中。她们心目中的英雄是心胸狭窄的王子。为了变成这样的王子，多

少为爱所迷的伟大心灵，都“输给了生活琐事和名缰利锁”。

And yet, women, you could make us so much better if you only would. It rests with you, more than with all the preachers, to roll this world a little nearer heaven. Chivalry is not dead: it only sleeps for want of work to do. It is you who must wake it to noble deeds. You must be worthy of knightly worship.

可是，女人们啊，只要你们愿意，你们就可以让我们变得更优秀。比起所有的传教士来，你们有更大的责任，将尘世与天堂之间的距离拉近一些。骑士精神并未死去，只是因为无所事事而陷入了睡眠。你们必须唤醒它，让它投入高尚的事业，你们必须无愧于骑士们忠贞的崇拜。

You must be higher than ourselves. It was for Una that the Red Cross Knight did war. For no painted, mincing court dame could the dragon have been slain. Oh, ladies fair, be fair in mind and soul as well as face, so that brave knights may win glory in your service! Oh, woman, throw off your disguising cloaks of selfishness, effrontery, and affectation! Stand forth once more a queen in your royal robe of simple purity. A thousand swords, now rusting in ignoble sloth, shall leap from their scabbards to do battle for your honor against wrong. A thousand Sir Rolands[14] shall lay lance in rest, and Fear, Avarice, Pleasure, and Ambition shall go down in the dust before your colors.

你们必须比我们站得更高。红十字骑士是为了尤娜而浴血奋战的，没有人会为了哪位涂脂抹粉、矫揉造作的宫廷贵妇去杀死蛟龙。哦，亲爱的女士们，请让你们的头脑和心灵像你们的面容一样美丽吧，无畏的骑士们就会为你们效命，夺取荣光！哦，女人，请丢掉你们自私自利、厚颜无耻、虚情假意的外衣吧！像女王一样穿上圣洁的皇袍再次站在我们面前吧。这样，一千把因为闲置而正在生锈的利剑将会冲出剑鞘，为您的荣誉与邪恶决一死战；一千位罗兰爵士将会把矛柄支在胸铠上，蓄势待发。在您的光彩下，恐惧、贪婪、享乐和野心将通通坠入尘埃。

What noble deeds were we not ripe for in the days when we loved? What noble lives could we not have lived for her sake? Our love was a religion we could have died for. It was no mere human creature like ourselves that we adored. It was a queen that we paid homage to, a goddess that we worshiped.

在我们陷入爱河的日子里，有什么高尚的行为是我们没有为之准备好的呢？为了她，有什么非凡的生活我们不曾经历？我们的爱情就是我们可以为之牺牲的信仰。我们热爱的对象并不是像我们这样的区区人类，我们敬仰的是女王，我们崇拜的是女神。

And how madly we did worship! And how sweet it was to worship! Ah, lad, cherish love's young dream while it lasts! You will know too soon how truly little Tom Moore[15] sang when he said that there was nothing half so sweet in life. Even when it brings misery it

is a wild, romantic misery, all unlike the dull, worldly pain of after-sorrows. When you have lost her—when the light is gone out from your life and the world stretches before you a long, dark horror, even then a half-enchantment mingles with your despair.

我们的崇拜是如此疯狂！而崇拜又是如此甜蜜！小伙子们，在爱情初梦未醒之前，好好珍惜吧！你马上就能体会到年少的托马斯·穆尔唱得多么贴切：世间万物都不如爱情一半儿甜美。即使是痛苦，爱情的痛苦也是疯狂而浪漫的，全然不似经历不幸后那种乏味、世俗的痛苦。当你失去了她—在生命之光黯然熄灭，眼前只剩空荡黑暗的恐怖世界之时，你的绝望中也还是掺杂着一丝陶醉的感觉。

And who would not risk its terrors to gain its raptures? Ah, what raptures they were! The mere recollection thrills you. How delicious it was to tell her that you loved her, that you lived for her, that you would die for her! How you did rave, to be sure, what floods of extravagant nonsense you poured forth, and oh, how cruel it was of her to pretend not to believe you! In what awe you stood of her! How miserable you were when you had offended her! And yet, how pleasant to be bullied by her and to sue for pardon without having the slightest notion of what your fault was! How dark the world was when she snubbed you, as she often did, the little rogue, just to see you look wretched; how sunny when she smiled! How jealous you were of every one about her! How you hated every man she shook hands with, every woman she kissed— the maid that did her hair, the boy that cleaned her shoes, the dog she nursed—though you had to be respectful to the last-named! How you looked forward to seeing her, how stupid you were when you did see her, staring at her without saying a word! How impossible it was for you to go out at any time of the day or night without finding yourself eventually opposite her windows! You hadn't pluck enough to go in, but you hung about the corner and gazed at the outside. Oh, if the house had only caught fire—it was insured, so it wouldn't have mattered— and you could have rushed in and saved her at the risk of your life, and have been terribly burned and injured! Anything to serve her. Even in little things that was so sweet. How you would watch her, spaniel-like, to anticipate her slightest wish! How proud you were to do her bidding! How delightful it was to be ordered about by her! To devote your whole life to her and to never think of yourself seemed such a simple thing. You would go without a holiday to lay a humble offering at her shrine, and felt more than repaid if she only deigned to accept it. How precious to you was everything that she had hallowed by her touch—her little glove, the ribbon she had worn, the rose that had nestled in her hair and whose withered leaves still mark the poems you never care to look at now.

因此，谁不愿意冒着恐惧的危险，去博取爱情的喜悦？那是怎样的狂喜啊！仅仅是事后回想，都会让你激动不已。告诉她你爱她，你为她而生，你愿为她而死——是多么美妙啊！诚然，你是那么语无伦次，你滔滔不绝地倾倒出了多少狂热而荒唐的言语！哦!她假装不会相信，这对你多么残酷！你对她是多么敬畏！假若你对她的尊严稍有冒犯，你是多么痛苦不堪！然而，那些她欺负你、而你一点也不知犯了什么错却仍乞求她原谅的时刻，又是多么甜蜜！她这个小坏蛋，经常会故意冷落你，只为了看你垂头丧气的样子，这种时刻，世界是多么黑暗！而当她绽放笑容的时候，整个世界又是多么阳光灿烂！你是多么嫉妒她周围的每一个人啊！你多么讨厌每个和她握手的男性，每个被她亲吻的女性——为她梳头的女仆，替她擦鞋的侍童，她照料的小狗——但是你却不得不对上面最后提到的这位恭恭敬敬！你是多么渴望见到她！真正见到她时你又是多么傻气，双眼盯着她看，口中却说不出一句话！不管是白天还是夜晚，任何时候，你只要出门，就会发现，要让自己最后不走到她窗户对面，是多么不可能！你还没有足够的勇气进去找她，但你在街角流连，眼光离不开她的窗口。啊，要是房子着火就好了——房子已经上过保险，所以这不会太要紧——然后你就可以冲进房门，冒着生命危险救她脱险，而自己却被严重烧伤！你愿为她做任何事，即使是琐碎的事情也让你感到多么的甜蜜。你甚至会像小狗一样观察她，只为猜出她最微小的愿望。能够服从她的命令，你感到多么自豪！听凭她呼来唤去，又让你多么开心！对你来说，将自己的整个生命奉献给她，彻底忘了自己的存在，是如此简单的一件事情。你会每个节假日都去她的神庙奉上些微薄的贡品，而只要她肯屈尊接受你的供奉，你便会受宠若惊，觉得得到的不仅是回报。她触碰过的一切物品都变得神圣，在你看来都珍贵异常——她的小手套，她系过的绸带，她头发上别过的玫瑰——而这朵玫瑰枯萎的叶子至今仍夹在某本诗集里，只是现在你已懒得再看一眼。

And oh, how beautiful she was, how wondrous beautiful! It was as some angel entering the room, and all else became plain and earthly. She was too sacred to be touched. It seemed almost presumption to gaze at her. You would as soon have thought of kissing her as of singing comic songs in a cathedral. It was desecration enough to kneel and timidly raise the gracious little hand to your lips.

而她是多么美丽，那种美丽又多么令人赞叹！就像走入凡间的天使一样，其他一切都因之变得平庸而俗气。她是如此圣洁，不容任何人触碰。凝视她仿佛几乎是假想。亲吻她就像是在庄重的教堂中放声大唱滑稽小调一样。即使双膝跪地，然后战战兢兢地将她精致的小手举到你唇边，就足以造成对她的亵渎了。

Ah, those foolish days, those foolish days when we were unselfish and pure-minded; those foolish days when our simple hearts were full of truth, and faith, and reverence! Ah, those foolish days of noble longings and of noble strivings! And oh, these wise, clever days when we know that money is the only prize worth striving for, when we believe in nothing else but meanness and lies, when we care for no

living creature but ourselves!

啊，那些冒着傻气的日子啊！在那些傻傻的日子里，我们无私而单纯；在那些傻傻的日子里，我们单纯的心里充满了真理、信仰和敬畏；在那些傻傻的日子里，我们有着崇高的渴望和卓绝的奋斗！然后，哦，是这些聪明睿智的日子—我们开始明白金钱才是唯一值得努力奋斗的东西，卑鄙和谎言才是唯一可以相信的东西，我们开始对一切生灵漠不关心，除了我们自己！

(1)塞壬，希腊神话中半人半鸟的海上女妖，以美妙的歌声诱惑过往海员，使驶近船只触礁沉没。

(2)带电露露，当时美国的一位特异功能表演者，据说她的手一旦和你接触，就能使你产生一种触电的感觉。

(3)普罗米修斯，希腊神话中的神，因盗取天火予人而触怒天神宙斯，被罚锁于高加索山崖上，遭神鹰折磨，后被大力神赫拉克勒斯所救。

(4)福玻斯，希腊神话里的太阳神和诗歌音乐之神。

(5)埃德温和安杰利娜，英文中很普通的男士姓名和女士姓名，此处作者以这两个名字泛指男性和女性。

(6)柏拉图曾将人定义为“无羽两足动物”。哲学家狄奥根尼将一只拔掉羽毛的鸡拿到柏拉图的学园，对众人说：“这就是柏拉图所说的人。”此处作者将柏拉图误记为毕达哥拉斯。

(7)弗兰肯斯坦，英国女作家玛丽·谢莉于1818年所著同名小说中的主角，他是一个创造怪物，而自己又被怪物毁灭的医学研究者。

(8)武尔坎，罗马神话中的火与锻冶之神。

(9)雅努斯，罗马神话中的天门神，因头部前后各有一张面孔，也称两面神。

(10)西勒诺斯，希腊神话中森林诸神的领袖，是酒神狄俄尼索斯的养父和师傅。

(11)勒安得耳，传说中希腊一青年，每夜泅渡达达尼尔海峡与情人海洛相会，后淹死。

(12)罗蕾莱，德国文学及传说中莱茵河上的女妖，擅于用美貌和歌声诱惑河上的水手。

(13)此处为丁尼生《亚瑟王传奇》中的原话。

(14)罗兰爵士，查理大帝的外甥，是法国史诗《罗兰之歌》的男主人公，以魄力、勇气和骑士精神著称，是中世纪传奇里最有名的勇士之一。

(15)托马斯·穆尔（1779—1852），爱尔兰诗人、讽刺作家、音乐家，代表作品为《爱尔兰歌曲集》。

III . On Being In The Blues

3.心情欠佳

I can enjoy feeling melancholy, and there is a good deal of satisfaction about being thoroughly miserable; but nobody likes a fit of the blues. Nevertheless, everybody has them; notwithstanding which, nobody can tell why. There is no accounting for them. You are just as likely to have one on the day after you have come into a large fortune as on the day after you have left your new silk umbrella in the train. Its effect upon you is somewhat similar to what would probably be produced by a combined attack of toothache, indigestion, and cold in the head. You become stupid, restless, and irritable; rude to strangers and dangerous toward your friends; clumsy, maudlin, and quarrelsome; a nuisance to yourself and everybody about you.

我可以享受悲伤的感觉，在彻头彻尾的悲伤中，人能获得大量的满足感；但是突如其来的郁闷，却没人会喜欢。然而，每个人都会有这种经历；尽管如此，却没人知道它从何而来。郁闷的情绪是无缘无故的。你随时都可能感到一阵郁闷，不管这天你是撞了大运，还是把新买的绸布雨伞落在了火车上。郁闷的感觉可能和牙疼、消化不良，外加伤风感冒三者一同来袭后的症状有些类似。你会变得反应迟钝，坐立不安，急躁易怒，不仅对陌生人粗鲁无礼，对朋友也充满威胁；你还会变得笨手笨脚，感情脆弱，喜欢吵架，不仅惹周围人讨厌，而且连自己也不喜欢自己。

While it is on you can do nothing and think of nothing, though feeling at the time bound to do something. You can't sit still so put on your hat and go for a walk; but before you get to the corner of the street you wish you hadn't come out and you turn back. You open a book and try to read, but you find Shakespeare trite and commonplace, Dickens is dull and prosy, Thackeray[1] a bore, and Carlyle[2] too sentimental. You throw the book aside and call the author names. Then you "shoo" the cat out of the room and kick the door to after her. You think you will write your letters, but after sticking at "Dearest Auntie: I find I have five minutes to spare, and so hasten to write to you," for a quarter of an hour, without being able to think of another sentence, you tumble the paper into the desk, fling the wet pen down upon the table-cloth, and start up with the resolution of going to see the Thompsons. While pulling on your gloves, however, it occurs to you that the Thompsons are idiots; that they never have supper; and that you will be expected to jump the baby. You curse the Thompsons and decide not to go.

郁闷的时候，你什么也做不了，什么也想不了，虽然觉得该做点儿什么，但连静坐都不可能。于是你戴上帽子，想出门走走；可还没走到街角，你就后悔不该出门，然后转身返回。你想看书，可刚打开没读几行，你就觉得莎士比亚陈腐而平庸，狄更斯呆板无趣，萨克雷只会惹人心烦，卡莱尔又过于多愁善感。于是，你只好把书扔到一边，一边咒骂书的作者，一边“嘘”地一声把猫咪吓出房间，最后再飞起一脚把房门踹上。你想，不然就写写信吧，然后提笔写下“亲爱的姑妈：我正好可以抽出五分钟时间，所以赶紧提笔给您写这封信”，随后就此卡壳，想了一刻钟仍然不知下句话该说些什么。你把信纸胡乱塞进书桌，把墨迹未干的笔往桌布上一丢，然后你突然起身，决定去拜访汤普森一家。可戴手套的时候，你却突然想起汤普森一家都是白痴；他们从来不吃晚饭，还要你哄他们的孩子。于是，你一边诅咒着汤普森一家，一边放弃了拜访的念头。

By this time you feel completely crushed. You bury your face in your hands and think you would like to die and go to heaven. You picture to yourself your own sick-bed, with all your friends and relations standing round you weeping. You bless them all, especially the young and pretty ones. They will value you when you are gone, so you say to yourself, and learn too late what they have lost; and you bitterly contrast their presumed regard for you then with their decided want of veneration now.

到这时，你感觉已经彻底崩溃。你用双手捂住脸，觉得自己还不如一死，然后上天堂。你想象着家人和朋友都围在你的病床前，为失去你而哭泣的情景。你祝福他们所有人，尤其是那些年轻漂亮的。你对自己说，只有你死后，他们才会珍惜你，然后追悔自己领悟得太晚；而后你会比较想象中他们对你的关心和现实中他们对你明显的熟视无睹，心中酸涩不已。

These ref lections make you feel a little more cheerful, but only for a brief period; for the next moment you think what a fool you must be to imagine for an instant that anybody would be sorry at anything that might happen to you. Who would care two straws (whatever precise amount of care two straws may represent) whether you are blown up, or hung up, or marred, or drowned? Nobody cares for you. You never have been properly appreciated, never met with your due deserts in any one particular. You review the whole of your past life, and it is painfully apparent that you have been ill-used from your cradle.

胡思乱想一通后，你的心里稍微舒服了点儿，但这不过是昙花一现；下一刻，你就会觉得自己一定是个傻瓜，竟突然想象大家会为你可能的遭遇而感到可惜。炸死也好，绞死也好，重伤也好，溺水也好，有谁会在乎一星半点儿（不管这一星半点儿能精确地代表多少关心）？没有人会关心你。你从来没有得到过恰当的评价，没有在任何一次评价中得到过应有的赏罚。你好好回顾了一下至今为止的人生，却发现你从婴

儿时期就一直受到不公正地对待，这是如此令人痛苦，却又如此显而易见。

Half an hour's indulgence in these considerations works you up into a state of savage fury against everybody and everything, especially yourself, whom anatomical reasons alone prevent your kicking. Bed-time at last comes, to save you from doing something rash, and you spring upstairs, throw off your clothes, leaving them strewn all over the room, blow out the candle, and jump into bed as if you had backed yourself for a heavy wager to do the whole thing against time. There you toss and tumble about for a couple of hours or so, varying the monotony by occasionally jerking the clothes off and getting out and putting them on again. At length you drop into an uneasy and fitful slumber, have bad dreams, and wake up late the next morning.

你心潮起伏，想了足足半个钟头，然后陷入了一种对所有人和所有事都狂怒不已的敌对情绪中。你尤其恼恨你自己，如果不是生理构造不允许，你真要狠狠踢自己一脚。终于，睡觉的时间到了，不会让你做那些鲁莽的蠢事了。于是你三蹦两跳地冲上楼梯，脱掉衣服，胡乱丢在房间里，吹灭蜡烛，跳上床，仿佛自己与时间下了一大笔赌注，只有加快速度做这一切，才有可能赌赢一样。但此后，你在床上翻来覆去，数小时之后仍然难以入睡。你中间偶尔会踢掉被子，起身一小会儿，以调节无法入眠的单调乏味，之后又会躺回去盖好被褥。最终你还是能睡着，但是睡眠断断续续，心神不宁，恶梦不断，第二天上午要睡到很晚才醒。

At least, this is all we poor single men can do under the circumstances. Married men bully their wives, grumble at the dinner, and insist on the children's going to bed. All of which, creating, as it does, a good deal of disturbance in the house, must be a great relief to the feelings of a man in the blues, rows being the only form of amusement in which he can take any interest.

我们这些可怜的单身汉，在这种情况下，也只能做到这些了。结了婚的男人和我们不同，他们可以欺负欺负老婆，在吃饭的时候发发牢骚，喝令孩子们上床睡觉。这些行为都为一个家庭制造了很多困扰，而这对心情欠佳的男人们来说无疑是极好的排遣方式，吵架骂人是他们唯一感兴趣的娱乐方式。

The symptoms of the infirmity are much the same in every case, but the affliction itself is variously termed. The poet says that "a feeling of sadness comes o'er him."[3] Arry refers to the heavings of his wayward heart by confiding to Jimee that he has "got the blooming hump." Your sister doesn't know what is the matter with her tonight. She feels out of sorts altogether and hopes nothing is going to happen. The every-day young man is "so awful glad to meet you, old fellow,"

for he does "feel so jolly miserable this evening." As for myself, I generally say that "I have a strange, unsettled feeling tonight" and "think I'll go out."

每一种病症都大抵相似，但对痛苦本身的表达却各不相同。诗人说“一种悲伤的情绪笼罩了他”。哈里向吉米倾诉他难以捉摸的心情起伏时，会说“心里涨得难受”。你的姐妹会说不知道自己今晚怎么了，觉得哪里都不对劲，希望不要出什么事。经常见到的那个年轻人会说“老兄，见到你高兴坏了”，因为他“今晚不爽透了”。至于我自己，一般都说“今晚感觉有点别扭，躁动不安”，我“想出去走走”。

By the way, it never does come except in the evening. In the sun-time, when the world is bounding forward full of life, we cannot stay to sigh and sulk. The roar of the working day drowns the voices of the elfin sprites that are ever singing their low-toned Miserere[4] in our ears. In the day we are angry, disappointed, or indignant, but never "in the blues" and never melancholy. When things go wrong at ten o'clock in the morning we—or rather you—swear and knock the furniture about; but if the misfortune comes at ten P.M., we read poetry or sit in the dark and think what a hollow world this is.

顺便说一句，郁闷的感觉从来只在夜晚造访。白天阳光普照，整个世界都生机勃勃地跳跃前进，我们无法停下来唉声叹气，闷闷不乐。我们被工作时的喧嚣包围，听不到小精灵们整日在我们耳边低唱的《求主垂怜》。白天，我们会生气，失望，愤怒，但绝不会“陷入忧伤”，也不会沮丧。当事情在早上十点出了差错时，我们——或者更确切地说是你——会骂骂咧咧，敲桌砸椅；但如果这不幸的事发生在晚上十点，我们则会转而阅读诗集，或是在黑暗中静坐，冥想着这是一个多么虚无的世界。

But, as a rule, it is not trouble that makes us melancholy. The actuality is too stern a thing for sentiment. We linger to weep over a picture, but from the original we should quickly turn our eyes away. There is no pathos in real misery: no luxury in real grief. We do not toy with sharp swords nor hug a gnawing fox to our breast for choice. When a man or woman loves to brood over a sorrow and takes care to keep it green in their memory, you may be sure it is no longer a pain to them. However they may have suffered from it at first, the recollection has become by then a pleasure. Many dear old ladies who daily look at tiny shoes lying in lavender-scented drawers, and weep as they think of the tiny feet whose toddling march is done, and sweet-faced young ones who place each night beneath their pillow some lock that once curled on a boyish head that the salt waves have kissed to death, will call me a nasty cynical brute and say I'm talking nonsense; but I believe, nevertheless, that if they will ask themselves truthfully whether they find it unpleasant to dwell thus on their sorrow, they will be compelled to answer "No." Tears are as sweet as

laughter to some natures. The proverbial Englishman, we know from old chronicler Froissart[5], takes his pleasures sadly, and the Englishwoman goes a step further and takes her pleasures in sadness itself.

但是，一般来说，使我们沮丧的永远不是问题本身。事实总是呆板生硬的，我们无法对其宣泄情感。我们在一幅画前流连，被它感动得流泪，而对其在现实中的原型却只是匆匆一瞥。真正的不幸中没有怜悯，真正的痛苦中没有浮华虚饰。如果可以选择，我们不会拿锋利的刀剑玩耍，也不会把咬人的狐狸抱在胸口。当男人或女人沉浸在某种悲伤中不可自拔，时时回忆，自揭伤疤时，你基本上可以肯定这件事对他们来说已经不再是一种痛苦了。不管最初他们受到的伤害有多大，到了这个时候，回想已经变成了一种乐趣。许多亲爱的老太太每天打开充满薰衣草香的抽屉，看看珍藏在里面的小鞋子，然后一边回想着孩子们蹒跚学步的样子，一边潸然落泪。许多年轻俊俏的姑娘夜夜在枕下放一绺头发，那曾是一位少年头上的卷发，如今，她已在咸涩的泪水中与之永远吻别。听到我这么说，她们一定会骂我是个肮脏下流、玩世不恭的畜生，说我满口胡言。但是我仍然相信，倘若她们扪心自问，像这样沉溺于自己的伤心事是否真的毫无乐趣可言，恐怕她们都不得不回答“不”。对于某些人来说，眼泪就像欢笑一样甜美。根据老编年史学家傅华萨的说法，典型的英国男人忧伤地享受快乐，而英国女人就更进一步，她们可以从忧伤本身中感受到快乐。

I am not sneering. I would not for a moment sneer at anything that helps to keep hearts tender in this hard old world. We men are cold and common-sensed enough for all; we would not have women the same. No, no, ladies dear, be always sentimental and soft-hearted, as you are—be the soothing butter to our coarse dry bread. Besides, sentiment is to women what fun is to us. They do not care for our humor, surely it would be unfair to deny them their grief. And who shall say that their mode of enjoyment is not as sensible as ours? Why assume that a doubled-up body, a contorted, purple face, and a gaping mouth emitting a series of ear-splitting shrieks point to a state of more intelligent happiness than a pensive face reposing upon a little white hand, and a pair of gentle tear-dimmed eyes looking back through Time's dark avenue upon a fading past?

我并不是在冷嘲热讽。在这个冷酷无情的旧世界里，任何能让心灵保持温柔的东西，我都不会嘲笑。对于人类来说，男人们的冷酷和实际已经完全够用了，我们不愿意女人们也跟我们一样。不，千万不要像我们一样，亲爱的女士们，请你们一直保持你们的多愁善感和温柔善良——做那柔和的黄油，以便搭配我们这些粗糙的干面包。此外，伤感之于女性，就像逗乐之于我们。她们不干涉我们开玩笑，我们当然也不应该剥夺她们悲伤的权利。况且，谁说女人们享乐的方式，不像我们的一样合乎常理？谁说前仰后合、面红耳赤、呲牙咧嘴地尖声大笑才是更为理智的表达幸福的方式？谁说苍白的小手托着悲伤的面庞，温柔而迷蒙

的泪眼穿越时间的黑暗大道找寻消逝的过去，就不是幸福了呢？

I am glad when I see Regret walked with as a friend—glad because I know the saltness has been washed from out the tears, and that the sting must have been plucked from the beautiful face of Sorrow ere we dare press her pale lips to ours. Time has laid his healing hand upon the wound when we can look back upon the pain we once fainted under and no bitterness or despair rises in our hearts. The burden is no longer heavy when we have for our past troubles only the same sweet mingling of pleasure and pity that we feel when old knight-hearted Colonel Newcome[6] answers "adsum" to the great roll-call, or when Tom and Maggie Tulliver[7], clasping hands through the mists that have divided them, go down, locked in each other's arms, beneath the swollen waters of the Floss.

当我看到悔恨女神像朋友一样与我们同行时，我感到十分欣慰——因为我知道，往事的咸涩已被泪水冲走，在我们鼓起勇气亲吻她苍白的双唇之前，悲伤女神那美丽面孔上的尖刺一定已被拔去。当我们回想那些曾将我们击倒的痛苦时，心中不再有酸楚和失望翻涌，因为时间已经用它的双手治愈了我们的伤痛。我们在苦涩的回忆中掺杂了欢愉和同情，过去对我们来说便不再是沉重的负担，反而有种悲喜交集的甜蜜。当看到有骑士风骨的老纽科姆上校被点到名，大声回答“到”的时候，或者看到汤姆和玛吉穿过分隔他们的重重迷雾，紧握彼此的双手，然后互相挽着胳膊趟过泛滥的弗罗斯河水的时候，我们的内心也曾品尝过这种悲喜交集的滋味。

Talking of poor Tom and Maggie Tulliver brings to my mind a saying of George Eliot's[8] in connection with this subject of melancholy. She speaks somewhere of the "sadness of a summer's evening." How wonderfully true—like everything that came from that wonderful pen—the observation is! Who has not felt the sorrowful enchantment of those lingering sunsets? The world belongs to Melancholy then, a thoughtful deep-eyed maiden who loves not the glare of day. It is not till "light thickens and the crow wings to the rocky wood" that she steals forth from her groves. Her palace is in twilight land. It is there she meets us. At her shadowy gate she takes our hand in hers and walks beside us through her mystic realm. We see no form, but seem to hear the rustling of her wings.

说到可怜的汤姆和玛吉，我就不由得想到乔治·艾略特关于忧郁这个主题的一句名言。她曾经在某处提到过“夏夜的忧伤”。她的观察多么真实——就像她笔下的文字一样精彩！寂寞黄昏流连徘徊的时刻，有谁没有感受过那销人魂魄的忧伤？那一刻，世界是属于忧伤女神的，她眼神深邃，愁思满怀，却偏偏不爱白日耀眼的光芒。只有“夜色浓重，乌鸦入林”时，她才从她的小树丛中悄然走出。她的宫殿建于暮色之城，就是在那里，她与我们相会。在暗影笼罩的大门前，她握住我们的手，陪伴我们穿过她神秘的领地。我们看不到任何有形之物，只能隐隐听到她的翅

膀在沙沙作响。

Even in the toiling hum-drum city her spirit comes to us. There is a somber presence in each long, dull street; and the dark river creeps ghostlike under the black arches, as if bearing some hidden secret beneath its muddy waves.

即使在疲惫而沉闷的城市，她的灵魂依然会来到我们身边。在每条漫长阴暗的街道上，都会有她忧郁的身影。幽暗的河水像幽灵一样缓缓流过黑色的拱桥，浑浊的水波下仿佛隐藏着什么秘密。

In the silent country, when the trees and hedges loom dim and blurred against the rising night, and the bat's wing fl utters in our face, and the land-rail's cry sounds drearily across the fields, the spell sinks deeper still into our hearts. We seem in that hour to be standing by some unseen death-bed, and in the swaying of the elms we hear the sigh of the dying day.

幽静的乡间，当树丛和篱墙随着夜幕降临而渐渐暗淡模糊，蝙蝠的翅膀在我们的脸上拍打，秧鸡沉闷的叫声从田间传来，我们的心就被忧伤的咒语锁得更牢了。在那一刻，我们仿佛站在一张无形的灵床边，从榆树摇曳的簌簌声中，听到了垂死的日子那最后的叹息。

A solemn sadness reigns. A great peace is around us. In its light our cares of the working day grow small and trivial, and bread and cheese—ay, and even kisses—do not seem the only things worth striving for. Thoughts we cannot speak but only listen to flood in upon us, and standing in the stillness under earth's darkening dome, we feel that we are greater than our petty lives. Hung round with those dusky curtains, the world is no longer a mere dingy workshop, but a stately temple wherein man may worship, and where at times in the dimness his groping hands touch God's.

肃穆的悲伤笼罩了一切。巨大的寂静包围着我们。在它的映照下，我们在工作日的忧虑变得无关紧要，茶米油盐也无足轻重—唉，甚至恋人的吻—似乎也不是唯一值得奋斗的东西。万千思绪像潮水一样涌上我们的心头，却只可意会，不可言传。静立在大地逐渐暗淡的穹隆下，我们觉得自己要比渺小的生命伟大得多。在周围挂上那微黑的帘幕之后，世界就不再是个昏暗的小车间，而是一座庄严的神殿。在那里，世人顶礼膜拜；在那里，人们在黑暗中探索的双手偶尔触碰到了上帝之手。

(1)威廉·梅克皮斯·萨克雷（1811—1863），英国小说家，作品多讽刺上层社会，著有《名利场》。

(2)托马斯·卡莱尔（1795—1881），苏格兰历史学家、散文作家，著有《法国革命》。

(3)该诗句取自19世纪美国浪漫主义诗人亨利·沃兹沃思·郎费罗的诗作《这一天结束了》。

(4)《求主垂怜》，又译《米泽里厄里》，指《圣经》第51诗篇。文艺复兴时期，意大利音乐家格雷戈里奥·阿列格里曾为之谱曲。

(5)让·傅华萨（1337—约1410），法国宫廷史官和诗人，著有《闻见录》，记述百年战争及欧洲大事。

(6)纽科姆上校，萨克雷作品《纽科姆一家》的主人公。

(7)汤姆和玛吉，英国女作家乔治·艾略特的小说《弗罗斯河上的磨坊》中塔利弗家的两兄妹，此处描写的是小说最后一章中的情节。

(8)乔治·艾略特(1819-1880)，英国小说家，主要作品有《弗罗斯河上的磨坊》《米德尔马契》等。

IV. On Being Hard Up

4.囊中羞涩

It is a most remarkable thing. I sat down with the full intention of writing something clever and original; but for the life of me I can't think of anything clever and original—at least, not at this moment. The only thing I can think about now is being hard up. I suppose having my hands in my pockets has made me think about this. I always do sit with my hands in my pockets except when I am in the company of my sisters, my cousins, or my aunts; and they kick up such a shindy—I should say expostulate so eloquently upon the subject—that I have to give in and take them out—my hands I mean. The chorus to their objections is that it is not gentlemanly. I am hanged if I can see why. I could understand its not being considered gentlemanly to put your hands in other people's pockets (especially by the other people), but how, O ye sticklers for what looks this and what looks that, can putting his hands in his own pockets make a man less gentle? Perhaps you are right, though. Now I come to think of it, I have heard some people grumble most savagely when doing it. But they were mostly old gentlemen. We young fellows, as a rule, are never quite at ease unless we have our hands in our pockets. We are awkward and shifty. We are like what a music-hall Lion Comique would be without his opera-hat, if such a thing can be imagined. But let us put our hands in our trousers pockets, and let there be some small change in the right-hand one and a bunch of keys in the left, and we will face a female post-office clerk.

这个题目最值得一谈。我坐下来，完全是为了写些构思巧妙、不落俗套的东西。但是花尽所有气力，我还是没有任何新颖别致的想法——至少此刻我还没有思路。现在，我能想到的唯一一个题目就是——囊中羞涩。我想大概是插在口袋里的手启发了我吧。我总是会在坐着的时候把手插在口袋里，除非我的姐妹、表姐妹或者姑姑阿姨在身边；因为她们总是小题大做，一板一眼地诉说她们对我这个习惯的厌恶——应该说是对我的良言相劝——以至于我不得不放弃自己的立场，乖乖请它们出去——当然我指的是我的双手。亲戚们异口同声地抗议，说这个动作太缺乏绅士风度。但即使把我吊死，我也弄不明白这是为什么。我能理解如果把手伸进他人的口袋（尤其是被人强迫这么做），倒还可以说是没有绅士风度。但是，到底从什么角度看，你们这些挑剔的人看出把自己的手伸进自己的衣袋不够绅士呢？不过，或许你们也没说错。现在想想的话，我听到过有些人在把手插进自己兜里的时候，就开始口出恶言，大发牢骚。但他们大多都是些上了年纪的老绅士。我们年轻人，一般来说，不把手放在自己的衣兜里才会觉得不自在。我们会显得手足无措，

贼头贼脑。如果想象得出的话，我们会像音乐厅中的喜剧主唱没戴礼帽一样窘迫。但是一旦我们把手插进裤兜，再在右边衣袋里放上一把零钱，左边衣袋里装上一串钥匙，我们就可以正视邮局里的女职员了。

It is a little difficult to know what to do with your hands, even in your pockets, when there is nothing else there. Years ago, when my whole capital would occasionally come down to "what in town the people call a bob," I would recklessly spend a penny of it, merely for the sake of having the change, all in coppers, to jingle. You don't feel nearly so hard up with eleven pence in your pocket as you do with a shilling. Had I been "La-dida," that impecunious youth about whom we superior folk are so sarcastic, I would have changed my penny for two ha'pennies.

口袋里空空如也的时候，就算把手放在里面，也没什么事情好做。多年前，我的所有资产偶尔会缩减到“城里人所说的那种穷得叮当响”的程度，那时，我便会义无反顾地花掉其中一个便士，只为换得更多铜制的硬币，好让它们晃得叮当响。如果口袋里有十一个便士，你就一点都不会觉得自己穷，甚至感觉自己比有一先令时更富有。我若是个“装腔作势”的人，是被优越的富人所嘲讽的那种穷光蛋，我就会把自己的一个便士换成两个“半便士”。

I can speak with authority on the subject of being hard up. I have been a provincial actor. If further evidence be required, which I do not think likely, I can add that I have been a "gentleman connected with the press." I have lived on 15 shilling a week. I have lived a week on 10, owing the other 5; and I have lived for a fortnight on a great-coat.

关于囊中羞涩，我有绝对的发言权。我曾经在乡下演过戏。如果还需要更多证明（我想可能并不需要吧），我还可以补充一点：我还是个“在新闻界工作过”的人。我曾经一星期靠十五先令维持生活，也曾经在欠别人五先令的情况下，靠十先令过活一周，还曾连续14天仅凭一件大衣熬了下来。

It is wonderful what an insight into domestic economy being really hard up gives one. If you want to find out the value of money, live on 15 shillings a week and see how much you can put by for clothes and recreation. You will find out that it is worth while to wait for the farthing1 change, that it is worth while to walk a mile to save a penny, that a glass of beer is a luxury to be indulged in only at rare intervals, and that a collar can be worn for four days.

奇妙的是，真正拮据的生活能使一个人掌握持家过日子的门道。如果你想知道金钱的价值，就靠十五个先令生活一周，看看你能省下多少钱花在衣服和娱乐上面。你会发现，等待一个法寻的找零也是值得的，为省下一个便士步行一英里也是必要的，啤酒是只能偶尔尽情享用的奢侈品，假领就是连穿四天也不过分。

Try it just before you get married. It will be excellent practice. Let your son and heir try it before sending him to college. He won't grumble at a hundred a year pocket-money then. There are some people to whom it would do a world of good. There is that delicate blossom who can't drink any claret under ninety-four, and who would as soon think of dining off cat's meat as off plain roast mutton. You do come across these poor wretches now and then, though, to the credit of humanity, they are principally confined to that fearful and wonderful society known only to lady novelists. I never hear of one of these creatures discussing a menu card but I feel a mad desire to drag him off to the bar of some common east-end[2] public-house and cram a sixpenny dinner down his throat— beefsteak pudding, fourpence; potatoes, a penny; half a pint of porter, a penny. The recollection of it (and the mingled fragrance of beer, tobacco, and roast pork generally leaves a vivid impression) might induce him to turn up his nose a little less frequently in the future at everything that is put before him. Then there is that generous party, the cadger's delight, who is so free with his small change, but who never thinks of paying his debts. It might teach even him a little common sense. "I always give the waiter a shilling. One can't give the fellow less, you know," explained a young government clerk with whom I was lunching the other day in Regent Street[3]. I agreed with him as to the utter impossibility of making it elevenpence ha'penny; but at the same time I resolved to one day decoy him to an eating-house I remembered near Covent Garden[4], where the waiter, for the better discharge of his duties, goes about in his shirtsleeves— and very dirty sleeves they are, too, when it gets near the end of the month. I know that waiter. If my friend gives him anything beyond a penny, the man will insist on shaking hands with him then and there as a mark of his esteem; of that I feel sure.

结婚之前可以试着过过穷日子。因为这是再好不过的实践。在送儿孙们上大学前让他们过过穷日子，他们到时就不会抱怨一年一百块的零花钱不够用。让有些人受受穷会对他们大有裨益。就有那么些娇气的花朵，喝不了1894年之后的干红葡萄酒，嘴里嚼着家常烤羊肉却感觉在吃猫食。我们的确偶尔碰到这些可怜的家伙，但考虑到人类的声誉，他们主要出现在仅为女性小说家所知的可怕而神奇的圈子里。我从来没有听到他们中的任何一个人讨论过菜谱，但是我却有一种疯狂的冲动，想要把其中一个拉到伦敦东区的那些大众酒馆中，把一份六便士的晚餐塞进他喉咙—四便士一份的牛排布丁，一便士一份的烤土豆，还有一份一便士能买半品脱的黑啤酒。对于这份晚餐的回忆（啤酒、香烟和烤猪肉的混合香味，往往让人印象深刻），可能会让他将来对别人放在他面前的东西少些不屑一顾。此外，还有这么一批人，出手大方，最受乞丐欢迎，他们从来不吝惜自己的零钱，可也从来不想着偿还自己的债务。穷日子，也可以教会这些人一点常识。前几天，我和一位在政府部门工作的年轻职员在摄政街吃午餐，他说：“我从来都给服务生一先令。你知

道，实在不能给得再少了。”这话我同意，确实不可能存在十一个半便士。但是同时，我也下定决心，总有一天要骗他去我记得的科文特加登附近的一家食坊。那里的一位服务生为了更好地提供服务，只穿衬衣工作——快到月底的时候，衬衣袖子就会变得非常脏。我很了解那个服务生。如果我的朋友给他的小费超过一便士，他一定会坚持马上当场与他握手，以示尊重。我感觉这是一定的。

There have been a good many funny things said and written about hardupishness, but the reality is not funny, for all that. It is not funny to have to haggle over pennies. It isn't funny to be thought mean and stingy. It isn't funny to be shabby and to be ashamed of your address. No, there is nothing at all funny in poverty—to the poor. It is hell upon earth to a sensitive man; and many a brave gentleman who would have faced the labors of Hercules[5] has had his heart broken by its petty miseries.

尽管很多关于受穷的文章和言论都十分有趣，但是贫穷本身却一点儿也不好玩。每天精打细算地过日子不好玩，被人当作刻薄吝啬的小气鬼也不好玩，衣衫褴褛不好玩，羞于将自己的住址示人也不好玩。是的，贫穷本身，没有任何有趣之处——对穷人来说。贫穷于敏感的心而言，无异于人间地狱。很多勇敢的绅士面对繁重的体力活能面无惧色，但却被贫穷生活中那琐碎的痛苦折磨得心力交瘁。

It is not the actual discomforts themselves that are hard to bear. Who would mind roughing it a bit if that were all it meant? What cared Robinson Crusoe for a patch on his trousers? Did he wear trousers? I forget; or did he go about as he does in the pantomimes? What did it matter to him if his toes did stick out of his boots? and what if his umbrella was a cotton one, so long as it kept the rain off? His shabbiness did not trouble him; there was none of his friends round about to sneer him.

贫穷真正令人痛苦的，并不是它带来的那些不便。如果必须得忍受一段穷日子，谁还不能挺一挺？漂流于荒岛的鲁滨孙裤子上有块补丁又怎么样？连他穿没穿裤子，我都记不起来了；也忘记了他有没有像演哑剧一样在岛上到处活动。对鲁滨孙来说，就算他的鞋破了，脚趾头露出来了，又有什么关系？就算他的雨伞是棉布做的，只要能挡雨，又有什么要紧？他不会被简陋的生活条件困扰，他的朋友都不在他身边，没人会嘲笑他。

Being poor is a mere trifle. It is being known to be poor that is the sting. It is not cold that makes a man without a great-coat hurry along so quickly. It is not all shame at telling lies—which he knows will not be believed—that makes him turn so red when he informs you that he considers great-coats unhealthy and never carries an umbrella on principle. It is easy enough to say that poverty is no crime. No; if it were men wouldn't be ashamed of it. It's a blunder, though, and is

punished as such. A poor man is despised the whole world over; despised as much by a Christian as by a lord, as much by a demagogue as by a footman, and not all the copy-book maxims ever set for ink stained youth will make him respected. Appearances are everything, so far as human opinion goes, and the man who will walk down Piccadilly[6] arm in arm with the most notorious scamp in London, provided he is a well-dressed one, will slink up a back street to say a couple of words to a seedy-looking gentleman. And the seedy-looking gentleman knows this—no one better—and will go a mile round to avoid meeting an acquaintance. Those that knew him in his prosperity need never trouble themselves to look the other way. He is a thousand times more anxious that they should not see him than they can be; and as to their assistance, there is nothing he dreads more than the offer of it. All he wants is to be forgotten; and in this respect he is generally fortunate enough to get what he wants.

贫穷没什么大不了。被别人知道自己在受穷才让人难堪。没穿长大衣的人在街上匆忙跑过，并不是因为天气寒冷。他会告诉你，他觉得长大衣对身体不好，原则上他也从来不带雨伞，说这话时，他的脸涨得通红——并不是完全出于说谎的羞愧——他也知道没人会相信这样的说法。贫穷不是罪，说起来很容易。贫穷确实不是罪，假如没有人会因为贫穷而感到羞耻的话。然而，贫穷即使不是罪，也是一个大错误，犯了贫穷这种错的人也会受到相应的惩罚。穷人遭到全世界的轻视。不管是虔诚的基督徒，还是高傲的庄园主，是蛊惑民心的政客，还是穿着号衣的男仆，在轻视穷人这一点上，他们都不差分毫。即使是那些鞭策年轻人勤奋学习的经典格言，也不会为穷苦的人赢来一点尊重。大众的态度告诉我们：外表就是一切。假如衣冠楚楚，即使是伦敦最臭名昭著的流氓，人们也愿意和他勾肩搭背地穿过皮卡迪利大街；而如果衣衫褴褛，哪怕是一位温和的绅士，人们经过他住的小街道时，也只会偷偷摸摸地溜过，和他说上几句话便匆匆逃离。落魄的绅士们也知道这些——恐怕没有人比他们知道得更清楚——所以他们会绕一英里的路，为的就是不碰到熟人。那些见证过他光辉岁月的人们，不需要费心改变自己对他的看法了。他比所有熟人都更害怕相见；而朋友的资助，更是他避之唯恐不及的东西。他想要的不过是大家的遗忘；而他的这个愿望，通常都能幸运地得到满足。

One becomes used to being hard up, as one becomes used to everything else, by the help of that wonderful old homeopathic doctor, Time. You can tell at a glance the difference between the old hand and the novice; between the case-hardened man who has been used to shift and struggle for years and the poor devil of a beginner striving to hide his misery, and in a constant agony of fear lest he should be found out. Nothing shows this difference more clearly than the way in which each will pawn his watch. As the poet says somewhere: "True ease in pawning comes from art, not chance." The

one goes into his "uncle's" with as much composure as he would into his tailor's—very likely with more. The assistant is even civil and attends to him at once, to the great indignation of the lady in the next box, who, however, sarcastically observes that she don't mind being kept waiting "if it is a regular customer." Why, from the pleasant and businesslike manner in which the transaction is carried out, it might be a large purchase in the three per cents. Yet what a piece of work a man makes of his first "pop." A boy popping his first question is confidence itself compared with him. He hangs about outside the shop until he has succeeded in attracting the attention of all the loafers in the neighborhood and has aroused strong suspicions in the mind of the policeman on the beat. At last, after a careful examination of the contents of the windows, made for the purpose of impressing the bystanders with the notion that he is going in to purchase a diamond bracelet or some such trifle, he enters, trying to do so with a careless swagger, and giving himself really the air of a member of the swell mob. When inside he speaks in so low a voice as to be perfectly inaudible, and has to say it all over again. When, in the course of his rambling conversation about a "friend" of his, the word "lend" is reached, he is promptly told to go up the court on the right and take the first door round the corner. He comes out of the shop with a face that you could easily light a cigarette at, and firmly under the impression that the whole population of the district is watching him. When he does get to the right place he has forgotten his name and address and is in a general condition of hopeless imbecility. Asked in a severe tone how he came by "this," he stammers and contradicts himself, and it is only a miracle if he does not confess to having stolen it that very day. He is thereupon informed that they don't want anything to do with his sort, and that he had better get out of this as quickly as possible, which he does, recollecting nothing more until he finds himself three miles off, without the slightest knowledge how he got there.

在时间这位神奇的老式顺势疗法医生的帮助下，我们最终还是可以适应贫穷的日子，就好像我们最终能够适应其他东西一样。老手和新人之间的差别，一眼便能看出来。被贫穷磨砺多年的人已经习惯了东挪西凑，苦苦支撑，而初坠贫境的新人，则会拼命掩饰自己的困窘，时刻都处在一种生怕被人发现的恐慌之中。两者之间的区别，在到当铺典当手表的时候，最为鲜明。正如诗人在某个场合所说的：“典当东西时的泰然自若，来自技艺，绝非偶然。”穷惯了的人们走进他“叔叔家”（他们对于当铺的叫法——译者注）的时候，就如同走进裁缝店一样——很可能更为从容。店员更是殷勤有礼，马上招呼他，以至于坐在隔壁柜台前的太太不由得一边发火，一边充满讽刺地说她不介意多等一会儿，“如果是老主顾的话”。哎呀，瞧他们办理交易那股愉快而认真的劲头，没准是桩百分之三利息的大买卖呢。而第一次“出击”的新手，表现又会如何呢？能

够张口问出第一个问题，本身就是自信的体现了。他往往会在当铺外面徘徊很久，直到成功地引起附近所有流浪汉的注意，并且招来巡警的强烈怀疑。最后，他会仔细检阅橱窗里的所有展品，好让四周的旁观者认为他是要进去买个钻石手镯或者诸如此类的小玩意儿。他进门了，努力装出一副漫不经心、大摇大摆的样子，这确实让他看起来像个家境优越的小混混。在里面说话时，他会把声音压得极低，以至于没人能听见，而不得不将所有话语再重复一遍。当他漫无边际地聊到他的一个“朋友”，当“借”这个字终于蹦出来的时候，立刻会有人告诉他，右首的那个院子，拐角第一个门进去才是他要找的地方。从店里出来的时候，他的脸烫得可以轻松地点燃一根香烟，内心深信这地区所有的人都在注视着他。而当终于抵达要去的地方时，他却已经忘记了自己姓甚名谁，家住何处，陷入了一种不可救药的痴呆状态。当有人以严厉的口气质问他是怎么拿到“这东西”的时候，他会张口结舌，语无伦次，如果没有招供那是他在当天偷来的物品，就已算是个奇迹了。之后，他就会被告知，当铺不愿和他这种人有任何来往，他最好快点滚蛋。于是他乖乖听话，直到奔出三英里开外，才稍稍回过神来，却完全记不起他是怎么到达那里的。

By the way, how awkward it is, though, having to depend on publichouses and churches for the time. The former are generally too fast and the latter too slow. Besides which, your efforts to get a glimpse of the public house clock from the outside are attended with great difficulties. If you gently push the swing-door ajar and peer in you draw upon yourself the contemptuous looks of the barmaid, who at once puts you down in the same category with area sneaks and cadgers. You also create a certain amount of agitation among the married portion of the customers. You don't see the clock because it is behind the door; and in trying to withdraw quietly you jam your head. The only other method is to jump up and down outside the window. After this latter proceeding, however, if you do not bring out a banjo and commence to sing, the youthful inhabitants of the neighborhood, who have gathered round in expectation, become disappointed.

顺便说一句，将表当掉之后，就要从酒馆和教堂里看时间，那是多么不方便啊！酒馆里的表往往太快，而教堂里的又总是太慢。更何况，想要从酒馆外面瞥一眼时间，尝试起来是非常困难的。如果你轻轻推开弹簧门向内张望，会招来酒吧女侍轻蔑的目光。她们会马上把你和本地的小偷、乞丐归为一类。你还会让那些已婚顾客感到些许的烦躁不安。而且，你也看不到钟，因为它在门后面。你想悄悄离开，却会在出门时挤到头。仅剩的一个办法，就是在窗外跳上跳下，偷看时间。然而，如果你真的采用了这后一种办法，那么不带上班卓琴，唱支小曲儿就不合适了。因为整个社区的年轻人都已经满怀期待地过来围观了，你会让他们失望的。

I should like to know, too, by what mysterious law of nature it is that before you have left your watch "to be repaired" half an hour,

some one is sure to stop you in the street and conspicuously ask you the time. Nobody even feels the slightest curiosity on the subject when you've got it on.

我同样很想知道，到底是什么诡异的自然规律在作怪，只要你把表“送去维修”，半个钟头内必定有人在街上拦住你，声音洪亮地询问时间。可在你带着表的时候，却没有任何人有一丝半点的好奇心问问现在是什么时候了。

Dear old ladies and gentlemen who know nothing about being hard up—and may they never, bless their gray old heads—look upon the pawn-shop as the last stage of degradation; but those who know it better (and my readers have no doubt, noticed this themselves) are often surprised, like the little boy who dreamed he went to heaven, at meeting so many people there that they never expected to see. For my part, I think it a much more independent course than borrowing from friends, and I always try to impress this upon those of my acquaintance who incline toward "wanting a couple of pounds till the day after tomorrow." But they won't all see it. One of them once remarked that he objected to the principle of the thing. I fancy if he had said it was the interest that he objected to he would have been nearer the truth: twenty-five per cent. certainly does come heavy.

亲爱的老先生老太太们对于囊中羞涩的苦处一无所知——上帝保佑贫穷不会降临在他们银发苍苍的头上，让他们永远也不知道——所以他们认为当铺是一个人堕落的极点；可明白这些苦处的人们（我的读者们肯定注意到了这点），会时常惊异地发现在当铺中能遇到如此多意想不到的面孔，就好像小男孩做梦梦到自己进入了天堂。我的观点是，去当铺比从朋友那儿借钱更加独立和自由，我也经常用这种观点去影响我那些“手头正好缺几镑，但要等到后天才有钱”的熟人们。但他们并不是每个人都能看到当铺的好处。曾有一个人宣称他抵制当铺的经营原则。我猜想，假如他抵制的是当铺的利率，倒是更切合实际：百分之二十五的利率，确实有点太高了。

There are degrees in being hard up. We are all hard up, more or less— most of us more. Some are hard up for a thousand pounds; some for a shilling. Just at this moment I am hard up myself for a fiver. I only want it for a day or two. I should be certain of paying it back within a week at the outside, and if any lady or gentleman among my readers would kindly lend it me, I should be very much obliged indeed. They could send it to me under cover to Messrs. Field & Tuer[7], only, in such case, please let the envelope be carefully sealed. I would give you my I.O.U. as security.

囊中羞涩也是有程度之分的。我们每个人的手头多多少少都会有些紧——大部分人是非常紧。有些人缺一千镑，而有些人只缺一先令。比如现在这个时刻，我就正好缺五英镑。我只不过需要它来熬过一天或两

天。至多一星期之内我应该可以保证还钱。所以，假如读者中若有哪位女士或者先生肯慷慨解囊，我会不胜感激。你们只需把信封封得严严实实，以寄给“菲尔德—图尔出版社”的名义寄给我就好。我定会奉上我的借据，作为担保。

(1)法寻，英国旧时面值为四分之一便士的硬币。

(2)伦敦东区，指伦敦东部、泰晤士河以北的地区，是码头工人和底层居民的聚居区。

(3)摄政街，伦敦西区一条主要的购物街，以摄政王乔治四世的头衔命名。

(4)科文特加登，英国伦敦一广场名，曾为伦敦水果、花卉和蔬菜的主要市场，科文特加登皇家歌剧院就坐落于此。

(5)赫拉克勒斯，是主神宙斯和阿尔克墨涅之子，力大无比，以完成12项英雄业绩闻名。

(6)皮卡迪利大街，伦敦著名大街，以其时髦的商店、俱乐部、旅馆和住宅著称。

(7)菲尔德—图尔出版社，位于伦敦的一家有名的出版社，本书的初版即由这家出版社出版。

V. On Vanity And Vanities

5.虚荣作祟

All is vanity and everybody's vain. Women are terribly vain. So are men—more so, if possible. So are children, particularly children. One of them at this very moment is hammering upon my legs. She wants to know what I think of her new shoes. Candidly I don't think much of them. They lack symmetry and curve and possess an indescribable appearance of lumpiness (I believe, too, they've put them on the wrong feet). But I don't say this. It is not criticism, but flattery that she wants; and I gush over them with what I feel to myself to be degrading effusiveness. Nothing else would satisfy this self-opinionated cherub. I tried the conscientious-friend dodge with her on one occasion, but it was not a success. She had requested my judgment upon her general conduct and behavior, the exact case submitted being, "Wot oo tink of me? Oo peased wi' me?" and I had thought it a good opportunity to make a few salutary remarks upon her late moral career, and said: "No, I am not pleased with you." I recalled to her mind the events of that very morning, and I put it to her how she, as a Christian child, could expect a wise and good uncle to be satisfied with the carryings on of an infant who that very day had roused the whole house at five AM.; had upset a water-jug and tumbled downstairs after it at seven; had endeavored to put the cat in the bath at eight; and sat on her own father's hat at nine thirty-five.

世事皆浮华，世人皆虚荣。女人们极度虚荣，男人们也是如此——如果有可能，他们虚荣得更厉害。小孩子们也很虚荣，而且尤为虚荣。他们中的一个此时此刻就在不停地敲打我的腿，她想知道在我眼里她的新鞋子好不好看。老实说，我还真觉得不太好看。这双鞋既不匀称，也没有曲线，而且看起来有一种难以形容的粗笨（而且我确信，鞋穿反了）。但我没有这么说。因为她想听到的不是批评，而是恭维；于是我滔滔不绝地说着在我看来是自贬身价的溢美之辞。因为任何别的言辞，都没法满足这位自负的小天使。有一次，我试图凭良心对她说些委婉的实话，结果却很失败。那次，她让我对她的日常行为举止做些评价，当时的具体情形是这样的，她问我："你觉个（觉得）我怎么样？你稀罕（喜欢）我吗？"我当时认为这是一次很好的机会，可以对她最近一段时间的品行进行有益的评价，因此我说："不，我对你不太满意。"我提醒她那天早上她的所作所为，试图让她自己弄明白为什么：早上五点就把全家人都闹了起来；七点又把水壶弄翻，然后自己也骨碌碌跟着水壶滚下了楼；八点试图把猫摁到浴缸里；九点三十五又把她爸爸的帽子坐在了屁股下面。作为一个信奉基督的小孩儿，她怎么可以期望她聪明睿智又明白事理的叔叔对她满意呢？

What did she do? Was she grateful to me for my plain speaking? Did she ponder upon my words and determine to profit by them and to lead from that hour a better and nobler life?

她的反应又是如何呢？是否对我的直言不讳心存感激？是否会好好思索我的言语，决心改正自己的错误，从此过上更加幸福而高尚的生活？

No! she howled.

通通没有！她嚎啕大哭。

That done, she became abusive. She said:

哭完后，她就开始口出恶言：

"Oo naughty—oo naughty, bad unkie—oo bad man—me tell MAR.”

“你坏，你坏，坏蛋叔叔—你是坏人—我要告诉妈妈。”

And she did, too.

她也确实那么做了。

Since then, when my views have been called for I have kept my real sentiments more to myself like, preferring to express unbounded admiration of this young person's actions, irrespective of their actual merits. And she nods her head approvingly and trots off to advertise my opinion to the rest of the household. She appears to employ it as a sort of testimonial for mercenary purposes, for I subsequently hear distant sounds of "Unkie says me dood dirl—me dot to have two bikkies [biscuits].”

从那以后，每当她询问我的看法时，我都会更愿意把内心真实的感受隐藏起来，不顾事实和是非，更愿意对这个小家伙的行为表达自己无限的景仰。她会赞许地点点头，然后跑到家人面前，把我的意见大肆宣扬。我的意见似乎成了她获取物质奖励的一种证明，因为我随后就听到她的声音从远处传来：“叔叔说我是该盒子（乖孩子）——该给我两块饼饼（饼干）。”

There she goes, now, gazing rapturously at her own toes and murmuring "pittie"—two-foot-ten of conceit and vanity, to say nothing of other wickednesses.

现在，她又无比欢喜地盯着自己的脚趾头，嘟囔着“漂漂（漂亮）”——一个两英尺十英寸的小人儿，从头到脚都是自负和虚荣，更不用提其他的毛病了。

They are all alike. I remember sitting in a garden one sunny afternoon in the suburbs of London. Suddenly I heard a shrill treble voice calling from a top-story window to some unseen being,

presumably in one of the other gardens, "Gamma, me dood boy, me wery good boy, gamma; me dot on Bob's knickiebockies."

小孩儿们都是一样的。记得那是一个阳光灿烂的下午，我坐在伦敦郊区的一个花园里。突然从顶楼的窗户里，传来了一个刺耳的高音部嗓音，正冲着别的花园里某个我看不见的人喊：“外博（婆），我是乖宝宝，很乖很乖的宝宝，外博（婆），我要穿鲍勃的灯笼裤。”

Why, even animals are vain. I saw a great Newfoundland dog the other day sitting in front of a mirror at the entrance to a shop in Regent's Circus[1], and examining himself with an amount of smug satisfaction that I have never seen equaled elsewhere outside a vestry meeting.

其实，就连动物们也有虚荣心。有一天，我曾看到一只大型纽芬兰犬坐在摄政广场的一家商店门前照镜子，那种自鸣得意的神气，我只在教区会议上才见过。

I was at a farm-house once when some high holiday was being celebrated. I don't remember what the occasion was, but it was something festive, a May Day[2] or Quarter Day[3], or something of that sort, and they put a garland of f lowers round the head of one of the cows. Well, that absurd quadruped went about all day as perky as a schoolgirl in a new frock; and when they took the wreath off she became quite sulky, and they had to put it on again before she would stand still to be milked. This is not a Percy[4] anecdote. It is plain, sober truth.

有一次我在农场，正逢人们庆祝某个盛大的节日。我记不清那是什么节日了，但总之是像五朔节或者季度日那种值得欢庆的节日。人们把一个装饰花环戴在了一只母牛的头上。结果，这可笑的畜生全天都在神气活现地四处疯跑，活像穿了新衣服的女学生。人们把花环拿走的时候，她郁闷极了，不肯好好站着让人挤奶，于是人们又不得不把花环戴回到她头上。这不是珀西神父所讲的奇闻轶事，而是实实在在、明明白白发生过的真事。

As for cats, they nearly equal human beings for vanity. I have known a cat get up and walk out of the room on a remark derogatory to her species being made by a visitor, while a neatly turned compliment will set them purring for an hour.

至于猫，她们的虚荣心，几乎可以和人类相媲美了。我知道一只猫，当家里有客人对猫类一族出言不逊的时候，她就会站起来，愤然离开房间。然而几句好听的恭维话，又能使她咕噜咕噜地哼上一小时。

I do like cats. They are so unconsciously amusing. There is such a comic dignity about them, such a "How dare you!" "Go away, don't touch me" sort of air. Now, there is nothing haughty about a dog. They are "Hail, fellow, well met" with every Tom, Dick, or Harry that

they come across. When I meet a dog of my acquaintance I slap his head, call him opprobrious epithets, and roll him over on his back; and there he lies, gaping at me, and doesn't mind it a bit.

我确实喜欢猫。她们总是逗人发笑，却又从不刻意为之。她们那不可侵犯的尊严有种浑然天成的喜剧效果，摆出“你敢！”或者“滚开，别碰我”之类的姿态。如今，狗身上就没有任何傲气。他们对遇到的每个甲乙丙丁，都是一副“嘿，朋友，幸会幸会”的面孔。我见到熟人的狗时，总是使劲拍拍他的头，给他起些粗俗的外号，然后把他推得四腿朝天；他就那么躺在地上，张着嘴盯着我看，全然不介意我的所作所为。

Fancy carrying on like that with a cat! Why, she would never speak to you again as long as you lived. No, when you want to win the approbation of a cat you must mind what you are about and work your way carefully. If you don't know the cat, you had best begin by saying, "Poor pussy." After which add "did 'urns" in a tone of soothing sympathy. You don't know what you mean any more than the cat does, but the sentiment seems to imply a proper spirit on your part, and generally touches her feelings to such an extent that if you are of good manners and passable appearance she will stick her back up and rub her nose against you. Matters having reached this stage, you may venture to chuck her under the chin and tickle the side of her head, and the intelligent creature will then stick her claws into your legs; and all is friendship and affection, as so sweetly expressed in the beautiful lines—

想象一下，假如你也这么对待一只猫会怎样！哼，有生之年她都不会再睬你一眼！不要这样对待她，如果你想获得猫的认可，需得小心谨慎，步步为营。假如你和猫不熟，最好先称呼她为“可怜的咪咪”，然后再用同情的语气抚慰她“他们怎么你了？”你和猫都不懂这话的意思，但是言语中流露出的感情，至少说明你的态度端正。假如你礼貌周全，长得也算顺眼，她往往会被打动，挺起身子拿鼻子蹭你。到了这个阶段，你就可以大着胆子用手摸摸她的下巴，或是挠挠她的脑袋。这时，这个聪明的小家伙就会把爪子往你腿里戳。一切洋溢着友好而甜蜜的气氛，正如下面美丽的诗句中所表达的：

"I love little pussy, her coat is so warm, And if I don't tease her she'll do me no harm; So I'll stroke her, and pat her, and feed her with food, And pussy will love me because I am good."

“我爱小猫咪，皮毛多温暖，我不惹她急，她保我平安；摸摸又拍拍，给她解解馋，猫咪也爱我，因为我心善。”

The last two lines of the stanza give us a pretty true insight into pussy's notions of human goodness. It is evident that in her opinion goodness consists of stroking her, and patting her, and feeding her with food. I fear this narrow-minded view of virtue, though, is not confined to pussies. We are all inclined to adopt a similar standard of

merit in our estimate of other people. A good man is a man who is good to us, and a bad man is a man who doesn't do what we want him to. The truth is, we each of us have an inborn conviction that the whole world, with everybody and everything in it, was created as a sort of necessary appendage to ourselves. Our fellow men and women were made to admire us and to minister to our various requirements. You and I, dear reader, are each the center of the universe in our respective opinions. You, as I understand it, were brought into being by a considerate Providence in order that you might read and pay me for what I write; while I, in your opinion, am an article sent into the world to write something for you to read. The stars—as we term the myriad other worlds that are rushing down beside us through the eternal silence— were put into the heavens to make the sky look interesting for us at night; and the moon with its dark mysteries and ever-hidden face is an arrangement for us to flirt under.

该诗节中的最后两句清晰准确地点出了猫判断人好坏的依据。很显然，在她眼中，摸她、拍她、喂养她的，就是好人。然而，有这种狭隘是非观的，恐怕并不仅仅是猫。我们在评判他人时，也有采取类似打分标准的倾向。好人，就是对我们好的人；坏人，就是不听我们话的人。事实上，我们每一个人，内心深处都有一种与生俱来的信念，认为这个包容万物的大千世界仅仅是我们自身的必要陪衬。而同时代的男男女女们，不过是为了崇拜我们，以及满足我们各种各样的需求而诞生的。不管是你——亲爱的读者，还是我，在我们各自心中，都是宇宙的中心。按我的理解来看，慷慨的神让你降生于世，是因为你可能会阅读和购买我的小说。而你心目中的我，之所以在世为人，就是为了给你写书，供你阅读。星星，这是我们对无数个其他世界的称谓，它们穿越亘古不变的寂静，于我们身旁滑落，但在我们眼中，星群就是为了让我们的夜空看起来意趣盎然才被置于天空中的；至于月亮，它背后暗藏的神秘和始终遮掩着的脸庞，不过是为了我们谈情说爱而摆放的道具。

I fear we are most of us like Mrs. Poyser's[5] bantam cock, who fancied the sun got up every morning to hear him crow. "'Tis vanity that makes the world go round." I don't believe any man ever existed without vanity, and if he did he would be an extremely uncomfortable person to have anything to do with. He would, of course, be a very good man, and we should respect him very much. He would be a very admirable man—a man to be put under a glass case and shown round as a specimen—a man to be stuck upon a pedestal and copied, like a school exercise—a man to be reverenced, but not a man to be loved, not a human brother whose hand we should care to grip. Angels may be very excellent sort of folk in their way, but we, poor mortals, in our present state, would probably find them precious slow company. Even mere good people are rather depressing. It is in our faults and failings, not in our virtues, that we touch one another and find sympathy. We

differ widely enough in our nobler qualities. It is in our follies that we are at one. Some of us are pious, some of us are generous. Some few of us are honest, comparatively speaking; and some, fewer still, may possibly be truthful. But in vanity and kindred weaknesses we can all join hands. Vanity is one of those touches of nature that make the whole world kin. From the Indian hunter, proud of his belt of scalps, from the European general, swelling beneath his row of stars and medals, to the "professional beauty," suffering tortures in order that her waist may resemble a peg-top; from draggle-tailed little Polly Stiggins, strutting through Seven Dials[6] with a tattered parasol over her head, to the princess sweeping through a drawing-room with a train of four yards long; from 'Arry, winning by vulgar chaff the loud laughter of his pals, to the statesman whose ears are tickled by the cheers that greet his high-sounding periods; —all march, and fight, and bleed, and die beneath its tawdry flag.

恐怕我们大部分人都像波伊泽太太的那只矮脚公鸡，认为太阳之所以每天清晨升起，就是为了听它啼叫。“这种虚荣是世界运转的动力。”我认为不存在没有任何虚荣心的人。即使有这样的人，肯定也极难与之共处。他当然会是个好人，我们应当十分尊敬他。他会是个可钦可敬的人——一个应该被装在玻璃器皿里当作标本到处展览的人——一个应该被放在垫座上，供人临摹的人，就像学校里的一门功课——这样的人得到的会是敬意，但不是爱意，不会有人紧紧攥住他的手，当他是自己的好兄弟。在他们的世界里，天使可能是非常优秀的一群人，但我们这些可怜的凡夫俗子，在当前的状况下，却极可能觉得他们无趣乏味，不愿与之为伍。甚至是纯粹的好人也还是令人沮丧。让我们彼此触动、惺惺相惜的，不是美德，而是我们身上的缺点和不足。我们在崇高的品行上千差万别，可到了缺点毛病上，却同心同德。我们中间有些人很虔诚，有些人很慷慨。相对来说，我们中很少有一些人很老实，而更少的人可能还非常诚实。但在虚荣心和诸如此类的弱点上，我们却可以携起手来。虚荣心是大自然的一种天性，让整个世界亲如一家。印第安猎人为其动物皮革制的腰带而得意；欧洲将军为胸前缀满的军衔勋章而骄傲；“职业美女”则忍饥挨饿，想要将腰肢瘦成如木制梨形陀螺一般；小波莉·斯蒂金斯蓬头垢面，头顶撑着一把破阳伞，昂首阔步地走过七晷区；公主陛下拖着四码长的裙裾，风姿卓然地穿过客厅；讲粗俗笑话的哈里因为同伴的大笑而志得意满；发表高谈阔论的政客因为民众的欢呼而舒服到了耳朵根；一切行军、战斗、流血和死亡都在虚荣那俗丽的旗帜下进行着。

Ay, ay, vanity is truly the motive-power that moves humanity, and it is flattery that greases the wheels. If you want to win affection and respect in this world, you must f latter people. Flatter high and low, and rich and poor, and silly and wise. You will get on famously. Praise this man's virtues and that man's vices. Compliment everybody upon everything, and especially upon what they haven't got. Admire

guys for their beauty, fools for their wit, and boors for their breeding. Your discernment and intelligence will be extolled to the skies.

唉，虚荣心确实是推动人类进步的原动力，而阿谀奉承则是历史车轮的润滑剂。假如你想在这个世界上赢得喜爱和尊重，就必须恭维别人。不管他是位居要职，还是身份低贱；不管他是家财万贯，还是穷困潦倒；不管他是聪明过人，还是头脑简单，说些奉承话，你会无往不胜。颂扬甲的善，吹捧乙的恶。恭维每个人做的每件事，尤其是那些他们没有的东西。称赞丑人的美丽，蠢人的智慧，粗人的教养，人们会将你的眼力和智慧夸上天。

Every one can be got over by flattery. The belted earl—"belted earl" is the correct phrase, I believe. I don't know what it means, unless it be an earl that wears a belt instead of braces. Some men do. I don't like it myself. You have to keep the thing so tight for it to be of any use, and that is uncomfortable. Anyhow, whatever particular kind of an earl a belted earl may be, he is, I assert, get-overable by flattery; just as every other human being is, from a duchess to a cat's-meat man, from a plow boy to a poet—and the poet far easier than the plowboy, for butter sinks better into wheaten bread than into oaten cakes.

每个人都会被恭维征服。绶带伯爵——我认为“绶带伯爵”就是恰当的字眼儿。我不知道它是什么意思，除非这位伯爵身上穿戴的不是背带而是绶带。有些人就会这么做，但我自己不喜欢。非要绷得很紧，那东西才管用，可那么做很不舒服。不管怎么说，不管绶带伯爵是位多么特别的伯爵，我都敢肯定，这位伯爵肯定是能够被恭维征服的；就像所有其他人一样，不管是公爵夫人，还是卖猫食的小贩，是农夫，还是诗人——不过诗人远比农夫容易征服，因为甜言蜜语就像黄油，渗入小麦面包远比燕麦饼来得容易。

As for love, flattery is its very life-blood. Fill a person with love for themselves, and what runs over will be your share, says a certain witty and truthful Frenchman whose name I can't for the life of me remember. (Confound it! I never can remember names when I want to.) Tell a girl she is an angel, only more angelic than an angel; that she is a goddess, only more graceful, queenly, and heavenly than the average goddess; that she is more fairy-like than Titania[7], more beautiful than Venus, more enchanting than Parthenope[8]; more adorable, lovely, and radiant, in short, than any other woman that ever did live, does live, or could live, and you will make a very favorable impression upon her trusting little heart. Sweet innocent! She will believe every word you say. It is so easy to deceive a woman—in this way.

对于爱情来说，恭维更是有如生命之血。有一位睿智且诚实的法国人，我怎么也想不起他的名字（真可恶！想提某人名字的时候我从来都

不记得），他说得一针见血：让一个人沉浸在他对自己的爱中，溢出来的部分就能被你所分享。告诉一个女孩她是天使，只不过比天使更加纯洁可爱；她是女神，只不过比一般的女神更加优雅，威严，神圣；她比仙后泰坦尼娅更像仙后，比美神维纳斯更美丽，比帕耳忒诺珀更让人着迷。简而言之，比世上任何曾有的、现有的、将有的其他女子都更加动人，可爱，耀眼。这样，你就会在她那个容易产生信赖的小小心房中留下极为美好的印象。她是多么天真可爱啊！她会相信你说的每句话。骗一个女人就是这么简单——当然是以这种方式。

Dear little souls, they hate flattery, so they tell you; and when you say, "Ah, darling, it isn't flattery in your case, it's plain, sober truth; you really are, without exaggeration, the most beautiful, the most good, the most charming, the most divine, the most perfect human creature that ever trod this earth," they will smile a quiet, approving smile, and, leaning against your manly shoulder, murmur that you are a dear good fellow after all.

小可人儿们会告诉你，她们不爱听奉承话；但是当你说“啊，亲爱的，对你来说这不是奉承，而是清清楚楚、明明白白的事实；毫不夸张地说，你确实是在地球上生活过的最美丽、善良、迷人、圣洁、完美的人”，这时，她们就会默默地露出赞许的微笑，然后依靠在你宽阔的肩头，柔声说你真是个可爱的好人。

By Jove! Fancy a man trying to make love on strictly truthful principles, determining never to utter a word of mere compliment or hyperbole, but to scrupulously confine himself to exact fact! Fancy his gazing rapturously into his mistress' eyes and whispering softly to her that she wasn't, on the whole, bad-looking, as girls went! Fancy his holding up her little hand and assuring her that it was of a light drab color shot with red; and telling her as he pressed her to his heart that her nose, for a turned-up one, seemed rather pretty; and that her eyes appeared to him, as far as he could judge, to be quite up to the average standard of such things!

天啊！想象一下，假如一个人试着严格按照实事求是的原则谈恋爱，绝不吐露任何恭维或夸张的言辞，而是小心翼翼地将自己限制在事实真相之内，那该会是怎么一副模样！想象一下，他如痴如醉地盯着恋人的双眸，柔声私语：作为一个女孩，总体来说你还不算难看！想象一下，他握着恋人的小手，安慰她说：皮肤就是稍微有点儿发黄，有些红点。在拥她入怀的时候，告诉她说：你的鼻子在朝天鼻里看起来算是相当漂亮的了。你的眼睛，根据他的判断，也相当符合一般标准！

A nice chance he would stand against the man who would tell her that her face was like a fresh blush rose, that her hair was a wandering sunbeam imprisoned by her smiles, and her eyes like two evening stars.

而与他不同的是，他的情敌则会情意绵绵地告诉女孩，她的面庞像

新生的玫瑰一般娇艳，她的秀发就像一束灵动的阳光，被她的笑容团团围住，而她的双眸，则宛如夜空中的星辰一般璀璨。

There are various ways of flattering, and, of course, you must adapt your style to your subject. Some people like it laid on with a trowel, and this requires very little art. With sensible persons, however, it needs to be done very delicately, and more by suggestion than actual words. A good many like it wrapped up in the form of an insult, as—“Oh, you are a perfect fool, you are. You would give your last sixpence to the first hungry-looking beggar you met;" while others will swallow it only when administered through the medium of a third person, so that if C wishes to get at an A of this sort, he must confide to A's particular friend B that he thinks A a splendid fellow, and beg him, B, not to mention it, especially to A. Be careful that B is a reliable man, though, otherwise he won't.

恭维的方式多种多样，毫无疑问，在方式选择上需要因人而异。有些人就喜欢听层层堆砌的溢美之辞，这种恭维法几乎不需花费技巧。可对那些敏感的人，就要十分讲究恭维的手法了，要少些单刀直入，多些借题发挥。很多人都喜欢那些看似侮辱，实则恭维的方式，像是——“哦，你可真是个傻瓜，真傻。如果遇到一个看起来饥肠辘辘的乞丐，即使身上只剩六便士了，你也会全部给人家。”还有人只会欣然接受从第三者那里辗转传来的恭维。所以，如果丙想说几句甲的好话，他就得先找甲的好朋友乙倾诉一番，说他认为甲是个十分优秀的人，并且乞求乙不要对别人提及他们的对话，尤其不要告诉甲。需要注意的是，乙确实要很可靠，否则，丙不会对他夸赞甲。

Those fine, sturdy John Bulls[9] who "hate flattery, sir," "Never let anybody get over me by flattery," etc., etc., are very simply managed. Flatter them enough upon their absence of vanity, and you can do what you like with them.

那些仪表堂堂但刻板无趣的英国人会说“先生，我讨厌溜须拍马”，“从来不会因任何人的好话而忘乎所以”等等言语，但搞定他们其实很简单。只需赞扬他们毫无虚荣心，他们就会任你摆布。

After all, vanity is as much a virtue as a vice. It is easy to recite copybook maxims against its sinfulness, but it is a passion that can move us to good as well as to evil. Ambition is only vanity ennobled. We want to win praise and admiration—or fame as we prefer to name it—and so we write great books, and paint grand pictures, and sing sweet songs; and toil with willing hands in study, loom, and laboratory.

归根到底，虚荣心既是一种美德，也是一种恶行。要列举陈腐的名言警句来批判虚荣的罪恶绝非难事，但虚荣却的确带给我们一股激情，既能推动我们行善，也能诱使我们作恶。所谓雄心壮志，也不过是升华了的虚荣心而已。我们渴望获得赞扬和欣赏——或者按照我们更喜欢的

说法，我们渴望获得名誉——所以我们撰写长篇巨著，描绘恢宏画作，演唱美妙歌谣；在书房中、织布机上、实验室内任劳任怨地工作。

We wish to become rich men, not in order to enjoy ease and comfort— all that any one man can taste of those may be purchased anywhere for 200 pounds per annum—but that our houses may be bigger and more gaudily furnished than our neighbors'; that our horses and servants may be more numerous; that we may dress our wives and daughters in absurd but expensive clothes; and that we may give costly dinners of which we ourselves individually do not eat a shilling's worth. And to do this we aid the world's work with clear and busy brain, spreading commerce among its peoples, carrying civilization to its remotest corners.

我们渴望变成富翁，却并非为了享受安逸和舒坦——所有那些任何人在任何地方每年花上200镑都能买到的生活——而是为了我们的房子能够比邻居家的更大，装修更华丽。我们能够拥有更多的马匹和佣人，我们能够让妻子和女儿穿上样式古怪但价值不菲的衣服，我们能够置办昂贵的晚餐，虽然我们自己连一先令的价值也没品出来。为了这一切，我们利用自己清晰、忙碌的头脑辅助这个世界的运作，将商业交易扩展到各个民族之间，将文明传播到世界上最偏远的角落。

Do not let us abuse vanity, therefore. Rather let us use it. Honor itself is but the highest form of vanity. The instinct is not confined solely to Beau Brummels[10] and Dolly Vardens[11]. There is the vanity of the peacock and the vanity of the eagle. Snobs are vain. But so, too, are heroes. Come, oh! My young brother bucks, let us be vain together. Let us join hands and help each other to increase our vanity. Let us be vain, not of our trousers and hair, but of brave hearts and working hands, of truth, of purity, of nobility. Let us be too vain to stoop to aught that is mean or base, too vain for petty selfishness and little-minded envy, too vain to say an unkind word or do an unkind act. Let us be vain of being single-hearted, upright gentlemen in the midst of a world of knaves. Let us pride ourselves upon thinking high thoughts, achieving great deeds, living good lives.

因此，不要滥用虚荣心，而要对它善加利用。荣誉本身也不过是虚荣心的最高表现形式。虚荣的本能并不仅属于布鲁梅尔和多莉·瓦登们。孔雀有虚荣心，老鹰也有虚荣心。势利小人爱慕虚荣，英雄好汉也不例外。啊，我年轻的兄弟们，来吧！让我们一起虚荣！让我们携起手来，助长彼此的虚荣心吧！让我们不为穿着和发型，只为了勇敢的心、勤劳的双手，为了真理、纯洁、高尚而虚荣吧！让我们充满虚荣，以至于不屑为卑微或低俗屈尊俯就，不屑于小气量的私心和小心眼的嫉妒，不屑于说一句坏话，做一件坏事。让我们在这个恶棍横行的世界中，虚荣地做个诚实、正直的君子。让我们为自己崇高的思想、伟大的功绩、美好的生活而骄傲吧！

(1)摄政广场，现在叫皮卡迪利广场，是伦敦最有名的圆形广场，兴建于1892年。

(2)季度日，在英国和爱尔兰的传统中，一年有四个季度结账日，大概在春分、秋分、夏至和冬至日。这一天，主人可以更换佣人，各种租金和利息也在这一天结清。

(3)五朔节，是欧洲春天最古老的节日之一，旨在庆祝春天里百花盛开的景象。

(4)托马斯·珀西（1729—1811），英国诗人、主教、古物收藏家。

(5)波伊泽太太，乔治·艾略特小说中的村妇，“她就像一只以为太阳每天清晨升起来是为听它打鸣的公鸡”。

(6)七晷区，伦敦地名，为科文特加登旁一条著名的路口，有七条路在这里交汇。

(7)泰坦尼娅，中世纪民间传说中的仙后，是仙王奥伯龙的王后。

(8)帕耳忒诺珀，希腊神话里的塞壬女妖之一，因用歌声迷惑奥德修斯不成而投海自尽。

(9)约翰牛，对英国或英国人的绰号称谓，拟人化用语。

(10)博·布鲁梅尔（1778—1840），英国的一名纨绔子弟，其深色朴素的服式成为英国摄政时期男式流行服装的代表。

(11)多莉·瓦登，狄更斯小说《巴纳比·拉奇》中的一位女主人公，以其华美的服饰而闻名。

VI. On Getting On In The World

6.出人头地

Not exactly the sort of thing for an idle fellow to think about, is it? But outsiders, you know, often see most of the game; and sitting in my arbor by the wayside, smoking my hookah of contentment and eating the sweet lotus-leaves of indolence, I can look out musingly upon the whirling throng that rolls and tumbles past me on the great high-road of life.

这并不是懒人们会想的那类问题，对吧？但是你知道，通常总是旁观者清。坐在路边的树阴下，满足地抽两口水烟袋，懒散地嚼着香甜的忘忧树叶，我就可以若有所思地看着熙熙攘攘的人群从我眼前匆匆而过，连滚带爬地走在人生的大道上。

Never-ending is the wild procession. Day and night you can hear the quick tramp of the myriad feet—some running, some walking, some halting and lame; but all hastening, all eager in the feverish race, all straining life and limb and heart and soul to reach the ever-receding horizon of success.

这支疯狂的队伍永不停歇。不管是白天，还是黑夜，你都能听到他们匆忙而繁杂的脚步声——有些人在跑，有些人在走，而有些人步履蹒跚，走走停停。但在这场狂热的比赛中，所有人都在你追我赶，争前恐后，都将生命、身体、精神和灵魂发挥到了极限，期望触到成功那不断后退的地平线。

Mark them as they surge along—men and women, old and young, gentle and simple, fair and foul, rich and poor, merry and sad—all hurrying, bustling, scrambling. The strong pushing aside the weak, the cunning creeping past the foolish; those behind elbowing those before; those in front kicking, as they run, at those behind. Look close and see the flitting show. Here is an old man panting for breath, and there a timid maiden driven by a hard and sharp-faced matron; here is a studious youth, reading "How to Get On in the World" and letting everybody pass him as he stumbles along with his eyes on his book; here is a bored-looking man, with a fashionably dressed woman jogging his elbow; here a boy gazing wistfully back at the sunny village that he never again will see; here, with a firm and easy step, strides a broad-shouldered man; and here, with stealthy tread, a thin-faced, stooping fellow dodges and shuffles upon his way; here, with gaze fixed always on the ground, an artful rogue carefully works his way from side to side of the road and thinks he is going forward; and here a youth with a noble face stands, hesitating as he looks from the

distant goal to the mud beneath his feet.

看看这汹涌前行的人流吧——男的和女的、老的和少的、高贵的和低贱的、美丽的和丑陋的、贫穷的和富有的、快乐的和忧伤的——人人匆匆忙忙，吵吵闹闹，拥来挤去。强壮者把瘦弱者推到一边，狡猾者偷溜到迟钝者的前面；后面的人用胳膊肘推挤前面的人，前面的人又在奔跑时踢后面的人。仔细看看这飞驰而过的一幕幕吧！这边，一位年迈的老人正喘得上气不接下气；那边，一位羞怯的少女正被一个横眉怒目的主妇驱赶着前行。这边，一名好学的青年一面蹒跚而行，一面目不斜视地阅读着《如何出人头地》，任凭人们从他身边走过。那边，一名长相平平的男人正和打扮入时的女郎相携而行，女郎轻轻推着中年人的胳膊肘紧赶慢赶。这边，一个男孩留恋地回望着阳光照耀下的村庄，那是他永远不会再见到的地方；那边，一个肩膀宽阔的男人正步履稳健，昂首前行。这边，一个尖嘴猴腮、缩头缩脑的家伙正迈着鬼鬼祟祟的小步，见缝插针地钻别人的空子，一步一拖地往前走；那边，一个狡猾的无赖正眼不离地，精打细算地从路的一端穿到另一端，还自以为在前行。路边还站着一位神情高贵的青年，他看看遥远的目标，又看看脚下泥泞的土地，踟蹰不前。

And now into sight comes a fair girl, with her dainty face growing more wrinkled at every step, and now a care-worn man, and now a hopeful lad.

现在，映入我们眼帘的是一位漂亮姑娘，然而每走一步，她秀丽的容颜就增添一道皱纹。她身后是一位愁绪满怀的男子，再之后是一位雄心勃勃的小伙子。

A motley throng—a motley throng! Prince and beggar, sinner and saint, butcher and baker and candlestick maker, tinkers and tailors, and plowboys and sailors—all jostling along together. Here the counsel in his wig and gown, and here the old Jew clothes-man under his dingy tiara; here the soldier in his scarlet, and here the undertaker's mute in streaming hat-band and worn cotton gloves; here the musty scholar fumbling his faded leaves, and here the scented actor dangling his showy seals. Here the glib politician crying his legislative panaceas, and here the peripatetic Cheap-Jack holding aloft his quack cures for human ills. Here the sleek capitalist and there the sinewy laborer; here the man of science and here the shoe-black; here the poet and here the water-rate collector; here the cabinet minister and there the ballet-dancer. Here a red-nosed publican shouting the praises of his vats and there a temperance lecturer at 50 pounds a night; here a judge and there a swindler; here a priest and there a gambler. Here a jeweled duchess, smiling and gracious; here a thin lodging-house keeper, irritable with cooking; and here a wabbling, strutting thing, tawdry in paint and finery.

这支队伍鱼龙混杂——真是鱼龙混杂！王子和乞丐，罪人和圣徒，

屠夫、面包师和烛台匠，补锅匠和裁缝，还有农家子弟和水手——所有的人都在彼此推搡着前进。这边是头戴假发、身穿法袍的律师；而这边是戴着邋遢头饰的犹太老裁缝。这边是穿着鲜红制服的军人；而这边是头顶飘着黑色缎带的丧帽，手戴破旧棉布手套，缄口不言的殡仪员。这边，腐朽的老学究颤颤巍巍地抚摸着他那已经字迹暗淡的书页；而这边，洒了香水的男演员披着他的海豹皮大衣极尽招摇。这边，巧舌如簧的政客在高声叫卖自己有关立法的济世灵药；而这边，四海为家的江湖小贩也在吹嘘着他那骗人的治病良方。这边是红光满面的资本家，那边是身强体壮的劳动者。这边是科学家，这边是擦鞋匠。这边是诗人，这边是水费收缴员。这边是内阁大臣，那边是芭蕾舞演员。这边，红鼻子的酒馆老板大声夸耀他的大桶酒藏；那边，演说家每晚收费五十镑宣传戒酒。这边是法官，那边是骗子。这边是牧师，而那边是赌徒。这边是珠光宝气的公爵夫人，面带微笑、亲切大方；这边是面黄肌瘦的公寓管理员，发现谁做饭就会大发雷霆；而这边还有个打扮俗艳的妓女大摇大摆地一路走来。

Cheek by cheek they struggle onward. Screaming, cursing, and praying, laughing, singing, and moaning, they rush past side by side. Their speed never slackens, the race never ends. There is no wayside rest for them, no halt by cooling fountains, no pause beneath green shades. On, on, on—on through the heat and the crowd and the dust—on, or they will be trampled down and lost—on, with throbbing brain and tottering limbs—on, till the heart grows sick, and the eyes grow blurred, and a gurgling groan tells those behind they may close up another space.

他们脸贴着脸奋勇前行。他们肩挨着肩，尖叫着，咒骂着，祈祷着，笑着，唱着，呻吟着，冲向前方。他们从未放慢脚步，也从未停止赛跑。没有时间让他们在路边停歇，没有清凉的泉水供他们驻足，更没有绿阴供他们停留。前进，前进，前进——在炎热中，在人潮中，在尘土中不停地前进——前进，不然会被后面的人踩在脚下，输掉比赛——前进，虽然头昏脑胀，步履蹒跚——前进，直到内心疲惫，目光模糊，口齿不清地呻吟着告诉那些后面的人：你们可以过来填补我的空缺。

And yet, in spite of the killing pace and the stony track, who but the sluggard or the dolt can hold aloof from the course? Who—like the belated traveler that stands watching fairy revels till he snatches and drains the goblin cup and springs into the whirling circle—can view the mad tumult and not be drawn into its midst? Not I, for one. I confess to the wayside arbor, the pipe of contentment, and the lotus leaves being altogether unsuitable metaphors. They sounded very nice and philosophical, but I'm afraid I am not the sort of person to sit in arbors smoking pipes when there is any fun going on outside. I think I more resemble the Irishman who, seeing a crowd collecting, sent his little girl out to ask if there was going to be a row —" 'Cos, if so, father would like to be in it."

可是，虽然道路崎岖，前进的速度也让人疲惫不堪，但除了懒汉和傻瓜，有谁能逃离这人生的赛跑呢？就像那个天色已晚尚在赶路的旅人一样，站在一旁观看精灵狂欢，最后终于忍不住夺过小妖精的酒杯一饮而尽，并且纵身跳入令人眩晕的喧闹之中，我们中间又有谁能冷眼旁观狂欢的人群，而不被吸引加入其中呢？起码我就做不到。老实说，路边的树阴，令人心满意足的烟斗，以及忘忧树叶都是不恰当的比喻。它们听起来非常美妙，也显得很达观，但我恐怕不属于那种面对外面世界的精彩，还可以坐在树阴里悠然地抽烟斗的人。我觉得我更像那个爱尔兰人，他只要看到一堆人聚在一起，就会派自己的小女儿出去打探情况，问问是不是有人吵架，“因为，要是有人吵架，爸爸也想去凑个热闹。”

I love the fierce strife. I like to watch it. I like to hear of people getting on in it—battling their way bravely and fairly—that is, not slipping through by luck or trickery. It stirs one's old Saxon fighting blood like the tales of "knights who fought 'gainst fearful odds" that thrilled us in our school-boy days.

我爱激烈的冲突。我喜欢旁观，也喜欢听到有人挺身而出——英勇而光明正大地为自己战斗——那就是说，不是靠运气和诡计逃避战斗。撒克逊人古老的好战因子被激发出来，就像在学生时代听到“斩妖除魔的骑士故事”一样，我们就会热血沸腾。

And fighting the battle of life is fighting against fearful odds, too. There are giants and dragons in this nineteenth century, and the golden casket that they guard is not so easy to win as it appears in the storybooks. There, Algernon takes one long, last look at the ancestral hall, dashes the tear-drop from his eye, and goes off—to return in three years' time, rolling in riches. The authors do not tell us "how it's done," which is a pity, for it would surely prove exciting.

生活中的战斗就是和令人生畏的未知事物斗争。十九世纪的今天，也有巨人和恶龙，而他们守护的那个金色宝盒，却不像故事书里所说的那么容易拿到。故事里，阿尔杰农长久地凝视着祖屋泪如雨下，然后转身启程——三年后他衣锦还乡，腰缠万贯。但是作者却偏偏略过了他“怎么变富”的那三年，这真是个遗憾，因为那段故事肯定会令人激动不已。

But then not one novelist in a thousand ever does tell us the real story of their hero. They linger for a dozen pages over a tea-party, but sum up a life's history with "he had become one of our merchant princes," or "he was now a great artist, with the world at his feet." Why, there is more real life in one of Gilbert's[1] patter-songs than in half the biographical novels ever written. He relates to us all the various steps by which his office-boy rose to be the "ruler of the queen's navee,"[2] and explains to us how the brief less barrister managed to become a great and good judge, "ready to try this breach of promise of marriage."[3] It is in the petty details, not in the great results, that the interest of existence lies.

然而，一千个小说家中，也没有一个会告诉我们他们笔下主人公的真实经历。他们花费十几页的笔墨描写一场茶会，却把人一生的故事浓缩成“他成了我们这个时代的商业巨子之一”，或是“他如今是一位伟大的艺术家，将世界踩在脚下”。为什么吉尔伯特一首顺口溜中反映的现实，都比那些传记小说所写的一半还真实。他告诉我们他笔下的办公室小职员升职到“女王海军统领”中间所经历的每一步，并向我们解释接不到官司的律师如何变身成为伟大而优秀的法官，并“决心试试这个违背婚姻承诺的官司”。让我们感兴趣的是事情发展的细枝末节，而不是结局的皆大欢喜。

What we really want is a novel showing us all the hidden under-current of an ambitious man's career—his struggles, and failures, and hopes, his disappointments and victories. It would be an immense success. I am sure the wooing of Fortune would prove quite as interesting a tale as the wooing of any flesh-and-blood maiden, though, by the way, it would read extremely similar; for Fortune is, indeed, as the ancients painted her, very like a woman—not quite so unreasonable and inconsistent, but nearly so—and the pursuit is much the same in one case as in the other. Ben Jonson's[4] couplet—

我们真正想在一本小说里读到的，是雄心勃勃的人们职业生涯下所有潜藏着的暗流——他的奋斗与失败，希望与失望，还有他大大小小的成功。这样的小说，绝对会是巨大的成功。我相信追求命运女神会和追求任何一位有血有肉的少女一样，是个有趣的故事，而且读起来也会极为相似；因为命运女神的的确确像我们祖先所描绘的那样，就像一个普通女人——虽然少了些不可理喻、反复无常，但也相差不大——所以追求两者的过程也大概是差不多的。本·琼森的对句——

"Court a mistress, she denies you; Let her alone, she will court you"—

“追她的时候，她避之不及；不理她的时候，她倒来追你。”

puts them both in a nutshell. A woman never thoroughly cares for her lover until he has ceased to care for her; and it is not until you have snapped your fingers in Fortune's face and turned on your heel that she begins to smile upon you.

这很好地总结了两者的相同点。女人从来不将全副心思放在恋人身上，除非恋人不再将全副心思放在她身上；命运女神绝不会对你微笑，除非你当着她的面把手掰得噼啪作响，然后掉头离去。

But by that time you do not much care whether she smiles or frowns. Why could she not have smiled when her smiles would have filled you with ecstasy? Everything comes too late in this world.

但是到了那个时刻，你已不再关心她是笑是颦了。当她展颜一笑就能让你欣喜若狂时，为什么她却不肯笑笑？这世上的一切，总是来得太迟。

Good people say that it is quite right and proper that it should be so, and that it proves ambition is wicked.

好人们会说：事情本就如此，再天经地义不过，而且，这也证明野心是邪恶的东西。

Bosh! Good people are altogether wrong. (They always are, in my opinion. We never agree on any single point.) What would the world do without ambitious people, I should like to know? Why, it would be as flabby as a Norfolk dumpling. Ambitious people are the leaven which raises it into wholesome bread. Without ambitious people the world would never get up. They are busybodies who are about early in the morning, hammering, shouting, and rattling the fire-irons, and rendering it generally impossible for the rest of the house to remain in bed.

这真是胡说八道！好人们彻底错了（在我看来他们一向如此。我们从来没在哪件事情上取得过一致）。我倒想知道如果这个世界上少了那些野心勃勃的家伙，会变成什么样子？它肯定会像诺福克面团一样粘软无力。野心家们就是加在其中的酵母，让面团变成了营养丰富的面包。少了他们，世界就永远不会有所进步。他们从清晨就开始忙忙碌碌,锤锤打打,吵吵嚷嚷，把火铲翻弄得当当作响。有了他们，房子里的其他人基本不可能躺在床上继续睡觉。

Wrong to be ambitious, forsooth! The men wrong who, with bent back and sweating brow, cut the smooth road over which humanity marches forward from generation to generation! Men wrong for using the talents that their Master has intrusted to them—for toiling while others play!

野心勃勃是错误的，可不是！错就错在他们弯腰弓背，满头大汗，为一代代人的前进开辟通天大道！错就错在他们利用主赋予他们的才华，在别人玩乐享受的时候辛勤工作！

Of course they are seeking their reward. Man is not given that godlike unselfishness that thinks only of others' good. But in working for themselves they are working for us all. We are so bound together that no man can labor for himself alone. Each blow he strikes in his own behalf helps to mold the universe. The stream in struggling onward turns the mill-wheel; the coral insect, fashioning its tiny cell, joins continents to one another; and the ambitious man, building a pedestal for himself, leaves a monument to posterity. Alexander and Caesar fought for their own ends, but in doing so they put a belt of civilization half round the earth. Stephenson[5], to win a fortune, invented the steam-engine; and Shakespeare wrote his plays in order to keep a comfortable home for Mrs. Shakespeare and the little Shakespeares.

他们当然不会不求回报。人类没有神一般的无私心肠，只为他人谋取福利。但是，他们为自己奋斗的同时，也是在为我们所有人奋斗。我们是如此休戚相关，任何人都不可能做到只为他自己劳动。每个人都在挥动铁锤，为自己捶打，同时也在塑造着整个宇宙。河流奋力向前奔腾的同时带动了磨坊水轮的旋转；珊瑚虫在打造自己小窝的同时，将不同的大陆连成了一片；野心家们为自己建造的塑像底座，成了子孙后代的纪念碑；亚历山大和凯撒为了自己的目标四处征战，但却为半个地球带来了文明；斯蒂芬森是为了获取财富而发明了蒸汽机；莎士比亚是为了给妻儿营造一个温馨的家才写下那一篇篇传世的巨作。

Contented, unambitious people are all very well in their way. They form a neat, useful background for great portraits to be painted against, and they make a respectable, if not particularly intelligent, audience for the active spirits of the age to play before. I have not a word to say against contented people so long as they keep quiet. But do not, for goodness' sake, let them go strutting about, as they are so fond of doing, crying out that they are the true models for the whole species. Why, they are the deadheads, the drones in the great hive, the street crowds that lounge about, gaping at those who are working.

小富即安、胸无大志的人们也很不错。他们为巨幅画像提供了整洁而不可或缺的背景，他们是举止得体但并不十分聪明的观众，静静观看前方那些积极分子活跃在时代的舞台上。只要他们保持沉默，我对容易知足的人们没有任何意见。但是上天保佑，可千万别让他们招摇过市，就像他们非常喜欢做的那样，高声宣扬自己才是人类的范本。他们是免费看戏的闲人，是巨大蜂房里不做工的雄蜂，是在街上闲逛的一伙，看到别人工作，还要张开大嘴打个哈欠。

And let them not imagine, either—as they are also fond of doing— that they are very wise and philosophical and that it is a very artful thing to be contented. It may be true that "a contented mind is happy anywhere," but so is a donkey, and the consequence is that both are put anywhere and are treated anyhow. "Oh, you need not bother about him," is what is said; "he is very contented as he is, and it would be a pity to disturb him." And so your contented party is passed over and the discontented man gets his place.

也不要让他们胡思乱想——这也是他们喜欢做的——认为自己睿智达观，认为能做到知足是一件巧妙机灵的事情。“知足常乐”，这句话或许没错，但对一头驴来说也是这样，而结果就是：两者都被任意摆布，随意对待。“哦，你用不着替他操心，”人们常常说，“他对自己目前的生活很满意，打扰他会令人遗憾。”然后，这些知足常乐的家伙就被草草忽略，而那些永不知足的人却找到了自己的位置。

If you are foolish enough to be contented, don't show it, but grumble with the rest; and if you can do with a little, ask for a great deal. Because if you don't you won't get any. In this world it is

necessary to adopt the principle pursued by the plaintiff in an action for damages, and to demand ten times more than you are ready to accept. If you can feel satisfied with a hundred, begin by insisting on a thousand; if you start by suggesting a hundred you will only get ten.

假如你竟然傻到可以心满意足，千万不要表现出来，而要和其他人一起发发牢骚。如果一丁点儿就能令你满足，记住还是得要一大块。因为假如你不这样做，连一丁点儿你都得不到。在这个世界上，原告上法庭要求损害赔偿的原则还是必要的，想要一倍，就得要求十倍。假如一百块能够满足你，开始就得坚持要一千；如果张嘴就只要一百，最后你只能得到十块钱。

It was by not following this simple plan that poor Jean Jacques Rousseau[6] came to such grief. He fixed the summit of his earthly bliss at living in an orchard with an amiable woman and a cow, and he never attained even that. He did get as far as the orchard, but the woman was not amiable, and she brought her mother with her, and there was no cow. Now, if he had made up his mind for a large country estate, a houseful of angels, and a cattle-show, he might have lived to possess his kitchen garden and one head of live-stock, and even possibly have come across that rara-avis—a really amiable woman.

可怜的让·雅克·卢梭就是因为没有遵循这个简单的计划，才会过得如此悲惨。他将最幸福的世俗生活定义为：一个果园，一位温柔可爱的女人和一头奶牛。可就是这样的生活，他也从未得到过。他确实有了一个果园，但是身边的女人却并不温柔可爱，她带了她的妈妈一起来生活，而且还没有奶牛。既然这样，假如他下定决心，要得到一座宏大的庄园、一屋子天使以及一群牛羊，倒说不定还能指望在活着的时候拥有自己的一个菜园子、一头牲畜，甚至可能碰到那种稀世珍宝——一位真正温柔可爱的女人。

What a terribly dull affair, too, life must be for contented people! How heavy the time must hang upon their hands, and what on earth do they occupy their thoughts with, supposing that they have any? Reading the paper and smoking seems to be the intellectual food of the majority of them, to which the more energetic add playing the f lute and talking about the affairs of the next-door neighbor.

对于容易满足的人们来说，生活又该是一件多么枯燥无味的事情！时间握在他们的手里是多么沉重，每天到底该用什么事情填补思想呢？假如他们还有一点儿想法的话。对于他们中的大多数人来说，读报和抽烟似乎就算是汲取精神食粮了，有些精力更充沛的，还会吹吹长笛，说说邻居的家长里短。

They never knew the excitement of expectation nor the stern delight of accomplished effort, such as stir the pulse of the man who has objects, and hopes, and plans. To the ambitious man life is a

brilliant game—a game that calls forth all his tact and energy and nerve—a game to be won, in the long run, by the quick eye and the steady hand, and yet having sufficient chance about its working out to give it all the glorious zest of uncertainty. He exults in it as the strong swimmer in the heaving billows, as the athlete in the wrestle, the soldier in the battle.

他们永远不了解满怀期待的那种兴奋，也不懂得付出的努力有所回报时那种踏实的愉悦。而这些则会激励那些有目标、有期望、有计划的人们，让他们热血沸腾。对于雄心勃勃的人来说，生活是一场精妙无比的游戏——要求他利用所有的智慧，投入全部的精力，调动全身的神经——从长远来看，只有那些目光敏锐、手法老练的人才能成为最后的赢家，但是游戏的成功却又包含了许多偶然因素，这使它充满了激动人心的不确定性。他醉心于这场游戏，就像沉醉于巨浪的强壮泳者、全力搏斗的运动员、冲锋陷阵的士兵。

And if he be defeated he wins the grim joy of fighting; if he lose the race, he, at least, has had a run. Better to work and fail than to sleep one's life away.

就算战败，他也赢得了严酷的战斗所带来的快乐；即使输掉比赛，至少他曾奋力奔跑过。经历过奋斗和失败，总比浑浑噩噩睡过整个人生要好。

So, walk up, walk up, walk up. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen! Walk up, boys and girls! Show your skill and try your strength; brave your luck and prove your pluck. Walk up! The show is never closed and the game is always going. The only genuine sport in all the fair, gentlemen—highly respectable and strictly moral—patronized by the nobility, clergy, and gentry. Established in the year one, gentlemen, and been flourishing ever since—walk up! Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and take a hand. There are prizes for all and all can play. There is gold for the man and fame for the boy; rank for the maiden and pleasure for the fool. So walk up, ladies and gentlemen, walk up! —all prizes and no blanks; for some few win, and as to the rest, why—

所以前进，前进，前进吧。前进吧，女士们先生们！前进吧，小伙子小姑娘！展示你们的才华，施展你们的才能，挑战你们的命运，证明你们的勇气。前进吧！人生的大幕永不会落下，人生的游戏将永远延续。先生们，这是人生竞技场上唯一真正的运动——体体面面，规规矩矩——备受贵族、牧师和绅士名流们的推崇。先生们，它创始于公元元年，从此兴旺发展——前进吧！前进吧，女士们先生们，加入到这个游戏中来吧。人人都能参加，个个都有奖品。奖给男人的是财富，奖给男孩的是名誉；奖给少女的是地位，奖给傻瓜的是快乐。所以，前进吧，女士们先生们，前进吧！个个有奖，无人遗漏；少数人会胜出，剩下的人嘛——

"The rapture of pursuing Is the prize the vanquished gain."[7]

“追逐时的快乐，就是失败者的奖品。”

(1)威廉·施文克·吉尔伯特（1836—1911），英国剧作家、文学家、诗人，写过富于幽默感的打油诗。

(2)这是轻歌剧《皮纳弗号》的剧情。

(3)这是轻歌剧《陪审团的审判》中的剧情和台词。

(4)本·琼森（1572—1637），英国诗人、剧作家、评论家，著作有《炼金术士》。

(5)乔治·斯蒂芬森（1781—1848），英国工程师、发明家，发明了新型蒸汽机车和蒸汽鼓风法。

(6)让·雅克·卢梭（1712—1778），法国著名启蒙思想家、文学家。著作有《民约论》、小说《爱弥尔》、自传《忏悔录》等。

(7)该诗句引自美国19世纪浪漫主义诗人亨利·沃兹沃思·朗费罗的诗歌。

VII. On The Weather

7.天气问题

Things do go so contrary-like with me. I wanted to hit upon an especially novel, out-of-the-way subject for one of these articles. "I will write one paper about something altogether new," I said to myself; "something that nobody else has ever written or talked about before; and then I can have it all my own way." And I went about for days, trying to think of something of this kind; and I couldn't. And Mrs. Cutting, our charwoman, came yesterday—I don't mind mentioning her name, because I know she will not see this book. She would not look at such a frivolous publication. She never reads anything but the Bible and Lloyd's Weekly News. All other literature she considers unnecessary and sinful.

事事总是有悖我意。我希望能为这堆文章中的某一篇想出一个特别新颖、出人意料的主题。我自言自语道："我要写写那些彻彻底底的新鲜玩意儿，没人写过，也没人聊过，这样就可以随我所想任意发挥了。"此后，我冥思苦想数天，想找到这样的题目，但毫无所获。卡廷太太，我们的女佣，昨天来了——我不在乎说出她的名字，因为我知道她不会看到这本书。她对这种无关紧要的著作瞧都不会瞧一眼。《圣经》和《劳埃德新闻周刊》之外的东西她从来不读，因为所有其他的文学作品在她眼中都是多余而罪恶的。

She said: "Lor', sir, you do look worried."

她说："天啊，先生，您看起来真焦虑。"

I said: "Mrs. Cutting, I am trying to think of a subject the discussion of which will come upon the world in the nature of a startler—some subject upon which no previous human being has ever said a word—some subject that will attract by its novelty, invigorate by its surprising freshness."

我说："卡廷太太，我在想一个选题，最好世人谈到它的时候都会感到震惊——得是所有前人从未提及的选题——要以它的新颖别致吸引读者，靠它的别开生面、闻所未闻来鼓舞读者。"

She laughed and said I was a funny gentleman.

她一边笑一边说我是个有趣的人。

That's my luck again. When I make serious observations people chuckle; when I attempt a joke nobody sees it. I had a beautiful one last week. I thought it so good, and I worked it up and brought it in artfully at a dinner-party. I forget how exactly, but we had been

talking about the attitude of Shakespeare toward the Reformation, and I said something and immediately added, "Ah, that reminds me; such a funny thing happened the other day in Whitechapel." "Oh," said they, "what was that?" "Oh, 'twas awfully funny," I replied, beginning to giggle myself; "it will make you roar;" and I told it them.

又是这样，这就是我的命。我正儿八经地发表评论，大家就嘻嘻哈哈地笑；我试图开玩笑的时候，却没人听得出来。上周我就找到一个极为完美的笑话。我觉得它特别有趣，于是我整理好了，然后费尽心机地将它带到了一场晚宴上。具体过程我忘了，但我们谈到了莎士比亚对于宗教改革的态度，我说了些什么，然后赶紧加上“啊，说到这个，我倒想起来前几天在白教堂区的一件好玩事”。“哦，”他们说道，“怎么回事？”“哦，那事儿实在太好笑了。”我回答着，自己先哈哈地笑了起来，“你们会笑翻的。”然后，我就给他们讲起来。

There was dead silence when I finished—it was one of those long jokes, too—and then, at last, somebody said: "And that was the joke?"

讲完之后，现场一片死寂—那个笑话也确实长了些—之后，终于有人说话了：“这就是你说的那件好笑的事？”

I assured them that it was, and they were very polite and took my word for it. All but one old gentleman at the other end of the table, who wanted to know which was the joke—what he said to her or what she said to him; and we argued it out.

我告诉他们确实如此，他们很有礼貌，也相信了我的话。只有一个在桌子另一头的老先生还想知道好笑的地方在哪儿——是他对她说的话，还是她对他说的话。然后我们还就此争论了一番。

Some people are too much the other way. I knew a fellow once whose natural tendency to laugh at everything was so strong that if you wanted to talk seriously to him, you had to explain beforehand that what you were going to say would not be amusing. Unless you got him to clearly understand this, he would go off into fits of merriment over every word you uttered. I have known him on being asked the time stop short in the middle of the road, slap his leg, and burst into a roar of laughter. One never dared say anything really funny to that man. A good joke would have killed him on the spot.

还有一些人则截然相反。我曾经认识一个人，他天生看什么东西都觉得十分好笑，以至于如果你要想正儿八经地和他说话，非得提前声明，你要谈的话题没有任何可笑之处。如果不让他搞清楚这一点，你说的每个词都会让他捧腹大笑。我见过有人向他打听时间，然后他就站在路中央，拍着腿，哈哈大笑起来。大家从不敢对那家伙说真正有趣的事儿，一个好点儿的笑话能当场要了他的小命。

In the present instance I vehemently repudiated the accusation of frivolity, and pressed Mrs. Cutting for practical ideas. She then

became thoughtful and hazarded "samplers;" saying that she never heard them spoken much of now, but that they used to be all the rage when she was a girl.

这一次，我狠狠地批评了卡廷太太对我轻率的指责，逼她提出些可行的意见。她于是沉思起来，然后鼓起勇气说出了“刺绣样品”，还说现在不大能听到人们谈论这个话题了，但她还是姑娘的时候，这东西还是很流行的。

I declined samplers and begged her to think again. She pondered a long while, with a tea-tray in her hands, and at last suggested the weather, which she was sure had been most trying of late.

我否决了“刺绣样品”的提议，恳求她再好好想想。她端着茶盘沉思了许久，最后建议我写写天气，因为没有什么比最近的天气更让她烦躁的了。

And ever since that idiotic suggestion, I have been unable to get the weather out of my thoughts or anything else in.

而自从听到那个愚蠢的建议后，我就再也没法把天气赶出我的思想，或让其他题目进入我的脑海了。

It certainly is most wretched weather. At all events it is so now at the time I am writing, and if it isn't particularly unpleasant when I come to be read it soon will be.

最近的天气的确再糟糕不过了。不管怎么说，在我写作的此时此刻，天气就很差。即使你们读这篇东西的时候天气还好，不久之后它也会变糟。

It always is wretched weather according to us. The weather is like the government—always in the wrong. In summer-time we say it is stifling; in winter that it is killing; in spring and autumn we find fault with it for being neither one thing nor the other and wish it would make up its mind. If it is fine we say the country is being ruined for want of rain; if it does rain we pray for fine weather. If December passes without snow, we indignantly demand to know what has become of our good old-fashioned winters, and talk as if we had been cheated out of something we had bought and paid for; and when it does snow, our language is a disgrace to a Christian nation. We shall never be content until each man makes his own weather and keeps it to himself.

而对我们来说，天气永远不够好。天气就像政府——错的总是它。夏天的时候，我们说天闷得让人窒息；冬天的时候，又冷得要命；春天和秋天的时候，我们也要挑它的毛病，觉得它不是太这样就是太那样，怎么就不能打定主意，维持一个状态。如果天气晴朗，我们就说不下雨，乡下的庄稼都要枯死了；下雨了，我们又要盼它放晴。如果十二月

份没下雪就过去了，我们会愤然质问我们以往那令人愉悦的冬天出了什么问题，语气就好像我们买了东西付了钱，却又被人把东西骗走了一样；而当确实下雪的时候，我们又口出恶言，嘴里骂的脏话足以让一个信仰基督教的国家蒙羞。我们永远不会满足，除非每人都能决定自己的天气，还不会影响到他人。

If that cannot be arranged, we would rather do without it altogether.

如果做不到这点，我们宁可什么天气也不要。

Yet I think it is only to us in cities that all weather is so unwelcome. In her own home, the country, Nature is sweet in all her moods. What can be more beautiful than the snow, falling big with mystery in silent softness, decking the fields and trees with white as if for a fairy wedding! And how delightful is a walk when the frozen ground rings beneath our swinging tread—when our blood tingles in the rare keen air, and the sheep-dogs' distant bark and children's laughter peals faintly clear like Alpine bells across the open hills! And then skating! Scudding with wings of steel across the swaying ice, making whirring music as we fl y. And oh, how dainty is spring—Nature at sweet eighteen!

然而我又想，只有对我们这些住在城里的人来说，才是不论什么天气都那么不受欢迎。在乡下的老家，大自然以任何心情出现，都是甜美可爱的。有什么能比下雪更美呢，大片奇妙的雪花柔软而安静地落下，田野和树木银装素裹，仿佛是为了仙女的婚礼布的景一般！而在结冰的大地上行走，听着地面随着我们脚步轻快的起落咯吱作响，又是多么开心的事——我们的血液在稀薄而凛冽的空气中沸腾，牧羊犬的叫声和孩子们的笑声微弱而清晰地从远处传来，仿佛阿尔卑斯山的钟声响彻空阔的山谷！还有溜冰！我们插上铁质的翅膀在摇晃的冰面上疾驰，一边飞翔一边在冰面上奏出音乐般呼呼的声响。还有春天——娇艳明媚的春天里，大自然就像甜美的十八岁少女。

When the little hopeful leaves peep out so fresh and green, so pure and bright, like young lives pushing shyly out into the bustling world; when the fruit-tree blossoms, pink and white, like village maidens in their Sunday frocks, hide each whitewashed cottage in a cloud of fragile splendor; and the cuckoo's note upon the breeze is wafted through the woods! And summer, with its deep dark green and drowsy hum—when the rain-drops whisper solemn secrets to the listening leaves and the twilight lingers in the lanes! And autumn! Ah, how sadly fair, with its golden glow and the dying grandeur of its tinted woods—its blood-red sunsets and its ghostly evening mists, with its busy murmur of reapers, and its laden orchards, and the calling of the gleaners, and the festivals of praise!

生机勃勃的新叶纷纷探头而出，新鲜而嫩绿，纯净而明亮，就像初

出茅庐的年轻人羞涩地踏入这纷扰的世界；果树开花时，花朵有粉有白，宛如穿着礼拜服的乡间少女，将石灰粉刷的农舍掩映在它淡雅的光彩中；还有微风带着布谷鸟的音符飘飘荡荡地穿林而过！还有那树阴浓郁、蝉鸣声声，让人昏昏欲睡的夏日——雨点向聆听的树叶柔声倾诉着深沉的秘密，暮光在乡间小路上流连忘返！还有秋天！啊，美好而凄凉的秋日里，有金黄色的光晕，还有即将洗去壮丽风采的斑斓树林——血红色的夕阳，朦胧的暮霭，还有收割者忙碌的低语，硕果累累的果园，拾穗人的呼唤和赞颂的欢宴！

The very rain, and sleet, and hail seem only Nature's useful servants when found doing their simple duties in the country; and the East Wind himself is nothing worse than a boisterous friend when we meet him between the hedge-rows.

那雨、雨夹雪和冰雹在乡间各自执行其简单任务的时候，看起来都只是大自然忠实的奴仆；东风也不过是我们在篱笆夹道间遇到的那位脾气暴躁的朋友。

But in the city where the painted stucco blisters under the smoky sun, and the sooty rain brings slush and mud, and the snow lies piled in dirty heaps, and the chill blasts whistle down dingy streets and shriek round flaring gas lit corners, no face of Nature charms us. Weather in towns is like a skylark in a counting-house—out of place and in the way. Towns ought to be covered in, warmed by hot-water pipes, and lighted by electricity. The weather is a country lass and does not appear to advantage in town. We liked well enough to flirt with her in the hay-field, but she does not seem so fascinating when we meet her in Pall Mall[1]. There is too much of her there. The frank, free laugh and hearty voice that sounded so pleasant in the dairy jars against the artificiality of town-bred life, and her ways become exceedingly trying.

然而在城市里，墙上粉刷的灰泥被冒烟的太阳暴晒到起皮，夹杂着煤烟的黑雨将大地搞得泥泞不堪，肮脏的雪堆在一起，凛冽的寒风呼啸着刮过阴暗的街道，然后尖叫着冲过灯火通明的街角。在这里，大自然的任何一个表情，都无法打动我们的心。城市的天气就像账房中的一只云雀——不仅不合时宜，而且碍手碍脚。城市应该是被遮盖起来，靠热水管道取暖，用电力照明。天气就像一个乡村少女，在城市里没有任何优势。如果在草场上遇到她，我们非常愿意和她调笑一番，但若在蓓尔美尔街见到她，她就似乎没有那么魅力十足了。她在那儿会显得非常多余。爽朗无忌的大笑和真诚恳切的言语在牛奶场里是那么令人愉快，然而这与城市生活的虚伪做作却格格不入。她的言谈举止一下子变得非常令人难受。

Just lately she has been favoring us with almost incessant rain for about three weeks; and I am a damned damp, moist, unpleasant body, as Mr. Mantalini[2] puts it.

就在前一阵，她又以几乎持续了近三周的雨水关照了我们，而我就像蒙塔里尼先生所说的那样，成了一具极其潮湿而又讨人厌的死尸。

Our next-door neighbor comes out in the back garden every now and then and says it's doing the country a world of good—not his coming out into the back garden, but the weather. He doesn't understand anything about it, but ever since he started a cucumber-frame last summer he has regarded himself in the light of an agriculturist, and talks in this absurd way with the idea of impressing the rest of the terrace with the notion that he is a retired farmer. I can only hope that for this once he is correct, and that the weather really is doing good to something, because it is doing me a considerable amount of damage. It is spoiling both my clothes and my temper. The latter I can afford, as I have a good supply of it, but it wounds me to the quick to see my dear old hats and trousers sinking, prematurely worn and aged, beneath the cold world's blasts and snows.

我们隔壁的邻居隔三差五地从屋里来到后院，说这可是帮了乡村的大忙——帮忙的不是他从屋里来到后院这事儿，而是下雨的天气。他其实对此一无所知，可自从去年夏天在家里搭了一个黄瓜架之后，他就把自己当作农学家了，并且总是以这种可笑的语气说话，企图让四邻八舍都认为他是个退休了的农场主。我只希望这次他没有说错，这种天气还不是全无用处，因为起码它对我造成了不小的伤害。我的衣服和脾气都因为这雨，变得糟透了。后者我还可以忍受，因为我从来不缺脾气，可看到我亲爱的旧帽子和旧裤子在这个寒冷世界之暴风雪的渗透下一点点发霉，早早地破旧残损，这真是正中我的痛处。

There is my new spring suit, too. A beautiful suit it was, and now it is hanging up so bespattered with mud I can't bear to look at it.

还有我那崭新的春季西服。它一度那么笔挺帅气，可如今，却被挂了起来，上面被溅得满是泥点，我都不忍心看了。

That was Jim's fault, that was. I should never have gone out in it that night if it had not been for him. I was just trying it on when he came in. He threw up his arms with a wild yell the moment he caught sight of it, and exclaimed that he had "got 'em again!"

这全是吉姆的错，都怪他。要不是他，我那晚绝对不会穿着这件衣服出门。他进来的时候，我只是在试穿一下而已。可他一看见这衣服，就挥舞着双臂，大声喊道：“再穿一次！”

I said: "Does it fit all right behind?"

我问：“后面看起来合不合身？”

"Spiffin, old man," he replied. And then he wanted to know if I was coming out.

“真漂亮，老兄。”他回答道。然后他就问我是不是要出门。

I said "no" at first, but he overruled me. He said that a man with a suit like that had no right to stop indoors. "Every citizen," said he, "owes a duty to the public. Each one should contribute to the general happiness as far as lies in his power. Come out and give the girls a treat."

我一开始说“不去”，但他驳回了我的话。他说，穿这种西服的人是没有权利留在家里的。“每个公民，”他说，“都对公众负有责任。每个人都应该尽自己所能为大众的幸福作出贡献。出来吧，让女孩们饱饱眼福。”

Jim is slangy. I don't know where he picks it up. It certainly is not from me.

吉姆就是俗话多。我不知道他从哪儿学来的这些俗话，反正不是从我这儿。

I said: "Do you think it will really please 'em?" He said it would be like a day in the country to them.

我说：“你觉得女孩们真的会喜欢这件衣服吗？”他说，这件衣服会带给她们乡间一日游的快乐。

That decided me. It was a lovely evening and I went.

这话让我下了定决心。夜色温柔，我出门了。

When I got home I undressed and rubbed myself down with whisky, put my feet in hot water and a mustard-plaster on my chest, had a basin of gruel and a glass of hot brandy-and-water, tallowed my nose, and went to bed.

然而回家之后，我脱掉衣服，用威士忌按摩了全身，用热水烫了脚，在胸口贴了芥子膏，喝了一大碗稀粥和一大杯热的兑水白兰地，在鼻子上抹了香脂，然后上床睡觉。

These prompt and vigorous measures, aided by a naturally strong constitution, were the means of preserving my life; but as for the suit! Well, there, it isn't a suit; it's a splash-board.

正是这些迅速而有力的措施和我天生健壮的体格，保证了我的性命无虞。但是，至于那套西装！呵呵，它嘛，已经算不上西装了，根本就是一个挡泥板。

And I did fancy that suit, too. But that's just the way. I never do get particularly fond of anything in this world but what something dreadful happens to it. I had a tame rat when I was a boy, and I loved that animal as only a boy would love an old water-rat; and one day it fell into a large dish of gooseberry-fool that was standing to cool in the kitchen, and nobody knew what had become of the poor creature until the second helping.

我确实也很喜欢那套西装，可事情还是这么发生了。我从来不会特别喜欢这世上的什么东西，除非它遭遇了什么极其糟糕的事情。小时候，我养了一只温顺的宠物鼠，我对它的爱就是一个小男孩对一只老水鼠才有的那种爱。然后有一天，它跌进了放在厨房里冷却的一大盘醋栗奶油糖浆里。没人知道这可怜的小东西遇到了什么情况，直到有一天大家再次拿出醋栗奶油糖浆来吃时才发现。

I do hate wet weather in town. At least, it is not so much the wet as the mud that I object to. Somehow or other I seem to possess an irresistible alluring power over mud. I have only to show myself in the street on a muddy day to be half-smothered by it. It all comes of being so attractive, as the old lady said when she was struck by lightning. Other people can go out on dirty days and walk about for hours without getting a speck upon themselves; while if I go across the road I come back a perfect disgrace to be seen (as in my boyish days my poor dear mother tried often to tell me). If there were only one dab of mud to be found in the whole of London, I am convinced I should carry it off from all competitors.

我的确痛恨城市里的潮湿天气。然而，它至少还没有我讨厌的泥巴那么湿。不知什么原因，我似乎对泥巴有种不可抗拒的吸引力。泥泞的天气中，我只需到街上露个脸，就能被泥巴弄得几乎窒息。所有的一切都是因为我太有魅力，就像那位被闪电击中的老太太说的一样。其他人在泥泞的日子里到处走几个小时，身上也沾不到一个泥点；而我只要过一下街，就会以一副不堪入目的样子回来（我还是个小男孩时，我可怜而亲爱的妈妈就经常这么说我）。假如整个伦敦只存在一个泥点子，那我也确信自己能从众多的竞争者中脱颖而出，成功地把它带回来。

I wish I could return the affection, but I fear I never shall be able to. I have a horror of what they call the "London particular." I feel miserable and muggy all through a dirty day, and it is quite a relief to pull one's clothes off and get into bed, out of the way of it all. Everything goes wrong in wet weather. I don't know how it is, but there always seem to me to be more people, and dogs, and perambulators, and cabs, and carts about in wet weather than at any other time, and they all get in your way more, and everybody is so disagreeable—except myself—and it does make me so wild. And then, too, somehow I always find myself carrying more things in wet weather than in dry; and when you have a bag, and three parcels, and a newspaper, and it suddenly comes on to rain, you can't open your umbrella.

我很希望能够回报泥巴的爱意，但我怕我永远都做不到了。我很害怕人们所谓的“伦敦特色”。在泥泞的日子里，我时刻感到痛苦异常，闷热不堪，最好的解脱方法就是脱掉衣服，上床睡觉，把所有一切丢在一边。潮湿的天气里，所有事情都会出差错。我不知道原因，但湿漉漉的天气里，总是有比其他任何时候更多的人、更多的狗、更多的婴儿车、

更多的出租车、更多的马车在到处奔走，他们也比其他任何时间都更挡路。每个人都这么不好相处—除我之外—而这确实让我烦躁得发狂。而且，我也发现自己在潮湿的天气里总是比在干爽的天气里携带的东西更多。手里拿着一个包、三个包裹和一张报纸的时候，雨就突然下了起来，你连雨伞都没法撑开。

Which reminds me of another phase of the weather that I can't bear, and that is April weather (so called because it always comes in May). Poets think it very nice. As it does not know its own mind five minutes together, they liken it to a woman; and it is supposed to be very charming on that account. I don't appreciate it, myself. Such lightning change business may be all very agreeable in a girl. It is no doubt highly delightful to have to do with a person who grins one moment about nothing at all, and snivels the next for precisely the same cause, and who then giggles, and then sulks, and who is rude, and affectionate, and bad-tempered, and jolly, and boisterous, and silent, and passionate, and cold, and stand-offish, and flopping, all in one minute (mind, I don't say this. It is those poets. And they are supposed to be connoisseurs of this sort of thing); but in the weather the disadvantages of the system are more apparent. A woman's tears do not make one wet, but the rain does; and her coldness does not lay the foundations of asthma and rheumatism, as the east wind is apt to. I can prepare for and put up with a regularly bad day, but these ha'porth-of-all-sorts kind of days do not suit me. It aggravates me to see a bright blue sky above me when I am walking along wet through, and there is something so exasperating about the way the sun comes out smiling after a drenching shower, and seems to say: "Lord love you, you don't mean to say you're wet? Well, I am surprised. Why, it was only my fun."

这又让我想起另外一个让我无法忍受的气候时段，那就是“四月天”（之所以这么叫，是因为它总是在五月来临）。诗人们认为它美妙至极。这种天气头脑清醒的时间加起来不到五分钟，所以人们总将它比作女子。这么说，那它应该是很迷人的。但我自己并不欣赏这种天气。这样闪电般的变化，放在一个女孩子身上，或许是很合宜的。如果一个人一会儿毫无缘故地咧嘴笑，然后马上又莫名其妙地痛哭流涕，然后又咯咯大笑，然后又生闷气，在一分钟之内可以又粗鲁，又温柔，又暴躁，又高兴，又吵闹，又安静，又热情，又冷漠，又冷淡，又活跃（注意：这话不是我说的，是那些诗人们说的，他们应该对这类东西很在行），那么，和他相处无疑是很快乐的。但如果把这一套表现放在天气里面，缺点就更明显了。女人的眼泪不会把人淋湿，可雨会；女人的冷漠不会为哮喘和风湿埋下祸根，可寒冷的东风却深谙此道。对有规律可循的坏天气，我可以有所准备，坚持熬过去，但是对这种什么花样都来一点儿的天气，我却无计可施。湿漉漉地走在路上时，看到头顶明朗的蓝天我就火冒三丈。尤其令人生气的就是，瓢泼大雨之后，太阳笑眯眯地露出

脸庞，好像在说：“神还是爱你的，你不是要说你被淋湿了吧？呵呵，真让我吃惊，我不过跟你开个玩笑而已。”

They don't give you time to open or shut your umbrella in an English April, especially if it is an "automaton" one—the umbrella, I mean, not the April.

英国的四月天根本不给你时间撑开或者收起雨伞，尤其对于“自动的”来说——我是指雨伞，不是说四月。

I bought an "automaton" once in April, and I did have a time with it! I wanted an umbrella, and I went into a shop in the Strand[3] and told them so, and they said:

某年四月，我买过一次“自动伞”，可真是让我够受的！我想买把伞，所以去了斯特兰德大街的一家店，告诉他们我要买把伞。他们说：

"Yes, sir. What sort of an umbrella would you like?"

“好的，先生。你想要什么样的伞呢？”

I said I should like one that would keep the rain off, and that would not allow itself to be left behind in a railway carriage.

我说我想要那种可以挡雨并且不会允许它自己被落在火车车厢里的伞。

"Try an 'automaton'," said the shopman.

店员说：“那就试试‘自动伞’吧。”

"What's an 'automaton'?" said I.

我问：“‘自动伞’是什么东西？”

"Oh, it's a beautiful arrangement," replied the man, with a touch of enthusiasm. "It opens and shuts itself."

“哦，是设计非常巧妙的东西，”那人带着些许热情回答道，“它能够自己打开和收拢。”

I bought one and found that he was quite correct. It did open and shut itself. I had no control over it whatever. When it began to rain, which it did that season every alternate five minutes, I used to try and get the machine to open, but it would not budge; and then I used to stand and struggle with the wretched thing, and shake it, and swear at it, while the rain poured down in torrents. Then the moment the rain ceased the absurd thing would go up suddenly with a jerk and would not come down again; and I had to walk about under a bright blue sky, with an umbrella over my head, wishing that it would come on to rain again, so that it might not seem that I was insane.

我买了一把，然后发现他说得一点不错。这把伞确实可以自己打开和收拢。不管怎样，它丝毫不受我的控制。在那个季节，每隔五分钟就

要下场雨，而每当开始下雨的时候，我就常常努力打开这个装置，但它却纹丝不动；然后，我就常常站在那儿，和这个可恶的东西搏斗，摇晃它，咒骂它，任凭大雨倾泻而下。而雨一停，这个荒谬的东西就会猛地一挺，张开了，然后再也不收回去；然后，我就不得不在晴朗的蓝天下，头顶一把雨伞，心中暗暗祈祷雨会再次降临，好让我不至于显得如此疯疯癫癫。

When it did shut it did so unexpectedly and knocked one's hat off.

等到伞终于自动收拢起来的时候，却又如此令人猝不及防，能把人的帽子打掉。

I don't know why it should be so, but it is an undeniable fact that there is nothing makes a man look so supremely ridiculous as losing his hat. The feeling of helpless misery that shoots down one's back on suddenly becoming aware that one's head is bare is among the most bitter ills that flesh is heir to. And then there is the wild chase after it, accompanied by an excitable small dog, who thinks it is a game, and in the course of which you are certain to upset three or four innocent children—to say nothing of their mothers—butt a fat old gentleman on to the top of a perambulator, and carom off a ladies' seminary into the arms of a wet sweep.

我不知道为什么会是这样，但不可否认的一个事实是，没什么比丢掉帽子更可笑的了。突然意识到自己头顶光秃秃的，随后那种顺着脊背奔泻而下的无助的痛苦之感，是人生难免的最悲惨的疾病之一。之后你还要不顾一切地追着帽子疯跑，旁边还有一只兴奋的小狗作伴，它认为这是个游戏。在追帽子的过程中，你肯定会撞到三四个无辜的孩子—就别提他们的妈妈了—再将一个胖胖的老先生顶到婴儿车上，你还会撞向女子学院的墙，随后被反弹到一把湿漉漉的笤帚上。

After this, the idiotic hilarity of the spectators and the disreputable appearance of the hat when recovered appear but of minor importance.

这一切发生后，旁观者愚蠢至极的疯狂大笑和帽子被追回后那破烂不堪的邋遢造型，都显得无关紧要了。

Altogether, what between March winds, April showers, and the entire absence of May flowers, spring is not a success in cities. It is all very well in the country, as I have said, but in towns whose population is anything over ten thousand it most certainly ought to be abolished. In the world's grim workshops it is like the children—out of place. Neither shows to advantage amid the dust and din. It seems so sad to see the little dirt-grimed brats try to play in the noisy courts and muddy streets. Poor little uncared-for, unwanted human atoms, they are not children. Children are bright-eyed, chubby, and shy. These are dingy, screeching elves, their tiny faces seared and

withered, their baby laughter cracked and hoarse.

总而言之，三月的风、四月的雨和完全没有鲜花的五月，让春天在城市中大败而归。在乡村，就像我说过的那样，一切都是美好的。而在城市这个人口过万的地方，春天理所当然该被废止。在这个满目阴森的工作间中，春天就像孩子——不该出现。而且在尘土和喧嚣中，它也显示不出什么过人之处。看到那些脏兮兮的小孩子们想方设法地在吵闹的院子里和泥泞的街道上玩耍，就让人心里难过。这些可怜的、无人看护的、惹人烦的小不点儿，他们哪是孩子啊！孩子们应该是眼神明亮、虎头虎脑、羞怯怕人的。可这些孩子却是一群邋邋遢遢、尖声尖气的小鬼，他们的小脸干瘪憔悴，稚气的笑声沙哑刺耳。

The spring of life and the spring of the year were alike meant to be cradled in the green lap of nature. To us in the town spring brings but its cold winds and drizzling rains. We must seek it among the leafless woods and the brambly lanes, on the heathy moors and the great still hills, if we want to feel its joyous breath and hear its silent voices. There is a glorious freshness in the spring there. The scurrying clouds, the open bleakness, the rushing wind, and the clear bright air thrill one with vague energies and hopes. Life, like the landscape around us, seems bigger, and wider, and freer—a rainbow road leading to unknown ends. Through the silvery rents that bar the sky we seem to catch a glimpse of the great hope and grandeur that lies around this little throbbing world, and a breath of its scent is wafted us on the wings of the wild March wind.

人生中的春天和一年四季中的春天类似，都该依偎在大自然绿色的怀抱中。对我们这些生活在城市中的人来说，春天带来的不过是冷风细雨。如果我们想要感受春天那欢快的气息，倾听它的低声细语，就必须到光秃秃的树林和布满荆棘的小道上去寻找，必须到灌木丛生的沼泽地和巍然不动的大山中去发现。在那里，春天是清新迷人的。匆忙奔走的云朵，荒凉萧瑟的大地，奔腾呼啸的狂风和清新明亮的空气让人在震颤中感受到莫可名状的能量和希望。生命，就像环绕着我们的大地，似乎更辽阔，更宽广，更自由——就像一条通向未知尽头的彩虹大道。透过横跨天际的银色缝隙，我们似乎瞥见了这个生机勃勃的微小世界，它的四周充溢着宏大的希望和壮丽的气势，而它芬芳的气息则乘着三月狂风的翅膀飘到我们身边。

Strange thoughts we do not understand are stirring in our hearts. Voices are calling us to some great effort, to some mighty work. But we do not comprehend their meaning yet, and the hidden echoes within us that would reply are struggling, inarticulate and dumb.

那些连我们自己都不理解的奇思怪想在我们的心头涌动。有声音在召唤我们付出艰辛的努力，进行伟大的事业。但我们却仍不能理解它们的意义所在，能够与之呼应的回声隐藏在我们身体里挣扎着，嗫嚅着，沉默着。

We stretch our hands like children to the light, seeking to grasp we know not what. Our thoughts, like the boys' thoughts in the Danish song, are very long, long thoughts, and very vague; we cannot see their end.

像孩子一样，我们向光明伸出双手，摸索着想要捉住连我们自己也不知道的东西。我们的思绪，就像那首丹麦歌谣里男孩们的思绪一样，绵长而模糊，无穷无尽。

It must be so. All thoughts that peer outside this narrow world cannot be else than dim and shapeless. The thoughts that we can clearly grasp are very little thoughts—that two and two make four—that when we are hungry it is pleasant to eat—that honesty is the best policy; all greater thoughts are undefined and vast to our poor childish brains. We see but dimly through the mists that roll around our time-girt isle of life, and only hear the distant surging of the great sea beyond.

肯定会是这样。所有从这个狭小世界向外凝视的思绪，都毫无例外地模糊不清，不可捉摸。我们能够清楚抓住的思绪，都是些微不足道的—二加二等于四啦—饿的时候吃些东西最好啦—诚实是最好的策略啦。所有更加伟大的思想，对于我们可怜幼稚的大脑来说，都是难以名状、无边无际的。我们的生命之岛时间有限，迷雾漫布，我们只能透过迷雾看到模糊的景象，只能听到更远处的大海那澎湃的波涛声远远传来。

(1)蓓尔美尔街，伦敦的一条街道，以俱乐部众多而著称。

(2)蒙塔里尼先生，狄更斯长篇小说《尼古拉·尼克贝尔》中的人物，是个典型的花花公子。

(3)斯特兰德大街，在英国伦敦的中西部，与泰晤士河平行，以其旅馆和戏院著称。

VIII. On Cats And Dogs

8.猫犬之鉴

What I've suffered from them this morning no tongue can tell. It began with Gustavus Adolphus. Gustavus Adolphus (they call him "Gusty" downstairs for short) is a very good sort of dog when he is in the middle of a large field or on a fairly extensive common, but I won't have him indoors. He means well, but this house is not his size. He stretches himself, and over go two chairs and a what-not. He wags his tail, and the room looks as if a devastating army had marched through it. He breathes, and it puts the fire out.

没人能说清今早因为他们，我受了多少折磨。这事要从古斯塔夫斯·阿道弗斯说起。古斯塔夫斯·阿道弗斯（在楼下他们简称他为“古斯蒂”）在辽阔的田野中或是相当宽广的空地里是只很好的狗，但在房间里就不行了。他没有恶意，只是房间太小，而他体型太大。他伸伸懒腰，就可以推翻两把椅子和一个陈设架；摇摇尾巴，屋子里就像有一支四处扫荡的军队已从此穿过似的；呼两口气，壁炉中的火就被吹灭了。

At dinner-time he creeps in under the table, lies there for awhile, and then gets up suddenly; the first intimation we have of his movements being given by the table, which appears animated by a desire to turn somersaults. We all clutch at it frantically and endeavor to maintain it in a horizontal position; whereupon his struggles, he being under the impression that some wicked conspiracy is being hatched against him, become fearful, and the final picture presented is generally that of an overturned table and a smashed-up dinner sandwiched between two sprawling layers of infuriated men and women.

晚饭时间，他悄悄爬到餐桌下面躺了一小会儿，然后突然起身；最先向我们暗示他这一举动的是桌子，因为它看起来几乎要翻个底朝天。我们都惊慌失措地紧紧抓住桌子，努力使它保持在水平位置；他则因此认为我们对它图谋不轨，酝酿着什么，所以挣扎得更厉害，更令人害怕。最后的画面往往是两排愤怒的男女，中间夹着一张翻倒的餐桌和散落一地的饭菜。

He came in this morning in his usual style, which he appears to have founded on that of an American cyclone, and the first thing he did was to sweep my coffee-cup off the table with his tail, sending the contents full into the middle of my waistcoat.

今天早上他以自己美洲飓风般的惯常姿态进了门，干的第一件事就是用尾巴把我的咖啡杯从桌上扫了下来，里面的咖啡全溅到了我的背心上。

I rose from my chair hurriedly and remarking "..." approached him at a rapid rate. He preceded me in the direction of the door. At the door he met Eliza coming in with eggs. Eliza observed "Ugh!" and sat down on the floor, the eggs took up different positions about the carpet, where they spread themselves out, and Gustavus Adolphus left the room. I called after him, strongly advising him to go straight downstairs and not let me see him again for the next hour or so; and he seeming to agree with me, dodged the coal-scoop and went, while I returned, dried myself and finished breakfast. I made sure that he had gone in to the yard, but when I looked into the passage ten minutes later he was sitting at the top of the stairs. I ordered him down at once, but he only barked and jumped about, so I went to see what was the matter.

我急忙从椅子上起身，一边呵斥，一边迅速靠近他。他动作很快，比我先一步跑向门边。在门口，正好撞到了拿着鸡蛋进来的伊丽莎，伊丽莎惊叫了一声“哎哟！”就坐倒在地板上，鸡蛋以不同的姿态洒落在地毯上，一个个开膛破肚。这时，古斯塔夫斯·阿道弗斯已经溜之大吉了。我在他身后大声叫喊，严厉警告他最好径直下楼，一个小时之内不要让我再看到他；他似乎和我的想法一样，绕过煤斗，走开了。于是我坐回去，擦干了衣物，然后吃完了早餐。我本来很肯定他去了院子里，可十分钟后，我看了一下走廊，却发现他坐在楼梯顶上。我命令他立刻下来，但他却只是狂叫不已，上窜下跳，我只好走过去，看看有什么事。

It was Tittums. She was sitting on the top stair but one and wouldn't let him pass.

原来是涂涂。她坐在楼梯上面倒数第二个台阶上，不让古斯塔夫斯过去。

Tittums is our kitten. She is about the size of a penny roll. Her back was up and she was swearing like a medical student.

涂涂是我们的小猫，她和一块一便士的小面包差不多大。现在，她将背弓了起来，嘴里骂骂咧咧，活像个医学院的学生。

She does swear fearfully. I do a little that way myself sometimes, but I am a mere amateur compared with her. To tell you the truth—mind, this is strictly between ourselves, please; I shouldn't like your wife to know I said it—the women folk don't understand these things; but between you and me, you know, I think it does a man good to swear. Swearing is the safety-valve through which the bad temper that might otherwise do serious internal injury to his mental mechanism escapes in harmless vaporing. When a man has said: "Bless you, my dear, sweet sir. What the sun, moon, and stars made you so careless (if I may be permitted the expression) as to allow your light and delicate foot to descend upon my corn with so much force? Is it that you are physically incapable of comprehending the direction in which you are

proceeding? You nice, clever young man—you!" or words to that effect, he feels better. Swearing has the same soothing effect upon our angry passions that smashing the furniture or slamming the doors is so well known to exercise; added to which it is much cheaper. Swearing clears a man out like a pen'orth of gunpowder does the wash-house chimney. An occasional explosion is good for both. I rather distrust a man who never swears, or savagely kicks the foot-stool, or pokes the fire with unnecessary violence. Without some outlet, the anger caused by the ever-occurring troubles of life is apt to rankle and fester within. The petty annoyance, instead of being thrown from us, sits down beside us and becomes a sorrow, and the little offense is brooded over till, in the hot-bed of rumination, it grows into a great injury, under whose poisonous shadow springs up hatred and revenge.

她骂人的时候确实很可怕。我自己有时也会那么做，但和她相比，我只能算一个业余选手。实话告诉你——记住，请严密保守我们之间的这个秘密；我不希望你的太太知道我说过这些——因为女人们不懂这些东西；但是，你知道，你我都能明白，我觉得骂人是一种有益身心的行为。骂人的行为就是一个安全阀，通过骂人，我们的坏脾气像无害的气体一样蒸发了。可如果没有这个安全阀，坏脾气就会让我们的神经系统遭受极为严重的内伤。当一个人说："老天保佑你，我亲爱的先生，可爱的先生。太阳、月亮、星星啊，到底是什么使您这么不小心（请允许我这么表达），让您轻巧的小脚用力踏在我的鸡眼上呢？您是不是身体有缺陷，认不清自己前行的方向？你这个善良、聪明的年轻人——就是你！"或者说其他能达到类似效果的话语时，他的心情会好很多。和砸家具、摔门这些众所周知的发泄方式相比，骂人对于我们愤怒的情绪有着相同的安抚作用，而且还更省钱。骂人有泄愤的作用，就像用一便士价值的火药清理洗衣房的烟囱能达到的效果一样。偶尔爆发一下，对两者都好。对那种从不骂人，从不野蛮地踢倒脚凳，从不恶狠狠地乱捅火炉的家伙，我相当不信任。假若没有出口，生活中源源不断的烦恼所引起的怒气就无从发泄，只会留在身体内部溃烂化脓。原本无关紧要的烦恼，如果没被仍到远离我们的地方，而是降落到我们身旁，就会渐渐转化成悲哀。原本不值一提的冒犯，如果被我们反复思量，就会在沉思的温床中成长为巨大的伤害，而仇恨和报复心，正是在伤害那恶毒的阴影下滋生的产物。

Swearing relieves the feelings—that is what swearing does. I explained this to my aunt on one occasion, but it didn't answer with her. She said I had no business to have such feelings.

骂人可以舒缓一个人的情绪——它确实可以。有一次，我向我的姑妈阐述了这个观点，她却不以为然。她说我不该有这些想骂人的情绪。

That is what I told Tittums. I told her she ought to be ashamed of herself, brought up in at Christian family as she was, too. I don't so much mind hearing an old cat swear, but I can't bear to see a mere kitten give way to it. It seems sad in one so young.

我也是这么告诉涂涂的。我对她说：从小在信奉基督教的家庭里长大，她该为自己的行为感到羞愧。我不在乎一只老猫口出恶言，但却见不得一只小猫骂骂咧咧。对一个如此年轻的灵魂来说，这样似乎有些悲哀。

I put Tittums in my pocket and returned to my desk. I forgot her for the moment, and when I looked I found that she had squirmed out of my pocket on to the table and was trying to swallow the pen; then she put her leg into the ink-pot and upset it; then she licked her leg; then she swore again—at me this time.

我把涂涂放在自己的口袋里，回到书桌前。有那么一会儿，我没注意到她，结果当我看她的时候，她已经挣脱出了我的口袋，跳到了桌子上，正设法吞下我的钢笔呢。之后，她把自己的腿伸进了墨水瓶，并且将它打翻了。再后来，她开始舔自己沾满了墨水的腿。再后来，她又开始骂人了——这次是骂我。

I put her down on the floor, and there Tim began rowing with her. I do wish Tim would mind his own business. It was no concern of his what she had been doing. Besides, he is not a saint himself. He is only a two-year- old fox-terrier, and he interferes with everything and gives himself the airs of a gray-headed Scotch collie.

我把她放到地上，蒂姆又开始和她吵架。我真希望蒂姆不要多管闲事。涂涂做什么不干他的事。况且，他自己也不是什么圣徒。他只是一只两岁大的猎狐犬，但偏偏什么事都要管，还搬出一副老苏格兰柯利牧羊犬的架势来。

Tittums' mother has come in and Tim has got his nose scratched, for which I am remarkably glad. I have put them all three out in the passage, where they are fighting at the present moment. I'm in a mess with the ink and in a thundering bad temper; and if anything more in the cat or dog line comes fooling about me this morning, it had better bring its own funeral contractor with it.

涂涂的妈妈进了房间，抓破了蒂姆的鼻子。这让我觉得痛快极了。我把他们三个都放到走廊里，他们立刻在那儿打得不可开交。打翻的墨水使我狼狈不堪，心情极差；假如今天早上再有什么猫狗之辈前来捣乱，它最好带上专人给自己收尸。

Yet, in general, I like cats and dogs very much indeed. What jolly chaps they are! They are much superior to human beings as companions. They do not quarrel or argue with you. They never talk about themselves but listen to you while you talk about yourself, and keep up an appearance of being interested in the conversation. They never make stupid remarks. They never observe to Miss Brown across a dinner-table that they always understood she was very sweet on Mr. Jones (who has just married Miss Robinson). They never mistake your

wife's cousin for her husband and fancy that you are the father-in-law. And they never ask a young author with fourteen tragedies, sixteen comedies, seven farces, and a couple of burlesques in his desk why he doesn't write a play.

但是通常来说，我是非常喜欢猫和狗的。他们是多么讨人欢心的家伙啊！他们是比人类优秀得多的伴侣。他们从不和你吵架或者争执。你说自己的事情时，他们会表现出一副对谈话内容很感兴趣的样子，而不会转而谈论他们自己的事情。他们从不发表愚蠢的评论。他们从不隔着一张餐桌，对布朗小姐说，他们一直知道她对琼斯先生很有好感（虽然琼斯先生刚刚娶了鲁滨孙小姐）。他们永远不会将你太太的表哥错当成她的先生，而把你错当成她的公公。他们也从不会质问一个写了十四部悲剧、十六部喜剧、七部闹剧和好几部滑稽剧的年轻作家为什么不写部戏剧。

They never say unkind things. They never tell us of our faults, "merely for our own good." They do not at inconvenient moments mildly remind us of our past follies and mistakes. They do not say, "Oh, yes, a lot of use you are if you are ever really wanted"—sarcastic like. They never inform us, like our inamoratas sometimes do, that we are not nearly so nice as we used to be. We are always the same to them.

他们从来不说刻薄的话，从来不打着“还不是为了你好”的幌子，指摘我们的过错。他们不会在不便的时刻委婉地提起我们以前的糗事和过失。他们不会用嘲讽的语气说：“哦，是啊，你是很有用，如果别人真的很需要你的话。”他们也不会像我们的情人44一样，时不时地告诉我们，我们比以前逊色多了。对于他们来说，我们永远都不会变。

They are always glad to see us. They are with us in all our humors. They are merry when we are glad, sober when we feel solemn, and sad when we are sorrowful.

他们见到我们时总是很高兴。他们与我们心心相通，喜怒与共。我们快乐时，他们也快乐；我们严肃时，他们也严肃；我们伤心时，他们也伤心。

"Halloo! Happy and want a lark? Right you are; I'm your man. Here I am, frisking round you, leaping, barking, pirouetting, ready for any amount of fun and mischief. Look at my eyes if you doubt me. What shall it be? A romp in the drawing-room and never mind the furniture, or a scamper in the fresh, cool air, a scud across the fields and down the hill, and won't we let old Gaffer Goggles' geese know what time o' day it is, neither! Whoop! Come along."

“嘿！想玩一会儿吗？想玩是吧，我听你的。我就在这儿，围着你欢跃，蹦跳，叫喊，转圈，准备好和你一起调皮捣蛋。如果你不相信，就看看我的眼睛。还有什么可怀疑的呢？让我们在客厅里嬉戏，永远也不

用担心什么家具，或者在清新的凉风里奔跑，飞驰着越过田野，冲下山坡，我们还可以把老加佛·高戈尔家的鹅耍得团团转，都不行！嘿！来吧！”

Or you'd like to be quiet and think. Very well. Pussy[1] can sit on the arm of the chair and purr, and Montmorency[2] will curl himself up on the rug and blink at the fire, yet keeping one eye on you the while, in case you are seized with any sudden desire in the direction of rats.

或者，如果你想静下来想想事情，也很好。帕西可以趴在椅子的扶手上呼噜呼噜地睡觉；蒙特莫伦西可以在地毯上把自己蜷成一团，一边望着壁炉里的火眨眨眼睛，一边用一只眼睛观察着你，以防你突然发现了老鼠的踪迹。

And when we bury our face in our hands and wish we had never been born, they don't sit up very straight and observe that we have brought it all upon ourselves. They don't even hope it will be a warning to us. But they come up softly and shove their heads against us. If it is a cat she stands on your shoulder, rumples your hair, and says, "Lor,' I am sorry for you, old man," as plain as words can speak; and if it is a dog he looks up at you with his big, true eyes and says with them, "Well you've always got me, you know. We'll go through the world together and always stand by each other, won't we?"

而当我们痛苦地用双手捂住脸，希望自己从未降生在这世上时，他们不会正襟危坐地告诉我们一切都是我们自找的。他们甚至不会说希望这对你是个警告。相反，他们会温柔地靠过来，用他们的头顶顶我们。如果是只猫，她会站在你的肩膀上，弄乱你的头发，这是在说：“天啊，我真替你难过，老家伙。”就像言语所能表达的那么平实；如果是只狗，他会抬起头眼巴巴地看着你，用他诚恳的大眼睛诉说：“你知道，你永远都有我在身边呢。我们会肩并肩，共同经历一切，不是吗？”

He is very imprudent, a dog is. He never makes it his business to inquire whether you are in the right or in the wrong, never bothers as to whether you are going up or down upon life's ladder, never asks whether you are rich or poor, silly or wise, sinner or saint. You are his pal. That is enough for him, and come luck or misfortune, good repute or bad, honor or shame, he is going to stick to you, to comfort you, guard you, and give his life for you if need be—foolish, brainless, soulless dog!

狗是非常粗心大意的动物。他做事情时从来不过问你的对错；从不操心你在生活的阶梯上是青云直上还是日渐落魄；也不过问你是富是穷，是愚蠢还是聪明，是罪人还是圣徒。你只是他的伙伴，对他来说，这就够了。之后，不管是福是祸，是誉是毁，是光宗耀祖，还是败坏门楣，他都会对你不离不弃，安慰你，保护你，如果需要的话，不惜为你献上他的生命——这就是傻气十足、呆头呆脑、没有思想的狗！

Ah! Old stanch friend, with your deep, clear eyes and bright, quick glances, that take in all one has to say before one has time to speak it, do you know you are only an animal and have no mind? Do you know that that dull-eyed, gin-sodden lout leaning against the post out there is immeasurably your intellectual superior? Do you know that every little-minded, selfish scoundrel who lives by cheating and tricking, who never did a gentle deed or said a kind word, who never had a thought that was not mean and low or a desire that was not base, whose every action is a fraud, whose every utterance is a lie—do you know that these crawling skulks (and there are millions of them in the world), do you know they are all as much superior to you as the sun is superior to rushlight you honorable, brave-hearted, unselfish brute? They are men, you know, and men are the greatest, and noblest, and wisest, and best beings in the whole vast eternal universe. Any man will tell you that.

啊！我们忠实的老朋友，你有深邃、清澈的眼睛和明亮、机敏的眼神，在我们没有开口之前，你就已经完全明白我们所有要说的话了，你可知你只是动物，并没有思想？你可知外面那个靠在邮筒上、目光呆滞、浑身散发酒气的蠢汉有着胜你无数倍的智商？你可知这世上每个心胸狭窄、自私自利的无赖，他们靠招摇撞骗生活，从未做过一件善事，说过一句好话，只有卑鄙的念头和下流的欲望，虚情假意且满口谎言——你可知他们这些行尸走肉一样的家伙（这种人在这个世界上数以百万），比你这正直、勇敢、无私的畜生要高级得多，就像太阳比灯芯草蜡烛要高级得多一样？他们是人类。你知道，在这浩瀚无垠的宇宙中，人类是最伟大、最高贵、最聪明、最优秀的物种。任何一个人都会这么告诉你。

Yes, poor doggie, you are very stupid, very stupid indeed, compared with us clever men, who understand all about politics and philosophy, and who know everything, in short, except what we are and where we came from and whither we are going, and what everything outside this tiny world and most things in it are.

是的，可怜的小狗，和我们这些聪明的人类相比，你很愚蠢，真是非常愚蠢。我们深谙权术和哲学之道，无所不知，无所不晓；简而言之，我们不懂得的只有我们自己，我们来自何方，去向何处，以及这个渺小世界之外的一切和它之内的大多数东西。

Never mind, though, pussy and doggie, we like you both all the better for your being stupid. We all like stupid things. Men can't bear clever women, and a woman's ideal man is some one she can call a "dear old stupid." It is so pleasant to come across people more stupid than ourselves. We love them at once for being so. The world must be rather a rough place for clever people. Ordinary folk dislike them, and as for themselves, they hate each other most cordially.

但是别在意，小猫和小狗们，就是因为你们的傻气，我们才更加喜欢你们。我们都喜欢傻乎乎的东西。男人们受不了聪明的女人，而女人们理想中的男人是她们可以称为“亲爱的老傻瓜”的家伙。能够遇到比自己蠢的人，是件令人极其高兴的事。我们对他们简直算得上一见钟情。对于聪明人来说，世道肯定很艰难。智商平庸的家伙不喜欢他们，而他们自己，比任何人都更加发自内心地痛恨彼此。

But there, the clever people are such a very insignificant minority that it really doesn't much matter if they are unhappy. So long as the foolish people can be made comfortable the world, as a whole, will get on tolerably well.

但是话说回来，聪明人毕竟还是极少数，他们幸不幸福实在无关紧要。只要蠢人们生活得舒舒服服，总体来说，这个世界就还算不错。

Cats have the credit of being more worldly wise than dogs—of looking more after their own interests and being less blindly devoted to those of their friends. And we men and women are naturally shocked at such selfishness. Cats certainly do love a family that has a carpet in the kitchen more than a family that has not; and if there are many children about, they prefer to spend their leisure time next door. But, taken altogether, cats are libeled. Make a friend of one, and she will stick to you through thick and thin. All the cats that I have had have been most fi rm comrades. I had a cat once that used to follow me about everywhere, until it even got quite embarrassing, and I had to beg her, as a personal favor, not to accompany me any further down the High Street. She used to sit up for me when I was late home and meet me in the passage. It made me feel quite like a married man, except that she never asked where I had been and then didn't believe me when I told her.

世俗地看，猫比狗更加明智——她们不会太盲目地关注朋友的利益，而更专注于自己的得失。这种自私自然令我们这些男男女女大吃一惊。比起厨房里没有地毯的家庭，猫们肯定更喜欢厨房里铺有地毯的家庭。如果周围孩子太多，她们宁肯到邻居家去消磨时光。但是，总体说来，猫们是被诬蔑了。假如你和一只猫做朋友，那么不管顺境逆境，她都会坚定地和你在一起。我养过的所有猫，都成了我最为坚定的伙伴。我曾经养过一只猫，到哪里都要跟着我，甚至到了令人尴尬的地步。我于是不得不恳求她，就算帮我一个忙，别再跟着我到大街上去了。我晚回家时，她常熬夜等我，还会跑到走廊里迎接我。这让我觉得自己就像个已婚男人，只是她从不过问我去了哪里，也不会在我告诉她之后，不相信我的话。

Another cat I had used to get drunk regularly every day. She would hang about for hours outside the cellar door for the purpose of sneaking in on the first opportunity and lapping up the drippings from the beer-cask. I do not mention this habit of hers in praise of the

species, but merely to show how almost human some of them are. If the transmigration of souls is a fact, this animal was certainly qualifying most rapidly for a Christian, for her vanity was only second to her love of drink. Whenever she caught a particularly big rat, she would bring it up into the room where we were all sitting, lay the corpse down in the midst of us, and wait to be praised. Lord! How the girls used to scream.

我养的另外一只猫则每天都喝得醉醺醺的。她会花几个小时在地窖门口转来转去，就为了找个机会溜进去，抢先舔舔啤酒桶边滴下来的酒。之所以提到她的这一习惯，并不是为了赞扬猫类这个群体，只是想说明有些猫已经和人类如此接近。假如真有投胎转世这么一回事，那么猫这种动物肯定能最为迅速地投胎成为一个基督徒，因为她第一爱喝酒，第二爱虚荣。每次她抓到一只特别大的老鼠时，就会将它叼到大家都在的房间，把老鼠的尸体摆在我们中间，等待众人的夸奖。天啊！女孩子们都是怎么惊声尖叫的啊！

Poor rats! They seem only to exist so that cats and dogs may gain credit for killing them and chemists make a fortune by inventing specialties in poison for their destruction. And yet there is something fascinating about them. There is a weirdness and uncanniness attaching to them. They are so cunning and strong, so terrible in their numbers, so cruel, so secret. They swarm in deserted houses, where the broken casements hang rotting to the crumbling walls and the doors swing creaking on their rusty hinges. They know the sinking ship and leave her, no one knows how or whither. They whisper to each other in their hiding-places how a doom will fall upon the hall and the great name die forgotten. They do fearful deeds in ghastly charnel-houses.

可怜的老鼠！他们的存在，似乎就是为了被猫和狗消灭，从而为他们赢取赞扬的。又好像是为了让药剂师可以发财致富，不惜协助他们发明消灭老鼠的特效毒药。然而，老鼠也有些迷人之处。他们身上总带着几许古怪、几许诡异。他们是如此狡猾而强大，他们的数量大得如此可怕，他们又是如此残酷而神秘。他们成群结队地出现在废弃的房子里。这些房子往往残窗破壁，房门开启或关上时，生锈的门轴会咯吱咯吱地响。他们知道船何时沉没并及时逃离，但却没人知道他们如何逃离沉船，又会去向何处。他们在藏身之处窃窃私语，小声传递着诸如大厅如何会坍塌、伟人会不为人知地死去之类的消息。他们在阴森的停尸房里干着可怕的勾当。

No tale of horror is complete without the rats. In stories of ghosts and murderers they scamper through the echoing rooms, and the gnawing of their teeth is heard behind the wainscot, and their gleaming eyes peer through the holes in the worm-eaten tapestry, and they scream in shrill, unearthly notes in the dead of night, while the moaning wind sweeps, sobbing, round the ruined turret towers, and

passes wailing like a woman through the chambers bare and tenantless.

老鼠是恐怖故事中不可或缺的角色。在鬼怪和谋杀的故事中，他们总是快速溜过带着回音的房间，或是从墙壁夹板间传出磨牙声，他们闪着萤光的眼睛透过挂毯的虫眼向外窥视，他们在死寂的夜晚发出尖利而诡异的惊叫，而这时，窗外呜咽的风扫过废弃的塔楼，像一个女人哀号着穿过空旷而无人居住的房间。

And dying prisoners, in their loathsome dungeons, see through the horrid gloom their small red eyes, like glittering coals, hear in the death-like silence the rush of their claw-like feet, and start up shrieking in the darkness and watch through the awful night.

在阴森的地牢里，垂死的囚徒透过可怖的黑暗看到他们仿佛煤火一样发亮的猩红小眼，听到他们的脚爪在死一般的寂静中迅速走过地面的声音。囚徒们坐起身开始在黑暗中尖叫，注视着这可怕的夜晚，再也无法入睡。

I love to read tales about rats. They make my flesh creep so. I like that tale of Bishop Hatto and the rats. The wicked bishop, you know, had ever so much corn stored in his granaries and would not let the starving people touch it, and when they prayed to him for food, he gathered them together in his barn, and then shutting the doors on them, set fire to the place and burned them all to death. But next day there came thousands upon thousands of rats, sent to do judgment on him. Then Bishop Hatto fled to his strong tower that stood in the middle of the Rhine, and barred himself in and fancied he was safe. But the rats! They swam the river, they gnawed their way through the thick stone walls, and ate him alive where he sat.

我爱读关于老鼠的故事。哪怕他们总让我毛骨悚然。我喜欢那个哈托主教和老鼠的故事。正如大家所知，邪恶的主教把很多玉米囤在他自己的粮仓里，不让那些饥民碰。当他们请求他施舍一点粮食的时候，他将他们聚集到他的粮仓里，然后关上门，点上火，把所有饥民都烧死了。但是第二天，突然出现了成千上万只老鼠来审判他。于是，哈托主教逃到他那矗立于莱茵河中间坚固的城堡里，把自己关在里面，以为已经安全了。却不料老鼠们游过了河，用牙咬碎了城堡那厚厚的石壁，就在主教端坐的地方将他活活吃掉了。

"They have whetted their teeth against the stones, And now they pick the bishop's bones; They gnawed the flesh from every limb, For they were sent to do judgment on him."[3]

“它们在石壁上磨利了牙齿，现在正把主教的骨头咬噬；它们将每根肋骨上的肉都吞咽，因为它们被派来用正义将主教审判。”

Oh, it's a lovely tale.

哈，这个故事真好听。

Then there is the story of The Pied Piper of Hamelin[4],how first he piped the rats away, and afterward, when the mayor broke faith with him, drew all the children along with him and went into the mountain. What a curious old legend that is! I wonder what it means, or has it any meaning at all? There seems something strange and deep lying hid beneath the rippling rhyme. It haunts me, that picture of the quaint, mysterious old piper piping through Hamelin's narrow streets, and the children following with dancing feet and thoughtful, eager faces. The old folks try to stay them, but the children pay no heed. They hear the weird, witched music and must follow. The games are left unfinished and the playthings drop from their careless hands. They know not whither they are hastening. The mystic music calls to them, and they follow, heedless and unasking where. It stirs and vibrates in their hearts and other sounds grow faint. So they wander through Pied Piper Street away from Hamelin town.

还有《哈梅林的彩衣吹笛人》的故事，他先用笛声把老鼠们引开，又在镇长失信后，召唤所有孩子跟他进了山。这个古老的传说多么神奇啊！我很想知道它的寓意，或者它真的有什么寓意吗？在那如潺潺流水般的旋律下，似乎隐藏着什么奇异和深邃的东西。这个画面常萦绕在我眼前：离奇而神秘的老吹笛手穿过哈梅林狭窄的街道，吹着长笛，孩子们手舞足蹈地追随着他，表情热切而若有所思。老人们试图阻拦他们，孩子们却置若罔闻。他们听着那奇异而富有魔力的音乐，不由自主地跟着它走。孩子们的游戏玩到一半，玩具从他们心不在焉的手中滑落。他们急匆匆地走着，却不知道去往何处。神秘的音乐召唤着他们，他们就跟着走，对终点不闻不问。笛声在他们心中激荡，其他所有的声响都变得微弱了。就这样，他们漫步穿过彩衣吹笛人的街道，离开了哈梅林镇。

I get thinking sometimes if the Pied Piper is really dead, or if he may not still be roaming up and down our streets and lanes, but playing now so softly that only the children hear him. Why do the little faces look so grave and solemn when they pause awhile from romping, and stand, deep wrapt, with straining eyes? They only shake their curly heads and dart back laughing to their playmates when we question them. But I fancy myself they have been listening to the magic music of the old Pied Piper, and perhaps with those bright eyes of theirs have even seen his odd, fantastic figure gliding unnoticed through the whirl and throng.

我有时会想，彩衣吹笛人是真的死了呢，还是仍然徘徊在我们的大街小巷，低声吹奏着只有孩子们才能听到的笛声。不然，为什么孩子们会在嬉闹玩耍的时候突然停下来站一会儿，表情如此庄严肃穆，双眼大睁，深深迷醉其中？只有当我们问他们的时候，他们才会摇晃着满头的卷发，笑着冲回他们的小伙伴当中。我时常猜想他们是在倾听古老的彩

衣吹笛人的魔曲，而那些眼睛明亮的孩子们可能还看见了他那悄然隐没在熙熙攘攘人群中的古怪身影。

Even we grown-up children hear his piping now and then. But the yearning notes are very far away, and the noisy, blustering world is always bellowing so loud it drowns the dreamlike melody. One day the sweet, sad strains will sound out full and clear, and then we too shall, like the little children, throw our playthings all aside and follow. The loving hands will be stretched out to stay us, and the voices we have learned to listen for will cry to us to stop. But we shall push the fond arms gently back and pass out through the sorrowing house and through the open door. For the wild, strange music will be ringing in our hearts, and we shall know the meaning of its song by then.

哪怕是我们这些长大了的孩子也能偶尔听到他的笛声。但是那令人向往的音符太遥远，而这个吵闹喧嚣的世界却又有着太多嘈杂的噪声，足以淹没那梦幻一般的旋律。有一天，那甜美而忧伤的曲调终会清晰饱满地流淌出来，而我们也会像小孩子一般，将我们手中的玩具扔到一边，跟随而去。慈爱的双手会伸出来阻拦我们，我们之前从不违抗的声音，会哭着请求我们停留。但我们会轻轻地推开这慈爱的手臂，在一片悲声中离开家。因为那狂野而神奇的音乐会在我们心中回响，而那时，我们会知道那歌曲中所蕴含的意义。

I wish people could love animals without getting maudlin over them, as so many do. Women are the most hardened offenders in such respects, but even our intellectual sex often degrade pets into nuisances by absurd idolatry. There are the gushing young ladies who, having read "David Copperfield," have thereupon sought out a small, longhaired dog of nondescript breed, possessed of an irritating habit of criticising a man's trousers, and of finally commenting upon the same by a sniff indicative of contempt and disgust. They talk sweet girlish prattle to this animal (when there is any one near enough to overhear them), and they kiss its nose, and put its unwashed head up against their cheek in a most touching manner; though I have noticed that these caresses are principally performed when there are young men hanging about.

我希望人们爱动物，但不要像许多人那样因为动物而过于多愁善感。女人们是这个问题的重犯，但就算是我们这些理智的男性，也经常因为对宠物过度的溺爱，而使宠物们变得让人讨厌。很多多愁善感的年轻女性在读了《大卫·科波菲尔》之后，会专门去找那种血统不明的长毛小狗来养。这种小狗有一种惹人生气的习惯，他们总是会批评男人的裤子，并且最后还要轻蔑而厌恶地哼一声，以表示他们的不屑一顾。女孩子们会娇滴滴地哄这种小东西（当周围有人可以无意中听到她们说话的时候），她们亲他的鼻子，极其深情地将他脏兮兮的头贴到自己脸上。但是我注意到，女孩子们展示她们爱抚的时候，周围大多有些年轻的小伙子们走来走去。

Then there are the old ladies who worship a fat poodle, scant of breath and full of fleas. I knew a couple of elderly spinsters once who had a sort of German sausage on legs which they called a dog between them. They used to wash its face with warm water every morning. It had a mutton cutlet regularly for breakfast; and on Sundays, when one of the ladies went to church, the other always stopped at home to keep the dog company.

还有些老太太们喜欢那种呼吸短促、全身跳蚤的胖狮子狗。我认识一对老处女，她们养的狗活像一只长了腿的德国香肠。她们每天早上用温水给它洗脸，定期用羊肉饼给它做早餐。到了周日，如果一个老太太去了教堂，另外一个就留在家里给狗作伴。

There are many families where the whole interest of life is centered upon the dog. Cats, by the way, rarely suffer from excess of adulation. A cat possesses a very fair sense of the ridiculous, and will put her paw down kindly but firmly upon any nonsense of this kind. Dogs, however, seem to like it. They encourage their owners in the tomfoolery, and the consequence is that in the circles I am speaking of what "dear Fido" has done, does do, will do, won't do, can do, can't do, was doing, is doing, is going to do, shall do, shan't do, and is about to be going to have done is the continual theme of discussion from morning till night.

有很多家庭，生活的全部乐趣，都集中在狗身上。顺口一说，猫就很少受到这种过分的恭维。猫对荒唐的东西有很清楚的判断，她对这种可笑的行为总会温和而坚定地拒绝。但是狗就不一样，他们似乎喜欢这样的奉承。对自己主人的蠢行，他们是持鼓励态度的。结果就是，在那些我提到的圈子中，人们一直谈论的话题从早到晚都是“亲爱的菲多”做了什么，平常做什么，会做什么，不会做什么，能做什么，不能做什么，刚才在做什么，现在做什么，一会儿要做什么，应当要做什么，不应当做什么，马上要做完什么，等等等等。

All the conversation, consisting, as it does, of the very dregs of imbecility, is addressed to this confounded animal. The family sit in a row all day long, watching him, commenting upon his actions, telling each other anecdotes about him, recalling his virtues, and remembering with tears how one day they lost him for two whole hours, on which occasion he was brought home in a most brutal manner by the butcher-boy, who had been met carrying him by the scruff of his neck with one hand, while soundly cuffing his head with the other.

所有这些愚蠢无聊的谈话，都是围绕着这只讨厌的动物来的。一家人坐成一排，一天到晚看着他，评论他的一举一动，彼此转告关于他的轶事，回想他的优点，还要眼泪汪汪地回忆他走丢了整整两个小时的那天，是怎么被屠户家的孩子野蛮地送回家来的。那次，他们看见屠户家

的孩子一手拎着他的后脖颈，另一只手在他头上噼里啪啦地一顿拍打。

After recovering from these bitter recollections, they vie with each other in bursts of admiration for the brute, until some more than usually enthusiastic member, unable any longer to control his feelings, swoops down upon the unhappy quadruped in a frenzy of affection, clutches it to his heart, and slobbers over it. Whereupon the others, mad with envy, rise up, and seizing as much of the dog as the greed of the first one has left to them, murmur praise and devotion.

从这些心酸的回忆里抽离出来后，他们就争先恐后地倾吐自己对这畜生的爱意，直到某位感情过于激动的家庭成员再也无法控制自己的情绪，满怀爱意地扑向这并不乐意的四条腿的东西，把他紧紧抱在怀里，趴在他身上亲吻他。而这时，家里的其他人则被嫉妒冲昏了头，也站起身来，一边尽力将狗身上第一个贪婪鬼没拿走的部分往自己怀里揽，一边嘟囔着他们的赞美和忠诚。

Among these people everything is done through the dog. If you want to make love to the eldest daughter, or get the old man to lend you the garden roller, or the mother to subscribe to the Society for the Suppression of Solo-Cornet Players in Theatrical Orchestras (it's a pity there isn't one, anyhow), you have to begin with the dog. You must gain its approbation before they will even listen to you, and if, as is highly probable, the animal, whose frank, doggy nature has been warped by the unnatural treatment he has received, responds to your overtures of friendship by viciously snapping at you, your cause is lost forever.

这些人，干什么事情都要经过狗这一关。你要是想追求这家的长女，或是向家里的老头借剪草机，或是说服这家的妈妈为“反对短号独奏者在剧场演出协会”捐款（无论如何，没有这个协会可真是让人遗憾），你得先从这家的狗下手。想让他们听你说话，必须得先得到狗的认可。而假如这畜生那天生坦诚的狗性已被加在他身上的过分溺爱扭曲了，而以残暴的猛咬回报你的友好，你的事就永远没戏了，而这是极为可能的。

"If Fido won't take to any one," the father has thoughtfully remarked beforehand, "I say that man is not to be trusted. You know, Maria, how often I have said that. Ah! He knows, bless him."

“如果菲多不喜欢谁，”这家的爸爸早就深思熟虑地预先谈及过，“我就说这个人不值得信任。你知道，玛丽亚，我说过多少次了。哈！他就是知道，上帝保佑他。”

Drat him!

去他的吧！

And to think that the surly brute was once an innocent puppy, all

legs and head, full of fun and play, and burning with ambition to become a big, good dog and bark like mother.

想想吧，这脾气乖戾的畜生也曾是只天真无邪的小狗，从头到脚，活泼可爱，雄心勃勃地想要变成一只大狗、好狗，像妈妈一样吠叫。

Ah me! Life sadly changes us all. The world seems a vast horrible grinding machine, into which what is fresh and bright and pure is pushed at one end, to come out old and crabbed and wrinkled at the other.

天啊！生活可悲地改变了我们所有人。世界像是一架巨大而恐怖的研磨机，从一头推进去的是新鲜、明丽和纯洁，从另一头压出来的却是破旧、坏损和皱折。

Look even at Pussy Sobersides[5], with her dull, sleepy glance, her grave, slow walk, and dignified, prudish airs; who could ever think that once she was the blue-eyed, whirling, scampering, head-over-heels, mad little fi rework that we call a kitten?

就说帕西·苏柏采斯吧，别看她现在眼神呆滞，没精打采，步履沉重而迟缓，一副庄严而一本正经的架势。谁又能想到，曾经，她也是一只长着蓝眼睛，打着滚儿，蹦蹦跳跳，爱翻跟头的小疯猫，就像一只点着了的烟火棒？

What marvelous vitality a kitten has. It is really something very beautiful the way life bubbles over in the little creatures. They rush about, and mew, and spring; dance on their hind legs, embrace everything with their front ones, roll over and over, lie on their backs and kick. They don't know what to do with themselves, they are so full of life.

一只小猫身上的活力是多么令人惊叹啊！生命力在这个小家伙身上不断迸发的方式，真是美不可言。她们到处疯跑，一会儿喵喵叫，一会儿跳高；她们用自己的两条后腿跳舞，用前腿去抱她们面前的一切东西。她们滚来滚去，肚皮朝天，四脚乱踢。她们都不知道该拿自己怎么办，她们是如此生机勃勃。

Can you remember, reader, when you and I felt something of the same sort of thing? Can you remember those glorious days of fresh young manhood—how, when coming home along the moonlit road, we felt too full of life for sober walking, and had to spring and skip, and wave our arms, and shout till belated farmers' wives thought—and with good reason, too—that we were mad, and kept close to the hedge, while we stood and laughed aloud to see them scuttle off so fast and made their blood run cold with a wild parting whoop, and the tears came, we knew not why? Oh, that magnificent young life! That crowned us kings of the earth; that rushed through every tingling vein till we seemed to walk on air; that thrilled through our throbbing

brains and told us to go forth and conquer the whole world; that welled up in our young hearts till we longed to stretch out our arms and gather all the toiling men and women and the little children to our breast and love them all—all. Ah! They were grand days, those deep, full days, when our coming life, like an unseen organ, pealed strange, yearnful music in our ears, and our young blood cried out like a war-horse for the battle. Ah, our pulse beats slow and steady now, and our old joints are rheumatic, and we love our easy-chair and pipe and sneer at boys' enthusiasm. But oh for one brief moment of that god-like life again!

亲爱的读者，你还记得你我在何时有过这种相同的感受吗？你还记得我们充满朝气的青春岁月里那欢乐的日子吗？我们沿着月色朦胧的小道回家，感到自己是如此活力四射，正经八百地走路不能满足我们，我们必须得跳一跳，跑一跑，挥舞着我们的手臂大声喊叫，以至于晚归的农妇理所当然地认为我们疯了，紧紧地贴着树篱行走。而我们则站在那儿，大笑着看她们匆忙离去，最后还要狂喊一声，吓得她们魂飞魄散。而这时，不知为何，我们的眼泪却涌了上来。哦，那璀璨而又年轻的生命啊！你封我们为世界之王；你在我们每一根兴奋的血管中奔流，让我们如同行走在云端；你激励着我们飞转的大脑，告诉我们勇往直前，去征服整个世界；你在我们年轻的心灵中一点点灌注力量，直到我们热切地伸出双臂，想将所有辛劳的男人、女人和小孩子拥入怀中，想去爱他们所有人——所有人。啊，那些波澜壮阔的日子！在那些深沉而充实的日子里，我们未来的生命，好像一架看不见的风琴，在我们的耳边奏响那陌生却令人神往的音乐，我们年轻的血液，就像一匹即将奋勇出征的战马一样发出嘶鸣。唉，现在，我们的脉搏跳得缓慢而沉重，我们衰老的关节患上了风湿，我们爱上了安乐椅和烟斗，还对男孩儿们的热情不屑一顾。但是，噢，那神仙般的生活，哪怕是短短一瞬，也别无他求！

(1)帕西，猫的名字。

(2)蒙特莫伦西，本书作者另一本小说《三人同舟》里出现的一条狗的名字。

(3)参见19世纪英国浪漫主义诗人罗伯特·骚塞的叙事诗《哈托主教》。

(4)《哈梅林的彩衣吹笛人》，故事选自《格林童话》，此处作者谈到的应为罗伯特·勃朗宁的英译童话诗。

(5)帕西·苏柏采斯，猫的名字，即前文提到的帕西。

IX. On Being Shy

9.羞涩之苦

All great literary men are shy. I am myself, though I am told it is hardly noticeable.

所有伟大的文学家都是害羞的。我自己就很怕羞，虽然别人告诉我，我的羞涩很不明显。

I am glad it is not. It used to be extremely prominent at one time, and was the cause of much misery to myself and discomfort to every one about me—my lady friends especially complained most bitterly about it.

我很高兴它并不明显。它曾经极度引人注目，给我自己带来了诸多痛苦，也给我身边的各位带来了许多尴尬——我的女性朋友们对它的抱怨最为厉害。

A shy man's lot is not a happy one. The men dislike him, the women despise him, and he dislikes and despises himself. Use brings him no relief, and there is no cure for him except time; though I once came across a delicious recipe for overcoming the misfortune. It appeared among the "answers to correspondents" in a small weekly journal and ran as follows—I have never forgotten it: "Adopt an easy and pleasing manner, especially toward ladies."

羞涩的男人往往时运不济。男人们不喜欢他，女人们也瞧不起他，而他对自己，也是既不喜欢又瞧不起。个人价值不能带给他安慰，除了时间，没什么东西可以为他疗伤；尽管如此，有一次，我却有幸得见一个可以克服这一不幸的妙方。我是在一份小型周刊的“来信回复”栏中发现的，它是这么写的——我从来没有忘记过：“举止需从容自在、讨人喜欢，对女士尤为如此。”

Poor wretch! I can imagine the grin with which he must have read that advice. "Adopt an easy and pleasing manner, especially toward ladies," forsooth! Don't you adopt anything of the kind, my dear young shy friend. Your attempt to put on any other disposition than your own will infallibly result in your becoming ridiculously gushing and offensively familiar. Be your own natural self, and then you will only be thought to be surly and stupid.

可怜的家伙！我都能想象读到这条建议时，他咧嘴而笑的样子。“举止需从容自在、讨人喜欢，对女士尤为如此。”真是大实话！我亲爱的年轻而羞涩的朋友，你可别听信了这样的话。你故作姿态的努力，无疑会让你热情得荒谬可笑，或亲切得令人反感；而如果你坚持自己的本色，别人又会觉得你乖戾无礼，愚笨乏味。

The shy man does have some slight revenge upon society for the torture it inflicts upon him. He is able, to a certain extent, to communicate his misery. He frightens other people as much as they frighten him. He acts like a damper upon the whole room, and the most jovial spirits become in his presence depressed and nervous.

社会让害羞的人痛苦，他确实也会小小地还以报复。他的痛苦在某种程度上具有传染性。虽然他害怕他人，但他给他人带来的惊吓却一点儿不少。他就像整个屋子的减音器一样，只要他一出现，最活跃的家伙也会变得心情低落，神情紧张。

This is a good deal brought about by misunderstanding. Many people mistake the shy man's timidity for overbearing arrogance and are awed and insulted by it. His awkwardness is resented as insolent carelessness, and when, terror-stricken at the first word addressed to him, the blood rushes to his head and the power of speech completely fails him, he is regarded as an awful example of the evil effects of giving way to passion.

这个问题大多是由误会造成的。很多人错把羞涩者的胆怯当成自高自大，不仅心存敬畏，还觉得受到了侮辱。他的不善言辞则被误解成傲慢无礼、漫不经心而遭人怨恨。人们开口和他说第一句话时，他会惊恐不已，头脑发热，完全丧失语言能力。这时，他就会被当作因无法控制情绪而导致不良后果的反面例子。

But, indeed, to be misunderstood is the shy man's fate on every occasion; and whatever impression he endeavors to create, he is sure to convey its opposite. When he makes a joke, it is looked upon as a pretended relation of fact and his want of veracity much condemned. His sarcasm is accepted as his literal opinion and gains for him the reputation of being an ass, while if, on the other hand, wishing to ingratiate himself, he ventures upon a little bit of flattery, it is taken for satire and he is hated ever afterward.

但是，的确，无论在什么样的场合，害羞的人都会遭遇被误解的宿命；无论他想留给别人怎样的印象，都肯定会产生相反的效果。他开玩笑的时候，别人会认为他在讲述编造的事实，然后骂他嘴里没有一句实话。他的戏谑之言，则会被当作他的真实想法，为他赢得“混蛋”的名声。然而，另一方面，他如果为了迎合别人而大胆尝试说一点奉承话，又会被当作是在冷嘲热讽，从此被人记恨。

These and the rest of a shy man's troubles are always very amusing to other people, and have afforded material for comic writing from time immemorial. But if we look a little deeper we shall find there is a pathetic, one might almost say a tragic, side to the picture. A shy man means a lonely man—a man cut off from all companionship, all sociability. He moves about the world, but does not mix with it. Between him and his fellow-men there runs ever an

impassable barrier—a strong, invisible wall that, trying in vain to scale, he but bruises himself against. He sees the pleasant faces and hears the pleasant voices on the other side, but he cannot stretch his hand across to grasp another hand. He stands watching the merry groups, and he longs to speak and to claim kindred with them. But they pass him by, chatting gayly to one another, and he cannot stay them. He tries to reach them, but his prison walls move with him and hem him in on every side. In the busy street, in the crowded room, in the grind of work, in the whirl of pleasure, amid the many or amid the few—wherever men congregate together, wherever the music of human speech is heard and human thought is f lashed from human eyes, there, shunned and solitary, the shy man, like a leper, stands apart. His soul is full of love and longing, but the world knows it not. The iron mask of shyness is riveted before his face, and the man beneath is never seen. Genial words and hearty greetings are ever rising to his lips, but they die away in unheard whispers behind the steel clamps. His heart aches for the weary brother, but his sympathy is dumb. Contempt and indignation against wrong choke up his throat, and finding no safety-valve whence in passionate utterance they may burst forth, they only turn in again and harm him. All the hate and scorn and love of a deep nature such as the shy man is ever cursed by fester and corrupt within, instead of spending themselves abroad, and sour him into a misanthrope and cynic.

羞涩者的这些逸事和其他麻烦事，一向逗人发笑，并为古往今来的喜剧作品提供了充裕的素材。但只要我们再稍微深入地想想，就会发现其中有值得同情甚至可以说是悲惨的一面。一个害羞的人同时也是一个孤独的人——一个没有任何人作伴，也没有任何社交活动的人。他在这个世上生活，却不能融入其中。一道不可跨越的障碍始终存在于他和其他人之间——那是一堵坚固无形的墙，怎么翻越都是徒劳，只会将自己撞得鼻青脸肿。他能看到墙的另一面赏心悦目的面庞，能听到悦耳的声音，却无法伸手过去抓住另一只手。他站在原地，看着欢乐的人群，想要和他们说说话，告诉他们自己是他们的朋友。但当他们快活地聊着天经过他的身旁时，他却无法使他们停留。他想要追上他们，但禁锢他的墙壁却跟着他移动，从四面八方将他封锁起来。在繁华的街市上，在拥挤的房间里，不管是辛苦地工作，还是疯狂地享乐，不管身边人数众多，还是寥寥无几——无论在哪里，当人们聚集在一起，当人们说话的声音交织成动听的音乐在周围萦绕，当人类思想的火花在人们眼睛里闪耀，害羞的人却像被排挤的麻风病人一样，茕茕孑立，形影相吊。他的灵魂充满了爱和渴望，但是世人并不知晓。羞涩的铁面具固定在了他的脸上，而背后的那个人却从没被人看到过。温和的话语和真心的祝福常常涌到他的唇边，但却在那钢铁夹板背后化为细不可闻的呢喃。他为疲惫的兄弟心痛，但他的同情却默默无声。对邪恶的轻蔑和愤怒时时卡住他的喉咙，找不到安全阀门可以倾泄出激昂的言辞，只能再憋回心里，伤害自己。羞涩者所有深沉的爱恨与嘲笑永远无法显露在外，却总在心

中溃烂腐化，让他们变得离群索居，愤世嫉俗。

Yes, shy men, like ugly women, have a bad time of it in this world, to go through which with any comfort needs the hide of a rhinoceros. Thick skin is, indeed, our moral clothes, and without it we are not fit to be seen about in civilized society. A poor gasping, blushing creature, with trembling knees and twitching hands, is a painful sight to every one, and if it cannot cure itself, the sooner it goes and hangs itself the better.

是的，害羞的人就像面容丑陋的女人一样，在这个世界上吃尽了苦头，需要一张犀牛皮才能过得舒服一点。确实，厚实的皮肤是我们的道德外衣，如果没有，我们就无法在文明社会立足。看到呼吸短促、面红耳赤、手脚颤抖的可怜家伙，对任何人来说都是痛苦的事；如果这样的人不能自我治愈，还不如早点吊死自己来得干净。

The disease can be cured. For the comfort of the shy, I can assure them of that from personal experience. I do not like speaking about myself, as may have been noticed, but in the cause of humanity I on this occasion will do so, and will confess that at one time I was, as the young man in the Bab Ballad[1] says, "the shyest of the shy," and "whenever I was introduced to any pretty maid, my knees they knocked together just as if I was afraid." Now, I would—nay, have—on this very day before yesterday I did the deed. Alone and entirely by myself (as the school-boy said in translating the Bellum Gallicum[2]) did I beard a railway refreshment-room young lady in her own lair. I rebuked her in terms of mingled bitterness and sorrow for her callousness and want of condescension. I insisted, courteously but firmly, on being accorded that deference and attention that was the right of the traveling Briton, and at the end I looked her full in the face. Need I say more?

害羞这种病是可以治愈的。为了让害羞者心安，我会以个人经验作为担保。我不喜欢谈论自己的事，可能大家也注意到了，但出于人道主义的考虑，这次我就说说自己的经历。我承认，我曾经就像《巴布民谣》里的那个年轻人一样，“比最害羞的人还要害羞”，而且“每当介绍美丽的姑娘给我认识时，我都双腿发抖，好像我很害怕”。现在我会——不，是已经——其实前天我就做了这么一件事。我完全凭自己一个人的力量（就像男学生们说自己翻译《高卢战记》那样），向一位车站茶点室的年轻女服务员提出了挑战，而且是在她自己的地盘上。我用混合着辛酸和悲痛的语气，指责她态度冷淡，举止无礼。我礼貌但坚决地表示，尊重和关心是英国人在旅行中理应得到的，说到最后，我从正面直视着她的脸。还需要我再说什么吗？

True, immediately after doing so I left the room with what may possibly have appeared to be precipitation and without waiting for any refreshment. But that was because I had changed my mind, not

because I was frightened, you understand.

没错，做完这些之后我没吃任何点心就立刻离开了车厢，看起来可能有点仓皇而逃的感觉。但那是因为我改变了主意，并不是因为害怕，你知道的。

One consolation that shy folk can take unto themselves is that shyness is certainly no sign of stupidity. It is easy enough for bull-headed clowns to sneer at nerves, but the highest natures are not necessarily those containing the greatest amount of moral brass. The horse is not an inferior animal to the cock-sparrow, nor the deer of the forest to the pig. Shyness simply means extreme sensibility, and has nothing whatever to do with self-consciousness or with conceit, though its relationship to both is continually insisted upon by the poll-parrot school of philosophy.

害羞的家伙们可以觉得欣慰的是，害羞绝不是愚蠢的象征。虽然固执的小丑们总是嘲笑神经敏感的人，但最高等的生物并不一定就是脸皮最厚的家伙。马并不因为默默无语就比公麻雀低上一等，同理，森林中的鹿也不比猪低级。害羞仅仅代表极度敏感，与自我意识或者自负没有任何关系，尽管那些鹦鹉学舌的哲学流派总是反复强调害羞与这两者之间的关系。

Conceit, indeed, is the quickest cure for it. When it once begins to dawn upon you that you are a good deal cleverer than any one else in this world, bashfulness becomes shocked and leaves you. When you can look round a roomful of people and think that each one is a mere child in intellect compared with yourself you feel no more shy of them than you would of a select company of magpies or orang-outangs.

然而，自负的确是治疗羞涩的速效药。当你开始意识到自己比世界上任何人都要聪明得多时，羞涩也会大吃一惊，离你远去。当你能够环视屋子一周，想着这一屋子的人在智力上和你相比不过是群孩子时，你就不会再感到羞涩，因为在他们面前害羞，无异于对着一群喜鹊或猩猩难为情。

Conceit is the finest armor that a man can wear. Upon its smooth, impenetrable surface the puny dagger-thrusts of spite and envy glance harmlessly aside. Without that breast-plate the sword of talent cannot force its way through the battle of life, for blows have to be borne as well as dealt. I do not, of course, speak of the conceit that displays itself in an elevated nose and a falsetto voice. That is not real conceit—that is only playing at being conceited; like children play at being kings and queens and go strutting about with feathers and long trains. Genuine conceit does not make a man objectionable. On the contrary, it tends to make him genial, kind-hearted, and simple. He has no need of affectation—he is far too well satisfied with his own character; and his pride is too deep-seated to appear at all on the outside. Careless

alike of praise or blame, he can afford to be truthful. Too far, in fancy, above the rest of mankind to trouble about their petty distinctions, he is equally at home with duke or costermonger. And valuing no one's standard but his own, he is never tempted to practice that miserable pretense that less self-reliant people offer up as an hourly sacrifice to the god of their neighbor's opinion.

自负是人们最好的盔甲。那微不足道的恶言恶语和嫉妒的目光都无法刺穿它光滑而坚不可入的表面。没有自负这个护胸，才能的利剑就无法在生活的战场上大显身手，因为我们不仅要出剑，也要挡剑。我说的自负，当然不是要表现得趾高气扬，装腔作势。那不是真正的自负——而只是做出自负的样子；就像孩子们扮成国王和皇后，带着羽毛，排成一列，昂首阔步地走来走去。真正的自负不会让人觉得讨厌。相反，它会让人变得亲切，善良，纯朴。他没有必要伪装——因为他对自己的性格十分满意；而他的骄傲是深深藏于内心的，根本不会显形于外。不管是毁是誉，他都不放在心上，因为他有资本过真实的生活。他所关心的东西层次远在常人之上，所以对于困扰其他人的细微差别，他从不在意，不管是公爵还是小贩，他都能态度自然地与之相处。缺乏自信的人往往会牺牲一些时间按邻居的意见行事，而自负的人从来不会去做这些可悲的事，因为他不在意他人的评价，只在乎自己的标准。

The shy man, on the other hand, is humble—modest of his own judgment and over-anxious concerning that of others. But this in the case of a young man is surely right enough. His character is unformed. It is slowly evolving itself out of a chaos of doubt and disbelief. Before the growing insight and experience the diffidence recedes. A man rarely carries his shyness past the hobbledehoy period. Even if his own inward strength does not throw it off, the rubbings of the world generally smooth it down. You scarcely ever meet a really shy man—except in novels or on the stage, where, by the bye, he is much admired, especially by the women.

另一方面，害羞的人却是谦卑的——他们提出自己的意见时很谦卑，却极度紧张别人的看法。但对于一个年轻人来说，这的确是十分正确的。他的性格还没有定型，正在从困惑和怀疑的混沌中慢慢成形。在心智成熟，阅历增长之前，两者间的差异渐渐消融。很少有人会把羞涩带到成年以后的岁月中去。即使自己内在的力量不足以摆脱羞涩，一般来说，这个世界处处存在的摩擦也会将它逐渐消除。你很难遇到真正害羞的人——除了在小说里或者在舞台上，然而在那些地方，他是倍受推崇的对象，尤其讨女人的喜欢。

There, in that supernatural land, he appears as a fair-haired and saintlike young man—fair hair and goodness always go together on the stage. No respectable audience would believe in one without the other. I knew an actor who mislaid his wig once and had to rush on to play the hero in his own hair, which was jet-black, and the gallery howled at all his noble sentiments under the impression that he was

the villain. He—the shy young man—loves the heroine, oh so devotedly (but only in asides, for he dare not tell her of it), and he is so noble and unselfish, and speaks in such a low voice, and is so good to his mother; and the bad people in the play, they laugh at him and jeer at him, but he takes it all so gently, and in the end it transpires that he is such a clever man, though nobody knew it, and then the heroine tells him she loves him, and he is so surprised, and oh, so happy! And everybody loves him and asks him to forgive them, which he does in a few well-chosen and sarcastic words, and blesses them; and he seems to have generally such a good time of it that all the young fellows who are not shy long to be shy. But the really shy man knows better. He knows that it is not quite so pleasant in reality. He is not quite so interesting there as in the fiction. He is a little more clumsy and stupid and a little less devoted and gentle, and his hair is much darker, which, taken altogether, considerably alters the aspect of the case.

那里，在那个神奇的世界里，他以圣洁的金发青年的形象出现——在舞台上，金色的头发和优良的品性孟不离焦焦不离孟。没有哪位可敬的观众会相信两者中会缺其一。我认识一个演员，有一次他把假发放错了地方，不得不顶着自己墨黑的头发冲上台，出演男主角。整个剧场对他表现出的高尚情感报以愤怒的嘘声，因为大家都认定了他是剧中的反面角色。他——那个害羞的年轻人——噢，那么全心全意地爱着女主角（但只在旁白里表现，因为他不敢向她告白）。他是如此高尚而无私，说话时如此轻言细语，而且十分孝敬他的母亲。剧中的坏人嘲笑他，讥讽他，他都温和地承受一切。剧终的时候真相大白：原来他是一个如此聪明的人，虽然之前没人知道。然后，女主角向他吐露爱意，他多么惊喜，噢，多么幸福啊！现在每个人都爱他，都来祈求他的原谅。他以几句恰到好处而略带讽刺的话语表达了他的原谅，并祝福所有人。他的生活整体上看起来相当美满，以至于所有不害羞的年轻人也希望自己能变得害羞。但真正害羞的人知道得更清楚，在现实生活中，害羞并不是那么令人愉快。他也不像小说里写得那般有趣。他多了几分笨手笨脚、呆头呆脑，少了几分全心全意、彬彬有礼；而且，他的头发更黑，这点，与其他因素全加起来，就会大大改变剧情。

The point where he does resemble his ideal is in his faithfulness. I am fully prepared to allow the shy young man that virtue: he is constant in his love. But the reason is not far to seek. The fact is it exhausts all his stock of courage to look one woman in the face, and it would be simply impossible for him to go through the ordeal with a second. He stands in far too much dread of the whole female sex to want to go gadding about with many of them. One is quite enough for him.

他与自己的偶像确实相似的一点是他的忠诚。我已欣然承认羞涩者的这个美德：他对爱情的专一。但理由不难发现。事实上，抬起头来注

视一个女人的脸就已经耗尽了他所有的勇气储备，他不可能经受得住第二次严酷考验。他对于整个女性深怀畏惧，绝不可能周旋于许多女人之间。对于他来说，一个女人就足够了。

Now, it is different with the young man who is not shy. He has temptations which his bashful brother never encounters. He looks around and everywhere sees roguish eyes and laughing lips. What more natural than that amid so many roguish eyes and laughing lips he should become confused and, forgetting for the moment which particular pair of roguish eyes and laughing lips it is that he belongs to, go off making love to the wrong set. The shy man, who never looks at anything but his own boots, sees not and is not tempted. Happy shy man!

说起来，不害羞的年轻人就大不一样了。他们遇到的诱惑是他们那些害羞的兄弟压根儿就没遇见过的。放眼看去，四处都是挑逗的眼睛和带笑的双唇。再自然不过的，就是在这么多挑逗的眼睛和带笑的双唇中间，他开始糊涂，忘了自己属于哪双挑逗的眼睛和带笑的双唇，而向错误的女孩求爱。害羞的人，永远只盯着自己的靴子，看不见任何其他的东西，眼不见心不乱。害羞的人真幸福！

Not but what the shy man himself would much rather not be happy in that way. He longs to "go it" with the others, and curses himself every day for not being able to. He will now and again, screwing up his courage by a tremendous effort, plunge into roguishness. But it is always a terrible fiasco, and after one or two feeble flounders he crawls out again, limp and pitiable.

然而，唯独害羞的人自己宁愿不要这种幸福。他渴望可以和大家一起“刺激一下”，每日诅咒自己的无能为力。他隔三差五就要竭尽全力给自己鼓劲，然后陷入无所顾忌的状态。可却总是彻头彻尾地惨败而归，无力地挣扎过一两次后，他便有气无力、可怜兮兮地又爬了出来。

I say "pitiable," though I am afraid he never is pitied. There are certain misfortunes which, while inflicting a vast amount of suffering upon their victims, gain for them no sympathy. Losing an umbrella, falling in love, toothache, black eyes, and having your hat sat upon may be mentioned as a few examples, but the chief of them all is shyness. The shy man is regarded as an animate joke. His tortures are the sport of the drawing-room arena and are pointed out and discussed with much gusto.

虽然我说“可怜兮兮”，但恐怕没人真正可怜过害羞的人。有一些不幸为他们的承受者带来了巨大的痛苦，却不能为他们赢得一丝同情。丢失雨伞，陷入爱河，牙疼，眼睛被揍得乌青，帽子被别人坐在了屁股下面……这儿所提到的可能是极少数的几个例子，但其中最主要的是害羞。害羞的人就是个活笑话。折磨他是室内运动场上的运动，被人们兴致勃勃地指出来并讨论着。

"Look," cry his tittering audience to each other; "he's blushing!"

“看啊，”人们窃笑着转告彼此，“他脸红了！”

"Just watch his legs," says one.

“看看他的双腿吧。”一个人说。

"Do you notice how he is sitting?" adds another: "right on the edge of the chair."

“你们注意到他的坐姿了吗？”另外一个人补充道，“他是靠着椅子边儿坐的。”

"Seems to have plenty of color," sneers a military-looking gentleman.

“他的脸色好像很丰富啊。”一位军人模样的先生嘲笑着说。

"Pity he's got so many hands," murmurs an elderly lady, with her own calmly folded on her lap. "They quite confuse him."

“真可怜，手都不知道往哪儿放。”一位老太太低声说道，她自己的手倒是好好地叠放在膝盖上，“他的手把他搞晕了。”

"A yard or two off his feet wouldn't be a disadvantage," chimes in the comic man, "especially as he seems so anxious to hide them."

“就是把他的双脚截掉一两码，也不是坏事，”爱开玩笑的人插嘴说，“尤其是他好像正急着把自己的脚藏起来。”

And then another suggests that with such a voice he ought to have been a sea-captain. Some draw attention to the desperate way in which he is grasping his hat. Some comment upon his limited powers of conversation. Others remark upon the troublesome nature of his cough. And so on, until his peculiarities and the company are both thoroughly exhausted.

然后又有人提议他这样的嗓音本该去当船长，一些人则注意到了他紧抓着帽檐的紧张样子，一些人讨论着他那有限的交流能力，另一些人则评论着他那恼人的咳嗽。这些讨论不断进行，直到他的所有怪癖都被说了个遍，而议论的人也都筋疲力尽了为止。

His friends and relations make matters still more unpleasant for the poor boy (friends and relations are privileged to be more disagreeable than other people). Not content with making fun of him among themselves, they insist on his seeing the joke. They mimic and caricature him for his own edification. One, pretending to imitate him, goes outside and comes in again in a ludicrously nervous manner, explaining to him afterward that that is the way he—meaning the shy fellow—walks into a room; or, turning to him with "This is the way you shake hands," proceeds to go through a comic pantomime with

the rest of the room, taking hold of every one's hand as if it were a hot plate and flabbily dropping it again. And then they ask him why he blushes, and why he stammers, and why he always speaks in an almost inaudible tone, as if they thought he did it on purpose. Then one of them, sticking out his chest and strutting about the room like a pouter-pigeon, suggests quite seriously that that is the style he should adopt. The old man slaps him on the back and says: "Be bold, my boy. Don't be afraid of any one." The mother says, "Never do anything that you need be ashamed of, Algernon, and then you never need be ashamed of anything you do," and, beaming mildly at him, seems surprised at the clearness of her own logic. The boys tell him that he's "worse than a girl," and the girls repudiate the implied slur upon their sex by indignantly exclaiming that they are sure no girl would be half as bad.

而朋友们和亲戚们让这可怜的家伙日子更加难过（朋友和亲戚的特权就是可以表现得比其他人更为讨厌）。他们不满足于只在彼此之间嘲笑他，而非要他也看清自己哪里可笑。他们模仿他，丑化他，以此来教育他。一个人装作他的模样，走出房门之后又再走进来，样子滑稽而紧张。然后向他解释，这就是他——那个害羞的家伙——走进房间的方式；或者，转头对他说“你就是这么握手的”，然后与整个房间的人一起表演一出滑稽的哑剧：将每个人的手抓一下就又无力地放开，好像大家的手是电烤盘。他们会问他为什么脸红，为什么结巴，为什么要用这么细不可闻的声音说话，好像认为他是故意这么做的。然后，他们中间会有一个人站出来，昂首挺胸、趾高气扬地在房间里走，好像一只凸胸鸽，然后正经八百地建议他，这样走路才对。长辈会在他的背上拍拍，说：“孩子，大胆点儿，谁都不要怕。”妈妈会对他说：“阿尔杰农，永远别做会让你自己羞愧的事，这样你就不会为你自己做过的任何事羞愧。”然后，温和地冲着他笑，似乎是惊讶于自己清晰的逻辑。男孩们会告诉他，他“还不如个女孩儿”，而女孩们则愤怒地反击，批判这是对女性暗藏的侮辱，保证没有哪个女孩儿有他一半儿那么糟。

They are quite right; no girl would be. There is no such thing as a shy woman, or, at all events, I have never come across one, and until I do I shall not believe in them. I know that the generally accepted belief is quite the reverse. All women are supposed to be like timid, startled fawns, blushing and casting down their gentle eyes when looked at and running away when spoken to; while we man are supposed to be a bold and rollicky lot, and the poor dear little women admire us for it, but are terribly afraid of us. It is a pretty theory, but, like most generally accepted theories, mere nonsense. The girl of twelve is self-contained and as cool as the proverbial cucumber, while her brother of twenty stammers and stutters by her side. A woman will enter a concer-troom late, interrupt the performance, and disturb the whole audience without moving a hair, while her husband follows

her, a crushed heap of apologizing misery.

她们说得很对；没有哪个女孩儿会比他糟糕。世上从来没有害羞的女人，或者说，我在任何场合都从没碰到过。除非我真的碰到一位，否则我是不会相信她们的存在的。我知道，被大家公认的信念通常是恰恰相反的。所有的女人都该像羞涩怕生、容易受惊的小鹿一样，在别人的注视下会双颊绯红，垂下她们温柔的双眼，当别人和她们说话的时候，会迅速跑掉。而男人则该是勇敢无畏、会说会闹的家伙，可爱可怜的小女人们因此而崇拜我们，但又惊恐地畏惧我们。这个绝妙的理论，就像大多数被广为认同的理论一样，纯粹是无稽之谈。一个十二岁的女孩儿就已经自立了，可以冷静而老练地处理事情；而她二十岁的哥哥却还在她旁边结结巴巴地说话。一个女人迟到进入音乐会大厅，干扰演出，打扰所有的观众，却连眉头都不皱一下，但她可怜的丈夫却跟着她，一路不停地道歉。

The superior nerve of women in all matters connected with love, from the casting of the first sheep's-eye down to the end of the honeymoon, is too well acknowledged to need comment. Nor is the example a fair one to cite in the present instance, the positions not being equally balanced. Love is woman's business, and in "business" we all lay aside our natural weaknesses—the shyest man I ever knew was a photographic tout.

从第一次暗送秋波到蜜月结束，女人在所有与爱情相关的事情中，都显露出过人的胆识，这是大家公认的事情，根本不需要评论。在这里引用爱情的例子不够公平，因为在爱情中男女的地位并不平等。爱情是女人的事业，而在处理“事业”的时候，我们都会把自己天生的弱点搁在一边——我所认识的最害羞的人，是个给照相馆招揽生意的伙计。

(1)《巴布民谣》，威廉·S.吉尔伯特的作品。

(2)《高卢战记》，凯撒所著，记录他在高卢作战的经过。

X. On Babies

10.宝宝传说

Oh, yes, I do—I know a lot about 'em. I was one myself once, though not long—not so long as my clothes. They were very long, I recollect, and always in my way when I wanted to kick. Why do babies have such yards of unnecessary clothing? It is not a riddle. I really want to know. I never could understand it. Is it that the parents are ashamed of the size of the child and wish to make believe that it is longer than it actually is? I asked a nurse once why it was. She said:

噢，是的——我对宝宝们所知甚多。我自己也曾经是个宝宝，虽然时间不长——还不如我的宝宝服长。我记得它们非常长，在我想踢踢脚的时候，总是挡着我。为什么宝宝们穿的衣服要有这些不必要的尺码呢？这并不是什么难解之谜，我真的很想知道，但我却永远没法理解。是不是父母为宝宝的个头感到羞愧，所以希望别人相信他其实比看起来高很多？一次，我问一个保姆为什么这样，她的回答是：

"Lor', sir, they always have long clothes, bless their little hearts."

“天啊，先生，他们一直穿这种长衣服，上帝保佑他们幼小的心灵。”

And when I explained that her answer, although doing credit to her feelings, hardly disposed of my difficulty, she replied:

当我解释说她的答案尽管可以为她自己的爱心加分，却完全没有消除我的疑惑时，她回答说：

"Lor', sir, you wouldn't have 'em in short clothes, poor little dears?" And she said it in a tone that seemed to imply I had suggested some unmanly outrage.

“天啊，先生，你不会是想给他们穿那些短短的小衣服吧？可怜的小东西们。”她说话的语气好像在暗示我说了什么不人道的无礼之辞。

Since then I have felt shy at making inquiries on the subject, and the reason—if reason there be—is still a mystery to me. But indeed, putting them in any clothes at all seems absurd to my mind. Goodness knows there is enough of dressing and undressing to be gone through in life without beginning it before we need; and one would think that people who live in bed might at all events be spared the torture. Why wake the poor little wretches up in the morning to take one lot of clothes off, fi x another lot on, and put them to bed again, and then at night haul them out once more, merely to change everything back? And when all is done, what difference is there, I should like to know,

between a baby's night-shirt and the thing it wears in the day-time?

从此之后，我就不好意思再就这个问题提出疑问了。而宝宝们穿长衣服的原因——假如真有什么原因——对我来说仍旧是个谜。可说实话，不管给宝宝们穿什么衣服，在我看来都很荒谬。老天知道，我们一生中要穿上和脱下多少次衣服，在我们还不需要这么做的时候，就开始了；有人会想，一个在床上生活的人无论如何都应该免除这个麻烦了吧？为什么要在一大早就叫醒这些可怜的小家伙，脱掉一整套衣服，换上另外一整套，然后再哄他们入睡？晚上，他们又一次被拉出被窝，只为了再把早上的衣服换回身上？我很想知道，做完所有这些事情后，宝宝晚上的睡衣和白天的行头有什么区别?

Very likely, however, I am only making myself ridiculous—I often do, so I am informed—and I will therefore say no more upon this matter of clothes, except only that it would be of great convenience if some fashion were adopted enabling you to tell a boy from a girl.

然而，提出这样的问题，很有可能只会让我自己显得荒唐可笑——别人告诉我，我经常如此——所以我不再多说宝宝衣服的话题了，除了这最后一句：如果能有什么可以区分男女宝宝的服装样式被采纳，那就方便多了。

At present it is most awkward. Neither hair, dress, nor conversation affords the slightest clew, and you are left to guess. By some mysterious law of nature you invariably guess wrong, and are thereupon regarded by all the relatives and friends as a mixture of fool and knave, the enormity of alluding to a male babe as "she" being only equaled by the atrocity of referring to a female infant as "he". Whichever sex the particular child in question happens not to belong to is considered as beneath contempt, and any mention of it is taken as a personal insult to the family.

眼下，想要分辨男女宝宝非常困难。不管是从头发和服装上，还是从与别人的谈话中，都很难找到一丝线索，所以你只能靠猜。而在自然界一些神秘规律的作用下，你肯定每猜必错，于是就被所有的亲戚朋友当作傻瓜和无赖。暗指一个男宝宝为“她”，就像称一个女宝宝为“他”一样，都是罪大恶极的行为。不管是男是女，说错了宝宝的性别会被视为对宝宝的轻蔑，而任何用错误的“他/她”来称呼宝宝的说法，都会被认为是对整个家族的人身攻击。

And as you value your fair name do not attempt to get out of the difficulty by talking of "it."

如果你还珍惜自己的好名声，也不要试图用“它”来蒙混过关。

There are various methods by which you may achieve ignominy and shame. By murdering a large and respected family in cold blood and afterward depositing their bodies in the water companies' reservoir, you will gain much unpopularity in the neighborhood of

your crime, and even robbing a church will get you cordially disliked, especially by the vicar. But if you desire to drain to the dregs the fullest cup of scorn and hatred that a fellow human creature can pour out for you, let a young mother hear you call dear baby "it."

一个人想要身败名裂，有很多方法。你可以残忍地将一个有威望的大家族灭门，然后抛尸于自来水公司的蓄水池中，这样，你就会成为当地居民避之不及的人物。甚至是去抢劫教堂，也能使人对你由衷地厌恶，尤其是教区牧师们。但假如你想将一个人类朋友能向你发泄的所有轻蔑和憎恶全部挤榨出来，那么就当着一位年轻母亲的面，称她可爱的小宝宝为“它”吧。

Your best plan is to address the article as "little angel." The noun "angel" being of common gender suits the case admirably, and the epithet is sure of being favorably received. "Pet" or "beauty" are useful for variety's sake, but "angel" is the term that brings you the greatest credit for sense and good-feeling. The word should be preceded by a short giggle and accompanied by as much smile as possible. And whatever you do, don't forget to say that the child has got its father's nose. This "fetches" the parents (if I may be allowed a vulgarism) more than anything. They will pretend to laugh at the idea at first and will say, "Oh, nonsense!" You must then get excited and insist that it is a fact. You need have no conscientious scruples on the subject, because the thing's nose really does resemble its father's—at all events quite as much as it does anything else in nature—being, as it is, a mere smudge.

最好的办法是称其为“小天使”。“天使”这个名词涵盖了两种性别，恰到好处地适应了这种情况，大家也肯定乐于接受这个称呼。为了避免单调，也可以使用“小宝贝”或“小美人”这样的名词，但最能让你显得体贴懂事、感情丰富的词，还是“小天使”。这个词要用短促的咯咯笑作为开场白，说的时候还要伴随着尽量多的微笑。记住，不管你在做什么，别忘了说孩子的鼻子像爸爸。这句话比什么都能“抓住”家长的心（请允许我使用这句俗语）。一开始，他们会假装笑话这个说法，会说：“哦，胡说八道！”这时候，你一定要情绪激动，坚持自己说的是事实。在这件事上，你不需觉得自己良心上过不去，因为这小东西的鼻子的确像他爸爸——不管怎样，自然界中任何其他生物也是如此——因为鼻子的轮廓都很模糊不清。

Do not despise these hints, my friends. There may come a time when, with mamma on one side and grand mamma on the other, a group of admiring young ladies (not admiring you, though) behind, and a baldheaded dab of humanity in front, you will be extremely thankful for some idea of what to say. A man—an unmarried man, that is—is never seen to such disadvantage as when undergoing the ordeal of "seeing baby." A cold shudder runs down his back at the bare proposal, and the sickly smile with which he says how delighted he

shall be ought surely to move even a mother's heart, unless, as I am inclined to believe, the whole proceeding is a mere device adopted by wives to discourage the visits of bachelor friends.

朋友们，不要小看这些诀窍。我们很可能碰到这样的场景：妈妈和外婆分别陪护在还没长头发的婴儿两侧，后面还跟着一大群充满倾慕的年轻女性（虽然不是倾慕你）。这个时候，你就会为知道该说什么而感激不已了。一个男人——我是指一个还没结婚的男人——在经受“看宝宝”这个考验时会暴露出前所未有的劣势。单单是有人提出这个建议，就足以让他背脊发冷了。但即使他笑容扭曲地说声“十分荣幸”，甚至也一定会感动一位母亲的心。除非，就像我倾向于相信的那样，这一整套程序只是妻子们为了减少丈夫单身朋友们的来访而采取的手段。

It is a cruel trick, though, whatever its excuse may be. The bell is rung and somebody sent to tell nurse to bring baby down. This is the signal for all the females present to commence talking "baby," during which time you are left to your own sad thoughts and the speculations upon the practicability of suddenly recollecting an important engagement, and the likelihood of your being believed if you do. Just when you have concocted an absurdly implausible tale about a man outside, the door opens, and a tall, severe-looking woman enters, carrying what at first sight appears to be a particularly skinny bolster, with the feathers all at one end. Instinct, however, tells you that this is the baby, and you rise with a miserable attempt at appearing eager. When the first gush of feminine enthusiasm with which the object in question is received has died out, and the number of ladies talking at once has been reduced to the ordinary four or five, the circle of fl uttering petticoats divides, and room is made for you to step forward. This you do with much the same air that you would walk into the dock at Bow Street[1], and then, feeling unutterably miserable, you stand solemnly staring at the child. There is dead silence, and you know that every one is waiting for you to speak. You try to think of something to say, but find, to your horror, that your reasoning faculties have left you. It is a moment of despair, and your evil genius, seizing the opportunity, suggests to you some of the most idiotic remarks that it is possible for a human being to perpetrate. Glancing round with an imbecile smile, you sniggeringly observe that "it hasn't got much hair has it?" Nobody answers you for a minute, but at last the stately nurse says with much gravity:

不管借口是什么，这都是十分残酷的捉弄。铃声拉响，就会有人上去告诉保姆把宝宝带下来。这是给所有在场女性的一个信号：现在大家可以开始谈论“宝宝”了。这段时间里，没人会理你。你沉浸在自己悲哀的想法里，算算突然想起要去赴一个重要约会这样一个借口的可行性有多大，看看如果你这样做了，别人有没有可能相信你。当你刚刚编造好一个十分荒谬、难以置信的故事，说外面有人在等你时，门开了，一个

身材高大、表情严肃的女人抱着什么东西走了进来。那东西第一眼看上去就像个特别小的靠垫，但所有的羽毛装饰都在一端。然而直觉告诉你，这就是那个宝宝。你站起身，痛苦地装出一副翘首以盼的样子。当女人们表达慈爱的第一轮热潮渐渐退去，同时说话的女士只剩下惯常的四五个时，飞舞的裙裾围成的圆圈就会裂出一个缺口，让出一条道来，这就是你走上前去的时候了。你感觉到了走上弓街被告席时的那种气氛，你感到一种不可名状的痛苦，严肃地站在那儿盯着那个宝宝。房间里一片死寂，你知道大家都在等着你说点什么。你绞尽脑汁想找点话题，却惊惧地发现，自己已经丧失了思考能力。真是个令人绝望的时刻。而你心中的魔鬼却抓住了机会，向你推荐了一些人类所能说出的最最愚蠢的语言。于是，你傻呵呵地看了看周围的人，窃笑着评论道："他还没长什么头发，是吧？"整整一分钟，没有任何人回答你。最后，威严的保姆极为严肃地说：

"It is not customary for children five weeks old to have long hair." Another silence follows this, and you feel you are being given a second chance, which you avail yourself of by inquiring if it can walk yet, or what they feed it on.

"五周大的孩子，一般头发都不长。"随后，房间里又是一片安静。你觉得自己的第二次机会来了，于是开始问孩子会不会走路，他们都喂孩子吃些什么。

By this time you have got to be regarded as not quite right in your head, and pity is the only thing felt for you. The nurse, however, is determined that, insane or not, there shall be no shirking and that you shall go through your task to the end. In the tones of a high priestess directing some religious mystery she says, holding the bundle toward you:

到了这个时候，你已经被认为精神不太正常，大家对你只剩下同情。然而，保姆大人却决定不管你是否精神错乱，都不能半途而废，你必须坚持完成任务。她一边把襁褓递给你，一边用女祭司指导神秘宗教仪式的语气说：

"Take her in your arms, sir." You are too crushed to offer any resistance and so meekly accept the burden. "Put your arm more down her middle, sir," says the high-priestess, and then all step back and watch you intently as though you were going to do a trick with it.

"先生，抱抱她。"你万念俱灰，再也说不出一个拒绝的字，乖乖地将包袱接了过来。"先生，把你的手臂往她腰下放放。"女祭司发话了。然后所有人都退后一步，专心地盯着你看，好像你会图谋不轨。

What to do you know no more than you did what to say. It is certain something must be done, and the only thing that occurs to you is to heave the unhappy infant up and down to the accompaniment of "oopsee-daisy," or some remark of equal intelligence. "I wouldn't jig

her, sir, if I were you," says the nurse; "a very little upsets her." You promptly decide not to jig her and sincerely hope that you have not gone too far already.

你不知道该做什么，就像先前你不知道该说什么一样。可以肯定的是，必须得做点什么，而这时你唯一能想到的，就是一边抱着那苦着小脸儿的宝宝上下摇晃，一边说着“哦哟哟，飞起来咯。”或者与这相同智力水平的言语。“先生，我要是你就不会这么晃她，”保姆说，“稍稍晃晃她就很不舒服。”于是你立刻决定不去摇晃她，真心希望自己还没有做得太过火。

At this point the child itself, who has hitherto been regarding you with an expression of mingled horror and disgust, puts an end to the nonsense by beginning to yell at the top of its voice, at which the priestess rushes forward and snatches it from you with "There! There! There! What did urns do to ums?" "How very extraordinary!" You say pleasantly. "Whatever made it go off like that?" "Oh, why, you must have done something to her!" says the mother indignantly; "the child wouldn't scream like that for nothing." It is evident they think you have been running pins into it.

这个时候，一直以惊惧和厌恶的表情看着你的宝宝，开始用最高的嗓音，喊叫打断了这无聊的对话。女祭司急忙跑过来，一把将宝宝夺过去，安慰道：“好啦，好啦，好啦！发生什么事儿啦？”你开玩笑地说：“真是不可思议！到底怎么回事，她怎么哭成那样？”“还能是怎么回事，肯定是因为你对她做了什么！”孩子的妈妈愤怒地说道，“这孩子又不会无缘无故地哭。”很显然，他们肯定觉得你在用针扎宝宝呢。

The brat is calmed at last, and would no doubt remain quiet enough, only some mischievous busybody point s you out again with "Who's this, baby?" and the intelligent child, recognizing you, howls louder than ever.

小捣蛋最终还是安静了下来。如果不是哪个好事的人又指着你说：“宝宝，看看这是谁？”她还会一直安静下去。可这聪明的小孩认出了你，哭得比刚才还要厉害。

Whereupon some fat old lady remarks that "it's strange how children take a dislike to any one." "Oh, they know," replies another mysteriously. "It's a wonderful thing," adds a third; and then everybody looks sideways at you, convinced you are a scoundrel of the blackest dye; and they glory in the beautiful idea that your true character, unguessed by your fellow-men, has been discovered by the untaught instinct of a little child.

于是就会有一位胖老太太评价道：“真奇怪，孩子们也有不喜欢的人。”另一个胖老太太就会神秘地说：“嘿，他们明白着呢。”第三个胖老太太会说：“真是不可思议。”然后每个人都会侧过脸来看着你，认定你

是个不可救药的无赖。他们为一种美妙的想法而自鸣得意：虽然你的本性没有被你周围的人发现，但还是被小孩子用她那与生俱来的直觉看穿了。

Babies, though, with all their crimes and errors, are not without their use—not without use, surely, when they fill an empty heart; not without use when, at their call, sunbeams of love break through care-clouded faces; not without use when their little fingers press wrinkles into smiles.

然而，宝宝们纵有千般不是、万般不该，也并非一无是处——他们无疑可以填补空虚的心灵；可以召唤爱的阳光，让人的脸庞多云转晴；可以用他们的小手将皱纹抚平，化为笑靥。

Odd little people! They are the unconscious comedians of the world's great stage. They supply the humor in life's all-too-heavy drama. Each one, a small but determined opposition to the order of things in general, is forever doing the wrong thing at the wrong time, in the wrong place and in the wrong way. The nurse-girl who sent Jenny to see what Tommy and Totty were doing and "tell 'em they mustn't" knew infantile nature. Give an average baby a fair chance, and if it doesn't do something it oughtn't to a doctor should be called in at once.

这些奇妙的小家伙！他们是世界这个大舞台上懵懵懂懂的喜剧演员，他们为人生那沉重的戏剧提供轻松幽默的元素。他们每个人，都是世间万物既成规律的颠覆者，虽然小，但意志坚定，永远在错误的时间，错误的地点，用错误的方法，做错误的事情。保姆小姐叫珍妮看看汤米和托蒂在做什么，“告诉他们不许那么做。”她是了解孩子天性的。给普通的宝宝一个公平的机会，假如他不做点儿自己不该做的事情，我们倒该马上找个医生给他做做检查。

They have a genius for doing the most ridiculous things, and they do them in a grave, stoical manner that is irresistible. The business-like air with which two of them will join hands and proceed due east at a break-neck toddle, while an excitable big sister is roaring for them to follow her in a westerly direction, is most amusing—except, perhaps, for the big sister. They walk round a soldier, staring at his legs with the greatest curiosity, and poke him to see if he is real. They stoutly maintain, against all argument and much to the discomfort of the victim, that the bashful young man at the end of the bus is "dadda." A crowded street-corner suggests itself to their minds as a favorable spot for the discussion of family affairs at a shrill treble. When in the middle of crossing the road they are seized with a sudden impulse to dance, and the doorstep of a busy shop is the place they always select for sitting down and taking off their shoes.

他们天赋异禀，擅长做那些最荒唐可笑的事，可在做的时候，却又

那么地一本正经，真是让人忍俊不禁。最可笑的，莫过于两个小家伙手拉着手，表情严肃、东倒西歪地快速向着东方走去时的那股正经劲儿，而一位大姐姐则情绪激动，极力召唤他们跟着自己向西去——当然，对于那位大姐来说，可能就没这么好笑了。他们会围着一位士兵转，怀着最强烈的好奇心盯着他的腿，时不时还要戳戳，看看他是不是活人。他们会不顾众人的反对和当事人的尴尬，固执地坚持说坐在公车后座的那位害羞的年轻人就是“爸爸”。在他们眼中，车水马龙的街角是尖着嗓子高声谈论家庭琐事的最佳地点。而在马路过到一半时，他们又会突然有了跳舞的冲动。而且，他们总是挑繁华商店的门前台阶，坐下来把鞋脱掉。

When at home they find the biggest walking-stick in the house or an umbrella—open preferred—of much assistance in getting upstairs. They discover that they love Mary Ann at the precise moment when that faithful domestic is blackleading the stove, and nothing will relieve their feelings but to embrace her then and there. With regard to food, their favorite dishes are coke and cat's meat. They nurse pussy upside down, and they show their affection for the dog by pulling his tail.

在家里的时候，他们发现房间里最大的手杖或者雨伞——最好是撑开的——对他们上楼很有帮助。就在玛丽·安给炉子上石墨的那一刻，他们发觉自己爱上了她；只有当场和她来个拥抱，才会令他们释怀。食物方面，他们最爱可乐和猫食。他们看护小猫的方式，就是把它倒过来拎；他们揪狗的尾巴，来表达对它的爱怜。

They are a deal of trouble, and they make a place untidy and they cost a lot of money to keep; but still you would not have the house without them. It would not be home without their noisy tongues and their mischief-making hands. Would not the rooms seem silent without their pattering feet, and might not you stray apart if no prattling voices called you together?

他们是些麻烦鬼，他们把房间搞得乱糟糟，要花很多钱才能把他们养大成人；然而，房子里还是不能缺少他们的身影。没有他们吵闹的声音和顽皮的双手，家就不成其为家了。没有他们啪嗒啪嗒的脚步声，房间岂不显得死寂无声？没有他们一起叫你时的吵吵闹闹，你岂不会走神？

It should be so, and yet I have sometimes thought the tiny hand seemed as a wedge, dividing. It is a bearish task to quarrel with that purest of all human affections—that perfecting touch to a woman's life—a mother's love. It is a holy love, that we coarser-fibered men can hardly understand, and I would not be deemed to lack reverence for it when I say that surely it need not swallow up all other affection. The baby need not take your whole heart, like the rich man who walled up the desert well. Is there not another thirsty traveler standing by?

事情本应如此，可有时，我会觉得孩子的小手就像一个用来分割物体的锲子。与那人类最圣洁的情感——那让一个女人的生命变得完美的触动——母爱——争吵是一件残暴的事情。这种神圣的爱是我们这些大大咧咧的男人们所无法理解的。即使当我说母爱确实不该吞没其他的情感时，别人也不能断定我对它缺乏敬畏。你不必让宝宝将你的心思全部占据，就像富有的人堵死沙漠中的水井一样。难道旁边没有站着另一个口渴的旅人吗？

In your desire to be a good mother, do not forget to be a good wife. No need for all the thought and care to be only for one. Do not, whenever poor Edwin wants you to come out, answer indignantly, "What, and leave baby!" Do not spend all your evenings upstairs, and do not confine your conversation exclusively to whooping-cough and measles. My dear little woman, the child is not going to die every time it sneezes, the house is not bound to get burned down and the nurse run away with a soldier every time you go outside the front door; nor the cat sure to come and sit on the precious child's chest the moment you leave the bedside. You worry yourself a good deal too much about that solitary chick, and you worry everybody else too. Try and think of your other duties, and your pretty face will not be always puckered into wrinkles, and there will be cheerfulness in the parlor as well as in the nursery. Think of your big baby a little. Dance him about a bit; call him pretty names; laugh at him now and then. It is only the first baby that takes up the whole of a woman's time. Five or six do not require nearly so much attention as one. But before then the mischief has been done. A house where there seems no room for him and a wife too busy to think of him have lost their hold on that so unreasonable husband of yours, and he has learned to look elsewhere for comfort and companionship.

在努力做一位好妈妈的同时，别忘了也要当个好太太。没有必要将所有的心思和关爱放在一个人身上。当可怜的埃德温想叫你出来时，千万别愤怒地回答：“什么，要我丢下孩子！”别将整晚时间花在楼上的婴儿房里，与人交谈时，也别只谈论与百日咳和风疹有关的话题。我亲爱的小妇人们，不是孩子每次打个喷嚏就表示他会死；不是每次你一出前门，房子就一定会被烧为平地，保姆就会跟着大兵私奔；也不是在你离开床边的那一刻，猫就一定会马上爬过来，坐在宝贝孩子的胸口上。你对这个独一无二的小家伙过于担忧了，你也让大家为你担忧。试着想想身上的其他责任，你美丽的脸庞就不会总是愁眉不展，客厅和婴儿房里就都会充满快乐。关心一下你的大孩子吧。陪他一起跳会儿舞，给他取些可爱的小名，时常取笑他一下吧。其实，只有第一个宝宝会占用女人的所有时间，之后的五六个孩子，也远远要不了如此多的关注。但是等不到那时候，伤害就已经发生了。房子里没有他的立足之处，妻子忙得没有时间关心他，于是家对你那如此不可理喻的丈夫失去了控制，他们已经学会了到别处寻找慰藉和陪伴。

But there, there, there! I shall get myself the character of a baby-hater if I talk any more in this strain. And Heaven knows I am not one. Who could be, to look into the little innocent faces clustered in timid helplessness round those great gates that open down into the world?

但是到此为止吧，到此为止吧！假如再这样苛刻地谈下去，我肯定会给自己赢得憎恶宝宝的名声。老天知道，我才不是这样的人。在天国通往人间的大门前，那挤着的一张张羞怯无助的天真小脸，任谁看了，能心生憎恶呢？

The world—the small round world! What a vast mysterious place it must seem to baby eyes! What a trackless continent the back garden appears! What marvelous explorations they make in the cellar under the stairs! With what awe they gaze down the long street, wondering, like us bigger babies when we gaze up at the stars, where it all ends!

世界——这个小小的、圆圆的世界啊！你在孩子们的眼中，该是个多么辽阔而神秘的地方啊！单只是后花园，在他们看起来就像是人迹罕至的大陆了。他们在楼梯下的地窖里进行着多么奇妙的探险啊！他们盯着那条长长的街道，眼中充满怎样的敬畏和迷惑啊，就像我们这些大孩子在凝望星空时所想的那样：哪里才是尽头啊！

And down that longest street of all—that long, dim street of life that stretches out before them—what grave, old-fashioned looks they seem to cast! What pitiful, frightened looks sometimes! I saw a little mite sitting on a doorstep in a Soho[2] slum one night, and I shall never forget the look that the gas-lamp showed me on its wizen face—a look of dull despair, as if from the squalid court the vista of its own squalid life had risen, ghostlike, and struck its heart dead with horror.

沿着那最长的一条街——那条昏暗漫长，在他们面前渐渐展开的生命之街——他们所投射的目光是多么肃穆和老套！有时候，这目光又是多么令人同情，充满恐惧！有一天晚上，我在索霍的贫民区看到了一个坐在门口台阶上的小孩，我永远都不会忘记在煤油灯映照下，孩子干瘪小脸上的那副表情——那是麻木而绝望的表情，仿佛从这肮脏而贫困的小巷子里，他将来悲惨生活的前景已经像幽灵一样缓缓升起，然后用恐怖将他的心钉死。

Poor little feet, just commencing the stony journey! We old travelers, far down the road, can only pause to wave a hand to you. You come out of the dark mist, and we, looking back, see you, so tiny in the distance, standing on the brow of the hill, your arms stretched out toward us. God speed you! We would stay and take your little hands in ours, but the murmur of the great sea is in our ears and we may not linger. We must hasten down, for the shadowy ships are waiting to spread their sable sails.

可怜的小脚丫，才刚刚踏上这坎坷的旅程！我们这些年老的旅行者已经走了很远，只能停下来冲你们挥挥手。你们穿过黑暗的迷雾走来，我们回过头，看到远方的你们多么渺小，你们站在山顶上，向我们伸出手臂。老天保佑你们走得快点儿！我们会停下来等待，握住你们的小手，但是浩瀚的海洋在我们耳边低声抱怨，我们也不能停留太久。我们必须加紧赶路，因为远处那幽暗的船只正等着扬起它们黑色的死亡之帆。

(1)弓街，伦敦市中心一街名，主要警察法庭的所在地。

(2)索霍区，伦敦一个地区，多夜总会和外国饭店。

XI. On Eating And Drinking

11.吃喝之道

I always was fond of eating and drinking, even as a child—especially eating, in those early days. I had an appetite then, also a digestion. I remember a dull-eyed, livid-complexioned gentleman coming to dine at our house once. He watched me eating for about five minutes, quite fascinated seemingly, and then he turned to my father with—

我一直喜欢吃喝，甚至在孩童时期就喜欢——小的时候，尤其喜欢吃。那时的我不仅食欲旺盛，消化也很好。我记得有一次，一个目光呆滞、面色青灰的先生来我家吃饭。他面带惊异地看着我吃东西，看了差不多有五分钟，似乎看得很着迷。然后，他转向我爸爸——

"Does your boy ever suffer from dyspepsia?"

“你儿子得过消化不良吗？”

"I never heard him complain of anything of that kind," replied my father. "Do you ever suffer from dyspepsia, Colly wobbles?" (They called me Colly wobbles, but it was not my real name.)

“我从来没听他抱怨过这方面的毛病。”我爸爸回答，“你得过消化不良吗，煤球儿？”（他们叫我煤球儿，但这不是我的真名。）

"No, pa," I answered. After which I added:

“没有，爸爸。”我回答说。之后我又问：

"What is dyspepsia, pa?"

“爸爸，什么是消化不良？”

My livid-complexioned friend regarded me with a look of mingled amazement and envy. Then in a tone of infinite pity he slowly said:

这位面色青灰的朋友用一种混合着惊奇和嫉妒的眼神打量着我，然后以一种无限怜悯的语调慢慢说道：

"You will know—some day.”

“你会知道的——总有一天。”

My poor, dear mother used to say she liked to see me eat, and it has always been a pleasant ref lection to me since that I must have given her much gratification in that direction. A growing, healthy lad, taking plenty of exercise and careful to restrain himself from indulging in too much study, can generally satisfy the most exacting expectations as regards his feeding powers.

我可怜的、亲爱的妈妈过去经常对我说，她喜欢看我吃东西。这对我来说一直是美好的回忆，因为在这方面，我一定给了她极大的满足。一个正在成长的健康男孩，假如有足够多的运动量，又懂得小心避免为过重的学业所累，那么不管对他的食量有多么苛刻的期望，他一般都能满足。

It is amusing to see boys eat when you have not got to pay for it. Their idea of a square meal is a pound and a half of roast beef with five or six good-sized potatoes (soapy ones preferred as being more substantial), plenty of greens, and four thick slices of Yorkshire pudding, followed by a couple of currant dumplings, a few green apples, a pen'orth of nuts, half a dozen jumbles, and a bottle of ginger-beer. After that they play at horses.

假如不用你付钱，看男孩子们吃东西是一件极为有趣的事。对他们来说，一顿正经饭就意味着一块一磅半的烤牛肉，五六个大个儿的马铃薯（油一点儿的更好，更实在），大份量的绿叶菜，四块厚厚的约克郡布丁，还有几个加仑子汤团，几只青苹果，一便士价值的果仁，六个环形小甜饼，外加一瓶姜汁啤酒。吃完之后，他们就去玩耍了。

How they must despise us men, who require to sit quiet for a couple of hours after dining off a spoonful of clear soup and the wing of a chicken!

而我们这些成年人，进餐时吃了只鸡翅膀、喝了一匙清汤就得静坐几个小时慢慢消化。这会让孩子们多么瞧不起啊！

But the boys have not all the advantages on their side. A boy never enjoys the luxury of being satisfied. A boy never feels full. He can never stretch out his legs, put his hands behind his head, and, closing his eyes, sink into the ethereal blissfulness that encompasses the well-dined man. A dinner makes no difference whatever to a boy. To a man it is as a good fairy's potion, and after it the world appears a brighter and a better place. A man who has dined satisfactorily experiences a yearning love toward all his fellow-creatures. He strokes the cat quite gently and calls it "poor pussy," in tones full of the tenderest emotion. He sympathizes with the members of the German band outside and wonders if they are cold; and for the moment he does not even hate his wife's relations.

可是男孩子们并没有将好处占尽。他们从来没有享受过这种心满意足的乐趣。男孩子是永远吃不饱的。他们不会像酒足饭饱的成年人一样，两腿一伸，头枕着双手，然后两眼一闭，陷入那软绵绵的安逸中。对于一个男孩子来说，一顿饭没有任何影响。可对于一个成年人来说，每顿饭都像善良仙女的一剂药，吃过之后，整个世界都会更明亮，更美好。吃饱喝足的成年人会对世上的所有生物同胞们产生一种热切的爱。他会温柔地抚摸猫咪，用柔情无限的语调称它为“可怜的小猫”。他会同情在室外演出的德国乐队的成员们，担心他们是否会冷；这一刻，就连

他太太的那些亲戚，他也不那么讨厌了。

A good dinner brings out all the softer side of a man. Under its genial influence the gloomy and morose become jovial and chatty. Sour, starchy individuals, who all the rest of the day go about looking as if they lived on vinegar and Epsom salts, break out into wreathed smiles after dinner, and exhibit a tendency to pat small children on the head and to talk to them—vaguely—about sixpences. Serious men thaw and become mildly cheerful, and snobbish young men of the heavy-mustache type forget to make themselves objectionable.

一顿丰盛的正餐可以激发人身上所有的温情。在它亲切的影响力下，一个闷闷不乐、郁郁寡欢的人可以变得高兴快活，谈笑风生。酸腐而刻板、平日看起来好像靠喝醋吃盐为生的人，在饱餐一顿之后会笑逐颜开，想要轻轻拍拍小孩子的头，和他们聊聊——含含糊糊地——关于六便士硬币的故事。吃饭可以使严肃的面孔放松下来，变得和颜悦色；也可以使留着大胡子的势利年轻人忘了做惹人讨厌的事。

I always feel sentimental myself after dinner. It is the only time when I can properly appreciate love-stories. Then, when the hero clasps "her" to his heart in one last wild embrace and stifles a sob, I feel as sad as though I had dealt at whist and turned up only a deuce; and when the heroine dies in the end I weep. If I read the same tale early in the morning I should sneer at it. Digestion, or rather indigestion, has a marvelous effect upon the heart. If I want to write any thing very pathetic—I mean, if I want to try to write anything very pathetic—I eat a large plateful of hot buttered muffins about an hour beforehand, and then by the time I sit down to my work a feeling of unutterable melancholy has come over me. I picture heartbroken lovers parting forever at lonely wayside stiles, while the sad twilight deepens around them, and only the tinkling of a distant sheep-bell breaks the sorrow-laden silence. Old men sit and gaze at withered flowers till their sight is dimmed by the mist of tears. Little dainty maidens wait and watch at open casements; but "he cometh not," and the heavy years roll by and the sunny gold tresses wear white and thin. The babies that they dandled have become grown men and women with podgy torments of their own, and the playmates that they laughed with are lying very silent under the waving grass. But still they wait and watch, till the dark shadows of the unknown night steal up and gather round them and the world with its childish troubles fades from their aching eyes.

我自己就常在酒足饭饱后变得多愁善感。这是我能够好好欣赏爱情小说的唯一时间。当男主角最后一次疯狂地将“她”拥入怀中，强忍住泪水时，我真心地感到了悲痛，那种感觉就好像明明是我发牌，但最后只打成平手一样。而在结尾女主角死的时候，我会痛哭一场。同样一个故事，要是让我一大早看到，我肯定会对它嗤之以鼻。消化力，更确切地

说是消化不良，可以神奇地左右一个人的心情。假如我想写些十分令人伤感的东西——我是说，假如我想尝试写些十分令人伤感的东西——我会在动笔前的一小时，吃上满满一大盘热气腾腾的黄油松饼。这样，当我坐下来提笔写作的时候，我才会沉浸在一种不可言说的感伤情绪中。我想象着这样的画面：心碎的情侣在孤单的篱墙小道边永别，他们四周凄凉的暮色渐渐浓重，只有羊铃的声响从远处传来，打破了这充满哀伤的静寂。老人们坐在一边，注视着那枯萎的花朵，直到他们的视线渐渐被泪水模糊。娇小可爱的少女在敞开的窗前翘首等待，然而“他没有来”，岁月轰然而过，碾碎一切，阳光般金色的发髻也已变得稀疏苍白。曾被她们抱在臂弯里摇晃的婴孩，如今也已长大成人，有了自己的胖胖的小鬼；而曾经一起欢笑的小伙伴，如今已躺在茵茵绿草之下，静寂无声。可她们仍然执着地守候着，张望着，直到某个夜晚那浓黑的暗影偷偷来袭，将她们笼罩。这时，整个世界连同它那些幼稚的烦恼，都会在她们酸痛的眼中消失。

I see pale corpses tossed on white-foamed waves, and death-beds stained with bitter tears, and graves in trackless deserts. I hear the wild wailing of women, the low moaning of little children, the dry sobbing of strong men. It's all the muffins. I could not conjure up one melancholy fancy upon a mutton chop and a glass of champagne.

我看到苍白的尸体浮在漂着白沫的海浪上，苦涩的泪水给临终的病床染上斑斑污渍，还有寂寞的坟茔孤立于人迹罕至的荒野中。我听到女人们凄楚地哀号，孩子们低声地呻吟，还有汉子们干哑地呜咽。这全是那盘松饼的功劳。如果下肚的是一块羊排和一杯香槟，我连一个悲惨的场景都想象不出。

A full stomach is a great aid to poetry, and indeed no sentiment of any kind can stand upon an empty one. We have not time or inclination to indulge in fanciful troubles until we have got rid of our real misfortunes. We do not sigh over dead dicky-birds with the bailiff in the house, and when we do not know where on earth to get our next shilling from, we do not worry as to whether our mistress' smiles are cold, or hot, or lukewarm, or anything else about them.

饱饱的胃能够很好地激发诗兴，事实上，七情六欲中的任何一种都不可能从饿瘪的肚子里横空出世。如果现实中的不幸没有解决，我们不会有时间和心情去关心幻想中的问题。这就好像如果家里来了位法警，我们就不会为死去的小鸟唉声叹气；而在根本不知道要从哪里赚取下一个先令时，我们不会在意情人的笑容是冷淡或热情，还是不冷不热，或者与之相关的任何状态。

Foolish people—when I say "foolish people" in this contemptuous way I mean people who entertain different opinions to mine. If there is one person I do despise more than another, it is the man who does not think exactly the same on all topics as I do—foolish people, I say, then, who have never experienced much of either, will tell you that

mental distress is far more agonizing than bodily. Romantic and touching theory! So comforting to the love-sick young sprig who looks down patronizingly at some poor devil with a white starved face and thinks to himself, "Ah, how happy you are compared with me!"—So soothing to fat old gentlemen who cackle about the superiority of poverty over riches. But it is all nonsense— all cant. An aching head soon makes one forget an aching heart. A broken finger will drive away all recollections of an empty chair. And when a man feels really hungry he does not feel anything else.

愚蠢的人——当我用这种轻蔑的语气说“愚蠢的人”时，我指的是那些和我持不同观点的家伙们。如果有什么人让我特别瞧不起，那这个人肯定在任何事情上都恰好和我意见相左——愚蠢的人，所以我说的是，那些精神和肉体都没怎么经历过折磨的人，才会告诉你精神上的苦难远比肉体上的苦痛更加令人难以忍受。这理论多么浪漫动听！对于那些为情所困、居高临下地看着那些饿得面孔发白的穷鬼，然后心想“和我相比，你们幸福多了！”的小伙子们来说，它听起来多么令人鼓舞——对于那些喋喋不休，认为穷人比富人拥有更多特权的胖老先生来说，它听起来又多么令人宽心。但这全是伪善之言。头疼会让人很快忘记心疼；受伤的手指会赶走所有关于人去楼空的惆怅；而当一个人真的感到饥饿的时候，他的任何其他感觉都会消失不见。

We sleek, well-fed folk can hardly realize what feeling hungry is like. We know what it is to have no appetite and not to care for the dainty victuals placed before us, but we do not understand what it means to sicken for food—to die for bread while others waste it—to gaze with famished eyes upon coarse fare steaming behind dingy windows, longing for a pen'orth of pea pudding and not having the penny to buy it—to feel that a crust would be delicious and that a bone would be a banquet.

我们这些脑满肠肥、丰衣足食的家伙们很难体会到饥饿的滋味。我们知道面对美味佳肴而兴趣乏然、没有食欲的感觉，但却不明白什么是真正的饥饿。真正的饥饿是在别人浪费粮食的时候，你却可以为了一块面包拼命；是用饥渴的目光死盯着肮脏橱窗里热气腾腾的粗劣饭食，想要买份一便士的豌豆布丁，却连一便士都没有；是觉得干面包片吃起来都十分美味，一块骨头就是一顿盛宴。

Hunger is a luxury to us, a piquant, flavor-giving sauce. It is well worth while to get hungry and thirsty merely to discover how much gratification can be obtained from eating and drinking. If you wish to thoroughly enjoy your dinner, take a thirty-mile country walk after breakfast and don't touch anything till you get back. How your eyes will glisten at sight of the white table-cloth and steaming dishes then! With what a sigh of content you will put down the empty beer tankard and take up your knife and fork! And how comfortable you feel afterward as you push back your chair, light a cigar, and beam round

upon everybody.

对于我们来说，饥饿是奢侈品，是刺激食欲、增添滋味的调味酱。只有为发掘吃吃喝喝时的心满意足而忍饥挨饿，才是物有所值的。假如你想尽情享用一顿晚餐，就得在早饭后到野外走个三十英里，并且在回家前不碰任何东西。这样，当你看到雪白的桌布和热气腾腾的饭菜时，眼睛里将会闪烁着多么耀眼的光芒啊！当你放下喝干的啤酒杯、拿起刀叉时，你会发出多么心满意足的叹息！餐毕推开椅子，点上一支雪茄，微笑着看着周围的每个人，你会感到多么的惬意。

Make sure, however, when adopting this plan, that the good dinner is really to be had at the end, or the disappointment is trying. I remember once a friend and I—dear old Joe[1], it was. Ah! How we lose one another in life's mist. It must be eight years since I last saw Joseph Taboys. How pleasant it would be to meet his jovial face again, to clasp his strong hand, and to hear his cheery laugh once more! He owes me 14 shillings, too. Well, we were on a holiday together, and one morning we had breakfast early and started for a tremendous long walk. We had ordered a duck for dinner over night. We said, "Get a big one, because we shall come home awfully hungry;" and as we were going out our landlady came up in great spirits. She said, "I have got you gentlemen a duck, if you like. If you get through that you'll do well;" and she held up a bird about the size of a door-mat. We chuckled at the sight and said we would try. We said it with self-conscious pride, like men who know their own power. Then we started.

然而，在采取这个计划时，一定要确保事后肯定有顿好饭菜在等着你，不然，那种失望的感觉真是让人难受。这让我想起来有次我和一个朋友——亲爱的老乔，是他。啊！我们是怎么在生活的迷雾中丢失了彼此啊。离我上次见到约瑟夫·塔博伊斯得有八年了。如果能再见到他喜气洋洋的脸庞，抓住他坚强有力的手，听到他兴高采烈的笑声，该是多让人高兴的事啊！而且，他还欠我十四个先令呢。是这样的，那次我们一起去度假，有一天很早就吃了早饭，然后开始长距离的徒步旅行。前一天晚上，我们预订了一只鸭子，我们说："找只大点儿的，因为我们回来的时候一定非常饿。"正要出门的时候，房东太太兴高采烈地出现了。她说："先生们，我照你们的要求给你们弄了只鸭子。如果你们能够把它全部吃光，那身体肯定特棒。"然后，她举着一只门口地垫一般大小的鸭子给我们看。我们一看就笑了起来，然后说我们会努力的，语气中透着自信的骄傲，仿佛我们对自己的实力了然于胸。随后，我们就出发了。

We lost our way, of course. I always do in the country, and it does make me so wild, because it is no use asking direction of any of the people you meet. One might as well inquire of a lodging-house slavey the way to make beds as expect a country bumpkin to know the road to the next village. You have to shout the question about three times before the sound of your voice penetrates his skull. At the third time

he slowly raises his head and stares blankly at you. You yell it at him then for a fourth time, and he repeats it after you. He ponders while you count a couple of hundred, after which, speaking at the rate of three words a minute, he fancies you "couldn't do better than—" Here he catches sight of another idiot coming down the road and bawls out to him the particulars, requesting his advice. The two then argue the case for a quarter of an hour or so, and finally agree that you had better go straight down the lane, round to the right and cross by the third stile, and keep to the left by old Jimmy Milcher's cow-shed, and across the seven-acre field, and through the gate by Squire Grubbin's hay-stack, keeping the bridle-path for awhile till you come opposite the hill where the windmill used to be—but it's gone now—and round to the right, leaving Stiggin's plantation behind you; and you say "Thank you" and go away with a splitting headache, but without the faintest notion of your way, the only clear idea you have on the subject being that somewhere or other there is a stile which has to be got over; and at the next turn you come upon four stiles, all leading in different directions!

当然，我们迷路了。在乡下，我总是会迷路。这确实让我气急败坏，因为甭管你遇见谁，都别想从他们嘴里问出路来。指望一个乡巴佬清清楚楚地告诉你去下个村子的路，就和指望寄宿公寓里的打杂女工懂得怎么铺床一样毫无希望。你得把你的问题大声重复三遍左右，才有可能让你的声音穿透他的脑壳。到了第三遍的时候，他才会不紧不慢地把头抬起来，两眼茫然地盯着你。你又冲着他把问题吼了第四遍，他才跟着你重复了一遍问题，然后开始茫然思索。你等着他想好，期间不知道数了几个一百，之后，他开始用每分钟三个字的速度说，他觉得你“最好走——”正在这个时候，他突然看到另一个白痴从路上走来，于是大喊大叫地将刚才的详细情况讲给对方听，让他提个建议。随后，这两个人展开了讨论，用了大概一刻钟的时间才达成一致，认为你最好顺着小路直走，然后向右转，跨越第三个墙梯，沿着老吉米·米尔切的牛棚左边走，然后穿过一块七英亩的地，从斯奎尔·格拉宾的干草堆旁的大门穿过，再沿着小路走一会儿，直到你看见对面有座山，那里曾有架风车——不过现在没有了——然后再向右转，走过斯蒂金的种植园，就到目的地了。你一边说着“谢谢”，一边头痛欲裂地走开。但是，对于路在何方，你还是毫无概念，唯一清晰的记忆是，你在路上的什么地方必须得跨越一个墙梯。可是一转弯，你就发现周围有四个墙梯，分别通往四个不同的方向！

We had undergone this ordeal two or three times. We had tramped over fields. We had waded through brooks and scrambled over hedges and walls. We had had a row as to whose fault it was that we had first lost our way. We had got thoroughly disagreeable, footsore, and weary. But throughout it all the hope of that duck kept us up. A fairylike vision, it floated before our tired eyes and drew us

onward. The thought of it was as a trumpet-call to the fainting. We talked of it and cheered each other with our recollections of it. "Come along," we said, "the duck will be spoiled."

一路上，我们大概遭受了二三次这样的折磨。我们踏过田地，渡过小溪，翻过篱笆和围墙。我们还大吵了一架，争论一开始迷路到底是谁的错。然后我们彻彻底底地陷入了心情恶劣、双脚酸疼、筋疲力尽的状态中。但是，从头到尾，一直是对那只鸭子的期望让我们支撑了下来。它就是个精灵般的幻影，它在我们疲倦的眼前晃动，诱惑着我们前进。想到它，我们就像即将昏厥的人听到了紧急召唤的号角声。我们谈论着它，用对它的回忆为彼此加油鼓劲。“走啊，”我们说，“不然鸭子就要坏了。”

We felt a strong temptation, at one point, to turn into a village inn as we passed and have a cheese and a few loaves between us, but we heroically restrained ourselves: we should enjoy the duck all the better for being famished.

曾经有那么一刻，我们有极强的冲动，想要冲进途中一家乡村旅店买一块奶酪和几个面包一起享用，但是最终，我们还是悲壮地控制住了自己：只有饿得头晕眼花，我们才会倍感那只鸭子的美味。

We fancied we smelled it when we go into the town and did the last quarter of a mile in three minutes. We rushed upstairs, and washed ourselves, and changed our clothes, and came down, and pulled our chairs up to the table, and sat and rubbed our hands while the landlady removed the covers, when I seized the knife and fork and started to carve.

回到城里的时候，我们幻想着闻到了鸭子的香味，用了三分钟就把最后的四分之一英里走完了。我们三步并作两步地冲上楼梯，把自己洗得干干净净，换了衣服，下了楼，将椅子搬到餐桌前，坐下来摩拳擦掌。房东太太一揭开盖子，我便抓起刀叉，开始将那鸭子大卸八块。

It seemed to want a lot of carving. I struggled with it for about five minutes without making the slightest impression, and then Joe, who had been eating potatoes, wanted to know if it wouldn't be better for some one to do the job that understood carving. I took no notice of his foolish remark, but attacked the bird again; and so vigorously this time that the animal left the dish and took refuge in the fender.

但是，鸭子似乎不那么好切。我折腾了大约五分钟，还是没能在它身上留下哪怕一点刀印儿。这时，在一边儿吃着土豆的乔发话了，他问我是不是该让真正懂刀法的人来做这工作。对于他这愚蠢的评论，我理都没理，再次对鸭子发起进攻。但这一次我用力过猛了，鸭子直接飞出盘子，躲到火炉围栏里不出来了。

We soon had it out of that, though, and I was prepared to make another effort. But Joe was getting unpleasant. He said that if he had

thought we were to have a game of blind hockey with the dinner he would have got a bit of bread and cheese outside.

不过我们很快就把它从那里弄了出来，我又准备开始新一轮的努力，但是乔开始不高兴了。他说假如早知道我们会用晚餐食品打一场盲人曲棍球，他还不如在外面吃点面包和奶酪。

I was too exhausted to argue. I laid down the knife and fork with dignity and took a side seat and Joe went for the wretched creature. He worked away in silence for awhile, and then he muttered "Damn the duck" and took his coat off.

我已经筋疲力尽，无力与他争辩了。所以我泰然自若地放下刀叉，坐到了一边，然后乔走向了那只可恶的东西。他默默无语地苦干了半天，嘟囔了一声“该死的鸭子”，然后脱掉了外套。

We did break the thing up at length with the aid of a chisel, but it was perfectly impossible to eat it, and we had to make a dinner off the vegetables and an apple tart. We tried a mouthful of the duck, but it was like eating India-rubber.

最终，我们还是在一把凿子的协助下把这东西凿开了。但鸭子已经完完全全没法吃了，我们只能用蔬菜和一个苹果馅饼凑合了一顿。我们尝了一口鸭肉，但感觉像在嚼一块印度橡胶。

It was a wicked sin to kill that drake. But there! There's no respect for old institutions in this country.

把那只公鸭杀掉，真是罪孽深重。可是啊！这个国家本来就缺少对古老习俗的尊重。

I started this paper with the idea of writing about eating and drinking, but I seem to have confined my remarks entirely to eating as yet. Well, you see, drinking is one of those subjects with which it is inadvisable to appear too well acquainted. The days are gone by when it was considered manly to go to bed intoxicated every night, and a clear head and a firm hand no longer draw down upon their owner the reproach of effeminacy. On the contrary, in these sadly degenerate days an evil-smelling breath, a blotchy face, a reeling gait, and a husky voice are regarded as the hall marks of the cad rather than or the gentleman.

一开始写这篇文章的时候，我是想写写吃与喝这两个主题的，但至今为止，却似乎完全局限在了吃上。这个嘛，你看，对某些话题显得太过驾轻就熟是不明智的，饮酒就是其中之一。每晚大醉酩酊地倒在床上以显示男子气概的时代已经过去了，清醒的头脑和稳固的手掌也不会再给男人招来娘娘腔的指责。恰恰相反，在这个日益腐化得令人悲哀的世界中，酒气熏天、脸颊污渍斑斑、脚步趔趄、声音嘶哑才是无赖的标志，而与绅士毫不相干。

Even nowadays, though, the thirstiness of mankind is something supernatural. We are forever drinking on one excuse or another. A man never feels comfortable unless he has a glass before him. We drink before meals, and with meals, and after meals. We drink when we meet a friend, also when we part from a friend. We drink when we are talking, when we are reading, and when we are thinking. We drink one another's healths and spoil our own. We drink the queen, and the army, and the ladies, and everybody else that is drinkable; and I believe if the supply ran short we should drink our mothers-in-law.

然而即使到了现在，人们的口渴程度仍然是超乎寻常的。我们永远在找这个或那个借口喝酒。面前若没有一个酒杯，人就永远不会舒服。我们在餐前喝酒，在用餐的时候喝酒，在餐后还要喝酒。我们和朋友见面要喝酒，和朋友分别也要喝酒。我们聊天的时候喝酒，读书的时候喝酒，思考的时候还要喝酒。我们为彼此的健康干杯，却喝坏了自己的健康。我们为女王、为军队、为亲爱的女士们举杯，还有其他可以成为喝酒原因的每一个人；我相信如果实在找不到人了，我们甚至可以为我们的丈母娘而喝。

By the way, we never eat anybody's health, always drink it. Why should we not stand up now and then and eat a tart to somebody's success?

顺便提一句，我们从来不为祝福他人的健康而吃饭，却每每都是通过喝酒。为什么不能偶尔站起身来，吃块水果馅饼祝福某人的成功呢？

To me, I confess the constant necessity of drinking under which the majority of men labor is quite unaccountable. I can understand people drinking to drown care or to drive away maddening thoughts well enough. I can understand the ignorant masses loving to soak themselves in drink—oh, yes, it's very shocking that they should, of course—very shocking to us who live in cozy homes, with all the graces and pleasures of life around us, that the dwellers in damp cellars and windy attics should creep from their dens of misery into the warmth and glare of the public-house bar, and seek to fl oat for a brief space away from their dull world upon a Lethe stream of gin.

就我而言，我承认大多数人挖空心思想出来的经常喝酒的必要性是很难让人理解的。我很能理解那些为了驱散烦恼、摆脱痛苦而喝酒的人，我也能理解那些喜欢泡在酒罐子里的无知民众——噢，是的，他们这样很不像话，当然——对我们来说十分不可思议，我们住在温暖舒适的房子里，享尽生活中的美好和快乐，自然不理解那些住在阴冷的地下室和漏风的阁楼里的人们，为什么要从他们的蓬门荜户中爬出来，溜到温暖而明亮的酒吧中去，在杜松子酒潺潺流淌的忘忧河上偷得浮生半日闲，远离他们那灰暗压抑的世界。

But think, before you hold up your hands in horror at their ill-

living, what "life" for these wretched creatures really means. Picture the squalid misery of their brutish existence, dragged on from year to year in the narrow, noisome room where, huddled like vermin in sewers, they welter, and sicken, and sleep; where dirt-grimed children scream and fight and sluttish, shrill-voiced women cuff, and curse, and nag; where the street outside teems with roaring filth and the house around is a bedlam of riot and stench.

但是在你为他们糟糕的生活震惊得举起双手之前，想一想，对于这些可怜的家伙们来说，“生活”意味着什么。想象一下他们那猪狗不如的生活是多么痛苦而悲惨吧：在那狭窄而气味难闻的房间里，他们年复一年地蜗居着，像下水道里的臭虫聚在一起，在里面吃喝拉撒，生老病死；在那里，脏兮兮的小孩子们一边尖叫一边打闹，尖声尖气的邋遢女人挽起袖子骂人，嘴里喋喋不休；在那里，外面的街道布满了翻滚的灰尘，周围的房子充斥着暴力和恶臭。

Think what a sapless stick this fair flower of life must be to them, devoid of mind and soul. The horse in his stall scents the sweet hay and munches the ripe corn contentedly. The watch-dog in his kennel blinks at the grateful sun, dreams of a glorious chase over the dewy fields, and wakes with a yelp of gladness to greet a caressing hand. But the clod-like life of these human logs never knows one ray of light. From the hour when they crawl from their comfortless bed to the hour when they lounge back into it again they never live one moment of real life. Recreation, amusement, companionship, they know not the meaning of. Joy, sorrow, laughter, tears, love, friendship, longing, despair, are idle words to them. From the day when their baby eyes first look out upon their sordid world to the day when, with an oath, they close them forever and their bones are shoveled out of sight, they never warm to one touch of human sympathy, never thrill to a single thought, never start to a single hope. In the name of the God of mercy; let them pour the maddening liquor down their throats and feel for one brief moment that they live!

想想看，没有了灵魂和思想，这朵美丽的生命之花对他们来说该是多么干瘪的一根枯枝。马厩里的马闻到了干草的香气，心满意足地嚼着嘴里的老玉米。狗窝里的看家狗，眯着眼看着温暖宜人的太阳，做了个在挂满露珠的田野上尽情奔跑的梦，然后在温柔的抚摸下幸福地叫了一声，缓缓醒来。然而在这些木头人那行尸走肉般的生活中，却从未出现过一丝光亮。从他们爬出自己僵硬床铺的那一刻开始，到他们再躺回去的那一刻为止，他们没有片刻是在真正地生活。休闲、娱乐、欢聚，他们不知道这些词的含义。快乐、忧伤、欢笑、眼泪、爱情、友谊、渴望、绝望，对他们来说都是毫无意义的词语。从他们在襁褓中第一次睁开眼睛，看向他们那个丑陋世界的那一天起，到他们最后诅咒一声并永远地合上双目，尸骨被铲得不知所踪为止，他们从来没有被人间温情打动过，从来没有为任何想法激动过，也从来没有因任何希望振奋过。以

仁慈的上帝的名义，就让他们将那令人发狂的酒倒入喉中，在那短暂的瞬间感受到自己是在真正地生活吧！

Ah! We may talk sentiment as much as we like, but the stomach is the real seat of happiness in this world. The kitchen is the chief temple wherein we worship, its roaring fire is our vestal flame, and the cook is our great high-priest. He is a mighty magician and a kindly one. He soothes away all sorrow and care. He drives forth all enmity, gladdens all love. Our God is great and the cook is his prophet. Let us eat, drink, and be merry.

啊！我们可以尽情地谈论情感，但是，胃才是这个世界上真正的快乐栖息地。厨房是我们进行膜拜的殿堂，熊熊燃烧的厨火是我们贞洁的圣火，而厨师就是我们伟大的祭司。他是个技艺高超的魔术师，而且平易近人。他安抚了我们所有的悲伤和顾虑，他赶走了所有的恨，迎来了所有的爱。我们的上帝至高无上，而厨师就是他的传旨者。就让我们吃吃喝喝、快快乐乐地生活吧！

(1)乔，下文约瑟夫·塔博伊斯的昵称。

XII. On Furnished Apartments

12.寄宿公寓

"Oh, you have some rooms to let."

“哦，你们有房间要出租啊。”

"Mother!"

“妈妈！”

"Well, what is it?"

“唉，怎么了？”

“'Ere's a gentleman about the rooms."

“有位先生问租房的事。”

"Ask 'im in. I'll be up in a minute."

“叫他进来。我一会儿就上去。”

"Will yer step inside, sir? Mother'll be up in a minute."

“先生，先进来好吗？我妈妈一会儿就上去。”

So you step inside and after a minute "mother" comes slowly up the kitchen stairs, untying her apron as she comes and calling down instructions to some one below about the potatoes.

然后你就走了进去，一分钟后，“妈妈”慢悠悠地从厨房的楼梯爬了上来，一边解开自己的围裙，一边对楼下的人发出指令，告诉他该如何做土豆。

"Good-morning, sir," says "mother," with a washed-out smile. "Will you step this way, please?"

“早上好，先生。”“妈妈”没精打采地笑着说，“请这边儿来好吗？”

"Oh, it's hardly worth while my coming up," you say. "What sort of rooms are they, and how much?"

“哦，我就没必要上去了，”你说，“房间是什么样儿的，租金是多少？”

"Well," says the landlady, "if you'll step upstairs I'll show them to you."

“这个嘛，”房东太太说，“你上来的话，我会带你看的。”

So with a protesting murmur, meant to imply that any waste of time complained of hereafter must not be laid to your charge, you

follow "mother" upstairs.

然后你不满地嘟囔着，故意暗示此后任何有关浪费时间的抱怨都不是你的错，就跟着“妈妈”上了楼。

At the first landing you run up against a pail and a broom, whereupon "mother" expatiates upon the unreliability of servant-girls, and bawls over the balusters for Sarah to come and take them away at once. When you get outside the rooms she pauses, with her hand upon the door, to explain to you that they are rather untidy just at present, as the last lodger left only yesterday; and she also adds that this is their cleaning-day—it always is. With this understanding you enter, and both stand solemnly feasting your eyes upon the scene before you. The rooms cannot be said to appear inviting. Even "mother's" face betrays no admiration. Untenanted "furnished apartments" viewed in the morning sunlight do not inspire cheery sensations. There is a lifeless air about them. It is a very different thing when you have settled down and are living in them. With your old familiar household gods to greet your gaze whenever you glance up, and all your little knick-knacks spread around you—with the photos of all the girls that you have loved and lost ranged upon the mantel-piece, and half a dozen disreputable looking pipes scattered about in painfully prominent positions—with one carpet slipper peeping from beneath the coal-box and the other perched on the top of the piano—with the well-known pictures to hide the dingy walls, and these dear old friends, your books, higgledy-piggledy all over the place—with the bits of old blue china that your mother prized, and the screen she worked in those far by-gone days, when the sweet old face was laughing and young, and the white soft hair tumbled in gold-brown curls from under the coal-scuttle bonnet—

你一上楼就碰倒了一只水桶和一把扫帚，于是“妈妈”会就此喋喋不休，抱怨年轻的女佣一点儿都不可靠，然后隔着栏杆大声嚷着让萨拉过来，立刻把水桶和扫帚拿走。你走到房间外面的时候，她会停下来，手扶在门上，解释房间现在不是很整洁，但这只是暂时的，因为上一个房客昨天才走；她还会说今天是他们大扫除的日子——每天都是他们大扫除的日子。了解了这些之后，你们进门了，然后两个人都表情严肃地尽情观看眼前的情景。房间看起来不能称之为吸引人。就连“妈妈”的脸上也没流露出什么赞叹的表情。没人租住的“装修好的公寓”在清晨的阳光里似乎没法给人以愉悦的感受，它们周围笼罩着一种死气沉沉的氛围。但是你一旦安顿下来，住进去的话，情况却会大不相同。每当抬头仰望，你熟悉的家族神灵都会迎接你的目光；环顾四周，你所有零零碎碎的东西都在你的身旁——所有你曾经爱过又失去的女孩的照片会摆放在壁炉台上，还有六只看起来不够体面的烟斗散落四处，丢人现眼——煤箱下面有一只室内拖鞋探出头来，另一只则趴在钢琴顶上——墙上挂满了名画以遮掩墙体的肮脏，房间里到处都杂乱地堆放着书，它们会像亲

爱的老朋友一样陪着你——还有你妈妈珍爱的几件年代久远的青花瓷以及她制作的屏风。做那个屏风的时候，已是许多年前，那时候，她甜美而苍老的面庞还是笑呵呵的，而且还很年轻；她柔软的白发也还是金棕色的卷发，塞在煤斗帽的下面——

Ah, old screen, what a gorgeous personage you must have been in your young days, when the tulips and roses and lilies (all growing from one stem) were fresh in their glistening sheen! Many a summer and winter have come and gone since then, my friend, and you have played with the dancing firelight until you have grown sad and gray. Your brilliant colors are fast fading now, and the envious moths have gnawed your silken threads. You are withering away like the dead hands that wove you. Do you ever think of those dead hands? You seem so grave and thoughtful sometimes that I almost think you do. Come, you and I and the deep-glowing embers, let us talk together. Tell me in your silent language what you remember of those young days, when you lay on my little mother's lap and her girlish fingers played with your rainbow tresses. Was there never a lad near sometimes—never a lad who would seize one of those little hands to smother it with kisses, and who would persist in holding it, thereby sadly interfering with the progress of your making? Was not your frail existence often put in jeopardy by this same clumsy, headstrong lad, who would toss you disrespectfully aside that he—not satisfied with one—might hold both hands and gaze up into the loved eyes? I can see that lad now through the haze of the flickering twilight. He is an eager bright-eyed boy, with pinching, dandy shoes and tight-fitting smalls, snowy shirt frill and stock, and—oh! Such curly hair. A wild, light-hearted boy! Can he be the great, grave gentleman upon whose stick I used to ride crosslegged, the care-worn man into whose thoughtful face I used to gaze with childish reverence and whom I used to call "father?" You say "yes," old screen; but are you quite sure? It is a serious charge you are bringing. Can it be possible? Did he have to kneel down in those wonderful smalls and pick you up and rearrange you before he was forgiven and his curly head smoothed by my mother's little hand? Ah! Old screen, and did the lads and the lassies go making love fifty years ago just as they do now? Are men and women so unchanged? Did little maidens' hearts beat the same under pearl-embroidered bodices as they do under Mother Hubbard[1] cloaks? Have steel casques and chimney-pot hats made no difference to the brains that work beneath them? Oh, Time! Great Chronos[2]! and is this your power? Have you dried up seas and leveled mountains and left the tiny human heart-strings to defy you? Ah, yes! They were spun by a Mightier than thou, and they stretch beyond your narrow ken, for their ends are made fast in eternity. Ay, you may mow down the leaves and the blossoms, but the roots of life lie too deep for your

sickle to sever. You refashion Nature's garments, but you cannot vary by a jot the throbbings of her pulse. The world rolls round obedient to your laws, but the heart of man is not of your kingdom, for in its birthplace "a thousand years are but as yesterday."

啊，老屏风，在你年轻的岁月里，当那新鲜的郁金香、玫瑰和百合（都从同一花枝上盛开）在你锦面上闪闪发亮的时候，你该是多么地光鲜夺目啊！自那之后，经过无数个冬去春来，我的朋友，你曾与跳跃的炉火一起玩耍，直到你变得灰败不堪。如今，你鲜亮的颜色正迅速地褪去，嫉妒的蛾子咬噬着你丝质的经纬。就像那双编织你的、已不再灵活的手一样，你也正在枯萎。你可曾想起那双已不再灵活的手来？你有时看起来那么深沉，那么若有所思，我都要认为你在怀念那双手了。来吧，你和我，还有那发着暗光的灰烬，让我们一起聊聊吧。用你那无声的语言告诉我，对那段年轻的日子，当你躺在我妈妈年轻的膝盖上，任由她柔嫩的手指拨弄你那彩虹般的发丝，你还能记起什么。周围难道没有过一个年轻小伙子——他会捉住那双小手中的一只，在上面尽情狂吻，并且坚持要将它紧紧握在手中，以至于不幸地，妈妈无法继续对你进行制作？你脆弱的生命是不是经常陷入险境，因为这个笨拙却固执的小伙子经常不屑一顾地把你丢在一边，以便他——不满足于仅仅抓住一只手——能握住双手，抬头凝视爱人的双眼。透过这摇曳不定的微光，我似乎看到了当年的那个小伙子。他的眼睛明亮，感情热切，皮鞋华丽却挤脚，紧身裤剪裁合体，雪白的衬衫褶边和领圈——哦，还有那一头卷发！那是个多么狂野而无忧无虑的男孩！他会是那个手杖常常被我当马骑在胯下、身材高大、表情严肃的绅士吗？会是那个满怀心事，常常深思，我曾经带着稚嫩的崇敬盯着他的脸庞并常常叫“爸爸”的人吗？老屏风，你回答我“是的”，但你真的确定吗？你现在所说的是很严肃的问题。这真的可能吗？他是否曾经穿着合体的紧身裤，跪下来将你扶起，重新整理好，然后祈求我母亲的原谅？我母亲是否曾用她柔嫩的小手为他整理满头的卷发？啊！老屏风，五十年前的青年男女们是否也用和今天一样的方式谈情说爱呢？男人和女人真的都没有改变吗？少女珍珠衫下的心脏真的和女人哈伯德大妈式外套下的心脏以同样的节律跳动着吗？钢盔下的大脑和高顶礼帽下的大脑真的是以一样的方式运转吗？啊，时间！伟大的科罗诺斯！这就是你神奇的力量吗？你把海淘干了，把山夷平了，却不能改变人类那细小的心弦，是这样吗？是的！它们是被比你更伟大的力量创造出来的，超出了你所能控制的范围，而它们的结局也在冥冥之中早有定数。唉，你可以割掉树叶和花朵，但生命之根却如此深扎于地下，你的镰刀根本无法将它们割断。你为大自然换上新装，但却无法改变她脉搏哪怕是一个节拍的跳动。世界在你的法则下顺从地旋转，但是人心却不是你的领地，因为在它诞生的地方“千年如一日”，不受时间的影响。

I am getting away, though, I fear, from my "furnished apartments," and I hardly know how to get back. But I have some excuse for my meanderings this time. It is a piece of old furniture that has led me astray, and fancies gather, somehow, round old furniture,

like moss around old stones. One's chairs and tables get to be almost part of one's life and to seem like quiet friends. What strange tales the woodenheaded old fellows could tell did they but choose to speak! At what unsuspected comedies and tragedies have they not assisted! What bitter tears have been sobbed into that old sofa cushion! What passionate whisperings the settee must have overheard!

恐怕我跑题了，从“装修好的公寓”说到这里，我几乎不知道怎么把话题再引回去。但我这次的跑题是有原因的。我是因为一件旧家具才变得漫无边际，而围绕着旧家具的思绪，就像围绕着古老石头上的青苔，总是绵绵不绝。桌子和椅子是一个人生活中不可或缺的部分，它们就像是安静的朋友。这些木头脑袋的老家伙们如果可以说话，会讲出多少奇妙的故事啊！有多少不为人知的悲喜剧，他们没有参与其中啊！旧沙发垫子曾吸收了多少苦涩的泪水，而长靠椅又该偷听过多少醉人的情话！

New furniture has no charms for me compared with old. It is the old things that we love—the old faces, the old books, the old jokes. New furniture can make a palace, but it takes old furniture to make a home. Not merely old in itself—lodging-house furniture generally is that—but it must be old to us, old in associations and recollections. The furniture of furnished apartments, however ancient it may be in reality, is new to our eyes, and we feel as though we could never get on with it. As, too, in the case of all fresh acquaintances, whether wooden or human (and there is very little difference between the two species sometimes), everything impresses you with its worst aspect. The knobby wood-work and shiny horse-hair covering of the easy-chair suggest anything but ease. The mirror is smoky. The curtains want washing. The carpet is frayed. The table looks as if it would go over the instant anything was rested on it. The grate is cheerless, the wall-paper hideous. The ceiling appears to have had coffee spilt all over it, and the ornaments—well, they are worse than the wallpaper.

比起旧家具来，新家具对我没任何吸引力。我们喜欢的都是些旧东西——老面孔、旧书、老笑话。新家具可以打造一座宫殿，但只有老家具才能营造一个家。它们的古老，并不只是自身有了年岁——寄宿公寓的家具倒是一般如此——但是，它们必须对我们来说是古老的，在我们的联想和回忆中年代久远。装修好的公寓中的家具，不管自身是多么古老，在我们看来都很新鲜，我们感觉自己永远都和它相处不来。无论是木制器物还是人（有时这两者相差甚微），对于我们新认识的任何事物，我们印象最深的都是它最糟糕的一面。精巧的木工手艺和光亮的马毛椅套没能让安乐椅给人丝毫舒适的感觉；镜子被烟熏黑了，窗帘该洗了，地毯太破了；桌子看起来一放东西就会翻倒，壁炉死气沉沉，墙纸庸俗可厌；天花板上好像溅满了咖啡，而那些装饰品——唉，它们比墙纸还糟糕。

There must surely be some special and secret manufactory for the production of lodging-house ornaments. Precisely the same articles are

to be found at every lodging-house all over the kingdom, and they are never seen anywhere else. There are the two—what do you call them? They stand one at each end of the mantel-piece, where they are never safe, and they are hung round with long triangular slips of glass that clank against one another and make you nervous. In the commoner class of rooms these works of art are supplemented by a couple of pieces of china which might each be meant to represent a cow sitting upon its hind legs, or a model of the temple of Diana[3] at Ephesus[4], or a dog, or anything else you like to fancy. Somewhere about the room you come across a bilious-looking object, which at first you take to be a lump of dough left about by one of the children, but which on scrutiny seems to resemble an underdone cupid. This thing the landlady calls a statue. Then there is a "sampler" worked by some idiot related to the family, a picture of the "Huguenots," two or three Scripture texts, and a highly framed and glazed certificate to the effect that the father has been vaccinated, or is an Odd Fellow[5], or something of that sort.

一定有什么特殊的秘密工厂专门生产寄宿公寓里的那些装饰品。在整个英国的寄宿公寓里，你都能找到完全一模一样的物件，而这些东西在其他任何地方都不会出现。还有那一对——你们叫它们什么来着？它们立在壁炉台的两端，看起来随时可能掉下来，周围还坠着一长串三角形的玻璃条，碰在一起叮当作响，让人提心吊胆。档次一般的公寓房里除了这些艺术品，还有几件瓷器，看起来可能是想展现坐在自己后腿上的母牛，或是以弗所的狄安娜神庙模型，或是一只狗，或是你喜欢想象的任何东西。在房间的某个地方你会发现一个横眉怒目的东西，乍一看像是哪个孩子留下的一小块面团，仔细看看才发现，好像是个尚未完工的丘比特。房东太太把这叫做雕塑。除此之外，房间里还有房东太太某个白痴亲戚做的“刺绣花样”，一幅“胡格诺派教徒”的画像，二三幅《圣经》选段，以及一张挂得高高的、用玻璃装裱的证书，借此证明这个家的父亲已经接种了牛痘，或是秘密共济会的会员，或诸如此类的信息。

You examine these various attractions and then dismally ask what the rent is.

你仔细查看了这些林林总总的摆设，然后沮丧地问租金是多少。

"That's rather a good deal," you say on hearing the figure.

“这个价格可真有点高啊。”听到数字后你这样说道。

"Well, to tell you the truth," answers the landlady with a sudden burst of candor, "I've always had" (mentioning a sum a good deal in excess of the first-named amount), "and before that I used to have" (a still higher figure).

“好吧，实话说，”房东太太突然坦诚地说道，“我一直都租……”（说了一个比刚才提到的房租高得多的价钱），“在那之前我一

直都租……”（说了一个更高的价钱）。

What the rent of apartments must have been twenty years ago makes one shudder to think of. Every landlady makes you feel thoroughly ashamed of yourself by informing you, whenever the subject crops up, that she used to get twice as much for her rooms as you are paying. Young men lodgers of the last generation must have been of a wealthier class than they are now, or they must have ruined themselves. I should have had to live in an attic.

这个房间二十年前的房租该是什么样，真是想想都要打个冷颤。每个房东太太都在你提出房租太贵的时候，告诉你她以前的房租是目前的两倍，让你觉得无地自容。前一批租房的年轻人必然是比现在的房客更为富有的阶级，要不然他们也只能自我了结了。我要在那个年代，只能住到阁楼上去。

Curious, that in lodgings the rule of life is reversed. The higher you get up in the world the lower you come down in your lodgings. On the lodging-house ladder the poor man is at the top, the rich man underneath. You start in the attic and work your way down to the first floor.

奇怪的是，人生的规律放在寄宿公寓里，恰恰是相反的。在这个世界上地位越高的人，在寄宿公寓里就住得越低。寄宿公寓的楼梯上，最穷的人住在最顶端，富人住在下面。你需要从阁楼开始，一层层努力向下爬，直到你最终住在底层。

A good many great men have lived in attics and some have died there. Attics, says the dictionary, are "places where lumber is stored," and the world has used them to store a good deal of its lumber in at one time or another. Its preachers and painters and poets, its deep-browed men who will find out things, its fi re-eyed men who will tell truths that no one wants to hear—these are the lumber that the world hides away in its attics. Haydn[6] grew up in an attic and Chatterton[7] starved in one. Addison[8] and Goldsmith[9] wrote in garrets. Faraday[10] and De Quincey[11] knew them well. Dr. Johnson[12] camped cheerfully in them, sleeping soundly—too soundly sometimes—upon their trundle-beds, like the sturdy old soldier of fortune that he was, inured to hardship and all careless of himself. Dickens spent his youth among them, Morland[13] his old age—alas! A drunken, premature old age. Hans Andersen, the fairy king, dreamed his sweet fancies beneath their sloping roofs. Poor, wayward-hearted Collins[14] leaned his head upon their crazy tables; priggish Benjamin Franklin[15]; Savage[16], the wrong-headed, much troubled when he could afford any softer bed than a doorstep; young Bloomfield[17], "Bobby" Burns[18], Hogarth[19], Watts the engineer—the roll is endless. Ever since the habitations of men were reared two stories high has the garret been the nursery of

genius.

有很多伟人就是住在阁楼里的，有些还终老于此。阁楼在字典里被解释为“堆放无用杂物的地方”，这个世界的确也曾不时地将不少无用杂物存放在阁楼里面。世上的牧师们、画家们、诗人们，还有那些将会找到问题答案的智者、那些眼明心亮能够将谁也不愿听到的真理宣之于口的勇士——他们就是世界藏在阁楼里的那些“无用杂物”。海顿在阁楼中长大，查特顿在阁楼中挨饿。艾迪生和哥尔德史密斯曾在阁楼中写作。法拉第和德昆西对阁楼非常熟悉。约翰逊博士曾在阁楼中快活地安营扎寨，在装有滑轮的床上睡得安安稳稳——有时甚至太过安稳了——他就像一个坚毅的老兵，习惯了艰苦的生活，对自己完全不讲究。狄更斯在阁楼中度过了自己的青年时代，而莫兰则在那里度过了自己的晚年——唉！那是整日大醉不醒、过早到来的晚年。童话之王汉斯·安徒生在阁楼倾斜的屋顶下梦到了那些美丽的童话故事。可怜而任性的柯林斯头靠在阁楼破破烂烂的桌子上思索小说的情节。还有自负的本杰明·富兰克林；顽固而偏执的萨维奇，明明有钱买一张更柔软舒适的床，却宁肯睡在门前台阶上；年轻的布龙菲尔德、“鲍比”彭斯、贺加斯、工程师瓦特——在这张名单上的人不计其数。自从人类的居所有了两层楼之后，阁楼就是专门培养天才的地方。

No one who honors the aristocracy of mind can feel ashamed of acquaintanceship with them. Their damp-stained walls are sacred to the memory of noble names. If all the wisdom of the world and all its art— all the spoils that it has won from nature, all the fi re that it has snatched from heaven—were gathered together and divided into heaps, and we could point and say, for instance, these mighty truths were flashed forth in the brilliant-salon-amid the ripple of light laughter and the sparkle of bright eyes; and this deep knowledge was dug up in the quiet study, where the bust of Pallas[20] looks serenely down on the leather-scented shelves; and this heap belongs to the crowded street; and that to the daisied field—the heap that would tower up high above the rest as a mountain above hills would be the one at which we should look up and say: this noblest pile of all—these glorious paintings and this wondrous music, these trumpet words, these solemn thoughts, these daring deeds, they were forged and fashioned amid misery and pain in the sordid squalor of the city garret. There, from their eyries, while the world heaved and throbbed below, the kings of men sent forth their eagle thoughts to wing their flight through the ages. There, where the sunlight streaming through the broken panes fell on rotting boards and crumbling walls; there, from their lofty thrones, those rag-clothed Joves[21] have hurled their thunderbolts and shaken, before now, the earth to its foundations.

一个珍视高贵心灵的人，绝不会以有过住阁楼的经历为耻。它们斑驳潮湿的墙壁，是纪念那些伟大名字的圣地。如果这个世界上所有的智慧和所有的艺术——所有我们从自然那里赢来的奖品，所有我们从天国

攫取的圣火——都可以被收集在一起，然后再分成几堆，我们就能指着它们说，诸如这些伟大的真理是才华横溢的人们在沙龙里从谈笑风生中产生的智慧火花；这些深邃的学问是从安静的书房中挖掘出来的，在那儿，帕拉斯的塑像安详地俯视着书架上那散发着皮革味道的书本；这一堆是从喧闹的街市中收集的；那一堆是从开满了雏菊的田野中采摘的——我们会仰视着最高的那一堆，就像高山那么高，而剩下的任何一堆和它相比，都只是小丘，我们会说：最伟大的这一堆——这些恢宏的画作、奇妙的音乐、激昂的话语、深沉的思想、勇敢的行为全部是在城市那肮脏贫穷的阁楼以及它所带来的悲惨和痛苦中孕育成形的。就是在那儿，人中豪杰从他们的巢穴里俯视着下面跳动、喘息的世界，放出他们思想的雄鹰，任其跨越时代，自由翱翔；就是在那儿，阳光透过破碎的玻璃，照耀着腐朽的床板和斑驳的墙壁；就是在那儿，这些衣着破旧的朱庇特们坐在神圣宝座上掷出的滚滚天雷，曾动摇了世界的根基。

Huddle them up in your lumber-rooms, oh, world! Shut them fast in and turn the key of poverty upon them. Weld close the bars, and let them fret their hero lives away within the narrow cage. Leave them there to starve, and rot, and die. Laugh at the frenzied beatings of their hands against the door. Roll onward in your dust and noise and pass them by, forgotten.

啊，世界，将他们堆放在你的杂物间里吧！把门紧紧地关起来，再给他们加上贫穷这把锁。把窗户焊上铁栏，让他们心中的壮志豪情备受折磨，最终在狭窄的牢笼里消散无踪。任他们在那里挨饿，腐烂，死亡。嘲笑他们双手拍打着房门的疯狂。继续在你尘土飞扬、喧嚣吵闹的生活中摸爬滚打，路过他们时也不要理睬，将他们彻底遗忘。

But take care lest they turn and sting you. All do not, like the fabled phoenix, warble sweet melodies in their agony; sometimes they spit venom—venom you must breathe whether you will or no, for you cannot seal their mouths, though you may fetter their limbs. You can lock the door upon them, but they burst open their shaky lattices and call out over the house-tops so that men cannot but hear. You hounded wild Rousseau into the meanest garret of the Rue St. Jacques and jeered at his angry shrieks. But the thin, piping tones swelled a hundred years later into the sullen roar of the French Revolution, and civilization to this day is quivering to the reverberations of his voice.

但是要小心他们回过身来咬你一口。并不是每个人都会像寓言故事中的凤凰，在痛苦中唱出美妙的旋律；有些时候他们会吐出毒液——不管你情不情愿，都必须吸入这些毒液，因为你虽然可以锁住他们的手脚，却无法封住他们的唇舌。你可以将他们的房门锁紧，但他们却会撞开那些摇晃的窗栏，在屋顶上高声呼喊，所有人都会听见。你将桀骜不驯的卢梭追逼至圣·雅克大街最简陋的阁楼，嘲笑他愤怒的尖声喊叫。但是这单薄的尖叫声却在百年之后成长为法国大革命那深沉的嘶吼，至今为止，文明世界仍在它的回声中震颤。

As for myself, however, I like an attic. Not to live in: as residences they are inconvenient. There is too much getting up and down stairs connected with them to please me. It puts one unpleasantly in mind of the tread-mill[22]. The form of the ceiling offers too many facilities for bumping your head and too few for shaving. And the note of the tomcat as he sings to his love in the stilly night outside on the tiles becomes positively distasteful when heard so near.

然而，就我自己来说，我喜欢阁楼。并不是喜欢住在里面：作为居所，它们很不方便。对我来说，总要上楼下楼实在很麻烦。它会让人不愉快地想起踏车。天花板的构造很容易把脑袋撞疼，且很不容易让我们站直身子刮脸。而在寂静的午夜里，屋顶上公猫求爱时唱的音符，近听起来可真是不堪入耳。

No, for living in give me a suit of rooms on the first floor of a Piccadilly mansion (I wish somebody would!); but for thinking in let me have an attic up ten flights of stairs in the densest quarter of the city. I have all Herr Teufelsdrockh's[23] affection for attics. There is a sublimity about their loftiness. I love to "sit at ease and look down upon the wasps' nest beneath;" to listen to the dull murmur of the human tide ebbing and f lowing ceaselessly through the narrow streets and lanes below. How small men seem, how like a swarm of ants sweltering in endless confusion on their tiny hill! How petty seems the work on which they are hurrying and skurrying! How childishly they jostle against one another and turn to snarl and scratch! They jabber and screech and curse, but their puny voices do not reach up here. They fret, and fume, and rage, and pant, and die; "but I, mein Werther, sit above it all; I am alone with the stars."

不，如果要在里面住，我想要皮卡迪利大街上某座公寓二楼的某个套间（真希望有谁能满足我！）；但是如果要在里面思考，我想要城市最拥挤的街区中十段楼梯上的一间阁楼。我对阁楼，有着托尔夫斯德吕克先生一般的热情。它们那悬空的结构有种庄严的感觉。我喜欢“闲坐在那里，看着下面的黄蜂窝”；喜欢倾听楼下狭窄街道上人潮涨退时那永不停歇的枯燥低沉的杂音。人看起来是多么渺小啊，就像在小土堆上汗流浃背、永无休止地忙成一团的蚂蚁一般！他们奔走忙碌，想要赶快完成的那些工作看起来又是多么微不足道！他们相互推搡，吼叫，扭打，显得多么孩子气啊！他们嘟囔着，尖叫着，咒骂着，可他们细小的声音根本传不到这里。他们烦躁，生气，发怒，气喘，死亡。“但是我，我的维特，却高高坐在上面，俯视着一切；只有群星与我为伴。”

The most extraordinary attic I ever came across was one a friend and I once shared many years ago. Of all eccentrically planned things, from Bradshaw to the maze at Hampton Court, that room was the most eccentric. The architect who designed it must have been a genius, though I cannot help thinking that his talents would have been better employed in contriving puzzles than in shaping human

habitations. No figure in Euclid could give any idea of that apartment. It contained seven corners, two of the walls sloped to a point, and the window was just over the fireplace. The only possible position for the bedstead was between the door and the cupboard. To get anything out of the cupboard we had to scramble over the bed, and a large percentage of the various commodities thus obtained was absorbed by the bedclothes. Indeed, so many things were spilled and dropped upon the bed that toward night-time it had become a sort of small cooperative store. Coal was what it always had most in stock. We used to keep our coal in the bottom part of the cupboard, and when any was wanted we had to climb over the bed, fill a shovelful, and then crawl back. It was an exciting moment when we reached the middle of the bed. We would hold our breath, fix our eyes upon the shovel, and poise ourselves for the last move. The next instant we, and the coals, and the shovel, and the bed would be all mixed up together.

我见过的最不同凡响的阁楼，是多年前我和一个朋友合住的一间。从全英列车时刻表到汉普顿宫的迷宫，在所有设计古怪的东西里，那间房子最不同寻常。设计它的建筑师一定是位天才，尽管我忍不住会想，他的才能如果不是用来建造房屋，而是用来设计谜题，肯定能得到更好地发挥。几何学界的任何大人物都没法解释那所公寓的构造。它有七个角，其中两面墙向一个点倾斜，窗户正好在壁炉之上。唯一可能放下床架的地方是门和橱柜之间。所以，要想从柜子里拿出任何东西，我们都必须爬过床去，这也使得我们取出来的各式各样的东西大部分都被床单收罗了。说实话，我们散落和掉在床上的东西实在太多了，以至于快到晚上时，床都变成一个小型合作商店了。煤块是这个商店货存最多的商品。我们以前通常是将煤放在柜子的底层，需要用煤的时候，我们就不得不从床上爬过去，铲一铲子煤，再从床上爬过来。爬到床中间的时候，是最激动人心的。我们会屏住呼吸，眼睛死死盯住铲子，为了执行最后一个动作而摆正姿势，保持平衡。然而，下一刻，我们、煤块、煤铲以及床都混在了一起。

I've heard of the people going into raptures over beds of coal. We slept in one every night and were not in the least stuck up about it.

我听说过有人对睡在满床满床的煤块中十分着迷。可我们每天晚上都睡在满床煤块中，却丝毫也没有为之着迷。

But our attic, unique though it was, had by no means exhausted the architect's sense of humor. The arrangement of the whole house was a marvel of originality. All the doors opened outward, so that if any one wanted to leave a room at the same moment that you were coming downstairs it was unpleasant for you. There was no ground-floor—its ground-floor belonged to a house in the next court, and the front door opened direct upon a flight of stairs leading down to the cellar. Visitors on entering the house would suddenly shoot past the person who had answered the door to them and disappear down these

stairs. Those of a nervous temperament used to imagine that it was a trap laid for them, and would shout murder as they lay on their backs at the bottom till somebody came and picked them up.

虽然我们的阁楼已经相当别具一格，但那位建筑师的幽默感却绝不止于此。整座房子的格局简直是一个富有创意的奇迹。所有的门都是向外开的，所以假如你下楼的同时，正好有人想离开房间，那么你肯定会不太愉快。房子没有一楼——它的一楼属于隔壁的公寓大楼，前门直接开在通往地窖的一段楼梯口。访客们一进入房子，就会跟给他们开门的人擦肩而过，然后沿着这些楼梯掉下去了。有些神经过敏的家伙曾经想象这是个对付他们的陷阱，不小心摔倒的时候，就会一面躺在地窖底下，一面大喊谋杀，直到有人过来把他们扶起来。

It is a long time ago now that I last saw the inside of an attic. I have tried various floors since but I have not found that they have made much difference to me. Life tastes much the same, whether we quaff it from a golden goblet or drink it out of a stone mug. The hours come laden with the same mixture of joy and sorrow, no matter where we wait for them. A waistcoat of broadcloth or of fustian is alike to an aching heart, and we laugh no merrier on velvet cushions than we did on wooden chairs. Often have I sighed in those low-ceilinged rooms, yet disappointments have come neither less nor lighter since I quitted them. Life works upon a compensating balance, and the happiness we gain in one direction we lose in another. As our means increase, so do our desires; and we ever stand midway between the two. When we reside in an attic we enjoy a supper of fried fish and stout. When we occupy the first floor it takes an elaborate dinner at the Continental to give us the same amount of satisfaction.

我已经很长时间没有见过阁楼的内部格局了。后来，我又住过不同的楼层，可它们对我来说大同小异。不管是用金制的高脚杯畅饮，还是用石头做的敞口杯品尝，生活的滋味都大抵相同。无论我们在什么地点等待，岁月总是带着快乐和悲伤向我们走来。对一颗疼痛的心来说，一件绒面呢的背心和一件混纺布的背心没有什么区别；而在欢乐的时刻，无论坐在天鹅绒沙发上，还是木头椅子上，我们都笑得一样开心。我经常在屋顶低矮的房间里唉声叹气，然而搬出这样的房间之后，令我失望的事情却并没有在程度上有所减轻，或是在数量上有所减少。生活总是在补偿性地自我平衡着，在这里得到的幸福，会在那里失去。我们的办法多了，可欲望也在增长；我们永远处在这两者中间。住在阁楼里的时候，我们可以美美地享用一顿有炸鱼和黑啤酒的晚餐。而当我们终于住到了二楼时，洲际酒店的一场盛宴才能带给我们同等的满足感。

(1)哈伯德大妈，童谣中的女主人公，借指女式宽大长罩衣。

(2)科罗诺斯，希腊神话中的时间之神。

(3)狄安娜神庙，又称阿耳忒弥斯神庙（TempleofArtemis），大约建于公元前550年。

(4)以弗所，古希腊小亚细亚西岸的一座重要贸易城市。

(5)秘密共济会会员，该会于18世纪在英国成立。

(6)约瑟夫·海顿（1732—1809），奥地利作曲家，维也纳古典乐派代表人物之一，作有交响乐、弦乐四重奏、三重奏、歌剧等。

(7)托马斯·查特顿（1752—1770），英国诗人，英国浪漫主义诗人的先驱者之一，17岁时因绝望自杀。

(8)约瑟夫·艾迪生（1672—1719），英国散文作家、诗人、剧作家。与好友理查德·斯蒂尔合办《旁观者》，成为英国期刊文学创始人之一。

(9)奥利弗·哥尔德斯密斯（1728—1774），英国诗人、小说家、剧作家，作品有《荒村》《委曲求全》等。

(10)法拉第（1791—1867），英国物理学家、化学家，发现了电磁感应现象。

(11)德昆西（1785—1859），英国散文家、文学批评家，著作有《一个英国鸦片服用者的自白》。

(12)约翰逊博士（1709—1784），英国作家、评论家、辞书编纂者，编有《英语辞典》。

(13)乔治·莫兰（1763—1804），英国画家，擅长风景画和动物画。

(14)威廉·韦基·柯林斯（1824—1889），英国侦探小说家，著作包括《月亮宝石》《白衣女人》等。

(15)本杰明·富兰克林（1706—1790），美国政治家、科学家，参与起草《独立宣言》。

(16)理查德·萨维奇（1697—1743），英国诗人、讽刺作家，诗作有《杂诗集》《漫游者》等。

(17)布龙菲尔德（1887—1949），美国语言学家、结构主义语言学派创立者，著有《语言》等。

(18)罗伯特·彭斯（1759—1796），苏格兰诗人，主要用苏格兰方言写诗，著有《一朵红红的玫瑰》。

(19)威廉·贺加斯（1697—1764），英国著名油画家、版画家、艺术理论家，作品讽刺贵族，同情下层人民，代表作有《时髦婚姻》等。

(20)帕拉斯，即智慧女神雅典娜。

(21)朱庇特，罗马神话中统治诸神、主宰一切的主神，相当于希腊神话里的宙斯。

(22)踏车，古代的一种刑具。

(23)托尔夫斯德吕克先生，托马斯·卡莱尔作品《拼凑的裁缝》中的

人物。

XIII. On Dress And Deportment

13.衣着举止

They say—people who ought to be ashamed of themselves do—that the consciousness of being well dressed imparts a blissfulness to the human heart that religion is powerless to bestow. I am afraid these cynical persons are sometimes correct. I know that when I was a very young man (many, many years ago, as the story-books say) and wanted cheering up, I used to go and dress myself in all my best clothes. If I had been annoyed in any manner—if my washerwoman had discharged me, for instance; or my blank-verse poem had been returned for the tenth time, with the editor's compliments "and regrets that owing to want of space he is unable to avail himself of kind offer;" or I had been snubbed by the woman I loved as man never loved before—by the way, it's really extraordinary what a variety of ways of loving there must be. We all do it as it was never done before. I don't know how our great-grandchildren will manage. They will have to do it on their heads by their time if they persist in not clashing with any previous method.

有人说——是那些应该为自己感到羞愧的人说的——意识到自己穿得很好时心中产生的满足感，是宗教也无力给予的。恐怕这些玩世不恭的家伙们有时候是正确的。我记得我还很年轻的时候（很久很久以前，就像故事书里说的那样），如果想要让自己高兴起来，就会去把我最好的衣服全部穿在身上。如果我因为什么不高兴了——比如我的洗衣女工辞职了；或者我的无韵诗第十次被退了回来，并且附上编辑的客套话，“出于篇幅限制，很遗憾无法刊登大作。”或者我被我爱的女人冷落了，而我是以人类从未有过的方式去爱她的——顺便说一句，这世上竟然可以有如此多种类不同的爱，真是不可思议！我们都是以前人没有过的方式去爱别人。真不知道到了我们重孙子那一辈，他们该如何应对。如果他们不想在他们那个时代重复前人用过的方法，到时恐怕得花点心思了。

Well, as I was saying, when these unpleasant sort of things happened and I felt crushed, I put on all my best clothes and went out. It brought back my vanishing self-esteem. In a glossy new hat and a pair of trousers with a fold down the front (carefully preserved by keeping them under the bed—I don't mean on the floor, you know, but between the bed and the mattress), I felt I was somebody and that there were other washerwomen: ay, and even other girls to love, and who would perhaps appreciate a clever, good-looking young fellow. I didn't care; that was my reckless way. I would make love to other maidens. I felt that in those clothes I could do it.

言归正传，就像我说的，当此类令人沮丧的事情发生，而我觉得心情低落时，我就会把我所有的好衣服全穿在身上，然后出门去。它们帮我找回了正在消逝的自尊。头戴一顶光鲜的新帽子，身穿一条裤线笔直的裤子（得把它们放在床下加以保护——我不是说放在地板上，你知道，而是放在床和床垫之间），我就感觉自己是个大人物，而这世上还有很多别的洗衣女工：啊！甚至还有很多别的姑娘让我去爱，那些姑娘说不定还会欣赏一个聪明、帅气的小伙子。我才不在乎，我就是这么率性。我会向别的姑娘求爱。穿着这样的衣服，我觉得自己能够成功。

They have a wonderful deal to do with courting, clothes have. It is half the battle. At all events, the young man thinks so, and it generally takes him a couple of hours to get himself up for the occasion. His first half-hour is occupied in trying to decide whether to wear his light suit with a cane and drab billycock, or his black tails with a chimney-pot hat and his new umbrella. He is sure to be unfortunate in either decision. If he wears his light suit and takes the stick it comes on to rain, and he reaches the house in a damp and muddy condition and spends the evening trying to hide his boots. If, on the other hand, he decides in favor of the top hat and umbrella—nobody would ever dream of going out in a top hat without an umbrella; it would be like letting baby (bless it!) toddle out without its nurse. How I do hate a top hat! One lasts me a very long while, I can tell you. I only wear it when—well, never mind when I wear it. It lasts me a very long while. I've had my present one five years. It was rather old-fashioned last summer, but the shape has come round again now and I look quite stylish.

他们在求爱的问题上关系重大，我指的是衣着打扮。这是战斗的一半。无论如何，年轻的小伙子们是这么想的，为了一场约会他们往往要花上几个小时穿衣打扮。在头三十分钟里，他忙于决定是要穿浅色西服、戴淡褐色的小礼帽、拿根手杖出现，还是穿黑色燕尾服、戴高顶礼帽、拿新买的雨伞出现。不管做了哪个决定，他都注定是不走运的。假如他穿着浅色西服、拿着手杖去了，那么肯定会下雨，等他到了女孩家里，整个人已经湿漉漉、脏兮兮的了，他得在整个傍晚的时间里努力藏好自己的靴子。不过，假如他决定选择高顶礼帽和雨伞——从来没人想过戴着高顶礼帽出门却不带雨伞，那就好像让一个宝宝（上帝保佑它！）独自蹒跚出门却没有保姆陪伴。我是多么痛恨高顶礼帽啊！跟你说吧，一顶帽子我可以戴很长时间。我只有在——算了，别管我会在什么时候戴它了。总之，我能戴很长时间。我现在的那一顶已经戴了五年了。去年夏天它看起来非常落伍，不过现在这种款式又重新流行了起来，我戴起来还挺时髦的。

But to return to our young man and his courting. If he starts off with the top hat and umbrella the afternoon turns out fearfully hot, and the perspiration takes all the soap out of his mustache and converts the beautifully arranged curl over his forehead into a limp

wisp resembling a lump of seaweed. The Fates are never favorable to the poor wretch. If he does by any chance reach the door in proper condition, she has gone out with her cousin and won't be back till late.

还是回到我们年轻的小伙子和他们求爱的故事中来吧。假如他头戴高顶礼帽，手持雨伞出了门，那么下午的时候就会热得可怕，他出的汗会把小胡子上的肥皂全部冲掉，而他那精心整理的刘海会在前额卷成松沓的一绺，看起来就像一团海藻。命运从不青睐这个可怜的家伙。假如他好不容易衣着适当地来到了姑娘的门前，那么她必定和她的表哥出门了，不到很晚不会回家。

How a young lover made ridiculous by the gawkiness of modern costume must envy the picturesque gallants of seventy years ago! Look at them (on the Christmas cards), with their curly hair and natty hats, their well-shaped legs incased in smalls, their dainty Hessian boots, their ruffling frills, their canes and dangling seals. No wonder the little maiden in the big poke-bonnet and the light-blue sash casts down her eyes and is completely won. Men could win hearts in clothes like that. But what can you expect from baggy trousers and a monkeyjacket?

被现代服装的笨拙折腾得可笑的年轻恋人该多么羡慕七十年前那些别具一格、风流倜傥的男人们啊！看看他们（在圣诞卡上）那卷曲的头发和整洁的帽子，他们那包在紧身齐膝裤里的形状优美的腿，他们精美的薄麻布靴，他们衣服上的褶边装饰，他们的手杖和悬挂的印章。怪不得那位戴着宽边女帽，系着淡蓝色腰带的娇小少女要眼帘低垂，芳心暗许呢。穿着这种衣服的男人，就是可以虏获少女的心。假如他穿的是宽松肥大的裤子和紧身的短上衣，你还有什么好期待的呢？

Clothes have more effect upon us than we imagine. Our deportment depends upon our dress. Make a man get into seedy, worn-out rags, and he will skulk along with his head hanging down, like a man going out to fetch his own supper beer. But deck out the same article in gorgeous raiment and fine linen, and he will strut down the main thoroughfare, swinging his cane and looking at the girls as perky as a bantam cock.

服装对我们的影响力比我们想象的更大。我们的衣着决定着我们的举止。让一个人穿得皱皱巴巴、破破烂烂，他会垂头丧气、遮遮掩掩，好像是偷偷溜出去取他自己晚餐喝的啤酒。但要是把同一个人塞进华服丽裳，他就会昂首阔步地走在大街上，一边甩着手杖，一边像矮脚公鸡一样得意洋洋地看着路上的姑娘们。

Clothes alter our very nature. A man could not help being fierce and daring with a plume in his bonnet, a dagger in his belt, and a lot of puffy white things all down his sleeves. But in an ulster he wants to get behind a lamp-post and call police.

衣服可以改变我们的本性。一个人要是帽子上插了根羽毛，腰间别

了把匕首，袖子里鼓鼓囊囊地藏了很多白色物品，肯定会忍不住变得暴躁而大胆。可是如果穿的是件宽松的长外套，他就会躲在街灯后面，叫警察来帮忙了。

I am quite ready to admit that you can find sterling merit, honest worth, deep affection, and all such like virtues of the roast-beef-and-plum-pudding school as much, and perhaps more, under broadcloth and tweed as ever existed beneath silk and velvet; but the spirit of that knightly chivalry that "rode a tilt for lady's love" and "fought for lady's smiles" needs the clatter of steel and the rustle of plumes to summon it from its grave between the dusty folds of tapestry and underneath the musty leaves of moldering chronicles.

我很乐意承认，你会发现人们在穿绒面呢和斜纹软呢时所表现出的完美的品德、诚实的价值、深厚的情感，以及提供烤牛肉和梅子布丁的学校之慷慨等诸如此类的优秀品质，不比他们在穿丝绸和天鹅绒的时候少，甚至可能还更多一些。但是，如果想把那种“为赢得爱人芳心而举剑战斗”、“为博爱人一笑而奋勇厮杀”的骑士精神从满是灰尘的地毯折缝以及渐渐破损的编年史书那发霉的书页中召唤出来，那就需要配上铿锵的刀剑和沙沙作响的羽饰了。

The world must be getting old, I think; it dresses so very soberly now. We have been through the infant period of humanity, when we used to run about with nothing on but a long, loose robe, and liked to have our feet bare. And then came the rough, barbaric age, the boyhood of our race. We didn't care what we wore then, but thought it nice to tattoo ourselves all over, and we never did our hair. And after that the world grew into a young man and became foppish. It decked itself in f lowing curls and scarlet doublets, and went courting, and bragging, and bouncing—making a brave show.

我觉得这个世界肯定是慢慢变老了；现如今，它的穿着如此朴素。我们已经走过了人类的婴儿时期，那时，我们常常裸身穿着宽大的长袍四处奔跑还喜欢光着双脚。之后，我们进入了粗糙而野蛮的时代，那是我们种族的少年时代。那时的我们不在乎穿的是什么，但是喜欢把全身都弄上纹身，我们也从不做头发。再之后，世界成长为一个年轻小伙子，开始变得浮华。他给自己留上顺滑的卷发，穿上深红的紧身衣，然后跑出去谈情说爱，自我吹嘘，连蹦带跳——勇气十足地展示自己。

But all those merry, foolish days of youth are gone, and we are very sober, very solemn—and very stupid, some say—now. The world is a grave, middle-aged gentleman in this nineteenth century, and would be shocked to see itself with a bit of finery on. So it dresses in black coats and trousers, and black hats, and black boots, and, dear me, it is such a very respectable gentleman—to think it could ever have gone gadding about as a troubadour or a knight-errant, dressed in all those fancy colors! Ah, well! We are more sensible in this age.

但是所有这些快乐而傻气的年轻岁月已经消失不见，现在的我们非常冷静，非常沉稳——有人说，也非常愚蠢。到了这十九世纪，世界变成了一个一本正经的中年人，稍微鲜艳的服饰穿在他身上，他就会惊讶不已。所以，他穿着黑色的外套和黑色长裤，戴着黑色的帽子，踏着黑色的靴子，啊，我的天，这可真是一位值得尊敬的绅士——真难相信他曾经穿得五颜六色，作为行吟诗人或者游侠骑士游走四方！唉，是啊！到了这个年龄，我们确实更加理智了。

Or at least we think ourselves so. It is a general theory nowadays that sense and dullness go together.

起码我们自己认为是这样的。目前公认的理论就是，理智的人总是免不了单调乏味。

Goodness is another quality that always goes with blackness. Very good people indeed, you will notice, dress altogether in black, even to gloves and neckties, and they will probably take to black shirts before long. Medium goods indulge in light trousers on week-days, and some of them even go so far as to wear fancy waistcoats. On the other hand, people who care nothing for a future state go about in light suits; and there have been known wretches so abandoned as to wear a white hat. Such people, however, are never spoken of in genteel society, and perhaps I ought not to have referred to them here.

善良是另一个与黑色相伴相依的品质。你会发现，那些非常好的人总是一身黑，就连手套和领带也是黑的，恐怕不久他们的衬衣也要换成黑色的了。一般的好人喜欢在工作日穿上浅色的裤子，有些甚至还会冒险穿一穿颜色鲜艳的马甲。另一方面，那些对将来漠不关心的人，则会穿浅色的西装；而就我们所知，居然还有些不幸而又极其自暴自弃的家伙干脆还会戴上白色帽子。然而，这些人是上流社会永远不会谈到的人物，或许我也不该在这篇文章中提到他们。

By the way, talking of light suits, have you ever noticed how people stare at you the first time you go out in a new light suit. They do not notice it so much afterward. The population of London have got accustomed to it by the third time you wear it. I say "you," because I am not speaking from my own experience. I do not wear such things at all myself. As I said, only sinful people do so.

另外，说起浅色西装，你可曾注意过第一次穿着崭新的浅色西装出门，大家是用怎样的眼神盯着你看的。之后再穿，人们就没那么留意了。你第三次穿它的时候，整个伦敦的人都已经习惯了你的形象。我说“你”，因为我不是就我自己的经历而言。我自己从来不穿那样的衣服。就像我所说的，只有作恶多端的人才会穿它呢。

I wish, though, it were not so, and that one could be good, and respectable, and sensible without making one's self a guy. I look in the glass sometimes at my two long, cylindrical bags (so picturesquely

rugged about the knees), my stand-up collar and billycock hat, and wonder what right I have to go about making God's world hideous. Then wild and wicked thoughts come into my heart. I don't want to be good and respectable. (I never can be sensible, I'm told; so that don't matter.) I want to put on lavender-colored tights, with red velvet breeches and a green doublet slashed with yellow; to have a light-blue silk cloak on my shoulder, and a black eagle's plume waving from my hat, and a big sword, and a falcon, and a lance, and a prancing horse, so that I might go about and gladden the eyes of the people. Why should we all try to look like ants crawling over a dust-heap? Why shouldn't we dress a little gayly? I am sure if we did we should be happier. True, it is a little thing, but we are a little race, and what is the use of our pretending otherwise and spoiling fun? Let philosophers get themselves up like old crows if they like. But let me be a butterfly.

可是，我真希望事情不是现在这个样子，我希望一个人不需要打扮得人模人样，也可以做个善良、可敬、明智的好人。有时，我会看着镜子里自己长长的圆腿裤（在膝盖那里皱得这么厉害）、立起的衣领和低圆顶的礼帽，我问自己，在这个神的国度里我有什么权利为非作歹。之后，我的脑子里就会冒出很多疯狂和邪恶的念头。我不想做个受人尊敬的好好先生了。（而且别人告诉我，我从来都无法理智，所以就更加没有关系。）我想穿上淡紫色的紧身衬衣，天鹅绒的红色马裤，外加一件黄绿相间的紧身外套；我的肩上要披一件淡蓝色的丝质斗篷，帽子上要插一根老鹰的黑羽毛，我还要一把长剑、一只猎鹰、一根长矛、一匹腾跃的骏马，这样我就可以四处游走，让所有的人大饱眼福了。我们为什么要力图把自己打扮成在土丘上爬行的蚂蚁？我们为什么不能穿得更加华美一些呢？我相信，假如我们那样做的话，我们也会更加快乐。没错，穿衣打扮是些小事，可我们也不过是个小小的物种，装得道貌岸然，将穿衣打扮的乐趣毁掉，有什么用处？就让那些哲学家们把自己打扮成老乌鸦吧，如果他们喜欢的话，但是让我做一只花蝴蝶。

Women, at all events, ought to dress prettily. It is their duty. They are the flowers of the earth and were meant to show it up. We abuse them a good deal, we men; but, goodness knows, the old world would be dull enough without their dresses and fair faces. How they brighten up every place they come into! What a sunny commotion they—relations, of course—make in our dingy bachelor chambers! And what a delightful litter their ribbons and laces, and gloves and hats, and parasols and 'kerchiefs make! It is as if a wandering rainbow had dropped in to pay us a visit.

无论如何，女人们还是应该把自己打扮得漂漂亮亮的。这是她们的责任。她们是地球上的花朵，本来就是要把美丽展现给世人。我们没有好好珍惜她们，我是说我们男人；但是，老天知道，这个衰老的世界如果没了她们那缤纷多彩的服饰和美丽可亲的面庞，将会是多么索然无味。她们经过哪里，哪里就会变得一片光明！我们这些单身汉的肮脏小

屋，因为她们的进入——当然是指我们的女性亲属们——发生了多么快乐的骚乱啊！她们身上的丝带、荷叶边、小手套、宽边帽、遮阳伞、小手帕让人眼花缭乱，却又多么让人心情愉快啊！就好像一条蜿蜒的彩虹顺道来拜访了我们。

It is one of the chief charms of the summer, to my mind, the way our little maids come out in pretty colors. I like to see the pink and blue and white glancing between the trees, dotting the green fields, and flashing back the sunlight. You can see the bright colors such a long way off. There are four white dresses climbing a hill in front of my window now. I can see them distinctly, though it is three miles away. I thought at first they were mile-stones out for a lark. It's so nice to be able to see the darlings a long way off. Especially if they happen to be your wife and your mother-in-law.

在我看来，夏天之所以魅力无穷，最主要的一个原因，就是那些年少的女孩们都打扮得色彩亮丽地出门。我喜欢看到她们穿着粉色、蓝色和白色的衣服在树林间闪现，点缀着绿色的田野，并反射出金色的阳光。那些明亮的颜色，即使相隔很远，我们也能一眼就看到。现在，从我的窗口望出去，就能看到四个穿着白裙子的女孩儿在爬山。虽然相隔有三英里，我却能将她们看得一清二楚。我开始还以为她们是谁开玩笑搞的地标呢。能从这么远的距离观看这些可爱的姑娘，真是让人高兴。如果她们恰好是你的太太和岳母，你就更要觉得开心了。

Talking of fields and mile-stones reminds me that I want to say, in all seriousness, a few words about women's boots. The women of these islands all wear boots too big for them. They can never get a boot to fit. The bootmakers do not keep sizes small enough.

说到田野和地标，我倒想就女人的靴子，严肃地谈上几句。英伦三岛上的女人，穿的靴子全都太大。她们永远找不到一双合脚的靴子。鞋匠们就是不能把尺寸做得小些。

Over and over again have I known women sit down on the top rail of a stile and declare they could not go a step further because their boots hurt them so; and it has always been the same complaint—too big.

我无数次看到女人们坐在篱笆梯最上面的横杆上，声称她们一步也没法再走，因为她们的靴子使脚疼得厉害。她们抱怨的原因都一样——鞋太大。

It is time this state of things was altered. In the name of the husbands and fathers of England, I call upon the bootmakers to reform. Our wives, our daughters, and our cousins are not to be lamed and tortured with impunity. Why cannot "narrow twos" be kept more in stock? That is the size I find most women take.

改变这个局面，此其时也。我以英国所有父亲和丈夫的名义，呼吁

鞋匠们作出改革。我们的妻子、女儿、堂姐妹、表姐妹不能无端地变成瘸子，无辜地承受这样的折磨。为什么你们就不能多做些“二号窄型”的鞋子？我发现大多数女性都买这个号码的鞋。

The waist-band is another item of feminine apparel that is always too big. The dressmakers make these things so loose that the hooks and eyes by which they are fastened burst off, every now and then, with a report like thunder.

另外，腰带是又一件总是太大的女性服饰。由于裁缝们把它们做得太松了，以至于钩眼扣常常如响雷一般蹦开。

Why women suffer these wrongs—why they do not insist in having their clothes made small enough for them I cannot conceive. It can hardly be that they are disinclined to trouble themselves about matters of mere dress, for dress is the one subject that they really do think about. It is the only topic they ever get thoroughly interested in, and they talk about it all day long. If you see two women together, you may bet your bottom dollar they are discussing their own or their friends' clothes. You notice a couple of child-like beings conversing by a window, and you wonder what sweet, helpful words are falling from their sainted lips. So you move nearer and then you hear one say:

为什么女性要容忍这些错误——为什么她们不坚决要求把她们的衣服改得紧身合体，这里面的原因我实在想不明白。理由肯定不是她们不愿为区区几件衣服花费心思，因为穿衣打扮的确是她们愿意为之劳心费神的一件事情。这是唯一一个会让她们乐此不疲的话题，她们整日讨论的就是穿衣打扮。如果你看见两个女人在一起，你可以拿出自己压箱底儿的钱来打赌，她们一定在探讨她们自己的或者她们朋友的服饰。你看到两个孩子般天真的女孩儿在窗前聊天，好奇她们天使般的嘴唇里会吐出什么甜美有益的话语。所以你走近了一点儿，结果你听到其中一个说：

"So I took in the waist-band and let out a seam, and it fits beautifully now.”

“所以我就把这条腰带改小了点并拆掉了一个接缝口，现在它就很合身了。”

"Well," says the other, "I shall wear my plum-colored body to the Jones', with a yellow plastron; and they've got some lovely gloves at Puttick's, only one and eleven pence."

“嗯，”另一个说，“我要穿那件紫红色的大衣去琼斯商店那边，再戴件黄色的胸饰；普蒂克商店那里有一些漂亮的手套，一副只要一先令十一个便士。”

I went for a drive through a part of Derbyshire[1] once with a couple of ladies. It was a beautiful bit of country, and they enjoyed

themselves immensely. They talked dressmaking the whole time.

有一次，我和几位女士一起开车出行，途经德比郡的部分地方。那里有非常美丽的村庄，她们都玩得十分高兴。一路上，她们都在讨论怎么做衣服。

"Pretty view, that," I would say, waving my umbrella round. "Look at those blue distant hills! That little white speck, nestling in the woods, is Chatsworth[2], and over there—"

“真漂亮，那边，”我会一边挥舞着我的雨伞一边说，“看看远处的那些青山！那个小白点，躲在树林里的，就是查茨沃思，还有那边——”

"Yes, very pretty indeed," one would reply. "Well, why not get a yard of sarsenet?"

“是啊，真是很美，”她们中的某位就会回答道，“唉，为什么不买一码薄绸子呢？”

"What, and leave the skirt exactly as it is?"

“什么，然后就不管那条裙子了？”

"Certainly. What place d'ye call this?"

“当然了。这儿叫什么地方？”

Then I would draw their attention to the fresh beauties that kept sweeping into view, and they would glance round and say "charming," "sweetly pretty," and immediately go off into raptures over each other's pocket-handkerchiefs, and mourn with one another over the decadence of cambric frilling.

然后我会试着把她们的注意力转移到那些不断映入眼帘的新鲜美景中。她们会漫不经心地扫上一眼，敷衍两句“真美”，“多漂亮啊”，就又马上开始兴奋地谈论彼此的手帕，或是相互抱怨麻纱褶边的质量大不如前了。

I believe if two women were cast together upon a desert island, they would spend each day arguing the respective merits of sea-shells and birds' eggs considered as trimmings, and would have a new fashion in fig-leaves every month.

我相信如果把两个女人一起丢到荒岛上，她们会每天探讨用贝壳和鸟蛋作饰品的各自优点，并且每个月都会研究出一款最新流行的遮羞布。

Very young men think a good deal about clothes, but they don't talk about them to each other. They would not find much encouragement. A fop is not a favorite with his own sex. Indeed, he gets a good deal more abuse from them than is necessary. His is a harmless failing and it soon wears out. Besides, a man who has no

foppery at twenty will be a slatternly, dirty-collar, unbrushed-coat man at forty. A little foppishness in a young man is good; it is human. I like to see a young cock ruffle his feathers, stretch his neck, and crow as if the whole world belonged to him. I don't like a modest, retiring man. Nobody does—not really, however much they may prate about modest worth and other things they do not understand.

很年轻的小伙子也会花很多心思在衣着打扮上，但他们不会相互谈论这方面的话题。这样的话题是不受鼓励的。一个过分讲究服饰的男孩子在男性中并不会很受欢迎。事实上，他们还受到了来自其他男性的很多不必要的责难。然而，对于他们来说爱打扮是个无害于人的缺点，很快就会自然消失。此外，一个二十岁的年轻人如果不爱打扮，那么他四十岁的时候，就会穿着领口发黑的衬衣和常年不洗的外套自甘堕落地邋遢着。年轻小伙子稍微爱打扮一点，是件好事，此乃人之常情。我喜欢看那些年轻的小公鸡梳理羽毛，伸长脖颈，大声鸣叫，仿佛整个世界都属于他。我不喜欢穿着传统保守，整天羞怯寡言的人。没人喜欢这样的人——起码没有人真正喜欢，不管他们怎么鼓吹谦虚的价值和其他一些他们自己都不理解的东西。

A meek deportment is a great mistake in the world. Uriah Heap's[3] father was a very poor judge of human nature, or he would not have told his son, as he did, that people liked humbleness. There is nothing annoys them more, as a rule. Rows are half the fun of life, and you can't have rows with humble, meek-answering individuals. They turn away our wrath, and that is just what we do not want. We want to let it out. We have worked ourselves up into a state of exhilarating fury, and then just as we are anticipating the enjoyment of a vigorous set-to, they spoil all our plans with their exasperating humility.

唯命是从是这个世界上一个大大的错误。尤赖亚·希普的爸爸对人性真是缺乏正确的认识，不然他不会告诉自己的儿子，说人们都喜欢谦虚的人。按常理来说，没有什么比别人的谦虚更让人恼火了。人生中一半的乐趣都是从吵架中得来的，可是你总不能和一个谦虚谨慎、唯命是从的人吵架吧。他们转过身去，对我们的愤怒视而不见，这正是我们最不乐意的。我们要的，就是把它发泄出来。我们好不容易攒好了令人振奋的怒气，正期待着激烈争吵的乐趣快快到来呢，他们却用自己那可气的谦逊让我们的计划完全落空。

Xantippe's[4] life must have been one long misery, tied to that calmly irritating man, Socrates. Fancy a married woman doomed to live on from day to day without one single quarrel with her husband! A man ought to humor his wife in these things.

和那个平静得惹人生气的苏格拉底绑在一起，姗蒂柏的生活肯定是一个凄惨而漫长的故事。想象一下吧，一个结了婚的女人却无法和自己的丈夫吵一句嘴，而日子却还要一天天继续！在这些事情上，男人实在应该迁就一下自己的妻子。

Heaven knows their lives are dull enough, poor girls. They have none of the enjoyments we have. They go to no political meetings; they may not even belong to the local amateur parliament; they are excluded from smoking-carriages on the Metropolitan Railway, and they never see a comic paper—or if they do, they do not know it is comic: nobody tells them.

只有老天知道这些可怜的女孩们生活有多么乏味。她们没有任何我们所拥有的乐趣。任何政治集会，她们都不能参加；就连地方性的业余议会，她们可能也不能加入；都市铁路上的吸烟车厢，她们不会进入；就连连环漫画她们也没有见过——或者就算她们见了，也不知道那是连环漫画：没人告诉她们。

Surely, with existence such a dreary blank for them as this, we might provide a little row for their amusement now and then, even if we do not feel inclined for it ourselves. A really sensible man does so and is loved accordingly, for it is little acts of kindness such as this that go straight to a woman's heart. It is such like proofs of loving self-sacrifice that make her tell her female friends what a good husband he was— after he is dead.

就是因为女人的生活中有这样单调无聊的空白存在，我们才应该不时地和她们吵吵架，让她们消遣消遣，哪怕我们自己不想吵。真正通情达理的好男人都会这样做，女人们也会因此而爱他，因为正是这种细微的体贴，能直接打动女人的心。这就好像自我牺牲可以证明他对她的爱，可以让她在女性朋友面前诉说他曾是个多么好的丈夫一样——在他过世之后。

Yes, poor Xantippe must have had a hard time of it. The bucket episode[5] was particularly sad for her. Poor woman! She did think she would rouse him up a bit with that. She had taken the trouble to fill the bucket, perhaps been a long way to get specially dirty water. And she waited for him. And then to be met in such a way, after all! Most likely she sat down and had a good cry afterward. It must have seemed all so hopeless to the poor child; and for all we know she had no mother to whom she could go and abuse him.

是啊，可怜的姗蒂柏必定生活得极为辛苦。水桶事件尤其令她伤心。可怜的女人！她真的以为那样做可以激起他哪怕一丝的怒气呢！她花了那么大力气填满那个桶，说不定为了打特别脏的水还跑了很远的路。在这之后，她还耐心地等着他爆发。可最终，却遭受了这样的对待！很有可能，事后她还坐下来大哭了一场。对这个可怜的孩子来说，肯定一切都是那么绝望；而且就我们所知，她也没有母亲可以让她跑去诉说对丈夫的不满。

What was it to her that her husband was a great philosopher? Great philosophy don't count in married life.

对她来说，丈夫是个伟大的哲学家又怎么样呢？在婚姻生活里，伟大的哲学派不上用场。

There was a very good little boy once who wanted to go to sea. And the captain asked him what he could do. He said he could do the multiplication-table backward and paste sea-weed in a book; that he knew how many times the word "begat" occurred in the Old Testament; and could recite "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck" and Wordsworth's[6] "We Are Seven."

很久以前，有个很优秀的小男孩想要去航海。船长问他会做些什么。他说，他可以将乘法表倒背如流，可以用海草粘贴图画，他知道“生”这个词在《旧约》里出现了多少次，他还会背诵《站在燃烧的甲板上的男孩》和华兹华斯的《我们七个》。

"Werry good—werry good, indeed," said the man of the sea, "and ken ye kerry coals?"

“非常好——相当好，”船长说，“但是，你背得动煤块吗？”

It is just the same when you want to marry. Great ability is not required so much as little usefulness. Brains are at a discount in the married state. There is no demand for them, no appreciation even. Our wives sum us up according to a standard of their own, in which brilliancy of intellect obtains no marks. Your lady and mistress is not at all impressed by your cleverness and talent, my dear reader—not in the slightest. Give her a man who can do an errand neatly, without attempting to use his own judgment over it or any nonsense of that kind; and who can be trusted to hold a child the right way up, and not make himself objectionable whenever there is lukewarm mutton for dinner. That is the sort of a husband a sensible woman likes; not one of your scientific or literary nuisances, who go upsetting the whole house and putting everybody out with their foolishness.

如果你想结婚，情况也是一样。更多时候，婚姻需要的不是大能耐，而是小本事。在婚姻中，聪明才智的价值大打折扣。因为它们不被需要，甚至不被欣赏。我们的太太们用她们自己的标准为我们打分，而头脑聪明的加分是零。亲爱的读者们，你的爱人和情人从来不会为你的聪明才智倾倒——丝毫不会。她要的，是那种接到命令就能够利落完成的人，而不是动用自己的判断力品评一番，或者做诸如此类无用功的家伙；她要的，是能用正确姿势抱孩子的人，而不是见到餐桌上的热羊肉就狼吞虎咽、招人责骂的家伙。那才是头脑清醒的女人喜欢的男人；她才不会喜欢你们这些沉迷于科学和文学的讨厌鬼，因为你们会把整个房子搅得鸡犬不宁，用你们的愚蠢使所有人心烦意乱。

(1)德比郡，英国英格兰郡名，地形以山地为主，以美丽的乡村景色著称。

(2)查茨沃思，指查茨沃思庄园，德比郡山谷中一幢巨大的乡村别

墅，曾是德文郡公爵的府邸。

(3)尤赖亚·希普，狄更斯长篇小说《大卫·科波菲尔》中的人物，是一个虚伪、狡诈、善于阿谀奉承的小职员。

(4)姗蒂柏，苏格拉底的妻子，有名的悍妇。苏格拉底娶她的理由是：我如果能忍受得了这样的女人的话，恐怕天下就再也没有我难以相处的人了。

(5)指苏格拉底和姗蒂柏间的一段轶事：一天姗蒂柏对苏格拉底破口大骂，但苏格拉底习以为常地坐在一边抽起烟来。姗蒂柏见他对自己不理不睬，就把一桶水泼到了苏格拉底的头上。旁观者问苏格拉底为什么不反击，他说："因为雷电过后必有大雨。"

(6)威廉·华兹华斯（1770—1850），英国诗人，作品有《抒情歌谣集》《序曲》《露西》等，被封为桂冠诗人。

XIV. On Memory

14.记忆宝匣

"I remember, I remember,

“我记得，我记得，

In the days of chill November,

寒意逼人的十一月里，

How the blackbird on the—”

乌鸫如何在——”

I forget the rest. It is the beginning of the first piece of poetry I ever learned; for

下面的内容我就忘记了。这是我学过的第一首诗的最开始几行；而对

"Hey, diddle diddle,

“嘿，摇吧摇吧，

The cat and the fiddle,”

猫也摇吧，琴也摇吧，”

I take no note of, it being of a frivolous character and lacking in the qualities of true poetry. I collected fourpence by the recital of "I remember, I remember." I knew it was fourpence, because they told me that if I kept it until I got twopence more I should have sixpence, which argument, albeit undeniable, moved me not, and the money was squandered, to the best of my recollection, on the very next morning, although upon what memory is a blank.

我就没怎么注意了，因为它写的都是些无关紧要的琐事，而且缺乏真正的诗歌应有的特点。我曾因为背诵“我记得，我记得”拿到了四便士。我记得那是四便士，因为他们说如果我能存好这钱，再拿两便士的话，我就有六便士了。这个说法虽然没什么值得怀疑，但却没有打动我。钱马上被挥霍一空，如果我没有记错的话，应该就在第二天早上，虽然花在了什么地方我毫无印象。

That is just the way with Memory; nothing that she brings to us is complete. She is a willful child; all her toys are broken. I remember tumbling into a huge dust-hole when a very small boy, but I have not the faintest recollection of ever getting out again; and if memory were all we had to trust to, I should be compelled to believe I was there still.

“记忆”就是这样的；她带给我们的任何东西都残缺不全。她是个任性的孩子；她所有的玩具都缺胳膊少腿。我记得我还是个小男孩儿的时候，曾经掉进过一个巨大的垃圾坑里，但我却丝毫没有从里面爬出来的印象。如果我们必须完全信任记忆，那我就不得不相信自己现在还在那垃圾坑里呆着呢。

At another time—some years later—I was assisting at an exceedingly interesting love scene; but the only thing about it I can call to mind distinctly is that at the most critical moment somebody suddenly opened the door and said, "Emily, you're wanted," in a sepulchral tone that gave one the idea the police had come for her. All the tender words she said to me and all the beautiful things I said to her are utterly forgotten.

另外还有一次——那是在几年后——我在一场非常有趣的爱情剧里演配角。我唯一能够清晰记得的画面就是，在一个最为关键的场景，有人突然推开门，以十分阴森的口气说：“埃米莉，有人找你。”让人感觉就像是警察上门来抓她了。她对我说的所有甜言蜜语和我对她说的所有美丽情话全部被我忘得一干二净。

Life altogether is but a crumbling ruin when we turn to look behind: a shattered column here, where a massive portal stood; the broken shaft of a window to mark my lady's bower; and a moldering heap of blackened stones where the glowing flames once leaped, and over all the tinted lichen and the ivy clinging green.

在我们回首往事的时候，我们的整个生活都不过是一堆破败的废墟：曾经伫立着高大门廊的地方，如今只剩下一根破损的柱子；恋人曾经住过的地方，只剩下一副断裂的窗户框；还有壁炉，赤热的火苗曾在里面快活地跳跃，可如今，只有一堆被烟熏黑了的石头在慢慢腐朽，身上覆盖着深色的地衣和常春藤那紧紧附着的绿色枝蔓。

For everything looms pleasant through the softening haze of time. Even the sadness that is past seems sweet. Our boyish days look very merry to us now, all nutting, hoop, and gingerbread. The snubbings and toothaches and the Latin verbs are all forgotten—the Latin verbs especially. And we fancy we were very happy when we were hobbledehoys and loved; and we wish that we could love again. We never think of the heartaches, or the sleepless nights, or the hot dryness of our throats, when she said she could never be anything to us but a sister—as if any man wanted more sisters!

时间那柔和的薄雾会让一切在回忆中变得美好。哪怕是过去的悲伤，现在看来也让人觉得甜蜜。我们的童年时光现在看起来如此快乐，全部都是采集坚果、滚铁圈和吃小姜饼人的回忆。严厉的教训、痛苦的牙疼和难背的拉丁文动词全被我们忘得干干净净——尤其是那些拉丁文动词。在我们的幻想中，所有年轻的岁月和恋爱的时光都是非常幸福的；我们希望自己能够再次陷入爱河。我们永远相象不出当我们心爱的

女孩对我们说她只能做我们的妹妹时，那种心痛，那些无眠的夜晚，那干哑发热的喉咙——好像每一个男人都想要更多的妹妹一样！

Yes, it is the brightness, not the darkness, that we see when we look back. The sunshine casts no shadows on the past. The road that we have traversed stretches very fair behind us. We see not the sharp stones. We dwell but on the roses by the wayside, and the strong briers that stung us are, to our distant eyes, but gentle tendrils waving in the wind. God be thanked that it is so—that the ever-lengthening chain of memory has only pleasant links, and that the bitterness and sorrow of today are smiled at on the morrow.

是的，我们回首往事的时候，看到的都是光明，而不是黑暗。阳光不会在过去的日子上投下阴影。在我们身后，曾经穿越过的路途变得畅通无阻。我们看不到尖利的石块，只想着路边的玫瑰，而它那曾经刺痛我们的尖刺，在我们恍惚的眼中，却是柔软的卷须在风中摇曳。在回忆那不停变长的链条上，只有快乐的链环，而今天所经历的苦涩和悲伤，明天我们便会付之一笑——为此，我们要感谢上苍！

It seems as though the brightest side of everything were also its highest and best, so that as our little lives sink back behind us into the dark sea of forgetfulness, all that which is the lightest and the most gladsome is the last to sink, and stands above the waters, long in sight, when the angry thoughts and smarting pain are buried deep below the waves and trouble us no more.

世间万物最光明的一面，似乎也是它们最高尚、最出色的一面。所以，当我们藐小的生命在我们背后沉入遗忘的幽暗之海时，所有最明亮、最快乐的东西是最后下沉的，它们立于水上，久久停留在我们视线之中，而彼时愤怒的思绪和刺骨的疼痛则深深地埋在海浪之下，不会再来困扰我们。

It is this glamour of the past, I suppose, that makes old folk talk so much nonsense about the days when they were young. The world appears to have been a very superior sort of place then, and things were more like what they ought to be. Boys were boys then, and girls were very different. Also winters were something like winters, and summers not at all the wretched-things we get put off with nowadays. As for the wonderful deeds people did in those times and the extraordinary events that happened, it takes three strong men to believe half of them.

我想，正是这旧日的魅力，让老人家们总爱瞎聊他们年轻时的日子。那时候的世界看起来似乎更加完美，而事物也更像它们理所应当的样子。那时候，男孩子还是男孩子，但女孩子却很不一样。同样地，冬天还是有冬天的样子，但夏天完全不是现在这副令人厌恶的倒霉样子。至于那时人们所做的奇妙事情和发生的非凡事件，现在就是讲给三个大男人听，他们也只能相信一半。

I like to hear one of the old boys telling all about it to a party of youngsters who he knows cannot contradict him. It is odd if, after awhile, he doesn't swear that the moon shone every night when he was a boy, and that tossing mad bulls in a blanket was the favorite sport at his school.

我很喜欢听一个这样的老顽童给一群少年讲那时所有的事情，他知道他们谁也不能反驳他。过不了多久，他就会信誓旦旦地说，他还是个男孩的时候，月亮每天晚上都很明亮，而他们在学校里最爱的运动，就是把疯牛包在毯子里抛上抛下。他要是不这么说，才真是奇怪呢。

It always has been and always will be the same. The old folk of our grandfathers' young days sang a song bearing exactly the same burden; and the young folk of today will drone out precisely similar nonsense for the aggravation of the next generation. "Oh, give me back the good old days of fifty years ago," has been the cry ever since Adam's fifty-first birthday. Take up the literature of 1835, and you will find the poets and novelists asking for the same impossible gift as did the German Minnesingers long before them and the old Norse Saga1 writers long before that. And for the same thing sighed the early prophets and the philosophers of ancient Greece. From all accounts, the world has been getting worse and worse ever since it was created. All I can say is that it must have been a remarkably delightful place when it was first opened to the public, for it is very pleasant even now if you only keep as much as possible in the sunshine and take the rain good-temperedly.

这些事情一向如此，将来也一直会是如此。我们祖父那一代人年轻时唱的歌，和我们今天所唱的歌，围绕的都是同一个主题。今天的年轻人为激怒下一代人而用低沉而单调的口吻说出与上一代人极为类似的废话。自亚当51岁生日以来，人们就每每呼喊：“噢，还给我50年前那些美好的旧时光吧。”读到1835年的文学，你就会发现诗人们和小说家们所追寻的不可能的礼物，和远远早于他们的日耳曼吟游诗人所追寻的一样，和更早之前写古斯堪的纳维亚萨迦传说的那些作者也没什么分别。早期的先知和古希腊的哲学家们所感叹的是同样的东西。所有这些都告诉我们，从创世那天起，世界就越变越坏。我只能说，这个世界最初展现在公众面前时，肯定是个非常美好宜人的地方。因为就算到了今天，它也还是相当舒适的，只要你尽量沐浴阳光，并且以良好的心态感受雨天。

Yet there is no gainsaying but that it must have been somewhat sweeter in that dewy morning of creation, when it was young and fresh, when the feet of the tramping millions had not trodden its grass to dust, nor the din of the myriad cities chased the silence forever away. Life must have been noble and solemn to those free-footed, loose-robed fathers of the human race, walking hand in hand with God under the great sky. They lived in sunkissed tents amid the

lowing herds. They took their simple wants from the loving hand of Nature. They toiled and talked and thought; and the great earth rolled around in stillness, not yet laden with trouble and wrong.

然而，不可否认的是，在创世的那个带露的清晨，世界肯定更加美好一些。那时的它，新鲜而稚嫩，还没有数百万沉重的脚将它的绿草踏成灰泥，也没有无数城市的喧嚣将它的静谧永远逐去。对于那些光着双脚、穿着宽袍大褂的人类祖先来说，生活肯定是高尚而肃穆的，他们与上帝携手，走在高远的天空之下。他们住在阳光普照的帐篷里，与“哞哞”叫唤的牛群为伴。他们从大自然慈爱的手中接过他们简单的生活必需品。他们辛苦劳作，互相交谈，勤于思考。而伟大的地球在寂静中转动，尚未承载烦恼和过失。

Those days are past now. The quiet childhood of Humanity, spent in the far-off forest glades and by the murmuring rivers, is gone forever; and human life is deepening down to manhood amid tumult, doubt, and hope. Its age of restful peace is past. It has its work to finish and must hasten on. What that work may be—what this world's share is in the great design—we know not, though our unconscious hands are helping to accomplish it. Like the tiny coral insect working deep under the dark waters, we strive and struggle each for our own little ends, nor dream of the vast fabric we are building up for God.

那样的时光现已成为过去。在遥远的森林空地上，在潺潺的小河流水旁，人类度过了安静的童年，那些日子已经一去不返了；人类生活正在深化，逐渐跨入混乱、疑虑和希望交织的成年时期。它安静而平和的时期已经过去了。它有自己的任务要完成，必须加紧脚步。那任务会是什么——世界在这个伟大计划中的角色如何——我们不知道，尽管我们那无意识的双手在帮助它完成。就像在那幽暗的海水深处辛勤工作的微小珊瑚虫一样，我们为了自己的小目标而各自努力奋斗，却从未想过我们正在为上帝建造一个宏大的工程。

Let us have done with vain regrets and longings for the days that never will be ours again. Our work lies in front, not behind us; and "Forward!" is our motto. Let us not sit with folded hands, gazing upon the past as if it were the building; it is but the foundation. Let us not waste heart and life thinking of what might have been and forgetting the maybe that lies before us. Opportunities fl it by while we sit regretting the chances we have lost, and the happiness that comes to us we heed not, because of the happiness that is gone.

对那些我们将永远不再拥有的旧时光，我们不必无谓地追悔和憧憬了。我们的工作在前方，而不在身后；“前进！”才是我们的箴言。不要再呆呆地坐着，十指交叉凝视过去——好像它是生活的高楼大厦，它不过是地基而已。不要再浪费感情和生命去追忆那些曾经的可能，我们不该忘却的是那些未来的可能。在我们空坐着追悔曾经错失的良机时，许多机会正和我们擦肩而过；我们因为沉湎于逝去的幸福，而忽略了正降

临于我们的幸福。

Years ago, when I used to wander of an evening from the fireside to the pleasant land of fairy-tales, I met a doughty knight and true. Many dangers had he overcome, in many lands had been; and all men knew him for a brave and well-tried knight, and one that knew not fear; except, maybe, upon such seasons when even a brave man might feel afraid and yet not be ashamed. Now, as this knight one day was pricking wearily along a toilsome road, his heart misgave him and was sore within him because of the trouble of the way. Rocks, dark and of a monstrous size, hung high above his head, and like enough it seemed unto the knight that they should fall and he lie low beneath them. Chasms there were on either side, and darksome caves wherein fierce robbers lived, and dragons, very terrible, whose jaws dripped blood. And upon the road there hung a darkness as of night. So it came over that good knight that he would no more press forward, but seek another road, less grievously beset with difficulty unto his gentle steed. But when in haste he turned and looked behind, much marveled our brave knight, for lo! Of all the way that he had ridden there was naught for eye to see; but at his horse's heels there yawned a mighty gulf, whereof no man might ever spy the bottom, so deep was that same gulf. Then when Sir Ghelent saw that of going back there was none, he prayed to good Saint Cuthbert[2], and setting spurs into his steed rode forward bravely and most joyously. And naught harmed him.

多年前，当我常在傍晚时分从壁炉边漫游到快乐的童话世界中时，遇到了一位勇猛的、真正的骑士。他征服过很多危险，游历过很多国家。所有人都知道他是个勇敢而老练的骑士，从来不知道畏惧；除非当一个真正的勇者也毫不羞愧地感到害怕时，他或许才会有所顾虑。有一天，骑士疲惫地骑马走在一条崎岖的山路上。路非常难走，骑士不禁担心起来，内心开始惴惴不安。乌黑巨大的岩石在他的头顶高悬，看起来似乎马上就会砸下来，把骑士深深地压在下面。两边都是峡谷深渊，还有黑黑的山洞，山洞里面住着残暴的强盗和可怕的恶龙，恶龙的嘴边还滴着血。前路上笼罩着深夜般的黑暗。所以，那位好心的骑士就不想再勉强前行了，他想另找一条路，可以不让他那温驯的坐骑这么饱受艰苦。但是我们勇敢的骑士掉头急转向身后看的时候，却大吃了一惊，看啊！刚才他骑马走过的路已经看不到了。就在马蹄旁边，裂开了一道巨大的深壑，如此之深，估计永远无人能窥见其底。于是，吉伦特骑士一看已经没法回头，当即向善良的圣库思伯特祈祷，然后他振作起来，带着前所未有的昂扬斗志，勇敢地策马向前奔去。最后，什么东西也没能伤害到他。

There is no returning on the road of life. The frail bridge of time on which we tread sinks back into eternity at every step we take. The past is gone from us forever. It is gathered in and garnered. It belongs

to us no more. No single word can ever be unspoken; no single step retraced. Therefore it beseems us as true knights to prick on bravely, not idly weep because we cannot now recall.

人生路上没有回头路可走。时间的桥梁脆弱不堪，我们每走一步，脚下的那一块就会掉入永恒之中。过去永远地离我们远去。它被聚集到一起，保存了起来。它不再属于我们。说出的话一个字都无法收回，走过的路一步也不能折回。所以我们应该像真正的骑士一样，勇敢地策马前行，而不要因为无法追回过去而徒然哭泣。

A new life begins for us with every second. Let us go forward joyously to meet it. We must press on whether we will or no, and we shall walk better with our eyes before us than with them ever cast behind.

对我们来说，每一秒都是新生活的开始。我们应该欣喜地上前去迎接它。无论我们是否情愿，我们必须努力向前走，而目视前方的大道，会比不停地回首走过的道路，让我们走得更顺利。

A friend came to me the other day and urged me very eloquently to learn some wonderful system by which you never forgot anything. I don't know why he was so eager on the subject, unless it be that I occasionally borrow an umbrella and have a knack of coming out, in the middle of a game of whist, with a mild "Lor! I've been thinking all along that clubs were trumps." I declined the suggestion, however, in spite of the advantages he so attractively set forth. I have no wish to remember everything. There are many things in most men's lives that had better be forgotten. There is that time, many years ago, when we did not act quite as honorably, quite as uprightly, as we perhaps should have done—that unfortunate deviation from the path of strict probity we once committed, and in which, more unfortunate still, we were found out—that act of folly, of meanness, of wrong. Ah, well! We paid the penalty, suffered the maddening hours of vain remorse, the hot agony of shame, the scorn, perhaps, of those we loved. Let us forget. Oh, Father Time, lift with your kindly hands those bitter memories from off our overburdened hearts, for griefs are ever coming to us with the coming hours, and our little strength is only as the day.

有一天，一个朋友来找我，并极力鼓动我学习一种奇妙的记忆法。学了这套记忆法之后，你就永远不会忘记任何事情了。我不明白他为何在这件事上这么热心，除非是因为我会偶尔借伞，或者经常在玩牌中途走出去轻声嘀咕“天啊！我一直都以为梅花是王牌呢。”我拒绝了这一建议，尽管朋友把它的优点说得天花乱坠。我并不希望记住每件事情。大多数人的生活中，很多事还是忘了的好。许多年前的某个时期，我们的行为或许并没有像我们应当做到的那么可亲可敬，诚实正直——很不幸，我们背离了德行绳墨，而且更为不幸的是，我们那愚蠢、卑鄙、错误的行径还被发现了。啊，好吧！我们为此付出了代价——在徒然的追

悔，苦恼的羞愧，或许还有我们所爱之人的冷眼中度过了痛苦的时间。让我们忘了吧。噢，时间老人，用你仁慈的双手将那些苦涩的记忆从我们已不堪重负的心上抹去吧，因为随着时间的流逝，悲伤还将不停地向我们袭来，而我们微弱的力量只够面对当下。

Not that the past should be buried. The music of life would be mute if the chords of memory were snapped asunder. It is but the poisonous weeds, not the f lowers, that we should root out from the garden of Mnemosyne[3]. Do you remember Dickens' "Haunted Man"—how he prayed for forgetfulness, and how, when his prayer was answered, he prayed for memory once more? We do not want all the ghosts laid. It is only the haggard, cruel-eyed specters that we flee from. Let the gentle, kindly phantoms haunt us as they will; we are not afraid of them.

并非过去的时光就应该被埋葬。假如将记忆的琴弦全部扯断，生命之歌也会变得哑然无声。摩涅莫绪涅的花园中需要连根铲除的，不是美丽的花朵，而是有毒的野草。还记得狄更斯的小说《被追逐的人》吗——主人公是怎么苦心祈祷自己能够忘记一切啊！然而，当他的愿望真的被满足时，他却又再次祈祷，希望能够重新恢复记忆。不是过去的所有幻影我们都想驱赶。我们避之不及的只是那些形容枯槁、目露凶光的幽灵。让那些温柔可亲的幻影随意来亲近我们吧；我们并不害怕它们。

Ah me! The world grows very full of ghosts as we grow older. We need not seek in dismal church-yards nor sleep in moated granges to see the shadowy faces and hear the rustling of their garments in the night. Every house, every room, every creaking chair has its own particular ghost. They haunt the empty chambers of our lives, they throng around us like dead leaves whirled in the autumn wind. Some are living, some are dead. We know not. We clasped their hands once, loved them, quarreled with them, laughed with them, told them our thoughts and hopes and aims, as they told us theirs, till it seemed our very hearts had joined in a grip that would defy the puny power of Death. They are gone now; lost to us forever. Their eyes will never look into ours again and their voices we shall never hear. Only their ghosts come to us and talk with us. We see them, dim and shadowy, through our tears. We stretch our yearning hands to them, but they are air.

唉，我啊！我们的年龄越是增长，世界上就有越多的幽灵。如果想在夜里看见它们模糊不清的面庞，听到它们的衣服发出窸窸窣窣的声音，我们不需到阴沉的教堂后院寻找，也不必睡到有护城河的庄园里。每座房屋，每个房间，每把吱嘎作响的椅子，都有它们自己的幽灵。它们出没于我们空荡荡的生命之屋，它们好像秋风中飞舞的枯叶一样绕着我们旋转。有些还活着，有些已经死了，对此我们一无所知。我们曾经握着它们的手，爱它们，和它们大吵大闹，共同欢笑，我们将自己的想法、期望和目标告诉它们，就像它们告诉我们的时候一样，那时我们的

心似乎紧紧相依，就像被人攥在了一起，死神的力量也无法将我们分离。现在，它们消失了，永远不再属于我们。它们的眼睛再也不会注视着我们的双眼，而我们也再也听不到它们的声音。只有它们的幻影会到我们面前，和我们谈心。我们在泪水中，看到了它们朦胧幽暗的身影。我们向它们张开渴望的双臂，然而它们却是虚无。

Ghosts! They are with us night and day. They walk beside us in the busy street under the glare of the sun. They sit by us in the twilight at home. We see their little faces looking from the windows of the old school-house. We meet them in the woods and lanes where we shouted and played as boys. Hark! Cannot you hear their low laughter from behind the blackberry-bushes and their distant whoops along the grassy glades? Down here, through the quiet fields and by the wood, where the evening shadows are lurking, winds the path where we used to watch for her at sunset. Look, she is there now, in the dainty white frock we knew so well, with the big bonnet dangling from her little hands and the sunny brown hair all tangled. Five thousand miles away! Dead for all we know! What of that? She is beside us now, and we can look into her laughing eyes and hear her voice. She will vanish at the stile by the wood and we shall be alone; and the shadows will creep out across the fields and the night wind will sweep past moaning. Ghosts! They are always with us and always will be while the sad old world keeps echoing to the sob of long good-bys, while the cruel ships sail away across the great seas, and the cold green earth lies heavy on the hearts of those we loved.

啊，回忆的幽灵们！无论白天还是黑夜，它们都和我们在一起。在炽热的阳光下，它们和我们在川流不息的大街上一同行走；在黄昏的暮色中，它们和我们在家里并肩安坐。我们能从古老校舍的窗口看到它们向外张望的小脸；我们会在童年嘶喊玩耍过的树林和小道间和它们相遇。听啊！你难道听不到它们在黑莓树的后面小声地笑着？你难道没听见它们的呼喊声从长满草的林间空地远远传来？从这里下去，穿过那安静的田野和黄昏时暗影潜伏的树林，是那条蜿蜒的小路，在那里，我们曾在夕阳西下时守望着她。看啊，她现在就在那儿呢，身上那件美丽的白色小连衣裙，我们曾那么地熟悉，她小手摇晃着大帽子，明亮的栗色长发乱糟糟地纠缠成了一团。五千英里之外！我们知道的就是她已经死了！那又有什么关系？她现在就在我们身边，我们可以看着她笑盈盈的眼睛，听见她的声音。她会消失在树林旁的篱墙边，而我们将会陷入孤独；然后，黑影会偷偷地将田野笼罩起来，夜风会呜咽着刮过。当离别的悲泣在这个苍老凄惨的世界里传出阵阵回音，当残忍的船只无情地穿越大海，而我们所爱之人的心口却已压上了沉重而冰冷的泥土，上面都已芳草萋萋，回忆的幽灵们！它们总是和我们在一起，永远在一起。

But, oh, ghosts, the world would be sadder still without you. Come to us and speak to us, oh you ghosts of our old loves! Ghosts of playmates, and of sweethearts, and old friends, of all you laughing

boys and girls, oh, come to us and be with us, for the world is very lonely, and new friends and faces are not like the old, and we cannot love them, nay, nor laugh with them as we have loved and laughed with you. And when we walked together, oh, ghosts of our youth, the world was very gay and bright; but now it has grown old and we are growing weary, and only you can bring the brightness and the freshness back to us.

可是，啊，回忆的幽灵们啊，没有你们，世界将更加悲戚。到我们身边来，和我们聊聊吧，我们昔日珍爱之人化身的幽灵们！小伙伴、心上人、老朋友，所有欢笑的男孩女孩们，噢，让你们化身的幽灵来我们这里，与我们一起吧，这个世界太孤独了，新朋友和新面孔不同于老朋友和旧面孔，我们无法像当时爱你们那样去爱他们，也无法像当时与你们一起欢笑那样和他们一同欢笑。噢，我们青春岁月的幽灵，当我们并肩而行时，世界是多么欢快而明亮；可是如今，世界愈发苍老了，我们也愈发疲惫了，只有你，才能将光明和朝气带回到我们身上。

Memory is a rare ghost-raiser. Like a haunted house, its walls are ever echoing to unseen feet. Through the broken casements we watch the flitting shadows of the dead, and the saddest shadows of them all are the shadows of our own dead selves.

回忆是培育幽灵难得的沃土。就像一栋鬼魂出没的房子，看不见经过的足迹，墙上却老传来脚步的回声。透过破旧的窗口，我们看到死魂们那一闪而过的影子，其中最让人感到悲哀的，就是那些已死去的我们自己的影子。

Oh, those young bright faces, so full of truth and honor, of pure, good thoughts, of noble longings, how reproachfully they look upon us with their deep, clear eyes!

啊，那些年轻而欢快的面容，是那么地充满真理和荣耀。有着纯洁而善良的思想，有着崇高的渴望，他们用深邃清澈的眼睛看着我们，目光里充满着多少责备！

I fear they have good cause for their sorrow, poor lads. Lies and cunning and disbelief have crept into our hearts since those preshaving days—and we meant to be so great and good.

可怜的小伙子们，恐怕他们的悲伤是有理由的。在我们长胡须之前，谎言、诡诈和怀疑就已潜入了我们的内心——而我们本来应该是十分崇高而优秀的！

It is well we cannot see into the future. There are few boys of fourteen who would not feel ashamed of themselves at forty.

我们可以理直气壮地说我们没法看到未来的景象。没有几个十四岁的小男孩，不会在四十岁时为自己感到羞愧。

I like to sit and have a talk sometimes with that odd little chap

that was myself long ago. I think he likes it too, for he comes so often of an evening when I am alone with my pipe, listening to the whispering of the flames. I see his solemn little face looking at me through the scented smoke as it fl oats upward, and I smile at him; and he smiles back at me, but his is such a grave, old-fashioned smile. We chat about old times; and now and then he takes me by the hand, and then we slip through the black bars of the grate and down the dusky glowing caves to the land that lies behind the fi relight. There we find the days that used to be, and we wander along them together. He tells me as we walk all he thinks and feels. I laugh at him now and then, but the next moment I wish I had not, for he looks so grave I am ashamed of being frivolous. Besides, it is not showing proper respect to one so much older than myself—to one who was myself so very long before I became myself.

有时，我喜欢坐下来，和多年前的自己——那个幼小而古怪的家伙——谈谈话。我觉得他也很乐意，因为在夜晚我孤身一人抽着烟斗，聆听火苗的低声耳语时他频频来访。在袅袅上升的带香味的烟雾中，我看到他严肃的小脸正看着我。我冲他笑笑，他也冲我笑笑，可他的笑容却那么沉重严肃，那么老气横秋。我们会谈谈过去的时光，他会偶尔抓起我的手，然后我们就一起溜过壁炉黑色的护栏，沿着灰烬燃烧的炉膛往下，来到炉火背后的世界。在那里，我们找到了旧日的时光，我们一起在其中徜徉。我们一边走，他一边将他所有的想法和感觉告诉我。我偶尔会嘲笑他，但下一刻我就后悔了，因为他看起来那么认真，我为自己的轻率感到羞愧。况且，对一个比我年长这么多的人——对一个比现在的我更早成为了我自己的人——做出这样的行为是缺乏应有的尊重的。

We don't talk much at first, but look at one another; I down at his curly hair and little blue bow, he up sideways at me as he trots. And some-how I fancy the shy, round eyes do not altogether approve of me, and he heaves a little sigh, as though he were disappointed. But after awhile his bashfulness wears off and he begins to chat. He tells me his favorite fairy-tales, he can do up to six times, and he has a guinea-pig, and pa says fairy-tales ain't true; and isn't it a pity? 'cos he would so like to be a knight and fight a dragon and marry a beautiful princess. But he takes a more practical view of life when he reaches seven, and would prefer to grow up be a bargee, and earn a lot of money. Maybe this is the consequence of falling in love, which he does about this time with the young lady at the milk shop at six. (God bless her little ever dancing feet, whatever size they may be now!) He must be very fond of her, for he gives her one day his chiefest treasure, to wit, a huge pocket-knife with four rusty blades and a corkscrew, which latter has a knack of working itself out in some mysterious manner and sticking into its owner's leg. She is an affectionate little thing, and she throws her arms round his neck and

kisses him for it, then and there, outside the shop. But the stupid world (in the person of the boy at the cigar emporium next door) jeers at such tokens of love. Whereupon my young friend very properly prepares to punch the head of the boy at the cigar emporium next door; but fails in the attempt, the boy at the cigar emporium next door punching his instead.

一开始我们交谈不多，只是互相打量。我低头看他卷曲的头发和蓝色的小领结，他一边疾走一边从侧面仰着头观察我。不知为什么，我觉得那双害羞的圆眼睛对我并不完全满意，他轻轻地叹了口气，好像有点失望。但是过了一会儿，他变得不那么害羞了，开始和我聊天。他告诉我他最喜欢的童话，他已经会做六的乘法了，他还有一只荷兰猪，还有，爸爸说童话都是编出来的。这多让人遗憾啊！因为他那么想做个骑士，打败恶龙，然后将美丽的公主娶回家。但是，在他七岁那年，他对生活的想法实际了些，他长大后更想做个驳船船员，挣好多好多钱。这大概是陷入爱河的结果，因为大约这个年纪他会爱上牛奶店六岁的年轻小姐。（上帝保佑她那双总是在跳舞的小脚，甭管现在它们长成了多大的尺寸！）他肯定很喜欢那个小姑娘，因为有一天他将自己最珍贵的宝物送给了她，那是一把有着四面刀刃的大号折刀和一个开瓶器，尽管折刀的刀刃有点生锈，而开瓶器后来还经常莫名其妙地自个儿跳出来，扎到它人的腿里去。那个小姑娘是个热情的小可爱，收到礼物的那一刻，她就在牛奶店的外面张开双臂环住他的脖子，亲了他一口。但是这种爱的表达却遭到了愚蠢世人（所谓世人，指的就是隔壁雪茄店的那个小男孩）的嘲笑。于是，我年轻的朋友理所当然地准备在隔壁雪茄店男孩儿的脑袋上来上一下；但是没有成功，他的头上反而吃了隔壁雪茄店男孩一拳头。

And then comes school life, with its bitter little sorrows and its joyous shoutings, its jolly larks, and its hot tears falling on beastly Latin grammars and silly old copy-books. It is at school that he injures himself for life—as I firmly believe—trying to pronounce German; and it is there, too, that he learns of the importance attached by the French nation to pens, ink, and paper. "Have you pens, ink, and paper?" is the first question asked by one Frenchman of another on their meeting. The other fellow has not any of them, as a rule, but says that the uncle of his brother has got them all three. The first fellow doesn't appear to care a hang about the uncle of the other fellow's brother; what he wants to know now is, has the neighbor of the other fellow's mother got 'em? "The neighbor of my mother has no pens, no ink, and no paper," replies the other man, beginning to get wild. "Has the child of thy female gardener some pens, some ink, or some paper?" He has him there. After worrying enough about these wretched inks, pens, and paper to make everybody miserable, it turns out that the child of his own female gardener hasn't any. Such a discovery would shut up any one but a French exercise man. It has no

effect at all, though, on this shameless creature. He never thinks of apologizing, but says his aunt has some mustard.

之后就是上学的日子，那些日子充满着苦涩的小悲小痛和幸福的大喊大叫，充满着快乐的嬉笑玩闹，充满着为可恨的拉丁文语法以及愚蠢的旧作业本而抛洒的热泪。正是在那里，他试着学习德语发音而给自己留下了终生不愈的创伤——我坚信是这样。也是在学校里，他了解了法国这个民族对于钢笔、墨水和纸的重视。见面的时候，一个法国人向另一个人问的第一个问题就是“你有钢笔、墨水和纸吗？”而通常情况是，另一个人什么都没有，但是说他兄弟的叔叔三样东西全有。第一个家伙一点儿都不关心另一个家伙兄弟的叔叔会怎样；现在他想知道的是另一个家伙母亲的邻居有没有这些东西。“我妈妈的邻居没有钢笔，没有墨水，也没有纸，”另一个人一边回答，一边开始大为恼怒。“那么你家女园丁的孩子有没有钢笔、墨水和纸呢？”第一个人终于被难倒了。在问够了这些倒霉的墨水、钢笔和纸，把所有人搞得心烦意乱之后，第一个人最终发现，就连他自己家女园丁的孩子也没有这三样东西。这样的结论会让任何人立刻闭嘴，除了那个在做法语练习的家伙。这个厚颜无耻的家伙完全不受影响。他从来没想过道歉，反而说着他的姑妈有些芥末这样的话。

So in the acquisition of more or less useless knowledge, soon happily to be forgotten, boyhood passes away. The red-brick school-house fades from view, and we turn down into the world's high-road. My little friend is no longer little now. The short jacket has sprouted tails. The battered cap, so useful as a combination of pocket-handkerchief, drinking-cup, and weapon of attack, has grown high and glossy; and instead of a slate-pencil in his mouth there is a cigarette, the smoke of which troubles him, for it will get up his nose. He tries a cigar a little later on as being more stylish—a big black Havanna[4]. It doesn't seem altogether to agree with him, for I find him sitting over a bucket in the back kitchen afterward, solemnly swearing never to smoke again.

就这样，少年时代就在学习这些差不多没用、很快就被轻松忘记的知识中逝去了。红色砖墙的学校在视野中慢慢消失，我们继续前进，转弯走上了人生的大道。我的小朋友现在也已不小了。短短的夹克已变成了长长的燕尾服。那曾经可同时用作小手帕、水杯和攻击武器而大显身手的破帽子，现在已经变得高耸而光鲜。他的嘴里，已经不再含着一节石笔了，取而代之的是一支香烟，袅袅的烟雾总钻到他鼻子里去，让他觉得很烦。不久之后他试着吸了根雪茄——一支长形的黑色哈瓦那雪茄——因为那个吸起来更为入时。但他似乎完全不适应，因为我看到他事后坐在后厨房里的一只桶上，信誓旦旦地说他再也不抽烟了。

And now his mustache begins to be almost visible to the naked eye, whereupon he immediately takes to brandy-and-sodas and fancies himself a man. He talks about "two to one against the favorite," refers to actresses as "Little Emmy" and "Kate" and "Baby," and murmurs

about his "losses at cards the other night" in a style implying that thousands have been squandered, though, to do him justice, the actual amount is most probably one-and-twopence. Also, if I see aright—for it is always twilight in this land of memories—he sticks an eyeglass in his eye and stumbles over everything.

现在，不戴眼镜就可以看见他脸上隐隐约约的胡子了，于是，他立即喝上了白兰地兑苏打水，想象自己已经是个男人了。他谈论着什么“二比一，赌热门队输”，亲昵地称女演员们为“小埃米”、“凯特”和“宝贝儿”，还会小声嘀咕“那天晚上打牌输了”，说得好像自己一掷千金似的，但公正地说，实际的金额很可能只有一两个便士。还有，假如我没有看错——因为在这个记忆的国度里，光线总是很昏暗——他在眼睛上架了副眼镜，然后，碰到什么东西都会绊上一跤。

His female relations, much troubled at these things, pray for him (bless their gentle hearts!) and see visions of Old Bailey[5] trials and halters as the only possible outcome of such reckless dissipation; and the prediction of his first school-master, that he would come to a bad end, assumes the proportions of inspired prophecy.

他的女性亲属们对此大为担忧，为他祈祷（上帝保佑她们善良的心！），她们认为他如此胡乱放荡只有一个可能的结果，就是被送到老贝利那儿接受审判和绞刑。她们还觉得他第一个校长的预言或许真的会部分应验，那就是：他不会有什么好下场。

He has a lordly contempt at this age for the other sex, a blatantly good opinion of himself, and a sociably patronizing manner toward all the elderly male friends of the family. Altogether, it must be confessed, he is somewhat of a nuisance about this time.

在这个年龄，他对异性有着不可一世的轻蔑，而自我感觉却很良好，对家里年长的男性朋友也是一副居高临下的态度。总之，不得不说这个时候的他有点惹人讨厌。

It does not last long, though. He falls in love in a little while, and that soon takes the bounce out of him. I notice his boots are much too small for him now, and his hair is fearfully and wonderfully arranged. He reads poetry more than he used, and he keeps a rhyming dictionary in his bedroom. Every morning Emily Jane finds scraps of torn-up paper on the floor and reads thereon of "cruel hearts and love's deep darts," of "beauteous eyes and lovers' sighs," and much more of the old, old song that lads so love to sing and lassies love to listen to while giving their dainty heads a toss and pretending never to hear.

但这样的日子并不长。不久之后，他就陷入了爱河，而他身上的那种活力也随之消失了。我注意到现在他的靴子变得过于窄小，而他的头发则梳理得非常整齐。他比以前都更爱读诗了，在他的卧室里，还放着

一本韵律词典。每天早上，艾米丽·简都能在地上发现撕碎的废纸，上面写着“残忍的心和爱情深深的刺痛”，“美丽的双眸和恋人的叹息”，以及更多诸如此类老得掉牙的歌，小伙子们特别爱唱，姑娘们也爱听，但姑娘们喜欢把她们优雅的头一扬，装作什么也没听见。

The course of love, however, seems not to have run smoothly, for later on he takes more walking exercise and less sleep, poor boy, than is good for him; and his face is suggestive of anything but wedding-bells and happiness ever after.

然而，爱情的道路似乎并不平坦，因为从此之后，这可怜的男孩步行锻炼的时候多了，睡觉的时间却比必需的少了；他的脸上什么表情都有，独独缺少婚礼的钟声响起时的喜悦和对此后永远幸福生活下去的憧憬。

And here he seems to vanish. The little, boyish self that has grown up beside me as we walked is gone.

就在这里，他仿佛消失了。和我一路同行逐渐长大的那个小小的孩子气的自我，已经不见了。

I am alone and the road is very dark. I stumble on, I know not how nor care, for the way seems leading nowhere, and there is no light to guide.

我踽踽独行，前路一片漆黑。我跌跌撞撞，不知道前方的路要如何去走，也并不在乎，因为路似乎并不通往任何地方，也没有任何光亮为我指引。

But at last the morning comes, and I find that I have grown into myself. The End

但是最终，早晨还是到来了。我发现我已经长成了我自己。（全书完）

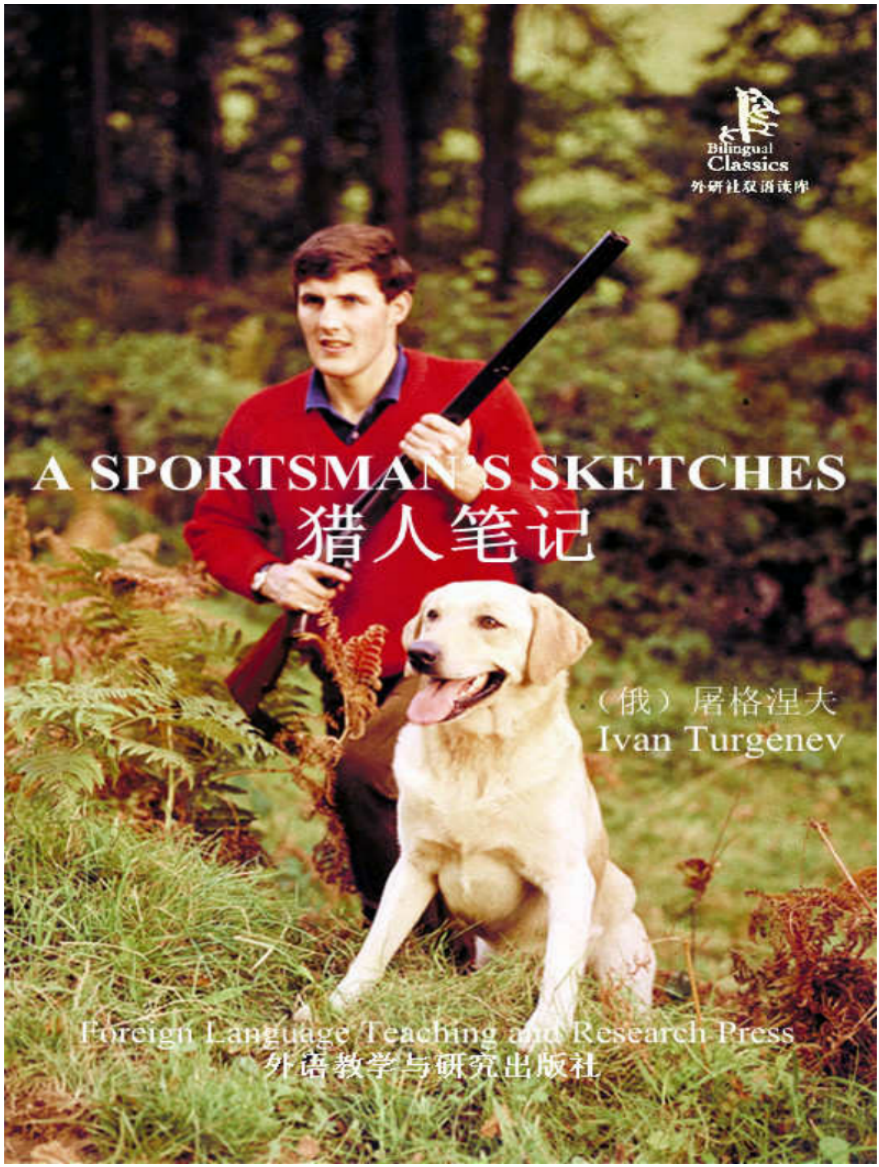
(1)萨迦，中世纪冰岛和挪威历史事件、历史人物、轶事传闻等的北欧传说。

(2)圣库思伯特（635—687），英国基督教隐修士。

(3)摩涅莫绪涅，希腊神话中的记忆女神。

(4)哈瓦那，古巴产的顶级雪茄。

(5)老贝利，伦敦中央刑事法院的俗称。



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屠格涅夫（俄） 著
外研社编译组 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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CHAPTER I HOR AND KALINITCH

第一章 霍尔和加利尼奇

Anyone who has chanced to pass from the Bolhovsky district into the Zhizdrinsky district, must have been impressed by the striking difference between the race of people in the province of Orel and the population of the province of Kaluga.

凡是恰巧从博尔霍夫县路过、来到日兹德拉县的人，肯定都会对奥廖尔省与卡卢加省人之间的显著差异感到大为吃惊。

The peasant of Orel is not tall, is bent in figure, sullen and suspicious in his looks; he lives in wretched little hovels of aspen-wood, labours as a serf in the fields, and engages in no kind of trading, is miserably fed, and wears slippers of bast: the rent-paying peasant of Kaluga lives in roomy cottages of pine-wood; he is tall, bold, and cheerful in his looks, neat and clean of countenance; he carries on a trade in butter and tar, and on holidays he wears boots.

奥廖尔省的农民个子不高，有点驼背，看上去脸色忧郁、疑心重重；他们住在颤杨木制的小破屋里，像农奴一样在田里劳作，不做任何买卖，吃的食物很差，穿的也是用树皮做的拖鞋。卡卢加省的佃农却住在宽敞的松木屋里；他们高大有力、神情愉快、面容干净整洁；他们做黄油和柏油的买卖，逢年过节还穿会靴子。

The village of the Orel province (we are speaking now of the eastern part of the province) is usually situated in the midst of ploughed fields, near a water-course which has been converted into a filthy pool. Except for a few of the ever-accommodating willows, and two or three gaunt birch-trees, you do not see a tree for a verst round; hut is huddled up against hut, their roofs covered with rotting thatch.... The villages of Kaluga, on the contrary, are generally surrounded by forest; the huts stand more freely, are more upright, and have boarded roofs; the gates fasten closely, the hedge is not broken down nor trailing about; there are no gaps to invite the visits of the passing pig.... And things are much better in the Kaluga province for the sportsman. In the Orel province the last of the woods and copses will have disappeared five years hence, and there is no trace of moorland left; in Kaluga, on the contrary, the moors extend over tens, the forest over hundreds of miles, and a splendid bird, the grouse, is still extant there; there are abundance of the friendly larger snipe, and the loud-clapping partridge cheers and startles the sportsman and his dog by its abrupt upward flight.

奥廖尔省的村庄（我们现在指的是这个省的东部）通常位于耕地的

中间，临近已经沦为污水塘的沟渠。方圆一俄里以内，除了几棵曾为人提供便利的柳树以及两三棵干巴巴的白桦树外，就再看不到什么树了；茅屋一间挨着一间，屋顶上铺着烂茅草……卡卢加省的村庄则恰恰相反，它们大都被树木环绕着，茅屋也排列得更为松散齐整，屋顶上铺着木板，大门紧闭着，篱笆既不破破烂烂也不东倒西歪，没有给路过的猪留下可钻入的空隙……对猎人来说，卡卢加省各方面的条件都好多了。再过上五年，奥廖尔省的最后一批树林和萌生林将会消失殆尽，高沼地也会荡然无存；而卡卢加省则正好相反，有数十俄里沼泽地，数百俄里的森林，美丽的松鸡尚未绝迹，温顺的大沙锥也多得是，山鹑大声拍打着翅膀突然飞起，令猎人和猎犬又惊又喜。

On a visit to the Zhizdrinsky district in search of sport, I met in the fields a petty proprietor of the Kaluga province called Polutikin, and made his acquaintance. He was an enthusiastic sportsman; it follows, therefore, that he was an excellent fellow. He was liable, indeed, to a few weaknesses; he used, for instance, to pay his addresses to every unmarried heiress in the province, and when he had been refused her hand and house, broken-hearted he confided his sorrows to all his friends and acquaintances, and continued to shower offerings of sour peaches and other raw produce from his garden upon the young lady's relatives; he was fond of repeating one and the same anecdote, which, in spite of Mr. Polutikin's appreciation of its merits, had certainly never amused anyone; he admired the works of Akim Nahimov and the novel Pinna; he stammered; he called his dog Astronomer; instead of "however" said "howsomever"; and had established in his household a French system of cookery, the secret of which consisted, according to his cook's interpretation, in a complete transformation of the natural taste of each dish; in this artiste's hands meat assumed the flavour of fish, fish of mushrooms, macaroni of gunpowder; to make up for this, not a single carrot went into the soup without taking the shape of a rhombus or trapezium. But, with the exception of these few and insignificant failings, Mr. Polutikin was, as has been said already, an excellent fellow.

我有一次去日兹德拉县打猎，在野外遇到了卡卢加省一个名叫波卢特金的小地主，并与他结识。他酷爱打猎，因而是一个理想的同伴。的确，他是有一些缺点。比如，他曾向省里所有未婚的女继承人求过婚。在遭到拒绝被赶出门后，他虽然伤心地向所有朋友及相识的人诉苦，却继续给那些年轻小姐们的亲人们，送上大量自家果园里种出来的酸桃子和其他的生果子。他喜欢重复讲同一件趣事，尽管他自己讲得神采飞扬，却从未把任何人逗笑；他欣赏阿基姆·纳希莫夫的作品，喜欢《平娜》这部小说；他说话结巴，把自己的狗取名为“天文学家”；他把“可是”念成“可系”；他还在家里构建了一套法式烹饪方法，他家厨师解释说，做这种菜的秘密就在于完全改变各种食物本来的味道；在这位能手的手里，肉能做得有鱼味，鱼能做得有蘑菇味，通心粉则做得有火药

味；为了补偿这一点，任何一根胡萝卜，他如果不切成菱形或梯形，绝不放进汤里。不过，除了这些为数不多而又无关紧要的缺点外，正如之前所说的，波卢特金先生是一个理想的同伴。

On the first day of my acquaintance with Mr. Polutikin, he invited me to stay the night at his house.

我同波卢特金先生认识的第一天，他就邀请我到他家留宿。

"It will be five miles farther to my house," he added; "it's a long way to walk; let us first go to Hor's.” (The reader must excuse my omitting his stammer.)

“离我家有五英里，”他补充说道，“走路去太远了，我们先去霍尔家吧。”（读者一定会原谅我没有按照他口吃的方式转述吧。）

"Who is Hor?"

“霍尔是谁呀？”

"A peasant of mine. He is quite close by here."

“是我家的一个农民，他家离这里不远。”

We went in that direction. In a well-cultivated clearing in the middle of the forest rose Hor's solitary homestead. It consisted of several pine-wood buildings, enclosed by plank fences; a porch ran along the front of the principal building, supported on slender posts. We went in. We were met by a young lad of twenty, tall and good-looking.

我们便朝霍尔家走去。树林中间有一块精耕细作的空地，霍尔的农庄就孤零零地伫立在那里。农庄被板材栅栏圈着，里面有几间松木构造的屋子，正屋前面有一处门廊，是用几根细柱子支撑着的。我们走了进去。一位二十来岁、高大英俊的年轻小伙子来迎接我们。

"Ah, Fedya! is Hor at home?" Mr. Polutikin asked him.

“啊，费佳！霍尔在家吗？”波卢特金先生问他。

"No. Hor has gone into town," answered the lad, smiling and showing a row of snow-white teeth. "You would like the little cart brought out ?"

“不在，霍尔进城去了，”小伙子微笑着答道，露出了一排雪白的牙齿，“需要为您备辆小马车吗？”

"Yes, my boy, the little cart. And bring us some Kvas."

“对，伙计，备辆小马车吧。再给我们拿些克瓦斯来。”

We went into the cottage. Not a single cheap glaring print was pasted up on the clean boards of the walls; in the corner, before the heavy, holy picture in its silver setting, a lamp was burning; the table

of linden-wood had been lately planed and scrubbed; between the joists and in the cracks of the window-frames there were no lively Prussian beetles running about, nor gloomy cockroaches in hiding. The young lad soon reappeared with a great white pitcher filled with excellent kvas, a huge hunch of wheaten bread, and a dozen salted cucumbers in a wooden bowl. He put all these provisions on the table, and then, leaning with his back against the door, began to gaze with a smiling face at us. We had not had time to finish eating our lunch when the cart was already rattling before the doorstep. We went out. A curly-headed, rosy-cheeked boy of fifteen was sitting in the cart as driver, and with difficulty holding in the well-fed piebald horse. Round the cart stood six young giants, very like one another, and Fedya.

我们走到了屋里。墙上的木板很干净，连一张廉价刺眼的画都没贴；角落里，一幅沉甸甸的、镶着银色框架的圣像前燃着一盏灯；椴木桌子刚被刨平擦洗过；在搁栅之间的缝隙里和窗框的缝里，既没有活泼的普鲁士甲虫跑来跑去，也没有忧郁的蟑螂藏在里面。那个年轻小伙子很快就又进来了，端着一个装满上好的克瓦斯酒的大白罐子、一大块小麦面包和盛有十几根腌黄瓜的木碗。他把这些食物统统放在桌子上，然后背靠在门上，带着微笑看着我们。我们还没来得及把午餐吃完，就听到门阶外响起了马车声。我们走了出去。一个十五岁的小男孩坐在马车上，他头发卷曲、脸颊红润，正费力地控制着那匹肥壮的花斑马。马车周围站着六个高大的年轻人，他们长得都差不多，跟费佳也很像。

"All of these Hor's sons!" said Polutikin.

“这些都是霍尔的儿子！”波卢特金说道。

"These are all Horkies" (i.e. wild cats), put in Fedya, who had come after us on to the step; "but that's not all of them: Potap is in the wood, and Sidor has gone with old Hor to the town. Look out, Vasya," he went on, turning to the coachman; "drive like the wind; you are driving the master. Only mind what you're about over the ruts, and easy a little; don't tip the cart over, and upset the master's stomach!”

“这是小霍尔们，”（“霍尔”即“野猫”的意思）费佳插话说道，还跟着我们走到了台阶上，“不过人还没全到齐：波塔普在林子里，西多尔跟着老霍尔进城去了。当心啊，瓦夏，”他转向车夫继续说道，“跑快些，你送的可是老爷呢。不过，在颠簸的时候要小心点，走慢些，别把马车弄翻了，也别颠得老爷肚子难受。”

The other Horkies smiled at Fedya's sally. "Lift Astronomer in!" Mr. Polutikin called majestically. Fedya, not without amusement, lifted the dog, who wore a forced smile, into the air, and laid her at the bottom of the cart. Vasya let the horse go. We rolled away. "And here is my counting-house," said Mr. Polutikin suddenly to me, pointing to a little low-pitched house. "Shall we go in?"

听到费佳的俏皮话，一旁的小霍尔们都笑了。“把天文学家放上来！”波卢特金先生摆着架子喊道。费佳高兴地把那只勉强带笑的狗举了起来，然后放到了马车底部。瓦夏让马动起来。我们的车轮也滚动了起来。“这是我的办公室，”波卢特金先生指着一间带有缓坡屋顶的小屋子，突然对我说道，“要不要进去看看？”

"By all means." "It is no longer used," he observed, going in; "still, it is worth looking at." The counting-house consisted of two empty rooms. The caretaker, a one-eyed old man, ran out of the yard.

“当然啦。”“我已经不用这个办公室了，”他边说着边走了进去，“不过，它还是值得一看的。”这个办公室是由两个空空的房间组成的。看门的是个独眼的老头，从后院跑了出来。

"Good day, Minyaitch," said Mr. Polutikin; "bring us some water."

“你好啊，米尼亚伊奇，”波卢特金先生说，“给我们弄点水来。”

The one-eyed old man disappeared, and at once returned with a bottle of water and two glasses. "Taste it," Polutikin said to me; "it is splendid spring water." We drank off a glass each, while the old man bowed low.

接着独眼老头就不见了，但马上就拿了一瓶水和两个杯子回来。“尝尝吧，”波卢特金对我说，“这可是上好的泉水啊。”我俩各喝了一杯，这时候那个老头向我们深深地鞠了一躬。

"Come, now, I think we can go on," said my new Friend. "In that counting-house I sold the merchant Alliluev four acres of forest-land for a good price.”

“走吧，我想我们现在可以继续上路了，”我的新朋友说道，”“就是在这个办公室里，我把四英亩树林地卖给了叫阿利卢耶夫的那个商人，而且卖了个好价钱。

We took our seats in the cart, and in half-an-hour we had reached the court of the manor-house.

我们坐上了马车，半小时后就到了庄园主宅地的院子里。

"Tell me, please," I asked Polutikin at supper; "why does Hor live apart from your other peasants?"

“请问，”我在吃晚餐的时候问波卢特金，“为什么霍尔与您其他的农民是分开住的呢？”

"Well, this is why: he is a clever peasant. Twenty-five years ago his cottage was burnt down; so he came up to my late father and said: 'Allow me, Nikolai Kouzmitch,' says he, 'to settle in your forest, on the bog. I will pay you a good rent.' 'But what do you want to settle on the bog for?'

“哦，是这样的：他是个聪明的农民。二十五年前他的小屋被火烧掉了，于是他就来找我父亲，说：‘尼古拉·库济米奇，请让我到您树林里的沼泽地上住吧。我会付您一份不错的租金的。’‘但是你为什么要到沼泽地上住呢?'

'Oh, I want to; only, your honour, Nikolai Kouzmitch, be so good as not to claim any labour from me, but fix a rent as you think best.'

‘哦，我就是想到那里住；不过，尼古拉·库济米奇老爷，请您行行好，别让我干什么活了，至于租金多少，由您来定。’

'Fifty roubles a year!'

‘一年五十卢布!'

'Very well.'

‘行。’

'But I'll have no arrears, mind!’

‘但我可不准拖欠租金，记好了!'

'Of course, no arrears'; and so he settled on the bog. Since then they have called him Hor" (i.e. wild cat).

‘那当然，我不会欠租金的’。就这样，他就住到了沼泽地上。从那以后，人们就叫他霍尔（即野猫)。”

"Well, and has he grown rich?" I inquired.

“那么，他后来发财了吗？”我问。

"Yes, he has grown rich. Now he pays me a round hundred for rent, and I shall raise it again, I dare say. I have said to him more than once, 'Buy your freedom, Hor; come, buy your freedom.' …. But he declares, the rogue, that he can't; has no money, he says…. As though that were likely….”

“嗯，他发财了。现在他付给我的租金是一百卢布整，我可能还要再涨价呢。我对他说过不止一次了，‘赎身吧，霍尔，来赎身吧……’可他这个狡猾的东西，说没法赎身，他说自己没钱……说得跟真的似的……”

The next day, directly after our morning tea, we started out hunting again. As we were driving through the village, Mr. Polutikin ordered the coachman to stop at a low-pitched cottage and called loudly, "Kalinitch!" "Coming, your honour, coming" sounded a voice from the yard; "I am tying on my shoes."

第二天，我们喝过早茶后，就又出发去打猎了。马车从村庄里驶过的时候，波卢特金先生让马车夫在一间带缓坡屋顶的屋子旁停下，大声喊道：“加利尼奇！”“来了，老爷，来了，”听起来这声音是从院子里传来的，“我正穿鞋呢。”

We went on at a walk; outside the village a man of about forty over-took us. He was tall and thin, with a small and erect head. It was Kalinitch. His good-humoured; swarthy face, somewhat pitted with small-pox, pleased me from the first glance. Kalinitch (as I learnt afterwards) went hunting every day with his master, carried his bag, and sometimes also his gun, noted where game was to be found, fetched water, built shanties, and gathered strawberries, and ran behind the droshky; Mr. Polutikin could not stir a step without him. Kalinitch was a man of the merriest and gentlest disposition; he was constantly singing to himself in a low voice, and looking carelessly about him. He spoke a little through his nose, with a laughing twinkle in his light blue eyes, and he had a habit of plucking at his scanty, wedge-shaped beard with his hand. He walked not rapidly, but with long strides, leaning lightly on a long thin staff. He addressed me more than once during the day, and he waited on me without, obsequiousness, but he looked after his master as if he were a child. When the unbearable heat drove us at mid-day to seek shelter, he took us to his beehouse in the very heart of the forest. There Kalinitch opened the little hut for us, which was hung round with bunches of dry scented herbs. He made us comfortable on some dry hay, and then put a kind of bag of network over his head, took a knife, a little pot, and a smouldering stick, and went to the hive to cut us out some honey-comb. We had a draught of spring water after the warm transparent honey, and then dropped asleep to the sound of the monotonous humming of the bees and the rustling chatter of the leaves.

我们继续向前走着，出了村子以后，一个四十岁左右的人赶上了我们。他又高又瘦，小脑袋摆得很正。这就是加利尼奇。他给人一种愉快的感觉，脸色黝黑，还有带点麻斑，我一见他就很喜欢。加利尼奇（我后来才知道）每天都陪他的主人去打猎，帮他背袋子，有时还帮他背枪，需要侦查寻找猎物、取水、搭棚屋、采草莓，还有跟在四轮马车后面跑。波卢特金先生要是没有他便寸步难行。加利尼奇是个性情极为乐观、极为温和的人，他时常低声哼小曲给自己听，还漫不经心地朝四处张望。他说话时带一点鼻音，淡蓝色的眼睛里闪烁着笑意，还习惯用手拨弄他那稀疏的楔形胡须。他走路不快，但步子却很大，还轻轻地拄着一根细长的拐棍。那天他跟我聊了几回，照顾我的时候并没有谄媚之意，但照顾他的主人时却像对待小孩一般。中午时分，酷热难耐，我们不得不去寻找阴凉地，他便带我们去了他在树林中心的养蜂房。加利尼奇为我们打开了小屋的门，屋里挂着一束束晒干的熏香草药。他把我们安顿在干草上舒舒服服地休息，然后把一个网兜套在他的头上，拿了一把刀、一个小罐子，还有一根燃着的枝条，去蜂房给我们割蜂蜜了。我们喝了温热透明的蜂蜜泡的泉水，然后伴着蜜蜂单调的嗡嗡声和树叶沙沙的絮语声进入了梦乡。

A slight gust of wind awakened me.... I opened my eyes and saw Kalinitch: he was sitting on the threshold of the half-opened door, carving a spoon with his knife. I gazed a long time admiring his face, as sweet and clear as an evening sky. Mr. Polutikin too woke up. We did not get up at once. After our long walk and our deep sleep it was pleasant to lie without moving in the hay; we felt weary and languid in body, our faces were in a slight glow of warmth, our eyes were closed in delicious laziness. At last we got up, and set off on our wanderings again till evening.

突然刮起一阵微风，把我吹醒了……我睁开眼睛，看见加利尼奇：门半开着，他坐在门槛上，正在用刀刻一个木勺。我盯着他的脸，欣赏了很久，这张脸是如此地美好纯净，就像黄昏时的天空一样。波卢特金先生也醒了。我们没有立即起身。我们已经走了很久的路，一阵酣睡之后，只是一动不动地躺在干草上，感到很是惬意；我们感觉浑身疲倦乏力、脸颊微热，香甜的倦意袭来，我们合上了双眼。最后我们还是起来了，又开始去闲逛，直到傍晚才回来。

At supper I began again to talk of Hor and Kalinitch. "Kalinitch is a good peasant," Mr. Polutikin told me; "he is a willing and useful peasant; he can't farm his land properly; I am always taking him away from it. He goes out hunting every day with me.... You can judge for yourself how his farming must fare.”

晚餐的时候我又聊起了霍尔和加利尼奇。“加利尼奇是个好农民，”波卢特金先生对我说，“他是个肯干、有用的农民，不过他没法好好经营他的田地，因为我总是把他带出去。他每天都陪我出去打猎……您想想看，他的庄稼会长成什么样呢。”

I agreed with him, and we went to bed.

我很赞同波卢特金先生说的话，接着我们就睡觉去了。

The next day Mr. Polutikin was obliged to go to town about some business with his neighbour Pitchukoff. This neighbour Pitchukoff had ploughed over some land of Polutikin's, and had flogged a peasant woman of his on this same piece of land. I went out hunting alone, and before evening I turned into Hor's house. On the threshold of the cottage I was met by an old man—bald, short, broad-shouldered, and stout—Hor himself. I looked with curiosity at the man. The cut of his face recalled Socrates: there was the same high, knobby forehead, the same little eyes, the same snub nose. We went into the cottage together. The same Fedya brought me some milk and black bread. Hor sat down on a bench, and, quietly stroking his curly beard, entered into conversation with me. He seemed to know his own value; he spoke and moved slowly; from time to time a chuckle came from between his long moustaches.

第二天，波卢特金先生不得不进城去同他的邻居皮丘可夫进行交涉。这位叫皮丘可夫的邻居侵占了波卢特金的地，还在那块耕地上鞭打了他的一个农妇。我便独自出去打猎，临近傍晚时分，还去了趟霍尔家。在小屋门口，我碰到一个老头——他头顶光秃、身材矮小、肩膀宽阔、体格结实——这就是霍尔本人。我好奇地看着这个人。他的脸长得很像苏格拉底：同样疙疙瘩瘩的高额头，同样的小眼睛，同样的翘鼻子。我们一起走进了小屋。我之前见过的那个费佳给我拿来了些牛奶和黑面包。霍尔坐在长凳上，轻轻地捋着他那卷曲的胡须，和我聊了起来。他似乎知道自己受尊重，言谈举止都慢悠悠的，还不时地从他那长长的小胡子间传出咯咯的笑声。

We discussed the sowing, the crops, the peasant's life.... He always seemed to agree with me; only afterwards I had a sense of awkwardness and felt I was talking foolishly.... In this way our conversation was rather curious. Hor, doubtless through caution, expressed himself very obscurely at times.... Here is a specimen of our talk.

我们聊了聊播种、收成和农民的生活……他好像总是很赞同我说的话，只是后来我感到尴尬，觉得自己说的话很愚蠢……这样一来，我们的谈话便有些奇怪了。霍尔可能是出于谨慎，有时话说得很含糊……这里有一个我们谈话的例子。

"Tell me, Hor," I said to him, "why don't you buy your freedom from your master?”

“霍尔，给我说说，”我对他说，“你为什么不向你的主人赎身呢？”

"And what would I buy my freedom for? Now I know my master, and I know my rent.... We have a good master."

“我为什么要赎身啊？现在我很了解我的主人，也很清楚该付多少租金……我们有一个好主人。”

"It's always better to be free," I remarked.

“自由点总要更好些吧。”我说。

Hor gave me a dubious look.

霍尔疑惑地看了我一眼。

"Surely," he said.

“当然了。”他答道。

"Well, then, why don't you buy your freedom?”

“那么，你为什么不赎身呢？”

Hor shook his head. "What would you have me buy it with, your honour?"

霍尔摇了摇头。“老爷，您叫我拿什么赎身啊？”

"Oh, come, now, old man!"

“哎，得了吧，老头！”

"If Hor were thrown among free men," he continued in an undertone, as though to himself, "everyone without a beard would be a better man than Hor."

“要是霍尔做了自由人，”他接着小声说道，仿佛在自言自语，“那么凡是没有胡子的人就都比霍尔强了。”

"Then shave your beard."

“那么你也把胡子剃掉呀。”

"What is a beard? A beard is grass: one can cut it.”

“胡子是什么？胡子就是草，是可以割掉的。”

"Well, then?"

“既然如此，还等什么？”

"But Hor will be a merchant straight away; and merchants have a fine life, and they have beards."

“不过霍尔会马上去做商人，商人生活过得好，而他们留胡子。”

"Why, do you do a little trading too?" I asked him.

“怎么，你现在不也做着一点买卖吗？”我问他。

"We trade a little in a little butter and a little tar.... Would your honour like the cart put to?"

“我们只是做一点黄油和柏油的小买卖……老爷，要不要准备马车？”

"You're a close man and keep a tight rein on your tongue," I thought to myself. "No," I said aloud, "I don't want the cart; I shall want to be near your homestead to-morrow, and if you will let me, I will stay the night in your hay-barn.”

“你这个人说话真谨慎，还守口如瓶。”我心里想。“不用了，”我大声说，“我不用马车，我明天想在你这农庄附近逛逛，如果你同意的话，我还想在你的干草棚里过夜。”

"You are very welcome. But will you be comfortable in the barn? I will tell the women to lay a sheet and put you a pillow.... Hey, girls!" he cried, getting up from his place; "here, girls!... And you, Fedya, go with them. Women, you know, are foolish folk."

“非常欢迎。可是您在干草棚里能住得舒坦吗？我让女人们给您铺好床单放好枕头……嘿，女人们！”他边站起来边叫道，“过来，女人们……还有你，费佳，跟着她们一起去。你也知道，这些女人们都是些

蠢货。”

A quarter of an hour later Fedya conducted me with a lantern to the barn. I threw myself down on the fragrant hay; my dog curled himself up at my feet; Fedya wished me good-night; the door creaked and slammed to. For rather a long time I could not get to sleep. A cow came up to the door, and breathed heavily twice; the dog growled at her with dignity; a pig passed by, grunting pensively; a horse somewhere near began to munch the hay and snort.... At last I fell asleep.

一刻钟之后，费佳提着个灯笼，带我去了干草棚。我倒在了芳香的干草上，我的狗在我脚边蜷作一团，费佳向我道了晚安，然后门吱的一响，然后砰地关上了。过了很长时间，我都没睡着。一头母牛走到了门边，喘了两口粗气；狗威严地向它狂吠了起来；一头猪从门外走过，焦虑地哼哼着；附近某个地方有一匹马开始大声嚼起了干草，还一边打着响鼻……最后我还是睡着了。

At sunrise Fedya awakened me. This brisk, lively young man pleased me; and, from what I could see, he was old Hor's favourite too. They used to banter one another in a very friendly way. The old man came to meet me. Whether because I had spent the night under his roof, or for some other reason, Hor certainly treated me far more cordially than the day before.

黎明时，费佳叫醒了我。这个活泼伶俐的小伙子很讨人喜欢，并且据我观察，老霍尔也最喜欢他。他们爷俩常常很亲密地相互开玩笑。老头出来向我问了早安。不知道是因为我在他家过了夜，还是其他什么原因，霍尔对我的态度无疑比头天热情得多了。

"The samovar is ready," he told me with a smile; "let us come and have tea."

“茶饮已经准备好了，”他微笑着对我说，“咱们去喝点茶吧。”

We took our seats at the table. A robust-looking peasant woman, one of his daughters-in-law, brought in a jug of milk. All his sons came one after another into the cottage.

我们在桌子旁坐了下来。一个看上去很强壮的农妇，是他的儿媳之一，端来了一大罐牛奶。他所有的儿子都一个接一个地走进了屋里。

"What a fine set of fellows you have!" I remarked to the old man.

“看，你这些儿子多好啊！”我对老头说。

"Yes," he said, breaking off a tiny piece of sugar with his teeth; "me and my old woman have nothing to complain of, seemingly."

“是啊，”他用牙咬下一小口糖说，“我和老伴对他们似乎还真没什么好抱怨的。”

"And do they all live with you?"

“他们都和你住在一起吗？”

"Yes; they choose to, themselves, and so they live here."

“是的，是他们自己决定的，所以都住在这里。”

"And are they all married?"

“他们都成家吗了？”

"Here's one not married, the scamp!" he answered, pointing to Fedya, who was leaning as before against the door. "Vaska, he's still too young; he can wait.”

“还有一个没成家，就是这个捣蛋鬼！”他答道，手指着费佳，那家伙还是照旧倚在门上，“瓦夏嘛，还太小了，可以再等等。”

"And why should I get married?" retorted Fedya; "I'm very well off as I am. What do I want a wife for? To squabble with, eh?”

“我为什么要成家啊？”费佳回嘴说，“我现在过得就很好，要媳妇干嘛？要来吵架，是吗？”

"Now then, you... ah, I know you! you wear a silver ring.... You'd always be after the girls up at the manor house.... 'Have done, do, for shame!'” the old man went on, mimicking the servant girls. "Ah, I know you, you white-handed rascal!”

“得了，你啊……我还不知道你吗！你戴着个银戒指……你整天缠着老爷家的那些女孩们……‘得了吧，真不要脸！’”老头接着模仿那些女仆们的口气说道，“呀，我知道你这小子，你这个不干活的捣蛋鬼！”

"But what's the good of a peasant woman?”

“可是，娶个农妇有什么好的？”

"A peasant woman—is a labourer," said Hor seriously, "she is the peasant's servant.”

“农妇——就是劳力，”霍尔严肃地说，“她能伺候农民。”

"And what do I want with a labourer?"

“那我要劳力做什么？”

"I dare say; you'd like to play with the fire and let others burn their fingers: we know the sort of chap you are.”

“我想，你就是喜欢玩火，然后让别人帮你承担后果，我可清楚你是哪种家伙。”

"Well, marry me, then. Well, why don't you answer?”

“即然这样，那就给我娶一个呗。喂，你怎么不说话啦？”

"There, that's enough, that's enough, giddy pate! You see we're disturbing the gentleman. I'll marry you, depend on it.... And you, your honour, don't be vexed with him; you see, he's only a baby; he's not had time to get much sense.”

“哎呀，得了，得了，调皮鬼！你看看，咱们打扰到老爷了。我会给你娶一个的，放心吧……老爷，请您别生他的气，您瞧，他还是个孩子，还不懂规矩。”

Fedya shook his head.

费佳摇了摇头。

"Is Hor at home?" sounded a well-known voice; and Kalinitch came into the cottage with a bunch of wild strawberries in his hands, which he had gathered for his friend Hor. The old man gave him a warm welcome. I looked with surprise at Kalinitch. I confess I had not expected such a delicate attention on the part of a peasant.

“霍尔在家吗？”门外传来一阵熟悉的声音，然后加利尼奇进了屋，手里拿着一束野草莓，这是他特意采来给他朋友霍尔的。老头热情地迎接了他。我惊奇地看着加利尼奇。说真的，我并未料到这个农民的心思会如此细腻。

That day I started out to hunt four hours later than usual, and the following three days I spent at Hor's. My new friends interested me. I don't know how I had gained their confidence, but they began to talk to me without constraint. The two friends were not at all alike. Hor was a positive, practical man, with a head for management, a rationalist; Kalinitch, on the other hand, belonged to the order of idealists and dreamers, of romantic and enthusiastic spirits. Hor had a grasp of actuality—that is to say, he looked ahead, was saving a little money, kept on good terms with his master and the other authorities; Kalinitch wore shoes of bast, and lived from hand to mouth. Hor had reared a large family, who were obedient and united; Kalinitch had once had a wife, whom he had been afraid of, and he had had no children. Hor took a very critical view of Mr. Polutikin; Kalinitch revered his master. Hor loved Kalinitch, and took protecting care of him; Kalinitch loved and respected Hor. Hor spoke little, chuckled, and thought for himself; Kalinitch expressed himself with warmth, though he had not the flow of fine language of a smart factory hand. But Kalinitch was endowed with powers which even Hor recognised; he could charm away haemorrhages, fits, madness, and worms; his bees always did well; he had a light hand. Hor asked him before me to introduce a newly bought horse to his stable, and with scrupulous gravity Kalinitch carried out the old sceptic's request. Kalinitch was in closer contact with nature; Hor with men and society. Kalinitch had no liking for argument, and believed in everything blindly; Hor had

reached even an ironical point of view of life. He had seen and experienced much, and I learnt a good deal from him. For instance, from his account I learnt that every year before mowing-time a small, peculiar-looking cart makes its appearance in the villages. In this cart sits a man in a long coat, who sells scythes. He charges one rouble twenty-five copecks—a rouble and a half in notes—for ready money; four roubles if he gives credit. All the peasants, of course, take the scythes from him on credit. In two or three weeks he reappears and asks for the money. As the peasant has only just cut his oats, he is able to pay him; he goes with the merchant to the tavern, and there the debt is settled. Some landowners conceived the idea of buying the scythes themselves for ready money and letting the peasants have them on credit for the same price; but the peasants seemed dissatisfied, even dejected; they had deprived them of the pleasure of tapping the scythe and listening to the ring of the metal, turning it over and over in their hands, and telling the scoundrelly city-trader twenty times over, "Eh, my friend, you won't take me in with your scythe!”

那天，我比平时晚了四个钟头才出发去打猎，而之后的三天我都住在霍尔家。我的新朋友们让我颇感兴趣。我不知道自己如何博得了他们的信任，不过他们都开始无拘无束地跟我聊了起来。这两位朋友可一点都不像。霍尔是个自信、务实、理性、有经营头脑的人；而加利尼奇则正相反，属于抱有空想和梦想、富于浪漫情怀和热情的那一类人。霍尔懂得现实生活，也就是说，他为将来做打算，攒了点钱，还与主人和其他有权势的人保持良好的关系；而加利尼奇则穿着树皮鞋，勉强糊口度日。霍尔养着一大家子人，家里人对他言听计从，都团结在他的周围；加利尼奇以前娶过一个老婆，但他很怕她，也没有生过孩子。霍尔把波卢特金先生看得很透彻，而加利尼奇则很敬畏他的主人。霍尔喜欢加利尼奇，对他爱护有加；加利尼奇也喜欢并尊敬霍尔。霍尔话不多，脸上笑呵呵的，而心里却很有打算；加利尼奇很爱说话，尽管他并不像伶俐的工人那样能说会道。不过加利尼奇也有一些天赋，这些天赋甚至得到了霍尔的认可；他似乎能行魔法治愈出血、平复慌乱、制服疯癫、驱赶蚊虫；他的蜜蜂都听他的话；他的手也很巧。霍尔曾当着我的面请加利尼奇把一匹新买的马牵进马厩里，而加利尼奇便认真、严肃地完成了这个老怀疑论者的要求。加利尼奇与大自然比较亲近，霍尔则与人和社会亲近。加利尼奇不喜欢辩论，盲目地相信一切；而霍尔则以讥讽的眼光看待人生。霍尔见多识广，我从他那里学到了很多东西。比如说，从他口中我得知，每年收割庄稼之前，都会有一辆样子独特的二轮运货小马车出现在各个村庄里。在这辆二轮运货马车里，坐着一个身穿长外套的人，出售长柄大镰刀。要是付现钱，他就卖1.25卢布一把；要是付票据，他就卖1.5卢布一把；要是赊账，他就卖4卢布一把。当然了，所有向他购买长柄大镰刀的农民都会赊账的。过了两三个星期，他就会再次出现，来讨账。这个时候农民都刚割了燕麦，就有钱付给他；农民就和这个商贩一同去小酒馆，把账结清。有些地主想自己用现钱买些长柄大

镰刀，然后再以同样的价钱赊给农民，但是农民们似乎不太满意，甚至感到沮丧；因为要是这样的话，这些地主就夺去了农民们的那种乐趣，即用指头弹弹长柄大镰刀，听听金属的响声，把它拿在手里翻来覆去地看，无数次地探问那个缺德的商贩："嘿，伙计，你拿这把长柄大镰刀可骗不了我啊！"

The same tricks are played over the sale of sickles, only with this difference, that the women have a hand in the business then, and they sometimes drive the trader himself to the necessity—for their good, of course—of beating them. But the women suffer most ill-treatment through the following circumstances. Contractors for the supply of stuff for paper factories employ for the purchase of rags a special class of men, who in some districts are called eagles. Such an "eagle" receives two hundred roubles in bank-notes from the merchant, and starts off in search of his prey. But, unlike the noble bird from whom he has derived his name, he does not swoop down openly and boldly upon it; quite the contrary; the "eagle" has recourse to deceit and cunning. He leaves his cart somewhere in a thicket near the village, and goes himself to the back-yards and back-doors, like someone casually passing, or simply a tramp. The women scent out his proximity and steal out to meet him. The bargain is hurriedly concluded. For a few copper half-pence a woman gives the "eagle" not only every useless rag she has, but often even her husband's shirt and her own petticoat. Of late the women have thought it profitable to steal even from themselves, and to sell hemp in the same way—a great extension and improvement of the business for the "eagles"! To meet this, however, the peasants have grown more cunning in their turn, and on the slightest suspicion, on the most distant rumors of the approach of an "eagle," they have prompt and sharp recourse to corrective and preventive measures. And, after all, wasn't it disgraceful? To sell the hemp was the men's business—and they certainly do sell it—not in the town (they would have to drag it there themselves), but to traders who come for it, who, for want of scales, reckon forty handfuls to the pood—and you know what a Russian's hand is and what it can hold, especially when he "tries his best"!

同样的把戏在买卖小镰刀的时候也会上演，不过不同的是，那时女人们也会掺和进去，她们有时候逼得这商贩不得不动手打人，当然，这样反而对女人们更有利了。不过，最让女人们吃亏的是下面这种情况。造纸厂的原料供应承包商会请一些专门的人去收购废布，这些人在一些县被称为"鹰"。这种"鹰"从商人那里领取200卢布的银行券，然后就出发去寻找他的猎物了。不过，他和他被冠名的那种高尚的鸟不同，他不是公开勇敢地去进攻；正相反，这种"鹰"依靠欺骗和奸诈行事。他把他的马车停在村子附近某处的灌木丛里，自己则溜达到村里各家的后院或后门，就像某个碰巧路过，或是没事闲逛的人。女人们感觉到他来了，

就偷偷地出去见他。买卖就这么匆忙地做成了。为了几个铜板，女人不仅把自己一切没用的破布卖给“鹰”，甚至还把丈夫的衬衫和自己的裙子也卖了。后来，女人们甚至发现从自家偷些东西出来也能赚钱，她们就这样卖大麻给他们——“鹰”们的生意可是越做越红火了。然而，为了应对此事，农民们也相应地变狡猾了，他们一觉得有点可疑，远远地听到“鹰”来了的消息，就立刻警惕地采取各种预防措施。但这毕竟不光彩啊！卖大麻本来是人们自己的事情，他们确实会卖，不过不是在城里卖（那样的话他们得自己运过去），而是卖给专门来收购大麻的商贩，由于没有秤，就估计四十把算一普特，可您也知道俄国人的手有多大，能抓多少，特别是他“尽力”的时候！

As I had had no experience and was not "country-bred" (as they say in Orel) I heard plenty of such descriptions. But Hor was not always the narrator; he questioned me too about many things. He learned that I had been in foreign parts, and his curiosity was aroused.... Kalinitch was not behind him in curiosity; but he was more attracted by descriptions of nature, of mountains and waterfalls, extraordinary buildings and great towns; Hor was interested in questions of government and administration. He went through everything in order. "Well, is that with them as it is with us, or different?...Come, tell us, your honour, how is it?" "Ah, Lord, thy will be done!" Kalinitch would exclaim while I told my story; Hor did not speak, but frowned with his bushy eyebrows, only observing at times, "That wouldn't do for us; still, it's a good thing—it's right.”

我没经历过这种事，也不是“在乡下长大的”（用奥廖尔省人的话说），但像这样的故事我也听到了许多。不过霍尔并不是自己一个劲地讲，他也问了我很多问题。他得知我曾去过外国后，非常地好奇……加利尼奇也同他一样，但是加利尼奇对大自然、高山瀑布、非凡的建筑物和大城镇的描述更感兴趣，而霍尔则对政府和行政管理感兴趣。他把所有的事情都挨个仔细琢磨了一番。“那么，这事在他们那里和咱们这里一样，还是不一样？来吧，老爷，给我们说说，这是怎么回事？”“啊，上帝，真绝了！”加利尼奇在我讲述自己的经历的时候会发出感叹；霍尔却默不作声，浓眉紧蹙，只是偶尔说：“这种事也许在咱们这里行不通，不过，这是好事，很不错。”

All his inquiries, I cannot recount, and it is unnecessary; but from our conversations I carried away one conviction, which my readers will certainly not anticipate.... the conviction that Peter the Great was pre-eminently a Russian—Russian, above all, in his reforms. The Russian is so convinced of his own strength and powers that he is not afraid of putting himself to severe strain; he takes little interest in his past, and looks boldly forward. What is good he likes, what is sensible he will have, and where it comes from he does not care. His vigorous sense is fond of ridiculing the thin theorising of the German; but, in Hor's words, "The Germans are curious folk," and he was ready to

learn from them a little. Thanks to his exceptional position, his practical independence, Hor told me a great deal which you could not screw or—as the peasants say—grind with a grindstone, out of any other man. He did, in fact, understand his position. Talking with Hor, I for the first time listened to the simple, wise discourse of the Russian peasant. His acquirements were, in his own opinion, wide enough; but he could not read, though Kalinitch could.

我无法一一复述他所有的问题，当然也没那个必要；但是从我们的谈话中，我得出一种信念，我的读者们也许无论如何都料想不到……这种信念就是：彼得大帝是位杰出的俄国人，尤其是位赋有革命精神的俄国人。俄国人非常相信自己的力量和能力，甚至敢于把自己置于紧张的状态中；他们很少沉溺于过去，总是大胆地向前看。凡是好的他们都喜欢，凡是合理的他们都接纳，他们并不在乎这些出于何处。他们头脑活跃，喜欢嘲笑德国人乏味的理论；不过，用霍尔的话说："德国人是赋有好奇心的民族，"他准备向他们学一些东西。由于他地位特殊，而且拥有独立性，霍尔对我说了很多话，这在别人那里，是拧也拧不出——就像农民们所说的——用磨也磨不出来的。他确实很清楚自己的地位。与霍尔聊天，我才头一回听到了俄国农民质朴而睿智的谈话。他的学识，在他自己看来，已经足够广博了，但是他不识字，而加利尼奇却识字。

"That ne'er-do-weel has school-learning," observed Hor, "and his bees never die in the winter."

"那个鬼家伙上过学呢，"霍尔说，"他养的蜜蜂在冬天从没死过。"

"But haven't you had your children taught to read?"

"那么你让你的孩子们学识字了吗？"

Hor was silent a minute. "Fedya can read."

霍尔沉默了片刻，说："费佳识字。"

"And the others?"

"那其他几个呢？"

"The others can't."

"其他几个不识字。"

"And why?"

"为什么呢？"

The old man made no answer, and changed the subject. However, sensible as he was, he had many prejudices and crotchets. He despised women, for instance, from the depths of his soul, and in his merry moments he amused himself by jesting at their expense. His wife was a cross old woman who lay all day long on the stove, incessantly grumbling and scolding; her sons paid no attention to her, but she

kept her daughters-in-law in the fear of God. Very significantly the mother-in-law sings in the Russian ballad: "What a son art thou to me! What a head of a household! Thou dost not beat thy wife; thou dost not beat thy young wife...." I once attempted to intercede for the daughters-in-law, and tried to rouse Hor's sympathy; but he met me with the tranquil rejoinder, "Why did I want to trouble about such... trifles; let the women fight it out....If anything separates them, it only makes it worse ... and it's not worth dirtying one's hands over.”

老头没有回答，而是转换了话题。然而，不管他有多明智，他也有不少偏见和怪癖。比如说，他打心眼里看不起女人，他高兴的时候就拿她们打趣，嘲笑她们来娱乐自己。他老婆是个暴躁的老妇人，整天躺在炕上，不停地抱怨和责骂；她的儿子们都不搭理她，但是她的儿媳妇们却都怕她怕得要命。难怪俄国民歌中婆婆唱到：“我怎么有你这样的儿子！你算什么一家之主啊！你不揍媳妇，不揍新媳妇……”我曾经打算替那些儿媳妇们说情，想博得霍尔的同情，但他却冷静地反驳我道：“我为什么要为这些……小事烦心啊，让女人们闹去吧……要是去拉开她们，情况只会更糟……也不值得去招惹那种麻烦。”

Sometimes the spiteful old woman got down from the stove and called the yard dog out of the hay, crying, "Here, here, doggie"; and then beat it on its thin back with the poker, or she would stand in the porch and "snarl," as Hor expressed it, at everyone that passed. She stood in awe of her husband though, and would return, at his command, to her place on the stove. It was specially curious to hear Hor and Kalinitch dispute whenever Mr. Polutikin was touched upon.

有时候那个凶恶的老太婆从炕上下来，把看门狗从干草堆里叫出来，喊道：“过来，过来，小狗”，然后便用拨火棍打它那瘦骨嶙峋的背，或者她会站在门廊里，正如霍尔所说，朝着路过的每一个人“咆哮”。不过她却很怕她丈夫，只要他一声令下，她就会回到她的炕上去。在谈到波卢特金先生时，去听听霍尔和加利尼奇是怎么拌嘴的，这特别有趣。

"There, Hor, do let him alone," Kalinitch would say.

“得啦，霍尔，别招惹他。”加利尼奇会说。

"But why doesn't order some boots for you?"Hor retorted.

“但是为什么他没给你添置双靴子呢？”霍尔反驳道。

"Eh? boots!...what do I want with boots? I am a peasant."

“嗯？靴子！……我要靴子干啥？我是个农民。”

"Well, so am I a peasant, but look!" And Hor lifted up his leg and showed Kalinitch a boot which looked as if it had been cut out of a mammoth's hide.

“喂，我也是农民啊，可是你瞧！”霍尔便抬起腿来，给加利尼奇看

那只看起来像是用长毛象皮做成的靴子。

"As if you were like one of us!" replied Kalinitch.

“说得好像您跟我们一样似的！”加利尼奇答道。

"Well, at least he might pay for your bast shoes; you go out hunting with him; you must use a pair a day."

“那他至少得给你买树皮鞋的钱嘛，你陪他出去打猎的，一天就得穿一双树皮鞋吧。”

"He does give me something for bast shoes."

“他是给我买树皮鞋的钱了。”

"Yes, he gave you two coppers last year."

“是啊，他去年给过你两个铜板。”

Kalinitch turned away in vexation, but Hor went off into a chuckle, during which his little eyes completely disappeared.

加利尼奇恼火地转过头去，而霍尔则咯咯地笑了起来，这时候他那双小眼睛便完全不见了。

Kalinitch sang rather sweetly and played a little on the balalaika. Hor was never weary of listening to him: all at once he would let his head drop on one side and begin to chime in, in a lugubrious voice. He was particularly fond of the song, "Ah, my fate, my fate!" Fedya never lost an opportunity of making fun of his father, saying, "What are you so mournful about, old man?" But Hor leaned his cheek on his hand, covered his eyes, and continued to mourn over his fate.... Yet at other times there could not be a more active man; he was always busy over something—mending the cart, patching up the fence, looking after the harness. He did not insist on a very high degree of cleanliness, however; and, in answer to some remark of mine, said once, "A cottage ought to smell as if it were lived in."

加利尼奇唱歌唱得很动听，还弹了一会儿三弦琴。霍尔听他唱歌从来都听不烦，听着听着，会突然把头歪朝一边，开始跟着唱起来，声音悲伤。霍尔最爱这首歌“啊！我的命运，我的命运！”费佳从不放过取笑他父亲的机会，说道：“老头子，你伤感些什么呀？”而霍尔只是用手托着脸颊，闭着眼睛，继续为自己的命运哀伤……但在其他时候，没有人比他更勤快了，他总是在忙着干些什么：修修马车、补补篱笆、查看一下马具。不过，他不是很讲卫生，我曾对他说过这事，他却答道：“有人住的屋子，就会有气味的嘛。”

"Look," I answered, "how clean it is in Kalinitch's beehouse.”

“你看，”我回答道，“加利尼奇的蜂房多干净啊。”

"The bees would not live there else, your honour," he said with a

sigh.

“老爷，蜂房要是不干净的话，蜜蜂就不会住在里面了。”他叹了口气说。

"Tell me," he asked me another time, "have you an estate of your own?"

“请问，”他有一次问我，“您有自己的庄园吗？”

"Yes."

“有啊。”

"Far from here?"

“离这里远吗？”

"A hundred miles."

“有100英里远吧。”

"Do you live on your land, your honour?"

“老爷，您是住在自己的土地上吗？”

"Yes."

“是的。”

"But you like your gun best, I dare say?"

“不过，我觉得您最喜欢玩枪吧？”

"Yes, I must confess I do."

“是的，我承认我喜欢。”

"And you do well, your honour; shoot grouse to your heart's content, and change your bailiff pretty often.”

“老爷，您做得挺好的；尽情地去打打松鸡吧，不过得常换管家。”

On the fourth day Mr. Polutikin sent for me in the evening. I was sorry to part from the old man. I took my seat with Kalinitch in the trap.

到了第四天的傍晚，波卢特金先生派人来接我。我依依不舍地同老头告了别。我同加利尼奇一起坐上了双轮轻便马车。

"Well, good-bye, Hor—good luck to you," I said; "good-bye, Fedya.”

“喂，再见了，霍尔，祝你好运，”我说道，“再见，费佳。”

"Good-bye, your honour, good-bye; don't forget us.” We started; there was the first red glow of sunset. "It will be a fine day to-morrow," I remarked looking at the clear sky.

“再见了，老爷，再见，可别忘了我们啊。”我们动身了，这时晚霞刚刚泛起了红光。“明天会是个好天气。”我看着晴朗的天空说。

"No, it will rain," Kalinitch replied; "the ducks yonder are splashing, and the scent of the grass is strong."

“不，会下雨的，”加利尼奇回答道，“那边的鸭子拍打着水游动，草地散发出的气味也很浓。”

We drove into the copse. Kalinitch began singing in an undertone as he was jolted up and down on the driver's seat, and he kept gazing and gazing at the sunset.

我们的马车驶进了杂树林。加利尼奇坐在驾驶座上一起一伏地颠簸着，他开始低声哼起了歌，眼睛却一直盯着晚霞。

The next day I left the hospitable roof of Mr. Polutikin.

第二天，我从好客的波卢特金先生家里离开了。

CHAPTER II YERMOLAI AND THE MILLER'S WIFE

第二章 叶尔莫莱和磨坊老板娘

One evening I went with the huntsman Yermolai "stand-shooting." …. But perhaps all my readers may not know what "stand-shooting" is. I will tell you.

一天傍晚，我和猎人叶尔莫莱一起去打“伏击”……但是，也许有些读者还不知道什么是“伏击”。我会告诉你的。

A quarter of an hour before sunset in spring-time you go out into the woods with your gun, but without your dog. You seek out a spot for yourself on the outskirts of the forest, take a look round, examine your caps, and glance at your companion. A quarter of an hour passes; the sun has set, but it is still light in the forest; the sky is clear and transparent; the birds are chattering and twittering; the young grass shines with the brilliance of emerald.... You wait. Gradually the recesses of the forest grow dark; the blood-red glow of the evening sky creeps slowly on to the roots and the trunks of the trees, and keeps rising higher and higher, passes from the lower, still almost leafless branches, to the motionless, slumbering tree-tops.... And now even the topmost branches are darkened; the purple sky fades to dark-blue. The forest fragrance grows stronger; there is a scent of warmth and damp earth; the fluttering breeze dies away at your side. The birds go to sleep—not all at once—but after their kinds; first the finches are hushed, a few minutes later the warblers, and after them the yellow buntings. In the forest it grows darker and darker. The trees melt together into great masses of blackness; in the dark-blue sky the first stars come timidly out. All the birds are asleep. Only the redstarts and the nuthatches are still chirping drowsily.... And now they too are still. The last echoing call of the pee-wit rings over our heads; the oriole's melancholy cry sounds somewhere in the distance; then the nightingale's first note. Your heart is weary with suspense, when suddenly—but only sportsmen can understand me—suddenly in the deep hush there is a peculiar croaking and whirring sound, the measured sweep of swift wings is heard, and the snipe, gracefully bending its long beak, sails smoothly down behind a dark bush to meet your shot.

春天，在离日落还有一刻钟的时候，您带着枪到树林里去，但是不要带狗。您先在树林外围给自己找个地方，观察一下四周，检查一下枪的火药帽，然后和您的同伴交换一下眼色。一刻钟过去之后，太阳也已经下山了，但森林里还亮堂着，天空晴朗清澈，鸟叽叽喳喳地叫着，嫩

草闪耀着绿宝石般的光泽……您就等着。渐渐地，树林深处昏暗了下来，傍晚的天空中，血红色的霞光慢慢地沿着树根和树干移动，越升越高，从矮一点的、还没长什么叶子的树枝，跃上一动不动、酣睡着的树梢……而现在，就连最高的树枝上也没了光亮，紫红色的天空慢慢地变成了深蓝色。树林里的气味越来越浓烈，有一股温暖而潮湿的土味，流动的微风吹到您的身旁便渐渐消失了。鸟们也要去睡了——不是同时睡去，而是按类别分批睡去；最先安静下来的是雀类，几分钟后便是鸣鸟，之后便是黄鹂。森林里变得越来越暗了。树木化成了黑压压的一大片，深蓝色的天空中，有些星星羞答答地先出现了。所有的鸟都睡着了。只有红尾鸲和五子雀还在懒洋洋地啼叫着……而现在它们也安静了下来。凤头麦鸡的叫声还在我们的头顶上回荡，远处的某个地方传来了黄鹂悲伤的啼叫声，接着夜莺才开始啼叫。您正等得不耐烦了，突然——不过只有猎人才能明白我的意思——突然在沉寂中响起了这种独特的呱呱声和呼呼声，您还会听到一阵急促而谨慎的扇动翅膀的声音——沙锥优雅地弯着它长长的嘴，平稳地从一簇黑暗的灌木后面飞了出来，去迎接您的子弹。

That is the meaning of "stand-shooting.”

“伏击”就是这个意思。

And so I had gone out stand-shooting with Yermolai; but excuse me, reader: I must first introduce you to Yermolai.

就这样，我和叶尔莫莱一起出去打伏击；不过请读者原谅，我得先向您介绍一下叶尔莫莱。

Picture to yourself a tall gaunt man of forty-five, with a long thin nose, a narrow forehead, little grey eyes, a bristling head of hair, and thick sarcastic lips. This man wore, winter and summer alike, a yellow nankin coat of German cut, but with a sash round the waist; he wore blue pantaloons and a cap of astrakhan, presented to him in a merry hour by a spendthrift landowner. Two bags were fastened on to his sash, one in front, skilfully tied into two halves, for powder and for shot; the other behind for game: wadding Yermolai used to produce out of his peculiar, seemingly inexhaustible cap. With the money he gained by the game he sold, he might easily have bought himself a cartridge-box and powder-flask; but he never once even contemplated such a purchase, and continued to load his gun after his old fashion, exciting the admiration of all beholders by the skill with which he avoided the risks of spilling or mixing his powder and shot. His gun was a single-barrelled flint-lock, endowed, moreover, with a villainous habit of "kicking." It was due to this that Yermolai's right cheek was permanently swollen to a larger size than the left. How he ever succeeded in hitting anything with this gun, it would take a shrewd man to discover—but he did. He had too a setter-dog, by name Valetka, a most extraordinary creature. Yermolai never fed him. "Me

feed a dog!" he reasoned; "why, a dog's a clever beast; he finds a living for himself." And certainly, though Valetka's extreme thinness was a shock even to an indifferent observer, he still lived and had a long life; and in spite of his pitiable position he was not even once lost, and never showed an inclination to desert his master. Once indeed, in his youth, he had absented himself for two days, on courting bent, but this folly was soon over with him. Valetka's most noticeable peculiarity was his impenetrable indifference to everything in the world.... If it were not a dog I was speaking of, I should have called him 'disillusioned.' He usually sat with his cropped tail curled up under him, scowling and twitching at times, and he never smiled.(It is well known that dogs can smile, and smile very sweetly.) He was exceedingly ugly; and the idle house-serfs never lost an opportunity of jeering cruelly at his appearance; but all these jeers, and even blows, Valetka bore with astonishing indifference. He was a source of special delight to the cooks, who would all leave their work at once and give him chase with shouts and abuse, whenever, through a weakness not confined to dogs, he thrust his hungry nose through the half-open door of the kitchen, tempting with its warmth and appetising smells. He distinguished himself by untiring energy in the chase, and had a good scent; but if he chanced to overtake a slightly wounded hare, he devoured it with relish to the last bone, somewhere in the cool shade under the green bushes, at a respectful distance from Yermolai, who was abusing him in every known and unknown dialect.

您自己想象一下，一个四十五岁、高高瘦瘦的男人，长着一只细长的鼻子，前额很窄，灰色的眼睛小小的，所有头发都竖立着，厚厚的嘴唇看上去像在嘲笑别人。不论是冬天还是夏天，他都穿着一件德式裁剪的黄色土布外衣，而腰间却系着一条腰带，他下身穿着蓝色的马裤，头上戴着一顶羔羊皮帽，这帽子是一个挥金如土的地主一时高兴送给他的。他的腰带上系着两个袋子，一个系在前面，被他巧妙地扎成了两半，分别装着火药和子弹；另一个系在后面，用来装猎物；袋子里的填絮，是叶尔莫莱从他那独特的帽子里掏出来的，那里似乎有无穷无尽的东西。拿着卖猎物挣的钱，他本可以很轻松地给自己买个子弹盒和火药桶，但是他压根没想过去买这些东西，还仍然照老办法装他的枪具，他可以做到不把火药和子弹洒出来或把他们混在一起，所有见识过他的这个本领的人都惊叹不已。他的单管枪装有燧石，而且还有“后坐力”这种糟糕的惯性。正因为如此，叶尔莫莱的右脸颊总是肿得比左脸颊大。他究竟是如何用这支枪射中猎物的，这只有聪明人才能想得出来——不过他确实做到了。他还有一只塞特犬，叫做瓦列特卡，是一只非常特别的动物。叶尔莫莱从没喂过它。“我喂狗干什么呀！”他振振有词地说，“狗是一种聪明的动物，它自己就能找到吃的。”当然，尽管瓦列特卡那骨瘦如柴的模样，让不相干的看客吃惊不已，可它依然活着，而且还很长寿；虽然它处境很可怜，它却从没逃走过，也从没表现出要离弃自己主人的倾向。在它年轻的时候，确实有那么一次，它为了谈情说爱离开过

两天，不过这个笨蛋很快就忘掉它配偶了。瓦列特卡最显著的特征就是，它对世间万物抱着不可思议的冷淡态度……如果我现在谈论的不是一只狗的话，我想用“幻灭”这样的字眼来形容它。它常常把自己的短毛尾巴蜷起来压在身下坐着，有时还皱着眉头，打个哆嗦，而且它从来都没有笑过。（众所周知，狗是会笑的，而且笑得很可爱。）它长得特别丑，所以那些懒惰的家奴们只要有机会，就会狠狠地嘲笑它的外表，但是对于所有的这些嘲笑，甚至是殴打，瓦列特卡都以惊人的冷漠态度忍受了下来。它成了厨子们寻开心的特别对象，每当它饥饿难耐（这个弱点不仅属于狗），受到厨房里温暖和香味的诱惑、把鼻子伸进厨房半开着的门时，厨子们就都马上丢下手头的活，大声叫骂着追赶它。它在追赶猎物方面很出色，精力旺盛，而且嗅觉灵敏，但是，要是它碰巧追到一只受了点小伤的野兔，它就会躲到绿色灌木丛下某个阴凉的地方，狼吞虎咽地享受野兔，一根骨头都不剩下，而且会离叶尔莫莱远远的，因为他会用各种知道和不知道的方言咒骂它。

Yermolai belonged to one of my neighbours, a landowner of the old style. Landowners of the old style don't care for game, and prefer the domestic fowl. Only on extraordinary occasions, such as birthdays, namedays, and elections, the cooks of the old-fashioned landowners set to work to prepare some long-beaked birds, and, falling into the state of frenzy peculiar to Russians when they don't quite know what to do, they concoct such marvellous sauces for them that the guests examine the proffered dishes curiously and attentively, but rarely make up their minds to try them. Yermolai was under orders to provide his master's kitchen with two brace of grouse and partridges once a month. But he might live where and how he pleased. They had given him up as a man of no use for work of any kind—"bone lazy," as the expression is among us in Orel. Powder and shot, of course, they did not provide him, following precisely the same principle in virtue of which he did not feed his dog. Yermolai was a very strange kind of man; heedless as a bird, rather fond of talking, awkward and vacant-looking; he was excessively fond of drink, and never could sit still long; in walking he shambled along, and rolled from side to side; and yet he got over fifty miles in the day with his rolling, shambling gait. He exposed himself to the most varied adventures: spent the night in the marshes, in trees, on roofs, or under bridges; more than once he had got shut up in lofts, cellars, or barns; he sometimes lost his gun, his dog, his most indispensable garments; got long and severe thrashings; but he always returned home, after a little while, in his clothes, and with his gun and his dog. One could not call him a cheerful man, though one almost always found him in an even frame of mind; he was looked on generally as an eccentric. Yermolai liked a little chat with a good companion, especially over a glass, but he would not stop long; he would get up and go. "But where the devil are you going? It's dark out of doors.’

叶尔莫莱是我的一位邻居的下人，那位邻居是一个旧式地主。旧式地主们不爱吃野味，但喜欢吃家禽。只有恰逢特别的日子，如生日、命名日和选举日，旧式地主的厨子们才会去烹饪一些长嘴鸟作菜肴，他们这时便陷入了一种疯狂的状态，这是俄罗斯人在不知道该怎样办时所特有的状态，于是厨子们给长嘴鸟调制出稀奇古怪的酱料，使得宾客们只能好奇而专注地观望端出来的菜肴，但很少有人下决心去尝一下。按照吩咐，叶尔莫莱每月为主人的厨房供应两对松鸡和山鹑。除此之外，他想住在哪里就住哪里，他愿意怎么生活就怎么生活。人们对他也不再抱有希望，认为他是个什么活也干不了的没用的家伙，就如同我们奥廖尔人所说的，是个“懒骨头”。当然，他们是不会给他提供火药和子弹的，这同他不喂自己的狗是一样的道理。叶尔莫莱是个很奇怪的人，像只鸟一样心不在焉，却很爱讲话，看上去有点笨拙呆滞；他极爱喝酒，可从来不能安静地坐上一段时间；他走起路来踉踉跄跄，还摇来晃去，可是他摇摇摆摆地拖着步子，一天也能走五十英里。他的经历也是千奇百怪：他在沼泽地、树上、房顶上，或是桥底下过过夜；他还不止一次地被关在阁楼、地窖，或是谷仓里；他有时连自己的猎枪、狗和贴身的衣服都丢了；他还被长时间地狠狠地鞭打过；但是过不了多久，他又会穿着衣服、背着枪、带着狗回来。但你却不能称他为快乐的人，虽然他的精神状态一直都很稳定；他常常被看成是一个怪人。叶尔莫莱喜欢与上流社会的朋友聊上几句，特别是喝酒的时候，但聊不了多长时间，他就会站起来走人。“你究竟要去哪里啊？外面天已经黑了。”

"To Tchaplino."

“去恰普利诺。”

"But what's taking you to Tchaplino, ten miles away?”

“是什么事让你跑去恰普利诺啊，有十英里远呢？”

"I am going to stay the night at Sophron's there.”

“我要去索夫龙家过夜。”

"But stay the night here."

“就在这里过夜吧。”

"No, I can't.” And Yermolai, with his Valetka, would go off into the dark night, through woods and water-courses, and the peasant Sophron very likely did not let him into his place, and even, I am afraid, gave him a blow to teach him "not to disturb honest folks." But none could compare with Yermolai in skill in deep-water fishing in spring-time, in catching crayfish with his hands, in tracking game by scent, in snaring quails, in training hawks, in capturing the nightingales who had the greatest variety of notes.... One thing he could not do, train a dog; he had not patience enough. He had a wife too. He went to see her once a week. She lived in a wretched, tumble-down little hut, and led a hand-to-mouth existence, never knowing

overnight whether she would have food to eat on the morrow; and in every way her lot was a pitiful one. Yermolai, who seemed such a careless and easy-going fellow, treated his wife with cruel harshness; in his own house he assumed a stern, and menacing manner; and his poor wife did everything she could to please him, trembled when he looked at her, and spent her last farthing to buy him vodka; and when he stretched himself majestically on the stove and fell into an heroic sleep, she obsequiously covered him with a sheepskin. I happened myself more than once to catch an involuntary look in him of a kind of savage ferocity; I did not like the expression of his face when he finished off a wounded bird with his teeth. But Yermolai never remained more than a day at home, and away from home he was once more the same "Yermolka" (i.e. the shooting-cap), as he was called for a hundred miles round, and as he sometimes called himself. The lowest house-serf was conscious of being superior to this vagabond—and perhaps this was precisely why they treated him with friendliness; the peasants at first amused themselves by chasing him and driving him like a hare over the open country, but afterwards they left him in God's hands, and when once they recognised him as "queer," they no longer tormented him, and even gave him bread and entered into talk with him.... This was the man I took as my huntsman, and with him I went stand-shooting to a great birch-wood on the banks of the Ista.

“不，不行。”于是叶尔莫莱就带着他的瓦列特卡离开了，在黑暗的夜色中，穿过丛林，越过水沟，而庄稼汉索夫龙很有可能不会让他进门，甚至还会打他一拳警告他“不要去打扰那些老实人”。但是叶尔莫莱有些无人能及的本领，比如说在春天捕深水鱼，用手抓小龙虾，靠嗅觉寻找野味，诱捕鹌鹑，驯养猎鹰，以及捕捉那些歌喉最婉转的夜莺……只有一件事他做不了，那就是训狗，因为他没有足够的耐心。他也娶过一个老婆。他每个星期去看她一次。她在一间破破烂烂、摇摇欲坠的小屋里勉强度日，根本就不知道过了这个晚上以后，第二天还有没有吃的，总的来说，她的命很苦。叶尔莫莱看上去是个随随便便、性情随和的人，但对自己的老婆却残酷而严厉；在自己家里时，他便装出一副严厉凶恶的样子；他那可怜的老婆尽其所能地去讨好他，他看她的时候，她都会哆嗦，她把自己最后剩的一点钱都用来给他买伏特加酒；当他神气十足地舒展在炕上呼呼大睡时，她还奉承地给他盖上一件羊皮袄。我不止一次地碰巧看到，他无意中流露出的一种凶恶残暴的神情，我并不喜欢他咬死受伤的鸟时脸上露出的表情。但是叶尔莫莱待在家的时间从没超过一天，离开了家他便又是那个“叶尔莫尔卡”（也就是猎帽），方圆一百英里的人都这样叫他，他有时也这样称呼自己。就连最低下的家仆都觉得自己比这个流浪汉高一等——也许正是因为这个，他们对他很友善；农民们起先都以追赶他为乐，就像捉田野里的野兔那样驱赶他，但是后来他们仁慈地放了他，在得知他是个“怪胎”后，他们就再也不折磨他了，甚至还给他面包，同他说话……我就是带了这个人一同去打猎，我和他一起去了伊斯塔河边一片很大的桦树林里打伏击。

Many Russian rivers, like the Volga, have one bank rugged and precipitous, the other bounded by level meadows; and so it is with the Ista. This small river winds extremely capriciously, coils like a snake, and does not keep a straight course for half-a-mile together; in some places, from the top of a sharp declivity, one can see the river for ten miles, with its dykes, its pools and mills, and the gardens on its banks, shut in with willows and thick flower-gardens. There are fish in the Ista in endless numbers, especially roaches (the peasants take them in hot weather from under the bushes with their hands); little sand-pipers flutter whistling along the stony banks, which are streaked with cold clear streams; wild ducks dive in the middle of the pools, and look round warily; in the coves under the overhanging cliffs herons stand out in the shade.... We stood in ambush nearly an hour, killed two brace of wood snipe, and, as we wanted to try our luck again at sunrise (stand-shooting can be done as well in the early morning), we resolved to spend the night at the nearest mill. We came out of the wood, and went down the slope. The dark-blue waters of the river ran below; the air was thick with the mists of night. We knocked at the gate. The dogs began barking in the yard.

俄罗斯的许多河流，都像伏尔加河一样，河岸的一边崎岖险峻，另一边则是平坦的草地，伊斯塔河也一样。这条小河极为曲折、蜿蜒如蛇，没有一段河道在半英里内是直的；有的地方，从陡峭的斜坡上放眼望去，能看到这条小河延绵十英里长，还能看到河岸上的堤坝、池塘、磨坊和菜园，周围都是柳树和茂密的花园。伊斯塔河里的鱼多得数不清，特别是拟鲤（在热天时，农民们可以用手从灌木丛下抓这种鱼）；几只鹬一边吹着小曲，一边沿流淌着清凉纯净小溪的石坝游动；野鸭游到池塘的中央，小心地左顾右盼；鹭站在河湾里悬崖下的阴影处很显眼……我们伏击了将近一小时，猎到了两对林沙锥，因为我们还想在日出前来碰碰运气（也可以在清早伏击），便决定到最近的磨坊里过夜。我们走出了树林，下了斜坡。深蓝色的河水在下面潺潺流过，夜晚的雾气也使得空气变得浓郁起来。我们敲了敲门。几只狗在院子里叫了起来。

"Who is there?" asked a hoarse and sleepy voice.

“谁啊？”一个沙哑且带有睡意的声音问道。

"We are sportsmen; let us stay the night." There was no reply.

“我们是打猎的，让我们借宿一晚吧。”然后就没了回应。

"We will pay."

“我们会付钱的。”

"I will go and tell the master—Sh! Curse the dogs! Go to the devil with you!’

“我去给主人说一下——嘘！该死的狗！见鬼去吧！”

We listened as the workman went into the cottage; he soon came back to the gate. "No," he said; "the master tells me not to let you in."

我们听到那个雇工进屋去了，但很快他就回到了门边。“不行，”他说，“主人告诉我不能让你们进来。”

"Why not?"

“为什么不行啊？”

"He is afraid; you are sportsmen; you might set the mill on fire; you've firearms with you, to be sure.”

“你们是打猎的，他怕你们把磨坊给点着了，你们肯定带着枪。”

"But what nonsense!"

“真是胡说八道！”

"We had our mill on fire like that last year; some fish-dealers stayed the night, and they managed to set it on fire somehow.”

“去年我们的磨坊就是这样被烧着的，一些鱼贩子们在这里过夜，他们不知怎地就把磨坊给烧着了。”

"But, my good friend, we can't sleep in the open air!”

“可是，伙计，我们总不能在露天里睡觉吧！”

"That's your business.” He went away, his boots clacking as he walked.

“那就是你们的事了。”他走开了，还伴着靴子发出的啪嗒啪嗒的声音。

Yermolai promised him various unpleasant things in the future. "Let us go to the village," he brought out at last, with a sigh. But it was two miles to the village.

叶尔莫莱狠狠地诅咒了他一番。“我们到那个村里去吧。”他最后叹了口气说。可是这里离村里有两英里路呢。

"Let us stay the night here," I said, "in the open air—the night is warm; the miller will let us have some straw if we pay for it.”

“我们就在这里过夜吧，”我说，“就在露天地里——夜里挺暖和的，要是付钱的话，磨坊老板会给我们一些稻草的。”

Yermolai agreed without discussion. We began again to knock.

叶尔莫莱没有争辩就同意了。我们又开始敲门。

"Well, what do you want?" the workman's voice was heard again; "I've told you we can't.”

“哎呀，你们到底要干什么呀？”我们又听到了那个雇工的声音，“我都给你们说了不行了。”

We explained to him what we wanted. He went to consult the master of the house, and returned with him. The little side gate creaked. The miller appeared, a tall, fat-faced man with a bull-neck, round-bellied and corpulent. He agreed to my proposal. A hundred paces from the mill there was a little outhouse open to the air on all sides. They carried straw and hay there for us; the workman set a samovar down on the grass near the river, and, squatting on his heels, began to blow vigorously into the pipe of it. The embers glowed, and threw a bright light on his young face. The miller ran to wake his wife, and suggested at last that I myself should sleep in the cottage; but I preferred to remain in the open air. The miller's wife brought us milk, eggs, potatoes and bread. Soon the samovar boiled, and we began drinking tea. A mist had risen from the river; there was no wind; from all round came the cry of the corn-crake, and faint sounds from the mill-wheels of drops that dripped from the paddles and of water gurgling through the bars of the lock. We built a small fire on the ground. While Yermolai was baking the potatoes in the embers, I had time to fall into a doze. I was waked by a discreetly-subdued whispering near me. I lifted my head; before the fire, on a tub turned upside down, the miller's wife sat talking to my huntsman. By her dress, her movements, and her manner of speaking, I had already recognised that she had been in domestic service, and was neither peasant nor city-bred; but now for the first time I got a clear view of her features. She looked about thirty; her thin, pale face still showed the traces of remarkable beauty; what particularly charmed me was her eyes, large and mournful in expression. She was leaning her elbows on her knees, and had her face in her hands. Yermolai was sitting with his back to me, and thrusting sticks into the fire.

我们向他说明了我们要什么。他就去和老板商量了一下，然后和老板一同出来了。小侧门嘎吱一声开了。磨坊老板露面了，他个子高高的，脸肥肥的，脖子又短又粗，肚子又圆圆的，一副发福的样子。他同意了我的请求。在离磨坊一百步的地方，有一间四面通风的小敞篷。他们把麦秆和干草给我们送到那里；那个雇工把一个茶炊放在河边的草地上，然后蹲坐在脚后跟上，开始用力地吹生火的筒子。火苗闪烁着，照亮了他年轻的面庞。磨坊老板跑去叫醒了他老婆，最后提出，我自己可以进屋去睡，但我宁愿待在露天地里。磨坊老板娘给我们送来了牛奶、鸡蛋、土豆和面包。茶炊很快就烧开了，我们也开始喝起茶来。河面上升起了雾气，天空中没有一丝的风；周围都是秧鸡的叫声，还有从水车轮那边传来的微弱的声音，水滴从轮叶上滴下来，水又从闸门的栏杆处汩汩地流过去。我们在地上生了一小堆篝火。叶尔莫莱在木块上烤着土豆，我乘机打了个盹。我被附近的一阵低声细语给惊醒了。我抬头一

看，磨坊老板娘正坐在篝火前一只倒扣着的木桶上，与我的猎伴聊天。我之前就通过她的衣着、举止和谈吐看出她曾当过仆人，她不是农妇，也不是小市民，不过直到现在，我才头一次看清了她的容貌。她看上去有三十来岁，消瘦白皙的脸上仍有当年非凡美貌的风韵，而最令我着迷的是她那双忧郁的大眼睛。她把双肘支在膝上，双手托着脸。叶尔莫莱背对着我坐着，不时地往火里添些柴火。

"They've the cattle-plague again at Zheltonhiny," the miller's wife was saying; "father Ivan's two cows are dead—Lord have mercy on them!”

“热尔图希纳的牲畜又闹瘟疫了，”磨坊老板娘说道，“牧师伊万家的两头母牛死了……上帝保佑他们啊！”

"And how are your pigs doing?" asked Yermolai, after a brief pause.

短暂的一阵沉默后，叶尔莫莱问道：“你们家的猪怎么样？”

"They're alive.”

“它们都活着呢。”

"You ought to make me a present of a sucking pig."

“你应该送给我一头小猪崽作为礼物。”

The miller's wife was silent for a while, then she sighed.

磨坊老板娘沉默了一会儿，然后叹了口气。

"Who is it you're with?" she asked.

“和您一起来的是谁啊？”她问道。

"A gentleman from Kostomarovo."

“是柯斯托马罗夫来的老爷。”

Yermolai threw a few pine twigs on the fire; they all caught fire at once, and a thick white smoke came puffing into his face.

叶尔莫莱往火里扔了几根松树枝，它们马上就都着了起来，一股浓浓的白烟朝他的脸扑了过来。

"Why didn't your husband let us into the cottage?”

“你丈夫为什么不让我们进屋去？”

"He's afraid.”

“他害怕。”

"Afraid! the fat old tub! Arina Timofyevna, my darling, bring me a little glass of spirits.'

“害怕！那老肥桶！亲爱的阿丽娜·季莫费叶夫娜，给我拿一小杯酒

来吧。”

The miller's wife rose and vanished into the darkness. Yermolai began to sing in an undertone—

磨坊老板娘站了起来，消失在了黑暗中。叶尔莫莱开始轻声地哼起歌来：

"When I went to see my sweetheart, I wore out all my shoes."

“我去见情人啊，鞋子都磨破啦。”

Arina returned with a small flask and a glass. Yermolai got up, crossed himself, and drank it off at a draught. "Good!" was his comment.

阿丽娜拿着小酒瓶和杯子回来了。叶尔莫莱站了起来，在胸前画了个十字，一口就把酒喝干了。他还称赞道：“真棒！”

The miller's wife sat down again on the tub.

磨坊老板娘又坐到了木桶上。

"Well, Arina Timofyevna, are you still ill?"

“喂，阿丽娜·季莫费叶夫娜，你还是老生病吗？”

"Yes."

“是啊。”

"What is it?"

“那是怎么回事啊？”

"My cough troubles me at night."

“我晚上老咳嗽。”

"The gentleman's asleep, it seems," observed Yermolai after a short silence. "Don't go to a doctor, Arina; it will be worse if you do.”

“看来老爷睡着了。”叶尔莫莱沉默了一小会儿说，“别去看医生，阿丽娜，要是看了只会更糟。”

"Well, I am not going."

“好吧，我不去。”

"But come and pay me a visit."

“那到我家里来玩玩吧。”

Arina hung down her head dejectedly.

阿丽娜沮丧地垂下了头。

"I will drive my wife out for the occasion," continued Yermolai. "Upon my word, I will."

“我到时候会把我那婆娘赶出去的，”叶尔莫莱接着说道，“我说到做到。”

"You had better wake the gentleman, Yermolai Petrovitch; you see, the potatoes are done."

“您还是把老爷叫醒吧，叶尔莫莱·彼得罗维奇，您瞧，土豆都熟了。”

"Oh, let him snore," observed my faithful servant indifferently; "he's tired with walking, so he sleeps sound.”

“哦，让他睡儿吧，”我忠实的仆人漠然地说道，“他走得太累了，所以睡得很香。”

I turned over in the hay. Yermolai got up and came to me. "The potatoes are ready; will you come and eat them?"

我在干草堆上翻了个身。叶尔莫莱站了起来，朝我走了过来。“土豆烤好了，您过来吃点儿吧？”

I came out of the outhouse; the miller's wife got up from the tub and was going away. I addressed her.

我从敞篷里走了出来，磨坊老板娘从木桶上站了起来，准备离开。我又跟她聊了起来。

"Have you kept this mill long?"

“你们在这磨坊呆了很久么？”

"It's two years since I came on Trinity day.”

“从三一节我来到这里，已经有两年了。”

"And where does your husband come from?"

“你丈夫是哪里人？”

Arina had not caught my question.

阿丽娜没听清我的问题。

"Where's your husband from?" repeated Yermolai, raising his voice.

“你丈夫是什么地方的人？”叶尔莫莱提高音量，又重复了一遍。

"From Byelev. He's a Byelev townsman.’

“是别廖夫人，他是别廖夫城里的人。”

"And are you too from Byelev?"

“你也是从别廖夫来的？”

"No, I'm a serf; I was a serf.”

“不是，我是个农奴，我以前是个农奴。”

"Whose?"

“谁家的？”

"Zvyerkoff was my master. Now I am free.'

“兹韦尔科夫曾是我的主人。不过我现在是自由身了。”

"What Zvyerkoff?"

“哪个兹韦尔科夫？”

"Alexandr Selitch."

“亚历山大·西雷奇。”

"Weren't you his wife's lady's maid?”

“你以前是他夫人的女仆吧？”

"How did you know? Yes."

“您是怎么知道？没错。”

I looked at Arina with redoubled curiosity and sympathy.

我更加好奇和同情地看着阿丽娜。

"I know your master," I continued.

“我认识你的主人。”我接着说道。

"Do you?" she replied in a low voice, and her head drooped.

“是吗？”她垂下了头低声问道。

I must tell the reader why I looked with such sympathy at Arina. During my stay at Petersburg I had become by chance acquainted with Mr. Zvyerkoff. He had a rather influential position, and was reputed a man of sense and education. He had a wife, fat, sentimental, lachrymose and spiteful—a vulgar and disagreeable creature; he had too a son, the very type of the young swell of to-day, pampered and stupid. The exterior of Mr. Zvyerkoff himself did not prepossess one in his favour; his little mouse-like eyes peeped slyly out of a broad, almost square, face; he had a large, prominent nose, with distended nostrils; his close-cropped grey hair stood up like a brush above his scowling brow; his thin lips were for ever twitching and smiling mawkishly. Mr. Zvyerkoff's favourite position was standing with his legs wide apart and his fat hands in his trouser pockets. Once I happened somehow to be driving alone with Mr. Zvyerkoff in a coach out of town. We fell into conversation. As a man of experience and of judgment, Mr. Zvyerkoff began to try to set me in "the path of truth."

我必须得告诉读者，为什么我会那么同情地看着阿丽娜。我在彼得

堡逗留的时候，碰巧认识了兹韦尔科夫先生。他位高权重，以明理博学闻名。他老婆是个多愁善感的胖女人，很好哭却还很凶——是一个粗俗乖戾的女人；他还有一个儿子，是个典型的公子哥，娇生惯养，还十分愚蠢。兹韦尔科夫先生的外貌并不很讨人喜欢，一张几乎是方形的大脸上长着一双贼溜溜、老鼠般的小眼睛；他的鼻子又大又高，鼻孔很大；愁眉不展的额头上面，那剪短了的斑斑白头发像刷子似的竖着；他薄薄的嘴唇总是抽动着，带着令人作呕的微笑。兹韦尔科夫先最喜欢的站姿是，两腿大大地叉开，再把一双胖手插到裤兜里。有一次，我不知怎么地就碰巧单独和兹韦尔科夫先生坐同一辆马车出城去。我们聊了起来。作为一个见多识广、明辨是非的人，兹韦尔科夫先生开始试着把我引上“真理之路”。

"Allow me to observe to you," he drawled at last; "all you young people criticise and form judgments on everything at random; you have little knowledge of your own country; Russia, young gentlemen, is an unknown land to you; that's where it is!... You are for ever reading German. For instance, now you say this and that and the other about anything; for instance, about the house-serfs.... Very fine; I don't dispute it's all very fine; but you don't know them; you don't know the kind of people they are." (Mr. Zvyerkoff blew his nose loudly and took a pinch of snuff.)

“请允许我给您指出，”他最后慢吞吞地说道，“你们这些年轻人，总是随意地去评价批判一切事情，但你们对自己的祖国却了解得很少，对于你们这些年轻的先生来说，俄罗斯就是一片未知的土地，问题也就在这里！……你们老学德国人那一套。比方说，现在您说的这些那些话以及所有其他的，就拿佣人这事来说吧……很好，我要是不争辩的话，什么都很好，但是您不了解他们，您不知道他们是什么样的人。”（兹韦尔科夫先生大声地吹了一下鼻子，吸了一口鼻烟。）

"Allow me to tell you as an illustration one little anecdote; it may perhaps interest you." (Mr. Zvyerkoff cleared his throat.) "You know, doubtless, what my wife is; it would be difficult, I should imagine, to find a more kind-hearted woman, you will agree. For her waiting-maids, existence is simply a perfect paradise, and no mistake about it.... But my wife has made it a rule never to keep married lady's maids. Certainly it would not do; children come—and one thing and the other—and how is a lady's maid to look after her mistress as she ought, to fit in with her ways; she is no longer able to do it; her mind is in other things. One must look at things through human nature. Well, we were driving once through our village, it must be—let me be correct—yes, fifteen years ago. We saw, at the bailiff's, a young girl, his daughter, very pretty indeed; something even—you know—something attractive in her manners. And my wife said to me: 'Koko'—you understand, of course, that is her pet name for me— 'let us take this girl to Petersburg; I like her, Koko....' I said, "Let us take her, by

all means." The bailiff, of course, was at our feet; he could not have expected such good fortune, you can imagine.... Well, the girl of course cried violently. Of course, it was hard for her at first; the parental home... in fact... there was nothing surprising in that. However, she soon got used to us: at first we put her in the maidservants' room; they trained her, of course. And what do you think? The girl made wonderful progress; my wife became simply devoted to her, promoted her at last above the rest to wait on herself...observe.... And one must do her the justice to say, my wife had never such a maid, absolutely never; attentive, modest, and obedient—simply all that could be desired. But my wife, I must confess, spoilt her too much; she dressed her well, fed her from our own table, gave her tea to drink, and so on, as you can imagine! So she waited on my wife like this for ten years. Suddenly, one fine morning, picture to yourself, Arina—her name was Arina—rushes unannounced into my study, and flops down at my feet. That's a thing, I tell you plainly, I can't endure. No human being ought ever to lose sight of their personal dignity. Am I not right? What do you say? 'Your honour, Alexandr Selitch, I beseech a favour of you.'

“让我给您讲件有意思的小事解释一下吧，也许您会感兴趣。”（兹韦尔科夫先生清了清嗓子。）“您肯定知道我太太是个什么样的人，我觉得要想找到一个比她更善良的女人应该很难，您也赞同吧。她女仆的日子过得简直就像在天堂里一样好，这是毫无疑问的……但是我太太也立了条规矩，绝对不用结了婚的女仆。结了婚的女仆当然是不行的，生孩子啦——一件接一件的事情接踵而来——这怎么能尽职地服侍好女主人、适应女主人的习惯呢，因为这女仆脑子里装的全是其他的事情，就不再能够照顾好女主人了。人应该透过人性看事情。言归正传，我们有一次乘车穿过我们的村子，应该是——让我好好想想——对，十五年以前了。我们在管家家里看到一个小女孩，是他女儿，她确实很漂亮，身上散发着一种，您知道，一种迷人的气息。我太太对我说：‘科科’——您当然能理解，这是她对我的爱称——‘我们把这个女孩带回彼得堡吧，我很喜欢她，科科……’我说：‘当然可以，我们就把带她走吧。’当然了，那个管家都激动得给我们跪下了，他怎么会想到有这等好事啊，您可以想象一下……那个女孩则大哭了一场。一开始，她肯定是很难接受的，要离开父母的家……事实上……这也并不奇怪。不过，她很快就习惯跟我们呆在一起了：一开始我们把她安排到女佣们的房里，当然了，她们会训练她。您猜后来怎么着？这女孩进步很快，我夫人特别宠爱她，最后只她一个人贴身伺候……看到了吧……公正地讲，我夫人从没有过这样的女仆，绝对没有过，她体贴、谦虚、听话——简直样样都很称人心。但是我承认，我太太实在是太宠她了，给她穿得漂漂亮亮的，和我们吃一样的饭菜，还给她茶喝等等，这些您能想象到的！就这样，她服侍了我夫人十年。突然，一个晴朗的早晨，您自己想象一下，阿丽娜突然——她叫阿丽娜——没禀报就冲进了我的书房，一下子跪在了我的脚边。坦白地说，我受不了这样的事。人在任何时候都不能忘了自己

的尊严。对吧？您认为呢？‘亚历山大·西雷奇老爷，我求求您帮帮忙。’

'What favour?'

‘什么事?'

'Let me be married.' I must confess I was taken aback. 'But you know, you stupid, your mistress has no other lady's maid?’

‘请允许我嫁人吧。’我承认，我被吓到了，‘但是你也知道，傻姑娘，太太没有别的女佣呀!'

'I will wait on mistress as before.'

‘我还是会像以前一样服侍太太的。’

'Nonsense! Nonsense! Your mistress can't endure married lady's maids.’

‘胡说！胡说！太太受不了结了婚的女佣。’

'Malanya could take my place.'

‘马拉尼娅可以接替我。’

'Pray don't argue.’

‘别再争论了。’

'I obey your will.' I must confess it was quite a shock, I assure you, I am like that; nothing wounds me so— nothing, I venture to say, wounds me so deeply as ingratitude. I need not tell you—you know what my wife is; an angel upon earth, goodness inexhaustible. One would fancy even the worst of men would be ashamed to hurt her. Well, I got rid of Arina. I thought, perhaps, she would come to her senses; I was unwilling, do you know, to believe in wicked, black ingratitude in anyone. What do you think? Within six months she thought fit to come to me again with the same request. And here I must confess I turned her out in a temper and threatened to tell my wife about it. I felt revolted. But imagine my amazement when, some time later, my wife comes to me in tears, so agitated that I felt positively alarmed. 'What has happened?'

‘我听从您的吩咐。’说实话，我惊呆了，我确实是给吓住了，我敢说，没有——没有能比忘恩负义更让我受伤的事了。我不需要再告诉您——您知道我太太是个怎样的人，她是一个落在凡间的天使，永远那么善良。大家都觉得，哪怕是最邪恶的人都以伤害她为耻。唉，我把阿丽娜赶了出去。我想，也许她会醒悟，您知道吗，我有多不情愿去相信会有人这么邪恶，这么忘恩负义。您猜怎么着？过了半年，她觉得是时候了，又为同一件事来找我。在那个时候，我承认我非常生气，把她赶了出去，并吓唬她说要把这件事告诉太太。我很愤怒。但是过了段时间，我太太泪眼婆娑地来找我，她那么激动，把我吓坏了，您能想象到那时

我有多吃惊吧。‘发生什么事了?'

'Arina.... You understand... I am ashamed to tell it....' 'Impossible! … Who is the man?’

‘阿丽娜……您知道……我都不好意思说……’‘不是吧……那个男的是谁?'

'Petrushka, the footman.' My indignation broke out then. I am like that. I don't like half measures! Petrushka was not to blame. We might flog him, but in my opinion he was not to blame. Arina.... Well, well, well! What more's to be said? I gave orders, of course, that her hair should be cut off, she should be dressed in sackcloth, and sent into the country. My wife was deprived of an excellent lady's maid; but there was no help for it: immorality cannot be tolerated in a household in any case. Better to cut off the infected member at once. There, there! now you can judge the thing for yourself—you know that my wife is... yes, yes, yes! indeed!... an angel! She had grown attached to Arina, and Arina knew it, and had the face to... Eh? no, tell me... eh? And what's the use of talking about it. Any way, there was no help for it. I, indeed—I, in particular, felt hurt, felt wounded for a long time by the ingratitude of this girl. Whatever you say—it's no good to look for feeling, for heart, in these people! You may feed the wolf as you will; he has always a hankering for the woods. Education, by all means! But I only wanted to give you an example....”

‘男仆彼得鲁什卡。’我那时真是气炸了。我就是那样。我不喜欢折中的办法！彼得鲁什卡没什么错。我们可以去鞭打他，但是我觉得他没什么错。至于阿丽娜嘛……唉，唉，唉！还有什么好说的呢？当然了，我下令把她的头发剪了，给她穿上粗布衣服，把她送到乡下去了。我太太失去了一个很棒的女仆，但这也是没办法的事：一个家庭无论如何也不能容忍那些伤风败俗的行为。最好还是马上把害群之马赶出去。好啦，好啦！现在您就能自己评判一下这事了——您知道，我太太……是的，是的，是的！绝对的！……是一个天使！她越来越依赖阿丽娜了，而阿丽娜也是知道的，可还有脸去……啊？是不是，您说……啊？不过说这些也没什么用了。不管怎样，也没什么办法了。我呢，确实，我也感到特别受伤，为这个丫头的忘恩负义难过了好长时间。不管怎么说，别指望这种人会有感情，有良心！你无论怎么去喂那狼，它还是一心想回树林里去。当然了，这就是个教训！不过我只是想给您举个例子……”

And Mr. Zvyerkoff, without finishing his sentence, turned away his head, and, wrapping himself more closely into his cloak, manfully repressed his involuntary emotion.

兹韦尔科夫先生没有把话讲完，就把头转了过去，用披风把自己裹得更加严密，努力地压制着自己激动的情绪。

The reader now probably understands why I looked with

sympathetic interest at Arina.

读者现在大概已经知道，我为什么会那么同情地看着阿丽娜了。

"Have you long been married to the miller?" I asked her at last.

“你嫁给磨坊老板很长时间了吗？”最后我问她。

"Two years."

“两年了。”

"How was it? Did your master allow it?"

“怎么回事啊？你主人同意了么？”

"They bought my freedom."

“有人给我赎了身。”

"Who?"

“谁啊？”

"Savely Alexyevitch."

“萨韦利·阿列克谢维奇。”

"Who is that?"

“他是谁啊？”

"My husband." (Yermolai smiled to himself.) "Has my master perhaps spoken to you of me?" added Arina, after a brief silence.

“我丈夫。”（叶尔莫莱暗自笑了笑。）“难道我老爷跟您说起过我吗？”短暂的沉默过后，阿丽娜接着问道。

I did not know what reply to make to her question.

我不知道该怎么回答她的问题。

"Arina!" cried the miller from a distance. She got up and walked away.

“阿丽娜！”磨坊老板在远处叫道。她站了起来走开了。

"Is her husband a good fellow?" I asked Yermolai.

“她丈夫是个好人么？”我问叶尔莫莱。

"So-so.”

“还行吧。”

"Have they any children?"

“他们有孩子吗？”

"There was one, but it died."

“以前有过一个，不过已经死了。”

"How was it? Did the miller take a liking to her? Did he give much to buy her freedom?"

“怎么会这样？磨坊老板喜欢她吗？他给她赎身花了不少钱吧？”

"I don't know. She can read and write; in their business it's of use. I suppose he liked her.”

“我也不知道。她会认字和写字，他们做生意用得着。我猜他是喜欢她的吧。”

"And have you known her long?"

“你认识她很久了吗？”

"Yes. I used to go to her master's. Their house isn't far from here.”

“是的。我以前常去她主人家。他们家离这儿不远。”

"And do you know the footman Petrushka?"

“你认识那个叫彼得鲁什卡的男仆吗？”

"Piotr Vassilyevitch? Of course, I knew him."

“彼得·瓦西利耶维奇吗？当然认得。”

"Where is he now?"

“他现在在哪里呀？”

"He was sent for a soldier."

“他被送去当兵了。”

We were silent for a while.

接着我们沉默了一阵。

"She doesn't seem well?" I asked Yermolai at last.

“她的身体似乎不大好？”我最后问叶尔莫莱。

"I should think not! To-morrow, I say, we shall have good sport. A little sleep now would do us no harm.”

“我也认为不好！我觉得，明天我们会满载而归。我们现在最好还是小睡一会儿吧。”

A flock of wild ducks swept whizzing over our heads, and we heard them drop down into the river not far from us. It was now quite dark, and it began to be cold; in the thicket sounded the melodious notes of a nightingale. We buried ourselves in the hay and fell asleep.

一群野鸭嗖嗖地从我们头顶掠过，我们还听到它们落到了离我们不远的那条河里。这时天色漆黑，也开始变凉了，灌木丛里响起了夜莺动

听的歌声。我们钻进干草堆里睡着了。

CHAPTER III RASPBERRY SPRING

第三章 莓泉

At the beginning of August the heat often becomes insupportable. At that season, from twelve to three o'clock, the most determined and ardent sportsman is not able to hunt, and the most devoted dog begins to "clean his master's spurs," that is, to follow at his heels, his eyes painfully blinking, and his tongue hanging out to an exaggerated length; and in response to his master's reproaches he humbly wags his tail and shows his confusion in his face; but he does not run forward. I happened to be out hunting on exactly such a day. I had long been fighting against the temptation to lie down somewhere in the shade, at least for a moment; for a long time my indefatigable dog went on running about in the bushes, though he clearly did not himself expect much good from his feverish activity. The stifling heat compelled me at last to begin to think of husbanding our energies and strength. I managed to reach the little river Ista, which is already known to my indulgent readers, descended the steep bank, and walked along the damp, yellow sand in the direction of the spring, known to the whole neighbourhood as Raspberry Spring. This spring gushes out of a cleft in the bank, which widens out by degrees into a small but deep creek, and, twenty paces beyond it, falls with a merry babbling sound into the river. Young oak covers the sloping wall of the ravine; the short velvety grass is green about the source: the sun's rays scarcely ever reach its cold, silvery water. I came as far as the spring; a cup of birch-wood lay on the grass, left by a passing peasant for the public benefit. I quenched my thirst, lay down in the shade, and looked round. In the cave, which had been formed by the flowing of the stream into the river, and hence marked for ever with the trace of ripples, two old men were sitting with their backs to me. One, a rather stout and tall man in a neat dark-green coat and lined cap, was fishing; the other was thin and little; he wore a patched fustian coat and no cap; he held a little pot full of worms on his knees, and sometimes lifted his hand up to his grizzled little head, as though he wanted to protect it from the sun. I looked at him more attentively, and recognised in him Styopushka of Shumihino. I must ask the reader's leave to present this man to him.

八月初酷热的天气总是叫人无法忍受。在那个季节，从正午十二点到下午三点这段时间，即便是最坚定、最热衷于打猎的猎人也无法出去打猎，连最忠诚的狗也开始“蹭主人靴子上的马刺”，也就是说，它跟在主人的脚后跟后面，痛苦地眨巴着眼睛，舌头伸得老长，面对主人的责

备它只是谦卑地摇摇尾巴，露出一脸的困惑，但也不朝前跑。我碰巧就是在这样的一天出去打猎。我好想找个阴凉的地方躺着，哪怕只是一会儿，面对这样的诱惑我思想斗争了很长时间；我那不知疲倦的猎狗一直在灌木丛里到处乱跑，尽管很显然它并不期待自己的狂热举动会得到许多好处。这种闷热的天气迫使我最终开始考虑，还是保存一下我们的精力和体力为好。我努力走到了伊斯塔小河边，我宽容的读者们对这条河已经很熟悉了，我走下了陡峭的坝埂，踩着潮湿的黄沙朝着泉水的方向走去，那是附近一带颇为有名的莓泉。这股泉水从河岸上的裂缝中涌出来，渐变成了一条又窄又深的小溪，在离泉眼二十步远的地方落入河中，还发出了欢快的叮咚声。峡谷斜斜的岸上长满了小橡树，泉眼旁边还长着光滑柔软的小绿草，清冽银色的泉水就像几乎没被阳光照射过似的。我步履维艰地来到泉水边，草地上放着一个桦树皮做的木勺，是一个过路的农人留下给大家提供方便的。我好好地喝了一顿，然后躺在阴凉处，看了看四周。在泉水汇入河水的地方，形成了一个水窝，因此那里总是荡起一圈圈涟漪，有两个老头背朝着我坐在那里。其中一个老头健壮高大，穿着一件干净的墨绿色外套，头上戴着有衬里的帽子，正在垂钓；另一个则又瘦又小，穿着带补丁的粗棉布外套，没戴帽子，膝盖上放着一个装满了虫子的小罐子，有时候他把手抬起放到头发斑白的小脑袋上，好像想用手挡住阳光似的。我仔细看了看他，认出来他就是舒米希诺村的斯捷普什卡。我得请求读者允许我介绍一下这个人。

A few miles from my place there is a large village called Shumihino, with a stone church, erected in the name of St. Kosmo and St. Damian. Facing this church there had once stood a large and stately manor-house, surrounded by various outhouses, offices, workshops, stables and coach-houses, baths and temporary kitchens, wings for visitors and for bailiffs, conservatories, swings for the people, and other more or less useful edifices. A family of rich landowners lived in this manor-house, and all went well with them, till suddenly one morning all this prosperity was burnt to ashes. The owners removed to another home; the place was deserted. The blackened site of the immense house was transformed into a kitchen-garden, cumbered up in parts by piles of bricks, the remains of the old foundations. A little hut had been hurriedly put together out of the beams that had escaped the fire; it was roofed with timber bought ten years before for the construction of a pavilion in the Gothic style; and the gardener, Mitrofan, with his wife Axinya and their seven children, was installed in it. Mitrofan received orders to send greens and garden-stuff for the master's table, a hundred and fifty miles away; Axinya was put in charge of a Tyrolese cow, which had been bought for a high price in Moscow, but had remained barren and had, consequently, not given a drop of milk since its acquisition; a crested smoke-coloured drake too had been left in her hands, the solitary "seignorial" bird; for the children, in consideration of their tender age, no special duties had been provided, a fact, however, which had not

hindered them from growing up utterly lazy. It happened to me on two occasions to stay the night at this gardener's, and when I passed by I used to get cucumbers from him, which, for some unknown reason, were even in summer peculiar for their size, their poor, watery flavour, and their thick yellow skin. It was there I first saw Styopushka. Except Mitrofan and his family, and the old deaf churchwarden Gerasim, kept out of charity in a little room at the one-eyed soldier's widow's, not one man among the house-serfs had remained at Shumihino; for Styopushka, whom I intend to introduce to the reader, could not be classified under the special order of house-serfs, and hardly under the genus 'man' at all.

在离我家只有几英里远的地方有一个叫舒米希诺的大村子，那里有一座石结构的教堂，它是以圣科济马和圣达米安的名义修建的。在这个教堂对面曾经有一座宽敞宏大的庄园主宅邸，周围有各种各样的附属建筑，有杂用房、作坊、马厩、澡堂和临时厨房、供客人和管家住的厢房、温室、大众娱乐室和其他或多或少有用的房子。财主一家曾住在这个宅邸里，他们的日子一直都过得安安稳稳的，直到有一天早晨，一场大火把他们所有的家产都烧成了灰烬。这个宅邸的主人就搬到了别处安家，这个地方便被遗弃了。这一大片的废弃地被改建成了一个菜园，先前屋子留下的一堆堆砖头把它隔成了一块一块的。人们匆忙地用没被烧毁的木梁搭了一间小屋，屋顶上用的是十年前为修建哥特式亭子购置的木料，园丁米特罗方按照吩咐带着他的妻子阿克西尼娅和七个孩子住进了这个小屋里。米特罗方奉命给一百五十英里外的主人家提供绿色蔬菜之类的种植物，阿克西尼娅则负责看管一头季罗里种母牛，这头牛是从莫斯科花大价钱买来的，可是丧失了生殖能力，因此自从它被买来以后一滴奶都没产过，还有一只灰冠公鸭也由她饲养，这可是唯一的“领主家的”家禽。孩子们由于年纪尚小，就没有被分配到特别的任务，然而，这倒使他们长成了十足的懒人。我碰巧曾在这个园丁家住过两宿，我路过的时候常常向他买些黄瓜，可不知道为什么，这些黄瓜在夏天就已经长得特别大，可是却淡而无味，皮也又黄又厚。就是在他家里，我头一次见到了斯捷普什卡。除了米特罗方和他的家人，以及一个年老失聪的堂会理事格拉西姆，出于慈善而得以寄住在一个独眼士兵遗孀的小房间里之外，没有任何家奴留在舒米希诺村了。因为我要向读者介绍的这个斯捷普什卡，不能被归于家奴之列，也根本不在“人”的范围之内。

Every man has some kind of position in society, and at least some ties of some sort; every house-serf receives, if not wages, at least some so-called "ration". Styopushka had absolutely no means of subsistence of any kind; had no relationship to anyone; no one knew of his existence. This man had not even a past; there was no story told of him; he had probably never been enrolled on a census-revision. There were vague rumours that he had once belonged to someone as a valet; but who he was, where he came from, who was his father, and how he had come to be one of the Shumihino people; in what way he had

come by the fustian coat he had worn from immemorial times; where he lived and what he lived on—on all these questions no one had the least idea; and, to tell the truth, no one took any interest in the subject. Grandfather Trofimitch, who knew all the pedigrees of all the house-serfs in the direct line to the fourth generation, had once indeed been known to say that he remembered that Styopushka was related to a Turkish woman whom the late master, the brigadier Alexy Romanitch had been pleased to bring home from a campaign in the baggage waggon. Even on holidays, days of general money-giving and of feasting on buckwheat dumplings and vodka, after the old Russian fashion—even on such days Styopushka did not put in an appearance at the trestle-tables nor at the barrels; he did not make his bow nor kiss the master's hand, nor toss off to the master's health and under the master's eye a glass filled by the fat hands of the bailiff. Some kind soul who passed by him might share an unfinished bit of dumpling with the poor beggar, perhaps. At Easter they said "Christ is risen!" to him; but he did not pull up his greasy sleeve, and bring out of the depths of his pocket a coloured egg, to offer it, panting and blinking, to his young masters or to the mistress herself. He lived in summer in a little shed behind the chicken-house, and in winter in the ante-room of the bathhouse; in the bitter frosts he spent the night in the hayloft. The house-serfs had grown used to seeing him; sometimes they gave him a kick, but no one ever addressed a remark to him; as for him, he seems never to have opened his lips from the time of his birth. After the conflagration, this forsaken creature sought a refuge at the gardener Mitrofan's. The gardener left him alone; he did not say "Live with me," but he did not drive him away. And Styopushka did not live at the gardener's; his abode was the garden. He moved and walked about quite noiselessly; he sneezed and coughed behind his hand, not without apprehension; he was for ever busy and going stealthily to and fro like an ant; and all to get food—simply food to eat. And indeed, if he had not toiled from morning till night for his living, our poor friend would certainly have died of hunger. It's a sad lot not to know in the morning what you will find to eat before night! Sometimes Styopushka sits under the hedge and gnaws a radish or sucks a carrot, or shreds up some dirty cabbage-stalks; or he drags a bucket of water along, for some object or other, groaning as he goes; or he lights a fire under a small pot, and throws in some little black scraps which he takes from out of the bosom of his coat; or he is hammering in his little wooden den—driving in a nail, putting up a shelf for bread. And all this he does silently, as though on the sly: before you can look round, he's in hiding again. Sometimes he suddenly disappears for a couple of days; but of course no one notices his absence.... Then, lo and behold! he is there again, somewhere

under the hedge, stealthily kindling a fire of sticks under a kettle. He had a small face, yellowish eyes, hair coming down to his eyebrows, a sharp nose, large transparent ears, like a bat's, and a beard that looked as if it were a fortnight's growth, and never grew more nor less. This, then, was Styopushka, whom I met on the bank of the Ista in company with another old man.

每个人在社会上都有某种地位，至少也有某种关系；凡是家奴，要是没有工资，至少都会有所谓的“口粮”。斯捷普什卡却完全没有任何谋生手段，无亲无故，也没人知道他的存在。这个人连过去都没有，也没有人谈起过他，可能人口调查薄上都没有登记过他的名字。隐隐约约有谣言说，他曾经是某人的贴身男仆，然而他是谁，从哪里来，父亲是谁，他是怎么成为舒米希诺村的村民的，怎么得来那件不知从何年何月起就穿在身上的粗棉布外套的，住在哪里，靠什么生存——所有这些问题，一点都没人知道，并且老实说，也没有人对这些事感兴趣。特罗菲梅奇老爷爷熟知所有家奴四代之内直系血亲的家谱，他有一次确实说过他记得斯捷普什卡跟一个土耳其女人有血缘关系，那个女人是已故的主人阿列克赛·罗曼内奇旅长一时兴起从战场上用辎重车拉回家来的。按照俄国古老的风俗，每逢过节，就会赏钱给大家并用荞麦馅饼和伏特加酒款待大家——即便是这样的日子，斯捷普什卡也不在搁板桌和酒桶旁露面，他既不鞠躬，也不去亲吻老爷的手，更不会当着老爷的面为祝老爷身体健康而喝光管家胖乎乎的手斟满的酒。某个路过的好心人或许会把没吃完的馅饼送给这个可怜的乞丐。过复活节时，人们对他说“基督复活了”，但他也不把自己油腻的袖子卷起来，只是从他的口袋深处掏出彩蛋，边喘气边眨巴着眼睛，把彩蛋送给他的小主人或女主人。他夏天住在鸡舍后面的小棚子里，冬天住在澡堂的前厅里，特别冷的时候，他就到干草棚里过夜。家奴们渐渐地对他也见惯不怪了，有时候会踢他一脚，但是没有人对他说过一句话，而他自己，也好像生来就从没张过嘴一样。那场大火过后，这个被遗忘的人就在园丁米特罗方家找到了栖身之处。园丁不理睬他，既没有对他说“住在我这儿吧”，也没有赶他走。斯捷普什卡也没有住在园丁家里，他就住在菜园子里。他一举一动、来来去去都悄无声息，打喷嚏和咳嗽都用手捂着，带着一种恐惧；他总是忙忙碌碌的，像只蚂蚁一样悄无声息地来来回回，而这一切都是为了得到食物——弄口饭吃而已。真的，要不是他从早到晚为自己的生计辛苦劳作，我们这位可怜的朋友一定已经饿死了。一个人在早上的时候不知道自己在晚上之前能够找到什么样的吃的，这真是一件悲哀的事情。斯捷普什卡有时坐在篱笆下啃小萝卜或舔胡萝卜，或者撕咬一些脏兮兮的白菜帮子，要么哼哼唧唧地不知要干什么而拖着一桶水走，要么在一个小罐下面生火，从怀里掏出来几小块黑乎乎的东西扔进去，要么就在他的小木屋里面敲敲打打——钉上钉子，制作一个放面包的架子。而他做这所有的事都是悄悄地，像是在背着别人：你还没来得及四处看看，他就又藏了起来。有时他会突然消失几天，不过，当然没人会注意到他不见了……然后，看哪！他又出现了，在篱笆下的某个地方，正偷偷地用木棍在水壶下生火。他长了一张小脸，一双黄色的眼睛，头发一直遮到了眉毛，鼻子尖尖的，大大的耳朵很显眼，同蝙蝠的一样，胡子看上去

蓄了有两星期，而且一直保持那个长度。好了，这就是斯捷普什卡，我看到他与另一个老头坐在伊斯塔河岸上。

I went up to him, wished him good-day, and sat down beside him. Styopushka's companion too I recognised as an acquaintance; he was a freed serf of Count Piotr Ilitch's, one Mihal Savelitch, nicknamed Tuman (i.e. fog). He lived with a consumptive Bolhovsky man, who kept an inn, where I had several times stayed. Young officials and other persons of leisure travelling on the Orel highroad (merchants, buried in their striped rugs, have other things to do) may still see at no great distance from the large village of Troitska, and almost on the highroad, an immense two-storied wooden house, completely deserted, with its roof falling in and its windows closely stuffed up. At mid-day in bright, sunny weather nothing can be imagined more melancholy than this ruin. Here there once lived Count Piotr Ilitch, a rich grandee of the olden time, renowned for his hospitality. At one time the whole province used to meet at his house, to dance and make merry to their heart's content to the deafening sound of a home-trained orchestra, and the popping of rockets and Roman candles; and doubtless more than one aged lady sighs as she drives by the deserted palace of the boyar and recalls the old days and her vanished youth. The count long continued to give balls, and to walk about with an affable smile among the crowd of fawning guests; but his property, unluckily, was not enough to last his whole life. When he was entirely ruined, he set off to Petersburg to try for a post for himself, and died in a room at a hotel, without having gained anything by his efforts. Tuman had been a steward of his, and had received his freedom already in the count's lifetime. He was a man of about seventy, with a regular and pleasant face. He was almost continually smiling, as only men of the time of Catherine ever do smile—a smile at once stately and indulgent; in speaking, he slowly opened and closed his lips, winked genially with his eyes, and spoke slightly through his nose. He blew his nose and took snuff too in a leisurely fashion, as though he were doing something serious.

我走到了他面前，向他问了好，然后在他身旁坐了下来。我还认出了斯捷普什卡的那位同伴，我认识他：他以前是彼得·伊利奇伯爵家的农奴，现在已经自由了，叫做米海洛·萨韦利耶夫，绰号叫“杜曼”（意思是雾）。他和波尔霍夫城一个患肺病的人住在一起，那人开了一间小旅馆，我在那间小旅馆住过几次。年轻的官员或其他悠闲的人从奥廖尔大道经过时（那些裹着条纹毯子的商人有其他的事情要做），也许仍能看见在离特罗伊茨基这个大村子不远处的地方，有一幢很大的两层楼的木屋屹立在路旁，已经完全荒废了，屋顶塌了下来，窗户也被完全堵住了。在阳光普照、风和日丽的正午时分，没有什么比这废墟更令人伤感的了。这里以前住着彼得·伊利奇伯爵，是昔日的一个贵族，他以好客而

闻名。曾经，全省的名流都聚集在他家里，伴着家庭乐队震耳欲聋的音乐，以及烟火和罗马焰火筒噼哩啪啦的声音，尽情地跳舞、玩乐。毫无疑问，不止一位老太太在乘车路过这座荒废的贵族宅邸时，会一边叹息，一边回忆着往昔的岁月和逝去的青春。这位伯爵连续多年举办舞会，带着亲切的笑容穿梭在谄媚奉承的宾客之中；但不幸的是，他的财产并不够他挥霍一辈子。当他彻底破产后，就启程去彼得堡，想为自己谋个职位，可他的努力并没有得到任何的收获，最后死在了宾馆的房间里。杜曼以前当过伯爵的管家，在伯爵还健在时就获得了自由。杜曼差不多有七十岁了，相貌端正，很讨人喜欢。他几乎总是笑眯眯的，只有叶卡捷琳娜时代的人才有那样的笑容——一种立即显现出优雅和宽厚的笑容；他说话时，嘴唇慢慢地张开又合上，眼睛也亲切地眯起来，还稍微带着点鼻音。他擤鼻涕、吸鼻烟都是慢悠悠的，好像在做什么要紧的事一样。

"Well, Mihal Savelitch," I began, "have you caught any fish?"

“怎么样，米海洛·萨韦利耶夫，”我开始说道，“你钓到鱼了吗？”

"Here, if you will deign to look in the basket: I have caught two perch and five roaches.... Show them, Styopka.”

“嘿，要是您不嫌弃的话，就往鱼篓里看看：我钓到了两头鲈鱼还有五条拟鲤……给他们看看，斯捷潘。”

Styopushka stretched out the basket to me.

斯捷普什卡把鱼篓递给我看。

"How are you, Styopka?" I asked him.

“最近好吗，斯捷潘？”我问他。

"Oh—oh—not—not—not so badly, your honour," answered Stepan, stammering as though he had a heavy weight on his tongue.

“哦——哦——不——不——不赖，老爷。”斯捷潘结结巴巴地答道，仿佛舌头上压着重东西似的。

"And is Mitrofan well?"

“米特罗方身体好吗？”

"Well—yes, yes—your honour.”

“他身体很好——是的，是的——老爷。”

The poor fellow turned away.

这个可怜的家伙把脸转了过去。

"But there are not many bites," remarked Tuman; "it's so fearfully hot; the fish are all tired out under the bushes; they're asleep. Put on a worm, Styopka." (Styopushka took out a worm, laid it on his open hand, struck it two or three times, put it on the hook, spat on it, and

gave it to Tuman.)

“没有多少鱼上钩啊，”杜曼说道，“天气实在是太热了，鱼都累了，躲到灌木丛下睡觉去了。给我装个鱼饵吧，斯捷潘。”（斯捷普什卡取出一条虫子，把它放在手掌上，拍了两三下，就挂到了钩子上，然后朝它吐了口唾沫，递给了杜曼。）

"Thanks, Styopka.... And you, your honour," he continued, turning to me, "are pleased to be out hunting?"

“谢啦，斯捷潘……您呢，老爷，”他转向我继续问道，“出来打猎感觉满意吗？”

"As you see."

“正如你所见。”

"Ah—and is your dog there English or German?”

“呀——您的狗是英国种还是德国种？”

The old man liked to show off on occasion, as though he would say, "I, too, have lived in the world!"

这老头有时也喜欢炫耀一下，好像在说：“我也是见过世面的人！”

"I don't know what breed it is, but it's a good dog.”

“我不知道它是什么品种的，不过它是一只好狗。”

"Ah! and do you go out with the hounds too?"

“哦！您出门也带猎狗吗？”

"Yes, I have two leashes of hounds."

“嗯，我养了六只猎狗。”

Tuman smiled and shook his head.

杜曼笑着摇了摇头。

"That's just it: one man is devoted to dogs, and another doesn't want them for anything. According to my simple notions, I fancy dogs should be kept rather for appearance' sake... and all should be in style too; horses too should be in style, and huntsmen in style, as they ought to be, and all. The late count—God's grace be with him!—was never, I must own, much of a hunter; but he kept dogs, and twice a year he was pleased to go out with them. The huntsmen assembled in the courtyard, in red caftans trimmed with galloon, and blew their horns; his excellency would be pleased to come out, and his excellency's horse would be led up; his excellency would mount, and the chief huntsman puts his feet in the stirrups, takes his hat off, and puts the reins in his hat to offer them to his excellency. His excellency is pleased to click his whip like this, and the huntsmen give a shout,

and off they go out of the gate away. A huntsman rides behind the count, and holds in a silken leash two of the master's favourite dogs, and looks after them well, you may fancy.... And he, too, this huntsman, sits up high, on a Cossack saddle: such a red-cheeked fellow he was, and rolled his eyes like this.... And there were guests too, you may be sure, on such occasions, and entertainment, and ceremonies observed.... Ah, he's got away, the Asiatic!" he interrupted himself suddenly, drawing in his line.

“就是这样：有的人很喜欢养狗，有的人却无论如何也不想养狗。依我之见，我觉得养狗主要是为了面子……一切都应该有气派，马也应该有气派，管猎犬的仆人也是，一切都是。已故的伯爵——上帝保佑他——我必须承认，他向来都不是个好猎人，不过他也养狗，而且一年也会带着狗出去两次。管猎犬的仆人们聚集在院子里，他们穿着带金线花边的红外套，吹起号角；伯爵大人会很高兴地走出来，他的马也会被牵出来，人们把他扶上马，猎人的首领把伯爵的脚套进马镫里，然后脱下自己的帽子，把缰绳放到帽子里呈递给伯爵。伯爵大人会愉快地像这样抽一下马鞭，猎人们便大吼一声，然后朝门口跑出去了。一个猎人骑着马跟在伯爵身后，用绸缎带子牵着主人最喜欢的两只狗，好好地看管它们，您可以想象一下……这个猎人还高高地坐在哥萨克马鞍上，他的脸颊红扑扑的，眼珠就这样打着转……当然啦，那样的场合是少不了宾客、娱乐活动，还有庆典的……呀，叫它跑了，可恶！”他拉了下鱼竿，突然说道。

"They say the count used to live pretty freely in his day?" I asked.

“听说伯爵这辈子活得很潇洒？”我问道。

The old man spat on the worm and lowered the line in again.

老头往虫子上吐了口唾沫，又把鱼线抛到了水里。

"He was a great gentleman, as is well-known. At times the persons of the first rank, one may say, at Petersburg, used to visit him. With coloured ribbons on their breasts they used to sit down to table and eat. Well, he knew how to entertain them. He called me sometimes. 'Tuman,' says he, 'I want by to-morrow some live sturgeon; see there are some, do you hear?’ 'Yes, your excellency.' Embroidered coats, wigs, canes, perfumes, eau de Cologne of the best sort, snuff-boxes, huge pictures: he would order them all from Paris itself! When he gave a banquet, God Almighty, Lord of my being! there were fireworks, and carriages driving up! They even fired off the cannon. The orchestra alone consisted of forty men. He kept a German as conductor of the band, but the German gave himself dreadful airs; he wanted to eat at the same table as the masters; so his excellency gave orders to get rid of him! 'My musicians,' says he, 'can do their work even without a conductor.' Of course he was master. Then they would fall to dancing, and dance till morning, especially at the ecossaise-

matrador. ... Ah—ah—there's one caught!" (The old man drew a small perch out of the water.) "Here you are, Styopka! The master was all a master should be," continued the old man, dropping his line in again, "and he had a kind heart too. He would give you a blow at times, and before you could look round, he'd forgotten it already. There was only one thing: he kept mistresses. Ugh, those mistresses! God forgive them! They were the ruin of him too; and yet, you know, he took them most generally from a low station. You would fancy they would not want much? Not a bit—they must have everything of the most expensive in all Europe! One may say, 'Why shouldn't he live as he likes; it's the master's business' ... but there was no need to ruin himself. There was one especially; Akulina was her name. She is dead now; God rest her soul! the daughter of the watchman at Sitoia; and such a vixen! She would slap the count's face sometimes. She simply bewitched him. My nephew she sent for a soldier; he spilt some chocolate on a new dress of hers... and he wasn't the only one she served so. Ah, well, those were good times, though!" added the old man with a deep sigh. His head drooped forward and he was silent.

“众所周知，他是个了不起的绅士。可以说，有时那些彼得堡的头号人物也来拜访他。那些胸前挂着彩色绶带的人，也曾经在他家用餐。那个，他懂得如何去招待他们。他有时把我叫过去。‘杜曼，’他说，‘我明天想要些活的鲟鱼，那里有一些，听到了吗？’“是，阁下。’刺绣外套、假发、藤椅、香水、高级古龙水、鼻烟壶、巨幅画：这些都是他从巴黎订购的呢！当他举办宴会时，天哪，我的上帝啊！那可是烟火冲天，车水马龙啊！他们甚至还放大炮。单是管弦乐队就有四十个人呢。他曾找了一个德国人来当乐队的指挥，可那个德国人却摆起了臭架子，要和主人家在同一张桌子上进餐，伯爵大人便下令将他赶了出去。‘我的乐师，’他说，‘就是没有指挥也能演奏得好。’那可不，他是老爷哩。然后他们就开始跳舞，一直跳到第二天早上，特别是跳埃柯塞斯舞和马特拉杜尔舞。……啊——啊——一条鱼上钩了！”（老头从水里拉起了一条小鲈鱼。）“给你，斯捷帕！主人就有个当主人的样子，”老头又把钩抛了下去，接着说道，“他也是个好心肠的人。他有时会打你一下，但是还没等你缓过神来，他早就忘了。但是有一件事：他养情妇。呸，这些情妇们！愿上帝宽恕她们！他的破产也有她们的原因，您也知道，她们大都是他从下等人里挑出来的。你会想她们准该知足了吧？一点也不——她们巴不得拥有整个欧洲最昂贵的东西！人们或许会说：‘他为什么不可以随心所欲地生活，毕竟这是主人自己的事’……但也没必要把自己给毁了吧。特别是其中一个叫阿库丽娜的女人。她现在已经死了，上帝让她安息吧！她是西托夫一个看守人的女儿，她可真是个泼妇！她有时还掴伯爵一个耳光。她简直把他迷惑住了。我的侄子被她送去当兵了，就因为他把一些巧克力溅在她的新裙子上……他还不是唯一一个被她送去当兵的人呢。唉，嗯，不管怎样，那时候可是好时光啊！”老头边补充道，边深深地叹了口气。接着他垂下了头就不说话了。

"Your master, I see, was severe, then?" I began after a brief silence.

“依我看，你家主人当时很严厉吧？”我沉默了一小会儿后问道。

"That was the fashion then, your honour," he replied, shaking his head.

“老爷，那个时候都是那样的啊。”他边摇头边回答说。

"That sort of thing is not done now?" I observed, not taking my eyes off him.

“现在还有那样的事吧？”我目不转睛地看着他说道。

He gave me a look askance.

他怀疑地看了我一眼。

"Now, surely it's better," he muttered, and let out his line further.

“现在情况当然是好多了。”他一边咕哝着，一边把钩抛得远远的。

We were sitting in the shade; but even in the shade it was stifling. The sultry atmosphere was faint and heavy; one lifted one's burning face uneasily, seeking a breath of wind; but there was no wind. The sun beat down from blue and darkening skies; right opposite us, on the other bank, was a yellow field of oats, overgrown here and there with wormwood; not one ear of the oats quivered. A little lower down a peasant's horse stood in the river up to its knees, and slowly shook its wet tail; from time to time, under an overhanging bush, a large fish shot up, bringing bubbles to the surface, and gently sank down to the bottom, leaving a slight ripple behind it. The grasshoppers chirped in the scorched grass; the quail's cry sounded languid and reluctant; hawks sailed smoothly over the meadows, often resting in the same spot, rapidly fluttering their wings and opening their tails into a fan. We sat motionless, overpowered with the heat. Suddenly there was a sound behind us in the creek; someone came down to the spring. I looked round, and saw a peasant of about fifty, covered with dust, in a smock, and wearing bast slippers; he carried a wickerwork pannier and a cloak on his shoulders. He went down to the spring, drank thirstily, and got up.

我们坐在阴凉处，但还是很闷热。闷热的空气让人感到昏昏沉沉，心神不定地抬起滚烫的脸，来寻觅一丝凉风，却一点也没有。蓝色的天空渐渐变暗了，太阳暴晒着大地；在我们正对面的河岸那边，有一片黄色的燕麦田，里面到处长满了洋艾，可没有一根麦穗动一下。在稍微低一点的地方，一匹农家的马站在及膝的河水里，慢慢地摇着它那湿淋淋的尾巴；在外悬的灌木底下，不时会浮出一条大鱼，在水面上吹起几个泡泡，然后又轻轻地沉到水底，在身后留下一圈圈微波。蚱蜢在枯黄的草里喳喳地叫着；鹌鹑仿佛不情愿似的，发出懒洋洋的叫声；老鹰平稳

地在草地上空翱翔，经常落在同一个地方歇息，然后快速地拍打着翅膀，把尾巴展成扇形。由于这热度令人难以忍受，我们便一动不动地坐着。忽然从我们身后的小河湾里传来了一阵声响，有人朝着泉水走下来了。我向四周看了看，发现一个五十岁左右的农民，满身都是尘土，身穿一件罩衫，脚蹬树皮鞋，背着一只柳条篓，肩上搭着一件斗篷。他下到了泉边，饱饱地喝了一顿，然后站起身来。

"Ah, Vlass!" cried Tuman, staring at him; "good health to you, friend! Where has God sent you from?"

“呀，符拉斯！”杜曼看着他，叫了起来，“你好啊，朋友！你这是从哪儿来的呀？”

"Good health to you, Mihal Savelitch!" said the peasant, coming nearer to us; "from a long way off."

“你好啊，米海洛·萨韦利伊奇！”那个农民答道，说着就走到我们跟前，“从老远的地方来哩。”

"Where have you been?" Tuman asked him.

“你上哪里去了呀？”杜曼问他。

"I have been to Moscow, to my master."

“我去莫斯科了，去找我的主人。”

"What for?"

“为什么事啊？”

"I went to ask him a favour."

“我去求他件事啊。”

"What about?"

“什么事啊？”

"Oh, to lessen my rent, or to let me work it out in labour, or to put me on another piece of land, or something.... My son is dead—so I can't manage it now alone.”

“哦，求他给我减点租金，要么给我改成劳役租，要么给我换到别的地区，或者……我儿子死了，所以我现在一个人忙不过来。”

"Your son is dead?"

“你儿子死了？”

"He is dead. My son," added the peasant, after a pause, "lived in Moscow as a cabman; he paid, I must confess, rent for me."

“他死了。我儿子，”农民沉默了一阵，接着说道，“以前在莫斯科当马车夫，说实话，以前都是他替我交的租金。”

"Then are you now paying rent?"

“那现在你们交租金吗？”

"Yes, we pay rent."

“对呀，我们得交租金。”

"What did your master say?"

“那你家主人说什么了？”

"What did the master say! He drove me away! Says he, 'How dare you come straight to me; there is a bailiff for such things. You ought first,' says he, 'to apply to the bailiff... and where am I to put you on other land? You first,' says he, 'bring the debt you owe.' He was angry altogether.”

“主人说什么了！他把我赶出来了！他说：‘你居然敢直接来找我，有管家料理这些事情。你应该首先，’他说，‘跟管家联系……而且我该给你换到哪块土地上啊？你先，’他说道，‘把欠的钱都带来。’他很是生气啊。”

"What then—did you come back?”

“然后呢——你就回来了？”

"I came back. I wanted to find out if my son had not left any goods of his own, but I couldn't get a straight answer. I say to his employer, 'I am Philip's father’; and he says, 'What do I know about that? And your son,' says he, 'left nothing; he was even in debt to me.' So I came away.”

“我就回来了。我本来想去弄清我儿子有没有留下什么东西，但是没得到直接的答复。我对他的老板说，‘我是菲利普他爹’，他却说，‘我怎么知道你是不是他爹？而且你儿子，’他说，‘什么都没留下，还欠我的债呢。’于是我就走了。”

The peasant related all this with a smile, as though he were speaking of someone else; but tears were starting into his small, screwed-up eyes, and his lips were quivering.

这个农民微笑着讲述这一切，好像是在讲别人的事似的，可是他那双眯起的小眼睛里却噙着泪水，嘴唇也抽动着。

"Well, are you going home then now?"

“哦，那你现在要回家去吗？”

"Where can I go? Of course I'm going home. My wife, I suppose, is pretty well starved by now.”

“我还能去哪里呀？我当然是回家去了。我想，我老婆这会儿正挨饿呢。”

"You should—then," Styopushka said suddenly. He grew confused, was silent, and began to rummage in the worm-pot.

“你可以……那……”斯捷普什卡突然说道。他变得窘迫起来，就沉默了，开始翻弄起了装虫子的罐子。

"And shall you go to the bailiff?" continued Tuman, looking with some amazement at Styopka.

“那你去找管家么？”杜曼继续说，有点吃惊地看了看斯捷帕。

"What should I go to him for?—I'm in arrears as it is. My son was ill for a year before his death; he could not pay even his own rent. But it can't hurt me; they can get nothing from me.... Yes, my friend, you can be as cunning as you please—I'm cleaned out!" (The peasant began to laugh.) "Kintlyan Semenitch'll have to be clever if—”

“我去找他干嘛呀？我还欠着租呢。我儿子死之前病了一年，他连自己的租金都付不起。但是他们伤不了我，他们从我这里什么都得不到……对，我的朋友，你想有多狡诈就可以有多狡诈——我是没钱了！”（农民笑了起来。）“金季良·谢苗内奇必须得聪明点，要是——”

Vlass laughed again.

符拉斯又笑了起来。

"Oh! things are in a sad way, brother Vlass," Tuman ejaculated deliberately.

“哦！这可不大好，符拉斯兄弟。”杜曼突然谨慎地说道。

"Sad! No!" (Vlass's voice broke.) "How hot it is!" he went on, wiping his face with his sleeve.

“不好！才不是呢！”（符拉斯的话音中断了。）“太热了！”他继续说道，边用袖子抹脸。

"Who is your master?" I asked him.

“你家主人是谁？”我问他。

"Count Valerian Petrovitch."

“瓦利里安·彼得罗维奇伯爵。”

"The son of Piotr Ilitch?"

“是彼得·伊利奇的儿子吗？”

"The son of Piotr Ilitch," replied Tuman. "Piotr Ilitch gave him Vlass's village in his lifetime.”

“是彼得·伊利奇的儿子，”杜曼回答道，“彼得·伊利奇在世的时候就把符拉斯住的那个村子给他了。”

"Is he well?"

“他身体好吗？”

"He is well, thank God!" replied Vlass. "He has grown so red, and his face looks as though it were padded."

“托上帝的福，他好得很！”符拉斯答道，“他长得红润润的，脸看上去像填了东西一样。”

"You see, your honour," continued Tuman, turning to me, "it would be very well near Moscow, but it's a different matter to pay rent here.”

“您瞧，老爷，”杜曼转向我，继续说道，“要是住在莫斯科附近就好多了，可在这里还得交租金。”

"And what is the rent for you altogether?"

“你们的租金总共得多少？”

"Ninety-five roubles," muttered Vlass.

“九十五卢布。”符拉斯咕哝道。

"There, you see; and it's the least bit of land; all there is is the master's forest.”

“喏，您瞧，就那么点土地，那全是老爷家的树林。”

"And that, they say, they have sold," observed the peasant.

“听说，这树林也被卖掉了。”那个农民说道。

"There, you see. Styopka, give me a worm. Why, Styopka, are you asleep—eh?”

“喏，您瞧。斯捷帕，给我条虫子。咦，斯捷帕，你睡着了吗——啊？”

Styopushka started. The peasant sat down by us. We sank into silence again. On the other bank someone was singing a song—but such a mournful one. Our poor Vlass grew deeply dejected.

斯捷普什卡突然一惊。那个农民在我们旁边坐了下来。我们又陷入了沉默。在河对岸有人在唱歌，不过是一支很忧伤的歌。我们可怜的符拉斯越来越沮丧了。

Half-an-hour later we parted.

半个钟头以后，我们便分开了。

CHAPTER IV THE DISTRICT DOCTOR

第四章 县城的医生

One day in autumn on my way back from a remote part of the country I caught cold and fell ill. Fortunately the fever attacked me in the district town at the inn; I sent for the doctor. In half-an-hour the district doctor appeared, a thin, dark-haired man of middle height. He prescribed me the usual sudorific, ordered a mustard-plaster to be put on, very deftly slid a five-rouble note up his sleeve, coughing drily and looking away as he did so, and then was getting up to go home, but somehow fell into talk and remained. I was exhausted with feverishness; I foresaw a sleepless night, and was glad of a little chat with a pleasant companion. Tea was served. My doctor began to converse freely. He was a sensible fellow, and expressed himself with vigour and some humour. Queer things happen in the world: you may live a long while with some people, and be on friendly terms with them, and never once speak openly with them from your soul; with others you have scarcely time to get acquainted, and all at once you are pouring out to him—or he to you—all your secrets, as though you were at confession. I don't know how I gained the confidence of my new friend—any way, with nothing to lead up to it, he told me a rather curious incident; and here I will report his tale for the information of the indulgent reader. I will try to tell it in the doctor's own words.

秋日里的某天，我在从一个偏远地方回来的路上着凉生病了。幸好发烧的时候，我已经来到了县城并住在了一间小旅馆里，于是我就派人去请医生。半个小时之后，县城的医生到了，他个头中等、身材瘦削、头发乌黑。他给我开了些普通的发汗药，又叫我贴上芥末膏药，非常熟练地把一张五卢布的钞票塞进了自己袖子里，同时还干咳了几声，把目光转向了别处，然后起身准备回家，却不知怎地同我开始聊天，留了下来。我由于发着高烧而极度疲倦，也预料到夜里会睡不着，所以很乐意有个和善的同伴和我聊一聊。有人把茶端了上来。我的医生就开始随意谈了起来。他是个有头脑的家伙，口齿伶俐、幽默风趣。世界上会发生些奇怪的事：也许你和某些人相处了很久，与他们关系融洽，却从不曾和他们推心置腹地交谈过；而跟有的人刚刚结识，却会立即把自己所有的秘密都一下子讲给他听，或者他讲给你听，就好像在忏悔一样。我不知道我是如何博得了我的新朋友的信任——不管怎样，他没什么缘由地就给我讲了一件相当稀奇的事；在此我就把他的故事讲给我宽容的读者听听。我尽量用那个医生的原话来讲这个故事。

"You don't happen to know," he began in a weak and quavering voice (the common result of the use of unmixed Berezov snuff); "you

don't happen to know the judge here, Mylov, Pavel Lukitch?... You don't know him?... Well, it's all the same." (He cleared his throat and rubbed his eyes.) "Well, you see, the thing happened, to tell you exactly without mistake, in Lent, at the very time of the thaws. I was sitting at his house—our judge's, you know—playing preference. Our judge is a good fellow, and fond of playing preference. Suddenly" (the doctor made frequent use of this word, suddenly) "they tell me, 'There's a servant asking for you.' I say, 'What does he want?' They say, 'He has brought a note—it must be from a patient.' 'Give me the note,' I say. So it is from a patient—well and good—you understand—it's our bread and butter.... But this is how it was: a lady, a widow, writes to me; she says, 'My daughter is dying. Come, for God's sake!' she says; 'and the horses have been sent for you.' ... Well, that's all right. But she was twenty miles from the town, and it was midnight out of doors, and the roads in such a state, my word! And as she was poor herself, one could not expect more than two silver roubles, and even that problematic; and perhaps it might only be a matter of a roll of linen and a sack of oatmeal in payment. However, duty, you know, before everything: a fellow-creature may be dying. I hand over my cards at once to Kalliopin, the member of the provincial commission, and return home. I look; a wretched little trap was standing at the steps, with peasant's horses, fat—too fat—and their coat as shaggy as felt; and the coachman sitting with his cap off out of respect. Well, I think to myself, 'It's clear, my friend, these patients aren't rolling in riches.' ... You smile; but I tell you, a poor man like me has to take everything into consideration.... If the coachman sits like a prince, and doesn't touch his cap, and even sneers at you behind his beard, and flicks his whip—then you may bet on six roubles. But this case, I saw, had a very different air. However, I think there's no help for it; duty before everything. I snatch up the most necessary drugs, and set off. Will you believe it? I only just managed to get there at all. The road was infernal: streams, snow, watercourses, and the dyke had suddenly burst there—that was the worst of it! However, I arrived at last. It was a little thatched house. There was a light in the windows; that meant they expected me. I was met by an old lady, very venerable, in a cap. 'Save her!' she says; 'she is dying.' I say, 'Pray don't distress yourself—Where is the invalid?' 'Come this way.' I see a clean little room, a lamp in the corner; on the bed a girl of twenty, unconscious. She was in a burning heat, and breathing heavily—it was fever. There were two other girls, her sisters, scared and in tears. 'Yesterday,' they tell me, 'she was perfectly well and had a good appetite; this morning she complained of her head, and this evening, suddenly, you see, like this.' I say again: 'Pray don't be uneasy.' It's a doctor's duty, you know—and I went up to her and bled her, told them to put on a mustard-

plaster, and prescribed a mixture. Meantime I looked at her; I looked at her, you know—there, by God! I had never seen such a face!—she was a beauty, in a word! I felt quite shaken with pity. Such lovely features; such eyes!... But, thank God! she became easier; she fell into a perspiration, seemed to come to her senses, looked round, smiled, and passed her hand over her face.... Her sisters bent over her. They ask, 'How are you?' 'All right,' she says, and turns away. I looked at her; she had fallen asleep. 'Well,' I say, 'now the patient should be left alone.' So we all went out on tiptoe; only a maid remained, in case she was wanted. In the parlour there was a samovar standing on the table, and a bottle of rum; in our profession one can't get on without it. They gave me tea; asked me to stop the night.... I consented: where could I go, indeed, at that time of night? The old lady kept groaning. 'What is it?' I say; 'she will live; don't worry yourself; you had better take a little rest yourself; it is about two o'clock.' 'But will you send to wake me if anything happens?' 'Yes, yes.' The old lady went away, and the girls too went to their own room; they made up a bed for me in the parlour. Well, I went to bed—but I could not get to sleep, for a wonder! for in reality I was very tired. I could not get my patient out of my head. At last I could not put up with it any longer; I got up suddenly; I think to myself, 'I will go and see how the patient is getting on.' Her bedroom was next to the parlour. Well, I got up, and gently opened the door—how my heart beat! I looked in: the servant was asleep, her mouth wide open, and even snoring, the wretch! but the patient lay with her face towards me, and her arms flung wide apart, poor girl! I went up to her... when suddenly she opened her eyes and stared at me! 'Who is it? who is it?' I was in confusion. 'Don't be alarmed, madam,' I say; 'I am the doctor; I have come to see how you feel.' 'You the doctor?' 'Yes, the doctor; your mother sent for me from the town; we have bled you, madam; now pray go to sleep,and in a day or two, please God! we will set you on your feet again.' 'Ah, yes, yes, doctor, don't let me die... please, please.' 'Why do you talk like that? God bless you!' She is in a fever again, I think to myself; I felt her pulse; yes, she was feverish. She looked at me, and then took me by the hand. 'I will tell you why I don't want to die; I will tell you.... Now we are alone; and only, please don't you... not to anyone... Listen....' I bent down; she moved her lips quite to my ear; she touched my cheek with her hair—I confess my head went round—and began to whisper.... I could make out nothing of it.... Ah, she was delirious!... She whispered and whispered, but so quickly, and as if it were not in Russian; at last she finished, and shivering dropped her head on the pillow, and threatened me with her finger: "Remember, doctor, to no one." I calmed her somehow, gave her something to drink, waked the servant, and went away."

“您肯定认识，”他用一种微弱、颤抖的声音开始说（这是因为他吸了纯正的别列佐夫鼻烟），“您肯定认识这里的法官帕韦尔·卢基奇·梅洛夫吧？您不认识他？哦，那没关系。”（他清了清嗓子，揉了揉眼睛。）“喏，您瞧，事情是这样的，给您照实说吧，那是大斋节，正好是解冻的时候。我正坐在他家里——我们法官的家里，您知道——正在玩三人牌戏。我们的法官是个好人，喜欢玩三人牌戏。突然”（这个医生常常用“突然”这个词）“他们对我说，‘有个仆人找您。’我说，‘他有什么事吗？’他们说，‘他带来了一张字条——一定是病人送来的。’‘把字条给我。’我说。果然是病人写来的——很好——您了解的——这是我们的饭碗嘛……但事情是这样的：是一位守寡的夫人写给我的，她写道，‘我女儿生命垂危。来一趟吧，看在上帝的份上！’她写道，‘我已经派马车去接您了。’……嗯，这倒是没什么。可她家离县城有二十英里，而且当时已是半夜，路况又糟，哎呀！何况她很穷，不能指望会得到两个银卢布以上的诊费，就连这点钱还成问题呢，没准只会给一卷亚麻布或一袋燕麦片什么的当报酬。不过，您知道，责任重于一切：人都快死了。我立刻把自己的牌交给了省委委员卡利奥宾，然后就回家了。我一瞧，台阶前停着一辆破破烂烂的双轮轻便小马车，还有几匹农家的马，很肥——特别肥——它们身上的毛就像毡子般蓬松，马车夫坐在那里，已经摘下了帽子，聊表尊敬。嗯，我心想，‘很明显，我的朋友啊，这些病人可不富有啊。’……您笑了，可我告诉您，像我这样的穷人，凡事都得考虑考虑……要是马车夫像个贵族似的坐着，也不脱帽致敬，胡子下面甚至露出嘲笑的表情，还轻摇着马鞭——那你准能拿到六卢布。但是这一次，我看出来了，情况可不是这样的。不过，我觉得也是没有办法，责任重于一切。我抓起一些最常用的药物，便出发了。您相信吗？我差点就到不了那里了。路况糟透了：有溪流，有雪，有河道，堤坝还突然决了口——没有比这更糟的了！不过，我最后还是到了。那是一间由茅草盖成的小房子。窗户上亮着灯，想必他们是在等我。一位带着便帽的老夫人恭恭敬敬地来迎接我。‘救救她吧！’她说，‘她快不行了。’我说，‘请您别着急——病人在哪里？’‘来这边。’我看见一间整洁的小房间，墙角点着一盏灯，床上躺着一个二十来岁的女孩，已经不省人事了。她体温很高、呼吸困难——得的是热病。房间里还有两个女孩，是她的姐妹，她们都被吓坏了，眼里噙着泪水。‘昨天，’她们告诉我，‘她还好好的，胃口也不错；今天早上她嚷着头疼，到了晚上突然，您瞧，突然就变成这样了。’我又说道：‘请别担心。’您知道，这是医生的责任，然后我走到她跟前，给她放了血，叫她们给她贴上芥末膏药，然后又开了一副混合药剂。这时候我看了看她，我看着她，您知道——呀，上帝啊！我从没见过这么美的脸蛋！总而言之，她是个美人！我心里充满了怜惜之情。这样可爱的容貌，这样一双眼睛！不过，谢天谢地！她好些了，开始出汗，看上去清醒些了；她向四周看了看，笑了一下，用手摸了摸脸……她的姐妹们俯下身去。她们问：‘你怎么样了？’‘还行。’她说道，然后把脸转了过去。我看了看她，她已经睡着了。‘好啦，’我说，‘现在让病人自己呆会儿吧。’于是我们所有人都踮着脚尖出去了，只留下了一个女仆在那里随时伺候。客厅里的桌子上摆着一套茶炊，还有一壶朗姆酒，干我们这行是少不了它的。她们给我倒了茶，请我留宿……我答应了：其

实，这大晚上的我还能去哪里呀？老太太一直在叹气。‘怎么了？’我说，‘她会活下来的，您别太担心了，您还是自己好好休息一下吧，都差不多两点钟了。’‘但是如果有什么事的话，请您叫人喊醒我。’‘好的，好的。’老太太走了，那两个女孩也各自回房了，她们给我在客厅里铺了张床。唉，我躺在床上，却睡不着，多么奇怪呀！事实上我已经很累了。我一直想着我的病人。最后，我再也忍受不了了，我忽地起来了，心想：‘我要去看看病人现在怎么样了。’她的卧室就挨着客厅。然后我下了床，轻轻地打开了门——我的心跳得很厉害！我往里一看：那个女仆已经睡着了，她的嘴张得很大，还在打呼噜，这个坏家伙！而病人则脸朝我躺着，双臂打开，这可怜的姑娘！我朝她走了过去……她突然睁开了眼睛，盯着我！‘谁呀？谁呀？’我不知所措起来。‘别怕，女士，’我说，‘我是医生，我来看看您怎么样了。’‘您是医生？’‘对，我是医生，您母亲派人把我从城里接了过来，我们已经给您放了血，女士，现在请睡会吧，再过一两天，上帝保佑，我们就会让您康复的。’‘啊，好呀，好呀，医生，别让我死啊……求求您，求求您了。’‘您怎么这么说啊？上帝会保佑您的！’她又发烧了，我心想；我给她把了把脉，果然，她又烧起来了。她看着我，然后握住了我的手。‘我告诉您为什么我不想死，我告诉您……现在只有我们两个人，只是请您不要……不要告诉任何人……您听我说……我俯下了身子，她把嘴唇凑到了我耳朵旁边，她的头发触碰着我的脸颊——老实说，我头都晕了——然后她开始小声说……我什么都听不懂……啊，她语无伦次了……她小声地说呀说，但是说得很快，好像不是在说俄语，最后她说完了，哆嗦了一下，头就倒在了枕头上，然后伸出手指警告我说：‘记住啊，医生，不准跟任何人说。’我好不容易才让她安静了下来，给她喝了点水，叫醒了侍女，便出去了。”

At this point the doctor again took snuff with exasperated energy, and for a moment seemed stupefied by its effects.

讲到这里，医生又使劲地吸了一口鼻烟，接着像是在烟的作用下他愣了一会儿。

"However," he continued, "the next day, contrary to my expectations, the patient was no better. I thought and thought, and suddenly decided to remain there, even though my other patients were expecting me.... And you know one can't afford to disregard that; one's practice suffers if one does. But, in the first place, the patient was really in danger; and secondly, to tell the truth, I felt strongly drawn to her. Besides, I liked the whole family. Though they were really badly off, they were singularly, I may say, cultivated people.... Their father had been a learned man, an author; he died, of course, in poverty, but he had managed before he died to give his children an excellent education; he left a lot of books too. Either because I looked after the invalid very carefully, or for some other reason; any way, I can venture to say all the household loved me as if I were one of the family.... Meantime the roads were in a worse state than ever; all

communications, so to say, were cut off completely; even medicine could with difficulty be got from the town.... The sick girl was not getting better. Day after day, and day after day... but... here...." (The doctor made a brief pause.) "I declare I don't know how to tell you." ... (He again took snuff, coughed, and swallowed a little tea.) "I will tell you without beating about the bush. My patient... how should I say?... Well, she had fallen in love with me... or, no, it was not that she was in love... however... really, how should one say?' (The doctor looked down and grew red.) "No," he went on quickly, "in love, indeed! A man should not over-estimate himself. She was an educated girl, clever and well-read, and I had even forgotten my Latin, one may say, completely. As to appearance" (the doctor looked himself over with a smile) "I am nothing to boast of there either. But God Almighty did not make me a fool; I don't take black for white; I know a thing or two; I could see very clearly, for instance, that Alexandra Andreevna—that was her name—did not feel love for me, but had a friendly, so to say, inclination—a respect or something for me. Though she herself perhaps mistook this sentiment, anyway this was her attitude; you may form your own judgment of it. But," added the doctor, who had brought out all these disconnected sentences without taking breath, and with obvious embarrassment, "I seem to be wandering rather—you won't understand anything like this.... There, with your leave, I will relate it all in order.”

“然而，”他继续说，“第二天，与我的预料相反，病人并没有好转。我左思右想，突然决定留在那里，尽管还有其他病人在等我……您也知道对病人可怠慢不得，不然以后的业务会受影响的。不过，首先，那个病人确实是处于危险之中；其次，说老实话，我深深地被她吸引住了。此外，我也挺喜欢她们全家人的。尽管她们实在很穷，但是可以说，她们是非常有教养的人……她们的父亲是个学识渊博的人，是个作家；虽然他因贫困而去世，但是他在生前尽力让孩子们受到了很好的教育，他还留下了许多书。或许因为我非常细心地照料病人，或是别的其他原因，不管怎样，我敢说，她们家所有的人都很喜欢我，待我就像亲人一样……那时候，路况比之前更糟了，可以说，所有的交通都完全中断了，就连药材都很难从城里弄来……那个生病的女孩并没有好起来。日复一日，天复一天……但是……这……”（医生停了一小会儿。）“我真不知道怎么跟您讲。”……（他又吸起了鼻烟，咳了一声，喝了一口茶。）“我就不拐弯抹角了。我的病人……我该怎么说呢？嗯，她爱上我了……或者，不是，她也不是爱上……不过……真的，该怎么说呢？”（医生红着脸低下了头。）“不，”他继续快速说道，“怎么能说爱上呀！人不应该高估自己。她是个有教养的女孩，聪明博学，可我连拉丁文都忘了，可以说，忘光了。至于外貌”（医生笑着打量了下自己）“我也没有什么可以夸耀的。不过全能的上帝并没把我造成傻瓜，我不会把白的说成是黑的，我还是知道一点东西的，我很清楚，譬如说，亚历山德拉·安德列叶夫娜——那是她的名字——并没有爱上我，但是对

我有一种友好的，所谓的好感——对我的一种尊敬或什么。虽然或许她自己把这种感情搞混了，不过不管怎样，这就是她的态度，您可以自己判断。不过，”医生一口气说出这么话，断断续续的，还明显有点尴尬，“我好像说乱了——这样说您也听不明白……嗯，如果您允许，我就把一切照顺序讲给您听吧。”

He drank off a glass of tea, and began in a calmer voice.

他喝完一杯茶后，开始用较为平静的语调讲了起来。

"Well, then. My patient kept getting worse and worse. You are not a doctor, my good sir; you cannot understand what passes in a poor fellow's heart, especially at first, when he begins to suspect that the disease is getting the upper hand of him. What becomes of his belief in himself? You suddenly grow so timid; it's indescribable. You fancy then that you have forgotten everything you knew, and that the patient has no faith in you, and that other people begin to notice how distracted you are, and tell you the symptoms with reluctance; that they are looking at you suspiciously, whispering.... Ah! it's horrid! There must be a remedy, you think, for this disease, if one could find it. Isn't this it? You try—no, that's not it! You don't allow the medicine the necessary time to do good.... You clutch at one thing, then at another. Sometimes you take up a book of medical prescriptions—here it is, you think! Sometimes, by Jove, you pick one out by chance, thinking to leave it to fate.... But meantime a fellow-creature's dying, and another doctor would have saved him. 'We must have a consultation,' you say; 'I will not take the responsibility on myself.' And what a fool you look at such times! Well, in time you learn to bear it; it's nothing to you. A man has died—but it's not your fault; you treated him by the rules. But what's still more torture to you is to see blind faith in you, and to feel yourself that you are not able to be of use. Well, it was just this blind faith that the whole of Alexandra Andreevna's family had in me; they had forgotten to think that their daughter was in danger. I, too, on my side assure them that it's nothing, but meantime my heart sinks into my boots. To add to our troubles, the roads were in such a state that the coachman was gone for whole days together to get medicine. And I never left the patient's room; I could not tear myself away; I tell her amusing stories, you know, and play cards with her. I watch by her side at night. The old mother thanks me with tears in her eyes; but I think to myself, 'I don't deserve your gratitude.' I frankly confess to you—there is no object in concealing it now—I was in love with my patient. And Alexandra Andreevna had grown fond of me; she would not sometimes let anyone be in her room but me. She began to talk to me, to ask me questions; where I had studied, how I lived, who are my people, whom I go to see. I feel that she ought not to talk; but to forbid her to

—to forbid her resolutely, you know—I could not. Sometimes I held my head in my hands, and asked myself 'What are you doing, villain?' ... And she would take my hand and hold it, give me a long, long look, and turn away, sigh, and say, 'How good you are!' Her hands were so feverish, her eyes so large and languid.... 'Yes,' she says, 'you are a good, kind man; you are not like our neighbours.... No, you are not like that.... Why did I not know you till now!' 'Alexandra Andreevna, calm yourself,' I say.... 'I feel, believe me, I don't know how I have gained... but there, calm yourself.... All will be right; you will be well again.' And meanwhile I must tell you," continued the doctor, bending forward and raising his eyebrows, "that they associated very little with the neighbours, because the smaller people were not on their level, and pride hindered them from being friendly with the rich. I tell you, they were an exceptionally cultivated family; so you know it was gratifying for me. She would only take her medicine from my hands... she would lift herself up, poor girl, with my aid, take it, and gaze at me.... My heart felt as if it were bursting. And meanwhile she was growing worse and worse, worse and worse, all the time; she will die, I think to myself; she must die. Believe me, I would sooner have gone to the grave myself; and here were her mother and sisters watching me, looking into my eyes... and their faith in me was wearing away. 'Well? how is she?' 'Oh, all right, all right!' All right, indeed! My mind was failing me. Well, I was sitting one night alone again by my patient. The maid was sitting there too, and snoring away in full swing; I can't find fault with the poor girl, though; she was worn out too. Alexandra Andreevna had felt very unwell all the evening; she was very feverish. Until midnight she kept tossing about; at last she seemed to fall asleep; at least, she lay still without stirring. The lamp was burning in the corner before the holy image. I sat there, you know, with my head bent; I even dozed a little. Suddenly it seemed as though someone touched me in the side; I turned round.... Good God! Alexandra Andreevna was gazing with intent eyes at me... her lips parted, her cheeks seemed burning. 'What is it?' 'Doctor, shall I die?' 'Merciful Heavens!' 'No, doctor, no; please don't tell me I shall live ... don't say so.... If you knew.... Listen! for God's sake don't conceal my real position,' and her breath came so fast. 'If I can know for certain that I must die... then I will tell you all—all!' 'Alexandra Andreevna, I beg!' 'Listen; I have not been asleep at all. I have been looking at you a long while. For God's sake!... I believe in you; you are a good man, an honest man; I entreat you by all that is sacred in the world—tell me the truth! If you knew how important it is for me.... Doctor, for God's sake tell me.... Am I in danger?" 'What can I tell you, Alexandra Andreevna, pray?' 'For God's sake, I beseech you!' 'I can't disguise from you,' I say, 'Alexandra Andreevna; you are certainly in

danger; but God is merciful.' 'I shall die, I shall die.' And it seemed as though she were pleased; her face grew so bright; I was alarmed. 'Don't be afraid, don't be afraid! I am not frightened of death at all.' She suddenly sat up and leaned on her elbow. 'Now... yes, now I can tell you that I thank you with my whole heart... that you are kind and good—that I love you!' I stare at her, like one possessed; it was terrible for me, you know. 'Do you hear, I love you!' 'Alexandra Andreevna, how have I deserved—' 'No, no, you don't—you don't understand me.' ... And suddenly she stretched out her arms, and taking my head in her hands, she kissed it.... Believe me, I almost screamed aloud.... I threw myself on my knees, and buried my head in the pillow. She did not speak; her fingers trembled in my hair; I listen; she is weeping. I began to soothe her, to assure her.... I really don't know what I did say to her. 'You will wake up the girl,' I say to her; 'Alexandra Andreevna, I thank you... believe me... calm yourself.' 'Enough, enough!' she persisted; 'never mind all of them; let them wake,then; let them come in—it does not matter; am dying, you see.... And what do you fear? Lift up your head.... Or, perhaps, you don't love me; perhaps I am wrong.... In that case, forgive me.' 'Alexandra Andreevna, what are you saying!...I love you, Alexandra Andreevna. " She looked straight into my eyes, and opened her arms wide. 'Then take me in your arms.' I tell you frankly, I don't know how it was I did not go mad that night. I feel that my patient is killing herself; I see that she is not fully herself; I understand, too, that if she did not consider herself on the point of death, she would never have thought of me; and, indeed, say what you will, it's hard to die at twenty without having known love; this was what was torturing her; this was why, in despair, she caught at me—do you understand now? But she held me in her arms, and would not let me go. 'Have pity on me, Alexandra Andreevna, and have pity on yourself,' I say. 'Why,' she says; 'what is there to think of? You know I must die.' This she repeated incessantly.... 'If I knew that I should return to life, and be a proper young lady again, I should be ashamed... of course, ashamed... but why now?' 'But who has said you will die?' 'Oh, no, leave off! you will not deceive me; you don't know how to lie—look at your face.' 'You shall live, Alexandra Andreevna; I will cure you; we will ask your mother's blessing... we will be united—we will be happy.' 'No, no, I have your word; I must die... you have promised me... you have told me.' It was cruel for me—cruel for many reasons. And see what trifling things can do sometimes; it seems nothing at all, but it's painful. It occurred to her to ask me, what is my name; not my surname, but my first name. I must needs be so unlucky as to be called Trifon. Yes, indeed; Trifon Ivanitch. Every one in the house called me doctor. However, there's no help for it. I say, 'Trifon, madam.' She

frowned, shook her head, and muttered something in French—ah, something unpleasant, of course!—and then she laughed—disagreeably too. Well, I spent the whole night with her in this way. Before morning I went away, feeling as though I were mad. When I went again into her room it was daytime, after morning tea. Good God! I could scarcely recognise her: people are laid in their grave looking better than that. I swear to you, on my honour, I don't understand—I absolutely don't understand—now, how I lived through that experience. Three days and nights my patient still lingered on. And what nights! What things she said to me! And on the last night—only imagine to yourself—I was sitting near her, and kept praying to God for one thing only: 'Take her,' I said, 'quickly, and me with her.' Suddenly the old mother comes unexpectedly into the room. I had already the evening before told her—the mother—there was little hope, and it would be well to send for a priest. When the sick girl saw her mother she said: 'It's very well you have come; look at us, we love one another—we have given each other our word.' 'What does she say, doctor? what does she say?' I turned livid. 'She is wandering,' I say; 'the fever.' But she: 'Hush, hush; you told me something quite different just now, and have taken my ring. Why do you pretend? My mother is good—she will forgive —she will understand—and I am dying.... I have no need to tell lies; give me your hand.' I jumped up and ran out of the room. The old lady, of course, guessed how it was."

"嗯，是这样的。我的病人的情况越来越糟糕了。您不是医生，我的好先生，您不会理解我们这些可怜的家伙的心情，特别是在他刚开始意识到他控制不了病情的时候。他的信心跑到哪里去了？你会突然变得很胆小，那真无法形容。那时候你会觉得你把所有知道的东西都忘了，病人对你没有信心了，其他人也开始注意到你有多么慌张，他们不情愿地把症状告诉你；他们一边用怀疑的眼光看着你，一边嘀嘀咕咕……啊！真是糟透了！你心想，一定会有一种药能治这种病，只要能找到它。这种药不行吗？你试了试——不对，不是它！你还没等到药起作用……你一会儿用这种药，一会儿用那种药。有时候你拿起一本药典——就在这里，你心想！有时候，天哪，你碰巧找出了一种药，想碰运气看看……但是这个时候，病人快不行了，或许别的医生本能救活他。'我们必须得会诊，'你说，'我可不会自己担责任。'这种时候，你看上去多像个傻子啊！不过，时间长了你就学会去承受这种压力了，这对你来说也不算什么了。人死了，可那又不是你的错，你已经照规矩给他治疗了。但还有更折磨你的事，那就是看到别人对自己盲目地信任，而你却感觉自己无能为力。唉，亚历山德拉·安德列叶夫娜全家正是这样盲目地信任我，她们都忘了她们家的女儿还处在危险之中。至于我，则让她们相信这病不要紧，可同时我自己却担心得要命。雪上加霜的是，路况又那么糟，马车夫去城里拿药要走好几天。我一步都没有离开过病人的房间，我不忍心离开，我给她讲有趣的故事，您知道，还陪她玩牌。我夜里也守在她身旁。老太太含着泪感谢我，但我心里想着：'我不值得您感激。'我坦

白对您说吧——现在也没必要隐瞒了——我爱上了我的病人。亚历山德拉·安德列叶夫娜对我的好感也与日俱增，有时候，她不让除了我之外的任何人进她的卧室。她开始和我聊天，问我一些问题：问我在哪里上的学，生活过得怎样，有些什么亲人，和什么人来往。我知道她不应该说话，但是要阻止她——完全不让她讲话，您知道，我做不到。有时候我抱着头，问自己：‘你在干什么啊，混蛋？……’她也会抓着我的手不放，久久地凝视着我，然后转过身去，叹口气说道，‘您真好！’她的手滚烫滚烫的，眼睛睁得很大，却没有神采……‘是呀，’她说，‘您是个善良的好人，您不像我们的那些邻居……不，您一点儿也不像那样……为什么我到现在才认识您呀！”亚历山德拉·安德列叶夫娜，请您冷静下来，’我说……‘我觉得，相信我，我不知道我是怎么赢得……但是，请镇定点……一切都会好起来的，您会恢复的。’说到这里，我应该告诉您，”医生向前倾了倾，挑了挑眉毛，继续说道，“她们和邻居很少来往，因为地位低的人跟她们不在一个档次上，而傲气又阻止她们去巴结那些富人。我告诉您，她们一家人都非常有修养，所以您知道，我觉得很欣慰。她只吃我递给她的药……可怜的姑娘，她会在我的帮助下自己坐起来，把药吃了，然后盯着我看……我的心像是要爆炸了。这期间她的病也越来越严重，越来越严重了，一直都是这样，她要死了，我心想，她肯定活不了了。相信我，我自己也很快就会进坟墓去，而这时她的母亲和两位姐姐都在看着我，看着我的双眼……她们对我的信任也在渐渐消失。‘嗯？她怎么样了？”“哦，还好，还好！’什么还好！我的脑子也不清醒了。唉，有一天晚上我独自守在病人的床边。女仆也坐在那里，大声地打着鼾，不过，我也不能怪这个可怜的丫头，她也累得不行了。亚历山德拉·安德列叶夫娜整个晚上都很不舒服，她烧得很厉害。她一直翻来覆去折腾到半夜，最后好像睡着了，至少，她静静地躺着不动了。墙角的那盏灯在圣像前亮着。我坐在那里，您知道，耷拉着脑袋，甚至还打了个小盹。突然好像有人从侧面碰了我一下，我转过身去……天哪！亚历山德拉·安德列叶夫娜目不转睛地盯着我……嘴唇张开着，脸颊烧得通红。‘怎么了？”医生，我要死了吗？”仁慈的上帝啊！”别，医生，别，请不要说我会活下去……不要那样说……要是您知道……听着！看在上帝的份上请不要隐瞒我的真实情况，’她的呼吸变得很急促，‘如果我知道自己必死无疑……那么我会告诉您一切——一切！”亚历山德拉·安德列叶夫娜，我求您了！”听着，我根本没有睡着。我看了您很长时间了。看在上帝的份上……我信任您，您是个好人，是个诚实的人，我恳求您，为了世上神圣的一切——对我说实话吧！您要是知道这对我有多么重要……医生，看在上帝的份上告诉我吧……我现在是不是处于危险中？”我能对您说什么呢？亚历山德拉·安德列叶夫娜，求求你了？”看在上帝的份上，我求求您了！”我不能对您隐瞒，’我说，‘亚历山德拉·安德列叶夫娜，您的确处于危险中，但是上帝是仁慈的。”我要死了，我要死了。’她看上去似乎很高兴，脸上也有了光彩，我被吓到了。‘别害怕，别害怕！我一点都不怕死。’她突然坐了起来，倚靠在胳膊肘上。‘现在……对，现在我可以告诉您，我全心全意地感谢您……您是那么的仁慈善良——我爱您！’我看着她，像着了魔一般，您知道，我很害怕。‘您听见了吗，我爱您！”亚历山德拉·安德列叶夫娜，我怎么值

得——“不，不，您不——您不理解我。’……她突然伸出胳膊，抱住了我的头，然后亲了一下……真的，我差点就大喊出来……我扑通跪了下来，把头埋在了枕头里。她没有说话，手指在我发间发抖，我听见她在哭泣。我开始安慰她，向她保证……我真的不知道自己对她说了些什么。‘您会把那丫头吵醒的，’我对她说，‘亚历山德拉·安德列叶夫娜，我感谢您……真的……请冷静点。’“够了，够了！’她一再说道，‘别去管她们了，让她们醒来吧，让她们都进来吧——不要紧，我都要死了，您瞧……您怕什么呢？您抬起头来……或者，也许您并不爱我，也许我错了……要是那样的话，请原谅我。’“亚历山德拉·安德列叶夫娜，您在说什么呀！……我爱您，亚历山德拉·安德列叶夫娜。’她直直地看着我的眼睛，然后大大地张开了双臂。‘那么抱着我吧。’我坦白地讲，我都不知道那一夜我怎么没有疯掉。我觉得我的病人正在自我毁灭，我看得出她有点神志不清，我也理解，要不是她认为自己快要死了，她是绝不会想到我的；再说，确实是，您想想看，二十岁还没有爱过就要死了，确实是挺痛苦的，这就是她痛苦的原因，这就是为什么，她在绝望中抓住了我——您现在明白了吧？可是她抱住了我，不让我走。‘可怜可怜我，亚历山德拉·安德列叶夫娜，也可怜可怜您自己吧。’我说。‘为什么，’她说，‘还有什么好考虑的？您知道我死定了。’她不断地重复这句话……‘要是我知道我会活下来，再做一个体面的小姐，我会害臊的……当然，会害臊的……可现在有什么关系呢？’“可是谁说您要死了？”“哦，别，别这么说了！您骗不了我，您都不知道怎么撒谎——瞧瞧您的脸。”“您会活下来的，亚历山德拉·安德列叶夫娜，我会治好您的，我们会请求您母亲给我们祝福……我们会结为夫妻，我们会幸福的。”“不，不，我相信您说的话，我肯定会死……您答应过我的……您已经告诉我了。’这让我很痛苦，有很多事让我痛苦。您瞧，有时候那些琐碎的小事却很有威力，它们看上去没什么，但是却叫人很痛苦。她忽然问我，我的名字是什么，不是姓，而是名字。而我偏偏很不幸地叫特里丰。对，就是这样，我叫特里丰·伊万诺维奇。她家的每个人都叫我医生。不过，那也没用了。我说：‘特里丰，女士。’她皱了皱眉，摇了摇头，用法语喃喃地说了些什么——唉，当然是些不好听的话——然后她笑了，也笑得不大愉快。唉，就这样我跟她度过了整个晚上。黎明前我走了出去，感觉自己像疯了似的。当我再次走进她的房间时，已经是白天，喝过早茶以后了。我的上帝呀！我差点就没认出她来：放在棺材里的人看上去都要比她好些。我以我的名誉对您发誓，我不知道——我完全不知道——唉，我当时是怎么熬过来的。我的病人又挣扎了三天三夜。多么痛苦的夜晚啊!她都对我说了些什么啊！最后那个晚上，您自己想象一下吧：我坐在她旁边，一直向上帝请求一件事：‘带她走吧，’我说，‘快点吧，把我同她一起带走。’突然，老太太意外地走进房来。我已经在前一天晚上告诉她——这位母亲——希望很渺茫了，最好还是去请位牧师来。生病的女孩一看见她母亲就说：‘太好了，您来了，看看我们，我们爱着对方——我们都互相发过誓了。’“她在说什么啊，医生？她在说什么呀？’我吓得面色发青。‘她在说胡话呢，’我说，‘因为发烧。’可是她说：‘嘘，嘘，您刚才跟我说的可不是这些，您还收了我的戒指呢。您为什么要假装呢？我母亲人很好，她会原谅的，她会理解的，我快不行

了……我没必要撒谎了，把您的手给我。’我跳了起来，跑出了房间。老太太当然猜到了是怎么回事。”

"I will not, however, weary you any longer, and to me too, of course, it's painful to recall all this. My patient passed away the next day. God rest her soul!' the doctor added, speaking quickly and with a sigh. "Before her death she asked her family to go out and leave me alone with her."

“不过，我不想再打扰您了，当然了，对于我来说，回忆这件事也很痛苦。我的病人第二天就去世了。上帝让她安息吧！”医生快速地补充道，还叹了口气，“她临终前，让家人都出去了，只留我单独陪她。”

“"Forgive me," she said; "I am perhaps to blame towards you... my illness... but believe me, I have loved no one more than you... do not forget me... keep my ring."’

“‘原谅我，’她说，‘我也许会责怪您……我的病……但是相信我，我从没有像爱您一样地爱过别人……不要忘了我……保管好我的戒指。’”

The doctor turned away; I took his hand.

医生把脸转了过去，我握住了他的手。

"Ah!" he said, "let us talk of something else, or would you care to play preference for a small stake? It is not for people like me to give way to exalted emotions. There's only one thing for me to think of; how to keep the children from crying and the wife from scolding. Since then, you know, I have had time to enter into lawful wed-lock, as they say.... Oh... I took a merchant's daughter—seven thousand for her dowry. Her name's Akulina; it goes well with Trifon. She is an ill-tempered woman, I must tell you, but luckily she's asleep all day.... Well, shall it be preference?”

“唉！”他说，“咱们聊点儿别的吧，或者，您想不想玩三人牌戏，玩小点？像我这种人不该陷入那种高尚的感情中。我只要为一件事情操心，那就是怎样才能让孩子不哭哭闹闹，让老婆不骂骂咧咧的。从那以后，您知道，我也步入了合法的婚姻殿堂……哦……我取了个商人的女儿，她有七千卢布的嫁妆。她叫阿库丽娜，跟特里丰这个名字倒是挺配的。我得告诉您，她是个暴脾气的女人，不过幸运的是，她整天都在睡觉……唉，玩三人牌戏吗？”

We sat down to preference for halfpenny points. Trifon Ivanitch won two roubles and a half from me, and went home late, well pleased with his success.

我们坐下来玩起了三人牌戏，半便士一局。特里丰·伊万诺维奇赢了我两个半卢布，很晚的时候，他才满意地带着战利品回去。

CHAPTER V MY NEIGHBOUR RADILOV

第五章 我的邻居拉季洛夫

For the autumn, woodcocks often take refuge in old gardens of lime-trees. There are a good many such gardens among us, in the province of Orel. Our forefathers, when they selected a place for habitation, invariably marked out two acres of good ground for a fruit-garden, with avenues of lime-trees. Within the last fifty, or seventy years at most, these mansions—"noblemen's nests," as they call them—have gradually disappeared off the face of the earth; the houses are falling to pieces, or have been sold for the building materials; the stone outhouses have become piles of rubbish; the apple-trees are dead and turned into firewood, the hedges and fences are pulled up. Only the lime-trees grow in all their glory as before, and with ploughed fields all round them, tell a tale to this light-hearted generation of "our fathers and brothers who have lived before us." A magnificent tree is such an old lime-tree.... Even the merciless axe of the Russian peasant spares it. Its leaves are small, its powerful limbs spread wide in all directions; there is perpetual shade under them.

在秋天里，丘鹬常常躲在那古老的欧椴树园子里。在我们奥廖尔省，这样的园子多得很。我们祖先在选择居住地点时，总会划出两英亩的好地，来建一个有欧椴树林阴大道的果园。最近五十年来，至多七十年，这些庄园——他们称之为“贵族之家”——渐渐地从地面上消失了；房屋要么坍塌了，要么卖给别人做建筑材料；石头砌的外屋变成了一堆堆废物；苹果树枯死了，成了人们用的柴火，树篱和栅栏也都被拔了起来。只有欧椴树依旧长得那么茂盛，一块块耕地围在它们周围，向这些无忧无虑的后代诉说着“我们先辈父兄们”的故事。这种老欧椴树美极了……即使是俄罗斯农民冷酷无情的斧头也会放过它。它的叶子小小的，强劲的树枝向四周广为伸展，于是树底下永远有一块阴凉地。

Once, as I was wandering about the fields after partridges with Yermolai, I saw some way off a deserted garden, and turned into it. I had hardly crossed its borders when a snipe rose up out of a bush with a clatter. I fired my gun, and at the same instant, a few paces from me, I heard a shriek; the frightened face of a young girl peeped out for a second from behind the trees, and instantly disappeared. Yermolai ran up to me: "Why are you shooting here? there is a landowner living here."

有一次，我和叶尔莫莱在野外打山鹑，我看见前方有一个荒废了的园子，就拐了进去。我刚跨过园子的边界，就有一只沙锥哗啦从灌木丛

里飞了起来。我开了一枪，就在这时，从离我几步远的地方传来了一阵尖叫声，一个年轻的姑娘从树后露了一下脸，满是惊慌，然后马上就不见了。叶尔莫莱跑到我跟前说："您怎么在这里开枪呀？有一个地主住在这里呢。"

Before I had time to answer him, before my dog had had time to bring me, with dignified importance, the bird I had shot, swift footsteps were heard, and a tall man with moustaches came out of the thicket and stopped, with an air of displeasure, before me. I made my apologies as best I could, gave him my name, and offered him the bird that had been killed on his domains.

我还没来得及回答他，猎狗也没来得及趾高气昂地把我射中的鸟给我叼回来，就听见一阵急促的脚步声，接着一个蓄着小胡子的高个子男人从灌木丛里走了出来，一脸不高兴地站在了我面前。我竭尽全力道歉，还告诉了他我的名字，并提出要把那只在他领地上射死的鸟送给他。

"Very well," he said to me with a smile; "I will take your game, but only on one condition: that you will stay and dine with us."

"好吧，"他微笑着对我说，"我收下您的野味，不过有一个条件：请您留下来和我们一起吃顿饭。"

I must confess I was not greatly delighted at his proposition, but it was impossible to refuse.

老实说，我并不是很喜欢他的提议，但也不可能拒绝。

"I am a landowner here, and your neighbour, Radilov; perhaps you have heard of me?" continued my new acquaintance; "to-day is Sunday, and we shall be sure to have a decent dinner, otherwise I would not have invited you."

"我是这里的地主，也是您的邻居，拉季洛夫，或许您听说过我吧？"我的新朋友接着说道，"今天是星期天，我家的饭菜应该很不错，否则我就不会邀请您了。"

I made such a reply as one does make in such circumstances, and turned to follow him. A little path that had lately been cleared soon led us out of the grove of lime-trees; we came into the kitchen-garden. Between the old apple-trees and gooseberry bushes were rows of curly whitish-green cabbages; the hop twined its tendrils round high poles; there were thick ranks of brown twigs tangled over with dried peas; large flat pumpkins seemed rolling on the ground; cucumbers showed yellow under their dusty angular leaves; tall nettles were waving along the hedge; in two or three places grew clumps of tartar honeysuckle, elder, and wild rose—the remnants of former flower-beds. Near a small fish-pond, full of reddish and slimy water, we saw

the well, surrounded by puddles. Ducks were busily splashing and waddling about these puddles; a dog blinking and twitching in every limb was gnawing a bone in the meadow, where a piebald cow was lazily chewing the grass, from time to time flicking its tail over its lean back. The little path turned to one side; from behind thick willows and birches we caught sight of a little grey old house, with a boarded roof and a winding flight of steps. Radilov stopped short.

我说了几句客套话，然后就转身跟着他走了。沿着一条刚刚清扫过的小路，我们很快就走出了欧椴树林，来到了菜园里。在老苹果树和醋栗树丛之间长着一排排纹理分明、绿色中带着白色的卷心菜；忽布的藤蔓缠绕在高高的杆子上；一排排密密麻麻的棕色小枝上缠满了干枯的豌豆；又大又扁的南瓜像是在地上打滚；沾满灰尘、有棱有角的叶子下面露出了黄色的黄瓜；高高的荨麻正沿着篱笆摇曳着；两三处地方长着一丛丛鞑靼忍冬、接骨木和野蔷薇——是之前花圃里留下来的。园中有一个小鱼池，里面都是黏糊糊的淡红色的水，我们看到了那口井，周围都是水坑。鸭子们正在水坑里匆忙地拍打着水，摇摇摆摆地走着；一条眨巴着眼睛、四肢抽搐的狗正在草地上啃一根骨头；一头花斑母牛懒洋洋地嚼着草，尾巴不时地轻弹着它那消瘦的脊背。小路拐向了一边，在茂密的柳树和白桦树后面，我们看见了一幢老式的灰色小房子，屋顶上铺着木板，台阶也弯弯曲曲的。拉季洛夫猛地停了下来。

"But," he said, with a good-humoured and direct look in my face, "on second thoughts... perhaps you don't care to come and see me, after all.... In that case—”

“不过，”他愉快地直视着我的脸说道，“我仔细一想……也许您并不愿意来我家，毕竟……要是那样的话——”

I did not allow him to finish, but assured him that, on the contrary, it would be a great pleasure to me to dine with him.

我没等他说完，便向他保证，正相反，我很乐意和他一起吃饭。

"Well, you know best."

“好呀，你最清楚了。”

We went into the house. A young man in a long coat of stout blue cloth met us on the steps. Radilov at once told him to bring Yermolai some vodka; my huntsman made a respectful bow to the back of the munificent host. From the hall, which was decorated with various parti-coloured pictures and check curtains, we went into a small room—Radilov's study. I took off my hunting accoutrements, and put my gun in a corner; the young man in the long-skirted coat busily brushed me down.

我们走进了房子里。一个穿着蓝色厚呢绒长外套的小伙子在台阶上迎接我们。拉季洛夫立马让他给叶尔莫莱拿些伏特加酒来，我的猎伴对

着这位慷慨的主人的后背恭恭敬敬地鞠了一躬。我们经过大厅，这里挂着各种五颜六色的图画和挡帘，走进了一个小房间——这是拉季洛夫的书房。我卸下了打猎的装备，把枪放到了一个角落里，那个穿着长摆外套的小伙子就赶忙给我掸灰尘。

"Well, now, let us go into the drawing-room." said Radilov cordially. "I will make you acquainted with my mother."

“嗯，现在，咱们去客厅吧。”拉季洛夫亲切地说，“我会让你们认识我的母亲。”

I walked after him. In the drawing-room, in the sofa in the centre of the room, was sitting an old lady of medium height, in a cinnamon-coloured dress and a white cap, with a thinnish, kind old face, and a timid, mournful expression.

我跟在他后面。在客厅中间的沙发上，坐着一位中等身高的老太太，她穿着一条肉桂色的裙子，戴着一顶白色的便帽，慈祥的面孔消瘦而沧桑，带着胆怯、忧伤的表情。

"Here, mother, let me introduce to you our neighbour...."

“嘿，妈，我给您介绍一下我们的邻居……”

The old lady got up and made me a bow, not letting go out of her withered hands a fat worsted reticule that looked like a sack.

老太太起身向我弯了弯腰，干枯的手上还拿着一个粗毛线手提袋，看上去就像麻袋。

"Have you been long in our neighbourhood?" she asked, in a weak and gentle voice, blinking her eyes.

“您在这附近住了很久了吗？”她眨着眼睛，用无力而温和的声音问道。

"No, not long."

“不，还没有多久。”

"Do you intend to remain here long?"

“您打算在这里常住吗？”

"Till the winter, I think."

“我想住到冬天。”

The old lady said no more.

那老太太便再没说别的了。

"And here," interposed Radilov, indicating to me a tall and thin man, whom I had not noticed on entering the drawing-room, "is Fyodor Miheitch.... Come, Fedya, give the visitor a specimen of your

art. Why have you hidden yourself away in that corner?"

“还有这位，”拉季洛夫指着一个高瘦的男人插话说道，我进客厅的时候没注意到这个人，“是费多尔·米赫伊奇……来呀，费佳，给客人露一手你的技艺。你干嘛缩到墙角里去了呀？”

Fyodor Miheitch got up at once from his chair, fetched a wretched little fiddle from the window, took the bow—not by the end, as is usual, but by the middle—put the fiddle to his chest, shut his eyes, and fell to dancing, singing a song, and scraping on the strings. He looked about seventy; a thin nankin overcoat flapped pathetically about his dry and bony limbs. He danced, at times skipping boldly, and then dropping his little bald head with his scraggy neck stretched out as if he were dying, stamping his feet on the ground, and sometimes bending his knees with obvious difficulty. A voice cracked with age came from his toothless mouth. Radilov must have guessed from the expression of my face that Fedya's "art" did not give me much pleasure.

费多尔·米赫伊奇立刻从椅子上站了起来，到窗台上拿起一把破破烂烂的小提琴，拿起弓——不是照常规握着弓的末端，而是握在弓的中间——把小提琴抵在胸口，闭上眼睛，跳起舞来，一边哼着歌，一边吱吱嘎嘎地拉着琴弦。他看上去差不多有七十岁，干瘦的身体外面那件薄薄的黄色土布大衣摆动地令人哀伤。他跳舞时，时而大胆地跳跃，接着垂着他小小的秃头，伸出瘦弱的颈脖，好像要死了似的，双脚踏着地，时而又吃力地屈起双膝。他嘴里的牙掉光了，发出沙哑苍老的声音。拉季洛夫准是从我脸上的表情猜出，我不怎么喜欢费佳的“技艺”。

"Very good, old man, that's enough," he said. "You can go and refresh yourself."

“非常好，老头子，那就够了，”他说，“你可以去休息一下了。”

Fyodor Miheitch at once laid down the fiddle on the window-sill, bowed first to me as the guest, then to the old lady, then to Radilov, and went away.

费多尔·米赫伊奇立即把小提琴放到了窗台上，先向我这个客人鞠了个躬，接着向老太太，再向拉季洛夫鞠了躬，便出去了。

"He too was a landowner," my new friend continued, "and a rich one too, but he ruined himself—so he lives now with me.... But in his day he was considered the most dashing fellow in the province; he eloped with two married ladies; he used to keep singers, and sang himself, and danced like a master.... But won't you take some vodka? dinner is just ready.”

“他以前也是个地主，”我的新朋友继续说道，“还是一个富有的地主呢，可是他破产了，所以现在住在我这里……当年他可是省里最潇洒的

家伙，他和两个有夫之妇私奔过，还养过一些歌手，自己也唱歌，还像个大师似的跳舞……您要不要来点儿伏特加酒？饭菜准备好了。”

A young girl, the same that I had caught a glimpse of in the garden, came into the room.

一个年轻的姑娘，就是我在园子里瞥过一眼的那个姑娘，走进屋子里。

"And here is Olga!" observed Radilov, slightly turning his head; "let me present you.... Well, let us go into dinner."

“这是奥丽雅！”拉季洛夫微微转过头说道，“让我给您介绍下……好啦，我们吃饭去吧。”

We went in and sat down to the table. While we were coming out of the drawing-room and taking our seats, Fyodor Miheitch, whose eyes were bright and his nose rather red after his "refreshment", sang "Raise the cry of Victory". They laid a separate cover for him in a corner on a little table without a table-napkin. The poor old man could not boast of very nice habits, and so they always kept him at some distance from society. He crossed himself, sighed, and began to eat like a shark. The dinner was in reality not bad, and in honour of Sunday was accompanied, of course, with shaking jelly and Spanish puffs of pastry. At the table Radilov, who had served ten years in an infantry regiment and had been in Turkey, fell to telling anecdotes; I listened to him with attention, and secretly watched Olga. She was not very pretty; but the tranquil and resolute expression of her face, her broad, white brow, her thick hair, and especially her brown eyes—not large, but clear, sensible and lively—would have made an impression on anyone in my place. She seemed to be following every word Radilov uttered—not so much sympathy as passionate attention was expressed on her face. Radilov in years might have been her father; he called her by her Christian name, but I guessed at once that she was not his daughter. In the course of conversation he referred to his deceased wife—"her sister," he added, indicating Olga. She blushed quickly and dropped her eyes. Radilov paused a moment and then changed the subject. The old lady did not utter a word during the whole of dinner; she ate scarcely anything herself, and did not press me to partake. Her features had an air of timorous and hopeless expectation, that melancholy of old age which it pierces one's heart to look upon. At the end of dinner Fyodor Miheitch was beginning to "celebrate" the hosts and guests, but Radilov looked at me and asked him to be quiet; the old man passed his hand over his lips, began to blink, bowed, and sat down again, but only on the very edge of his chair. After dinner I returned with Radilov to his study.

我们走进了餐厅，在餐桌旁坐了下来。我们从客厅走到这里来就

坐，这时费多尔·米赫伊奇在“休息”过后两眼放光，鼻子也有点红，他唱了首《让胜利之雷响起吧》。在墙角里一张没有桌布的小桌子上，他们为他单独摆放了一套餐具。这个可怜的老人可没法夸耀自己有很好的个人习惯，所以他们总是让他跟大家保持一定距离。他在胸前画了个十字，叹了口气，就开始像只鲨鱼一样吃了起来。饭菜确实不错，再加上又是礼拜天，当然会有颤悠悠的果冻和“西班牙之风”的糕点。拉季洛夫曾在步兵团里服役十年，还在土耳其呆过，他在饭桌上讲起了轶闻趣事，我用心地听他讲，还偷偷地看了看奥丽雅。她不算很漂亮，但她脸上那平静而坚定的表情，那宽阔、白皙的额头，那浓密的头发，尤其是她那双褐色的眼睛，虽然不大，可是清澈、灵动、有活力，会给任何处于我这个位置的人留下深刻的印象。她似乎在倾听拉季洛夫所讲的每一句话——她脸上流露出的与其说是赞同，不如说是热切的关注。拉季洛夫在年龄上都可以当她父亲了，他用她的教名来称呼她，可是我马上猜到她并不是他的女儿。在谈话的过程中，他提到了他已故的妻子——“她的姐姐”，他指着奥丽雅补充道。她马上就脸红了，还垂下了双眼。拉季洛夫停了一会儿，然后换了个话题。吃饭的时候，老太太一句话都没说，她几乎没吃什么东西，也没有劝我多吃点。她脸上流露出一种胆怯、无望的期待，是那种老年人的忧郁，看了让人心里不舒服。快散席的时候，费多尔·米赫伊奇正要开始“赞美”主人们和客人们，但拉季洛夫看了看我，便叫他不要唱了，老头子用手抹了一下嘴，眨了眨眼睛，鞠了个躬，然后又坐了下来，但是只坐在了椅子的最边上。饭后，我和拉季洛夫回到了他的书房里。

In people who are constantly and intensely preoccupied with one idea, or one emotion, there is something in common, a kind of external resemblance in manner, however different may be their qualities, their abilities, their position in society, and their education. The more I watched Radilov, the more I felt that he belonged to the class of such people. He talked of husbandry, of the crops, of the war, of the gossip of the district and the approaching elections; he talked without constraint, and even with interest; but suddenly he would sigh and drop into a chair, and pass his hand over his face, like a man wearied out by a tedious task. His whole nature—a good and warm-hearted one too—seemed saturated through, steeped in some one feeling. I was amazed by the fact that I could not discover in him either a passion for eating, nor for wine, nor for sport, nor for Kursk nightingales, nor for epileptic pigeons, nor for Russian literature, nor for trotting-hacks, nor for Hungarian coats, nor for cards, nor billiards, nor for dances, nor trips to the provincial town or the capital, nor for paper-factories and beet-sugar refineries, nor for painted pavilions, nor for tea, nor for trace-horses trained to hold their heads askew, nor even for fat coachmen belted under their very armpits—those magnificent coachmen whose eyes, for some mysterious reason, seem rolling and starting out of their heads at every movement.... 'What sort of landowner is this, then?' I thought. At the same time he did not in

the least pose as a gloomy man discontented with his destiny; on the contrary, he seemed full of indiscrimating good-will, cordial and even offensive readiness to become intimate with every one he came across. In reality you felt at the same time that he could not be friends, nor be really intimate with anyone, and that he could not be so, not because in general he was independent of other people, but because his whole being was for a time turned inwards upon himself. Looking at Radilov, I could never imagine him happy either now or at any time. He, too, was not handsome; but in his eyes, his smile, his whole being, there was a something, mysterious and extremely attractive—yes, mysterious is just what it was. So that you felt you would like to know him better, to get to love him. Of course, at times the landowner and the man of the steppes peeped out in him; but all the same he was a capital fellow.

那些总是极度关注某个想法或某种情感的人，不管他们的品性、能力、社会地位和教育背景有多么不同，也有些共同之处，那就是外在举止上的相似性。我越观察拉季洛夫，就越觉得他属于这一类人。他在谈论耕种、收成、战争、县城的流言蜚语或是新近的选举时，都毫不拘束，甚至饶有兴趣，可是突然间，他会叹口气，一屁股坐在椅子里，用手抹抹脸，就像一个被繁重的工作压得疲惫不堪的人一样。他本性善良而热忱，好像浸透沉浸在某种感情中。令我惊讶的是，我发现他对这些事情都不热衷，比如说吃喝、打猎、库尔斯克的夜莺、患癫痫病的鸽子、俄国文学、溜蹄马、匈牙利外套、扑克、台球、跳舞、去省城或首都旅行、造纸厂和甜菜炼糖厂、上过漆的亭台楼阁、饮茶、训练成歪头的挽缰马，甚至是腰带系到腋下的胖马车夫——那些马车夫穿着讲究，但不知为什么，他们的眼睛只要一动就像是要从头上滚出来似的……“这位地主是什么样的人呢？”我心想。然而，他绝对没有假装忧郁，抱怨自己的命运；正相反，他似乎充满了善意和热忱，对所有人都一视同仁，甚至还唐突地要与每一个萍水相逢的人结交。实际上，你同时会感觉到，他不可能同任何人成为朋友，也不会同任何人真正地亲密起来，他之所以不能这样，并不是因为他基本上不依赖别人，而是因为他一度把自己的本性完全藏了起来。看着拉季洛夫，我永远无法想象，他现在或是任何时候会是快乐的。他并不英俊，但是他的眼神、笑容，以及全身上下都散发着某种魅力，神秘且极其吸引人——对，就是神秘。因而，你觉得自己想更进一步地去了解他，去爱他。当然，有时候他也会流露出地主和草原居民的本性，但尽管如此，他仍是个顶好的人。

We were beginning to talk about the new marshal of the district, when suddenly we heard Olga's voice at the door: "Tea is ready." We went into the drawing-room. Fyodor Miheitch was sitting as before in his corner between the little window and the door, his legs curled up under him. Radilov's mother was knitting a stocking. From the opened windows came a breath of autumn freshness and the scent of apples. Olga was busy pouring out tea. I looked at her now with more

attention than at dinner. Like provincial girls as a rule, she spoke very little, but at any rate I did not notice in her any of their anxiety to say something fine, together with their painful consciousness of stupidity and helplessness; she did not sigh as though from the burden of unutterable emotions, nor cast up her eyes, nor smile vaguely and dreamily. Her look expressed tranquil self-possession, like a man who is taking breath after great happiness or great excitement. Her carriage and her movements were resolute and free. I liked her very much.

我们刚谈起新上任的县长，就突然听到奥丽雅在门口喊：“茶备好了。”我们便走进了客厅。费多尔·米赫伊奇就像之前一样，坐在他那个位于小窗户和门之间的角落里，他的双腿蜷在身下。拉季洛夫的母亲正在织袜子。窗户打开着，一丝秋天的清新和苹果的香气飘了进来。奥丽雅正忙着倒茶。此刻我专注地看着她，比吃饭的时候还要专注。她就像普通的乡下姑娘一样，很少说话，但至少我从她身上看不出她们那种想说几句好听话的渴望，也没有她们愚蠢无助而痛苦的感觉；她不会发出那样的叹息，就好像自己有难言之隐一样，也不挤眉弄眼，也不会露出暧昧迷人的微笑。她看上去恬静而泰然自若，就像一个经历过极大的幸福或极大的兴奋之后，正在喘气的人。她的一举一动都那么坚定而洒脱。我非常喜欢她。

I fell again into conversation with Radilov. I don't recollect what brought us to the familiar observation that often the most insignificant things produce more effect on people than the most important.

接着我又和拉季洛夫聊了起来。我记不起来我们是如何谈到那个众所周知的结论的，即最微不足道的事情常常比最重要的事情对人产生更大的影响。

"Yes," Radilov agreed, "I have experienced that in my own case. I, as you know, have been married. It was not for long—three years; my wife died in child-birth. I thought that I should not survive her; I was fearfully miserable, broken down, but I could not weep—I wandered about like one possessed. They decked her out, as they always do, and laid her on a table—in this very room. The priest came, the deacons came, began to sing, to pray, and to burn incense; I bowed to the ground, and hardly shed a tear. My heart seemed turned to stone—and my head too—I was heavy all over. So passed my first day. Would you believe it? I even slept in the night. The next morning I went in to look at my wife: it was summer-time, the sunshine fell upon her from head to foot, and it was so bright. Suddenly I saw…” (here Radilov gave an involuntary shudder) "what do you think? One of her eyes was not quite shut, and on this eye a fly was moving.... I fell down in a heap, and when I came to myself, I began to weep and weep... I could not stop myself...."

“是呀，”拉季洛夫赞同地说道，“我就曾亲身体验过。您知道，我以前结过婚。没过多久……三年，我的妻子在生孩子的时候死了。我以为我会同她一起死去，我非常痛苦，整个人都垮掉了，但是我哭不出来，就像个着了魔的人一样游荡着。按照惯例，她们给她打扮了一番，然后把她放到了一张桌子上——就在这个房间里。牧师来了，几位执事也来了，然后他们开始唱赞美诗、祷告和焚香；我叩首至地，却几乎没流一滴泪。我的心似乎变成了石头——我的脑袋也是——我感觉浑身都很沉重。第一天就这么过去了。您相信吗？那天晚上我还睡着了。第二天早上，我进屋去看我的妻子：那时正值夏天，阳光落在她整个身体上，那么地明亮。忽然我看到……”（说到这里，拉季洛夫不由得哆嗦了一下）“您猜是什么？她有一只眼睛没有完全闭上，还有只苍蝇在上面爬……我一下子栽倒在了地上，等我醒了以后，就开始哭呀哭……我根本控制不住自己……”

Radilov was silent. I looked at him, then at Olga.... I can never forget the expression of her face. The old lady had laid the stocking down on her knees, and taken a handkerchief out of her reticule; she was stealthily wiping away her tears. Fyodor Miheitch suddenly got up, seized his fiddle, and in a wild and hoarse voice began to sing a song. He wanted doubtless to restore our spirits; but we all shuddered at his first note, and Radilov asked him to be quiet.

拉季洛夫沉默了。我看了看他，又看了看奥丽雅……我永远都忘不了她脸上的那个表情。老太太把袜子放到了膝上，从手提包里掏出了手帕，悄悄地擦着眼泪。费尔多·米赫伊奇突然站了起来，抓起了他的小提琴，然后开始用粗犷而沙哑的声音唱起歌来。他无疑是想让我们高兴些，但是我们刚听到他唱歌，就都哆嗦了一下，拉季洛夫便叫他别唱了。

"Still what is past, is past," he continued; "we cannot recall the past, and in the end... all is for the best in this world below, as I think Voltaire said," he added hurriedly.

“不过，过去的已经过去，”他继续说道，“我们无法回到过去，而且最后……一切都会好起来的，我记得好像是伏尔泰说的。”他连忙补充说。

"Yes," I replied, "of course. Besides, every trouble can be endured, and there is no position so terrible that there is no escape from it."

“是的，”我答道，“当然了。而且，一切的不幸都是可以忍受的，没有过不去的坎。”

"Do you think so?" said Radilov. "Well, perhaps you are right. I recollect I lay once in the hospital in Turkey half dead; I had typhus fever. Well, our quarters were nothing to boast of—of course, in time of war—and we had to thank God for what we had! Suddenly they bring in more sick—where are they to put them? The doctor goes here

and there—there is no room left. So he comes up to me and asks the attendant, 'Is he alive?' He answers, 'He was alive this morning.' The doctor bends down, listens; I am breathing. The good man could not help saying, 'Well, what an absurd constitution; the man's dying; he's certain to die, and he keeps hanging on, lingering, taking up space for nothing, and keeping out others.' Well, I thought to myself, 'So you are in a bad way, Mihal Mihalitch....' And, after all, I got well, and am alive till now, as you may see for yourself. You are right, to be sure."

"您是这么想的吗？"拉季洛夫说，"嗯，也许您说得对。我记得有一次，我半死不活地躺在土耳其的一家医院里，我得了斑疹伤寒。唉，我们住的地方没什么值得夸耀的——当然，那是战争时期——我们有地方住就谢天谢地了。突然，他们送来了更多的伤员——要把他们放在哪里呢？医生跑来跑去——已经没有空余的地方了。于是他走到我跟前，问护理员：'他还活着吗？'护理员答道：'他今早上还活着。'医生俯下身，听了听，我还有呼吸。这位仁兄忍不住说道：'唉，这体质真差劲，这个人要死了，他肯定会死的，还在这里一直撑着，拖延时间，白占着地方，妨碍别人。'唉，我心想，'你的情况很糟糕啊，米海洛·米海雷奇……'不过，我终究还是好起来了，您瞧瞧，我一直活到了现在。可见您说得对。"

"In any case I am right," I replied; "even if you had died, you would just the same have escaped from your horrible position."

"无论如何，我的话都是对的，"我答道，"即使您那时死了，您也同样算是逃出了逆境。"

"Of course, of course," he added, with a violent blow of his fist on the table. "One has only to come to a decision.... What is the use of being in a horrible position?... What is the good of delaying, lingering."

"当然，当然，"他用拳头猛地锤了一下桌子，补充说道，"只要下定决心……为什么还要身处逆境之中？……耽搁拖延又有什么好处呢。"

Olga rose quickly and went out into the garden.

奥丽雅迅速起身，走到了园子里。

"Well, Fedya, a dance!" cried Radilov.

"喂，费佳，跳个舞吧！"拉季洛夫喊道。

Fedya jumped up and walked about the room with that artificial and peculiar motion which is affected by the man who plays the part of a goat with a tame bear. He sang meanwhile, "While at our Gates...."

费佳猛地站了起来，然后就在屋里跳舞，动作做作而独特，就像是《山羊与驯服的熊》里扮演山羊的那个人一样。他还一边唱着："在我家的大门旁……"

The rattle of a racing droshky sounded in the drive, and in a few minutes a tall, broad-shouldered and stoutly made man, the peasant proprietor, Ovsyanikov, came into the room.

从大道上传来一辆四轮赛跑马车的咔嗒声，不一会儿，一位身材高大、肩膀宽阔的健壮老头——自耕农奥夫夏尼科夫，走进屋来。

But Ovsyanikov is such a remarkable and original personage that, with the reader's permission, we will put off speaking about him till the next sketch. And now I will only add for myself that the next day I started off hunting at earliest dawn with Yermolai, and returned home after the day's sport was over... that a week later I went again to Radilov's, but did not find him or Olga at home, and within a fortnight I learned that he had suddenly disappeared, left his mother, and gone away somewhere with his sister-in-law. The whole province was excited, and talked about this event, and I only then completely understood the expression of Olga's face while Radilov was telling us his story. It was breathing, not with sympathetic suffering only: it was burning with jealousy.

不过，因为奥夫夏尼科夫是一个非常出色而独特的人，所以若读者允许，我们就拖到下一篇再谈他。现在我只补充一下，第二天一大早，我就和叶尔莫莱打猎去了，打完猎后就回家了……一个星期以后，我又去了拉季洛夫家，却发现他和奥丽雅都不在家，两个星期过后，我得知他突然失踪了，撇下了他的母亲，带着他的小姨子不知去了何处。全省都轰动了，都在谈论这件事，而我直到那时我才彻底明白了拉季洛夫给我们讲述他的故事时，奥丽雅脸上的那个表情。当时她脸上不仅流露着怜悯之情，还有强烈的醋意。

Before leaving the country I called on old Madame Radilov. I found her in the drawing-room; she was playing cards with Fyodor Miheitch.

在离开乡下之前，我去拜访了拉季洛夫的老母亲。我在客厅看到了她，她正在和费多尔·米赫伊奇玩纸牌。

"Have you news of your son?" I asked her at last.

“您有您儿子的消息吗？”最后我问她。

The old lady began to weep. I made no more inquiries about Radilov.

老太太就开始哭了起来。我便不再过问拉季洛夫的事了。

CHAPTER VI THE PEASANT PROPRIETOR OVSYANIKOV

第六章 自耕农奥夫夏尼科夫

Picture to yourselves, gentle readers, a stout, tall man of seventy, with a face reminding one somewhat of the face of Kriloff, clear and intelligent eyes under overhanging brows, dignified in bearing, slow in speech, and deliberate in movement: there you have Ovsyanikov. He wore an ample blue overcoat with long sleeves, buttoned all the way up, a lilac silk-handkerchief round his neck, brightly polished boots with tassels, and altogether resembled in appearance a well-to-do merchant. His hands were handsome, soft, and white; he often fumbled with the buttons of his coat as he talked. With his dignity and his composure, his good sense and his indolence, his uprightness and his obstinacy, Ovsyanikov reminded me of the Russian boyars of the times before Peter the Great.… The national holiday dress would have suited him well. He was one of the last men left of the old time. All his neighbours had a great respect for him, and considered it an honour to be acquainted with him. His fellow peasant-proprietors almost worshipped him, and took off their hats to him from a distance: they were proud of him. Generally speaking, in these days, it is difficult to tell a peasant-proprietor from a peasant; his husbandry is almost worse than the peasant's; his calves are wretchedly small; his horses are only half alive; his harness is made of rope. Ovsyanikov was an exception to the general rule, though he did not pass for a wealthy man. He lived alone with his wife in a clean and comfortable little house, kept a few servants, whom he dressed in the Russian style and called his "workmen". They were employed also in ploughing his land. He did not attempt to pass for a nobleman, did not affect to be a landowner; never, as they say, forgot himself; he did not take a seat at the first invitation to do so, and he never failed to rise from his seat on the entrance of a new guest, but with such dignity, with such stately courtesy, that the guest involuntarily made him a more deferential bow. Ovsyanikov adhered to the antique usages, not from superstition (he was naturally rather independent in mind), but from habit. He did not, for instance, like carriages with springs, because he did not find them comfortable, and preferred to drive in a racing droshky, or in a pretty little trap with leather cushions, and he always drove his good bay himself (he kept none but bay horses). His coachman, a young, rosy-cheeked fellow, his hair cut round like a basin, in a dark blue coat with a strap round the waist, sat respectfully beside him.

Ovsyanikov always had a nap after dinner and visited the bath-house on Saturdays; he read none but religious books and used gravely to fix his round silver spectacles on his nose when he did so; he got up, and went to bed early. He shaved his beard, however, and wore his hair in the German style. He always received visitors cordially and affably, but he did not bow down to the ground, nor fuss over them and press them to partake of every kind of dried and salted delicacy. "Wife!" he would say deliberately, not getting up from his seat, but only turning his head a little in her direction, "bring the gentleman a little of something to eat." He regarded it as a sin to sell wheat: it was the gift of God. In the year ’(40), at the time of the general famine and terrible scarcity, he shared all his store with the surrounding landowners and peasants; the following year they gratefully repaid their debt to him in kind. The neighbours often had recourse to Ovsyanikov as arbitrator and mediator between them, and they almost always acquiesced in his decision, and listened to his advice. Thanks to his intervention, many had conclusively settled their boundaries.… But after two or three tussles with lady-landowners, he announced that he declined all mediation between persons of the feminine gender. He could not bear the flurry and excitement, the chatter of women and the "fuss". Once his house had somehow got on fire. A workman ran to him in headlong haste shrieking, "Fire, fire!" "Well, what are you screaming about?" said Ovsyanikov tranquilly, "give me my cap and my stick." He liked to break in his horses himself. Once a spirited horse he was training bolted with him down a hillside and over a precipice. "Come, there, there, you young colt, you'll kill yourself!" said Ovsyanikov soothingly to him, and an instant later he flew over the precipice together with the racing droshky, the boy who was sitting behind, and the horse. Fortunately, the bottom of the ravine was covered with heaps of sand. No one was injured; only the horse sprained a leg. "Well, you see," continued Ovsyanikov in a calm voice as he got up from the ground, "I told you so." He had found a wife to match him. Tatyana Ilyinitchna Ovsyanikov was a tall woman, dignified and taciturn, always dressed in a cinnamon-coloured silk dress. She had a cold air, though none complained of her severity, but, on the contrary, many poor creatures called her their little mother and benefactress. Her regular features, her large dark eyes, and her delicately cut lips, bore witness even now to her once celebrated beauty. Ovsyanikov had no children.

敬爱的读者，请您想象一下，一位身材魁梧，年龄有七十岁的人，长相貌似克雷洛夫，低垂的眉毛下有一双明亮而睿智的眼睛，仪态端庄，谈吐稳健，举止从容：这个人就是奥夫夏尼科夫。他穿着一件宽大的长袖蓝大衣，纽扣一直扣到最上面，脖子上围一条淡紫色的丝绸围巾，脚上穿着一双擦得程亮的带流苏的靴子，整个人看上去就像一个富

裕的商人。他的手漂亮、柔软，又白皙，说话时还总要摸摸大衣上的扣子。奥夫夏尼科夫的高贵和沉着、理智和懒散、正直和固执，让我想起了彼得大帝时代之前的俄国波雅尔们……他要是穿上节日礼服，也一定很合身。旧时代遗留下最后一批人，他就是其中之一。他所有的邻居都很尊敬他，把能够同他结识当作一种荣誉。他的那些自耕农同伴几乎都很崇拜他，大老远地就摘帽向他致敬，他们都以他为傲。一般说来，如今很难将自耕农和农民区分开来，自耕农的收成甚至比农民的还要糟糕，牛犊长得非常小，马匹半死不活的，马具也是用绳子做的。奥夫夏尼科夫在一般的自耕农里是个例外，不过他也没有去冒充富人。他和他妻子两人住在一幢整洁舒适的小房子里，养着几个仆人，他让他们穿上俄罗斯式的服装，还称他们为“工人”。他的工人们还帮他耕地。他没有试图冒充贵族，也没有假装成地主；像人们所说的，他从没忘记自己是谁；别人第一次邀请他坐下，他不会立马就入座，每进来一位新客人，他总会站起身来，他的行为那么地高贵，又那么重礼节，使得客人不自觉地就毕恭毕敬地向他鞠躬。奥夫夏尼科夫遵循旧时的礼节，并不是因为他迷信（他天生就是个思想独立的人），而是出于习惯。例如，他不喜欢坐带有弹簧的马车，因为他觉得很不舒适，他更乐意乘坐赛跑四轮马车，或者是带皮垫的精致双轮轻便小马车，他常常骑自己的那匹枣红色的良种马（他只养枣红色的马）。他的马车夫是一个面颊红润的年轻小伙子，发型圆圆的就像一个盆，他穿着深蓝色的外套，腰上系着皮带，恭敬地坐在主人旁边。奥夫夏尼科夫吃完晚饭后，总会去打个盹，他每周六都去澡堂；他只读宗教方面的书，读书时还常常庄重地把那副圆形银框眼镜架在鼻子上；他起得早，睡得也早。不过，他把胡子剃了，留着德式发型。他招待客人总是诚恳而亲切，但并不卑躬屈膝，也不过分关照他们，逼迫他们分享各种干果和腌制品。“夫人！”他不慌不忙地说，也没从座位上起身，只是略微把头朝向她，“给这位先生拿点吃的来。”他认为出售小麦是罪恶的，因为小麦是上帝的恩赐。1840年出现了全国性的大饥荒和物资短缺，他把自己所有的存粮全都分给了周围的地主和农民；第二年，他们都心怀感激地偿还了粮食。邻居们常常向奥夫夏尼科夫求助，让他当他们之间的仲裁人和调停者，他们几乎总会默认他做的裁决，听取他的建议。多亏了他的调停，许多户人家才终于划定了地界……但是在他和女地主们发生过两三次冲突以后，他就宣布拒绝调停女性之间的所有事务。他不能忍受慌张、激动，以及女人们的闲话和“大惊小怪”。有一次，他的房子不知怎地着火了。一个工人急匆匆地朝他跑去喊道：“着火啦，着火啦！”“唉，你大叫大嚷什么啊？”奥夫夏尼科夫平静地说，“把我的帽子和手杖给我。”他喜欢亲自驯马。有一次，他在训练一匹烈马，那马拉着他冲下了山，朝悬崖奔去。“嘿，好啦，好啦，年轻的小马，你会把自己摔死的！”奥夫夏尼科夫安抚道，但不一会儿，他就同那辆赛跑四轮马车，还有坐在后面的男孩和那匹马一起飞下了悬崖。幸运的是，山谷底部全是一堆堆的沙子。没有人受伤，只有那匹马扭伤了一条腿。“好啦，你看看吧，”奥夫夏尼科夫从地上爬起来以后，用平静的声音说道，“我早告诉过你了吧。”他娶了一个和他相配的妻子。塔季雅娜·伊利尼奇娜·奥夫夏尼科夫身材高挑，举止端庄，但寡言少语，她总穿着一条肉桂色的丝绸连衣裙。她看上去很冷漠，可

是没有人报怨说她很严肃，正相反，很多穷人称她为他们的小妈妈和女恩人。她容貌端正，眼睛又大又黑，嘴唇也长得很精致，至今仍能看出她曾经是个出众的美人。奥夫夏尼科夫没有孩子。

I made his acquaintance, as the reader is already aware, at Radilov's, and two days later I went to see him. I found him at home. He was reading the Lives of the Saints. A grey cat was purring on his shoulder. He received me, according to his habit, with stately cordiality. We fell into conversation.

读者已经知道，我是在拉季洛夫家认识他的，两天之后我便去拜访了他。他正好在家。他正在读《圣人们的生活》。一只灰猫趴在他的肩上咕噜咕噜地叫着。他以自己一贯的作风，庄重而亲切地招待了我。我们聊了起来。

"But tell me the truth, Luka Petrovitch," I said to him, among other things; "weren't things better of old, in your time?”

“请您给我说实话，卢卡·彼得罗维奇，”在谈话中我这样问，“在您那个时代，日子是不是要好些？”

"In some ways, certainly, things were better, I should say," replied Ovsyanikov; "we lived more easily; there was a greater abundance of everything…. All the same, things are better now, and they will be better still for your children, please God.”

“当然了，我得说，在有的方面是要好些，”奥夫夏尼科夫回答道，“我们活得更容易些，物资也要丰富的多……不过还是现在更好些，如上帝愿意，您的孩子们会过得更好。”

"I had expected you, Luka Petrovitch, to praise the old times."

“卢卡·彼得罗维奇，我还以为您会赞美旧时代呢。”

"No, I have no special reason to praise old times. Here, for instance, though you are a landowner now, and just as much a landowner as your grandfather was, you have not the same power—and, indeed, you are not yourself the same kind of man. Even now, some noblemen oppress us; but, of course, it is impossible to help that altogether. Where there are mills grinding there will be flour. No; I don't see now what I have experienced myself in my youth.”

“不，我并不觉得旧时代有什么特别值得赞美的。比如说，尽管你现在也是个地主，同您已故的祖父一样，可您没有他那样的权势了！当然，您本来也不是那样的人。即便现在，还有一些贵族在压迫我们，不过，这当然是不可能完全避免的。哪里有磨在嘎嘎转，哪里就有面粉嘛。不，我年轻时所经历过的那些事情，现在早就不存在了。”

"What, for instance?"

“譬如什么事？”

"Well, for instance, I will tell you about your grandfather. He was an overbearing man; he oppressed us poorer folks. You know, perhaps — indeed, you surely know your own estates—that bit of land that runs from Tchepligin to Malinina—you have it under oats now.… Well, you know, it is ours—it is all ours. Your grandfather took it away from us; he rode by on his horse, pointed to it with his hand, and said, 'It's my property,' and took possession of it. My father (God rest his soul!) was a just man; he was a hot-tempered man, too; he would not put up with it—indeed, who does like to lose his property? —and he laid a petition before the court. But he was alone: the others did not appear —they were afraid. So they reported to your grandfather that 'Piotr Ovsyanikov is making a complaint against you that you were pleased to take away his land.' Your grandfather at once sent his huntsman Baush with a detachment of men.… Well, they seized my father, and carried him to your estate. I was a little boy at that time; I ran after him barefoot. What happened? They brought him to your house, and flogged him right under your windows. And your grandfather stands on the balcony and looks on; and your grandmother sits at the window and looks on too. My father cries out, 'Gracious lady, Marya Vasilyevna, intercede for me! have mercy on me!' But her only answer was to keep getting up to have a look at him. So they exacted a promise from my father to give up the land, and bade him be thankful they let him go alive. So it has remained with you. Go and ask your peasants—what do they call the land, indeed? It's called "The Cudgelled Land", because it was gained by the cudgel. So you see from that, we poor folks can't bewail the old order very much.”

“嗯，譬如，我给您讲讲您的祖父吧。他当年可是个专横的人，他压迫我们这样的穷人。您或许知道——的确，您当然知道自己的领地——从切普雷金到马利宁的那块土地——您现在用来种燕麦了……嗯，您知道，这块地是我们的……都是我们的。您的祖父把它从我们手里夺走了，他骑在马上，用手指着它说：‘这是我的财产。’然后就占有了这块。我的父亲（上帝让他安息吧！）是个正直的人，他也是个脾气火爆的人，他咽不下这口气——谁愿意失去自己的财产呢？他就把诉状递到了法庭上。但是只有他一个人，其他人都没有去，因为他们不敢。于是他们向您的祖父打报告说：‘彼得·奥夫夏尼科夫要告您的状，说您抢了他的土地。’您的祖父马上就派他的猎人巴乌什带了一帮人……唉，他们抓住了我的父亲，把他拉到了你们家的领地上。我当时还是个小男孩，光着脚丫跟在他后面跑。发生了什么事呢？他们把他带到你们家，就在你家的窗户下，用棒子打他。您的祖父站在阳台上看着，您的祖母也坐在窗户边上看着。我父亲大叫：‘仁慈的太太，马丽雅·瓦西利耶夫娜，帮我说说情！可怜可怜我吧！’但是她唯一的答复就是时时挺起身子看看他。于是他们强迫我的父亲承诺放弃那块土地，命令他感谢他们让他活着出去。于是那块土地现在仍是你的。去问问您的那些农民们，他们管那块

地叫什么？叫做“棍棒地”，因为它是用棍棒得来的。所以由此您就能看出，我们这些穷人不会太留恋旧时代的制度。”

I did not know what answer to make Ovsyanikov, and I had not the courage to look him in the face.

我不知道该怎么回答奥夫夏尼科夫，也没有勇气正视他的脸。

"We had another neighbour who settled amongst us in those days, Komov, Stepan Niktopolionitch. He used to worry my father out of his life; when it wasn't one thing, it was another. He was a drunken fellow, and fond of treating others; and when he was drunk he would say in French, 'Say bon,' and 'Take away the holy images!' He would sent to all the neighbours to ask them to come to him. His horses stood always in readiness, and if you wouldn't go he would come after you himself at once!… And he was such a strange fellow! In his sober times he was not a liar; but when he was drunk he would begin to relate how he had three houses in Petersburg—one red, with one chimney; another yellow, with two chimneys; and a third blue, with no chimneys; and three sons (though he had never even been married), one in the infantry, another in the cavalry, and the third was his own master.… And he would say that in each house lived one of his sons; that admirals visited the eldest, and generals the second, and the third only Englishmen! Then he would get up and say, 'To the health of my eldest son; he is the most dutiful!' and he would begin to weep. Woe to anyone who refused to drink the toast! 'I will shoot him!' he would say; 'and I won't let him be buried!' … Then he would jump up and scream, 'Dance, God's people, for your pleasure and my diversion!' Well, then, you must dance; if you had to die for it, you must dance. He thoroughly worried his serf-girls to death. Sometimes all night long till morning they would be singing in chorus, and the one who made the most noise would have a prize. If they began to be tired, he would lay his head down in his hands, and begins moaning: 'Ah, poor forsaken orphan that I am! They abandon me, poor little dove!' And the stable-boys would wake the girls up at once. He took a liking to my father; what was he to do? He almost drove my father into his grave, and would actually have driven him into it, but (thank Heaven!) he died himself; in one of his drunken fits he fell off the pigeon-house.… There, that's what our sweet little neighbours were like!”

“那个时候，我们这里还住着另一个邻居，姓科莫夫，名叫斯捷潘·尼克托波利昂内奇。他以前总是让我父亲心烦得要命，不是这事儿，就是那事儿的。他是个酒鬼，还喜欢款待别人，他喝醉时就会用法语说，‘说好的’，和‘把圣像都拿走！’他会派人去把所有的邻居都请到他家里来。他的马车总是整装待发地停在那里，要是你不去，他就会马上亲自来找你……他真是一个奇怪的人！他清醒的时候并不撒谎，可是一喝

醉就开始讲他是怎样在彼得堡有三幢房子的：一幢是红色的，有一个烟囱；另一幢是黄色的，有两个烟囱；还有一幢是蓝色的，没有烟囱；还有三个儿子（尽管他从没结过婚），一个在步兵队，另一个在骑兵队，还有一个自己当家作主……然后他还会说他的三个儿子分别住在那三幢房子里，大儿子家有海军上将们来访，二儿子家有将军们来访，三儿子家来的只有英国人！然后他会站起来说：‘为我大儿子的健康干杯，他是最孝顺的！’接着他便哭起来。要是有人拒绝举杯敬酒那就惨了！‘我要毙了他！’他会说，‘还不让他下葬！’……然后他又会跳起来，大喊：‘跳舞吧，上帝的子民们，让自己高兴高兴，也让我消遣消遣！’唉，那么你就得跳舞，哪怕跳死也得跳。他真是把他的农奴姑娘们折腾得要命。有时候，她们得通宵达旦地合唱，谁的声音最大谁就会得到奖赏。要是她们觉得累了，他就会用手托着头，开始哀叹：‘啊，我这个被抛弃的可怜人啊！他们都抛弃了我，这个可怜的人儿啊！’这时马童们就会赶快叫醒那几个姑娘。他很喜欢我父亲，有什么办法呢？他就快要把我父亲送进棺材里去了，真的是快把他送进去了，不过（谢谢上帝！）他自己死了，他有一次喝醉了，从鸽子棚上跌了下来……瞧，我家都有过一些什么样的邻居啊！”

"How the times have changed!" I observed.

“时代变化可真大呀！”我说道。

"Yes, yes," Ovsyanikov assented. "And there is this to be said—in the old days the nobility lived more sumptuously. I'm not speaking of the real grandees now. I used to see them in Moscow. They say such people are scarce nowadays.”

“是啊，是啊，”奥夫夏尼科夫赞同地说道，“可以这么说，旧时代的贵族们活得更奢华。我现在说的还不是那些真正的达官贵人。我过去在莫斯科常常见到他们,据说那样的人如今也罕见了。”

"Have you been in Moscow?"

“您去过莫斯科？”

"I used to stay there long, very long ago. I am now in my seventy-third year; and I went to Moscow when I was sixteen.”

“我去过那里，在很久很久以前。我现在都七十三岁了，我去莫斯科的时候才十六岁。”

Ovsyanikov sighed.

奥夫夏尼科夫叹了口气。

"Whom did you see there?"

“您在那里都见过谁？”

"I saw a great many grandees—and everyone saw them; they kept open house for the wonder and admiration of all! Only no one came up to Count Alexey Grigoryevitch Orlov-Tchesmensky. I often saw

Alexey Grigoryevitch; my uncle was a steward in his service. The count was pleased to live in Shabolovka, near the Kaluga Gate. He was a grand gentleman! Such stateliness, such gracious condescension you can't imagine! and it's impossible to describe it. His figure alone was worth something, and his strength, and the look in his eyes! Till you knew him, you did not dare come near him—you were afraid, overawed indeed; but directly you came near him he was like sunshine warming you up and making you quite cheerful. He allowed every man access to him in person, and he was devoted to every kind of sport. He drove himself in races and out-stripped every one, and he would never get in front at the start, so as not to offend his adversary; he would not cut it short, but would pass him at the finish; and he was so pleasant—he would soothe his adversary, praising his horse. He kept tumbler-pigeons of a first-rate kind. He would come out into the court, sit down in an arm-chair, and order them to let loose the pigeons; and his men would stand all round on the roofs with guns to keep off the hawks. A large silver basin of water used to be placed at the count's feet, and he looked at the pigeons reflected in the water. Beggars and poor people were fed in hundreds at his expense; and what a lot of money he used to give away!… When he got angry, it was like a clap of thunder. Everyone was in a great fright, but there was nothing to weep over; look round a minute after, and he was all smiles again! When he gave a banquet he made all Moscow drunk!—and see what a clever man he was! you know he beat the Turk. He was fond of wrestling too; strong men used to come from Tula, from Harkoff, from Tamboff, and from everywhere to him. If he threw anyone he would pay him a reward; but if any one threw him, he perfectly loaded him with presents, and kissed him on the lips.…

“我见过许多达官贵人，大家都能见到他们；他们很好客，那阔绰的生活叫所有人又惊奇又赞叹！不过没有人能比得上阿列克塞·格里戈列维奇·奥洛夫·切斯明基斯伯爵。我经常看到阿列克塞·格里戈列维奇，我叔叔曾在他家当管家。伯爵很喜欢住在沙波洛夫卡，离卡卢加门不远。他是位显赫的绅士！他仪表堂堂、宽宏大度，您根本无法想象！也根本无法形容！单是他的外形就很耀眼，而且他还身强体壮，目光炯炯有神！你还不认识他的时候，都不敢靠近他，因为你害怕，其实是被吓住了；但是你一靠近他，他就像太阳一样照得你暖洋洋的，让你非常愉快。他允许所有人见他，还酷爱各项运动。他亲自去参加赛马比赛，赢了所有的人，他不会一开始就冲到前面，这是为了不得罪他的对手；他也不会走捷径，而是到最后才去超过对手；他非常地和蔼可亲：他会安慰自己的对手，称赞对方的马。他养了些会翻筋斗的优等鸽子。他会走到院子里，坐在扶椅上，然后叫人把鸽子放出来，他的仆人们便拿着枪站在四周的屋顶上防备老鹰。伯爵脚边常常放着一个盛着水的银制大盆，他在水中就能看到鸽子们的倒影。数以百计的乞丐和穷人都靠他的接济过活，他分发出去了多少钱啊！……他发怒的时候，就像打雷一样。每个

人都处于极度的恐慌中，但是你也用不着哭鼻子，过一会儿再看看，他又笑容满面了！要是他办宴会，就让全莫斯科的人都喝醉！他是个多聪明的人啊！您要知道，他曾打败过土耳其人呢。他喜欢摔跤，还从图拉、哈尔科夫、唐波夫以及各地招来了一些大力士。他要是把别人摔倒了，他就会奖励那个人，但要是有人把他摔倒了，他就会送上厚礼，还会亲吻那个人的嘴唇……

And once, during my stay at Moscow, he arranged a hunting party such as had never been in Russia before; he sent invitations to all the sportsmen in the whole empire, and fixed a day for it, and gave them three months' notice. They brought with them dogs and grooms: well, it was an army of people—a regular army! First they had a banquet in the usual way, and then they set off into the open country. The people flocked there in thousands! And what do you think?… Your grandfather's dog outrace them all.”

我住在莫斯科的时候，有一次他举办了一次狩猎大赛，这样的比赛在俄罗斯还是头一次，他给全国的猎人都送去邀请函，并规定了日期，给了他们三个月的期限。他们带来了自己的狗和马夫：啊，来了一大群人，有一队正规军那么多！首先，他们照常办了一个宴会，然后就动身去了空旷的野外。有数千人聚集在那里！您猜怎么着？您祖父的狗超过了所有的狗。”

"Wasn't that Milovidka?" I inquired.

“是不是米洛维特卡？”我问道。

"Milovidka, Milovidka!… So the count began to ask him, 'Give me your dog,' says he; 'take what you like for her.' 'No, count,' he said, 'I am not a tradesman; I don't sell anything for filthy lucre; for your sake I am ready to part with my wife even, but not with Milovidka.… I would give myself into bondage first.’ And Alexey Grigoryevitch praised him for it. 'I like you for it,' he said. Your grandfather took her back in the coach with him, and when Milovidka died, he buried her in the garden with music at the burial—yes, a funeral for a dog—and put a stone with an inscription on it over the dog.”

“是米洛维特卡，米洛维特卡！然后伯爵就请求他说：‘把您的狗给我吧，您要什么补偿都行。’‘不，伯爵，’他说，‘我不是商人，我不会因为污秽的钱而出卖任何东西；为了您，我甚至都甘愿舍弃我的太太，但米洛维特卡不行……我宁可自己先去受奴役。’阿列克塞·格里戈列维奇为此称赞了他。‘说得好。’伯爵说道。您祖父就带着它坐着四轮大马车回去了，米洛维特卡死的时候，他把它葬在了花园里，葬礼上还有音乐伴奏——对，一个为狗举办的葬礼——上面还立了一块刻有铭文的石碑。”

"Then Alexey Grigoryevitch did not oppress anyone," I observed.

“那么，阿列克塞·格里戈列维奇就没压迫过任何人了吗。”我说道。

"Yes, it is always like that; those who can only just keep themselves afloat are the ones to drag others under."

“对呀，事情往往是那样的：那些自己刚刚浮在上面的人，才会把别人拽到自己的身下。”

"And what sort of a man was this Baush?" I asked after a short silence.

“那么巴乌什是一个怎样的人呢？”我沉默了一下问道。

"Why, how comes it you have heard about Milovidka, and not about Baush? He was your grandfather's chief huntsman and whipper-in. Your grandfather was as fond of him as of Milovidka. He was a desperate fellow, and whatever order your grandfather gave him, he would carry it out in a minute—he'd have run on to a sword at his bidding.… And when he hallooed… it was something like a tally-ho in the forest. And then he would suddenly turn nasty, get off his horse, and lie down on the ground… and directly the dogs ceased to hear his voice, it was all over! They would give up the hottest scent, and wouldn't go on for anything. Ay, ay, your grandfather did get angry! 'Damn me, if I don't hang the scoundrel! I'll turn him inside out, the antichrist! I'll stuff his heels down his gullet, the cut-throat!' And it ended by his going up to find out what he wanted; why he wouldn't halloo to the hounds? Usually, on such occasions, Baush asked for some vodka, drank it up, got on his horse, and began to halloo as lustily as ever again.”

“什么，怎么您听说过米洛特维卡，却没听说过巴乌什？他是您祖父的首席猎人和猎犬管理人。您祖父就像喜欢米洛维特卡一样喜欢他。他是个不顾一切的人，不管您的祖父给他下什么命令，他都会马上去做，哪怕是命令他去上刀山……要是他高呼一声……那声音就像是有一辆四匹马拉的马车在森林里跑过。不过他会突然闹脾气，跳下马，躺在地上……狗一听不到他的声音，就全完了！它们就不再嗅猎物刚留下的气味了，不去找任何东西了。唉，唉，您的祖父这下可动怒了！‘我要是不绞死这个无赖，我就不活了！我要剥了他的皮，这个反基督教的人！我要把他的脚后跟塞到他的喉咙里去，这个凶狠的家伙！’但是到头来他还是会派人前去询问他需要什么，为什么不呼唤猎犬？通常，在这种情况下，巴乌什都是要伏特加酒喝，喝完酒，跳上马，便又像之前一样开始拼命地高呼了。”

"You seem to be fond of hunting too, Luka Petrovitch?"

“您好像也对打猎感兴趣啊，卢卡·彼得罗维奇？”

"I should have been—certainly, not now; now my time is over—but in my young days.… But you know it was not an easy matter in my position. It's not suitable for people like us to go trailing after noblemen. Certainly you may find in our class some drinking, good-

for-nothing fellow who associates with the gentry—but it's a queer sort of enjoyment.… He only brings shame on himself. They mount him on a wretched stumbling nag, keep knocking his hat off on to the ground and cut at him with a whip, pretending to whip the horse, and he must laugh at everything, and be a laughing-stock for the others. No, I tell you, the lower your station, the more reserved must be your behaviour, or else you disgrace yourself directly.”

“我原本应该是……的确如此，但现在不行了，现在我的时代已经过去了，但是在我年轻的时候……但您知道，像我这样地位的人，那也不是件容易的事。像我们这样的人不适合跟在贵族的后面。当然，您会发现我们这个阶层也有些嗜酒的废物和上流社会的人来往——这种乐事真是很奇怪……那种人只是自取其辱罢了。他们让他骑在一匹走路一瘸一拐的劣等老马上，动不动就把他的帽子揪下来扔到地上，还用鞭子猛抽他，假装是在抽马，他还总得去嘲笑一切，当别人的开心果。不，我告诉您，身份越低，行为举止就越要稳重，否则就完全是在丢自己的脸。”

"Yes," continued Ovsyanikov with a sigh, "there's many a gallon of water has flowed down to the sea since I have been living in the world; times are different now. Especially I see a great change in the nobility. The smaller landowners have all either become officials, or at any rate do not stop here; as for the larger owners, there's no making them out. I have had experience of them—the larger landowners— in cases of settling boundaries. And I must tell you; it does my heart good to see them: they are courteous and affable. Only this is what astonishes me; they have studied all the sciences, they speak so fluently that your heart is melted, but they don't understand the actual business in hand; they don't even perceive what's their own interest; some bailiff, a bondservant, drives them just where he pleases, as though they were in a yoke. There's Korolyov—Alexandr Vladimirovitch—for instance; you know him, perhaps—isn't he every inch a nobleman? He is handsome, rich, has studied at the 'versities, and travelled, I think, abroad; he speaks simply and easily, and shakes hands with us all. You know him?… Well, listen then. Last week we assembled at Beryozovka at the summons of the mediator, Nikifor Ilitch. And the mediator, Nikifor Ilitch, says to us: 'Gentlemen, we must settle the boundaries; it's disgraceful; our district is behind all the others; we must get to work.’ Well, so we got to work. There followed discussions, disputes, as usual; our attorney began to make objections. But the first to make an uproar was Porfiry Ovtchinnikov. … And what had the fellow to make an uproar about?… He hasn't an acre of ground; he is acting as representative of his brother. He bawls: 'No, you shall not impose on me! no, you shan't drive me to that! give the plans here! give me the surveyor's plans, the Judas's plans here!’

“是呀，”奥夫夏尼科夫叹了口气接着说，“自我出生以来可真是流年

似水啊，现在时代不同了。特别是，我在贵族身上看到了很大的变化。那些没有多少土地的地主们要么去当官，要么至少不在这里住了；至于那些大地主，人们也辨认不出来了。我在划分地界的时候见识过那些大地主们。跟您说吧，看见他们我非常高兴：他们都彬彬有礼、和蔼可亲。只有这点让我很惊奇：他们学识渊博，说起话来也很流利，叫人心悦诚服，但是他们对手头上的业务却一窍不通；他们甚至连自己的利益都弄不清；有些管家呀，农奴呀，爱怎么摆弄他们就怎么摆弄他们，就像给他们架上了轭一样。就说科罗廖夫，也就是亚历山大·弗拉季米罗维奇吧，或许您也认识他，难道他不是一个地道的贵族吗？他英俊富有，上过大学，好像还出国游历过；他讲话简洁明了，还同我们每一个人握手。您认识他吗？好吧，那就听我讲吧。上个星期，我们应调停人尼基福尔·伊利奇之邀，在别廖佐夫卡聚会。调停人尼基福尔·伊利奇对我们说：‘先生们，我们必须划定地界了，这很不体面，我们地区已经落在其他地区后面了，我们得开始工作了。’于是我们就开始工作了。我们还是照例商讨、争论，然后我们的代理人开始提出反对意见。不过第一个吵起来的是钦尼科夫·波尔菲里……这个家伙有什么好吵闹的呢？他一亩地都没有，他是代表他兄弟的来的。他大叫着：‘不，你们骗不了我！不，你们不能让我那样！拿测量图来！把那个测量员的测量图给我拿过来，把那个叛徒的测量图拿到这里来!'

'But what is your claim, then?'

‘那您的要求是什么呢?'

'Oh, you think I'm a fool! Indeed! do you suppose I am going to lay bare my claim to you offhand? No, let me have the plans here—that's what I want!’ And he himself is banging his fist on the plans all the time. Then he mortally offended Marfa Dmitrievna. She shrieks out, 'How dare you asperse my reputation?'

‘哦，你以为我是个傻瓜吗！真是的！你以为我会轻易地把我的要求说出来吗？不，给我把测量图拿到这里来——那就是我要的！’而他自己的拳头却一直猛敲着测量图。然后他又狠狠地侮辱了马尔法·德米特列夫娜一番。她大喊道：‘你怎么敢破坏我的名声?'

'Your reputation,' says he; 'I shouldn't like my chestnut mare to have your reputation.’ They poured him out some Madeira at last, and so quieted him; then others begin to make a row. Alexandr Vladimirovitch Korolyov, the dear fellow, sat in a corner sucking the knob of his cane, and only shook his head. I felt ashamed; I could hardly sit it out. 'What must he be thinking of us?' I said to myself. When, behold! Alexandr Vladimirovitch has got up, and shows signs of wanting to speak. The mediator exerts himself, says, 'Gentlemen, gentlemen, Alexandr Vladimirovitch wishes to speak.' And I must do them this credit; they were all silent at once. And so Alexandr Vladimirovitch began and said 'that we seemed to have forgotten what we had come together for; that, indeed, the fixing of boundaries was

indisputably advantageous for owners of land, but actually what was its object? To make things easier for the peasant, so that he could work and pay his dues more conveniently; that now the peasant hardly knows his own land, and often goes to work five miles away; and one can't expect too much of him.' Then Alexandr Vladimirovitch said 'that it was disgraceful in a landowner not to interest himself in the well-being of his peasants; that in the end, if you look at it rightly, their interests and our interests are inseparable; if they are well-off we are well-off, and if they do badly we do badly, and that, consequently, it was injudicious and wrong to disagree over trifles' … and so on—and so on.… There, how he did speak! He seemed to go right to your heart.… All the gentry hung their heads; I myself, faith, it nearly brought me to tears. To tell the truth, you would not find sayings like that in the old books even.… But what was the end of it? He himself would not give up four acres of peat marsh, and wasn't willing to sell it. He said, 'I am going to have my people drain that marsh, and set up a cloth-factory on it, with all the latest improvements. I have already,' he said, 'fixed on that place; I have thought out my plans on the subject.' And if only that had been the truth, it would be all very well; but the simple fact is, Alexandr Vladimirovitch's neighbour, Anton Karasikov, had refused to buy over Korolyov's bailiff for a hundred roubles. And so we separated without having done anything. But Alexandr Vladimirovitch considers to this day that he is right, and still talks of the cloth-factory; but he does not start draining the marsh.'

'你的名声，'他说，'把你的名誉给我的栗色母马，我都不稀罕。'最后他们给他倒了些马德拉酒，他便安静下来了；然后其他人又开始吵闹起来。亚历山大·弗拉季米罗维奇，那个亲爱的家伙，坐在角落里，咬着手杖上的圆头，只是摇了摇头。我感到很丢脸，就快要坐不住了。'他会怎么想我们呢？'我心想。然后，一瞧！亚历山大·弗拉季米罗维奇站了起来，像是要说话。中介人费劲地说：'先生们，先生们，亚历山大·弗拉季米罗维奇有话要说。'我得就这一点称赞一下他们：他们都立即安静了下来。于是亚历山大·弗拉季米罗维奇开始说道：'我们好像忘记了我们聚在这里的原因，划分地界对于土地拥有者来说无疑是有利的，但真正的目的是什么呢？是为了让农民好过些，这样他们劳作、缴税也能更方便些；而现在，农民几乎不知道自己的土地在哪里，常常跑到五英里以外的地方劳作，所以也不能对他们报太高的期望。'然后亚历山大·弗拉季米罗维奇还说：'一个不关心自己农民的利益的地主是可耻的；如果你们好好地想一想就会明白，到头来他们的利益和我们的利益是紧密相连的；要是他们富裕了，我们也就富裕了，要是他们过得不好，我们也过得不好，所以在一些鸡毛蒜皮的小事上意见不一致是不明智的、不对的……'等等——等等……瞧，他说得多好啊！他好像说到了你的心坎里……所有的贵族都低下了头，说实在的，我都差点掉眼泪了。老实说，你就是在古书里也找不到那样的话……可结果怎样呢？他自己不肯让出那四英亩的泥炭沼泽地，也不愿意将其出售。他说：'我要派我的人

去把那片沼泽抽干，然后在上面建一个制衣厂，并且采用所有最新的改良技术。我已经定下那个地方了，关于这件事，我已经有我的计划了。’如果那是真的，那就太好了；但实际上，这只是因为亚历山大·弗拉季米罗维奇的邻居安东·卡拉西科夫拒绝拿一百卢布去贿赂科罗廖夫的管家。因此，我们什么事都没办成就散伙了。但是直到今天，亚历山大·弗拉季米罗维奇仍认为自己是对的，还依旧说起制衣厂的事，但是他并没有给那块沼泽地排水。”

"And how does he manage in his estate?"

“那他是怎么管理自己的家产的呢？”

"He is always introducing new ways. The peasants don't speak well of him—but it's useless to listen to them. Alexandr Vladimirovitch is doing right.”

“他总会引进些新方法。农民们并不赞赏他的做法，不过听他们的也没有用。亚历山大·弗拉季米罗维奇做得对。”

"How's that, Luka Petrovitch? I thought you kept to the old ways.”

“这是怎么回事，卢卡·彼得罗维奇？我以为您固守老路呢。”

"I—that's another thing. You see I am not a nobleman or a landowner. What sort of management is mine?… Besides, I don't know how to do things differently. I try to act according to justice and the law, and leave the rest in God's hands! Young gentlemen don't like the old method; I think they are right.… It's the time to take in ideas. Only this is the pity of it; the young are too theoretical. They treat the peasant like a doll; they turn him this way and that way; twist him about and throw him away. And their bailiff, a serf, or some overseer from the German natives, gets the peasant under his thumb again. Now, if any one of the young gentlemen would set us an example, would show us, 'See, this is how you ought to manage!' … What will be the end of it? Can it be that I shall die without seeing the new methods?… What is the proverb?—the old is dead, but the young is not born!”

“我嘛，那就是另外一回事了。您瞧，我不是贵族，也不是地主。我的家产哪用得着什么管理？再说，我也不懂怎么用不同的方法做事。我尽量依法律制度行事，其他的就交给上帝处理吧！年轻的先生们不喜欢老方法，我觉得他们是对的……是时候该采纳些新方法了。只是有一点很遗憾：那些年轻人都太不切实际了。他们把农民当成玩偶，把农民转过来转过去，扭断了就仍掉。于是他们的管家（农奴出生），或从德国来的监工就把农民控制在他们手中了。现在，要是有一位年轻的先生给我们做个榜样，让我们瞧瞧，‘看，你们就该这么管理！’那又会有什么样的结果呢？难道我死之前就看不到新方法了吗？那句谚语怎么说来着？老的死了，新的还没出生！”

I did not know what reply to make to Ovsyanikov. He looked round, drew himself nearer to me, and went on in an undertone:

我不知道该如何回答奥夫夏尼科夫。他环顾了一下四周，朝我挪近了些，然后压低声音继续说道：

"Have you heard talk of Vassily Nikolaitch Lubozvonov?"

“您听过瓦西利·尼科拉伊奇·柳博兹沃诺夫的事吗？”

"No, I haven't.”

“没，我没听过。”

"Explain to me, please, what sort of strange creature he is. I can't make anything of it. His peasants have described him, but I can't make any sense of their tales. He is a young man, you know; it's not long since he received his heritage from his mother. Well, he arrived at his estate. The peasants were all collected to stare at their master. Vassily Nikolaitch came out to them. The peasants looked at him—strange to ralate! the master wore plush pantaloons like a coachman, and he had on boots with trimming at the top; he wore a red shirt and a coachman's long coat too; he had let his beard grow, and had such a strange hat and such a strange face—could he be drunk? No, he wasn't drunk, and yet he didn't seem quite right. 'Good health to you, lads!' he says; 'God keep you!' The peasants bow to the ground, but without speaking; they began to feel frightened, you know. And he too seemed timid. He began to make a speech to them: 'I am a Russian,' he says, 'and you are Russians; I like everything Russian.… Russia,' says he, 'is my heart, and my blood too is Russian'.… Then he suddenly gives the order: 'Come, lads, sing a Russian national song!' The peasants' legs shook under them with fright; they were utterly stupefied. One bold spirit did begin to sing, but he sat down at once on the ground and hid himself behind the others.… And what is so surprising is this: we have had landowners like that, dare-devil gentlemen, regular rakes, of course: they dressed pretty much like coachmen, and danced themselves and played on the guitar, and sang and drank with their house-serfs and feasted with the peasants; but this Vassily Nikolaitch is like a girl; he is always reading books or writing, or else declaiming poetry aloud—he never addresses any one; he is shy, walks by himself in his garden; seems either bored or sad. The old bailiff at first was in a thorough scare; before Vassily Nikolaitch's arrival he made the round of all the peasants' houses; he bowed to all of them—one could see the cat knew whose butter he had eaten! And the peasants were full of hope; they thought, 'Fiddlesticks, my friend!—now they'll make you answer for it, my dear; they'll lead you a dance now, you robber!' … But instead of this it has turned out—how shall I explain it to you? —God Almighty could not account for how things have turned out!

Vassily Nikolaitch summoned him to his presence and says, blushing himself and breathing quick, you know: 'Be upright in my service; don't oppress any one—do you hear?' And since that day he has never asked to see him in person again! He lives on his own property like a stranger. Well, the bailiff's been enjoying himself, and the peasants don't dare to go to Vassily Nikolaitch; they are afraid. And do you see what's a matter for wonder again; the master even bows to them and looks graciously at them; but he seems to turn their stomachs with fright! What do you say to such a strange state of things, your honour? Either I have grown stupid in my old age, or something.... I can't understand it."

"请你给我解释解释，他是哪种怪胎啊。我真是一点也搞不明白。他的农民们说过他的事，但是我一点也弄不明白。您知道，他是一个年轻人，刚刚从他母亲那里继承了遗产。嗯，他来到了自己的领地上。农民们都围了上来，想看看他们的主人。瓦西利·尼科拉伊奇走到了他们跟前。农民们一看，真奇怪！这位主人像个马车夫一样穿着长毛绒马裤，还有一双镶边的靴子；他的衬衫是红的，长外套也像是马车夫穿的；他蓄着胡子，戴着一顶奇怪的帽子，相貌也很奇怪——难道是他喝醉了？不，他没醉，可是他却好像不大正常。'祝你们健康，伙计们！'他说，'上帝保佑你们！'农民们叩首至地，什么都没说；您知道，他们开始害怕了。而他自己似乎也很胆怯。对着他们，他发表了个演讲：'我是俄国人，'他说，'你们也是俄国人；我喜欢俄国的一切.....俄国是我的心脏，也是我的血液.....'然后他突然下令：'来吧，伙计们，唱首俄国的民歌吧！'农民们吓得两腿直哆嗦，完全被吓呆了。一个大胆的人开始唱了起来，不过他马上又坐到了地上，躲到了其他人后面去了.....令人惊讶的是：我们见过鲁莽大胆、放荡成性的地主，当然他们打扮得就像马车夫一样，自己跳舞、弹吉他，和家奴们唱歌喝酒，和农民们胡吃海喝；但是这个瓦西利·尼科拉伊奇却像个姑娘似的，他总是读书写字，或是大声地朗诵诗歌，但从不跟任何人说话，他很害羞，独自在自己的花园里散步，看上去不是很无聊就是很难过。那个老管家一开始十分害怕，瓦西利·尼科拉伊奇还没来，他就把所有农民家都跑了一遍，他挨个向农民们鞠躬——可见，猫知道自己吃了谁的黄油！农民们都满怀希望，他们想：'我的混蛋朋友！现在他们要查办你了吧，我的乖乖，他们要给你好看了吧，你这个强盗！'.....可相反，结果却是——我该怎么跟您说呢？连全能的上帝也说不清结果怎么会是这样！瓦西利·尼科拉伊奇把管家叫到面前，红着脸、呼吸急促地说：'在我这里办事要公正，不要欺压任何人，听见了吗？'从那以后，他就再也没有亲自召见管家！他就像个陌生人一样住在自己的领地上。唉，那个管家就舒坦了，农民们也不敢去找瓦西利·尼科拉伊奇，因为他们害怕。您瞧还有更奇怪的事呢：这位主人甚至给他们鞠躬，和蔼地看着他们，但他们却吓得要命！您对这些怪事有什么看法啊？或许是我老了，越发糊涂了，还是怎么的.....我搞不明白。"

I said to Ovsyanikov that Mr. Lubozvonov must certainly be ill.

我对奥夫夏尼科夫说，柳博兹沃诺夫先生大概是有病。

"Ill, indeed! He's as broad as he's long, and a face like this—God bless him!—and bearded, though he is so young.… Well, God knows!' And Ovsyanikov gave a deep sigh.

“确实有病！他的腰围和身高一样长，脸就像这样……上帝保佑他！尽管他很年轻，还蓄着胡子……唉，天晓得！”接着，奥夫夏尼科夫深深地叹了口气。

"Come, putting the nobles aside," I began, "what have you to tell me about the peasant proprietors, Luka Petrovitch?"

“来，不聊贵族了，”我开始说，“您给我讲讲自耕农卢卡·彼得罗维奇的事吧？”

"No, you must let me off that," he said hurriedly. "Truly.… I could tell you… but what's the use!" (with a wave of his hand). "We had better have some tea.…We are common peasants and nothing more; but when we come to think of it, what else could we be?'

“别，您可别让我讲那个，”他急忙说道，“确实……我可以给您讲讲……但是又有什么用呢！（他摇了摇手）。咱们还是喝点茶吧……我们只是普通的农民，仅此而已；不过想一想，我们还能怎么样呢？”

He ceased talking. Tea was served. Tatyana Ilyinitchna rose from her place and sat down rather nearer to us. In the course of the evening she several times went noiselessly out and as quietly returned. Silence reigned in the room. Ovsyanikov drank cup after cup with gravity and deliberation.

他沉默了下来。有人端上茶来。塔季雅娜·伊利尼奇娜从她座位上站起来，坐在离我们更近的地方。整个晚上，她不声不响地进进出出好几次。寂静笼罩着这个房间。奥夫夏尼科夫文雅从容地喝了一杯又一杯茶。

"Mitya has been to see us to-day," said Tatyana Ilyinitchna in a low voice.

“米佳今天过来拜访我们了。”塔季雅娜·伊利尼奇娜低声说道。

Ovsyanikov frowned.

奥夫夏尼科夫皱了皱眉。

"What does he want?"

“他想干嘛？”

"He came to ask forgiveness."

“他是来请求原谅的。”

Ovsyanikov shook his head.

奥夫夏尼科夫摇了摇头。

"Come, tell me," he went on, turning to me, "what is one to do with relations? And to abandon them altogether is impossible.… Here God has bestowed on me a nephew. He's a fellow with brains—a smart fellow—I don't dispute that; he has had a good education, but I don't expect much good to come of him. He went into a government office; threw up his position—didn't get on fast enough, if you please.… Does he suppose he's a noble? And even noblemen don't come to be generals all at once. So now he is living without an occupation.… And that, even, would not be such a great matter—except that he has taken to litigation! He gets up petitions for the peasants, writes memorials; he instructs the village delegates, drags the surveyors over the coals, frequents drinking houses, is seen in taverns with city tradesmen and inn-keepers. He's bound to come to ruin before long. The constables and police-captains have threatened him more than once already. But he luckily knows how to turn it off—he makes them laugh; but they will boil his kettle for him some day.… But, there, isn't he sitting in your little room?" he added, turning to his wife; "I know you, you see; you're so soft-hearted—you will always take his part.” Tatyana Ilyinitchna dropped her eyes, smiled, and blushed.

“来，给我说说，”他转向我，继续说道，“拿这些亲戚该怎么办？又不可能完全不管他们……喏，上帝赐我一个侄子。他是一个有头脑的家伙，很聪明，对于这点我很肯定；他受过良好的教育，但是我对他没抱太大的期望。他本来任了公职，却辞职了，因为他觉得发展得不够快，竟然……他以为自己是个贵族吗？即便是贵族，也没有马上就当上将军的啊。所以他现在没有工作……这事其实也算不上什么大事，只是他竟然开始做起了诉讼！他替农民拟诉状，写抗议书，给村代表们出谋划策，谴责测量人员，经常去酒馆，人们还看到他和城里的商人、小旅馆的看守人混在酒馆里。他很快就会遭殃的。这里的治安官和警察局长已经警告过他不止一次了。不过幸运的是，他知道怎么平息事态，他能把他们逗乐；但总有一天他们还要找他的麻烦……怎么，他还坐在你的小屋子里？”他转向他的妻子问道，“我就知道你，你瞧，你就是心太软了，总是护着他。”塔季雅娜·伊利尼奇娜垂下眼皮，笑了笑，脸上一片红晕。

"Well, I see it is so," continued Ovsyanikov. "Fie! you spoil the boy! Well, tell him to come in.… So be it, then; for the sake of our good guest I will forgive the silly fellow.… Come, tell him, tell him.”

“嗯，我看就是这样，”奥夫夏尼科夫继续说道，“唉！你把他惯坏了！好啦，叫他进来吧……算了吧，唉，看在贵客的面子上，我就饶了这个愚蠢的家伙……好啦，叫他来吧，叫他来吧。”

Tatyana Ilyinitchna went to the door, and cried: "Mitya!"

塔季雅娜·伊利尼奇娜走到门口，叫到：“米佳！”

Mitya, a young man of twenty-eight, tall, well-made, and curly-headed, came into the room, and seeing me, stopped short in the doorway. His costume was in the German style, but the unnatural size of the puffs on his shoulders was enough alone to prove convincingly that the tailor who had cut it was a Russian of the Russians.

米佳二十八岁，身材高挑，体态匀称，一头卷发。他走进房里时，一看见我，便在门口停了一下。他的服装是德国款的，可单单看一下他肩上那大的出奇的褶皱，就可以肯定，裁剪这件衣服的裁缝是个地地道道的俄国人。

"Well, come in, come in," began the old man; "why are you bashful? You must thank your aunt—you're forgiven.… Here, your honour, I commend him to you," he continued, pointing to Mitya; "he's my own nephew, but I don't get on with him at all. The end of the world is coming!" (We bowed to one another.) "Well, tell me what is this you have got mixed up in? What is the complaint they are making against you? Explain it to us."

“好了，进来，进来，”老头说道，“你为什么不好意思了？你得谢谢你婶子……我原谅你了……来，老爷，我给您介绍一下，”他指着米佳继续说，“他是我的亲侄子，但是我和他一点都处不来。世界末日要来啦！（我们互相鞠了个躬。）好吧，给我说说，这次你卷进什么事里了？他们告你什么？给我们说说。”

Mitya obviously did not care to explain matters and justify himself before me.

米佳很明显不愿当着我的面说明原委，为自己辩解。

"Later on, uncle," he muttered.

“以后再说吧，伯伯。”他咕哝道。

"No, not later—now," pursued the old man.… "You are ashamed, I see, before this gentleman; all the better—it's only what you deserve. Speak, speak; we are listening."

“不，不等以后，现在就说，”老头继续说……“我知道，当着这位先生的面，你难为情了；这样反而更好，你活该。说吧，说吧，我们听着呢。”

"I have nothing to be ashamed of," began Mitya spiritedly, with a toss of his head. "Be so good as to judge for yourself, uncle. Some peasant proprietors of Reshetilovo came to me, and said, 'Defend us, brother.' 'What is the matter?' 'This is it: our grain stores were in perfect order—in fact, they could not be better; all at once a government inspector came to us with orders to inspect the granaries. He inspected them, and said, "Your granaries are in disorder—serious neglect; it's my duty to report it to the authorities." "But what does the

neglect consist in?" "That's my business," he says.… We met together, and decided to tip the official in the usual way; but old Prohoritch prevented us. He said, "No; that's only giving him a taste for more. Come; after all,haven't we the courts of justice?” We obeyed the old man, and the official got in a rage, and made a complaint, and wrote a report. So now we are called up to answer to his charges.’ 'But are your granaries actually in order?' I asked. 'God knows they are in order; and the legal quantity of corn is in them.' 'Well, then,' say I, 'you have nothing to fear'; and I drew up a document for them.… And it is not yet known in whose favour it is decided.… And as to the complaints they have made to you about me over that affair—it's very easy to understand that—every man's shirt is nearest to his own skin.”

“我没什么好难为情的。”米佳开始激昂地说了起来，还晃了晃脑袋，“您最好自己评判一下吧，伯伯。列舍季洛夫的几个自耕农来找我说：‘为我们辩护吧，兄弟。’“怎么回事？”事情是这样的：我们的粮库管理得好好的，事实上，它们好得不能再好了；突然，一个政府的检查员来找我们，说是奉命来检查谷仓的。他检查了以后，便说道：“你们的谷仓很混乱，有严重的疏忽，我有责任将其报告给当局。”“但是，哪里疏忽了呢？”“这是我的事。”他说。我们聚在一起，决定照常给那个官员一点好处，但是普罗霍雷奇那个老家伙却来阻止我们。他说：“不行，那只会让他更贪心。难道我们就没有主持公道的法庭吗？”我们听了那个老头的话，于是那位官员发怒了，他提出了控诉，还写了个报告。所以现在法庭传唤我们去应诉。’“但是你们的谷仓确实管理得井然有序吗？’我问道。‘上帝都知道它们井然有序，而且里面存有法定数量的谷物。’我说：‘既然如此，你们就没有什么好担心的。’我就为他们写了状子……还不知道会判谁赢……至于他们为这件事上您这里告我的状，这很容易理解：每个人的衬衫总是最贴近自己的。”

"Everyone's, indeed—but not yours seemingly," said the old man in an undertone. "But what plots have you been hatching with the Shuolomovsky peasants?"

“每个人都是这样，但你的好像不是，”老头低声说，“那么你跟舒托洛莫夫的农民又有些什么勾当呢？”

"How do you know anything of it?"

“您怎么知道？”

"Never mind; I do know of it."

“别管了，我就是知道。”

"And there, too, I am right—judge for yourself again. A neighbouring landowner, Bezpandin, has ploughed over four acres of the Shutolomovsky peasants' land. 'The land's mine,' he says. The Shutolomovsky people are on the rent-system; their landowner has gone abroad—who is to stand up for them? Tell me yourself? But the

land is theirs beyond dispute; they've been bound to it for ages and ages. So they came to me, and said, 'Write us a petition.' So I wrote one. And Bezpandin heard of it, and began to threaten me. 'I'll break every bone in that Mitya's body, and knock his head off his shoulders….' We shall see how he will knock it off; it's still on, so far."

"在那件事上，我也是对的，您再自己评判一下吧。附近的一位地主——别斯潘金，耕占了舒托洛莫夫的农民们的四英亩地。'这块地是我的。'他说道。舒托洛莫夫的农民是交代役租的，他们的地主出国去了，有谁来替他们说话呀？您给我说说？但毫无疑问，那块地就是他们的，他们在那里耕种了很久了。 所以他们就来找我说：'给我们写张诉状吧。'于是我就写了一张。别斯潘金知道了这事，就开始威胁我。'我要把那个米佳的每一根骨头折断，把他的脑袋从肩膀上敲下来……'我们倒想看看，他怎么把它敲下来；到目前为止，它还在上面呢。"

"Come, don't boast; it's in a bad way, your head," said the old man. "You are a mad fellow altogether!"

"得了吧，别吹牛了；你的脑袋啊，处境可不妙啊，"老头说道，"你整个就是一个疯子！"

"Why, uncle, what did you tell me yourself?"

"咦，伯伯，您自己以前都跟我说过什么啊？"

"I know, I know what you will say," Ovsyanikov interrupted him; "of course a man ought to live uprightly, and he is bound to succour his neighbour. Sometimes one must not spare oneself.… But do you always behave in that way? Don't they take you to the tavern, eh? Don't they treat you; bow to you, eh? 'Dmitri Alexyitch,' they say, 'help us, and we will prove our gratitude to you.' And they slip a silver rouble or note into your hand. Eh? doesn't that happen? Tell me, doesn't that happen?"

"我知道，我知道你要说什么，"奥夫夏尼科夫打断了他的话，"当然了，一个人要活得正派，也一定要帮助他的邻居。有时候还得严格要求自己……但你总是那样行事的吗？难道他们没带你去酒馆吗？难道他们没款待你，向你鞠躬吗？他们说：'德米特里·阿列克塞伊奇，帮帮我们吧，我们会酬谢您的。'然后就把一个银卢布或者是钞票塞到你手里。啊？难道没有那种事？告诉我，难道没有那种事？"

"I am certainly to blame in that," answered Mitya, rather confused; "but I take nothing from the poor, and I don't act against my conscience."

"这事我的确有错，"米佳相当困惑地答道，"但是我不拿穷人的东西，我没有违背自己的良心。"

"You don't take from them now; but when you are badly off yourself, then you will. You don't act against your conscience—fie on you! Of course, they are all saints whom you defend!… Have you forgotten Borka Perohodov? Who was it looked after him? Who took him under his protection—eh?”

“你现在不从他们那里拿，但是当你自己生活困难的时候，你就会了。你不昧着良心做事……哼，你呀！当然了，你维护的都是些圣人！难道你忘了博里卡·彼列霍多夫？谁关心他？谁保护他，啊？”

"Perohodov suffered through his own fault, certainly."

“彼列霍多夫的确是自作自受。”

"He appropriated the public moneys.… That was all!”

“他挪用了公款……这可不得了！”

"But, consider, uncle: his poverty, his family.”

“可是，伯伯您想想看，他很穷，还有家眷。”

"Poverty, poverty.… He's a drunkard, a quarrelsome fellow; that's what it is!”

“穷，穷……他是个酒鬼，是个爱争吵的家伙，就是这样！”

"He took to drink through trouble," said Mitya, dropping his voice.

“他只是借酒消愁。”米佳放低声音说。

"Through trouble, indeed! Well, you might have helped him, if your heart was so warm to him, but there was no need for you to sit in taverns with the drunken fellow yourself. Though he did speak so finely… a prodigy, to be sure!’

“消愁，不见得吧！好啊，要是你对他那么热心，那你就去帮助他，但不必跟他这个醉鬼坐在酒馆里。就算他能说会道……确实是个天才！”

"He was a very good fellow."

“他是个非常不错的人。”

"Every one is good with you.… But did you send him?" … pursued Ovsyanikov, turning to his wife; "come; you know?"

“在你眼里大家都是好人……你给他送去了吗？”……奥夫夏尼科夫转向他的妻子继续说道，“喂，你知道？”

Tatyana Ilyinitchna nodded.

塔季雅娜·伊利尼奇娜点了点头。

"Where have you been lately?" the old man began again.

“你最近都在哪里？”老头又开始说道。

"I have been in the town."

“我都在城里。”

"You have been doing nothing but playing billiards, I wager, and drinking tea, and running to and fro about the government offices, drawing up petitions in little back rooms, flaunting about with merchants' sons? That's it, of course?… Tell us!”

“我敢打赌，你一直在打台球，喝茶，跑政府办公室，在小密室里拟请愿书，跟商人的儿子们鬼混？就是这样，对吧？给我们说呀！”

"Perhaps that is about it," said Mitya with a smile.… "Ah! I had almost forgotten—Funtikov, Anton Parfenitch asks you to dine with him next Sunday.”

“差不多是这样吧，”米佳微笑着说……“啊！我差点忘了，安东·帕尔费内奇邀您下星期天和他吃饭。”

"I shan't go to see that old tub. He gives you costly fish and puts rancid butter on it. God bless him!”

“我才不去找那个老爷呢。他给你吃很贵的鱼，却在上面放令人作呕的黄油。上帝保佑他！”

"And I met Fedosya Mihalovna."

“还有我见着费多西娅·米海洛夫娜了。”

"What Fedosya is that?"

“哪个费多西娅？”

"She belongs to Garpentchenko, the landowner, who bought Mikulino by auction. Fedosya is from Mikulino. She lived in Moscow as a dress-maker, paying her service in money, and she paid her service-money accurately—a hundred and eighty two-roubles and a half a year.… And she knows her business; she got good orders in Moscow. But now Garpentchenko has written for her back, and he retains her here, but does not provide any duties for her. She would be prepared to buy her freedom, and has spoken to the master, but he will not give any decisive answer. You, uncle, are acquainted with Garpentchenko… so couldn't you just say a word to him?… And Fedosya would give a good price for her freedom.”

“她是加尔片琴科家的，加尔片琴科就是那个在拍卖会上买了米库利诺的地主。费多西娅是米库利诺人。她在莫斯科当裁缝，用货币支付代役租，每年按时交纳一百八十二个半卢布……她的生意做得不错，在莫斯科有很多顾客。但是现在加尔片琴科已经写信把她叫回去了，他把她留在这里，但是却不给她活儿干。她想为自己赎身，已经和主人说了，

但是他不给任何明确的答复。伯伯，您认识加尔片琴科……所以您能不能去给他说一说呀？为了自由，费多西娅愿意出高价。”

"Not with your money I hope? Hey? Well, well, all right; I will speak to him, I will speak to him. But I don't know," continued the old man with a troubled face; "this Garpentchenko, God forgive him! He is a shark; he buys up debts, lends money at interest, purchases estates at auctions.… And who brought him into our parts? Ugh, I can't bear these new-comers! One won't get an answer out of him very quickly.… However, we shall see.”

“我希望不是花你的钱吧？喂？唉，唉，好吧，我会跟他说的，我会跟他说的。但是我不知道，”老头满脸困惑地继续说，“这个加尔片琴科，愿上帝宽恕他！他是个贪得无厌的人：他收购期票，放高利贷，竞拍土地……是谁把他带到我们这里来的？唉，我真受不了这些新来的！从他那里是不会很快就得到答复的……不过，我们试试看吧。”

"Try to manage it, uncle."

“尽量帮帮忙吧，伯伯。”

"Very well, I will see to it. Only you take care; take care of yourself! There, there, don't defend yourself.… God bless you! God bless you!… Only take care for the future, or else, Mitya, upon my word, it will go ill with you.… Upon my word, you will come to grief. … I can't always screen you… and I myself am not a man of influence. There, go now, and God be with you!”

“好啊，我会帮忙的。只是你要小心，要照顾好自己！好啦，好啦，不要再为自己狡辩了……上帝保佑你！上帝保佑你！只是以后要小心点，否则，米佳，我敢保证，你会倒霉的……我敢保证，你会遭遇不幸的……我也不能总庇护你啊……我自己也不是有权势的人。好啦，去吧，上帝与你同在！”

Mitya went away. Tatyana Ilyinitchna went out after him.

米佳离开了。塔季雅娜·伊利尼奇娜跟着他出去了。

"Give him some tea, you soft-hearted creature," cried Ovsyanikov after her. "He's not a stupid fellow," he continued, "and he's a good heart, but I feel afraid for him.… But pardon me for having so long kept you occupied with such details.”

“让他喝点茶，你这个心软的人，”奥夫夏尼科夫在她身后喊道，“他也不是个笨蛋，”他接着说，“他心眼好，但我就是担心他……不过，请原谅，我的这些小事耽误了您这么长时间。”

The door from the hall opened. A short grizzled little man came in, in a velvet coat.

通往门厅的门开了。进来了一个身材矮小、头发斑白、穿着丝绒外

套的人。

"Ah, Frantz Ivanitch!" cried Ovsyanikov, "good day to you. Is God merciful to you?"

“啊，弗兰茨·伊万诺维奇！”奥夫夏尼科夫叫道，“您好呀。近来可好？”

Allow me, gentle reader, to introduce to you this gentleman.

仁慈的读者，请允许我向您介绍一下这位先生。

Frantz Ivanitch Lejeune, my neighbour, and a landowner of Orel, had arrived at the respectable position of a Russian nobleman in a not quite ordinary way. He was born in Orleans of French parents, and had gone with Napoleon, on the invasion of Russia, in the capacity of a drummer. At first all went smoothly, and our Frenchman arrived in Moscow with his head held high. But on the return journey poor Monsieur Lejeune, half-frozen and without his drum, fell into the hands of some peasants of Smolensk. The peasants shut him up for the night in an empty cloth factory, and the next morning brought him to an ice-hole near the dyke, and began to beg the drummer "de la Grande Armee" to oblige them; in other words, to swim under the ice. Monsieur Lejeune could not agree to their proposition, and in his turn began to try to persuade the Smolensk peasants, in the dialect of France, to let him go to Orleans. "There, messieurs," he said, "my mother is living, une tendre mere.' But the peasants, doubtless through their ignorance of the geographical position of Orleans, continued to offer him a journey under water along the course of the meandering river Gniloterka, and had already begun to encourage him with slight blows on the vertebra of the neck and back, when suddenly, to the indescribable delight of Lejeune, the sound of bells was heard, and there came along the dyke a huge sledge with a striped rug over its excessively high dickey, harnessed with three roan horses. In the sledge sat a stout and red-faced landowner in a wolfskin pelisse.

弗兰茨·伊万诺维奇·列戎是我邻居，也是奥廖尔的一个地主，他以不很寻常的方式得到了俄国贵族的荣誉称号。他出生于奥尔良，父母都是法国人，曾作为一名鼓手跟随拿破仑来侵略俄罗斯。起初诸事顺利，我们这位法国人抬头挺胸地来到莫斯科。但在回去的途中，可怜的列戎先生被冻得半死，鼓也不见了，他落在了斯摩棱斯克的几个农民的手中。那些农民把他在一个空空的制衣厂里关了一夜，第二天早上把他带到了堤坝旁的一个冰窟窿边，开始请这位“大军”鼓手帮帮忙，换句话说，就是到冰下游泳。列戎先生无法同意他们的提议，接着就开始用法语向这些斯摩棱斯克的农民求情，求他们放他回奥尔良去。“那里，先生们，”他说，“住着我的母亲，慈爱的母亲。”可这些农民一定是因为不知道奥尔良在哪里，依旧让他在水里顺着弯弯曲曲的格尼洛捷尔卡河而下，而且已经开始轻轻地推他的颈椎和脊椎了，突然传来一阵铃声，列

戎感到一阵说不出的愉悦，沿着堤坝驶来了一辆由三匹杂色的马拉着的大雪橇，雪橇的座位极高，上面还盖着一条条纹毛毯。雪橇上坐着一位身材肥胖、满面红光、穿着狼皮大衣的地主。

"What is it you are doing there?" he asked the peasants.

“你们在那里干什么啊？”他问那几个农民。

"We are drowning a Frenchman, your honour."

“我们要淹死一个法国人，老爷。”

"Ah!" replied the landowner indifferently, and he turned away.

“啊！”地主冷淡地回答了一声，就把脸转了过去。

"Monsieur! Monsieur!" shrieked the poor fellow.

“先生！先生！”那个可怜的家伙尖声叫道。

"Ah, ah!" observed the wolfskin pelisse reproachfully, "you came with twenty nations into Russia, burnt Moscow, tore down, you damned heathen! the cross from Ivan the Great, and now—mossoo, mossoo,indeed! now you turn tail! You are paying the penalty of your sins!… Go on, Filka!”

“啊，啊！”穿狼皮大衣的人用斥责的口吻说，“你们领着二十个国家的人来俄国，烧了莫斯科，你们这些该死的异教徒！还拆下了伊万大帝钟楼上的十字架，现在却喊‘摩嗖，摩嗖！现在你夹起尾巴要跑啊！你这是恶有恶报……走吧，菲利卡！”

The horses were starting.

马匹们动了起来。

"Stop, though!" added the landowner. "Eh? you mossoo, do you know anything of music?"

“啊，等一下！”地主又说了一句，“喂？你这个摩嗖懂音乐吗？”

"Sauvez-moi, sauvez-moi, mon bon monsieur!" repeated Lejeune.

“救救我，救救我，我的好先生！”列戎又说了一遍。

"There, see what a wretched people they are! Not one of them knows Russian! Muzeek, muzeek, savey muzeek voo? Savey？ Well, speak, do! Compreny? savey muzeek voo? on the piano, savey zhooey?"

“喏，瞧瞧这些劣种！没一个懂俄语的！音乐，音乐，你懂音乐吗？懂吗？喂，说话，说啊！听得懂吗？你懂音乐吗？钢琴，你会弹吗？”

Lejeune comprehended at last what the landowner meant, and persistently nodded his head.

列戎终于听懂了这个地主的话，便不停地点头。

"Oui, monsieur, oui, oui, je suis musicien; je joue tous les instruments possibles! Oui, monsieur.… Sauvez-moi, monsieur!”

“是，先生，是，是，我是一个音乐家，各种乐器我都会！是，先生……救救我，先生！”

"Well, thank your lucky star!" replied the landowner. "Lads, let him go: here's a twenty-copeck piece for vodka.”

“喂，你真是幸运啊！”地主回答道，“伙计们，放了他吧，这是二十戈比，给你们买伏特加喝。”

"Thank you, your honour, thank you. Take him, your honour."

“谢谢您，老爷，谢谢您。带他走吧，老爷。”

They sat Lejeune in the sledge. He was gasping with delight, weeping, shivering, bowing, thanking the landowner, the coachman, the peasants. He had nothing on but a green jacket with pink ribbons, and it was freezing very hard. The landowner looked at his blue and benumbed shoulders in silence, wrapped the unlucky fellow in his own pelisse, and took him home. The household ran out. They soon thawed the Frenchman, fed him, and clothed him. The landowner conducted him to his daughters.

他们把列戎放到了雪橇上。他高兴地喘着气，边哭边哆嗦着，向地主、马车夫、农民们鞠躬致谢。天气冷得厉害，他却只穿着一件带粉红丝带的绿夹克。地主默默地看了看他那冻得发青僵硬的肩膀，就把自己的皮大衣给这个倒霉的家伙穿上，然后把他带回了家。全家人都跑了出来。他们立马带这个法国人去烤火取暖，给他送来吃的，还有穿的衣服。然后地主带他去见他的女儿们。

"Here, children!" he said to them, "a teacher is found for you. You were always entreating me to have you taught music and the French jargon; here you have a Frenchman, and he plays on the piano.… Come, mossoo," he went on, pointing to a wretched little instrument he had bought five years before of a Jew, whose special line was eau de Cologne, "give us an example of your art; zhooey!"

“嘿，孩子们！”他对她们说，“给你们找了个老师。你们总是求我找人教你们音乐和法语，喏，给你们带来个法国人，他会弹钢琴……来吧，先生，”他指着那台小破钢琴，那是他五年前从一个卖古龙水的犹太人那里买来的，说，“给我们展示一下你的技艺，弹吧！”

Lejeune, with a sinking heart, sat down on the music-stool; he had never touched a piano in his life.

列戎怀着一颗沉重的心，坐到了琴凳上，他这辈子从来没有碰过钢琴。

"Zhooey, zhooey!" repeated the landowner.

“弹呀，弹呀！”地主反复说道。

In desperation, the unhappy man beat on the keys as though on a drum, and played at hazard. "I quite expected," he used to tell afterwards, "that my deliverer would seize me by the collar, and throw me out of the house." But, to the utmost amazement of the unwilling improvisor, the landowner, after waiting a little, patted him good-humouredly on the shoulder.

这个不幸的人像敲鼓一样绝望地敲打着琴键，胡乱弹了一通。“我料想，”他后来常说，“我的救命恩人会抓住我的衣领，然后把我从房子里扔出去。”可是，让这个被逼无奈的即兴演奏家极为吃惊的是，过了一会儿之后，地主和气地拍了拍他的肩膀。

"Good, good," he said; "I see your attainments; go now, and rest yourself."

“好，好，”他说，“我看出你的才能了，你现在去休息吧。”

Within a fortnight Lejeune had gone from this landowner's to stay with another, a rich and cultivated man. He gained his friendship by his bright and gentle disposition, was married to a ward of his, went into a government office, rose to the nobility, married his daughter to Lobizanyev, a landowner of Orel, and a retired dragoon and poet, and settled himself on an estate in Orel.

过了两个星期，列戎就从这个地主家转到了另一家，这位新地主富有且受过教育。列戎以其乐观、温和的性情赢得了这个地主的青睐，还娶了他的养女，然后进入官府工作，升为了贵族，把自己的女儿嫁给了奥廖尔的地主洛贝扎尼耶夫——一个退伍的龙骑兵，还是个诗人，而列戎自己也搬到奥廖尔来了。

It was this same Lejeune, or rather, as he is called now, Frantz Ivanitch, who, when I was there, came in to see Ovsyanikov, with whom he was on friendly terms….

正是这个列戎——或者弗兰茨·伊万诺维奇，现在人们都这么称呼他——当我坐在那里的时候，来找同他颇有交情的奥夫夏尼科夫……

But perhaps the reader is already weary of sitting with me at the Ovsyanikovs’, and so I will become eloquently silent.

不过，也许读者已经不想再听我讲奥夫夏尼科夫家的事了，因此我也就说到这里吧。

CHAPTER VII LGOV

第七章 利戈夫

"Let us go to Lgov," Yermolai, whom the reader knows already, said to me one day; "there we can shoot ducks to our heart's content."

“我们去利戈夫吧，”有一天，叶尔莫莱（读者对他已经很熟悉了）对我说，“在那里我们可以尽情地打鸭子。”

Although wild duck offers no special attraction for a genuine sportsman, still, through lack of other game at the time (it was the beginning of September; snipe were not on the wing yet, and I was tired of running across the fields after partridges), I listened to my huntsman's suggestion, and we went to Lgov.

尽管对于一个真正的猎人来说，野鸭没有特别的吸引力，不过，由于那个时候缺少其他猎物（当时正是九月初，沙锥还没飞来，我也厌倦了追着山鹑满田野跑），我就听从了我的猎人的建议，去了利戈夫。

Lgov is a large village of the steppes, with a very old stone church with a single cupola, and two mills on the swampy little river Rossota. Five miles from Lgov, this river becomes a wide swampy pond, overgrown at the edges, and in places also in the centre, with thick reeds. Here, in the creeks or rather pools between the reeds, live and breed a countless multitude of ducks of all possible kinds—quackers, half-quackers, pintails, teals, divers, etc. Small flocks are for ever flitting about and swimming on the water, and at a gunshot, they rise in such clouds that the sportsman involuntarily clutches his hat with one hand and utters a prolonged Pshaw! I walked with Yermolai along beside the pond; but, in the first place, the duck is a wary bird, and is not to be met quite close to the bank; and secondly, even when some straggling and inexperienced teal exposed itself to our shots and lost its life, our dogs were not able to get it out of the thick reeds; in spite of their most devoted efforts they could neither swim nor tread on the bottom, and only cut their precious noses on the sharp reeds for nothing.

利戈夫是个坐落在草原上的大村子，那里有一座非常古老的石造单圆顶教堂，还有两个磨坊建在如沼泽般的小罗索塔河边。在离利戈夫五英里的地方，这条河变成了一个宽阔的沼泽塘，塘的周边和中央某些地方，长着茂密的芦苇。在这里，在芦苇间的小湾或水坑里，生活繁殖着数不清的各种鸭子——野鸭、混种野鸭、针尾鸭、短颈野鸭、潜水鸭等等。鸭子们总是三五成群地飞来飞去，或在水里游动着，枪声一响，它们就一大群地飞起，猎人会不自觉地用一只手抓住他的帽子，长呼一声“哟”！我和叶尔莫莱沿着池塘走着，但是首先，鸭子是种机警的飞

禽，在靠近岸边的地方是见不着的；其次，即使有一些掉了队的、没经验的小水鸭暴露了自己，被我们打到，丧了命，我们的狗也没法从茂密的芦苇丛中把它弄出来，虽然我们的狗有着极高的献身精神，但它们既不会游泳也不会潜水，只会徒然让那些锋利的芦苇割伤了它们宝贵的鼻子。

"No," was Yermolai's comment at last, "it won't do; we must get a boat.… Let us go back to Lgov.”

“不行，”叶尔莫莱最后说道，“这样不行，我们必须得弄一条船……我们还是回利戈夫去吧。”

We went back. We had only gone a few paces when a rather wretched-looking setter-dog ran out from behind a bushy willow to meet us, and behind him appeared a man of middle height, in a blue and much-worn greatcoat, a yellow waistcoat, and pantaloons of a nondescript grey colour, hastily tucked into high boots full of holes, with a red handkerchief round his neck, and a single-barrelled gun on his shoulder. While our dogs, with the ordinary ceremonies peculiar to their species, were sniffing at their new acquaintance, who was obviously ill at ease, held his tail between his legs, dropped his ears back, and kept turning round and round showing his teeth—the stranger approached us, and bowed with extreme civility. He appeared to be about twenty-five; his long dark hair, perfectly saturated with kvas, stood up in stiff tufts, his small brown eyes twinkled genially; his face was bound up in a black handkerchief, as though for toothache; his countenance was all smiles and amiability.

于是我们便往回走。我们只走了几步，就看到浓密的柳树后面跑出来一条看上去令人厌恶的蹲伏猎犬，后面跟着一个中等身高的人，他穿着一件很破的蓝色厚外套，一件黄色背心和一条难以形容的灰色马裤，裤腿随便地塞在满是破洞的长统靴里，他脖子上还围着一条红围巾，肩上扛着一只单管枪。我们的猎狗，以它们所特有的惯常礼节，嗅着它们的新朋友，而那条狗明显有些不自在，两腿夹着尾巴，竖起了耳朵，露着牙齿，一直在那里打转——那个陌生人走到我们面前，彬彬有礼地鞠了个躬。他看上去大约有二十五岁，那又黑又长的头发因为浸满了克瓦斯而一簇簇地直立着，棕色的小眼睛亲切地眨着，好像是因为牙疼，他脸上扎着一条黑手帕，但满脸都是微笑和友好。

"Allow me to introduce myself," he began in a soft and insinuating voice; "I am a sportsman of these parts—Vladimir.… Having heard of your presence, and having learnt that you proposed to visit the shores of our pond, I resolved, if it were not displeasing to you, to offer you my services.”

“请允许我自我介绍一下，”他开始说道，声音温柔，还带着些奉承意味，“我是这一带的猎人——弗拉季米尔……我听说您来了，还得知了您打算来我们池塘边上，要是您不嫌弃的话，我愿意为您效劳。”

The sportsman, Vladimir, uttered those words for all the world like a young provincial actor in the role of leading lover. I agreed to his proposition, and before we had reached Lgov I had succeeded in learning his whole history. He was a freed house-serf; in his tender youth had been taught music, then served as valet, could read and write, had read—so much I could discover—some few trashy books, and existed now, as many do exist in Russia, without a farthing of ready money; without any regular occupation; fed by manna from heaven, or something hardly less precarious. He expressed himself with extraordinary elegance, and obviously plumed himself on his manners; he must have been devoted to the fair sex too, and in all probability popular with them: Russian girls love fine talking. Among other things, he gave me to understand that he sometimes visited the neighbouring landowners, and went to stay with friends in the town, where he played preference, and that he was acquainted with people in the metropolis. His smile was masterly and exceedingly varied; what specially suited him was a modest, contained smile which played on his lips as he listened to any other man's conversation. He was attentive to you; he agreed with you completely, but still he did not lose sight of his own dignity, and seemed to wish to give you to understand that he could, if occasion arose, express convictions of his own. Yermolai, not being very refined, and quite devoid of "subtlety", began to address him with coarse familiarity. The fine irony with which Vladimir used "Sir" in his reply was worth seeing.

猎人弗拉季米尔说起话来，活像一个扮演初恋情人的地方青年演员。我同意了他的提议，于是还没有到达利戈夫，我就已经知道了他的整个生活经历。他是个已经赎了身的家奴，在少年时代他学过音乐，后来当了贴身男仆，会读书写字，但据我看来，他曾读过几本没用的书，就像许多生活在俄国的人一样，至今身无分文，没有任何固定职业，几乎是靠天吃饭，朝不保夕。他说话极其文雅，显然是在卖弄自己的风度，他一定还是个好向女性献殷勤的人，而且极有可能很受她们欢迎，因为俄国的姑娘们都喜欢能说会道的人。此外，从他的话中我得知，他有时会去拜访邻近的地主，去城里的朋友家做客，玩三人牌戏，同大城市的人也有些交情。他很擅长笑，笑容也非常多变，尤其适合他的，是当他在倾听别人谈话时嘴唇上现出的谦虚而含蓄的笑。他用心地听你讲话，对你表示完全赞同，可他也不失自尊，好像是想让你知道，要是机会来了，他也会发表自己的意见。叶尔莫莱不是很有教养，也不懂那些“微妙”之处，就开始粗俗而冒昧地称呼起他来。弗拉季米尔用“先生”回复他，那种讽刺的口气真是很值得一看。

"Why is your face tied up?" I inquired; "have you toothache？"

“您为什么把脸绑起来？”我问，“牙疼吗？”

"No," he answered; "it was a most disastrous consequence of carelessness. I had a friend, a good fellow, but not a bit of a

sportsman, as sometimes occurs. Well, one day he said to me, 'My dear friend, take me out shooting; I am curious to learn what this diversion consists in.' I did not like, of course, to refuse a comrade; I got him a gun and took him out shooting. Well, we shot a little in the ordinary way; at last we thought we would rest I sat down under a tree; but he began instead to play with his gun, pointing it at me meantime. I asked him to leave off, but in his inexperience he did not attend to my words, the gun went off, and I lost half my chin, and the first finger of my right hand.”

“不是，”他答道，“这是粗心大意造成的，后果极其惨重。我有一个朋友，他是个好人，可根本就不是当猎人的料，这也是常有的事。唉，有一天他对我说：‘我亲爱的朋友，带我去打猎吧；我很想知道这种消遣是怎么回事。’我当然不愿意拒绝一位同伴，便给了他一只枪，带他出去打猎了。唉，我们照常规打了一会儿；最后，我们想休息一下，我就坐到了一棵树底下，但是他反而开始玩起了他的枪，同时还把枪瞄准了我。我让他别这样，但是因为他缺乏经验，并没有在意我的话。枪响了，我的半个下巴和右手的食指就没了。”

We reached Lgov. Vladimir and Yermolai had both decided that we could not shoot without a boat.

我们到了利戈夫。弗拉季米尔和叶尔莫莱都认为，如果没有船我们是打不了猎的。

"Sutchok (i.e. the twig) has a punt," observed Vladimir, "but I don't know where he has hidden it. We must go to him.”

“苏乔克（意为小树枝）有一条平底船，”弗拉季米尔说，“但我不知道他把船藏哪里去了。我们得去找他。”

"To whom?" I asked.

“找谁？”我问。

"The man lives here; Sutchok is his nickname."

“住在这里的一个人，苏乔克是他的绰号。”

Vladimir went with Yermolai to Sutchok's. I told them I would wait for them at the church. While I was looking at the tombstones in the churchyard, I stumbled upon a blackened, four-cornered urn with the following inscription, on one side in French: "Ci-git Theophile-Henri, Vicomte de Blangy”; on the next; "Under this stone is laid the body of a French subject, Count Blangy; born 1737, died 1799, in the 62nd year of his age”; on the third, "Peace to his ashes"; and on the fourth:

弗拉季米尔和叶尔莫莱去找苏乔克。我说我在教堂那里等他们。我看着教堂墓地里的那些墓碑，偶然发现了一个已经发黑的四方形骨灰瓮，上面有如下的铭文，一面用法文写着：“勃朗奇子爵泰奥菲尔·安里

安息于此”；另一面写着：“此墓石下安葬着法国臣民勃朗奇子爵，生于1737年，死于1799年，享年62岁”；第三面上写着：“愿逝者安息”；第四面上写着：

"Under this stone there lies from France an emigrant. Of high descent was he, and also of talent. A wife and kindred murdered he bewailed, And left his land by tyrants cruel assailed; The friendly shores of Russia he attained, And hospitable shelter here he gained; Children he taught; their parents' cares allayed.… Here, by God's will, in peace he has been laid.”

“此石下安眠着法国侨民。他出身高贵、才华横溢。他痛悼妻小之被害，远离了被暴君蹂躏的故土；踏上俄国热土，备受热情庇护；教育子女，赡养双亲……上帝保佑他在此安眠。”

The approach of Yermolai with Vladimir and the man with the strange nickname, Sutchok, broke in on my meditations.

叶尔莫莱和弗拉季米尔带着那个有奇怪绰号“苏乔克”的人来了，他们打断了我的沉思。

Barelegged, ragged and dishevelled, Sutchok looked like a discharged stray house-serf of sixty years old.

苏乔克大概六十岁，光着腿、衣衫褴褛、蓬头乱发，看上去就像一个被逐出去的家奴。

"Have you a boat?" I asked him.

“你有小船吗？”我问他。

"I have a boat," he answered in a hoarse, cracked voice; "but it's a very poor one.”

“我是有一条小船，”他用嘶哑的声音答道，“但是很破。”

"How so?"

“有多破啊？”

"Its boards are split apart, and the rivets have come off the cracks."

“船板裂开了，楔子从裂缝里掉出来了。”

"That's no great disaster!" interposed Yermolai; "we can stuff them up with tow."

“那不是什么大问题！”叶尔莫莱插嘴说，“我们可以用麻屑把它们塞起来。”

"Of course you can," Sutchok assented.

“当然可以了。”苏乔克表示同意。

"And who are you?"

“你是做什么的？”

"I am the fisherman of the manor."

“我是给主人捕鱼的。”

"How is it, when you're a fisherman, your boat is in such bad condition?”

“怎么回事啊，既然你是个捕鱼的，你的船怎么还这么破？”

"There are no fish in our river."

“我们的河里没有鱼了。”

"Fish don't like slimy marshes," observed my huntsman, with the air of an authority.

“鱼不喜欢泥泞的沼地。”我的猎伴用一种权威的口吻说道。

"Come," I said to Yermolai, "go and get some tow, and make the boat right for us as soon as you can."

“喂，”我对叶尔莫莱说，“去找些麻屑来，尽快给我们把船弄好了。”

Yermolai went off.

叶尔莫莱离开了。

"Well, in this way we may very likely go to the bottom," I said to Vladimir.

“嗯，照这样我们很可能会沉到水底去。”我对弗拉季米尔说。

"God is merciful," he answered. "Anyway, we must suppose that the pond is not deep."

“上帝是仁慈的，”他答道，“不管怎样，我们可以断定池塘并不深。”

"No, it is not deep," observed Sutchok, who spoke in a strange, far-away voice, as though he were in a dream, "and there's sedge and mud at the bottom, and it's all overgrown with sedge. But there are deep holes too.”

“是的，水不深，”苏乔克好像在做梦似的，用一种奇怪的、像从远处传来的声音说道，“池塘底部是莎草和烂泥，整个池塘都长满了莎草。不过也有些深坑。”

"But if the sedge is so thick," said Vladimir, "it will be impossible to row."

“但如果莎草太密，”弗拉季米尔说，“就不能划船了。”

"Who thinks of rowing in a punt? One has to punt it. I will go with you; my pole is there—or else one can use a wooden spade.”

“平底船哪里是划的？得用篙撑。我和你们一起去吧，我那里有篙，要不然用木铲子也行。”

"With a spade it won't be easy; you won't touch the bottom perhaps in some places," said Vladimir.

“铲子不好用，在某些地方可能会够不到底。”弗拉季米尔说。

"It's true; it won't be easy.”

“这倒是真的，铲子不好用。”

I sat down on a tomb-stone to wait for Yermolai. Vladimir moved a little to one side out of respect to me, and also sat down. Sutchok remained standing in the same place, his head bent and his hands clasped behind his back, according to the old habit of house-serfs.

我坐在一块墓石上等叶尔莫莱。弗拉季米尔出于对我的尊敬，向另外一边走了几步，也坐了下来。苏乔克这个老家奴仍然站在那个地方，习惯性地低着头、倒背着双手。

"Tell me, please," I began, "have you been the fisherman here long?"

“请给我说说，”我开始说道，“你在这里当了多久的渔夫了？”

"It is seven years now," he replied, rousing himself with a start.

“到现在有六年了。”他身子颤了一下说道。

"And what was your occupation before?"

“那你以前是干什么的呢？”

"I was coachman before."

“我以前是个马车夫。”

"Who dismissed you from being coachman?"

“是谁不让你当马车夫的呢？”

"The new mistress."

“那个新换的女主人。”

"What mistress?"

“哪一个女主人啊？”

"Oh, that bought us. Your honour does not know her; Alyona Timofyevna; she is so fat… not young.”

“哦，就是买我们的那个。老爷您不认识她，她叫阿列娜·季莫费夫娜，胖得很……年纪也不小了。”

"Why did she decide to make you a fisherman?"

“她为什么让你去捕鱼呢？”

"God knows. She came to us from her estate in Tamboff, gave orders for all the household to come together, and came out to us. We first kissed her hand, and she said nothing; she was not angry…. Then she began to question us in order; 'How are you employed? what duties have you?' She came to me in my turn; so she asked: 'What have you been?' I say, 'Coachman.' 'Coachman? Well, a fine coachman you are; only look at you! You're not fit for a coachman, but be my fisherman, and shave your beard. On the occasions of my visits provide fish for the table; do you hear?' … So since then I have been enrolled as a fisherman. 'And mind you keep my pond in order.' But how is one to keep it in order?”

“天晓得。她从唐波夫的领地来到我们这里，吩咐把所有的家仆都召集到一起，然后出来见我们。我们先是亲吻了她的手，她什么都没说，并没有生气……然后她开始挨个问我们：‘你是干什么工作的？你担任什么职务？’轮到我时，她问道：‘你是做什么的？’我说：‘马车夫。’‘马车夫？哼，你可真是个好马车夫啊，瞧瞧你的模样！你不适合当马车夫，给我当渔夫吧，把你的胡子剃掉。每次我来，你就送鱼来，听到了没？’从那时起我就成了捕鱼的了。‘记着，你得把我的池塘收拾得整整齐齐的。’但是怎么才能把它收拾整齐呢？”

"Whom did you belong to before?"

“你以前的主人是谁？”

"To Sergai Sergiitch Pehterev. We came to him by inheritance. But he did not own us long; only six years altogether. I was his coachman… but not in town, he had others there—only in the country.”

“是谢尔盖·谢尔盖伊奇·彼赫捷列夫。我们是他通过继承得来的。但是他没管我们多长时间，总共只有六年。我以前是他的马车夫……不过不是在城里，在那里他有别的马车夫，我只是在乡下的。”

"And were you always a coachman from your youth up?"

“你从年轻时起就一直当马车夫吗？”

"Always a coachman? Oh, no! I became a coachman in Sergai Sergiitch's time, but before that I was a cook—but not town-cook; only a cook in the country.”

“一直当马车夫？哦，不是！我是在伺候谢尔盖·谢尔盖伊奇那时候才变成马车夫的，在那之前我是个厨师，不过不是城里的厨师，只是个乡下的厨师。”

"Whose cook were you, then?"

“那么，你那时候给谁当厨师呢？”

"Oh, my former master's, Afanasy Nefeditch, Sergai Sergiitch's uncle. Lgov was bought by him, by Afanasy Nefeditch, but it came to Sergai Sergiitch by inheritance from him.”

“哦，我之前的那个主人阿法纳西·涅费德奇，他是谢尔盖·谢尔盖伊奇的叔叔。利戈夫就是阿法纳西·涅费德奇买来的，然后谢尔盖·谢尔盖伊奇从他那里继承了它。”

"Whom did he buy it from?"

“他是问谁买的呢？”

"From Tatyana Vassilyevna."

“塔季雅娜·瓦西利耶夫娜。”

"What Tatyana Vassilyevna was that?"

“哪个塔季雅娜·瓦西利耶夫娜？”

"Why, that died last year in Bolhov… that is, at Karatchev, an old maid…. She had never married. Don't you know her? We came to her from her father, Vassily Semenitch. She owned us a goodish while… twenty years.”

“哦，就是波尔霍夫的那个，去年死了……不对，是卡拉切尔的那个，是一个老处女……她从来没有结过婚。您知道她吗？我们是从她父亲瓦西利·谢梅内奇那里转到她手下的。她当我们主人的时间可长了……二十年了。”

"Then were you cook to her?"

“那么你给她当过厨师吧？”

"At first, to be sure, I was cook, and then I was coffee-bearer.”

“一开始，我的确是厨师，但后来就成端咖啡的了。”

"What were you?"

“做什么？”

"Coffee-bearer.”

“端咖啡的。”

"What sort of duty is that?"

“那是什么工作啊？”

"I don't know, your honour. I stood at the sideboard, and was called Anton instead of Kuzma. The mistress ordered that I should be called so.”

“我也不知道，老爷。我站在餐具柜旁边，大家叫我安东，而不是库

兹马。女主人吩咐要这么叫我。”

"Your real name, then, is Kuzma?"

“那你的真名是库兹马？”

"Yes."

“是的。”

"And were you coffee-bearer all the time?”

“那你就一直端咖啡吗？”

"No, not all the time; I was an actor too."

“不，不是一直都端咖啡，我还是个演员呢。”

"Really?"

“真的吗？”

"Yes, I was…. I played in the theatre. Our mistress set up a theatre of her own.”

“是的，我以前……还在戏院里演过戏呢。我们的女主人自己搭了个戏院。”

"What kind of parts did you take?"

“你都演过什么角色？”

"What did you please to say?"

“请问您说什么？”

"What did you do in the theatre?"

“你在戏院里干什么？”

"Don't you know? Why, they take me and dress me up; and I walk about dressed up, or stand or sit down there as it happens, and they say, 'See, this is what you must say,' and I say it. Once I represented a blind man… They laid little peas under each eyelid… Yes, indeed.”

“您不知道吗？嗨，他们把我拉去，给我打扮打扮，然后就上台去，有时候站着，有时候坐着，他们说：‘瞧，你得这么说。’我就照着说。有一次我演了一个瞎子……他们在我的眼皮底下各放了一粒小豌豆……是的，是真的。”

"And what were you afterwards?"

“那么你后来又干什么了？”

"Afterwards I became a cook again."

“后来我又成了厨师了。”

"Why did they degrade you to being a cook again?"

“他们为什么又把你降作厨师了呢？”

"My brother ran away."

“因为我兄弟跑了。”

"Well, and what were you under the father of your first mistress?"

“哦，那么你在第一位女主人的父亲手下是干什么的？”

"I had different duties; at first I found myself a page; I have been a postilion, a gardener, and a whipper-in.”

“我干过各种活儿：起初当小厮，当左马驭者、花匠，还管过猎狗。”

"A whipper-in?… And did you ride out with the hounds?”

“管猎狗？你还带着猎狗骑马出去？”

"Yes, I rode with the hounds, and was nearly killed; I fell off my horse, and the horse was injured. Our old master was very severe; he ordered them to flog me, and to send me to learn a trade to Moscow, to a shoemaker."

“是啊，我带着猎狗骑马，差点就没命了，我从马上摔了下来，马也受伤了。我们的老主人相当严厉，他吩咐他们揍了我一顿，然后把我送到了莫斯科的一个鞋匠那里去学手艺。”

"To learn a trade? But you weren't a child, I suppose, when you were a whipper-in?”

“去学手艺？但是我想，你管猎狗的时候已经不是孩子了吧？”

"I was twenty and over then."

“那时候，我已经二十出头了。”

"But could you learn a trade at twenty?"

“但你二十多岁了还能学手艺？”

"I suppose one could, some way, since the master ordered it. But he luckily died soon after, and they sent me back to the country."

“我想在一定程度上是可以的，因为是老爷吩咐的。不过幸好他不久以后就死了，他们就又把我送回了乡下。”

"And when were you taught to cook?"

“那你是什么时候学做厨师的？”

Sutchok lifted his thin yellowish little old face and grinned.

苏乔克抬起他那张瘦黄而苍老的小脸，咧嘴笑了笑。

"Is that a thing to be taught?… Old women can cook.”

“这还用学吗？老娘们都能做菜。”

"Well," I commented, "you have seen many things, Kuzma, in your time! What do you do now as a fisherman, seeing there are no fish?"

“哦，”我说道，“库兹马，你这辈子见识过很多东西呀！既然这里没有鱼，那你这个渔夫现在做什么呢？”

"Oh, your honour, I don't complain. And, thank God, they made me a fisherman. Why another old man like me—Andrey Pupir—the mistress ordered to be put into the paper factory, as a ladler. 'It's a sin,' she said, 'to eat bread in idleness.' And Pupir had even hoped for favour; his cousin's son was clerk in the mistress's counting-house: he had promised to send his name up to the mistress, to remember him; a fine way he remembered him!… And Pupir fell at his knees before my eyes.”

“哦，老爷，我可不抱怨。他们让我当捕鱼的，我就感谢上帝了。还有一个像我一样的老头儿——安德烈·普佩里——女主人吩咐他去造纸厂当汲水工呢。她说：‘不做工吃白饭是罪恶的。’普佩里还指望她开恩呢，他的堂侄子在女主人的办事处当职员，那个堂侄子答应过他替他向女主人说情。说什么情啊！我还亲眼见过普佩里给他的堂侄子下跪呢。”

"Have you a family? Have you married?"

“你有家眷吗？你结过婚吗？”

"No, your honour, I have never been married. Tatyana Vassilyevna—God rest her soul!—did not allow anyone to marry. 'God forbid!' she said sometimes, 'here am I living single; what indulgence! What are they thinking of!'"

“没有，老爷，我从来没有结过婚。塔季雅娜·瓦西利耶夫娜——上帝保佑她！不准任何人结婚。‘上帝不准！’她有时说，‘我还是单身呢，真是放肆！他们在想些什么啊！’”

"What do you live on now? Do you get wages?"

“你现在靠什么生活呀？你有工钱吗？”

"Wages, your honour!… Victuals are given me, and thanks be to Thee, Lord! I am very contented. May God give our lady long life!"

“工钱！老爷啊……给我口吃的，我就感谢上帝了！我现在很知足了。愿上帝保佑我们的女主人长寿！”

Yermolai returned.

叶尔莫莱回来了。

"The boat is repaired," he announced churlishly. "Go after your pole—you there!"

“船修好了，”他粗鲁无礼地宣布，“喂，去拿你的篙子吧！”

Sutchok ran to get his pole. During the whole time of my conversation with the poor old man, the sportsman Vladimir had been staring at him with a contemptuous smile.

苏乔克跑去拿他的篙子了。我和这个可怜的老头聊天的时候，猎人弗拉季米尔一直带着轻蔑的微笑瞧着他。

"A stupid fellow," was his comment, when the latter had gone off; "an absolutely uneducated fellow; a peasant, nothing more. One cannot even call him a house-serf, and he was boasting all the time. How could he be an actor, be pleased to judge for yourself! You were pleased to trouble yourself for no good in talking to him.”

“一个愚蠢的家伙，”苏乔克走开后，他说道，“一个完全没有教养的家伙，一个农民，仅此而已。他甚至连家奴都称不上，还老是吹牛。他怎么能当演员，请您自己想想看！您和他讲话真是白费神。”

A quarter of an hour later we were sitting in Sutchok's punt. The dogs we left in a hut in charge of my coachman. We were not very comfortable, but sportsmen are not a fastidious race. At the rear end, which was flattened and straight, stood Sutchok, punting; I sat with Vladimir on the planks laid across the boat, and Yermolai ensconced himself in front, in the very beak. In spite of the tow, the water soon made its appearance under our feet. Fortunately, the weather was calm and the pond seemed slumbering.

一刻钟以后，我们坐在了苏乔克的平底船上。我们把狗留在了一间小屋里，让我的马车夫看管。我们并不是很舒坦，不过猎人一向都不太挑剔。苏乔克站在平直的船尾上，撑着篙；我和弗拉季米尔坐在船的横档上，叶尔莫莱则坐在前边尖尖的船头上。虽然塞了些麻屑，但很快水就从我们脚下冒了出来。幸好天气不错，池塘好像睡着了似的。

We floated along rather slowly. The old man had difficulty in drawing his long pole out of the sticky mud; it came up all tangled in green threads of water-sedge; the flat round leaves of the water-lily also hindered the progress of our boat last we got up to the reeds, and then the fun began. Ducks flew up noisily from the pond, scared by our unexpected appearance in their domains, shots sounded at once after them; it was a pleasant sight to see these short-tailed game turning somersaults in the air, splashing heavily into the water. We could not, of course, get at all the ducks that were shot; those who were slightly wounded swam away; some which had been quite killed fell into such thick reeds that even Yermolai's little lynx eyes could not discover them, yet our boat was nevertheless filled to the brim with game for dinner.

我们的船缓慢地向前浮动着。老头费劲地把他的长篙从粘粘的泥巴里拔出来，长篙上面还缠满了水草的绿丝；睡莲那平平的圆叶子也让我

们的船难以前进，最后我们终于到了芦苇丛，然后有趣的事就开始了。我们意外地出现在它们的领地上，这可把鸭子吓坏了，都吵吵闹闹地从池塘里飞了起来，枪声马上也响了起来，看着这些短尾巴的野味在空中翻着筋斗，重重地溅到水里，真是很开心。当然了，我们没法把所有射中的鸭子都弄到手；那些受了点轻伤的游走了；还有一些被射中的鸭子掉进了茂密的芦苇丛里，即便是叶尔莫莱那双猞猁般的小眼睛也找不到它们；然而我们的小船上载满了为晚餐准备的野味。

Vladimir, to Yermolai's great satisfaction, did not shoot at all well; he seemed surprised after each unsuccessful shot, looked at his gun and blew down it, seemed puzzled, and at last explained to us the reason why he had missed his aim. Yermolai, as always, shot triumphantly; I— rather badly, after my custom. Sutchok looked on at us with the eyes of a man who has been the servant of others from his youth up; now and then he cried out: "There, there, there's another little duck"; and he constantly rubbed his back, not with his hands, but by a peculiar movement of the shoulder-blades. The weather kept magnificent; curly white clouds moved calmly high above our heads, and were reflected clearly in the water; the reeds were whispering around us; here and there the pond sparkled in the sunshine like steel. We were preparing to return to the village, when suddenly a rather unpleasant adventure befell us.

让叶尔莫莱大为称心的是，弗拉季米尔的枪法一点都不好；每次没有打中，他就装作好像很吃惊的样子，看一看、吹一吹他的枪，装出一副困惑的表情，最后还向我们解释他为什么没有打中。叶尔莫莱如往常一样，打得很成功；我呢，还是老样子，打得很糟糕。苏乔克从小就当仆人，他用伺候主人的眼神看着我们，不时地叫道："那里，那里，那里还有一只小鸭子"；他还不停地挠背，不是用手，而是靠肩胛骨做一种奇怪的动作来挠。天气一直都很好，在高高的头顶上空，卷曲状的白云徐徐地移动着，那影子在水面上分外清晰，芦苇丛在我们周围低声细语，池塘在太阳光下像钢一样闪闪发光。我们正准备返回村子里去时，突然遭遇了一件事情，让我们相当不愉快。

For a long time we had been aware that the water was gradually filling our punt. Vladimir was entrusted with the task of baling it out by means of a ladle, which my thoughtful huntsman had stolen to be ready for any emergency from a peasant woman who was staring away in another direction. All went well so long as Vladimir did not neglect his duty. But just at the end the ducks, as if to take leave of us, rose in such flocks that we scarcely had time to load our guns. In the heat of the sport we did not pay attention to the state of our punt— when suddenly, Yermolai, in trying to reach a wounded duck, leaned his whole weight on the boat's-edge; at his over-eager movement our old tub veered on one side, began to fill, and majestically sank to the bottom, fortunately not in a deep place. We cried out, but it was too

late; in an instant we were standing in the water up to our necks, surrounded by the floating bodies of the slaughtered ducks. I cannot help laughing now when I recollect the scared white faces of my companions (probably my own face was not particularly rosy at that moment), but I must confess at the time it did not enter my head to feel amused. Each of us kept his gun above his head, and Sutchok, no doubt from the habit of imitating his masters, lifted his pole above him. The first to break the silence was Yermolai.

我们早就注意到，水渐渐地渗进平底船里。弗拉季米尔负责用长柄大勺把水舀出去，我那猎伴考虑周全，从一个正在朝其他方向看的农妇那里偷来了这把大勺，以备不时之需。只要弗拉季米尔没忘记他的职责，一切就很顺利。可恰好在打猎结束的时候，那些鸭子仿佛在向我们告别，成群结队地飞了起来，我们几乎连给枪装子弹的时间都没有。我们打得热火朝天，没有注意到平底船的状况——突然间，叶尔莫莱因为要设法够一只受伤了的鸭子，整个扑到了船边上；因为他那剧烈的动作，我们的这只旧木船倾到了一边，水涌了进来，然后就壮烈地沉到了水底，幸好不是在水深的地方。我们大声叫喊了起来，但是已经太晚了；瞬间，我们就站在了齐脖子深的水里，周围漂浮着那些被打死的鸭子。现在每当我回忆起同伴们那吓得惨白的脸时，我都忍不住想笑（也许那个时候，我自己的脸也没有特别红润），但是我必须坦白，在那个时候我并没有觉得有意思。我们每个人都把自己的枪举过头顶，而苏乔克无疑出于模仿主人的习惯，也把他的篙子举过头顶。首先打破沉默的是叶尔莫莱。

"Tfoo! curse it!" he muttered, spitting into the water; "here's a go. It's all you, you old devil!" he added, turning wrathfully to Sutchok; "you've such a boat!”

“呸！太倒霉了！”他嘟囔道，往水里吐了口唾沫，“怎么会有这种事。都是你，你这个老鬼！”他愤怒地转向苏乔克，又说道，“你这艘破船！”

"It's my fault," stammered the old man.

“这是我的错。”老头结结巴巴地说。

"Yes; and you're a nice one," continued my huntsman, turning his head in Vladimir's direction; "what were you thinking of? Why weren't you baling out?—you, you?”

“对了，你也真是不错啊，”我的猎伴把头转向弗拉季米尔，继续说道，“你刚才在想些什么啊？你为什么没把水舀出去？你，你……”

But Vladimir was not equal to a reply; he was shaking like a leaf, his teeth were chattering, and his smile was utterly meaningless. What had become of his fine language, his feeling of fine distinctions, and of his own dignity!

但弗拉季米尔已经没法还嘴了，他像一片树叶一样哆嗦着，牙齿碰得咯咯响，脸上的笑容也完全失去了意义。他的能说会道，他的与众不同和他的自尊都不知道哪里去了！

The cursed punt rocked feebly under our feet… At the instant of our ducking the water seemed terribly cold to us, but we soon got hardened to it. When the first shock had passed off, I looked round me; the reeds rose up in a circle ten paces from us; in the distance above their tops the bank could be seen. "It looks bad," I thought.

那条讨厌的平底船在我们脚下微微地晃动着……刚掉入水中的时候，我们似乎还觉得水非常冷，但很快我们就适应了。第一阵惊吓过后，我环顾了一下四周：距我们十步以内都长着芦苇，从芦苇上面远远望去可以看得见岸。“情况不妙。”我想。

"What are we to do?" I asked Yermolai.

“我们怎么办？”我问叶尔莫莱。

"Well, we'll take a look round; we can't spend the night here," he answered. "Here, you, take my gun," he said to Vladimir.

“嗯，我们先四处看看，总不能在这里过夜吧。”他答道。“嘿，你，拿着我的枪。”他对弗拉季米尔说。

Vladimir obeyed submissively.

弗拉季米尔顺从地照做了。

"I will go and find the ford," continued Yermolai, as though there must infallibly be a ford in every pond; he took the pole from Sutchok, and went off in the direction of the bank, warily sounding the depth as he walked.

“我去看看哪里水浅。”叶尔莫莱继续说，就好像每个池塘都必然有浅水处一样；他从苏乔克手上拿过篙子，朝着岸边走了过去，边走边小心地探着深浅。

"Can you swim?" I asked him.

“你会游泳吗？”我问他。

"No, I can't," his voice sounded from behind the reeds.

“不，我不会。”他的声音从芦苇后面传来。

"Then he'll be drowned," remarked Sutchok indifferently. He had been terrified at first, not by the danger, but through fear of our anger, and now, completely reassured, he drew a long breath from time to time, and seemed not to be aware of any necessity for moving from his present position.

“那他会被淹死的。”苏乔克冷漠地说。他一开始真是给吓坏了，但不是因为危险，而是怕我们发怒，而这会儿他已经完全安心了，只是不

时地长长吸一口气，好像并不觉得需要离开他现在的位置。

"And he will perish without doing any good," added Vladimir piteously.

“他是白白去送死。”弗拉季米尔可怜巴巴地补充道。

Yermolai did not return for more than an hour. That hour seemed an eternity to us. At first we kept calling to him very energetically; then his answering shouts grew less frequent; at last he was completely silent. The bells in the village began ringing for evening service. There was not much conversation between us; indeed, we tried not to look at one another. The ducks hovered over our heads; some seemed disposed to settle near us, but suddenly rose up into the air and flew away quacking. We began to grow numb. Sutchok shut his eyes as though he were disposing himself to sleep.

过了一个多小时，叶尔莫莱还没有回来。那一个小时对于我们来说就好像是永远一样。一开始我们还非常精力充沛地不断叫他；后来他的回应渐渐少了，最后完全没有声音了。村子里响起了晚祷的钟声。我们几个也没怎么说话，甚至都尽量不去看对方。鸭子在我们头顶盘旋，有的好像想在我们附近停歇，但是又突然飞到空中，大叫着飞走了。我们的身体变得麻木起来。苏乔克闭上眼睛，好像打算睡觉了。

At last, to our indescribable delight, Yermolai returned.

叶尔莫莱终于回来了，我们激动难耐，无法形容。

"Well?"

“喂？”

"I have been to the bank; I have found the ford…. Let us go.”

“我到岸边了，浅水处也找到了……我们走吧。”

We wanted to set off at once; but he first brought some string out of his pocket out of the water, tied the slaughtered ducks together by their legs, took both ends in his teeth, and moved slowly forward; Vladimir came behind him, and I behind Vladimir, and Sutchok brought up the rear. It was about two hundred paces to the bank. Yermolai walked boldly and without stopping (so well had he noted the track), only occasionally crying out: "More to the left—there's a hole here to the right!" or "Keep to the right—you'll sink in there to the left….” Sometimes the water was up to our necks, and twice poor Sutchok, who was shorter than all the rest of us, got a mouthful and spluttered. "Come, come, come!" Yermolai shouted roughly to him—and Sutchok, scrambling, hopping and skipping, managed to reach a shallower place, but even in his greatest extremity was never so bold as to clutch at the skirt of my coat. Worn out, muddy and wet, we at last reached the bank.

我们想马上出发，但是他先从淹没在水中的口袋里掏出绳子，拴住那些死鸭子的腿，把它们绑在一起，然后用牙齿咬着绳子的两端，慢慢地向前走；弗拉季米尔跟在他后面，我跟在弗拉季米尔后面，苏乔克在最后。还有大概两百步就到岸了。叶尔莫莱大胆地往前走，一步也不停（他对这段路非常熟悉），只是偶尔叫道："再靠左边点，右边有个坑！"或"一直靠右走，靠左走会陷进去的……"有时候水漫到了脖子处，可怜的苏乔克比我们其他人都矮，有两次都灌得满口是水，直吐水沫。"喂，喂，喂！"叶尔莫莱粗鲁地对他喊道，于是苏乔克奋力地往上挣扎着，跳跃着，总算走到了一个浅一些的地方，但是就算在最紧急的时候，他也不敢抓我外套的外沿。我们筋疲力尽、满身是泥、浑身湿透，不过终于到岸了。

Two hours later we were all sitting, as dry as circumstances would allow, in a large hay barn, preparing for supper. The coachman Yehudiil, an exceedingly deliberate man, heavy in gait, cautious and sleepy, stood at the entrance, zealously plying Sutchok with snuff (I have noticed that coachmen in Russia very quickly make friends); Sutchok was taking snuff with frenzied energy, in quantities to make him ill; he was spitting, sneezing, and apparently enjoying himself greatly. Vladimir had assumed an air of languor; he leaned his head on one side, and spoke little. Yermolai was cleaning our guns. The dogs were wagging their tails at a great rate in the expectation of porridge; the horses were stamping and neighing in the out-house…. The sun had set; its last rays were broken up into broad tracts of purple; golden clouds were drawn out over the heavens into finer and ever finer threads, like a fleece washed and combed out…. There was the sound of singing in the village.

两个小时以后，我们坐在了一间宽敞的干草棚里，衣服也晾得差不多了，正准备吃晚饭。马车夫叶古季尔是个极其审慎、步履笨重、谨慎而嗜睡的人，他站在门边，热心地请苏乔克抽鼻烟（我发现俄国的马车夫们很快就能结为朋友）；苏乔克狂吸着鼻烟，又因吸得太多而难受起来，他吐着唾沫，打着喷嚏，但显然很是享受。弗拉季米尔显得很疲倦，他把脑袋歪向一边，也不怎么说话。叶尔莫莱则在擦拭着我们的枪。猎犬们快速地摇着尾巴，期待着麦片粥；在马棚檐下跺着脚，嘶鸣着……太阳落山了，余辉绽开，形成了一大片的紫红色的光束；金色的云彩在天上散开，变得越来越细，就像梳洗过的羊毛似的……村子里传来了阵阵歌声。

CHAPTER VIII BYEZHIN PRAIRIE

第八章 别任大草原

It was a glorious July day, one of those days which only come after many days of fine weather. From earliest morning the sky is clear; the sunrise does not glow with fire; it is suffused with a soft roseate flush. The sun, not fiery, not red-hot as in time of stifling drought, not dull purple as before a storm, but with a bright and genial radiance, rises peacefully behind a long and narrow cloud, shines out freshly, and plunges again into its lilac mist. The delicate upper edge of the strip of cloud flashes in little gleaming snakes; their brilliance is like polished silver. But, look! the dancing rays flash forth again, and in solemn joy, as though flying upward, rises the mighty orb. About mid-day there is wont to be, high up in the sky, a multitude of rounded clouds, golden-grey, with soft white edges. Like islands scattered over an overflowing river, that bathes them in its unbroken reaches of deep transparent blue, they scarcely stir; farther down the heavens they are in movement, packing closer; now there is no blue to be seen between them, but they are themselves almost as blue as the sky, filled full with light and heat. The colour of the horizon, a faint pale lilac, does not change all day, and is the same all round; nowhere is there storm gathering and darkening; only somewhere rays of bluish colour stretch down from the sky: it is a sprinkling of scarce-perceptible rain. In the evening these clouds disappear; the last of them, blackish and undefined as smoke, lie streaked with pink, facing the setting sun; in the place where it has gone down, as calmly as it rose, a crimson glow lingers long over the darkening earth, and, softly flashing like a candle carried carelessly, the evening star flickers in the sky. On such days all the colours are softened, bright but not glaring; everything is suffused with a kind of touching tenderness. On such days the heat is sometimes very great; often it is even "steaming" on the slopes of the fields, but a wind dispels this growing sultriness, and whirling eddies of dust—sure sign of settled, fine weather—move along the roads and across the fields in high white columns. In the pure dry air there is a scent of wormwood, rye in blossom, and buckwheat; even an hour before nightfall there is no moisture in the air. It is for such weather that the farmer longs, for harvesting his wheat….

那是一个灿烂的七月天，也只有好天气持续一段时间后，才会出现。一大早天空便很晴朗，朝霞并不像火一样燃烧，而是泛着柔和的玫瑰色红晕。太阳没有像沉闷干燥的季节时那么火红炽热，也不像暴风雨

前那样暗淡发紫，而是散发着明亮、怡人的光辉，冉冉地从一片又长又窄的云后升起，放射出清新的光芒，然后又陷入淡紫色的云雾中。那纤细的云彩上边，散发着蛇形的闪光，那光泽就像抛过光的银子一样。不过，瞧！舞动着的光线又突然出现了，那巨大的球体就如同在向上飞一样，庄严愉快地升起来了。到了正午，在高高的天空中，常常出现许多圆圆的、金灰色的云朵，镶着柔和的白边。这些云朵就像岛屿一样，散布在水位高涨的河流中，沉浸在清澈的深蓝色河水中，几乎一动不动；在远处靠近天际的地方，这些云朵互相移近，紧挨在一起；这时已经看不见它们之间的蓝天了，而它们本身也差不多就像天空一样蓝，充满了光和热。天边呈现出朦胧的淡紫色，一整天都没怎么变，周围也是一样；没有一处酝酿着暴风雨，也没有一处暗沉沉的；只是有的地方，浅蓝色的光线从天空延伸下来：那里淅淅沥沥地下起了几乎看不清的小雨。晚上，这些云朵消失了；剩下的那些像烟雾一样有点发黑、模糊不清，映着落日形成了粉色的条块；太阳落下去了，就如同升起时一样地宁静，深红色的光辉还残留在正在变暗的大地上，星星在夜空中闪烁着，就像人们随手拿起的蜡烛一样散发出柔和的光。在这样的日子里，所有的色彩都柔和起来，明亮却不刺眼，一切都弥漫着一种动人的温柔。在这样的日子里，有时天气非常炎热；坡地上通常更加“蒸闷”，但是一阵风吹来，就驱散了这渐渐增强的闷热，而打着旋涡的尘土——这是稳定的好天气必有的标志——形成一根根高高的白色风柱，沿着道路，穿过了田野。在洁净干爽的空气中，有苦艾、正开花的黑麦和荞麦散发出的气息，即便在黄昏前一个小时，空气中也没有一点湿气。农民所期盼的正是这样的天气，好收割小麦……

On just such a day I was once out grouse-shooting in the Tchern district of the province of Tula. I started and shot a fair amount of game; my full game-bag cut my shoulder mercilessly; but already the evening glow had faded, and the cool shades of twilight were beginning to grow thicker, and to spread across the sky, which was still bright, though no longer lighted up by the rays of the setting sun, when I at last decided to turn back homewards. With swift steps I passed through the long "square" of underwoods, clambered up a hill, and instead of the familiar plain I expected to see, with the oakwood on the right and the little white church in the distance, I saw before me a scene completely different, and quite new to me. A narrow valley lay at my feet, and directly facing me a dense wood of aspen-trees rose up like a thick wall. I stood still in perplexity, looked round me…. "Aha!" I thought, "I have somehow come wrong; I kept too much to the right," and surprised at my own mistake, I rapidly descended the hill. I was at once plunged into a disagreeable clinging mist, exactly as though I had gone down into a cellar; the thick high grass at the bottom of the valley, all drenched with dew, was white like a smooth tablecloth; one felt afraid somehow to walk on it. I made haste to get on the other side, and walked along beside the aspenwood, bearing to the left. Bats were already hovering over its

slumbering tree-tops, mysteriously flitting and quivering across the clear obscure of the sky; a young belated hawk flew in swift, straight course upwards, hastening to its nest. "Here, directly I get to this corner," I thought to myself, "I shall find the road at once; but I have come a mile out of my way!"

就在这样的一天，我出发去图拉省的挈尔恩县打松鸡了。我动手了，打到了很多野味；那猎袋装得满满的，勒得我肩膀直疼；然而直到晚霞已经消退，黄昏那寒冷的阴影变浓起来，并在天空扩散开来，我才终于决定回家去，那时虽然没有落日的余晖，但天空仍然明亮。我快步穿过了一片长长的矮灌木“广场”，爬上了一座小山，看到的并不是意料中的那个熟悉的平原，右边没有橡树林，远处没有小教堂，而是一番完全不同的景象，对于我来说很是陌生。从我脚下延伸出一条狭窄的山谷，一片浓密的山杨树林就像一堵厚墙一样竖立在我正对面。我困惑地停了下来，环顾了一下四周.....“啊哈！”我想，“我不知怎么地走错了，走得太偏右了。”我对自己所犯的错误感到很吃惊，接着便迅速下了山。我立即陷入到一种让人不舒服的、黏糊糊的薄雾中，就像进到了地窖里一样；山谷底部又密又高的草上全都浸满了露珠，白得就像一块平滑的桌布一样，走在上面会莫名其妙地感到害怕。我赶紧走到了另一边，朝左拐弯，沿着山杨树林向前走。蝙蝠在山杨树沉睡的树梢上盘旋，在朦胧的天空中神秘地翩翩飞行、抖动着；一只迟归的小鹰迅速地径直向上飞去，忙着赶回自己的鸟巢。“嘿，只要走到那一头，”我心想，“我就能马上找到路了，可是我已经走偏了一英里路了！”

I did at last reach the end of the wood, but there was no road of any sort there: some kind of low bushes overgrown with long grass extended far and wide before me; behind them in the far, far distance could be discerned a tract of waste land. I stopped again. "Well? Where am I?" I began ransacking my brain to recall how and where I had been walking during the day…. "Ah! but these are the bushes at Parahin," I cried at last; "of course! this must be Sindyev wood. But how did I get here? So far?… Strange! Now I must bear to the right again.”

我终于走到了树林的尽头，但是那里根本没有路：一片长满了长长的野草的矮灌木丛在我面前广阔地延伸着，在它们后面很远很远的地方，可以看清有一大片荒芜的土地。我又停了下来。“啊？我在哪里？”我开始绞尽脑汁地回想,白天是怎么走的，都去过哪里.....“啊！难道那是帕拉欣灌木丛，”我最后叫了起来，“就是！那这里一定是辛杰耶夫树林了。但我是怎么到这里的呢？这么远？真怪！现在我又得朝右拐了。”

I went to the right through the bushes. Meantime the night had crept close and grown up like a storm-cloud; it seemed as though, with the mists of evening, darkness was rising up on all sides and flowing down from overhead. I had come upon some sort of little, untrodden, overgrown path; I walked along it, gazing intently before

me. Soon all was blackness and silence around—only the quail's cry was heard from time to time. Some small night-bird, flitting noiselessly near the ground on its soft wings, almost flapped against me and skurried away in alarm. I came out on the further side of the bushes, and made my way along a field by the hedge. By now I could hardly make out distant objects; the field showed dimly white around; beyond it rose up a sullen darkness, which seemed moving up closer in huge masses every instant. My steps gave a muffled sound in the air, that grew colder and colder. The pale sky began again to grow blue—but it was the blue of night. The tiny stars glimmered and twinkled in it.

我向右穿过了灌木丛。这个时候，夜色像一片乌云一样逼近，浓重了起来，伴着夜晚的雾气，黑暗仿佛从四处升起，又从空中泻了下来。我发现了一条杳无人迹、杂草丛生的小路；我沿着这条小路走去，一边专心地盯着前面。不久，周围的一切都黑暗、寂静了下来，只是不时传来鹌鹑的叫声。一只小夜鸟展着柔软的翅膀，靠近地面静静地飞着，差点拍打到了我，然后就惊恐地躲了起来。我从灌木丛较远的一边走了出来，便沿着田野边的篱笆走着。此刻，我几乎分辨不出远处的物体了；周围的田野显得白茫茫的，田野上方升起了一团阴沉的黑暗，似乎每一刻那些巨大的团块都在向上升着。天气越来越冷了，我低沉的脚步声在空气中回荡。暗淡的天空开始渐渐变成了蓝色——但这次是夜晚的蓝色了。一颗颗小星星在天空中闪烁着。

What I had been taking for a wood turned out to be a dark round hillock. "But where am I, then?" I repeated again aloud, standing still for the third time and looking inquiringly at my spot and tan English dog, Dianka by name, certainly the most intelligent of four-footed creatures. But the most intelligent of four-footed creatures only wagged her tail, blinked her weary eyes dejectedly, and gave me no sensible advice. I felt myself disgraced in her eyes and pushed desperately forward, as though I had suddenly guessed which way I ought to go; I scaled the hill, and found myself in a hollow of no great depth, ploughed round.

我之前以为那是片树林，结果却是一个黑黑的圆形小丘。“我到底在哪里呀？”我大声地反复说道，第三次停下了脚步，疑惑地看着我那只叫做季安卡的英国种黄褐色花斑狗，它绝对是四腿动物中最聪明的。可是这只最聪明的四腿动物只是摇了摇尾巴，沮丧地眨了眨它疲惫的眼睛，没有给我任何明显的建议。我感觉自己在它眼中很丢脸，就拼命向前迈进，好像突然猜到了自己该从哪条路走似的；我绕过了小山，来到了一个不是很深的、周围被耕种过的凹地里。

A strange sensation came over me at once. This hollow had the form of an almost perfect cauldron, with sloping sides; at the bottom of it were some great white stones standing upright—it seemed as though they had crept there for some secret council—and it was so

still and dark in it, so dreary and weird seemed the sky, overhanging it, that my heart sank. Some little animal was whining feebly and piteously among the stones. I made haste to get out again on to the hillock. Till then I had not quite given up all hope of finding the way home; but at this point I finally decided that I was utterly lost, and without any further attempt to make out the surrounding objects, which were almost completely plunged in darkness, I walked straight forward, by the aid of the stars, at random…. For about half-an-hour I walked on in this way, though I could hardly move one leg before the other. It seemed as if I had never been in such a deserted country in my life; nowhere was there the glimmer of a fire, nowhere a sound to be heard. One sloping hillside followed another; fields stretched endlessly upon fields; bushes seemed to spring up out of the earth under my very nose. I kept walking and was just making up my mind to lie down somewhere till morning, when suddenly I found myself on the edge of a horrible precipice.

一种奇怪的感觉涌上心头。这块凹地就像一口近乎完好的大锅，周边是倾斜的；底部竖立着几块白色的大石头——它们好像是爬到这里来开秘密会议的——这里面是那么黑暗、寂静，天空看上去是那么沉闷、怪异地悬在它上方，我的心沉了下来。有一只小动物在石头中间微弱而可怜地哀号着。我赶紧跑了出来，回到了小丘上。在那之前，我还抱着希望，想要找到回家的路，但是到了这个时候，我终于确定我已经完全迷路了，不再尝试去辨认周围的那些物体了，它们几乎都完全淹没在黑暗中了，我靠着星星的指引随意地向前走……我艰难地拖着两条腿，就这样走了大约半个小时。我这辈子好像都没到过这么荒芜的地方，没有一处看得到火光，没有一处听得到声音。倾斜的山坡一个接着一个，田野一片挨着一片无尽地延伸着，灌木丛像是突然从地里冒出来的，出现在我眼前。我一直走着，正打算到哪个地方躺到第二天早上，突然发现自己正站在一个可怕的悬崖的边上。

I quickly drew back my lifted foot, and through the almost opaque darkness I saw far below me a vast plain. A long river skirted it in a semi-circle, turned away from me; its course was marked by the steely reflection of the water still faintly glimmering here and there. The hill on which I found myself terminated abruptly in an almost overhanging precipice, whose gigantic profile stood out black against the dark-blue waste of sky, and directly below me, in the corner formed by this precipice and the plain near the river, which was there a dark, motionless mirror, under the lee of the hill, two fires side by side were smoking and throwing up red flames. People were stirring round them, shadows hovered, and sometimes the front of a little curly head was lighted up by the glow.

我赶紧收回了抬起的脚，透过模模糊糊的夜色，我看到身下远处有一大片平原。一条长河围绕在它的周围，形成了一个半圆形，从我所在

的地方流向了远处；河水上到处闪烁着微光，在这钢铁般的反光中，河道显现了出来。我所在的小山突然垂直而下，差不多就是一个峭壁，它庞大的轮廓黑压压地突现在苍茫的深蓝色天空中，在我的正下方，在这个悬崖与平原形成的角落，也就是在静止的、黑压压的河水边，在小山的背风处，有两堆相邻的火冒着烟，跃着红色的火焰。火堆周围有几个人在走动，影子晃来晃去，有时光晕还会把一个卷发的小脑袋的前半面映照出来。

I found out at last where I had got to. This plain was well known in our parts under the name of Byezhin Prairie…. But there was no possibility of returning home, especially at night; my legs were sinking under me from weariness. I decided to get down to the fires and to wait for the dawn in the company of these men, whom I took for drovers. I got down successfully, but I had hardly let go of the last branch I had grasped, when suddenly two large shaggy white dogs rushed angrily barking upon me. The sound of ringing boyish voices came from round the fires; two or three boys quickly got up from the ground. I called back in response to their shouts of inquiry. They ran up to me, and at once called off the dogs, who were specially struck by the appearance of my Dianka. I came down to them.

我终于知道我到哪里了。这个平原在我们那一带很有名，叫做别任大草原……但回家是不可能的了，特别是在晚上，我的双腿都累得发软了。我决定下到火堆那边去，和这些我以为是牲畜贩子的人做伴，等待天亮。我成功地爬了下去，但我还没有放开抓着的最后一棵树枝，就有两大只毛发蓬松的白毛狗突然愤怒地冲到了我前面狂吠。从火堆旁传来了稚气而响亮的声音，两三个男孩马上从地上爬了起来。对于他们质问般的叫喊，我都做了回应。他们跑到我这边来，马上叫住了那两只对季安卡的外貌特别感兴趣的狗。我往下走到了他们那里。

I had been mistaken in taking the figures sitting round the fires for drovers. They were simply peasant boys from a neighbouring village, who were in charge of a drove of horses. In hot summer weather with us they drive the horses out at night to graze in the open country: the flies and gnats would give them no peace in the daytime; they drive out the drove towards evening, and drive them back in the early morning: it's a great treat for the peasant boys. Bare-headed, in old fur-capes, they bestride the most spirited nags, and scurry along with merry cries and hooting and ringing laughter, swinging their arms and legs, and leaping into the air. The fine dust is stirred up in yellow clouds and moves along the road; the tramp of hoofs in unison resounds afar; the horses race along, pricking up their ears; in front of all, with his tail in the air and thistles in his tangled mane, prances some shaggy chestnut, constantly shifting his paces as he goes.

我错把坐在火堆周围的人认成牲畜贩子了。他们只是邻村的几个农家孩子，负责看守马群。在炎热的夏天，这里的人都是在夜晚把马群赶

到野外放牧，因为白天的时候苍蝇和蚊子会搅得它们不得安宁；他们傍晚时把马群赶出来，清早再把它们赶回去，这是农家孩子们的一大乐事。他们没戴帽子，穿着旧皮大衣，骑在精力最旺盛的马匹上，伴着欢乐的叫喊声和银铃般的笑声，挥舞着手脚疾驰着，在空中飞奔着。一路上微尘四起，形成了一个个的黄柱子；整齐的马蹄声传到远方；马们竖起耳朵一起奔跑着；跑在最前面的是一匹毛发蓬松的栗色马，它翘着尾巴，杂乱的鬓毛上粘着蓟，边跑边不停地变换步子。

I told the boys I had lost my way, and sat down with them. They asked me where I came from, and then were silent for a little and turned away. Then we talked a little again. I lay down under a bush, whose shoots had been nibbled off, and began to look round. It was a marvellous picture; about the fire a red ring of light quivered and seemed to swoon away in the embrace of a background of darkness; the flame flaring up from time to time cast swift flashes of light beyond the boundary of this circle; a fine tongue of light licked the dry twigs and died away at once; long thin shadows, in their turn breaking in for an instant, danced right up to the very fires; darkness was struggling with light. Sometimes, when the fire burnt low and the circle of light shrank together, suddenly out of the encroaching darkness a horse's head was thrust in, bay, with striped markings or all white, stared with intent blank eyes upon us, nipped hastily the long grass, and drawing back again, vanished instantly. One could only hear it still munching and snorting. From the circle of light it was hard to make out what was going on in the darkness; everything close at hand seemed shut off by an almost black curtain; but farther away hills and forests were dimly visible in long blurs upon the horizon.

我告诉男孩们我迷路了，然后就挨着他们坐了下来。他们问我从哪里来，然后沉默了一小阵，就背过脸去。接着，我们又聊了几句。我在一丛嫩枝都被咬光了的灌木下躺了下来，便打量起了四周。这真是一幅美妙的画面：火堆周围有一个红色的光圈抖动着，好像在黑色背景的环绕下慢慢消失；火熊熊地燃烧着，火焰时不时地会猛地扑向光圈外边；精妙的火舌舔了一下干枯的树枝便立马消失了；细长的影子瞬间闯入，在火光中跳跃，那是黑暗在同光明搏斗。有时候，柴火快要烧尽，光圈也缩小了，在渐渐浓郁的黑暗中，突然会闯入一个有条纹花斑或纯白色的马头，它瞪着眼睛，呆呆地看了看我们，匆忙地咬了一口长长的青草，然后退了回去，马上就消失了。只听得到它仍在大声地咀嚼，还打着响鼻。在火光的照映下，很难看清黑暗中发生了什么，附近的一切好像都被一块近乎黑色的幕布遮住了，但在远处的地平线上方，可以隐约看到小山和树林长长的影子。

The dark unclouded sky stood, inconceivably immense, triumphant, above us in all its mysterious majesty. One felt a sweet oppression at one's heart, breathing in that peculiar, overpowering, yet fresh fragrance— the fragrance of a summer night in Russia.

Scarcely a sound was to be heard around…. Only at times, in the river near, the sudden splash of a big fish leaping, and the faint rustle of a reed on the bank, swaying lightly as the ripples reached it… the fires alone kept up a subdued crackling.

天空黑暗无云，惊人地广袤壮丽，神秘庄严地笼罩在我们上方。呼吸着这种独特的、醉人的清新芬芳——一种俄罗斯夏夜的芬芳，使人心中倍感甜蜜的喜悦。周围几乎听不到一点声音……只是有时，附近的河水中会突然发出一条大鱼跃起的溅水声，岸边的芦苇被荡漾过来的涟漪微微晃动着，发出微弱的沙沙声……只有篝火还在不断地发出轻轻的噼啪声。

The boys sat round them; there too sat the two dogs, who had been so eager to devour me. They could not for long after reconcile themselves to my presence, and, drowsily blinking and staring into the fire, they growled now and then with an unwonted sense of their own dignity; first they growled, and then whined a little, as though deploring the impossibility of carrying out their desires. There were altogether five boys: Fedya, Pavlusha, Ilyusha, Kostya and Vanya. (From their talk I learnt their names, and I intend now to introduce them to the reader.)

男孩们围着火堆坐着，还有那两只狗，它们之前很迫切地想吞了我。过了很长时间，它们还不能容忍我的存在，懒洋洋地眨着眼睛，凝视着篝火，带着一种它们少有的自尊不时地嚎叫几声，起初它们咆哮，后来便有点哀嚎了，好像在为它们无法实现的欲望而哀叹。那里总共有五个男孩：费佳、帕夫卢沙、伊柳沙、科斯佳和瓦尼亚。（从他们的谈话中，我得知了他们的名字，现在我打算把他们介绍给读者。）

The first and eldest of all, Fedya, one would take to be about fourteen. He was a well-made boy, with good-looking, delicate, rather small features, curly fair hair, bright eyes, and a perpetual half-merry, half-careless smile. He belonged, by all appearances, to a well-to-do family, and had ridden out to the prairie, not through necessity, but for amusement. He wore a gay print shirt, with a yellow border; a short new overcoat slung round his neck was almost slipping off his narrow shoulders; a comb hung from his blue belt. His boots, coming a little way up the leg, were certainly his own—not his father's. The second boy, Pavlusha, had tangled black hair, grey eyes, broad cheek-bones, a pale face pitted with small-pox, a large but well-cut mouth; his head altogether was large—“a beer-barrel head," as they say—and his figure was square and clumsy. He was not a good-looking boy—there's no denying it!—and yet I liked him; he looked very sensible and straightforward, and there was a vigorous ring in his voice. He had nothing to boast of in his attire; it consisted simply of a homespun shirt and patched trousers. The face of the third, Ilyusha, was rather uninteresting: it was a long face, with short-sighted eyes and a hook

nose; it expressed a kind of dull, fretful uneasiness; his tightly-drawn lips seemed rigid; his contracted brow never relaxed; he seemed continually blinking from the firelight. His flaxen—almost white—hair hung out in thin wisps under his low felt hat, which he kept pulling down with both hands over his ears. He had on new bast-shoes and leggings; a thick string, wound three times round his figure, carefully held together his neat black smock. Neither he nor Pavlusha looked more than twelve years old. The fourth, Kostya, a boy of ten, aroused my curiosity by his thoughtful and sorrowful look. His whole face was small, thin, freckled, pointed at the chin like a squirrel's; his lips were barely perceptible; but his great black eyes, that shone with liquid brilliance, produced a strange impression; they seemed trying to express something for which the tongue—his tongue, at least—had no words. He was undersized and weakly, and dressed rather poorly. The remaining boy, Vanya, I had not noticed at first; he was lying on the ground, peacefully curled up under a square rug, and only occasionally thrust his curly brown head out from under it; this boy was seven years old at the most.

第一个也是他们中年纪最大的，是费佳，看来大约有十四岁。他身材匀称、相貌俊秀、五官小巧精致，长着一头金色卷发，眼睛明亮，永远带着半愉快、有点漫不经心的微笑。从外表来看，他出身于一个富裕的家庭，骑马来这个大草原不是为了挣钱，而是为了消遣。他穿着一件镶黄边的印花衬衣，颜色很鲜艳，披着一件短的新外衣，就快要从他那窄窄的肩膀上滑下来，蓝色的腰带上挂着一把梳子。他那双低统靴子肯定是他自己的，而不是他父亲的。第二个男孩帕夫卢沙留着一头蓬乱的黑发，长着一双灰色的眼睛，颧骨宽宽的，苍白的脸上长着麻斑，嘴巴大而端正，他的头很大，就像人们所说的“啤酒桶头”，他的体型敦厚，但有点笨拙。他长得并不好看——这是毫无疑问的！可我还是喜欢他，他看上去非常机敏、正直，而且他的声音中透出一股活力。他穿的衣服可没什么值得夸耀的，仅仅是一件土布衬衣和一条打着补丁的裤子。第三个孩子伊柳沙，更是相貌平平：长脸，近视眼，鹰钩鼻，表情呆呆的，还有点焦躁不安，他紧闭的双唇似乎很僵硬，紧皱的眉头从没放松过，似乎是因为火光，而不停地眨着眼睛。他的头发是淡黄色的，有点发白，一缕一缕地挂在他那压低的毡帽下，他总是用手把毡帽拽到耳朵上。他穿着一双新树皮鞋，裹腿也是崭新的，一条粗绳子他身上绕了三圈，紧紧地束住了他那整洁的黑罩衫。看上去，他和帕夫卢沙都不超过十二岁。第四个男孩是科斯佳，年约十岁，他那沉思而哀伤的神态激起了我的好奇心。他的脸长得就像松鼠一样，又小又瘦，还长着雀斑，下巴也尖尖的；他的嘴唇几乎就看不见，但是他那双乌黑的大眼睛，水汪汪的、炯炯有神，给人留下一种奇怪的印象，它们好像在表达着一些用语言（至少是他的语言）无法表达的话。他身材矮小，体格虚弱，而且穿得很寒碜。最后这个男孩叫瓦尼亚，我一开始没注意到他，他躺在地上，安静地蜷缩在一块方型的毯子下面，只是偶尔从毯子下面伸出他那满头棕色卷发的头来。这个男孩顶多有七岁。

So I lay under the bush at one side and looked at the boys. A small pot was hanging over one of the fires; in it potatoes were cooking. Pavlusha was looking after them, and on his knees he was trying them by poking a splinter of wood into the boiling water. Fedya was lying leaning on his elbow, and smoothing out the skirts of his coat. Ilyusha was sitting beside Kostya, and still kept blinking constrainedly. Kostya's head drooped despondently, and he looked away into the distance. Vanya did not stir under his rug. I pretended to be asleep. Little by little, the boys began talking again.

我就这样侧躺在灌木丛下，看着这几个男孩。其中的一堆火上挂着一个小瓦罐，里面煮着土豆。帕夫卢沙照看着这些土豆，他跪着把一块木片伸进沸腾的水里，去试试有没有熟。费佳用肘杵着躺在地上，正在摆弄衣服的下摆。伊柳沙坐在科斯佳旁边，还在不停地勉强自己眨巴着眼睛。科斯佳的头沮丧地垂着，把目光转向了远处。瓦尼亚在毯子下面一动也不动。我假装睡着了。渐渐地，男孩们又开始聊了起来。

At first they gossiped of one thing and another, the work of tomorrow, the horses; but suddenly Fedya turned to Ilyusha, and, as though taking up again an interrupted conversation, asked him:"Come then, so you've seen the goblin?”

起初他们闲聊着，聊明天的活儿，聊马；但是费佳突然转向伊柳沙，好像是重新继续被打断的谈话，问他：“那么，你是见过精灵了？”

"No, I didn't see him, and no one ever can see him," answered Ilyusha, in a weak hoarse voice, the sound of which was wonderfully in keeping with the expression of his face; "I heard him…. Yes, and not I alone.”

“没，我没见过他，没有人能看见他，”伊柳沙用微弱而沙哑的声音答道，这种声音和他脸上的表情很是相称，“我听见过他……对，而且不止我一个人听见过。”

"Where does he live—in your place?" asked Pavlusha.

“那他在你们那里的时候，呆在哪里呢？”帕夫卢沙问。

"In the old paper-mill.”

“在旧纸浆房里。”

"Why, do you go to the factory?"

“怎么，你常去工厂那边吗”

"Of course we do. My brother Avdushka and I, we are paper-glazers.”

“当然了。我和我哥哥阿夫久什卡，我们都是磨纸工。”

"I say—factory-hands!”

“哟，你还是工人啊！”

"Well, how did you hear it, then?" asked Fedya.

“喂，那么你是怎么听到的呢？”费佳问。

"It was like this. It happened that I and my brother Avdushka, with Fyodor of Mihyevska, and Ivashka the Squint-eyed, and the other Ivashka who comes from the Red Hills, and Ivashka of Suhorukov too—and there were some other boys there as well—there were ten of us boys there altogether—the whole shift, that is—it happened that we spent the night at the paper-mill; that's to say, it didn't happen, but Nazarov, the overseer, kept us. 'Why,' said he, 'should you waste time going home, boys; there's a lot of work tomorrow, so don't go home, boys.’ So we stopped, and were all lying down together, and Avdushka had just begun to say, 'I say, boys, suppose the goblin were to come?' And before he'd finished saying so, some one suddenly began walking over our heads; we were lying down below, and he began walking upstairs overhead, where the wheel is. We listened: he walked; the boards seemed to be bending under him, they creaked so; then he crossed over, above our heads; all of a sudden the water began to drip and drip over the wheel; the wheel rattled and rattled and again began to turn, though the sluices of the conduit above had been let down. We wondered who could have lifted them up so that the water could run; any way, the wheel turned and turned a little, and then stopped. Then he went to the door overhead and began coming down-stairs, and came down like this, not hurrying himself; the stairs seemed to groan under him too…. Well, he came right down to our door, and waited and waited… and all of a sudden the door simply flew open. We were in a fright; we looked— there was nothing…. Suddenly what if the net on one of the vats didn't begin moving; it got up, and went rising and ducking and moving in the air as though some one were stirring with it, and then it was in its place again. Then, at another vat, a hook came off its nail, and then was on its nail again; and then it seemed as if some one came to the door, and suddenly coughed and choked like a sheep, but so loudly!… We all fell down in a heap and huddled against one another…. Just weren't we in a fright that night!”

“是这样的。有一回我、我哥哥阿夫久什卡、米赫耶夫村的费多尔、斜眼的伊万什卡、另一个从红冈来的伊万什卡，以及苏霍鲁科夫家的伊万什卡，还有另外的一些男孩，我们十个男孩，也就是当班的所有人，那天晚上是在纸浆房过的夜，本来用不着在那里过夜的，但是那个叫纳扎罗夫的监工把我们留了下来。他说：‘为什么你们要浪费时间回家啊，伙计们，明天还有很多活儿要干呢，所以不要回家了，伙计们。’于是我们就留了下来，都一起躺了下来，然后阿夫久什卡就开始说：‘喂，伙计们，要是精灵来了怎么办？’他还没来得及把话说完，突然就有人在我们

上面走动，我们躺在下面，他开始在我们头上的那层楼走动了起来，就在水轮旁边。我们听了听：他走来走去，木板好像都被他压弯了，吱吱作响，然后他在我们头顶上方踱来踱去，突然间水开始流了下来，流到了水轮上，水轮嘎吱嘎吱地又开始转了起来，可是导水管的闸门已经被关掉了。我们觉得很奇怪，是谁把它们抬起来让水流动的，不管怎样，水轮转动了，还转了几下，然后停了下来。然后他走到上面的门边，开始下楼来，就这样不慌不忙地，楼梯也似乎在他脚下呻吟……唉，他正好来到了我们的门边，等啊等啊……突然间，那扇门飞快地打开了。我们都被吓坏了，我们看了看，什么都没有……忽然，其中一只桶里的网格开始动了起来，它升了上去，浸到了水里，在空中晃来晃去，好像有人在涮洗它一样，然后它又回到了原位。然后，另一只桶的钩子从钉子上脱了下来，接着又挂在了钉子上，那时好像有人来到了门边，突然像羊似的咳嗽起来，但是声音特别的响！我们都摔倒在地，滚成了一团，往别人身下挤……那天晚上我们可真是给吓惨了！”

"I say!" murmured Pavel, "what did he cough for?"

“那么，”帕韦尔低声说，“他为什么要咳嗽？”

"I don't know; perhaps it was the damp.”

“我也不知道，或许是因为有湿气吧。”

All were silent for a little.

所有人都沉默了一小阵。

"Well," inquired Fedya, "are the potatoes done?"

“喂，”费佳问道，“土豆好了吗？”

Pavlusha tried them.

帕夫卢沙尝了尝。

"No, they are raw…. My, what a splash!" he added, turning his face in the direction of the river; "that must be a pike…. And there's a star falling.”

“没，还是生的呢……哎呀，听那水溅声！”他把头转向河的方向接着说，“肯定是一条梭鱼……看，那里有颗星星落下了呢。”

"I say, I can tell you something, brothers," began Kostya, in a shrill little voice; "listen what my dad told me the other day."

“喂，伙计们，我可以给你们讲件事，”科斯佳用尖细的声音说了起来，“听听前几天我爹都给我说了些啥。”

"Well, we are listening," said Fedya with a patronising air.

“好啊，我们听着呢。”费佳用一种鼓励的口吻说道。

"You know Gavrila, I suppose, the carpenter up in the big village?"

“我想，你们都知道加夫里拉吧，就是大村子里的那个木匠？”

"Yes, we know him."

“嗯，我们知道他。”

"And do you know why he is so sorrowful always, never speaks? do you know? I'll tell you why he's so sorrowful; he went one day, daddy said, he went, brothers, into the forest nutting. So he went nutting into the forest and lost his way; he went on—God only can tell where he got to. So he went on and on, brothers—but it was no good!—he could not find the way; and so night came on out of doors. So he sat down under a tree. 'I'll wait till morning,' thought he. He sat down and began to drop asleep. So as he was falling asleep, suddenly he heard some one call him. He looked up; there was no one. He fell asleep again; again he was called. He looked and looked again; and in front of him there sat a mermaid on a branch, swinging herself and calling him to her, and simply dying with laughing; she laughed so…. And the moon was shining bright, so bright, the moon shone so clear—everything could be seen plain, brothers. So she called him, and she herself was as bright and as white sitting on the branch as some dace or a roach, or like some little carp so white and silvery…. Gavrila the carpenter almost fainted, brothers, but she laughed without stopping, and kept beckoning him to her like this. Then Gavrila was just getting up; he was just going to yield to the mermaid, brothers, but—the Lord put it into his heart, doubtless—he crossed himself like this…. And it was so hard for him to make that cross, brothers; he said, 'My hand was simply like a stone; it would not move.' … Ugh! the horrid witch…. So when he made the cross, brothers, the mermaid, she left off laughing, and all at once how she did cry…. She cried, brothers, and wiped her eyes with her hair, and her hair was green as any hemp. So Gavrila looked and looked at her, and at last he fell to questioning her. 'Why are you weeping, wild thing of the woods?' And the mermaid began to speak to him like this: 'If you had not crossed yourself, man,' she says, 'you should have lived with me in gladness of heart to the end of your days; and I weep, I am grieved at heart because you crossed yourself; but I will not grieve alone; you too shall grieve at heart to the end of your days.' Then she vanished, brothers, and at once it was plain to Gavrila how to get out of the forest…. Only since then he goes always sorrowful, as you see.”

“你们知道为什么他老是闷闷不乐，从来不说话吗？你们知道吗？我给你们说说为什么他那么闷闷不乐，我爹说有一天，伙计们，他去森林里采坚果。他去森林里采坚果，然后迷路了，他继续往前走，只有上帝才晓得他去到了哪里。于是他就走啊走啊，兄弟们，但这可不是什么好事！他迷路了，而且这时候天已经黑了。于是，他就坐到了一棵树下面。‘我就等到明天早上吧。’他想。他坐了下来，开始打起了瞌睡。于

是他就睡着了，突然间他听见有人叫他。他抬头看了看，一个人也没有。他又睡着了，又有人叫他了。他看了又看，看见他面前的树枝上坐着一条人鱼，边摇摆着身体边叫唤着他，简直笑得死去活来，她就这样笑着……明亮的月光照着大地，那么的明亮，把周围照得清清楚楚的，一切都清晰可见，兄弟们。她就这么叫唤他，她又亮又白，坐在树枝上，就像鲦鱼或斜齿鳊，或是像小鲤鱼那样银白银白的……木匠加夫里拉都被吓得快晕过去了，兄弟们，可是她一直笑个不停，像这样一直对他招手。接着加夫里拉站了起来，他本来都要照着人鱼说的做了，兄弟们，但肯定是上帝指点了他一下——他像这样画了个十字……画得非常费劲，兄弟们，他说，‘我的手简直像一块石头，根本没法动。’呸！那个恐怖的女妖……于是就在他画十字的时候，兄弟们，那人鱼不笑了，却突然哭了起来……兄弟们，她边哭边用自己的头发擦眼睛，那头发就像大麻一样绿。加夫里拉望着她，终于问她：‘你为什么哭呀，林妖？’那人鱼就这么对他说起来：‘要是你没画十字，大哥，你这辈子就能和我快乐地生活在一起；我哭，是因为你画十字让我心里很难受，但是我不会独自难受，你也得难受一辈子。’然后她就消失了，伙计们，加夫里拉马上就知道该怎样走出那片森林了……只是他从此以后总是很悲伤，就如你们所看到的一样。”

"Ugh!" said Fedya after a brief silence; "but how can such an evil thing of the woods ruin a Christian soul—he did not listen to her?”

“哦！”费佳沉默了一小会儿说，“但是这个林妖怎么能毁坏一个基督徒的灵魂呢，他不是没有听她的话吗？”

"And I say!" said Kostya. "Gavrila said that her voice was as shrill and plaintive as a toad's.”

“得了吧！”科斯佳说，“加夫里拉说过，她的声音就像癞蛤蟆的声音一样尖细哀伤。”

"Did your father tell you that himself?" Fedya went on.

“是你爹亲自跟你说的吗？”费佳继续说。

"Yes. I was lying in the loft; I heard it all."

“是的。我当时躺在阁楼上，我全都听见了。”

"It's a strange thing. Why should he be sorrowful?… But I suppose she liked him, since she called him.”

“真是件奇怪的事。他为什么会难过？不过我想她喜欢他，所以她才喊他。”

"Ay, she liked him!" put in Ilyusha. "Yes, indeed! she wanted to tickle him to death, that's what she wanted. That's what they do, those mermaids.”

“啊，她喜欢他！”伊柳沙说，“对，就是！她想狠狠地挠他的痒痒，她就是想这样。那些人鱼就是喜欢做这种事。”

"There ought to be mermaids here too, I suppose," observed Fedya.

“我想，这里也有人鱼。”费佳说道。

"No," answered Kostya, "this is a holy open place. There's one thing, though: the river's near.”

“不，”科斯佳答道，“这里是个圣洁的开阔地。但是，有一点，河离得近。”

All were silent. Suddenly from out of the distance came a prolonged, resonant, almost wailing sound, one of those inexplicable sounds of the night, which break upon a profound stillness, rise upon the air, linger, and slowly die away at last. You listen: it is as though there were nothing, yet it echoes still. It is as though some one had uttered a long, long cry upon the very horizon, as though some other had answered him with shrill harsh laughter in the forest, and a faint, hoarse hissing hovers over the river. The boys looked round about shivering….

所有人都沉默了。忽然从远处传来一声长长的、响亮的、近乎哀嚎的声音，是夜里那些无法解释的声音之一，它打破了深远的宁静，升到空中，回响着，最后慢慢地减弱了。你仔细听一下，好像什么都没有，可仍然还有回响。就好像有人在天边长长地叫了一声，又好像另一个人在森林里用尖锐刺耳的声音回答他，又有一阵模糊沙哑的嘶嘶声回荡在河面上。男孩们颤抖着环顾四周……

"Christ's aid be with us!" whispered Ilyusha.

“上帝保佑我们！”伊柳沙低声说。

"Ah, you craven crows!" cried Pavel, "what are you frightened of? Look, the potatoes are done." (They all came up to the pot and began to eat the smoking potatoes; only Vanya did not stir.) "Well, aren't you coming?" said Pavel.

“嘿，你们这群胆小鬼！”帕韦尔喊道，“你们怕什么啊？瞧，土豆煮好了。”（他们都坐到了瓦罐前，开始吃起了热腾腾的土豆，只有瓦尼亚没有动弹。）“嘿，你不过来吗？”帕韦尔问。

But he did not creep out from under his rug. The pot was soon completely emptied.

但他还是没有从毯子下面爬出来。瓦罐马上就完全空了。

"Have you heard, boys," began Ilyusha, "what happened with us at Varnavitsi?"

“伙计们，你们听说过吗，”伊柳沙开始说道，“在我们瓦尔纳维奇发生的事？”

"Near the dam?" asked Fedya.

“是发生在堤坝附近吗？”费佳问。

"Yes, yes, near the dam, the broken-down dam. That is a haunted place, such a haunted place, and so lonely. All round there are pits and quarries, and there are always snakes in pits.”

“对，对，就在堤坝附近，那个决口的堤坝。那是个闹鬼的地方，可是个闹鬼的地方哩，好偏僻啊。周围全是凹地和采石场，凹地里老是有蛇。”

"Well, what did happen? Tell us."

“哎呀，到底发生了什么？告诉我们吧。”

"Well, this is what happened. You don't know, perhaps, Fedya, but there a drowned man was buried; he was drowned long, long ago, when the water was still deep; only his grave can still be seen, though it can only just be seen… like this—a little mound…. So one day the bailiff called the huntsman Yermil, and says to him, 'Go to the post, Yermil.' Yermil always goes to the post for us; he has let all his dogs die; they never will live with him, for some reason, and they have never lived with him, though he's a good huntsman, and everyone liked him. So Yermil went to the post, and he stayed a bit in the town, and when he rode back, he was a little tipsy. It was night, a fine night; the moon was shining…. So Yermil rode across the dam; his way lay there. So, as he rode along, he saw, on the drowned man's grave, a little lamb, so white and curly and pretty, running about. So Yermil thought, 'I will take him,' and he got down and took him in his arms. But the little lamb didn't take any notice. So Yermil goes back to his horse, and the horse stares at him, and snorts and shakes his head; however, he said "wo" to him and sat on him with the lamb, and rode on again; he held the lamb in front of him. He looks at him, and the lamb looks him straight in the face, like this. Yermil the huntsman felt upset. 'I don't remember,' he said, 'that lambs ever look at any one like that'; however, he began to stroke it like this on its wool, and to say, 'Chucky! chucky!' And the lamb suddenly showed its teeth and said too, 'Chucky! chucky!'“

“嗯，事情是这样的。费佳，也许你不知道，有一个被淹死的人埋在那里，他是很久、很久以前就被淹死的，那会儿水还深呢，现在只看得见他的坟，尽管只看得见……像这样的一个小土堆……有一天管家叫猎人叶尔米尔来，对他说：‘去趟邮局吧，叶尔米尔。’叶尔米尔常常替我们去邮局，他把狗都养死了，它们跟他在一起都活不长，也不知道怎么回事，他养的狗从来没有长命的，不过他是个好猎手，大家都喜欢他。于是叶尔米尔就去了邮局，他在城里逗留了一会儿，骑马回来的时候都有点醉了。那是个晴朗的夜晚，月光明亮……叶尔米尔骑着马穿过堤

坝，那是他的必经之路。就在他独自骑着马的时候，他看见在那个被淹死的人的坟上，有一只小羊在走来走去，它是那么洁白，毛卷卷的，很是好看。于是叶尔米尔就想：‘我要把它带走，’然后他就下马把它抱进了怀里。不过那只小羊倒没怎么理会他。叶尔米尔走回到马身边，但马盯着他又打响鼻又摇头，不过，他对马吼了一声，就抱着小羊一同坐了上去，又上路了，他把羊抱在前面。他看看它，那只小羊也直直地盯着他看，就像这样。猎人叶尔米尔感到很心慌。他说：‘我记得羊不会像那样看人’。但是，他还是开始像这样摸起了羊毛，还叫着‘宝贝！宝贝！’那只羊也突然龇着牙叫‘宝贝！宝贝！’”

The boy who was telling the story had hardly uttered this last word, when suddenly both dogs got up at once, and, barking convulsively, rushed away from the fire and disappeared in the darkness. All the boys were alarmed. Vanya jumped up from under his rug. Pavlusha ran shouting after the dogs. Their barking quickly grew fainter in the distance…. There was the noise of the uneasy tramp of the frightened drove of horses. Pavlusha shouted aloud: 'Hey Grey! Beetle!' … In a few minutes the barking ceased; Pavel's voice sounded still in the distance…. A little time more passed; the boys kept looking about in perplexity, as though expecting something to happen…. Suddenly the tramp of a galloping horse was heard; it stopped short at the pile of wood, and, hanging on to the mane, Pavel sprang nimbly off it. Both the dogs also leaped into the circle of light and at once sat down, their red tongues hanging out.

那个讲故事的男孩还没说完最后一句话，突然间那两只狗就一起站了起来，激动地叫吠着，从火边跑开了，消失在了黑暗中。男孩们都被吓到了。瓦尼亚从他的毯子下跳了起来。帕夫卢沙边叫喊着，边追着狗跑去。它们的吠声很快就远去了……只听见受惊的马群慌乱的马蹄声。帕夫卢沙大声地喊着：“嘿，谢雷！茹奇卡！”几分钟后，狗叫声停止了，帕韦尔的声音还在很远的地方……又过了一会儿，男孩们还在困惑地四处张望，好像在等待什么事发生似的……突然传来一阵飞驰的马蹄声，马突然在火堆旁停了下来，帕韦尔抓着马的鬓毛灵活地跳了下来。两只狗也跳进了光圈中，立刻坐了下来，把它们的红舌头伸了出来。

"What was it? what was it?" asked the boys.

“怎么啦？怎么啦？”男孩们问。

"Nothing," answered Pavel, waving his hand to his horse; "I suppose the dogs scented something. I thought it was a wolf," he added, calmly drawing deep breaths into his chest.

“没什么，”帕韦尔向马挥挥手说，“我猜是狗嗅到了什么东西。我想是一只狼。”他平静地补充道，边大口大口地喘着粗气。

I could not help admiring Pavel. He was very fine at that moment. His ugly face, animated by his swift ride, glowed with hardihood and

determination. Without even a switch in his hand, he had, without the slightest hesitation, rushed out into the night alone to face a wolf…. "What a splendid fellow!" I thought, looking at him.

我不由得钦佩起帕韦尔来。当时他是那么帅气。他那并不好看的脸蛋因为疾驰而神采奕奕，散发着刚毅和果断的红光。他手里甚至没拿一条鞭子，却不带一丝犹豫，独自冲到黑暗中去对付狼……“真是个了不起的家伙！”我看着他心想。

"Have you seen any wolves, then?" asked the trembling Kostya.

“那么，你们以前见过狼吗？”还在打哆嗦的科斯佳问。

"There are always a good many of them here," answered Pavel; "but they are only troublesome in the winter."

“这里一直都有很多狼，”帕韦尔答道，“但是它们只有在冬天才出来闹事儿。”

He crouched down again before the fire. As he sat down on the ground, he laid his hand on the shaggy head of one of the dogs. For a long while the flattered brute did not turn his head, gazing sidewise with grateful pride at Pavlusha.

他又在篝火前蹲了下来。他坐到地上，把手放到了其中一只狗毛茸茸的头上。过了很长时间，这只得意的畜生都没有转动脑袋，而是带着感激和自豪的表情，斜盯着帕夫卢沙。

Vanya lay down under his rug again.

瓦尼亚又躺到了他的毯子底下。

"What dreadful things you were telling us, Ilyusha!" began Fedya, whose part it was, as the son of a well-to-do peasant, to lead the conversation. (He spoke little himself, apparently afraid of lowering his dignity.) "And then some evil spirit set the dogs barking…. Certainly I have heard that place was haunted.”

“你刚才给我们讲的事真可怕，伊柳沙！”费佳开始说道，作为一个富裕农民的儿子，他扮演了引领谈话的角色。（他自己很少说话，似乎是害怕降低了自己的身份。）“那两只狗见鬼似的在那里叫……我确实是听说过那个地方闹鬼。”

"Varnavitsi?… I should think it was haunted! More than once, they say, they have seen the old master there—the late master. He wears, they say, a long skirted coat, and keeps groaning like this, and looking for something on the ground. Once grandfather Trofimitch met him. 'What,' says he, 'your honour, Ivan Ivanitch, are you pleased to look for on the ground?'”

“瓦尔纳维奇吗？我觉得那里确实是闹鬼！据说，有人在那个地方不止一次看见了老主人——过世了的主人。据说，他穿着一件长摆风衣，

总是像这样一边叹息，一边在地上找什么东西。有一次特罗菲梅奇爷爷遇到他。他说：‘伊万·伊万诺维奇老爷，您在地上找什么呀？’”

"He asked him?" put in Fedya in amazement.

“他问他啦？”费佳惊奇地插嘴问道。

"Yes, he asked him."

“对，他问他了。”

"Well, I call Trofimitch a brave fellow after that…. Well, what did he say?”

“哦，那么特罗菲梅奇可真是个大胆的人呢……哎，那他说什么了？”

“'I am looking for the herb that cleaves all things,' says he. But he speaks so thickly, so thickly. 'And what, your honour, Ivan Ivanitch, do you want with the herb that cleaves all things?' 'The tomb weighs on me; it weighs on me, Trofimitch: I want to get away—away.’”

“‘我在找断锁草。’他说。不过他说得很不清楚，很不清楚。‘伊万·伊万诺维奇老爷，您要断锁草做什么呀？’‘坟重重地压在我上面，它压着我，特罗菲梅奇，我想出来，出来。’”

"My word!" observed Fedya, "he didn't enjoy his life enough, I suppose.”

“哎呀！”费佳说，“我想，他还没活够吧。”

"What a marvel!" said Kosyta. "I thought one could only see the departed on All Hallows' day.”

“真是奇怪啊！”科斯佳说，“我以为只有在万圣节才看得见死掉的人呢。”

"One can see the departed any time," Ilyusha interposed with conviction. From what I could observe, I judged he knew the village superstitions better than the others…. "But on All Hallows' day you can see the living too; those, that is, whose turn it is to die that year. You need only sit in the church porch, and keep looking at the road. They will come by you along the road; those, that is, who will die that year. Last year old Ulyana went to the porch.”

“人们随时都可以看见死掉的人。”伊柳沙笃定地插话说。据我观察，我觉得他比其他孩子更了解村里的迷信……“但是在万圣节，你也能看见这一年里要死的活人。你只要坐在教堂的门廊里，一直望着路。那些沿着路从你面前走过的人，就是这一年要死的人。去年老乌利雅娜就去过门廊。”

"Well, did she see anyone?" asked Kostya inquisitively.

“那么，她看见什么人了吗？”科斯佳好奇地问道。

"To be sure she did. At first she sat a long, long while, and saw no one and heard nothing… only it seemed as if some dog kept whining and whining like this somewhere…. Suddenly she looks up: a boy comes along the road with only a shirt on. She looked at him. It was Ivashka Fedosyev."

“她当然看到了。起初，她坐了很长很长时间，一个人也没见着，也没听见什么声音……只是听见有条狗不知道在哪个地方一直这样哀叫着……她猛地抬起头，一个只穿着一件衬衫的男孩出现在那条路上。她看了看他。　是伊万什卡·费多谢耶夫。”

"He who died in the spring?" put in Fedya.

“就是在春天死掉的那个吗？”费佳插了句嘴。

"Yes, he. He came along and never lifted up his head. But Ulyana knew him. And then she looks again: a woman came along. She stared and stared at her…. Ah, God Almighty!… it was herself coming along the road; Ulyana herself."

“对，就是他。他出现了，而且一直低着头。但是乌利雅娜认出了他。然后她又看了看，一个女的走了过来。她仔细盯着她瞧……啊，全能的上帝啊！出现在路上的是她自己，乌利雅娜她自己啊。”

"Could it be herself?" asked Fedya.

“真的是她自己吗？”费佳问。

"Yes, by God, herself."

“对，就是她自己。”

"Well, but she is not dead yet, you know?"

“嗯，但是她没有死啊，你知道吗？”

"But the year is not over yet. And only look at her: her life hangs on a thread."

“可是这一年还没过完呢。瞧瞧她那个样子，命悬一线了啊。”

All were still again. Pavel threw a handful of dry twigs on to the fire. They were soon charred by the suddenly leaping flame; they cracked and smoked, and began to contract, curling up their burning ends. Gleams of light in broken flashes glanced in all directions, especially upwards. Suddenly a white dove flew straight into the bright light, fluttered round and round in terror, bathed in the red glow, and disappeared with a whirr of its wings.

大家又都默不作声了。帕韦尔把一撮干树枝添进火堆里。它们马上就被突然蹿起的火苗烧黑了，噼噼啪啪地响着，还冒着烟，然后就开始皱缩，烧着的一端卷了起来。火光四散，朝各个方向闪耀着，尤其是朝上的方向。突然，一只白鸽径直飞到了亮光里，它在红色的光晕中，惊

恐地拍着翅膀打转，然后又呼呼地拍着翅膀消失了。

"It's lost its home, I suppose," remarked Pavel. "Now it will fly till it gets somewhere, where it can rest till dawn."

“我想，它是找不到回家的路了，”帕维尔说，“现在它会飞到某个地方，停歇一晚，再等到天亮。”

"Why, Pavlusha," said Kostya, "might it not be a just soul flying to heaven?"

“哎，帕夫卢沙，”科斯佳说道，“它会不会是一个朝天堂飞去的正直灵魂。”

Pavel threw another handful of twigs on to the fire.

帕韦尔又朝火里扔了一把树枝。

"Perhaps," he said at last.

“或许吧。”他最后说道。

"But tell us, please, Pavlusha," began Fedya, "what was seen in your parts at Shalamovy at the heavenly portent?"

“不过请给我们讲讲吧，帕夫卢沙，”费佳开始说，“你们在沙拉莫沃看到了什么天兆？”

[Footnote: This is what the peasants call an eclipse.—Author's Note.]

【注脚：农民们称日食为天兆。——作者原注。】

"When the sun could not be seen? Yes, indeed."

“就是太阳不见了吗？是啊，真的。”

"Were you frightened then?"

“你们那时被吓到了吗？”

"Yes; and we weren't the only ones. Our master, though he talked to us beforehand, and said there would be a heavenly portent, yet when it got dark, they say he himself was frightened out of his wits. And in the house-serfs' cottage the old woman, directly it grew dark, broke all the dishes in the oven with the poker. 'Who will eat now?' she said; 'the last day has come.' So the soup was all running about the place. And in the village there were such tales about among us: that white wolves would run over the earth, and would eat men, that a bird of prey would pounce down on us, and that they would even see Trishka.”

“是呀，被吓到的还不只我们呢。我们的主人，尽管他预先对我们说过，说要有天兆了，可是当天黑下来的时候，据说他自己也被吓得魂飞魄散。仆人小屋里的那个老太婆，天一黑，就用火钩把灶台上的所有碗

碟打个粉碎。‘这会儿谁还要吃饭啊？’她说，‘末日到了。’于是汤便流得到处都是。村子里还有这样的传说呢，白狼遍地跑，还会把人吃掉，猛禽扑下来，还会看见特里什卡。”

[Footnote: The popular belief in Trishka is probably derived from some tradition of Antichrist.—Author's Note.]

【注脚：人们普遍信仰特里什卡，或许是源于某些反基督教的传统。——作者原注。】

"What is Trishka?" asked Kostya.

“什么是特里什卡呀？”科斯佳问。

"Why, don't you know?" interrupted Ilyusha warmly. "Why, brother, where have you been brought up, not to know Trishka? You're a stay-at-home, one-eyed lot in your village, really! Trishka will be a marvellous man, who will come one day, and he will be such a marvellous man that they will never be able to catch him, and never be able to do anything with him; he will be such a marvellous man. The people will try to take him; for example, they will come after him with sticks, they will surround him, but he will blind their eyes so that they fall upon one another. They will put him in prison, for example; he will ask for a little water to drink in a bowl; they will bring him the bowl, and he will plunge into it and vanish from their sight. They will put chains on him, but he will only clap his hands—they will fall off him. So this Trishka will go through villages and towns; and this Trishka will be a wily man; he will lead astray Christ's people… and they will be able to do nothing to him…. He will be such a marvellous, wily man.”

“怎么，你不知道？”伊柳沙激动地打岔说道，“怎么，老弟，你是在哪里长大的呀，都不知道特里什卡？你在村子里，真是个眼界狭窄、整天呆在家里的家伙！特里什卡可是个了不得的人，他总有一天会来的，他就是那么了不得，他们向来都抓不住他，也拿他没有一点办法，他真是个了不得的人。人们想要抓住他，举个例子吧，他们会拿着棍子追他，然后把他围住，但是他会让他们的眼睛都看不见，然后互相打起来。再比如说，他们会把他关进监狱，他会要一碗水喝，他们给他拿来碗，他就会跳进碗里，从他们的视线里消失。他们会用链条拴住他，但是只要他拍拍手——链条就会掉下来。所以这个特里什卡会走遍乡村和城市，他还是个狡猾的人，会把上帝的子民引入歧途……可他们拿他却一点办法都没有……他就是一个这么了不得的、狡猾的人。”

"Well, then," continued Pavel, in his deliberate voice, "that's what he's like. And so they expected him in our parts. The old men declared that directly the heavenly portent began, Trishka would come. So the heavenly portent began. All the people were scattered over the street, in the fields, waiting to see what would happen. Our place, you know,

is open country. They look; and suddenly down the mountain-side from the big village comes a man of some sort; such a strange man, with such a wonderful head… that all scream: 'Oy, Trishka is coming! Oy, Trishka is coming!' and all run in all directions! Our elder crawled into a ditch; his wife stumbled on the door-board and screamed with all her might; she terrified her yard-dog, so that he broke away from his chain and over the hedge and into the forest; and Kuzka's father, Dorofyitch, ran into the oats, lay down there, and began to cry like a quail. 'Perhaps' says he, 'the Enemy, the Destroyer of Souls, will spare the birds, at least.' So they were all in such a scare! But he that was coming was our cooper Vavila; he had bought himself a new pitcher, and had put the empty pitcher over his head.”

“嗯，是的，”帕韦尔不慌不忙地继续说道，“他就是这个样子。所以我们那里的人都盼他来。老人们说只要天兆一开始，特里什卡就会来。于是天兆开始了。所有的人都分散在街道上、田野里，等着看会发生什么。你们知道，我们那里是空旷的野外。他们都看着，突然从大村子那边的山上走下来一个人，一个很奇怪的人，他长着一个惊人的脑袋……大家都惊叫起来：‘哎呀，特里什卡来了！哎呀，特里什卡来了！’然后就朝各个方向跑开了！我们的村长爬进了水沟，他老婆卡到了门板下面，拼命地尖叫，她把她家里的看门狗吓坏了，于是它挣脱开链子，越过篱笆，跑进了森林里；库济卡他爹多罗费伊奇跑进了燕麦地里，在那里躺了下来，开始像只鹌鹑似的叫了起来。‘或许，’他说，‘那个敌人，那个杀人恶魔，至少，会放过鸟的。’他们都被吓成了这样！但来的那个人是我们村的修桶匠瓦维拉，他新买了个大水罐，把那个新的水罐扣在了他的头上。”

All the boys laughed; and again there was a silence for a while, as often happens when people are talking in the open air. I looked out into the solemn, majestic stillness of the night; the dewy freshness of late evening had been succeeded by the dry heat of midnight; the darkness still had long to lie in a soft curtain over the slumbering fields; there was still a long while left before the first whisperings, the first dewdrops of dawn. There was no moon in the heavens; it rose late at that time. Countless golden stars, twinkling in rivalry, seemed all running softly towards the Milky Way, and truly, looking at them, you were almost conscious of the whirling, never—resting motion of the earth…. A strange, harsh, painful cry, sounded twice together over the river, and a few moments later, was repeated farther down….

男孩们都笑了，接着又沉默了一会儿，人们在户外聊天时经常会这样。我向四周望了望，夜色庄严肃穆，深夜潮湿的清新空气已被午夜的干热所取代，黑暗还要像柔软的帐子一样罩在沉睡的田野上，还要等很长一段时间，才能听到黎明的第一声私语，看到清晨的第一滴露珠。天空中，月亮还没有升起来，那个时候它总是很晚才升起来。数不清的金色的星星竞相闪烁，好像都在朝银河静静地流去，的确，看着它们，你

也几乎能感觉到地球那永不停止的旋转……一声奇异的、刺耳的、痛苦的叫声接连两次在河面上响起，过了一小阵，那叫声又在更远的地方回响起来……

Kostya shuddered. "What was that?"

科斯佳哆嗦了一下。“那是什么啊？”

"That was a heron's cry," replied Pavel tranquilly.

“那是苍鹭的叫声。”帕韦尔平静地说道。

"A heron," repeated Kostya…. "And what was it, Pavlusha, I heard yesterday evening," he added, after a short pause; "you perhaps will know."

“苍鹭，”科斯佳又说了一遍……“帕夫卢沙，那我昨晚听到的是什么呀，”他稍停了一会儿又说道，“你或许知道呢。”

"What did you hear?"

“你听到什么了啊？”

"I will tell you what I heard. I was going from Stony Ridge to Shashkino; I went first through our walnut wood, and then passed by a little pool—you know where there's a sharp turn down to the ravine—there is a water-pit there, you know; it is quite overgrown with reeds; so I went near this pit, brothers, and suddenly from this came a sound of some one groaning, and piteously, so piteously; oo-oo, oo-oo! I was in such a fright, my brothers; it was late, and the voice was so miserable. I felt as if I should cry myself…. What could that have been, eh?”

“我给你说说我听到了什么吧。我从石岭去沙什基诺，起先我穿过了胡桃树林，然后路过了一个水塘——你知道，那里有一个急转弯，能通到峡谷里去——那里有一个水坑，你知道，里面长满了芦苇，然后我走近了这个水坑，兄弟们，突然从里面传来一阵呻吟声，好可怜，好可怜呀，呜——呜，呜——呜！我真是被吓坏了，我的兄弟们，那时晚了，那个声音又那么悲惨。我都觉得我自己都快哭了……那是什么啊，嗯？”

"It was in that pit the thieves drowned Akim the forester, last summer," observed Pavel; "so perhaps it was his soul lamenting."

“去年夏天，那些小偷把护林人阿基姆淹死在那个水坑里的，”帕维尔说，“也许那是他的灵魂在哭诉吧。”

"Oh, dear, really, brothers," replied Kostya, opening wide his eyes, which were round enough before, "I did not know they had drowned Akim in that pit. Shouldn't I have been frightened if I'd known!”

“哦，哎呀，真是这样啊，兄弟们，”科斯佳睁大他那原本就圆圆的眼睛答道，“我不知道他们是在这个水坑里把阿基姆淹死了。我要是知道

了还不被吓死！”

"But they say there are little, tiny frogs," continued Pavel, "who cry piteously like that."

“但是他们说那里有些很小的小青蛙，”帕韦尔接着说，“会像那样哀号呢。”

"Frogs? Oh, no, it was not frogs, certainly not. (A heron again uttered a cry above the river.) Ugh, there it is!" Kostya cried involuntarily; "it is just like a wood-spirit shrieking.”

“青蛙？哦，不是，不是青蛙，绝对不是。（一只苍鹭又在河上叫了一声。）啊，就是这个声音！”科斯佳不由自主地喊道，“就像林妖在叫。”

"The wood-spirit does not shriek; it is dumb," put in Ilyusha; "it only claps its hands and rattles."

“林妖才不叫呢，它不说话，”伊柳沙插话说，“它只是会拍拍手，发出咯咯的声音。”

"And have you seen it then, the wood-spirit?" Fedya asked him ironically.

“那么你是见过林妖了？”费佳用讽刺的口吻问他。

"No, I have not seen it, and God preserve me from seeing it; but others have seen it. Why, one day it misled a peasant in our parts, and led him through the woods and all in a circle in one field…. He scarcely got home till daylight.”

“没，我没见过它，上帝保佑我不要见着它，可是别人见过它。哎，有一天它迷惑了我们那里的一个农民，它带他从树林里走，老是在一块地里绕圈圈……他直到天亮才回到家。”

"Well, and did he see it?"

“那么，他看见它啦？”

"Yes. He says it was a big, big creature, dark, wrapped up, just like a tree; you could not make it out well; it seemed to hide away from the moon, and kept staring and staring with its great eyes, and winking and winking with them….”

“是的。他说它是一个很大很大的生物，黑黝黝的，裹得很严实，就像一棵树一样；你根本看不清楚，它好像远远地躲着月亮，一直用绿色的大眼睛盯着，盯着，还眨呀眨呀……”

"Ugh!" exclaimed Fedya with a slight shiver, and a shrug of the shoulders; "pfoo."

“啊！”费佳轻轻地打了个颤，耸了耸肩大声叫道，“呸。”

"And how does such an unclean brood come to exist in the world?" said Pavel; "it's a wonder.”

“怎么会有这么不干净的家伙活在世上？”帕韦尔说，“真是奇怪。”

"Don't speak ill of it; take care, it will hear you," said Ilyusha.

“不要说它的坏话，小心哦，它会听见的。”伊柳沙说。

Again there was a silence.

又是一阵沉默。

"Look, look, brothers," suddenly came Vanya's childish voice; "look at God's little stars; they are swarming like bees!”

“瞧啊，瞧啊，兄弟们，”突然传出瓦尼亚稚气的童声，“瞧瞧天上的小星星，它们就像蜜蜂似的挤在一起了！”

He put his fresh little face out from under his rug, leaned on his little fist, and slowly lifted up his large soft eyes. The eyes of all the boys were raised to the sky, and they were not lowered quickly.

他从毯子底下伸出他那嫩嫩的小脸蛋，靠在小拳头上，然后慢慢地抬起他那双温柔的大眼睛。男孩们都举目仰望天空，但都没有马上低下头来。

"Well, Vanya," began Fedya caressingly, "is your sister Anyutka well?"

“喂，瓦尼亚，”费佳亲切地问，“你姐姐阿纽特卡还好吗？”

"Yes, she is very well," replied Vanya with a slight lisp.

“嗯，她挺好的。”瓦尼亚稍微有点口齿不清地答道。

"You ask her, why doesn't she come to see us?”

“你问问她，为什么她都不来找我们了？”

"I don't know.”

“我也不知道。”

"You tell her to come."

“你叫她来啊。”

"Very well."

“好呀。”

"Tell her I have a present for her."

“告诉她我有礼物要给她。”

"And a present for me too?"

“也有我的礼物吗？”

"Yes, you too."

“嗯，也有你的。”

Vanya sighed.

瓦尼亚叹了口气。

"No; I don't want one. Better give it to her; she is so kind to us at home.”

“算了，我不要了。最好还是给她吧，她在家对我们可好啦。”

And Vanya laid his head down again on the ground. Pavel got up and took the empty pot in his hand.

瓦尼亚接着又把头靠在了地上。帕韦尔站起身来，拿起了那只空瓦罐。

"Where are you going?" Fedya asked him.

“你要去哪里呀？”费佳问他。

"To the river, to get water; I want some water to drink."

“去河边，打水去，我想喝点水。”

The dogs got up and followed him.

那两只狗站了起来，尾随着他。

"Take care you don't fall into the river!" Ilyusha cried after him.

“小心别掉进河里呀！”伊柳沙在他身后喊道。

"Why should he fall in?" said Fedya. "He will be careful."

“他怎么会掉进去啊？”费佳说，“他会小心的。”

"Yes, he will be careful. But all kinds of things happen; he will stoop over, perhaps, to draw the water, and the water-spirit will clutch him by the hand, and drag him to him. Then they will say, 'The boy fell into the water.' … Fell in, indeed!" … "There, he has crept in among the reeds," he added, listening.

“对，他会小心的。但是什么事都有可能发生，他俯下身去舀水，或许水妖就会抓住他的手，把他拖下去。然后人家就会说：‘那男孩掉进水里了……’其实哪里是掉进去的！”“听，他钻进芦苇里了。”他边听着，边补充说道。

The reeds certainly "shished," as they call it among us, as they were parted.

芦苇确实“窸窸窣窣地”被分开了，我们这里的人都这样说。

"But is it true," asked Kostya, "that crazy Akulina has been mad ever since she fell into the water?"

“但那是真的吗，”科斯佳问，“那个叫阿库利娜的傻子，自从被人从水里救上来以后，就变疯了？”

"Yes, ever since…. How dreadful she is now! But they say she was a beauty before then. The water-spirit bewitched her. I suppose he did not expect they would get her out so soon. So down there at the bottom he bewitched her.”

“对呀，从那以后就……她现在真是糟透了！不过据说，在那之前她可是个美人呢。水妖把她给蛊惑了。我猜，他没有料到人们会那么快就把她救起来。所以他就在水底把她给蛊惑了。”

(I had met this Akulina more than once. Covered with rags, fearfully thin, with face as black as a coal, blear-eyed and for ever grinning, she would stay whole hours in one place in the road, stamping with her feet, pressing her fleshless hands to her breast, and slowly shifting from one leg to the other, like a wild beast in a cage. She understood nothing that was said to her, and only chuckled spasmodically from time to time.)

（我曾多次见过这个阿库利娜。她身上裹着破布，瘦得可怕，脸就像炭一样黑，目光模糊，老是咧着嘴笑，她常会在路上的某个地方呆上好几个小时，边跺着脚，边用她那双消瘦的手按着自己的胸部，慢慢地换着两条腿，就像一只在笼子里的野兽一样。她听不懂别人说的话，只是时不时地，会发疯一样地笑。）

"But they say," continued Kostya, "that Akulina threw herself into the river because her lover had deceived her."

“但是人们说，”科斯佳继续说道，“那个阿库利娜是自己跳的河，因为她的情人骗了她。”

"Yes, that was it."

“对，是这样的。”

"And do you remember Vasya?" added Kostya, mournfully.

“你还记得瓦夏吗？”科斯佳悲伤地说。

"What Vasya?" asked Fedya.

“哪个瓦夏？”费佳问。

"Why, the one who was drowned," replied Kostya, "in this very river. Ah, what a boy he was! What a boy he was! His mother, Feklista, how she loved him, her Vasya! And she seemed to have a foreboding, Feklista did, that harm would come to him from the water. Sometimes, when Vasya went with us boys in the summer to bathe in the river, she used to be trembling all over. The other women did not mind; they passed by with the pails, and went on, but Feklista put her pail down on the ground, and set to calling him, 'Come back,

come back, my little joy; come back, my darling!' And no one knows how he was drowned. He was playing on the bank, and his mother was there haymaking; suddenly she hears, as though some one was blowing bubbles through the water, and behold! there was only Vasya's little cap to be seen swimming on the water. You know since then Feklista has not been right in her mind: she goes and lies down at the place where he was drowned; she lies down, brothers, and sings a song—you remember Vasya was always singing a song like that—so she sings it too, and weeps and weeps, and bitterly rails against God.”

“嗨，就是被淹死的那个，”科斯佳答道，“就在这条河里。哎，他是个不错的男孩！他是多么好的一个男孩呀！他妈妈费克利斯塔多疼他啊，她的瓦夏呀！费克利斯塔好像有种预感，水会伤着他似的。有时候，夏天瓦夏和我们这群男孩到河里洗澡的时候，她就会浑身颤抖。别的女人都不管，她们提着洗衣桶就走过去了，但是费克利斯塔却把她的洗衣桶放在地上，开始喊着他：‘回来，回来，我的小甜心，回来呀，我的宝贝！’没人知道他是怎么淹死的。他在岸上玩，他妈在那里翻晒干草，突然她听到好像有人在水里吐泡泡，然后一瞧！就瞧见瓦夏的小帽子漂在水面上。你知道从那以后，费克利斯塔就精神失常了，她常去儿子淹死的地方，躺在那里唱一首歌，兄弟们，你们还记得瓦夏以前常唱的那首歌吧！她唱的就是那首歌，然后哭啊哭啊，悲痛地责骂上帝。”

"Here is Pavlusha coming," said Fedya.

“帕夫卢沙来了。”费佳说。

Pavel came up to the fire with a full pot in his hand.

帕韦尔手里拿着瓦罐，里面盛满了水，来到了火堆旁。

"Boys," he began, after a short silence, "something bad happened."

“伙计们，”他沉默了一会儿开始说道，“事情有点不妙。”

"Oh, what?" asked Kostya hurriedly.

“哦，什么？”科斯佳急忙问道。

"I heard Vasya's voice.”

“我听见瓦夏的声音了。”

They all seemed to shudder.

他们好像都哆嗦了一下。

"What do you mean? what do you mean?" stammered Kostya.

“你是什么意思呀？你是什么意思呀？”科斯佳结结巴巴地说。

"I don't know. Only I went to stoop down to the water; suddenly I hear my name called in Vasya's voice, as though it came from below water: 'Pavlusha, Pavlusha, come here.' I came away. But I fetched the

water, though.”

“我也不知道。我刚向水面俯下身去，突然间听见瓦夏的声音在叫我的名字，那声音就好像是从水底下传出来的：‘帕夫卢沙，帕夫卢沙，过来呀。’我就走开了。不过，我还是打水了。”

"Ah, God have mercy upon us!" said the boys, crossing themselves.

“啊，上帝保佑我们！”男孩们说道，边各自画着十字。

"It was the water-spirit calling you, Pavel," said Fedya; "we were just talking of Vasya."

“那是水妖在叫你，帕韦尔，”费佳说，“我们刚刚正在聊瓦夏呢。”

"Ah, it's a bad omen," said Ilyusha, deliberately.

“啊，这是个不好的预兆。”伊柳沙谨慎地说。

"Well, never mind, don't bother about it," Pavel declared stoutly, and he sat down again; "no one can escape his fate."

“哎，不管了，别为它伤脑筋了，”帕韦尔坚决地说，然后又坐了下来，“没人能逃过自己的命运。”

The boys were still. It was clear that Pavel's words had produced a strong impression on them. They began to lie down before the fire as though preparing to go to sleep.

男孩们都沉默了。很明显，帕韦尔的话对他们产生了很大影响。他们开始在火堆前躺下，好像准备要睡觉了。

"What is that?" asked Kostya, suddenly lifting his head.

“那是什么？”科斯佳突然抬起头问道。

Pavel listened.

帕韦尔听了听。

"It's the curlews flying and whistling.”

“那是麻鹬在边飞边叫呢。”

"Where are they flying to?"

“它们要飞去哪里啊？”

"To a land where, they say, there is no winter."

“据说，它们是飞去一个没有冬天的地方。”

"But is there such a land?"

“但是有这样的地方吗？”

"Yes."

“有啊。”

"Is it far away?"

“很远吗？”

"Far, far away, beyond the warm seas."

“很远很远，在温暖的海洋的另一边。”

Kostya sighed and shut his eyes.

科斯佳叹了口气，闭上了眼睛。

More than three hours had passed since I first came across the boys. The moon at last had risen; I did not notice it at first; it was such a tiny crescent. This moonless night was as solemn and hushed as it had been at first…. But already many stars, that not long before had been high up in the heavens, were setting over the earth's dark rim; everything around was perfectly still, as it is only still towards morning; all was sleeping the deep unbroken sleep that comes before daybreak. Already the fragrance in the air was fainter; once more a dew seemed falling…. How short are nights in summer!… The boys' talk died down when the fires did. The dogs even were dozing; the horses, so far as I could make out, in the hardly-perceptible, faintly shining light of the stars, were asleep with downcast heads…. I fell into a state of weary unconsciousness, which passed into sleep.

从我遇到这群男孩以来，已经过了三个多小时了。月亮终于升起来了，我一开始还没注意到，因为它只是一个小小的月牙。这个没有月亮的夜晚起初是如此地庄严肃静……但是已经有许多星星，它们不久前还高高地挂在天空，现在就要转移到地球黑暗的一面，周围的一切都是那么地宁静，就像天快亮时那么寂静，一切都沉寂在黎明前的酣睡中。空气中的芬芳淡了些，好像又有一颗露珠滴落了下来……夏天的夜晚好短啊！篝火灭了的时候，他们的谈话也停了。连狗也打起了瞌睡来，我借着那几乎看不见的、微微闪烁着的星光，看见马匹们也在低着头睡觉……我也感觉到了倦意，不知不觉地就睡着了。

A fresh breeze passed over my face. I opened my eyes: the morning was beginning. The dawn had not yet flushed the sky, but already it was growing light in the east. Everything had become visible, though dimly visible, around. The pale grey sky was growing light and cold and bluish; the stars twinkled with a dimmer light, or disappeared; the earth was wet, the leaves covered with dew, and from the distance came sounds of life and voices, and a light morning breeze went fluttering over the earth. My body responded to it with a faint shudder of delight. I got up quickly and went to the boys. They were all sleeping as though they were tired out round the smouldering fire; only Pavel half rose and gazed intently at me.

一阵清风拂过了我的脸。我睁开了眼睛，天已经亮了。朝霞还没有染红天空，但是东方已经渐渐变亮。周围的一切都能看见了，尽管只是依稀可见。白灰的天空渐渐变得亮了、冷了、蓝了，星星们要么闪着微弱的光，要么消失了；大地还是湿的，叶子上沾满了露珠，从远处传来了人们活动的声音，轻柔的晨风吹拂着大地。我的身体随着风的吹拂，愉快地微颤了一下。我迅速起身，朝男孩们走了过去。他们还在睡觉，躺在留有余温的火堆旁，仿佛都精疲力尽了，只有帕韦尔半抬起身体，凝神看了看我。

I nodded to him, and walked homewards beside the misty river. Before I had walked two miles, already all around me, over the wide dew-drenched prairie, and in front from forest to forest, where the hills were growing green again, and behind, over the long dusty road and the sparkling bushes, flushed with the red glow, and the river faintly blue now under the lifting mist, flowed fresh streams of burning light, first pink, then red and golden…. All things began to stir, to awaken, to sing, to flutter, to speak. On all sides thick drops of dew sparkled in glittering diamonds; to welcome me, pure and clear as though bathed in the freshness of morning, came the notes of a bell, and suddenly there rushed by me, driven by the boys I had parted from, the drove of horses, refreshed and rested….

我对他点了点头，就沿着雾蒙蒙的河岸，朝家走去。我还没走出两英里路，在我周围，在那沾满了露水的宽阔草地上，在前面那大片大片的树林里，树木又变得郁郁葱葱起来，还有后面，那长长的满是尘土的道路和闪闪发光的灌木丛上，都已经洒满了红色的光芒；那微微泛蓝的河面上，雾气正在慢慢升起，清澈的河水发出炙热的光线，起初是粉色的，然后便成了红色和金色……一切都开始动了起来，醒了过来，唱了起来，忙乱了起来，还说起了话来。到处都有大滴大滴的露珠，像闪闪发光的钻石一样闪耀着；迎接我的，是一阵纯净清澈的钟声，就像在那清新的早晨中洗涤过一样，突然间，刚才与我分别的那群孩子们骑着马从我身边疾驰而过，马匹们休息过后精神焕发……

Sad to say, I must add that in that year Pavel met his end. He was not drowned; he was killed by a fall from his horse. Pity! he was a splendid fellow!

说来可悲，我必须再补充一句，就在那年，帕韦尔死了。他不是淹死的，而是从马上掉下来摔死的。真可惜！他是一个多么好的小伙子啊！

CHAPTER IX KASSYAN OF FAIR SPRINGS

第九章 美丽泉边的卡西扬

I was returning from hunting in a jolting little trap, and overcome by the stifling heat of a cloudy summer day (it is well known that the heat is often more insupportable on such days than in bright days, especially when there is no wind), I dozed and was shaken about, resigning myself with sullen fortitude to being persecuted by the fine white dust which was incessantly raised from the beaten road by the warped and creaking wheels, when suddenly my attention was aroused by the extraordinary uneasiness and agitated movements of my coachman, who had till that instant been more soundly dozing than I. He began tugging at the reins, moved uneasily on the box, and started shouting to the horses, staring all the while in one direction. I looked round. We were driving through a wide ploughed plain; low hills, also ploughed over, ran in gently sloping, swelling waves over it; the eye took in some five miles of deserted country; in the distance the round-scolloped tree-tops of some small birch-copses were the only objects to break the almost straight line of the horizon. Narrow paths ran over the fields, disappeared into the hollows, and wound round the hillocks. On one of these paths, which happened to run into our road five hundred paces ahead of us, I made out a kind of procession. At this my coachman was looking.

我打猎回来，坐在一辆颠簸的双轮轻便小马上，那个夏日多云而闷热，闷热得叫人窒息（大家都知道，这种热天常常比晴天更叫人难以忍受，特别是在没有风的时候），我打着瞌睡，身子摇来晃去，闷闷不乐地忍耐着那不断飞起的细白灰尘，那些灰尘是从那弯曲的、嘎嘎响着的车轮所压平了的路上扬起的，突然间，我的马车夫那极度不安和焦虑的动作引起了我的注意，在那之前，他比我还困。他开始用力地拉缰绳，在驾驶座上心神不安地动了动，然后开始对着马匹大喊了起来，眼睛却一直盯着一个方向。我环顾了一下四周。我们当时正行驶在一片宽阔的、耕过的平原上,还有一些低矮的、也被耕过的山冈，形成缓和的斜坡，呈波浪形延伸着；放眼望去，能看到大约五英里的荒野，在远处，只看到一些小白桦树林的圆扇贝形树梢，打破了这条近乎笔直的线。一条条狭窄的小路在田野上纵横，有的消失在了洼地里，有的环绕着一座座山冈。在我们前面五百步远的地方，有条小路与我们的大道交汇，在那条小路上，我看见一列人马。我的马车夫正是在看这个。

It was a funeral. In front, in a little cart harnessed with one horse, and advancing at a walking pace, came the priest; beside him sat the deacon driving; behind the cart four peasants, bareheaded, carried the coffin, covered with a white cloth; two women followed the coffin.

The shrill wailing voice of one of them suddenly reached my ears; I listened; she was intoning a dirge. Very dismal sounded this chanted, monotonous, hopelessly-sorrowful lament among the empty fields. The coachman whipped up the horses; he wanted to get in front of this procession. To meet a corpse on the road is a bad omen. And he did succeed in galloping ahead beyond this path before the funeral had had time to turn out of it into the high-road; but we had hardly got a hundred paces beyond this point, when suddenly our trap jolted violently, heeled on one side, and all but overturned. The coachman pulled up the galloping horses, and spat with a gesture of his hand.

那是送葬的队伍。在前面，一辆套着一匹马的小马车慢慢地向前走着，上面坐着司祭，他旁边坐着正在赶车的助祭；在这辆马车后面，有四个没有戴帽子的农民，抬着一具盖着白布的棺材，棺材后面跟着两个女人。突然，其中一个女人尖锐的哭嚎声传到了我的耳朵里，我听了听，她正在吟一首挽歌。这首凄凉的、单调的、绝望悲伤的挽歌，散布在空旷的原野中。马车夫鞭打了一下马儿们，他想赶到这个行列前面。在路上遇到棺材，可不是什么好兆头。他确实成功地在送葬的队伍还没来得及转上大路之前，飞快地驶过了这条小路，但是驶过这个交汇点还没一百步，我们的马车就猛地颠簸了一下，朝一边倾斜了，几乎全翻倒了过去。马车夫勒住了正在飞奔的马，用手做了吐吐沫的姿势。

"What is it?" I asked.

“怎么了？”我问。

My coachman got down without speaking or hurrying himself.

马车夫没有说话，而是不慌不忙地下了车。

"But what is it?"

“到底怎么回事？”

"The axle is broken… it caught fire," he replied gloomily, and he suddenly arranged the collar on the off-side horse with such indignation that it was almost pushed over, but it stood its ground, snorted, shook itself, and tranquilly began to scratch its foreleg below the knee with its teeth.

“车轴断了……干裂开了。”他沮丧地答道，突然带着很大的怒气整了整副马的颈圈，差点就把它推翻了，不过它还是站住了，打了声响鼻，抖了抖，又开始安静地用牙齿去蹭它前腿的小腿。

I got out and stood for some time on the road, a prey to a vague and unpleasant feeling of helplessness. The right wheel was almost completely bent in under the trap, and it seemed to turn its centre-piece upwards in dumb despair.

我下了车，在路上站了一会儿，被无助、模糊而不愉快的心情折磨着。双轮轻便马车下面的右轮几乎完全给压弯了，车毂伸向上面，仿佛

处于无声的绝望中。

"What are we to do now?" I said at last.

“我们现在怎么办？”我最后说道。

"That's what's the cause of it!" said my coachman, pointing with his whip to the funeral procession, which had just turned into the highroad and was approaching us. "I have always noticed that," he went on; "it's a true saying—'Meet a corpse'—yes, indeed.”

“都是因为它！”马车夫用他的鞭子指着送葬的队伍说，而这时他们已经拐上了大路，正朝我们走来。“我一向很留心这个的，”他继续说道，“这个说法很灵验的——‘遇到死人’……真的。”

And again he began worrying the off-side horse, who, seeing his ill-humour, resolved to remain perfectly quiet, and contented itself with discreetly switching its tail now and then. I walked up and down a little while, and then stopped again before the wheel.

他又去找起了那匹副马的麻烦，它看出他情绪不好，便决心保持安静，只是不时小心地摇摇尾巴来慰藉自己。我来来回回地走了一会儿，然后又在轮子前面停了下来。

Meanwhile the funeral had come up to us. Quietly turning off the road on to the grass, the mournful procession moved slowly past us. My coachman and I took off our caps, saluted the priest, and exchanged glances with the bearers. They moved with difficulty under their burden, their broad chests standing out under the strain. Of the two women who followed the coffin, one was very old and pale; her set face, terribly distorted as it was by grief, still kept an expression of grave and severe dignity. She walked in silence, from time to time lifting her wasted hand to her thin drawn lips. The other, a young woman of five-and-twenty, had her eyes red and moist and her whole face swollen with weeping; as she passed us she ceased wailing, and hid her face in her sleeve…. But when the funeral had got round us and turned again into the road, her piteous, heart-piercing lament began again. My coachman followed the measured swaying of the coffin with his eyes in silence. Then he turned to me.

这时候出殡的队伍已经赶上我们了。这个悲伤的队伍安静地从大路上拐到了草地上，然后慢慢地从我们旁边绕了过去。马车夫和我摘下了帽子，向司祭行礼致敬，还跟抬棺材的人对看了一眼。他们在重负下走得很艰难，宽阔的胸膛在重压下挺着。棺材后面跟着两个女人，一个很老，脸色苍白，她那呆滞的脸，因悲痛而极度扭曲，可还是保持着严肃而庄重的神情。她沉默地走着，不时抬起她那消瘦的手，擦擦她那单薄而干枯的嘴唇。另一个女人，是个二十五岁的少妇，她的眼睛红红的，泪水模糊，整张脸都哭得满是泪水，经过我们身边的时侯，她停止了哭嚎，用袖子遮着脸……但是当出殡的队伍绕过了我们，再次回到路上的

时候，她又唱起了那悲切的、触动人心的挽歌。马车夫默默地目送那棺材，一摇一晃地过去了。然后他便向我转了过来。

"It's Martin, the carpenter, they're burying," he said; "Martin of Ryaby."

“他们要埋葬的是木匠马尔滕，”他说，“里亚博沃的那个马尔滕。”

"How do you know?"

“你怎么知道？”

"I know by the women. The old one is his mother, and the young one's his wife.”

“我认识那两个女的。那个老的是他娘，年轻的是他媳妇。”

"Has he been ill, then?"

“那么，他之前得了病吗？”

"Yes… fever. The day before yesterday the overseer sent for the doctor, but they did not find the doctor at home. He was a good carpenter; he drank a bit, but he was a good carpenter. See how upset his good woman is…. But, there; women's tears don't cost much, we know. Women's tears are only water… yes, indeed.”

“是呀……得了热病。前天管家派人去请医生，但是医生不在家。他是个好木匠，有点好喝酒，不过他是个好木匠。瞧他的好媳妇多伤心……不过，我们都知道，女人的眼泪不值钱。女人的眼泪就像水一样……真的。”

And he bent down, crept under the side-horse's trace, and seized the wooden yoke that passes over the horses' heads with both hands.

他弯下了身子，从副马的缰绳下爬了进去，双手抓住越过两匹马的头的木轭。

"Any way," I observed, "what are we going to do?"

“可是，”我说道，“我们该怎么办呢？”

My coachman just supported himself with his knees on the shaft-horse's shoulder, twice gave the back-strap a shake, and straightened the pad; then he crept out of the side-horse's trace again, and giving it a blow on the nose as he passed, went up to the wheel. He went up to it, and, never taking his eyes off it, slowly took out of the skirts of his coat a box, slowly pulled open its lid by a strap, slowly thrust into it his two fat fingers (which pretty well filled it up), rolled and rolled up some snuff, and creasing up his nose in anticipation, helped himself to it several times in succession, accompanying the snuff-taking every time by a prolonged sneezing. Then, his streaming eyes blinking faintly, he relapsed into profound meditation.

马车夫用他的双膝顶住辕马的肩，摇了两下马轭，整了整辕鞍，然后他又从副马的缰绳下爬了出来，顺手推了一下马嘴，走到了车轮面前。他走到了车轮前面，一面盯着它，一面慢悠悠地从他的衣摆底下掏出了一个盒子，慢慢地用一条带子把它的盖子拉开，慢慢地把他的两根胖手指插进去（这两根手指刚好能放进那个盒子里去），揉了揉鼻烟，预先皱起鼻子，连续嗅了几次，每嗅一次都伴随着一声拖长的嗞嗞声。然后，他那噙着泪水的眼睛微微眨巴着，又陷入了深深的沉思中。

"Well?" I said at last.

“怎么样啊？”我最后问。

My coachman thrust his box carefully into his pocket, brought his hat forward on to his brows without the aid of his hand by a movement of his head, and gloomily got up on the box.

马车夫把他的盒子小心地插进了口袋里，他没有用手，而只是动了动脑袋，把帽子弄到了眉毛上，闷闷不乐地爬上了驾车座。

"What are you doing?" I asked him, somewhat bewildered.

“你要干什么啊？”我带着些许的困惑问他。

"Pray be seated," he replied calmly, picking up the reins.

“请坐下吧。”他平静地答道，一边拾起缰绳。

"But how can we go on?"

“但是我们怎么继续走呢？”

"We will go on now."

“我们现在就能接着走。”

"But the axle."

“可是车轴……”

"Pray be seated."

“请坐下吧。”

"But the axle is broken."

“可是车轴坏了呀。”

"It is broken; but we will get to the settlement… at a walking pace, of course. Over here, beyond the copse, on the right, is a settlement; they call it Yudino.”

“它是坏了，但是我们可以走到那个小村落……当然，得慢慢地走。在那边，在那片林子后面，右边些，有一个小村落，叫尤金村。”

"And do you think we can get there?"

“你觉得我们能到那里吗？”

My coachman did not vouchsafe me a reply.

我的马车夫没有回答我。

"I had better walk," I said.

“我最好还是走路吧。”我说。

"As you like…." And he nourished his whip. The horses started.

“随您的便……”他扬了扬鞭子。马匹们便跑起来了。

We did succeed in getting to the settlement, though the right front wheel was almost off, and turned in a very strange way. On one hillock it almost flew off, but my coachman shouted in a voice of exasperation, and we descended it in safety.

我们确实顺利到了那个小村落，尽管右前轮几乎都要脱落了，而且转动的方式也很奇怪。在一个小丘上，这个轮子几乎都要飞出去了，但是马车夫用恼怒的声音大吼了一声，我们便安全地下了小山丘。

Yudino settlement consisted of six little low-pitched huts, the walls of which had already begun to warp out of the perpendicular, though they had certainly not been long built; the back-yards of some of the huts were not even fenced in with a hedge. As we drove into this settlement we did not meet a single living soul; there were no hens even to be seen in the street, and no dogs, but one black crop-tailed cur, which at our approach leaped hurriedly out of a perfectly dry and empty trough, to which it must have been driven by thirst, and at once, without barking, rushed headlong under a gate. I went up to the first hut, opened the door into the outer room, and called for the master of the house. No one answered me. I called once more; the hungry mewing of a cat sounded behind the other door. I pushed it open with my foot; a thin cat ran up and down near me, her green eyes glittering in the dark. I put my head into the room and looked round: it was empty, dark, and smoky. I returned to the yard, and there was no one there either…. A calf lowed behind the paling; a lame grey goose waddled a little away. I passed on to the second hut. Not a soul in the second hut either. I went into the yard…

尤金村落由六所矮矮的小屋组成，那些小屋的墙都已经开始倾斜了，尽管可能建起来的时间并不长，因为有些小屋的后院甚至都没有用篱笆围起来。我们驶进这个小村落的时候，一个生灵都没有遇到，街上甚至都见不到鸡，也没有狗，只有一条黑色的短尾巴杂种狗，在我们走过来的时候，它赶忙从一只完全干了的空水槽里跳了出来，它一定是因为太口渴了才进去的，不过他没有叫，便马上冲到了一扇大门下面。我走到了第一家的小屋前，打开了通往外间的门，叫唤房子的主人。没人回应我。我又叫了一声，听见有一只猫在另一扇门的后面饿得喵喵叫。我用腿踢开了门，一只瘦瘦的猫在我跟前跑来跑去，它绿色的眼睛在黑

暗中闪闪发亮。我把头伸进房间里，环视了一圈：空空的、黑漆漆的，还烟雾弥漫。我回到了院子里，也是一个人都没有……一头小牛在木栏后面哞哞叫，一只跛足的灰鹅一瘸一拐地稍稍走开了些。我又去到了第二家。那里也是一个人都没有。我走进了院子里……

In the very middle of the yard, in the glaring sunlight, there lay, with his face on the ground and a cloak thrown over his head, a boy, as it seemed to me. In a thatched shed a few paces from him a thin little nag with broken harness was standing near a wretched little cart. The sunshine falling in streaks through the narrow cracks in the dilapidated roof, striped his shaggy, reddish-brown coat in small bands of light. Above, in the high bird-house, starlings were chattering and looking down inquisitively from their airy home. I went up to the sleeping figure and began to awaken him.

在院子的正中间，在耀眼的阳光下，躺着一个脸向着地，头上盖着大衣的人，据我看来，是一个男孩。在离他几步远的茅屋里，有一辆破烂的小马车，旁边站着一匹瘦小的马。屋顶像要塌似的，阳光透过那窄缝一束束地射下来，在它蓬松的、红棕色的毛上映出一块块小光斑。在上方一个高高的鸟巢里，椋鸟们吱吱喳喳地叫着，从它们的空中之家好奇地向下张望着。我走到那个睡觉的人跟前，去叫醒他。

He lifted his head, saw me, and at once jumped up on to his feet…. "What? what do you want? what is it?" he muttered, half asleep.

他抬起头，看到我，就立刻跳了起来……“什么？你想要什么？要什么？”他半睡半醒地咕哝道。

I did not answer him at once; I was so much impressed by his appearance.

我没有立刻回答他，因为他的样子令我很吃惊。

Picture to yourself a little creature of fifty years old, with a little round wrinkled face, a sharp nose, little, scarcely visible, brown eyes, and thick curly black hair, which stood out on his tiny head like the cap on the top of a mushroom. His whole person was excessively thin and weakly, and it is absolutely impossible to translate into words the extraordinary strangeness of his expression.

您自己想象一下，一个五十岁的小矮子，长着一张满是皱纹的小圆脸，尖尖的鼻子，一双棕色的眼睛小小的，几乎都看不见，黑色的头发又密又卷，像蘑菇顶上的伞帽似的，突兀地长在他的小脑袋上。他整个人非常消瘦而且虚弱，他的表情极度奇怪，完全无法用语言来表达。

"What do you want?" he asked me again. I explained to him what was the matter; he listened, slowly blinking, without taking his eyes off me.

“你想要什么？”他再次问我。我给他解释了事情的经过，他听了听，慢慢地眨着眼睛，还一直盯着我看。

"So cannot we get a new axle?" I said finally; "I will gladly pay for it."

“所以能不能给我们搞到一根新的车轴？”我最后说，“我很乐意付钱。”

"But who are you? Hunters, eh?" he asked, scanning me from head to foot.

“可是你是谁啊？是猎人吗？”他问道，边把我从头到脚地打量了一番。

"Hunters."

“是猎人。”

"You shoot the fowls of heaven, I suppose?… the wild things of the woods?… And is it not a sin to kill God's birds, to shed the innocent blood?”

“我想，你打天上的鸟吧？打树林里的野兽吧？杀上帝的鸟，捕杀无辜的动物，难道不是在作恶吗？”

The strange old man spoke in a very drawling tone. The sound of his voice also astonished me. There was none of the weakness of age to be heard in it; it was marvellously sweet, young and almost feminine in its softness.

那个奇怪的老头说起话来慢吞吞的。他说话的声音也着实让我吃了一惊。从他的声音里不但听不出一点衰老气，反而带着不可思议的甜美、青春，温柔得像个女人。

"I have no axle," he added after a brief silence. "That thing will not suit you." He pointed to his cart. "You have, I expect, a large trap."

“我没有车轴，”他稍微沉默了一会儿之后说，“那根车轴不合适。”他指了指他的二轮运货马车。“我估计，你的是一辆大马车。”

"But can I get one in the village?"

“那么我能在村里弄到一个吗？”

"Not much of a village here!… No one has an axle here…. And there is no one at home either; they are all at work. You must go on," he announced suddenly; and he lay down again on the ground.

“这里哪里算得上个村子啊！这里没有人有车轴……也没有人在家，他们都在干活呢。你还是走吧。”他突然说道，然后又躺到了地上。

I had not at all expected this conclusion.

我根本没料到是这样的结果。

"Listen, old man," I said, touching him on the shoulder; "do me a kindness, help me."

“听着，老头，”我轻按着他的肩膀说，“发发善心，帮帮我吧。”

"Go on, in God's name! I am tired; I have driven into the town," he said, and drew his cloak over his head.

“你走吧，看在上帝的份上！我累了，我刚去了趟城里。”他说道，然后把斗篷拉到头上盖着。

"But pray do me a kindness," I said; "I… I will pay for it.”

“请你好心帮帮忙吧，”我说，“我……我会付钱的。”

"I don't want your money.”

“我不要你的钱。”

"But please, old man."

“求求你了，老人家。”

He half raised himself and sat up, crossing his little legs.

他半抬起身子坐了起来，盘起他那双小腿。

"I could take you perhaps to the clearing. Some merchants have bought the forest here—God be their judge! They are cutting down the forest, and they have built a counting-house there—God be their judge! You might order an axle of them there, or buy one ready made.”

“或许我可以带你到空地去。有些商人买了这里的树林，遭天谴啊！他们砍掉了树林，在那里建了一个办事处，遭天谴啊！你可以在那里定做一根他们的车轴，要么买一根现成的。”

"Splendid!" I cried delighted; "splendid! let us go."

“太好了！”我高兴地叫道，“太好了！我们走吧。”

"An oak axle, a good one," he continued, not getting up from his place.

“橡木车轴，挺不错的。”他继续说到，但没有从地上起来。

"And is it far to this clearing?"

“那这个空地远吗？”

"Three miles."

“有三英里。”

"Come, then! we can drive there in your trap."

“那么，走吧！我们可以赶你的马车去。”

"Oh, no…."

“哦，不行……”

"Come, let us go," I said; "let us go, old man! The coachman is waiting for us in the road."

“走吧，咱们走吧，”我说，“咱们走吧，老头！马车夫还在路上等着我们呢。”

The old man rose unwillingly and followed me into the street. We found my coachman in an irritable frame of mind; he had tried to water his horses, but the water in the well, it appeared, was scanty in quantity and bad in taste, and water is the first consideration with coachmen…. However, he grinned at the sight of the old man, nodded his head and cried: "Hallo! Kassyanushka! good health to you!"

老头子不情愿地站了起来，跟着我走到了街上。马车夫正怒气冲冲的，因为他试着让他的马饮水，但是井里的水，似乎量很少，味道也不好，对于马车夫们来说，水可是头等大事……但是，他一看见那老头，就朝他咧嘴笑了笑，点了点头，叫道：“嘿！卡西亚努什卡！你好呀！”

"Good health to you, Erofay, upright man!" replied Kassyan in a dejected voice.

“你好啊，叶罗费伊，正直的人！”卡西扬用沮丧的声音答道。

I at once made known his suggestion to the coachman; Erofay expressed his approval of it and drove into the yard. While he was busy deliberately unharnessing the horses, the old man stood leaning with his shoulders against the gate, and looking disconsolately first at him and then at me. He seemed in some uncertainty of mind; he was not very pleased, as it seemed to me, at our sudden visit.

我立即把他的建议告诉了马车夫，叶罗费伊同意了，并把马车赶进了院子里。在他不慌不忙着给马卸马具的时候，那个老头双肩靠着大门斜倚着，郁郁寡欢地先看了看他，又看了看我。他看上去心神不宁，依我看来，他对我们的突然造访不是很高兴。

"So they have transported you too?" Erofay asked him suddenly, lifting the wooden arch of the harness.

“你也被迁移过来了？”叶罗费伊突然问他，一边抬起弓形的木马具。

"Yes."

“是啊。”

"Ugh!" said my coachman between his teeth. "You know Martin the carpenter…. Of course, you know Martin of Ryaby?”

“哎！”马车夫低声说到，“你知道吗，木匠马尔滕……当然了，你一定认识里亚博沃的马尔滕吧？”

"Yes."

“认识。”

"Well, he is dead. We have just met his coffin."

“唉，他死了。我们刚才看到他的棺材了。”

Kassyan shuddered.

卡西扬颤了一下。

"Dead?" he said, and his head sank dejectedly.

“死了？”他说道，边沮丧地低下了头。

"Yes, he is dead. Why didn't you cure him, eh? You know they say you cure folks; you're a doctor.”

“是呀，他死了。你怎么不给他治好，啊？你知道吗，人家都说你能医人，你是个医生。”

My coachman was apparently laughing and jeering at the old man.

马车夫明显是在嘲笑这个老头，拿他寻开心。

"And is this your trap, pray?" he added, with a shrug of his shoulders in its direction.

“请问，这是你的马车吗？”他又说道，还朝马车的方向耸耸肩。

"Yes."

“是啊。”

"Well, a trap… a fine trap!" he repeated, and taking it by the shafts almost turned it completely upside down. "A trap!… But what will you drive in it to the clearing?… You can't harness our horses in these shafts; our horses are all too big.”

“嗯，马车……好一辆马车！”他重复说道，边抓住车辕，差点就把车翻到了。“马车！但是你怎么把它赶到空地去呢？……你没法把我们的马套进这些辕杆里，我们的马都太大了。”

"I don't know," replied Kassyan, "what you are going to drive; that beast perhaps," he added with a sigh.

“我可不知道，”卡西扬回答说，“你们要赶什么去，要么用那头畜生吧。”他叹了口气说。

"That?" broke in Erofay, and going up to Kassyan's nag, he tapped it disparagingly on the back with the third finger of his right hand.

"See," he added contemptuously, "it's asleep, the scare-crow!”

“那头？”叶罗费伊插嘴说，边走近卡西扬的马，他用右手的无名指轻蔑地戳了戳它的背。“瞧，”他接着鄙视地说，“它睡着了，这笨家伙！”

I asked Erofay to harness it as quickly as he could. I wanted to drive myself with Kassyan to the clearing; grouse are fond of such places. When the little cart was quite ready, and I, together with my dog, had been installed in the warped wicker body of it, and Kassyan huddled up into a little ball, with still the same dejected expression on his face, had taken his seat in front, Erofay came up to me and whispered with an air of mystery: "You did well, your honour, to drive with him. He is such a queer fellow; he's cracked, you know, and his nickname is the Flea. I don't know how you managed to make him out… ” I tried to say to Erofay that so far Kassyan had seemed to me a very sensible man; but my coachman continued at once in the same voice: "But you keep a look-out where he is driving you to. And, your honour, be pleased to choose the axle yourself; be pleased to choose a sound one… Well, Flea," he added aloud, "could I get a bit of bread in your house?"

我让叶罗费伊尽快把马套好。我想自己和卡西扬一起去空地，松鸡一般都喜欢呆在那些地方。准备好小马车后，我和我的狗一起坐在了那弯弯扭扭的柳条车板上，卡西扬则缩成了一个小球，脸上还是带着那沮丧表情，坐到了前面，叶罗费伊走到我面前，表情神秘，低声说：“老爷，您和他一起去，那很好。他是个很奇怪的家伙，您知道，他神经不正常，他的绰号叫做跳蚤。我不知道您是怎么说服他的……”我想要告诉叶罗费伊，到目前为止我觉得卡西扬是个很通晓事理的人，但是马车夫立即用同样的音调继续讲到：“不过您还是留点神，看他把您带到哪里了。还有，老爷，车轴还是请您亲自挑选，请您挑个牢靠点的……好啦，跳蚤，”他放大声音说道，“我能在你的屋子里找到点面包吃吗？”

"Look about; you may find some," answered Kassyan. He pulled the reins and we rolled away.

“找找看吧，也许你能找到点。”卡西扬答道，他拉了拉缰绳，我们便出发了。

His little horse, to my genuine astonishment, did not go badly. Kassyan preserved an obstinate silence the whole way, and made abrupt and unwilling answers to my questions. We quickly reached the clearing, and then made our way to the counting-house, a lofty cottage, standing by itself over a small gully, which had been dammed up and converted into a pool. In this counting-house I found two young merchants' clerks, with snow-white teeth, sweet and soft eyes, sweet and subtle words, and sweet and wily smiles. I bought an axle of them and returned to the clearing. I thought that Kassyan would

stay with the horse and await my return; but he suddenly came up to me.

让我大吃一惊的是，他的小马跑得并不赖。卡西扬一路上极为沉默，对于我的问题，也是爱答不理的，回答得比较生硬。我们很快就到了空地，然后找到了那个办事处，那是一所高高的木房子，孤零零地耸立在一个小水沟上，这条小水沟已经被挡起来变成了一个池塘。在这个办事处里，我找到了两个年轻的办事员，他们牙齿雪白，眼睛甜蜜而温柔，说的话又甜又伶俐，笑容甜美而机灵。我从他们那里买了一根车轴，然后回到了空地上。我以为卡西扬会同马呆在一起，等着我回去，但是他突然朝我走了过来。

"Are you going to shoot birds, eh?" he said.

“你要去打鸟吗？”他说。

"Yes, if I come across any."

“是的，要是我碰得到的话。”

"I will come with you…. Can I?”

“我和你一起去吧……行吗？”

"Certainly, certainly."

“行，行。”

So we went together. The land cleared was about a mile in length. I must confess I watched Kassyan more than my dogs. He had been aptly called "Flea". His little black uncovered head (though his hair, indeed, was as good a covering as any cap) seemed to flash hither and thither among the bushes. He walked extraordinarily swiftly, and seemed always hopping up and down as he moved; he was for ever stooping down to pick herbs of some kind, thrusting them into his bosom, muttering to himself, and constantly looking at me and my dog with such a strange searching gaze. Among low bushes and in clearings there are often little grey birds which constantly flit from tree to tree, and which whistle as they dart away. Kassyan mimicked them, answered their calls; a young quail flew from between his feet, chirruping, and he chirruped in imitation of him; a lark began to fly down above him, moving his wings and singing melodiously: Kassyan joined in his song. He did not speak to me at all…

于是我们就一起去了。被伐光的这片土地大概有一英里长。我承认，我观察卡西扬的时间比观察我的狗的时间还要多。他被叫做“跳蚤”真是很合适。他那黑黑的、没戴帽子的小脑袋（尽管他的头发确实可以跟任何帽子相媲美）在灌木丛中到处闪现。他走起路来非常敏捷，走的时候似乎总是在上蹿下跳，他总是弯下腰去捡一些药草，再把它们塞进他的怀里，边喃喃自语，还不停地用一种很奇怪的探索式的眼光盯着我和我的狗。在低矮的灌木丛和被砍伐过的空地上，常常会有一些灰色

的小鸟，它们不停地在树间飞来飞去，飞走时还婉转地叫着。卡西扬模仿它们，回应着它们的叫声，他的双脚间飞起一只小鹌鹑，还叽叽喳喳地叫着，他也叽叽喳喳地模仿它；一只云雀飞下来，在他头顶拍着翅膀，悦耳地唱着，卡西扬也和它一起唱了起来。他一直没和我讲话……

The weather was glorious, even more so than before; but the heat was no less. Over the clear sky the high thin clouds were hardly stirred, yellowish-white, like snow lying late in spring, flat and drawn out like rolled-up sails. Slowly but perceptibly their fringed edges, soft and fluffy as cotton-wool, changed at every moment; they were melting away, even these clouds, and no shadow fell from them. I strolled about the clearing for a long while with Kassyan. Young shoots, which had not yet had time to grow more than a yard high, surrounded the low blackened stumps with their smooth slender stems; and spongy funguses with grey edges—the same of which they make tinder—clung to these; strawberry plants flung their rosy tendrils over them; mushrooms squatted close in groups. The feet were constantly caught and entangled in the long grass, that was parched in the scorching sun; the eyes were dazzled on all sides by the glaring metallic glitter on the young reddish leaves of the trees; on all sides were the variegated blue clusters of vetch, the golden cups of bloodwort, and the half-lilac, half-yellow blossoms of the heart's-ease. In some places near the disused paths, on which the tracks of wheels were marked by streaks on the fine bright grass, rose piles of wood, blackened by wind and rain, laid in yard-lengths; there was a faint shadow cast from them in slanting oblongs; there was no other shade anywhere. A light breeze rose, then sank again; suddenly it would blow straight in the face and seem to be rising; everything would begin to rustle merrily, to nod, to shake around one; the supple tops of the ferns bow down gracefully, and one rejoices in it, but at once it dies away again, and all is at rest once more. Only the grasshoppers chirrup in chorus with frenzied energy, and wearisome is this unceasing, sharp dry sound. It is in keeping with the persistent heat of mid-day; it seems akin to it, as though evoked by it out of the glowing earth.

天气很好，比之前还要好，但却一点都不凉快。在清澈的高空中，几片薄云几乎一动不动，就像春天最后的雪一样，白中带点黄，又像卸下的风帆一样，扁平而细长。云朵的边缘像棉花般柔软而蓬松，每时每刻都在慢慢地地变换着，但却显而易见，它们正在融化，甚至是这些云朵，也没有留下任何影子。我和卡西扬在空地上游逛了好一阵子。嫩枝还没长过一码高，用它们那光滑细长的茎绕着又矮又黑的树桩，带着灰边的海绵状的菌类——就是可以用来做火绒的那种——紧贴着这些树桩，草莓向它们伸来那玫红色的卷须，蘑菇成群结对地聚集在这里。被烈日晒焦的长草不时地缠绊我的双脚，四周树上泛红的叶子闪着金属般

的光泽，让人头晕目眩，到处都有一簇簇斑驳的蓝色野豌豆，金色花萼的血红酸模和半紫半黄的心安草花朵。在一条废弃的小路上，能看到车辙压过色泽艳丽的小草的痕迹，旁边立着一堆堆一码长的木头，它们由于风吹雨打都变黑了，这些木堆投下斜方形的淡淡阴影，除此之外，便没有什么别的阴影了。一阵微风吹了起来，又沉了下去，它猛地迎面吹来，好像就要吹大了，一切都开始快乐地沙沙作响、摆动、摇晃；蕨类植物柔软的顶部优雅地垂了下来，让人很是欣喜，但是风马上又渐渐平息了，一切又都恢复了平静。只有草蜢仿佛发怒似的喳喳叫着，这种刺耳的声音干巴巴的，又叫个不停，让人感到非常疲倦。这声音倒是和中午持久的炎热很一致，好像和它是同类，仿佛是被炎热从灼热的地里召唤出来的。

Without having started one single covey we at last reached another clearing. There the aspen-trees had only lately been felled, and lay stretched mournfully on the ground, crushing the grass and small undergrowth below them; on some the leaves were still green, though they were already dead, and hung limply from the motionless branches; on others they were crumpled and dried up. Fresh golden-white chips lay in heaps round the stumps that were covered with bright drops; a peculiar, very pleasant, pungent odour rose from them. Farther away, nearer the wood, sounded the dull blows of the axe, and from time to time, bowing and spreading wide its arms, a bushy tree fell slowly and majestically to the ground.

我们一群鸟都没碰上，最后就去了另一块空地。那里有一些不久前刚被伐倒的山杨树，悲伤地躺在地上，把草和小灌木压在了下面；虽然那些山杨树已经死了，但有些叶子还是绿的，软绵绵地垂在了一动不动的枝条上，有些则起皱了，干枯了。树桩上洒满了明亮的露珠，新鲜的金白色木屑成堆地堆在周围，散发出一种独特的、令人愉悦的刺鼻气味。在远处，更靠近树林的地方，传出斧头钝钝的砍伐声，不时地，还有一棵繁茂的树弯下身来，大大地张开它的手臂，缓慢地、庄严地倒在地上。

For a long time I did not come upon a single bird; at last a corncrake flew out of a thick clump of young oak across the wormwood springing up round it. I fired; it turned over in the air and fell. At the sound of the shot, Kassyan quickly covered his eyes with his hand, and he did not stir till I had reloaded the gun and picked up the bird. When I had moved farther on, he went up to the place where the wounded bird had fallen, bent down to the grass, on which some drops of blood were sprinkled, shook his head, and looked in dismay at me… I heard him afterwards whispering: "A sin!… Ah, yes, it's a sin!”

过了很长时间，我都没有遇到一只鸟，最后，一只长脚秧鸡从长满苦艾的橡树丛中飞了出来。我开了一枪，它在空中翻了个身，就落了下来。枪响的时候，卡西扬赶快用手捂住了他的眼睛，直到我给枪装好了

子弹，捡起了鸟，他才敢动弹。等我往前走了，他便走到那只受伤的鸟掉下来的地方，俯身在撒了几滴血的草地上，摇了摇头，惊愕地看着我……我听见他后来低声说："罪过啊！啊，真是罪过啊！"

The heat forced us at last to go into the wood. I flung myself down under a high nut-bush, over which a slender young maple gracefully stretched its light branches. Kassyan sat down on the thick trunk of a felled birch-tree. I looked at him. The leaves faintly stirred overhead, and their thin greenish shadows crept softly to and fro over his feeble body, muffled in a dark coat, and over his little face. He did not lift his head. Bored by his silence, I lay on my back and began to admire the tranquil play of the tangled foliage on the background of the bright, far away sky. A marvellously sweet occupation it is to lie on one's back in a wood and gaze upwards! You may fancy you are looking into a bottomless sea; that it stretches wide below you; that the trees are not rising out of the earth, but, like the roots of gigantic weeds, are dropping—falling straight down into those glassy, limpid depths; the leaves on the trees are at one moment transparent as emeralds, the next, they condense into golden, almost black green. Somewhere, afar off, at the end of a slender twig, a single leaf hangs motionless against the blue patch of transparent sky, and beside it another trembles with the motion of a fish on the line, as though moving of its own will, not shaken by the wind. Round white clouds float calmly across, and calmly pass away like submarine islands; and suddenly, all this ocean, this shining ether, these branches and leaves steeped in sunlight—all is rippling, quivering in fleeting brilliance, and a fresh trembling whisper awakens like the tiny, incessant plash of suddenly stirred eddies. One does not move—one looks, and no word can tell what peace, what joy, what sweetness reigns in the heart. One looks: the deep, pure blue stirs on one's lips a smile, innocent as itself; like the clouds over the sky, and, as it were, with them, happy memories pass in slow procession over the soul, and still one fancies one's gaze goes deeper and deeper, and draws one with it up into that peaceful, shining immensity, and that one cannot be brought back from that height, that depth…

天气太炎热，最后我们只得走进了树林。我一头倒在一棵高高的榛子灌木下，它上面有一棵细长的新生枫树，正优雅地伸展着它轻盈的枝条。卡西扬坐在一棵被砍倒的桦树的粗树干上。我看着他。树叶在他的头顶上微微摆动，稀疏的绿色影子在他那虚弱的身体和小小的脸上温柔地晃来晃去，他身上穿着一件深色的上衣。他并没有把头抬起来。厌倦了他的默不作声，我仰面躺了下来，开始欣赏那些纷乱的树叶，它们在明亮的、遥远的天空中恬静地玩耍。仰卧在树林里向上凝望，真是一种非常惬意的消遣。你会幻想自己在凝望一片深不可测的海洋，它在你的身下广阔地延伸，树木们不是拔地而起的，而是像是巨大的野草的根，

正在下落，直直地落进这个玻璃般透明的深渊，树上的叶子一瞬间就像绿宝石般透亮，接下来，它们便浓缩成黄绿，几乎是墨绿了。在远处的某个地方，在一根细长小枝的末梢，静静地挂着一片叶子，映衬着透明湛蓝的天空，在它旁边，另一片叶子则像一条挂在吊钩上的鱼一样晃动着，好像是在照自己的意愿摇动，而不是被风摇动的。圆圆的白云平静地飘过，又像水下的岛屿一样平静地消失，突然间，整片海洋，这光亮的苍空，这些沉浸在阳光中的枝条和叶子，全都荡起了涟漪，在流光中颤动着，一阵清脆的、颤动着的沙沙声突然响起，宛如被搅起的漩涡那轻微的、无休止的拍溅声。你一动也不动，你瞧，你心中的宁静、欢乐和甜美是无法用语言形容的。你瞧着，那深邃而清澈的蓝色会使你的嘴角泛起同样纯真的微笑，就像天空中的云彩一样，一连串快乐的回忆徐徐掠过心头，你只觉得自己看得越来越深，把自己一起拉进那安静、光亮的无限的空间中，让你无法从那样的高处、深处回过神来……

"Master, master!" cried Kassyan suddenly in his musical voice.

“老爷，老爷！”卡西扬突然用他那悦耳的声音喊道。

I raised myself in surprise: up till then he had scarcely replied to my questions, and now he suddenly addressed me of himself.

我吃惊地站了起来，在那之前他几乎都不回答我的问题，现在却突然自己对我讲起了话来。

"What is it?" I asked.

“怎么了？”我问。

"What did you kill the bird for?" he began, looking me straight in the face.

“你为什么要打死这只鸟？”他直直地看着我，开始说道。

"What for? Corncrake is game; one can eat it."

“为什么？长脚秧鸡是野味，可以吃的啊。”

"That was not what you killed it for, master, as though you were going to eat it! You killed it for amusement."

“你不是为了这个打死它的，老爷，你才不会吃它呢！你打死它只是为了娱乐。”

"Well, you yourself, I suppose, eat geese or chickens?"

“哦，我想，你自己也吃鹅或鸡吧？”

"Those birds are provided by God for man, but the corncrake is a wild bird of the woods: and not he alone; many they are, the wild things of the woods and the fields, and the wild things of the rivers and marshes and moors, flying on high or creeping below; and a sin it is to slay them: let them live their allotted life upon the earth. But for man another food has been provided; his food is other, and other his

sustenance: bread, the good gift of God, and the water of heaven, and the tame beasts that have come down to us from our fathers of old.”

“那些禽类是上帝赐给人的，但长脚秧鸡是树林里的野鸟，而且不单是它，还有许多树林里、田野里、河里、沼泽里和荒野中的野物，在高处飞的或是低处爬的，杀死它们是一种罪过，应该让它们在世上活到它们的寿限。但是，上帝赐予了人另外的食物，人另有别的食物，有别的维持体力的食物，面包，就是上帝赐予的礼物，还有天降的水，还有老祖宗传下来给我们的家畜。”

I looked in astonishment at Kassyan. His words flowed freely; he did not hesitate for a word; he spoke with quiet inspiration and gentle dignity, sometimes closing his eyes.

我惊讶地看着卡西扬。他表达自如，一个句子都没有踌躇，说话时平静而兴奋，温和而严肃，有时候还闭着双眼。

"So is it sinful, then, to kill fish, according to you?" I asked.

“那么，依你看来，杀鱼也是有罪的了？”我问。

"Fishes have cold blood," he replied with conviction. "The fish is a dumb creature; it knows neither fear nor rejoicing. The fish is a voiceless creature. The fish does not feel; the blood in it is not living…. Blood," he continued, after a pause, "blood is a holy thing! God's sun does not look upon blood; it is hidden away from the light… it is a great sin to bring blood into the light of day; a great sin and horror… Ah, a great sin!”

“鱼的血是冷的，”他笃定地答道，“鱼不出声，它不知道害怕，也不知道高兴。鱼是没有声音的生物。鱼没有感觉，它身子里的血不是活的……血啊，”他停了一下，继续说道，“血是一种神圣的东西啊！血不能见到上帝的太阳，它远远地躲着光……白天把血置于光下是一种极大的罪恶，一种极大的罪恶，一件可怕的事……啊，一种极大的罪恶！”

He sighed, and his head drooped forward. I looked, I confess, in absolute amazement at the strange old man. His language did not sound like the language of a peasant; the common people do not speak like that, nor those who aim at fine speaking. His speech was meditative, grave, and curious… I had never heard anything like it.

他叹了口气，垂下了头。坦白地说，看着这个奇怪的老头，我非常地惊讶。他说的话听上去不像农民说的话，普通人也不会像那样说话，那些嘴巧的人也不会像那样说话。他说的话是经过深思熟虑的，有点严肃、古怪……我从来没听过这样话。

"Tell me, please, Kassyan," I began, without taking my eyes off his slightly flushed face, "what is your occupation?"

“卡西扬，请给我说说，”我一直看着他那张有些发红的脸，开始说道，“你是干什么工作的？”

He did not answer my question at once. His eyes strayed uneasily for an instant.

他没有立刻回答我的问题。他的眼睛不安地游离了片刻。

"I live as the Lord commands," he brought out at last; "and as for occupation—no, I have no occupation. I've never been very clever from a child; I work when I can: I'm not much of a workman—how should I be? I have no health; my hands are awkward. In the spring I catch nightingales.”

“我按照上帝的吩咐过日子，”他终于说，“至于工作嘛，没有，我没有工作。我从小就不是很聪明，我能干活的时候就干活，我并不擅长干活……我哪里行啊？我身体不好，手又很笨拙。春天我就去捉夜莺。”

"You catch nightingales?… But didn't you tell me that we must not touch any of the wild things of the woods and the fields, and so on?”

“你捉夜莺？你不是对我说过，我们不能去碰树林里、田野里和其他地方的野物吗？”

"We must not kill them, of a certainty; death will take its own without that. Look at Martin the carpenter; Martin lived, and his life was not long, but he died; his wife now grieves for her husband, for her little children… Neither for man nor beast is there any charm against death. Death does not hasten, nor is there any escaping it; but we must not aid death… And I do not kill nightingales—God forbid! I do not catch them to harm them, to spoil their lives, but for the pleasure of men, for their comfort and delight.”

“我们决不能杀它们，这是绝对的，死亡该来的时候就会来。看看木匠马尔滕，马尔滕曾经活过，可是没多久就死了，他媳妇现在为丈夫，为她的小孩难过……不管是人或兽，都没有任何对抗死亡的魔力。死亡并不会很快就来，但是没有任何生物能逃得掉，我们也不能加速死亡……我才不杀夜莺呢，上帝不容啊！我捉它们并不是为了伤害它们，掠夺它们的生命，而是为了让人快乐，为了让他们得到安慰和愉悦。”

"Do you go to Kursk to catch them?"

“你去库尔斯克捉夜莺吗？”

"Yes, I go to Kursk, and farther too, at times. I pass nights in the marshes, or at the edge of the forests; I am alone at night in the fields, in the thickets; there the curlews call and the hares squeak and the wild ducks lift up their voices…. I note them at evening; at morning I give ear to them; at daybreak I cast my net over the bushes… There are nightingales that sing so pitifully sweet… yea, pitifully.”

“是的，我去库尔斯克，有时候还去更远的地方呢。我在沼泽地里，或是森林边上过夜；我独自在田野里，在灌木丛里过夜；那里有麻鹬啼

叫着，野兔吱吱叫着，还有野鸭提起嗓门叫着……我晚上观察它们，早上倾听它们；黎明时我在灌木丛上抛出网……有的夜莺唱得那么凄凉、美妙……嗯，凄凉。”

"And do you sell them?"

“你会把它们卖了吗？”

"I give them to good people."

“我把它们卖给好人。”

"And what are you doing now?"

“那你现在干什么呢？”

"What am I doing?"

“我干什么？”

"Yes, how are you employed?"

“是啊，你干什么活啊？”

The old man was silent for a little.

老头沉默了一小阵。

"I am not employed at all… I am a poor workman. But I can read and write.”

“我什么活都没干……我干活干得不好。但是我能读书写字。”

"You can read?"

“你能读书？”

"Yes, I can read and write. I learnt, by the help of God and good people."

“对，我能读书写字。我之所以会，是因为有上帝和好人的帮助。”

"Have you a family?"

“你有家眷吗？”

"No, not a family."

“没，没有家眷。”

"How so?… Are they dead, then?”

“怎么会这样？……那么，他们是去世了吗？”

"No, but… I have never been lucky in life. But all that is in God's hands; we are all in God's hands; and a man should be righteous—that is all! Upright before God, that is it.”

“不，只是……我一生从没走过运。但这全在上帝的掌控中，我们都

在上帝的掌控中，一个人应该正直——这才对！在上帝面前正直，就是这样。”

"And you have no kindred?"

“你没有亲戚吗？”

"Yes… well…”

“有……不过……”

The old man was confused.

老头窘迫不安起来。

"Tell me, please," I began: "I heard my coachman ask you why you did not cure Martin? You cure disease?"

“请给我说说吧，”我开始说，“我听见马车夫问你为什么没治好马尔滕？你会治病？”

"Your coachman is a righteous man," Kassyan answered thoughtfully. "I too am not without sin. They call me a doctor… Me a doctor, indeed! And who can heal the sick? That is all a gift from God. But there are… yes, there are herbs, and there are flowers; they are of use, of a certainty. There is plantain, for instance, a herb good for man; there is bud-marigold too; it is not sinful to speak of them: they are holy herbs of God. Then there are others not so; and they may be of use, but it's a sin; and to speak of them is a sin. Still, with prayer, may be… And doubtless there are such words… But who has faith, shall be saved," he added, dropping his voice.

“您的马车夫是个正直的人，”卡西扬若有所思地答道，“我也不是没有罪过。他们叫我医生……我是什么医生啊！谁能把病治好呢？一切都是上帝赐予的。不过是有……对，是有些药草啊，花呀，它们肯定是管用的。比如说吧，车前草就是一种对人有益的药草，还有金盏花的花蕾，说说这些草可不是罪过，它们都是上帝赐予的圣洁药草。还有一些其他的草可不是这样，它们或许有用，但却是种罪过，连说说它们都是种罪过。但是，一边祷告，或许……毫无疑问，有这样的词句……但是谁有信仰，谁就会得救。”他降低音调说。

"You did not give Martin anything?" I asked.

“你没给过马尔滕什么药吗？”我问。

"I heard of it too late," replied the old man. "But what of it! Each man's destiny is written from his birth. The carpenter Martin was not to live; he was not to live upon the earth: that was what it was. No, when a man is not to live on the earth, him the sunshine does not warm like another, and him the bread does not nourish and make strong; it is as though something is drawing him away… Yes; God rest his soul!”

“我听说得太晚了，”老头答道，“那又怎么样！每个人的命运从出生那天就写好了。木匠马尔滕活不长，他在这世上活不长，就是这样。不，凡是在世上活不长的人，太阳便不像温暖别人一样温暖他，面包也不能把他养壮，就像有东西在把他拉走似的……嗯，上帝让他的灵魂安息吧！”

"Have you been settled long amongst us?" I asked him after a short pause.

“你到我们这里定居很久了吗？”沉默了一会儿之后，我问他。

Kassyan started.

卡西扬抖了一下。

"No, not long; four years. In the old master's time we always lived in our old houses, but the trustees transported us. Our old master was a kind heart, a man of peace—the Kingdom of Heaven be his! The trustees doubtless judged righteously.”

“不，不长，四年。老主人在世时，我们都住在老房子里，但是受托人让我们搬过来了。我们的老主人心肠好，脾气也很好，愿他进天国！受托人的决策无疑是公正的。”

"And where did you live before?"

“你以前住在哪里？”

"At Fair Springs."

“在美丽泉。”

"Is it far from here?"

“那里离这里远吗？”

"A hundred miles."

“有一百英里吧。”

"Well, were you better off there?"

“那么，你在那里要过得好些吗？”

"Yes… yes, there was open country, with rivers; it was our home; here we are cramped and parched up…. Here we are strangers. There at home, at Fair Springs, you could get up on to a hill—and ah, my God, what a sight you could see! Streams and plains and forests, and there was a church, and then came plains beyond. You could see far, very far. Yes, how far you could look—you could look and look, ah, yes! Here, doubtless, the soil is better; it is clay—good fat clay, as the peasants say; for me the corn grows well enough everywhere.”

“是呀……是呀，那是个宽阔的村子，还有河流，那是我们的家，这里又窄又旱……在这里，我们是外地人。在美丽泉边的那个家里，你可

以爬到山上……啊，我的天哪，你可以看见多么美丽的景象啊！溪流、平原和森林，还有一座教堂，旁边又是平原。你可以看得很远，很远。对呀，你能看得很远……你可以看呀，看呀，啊，是呀！这里，毫无疑问，土地更好些，是粘土——又好又肥的粘土，就像那些农民们说的，我的谷物不管在哪里都长得很好。”

"Confess then, old man; you would like to visit your birth-place again?”

“老头，说实话，你还想去你出生的地方看看吗？”

"Yes, I should like to see it. Still, all places are good. I am a man without kin, without neighbours. And, after all, do you gain much, pray, by staying at home? But , behold! as you walk, and as you walk," he went on, raising his voice, "the heart grows lighter, of a truth. And the sun shines upon you, and you are in the sight of God, and the singing comes more tunefully. Here, you look—what herb is growing; you look on it—you pick it. Here water runs, perhaps—spring water, a source of pure holy water; so you drink of it—you look on it too. The birds of heaven sing… And beyond Kursk come the steppes, that steppes-country: ah, what a marvel, what a delight for man! what freedom, what a blessing of God! And they go on, folks tell, even to the warm seas where dwells the sweet-voiced bird, the Hamayune, and from the trees the leaves fall not, neither in autumn nor in winter, and apples grow of gold, on silver branches, and every man lives in uprightness and content. And I would go even there… Have I journeyed so little already! I have been to Romyon and to Simbirsk the fair city, and even to Moscow of the golden domes; I have been to Oka the good nurse, and to Tsna the dove, and to our mother Volga, and many folks, good Christians have I seen, and noble cities I have visited… Well, I would go thither… yes… and more too… and I am not the only one, I am a poor sinner… many other Christians go in bast-shoes, roaming over the world, seeking truth, yea!… For what is there at home? No righteousness in man—it's that.”

“对呀，我很乐意看一看呢。不过，所有的地方都不错。我是个没有亲戚，没有邻居的人，毕竟，老呆在家里能有什么收获？但是，瞧啊！你走着，走着，”他抬高嗓音继续说道，“实际上，心就变敞亮了。太阳照耀着你，你就在上帝的眼中了，唱的歌也更和谐悦耳了。这时候，你看见有什么草药在长，你看清楚了就采一些。这里有流水，或许是泉水，纯净圣水的源头，你看见了它，就喝个饱。天上的鸟儿唱着歌……过了库尔斯克就是大草原了，那是草原之国：啊，多神奇，叫人多愉快呀！多自由，真是上帝的恩赐啊！人们说，这些大草原一直通到温暖的海洋那边，那里栖息着一只声音甜美的鸟，叫加马云，树上的叶子不论是秋天还是冬天都不掉落，金色的苹果长在银色的枝条上，每一个人都活得正直而满足。我都想到那里去……我去过的地方也不算少了！我到过罗姆内和辛比尔斯克那个美丽的城市，还到过有许多金拱顶的莫斯

科，我到过‘乳母奥卡河’，到过‘鸽子茨娜河’，还到过我们的‘母亲伏尔加河’，我见过很多人，很多善良的基督徒，我还去过一些庄严宏伟的城市……所以我想到那边去……对，很想……而且也不只我一个，我只是个可怜的罪人……许多其他的基督徒也穿着树皮鞋，在这个世界上漫游，寻找真理，是呀！……干嘛要呆在家里呢？人世间是没有公正的，就是这么回事。”

These last words Kassyan uttered quickly, almost unintelligibly; then he said something more which I could not catch at all, and such a strange expression passed over his face that I involuntarily recalled the epithet "cracked". He looked down, cleared his throat, and seemed to come to himself again. "What sunshine!" he murmured in a low voice. "It is a blessing, oh, Lord! What warmth in the woods!"

最后的这几句话卡西扬说得很快，我差点就没听清楚，然后他又说了些我根本听不懂的话，脸上露出很奇怪的表情，让我不由自主地想起了“疯子”这个绰号。他低下头，清了清嗓子，好像又恢复了理性。“多好的阳光啊！”他用低沉的嗓音讷讷地说，“多好的恩赐啊，哦，上帝！树林里多温暖啊！”

He gave a movement of the shoulders and fell into silence. With a vague look round him he began softly to sing. I could not catch all the words of his slow chant; I heard the following:

他动了动肩膀，又陷入了沉默中。他漫不经心地环顾了一下四周，便开始轻声唱了起来。歌声悠扬，我听不清全部的歌词，只听出了下面这两句：

"They call me Kassyan, But my nickname's the Flea.”

“他们叫我卡西扬，但我的绰号是跳蚤。”

"Oh!" I thought, "so he improvises." Suddenly he started and ceased singing, looking intently at a thick part of the wood. I turned and saw a little peasant girl, about seven years old, in a blue frock, with a checked handkerchief over her head, and a woven bark-basket in her little bare sunburnt hand. She had certainly not expected to meet us; she had, as they say, "stumbled upon" us, and she stood motionless in a shady recess among the thick foliage of the nut-trees, looking dismayed at me with her black eyes. I had scarcely time to catch a glimpse of her; she dived behind a tree.

“哦！”我想，“这是他临时编的吧。”突然他哆嗦了一下，不唱了，目不转睛地望着树林深处。我转了过去，看见一个农家小姑娘，大约有七岁，穿着蓝色的连衣裙，头上包着格子头巾，晒黑的小手上挎着一个树皮编织的篮子。她肯定没有料到会遇到我们，就如人们所说的，她“撞上”了我们，她一动不动地站在榛树林那浓密的叶子阴凉处，一双黑眼睛惊慌地看着我。我还没来得及看她一眼，她就躲到了一棵树后面。

"Annushka! Annushka! come here, don't be afraid!" cried the old man caressingly.

“安努什卡！安努什卡！过来，别害怕！”老头亲切地叫道。

"I'm afraid," came her shrill voice.

“我害怕。”传来了她尖细的声音。

"Don't be afraid, don't be afraid; come to me.”

“别怕，别怕，来我这里。”

Annushka left her hiding place in silence, walked softly round—her little childish feet scarcely sounded on the thick grass—and came out of the bushes near the old man. She was not a child of seven, as I had fancied at first, from her diminutive stature, but a girl of thirteen or fourteen. Her whole person was small and thin, but very neat and graceful, and her pretty little face was strikingly like Kassyan's own, though he was certainly not handsome. There were the same thin features, and the same strange expression, shy and confiding, melancholy and shrewd, and her gestures were the same… Kassyan kept his eyes fixed on her; she took her stand at his side.

安努什卡安静地离开了她躲藏的地方，轻轻地绕了个圈——她那孩子的小脚踩在厚厚的草上几乎没有一点声音——然后从靠近老头的灌木丛里钻了出来。起初，我看她身材矮小，以为她只是个七岁的孩子，现在才发现是一个十三四岁的姑娘。她整个人又小又瘦，但是非常灵巧、优雅，她漂亮的小脸惊人地像卡西扬的脸，虽然卡西扬并不英俊。同样消瘦的容貌，同样奇怪的表情，害羞又诚挚，忧郁又机灵，她的举止也跟他一样……卡西扬盯着她看，她站在了他的旁边。

"Well, have you picked any mushrooms?" he asked.

“你采到蘑菇了吗？”他问。

"Yes," she answered with a shy smile.

“采到了。”她害羞地笑着说道。

"Did you find many?"

“你采到很多吗？”

"Yes." (She stole a swift look at him and smiled again.)

“是的。”（她很快地瞥了他一眼，又笑了笑。）

"Are they white ones?"

“它们是白色的吗？”

"Yes."

“是。”

"Show me, show me… (She slipped the basket off her arm and half-lifted the big burdock leaf which covered up the mushrooms.) Ah!" said Kassyan, bending down over the basket; "what splendid ones! Well done, Annushka!"

“给我瞧瞧，给我瞧瞧……（她把篮子从胳膊上滑了下来，半掀起盖在蘑菇上的大大的牛蒡叶子。）啊！”卡西扬俯身到篮子上说，“多好的蘑菇啊！干得真不错，安努什卡！”

"She's your daughter, Kassyan, isn't she?" I asked. (Annushka's face flushed faintly.)

“卡西扬，她是你女儿吧？”我问道。（安努什卡的脸有些红了。）

"No, well, a relative," replied Kassyan with affected indifference. "Come, Annushka, run along," he added at once, "run along, and God be with you! And take care."

“不是啊，是个亲戚，”卡西扬装作漫不经心的样子回答说，“好啦，安努什卡，去吧，”他马上补充说，“去吧，上帝与你同在！小心啊。”

"But why should she go on foot?" I interrupted. "We could take her with us."

“但是，为什么要让她走回去呢？”我打断了他的话，“我们可以带她和我们一起走的。”

Annushka blushed like a poppy, grasped the handle of her basket with both hands, and looked in trepidation at the old man.

安努什卡的脸红得就像一朵罂粟花，双手抓着她的篮子的把手，惊恐地看着老头。

"No, she will get there all right," he answered in the same languid and indifferent voice. "Why not?… She will get there…. Run along.”

“不用了，她会顺利到那里的，”他用同样软绵绵的、漠不关心的声音答道，“为什么不呢？她会到那里的……去吧。”

Annushka went rapidly away into the forest. Kassyan looked after her, then looked down and smiled to himself. In this prolonged smile, in the few words he had spoken to Annushka, and in the very sound of his voice when he spoke to her, there was an intense, indescribable love and tenderness. He looked again in the direction she had gone, again smiled to himself, and, passing his hand across his face, he nodded his head several times.

安努什卡迅速地跑进了森林里。卡西扬看着她，然后又低下头，自己笑了笑。他那长长的微笑中，他对安努什卡说的几句话里，他对她说话时的那种声音里，有一种强烈的、说不出的爱意和温柔。他又朝她去的那个方向望了望，又自己笑了笑，摸了摸自己的脸，点了几次头。

"Why did you send her away so soon?" I asked him. "I would have bought her mushrooms."

“你为什么这么快就把她打发走了？”我问他，“我还要买她的蘑菇呢。”

"Well, you can buy them there at home just the same, sir, if you like," he answered, for the first time using the formal "sir" in addressing me.

“嗨，要是您喜欢的话，您到我家里买也是一样的，先生。”他答道，这也是第一次用正式的“先生”称呼我。

"She's very pretty, your girl.”

“你的姑娘很漂亮。”

"No… only so-so," he answered, with seeming reluctance, and from that instant he relapsed into the same uncommunicative mood as at first.

“不……只是一般般吧。”他回答道，看上去很勉强，从那个瞬间起，他又陷入了像一开始那样沉默寡言的情绪当中了。

Seeing that all my efforts to make him talk again were fruitless, I went off into the clearing.

我试图让他再开始讲话，但却是徒劳一场，所以我又出发去了空地。

Meantime the heat had somewhat abated; but my ill-success, or, as they say among us, my "ill-luck," continued, and I returned to the settlement with nothing but one corncrake and the new axle. Just as we were driving into the yard, Kassyan suddenly turned to me.

这时的炎热稍微减退了些，但是我打猎的失败，或者，正如我们那里的人所说的，我的“坏运气”，还在持续着，我只好带着一只秧鸡和那根新的车轴回到了小村落里。正当我们要驶进院子里的时候，卡西扬突然转向了我。

"Master, master," he began, "do you know I have done you a wrong; it was I cast a spell to keep all the game off."

“老爷，老爷，”他开始说，“您知道吗？我对您做了一件不好的事，是我施了个咒语让所有的野味都离开了。”

"How so?"

“怎么会这样呢？”

"Oh, I can do that. Here you have a well-trained dog and a good one, but he could do nothing. When you think of it, what are men? what are they? Here's a beast; what have they made of him?”

“哦，我会施咒语。您有一只训练有素的狗，一只不错的狗，但是它什么办法都没有。您想想，人算什么呀？人算什么呀？像这头畜生，人能拿它怎样？”

It would have been useless for me to try to convince Kassyan of the impossibility of "casting a spell" on game, and so I made him no reply. Meantime we had turned into the yard.

我知道，无法让卡西扬相信向野味“施咒语”是不可能的，所以我什么也没有回答他。此时我们已经拐进了院子里。

Annushka was not in the hut; she had had time to get there before us, and to leave her basket of mushrooms. Erofay fitted in the new axle, first exposing it to a severe and most unjust criticism; and an hour later I set off, leaving a small sum of money with Kassyan, which at first he was unwilling to accept, but afterwards, after a moment's thought, holding it in his hand, he put it in his bosom. In the course of this hour he had scarcely uttered a single word; he stood as before, leaning against the gate. He made no reply to the reproaches of my coachman, and took leave very coldly of me.

安努什卡不在小屋里，她已经在我们之前到了那里，留下了她的那篮蘑菇。叶罗费伊装上了新车轴，先对它进行了一番苛刻且很不公正的批评，一个小时以后我出发了，给卡西扬留了一小笔钱，一开始他还不乐意要，不过后来，他把钱攥在手里，想了一会儿以后，便把钱揣进了怀里。在这个小时中，他几乎一句话都没说，他依旧斜靠着大门站着。对于马车夫的责备，他们没有应答，而是很冷淡地和我道了别。

Directly I turned round, I could see that my worthy Erofay was in a gloomy frame of mind… To be sure, he had found nothing to eat in the country; the only water for his horses was bad. We drove off. With dissatisfaction expressed even in the back of his head, he sat on the box, burning to begin to talk to me. While waiting for me to begin by some question, he confined himself to a low muttering in an undertone, and some rather caustic instructions to the horses. "A village," he muttered; "call that a village? You ask for a drop of kvas—not a drop of kvas even… Ah, Lord!… And the water—simply filth! (He spat loudly.) Not a cucumber, nor kvas, nor nothing… Now, then!' he added aloud, turning to the right trace-horse; 'I know you, you humbug.' (And he gave him a cut with the whip.) "That horse has learnt to shirk his work entirely, and yet he was a willing beast once. Now, then—look alive!”

马车刚转了弯，我就看出来，我那优秀的叶罗费伊心情很不好……的确，他在这个村子里什么吃的都没有找到，给他的马找到饮水还不好。我们上路了。他坐在驾车座上，甚至连后脑勺都表示出不满，他很想同我谈话。他在等我先开口发问，在这期间，他克制住了自己，只是小声地咕哝着，给马一些很刻薄的指令。“村子，”他咕哝道，“那还叫做

村子？要找一滴克瓦斯，连一滴克瓦斯都没有……啊，上帝啊！……还有水，简直太脏了！（他大声地吐了口唾沫。）黄瓜没有，卡瓦斯也没有，什么都没有……嘿！”他接着朝右边拉边套的马大声喊道，“我就知道，你这个滑头。”（他用鞭子抽了它一下。）“这匹马现在都学会偷懒了，以前它是头多老实的畜生啊。现在呢，就是摆设！”

"Tell me, please, Erofay," I began, "what sort of a man is Kassyan?"

“叶罗费伊，请给我讲讲吧，”我开始说，“卡西扬是个怎样的人？”

Erofay did not answer me at once: he was, in general, a reflective and deliberate fellow; but I could see directly that my question was soothing and cheering to him.

叶罗费伊没有立刻回答我，他向来是一个深思熟虑、谨慎行事的家伙，但我能够立刻看出，我的问题让他得到了快慰。

"The Flea?" he said at last, gathering up the reins; "he's a queer fellow; yes, a crazy chap; such a queer fellow, you wouldn't find another like him in a hurry. You know, for example, he's for all the world like our roan horse here; he gets out of everything—out of work, that's to say. But, then, what sort of workman could he be?… He's hardly body enough to keep his soul in… but still, of course… He's been like that from a child up, you know. At first he followed his uncle's business as a carrier—there were three of them in the business; but then he got tired of it, you know—he threw it up. He began to live at home, but he could not keep at home long; he's so restless—a regular flea, in fact. He happened, by good luck, to have a good master—he didn't worry him. Well, so ever since he has been wandering about like a lost sheep. And then, he's so strange; there's no understanding him. Sometimes he'll be as silent as a post, and then he'll begin talking, and God knows what he'll say! Is that good manners, pray? He's an absurd fellow, that he is. But he sings well, for all that.”

“那个跳蚤啊？”他收起了缰绳，终于说道，“他是个奇怪的家伙，对，一个疯子，这么奇怪的家伙，你一时半会儿还找不到另一个像他这样的人呢。比如说，他就活像我们这匹红棕色的马，他什么事都不干，也就是说，不干活。不过，再说，他哪是干活的人啊？……他的身体很虚弱……但是，当然了……您要知道，他打小就这个样子。一开始他跟着他叔叔当赶车的——他们有三个人，但是后来他就不干了，您知道，他把那活儿给辞了。他在家里住了起来，但是他又在家里呆不长，他是那么地不安分——真是一只跳蚤。幸亏他有一个好主人，他的主人不折磨他。所以，从那时起，他就像只迷失的羊一样游荡。而且，他很奇怪，没人能搞懂他。有时候他就像个树桩似的一声不吭，然后他又会开始讲话，上帝知道他要说些什么！请问这样像话吗？他就是个荒谬的家伙，他就是那样。但是尽管如此，他歌唱得还不错。”

"And does he cure people, really?"

“他能给人治病，是真的吗？”

"Cure people!… Well, how should he? A fine sort of doctor! Though he did cure me of the king's evil, I must own… But how can he? He's a stupid fellow, that's what he is," he added, after a moment's pause.

“给人治病！……哼，他哪里会呀？还真是个好医生！虽然我必须承认，他治好了我的瘰疬病……但是他哪里会呢？他是个傻瓜，他就是这样。”他停了一会儿又补充说道。

"Have you known him long?"

“你认识他很长时间了吗？”

"A long while. I was his neighbour at Sitchovka up at Fair Springs."

“很长时间了。在美丽泉边的瑟乔夫卡村时，我是他的邻居。”

"And what of that girl—who met us in the wood, Annushka—what relation is she to him?”

“我们在树林里遇到的那个女孩——安努什卡——和他是什么关系啊？”

Erofay looked at me over his shoulder, and grinned all over his face.

叶罗费伊回头看了看我，咧着嘴笑了笑。

"He, he!…yes, they are relations. She is an orphan; she has no mother, and it's not even known who her mother was. But she must be a relation; she's too much like him… Anyway, she lives with him. She's a smart girl, there's no denying; a good girl; and as for the old man, she's simply the apple of his eye; she's a good girl. And, do you know, you wouldn't believe it, but do you know, he's managed to teach Annushka to read? Well, well! that's quite like him; he's such an extraordinary fellow, such a changeable fellow; there's no reckoning on him, really… Eh! eh! eh!” My coachman suddenly interrupted himself, and stopping the horses, he bent over on one side and began sniffing. "Isn't there a smell of burning? Yes! Why, that new axle, I do declare!… I thought I'd greased it… We must get on to some water; why, here is a puddle, just right.”

“他，他！对，他们是亲戚。她是个孤儿，她没有妈妈，甚至都不知道自己的妈妈是谁。但是她应该是个亲戚吧，她和他太像了……不管怎样，她和他住。她是个聪明的姑娘，这不可否认，一个好姑娘，对那老头来说，她简直就是他的掌上明珠，她是个好姑娘。还有，您知道吗，您都不会相信，但是您知道吗，他还想教安努什卡识字呢？唉，唉！这

可真像他，他就是那么个特别的家伙，那么反复无常的家伙，这人可说不准啊，真的……吁！吁！吁！”马车夫突然不说话了，让马停了下来，他朝一边弯下身，闻了闻。“是不是有股焦味？对！是那个新的车轴，我就说嘛！……我还以为我给它上够油了呢……我们得去弄点水，哦，这里有个水坑，正好。”

And Erofay slowly got off his seat, untied the pail, went to the pool, and coming back, listened with a certain satisfaction to the hissing of the box of the wheel as the water suddenly touched it… Six times during some eight miles he had to pour water on the smouldering axle, and it was quite evening when we got home at last.

叶罗费伊慢慢地从座位上下来，解下了水桶，去了水塘，又回来了，带着某种满足感听着轮毂突然碰到水发出的嘶嘶声……在大约八英里的路上，他就给烧得冒烟的车轴浇了六次水，我们最后到家的时候已经很晚了。

CHAPTER X The Agent

第十章 总管

Twelve miles from my place lives an acquaintance of mine, a landowner and a retired officer in the Guards—Arkady Pavlitch Pyenotchkin. He has a great deal of game on his estate, a house built after the design of a French architect, and servants dressed after the English fashion; he gives capital dinners, and a cordial reception to visitors, and, with all that, one goes to see him reluctantly. He is a sensible and practical man, has received the excellent education now usual, has been in the service, mixed in the highest society, and is now devoting himself to his estate with great success. Arkady Pavlitch is, to judge by his own words, severe but just; he looks after the good of the peasants under his control and punishes them—for their good. "One has to treat them like children," he says on such occasions; "their ignorance, mon cher; il faut prendre cela en consideration." When this so-called painful necessity arises, he eschews all sharp or violent gestures, and prefers not to raise his voice, but with a straight blow in the culprit's face, says calmly, "I believe I asked you to do something, my friend?" or "What is the matter, my boy? what are you thinking about?" while he sets his teeth a little, and the corners of his mouth are drawn. He is not tall, but has an elegant figure, and is very good-looking; his hands and nails are kept perfectly exquisite; his rosy cheeks and lips are simply the picture of health. He has a ringing, light-hearted laugh, and there is sometimes a very genial twinkle in his clear brown eyes. He dresses in excellent taste; he orders French books, prints, and papers, though he's no great lover of reading himself: he has hardly as much as waded through the Wandering Jew. He plays cards in masterly style. Altogether, Arkady Pavlitch is reckoned one of the most cultivated gentlemen and most eligible matches in our province; the ladies are perfectly wild over him, and especially admire his manners. He is wonderfully well conducted, wary as a cat, and has never from his cradle been mixed up in any scandal, though he is fond of making his power felt, intimidating or snubbing a nervous man, when he gets a chance. He has a positive distaste for doubtful society—he is afraid of compromising himself; in his lighter moments, however, he will avow himself a follower of Epicurus, though as a rule he speaks slightingly of philosophy, calling it the foggy food fit for German brains, or at times, simply, rot. He is fond of music too; at the card-table he is given to humming through his teeth, but with feeling; he knows by heart some snatches from Lucia and Somnambula, but he is always apt to sing everything a little

sharp. The winters he spends in Petersburg. His house is kept in extraordinarily good order; the very grooms feel his influence, and every day not only rub the harness and brush their coats, but even wash their faces. Arkady Pavlitch's house-serfs have, it is true, something of a hang-dog look; but among us Russians there's no knowing what is sullenness and what is sleepiness. Arkady Pavlitch speaks in a soft, agreeable voice, with emphasis and, as it were, with satisfaction; he brings out each word through his handsome perfumed moustaches; he uses a good many French expressions too, such as: Mais c'est impayable! Mais comment donc! and so on. For all that, I, for one, am never over-eager to visit him, and if it were not for the grouse and the partridges, I should probably have dropped his acquaintance altogether. One is possessed by a strange sort of uneasiness in his house; the very comfort is distasteful to one, and every evening when a befrizzed valet makes his appearance in a blue livery with heraldic buttons, and begins, with cringing servility, drawing off one's boots, one feels that if his pale, lean figure could suddenly be replaced by the amazingly broad cheeks and incredibly thick nose of a stalwart young labourer fresh from the plough, who has yet had time in his ten months of service to tear his new nankin coat open at every seam, one would be unutterably overjoyed, and would gladly run the risk of having one's whole leg pulled off with the boot…

在离我住所十二英里远的地方，住着我的一个熟人，他是一个地主，也是护卫队的退休军官——他就是阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇·佩诺奇金。他领地上有很多野味，房屋是按照一个法国建筑师的设计建造的，仆人们都穿着英式服装，他对吃饭很讲究，待客也很热情，但即便如此，人们还是不大情愿去拜访他。他是个明智而务实的人，像很多人一样，受过良好的教育；他服过役，在上流社会厮混过，现在致力于经营自己的产业，而且取得了很大的成功。阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇，用他自己的话说，为人严厉而公正，他关心自己手下农民们的福祉，惩罚他们也是为了他们好。“你得像对孩子似的对他们，”在这种场合下他说，“他们无知，亲爱的，必须注意到这一点。”当那些所谓的不可避免的不悦发生时，他总是避免所有过激的或暴力的动作，也不喜欢提高嗓门，而是用手直指着犯错的人的脸，平静地说：“我想我曾要求过你去做什么事情吧，我的朋友？”或是“怎么回事啊，我的伙计？你在想什么啊？”这时候他总是轻轻地咬着牙齿，撇着嘴。他个子不高，但是体态优雅，相貌也很不错，他的双手和指甲都保持得非常整洁，脸颊和嘴唇都比较红润，看上去非常健康。他的笑声洪亮而爽朗，那双清澈的褐色眼睛里有时闪现着亲切的光芒。他穿着很有品位，还订阅法国书籍、画册和报纸，尽管他自己并不是个好读书的人，那本《流浪的犹太人》他费了很大力气才读完了。他打扑克却很厉害。总之，阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇算得上是我们省最有教养的绅士，也是最合适的择偶对象了，女士们都为他痴狂，尤其倾慕他的仪态。他举止得体，就像猫似的谨慎小心，从来都没有被卷入过任何丑

闻，虽然有机会的时候，他也喜欢让别人感受下他的威力，喜欢恐吓或斥责胆怯的人。他很反感同不正派的人交往，因为害怕连累到自己的名声；可是，当他高兴的时候，他会自称为伊壁鸠鲁的追随者，尽管他在谈到哲学时通常语带轻蔑，称其为德国人哲人们虚无的食粮，有时还直接称其为废话。他还喜欢音乐，在打牌的时候常常会有感情地低声哼唱，他记得《露契亚》和《梦游女》的一些唱段，但总是把每首歌都唱得高一个调。每逢冬天，他就到彼得堡去。他的房子收拾得异常整齐，连马车夫们也受他的影响，他们每天不仅擦马具，刷上衣，甚至还洗脸。阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇的家奴，确实都有点愁眉苦脸的，但在我们俄国，人们分不清什么是情绪低落，什么是睡眼惺忪。阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇说话时，声音温柔悦耳、抑扬顿挫，可以说是带着满足感，一个字一个字从他那漂亮的、洒满香水的小胡子里蹦出来，他还常用很多法语的词句，例如："真有趣！""可不是！"等等。由于这种种原因，就我来说，我向来都不喜欢去拜访他，要不是他那里有松鸡和山鹑，我很可能已经同他完全断绝来往了。在他家里，你会产生一种奇怪的不安感，即使生活很舒适，你也不喜欢，每天晚上，当一个卷发的贴身男仆，穿着带有纹章纽扣的蓝色制服出现在你面前，卑躬屈膝地为你脱下靴子时，你会觉得，假使这个苍白而消瘦的人，突然换成一个颧骨宽得惊人、鼻子粗得令人难以置信的健壮年轻劳工（这个人刚犁田回来，在他服侍的这十个月中，一定能把那件新土布外套撕个破烂），那你会感到说不出的狂喜，即使他可能会把你的整条腿同靴子一起拽下来，你也乐意冒险……

In spite of my aversion for Arkady Pavlitch, I once happened to pass a night in his house. The next day I ordered my carriage to be ready early in the morning, but he would not let me start without a regular breakfast in the English style, and conducted me into his study. With our tea they served us cutlets, boiled eggs, butter, honey, cheese, and so on. Two footmen in clean white gloves swiftly and silently anticipated our faintest desires. We sat on a Persian divan. Arkady Pavlitch was arrayed in loose silk trousers, a black velvet smoking jacket, a red fez with a blue tassel, and yellow Chinese slippers without heels. He drank his tea, laughed, scrutinised his finger-nails, propped himself up with cushions, and was altogether in an excellent humour. After making a hearty breakfast with obvious satisfaction, Arkady Pavlitch poured himself out a glass of red wine, lifted it to his lips, and suddenly frowned.

尽管我对阿尔及卡·帕夫雷奇很反感，但我曾碰巧在他家住了一夜。第二天，我一大早就吩咐备好我的四轮马车，但是他让我吃了例行的英式早餐再出发，于是便带我进了他的书房。仆人给我们端上来茶，还有肉饼、水煮蛋、黄油、蜂蜜、奶酪等等。两个戴着白手套的男仆，不声不响地揣摩着我们的种种细微需求，利索地服侍着。我们坐在一张波斯式的长沙发上。阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇穿着一条宽松的丝绸裤，一件黑色天鹅绒便服，头戴一顶有蓝色流苏的红色土耳其式毡帽，脚蹬着一双平跟的中国式黄拖鞋。他喝着茶，脸上带着笑意，细细地察看自己的指甲，

靠着坐垫，总之，一副悠然自得的样子。享用完丰盛的早餐后，阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇显然很满足，为自己斟了一杯红酒，把杯子抬到了自己的嘴唇边，突然皱了皱眉头。

"Why was not the wine warmed?" he asked rather sharply of one of the footmen.

“为什么不把酒温一温？”他厉声责问其中一个男仆。

The footman stood stock-still in confusion, and turned white.

那个男仆一动不动地站着，不知所措，脸色发白。

"Didn't I ask you a question, my friend?" Arkady Pavlitch resumed tranquilly, never taking his eyes off the man.

“我亲爱的朋友，我在问你话呢！”阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇继续平静地说，眼睛一直盯着那个人。

The luckless footman fidgeted in his place, twisted the napkin, and uttered not a word.

那个不幸的男仆局促不安地站在那里，拧着餐巾，一句话也不说。

Arkady Pavlitch dropped his head and looked up at him thoughtfully from under his eyelids.

阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇低下了头，翻着眼皮若有所思地抬头看了看他。

"Pardon, mon cher", he observed, patting my knee amicably, and again he stared at the footman. "You can go," he added, after a short silence, raising his eyebrows, and he rang the bell.

“失礼了，我的朋友。”他友善地拍了拍我的膝说道，然后又盯着那个男仆，“你去吧。”他沉默了一小会儿之后，又补充了一句，然后扬起眉毛，按了按铃。

A stout, swarthy, black-haired man, with a low forehead, and eyes positively lost in fat, came into the room.

屋里走进来一个又胖又黑的人，他满头黑发，低额门，双眼完全陷进肥肉里。

"About Fyodor… make the necessary arrangements," said Arkady Pavlitch in an undertone, and with complete composure.

“关于费多尔……做一些必要的安排。”阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇十分镇静地低声说。

"Yes, sir," answered the fat man, and he went out.

“是，先生。”那个胖子答道，然后便出去了。

"Voila, mon cher, les desagrements de la campagne," Arkady Pavlitch remarked gaily. "But where are you off to? Stop, you must

stay a little."

“瞧，亲爱的先生，这就是乡下生活的不愉快之处。”阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇愉快地说，“您要去哪里呀？等一下，您再多呆一会儿吧。”

"No," I answered; "it's time I was off.”

“不了，”我答道，“我该走了。”

"Nothing but sport! Oh, you sportsmen! And where are you going to shoot just now?"

“就知道打猎！唉，你们这些猎人！您眼下要去哪里打猎呢？”

"Thirty-five miles from here, at Ryabovo.”

“离这里有三十五英里远，在里亚博沃。”

"Ryabovo? By Jove! now in that case I will come with you. Ryabovo's only four miles from my village Shipilovka, and it's a long while since I've been over to Shipilovka; I've never been able to get the time. Well, this is a piece of luck: you can spend the day shooting in Ryabovo and come on in the evening to me. We'll have supper together—we'll take the cook with us, and you'll stay the night with me. Capital! capital!" he added without waiting for my answer.

“里亚博沃？啊，天哪！既然是这样的话，我和您一起去。里亚博沃离我的希皮洛夫卡村只有四英里，我很长时间没去过希皮洛夫卡了，我总是抽不出时间来。嘿，这次真巧，您可以白天在里亚博沃打猎，晚上来找我。我们一起吃晚餐，我们把厨师也带上，您晚上住在我那里。太好了！太好了！”他没等我答复就接着说。

"C'est arrange…. Hey, you there! Have the carriage brought out, and look sharp. You have never been in Shipilovka? I should be ashamed to suggest your putting up for the night in my agent's cottage, but you're not particular, I know, and at Ryabovo you'd have slept in some hayloft… We will go, we will go!”

“一切都会安排好的……嘿，你！把四轮马车牵出来，赶快。您从没到过希皮洛夫卡吧？我真不好意思请您到我家总管的小屋里过夜，但是您并不挑剔，我知道，在里亚博沃你还在某个干草棚里睡过呢……我们走吧，我们走吧！”

And Arkady Pavlitch hummed some French song.

接着，阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇哼起了一首法国歌曲。

"You don't know, I dare say," he pursued, swaying from side to side; "I've some peasants there who pay rent. It's the custom of the place—what was I to do? They pay their rent very punctually, though. I should, I'll own, have put them back to payment in labour, but there's so little land. I really wonder how they manage to make both

ends meet. However, c'est leur affaire. My agent there's a fine fellow, une forte tete, a man of real administrative power! You shall see… Really, how luckily things have turned out!”

“我想您大概不知道，”他左摇右摆地继续说道，“我在那里有一些交代役租的农民。这是地方的规矩，我能怎样呢？不过，他们交租倒是挺准时的。我承认，我早想让他们改回交劳役租了，但是地太少了。我真是很奇怪，他们是怎么收支平衡的。不管怎样，这是他们的事。那边的总管是个很好的家伙，一个聪明人，一个真正有管理能力的人！您看见了就会知道……真的，真是太巧了！”

There was no help for it. Instead of nine o'clock in the morning, we started at two in the afternoon. Sportsmen will sympathise with my impatience. Arkady Pavlitch liked, as he expressed it, to be comfortable when he had the chance, and he took with him such a supply of linen, dainties, wearing apparel, perfumes, pillows and dressing-cases of all sorts, that a careful and self-denying German would have found enough to last him for a year. Every time we went down a steep hill, Arkady Pavlitch addressed some brief but powerful remarks to the coachman, from which I was able to deduce that my worthy friend was a thorough coward. The journey was, however, performed in safety, except that, in crossing a lately-repaired bridge, the trap with the cook in it broke down, and he got squeezed in the stomach against the hind-wheel.

没有办法。本来我该早上九点就出门的，结果我们到了中午两点才出发。打猎的人能够体会到我焦急的心情。阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇就像他所说的一样，喜欢趁机享乐，他带了一批亚麻布、美食、衣服、香水、枕头，还有各种化妆盒，这些东西够一个谨慎克己的德国人用上一年了。我们每次驶下斜坡时，阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇就要对马车夫简短有力地叮嘱一番，由此我可以断定，我的这位可敬的朋友是个十足的胆小鬼。然而，这次旅行非常平安，只是在过一座刚修好的桥时，厨师所坐的那辆马车翻倒了，后轮挤压到了他的腹部。

Arkady Pavlitch was alarmed in earnest at the sight of the fall of Karem, his home-made professor of the culinary art, and he sent at once to inquire whether his hands were injured. On receiving a reassuring reply to this query, his mind was set at rest immediately. With all this, we were rather a long time on the road; I was in the same carriage as Arkady Pavlitch, and towards the end of the journey I was a prey to deadly boredom, especially as in a few hours my companion ran perfectly dry of subjects of conversation, and even fell to expressing his liberal views on politics. At last we did arrive—not at Ryabovo, but at Shipilovka; it happened so somehow. I could have got no shooting now that day in any case, and so, raging inwardly, I submitted to my fate.

阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇看见他的厨艺大师——卡列姆摔下来很是惊慌，立刻叫人去询问他的手伤到了没有。得知厨师的手没有受伤，他马上就放松了下来。因为这件事，我们在路上走了很久，我和阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇坐同一辆马车，行程接近尾声的时候我无聊得要命，特别是几个小时过去后，我的同伴完全不知道聊什么话题了，甚至都开始发表他政治上自由主义的观点了。我们终于到了，但不是到了里亚博沃，而是到了希皮洛夫卡，不知怎么成了这样。无论如何，这天我是没法打猎了，所以我心里很愤怒，但也只能认命了。

The cook had arrived a few minutes before us, and apparently had had time to arrange things and prepare those whom it concerned, for on our very entrance within the village boundaries we were met by the village bailiff (the agent's son), a stalwart, red-haired peasant of seven feet; he was on horseback, bareheaded, and wearing a new overcoat, not buttoned up. "And where's Sofron?" Arkady Pavlitch asked him. The bailiff first jumped nimbly off his horse, bowed to his master till he was bent double, and said: "Good health to you, Arkady Pavlitch, sir!" then raised his head, shook himself, and announced that Sofron had gone to Perov, but they had sent after him.

那个厨师比我们早到了几分钟，很显然他已经把事情都安排好了，通知了有关的人，我们一进村子，村长（那个总管的儿子）就过来迎接我们，他是个身材高大、体格健壮、一头红发的农民，他骑着马，没戴帽子，穿着新外套，敞着衣襟。“索夫龙在哪里？”阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇问他。村长先敏捷地跳下马，朝他的主人鞠了个躬，腰弯得都要打对折了，说道：“您好，阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇老爷！”然后抬起头，抖了抖身子，报告说索夫龙去了彼罗夫，不过已经派人去叫他了。

"Well, come along after us," said Arkady Pavlitch. The bailiff deferentially led his horse to one side, clambered on to it, and followed the carriage at a trot, his cap in his hand. We drove through the village. A few peasants in empty carts happened to meet us; they were driving from the threshing-floor and singing songs, swaying backwards and forwards, and swinging their legs in the air; but at the sight of our carriage and the bailiff they were suddenly silent, took off their winter caps (it was summer-time) and got up as though waiting for orders. Arkady Pavlitch nodded to them graciously. A flutter of excitement had obviously spread through the hamlet. Peasant women in check petticoats flung splinters of wood at indiscreet or over-zealous dogs; an old lame man with a beard that began just under his eyes pulled a horse away from the well before it had drunk, gave it, for some obscure reason, a blow on the side, and fell to bowing low. Boys in long smocks ran with a howl to the huts, flung themselves on their bellies on the high door-sills, with their heads down and legs in the air, rolled over with the utmost haste into the dark outer rooms, from which they did not reappear again. Even the hens sped in a

hurried scuttle to the turning; one bold cock with a black throat like a satin waistcoat and a red tail, rumpled up to his very comb, stood his ground in the road, and even prepared for a crow, then suddenly took fright and scuttled off too. The agent's cottage stood apart from the rest in the middle of a thick green patch of hemp. We stopped at the gates. Mr. Pyenotchkin got up, flung off his cloak with a picturesque motion, and got out of the carriage, looking affably about him. The agent's wife met us with low curtseys, and came up to kiss the master's hand. Arkady Pavlitch let her kiss it to her heart's content, and mounted the steps. In the outer room, in a dark corner, stood the bailiff's wife, and she too curtsied, but did not venture to approach his hand. In the cold hut, as it is called—to the right of the outer room—two other women were still busily at work; they were carrying out all the rubbish, empty tubs, sheepskins stiff as boards, greasy pots, a cradle with a heap of dish-clouts and a baby covered with spots, and sweeping out the dirt with bathbrooms. Arkady Pavlitch sent them away, and installed himself on a bench under the holy pictures. The coachmen began bringing in the trunks, bags, and other conveniences, trying each time to subdue the noise of their heavy boots.

“好，跟我们来吧。”阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇说。村长恭敬地把马牵到一边，爬上马，让马小跑着跟在我们的马车后面，手里拿着帽子。我们的马车从村子里驶过。几个坐在空马车里的农民碰巧遇到了我们，他们是从打谷场来的，边唱着歌，边前后摇晃，腿悬在空中晃动着，但是一看到我们的马车和村长，他们就突然变得安静下来，摘下了他们的冬帽（那时是夏天），直起了身子，好像在听候命令。阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇向他们亲切地点了点头。显然，一种激动不安的气氛传遍了这个小村庄。穿着格子裙子的农妇，朝那些轻举妄动的或过分热情的狗扔木片；一个瘸腿老头，从眼睛底下起全是胡子，他从井边把一头还没喝够水的马拉开，不知为什么，朝它的肚子上打了一拳，然后朝我们深深地鞠了个躬。穿着长罩衫的小男孩们，都怒吼着朝小屋跑去，猛地趴在了高高的门坎上，低下头，翘起双腿，急匆匆地滚进了黑乎乎的外屋里，然后就再也没有出现过。就连母鸡都加快速度，匆忙地躲到转角处；一只大胆的公鸡，长着黑色的脖子，就像穿着件绸缎马甲似的，红色的尾巴都翘到自己的冠上去了，它仍旧站在路上，本来准备啼叫，然后突然害怕起来，也逃跑了。总管家的屋子与其他人家分离开来，坐落在一块茂密的、绿油油的大麻地里。我们在大门口停了下来。佩诺奇金先生站起了身，帅气地脱下了披风，从马车上下来，然后和蔼可亲地环顾着四周。总管的媳妇来迎接我们，低低地行了个屈膝礼，又上前来亲吻主人的手。阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇让她吻了个够，然后走上了台阶。在外屋一个黑暗的角落里，站着村长的媳妇，她也行了屈膝礼，但是不敢去碰他的手。在所谓的凉棚里——在外屋的右边——另外两个女人仍在忙碌地干活，她们把所有的垃圾、空桶、像木板一样僵硬的羊皮、油腻腻的盆盆罐罐，以及摇篮都搬了出去，摇篮里放着一堆破布，还有一个盖着花点布的婴儿，然后用浴室的扫帚扫着尘土。阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇把她们赶了

出去，自己坐到了圣像下面的长椅上。马车夫们开始把大衣箱、包，还有其他方便的用具搬进来，每次都尽力降低他们那沉重的靴子发出的响声。

Meantime Arkady Pavlitch began questioning the bailiff about the crops, the sowing, and other agricultural subjects. The bailiff gave satisfactory answers, but spoke with a sort of heavy awkwardness, as though he were buttoning up his coat with benumbed fingers. He stood at the door and kept looking round on the watch to make way for the nimble footman. Behind his powerful shoulders I managed to get a glimpse of the agent's wife in the outer room surreptitiously belabouring some other peasant woman. Suddenly a cart rumbled up and stopped at the steps; the agent came in.

同时，阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇问了问村长关于收成、播种和其他农事的情况。村长的答复让人很满意，但说话间却带着一种很笨拙的感觉，仿佛用冻僵的手指扣外套的纽扣一样。他站在门口，一直留心张望着，给动作麻利的男仆让道。从他强壮的肩膀后面，我瞥到了总管的媳妇正在外屋偷偷地痛打另外一个农妇。忽然传来了隆隆的马车声，马车在台阶前停了下来，总管走了进来。

This man, as Arkady Pavlitch said, of real administrative power, was short, broad-shouldered, grey, and thick-set, with a red nose, little blue eyes, and a beard of the shape of a fan. We may observe, by the way, that ever since Russia has existed, there has never yet been an instance of a man who has grown rich and prosperous without a big, bushy beard; sometimes a man may have had a thin, wedge-shape beard all his life; but then he begins to get one all at once, it is all round his face like a halo—one wonders where the hair has come from! The agent must have been making merry at Perov: his face was unmistakably flushed, and there was a smell of spirits about him.

据阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇所说，这个人具有真正的管理能力，他个头不高、肩宽阔膀、头发灰白、身型魁梧，长着个红鼻子，一双蓝色的小眼睛，还留着一把呈扇形的胡子。我要顺便说一句，自从俄国建立以来，国内还没有过哪个发财发福的人，没有一大把浓密的胡子；有的人一辈子都只有一把稀疏的楔形胡子，但是之后突然长出一大把胡子，满脸都是，就像个光环一样——真不知道这些毛发是从哪里冒出来的！总管肯定是去彼罗夫寻欢作乐了，他的脸很红，身上还有一股酒味。

"Ah, our father, our gracious benefactor!" he began in a sing-song voice, and with a face of such deep feeling that it seemed every minute as if he would burst into tears; "at last you have graciously deigned to come to us… your hand, your honour's hand," he added, his lips protruded in anticipation. Arkady Pavlitch gratified his desire. "Well, brother Sofron, how are things going with you?" he asked in a friendly voice.

“啊，我们的老爷，我们的大恩人呀！”他开始说道，音调像是在唱歌，脸上的表情很深情，好像随时都会迸出泪来似的，“您终于赏光来我们这里了啊……您的手，老爷的手。”他边说着，嘴唇早就撅起来了。阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇满足了他的心愿。“嘿，索夫龙老弟，你这里情况怎样啊？”他语气温和地问道。

"Ah, you, our father!" cried Soforn; "how should they go ill? how should things go ill, now that you, our father, our benefactor, graciously deign to lighten our poor village with your presence, to make us happy till the day of our death！ Thank the Lord for thee, Arkady Pavlitch! thank the Lord for thee! All is right by your gracious favour."

“啊，您哪，我们的老爷啊！”索夫龙大叫道，“情况怎么差得了呢？情况怎么差得了啊，现在您，我们的亲老爷，我们的大恩人，您的大驾光临让我们这个小村子蓬荜生辉啊，给我们带来一辈子的福分啊！上帝保佑您，阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇！上帝保佑您！托您的福，一切都很顺利。”

At this point Sofron paused, gazed upon his master, and, as though carried away by a rush of feeling (tipsiness had its share in it too), begged once more for his hand, and whined more than before.

说到这里，索夫龙顿了顿，望着他的主人，然后好像情绪又激动起来（酒兴也在发作），再次请求吻他的手，比之前更拿腔拿调了。

"Ah, you, our father, benefactor… and… There, God bless me! I'm a regular fool with delight… God bless me! I look and can't believe my eyes! Ah, our father!”

“啊，您啊，我们的亲老爷啊，大恩人……啊……哎，上帝保佑我啊！我都高兴傻了……上帝保佑我啊！我看见了都不敢相信我的眼睛啊！啊，我们的亲老爷啊！”

Arkady Pavlitch glanced at me, smiled, and asked: "N'est-ce pas que c'est touchant?”

阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇看了我一眼，笑了笑，问道：“这不是很动人吗？”

"But, Arkady Pavlitch, your honour," resumed the indefatigable agent; "what are you going to do? You'll break my heart, your honour; your honour didn't graciously let me know of your visit. Where are you to put up for the night? You see here it's dirty, nasty.”

“不过，阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇老爷，”那不知疲倦的总管又说道，“您要做什么啊？您真叫我伤心啊，老爷，老爷您要光临也没通知我。您今晚在哪里留宿啊？您瞧这里又脏又乱的。”

"Nonsense, Sofron, nonsense!" Arkady Pavlitch responded, with a smile; "it's all right here.”

“胡说，索夫龙，胡说！”阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇笑了笑回答说，“这里挺好的。”

"But, our father, all right—for whom? For peasants like us it's all right; but for you… oh, our father, our gracious protector! oh, you… our father!… Pardon an old fool like me; I'm off my head, bless me! I'm gone clean crazy.”

“但是，我们的亲老爷啊，挺好——对谁来说挺好？对我们这样的农民挺好，但是对您来说……啊，我们的亲老爷啊，我们的恩人啊！哦，您……我们的亲老爷啊！原谅我这个老傻瓜，我都神志不清了，保佑我啊！我完全疯了。”

Meanwhile supper was served; Arkady Pavlitch began to eat. The old man packed his son off, saying he smelt too strong.

这个时候，晚餐已经准备好了，阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇开始用餐了。老头子把他的儿子赶了出去，说是他身上味道太大了。

"Well, settled the division of land, old chap, hey?" enquired Mr. Pyenotchkin, obviously trying to imitate the peasant speech, with a wink to me.

“喂，地界划定了吗，老伙计，嗯？”佩诺奇金先生问道，很明显，他在试着模仿农民讲话的语气，还朝我眨了眨眼。

"We've settled the land shares, your honour; all by your gracious favour. Day before yesterday the list was made out. The Hlinovsky folks made themselves disagreeable about it at first… they were disagreeable about it, certainly. They wanted this… and they wanted that… and God knows what they didn't want! but they're a set of fools, your honour!—an ignorant lot. But we, your honour, graciously please you, gave an earnest of our gratitude, and satisfied Nikolai Nikolaitch, the mediator; we acted in everything according to your orders, your honour; as you graciously ordered, so we did, and nothing did we do unbeknown to Yegor Dmitritch.”

“我们划分好土地了，老爷，全是托您的福啊。前天就把清单开好了。赫雷诺夫的那些人一开始还不乐意……真的，他们不乐意。他们要这样……要那样……上帝才知道他们不要什么！不过他们都是一群傻瓜，老爷！都是一群白痴。而我们，老爷，托您的福，我们表示了一下，给了中间人米科莱·米科拉伊奇一点好处，我们都是遵照您的指令行事的，老爷，您怎么吩咐，我们就怎么干，我们做的事情，叶戈尔·德米特里奇都知道。”

"Yegor reported to me," Arkady Pavlitch remarked with dignity.

“叶戈尔向我汇报了。”阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇威严地说道。

"To be sure, your honour, Yegor Dmitritch, to be sure."

“当然，老爷，叶戈尔·德米特里奇当然会汇报。”

"Well, then, now I suppose you 're satisfied.”

“喂，那么，我想你们现在都满意了吧。”

Sofron had only been waiting for this.

索夫龙就等着这句话呢。

"Ah, you are our father, our benefactor!" he began, in the same sing-song as before. "Indeed, now, your honour… why, for you, our father, we pray day and night to God Almighty… There's too little land, of course…”

“啊，您是我们的亲老爷，我们的恩人啊！”他又像之前一样用唱歌似的音调开始说了起来，“确实啊，老爷……哎呀，我们的亲老爷，为了您，我们日日日夜夜都在向全能的上帝祈祷啊……土地嘛，自然是少了一点……”

Pyenotchkin cut him short.

佩诺奇金打断了他的话。

"There, that'll do, that'll do, Sofron; I know you're eager in my service…. Well, and how goes the threshing?”

“哦，好啦，好啦，索夫龙，我知道你是我衷心仆人……那么，谷子打得怎么样了？”

Sofron sighed.

索夫龙叹了口气。

"Well, our father, the threshing's none too good. But there, your honour, Arkady Pavlitch, let me tell you about a little matter that came to pass." (Here he came closer to Mr. Pyenotchkin, with his arms apart, bent down, and screwed up one eye.) "There was a dead body found on our land."

“唉，我们的亲老爷啊，谷子打得不好。但是，阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇老爷，让我给您报告一下发生的那件小事吧。（讲到这里，他走近佩诺奇金先生，摊开双手，弯下身子，眯起了一只眼睛。）在我们的地里发现了一具尸体。”

"How was that?"

“怎么回事？”

"I can't think myself, your honour; it seems like the doing of the evil one. But, luckily, it was found near the boundary; on our side of it, to tell the truth. I ordered them to drag it on to the neighbour's strip of land at once, while it was still possible, and set a watch there, and sent word round to our folks. 'Mum's the word,' says I. But I

explained how it was to the police officer in case of the worst. 'You see how it was,' says I; and of course I had to treat him and slip some notes into his hand… Well, what do you say, your honour? We shifted the burden on to other shoulders; you see a dead body's a matter of two hundred roubles, as sure as ninepence.”

“我也想不明白啊，老爷，看起来像是坏人干的。不过，幸亏是在靠近边界的地方发现的，老实说，是在我们这边。我趁别人还没有发现，马上派人把它拖到了旁边的那块地上，还派了个人盯着，叮嘱了自己人。‘不准声张。’我说。但为了以防万一，我还是给警官说了是怎么回事，‘您瞧就是这样。’我说；当然了，我还得给他点好处，往他手里塞了点钞票……嗯，您说呢，老爷？我们把责任推到了别人身上了，您瞧，本来处理一桩死尸要两百卢布，现在九便士就搞定了。”

Mr. Pyenotchkin laughed heartily at his agent's cunning, and said several times to me, indicating him with a nod, "Quel gaillard, eh!"

佩诺奇金先生为总管的精明开怀大笑，好几次边对他点头，边对我说：“多么能干的人啊，是吧！”

Meantime it was quite dark out of doors; Arkady Pavlitch ordered the table to be cleared, and hay to be brought in. The valet spread out sheets for us, and arranged pillows; we lay down. Sofron retired after receiving his instructions for the next day. Arkady Pavlitch, before falling asleep, talked a little more about the first-rate qualities of the Russian peasant, and at that point made the observation that since Sofron had had the management of the place, the Shipilovka peasants had never been one farthing in arrears… The watchman struck his board; a baby, who apparently had not yet had time to be imbued with a sentiment of dutiful self-abnegation, began crying somewhere in the cottage… we fell asleep.

这时候天完全黑了，阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇吩咐收拾餐桌，拿干草来。贴身男仆为我们铺好了床单，放好了枕头，我们便躺了下来。索夫龙接到第二天的指令后就退下了。阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇在睡觉之前，还谈了一会儿俄国农民的优秀品质，说到那里，还告诉我，自从索夫龙掌管这个地方以来，希皮洛夫卡村的农民不曾欠过一分钱的租金……巡夜人敲起了梆子，有一个婴儿在屋子里的某个地方哭了起来，显然他还没养成应有的自我克制力……我们睡着了。

The next morning we got up rather early; I was getting ready to start for Ryabovo, but Arkady Pavlitch was anxious to show me his estate, and begged me to remain. I was not averse myself to seeing more of the first-rate qualities of that man of administrative power—Sofron—in their practical working. The agent made his appearance. He wore a blue loose coat, tied round the waist with a red handkerchief. He talked much less than on the previous evening, kept an alert, intent eye on his master's face, and gave connected and

sensible answers. We set off with him to the threshing-floor. Sofron's son, the seven-foot bailiff, by every external sign a very slow-witted fellow, walked after us also, and we were joined farther on by the village constable, Fedosyitch, a retired soldier, with immense moustaches, and an extraordinary expression of face; he looked as though he had had some startling shock of astonishment a very long while ago, and had never quite got over it. We took a look at the threshing-floor, the barn, the corn-stacks, the outhouses, the windmill, the cattle-shed, the vegetables, and the hempfields; everything was, as a fact, in excellent order; only the dejected faces of the peasants rather puzzled me. Sofron had had an eye to the ornamental as well as the useful; he had planted all the ditches with willows, between the stacks he had made little paths to the threshing-floor and strewn them with fine sand; on the windmill he had constructed a weathercock of the shape of a bear with his jaws open and a red tongue sticking out; he had attached to the brick cattle-shed something of the nature of a Greek facade, and on it inscribed in white letters: "Construt in the village Shipilovky 1 thousand eight Hunderd farthieth year. This cattle-shed.” Arkady Pavlitch was quite touched, and fell to expatiating in French to me upon the advantages of the system of rent-payment, adding, however, that labour-dues came more profitable to the owner—"but, after all, that wasn't everything.” He began giving the agent advice how to plant his potatoes, how to prepare cattle-food, and so on. Sofron heard his master's remarks out with attention, sometimes replied, but did not now address Arkady Pavlitch as his father, or his benefactor, and kept insisting that there was too little land; that it would be a good thing to buy more. "Well, buy some then," said Arkady Pavlitch; "I've no objection; in my name, of course.” To this Sofron made no reply; he merely stroked his beard. "And now it would be as well to ride down to the copse," observed Mr. Pyenotchkin. Saddle-horses were led out to us at once; we went off to the copse, or, as they call it about us, the "enclosure". In this "enclosure" we found thick undergrowth and abundance of wild game, for which Arkady Pavlitch applauded Sofron and clapped him on the shoulder. In regard to forestry, Arkady Pavlitch clung to the Russian ideas, and told me on that subject an amusing—in his words—anecdote, of how a jocose landowner had given his forester a good lesson by pulling out nearly half his beard, by way of a proof that growth is none the thicker for being cut back. In other matters, however, neither Sofron nor Arkady Pavlitch objected to innovations. On our return to the village, the agent took us to look at a winnowing machine he had recently ordered from Moscow. The winnowing machine did certainly work beautifully, but if Sofron had known what a disagreeable incident was in store for him and his master on this last

excursion, he would doubtless have stopped at home with us.

第二天，我们起得相当早，我已经准备好启程去里亚博沃了，但阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇迫切地想给我看看他的领地，请求我留下来。我本人倒是不反对多见识一下，看看那个具有管理能力的人——索夫龙——实际上都有些什么优秀品质。总管来了。他穿着一件宽松的蓝色上衣，在腰上系着一条红带子。他的话比头天晚上少多了，机警而专心地盯着主人的脸，回答起问题来头头是道。我们和他一起去了打谷场。索夫龙的儿子，也就是那个身材高大的村长，从外表各个方面来看，都是个非常迟钝的人，他也跟随在我们后面，后来还有一个地保加入了我们，叫做费多谢伊奇，他是个退伍军人，长着一大把胡子，脸上的表情极为古怪，他看上去好像是很久以前受过什么惊吓，而且一直没有恢复过来。我们看了看打谷场、仓库、粮仓、库棚、风车房、牲口棚、蔬菜和大麻地，事实上，每一处都井井有条，只是那些农民们沮丧的脸让我很困惑。索夫龙既着眼于实用又讲究美观；所有的沟渠旁边都种了柳树；打谷场上的谷堆间都铺了小道，并在上面撒上了细沙；他在风车上装了一个风向标，形状就像一只张着嘴吐出红舌头的熊；他还在砖造的牲口棚上砌着一个希腊式的东西，上面用白色的字题写着："一千八百四十年建于希皮洛夫卡村。这个牲口棚。"阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇很是感动，开始用法语对我细说起代役租制的诸多好处，然而，又补充说，劳役租制对地主的好处更多——"不过，毕竟，那也不是全部。"他开始给总管出起了主意：怎么种土豆，怎么准备牲口的饲料，等等。索夫龙用心地听主人的话，有时也回应一下，但是这时并不称阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇为他的亲老爷，或他的大恩人了，而是一再强调地太少了，要是再买一些就好了。"嗯，那就买一些吧，"阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇说，"我不反对，当然了，得以我的名义。"索夫龙并没有回答这句话，只是捋了捋胡子。"那么现在不如骑马去杂树林吧。"佩诺奇金先生说道。立即就有人给我们牵来了坐骑，我们出发去了杂树林，或者，正如他们那里的人所说的"禁伐区"。在这个"禁伐区"里，我们看到了浓密的灌木和大量的野味，阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇为此称赞了索夫龙，还拍了拍他的肩。在林业方面，阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇抱着俄国人的观点，还告诉了我一件相关的趣事，用他的话说——轶事，说一个爱开玩笑的地主，为了开导他的护林人，把他将近一半的胡子给拔了，用以证明树林不会越砍长得越密。不过，在其他方面，不管是索夫龙还是阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇都不反对革新。我们回到村子以后，总管带着我们去看了看他最近才从莫斯科订到的扬谷器。那台扬谷器确实运行得很出色，但要是索夫龙知道，在这最后的一段行程中会有一件那么不愉快的事等着他和他的主人，那他肯定会和我们一起留在家里。

This was what happened. As we came out of the barn the following spectacle confronted us. A few paces from the door, near a filthy pool, in which three ducks were splashing unconcernedly, there stood two peasants—one an old man of sixty, the other, a lad of twenty—both in patched homespun shirts, barefoot, and with cord tied round their waists for belts. The village constable Fedosyitch was busily engaged with them, and would probably have succeeded in

inducing them to retire if we had lingered a little longer in the barn, but catching sight of us, he grew stiff all over, and seemed bereft of all sensation on the spot. Close by stood the bailiff gaping, his fists hanging irresolute. Arkady Pavlitch frowned, bit his lip, and went up to the suppliants. They both prostrated themselves at his feet in silence.

发生了这样一件事。我们从库棚出来时,看到了下面的景象。离门口几步远的地方，有三只鸭子正在一个脏兮兮的水坑里无忧无虑地拍着水，水坑旁边站着两个农民：一个是六十来岁的老头，另一个，则是二十来岁的小伙子，他们都穿着打补丁的土布衬衣，光着脚，腰间系着用来当皮带的绳子。地保费多谢伊奇正在忙着同他们周旋，要是我们在库棚里多消磨点时间的话，他或许就能成功地把他们劝走了，但是一看到我们，他就变得浑身僵硬起来，似乎当场丧失了所有的知觉。村长也在旁边站着，他大张着嘴，拳头踌躇不定地悬在那里。阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇皱了皱眉，咬了咬嘴唇，走到了那两个请愿者面前。他们默不作声地跪在了他的脚下。

"What do you want? What are you asking about?" he inquired in a stern voice, a little through his nose. (The peasants glanced at one another, and did not utter a syllable, only blinked a little as if the sun were in their faces, and their breathing came quicker.)

“你们想要什么？你们要请求什么？”他厉声问道，还带着一点鼻音。（两个农民互相看了对方一眼，一个字都没讲，只是稍微眨了眨眼睛，好像太阳照着他们的脸一样，他们的呼吸都开始变得急促起来。）

"Well, what is it?" Arkady Pavlitch said again; and turning at once to Sofron, "Of what family?"

“喂，怎么回事？”阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇又问道，然后马上转向索夫龙问，“哪家的？”

"The Tobolyev family," the agent answered slowly.

“托博列叶夫家的。”总管慢慢地答道。

"Well, what do you want?" Mr. Pyenotchkin said again; "have you lost your tongues, or what? Tell me, you, what is it you want?" he added, with a nod at the old man. "And don't be afraid, stupid.”

“喂，你们想要什么？”佩诺奇金先生再次问道，“你们是少了舌头，还是怎么回事啊？给我说吧，你，你要什么？”他朝着那个老人点了点头，补充道，“不要害怕，傻瓜。”

The old man craned forward his dark brown, wrinkled neck, opened his bluish twitching lips, and in a hoarse voice uttered the words, "Protect us, lord!" and again he bent his forehead to the earth. The young peasant prostrated himself too. Arkady Pavlitch looked at their bent necks with an air of dignity, threw back his head, and stood

with his legs rather wide apart. "What is it? Whom do you complain of?"

老头向前抬起他那深棕色的、皱巴巴的脖子，张开他那发青的、颤抖着的嘴唇，用沙哑的嗓音说出了几个字："救救我们吧，老爷！"再次在地上叩了个头。那个年轻的农民也拜倒在了地上。阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇威严地看着他们弯曲的脖子，把头一扬，双腿分开了些站着。"怎么了？你们要告诉谁的状？"

"Have mercy, lord! Let us breathe… We are crushed, worried, tormented to death quite." (The old man spoke with difficulty.)

"行行好啊，老爷！让我们喘口气吧……我们被压榨，被折磨，痛苦得都要死了。"（老头吃力地说。）

"Who worries you?"

"谁折磨你们了？"

"Sofron Yakovlitch, your honour."

"索夫龙·亚科夫利奇，老爷。"

Arkady Pavlitch was silent a minute.

阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇沉默了一会儿。

"What's your name?"

"你叫什么名字？"

"Antip, your honour."

"安季普，老爷。"

"And who's this?"

"这是谁？"

"My boy, your honour."

"我儿子，老爷。"

Arkady Pavlitch was silent again; he pulled his moustaches.

阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇又沉默了，他捋了捋自己的小胡子。

"Well! and how has he tormented you?" he began again, looking over his moustaches at the old man.

"哦！他是怎么折磨你的啊？"他又说道，越过他的小胡子看了看老头。

"Your honour, he has ruined us utterly. Two sons, your honour, he's sent for recruits out of turn, and now he is taking the third also. Yesterday, your honour, our last cow was taken from the yard, and my old wife was beaten by his worship here: that is all the pity he has for

us!” (He pointed to the bailiff.)

“老爷，他把我们全毁了。老爷，两个儿子还没轮到，就被他派去当兵了，现在他连三儿子也要夺走。老爷，昨天他把我们的最后一头母牛从院子里拉走了，我那老太婆还被这位阁下打了一顿，这都是他对我们干的好事！”（他指了指村长。）

"Hm!" commented Arkady Pavlitch.

“嗯！”阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇哼了一声。

"Let him not destroy us to the end, gracious protector!"

“别让他把我们都毁了啊，仁慈的恩人啊！”

Mr. Pyenotchkin scowled. "What's the meaning of this?" he asked the agent, in a low voice, with an air of displeasure.

佩诺奇金先生皱了皱眉。“这是什么意思啊？”他放低了声音，不高兴地问总管。

"He's a drunken fellow, sir," answered the agent, for the first time using this deferential address, "and lazy too. He's never been out of arrears this five years back, sir.”

“他是个醉鬼，先生，”总管答道，这是他第一次用这样恭敬的语气回话，“还懒得很。他欠了五年租了，先生。”

"Sofron Yakovlitch paid the arrears for me, your honour," the old man went on; "it's the fifth year's come that he's paid it, he's paid it—and he's brought me into slavery to him, your honour, and here—”

“老爷，索夫龙·亚科夫利奇替我交了租，”老头继续说，“这五年都是他交的，他交了租，就把我当作奴隶，老爷，还有——”

"And why did you get into arrears?" Mr. Pyenotchkin asked threateningly. (The old man's head sank.) "You're fond of drinking, hanging about the taverns, I dare say.” (The old man opened his mouth to speak.) "I know you," Arkady Pavlitch went on emphatically; "you think you've nothing to do but drink, and lie on the stove, and let steady peasants answer for you.”

“你为什么要欠租？”佩诺奇金先生恶狠狠地问道。（老头低下了头。）“你大概是好喝酒，老在酒馆闲荡吧。”（老头张开嘴要说话。）“我知道你这种人，”阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇继续断然地说，“你们就知道喝酒，躺在炕上，让老实的农民替你们负担。”

"And he's an impudent fellow, too," the agent threw in.

“他还是个厚颜无耻的家伙。”总管插嘴说。

"That's sure to be so; it's always the way; I've noticed it more than once. The whole year round, he's drinking and abusive, and then he falls at one's feet.”

“这是肯定的了，都是这个样，这种情况我见过不止一次了。一年到头，他都在喝酒、谩骂，这会儿他就跪下来求饶了。”

"Your honour, Arkady Pavlitch," the old man began despairingly, "have pity, protect us; when have I been impudent? Before God Almighty, I swear it was beyond my strength. Sofron Yakovlitch has taken a dislike to me; for some reason he dislikes me—God be his judge! He will ruin me utterly, your honour… The last… here… the last boy… and him he…” (A tear glistened in the old man's wrinkled yellow eyes.) "Have pity, gracious lord, defend us!"

“阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇老爷，”老头开始绝望地说道，“发发慈悲，救救我们吧，我什么时候厚颜无耻过啊？在全能的上帝面前，我发誓，我真是忍受不了了啊。索夫龙·亚科夫利奇讨厌我，为什么讨厌我——让上帝审判他吧！他会把我全毁了的，老爷啊……最后一个……这个……最后一个儿子啊……他连他也要……”（老头那皱起的黄眼睛里闪着泪花。）“发发慈悲吧，仁慈的恩人，为我们做主吧！”

"And it's not us only," the young peasant began…

“还不只是我们呢。”那个年轻的农民开始说……

Arkady Pavlitch flew into a rage at once.

阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇立刻勃然大怒。

"And who asked your opinion, hey? Till you're spoken to, hold your tongue… What's the meaning of it? Silence, I tell you, silence!… Why, upon my word, this is simply mutiny! No, my friend, I don't advise you to mutiny on my domain… on my… (Arkady Pavlitch stepped forward, but probably recollected my presence, turned round, and put his hands in his pockets…) Je vous demande bien pardon, mon cher," he said, with a forced smile, dropping his voice significantly. "C'est le mauvais cote de la medaille… There, that'll do, that'll do," he went on, not looking at the peasants; "I say… that'll do, you can go.” (The peasants did not rise.) "Well, haven't I told you… that'll do. You can go, I tell you.”

“谁问你的意见了，啊？没问你，就管好你的舌头……什么意思嘛？闭嘴，我告诉你，闭嘴！哎呀，我说，这可真是反了！不，我的朋友，我并不建议你在我的地盘上造反……在我的……（阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇往前跨了一步，但或许是想起我在场，便转过身，把双手插进了口袋里……）请原谅，亲爱的先生。”他强装微笑，意味深长地压低声调说道，“这是事情不好的一面……唉，好啦，好啦，”他继续说道，没有看那两个农民，“我说……好啦，你们可以走了。”（那两个农民没有起来。）“喂，我不是给你们说过了吗……我会处理了。我说了，你们可以走了。”

Arkady Pavlitch turned his back on them. "Nothing but vexation,"

he muttered between his teeth, and strode with long steps homewards. Sofron followed him. The village constable opened his eyes wide, looking as if he were just about to take a tremendous leap into space. The bailiff drove a duck away from the puddle. The suppliants remained as they were a little, then looked at each other, and, without turning their heads, went on their way.

阿尔卡季·帕夫雷奇把背转向了他们。“真烦人。”他透过牙缝喃喃地说道，然后大步走回去了。索夫龙跟着他。地保的眼睛瞪得大大的，看上去好像正准备跳到很远的地方去似的。村长把鸭子从水坑里赶走了。两个请愿者在原地站了一会儿，然后互相对看了一眼，就头也不回地回家去了。

Two hours later I was at Ryabovo, and making ready to begin shooting, accompanied by Anpadist, a peasant I knew well. Pyenotchkin had been out of humour with Sofron up to the time I left. I began talking to Anpadist about the Shipilovka peasants, and Mr. Pyenotchkin, and asked him whether he knew the agent there.

两个小时以后，我到了里亚博沃，并且准备好和一个我熟识的农民——安帕季斯特一起去打猎。直到我离开时，佩诺奇金还没有给索夫龙好脸色看。我跟安季帕斯特聊起了希皮洛夫卡村的农民，还有佩诺奇金先生，并问他认不认识那里的总管。

"Sofron Yakovlitch?… ugh!”

“索夫龙·亚科夫利奇吗？啊！”

"What sort of man is he?"

“他是个怎样的人？”

"He's not a man; he's a dog; you couldn't find another brute like him between here and Kursk.”

“他不是人，是条狗，从这里到库尔斯克都找不到另一个像他这样的畜生。”

"Really?"

“真的吗？”

"Why, Shipilovka's hardly reckoned as—what's his name?—Mr. Pyenotchkin's at all; he's not the master there; Sofron's the master.”

“唉，希皮洛夫卡村只不过名义上是……他叫什么来着？佩诺奇金先生的，他并不是那里的主人，索夫龙才是主人。”

"You don't say so!”

“不是真的吧？”

"He's master, just as if it were his own. The peasants all about are in debt to him; they work for him like slaves; he'll send one off with

the waggons; another, another way… He harries them out of their lives.”

“他老人家，把那个村子当作是他自己的。所有的农民都欠他的债，他们像奴隶似的给他干活，他派这个去赶货车，派那个去干别的……他往死里折磨他们。”

"They haven't much land, I suppose?”

“我想，他们的地不多吧？”

"Not much land! He rents two hundred acres from the Hlinovsky peasants alone, and two hundred and eighty from our folks; there's more than three hundred and seventy-five acres he's got. And he doesn't only traffic in land; he does a trade in horses and stock, and pitch, and butter, and hemp, and one thing and the other… He's sharp, awfully sharp, and rich too, the beast! But what's bad—he beats them. He's a brute, not a man; a dog, I tell you; a cur, a regular cur; that's what he is!”

“地不多！他单是从赫雷诺夫的农民那里，就租了两百英亩地，从我们这里，又租了两百八十英亩地，他还有一块三百七十五英亩多的地。他不只做土地买卖，他还做马匹、家畜、沥青、黄油、大麻，这样那样的买卖……他很狡猾，非常狡猾，还有钱得很，这个畜生！但糟糕的是，他还打他们。他是个畜生，不是人，我告诉您，他是条狗，一条杂种狗，一条地道的杂种狗，他就是这样的人！”

"How is it they don't make complaints of him?”

“他们怎么不去告他呢？”

"I dare say, the master'd be pleased! There's no arrears; so what does he care? Yes, you'd better," he added, after a brief pause; "I should advise you to complain! No, he'd let you know… yes, you'd better try it on… No, he'd let you know…”

“或许，那个老爷还很高兴哩！又不欠租，他还管什么呢？是呀，你最好，”他短暂地停了一会儿继续说道，“你去告他试试！不行，他会让你知道……哼，你最好试去试……不行，他会让你知道……”

I thought of Antip, and told him what I had seen.

我想起了安季普，便告诉了他我所看到的情况。

"There," commented Anpadist, "he will eat him up now; he'll simply eat the man up. The bailiff will beat him now. Such a poor, unlucky chap, come to think of it! And what's his offence?… He had some wrangle in meeting with him, the agent, and he lost all patience, I suppose, and of course he wouldn't stand it… A great matter, truly, to make so much of! So he began pecking at him, Antip. Now he'll eat him up altogether. You see, he's such a dog. Such a cur—God forgive

my transgressions!—he knows whom to fall upon. The old men that are a bit richer, or've more children, he doesn't touch, the red-headed devil! but there's all the difference here! Why he's sent Antip's sons for recruits out of turn, the heartless ruffian, the cur! God forgive my transgressions!”

“瞧着吧，”安帕季斯特说，“他现在非把他吃了不可，他简直能把人吃了。村长现在准在打他呢。多可怜，多倒霉的家伙啊，想想看吧！他犯了什么错啊？他在开会的时候跟总管吵过架，总管一定是忍不下去了……其实，这点事有什么大不了的！于是他就开始慢慢折磨安季普。现在就要把他整个吃掉了。您瞧，他就是这样一条狗。这样一条杂种狗——上帝原谅我的破嘴吧！他知道谁好欺负。有的老头有点钱，或是孩子多点，他就不敢碰，这个红头恶鬼！但这次情况就大不同了！所以他就把安季普那些还没轮到的儿子们送去当兵，这个无情的恶棍，这条杂种狗！上帝原谅我的破嘴吧！”

We went on our way.

我们继续上路了。

CHAPTER XI The Counting House

第十一章 办事处

It was autumn. For some hours I had been strolling across country with my gun, and should probably not have returned till evening to the tavern on the Kursk high-road where my three-horse trap was awaiting me, had not an exceedingly fine and persistent rain, which had worried me all day with the obstinacy and ruthlessness of some old maiden lady, driven me at last to seek at least a temporary shelter somewhere in the neighbourhood. While I was still deliberating in which direction to go, my eye suddenly fell on a low shanty near a field sown with peas. I went up to the shanty, glanced under the thatched roof, and saw an old man so infirm that he reminded me at once of the dying goat Robinson Crusoe found in some cave on his island. The old man was squatting on his heels, his little dim eyes half-closed, while hurriedly, but carefully, like a hare (the poor fellow had not a single tooth), he munched a dry, hard pea, incessantly rolling it from side to side. He was so absorbed in this occupation that he did not notice my entrance.

那是在秋天。我扛着枪在野外游荡了几个小时了，也许到傍晚才会回到库尔斯克大路旁的那家旅店，我的三套马车停在那里等我呢，但是一场毛毛细雨下个不停，就像某个固执而无情的老处女一样烦了我一整天，最后我忍无可忍，就去附近的某个地方找临时的落脚地。当我还在考虑朝哪个方向走时，我的目光突然落到了豌豆田边一间低矮的棚屋上。我朝这间棚屋走了过去，向茅草屋顶下瞥了一眼，看见了一个很虚弱的老头，他让我马上想起了在他岛上的某个山洞里，他发现的一只快要死的山羊。那个老头正蹲在地上，他那暗淡的小眼睛半闭着，像只野兔一样急促而小心地（这个可怜的家伙一颗牙都没有了）咀嚼着一颗干硬的豌豆，还不停地在嘴里把它从一边转到另一边。他吃得这么专注，都没有注意到我的到来。

"Grandfather! hey, grandfather!" said I. He ceased munching, lifted his eyebrows high, and with an effort opened his eyes.

“老大爷！嘿，老大爷！”我说道。他停止了咀嚼，高高地抬起了眉毛，使劲睁开了眼睛。

"What?" he mumbled in a broken voice.

“什么？”他声音沙哑、含含糊糊地问道。

"Where is there a village near?" I asked.

“附近哪里有村子？”我问。

The old man fell to munching again. He had not heard me. I repeated my question louder than before.

那老头又咀嚼了起来。他没听见我说的话。我大声地重复了我的问题，声音比刚才还要大。

"A village?… But what do you want?”

“村子？你想干什么？”

"Why, shelter from the rain."

“哎呀，避雨啊。”

"What?"

“什么？”

"Shelter from the rain."

“避雨。”

"Ah!" (He scratched his sunburnt neck.) "Well, now, you go," he said suddenly, waving his hands indefinitely, "so… as you go by the copse—see, as you go—there'll be a road; you pass it by, and keep right on to the right; keep right on, keep right on, keep right on… Well, there will be Ananyevo. Or else you'd go to Sitovka.”

“哦！”（他抓了抓他那晒黑的脖子。）“嗯，现在，你走，”他突然说道，胡乱挥着手，“这样……你沿着杂林走——喏，走着走着——那里就会有一条路，你别走这条路，一直向右走向右走，向右，向右，向右……嗯，就是阿纳涅沃村了。要不然就是西托夫卡村。”

I followed the old man with difficulty. His moustaches muffled his voice, and his tongue too did not obey him readily.

我费了很大劲才听懂了老头的话。他的胡子盖住了他的声音，而且他的舌头也不听使唤。

"Where are you from?" I asked him.

“你是哪里人？”我问他。

"What?"

“什么？”

"Where are you from?"

“你是哪里人？”

"Ananyevo."

“阿纳涅沃村的。”

"What are you doing here?"

“你在这里干什么啊？”

"I'm watchman.”

“我是个看守人。”

"Why, what are you watching?"

“啊，你看守什么啊？”

"The peas."

“豌豆。”

I could not help smiling.

我忍不住笑了起来。

"Really!—how old are you?”

“真的吗？你有多大岁数了？”

"God knows."

“天晓得。”

"Your sight's failing, I expect.”

“我想，你的视力不好吧。”

"What?"

“什么？”

"Your sight's failing, I daresay?”

“你的视力大概不好吧？”

"Yes, it's failing. At times I can hear nothing.”

“是呀，不好。有时候我什么都听不见。”

"Then how can you be a watchman, eh?"

“那么你怎么能当看守人啊？”

"Oh, my elders know about that."

“唉，这个我上头的人才知道。“

"Elders!" I thought, and I gazed not without compassion at the poor old man. He fumbled about, pulled out of his bosom a bit of coarse bread, and began sucking it like a child, with difficulty moving his sunken cheeks.

“上头的人！”我想着，一边同情地看着这个可怜的老头。他乱摸了摸，从怀里掏出一块粗糙的面包，开始像个孩子似的啃了起它来，吃力地动着那凹陷的双颊。

I walked in the direction of the copse, turned to the right, kept on, kept right on as the old man had advised me, and at last got to a

large village with a stone church in the new style, i.e. with columns, and a spacious manor-house, also with columns. While still some way off I noticed through the fine network of falling rain a cottage with a deal roof, and two chimneys, higher than the others, in all probability the dwelling of the village elder; and towards it I bent my steps in the hope of finding, in this cottage, a samovar, tea, sugar, and some not absolutely sour cream. Escorted by my half-frozen dog, I went up the steps into the outer room, opened the door, and instead of the usual appurtenances of a cottage, I saw several tables, heaped up with papers, two red cupboards, bespattered inkstands, pewter boxes of blotting sand weighing half a hundred-weight, long penholders, and so on. At one of the tables was sitting a young man of twenty with a swollen, sickly face, diminutive eyes, a greasy-looking forehead, and long straggling locks of hair. He was dressed, as one would expect, in a grey nankin coat, shiny with wear at the waist and the collar.

我朝着杂树林的方向走去，向右转，继续走，就照那个老头告诉我的一直朝右走，终于到了一个大村子，村里有一座石砌教堂，是带圆柱的新式教堂，还有一座宽敞的庄园主宅邸，也有圆柱。我透过濛濛细雨，看到不远处有一所屋子，屋顶是木制的，还带着两个烟囱，而且比其他的屋子都高，多半是村长的住所，我便朝它走出，希望能在这所屋子里找到一套茶炊、茶、糖，还有一些不太酸的奶油。我带着我那快要冻僵的狗登上了台阶，走进了外屋，打开门一看，不是小屋通常的陈设，而是摆着几张桌子，上面堆着文件，有两个红色的柜子，被溅脏的墨水瓶，笨重的锡制吸水沙盒，还有长长的笔架等等。在其中的一张桌子边，坐着一个二十来岁的小伙子，他的脸浮肿苍白，长着一双小眼睛，前额油亮，毛发又长又乱。诸如人们预料的那样，他穿着一件灰色的土布外套，腰和领子上都磨得光亮。

"What do you want?" he asked me, flinging his head up like a horse taken unexpectedly by the nose.

“您有什么事吗？”他猛地抬头问我，就像一匹被突然拉起鼻子的马。

"Does the bailiff live here… or—”

“这里是村长的住处……还是——”

"This is the principal office of the manor," he interrupted. "I'm the clerk on duty… Did't you see the sign-board? That's what it was put up for.”

“这是庄园的总办事处，”他打断了我的话，“我是值班员……您没看见牌子吗？特地钉着牌子呢。”

"Where could I dry my clothes here? Is there a samovar anywhere in the village?"

“这里有什么地方，可以让我烘干衣服啊？村里哪里有茶炊啊？”

"Samovars, of course," replied the young man in the grey coat with dignity; "go to Father Timofey's, or to the servants' cottage, or else to Nazar Tarasitch, or to Agrafena, the poultry-woman.”

“茶炊，当然有，”这个穿着灰色外衣的小伙子神气地答道，“去季莫费牧师那里，或者去仆人的小屋，要不然去扎尔·塔拉瑟奇那里，或者阿杉拉费娜，那个养家禽的女人那里。”

"Who are you talking to, you blockhead? Can't you let me sleep, dummy!" shouted a voice from the next room.

“你在和谁说话啊，你这个笨蛋？你就不能让我睡会儿吗，蠢货！”从隔壁的房间里传来一阵喊声。

"Here's a gentleman's come in to ask where he can dry himself.”

“来了一位先生，他问可以在哪里烘干衣服。”

"What sort of a gentleman?"

“什么样的先生？”

"I don't know. With a dog and a gun.”

“我不认识。带着一条狗和一杆枪。”

A bedstead creaked in the next room. The door opened, and there came in a stout, short man of fifty, with a bull neck, goggle-eyes, extraordinarily round cheeks, and his whole face positively shining with sleekness.

隔壁房间里的床架吱吱嘎嘎地响了一阵。门开了，走出来一个又矮又胖的男人，有五十来岁，脖子像公牛的一样粗，眼睛突出，脸颊滚圆，满脸油光发亮。

"What is it you wish?" he asked me.

“您想干什么？”他问我。

"To dry my things."

“烘干我的东西。”

"There's no place here.”

“这里没有地方。”

"I didn't know this was the counting-house; I am willing, though, to pay…”

“我不知道这里是办事处，不过，我愿意付钱……”

"Well, perhaps it could be managed here," rejoined the fat man; "won't you come inside here?” (He led me into another room, but not

the one he had come from.) "Would this do for you?"

“哦，或许可以在这里弄，”那个胖子又回答道，“您不进来吗？”（他带我走进了另一个房间，但不是他出来的那间。）“这里可以吗？”

"Very well… And could I have tea and milk?”

“非常好……可以给我些茶和奶油吗？”

"Certainly, at once. If you'll meantime take off your things and rest, the tea shall be got ready this minute.”

“当然啦，马上就来。您可以先把衣服脱了，休息一下，茶一会儿就好了。”

"Whose property is this?"

“这是谁的领地啊？”

"Madame Losnyakov's, Elena Nikolaevna.”

“叶列娜·尼古拉耶夫娜·洛斯尼亚科娃夫人的。”

He went out I looked round: against the partition separating my room from the office stood a huge leather sofa; two high-backed chairs, also covered in leather, were placed on both sides of the solitary window which looked out on the village street. On the walls, covered with a green paper with pink patterns on it, hung three immense oil paintings. One depicted a setter-dog with a blue collar, bearing the inscription: "This is my consolation"; at the dog's feet flowed a river; on the opposite bank of the river a hare of quite disproportionate size with ears cocked up was sitting under a pine tree. In another picture two old men were eating a melon; behind the melon was visible in the distance a Greek temple with the inscription: "The Temple of Satisfaction". The third picture represented the half-nude figure of a woman in a recumbent position, much fore-shortened, with red knees and very big heels. My dog had, with superhuman efforts, crouched under the sofa, and apparently found a great deal of dust there, as he kept sneezing violently. I went to the window. Boards had been laid across the street in a slanting direction from the manor-house to the counting-house—a very useful precaution, as, thanks to our rich black soil and the persistent rain, the mud was terrible. In the grounds of the manor-house, which stood with its back to the street, there was the constant going and coming there always is about manor-houses: maids in faded chintz gowns flitted to and fro; house-serfs sauntered through the mud, stood still and scratched their spines meditatively; the constable's horse, tied up to a post, lashed his tail lazily, and with his nose high up, gnawed at the hedge; hens were clucking; sickly turkeys kept up an incessant

gobble-gobble. On the steps of a dark crumbling out-house, probably the bath-house, sat a stalwart lad with a guitar, singing with some spirit the well-known ballad:

他出去了，我向四周看了看，在我所在的这个房间和办公室之间的隔墙上，靠着一个很大的皮沙发，两张高背椅，也是皮面的，放在唯一的那扇窗子两旁，窗子朝向村里的街道。墙上糊着带粉红花纹的绿色壁纸，还挂着三幅巨大的油画。在一幅画上，刻画的是一只戴着蓝色脖套的蹲伏猎犬，上面题字“这是我的慰藉”，狗的脚旁流淌着一条河，在河岸对面的松树下，有一只大得离奇的野兔，竖着耳朵坐着。在另一幅画中，两个老头在吃西瓜，在西瓜后面可以看见远处有一座希腊式的神殿，上面写着“知足殿”。第三幅画描绘的是一个仰卧的半裸女人，正面都比较模糊，只凸显出一对红红的膝盖和大大的脚后跟。我的狗，拼命地钻到了沙发底下，显然在那里发现了大量的灰尘，一直接连不断地大打喷嚏。我走到了窗子旁。从地主庄园到办事处的路上，斜铺着木板，这是一种非常有用的预防措施，由于我们的黑土地非常肥沃，还有持续的雨，所以到处泥泞不堪。这座地主庄园背向街道，在那庭院里总有人来来往往，地主庄园里一向就是这样：穿着褪色印花长外衣的女仆们飞快地穿梭，家奴们在泥地里闲逛，直直地站着，心事重重地抓抓自己的脊背，治安官的马被拴在一根杆子上，懒洋洋地甩着它的尾巴，高高地抬起鼻子，嘴啃着栅栏，母鸡在咯咯叫着，患病的火鸡不停地咕咕叫着。在一间黑乎乎的破房子（大概是澡堂）的台阶上，坐着一个健壮的小伙子，拿着吉他，起劲地唱着一首有名的情歌：

"I'm leaving this enchanting spot To go into the desert.”

“我就要离开这个迷人的地方，去到荒凉的地方。”

The fat man came into the room.

那个胖子走进了房间。

"They're bringing you in your tea," he told me, with an affable smile.

“给您送茶来了。”他说道，脸上带着亲切的微笑。

The young man in the grey coat, the clerk on duty, laid on the old card-table a samovar, a teapot, a tumbler on a broken saucer, a jug of cream, and a bunch of Bolhovo biscuit rings. The fat man went out.

穿着灰色外套的小伙子，也就是那个值班员，把一套茶炊、一个茶壶、垫着一个破茶碟的茶杯、一壶奶油和一堆波尔霍夫面包圈放在了一张旧牌桌上。那个胖子出去了。

"What is he?" I asked the clerk; "the steward?"

“他是什么人？”我问那个值班员，“管理员吗？”

"No, sir; he was the chief cashier, but now he has been promoted to be head-clerk.”

“不是，先生，他以前是出纳主任，但现在他被提拔为办事处主任了。”

"Haven't you got a steward, then?”

“那么，你们没有管理员吗？”

"No, sir. There's an agent, Mihal Vikulov, but no steward.”

“没有，先生。有一个代理人，米哈拉·维库洛夫，但是没有管理员。”

"Is there a manager, then?"

“那么，有经理吗？”

"Yes; a German, Lindamandol, Karlo Karlitch; only he does not manage the estate."

“有啊，一个德国人，叫卡洛·卡雷奇·林达曼多尔，不过他不管这里的资产。”

"Who does manage it, then?"

“那么，谁管这里呢？”

"Our mistress herself."

“我们女主人自己。”

"You don't say so. And are there many of you in the office?”

“不是吧。你们办公室有多少人？”

The young man reflected.

小伙子想了想。

"There are six of us."

“我们有六个人。”

"Who are they?" I inquired.

“都是谁啊？”我问。

"Well, first there's Vassily Nikolaevitch, the head cashier; then Piotr, one clerk; Piotr's brother, Ivan, another clerk; the other Ivan, a clerk; Konstantin Narkizer, another clerk; and me here—there's a lot of us, you can't count all of them.”

“嗯，首先是瓦西利·尼古拉耶维奇，是这里的出纳主任；然后是彼得，一个办事员；彼得的兄弟，伊万，也是办事员；还有一个伊万，也是个办事员；科斯肯金·纳尔基佐夫，另一个办事员；还有我——还有许多人，都算不过来。”

"I suppose your mistress has a great many serfs in her house?"

“我猜你们女主人家里有许多农奴吧？”

"No, not to say a great many."

“不，也不能说是很多。”

"How many, then?"

“那么，有多少个呢？”

"I dare say it runs up to about a hundred and fifty."

“总共大概有一百五十来个吧。”

We were both silent for a little.

我们都沉默了一会儿。

"I suppose you write a good hand, eh?" I began again.

“我想你字写得不错吧？”我又开始问道。

The young man grinned from ear to ear, went into the office and brought in a sheet covered with writing.

小伙子笑容满面，然后走进了办公室，拿了一张写满了字的纸出来。

"This is my writing," he announced, still with the same smile on his face.

“这就是我的字。”他说道，脸上还带着同样的微笑。

I looked at it; on the square sheet of greyish paper there was written, in a good bold hand, the following document:—

我一看，淡灰色的四开纸上，用漂亮而粗大的笔迹写着下面的内容：

ORDER

命令

From the Chief Office of the Manor of Ananyevo to the Agent, Mihal Vikulov.

阿纳尼耶夫村地主庄园总办事处告代理人米海拉·维库洛夫令。

No. 209

第209号

"Whereas some person unknown entered the garden at Ananyevo last night in an intoxicated condition, and with unseemly songs waked the French governess, Madame Engene, and disturbed her; and whether the watchmen saw anything, and who were on watch in the garden and permitted such disorderliness: as regards all the above-written matters, your orders are to investigate in detail, and report

immediately to the Office.”

“鉴于昨夜有人醉酒闯入阿纳尼耶夫花园，唱猥琐小调，惊扰法籍女教师恩热尼夫人；守夜人是否看见，系何人在花园值班，竟容忍此等骚乱发生，至于以上所述之事，令你进行详细调查，并立即报呈报本处。”

"Head-Clerk, NIKOLAI HVOSTOV.”

“办事处主任，尼古拉·赫沃斯托夫。”

A huge heraldic seal was attached to the order, with the inscription: "Seal of the chief office of the manor of Ananyevo"; and below stood the signature: "To be executed exactly, Elena Losnyakov."

这命令上盖着一个很大的章，章上的字是“阿纳尼耶夫村地主庄园总办事处印”，下方签署着“切实执行，叶列娜·洛斯尼亚科娃。”

"Your lady signed it herself, eh?" I queried.

“你们女主人亲自签的吗？”我询问道。

"To be sure; she always signs herself. Without that the order would be of no effect."

“当然是了，她从来都是亲自签的。否则命令不能生效。”

"Well, and now shall you send this order to the agent?"

“哦，那现在你们要把这份命令送给代理人吗？”

"No, sir. He'll come himself and read it. That's to say, it'll be read to him; you see, he's no scholar." (The clerk on duty was silent again for a while.) "But what do you say?" he added, simpering; "is it well written?"

“不，先生。他自己会来读的。也就是说，会由别人给他读，您知道，他不识字。”（值班员又沉默了一会儿。）“您觉得怎样？”他傻笑着，又说道，“写得还好吧？”

"Very well written."

“写得非常好。”

"It wasn't composed, I must confess, by me. Konstantin is the great one for that.”

“我必须坦白，不是我起的稿。科斯肯金很擅长这个。”

"What?… Do you mean the orders have first to be composed among you?”

“什么？你的意思是，你们的命令还得先起稿？”

"Why, how else could we do? Couldn't write them off straight without making a fair copy.”

“嗯，不然怎么做呢？不起稿直接写，怎么能写得清楚。”

"And what salary do you get?" I inquired.

“你拿多少薪水？”我问。

"Thirty-five roubles, and five roubles for boots.”

“三十五卢布，还有五卢布靴子补贴。”

"And are you satisfied?"

“你满意吗？”

"Of course I am satisfied. It's not everyone can get into an office like ours. It was God's will, in my case, to be sure; I'd an uncle who was in service as a butler.”

“我当然满意了。并不是每个人都能像我们这样进办公室的。当然了，我进来可是上帝的旨意，我有个叔叔在这里当管家。”

"And you're well-off?”

“你过得好吗？”

"Yes, sir. Though, to tell the truth," he went on, with a sigh, "a place at a merchant's, for instance, is better for the likes of us. At a merchant's they're very well off. Yesterday evening a merchant came to us from Venev, and his man got talking to me…. Yes, that's a good place, no doubt about it; a very good place.”

“是的，先生。可是，说实话，”他叹了口气继续说，“像我们这种人，譬如说，在商人那里会更好。在商人那里的人过得很好。昨天晚上，有一个从韦尼奥夫来的商人，到我们这里来，他的雇工跟我说……是，那是个好地方，毫无疑问，一个非常好的地方。”

"Why? Do the merchants pay more wages?"

“为什么？商人给的工资多些吗？”

"Lord preserve us! Why, a merchant would soon give you the sack if you asked him for wages. No, at a merchant's you must live on trust and on fear. He'll give you food, and drink, and clothes, and all. If you give him satisfaction, he'll do more… Talk of wages, indeed!

“主保佑我们！哼，要是你问商人要工资，他立马就叫你走人。不是，在商人那里你得讲信用，还要敢负责。他会给你吃的、喝的、穿的，什么都有。要是你让他满意了，他会给的更多……说到工资！

You don't need them… And a merchant, too, lives in plain Russian style, like ourselves; you go with him on a journey—he has tea, and you have it; what he eats, you eat. A merchant… one can put up with: a merchant's a very different thing from what a gentleman is; a merchant's not whimsical; if he's out of temper, he'll give you a

blow, and there it ends. He doesn't nag nor sneer… But with a gentleman it's a woeful business! Nothing's as he likes it—this is not right, and that he can't fancy. You hand him a glass of water or something to eat: 'Ugh, the water stinks! positively stinks!' You take it out, stay a minute outside the door, and bring it back: 'Come, now, that's good; this doesn't stink now.' And as for the ladies, I tell you, the ladies are something beyond everything!… and the young ladies above all!…"

你根本就用不着工资……商人也像我们一样，过着朴素的俄国式生活，你和他一起出去，他喝茶，你也喝茶，他吃什么，你就吃什么。商人……人们能和他们相处：商人可不像地主老爷，商人不会反复无常，要是他发脾气，他打你一顿就了事了。他不唠叨，也不嘲笑你……但是跟着地主老爷可就惨了。没有一样是他喜欢的——这样不对，那样也不喜欢。你递给他一杯水或者是什么吃的：'啊，水都臭了！肯定臭了！'你把它拿出去，在门外呆上一会儿，再拿回去：'嗯，现在，不错，这回不臭了。'至于女主人们，我给你说，女主人们最难伺候！尤其是那些小姐！"

"Fedyushka!" came the fat man's voice from the office.

"费久什卡！"那个胖子的声音从办公室里传来。

The clerk went out quickly. I drank a glass of tea, lay down on the sofa, and fell asleep. I slept for two hours.

值班员赶快跑了出去。我喝了一杯茶，躺在了沙发上，睡着了。我睡了两个小时。

When I woke, I meant to get up, but I was overcome by laziness; I closed my eyes, but did not fall asleep again. On the other side of the partition, in the office, they were talking in subdued voices. Unconsciously I began to listen.

当我醒来的时候，我想要起来，但却懒得动弹，我闭上了眼睛，但是没有再睡着。在隔墙另一边的办公室里，他们在压低声音说话。我不知不觉地开始听了起来。

"Quite so, quite so, Nikolai Eremyitch," one voice was saying; "quite so. One can't but take that into account; yes, certainly!… Hm!" (The speaker coughed.)

"就是，就是，尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇，"一个声音说道，"就是。这个不能不考虑，是，当然是！咳！"（讲话的人咳了一下。）

"You may believe me, Gavrila Antonitch," replied the fat man's voice: "don't I know how things are done here? Judge for yourself."

"您相信我吧，加夫里拉·安托内奇，"胖子的声音答道，"我还不知道这里的规矩吗？您自己好好想想。"

"Who does, if you don't, Nikolai Eremyitch? you're, one may say, the first person here. Well, then, how's it to be?" pursued the voice I did not recognise; "what decision are we to come to, Nikolai Eremyitch? Allow me to put the question."

“要是您不知道，还有谁知道啊，尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇？您啊，可以说，是这里的老大了。嗯，那么这事怎么办？”那个陌生的声音继续说道，“我们怎么决定啊，尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇？请允许我问。”

"What decision, Gavrila Antonitch? The thing depends, so to say, on you; you don't seem over anxious.”

“怎么决定，加夫里拉·安托内奇？可以这么说，事情可都是看您啊，您好像不着急啊。”

"Upon my word, Nikolai Eremyitch, what do you mean? Our business is trading, buying; it's our business to buy. That's what we live by, Nikolai Eremyitch, one may say.“

“哎呀，尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇，您什么意思嘛？我们的生意就是做买卖，我们的生意就是买货。我们就是靠这个过活，可以这么说吧，尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇。”

"Eight roubles a measure," said the fat man emphatically.

“八卢布。”那个胖子断然说道。

A sigh was audible.

只听见一声叹息。

"Nikolai Eremyitch, sir, you ask a heavy price."

“尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇先生啊，您要的价太高了。”

"Impossible, Gavrila Antonitch, to do otherwise; I speak as before God Almighty; impossible."

“不可能再让了，加夫里拉·安托内奇，当着老天爷的面说，真的不能再让了。”

Silence followed.

接着便是沉默。

I got up softly and looked through a crack in the partition. The fat man was sitting with his back to me. Facing him sat a merchant, a man about forty, lean and pale, who looked as if he had been rubbed with oil. He was incessantly fingering his beard, and very rapidly blinking and twitching his lips.

我轻轻地抬起身子，从隔墙上的缝隙间望了过去。那个胖子背对着我坐着，他对面坐着一个商人，那人四十来岁，消瘦而苍白，看上去好像抹过油似的。他不停地用手指拨弄着胡子，眼睛很快地眨着，嘴唇抽

动着。

"Wonderful the young green crops this year, one may say," he began again; "I've been going about everywhere admiring them. All the way from Voronezh they've come up wonderfully, first-class, one may say.”

“可以说，今年的幼苗长得很好，”他又开始说道，“我四处去赞赏它们呢。从沃龙涅日那一路，都长得好极了，可以说是头等的啊。”

"The crops are pretty fair, certainly," answered the head-clerk; "but you know the saying, Gavrila Antonitch, autumn bids fair, but spring may be foul."

“确实，庄稼长得很好，”主任答道，“但是您知道那个说法，加夫里拉·安托内奇，秋天长势好，春天可能糟。”

"That's so, indeed, Nikolai Eremyitch; all is in God's hands; it's the absolute truth what you've just remarked, sir… But perhaps your visitor's awake now.”

“这倒是，尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇，都在上帝的掌控中啊，您刚才说的可是绝对的真理啊，先生……不过，或许您的客人现在醒了啊。”

The fat man turned round… listened…

胖子转过身来……听了听……

"No, he's asleep. He may, though…”

“没，他还在睡。不过，他或许……”

He went to the door.

他走到了门边。

"No, he's asleep," he repeated and went back to his place.

“没，他还在睡呢。”他又说了一遍，然后回到了他的位子上。

"Well, so what are we to say, Nikolai Eremyitch?" the merchant began again; "we must bring our little business to a conclusion… Let it be so, Nikolai Eremyitch, let it be so," he went on, blinking incessantly; "two grey notes and a white for your favour, and there" (he nodded in the direction of the house), "six and a half. Done, eh?"

“喂，那我们怎么样啊，尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇？”那个商人又说道，“我们总得把这个小交易做个了结吧……这样吧，尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇，这样吧，”他不停地眨着眼睛继续说道，“两张灰的和一张白的钞票给您老人家，那边呢（他朝着庄园里房子的方向点了点头）六个半卢布。就这样定啦？”

"Four grey notes," answered the clerk.

“四张灰的钞票。”办事员答道。

"Come, three, then."

“哎呀，三张吧。”

"Four greys, and no white."

“四张灰的，不要白的。”

"Three, Nikolai Eremyitch."

“三张吧，尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇。”

"Three and a half, and not a farthing less."

“三张半，一点都不能少。”

"Three, Nikolai Eremyitch."

“三张，尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇。”

"You're not talking sense, Gavrila Antonitch.”

“您真是不讲理啊，加夫里拉·安托内奇。”

"My, what a pig-headed fellow!" muttered the merchant. "Then I'd better arrange it with the lady herself.”

“天呐，真是个猪脑袋！”商人喃喃自语道，“那我还不如自己去和女主人谈呢。”

"That's as you like," answered the fat man; "far better, I should say. Why should you worry yourself, after all?… Much better, indeed!”

“随您的便，”胖子说道，“那样大概更好。毕竟，您何必自找麻烦啊？好多啦！”

"Well, well! Nikolai Eremyitch. I lost my temper for a minute! That was nothing but talk."

“好啦，好啦！尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇。我是一时冲动嘛！只是说说嘛。”

"No, really, why?…”

“不，到底怎么样？”

"Nonsense, I tell you… I tell you I was joking. Well, take your three and a half; there's no doing anything with you.”

“胡说，我给您说……我给您说，我是开玩笑的嘛。好啊，就给您三张半，真拿您没办法。”

"I ought to have got four, but I was in too great a hurry—like an ass!" muttered the fat man.

“我本该有四张的，但是我太着急了，就像个蠢蛋一样！”那个胖子喃喃自语道。

"Then up there at the house, six and a half, Nikolai Eremyitch; the corn will be sold for six and a half?"

“那么至于庄园那边，六个半，尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇，那边的粮食卖六个半卢布？”

"Six and a half, as we said already."

“六个半，就照我们说定的。”

"Well, your hand on that then, Nikolai Eremyitch" (the merchant clapped his outstretched fingers into the clerk's palm). "And good-bye, in God's name!" (The merchant got up.) "So then, Nikolai Eremyitch, sir, I'll go now to your lady, and bid them send up my name, and so I'll say to her, 'Nikolai Eremyitch,' I'll say, 'has made a bargain with me for six and a half.'"

“好啊，那么拍手为定吧，尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇”（商人把他张开的指头拍在了主任的手掌上）。“那么再见了，上帝保佑您！”（商人站了起来。）“那么，尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇先生，我现在去找您的女主人，报上我的名字，我跟他们叫价，我就跟她说：‘尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇已经和我以六个半卢布讲定了。’”

"That's what you must say, Gavrila Antonitch."

“您就得那样说，加夫里拉·安托内奇。”

"And now, allow me."

“那么现在，请让我。”

The merchant handed the manager a small roll of notes, bowed, shook his head, picked up his hat with two fingers, shrugged his shoulders, and, with a sort of undulating motion, went out, his boots creaking after the approved fashion. Nikolai Eremyitch went to the wall, and, as far as I could make out, began sorting the notes handed him by the merchant. A red head, adorned with thick whiskers, was thrust in at the door.

商人递给经理一小卷钞票，鞠了个躬，摇了摇头，用两根手指夹起了帽子，耸了耸肩，扭动着身子就出去了，他的靴子恰如其分地吱吱响着。尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇走到墙边，据我了解，是开始数商人递给他的钞票。一个长着红头发和浓密络腮胡的脑袋伸进了门里。

"Well?" asked the head; "all as it should be?"

“怎样？”那个脑袋问，“照预计的那样？”

"Yes."

“是的。”

"How much?"

“多少钱？”

The fat man made an angry gesture with his hand, and pointed to my room.

那个胖子生气地做了个手势，指了指我的房间。

"Ah, all right!" responded the head, and vanished.

“啊，好！”那个脑袋答道，然后就消失了。

The fat man went up to the table, sat down, opened a book, took out a reckoning frame, and began shifting the beads to and fro as he counted, using not the forefinger but the third finger of his right hand, which has a much more showy effect.

胖子走到桌前，坐了下来，打开一本书，取出算盘，开始边算边来回拨动算珠，他没有用右手的食指，而用中指，这样更体面些。

The clerk on duty came in.

值班员进来了。

"What is it?"

“怎么了？”

"Sidor is here from Goloplek."

“西多尔从戈洛普尔卡来啦。”

"Oh! ask him in. Wait a bit, wait a bit… First go and look whether the strange gentleman's still asleep, or whether he has waked up.”

“哦！让他进来吧。等一下，等一下……先去看看那个外地的先生是在睡觉，还是已经醒了。”

The clerk on duty came cautiously into my room. I laid my head on my game-bag, which served me as a pillow, and closed my eyes.

值班员小心翼翼地走进了我的房间。我头躺在猎袋上，把它当作我的枕头，闭上了眼睛。

"He's asleep," whispered the clerk on duty, returning to the counting-house.

“他还在睡呢。”值班员回到办公室，悄悄说道。

The fat man muttered something.

那个胖子嘀嘀咕咕地说了些什么。

"Well, send Sidor in," he said at last.

“好了，让西多尔进来吧”他最后说。

I got up again. A peasant of about thirty, of huge stature, came in —a red-cheeked, vigorous-looking fellow, with brown hair, and a

short curly beard. He crossed himself, praying to the holy image, bowed to the head-clerk, held his hat before him in both hands, and stood erect.

我站了起来。一个三十来岁、大块头的农民进来了，这个家伙脸颊红润，看上去精力充沛，长着棕色的头发和短短的络腮胡子。他画了个十字，向圣像祷告了一下，朝主任鞠了个躬，双手朝前拿着帽子，笔直地站着。

"Good day, Sidor," said the fat man, tapping with the reckoning beads.

“你好啊，西多尔。”胖子说道，一边拨着算盘。

"Good day to you, Nikolai Eremyitch."

“您好，尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇。”

"Well, what are the roads like?"

“嗯，路上怎么样？”

"Pretty fair, Nikolai Eremyitch. A bit muddy." (The peasant spoke slowly and not loud.)

“挺好的，尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇。有一点泥泞。”（农民慢慢地轻声说道。）

"Wife quite well?"

“你老婆还好吧？”

"She's all right!”

“她还好！”

The peasant gave a sigh and shifted one leg forward. Nikolai Eremyitch put his pen behind his ear, and blew his nose.

农民叹了口气，把一条腿换到了前面。尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇把笔夹到耳朵后面，擤了擤鼻涕。

"Well, what have you come about?" he proceeded to inquire, putting his check handkerchief into his pocket.

“嗯，你来做什么？”他继续问道，把他的方格手帕塞进口袋里。

"Why, they do say, Nikolai Eremyitch, they're asking for carpenters from us.”

“唉，听说尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇，他们要向我们要几个木匠。”

"Well, aren't there any among you, hey?”

“哦，难道你们那里没有吗？”

"To be sure there are, Nikolai Eremyitch; our place is right in the

woods; our earnings are all from the wood, to be sure. But it's the busy time, Nikolai Eremyitch. Where's the time to come from?”

“当然有，尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇，我们那里就在树林里，我们的收入都来自木材，当然了。但是现在是忙碌的季节，尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇。哪里有时间啊？”

"The time to come from! Busy time! I dare say, you're so eager to work for outsiders, and don't care to work for your mistress… It's all the same!”

“没时间！忙碌的季节！我敢说，你们都喜欢给外人干活，但不爱给你们的女主人干活……都一样啊！”

"The work's all the same, certainly, Nikolai Eremyitch… but…”

“当然，活儿都是一样的，尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇……不过……”

"Well?"

“怎么？”

"The pay's… very…”

“工钱……太……”

"What next! You've been spoiled; that's what it is. Get along with you!”

“怎样！你们都被惯坏了，就是这样。去你的吧！”

"And what's more, Nikolai Eremyitch, there'll be only a week's work, but they'll keep us hanging on a month. One time there's not material enough, and another time they'll send us into the garden to weed the path.”

“再说了，尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇，只是一个星期的活儿，他们会拖我们一个月。一会儿是材料不够，一会儿又派我们去花园给小路除草。”

"What of it? Our lady herself is pleased to give the order, so it's useless you and me talking about it.”

“那又怎么样？我们女主人亲自下的命令，你我谈论也没有用。”

Sidor was silent; he began shifting from one leg to the other.

西多尔沉默了，两条腿开始换来换去的。

Nikolai Eremyitch put his head on one side, and began busily playing with the reckoning beads.

尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇把他的头偏向一边，忙着打起算盘来。

"Our… peasants… Nikolai Eremyitch… " Sidor began at last, hesitating over each word; "sent word to your honour… there is… see here… " (He thrust his big hand into the bosom of his coat, and began

to pull out a folded linen kerchief with a red border.)

“我们那里的……农民……尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇……”西多尔最后开始说，每个字都说得犹犹豫豫的……“派我给大人您带句话……这是……瞧这里……”（他把他那只大手伸进衣服底部，掏出了一条折叠了的亚麻布方巾，还带着红边。）

"What are you thinking of? Goodness, idiot, are you out of your senses?" the fat man interposed hurriedly. "Go on; go to my cottage," he continued, almost shoving the bewildered peasant out; "ask for my wife there… she'll give you some tea; I'll be round directly; go on. For goodness' sake, I tell you, go on.”

“你在想什么啊？天哪，白痴，你疯了吗？”胖子匆忙地打断了他的话。“去吧，去我家里，”他继续说道，差不多是把那个困惑的农民推出去的，“去那里找我老婆……她会给你点茶喝的，我马上就到，去吧。看在上帝的份上，我告诉你，去吧。”

Sidor went away.

西多尔走了。

"Ugh!… what a bear!" the head clerk muttered after him, shaking his head, and set to work again on his reckoning frame.

“呸！真是头熊！”主任在他身后嘀咕道，边摇着头，然后又打起了算盘来。

Suddenly shouts of "Kuprya! Kuprya! there's no knocking down Kuprya!" were heard in the street and on the steps, and a little later there came into the counting-house a small man of sickly appearance, with an extraordinarily long nose and large staring eyes, who carried himself with a great air of superiority. He was dressed in a ragged little old surtout, with a plush collar and diminutive buttons. He carried a bundle of firewood on his shoulder. Five house-serfs were crowding round him, all shouting, "Kuprya! there's no suppressing Kuprya! Kuprya's been turned stoker; Kuprya's turned a stoker!” But the man in the coat with the plush collar did not pay the slightest attention to the uproar made by his companions, and was not in the least out of countenance. With measured steps he went up to the stove, flung down his load, straightened himself, took out of his tail-pocket a snuff-box, and with round eyes began helping himself to a pinch of dry trefoil mixed with ashes. At the entrance of this noisy party the fat man had at first knitted his brows and risen from his seat, but, seeing what it was, he smiled, and only told them not to shout. "There's a sportsman," said he, "asleep in the next room." "What sort of sportsman?" two of them asked with one voice.

突然从街上和台阶上传来了一片喊声“库普里亚！库普里亚！打不败

的库普里亚！”过了一小会儿，一个病怏怏的小个子走进了事务所，他的鼻子特别长，大大的眼睛瞪着，身上散发出一种优越感。他穿着一件破旧的小外套，领子是长毛绒的，纽扣小小的。他肩膀上扛着一捆柴火。五个家奴簇拥着他，都在叫着：“库普里亚！库普里亚不好惹啦！库普里亚当生火工啦！库普里亚当生火工啦！”但是穿着长毛绒领外衣的那个人，丝毫没有理会他同伴们的吵闹，也没有一点局促不安。他迈着从容不迫的步子走到了火炉跟前，卸下了重物，直起了身子，从他的后面的口袋里拿出了一个鼻烟盒，眼睛瞪得圆圆的，开始把一撮掺着灰的干三叶草塞进鼻子里。这群人吵吵闹闹地走进来时，胖子先是皱了皱眉头，然后从座位上站了起来，但是，知道了是怎么回事以后，他笑了笑，只是叫他们不要叫了。他说：“有一个猎人在隔壁房间睡觉呢。”“什么样的猎人啊？”其中的两个人齐声问道。

"A gentleman."

“一个地主。”

"Ah!"

“呀！”

"Let them make a row," said the man with the plush collar, waving his arms; "what do I care, so long as they don't touch me? They've turned me into a stoker… ”

“让他们闹吧，”穿着长绒领衣服的人说道，一边摆摆手，“不关我的事，只要他们不来碰我。他们让我当生火工了……”

"A saoker! stoker!" the others put in gleefully.

“生火工！生火工！”其他人高兴地插话说。

"It's the mistress's orders," he went on, with a shrug of his shoulders; "but just you wait a bit… they'll turn you into swineherds yet. But I've been a tailor, and a good tailor too, learnt my trade in the best house in Moscow, and worked for generals… and nobody can take that from me. And what have you to boast of?… What? you're a pack of idlers, not worth your salt; that's what you are! Turn me off! I shan't die of hunger; I shall be all right; give me a passport. I'd send a good rent home, and satisfy the masters. But what would you do? You'd die off like flies, that's what you'd do!”

“这是女主人的命令，”他耸了耸肩继续说，“不过你们只要等一下……他们又叫你们去养猪了。我本来是个裁缝，还是个好裁缝呢，我在莫斯科最好的铺子学过手艺，为将军们做过衣服……没人能把我的手艺夺走。你们有什么可自豪的？什么呀？你们就是一群游手好闲的人，都不称职，你们就是这个样子！让我出去！我可不会饿死，我会过得很好，给我一张通行证。我一定能好好交上租，让主人满意。但是你们会做什么呢？你们会像苍蝇似的死掉，你们就会那样！”

"That's a nice lie!" interposed a pock-marked lad with white

eyelashes, a red cravat, and ragged elbows. "You went off with a passport sharp enough, but never a halfpenny of rent did the masters see from you, and you never earned a farthing for yourself, you just managed to crawl home again and you've never had a new rag on you since.”

“这个谎撒得可真好啊！”一个满脸麻子的小伙子说道，他长着白色的睫毛，扎着红领带，衣服肘部破破烂烂的。“你以前拿着通行证出去闯过，但是主人没见你拿回来过半便士的租金，你自己也只挣到了一点，只好又爬着回来，从那会儿起，你就没换过那件破衣服。”

"Ah, well, what could one do! Konstantin Narkizitch," responded Kuprya; "a man falls in love—a man's ruined and done for! You go through what I have, Konstantin Narkizitch, before you blame me!”

“啊，是啊，还能怎样！孔斯塔京·纳尔基济奇，”库普里亚回答说，“一个人要是陷入爱河中，就被毁灭了，就不中用了！孔斯塔京·纳尔基济奇，等你经历过我的遭遇后，再来责备我吧！”

"And you picked out a nice one to fall in love with!—a regular fright.”

“你真是找了个好看的人来恋爱啊！简直是个丑八怪。”

"No, you must not say that, Konstantin Narkizitch."

“不，你不能这样说，孔斯塔京·纳尔基济奇。”

"Who's going to believe that? I've seen her, you know; I saw her with my own eyes last year in Moscow.”

“谁会相信啊？你们知道，我都见过她了，去年在莫斯科，我亲眼看见过她。”

"Last year she had gone off a little certainly," observed Kuprya.

“去年，她确实差了点。”库普里亚说。

"No, gentlemen, I tell you what," a tall, thin man, with a face spotted with pimples, a valet probably, from his frizzed and pomatumed head, remarked in a careless and disdainful voice; "let Kuprya Afanasyitch sing us his song. Come on, now; begin, Kuprya Afanasyitch."

“不，先生们，听我说，”一个人带着漫不经心、轻蔑的语气说道，他又高又瘦，满脸粉刺，从他那又卷又油的头发大概能够看出，他是个贴身男仆，“让库普里亚·阿法纳西亚给我们唱他的歌吧。来吧，现在就开始吧，库普里亚·阿法纳西亚。”

"Yes! yes!" put in the others. "Hoorah for Alexandra! That's one for Kuprya; pon my soul… Sing away, Kuprya!… You're a regular brick, Alexandra!”(Serfs often use feminine terminations in referring

to a man as an expression of endearment.) "Sing away!"

“是呀！是呀！”其他人插话道，“亚历山德拉真行啊！他把库普里亚制住了，的的确确……唱啊，库普里亚！你可真是个好人啊，亚历山德拉！（农奴们常用阴性词尾称来称呼男人，以表示亲昵。）快唱啊！”

"This is not the place to sing," Kuprya replied firmly; "this is the manor counting-house.”

“这可不是唱歌的地方，”库普里亚沉着地说，“这可是庄园的办事处。”

"And what's that to do with you? you've got your eye on a place as clerk, eh?" answered Konstantin with a coarse laugh. "That's what it is!”

“这跟你有什么关系啊？你难道是盯着办事员的位子吗，啊？”孔斯塔京粗声粗气地笑声回答道，“就是这样！”

"Everything rests with the mistress," observed the poor wretch.

“一切都听从于女主人。”这个可怜的人说。

"There, that's what he's got his eye on! a fellow like him! oo! oo! a!”

“瞧吧，他已经打主意啦！他这种家伙！哈！哈！哈！”

And they all roared; some rolled about with merriment. Louder than all laughed a lad of fifteen, probably the son of an aristocrat among the house-serfs; he wore a waistcoat with bronze buttons, and a cravat of lilac colour, and had already had time to fill out his waistcoat.

他们都大笑了起来，有的还乐得翻起了跟头来。笑得最大声的是一个十五岁的小伙子，可能是个贵族的儿子，混在了家奴中；他穿着一件带着铜纽扣的西装背心，戴着一条淡紫色的领带，肚子胖胖的，把背心都撑起来了。

"Come tell us, confess now, Kuprya," Nikolai Eremyitch began complacently, obviously tickled and diverted himself; "is it bad being stoker? Is it an easy job, eh?"

“来给我们说说，现在就承认吧，库普里亚，”尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇也明显是被逗乐了，自己得到消遣了，开始得意地说，“当生火工不好受吧？是个安逸的活儿吗？”

"Nikolai Eremyitch," began Kuprya, "you're head-clerk among us now, certainly; there's no disputing that, no; but you know you have been in disgrace yourself, and you too have lived in a peasant's hut.”

“尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇，”库普里亚开始说，“的确，你现在是我们这里的办事处主任了，这也没有什么好否认的，没有，但是你知道你自己

以前也失势过，你也住过农民的小屋呢。”

"You'd better look out and not forget yourself in my place," the fat man interrupted emphatically; "people joke with a fool like you; you ought, you fool, to have sense, and be grateful to them for taking notice of a fool like you."

“你最好留点神，在我的地方不要忘了自己是谁，”胖子断然地打断道，“人家都拿你这种傻瓜开玩笑，你这个傻瓜，你该有点辨别力，人家能注意到你这种傻瓜，你就该心存感激了。”

"It was a slip of the tongue, Nikolai Eremyitch; I beg your pardon… ”

“那只是口误，尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇，请您原谅……”

"Yes, indeed, a slip of the tongue."

“对，就是，口误。”

The door opened and a little page ran in.

门开了，一个小厮跑了进来。

"Nikolai Eremyitch, mistress wants you."

“尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇，女主人叫你。”

"Who's with the mistress?" he asked the page.

“谁跟女主人在一起？”他问那个小厮。

"Aksinya Nikitishna, and a merchant from Venev."

“阿克西尼娅·尼基季什娜，还有一个从韦尼奥夫来的商人。”

"I'll be there this minute. And you, mates," he continued in a persuasive voice, "better move off out of here with the newly-appointed stoker; if the German pops in, he'll make a complaint for certain.”

“我这就去。还有你们，伙计们，”他继续用一种劝说的口吻说道，“最好还是和这个新上任的生火工从这里出去吧，要是那个德国人冷不防地进来，他肯定要告状了。”

The fat man smoothed his hair, coughed into his hand, which was almost completely hidden in his coat-sleeve, buttoned himself, and set off with rapid strides to see the lady of the manor. In a little while the whole party trailed out after him, together with Kuprya. My old friend, the clerk-on duty, was left alone. He set to work mending the pens, and dropped asleep in his chair. A few flies promptly seized the opportunity and settled on his mouth. A mosquito alighted on his forehead, and, stretching its legs out with a regular motion, slowly buried its sting into his flabby flesh. The same red head with whiskers

showed itself again at the door, looked in, looked again, and then came into the office, together with the rather ugly body belonging to it.

胖子理了理头发，用手捂着嘴咳嗽了一声，他的手几乎完全藏到袖子去了，他给自己扣好了扣子，就迈着大步，快速地走去见女庄园主了。不久，整群人还有库普里亚，就尾随着他一起出去了。我的老朋友，那个值班员，独自留了下来。他开始修起了钢笔，然后在他的椅子上睡着了。几只苍蝇迅速抓住了机会，停在了他的嘴上。一只蚊子落在了他的脑门上，习惯性地伸出它的几只腿，慢慢地刺插进他那软软的肉里。那个满头红发，长着络腮胡子的人，又出现在门口了，他朝里看了看，又看了看，然后他那丑陋的身体也一起进到办公室来了。

"Fedyushka! eh, Fedyushka! always asleep," said the head.

“费久什卡！喂，费久什卡！老是睡觉。”那人说。

The clerk on duty opened his eyes and got up from his seat.

值班员睁开了眼睛，从座位上站了起来。

"Nikolai Eremyitch has gone to the mistress?"

“尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇去女主人那里啦？”

"Yes, Vassily Nikolaevitch."

“是的，瓦西利·尼古拉伊奇。”

"Ah! ah!" thought I; "this is he, the head cashier."

“啊！啊！”我想，“他就是出纳主任。”

The head cashier began walking about the room. He really slunk rather than walked, and altogether resembled a cat. An old black frock-coat with very narrow skirts hung about his shoulders; he kept one hand in his bosom, while the other was for ever fumbling about his high, narrow horse-hair collar, and he turned his head with a certain effort. He wore noiseless kid boots, and trod very softly.

那个出纳主任开始在房间里踱来踱去。与其说他是在走，不如说他是在偷偷摸摸地移动，活像一只猫。他肩上搭着一件旧旧的黑大衣，下摆非常窄；他把一只手放在胸上，而另一只手总是在拨弄他那条又高又窄的马毛衣领，还使劲地转着头。他穿着小山羊皮靴子，走起路来很轻巧。

"The landowner, Yagushkin, was asking for you to-day," added the clerk on duty.

“今天雅古什金地主来找您了。”值班员补充了一句。

"Hm, asking for me? What did he say?"

“嗯，找我？他说什么了？”

"Said he'd go to Tyutyurov this evening and would wait for you. 'I want to discuss some business with Vassily Nikolaevitch,' said he, but what the business was he didn't say; 'Vassily Nikolaevitch will know,' says he.”

“说他今晚去秋秋列夫家等着您。‘我想和瓦西利·尼古拉伊奇谈点事情，’他说，但是他没说是什么事情，‘瓦西利·尼古拉伊奇知道的。’他说。”

"Hm!" replied the head cashier, and he went up to the window.

“嗯！”出纳主任答道，便走向了窗子。

"Is Nikolai Eremyitch in the counting-house?" a loud voice was heard asking in the outer room, and a tall man, apparently angry, with an irregular but bold and expressive face, and rather clean in his dress, stepped over the threshold.

“尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇在事务所吗？”一个响亮的声音在外屋响起，一个高个子的男人怒气冲冲地跨过了门槛，他的脸不对称，但是轮廓清晰、表情丰富，衣着也相当干净。

"Isn't he here?" he inquired, looking rapidly round.

“他不在这里？”他问道，迅速地环顾一下四周。

"Nikolai Eremyitch is with the mistress," responded the cashier. "Tell me what you want, Pavel Andreitch; you can tell me… What is it you want?”

“尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇和女主人在一起，”出纳答道，“你有什么事就告诉我吧，帕韦尔·安德列伊奇，您可以告诉我……您要什么？”

"What do I want? You want to know what I want?" (The cashier gave a sickly nod.) "I want to give him a lesson, the fat, greasy villain, the scoundrelly tell-tale!… I'll give him a tale to tell!”

“我要什么？你想知道我要什么？（那个出纳无力地点了点头。）我想教训他一顿，这个又肥又滑头的坏蛋，这个卑鄙无耻、搬弄是非的人！我再叫他搬弄是非！”

Pavel flung himself into a chair.

帕韦尔猛地坐进了椅子里。

"What are you saying, Pavel Andreitch! Calm yourself… Aren't you ashamed? Don't forget whom you're talking about, Pavel Andreitch!" lisped the cashier.

“您在说什么啊？帕韦尔·安德列伊奇！冷静点……您也不害臊？别忘了您在说谁，帕韦尔·安德列伊奇！”出纳口齿不清地说道。

"Forget whom I'm talking about? What do I care for his being made head-clerk? A fine person they've found to promote, there's no

denying that! They've let the goat loose in the kitchen garden, you may say!”

“忘了我在说谁了？他当上了办事处主任，又怎么样？他们还真是提拔了一个好人啊，真是没话说！他们简直是把山羊放进了菜园子里！”

"Hush, hush, Pavel Andreitch, hush! drop that… what rubbish are you talking?”

“嘘，嘘，帕韦尔·安德列伊奇，嘘！别说了……您在讲些什么废话啊？”

"So Master Fox is beginning to fawn? I will wait for him," Pavel said with passion, and he struck a blow on the table. "Ah, here he's coming!" he added with a look at the window; "speak of the devil. With your kind permission!" (He, got up.)

“老狐狸又开始去摇尾巴啦？我要等着他，”帕韦尔激昂地说，还在桌子上打了一拳，“啊，他这可来了！”他朝窗外看了一眼接着说道，“正说着这个坏种呢。如果您允许的话！”（他站了起来。）

Nikolai Eremyitch came into the counting-house. His face was shining with satisfaction, but he was rather taken aback at seeing Pavel Andreitch.

尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇走进了办事处。他神采飞扬，但一看见帕韦尔·安德列伊奇，就露出大吃一惊的表情。

"Good day to you, Nikolai Eremyitch," said Pavel in a significant tone, advancing deliberately to meet him.

“您好啊，尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇。”帕韦尔意味深长地说道，边不慌不忙地上前去迎他。

The head-clerk made no reply. The face of the merchant showed itself in the doorway.

办事处主任没有回应。那个商人在门口露了一下脸。

"What, won't you deign to answer me?" pursued Pavel. "But no … no," he added; "that's not it; there's no getting anything by shouting and abuse. No, you'd better tell me in a friendly way, Nikolai Eremyitch; what do you persecute me for? what do you want to ruin me for? Come, speak, speak.”

“怎么，您不愿屈尊回应我？”帕韦尔继续问道，“但是不……不，”他补充道，“这样不行，叫嚷和辱骂不能解决任何问题。不，你最好好好地给我说说，尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇，你为什么要为难我？为什么你想把我毁了？来呀，说啊，说啊。”

"This is no fit place to come to an understanding with you," the head-clerk answered in some agitation, "and no fit time. But I must

say I wonder at one thing: what makes you suppose I want to ruin you, or that I'm persecuting you? And if you come to that, how can I persecute you? You're not in my counting-house.”

“这里可不是和你理论的地方，”办事处主任有些不安地说，“时间也不合适。但是我必须得说，我对一件事感到很惊讶：你凭什么认为我想毁了你，或者我要为难你？要是你非那么说，我又怎么能为难你呢？你又不在我的办事处。”

"I should hope not," answered Pavel; "that would be the last straw! But why are you hum-bugging, Nikolai Eremyitch?… You understand me, you know.”

“我可是不希望，”帕韦尔答道，“那就是我可以忍受的极限了！可是你装什么装，尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇？你知道我说的是什么，你知道。”

"No, I don't understand.”

“不，我不知道。”

"No, you do understand."

“不，你知道。”

"No, by God, I don't understand!”

“不，我向上帝发誓，我不知道！”

"Swearing too! Well, tell us, since it's come to that: have you no fear of God? Why can't you let the poor girl live in peace? What do you want of her?”

“还发誓呢！好吧，既然这么说的话，给我们讲讲，你对上帝没有敬畏之心吗？为什么你就不能让那个可怜的姑娘活得安宁点？你想让她怎么样？”

"Whom are you talking of?" the fat man asked with feigned amazement.

“你这是说谁呢？”胖子问道，装出一副惊奇的表情。

"Ugh! doesn't know; what next? I'm talking of Tatyana. Have some fear of God—what do you want to revenge yourself for? You ought to be ashamed: a married man like you, with children as big as I am; it's a very different thing with me… I mean marriage: I'm acting straight-forwardly.”

“呸！不知道，接着说呀？我在说塔季雅娜。对上帝有点敬畏吧，你为什么要报复她呢？你应该感到羞耻：一个像你这样结了婚的男人，孩子都长得我这般高大了，这对我来说就大不一样了……我是说结婚：我的所作所为可是堂堂正正的。”

"How am I to blame in that, Pavel Andreitch? The mistress won't permit you to marry: it's her seignorial will! What have I to do with

it?”

“这事怎么能责备我呢，帕韦尔·安德列伊奇？女主人不允许你结婚：这是庄园主的决定！这跟我有什么关系啊？”

"Why, haven't you been plotting with that old hag, the housekeeper, eh? Haven't you been telling tales, eh? Tell me, aren't you bringing all sorts of stories up against the defenceless girl? I suppose it's not your doing that she's been degraded from laundrymaid to washing dishes in the scullery? And it's not your doing that she's beaten and dressed in sackcloth?… You ought to be ashamed, you ought to be ashamed—an old man like you! You know there's a paralytic stroke always hanging over you… You will have to answer to God.”

“怎么，你难道没有和那个丑老太婆，那个女管家密谋，啊？你难道没有搬弄是非，啊？给我说啊，你们没有用各种假话来诋毁这个无助的姑娘吗？我想，她从洗衣服的降级到洗碗的，不也是你们干的吗？她被打，穿粗布衣不也是你们干的吗？你应该感到羞耻，你应该感到羞耻，你这老家伙！你知道，瘫痪性的中风总在缠着你吧……你总得向上帝交代。”

"You're abusive, Pavel Andreitch, you're abusive… You shan't have a chance to be insolent much longer.”

“你骂吧，帕韦尔·安德列伊奇，你骂吧……看你还能蛮横多久。”

Pavel fired up.

帕韦尔火了起来。

"What? You dare to threaten me?" he said passionately. "You think I'm afraid of you. No, my man, I'm not come to that! What have I to be afraid of?… I can make my bread everywhere. For you, now, it's another thing! It's only here you can live and tell tales, and filch…”

“什么？你敢威胁我？”他激动地说道，“你以为我怕你吗。不，伙计，我可不吃这套！我有什么好怕的？我到处都能找得到饭碗。而你呢，现在，就是另一码事了！你现在只能在这过活，搬弄是非，偷偷摸摸……”

"Fancy the conceit of the fellow!" interrupted the clerk, who was also beginning to lose patience; "an apothecary's assistant, simply an apothecary's assistant, a wretched leech; and listen to him—fie upon you! you're a high and mighty personage!”

“没想到你这么狂妄！”办事处主任也开始失去了耐心，插嘴说道，“一个药材商的助手，仅仅是一个药材商的助手，一个庸医，听他那口气，呸！你还真是个了不起的大人物呢！”

"Yes, an apothecary's assistant, and except for this apothecary's assistant you'd have been rotting in the graveyard by now… It was some devil drove me to cure him," he added between his teeth.

“对，一个药材商的助手，要不是这个药材商的助手，你现在已经在坟墓里腐烂了……真是鬼让我给他治好的。”他低声补充了一句。

"You cured me?… No, you tried to poison me; you dosed me with aloes," the clerk put in.

“你把我治好的？不，你是想毒死我，你还给我吃了芦荟呢。”办事处主任插话说。

"What was I to do if nothing but aloes had any effect on you?"

“要是除了芦荟，没有任何药对你有效，我该怎么办？”

"The use of aloes is forbidden by the Board of Health," pursued Nikolai. "I'll lodge a complaint against you yet… You tried to compass my death—that was what you did! But the Lord suffered it not.”

“卫生局禁止用芦荟，”尼古拉接着说，“我还要去告你的状呢……你想要置我于死地——这就是你的所作所为！只是上帝没允许你这么做。”

"Hush, now, that's enough, gentlemen," the cashier was beginning…

“嘘，哎，够了，先生们。”出纳主任开始说……

"Stand off!" bawled the clerk. "He tried to poison me! Do you understand that?"

“让开！”办事处主任大叫道，“他要毒死我！你懂吗？”

"That's very likely… Listen, Nikolai Eremyitch," Pavel began in despairing accents. "For the last time, I beg you… You force me to it—can't stand it any longer. Let us alone, do you hear? or else, by God, it'll go ill with one or other of us—I mean with you!”

“那很可能……听着，尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇，”帕韦尔绝望地说道，“我最后一次求求你了……你把我逼得……再也受不了了。放过我们吧，听见了吗？要不然，上帝作证，我们两个总有一个会倒霉的，我告诉你！”

The fat man flew into a rage.

胖子勃然大怒。

"I'm not afraid of you!" he shouted; "do you hear, milksop? I got the better of your father; I broke his horns—a warning to you; take care!”

“我不怕你！”他吼道，“你听见了吗，孬种？我打赢过你爹，我灭了他的威风，这是对你的警告，当心点！”

"Don't talk of my father, Nikolai Eremyitch.”

“不要说我爹，尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇。”

"Get away! who are you to give me orders?"

“滚开！你有什么权利给我下命令？”

"I tell you, don't talk of him!”

“我告诉你，不准提他！”

"And I tell you, don't forget yourself.... However necessary you think yourself, if our lady has a choice between us, it's not you'll be kept, my dear! None's allowed to mutiny, mind!" (Pavel was shaking with fury.) "As for the wench, Tatyana, she deserves... wait a bit, she'll get something worse!”

“我也告诉你，别太忘乎所以……不管你以为自己多重要，要是我们的女主人在我们之间做选择，不会是你留下，我的乖乖！谁都不准造反，留心点！”（帕韦尔气得浑身发抖。）至于塔季雅娜那个荡妇，她活该……等着吧，她还会更倒霉的！”

Pavel dashed forward with uplifted fists, and the clerk rolled heavily on the floor.

帕韦尔抬着拳头向前冲去，办事处主任被重重地摔在了地上。

"Handcuff him, handcuff him," groaned Nikolai Eremyitch...

“铐住他，铐住他。”尼古拉·叶列梅伊奇呻吟着……

I won't take upon myself to describe the end of this scene; I fear I have wounded the reader's delicate susceptibilities as it is.

我就不继续描述这个事情的结尾了，我怕，我已经伤害了读者细腻的情感了。

The same day I returned home. A week later I heard that Madame Losnyakov had kept both Pavel and Nikolai in her service, but had sent away the girl Tatyana; it appeared she was not wanted.

当天我就回家了。一周以后，我听说洛斯尼亚科娃夫人把帕韦尔和尼古拉都留下来为她效劳，但是撵走了塔季雅娜那个姑娘，显然是不想用她了。

CHAPTER XII BIRYUK

第十二章 孤狼

I was coming back from hunting one evening alone in a racing droshky. I was six miles from home; my good trotting mare galloped bravely along the dusty road, pricking up her ears with an occasional snort; my weary dog stuck close to the hind-wheels, as though he were fastened there. A tempest was coming on. In front, a huge, purplish storm-cloud slowly rose from behind the forest; long grey rain-clouds flew over my head and to meet me; the willows stirred and whispered restlessly. The suffocating heat changed suddenly to a damp chilliness; the darkness rapidly thickened. I gave the horse a lash with the reins, descended a steep slope, pushed across a dry water-course overgrown with brushwood, mounted the hill, and drove into the forest. The road ran before me, bending between thick hazel bushes, now enveloped in darkness; I advanced with difficulty. The droshky jumped up and down over the hard roots of the ancient oaks and limes, which were continually intersected by deep ruts—the tracks of cart wheels; my horse began to stumble. A violent wind suddenly began to roar overhead; the trees blustered; big drops of rain fell with slow tap and splash on the leaves; there came a flash of lightning and a clap of thunder. The rain fell in torrents. I went on a step or so, and soon was forced to stop; my horse foundered; I could not see an inch before me. I managed to take refuge somehow in a spreading bush. Crouching down and covering my face, I waited patiently for the storm to blow over, when suddenly, in a flash of lightning, I saw a tall figure on the road. I began to stare intently in that direction—the figure seemed to have sprung out of the ground near my droshky.

一天傍晚，打完猎后，我独自驾着一辆敞篷低座四轮马车回家。当时离家有六英里路，我的那匹母马沿着满是灰尘的路勇敢地飞驰着，还竖着耳朵，不时地打个响鼻；那只疲倦的狗则一直紧跟在后轮后面，好像被拴在了那里一样。暴风雨就要来了。在前方，一团巨大的、略带紫色的暴风云从森林后面慢慢地升了起来；长长的灰色积雨云飞过了我的头顶，向我涌来；柳树不安地摇晃着，窃窃私语着。瞬间，令人窒息的炎热就变成了潮湿的寒冷，黑暗迅速袭来。我用缰绳抽了马一鞭子，马车下了一个陡坡，然后横穿过一条长满了草丛的干河道，爬上山，接着便驶进了森林里。在我前方，一条道路在茂盛的榛树丛中蜿蜒延伸，那时天已经黑了，我的马车艰难地向前行进。那些橡树和欧椴树年代非常久远，根须也很坚硬，与纵深的车辙纵横交错，马车在这上面上下颠簸着，我的马也开始跌绊了起来。突然，一阵狂风开始在头顶上怒号，树也开始咆哮，大滴大滴的雨滴缓缓地溅到了叶子上，接着便是一道道闪

电和一阵雷声。大雨倾盆而下。马车继续走了一两步，就被迫停了下来，我的马被困住了，我也根本看不清前面的路。我设法躲在一丛宽阔的灌木下面。我屈着身子，捂着脸，耐心地等待着这场暴风雨平息下来，突然间，在一道闪电中，我看见，路上有一个高高的身影。我目不转睛地望着那个方向，好像他是从我的敞篷四轮马车附近冒出来的。

"Who's that?" inquired a ringing voice.

“是谁啊？”一个响亮的声音问道。

"Why, who are you?"

“嗨，你是谁啊？”

"I'm the forester here.”

“我是这里的护林人。”

I mentioned my name.

我报上了自己的名字。

"Oh, I know! Are you on your way home?"

“哦，我知道的！您是要回家去吗？”

"Yes. But, you see, in such a storm…”

“对呀。但是，你瞧，这么大的暴风雨……”

"Yes, there is a storm," replied the voice.

“是呀，是场暴风雨啊。”那声音答道。

A pale flash of lightning lit up the forester from head to foot; a brief crashing clap of thunder followed at once upon it. The rain lashed with redoubled force.

一道灰白色的闪电打了下来，把这个护林员的全身都照亮了，紧接着响起了一声短暂的惊雷。雨下得更猛了。

"It won't be over just directly," the forester went on.

“雨不会马上就停啊。”守林人继续说道。

"What's to be done?”

“那怎么办呢？”

"I'll take you to my hut, if you like," he said abruptly.

“我带您去我的小屋吧，要是您乐意的话。”他突然说道。

"That would be a service."

“那就麻烦你了。”

"Please to take your seat."

“请上车吧。”

He went up to the mare's head, took her by the bit, and pulled her up. We set off. I held on to the cushion of the droshky, which rocked "like a boat on the sea," and called my dog. My poor mare splashed with difficulty through the mud, slipped and stumbled; the forester hovered before the shafts to right and to left like a ghost. We drove rather a long while; at last my guide stopped. "Here we are home, sir," he observed in a quiet voice. The gate creaked; some puppies barked a welcome. I raised my head, and in a flash of lightning I made out a small hut in the middle of a large yard, fenced in with hurdles. From the one little window there was a dim light. The forester led his horse up to the steps and knocked at the door. "Coming, coming!" we heard in a little shrill voice; there was the patter of bare feet, the bolt creaked, and a girl of twelve, in a little old smock tied round the waist with list, appeared in the doorway with a lantern in her hand.

他走向了马头，拉着它的嚼子，把它提了起来。我们出发了。这马车摇晃得像“大海上的一叶扁舟”，我紧紧地抓着坐垫，还叫唤着我的狗。我那匹可怜的母马蹚着泥浆，艰难地行走着，又打滑又磕绊的，护林人在车轴前面左右摇晃，就像个鬼一样。我们行驶了很长一段时间，终于，我的向导停了下来。“先生，我们到家了。”他声音平静地说道。大门嘎吱地开了，几只小狗叫着迎接我们。我抬起头，在一道闪电中，看见一个围着篱笆的院子，院子中间有一间小屋。从一扇小窗子里透出了昏暗的灯光。护林人把马牵到了台阶旁，敲了敲门。“来啦，来啦！”我们听见一阵尖细的声音，然后便是光脚走路的声音，门拴咯吱一响，一个穿着破旧小衬衫的小女孩出现在门口，她十二岁，腰上系着布条，手里提着一个提灯。

"Show the gentleman a light," he said to her "and I will put your droshky in the shed."

“给老爷点着灯，”他对她说，“我把您的马车牵进棚子里去。”

The little girl glanced at me, and went into the hut. I followed her.

小姑娘瞥了我一眼，便走进了小屋。我跟着她。

The forester's hut consisted of one room, smoky, low-pitched, and empty, without curtains or partition. A tattered sheepskin hung on the wall. On the bench lay a single-barrelled gun; in the corner lay a heap of rags; two great pots stood near the oven. A pine splinter was burning on the table flickering up and dying down mournfully. In the very middle of the hut hung a cradle, suspended from the end of a long horizontal pole. The little girl put out the lantern, sat down on a tiny stool, and with her right hand began swinging the cradle, while with her left she attended to the smouldering pine splinter. I looked

round—my heart sank within me: it's not cheering to go into a peasant's hut at night. The baby in the cradle breathed hard and fast.

护林人的小屋只有一间，房屋低低的，里面烟雾缭绕，什么都没有，没有窗帘，也没有隔墙。一件破烂的羊皮袄挂在墙上。长凳上放着一只单管枪，墙角里堆着一堆破布，两个大罐子立在炉子旁边。一块松明在桌子上燃烧着，凄凉地闪烁着亮光，接着便黯淡了下去。在小屋的正中间挂着一个摇篮，从一根水平的长杆子的一端悬了下来。小姑娘灭了提灯，在一只小凳子上坐了下来，用右手摇起了摇篮，左手整理着冒着烟的松明。我向四周看了看——我的心沉了下去，在晚上来到一个农民家，真不是件令人高兴的事情。摇篮里的婴儿呼吸急促而困难。

"Are you all alone here?" I asked the little girl.

“就你自己在这里吗？”我问那个小姑娘。

"Yes," she uttered, hardly audibly.

“是的。”她答道，声音小得就快听不见了。

"You're the forester's daughter?”

“你是护林人的女儿？”

"Yes," she whispered.

“是的。”她低声说。

The door creaked, and the forester, bending his head, stepped across the threshold. He lifted the lantern from the floor, went up to the table, and lighted a candle.

门嘎吱一声开了，护林人低着头，跨过了门槛。他从地上提起了提灯，走到桌子边，点燃了一支蜡烛。

"I dare say you're not used to the splinter light?" said he, and he shook back his curls.

“我想，您大概不习惯点松明吧？”他说道，摇了摇他的卷发。

I looked at him. Rarely has it been my fortune to behold such a comely creature. He was tall, broad-shouldered, and in marvellous proportion. His powerful muscles stood out in strong relief under his wet homespun shirt. A curly, black beard hid half of his stern and manly face; small brown eyes looked out boldly from under broad eyebrows which met in the middle. He stood before me, his arms held lightly akimbo.

我看了看他。我很少能碰到长得这么清秀的人。他身材高大，肩膀宽阔，身材比例好极了。他的土布衬衣湿透了，强壮的肌肉清晰地显现了出来。他的脸刚毅而有男子气概，半张脸都被那又卷又黑的胡子遮掉了，一对连着的阔眉下，露着一双炯炯有神的褐色小眼睛。 他站在我前面，两手轻轻地叉着腰。

I thanked him, and asked his name.

我向他道了谢，然后问了他的名字。

"My name's Foma," he answered, "and my nickname's Biryuk" (i.e. wolf). [Footnote: The name Biryuk is used in the Orel province to denote a solitary, misanthropic man.—Author's Note.]

“我叫福马，”他答道，“我的绰号叫孤狼。”【脚注：在奥廖尔省，孤狼这个名字用来指孤独且厌世的人。——作者注。】

"Oh, you're Biryuk.”

“哦，你就是孤狼啊。”

I looked with redoubled curiosity at him. From my Yermolai and others I had often heard stories about the forester Biryuk, whom all the peasants of the surrounding districts feared as they feared fire. According to them there had never been such a master of his business in the world before. "He won't let you carry off a handful of brushwood; he'll drop upon you like a fall of snow, whatever time it may be, even in the middle of the night, and you needn't think of resisting him—he's strong, and cunning as the devil… And there's no getting at him anyhow; neither by brandy nor by money; there's no snare he'll walk into. More than once good folks have planned to put him out of the world, but no—it's never come off.”

我更加好奇地看着他。我从叶尔莫莱和其他人那里，常常会听说护林人孤狼的故事，周围地区所有的农民都像怕火一样地怕他。据他们说，这世上从没有其他护林员像他这么厉害的。“他连一把柴枝都不会让你拿走，他会像雪一样地落在你面前，不管是什么时候，就算在午夜也一样，你休想去抵抗他，因为他很壮，还像魔鬼一样狡猾……根本不要想贿赂他，不管是用白兰地还是用钱，他不会上套的。有人不止一次地计划把他干掉，但是不行——从来没有成功过。”

That was how the neighbouring peasants spoke of Biryuk.

这就是邻近的农民对他的评论。

"So you're Biryuk," I repeated; "I've heard talk of you, brother. They say you show no mercy to anyone.”

“原来你就是孤狼，”我重复了一遍，“我还听说过关于你的故事呢，老兄。他们说你对任何人都不留情面。”

"I do my duty," he answered grimly; "it's not right to eat the master's bread for nothing.”

“我是尽我的职，”他冷酷地答道，“白吃主人的饭是不对的。”

He took an axe from his girdle and began splitting splinters.

他从腰上拿出了一把斧头，开始劈起了松明。

"Have you no wife?" I asked him.

“你没有老婆吗？”我问他。

"No," he answered, with a vigorous sweep of the axe.

“没有。”他答道，使劲地挥了一下斧子。

"She's dead, I suppose?”

“难道她去世了？”

"No… yes… she's dead," he added, and turned away. I was silent; he raised his eyes and looked at me.

“不是……对……她去世了。”他说着，把脸转了过去。我沉默了，他抬起眼睛看了看我。

"She ran away with a travelling pedlar," he brought out with a bitter smile. The little girl hung her head; the baby waked up and began crying; the little girl went to the cradle. "There, give it him," said Biryuk, thrusting a dirty feeding-bottle into her hand. "Him, too, she abandoned," he went on in an undertone, pointing to the baby. He went up to the door, stopped, and turned round.

“她跟一个过路的小贩跑了。”他苦笑着说道。小姑娘垂着头，婴儿醒了，哭了起来，小姑娘向摇篮走了过去。“喏，给他。”孤狼说，一边把一个脏兮兮的奶瓶塞到她手里。“他也是她抛下的。”他继续低声说道，边指指那个婴儿。他走到了门边，停了下来，又转过身。

"A gentleman like you," he began, "wouldn't care for our bread, I dare say, and except bread, I've—”

“像您这样的老爷，”他开始说，“大概不会想吃我们的面包吧，但是除了面包，我这里……”

"I'm not hungry.”

“我不饿。”

"Well, that's for you to say. I would have heated the samovar, but I've no tea… I'll go and see how your horse is getting on.”

“哦，既然您这么说就算了。我本应该热茶炊的，但是我没有茶……我去看看您的马怎么样了。”

He went out and slammed the door. I looked round again, the hut struck me as more melancholy than ever. The bitter smell of stale smoke choked my breathing unpleasantly. The little girl did not stir from her place, and did not raise her eyes; from time to time she jogged the cradle, and timidly pulled her slipping smock up on to shoulder; her bare legs hung motionless.

他走了出去，砰的一声关上了门。我又看了看四周，我感到这间小

屋比之前更凄凉了。污浊的烟雾散发出一种苦味，呛得我呼吸困难。小姑娘没有离开她的座位，也没有抬起她的眼睛，她不时地轻轻摇晃着摇篮，害羞地把滑落的衬衫拉到肩上，她光着的腿一动不动地垂着。

"What's your name?" I asked her.

“你叫什么名字？”我问她。

"Ulita," she said, her mournful little face drooping more than ever.

“乌莉塔。”她说，那沮丧的小脸比之前垂得更低了。

The forester came in and sat down on the bench.

护林人走了进来，坐在了长凳上。

"The storm 's passing over," he observed, after a brief silence; "if you wish it, I will guide you out of the forest."

“暴风雨过去了，”沉默了一小会儿之后，他说道，“要是您愿意，我就带您出森林。”

I got up; Biryuk took his gun and examined the firepan.

我站了起来，孤狼拿起他的枪，检查了一下火药池。

"What's that for?" I inquired.

“这是干什么？”我问。

"There's mischief in the forest… They're cutting a tree down on Mares' Ravine," he added, in reply to my look of inquiry.

“树林里有人捣乱……他们正在砍母马沟那里的一棵树。”他补充道，以回答我疑问的眼神。

"Could you hear it from here?"

“你从这里就能听见？”

"I can hear it outside."

“我在外面可以听见。”

We went out together. The rain had ceased. Heavy masses of storm-cloud were still huddled in the distance; from time to time there were long flashes of lightning; but here and there overhead the dark blue sky was already visible; stars twinkled through the swiftly flying clouds. The outline of the trees, drenched with rain, and stirred by the wind, began to stand out in the darkness. We listened. The forester took off his cap and bent his head… "Th… there!" he said suddenly, and he stretched out his hand: "see what a night he's pitched on.” I had heard nothing but the rustle of the leaves. Biryuk led the mare out of the shed. "But, perhaps," he added aloud, "this way I shall miss him."

我们一起走了出去。雨已经停了。一大团暴风云在远处聚集着，时不时地还会有一道道长长的闪电，但是各处都能看见深蓝色的天空，星星透过快速飞着的云彩闪烁着。在黑暗中，那浸满了雨水，被风刮得左摇右晃的树木轮廓，开始显露了出来。我们听了听。护林人摘下了帽子，低下头……“喏……喏！”他突然说道，伸出手指了指，“瞧，他就挑这种晚上来。”除了树叶的沙沙声，我什么都没听到。孤狼把母马从棚子里牵了出来。“但是，也许，”他又大声说，“这样的话，就让他逃掉了。”

"I'll go with you… if you like?”

“我和你一起去吧……如果你愿意的话？”

"Certainly," he answered, and he backed the horse in again; "we'll catch him in a trice, and then I'll take you. Let's be off.” We started, Biryuk in front, I following him. Heaven only knows how he found out his way, but he only stopped once or twice, and then merely to listen to the strokes of the axe. "There," he muttered, "do you hear? do you hear?"

“行，”他答道，然后又把马牵了回去，“我们马上把他抓住，然后我再送您。我们走吧。”我们出发了，孤狼在前面，我跟着他。只有天晓得他怎么找到路的，而且他只停过一两次，那也只是为了听斧头砍树的声音。“喏，”他轻声说，“您听见了吗？您听见了吗？”

"Why, where?" Biryuk shrugged his shoulders. We went down into the ravine; the wind was still for an instant; the rhythmical strokes reached my hearing distinctly. Biryuk glanced at me and shook his head. We went farther through the wet bracken and nettles. A slow muffled crash was heard…

“啊，哪里呀？”孤狼耸了耸肩膀。我们下到了山沟里，风停了一阵，有节奏的砍伐声清楚地传到了我的耳朵里。孤狼瞥了我一眼，摇了摇头。我们穿过湿漉漉的蕨丛和荨麻，继续向远处走。一阵缓慢而沉闷的倒地声传了过来……

"He's felled it," muttered Biryuk. Meantime the sky had grown clearer and clearer; there was a faint light in the forest. We clambered at last out of the ravine.

“他把它砍到了。”孤狼咕哝道。这时，天变得越来越晴朗了，树林里有了微弱的光。我们终于爬出了山沟。

"Wait here a little," the forester whispered to me. He bent down, and raising his gun above his head, vanished among the bushes. I began listening with strained attention. Across the continual roar of the wind faint sounds from close by reached me: there was a cautious blow of an axe on the brushwood, the crash of wheels, the snort of a horse…

“在这里等一下。”护林人低声对我说。他弯下了腰，把枪举到了头上，消失在了丛林中。我开始紧张地听着。风不停地咆哮着，我隐隐约约听见附近传来的声响，斧头十分小心地砍在树上的声音，车轮的转动声，马打响鼻的声音……

"Where are you off to? Stop!" the iron voice of Biryuk thundered suddenly. Another voice was heard in a pitiful shriek, like a trapped hare… A struggle was beginning.

“你要往哪里跑？站住！”孤狼铁一般的声音骤然响起。另一个人发出了一阵可怜的尖叫声，像只被捕获的野兔那样……一场搏斗开始了。

"No, no, you've made a mistake," Biryuk declared panting; "you're not going to get off…” I rushed in the direction of the noise, and ran up to the scene of the conflict, stumbling at every step. A felled tree lay on the ground, and near it Biryuk was busily engaged holding the thief down and binding his hands behind his back with a kerchief. I came closer. Biryuk got up and set him on his feet. I saw a peasant drenched with rain, in tatters, and with a long dishevelled beard. A sorry little nag, half covered with a stiff mat, was standing by, together with a rough cart. The forester did not utter a word; the peasant too was silent; his head was shaking.

“不，不，你错了，”孤狼喘着气喊道，“你跑不了的……”我朝传出声音的那个方向跑去，一步一跸地来到了打斗的地方。一棵被砍倒的树躺在地上，在它旁边，孤狼忙着控制住那个贼，正在用一条围巾把他的手反绑在身后。我走近了些。孤狼站了起来，把他拉了起来。我看见了一个农民，他浑身都被雨淋湿了，衣服破破烂烂的，还长着一把蓬乱的长胡子。一匹蹩脚的小马，一张僵硬的席子盖在了它的半个身子上，旁边还停着一辆做工粗糙的马车。护林人一句话都没说，那个农民也不说话，他的头颤动着。

"Let him go," I whispered in Biryuk's ears; "I'll pay for the tree.”

“让他走吧，”我在孤狼的耳边低声说，“我来赔偿这棵树的钱。”

Without a word Biryuk took the horse by the mane with his left hand; in his right he held the thief by the belt. "Now turn round, you rat!" he said grimly.

孤狼一声不吭地用左手抓住马鬃，右手握住那个贼的腰带。“喂，转过来，你这个贼！”他严厉地说道。

"The bit of an axe there, take it," muttered the peasant.

“斧头在那里，拿吧。”那个农民咕哝道。

"No reason to lose it, certainly," said the forester, and he picked up the axe. We started. I walked behind… The rain began sprinkling again, and soon fell in torrents. With difficulty we made our way to the hut. Biryuk pushed the captured horse into the middle of the yard,

led the peasant into the room, loosened the knot in the kerchief, and made him sit down in a corner. The little girl, who had fallen asleep near the oven, jumped up and began staring at us in silent terror. I sat down on the locker.

“当然了，才不会漏了它呢。”护林人说道，捡起了斧头。我们出发了。我走在后面……雨又开始洒了下来，不一会儿就变成了倾盆大雨。我们费了好大劲才走到了小屋。孤狼把那匹被俘虏的马推到院子中间，让那个农民进了屋，解开了围巾上的结，让他坐在角落里。小姑娘本来已经在火炉旁睡着了，又跳了起来，开始惊恐地默默盯着我们。我坐在了柜子上。

"Ugh, what a downpour!" remarked the forester; "you will have to wait till it's over. Won't you lie down?”

“呀，好大的雨啊！”护林人说道，“您得等到它停了。您要不躺一下？”

"Thanks."

“谢谢。”

"I would have shut him in the store loft, on your honour's account," he went on, indicating the peasant; "but you see the bolt—”

“因为您在这里，我本来应该把他关到储藏室的，”他指着那个农民继续说道，“但是您也看见那个门闩……”

"Leave him here; don't touch him," I interrupted.

“把他留在这里吧，别碰他了。”我打断道。

The peasant stole a glance at me from under his brows. I vowed inwardly to set the poor wretch free, come what might. He sat without stirring on the locker. By the light of the lantern I could make out his worn, wrinkled face, his overhanging yellow eyebrows, his restless eyes, his thin limbs… The little girl lay down on the floor, just at his feet, and again dropped asleep. Biryuk sat at the table, his head in his hands. A cricket chirped in the corner… the rain pattered on the roof and streamed down the windows; we were all silent.

那个农民挑起眉毛，偷偷地看了我一眼。我在心里发誓，不管怎样，都要这个把这个可怜的人放走。他一动不动地坐在柜子上。借着提灯的光亮，我可以看到他那疲倦的、皱巴巴的脸，黄眉毛垂了下来，眼里充满了不安，四肢瘦瘦的……小姑娘在他的脚边，躺在地板上，又睡着了。孤狼坐在了桌子旁边，双手托着头。一只蟋蟀在角落里唧唧叫着……雨点嗒嗒地打在了屋顶上，顺着窗子流下了来，我们都沉默了。

"Foma Kuzmitch," said the peasant suddenly in a thick, broken voice; "Foma Kuzmitch!"

“福马·库济米奇，”那个农民突然说道，声音沙哑，还断断续续

的，“福马·库济米奇！”

"What is it?"

“怎么了？”

"Let me go."

“让我走吧。”

Biryuk made no answer.

孤狼没有回答。

"Let me go… hunger drove me to it; let me go.”

“让我走吧……我是饿得不行了啊，让我走吧。”

"I know you," retorted the forester severely; "your set's all alike—all thieves.”

“我可知道你们，”护林人严厉地说，“你们这些人都一样——都是贼。”

"Let me go," repeated the peasant. "Our manager… we 're ruined, that's what it is—let me go!”

“让我走吧，”农民反复说，“我们的主人……我们都被毁了，就是这样……让我走吧！”

"Ruined, indeed!… Nobody need steal.”

“毁啦，不见得吧！没有人非要偷。”

"Let me go, Foma Kuzmitch… Don't destroy me. Your manager, you know yourself, will have no mercy on me; that's what it is.”

“让我走吧，福马·库济米奇……可别毁了我啊。你的主人，你自己也知道，是不会怜悯我的，就是这样。”

Biryuk turned away. The peasant was shivering as though he were in the throes of fever. His head was shaking, and his breathing came in broken gasps.

孤狼把脸转了过去。农民直打哆嗦，好像在受热病的折磨一样。他的头在颤抖，呼吸也不均匀了。

"Let me go," he repeated with mournful desperation. "Let me go; by God, let me go! I'll pay; see, by God, I will! By God, it was through hunger!… the little ones are crying, you know yourself. It's hard for us, see.”

“让我走吧，”他绝望而伤心地反复说，“让我走吧，看在上帝的份上，让我走吧！我会赔钱的，真的，看在上帝的份上，我会的。看在上帝的份上，都是因为饿啊！家里小的还在哭，你自己也知道。我们真是太困难了。”

"You needn't go stealing, for all that.”

“就算这样，你也不该去偷。”

"My little horse," the peasant went on, "my poor little horse, at least… our only beast… let it go.”

“我那匹小马，”那农民继续说，“我那匹可怜的小马，至少……我们唯一的牲口……就让它在这里吧。”

"I tell you I can't. I'm not a free man; I'm made responsible. You oughtn't to be spoilt, either.”

“我告诉你，不行。我也不是个自由人，我也是要负责任的。再说，也不能把你们惯坏了。”

"Let me go! It's through want, Foma Kuzmitch, want—and nothing else—let me go!”

“让我走吧！都是因为穷啊，福马·库济米奇，穷啊——再没别的原因了——让我走吧！”

"I know you!"

“我知道你们这些人！”

"Oh, let me go!"

“哦，让我走吧！”

"Ugh, what's the use of talking to you! sit quiet, or else you'll catch it. Don't you see the gentleman, hey?”

“唉，跟你讲了有什么用！安安静静地坐着吧，要不然就给你好看。你没看见这位老爷吗，啊？”

The poor wretch hung his head… Biryuk yawned and laid his head on the table. The rain still persisted. I was waiting to see what would happen.

那个可怜的家伙垂下了头……孤狼打了个哈欠，把头靠在了桌子上。雨还继续下着。我等着看会发生什么。

Suddenly the peasant stood erect. His eyes were glittering, and his face flushed dark red. "Come, then, here; strike yourself, here," he began, his eyes puckering up and the corners of his mouth dropping; "come, cursed destroyer of men's souls! drink Christian blood, drink.”

突然间，那个农民直直地站了起来。他的眼睛放着光，满脸通红。“来吧，那么，来打我吧，来啊，”他开始说，眼睛眯起来，嘴角往下垂着，“来啊，你这个邪恶的凶手！喝基督徒的血，喝吧。”

The forester turned round.

护林人转过了身去。

"I'm speaking to you, Asiatic, blood-sucker, you!”

“我对你说话呢，野蛮人，吸血鬼，你！”

"Are you drunk or what, to set to being abusive?" began the forester, puzzled. "Are you out of your senses, hey?"

“你是醉了还是怎么着，开始烂骂起来了？”护林人疑惑地说，“你疯了吗，嘿？”

"Drunk! not at your expense, cursed destroyer of souls—brute, brute, brute!”

“醉了！又没花你的钱，邪恶的凶手，畜生，畜生，畜生！”

"Ah, you——I'll show you!”

“哈，你……我要教训教训你！”

"What's that to me? It's all one; I'm done for; what can I do without a horse? Kill me—it's the same in the end; whether it's through hunger or like this—it's all one. Ruin us all—wife, children… kill us all at once. But, wait a bit, we'll get at you!”

“我还有什么可怕的？我做什么结果都是一样，没有马我还能做什么？杀了我吧，反正结果都一样，不管是饿死还是像这样，反正都一样。把我们全都杀了吧，老婆，孩子……马上把我们全都杀了吧。不过，等着，我们会报复你的！”

Biryuk got up.

孤狼站了起来。

"Kill me, kill me," the peasant went on in savage tones; "kill me; come, come, kill me…” (The little girl jumped up hastily from the ground and stared at him.) "Kill me, kill me!"

“杀我啊，杀我啊，”农民继续用暴怒的口气讲到，“杀我啊，来啊，来啊，杀我啊……（小姑娘慌忙从地上跳了起来，盯着他看。）杀我啊，杀我啊！”

"Silence!" thundered the forester, and he took two steps forward.

“闭嘴！”护林人大声喊道，向前走了两步。

"Stop, Foma, stop," I shouted; "let him go…. Peace be with him.”

“住手，福马，住手，”我叫道，“让他走吧……保佑他。”

"I won't be silent," the luckless wretch went on. "It's all the same—ruin anyway—you destroyer of souls, you brute; you've not come to ruin yet… But wait a bit; you won't have long to boast of; they'll wring your neck; wait a bit!”

“我不会闭嘴的，”那个不幸的可怜人继续说道，“都一样，反正都是

死，你这个杀人的，你这个畜生，还没到你倒霉的时候……不过等着，你狂妄不了多长时间了，会有人把你的脖子拧断的，等着！”

Biryuk clutched him by the shoulder. I rushed to help the peasant…

孤狼抓住了他的肩膀。我冲上去帮那个农民……

"Don't touch him, master!" the forester shouted to me.

“别碰他，老爷！”护林人对我吼道。

I should not have feared his threats, and already had my fist in the air; but to my intense amazement, with one pull he tugged the kerchief off the peasant's elbows, took him by the scruff of the neck, thrust his cap over his eyes, opened the door, and shoved him out.

他的威胁并没有吓到我，我已经把拳头伸出去了，但是让我非常惊奇地是，他把那农民胳膊上的围巾一扯，从后面抓着他的脖子，猛地把他的帽子扣到了眼睛上方，打开了门，把他推了出去。

"Go to the devil with your horse!" he shouted after him; "but mind, next time…”

“带着你的马滚吧！”他在他身后叫到，“但是记着，下次……”

He came back into the hut and began rummaging in the corner.

他走回了小屋，开始在屋角翻寻了起来。

"Well, Biryuk," I said at last, "you've astonished me; I see you're a splendid fellow.”

“哎，孤狼，”最后我说，“你真让我吃惊啊，我看出来你是个很好的人。”

"Oh, stop that, master," he cut me short with an air of vexation; "please don't speak of it. But I'd better see you on your way now," he added; "I suppose you won't wait for this little rain…”

“哦，别说了，老爷，”他恼火地打断了我的话，“请不要说出去。不过我现在最好还是送您上路吧，”他又说道，“我想您是等不到这小雨停了……”

In the yard there was the rattle of the wheels of the peasant's cart.

院子里，响起了农民马车上的轮子发出的咔嗒声。

"He's off, then!" he muttered; "but next time!"

“他走了，喏！”他喃喃地说道，“但是下次！”

Half-an-hour later he parted from me at the edge of the wood.

半个小时以后，他在树林边上同我道别了。

CHAPTER XIII Two Country Gentlemen

第十三章 两位乡绅

I have already had the honour, kind readers, of introducing to you several of my neighbours; let me now seize a favourable opportunity (it is always a favourable opportunity with us writers) to make known to you two more gentlemen, on whose lands I often used to go shooting—very worthy, well-intentioned persons, who enjoy universal esteem in several districts.

亲爱的读者们，我曾有幸向你们介绍了我的几个邻居，现在我想借这个大好机会（我们这些作家总是借机），向你们介绍一下另外两位地主，我常常在他们的土地上打猎——他们都是值得尊敬的好人，在几个县里广受大家的尊重。

First I will describe to you the retired General-major Vyatcheslav Ilarionovitch Hvalinsky. Picture to yourselves a tall and once slender man, now inclined to corpulence, but not in the least decrepit or even elderly, a man of ripe age; in his very prime, as they say. It is true the once regular and even now rather pleasing features of his face have undergone some change; his cheeks are flabby; there are close wrinkles like rays about his eyes; a few teeth are not, as Saadi, according to Pushkin, used to say; his light brown hair—at least, all that is left of it—has assumed a purplish hue, thanks to a composition bought at the Romyon horse-fair of a Jew who gave himself out as an Armenian; but Vyatcheslav Ilarionovitch has a smart walk and a ringing laugh, jingles his spurs and curls his moustaches, and finally speaks of himself as an old cavalry man, whereas we all know that really old men never talk of being old. He usually wears a frock-coat buttoned up to the top, a high cravat, starched collars, and grey sprigged trousers of a military cut; he wears his hat tilted over his forehead, leaving all the back of his head exposed. He is a good-natured man, but of rather curious notions and principles. For instance, he can never treat noblemen of no wealth or standing as equals. When he talks to them, he usually looks sideways at them, his cheek pressed hard against his stiff white collar, and suddenly he turns and silently fixes them with a clear stony stare, while he moves the whole skin of his head under his hair; he even has a way of his own in pronouncing many words; he never says, for instance: "Thank you, Pavel Vasilyitch," or "This way, if you please, Mihalo Ivanitch," but always "Fanks, Pa' l Asilitch," or "Is wy, please, Mil Vanitch". With persons of the lower grades of society, his behaviour is still more quaint; he never looks at them at all, and before making known his

desires to them, or giving an order, he repeats several times in succession, with a puzzled, far-away air: "What's your name?… what, what's your name?" with extraordinary sharp emphasis on the first word, which gives the phrase a rather close resemblance to the call of a quail. He is very fussy and terribly close-fisted, but manages his land badly: he had chosen as overseer on his estate a retired quartermaster, a Little Russian, and a man of really exceptional stupidity. None of us, though, in the management of land, has ever surpassed a certain great Petersburg dignitary, who, having perceived from the reports of his steward that the cornkilns in which the corn was dried on his estate were often liable to catch fire, whereby he lost a great deal of grain, gave the strictest orders that for the future they should not put the sheaves in till the fire had been completely put out! This same great personage conceived the brilliant idea of sowing his fields with poppies, as the result of an apparently simple calculation: poppy being dearer than rye, he argued, it is consequently more profitable to sow poppy. He it was, too, who ordered his women serfs to wear tiaras after a pattern bespoken from Moscow; and to this day the peasant women on his lands do actually wear the tiaras, only they wear them over their skull-caps… But let us return to Vyatcheslav Ilarionovitch. Vyatcheslav Ilarionovitch is a devoted admirer of the fair sex, and directly he catches sight of a pretty woman in the promenade of his district town, he is promptly off in pursuit, but falls at once into a sort of limping gait—that is the remarkable feature of the case. He is fond of playing cards, but only with people of a lower standing; they toady him with "Your Excellency" in every sentence, while he can scold them and find fault to his heart's content. When he chances to play with the governor or any official personage, a marvellous change comes over him: he is all nods and smiles; he looks them in the face; he seems positively flowing with honey… He even loses without grumbling. Vyatcheslav Ilarionovitch does not read much; when he is reading he incessantly works his moustaches and eyebrows up and down, as if a wave were passing from below upwards over his face. This undulatory motion in Vyatcheslav Ilarionovitch's face is especially marked when (before company, of course) he happens to be reading the columns of the Journal des Debats. In the assemblies of nobility he plays a rather important part, but on grounds of economy he declines the honourable dignity of marshal. "Gentlemen," he usually says to the noblemen who press that office upon him, and he speaks in a voice filled with condescension and self-sufficiency: "much indebted for the honour; but I have made up my mind to consecrate my leisure to solitude." And, as he utters these words, he turns his head several times to right and to left, and then, with a dignified air, adjusts his chin and his cheek over his cravat. In his young days he served as

adjutant to some very important person, whom he never speaks of except by his Christian name and patronymic; they do say he fulfilled other functions than those of an adjutant; that, for instance, in full parade get-up, buttoned up to the chin, he had to lather his chief in his bath—but one can't believe everything one hears. General Hvalinsky is not, however, fond of talking himself about his career in the army, which is certainly rather curious; it seems that he had never seen active service. General Hvalinsky lives in a small house alone; he has never known the joys of married life, and consequently he still regards himself as a possible match, and indeed a very eligible one. But he has a house-keeper, a dark-eyed, dark-browed, plump, fresh-looking woman of five-and-thirty with a moustache; she wears starched dresses even on week-days, and on Sundays puts on muslin sleeves as well. Vyatcheslav Ilarionovitch is at his best at the large invitation dinners given by gentlemen of the neighbourhood in honour of the governor and other dignitaries: then he is, one may say, in his natural element. On these occasions he usually sits, if not on the governor's right hand, at least at no great distance from him; at the beginning of dinner he is more disposed to nurse his sense of personal dignity, and, sitting back in his chair, he loftily scans the necks and stand-up collars of the guests, without turning his head, but towards the end of the meal he unbends, begins smiling in all directions (he had been all smiles for the governor from the first), and sometimes even proposes the toast in honour of the fair sex, the ornament of our planet, as he says. General Hvalinsky shows to advantage too at all solemn public functions, inspections, assemblies, and exhibitions; no one in church goes up for the benediction with such style. Vyatcheslav Ilarionovitch's servants are never noisy and clamorous on the breaking up of assemblies or in crowded thoroughfares; as they make a way for him through the crowd or call his carriage, they say in an agreeable guttural baritone: "By your leave, by your leave allow General Hvalinsky to pass," or "Call for General Hvalinsky's carriage."
… Hvalinsky's carriage is, it must be admitted, of a rather queer design, and the footmen's liveries are rather threadbare (that they are grey, with red facings, it is hardly necessary to remark); his horses too have seen a good deal of hard service in their time; but Vyatcheslav Ilarionovitch has no pretensions to splendour, and goes so far as to think it beneath his rank to make an ostentation of wealth. Hvalinsky has no special gift of eloquence, or possibly has no opportunity of displaying his rhetorical powers, as he has a particular aversion, not only for disputing, but for discussion in general, and assiduously avoids long conversation of all sorts, especially with young people. This was certainly judicious on his part; the worst of having to do with the younger generation is that they are so ready to forget the

proper respect and submission due to their superiors. In the presence of persons of high rank Hvalinsky is for the most part silent, while with persons of a lower rank, whom to judge by appearances he despises, though he constantly associates with them, his remarks are sharp and abrupt, expressions such as the following occurring incessantly: "That's a piece of folly, what you're saying now," or "I feel myself compelled, sir, to remind you," or "You ought to realise with whom you are dealing," and so on. He is peculiarly dreaded by post-masters, officers of the local boards, and superintendents of posting stations. He never entertains any one in his house, and lives, as the rumour goes, like a screw. For all that, he's an excellent country gentleman, "An old soldier, a disinterested fellow, a man of principle, vieux grognard," his neighbours say of him. The provincial prosecutor alone permits himself to smile when General Hvalinsky's excellent and solid qualities are referred to before him—but what will not envy drive men to!…

首先，我给你们介绍一下已退伍的少将维亚切斯拉夫·伊拉里奥诺维奇·赫瓦伦斯基。您自己想象一下，一个高高的男人，曾经身材修长，现在有点发福，但是一点也不显得衰老，更算不上年岁已高，还处于成熟的时期，就像他们所说，还正当年呢。的确，他那曾经端正的，甚至至今还讨人喜欢的脸上，已经有了些变化；他面颊松弛，眼睛周围密布的皱纹像射线一样，牙也没几颗了，就像普希金笔下的萨迪所说的那样；他浅棕色的头发——至少所有剩下的头发——呈现出一种淡紫色，这要归功于一种合成物，是他在罗姆内马市上，从一个装成亚美尼亚人的犹太人手上买来的；但是维亚切斯拉夫·伊拉里奥诺维奇还是步伐矫健，笑声响亮，把马刺踢得叮当响，捻着小胡子，自称为老骑兵，然而我们都知道，真正的老年人从来不会说自己老。他总是穿一件礼服大衣，扣子扣到最上面，把领带打得高高的，衣领也上过浆，穿着灰色的有枝条图案的军式长裤，帽子斜盖过额头，让整个后脑勺露在外面。他是个善良的人，但也有些很古怪的观念和原则。比如，他从来不会平等地对待既没钱又没有地位的贵族。当他和他们讲话时，总是侧脸看着他们，脸颊紧紧地压着他那僵直的白衣领，突然间他会转过来，默不作声地盯着他们，眼神明亮而冷漠，他还会动一动头发下面的头皮；他甚至还有自己的一套发音方法，例如，他从来不说："谢谢你，帕韦尔·瓦西利伊奇"，或"这边请，米海洛·伊瓦内奇"，而总是说"谢了，帕尔·阿西利伊奇"，或"介边，请，米哈尔·瓦内奇"。面对社会下层的人时，他的行为就更加古怪了，他根本就不看他们，在对他们表达想法，或下命令之前，他会面带困惑、遥远的神情，连续地重复上几次："你叫什么名字？什么，什么名字？"把刺耳的重音落在第一个字上，他说这句话的时候，就像一只鹌鹑在叫。他是个非常挑剔的人，而且吝啬得可怕，但是自己的土地却管理得很糟，他选了一个退伍的军需官做他庄园的管理人，一个小俄罗斯人，一个异常愚蠢的家伙。不过，在管理土地方面，我们当中没有一个人，能超越彼得堡的那位达官贵人，他从管家的报告中得知，庄园里的烤谷房常常容易着火，因为这事他损失了很多粮食，便下了最为严格

的命令：今后火没完全熄灭，不准把谷捆搬进去！这位显贵还想出过一个绝妙的主意，就是在他的地里播种罂粟，这显然是出于一个很简单的计算：罂粟比黑麦贵，因此他认为种罂粟更有利可图。他还下令，要求女农奴们戴一种冕状头饰，花样是从莫斯科预定的；至今，他领地里的农妇们还戴着这种头饰，只不过戴在便帽上了……不过，我们还是来谈谈维亚切斯拉夫·伊拉里奥诺维奇吧。维亚切斯拉夫·伊拉里奥诺维奇是一个沉迷于女色的人，在县城的林阴道上，他要是看见个漂亮的女人，就会马上追上去，但一走起路来就一瘸一拐的，那情景真是很值得一看。他喜欢玩牌，但是只和地位比他低的人玩，他们每说一句话，都谄媚地称呼他为“阁下”，但他却随心所欲地叱责和埋怨他们。当他偶尔同省长或其他政要玩牌时，他的态度便会发生惊人的变化，他总是点头、微笑，他直视他们，似乎满溢了甜蜜……就是输了，他也不抱怨。维亚切斯拉夫·伊拉里奥诺维奇不常看书，他读书时，他的那小胡子和眉毛便不停地上下抖动，好像波浪自下而上地从他脸上流过。维亚切斯拉夫·伊拉里奥诺维奇脸上这种波浪式的动作，在他碰巧读《评论报》专栏时，会特别地明显（当然了，在同伴面前）。在贵族的集会上，他扮演着很重要的角色，但是因为舍不得花钱，他拒绝了贵族长这个荣誉的称号。“先生们，”他总对那些想把那个职位加在他头上的贵族说，而且声音中充满了傲慢和自负，“对此殊荣我很是感谢，但是我已经下定决心，准备独自过几天悠闲日子。”他说这些话的时候，左右转了几次头，然后，庄重地把他的下巴和脸颊靠到领了带上。他年轻的时候，给某个非常重要的人物当过副手，他只提过这位要人的教名和父姓；据说，他履行的职责超过了副官的范围，例如，他曾穿着全套制服，纽扣直扣到下巴，在他上司的浴室里帮他打肥皂泡——但是也不能尽信传闻。然而，赫瓦伦斯基将军不喜欢谈论自己的军旅生涯，这的确是很奇怪，好像他从没有服过役一样。赫瓦伦斯基将军独自住在一间小房子里，他从未品尝过婚姻生活的乐趣，因此他仍然认为自己是一个合适的结婚对象，甚至是一个钻石王老五。不过他有一位管家，是一个三十五岁的女人，长着黑眼睛、黑眉毛、体态丰满、皮肤娇嫩，还长着小胡子，即使在工作日，她都穿着上过浆的连衣裙，在周日也会戴上棉套袖。在邻近地主们招待州长和其他达官贵人的大型晚宴上，维亚切斯拉夫·伊拉里奥诺维奇总能发挥最佳状态，这时候他可谓是如鱼得水。在这样的场合，若他没有坐在省长的右手边，那也至少会坐在离省长不远的地方；在晚宴开始的时候，他还比较能保持住自尊，在椅子上坐着不动，高傲地扫视着宾客们的脖子和立领，但不转动他的头，但是在饭局即将结束之际，他便放松下来，开始朝各个方向微笑（从宴会一开始，他就一直在对省长微笑了），有时甚至提议为女性干杯，用他的话说，为我们星球的装饰干杯。赫瓦伦斯基将军在所有隆重的公共典礼、视察、集会和展览上也都表现得很出色，在教堂里受到祝福时，也很得体，这一点无人能及。维亚切斯拉夫·伊拉里奥诺维奇的仆人们，在集会解散，或在拥挤的大道上从来不大吵大闹，他们在人群中为他开道或为他叫马车时，都用悦耳的、带点喉音的男中音说：“劳驾，劳驾让赫瓦伦斯基将军过去”，或“叫赫瓦伦斯基的马车”……必须承认，赫瓦伦斯基的马车设计得实在很奇怪，男仆的制服也很破旧（不必说，是镶着红边的灰色制服）；他的马也辛苦劳累了一

辈子了，而维亚切斯拉夫·伊拉里奥诺维奇不追求奢华，甚至认为追求奢华会降低他的档次。赫瓦伦斯基没有什么口才，或许是因为没有机会施展他的语言能力，他不仅特别讨厌争论，就连普通的讨论也很讨厌，他竭力避免各种长时间的谈话，特别是同年轻人的谈话。他这样做确实很明智，同年轻一代进行辩论，最糟的地方就是，他们很容易忘掉自己对长辈应有的尊敬和谦恭。在地位高的人面前，赫瓦伦斯基大多数时候是沉默的；然而他常和地位低的人来往，虽然他很瞧不起那些以貌取人的家伙，在他们面前，他言辞尖刻而莽撞，常常会出现以下的词句："您现在说的都是些蠢话"，或"先生，我觉得自己不得不提醒您"，或"您应该意识到，您在跟谁打交道"，等等。邮政局长、当地各个部门的长官们和驿站长们都特别怕他。他从来不在家里招待任何人，有传闻说，他是一个吝啬鬼。尽管如此，他仍是一位出色的乡绅，他的邻居说他是"一个老军人，一个无私的人，一个有原则的人，一个爱抱怨的老人"。当人们谈起赫瓦伦斯基将军的优点和可靠的品质时，只有省检察官在一边冷笑——不过，心怀嫉妒的人什么都做得出来！

However, we will pass now to another landed proprietor.

不管怎样，我们现在来谈谈另一位地主吧。

Mardary Apollonitch Stegunov has no sort of resemblance to Hvalinsky; I hardly think he has ever served under government in any capacity, and he has never been reckoned handsome. Mardary Apollonitch is a little, fattish, bald old man of a respectable corpulence, with a double chin and little soft hands. He is very hospitable and jovial; lives, as the saying is, for his comfort; summer and winter alike, he wears a striped wadded dressing-gown. There's only one thing in which he is like General Hvalinsky; he too is a bachelor. He owns five hundred souls. Mardary Apollonitch's interest in his estate is of a rather superficial description; not to be behind the age, he ordered a threshing-machine from Butenop's in Moscow, locked it up in a barn, and then felt his mind at rest on the subject. Sometimes on a fine summer day he would have out his racing droshky, and drive off to his fields, to look at the crops and gather corn-flowers. Mardary Apollonitch's existence is carried on in quite the old style. His house is of an old-fashioned construction; in the hall there is, of course, a smell of kvas, tallow candles, and leather; close at hand, on the right, there is a sideboard with pipes and towels; in the dining-room, family portraits, flies, a great pot of geraniums, and a squeaky piano; in the drawing-room, three sofas, three tables, two looking-glasses, and a wheezy clock of tarnished enamel with engraved bronze hands; in the study, a table piled up with papers, and a bluish-coloured screen covered with pictures cut out of various works of last century; a bookcase full of musty books, spiders, and black dust; a puffy armchair; an Italian window; a sealed-up door into the garden…. Everything, in short, just as it always is. Mardary

Apollonitch has a multitude of servants, all dressed in the old-fashioned style; in long blue full coats, with high collars, shortish pantaloons of a muddy hue, and yellow waistcoats. They address visitors as "father". His estate is under the superintendence of an agent, a peasant with a beard that covers the whole of his sheepskin; his household is managed by a stingy, wrinkled old woman, whose face is always tied up in a cinnamon-coloured handkerchief. In Mardary Apollonitch's stable there are thirty horses of various kinds; he drives out in a coach built on the estate, that weighs four tons. He receives visitors very cordially, and entertains them sumptuously; in other words, thanks to the stupefying powers of our national cookery, he deprives them of all capacity for doing anything but playing preference. For his part, he never does anything, and has even given up reading the Dream-book. But there are a good many of our landed gentry in Russia exactly like this. It will be asked: "What is my object in talking about him?…" Well, by way of answering that question, let me describe to you one of my visits at Mardary Apollonitch's.

马尔达里·阿波洛内奇·斯捷古诺夫和赫瓦伦斯基没有一点相似之处，我认为，他恐怕未曾担任过任何政府职务，也从没有人认为他是美男子。马尔达里·阿波洛内奇是个令人尊敬的老头子，矮小肥胖，秃顶，双下巴，一双手小而柔软，而且大腹便便。他非常好客，而且天性快活，正如俗话所说，活得舒坦；不论是夏天还是冬天，他都穿着一件条纹的棉睡衣。他只有一点和赫瓦伦斯基将军相同：他也是个单身汉。他有五百个农奴。马尔达里·阿波洛内奇关注庄园的表面形象，为了不落后于时代，他从莫斯科的布捷诺普公司订购了一台脱谷机，然后把它锁在了仓库里，这才安心了。有时候，在晴朗的夏日，他会吩咐把他的敞篷低座四轮马车赶出来，驾驶到田地里去看庄稼，再采些矢车菊。马尔达里·阿波洛内奇的生活，完全是老式的。他的房子是老式结构的，大厅里散发着克瓦斯、脂油蜡烛和皮革的味道；就在旁边，在右边有一个放着烟斗和毛巾的餐具柜；餐厅里有全家福、苍蝇、一大盆天竺葵和一台吱嘎作响的钢琴；客厅里有三张长沙发、三张桌子、两面镜子和一个呼哧呼哧响的钟，钟上的珐琅已经失去了光泽，铜指针上还有雕刻花纹；书房里有一张堆满了纸张的桌子，一面浅蓝色的屏风，上面贴满了上个世纪的图片，都是从各部作品中剪下来的；有一个书架，上满堆满了发霉了的书、蜘蛛和黑色的灰尘，一把庞大的扶手椅，一扇意大利式的窗户，一道被封住的、通往花园的门……总之，应有尽有。马尔达里·阿波洛内奇有一大群仆人，一律穿着老式服装，高领的蓝色长外套，颜色灰暗的短马裤和黄色的背心。他们称呼来客为“大爷”。他的家产由一个农民出身的总管管理，那人的胡子都能遮住整件羊皮袄；家务事则靠一位满脸皱纹的老太太料理，她总是裹着肉桂色的头巾，而且非常吝啬。在马尔达里·阿波洛内奇的马厩里，有三十只不同种类的马，他外出时乘坐的马车，是在庄园里建造的，有四吨重。他待客非常热情大方，换句话说，由于俄国的烹饪术有让人昏沉的本事，他会让客人们除了玩三人牌戏之外，没有力气去做任何别的事情。至于他本人，他也从不做任何事，甚

至连《段梦占卜书》也放弃了。不过，在俄国还有很多像他一样的地主。也许有人会问："我谈他的目的是什么？"那么，为了回答这个问题，请让我给你们描述一下，我拜访马尔达里·阿波洛内奇的事情吧。

I arrived one summer evening at seven o'clock. An evening service was only just over; the priest, a young man, apparently very timid, and only lately come from the seminary, was sitting in the drawing-room near the door, on the extreme edge of a chair. Mardary Apollonitch received me as usual, very cordially; he was genuinely delighted to see any visitor, and indeed he was the most good-natured of men altogether. The priest got up and took his hat.

在一个夏天的傍晚，七点钟的时候，我到了他家。晚上的祷告刚刚结束，一位年轻的司祭坐在客厅里，只沾了椅子的一点点边，还靠近门口，他的样子非常腼腆，显然刚刚从神学院出来。马尔达里·阿波洛内奇像往常一样非常热情友好地接待了我；他见到任何来客都真诚地感到高兴，他总的来说的确是个极和善的人。司祭站了起来，拿了帽子。

"Wait a bit, wait a bit, father," said Mardary Apollonitch, not yet leaving go of my hand; "don't go… I have sent for some vodka for you."

"等一下，等一下，大爷，"马尔达里·阿波洛内奇还没有放开我的手便说道，"不要走啊……我叫人给你拿伏特加酒去了。"

"I never drink it, sir," the priest muttered in confusion, blushing up to his ears.

"我从来都不喝酒，先生。"司祭窘迫地小声说道，脸红到了耳根。

"What nonsense!" answered Mardary Apollonitch; "Mishka! Yushka! vodka for the father!"

"真是胡说！"马尔达里·阿波洛内奇答道，"米什卡！尤什卡！给大爷拿伏特加来！"

Yushka, a tall, thin old man of eighty, came in with a glass of vodka on a dark-coloured tray, with a few patches of flesh-colour on it, all that was left of the original enamel.

尤什卡是个八十岁的老头子，长得又高又瘦，他走了进来，端着一个深色的托盘，上面放着一杯伏特加酒，那个托盘上有几块肉色的斑块，那都是原有的珐琅留下来的。

The priest began to decline.

司祭开始婉拒了起来。

"Come, drink it up, father, no ceremony; it's too bad of you," observed the landowner reproachfully.

"来，喝了吧，大爷，别客气了，这样可不好。"地主带着责备的语

气说。

The poor young man had to obey.

这个可怜的年轻人只好从命。

"There, now, father, you may go."

“好啦，大爷，现在你可以走了。”

The priest took leave.

司祭向我们告辞。

"There, there, that'll do, get along with you…”

“好啦，好啦，行，去吧……”

"A capital fellow," pursued Mardary Apollonitch, looking after him, "I like him very much; there's only one thing—he's young yet. But how are you, my dear sir?… What have you been doing? How are you? Let's come out on to the balcony—such a lovely evening.”

“一个顶好的小伙子，”马尔达里·阿波洛内奇目送着他继续说，“我很喜欢他，只是有一点，他还年轻。您怎么样啊，我亲爱的先生？最近您都做些什么啊？您好吗？我们去阳台上吧，多么美好的黄昏啊。”

We went out on the balcony, sat down, and began to talk. Mardary Apollonitch glanced below, and suddenly fell into a state of tremendous excitement.

我们走到了阳台上，坐了下来，开始聊起天来。马尔达里·阿波洛内奇朝下面看了一眼，突然变得非常激动。

"Whose hens are those? whose hens are those?" he shouted: "Whose are those hens roaming about in the garden?… Whose are those hens? How many times I've forbidden it! How many times I've spoken about it!”

“那是谁家的母鸡？那是谁家的母鸡？”他叫道，“那是谁家的母鸡在花园里闲逛？那些母鸡是谁家的？我禁止过多少回了？我说过多少回了？”

Yushka ran out.

尤什卡跑了出去。

"What disorder!" protested Mardary Apollonitch; "it's horrible!”

“多乱啊！”马尔达里·阿波洛内奇生气地说，“真讨厌！”

The unlucky hens, two speckled and one white with a topknot, as I still remember, went on stalking tranquilly about under the apple-trees, occasionally giving vent to their feelings in a prolonged clucking, when suddenly Yushka, bareheaded and stick in hand, with

three other house-serfs of mature years, flew at them simultaneously. Then the fun began. The hens clucked, flapped their wings, hopped, raised a deafening cackle; the house-serfs ran, tripping up and tumbling over; their master shouted from the balcony like one possessed: "Catch 'em, catch 'em, catch 'em, catch 'em, catch 'em, catch 'em, catch 'em!”

我仍然记得那几只不幸的母鸡，两只花斑的，一只白色有冠毛的，依然在苹果树下悠然信步，偶尔发出一阵长长的咯咯声，抒发一下感情，突然间，没戴帽子的尤什卡就拿着棍子，和其他三个成年家奴，同时朝它们奔了过去。然后有趣的事情便开始了。那几只母鸡咯咯地叫着，拍着翅膀，跳来跳去，叫声震耳欲聋；家奴们跌跌绊绊地跑着，他们的主人在阳台上像着了魔一般地喊着：“抓住，抓住，抓住，抓住，抓住，抓住，抓住！”

At last one servant succeeded in catching the hen with the topknot, tumbling upon her, and at the very same moment a little girl of eleven, with dishevelled hair, and a dry branch in her hand, jumped over the garden-fence from the village street.

终于，一个仆人成功地抓住了那只有冠毛的母鸡，把它按住了，就在这一刻，一个十一岁的小女孩，头发蓬乱，手里拿着一根干树枝，从村里的街上越过花园的篱笆，跳了进来。

"Ah, we see now whose hens!" cried the landowner in triumph. "They're Yermil, the coachman's hens! he's sent his Natalka to chase them out… He didn't send his Parasha, no fear!" the landowner added in a low voice with a significant snigger. "Hey, Yushka! let the hens alone; catch Natalka for me."

“啊，现在我们知道是谁家的母鸡了！”地主洋洋得意地叫道，“是马车夫叶尔米尔家的母鸡！他派娜塔尔卡来赶母鸡了……他没派帕拉莎，不用怕！”地主又低声补充道，还意味深长地窃笑了一下。“嘿，尤什卡！别管那些母鸡啦，把娜塔尔卡给我抓过来。”

But before the panting Yushka had time to reach the terrified little girl the house-keeper suddenly appeared, snatched her by the arm, and slapped her several times on the back…

但是，还没等气喘吁吁的尤什卡跑到那个被吓坏的小姑娘面前，女管家突然出现了，一把抓住了她的胳膊，在她背上打了好几下……

"That's it! that's it!" cried the master, "tut-tut-tut!… And carry off the hens, Avdotya," he added in a loud voice, and he turned with a beaming face to me; "that was a fine chase, my dear sir, hey?—I'm in a regular perspiration: look.”

“这就对了！这就对了！”地主叫道，“啧啧啧！把她的母鸡抢走，阿夫多季娅，”他又大声喊道，然后满脸笑容地转向我说，“嘿，我亲爱的

先生，这次追捕不错吧？我可都出汗了，瞧。”

And Mardary Apollonitch went off into a series of chuckles.

马尔达里·阿波洛内奇开始咯咯地笑了起来。

We remained on the balcony. The evening was really exceptionally fine.

我们依然呆在阳台上。这个黄昏真是格外地美好。

Tea was served us.

有人给我们端来了茶。

"Tell me," I began, "Mardary Apollonitch: are those your peasants' huts, out there on the highroad, above the ravine?”

“给我说说，”我开始说道，“马尔达里·阿波洛内奇，峡谷上大路旁边的那些小屋，都是您的农民的吗？”

"Yes… why do you ask?”

“是的……您问这个干嘛？”

"I wonder at you, Mardary Apollonitch? It's really sinful. The huts allotted to the peasants there are wretched cramped little hovels; there isn't a tree to be seen near them; there's not a pond even; there's only one well, and that's no good. Could you really find no other place to settle them?… And they say you're taking away the old hemp-grounds, too?”

“我感到很吃惊啊，马尔达里·阿波洛内奇？这真是罪过啊。分给那些农民的茅舍，都又破又窄，附近一棵树都见不着，连个池塘都没有，只有一口井，还派不上用场。您真不能找个其他地方让他们住吗？据说，您还把他们以前种大麻的地收走了？”

"And what is one to do with this new division of the lands?" Mardary Apollonitch made answer. "Do you know I've this re-division quite on my mind, and I foresee no sort of good from it. And as for my having taken away the hemp-ground, and their not having dug any ponds, or what not—as to that, my dear sir, I know my own business. I'm a plain man—I go on the old system. To my ideas, when a man's master—he's master; and when he's peasant—he's peasant…. That's what I think about it.”

“这些土地就是这么重新规划的，拿它有什么办法？”马尔达里·阿波洛内奇答道，“您知道吗，重新划分地界真让我伤脑筋，而且我也没看出一点好处。至于我收回了大麻地，没给他们挖什么池子，或是其他什么没做的——关于那些，我亲爱的先生，我自有我的道理。我是个普普通通的人，我照老规矩行事。依我所见，主人就是主人，农民就是农民……我就是这么想的。”

To an argument so clear and convincing there was of course no answer.

他的回答清楚且令人信服，当然，我也就没什么好说的了。

"And besides," he went on, "those peasants are a wretched lot; they're in disgrace. Particularly two families there; why, my late father—God rest his soul—couldn't bear them; positively couldn't bear them. And you know my precept is: where the father's a thief, the son's a thief; say what you like…. Blood, blood—oh, that's the great thing! I don't mind telling you that I sent quite a few men for soldiers from those two families and tried to get rid of them in other ways. But they breed too damned quickly for me!”

“再说了，”他继续说道，“这些农民都是些无耻的人，他们很不讨人喜欢。特别是那两家人,唉，我已故的父亲——上帝保佑他——都受不了他们，根本受不了他们。您知道我的格言是：爹是贼，儿必是贼；随您怎么说吧……血统啊，血统——哦，这是最主要的！不瞒您说，我把那两家的几个男人都送到部队了，想要用其他方法解决他们，但他们生得可快了，该死的！”

Meanwhile there was a perfect stillness in the air. Only rarely there came a gust of wind, which, as it sank for the last time near the house, brought to our ears the sound of rhythmically repeated blows, seeming to come from the stable. Mardary Apollonitch was in the act of lifting a saucer full of tea to his lips, and was just inflating his nostrils to sniff its fragrance—no true-born Russian, as we all know, can drink his tea without this preliminary—but he stopped short, listened, nodded his head, sipped his tea, and laying the saucer on the table, with the most good-natured smile imaginable, he murmured as though involuntarily accompanying the blows: "Tchuki-tchuki-tchuk! Tchuki-tchuk!”

这时候，空气都完全停滞了。只是偶尔会有一阵风吹来，每当它最后停息在房子附近时，就有一阵有节奏的、反复的鞭打声传到我们的耳朵里。马尔达里·阿波洛内奇正把斟满茶水的茶碟举到嘴边，鼓起鼻孔嗅着香味——众所周知，土生土长的俄国人都会先做这样的准备，然后再喝茶——但是他突然停了下来，听了听，点点头，抿了一口茶，把茶碟放到了桌子上，脸上带着可以想象得到的最和蔼的微笑，他好像不由自主地伴着鞭打声讷讷地说：“啪啪啪！啪啪！”

"What is it?" I asked puzzled.

“怎么回事？”我疑惑地问。

"Oh, by my order, they're punishing a scamp of a fellow… Do you happen to remember Vasya, who waits at the sideboard?”

“哦，这是我下的令，他们在惩罚一个顽皮的家伙……您还记得瓦夏

吗，在餐具柜伺候用餐的那个？”

"Which Vasya?"

“哪个瓦夏？”

"Why, that waited on us at dinner just now. He with the long whiskers."

“嗨，就是刚才吃饭的时候，服侍我们的那个。胡子长长的那个。”

The fiercest indignation could not have stood against the clear mild gaze of Mardary Apollonitch.

不论有多么愤慨，也抵抗不了马尔达里·阿波洛内奇那清澈温和的眼神。

"What are you after, young man? what is it?" he said, shaking his head. "Am I a criminal or something, that you stare at me like that? 'Whom he loveth he chasteneth'; you know that”.

“您怎么了，年轻人？怎么回事？”他边摇头边说，“我是个罪犯还是什么啊，您像那样盯着我？‘爱之深，责之切嘛’，您知道的。”

A quarter of an hour later I had taken leave of Mardary Apollonitch. As I was driving through the village I caught sight of Vasya. He was walking down the village street, cracking nuts. I told the coachman to stop the horses and called him up.

一刻钟以后，我向马尔达里·阿波洛内奇道了别。我从乘车从村里穿过的时候，看到了瓦夏。他沿着村里的街道走着，边嗑着核桃。我叫马车夫把马勒住，把他叫了过来。

"Well, my boy, so they've been punishing you today?" I said to him.

“喂，孩子，他们今天罚你了吗？”我对他说。

"How did you know?" answered Vasya.

“您怎么知道？”瓦夏答道。

"Your master told me."

“你的主人告诉我的。”

"The master himself?"

“主人自己告诉您的？”

"What did he order you to be punished for?"

“他为什么要下令罚你呢？”

"Oh, I deserved it, father; I deserved it. They don't punish for trifles among us; that's not the way with us—no, no. Our master's not

like that; our master… you won't find another master like him in all the province.”

“哦，我该受罚，大爷，我该受罚。他们不会为小事罚我们，我们那里不会这样——不会，不会。我们的主人不像那样，我们的主人……您在全省都找不到另一个像他那么好的主人。”

"Drive on!" I said to the coachman. "There you have it, old Russia!" I mused on my homeward way.

“继续走吧！”我对马车夫说，“这就是旧俄国呀！”在回家的路上，我默默地想着。

CHAPTER XIV LEBEDYAN

第十四章 列别江

One of the principal advantages of hunting, my dear readers, consists in its forcing you to be constantly moving from place to place, which is highly agreeable for a man of no occupation. It is true that sometimes, especially in wet weather, it's not over-pleasant to roam over by-roads, to cut across country, to stop every peasant you meet with the question, "Hey! my good man! how are we to get to Mordovka?" and at Mordovka to try to extract from a half-witted peasant woman (the working population are all in the fields) whether it is far to an inn on the high-road, and how to get to it—and then when you have gone on eight miles farther, instead of an inn, to come upon the deserted village of Hudobubnova, to the great amazement of a whole herd of pigs, who have been wallowing up to their ears in the black mud in the middle of the village street, without the slightest anticipation of ever being disturbed. There is no great joy either in having to cross planks that dance under your feet; to drop down into ravines; to wade across boggy streams: it is not over-pleasant to tramp twenty-four hours on end through the sea of green that covers the highroads or (which God forbid!) stay for hours stuck in the mud before a striped milestone with the figures 22 on one side and 23 on the other; it is not wholly pleasant to live for weeks together on eggs, milk, and the rye-bread patriots affect to be so fond of…. But there is ample compensation for all these inconveniences and discomforts in pleasures and advantages of another sort. Let us come, though, to our story.

我亲爱的读者们，打猎最大的好处之一就在于，它迫使你不停地从一个地方去到另一个地方，对于一个清闲无事的人来说，这是非常惬意的事。确实，有时候（特别是在阴雨天）就不那么愉快了，你在小路上徘徊，抄近路穿过田野，拦住每一个遇到的农民问：“嘿！老兄！我们怎么才能到莫尔多夫卡去？”而到了莫尔多夫卡后，还得设法从一个愚笨的农妇那里，费力地问出（劳力都在田地里呢）路边的小旅馆还远不远，怎么到那里……然后，当车子走了八英里远的时候，你看不见小旅馆，却来到了荒芜的霍多布勃诺夫村，把一大群猪吓得要命，它们正在村子里街道上正中间的黑泥里打滚，丝毫没有料到会有人前来打扰。从脚下那乱晃的木板桥上走过，顺着山涧而下，淌过沼泽似的小溪，也不是什么令人愉快的事；还有，连续二十四小时行驶在绿色海洋中的大道上，或者（上帝保佑别碰上这样的事！）在一面标着数字22，另一面标着数字23的条纹里程碑前面的泥坑里，陷上几个小时，也是非常痛苦的；一连几个星期都吃鸡蛋、牛奶和爱国人士们佯装很喜欢的黑麦面包，也并

不是一件乐事……但是这一切的麻烦和不便，都会换来足够的补偿，让你收获别样的愉快和好处。不过，我们还是来说说正题吧。

After all I have said above, there is no need to explain to the reader how I happened five years ago to be at Lebedyan just in the very thick of the horse-fair. We sportsmen may often set off on a fine morning from our more or less ancestral roof, in the full intention of returning there the following evening, and little by little, still in pursuit of snipe, may get at last to the blessed banks of Petchora. Besides, every lover of the gun and the dog is a passionate admirer of the noblest animal in the world, the horse. And so I turned up at Lebedyan, stopped at the hotel, changed my clothes, and went out to the fair. (The waiter, a thin lanky youth of twenty, had already informed me in a sweet nasal tenor that his Excellency Prince N——, who purchases the chargers of the—regiment, was staying at their house; that many other gentlemen had arrived; that some gypsies were to sing in the evenings, and there was to be a performance of Pan Tvardovsky at the theatre; that the horses were fetching good prices; and that there was a fine show of them.)

毕竟我在前面已经讲过，就没有必要再向读者解释，五年前我是如何碰巧在马市非常拥挤的时候来到列别江的。我们这些猎人常常会在某一个晴朗的早晨，从多少算是祖传的领地出发，并打算第二天晚上就回来，可是走啊走，一直追逐着沙锥，最后可能会来到神圣的伯绍拉河岸边。此外，凡是爱好枪和狗的人，也都热烈地爱慕着马，这个世界上最高贵的动物。因此我拐到了列别江，住进了旅馆，换了身衣服，便到集市去了。（旅馆的侍者，是个二十来岁的年轻人，长得又高又瘦，声音悦耳，还带着点鼻音，他告诉我说，某公爵大人即某兵团的军马采购员，正住在他们的旅馆里，另外还来了许多绅士，晚上还有吉普赛人唱歌，剧院里正在演《特瓦尔多夫斯基老爷》；马的价格都很高，可都是些好马。）

In the market square there were endless rows of carts drawn up, and behind the carts, horses of every possible kind: racers, stud-horses, dray horses, cart-horses, posting-hacks, and simple peasants' nags. Some fat and sleek, assorted by colours, covered with striped horse-cloths, and tied up short to high racks, turned furtive glances backward at the too familiar whips of their owners, the horse-dealers; private owners' horses, sent by noblemen of the steppes a hundred or two hundred miles away, in charge of some decrepit old coachman and two or three headstrong stable-boys, shook their long necks, stamped with ennui, and gnawed at the fences; roan horses, from Vyatka, huddled close to one another; race-horses, dapple-grey, raven, and sorrel, with large hindquarters, flowing tails, and shaggy legs, stood in majestic immobility like lions. Connoisseurs stopped respectfully before them. The avenues formed by the rows of carts

were thronged with people of every class, age, and appearance; horse-dealers in long blue coats and high caps, with sly faces, were on the look-out for purchasers; gypsies, with staring eyes and curly heads, strolled up and down, like uneasy spirits, looking into the horses' mouths, lifting up a hoof or a tail, shouting, swearing, acting as go-betweens, casting lots, or hanging about some army horse-contracter in a foraging-cap and military cloak, with beaver collar. A stalwart Cossack rode up and down on a lanky gelding with the neck of a stag, offering it for sale "in one lot," that is, saddle, bridle, and all. Peasants, in sheepskins torn at the arm-pits, were forcing their way despairingly through the crowd, or packing themselves by dozens into a cart harnessed to a horse, which was to be "put to the test," or somewhere on one side, with the aid of a wily gypsy, they were bargaining till they were exhausted, clasping each other's hands a hundred times over, each still sticking to his price, while the subject of their dispute, a wretched little jade covered with a shrunken mat, was blinking quite unmoved, as though it was no concern of hers… And, after all, what difference did it make to her who was to have the beating of her? Broad-browed landowners, with dyed moustaches and an expression of dignity on their faces, in Polish hats and cotton overcoats pulled half-on, were talking condescendingly with fat merchants in felt hats and green gloves. Officers of different regiments were crowding everywhere; an extraordinarily lanky cuirassier of German extraction was languidly inquiring of a lame horse-dealer "what he expected to get for that chestnut." A fair-haired young hussar, a boy of nineteen, was choosing a trace-horse to match a lean carriage-horse; a post-boy in a low-crowned hat, with a peacock's feather twisted round it, in a brown coat and long leather gloves tied round the arm with narrow, greenish bands, was looking for a shaft-horse. Coachmen were plaiting the horses' tails, wetting their manes, and giving respectful advice to their masters. Those who had completed a stroke of business were hurrying to hotel or to tavern, according to their class… And all the crowd were moving, shouting, bustling, quarrelling and making it up again, swearing and laughing, all up to their knees in the mud. I wanted to buy a set of three horses for my covered trap; mine had begun to show signs of breaking down. I had found two, but had not yet succeeded in picking up a third. After a hotel dinner, which I cannot bring myself to describe (even Aeneas had discovered how painful it is to dwell on sorrows past), I repaired to a cafe so-called, which was the evening resort of the purchasers of cavalry mounts, horse-breeders, and other persons. In the billiard-room, which was plunged in grey floods of tobacco smoke, there were about twenty men. Here were free-and-easy young landowners in embroidered jackets and grey trousers, with long curling hair and little waxed

moustaches, staring about them with gentlemanly insolence; other noblemen in Cossack dress, with extraordinarily short necks, and eyes lost in layers of fat, were snorting with distressing distinctness; merchants sat a little apart on the qui-vive, as it is called; officers were chatting freely among themselves. At the billiard-table was Prince N——a young man of two-and-twenty, with a lively and rather contemptuous face, in a coat hanging open, a red silk shirt, and loose velvet pantaloons; he was playing with the ex-lieutenant, Viktor Hlopakov.

在集市的广场上，停着无数排大马车，在大马车后面，有各种各样的马：赛跑马、种马、拉重车的马、拉货车的马、驿马和普通的农家马。有的马膘肥体壮，按毛色分类，披着各种条纹马衣，被紧紧地系在高高的架子上，还偷偷摸摸地向后转，瞥一瞥它们主人——马贩子手中那再熟悉不过的鞭子；大草原上的贵族们，从一两百英里之外送来了家养的马，由几个年老体弱的马车夫和两三个任性的马童照看着，这些马摇晃着它们长长的脖子，无聊地跺着脚，啃着篱笆；几匹从维亚特卡来的杂色马，紧紧地挤在一起；几匹赛跑马臀部肥大，尾巴呈波浪形，蹄肘毛茸茸的，像狮子一样威严地站着不动，它们中有灰色带圆斑的，有乌黑色的，还有栗色的。行家们恭敬地在它们面前停了下来。在一排排大马车划分出的过道上，聚集着不同身份、不同年龄和不同样貌的人，马贩子穿蓝色长外衣，戴高帽子，一脸狡猾地搜寻着买主；凸眼卷发的吉普赛人跑来跑去，就像心神不安的幽灵一样，看看马的牙齿，抬起马的蹄子或尾巴，大叫着，咒骂着，担任起了中间人，抽着签，或缠着某个戴军帽、穿海狸毛军大衣的部队马匹采购员。一个健壮的哥萨克人挺着身子，骑在一匹长着牡鹿脖子的瘦高骟马上，想要“一整套”地卖掉它，也就是说，要把马鞍、笼头和所有的东西一起卖掉。农民们穿着胳肢窝处破了的羊皮袄，绝望地穿过拥挤的人群，或者成堆地挤到一辆马车上，马车套在一匹“试用”的马上，要么在一旁的某处，在一个狡猾的吉普赛人的帮助下讨价还价，直到他们都精疲力尽，互相击了一百多次掌，却仍然坚持自己的价格，而他们所争论的东西——一匹披着烂席子的蹩脚老马，正无动于衷地眨着眼睛，好像事情和它没有关系似的……毕竟，对于它来说，由谁来打它，又有什么区别呢？有几位地主，前额宽阔，小胡子也染了色，脸上露出威严的神情，戴着波兰式的帽子，穿着拉到一半的棉大衣，傲慢地同几个戴着毡帽和绿手套的胖商人交谈着。不同兵团的军官们也在到处推搡着，一个格外瘦高的德裔胸甲奇兵疲，懒洋洋地问一个跛足的马贩子：“那匹栗色马，他打算卖多少钱？”一位金发的青年轻骑兵，大概有十九岁，正在挑选一匹副马来配他那瘦瘦的溜蹄马；一个驿站的车夫，戴着低矮的帽子，一根孔雀毛盘旋在周围，穿着一件棕色的外衣，一副长长的皮手套戴在手臂上，上面还有窄窄的绿色松紧带，他正在寻找一匹辕马。马车夫们有的在给马编马尾，有的把马的鬓毛给打湿了，还有的恭敬地给自己的主人提供建议。那些已经做成了一笔生意的人，正忙着赶回与自己的社会地位相称的大酒店或小旅馆……这群人都在走动着、叫着、忙乱着、争吵着、和解着，骂着和笑着，个个都是泥污齐膝。我想给我的盖蓬双轮轻便马车买

三匹马，我的那几匹马已经开始出现衰弱的迹象了。我已经找到了两匹，但是还没有选好第三匹。我在旅馆吃了一顿饭，之后我实在没有勇气去描述它（连埃涅阿斯都早就领悟到，去细想过去的伤心事是多么地痛苦），我去了一家所谓的咖啡馆，骑兵采购员、马匹饲养员和其他一些人晚上常去那个地方。在那个台球室里，大约有二十个人，里面充斥着烟草的灰色烟雾。这里有一些放荡不羁的年轻地主，穿着绣花马褂和灰色的裤子的，留着长长的卷发，小胡子上还上了蜡，正四处张望着，脸上带着绅士般的傲慢；还有一些穿着哥萨克服装的贵族，脖子格外地短，眼睛被埋在了一层层的脂肪中，正在极度痛苦地喘着气；商人们坐得稍远一些，正是所谓的“时时提防”；军官们在随意地聊着天。站在台球桌旁的正是某公爵——一个二十二岁的年轻人，脸上带着活泼而有几分轻蔑的神情，敞着衣襟，穿着一件红色的丝绸衬衫，一条宽松的天鹅绒马裤，和他一起打球的是前中尉维克托·赫洛帕科夫。

The ex-lieutenant, Viktor Hlopakov, a little, thinnish, dark man of thirty, with black hair, brown eyes, and a thick snub nose, is a diligent frequenter of elections and horse-fairs. He walks with a skip and a hop, waves his fat hands with a jovial swagger, cocks his cap on one side, and tucks up the sleeves of his military coat, showing the blue-black cotton lining. Mr. Hlopakov knows how to gain the favour of rich scapegraces from Petersburg; smokes, drinks, and plays cards with them; calls them by their Christian names. What they find to like in him it is rather hard to comprehend. He is not clever; he is not amusing; he is not even a buffoon. It is true they treat him with friendly casualness, as a good-natured fellow, but rather a fool; they chum with him for two or three weeks, and then all of a sudden do not recognise him in the street, and he on his side, too, does not recognise them. The chief peculiarity of Lieutenant Hlopakov consists in his continually for a year, sometimes two at a time, using in season and out of season one expression, which, though not in the least humorous, for some reason or other makes everyone laugh. Eight years ago he used on every occasion to say, "Umble respecks and duty," and his patrons of that date used always to fall into fits of laughter and make him repeat "Umble respecks and duty"; then he began to adopt a more complicated expression: "No, that's too, too k'essk'say," and with the same brilliant success; two years later he had invented a fresh saying: "Ne voo excite vooself pa, man of sin, sewn in a sheepskin," and so on. And strange to say! these, as you see, not overwhelmingly witty phrases, keep him in food and drink and clothes. (He has run through his property ages ago, and lives solely upon his friends.) There is, observe, absolutely no other attraction about him; he can, it is true, smoke a hundred pipes of Zhukov tobacco in a day, and when he plays billiards, throws his right leg higher than his head, and while taking aim shakes his cue affectedly; but, after all, not everyone has a fancy for these accomplishments. He

can drink, too…but in Russia it is hard to gain distinction as a drinker. In short, his success is a complete riddle to me…. There is one thing, perhaps; he is discreet; he has no taste for washing dirty linen away from home, never speaks a word against anyone.

前中尉维克托·赫洛帕科夫个子不高、身材消瘦、皮肤黝黑，大概有三十岁，留着乌黑的头发，长着棕色的眼睛和厚厚的狮子鼻。他是选举和马市上的热心常客。他走起路来一蹦一跳的，快活地甩着他那双胖胖的手，帽子朝一边歪着，军服上的袖子也卷了起来，露出蓝黑色的棉衬里。赫洛帕科夫先生知道，如何去讨彼得堡那些纨绔子弟们的欢心，和他们一起抽烟、喝酒、玩牌，称呼他们的教名。他们为什么会喜欢他，这真是很难理解。他并不聪明，也不幽默，甚至都算不上一个丑角。其实，他们对他虽然比较友好，但却漫不经心的，把他当作一个善良却愚蠢的人看待；他们同他亲密两三个星期，然后突然间，在街上碰到都不同他打招呼了，而他呢，也不和他们打招呼。赫洛帕科夫中尉有一个主要的特点，他连续一年，有时候甚至两年，不论是否适宜都说同一句话，尽管这句话一点也不幽默，却不知为什么总是会让每个人都发笑。八年前，不管在什么场合他都说：“向您致敬，衷心感谢”，当时他的赞助人们总是会陷入阵阵大笑中，还让他重复“向您致敬，衷心感谢”；然后他又开始采用一种更复杂的表达方式：“不，那是，那是什么”，同样获得了巨大的成功；两年后，他发明了一种新鲜的说法：“您别急，大罪人，缝上羊皮”，等等。说来奇怪！正如你所见，这些并不是多么诙谐的话，却让他有吃有喝有穿。（他早就把他的家产挥霍光了，专靠他的朋友们过日子。）注意，除此之外他再没有什么吸引力了；的确，他一天可以吸一百多斗“茹科夫”烟，打台球时，右脚抬得比头还高，瞄准后还做作地摇着他的球杆，不过，并不是每个人都喜欢他的这些本领。他还很能喝酒……但是在俄国，靠喝酒是很难出名的。总之，他的成功对我来说完全是个谜……或许，只有一点，他很谨慎，从不外扬家丑，也从不说任何人的坏话。

"Well," I thought, on seeing Hlopakov, "I wonder what his catchword is now?"

“嘿，”我看到赫洛帕科夫就想，“我想知道他现在的口头禅又变成什么了？”

The prince hit the white.

公爵打中了白球。

"Thirty love," whined a consumptive marker, with a dark face and blue rings under his eyes.

“三十比零。”那个患肺病的记分员哼叫道，他脸色发暗，眼睛下面有一圈一圈的淤青。

The prince sent the yellow with a crash into the farthest pocket.

公爵一下子把黄球撞进了最远的球袋里。

"Ah!" a stoutish merchant, sitting in the corner at a tottering little one-legged table, boomed approvingly from the depths of his chest, and immediately was overcome by confusion at his own presumption. But luckily no one noticed him. He drew a long breath, and stroked his beard.

“啊！”一个胖乎乎的商人，坐在角落里的一张摇摇晃晃的独腿小桌子旁，从他的胸腔深处发出了一声赞叹，可又立即为自己的放肆而困窘起来。不过幸好没人注意到他。他深深地吸了一口气，捋了捋自己的胡子。

"Thirty-six love!" the marker shouted in a nasal voice.

“三十六比零！”记分员喊道，还带着点鼻音。

"Well, what do you say to that, old man?" the prince asked Hlopakov.

“嘿，怎么样啊，老兄？”公爵问赫洛帕科夫。

"What! rrrrakaliooon, of course, simply rrrrakalioooon!"

“什么！坏荡，当然，简直是坏——荡！”

The prince roared with laughter.

公爵哈哈大笑起来。

"What? what? Say it again."

“什么？什么？再说一遍。”

"Rrrrrakaliooon!" repeated the ex-lieutenant complacently.

“坏——荡！”前中尉沾沾自喜地重复道。

"So that's the catchword!" thought I.

“哦，这就是现在的口头禅了！”我心想。

The prince sent the red into the pocket.

公爵把红球打进了球袋。

"Oh! that's not the way, prince, that's not the way," lisped a fair-haired young officer with red eyes, a tiny nose, and a babyish, sleepy face. "You shouldn't play like that… you ought… not that way!”

“哦！不是这样，公爵，不是这样，”一个金发的年轻军官咬着舌头说道，他眼睛发红、鼻子很小、脸上泛着婴儿般的睡意，“您不应该像那样打……您应该……而不是那样！”

"Eh?" the prince queried over his shoulder.

“哦？”公爵转过了头问道。

"You ought to have done it… in a triplet.”

“您应该这样……三个一组。”

"Oh, really?" muttered the prince.

“哦，是吗？”公爵喃喃地说。

"What do you say, prince? Shall we go this evening to hear the gypsies?" the young man hurriedly went on in confusion. "Styoshka will sing… Ilyushka….”

“怎么样，公爵？我们今晚去听吉普赛人唱歌吗？”这个迷糊的年轻人急忙接着说道，“斯捷什卡要唱歌呢……还有伊留什卡……”

The prince vouchsafed no reply.

公爵没有回答。

"Rrrrrakaliooon, old boy," said Hlopakov, with a sly wink of his left eye.

“坏——荡，老兄。”赫洛帕科夫说，左眼淘气地眨了眨。

And the prince exploded.

公爵哈哈大笑了起来。

"Thirty-nine to love," sang out the marker.

“三十九比零。”记分员大声喊道。

"Love… just look, I'll do the trick with that yellow." … Hlopakov, fidgeting his cue in his hand, took aim, and missed.

“零……瞧着吧，我会打中那个黄球的……”赫洛帕科夫心不在焉地玩弄着手里的球杆，瞄准了，却没打中。

"Eh, rrrakalioon," he cried with vexation.

“呃，坏荡。”他懊恼地叫道。

The prince laughed again.

公爵又笑了。

"What, what, what?" But Khlopakov, out of coquetry, deigned no reply.

“怎么，怎么，怎么？”但赫洛帕科夫没有说话，矜持了一回。

"Your honour made a miss," observed the marker. "Allow me to chalk the cue…. Forty love.”

“阁下没打进，”记分员说，“请让我给球杆涂点白粉吧……四十比零。”

"Yes, gentlemen," said the prince, addressing the whole company, and not looking at any one in particular; "you know, Verzhembitskaya must be called before the curtain tonight."

“对了，先生们，”公爵说道，对着所有在场的人，并没有盯着某个特别的人，“你们知道，今天晚上一定要把韦尔任姆比茨卡娅叫到幕前来。”

"To be sure, to be sure, of course," several voices cried in rivalry, amazingly flattered at the chance of answering the prince's speech; "Verzhembitskaya, to be sure….”

“一定，一定，当然了，”几个声音争着回答道，他们以回答公爵的话为莫大的荣幸，“韦尔任姆比茨卡娅，一定……”

"Verzhembitskaya's an excellent actress, far superior to Sopnyakova," whined an ugly little man in the corner with moustaches and spectacles. Luckless wretch! he was secretly sighing at Sopnyakova's feet, and the prince did not even vouchsafe him a look.

“韦尔任姆比茨卡娅是个出色的女演员，比索普尼亚科娃强多了。”一个又丑又小、留着小胡子、戴着眼镜的男人在角落里嘀嘀咕咕地说。不幸的可怜虫啊！他暗地里很喜欢索普尼亚科娃，可公爵甚至都没屈尊看他一眼。

"Wai-ter, hey, a pipe!" a tall gentleman, with regular features and a most majestic manner—in fact, with all the external symptoms of a card-sharper—muttered into his cravat.

“服——务——员，拿个烟斗来！”一个身材高大的绅士朝自己的领带低声喊道，他容貌端正、举止不俗，但事实上，种种外在迹象表明，他就是个赌棍。

A waiter ran for a pipe, and when he came back, announced to his excellency that the groom Baklaga was asking for him.

一个侍者跑去拿烟斗，他回来的时候，报告公爵说马夫巴克拉加正在等他。

"Ah! tell him to wait a minute and take him some vodka."

“啊！让他等一会儿，拿点伏特加给他喝。”

"Yes, sir."

“是，先生。”

Baklaga, as I was told afterwards, was the name of a youthful, handsome, and excessively depraved groom; the prince loved him, made him presents of horses, went out hunting with him, spent whole nights with him…. Now you would not know this same prince, who was once a rake and a scapegrace…. In what good odour he is now; how straight-laced, how supercilious! How devoted to the government—and, above all, so prudent and judicious!

后来有人告诉我，巴克拉加年轻英俊，是个非常堕落的马夫；公爵

很喜欢他，还送过马给他，和他一起出去打过猎，整夜整夜地和他在一起……这位公爵以前是个浪子、恶棍，现在你可认不出他来了……现在他身上香水味多浓，衣服多笔挺，多么高傲!他致力于处理政务，更主要的是，他多么地审慎和明智啊！

However, the tobacco smoke had begun to make my eyes smart. After hearing Hlopakov's exclamation and the prince's chuckle one last time more, I went off to my room, where, on a narrow, hair-stuffed sofa pressed into hollows, with a high, curved back, my man had already made me up a bed.

不过，烟草的烟雾熏得我眼睛开始疼了起来。在最后听了一次赫洛帕科夫的感叹和公爵的轻笑之后，我走了出去，走回了我的房间。我那个房间里有一张窄窄的鬃垫沙发，靠背又高又弯，陷下去好多处，侍者已经为我在沙发上铺好被褥了。

The next day I went out to look at the horses in the stables, and began with the famous horsedealer Sitnikov's. I went through a gate into a yard strewn with sand. Before a wide open stable-door stood the horsedealer himself—a tall, stout man no longer young, in a hareskin coat, with a raised turnover collar. Catching sight of me, he moved slowly to meet me, held his cap in both hands above his head, and in a sing-song voice brought out:

第二天，我去马厩看马，先从有名的马贩子西特尼科夫那里看起。我迈过了大门，走进了一个铺满沙子的院子。在大敞着门的马厩前，站着马贩子本人——一个高大强壮的男人，他已经不再年轻，穿着一件翻领的兔毛外衣。他看到我以后，慢慢地迎上前来，双手把帽子举到了头上，用唱歌似的声音说：

"Ah, our respects to you. You'd like to have a look at the horses, may be?”

“啊，向您致敬。您想要看马，是吗？”

"Yes; I've come to look at the horses.”

“是的，我来看马。”

"And what sort of horses, precisely, I make bold to ask?"

“我冒昧地问一下，您具体想看哪种马呢？”

"Show me what you have."

“给我看看你都有些什么马吧。”

"With pleasure."

“非常乐意。”

We went into the stable. Some white pug-dogs got up from the hay and ran up to us, wagging their tails, and a long-bearded old goat

walked away with an air of dissatisfaction; three stable-boys, in strong but greasy sheepskins, bowed to us without speaking. To right and to left, in horse-boxes raised above the ground, stood nearly thirty horses, groomed to perfection. Pigeons fluttered cooing about the rafters.

我们走进了马厩。几条白色的哈巴狗从干草上站了起来，朝我们跑了过来，边摇着它们的尾巴，一只长胡须的老山羊不满地走开了，三个穿着厚实但油腻腻的羊皮袄的马童，默默地向我们鞠了个躬。左右两边都是比地面高的马栏，里面有将近三十匹马，都养护得非常好。鸽子在椽上飞来飞去，还咕咕地叫着。

"What, now, do you want a horse for? for driving or for breeding?" Sitnikov inquired of me.

“喏，你想要做什么用的马？当坐骑还是做种马？”西特尼科夫问我。

"Oh, I'll see both sorts.”

“哦，两样都是。”

"To be sure, to be sure," the horsedealer commented, dwelling on each syllable. "Petya, show the gentleman Ermine."

“当然，当然，”马贩子一字一顿地说道，“彼佳，给这位先生看看那匹白鼬。”

We came out into the yard.

我们走进了院子里。

"But won't you let them bring you a bench out of the hut?… You don't want to sit down…. As you please.”

“要不要让他们从屋里给您搬条长凳出来？您不想坐坐啊……那随您的便。”

There was the thud of hoofs on the boards, the crack of a whip, and Petya, a swarthy fellow of forty, marked by small-pox, popped out of the stable with a rather well-shaped grey stallion, made it rear, ran twice round the yard with it, and adroitly pulled it up at the right place. Ermine stretched himself, snorted, raised his tail, shook his head, and looked sideways at me.

马蹄在木板上嗒嗒作响，鞭子噼啪一响，彼佳，一个四十来岁、皮肤黝黑、满脸麻子的家伙，牵着一匹身型很好的种马从马厩里跳了出来，让马扬起前腿站了起来，又牵着它在院子里跑了两圈，然后在合适的地方敏捷地把它拉住。白鼬伸了伸身子，打了个响鼻，抬起尾巴，摇了摇头，斜着眼睛看着我。

"A clever beast," I thought.

“真是个机灵的畜生啊。”我心想。

"Give him his head, give him his head," said Sitniker, and he stared at me.

“让它自己走走，让它自己走走。”西特尼科夫说道，然后目不转睛地看着我。

"What may you think of him?" he inquired at last.

“您觉得它怎么样？”最后他问我。

"The horse's not bad—the hind legs aren't quite sound.”

“这匹马不错，可是后腿不是很壮啊。”

"His legs are first-rate!" Sitnikov rejoined, with an air of conviction; "and his hind-quarters… just look, sir… broad as an oven—you could sleep up there.”

“它的腿可是第一流的！”西特尼科夫很坚定地回答说，“还有它的后腿和臀部……看看，先生……宽得像炕一样，您都可以躺在上面了。”

"His pasterns are long."

“它的骸骨长了些。”

"Long! mercy on us! Start him, Petya, start him, but at a trot, a trot… don't let him gallop.”

“长！行行好吧！让它跑起来，彼佳，让它跑起来，小跑，小跑……别让它跑快了。”

Again Petya ran round the yard with Ermine. None of us spoke for a little.

彼佳又带着白鼬绕着院子跑。我们都没有说话。

"There, lead him back," said Sitnikov, "and show us Falcon."

“好啦，把它带回去吧，”西特尼科夫说，“给我们看看猎鹰吧。”

Falcon, a gaunt beast of Dutch extraction with sloping hind-quarters, as black as a beetle, turned out to be little better than Ermine. He was one of those beasts of whom fanciers will tell you that "they go chopping and mincing and dancing about," meaning thereby that they prance and throw out their fore-legs to right and to left without making much headway. Middle-aged merchants have a great fancy for such horses; their action recalls the swaggering gait of a smart waiter; they do well in single harness for an after-dinner drive; with mincing paces and curved neck they zealously draw a clumsy droshky laden with an overfed coachman, a depressed, dyspeptic merchant, and his lymphatic wife, in a blue silk mantle, with a lilac handkerchief over her head. Falcon too I declined. Sitnikov showed

me several horses…. One at last, a dapple-grey beast of Voyakov breed, took my fancy. I could not restrain my satisfaction, and patted him on the withers. Sitnikov at once feigned absolute indifference.

猎鹰是一匹骨瘦如柴的荷兰种马，臀部垂着，像甲虫一样黑，比白鼬看上去稍好一点。它就是育种者会给你说“它们能劈、能砍、能跳”的那种畜生，意思就是它们腾跃起来，前腿会左右踢，前进的步子不大。中年商人们很喜欢这样的马，它们的动作会让人想起，一个聪明的侍者大摇大摆的步态；吃完晚饭后，乘着这种马单独拉着的车出去闲逛，是很惬意的；它们装腔作势地迈着步子，弯着脖子，热心地拉着一辆粗糙的敞篷四轮马车，上面载着一个肥胖的马车夫，一个沮丧暴躁的商人，和他行动迟缓的太太，她穿着蓝色丝绸斗篷，戴着淡紫色的头巾。猎鹰我也拒绝了。西特尼科夫又给我看了几匹马……最后，我看上了一匹伏叶科夫种的灰色花斑马。我抑制不住自己的兴奋，轻轻地拍着它的脖子。西特尼科夫马上便装出一副满不在意的样子。

"Well, does he go well in harness?" I inquired. (They never speak of a trotting horse as "being driven.")

“嗯，用它套车行吗？”我问。（说起这种快步马时，都不问“用它拉车”怎么样。）

"Oh, yes," answered the horsedealer carelessly.

“哦，是的。”马贩子漫不经心地答道。

"Can I see him?"

“我能试试吗？”

"If you like, certainly. Hi, Kuzya, put Pursuer into the droshky!"

“要是您乐意，当然可以。嗨，库济亚，把追逐马套到车上！”

Kuzya, the jockey, a real master of horsemanship, drove three times past us up and down the street. The horse went well, without changing its pace, nor shambling; it had a free action, held its tail high, and covered the ground well.

驯马师库济亚真是个马术高手，他驾着马车沿着街道，从我们面前经过了三次。这匹马跑得很好，没有换步，也没有拖着脚走，它动作灵活，尾巴翘得高高的，跑起来很稳健。

"And what are you asking for him?"

“这匹马您要多少钱？”

Sitnikov asked an impossible price. We began bargaining on the spot in the street, when suddenly a splendidly-matched team of three posting-horses flew noisily round the corner and drew up sharply at the gates before Sitnikov's house. In the smart little sportsman's trap sat Prince N——; beside him Hlopakov. Baklaga was driving… and

how he drove! He could have driven them through an earring, the rascal! The bay trace-horses, little, keen, black-eyed, black-legged beasts, were all impatience; they kept rearing—a whistle, and off they would have bolted! The dark-bay shaft-horse stood firmly, its neck arched like a swan's, its breast forward, its legs like arrows, shaking its head and proudly blinking…. They were splendid! No one could desire a finer turn out for an Easter procession!

西特尼科夫要了个天价。我们当场在街上讨价还价起来，突然间，一辆马车从拐角处熙熙攘攘地跑了过来，上面套着三匹搭配得很出色的驿马，然后猛地停在了西特尼科夫家的门口。在这辆狩猎用的华丽小马车上，坐着那位公爵，他旁边坐着赫洛帕科夫。驾车的是巴克拉加……他赶车赶得多好呀！他可以驾着车穿过一个耳环，好小子！两匹枣色的副马小巧而敏捷，长着黑眼睛和黑腿，但性情都很急躁，他们保持着扬起前腿站立的姿势，只要一吹口哨，它们就会马上冲出去！黑色的辕马稳稳地站着，它的脖子像天鹅似的弯着，胸朝前，四条腿就像箭一样，摇着头，骄傲地眨着眼睛……它们真是棒极了！在复活节的游行队伍里，也没有比这辆马车再好的了。

"Your excellency, please to come in!" cried Sitnikov.

“阁下，欢迎光临！”西特尼科夫大叫道。

The prince leaped out of the trap. Hlopakov slowly descended on the other side.

公爵跳下了马车。赫洛帕科夫则从另一边慢慢地爬了下来。

"Good morning, friend… any horses.”

“早上好啊，朋友……有马吗？”

"You may be sure we've horses for your excellency! Pray walk in…. Petya, bring out Peacock! and let them get Favourite ready too. And with you, sir," he went on, turning to me, "we'll settle matters another time…. Fomka, a bench for his excellency.”

“阁下要当然有了！请进来吧……彼佳，把孔雀牵出来！让他们把宠儿也准备好。您嘛，先生，”他转过来对我说，“我们另找时间再做生意吧……福姆卡，给公爵搬条长凳来。”

From a special stable which I had not at first observed they led out Peacock. A powerful dark sorrel horse seemed to fly across the yard with all its legs in the air. Sitnikov even turned away his head and winked.

他们从一个特别的马厩里牵出了孔雀，那个马厩我起初并没有注意看。一匹强壮的深栗色马四脚腾空，像是飞过了院子。西特尼科夫还转过脸眨了眨眼。

"Oh, rrakalion!" piped Hlopakov; "Zhaymsah (j'aime ca.)”

“哦，流——流氓！”赫洛帕科夫欢呼道，“热姆萨（我喜欢这个）。”

The prince laughed.

那个公爵笑了。

Peacock was stopped with difficulty; he dragged the stable-boy about the yard; at last he was pushed against the wall. He snorted, started and reared, while Sitnikov still teased him, brandishing a whip at him.

费了好大劲才让孔雀停下来，它把那个马夫拖得满院子跑，最后它被推到了墙角。它打了个响鼻，哆嗦了一下，扬起前腿直立了起来，然而西特尼科夫还去逗它，朝它挥舞着鞭子。

"What are you looking at? there! oo!" said the horsedealer with caressing menace, unable to refrain from admiring his horse himself.

“你在瞧什么呢？啊！哦！”马贩子一边爱抚着，一边威吓道，情不自禁地欣赏着自己的马。

"How much?" asked the prince.

“多少钱？”公爵问。

"For your excellency, five thousand."

“阁下您要，就五千吧。”

"Three."

“三千。”

"Impossible, your excellency, upon my word."

“不可能，阁下，我发誓。”

"I tell you three, rrakalion," put in Hlopakov.

“我给你说三千，流——流氓。”赫洛帕科夫插话说。

I went away without staying to see the end of the bargaining. At the farthest corner of the street I noticed a large sheet of paper fixed on the gate of a little grey house. At the top there was a pen-and-ink sketch of a horse with a tail of the shape of a pipe and an endless neck, and below his hoofs were the following words, written in an old-fashioned hand:

我走开了，没有留下来看这场交易的结果。在街上最远的拐角处，我注意到了一张大大的纸，贴在一座灰色小房子的大门上。纸的上端有一匹用钢笔画的马，马尾巴形似烟斗，脖子极长，马蹄下面有列文字，是用古体字写的：

"Here are for sale horses of various colours, brought to the

Lebedyan fair from the celebrated steppes stud of Anastasei Ivanitch Tchornobai, landowner of Tambov. These horses are of excellent sort; broken in to perfection, and free from vice. Purchasers will kindly ask for Anastasei Ivanitch himself; should Anastasei Ivanitch be absent, then ask for Nazar Kubishkin, the coachman. Gentlemen about to purchase, kindly honour an old man."

“此处出售各种毛色的马，特从唐波夫地主阿纳斯塔塞·伊万诺维奇·车尔诺巴伊享有盛名的草原种马场，运到列别江集市。这些马均属优种，训育完全，毫无劣性。有意购买者请垂询阿纳斯塔塞·伊万诺维奇本人，若阿纳斯塔塞·伊万诺维奇外出，敬请询问马夫纳扎尔·库贝什金。各位买主先生，请对老汉多多关照。”

I stopped. "Come," I thought, "let's have a look at the horses of the celebrated steppes breeder, Mr. Tchornobai.”

我停了下来。“嘿，”我心想，“让我看看，大草原上有名的饲养员车尔诺巴依先生的马吧。”

I was about to go in at the gate, but found that, contrary to the common usage, it was locked. I knocked.

我正打算进门去，可是发现，这门与众不同，是锁着的。我敲了敲门。

"Who's there?… A customer?" whined a woman's voice.

“谁啊？是顾客吗？”一个女人哼哼唧唧地说。

"Yes."

“是的。”

"Coming, sir, coming."

“就来，先生，就来。”

The gate was opened. I beheld a peasant-woman of fifty, bareheaded, in boots, and a sheepskin worn open.

门打开了。我看见一个五十来岁的农妇，没戴帽子，穿着靴子和一件敞开的羊皮袄。

"Please to come in, kind sir, and I'll go at once, and tell Anastasei Ivanitch … Nazar, hey, Nazar!”

“请进，先生，我马上去告诉阿纳斯塔塞·伊万诺维奇……纳扎尔，嘿，纳扎尔！”

"What?" mumbled an old man's voice from the stable.

“什么事？”从马厩里传来一个老头的咕哝声。

"Get a horse ready; here's a customer.”

“把马准备好，有顾客来了。”

The old woman ran into the house.

老太太跑进了房里去。

"A customer, a customer," Nazar grumbled in response; "I've not washed all their tails yet.”

“顾客，顾客，”纳扎尔抱怨地回复说，“我还没替它们洗完尾巴呢。”

"Oh, Arcadia!" thought I.

“哦，真是个世外桃源啊！”我心想。

"Good day, sir, pleased to see you," I heard a rich, pleasant voice saying behind my back. I looked round; before me, in a long-skirted blue coat, stood an old man of medium height, with white hair, a friendly smile, and fine blue eyes.

“您好，先生，很高兴见到您。”从我身后传来了一个圆润悦耳的声音。我转过身，在我面前站着一个穿蓝色长襟大衣的老头，中等身高，白发苍苍，正友好地笑着，一双蓝色的眼睛非常好看。

"You want a little horse? By all means, my dear sir, by all means…. But won't you step in and drink just a cup of tea with me first?”

“您想要一匹小马？没问题，我亲爱的先生，没问题……不过，您要不要先进来和我喝一杯茶呢？”

I declined and thanked him.

我谢绝了。

"Well, well, as you please. You must excuse me, my dear sir; you see I'm old-fashioned." (Mr. Tchornobai spoke with deliberation, and in a broad Doric.) "Everything with me is done in a plain way, you know…. Nazar, hey, Nazar!" he added, not raising his voice, but prolonging each syllable. Nazar, a wrinkled old man with a little hawk nose and a wedge-shaped beard, showed himself at the stable door.

“好吧，好吧，悉听尊便。请您原谅我，我亲爱的先生，您瞧，我是个照老规矩做事的人。”（车尔诺巴伊先生说话从容，带着很重的乡音。）“我这里一切都很简单，您知道……纳扎尔，嘿，纳扎尔！”他补充了一句，不过并没有提高嗓门，而是把每个音节都拖长了。纳扎尔是个满脸皱纹的老头子，长着一个小鹰钩鼻和一撮楔形胡子，他出现在了马厩门口。

"What sort of horses is it you're wanting, my dear sir?" resumed Mr. Tchornobai.

“您想要哪种马，我亲爱的先生？”车尔诺巴伊先生又说道。

"Not too expensive; for driving in my covered gig."

“不要太贵，用来拉我的二轮套篷马车的。”

"To be sure… we have got them to suit you, to be sure…. Nazar, Nazar, show the gentleman the grey gelding, you know, that stands at the farthest corner, and the sorrel with the star, or else the other sorrel—foal of Beauty, you know.”

“当然……我们有称您心意的马，当然……纳扎尔，纳扎尔，给这位老爷瞧瞧那匹灰色骟马，知道吗，就是站在最远的角落里的那匹，还有那匹有星形的栗色马，要不然就另外那匹栗色的——美人生的那匹马驹，你知道吧。”

Nazar went back to the stable.

纳扎尔回到了马厩里。

"And bring them out by their halters just as they are," Mr. Tchornobai shouted after him. "You won't find things with me, my good sir," he went on, with a clear mild gaze into my face, "as they are with the horse-dealers; confound their tricks! There are drugs of all sorts go in there, salt and malted grains; God forgive them! But with me, you will see, sir, everything's above-board; no underhandedness.”

“你就这样拉着笼头把它们牵出来吧。”车尔诺巴伊在他身后喊道，“我的好先生，您在我这里，”他用清澈而温和的目光看着我说，“可不像在那些马贩子那里，他们尽使花招！他们给马喂各种东西，盐啊、酒糟啊，上帝原谅他们！但是在我这里，先生，您什么都看得明明白白，没有卑劣的花招。”

The horses were led in; I did not care for them.

他们牵出几匹马，我都不喜欢。

"Well, well, take them back, in God's name," said Anastasei Ivanitch. "Show us the others."

“好吧，好吧，把它们牵回去，看在上帝的份上，”阿纳斯塔塞·伊万诺维奇说，“给我们看看其他的。”

Others were shown. At last I picked out one, rather a cheap one. We began to haggle over the price. Mr. Tchornobai did not get excited; he spoke so reasonably, with such dignity, that I could not help "honouring" the old man; I gave him the earnest-money.

我看了其他几匹马。最后我挑了一匹便宜一些的马。我们便开始讨价还价了。车尔诺巴伊先生并没有激动，他讲话很有道理，还很严肃，我都忍不住想向这个老头“致敬”了，我给了他定金。

"Well, now," observed Anastasei Ivanitch, "allow me to give over the horse to you from hand to hand, after the old fashion…. You will

thank me for him… as sound as a nut, see… fresh… a true child of the steppes! Goes well in any harness.”

“好啦，现在，”阿纳斯塔塞·伊万诺维奇说道，“请让我按照老规矩，从我的手里把马交到您的手里……您会为它感谢我的……它就像坚果一样结实，瞧……多有活力……大草原上真正的孩子！任何马具都配得上。”

He crossed himself, laid the skirt of his coat over his hand, took the halter, and handed me the horse.

他画了个十字，把大衣的下摆盖在了自己的手上，拿过了缰绳，把马交给了我。

"You're his master now, with God's blessing…. And you still won't take a cup of tea?”

“您现在是它的主人了，在上帝的保佑之下……您还是不想喝杯茶吗？”

"No, I thank you heartily; it's time I was going home.”

“不了，我衷心地谢谢您，我该回去了。”

"That's as you think best…. And shall my coachman lead the horse after you?”

“那您请便吧……那么让我的马车夫跟着您把马牵过去？”

"Yes, now, if you please."

“是的，要是您乐意的话，就现在吧。”

"By all means, my dear sir, by all means…. Vassily, hey, Vassily! step along with the gentleman, lead the horse, and take the money for him. Well, good-bye, my good sir; God bless you.”

“没问题，我亲爱的先生，没问题……瓦西利，嘿，瓦西利！跟着老爷去，把马牵上，然后把钱收回来，再见了，我亲爱的先生，上帝保佑您。”

"Good-bye, Anastasei Ivanitch.”

“再见，阿纳斯塔塞·伊万诺维奇。”

They led the horse home for me. The next day he turned out to be broken-winded and lame. I tried having him put in harness; the horse backed, and if one gave him a flick with the whip he jibbed, kicked, and positively lay down. I set off at once to Mr. Tchornobai's. I inquired: "At home?"

他们把马送到了我的住处，第二天它就变得呼吸急促，还跛足。我试着给它带上套，那匹马便向后退，要是用鞭子抽它一下，它就踌躇不前，又踢又跳，然后索性躺倒了。我立即出发去找车尔诺巴伊先生。我

问：“在家吗？”

"Yes."

“在。”

"What's the meaning of this?" said I; "here you've sold me a broken-winded horse.”

“这是什么意思？”我说，“你卖给我的是匹患有肺气肿的马。”

"Broken-winded?… God forbid!”

“肺气肿？绝对不可能！”

"Yes, and he's lame too, and vicious besides.”

“就是，他还瘸腿，脾气也坏得很。”

"Lame! I know nothing about it: your coachman must have ill-treated him somehow…. But before God, I—”

“瘸腿！我可什么都不知道啊：一定是您的马车夫不知怎地虐待它了吧……但是在上帝面前，我……”

"Look here, Anastasei Ivanitch, as things stand, you ought to take him back."

“听着，阿纳斯塔塞·伊万诺维奇，事已至此，您应该收回这匹马。”

"No, my good sir, don't put yourself in a passion; once gone out of the yard, is done with. You should have looked before, sir.”

“不，我的好先生，您可别上火，一旦出了院子，生意就结束了。您之前应该仔细看看的，先生。”

I understood what that meant, accepted my fate, laughed, and walked off. Luckily, I had not paid very dear for the lesson.

我明白是什么意思了，也认了，笑了笑便走了。幸运的是，我没为这个教训付太高的代价。

Two days later I left, and in a week I was again at Lebedyan on my way home again. In the cafe I found almost the same persons, and again I came upon Prince N——at billiards. But the usual change in the fortunes of Mr. Hlopakov had taken place in this interval: the fair-haired young officer had supplanted him in the prince's favours. The poor ex-lieutenant once more tried letting off his catchword in my presence, on the chance it might succeed as before; but, far from smiling, the prince positively scowled and shrugged his shoulders. Mr. Hlopakov looked downcast, shrank into a corner, and began furtively filling himself a pipe….

两天后我便离开了，一个星期之后，我又在回家的路上经过了列别江。我在咖啡馆里见到的，几乎还是那几个人，并且又看到那位公爵在

打台球。但是赫洛帕科夫先生的命运，又像往常一样发生了转变，那位金发的年轻军官已取代了他，正享受着公爵的宠爱。这个可怜的前中尉再一次当着我的面，说出了他的口头禅，试试看它是否还会像以前一样管用，但是公爵非但没有笑，竟皱起了眉头，耸了耸肩。赫洛帕科夫低下了头，缩进了一个角落里，开始偷偷地为自己装起了烟斗……

CHAPTER XV TATYANA BORISSOVNA AND HER NEPHEW

第十五章 塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜和她的侄儿

Give me your hand, gentle reader, and come along with me. It is glorious weather; there is a tender blue in the May sky; the smooth young leaves of the willows glisten as though they had been polished; the wide even road is all covered with that delicate grass with the little reddish stalk that the sheep are so fond of nibbling; to right and to left, over the long sloping hillsides, the green rye is softly waving; the shadows of small clouds glide in thin long streaks over it. In the distance is the dark mass of forests, the glitter of ponds, yellow patches of village; larks in hundreds are soaring, singing, falling headlong with outstretched necks, hopping about the clods; the crows on the highroad stand still, look at you, peck at the earth, let you drive close up, and with two hops lazily move aside. On a hill beyond a ravine a peasant is ploughing; a piebald colt, with a cropped tail and ruffled mane, is running on unsteady legs after its mother; its shrill whinnying reaches us. We drive on into the birch wood, and drink in the strong, sweet, fresh fragrance. Here we are at the boundaries. The coachman gets down; the horses snort; the trace-horses look round; the centre horse in the shafts switches his tail, and turns his head up towards the wooden yoke above it… the great gate opens creaking; the coachman seats himself…. Drive on! the village is before us.

敬爱的读者，给我您的手，跟我一起来。天气好极了，五月的天空中飘浮着一抹柔和的蓝色；柳树光滑的嫩叶闪着亮光，就像被擦亮过一样；宽阔平坦的大道上，全都覆盖着鲜美的红茎小草，这可是绵羊最爱啃食的食物；左右两边，在长长的、倾斜的山坡上，绿色的黑麦在轻柔地摇曳；小片云彩的细长影子，在它上面滑过。在远处，有一片黑压压的森林，一处处闪烁着亮光的池塘，一块块村庄里的黄色土地；数百只云雀在高飞着、歌唱着，伸长脖子猛地俯冲下来，在田间跳来跳去；乌鸦们静静地站在大路上，看着你，在地上啄食，等你驾车靠近后，再懒洋洋地跳两下，挪到一边。在峡谷外面的一座小山上，有个农民正在耕种；一匹花斑小马，留着短短的尾巴和褶皱的鬓毛，正跟在它妈妈后面跑着，可腿脚还有点站不稳当；我们可以听见它尖声尖气的嘶叫声。我们继续驶进桦树林，陶醉于浓烈、香甜、新鲜的芬芳中。我们这就来到了边界上。马车夫下车来，马打了个响鼻；站在外侧的马四处望着；辕杆中间的那匹马甩着尾巴，还把头抬起来冲着上面的木轭……大门嘎吱一声打开了，马车夫又坐上了车……继续赶路！村子就在我们前方。

Passing five homesteads, and turning off to the right, we drop down into a hollow and drive along a dyke, the farther side of a small

pond; behind the round tops of the lilacs and apple-trees a wooden roof, once red, with two chimneys, comes into sight; the coachman keeps along the hedge to the left, and to the spasmodic and drowsy baying of three pug dogs he drives through the wide open gates, whisks smartly round the broad courtyard past the stable and the barn, gallantly salutes the old housekeeper, who is stepping sideways over the high lintel in the open doorway of the storehouse, and pulls up at last before the steps of a dark house with light windows…. We are at Tatyana Borissovna's. And here she is herself opening the window and nodding at us…. "Good day, ma'am!”

经过了五处农庄，朝右拐弯，我们下到了一个山谷里，沿着堤坝一直向前走，堤坝在小池塘的最远处；在丁香树和苹果树圆圆的树顶后面，一个木屋顶，曾经是红色的，还竖着两根烟囱，映入了眼帘；马车夫一直沿着篱笆向左走，在三只哈巴狗一阵阵困倦的叫声中，他把车赶进了敞开着的大门，潇洒地在宽大的院子里兜了个圈，还在经过马厩和谷仓的时候，殷勤地向老管家婆敬了个礼，她正侧身跨过仓库敞开的门上那高高的门槛，我们的马车终于在小屋的台阶前停了下来，那房子黑乎乎的，但窗户很明亮……我们到了塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜的家。她亲自打开窗子，向我们点头……“您好啊，夫人！”

Tatyana Borissovna is a woman of fifty, with large, prominent grey eyes, a rather broad nose, rosy cheeks and a double chin. Her face is brimming over with friendliness and kindness. She was once married, but was soon left a widow. Tatyana Borissovna is a very remarkable woman. She lives on her little property, never leaving it, mixes very little with her neighbours, sees and likes none but young people. She was the daughter of very poor landowners, and received no education; in other words, she does not know French; she has never been in Moscow—and in spite of all these defects, she is so good and simple in her manners, so broad in her sympathies and ideas, so little infected with the ordinary prejudices of country ladies of small means, that one positively cannot help marvelling at her…. Indeed, a woman who lives all the year round in the country and does not talk scandal, nor whine, nor curtsey, is never flurried, nor depressed, nor in a flutter of curiosity, is a real marvel! She usually wears a grey taffetas gown and a white cap with lilac streamers; she is fond of good cheer, but not to excess; all the preserving, pickling, and salting she leaves to her housekeeper. "What does she do all day long?" you will ask…. "Does she read?" No, she doesn't read, and, to tell the truth, books are not written for her…. If there are no visitors with her, Tatyana Borissovna sits by herself at the window knitting a stocking in winter; in summer time she is in the garden, planting and watering her flowers, playing for hours together with her cats, or feeding her doves…. She does not take much part in the management of her

estate. But if a visitor pays her a call—some young neighbour whom she likes—Tatyana Borissovna is all life directly; she makes him sit down, pours him out some tea, listens to his chat, laughs, sometimes pats his cheek, but says little herself; in trouble or sorrow she comforts and gives good advice. How many people have confided their family secrets and the griefs of their hearts to her, and have wept over her hands! At times she sits opposite her visitor, leaning lightly on her elbow, and looks with such sympathy into his face, smiles so affectionately, that he cannot help feeling: "What a dear, good woman you are, Tatyana Borissovna! Let me tell you what is in my heart." One feels happy and warm in her small, snug rooms; in her house it is always, so to speak, fine weather. Tatyana Borissovna is a wonderful woman, but no one wonders at her; her sound good sense, her breadth and firmness, her warm sympathy in the joys and sorrows of others—in a word, all her qualities are so innate in her; they are no trouble, no effort to her…. One cannot fancy her otherwise, and so one feels no need to thank her. She is particularly fond of watching the pranks and follies of young people; she folds her hands over her bosom, throws back her head, puckers up her eyes, and sits smiling at them, then all of a sudden she heaves a sigh, and says, "Ah, my children, my children!"… Sometimes one longs to go up to her, take hold of her hands and say: "Let me tell you, Tatyana Borissovna, you don't know your own value; for all your simplicity and lack of learning, you're an extraordinary creature!” Her very name has a sweet familiar ring; one is glad to utter it; it calls up a kindly smile at once. How often, for instance, have I chanced to ask a peasant: "Tell me, my friend, how am I to get to Gratchevka?" let us say. "Well, sir, you go on first to Vyazovoe, and from there to Tatyana Borissovna's, and from Tatyana Borissovna's any one will show you the way.” And at the name of Tatyana Borissovna the peasant wags his head in quite a special way. Her household is small, in accordance with her means. The house, the laundry, the stores and the kitchen, are in the charge of the housekeeper, Agafya, once her nurse, a good-natured, tearful, toothless creature; she has under her two stalwart girls with stout crimson cheeks like Antonovsky apples. The duties of valet, steward, and waiter are filled by Policarp, an extraordinary old man of seventy, a queer fellow, full of erudition, once a violinist and worshipper of Viotti, with a personal hostility to Napoleon, or, as he calls him, Bonaparty, and a passion for nightingales. He always keeps five or six of the latter in his room; in early spring he will sit for whole days together by the cage, waiting for the first trill, and when he hears it, he covers his face with his hands, and moans, "Oh, piteous, piteous!" and sheds tears in floods. Policarp has, to help him, his grandson Vasya, a curly-headed, sharp-eyed boy of twelve; Policarp adores him,

and grumbles at him from morning till night. He undertakes his education too. "Vasya," he says, "say Bonaparty was a scoundrel."

塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜五十来岁，一双灰色的眼睛又大又凸，鼻子宽宽的，脸颊红扑扑的，还有长着一个双下巴。她脸上洋溢着亲切和蔼的表情。她曾经结过婚，但是很快就成了寡妇。塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜是个非凡的女人。她住在自己的小领地上，从来没有离开过，也很少和邻居们打交道，却只喜欢接待年轻人。她出生于贫穷的地主家庭，没有受过教育；也就是说，她不懂法语；她从没去过莫斯科，虽然她有这些缺点，但她为人善良、质朴，感情和思想都很开通，很少沾染那些小地主婆们的通病，这的确不得不令人感到惊奇……的确，一个一年到头都住在乡下的女人，不搬弄是非，不发牢骚，不行鞠躬礼，也从没有不安过，没有沮丧过，没有因为好奇而烦躁过，真是个奇迹！她常穿一条灰色的塔夫绸连衣裙，戴一顶有淡紫色飘带的白帽子；她喜欢美酒佳肴，但不会食之过量；所有蜜饯、泡菜、腌肉之类的东西，她都交给女管家去做。“那她整天都干嘛呀？”您会问……“她读书吗？”不，她不读书，并且说实话，书也不是为她而写的……冬天时，要是没有客人来访，塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜就坐在窗户边织袜子；夏天就到花园里去，种花浇水，和她的几只猫一连玩上几个小时，或者喂喂她的鸽子……她不大管理自己的产业。但如果有客人来拜访她——她仰慕的年轻邻居——塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜马上就变得生气勃勃；她请他坐下，给他倒茶，听他聊天，还哈哈大笑，有时候拍拍他的脸颊，但自己却很少讲话；别人有困难或心情难过的时候，她会给予安慰，并给出很好的建议。有很多人向她坦白过自己家里的秘密，以及心中的痛苦，还拉着她的手痛哭过！有时，她坐在访客对面，轻轻地支着胳膊肘，同情地看着他的脸，充满深情地微笑着，客人会不由得感到：“塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜，你是个多么可爱的女人啊！让我给您讲讲我的心事吧。”在她家那小巧而舒适的房间里，人们感到幸福温暖；打个比喻说，在她的房子里总是好天气。塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜是位了不起的女人，但没有人对她感到吃惊；她判断力强，心胸大度，意志坚定，对别人的喜与悲能够感同身受——总之，她所有的品质都是与生俱来的；她轻而易举、毫不费力就获得了这些品质……你无法把她想象成另外的样子，所以会认为没必要去感谢她。她特别喜欢看年轻人做恶作剧和荒唐事；她双手抱在胸前，仰着头，眯着眼睛，坐在那里微笑着看他们，然后突然间，叹口气说：“啊，我的孩子们啊，我的孩子们啊！”……有时候，你渴望到她那里，握着她的手说：“让我告诉您，塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜，您不知道自己的好；虽然您很单纯，没受过教育，但您是个非凡的人物！”她的名字带着一种甜蜜而熟悉的感觉，人们很乐意这么称呼她，因为会立即想起一个亲切的微笑。例如，有好几次我在途中问遇到的农民，比如说：“告诉我，我的朋友，我怎样才能到格拉乔夫？”“哦，先生，您先到维亚佐沃耶，然后再从那里到塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜那边，在塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜那里，大家都会给您指路的。”说到塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜的名字时，那个农民用很特别的方式摇了摇脑袋。她的仆人不多，与她的财产相当。住屋、洗衣房、储藏室和厨房都由女管家阿加菲娅负责，这个人曾当过她的保姆，是一个心地善良、爱哭、牙齿都掉光了的人；她有两个健壮的姑娘供她

使唤，她们脸颊结实，红得就像安东诺夫的苹果。贴身男仆、管家、侍者这些职务都由波利卡尔普担当，他是个七十岁的老头，一个奇怪但博学多识的家伙，曾经拉过小提琴，崇拜维奥蒂，但对拿破仑怀有个人敌意，称他为波拿巴季什卡，还非常喜欢夜莺。他总会在自己的房间里养上五六只夜莺，早春时节，他会在鸟笼旁一连坐上好几天，等待那第一声啼叫，当他听到了，就双手掩面，呻吟道："哦，可怜啊，可怜啊！"然后便泪流满面。波利卡尔普有一个帮手，是他的孙子瓦夏，这个十二岁的男孩，留着一头卷发，眼睛很有灵气；波利卡尔普很喜欢他，从早到晚地对他发牢骚。他还负责教育他。"瓦夏，"他说道，"说波拿巴季什卡是个流氓。"

"And what'll you give me, granddad?"

"那您会给我什么呢，爷爷？"

"What' ll I give you?… I'll give you nothing…. Why, what are you? Aren' you a Russian?"

"我会给你什么？我什么都不会给你……怎么，你是谁？难道你不是俄国人吗？"

"I'm a Mtchanin, granddad; I was born in Mtchensk."

"爷爷，我是阿姆琴人，出生在阿姆琴斯克。"

"Oh, silly dunce! but where is Mtchensk?"

"哦，傻瓜！可是阿姆琴斯克在哪里啊？"

"How can I tell?"

"我怎么知道？"

"Mtchensk's in Russia, silly!"

"阿姆琴斯克在俄国，傻瓜！"

"Well, what then, if it is in Russia?"

"哎，它在俄国又怎么样？"

"What then? Why, his Highness the late Prince Mihalo Ilarionovitch Golenishtchev-Kutuzov-Smolensky, with God's aid, graciously drove Bonaparty out of the Russian territories. It's on that event the song was composed: 'Bonaparty's in no mood to dance, He's lost the garters he brought from France.'… Do you understand? he liberated your fatherland."

"又怎么样？哎呀，已经过世的米海洛·伊拉里奥诺维奇·戈列尼谢夫·库图佐夫·斯摩棱斯克公爵大人，在上帝的帮助下，彬彬有礼地把波拿巴季什卡赶出了俄国的领土。还为那事编了一首歌呢：'波拿巴季什卡没心情跳舞了，他把从法国拿来的吊袜带弄丢了。'你知道吗？是他解放了你的祖国。"

"And what's that to do with me?”

“那跟我有什么关系？”

"Ah! you silly boy! Why, if his Highness Prince Mihalo Ilarionovitch hadn't driven out Bonaparty, some mounseer would have been beating you about the head with a stick this minute. He'd come up to you like this, and say: 'Koman voo porty voo?' and then a box on the ear!”

“啊！你这个傻小子！哎呀，要是米海洛·伊拉里奥诺维奇公爵大人没把波拿巴季什卡赶走，现在就会有法国佬拿着棍子来打你的脑袋了。他会像这样走到你跟前，说：‘您好吗？’然后就一拳打到你耳朵上！”

"But I'd give him one in the belly with my fist.”

“可我会用拳头打他的肚子。”

"But he'd go on: 'Bonzhur, bonzhur, veny ici,' and then a cuff on the head.”

“但是，他会继续说：‘您好，您好，到这里来’，然后一巴掌打到你头上。”

"And I'd give him one in his legs, his bandy legs.”

“那么我会踢他的腿，他的罗圈腿。”

"You're quite right, their legs are bandy…. Well, but suppose he tied your hands?”

“你说得太对了，他们的腿就是罗圈腿……但要是他把你的手绑起来了呢？”

"I wouldn't let him; I'd call Mihay the coachman to help me.”

“我不会让他绑的，我会叫马车夫米海依来帮我。”

"But, Vasya, suppose you weren't a match for the Frenchy even with Mihay?”

“但是，瓦夏，假如你甚至加上米海依也不是法国佬的对手呢？”

"Not a match for him! See how strong Mihay is!"

“不是他的对手！瞧瞧米海依有多壮啊！”

"Well, and what would you do with him?"

“嗯，那你和他要怎么做呢？”

"We'd get him on his back, we would.”

“我们会打他的背，我们会的。”

"And he'd shout, 'Pardon, pardon, seevooplay!'”

“他会说：‘请饶恕我吧，饶恕我吧！’”

"We'd tell him, 'None of your seevooplays, you old Frenchy!'"

“我们会对他说：‘不饶恕你，你这个法国佬！’”

"Bravo, Vasya!…Well, now then, shout, 'Bonaparty's a scoundrel!'"

“好极了，瓦夏！那么，现在来叫：‘波拿巴季什卡是个流氓！’”

"But you must give me some sugar!"

“不过您得给我点糖！”

"You scamp!"

“你这个淘气鬼！”

Of the neighbouring ladies Tatyana Borissovna sees very little; they do not care about going to see her, and she does not know how to amuse them; the sound of their chatter sends her to sleep; she starts, tries to keep her eyes open, and drops off again. Tatyana Borissovna is not fond of women as a rule. One of her friends, a good, harmless young man, had a sister, an old maid of thirty-eight and a half, a good-natured creature, but exaggerated, affected, and enthusiastic. Her brother had often talked to her of their neighbour. One fine morning our old maid has her horse saddled, and, without a word to any one, sallies off to Tatyana Borissovna's. In her long habit, a hat on her head, a green veil and floating curls, she went into the hall, and passing by the panic-stricken Vasya, who took her for a wood-witch, ran into the drawing-room. Tatyana Borissovna, scared, tried to rise, but her legs sank under her. "Tatyana Borissovna," began the visitor in a supplicating voice, "forgive my temerity; I am the sister of your friend, Alexy Nikolaevitch K——, and I have heard so much about you from him that I resolved to make your acquaintance.”

塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜和邻近的女地主们很少来往，她们不愿去拜访她，她也不懂怎么讨她们的欢心，她们聊天的声音只会让她打瞌睡，她努力让自己睁开眼睛，可是又会睡着。一般来说，塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜不喜欢女人。在她的朋友当中，有一位善良、没有恶意的小伙子，他有一个姐姐，是个三十八岁半的老处女，她心地善良，但是很夸张、做作，而且充满激情。她的弟弟常常对她说起他们的这位邻居。一个晴朗的早晨，我们的老处女给她的马装上了马鞍，没对任何人说一个字，就动身前往塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜家了。她穿着一件长长的骑装，头上戴着一顶帽子，蒙脸上着一块绿色的面纱，披散着卷发，来到了门厅，与瓦夏擦身而过时，把他吓得半死，他把她当作了林妖，然后她冲进了客厅。塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜被吓到了，试着站起身来，但是两条腿却直发软。“塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜，”这位访客口气诚恳地说，“原谅我的莽撞，我是你的朋友——阿列克塞·尼古拉耶维奇·克——的姐姐，我决定来拜访您，是因为我从他那里听说了很多关于您的事。”

"Greatly honoured," muttered the bewildered lady. The sister flung off her hat, shook her curls, seated herself near Tatyana Borissovna; took her by the hand… "So this is she," she began in a pensive voice fraught with feeling: "this is that sweet, clear, noble, holy being! This is she! that woman at once so simple and so deep! How glad I am! how glad I am! How we shall love each other! I can breathe easily at last… I always fancied her just so," she added in a whisper, her eyes riveted on the eyes of Tatyana Borissovna. "You won't be angry with me, will you, my dear kind friend?”

“非常荣幸。”不知所措的女主人含糊地说。这位姐姐摘下了帽子，甩了甩她的卷发，挨着塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜坐了下来，握着她的手……“那么，这就是她了，”她开始用一种充满感情的忧郁音调说道，“这就是那个善良、聪明、高尚、伟大的人啊！这就是她了！那个既单纯又深刻的女人！我好高兴啊！我好高兴啊！我们肯定会喜欢对方的！我终于可以松一口气了……我想象中的她正是这样的。”她轻声地补充道，双眼盯着塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜的眼睛，“您不会生我的气吧，您会吗，我亲爱的好朋友？”

"Really, I'm delighted!… Won't you have some tea?” The lady smiled patronisingly. "Wie wahr, wie unreflectiert," she murmured, as it were to herself. "Let me embrace you, my dear one!"

“怎么会，我很高兴！您喝茶吗？”这位女士傲慢地笑了一下。“多么真诚，多么直爽”，她喃喃说道，就像在自言自语一样，“让我抱抱您，我亲爱的！”

The old maid stayed three hours at Tatyana Borissovna's, never ceasing talking an instant. She tried to explain to her new acquaintance all her own significance. Directly after the unexpected visitor had departed, the poor lady took a bath, drank some lime-flower water, and took to her bed. But the next day the old maid came back, stayed four hours, and left, promising to come to see Tatyana Borissovna every day. Her idea, please to observe, was to develop, to complete the education of so rich a nature, to use her own expression, and she would probably have really been the death of her, if she had not, in the first place, been utterly disillusioned as regards her brother's friend within a fortnight, and secondly, fallen in love with a young student on a visit in the neighbourhood, with whom she at once rushed into a fervid and active correspondence; in her missives she consecrated him, as the manner of such is, to a noble, holy life, offered herself wholly a sacrifice, asked only for the name of sister, launched into endless descriptions of nature, made allusions to Goethe, Schiller, Bettina and German philosophy, and drove the luckless young man at last to the blackest desperation. But youth asserted itself: one fine morning he woke up with such a furious hatred for "his sister and best of friends" that he almost killed his valet

in his passion, and was snappish for a long while after at the slightest allusion to elevated and disinterested passion. But from that time forth Tatyana Borissovna began to avoid all intimacy with ladies of the neighbourhood more than ever.

老处女在塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜家呆了三个小时，一直说个不停。她努力地向她的新相识，阐述自己所有的价值。这个不速之客一走，可怜的女主人就洗了个澡，喝了些欧椴花茶，然后上床睡觉了。但是第二天，这个老处女又来了，呆了几个小时，走的时候还许诺说，每天都会来拜访塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜。看样子，她想要培养和完善这个她称之为丰富的人，要是这样的话，塔季雅娜一定会被她折磨死。如果她并没有，首先，在两个星期以后，她对弟弟的这个朋友的幻想完全破灭了；其次，她爱上了一个来附近玩的年轻学生，马上和他热烈而主动地通起信来；在她的信中，她把自己奉献给他，为了让他过上高尚、圣神的生活，她愿意牺牲自己的全部，只是为了让他叫她姐姐，还无止境地描写自然，提起歌德、希勒、贝蒂娜和德国的哲学，最后这个不幸的小伙子陷入了深深的绝望。但是青春无敌：一个晴朗的早晨，他带着一股对“他的姐姐和最好的朋友”的憎恨醒来，还差点一时冲动把贴身男仆给杀了，在那之后的很长一段时间里，只要一提起高尚无私的爱情，他就会暴怒。而从此以后，塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜更加讨厌跟邻近的女士们有亲密关系了。

Alas! nothing is lasting on this earth. All I have related as to the way of life of my kind-hearted neighbour is a thing of the past; the peace that used to reign in her house has been destroyed for ever. For more than a year now there has been living with her a nephew, an artist from Petersburg. This is how it came about.

唉！这个世上没有永恒的事。我说的所有关于这位好心的女地主的生活，都已经成为过去了，她家里昔日的宁静被永远地打破了。　现在她侄儿住在她家里，已经住了一年多了，是一个来自彼得堡的艺术家。事情是这样的。

Eight years ago, there was living with Tatyana Borissovna a boy of twelve, an orphan, the son of her brother, Andryusha. Andryusha had large, clear, humid eyes, a tiny little mouth, a regular nose, and a fine lofty brow. He spoke in a low, sweet voice, was attentive and coaxing with visitors, kissed his auntie's hand with an orphan's sensibility; and one hardly had time to show oneself before he had put a chair for one. He had no mischievous tricks; he was never noisy; he would sit by himself in a corner with a book, and with such sedateness and propriety, never even leaning back in his chair. When a visitor came in, Andryusha would get up, with a decorous smile and a flush; when the visitor went away he would sit down again, pull out of his pocket a brush and a looking-glass, and brush his hair. From his earliest years he had shown a taste for drawing. Whenever he got hold of a piece of paper, he would ask Agafya the housekeeper for a pair of

scissors at once, carefully cut a square piece out of the paper, trace a border round it and set to work; he would draw an eye with an immense pupil, or a Grecian nose, or a house with a chimney and smoke coming out of it in the shape of a corkscrew, a dog, en face, looking rather like a bench, or a tree with two pigeons on it, and would sign it: "Drawn by Andrei Byelovzorov, such a day in such a year, in the village of Maliya-Briki.” He used to toil with special industry for a fortnight before Tatyana Borissovna's birthday; he was the first to present his congratulations and offer her a roll of paper tied up with a pink ribbon. Tatyana Borissovna would kiss her nephew and undo the knot; the roll was unfolded and presented to the inquisitive gaze of the spectator, a round, boldly sketched temple in sepia, with columns and an altar in the centre; on the altar lay a burning heart and a wreath, while above, on a curling scroll, was inscribed in legible characters: "To my aunt and benefactress, Tatyana Borissovna Bogdanov, from her dutiful and loving nephew, as a token of his deepest affection." Tatyana Borissovna would kiss him again and give him a silver rouble. She did not, though, feel any very warm affection for him; Andryusha's fawning ways were not quite to her taste. Meanwhile, Andryusha was growing up; Tatyana Borissovna began to be anxious about his future. An unexpected incident solved the difficulty to her.

八年前，塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜家寄宿着一个十二岁的小男孩，他是个孤儿，是她哥哥的儿子，叫做安德留沙。安德留沙长着一双水汪汪的大眼睛，眼神清澈，嘴巴小小的，鼻子很端正，额头又高又好看。他说起话来，声音低沉甜美，对客人殷勤有礼，带着孤儿的敏感亲吻姑妈的手，你还没露面他就为你把椅子准备好了。他从不做淘气的恶作剧，也从不烦人；他会自己拿本书坐在角落里，那么稳重而得体，甚至从不靠在椅背上。当有客人进来时，安德留沙会站起来，礼貌地微笑，脸泛红晕；客人离开后，他会又坐下来，从口袋里拿出一把发刷和一面镜子，然后刷刷他的头发。他很小的时候就展现出了对绘画的爱好。每当他拿到一张纸，他就会请女管家阿格菲娅马上拿一把剪刀来，小心地把那张纸剪成正方形，在四周画一道边，然后便开始画起来；他会画一只瞳孔巨大的眼睛，或是一个希腊式的鼻子，或是一座带着烟囱的房子，上面正冒着螺旋形的烟雾，一条“正面的”狗，看上去很像一条长凳，或是一棵停着两只鸽子的树，并在画上题字：“安德列·别洛夫佐罗夫，某年某月画于小布雷基村。”他曾在塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜的生日前，格外勤奋、辛苦地工作了两个星期，他第一个送上了贺礼，递给她一卷用粉红色丝带捆着的纸。塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜吻了吻她侄子，解开了丝带结；那个画卷展开了，呈现在观者好奇的目光下，画的是一座圆形的神殿，线条大胆，中间有圆柱和祭坛，在祭坛上有一颗正在燃烧的心和一个花冠，而在上方卷曲的画卷上，写着清晰的字：“致我的姑妈和恩人塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜·鲍格达诺娃，崇敬、热爱您的侄子，以此致以深深的感激之情。”塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜再次吻了吻他，然后给了他一个银卢布。

不过，她并不是非常爱他，安德留沙那阿谀奉承的路子不对她的胃口。与此同时，安德留沙也渐渐长大了，塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜开始为他的前途担忧。一个意外事件解决了她的难题。

One day eight years ago she received a visit from a certain Mr. Benevolensky, Piotr Mihalitch, a college councillor with a decoration. Mr. Benevolensky had at one time held an official post in the nearest district town, and had been assiduous in his visits to Tatyana Borissovna; then he had moved to Petersburg, got into the ministry, and attained a rather important position, and on one of the numerous journeys he took in the discharge of his official duties, he remembered his old friend, and came back to see her, with the intention of taking a rest for two days from his official labours "in the bosom of the peace of nature." Tatyana Borissovna greeted him with her usual cordiality, and Mr. Benevolensky…. But before we proceed with the rest of the story, gentle reader, let us introduce you to this new personage.

八年前的一天，彼得·米海雷奇·别捏沃连斯基先生来拜访她，他是位议员，还获得过勋章。别捏沃连斯基先生曾经在最近的县城任公职，经常来拜访塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜；然后他搬到彼得堡去了，进入部里，并担任很重要的职位，他经常出公差，有一次想起了这个老朋友，便返回去拜访她，想从工作中抽身“在大自然宁静的怀抱中”休息两天。塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜以她一贯的热情接待了他，然后别捏沃连斯基先生……但是在继续讲故事之前，敬爱的读者们，让我先给您介绍一下这位新出场的大人物。

Mr. Benevolensky was a stoutish man, of middle height and mild appearance, with little short legs and little fat hands; he wore a roomy and excessively spruce frock-coat, a high broad cravat, snow-white linen, a gold chain on his silk waistcoat, a gem-ring on his forefinger, and a white wig on his head; he spoke softly and persuasively, trod noiselessly, and had an amiable smile, an amiable look in his eyes, and an amiable way of settling his chin in his cravat; he was, in fact, an amiable person altogether. God had given him a heart, too, of the softest; he was easily moved to tears and to transports; moreover, he was all aglow with disinterested passion for art: disinterested it certainly was, for Mr. Benevolensky, if the truth must be told, knew absolutely nothing about art. One is set wondering, indeed, whence, by virtue of what mysterious uncomprehended forces, this passion had come upon him. He was, to all appearance, a practical, even prosaic person… however, we have a good many people of the same sort among us in Russia.

别捏沃连斯基先生略有些胖，中等身高，面相慈善，腿又小又短，手又小又肥；他穿着宽宽的、极度整洁的礼服大衣，戴着一条系得又高又宽的领带，衬衫雪白，丝绸背心上挂着一根金链子，食指上戴着一个宝石戒指，头上戴着一顶白色的假发；他的言谈温和，有说服力，走路

悄无声息，笑容和善，眼神也很友好，还友善地把下巴搭在他的领带上，事实上，他总的来说是个和蔼可亲的人。上帝还给了他一颗最柔软的心，他很容易掉眼泪，也容易欣喜若狂；此外，他对艺术也抱着无私的激情：确实是无私的，对于别捏沃连斯基先生来说，要是必须说实话的话，他根本不懂艺术。这确实让人困惑，他的这种热情是从哪里来的，依靠着什么神秘莫测的力量？从表面看来，他是个实际的，甚至乏味的人……可是在俄国，我们中间像他这样的人可大有人在。

Their devotion to art and artists produces in these people an inexpressible mawkishness; it is distressing to have to do with them and to talk to them; they are perfect logs smeared with honey. They never, for instance, call Raphael, Raphael, or Correggio, Correggio; "the divine Sanzio, the incomparable di Allegri," they murmur, and always with the broadest vowels. Every pretentious, conceited, home-bred mediocrity they hail as a genius: "the blue sky of Italy," "the lemons of the South," "the balmy breezes of the banks of the Brenta," are for ever on their lips. "Ah, Vasya, Vasya," or "Oh, Sasha, Sasha," they say to one another with deep feeling, "we must away to the South… we are Greeks in soul—ancient Greeks." One may observe them at exhibitions before the works of some Russian painters (these gentlemen, it should be noted, are, for the most part, passionate patriots). First they step back a couple of paces, and throw back their heads; then they go up to the picture again; their eyes are suffused with an oily moisture…. "There you have it, my God!" they say at last, in voices broken with emotion; "there's soul, soul! Ah! what feeling, what feeling! Ah, what soul he has put into it! what a mess of soul!… And how he has thought it out! thought it out like a master!" And, oh! the pictures in their own drawing-rooms! Oh, the artists that come to them in the evenings, drink tea, and listen to their conversation! And the views in perspective they make them of their own rooms, with a broom in the foreground, a little heap of dust on the polished floor, a yellow samovar on a table near the window, and the master of the house himself in skull-cap and dressing-gown, with a brilliant streak of sunlight falling on his cheek! Oh, the long-haired nurslings of the Muse, wearing spasmodic and contemptuous smiles, that cluster about them! Oh, the young ladies, with faces of greenish pallor, who squeal; over their pianos! For that is the established rule with us in Russia; a man cannot be devoted to one art alone—he must have them all. And so it is not to be wondered at that these gentlemen extend their powerful patronage to Russian literature also, especially to dramatic literature…. The Jacob Sannazars are written for them; the struggle of unappreciated talent against the whole world, depicted a thousand times over, still moves them profoundly….

他们对艺术和艺术家的热爱，催生了一种难以言传的伤感，和他们

打交道、说话都是痛苦的，他们真是涂了蜜的木棍。例如，他们从来不把拉斐尔叫做拉斐尔，或把柯勒律治叫做柯勒律治，而是喃喃地说："圣神的桑奇奥，盖世无双的德·阿莱格里"，而且总把元音发得很重。他们把每一个自命不凡、自以为是、土生土长的平庸之才都称之为天才："意大利的蓝天"、"南方的柠檬"、"布伦塔河畔芬芳的微风"永远都挂在他们的嘴边。"啊，瓦尼亚，瓦尼亚"，或"哦，萨沙，萨沙"，他们饱含深情地对彼此说，"我们必须去南方……我们在心灵上都是希腊人，古希腊人。"在画展上，你可以在某些俄国画家的作品前观察一下他们（需要注意的是，这些先生大多是热情的爱国者）。起先他们后退几步，扬起头，然后他们又走到画前，眼睛里布满了油腻的湿气……"好了，天哪！"最后他们激动地说，声音颤抖，"有灵魂，灵魂啊！啊！太有感觉了，太有感觉了！啊，他都倾注了什么样的灵魂啊！多有神啊！他是怎么想出来的呀！像是出自大师之手！"啊，哦！这是他们自家客厅里的画呀！哦，傍晚去他们家喝茶，听他们谈话的艺术家啊！他们用自己的房间制造出的透视图景，又是什么样的呢，前景是一把扫帚，一堆垃圾堆在光亮的地板上，一套黄色的茶炊放在靠近窗户的桌子上，房子的主人戴着无沿便帽，穿着晨衣，脸颊上有阳光映下的亮条纹！哦，那些缪斯的后代们，留着长发，面带神经质般的轻蔑微笑，聚拢在他们周围！哦，那些年轻的小姐们，面色苍白发青，在钢琴上面尖叫着！在我们俄国，有这样一个已经固定下来的规矩：一个人不能只醉心于一种艺术，而是什么都得享受。所以，这些先生们迷恋文学，特别是戏剧文学，也就不奇怪了……《贾科贝·萨纳扎尔》就是为他们写的，这种得不到欣赏的天才与整个世界的之间斗争，被描写过一千次了，但仍然可以深深地打动他们……

The day after Mr. Benevolensky's arrival, Tatyana Borissovna told her nephew at tea-time to show their guest his drawings. "Why, does he draw?" said Mr. Benevolensky, with some surprise, and he turned with interest to Andryusha. "Yes, he draws," said Tatyana Borissovna; "he's so fond of it! and he does it all alone, without a master." "Ah! show me, show me," cried Mr. Benevolensky.

别捏沃连斯基先生抵达后的第二天，塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜便让她的侄子在喝茶的时候，向客人展示他的画作。"啊，他还会画画？"别捏沃连斯基先生有些惊奇地问道，然后饶有兴趣地转向安德留沙。"对，他会画画，"塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜说，"他很喜欢画画！而且他都是自己画，都没有老师教。""啊！给我看看，给我看看。"别捏沃连斯基叫道。

Andryusha, blushing and smiling, brought the visitor his sketch-book. Mr. Benevolensky began turning it over with the air of a connoisseur. "Good, young man," he pronounced at last; "good, very good." And he patted Andryusha on the head. Andryusha intercepted his hand and kissed it. "Fancy, now, a talent like that!… I congratulate you, Tatyana Borissovna."

安德留沙脸红了，笑着给客人拿来了他的素描本。别捏沃连斯基先生装出内行的样子，开始翻起了素描本来。"好，小伙子，"他最后说

道，“好，非常好。”他拍了拍安德留沙的头。安德留沙拦住他的手，并吻了吻。“瞧，真是个天才啊！我祝贺您，塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜。”

"But what am I to do, Piotr Mihalitch? I can't get him a teacher here. To have one from the town is a great expense; our neighbours, the Artamonovs, have a drawing-master, and they say an excellent one, but his mistress forbids his giving lessons to outsiders."

“但是我又能怎样，彼得·米海雷奇？在这里，我都没法给他找老师。从城里请一个又太贵了，我们的邻居阿尔塔莫夫有一个绘画老师，听说还是个很好的老师，但是他的女主人不准他在外面教课。”

"Hm," pronounced Mr. Benevolensky; he pondered and looked askance at Andryusha. "Well, we will talk it over," he added suddenly, rubbing his hands. The same day he begged Tatyana Borissovna's permission for an interview with her alone. They shut themselves up together. In half-an-hour they called Andryusha—Andryusha went in. Mr. Benevolensky was standing at the window with a slight flush on his face and a beaming expression. Tatyana Borissovna was sitting in a corner wiping her eyes. "Come, Andryusha," she said at last, "you must thank Piotr Mihalitch; he will take you under his protection; he will take you to Petersburg." Andryusha almost fainted on the spot. "Tell me candidly," began Mr. Benevolensky, in a voice filled with dignity and patronising indulgence; "do you want to be an artist, young man? Do you feel yourself consecrated to the holy service of Art?" "I want to be an artist, Piotr Mihalitch," Andryusha declared in a trembling voice. "I am delighted, if so it be. It will, of course," continued Mr. Benevolensky, "be hard for you to part from your revered aunt; you must feel the liveliest gratitude to her."

“嗯。”别捏沃连斯基先生应道，他思考着，斜眼看了安德留沙一眼，“好吧，我们会详细地商量这事的。”他搓着手，突然补充了一句。就在这一天，他请塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜单独和他谈谈。他们把门关了起来。半个小时以后，他们叫安德留沙来——安德留沙进来了。别捏沃连斯基先生脸色微红，笑容满面地站在窗户边上。塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜坐在一个角落里，抹着眼泪。“来，安德留沙，”她终于说道，“你一定得谢谢彼得·米海雷奇，他要做你的保护人，带你到彼得堡去。”安德留沙几乎当场昏了过去。“坦白跟我说，”别捏沃连斯基先生用一种充满威严而又屈尊俯就的宽容口吻说道，“你想当艺术家吗，小伙子？你想要献身于神圣的艺术事业吗？”“我想当艺术家，彼得·米海雷奇。”安德留沙用颤抖的声音说道，“要是这样的话，我很高兴，当然，”别捏沃连斯基先生接着说，“要离开你尊敬的姑妈会不好受，你一定对她怀着最诚挚的感激之情。”

"I adore my auntie," Andryusha interrupted, blinking.

“我十分热爱我的姑姑。”安德留沙打断了他的话，眨着眼睛说道。

"Of course, of course, that's readily understood, and does you great credit; but, on the other hand, consider the pleasure that in the future… your success….”

“当然，当然，这很容易理解，你也应受到大加称赞，但是，反过来说，考虑到未来的快乐……你的成功……”

"Kiss me, Andryusha," muttered the kind-hearted lady. Andryusha flung himself on her neck. "There, now, thank your benefactor." Andryusha embraced Mr. Benevolensky's stomach, and stretching on tiptoe, reached his hand and imprinted a kiss, which his benefactor, though with some show of reluctance, accepted…. He had, to be sure, to pacify the child, and, after all, might reflect that he deserved it. Two days later, Mr. Benevolensky departed, taking with him his new protégé.

“亲亲我，安德留沙。”好心的夫人喃喃地说道。安德留沙扑过去搂住了她的脖子。“好啦，现在，谢谢你的恩人。”安德留沙抱着别捏沃连斯基先生的肚子，踮起脚尖来才够到他的手，献上了一个吻，而他的恩人，尽管表现出一些不情愿，还是接受了……当然，他得抚慰下这个孩子，毕竟，也反映出这是他理应得到的。两天后，别捏沃连斯基先生带着他新收养的孩子走了。

During the first three years of Andryusha's absence he wrote pretty often, sometimes enclosing drawings in his letters. From time to time Mr. Benevolensky added a few words, for the most part of approbation; then the letters began to be less and less frequent, and at last ceased altogether. A whole year passed without a word from her nephew; and Tatyana Borissovna was beginning to be uneasy when suddenly she got the following note:—

安德留沙离开后，在头三年里常常写信，有时还在他信里附上他的画作。别捏沃连斯基先生也会不时地加上几句话，大多数是夸奖的话，然后信便开始越来越少，最后就完全没有了。一整年过去了，都没有她侄儿的音信，塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜开始心神不安起来，忽然她收到了这样一封信：

"DEAREST AUNTIE,—Piotr Mihalitch, my patron, died three days ago. A severe paralytic stroke has deprived me of my sole support. To be sure, I am now twenty. I have made considerable progress during the last seven years; I have the greatest confidence in my talent, and can make my living by means of it; I do not despair; but all the same send me, if you can, as soon as convenient, 250 roubles. I kiss your hand and remain…” etc.

“亲爱的姑妈：我的保护人彼得·米海雷奇三天前去世了。残酷的中风让我失去了唯一的支持者。诚然，我现在有二十岁了。在过去的七年中，我取得了相当大的进步，对自己的才华很有自信，可以靠它为生，

我并不灰心，但是如果可以的话，请您尽快寄给我二百五十卢布。吻您的手，其他待述……”等等。

Tatyana Borissovna sent her nephew 250 roubles. Two months later he asked for more; she got together every penny she had and sent it him. Not six weeks after the second donation he was asking a third time for help, ostensibly to buy colours for a portrait bespoken by Princess Tertereshenev. Tatyana Borissovna refused. "Under these circumstances," he wrote to her, "I propose coming to you to regain my health in the country." And in the May of the same year Andryusha did, in fact, return to Maliya-Briki.

塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜给她的侄子寄去了二百五十卢布。两个月后他又要更多的钱，她把自己有的每一分钱都凑起来寄给了他。第二次汇款还没过六个星期，他又请求帮助，诡称是要给捷尔捷列舍涅娃公爵夫人预约的一幅肖像画买颜料。塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜拒绝了。“在这种情况下，”他写信给她说，“我打算到乡下来找您养病了。”事实上，同年五月，安德留沙回到了小布雷基村。

Tatyana Borissovna did not recognise him for the first minute. From his letter she had expected to see a wasted invalid, and she beheld a stout, broad-shouldered fellow, with a big red face and greasy, curly hair. The pale, slender little Andryusha had turned into the stalwart Andrei Ivanovitch Byelovzorov. And it was not only his exterior that was transformed. The modest spruceness, the sedateness and tidiness of his earlier years, was replaced by a careless swagger and slovenliness quite insufferable; he rolled from side to side as he walked, lolled in easy-chairs, put his elbows on the table, stretched and yawned, and behaved rudely to his aunt and the servants. "I'm an artist," he would say; "a free Cossack! That's our sort!” Sometimes he did not touch a brush for whole days together; then the inspiration, as he called it, would come upon him; then he would swagger about as if he were drunk, clumsy, awkward, and noisy; his cheeks were flushed with a coarse colour, his eyes dull; he would launch into discourses upon his talent, his success, his development, the advance he was making…. It turned out in actual fact that he had barely talent enough to produce passable portraits. He was a perfect ignoramus, had read nothing; why should an artist read, indeed? Nature, freedom, poetry were his fitting elements; he need do nothing but shake his curls, talk, and suck away at his eternal cigarette! Russian audacity is a fine thing, but it doesn't suit every one; and Polezhaevs at second-hand, without the genius, are insufferable beings. Andrei Ivanovitch went on living at his aunt's; he did not seem to find the bread of charity bitter, notwithstanding the proverb. Visitors to the house found him a mortal nuisance. He would sit at the piano (a piano, too, had been installed at Tatyana Borissovna's) and begin strumming "The Swift Sledge" with

one finger; he would strike some chords, tap on the keys, and for hours together he would howl Varlamov's songs, "The Solitary Pine," or "No, doctor, no, don't come to me," in the most distressing manner, and his eyes seemed to disappear altogether, his cheeks were so puffed out and tense as drums…. Then he would suddenly strike up: "Be still, distracting passion's tempest!”… Tatyana Borissovna positively shuddered.

塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜起初都认不出他来了。据他的来信，她本以为会见到一个消瘦的病人，然而她看见的却是个结结实实、肩膀宽阔的家伙，脸又大又红润，卷发油腻腻的。那个脸色苍白、苗条的小安德留沙，变成了健壮的安德列·伊万诺维奇·别洛夫佐罗夫了。改变的还不只是他的外表。小时候，他朴素、漂亮、稳重、整洁，现在却变得恣意狂妄，邋遢得令人厌恶；他走路的时候左右摇摆，懒洋洋地坐在安乐椅上，把手肘放在桌子上，伸开了四肢，大打哈欠，而且对他的姑妈和仆人们都很粗鲁。“我是个艺术家，”他说，“一个自由的哥萨克！我们就是这种人！”有时候他好几天都不碰一下画笔，然后所谓的灵感又突然有了，就像个醉人一样，吵闹着吹起牛来，还笨手笨脚的；他的脸颊绯红，目光迟钝；他会开始大讲特讲他的才能、他的成功、他的发展、他所取得的进步……事实上，他没有什么才华，只能画出些凑合的肖像画。他就是个不学无术的人，什么书都不读；的确，艺术家读书干嘛？自然、自由、诗歌这些元素才与他相称，他不需要做任何事情，只要甩甩他的卷发，讲讲话，抽几口他那不灭的香烟！俄国人英勇无畏，这是件好事，但并不适合任何人；而那些没有天赋的二流波列扎耶夫真是让人难以忍受。安德列·伊万诺维奇继续住在他姑妈家里，他好像并不觉得施舍来的面包更苦，尽管格言是这么说的。家里的来客们发现，他就是人类中的败类。他会坐在钢琴前（塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜家也有钢琴）用一根指头漫不经心地弹起《飞快的雪橇》；他会敲一些和弦，在键盘上轻轻地敲着，一连好几个小时，悲伤地嚎叫瓦尔拉莫夫的歌《孤独的松树》或《不，医生，不，不要来找我》，他的眼睛似乎也一起消失了，脸颊如此肿胀，像鼓一样绷得紧紧的……然后他突然开始唱到：“停下来吧，狂乱激情的暴风雨！”……塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜听了直发抖。

"It's a strange thing," she observed to me one day, "the songs they compose nowadays; there's something desperate about them; in my day they were very different. We had mournful songs, too, but it was always a pleasure to hear them…. For instance:—

“真奇怪，”她有一天对我说，“现在创作的歌曲，都有一种绝望在里面，我那个时候可不是这样的。我们也有悲伤的歌，但是总是很好听的……比如：

'Come, come to me in the meadow, Where I am awaiting thee; Come, come to me in the meadow, Where I'm shedding tears for thee… Alas! thou'rt coming to the meadow, But too late, dear love, for me!’”

‘来吧，来草原找我，我在这里等着你；来吧，来草原找我，我在这里为你哭泣……啊！等你来草原找我，但是太晚了，亲爱的！’”

Tatyana Borissovna smiled slyly.

塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜俏皮地笑了笑。

"I agon-ise, I agon-ise!" yelled her nephew in the next room.

“我痛——啊，我痛——啊！”她的侄子在隔壁的房间哀号道。

"Be quiet, Andryusha!"

“安静点，安德留沙！”

"My soul's consumed apart from thee!" the indefatigable singer continued.

“和你分开我的心都碎了！”那个不知疲倦的歌手继续唱着。

Tatyana Borissovna shook her head.

塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜摇了摇头。

"Ah, these artists! these artists!"….

“啊，这些艺术家！这些艺术家！”……

A year has gone by since then. Byelovzorov is still living at his aunt's, and still talking of going back to Petersburg. He has grown as broad as he is long in the country. His aunt—who could have imagined such a thing?—idolises him, and the young girls of the neighbourhood are falling in love with him….

从那时起一年过去了。别洛夫佐罗夫还住在他姑妈家，还在讲着要去彼得堡的事。在乡下，他长得又肥又壮。他姑妈——谁会想象得到？对他宠爱极了，附近的年轻姑娘们都爱上了他……

Many of her old friends have given up going to Tatyana Borissovna's.

塔季雅娜·鲍里索夫娜的很多老朋友都不再去她家了。

CHAPTER XVI DEATH

第十六章 死亡

I have a neighbour, a young landowner and a young sportsman. One fine July morning I rode over to him with a proposition that we should go out grouse-shooting together. He agreed. "Only let's go," he said, "to my underwoods at Zusha; I can seize the opportunity to have a look at Tchapligino; you know my oakwood; they're felling timber there." "By all means." He ordered his horse to be saddled, put on a green coat with bronze buttons, stamped with a boar's head, a game-bag embroidered in crewels, and a silver flask, slung a new-fangled French gun over his shoulder, turned himself about with some satisfaction before the looking-glass, and called his dog, Hope, a gift from his cousin, an old maid with an excellent heart, but no hair on her head. We started. My neighbour took with him the village constable, Arhip, a stout, squat peasant with a square face and jaws of antediluvian proportions, and an overseer he had recently hired from the Baltic provinces, a youth of nineteen, thin, flaxen-haired, and short-sighted, with sloping shoulders and a long neck, Herr Gottlieb von der Kock. My neighbour had himself only recently come into the property. It had come to him by inheritance from an aunt, the widow of a councillor of state, Madame Kardon-Kataev, an excessively stout woman, who did nothing but lie in her bed, sighing and groaning. We reached the underwoods. "You wait for me here at the clearing," said Ardalion Mihalitch (my neighbour) addressing his companions. The German bowed, got off his horse, pulled a book out of his pocket—a novel of Johanna Schopenhauer's, I fancy—and sat down under a bush; Arhip remained in the sun without stirring a muscle for an hour. We beat about among the bushes, but did not come on a single covey. Ardalion Mihalitch announced his intention of going on to the wood. I myself had no faith, somehow, in our luck that day; I, too, sauntered after him. We got back to the clearing. The German noted the page, got up, put the book in his pocket, and with some difficulty mounted his bob-tailed, broken-winded mare, who neighed and kicked at the slightest touch; Arhip shook himself, gave a tug at both reins at once, swung his legs, and at last succeeded in starting his torpid and dejected nag. We set off.

我有一个邻居，是位年轻的地主，也是位年轻的猎人。七月里，在一个晴朗的早晨，我骑马去找他，提议一起出去打松鸡。他答应了。“只是，”他说，“我们先去我在祖沙的矮树林吧，我可以借这个机会去看看恰普雷吉诺；您知道我的橡树林吧，他们正在那里砍伐呢。”“没问

题。”他叫人给他的马装上鞍具，穿上一件带铜纽扣的绿色外套，上面还印着一个野猪头，背上了一个绣花猎袋和一个银水壶，把一支新的法国枪挎在了肩上，比较满意地从镜子前转过身，唤了一声他的狗“希望”，这只狗是他表姐——一个心地善良、但没有头发的老处女——送给他的礼物。我们出发了。我的邻居带上了村里的治安官阿尔希普，一个矮胖的农民，这个人长着一张方形脸，下颌跟上古时期的人一样大；还带了一个管家，是不久前从波罗的海沿岸的省雇来的，叫戈特利勃·冯科克——一个十九岁的年轻人，身材瘦削，头发淡黄，眼睛近视，斜肩，长脖子。我的邻居是最近才掌管这块领地的。这块领地是他从一个姑妈那里继承来的，他姑妈卡尔东·卡塔耶娃曾经嫁给了一位国家议员，她极其胖，除了躺在床上唱歌、呻吟以外，什么都不做。我们到了矮树林。“你们在这片空地上等我。”阿尔达利翁·米海雷奇（我的邻居）对他的两个同伴说。那个德国人鞠了个躬，下了马，从他的口袋里掏出来一本书——我猜，是约翰娜·叔本华的小说——然后坐在一处丛灌木下；阿尔希普则一动不动地在太阳下呆了一小时。我们在灌木丛中四处搜索，但一窝鸟都没遇到。阿尔达利翁·米海雷奇说他想去树林里看看。不知为何，那天我觉得我们运气不佳，但还是跟在他身后闲逛着。我们回到了那片空地上。那个德国人记下页码，站了起来，把书放进了口袋里，有些困难地骑上了那匹呼吸急促的母马，这匹马只要轻轻一碰它，就会又嘶叫又踢腿，尾巴还很短；阿尔希普抖了抖，立即使劲把两根缰绳都拉了起来，摆了摆双腿，总算成功地让那匹行动迟缓、垂头丧气的老马跑了起来。我们便出发了。

I had been familiar with Ardalion Mihalitch's wood from my childhood. I had often strolled in Tchapligino with my French tutor, Monsieur Désiré Fleury, the kindest of men (who had, however, almost ruined my constitution for life by dosing me with Leroux's mixture every evening). The whole wood consisted of some two or three hundred immense oaks and ash-trees. Their stately, powerful trunks were magnificently black against the transparent golden green of the nut bushes and mountain-ashes; higher up, their wide knotted branches stood out in graceful lines against the clear blue sky, unfolding into a tent overhead; hawks, honey-buzzards and kestrels flew whizzing under the motionless tree-tops; variegated wood-peckers tapped loudly on the stout bark; the blackbird's bell-like trill was heard suddenly in the thick foliage, following on the ever-changing note of the gold-hammer; in the bushes below was the chirp and twitter of hedge-warblers, siskins, and peewits; finches ran swiftly along the paths; a hare would steal along the edge of the wood, halting cautiously as he ran; a squirrel would hop sporting from tree to tree, then suddenly sit still, with its tail over its head. In the grass among the high ant-hills under the delicate shade of the lovely, feathery, deep-indented bracken, were violets and lilies of the valley, and funguses, russet, yellow, brown, red and crimson; in the patches of grass among the spreading bushes red strawberries were to be

found…. And oh, the shade in the wood! In the most stifling heat, at mid-day, it was like night in the wood: such peace, such fragrance, such freshness…. I had spent happy times in Tchapligino, and so, I must own, it was with melancholy feelings I entered the wood I knew so well. The ruinous, snowless winter of 1840 had not spared my old friends, the oaks and the ashes; withered, naked, covered here and there with sickly foliage, they struggled mournfully up above the young growth which "took their place, but could never replace them." [Footnote: In 1840 there were severe frosts, and no snow fell up to the very end of December; all the wintercorn was frozen, and many splendid oak-forests were destroyed by that merciless winter. It will be hard to replace them; the productive force of the land is apparently diminishing; in the "interdicted" wastelands (visited by processions with holy images, and so not to be touched), instead of the noble trees of former days, birches and aspens grow of themselves; and, indeed, they have no idea among us of planting woods at all.—Author's Note.]

从幼年时代起，我就对阿尔达利翁·米海雷奇的树林很熟悉了。我常常在恰普雷吉诺那片树林里散步，同我一起的是我的法国家教德齐雷·费勒利先生，他非常善良（然而，他每天晚上都让我喝列鲁阿药水，差点要了我的命）。整个树林里有两三百棵橡树和梣树。它们雄伟粗壮的树干黑乎乎的，在坚果丛和花楸树葱郁透亮的绿叶的映衬下，好看极了；更高处，它们的枝条蔓延交错，在湛蓝的天空中伸出优雅的线条，在头顶上像一个帐篷似的伸展着；老鹰、蜂鹰和红隼在一动不动的树梢下嗖嗖地飞着；色彩斑斓的啄木鸟大声地啄着厚厚的树皮；黄鹂婉转地啼叫着，突然乌鸫银铃般的啭声从密密的树叶中响了起来；在下面的灌木丛中，知更鸟、黄雀和田凫叽叽喳喳地叫着；燕雀敏捷地沿着小径飞着；一只野兔在树林边蹑手蹑脚的，跑着跑着，还会谨慎地停下来；一只松鼠调皮地从一棵树跳到另一棵树上，然后突然坐下来，把尾巴翘过了头顶。在草地上高高的蚁冢之间，在可爱、轻柔的锯齿状蕨类植物精巧的影子下面，开着紫罗兰和铃兰，长着黄褐色、黄色、棕色、红色和深红色的菌类；在宽阔的灌木丛之间那一片片的草地上，可以发现红色的草莓……哦，还有那树林里的阴凉处！在正午最闷热的时候，树林里就像是晚上一样：那么地宁静，那么地芬芳，那么地清新……我在恰普雷吉诺度过了很多欢乐的时光，所以，我必须承认，在我走进这片熟悉的树林时，还是很伤感的。在1840年那个毁灭性的冬天，没有下一场雪，我的老朋友——橡树和梣树也难逃一劫；它们枯萎了、光秃了，只有几处还覆盖着病态的树叶，它们悲哀地在“接替他们，却永远无法代替他们”的小树上面挣扎。【脚注：1840年霜冻严重，直到十二月底都没有下雪，所有的树苗都被冻住了，许多很好的橡树林都被无情的冬天摧毁了。它们很难恢复，土地的生产能力明显下降，在“禁区”（一队队人举着圣像走过，以示不可侵犯），从前高贵的树木已经消失，取而代之的是随意生长的桦树和白杨树；的确，我们也根本没有造林的意识。——作者注。】

Some trees, still covered with leaves below, fling their lifeless, ruined branches upwards, as it were, in reproach and despair; in others, stout, dead, dry branches are thrust out of the midst of foliage still thick, though with none of the luxuriant abundance of old; others have fallen altogether, and lie rotting like corpses on the ground. And—who could have dreamed of this in former days?—there was no shade—no shade to be found anywhere in Tchapligino! "Ah," I thought, looking at the dying trees: "isn't it shameful and bitter for you?”… Koltsov's lines recurred to me:

还有一些树下面长满了叶子，好像又绝望又哀怨地向上伸展着，伸出了它们那毫无生气、被毁坏了的枝条；另外有一些树，粗壮、枯死的树枝从还很浓郁的叶子中间穿了出来，不过不像旧时一样繁茂了；还有一些树则全部倒下来了，像尸体一样躺在地上腐烂着。在以前，谁会料到这些？没有树阴，在恰普雷吉诺竟然找不到一片树阴。“啊，”我看着那些快死的树心想，“你们不感到可耻和痛心吗？”……我想起了柯尔卓夫的诗：

"What has become Of the mighty voices, The haughty strength, The royal pomp? Where now is the Wealth of green?…”

“非凡的声音，高傲的力量，皇家的气派都哪里去了？那浓浓的绿色现在上哪儿去了？”

"How is it, Ardalion Mihalitch," I began, "that they didn't fell these trees the very next year? You see they won't give for them now a tenth of what they would have done before.”

“怎么会这样，阿尔达利翁·米海雷奇，”我开始问道，“他们怎么不在第二年把这些树砍掉呢？它们现在连以前十分之一的价钱都卖不到了。”

He merely shrugged his shoulders.

他只是耸了耸肩。

"You should have asked my aunt that; the timber merchants came, offered money down, pressed the matter, in fact."

“这个您应该去问我姑妈，事实上，木材商人们来过，出价缠着要买呢。”

"Mein Gott! mein Gott!" Von der Kock cried at every step. "Vat a bity, vat a bity!"

“我的天哪！我的天哪！”冯科克每走一步都叫着，“都么可笑，都么可笑！（多么可惜，多么可惜！”

"What's a bity!" observed my neighbour with a smile.

“这么可细（可惜）！”我邻居笑着说。

"That is; how bitiful, I meant to say."

“我的意思是，太可细（可惜）了。”

What particularly aroused his regrets were the oaks lying on the ground—and, indeed, many a miller would have given a good sum for them. But the constable Arhip preserved an unruffled composure, and did not indulge in any lamentations; on the contrary, he seemed even to jump over them and crack his whip on them with a certain satisfaction.

躺在地上的那些橡树，尤其让他惋惜不已——的确，很多磨坊主会为它们出高价的。但是治安官阿尔希普却依然泰然自若，并没有沉湎于任何悲伤中；相反，他甚至还跳过它们，带着一种满意的神情用鞭子抽打它们。

We were getting near the place where they were cutting down the trees, when suddenly a shout and hurried talk was heard, following on the crash of a falling tree, and a few instants after a young peasant, pale and dishevelled, dashed out of the thicket towards us.

我们离他们砍树的地方越来越近了，听到树的倒地声后，突然又听到了一阵尖叫声和急促的说话声，不一会儿，一个脸色苍白、头发散乱的年轻的农民从灌木丛里向我们冲了过来。

"What is it? where are you running?" Ardalion Mihalitch asked him.

“怎么了？你要跑到哪里去？”阿尔达利翁·米海雷奇问他。

He stopped at once.

他立刻停了下来。

"Ah, Ardalion Mihalitch, sir, an accident!"

“啊呀，阿尔达利翁·米海雷奇老爷，出事了！”

"What is it?"

“什么事？”

"Maksim, sir, crushed by a tree."

“老爷，马克西姆被树砸住了。”

"How did it happen?… Maksim the foreman?”

“怎么会这样？马克西姆是那个工头吗？”

"The foreman, sir. We'd started cutting an ash-tree, and he was standing looking on…. He stood there a bit, and then off he went to the well for some water—wanted a drink, seemingly—when suddenly the ash-tree began creaking and coming straight towards him. We shout to him: 'Run, run, run!'…. He should have rushed to one side,

but he up and ran straight before him…. He was scared, to be sure. The ash-tree covered him with its top branches. But why it fell so soon, the Lord only knows!… Perhaps it was rotten at the core.”

“是那个工头，老爷。我们开始砍一棵梣树，他站在旁边看着……他在那里站了一小会儿，然后就去井里找水喝，好像是想喝口水，突然间梣树开始嘎吱嘎吱地响了起来，直直地朝他倒了下去。我们朝他喊：‘快跑，快跑，快跑！’……他本来应该冲到另一边，但是他爬起来径直朝前面跑……他一定是被吓到了。梣树顶上的树枝压到了他。但是它怎么这么快就倒了呢，只有上帝知道！也许是树心烂了。”

"And so it crushed Maksim?"

“它就这么把马克西姆砸了？”

"Yes, sir."

“是的，老爷。”

"To death?"

“死了吗？”

"No, sir, he's still alive—but as good as dead; his arms and legs are crushed. I was running for Seliverstitch, for the doctor.”

“没，老爷，他还活着呢——但是和死了一样，他的胳膊和腿都被压碎了。我刚才就是要跑去找谢利韦斯特奇大夫。”

Ardalion Mihalitch told the constable to gallop to the village for Seliverstitch, while he himself pushed on at a quick trot to the clearing…. I followed him.

阿尔达利翁·米海雷奇让治安官赶快跑回村里去请谢利韦斯特奇，他自己则快马加鞭向伐木的地方奔去……我跟在了他后面。

We found poor Maksim on the ground. The peasants were standing about him. We got off our horses. He hardly moaned at all; from time to time he opened his eyes wide, looked round, as it were, in astonishment, and bit his lips, fast turning blue…. The lower part of his face was twitching; his hair was matted on his brow; his breast heaved irregularly: he was dying. The light shade of a young lime-tree glided softly over his face.

我们看到可怜的马克西姆躺在地上。农民们在他旁边站着。我们下了马。他几乎都不呻吟了，不时地睁大眼睛，向周围看看，好像感到很惊讶，嘴唇咬得发青……他的下半脸抽搐着，头发缠在额头上，胸膛不规律地起伏着：他快要死了。一棵小欧椴树清亮的阴影，轻轻地从他脸上拂过。

We bent down to him. He recognised Ardalion Mihalitch.

我们俯下身去。他认出了阿尔达利翁·米海雷奇。

"Please sir," he said to him, hardly articulately, "send… for the priest… tell… the Lord… has punished me… arms, legs, all smashed… to-day's… Sunday… and I… I… see… didn't let the lads off… work.”

“老爷，请您，”他说，几乎都说不清话了“请个……司祭……告诉……上帝……惩罚我了……胳膊、腿都碎了……今天是……星期天……我……我……没让伙计们……歇……工。”

He ceased, out of breath.

他停了下来，上气不接下气。

"And my money… for my wife… after deducting…. Onesim here knows… whom I… what I owe.”

“我的钱……给我老婆……扣掉以后……奥尼西姆知道……我……我欠谁。”

"We've sent for the doctor, Maksim," said my neighbour; "perhaps you may not die yet."

“我们去请医生了，马克西姆，”我的邻居说，“也许你还不会死的。”

He tried to open his eyes, and with an effort raised the lids.

他设法睁开眼睛，努力抬起了嘴唇。

"No, I'm dying. Here… here it is coming… here it…. Forgive me, lads, if in any way….”

“不，我要死了。瞧……它来了……瞧它……原谅我，伙计们，要是……”

"God will forgive you, Maksim Andreitch," said the peasants thickly with one voice, and they took off their caps; "do you forgive us!"

“上帝会原谅你的，马克西姆·安德列伊奇，”那些农民摘下了帽子，口齿不清地齐声说，“您也原谅我们吧！”

He suddenly shook his head despairingly, his breast heaved with a painful effort, and he fell back again.

他突然绝望地摇了摇头，痛苦地努力鼓起了胸，然后又瘪了下去。

"We can't let him lie here and die, though," cried Ardalion Mihalitch; "lads, give us the mat from the cart, and carry him to the hospital."

“可是，我们不能让他死在这里，”阿尔达利翁·米海雷奇叫道，“伙计们，从马车上把席子拿来，把他拉到医院去。”

Two men ran to the cart.

两个人冲向了那辆马车。

"I bought a horse… yesterday," faltered the dying man, "off Efim… Sitchovsky… paid earnest money… so the horse is mine…. Give it… to my wife….”

“我买了匹马……昨天，”这个快要过世的人结结巴巴地说，“从叶菲姆……瑟乔夫村的……付过定金了……所以那匹马是我的了……把它……给我老婆……”

They began to move him on to the mat…. He trembled all over, like a wounded bird, and stiffened….

他们动手把他挪到了席子上……他像一只被打伤的鸟一样，全身抖了一下，然后僵直了……

"He is dead," muttered the peasants.

“他死了。”农民们低声说道。

We mounted our horses in silence and rode away.

我们沉默着骑上马走了。

The death of poor Maksim set me musing. How wonderfully indeed the Russian peasant dies! The temper in which he meets his end cannot be called indifference or stolidity; he dies as though he were performing a solemn rite, coolly and simply.

可怜的马克西姆的死，让我陷入了沉思。这个俄国农民死得多令人惊奇啊！他们临终前的心情，不能说是冷淡，也不能说是迟钝；他的死就好像在表演一个庄严的仪式，从容而质朴。

A few years ago a peasant belonging to another neighbour of mine in the country got burnt in the drying shed, where the corn is put. (He would have remained there, but a passing pedlar pulled him out half-dead; he plunged into a tub of water, and with a run broke down the door of the burning outhouse.) I went to his hut to see him. It was dark, smoky, stifling, in the hut. I asked, "Where is the sick man?"

几年前，我村里的另一个邻居，他的一个农民在烤谷房里被烧伤了，伤得不轻。（他本来会死在那里，但是一个路过的小贩把半死不活的他拖了出来；那个小贩先跳进了一桶水里，然后冲上去把外屋的门撞开了，里面正燃烧着。）我去他的小屋看他。小屋里很暗，烟雾缭绕，让人窒息。我问：“病人在哪里？”

"There, sir, on the stove," the sorrowing peasant woman answered me in a sing-song voice. I went up; the peasant was lying covered with a sheepskin, breathing heavily. "Well, how do you feel?" The injured man stirred on the stove; all over burns, within sight of death as he was, tried to rise. "Lie still, lie still, lie still…. Well, how are you?”

“在那里，老爷，在炕上。”一个农妇号哭地答道，声音悲伤。我走了过去，那个农民正盖着羊皮袄躺在那里，呼吸沉重。“喂，你感觉怎么样？”那个受伤的人在炕上动了动，想起来，他全身都是伤，濒临死亡。“躺着，躺着，躺着……嗯，你怎么样？”

"In a bad way, surely," said he.

“当然，不好。”他说。

"Are you in pain?" No answer. "Is there anything you want?"—No answer. "Shouldn't I send you some tea, or anything.”

“你很疼吗？”他没有回答。“你想要什么东西吗？”他又没有回答。“要我给你送点茶，或什么东西吗？”

"There's no need.” I moved away from him and sat down on the bench. I sat there a quarter of an hour; I sat there half an hour—the silence of the tomb in the hut. In the corner behind the table under the holy pictures crouched a little girl of twelve years old, eating a piece of bread. Her mother threatened her every now and then. In the outer room there was coming and going, noise and talk: the brother's wife was chopping cabbage. "Hey, Aksinya," said the injured man at last.

“不必了。”我从他旁边挪开，坐到了长凳上。我在那里坐了一刻钟，坐了半小时——屋子里死一般地寂静。在桌子后面的角落里，一个十二岁的女孩蜷缩在圣像下面，吃着一片面包。她妈妈不时地吓唬她。有人在外面的房间里走来走去，发出响声和说话声：他兄弟的媳妇在剁白菜。“嘿，阿克西尼娅。”那个受伤的人终于说道。

"What?"

“怎么？”

"Some kvas." Aksinya gave him some kvas. Silence again. I asked in a whisper, "Have they given him the sacrament?" "Yes." So, then, everything was in order: he was waiting for death, that was all. I could not bear it, and went away….

“拿点克瓦斯来。”阿克西尼娅给他端来了点克瓦斯。又是一阵沉默。我低声问道：“他们给他吃过圣餐了吗？”“是的。”那么，一切都安排好了：就等着他死了，就是这样。我受不了了，走了出去……

Again, I recall how I went one day to the hospital in the village of Krasnogorye to see the surgeon Kapiton, a friend of mine, and an enthusiastic sportsman.

此外，我想起来有一天我去红山村的医院，拜访外科医生卡皮东，他是我的一个朋友，也是个打猎迷。

This hospital consisted of what had once been the lodge of the manor-house; the lady of the manor had founded it herself; in other

words, she ordered a blue board to be nailed up above the door with an inscription in white letters: "Krasnogorye Hospital," and had herself handed to Kapiton a red album to record the names of the patients in. On the first page of this album one of the toadying parasites of this Lady Bountiful had inscribed the following lines:

这间医院曾经是庄园主宅邸的小屋，女庄园主亲自建立了这间医院，换句话说，就是她让人把一块蓝色的木板订到了门上，上面写着：“红山医院”，还亲手递给卡皮东一本红色的册子，用来记录病人的名字。在这个册子的第一页，这个“女慈善家”的一个谄媚的食客题写了下面的诗行：

"Dans ces beaux lieux, où règne l'allégresse Ce temple fut ouvert par la Beauté; De vos seigneurs admirez la tendresse Bons habitants de Krasnogorié!”

“在欢喜的美好之乡，美人亲自开启这座殿堂；赞叹你们主人的慷慨吧，红山善良的居民们！”

while another gentleman had written below:

还有一位绅士在下面写着：

"Et moi aussi j'aime la nature! JEAN KOBYLIATNIKOFF.”

“我也爱大自然！伊万·科贝利亚特尼科夫。”

The surgeon bought six beds at his own expense, and had set to work in a thankful spirit to heal God's people. Besides him, the staff consisted of two persons; an engraver, Pavel, liable to attacks of insanity, and a one-armed peasant woman, Melikitrisa, who performed the duties of cook. Both of them mixed the medicines and dried and infused herbs; they, too, controlled the patients when they were delirious. The insane engraver was sullen in appearance and sparing of words; at night he would sing a song about "lovely Venus," and would besiege every one he met with a request for permission to marry a girl called Malanya, who had long been dead. The one-armed peasant woman used to beat him and set him to look after the turkeys. Well, one day I was at Kapiton's. We had begun talking over our last day's shooting, when suddenly a cart drove into the yard, drawn by an exceptionally stout horse, such as are only found belonging to millers. In the cart sat a thick-set peasant, in a new greatcoat, with a beard streaked with grey. "Hullo, Vassily Dmitritch," Kapiton shouted from the window; "please come in…. The miller of Liobovshin," he whispered to me. The peasant climbed groaning out of the cart, came into the surgeon's room, and after looking for the holy pictures, crossed himself, bowing to them. "Well, Vassily Dmitritch, any news?… But you must be ill; you don't look well.”

医生自己出钱买了六张床，带着感恩的心来医治上帝的子民们。除了他，还有两个人在这里工作：患有神经病的雕刻工帕韦尔，和当过厨娘的独臂农妇梅利基特里莎。他们两人负责调制药剂，把草药晒干或浸泡，还得控制发狂的病人。患有精神病的雕刻工外表阴郁，寡言少语，到了夜里他就会唱一支《可爱的维纳斯》，还会去纠缠每一个他遇到的人，让人家允许他和一个叫做马拉尼娅的姑娘结婚，但那姑娘早已去世。独臂农妇常常打他，还派他去看管火鸡。嗯，有一天我在皮卡东那里。我们正讨论起上一次狩猎的事，忽然有一辆马车驶进了院子，这辆车由一匹格外肥硕的马拉着，这样的马只有磨坊主才有。马车里坐着一个健壮的农民，他穿着一件新的厚大衣，胡子斑白。“喂，瓦西利·德米特里奇，”卡皮东从窗口喊着，“请进……雷博夫希诺的磨坊主。”他低声对我说。那位农民嘎吱嘎吱地爬下了马车，走进了医生的房间，找到圣像之后，画了个十字，然后鞠了个躬。“瓦西利·德米特里奇，有什么消息吗？不过您一定是病了，您看上去不大好。”

"Yes, Kapiton Timofeitch, there's something not right.”

“是呀，卡皮东·季莫费伊奇，确实是不大对劲。”

"What's wrong with you?”

“您哪里不舒服？”

"Well, it was like this, Kapiton Timofeitch. Not long ago I bought some mill-stones in the town, so I took them home, and as I went to lift them out of the cart, I strained myself, or something; I'd a sort of rick in the loins, as though something had been torn away, and ever since I've been out of sorts. To-day I feel worse than ever.”

“嗯，是这样，卡皮东·季莫费伊奇。不久前，我在城里买了几个磨盘，我把它们拉回家，当我把它们从马车上抬下来的时候，我不知是用力太猛还是怎么回事，腰部有点扭到了，就像什么东西被弄断了一样，从那以后我就感觉不舒服。今天比往常更难受。”

"Hm," commented Kapiton, and he took a pinch of snuff; "that's a rupture, no doubt. But is it long since this happened?”

“嗯，”卡皮东应道，然后他拿出一小撮鼻烟，“毫无疑问，是患了疝气。像这样很久了吗？”

"It's ten days now.”

“到现在有十天了。”

"Ten days?" (The surgeon drew a long inward breath and shook his head.) "Let me examine you."

“十天了？”（医生长长地吸了一口气，摇了摇头。）“让我给您检查一下吧。”

"Well, Vassily Dmitritch," he pronounced at last, "I am sorry for you, heartily sorry, but things aren't right with you at all; you're

seriously ill; stay here with me; I will do everything I can, for my part, though I can't answer for anything.”

“唉，瓦西利·德米特里奇，”他最后说道，“真为您感到遗憾啊，真遗憾啊，您情况不妙啊，您病得不轻啊，呆在我这里吧；至于我，我会尽我所能，不过我没法打包票。”

"So bad as that?" muttered the astounded peasant.

“那么糟吗？”农民大吃一惊，喃喃地说道。

"Yes, Vassily Dmitritch, it is bad; if you'd come to me a day or two sooner, it would have been nothing much; I could have cured you in a trice; but now inflammation has set in; before we know where we are, there'll be mortification.”

“是的，瓦西利·德米特里奇，情况很糟糕；要是您早来一两天，就不会有什么事了，我一会儿就能给您治好了；但是现在已经发炎了，在我们治好之前，就会变成坏疽。”

"But it can't be, Kapiton Timofeitch.”

“不能吧，卡皮东·季莫费伊奇。”

"I tell you it is so."

“我告诉您，就是这样的。”

"But how comes it?" (The surgeon shrugged his shoulders.) "And I must die for a trifle like that?"

“但是怎么会呢？”（医生耸了耸肩。）“我竟然会为这点小病死掉？”

"I don't say that… only you must stop here.” The peasant pondered and pondered, his eyes fixed on the floor, then he glanced up at us, scratched his head, and picked up his cap. "Where are you off to, Vassily Dmitritch?"

“我没那样说……只是您必须留在这里。”那个农民想了又想，眼睛盯着地板，然后又抬眼瞥了瞥我们，挠了挠头，抓起了他的帽子。“您要去哪里，瓦西利·德米特里奇？”

"Where? why, home to be sure, if it's so bad. I must put things to rights, if it's like that.”

“哪里？当然是回家了，要是情况那么糟的话。我必须回去好好安排一下，要是像那样的话。”

"But you'll do yourself harm, Vassily Dmitritch; you will, really; I'm surprised how you managed to get here; you must stop.”

“但是您会伤着自己的，瓦西利·德米特里奇；您会的，真的；我都奇怪您是怎么到这里的，您必须留下。”

"No, brother, Kapiton Timofeitch, if I must die, I'll die at home; why die here? I've got a home, and the Lord knows how it will end.”

“不了，卡皮东·季莫费伊奇老兄，要是我得死，我就死在家里，为什么要死在这里呢？我有个家，上帝才知道它最后会怎样。”

"No one can tell yet, Vassily Dmitritch, how it will end…. Of course, there is danger, considerable danger; there's no disputing that… but for that reason you ought to stay here.” (The peasant shook his head.)

“瓦西利·德米特里奇，没人能告诉您最后会怎样啊……当然了，是有危险，相当大的危险，这是毫无疑问的……所以您应该留在这里。”（那个农民摇了摇头。）

"No, Kapiton Timofeitch, I won't stay… but perhaps you will prescribe me a medicine.”

“不，卡皮东·季莫费伊奇，我不会留下来……不过也许您能给我开点药。”

"Medicine alone will be no good."

“单单吃药是没有用的。”

"I won't stay, I tell you.”

“我不会留下来的，我告诉您。”

"Well, as you like…. Mind you don't blame me for it afterwards.”

“嗯，随您的便了……您以后可别怪罪我。”

The surgeon tore a page out of the album, and, writing out a prescription, gave him some advice as to what he could do besides. The peasant took the sheet of paper, gave Kapiton half-a-rouble, went out of the room, and took his seat in the cart. "Well, good-bye, Kapiton Timofeitch, don't remember evil against me, and remember my orphans, if anything….”

医生从册子上撕了一页纸，开了个药方，给了他一些建议，告诉他还要注意什么。那个农民拿了那张纸，给了卡皮东半个卢布，走出了房间，坐上了马车。“喂，再见了，卡皮东·季莫费伊奇，别记着我的坏处啊，要是有什么的话，可要记得我那些孤儿啊……”

"Oh, do stay, Vassily!" The peasant simply shook his head, struck the horse with the reins, and drove out of the yard. The road was muddy and full of holes; the miller drove cautiously, without hurry, guiding his horse skilfully, and nodding to the acquaintances he met. Three days later he was dead.

“哦，留下来吧，瓦西利！”农民摇了摇头，用缰绳抽了一下马，便驶出了院子。道路泥泞，坑坑洼洼，磨坊主小心翼翼、不慌不忙地赶着

车，熟练地控着马，遇到熟人们，还点点头。三天之后他便死了。

The Russians, in general, meet death in a marvellous way. Many of the dead come back now to my memory. I recall you, my old friend, who left the university with no degree, Avenir Sorokoumov, noblest, best of men! I see once again your sickly, consumptive face, your lank brown tresses, your gentle smile, your ecstatic glance, your long limbs; I can hear your weak, caressing voice. You lived at a Great Russian landowner's, called Gur Krupyanikov, taught his children, Fofa and Zyozya, Russian grammar, geography, and history, patiently bore all the ponderous jokes of the said Gur, the coarse familiarities of the steward, the vulgar pranks of the spiteful urchins; with a bitter smile, but without repining, you complied with the caprices of their bored and exacting mother; but to make up for it all, what bliss, what peace was yours in the evening, after supper, when, free at last of all duties, you sat at the window pensively smoking a pipe, or greedily turned the pages of a greasy and mutilated number of some solid magazine, brought you from the town by the land-surveyor—just such another poor, homeless devil as yourself! How delighted you were then with any sort of poem or novel; how readily the tears started into your eyes; with what pleasure you laughed; what genuine love for others, what generous sympathy for everything good and noble, filled your pure youthful soul! One must tell the truth: you were not distinguished by excessive sharpness of wit; Nature had endowed you with neither memory nor industry; at the university you were regarded as one of the least promising students; at lectures you slumbered, at examinations you preserved a solemn silence; but who was beaming with delight and breathless with excitement at a friend's success, a friend's triumphs? Avenir! Who had a blind faith in the lofty destiny of his friends? who extrolled them with pride? who championed them with angry vehemence? who was innocent of envy as of vanity? who was ready for the most disinterested self-sacrifice? who eagerly gave way to men who were not worthy to untie his latchet?…

俄国人总是以一种不可思议的方式面对死亡。现在，我想起了许多过世的人。我也想起了你，我那没有拿到学位就离开了大学的老朋友，阿韦尼尔·索罗科莫夫，最高贵、最优秀的人！我又看见了患肺病的你，脸色苍白，棕色的长发稀稀疏疏，笑容温和，眼神令人痴迷，还有长长的手臂和双腿；我能听到你那虚弱而亲切的声音。你住在一个叫古尔·克鲁皮亚尼科夫的俄国大地主家，教他的孩子福法和焦济亚俄语语法、地理和历史，古尔说的笑话毫无趣味，管家言行粗俗而放肆，恶意的顽童们玩着粗鲁的恶作剧，这些你都要耐心地忍受；他们那位无聊而苛刻的母亲会提出些古怪的要求，对此你也只能带着苦笑照做，而不能抱怨；但是晚餐过后，你终于从所有的工作中解放出来，这样快乐而安静的夜

晚就是对你的补偿，你坐在窗口吸着烟思考，或贪婪地翻阅那本油腻而残缺的厚杂志，那还是土地测量员从城里给你带来的——他像你一样，是个没有家的可怜人！那时,你那么爱好各种各样的诗歌和小说；你那么容易流泪，你笑得那么开心；对别人爱得很真诚，对一切美好而高尚的事物满怀同情，载满了你纯洁年轻的灵魂！说实话：你并不是特别聪明；生下来既没有好的记忆力，也不勤勉；在大学里，你被认为是最没有前途的学生；上课时你睡觉打盹，考试时你严肃而沉默；但是，是谁曾为朋友的成功而高兴得开怀大笑，是谁曾为朋友取得的胜利而激动得喘不过气来呢？是阿韦尼尔！是谁盲目地相信自己朋友的崇高使命？是谁自豪地赞美他们？是谁拼命地支持他们？是谁既不嫉妒，也不虚荣？是谁准备好了做最无私的自我牺牲？是谁热心地给那些都不配给自己解鞋带的人让路？

That was you, all you, our good Avenir! I remember how broken-heartedly you parted from your comrades, when you were going away to be a tutor in the country; you were haunted by presentiment of evil…. And, indeed, your lot was a sad one in the country; you had no one there to listen to with veneration, no one to admire, no one to love…. The neighbours—rude sons of the steppes, and polished gentlemen alike—treated you as a tutor: some, with rudeness and neglect, others carelessly. Besides, you were not pre-possessing in person; you were shy, given to blushing, getting hot and stammering…. Even your health was no better for the country air: you wasted like a candle, poor fellow! It is true your room looked out into the garden; wild cherries, apple-trees, and limes strewed their delicate blossoms on your table, your ink-stand, your books; on the wall hung a blue silk watch-pocket, a parting present from a kind-hearted, sentimental German governess with flaxen curls and little blue eyes; and sometimes an old friend from Moscow would come out to you and throw you into ecstasies with new poetry, often even with his own. But, oh, the loneliness, the insufferable slavery of a tutor's lot! the impossibility of escape, the endless autumns and winters, the ever-advancing disease!… Poor, poor Avenir!

那就是你，都是你，我们的好阿韦尼尔！我记得，当你去乡下当家庭教师时，你同自己的伙伴们分开是多么地伤心；你被不祥的预感折磨着……果然，你在乡下过得很不舒心；在那里，没有一个让你可以虔敬地恭听的人，没有一个让你钦佩的人，没有一个让你爱慕的人……邻居们——牧民们粗鲁的儿子和受过教育的地主一样，都把你当作家教对待：有的态度粗鲁、怠慢，还有的对你漠不关心。此外，你的外貌也不吸引人；你害羞，容易脸红、冒汗、口吃……就是乡下的空气，也没能让你更加健康起来，你就像一根蜡烛一样熔化着，可怜的家伙！你的房间的确是面朝花园；野樱桃、苹果树、欧椴树把它们轻盈的花瓣洒在了你的桌子上、墨水瓶上、书本上；墙上挂着一个蓝色的丝绸表袋，这是一个善良、多情的德国女教师送给他的离别礼物，这位女教师长着淡黄

色的卷发和蓝色的小眼睛；有时候，一个从莫斯科来的老朋友会出现在你面前，读读别人的新诗，甚至自己的诗，都能引得你欣喜若狂。但是，哦，孤独、难以忍受的奴隶般的家教身份、不可能获得的自由、没个尽头的秋冬和缠身的疾病！可怜的，可怜的阿韦尼尔啊！

I paid Sorokoumov a visit not long before his death. He was then hardly able to walk. The landowner, Gur Krupyanikov, had not turned him out of the house, but had given up paying him a salary, and had taken another tutor for Zyozya…. Fofa had been sent to a school of cadets. Avenir was sitting near the window in an old easy-chair. It was exquisite weather. The clear autumn sky was a bright blue above the dark-brown line of bare limes; here and there a few last leaves of lurid gold rustled and whispered about them. The earth had been covered with frost, now melting into dewdrops in the sun, whose ruddy rays fell aslant across the pale grass; there was a faint crisp resonance in the air; the voices of the labourers in the garden reached us clearly and distinctly. Avenir wore an old Bokhara dressing-gown; a green neckerchief threw a deathly hue over his terribly sunken face. He was greatly delighted to see me, held out his hand, began talking and coughing at once. I made him be quiet, and sat down by him…. On Avenir's knee lay a manuscript book of Koltsov's poems, carefully copied out; he patted it with a smile. "That's a poet," he stammered, with an effort repressing his cough; and he fell to declaiming in a voice scarcely audible:

索罗科莫夫去世前不久，我还曾去拜访过他。那时候，他几乎都不能走路了。地主古尔·克鲁皮亚尼科夫没有把他赶出去，但是不给他发薪水，为焦济亚找了个新家庭教师……福法被送到军官学校去了。阿韦尼尔坐在窗边的一个旧安乐椅上。天气非常好。在光秃秃的、深褐色的欧椴树上方，是秋日清澈湛蓝的天空；最后几片金灿灿的叶子在各处簌簌作响。现在在太阳的照射下，原本覆盖着霜冻的土地，正一点点地解冻，阳光那红红的光线斜斜地穿过苍白的草地；空气中有微弱的声响；花园里劳工清晰的声音传了过来。阿韦尼尔穿着一件破旧的布哈拉晨衣，一条绿色的围巾在他凹陷得可怕的脸上，投下了死一般的阴影。他看见我高兴极了，握着我的手，开始说起话来，但立刻就咳了起来。我让他别讲了，然后坐到他旁边……在阿韦尼尔的膝盖上，放着一本抄写得很工整的柯尔卓夫诗集，他微笑着轻轻拍了拍它。“这才是诗人，”他结结巴巴地说，使劲压制住咳嗽，然后开始用模糊不清的声音吟诵了起来：

"Can the eagle's wings Be chained and fettered? Can the pathways of heaven Be closed against him?”

“难道鹰的翅膀被束缚住了吗？难道他通往天堂的路被堵住了吗？”

I stopped him: the doctor had forbidden him to talk. I knew what would please him. Sorokoumov never, as they say, "kept up" with the

science of the day; but he was always anxious to know what results the leading intellects had reached. Sometimes he would get an old friend into a corner and begin questioning him; he would listen and wonder, take every word on trust, and even repeat it all after him. He took a special interest in German philosophy. I began discoursing to him about Hegel (this all happened long ago, as you may gather). Avenir nodded his head approvingly, raised his eyebrows, smiled, and whispered: "I see! I see! ah, that's splendid! splendid!”…

我制止了他：医生不准他讲话。我知道怎么能让他开心。索罗科莫夫从来没有“追求”过所谓的当代科学，但是他总是渴望知道，那些伟大的智者们都取得了什么成就。有时候，他在某个角落遇到一个老朋友，便会开始问长问短，他倾听着，惊讶着，相信自己听到的每一句话，甚至会跟着把所有的话都重复一遍。他对德国哲学特别感兴趣。我跟他讨论起了黑格尔（您知道，这都是很早以前发生的事了）。阿韦尼尔赞许地点了点头，抬起了眉毛，笑了笑，然后轻声说：“我知道了！我知道了！啊，真是太棒了！太棒了！”……

The childish curiosity of this poor, dying, homeless outcast, moved me, I confess, to tears. It must be noted that Avenir, unlike the general run of consumptives, did not deceive himself in regard to his disease…. But what of that?—he did not sigh, nor grieve; he did not even once refer to his position….

我承认，这个可怜的、快要死去的流浪汉那孩子般的好奇心，把我感动得掉下了眼泪。必须要注意，阿韦尼尔不同于一般的肺病患者，在病情方面，他并不欺骗自己……但是又能怎么样呢？他没有叹息，也不悲伤，甚至从来都没提过自己的情况……

Rallying his strength, he began talking of Moscow, of old friends, of Pushkin, of the drama, of Russian literature; he recalled our little suppers, the heated debates of our circle; with regret he uttered the names of two or three friends who were dead….

他打起精神来，开始谈论起了莫斯科、老朋友、普希金、戏剧和俄国文学；他还想起了我们的小聚餐，我们热烈的小组辩论；他遗憾地说了两三个名字，都是我们已经去世了的朋友……

"Do you remember Dasha?" he went on. "Ah, there was a heart of pure gold! What a heart! and how she loved me!… What has become of her now? Wasted and fallen away, poor dear, I daresay!”

“你还记得达莎吗？”他继续说，“啊，她有颗纯金般的心！多真挚的心啊！她曾经多爱我啊！她现在变成什么样了？这个可怜的宝贝，大概消瘦、憔悴了吧！”

I had not the courage to disillusion the sick man; and, indeed, why should he know that his Dasha was now broader than she was long, and that she was living under the protection of some merchants,

the brothers Kondatchkov, that she used powder and paint, and was for ever swearing and scolding?

我没有勇气让这个病人的幻想破灭，又何必让他知道，他的达莎现在胖得滚圆，在商人孔达奇科夫兄弟的庇护下过日子，她还涂脂抹粉，永远都是骂骂咧咧的。

"But can't we," I thought, looking at his wasted face, "get him away from here? Perhaps there may still be a chance of curing him." But Avenir cut short my suggestion.

“不过，我们难道不能，”看着他那憔悴的脸，我想，“把他从这里搬出去？也许还有机会能治好他。”但是阿韦尼尔打断了我。

"No, brother, thanks," he said; "it makes no difference where one dies. I shan't live till the winter, you see…. Why give trouble for nothing? I'm used to this house. It's true the people…”

“不啦，兄弟，谢谢了，”他说，“在哪里死都一样。我活不过冬天的，你知道吗……为什么白白添麻烦啊？我都习惯这屋子了。说真的，这里的人……”

"They're unkind, eh?" I put in.

“他们不厚道，是吗？”我插了句嘴。

"No, not unkind! but wooden-headed creatures. However, I can't complain of them. There are neighbours: there's a Mr. Kasatkin's daughter, a cultivated, kind, charming girl… not proud…”

“不，不是不厚道！都是些呆头呆脑的家伙。不管怎样，我不能怨他们。还有其他邻居呢：卡萨特金先生的女儿就很有教养，是个善良可爱的姑娘……不骄傲……”

Sorokoumov began coughing again.

索罗科莫夫又咳起了嗽来。

"I shouldn't mind anything," he went on, after taking breath, "if they'd only let me smoke my pipe…. But I'll have my pipe, if I die for it!" he added, with a sly wink. "Thank God, I have had life enough! I have known so many fine people."

“我什么都无所谓了，”他吸了一口气继续说道，“只要他们让我吸烟……但如果我为了烟斗而死，我也要拿我的烟斗！”他补充了一句，淘气地眨了眨眼。“感谢上帝，我已经活够了！我认识了这么多好人。”

"But you should, at least, write to your relations," I interrupted.

“但是你应该至少给你的亲戚们写封信吧。”我插嘴说。

"Why write to them? They can't be any help; when I die they'll hear of it. But, why talk about it… I'd rather you'd tell me what you saw abroad.”

“为什么要给他们写信？他们又帮不了什么忙，我死的时候他们会知道的。不过，为什么要聊这个呢……我宁愿你给我讲讲，你在国外都见过些什么。”

I began to tell him my experiences. He seemed positively to gloat over my story. Towards evening I left, and ten days later I received the following letter from Mr. Krupyanikov:

我给他讲起了我的经历。他聚精会神地听着我的故事。到了傍晚我便走了，十天之后我收到了克鲁皮亚尼科夫先生写给我的信：

"I have the honour to inform you, my dear sir, that your friend, the student, living in my house, Mr. Avenir Sorokoumov, died at two o'clock in the afternoon, three days ago, and was buried today, at my expense, in the parish church. He asked me to forward you the books and manuscripts enclosed herewith. He was found to have twenty-two roubles and a half, which, with the rest of his belongings, pass into the possession of his relatives. Your friend died fully conscious, and, I may say, with so little sensibility that he showed no signs of regret even when the whole family of us took a last farewell of him. My wife, Kleopatra Aleksandrovna, sends you her regards. The death of your friend has, of course, affected her nerves; as regards myself, I am, thank God, in good health, and have the honour to remain, your humble servant,”

“阁下：请允许我通知您，您的朋友，暨住在我家的那个学生阿韦尼尔·索罗科莫夫，于三天前下午两点逝世，由我出资在今日下葬本区教堂。他嘱我转交给您的书稿已随函附上。他留下的二十二个半卢布及其他物件，已转交其亲戚。您的朋友临终前神志清醒，可谓十分泰然，我们全家与他告别时，他甚至没有任何遗憾的意思。我的妻子克列奥帕特拉·亚历山大罗夫娜向您致敬。当然，您的朋友的逝世，使她很伤心；至于我，则托上帝的福，身体尚佳，再次向您致敬，鄙夫，”

'G. KRUPYANIKOV.'

“古尔·克鲁皮亚尼科夫。”

Many more examples recur to me, but one cannot relate everything. I will confine myself to one.

我还想起了其他很多例子，但是不能一一例举了。我只再说一件事吧。

I was present at an old lady's death-bed; the priest had begun reading the prayers for the dying over her, but, suddenly noticing that the patient seemed to be actually dying, he made haste to give her the cross to kiss. The lady turned away with an air of displeasure. "You're in too great a hurry, father," she said, in a voice almost inarticulate; "in too great a hurry."… She kissed the cross, put her hand under the

pillow and expired. Under the pillow was a silver rouble; she had meant to pay the priest for the service at her own death….

一个年老的女地主临终前，我正在她旁边；司祭已经开始替她念死亡祷告了，但是，忽然他看到病人好像真的死了，他赶紧给她亲吻十字架。那个女地主不高兴地把脸转了过去。“您太着急了吧，牧师，”她用几乎听不清的声音说道，“太着急了。”……她吻了十字架，把手放到了枕头下面，就咽气了。枕头下放着一个银卢布，这是她打算付给为自己送终的司祭的……

Yes, the Russians die in a wonderful way.

是啊，俄国人死的方式真令人惊奇啊。

CHAPTER XVII THE SINGERS

第十七章 歌手

The small village of Kolotovka once belonged to a lady known in the neighbourhood by the nickname of Skin-flint, in allusion to her keen business habits (her real name is lost in oblivion), but has of late years been the property of a German from Petersburg. The village lies on the slope of a barren hill, which is cut in half from top to bottom by a tremendous ravine. It is a yawning chasm, with shelving sides hollowed out by the action of rain and snow, and it winds along the very centre of the village street; it separates the two sides of the unlucky hamlet far more than a river would do, for a river could, at least, be crossed by a bridge. A few gaunt willows creep timorously down its sandy sides; at the very bottom, which is dry and yellow as copper, lie huge slabs of argillaceous rock. A cheerless position, there's no denying, yet all the surrounding inhabitants know the road to Kolotovka well; they go there often, and are always glad to go.

科洛托夫卡小村庄曾经属于一个女地主，附近的人都叫她“吝啬鬼”（她的真名倒是被遗忘了），因为她做生意很精明，但是近年来，它变成了一个来自彼得堡的德国人的财产了。这个村子坐落一座贫瘠的山的山坡上，那座小山被一个巨大的峡谷从上到下割成了两半。这是个巨大的峡谷，两边的斜面是被雨雪冲击出来的，它在村子街道的正中央蜿蜒着；它比河流更过分——河流上至少可以架座桥——把这个不幸的小村庄分成了两半。几棵柳树长得很干枯，怯生生地沿着两侧的沙土坡往下长；沟底干涸，黄得像铜一样，横着几块巨大的泥质岩平板。毫无疑问，这是个令人沮丧的地方，但是附近的居民都很熟悉到科洛托夫卡的路，他们经常去那里，而且总是很乐意去。

At the very summit of the ravine, a few paces from the point where it starts as a narrow fissure in the earth, there stands a small square hut. It stands alone, apart from all the others. It is thatched, and has a chimney; one window keeps watch like a sharp eye over the ravine, and on winter evenings when it is lighted from within, it is seen far away in the dim frosty fog, and its twinkling light is the guiding star of many a peasant on his road. A blue board is nailed up above the door; this hut is a tavern, called the "Welcome Resort." Spirits are sold here probably no cheaper than the usual price, but it is far more frequented than any other establishment of the same sort in the neighbourhood. The explanation of this is to be found in the tavern-keeper, Nikolai Ivanitch.

在峡谷的最顶端，也就是离峡谷源头的那窄缝几步远的地方，矗立

着一座四方形的小屋。它孤零零的，远离所有其他的房子。这房子是用茅草盖的，有一个烟囱，还有一扇窗户，那窗户就像一只在峡谷上守望着的敏锐的眼睛；冬天的晚上，屋里点起灯时，透过朦胧而严寒的雾气，大老远就能看见它，它闪烁的灯光就是很多过路农民的指路星。门上钉着一块蓝色的木板，这间小屋是一个酒馆，叫做“迎宾居”。这里卖的酒也许并不低于平常价格，但是进出的客人却远比附近其他同类的店多得多。原因就在于酒馆的老板尼古拉·伊万诺维奇。

Nikolai Ivanitch—once a slender, curly-headed and rosy-cheeked young fellow, now an excessively stout, grizzled man with a fat face, sly and good-natured little eyes, and a shiny forehead, with wrinkles like lines drawn all over it—has lived for more than twenty years in Kolotovka. Nikolai Ivanitch is a shrewd, acute fellow, like the majority of tavern-keepers. Though he makes no conspicuous effort to please or to talk to people, he has the art of attracting and keeping customers, who find it particularly pleasant to sit at his bar under the placid and genial, though alert eye, of the phlegmatic host. He has a great deal of common sense; he thoroughly understands the landowner's conditions of life, the peasant's, and the tradesman's. He could give sensible advice on difficult points, but, like a cautious man and an egoist, prefers to stand aloof, and at most—and that only in the case of his favourite customers—by remote hints, dropped, as it were, unintentionally, to lead them into the true way. He is an authority on everything that is of interest or importance to a Russian; on horses and cattle, on timber, bricks, and crockery, on woollen stuffs and on leather, on songs and dances. When he has no customers he is usually sitting like a sack on the ground before the door of his hut, his thin legs tucked under him, exchanging a friendly greeting with every passer-by. He has seen a great deal in his time; many a score of petty landowners, who used to come to him for spirits, he has seen pass away before him; he knows everything that is done for eighty miles round, and never gossips, never gives a sign of knowing what is unsuspected by the most keen-sighted police-officer. He keeps his own counsel, laughs, and makes his glasses ring. His neighbours respect him; the civilian general Shtcherpetenko, the landowner highest in rank in the district, gives him a condescending nod whenever he drives past his little house. Nikolai Ivanitch is a man of influence; he made a notorious horse-stealer return a horse he had taken from the stable of one of his friends; he brought the peasants of a neighbouring village to their senses when they refused to accept a new overseer, and so on. It must not be imagined, though, that he does this from love of justice, from devotion to his neighbour—no! he simply tries to prevent anything that might, in any way, interfere with his ease and comfort. Nikolai Ivanitch is married, and has children. His wife, a smart, sharp-nosed and keen-eyed woman of the tradesman class, has

grown somewhat stout of late years, like her husband. He relies on her in everything, and she keeps the key of the cash-box. Drunken brawlers are afraid of her; she does not like them; they bring little profit and make a great deal of noise: those who are taciturn and surly in their cups are more to her taste. Nikolai Ivanitch's children are still small; the first four all died, but those that are left take after their parents: it is a pleasure to look at their intelligent, healthy little faces.

尼古拉·伊万诺维奇曾经也是个身型细长、头发卷曲、面色红润的小伙子，现在却过于肥胖、头发斑白，他的脸肥肥的，一双小眼睛既狡猾又和善，前额油亮，上面布满了一条条的皱纹。他已经在科洛托夫卡住了二十多年了。同大多数酒馆老板一样，尼古拉·伊万诺维奇是个精明机敏的人。虽然他不去努力讨好别人或和他们讲话，但他却有吸引、留住顾客的本领，他是位沉着的主人，目光警觉，但却平静而亲切，会让坐在柜台前的人感到特别舒适。他知道很多常识，也十分了解地主、农民和商人的生活状况。他可以给处于困境的人提出明智的建议，但是，像他这样谨慎、利己的人，宁愿置身事外，最多——只是对那些他最喜欢的顾客——稍微给点暗示，就好像是，无意中说漏了嘴，把他们引领到正确的道路上。俄国人所感兴趣或重视的任何事情，他都很了解，比如马牛，木材、砖块、陶器、羊毛制品、皮革制品，还有唱歌跳舞。在没客人的时候，他常常会坐在小屋门前的地上，就像麻袋一样，把瘦瘦的腿盘在身下，同每个过路的人打招呼问好。他这一生见多识广，曾目睹过几十个常来他这里买酒的小地主的去世，他知道方圆八英里以内发生的所有事情，却从不说长道短，就连眼光最锐利的警长都未曾怀疑的事情，他也知道，但从不表露。他总是沉默寡言，爱笑、爱碰杯。邻里们都很尊敬他，县里身份最高的地主即文官谢列彼坚科，不论什么时候路过他的小房子，都会向他谦逊地点点头。尼古拉·伊万诺维奇是个有影响力的人，他朋友马厩里的马被一个臭名昭著的偷马贼偷走了，但他能让那人把马归还了；邻村的农民们拒绝接受新工头，他把他们说服了，等等。不过，一定不要认为他做这些是出于对正义的热爱，出于对邻里的关心——不是的！无论如何，他只是设法不让任何事影响到他的安逸和舒适。尼古拉·伊万诺维奇已经结婚了，还有小孩。他老婆鼻子尖尖的，目光敏锐，是个聪明的女人，出生于小市民家庭，近些年来，像她的丈夫一样有些发福了。他什么事都依赖她，钱匣的钥匙也由她掌管。那些爱发酒疯的人都害怕她，她不喜欢他们，他们带不来多少利润却吵得很：那些沉默寡言、郁郁寡欢的酒客更符合她的口味。尼古拉·伊万诺维奇的孩子们还很小，头四个孩子都死了，但活下来的那几个很像他们的父母：看着他们聪颖健康的小脸蛋，真是一件令人愉快的事。

It was an insufferably hot day in July when, slowly dragging my feet along, I went up alongside the Kolotovka ravine with my dog towards the Welcome Resort. The sun blazed, as it were, fiercely in the sky, baking the parched earth relentlessly; the air was thick with stifling dust. Glossy crows and ravens with gaping beaks looked plaintively at the passers-by, as though asking for sympathy; only the

sparrows did not droop, but, pluming their feathers, twittered more vigorously than ever as they quarrelled among the hedges, or flew up all together from the dusty road, and hovered in grey clouds over the green hempfields. I was tormented by thirst. There was no water near: in Kolotovka, as in many other villages of the steppes, the peasants, having no spring or well, drink a sort of thin mud out of the pond…. For no one could call that repulsive beverage water. I wanted to ask for a glass of beer or kvas at Nikolai Ivanitch's.

那是个酷暑难耐的七月天，我慢慢地拖着步子，和我的狗沿着科洛托夫卡峡谷往上走，朝迎宾居走去。太阳在天空中猛烈地照耀着，好像在无情地烘烤着干枯的大地，空气中弥漫着令人窒息的尘埃。羽毛亮泽的乌鸦和渡鸦张着嘴，悲伤地看着过客，好像在乞求同情；只有麻雀并不消沉，整理着它们的羽毛，比之前更有活力地叫着，还一边在树篱间吵着嘴，或是一起从满是灰尘的路上飞起，灰蒙蒙一大群盘旋在绿色的大麻地上。我口渴难耐。附近没有水：在科洛托夫卡，就像大草原上的其他村子一样，农民们没有泉水或井水，喝的是池塘里的浑水……没有人能称这种令人厌恶的水为饮用水。我想去尼古拉·伊万诺维奇那里要一杯啤酒或克瓦斯。

It must be confessed that at no time of the year does Kolotovka present a very cheering spectacle; but it has a particularly depressing effect when the relentless rays of a dazzling July sun pour down full upon the brown, tumble-down roofs of the houses and the deep ravine, and the parched, dusty common over which the thin, long-legged hens are straying hopelessly, and the remains of the old manor-house, now a hollow, grey framework of aspenwood, with holes instead of windows, overgrown with nettles, wormwood, and rank grass, and the pond black, as though charred and covered with goose feathers, with its edge of half-dried mud, and its broken-down dyke, near which, on the finely trodden, ash-like earth, sheep, breathless and gasping with the heat, huddle dejectedly together, their heads drooping with weary patience, as though waiting for this insufferable heat to pass at last. With weary steps I drew near Nikolai Ivanitch's dwelling, arousing in the village children the usual wonder manifested in a concentrated, meaningless stare, and in the dogs an indignation expressed in such hoarse and furious barking that it seemed as if it were tearing their very entrails, and left them breathless and choking, when suddenly in the tavern doorway there appeared a tall peasant without a cap, in a frieze cloak, girt about below his waist with a blue handkerchief. He looked like a house-serf; thick grey hair stood up in disorder above his withered and wrinkled face. He was calling to some one hurriedly, waving his arms, which obviously were not quite under his control. It could be seen that he had been drinking already.

坦白说，一年当中，科洛托夫卡没有哪个时候会呈现出一片怡人的

景象，但令人特别压抑的是，七月炫目的太阳洒下无情的光线洒在倒塌的棕色屋顶上和深邃的峡谷里；干枯的牧场上落满灰尘，长腿母鸡在上面绝望地闲逛着；昔日的地主庄园，现在成了一个中空的灰色杨树框架，窗户变成了破洞，蔓生着荨麻、苦艾和杂草；黑乎乎的池塘像烧焦了似的，上面飘满了鹅毛，边上围着半干的泥，堤坝倒塌；在堤坝附近踏成灰末的泥地上，绵羊热得气喘吁吁，沮丧地挤作一团，它们疲倦而耐心地垂着头，仿佛在等待这难熬的酷暑的最终离去。我拖着疲倦的步子，走近了尼古拉·伊万诺维奇的住处，照旧引起了村里孩子们的惊奇，他们全神贯注地、目光空洞地凝视着我，几条狗也在表达它们的愤怒，嘶哑而激烈地叫着，像要撕裂自己的内脏，后来它们自己也气喘吁吁的，还给呛到了，突然间，酒馆门口出现了一个高个子的农民，他没戴帽子，穿着起绒粗呢的披风，低低地系着一条蓝腰带。他看上去像个家奴，浓密的白发乱糟糟地立着，憔悴的脸蛋上布满了皱纹。他正急忙喊一个人，挥动着他那双明显有些控制不住了的手臂。可以看出来他已经喝醉了。

"Come, come along!" he stammered, raising his shaggy eyebrows with an effort. "Come, Blinkard, come along! Ah, brother, how you creep along, 'pon my word! It's too bad, brother. They're waiting for you within, and here you crawl along…. Come.”

“来，来呀！”他结结巴巴地说，用力抬起他的那双粗眉，“来，眨眼王，来啊！啊，老兄，你怎么慢吞吞的，真是的！太糟糕了，老兄。他们都在里面等你呢，你还慢吞吞的……来。”

"Well, I'm coming, I'm coming!" called a jarring voice, and from behind a hut a little, short, fat, lame man came into sight. He wore a rather tidy cloth coat, pulled half on, and a high pointed cap right over his brows, which gave his round plump face a sly and comic expression. His little yellow eyes moved restlessly about, his thin lips wore a continual forced smile, while his sharp, long nose peered forward saucily in front like a rudder. "I'm coming, my dear fellow." He went hobbling towards the tavern. "What are you calling me for?… Who's waiting for me?”

“哎，来了，来了！”传来一阵刺耳的声音，然后从屋子后面走出来了一个矮胖的瘸子。他穿着一件非常整洁的布外衣（只穿了一边），又高又尖的帽子正好戴到了眉毛上，给他那圆扑扑的脸增添了狡猾而有趣的神情。他那双黄色的小眼睛不停地打转，薄薄的嘴唇上一直带着勉强的微笑，又长又尖的鼻子鲁莽地凸向前，像个船舵一样。“我来啦，老兄。”他跛着朝酒馆走去，“你叫我干什么？谁在等我啊？”

"What am I calling you for?" repeated the man in the frieze coat reproachfully. "You're a queer fish, Blinkard: we call you to come to the tavern, and you ask what for? Here are honest folks all waiting for you: Yashka the Turk, and the Wild Master, and the booth-keeper from Zhizdry. Yashka's got a bet on with the booth-keeper: the stake's

a pot of beer—for the one that does best, sings the best, I mean… do you see?”

“我叫你干什么？”那个穿着起绒粗呢外衣的男人，带着责备的语气复述道，“你真是个古怪的家伙，眨眼王，我们叫你来酒馆，你问来干什么？几个好人都等着你呢：土耳其人雅什卡、野老爷和日兹德拉来的摊贩。雅什卡和摊贩打了个赌：赌注是一罐啤酒——看谁能赢，我的意思是，看谁唱得最好……你知道了吧？”

"Is Yashka going to sing?" said the man addressed as Blinkard, with lively interest. "But isn't it your humbug, Gabbler?”

“雅什卡要唱歌啦？”那个被叫做眨眼王的人兴致勃勃地说，“你不是在骗人吧，呆瓜？”

"I'm not humbugging," answered the Gabbler, with dignity; "it's you are crazy. I should think he would sing since he's got a bet on it, you precious innocent, you noodle, Blinkard!”

“我没有骗人，”那个呆瓜一本正经地答道，“你才疯了呢。我想，既然他都下注了就会唱的，你这个十足的傻子，笨蛋，眨眼王！”

"Well, come in, simpleton!" retorted the Blinkard.

“好啦，进来吧，呆子！”眨眼王回嘴道。

"Then give us a kiss at least, lovey," stammered the Gabbler, opening wide his arms.

“那么至少也给我们个吻啊，宝贝。”呆瓜结结巴巴地说道，一边大大地张开了手臂。

"Get out, you great softy!" responded the Blinkard contemptuously, giving him a poke with his elbow, and both, stooping, entered the low doorway.

“让开，你这个大傻子！”眨眼王轻蔑地说道，边用胳膊肘戳了他一下，然后两人都弯腰从那矮矮的门里进去了。

The conversation I had overheard roused my curiosity exceedingly. More than once rumours had reached me of Yashka the Turk as the best singer in the vicinity, and here was an opportunity all at once of hearing him in competition with another master of the art. I quickened my steps and went into the house.

我无意中听到的这段对话，大大地激起了我的好奇心。我不止一次地听到过，土耳其人雅什卡是附近最好的歌手，现在竟然个机会，能马上听到他和另一个歌手比赛。我加快脚步走进了酒馆。

Few of my readers have probably had an opportunity of getting a good view of any village taverns, but we sportsmen go everywhere. They are constructed on an exceedingly simple plan. They usually

consist of a dark outer-shed, and an inner room with a chimney, divided in two by a partition, behind which none of the customers have a right to go. In this partition there is a wide opening cut above a broad oak table. At this table or bar the spirits are served. Sealed up bottles of various sizes stand on the shelves, right opposite the opening. In the front part of the room, devoted to customers, there are benches, two or three empty barrels, and a corner table. Village taverns are for the most part rather dark, and you hardly ever see on their wainscotted walls any of the glaring cheap prints which few huts are without.

我的读者当中，或许没几个人能有机会去好好看看乡村酒馆，但我们猎人可是哪里都去的。乡村酒馆的构造都非常简单。它们通常包括一间黑暗的外间和一间有烟囱的里间，由一堵隔墙一分为二，隔墙后面任何顾客都不能进。在一张宽大的橡木桌上方，也就是这堵隔墙的上面，有一个大大的洞。这张桌子或柜台就是卖酒的地方。在这个大洞的正对面，有放着各种大小的密封酒瓶的架子。这个房间的前半部分，是接待顾客用的，有几条长凳、两三个空酒桶，还有一张角桌。乡村酒馆多半都很暗，在那有护墙板的墙上，你几乎看不到任何耀眼而廉价的画，但大部分农舍里都有这样的画。

When I went into the Welcome Resort, a fairly large party were already assembled there.

当我进入迎宾居的时候，里面已经聚集了很多人了。

In his usual place behind the bar, almost filling up the entire opening in the partition, stood Nikolai Ivanitch in a striped print shirt; with a lazy smile on his full face, he poured out with his plump white hand two glasses of spirits for the Blinkard and the Gabbler as they came in; behind him, in a corner near the window, could be seen his sharp-eyed wife. In the middle of the room was standing Yashka the Turk, a thin, graceful fellow of three-and-twenty, dressed in a long skirted coat of blue nankin. He looked a smart factory hand, and could not, to judge by his appearance, boast of very good health. His hollow cheeks, his large, restless grey eyes, his straight nose, with its delicate mobile nostrils, his pale brown curls brushed back over the sloping white brow, his full but beautiful, expressive lips, and his whole face betrayed a passionate and sensitive nature. He was in a state of great excitement; he blinked, his breathing was hurried, his hands shook, as though in fever, and he was really in a fever—that sudden fever of excitement which is so well-known to all who have to speak and sing before an audience. Near him stood a man of about forty, with broad shoulders and broad jaws, with a low forehead, narrow Tartar eyes, a short flat nose, a square chin, and shining black hair coarse as bristles. The expression of his face—a swarthy face, with a sort of leaden hue in it—and especially of his pale lips, might almost have been called

savage, if it had not been so still and dreamy. He hardly stirred a muscle; he only looked slowly about him like a bull under the yoke. He was dressed in a sort of surtout, not over new, with smooth brass buttons; an old black silk handkerchief was twisted round his immense neck. He was called the Wild Master. Right opposite him, on a bench under the holy pictures, was sitting Yashka's rival, the booth-keeper from Zhizdry; he was a short, stoutly-built man about thirty, pock-marked, and curly-headed, with a blunt, turn-up nose, lively brown eyes, and a scanty beard. He looked keenly about him, and, sitting with his hands under him, he kept carelessly swinging his legs and tapping with his feet, which were encased in stylish top-boots with a coloured edging. He wore a new thin coat of grey cloth, with a plush collar, in sharp contrast with the crimson shirt below, buttoned close across the chest. In the opposite corner, to the right of the door, a peasant sat at the table in a narrow, shabby smock-frock, with a huge rent on the shoulder. The sunlight fell in a narrow, yellowish streak through the dusty panes of the two small windows, but it seemed as if it struggled in vain with the habitual darkness of the room; all the objects in it were dimly, as it were, patchily lighted up. On the other hand, it was almost cool in the room, and the sense of stifling heat dropped off me like a weary load directly I crossed the threshold.

尼古拉·伊万诺维奇穿着印着条纹的衬衣，照例站在柜台后面，几乎都要把隔墙上的那整个开口都填满了；他圆鼓鼓的脸上带着懒洋洋的微笑，白白胖胖的手忙着为刚进来的眨眼王和呆瓜倒了两杯酒；在他身后，在窗子附近的一个角落里，可以看见他那目光犀利的老婆。屋子中间站着土耳其人雅什卡，他二十三岁，瘦瘦的，风度翩翩，穿着蓝色土布长襟外衣。他看上去是一个伶俐的工人，根据他的外表来判断，不能说他很健康。他双颊凹陷，一双灰色的大眼睛流露出不安的神色，鼻子直直的，鼻孔微微动着，浅棕色的卷发向后梳着，露出有些歪斜的白皙额头，他的嘴唇厚厚的，但很好看，表情也很丰富，从他的脸就可以看出，他是个敏感而富有激情的人。他非常紧张，眨着眼，呼吸急促，双手摇动着，好像患了热病一样，他确实是患了热病——一种突如其来、令人不安的热病，凡是在观众面前讲话和唱歌的人都很熟悉它。他旁边站着一个四十来岁的男人，肩膀宽阔，下颌宽大，前额很低，眼睛像鞑靼人一样窄，鼻子又短又平，下巴是方形的，光亮的黑发像猪鬃一样粗糙。他脸上的表情——他的脸黝黑，还带点铅灰色——尤其是那苍白的嘴唇，要不是因为表情平静轻柔的话，几乎都可以说成是野蛮的了。他很少动弹，像一只轭下的公牛一样，慢慢地看他的四周。他穿着一件不太新的紧身长外衣，上面带着光滑的铜纽扣，粗粗的脖子上围着一条旧的黑色丝绸围巾。人们叫他野老爷。在他正对面，在圣像下的长椅上，坐着雅什卡的对手，那个从日兹德拉来的摊贩；他身材矮小，体格结实，大概三十岁，脸上有麻子，头发卷曲，长着一个扁扁的狮子鼻，一双生动的棕色眼睛和一把稀疏的胡子。他机敏地看了看四周，双手垫在身子下面，漫不经心地摇晃着双腿，双脚轻轻碰着，穿着镶有彩色滚边

的时髦高统靴。他穿着一件新的薄灰布上衣，衣服上带着长毛绒领，同下面深红色的衬衫形成了鲜明的对比，纽扣紧紧地扣到了下巴下面。在对面的角落里，门右边的桌子旁边坐着一个农民，他穿着紧紧的、破旧的长罩衣，肩膀上有一个大破洞。阳光穿过两扇小窗子那落满灰尘的窗格，射出了窄窄的、微黄的光线，但是它似乎战胜不了房间里惯常的黑暗，里面所有的东西好像都只是朦朦胧胧、零零星星地被照亮了。但是，房间里还算凉爽，我一跨过门槛，那让人窒息的炎热就像重负一样被放了下来。

My entrance, I could see, was at first somewhat disconcerting to Nikolai Ivanitch's customers; but observing that he greeted me as a friend, they were reassured, and took no more notice of me. I asked for some beer and sat down in the corner, near the peasant in the ragged smock.

可以看出，一开始，我的进入让尼古拉·伊万诺维奇的顾客们有些不安，但是看到他像朋友一样地跟我打招呼后，他们便安心了，也不再注意我了。我要了些啤酒，挨着那个穿着破烂长罩衫的农民，坐在了角落里。

"Well, well," piped the Gabbler, suddenly draining a glass of spirits at one gulp, and accompanying his exclamation with the strange gesticulations, without which he seemed unable to utter a single word; "what are we waiting for? If we're going to begin, then begin. Hey, Yasha?”

“好啦，好啦，”呆瓜猛地一口气喝完了一杯酒，叫嚷起来，并且配合着奇怪的手势，要是不做这种动作，他好像一个字也说不出，“我们还等什么呢？我们要开始，就开始吧。嘿，雅沙？”

"Begin, begin," chimed in Nikolai Ivanitch approvingly.

“开始吧，开始吧。”尼古拉·伊万诺维奇赞成地说道。

"Let's begin, by all means," observed the booth-keeper coolly, with a self-confident smile; "I'm ready.”

“我们开始吧，没问题，”那个摊贩带着自信的微笑，沉着地说，“我准备好了。”

"And I'm ready," Yakov pronounced in a voice thrilled with excitement.

“我也准备好了。”雅科夫用一种非常激动的声音说。

"Well, begin, lads," whined the Blinkard. But, in spite of the unanimously expressed desire, neither began; the booth-keeper did not even get up from the bench—they all seemed to be waiting for something.

“好，开始吧，伙计们。”眨眼王尖声叫道。但是，尽管大家都一致

表达了愿望，他们却没有开始，摊贩甚至都没从长凳上站起来——他们都好像在等着什么。

"Begin!" said the Wild Master sharply and sullenly. Yashka started. The booth-keeper pulled down his girdle and cleared his throat.

“开始！”野老爷沉着脸厉声说道。雅科夫抖了抖。摊贩拉下了他的腰带，清了清嗓子。

"But who's to begin?" he inquired in a slightly changed voice of the Wild Master, who still stood motionless in the middle of the room, his stalwart legs wide apart and his powerful arms thrust up to the elbow into his breeches pockets.

“不过谁先开始呢？”他用一种稍稍变了调的声音问野老爷，野老爷仍然一动不动地站在屋子中间，他健壮的双腿张得很开，有力的手臂插到了马裤的口袋里，连胳膊肘都快伸进去了。

"You, you, booth-keeper," stammered the Gabbler; "you, to be sure, brother."

“你，你，摊贩，”呆瓜结巴地说，“你，就是你啦，兄弟。”

The Wild Master looked at him from under his brows. The Gabbler gave a faint squeak, in confusion looked away at the ceiling, twitched his shoulder, and said no more.

野老爷皱着眉头看了看他。呆瓜轻轻地吱了一声，发起窘来，转头看着天花板，动了动肩膀，就没再说话。

"Cast lots," the Wild Master pronounced emphatically; "and the pot on the table."

“抓阄，”野老爷断然地说道，“把罐子放到桌上。”

Nikolai Ivanitch bent down, and with a gasp picked up the pot of beer from the floor and set it on the table.

尼古拉·伊万诺维奇弯下身，气喘吁吁地把装着啤酒的罐子从地上挪到了桌上。

The Wild Master glanced at Yakov, and said "Come!"

野老爷瞥了一眼雅科夫，说道：“来！”

Yakov fumbled in his pockets, took out a halfpenny, and marked it with his teeth. The booth-keeper pulled from under the skirts of his long coat a new leather purse, deliberately untied the string, and shaking out a quantity of small change into his hand, picked out a new halfpenny. The Gabbler held out his dirty cap, with its broken peak hanging loose; Yakov dropped his halfpenny in, and the booth-keeper his.

雅科夫在他口袋里摸索了一阵，拿出了半个便士，用牙齿咬了个印子。摊贩则从他长外套的衣摆下掏出来一个新的皮钱包，不慌不忙地解开绳子，抖出许多小硬币，放在手里，然后选出一枚崭新的半便士。呆瓜递出了他的那顶脏帽子，连帽檐都破了；雅科夫把他的半便士丢了进去，摊贩也把自己的半便士丢了进去。

"You must pick out one," said the Wild Master, turning to the Blinkard.

“你得选一个出来。”野老爷转过头对眨眼王说。

The Blinkard smiled complacently, took the cap in both hands, and began shaking it.

眨眼王得意地笑了笑，双手接过帽子，开始摇晃了起来。

For an instant a profound silence reigned; the halfpennies clinked faintly, jingling against each other. I looked round attentively; every face wore an expression of intense expectation; the Wild Master himself showed signs of uneasiness; my neighbour, even, the peasant in the tattered smock, craned his neck inquisitively. The Blinkard put his hand into the cap and took out the booth-keeper's halfpenny; every one drew a long breath. Yakov flushed, and the booth-keeper passed his hand over his hair.

那会儿屋里鸦雀无声，两个铜币互相碰着，发出了轻轻的叮当声。我留心地朝四周看了看，每张脸上都带着紧张而期待的表情，野老爷自己也露出不安的神态，甚至我邻座那个穿着破烂长罩衫的农民，也好奇地伸长了脖子看着。眨眼王把手伸进了帽子，取出了摊贩的半便士，每个人都深深地吸了一口气。雅科夫脸红了，摊贩摸了摸头发。

"There, I said you'd begin," cried the Gabbler; "didn't I say so?”

“看吧，我就说你先来，”呆瓜叫道，“我难道没这么说吗？”

"There, there, don't cluck," remarked the Wild Master contemptuously. "Begin," he went on, with a nod to the booth-keeper.

“好啦，好啦，不要嚷嚷了，”野老爷轻蔑地说，“开始吧。”他继续说，向摊贩点了点头。

"What song am I to sing?" asked the booth-keeper, beginning to be nervous.

“我唱什么歌呢？”摊贩问道，开始紧张了起来。

"What you choose," answered the Blinkard; "sing what you think best."

“随你选，”眨眼王答道，“唱你觉得最好的。”

"What you choose, to be sure," Nikolai Ivanitch chimed in, slowly smoothing his hand on his breast, "you're quite at liberty about that.

Sing what you like; only sing well; and we'll give a fair decision afterwards.”

“当然，随你选，”尼古拉·伊万诺维奇插话道，慢慢地把手放在胸前，“这个你有权选择。你喜欢什么就唱什么，只要唱得好，我们之后会作出公正的评判的。”

"A fair decision, of course," put in the Gabbler, licking the edge of his empty glass.

“当然了，公正的评判。”呆瓜插话道，舔着他那个空酒杯的边。

"Let me clear my throat a bit, mates," said the booth-keeper, fingering the collar of his coat.

“让我稍微清清嗓子，朋友们。”摊贩说道，边用手摸着他的衣领。

"Come, come, no nonsense—begin!" protested the Wild Master, and he looked down.

“来，来，别废话了——开始！”野老爷低下头坚决地说。

The booth-keeper thought a minute, shook his head, and stepped forward. Yakov's eyes were riveted upon him.

摊贩想了一会儿，摇了摇头，朝前走了走。雅科夫一直盯着他。

But before I enter upon a description of the contest itself, I think it will not be amiss to say a few words about each of the personages taking part in my story. The lives of some of them were known to me already when I met them in the Welcome Resort; I collected some facts about the others later on.

不过，在我开始着手描写这场比赛之前，我想先说说我故事中的那几个人物，应该不会不恰当吧。他们中一些人的生活情况，我在迎宾居遇到他们以前就已经知道了，其他人的情况是我后来打听到的。

Let us begin with the Gabbler. This man's real name was Evgraf Ivanovitch; but no one in the whole neighbourhood knew him as anything but the Gabbler, and he himself referred to himself by that nickname; so well did it fit him. Indeed, nothing could have been more appropriate to his insignificant, ever-restless features. He was a dissipated, unmarried house-serf, whose own masters had long ago got rid of him, and who, without any employment, without earning a halfpenny, found means to get drunk every day at other people's expense. He had a great number of acquaintances who treated him to drinks of spirits and tea, though they could not have said why they did so themselves; for, far from being entertaining in company, he bored every one with his meaningless chatter, his insufferable familiarity, his spasmodic gestures and incessant, unnatural laugh. He could neither sing nor dance; he had never said a clever, or even a

sensible thing in his life; he chattered away, telling lies about everything—a regular Gabbler! And yet not a single drinking party for thirty miles around took place without his lank figure turning up among the guests; so that they were used to him by now, and put up with his presence as a necessary evil. They all, it is true, treated him with contempt; but the Wild Master was the only one who knew how to keep his foolish sallies in check.

让我们先从呆瓜说起吧。这个人的真名是叶夫格拉夫·伊万诺维奇，但附近一代的人都不知道他的真名，只叫他呆瓜，而他自己也用这个绰号称呼自己，这个绰号很适合他。的确，再没有什么绰号更适合他那不起眼的、慌里慌张的样子了。他以前是个放荡的单身家奴，几个主人早就不要他了，他没有什么事可干，挣不到半个便士，却有办法每天让别人请他喝酒。他认识许多会请他喝酒或喝茶的人，尽管他们自己都说不出为什么这么做；他不会在众人面前逗乐，他那毫无意义的唠叨，那让人厌恶的放肆，那痉挛似的手势和不间断的、不自然的笑声都让大家感到厌烦。他既不会唱歌也不会跳舞，他这一生从没说过一句聪明话，甚至是一句有用的话，他胡乱瞎侃，对什么事都撒谎——真是个呆瓜！方圆三十英里之内，要是举办的酒会的话，那么他那瘦瘦的身影总会出现在宾客当中，所以他们现在都习惯他了，把他的出现当作一个避免不了的灾难来忍受。的确，他们对他都很轻蔑，但是只有野老爷知道怎么才能制止住他愚蠢的举动。

The Blinkard was not in the least like the Gabbler. His nickname, too, suited him, though he was no more given to blinking than other people; it is a well-known fact, that the Russian peasants have a talent for finding good nicknames. In spite of my endeavours to get more detailed information about this man's past, many passages in his life have remained spots of darkness to me, and probably to many other people; episodes, buried, as the bookmen say, in the darkness of oblivion. I could only find out that he was once a coachman in the service of an old childless lady; that he had run away with three horses he was in charge of; had been lost for a whole year, and no doubt, convinced by experience of the drawbacks and hardships of a wandering life, he had gone back, a cripple, and flung himself at his mistress's feet. He succeeded in a few years in smoothing over his offence by his exemplary conduct, and, gradually getting higher in her favour, at last gained her complete confidence, was made a bailiff, and on his mistress's death, turned out—in what way was never known—to have received his freedom. He got admitted into the class of tradesmen; rented patches of market garden from the neighbours; grew rich, and now was living in ease and comfort. He was a man of experience, who knew on which side his bread was buttered; was more actuated by prudence than by either good or ill-nature; had knocked about, understood men, and knew how to turn them to his

own advantage. He was cautious, and at the same time enterprising, like a fox; though he was as fond of gossip as an old woman, he never let out his own affairs, while he made everyone else talk freely of theirs. He did not affect to be a simpleton, though, as so many crafty men of his sort do; indeed it would have been difficult for him to take any one in, in that way; I have never seen a sharper, keener pair of eyes than his tiny cunning little "peepers," as they call them in Orel. They were never simply looking about; they were always looking one up and down and through and through. The Blinkard would sometimes ponder for weeks together over some apparently simple undertaking, and again he would suddenly decide on a desperately bold line of action, which one would fancy would bring him to ruin…. But it would be sure to turn out all right; everything would go smoothly. He was lucky, and believed in his own luck, and believed in omens. He was exceedingly superstitious in general. He was not liked, because he would have nothing much to do with anyone, but he was respected. His whole family consisted of one little son, whom he idolised, and who, brought up by such a father, is likely to get on in the world. "Little Blinkard'll be his father over again," is said of him already, in undertones by the old men, as they sit on their mud walls gossiping on summer evenings, and every one knows what that means; there is no need to say more.

眨眼王可一点都不像呆瓜。他的绰号也很适合他，尽管他眨眼的次数也不比别人多；众所周知，俄国的农民有一种给人取绰号的天赋。尽管我竭力去找有关这个人过去的详细信息，但对于我来说，很可能对其他很多人来说，他生命中还是留下了许多盲点，用学者的话说，埋没在了不可知的黑暗中。我只能打听到他以前是个马车夫，服侍一个无儿无女的老太太；他赶着他负责的三匹马跑了，消失了一整年，很可能是体验到了流浪生活的不易和艰难，他又回来了，变成了瘸子，扑到了女主人的脚下。几年之后，他表现优异，成功地减轻了自己的罪过，渐渐地又赢得了女主人的喜爱，最后赢得了她完全的信任，当上了管家，女主人去世后——不知怎地——他获得了自由。他被准许进入了商人的行列，从邻居那里租了几块商品菜园，变得富有起来，现在过着安逸舒适的生活。他是个见多识广的人，脑子好使；他为人不恶不善，精打细算；他四处游荡过，深谙人情世故，善于利用人。他小心谨慎，同时又像狐狸一样很有进取心；尽管他像个老太婆一样，喜欢说长道短，可他从不泄露自己的事，同时能让每个人都掏出心里话。他不会装成傻子，尽管有很多像他一样狡猾的人都这样做；确实，要他那样假装是很困难的；我从没有见过比他那狡猾的“小望远镜”——就像奥廖尔人说的那样，更锐利、更精明的眼睛。它们不只是单纯地四处看看，而总是上上下下、彻头彻尾地打量别人。有时候，对着一件明摆着很简单的事情，眨眼王会深思熟虑地考虑几个星期，又会突然下决心去做一件很大胆的事，大家都认为这会毁了他……但是事情到最后都会变好，一切都很顺利。他很幸运，相信自己的运气，相信预兆。总的来说，他很迷信的。

他并不讨人喜欢，因为他没有关心过任何人，但是他却很受人尊敬。他家里只有一个幼小的儿子，他很溺爱儿子，由这样的父亲养大，这孩子很有可能会成功。“小眨眼王以后也会像他父亲那样的。”在夏天的晚上，人们坐在土墙上闲聊时，老头们已经低声地这样说起他了，每个人都知道那是什么意思，也没必要再多说了。

As to Yashka the Turk and the booth-keeper, there is no need to say much about them. Yakov, called the Turk because he actually was descended from a Turkish woman, a prisoner from the war, was by nature an artist in every sense of the word, and by calling, a ladler in a paper factory belonging to a merchant. As for the booth-keeper, his career, I must own, I know nothing of; he struck me as being a smart townsman of the tradesman class, ready to turn his hand to anything. But the Wild Master calls for a more detailed account.

至于土耳其人雅什卡和摊贩，就不需要讲太多。雅科夫之所以被叫做土耳其人，是因为他确实是一个被俘虏的土耳其女人的后代，他本性上是一个地地道道的艺术家，而按身份，他则是一个商人办的造纸厂里的汲水工。至于摊贩，我必须承认，对他的生平我一无所知，我只知道他是个聪明机灵的城镇小贩，能用手上的东西去换取一切。但是野老爷，就需要详细地谈一谈了。

The first impression the sight of this man produced on you was a sense of coarse, heavy, irresistible power. He was clumsily built, a "shambler," as they say about us, but there was an air of triumphant vigour about him, and—strange to say—his bear-like figure was not without a certain grace of its own, proceeding, perhaps, from his absolutely placid confidence in his own strength. It was hard to decide at first to what class this Hercules belonged: he did not look like a house-serf, nor a tradesman, nor an impoverished clerk out of work, nor a small ruined landowner, such as takes to being a huntsman or a fighting man; he was, in fact, quite individual. No one knew where he came from or what brought him into our district; it was said that he came of free peasant-proprietor stock, and had once been in the government service somewhere, but nothing positive was known about this; and indeed there was no one from whom one could learn—certainly not from him; he was the most silent and morose of men. So much so that no one knew for certain what he lived on; he followed no trade, visited no one, associated with scarcely anyone; yet he had money to spend; little enough, it is true, still he had some. In his behaviour he was not exactly retiring—retiring was not a word that could be applied to him: he lived as though he noticed no one about him, and cared for no one. The Wild Master (that was the nickname they had given him; his real name was Perevlyesov) enjoyed an immense influence in the whole district; he was obeyed with eager promptitude, though he had no kind of right to give orders to anyone,

and did not himself evince the slightest pretension to authority over the people with whom he came into casual contact He spoke—they obeyed: strength always has an influence of its own. He scarcely drank at all, had nothing to do with women, and was passionately fond of singing. There was much that was mysterious about this man; it seemed as though vast forces sullenly reposed within him, knowing, as it were, that once roused, once bursting free, they were bound to crush him and everything they came in contact with; and I am greatly mistaken if, in this man's life, there had not been some such outbreak; if it was not owing to the lessons of experience, to a narrow escape from ruin, that he now kept himself so tightly in hand. What especially struck me in him was the combination of a sort of inborn natural ferocity, with an equally inborn generosity—a combination I have never met in any other man.

这个人给你的第一印象是粗俗、笨重，有不可抗拒的力量。他长得很笨拙，就像别人说我们一样，是个“硬汉”，但是他身上却有一种耀武扬威的气势——说来奇怪——他那狗熊似的身型却带着一种特有的魅力，也许是因为他完全相信自己的力量。一开始,还很难看出这个赫拉克勒斯是属于哪个阶层的：他看上去不像家奴，不像商人，不像贫穷失业的办事员，也不像破落的小地主——那些喜欢打猎或打架的人；事实上，他真的很独特。没有人知道他从哪里来，或者他怎么来到我们区的；据说他是自耕农出身，以前不知在哪里的政府工作过，但是关于这些，也没有什么确切的消息；确实，没有人可以从谁那里打听到——当然不可能从他那里；他是最沉默、最孤僻的人了。甚至没有人确切地知道他以什么为生，他不干活，不拜访任何人，很少跟人打交道，不过他有钱花，确实，虽然少，但还是够花的。他表现得一点都不谦逊——谦逊这个词可并不适用于他：他活得好像没有注意到周围的任何人，也不在意任何人。野老爷（这是他们给他取的绰号，他的真名叫彼列夫列索）在整个地区享有极大的影响力，尽管他没有权利对任何人发号施令，而且他自己也根本没要求那些他偶然接触到的人，去听从于他，但他们却很愿意服从他：力量总能发挥它自己的影响力。他几乎不喝酒，也不沾染女人，但很喜欢唱歌。这个人实在有很多的神秘之处，似乎他身上蕴藏着一种巨大的力量，这种力量仿佛知道自己一旦升起，一旦爆发，就会把他和一切它所触碰到的东西都毁灭掉；如果在这个人的一生中，没有出现过这样大的爆发，如果不是由于有经验教训才幸免于难，所以他现在牢牢地掌控着自己，那么我就大错特错了。让我特别惊讶的是，在他身上天生的凶猛与高贵共存，我从没在其他人身上看到这种结合。

And so the booth-keeper stepped forward, and, half shutting his eyes, began singing in high falsetto. He had a fairly sweet and pleasant voice, though rather hoarse: he played with his voice like a woodlark, twisting and turning it in incessant roulades and trills up and down the scale, continually returning to the highest notes, which

he held and prolonged with special care. Then he would break off, and again suddenly take up the first motive with a sort of go-ahead daring. His modulations were at times rather bold, at times rather comical; they would have given a connoisseur great satisfaction, and have made a German furiously indignant. He was a Russian tenore di grazia, ténor léger. He sang a song to a lively dance-tune, the words of which, all that I could catch through the endless maze of variations, ejaculations and repetitions, were as follows:

且说，摊贩走上了前来，半闭着眼睛，开始用高昂的假声唱了起来。他的嗓音相当甜美动听，虽然有些沙哑：他像只云雀一样玩转着他的声音，颤音不停地由高转低、又由低转高，又不断地回到最高音，小心谨慎地保持、拖长。然后他突然停了下来，又忽地开始豪迈昂扬地接着唱之前的曲调。他的转调有时很大胆，有时又很有趣；也许它们会让内行感到满意，但却会引起德国人的狂怒。他是个俄国的轻柔抒情男高音，轻柔男高音。他唱的是一首活泼的舞曲，从那无休止的变奏、叫喊和反复中，我所能听清的歌词只有以下几句：

"A tiny patch of land, young lass, I'll plough for thee, And tiny crimson flowers, young lass, I'll sow for thee.”

“小小的土地呀，年轻的姑娘，我来为你耕，小小的红花呀，年轻的姑娘呀，我来为你种。”

He sang; all listened to him with great attention. He seemed to feel that he had to do with really musical people, and therefore was exerting himself to do his best. And they really are musical in our part of the country; the village of Sergievskoe on the Orel highroad is deservedly noted throughout Russia for its harmonious chorus-singing. The booth-keeper sang for a long while without evoking much enthusiasm in his audience; he lacked the support of a chorus; but at last, after one particularly bold flourish, which set even the Wild Master smiling, the Gabbler could not refrain from a shout of delight. Everyone was roused. The Gabbler and the Blinkard began joining in in an undertone, and exclaiming: "Bravely done!… Take it, you rogue!… Sing it out, you serpent! Hold it! That shake again, you dog you!… May Herod confound your soul!" and so on. Nikolai Ivanitch behind the bar was nodding his head from side to side approvingly. The Gabbler at last was swinging his legs, tapping with his feet and twitching his shoulder, while Yashka's eyes fairly glowed like coal, and he trembled all over like a leaf, and smiled nervously. The Wild Master alone did not change countenance, and stood motionless as before; but his eyes, fastened on the booth-keeper, looked somewhat softened, though the expression of his lips was still scornful. Emboldened by the signs of general approbation, the booth-keeper went off in a whirl of flourishes, and began to round off such trills, to turn such shakes off his tongue, and to make such furious play with

his throat, that when at last, pale, exhausted, and bathed in hot perspiration, he uttered the last dying note, his whole body flung back, a general united shout greeted him in a violent outburst. The Gabbler threw himself on his neck and began strangling him in his long, bony arms; a flush came out on Nikolai Ivanitch's oily face, and he seemed to have grown younger; Yashka shouted like mad: "Capital, capital!"—even my neighbour, the peasant in the torn smock, could not restrain himself, and with a blow of his fist on the table he cried: "Aha! well done, damn my soul, well done!" And he spat on one side with an air of decision.

他唱着，所有人都聚精会神地听着。他好像觉得，自己是在唱给真正有音乐天赋的人听，因此正在尽力做到最好。我们这边的人确实有音乐天赋，奥廖尔大道上的谢尔盖耶夫村就因为它悦耳的合唱在全俄国都出了名。摊贩唱了很久，也没有激起听众的热情；他缺少和声的支持；但最后，在一个特别的大胆的装饰音之后，甚至连野老爷都笑了，呆瓜克制不住高兴叫了一声。每个人都被唤醒了。呆瓜和眨眼王开始低声地加入了合唱，还喊着：“太棒了！加油啊，兔崽子！唱出来啊，鬼崽子！稳住！又哆嗦了，你这个狗崽子！见鬼去吧！”等等。柜台后面的尼古拉·伊万诺维奇赞许地把头晃来晃去。呆瓜最后摇晃着腿，碰着脚，扭着肩膀；而雅什卡的眼睛简直就像炭火一样燃烧着，他全身颤抖，就像一片树叶似的，还紧张地笑着。只有野老爷的表情没有变化，还像之前一样一动不动地站着，但是他的眼睛盯着摊贩，眼神看上去柔和了些，尽管他嘴角仍然流露出鄙视的表情。大家赞许的样子鼓舞了摊贩，他爆发出了旋转的装饰音，还开始修饰这种颤音，舌头抖转得很厉害，喉咙迅速地玩转装饰音，最后，他脸色苍白、精疲力尽、汗流浃背，全身向后一仰，发出了最后的尾音，全体听众爆发出热烈的欢呼声来向他致敬。呆瓜扑过来抱住了他的脖子，用他那长长的、瘦骨嶙峋的胳膊勒着他；尼古拉·伊万诺维奇油乎乎的脸泛起了红晕，好像变年轻了；雅什卡像疯了似的大叫：“太棒了，太棒了！”就连我的邻座，那个穿着破烂长罩衫的农民，也不能自已地一拳捶到桌上大叫道：“啊哈！干得好，他妈的，干得好！”然后他毅然决然地朝一边吐了口唾沫。

"Well, brother, you've given us a treat!" bawled the Gabbler, not releasing the exhausted booth-keeper from his embraces; "you've given us a treat, there's no denying! You've won, brother, you've won! I congratulate you—the quart's yours! Yashka's miles behind you… I tell you: miles… take my word for it.” (And again he hugged the booth-keeper to his breast.)

“啊，兄弟，真叫我们过瘾啊！”呆瓜大叫道，还一直抱着那个精疲力尽的摊贩，“真叫人过瘾啊，真是没话说！你赢了，兄弟，你赢了！我祝贺你——这夸脱酒是你的了！雅什卡比你差远了……我给你说：差远了……相信我吧。”（他又把摊贩搂进了怀里。）

"There, let him alone, let him alone; there's no being rid of you”… said the Blinkard with vexation; "let him sit down on the bench; he's

tired, see… You're a ninny, brother, a perfect ninny! What are you sticking to him like a wet leaf for…”

“好啦，放开他，放开他，总是摆脱不了你……”眨眼王恼怒地说，“让他坐在长登上，他累了，知道吗……你这个傻瓜，兄弟，完全是个傻瓜！你为什么还像片湿叶子似的粘着他……”

"Well, then, let him sit down, and I'll drink to his health," said the Gabbler, and he went up to the bar. "At your expense, brother," he added, addressing the booth-keeper.

“好吧，那么让他坐下，我为他的健康干杯。”呆瓜说着，朝柜台走了过去。“算在你账上啊，兄弟。”他又对摊贩说道。

The latter nodded, sat down on the bench, pulled a piece of cloth out of his cap, and began wiping his face, while the Gabbler, with greedy haste, emptied his glass, and, with a grunt, assumed, after the manner of confirmed drinkers, an expression of careworn melancholy.

摊贩点了点头，坐到了长登上，从他的帽子里拽出了一块布，开始擦起脸来，而呆瓜则赶忙贪婪地干了一杯，学酒鬼的样子，喝的时候发出了呼噜呼噜的声音，装出一副忧心忡忡的悲伤表情。

"You sing beautifully, brother, beautifully," Nikolai Ivanitch observed caressingly. "And now it's your turn, Yasha; mind, now, don't be afraid. We shall see who's who; we shall see. The booth-keeper sings beautifully, though; 'pon my soul, he does.”

“你唱得真美，兄弟，真美。”尼古拉·伊万诺维奇亲切地说道，“现在到你了，雅什卡，小心哦，可别害怕。我们会瞧瞧谁厉害，我们会瞧的。不过，摊贩唱得实在是美极了，实在是美极了。”

"Very beautifully," observed Nikolai Ivanitch's wife, and she looked with a smile at Yakov.

“太美了。”尼古拉·伊万诺维奇的老婆说道，她微笑着看了看雅科夫。

"Beautifully, ha!" repeated my neighbour in an undertone.

“美啊，哈！”我的邻座低声重复道。

"Ah, a wild man of the woods!" the Gabbler vociferated suddenly, and going up to the peasant with the rent on his shoulder, he pointed at him with his finger, while he pranced about and went off into an insulting guffaw.

“啊，你这个森林里的野人！”呆瓜突然大声喊道，走到肩膀上有破洞的农民面前，用手指头戳了戳他，又蹦又跳，爆发出一阵侮辱性的大笑。

"Ha! ha! get along! wild man of the woods! Here's a ragamuffin

from Woodland village! What brought you here?" he bawled amidst laughter.

“哈！哈！　滚吧！森林里的野人！这个从森林村来的叫花子！你为什么来这里？”他边笑边叫。

The poor peasant was abashed, and was just about to get up and make off as fast as he could, when suddenly the Wild Master's iron voice was heard:

这个可怜的农民发起窘来，正要站起来赶快逃跑，这时野老爷钢铁般的声音突然响了起来：

"What does the insufferable brute mean?" he articulated, grinding his teeth.

“你这个讨厌的畜生是什么意思？”他咬牙切齿地说。

"I wasn't doing nothing," muttered the Gabbler. "I didn't… I only….”

“我没做什么，”呆瓜咕哝道，“我没……我只是……”

"There, all right, shut up!" retorted the Wild Master. "Yakov, begin!"

“哎，好啦，闭嘴！”野老爷反驳道，“雅科夫，开始！”

Yakov took himself by his throat:

雅科夫用手摸了摸喉咙：

"Well, really, brothers… something…. Hm, I don't know, on my word, what….”

“哎，真的，兄弟们……有点……嗯，我不知道，说实话，这个……”

"Come, that's enough; don't be timid. For shame!… why go back?… Sing the best you can, by God's gift.”

“好啦，够了，别害羞。真丢人！干嘛扭扭捏捏的？尽力好好唱吧，好好唱。”

And the Wild Master looked down expectant. Yakov was silent for a minute; he glanced round, and covered his face with his hand. All had their eyes simply fastened upon him, especially the booth-keeper, on whose face a faint, involuntary uneasiness could be seen through his habitual expression of self-confidence and the triumph of his success. He leant back against the wall, and again put both hands under him, but did not swing his legs as before. When at last Yakov uncovered his face it was pale as a dead man's; his eyes gleamed faintly under their drooping lashes. He gave a deep sigh, and began to sing…. The first sound of his voice was faint and unequal, and seemed

not to come from his chest, but to be wafted from somewhere afar off, as though it had floated by chance into the room. A strange effect was produced on all of us by this trembling, resonant note; we glanced at one another, and Nikolai Ivanitch's wife seemed to draw herself up. This first note was followed by another, bolder and prolonged, but still obviously quivering, like a harpstring when suddenly struck by a stray finger it throbs in a last, swiftly-dying tremble; the second was followed by a third, and, gradually gaining fire and breadth, the strains swelled into a pathetic melody. "Not one little path ran into the field," he sang, and sweet and mournful it was in our ears. I have seldom, I must confess, heard a voice like it; it was slightly hoarse, and not perfectly true; there was even something morbid about it at first; but it had genuine depth of passion, and youth and sweetness and a sort of fascinating, careless, pathetic melancholy. A spirit of truth and fire, a Russian spirit, was sounding and breathing in that voice, and it seemed to go straight to your heart, to go straight to all that was Russian in it. The song swelled and flowed. Yakov was clearly carried away by enthusiasm; he was not timid now; he surrendered himself wholly to the rapture of his art; his voice no longer trembled; it quivered, but with the scarce perceptible inward quiver of passion, which pierces like an arrow to the very soul of the listeners; and he steadily gained strength and firmness and breadth. I remember I once saw at sunset on a flat sandy shore, when the tide was low and the sea's roar came weighty and menacing from the distance, a great white sea-gull; it sat motionless, its silky bosom facing the crimson glow of the setting sun, and only now and then opening wide its great wings to greet the well-known sea, to greet the sinking lurid sun: I recalled it, as I heard Yakov. He sang, utterly forgetful of his rival and all of us; he seemed supported, as a bold swimmer by the waves, by our silent, passionate sympathy. He sang, and in every sound of his voice one seemed to feel something dear and akin to us, something of breadth and space, as though the familiar steppes were unfolding before our eyes and stretching away into endless distance. I felt the tears gathering in my bosom and rising to my eyes; suddenly I was struck by dull, smothered sobs…. I looked round—the innkeeper's wife was weeping, her bosom pressed close to the window. Yakov threw a quick glance at her, and he sang more sweetly, more melodiously than ever; Nikolai Ivanitch looked down; the Blinkard turned away; the Gabbler, quite touched, stood, his gaping mouth stupidly open; the humble peasant was sobbing softly in the corner, and shaking his head with a plaintive murmur; and on the iron visage of the Wild Master, from under his overhanging brows there slowly rolled a heavy tear; the booth-keeper raised his clenched fist to his brow, and did not stir…. I don't know how the general

emotion would have ended, if Yakov had not suddenly come to a full stop on a high, exceptionally shrill note—as though his voice had broken. No one called out, or even stirred; every one seemed to be waiting to see whether he was not going to sing more; but he opened his eyes as though wondering at our silence, looked round at all of us with a face of inquiry, and saw that the victory was his….

野老爷低下头等候着。雅科夫沉默了一会儿，他朝四周瞧了瞧，用手捂住了脸。大家的眼睛都牢牢地盯着他，特别是摊贩，透过他惯常的自信和成功后得意的表情，流露出了些许的不安。他靠着墙，又把双手垫在身子下面，但不像之前一样摇晃双腿了。终于，雅科夫露出了死人般苍白的脸，他的眼睛在下垂的睫毛下面微微发亮。他深深地叹了口气，开始唱了起来……他唱出的第一个音微弱而颤抖，好像不是从他的胸膛里发出的，而是从远处某个地方飘来的，仿佛它只是偶然飘进了房间里来似的。这个颤抖而洪亮的音符，在我们所有人身上都起了奇怪的作用，我们互相看了看对方，尼古拉·伊万诺维奇的老婆似乎挺直了身子。第一个音后又接上了第二个，这个音更加坚定悠长，但是很明显，仍然在颤动着，就像一根弦被手指用力一拨而响之后，最后急速停下来的颤抖声；第二个音之后又来了第三个音，然后渐渐地激昂、开阔起来，曲调渐强，化成了伤感的旋律。“田野上有一条条小路。”他唱道，我们听着都觉得悦耳而悲切。我必须坦白，我很少会听到这样的声音；它稍有些沙哑，音调并不完全正确；一开始甚至还有病态的感觉，但是却有真挚深沉的激情，有青春的气息，有甘甜，还有一种迷人的、漫不经心的哀愁。俄国一个真实而火热的灵魂，正在这声音里鸣响、喘息着，好像直扣你的心弦，直扣着俄国人的心弦。这歌声激荡而飘扬。很明显，雅科夫也如痴如狂了，他现在并不害羞，全身心地沉浸到了艺术的极乐世界中，他的声音不再战栗了，它在颤抖，但那只是可以察觉到的内在激情，就像箭一样正好射穿了听者的灵魂，他声音很稳，力量越来越强，音域越来越广。我记得我曾经在日落时分，在平坦的海滨沙滩上看见一只白鸥，那时候海水正在退潮，海涛在远处威严汹涌地咆哮着；白鸥一动不动地坐着，它丝绸般的胸脯映着落日深红色的光辉，只是不时地向着它熟悉的海，向着正在下沉的血红色太阳，舒展着它那双大大的翅膀：我在听雅科夫唱歌的时候想到了它。他唱着唱着，完全忘记了竞争对手和我们所有的人，他好像被我们无声而热烈的共鸣支持着，就像一个勇敢的游泳者被海涛支持着一样。他唱着，歌声中的每一个音，似乎都让我们有一种珍贵而亲近的感觉，一种宽阔而广大的感觉，好像熟悉的草原在我们眼前展开，延伸到无边无际的远方。我感到泪水在胸中沸腾，上升到了眼睛里；突然间我被一阵低沉、压抑的抽泣声惊醒了……我环顾了一下四周——酒馆老板的老婆正在哭泣，胸脯贴在窗户上。雅科夫快速地瞥了她一眼，比之前唱得更甜美动听了；尼古拉·伊万诺维奇低下了头；眨眼王转过了脸去；呆瓜愚蠢地大张着嘴站着，很是感动；那个卑微的农民在角落里轻轻地抽泣着，边摇着头边悲切地低语着；在野老爷冷酷的脸上，在他悬着的眉毛下面，慢慢地滚出了大滴大滴的眼泪；摊贩把紧握的拳头抬到了额头上，一动不动……要不是雅科夫突然在一个很高的、异常尖锐的音调上停了下来，就仿佛他

的声音断了一样，我不知道大家的感情将如何收场。没有人大声喊叫，甚至没有人动一下；大家好像都在等着看他是否会再唱，但是他张开了眼睛，好像对我们的沉默感到吃惊，以疑问的目光环顾了一下大家，然后明白胜利是属于他的……

"Yasha," said the Wild Master, laying his hand on his shoulder, and he could say no more.

“雅沙。”野老爷叫了一声，把手放在了他的肩膀上，便不说话了。

We all stood, as it were, petrified. The booth-keeper softly rose and went up to Yakov.

可以说，我们都是目瞪口呆地站着。摊贩慢慢地站了起来，走到了雅科夫面前。

"You… yours… you've won," he articulated at last with an effort, and rushed out of the room. His rapid, decided action, as it were, broke the spell; we all suddenly fell into noisy, delighted talk. The Gabbler bounded up and down, stammered and brandished his arms like mill-sails; the Blinkard limped up to Yakov and began kissing him; Nikolai Ivanitch got up and solemnly announced that he would add a second pot of beer from himself. The Wild Master laughed a sort of kind, simple laugh, which I should never have expected to see on his face; the humble peasant as he wiped his eyes, cheeks, nose, and beard on his sleeves, kept repeating in his corner: "Ah, beautiful it was, by God! blast me for the son of a dog, but it was fine!" while Nikolai Ivanitch's wife, her face red with weeping, got up quickly and went away. Yakov was enjoying his triumph like a child; his whole face was transformed, his eyes especially fairly glowed with happiness. They dragged him to the bar; he beckoned the weeping peasant up to it, and sent the innkeeper's little son to look after the booth-keeper, who was not found, however; and the festivities began. "You'll sing to us again; you're going to sing to us till evening," the Gabbler declared, flourishing his hands in the air.

“你……你的……你赢了，”他终于费力地说了出来，然后冲出了房间。他迅速且决然的动作好像打破了魔咒一般，我们都突然陷入了喧闹、欣喜的谈话中。呆瓜来回地蹦跶着，结结巴巴地说着，手臂像风车翼一样挥舞着；眨眼王一瘸一拐地走向了雅科夫，吻起了他来；尼古拉·伊万诺维奇站了起来，庄重地宣布他本人再加一罐啤酒。野老爷和蔼天真地笑着，我从没想过，会在他脸上看见这种简单的笑容；那个卑微的农民一边用两只袖子擦拭着眼睛、脸颊、鼻子和胡子，一边在他那个角落里反复说着：“啊，真是太美了，上帝啊！就算骂我是狗娘养的，我也说好啊！”而尼古拉·伊万诺维奇的老婆则哭得满脸通红，然后迅速站了起来，走开了。雅科夫像个孩子一样享受着他的胜利，他的整张脸都变了，特别是他的眼睛，闪耀着幸福的光彩。他们把他拖到了柜台边，他把还把哭泣的农民也叫了过去，派酒馆老板的儿子去找摊贩，可是，却

没找着他，然后庆祝便开始了。“你再给我们唱首吧，你一直给我们唱到晚上吧。”呆瓜在空中挥舞着手说道。

I took one more look at Yakov and went out. I did not want to stay—I was afraid of spoiling the impression I had received. But the heat was as insupportable as before. It seemed hanging in a thick, heavy layer right over the earth; over the dark blue sky, tiny bright fires seemed whisking through the finest, almost black dust. Everything was still; and there was something hopeless, and oppressive in this profound hush of exhausted nature. I made my way to a hay-loft, and lay down on the fresh-cut, but already almost dry grass. For a long while I could not go to sleep; for a long while Yakov's irresistible voice was ringing in my ears…. At last the heat and fatigue regained their sway, however, and I fell into a dead sleep. When I waked up, everything was in darkness; the hay scattered around smelt strong and was slightly damp; through the slender rafters of the half-open roof pale stars were faintly twinkling. I went out. The glow of sunset had long died away, and its last trace showed in a faint light on the horizon; but above the freshness of the night there was still a feeling of heat in the atmosphere, lately baked through by the sun, and the breast still craved for a draught of cool air. There was no wind, nor were there any clouds; the sky all round was clear, and transparently dark, softly glimmering with innumerable, but scarcely visible stars. There were lights twinkling about the village; from the flaring tavern close by rose a confused, discordant din, amid which I fancied I recognised the voice of Yakov. Violent laughter came from there in an outburst at times. I went up to the little window and pressed my face against the pane. I saw a cheerless, though varied and animated scene; all were drunk—all from Yakov upwards. With breast bared, he sat on a bench, and singing in a thick voice a street song to a dance-tune, he lazily fingered and strummed on the strings of a guitar. His moist hair hung in tufts over his fearfully pale face. In the middle of the room, the Gabbler, completely "screwed" and without his coat, was hopping about in a dance before the peasant in the grey smock; the peasant, on his side, was with difficulty stamping and scraping with his feet, and grinning meaninglessly over his dishevelled beard; he waved one hand from time to time, as much as to say, "Here goes!" Nothing could be more ludicrous than his face; however much he twitched up his eyebrows, his heavy lids would hardly rise, but seemed lying upon his scarcely visible, dim, and mawkish eyes. He was in that amiable frame of mind of a perfectly intoxicated man, when every passer-by, directly he looks him in the face, is sure to say, "Bless you, brother, bless you!" The Blinkard, as red as a lobster, and his nostrils dilated wide, was laughing malignantly in a corner; only Nikolai Ivanitch, as befits a good tavern-keeper, preserved his

composure unchanged. The room was thronged with many new faces; but the Wild Master I did not see in it.

我又看了雅科夫一眼，然后就出去了。我不想留下来，因为我担心会破坏了我心里的印象。但酷热还是像之前一样让人无法忍受。大地上好像悬着浓浓的、厚厚的一层热气，透过极细的、几乎是黑色的灰尘，可以看见小小的火花在深蓝色的天空上飞驰。一切都是静止的，在大自然精疲力尽的静默中，蕴蓄着某种绝望和压抑。我去了一个干草棚，躺在刚刚割下的草上，但是已经快干了。我久久不能入睡，很长一段时间，雅科夫那不可抗拒的声音还在我的耳边回响……然而，炎热和疲劳最终占了上风，我死死地入睡了。当我醒来的时候，一切都处在黑暗之中了；散堆在周围的干草，散发出了浓烈的香气，并且还有些潮湿；半个屋顶都破了，透过细细的椽木，苍白的星星在闪着微光。我走了出去。晚霞早已消失，最后的余晖在地平线上微微发亮；但是在这清凉的夜晚，空气还是有点炎热，因为刚被太阳烘烤过，所以心里还是渴望能一阵凉风吹来。没有风，也没有一片云彩，整个天空都很纯净、清澈而黑暗，无数的星星温柔地闪着光，但都很模糊。村子里闪烁着灯火，不远处火焰摇曳的酒馆里，响起了乱哄哄的喧闹声，我觉得好像听见了雅科夫的声音。里面不时爆发出狂笑声。我走到了那扇小窗户前，把脸贴在了窗格上。我看见了一个虽然丰富多彩、生气勃勃，却令人沮丧的场面，所有人都醉了——包括雅科夫，大家都喝醉了。他敞着胸，坐在长登上，用沙哑的声音唱着一首庸俗的舞曲，还懒洋洋地、漫不经心地拨弄着吉他。他的头发湿乎乎的，一撮一撮地垂在他那苍白得可怕的脸上。在房子中间，完全喝醉了的呆瓜脱了上衣，在那个穿着灰色罩衫的农民面前，跳着舞蹦来蹦去；那个农民则用脚吃力地踩着、蹭着，在他散乱的胡须下露出毫无意义的笑容；他不时地挥舞着一只手，好像在说："看我的！"他的脸非常滑稽，再没有比这更滑稽的东西了，不管他把眉毛扬得多高，他那沉重的眼睑却很难抬起来，还是耷拉在那双暗淡无光、令人讨厌，而且几乎看不到的小眼睛上。他喝得酩酊大醉，样子非常可爱，不管哪个过路人正好看见他的那张脸，肯定会说："保佑你，老兄，保佑你！"眨眼王脸红得像只龙虾一样，鼻孔张得大大的，躲在角落里不怀好意地笑着；只有尼古拉·伊万诺维奇，不愧是个不错的酒馆老板，还保持着冷静。房间里聚集了很多新面孔，但我没有看见野老爷。

I turned away with rapid steps and began descending the hill on which Kolotovka lies. At the foot of this hill stretches a wide plain; plunged in the misty waves of the evening haze, it seemed more immense, and was, as it were, merged in the darkening sky. I walked long strides along the road by the ravine, when all at once from somewhere far away in the plain came a boy's clear voice: "Antropka! Antropka-a-a!…" He shouted in obstinate and tearful desperation, with long, long drawing out of the last syllable.

我转过了身，开始快步走下科洛托夫卡所在的这座小山。在这座小山的山脚下，宽广的平原延伸着；这个平原沉浸在波动的夜雾中，似乎更广袤了，好像和变暗的天空融合在了一起。我沿着峡谷边的路大跨步

走着，突然从远处平原上的某个地方，传来了一男孩嘹亮的声音：“安特罗普卡！安特罗普——卡！”他带着哭声，坚定地拼命地喊着，把最后一个音拖得老长老长。

He was silent for a few instants, and started shouting again. His voice rang out clear in the still, lightly slumbering air. Thirty times at least he had called the name, Antropka. When suddenly, from the farthest end of the plain, as though from another world, there floated a scarcely audible reply:

他安静了一会儿，又开始叫了起来。他的声音在寂静、昏沉的空气中，清楚地传播开来。安特罗普卡这个名字，他至少叫了不下三十遍。突然间，从平原最远处的尽头，就好像是从另一个世界里，飘过来了一声几乎听不见的回应：

"Wha-a-t?”

“什——么？”

The boy's voice shouted back at once with gleeful exasperation:

那男孩立刻用又喜又怒的声音回喊道：

"Come here, devil! woo-od imp!”

“过来，淘气鬼！捣——蛋鬼！”

"What fo-or?" replied the other, after a long interval.

“干什——么？”隔了很长时间后，他又回喊道。

"Because dad wants to thrash you!" the first voice shouted back hurriedly.

“因为爸爸要打你！”第一个声音赶快回喊道。

The second voice did not call back again, and the boy fell to shouting Antropka once more. His cries, fainter and less and less frequent, still floated up to my ears, when it had grown completely dark, and I had turned the corner of the wood which skirts my village and lies over three miles from Kolotovka….

第二个声音没有再回答，于是那个男孩再一次叫起了安特罗普卡这个名字。他的叫声越来越弱，越来越疏，天色完全黑了下来，在我绕过那片围着我的村子的、离科洛托夫卡三英里的树林时，他的叫声还飘荡在我耳边……

"Antropka-a-a!" was still audible in the air, filled with the shadows of night.

“安特罗普——卡！”在茫茫的夜色中，仍然依稀可闻。

CHAPTER XVIII PIOTR PETROVITCH KARATAEV

第十八章 彼得·彼得罗维奇·卡拉塔叶夫

One autumn five years ago, I chanced, when on the road from Moscow to Tula, to spend almost a whole day at a posting station for want of horses. I was on the way back from a shooting expedition, and had been so incautious as to send my three horses on in front of me. The man in charge of the station, a surly, elderly man, with hair hanging over his brows to his very nose, with little sleepy eyes, answered all my complaints and requests with disconnected grumbling, slammed the door angrily, as though he were cursing his calling in life, and going out on the steps abused the postilions who were sauntering in a leisurely way through the mud with the weighty wooden yokes on their arms, or sat yawning and scratching themselves on a bench, and paid no special attention to the wrathful exclamations of their superior. I had already sat myself down three times to tea, had several times tried in vain to sleep, and had read all the inscriptions on the walls and windows; I was overpowered by fearful boredom. In chill and helpless despair I was staring at the upturned shafts of my carriage, when suddenly I heard the tinkling of a bell, and a small trap, drawn by three jaded horses, drew up at the steps. The new arrival leaped out of the trap, and shouting "Horses! and look sharp!" he went into the room.

五年前的那个秋天，在从莫斯科去图拉的路上，我由于弄不到马，几乎在一个驿站里呆了一整天。我在狩猎回来的路上，竟然如此草率地把我的三匹马先打发走了。一位上了年纪的人掌管这个驿站，他脸色阴沉，头发遮过眉毛直垂到鼻尖，一双小眼睛昏昏欲睡，断断续续地发着牢骚，回答我的所有怨言和请求，还愤怒地砰地关上门，好像在咒骂自己这辈子的这个职业，还出去站到台阶上，辱骂左马驭者们，左马驭者们抱着沉沉的木车轭，懒洋洋地在泥地里闲逛，或是坐在长凳上打哈欠、挠痒痒，对他们上司愤怒的叫喊并不在意。我已经坐下喝了三次茶，几次想睡都没睡着，读过了墙上和窗户上的所有题字，我被可怕的无聊打败了。在沮丧和无助的绝望中，我盯着我那马车翘起的车轴，突然间我听到了铃铛叮当的响声，一辆双轮轻便小马车停在了台阶前，拉车的三匹马非常疲倦。那个新来人的从车上跳下来，大叫道：“换马！快些！”说完他走进了屋子。

While he was listening with the strange wonder customary in such cases to the overseer's answer that there were no horses, I had time to scan my new companion from top to toe with all the greedy curiosity of a man bored to death. He appeared to be nearly thirty. Small-pox had left indelible traces on his face, which was dry and

yellowish, with an unpleasant coppery tinge; his long blue-black hair fell in ringlets on his collar behind, and was twisted into jaunty curls in front; his small swollen eyes were quite expressionless; a few hairs sprouted on his upper lip. He was dressed like a dissipated country gentleman, given to frequenting horse-fairs, in a rather greasy striped Caucasian jacket, a faded lilac silk-tie, a waistcoat with copper buttons, and grey trousers shaped like huge funnels, from under which the toes of unbrushed shoes could just be discerned. He smelt strongly of tobacco and spirits; on his fat, red hands, almost hidden in his sleeves, could be seen silver and Tula rings. Such figures are met in Russia not by dozens, but by hundreds; an acquaintance with them is not, to tell the truth, productive of any particular pleasure; but in spite of the prejudice with which I looked at the new-comer, I could not fail to notice the recklessly good-natured and passionate expression of his face.

当驿站长答复他说没有马时，他像别人一样，脸上露出奇怪而惊讶的表情，趁着这个时候，我带着一个无聊得要死的人那贪婪的好奇心，把新来的伴从头到脚地扫视了一下。他看上去将近三十岁。天花在他脸上留下了不可磨灭的痕迹，他的脸干干的，有些发黄，那淡铜色让人很不喜欢；他的头发是蓝黑色的，很长，一绺一绺地垂到衣领后面，前面的则扭成时髦的卷；他的小眼睛肿肿的，很是呆板；上嘴唇上面长着几根胡子。他的打扮像一个常去马市的浪荡乡绅，穿着油腻腻的条纹高加索式短上衣，系着一条褪色的淡紫色丝绸领带，穿着一件有铜纽扣的背心和一条形状像大漏斗的灰色裤子，下面露着没有擦过的鞋子的尖端。他身上散发着浓烈的烟酒味，两只手又胖又红，都快藏到袖子里去了，但可以看见他手上的银戒指和图拉戒指。这样的人物在俄国不止能碰到几十个，而是几百个；说老实话，同这样的人交往并不会带来任何特别的乐趣；尽管我心怀偏见看着这个新来的人，但却不能不注意到他脸上那由衷的和善和热忱的神情。

"This gentleman's been waiting more than an hour here too," observed the overseer indicating me.

“这位先生也在这里等了一个多小时了。”驿站长指着我说道。

More than an hour! The rascal was making fun of me.

一个多小时！这个无赖可真是拿我开玩笑吧。

"But perhaps he doesn't need them as I do," answered the new comer.

“但也许他并不像我一样急需吧。”那个新来的人答道。

"I know nothing about that," said the overseer sulkily.

“这个我就不知道了。”驿站长闷闷不乐地说。

"Then is it really impossible? Are there positively no horses?"

“那么真的没办法了吗？确定没有马了吗？”

"Impossible. There's not a single horse.”

“没办法了。一匹马也没有。”

"Well, tell them to bring me a samovar. I'll wait a little; there's nothing else to be done.”

“好吧，让他们给我拿套茶炊来。我等一会儿吧，也没有别的办法了。”

The new comer sat down on the bench, flung his cap on the table, and passed his hand over his hair.

那个新来的人坐到了长登上，把帽子扔到了桌上，用手摸了摸头发。

"Have you had tea already?" he inquired of me.

“您喝茶了吗？”他问我。

"Yes."

“喝过了。”

"But won't you have a little more for company.”

“您要不要再一起喝点？”

I consented. The stout red samovar made its appearance for the fourth time on the table. I brought out a bottle of rum. I was not wrong in taking my new acquaintance for a country gentleman of small property. His name was Piotr Petrovitch Karataev.

我同意了。红色的大茶炊第四次出现在了桌子上。我拿出一了瓶朗姆酒。我没有看错，我的这位新相识就是一位稍有点地产的乡绅。他的名字叫彼得·彼得罗维奇·卡拉塔叶夫。

We got into conversation. In less than half-an-hour after his arrival, he was telling me his whole life with the most simple-hearted openness.

我们聊了起来。他进门还不到半小时，就相当单纯坦率地给我讲起了他的生平。

"I'm on my way to Moscow now," he told me as he sipped his fourth glass; "there's nothing for me to do now in the country.”

“我这是要到莫斯科去，”他在喝第四杯的时候告诉我，“现在我在乡下已经没事可干了。”

"How so?"

“怎么会呢？”

"Well, it's come to that. My property's in disorder; I've ruined my peasants, I must confess; there have been bad years: bad harvests, and all sorts of ill-luck, you know…. Though, indeed," he added, looking away dejectedly; "how could I manage an estate!"

“哎，就是这样的。我的家业被我弄得一团糟，我必须承认，我毁了我的农民们，这些年年景不佳：收成不好，还有种种的不幸，您知道……不过，确实，”他沮丧地看着别处，补充道，“我怎么能管理家产嘛！”

"Why's that?”

“怎么回事？”

"But, no," he interrupted me; "there are people like me who make good managers! You see," he went on, screwing his head on one side and sucking his pipe assiduously, "looking at me, I dare say you think I'm not much… but you, see, I must confess, I've had a very middling education; I wasn't well off. I beg your pardon; I'm an open man, and if you come to that….”

“不过，不，”他打断了我的话，“确实有像我这样的人能管好家！您瞧，”他把头转向一边，不停地吸着烟斗，继续说道，“您看看我，大概以为我不是个……但是，您瞧，我必须坦白说，我只受过中等教育，我也不富有。请您原谅我；我是个心直口快的人，而说起来……”

He did not complete his sentence, but broke off with a wave of the hand. I began to assure him that he was mistaken, that I was highly delighted to meet him, and so on, and then observed that I should have thought a very thorough education was not indispensable for the good management of property.

他没有把话讲完，却挥了挥手突然不讲了。我开始劝起他来，告诉他大家都误会他了，我很高兴能遇到他，等等，然后又说，我认为非常全面的教育并不是管理好家业的必备因素。

"Agreed," he responded; "I agree with you. But still, a special sort of disposition's essential! There are some may do anything they like, and it's all right! but I…. Allow me to ask, are you from Petersburg or from Moscow?”

“我同意，”他回答说，“我同意您的看法。但还是有必要得有一种特别的管理方法！有些人为所欲为，反倒没有事！但是我……请允许我问一下，您是从彼得堡来还是从莫斯科来？”

"I'm from Petersburg.”

“我从彼得堡来。”

He blew a long coil of smoke from his nostrils.

他从鼻孔里吹出了一缕长长的烟。

"And I'm going in to Moscow to be an official.”

“我要去莫斯科谋个差事。”

"What department do you mean to enter?"

“您想进哪个部门？”

"I don't know; that's as it happens. I'll own to you, I'm afraid of official life; one's under responsibility at once. I've always lived in the country; I'm used to it, you know… but now, there's no help for it… it's through poverty! Oh, poverty, how I hate it!”

“我也不知道，看情况吧。不瞒您说，我害怕当差：你一下子就得负起责任来。我一直都是住在乡下，都住惯了，您知道……但是现在，可是没办法了……太穷了！唉，穷啊，我真讨厌受穷！”

"But then you will be living in the capital."

“不过今后您就要住在首都了。”

"In the capital…. Well, I don't know what there is that's pleasant in the capital. We shall see; may be, it's pleasant too…. Though nothing, I fancy, could be better than the country.”

“在首都……唉，我不知道首都哪里好。看看吧，也许，也挺好的……不过，我想，不可能比乡下好。”

"Then is it really impossible for you to live at your country place?"

“您真的不可能再在乡下住了吗？”

He gave a sigh.

他叹了口气。

"Quite impossible. It's, so to say, not my own now.”

“不可能了。可以说，它现在不属于我了。”

"Why, how so?"

“为什么，怎么会这样？”

"Well, a good fellow there—a neighbour—is in possession… a bill of exchange.”

“唉，那里的一个好人——一个邻居——在管理了……一张汇票。”

Poor Piotr Petrovitch passed his hand over his face, thought a minute, and shook his head.

可怜的彼得·彼得罗维奇摸了摸自己的脸，思考了一会儿，然后又摇了摇头。

"Well… I must own, though," he added after a brief silence, "I

can't blame anybody; it's my own fault. I was fond of cutting a dash, I am fond of cutting a dash, damn my soul!”

“唉……我必须承认，尽管，”他短暂地沉默了一会儿后补充道，“我不能怪任何人，是我自己的错。我以前喜欢瞎折腾，我就是喜欢瞎折腾，他妈的！”

"You had a jolly life in the country?" I asked him.

“您在乡下过得愉快吗？”我问他。

"I had, sir," he responded emphatically, looking me straight in the face, "twelve harriers—harriers, I can tell you, such as you don't very often see.” (The last words he uttered in a drawl with great significance.) "A grey hare they'd double upon in no time. After the red fox—they were devils, regular serpents. And I could boast of my greyhounds too. It's all a thing of the past now, I've no reason to lie. I used to go out shooting too. I had a dog called the Countess, a wonderful setter, with a first-rate scent—she took everything. Sometimes I'd go to a marsh and call 'Seek.' If she refused, you might go with a dozen dogs, and you'd find nothing. But when she was after anything, it was a sight to see her. And in the house so well-bred. If you gave her bread with your left hand and said, 'A Jew's tasted it,' she wouldn't touch it; but give it with your right and say, 'The young lady's had some,' and she'd take it and eat it at once. I had a pup of hers—capital pup he was, and I meant to bring him with me to Moscow, but a friend asked me for him, together with a gun; he said, 'In Moscow you'll have other things to think of.' I gave him the pup and the gun; and so, you know, it stayed there.”

“是的，先生，”他直直地看着我的脸，一字一顿地回答说，“我有十二只猎兔犬，我可以告诉您，那样的猎兔犬是不常见的。”（他说最后几个词的时候，还拉长了调子。）“它们对付灰野兔一点都不含糊。追捕起红狐狸来，它们可就是魔鬼啊，就像蛇一样。我的那些灰狗也值得一夸。现在这一切都成为过去了，我也没有理由撒谎。我以前也常常外出打猎。我有一条叫做康特斯的狗，它是条极好的蹲伏猎犬，有一流的嗅觉——什么都找得到。有时候我到了沼泽地里，喊一声‘找’。要是它不去，你就是带十来条狗去，也什么都找不到。但是当它追捕东西的时候，那可真是值得一看。在家里，它也很有礼貌。要是你用左手给它面包，说：‘犹太人吃过。’它连碰都不碰；但要是用右手给它，说：‘小姐吃了点。’它就要，而且马上就会把它吃了。我有一条它生的小狗，那是只很棒的小狗呢，我本来打算把它带到莫斯科的，但是一个朋友把这条小狗连同一支枪要去了；他说：‘在莫斯科你有其他事要考虑。’我就把那条小狗和枪给他了；所以，您知道，它就留在那里了。”

"But you might go shooting in Moscow."

“但是在莫斯科，您也可以打猎嘛。”

"No, what would be the use? I didn't know when to pull myself up, so now I must grin and bear it. But there, kindly tell me rather about the living in Moscow—is it dear?”

“不，有什么好打的？我以前不知道克制自己，所以现在就得忍着点了。不过，还是请您给我说说，莫斯科的生活开销怎么样，高吗？”

"No, not very."

“不，不是很高。”

"Not very…. And tell me, please, are there any gypsies in Moscow?”

“不是很高……请给我说说，莫斯科有吉普赛人吗？”

"What sort of gypsies?"

“哪种吉普赛人？”

"Why, such as hang about fairs?"

“嗨，比如在市集上到处转悠的那种？”

"Yes, there are in Moscow….”

“有的，在莫斯科……”

"Well, that's good news. I like gypsies, damn my soul! I like 'em….”

“嗯，这是个好消息。我喜欢吉普赛人，他妈的！我喜欢他们……”

And there was a gleam of reckless merriment in Piotr Petrovitch's eyes. But suddenly he turned round on the bench, then seemed to ponder, dropped his eyes, and held out his empty glass to me.

彼得·彼得罗维奇的眼里流露一丝放任的愉悦神情。但是忽然他又在长凳上转了转，然后好像在沉思，垂下眼睛，把他的空杯子举向我。

"Give me some of your rum," he said.

“给我些您的朗姆酒吧。”他说。

"But the tea's all finished.”

“可是茶都喝完了。”

"Never mind, as it is, without tea… Ah—h!" Karataev laid his head in his hands and leaned his elbows on the table. I looked at him without speaking, and although I was expecting the sentimental exclamations, possibly even the tears of which the inebriate are so lavish, yet when he raised his head, I was, I must own, impressed by the profoundly mournful expression of his face.

“没关系，就这样吧，没有茶……啊！”卡拉塔叶夫双手捧着头，把

胳膊肘支在桌子上。我默默地看着他，等待着醉汉那种感伤的感叹，也许甚至还有大把大把的眼泪，但是当他抬起头来的时候，我必须承认，他脸上露出深沉的忧郁表情，让我大吃一惊。

"What's wrong with you?”

“您怎么了？”

"Nothing…. I was thinking of old times. An anecdote that… I would tell it you, but I am ashamed to trouble you….”

“没什么……我在想以前的事。一段轶事……我想告诉您，但是我不好意思打扰您……”

"What nonsense!"

“哪里的话！”

"Yes," he went on with a sigh:—“there are cases… like mine, for instance. Well, if you like, I will tell you. Though really I don't know….”

“好吧，”他叹了口气继续说道，“有些事……就像我的，比如说。嗯，要是您愿意，我就告诉您。不过我真的不知道……”

"Do tell me, dear Piotr Petrovitch."

“告诉我吧，亲爱的彼得·彼得罗维奇。”

"Very well, though it's a… Well, do you see," he began; "but, upon my word, I don't know.”

“好的，尽管是……喏，您瞧，”他开始说，“可是，我保证，我实在是不知道。”

"Come, that's enough, dear Piotr Petrovitch.”

“好啦，够了，亲爱的彼得·彼得罗维奇。”

"All right. This, then, was what befell me, so to say. I used to live in the country… All of a sudden, I took a fancy to a girl. Ah, what a girl she was!… handsome, clever, and so good and sweet! Her name was Matrona. But she wasn't a lady—that is, you understand, she was a serf, simply a serf-girl. And not my girl; she belonged to someone else—that was the trouble. Well, so I loved her—it's really an incident that one can hardly… well, and she loved me, too. And so Matrona began begging me to buy her off from her mistress; and, indeed, the thought had crossed my mind too…. But her mistress was a rich, dreadful old body; she lived about twelve miles from me. Well, so one fine day, as the saying is, I ordered my team of three horses to be harnessed abreast to the droshky—in the centre I'd a first-rate goer, an extraordinary Asiatic horse, for that reason called Lampurdos—I dressed myself in my best, and went off to Matrona's mistress. I

arrived; it was a big house with wings and a garden…. Matrona was waiting for me at the bend of the road; she tried to say a word to me, but she could only kiss her hand and turn away. Well, so I went into the hall and asked if the mistress were at home?… And a tall footman says to me: 'What name shall I say?' I answered, 'Say, brother, Squire Karataev has called on a matter of business.' The footman walked away; I waited by myself and thought, 'I wonder how it'll be? I daresay the old beast'll screw out a fearful price, for all she's so rich. Five hundred roubles she'll ask, I shouldn't be surprised.' Well, at last the footman returned, saying, 'If you please, walk up.' I followed him into the drawing-room. A little yellowish old woman sat in an armchair blinking. 'What do you want?' To begin with, you know, I thought it necessary to say how glad I was to make her acquaintance…. 'You are making a mistake; I am not the mistress here; I'm a relation of hers…. What do you want?' I remarked upon that, 'I had to speak to the mistress herself.' 'Marya Ilyinishna is not receiving today; she is unwell…. What do you want?' There's nothing for it, I thought to myself; so I explained my position to her. The old lady heard me out. 'Matrona! what Matrona?'

“好吧。那么，可以说，这就是发生在我身上的事。我以前住在乡下……突然间，我看中了一个姑娘。啊，她是个多好的姑娘啊！好看、聪明，而且那么地善良可爱！她叫马特廖娜。但她不是个小姐——您明白吗，她是个农奴，只是个农奴姑娘。还不是我家的姑娘，她是别人家的——问题就在这里。哎，于是我爱上了她——这件事别人几乎都不……哎，她也爱上了我。所以马特廖娜开始求我，要我去她女主人那里把她赎出来；确实，我也那么想过……但是她的女主人是个富有但可怕的老太太，住在离我十二英里远的地方。正如俗话所说的，有一天，我吩咐给我备一辆三匹马拉的无顶四轮马车——中间是一匹上等马，那是匹特种的亚洲马，因此叫做拉姆普尔多斯——我穿上了最好的行头，动身前往马特廖娜的女主人家。我到了那里一看：一座带着厢房的大房子，还有一个花园……马特廖娜正在路的拐角处等我，她想和我讲话，但只吻了一下我的手就转身走了。嗯，于是我就走进了门厅，问女主人在不在家？一个高个子男仆对我说：‘怎么称呼？’我答道：‘兄弟，就说卡拉塔叶夫地主前来有事商谈。’男仆走开了,我在那里等着，心想：‘这事会怎样呢？也许那个老畜生会要个很吓人的价，虽然她很富有。要是她要五百卢布，我也不会感到惊奇。’终于，那个男仆回来了，说道：‘请进。’我跟着他来到了客厅。一位面色发黄的小老太太坐在扶手椅上，眼睛一眨一眨的。‘您有何贵干？’一开始，您知道，我想有必要说一下我很荣幸见到她之类的话……‘您搞错了，我不是这里的女主人，我是她的亲戚……有何贵干？’我对她说：‘我得和女主人本人谈谈。’‘马丽娅·伊利尼奇娜今天不见客，她不舒服……您有何贵干？’我心想，反正也没什么，于是就对她说了我的事。老太太听完了我的话。‘马特廖娜！哪个马特廖娜?'

'Matrona Fedorovna, Kulik's daughter.'

‘马特廖娜·费多罗娃，库里克的女儿。’

'Fedor Kulik's daughter…. But how did you come to know her?'

‘费多尔·库里克的女儿……您怎么认识她的?'

'By chance.'

‘偶然认识的。’

'And is she aware of your intention?'

‘她知道您的打算吗?'

'Yes.' The old lady was silent for a minute. Then, 'Ah, I'll let her know it, the worthless hussy!' she said. I was astounded, I must confess. 'What ever for? upon my word!… I'm ready to pay a good sum, if you will be so good as to name it.'"

‘知道。’老太太沉默了一会儿。然后，她说道：‘啊，我要给她点厉害瞧瞧，这个卑鄙的贱货！’老实说，我被吓到了。‘为什么啊？我发誓！我准备出个好价钱呢，要是您乐意说个数的话！’"

"The old hag positively hissed at me. 'A surprising idea you've concocted there; as though we needed your money!… I'll teach her, I'll show her!… I'll beat the folly out of her!' The old lady choked with spitefulness. 'Wasn't she well off with us, pray?… Ah, she's a little devil! God forgive my transgressions!' I fired up, I'll confess. 'What are you threatening the poor girl for? How is she to blame?' The old lady crossed herself. 'Ah, Lord have mercy on me, do you suppose I'd…'

“老太婆对我嘘了一声。‘您想得还真美，好像我们需要您那点钱似的！我要教训教训她，我要给她点厉害瞧瞧！我要打掉她的蠢念头！’老太太怒得都不能呼吸了。‘她在我们这里还过得不好吗？哼，她这个小妖精！上帝原谅我的罪孽！’我得承认，我一下子怒了。‘您为什么要威胁这个可怜的姑娘？她有什么错？’老太太画了个十字。‘啊，上帝啊，同情同情我吧，您以为我……’

'But she's not yours, you know!'

‘您知道，她又不是您的!'

'Well, Marya Ilyinishna knows best about that; it's not your business, my good sir; but I'll show that chit of a Matrona whose serf she is.' I'll confess, I almost fell on the damned old woman, but I thought of Matrona, and my hands dropped. I was more frightened than I can tell you; I began entreating the old lady. 'Take what you like,' I said.

‘哼，这是马丽娅·伊利尼奇娜的事，与您无关，先生，但是我会让马特廖娜那个毛头丫头知道她是谁的农奴。’我承认，我几乎要朝那个死老

太婆扑过去了，但是我想到了马特廖娜，手又放了下来。我非常害怕，怕得难以形容，还开始恳求起那个老太太来。‘您要什么都行。’我说。

'But what use is she to you?'

‘可是，您要她做什么用?'

'I like her, good ma'am; put yourself in my position…. Allow me to kiss your little hand.' And I positively kissed the wretch's hand! 'Well,' mumbled the old witch, 'I'll tell Marya Ilyinishna—it's for her to decide; you come back in a couple of days.' I went home in great uneasiness. I began to suspect that I'd managed the thing badly; that I'd been wrong in letting her notice my state of mind, but I thought of that too late. Two days after, I went to see the mistress. I was shown into a boudoir. There were heaps of flowers and splendid furniture; the lady herself was sitting in a wonderful easy-chair, with her head lolling back on a cushion; and the same relation was sitting there too, and some young lady, with white eyebrows and a mouth all awry, in a green gown—a companion, most likely. The old lady said through her nose, 'Please be seated.' I sat down. She began questioning me as to how old I was, and where I'd been in the service, and what I meant to do, and all that very condescendingly and solemnly. I answered minutely. The old lady took a handkerchief off the table, flourished it, fanning herself…. 'Katerina Karpovna informed me,' says she, 'of your scheme; she informed me of it; but I make it my rule,' says she, 'not to allow my people to leave my service. It is improper, and quite unsuitable in a well-ordered house; it is not good order. I have already given my orders,' says she. 'There will be no need for you to trouble yourself further,' says she.

‘我喜欢她，好夫人，您站在我的角度想想……请允许我吻一下您的小手吧。’我还真的吻了那个巫婆的手！‘嗯，’那个老巫婆咕哝着说，‘我会告诉马丽娅·伊利尼奇娜的，这事得由她来决定，您过几天再来吧。’我惶恐不安地回了家。我开始怀疑，我是不是把这事搞砸了，我本不应该让她知道我的心意的，但等我想明白，已经太迟了。过了两天，我又去拜访女主人。我被领进了女主人的会客室。那里有很多花和豪华的家具，女主人坐在一把精致的安乐椅上，头懒洋洋地靠在一个垫子上；那个亲戚也坐在那里，还有一位小姐，长着白色的眉毛和歪斜的嘴巴，穿着一条绿色的连衣裙，大概是个女伴。老太太用鼻音说：‘请坐。’我坐了下来。她开始问起了我的年纪，在哪里做事，我想要干什么，问的时候态度都很傲慢、很严肃。我详细地做了回答。老太太从桌子上拿起了一条手帕，挥了挥，朝自己扇了扇……她说道：‘卡捷琳娜·卡尔波夫娜把您的打算告诉过我了，她告诉过我了，但是我立了条规矩，’她说，‘不准我的人出去伺候别人。这样有失体统，对于体面人家很不合适，这样不像话。我已经下了命令。’她说。‘您也没必要再自找麻烦了。’她说。

'Oh, no trouble, really…. But can it be, Matrona Fedorovna is so

necessary to you?’

‘哦，不麻烦，真的……难道，您很需要马特廖娜·费多罗娃吗?'

'No,' says she, 'she is not necessary.'

‘不是，’她说，‘我不需要她。’

'Then why won't you part with her to me?’

‘那么，为什么您要把她和我分开呢?'

'Because I don't choose to; I don't choose—and that's all about it. I've already,' says she, 'given my orders: she is being sent to a village in the steppes.’ I was thunderstruck. The old lady said a couple of words in French to the young lady in green; she went out. 'I am,' says she, 'a woman of strict principles, and my health is delicate; I can't stand being worried. You are still young, and I'm an old woman, and entitled to give you advice. Wouldn't it be better for you to settle down, get married; to look out a good match; wealthy brides are few, but a poor girl, of the highest moral character, could be found.’ I stared, do you know, at the old lady, and didn't understand what she was driving at; I could hear she was talking about marriage, but the village in the steppes was ringing in my ears all the while. Get married!… what the devil!…”

‘因为我不愿意，我不愿意，就是这么回事。我已经，’她说，‘下了命令：把她送到大草原上的村子里去了。’我被吓坏了。老太太用法语对那个穿绿裙子的小姐说了几句，然后那个小姐便出去了。‘我是，’她说道，‘一个严守规矩的妇人，身体也不很好，我无法忍受烦恼。您还年轻，我是个老妇人了，有权给您忠告。您最好安定下来，把婚结了，找一个好对象；富有的女孩子很少，但是有高尚品德的贫苦姑娘还是能找到的。’您知道吗，我盯着那个老太太，根本不知道她在胡扯些什么，我能听见她在讲婚姻，但是那个在大草原上的村子一直在我耳畔回响。结婚！见鬼去吧！”

Here he suddenly stopped in his story and looked at me.

讲故事的人说到这里突然停住了，看了看我。

"You're not married, I suppose?”

“我想，您还没结婚吧？”

"No." "There, of course, I could see it. I couldn't stand it. 'But, upon my word, ma'am, what on earth are you talking about? How does marriage come in? I simply want to know from you whether you will part with your serf-girl Matrona or not?’ The old lady began sighing and groaning. 'Ah, he's worrying me! ah, send him away! ah!’ The relation flew to her, and began scolding me, while the lady kept on moaning: 'What have I done to deserve it?… I suppose I'm not

mistress in my own house? Ah! ah!' I snatched my hat, and ran out of the house like a madman.”

“没有。”“瞧，当然了，我能看出来。我忍不住了。‘得了吧，夫人，您到底在讲什么啊？结什么婚啊？我只是想知道，您愿不愿意放了您的农奴姑娘马特廖娜？’老太太唉声叹气了起来。‘啊，他烦死我了！啊，叫他走吧！啊！’那个亲戚赶快跑到她跟前，开始斥责我，那个太太还在继续呻吟着：‘我干嘛受这个气啊？难道我不是家里的女主人了吗？啊！啊！’我抓起了我的帽子，然后就像个疯子似的冲出了那座房子。”

"Perhaps," he continued, "you will blame me for being so warmly attached to a girl of low position; I don't mean to justify myself exactly, either… but so it came to pass!… Would you believe it, I had no rest by day or by night…. I was in torment! Besides, I thought, 'I have ruined the poor girl!' At times I thought that she was herding geese in a smock, and being ill-treated by her mistress's orders, and the bailiff, a peasant in tarred boots, reviling her with foul abuse. I positively fell into a cold sweat. Well, I could not stand it. I found out what village she had been sent to, mounted my horse, and set off. I only got there the evening of the next day. Evidently they hadn't expected such a proceeding on my part, and had given no order in regard to me. I went straight to the bailiff as though I were a neighbour; I go into the yard and look around; there was Matrona sitting on the steps leaning on her elbow. She was on the point of crying out, but I held up my finger and pointed outside, towards the open country. I went into the hut; I chatted away a bit to the bailiff, told him ten thousand lies, seized the right moment, and went out to Matrona. She, poor girl, fairly hung round my neck. She was pale and thin, my poor darling! I kept saying to her, do you know: 'There, it's all right, Matrona; it's all right, don't cry,' and my own tears simply flowed and flowed…. Well, at last though, I was ashamed, I said to her: 'Matrona, tears are no help in trouble, but we must act, as they say, resolutely; you must run away with me; that's how we must act.' Matrona fairly swooned away…. 'How can it be! I shall be ruined; they will be the death of me altogether.'

“也许，”他继续说道，“您会责备我，对一个下层阶级的姑娘那么迷恋，我不想给自己辩护，或者……反正已经过去了！您相信吗，我日日夜夜都不得安宁……我痛苦极了！而且，我还想：‘我毁了这个可怜的女孩！’有时，我想到她穿着长罩衫放鹅，在她女主人的命令下受虐待，还有村长，那个穿着柏油靴子的农民，用污秽的话辱骂斥责她。我就冒出一身冷汗。唉，我忍不下去了。我打听到她被送到了哪个村子，然后骑上马，便出发了。我第二天晚上才到达那里。显然，他们没有料到我会来这么一招，没有接到关于我的任何命令。我装作邻村的人直接去了村长家，我走进了院子，四处瞧了一下，看见马特廖娜手托着脑袋坐在台阶上。她正要叫出声来，但是我伸出了手指，朝外面的原野指了指。我

走进了小屋，跟村长闲扯了一会儿，向他撒了好多谎，然后找了个机会出去找马特廖娜。这可怜的姑娘抱住了我的脖子。她脸色苍白憔悴，我可怜的宝贝啊！您知道吗，我一直对她说：‘好啦，没事了，马特廖娜，没事的，别哭。’而我自己却止不住地流眼泪……唉，不过到最后，我都害羞了，对她说：‘马特廖娜，眼泪解决不了问题，我们必须行动起来，就像人们说的，要坚决点，你必须和我一块逃跑，我们必须这样做。’马特廖娜简直惊呆了……‘怎么能呢！我会被毁了的，他们终究会把我弄死的。’

'You silly! who will find you?'

‘你这个傻瓜！谁找得到你啊?'

'They will find me; they will be sure to find me. Thank you, Piotr Petrovitch—I shall never forget your kindness; but now you must leave me; such is my fate, it seems.’

‘他们会找到我的，他们肯定会找到我的。谢谢您，彼得·彼得罗维奇——我永远忘不了您的好，但是现在您必须离开我，看来，这就是我的命啊。’

'Ah, Matrona, Matrona, I thought you were a girl of character!' And, indeed, she had a great deal of character. She had a heart, a heart of gold!

‘啊，马特廖娜，马特廖娜，我一向认为你是个勇敢的姑娘！’确实，她是个很勇敢地姑娘……她有一颗心，一颗金子般的心！

'Why should you be left here? It makes no difference; things can't be worse. Come, tell me—you've felt the bailiff's fists, eh?' Matrona fairly crimsoned, and her lips trembled. 'But there'll be no living for my family on my account.’

‘你留在这里干嘛呢？反正都一样，事情也不能再糟了。来，给我说说，你是不是挨村长的拳头了，嗯？’马特廖娜脸都红了，嘴唇也颤抖着。‘但我的家人就会因为我活不成了。’

'Why, your family now—will they send them for soldiers?’

‘怎么，你的家人现在……会被他们送去当兵?'

'Yes; they'll send my brother for a soldier.’

‘是的，他们会把我哥哥送去当兵。’

'And your father?'

‘你父亲呢?'

'Oh, they won't send father; he's the only good tailor among us.’

‘哦，他们不会把我父亲送去，他是我们那里唯一的好裁缝。’

'There, you see; and it won't kill your brother.’ Would you believe

it, I'd hard work to persuade her; she even brought forward a notion that I might have to answer for it. 'But that's not your affair,' said I…. However, I did carry her off… not that time, but another; one night I came with a light cart, and carried her off.”

‘喏，瞧吧，不会害了你哥哥的。’您相信吗，我花了很大力气劝她，她甚至还提道，也许我会受到连累。‘这不关你的事。’我说道……不管怎样，我确实把她带走了……不是那次，而是另一次；有一天晚上我赶着一辆小马车去，把她带走了。”

"You carried her off?"

“您把她带走了？”

"Yes… Well, so she lived in my house. It was a little house, and I'd few servants. My people, I will tell you frankly, respected me; they wouldn't have betrayed me for any reward. I began to be as happy as a prince. Matrona rested and recovered, and I grew devoted to her…. And what a girl she was! It seemed to come by nature! She could sing, and dance, and play the guitar!… I didn't show her to my neighbours; I was afraid they'd gossip! But there was one fellow, my bosom friend, Gornostaev, Panteley—you don't know him? He was simply crazy about her; he'd kiss her hand as though she were a lady; he would, really. And I must tell you, Gornostaev was not like me; he was a cultivated man, had read all Pushkin; sometimes, he'd talk to Matrona and me so that we pricked up our ears to listen. He taught her to write; such a queer chap he was! And how I dressed her—better than the governor's wife, really; I had a pelisse made her of crimson velvet, edged with fur… Ah! how that pelisse suited her! It was made by a Moscow madame in a new fashion, with a waist. And what a wonderful creature Matrona was! Sometimes she'd fall to musing, and sit for hours together looking at the ground, without stirring a muscle; and I'd sit too, and look at her, and could never gaze enough, just as if I were seeing her for the first time…. Then she would smile, and my heart would give a jump as though someone were tickling me. Or else she'd suddenly fall to laughing, joking, dancing; she would embrace me so warmly, so passionately, that my head went round. From morning to evening I thought of nothing but how I could please her. And would you believe it? I gave her presents simply to see how pleased she would be, the darling! all blushing with delight! How she would try on my present; how she would come back with her new possession on, and kiss me! Her father, Kulik, got wind of it, somehow; the old man came to see us, and how he wept…. In that way we lived for five months, and I should have been glad to live with her for ever, but for my cursed ill-luck!”

“是的……于是，她就在我家住了下来。我家的房子不大，仆人也

少。我坦白跟您说，我的仆人都很尊敬我，他们不会为了任何报酬出卖我。我开始了幸福的、王子般的生活。马特廖娜休息后恢复了健康，我越来越爱她了……她是一个多么好的姑娘啊！好像是天生的似的！她能歌善舞，还会弹吉他！我没让我的邻居们看到她，我害怕他们说闲话！但是有一个家伙，我的知己戈尔诺斯塔叶夫·潘捷莱，您认不认识他？他简直迷上了她，把她当作太太一样地吻她的手，他这样做了，真的。我还得告诉您，戈尔诺斯塔叶夫不喜欢我，他是个有教养的人，普希金的书全读过；有时候，他同马特廖娜和我聊天，我们都洗耳恭听。他还教她写字，真是个奇怪的小伙子！我把她打扮的呀，简直比省长的太太还要好，真的，我给她做了一件毛皮镶边的深红色丝绒大衣……啊！那件大衣多合她的身啊！这件外套是莫斯科的一位太太照着新式样做的，还有束腰呢。马特廖娜是个多奇怪的人啊！有时候她会陷入沉思中，一连坐上几个小时，看着地，一动不动；我也坐下来，看着她，永远都看不够，就像是第一次见着她一样……然后她笑一笑，我的心就像被人挠了一下似的跳一下。或者她会突然笑起来，开玩笑，还跳舞；她会亲切而热情地拥抱我，都把我的头搞晕了。从早到晚，我只是想着怎么取悦她，其他什么都不想。您相信吗？我送给她礼物，仅仅是为了看她——我心爱的人——是怎样地欢喜，高兴得脸蛋通红！她会怎样试穿我送的礼物，她会怎样穿着她的新行头回来，然后亲吻我！他的父亲库里克不知怎地听到了风声，老头来看了看我们，他哭得……就那样，我们生活了五个月，我真希望和她永远生活在一起，要不是我的命那么苦的话！”

Piotr Petrovitch stopped.

彼得·彼得罗维奇停了下来。

"What was it happened?" I asked him sympathetically. He waved his hand.

“发生什么事了？”我同情地问他。他摇了摇手。

"Everything went to the devil. I was the ruin of her too. My little Matrona was passionately fond of driving in sledges, and she used to drive herself; she used to put on her pelisse and her embroidered Torzhok gloves, and cry out with delight all the way. We used to go out sledging always in the evening, so as not to meet any one, you know. So, once it was such a splendid day, you know, frosty and clear, and no wind… we drove out. Matrona had the reins. I looked where she was driving. Could it be to Kukuyevka, her mistress's village? Yes, it was to Kukuyevka. I said to her, 'You mad girl, where are you going?' She gave me a look over her shoulder and laughed. 'Let me,' she said, 'for a lark.' 'Well,' thought I, 'come what may!…’ To drive past her mistress's house was nice, wasn't it? Tell me yourself—wasn't it nice? So we drove on. The shaft-horse seemed to float through the air, and the trace-horses went, I can tell you, like a regular whirlwind. We were already in sight of Kukuyevka; when suddenly I see an old green coach crawling along with a groom on the footboard up

behind…. It was the mistress—the mistress driving towards us! My heart failed me; but Matrona—how she lashed the horses with the reins, and flew straight towards the coach! The coachman, he, you understand, sees us flying to meet him, meant, you know, to move on one side, turned too sharp, and upset the coach in a snowdrift. The window was broken; the mistress shrieked, 'Ai! ai! ai! ai! ai! ai!' The companion wailed, 'Help! help!' while we flew by at the best speed we might. We galloped on, but I thought, 'Evil will come of it. I did wrong to let her drive to Kukuyevka.' And what do you think? Why, the mistress had recognised Matrona, and me too, the old wretch, and made a complaint against me. 'My runaway serf-girl,' said she, 'is living at Mr. Karataev's'; and thereupon she made a suitable present. Lo and behold! the captain of police comes to me; and he was a man I knew, Stepan Sergyeitch Kuzovkin, a good fellow; that's to say, really a regular bad lot. So he came up and said this and that, and 'How could you do so, Piotr Petrovitch?… The liability is serious, and the laws very distinct on the subject.' I tell him, 'Well, we'll have a talk about that, of course; but come, you'll take a little something after your drive.' He agreed to take something, but he said, 'Justice has claims, Piotr Petrovitch; think for yourself.' 'Justice, to be sure,' said I, 'of course… but, I have heard say you've a little black horse. Would you be willing to exchange it for my Lampurdos?… But there's no girl called Matrona Fedorovna in my keeping.' 'Come,' says he, 'Piotr Petrovitch, the girl's with you, we're not living in Switzerland, you know… though my little horse might be exchanged for Lampurdos; I might, to be sure, accept it in that way.' However, I managed to get rid of him somehow that time. But the old lady made a greater fuss than ever; ten thousand rubles, she said, she wouldn't grudge over the business. You see, when she saw me, she suddenly took an idea into her head to marry me to her young lady companion in green; that I found out later; that was why she was so spiteful. What ideas won't these great ladies take into their heads!… It comes through being dull, I suppose. Things went badly with me: I didn't spare money, and I kept Matrona in hiding. No, they harassed me, and turned me this way and that: I got into debt; I lost my health…. So one night, as I lay in my bed, thinking, 'My God, why should I suffer so? What am I to do, since I can't get over loving her?… There, I can't, and that's all about it!' into the room walked Matrona. I had hidden her for the time at a farmhouse a mile and a half from my house. I was frightened. 'What? have they discovered you even there?' 'No, Piotr Petrovitch,' said she, 'no one disturbs me at Bubnova; but will that last long? My heart,' she said, 'is torn, Piotr Petrovitch; I am sorry for you, my dear one; never shall I forget your goodness, Piotr Petrovitch, but now I've come to say good-bye to you.'

“一切都完蛋了。我还把她给毁了。我的小马特廖娜非常喜欢乘雪橇，她还经常自己驾车；她常穿上她的大衣，戴上绣花托尔若克式手套，一路上欢快地大叫着。我们总在晚上坐雪橇出去，为了避免遇到任何人，您知道。于是，那天天气很好，您知道，寒冷而晴朗，也没有风……我们便出发了。马特廖娜拉着缰绳。我看她要往哪里驶去。难道是去库库叶夫卡，她女主人的哪个村子？对，就是去的库库叶夫卡。我对她说：‘你这个疯丫头，你要去哪里呀？’她回头对我笑了笑。她说：‘让我找点乐子吧。”‘好吧，’我想，‘来吧！’从她女主人的房子前驶过，是挺有意思的，对吧？您说说看——有没有意思？于是我们就继续驶过去了。那匹辕马好像在空中飘一样，两匹副马，我可以告诉您，简直像旋风般一样飞奔。我们已经看见了库库叶夫卡，突然间，我看到一辆绿色的旧马车在慢慢地行驶着，一个马夫站在后面的脚踏板上……是女主人，女主人的车正朝我们驶来！我很害怕，但马特廖娜用缰绳使劲地抽着马，径直朝那辆马车冲了过去！那个马车夫，您也理解，看我们朝他飞去，想要避到一边，但是转弯太急了，马车便翻倒在了雪堆里。车窗破了，女主人尖叫道：‘啊！啊！啊！啊！啊！啊！’同伴也哀号道：‘救命！救命！’而我们以最快的速度飞奔过去了。我们继续飞驰着，但是我想：‘坏事了。我不该让她到库库叶夫卡去。’您觉得呢？唉，女主人认出了马特廖娜，也认出了我，那个老巫婆，还去告了我一状。她说：‘我逃跑的农奴姑娘正住在卡拉塔叶夫先生家里’，随即她还送了份厚礼。瞧！警察局长来找我了，我以前就认识他，他叫斯捷潘·谢尔盖伊奇·库佐夫金，是个好人；也就是说，其实是个十足的坏蛋。他来了以后便说这说那的，还说：‘您怎么能干这事儿呢，彼得·彼得罗维奇？这件事很严重，法律规定得明明白白的。’我对他说：‘嗯，当然了，我们是得谈谈这事，不过，您路上辛苦了，来吃点东西吧。’他答应吃点东西，但还说道：‘公事公办，彼得·彼得罗维奇，您自己想想吧。”‘确实是，得公正，’我说道，‘当然……不过，我听说您有一匹小黑马。您愿意用它换我的拉姆普尔多斯吗？但是，我这里没有叫做马特廖娜·费多罗娃的姑娘。”‘得了吧，’他说道，‘彼得·彼得罗维奇，那姑娘是和您在一起，我们又不是住在瑞士，您知道……至于我的小黑马，倒是可以换拉姆普尔多斯，当然，那样我是接受的。’不管怎样，那次我设法摆脱了他。但是那个老太太比之前闹得更厉害了,她说，就是花一万卢布，她也不会吝啬。您知道吗，当初她看见我的时候，脑袋里突然冒出了个念头，要让我和她那个穿绿裙子的女伴结婚；这是我后来才知道的，所以她才那么怀恨在心。这些地主婆们真是什么主意都想得出来！我想，是因为太无聊了吧。我的情况越来越糟：我不惜花钱，把马特廖娜藏了起来。可是不行，他们老来烦我，把我折腾来折腾去的：我负了债，身体也越来越糟糕……有一天晚上，我躺在床上，想着：‘我的天啊，我为什么要受这样的罪啊？既然我没有办法克制住对她的爱，那我该怎么办啊？唉，我没有办法，就是这样！’马特廖娜走进了我的房间。当时，我把她藏在了距离我家一英里半的农舍。我被吓到了。‘怎么？你在那里也被他们找到了？’‘不，彼得·彼得罗维奇，’她说道，‘在布勃诺沃没人来打扰我，但是这样能长久吗？我的心，’她说道，‘都碎了，彼得·彼得罗维奇，我对不起您，我亲爱的，我永远都忘不了您的好，彼得·彼得罗维

奇，不过现在我是来向您告别的。’

'What do you mean, what do you mean, you mad girl?… Good-bye, how good-bye?’….

‘你什么意思，你什么意思，你这个疯丫头？告别，怎么告别啊?'

'Yes… I am going to give myself up.’

‘是的……我要去自首。’

'But I'll lock you up in a garret, mad girl!… Do you mean to destroy me? Do you want to kill me, or what?' The girl was silent; she looked on the floor. 'Come, speak, speak!'

‘我会把你锁进阁楼的，疯丫头！你要毁了我吗？您想让我死吗，还是怎么？’那姑娘沉默了，她看着地板。‘喂，说话呀，说话呀!'

'I can't bear to cause you any more trouble, Piotr Petrovitch.’ Well, one might talk to her as one pleased… 'But do you know, little fool, do you know, mad…’”

‘我无法忍受再给您带来更多的麻烦了，彼得·彼得罗维奇。’唉，对她还能再讲什么呢……‘但是你知道吗，小傻瓜，你知道吗，疯……’”

And Piotr Petrovitch sobbed bitterly.

彼得·彼得罗维奇痛苦地抽泣了起来。

"Well, what do you think?" he went on, striking the table with his fist and trying to frown, while the tears still coursed down his flushed cheeks; "the girl gave herself up…. She went and gave herself up…”

“唉，您猜怎么着？”他继续说道，边用拳头捶着桌子，边使劲皱起了眉，但眼泪还是从他那通红的双颊上流了下来，“那姑娘自首了……她去自首了……”

"The horses are ready," the overseer cried triumphantly, entering the room.

“马准备好了。”驿站长耀武扬威地叫着，走进房间来。

We both stood up.

我们都站了起来。

"What became of Matrona?" I asked.

“马特廖娜后来怎么样了？”我问。

Karataev waved his hand.

卡拉塔叶夫摇了摇手。

A year after my meeting with Karataev, I happened to go to Moscow. One day, before dinner, for some reason or other I went into

a café in the Ohotny row—an original Moscow café. In the billiard-room, across clouds of smoke, I caught glimpses of flushed faces, whiskers, old-fashioned Hungarian coats, and new-fangled Slavonic costumes.

我跟卡拉塔叶夫相逢后的第二年，我碰巧去了莫斯科。有一天，在晚饭前，我不知怎地走进了猎人市场的一家咖啡馆——一间有特色的莫斯科咖啡馆。在台球室，透过一团团的烟雾，我瞥见了通红的脸、胡须、老式的匈牙利外衣和新流行的斯拉夫外套。

Thin little old men in sober surtouts were reading the Russian papers. The waiters flitted airily about with trays, treading softly on the green carpets. Merchants, with painful concentration, were drinking tea. Suddenly a man came out of the billiard-room, rather dishevelled, and not quite steady on his legs. He put his hands in his pockets, bent his head, and looked aimlessly about.

几个又瘦又小的老头，穿着朴素的礼服大衣，正在看俄国报纸。侍者们轻轻地踩在绿地毯上，端着盘子轻盈地掠过。商人们带着痛苦而紧张的神情喝茶。突然间，从台球室走出来一个人，那人头发蓬乱，步履蹒跚。他两手插在口袋里，低着头，漫无目的地张望着。

"Ba, ba, ba! Piotr Petrovitch!… How are you?”

“哎呀，哎呀，哎呀！彼得·彼得罗维奇！您好吗？”

Piotr Petrovitch almost fell on my neck, and, slightly staggering, drew me into a small private room.

彼得·彼得罗维奇几乎都扑到我脖子上了，然后微微蹒跚着，把我拉进了一个小单间。

"Come here," he said, carefully seating me in an easy-chair; "here you will be comfortable. Waiter, beer! No, I mean champagne! There, I'll confess, I didn't expect; I didn't expect… Have you been here long? Are you staying much longer? Well, God has brought us, as they say, together.”

“来这里，”他说道，体贴地把我拉到了一张安乐椅上，“这样您就舒坦了。伙计，啤酒！不，我要香槟！唉，我坦白说，我没料到，我没料到……您来这里很久了吗？您要呆很久吗？啊，就像俗话说的，上帝安排我们相聚啊。”

"Yes, do you remember…”

“是呀，您还记得……."

"To be sure, I remember; to be sure, I remember!" he interrupted me hurriedly; "it's a thing of the past…”

“当然了，我记得，当然了，我记得！”他赶忙打断我的话说道，“都是过去的事了……”

"Well, what are you doing here, my dear Piotr Petrovitch?"

“喂，您在这里干些什么啊，我亲爱的彼得·彼得罗维奇？”

"I'm living, as you can see. Life's first-rate here; they're a merry lot here. Here I've found peace.”

“您也看到了，我还活着。这里的生活很好，也都很快乐。我在这里找到了安宁。”

And he sighed, and raised his eyes towards heaven.

他叹了口气，抬眼看着上面。

"Are you in the service?"

“您担任职务吗？”

"No, I'm not in the service yet, but I think I shall enter. But what's the service?… People are the chief thing. What people I have got to know here!…”

“没，我还没担任职务，但是我想我会的。但是任职有什么呢？人才是最重要的。我在这里认识的人都好棒……”

A boy came in with a bottle of champagne on a black tray.

一个男孩用一个黑色的托盘端着瓶香槟，走了进来。

"There, and this is a good fellow…. Isn't that true, Vasya, that you're a good fellow? To your health!”

“瞧，这就是个好人……是不是，瓦夏，你是个好人？祝您健康！”

The boy stood a minute, shook his head, decorously smiled, and went out.

那个男孩站了一会儿，摇了摇头，礼貌地笑了笑，便出去了。

"Yes, there are capital people here," pursued Piotr Petrovitch; "people of soul, of feeling…. Would you like me to introduce you?—such jolly chaps…. They'll all be glad to know you. I say… Bobrov is dead; that's a sad thing.”

“是呀，这里的人都很棒，”彼得·彼得罗维奇接着说，“人们有灵魂，有感情……您想要我给您介绍一下吗？都是些欢乐的小伙子……他们会很高兴认识您的。我说……博布罗夫死了，真是件令人难受的事。”

"What Bobrov?"

“哪个博布罗夫？”

"Sergay Bobrov; he was a capital fellow; he took me under his wing as an ignoramus from the wilds. And Panteley Gornostaev is dead. All dead, all!"

“谢尔盖·博布罗夫，他是个很棒的人，照顾过我这个没文化的乡下人。戈尔诺斯塔叶夫·潘捷莱也死了。都死了，都死了！”

"Have you been living all the time in Moscow? You haven't been away to the country?”

“您一直都住在莫斯科吗？您没回过乡下吗？”

"To the country!… My country place is sold.”

“回乡下！我的村子都卖了。”

"Sold?"

“卖了？”

"By auction…. There! what a pity you didn't buy it.”

“拍卖的……唉！您没买多可惜啊。”

"What are you going to live on, Piotr Petrovitch?"

“那您靠什么生活啊，彼得·彼得罗维奇？”

"I shan't die of hunger; God will provide when I've no money. I shall have friends. And what is money…. Dust and ashes! Gold is dust!”

“我不会饿死的，我没钱的时候上帝会帮助我的。我会有朋友的。钱是什么啊……尘土！黄金也是尘土！”

He shut his eyes, felt in his pocket, and held out to me in the palm of his hand two sixpences and a penny.

他闭上眼睛，在口袋里摸了摸，伸出手来，手心里放着两个六便士硬币和一个一便士硬币。

"What's that? Isn't it dust and ashes" (and the money flew on the floor). "But you had better tell me, have you read Polezhaev?"

“这是什么？难道不是尘土吗？”（钱币飞落到了地上）。“不过请您告诉我，您读过波列扎耶夫的诗吗？”

"Yes."

“读过。”

"Have you seen Motchalov in Hamlet?"

“您看过莫恰洛夫演的哈姆雷特吗？”

"No, I haven't.”

“没，我没看过。”

"You've not seen him, not seen him!…” (And Karataev's face turned pale; his eyes strayed uneasily; he turned away; a faint spasm passed over his lips.) "Ah, Motchalov, Motchalov! 'To die—to sleep!'”

he said in a thick voice:

“您没看过，没看过！”（卡拉塔叶夫的脸变得苍白，眼睛不安地游离着，他转过脸，嘴唇微微颤抖着。）“啊，莫恰洛夫，莫恰洛夫！‘死了——睡着了！”他说道，声音浑厚：

"No more; and by a sleep to say we end The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep!”

“再也没有了，要是在这种睡眠之中，我们心头的创痛，以及其他无数血肉之躯所不能避免的打击，都可以从此消失，那正是我们求之不得的结局。死了，睡着了！”

"To sleep—to sleep," he muttered several times.

“睡着了，睡着了。”他喃喃地说了好几次。

"Tell me, please," I began; but he went on with fire:

“请给我说说吧。”我开始说，但是他又继续激情地念道：

"Who would bear the whips and scorns of time, The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, The insolence of office and the spurns That patient merit of the unworthy takes When he himself might his quietus make With a bare bodkin? Nymph in thy orisons Beall my sins remembered.”

“谁愿意忍受人世的鞭挞和讥嘲、压迫者的凌辱、傲慢者的冷眼、官吏的横暴和辛勤劳动所换来的小人的鄙视，他只要用一把小小的刀子，就可以清算他自己的一生？在你的祈祷之中，不要忘记忏悔我的罪孽。”

And he dropped his head on the table. He began stammering and talking at random. "Within a month!" he delivered with fresh fire:

他把头埋到了桌上。他开始结结巴巴地胡言乱语。“一个月之内！”他又重燃起了激情念道：

"A little month, or ere those shoes were old, With which she followed my poor father's body, Like Niobe—all tears; why she, even she—O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason, Would have mourned longer!”

“短短的一个月以前，她哭得像个泪人儿似的，送我那可怜的父亲下葬，她送葬的时候穿的那双鞋子还没有破，她就，她就——上帝啊！一头没有理性的畜生，也要悲伤得长久一些……

He raised a glass of champagne to his lips, but did not drink off the wine, and went on:

他把香槟酒举到了嘴唇边，但没有喝下去，而是继续念道：

"For Hecuba! What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, That he should weep for her?… But I'm a dull and muddy mettled-rascal, Who

calls me coward? gives me the lie i' the throat?… Why I should take it; for it cannot be, but I am pigeon-livered and lack gall To make oppression bitter.”

“为了赫卡柏！赫卡柏和他有什么相干，他与赫卡柏又有什么相干，他却要为她流泪？可是我，一个糊涂透顶的家伙……我是一个懦夫吗？谁骂我恶人？谁当面指斥我胡说？我应该忍受这样的侮辱，因为我是一个没有心肝、逆来顺受的怯汉……”

Karataev put down the glass and grabbed at his head. I fancied I understood him.

卡拉塔叶夫放下酒杯，抓着自己的头。我觉得我能理解他。

"Well, well," he said at last, "one must not rake up the past. Isn't that so?" (and he laughed). "To your health!"

“好了，好了，”他最后说，“人不该活在过去。不是吗？”（他笑了笑）。“祝您健康！”

"Shall you stay in Moscow?" I asked him.

“您会一直呆在莫斯科吗？”我问他。

"I shall die in Moscow!"

“我会死在莫斯科！”

"Karataev!" called a voice in the next room; "Karataev, where are you? Come here, my dear fellow!"

“卡拉塔叶夫！”隔壁房间有一个声音叫道，“卡拉塔叶夫，你在哪里？过来，我亲爱的伙计！”

"They're calling me," he said, getting up heavily from his seat. "Good-bye; come and see me if you can; I live in….”

“他们在叫我了，”他说着，笨重地从座位上站了起来，“再见，要是您有空的话来会会我，我住在……”

But next day, through unforeseen circumstances, I was obliged to leave Moscow, and I never saw Piotr Petrovitch Karataev again.

可是第二天，因为发生意外的事情，我不得不离开莫斯科，后来我再也没有见到过彼得·彼得罗维奇·卡拉塔叶夫。

CHAPTER XIX THE TRYST

第十九章 幽会

I was sitting in a birchwood in autumn, about the middle of September. From early morning a fine rain had been falling, with intervals from time to time of warm sunshine; the weather was unsettled. The sky was at one time overcast with soft white clouds, at another it suddenly cleared in parts for an instant, and then behind the parting clouds could be seen a blue, bright and tender as a beautiful eye. I sat looking about and listening. The leaves faintly rustled over my head; from the sound of them alone one could tell what time of year it was. It was not the gay laughing tremor of the spring, nor the subdued whispering, the prolonged gossip of the summer, nor the chill and timid faltering of late autumn, but a scarcely audible, drowsy chatter. A slight breeze was faintly humming in the tree-tops. Wet with the rain, the copse in its inmost recesses was for ever changing as the sun shone or hid behind a cloud; at one moment it was all a radiance, as though suddenly everything were smiling in it; the slender stems of the thinly-growing birch-trees took all at once the soft lustre of white silk, the tiny leaves lying on the earth were on a sudden flecked and flaring with purplish gold, and the graceful stalks of the high, curly bracken, decked already in their autumn colour, the hue of an over-ripe grape, seemed interlacing in endless tangling crisscross before one's eyes; then suddenly again everything around was faintly bluish; the glaring tints died away instantaneously, the birch-trees stood all white and lustreless, white as fresh-fallen snow, before the cold rays of the winter sun have caressed it; and slily, stealthily there began drizzling and whispering through the wood the finest rain. The leaves on the birches were still almost all green, though perceptibly paler; only here and there stood one young leaf, all red or golden, and it was a sight to see how it flamed in the sunshine when the sunbeams suddenly pierced with tangled flecks of light through the thick network of delicate twigs, freshly washed by the sparkling rain. Not one bird could be heard; all were in hiding and silent, except that at times there rang out the metallic, bell-like sound of the jeering tomtit. Before halting in this birch copse I had been through a wood of tall aspen-trees with my dog. I confess I have no great liking for that tree, the aspen, with its pale-lilac trunk and the greyish-green metallic leaves which it flings high as it can, and unfolds in a quivering fan in the air; I do not care for the eternal shaking of its round, slovenly leaves, awkwardly hooked on to long stalks. It is only fine on some summer evenings when, rising singly

above low undergrowth, it faces the reddening beams of the setting sun, and shines and quivers, bathed from root to top in one unbroken yellow glow, or when, on a clear windy day, it is all rippling, rustling, and whispering to the blue sky, and every leaf is, as it were, taken by a longing to break away, to fly off and soar into the distance. But, as a rule, I don't care for the tree, and so, not stopping to rest in the aspen wood, I made my way to the birch-copse, nestled down under one tree whose branches started low down near the ground, and were consequently capable of shielding me from the rain, and after admiring the surrounding view a little, I fell into that sweet untroubled sleep only known to sportsmen.

那是在秋天，大约是九月中旬，我坐在一片桦树林里。从一大早开始，就在下小雨，中间偶尔不下的时候，会有温暖的阳光洒下来；这天气可真是变化无常。天空中一度密布着轻柔的白云，有时有几个地方又瞬间晴朗起来，然后在分开的云朵间可以看到一片蓝天，明亮而柔和，宛如一只美丽的眼睛。我坐着，一边观赏四周，一边倾听。树叶在我的头上轻轻地发出沙沙声；单是从它们发出的声音，你就能辨别出这是一年中的哪个季节。这不是春天欢快的、令人兴奋的笑声，不是夏天柔和的私语声、拖长的絮语声，也不是深秋寒凉的、羞怯的支吾声，而是几乎听不到的、让人昏昏欲睡的喋喋声。一阵微风轻轻地吹拂着树梢。被雨浸湿的杂树林的最深处，随着日照或云遮总在变化着；一会儿阳光灿烂，好像突然间一切都在微笑；不很茂密的桦树那细长的树干突然蒙上了白丝绸一般的柔光，落在地上的小树叶突然变得光影斑驳，闪着略带紫色的金光，高高的、卷曲的欧洲蕨那优雅的茎，已经装饰上了它们秋天的颜色——像过熟的葡萄似的颜色，似乎在你眼前无尽地交叉缠结；然后，周围的一切又在突然间都微微泛蓝；耀眼的色彩顷刻间消失了，桦树全都成了白色，没有了光泽，就像新降的、还没有被冬天寒冷的阳光爱抚过的雪一样白；那细雨又开始顽皮地、悄悄地洒向树林，淅淅沥沥地下了起来。桦树上的叶子几乎还全是绿的，不过显然苍白了些；只是在某个地方，长着一片小叶子，全身是红色或金色的，你可以看到，当阳光的光束突然透过刚被大雨冲洗过的精巧嫩枝的厚厚的网络，纠结地照射下来的时候，这棵桦树在阳光中是多么地光彩夺目。听不到一声鸟叫；鸟儿们都躲了起来，默不作声，除了不时地响起山雀那金属铃似的、带着嘲笑意味的啼叫声。在停在这片桦树林之前，我已经和我的狗一起穿过了一片高高的白杨树林。坦白说，我并不是很喜欢白杨树，这种树有淡紫色的树干和灰绿色的金属般的叶子，这种叶子使劲往上蹿，像一把抖动的扇子一样在空中展开；我不喜欢它那些笨拙地挂在长枝条上的凌乱的圆叶不停摇晃的样子。白杨树只是在某几个夏夜可爱些，那时候它独自在低矮的灌林下木丛中耸立着，迎着落日的红光，发着光，颤动着，从根到顶都沐浴在不间断的黄光之中；或是在一个晴朗有风的日子，整个都摇晃着，沙沙作响，对着蓝天窃窃私语，每一片叶子好像都渴望挣脱开，飞出去，高飞到远方。不过，一般来说，我并不喜欢这种树，因此，我没有在白杨树林里停下来休息，而是来到了小桦树林，在一棵枝条低垂得接近地面、可以让我避雨的树下舒服地坐了下来，在

欣赏了一下周围的景色之后，我进入了只有运动员才懂得的甜美平静的梦乡。

I cannot say how long I was asleep, but when I opened my eyes, all the depths of the wood were filled with sunlight, and in all directions across the joyously rustling leaves there were glimpses and, as it were, flashes of intense blue sky; the clouds had vanished, driven away by the blustering wind; the weather had changed to fair, and there was that feeling of peculiar dry freshness in the air which fills the heart with a sense of boldness, and is almost always a sure sign of a still bright evening after a rainy day. I was just about to get up and try my luck again when suddenly my eyes fell on a motionless human figure. I looked attentively; it was a young peasant girl. She was sitting twenty paces off, her head bent in thought, and her hands lying in her lap; one of them, half-open, held a big nosegay of wild flowers, which softly stirred on her checked petticoat with every breath. Her clean white smock, buttoned up at the throat and wrists, lay in short soft folds about her figure; two rows of big yellow beads fell from her neck to her bosom. She was very pretty. Her thick fair hair of a lovely, almost ashen hue, was parted into two carefully combed semicircles, under the narrow crimson fillet, which was brought down almost on to her forehead, white as ivory; the rest of her face was faintly tanned that golden hue which is only taken by a delicate skin. I could not see her eyes—she did not raise them; but I saw her delicate high eye-brows, her long lashes; they were wet, and on one of her cheeks there shone in the sun the traces of quickly drying tears, reaching right down to her rather pale lips. Her little head was very charming altogether; even her rather thick and snub nose did not spoil her. I was especially taken with the expression of her face; it was so simple and gentle, so sad and so full of childish wonder at its own sadness. She was obviously waiting for some one; something made a faint crackling in the wood; she raised her head at once, and looked round; in the transparent shade I caught a rapid glimpse of her eyes, large, clear, and timorous, like a fawn's. For a few instants she listened, not moving her wide open eyes from the spot whence the faint sound had come; she sighed, turned her head slowly, bent still lower, and began sorting her flowers. Her eyelids turned red, her lips twitched faintly, and a fresh tear rolled from under her thick eyelashes, and stood brightly shining on her cheek. Rather a long while passed thus; the poor girl did not stir, except for a despairing movement of her hands now and then—and she kept listening, listening…. Again there was a crackling sound in the wood: she started. The sound did not cease, grew more distinct, and came closer; at last one could hear quick resolute footsteps. She drew herself up and seemed frightened; her intent gaze was all aquiver, all aglow with expectation. Through the

thicket quickly appeared the figure of a man. She gazed at it, suddenly flushed, gave a radiant, blissful smile, tried to rise, and sank back again at once, turned white and confused, and only raised her quivering, almost supplicating eyes to the man approaching, when the latter stood still beside her.

我不知道自己睡了多久，但是当我睁开双眼的时候，树林里洒满了阳光，透过快乐的沙沙作响的树叶，从四面八方都能瞥见蓝天耀眼的闪光；云朵被狂暴的风吹走了，消散了；天气已经转为了晴朗，空气中有一种特别的干爽和清新，让人心中充满了一种无畏的感觉，这几乎总是雨天后将有一个平静明亮的黄昏的可靠征兆。当我正打算起身、想再去碰碰运气时，目光突然落在了一个一动不动的人身上。我定睛一看，那是一个年轻的农家姑娘。她坐在离我二十步远的地方，正低着头沉思，双手放在膝上；其中一只手半张着，握着一大束野花，这束野花随着她的呼吸，轻轻地触碰着她的格子花纹的裙子。她那领口和袖口都扣着的洁白的衬衫，在她的身上形成短短的、柔软的褶皱；两排大大的黄色珠子从她的颈部垂到了胸前。她非常美丽。她浓密的金发带着可爱的、几乎有点灰的色彩，被小心地分开并梳成了两个半圆形，那条窄窄的深红色的束发带，几乎都要垂到她那象牙一样白的额头上了；她脸庞的其他部分被微微晒成了古铜色，只有细腻的皮肤才会被晒成这样。我看不见她的双眼——她并没有把双眼抬起来；但是我看见了她精致的高高的眼眉和长长的睫毛；她的睫毛湿湿的，在她的一边脸颊上有快要干了的泪痕，在太阳下闪着光，正好落在她有点苍白的嘴唇上。她小小的头整个都非常迷人；甚至她那有点肥、短平上翘的鼻子也没有影响到她的美丽。她脸上的表情尤其吸引我：那么天真、那么温和、那么忧伤，又对自己的忧伤充满了稚气的怀疑。她很明显是在等人；树林里只要一有点什么动静，她就会立刻抬起头，四处张望；在通透的阴影里，她那双像小鹿一般又大又清澈的怯生生的眼睛在我面前迅速地闪了一下。她倾听了一会儿，睁大双眼盯着发出细微声响的地方；她叹了口气，慢慢地把头转了过去，身子弯得更低了，开始整理她的花。她的眼皮泛红，双唇微微地颤动着，泪水又从她浓密的睫毛下滚落，在她的脸颊上闪闪发光。就这样过了好一阵子；这个可怜的姑娘，除了双手有时绝望地动一动，并没有动一下，她一直倾听着，倾听着……树林里再一次响起了窸窸窣窣的声音，她颤抖了一下。这声音并没有停止，变得越来越清晰、越来越近了；最后变成了急促而坚定的脚步声。她直起了腰，好像害怕了；她那凝神的目光颤抖了，闪着期待的光芒。灌木丛中迅速闪现出了一个男人的身影。她仔细一看，突然脸红了，幸福而喜悦地微笑了一下，她试图站起来，然后又马上坐了下去，脸色发白，不知所措，直到那个前来的人在她身旁站定时，她才抬起了她那双颤抖的、几乎带着恳求的眼睛看着他。

I looked at him with curiosity from my ambush. I confess he did not make an agreeable impression on me. He was, to judge by external signs, the pampered valet of some rich young gentleman. His attire betrayed pretensions to style and fashionable carelessness; he wore a

shortish coat of a bronze colour, doubtless from his master's wardrobe, buttoned up to the top, a pink cravat with lilac ends, and a black velvet cap with a gold ribbon, pulled forward right on to his eyebrows. The round collar of his white shirt mercilessly propped up his ears and cut his cheeks, and his starched cuffs hid his whole hand to the red crooked fingers, adorned by gold and silver rings, with turquoise forget-me-nots. His red, fresh, impudent-looking face belonged to the order of faces which, as far as I have observed, are almost always repulsive to men, and unfortunately are very often attractive to women. He was obviously trying to give a scornful and bored expression to his coarse features; he was incessantly screwing up his milky grey eyes—small enough at all times; he scowled, dropped the corners of his mouth, affected to yawn, and with careless, though not perfectly natural nonchalance, pushed back his modishly curled red locks, or pinched the yellow hairs sprouting on his thick upper lip—in fact, he gave himself insufferable airs. He began his antics directly he caught sight of the young peasant girl waiting for him; slowly, with a swaggering step, he went up to her, stood a moment shrugging his shoulders, stuffed both hands in his coat pockets, and barely vouchsafing the poor girl a cursory and indifferent glance, he dropped on to the ground.

我好奇地从自己的藏身处看了看他。我承认他没有带给我令人愉快的印象。从外在的迹象来判断，他是某个富有的青年绅士的被惯坏了的贴身男仆。他的穿着显示出了他对款式的追求和赶时髦的心理；他穿着一件稍短的青铜色上衣（无疑是出自他主人的衣柜），扣子直扣到最上面，系着一条两端是淡紫色的粉红色领带，戴着一顶装饰有金色丝带的黑天鹅绒帽子，直拉到了他的眼眉上。他的白衬衣的圆领毫不留情地撑起了他的耳朵，划着他的脸颊，浆得硬硬的袖口把他的整只手都遮住了，只露出又红又弯的手指，指头上面戴着金戒指和银戒指，戒指上镶嵌着勿忘我形状的绿松石。他那又红又嫩、看上去放肆无礼的脸，就我的观察来说，属于那种几乎总让男人厌恶，遗憾的是，却通常对女人很有吸引力的脸。他明显在努力让自己粗俗的嘴脸摆出一副轻蔑而厌烦的表情；他不停地眯起他那双本来就很小的乳灰色眼睛；他皱了皱眉，撇了撇嘴角，不自然地打着哈欠，装作漠不关心，但是又装得不太自然，往后推一推几缕时髦的红色卷发，或是捏一捏长在他那厚嘴唇上方的黄色胡子——事实上，他装腔作势得让人受不了。他一看见那个年轻的农家女孩在等着他，便开始装腔作势起来；他以一种大摇大摆的步态，慢慢地走到了她跟前，站了一会儿，耸了耸肩，把双手插在上衣口袋里，仅仅赐给了这个可怜的姑娘匆匆的漠不关心的一瞥，便坐了下来。

"Well," he began, still gazing away, swinging his leg and yawning, "have you been here long?"

“那么，”他开始说，双眼仍然盯着别的地方，晃悠着一条腿，打着哈欠，“你来这里很久了吗？”

The girl could not at once answer.

那姑娘没能马上回答。

"Yes, a long while, Viktor Alexandritch," she said at last, in a voice hardly audible.

“是的，很久了，维克托·亚历山大雷奇。”她终于用几乎听不见的声音说。

"Ah!" (He took off his cap, majestically passed his hand over his thick, stiffly curled hair, which grew almost down to his eyebrows, and looking round him with dignity, he carelessly covered his precious head again.) "And I quite forgot all about it. Besides, it rained!" (He yawned again.) "Lots to do; there's no looking after everything; and he's always scolding. We set off to-morrow….”

“啊！”（他摘下了帽子，很有派头地用手摸了摸他那几乎都要长到眼眉上的浓密僵硬的卷发，很有威严地看了看四周，又漫不经心地盖上了他那颗宝贵的头。）“我把这事儿全忘了。再说，还下雨了！”（他又打了个哈欠。）“事情太多，没法每件事都顾及到，而且他还总是骂骂咧咧的。我们明天就出发……”

"To-morrow?" uttered the young girl. And she fastened her startled eyes upon him.

“明天？”年轻的姑娘说。她用吃惊的目光盯着他。

"Yes, to-morrow…. Come, come, come, please!" he added, in a tone of vexation, seeing she was shaking all over and softly bending her head; "please, Akulina, don't cry. You know, I can't stand that.” (And he wrinkled up his snub nose.) "Else I'll go away at once…. What silliness—snivelling!”

“对，明天……哎，哎，哎，求你了！”看到她全身发抖，轻轻地垂下了头，他又用一种苦恼的口吻说道，“求你了，阿库利娜，别哭了。你知道的，我受不了这样。”（然后他皱起了他的狮子鼻。）“不然我马上就走……多蠢啊——哭哭啼啼的！”

"There, I won't, I won't!" cried Akulina, hurriedly gulping down her tears with an effort. "You are starting to-morrow?" she added, after a brief silence: "when will God grant that we see each other again, Viktor Alexandritch?"

“好啦，我不哭了，我不哭了！”阿库利娜叫道，赶忙努力忍住了眼泪，“你们明天就出发？”她在短暂的沉默之后又补充道，“上帝什么时候才会让我们再见面啊，维克托·亚历山大雷奇？”

"We shall see each other, we shall see each other. If not next year—then later. The master wants to enter the service in Petersburg, I fancy," he went on, pronouncing his words with careless

condescension through his nose; "and perhaps we shall go abroad too."

“我们会再见面的，我们会再见面的。如果不是明年，就是以后。我猜，主人想在彼得堡入伍，”他继续漫不经心地、高傲地用鼻音说道，“或许我们还会出国呢。”

"You will forget me, Viktor Alexandritch," said Akulina mournfully.

“您会忘了我的，维克托·亚历山大雷奇。”阿库利娜悲伤地说道。

"No, why so? I won't forget you; only you be sensible, don't be a fool; obey your father…. And I won't forget you—no-o.” (And he placidly stretched and yawned again.)

“不，怎么会呢？我不会忘了你的，只是你要明智点，不要犯傻，要听你爹的话……我不会忘了你的，不——会。”（他满足地伸了个懒腰，又打了个哈欠。）

"Don't forget me, Viktor Alexandritch," she went on in a supplicating voice. "I think none could, love you as I do. I have given you everything…. You tell me to obey my father, Viktor Alexandritch…. But how can I obey my father?…”

“不要忘了我，维克托·亚历山大雷奇，”她继续用恳求的声音说道，“我想没有人会像我这么爱您了。我把什么都给您了……您叫我听我爹的，维克托·亚历山大雷奇……但是我怎么能听我爹的呢？”

"Why not?" (He uttered these words, as it were, from his stomach, lying on his back with his hands behind his head.)

“为什么不能？”（他正仰卧着，双手垫在头底下，这句话仿佛是从胃里说出来的一样。）

"But how can I, Viktor Alexandritch?—you know yourself…”

“但是我怎么能啊，维克托·亚历山大雷奇？您自己知道……”

She broke off. Viktor played with his steel watch-chain.

她突然停了下来。维克托把玩着他的钢表链。

"You're not a fool, Akulina," he said at last, "so don't talk nonsense. I desire your good—do you understand me? To be sure, you're not a fool—not altogether a mere rustic, so to say; and your mother, too, wasn't always a peasant. Still you've no education—so you ought to do what you're told.”

“你又不是个傻瓜，阿库利娜，”他终于说道，“所以不要再胡说了。我希望你好好的，你明白我的意思吗？真的，你不是个傻瓜，可以说，不完全是个乡下女人的样子，你母亲也一样，不总是个农民的样子。不过你还是没有受过教育，所以你应该照着别人告诉你的话去做。”

"But it's fearful, Viktor Alexandritch.”

“可这多么可怕啊，维克托·亚历山大雷奇。”

"O-oh! that's nonsense, my dear; a queer thing to be afraid of! What have you got there?" he added, moving closer to her; "flowers?"

“哦——哦！胡说，我亲爱的，有什么可怕的！你拿的是什么？”他向她挪近了些又说道，“是花吗？”

"Yes," Akulina responded dejectedly. "That's some wild tansy I picked," she went on, brightening up a little; "it's good for calves. And this is bud-marigold—against the king's evil. Look, what an exquisite flower! I've never seen such a lovely flower before. These are forget-me-nots, and that's mother-darling…. And these I picked for you," she added, taking from under a yellow tansy a small bunch of blue corn-flowers, tied up with a thin blade of grass. "Do you like them?"

“是花，”阿库利娜沮丧地回答说，“这是我摘的野艾菊。”她稍微高兴了些，继续说道：“给小牛吃很好。这是金盏花蕾——能治瘰疬。瞧，多好看的花啊！我以前从没见过这么可爱的花呢。这些是勿忘我，那是香堇菜……这些是我为您采的。”她从一束黄色的艾菊下面拿出一小束用细草叶捆好的蓝色的矢车菊，又说道，“您喜欢它们吗？”

Viktor languidly held out his hand, took the flowers, carelessly sniffed at them, and began twirling them in his fingers, looking upwards. Akulina watched him…. In her mournful eyes there was such tender devotion, adoring submission and love. She was afraid of him, and did not dare to cry, and was saying good-bye to him and admiring him for the last time; while he lay, lolling like a sultan, and with magnanimous patience and condescension put up with her adoration. I must own, I glared indignantly at his red face, on which, under the affectation of scornful indifference, one could discern vanity soothed and satisfied. Akulina was so sweet at that instant; her whole soul was confidingly and passionately laid bare before him, full of longing and caressing tenderness, while he… he dropped the corn-flowers on the grass, pulled out of the side pocket of his coat a round eye-glass set in a brass rim, and began sticking it in his eye; but however much he tried to hold it with his frowning eyebrow, his pursed-up cheek and nose, the eye-glass kept tumbling out and falling into his hand.

维克托懒洋洋地伸出了一只手，接过花，漫不经心地闻了闻，然后开始用手指旋转它们，朝上望着。阿库利娜看着他……她悲哀的目光里有着如此温柔的忠诚、崇敬、谦恭和爱意。她害怕他，不敢哭泣，想要和他告别，最后一次欣赏他；而他则躺着，像个苏丹一样懒洋洋地躺着，以一种宽宏大量的耐心和高傲的态度忍受着她的爱慕。我必须承认，我当时愤怒地瞪着他那张红红的脸，在那张脸上，透过那种轻蔑

的、冷漠的做作，可以看出得到了抚慰和满足的虚荣心。阿库利娜在这个瞬间是那么地可爱；她的整个灵魂带着信任和热情坦露在他的面前，充满了渴望和款款柔情，而他呢……他把矢车菊扔到草地上，从他的上衣的侧插袋里掏出了一个镶着黄铜边的圆形眼镜片，把它放到了一只眼睛上；但是不管他多努力地皱起眼眉，抬起脸颊和鼻子来托住它，镜片都总是掉下来，落进他的手里。

"What is it?" Akulina asked at last in wonder.

“这是什么？”阿库利娜终于好奇地问道。

"An eye-glass," he answered with dignity.

“单眼镜。”他神气地答道。

"What for?"

“做什么用的？”

"Why, to see better."

“嗨，看得更清楚呗。”

"Show me."

“给我看看。”

Viktor scowled, but gave her the glass.

维克托皱了皱眉，但还是把眼镜片给了她。

"Don't break it; look out.”

“别打破了，当心点。”

"No fear, I won't break it.” (She put it to her eye.) "I see nothing," she said innocently.

“别怕，我不会把它打破的。”（她把它放到了一只眼睛上。）“我什么都看不见啊。”她天真地说道。

"But you must shut your eye," he retorted in the tones of a displeased teacher. (She shut the eye before which she held the glass.)

“你得闭上一只眼睛。”他用生气的老师的口吻反驳道。（她闭上了那只对着镜片的眼睛。）

"Not that one, not that one, you fool! the other!" cried Viktor, and he took away his eye-glass, without allowing her to correct her mistake.

“不是这只，不是这只，你这个傻瓜！是那只！”维克托叫道，然后拿走了他的眼镜片，都不让她纠正自己的错误。

Akulina flushed a little, gave a faint laugh, and turned away.

阿库利娜有点脸红了，微微笑了笑，转过了脸去。

"It's clear it's not for the likes of us," she said.

“很显然它不是像我们这样的人能用的。”她说。

"I should think not, indeed!"

“那是当然了！”

The poor girl was silent and gave a deep sigh.

这个可怜的姑娘沉默了，深深地叹了口气。

"Ah, Viktor Alexandritch, what it will be like for me to be without you!" she said suddenly.

“啊，维克托·亚历山大雷奇，没有您我会是什么样子啊！”她突然说道。

Victor rubbed the glass on the lappet of his coat and put it back in his pocket.

维克托用他的衣襟擦了擦那块镜片，把它放回了口袋。

"Yes, yes," he said at last, "at first it will be hard for you, certainly." (He patted her condescendingly on the shoulder; she softly took his hand from her shoulder and timidly kissed it.) "There, there, you're a good girl, certainly," he went on, with a complacent smile; "but what's to be done? You can see for yourself! me and the master could never stay on here; it will soon be winter now, and winter in the country—you know yourself—is simply disgusting. It's quite another thing in Petersburg! There there are simply such wonders as a silly girl like you could never fancy in your dreams! Such horses and streets, and society, and civilisation—simply marvellous!…” (Akulina listened with devouring attention, her lips slightly parted, like a child.) "But what's the use," he added, turning over on the ground, "of my telling you all this? Of course, you can't understand it!”

“是，是，”他终于说，“当然，一开始你确实会难过。”（他带着恩赐的态度拍了拍她的肩；她轻轻地从肩上拉过他的手，羞怯地吻了吻它。）“好啦，好啦，你确实是个好姑娘，”他继续带着得意的微笑说道，“但是又能怎样呢？你自己想想！我和主人绝对不能留在这里；现在冬天快到了，乡下的冬天——你自己也知道——简直令人厌恶。在彼得堡就是另外一回事了！那可是像你这样的傻姑娘做梦都想不到的好地方啊！那些马呀、街呀，还有社交、文明——真是棒极了！”（阿库利娜像个小孩似的热切而专心地听着，双唇微微张着。）“但是，”他在地上翻了个身，又接着说，“给你说这些有什么用？你当然是搞不懂这些的！”

"Why so, Viktor Alexandritch! I understand; I understood everything."

“怎么会，维克托·亚历山大雷奇！我懂，我什么都懂。”

"My eye, what a girl it is!"

“天哪，瞧你这个样子！”

Akulina looked down.

阿库利娜低下了头。

"You used not to talk to me like that once, Viktor Alexandritch," she said, not lifting her eyes.

“您以前不是像这样对我说话的，维克托·亚历山大雷奇。”她说道，并没有抬起眼睛。

"Once?… once!… My goodness!" he remarked, as though in indignation.

“以前？以前！我的天啊！”他说道，似乎很愤怒。

They both were silent.

他俩都沉默了。

"It's time I was going," said Viktor, and he was already rising on to his elbow.

“我是时候走了。”维克托说道，已经用胳膊肘撑起了身子。

"Wait a little longer," Akulina besought him in a supplicating voice.

“再等一会儿吧。”阿库利娜用乞求的声音对他说。

"What for?… Why, I've said good-bye to you.”

“干嘛？嗨，我已经跟你告别过了。”

"Wait a little," repeated Akulina.

“再等一会儿。”阿库利娜重复说道。

Viktor lay down again and began whistling. Akulina never took her eyes off him. I could see that she was gradually being overcome by emotion; her lips twitched, her pale cheeks faintly glowed.

维克托又躺了下来，吹起了口哨。阿库利娜的目光一直没离开过他。我可以看出她渐渐地激动起来；她的双唇颤动着，苍白的脸颊微微泛红。

"Viktor Alexandritch," she began at last in a broken voice, "it's too bad of you… it is too bad of you, Viktor Alexandritch, indeed it is!”

“维克托·亚历山大雷奇，”她终于开始用断断续续的声音说道，“您太坏了……您太坏了，维克托·亚历山大雷奇，真的！”

"What's too bad?" he asked frowning, and he slightly raised his

head and turned it towards her.

“什么太坏了？”他皱着眉问道，微微抬起头，朝她转了过去。

"It's too bad, Viktor Alexandritch. You might at least say one kind word to me at parting; you might have said one little word to me, a poor luckless forlorn.”…

“太坏了，维克托·亚历山大雷奇。在分别的时候，您哪怕至少对我说句好听的话也好啊；您哪怕对我说一小句话，我这个不幸的孤独的可怜人啊。”……

"But what am I to say to you?"

“但是我要对你说什么啊？”

"I don't know; you know that best, Viktor Alexandritch. Here you are going away, and one little word…. What have I done to deserve it?”

“我不知道，您最清楚了，维克托·亚历山大雷奇。您这就要走了，一小句话……我做了什么要受到这样的对待啊？”

"You're such a queer creature! What can I do?”

“你真是个奇怪的人！我能做什么？”

"One word at least."

“至少也说一句话啊。”

"There, she keeps on at the same thing," he commented with annoyance, and he got up.

“瞧，她老是说一样的话。”他恼怒地说道，站了起来。

"Don't be angry, Viktor Alexandritch," she added hurriedly, with difficulty suppressing her tears.

“别生气啊，维克托·亚历山大雷奇。”她好不容易才忍住了眼泪，赶忙接着说。

"I'm not angry, only you're silly…. What do you want? You know I can't marry you, can I? I can't, can I? What is it you want then, eh?” (He thrust his face forward as though expecting an answer, and spread his fingers out.)

“我不生气，只是你太傻了……你想要什么啊？你知道我不能跟你结婚，我能吗？我不能，我能吗？那你想要什么啊？”（他把脸朝前伸了过去，好像在等待答复一样，张开了手指。）

"I want nothing… nothing," she answered falteringly, and she ventured to hold out her trembling hands to him; "but only a word at parting."

“我什么都不想要……什么都不要，”她支吾地答道，壮着胆子把她那双颤抖的手伸向他，“只是想要一句分别的话。”

And her tears fell in a torrent.

然后她便泪如雨下。

"There, that means she's gone off into crying," said Viktor coolly, pushing down his cap on to his eyes.

“瞧，她又哭起来了。”维克托冷冷地说道，把自己的帽子拉到了眼睛上。

"I want nothing," she went on, sobbing and covering her face with her hands; "but what is there before me in my family? what is there before me? what will happen to me? what will become of me, poor wretch? They will marry me to a hateful… poor forsaken… Poor me!”

“我什么都不要，”她继续说道，用双手捂着脸，呜咽着，“但是我以后在家里要面对什么？我要面对什么？我会有什么遭遇？我这个可怜的人会遭遇什么？他们会让我嫁给一个可恶的……我这个被抛弃的可怜人……可怜的我啊！”

"Sing away, sing away," muttered Viktor in an undertone, fidgeting with impatience as he stood.

“嚎吧，嚎吧。”维克托烦躁不安地站着，小声咕哝道。

"And he might say one word, one word…. He might say, 'Akulina… I…’”

“他哪怕说一句，就一句……他哪怕说，‘阿库利娜……我……’”

Sudden heart-breaking sobs prevented her from finishing; she lay with her face in the grass and bitterly, bitterly she wept…. Her whole body shook convulsively, her neck fairly heaved…. Her long-suppressed grief broke out in a torrent at last. Viktor stood over her, stood a moment, shrugged his shoulders, turned away and strode off.

突然迸发的撕心裂肺的哭泣没让她把话说完；她一头扑到了草地上悲悲切切地哭了起来……她的整个身子抽搐着，脖子上下起伏着……她压抑了很长时间的忧伤终于像急流一样爆发了。维克托在她旁边站了一会儿，耸了耸肩，便转过身大步走开了。

A few instants passed… she grew calmer, raised her head, jumped up, looked round and wrung her hands; she tried to run after him, but her legs gave way under her—she fell on her knees…. I could not refrain from rushing up to her; but, almost before she had time to look at me, making a superhuman effort she got up with a faint shriek and vanished behind the trees, leaving her flowers scattered on the ground.

过了一会儿……她平静了下来，抬起了头，跳了起来，四处看了看，搓着双手；她想去追他，但是双腿发软，跪了下去……我忍不住了，朝她跑了过去；但是，她一看见我，不知从哪里来的力气，虚弱地叫喊了一声，站了起来，消失在了树林里，把花撒了一地。

I stood a minute, picked up the bunch of cornflowers, and went out of the wood into the open country. The sun had sunk low in the pale clear sky; its rays too seemed to have grown pale and chill; they did not shine; they were diffused in an unbroken, watery light. It was within half-an-hour of sunset, but there was scarcely any of the glow of evening. A gusty wind scurried to meet me across the yellow parched stubble; little curled-up leaves, scudding hurriedly before it, flew by across the road, along the edge of the copse; the side of the copse facing the fields like a wall, was all shaking and lighted up by tiny gleams, distinct, but not glowing; on the reddish plants, the blades of grass, the straws on all sides, were sparkling and stirring innumerable threads of autumn spider-webs. I stopped… I felt sad at heart: under the bright but chill smile of fading nature, the dismal dread of coming winter seemed to steal upon me. High overhead flew a cautious crow, heavily and sharply cleaving the air with his wings; he turned his head, looked sideways at me, flapped his wings and, cawing abruptly, vanished behind the wood; a great flock of pigeons flew up playfully from a threshing floor, and suddenly eddying round in a column, scattered busily about the country. Sure sign of autumn! Some one came driving over the bare hillside, his empty cart rattling loudly….

我站了一会儿，捡起了那束矢车菊，走出了树林，来到了空旷之地。太阳在苍白的、清澈的天空中低低地悬着；它的光线似乎也变得苍白而寒冷；它们不再耀眼，而是以不间断的、淡淡的光扩散开来。离日落还有半个小时，但是几乎没有晚霞。一阵疾风穿过焦黄的麦茬朝我飞扑过来；卷曲的小树叶匆忙地飞了起来，飞过道路，顺着杂树林的边飞去；杂树林朝向田野的一面就像一堵墙，全在摇晃着，微微地闪着光，清晰却不强烈；在微红的农作物上，在草的叶片上，在稻草上，到处闪烁着、晃动着无数条秋蜘蛛网的丝。我停了下来……心里感到悲伤：在凋零的大自然欢快却冷淡的笑容下，正要到来的冬天那凄凉的恐惧似乎在偷偷地向我逼近。一只谨慎的乌鸦，用双翅吃力而猛烈地划破空气，高高地从我头顶上飞过；它转了转头，斜着看了我一眼，拍了拍双翅，突然叫了起来，消失在了树林后面；一大群鸽子嬉戏着从打谷场飞了起来，突然排成一列盘旋起来，又匆忙地散落在田野中。这就是秋天的标志！有人驾着车从光秃秃的山坡上驶过，他空空的马车大声地嘎吱作响……

I turned homewards; but it was long before the figure of poor Akulina faded out of my mind, and her cornflowers, long since withered, are still in my keeping.

我朝家走去；但是可怜的阿库利娜的身影，很长时间都没有从我的脑海中淡出，她那束早就枯萎了的矢车菊，我至今还保存着。

CHAPTER XX THE HAMLET OF THE SHTCHIGRI DISTRICT

第二十章 希格雷县的哈姆莱特

On one of my excursions I received an invitation to dine at the house of a rich landowner and sportsman, Alexandr Mihalitch G—. His property was four miles from the small village where I was staying at the time. I put on a frock-coat, an article without which I advise no one to travel, even on a hunting expedition, and betook myself to Alexandr Mihalitch's. The dinner was fixed for six o'clock; I arrived at five, and found already a great number of gentlemen in uniforms, in civilian dress, and other nondescript garments. My host met me cordially, but soon hurried away to the butler's pantry. He was expecting a great dignitary, and was in a state of agitation not quite in keeping with his independent position in society and his wealth. Alexandr Mihalitch had never married, and did not care for women; his house was the centre of a bachelor society. He lived in grand style; he had enlarged and sumptuously redecorated his ancestral mansion, spent fifteen thousand roubles on wine from Moscow every year, and enjoyed the highest public consideration. Alexandr Mihalitch had retired from the service ages ago, and had no ambition to gain official honours of any kind. What could have induced him to go out of his way to procure a guest of high official position, and to be in a state of excitement from early morning on the day of the grand dinner? That remains buried in the obscurity of the unknown, as a friend of mine, an attorney, is in the habit of saying when he is asked whether he takes bribes when kindly-disposed persons offer them.

有一次，我出去远足，一位富有且爱好打猎的地主亚历山大·米海雷奇·格——邀请我前去他家赴宴。他的领地离我当时所在的小村庄有四英里。我穿上一件双排扣长礼服（我建议大家，凡是出门，甚至是外出打猎，都最好带上它），便前往亚历山大·米海雷奇家。宴会定在六点钟，我于五点钟到达，发现有很多穿着制服、便服和其他难以归类的服装的绅士们，已经到了。主人热情地迎接了我，但很快就匆匆离开，去了司膳总管的房间。他在等一位显要人物，正处于激动的状态中，这种状态同他独立的社会地位和财富很不相称。亚历山大·米海雷奇从没结过婚，也不近女色，他家是单身汉的聚集中心。他过得很阔绰，他扩建了祖传的庄园，并奢华地重新装饰了一番，每年还要从莫斯科定购一万五千卢布的葡萄酒，他也受到了人们的极大尊重。几年前，亚历山大·米海雷奇就退休了，也没有追求任何官方荣誉的雄心。那他为什么非要请一位高官，而且盛宴这天，一大早就这么兴奋？我有一位朋友，是个检察官，在被问到有人自愿送贿赂来，他会不会收时，他习惯性地回答：无可奉

告，这个问题的答案亦如此。

On parting from my host, I began walking through the rooms. Almost all the guests were utterly unknown to me; about twenty persons were already seated at the card-tables. Among these devotees of preference were two warriors, with aristocratic but rather battered countenances, a few civilian officials, with tight high cravats and drooping dyed moustaches, such as are only to be found in persons of resolute character and strict conservative opinions: these conservative persons picked up their cards with dignity, and, without turning their heads, glared sideways at everyone who approached; and five or six local petty officials, with fair round bellies, fat, moist little hands, and staid, immovable little legs. These worthies spoke in a subdued voice, smiled benignly in all directions, held their cards close up to their very shirt-fronts, and when they trumped did not flap their cards on the table, but, on the contrary, shed them with an undulatory motion on the green cloth, and packed their tricks together with a slight, unassuming, and decorous swish. The rest of the company were sitting on sofas, or hanging in groups about the doors or at the windows; one gentleman, no longer young, though of feminine appearance, stood in a corner, fidgeting, blushing, and twisting the seal of his watch over his stomach in his embarrassment, though no one was paying any attention to him; some others in swallow-tail coats and checked trousers, the handiwork of the tailor and Perpetual Master of the Tailors Corporation, Firs Klyuhin, were talking together with extraordinary ease and liveliness, turning their bald, greasy heads from side to side unconstrainedly as they talked; a young man of twenty, short-sighted and fair-haired, dressed from head to foot in black, obviously shy, smiled sarcastically….

同主人分开后，我便在各个房间里溜达。对我来说，几乎所有的客人都是完全陌生的，有二十来个人已经坐在牌桌旁了。在这些三人牌戏的爱好者中，有两位高贵却略显憔悴的军人，有几位上将，领带打得又高又紧，染过色的小胡子下垂着，只有那些个性坚决、态度严格保守的人才会蓄这样的胡子：这些保守的人郑重地拿起牌，头也不转一下，斜眼瞪着每一个靠近的人；还有五六位当地的小官，肚子圆滚滚的，肥胖的小手汗津津的，短小的腿安分地呆着。这些名流们说话声音柔和，朝各个方向亲切地微笑，纸牌紧紧地握在胸前，他们出王牌时并没有把牌扔到桌上，相反他们用一种波浪式的动作把王牌放到绿布桌面上，收取赢得的牌时，会发出轻微、谦逊、礼貌的嗖嗖声。剩下的那些先生们，有的坐在沙发上，有的一堆堆地聚集在门口或窗口；有一位先生，年纪已经不小了，长得像女人，站在角落里，局促不安，红着脸，窘迫地玩着挂在他腹前的表坠，虽然并没有人注意他；还有几位先生穿着燕尾服和格子花纹的裤子，那可都是缝纫行终生成就大师菲尔斯·克柳欣先生亲手缝制的，他们正在一起闲聊，非常轻松活跃，还灵活地左右转动着他

们那光秃油腻的脑袋；一个二十来岁、眼睛近视、金色头发的小伙子，从头到脚穿着一身黑，样子很腼腆，脸上带着刻薄的微笑……

I was beginning, however, to feel bored, when suddenly I was joined by a young man, one Voinitsin by name, a student without a degree, who resided in the house of Alexandr Mihalitch in the capacity of…it would be hard to say precisely, of what. He was a first-rate shot, and could train dogs. I had known him before in Moscow. He was one of those young men who at every examination "played at dumb-show," that is to say, did not answer a single word to the professor's questions. Such persons were also designated "the bearded students." (You will gather that this was in long past days.) This was how it used to be: they would call Voinitsin, for example. Voinitsin, who had sat upright and motionless in his place, bathed in a hot perspiration from head to foot, slowly and aimlessly looked about him, got up, hurriedly buttoned up his undergraduate's uniform, and edged up to the examiner's table. "Take a paper, please," the professor would say to him pleasantly. Voinitsin would stretch out his hand, and with trembling fingers fumble at the pile of papers. "No selecting, if you please," observed, in a jarring voice, an assistant-examiner, an irritable old gentleman, a professor in some other faculty, conceiving a sudden hatred for the unlucky bearded one. Voinitsin resigned himself to his fate, took a paper, showed the number on it, and went and sat down by the window, while his predecessor was answering his question. At the window Voinitsin never took his eyes off his paper, except that at times he looked slowly round as before, though he did not move a muscle. But his predecessor would finish at last, and would be dismissed with, "Good! you can go," or even "Good indeed, very good!" according to his abilities.

可是，我感得有点无聊，忽然一个年轻人过来同我做伴了，他名叫沃伊尼岑，是一个没拿到学位的学生，住在亚历山大·米海雷奇的家里，算是个……很难确切地说他是个什么。他是个一流的射击手，还会训狗。我之前在莫斯科时就认识他了。他是这种年轻人，每次考试都“装木头人”，也就是说，对于教授的问题一个字都答不上来。这样的人也被称作“有胡须的学生”。（可见这是很久以前的事了。）事情通常是这样的：比如说，他们可能叫沃伊尼岑。沃伊尼岑挺直了身子，一动不动地坐在他的座位上，从头到脚冒着热汗，还慢慢地、心不在焉地张望着，然后站了起来，匆忙地扣好了大学制服上的纽扣，然后慢慢靠近考官的桌子。“请拿张试卷。”教授和蔼地对他说。沃伊尼岑伸出手，手指哆哆嗦嗦地在那堆试卷里乱摸。“对不起，不准挑选。”一位副考官用刺耳的声音叫道，这是位急躁的老先生，是其他系的教授，突然就嫌弃起这个留着胡子的倒霉学生。沃伊尼岑只好听天由命了，他拿了一张试卷，给老师看了一下上面的号码，便走下去坐到了窗子边上，而他前面的同学正在答题。在窗子旁边，沃伊尼岑一直盯着他的试卷，除了不时地像之

前那样慢慢地环视一圈，不过身子依然一动不动。不过他前面的考生最后答完了，教授们会根据他的能力说："好！你可以走了。"或者甚至是"很好，非常好！"然后让他离开。

Then they call Voinitsin: Voinitsin gets up, and with resolute step approaches the table. "Read your question," they tell him. Voinitsin raises the paper in both hands up to his very nose, slowly reads it, and slowly drops his hands. "Well, now, your answer, please," the same professor remarks languidly, throwing himself backwards, and crossing his arms over his breast.

然后他们叫沃伊尼岑：沃伊尼岑站起身来，迈着坚定的步子，走近那张桌子。"念一遍你的考题。"他们对他说。沃伊尼岑双手把试卷举到鼻尖，慢慢地念着，然后又慢慢地放下双手。"好啦，现在请说你的答案。"那个教授懒洋洋地说道，身子往后一靠，两手抱在了胸前。

There reigns the silence of the tomb. "Why are you silent?" Voinitsin is mute. The assistant-examiner begins to be restive. "Well, say something!" Voinitsin is as still as if he were dead. All his companions gaze inquisitively at the back of his thick, close-cropped, motionless head. The assistant-examiner's eyes are almost starting out of his head; he positively hates Voinitsin.

然后便是死一般的寂静。"你为什么不说话呢？"沃伊尼岑默不作声。副考官开始不耐烦起来。"喂，说点什么啊！"沃伊尼岑还是像死了似的一动不动。所有的同学都好奇地盯着他那一动不动的后脑勺，他头上头发剪得很短，但很浓密。副考官的眼睛几乎都要从脑袋里蹦出来了，他讨厌死沃伊尼岑了。

"Well, this is strange, really," observes the other examiner. "Why do you stand as if you were dumb? Come, don't you know it? if so, say so." "Let me take another question," the luckless youth articulates thickly. The professors look at one another. "Well, take one," the head-examiner answers, with a wave of the hand. Voinitsin again takes a paper, again goes to the window, again returns to the table, and again is silent as the grave. The assistant-examiner is capable of devouring him alive. At last they send him away and mark him a nought. You would think, "Now, at least, he will go." Not a bit of it! He goes back to his place, sits just as immovably to the end of the examination, and, as he goes out, exclaims: "I've been on the rack! what ill-luck!" and the whole of that day he wanders about Moscow, clutching every now and then at his head, and bitterly cursing his luckless fate.

"唉，这倒真是奇怪，"另一个考官说，"你干嘛像个哑巴似的站在这里？喂，你答不出是吗？要是这样的话，就说啊。""让我答另一个问题吧。"这个运气不好的年轻人低沉地说。教授们互相对视。"好吧，拿一张吧。"主考官摇了摇手答道。沃伊尼岑又拿了一张卷子，又走到窗子边，又回到那张桌子边，又不出声了。副考官一副要把他活活吞了的样

子。最后他们把他赶走了，给他打了个零分。您也许会想：“至少，现在他走出去了。”根本不是！他又回到了座位上，一动不动地坐着，直到考试结束，然后他走出去，大声叫嚷着：“太折磨人了！真倒霉！”然后这一整天，他就在莫斯科游荡，不时地抱头怨恨、诅咒自己的命不好。

He never, of course, touched a book, and the next day the same story was repeated.

当然了，他从不碰书本，第二天同样的故事又上演了。

So this was the Voinitsin who joined me. We talked about Moscow, about sport.

就是这个沃伊尼岑和我作伴。我们聊了聊莫斯科，聊了聊运动。

"Would you like me," he whispered to me suddenly, "to introduce you to the first wit of these parts?"

“您愿不愿意让我，”他突然小声对我说，“给您介绍一下，这里说话最风趣的那个人？”

"If you will be so kind."

“太好了，请吧。”

Voinitsin led me up to a little man, with a high tuft of hair on his forehead and moustaches, in a cinnamon-coloured frock-coat and striped cravat. His yellow, mobile features were certainly full of cleverness and sarcasm. His lips were perpetually curved in a flitting ironical smile; little black eyes, screwed up with an impudent expression, looked out from under uneven lashes. Beside him stood a country gentleman, broad, soft, and sweet—a veritable sugar-and-honey mixture—with one eye. He laughed in anticipation at the witticisms of the little man, and seemed positively melting with delight. Voinitsin presented me to the wit, whose name was Piotr Petrovitch Lupihin. We were introduced and exchanged the preliminary civilities.

沃伊尼岑把我领到了一个小个子的人面前，他额头上的头发长得很高，还蓄着小胡子，穿着肉桂色的双排扣长礼服，系着条纹领带。他脸色发黄，表情易变，肯定是个聪明而尖刻的人。他的嘴唇永远扭曲着，带着挑逗性的讥笑，一双黑色的小眼睛眯着，在长长短短的睫毛下露出不安分的神色。他身旁站着一位乡绅，身体宽阔，态度温和而甜蜜，真可谓是块蜜糖，而且只有一只眼睛。还没等那个小个子说俏皮话，他就先笑了，好像高兴得都要融化了。沃伊尼岑把我介绍给了那个说话风趣的人，他的名字叫做彼得·彼得罗维奇·卢皮欣。我们认识后，互相表达了初次见面的问候。

"Allow me to present to you my best friend," said Lupihin suddenly in a strident voice, seizing the sugary gentleman by the arm.

“请允许我给您介绍一下我最好的朋友。”卢皮欣突然用刺耳的声音说道，一边抓住了那位甜蜜的地主的胳膊。

"Come, don't resist, Kirila Selifanitch," he added; "we're not going to bite you. I commend him to you," he went on, while the embarrassed Kirila Selifanitch bowed with about as much grace as if he were undergoing a surgical operation; "he's a most superior gentleman. He enjoyed excellent health up to the age of fifty, then suddenly conceived the idea of doctoring his eyes, in consequence of which he has lost one. Since then he doctors his peasants with similar success…. They, to be sure, repay with similar devotion…”

“来呀，别扭扭捏捏的，基里拉·谢利法内奇，”他又说，“我们又不会咬你。我来给您介绍一下他，”他继续说着，而窘迫的基里拉·谢利法内奇则尽可能优雅地鞠了个躬，就好像在经历一场外科手术，“他是最优秀的绅士。在五十岁以前，他身体一直很健康，然后突发奇想要医治自己的眼睛，因此便失去了一只眼睛。从那时起，他医治自己的农民也取得了同样的成功……当然，他们也给了相应的回报……”

"What a fellow it is!" muttered Kirila Selifanitch. And he laughed.

“你这人真是的！”基里拉·谢利法内奇咕哝道。然后他笑了笑。

"Speak out, my friend; eh, speak out!" Lupihin rejoined. "Why, they may elect you a judge; I shouldn't wonder, and they will, too, you see. Well, to be sure, the secretaries will do the thinking for you, we may assume; but you know you'll have to be able to speak, anyhow, even if only to express the ideas of others. Suppose the governor comes and asks, 'Why is it the judge stammers?' And they'd say, let's assume, 'It's a paralytic stroke.’ 'Then bleed him,' he'd say. And it would be highly indecorous, in your position, you'll admit.”

“往下说啊，我的朋友，嗯，往下说啊！”卢皮欣接过话说，“哎，您可能会被选作法官的，我毫不怀疑，肯定会的，你瞧着吧。当然啦，我们就假设，秘书会替您出主意，但是您知道吗，您必须能说，不管怎么样，哪怕您说的是别人的观点。假设省长来问：‘为什么法官结结巴巴的？’我们假设一下，他们便会说：‘中风了。’那么给他放血吧。’他就说，以您的地位可就太不体面了，您得承认。”

The sugary gentleman was positively rolling with mirth.

那位甜蜜的地主笑得前仰后合。

"You see he laughs," Lupihin pursued with a malignant glance at Kirila Selifanitch's heaving stomach. "And why shouldn't he laugh?" he added, turning to me: "he has enough to eat, good health, and no children; his peasants aren't mortgaged—to be sure, he doctors them—and his wife is cracked.” (Kirila Selifanitch turned a little away as though he were not listening, but he still continued to chuckle.)

“您瞧他笑了。”卢皮欣继续说道，还不怀好意地瞥了一眼基里拉·谢利法内奇起伏的肚子。“他怎么能不笑呢？”他转向我继续说道，“他吃得饱，身体好，还没有孩子；他的农民没有抵押出去——当然了，他还给他们治病——他的老婆脑子有问题。”（基里拉·谢利法内奇稍稍转过脸去，假装没听到，但他仍然继续咯咯地笑着。）

"I laugh too, while my wife has eloped with a land-surveyor.” (He grinned.) "Didn't you know that?

“我也要笑，我老婆和一个土地测量员私奔了。”（他咧着嘴笑着。）您不知道吧？

What! Why, one fine day she ran away with him and left me a letter.

可不是！嗨，有一天她和他私奔了，还给我留了一封信。

'Dear Piotr Petrovitch,' she said, 'forgive me: carried away by passion, I am leaving with the friend of my heart.’… And the land-surveyor only took her fancy through not cutting his nails and wearing tight trousers. You're surprised at that? 'Why, this,' you're saying, 'is a man with no dissimulation about him.'… But mercy on us! Rustic fellows like us speak the truth too plainly. But let us move away a bit…. It's not for us to stand beside a future judge….”

她写道：‘亲爱的彼得·彼得罗维奇，原谅我吧，我情不自禁，和我的心上人走了。’这个土地测量员之所以赢得了她的爱慕，只不过是因为不剪指甲和穿紧身的裤子。您感到惊讶吧？您会说：‘哎呀！这个人怎么一点都不掩饰……’但行行好吧！我们这些乡巴佬讲真话就是太直接了。不过让我们挪过去一点……我们不应该站在一个未来法官的旁边……”

He took me by the arm, and we moved away to a window.

他拉住了我的胳膊，我们走到了一扇窗户旁边。

"I've the reputation of a wit here," he said to me, in the course of conversation. "You need not believe that. I'm simply an embittered man, and I do my railing aloud: that's how it is I'm so free and easy in my speech. And why should I mince matters, if you come to that; I don't care a straw for anyone's opinion, and I've nothing to gain; I'm spiteful—what of that? A spiteful man, at least, needs no wit. And, however enlightening it may be, you won't believe it…. I say, now, I say, look at our host! There! what is he running to and fro like that for? Upon my word, he keeps looking at his watch, smiling, perspiring, putting on a solemn face, keeping us all starving for our dinner! Such a prodigy! a real court grandee! Look, look, he's running again—bounding, positively, look!”

“这里的人都觉得我是个爱说俏皮话的人，”在聊天过程中，他对我说，“您别信这个。我只是一个愤怒的人，所以我大声地责骂：这就是为

什么我讲话总是那么无拘无束。说实在的，我干嘛要故作委婉呢，我根本不在乎别人的看法，我也没有什么追求，我心怀恶意——那又怎样？一个心怀恶意的人，至少，不需要智慧。您也许不会相信，这样有多爽快……我就说，嗯，我就说，看看这个主人吧！喏！他为什么这样跑来跑去的？的确，他一直在看他的表，微笑着，流着汗，摆着架子，让我们一直饿着肚子等晚饭！一个显贵人物，有什么稀罕！瞧，瞧，他又开始跑了——还一蹦一跳的呢，瞧！”

And Lupihin laughed shrilly.

卢皮欣尖声地大笑了起来。

"The only pity is, there are no ladies," he resumed with a deep sigh; "it's a bachelor party, else that's when your humble servant gets on. Look, look," he cried suddenly: "Prince Kozelsky's come—that tall man there, with a beard, in yellow gloves. You can see at once he's been abroad… and he always arrives as late. He's as heavy, I tell you, by himself, as a pair of merchant's horses, and you should see how condescendingly he talks with your humble servant, how graciously he deigns to smile at the civilities of our starving mothers and daughters!… And he sometimes sets up for a wit, but he is only here for a little time; and oh, his witticisms! It's for all the world like hacking at a ship's cable with a blunt knife. He can't bear me…. I'm going to bow to him.”

“唯一的遗憾是，这里没有女士们，”他深深地叹了一口气又说起来，“这是个单身汉的派对，否则我们这些谦卑的仆人就热闹了。瞧，瞧，”他突然叫道，“科泽利斯基公爵来了——就是那边那个高个子，留着胡子，带着黄色手套的。您一看就知道他出过国……他还总是迟到。我给您说，他很笨，他只能抵商人的两匹马，您会看到，他对我们这些卑微的人讲话是多么傲慢，但面对我们那些满怀渴望的母亲和女儿们的问候时，又笑得那么和蔼！他有时候也说句俏皮话，不过他只在这里呆几天，哦，他的俏皮话呀！他说俏皮话，就像用一把钝刀去割纤绳。他受不了我……我去给他行个礼。”

And Lupihin ran off to meet the prince.

于是卢皮欣就跑去迎接公爵了。

"And here comes my special enemy," he observed, turning all at once to me. "Do you see that fat man with the brown face and the bristles on his head, over there, that's got his cap clutched in his hand, and is creeping along by the wall and glaring in all directions like a wolf? I sold him for 400 roubles a horse worth 1000, and that stupid animal has a perfect right now to despise me; though all the while he is so destitute of all faculty of imagination, especially in the morning before his tea, or after dinner, that if you say 'Good morning!' to him, he'll answer, 'Is it?'" "And here comes the general," pursued Lupihin,

"the civilian general, a retired, destitute general. He has a daughter of beetroot-sugar, and a manufactory with scrofula…. Beg pardon, I've got it wrong… but there, you understand. Ah! and the architect's turned up here! A German, and wears moustaches, and does not understand his business—a natural phenomenon!…though what need for him to understand his business so long as he takes bribes and sticks in pillars everywhere to suit the tastes of our pillars of society!"

“我的冤家来了，”他突然回到我跟前说，“您看见那个褐色面容，头上竖着鬃毛的胖子了吗，就是那边那个手里抓着帽子，沿着墙慢慢地走着，像只狼似的东张西望的家伙？我曾卖给他一匹价值一千卢布的马，他只付了四百，但这个蠢货现在居然有权瞧不起我；尽管他一直完全缺乏思考力，特别是在早晨喝茶之前，或者吃完饭以后，要是你对他说：‘早上好！’他会答：‘是吗？’”“上将来了，”卢皮欣又说道，“一个退休了的上将，非常穷困。他有个甜美的女儿，还有一座生瘰疬病的制造厂……对不起，我说错了……不过，您懂的。啊！建筑师来了！他是个德国人，留着小胡子，对业务一窍不通，真是不可思议！不过他没必要懂业务，只要拿拿贿赂，为我们这些社会的支柱到处竖竖能满足我们品味的柱子就行了！”

Lupihin chuckled again…. But suddenly a wave of excitement passed over the whole house. The grandee had arrived. The host positively rushed into the hall. After him ran a few devoted members of the household and eager guests…. The noisy talk was transformed into a subdued pleasant chat, like the buzzing of bees in spring within their hives. Only the turbulent wasp, Lupihin, and the splendid drone, Kozelsky, did not subdue their voices…. And behold, at last, the queen!—the great dignitary entered. Hearts bounded to meet him, sitting bodies rose; even the gentleman who had bought a horse from Lupihin poked his chin into his chest. The great personage kept up his dignity in an inimitable manner; throwing his head back, as though he were bowing, he uttered a few words of approbation, of which each was prefaced by the syllable er, drawled through his nose; with a sort of devouring indignation he looked at Prince Kozelsky's democratic beard, and gave the destitute general with the factory and the daughter the forefinger of his right hand. After a few minutes, in the course of which the dignitary had had time to observe twice that he was very glad he was not late for dinner, the whole company trooped into the dining-room, the swells first.

卢皮欣又咯咯地笑了起来……但忽然，一股兴奋的波浪传过整幢房子。那位显贵人物来了。主人赶紧冲到了门厅。在他身后，几个忠诚的家人和热心的客人也跟着跑着……吵闹的谈话声转变成了轻柔欢快的聊天声，就像春天里的蜜蜂，在它们的蜂巢里嗡嗡作响。只有吵闹的黄蜂卢皮欣，还有耀眼的雄蜂科泽利斯基没有降低他们的嗓门……瞧呀，终于，蜂王来了！——显贵人物进来了。一颗颗心都蹦过去欢迎他，坐着

的人也站了起来，甚至那个向卢皮欣买过马的地主，都把下巴戳进了胸脯里。这位大人物用一种独特的方式，保持着他的尊严，他把头朝后扬着，好像在点头致意一样，还赞许地说了几句话，每一句话都用“呃”开头，还带着拖长的鼻音；他愤怒地看了看科泽利斯基公爵那大众化的胡子，用右手的食指指了指那个有工厂和女儿的穷困上将。几分钟之后——在这几分钟里，这个大人物已经把因没有迟到而深感高兴的话，说了两遍——全部人都走进了餐厅，那些趾高气扬的人走在前面。

There is no need to describe to the reader how they put the great man in the most important place, between the civilian general and the marshal of the province, a man of an independent and dignified expression of face, in perfect keeping with his starched shirt-front, his expanse of waistcoat, and his round snuff-box full of French snuff; how our host bustled about, and ran up and down, fussing and pressing the guests to eat, smiling at the great man's back in passing, and hurriedly snatching a plate of soup or a bit of bread in a corner like a schoolboy; how the butler brought in a fish more than a yard long, with a nosegay in its mouth; how the surly-looking foot-men in livery sullenly plied every gentleman, now with Malaga, now dry Madeira; and how almost all the gentlemen, particularly the more elderly ones, drank off glass after glass with an air of reluctantly resigning themselves to a sense of duty; and finally, how they began popping champagne bottles and proposing toasts: all that is probably only to But what struck me as especially noteworthy was the anecdote told us by the great man himself amid a general delighted silence. Someone—I fancy it was the destitute general, a man familiar with modern literature—referred to the influence of women in general, and especially on young men. "Yes, yes," chimed in the great man, "that's true; but young men ought to be kept in strict subjection, or else, very likely, they'll go out of their senses over every petticoat.” (A smile of child-like delight flitted over the faces of all the guests; positive gratitude could be seen in one gentleman's eyes.) "For young men are idiots." (The great man, I suppose for the sake of greater impressiveness, sometimes changed the accepted accentuation of words.)

有些细节就没必要向读者描述了，比如他们是怎样把大人物安排到最重要的位置上，也就是上将和省贵族长的中间，省贵族长脸上的表情洒脱而庄严，跟他那浆过的衬衫前胸、宽大的西装背心和装满了法国鼻烟的圆形烟盒很是相称；主人怎样忙乱、前后奔走、发牢骚、劝客人吃饭，在经过大人物身边时，怎样朝他的后背微笑，怎样像个小学生一样，在角落里匆忙地喝口汤或是吃口面包；男管家是怎样端上一条一码多长的鱼，嘴里还插着花束；穿着制服的男仆们，是怎样一脸不高兴地给每一位绅士斟上马拉加酒和马德拉酒；几乎所有的绅士们，特别是那些年纪大些的，是怎样像尽义务似的，不情愿地喝干一杯又一杯的酒；

最后，是怎样砰砰地打开香槟酒，怎样祝颂健康：也许读者对所有的这些都太熟悉了。但特别值得注意的是，在全体欢乐的肃静中，大人物亲自给我们讲了一段轶闻。有一个人，大概是那个穷困的上将，他熟悉现代文学，提到了对女性的普遍影响，特别是对于年轻人的影响。“对，对，”大人物插话说道，“确实如此，不过得严加管束年轻人才行，否则，很有可能，他们每看见一条裙子就发疯。”（所有宾客的脸上都掠过了孩子般愉快的微笑，有一位绅士的眼中还露出了感激的神色。）“因为年轻人都是些笨蛋。”（我想，可能是为了留下更加深刻的印象，大人物有时候会改变单词惯常的重音。）

"My son, Ivan, for instance," he went on; "the fool's only just twenty—and all at once he comes to me and says: 'Let me be married, father.' I told him he was a fool; told him he must go into the service first…. Well, there was despair—tears… but with me… no nonsense.” (The words "no nonsense" the great man seemed to enunciate more with his stomach than his lips; he paused and glanced majestically at his neighbour, the general, while he raised his eyebrows higher than any one could have expected. The civilian general nodded agreeably a little on one side, and with extraordinary rapidity winked with the eye turned to the great man.) "And what do you think?" the great man began again: "now he writes to me himself, and thanks me for looking after him when he was a fool…. So that's the way to act.” All the guests, of course, were in complete agreement with the speaker, and seemed quite cheered up by the pleasure and instruction they derived from him…. After dinner, the whole party rose and moved into the drawing-room with a great deal of noise—decorous, however; and, as it were, licensed for the occasion…. They sat down to cards.

“比如说，我儿子伊万，”他继续说道，“这个傻瓜只有二十岁，有一次突然对我说：‘父亲，让我结婚吧。’我告诉他，他是个傻瓜，告诉他得先服役……哎，然后他就失望——流眼泪……可那些在我这里……没用。”（大人物说“没用”这个词时，好像不是用嘴说的，而是用肚子说的；他停了一下，威严地瞥了一眼他的邻座，同时那个上将，把眉毛抬得很高，高得出乎任何人的预料。上将朝一侧愉快地点了点头，极迅速地眨起了对着大人物的那只眼睛。）“你们猜怎么着？”大人物又开始说道：“现在他自己写信给我，感谢我当他还是个傻瓜的时候关心他……所以事情就得这么办。”当然了，所有的宾客，都完全赞同说话者，而且好像因为从他那里得到了快乐和指导，而活跃了起来……晚宴过后，全体都站了起来，走向客厅，发出很大、但礼貌的吵闹声，好像，是这种场合所允许的……他们坐下来玩起了纸牌。

I got through the evening somehow, and charging my coachman to have my carriage ready at five o'clock next morning, I went to my room. But I was destined, in the course of that same day, to make the acquaintance of a remarkable man.

我不知怎地熬过了那个夜晚，叫我的马车夫第二天早上五点钟备好马车，便去了我的房间。但是，就在那一天，我注定要认识一个不平常的人。

In consequence of the great number of guests staying in the house, no one had a bedroom to himself. In the small, greenish, damp room to which I was conducted by Alexandr Mihalitch's butler, there was already another guest, quite undressed. On seeing me, he quickly ducked under the bed-clothes, covered himself up to the nose, turned a little on the soft feather-bed, and lay quiet, keeping a sharp look-out from under the round frill of his cotton night-cap. I went up to the other bed (there were only two in the room), undressed, and lay down in the damp sheets. My neighbour turned over in bed…. I wished him good-night.

因为呆在那座房子里的宾客太多了，所以没有一个人能有单独的卧室。在亚历山大·米海雷奇的司膳总管的带领下，我走进了一间绿色的、有点潮湿的小房间，那里已经住下另一位客人了，衣服都脱光了。一看见我，他就赶快钻到了被子下面，把被子一直盖到了鼻子上，然后在松软的绒毛褥子上翻了个身，安静地躺着，一边从他那棉睡帽的圆边下面用锐利的目光看着我。我朝另一张床走了过去（那个房间里只有两张床），脱了衣服，然后躺在了潮湿的床单上。我的邻铺在床上辗转反侧……我向他道了晚安。

Half-an-hour went by. In spite of all my efforts, I could not get to sleep: aimless and vague thoughts kept persistently and monotonously dragging one after another on an endless chain, like the buckets of a hydraulic machine.

半个小时过去了。不管我怎么努力，还是无法入睡：一些漫无目的又模糊的念头，排成无穷尽的长链，固执而单调地一个接着一个移过来，就像液压机上的桶一样。

"You're not asleep, I fancy?" observed my neighbour.

“我猜，您没有睡着吧？”我的邻铺说道。

"No, as you see," I answered. "And you're not sleepy either, are you?”

“如您所见，没有，”我答道，“您也不困吧？”

"I'm never sleepy.”

“我从来都不困。”

"How's that?”

“怎么会呢？”

"Oh! I go to sleep—I don't know what for. I lie in bed, and lie in bed, and so get to sleep.”

“哦！我不知道为什么要睡觉。我躺在床上，躺在床上，然后才睡着。”

"Why do you go to bed before you feel sleepy?"

“为什么您还不困就上床呢？”

"Why, what would you have me do?"

“唉，那让我干嘛呀？”

I made no answer to my neighbour's question.

我没有回答我邻铺的问题。

"I wonder," he went on, after a brief silence, "how it is there are no fleas here? Where should there be fleas if not here, one wonders?"

“我想知道，”他短暂地沉默了一会儿继续说，“为什么这里没有跳蚤？要是这里没有跳蚤的话，哪里有呢？”

"You seem to regret them," I remarked.

“您好像为它们感到遗憾啊。”我说道。

"No, I don't regret them; but I like everything to be consecutive.”

“不，我不是为它们感到遗憾，但我喜欢一切都合乎情理。”

"O-ho!" thought I; "what words he uses."

“哦！”我心想，“他居然会用这样的字眼。”

My neighbour was silent again.

我的邻铺又沉默了。

"Would you like to make a bet with me?" he said again, rather loudly.

“您愿意跟我打个赌吗？”他又更加大声地说道。

"What about?"

“赌什么？”

I began to be amused by him.

我开始觉得他挺有趣的。

"Hm… what about? Why, about this: I'm certain you take me for a fool.”

“嗯……赌什么？嘿，赌这个：我确信您把我当成了一个傻瓜。”

"Really," I muttered, astounded.

“是吗？”我非常吃惊地咕哝道。

"For an ignoramus, for a rustic of the steppes…. Confess….”

“当作无知的人，当成了大草原上的乡巴佬……承认吧……”

"I haven't the pleasure of knowing you," I responded. "What can make you infer?…”

“我还没有荣幸了解您呢，”我回答说，“您凭什么可以断定……”

"Why, the sound of your voice is enough; you answer me so carelessly…. But I'm not at all what you suppose….”

“嗨，从您的语调中，就足以知道了，您那么漫不经心地回答我……但是我根本不是您想的那种人……”

"Allow me….”

“请允许我……”

"No, you allow me. In the first place, I speak French as well as you, and German even better; secondly, I have spent three years abroad—in Berlin alone I lived eight months. I've studied Hegel, honoured sir; I know Goethe by heart: add to that, I was a long while in love with a German professor's daughter, and was married at home to a consumptive lady, who was bald, but a remarkable personality. So I'm a bird of your feather; I'm not a barbarian of the steppes, as you imagine…. I too have been bitten by reflection, and there's nothing obvious about me.”

“不，请您听我说。第一，我的法语说得跟您一样好，德语甚至更好；第二，我在国外呆了三年——单是在柏林就住了八个月。我学习过黑格尔的作品，尊敬的先生；我还牢记了歌德的作品，而且，我曾经很长一段时间，爱着一位德国教授的女儿，回国后我取了一位患肺病的女士，她是个秃头，但是人品很好。所以我和您是一类人，我并不像您想象的那样，是个大草原上的野蛮人……在反思的时候，我也很心痛，我身上没有什么出彩的地方。”

I raised my head and looked with redoubled attention at the queer fellow. By the dim light of the night-lamp I could hardly distinguish his features.

我抬起了头，加倍注意地看了看这个奇怪的家伙。借着小夜灯昏暗的光线，我勉强看清了他的相貌。

"There, you're looking at me now," he went on, setting his night-cap straight, "and probably you're asking yourself, 'How is it I didn't notice him today?’ I'll tell you why you didn't notice me: because I didn't raise my voice; because I get behind other people, hang about doorways, and talk to no one; because, when the butler passes me with a tray, he raises his elbow to the level of my shoulder…. And how is it all that comes about? From two causes: first, I'm poor; and secondly, I've grown humble…. Tell the truth, you didn't notice me, did you?”

“瞧，现在您在看我了，”他扶正了自己的睡帽，继续说道，“也许您在问自己，‘我怎么今天没注意到他？’我来告诉您，为什么您没有注意到我：因为我没有高声说话，我躲在别人后面，在门口闲逛，没和别人讲话；因为当司膳总管端着盘子经过我身边时，他把他的胳膊肘抬得跟我的肩膀一样高了……这一切是因为什么呢？有两个原因：第一，我穷；第二，我地位低下……老实说，您没注意到我，是吗？”

"Certainly, I've not had the pleasure…."

“的确，我没能有那个荣幸……”

"There, there," he interrupted me, "I knew that."

“瞧，瞧，”他打断我说，“我就知道。”

He raised himself and folded his arms; the long shadow of his cap was bent from the wall to the ceiling.

他爬了起来，手臂交叉放在胸前，帽子投下了长长的影子，从墙上一直弯到了天花板上。

"And confess, now," he added, with a sudden sideway glance at me; "I must strike you as a queer fellow, an original, as they say, or possibly as something worse: perhaps you think I affect to be original!”

“现在，请坦白说吧，”突然，他斜眼瞥了我一眼说道，“您一定觉得我是个怪人吧，就是所谓的特立独行人，或者可能更难听点：也许您以为我假装特立独行吧！”

"I must repeat again that I don't know you…."

“我必须再次声明我不了解您……”

He looked down an instant.

他低了一会儿头。

"Why have I begun talking so unexpectedly to you, a man utterly a stranger?—the Lord, the Lord only knows!” (He sighed.) "Not through the natural affinity of our souls! Both you and I are respectable people, that's to say, egoists: neither of us has the least concern with the other; isn't it so? But we are neither of us sleepy… so why not chat? I'm in the mood, and that's rare with me. I'm shy, do you see? and not shy because I'm a provincial, of no rank and poor, but because I'm a fearfully vain person. But at times, under favourable circumstances, occasions which I could not, however, particularise nor foresee, my shyness vanishes completely, as at this moment, for instance. But perhaps you want to go to sleep?”

“为什么我会跟您这位素不相识的人，这么突然地开始讲起话来了呢？上帝知道，只有上帝知道！”（他叹了口气。）“不是因为我们心灵

相通！您与我都是人格高尚的人，也就是，利己主义者：我们对彼此一点都不关心，难道不是这样吗？但是我们都不想睡……所以为什么不聊一聊呢？我现在兴致勃勃，这在我身上是很罕见的。我很害羞，您看出来了吗？我害羞不是因为我是外地人，没有官职，还很穷，而是因为我是个自尊心极强的人。但是有时候，在我无法详述也无法预见的有利的情境、场合下，我的羞怯就会完全消失，比如说，就像现在这样。不过也许您想睡觉了？”

"Quite the contrary," I hastened to respond; "it is a pleasure for me to talk to you."

“正相反，”我急忙答道，“和您谈话我很愉快。”

"That is, I amuse you, you mean to say…. All the better…. And so, I tell you, they call me here an original; that's what they call me when my name is casually mentioned, among other gossip. No one is much concerned about my fate…. They think it wounds me…. Oh, good Lord! if they only knew… it's just what's my ruin, that there is absolutely nothing original in me—nothing, except such freaks as, for instance, my conversation at this moment with you; but such freaks are not worth a brass farthing. That's the cheapest and lowest sort of originality.”

“就是说，我让您愉快啦，您的意思是……那更好了……所以，我告诉您，在这里，他们说我是特立独行的人，他们闲聊时偶尔提起我，就这么称呼我。没有人关心我的命运……他们觉得那样能伤害到我……哦，我的天啊！要是他们知道就好了……我之所以潦倒，就是因为我这个人一点都不特立独行，一点都不，除了有些反常，比如说，我现在同您交谈，但是这样的反常一钱不值。这是最廉价、最低级一种特立独行。”

He turned facing me, and waved his hands.

他转过来对着我，然后摇了摇手。

"Honoured sir!" he cried, "I am of the opinion that life on earth's only worth living, as a rule, for original people; it's only they who have a right to live. Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre, said someone. Do you see," he added in an undertone, "how well I pronounce French? What is it to one if one's a capacious brain, and understands everything, and knows a lot, and keeps pace with the age, if one's nothing of one's own, of oneself! One more storehouse for hackneyed commonplaces in the world; and what good does that do to anyone? No, better be stupid even, but in one's own way! One should have a flavour of one's own, one's individual flavour; that's the thing! And don't suppose that I am very exacting as to that flavour…. God forbid! There are no end of original people of the sort I mean: look where you will—there's an original: every live man is an original; but

I am not to be reckoned among them!”

“尊敬的先生！”他叫道，“我认为，唯一值得活在这世上的生命，一般来说，只有特立独行的人，只有他们才有权利生存。有人说：我的杯子不大，可是我用的是自己的杯子。您瞧，”他低声补充道，“我法语说得还不错吧？要是一个人有一个大脑袋，什么都懂，知道很多东西，紧跟时代的步伐，要是他没有自己的东西，对他有什么用！只不过，这世上又多了一个仓库，来摆放平庸而普通的东西，对人有什么好处吗？没有，一个人哪怕再愚蠢，也要有自己的想法！一个人应该有属于自己的特点，自己独有的特点，就是这样！不要认为我对这种特点要求很严格……绝对不是！我说的特立独行人有很多种类：您不管往哪里瞧，都有特立独行的人：每个活着的人都是特立独行的人，但是我不能算作他们中的一员！”

"And yet," he went on, after a brief silence, "in my youth what expectations I aroused! What a high opinion I cherished of my own individuality before I went abroad, and even, at first, after my return! Well, abroad I kept my ears open, held aloof from everyone, as befits a man like me, who is always seeing through things by himself, and at the end has not understood the ABC!"

“然而，”他短暂地沉默了一会儿之后说，“我年轻的时候，有很大的抱负！我出国之前，甚至是回国之后最初的一段时间里，曾多么自命不凡啊！哎，在外国的时候，我十分谨慎，总是独来独往，我也很适合独自研究事情，到最后却连最简单的东西都不知道！”

"An original, an original!" he hurried on, shaking his head reproachfully…. "They call me an original…. In reality, it turns out that there's not a man in the world less original than your humble servant. I must have been born even in imitation of someone else…. Oh, dear! It seems I am living, too, in imitation of the various authors studied by me; in the sweat of my brow I live: and I've studied, and fallen in love, and married, in fact, as it were, not through my own will—as it were, fulfilling some sort of duty, or sort of fate—who's to make it out?”

“特立独行的人，特立独行的人！”他责备地摇摇头继续说道，“他们叫我特立独行的人……事实上，结果是这世界上，再没比在下我更不特立独行的人了。我一定是生来就注定要模仿别人的……哦，天哪！似乎，我的生活也是在模仿我所研究过的各位作家，我辛辛苦苦地生活着：我求学、恋爱、结婚，事实上，好像都不是出于我自己的意愿——好像是履行某种义务，或遵循某种命运——谁分得清呢？”

He tore the nightcap off his head and flung it on the bed.

他从头上摘下了睡帽，然后把它扔到了床上。

"Would you like me to tell you the story of my life?" he asked me in an abrupt voice; "or, rather, a few incidents of my life?"

“您愿意让我给您讲讲我这一生的故事吗？”他支支吾吾地问我，“或者，讲讲我生活中的几件小事？”

"Please do me the favour."

“请给我讲讲吧。”

"Or, no, I'd better tell you how I got married. You see marriage is an important thing, the touchstone that tests the whole man: in it, as in a glass, is reflected…. But that sounds too hackneyed…. If you'll allow me, I'll take a pinch of snuff.”

“或者，不，我给您讲讲我是怎么结婚的吧。您知道，婚姻是件很重要的事，是检验一个人的试金石：婚姻就像一面镜子，反映出……怎么听起来那么陈腐呢……请允许我，我要吸一下鼻烟。”

He pulled a snuff-box from under his pillow, opened it, and began again, waving the open snuff-box about.

他从枕头下拉出了一个鼻烟盒，打开了它，一边摇晃着鼻烟盒，一边又开始讲了起来。

"Put yourself, honoured sir, in my place…. Judge for yourself, what, now what, tell me as a favour: what benefit could I derive from the encyclopaedia of Hegel? What is there in common, tell me, between that encyclopaedia and Russian life? and how would you advise me to apply it to our life, and not it, the encyclopeadia only, but German philosophy in general…. I will say more—science itself?”

“尊敬的先生，请您站在我的角度……自己评判一下，好心告诉我：我能从黑格尔的百科全书中得到什么样的益处？给我说说，这百科全书和俄国的生活之间有什么共同之处？对于如何把它运用到我们的生活中，您有什么建议？而且不只是这本百科全书，还有整个德国哲学……我说得更大些，甚至它的科学？”

He gave a bound on the bed and muttered to himself, gnashing his teeth angrily.

他在床上蹦了一下，愤怒地直咬牙，喃喃自语道。

"Ah, that's it, that's it!… Then why did you go trailing off abroad? Why didn't you stay at home and study the life surrounding you on the spot? You might have found out its needs and its future, and have come to a clear comprehension of your vocation, so to say…. But, upon my word," he went on, changing his tone again as though timidly justifying himself, "where is one to study what no sage has yet inscribed in any book? I should have been glad indeed to take lessons of her—of Russian life, I mean—but she's dumb, the poor dear. You must take her as she is; but that's beyond my power: you must give me the inference; you must present me with a conclusion. Here you have a conclusion too: listen to our wise men of Moscow—they're a set of

nightingales worth listening to, aren't they? Yes, that's the pity of it, that they pipe away like Kursk nightingales, instead of talking as the people talk…. Well, I thought, and thought—'Science, to be sure,' I thought, 'is everywhere the same, and truth is the same'—so I was up and off, in God's name, to foreign parts, to the heathen…. What would you have? I was infatuated with youth and conceit; I didn't want, you know, to get fat before my time, though they say it's healthy. Though, indeed, if nature doesn't put the flesh on your bones, you won't see much fat on your body!”

“啊，就是，就是！那你为什么要到国外去？为什么你不在家里研究你周围的生活？或许，你会发现它的需求和和未来，对你的职业也有了更加清晰的理解，可以这么说……但是，哎呀，”他又改变了自己的语调，好像在为自己羞怯地辩解，“圣贤在任何书里都没写的东西，叫我们上哪里研究呢？我倒是很乐意向它学习——我是指，俄国的生活——但是它一声不吭，这个可怜的宝贝。你必须接受它本来的样子，但是那已经超出了我的能力：你必须给我一个参考，你必须给我展示一个结论。然后你便得到了这样的结论：听我们莫斯科智者的吧——他们真是一群值得聆听的夜莺，不是吗？是的，这就是遗憾所在，他们像库尔斯克的夜莺一样啼啭，可说的不是人话……唉，我想啊想，我想：‘诚然，科学到处都是一样，真理也是’，于是我便打定主意去了国外，去了异教徒那里……有什么办法呢？我迷恋于青春和自负，您知道，我并不想在变老之前就变胖，尽管他们说那样才健康。不过，要是天生不长肉，你就怎么也胖不起来！”

"But I fancy," he added, after a moment's thought, "I promised to tell you how I got married—listen. First, I must tell you that my wife is no longer living; secondly… secondly, I see I must give you some account of my youth, or else you won't be able to make anything out of it…. But don't you want to go to sleep?”

“不过，我想，”他想了一会儿又说道，“我似乎答应要告诉您我是怎么结婚的，那就请听吧。首先，我得告诉您我的太太已经不在人世了；其次……其次，我觉得，我必须得向您说明一下我的青年时代，要不然您听不懂……不过您不想睡觉吗？”

"No, I'm not sleepy.”

“不，我不想睡。”

"That's good news. Hark!… how vulgarly Mr. Kantagryuhin is snoring in the next room! I was the son of parents of small property—I say parents, because, according to tradition, I had once had a father as well as a mother, I don't remember him; he was a narrow-minded man, I've been told, with a big nose, freckles, and red hair; he used to take snuff on one side of his nose only; his portrait used to hang in my mother's bedroom, and very hideous he was in a red uniform with a black collar up to his ears. They used to take me to be whipped before

him, and my mother used always on such occasions to point to him, saying, 'He would give it to you much more if he were here.' You can imagine what an encouraging effect that had on me. I had no brother nor sister—that's to say, speaking accurately, I had once had a brother knocking about, with the English disease in his neck, but he soon died…. And why ever, one wonders, should the English disease make its way to the Shtchigri district of the province of Kursk? But that's neither here nor there. My mother undertook my education with all the vigorous zeal of a country lady of the steppes: she undertook it from the solemn day of my birth till the time when my sixteenth year had come…. You are following my story?”

“那太好了。听！隔壁房间的坎塔格留欣先生打鼾打得多粗俗啊！我父母都不富裕——我说父母，是因为据传闻，除了母亲之外，我也曾有一位父亲，我不记得他了；据说，他是个心胸狭窄的人，大鼻子，满脸雀斑，红头发；他习惯用一边鼻孔吸鼻烟；他的肖像过去挂在我母亲的卧室里，相貌非常丑，穿着红色的制服，黑色的领竖到了耳朵边。过去，我常常被拉到他的画肖像前挨鞭子，我母亲总是在这种情形下指着他说：‘要是他还活着，肯定会更厉害地揍你。’您可以想象一下，这对我是多大的鞭策啊。我没有兄弟姐妹，或者确切地说，我曾经有过一个兄弟，他脖子上患有软骨病，不久就死了……您会想，为什么这种软骨病会传到库尔斯克省的希格雷县呢？但是这个并不重要。我母亲怀着草原上女地主的极大热诚，着手教育我：从我出生的那个庄严日子起，她就开始了对我的教育，直到我十六岁……您在听我讲吗？”

"Yes, please go on."

“是的，请继续。”

"All right. Well, when I was sixteen, my mother promptly dismissed my teacher of French, a German, Filipóvitch, from the Greek settlement of Nyezhin. She conducted me to Moscow, put down my name for the university, and gave up her soul to the Almighty, leaving me in the hands of my uncle, the attorney Koltun-Babur, one of a sort well-known not only in the Shtchigri district. My uncle, the attorney Koltun-Babur, plundered me to the last half-penny, after the custom of guardians…. But again that's neither here nor there. I entered the university—I must do so much justice to my mother—rather well grounded; but my lack of originality was even then apparent. My childhood was in no way distinguished from the childhood of other boys; I grew up just as languidly and dully—much as if I were under a feather-bed—just as early I began repeating poetry by heart and moping under the pretence of a dreamy inclination… for what?—why, for the beautiful… and so on. In the university I went on in the same way; I promptly got into a 'circle.' Times were different then…. But you don't know, perhaps, what sort of thing a student's 'circle' is? I remember Schiller said somewhere:

“好的。嗯，当我十六岁的时候，我母亲立即解雇了我的法语老师，他是一个德国人，叫做菲利波维奇，从涅仁的希腊人居住区来的。她把我带到了莫斯科，给我在大学注了册，就把她的灵魂交给了万能的上帝，把我留给了我叔叔——检察官科尔通·巴布拉照管，他可不只是在希格雷县出名。我的叔叔，检察官科尔通·巴布拉，按照监护人的惯例，把我最后的半便士都掠夺去了……不过这也不重要。我进入了大学——我必须为我母亲讲句公道话——已经有了相当好的素养，但是我缺乏独创性的弱点也在那个时候显露了出来。我的童年与其他男孩的一样，我也是那么无精打采、萎靡不振地长大的，就像在羽毛褥子下一样，我很早就开始背诗歌，而且借口喜欢幻想而萎靡不振……幻想什么？唉，幻想美……等等。在大学里，我还是这个样子，我积极地加入了一个‘圈子’。那时候跟现在不一样……但是也许您不知道，学生的‘圈子’是怎么回事？我记得席勒在某首诗里说过：

Gefährlich ist's den Leu zu wecken, Und schrecklich ist des Tigers Zahn, Doch das schrecklichste der Schrecken—Das ist der Mensch in seinem Wahn!

唤醒狮子是危险的，老虎的牙齿多可怕，但最可怕的是——精神错乱的人！

He didn't mean that, I can assure you; he meant to say: Das ist ein circle in der Stadt Moskau!”

我能向您保证，他要说的并不是‘可怕’，他要说的是：莫斯科城里的圈子！”

"But what do you find so awful in the circle?" I asked.

“但是，您觉得圈子里什么东西那么可怕呢？”我问。

My neighbour snatched his cap and pulled it down on to his nose.

我的邻铺抓住了他的帽子，把它往鼻子上一拉。

"What do I find so awful?" he shouted. "Why, this: the circle is the destruction of all independent development; the circle is a hideous substitute for society, woman, life; the circle… oh, wait a bit, I'll tell you what a circle is! A circle is a slothful, dull living side by side in common, to which is attached a serious significance and a show of rational activity; the circle replaces conversation by debate, trains you in fruitless discussion, draws you away from solitary, useful labour, develops in you the itch for authorship—deprives you, in fact, of all freshness and virgin vigour of soul. The circle—why, it's vulgarity and boredom under the name of brotherhood and friendship! a concatenation of misunderstandings and cavillings under the pretence of openness and sympathy: in the circle—thanks to the right of every friend, at all hours and seasons, to poke his unwashed fingers into the very inmost soul of his comrade—no one has a single spot in his soul

pure and undefiled; in the circle they fall down before the shallow, vain, smart talker and the premature wise-acre, and worship the rhymester with no poetic gift, but full of 'subtle' ideas; in the circle young lads of seventeen talk glibly and learnedly of women and of love, while in the presence of women they are dumb or talk to them like a book—and what do they talk about? The circle is the hot-bed of glib fluency; in the circle they spy on one another like so many police officials…. Oh, circle! thou're not a circle, but an enchanted ring, which has been the ruin of many a decent fellow!”

“我认为什么如此可怕？”他叫了起来，“唉，是这样的：圈子能毁灭所有的独立发展；圈子是一种对社会、女人、生活的可怕的代替品；圈子……哦，等等，我给你讲讲什么是圈子！圈子是个怠惰与阴暗并列共存的东西，却被赋予了重要性和合理事业的名义；圈子用辩论取代了交谈，使你习惯于毫无成果的空谈，使你不能独自做有用的工作，使你染上作者的疥疮——事实上，就是剥夺你灵魂的所有新鲜感和原始动力。圈子，唉，它就是在手足情和友情名义之下的粗俗和无聊！在率真和同情的伪装之下对误解和苛责的串联：在圈子里，凭借每个朋友的权利，无论什么时候，都可以把自己污秽的手指插进同伴内心的最深处，没有人的灵魂是纯洁的；在圈子里，他们都崇拜肤浅、空虚、机灵的空谈者、不成熟的机灵鬼和没有诗歌天赋，却充满了‘微妙’想法的蹩脚诗人；在圈子里，十七岁的小伙子们就油嘴滑舌、高明地谈论女人和爱情，而真正面对女人时，他们却变成了哑巴，或者像背书一样和她们讲话——他们谈的都是些什么呀？圈子是油嘴滑舌的家伙们的温床，在圈子里他们就像很多警官一样互相监视……哦，圈子！你不是圈子，而是一个被诅咒的圆圈，毁了多少正派的人啊！”

"Come, you're exaggerating, allow me to observe," I broke in.

“嘿，您太夸张了，请允许我说一下。”我打断道。

My neighbour looked at me in silence.

我的邻铺默默地看了看我。

"Perhaps, God knows, perhaps. But, you see, there's only one pleasure left your humble servant, and that's exaggeration—well, that was the way I spent four years in Moscow. I can't tell you, my dear sir, how quickly, how fearfully quickly, that time passed; it's positively painful and vexatious to remember. Some mornings one gets up, and it's like sliding downhill on little sledges…. Before one can look round, one's flown to the bottom; it's evening already, and already the sleepy servant is pulling on one's coat; one dresses, and trails off to a friend, and may be smokes a pipe, drinks weak tea in glasses, and discusses German philosophy, love, the eternal sunshine of the spirit, and other far-fetched topics. But even there I met original, independent people: however some men stultify themselves and warp themselves out of shape, still nature asserts itself; I alone, poor wretch, moulded myself

like soft wax, and my pitiful little nature never made the faintest resistance! Meantime I had reached my twenty-first year. I came into possession of my inheritance, or, more correctly speaking, that part of my inheritance which my guardian had thought fit to leave me, gave a freed house-serf Vassily Kudryashev a warranty to superintend all my patrimony, and set off abroad to Berlin. I was abroad, as I have already had the pleasure of telling you, three years. Well. There too, abroad too, I remained the same unoriginal creature. In the first place, I need not say that of Europe, of European life, I really learnt nothing. I listened to German professors and read German books on their birthplace: that was all the difference. I led as solitary a life as any monk; I got on good terms with a retired lieutenant, weighed down, like myself, by a thirst for knowledge but always dull of comprehension, and not gifted with a flow of words; I made friends with slow-witted families from Penza and other agricultural provinces, hung about cafés, read the papers, in the evening went to the theatre. With the natives I associated very little; I talked to them with constraint, and never had one of them to see me at my own place, except two or three intrusive fellows of Jewish extraction, who were constantly running in upon me and borrowing money—thanks to der Russe's gullibility. A strange freak of chance brought me at last to the house of one of my professors. It was like this: I came to him to enter my name for a course of lectures, and he, all of a sudden, invited me to an evening party at his house. This professor had two daughters, of twenty-seven, such stumpy little things—God bless them!—with such majestic noses, frizzed curls and pale-blue eyes, and red hands with white nails. One was called Linchen and the other Minchen. I began to go to the professor's. I ought to tell you that the professor was not exactly stupid, but seemed, as it were, dazed: in his professorial desk he spoke fairly consecutively, but at home he lisped, and always had his spectacles on his forehead—he was a very learned man, though. Well, suddenly it seemed to me that I was in love with Linchen, and for six whole months this impression remained. I talked to her, it's true, very little—it was more that I looked at her; but I used to read various touching passages aloud to her, to press her hand on the sly, and to dream beside her in the evenings, gazing persistently at the moon, or else simply up aloft. Besides, she made such delicious coffee! One asks oneself—what more could one desire? Only one thing troubled me: at the very moments of ineffable bliss, as it's called, I always had a sort of sinking in the pit of the stomach, and a cold shudder ran down my back. At last I could not stand such happiness, and ran away. Two whole years after that I was abroad: I went to Italy, stood before the Transfiguration in Rome, and before the Venus in Florence, and suddenly fell into exaggerated raptures, as though an

attack of delirium had come upon me; in the evenings I wrote verses, began a diary; in fact, there too I behaved just like everyone else. And just mark how easy it is to be original! I take no interest, for instance, in painting and sculpture…. But simply saying so aloud… no, it was impossible! I must needs take a cicerone, and run to gaze at the frescoes.”…

“也许吧，天晓得，也许吧。不过，您瞧，在下也只剩下一种乐趣了，那就是夸张——瞧，我就这样在莫斯科活了四年。我亲爱的先生，我都没法告诉您，时间过得多么快，快得让人害怕，想起来真是让人痛苦和懊恼啊。你早晨起床，就像坐在小雪橇上往山下滑……你还没来得及环顾一下，就飞向山底了，就已经到晚上了，已经有一个困乏的仆人给你穿衣服；你穿好衣服，慢慢地去到朋友那里，也许会吸一斗烟，喝杯淡茶，讨论一下德国哲学、爱情、灵魂中永恒的阳光，和其他牵强的话题。不过，即便在那里，我也遇见了特立独行的人：有些人不管怎么让自己变得愚笨，怎么扭曲自己，仍然不改其本性；只有我这个可怜的人，被当作软蜡一样塑造，我可怜的本性却从没作出过一丁点的反抗。那时我已经二十一岁了。我获得了我的遗产，或者，更加准确地说，我的监护人认为合适我的那部分遗产，还授权一个赎了身的家奴瓦西利·库德里亚舍夫，来管理我所有的遗产，然后便出国去了柏林。正如我已经有幸给您说到的那样，我在国外住了三年。唉，在那里，在国外，我还是个同样没有创新性的人。首先，不必说，我对欧洲和欧洲生活毫不了解。不同之处就在于：我听德国老师讲课，在那些德语书诞生的地方读它们。我就像修道士一样，过着孤独的生活；我同一个退伍的中尉关系比较好，他像我一样，由于对知识的渴望而疲惫不堪，但理解力差，而且不善辞令；我同一些愚笨的人家交往，他们来自平扎和其他农业省，我们在咖啡馆里闲荡，读读报纸，晚上便去剧院。我和本地人很少交往，和他们谈话我很局促，他们也从不会来我的住处拜访我，除了两三个纠缠不清的犹太后裔，他们总是跑到我那里向我借钱——他们觉得俄国人容易受骗。最终，一次奇妙的机会，让我来到了一位教授的家里。是这样的：我去找他登记听讲，而他却突然邀请我到他家参加晚会。这位教授有两个女儿，都二十七岁了，身体矮矮胖胖的——上帝保佑她们——她们的鼻子那么大，头发卷曲，长着淡蓝色的眼睛，红红的手，白色的指甲。一个叫做林亨，另一个叫做民亨。我开始常到这个教授家去。我得告诉您，这个教授并不傻，但是好像受过打击：在教授的讲桌上，他讲得相当有条理，但是在家就口齿不清，总是把眼镜戴在额头上——不过，他是个很有学识的人。突然间，我好像爱上了林亨，这种感觉整整持续了六个月。确实，我很少和她讲话——更多的时候是我看着她；不过我常常大声地给她读各种各样感人的文章，偷偷地按她的手，晚上坐在她身边幻想着，久久地凝望着月亮，或者只是抬头向上看着。而且，她煮的咖啡美味极了！你会问自己——还有什么不满足的？只有一件事困扰着我：就在那所谓的不可言喻的极乐瞬间，我的心窝里总是有一种虚脱感，一阵冷颤掠过我的背部。最后，我受不了这样的幸福，然后跑了。那以后我又在国外呆了整整两年：我去了意大利，在罗马看过《基督变容》，去佛罗伦萨看过维纳斯雕像，突然陷入了夸张的狂喜

中，就像自己精神错乱了一样；每天晚上我都写诗，还开始写起日记；事实上，我表现得也像其他任何人一样。瞧，成为一个特立独行的人是多么容易啊！比如说，我对绘画和雕塑不感兴趣……那就坦白说出来呀……不，这是不可能的！我必须带一个导游，跑去观看壁画。”——

He looked down again, and again pulled off his nightcap.

他再次低下了头，又摘下了他的睡帽。

"Well, I came back to my own country at last," he went on in a weary voice. "I went to Moscow. In Moscow a marvellous transformation took place in me. Abroad I was mostly silent, but now suddenly I began to talk with unexpected smartness, and at the same time I began to conceive all sorts of ideas of myself. There were kindly disposed persons to be found, to whom I seemed all but a genius; ladies listened sympathetically to my diatribes; but I was not able to keep on the summit of my glory. One fine morning a slander sprang up about me (who had originated it, I don't know; it must have been some old maid of the male sex—there are any number of such old maids in Moscow); it sprang up and began to throw off outshoots and tendrils like a strawberry plant. I was abashed, tried to get out of it, to break through its clinging toils—that was no good…. I went away. Well, in that too I showed that I was an absurd person; I ought to have calmly waited for the storm to blow over, just as one waits for the end of nettle-rash, and the same kindly-disposed persons would have opened their arms to me again, the same ladies would have smiled approvingly again at my remarks…. But what's wrong is just that I'm not an original person. Conscientious scruples, please to observe, had been stirred up in me; I was somehow ashamed of talk, talk without ceasing, nothing but talk—yesterday in Arbat, today in Truba, tomorrow in Sivtsevy-Vrazhky, and all about the same thing…. But if that is what people want of me? Look at the really successful men in that line: they don't ask its use; on the contrary, it's all they need; some will keep their tongues wagging twenty years together, and always in one direction…. That's what comes of self-confidence and conceit! I had that too, conceit—indeed, even now it's not altogether stifled…. But what was wrong was that—I say again, I'm not an original person—I stopped midway: nature ought to have given me far more conceit or none at all. But at first I felt the change a very hard one; moreover, my stay abroad too had utterly drained my resources, while I was not disposed to marry a merchant's daughter, young, but flabby as a jelly, so I retired to my country place. I fancy," added my neighbour, with another glance sideways at me, "I may pass over in silence the first impressions of country life, references to the beauty of nature, the gentle charm of solitude, etc."

“好啦，我终于回到了自己的祖国，”他用一种疲惫的声音继续说

道，“我去了莫斯科。在莫斯科，我发生了惊人的转变。在国外，大部分时候，我都是沉默的；但是现在，我突然出人意料地，开始机敏地与人交谈，与此同时，我开始自大了起来。那里有一些仁慈的人，他们把我看成天才，女士们赞同地听着我的长篇大论，但我无法维持自己的顶峰状态。有一天早上，传出了一条关于我的谣言（是谁造出来的，我不知道；一定是某个男性的老处女干的——这样的老处女在莫斯科多得是）；它就像一株草莓一样冒了出来，开始伸出枝条和卷须。我很窘迫，试着摆脱它，冲出这个粘着的网，可是无济于事……我便离开了。唉，在这件事情上也表明了我是一个可笑的人；我应该冷静地等待这场风暴过去，就像等候荨麻疹结束一样，然后那些仁慈的人又会再次赞许地笑着听我高谈阔论……但糟糕的就是，我不是个特立独行的人。请注意，我内心的良知被激发了起来；我不知怎地不好意思再不停地讲了，不好意思光说话了——昨天在阿尔巴特，今天在特鲁巴，明天在西夫采夫—弗拉日，都是些一样的东西……但如果这就是别人想从我这里得到的呢？看看这条战线上真正成功的人吧：他们并不问它的益处；正相反，这就是他们所需要的；有的会一连二十多年的嚼着舌头，还总是朝一个方向……这就是自信和自负！我也有过自负——确实，甚至现在还没有完全被抑制住……但是糟糕的是——我再说一次，我不是个特立独行的人——我在中途停下了：本性应该赋给我更多的自负或者干脆一点不给。但是起初，我觉得这样的改变真的很难；而且，旅居外国已经彻底耗尽了我的财产，但要我和一个商人的女儿结婚，她年纪还轻，可身体却松软得像一块果冻，所以我就回乡下去了。我想，”我的邻铺又斜瞥了我一眼补充道，“关于对乡村生活的第一印象、大自然的魅力、孤独生活清幽的魅力等等，我可以跳过不讲了吧。”

"You can, indeed," I put in.

“可以，可以。”我插话道。

"All the more," he continued, "as all that's nonsense; at least, as far as I'm concerned. I was as bored in the country as a puppy locked up, though I will own that on my journey home, when I passed through the familiar birchwood in spring for the first time, my head was in a whirl and my heart beat with a vague, sweet expectation. But these vague expectations, as you're well aware, never come to pass; on the other hand, very different things do come to pass, which you don't at all expect, such as cattle disease, arrears, sales by auction, and so on, and so on. I managed to make a shift from day to day with the aid of my agent, Yakov, who replaced the former superintendent, and turned out in the course of time to be as great, if not a greater robber, and over and above that poisoned my existence by the smell of his tarred boots; suddenly one day I remembered a family I knew in the neighbourhood, consisting of the widow of a retired colonel and her two daughters, ordered out my droshky, and set off to see them. That day must always be a memorable one for me; six months later I was married to the retired colonel's second daughter!…”

“况且，”他继续说，“这些都是瞎说，至少，我的感受是这样。在乡下，我就像一只被锁起来的小狗一样无聊，尽管我承认在回家的途中，当我在春天里第一次经过熟悉的桦树林时，我的脑袋都晕了，心砰砰乱跳，怀着一种模糊而甜蜜的期待。但是这种模糊的期待，就像您所熟知的，从来不会实现；另外，一些你完全没预料到的、大不一样的事却发生了，比如兽疫、欠租、拍卖等等。在总管雅科夫的帮助下（雅科夫是替代前任总管的），我一天一天勉强度日，到后来却发现，他也一样是个强盗，即使不像之前的那么厉害，除此之外，他那双涂了焦油的靴子的气味也对我造成了毒害；突然有一天，我记起周围有一户我认识的人家——一个退了伍的上校的寡妇和她的两个女儿，于是便吩咐备车，出发去拜访她们。那是值得纪念的一天，六个月以后，我和那个退伍上校的二女儿结婚了！”

The speaker dropped his head, and lifted his hands to heaven.

讲话的人垂下了头，抬起了双手。

"And now," he went on warmly, "I couldn't bear to give you an unfavourable opinion of my late wife. Heaven forbid! She was the most generous, sweetest creature, a loving nature capable of any sacrifice, though I must between ourselves confess that if I had not had the misfortune to lose her, I should probably not be in a position to be talking to you today; since the beam is still there in my barn, to which I repeatedly made up my mind to hang myself!”

“不过，”他继续热情地说道，“我不能容忍，让您对我去世的老婆有什么不好的看法。绝对不能！她是最慷慨、最善良的人了，是一个充满深情，能做任何牺牲的人，不过我只跟您坦白，要不是我不幸失去了她，我今天也不能够和您在这里聊天了，因为那根横梁还在我家谷仓里呢，我曾经一度想要在上面悬梁自尽！”

"Some pears," he began again, after a brief pause, "need to lie in an underground cellar for a time, to come, as they say, to their real flavour; my wife, it seems, belonged to a similar order of nature's works. It's only now that I do her complete justice. It's only now, for instance, that memories of some evenings I spent with her before marriage no longer awaken the slightest bitterness, but move me almost to tears. They were not rich people; their house was very old-fashioned and built of wood, but comfortable; it stood on a hill between an overgrown courtyard and a garden run wild. At the bottom of the hill ran a river, which could just be seen through the thick leaves. A wide terrace led from the house to the garden; before the terrace flaunted a long flower-bed, covered with roses; at each end of the flower-bed grew two acacias, which had been trained to grow into the shape of a screw by its late owner. A little farther, in the very midst of a thicket of neglected and overgrown raspberries, stood an arbour, smartly painted within, but so old and tumble-down outside

that it was depressing to look at it. A glass door led from the terrace into the drawing-room; in the drawing-room this was what met the eye of the inquisitive spectator: in the various corners stoves of Dutch tiles, a squeaky piano to the right, piled with manuscript music, a sofa, covered with faded blue material with a whitish pattern, a round table, two what-nots of china and glass, knicknacks of the Catherine period; on the wall the well-known picture of a flaxen-haired girl with a dove on her breast and eyes turned upwards; on the table a vase of fresh roses. You see how minutely I describe it. In that drawing-room, on that terrace, was rehearsed all the tragi-comedy of my love. The colonel's wife herself was an ill-natured old dame, whose voice was always hoarse with spite—a petty, snappish creature. Of the daughters, one, Vera, did not differ in any respect from the common run of young ladies of the provinces; the other, Sofya, I fell in love with. The two sisters had another little room too, their common bedroom, with two innocent little wooden bedsteads, yellowish albums, mignonette, portraits of friends sketched in pencil rather badly (among them was one gentleman with an exceptionally vigorous expression of face and a still more vigorous signature, who had in his youth raised disproportionate expectations, but had come, like all of us, to nothing), with busts of Goethe and Schiller, German books, dried wreaths, and other objects, kept as souvenirs. But that room I rarely and reluctantly entered; I felt stifled there somehow. And, too, strange to say, I liked Sofya best of all when I was sitting with my back to her, or still more, perhaps, when I was thinking or dreaming about her in the evening on the terrace. At such times I used to gaze at the sunset, at the trees, at the tiny leaves, already in darkness, but standing out sharply against the rosy sky; in the drawing-room Sofya sat at the piano continually playing over and over again some favourite, passionately pathetic phrase from Beethoven; the ill-natured old lady snored peacefully, sitting on the sofa; in the dining-room, which was flooded by a glow of lurid light, Vera was bustling about getting tea; the samovar hissed merrily as though it were pleased at something; the cracknels snapped with a pleasant crispness, and the spoons tinkled against the cups; the canary, which trilled mercilessly all day, was suddenly still, and only chirruped from time to time, as though asking for something; from a light transparent cloud there fell a few passing drops of rain.... And I would sit and sit, listen, listen, and look, my heart would expand, and again it seemed to me that I was in love. Well, under the influence of such an evening, I one day asked the old lady for her daughter's hand, and two months later I was married. It seemed to me that I loved her.... By now, indeed, it's time I should know, but, by God, even now I don't know whether I loved Sofya. She was a sweet creature, clever, silent, and warm-hearted, but

God only knows from what cause, whether from living too long in the country, or for some other reason, there was at the bottom of her heart (if only there is a bottom to the heart) a secret wound, or, to put it better, a little open sore which nothing could heal, to which neither she nor I could give a name. Of the existence of this sore, of course, I only guessed after marriage. The struggles I had over it... nothing availed! When I was a child I had a little bird, which had once been caught by the cat in its claws; it was saved and tended, but the poor bird never got right; it moped, it pined, it ceased to sing.... It ended by a cat getting into its open cage one night and biting off its beak, after which it made up its mind at last to die. I don't know what cat had caught my wife in its claws, but she too moped and pined just like my unlucky bird. Sometimes she obviously made an effort to shake herself, to rejoice in the open air, in the sunshine and freedom; she would try, and shrink up into herself again. And, you know she loved me; how many times has she assured me that she had nothing left to wish for?—oof! damn my soul! and the light was fading out of her eyes all the while. I wondered whether there hadn't been something in her past. I made investigations: there was nothing forthcoming. Well, you may form your own judgment; an original man would have shrugged his shoulders and heaved a sigh or two, perhaps, and would have proceeded to live his own life; but I, not being an original creature, began to contemplate a beam and halter. My wife was so thoroughly permeated by all the habits of an old maid—Beethoven, evening walks, mignonette, corresponding with her friends, albums, et cetera—that she never could accustom herself to any other mode of life, especially to the life of the mistress of a house; and yet it seemed absurd for a married woman to be pining in vague melancholy and singing in the evening: 'Waken her not at the dawn!'

“有些梨，”他稍微停顿了一会儿之后又开始说道，“需要在地窖里放一段时间，它们所谓的真正的味道才会出来，我妻子好像也是属于这一类的造物。只有现在，我才可以对她作出完全公正的评价。只有现在，譬如说，我回想起结婚前和她一起度过的那些夜晚，才不再唤起我一丝的痛苦，而是把我感动得几乎都要落泪。她们不是富裕的人，她们的房子式样很旧，是用木头建的，但却很舒适；房子坐落在一座小山上，位于一个荒芜的院子和野草丛生的花园之间。山脚流淌着一条河，透过茂密的树叶，隐约可以看得见河水。一个宽阔的阳台从房子一直通向花园，在阳台前面有一个长长的花坛，开满了玫瑰花，鲜艳夺目；花坛的两端各长着两株洋槐，它们已故的主人在它们还稚嫩时，就把它们盘成了螺旋状。稍远一些，在没照管好的、杂草蔓生的树莓丛的正中间，有一座凉亭，凉亭内部被漂亮地装饰过，但是外面却如此陈旧破烂，让人看了很压抑。阳台上有一扇玻璃门通向客厅，在客厅里，好奇的观者可以看到：各个角落里都有瓷砖砌的火炉，右边有一架嘎吱作响的钢琴，上面堆着手写的乐谱，一张沙发，上面罩着褪色了的蓝底白花布料，一

张圆桌，两个放瓷器和玻璃制品的陈设架，放的都是叶卡捷琳娜时代的小玩意儿，墙上挂着一副有名的画，画的是一个浅黄色头发的姑娘，胸前抱着一只鸽子，眼睛向上望着，桌子上放着一瓶新鲜的玫瑰花。您瞧我描述得多详尽啊。在这间客厅里，在那个阳台上，上演了我爱情的所有悲喜剧。上校的妻子是个坏脾气的老妇人，她嘶哑的声音总是充满了恶意——一个心胸狭窄的、脾气暴躁的人。两个女儿中有一个叫薇拉，不论在哪个方面，跟其他省的普通的小姐都没什么两样；另一个叫索菲娅，我爱上了她。两姐妹另有一个小房间，那是她们共有的卧室，有两张单人小木床，一本淡黄色的粘贴簿，木犀草，用铅笔画得很糟糕的朋友的肖像画（其中，有一位先生脸上的表情出奇地丰富，签名也非常刚劲有力，他年轻时也抱着过高的期望，但就像我们所有人一样——一事无成），有歌德和席勒的半身像，德语书，干花做的花环和其他留作纪念品的东西。不过我很少进那个房间，而且也不大喜欢进去；不知怎地，我在那里觉得憋闷。说也奇怪，我最喜欢索菲娅的时候，是当我背对着她坐的时候，或者，尤其是黄昏时，坐在阳台上想着或者幻想着她的时候。此时此刻，我凝望着落日，看着已经沉浸在黑暗中的树木和小叶子，却在玫瑰色天空的映衬下，清晰地显现出来；索菲娅坐在客厅里的钢琴前，一遍又一遍地弹着贝多芬作品中一个激昂而伤感的乐句，这是她喜欢的；坏脾气的老太婆坐在沙发上，安然地打着呼噜；在洒满夕阳的餐厅里，薇拉正在忙着沏茶；茶炊快乐地发出嘶嘶声，好像在为什么事情高兴一样；掰薄饼时发出令人愉快的清脆响声，勺子碰着茶杯叮当作响；毫不仁慈地啼啭了一整天的金丝雀，突然安静了下来，只是不时地吱喳叫几声，好像在要什么东西似的；从一片轻柔而透明的云朵中，落下了几滴雨……我坐着，坐着，听着，听着，看着，我就感到心旷神怡，好像又一次恋爱了。唔，在黄昏的影响下，有一天，我向老太婆请求要娶她的女儿，两个月之后我便结婚了。我似乎觉得我是爱她的……现在，也是我该知道的时候了，但是，上帝啊，即使到现在我也不知道我是否爱索菲娅。她是个善良的人，聪明、安静、热心，但是只有上帝知道是什么原因，是否是因为在乡下住的时间太长了，或是其他什么原因，在她的心底（如果心有底的话）有一个秘密的伤口，或者，不如说，有一小块裸露的、什么都治不好的疮，不论是她还是我，都说不出来它叫什么。当然，这个疮的存在，我是在结婚以后才猜到的。我为它做过的努力……都无济于事！当我还是个小孩的时候，我有一只小鸟，它曾经被猫用爪子抓住过；它被救了，治好了，但是这只可怜的鸟再没有恢复正常；它忧郁，痛苦，停止了歌唱……有一天晚上，一只猫进到了它那打开着的笼子里，咬掉了它的喙，它这才决心死掉。我不知道，是什么猫用它的爪子抓过我的妻子，但是她也像我那只不幸的鸟一样忧郁和痛苦。有时候很明显，她想努力振作起来，到户外，到阳光下和自由的天地中尽情欢乐，她会尝试一下，然后就又会缩起来了。您知道吗，她爱我，好多次，她对我保证她再无他求了——呸！真见鬼！她的双眼却一直还是那么暗淡无光。我想她过去是不是有什么事情。我做了调查，但没有任何发现。唉，您可以自己判断一下，一个特立独行的人可能会耸耸肩，深深地叹一两口气，或许，就会继续他自己的生活；但是我，并不是个特立独行的人，我开始考虑横梁和绳索。我妻子彻底

地沉浸在老处女的所有习惯之中——贝多芬、傍晚的漫步、木犀草、和朋友通信、粘贴簿等等——她从来都无法适应其他任何的生活模式，特别是家庭主妇的生活，可是对于一个已婚的女人来说，整天沉浸在莫名的痛苦中，在晚上唱着：‘在黎明时不要叫醒她！’真是可笑的。

"Well, we were blissful after that fashion for three years; in the fourth, Sofya died in her first confinement, and, strange to say, I had felt, as it were, beforehand that she would not be capable of giving me a daughter or a son—of giving the earth a new inhabitant. I remember how they buried her. It was in the spring. Our parish church was small and old, the screen was blackened, the walls bare, the brick floor worn into hollows in parts; there was a big, old-fashioned holy picture in each half of the choir. They brought in the coffin, placed it in the middle before the holy gates, covered it with a faded pall, set three candlesticks about it. The service commenced. A decrepit deacon, with a little shock of hair behind, belted low down with a green kerchief, was mournfully mumbling before a reading-desk; a priest, also an old man, with a kindly, purblind face, in a lilac cassock with yellow flowers on it, served the mass for himself and the deacon. At all the open windows the fresh young leaves were stirring and whispering, and the smell of the grass rose from the churchyard outside; the red flame of the wax-candles paled in the bright light of the spring day; the sparrows were twittering all over the church, and every now and then there came the ringing cry of a swallow flying in under the cupola. In the golden motes of the sunbeams the brown heads of the few peasants kept rising and dropping down again as they prayed earnestly for the dead; in a thin bluish stream the smoke issued from the holes of the censer. I looked at the dead face of my wife.... My God! even death—death itself—had not set her free, had not healed her wound: the same sickly, timid, dumb look, as though, even in her coffin, she were ill at ease.... My heart was filled with bitterness. A sweet, sweet creature she was, and she did well for herself to die!”

“唉，我们就那样愉快地生活了三年，到了第四年，索菲娅在她第一次分娩时死了，说来奇怪，我好像也预见到，她无法给我生个女儿或儿子，无法为这个地球带来一个新居民。我还记得他们是怎么埋葬她的。那是在春天。我们的教区教堂又小又旧，围屏都变黑了，墙也光秃秃的，砖铺的地板有几处都磨出了凹洞，每个唱诗班都有两幅大大的、老式的圣像。他们把棺材抬了进来，把它放在了圣幛门前面正中间的地方，用一块退了色的棺罩盖着，周围放了三个蜡烛台。仪式开始了。一位衰老的助祭，脑后扎着一条小辫子，腰上低低地系着一条绿色腰带，在读经台前悲哀地诵读经文；司祭也是个老头，相貌和善，视力模糊，穿着淡紫色带黄花的长袍，既作司祭又兼助祭。所有的窗子都敞开着，新鲜的嫩叶在摇晃着，沙沙作响，青草的香味从教堂院外飘了进来；蜡烛的红焰在春日的强光中变得苍白；麻雀在教堂里到处呢喃着，不时地

有一只燕子飞到圆屋顶下，传来银铃般的叫声。在金粉似的阳光中，几个农民在虔诚地为死者祷告，棕色的脑袋一直起起伏伏；从香炉的小孔里冒出了一缕缕青烟。我看着我妻子的遗容……天哪！死亡，就连死亡也没有让她解脱，也没有治好她的伤：同样病态、羞怯、沉默的表情，甚至好像在棺材里，她还是局促不安……我的心里充满了苦楚。她是个善良的，善良的人啊，对于她来说还是死了为好！”

The speaker's cheeks flushed, and his eyes grew dim.

说话人的脸颊通红，视线变得模糊。

"When at last," he began again, "I emerged from the deep depression which overwhelmed me after my wife's death, I resolved to devote myself, as it is called, to work. I went into a government office in the capital of the province; but in the great apartments of the government institution my head ached, and my eyesight too began to fail: other incidental causes came in.... I retired. I had thought of going on a visit to Moscow, but, in the first place, I hadn't the money, and secondly... I've told you already: I'm resigned. This resignation came upon me both suddenly and not suddenly. In spirit I had long ago resigned myself, but my brain was still unwilling to accept the yoke. I ascribed my humble temper and ideas to the influence of country life and unhappiness!... On the other side, I had long observed that all my neighbours, young and old alike, who had been frightened at first by my learning, my residence abroad, and my other advantages of education, had not only had time to get completely used to me, but had even begun to treat me half-rudely, half-contemptuously, did not listen to my observations, and, in talking to me, no longer made use of superfluous signs of respect. I forgot to tell you, too, that during the first year after my marriage, I had tried to launch into literature, and even sent a thing to a journal—a story, if I'm not mistaken; but in a little time I received a polite letter from the editor, in which, among other things, I was told that he could not deny I had intelligence, but he was obliged to say I had no talent, and talent alone was what was needed in literature. To add to this, it came to my knowledge that a young man, on a visit from Moscow—a most good-natured youth too—had referred to me at an evening party at the governor's as a shallow person, antiquated and behind the times. But my half-wilful blindness still persisted: I was unwilling to give myself a slap in the face, you know; at last, one fine morning, my eyes were opened. This was how it happened. The district captain of police came to see me, with the object of calling my attention to a tumble-down bridge on my property, which I had absolutely no money to repair. After consuming a glass of vodka and a snack of dried fish, this condescending guardian of order reproached me in a paternal way for my heedlessness, sympathising, however, with my position, and only advising me to

order my peasants to patch up the bridge with some rubbish; he lighted a pipe, and began talking of the coming elections. A candidate for the honourable post of marshal of the province was at that time one Orbassanov, a noisy, shallow fellow, who took bribes into the bargain. Besides, he was not distinguished either for wealth or for family. I expressed my opinion with regard to him, and rather casually too: I regarded Mr. Orbassanov, I must own, as beneath my level. The police-captain looked at me, patted me amicably on the shoulder, and said good-naturedly: 'Come, come, Vassily Vassilyevitch, it's not for you and me to criticise men like that—how are we qualified to? Let the shoemaker stick to his last.' 'But, upon my word,' I retorted with annoyance, 'whatever difference is there between me and Mr. Orbassanov?' The police-captain took his pipe out of his mouth, opened his eyes wide, and fairly roared. 'Well, you're an amusing chap,' he observed at last, while the tears ran down his cheeks: 'what a joke to make!... Ah! you are a funny fellow!' And till his departure he never ceased jeering at me, now and then giving me a poke in the ribs with his elbow, and addressing me by my Christian name. He went away at last. This was enough: it was the last drop, and my cup was overflowing. I paced several times up and down the room, stood still before the looking-glass and gazed a long, long while at my embarrassed countenance, and deliberately putting out my tongue, I shook my head with a bitter smile. The scales fell from my eyes: I saw clearly, more clearly than I saw my face in the glass, what a shallow, insignificant, worthless, unoriginal person I was!"

"终于，"他又开始说道，"我从丧妻的深深的沮丧中挣脱了出来，我决定投入到所谓的工作中去。我去省会的机关里找了一份工作，但是在政府机构的大办公室里，我感到头疼，我的视力也开始下降了：正好又发生了其他事由……我便辞职了。我想去趟莫斯科，但是，首先是我没有钱了，其次……我已经给您讲过，我已经与世无争了。我这种与世无争的态度既是突然的，又不是突然的。在精神上，我很久以前就与世无争了，但是我的大脑还不愿接受这种束缚。我把我谦恭的性情和想法归于乡村生活和不幸经历的影响！另一方面，我长时间地观察了我所有的邻居们，不论是年轻的还是年长的，他们起初都被我的学问、我的出国经历和教育带给我的其他优势，给吓坏了，后来不仅完全习惯我了，而且甚至开始不听我的评论，在跟我讲话时，也不再用多余的敬语了。我还忘了告诉您，我结婚后的第一年，曾试着写作，甚至还把一篇文章寄到一家杂志社去了，如果我没记错的话，是一篇小说；但是不久之后，我就收到了编辑送来的一封礼貌的来信，除了别的之外，我被告知，他不能否认我有智慧，但是他不得不说我没有天赋，而文学需要的就是天赋。还有，据我所知，有一个从莫斯科来的年轻人——也是一个很善良的年轻人——曾在省长家的晚宴上提到我，说我是个肤浅的、落伍的人。但是，我仍然半故意地视而不见：我不愿意自打耳光，您知道；终于有一天早晨，我睁开了眼睛。事情是这样的。县警察局长来拜访我，

目的是让我注意，我领地里有一座桥坍塌了，但我绝对没钱去修。喝了一杯伏特加，吃了一份干鱼之后，这位傲慢的秩序维护者，像父亲一样斥责我的疏忽，不过，由于同情我的境况，他只是建议我吩咐我的农民用些废物补补那座桥就行了，他点起了一斗烟，开始谈论即将举行的选举。那时候，有一个人要竞选省贵族长这个显职，候选人叫做奥尔巴萨诺夫，是个聒噪、肤浅的人，还贪污。而且，不管在财富上还是家世上，他都并不出众。我表达了我对他的看法，还说得很不客气：我必须承认，我认为，奥尔巴萨诺夫先生在我的水平之下。警察局长看了看我，友善地拍了拍我的肩膀，和善地说：‘得了，得了，瓦西利·瓦西利叶维奇，您和我可不该议论这种人，我们哪里配呢？还是各安本分吧。”‘但是，真的，’我生气地反驳道，‘我和奥尔巴萨诺夫先生有什么区别吗？’警察局长把烟斗从嘴里拿出来，眼睛瞪得大大的，哈哈大笑起来。‘啊，您真是个有趣的家伙，’他终于说道，眼泪都笑出来了，‘多好笑的笑话呀！啊！您是个搞笑的家伙！’直到他离开，他还没有停止嘲笑我，还不时地用他的手肘戳一下我的肋骨，还直呼我的教名。他终于走了。这就足够了：这就是那最后一滴，它让我杯里的水溢了出来。我在屋里来来回回地踱步，站在镜子面前，久久地凝视着我那困窘的表情，不慌不忙地伸出舌头，带着苦楚的微笑摇了摇头。我的目镜从眼上脱落了，我清楚地看到，比看镜子里的脸更清楚，我是个多么肤浅、无关紧要、卑微、不特立独行的人啊！”

He paused.

他停顿了一下。

"In one of Voltaire's tragedies," he went on wearily, "there is some worthy who rejoices that he has reached the furthest limit of unhappiness. Though there is nothing tragic in my fate, I will admit I have experienced something of that sort. I have known the bitter transports of cold despair; I have felt how sweet it is, lying in bed, to curse deliberately for a whole morning together the hour and day of my birth. I could not resign myself all at once. And indeed, think of it yourself: I was kept by impecuniosity in the country, which I hated; I was not fitted for managing my land, nor for the public service, nor for literature, nor anything; my neighbours I didn't care for, and books I loathed; as for the mawkish and morbidly sentimental young ladies who shake their curls and feverishly harp on the word 'life,' I had ceased to have any attraction for them ever since I gave up ranting and gushing; complete solitude I could not face.... I began—what do you suppose?—I began hanging about, visiting my neighbours. As though drunk with self-contempt, I purposely exposed myself to all sorts of petty slights. I was missed over in serving at table; I was met with supercilious coldness, and at last was not noticed at all; I was not even allowed to take part in general conversation, and from my corner I myself used purposely to back up some stupid talker who in those days at Moscow would have ecstatically licked the dust off my feet,

and kissed the hem of my cloak.... I did not even allow myself to believe that I was enjoying the bitter satisfaction of irony.... What sort of irony, indeed, can a man enjoy in solitude? Well, so I have behaved for some years on end, and so I behave now.”

“在伏尔泰的一部悲剧中，”他继续疲倦地说道，“有一位名流为他达到了不幸的极致而感到欢欣。尽管在我的一生中，没有什么不幸的地方，但我还是承认，我也体会过那种心境。我知道冷淡和绝望中的苦涩与狂喜；我感受过从容不迫地躺在床上，整个早上都在诅咒自己的出生时日，是多么地愉悦。我还不能立即做到与世无争。的确，您想想看：我由于身无分文被困在了讨厌的乡下；我不适合管理土地，不适于任公职，不适于文学，不适于任何事；我不喜欢我的邻居，讨厌读书；至于那些令人作呕，伤感地有点病态的小姐们，她们摇晃着卷发、兴奋地唠叨‘生活’这个词，自从我不再夸夸其谈和装腔作势之后，她们便不会对我有任何吸引力了；我又不能面对完全的孤独……我就开始，您猜怎么着？我开始到处闲荡，拜访我的邻居。我好像醉心于自我蔑视，故意将自己暴露于各种琐碎的侮辱中。在餐桌上，仆人斟酒上菜会漏下我；人们傲慢而冷淡地对待我，最后根本不注意我，甚至都不允许我参与大家的谈话，我常常故意躲到角落里，向某个愚蠢的空谈者唯唯称是，想当年在莫斯科，这种人会欣喜若狂地舔我脚上的尘埃，或者亲我大衣的边……我甚至不让自己相信，我正在享受讽刺带来的痛苦的满足感……什么！一个孤孤单单的人还谈什么讽刺？瞧，我就是这样一连过了好几年，现在也还是这样。”

"Really, this is beyond everything," grumbled the sleepy voice of Mr. Kantagryuhin from the next room: "what fool is it that has taken a fancy to talk all night?"

“真是的，这太过分了，”隔壁房间的坎塔格留欣先生，用充满睡意的声音抱怨道，“是哪个傻瓜喜欢整晚讲话啊？”

The speaker promptly ducked under the clothes and peeping out timidly, held up his finger to me warningly.

这个讲话的人一下子就钻进了被窝，胆怯地朝外望着，举起他的手指警告我。

"Sh—sh—!" he whispered; and, as it were, bowing apologetically in the direction of Kantagryuhin's voice, he said respectfully: "I obey, sir, I obey; I beg your pardon.... It's permissible for him to sleep; he ought to sleep," he went on again in a whisper: "he must recruit his energies—well, if only to eat his dinner with the same relish tomorrow. We have no right to disturb him. Besides, I think I've told you all I wanted to; probably you're sleepy too. I wish you good-night.”

“嘘……嘘……”他轻声说道，好像朝着坎塔格留欣声音的方向鞠躬致歉似的，恭敬地说：“知道了，先生，知道了，对不起……该让他睡觉

的，他应该睡觉的，”他继续低声说，“他得恢复体力，唉，至少为了明天有同样的胃口吃饭。我们没有权利打扰他。况且，我想我已经给您说了所有我想讲的，也许您也困了。祝您晚安。”

He turned away with feverish rapidity and buried his head in the pillow.

他不安地迅速转过了身去，用枕头蒙住了头。

"Let me at least know," I asked, "with whom I have had the pleasure...."

“请至少让我知道，”我问，“您的尊姓……”

He raised his head quickly.

他很快把头抬了起来。

"No, for mercy's sake!" he cut me short, "don't inquire my name either of me or of others. Let me remain to you an unknown being, crushed by fate, Vassily Vassilyevitch. Besides, as an unoriginal person, I don't deserve an individual name.... But if you really want to give me some title, call me... call me the Hamlet of the Shtchigri district. There are many such Hamlets in every district, but perhaps you haven't come across others.... After which, good-bye.”

“不，看在上帝的份上！”他打断了我的话，“请别问我或是问别人我的姓名。您还把我当成个陌生人吧，被命运折磨的瓦西利·瓦西利叶维奇。况且，作为一个没有特点的人，我也不配有独特的名字……但是如果您真的想给我个什么称呼，那就叫我……叫我希格雷县的哈姆莱特吧。这样的哈姆莱特在每个县都有很多，不过或许您没有遇到其他的……好了，再见。”

He buried himself again in his feather-bed, and the next morning, when they came to wake me, he was no longer in the room. He had left before daylight.

他又用羽绒被把自己盖住了，第二天早晨，当他们来叫醒我的时候，他已经不在房间里了。天亮前他就离开了。

CHAPTER XXI TCHERTOP-HANOV AND NEDOPYUSKIN

第二十一章 切尔托普哈诺夫和涅多皮尤斯金

One hot summer day I was coming home from hunting in a light cart; Yermolaï sat beside me dozing and scratching his nose. The sleeping dogs were jolted up and down like lifeless bodies under our feet. The coachman kept flicking gadflies off the horses with his whip. The white dust rose in a light cloud behind the cart. We drove in between bushes. The road here was full of ruts, and the wheels began catching in the twigs. Yermolaï started up and looked round.... "Hullo!" he said; "there ought to be grouse here. Let's get out.” We stopped and went into the thicket. My dog hit upon a covey. I took a shot and was beginning to reload, when suddenly there was a loud crackling behind me, and a man on horseback came towards me, pushing the bushes apart with his hands. "Sir... pe-ermit me to ask," he began in a haughty voice, "by what right you are—er—shooting here, sir?” The stranger spoke extraordinarily quickly, jerkily and in nasal accents. I looked at his face; never in my life have I seen anything like it. Picture to yourselves, gentle readers, a little flaxen-haired man, with a little turn-up red nose and long red moustaches. A pointed Persian cap with a crimson cloth crown covered his forehead right down to his eyebrows. He was dressed in a shabby yellow Caucasian overcoat, with black velveteen cartridge pockets on the breast, and tarnish silver braid on all the seams; over his shoulder was slung a horn; in his sash was sticking a dagger. A raw-boned, hook-nosed chestnut horse shambled unsteadily under his weight; two lean, crook-pawed greyhounds kept turning round just under the horse's legs. The face, the glance, the voice, every action, the whole being of the stranger, was expressive of a wild daring and an unbounded, incredible pride; his pale-blue glassy eyes strayed about with a sideway squint like a drunkard's; he flung back his head, puffed out his cheeks, snorted and quivered all over, as though bursting with dignity—for all the world like a turkey-cock. He repeated his question.

在一个炎热的夏日，我坐着一辆小马车打猎归来；坐在我身边的叶尔莫莱打着盹，搔着鼻子。狗躺在我们脚边睡着了，就像死了一般，随着车子上下颠簸。马车夫一直用鞭子驱赶着马身上的虻。马车后面扬起了白茫茫的尘土，就像轻云一般。我们驶进了灌木丛中。此处的道路坑坑洼洼的，车轮常被小树枝绊住。叶尔莫莱突然站了起来，看了看四周……“喂！”他说，“这里应该有松鸡。我们下车吧。”我们停下了车，走进了灌木丛。我的狗突然发现了一窝松鸡。我开了一枪，正要重新装

弹药时，身后突然响起了一阵很大的劈啪声，一个骑马的人向我走来，一边用手分开树枝。“先生……请——问，”他口气傲慢的地说，“您——有什么权利在这里打猎，先生？”这个陌生人说话特别快，断断续续的，还带有鼻音。我看了看他的脸：我有生以来还从没见过此等模样的人。敬爱的读者们，你们自己想象一下，一个身材矮小的人，留着淡黄色的头发，长着一个又小又红的狮子鼻，蓄着长长的红色鬓须。一顶深红色呢绒的尖头波斯帽把他的前额全遮住了，一直压到他的眉毛。他穿着一件破旧的黄色高加索大衣，胸前有几个黑色的棉绒弹药袋，衣缝里全部镶着褪色的银边；他肩上挂着一个号角，腰带上插着一把匕首。一匹瘦弱、凸鼻子的栗色马，在他身子下面摇摇晃晃；两条瘦瘦的、弯爪的灰狗一直在那匹马的腿下转来转去。这个陌生人的容貌、目光、声音、每个动作，整个人，都表现出了狂放的豪勇和无穷的、惊人的傲气；他那双淡蓝色的眼睛没有神采，像醉鬼的眼睛一样到处斜瞟着；他扬起了头，鼓起了两颊，鼻子嗤嗤作响，全身颤抖着，好像充满了自尊——样子活像一只公火鸡。他重复了他的问题。

"I didn't know it was forbidden to shoot here," I replied.

“我不知道这里禁止打猎。”我答道。

"You are here, sir," he continued, "on my land."

“先生，您这是在，”他继续说，“我的土地上。”

"With your permission, I will go off it."

“如果您允许的话，我这就离开。”

"But pe-ermit me to ask," he rejoined, "is it a nobleman I have the honour of addressing?"

“但是请——问，”他又说，“我是有幸在和一位贵族讲话吗？”

I mentioned my name.

我报上了我的名字。

"In that case, oblige me by hunting here. I am a nobleman myself, and am very pleased to do any service to a nobleman.... And my name is Panteley Tchertop-hanov.” He bowed, hallooed, gave his horse a lash on the neck; the horse shook its head, reared, shied, and trampled on a dog's paws. The dog gave a piercing squeal. Tchertop-hanov boiled over with rage; foaming at the mouth, he struck the horse with his fist on the head between the ears, leaped to the ground quicker than lightning, looked at the dog's paw, spat on the wound, gave it a kick in the ribs to stop its whining, caught on to the horse's forelock, and put his foot in the stirrup. The horse flung up its head, and with its tail in the air edged away into the bushes; he followed it, hopping on one leg; he got into the saddle at last, however, flourished his whip in a sort of frenzy, blew his horn, and galloped off. I had not time to recover from the unexpected appearance of Tchertop-hanov, when

suddenly, almost without any noise, there came out of the bushes a stoutish man of forty on a little black nag. He stopped, took off his green leather cap, and in a thin, subdued voice he asked me whether I hadn't seen a horseman riding a chestnut? I answered that I had.

“既然那样的话，就请在此打猎吧。我自己也是个贵族，很乐意为贵族效劳……我叫潘捷莱·切尔托普哈诺夫。”他弯下了身子，大叫了一声，在马脖子上抽了一鞭子；那匹马摇了摇头，用后腿站了起来，往后一退，踩在了一条狗的爪子上。那条狗尖声地叫了起来。切尔托普哈诺夫大发雷霆，气得口沫横飞，朝马两耳中间的地方打了一拳，接着跳到了地上，速度比闪电还快，然后查看那只狗的爪子，朝伤口上吐了口唾沫，在狗肚子上踢了一脚，让它不要哀号，然后抓住了马的鬃毛，一脚踩进了马镫里。马扬起了头，把尾巴竖到了空中，侧着身子冲进了灌木丛；他跟着它，单腿跳跃着；不过他终究坐上了马鞍，发狂似的挥着鞭子，吹响了号角，疾驰而去。切尔托普哈诺夫的出现太意外了，我还没来得及回过神来，就忽然几乎不声不响地，从灌木丛里出来了一个胖乎乎的人，他年约四十，骑着一匹小黑马。他停了下来，摘下了他的绿色皮帽子，声音尖细而柔和地问我，有没有看见一个骑着栗色马的人？我回答说看见了。

"Which way did the gentleman go?" he went on in the same tone, without putting on his cap.

“那位先生往哪里走了？”他用同样的音调继续问，也没有带上帽子。

"Over there."

“往那边。”

"I humbly thank you, sir."

“太感谢您了，先生。”

He made a kissing sound with his lips, swung his legs against his horse's sides, and fell into a jog-trot in the direction indicated. I looked after him till his peaked cap was hidden behind the branches. This second stranger was not in the least like his predecessor in exterior. His face, plump and round as a ball, expressed bashfulness, good-nature, and humble meekness; his nose, also plump and round and streaked with blue veins, betokened a sensualist. On the front of his head there was not a single hair left, some thin brown tufts stuck out behind; there was an ingratiating twinkle in his little eyes, set in long slits, and a sweet smile on his red, juicy lips. He had on a coat with a stand-up collar and brass buttons, very worn but clean; his cloth trousers were hitched up high, his fat calves were visible above the yellow tops of his boots.

他的嘴唇发出了啧啧的声音，双腿夹了一下马肚子，就朝我指的方

向小跑着去了。我目送着他，直到他的尖顶帽消失在了树枝后面。从外表上看，第二位陌生人一点都不像前面那位。他的脸像个球，圆鼓鼓的，神情羞怯、和善而温顺，他的鼻子也圆鼓鼓的，露出一道道青筋，表明他是个好色之徒。他额头上一根头发也没剩下，后面翘着几绺稀疏的褐色发卷；他眼睛小小的，眯成一条长长的缝，迷人地眨着，红润的嘴唇上挂着甜甜的微笑。他穿着一件有立领和铜纽扣的外套，衣服很旧，但是很干净；他的呢子裤拉得很高，胖胖的小腿露在靴子的黄边上面。

"Who's that?" I inquired of Yermolaï.

“那个人是谁？”我问叶尔莫莱。

"That? Nedopyuskin, Tihon Ivanitch. He lives at Tchertop-hanov's.”

“那个？季洪·伊万诺维奇·涅多皮尤斯金。他住在切尔托普哈诺夫那里。”

"What is he, a poor man?"

“怎么，他是个穷人吗？”

"He's not rich; but, to be sure, Tchertop-hanov's not got a brass farthing either.”

“他肯定不富有，不过，那个切尔托普哈诺夫当然也是一点小钱也没有。”

"Then why does he live with him?"

“那他为什么要住在他那里呢？”

"Oh, they made friends. One's never seen without the other.... It's a fact, indeed—where the horse puts its hoof, there the crab sticks its claw.”

“哦，他们是朋友。两人总是如影随形……这是事实，真的像是穿连裆裤似的。”

We got out of the bushes; suddenly two hounds "gave tongue" close to us, and a big hare bounded through the oats, which were fairly high by now. The dogs, hounds and harriers, leaped out of the thicket after him, and after the dogs flew out Tchertop-hanov himself. He did not shout, nor urge the dogs on, nor halloo; he was breathless and gasping; broken, senseless sounds were jerked out of his gaping mouth now and then; he dashed on, his eyes starting out of his head, and furiously lashed at his luckless horse with the whip. The harriers were gaining on the hare... it squatted for a moment, doubled sharply back, and darted past Yermolaï into the bushes.... The harriers rushed in pursuit.

我们走出了灌木丛，突然有两只猎犬在我们旁边狂吠起来，一只大野兔跳进燕麦地里，这时燕麦已经长得老高了。几条普通的狗、猎犬和猎兔犬，从灌木丛里跳了出来追着它，切尔托普哈诺夫本人也跟着狗冲了出来。他没有大叫，没有喝令几只狗前去追捕；他气喘吁吁，上气不接下气的；他那大张着的嘴巴不时地发出断断续续、毫无意义的声音；他猛冲着，眼睛鼓了出来，用鞭子猛抽着那匹不幸的马。猎兔犬追上了野兔……野兔蹲下来一会儿，然后加倍迅速地向后转，从叶尔莫莱身旁猛冲进了灌木丛……猎兔犬冲着追过去。

"Lo-ok out! lo-ok out!" the exhausted horseman articulated with effort, in a sort of stutter: "lo-ok out, friend!" Yermolaï shot... the wounded hare rolled head over heels on the smooth dry grass, leaped into the air, and squealed piteously in the teeth of a worrying dog. The hounds crowded about her. Like an arrow, Tchertop-hanov flew off his horse, clutched his dagger, ran straddling among the dogs with furious imprecations, snatched the mangled hare from them, and, creasing up his whole face, he buried the dagger in its throat up to the very hilt... buried it, and began hallooing. Tihon Ivanitch made his appearance on the edge of the thicket. "Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho!" vociferated Tchertop-hanov a second time. "Ho-ho-ho-ho," his companion repeated placidly.

“留——神！留——神！”精疲力尽的猎人费力地喊着，声音断断续续的，“留——神，朋友！”叶尔莫莱开了一枪……受伤的野兔倒栽在平滑的干草上，朝空中一蹦，然后在一只焦躁的猎狗口中可怜地尖叫着。猎犬们都朝它聚拢过来。切尔托普哈诺夫像一支箭一样飞下了马，握住了匕首，叉开双腿跑在那几条狗中间，还愤怒地咒骂着，从它们那里把那只血肉模糊的野兔夺了过来，皱起了整张脸，把匕首插进了野兔的喉咙里，只留刀柄在外面……插进去之后，开始大吼起来。季洪·伊万诺维奇也出现在了灌木丛边。“嗬嗬嗬嗬嗬嗬嗬嗬！”切尔托普哈诺夫又一次大叫起来。“嗬嗬嗬嗬。”他的同伴也平和地附和着。

"But really, you know, one ought not to hunt in summer," I observed to Tchertop-hanov, pointing to the trampled-down oats.

“照理说，您知道，夏天是不应该打猎的。”我指着被踩倒了的燕麦，对切尔托普哈诺夫说道。

"It's my field," answered Tchertop-hanov, gasping.

“这是我的地。”切尔托普哈诺夫喘着气答道。

He pulled the hare into shape, hung it on to his saddle, and flung the paws among the dogs.

他割下了野兔的爪子，把野兔挂在了他的马鞍上，把爪子扔给了那几条狗。

"I owe you a charge, my friend, by the rules of hunting," he said,

addressing Yermolaï. "And you, dear sir," he added in the same jerky, abrupt voice, "my thanks."

“我的朋友，按照打猎的规矩，我欠你一发子弹，”他对叶尔莫莱说，“还有您，亲爱的先生，”他用同样嘶哑、断断续续的声音说，“也谢谢您。”

He mounted his horse.

他骑上了马。

"Pe-ermit me to ask... I've forgotten your name and your father's.”

“请允——许我问……我忘了您的姓名了。”

Again I told him my name.

我又给他说了一遍我的名字。

"Delighted to make your acquaintance. When you have an opportunity, hope you'll come and see me.... But where is that Fomka, Tihon Ivanitch?" he went on with heat; "the hare was run down without him."

“认识您很高兴。若有机会，希望您来家里坐坐……不过，福姆卡在哪里，季洪·伊万诺维奇？”他愤怒地继续说道，“追捕野兔的时候他就不在。”

"His horse fell down under him," replied Tihon Ivanitch with a smile.

“他的马摔倒了。”季洪·伊万诺维奇笑了笑答道。

"Fell down! Orbassan fell down? Pugh! tut!... Where is he?"

“摔倒了！奥尔巴桑倒下了？呸！啧啧！他在哪里呢？”

"Over there, behind the copse."

“在那边，杂树林后面。”

Tchertop-hanov struck his horse on the muzzle with his whip, and galloped off at a breakneck pace. Tihon Ivanitch bowed to me twice, once for himself and once for his companion, and again set off at a trot into the bushes.

切尔托普哈诺夫用鞭子抽了一下马的鼻口，急速地奔驰而去。季洪·伊万诺维奇朝我鞠了两次躬，一次是为他自己，另一次是为他的同伴，然后又让马小跑着进了灌木丛里。

These two gentlemen aroused my curiosity keenly. What could unite two creatures so different in the bonds of an inseparable friendship? I began to make inquiries. This was what I learned.

这两位先生极大地激起了我的好奇心。是什么让这两个完全不同的人，缔结了密不可分的友谊？我开始打听情况。下面便是我打听到的。

Panteley Eremyitch Tchertop-hanov had the reputation in the whole surrounding vicinity of a dangerous, crack-brained fellow, haughty and quarrelsome in the extreme. He had served a very short time in the army, and had retired from the service through "difficulties" with his superiors, with that rank which is generally regarded as equivalent to no rank at all. He came of an old family, once rich; his forefathers lived sumptuously, after the manner of the steppes—that is, they welcomed all, invited or uninvited, fed them to exhaustion, gave out oats by the quarter to their guests' coachmen for their teams, kept musicians, singers, jesters, and dogs; on festive days regaled their people with spirits and beer, drove to Moscow in the winter with their own horses, in heavy old coaches, and sometimes were for whole months without a farthing, living on home-grown produce. The estate came into Panteley Eremyitch's father's hands in a crippled condition; he, in his turn, "played ducks and drakes" with it, and when he died, left his sole heir, Panteley, the small mortgaged village of Bezsonovo, with thirty-five souls of the male, and seventy-six of the female sex, and twenty-eight acres and a half of useless land on the waste of Kolobrodova, no record of serfs for which could be found among the deceased's deeds. The deceased had, it must be confessed, ruined himself in a very strange way: "provident management" had been his destruction. According to his notions, a nobleman ought not to depend on merchants, townsmen, and "brigands" of that sort, as he called them; he set up all possible trades and crafts on his estate; "it's both seemlier and cheaper," he used to say: "it's provident management!” He never relinquished this fatal idea to the end of his days; indeed, it was his ruin. But, then, what entertainment it gave him! He never denied himself the satisfaction of a single whim. Among other freaks, he once began building, after his own fancy, so immense a family coach that, in spite of the united efforts of the peasants' horses, drawn together from the whole village, as well as their owners, it came to grief and fell to pieces on the first hillside. Eremey Lukitch (the name of Panteley's father was Eremey Lukitch), ordered a memorial to be put up on the hillside, but was not, however, at all abashed over the affair. He conceived the happy thought, too, of building a church—by himself, of course—without the assistance of an architect. He burnt a whole forest in making the bricks, laid an immense foundation, as though for a provincial hall, raised the walls, and began putting on the cupola; the cupola fell down. He tried again—the cupola again broke down; he tried the third time—-the cupola fell to pieces a third time. Good Eremey Lukitch grew thoughtful; there was something uncanny about it, he reflected...

some accursed witchcraft must have a hand in it... and at once he gave orders to flog all the old women in the village. They flogged the old women; but they didn't get the cupola on, for all that. He began reconstructing the peasants' huts on a new plan, and all on a system of "provident management"; he set them three homesteads together in a triangle, and in the middle stuck up a post with a painted bird-cage and flag. Every day he invented some new freak; at one time he was making soup of burdocks, at another cutting his horses' tails off to make caps for his servants; at another, proposing to substitute nettles for flax, to feed pigs on mushrooms.... He had once read in the Moscow Gazette an article by a Harkov landowner, Hryak-Hrupyorsky, on the importance of morality to the well-being of the peasant, and the next day he gave forth a decree to all his peasants to learn off the Harkov landowner's article by heart at once. The peasants learnt the article; the master asked them whether they understood what was said in it? The bailiff replied—that to be sure they understood it! About the same time he ordered all his subjects, with a view to the maintenance of order and provident management, to be numbered, and each to have his number sewn on his collar. On meeting the master, each was to shout, "Number so-and-so is here!" and the master would answer affably: "Go on, in God's name!”

潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇·切尔托普哈诺夫在附近一带是出了名的危险、疯狂、傲慢、极好争论。他曾在军队里服过役，但时间很短，由于和上级发生“不愉快的事”而退役，至于他的军衔，通常人们认为那就相当于根本没有军衔。他出身于一个曾经很富有的家庭，他的祖先们活得很奢侈，按照草原的习俗来说，就是他们欢迎所有人，不管是邀请来的还是不请自来的，都让他们吃饱喝足，分给客人的马车夫四分之一磅的燕麦喂马，养着乐师、歌手、小丑和狗；在节日里，用烈酒和啤酒盛情款待众人，冬天的时候用自己的马拉着沉重的旧马车去莫斯科，有时候一连几个月一点钱都没有，靠吃家禽度日。家业到潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇父亲的手上时，已经残破不堪了，但他父亲还是挥霍浪费，他父亲死后，留给他唯一的继承人潘捷莱的，只是已经抵押出去的小小的别索诺沃村，三十五个男农奴，七十六个女农奴，和科洛布罗多瓦荒地上的二十八英亩半毫无用处的土地，在先人的文件中，也找不到农奴的记录。必须承认，这位先人以一种很奇怪的方式破了产，也就是“经济核算”毁了他。按照他的想法，一个贵族不应该依靠商人、市民，以及诸如此类的“强盗”，他是这么称呼他们的；他在领地内建立了一切可能建立的作坊；“既体面，又划算，”他常说，“这就是经济核算！”到死的那天，他都未曾放弃这个致命的念头；但它的确是把他毁了。不过，它带给了他多少乐趣啊！不管想起什么怪念头，他都会付诸实践。在种种的怪诞念头中，有一次，他根据自己的奇思妙想，建造了一辆庞大的家用马车，虽然把全村所有农家的马和它们的主人都召集来，一起使劲拉这辆车，但在第一个山坡处，它就翻倒了，摔得粉碎。叶列梅·卢基奇（潘捷莱父亲的名字是叶列梅·卢基奇）下令在这个山坡上建一个纪念碑，他对这件

事一点都不感到尴尬。他还愉快地构想过要建一座教堂——当然是由他自己——而不要建筑师的帮助。他砍去整个森林里的树用来烧砖，打了一个巨大的地基，够建一个省级的大教堂了，砌起了墙，然后开始架圆屋顶，但圆屋顶塌了。他又架了一次，圆屋顶又倒了下来；他再架第三次，圆屋顶这次摔得粉碎。叶列梅·卢基奇就琢磨起来：这事有些蹊跷，他思索着……一定是被巫师诅咒了……他便立即下令，把村里所有的老妇人都鞭打一遍。他们鞭打了老妇人们，但是那个圆屋顶还是造不起来。他开始按照一个新方案来重建农舍，这些都在“经济核算”的体系中；他让每三户的房子组成一个三角形，在中间立一根竿子，竿子上挂一个油漆的鸟笼和一面旗子。每天他都会冒出很多新的怪想法：有时用牛蒡做汤，有时把马尾剪下来给他的仆人做帽子，有时提议用荨麻代替亚麻，用蘑菇喂猪……有一次，在《莫斯科导报》上他读到地主赫里亚克·赫鲁皮奥尔斯基写的一篇文章，是关于道德对农民福祉的重要性，第二天，他就下令让所有的农民立即背熟地主赫里亚克的文章。农民们背了这篇文章，主人问他们懂不懂里面讲的是什么？管家回答说——他们当然懂啦！大概也是在这个时候，为了维持秩序和经济核算，他吩咐把手下的所有人都编上号，每人都要把号码缝在衣领上。在遇到主人时，每人都得叫：“我是某某号！”然后主人就会和蔼地回答说：“好，继续吧！”

In spite, however, of order and provident management, Eremey Lukitch got by degrees into a very difficult position; he began at first by mortgaging his villages, and then was brought to the sale of them; the last ancestral home, the village with the unfinished church, was sold at last for arrears to the Crown, luckily not in the lifetime of Eremey Lukitch—he could never have supported such a blow—but a fortnight after his death. He succeeded in dying at home in his own bed, surrounded by his own people, and under the care of his own doctor; but nothing was left to poor Panteley but Bezsonovo.

然而，尽管讲究秩序和经济核算，叶列梅·卢基奇还是渐渐地陷入了困境；起初，他把几个村子抵押了出去，然后又把它们卖了；最后剩下的祖宅，就是有一座没完工的教堂的村子，最终也因为欠款而卖给了政府，所幸不是在叶列梅·卢基奇生前——他绝对受不了这样的打击——而是在他去世以后两个星期卖的。他总算还能够死在自己家里，自己的床上，有自己人围在旁边，有自己的医生在照料；但是留给可怜的潘捷莱的，就只有别索诺沃村了。

Panteley heard of his father's illness while he was still in the service, in the very heat of the "difficulties" mentioned above. He was only just nineteen. From his earliest childhood he had not left his father's house, and under the guidance of his mother, a very good-natured but perfectly stupid woman, Vassilissa Vassilyevna, he grew up spoilt and conceited. She undertook his education alone; Eremey Lukitch, buried in his economical fancies, had no thoughts to spare for it. It is true, he once punished his son with his own hand for

mispronouncing a letter of the alphabet; but Eremey Lukitch had received a cruel and secret blow that day: his best dog had been crushed by a tree. Vassilissa Vassilyevna's efforts in regard Panteley's education did not, however, get beyond one terrific exertion; in the sweat of her brow she engaged him a tutor, one Birkopf, a retired Alsatian soldier, and to the day of her death she trembled like a leaf before him. "Oh," she thought, "if he throws us up—I'm lost! Where could I turn? Where could I find another teacher? Why, with what pains, what pains I enticed this one away from our neighbours!" And Birkopf, like a shrewd man, promptly took advantage of his unique position; he drank like a fish, and slept from morning till night. On the completion of his "course of science," Panteley entered the army. Vassilissa Vassilyevna was no more; she had died six months before that important event, of fright. She had had a dream of a white figure riding on a bear with a sign on its breast: "Antichrist." Eremey Lukitch soon followed his better half.

潘捷莱听到他父亲的病情时还在服役，正是在之前提到的“不愉快的事”白热化的时候。他那时只有十九岁。从童年时代起，他就没有离开过父亲的家，他由母亲来教育，他母亲是一个非常善良却相当愚蠢的女人，名叫瓦西利萨·瓦西利耶夫娜，他也就长成了一个被惯坏的、自负的人。她独自负责他的教育，叶列梅·卢基奇则沉浸在他的经济幻想中，没有精力来教育他的儿子。确实，他也曾亲手打过儿子，因为他读错了字母表中一个字母，但是那天，叶列梅·卢基奇其实是遭遇了一次残忍而隐秘的打击：他最棒的狗撞到树上死了。然而，关于潘捷莱的教育问题，瓦西利萨·瓦西利耶夫娜只做过一次极大的努力：她费了很大的劲，为他请了一位家庭教师——比尔科普夫，是阿尔萨斯的退伍军人，直到她死的那天，在这位家庭教师面前，她还是像一片树叶似的发抖。“哦，”她想，“要是他抛下我们不干了，我就完了！叫我怎么办？我上哪里去找别的老师啊？唉，这一个还是我千辛万苦从邻居家挖来的！”而比尔科普夫是一个狡猾的人，迅速地利用起了他的特殊地位，他大口大口地喝酒，还从早睡到晚。潘捷莱完成了他的“学业”之后，便进了部队。瓦西利萨·瓦西利耶夫娜已经不在世了，在这个重大事件发生前的六个月，她就被吓死了。她梦见了一个穿白衣服的人，骑着一头熊，胸前标着“反基督者”的字样。叶列梅·卢基奇很快也随他的另一半去了。

At the first news of his illness, Panteley galloped home at breakneck speed, but he did not find his father alive. What was the amazement of the dutiful son when he found himself, utterly unexpectedly, transformed from a rich heir to a poor man! Few men are capable of bearing so sharp a reverse well. Panteley was embittered, made misanthropical by it. From an honest, generous, good-natured fellow, though spoilt and hot-tempered, he became haughty and quarrelsome; he gave up associating with the neighbours—he was too proud to visit the rich, and he disdained the poor—and

behaved with unheard of arrogance to everyone, even to the established authorities. "I am of the ancient hereditary nobility," he would say. Once he had been on the point of shooting the police-commissioner for coming into the room with his cap on his head. Of course the authorities, on their side, had their revenge, and took every opportunity to make him feel their power; but still, they were rather afraid of him, because he had a desperate temper, and would propose a duel with knives at the second word. At the slightest retort Tchertop-hanov's eyes blazed, his voice broke.... "Ah, er—er—er," he stammered, "damn my soul"... and nothing could stop him. And, moreover, he was a man of stainless character, who had never had a hand in anything the least shady. No one, of course, visited him... and with all this he was a good-hearted, even a great-hearted man in his own way; acts of injustice, of oppression, he would not brook even against strangers; he stood up for his own peasants like a rock. "What?" he would say, with a violent blow on his own head: "touch my people, mine? My name's not Tchertop-hanov, if I…”

潘捷莱一听到父亲生病的消息，就以惊人的速度飞奔回家，但还是没有见到父亲的最后一面。当这个孝子出乎预料地发现，自己从一个富有的继承人变成了一个穷光蛋时，他是多么地吃惊啊！很少有人能受得了这么急剧的转变。潘捷莱很痛苦，也因此变得厌世起来。虽然他原先被宠坏了、脾气火爆，但还是一个诚实、慷慨、善良的人，但现在却变得又傲慢又喜欢争吵；他和邻居们断绝了来往——因为太过骄傲而不去拜访富人，又看不起穷人——对每个人都表现出闻所未闻的傲慢，甚至对地方当局也是如此。“我是个世袭贵族。”他会说。有一次，警察局长走进他的房间时没脱帽，差点被他开枪打死。当然了，当局方面也会采取报复，抓住每一个机会，让他尝尝他们的厉害；不过他们还是怕他的，因为他的脾气相当暴躁，一言不合，就会拿着刀子去跟人家拼命。稍微遭到一点反对，切尔托普哈诺夫就会两眼冒火，声音断断续续……“啊，呀——呀——呀，”他结结巴巴地说，“真见鬼！”……什么都阻止不了他。此外，他为人清白，从不沾染任何坏事。当然了，没人去拜访他……虽然如此，他却是个好心的人，甚至有他自己的伟大之处；他见到不公正和欺压就会挺身而出，甚至面对的是陌生人他也不会容忍；他就是他的农民们的靠山。“什么？”他会猛捶一下自己的脑袋说，“动我的人，我的人？如果我……我就不是切尔托普哈诺夫。”

Tihon Ivanitch Nedopyuskin could not, like Panteley Eremyitch, pride himself on his origin. His father came of the peasant proprietor class, and only after forty years of service attained the rank of a noble. Mr. Nedopyuskin, the father, belonged to the number of those people who are pursued by misfortune with an obduracy akin to personal hatred. For sixty whole years, from his very birth to his very death, the poor man was struggling with all the hardships, calamities, and privations, incidental to people of small means; he struggled like a fish

under the ice, never having enough food and sleep—cringing, worrying, wearing himself to exhaustion, fretting over every farthing, with genuine "innocence" suffering in the service, and dying at last in either a garret or a cellar, in the unsuccessful struggle to gain for himself or his children a crust of dry bread. Fate had hunted him down like a hare.

季洪·伊万诺维奇·涅多皮尤斯金不像潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇，他没有可以引以为傲的出身。他的父亲是自耕农出身，服役了四十年，才得到了贵族的头衔。老涅多皮尤斯金先生属于那种不幸的人，灾难像冤家一样纠缠着他。从他出生到死的整整六十年里，这个可怜的人一直在同艰难、灾难、贫困作斗争，这都是小人物难以避免的；他像冰下的鱼一样挣扎着，从没吃饱睡足过；他低头哈腰，焦虑烦恼，操劳到精疲力尽，为每一点小钱费心，的确是为了服役而“无辜地”受罪，最后不知是死在了一个阁楼上还是一个地窖里，也没有为他自己或是他的孩子们成功地赚到一片干面包皮。命运就像猎犬追野兔一样折磨他。

He was a good-natured and honest man, though he did take bribes—from a threepenny bit up to a crown piece inclusive. Nedopyuskin had a wife, thin and consumptive; he had children too; luckily they all died young except Tihon and a daughter, Mitrodora, nicknamed "the merchants' belle”, who, after many painful and ludicrous adventures, was married to a retired attorney. Mr. Nedopyuskin had succeeded before his death in getting Tihon a place as supernumerary clerk in some office; but directly after his father's death Tihon resigned his situation. Their perpetual anxieties, their heartrending struggle with cold and hunger, his mother's careworn depression, his father's toiling despair, the coarse aggressiveness of landladies and shopkeepers—all the unending daily suffering of their life had developed an exaggerated timidity in Tihon: at the mere sight of his chief he was faint and trembling like a captured bird. He threw up his office. Nature, in her indifference, or perhaps her irony, implants in people all sorts of faculties and tendencies utterly inconsistent with their means and their position in society; with her characteristic care and love she had moulded of Tihon, the son of a poor clerk, a sensuous, indolent, soft, impressionable creature—a creature fitted exclusively for enjoyment, gifted with an excessively delicate sense of smell and of taste...she had moulded him, finished him off most carefully, and set her creation to struggle up on sour cabbage and putrid fish!

他是个善良诚实的人，尽管他收过贿赂——从三便士到五先令。老涅多皮尤斯金有一位瘦弱且患肺病的妻子，他也有过几个孩子，幸好他们在很小的时候都死了，只剩下了季洪和一个叫米特罗多拉的女儿，这个女儿的绰号叫“商人家的美人”，在经历过很多痛苦和荒唐的冒险之后，她嫁给了一个退休的检察官。老涅多皮尤斯金先生在死前，成功地

给季洪在某个办公室谋了份临时雇员的职位；但是季洪在他父亲死后，便立即辞去了这个职务。他们不停地焦虑，与饥寒做斗争，他母亲忧虑沮丧，父亲绝望地奔波，还有女房东和店主的粗暴欺压——日常生活中这些苦难无休无止，使得季洪养成了一种过为胆怯的性格：一见到他的上司他就会像只被抓到的小鸟一样头晕、发抖。他辞去了职务。造物者以它的漠不关心，或是讽刺，赋予人各种天赋和癖好，却完全与他们的财产和社会地位不相符；在它独特的关爱下，塑造了季洪——一个贫穷职员的儿子，一个敏感、懒惰、软弱、易受影响的人，一个具有极灵敏的嗅觉和味觉天赋、适宜于享乐的人……它小心地把他塑造完之后，便把它的作品放到酸白菜和腐烂的鱼中长大！

And, behold! the creation did struggle up somehow, and began what is called "life". Then the fun began. Fate, which had so ruthlessly tormented Nedopyuskin the father, took to the son too; she had a taste for them, one must suppose. But she treated Tihon on a different plan: she did not torture him; she played with him. She did not once drive him to desperation, she did not set him to suffer the degrading agonies of hunger, but she led him a dance through the whole of Russia from one end to the other, from one degrading and ludicrous position to another; at one time Fate made him "majordomo" to a snappish, choleric Lady Bountiful, at another a humble parasite on a wealthy skinflint merchant, then a private secretary to a goggle-eyed gentleman, with his hair cut in the English style, then she promoted him to the post of something between butler and buffoon to a dog-fancier.... In short, Fate drove poor Tihon to drink drop by drop to the dregs the bitter poisoned cup of a dependent existence. He had been, in his time, the sport of the dull malignity and the boorish pranks of slothful masters. How often, alone in his room, released at last "to go in peace," after a mob of visitors had glutted their taste for horseplay at his expense, he had vowed, blushing with shame, chill tears of despair in his eyes, that he would run away in secret, would try his luck in the town, would find himself some little place as clerk, or die once for all of hunger in the street! But, in the first place, God had not given him strength of character; secondly, his timidity unhinged him; and thirdly, how could he get himself a place? whom could he ask?

然后，瞧啊！这个作品长大了，开始了所谓的“生活”。然后热闹就开始了。命运如此残忍地折磨了老涅多皮尤斯金，也折磨起了他儿子；你可以料想，它尝到了甜头。但是它用不同的方法来对付季洪：它并不折磨他，而是以他为消遣。它一次都没有让他绝望过，没让他忍受过饥饿那种可耻的痛苦，但却让他在全俄国漂泊，从一个不体面的可笑的职位到另一个：有时，命运让他到一个脾气暴躁的贵族女善人家里当“大管家”，有时又在一个富有而吝啬的商人家里当卑微的食客，有时让他给一个瞪着眼、留着英国式头发的老爷当私人秘书，有时又提拔他到一个猎犬爱好者的家里，当一个介于管家和小丑之间的职务……总的来说，命

运让可怜的季洪一滴一滴地喝着寄生生活那苦涩的毒酒。一生之中，他都在充当懒惰的主人的玩物，成为了无聊的恶意和粗鲁的恶作剧所嘲弄的对象。有多少次，在一群客人尽情地拿他取乐之后，他独自在自己的房间里，终于在“宁静”中释放了自己，他羞愧地红着脸，绝望的寒泪在眼睛里打转，他发誓，他要偷偷跑掉，去城里碰碰运气，给自己找个小职员的工作，或者干脆在街上饿死！但是，首先，上帝没有赋予他坚定的意志；其次，他生性胆怯；再次，他怎样给自己某职位呢？他能去求谁呢？

"They'll never give it me," the luckless wretch would murmur, tossing wearily in his bed, "they'll never give it me!" And the next day he would take up the same degrading life again. His position was the more painful that, with all her care, nature had not troubled to give him the smallest share of the gifts and qualifications without which the trade of a buffoon is almost impossible. He was not equal, for instance, to dancing till he dropped, in a bearskin coat turned inside out, nor making jokes and cutting capers in the immediate vicinity of cracking whips; if he was turned out in a state of nature into a temperature of twenty degrees below freezing, as often as not, he caught cold; his stomach could not digest brandy mixed with ink and other filth, nor minced funguses and toadstools in vinegar. There is no knowing what would have become of Tihon if the last of his patrons, a contractor who had made his fortune, had not taken it into his head in a merry hour to inscribe in his will: "And to Zyozo (Tihon, to wit) Nedopyuskin, I leave in perpetual possession, to him and his heirs, the village of Bezselendyevka, lawfully acquired by me, with all its appurtenances." A few days later this patron was taken with a fit of apoplexy after gorging on sturgeon soup. A great commotion followed; the officials came and put seals on the property.

“他们绝不会给我职位的，”这个可怜的倒霉蛋低声抱怨道，在床上消沉地辗转反侧，“他们绝不会给我职位的！”然后第二天，他又会开始他那不体面的生活。他的处境更加痛苦了，可是对他关怀备至的造物主，却懒得给他一点当一个丑角所必须具备的天赋和资质。比如，他不善于反穿着熊皮大衣跳舞，会跳到累倒在地，也不善于在把鞭子甩得哗哗响的人旁边说笑话、嬉戏；有时，让他在零下二十度的时候脱光，他就会害感冒；他的胃既不能消化搀着墨水和其他脏东西的酒，也不能消化泡着切碎的毒菌和伞菌的醋。要不是他最后的赞助人——一个发了财的承包商——一时兴起在他的遗嘱中写了一笔，还不知道季洪会变成什么样呢，那遗嘱中写道：“将我合法购置的别谢连杰耶夫卡村连同其所属地交予焦贾（指季洪）·涅多皮尤斯金和他的继承人。”几天以后，这位赞助人在喝饱了鲟鱼汤后，就中风身亡了。接下来便是一阵大骚乱，官员把财产封存了起来。

The relations arrived; the will was opened and read; and they called for Nedopyuskin; Nedopyuskin made his appearance. The

greater number of the party knew the nature of Tihon Ivanitch's duties in his patron's household; he was greeted with deafening shouts and ironical congratulations. "The landowner; here is the new owner!" shouted the other heirs. "Well, really this," put in one, a noted wit and humourist; "well, really this, one may say... this positively is... really what one may call... an heir-apparent!" and they all went off into shrieks. For a long while Nedopyuskin could not believe in his good fortune. They showed him the will: he flushed, shut his eyes, and with a despairing gesture he burst into tears. The chuckles of the party passed into a deep unanimous roar. The village of Bezselendyevka consisted of only twenty-two serfs, no one regretted its loss keenly; so why not get some fun out of it? One of the heirs from Petersburg, an important man, with a Greek nose and a majestic expression of face, Rostislav Adamitch Shtoppel, went so far as to go up to Nedopyuskin and look haughtily at him over his shoulder. "So far as I can gather, honoured sir," he observed with contemptuous carelessness, "you enjoyed your position in the household of our respected Fedor Fedoritch, owing to your obliging readiness to wait on his diversions?" The gentleman from Petersburg expressed himself in a style insufferably refined, smart, and correct. Nedopyuskin, in his agitation and confusion, had not taken in the unknown gentleman's words, but the others were all quiet at once; the wit smiled condescendingly. Mr. Shtoppel rubbed his hands and repeated his question. Nedopyuskin raised his eyes in bewilderment and opened his mouth. Rostislav Adamitch puckered his face up sarcastically.

亲戚们来了，打开遗嘱宣读，他们还叫来了涅多皮尤斯金，涅多皮尤斯金露面了。在场的很多人都知道季洪·伊万诺维奇在他的赞助人家里是做什么的，迎接他的是喧闹的大笑声和讽刺的祝贺。“地主，这就是新的地主！”其他继承人叫喊道。“嘿，真正的，”一个有名的爱说俏皮话的幽默家插话道，“嘿，真正的，可以说……这可真是……可以说是真正的……法定继承人啊！”然后他们都尖叫了起来。很长一段时间，涅多皮尤斯金都不敢相信自己的好运。他们给他看了遗嘱，他脸红了，闭上了眼睛，做了一个绝望的手势，然后大哭了起来。大家都不再窃笑了，而是全都低沉地喧闹起来。别谢连杰耶夫卡村只有二十二个农奴，没有人会为失去了这个村子而感到可惜，所以为什么不拿它来寻开心呢？有一个从彼得堡来的继承人，是一个有权势的人，长着一个希腊式的鼻子和一张表情高贵的脸，叫做罗斯季斯拉夫·阿达梅奇·什托佩利，走到涅多皮尤斯金面前，傲慢地扭过头看了看他。“据我所知，阁下，”他轻蔑而随便地说，“您在我们尊敬的费多尔·费多罗维奇先生家里，不过是担任一个随时供他取乐的职务罢了？”这位从彼得堡来的绅士，把话说得异常精炼、巧妙而准确。还处在激动和困惑中的涅多皮尤斯金，根本没有听清这位不相识的先生的话，但是其他人都马上安静了下来，那位爱说俏皮话的先生傲慢地笑着。什托佩利先生搓了搓手，又重复了一遍他的问题。涅多皮尤斯金困惑地抬起了眼睛，张开了嘴。罗斯季斯拉夫·什托佩

利刻薄地皱起了脸。

"I congratulate you, my dear sir, I congratulate you," he went on: "it's true, one may say, not everyone would have consented to gain his daily bread in such a fashion; but de guslibus non est disputandum, that is, everyone to his taste.... Eh?”

“我祝贺您，我亲爱的先生，我祝贺您，”他继续说道，“真的，可以说，并不是每个人都愿意以这样的方式赚口粮的；不过，鉴赏力各有不同——这就是说，各有所好嘛……是吧？”

Someone at the back uttered a rapid, decorous shriek of admiration and delight.

后面有个人由于羡慕和高兴，发出了一阵迅速而不失礼貌的尖叫声。

"Tell us," pursued Mr. Shtoppel, much encouraged by the smiles of the whole party, "to what special talent are you indebted for your good-fortune? No, don't be bashful, tell us; we're all here, so to speak, en famille. Aren't we, gentlemen, all here en famille?”

“给我们说说，”什托佩利先生被所有人的笑声所鼓舞，继续说道，“您是有什么特殊的天赋，才获得好运的呢？别呀，别害臊嘛，给我们说说，我们都在这里，可以说是自家人。对不对，先生们，都是自家人？”

The relation to whom Rostislav Adamitch chanced to turn with this question did not, unfortunately, know French, and so he confined himself to a faint grunt of approbation. But another relation, a young man, with patches of a yellow colour on his forehead, hastened to chime in, "Wee, wee, to be sure."

罗斯季斯拉夫·阿达梅奇偶然转过去，问那个亲戚这个问题，可惜那亲戚不懂法语，所以只好含糊地咕哝着表示赞成。但是另一个亲戚——一个前额上长着黄斑的小伙子，赶快插话说：“一点，一点，当然了。”

"Perhaps," Mr. Shtoppel began again, "you can walk on your hands, your legs raised, so to say, in the air?"

“或许，”什托佩利先生又开始说道，“您会用手走路吧，就是说，把两条腿抬到空中？”

Nedopyuskin looked round in agony: every face wore a taunting smile, every eye was moist with delight.

涅多皮尤斯金痛苦不堪地环顾着四周：每张脸上都带着讥讽的微笑，每只眼睛都笑出了眼泪。

"Or perhaps you can crow like a cock?"

“或许，您能像只公鸡一样打鸣？”

A loud guffaw broke out on all sides, and was hushed at once, stifled by expectation.

四周爆发出一阵哄堂大笑，随即又马上安静了下来，等着看好戏。

"Or perhaps on your nose you can...."

“或许，您能在鼻子上可以……”

"Stop that!" a loud harsh voice suddenly interrupted Rostislav Adamitch; "I wonder you're not ashamed to torment the poor man!”

“住嘴！”一个响亮而刺耳的声音突然打断了罗斯季斯拉夫·阿达梅奇，“我觉得，您折磨这个可怜的人并不知道害臊吧！”

Everyone looked round. In the doorway stood Tchertop-hanov. As a cousin four times removed of the deceased contractor, he too had received a note of invitation to the meeting of the relations. During the whole time of reading the will he had kept, as he always did, haughtily apart from the others.

大家都回过头去。切尔托普哈诺夫站在门口。作为已故的立约人的远房侄子，他也收到了这个亲属会面的邀请函。在念遗嘱的整个过程中，他就像往常一样，傲慢地远离别人。

"Stop that!" he repeated, throwing his head back proudly.

“住嘴！”他重复道，边傲慢地把头朝后一扬。

Mr. Shtoppel turned round quickly, and seeing a poorly dressed, unattractive-looking man, he inquired of his neighbour in an undertone (caution's always a good thing):

什托佩利先生迅速转过了身去，看见一个衣着寒酸、外表不起眼的人，他低声地问自己旁边的人（总是小心为好）：

"Who's that?”

“那是谁？”

"Tchertop-hanov—he's no great shakes," the latter whispered in his ear.

“切尔托普哈诺夫，他不是什么了不起的人物。”后者在他耳旁轻声说道。

Rostislav Adamitch assumed a haughty air.

罗斯季斯拉夫·阿达梅奇装了出一副桀骜不驯的样子。

"And who are you to give orders?" he said through his nose, drooping his eyelids scornfully; "who may you be, allow me to inquire?—a queer fish, upon my word!”

“你在给谁发号施令呢？”他用鼻音说道，轻蔑地垂下眼睑，“倒是让

我问问，你是谁？怪人一个，一点不假！”

Tchertop-hanov exploded like gunpowder at a spark. He was choked with fury.

切尔托普哈诺夫像火药遇着火花一样地爆发了。他愤怒得说不出话来。

"Ss—ss—ss!" he hissed like one possessed, and all at once he thundered: "Who am I? Who am I? I'm Panteley Tchertop-hanov, of the ancient hereditary nobility; my forefathers served the Tsar; and who may you be?”

“嘶……嘶……嘶！”他像着了魔一样地嘶嘶叫着，突然间他大声吼道，“我是谁？我是谁？我是潘捷莱·切尔托普哈诺夫，是世袭贵族；我的祖先为沙皇效劳过，而你又是什么人？”

Rostislav Adamitch turned pale and stepped back. He had not expected such resistance.

罗斯季斯拉夫·阿达梅奇脸色变得苍白，向后退了退。他没料到会遭到这样的反抗。

"I—I—a fish indeed!”

“我……我……我才是怪人！”

Tchertop-hanov darted forward; Shtoppel bounded away in great perturbation, the others rushed to meet the exasperated nobleman.

切尔托普哈诺夫向前冲了过去；什托佩利惊恐万分地跳开了，其他人都朝着这个被激怒的贵族涌了过来。

"A duel, a duel, a duel, at once, across a handkerchief!" shouted the enraged Panteley, "or beg my pardon—yes, and his too....”

“决斗，决斗，马上隔着手帕决斗！”暴怒的潘捷莱大叫道，“要么向我道歉，对，也向他道歉……”

"Pray beg his pardon!" the agitated relations muttered all round Shtoppel; "he's such a madman, he'd cut your throat in a minute!”

“还是给他道歉吧！”什托佩利周围一些惊慌的亲戚们都喃喃说道，“他可是个疯子，会马上来割你的喉咙的！”

"I beg your pardon, I beg your pardon, I didn't know," stammered Shtoppel; "I didn't know....”

“请您原谅，请您原谅，我不知道，”什托佩利结结巴巴地说，“我不知道……”

"And beg his too!" vociferated the implacable Panteley.

“再给他道歉！”无法平息的潘捷莱大声喊道。

"I beg your pardon too," added Rostislav Adamitch, addressing Nedopyuskin, who was shaking as if he were in an ague.

“我也请您原谅。”罗斯季斯拉夫·阿达梅奇对涅多皮尤斯金接着说道，涅多皮尤斯金正在颤抖着，好像得了疟疾一样。

Tchertop-hanov calmed down; he went up to Tihon Ivanitch, took him by the hand, looked fiercely round, and, as not one pair of eyes ventured to meet his, he walked triumphantly amid profound silence out of the room, with the new owner of the lawfully acquired village of Bezselendyevka.

切尔托普哈诺夫平静了下来，他走向季洪·伊万诺维奇，抓住了他的手，凶猛地朝四周望了望，没有一双眼睛敢看他，在鸦雀无声的静默中，他耀武扬威地带着那个新主人走出了房间，那个主人合法地继承了别谢连杰耶夫卡村。

From that day they never parted again. (The village of Bezselendyevka was only seven miles from Bezsonovo.) The boundless gratitude of Nedopyuskin soon passed into the most adoring veneration. The weak, soft, and not perfectly stainless Tihon bowed down in the dust before the fearless and irreproachable Panteley. "It's no slight thing," he thought to himself sometimes, "to talk to the governor, look him straight in the face.... Christ have mercy on us, doesn't he look at him!”

从那天起，他们就再也没有分开过。（别谢连杰耶夫卡村离别索诺沃村只有七英里。）涅多皮尤斯金对潘捷莱感激不尽，而且很快就对他俯首帖耳、敬仰不已。懦弱、温顺而不完全纯洁的季洪，拜倒在了大胆、无可挑剔的潘捷莱脚下。“这可不是容易的事，”他有时自己想，“和省长讲话，直直地盯着他的脸……上帝啊，他不就是这样看他的吗！”

He marvelled at him, he exhausted all the force of his soul in his admiration of him, he regarded him as an extraordinary man, as clever, as learned. And there's no denying that, bad as Tchertop-hanov's education might be, still, in comparison with Tihon's education, it might pass for brilliant. Tchertop-hanov, it is true, had read little Russian, and knew French very badly—so badly that once, in reply to the question of a Swiss tutor: "Vous parlez français, monsieur?" he answered: "Je ne comprehend" and after a moment's thought, he added pa; but any way he was aware that Voltaire had once existed, and was a very witty writer, and that Frederick the Great, king of Prussia, had been distinguished as a great military commander. Of Russian writers he respected Derzhavin, but liked Marlinsky, and called Ammalat-Bek the best of the pack....

他对切尔托普哈诺夫感到惊讶，他耗尽自己所有的精力来钦佩他，他尊崇他为一个聪明、有学问的杰出之士。毫无疑问，不管切尔托普哈

诺夫受到的教育有多糟，和季洪所受的教育比起来，都算得上是出色的。的确，切尔托普哈诺夫读过的俄语书很少，法语也很糟糕，糟糕到这样的程度：有一次一个瑞士籍的家庭教师问他：“先生，您会讲法语吗？”他答道：“屋不”，想了一会儿后，他又加了一个“会”字；不过，他知道有一个非常睿智的作家伏尔泰，还知道普鲁士的国王腓特烈大帝，是为出了名的高级军事将领。在俄国作家中，他最尊崇杰尔查文，不过又喜欢马尔林斯基，还把一只最好的猎犬取名为阿马拉特·别克……

A few days after my first meeting with the two friends, I set off for the village of Bezsonovo to see Panteley Eremyitch. His little house could be seen a long way off; it stood out on a bare place, half a mile from the village, on the "bluff," as it is called, like a hawk on a ploughed field. Tchertop-hanov's homestead consisted of nothing more than four old tumble-down buildings of different sizes—that is, a lodge, a stable, a barn, and a bath-house. Each building stood apart by itself; there was neither a fence round nor a gate to be seen. My coachman stopped in perplexity at a well which was choked up and had almost disappeared. Near the barn some thin and unkempt puppies were mangling a dead horse, probably Orbassan; one of them lifted up the bleeding nose, barked hurriedly, and again fell to devouring the bare ribs. Near the horse stood a boy of seventeen, with a puffy, yellow face, dressed like a Cossack, and barelegged; he looked with a responsible air at the dogs committed to his charge, and now and then gave the greediest a lash with his whip.

遇到这两位朋友之后几天，我便出发去了别索诺沃村拜访潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇。从很远的地方，就能看到他的小房子；它突兀地坐落在一片空地上，离村子有半英里路，可谓在一个“绝壁”上，就像一只鹰停在耕地上。切尔托普哈诺夫的宅地仅仅由四间不同大小的破旧房屋组成，即门房、马厩、谷仓和澡堂。每间屋子都各自独立，周围没有篱笆，也看不见大门。马车夫困惑地把车停在一口水井旁，那水井已经淤塞了，几乎就要消失了。谷仓旁有几条瘦瘦的、乱蓬蓬的小狗，在撕咬一匹死马，或许是那匹叫做奥尔巴桑的马吧；其中一条狗抬起了沾满血的鼻子，匆忙地吠了几声，然后又开始吞食起露出来的肋骨。马旁边站着一个十七岁的男孩，脸又黄又肿，打扮得像个哥萨克人，还光着腿；他负责任地看管着这些由他看管的狗，不时用鞭子抽一下嘴最馋的那只。

"Is your master at home?" I inquired.

“你的主人在家吗？”我问道。

"The Lord knows!" answered the lad; "you'd better knock.”

“上帝知道！”小伙子答道，“您最好去敲门看看。”

I jumped out of the droshky, and went up to the steps of the lodge.

我从马车上跳了下来，走到了门房的台阶前。

Mr. Tchertop-hanov's dwelling presented a very cheerless aspect; the beams were blackened and bulging forward, the chimney had fallen off, the corners of the house were stained with damp, and sunk out of the perpendicular, the small, dusty, bluish windows peeped out from under the shaggy overhanging roof with an indescribably morose expression: some old vagrants have eyes that look like that. I knocked; no one responded. I could hear, however, through the door some sharply uttered words:

切尔托普哈诺夫先生的住处，一派惨淡的景象：横梁颜色发黑，向前凸起，烟囱坍塌，屋角霉烂而倾斜，颜色发蓝的小窗户落满了灰尘，在蓬松而低垂的屋顶下，显出一种难以言说的忧郁表情，那些上了年纪的流浪者的眼睛，看上去就像这样。　我敲了敲门，没有人回应。不过，透过门，我听见里面有刺耳的声音：

"A, B, C; there now, idiot!" a hoarse voice was saying: "A, B, C, D... no! D, E, E, E!... Now then, idiot!"

"A,B,C，瞧，笨蛋！”一个嘶哑的声音说道，“A,B,C,D……不对！D,E,E，E！喂，笨蛋！”

I knocked a second time.

我又敲了敲门。

The same voice shouted: "Come in; who's there?”...

同一个声音叫了起来：“来啦，谁啊？”

I went into the small empty hall, and through the open door I saw Tchertop-hanov himself. In a greasy oriental dressing-gown, loose trousers, and a red skull-cap, he was sitting on a chair; in one hand he gripped the face of a young poodle, while in the other he was holding a piece of bread just above his nose.

我走进了又小又空的门厅，透过开着的门，我看见了切尔托普哈诺夫本人。他穿着油腻的东方晨衣，宽松的裤子，戴着红色的小圆便帽，坐在椅子上；他一只手抓住一只幼小狮子狗的脸，另一只手拿着一块面包，伸在狗鼻子上面。

"Ah!" he pronounced with dignity, not stirring from his seat: "delighted to see you. Please sit down. I am busy here with Venzor.... Tihon Ivanitch," he added, raising his voice, "come here, will you? Here's a visitor.”

“啊！”他高贵地说，并没有从座位上站起来，“很高兴见到您。请坐。我正忙着训练文佐尔呢……季洪·伊万诺维奇，”他又提高声音叫道，“过来。有客人来了。”

"I'm coming, I'm coming," Tihon Ivanitch responded from the other room. "Masha, give me my cravat."

“来啦，来啦，”季洪·伊万诺维奇在另一个房间回答道。“玛莎，把领带给我。”

Tchertop-hanov turned to Venzor again and laid the piece of bread on his nose. I looked round. Except an extending table much warped with thirteen legs of unequal length, and four rush chairs worn into hollows, there was no furniture of any kind in the room; the walls, which had been washed white, ages ago, with blue, star-shaped spots, were peeling off in many places; between the windows hung a broken tarnished looking-glass in a huge frame of red wood. In the corners stood pipestands and guns; from the ceiling hung fat black cobwebs.

切尔托普哈诺夫又转向文佐尔，把那块面包放到了它鼻子上。我向四周看了看。在这个房间里，除了一张可以拉长的桌子，和四把坐塌了的草编椅子，就再没有其他任何家具了，那桌子的十三条腿还歪歪扭扭、长短不一；墙在很久以前刷白过，但很多地方都剥落了，上面还有一块块蓝色的星型斑点；两扇窗子中间悬挂着一面镜子，上面镶着很大的红木框，镜面已经裂了，显得模糊不清。角落里竖着几根长烟管和枪，又粗又黑的蜘蛛网从天花板上垂了下来。

"A, B, C, D," Tchertop-hanov repeated slowly, and suddenly he cried furiously: "E! E! E! E!... What a stupid brute!..."

"A,B，C,D，"切尔托普哈诺夫慢慢地重复着，突然狂吼起来：“E!E!E!E！真是个蠢畜生！”

But the luckless poodle only shivered, and could not make up his mind to open his mouth; he still sat wagging his tail uneasily and wrinkling up his face, blinked dejectedly, and frowned as though saying to himself: "Of course, it's just as you please!”

但是这只不幸的狮子狗只是抖了抖，并不想张开嘴巴；它仍然坐着，不安地摇着尾巴，皱起脸，沮丧地眨着眼睛，皱着眉，好像在对自己说：“当然了，随您的便！”

"There, eat! come! take it!" repeated the indefatigable master.

“好啦，吃吧！来！拿去！”不知疲倦的主人反复说道。

"You've frightened him," I remarked.

“您吓到它了。”我说。

"Well, he can get along, then!"

“好吧，那么就让它滚吧！”

He gave him a kick. The poor dog got up softly, dropped the bread off his nose, and walked, as it were, on tiptoe to the hall, deeply wounded. And with good reason: a stranger calling for the first time, and to treat him like that!

他踢了它一脚。这条可怜的狗轻轻地站了起来，弄掉了鼻子上的面包，非常受伤，像是踮着脚尖似的朝门厅走了过去。它的确是受委屈了：第一次有陌生人来，就像那样对待它！

The door from the next room gave a subdued creak, and Mr. Nedopyuskin came in, affably bowing and smiling.

隔壁房间的门突然嘎吱响了一声，涅多皮尤斯金先殷勤地鞠着躬微笑着走了进来。

I got up and bowed.

我站起身鞠了个躬。

"Don't disturb yourself, don't disturb yourself," he lisped.

“不敢当，不敢当。”他口齿不清地说。

We sat down. Tchertop-hanov went into the next room.

我们坐了下来。切尔托普哈诺夫走进了隔壁的房间。

"You have been for some time in our neighbourhood," began Nedopyuskin in a subdued voice, coughing discreetly into his hand, and holding his fingers before his lips from a feeling of propriety.

“您到我们这边有一段时间了吧？”涅多皮尤斯金声音柔和地说起了话来，用手捂着嘴咳嗽了一下，为了表示尊敬，一直把手放在嘴唇上面。

"I came last month."

“我上个月来的。”

"Indeed."

“哦。”

We were silent for a little.

我们沉默了一会儿。

"Lovely weather we are having just now," resumed Nedopyuskin, and he looked gratefully at me as though I were in some way responsible for the weather: "the corn, one may say, is doing wonderfully."

“眼下天气不错，”涅多皮尤斯金又说道，他感激地看着我，好像在某种程度上，天气好是由于我的关系，“谷物可以说长得很好。”

I nodded in token of assent. We were silent again.

我点了点头表示赞成。我们又沉默了。

"Panteley Eremyitch was pleased to hunt two hares yesterday," Nedopyuskin began again with an effort, obviously wishing to enliven

the conversation; "yes, indeed, very big hares they were, sir."

“潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇昨天猎到了两只野兔，”涅多皮尤斯金又开始努力地说了起来，很明显想让谈话活跃起来，“对，它们确实是很大的野兔啊，先生。”

"Has Mr. Tchertop-hanov good hounds?”

“切尔托普哈诺夫先生的猎狗很好吗？”

"The most wonderful hounds, sir!" Nedopyuskin replied, delighted; "one may say, the best in the province, indeed." (He drew nearer to me.) "But, then, Panteley Eremyitch is such a wonderful man! He has only to wish for anything—he has only to take an idea into his head—and before you can look round, it's done; everything, you may say, goes like clockwork. Panteley Eremyitch, I assure you....”

“它们是最棒的猎狗了，先生！”涅多皮尤斯金高兴地答道，“可以说，是省里最好的了，真的。（他把椅子向我拉近了些。）而且，潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇是多棒的一个人啊！他只要想想要什么，只要脑子里有了什么想法，很快，他就做成了，可以说，任何事都会很顺利。我给您说，潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇……”

Tchertop-hanov came into the room. Nedopyuskin smiled, ceased speaking, and indicated him to me with a glance which seemed to say, "There, you will see for yourself." We fell to talking about hunting.

切尔托普哈诺夫走进了房间来。涅多皮尤斯金笑了笑，不说话了，用眼神示意我看看他，好像在说：“喏，您自己瞧吧。”我们开始谈起了打猎。

"Would you like me to show you my leash?" Tchertop-hanov asked me; and, not waiting for a reply, he called Karp.

“您想看看我的猎狗吗？”切尔托普哈诺夫问我，还没等我回答，他就叫唤卡尔普。

A sturdy lad came in, in a green nankin long coat, with a blue collar and livery buttons.

一个强壮的小伙子走了进来，他穿着一件有蓝色领和制服纽扣的绿棉布长外衣。

"Tell Fomka," said Tchertop-hanov abruptly, "to bring in Ammalat and Saiga, and in good order, do you understand?"

“告诉福姆卡，”切尔托普哈诺夫突然说道，“把阿马拉特和萨伊带过来，要整整齐齐的，知道了吗？”

Karp gave a broad grin, uttered an indefinite sound, and went away. Fomka made his appearance, well combed and tightly buttoned

up, in boots, and with the hounds. From politeness, I admired the stupid beasts (harriers are all exceedingly stupid). Tchertop-hanov spat right into Ammalat's nostrils, which did not, however, apparently afford that dog the slightest satisfaction. Nedopyuskin, too, stroked Ammalat from behind. We began chatting again. By degrees Tchertop-hanov unbent completely, and no longer stood on his dignity nor snorted defiantly; the expression of his face changed. He glanced at me and at Nedopyuskin....

卡尔普咧嘴一笑，含含糊糊地应了一声，就出去了。福姆卡露面了，头发梳得很整洁，扣子扣得紧紧的，穿着靴子，牵着几条猎狗。出于礼貌，我赞美了这些蠢畜生（猎兔犬都是极其愚蠢的）。切尔托普哈诺夫正好把唾沫吐到了阿马拉特的鼻孔上，不过，这显然没有让这条狗得到一丁点的满足感。涅多皮尤斯金也从后面摸了摸阿马拉特。我们又开始聊了起来。切尔托普哈诺夫渐渐变得温和了起来，不再傲气地站着或轻蔑地哼哼着，他脸上的表情变了。他看一下我，又看一下涅多皮尤斯金……

"Hey!" he cried suddenly; "why should she sit in there alone? Masha! hi, Masha! come in here!"

“嘿！”他突然喊道，“她自己坐在那里干嘛？玛莎！嗨，玛莎！过来！”

Some one stirred in the next room, but there was no answer.

有人在隔壁房间走动，但是没有回答。

"Ma-a-sha!" Tchertop-hanov repeated caressingly; "come in here. It's all right, don't be afraid.”

“玛——莎！”切尔托普哈诺夫又温柔地叫道，“过来。没事儿，别害怕。”

The door was softly opened, and I caught sight of a tall and slender girl of twenty, with a dark gypsy face, golden-brown eyes, and hair black as pitch; her large white teeth gleamed between full red lips. She had on a white dress; a blue shawl, pinned close round her throat with a gold brooch, half hid her slender, beautiful arms, in which one could see the fineness of her race. She took two steps with the bashful awkwardness of some wild creature, stood still, and looked down.

门轻轻地打开了，我看见了一个二十来岁的姑娘，身材苗条修长，有一张黑黑的吉普赛人的脸，金褐色的眼睛，像沥青一样黑的头发，她那又大又白的牙齿，在丰满的红色嘴唇间闪耀着。她穿着一条白裙子，披着一块蓝色的披肩，把一个金色的胸针别在喉咙处，半遮着她纤细、美丽的手臂，这可以看出她们种族的优秀特点。她带着乡野姑娘的羞涩，笨拙地走了两步，站定了，然后低下头。

"Come, let me introduce," said Panteley Eremyitch; "wife she is not, but she's to be respected as a wife.”

“来，让我介绍一下，”潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇说道，“她不是妻子，但是她像妻子一样受到尊重。”

Masha flushed slightly, and smiled in confusion. I made her a low bow. I thought her very charming. The delicate falcon nose, with distended, half-transparent nostrils; the bold sweep of her high eyebrows, the pale, almost sunken cheeks—every feature of her face denoted wilful passion and reckless devilry. From under the coil of her hair two rows of little shining hairs ran down her broad neck—a sign of race and vigour.

玛莎有些脸红了，困窘地笑了笑。我向她深深地鞠了一躬。我觉得她很迷人。纤巧的鹰鼻，张开的半透明的鼻孔；轮廓鲜明、高高扬起的眉毛，苍白的、几乎凹陷的双颊——她脸上的每一个部分，都表现出任性的热情和鲁莽的调皮。在她的盘发下面，有两小绺光亮的头发直垂到她宽阔的脖子上——这是种族和活力的象征。

She went to the window and sat down. I did not want to increase her embarrassment, and began talking with Tchertop-hanov. Masha turned her head slyly, and began peeping from under her eyelids at me stealthily, shyly, and swiftly. Her glance seemed to flash out like a snake's sting. Nedopyuskin sat beside her, and whispered something in her ear. She smiled again. When she smiled, her nose slightly puckered up, and her upper lip was raised, which gave her face something of the expression of a cat or a lion....

她走到窗边坐了下来。我不想让她更加窘迫，便开始和切尔托普哈诺夫聊了起来。玛莎俏皮地转了转头，开始从她睫毛底下偷偷地、羞怯地、快速地瞥了瞥我。她的目光像蛇芯一样闪现着。涅多皮尤斯金在她旁边坐着，在她耳边低声说了些什么。她又笑了笑。她笑的时候，鼻子微微皱起，上嘴唇翘了起来，她脸上的表情看上去像只猫或狮子……

"Oh, but you're one of the 'hands off!' sort," I thought, in my turn stealing a look at her supple frame, her hollow breast, and her quick, angular movements.

“哦，你真是个‘请勿触摸’的尤物！”我心里想着，这会儿轮到我偷偷地看她柔软的身躯、凹陷的胸部，和她迅速而笨拙的动作了。

"Masha," Tchertop-hanov asked, "don't you think we ought to give our visitor some entertainment, eh?”

“玛莎，”切尔托普哈诺夫问道，“你说我们是不是得拿点什么来款待客人啊？”

"We've got some jam," she replied.

“我们有些果酱。”她答道。

"Well, bring the jam here, and some vodka, too, while you're about it. And, I say, Masha," he shouted after her, "bring the guitar in too."

“好吧，把果酱拿来，你再顺便拿点伏特加来。还有，我说，玛莎，”他在她身后叫道，“把吉他也拿来吧。”

"What's the guitar for? I'm not going to sing.”

“拿吉他做什么？我可不唱歌。”

"Why?"

“为什么？”

"I don't want to.”

“我不想唱。”

"Oh, nonsense; you'll want to when....”

“哦，胡说，你会愿意的，只要……”

"What?" asked Masha, rapidly knitting her brows.

“什么？”玛莎问道，很快地皱起了眉毛。

"When you're asked," Tchertop-hanov went on, with some embarrassment.

“只要请你唱。”切尔托普哈诺夫有些尴尬地继续说道。

"Oh!"

“哦！”

She went out, soon came back with jam and vodka, and again sat by the window. There was still a line to be seen on her forehead; the two eyebrows rose and drooped like a wasp's antennae.... Have you ever noticed, reader, what a wicked face the wasp has? "Well," I thought, "I'm in for a storm.” The conversation flagged. Nedopyuskin shut up completely, and wore a forced smile; Tchertop-hanov panted, turned red, and opened his eyes wide; I was on the point of taking leave.... Suddenly Masha got up, flung open the window, thrust out her head, and shouted lustily to a passing peasant woman, "Aksinya!" The woman started, and tried to turn round, but slipped down and flopped heavily on to a dung-heap. Masha threw herself back and laughed merrily; Tchertop-hanov laughed too; Nedopyuskin shrieked with delight. We all revived. The storm had passed off in one flash of lightning... the air was clear again.

她出去了，很快便拿着果酱和伏特加回来了，又坐到了窗户边。可以看见，她的前额上还有一条皱纹；两条眉毛像黄蜂的触须一样扬扬落落……读者们，你是否曾经注意到过，黄蜂的脸是多么凶狠？“唉，”我

想，“我免不了要遭受一场暴风雨了。”谈话也变得枯燥无味。涅多皮尤斯金完全闭嘴了，勉强地微笑着；切尔托普哈诺夫气喘吁吁，脸红了，大大地瞪着眼睛；我打算走了……玛莎忽然站了起来，猛地打开窗子，伸出头去，拼命地叫着一个路过的农妇：“阿克西尼娅！”那个女人怔了一怔，想转过身来，但是却滑倒了，扑通一声重重地摔在了一堆粪上。玛莎仰着身子，开心地笑着；切尔托普哈诺夫也笑了；涅多皮尤斯金乐得叫了起来。我们都活跃了起来。暴风雨在一道闪电中停止了……空气又清新了。

Half-an-hour later, no one would have recognised us; we were chatting and frolicking like children. Masha was the merriest of all; Tchertop-hanov simply could not take his eyes off her. Her face grew paler, her nostrils dilated, her eyes glowed and darkened at the same time. It was a wild creature at play. Nedopyuskin limped after her on his short, fat little legs, like a drake after a duck. Even Venzor crawled out of his hiding-place in the hall, stood a moment in the doorway, glanced at us, and suddenly fell to jumping up into the air and barking. Masha flitted into the other room, fetched the guitar, flung off the shawl from her shoulders, seated herself quickly, and, raising her head, began singing a gypsy song. Her voice rang out, vibrating like a glass bell when it is struck; it flamed up and died away.... It filled the heart with sweetness and pain.... Tchertop-hanov fell to dancing. Nedopyuskin stamped and swung his legs in tune. Masha was all a-quiver, like birch-bark in the fire; her delicate fingers flew playfully over the guitar, her dark-skinned throat slowly heaved under the two rows of amber. All at once she would cease singing, sink into exhaustion, and twang the guitar, as it were involuntarily, and Tchertop-hanov stood still, merely working his shoulders and turning round in one place; then she would break out into song like a mad thing, drawing herself up and holding up her head, and Tchertop-hanov again curtsied down to the ground, leaped up to the ceiling, spun round like a top, crying 'Quicker!...'

半个小时以后，都没有人能认出我们了：我们都像孩子一样聊着天、嬉戏着。玛莎是所有人里面最快乐的，切尔托普哈诺夫简直无法把目光朝她身上移开。她的脸色变得更苍白了，鼻孔张得更大，眼睛发着光，同时又黯淡下去。这是个在玩耍的野丫头。涅多皮尤斯金拖着他那两条短胖的小腿，跟在她后面一跛一跛的，像一只公鸭追赶着母鸭。甚至文佐尔都从它在门厅的躲藏处爬了出来，在门口站了一会儿，瞥了我们一眼，突然开始又跳又叫的。玛莎飞奔进了另一个房间，拿来了吉他，从肩上扯下披肩，马上坐了下来，抬起头，开始唱起了一首吉普赛歌。她的声音突然响起，像一只正在被敲击的玻璃铃，突然爆发，然后又渐弱……充满了甜蜜和痛苦的感情……切尔托普哈诺夫跳起了舞来。涅多皮尤斯金跺起了脚，双腿合着调子摆动。玛莎全身扭动着，就像火中的桦树皮一样；她纤细的手指在吉他上飞舞，暗黑色的喉头在两条琥

珀项链下起伏着。有时，她突然停下不唱了，精疲力尽地坐下来，好像不情愿地拨着琴弦，而切尔托普哈诺夫也站定了，只是动动肩膀，在原地打转；有时她又像发了疯似的迸发出歌声，挺直身子，抬着头，切尔托普哈诺夫又蹲到了地上，朝天花板跳起来，像个陀螺一样打转，边叫着："快些！"

"Quicker, quicker, quicker!" Nedopyuskin chimed in, speaking very fast.

"快些，快些，快些！"涅多皮尤斯金也急速地跟着叫喊。

It was late in the evening when I left Bezsonovo....

那天晚上，我很晚才离开别索诺沃村……

CHAPTER XXII THE END OF TCHERTOP-HANOV

第二十二章 切尔托普哈诺夫的末路

I

一

It was two years after my visit that Panteley Eremyitch's troubles began—his real troubles. Disappointments, disasters, even misfortunes he had had before that time, but he had paid no attention to them, and had risen superior to them in former days. The first blow that fell upon him was the most heartrending for him. Masha left him.

从我拜访潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇两年后，他的麻烦就开始了——真正的麻烦。在那之前，他遭遇过失望、灾难，甚至不幸，但是这些他都没有在意，前些日子还不为它们所动。他遭受的第一次打击，也是最令他心碎的一次。玛莎离开了他。

What induced her to forsake his roof, where she seemed to be so thoroughly at home, it is hard to say. Tchertop-hanov to the end of his days clung to the conviction that a certain young neighbour, a retired captain of Uhlans, named Yaff, was at the root of Masha's desertion. He had taken her fancy, according to Panteley Eremyitch, simply by constantly curling his moustaches, pomading himself to excess, and sniggering significantly; but one must suppose that the vagrant gypsy blood in Masha's veins had more to do with it. However that may have been, one fine summer evening Masha tied up a few odds and ends in a small bundle, and walked out of Tchertop-hanov's house.

她在他家里过得那么自在，是什么让她离开，这很难说。切尔托普哈诺夫直到他一生中最后的日子，还坚信玛莎之所以背弃他，是因为邻近的一个年轻人，此人是一个退伍的骑兵大尉，叫做亚夫。据潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇说，亚夫之所以赢得了她的欢心，仅仅是因为他不停地绕他的小胡子，拼命地涂润发油，还意味深长地窃笑；但是我想，在这方面起作用的，更可能是玛莎血管里吉普赛人不安分的血液。不管怎样，在一个晴朗的夏夜，玛莎把一些零碎的东西包在了一个小包裹里，走出了切尔托普哈诺夫的家。

For three days before this she had sat crouched up in a corner, huddled against the wall, like a wounded fox, and had not spoken a word to any one; she had only turned her eyes about, and twitched her eyebrows, and faintly gnashed her teeth, and moved her arms as though she were wrapping herself up. This mood had come upon her before, but had never lasted long: Tchertop-hanov knew that, and so

he neither worried himself nor worried her. But when, on coming in from the kennels, where, in his huntsman's words, the last two hounds "had departed," he met a servant girl who, in a trembling voice, informed him that Marya Akinfyevna sent him her greetings, and left word that she wished him every happiness, but she was not coming back to him any more; Tchertop-hanov, after reeling round where he stood and uttering a hoarse yell, rushed at once after the runaway, snatching up his pistol as he went.

在她出走的前三天，她都蜷缩在一个角落，紧靠在墙上，就像一只受伤的狐狸，对谁都不说一句话，她只是转动着眼睛，扭动着眉毛，微微咬着牙齿，移动着手臂，像是要把自己裹起来似的。她之前也出现过这样的情绪，但是从来没有持续过多久：切尔托普哈诺夫知道这一点，所以他并没有担心自己，也没有担心她。但是有一天，用他猎人的话说，最后两只猎狗“离世了”，当他从狗舍回来的时候，他遇见了一个女仆，她用发抖的声音告诉他说，玛丽娜·阿金菲叶夫娜叫她向他问好，还留下话说：她祝他万事如意，而且她再也不会回到他这里来了；切尔托普哈诺夫在原地转了个圈，嘶哑地大叫了一声，立刻就去追赶那个逃跑的人，走的时候还拿走了他的手枪。

He overtook her a mile and a half from his house, near a birch wood, on the high-road to the district town. The sun was sinking on the horizon, and everything was suddenly suffused with purple glow—trees, plants, and earth alike.

在离家一英里半的地方，他赶上了她，就在桦树林附近，在通向县城的大路上。当时太阳正从地平线上往下沉，周围的一切——树木、作物和大地，忽然都布满了紫红色的光辉。

"To Yaff! to Yaff!" groaned Tchertop-hanov directly he caught sight of Masha. "Going to Yaff!" he repeated, running up to her, and almost stumbling at every step.

“去找亚夫！去找亚夫！”切尔托普哈诺夫一看见玛莎就呻吟着说，“去找亚夫！”他反复说着，几乎是一步一绊地朝她跑去。

Masha stood still, and turned round facing him.

玛莎站定了，把脸转向他。

She stood with her back to the light, and looked all black, as though she had been carved out of dark wood; only the whites of her eyes stood out like silvery almonds, but the eyes themselves—the pupils—were darker than ever.

她背着光站着，看上去全是黑的，仿佛是用乌木雕成的；只有她的眼白像银色的杏仁一样突出，而眼睛本身——瞳孔——则比以前显得更黑了。

She flung her bundle aside, and folded her arms. "You are going

to Yaff, wretched girl!" repeated Tchertop-hanov, and he was on the point of seizing her by the shoulder, but, meeting her eyes, he was abashed, and stood uneasily where he was.

她把自己的包裹扔到了一边，双手抱在胸前。“你要去找亚夫，你这个坏女人！”切尔托普哈诺夫反复地说着，他正要去抓她的肩膀，但是，当碰到她的目光时，他又窘迫了起来，在原地不安地站着。

"I am not going to Mr. Yaff, Panteley Eremyitch," replied Masha in soft, even tones; "it's only I can't live with you any longer.”

“我不是去找亚夫先生，潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇，”玛莎用温和而平静的语调说，“只是我不能再和您住在一起了。”

"Can't live with me? Why not? Have I offended you in some way?”

“不能和我住在一起？为什么不能？我在什么地方冒犯你了吗？”

Masha shook her head. "You've not offended me in any way, Panteley Eremyitch, only my heart is heavy in your house.... Thanks for the past, but I can't stay—no!”

玛莎摇了摇头。“您没有在任何地方冒犯过我，潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇，只是我在您家里感到很心烦……感谢您从前对我的好，但是我不能再呆下去了——不能了！”

Tchertop-hanov was amazed; he positively slapped his thighs, and bounced up and down in his astonishment.

切尔托普哈诺夫吃了一惊，他用双手狠拍了一下大腿，惊讶得上蹦下跳。

"How is that? Here she's gone on living with me, and known nothing but peace and happiness, and all of a sudden—her heart's heavy! and she flings me over! She goes and puts a kerchief on her head, and is gone. She received every respect, like any lady.”

“怎么会这样？你喜欢和我住在一起，多安宁，多幸福啊，突然间，你居然心烦了！你要抛下我了！你包上块头巾就走了。你像别的夫人一样，享受到了尊敬。”

"I don't care for that in the least," Masha interrupted.

“我对那些一点都不在乎。”玛莎打断了他的话说。

"Don't care for it? From a wandering gypsy to turn into a lady, and she doesn't care for it! How don't you care for it, you low-born slave? Do you expect me to believe that? There's treachery hidden in it—treachery!”

“不在乎？从一个流浪的吉普赛人变成一位夫人，你不在乎！你怎么会不在乎，你这个贱货？你还想让我相信吗？这里面一定有背叛，背

叛！”

He began frowning again.

他又开始皱起了眉来。

"There's no treachery in my thoughts, and never has been," said Masha in her distinct, resonant voice; "I've told you already, my heart was heavy.”

“我没有想过背叛，从来没有，”玛莎用清晰而洪亮的声音说道，“我已经告诉过您了，我心烦了。”

"Masha!" cried Tchertop-hanov, striking himself a blow on the chest with his fist; "there, stop it; hush, you have tortured me... now, it's enough! O my God! think only what Tisha will say; you might have pity on him, at least!”

“玛莎！”切尔托普哈诺夫叫道，边在自己的胸上打了一拳，“好啦，别这样了，别说了，你把我折磨得……唉，够了！哦，我的天哪！只要想想季沙会说什么，你至少可怜可怜他吧！”

"Remember me to Tihon Ivanitch, and tell him…”

“代我向季洪·伊万诺维奇问好，告诉他……”

Tchertop-hanov wrung his hands. "No, you are talking nonsense—you are not going! Your Yaff may wait for you in vain!”

切尔托普哈诺夫拧着自己的胳膊。“不，你在胡说，你走不了！你的亚夫会白等你的！”

"Mr. Yaff," Masha was beginning....

“亚夫先生。”玛莎开始说……

"A fine Mister Yaff!" Tchertop-hanov mimicked her. "He's an underhand rascal, a low cur—that's what he is—and a phiz like an ape's!”

“什么亚夫先生！”切尔托普哈诺夫模仿她的语调说，“他就是个阴险的无赖，一个卑鄙的坏蛋，他就是这样，那副嘴脸就像只猿猴！”

For fully half-an-hour Tchertop-hanov was struggling with Masha. He came close to her, he fell back, he shook his fists at her, he bowed down before her, he wept, he scolded....

切尔托普哈诺夫同玛莎斗争了整整一个半小时。他时而靠近她，时而向后退，时而朝她挥舞着拳头，时而又在她面前鞠躬，时而哭泣，时而咒骂……

"I can't," repeated Masha; "I am so sad at heart... devoured by weariness."

“我受不了了，”玛莎反复说道，“我心里很难受……充满了厌倦。”

Little by little her face assumed such an indifferent, almost drowsy expression, that Tchertop-hanov asked her if they had not drugged her with laudanum.

渐渐地，她脸上露出了如此冷漠的、几乎是昏昏欲睡的表情，切尔托普哈诺夫问她是不是有人用鸦片酒给她下了药。

"It's weariness," she said for the tenth time.

“是厌倦。”她说第十次了。

"Then what if I kill you?" he cried suddenly, and he pulled the pistol out of his pocket.

“那么我就杀了你，怎么样？”他突然叫道，从口袋里掏出了手枪。

Masha smiled; her face brightened.

玛莎笑了笑，她的脸生动了起来。

"Well, kill me, Panteley Eremyitch; as you will; but go back, I won't.”

“好啊，杀了我吧，潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇，随你的便，但是我不会回去了。”

"You won't come back?" Tchertop-hanov cocked the pistol.

“你不回来了？”切尔托普哈诺夫扣动了手枪的扳机。

"I won't go back, my dearie. Never in my life will I go back. My word is steadfast.”

“我不会回去了，亲爱的。我这辈子绝不会回去了。我的话是不会变的。”

Tchertop-hanov suddenly thrust the pistol into her hand, and sat down on the ground.

切尔托普哈诺夫突然把手枪塞进了玛莎的手里，坐到了地上。

"Then, you kill me! Without you I don't care to live. I have grown loathsome to you—and everything's loathsome for me!”

“那么，你杀了我吧！没有你，我也不想活了。我都变得让你讨厌了，那么世上的一切也都让我觉得讨厌了！”

Masha bent down, took up her bundle, laid the pistol on the grass, its mouth away from Tchertop-hanov, and went up to him.

玛莎蹲了下来，捡起了她的包裹，把手枪放在了草地上，把枪口背对着切尔托普哈诺夫，便朝他靠了过去。

"Ah, my dearie, why torture yourself? Don't you know what we gypsy girls are? It's our nature; you must make up your mind to it. When there comes weariness the divider, and calls the soul away to

strange, distant parts, how is one to stay here? Don't forget your Masha; you won't find such another sweetheart, and I won't forget you, my dearie; but our life together's over!”

“唉，亲爱的，为什么要折磨自己呢？您难道不了解我们吉普赛姑娘吗？这就是我们的本性，您得接受这一点。当‘厌倦’这个离间者一出现，把灵魂召唤到陌生而遥远的地方去，哪儿还能留在这里呢？不要忘了您的玛莎，您再也找不到我这样的心上人了，我不会忘了您的，亲爱的，但是我们在一起的生活结束了！”

"I loved you, Masha," Tchertop-hanov muttered into the fingers in which he had buried his face....

“我是爱过你的呀，玛莎。”切尔托普哈诺夫用手蒙着脸，透过指缝喃喃地说……

"And I loved you, little friend Panteley Eremyitch."

“我也是爱过您的呀，潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇小朋友。”

"I love you, I love you madly, senselessly—and when I think now that you, in your right senses, without rhyme or reason, are leaving me like this, and going to wander over the face of the earth—well, it strikes me that if I weren't a poor penniless devil, you wouldn't be throwing me over!”

“我爱你，我疯狂地爱着你，痴痴地……我现在想想，你好好的，毫无道理，就要这样离开我，就要去到处流浪——唉，这让我觉得，要是我不是个身无分文的穷光蛋，你也不会像这样抛弃我！”

At these words Masha only laughed.

听到这些话，玛莎只是笑了笑。

"And he used to say I didn't care for money," she commented, and she gave Tchertop-hanov a vigorous thump on the shoulder.

“您以前还说我不在乎钱呢。”她说道，还重重地打了一下切尔托普哈诺夫的肩膀。

He jumped up on to his feet.

他一下子跳了起来。

"Come, at least you must let me give you some money—how can you go like this without a halfpenny? But best of all: kill me! I tell you plainly: kill me once for all!”

“来，至少让我给你点钱，你怎么能像这样身无分文的就走呢？不过最好还是杀了我吧！我明白地告诉你：干脆杀了我算了！”

Masha shook her head again. "Kill you? Why get sent to Siberia, my dearie?"

玛莎又摇了摇头。“杀了你？为什么要让人把我流放到西伯利亚去啊，亲爱的？”

Tchertop-hanov shuddered. "Then it's only from that—from fear of penal servitude.”

切尔托普哈诺夫打了个颤。“那么说来只是因为这个，因为害怕劳役拘禁。”

He rolled on the grass again.

他又在草地上打起了滚来。

Masha stood over him in silence. "I'm sorry for you, dear," she said with a sigh: "you're a good fellow... but there's no help for it: good-bye!”

玛莎默默地在他身旁站着。“我对您感到难过，亲爱的，”她叹了口气说，“您是个好人……但是这样是没用的：再见！”

She turned away and took two steps. The night had come on by now, and dim shadows were closing in on all sides. Tchertop-hanov jumped up swiftly and seized Masha from behind by her two elbows.

她转过身走了两步。这时候夜幕已经降临了，昏暗的阴影从各处逼近。切尔托普哈诺夫敏捷地跳了起来，从后面抓住了玛莎的双肘。

"You are going away like this, serpent, to Yaff!"

“你就这样走了，你这个阴险的人，去找亚夫吧！”

"Good-bye!" Masha repeated sharply and significantly; she tore herself away and walked off.

“再见！”玛莎突然意味深长地重复了一遍，便自己挣脱着开走了。

Tchertop-hanov looked after her, ran to the place where the pistol was lying, snatched it up, took aim, fired.... But before he touched the trigger, his arm twitched upwards; the ball whistled over Masha's head. She looked at him over her shoulder without stopping, and went on, swinging as she walked, as though in defiance of him.

切尔托普哈诺夫目送着她，跑到放着手枪的那个地方，抓了起来，瞄准了，开了火……但是在他扣动扳机之前，他的胳膊朝上抽动了一下，子弹从玛莎的头上呼啸而过。她回过头来看了看他，并没有停下来，继续摇摇摆摆地向前走着，好像在向他反抗一样。

He hid his face—and fell to running.

他捂住了脸，跑了起来。

But before he had run fifty paces he suddenly stood still as though turned to stone. A well-known, too well-known voice came floating to him. Masha was singing. "It was in the sweet days of youth," she sang:

every note seemed to linger plaintive and ardent in the evening air. Tchertop-hanov listened intently. The voice retreated and retreated; at one moment it died away, at the next it floated across, hardly audible, but still with the same passionate glow.

但是他还没跑五十步远，便忽然站定了，好像变成了石头一样。一个熟悉的，再熟悉不过的声音，朝他飘了过来。玛莎正在唱歌。她在唱《美好的青春时代》，在夜晚的空气中，每一个音都好像在哀伤而热烈地徘徊。切尔托普哈诺夫专心地听着。歌声渐渐地远去，一会儿低了下去，一会儿又飘了过来，不大听得清，但是仍然带着同样激昂的激情。

"She does it to spite me," thought Tchertop-hanov; but at once he moaned, "oh, no! it's her last farewell to me for ever,”—and he burst into floods of tears.

“她是在故意气我，”切尔托普哈诺夫心想，但是他马上又呻吟道，“哦，不！她是在向我道永别呢。”然后他又突然泪如泉涌。

The next day he appeared at the lodgings of Mr. Yaff, who, as a true man of the world, not liking the solitude of the country, resided in the district town, "to be nearer the young ladies," as he expressed it. Tchertop-hanov did not find Yaff; he had, in the words of his valet, set off for Moscow the evening before.

第二天他来到了亚夫先生的住处，亚夫先生作为一个真正的社会人物，并不喜欢乡下的孤独，居住在县城里，正如他所说的“离小姐们更近些”。切尔托普哈诺夫没有找到亚夫先生，据他的贴身男仆说，他昨天傍晚前就出发去莫斯科了。

"Then it is so!" cried Tchertop-hanov furiously; "there was an arrangement between them; she has run away with him... but wait a bit!"

“原来如此！”切尔托普哈诺夫怒冲冲地喊道，“他们都约好了，她和他私奔了……等着瞧吧！”

He broke into the young cavalry captain's room in spite of the resistance of the valet. In the room there was hanging over the sofa a portrait in oils of the master, in the Uhlan uniform. "Ah, here you are, you tailless ape!" thundered Tchertop-hanov; he jumped on to the sofa, and with a blow of his fist burst a big hole in the taut canvas.

他不顾贴身男仆的阻挠，闯进了青年骑兵大尉的房间里。房间里的沙发上方，挂着一幅主人穿着枪骑兵制服的油画肖像。“啊，在这里呢，你这个没有尾巴的猴子！”切尔托普哈诺夫大吼着，他跳上了沙发，一拳打在了紧绷的画布上，打了一个大洞。

"Tell your worthless master," he turned to the valet, "that, in the absence of his own filthy phiz, the nobleman Tchertop-hanov put a hole through the painted one; and if he cares for satisfaction from me,

he knows where to find the nobleman Tchertop-hanov! or else I'll find him out myself! I'll fetch the rascally ape from the bottom of the sea!”

“告诉你那个卑鄙的主人，”他转过去对那个贴身男仆说，“因为他那副猥琐的嘴脸不在，贵族切尔托普哈诺夫就在他的画像上打了个洞，要是他要我赔偿，他知道上哪里找贵族切尔托普哈诺夫！要么，我亲自去找他！就是到海底，我也要找到那只卑鄙的猿猴！”

Saying these words, Tchertop-hanov jumped off the sofa and majestically withdrew.

说这些话的时候，切尔托普哈诺夫从沙发上跳了下来，威严地离开了。

But the cavalry captain Yaff did not demand satisfaction from him—indeed, he never met him anywhere—and Tchertop-hanov did not think of seeking his enemy out, and no scandal followed. Masha herself soon after this disappeared beyond all trace. Tchertop-hanov took to drink; however, he "reformed" later. But then a second blow fell upon him.

但是骑兵大尉亚夫并没有要他赔偿——事实上，他也再没在任何地方遇到过切尔托普哈诺夫——切尔托普哈诺夫也不再想去找他的情敌了，也就没有什么下文了。玛莎本人从这次失踪以后，就没有任何下落了。切尔托普哈诺夫喝起了酒来，不过，他后来又“改过自新”了。但是接着他又遭受了第二次打击。

II

二

This was the death of his bosom friend Tihon Ivanovitch Nedopyuskin. His health had begun to fail two years before his death: he began to suffer from asthma, and was constantly dropping asleep, and on waking up could not at once come to himself; the district doctor maintained that this was the result of "something rather like fits." During the three days which preceded Masha's departure, those three days when "her heart was heavy," Nedopyuskin had been away at his own place at Bezselendyevka: he had been laid up with a severe cold. Masha's conduct was consequently even more unexpected for him; it made almost a deeper impression on him than on Tchertop-hanov himself. With his natural sweetness and diffidence, he gave utterance to nothing but the tenderest sympathy with his friend, and the most painful perplexity... but it crushed and made havoc of everything in him. "She has torn the heart out of me," he would murmur to himself, as he sat on his favourite checked sofa and twisted his fingers. Even when Tchertop-hanov had got over it, he,

Nedopyuskin, did not recover, and still felt that "there was a void within him." "Here," he would say, pointing to the middle of his breast above his stomach. In that way he lingered on till the winter. When the frosts came, his asthma got better, but he was visited by, not "something rather like a fit" this time, but a real unmistakable fit. He did not lose his memory at once; he still knew Tchertop-hanov and his friend's cry of despair, "How can you desert me, Tisha, without my consent, just as Masha did?" He even responded with faltering, uncertain tongue, "O—P—a—ey—E—e—yitch, I will o—bey you.”

这便是他的密友季洪·伊万诺维奇·涅多皮尤斯金的去世。他去世的前两年，身体就开始每况愈下了：他开始遭受气喘的折磨，时常昏昏入睡，却不能马上醒过来；县里的医生说这是“轻度中风”。在玛莎离开的前三天，也就是她“心烦”的那三天，涅多皮尤斯金呆在别谢连杰耶夫卡村的住处，他因为得了重伤风而卧床不起。玛莎的所作所为更是出乎他的预料，对他的影响比对切尔托普哈诺夫的影响更大。由于他生性温和内向，因此除了对他的朋友表示最温柔的同情，和最痛苦的迷惘之外，他什么都没说……只是这件事把他的一切都毁了，都搞垮了。“她把我的心都撕碎了。”他坐在自己最爱的格子花纹沙发上，绕着手指，低声地自言自语。甚至切尔托普哈诺夫都度过这次难关了，涅多皮尤斯金自己却还没有恢复过来，仍然感到“自己身体里有一个地方空了”。“这里。”他指着自己的胸部中央，也就是胃上面的地方说。就这样，他一直拖到了冬天。严寒来袭的时候，他的气喘好些了，但是随之而来的已经不是“轻度中风”了，而是真正的中风了。他并没有马上失去记忆，还能认出切尔托普哈诺夫，当自己的朋友绝望地叫道：“你怎么能这样不经过我的允许抛弃我，季沙，就像玛莎一样？”他甚至还能结结巴巴、含糊不清地回答说：“潘——莱——叶——伊奇，我听——您的——话。”

This did not, however, prevent him from dying the same day, without waiting for the district doctor, who (on seeing the hardly cold body) found nothing left for him to do, but with a melancholy recognition of the instability of all things mortal, to ask for "a drop of vodka and a snack of fish." As might have been anticipated, Tihon Ivanitch had bequeathed his property to his revered patron and generous protector, Panteley Eremyitch Tchertop-hanov; but it was of no great benefit to the revered patron, as it was shortly after sold by public auction, partly in order to cover the expense of a sepulchral monument, a statue, which Tchertop-hanov (and one can see his father's craze coming out in him here) had thought fit to put up over the ashes of his friend. This statue, which was to have represented an angel praying, was ordered by him from Moscow; but the agent recommended to him, conceiving that connoisseurs in sculpture were not often to be met with in the provinces, sent him, instead of an angel, a goddess Flora, which had for many years adorned one of those neglected gardens near Moscow, laid out in the days of

Catherine. He had an excellent reason for doing so, since this statue, though highly artistic, in the rococo style, with plump little arms, tossing curls, a wreath of roses round the bare bosom, and a serpentine figure, was obtained by him, the agent, for nothing. And so to this day the mythological goddess stands, with one foot elegantly lifted, above the tomb of Tihon Ivanovitch, and with a genuinely Pompadour simper, gazes at the calves and sheep, those invariable visitors of our village graveyards, as they stray about her.

然而，他终究没有等到县里的医生来，就在那一天去世了。医生看见他刚刚冷却的身体，觉得自己没什么可做的了，怀着对人世无常的哀叹之感，要了“一滴伏特加和一份鱼”。可以预料到的是，季洪·伊万诺维奇把他的产业遗赠给了他所尊敬的赞助人和慷慨的保护者——潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇·切尔托普哈诺夫；但是他的产业并没有给这位尊敬的赞助人带来多大好处，因为不久后，它就被公开拍卖了，其中一部分钱用来支付墓碑——一座雕像的费用，切尔托普哈诺夫想要把这座雕像建立在他朋友的骨灰上（由此可以看出他父亲的习性）。这座雕像是他从莫斯科订购的，本来打算做成祈祷的天使；但是人们介绍给他的那个代理人，认为外省懂雕塑的行家不常见，就没有把天使送给他，而是送来一座弗洛拉女神像，这座塑像被常年放在莫斯科附近的荒芜花园里作装饰用，从凯瑟琳时代起就在那里了。这位经纪人这样做的理由很棒，因为这座雕像虽然很有美感，是洛可可式的，长着丰腴的小手臂，留着蓬松的卷发，袒露的胸前有一圈玫瑰花，体态婀娜，但那位经纪人却没花什么钱，就把它弄来了。直到现在，这位神话中的女神还优雅地抬着一只脚，站在季洪·伊万诺维奇的坟墓上，带着名副其实的蓬巴杜夫人式的假笑，凝望着在她周围闲逛的小牛和绵羊——它们是我们村墓地的常客。

III

三

On the loss of his faithful friend, Tchertop-hanov again took to drink, and this time far more seriously. Everything went utterly to the bad with him. He had no money left for sport; the last of his meagre fortune was spent; the last of his few servants ran away. Panteley Eremyitch's isolation became complete: he had no one to speak a word to even, far less to open his heart to. His pride alone had suffered no diminution. On the contrary, the worse his surroundings became, the more haughty and lofty and inaccessible he was himself. He became a complete misanthrope in the end. One distraction, one delight, was left him: a superb grey horse, of the Don breed, named by him Malek-Adel, a really wonderful animal.

切尔托普哈诺夫失去了他忠诚的朋友之后，又喝起了酒来，而且这一次严重多了。他的一切都彻底变糟了。他没钱去打猎了，所剩无几的

钱也花完了，最后的几个仆人也跑了。潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇完全变成了孤家寡人：他甚至连讲句话的人都没有了，更别提敞开心扉聊聊了。唯独他的骄傲没有减少。正相反，他的境遇越糟，他就越自大，越高傲，越难以接近。最终，他完全变成了一个厌世的人。他剩下的唯一消遣和乐趣，就是一匹极好的顿河种的灰色马，他给它取名为马列克·阿杰尔，这可真是一匹很棒的马。

This horse came into his possession in this fashion.

这匹马是这样变成他的财产的：

As he was riding one day through a neighbouring village, Tchertop-hanov heard a crowd of peasants shouting and hooting before a tavern. In the middle of the crowd stalwart arms were continually rising and falling in exactly the same place.

有一次切尔托普哈诺夫骑着马经过邻村，听见一群农民在一间酒馆前面大喊大叫。在人群中央，有几只健壮的手臂正好在同一个位置不停地起起落落。

"What is happening there?" he asked, in the peremptory tone peculiar to him, of an old peasant woman who was standing on the threshold of her hut.

“那里发生什么事了？”他以自己特有的断然的语调，问一个站在自家小屋门槛上的农妇。

Leaning against the doorpost as though dozing, the old woman stared in the direction of the tavern. A white-headed urchin in a print smock, with a cypress-wood cross on his little bare breast, was sitting with little outstretched legs, and little clenched fists between her bast slippers; a chicken close by was chipping at a stale crust of rye-bread.

那位老妇人像打盹似的斜靠在门柱上，朝酒馆的方向望了望。一个留着淡黄色头发的顽童，穿着一件印花长罩衫，袒露的小胸脯前挂着一个柏木做的十字架，两条小腿敞开着，小拳头紧紧地握着，坐在她的两只树皮鞋之间；附近有一只小鸡在啄一块不新鲜的黑麦面包皮。

"The Lord knows, your honour," answered the old woman. Bending forward, she laid her wrinkled brown hand on the child's head. "They say our lads are beating a Jew."

“天晓得，老爷。”那个老妇人答道。她向前俯下身，把棕色肤色、皱巴巴的手放在了那个孩子的头上，“听说，我们这里的小伙子们在打一个犹太人。”

"A Jew? What Jew?"

“一个犹太人？什么样的犹太人？”

"The Lord knows, your honour. A Jew came among us; and where he's come from—who knows? Vassya, come to your mammy, sir; sh,

sh, nasty brute!”

“天晓得，老爷。一个来我们这里的犹太人，他是从哪里来的——谁知道呢？瓦夏，宝贝，来妈妈这里，嘘，嘘，讨厌的畜生！”

The old woman drove away the chicken, while Vassya clung to her petticoat.

老妇人赶走了那只小鸡，瓦夏抓住了她的裙子。

"So, you see, they're beating him, sir.”

“您瞧，老爷，他们在打他呢。”

"Why beating him? What for?"

“为什么要打他呢？为什么呢？”

"I don't know, your honour. No doubt, he deserves it. And, indeed, why not beat him? You know, your honour, he crucified Christ!”

“我不知道啊，老爷。肯定是他该打。再说，为什么不打他呢？您知道，老爷，是他把耶稣钉在十字架上的啊！”

Tchertop-hanov uttered a whoop, gave his horse a lash on the neck with the riding-whip, flew straight towards the crowd, and plunging into it, began with the same riding-whip thrashing the peasants to left and to right indiscriminately, shouting in broken tones: "Lawless brutes! lawless brutes! It's for the law to punish, and not pri-vate per-sons! The law! the law! the law!”

切尔托普哈诺夫大吼一声，用马鞭在马脖子上抽了一下，径直朝人群飞奔过去，冲了进去，开始不分青红皂白地用那条马鞭左右抽打着这些那民，一边断断续续地喊着：“无法无天的禽兽！无法无天的禽兽！该由法律来惩办，不是——私——人！法律！法律！法律！”

Before two minutes had passed the crowd had beaten a retreat in various directions; and on the ground before the tavern door could be seen a small, thin, swarthy creature, in a nankin long coat, dishevelled and mangled... a pale face, rolling eyes, open mouth.... What was it?... deadly terror, or death itself?

还没过两分钟，这群人都四下散开了；在酒馆前面的地上，看见一个又瘦又小、皮肤黝黑的人，他穿着一件土布长外套，蓬头散发，伤痕累累……脸色苍白，眼睛翻着，嘴张着……怎么回事？被吓得半死，还是已经死了？

"Why have you killed this Jew?" Tchertop-hanov shouted at the top of his voice, brandishing his riding-whip menacingly.

“你们为什么要打死这个犹太人？”切尔托普哈诺夫厉声喊道，还一边吓人地挥着马鞭。

The crowd faintly roared in response. One peasant was rubbing his shoulder, another his side, a third his nose.

那群人轻声地咕哝了一阵，算是回答。有个农民捂着肩膀，另一个捂着腰，还有一个捂着鼻子。

"You're pretty free with your whip!" was heard in the back rows.

“您用起马鞭来，可真是无拘无束啊！”后排有人这么说。

"Why have you killed the Jew, you christened Pagans?" repeated Tchertop-hanov.

“你们为什么要打死这个犹太人，你们是受过洗礼的异教徒吗？”切尔托普哈诺夫反复问道。

But, at this point, the creature lying on the ground hurriedly jumped on to its feet, and, running up to Tchertop-hanov, convulsively seized hold of the edge of the saddle.

但是，就在这个时候，躺在地上的那个人突然跳了起来，跑到切尔托普哈诺夫那里，痉挛地抓住了他的马鞍的一边。

"Alive!" was heard in the background.

“还活着呢！”只听后面有人说道。

"He's a regular cat!”

“他可真是只猫！”

"Your ex-shelency, defend me, save me!" the unhappy Jew was faltering meanwhile, his whole body squeezed up against Tchertop-hanov's foot; "or they will murder me, they will murder me, your ex-shelency!”

“大人，保护我，救救我！”这个不幸的犹太人支支吾吾地说道，整个身子缩成一团挤在切尔托普哈诺夫的脚边，“不然他们会打死我的，他们会打死我的，大人！”

"What have they against you?" asked Tchertop-hanov.

“他们为什么打你？”切尔托普哈诺夫问道。

"I can't tell, so help me God! Some cow hereabouts died... so they suspect me... but I…” "Well, that we'll go into later!" Tchertop-hanov interrupted; "but now, you hold on to the saddle and follow me. And you!" he added, turning to the crowd, "do you know me?—I'm the landowner Panteley Tchertop-hanov. I live at Bezsonovo,—and so you can take proceedings against me, when you think fit—and against the Jew too, while you're about it!”

“我确实不知道！这附近有些牛死了……所以他们怀疑我……但是我……”“好啦，这件事我们以后再调查！”切尔托普哈诺夫打断了

他，“不过现在，你抓紧马鞍跟着我。还有你们！”他转向人群又说道，“你们知道我是谁吗？我是地主潘捷莱·切尔托普哈诺夫。我住在别索诺沃村，所以你们想要控告我的话，就去控告吧，也可以控告这个犹太人！”

"Why take proceedings?" said a grey-bearded, decent-looking peasant, bowing low, the very picture of an ancient patriarch. (He had been no whit behind the others in belabouring the Jew, however). "We know your honour, Panteley Eremyitch, well; we thank your honour humbly for teaching us better!"

“为什么要控告？”一个相貌正派的白胡子农民说道，一边深深地鞠着躬，这个人的样子很像一个古代的族长。（不过，在痛打这个犹太人的时候，他可丝毫不逊于别人。）“潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇老爷，我们对您很熟悉，我们感谢您屈尊给了我们教训！”

"Why take proceedings?" chimed in the others.

“为什么要控告啊？”其他人也插话说道。

"As to the Jew, we'll take it out of him another day! He won't escape us! We shall be on the look-out for him.”

“至于这个犹太人，我们改天再对付他！他逃不脱我们的！我们会盯着他的。”

Tchertop-hanov pulled his moustaches, snorted, and went home at a walking pace, accompanied by the Jew, whom he had delivered from his persecutors just as he had once delivered Tihon Nedopyuskin.

切尔托普哈诺夫捋了捋他的小胡子，哼了一声，就带上那个犹太人，缓步骑着马回家去了，就像之前解救季洪·涅多皮尤斯金一样，他把这个犹太人从迫害者那里救了出来。

IV

四

A few days later the one groom who was left to Tchertop-hanov announced that someone had come on horseback and wanted to speak to him. Tchertop-hanov went out on to the steps and recognised the Jew, riding a splendid horse of the Don breed, which stood proud and motionless in the middle of the courtyard. The Jew was bareheaded; he held his cap under his arm, and had thrust his feet into the stirrup-straps, not into the stirrups themselves; the ragged skirts of his long coat hung down on both sides of the saddle. On seeing Tchertop-hanov, he gave a smack with his lips, and ducked down with a twitch of the elbows and a bend of the legs. Tchertop-hanov, however, not only failed to respond to his greeting, but was even enraged by it; he

was all on fire in a minute: a scurvy Jew dare to ride a magnificent horse like that!... It was positively indecent!

几天后，切尔托普哈诺夫家里剩下的那个唯一的马夫向他报告，说有个骑着马的人想要见他。切尔托普哈诺夫走到了台阶上，认出了那个犹太人，他骑在一匹顿河种的骏马上，那匹马骄傲地、一动不动地站在院子正中央。那个犹太人没戴帽子，把帽子夹在胳膊底下，双脚插在马镫的皮带里，而不是插在马镫里，他那长外套的褴褛衣边垂到了马鞍的两边。一看见切尔托普哈诺夫，他就咂了咂嘴，手肘抽动了一下，急忙弯下身，腿也弯了起来。可是，切尔托普哈诺夫不仅没有回应他的问候，甚至被他激怒了；他一下子发起了火来：一个卑鄙的犹太人竟敢骑一匹那么好的马！真是太不像话了！

"Hi, you Ethiopian fright!" he shouted; "get off at once, if you don't want to be flung off into the mud!”

“嗨，你这个黑鬼！”他叫道，“马上下来，要是你不想摔进泥里的话！”

The Jew promptly obeyed, rolled off the horse like a sack, and keeping hold of the rein with one hand, he approached Tchertop-hanov, smiling and bowing.

犹太人马上遵命，像只袋子似的从马上滚了下来，一只手还一直握着缰绳，他一边微笑，一边鞠躬，朝切尔托普哈诺夫走去。

"What do you want?" Panteley Eremyitch inquired with dignity.

“你想干什么？”潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇威严地问道。

"Your ex-shelency, deign to look what a horse!" said the Jew, never ceasing to bow for an instant.

“大人，请瞧瞧这匹马怎么样？”犹太人说着，一刻都不停地鞠着躬。

"Er... well... the horse is all right. Where did you get it from? Stole it, I suppose?"

“嗯……不错……是匹好马。你从哪里弄来的啊？我想，是偷的吧？”

"How can you say that, your ex-shelency! I'm an honest Jew. I didn't steal it, but I obtained it for your ex-shelency—really! And the trouble, the trouble I had to get it? But, then, see what a horse it is! There's not another horse like it to be found in all the Don country! Look, your ex-shelency, what a horse it is! Here, kindly step this way! Wo!... wo!... turn round, stand sideways! And we'll take off the saddle. What do you think of him, your ex-shelency?”

“您怎么能这么说呢，大人！我是个老实的犹太人。我不是偷的，不过我是专门为大人您弄来的，真的！我费了很大的劲，很大的劲才弄来

的呢！不过，瞧，多棒的一匹马啊！在整个顿河地区，再也找不到第二匹这样的马了！瞧，大人，多好的马啊！嘿，请到这边来！吁！吁……转过来，侧身站着！我们把马鞍拿掉。您觉得它怎么样，大人？”

"The horse is all right," repeated Tchertop-hanov with affected indifference, though his heart was beating like a sledge-hammer in his breast. He was a passionate lover of "horse-flesh," and knew a good thing when he saw it.

“这马还不错。”切尔托普哈诺夫假装不在乎地反复说道，尽管他的心在胸膛里怦怦乱跳。他是个“马肉”的狂热爱好者，对马很懂行。

"Only take a look at him, your ex-shelency! Pat him on the neck! yes ,yes, he-he-he-he! like this, like this!”

“大人，您瞧瞧看呀！拍拍它的脖子！对，对，嘿嘿嘿嘿！像这样，像这样！”

Tchertop-hanov, with apparent reluctance, laid his hand on the horse's neck, gave it a pat or two, then passed his fingers from the forelock along the spine, and when he had reached a certain spot above the kidneys, like a connoisseur, he lightly pressed that spot. The horse instantly arched its spine, and looking round suspiciously at Tchertop-hanov with its haughty black eye, snorted and moved its hind legs.

切尔托普哈诺夫表面上很不情愿，却把手放在了那匹马的脖子上，拍了一两下，然后从额毛顺着脊柱摸了下去，当他摸到肾脏上方的部位时，就像行家那样，轻轻地按了按那个地方。那匹马立刻弓起了它的脊柱，用它傲慢的黑眼睛掉头看了看切尔托普哈诺夫，打了个响鼻，动了动两条后腿。

The Jew laughed and faintly clapped his hands. "He knows his master, your ex-shelency, his master!”

犹太人笑了笑，轻轻地拍了拍手。“它认主人啦，大人，认主人啦！”

"Don't talk nonsense," Tchertop-hanov interrupted with vexation. "To buy this horse from you... I haven't the means, and as for presents, I not only wouldn't take them from a Jew; I wouldn't take a present from Almighty God Himself!”

“不要胡说八道，”切尔托普哈诺夫恼怒地打断他的话，“向你买这匹马……我没有钱，要是说当作礼物，我不仅不会收一个犹太人的礼物，就是万能的上帝的礼物我也不收！”

"As though I would presume to offer you a present, mercy upon me!" cried the Jew: "you buy it, your ex-shelency... and as to the little sum—I can wait for it.”

“好像我敢擅自送您礼物似的，老天保佑！”犹太人叫道，“您买它吧，大人……至于那点小钱嘛——我可以等一等。”

Tchertop-hanov sank into thought.

切尔托普哈诺夫陷入了沉思中。

"What will you take for it?" he muttered at last between his teeth.

“你要多少钱？”他终于从牙缝里低声问道。

The Jew shrugged his shoulders.

犹太人耸了耸肩。

"What I paid for it myself. Two hundred roubles."

“就按我买进的价吧。两百卢布。”

The horse was well worth twice—perhaps even three times that sum.

那匹马实际值这个价的两倍，或许甚至值这个数的三倍。

Tchertop-hanov turned away and yawned feverishly.

切尔托普哈诺夫转过了脸，兴奋地打了个哈欠。

"And the money... when?" he asked, scowling furiously and not looking at the Jew.

“那钱……什么时候付？”他猛地皱了皱眉，并没有看犹太人。

"When your ex-shelency thinks fit.”

“大人您觉得合适的时候都行。”

Tchertop-hanov flung his head back, but did not raise his eyes. "That's no answer. Speak plainly, son of Herod! Am I to be under an obligation to you, hey?”

切尔托普哈诺夫扬了扬头，但并没抬起眼睛。“这不算回答。坦白说吧，希律王的子孙！我难道要欠你的情吗？”

"Well, let's say, then," the Jew hastened to add, "in six months' time... Do you agree?”

“好啦，那么，这样吧，”犹太人赶快又说道，“再过六个月吧……您同意吗？”

Tchertop-hanov made no reply.

切尔托普哈诺夫没有回答。

The Jew tried to get a look at his face. "Do you agree? You permit him to be led to your stable?"

犹太人努力揣摩着他的脸色。“您同意吗？您让我把它牵进您的马厩

里吧？”

"The saddle I don't want," Tchertop-hanov blurted out abruptly. "Take the saddle—do you hear?”

“我不想要那个马鞍，”切尔托普哈诺夫突然开口说道，“把马鞍拿走——听见了吗？”

"To be sure, to be sure, I will take it," faltered the delighted Jew, shouldering the saddle.

“当然，当然，我拿走。”犹太人高兴地结结巴巴地说道，一边卸下了马鞍。

"And the money," Tchertop-hanov pursued... "in six months. And not two hundred, but two hundred and fifty. Not a word! Two hundred and fifty, I tell you! to my account."

“钱嘛，”切尔托普哈诺夫继续说道……“再过六个月。不是两百，而是两百五十。不准说了！我告诉你，就是两百五十了！记在我的账上！”

Tchertop-hanov still could not bring himself to raise his eyes. Never had his pride been so cruelly wounded.

切尔托普哈诺夫仍然没有勇气抬起眼睛来。他的自尊心从没有被这么残忍地伤害过。

"It's plain, it's a present," was the thought in his mind; "he's brought it out of gratitude, the devil!" And he would have liked to kiss the Jew, and he would have liked to beat him.

“这明明就是礼物嘛，”他心里这么想，“他带这匹马来就是出于感激，这个家伙！”他想要吻一下这个犹太人，又想打他。

"Your ex-shelency," began the Jew, gaining a little courage, and grinning all over his face, "should, after the Russian fashion, take from hand to hand...."

“大人，”犹太人鼓起了勇气，脸上堆满了笑容，开始说道，“按照俄国的风俗，应该把缰绳从我的手里交到您的手里……”

"What next? what an idea! A Hebrew... and Russian customs! Hey! you there! Take the horse; lead him to the stable. And give him some oats. I'll come myself and look after him. And his name is to be—Malek-Adel!”

“还要干嘛？真是荒唐！犹太人……还俄国的风俗呢！嘿！那边那个！来牵马，把它领到马厩里。给它点燕麦吃。我一会儿再来照看它。它的名字嘛——叫马列克·阿杰尔！”

Tchertop-hanov turned to go up the steps, but turning sharply back, and running up to the Jew, he pressed his hand warmly. The latter was bending down to kiss his hand, but Tchertop-hanov

bounded back again, and murmuring, "Tell no one!" he vanished through the door.

切尔托普哈诺夫刚刚走上台阶，但是又突然转过身，朝那个犹太人跑去，紧紧地握了握他的手。犹太人弯下了身子，吻了吻他的手，但是切尔托普哈诺夫又跳了回去，低声说到：“不准告诉任何人！”他便消失在门里了。

V

五

From that very day the chief interest, the chief occupation, the chief pleasure in the life of Tchertop-hanov, was Malek-Adel. He loved him as he had not loved even Masha; he became more attached to him than even to Nedopyuskin. And what a horse it was! All fire—simply explosive as gunpowder—and stately as a boyar! Untiring, enduring, obedient, whatever you might put him to; and costing nothing for his keep; he'd be ready to nibble at the ground under his feet if there was nothing else. When he stepped at a walking pace, it was like being lulled to sleep in a nurse's arms; when he trotted, it was like rocking at sea; when he galloped, he outstripped the wind! Never out of breath, perfectly sound in his wind. Sinews of steel: for him to stumble was a thing never recorded! To take a ditch or a fence was nothing to him—and what a clever beast! At his master's voice he would run with his head in the air; if you told him to stand still and walked away from him, he would not stir; directly you turned back, a faint neigh to say, "Here I am." And afraid of nothing: in the pitch-dark, in a snow-storm he would find his way; and he would not let a stranger come near him for anything; he would have had his teeth in him! And a dog dare never approach him; he would have his fore-leg on his head in a minute! and that was the end of the beast.

就从那一天起，切尔托普哈诺夫生活中最主要的爱好，最主要的消遣，最主要的快乐就是马列克·阿杰尔。他爱它甚至胜过以前爱玛莎，他对它的依恋甚至比对涅多皮尤斯金的还多。它是一匹多棒的马啊！它像火一样，爆发起来简直就像火药一样，威武起来又像一个绅士！它不知疲倦，刻苦耐劳，不管你叫它去哪里，它都去；养它也不需要什么费用；如果没有别的东西吃了，他便会啃点脚下的泥巴。当它慢步走的时候，你就像躺在保姆的臂弯里，被哄着入睡一样；当它小跑的时候，你就像在海中摇晃一样；当它飞奔的时候，它比风还要快！它从来不会上气不接下气，因为它的呼吸很顺畅。它的肌肉如钢铁一般：绊倒这样的事情，从来没有在它身上发生过。跳过沟渠或栅栏对它来说根本不成问题——多聪明的畜生啊！一听到主人的声音，它就会把头扬到空中跑过来；要是你让它站住，从它旁边走开，它都不会动一下；你一回来，它

就会轻声嘶叫，好像在说："我在这呢。"它什么都不怕：在黑漆漆的地方，在暴风雪中它也能找到路；它绝对不会让陌生人靠近，它会用牙齿咬的！狗也不敢靠近它，它马上就会把自己的前腿踩在狗的头上！那么这只畜生就活不了了。

A horse of proper pride, you might flourish a switch over him as an ornament—but God forbid you touched him! But why say more?—a perfect treasure, not a horse!

它是一匹有自尊心的马，你在它身上挥动鞭子，只不过是装装样子罢了——但是上帝不允许你碰它！不过还用多说吗？这是个完美的宝物，不是一匹马！

If Tchertop-hanov set to describing his Malek-Adel, he could not find words to express himself. And how he petted and pampered him! His coat shone like silver—not old, but new silver—with a dark polish on it; if one passed one's hand over it, it was like velvet! His saddle, his cloth, his bridle—all his trappings, in fact, were so well-fitted, in such good order, so bright—a perfect picture! Tchertop-hanov himself—what more can we say?—with his own hands plaited his favourite's forelocks and mane, and washed his tail with beer, and even, more than once, rubbed his hoofs with polish. Sometimes he would mount Malek-Adel and ride out, not to see his neighbours—he avoided them, as of old—but across their lands, past their homesteads... for them, poor fools, to admire him from a distance! Or he would hear that there was to be a hunt somewhere, that a rich landowner had arranged a meet in some outlying part of his land: he would be off there at once, and would canter in the distance, on the horizon, astounding all spectators by the swiftness and beauty of his horse, and not letting any one come close to him. Once some hunting landowner even gave chase to him with all his suite; he saw Tchertop-hanov was getting away, and he began shouting after him with all his might, as he galloped at full speed: "Hey, you! Here! Take what you like for your horse! I wouldn't grudge a thousand! I'd give my wife, my children! Take my last farthing!"

要是切尔托普哈诺夫谈到他的马列克·阿杰尔，会找不到词来表达自己。他对它是多么地宠爱和纵容啊！它的毛像银子一样闪耀——不是旧银，而是新银——带着深色的光亮，用手在上面一摸，就像天鹅绒一样！它的马鞍，它的鞍垫，它的缰绳——事实上，所有的马饰都如此合身，如此整齐，如此光鲜，简直是一幅完美的画面！关于切尔托普哈诺夫自己——我们还能说什么呢？他亲手给他的爱马编额毛和鬓毛，用啤酒为它洗尾巴，甚至还不止一次地用擦亮剂擦它的蹄子。有时他会骑上马列克·阿杰尔出去，并不是去拜访他的邻居——他依旧避开他们——而是穿过他们的土地，越过他们的家宅……意思是对他们说，傻瓜们，远远地欣赏它吧！有时，他听到某个地方有人打猎——富裕的地主到远离自己土地的某个地方打猎：他就会马上过去，在远处的地平线上慢跑，

他的马敏捷而美丽，会让所有的观看者震惊，但他却不让任何人靠近它。有一次，某位正在打猎的地主甚至派出了自己所有的随从追他，他看见切尔托普哈诺夫跑开了，就全速飞奔，在他身后拼命喊道：“嘿，你！喂！给我你的马，你要什么都行！一千卢布我也不惜！我把老婆孩子都给你！把我所有的财产都拿去！”

Tchertop-hanov suddenly reined in Malek-Adel. The hunting gentleman flew up to him. "My dear sir!" he shouted, "tell me what you want? My dear friend!"

切尔托普哈诺夫突然拉住了马列克·阿杰尔。那个打猎的地主向他飞奔了过去。“我亲爱的先生！”他叫道，“给我说说您想要什么？我亲爱的朋友！”

"If you were the Tsar," said Tchertop-hanov emphatically (and he had never heard of Shakespeare), "you might give me all your kingdom for my horse; I wouldn't take it!” He uttered these words, chuckled, drew Malek-Adel up on to his haunches, turned him in the air on his hind legs like a top or teetotum, and off! He went like a flash over the stubble. And the hunting man (a rich prince, they said he was) flung his cap on the ground, threw himself down with his face in his cap, and lay so for half an hour.

“如果你是国王，”切尔托普哈诺夫断然地说道（而他从来没有听说过莎士比亚），“你拿你的整个王国来换我的马，我也不给！”他说完了这些话，便哈哈大笑，把马列克·阿杰尔拉了起来，让它后脚着地在空中转了一圈，就像个陀螺似的，然后便扬长而去！他在收割过的田地里一闪一闪地跑着。而这个猎人（据说他是个富有的公爵）把帽子扔到了地上，猛地把脸埋到了帽子里，就这样躺了半个小时。

And how could Tchertop-hanov fail to prize his horse? Was it not thanks to him, he had again an unmistakable superiority, a last superiority over all his neighbours?

切尔托普哈诺夫怎么能不珍视他的这匹马呢？不正是由于有了这匹马，他才再一次在他所有的邻居面前，显示出他那最后的、明白无疑的优势？

VI

六

Meanwhile time went by, the day fixed for payment was approaching; while, far from having two hundred and fifty roubles, Tchertop-hanov had not even fifty. What was to be done? how could it be met?

与此同时，时间也在逝去，约定好的付款日期也快到了；然而，切

尔托普哈诺夫连五十卢布都没有，更不用说二百五十卢布了。怎么办呢？怎么对付呢？

"Well," he decided at last, "if the Jew is relentless, if he won't wait any longer, I'll give him my house and my land, and I'll set off on my horse, no matter where! I'll starve before I'll give up Malek-Adel!" He was greatly perturbed and even downcast; but at this juncture Fate, for the first and last time, was pitiful and smiled upon him; some distant kinswoman, whose very name was unknown to Tchertop-hanov, left him in her will a sum immense in his eyes—no less than two thousand roubles! And he received this sum in the very nick, as they say, of time; the day before the Jew was to come. Tchertop-hanov almost went out of his mind with joy, but he never even thought of vodka; from the very day Malek-Adel came into his hands he had not touched a drop.

“唉，”他终于决定，“要是那个犹太人不讲情面，要是他不愿再等等，我就把我的房子和土地给他，自己骑上这匹马，去哪里都行！我宁愿饿死，也不会让出马列克·阿杰尔的！”他很烦躁不安，甚至十分沮丧；但是正在此时，命运第一次也是最后一次怜悯了他，对他笑了；某个远房女亲戚，在遗嘱里给他留了一笔钱，可切尔托普哈诺夫连她的名字都不知道，而且在他看来，那是一大笔钱——不少于两千卢布！就在所谓的紧要关头，也就是那个犹太人来的前一天，他收到了这笔钱。切尔托普哈诺夫高兴得几乎都要发疯了，但他甚至都没到想要喝伏特加酒；从他得到马列克·阿杰尔的那天起，他就一滴酒都没沾过。

He ran into the stable and kissed his favourite on both sides of his face above the nostrils, where the horse's skin is always so soft. "Now we shall not be parted!" he cried, patting Malek-Adel on the neck, under his well-combed mane. When he went back into the house, he counted out and sealed up in a packet two hundred and fifty roubles. Then, as he lay on his back and smoked a pipe, he mused on how he would lay out the rest of the money—what dogs he would procure, real Kostroma hounds, spot and tan, and no mistake! He even had a little talk with Perfishka, to whom he promised a new Cossack coat, with yellow braid on all the seams, and went to bed in a blissful frame of mind.

他跑进了马厩，吻了吻他的最爱，就吻在了鼻孔上方的两侧，这个地方的马皮通常都很柔软。“现在我们不会分开了！”他叫道，边拍了拍马列克·阿杰尔的脖子，那里的鬃毛梳得很整齐。当他回到屋子里的时候，他点出了二百五十卢布，把这些钱封在了一个小包里。然后，他躺着抽烟的时候，便思索着怎么花剩下的钱——他要买什么狗，要真正的科斯特罗姆猎狗，带斑点，棕褐色的，就是这样！他甚至还跟佩尔菲什卡聊了一阵，许诺给他买一件所有衣缝上都镶着黄边的新哥萨克式外衣，然后就满心欢喜地上床睡觉了。

He had a bad dream: he dreamt he was riding out, hunting, not on Malek-Adel, but on some strange beast of the nature of a unicorn; a white fox, white as snow, ran to meet him.... He tried to crack his whip, tried to set the dogs on her—but instead of his riding-whip, he found he had a wisp of bast in his hand, and the fox ran in front of him, putting her tongue out at him. He jumped off, his unicorn stumbled, he fell... and fell straight into the arms of a police-constable, who was taking him before the Governor-General, and whom he recognised as Yaff....

他做了一个噩梦：他梦见自己骑马出去打猎，但是骑的不是马列克·阿杰尔，而是一只独角兽似的奇怪畜生；一只像雪一般白的白狐，向他迎面跑来——他想要挥动鞭子，想要让狗去追它，但是他一挥鞭子，便发现自己手里拿的是一小捆树皮，那只狐狸跑到了他前面，朝他吐舌头。他跳了下来，独角兽绊了一跤，他便摔了下来……正好摔到了一个宪兵的怀里，这个宪兵把他带到了总督那里，他认出了总督竟是亚夫……

Tchertop-hanov waked up. The room was dark; the cocks were just crowing for the second time....

切尔托普哈诺夫惊醒了。房间黑黑的，公鸡刚刚打了第二次鸣……

Somewhere in the far, far distance a horse neighed.

从很远很远的地方，传来了马的嘶鸣声。

Tchertop-hanov lifted up his head.... Once more a faint, faint neigh was heard.

切尔托普哈诺夫抬起了头……又听到了一声很微弱，很微弱的嘶鸣声。

"That's Malek-Adel neighing!" was his thought.... "It's his neigh. But why so far away? Bless us and save us!... It can't be…”

“那是马列克·阿杰尔在嘶鸣！”他心想……“是他的嘶鸣声。但是为什么这么远呢？上帝保佑！不会的……”

Tchertop-hanov suddenly turned chill all over; he instantly leaped out of bed, fumbled after his boots and his clothes, dressed himself, and, snatching up the stable-door key from under his pillow, he dashed out into the courtyard.

突然，切尔托普哈诺夫全身发冷，他马上从床上跳了下来，摸到了自己的靴子和衣服，穿好了衣服，从枕头底下抓起了马厩门的钥匙，就冲进了院子里。

VII

七

The stable was at the very end of the courtyard; one wall faced the open country. Tchertop-hanov could not at once fit the key into the lock—his hands were shaking—and he did not immediately turn the key.... He stood motionless, holding his breath; if only something would stir inside! "Malek! Malek!" he cried, in a low voice: the silence of death! Tchertop-hanov unconsciously jogged the key; the door creaked and opened.... So, it was not locked. He stepped over the threshold, and again called his horse; this time by his full name, Malek-Adel! But no response came from his faithful companion; only a mouse rustled in the straw. Then Tchertop-hanov rushed into one of the three horse-boxes in the stable in which Malek-Adel was put. He went straight to the horse-box, though it was pitch-dark around.... Empty! Tchertop-hanov's head went round; it seemed as though a bell was booming in his brain. He tried to say something, but only brought out a sort of hiss; and fumbling with his hands above, below, on all sides, breathless, with shaking knees, he made his way from one horse-box to another... to a third, full almost to the top with hay; stumbled against one wall, and then the other; fell down, rolled over on his head, got up, and suddenly ran headlong through the half-open door into the courtyard....

马厩在院子的尽头，有一堵墙面朝原野。切尔托普哈诺夫没能马上把钥匙插进锁里——他的双手在颤抖——他也没立即转动钥匙……他一动不动地站着，屏住呼吸，要是里面有点动静该多好啊！“马列克！马列克！”他低声叫道，里面死一般地寂静！切尔托普哈诺夫不由得轻摇了一下钥匙，门嘎吱一声开了……原来没有上锁。他跨过了门槛，又叫了一声他的马，这次是叫的全名——马列克·阿杰尔！但没有听到他忠实伙伴的回答，只有一只老鼠在稻草里窸窣作响。马厩里有三间马棚，然后，切尔托普哈诺夫冲进了一间，就是马列克·阿杰尔所在的那一间。尽管周围一片漆黑，但他径直走进了这间马棚……空的！切尔托普哈诺夫的脑袋一阵晕眩，好像有一个铃铛在他的脑子里嗡嗡作响一样。他想说些什么，但是只发出了一种嘶嘶声；他的双手四处摸索着，屏住呼吸，膝盖抖动着，他从一间马棚走到了另一间马棚……到了第三间，干草几乎都堆到了顶上；他撞到了一堵墙，又撞到了另一堵墙；他摔了一跤，翻了个跟头，又站了起来，突然穿过半开的门，猛地冲进了院子里……

"Stolen! Perfishka! Perfishka! Stolen!" he yelled at the top of his voice.

“被偷了！佩尔菲什卡！佩尔菲什卡！被偷了！”他用最大的声音喊道。

The groom Perfishka flew head-over-heels out of the loft where he slept, with only his shirt on....

马夫佩尔菲什卡只穿了一件衬衣，就从他睡觉的阁楼上飞奔了出来……

Like drunk men they ran against one another, the master and his solitary servant, in the middle of the courtyard; like madmen they turned round each other. The master could not explain what was the matter; nor could the servant make out what was wanted of him. "Woe! woe!" wailed Tchertop-hanov. "Woe! woe!" the groom repeated after him. "A lantern! here! light a lantern! Light! light!" broke at last from Tchertop-hanov's fainting lips. Perfishka rushed into the house.

主人和他唯一的仆人，像两个醉汉一样在院子中央撞了个正着，他们就像疯子一样互相转起了圈子。主人没法说清是怎么一回事，仆人也弄不清叫他来做什么。“哎呀！哎呀！”切尔托普哈诺夫嚎啕着。“哎呀！哎呀！”男仆也跟着他喊。“拿提灯来！喂！点个提灯！灯！灯！”切尔托普哈诺夫麻痹的双唇，终于迸出了这句话来。佩尔菲什卡冲进了屋里。

But to light the lantern, to get fire, was not easy; lucifer matches were regarded as a rarity in those days in Russia; the last embers had long ago gone out in the kitchen; flint and steel were not quickly found, and they did not work well. Gnashing his teeth, Tchertop-hanov snatched them out of the hands of the flustered Perfishka, and began striking a light himself; the sparks fell in abundance, in still greater abundance fell curses, and even groans; but the tinder either did not catch or went out again, in spite of the united efforts of four swollen cheeks and lips to blow it into a flame! At last, in five minutes, not sooner, a bit of tallow candle was alight at the bottom of a battered lantern; and Tchertop-hanov, accompanied by Perfishka, dashed into the stable, lifted the lantern above his head, looked round....

但是要点提灯，要取到火，并不容易；在当时的俄国，黄磷火柴在可是稀罕物；厨房里最后的小火苗早就熄灭了；花了很长时间，才找到火刀火石，还不大好使。切尔托普哈诺夫气得咬牙切齿，从慌张的佩尔菲什卡手里，把它们夺了过来，亲自打起了火来，迸发出了很多火星，也迸发出了更多的咒骂声，甚至呻吟声；但是火绒要么点不着，要么又熄灭了，就是两个人鼓起面颊和嘴唇使劲吹，也是枉然。终于五分钟后，并不会更快，这个破旧的提灯底上的一点蜡烛才被点燃；切尔托普哈诺夫在佩尔菲什卡的陪同下冲进了马厩，把提灯举过了头顶，朝四周看了看……

All empty!

全是空的！

He bounded out into the courtyard, ran up and down it in all directions—no horse anywhere! The hurdle-fence, enclosing Panteley Eremyitch's yard, had long been dilapidated, and in many places was

bent and lying on the ground.... Beside the stable, it had been completely levelled for a good yard's width. Perfishka pointed this spot out to Tchertop-hanov.

他跳进了院子里，在院子各处跑来跑去，哪里都没有马！潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇家院子周围的篱笆早已破旧，许多处已经弯了，倒在了地上……马厩旁有一码宽的篱笆全平了。佩尔菲什卡指着这个地方给切尔托普哈诺夫看。

"Master! look here; this wasn't like this today.

“主人！看这里：这里白天还不像这个样子呢。

And see the ends of the uprights sticking out of the ground; that means someone has pulled them out.”

瞧这些木桩的头儿都从地里露出来了，这就意味着有人把它们拔出来了。”

Tchertop-hanov ran up with the lantern, moved it about over the ground....

切尔托普哈诺夫提着灯奔了过去，在地上照着……

"Hoofs, hoofs, prints of horse-shoes, fresh prints!" he muttered, speaking hurriedly. "They took him through here, through here!"

“马蹄，马蹄，马蹄印，刚踩出来的马蹄印！”他很快喃喃地说道，“它是从这里被牵出去的，从这里！”

He instantly leaped over the fence, and with a shout, "Malek-Adel! Malek-Adel!" he ran straight into the open country.

他马上跳过篱笆，边叫着：“马列克·阿杰尔！马列克·阿杰尔！”一边径直跑进了原野里。

Perfishka remained standing bewildered at the fence. The ring of light from the lantern was soon lost to his eyes, swallowed up in the dense darkness of a starless, moonless night.

佩尔菲什卡仍然困惑地站在篱笆旁边。提灯的光圈很快在他的视线里消失了，淹没在没有星月的浓浓黑暗中。

Fainter and fainter came the sound of the despairing cries of Tchertop-hanov....

切尔托普哈诺夫绝望的叫声越来越微弱了……

VIII

八

It was daylight when he came home again. He hardly looked like

a human being. His clothes were covered with mud, his face had a wild and ferocious expression, his eyes looked dull and sullen. In a hoarse whisper he drove Perfishka away, and locked himself in his room. He could hardly stand with fatigue, but he did not lie on his bed, but sat down on a chair by the door and clutched at his head.

他回来的时候已经是白天了。他看上去简直都不像个人了。他衣服上全是泥巴，脸上带着粗野而吓人的表情，眼睛看上去呆滞而阴沉。他声音沙哑，小声地把佩尔菲什卡打发走了，然后把自己锁在了房间里。他累得都站不住了，但是他并没有躺在床上，而是坐在门边的椅子上，抓住自己的头。

"Stolen!... stolen!..."

“被偷了！被偷了！”

But in what way had the thief contrived by night, when the stable was locked, to steal Malek-Adel? Malek-Adel, who would never let a stranger come near him even by day—steal him, too, without noise, without a sound? And how explain that not a yard-dog had barked? It was true there were only two left—two young puppies—and those two probably burrowing in rubbish from cold and hunger—but still!

但那个贼是怎么在晚上，从锁着的马厩里把马列克·阿杰尔偷去的呢？马列克·阿杰尔就是在白天，也不准陌生人靠近自己啊——偷了它，怎么还一点声响，一点叫声都没有？连看家狗都没有叫一声，这又怎么解释呢？的确，看家狗只剩下两只了——两只幼犬——而且这两只狗可能因为寒冷和饥饿，钻进了垃圾堆里——但还是该叫几声的啊！

"And what am I to do now without Malek-Adel?" Tchertop-hanov brooded. "I've lost my last pleasure now; it's time to die. Buy another horse, seeing the money has come? But where find another horse like that?”

“现在没有了马列克·阿杰尔，我该怎么办呢？”切尔托普哈诺夫沉思着，“我现在失去了最后的快乐，到了该死的时候了。好在还有点钱，另买一匹马吧？可是上哪里找像这样好的另一匹马呀？”

"Panteley Eremyitch! Panteley Eremyitch!" he heard a timid call at the door.

“潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇！潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇！”他听见一个怯怯的声音在门口叫道。

Tchertop-hanov jumped on to his feet.

切尔托普哈诺夫跳了起来。

"Who is it?" he shouted in a voice not his own.

“谁呀？”他用变了样的声音叫道。

"It's I, your groom, Perfishka.”

“是我，您的马夫，佩尔菲什卡。”

"What do you want? Is he found? has he run home?"

“你想干嘛？找到它了吗？它跑回家了吗？”

"No, Panteley Eremyitch; but that Jew chap who sold him...."

“不是，潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇，是那个卖它的犹太佬……”

"Well?"

“哦？”

"He's come.”

“他来了。”

"Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho!" yelled Tchertop-hanov, and he at once flung open the door. "Drag him here! drag him along!"

“呵呵呵呵呵！”切尔托普哈诺夫大叫道，猛地一下把门拉开，“把他拖到这里来！把他拖过来！”

On seeing the sudden apparition of his "benefactor's" dishevelled, wild-looking figure, the Jew, who was standing behind Perfishka's back, tried to give them the slip; but Tchertop-hanov, in two bounds, was upon him, and like a tiger flew at his throat.

犹太人站在佩尔菲什卡的身后，看见他“恩人”蓬头垢面、野蛮凶狠的身影突然出现，就想要溜走；但是切尔托普哈诺夫跳了两步追上了他，就像只老虎一样猛扑向他的喉咙。

"Ah! he's come for the money! for the money!" he cried as hoarsely as though he were being strangled himself instead of strangling the Jew; "you stole him by night, and are come by day for the money, eh? Eh? Eh?"

“啊！你来要钱了！来要钱了！”他嘶哑地喊了起来，就好像是他自己被掐住了，而不是他在掐那个犹太人，“你晚上把它偷走了，白天又来要钱，啊？啊？啊？”

"Mercy on us, your ex-shelency," the Jew tried to groan out.

“饶了我吧，大人，”那个犹太人设法哼哼着说。

"Tell me, where's my horse? What have you done with him? Whom have you sold him to? Tell me, tell me, tell me!”

“告诉我，我的马在哪里？你对它做了什么？你把它卖给谁了？告诉我，告诉我，告诉我！”

The Jew by now could not even groan; his face was rapidly turning livid, and even the expression of fear had vanished from it.

His hands dropped and hung lifeless, his whole body, furiously shaken by Tchertop-hanov, waved backwards and forwards like a reed.

那个犹太人现在都没法哼哼了，他的脸很快变得铁青，甚至连脸上害怕的表情也消失了。他的手垂了下来，死气沉沉地吊着，整个身子被切尔托普哈诺夫猛烈地摇晃着，像根芦苇似的前后晃动。

"I'll pay you your money, I'll pay it you in full to the last farthing," roared Tchertop-hanov, "but I'll strangle you like any chicken if you don't tell me at once!”...

“我会还你钱的，我会一分不少的还你的，”切尔托普哈诺夫咆哮道，“但是要是你不马上告诉我的话，我就像掐一只小鸡似的把你掐死……”

"But you have strangled him already, master," observed the groom Perfishka humbly.

“不过您已经把他掐死了，老爷。”马夫佩尔菲什卡低声下气地说道。

Then only Tchertop-hanov came to his senses.

切尔托普哈诺夫这才回过了神来。

He let go of the Jew's neck; the latter fell heavily to the ground. Tchertop-hanov picked him up, sat him on a bench, poured a glass of vodka down his throat, and restored him to consciousness. And having restored him to consciousness, he began to talk to him.

他松开了犹太人的脖子，犹太人重重地摔到了地上。切尔托普哈诺夫把他扶了起来，让他坐在了长登上，把一杯伏特加灌进了他的喉咙里，使他恢复了知觉。等他恢复了知觉以后，切尔托普哈诺夫就跟他谈起话来。

It turned out that the Jew had not the slightest idea that Malek-Adel had been stolen. And, indeed, what motive could he have to steal the horse which he had himself procured for his "revered Panteley Eremyitch."

结果是，这个犹太人根本就不知道马列克·阿杰尔被偷了。的确也是，这匹马是他替“崇敬的潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇”弄来的，又有什么动机把它偷走呢？

Then Tchertop-hanov led him into the stable.

然后，切尔托普哈诺夫便带他去了马厩。

Together they scrutinised the horse-boxes, the manger, and the lock on the door, turned over the hay and the straw, and then went into the courtyard. Tchertop-hanov showed the Jew the hoofprints at the fence, and all at once he slapped his thighs.

他们一起仔细检查了马棚、马槽和门上的锁，翻了翻干草和稻草，然后又进到了院子里。切尔托普哈诺夫给犹太人看了看篱笆旁的马蹄印，突然他拍了一下自己的大腿。

"Stay!" he cried. "Where did you buy the horse?"

“等等！”他叫道，“你是从哪里买的这匹马？”

"In the district of Maloarchangel, at Verhosensky Fair," answered the Jew.

“是从小阿尔汉格尔县的韦尔霍先斯基马市上买的。”犹太人答道。

"Of whom?"

“从谁那里买的？”

"A Cossack."

“一个哥萨克人。”

"Stay! This Cossack; was he a young man or old?"

“等等！这个哥萨克人是个年轻人，还是个老人？”

"Middle-aged—a steady man.”

“中年人，一个挺沉着的人。”

"And what was he like? What did he look like? A cunning rascal, I expect?"

“那他是个什么样的人？他长得什么样？我猜，是个狡猾的流氓吧？”

"Sure to have been a rascal, your ex-shelency.”

“肯定是个流氓，大人。”

"And, I say, what did he say, this rascal?—had he had the horse long?”

“我说，这个流氓都说过些什么？他养这匹马很久了吗？”

"I recollect he said he'd had it a long while.”

“我记得，他说过他养了很长一段时间了。”

"Well, then, no one could have stolen him but he! Consider it yourself, listen, stand here!... What's your name?”

“唉，那么，除了他没有人能把它偷走了！你想想看，喂，过来这里！你叫什么名字？”

The Jew started and turned his little black eyes upon Tchertop-hanov.

犹太人抖擞了一下，抬起了他那双黑黑的小眼睛，看了看切尔托普

哈诺夫。

"What's my name?”

“我叫什么名字？”

"Yes, yes; what are you called?"

“对，对，你怎么称呼？”

"Moshel Leyba."

“莫舍尔·莱巴。”

"Well, judge then, Moshel Leyba, my friend—you're a man of sense—whom would Malek-Adel have allowed to touch him except his old master? You see he must have saddled him and bridled him and taken off his cloth—there it is lying on the hay!... and made all his arrangements simply as if he were at home! Why, anyone except his master, Malek-Adel would have trampled under foot! He'd have raised such a din, he'd have roused the whole village? Do you agree with me?”

“好的，莫舍尔·莱巴，我的朋友，你是个聪明人，你想想看，马列克·阿杰尔除了它的旧主人，还会让谁碰它呢？你瞧，他准是给它上了马鞍，套上缰绳还脱了马衣，那马衣就扔在干草上呢！所做的所有准备，就像在自己家里一样。唉，除了它的主人，其他任何人，马列克·阿杰尔都会把他踩在脚下的！它会大叫起来，会把全村都惊动了的！你同意我的看法吗？”

"I agree, I agree, your ex-shelency.”…

“我同意，我同意，大人……”

"Well, then, it follows that first of all we must find this Cossack!"

“好啦，那么，接下来，我们首先得找到这个哥萨克人！”

"But how are we to find him, your ex-shelency? I have only seen him one little time in my life, and where is he now, and what's his name? Alack, alack!" added the Jew, shaking the long curls over his ears sorrowfully.

“可是我们怎么找他啊，大人？我这辈子只见过他一小会儿，他现在在哪里，他叫什么？呜呼，呜呼！”犹太人又说道，边悲伤地摇着他的耳朵上面的长卷发。

"Leyba!" shouted Tchertop-hanov suddenly; "Leyba, look at me! You see I've lost my senses; I'm not myself!... I shall lay hands on myself if you don't come to my aid!”

“莱巴！”切尔托普哈诺夫突然叫道，“莱巴，看着我！你瞧见我已经失去理智了吧，我都不能自制了！要是你不帮我，我就要自杀！”

"But how can I?"...

“但是我怎么能……”

"Come with me, and let us find the thief."

“跟我一起，我们去找那个贼。”

"But where shall we go?"

“但是我们去哪里啊？”

"We'll go to the fairs, the highways and by-ways, to the horse-stealers, to towns and villages and hamlets—everywhere, everywhere! And don't trouble about money; I've come into a fortune, brother! I'll spend my last farthing, but I'll get my darling back! And he shan't escape us, our enemy, the Cossack! Where he goes we'll go! If he's hidden in the earth we'll follow him! If he's gone to the devil, we'll follow him to Satan himself!”

“我们去马市，去大路，去小路，去马贩子那里，去城镇、村庄和小村子——每个地方，每个地方！不要担心钱的事，我继承了一笔遗产，老弟！我哪怕花最后一分钱，也要把我亲爱的马找回来！那个哥萨克人，我们的敌人，是逃不出我们的手心的！他去哪里我们就去哪里！要是他躲到了地下，我们也跟他到地下！要是他去见鬼了，我们就一直跟到魔鬼那里！”

"Oh, why to Satan?" observed the Jew; "we can do without him."

“哦，为什么要到魔鬼那里？”犹太人说道，“我们不到他那里也行。”

"Leyba!" Tchertop-hanov went on; "Leyba, though you're a Jew, and your creed's an accursed one, you've a soul better than many a Christian soul! Have pity on me! I can't go alone; alone I can never carry the thing through. I'm a hot-headed fellow, but you've a brain—a brain worth its weight in gold! Your race are like that; you succeed in everything without being taught! You're wondering, perhaps, where I could have got the money? Come into my room—I'll show you all the money. You may take it, you may take the cross off my neck, only give me back Malek-Adel; give him me back again!”

“莱巴！”切尔托普哈诺夫继续说，“莱巴，虽然你是个犹太人，你的信仰令人厌恶，但是你的灵魂比很多基督徒的灵魂都要好！可怜可怜我吧！我没法自己去，我自己也没法搞定这件事。我是个脾气急躁的人，但是你有头脑——一个宝贵的头脑！你们就是那样的种族，你们不用学就能把什么事都做成功！或许，你在怀疑，我哪里来的钱呢？进我房间里去，我把所有的钱都给你看。你可以把钱拿走，你可以把我脖子上的十字架拿走，只要把我的马列克·阿杰尔弄回来，让它再回到我这里！”

Tchertop-hanov was shivering as if he were in a fever; the sweat

rolled down his face in drops, and, mingling with his tears, was lost in his moustaches. He pressed Leyba's hands, he besought him, he almost kissed him.... He was in a sort of delirium. The Jew tried to object, to declare that it was utterly impossible for him to get away; that he had business.... It was useless! Tchertop-hanov would not even hear anything. There was no help for it; the poor Jew consented.

切尔托普哈诺夫像发烧似的颤抖着，汗水从他的脸上一滴滴地滚了下来，和他的眼泪混在了一起，消失在了他的小胡子里。他紧紧地握着莱巴的双手，恳求他，几乎都要吻他了……他有点精神错乱了。那个犹太人试着拒绝，声称他决不能离开，他还有事……可这没有用！切尔托普哈诺夫什么都听不进去。没有办法，那个可怜的犹太人只好答应了。

The next day Tchertop-hanov set out from Bezsonovo in a peasant cart, with Leyba. The Jew wore a somewhat troubled aspect; he held on to the rail with one hand, while all his withered figure bounded up and down on the jolting seat; the other hand he held pressed to his bosom, where lay a packet of notes wrapped up in newspaper. Tchertop-hanov sat like a statue, only moving his eyes about him, and drawing in deep breaths; in his sash there was stuck a dagger.

第二天，切尔托普哈诺夫和莱巴一起赶着一辆农家马车，从别索诺沃村出发了。犹太人一副有些忧心忡忡的样子，他一只手抓着扶手，整个憔悴的身子在颠簸的座位上，上上下下地弹跳着；另一只手揣在怀里，那里放着一包用报纸包起来的钞票。切尔托普哈诺夫像一座雕像似的坐着，只是转动着眼睛，深深地呼吸着，在他的腰带上，别着一把匕首。

"There, the miscreant who has parted us must look out for himself now!" he muttered, as they drove out on the high-road.

“哼，把我们拆散的恶棍，现在可得留神了！”他们驶上大路时，他喃喃自语道。

His house he left in the charge of Perfishka and an old cook, a deaf old peasant woman, whom he took care of out of compassion.

他把房子留给了佩尔菲什卡和一个老厨娘照管，这个厨娘是一个耳聋的老农妇，他出于同情才收留下她。

"I shall come back to you on Malek-Adel," he shouted to them at parting, "or never come back at all!"

“我会骑着马列克·阿杰尔回来见你们的，”在分别的时候，他对他们喊道，“否则就永远不回来了！”

"You might as well be married to me at once!" jested Perfishka, giving the cook a dig in the ribs with his elbow.

“你最好马上嫁给我好了！”佩尔菲什卡开玩笑地说，一边用他的手肘杵了下那个厨娘。

"No fear! the master'll never come back to us; and here I shall be bored to death all alone!”

“别害怕！主人永远都不会回来了，在这里我会寂寞死的！”

IX

九

A year passed... a whole year: no news had come of Panteley Eremyitch. The cook was dead, Perfishka himself made up his mind to abandon the house and go off to town, where he was constantly being persuaded to come by his cousin, apprenticed to a barber; when suddenly a rumour was set afloat that his master was coming back. The parish deacon got a letter from Panteley Eremyitch himself, in which he informed him of his intention of arriving at Bezsonovo, and asked him to prepare his servant to be ready for his immediate return. These words Perfishka understood to mean that he was to sweep up the place a bit. He did not, however, put much confidence in the news; he was convinced, though, that the deacon had spoken the truth, when a few days later Panteley Eremyitch in person appeared in the courtyard, riding on Malek-Adel.

一年过去了……整整一年：没有传来潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇的消息。厨娘死了，佩尔菲什卡已经下定决心抛下这座房子，到城里去，他的表兄在城里给一个理发师当学徒，一直劝他去，但突然传来个消息，说他的主人要回来了。教区助祭收到了潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇的亲笔信，在信中，他知会了助祭，他将要回到别索诺沃村的意图，请他预先通知自己的仆人为自己近期的回归做好准备。佩尔菲什卡对这番话的理解是，他得把屋子打扫一下。然而，他并不是很相信这条新闻；不过，他相信助祭说的话是真的了，因为几天以后，潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇亲自骑着马列克·阿杰尔出现在了院子里。

Perfishka rushed up to his master, and, holding the stirrup, would have helped him to dismount, but the latter got off alone, and with a triumphant glance about him, cried in a loud voice: "I said I would find Malek-Adel, and I have found him in spite of my enemies, and of Fate itself!” Perfishka went up to kiss his hand, but Tchertop-hanov paid no attention to his servant's devotion. Leading Malek-Adel after him by the rein, he went with long strides towards the stable. Perfishka looked more intently at his master, and his heart sank. "Oh, how thin and old he's grown in a year; and what a stern, grim face!” One would have thought Panteley Eremyitch would have been rejoicing, that he had gained his end; and he was rejoicing, certainly... and yet Perfishka's heart sank: he even felt a sort of dread. Tchertop-hanov put the horse in its old place, gave him a light pat on the back,

and said, "There! now you're at home again; and mind what you're about.” The same day he hired a freedman out of work as watchman, established himself again in his rooms, and began living as before....

佩尔菲什卡冲向了他的主人，抓着马镫，想帮助他下马，但他的主人自己跳了下来，得意洋洋地巡视了一下四周，大声喊道：“我说过我会找到马列克·阿杰尔的吧，尽管有敌人与命运和我作对，我还是找到它了！”佩尔菲什卡上前去亲吻他的手，但是切尔托普哈诺夫对他仆人的忠诚并不在意。他拉着缰绳，领着马列克·阿杰尔大步朝马厩走去。佩尔菲什卡更仔细地看了看他的主人，心都沉了下来。“哦，这一年他变得多么瘦削苍老啊，多么严厉、冷酷的脸啊！”你会想，潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇应该高兴了吧，他终于达到目的了；他当然高兴了……可是佩尔菲什卡的心却沉了下来，甚至感到了一种恐惧。切尔托普哈诺夫把马安置到了它的老位置，轻轻地拍了拍它的背，说道：“喏！现在你又回家了，可得当心啊。”当天，他就雇了一个没有活干、赎了身的农民来当看守，他又在房间里住了下来，开始了像以前一样的生活……

Not altogether as before, however... but of that later...

然而，并不与以前完全一样……不过这个之后再说吧……

The day after his return, Panteley Eremyitch called Perfishka in to him, and for want of anyone else to talk to, began telling him—keeping up, of course, his sense of his own dignity and his bass voice—how he had succeeded in finding Malek-Adel. Tchertop-hanov sat facing the window while he told his story, and smoked a pipe with a long tube while Perfishka stood in the doorway, his hands behind his back, and, respectfully contemplating the back of his master's head, heard him relate how, after many fruitless efforts and idle expeditions, Panteley Eremyitch had at last come to the fair at Romyon by himself, without the Jew Leyba, who, through weakness of character, had not persevered, but had deserted him; how, on the fifth day, when he was on the point of leaving, he walked for the last time along the rows of carts, and all at once he saw between three other horses fastened to the railings—he saw Malek-Adel! How he knew him at once, and how Malek-Adel knew him too, and began neighing, and dragging at his tether, and scraping the earth with his hoof.

他回来后的第二天，潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇就把佩尔菲什卡叫了过来，由于没有别人可以说话，就对他说起了话来——当然了，他还保持着自己那种高贵而低沉的声音——说他是怎么成功地找到马列克·阿杰尔的。切尔托普哈诺夫讲故事的时候，面朝窗口坐着，用长烟管吸着烟，而佩尔菲什卡则站在门口，双手背在身后，恭敬地注视着主人的脑袋，听他讲述：经过许多徒劳和奔波之后，潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇如何终于来到了罗姆内马市，这时候只剩他自己了，那个犹太人莱巴已经不在了，因为莱巴生性软弱，坚持不住，便抛下了他；如何在第五天，他正要走的时候，最后一次走过一排排的马车，突然看见了被拴在栏杆上的三匹马，

其中就有他的马列克·阿杰尔！他是如何马上就认出了它，马列克·阿杰尔如何也认出了他，开始嘶叫了起来，拖着它的拴绳，用蹄子刨着地。

"And he was not with the Cossack," Tchertop-hanov went on, still not turning his head, and in the same bass voice, "but with a gypsy horse-dealer; I, of course, at once took hold of my horse and tried to get him away by force, but the brute of a gypsy started yelling as if he'd been scalded, all over the market, and began swearing he'd bought the horse off another gypsy—and wanted to bring witnesses to prove it.... I spat, and paid him the money: damn the fellow! All I cared for was that I had found my favourite, and had got back my peace of mind. Moreover, in the Karatchevsky district, I took a man for the Cossack—I took the Jew Leyba's word for it that he was my thief—and smashed his face for him; but the Cossack turned out to be a priest's son, and got damages out of me—a hundred and twenty roubles. Well, money's a thing one may get again, but the great thing is, I've Malek-Adel back again! I'm happy now—I'm going to enjoy myself in peace. And I've one instruction to give you, Perfishka: if ever you, which God forbid, catch sight of the Cossack in this neighbourhood, run the very minute without saying a word, and bring me my gun, and I shall know what to do!”

“它并不在哥萨克人那里，”切尔托普哈诺夫仍然没有转过头来，继续用低沉的声音说道，“而是在一个吉普赛人马贩子那里；当然了，我立刻抓住了我的马，想要强行把它带走，但是那个野蛮的吉普赛人，开始像被烫伤了一样地叫喊起来，整个市场都听得见，他还开始咒骂说他是从另一个吉普赛人那里买的，还想要找人来作证……我吐了口唾沫，付给了他钱，那个该死的家伙！我唯一关心的就是，我找到了自己的最爱，心情又恢复了平静。而且，在卡拉契夫县，我抓住了一个哥萨克人——我听信了犹太人莱巴的话，以为他就是那个贼——打了他的脸，但是那个哥萨克人原来是一个司祭的儿子，要我赔偿损失——一百二十卢布。唉，钱还可以再挣嘛，但最重要的是，马列克·阿杰尔又回到我这里了！我现在很高兴，我要享受安宁的生活了。现在，我给你下一个命令，佩尔菲什卡：要是你在附近看见那个哥萨克人，什么都别说，马上跑回来，把枪拿给我，我就知道该怎么做了！”

This was what Panteley Eremyitch said to Perfishka; this was how his tongue spoke; but at heart he was not so completely at peace as he declared.

潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇就是这样对佩尔菲什卡说的，他嘴上是这么说，但心里却不像他说的那么平静。

Alas! in his heart of hearts he was not perfectly convinced that the horse he had brought back was really Malek-Adel!

唉！在他内心深处，他也并不是完全相信，自己带回来的马真的是马列克·阿杰尔！

X

Troubled times followed for Panteley Eremyitch. Peace was just the last thing he enjoyed. He had some happy days, it is true; the doubt stirring within him would seem to him all nonsense; he would drive away the ridiculous idea, like a persistent fly, and even laugh at himself; but he had bad days too: the importunate thought began again stealthily gnawing and tearing at his heart, like a mouse under the floor, and he existed in secret torture. On the memorable day when he found Malek-Adel, Tchertop-hanov had felt nothing but rapturous bliss... but the next morning, when, in a low-pitched shed of the inn, he began saddling his recovered joy, beside whom he had spent the whole night, he felt for the first time a certain secret pang.... He only shook his head, but the seed was sown. During the homeward journey (it lasted a whole week) doubts seldom arose in him; they grew stronger and more distinct directly he was back at Bezsonovo, directly he was home again in the place where the old authentic Malek-Adel had lived.... On the road home he had ridden at a quiet, swinging pace, looking in all directions, smoking a short pipe, and not reflecting at all, except at times the thought struck him: "When the Tchertop-hanovs want a thing, they get it, you bet!" and he smiled to himself; but on his return home it was a very different state of things. All this, however, he kept to himself; vanity alone would have prevented him from giving utterance to his inner dread. He would have torn anyone to pieces who had dropped the most distant hint that the new Malek-Adel was possibly not the old one; he accepted congratulations on his "successful recovery of his horse," from the few persons whom he happened to meet; but he did not seek such congratulations; he avoided all contact with people more than ever—a bad sign! He was almost always putting Malek-Adel through examinations, if one may use the expression; he would ride him out to some point at a little distance in the open country, and put him to the proof, or would go stealthily into the stable, lock the door after him, and standing right before the horse's head, look into his eyes, and ask him in a whisper, "Is it you? Is it you? You?"... or else stare at him silently and intently for hours together, and then mutter, brightening up: "Yes! it's he! Of course it's he!" or else go out with a puzzled, even confused look on his face. Tchertop-hanov was not so much confused by the physical differences between this Malek-Adel and that one... though there were a few such differences: that one's tail and mane were a little thinner, and his ears more pointed, and his pasterns shorter, and his eyes brighter—but all that might be only fancy; what

confounded Tchertop-hanov most were, so to say, the moral differences. The habits of that one had been different: all his ways were not the same. For instance, that Malek-Adel had looked round and given a faint neigh every time Tchertop-hanov went into the stable; while this one went on munching hay as though nothing had happened, or dozed with his head bent. Both of them stood still when their master leaped out of the saddle; but that one came at once at his voice when he was called, while this one stood stock still. That one galloped as fast, but with higher and longer bounds; this one went with a freer step and at a more jolting trot, and at times "wriggled" with his shoes—that is, knocked the back one against the front one; that one had never done anything so disgraceful—God forbid! This one, it struck Tchertop-hanov, kept twitching his ears in such a stupid way, while with that one it was quite the contrary; he used to lay one ear back, and hold it so, as though on the alert for his master! That one, directly he saw that it was dirty about him, would at once knock on the partition of his box with his hind-leg, but this one did not care if the dung was heaped up to his belly. That one if, for instance, he were set facing the wind, would take deep breaths and shake himself, this one simply snorted; that one was put out by the rain, this one cared nothing for it.... This was a coarser beast—coarser! And there wasn't the gentleness in it, and hard in the mouth it was—no denying it! That horse was a darling, but this....

潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇的艰难日子接踵而至。他享受不到平静。确实，他也有过快乐的日子：他会觉得心里的疑惑是荒谬的，他会像赶走一只固执的苍蝇一样，赶走那个可笑的想法，甚至还会嘲笑自己；但是他也有糟糕的日子：那个纠缠不休的想法又开始暗中侵蚀、撕扯他的心，就像一只在地板下的老鼠一样，他生活在秘密的折磨中。在他找到马列克·阿杰尔的那天，那是个值得纪念的日子，切尔托普哈诺夫兴高采烈的……但是第二天早上，当他在客栈低矮的屋檐下，再次怀着重获的欢喜，开始给它装马鞍的时候，他第一次感受到了一种隐秘的剧痛，他就在它身边度过了一整夜……他只是摇了摇头，可是种子已经种下了。在回家的旅途中（这持续了一整天），他心里很少有疑惑；一回到别索诺沃村，一回到以前真正的马列克·阿杰尔曾经生活过的地方，这种疑惑就更加强烈起来，明显起来……在回家的路上，他摇摇摆摆地骑着马缓步前进，朝各个方向张望着，吸着一只短烟管，什么都不想，除了有时会想“切尔托普哈诺夫家的人想要什么，就准能得到！”他自己笑了笑，但回到家以后，情况就不一样了。不过，这一切都藏在他心里，单是他的虚荣心就会阻止他说出自己内心的恐慌。谁要是稍微暗示一下，这匹新的马列克·阿杰尔也许不是以前的那匹，就会被他撕成碎片；偶尔碰到几个人，他会接受他们“成功地找回了他的马”的祝贺；但是他并不去寻求这种祝贺；与以前相比，他更加避免一切与人的交往了——这不是个好迹象！他常常测试马列克·阿杰尔，如果可以这样说的话；他会把它骑到原野中较远的地方，检验它，或者暗自进到马厩里，锁上门，站在马头

的正前面，看着它的眼睛，轻声问它：“是你吗？是你吗？你？”……要不然就静静地、专心致志地一连盯上它几个小时，喃喃说道：“对！是它！当然是它！”要不然就困惑地出去，脸上带着更加疑惑的表情。对于原来的马列克·阿杰尔和这匹马在身体上的差异，切尔托普哈诺夫并不是很困惑……尽管还是有一些这样的差异：原来那匹的尾巴和鬓毛更稀疏一点，耳朵更尖，骸骨更短，眼睛更亮——不过所有的这些也许只是幻觉，最令切尔托普哈诺夫困惑的是，可以这么说，是品性的差异。那一匹马的习惯不一样：它所有的癖性也不一样。例如，切尔托普哈诺夫每次走进马厩，那匹马列克·阿杰尔就会回过头来，轻声嘶叫；而这一匹则继续若无其事地大声咀嚼着干草，或者低头打瞌睡。它们的主人从鞍上跳下来的时候，两匹马都会稳稳地站着；但是，原先那匹只要它的主人一叫，就会过来，而这匹则像个树桩一样站着不动。原先那匹跑得也快，但是跳得更高更远；这匹马步伐更自在，跑起来震得更厉害，还不时地“扭动”一下它的蹄子——也就是说，后踢和前踢互相磕绊；原先那匹马可从来没做过这么丢脸的事——绝对不会！切尔托普哈诺夫觉得，这匹总是愚蠢地抽动着耳朵，而原先的那匹却正相反；它习惯于把一只耳朵往后靠，就这样保持着，好像随时准备听候主人的命令一样！原先那匹马只要一看见自己脏了，就会马上用后腿踢它的棚子的隔墙，但是这匹马就算是粪便堆到了肚子边也不在乎。例如，原先那匹马如果让它迎着风，就会大口大口地深呼吸，全身抖动，而这匹则只会打个响鼻；那匹马会因淋到雨而生气，但这匹则丝毫不放在心上——这是匹更劣等——更劣等的马！它身上没有那种高贵的气质，也不好驾驭——这是不可否认的！原先那匹很可爱，可是这匹……

This was what Tchertop-hanov sometimes thought, and very bitter were such thoughts to him. At other times he would set his horse at full gallop over some newly ploughed field, or would make him leap down to the very bottom of a hollow ravine, and leap out again at the very steepest point, and his heart would throb with rapture, a loud whoop would break from his lips, and he would know, would know for certain, that it was the real, authentic Malek-Adel he had under him; for what other horse could do what this one was doing?

有时候，切尔托普哈诺夫会想到这些，这样的想法让他感到很痛苦。在其他时候，他会骑上马疾驰在新耕过的田野上，或者让它跳下中空的沟壑底部，再让它从非常陡峭的地方跳上来，此时，他的心会因为狂喜而砰砰直跳，然后大喊一声，他知道，肯定知道，他骑着的是真真正正的马列克·阿杰尔，其他的马能做到这些吗？

However, there were sometimes shortcomings and misfortunes even here. The prolonged search for Malek-Adel had cost Tchertop-hanov a great deal of money; he did not even dream of Kostroma hounds now, and rode about the neighbourhood in solitude as before. So one morning, four miles from Bezsonovo, Tchertop-hanov chanced to come upon the same prince's hunting party before whom he had cut

such a triumphant figure a year and a half before. And, as fate would have it, just as on that day a hare must go leaping out from the hedge before the dogs, down the hillside! Tally-ho! Tally-ho! All the hunt fairly flew after it, and Tchertop-hanov flew along too, but not with the rest of the party, but two hundred paces to one side of it, just as he had done the time before. A huge watercourse ran zigzagging across the hillside, and as it rose higher and higher got gradually narrower, cutting off Tchertop-hanov's path. At the point where he had to jump it, and where, eighteen months before, he actually had jumped it, it was eight feet wide and fourteen feet deep. In anticipation of a triumph—a triumph repeated in such a delightful way—Tchertop-hanov chuckled exultantly, cracked his riding-whip; the hunting party were galloping too, their eyes fixed on the daring rider; his horse whizzed along like a bullet, and now the watercourse was just under his nose—now, now, at one leap, as then!... But Malek-Adel pulled up sharply, wheeled to the left, and in spite of Tchertop-hanov's tugging him to the edge, to the watercourse, he galloped along beside the ravine.

可是，有时候还是会遭遇到灾难和不幸。长期地寻找马列克·阿杰尔，花掉了切尔托普哈诺夫很大一笔钱；他现在甚至都不会梦到科斯特罗姆种猎狗了，只是像从前一样，骑着马孤独地在附近溜溜。有一天早晨，在离别索诺沃村四英里的地方，切尔托普哈诺夫碰巧遇到了一位公爵的猎狗队，一年半以前，就在他们面前，他得意洋洋地驰骋而过。而且，命中注定，就在那天一样，有一只野兔从山坡上的树篱里跳了出来，落到了几只狗面前。“呔嗬！呔嗬！”整个猎狗队都朝它飞奔了过去，切尔托普哈诺夫也一起飞奔了过去，但不是和那个猎狗队一起，而是在离他们两百步的一边，就像他之前那样。一条很大的水沟蜿蜒曲折地穿过山坡，越往高处越窄，挡住了切尔托普哈诺夫的去路。他得跳过那个地方，就在那里——八个月以前，他确实跳过去过——有八英尺宽，十四英尺深。他预见到了胜利——胜利以如此令人愉悦的方式重现——切尔托普哈诺夫高兴地轻声笑了笑，把马鞭打得噼啪响；那个猎队也在飞驰，他们的眼睛也盯着这个勇敢的骑士；他的马像离弦之箭一样跑着，现在那条水沟就在它鼻子底下了——来，来，一下跳过去，就像以前那样！但是马列克·阿杰尔突然停了下来，朝左边转了过去，沿着沟边奔驰而去了，不管切尔托普哈诺夫怎样拽它到水沟边。

He was afraid, then; did not trust himself!

它害怕了，不相信自己了！

Then Tchertop-hanov, burning with shame and wrath, almost in tears, dropped the reins, and set the horse going straight forward, down the hill, away, away from the hunting party, if only not to hear them jeering at him, to escape as soon as might be from their damnable eyes!

当时切尔托普哈诺夫又羞愧又愤怒，几乎都要掉眼泪了，放下了缰绳，让马径直向前跑，下了山，远远地避开了那个猎狗队；只求不要听见他们嘲笑的声音，只求尽可能快地从他们那该死的目光中逃开！

Covered with foam, his sides lashed unmercifully, Malek-Adel galloped home, and Tchertop-hanov at once locked himself into his room.

马列克·阿杰尔浑身泛着汗沫，两侧被残忍地鞭打过，飞奔着回家了，切尔托普哈诺夫马上把自己锁在了房间里。

"No, it's not he; it's not my darling! He would have broken his neck before he would have betrayed me!”

“不，这不是它，不是我的宝贝！就算会折断脖子，它也不会让我出丑的！”

XI

十一

What finally "did for," as they say, Tchertop-hanov was the following circumstance. One day he sauntered, riding on Malek-Adel, about the back-yards of the priest's quarters round about the church of the parish in which is Bezsonovo. Huddled up, with his Cossack fur cap pulled down over his eyes, and his hands hanging loose on the saddle-bow, he jogged slowly on, a vague discontent in his heart. Suddenly someone called him.

最终，如他们所说，让切尔托普哈诺夫“走投无路”的，是接下来的这件事。有一天，他骑着马列克·阿杰尔到司祭住区的后院附近闲逛，那个住区位于别索诺沃村所属的教区教堂附近。他缩成了一团，把哥萨克式毛皮帽子拉到了眼睛上，双手在鞍头上摇晃着，他让马慢慢地跑着，心里有种模糊的不满。突然有人叫他。

He stopped his horse, raised his head, and saw his correspondent, the deacon. With a brown, three-cornered hat on his brown hair, which was plaited in a pig-tail, attired in a yellowish nankin long coat, girt much below the waist by a strip of blue stuff, the servant of the altar had come out into his back-garden, and, catching sight of Panteley Eremyitch, he thought it his duty to pay his respects to him, and to take the opportunity of doing so to ask him a question about something. Without some such hidden motive, as we know, ecclesiastical persons do not venture to address temporal ones.

他让马停了下来，抬起了头，看见了那个和他通过信的助祭。这位祭坛的服务者戴着一顶有三个角的棕色帽子，头发编成了辫子，也是棕色的，穿着一件淡黄色的棉布长外衣，在腰下面很低的地方系着一条蓝

色的带子，走到他自己的后花园里来，看见了潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇，心想对他表示敬意是他的责任，顺便借这个机会问他些什么事情。众所周知，要是没有这种隐秘的动机，教会里的人是不会冒险同世俗人讲话的。

But Tchertop-hanov was in no mood for the deacon; he barely responded to his bow, and, muttering something between his teeth, he was already cracking his whip, when....

但是切尔托普哈诺夫没有心情搭理这位助祭，他勉强地回了礼，透过牙缝含糊了几声，他都已经挥起了马鞭了，这时……

"What a magnificent horse you have!" the deacon made haste to add: "and really you can take credit to yourself for it. Truly you're a man of amazing cleverness, simply a lion indeed!”

“您的马多棒啊！”那位助祭赶紧补充道，“这真是值得夸赞。您真是一个聪明得惊人的人，简直就是一头狮子！”

His reverence the deacon prided himself on his fluency, which was a great source of vexation to his reverence the priest, to whom the gift of words had not been vouchsafed; even vodka did not loosen his tongue.

这位助祭以他的巧舌如簧为自豪，而对于没有被赋予语言天赋的司祭们，这也是苦恼的源泉，就是喝了伏特加也不能让他多说一句话。

"After losing one animal by the cunning of evil men," continued the deacon, "you did not lose courage in repining; but, on the other hand, trusting the more confidently in Divine Providence, procured yourself another, in no wise inferior, but even, one may say, superior, since...."

“因坏人的奸诈而失去一头畜生以后，”助祭继续说道，“您并没有在不满中失去勇气；反而更加相信神的旨意，又给自己买了另一匹，一点都不比以前那匹逊色，甚至可以说是更好，因为……”

"What nonsense are you talking?" Tchertop-hanov interrupted gloomily; "what other horse do you mean? This is the same one; this is Malek-Adel.... I found him. The fellow's raving!”....

“你在胡说八道些什么呢？”切尔托普哈诺夫沉下脸打断他的话说道，“你说另一匹马是什么意思？这就是那匹，这就是马列克·阿杰尔……我找到它了。你这个家伙真是胡说……”

"Ay! ay! ay!" responded the deacon emphatically with a sort of drawl, drumming with his fingers in his beard, and eyeing Tchertop-hanov with his bright eager eyes: "How's that, sir? Your horse, God help my memory, was stolen a fortnight before Intercession last year, and now we're near the end of November.”

“哎！哎！哎！”助祭一字一顿慢吞吞地说，边用他的手指捻着胡子，明亮而热切的眼睛注视着切尔托普哈诺夫，“这是怎么回事，先生？我记得，您的马是在去年圣母节的两周前被偷掉的，现在都十一月底了。”

"Well, what of that?"

“嗯，那又怎样？”

The deacon still fingered his beard.

那位助祭还在摸着胡子。

"Why, it follows that more than a year's gone by since then, and your horse was a dapple grey then, just as it is now; in fact, it seems even darker. How's that? Grey horses get a great deal lighter in colour in a year.”

“嗨，从那时到现在，过去一年多了吧，您的马那个时候是灰色带圆斑的，就像现在这匹一样，事实上，这匹看上去颜色更深了呢。这是怎么回事？灰色的马在一年内，颜色会变淡很多啊。”

Tchertop-hanov started... as though someone had driven a dagger into his heart. It was true: the grey colour did change! How was it such a simple reflection had never occurred to him?

切尔托普哈诺夫抖了一下……好像有人把匕首插到了他的心上。这是真的：不是那种灰色了！这么简单的道理他怎么就没想到呢？

"You damned pigtail! get out!" he yelled suddenly, his eyes flashing with fury, and instantaneously he disappeared out of the sight of the amazed deacon.

“你这个该死的小辫子！滚！”他突然大叫道，眼里闪着狂怒，然后立刻从吃惊的助祭面前消失了。

Well, everything was over!

唉，一切都完了！

Now, at last, everything was really over, everything was shattered, the last card trumped. Everything crumbled away at once before that word "lighter"!

现在终于一切都完了，一切都破灭了，最后一张牌也输了。一切都在“变浅”这个词面前瞬间粉碎了！

Grey horses get lighter in colour!

灰色马的颜色会变淡！

"Gallop, gallop on, accursed brute! You can never gallop away from that word!"

“跑吧，跑吧，该死的畜生！你永远也跑不出那句话！”

Tchertop-hanov flew home, and again locked himself up.

切尔托普哈诺夫飞奔回了家，又把自己锁了起来。

XII

十二

That this worthless jade was not Malek-Adel; that between him and Malek-Adel there was not the smallest resemblance; that any man of the slightest sense would have seen this from the first minute; that he, Tchertop-hanov, had been taken in in the vulgarest way—no! that he purposely, of set intent, tricked himself, blinded his own eyes—of all this he had not now the faintest doubt!

这匹没用的老马不是马列克·阿杰尔,它和马列克·阿杰尔没有一丁点相似的地方；任何一个稍微有点头脑的人都能一眼就看出来；而他，切尔托普哈诺夫，被欺骗了，而且以最卑鄙的方式——不！是他自己故意存心欺骗自己，蒙蔽了自己的眼睛——对这一切，他现在一点都不怀疑！

Tchertop-hanov walked up and down in his room, turning monotonously on his heels at each wall, like a beast in a cage. His vanity suffered intolerably; but he was not only tortured by the sting of wounded vanity; he was overwhelmed by despair, stifled by rage, and burning with the thirst for revenge. But rage against whom? On whom was he to be revenged? On the Jew, Yaff, Masha, the deacon, the Cossack-thief, all his neighbours, the whole world, himself? His brain was giving way. The last card was trumped! (That simile gratified him.) And he was again the most worthless, the most contemptible of men, a common laughing-stock, a motley fool, a damned idiot, an object for jibes—to a deacon!... He fancied, he pictured vividly how that loathsome pig-tailed priest would tell the story of the grey horse and the foolish gentleman.... O damn!! In vain Tchertop-hanov tried to check his rising passion, in vain he tried to assure himself that this... horse, though not Malek-Adel, was still... a good horse, and might be of service to him for many years to come; he put this thought away from him on the spot with fury, as though there were contained in it a new insult to that Malek-Adel whom he considered he had wronged so already.... Yes, indeed! Yes, indeed! this jade, this carrion he, like a blind idiot, had put on a level with him, Malek-Adel! And as to the service the jade could be to him!... as though he would ever deign to get astride of him? Never! on no consideration!!... He would sell him to a Tartar for dog's meat—it deserved no better end.... Yes, that would be best!

切尔托普哈诺夫在房间里踱来踱去，在每一堵墙前，用同样的方式转动脚跟，就像一只在笼子里的野兽一样。他饱受虚荣心的折磨，但还不仅如此；他被绝望击倒了，被愤怒堵住了，心中充满了对复仇的渴望。但是对谁发脾气呢？向谁复仇呢？向犹太人、亚夫、玛莎、助祭、哥萨克贼，向他所有的邻居，向全世界，向他自己？他的大脑失去了控制。最后一张牌打输了！（他喜欢用这个比喻。）他又变成了最卑微的、最无足轻重的人，大众的笑柄，小丑，该死的白痴，助祭嘲笑的对象！他幻想着，生动地想象着那个讨厌的小辫子牧师，会怎样宣扬灰色的马和愚蠢的地主的故事，……哦，真该死！！切尔托普哈诺夫想要抑制自己不断强烈的愤怒之情，但却无济于事；他也想说服自己，这匹马虽然不是马列克·阿杰尔，但依然是一匹好马，也许还能为他效劳很多年，但这也是徒劳；他立刻愤怒地赶走了这个念头，好像里面包含了对那匹马列克·阿杰尔的侮辱，他本来就觉得很对不起它了……对，就是这样！对，就是这样！他就像一个瞎了眼的白痴，把这匹又老又瘦的马看成马列克·阿杰尔！　至于这匹老马还可以为他效劳……难道他还会想骑它吗？绝不会！无论如何也不会！！把它卖给鞑靼人喂狗吧，它不配别的死法了……对，这样最好！

For more than two hours Tchertop-hanov wandered up and down his room.

切尔托普哈诺夫在他的房间里来来回回地踱了两个多小时。

"Perfishka!" he called peremptorily all of a sudden, "run this minute to the tavern; fetch a gallon of vodka! Do you hear? A gallon, and look sharp! I want the vodka here this very second on the table!"

“佩尔菲什卡！”他突然命令道，“马上跑去酒馆，拿一加仑伏特加来！听见了吗？一加仑，快些！马上给我把伏特加放到桌上！”

The vodka was not long in making its appearance on Panteley Eremyitch's table, and he began drinking.

不久之后，伏特加就出现在了潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇的桌子上，他开始喝了起来。

XIII

十三

If anyone had looked at Tchertop-hanov then; if anyone could have been a witness of the sullen exasperation with which he drained glass after glass—he would inevitably have felt an involuntary shudder of fear. The night came on, the tallow candle burnt dimly on the table. Tchertop-hanov ceased wandering from corner to corner; he sat all flushed, with dull eyes, which he dropped at one time on the floor, at another fixed obstinately on the dark window; he got up, poured out some vodka, drank it off, sat down again, again fixed his

eyes on one point, and did not stir—only his breathing grew quicker and his face still more flushed. It seemed as though some resolution were ripening within him, which he was himself ashamed of, but which he was gradually getting used to; one single thought kept obstinately and undeviatingly moving up closer and closer, one single image stood out more and more distinctly, and under the burning weight of heavy drunkenness the angry irritation was replaced by a feeling of ferocity in his heart, and a vindictive smile appeared on his lips.

要是当时，有人看见切尔托普哈诺夫；要是有人看到他一杯接一杯地喝光酒时，那阴沉而愤怒的表情，那他一定会被吓得不由自主地发抖。夜幕降临了，蜡烛在桌子上燃烧着，发出微弱的光。切尔托普哈诺夫不再从这个角落踱到那个角落；他满脸通红地坐着，目光呆滞，有时望着地，有时固执地盯着漆黑的窗户；他站了起来，倒了些伏特加，把它喝光了，然后又坐了下来，眼睛又盯在了一点上，一动也不动，只是他的呼吸更加急促，脸也更红了。看起来，他似乎正在酝酿某个决心，这个决心让他自己感到羞愧，但是他慢慢地也习惯了；一个念头一直坚定不移地上升，而且越来越近，一个影像越来越清晰地突显出来；他喝得醉汹汹的，在重压之下，狂暴的愤怒被心里的残酷情绪所取代，一种复仇的笑容出现在了他的嘴角上。

"Yes, the time has come!" he declared in a matter-of-fact, almost weary tone. "I must get to work."

“是的，到时候了！”他说道，语调平淡，还点点疲倦，“我得采取行动了。”

He drank off the last glass of vodka, took from over his bed the pistol—the very pistol from which he had shot at Masha—loaded it, put some cartridges in his pocket—to be ready for anything—and went round to the stables.

他喝干了最后一杯伏特加酒，从床头拿了手枪——就是那只他曾用来打玛莎的手枪，装上了子弹，还在口袋里放了一些——以防万一——然后绕道去了马厩。

The watchman ran up to him when he began to open the door, but he shouted to him: "It's I! Are you blind? Get out!" The watchman moved a little aside. "Get out and go to bed!" Tchertop-hanov shouted at him again: "there's nothing for you to guard here! A mighty wonder, a treasure indeed to watch over!" He went into the stable. Malek-Adel... the spurious Malek-Adel, was lying on his litter. Tchertop-hanov gave him a kick, saying, "Get up, you brute!" Then he unhooked a halter from a nail, took off the horse-cloth and flung it on the ground, and roughly turning the submissive horse round in the box, led it out into the courtyard, and from the yard into the open country, to the great amazement of the watchman, who could not make out at

all where the master was going off to by night, leading an unharnessed horse. He was, of course, afraid to question him, and only followed him with his eyes till he disappeared at the bend in the road leading to a neighbouring wood.

他正要开门的时候，看守人朝他跑了过来，但是他对他吼道："是我！你瞎了吗？滚开！"看守人朝旁边挪了一点，"滚开，睡觉去！"切尔托普哈诺夫又对他吼道，"这里用不着你看守了！看守这个稀罕的宝物！"他走进了马厩。马列克·阿杰尔……那个假的马列克·阿杰尔正跪在草垫上。切尔托普哈诺夫踢了它一下，说道："起来，你这个畜生！"然后他从钉子上解下了缰绳，把马衣拿下来扔在了地上，粗暴地把这匹顺从的马拉着在马棚里转了个圈，然后拉到了院子里，又去到了空旷的野外，看守人很是惊讶，他怎么也想不通，大晚上主人要牵着一匹没戴马具的马去哪里。当然了，他不敢问他，只是目送着他，直到他消失在大路的转弯处，那条路通向邻近的树林。

XIV

十四

Tchertop-hanov walked with long strides, not stopping nor looking round. Malek-Adel—we will call him by that name to the end—followed him meekly. It was a rather clear night; Tchertop-hanov could make out the jagged outline of the forest, which formed a black mass in front of him. When he got into the chill night air, he would certainly have thrown off the intoxication of the vodka he had drunk, if it had not been for another, stronger intoxication, which completely over-mastered him. His head was heavy, his blood pulsed in thuds in his throat and ears, but he went on steadily, and knew where he was going.

切尔托普哈诺夫迈着大步，没有停歇，也没有四处张望。马列克·阿杰尔——我们就一直用这个名字称呼它吧——温顺地跟在他后面。这是个相当明亮的夜晚，切尔托普哈诺夫可以看清前面黑乎乎的树林那齿形的轮廓。夜晚寒气逼人，要不是他完全被另一种更强烈的沉醉支配着，那么他肯定已经清醒过来，不再醉汹汹的了。他的头昏沉沉的，血砰地一下充到了喉咙和耳朵上，但是他继续稳步前进，知道自己要去哪里。

He had made up his mind to kill Malek-Adel; he had thought of nothing else the whole day.... Now he had made up his mind!

他已经下定决心，要杀了马列克·阿杰尔；一整天，他考虑的就是这件事……现在他决定了！

He went out to do this thing not only calmly, but confidently, unhesitatingly, as a man going about something from a sense of duty. This "job" seemed a very "simple" thing to him; in making an end of

the impostor, he was quits with "everyone" at once—he punished himself for his stupidity, and made expiation to his real darling, and showed the whole world (Tchertop-hanov worried himself a great deal about the "whole world") that he was not to be trifled with.... And, above all, he was making an end of himself too with the impostor—for what had he to live for now? How all this took shape in his brain, and why, it seemed to him so simple—it is not easy to explain, though not altogether impossible; stung to the quick, solitary, without a human soul near to him, without a halfpenny, and with his blood on fire with vodka, he was in a state bordering on madness, and there is no doubt that even in the absurdest freaks of mad people there is, to their eyes, a sort of logic, and even justice. Of his justice Tchertop-hanov was, at any rate, fully persuaded; he did not hesitate, he made haste to carry out sentence on the guilty without giving himself any clear definition of whom he meant by that term.... To tell the truth, he reflected very little on what he was about to do. "I must, I must make an end," was what he kept stupidly and severely repeating to himself; "I must make an end!"

他去做这件事时，不仅很镇定，而且很自信，毫不犹豫，就像一个人出于责任心，要去做什么事一样。这项“工作”在他看来很“简单”；了结了这个假冒者，他就马上跟“每个人”的账都算清了：他为自己做的蠢事惩罚自己，向他真正的宝贝谢罪，向全世界表示（切尔托普哈诺夫很在意“全世界”）他是不能被玩弄的……而且，最主要的是，他也要把自己同这个假冒者一起了结了，他现在还活着干什么呢？这一切是怎么在他脑中成型的，为什么这件事在他看来这么简单？这并不是很容易就能说明的，不过也不是完全不可能：因为被戳到了痛处，孤独，没有一个亲近的人，没有一点钱，还因为喝酒而热血沸腾，他正处于一种接近于发疯的状态，而且毫无疑问，就算是发疯的人的最荒谬的行径，在他们自己看来，也是有逻辑的，甚至是公正的。至少，切尔托普哈诺夫就完全觉得自己是公正的；他并不犹豫，他急于去执行对罪犯的处决，自己却没搞清楚他所指的罪犯究竟是谁……老实说，他对自己要做的事考虑得很少。“我必须，我必须要做个了结，”这就是他一直愚蠢地、严厉地反复对自己说的话，“我必须做个了结！”

And the guiltless guilty one followed in a submissive trot behind his back.... But there was no pity for him in Tchertop-hanov's heart.

而那个无辜的罪犯则顺从地跟在他后面……但是，切尔托普哈诺夫心里对它一点怜悯都没有。

XV

十五

Not far from the forest to which he was leading his horse there

stretched a small ravine, half overgrown with young oak bushes. Tchertop-hanov went down into it.... Malek-Adel stumbled and almost fell on him.

他把马带到离树林不远的一个小峡谷里，峡谷里有一半地方长着小橡树。切尔托普哈诺夫走下了山谷……马列克·阿杰尔绊了一下，差点倒在了他身上。

"So you would crush me, would you, you damned brute!" shouted Tchertop-hanov, and, as though in self-defence, he pulled the pistol out of his pocket. He no longer felt furious exasperation, but that special numbness of the senses which they say comes over a man before the perpetration of a crime. But his own voice terrified him—it sounded so wild and strange under the cover of dark branches in the close, decaying dampness of the forest ravine! Moreover, in response to his exclamation, some great bird suddenly fluttered in a tree-top above his head... Tchertop-hanov shuddered. He had, as it were, roused a witness to his act—and where? In that silent place where he should not have met a living creature....

“你想压死我，是吧，你这个该死的畜生！”切尔托普哈诺夫叫道，好像是为了自卫，他从口袋里掏出了手枪。他已经感受不到狂暴的愤怒了，而是一种特殊的麻木感，据说，人在犯罪前都会有这种感觉。但是他被自己的声音吓到了——在黑暗的树枝的遮盖下，在森林峡谷腐臭的潮气中，这声音听起来是那么地野蛮和奇怪。而且，有一只大鸟突然在他头顶的树梢上拍了拍翅膀，算是对他的喊声的回应……切尔托普哈诺夫哆嗦了一下。他似乎惊醒了一个见证者，来见证他的行为——这是在什么地方？在这么寂静的地方，他不应该遇到活着的生物的……

"Away with you, devil, to the four winds of heaven!" he muttered, and letting go Malek-Adel's rein, he gave him a violent blow on the shoulder with the butt end of the pistol. Malek-Adel promptly turned back, clambered out of the ravine... and ran away. But the thud of his hoofs was not long audible. The rising wind confused and blended all sounds together.

“去吧，鬼东西，爱去哪里去哪里吧！”他喃喃地说道，放开了马列克·阿杰尔的缰绳，用手枪柄在马肩上猛地敲了一下。马列克·阿杰尔立即转过了身来，爬出了山谷……逃跑了。但是它的蹄声一会儿就听不见了。刮起的风把所有的声音都搅乱了，混合在了一起。

Tchertop-hanov too slowly clambered out of the ravine, reached the forest, and made his way along the road homewards. He was ill at ease with himself; the weight he had felt in his head and his heart had spread over all his limbs; he walked angry, gloomy, dissatisfied, hungry, as though some one had insulted him, snatched his prey, his food from him....

切尔托普哈诺夫慢吞吞地爬出了峡谷，到了树林边，然后沿着路朝家走去。他感到很窘迫，脑子里和心里感受到的沉重分量，扩散到了他的四肢；他怒气冲冲地走着，阴郁沮丧，心中不满，肚子又饿，就像有人侮辱了他，从他那里夺去了猎物和食物……

The suicide, baffled in his intent, must know such sensations.

自杀未遂的人一定懂得这种感受。

Suddenly something poked him behind between his shoulder blades. He looked round.... Malek-Adel was standing in the middle of the road. He had walked after his master; he touched him with his nose to announce himself.

突然，有东西从后面捅了一下他两个肩胛骨中间的地方。他转回去一看……马列克·阿杰尔正站在路中央。它跟在主人后面走着，用自己的鼻子碰了碰他，以示自己的来到。

"Ah!" shouted Tchertop-hanov, "of yourself, of yourself you have come to your death! So, there!"

“啊！”切尔托普哈诺夫叫道，“你自己，你自己来送死！那么，好！”

In the twinkling of an eye he had snatched out his pistol, drawn the trigger, turned the muzzle on Malek-Adel's brow, fired....

一眨眼的功夫，他已经拔出手枪，扣动扳机，把枪口对准马列克·阿杰尔的额头，开火……

The poor horse sprung aside, rose on its haunches, bounded ten paces away, and suddenly fell heavily, and gasped as it writhed upon the ground....

这匹可怜的马跳到了一边，用后脚站了起来，跳了十步远，然后突然沉重地倒了下去，边喘着气边在地上翻滚着……

Tchertop-hanov put his two hands over his ears and ran away. His knees were shaking under him. His drunkenness and revenge and blind self-confidence—all had flown at once. There was left nothing but a sense of shame and loathing—and the consciousness, unmistakeable, that this time he had put an end to himself too.

切尔托普哈诺夫用手蒙住耳朵跑掉了。他的膝盖在抖动着。他的醉意、复仇的欲望和盲目的自信——一下子全都消失了。只剩下羞耻和厌恶——还有一种明白无误的意识，这一次他把自己也了结了。

XVI

十六

Six weeks later, the groom Perfishka thought it his duty to stop the commissioner of police as he happened to be passing Bezsonovo.

六个星期以后，警察局长碰巧路过别索诺沃村，马夫佩尔菲什卡觉得自己有责任拦住他。

"What do you want?" inquired the guardian of order.

“你有什么事？”这个秩序维护者问道。

"If you please, your excellency, come into our house," answered the groom with a low bow. "Panteley Eremyitch, I fancy, is about to die; so that I'm afraid of getting into trouble.”

“大人，请到我家里来。”马夫深深地鞠了一个躬答道，“我想，潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇快要死了，所以，我怕遇到麻烦。”

"What? die?" queried the commissioner.

“什么？要死了？”警察局长问道。

"Yes, sir. First, his honour drank vodka every day, and now he's taken to his bed and got very thin. I fancy his honour does not understand anything now. He's lost his tongue completely.”

“是的，长官。起初，他每天喝伏特加，现在他躺在床上，变得很瘦了。我想，他现在什么都不知道了。他完全说不出话来了。”

The commissioner got out of his trap.

警察局长下了马车。

"Have you sent for the priest, at least? Has your master been confessed? Taken the sacrament?"

“你至少去请过司祭了吧？你的主人忏悔过了吗？吃过圣餐了吗？”

"No, sir!"

“没呢，长官！”

The commissioner frowned. "How is that, my boy? How can that be—hey? Don't you know that for that... you're liable to have to answer heavily—hey?”

警察局长皱了皱眉。“怎么回事，老兄？怎么会这样，啊？这种事你难道不知道吗……你得担很重的责任的，啊？”

"Indeed, and I did ask him the day before yesterday, and yesterday again," protested the intimidated groom. “'Wouldn't you, Panteley Eremyitch,' says I, 'let me run for the priest, sir?' 'You hold your tongue, idiot,' says he; 'mind your own business.' But to-day, when I began to address him, his honour only looked at me, and twitched his moustache.”

“真的，我前天问过他了，昨天也问了，”胆怯的马夫说道，“我说：‘潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇，您让我去请个牧师来吧？’他说：‘住嘴，傻瓜，管好你自己吧。’但是今天，当我跟他说话的时候，他只是看了看我，动了动胡子。”

"And has he been drinking a great deal of vodka?" inquired the commissioner.

“他喝了很多伏特加吗？”警察局长问道。

"Rather! But if you would be so good, your honour, come into his room."

“多得很！大人，行行好，请您劳驾去他的房间一趟吧。”

"Well, lead the way!" grumbled the commissioner, and he followed Perfishka.

“好的，带路吧！”警察局长嘟囔道，就跟随着佩尔菲什卡去了。

An astounding sight was in store for him. In a damp, dark back-room, on a wretched bedstead covered with a horsecloth, with a rough felt cloak for a pillow, lay Tchertop-hanov. He was not pale now, but yellowish green, like a corpse, with sunken eyes under leaden lids and a sharp, pinched nose—still reddish—above his dishevelled whiskers. He lay dressed in his invariable Caucasian coat, with the cartridge pockets on the breast, and blue Circassian trousers. A Cossack cap with a crimson crown covered his forehead to his very eyebrows. In one hand Tchertop-hanov held his hunting whip, in the other an embroidered tobacco pouch—Masha's last gift to him. On a table near the bed stood an empty spirit bottle, and at the head of the bed were two water-colour sketches pinned to the wall; one represented, as far as could be made out, a fat man with a guitar in his hand—probably Nedopyuskin; the other portrayed a horseman galloping at full speed.... The horse was like those fabulous animals which are sketched by children on walls and fences; but the carefully washed-in dappling of the horse's grey coat, and the cartridge pocket on the rider's breast, the pointed toes of his boots, and the immense moustaches, left no room for doubt—this sketch was meant to represent Panteley Eremyitch riding on Malek-Adel. The astonished commissioner of police did not know how to proceed. The silence of death reigned in the room. "Why, he's dead already!" he thought, and raising his voice, he said, "Panteley Eremyitch! Eh, Panteley Eremyitch!"

等待他的是一幅令人吃惊的景象。在一间潮湿黑暗的后房里，切尔托普哈诺夫躺在一张盖着马衣的破床上，枕着粗糙的毡斗篷。他的脸色现在还不是苍白的，而是黄绿色的，就像尸体一样，一双眼睛凹陷在铅灰色的眼睑下面，蓬乱的胡须上有一个尖尖的、紧皱着的鼻子，还微微发红。他穿着那件永远不更换的高加索外套，胸前有弹药，和一条蓝色

的吉尔吉斯式的裤子。前额上盖着深红色顶的哥萨克帽子，一直遮到了眉毛边上。切尔托普哈诺夫一只手拿着他的猎鞭，另一只手拿着一个绣花烟草袋——这是玛莎送给他的最后一件礼物。床边的桌子上放着一个空酒瓶，床头上方的墙上钉着两幅水彩画；在一张画上，能够辨认出一个手里拿着吉他的胖子——也许是涅多皮尤斯金；另一张上画的是一个正在全速奔驰的骑士……那匹马好像是神话中的动物，孩子们会把这样的马画在墙上和栅栏上；但是灰色的马毛上仔细涂染的斑点，骑士胸前的弹药袋，尖头靴子和浓密的胡须，毫无疑问：这幅素描画的就是潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇骑着马列克·阿杰尔。这位吃惊的警察局长不知道该如何是好。死一般的寂静笼罩着这个房间。“唉，他已经死了！”他心想，便抬起嗓门说道：“潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇！哎，潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇！”

Then something extraordinary occurred. Tchertop-hanov's eyelids slowly opened, the eyes, fast growing dim, moved first from right to left, then from left to right, rested on the commissioner—saw him.... Something gleamed in their dull whites, the semblance of a flash came back to them, the blue lips were gradually unglued, and a hoarse, almost sepulchral, voice was heard.

然后，离奇的事情便发生了。切尔托普哈诺夫的眼睑慢慢张开了，眼睛很快就变得黯淡了，先从右到左转转，又从左到右转转，然后停在了警察局长身上，看见了他……他呆滞的眼白里有种东西在闪烁，似乎反着光，青色的嘴唇慢慢张开，发出了一个嘶哑的、几乎是阴沉的声音。

"Panteley Eremyitch of the ancient hereditary nobility is dying: who can hinder him? He owes no man anything, asks nothing from any one.... Leave him, people! Go!”

“世袭贵族潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇要死了，谁能阻碍他呢？他不欠别人任何东西，也不向任何人要什么……让他去吧，人们！走开吧！”

The hand holding the whip tried to lift it... In vain! The lips cleaved together again, the eyes closed, and as before Tchertop-hanov lay on his comfortless bed, flat as an empty sack, and his feet close together.

他握着鞭子的手想举起来……却是徒劳！他的嘴唇又黏在了一起，眼睛也闭上了，就像之前一样，切尔托普哈诺夫躺在他那张并不舒服的床上，像空麻袋一样平坦，他的双脚紧紧地靠在一起。

"Let me know when he dies," the commissioner whispered to Perfishka as he went out of the room; "and I suppose you can send for the priest now. You must observe due order; give him extreme unction."

“他死了以后，告诉我一声，”警察局长走出房间的时候，对佩尔菲什卡小声说道，“我想现在你可以去请司祭了。你得遵循惯例，给他施涂油礼。”

Perfishka went that same day for the priest, and the following morning he had to let the commissioner know: Panteley Eremyitch had died in the night.

佩尔菲什卡当天就去请了司祭，第二天早晨，他就不得不去通知警察局长：潘捷莱·叶列梅伊奇那天晚上就去世了。

When they buried him, two men followed his coffin; the groom Perfishka and Moshel Leyba. The news of Tchertop-hanov's death had somehow reached the Jew, and he did not fail to pay this last act of respect to his benefactor.

当他们火化他的时候，有两个人跟在他的棺材后面：男仆佩尔菲什卡和莫舍尔·莱巴。切尔托普哈诺夫去世的消息，不知怎的传到了犹太人那里，他并没有忘记来向他的恩人致最后的敬意。

CHAPTER XXIII A LIVING RELIC

第二十三章 活尸

"O native land of long suffering, Land of the Russian people." F. TYUTCHEV.

“啊，我长期忍受苦难的祖国，俄国人民的疆土。”——费·丘特切夫

A French proverb says that "a dry fisherman and a wet hunter are a sorry sight." Never having had any taste for fishing, I cannot decide what are the fisherman's feelings in fine bright weather, and how far in bad weather the pleasure derived from the abundance of fish compensates for the unpleasantness of being wet. But for the sportsman rain is a real calamity. It was to just this calamity that Yermolaï and I were exposed on one of our expeditions after grouse in the Byelevsky district. The rain never ceased from early morning. What didn't we do to escape it? We put macintosh capes almost right over our heads, and stood under the trees to avoid the raindrops.... The waterproof capes, to say nothing of their hindering our shooting, let the water through in the most shameless fashion; and under the trees, though at first, certainly, the rain did not reach us, afterwards the water collected on the leaves suddenly rushed through, every branch dripped on us like a waterspout, a chill stream made its way under our neck-ties, and trickled down our spines.... This was "quite unpleasant," as Yermolaï expressed it. "No, Piotr Petrovitch," he cried at last; "we can't go on like this....There's no shooting to-day. The dogs' scent is drowned. The guns miss fire....Pugh! What a mess!”

有句法国谚语是这么说的：“干渔夫，湿猎人，一副可怜相。”我对捕鱼向来提不起兴趣，所以我不能断定，渔民在晴朗的天气里是什么样的心情，也体会不到，他们在坏天气里捕到大量的鱼，能弥补多少他们被淋湿的不快。但雨水对猎人来说的确是个灾难。有一次，我和叶尔莫莱去别廖夫县打松鸡，恰好遇上了这样的灾难。从大清早起，雨就没有停过。我们为了避雨什么招数没使过？我们都快把防水披风披到头上，站到树下去躲雨了……这种防水披风妨碍我们打枪，自然是不用说了，还一点都不害臊地让雨水渗了进来；站在树底下，起初的确淋不到雨，可是后来，积在树叶上的雨水突然一倾而下，每一根树枝都像排水口似的朝我们身上浇水，一股冰冷的水流从我们的领带下面流了下去，沿着我们的脊柱流了下去……这就像叶尔莫莱所说的：“太讨厌了”。“不行啊，彼得·彼得罗维奇，”他终于喊道，“我们不能像这样下去了……今天打不成猎了。狗的嗅觉不灵了。枪也打不着火了……呸！真是一团糟！”

"What's to be done?" I queried.

“那怎么办呢？”我问道。

"Well, let's go to Aleksyevka. You don't know it, perhaps—there's a settlement of that name belonging to your mother; it's seven miles from here. We'll stay the night there, and to-morrow....”

“唉，我们去阿列克谢叶夫卡吧。您也许不知道——有一个叫这个名字的小村落，在您母亲的名下，离这里有七英里。我们在那里过夜，明天……”

"Come back here?"

“再回到这里来吗？”

"No, not here....I know of some places beyond Aleksyevka...ever so much better than here for grouse!"

“不，不回来了……我知道阿列克谢叶夫卡那边的很多地方……在那里打松鸡比这里好多了！”

I did not proceed to question my faithful companion why he had not taken me to those parts before, and the same day we made our way to my mother's peasant settlement, the existence of which, I must confess, I had not even suspected up till then. At this settlement, it turned out, there was a little lodge. It was very old, but, as it had not been inhabited, it was clean; I passed a fairly tranquil night in it.

我没有继续追问那位忠诚的伙伴，为什么他之前没带我去那些地方，当天我们就去了我母亲的小村庄，我必须承认，对于它的存在，我在到那里之前根本不知道。原来，在这个村庄里有一间小屋。小屋很破旧，但是由于之前一直没有人住，所以很干净，我在小屋里度过了一个相当安静的夜晚。

The next day I woke up very early. The sun had only just risen; there was not a single cloud in the sky; everything around shone with a double brilliance—the brightness of the fresh morning rays and of yesterday's downpour. While they were harnessing me a cart, I went for a stroll about a small orchard, now neglected and run wild, which enclosed the little lodge on all sides with its fragrant, sappy growth. Ah, how sweet it was in the open air, under the bright sky, where the larks were trilling, whence their bell-like notes rained down like silvery beads! On their wings, doubtless, they had carried off drops of dew, and their songs seemed steeped in dew. I took my cap off my head and drew a glad deep breath.... On the slope of a shallow ravine, close to the hedge, could be seen a beehive; a narrow path led to it, winding like a snake between dense walls of high grass and nettles, above which struggled up, God knows whence brought, the pointed stalks of dark-green hemp.

第二天我起得很早。太阳刚刚升起，天空中一片云都没有，周围的一切都闪耀出双重的光辉——这是早晨清新的光辉和昨天倾盆大雨过后

的光辉。他们替我装备马车的时候，我去了一个小果园闲逛，果园由于没人照看已经荒芜了，芬芳而茂盛的花草从四面环抱着那间小屋。啊，在户外是多么美好啊，在明朗的天空下，云雀在啼啭，它们银铃般的啼叫声像银色的珠子一样落下来！毫无疑问，它们的翅膀上一定带着露水，它们的歌声似乎也浸湿在露水中。我摘下了帽子，愉快地深吸了一口气……在一个浅浅的峡谷的斜坡上，靠近篱笆的地方，可以看见一间蜂房；一条窄窄的小径通向那里，小径像蛇一样蜿蜒曲折，两旁长着又密又高的草和荨麻，在它们上面，不知从何而来的尖尖的、深绿色大麻茎挣扎着往上爬。

I turned along this path; I reached the beehive. Beside it stood a little wattled shanty, where they put the beehives for the winter. I peeped into the half-open door; it was dark, still, dry within; there was a scent of mint and balm. In the corner were some trestles fitted together, and on them, covered with a quilt, a little figure of some sort.... I was walking away....

我沿着这条小径走去，走到了蜂房。蜂房旁边，有一间用枝条编成的小棚屋，那就是冬天他们放蜂箱的地方。我往那半开着的门里一瞧，里面黑黑的，安静而干燥，有一股薄荷和香膏的味道。在角落里有一些搁板搭在一起，在那上面有一个小小的身躯，盖着一床被子……我走开了……

"Master, master! Piotr Petrovitch!" I heard a voice, faint, slow, and hoarse, like the whispering of marsh rushes.

“老爷，老爷！彼得·彼得罗维奇！”我听到了一个虚弱、缓慢而沙哑的声音，就像沼泽地里的灯芯草窃窃私语一样。

I stopped.

我停了下来。

"Piotr Petrovitch! Come in, please!" the voice repeated. It came from the corner where were the trestles I had noticed.

“彼得·彼得罗维奇！请进来！”那个声音又重复道。那个声音是从屋角传出来的，就在我刚才看到的那堆搁板上。

I drew near, and was struck dumb with amazement. Before me lay a living human being; but what sort of a creature was it?

我靠近了一些，被吓得目瞪口呆。在我面前躺着一个活人，但是这哪里像人啊？

A head utterly withered, of a uniform coppery hue—like some very ancient holy picture, yellow with age; a sharp nose like a keen-edged knife; the lips could barely be seen—only the teeth flashed white and the eyes; and from under the kerchief some thin wisps of yellow hair straggled on to the forehead. At the chin, where the quilt was folded, two tiny hands of the same coppery hue were moving, the

fingers slowly twitching like little sticks. I looked more intently; the face, far from being ugly, was positively beautiful, but strange and dreadful; and the face seemed the more dreadful to me that on it—on its metallic cheeks—I saw, struggling...struggling, and unable to form itself—a smile.

头完全干瘪了，全是青铜色——活像某张古老的圣像，因为年代久远而泛黄；尖尖的鼻子像一把锋利的刀子，嘴唇几乎看不出来了——只看得出闪着白光的牙齿，还有眼睛；头巾下有几绺稀疏的黄头发，四散在前额上。在下巴旁边，被子的褶皱处，有两只青铜色的小手在移动，指头像小树枝一样慢慢地颤抖着。我又仔细地看了看：那张脸非但不丑，还非常美丽，但却显得奇怪而恐怖；让我觉得更加可怕的是——在它那金属般的面颊上——我看到了，正在努力……正在努力，却无法形成的一个微笑。

"You don't recognise me, master?" whispered the voice again; it seemed to be breathed from the almost unmoving lips. "And, indeed, how should you? I'm Lukerya....Do you remember, who used to lead the dance at your mother's, at Spasskoye?... Do you remember, I used to be leader of the choir too?”

“您不认得我了吗，老爷？”那个声音又轻轻地说道，好像这些话是从那几乎不动的嘴唇里呵出来的，“唉，也是，您哪里还会认得啊？我是卢克丽娅……您还记得吗，就是那个在斯帕斯科耶，在您母亲那里领舞的那个？您还记得吗，我以前还是领唱呢？”

"Lukerya!" I cried. "Is it you? Can it be?"

“卢克丽娅！”我叫了起来，“是你？怎么可能？”

"Yes, it's I, master—I, Lukerya.”

“是的，是我，老爷，我是卢克丽娅。”

I did not know what to say, and gazed in stupefaction at the dark motionless face with the clear, death-like eyes fastened upon me. Was it possible? This mummy Lukerya—the greatest beauty in all our household—that tall, plump, pink-and-white, singing, laughing, dancing creature! Lukerya, our smart Lukerya, whom all our lads were courting, for whom I heaved some secret sighs—I, a boy of sixteen!

我不知道该说什么，目瞪口呆地注视着这张黑黑的、一动不动的脸，和那双明亮但死气沉沉的眼睛，她也注视着我。这可能吗？这个木乃伊似的卢克丽娅，就是我家全体奴仆中的头号美人？那个高挑丰满、脸色白皙而红润、爱笑、能歌善舞的人！卢克丽娅，我们聪明的卢克丽娅，我们那里所有的小伙子都追求过她，当时我是个十六岁男孩，还曾偷偷为她叹过气呢！

"Mercy, Lukerya!" I said at last; "what is it has happened to you?"

“天哪，卢克丽娅！”我终于说道，“你怎么变成这个样子了？”

"Oh, such a misfortune befel me! But don't mind me, sir; don't let my trouble revolt you; sit there on that little tub—a little nearer, or you won't be able to hear me....I've not much of a voice now-a-days!... Well, I am glad to see you! What brought you to Aleksyevka?”

“哦，我遭到了很大的不幸！但请您不要嫌弃我，老爷；不要因我的不幸而厌恶我，您坐到那个小木桶上，坐近一些，不然您恐怕听不到我说话……我现在声音很小！啊，我很高兴见到您！您怎么到阿列克谢叶夫卡来了呢？”

Lukerya spoke very softly and feebly, but without pausing.

卢克丽娅说起话来声音轻柔无力，但却没有停顿。

"Yermolaï, the huntsman, brought me here. But you tell me…”

“是那个叫叶尔莫莱的猎人带我来这里的。可是你给我说说……”

"Tell you about my trouble? Certainly, sir. It happened to me a long while ago now—six or seven years. I had only just been betrothed then to Vassily Polyakov—do you remember, such a fine-looking fellow he was, with curly hair?—he waited at table at your mother's. But you weren't in the country then; you had gone away to Moscow to your studies. We were very much in love, Vassily and me; I could never get him out of my head; and it was in the spring it all happened. Well, one night...not long before sunrise, it was...I couldn't sleep; a nightingale in the garden was singing so wonderfully sweet!... I could not help getting up and going out on to the steps to listen. It trilled and trilled... and all at once I fancied some one called me; it seemed like Vassya's voice, so softly, 'Lusha!'... I looked round, and being half asleep, I suppose, I missed my footing and fell straight down from the top-step, and flop on to the ground! And I thought I wasn't much hurt, for I got up directly and went back to my room. Only it seems something inside me—in my body—was broken.... Let me get my breath...half a minute... sir.”

“给您说说我的遭遇吗？当然了，老爷。这是很久以前的事了，有六七年了吧。我刚被许配给了瓦西利·波利亚科夫——您记得吗，那个长得很帅，头发卷曲的小伙子？他以前在您母亲那里伺候用餐。不过那个时候您不在乡下，您到莫斯科上学去了。瓦西利和我，我们非常相爱；我一秒都忘不了他，这一切都发生在那个春天。唉，有天晚上……日出前不久，那是……我睡不着觉，一只夜莺在花园里唱着甜美动听的歌！我忍不住了，便起了床，走到台阶上去聆听。夜莺叫着，叫着……忽然，我觉得有人叫了我一声，好像是瓦西利的声音，那么地温柔：‘卢莎！’……我看了看四周，我想，是半睡半醒的缘故，我踩空了，直接从最上面的台阶上摔了下来，砰地摔到了地上！我以为我伤得不重，因为我直接就爬了起来，走回了自己的房间。只是好像我身体里面的什么东西——在我的身体里——破了……让我喘口气……半分钟……老爷。”

Lukerya ceased, and I looked at her with surprise. What surprised me particularly was that she told her story almost cheerfully, without sighs and groans, not complaining nor asking for sympathy.

卢克丽娅不作声了，我惊讶地看着她。尤其让我感到惊讶的是，她讲自己的故事时，基本上都很开心，没有叹息和呻吟，没有抱怨，也不是在乞求同情。

"Ever since that happened," Lukerya went on, "I began to pine away and get thin; my skin got dark; walking was difficult for me; and then—I lost the use of my legs altogether; I couldn't stand or sit; I had to lie down all the time. And I didn't care to eat or drink; I got worse and worse. Your mamma, in the kindness of her heart, made me see doctors, and sent me to a hospital. But there was no curing me. And not one doctor could even say what my illness was. What didn't they do to me?—they burnt my spine with hot irons, they put me in lumps of ice, and it was all no good. I got quite numb in the end....

“自从那件事发生以后，”卢克丽娅继续说道，“我就开始变得憔悴和消瘦起来，我的皮肤变得黯淡了，对我来说，走路也成了一件难事，后来——两条腿完全不能用了，我不能站，也不能坐，我不得不一直躺着。我不想吃，也不想喝，身体越来越糟了。您的母亲发慈悲，让我去看医生，把我送到了医院里。但是我的病却治不好。甚至没有一个医生可以说出我得的是什么病。他们对我用了各种办法，用滚烫的烙铁烫我的背，把我放到冰块堆里，都不管用。最后，我都麻木了……

So the gentlemen decided it was no use doctoring me any more, and there was no sense in keeping cripples up at the great house... well, and so they sent me here—because I've relations here. So here I live, as you see.”

于是那些先生们就断定：没必要再医治我了，而主人家里也没道理留着我这个残废……唉，所以他们就把我送到这里来了，因为这里有我的几个亲戚。所以如您所见，我就这样活着。”

Lukerya was silent again, and again she tried to smile.

卢克丽娅又安静了下来，又试着想要微笑。

"But this is awful—your position!" I cried... and not knowing how to go on, I asked: "and what of Vassily Polyakov?" A most stupid question it was.

“但是你的处境也太糟了吧！”我叫道……不知道该怎么继续说下去，我就问，“那瓦西利·波利亚科夫呢？”那真是最愚蠢的问题了。

Lukerya turned her eyes a little away.

卢克丽娅把眼睛稍稍转开了些。

"What of Polyakov? He grieved—he grieved for a bit—and he is

married to another, a girl from Glinnoe. Do you know Glinnoe? It's not far from us. Her name's Agrafena. He loved me dearly—but, you see, he's a young man; he couldn't stay a bachelor. And what sort of a helpmeet could I be? The wife he found for himself is a good, sweet woman—and they have children. He lives here; he's a clerk at a neighbour's; your mamma let him go off with a passport, and he's doing very well, praise God.”

“波利亚科夫怎么样了？他伤心了，伤心了一段时间，然后就娶了别人——一个从格林诺耶来的姑娘。您知道格林诺耶吗？离我们这里不远。她的名字叫阿格拉费娜。他深爱过我——但是，您瞧，他是个小伙子，他总不能一直当单身汉吧。我哪里还能做他的伴侣呢？他为自己找的那个妻子是个不错的、善良的女人，他们已经有孩子了。他就住在这里，在一个邻近的人家当办事员，您母亲给了他通行证让他走了，他过得挺好的，感谢上帝。”

"And so you go on lying here all the time?" I asked again.

“那你就一直躺在这里？”我又问道。

"Yes, sir, I've been lying here seven years. In the summer-time I lie here in this shanty, and when it gets cold they move me out into the bath-house: I lie there.”

“是的，老爷，我在这里躺了七年了。夏天我就躺在这间小棚屋里，天冷了他们就把我搬到澡堂的更衣室里，我就躺在那里。”

"Who waits on you? Does any one look after you?"

“谁侍候你？有人照顾你吗？”

"Oh, there are kind folks here as everywhere; they don't desert me. Yes, they see to me a little. As to food, I eat nothing to speak of; but water is here, in the pitcher; it's always kept full of pure spring water. I can reach to the pitcher myself: I've one arm still of use. There's a little girl here, an orphan; now and then she comes to see me, the kind child. She was here just now.... You didn't meet her? Such a pretty, fair little thing. She brings me flowers. We've some in the garden—there were some—but they've all disappeared. But, you know, wild flowers too are nice; they smell even sweeter than garden flowers. Lilies of the valley, now... what could be sweeter?”

“哦，这里和别的地方一样也有好心人，他们并没有抛弃我。是的，他们偶尔照料我一下。至于吃的，我几乎不吃什么，而且这里有水，就在罐子里，里面总是盛满了纯净的泉水。我自己就能够到那个罐子，我有一只胳膊还能用。这里有一个小姑娘，是个孤儿，她不时地来看我，是个善良的孩子。她刚才还在这里呢……您没碰见她？多么漂亮、白皙的小家伙啊。她还给我带了些花来。我们这里的花园原本是有花的——以前是有一些的——但是后来都不见了。但是，您也知道，野花也很好

看，它们闻起来比花园里的花更香。就说铃兰花吧……还有比它们更芬芳的花吗？”

"And aren't you dull and miserable, my poor Lukerya?”

“你不无聊、不痛苦吗，我可怜的卢克丽娅？”

"Why, what is one to do? I wouldn't tell a lie about it. At first it was very wearisome; but later on I got used to it, I got more patient—it was nothing; there are others worse off still.”

“唉，有什么办法呢？我不想撒谎。起初真的是很乏味，但是后来我习惯了，我变得更有耐心了——就没什么了，还有人的处境比我的更糟呢。”

"How do you mean?"

“此话怎讲？”

"Why, some haven't a roof to shelter them, and there are some blind or deaf; while I, thank God, have splendid sight, and hear everything—everything. If a mole burrows in the ground—I hear even that. And I can smell every scent, even the faintest! When the buckwheat comes into flower in the meadow, or the lime-tree in the garden—I don't need to be told of it, even; I'm the first to know directly. Anyway, if there's the least bit of a wind blowing from that quarter. No, he who stirs God's wrath is far worse off than me. Look at this, again: anyone in health may easily fall into sin; but I'm cut off even from sin. The other day, father Aleksy, the priest, came to give me the sacrament, and he says: 'There's no need,' says he, 'to confess you; you can't fall into sin in your condition, can you?’ But I said to him; 'How about sinning in thought, father?' 'Ah, well,' says he, and he laughed himself, 'that's no great sin.’”

“唉，有些人连栖身之处都没有，还有些人是瞎子和聋子；而我呢，感谢上帝，视力很好，而且听得见任何声音，任何声音。要是一只鼹鼠在地下打洞，我都能听到。我还能闻到各种气味，哪怕是最微弱的气味！当牧场里的荞麦，或是花园里的欧椴树开花了，甚至都不用告诉我，我会第一个先闻到。总之，只要有一点风从那个方向吹来就行。不，那些把上帝激怒的人的处境比我糟多了。譬如说吧：身体健康的人容易犯下罪孽，但是我甚至跟罪孽都没有关系了。有一天，牧师阿列克塞来给我授圣餐，他说：‘你不需要忏悔了，像你这种情况还能去犯罪吗？’但是我对他说：‘那么思想上的罪孽呢，牧师？’‘啊，唔，’他说道，然后自己笑了笑，‘这种罪孽不大。’”

"But I fancy I'm no great sinner even in that way, in thought," Lukerya went on, "for I've trained myself not to think, and above all, not to remember. The time goes faster.”

“但是我想，即便在思想上，我也没有大的罪孽，”卢克丽娅继续说

道，“我训练自己不要思考，最重要的是不要回忆。时间就过得更快了。”

I must own I was astonished. "You're always alone, Lukerya: how can you prevent the thoughts from coming into your head? or are you constantly asleep?”

我必须承认我被吓到了。“你总是一个人，卢克丽娅，怎么能阻止你的脑子产生种种念头呢？还是你总是睡觉呢？”

"Oh, no, sir! I can't always sleep. Though I've no great pain, still I've an ache, there, right inside, and in my bones too; it won't let me sleep as I ought. No... but there, I lie by myself; I lie here and lie here, and don't think; I feel that I'm alive, I breathe; and I put myself all into that. I look and listen. The bees buzz and hum in the hive; a dove sits on the roof and coos; a hen comes along with her chickens to peck up crumbs; or a sparrow flies in, or a butterfly—that's a great treat for me. Last year some swallows even built a nest over there in the corner, and brought up their little ones. Oh, how interesting it was! One would fly to the nest, press close, feed a young one, and off again. Look again: the other would be in her place already. Sometimes it wouldn't fly in, but only fly past the open door; and the little ones would begin to squeak, and open their beaks directly....I was hoping for them back again the next year, but they say a sportsman here shot them with his gun. And what could he gain by it? It's hardly bigger, the swallow, than a beetle....What wicked men you are, you sportsmen!”

“哦，不是的，老爷！我没法总睡觉。尽管我没有遭受巨大的疼痛，可是我身体里老是痛，我的骨头里也是，让我没法好好睡觉。不……不过，我自己躺着，我在这里躺着，躺着，什么都不去想；我感到我还活着，我还呼吸着；我整个就是这样了。我用眼睛看，用耳朵听。蜜蜂在蜂箱里嗡嗡叫着；一只鸽子落在屋顶上，咕咕叫着；一只母鸡带着小鸡们来啄面包屑；或是一只麻雀飞进来，或是一只蝴蝶——那对我来说就是很大的乐趣了。去年，竟有几只燕子在那边的角落里，筑了一个巢，哺育它们的小燕子。哦，那是多么有趣啊！一只燕子向巢飞来，靠近了，喂一只小燕子，然后又飞走了。再一瞧：另一只燕子又飞进来接替它了。有的时候它们不飞进来，只是从敞开的门前掠过；小燕子们就会开始吱吱叫起来，马上张开它们的嘴巴……我希望它们来年再回来，但是据说这里有一个猎人用枪把它们打死了。他这样做能得到什么好处呢？那些燕子比甲虫大不了多少……你们这些猎人，都是多不道德的人啊！”

"I don't shoot swallows," I hastened to remark.

“我不打燕子。”我赶紧说道。

"And once," Lukerya began again, "it was comical, really. A hare

ran in, it did really! The hounds, I suppose, were after it; anyway, it seemed to tumble straight in at the door!... It squatted quite near me, and sat so a long while; it kept sniffing with its nose, and twitching its whiskers—like a regular officer! and it looked at me. It understood, to be sure, that I was no danger to it. At last it got up, went hop-hop to the door, looked round in the doorway; and what did it look like? Such a funny fellow it was!”

“有一次，”卢克丽娅又开始说，“真是很有趣。一只野兔跑了进来，真的！我猜有猎狗追它，不管怎样，它好像是从门那里径直滚进来的！它蹲得离我很近，还坐了很长一会儿，它一直用鼻子嗅着，抖动着胡须，活像一位军官！它看着我。它一定是知道，我对它是没有危险的。最后它站了起来，一蹦一跳地到了门边，在门口回头看了看，它看起来像什么呢？真是一个有趣的家伙！”

Lukerya glanced at me, as much as to say, "Wasn't it funny?” To satisfy her, I laughed. She moistened her parched lips.

卢克丽娅看了我一眼，好像在说：“这难道没有趣吗？”为了满足她，我笑了笑。她润了润自己干燥的嘴唇。

"Well, in the winter, of course, I'm worse off, because it's dark; to burn a candle would be a pity, and what would be the use? I can read, to be sure, and was always fond of reading, but what could I read? There are no books of any kind, and even if there were, how could I hold a book? Father Aleksy brought me a calendar to entertain me, but he saw it was no good, so he took and carried it away again. But even though it's dark, there's always something to listen to: a cricket chirps, or a mouse begins scratching somewhere. That's when it's a good thing—not to think!”

“当然，在冬天，我就更不舒坦了，因为太暗了，点蜡烛就可惜了，那有什么用呢？当然，我识字，也一直喜欢读书，但是我能读什么呢？这里什么书都没有，就是有，我又怎么拿它呢？阿列克塞牧师曾给我拿来过一本历书，让我解闷，但是他看到那本书也帮不上什么忙，于是又把它拿了回去。但是尽管很暗，还是总能听到些什么的：一只蟋蟀的唧唧声，或是一只老鼠开始在什么地方打洞的声音。这时候的好处就是——什么也不想！”

"And I repeat the prayers too," Lukerya went on, after taking breath a little; "only I don't know many of them—-the prayers, I mean. And besides, why should I weary the Lord God? What can I ask Him for? He knows better than I what I need. He has laid a cross upon me: that means that He loves me. So we are commanded to understand. I repeat the Lord's Prayer, the Hymn to the Virgin, the Supplication of all the Afflicted, and I lie still again, without any thought at all, and am all right!”

“我也做祷告，”卢克丽娅缓了口气继续说道，“只是我知道的不多，我指的是，祷告词。况且，我为什么还要去烦上帝呢？我能向他请求什么呢？他比我更清楚我需要什么。他让我背十字架，那就意味着他爱我。所以我们是该理解这一点的。我背诵《主的祈祷者》、《圣母颂》、《对一切受难者的赞美》，然后我又静静地躺着，完全什么都不想，这没什么的！”

Two minutes passed by. I did not break the silence, and did not stir on the narrow tub which served me as a seat. The cruel stony stillness of the living, unlucky creature lying before me communicated itself to me; I too turned, as it were, numb.

两分钟过去了。我没有打破沉默，也没有在充当我的凳子的狭窄木桶上动一下。这个躺在我面前的不幸的活物，把她那残忍的石头般的平静传给了我：我好像也变得麻木了。

"Listen, Lukerya," I began at last; "listen to the suggestion I'm going to make to you. Would you like me to arrange for them to take you to a hospital—a good hospital in the town? Who knows, perhaps you might yet be cured; anyway, you would not be alone”...

“听着，卢克丽娅，”我终于开口说，“听听我给你的建议。你愿意我安排人把你送进医院吗，送进城里一家很好的医院？说不定，或许你就被治好了，不管怎样，你也不会孤孤单单的了……”

Lukerya's eyebrows fluttered faintly. "Oh, no, sir," she answered in a troubled whisper; "don't move me into a hospital; don't touch me. I shall only have more agony to bear there! How could they cure me now?... Why, there was a doctor came here once; he wanted to examine me. I begged him, for Christ's sake, not to disturb me. It was no use. He began turning me over, pounding my hands and legs, and pulling me about. He said, 'I'm doing this for Science; I'm a servant of Science—a scientific man! And you,' he said, 'really oughtn't to oppose me, because I've a medal given me for my labours, and it's for you simpletons I'm toiling.’ He mauled me about, told me the name of my disease—some wonderful long name—and with that he went away; and all my poor bones ached for a week after. You say I'm all alone; always alone. Oh, no, I'm not always; they come to see me—I'm quiet—I don't bother them. The peasant girls come in and chat a bit; a pilgrim woman will wander in, and tell me tales of Jerusalem, of Kiev, of the holy towns. And I'm not afraid of being alone. Indeed, it's better—ay, ay! Master, don't touch me, don't take me to the hospital.... Thank you, you are kind; only don't touch me, there's a dear!”

卢克丽娅的眉毛微微动了动。“哦，不必了，老爷，”她忧虑地轻声答道，“别把我弄到医院去了，别动我了。在那里，我只会承受更多的痛苦！现在，他们怎么能把我治好呢？唉，有个医生曾经来过这里，他想给我做检查。我求他，看在上帝的份上不要打扰我。那没有用。他开始

把我翻过来，猛敲我的手和腿，还把我拖来拖去。他说：‘我做这些是为了科学，我是为科学服务的人，是个科学家！而你，’他说道，‘真不应该反对我，因为我还因我的工作获得过一个勋章，这都是因为在为你们这些傻瓜辛苦工作。’他折腾了我半天，给我说了我的病的名字——一个很奇怪的长名字——然后他便走了，后来我全身这些可怜的骨头，疼了一个星期。您说我只有一个人，总是一个人。哦，不，我并不总是这样的，常常有人来看我，我很安静，不去打扰他们。有几个农家姑娘会过来跟我聊一会儿，有时还有个朝圣的妇女进来，给我讲耶路撒冷、基辅和圣城的故事。我不害怕孤独。这样更好，真的……唉，唉！老爷，不要动我了，不要把我送进医院了……谢谢您，您是个好人，只是不要动我了，亲爱的老爷！”

"Well, as you like, as you like, Lukerya. You know, I only suggested it for your good."

“嗯，随你吧，随你吧，卢克丽娅。你知道，我是为你好才这么建议的。”

"I know, master, that it was for my good. But, master dear, who can help another? Who can enter into his soul? Every man must help himself! You won't believe me, perhaps. I lie here sometimes so alone...and it's as though there were no one else in the world but me. As if I alone were living! And it seems to me as though something were blessing me....I'm carried away by dreams that are really marvellous!”

“我知道，老爷，这样是为我好。可是，亲爱的老爷啊，谁能帮得了别人呢？谁又能进入别人的内心世界呢？每个人都必须自己帮助自己！或许，你不相信我说的。有时，我一个人躺在这里……好像这世界上除了我自己，再没有别人似的。好像只有我活着！对我来说，好像有什么东西在保佑着我……我随着一些很奇妙的梦远去！”

"What do you dream of, then, Lukerya?"

“那么，你都梦到了什么，卢克丽娅？”

"That, too, master, I couldn't say; one can't explain. Besides, one forgets afterwards. It's like a cloud coming over and bursting, then it grows so fresh and sweet; but just what it was, there's no knowing! Only my idea is, if folks were near me, I should have nothing of that, and should feel nothing except my misfortune.”

“老爷，我也说不上来，没法解释。而且，过后就忘了。它就好比乌云，翻涌而来，然后就爆破了，感觉很清新，很美好，但它究竟是什么，却不得而知！我只是想，要是我身边有人，我就不会有这种想法，就只会感觉到自己的痛苦。”

Lukerya heaved a painful sigh. Her breathing, like her limbs, was not under her control.

卢克丽娅痛楚地叹了口气。她的呼吸就像四肢一样，不受她的控制。

"When I come to think, master, of you," she began again, "you are very sorry for me. But you mustn't be too sorry, really! I'll tell you one thing; for instance, I sometimes, even now.... Do you remember how merry I used to be in my time? A regular madcap!... So do you know what? I sing songs even now.”

“想想您，老爷，”她又说了起来，“您觉得我可怜。但是，您不必那么可怜我，真的！我给您说件事，比如说，现在我有时候还……您还记得我过去是个多么快乐的人吗？简直是个疯丫头！所以您知道吗？我现在还唱歌呢。”

"Sing?... You?"

“唱歌？你？”

"Yes; I sing the old songs, songs for choruses, for feasts, Christmas songs, all sorts! I know such a lot of them, you see, and I've not forgotten them. Only dance songs I don't sing. In my state now, it wouldn't suit me.”

“是啊，我唱些老歌、合唱的歌、节日的歌、圣诞歌，各种各样的歌！我会唱很多歌，您瞧，我都没有忘记它们。只是我不唱舞曲了。以我现在的状况，舞曲不再适合我了。”

"How do you sing them?...to yourself?"

“你怎么唱歌的呢？默唱吗？”

"To myself, yes; and aloud too. I can't sing loud, but still one can understand it. I told you a little girl waits on me. A clever little orphan she is. So I have taught her; four songs she has learnt from me already. Don't you believe me? Wait a minute, I'll show you directly....”

“是的，默唱，也出声唱。我不能大声唱了，但是还是可以听清的。我给您说过有个小女孩常来照顾我。她是个聪明的小孤儿。我就教她唱歌，她已经在我这里学了四首歌了。您不相信吗？等一下，我这就给您来一首……”

Lukerya took breath.... The thought that this half-dead creature was making ready to begin singing raised an involuntary feeling of dread in me. But before I could utter a word, a long-drawn-out, hardly audible, but pure and true note, was quivering in my ears... it was followed by a second and a third. "In the meadows," sang Lukerya. She sang, the expression of her stony face unchanged, even her eyes riveted on one spot. But how touchingly tinkled out that poor struggling little voice, that wavered like a thread of smoke: how she longed to pour out all her soul in it!... I felt no dread now; my heart throbbed with unutterable pity.

卢克丽娅吸了口气……这个半死不活的人要唱歌，让我心中不由自主地升起一种恐惧的感觉。但我还没说一句话，一个悠长的、几乎听不见的、却纯正的音就在我的耳边颤动着了……接着是第二个音，第三个音。卢克丽娅唱的是《在草地上》。她唱着，脸上石头般的表情并没有变，甚至眼睛也盯在一个地方不动。可那挣扎着想要发出来的细小声音，是多么动听啊，就像一缕青烟在摇曳一样：她多么想把内心所有的苦楚都倾吐出来啊！我现在不感到恐惧了，说不出的怜悯随着我的心跳动着。

"Ah, I can't!" she said suddenly. "I've not the strength. I'm so upset with joy at seeing you.”

“啊，我唱不动了！”她突然说道，“我没有力气了。见到您我真是太高兴了。”

She closed her eyes.

她闭上了眼睛。

I laid my hand on her tiny, chill fingers.... She glanced at me, and her dark lids, fringed with golden eyelashes, closed again, and were still as an ancient statue's. An instant later they glistened in the half-darkness.... They were moistened by a tear.

我把手放在她小小的、冰凉的手指上……她看了看我，又闭上了她那镶着金色睫毛的黑色眼睑，就像古代雕像一样静止不动。片刻后，那双眼睛在昏暗中闪亮了起来……它们被泪水浸湿了。

As before, I did not stir.

像之前一样，我还是没有动。

"How silly I am!" said Lukerya suddenly, with unexpected force, and opened her eyes wide: she tried to wink the tears out of them. "I ought to be ashamed! What am I doing? It's a long time since I have been like this... not since that day when Vassya-Polyakov was here last spring. While he sat with me and talked, I was all right; but when he had gone away, how I did cry in my loneliness! Where did I get the tears from? But, there! we girls get our tears for nothing. Master," added Lukerya, "perhaps you have a handkerchief.... If you won't mind, wipe my eyes.”

“我真傻！”卢克丽娅突然用出人意料的力气说道，还把眼睛睁得大大的，她试图把眼泪挤出来。“我真是太丢人了！我这是在干什么啊？我很久没这样了……自从去年春天，瓦夏·波利亚科夫来过之后就没这样过了。他坐下来和我聊天的时候，我还好好的，但是当他走了以后，我孤零零地哭得好伤心啊！我哪里来的这些眼泪啊？但是，唉！我们女孩的眼泪不值钱。老爷，”卢克丽娅补充道，“或许您有手帕吧……要是您不介意的话，帮我擦一下眼泪吧。”

I made haste to carry out her desire, and left her the

handkerchief. She refused it at first.... "What good's such a gift to me?" she said. The handkerchief was plain enough, but clean and white. Afterwards she clutched it in her weak fingers, and did not loosen them again. As I got used to the darkness in which we both were, I could clearly make out her features, could even perceive the delicate flush that peeped out under the coppery hue of her face, could discover in the face, so at least it seemed to me, traces of its former beauty.

我赶紧满足了她的要求，并把手帕留给了她。她起初拒绝了……“我要这样的礼物干嘛呢？”她说道。那块手帕很普通，但是洁白干净。后来，她就用她虚弱的手指紧紧地抓住了它，再也没有松开。因为我已经习惯了我们同处的这个地方的黑暗，我能够清楚地看清她的容貌了，甚至能够察觉到她青铜色的脸上微微泛起的红晕，还能在这张脸上发现——至少我这么觉得——它昔日美丽的痕迹。

"You asked me, master," Lukerya began again, "whether I sleep. I sleep very little, but every time I fall asleep I've dreams—such splendid dreams! I'm never ill in my dreams; I'm always so well, and young.... There's one thing's sad: I wake up and long for a good stretch, and I'm all as if I were in chains. I once had such an exquisite dream! Shall I tell it you? Well, listen. I dreamt I was standing in a meadow, and all round me was rye, so tall, and ripe as gold!... and I had a reddish dog with me—such a wicked dog; it kept trying to bite me. And I had a sickle in my hands; not a simple sickle; it seemed to be the moon itself—the moon as it is when it's the shape of a sickle. And with this same moon I had to cut the rye clean. Only I was very weary with the heat, and the moon blinded me, and I felt lazy; and cornflowers were growing all about, and such big ones! And they all turned their heads to me. And I thought in my dream I would pick them; Vassya had promised to come, so I'd pick myself a wreath first; I'd still time to plait it. I began picking cornflowers, but they kept melting away from between my fingers, do what I would. And I couldn't make myself a wreath. And meanwhile I heard someone coming up to me, so close, and calling, 'Lusha! Lusha!'... 'Ah,' I thought, 'what a pity I hadn't time!' No matter, I put that moon on my head instead of cornflowers. I put it on like a tiara, and I was all brightness directly; I made the whole field light around me. And, behold! over the very top of the ears there came gliding very quickly towards me, not Vassya, but Christ Himself! And how I knew it was Christ I can't say; they don't paint Him like that—only it was He! No beard, tall, young, all in white, only His belt was golden; and He held out His hand to me. 'Fear not,' said He; 'My bride adorned, follow Me; you shall lead the choral dance in the heavenly kingdom, and sing the songs of Paradise.' And how I clung to His hand! My dog at once

followed at my heels... but then we began to float upwards! He in front.... His wings spread wide over all the sky, long like a sea-gull's—and I after Him! And my dog had to stay behind. Then only I understood that that dog was my illness, and that in the heavenly kingdom there was no place for it.”

“您问过我，老爷，”卢克丽娅又开始说道，“我睡不睡觉。我很少睡觉，但是每次睡觉我都会做梦，都是些很美妙的梦！在梦里，我从来没有病过，我总是那么地健康、年轻.....但有一件事是痛苦的：我醒来的时候想好好伸展一下，但我全身就好像被链条绑住了一样。我有一次做过一个很奇妙的梦！我给您讲讲？嗯，那就请听吧。我梦见了自己站在一个牧场上，周围全是黑麦，长得那么高，都熟了，金灿灿的！有一条红色的狗跟着我，这可真是只凶恶的狗，它老是想咬我。我的手里有把镰刀，那可不是一把普通的镰刀，好像是一个月亮，是像镰刀形状的月亮。我必须用这个月亮把黑麦都割干净。可是我很热，也很疲惫，月亮照得我眼都花了，而且我也犯了懒；矢车菊长得到处都是，多么大的矢车菊啊！它们都把头转向我。我在梦中想，我要摘些矢车菊，瓦夏答应过我会来的，所以我先给自己编个花环吧，我还是有时间编花环的。我开始采摘矢车菊，但是它们却在我的指尖消失了，怎么做都没用。我没法给自己编花环了。这时，我听见有人朝我走来，走得很近，还叫着：‘卢莎！卢莎！’.....‘啊，’我想，‘糟糕，没时间了！’不管怎样，我把那个月亮戴在了我的头上来代替花环。我像戴冕状头饰一样戴上了它，全身马上都亮了，我还照亮了周围的整片田野。然后，瞧啊！在麦穗的正上方，有个人正快速向我移过来，不是瓦夏，而是耶稣本人！我也说不出，我是怎么知道他是耶稣的，人们不是这么画他的，但我知道那就是他！他没有胡子，高大而年轻，全身都穿着白色的衣服，只有腰带是金色的，他向我伸出了手。‘别怕，’他说道，‘我盛装的新娘，跟我来吧；你将到天国里带头跳伴歌舞，唱天堂的歌。’我紧紧地抓住了他的手。我的狗立刻跟到了我的脚边.....不过我们开始向上飘了起来！他在前面.....他的翅膀在整个天空中展开，就像海鸥一样长，我跟在他后面！我的狗不得不留了下来。那时我才明白，那只狗就是我的疾病，在天国里是没有它的位置的。”

Lukerya paused a minute.

卢克丽娅沉默了一会儿。

"And I had another dream, too," she began again; "but may be it was a vision. I really don't know. It seemed to me I was lying in this very shanty, and my dead parents, father and mother, come to me and bow low to me, but say nothing. And I asked them, 'Why do you bow down to me, father and mother?' 'Because,' they said, 'you suffer much in this world, so that you have not only set free your own soul, but have taken a great burden from off us too. And for us in the other world it is much easier. You have made an end of your own sins; now you are expiating our sins.' And having said this, my parents bowed down to me again, and I could not see them; there was nothing but

the walls to be seen. I was in great doubt afterwards what had happened with me. I even told the priest of it in confession. Only he thinks it was not a vision, because visions come only to the clerical gentry.”

“我还做过另一个梦，”她又说道，“不过，也许那是个幻觉。我真的不知道。好像我就是躺在这间小屋里，我已故的双亲来看我，还冲我深深地鞠了一躬，但什么也没说。我就问他们：‘父亲，母亲，你们为什么冲我鞠躬？’他们说：‘因为，你在这个世界上受了太多苦，所以你不仅解放了自己的灵魂，还卸下了我们的重担。我们在那个世界里就轻松多了。你已经赎完了自己的罪过，现在你是在为我们赎罪。’说完这些话，我的父母又冲我鞠了一躬，我就再也看不见他们了，只看见这几面墙壁。后来我很困惑，我究竟发生了什么事。我甚至在忏悔时，把这件事告诉了牧师。可是他认为这不是幻觉，因为幻觉只有神职人员才有。”

"And I'll tell you another dream," Lukerya went on. "I dreamt I was sitting on the high-road, under a willow; I had a stick, had a wallet on my shoulders, and my head tied up in a kerchief, just like a pilgrim woman! And I had to go somewhere, a long, long way off, on a pilgrimage. And pilgrims kept coming past me; they came along slowly, all going one way; their faces were weary, and all very much like one another. And I dreamt that moving about among them was a woman, a head taller than the rest, and wearing a peculiar dress, not like ours—not Russian. And her face too was peculiar—a worn face and severe. And all the others moved away from her; but she suddenly turns, and comes straight to me. She stood still, and looked at me; and her eyes were yellow, large, and clear as a falcon's. And I ask her, 'Who are you?' And she says to me, 'I'm your death.’ Instead of being frightened, it was quite the other way. I was as pleased as could be; I crossed myself! And the woman, my death, says to me: 'I'm sorry for you, Lukerya, but I can't take you with me. Farewell!’ Good God! how sad I was then!... 'Take me,' said I, 'good mother, take me, darling!' And my death turned to me, and began speaking to me.... I knew that she was appointing me my hour, but indistinctly, incomprehensibly. 'After St. Peter's day,' said she.... With that I awoke.... Yes, I have such wonderful dreams!”

“我再给您讲另一个梦，”卢克丽娅继续说，“我梦见，我坐在大路上的一棵柳树下，我拿着拐棍，肩膀上扛着一个行囊，头上系着一块方巾，就像去朝圣的女人！我必须去某个很远很远的地方朝圣。朝圣者们从我身边经过，他们都朝着同一个方向缓慢前行着，他们都面露疲惫，而且长得都很像。我梦见，在他们中有一个女人走来走去，她比其他人都要高，穿着一条很特别的裙子，并不像我们俄国人的装束。她的脸也很特别，是一张疲倦而严肃的脸。其他所有人都离她远远的，但是她突然转过身来，径直朝我走来。她站定了，看着我，她的眼睛又大又黄，就像猎鹰的一样清澈。然后我问她：‘你是谁？’她对我说：‘我是你的死

神。’我并不害怕，却完全是另外一种感觉。我高兴得不得了，自己画了个十字！那个女人——我的死神——对我说：‘我很抱歉，卢克丽娅，但我不能带你跟我一起走。再会！’上帝啊！我那个时候是多么难过啊！‘带我走吧，’我说道，‘好夫人，亲爱的！’我的死神转过了身子，跟我说起了话来……我知道她是在指定我的死期，但是却听不清，也听不懂。‘圣彼得节之后，’她说……这时候我就醒了……是呀，我都做过些多精彩的梦啊！”

Lukerya turned her eyes upwards... and sank into thought....

卢克丽娅抬起了眼睛……陷入了沉思中……

"Only the sad thing is, sometimes a whole week will go by without my getting to sleep once. Last year a lady came to see me, and she gave me a little bottle of medicine against sleeplessness; she told me to take ten drops at a time. It did me so much good, and I used to sleep; only the bottle was all finished long ago. Do you know what medicine that was, and how to get it?"

“唯一难受的是，有时候我一整个星期都睡不着觉。去年，有位夫人来看我，她给了我一小瓶治失眠的药，她告诉我每次服十滴。这药对我太管用了，我也能睡着了；只是那瓶药早就喝完了。您知道那是什么药吗，怎么才能弄到？”

The lady had obviously given Lukerya opium. I promised to get her another bottle like it, and could not refrain from again wondering aloud at her patience.

那位夫人给卢克丽娅的显然是麻醉剂。我答应她再去给她弄一瓶，而我也忍不住一再对她的忍耐力表示惊讶。

"Ah, master!" she answered, "why do you say so? What do you mean by patience? There, Simeon Stylites now had patience certainly, great patience; for thirty years he stood on a pillar! And another saint had himself buried in the earth, right up to his breast, and the ants ate his face.... And I'll tell you what I was told by a good scholar: there was once a country, and the Ishmaelites made war on it, and they tortured and killed all the inhabitants; and do what they would, the people could not get rid of them. And there appeared among these people a holy virgin; she took a great sword, put on armour weighing eighty pounds, went out against the Ishmaelites and drove them all beyond the sea. Only when she had driven them out, she said to them: 'Now burn me, for that was my vow, that I would die a death by fire for my people.' And the Ishmaelites took her and burnt her, and the people have been free ever since then! That was a noble deed, now! But what am I!”

“啊，老爷！”她答道，“您怎么那么说呢？这点忍耐力算得了什么？喏，西圣门才有忍耐力呢，极大的忍耐力，他在一根柱子上站了三十年

啊！还有另外一位圣人把自己埋在了地里，一直埋到胸口，蚂蚁们咬着他的脸……我再给您讲一讲，有个很有学问的人给我讲的故事：从前有一个国家，被以实玛利人征服了，他们虐待和残杀那里的所有居民，为所欲为，那里的人民无法摆脱他们。这时人民之中出现了一位圣女，她手持一把很大的剑，身穿八十磅重的盔甲，去对付以实玛利人，把他们都赶到了海的那边。只是在她赶走他们的时候，她对他们说：‘现在把我烧死吧，那是我的誓言，我说过我愿为我的人民死于火刑。’于是以实玛利人就把她带走了，烧死了她，而人民从此获得了自由！那才是高尚啊！而我又算什么呢！”

I wondered to myself whence and in what shape the legend of Joan of Arc had reached her, and after a brief silence, I asked Lukerya how old she was.

我暗自感到惊奇，圣女贞德的传说怎么会以这种方式传到她这里的，沉默了片刻之后，我问卢克丽娅她多大年纪了。

"Twenty-eight... or nine.... It won't be thirty. But why count the years! I've something else to tell you....”

“二十八……或是二十九……不到三十。可是算年纪干嘛呢！我还有别的事要给您讲呢……”

Lukerya suddenly gave a sort of choked cough, and groaned....

卢克丽娅突然咳了起来，还呻吟了一声……

"You are talking a great deal," I observed to her; "it may be bad for you."

“你说话说得太多了，”我对她说，“这对你不好。”

"It's true," she whispered, hardly audibly; "it's time to end our talk; but what does it matter! Now, when you leave me, I can be silent as long as I like. Any way, I've opened my heart....”

“确实是，”她用几乎都听不见的声音低声说道，“是时候结束我们的谈话了，但那又有什么关系呢！喏，您走了之后，我想沉默多长时间都行。无论如何，我敞开了自己的心……”

I began bidding her good-bye. I repeated my promise to send her the medicine, and asked her once more to think well and tell me—if there wasn't anything she wanted?

我开始向她道别。我再次向她承诺，我会给她送药来，又请她再好好想想，告诉我——她还有没有什么想要的东西？

"I want nothing; I am content with all, thank God!" she articulated with very great effort, but with emotion; "God give good health to all! But there, master, you might speak a word to your mamma—the peasants here are poor—if she could take the least bit off their rent! They've not land enough, and no advantages.... They would pray to

God for you.... But I want nothing; I'm quite contented with all.”

“我什么也不想要了，我对一切都很满足了，感谢上帝！”她费了好大劲，带着感情，清楚地说道，“愿上帝保佑大家健康！不过老爷，您应该给您母亲说说，这里的农民都很穷，要是她能把他们的代役租减轻一点点都好！他们没有足够的土地，也没有什么有利条件……他们会祈求上帝保佑您的……但我什么都不需要，我对一切都很满意了。”

I gave Lukerya my word that I would carry out her request, and had already walked to the door.... She called me back again.

我向卢克丽娅保证，一定实现她的愿望，我已经走到了门边……她又把我叫了回去。

"Do you remember, master," she said, and there was a gleam of something wonderful in her eyes and on her lips, "what hair I used to have? Do you remember, right down to my knees! It was long before I could make up my mind to it.... Such hair as it was! But how could it be kept combed? In my state!... So I had it cut off.... Yes.... Well, good-bye, master! I can't talk any more.”...

“您还记得吗，老爷，”她说道，眼里和嘴上有一种奇妙的东西闪过，“我以前的头发是什么样的？您还记得吗，它一直垂到我的膝盖呢！我很长时间都下不了决心……那头发有多美呀！但是留下来又怎么梳理它呢？我这种状况！所以我把它剪了……是的……好了，再见，主人！我不能再多说了。”……

That day, before setting off to shoot, I had a conversation with the village constable about Lukerya. I learnt from him that in the village they called Lukerya the "Living Relic"; that she gave them no trouble, however; they never heard complaint or repining from her. "She asks nothing, but, on the contrary, she's grateful for everything; a gentle soul, one must say, if any there be. Stricken of God," so the constable concluded, "for her sins, one must suppose; but we do not go into that. And as for judging her, no—no, we do not judge her. Let her be!”

就在那天，在出发去打猎之前，我和村里的治安官谈起了卢克丽娅。我从他那里得知，村里的人都管她叫“活尸”；不过，她从不麻烦他们，他们也从没听见过她抱怨或发牢骚。“她什么也不要求，而且，恰恰相反，她对一切都心存感激，不得不说，要是真有温和的灵魂的话，她就是一个。人们一定会想：上帝是为了她的罪孽才惩罚他的，”村里的治安官下了这样的结论，“不过我们也管不了那么多。至于指责她，不，不，我们不去指责她。随她去吧！”

A few weeks later I heard that Lukerya was dead. So her death had come for her... and "after St. Peter's day." They told me that on the day of her death she kept hearing the sound of bells, though it was reckoned over five miles from Aleksyevka to the church, and it was a

week-day. Lukerya, however, had said that the sounds came not from the church, but from above! Probably she did not dare to say—from heaven.

几个星期之后，我听说卢克丽娅死了。死神来召唤她了……时间正好是“圣彼得节之后”。他们告诉我，在她死的那天，她老是听见钟声，尽管阿列克谢叶夫卡离教堂大概有五英里多，而且那天还不是礼拜天。然而，卢克丽娅说那个声音不是从教堂传来的，而是从上面传来的！也许她不敢说——是从天堂传来的。

CHAPTER XXIV THE RATTLING OF WHEELS

第二十四章 车轮嘎吱响

"I've something to tell you," observed Yermolaï, coming into the hut to see me. I had just had dinner, and was lying down on a travelling bed to rest a little after a fairly successful but fatiguing day of grouse-shooting--it was somewhere about the 10th of July, and the heat was terrific. "I've something to tell you: all our shot's gone.”

“我有件事得向您汇报。”叶尔莫莱走进小屋对我说。我刚吃过饭，正躺在旅行床上，想休息一会儿，打了一天的松鸡，收获颇丰但却很疲惫，——当时正值七月十号左右，天气热得厉害……“我有事要向您汇报：我们所有的弹药都用完了。”

I jumped off the bed.

我从床上跳了下来。

"All gone? How's that? Why, we took pretty nearly thirty pounds with us from the village—a whole bag!”

“都用完了？怎么会呢？哎呀，我们从村子里带了将近三十磅的弹药啊——一整袋呢！”

"That's so; and a big bag it was: enough for a fortnight. But there's no knowing! There must have been a hole come in it, or something; anyway, there's no shot… that's to say, there's enough for ten charges left.”

“那倒是，还是个大袋子，足够用两个星期呢。但不知道怎么回事！袋子上准是有个洞还是怎么的，反正，现在没有弹药了……也就是说，剩下的只够打十发了。”

"What are we to do now? The very best places are before us—we're promised six coveys for tomorrow….”

“现在我们该怎么办呢？最棒的几个地方就在我们前面了，我们说好了明天要打六窝鸟回去呢……”

"Well, send me to Tula. It's not so far from here; only forty miles. I'll fly like the wind, and bring forty pounds of shot if you say the word.”

“那么，派我去趟图拉吧。那里离这里不远，只有四十英里。只要您吩咐，我就能像风一样飞到图拉，带回四十磅弹药来。”

"But when would you go?"

“但是你什么时候去呢？”

"Why, directly. Why put it off? Only, I say, we shall have to hire horses."

“嗨，马上就去。为什么要拖着呢？只是，我说，我们得雇几匹马。”

"Why hire horses? Why not our own?"

“为什么要雇马呢？为什么不用我们自己的呢？”

"We can't drive there with our own. The shaft horse has gone lame… terribly!”

“我们没法赶着自己的马到那里去。辕马的腿瘸了……瘸得很厉害！”

"Since when's that?”

“从什么时候开始的？”

"Well, the other day, the coachman took him to be shod. So he was shod, and the blacksmith, I suppose, was clumsy. Now, he can't even step on the hoof. It's a front leg. He lifts it up… like a dog.”

“唉，那天，马车夫带着它去钉蹄铁。然后它就被钉上蹄铁了，我猜，那个铁匠肯定笨手笨脚的。现在，它甚至都没法用蹄子踩地。受伤的是一条前腿。它把这条腿抬起来……就像一只狗一样。”

"Well? they've taken the shoe off, I suppose, at least?”

“啊？我想，他们至少把那个蹄铁拿下来了吧？”

"No, they've not; but, of course, they ought to take it off. A nail's been driven right into the flesh, I should say.”

“没，还没有呢，但是，当然了，他们应该把它拿下来。我想，有一个钉子已经钉进肉里去了。”

I ordered the coachman to be summoned. It turned out that Yermolaï had spoken the truth: the shaft-horse really could not put its hoof to the ground. I promptly gave orders for it to have the shoe taken off, and to be stood on damp clay.

我吩咐把马车夫叫过来。结果发现叶尔莫莱说的都是真的：辕马的蹄子真不能踩地了。我立即下令把它的蹄铁拿下来，让它站在潮湿的泥土上。

"Then do you wish me to hire horses to go to Tula?" Yermolaï persisted.

“那么，您想要我雇匹马去图拉吗？”叶尔莫莱坚持问道。

"Do you suppose we can get horses in this wilderness?" I exclaimed with involuntary irritation. The village in which we found ourselves was a desolate, God-forsaken place; all its inhabitants

seemed to be poverty-stricken; we had difficulty in discovering one hut, moderately roomy, and even that one had no chimney.

“你认为，我们能在这个荒地里雇到马吗？”我不禁恼怒地大声说道。我们所在的村子是一个极为荒凉偏僻的地方，所有的居民看起来都贫困至极，我们费了很大劲才找到一间大小合适的屋子，就是这间屋子也连烟囱都没有。

"Yes," replied Yermolaï with his habitual equanimity; "what you said about this village is true enough; but there used to be living in this very place one peasant—a very clever fellow! rich too! He had nine horses. He's dead, and his eldest son manages it all now. The man's a perfect fool, but still he's not had time to waste his father's wealth yet. We can get horses from him. If you say the word, I will fetch him. His brothers, I've heard say, are smart chaps…but still, he's their head.”

“是的，”叶尔莫莱像往常一样，镇定地回答说，“关于这个村子的情况，您刚才说的都是事实，但就是在这里曾经住着一个农民——一个非常聪明的人！也非常富有！他有九匹马。他过世了，现在是他的长子管事。这个长子是个十足的傻子，但他还没来得及把他父亲的钱财都挥霍掉。我们能从他那里弄几匹马。只要您说句话，我就去找他。我听说过，他的几个弟弟都是些聪明的家伙……不过，他是他们的头儿嘛。”

"Why so?"

“为什么会这样？”

"Because—he's the eldest! Of course, the younger ones must obey!" Here Yermolaï, in reference to younger brothers as a class, expressed himself with a vigour quite unsuitable for print.

“因为，他最大嘛！当然了，年纪小的就得听他的！”讲到这里，叶尔莫莱把当弟弟的人都归为了一类，对其狠狠地抨击了一番，那些话简直难以诉诸纸笔。

"I'll fetch him. He's a simple fellow. With him you can't fail to come to terms.”

“我去找他。他是个头脑简单的家伙。跟他你不可能谈不成。”

While Yermolaï went after his "simple fellow" the idea occurred to me that it might be better for me to drive into Tula myself. In the first place, taught by experience, I had no very great confidence in Yermolaï: I had once sent him to the town for purchases; he had promised to get through all my commissions in one day, and was gone a whole week, drank up all the money, and came back on foot, though he had set off in my racing droshky. And, secondly, I had an acquaintance in Tula, a horsedealer; I might buy a horse off him to take the place of the disabled shaft-horse.

在叶尔莫莱去找那个“头脑简单的家伙”时，我想到了一个办法，也许我亲自去趟图拉会更好。首先，拜经验所赐，我对叶尔莫莱没有太大的信心：有一次，我派他去城里买东西，他承诺一天之内完成我交待的所有事情，而他竟然去了整整一个星期，把所有的钱都买了酒喝，还走着回来的，尽管他去的时候，是坐着我的四轮敞篷马车去的。其次，我在图拉有个熟人，他是个马贩子，或许从他那里，我可以买到一匹马，来代替那匹残疾的辕马。

"The thing's decided!" I thought; "I'll drive over myself; I can sleep just as well on the road—luckily, the coach is comfortable.”

“这事就这么定了！”我想，“我亲自赶车去，在路上我也能睡好，幸运的是，这辆马车也很舒适。”

"I've brought him!" cried Yermolaï, rushing into the hut a quarter of an hour later. He was followed by a tall peasant in a white shirt, blue breeches, and bast shoes, with white eyebrows and short-sighted eyes, a wedge-shaped red beard, a long swollen nose, and a gaping mouth. He certainly did look "simple."

“我把他领来了！”叶尔莫莱一刻钟以后，冲进屋子大叫道。他身后跟着一个高个子的农民，穿着白色衬衫、蓝色马裤和草鞋，眉毛是白色的，眼睛近视，蓄着楔形的红胡子，鼻子又长又肿，还张着嘴。他看起来确实“头脑简单”。

"Here, your honour," observed Yermolaï, "he has horses—and he's willing.”

“就是他了，老爷，”叶尔莫莱说道，“他有马，而且他也愿意出租。”

"So be, surely, I"… the peasant began hesitatingly in a rather hoarse voice, shaking his thin wisps of hair, and drumming with his fingers on the band of the cap he held in his hands…. "Surely, I….”

“正是，当然，我……”这个农民摇着他那一缕缕稀疏的头发，手里拿着一顶帽子，用手指敲着帽檐，开始踌躇地说道，声音还很沙哑，“当然，我……”

"What's your name?" I inquired.

“你叫什么名字？”我问道。

The peasant looked down and seemed to think deeply. "My name?"

这个农民低下头，好像在沉思似的。“我的名字？”

"Yes; what are you called?"

“是的，你叫什么？”

"Why my name 'ull be—Filofey.”

“我名字叫——菲洛费。”

"Well, then, friend Filofey; I hear you have horses. Bring a team of three here—we'll put them in my coach—it's a light one—and you drive me in to Tula. There's a moon now at night; it's light, and it's cool for driving. What sort of a road have you here?”

“好的，那么，菲洛费老弟，我听说你有马。牵三匹马到这里来——我们要把它们套在我的四轮马车上——那是辆轻便的马车——由你驾车载我到图拉去。现在晚上有月亮，很亮堂，赶起车来也凉快。你们这里的路怎么样？”

"The road? There's naught amiss with the road. To the main road it will be sixteen miles—not more…. There's one little place… a bit awkward; but naught amiss else.”

“路？路没有什么毛病。从这里到大路有十六英里——不会再多了……有一个小地方……有点难对付，但是再没有什么其他毛病了。”

"What sort of little place is it that's awkward?”

“那个难对付的小地方是怎样的地方？”

"Well, we'll have to cross the river by the ford.”

“嗯，我们得从浅滩过河。”

"But are you thinking of going to Tula yourself?" inquired Yermolaï.

“但您打算自己去图拉吗？”叶尔莫莱问道。

"Yes."

“是的。”

"Oh!" commented my faithful servant with a shake of his head. "Oh-oh!" he repeated; then he spat on the floor and walked out of the room.

“哦！”我忠诚的仆人摇了下头说道，“哦——哦！”他重复了一遍，然后他朝地上吐了口唾沫，便走出了房间。

The expedition to Tula obviously no longer presented any features of interest to him; it had become for him a dull and unattractive business.

图拉之行显然已不能勾起他的任何兴趣了，对于他来说，那已经变成了一件愚蠢而没有吸引力的事情了。

"Do you know the road well?" I said, addressing Filofey.

“你熟悉路吗？”我问菲洛费。

"Surely, we know the road! Only, so to say, please your honour,

can't… so on the sudden, so to say…”

“当然，我们熟悉这条路！只是，可以说，请您，不能……这么突然地，也就是说……”

It appeared that Yermolaï, on engaging Filofey, had stated that he could be sure that, fool as he was, he'd be paid… and nothing more! Filofey, fool as he was—in Yermolaï’s words—was not satisfied with this statement alone. He demanded, of me fifty roubles—an exorbitant price; I offered him ten—a low price. We fell to haggling; Filofey at first was stubborn; then he began to come down, but slowly. Yermolaï entering for an instant began assuring me, "that fool—("He's fond of the word, seemingly!" Filofey remarked in a low voice)—that fool can't reckon money at all," and reminded me how twenty years ago a posting tavern established by my mother at the crossing of two high-roads came to complete grief from the fact that the old house-serf who was put there to manage it positively did not understand reckoning money, but valued sums simply by the number of coins—in fact, gave silver coins in change for copper, though he would swear furiously all the time.

看来叶尔莫莱在雇菲洛费的时候，向他保证过尽管他很傻，但还是会付他钱的……就再没有说别的了！菲洛费——用叶尔莫莱的话说——是个傻瓜，但对这样一个声明并不满意。他向我要价五十卢布——很高的价格，我给他十卢布——很低的价格。我们开始讨价还价起来，菲洛费起初很顽固，后来他开始降价了，不过是慢慢地降。叶尔莫莱进来呆了一会儿，开始笃定地对我说：“那个傻瓜，（菲洛费小声说道：“瞧，他老喜欢用这个词！”）那个傻瓜根本就不会算账。”这让我想起了二十年前，我母亲曾在两条大路的交叉路口，开过一个旅店，由于派去经营旅店的老家奴不懂算账，他仅仅以硬币数量的多少来衡量钱的多少，结果旅店只能关门了——事实上，他用银币换铜币，还总是凶猛地骂别人。

"Ugh, you Filofey! you're a regular Filofey!" Yermolaï jeered at last—and he went out, slamming the door angrily.

“呸，你这个菲洛费！你真是个菲洛费！”叶尔莫莱最后嘲笑地说道，生气地把门砰地关上，走了出去。

Filofey made him no reply, as though admitting that to be called Filofey was—as a fact—not very clever of him, and that a man might fairly be reproached for such a name, though really it was the village priest was to blame in the matter for not having done better by him at his christening.

菲洛费并没有回答他，好像意识到：名字叫菲洛费确实不大好，一个人应该为有这样的名字而受到责备，尽管实际上，在这个事情上该被责备的是村里的司祭，因为在洗礼的时候没有好好做。

At last we agreed, however, on the sum of twenty roubles. He went off for the horses, and an hour later brought five for me to choose from. The horses turned out to be fairly good, though their manes and tails were tangled, and their bellies round and taut as drums. With Filofey came two of his brothers, not in the least like him. Little, black-eyed, sharp-nosed fellows, they certainly produced the impression of "smart chaps"; they talked a great deal, very fast—"clacked away," as Yermolaï expressed it—but obeyed the elder brother.

不过，我们最终以二十卢布的价钱成交了。他回去牵马了，一个小时以后，牵来了五匹马供我选择。这几匹马都很棒，尽管它们的鬓毛和尾巴都缠在了一起，肚子都圆圆的，像鼓一样紧绷着。菲洛费的两个弟弟也和他一起来了，和他一点都不像。他们身材矮小，眼睛黑溜溜的，鼻子尖尖的，当然给人留下“聪明的家伙”的印象；他们说了很多话，语速很快——用叶尔莫莱的话说就是“叽里哇啦的”——但他们都听长兄的话。

They dragged the coach out of the shed and were busy about it and the horses for an hour and a half; first they let out the traces, which were of cord, then pulled them too tight again! Both brothers were very much set on harnessing the "roan" in the shafts, because "him can do best going down-hill”; but Filofey decided for "the shaggy one." So the shaggy one was put in the shafts accordingly.

他们把四轮马车从棚子里拖了出来，忙着整理马车和马匹，忙活了一个半小时，他们先把绳子做的缰绳松开，然后又把它们拉紧！两个弟弟非要把“杂毛马”套在辕上，因为“它下坡走得最好”，但菲洛费决定用“蓬毛马”。因此蓬毛马就被套到了辕上。

They heaped the coach up with hay, put the collar off the lame shaft-horse under the seat, in case we might want to fit it on to the horse to be bought at Tula…. Filofey, who had managed to run home and come back in a long, white, loose, ancestral overcoat, a high sugar-loaf cap, and tarred boots, clambered triumphantly up on to the box. I took my seat, looking at my watch: it was a quarter past ten. Yermolai did not even say good-by to me—he was engaged in beating his Valetka—Filofey tugged at the reins, and shouted in a thin, thin voice: "Hey! you little ones!"

他们在四轮马车里铺了干草，把那匹跛脚辕马的马轭拿下来，放到了座位底下，说不定我们会套在从图拉买的马上……菲洛费又跑回家了，回来的时候穿着祖上传下来的长长的、宽松的白色大衣，头上戴着高高的圆锥形毡帽，脚上穿着涂了柏油的靴子，洋洋得意地爬上了驾车台。我坐了下来，一边看了看表：十点一刻。叶尔莫莱甚至都没有向我道别，正在忙着打他的狗瓦列特卡，菲洛费用力拉了一下缰绳，扯着尖尖的嗓门叫道：“嘿！你们这些小东西！”

His brothers skipped away on both sides, lashed the trace-horses under the belly, and the coach started, turned out of the gates into the street, the shaggy one tried to turn off towards his own home, but Filofey brought him to reason with a few strokes of the whip, and behold! we were already out of the village, and rolling along a fairly even road, between close-growing bushes of thick hazels.

他的两个弟弟闪到了两边，用鞭子打了一下副马的肚子，四轮马车便动了起来，转出了大门，上了街道，那匹蓬毛马还想要拐弯回自己家去，不过菲洛费用鞭子抽了它几下，让它恢复了理智，瞧啊！我们已经出了村子，正行驶在一条相当平坦的路上，周围是密密的榛树丛。

It was a still, glorious night, the very nicest for driving. A breeze rustled now and then in the bushes, set the twigs swinging and died away again; in the sky could be seen motionless, silvery clouds; the moon stood high and threw a bright light on all around. I stretched myself on the hay, and was just beginning to doze… but I remembered the "awkward place," and started up.

这是一个宁静宜人的夜晚，非常适合驾车。微风不时地在树丛中沙沙作响，摇晃着树枝，然后又渐渐消失了；在天空中，可以看到一动不动的银色云朵；月亮高高地挂着，向四处洒下了明亮的光辉。我在干草上舒展着身子，刚要打个盹……但我想起了那个“难对付的地方”，又打起精神来。

"I say, Filofey, is it far to the ford?"

“我说，菲洛费，离浅滩还远吗？”

"To the ford? It'll be near upon seven miles.”

“离浅滩啊？还有将近七英里吧。”

"Seven miles!" I mused. "We shan't get there for another hour. I can have a nap meanwhile.”

“七英里！”我想，“再过一个小时我们也到不了那里。在此期间，我可以小睡一下。”

"Filofey, do you know the road well?" I asked again.

“菲洛费，你熟悉路吗？”我又问道。

"Surely; how could I fail to know it? It's not the first time I've driven.”

“当然，我怎么会不熟悉呢？这又不是我第一次赶车。”

He said something more, but I had ceased to listen…. I was asleep.

他还说了些别的，但是我没有继续听……我睡着了。

I was awakened not, as often happens, by my own intention of

waking in exactly an hour, but by a sort of strange, though faint, lapping, gurgling sound at my very ear. I raised my head….

通常，如果我打算睡一个小时，就会按时自己醒来，但这次，是因为在耳边响起了一种奇怪而微弱的拍打声和潺潺声。我抬起了头……

Wonderful to relate! I was lying in the coach as before, but all round the coach, half a foot, not more, from its edge, a sheet of water lay shining in the moonlight, broken up into tiny, distinct, quivering eddies. I looked in front. On the box, with back bowed and head bent, Filofey was sitting like a statue, and a little further on, above the rippling water, I saw the curved arch of the yoke, and the horses' heads and backs. And everything as motionless, as noiseless, as though in some enchanted realm, in a dream—a dream of fairyland…. "What does it mean?" I looked back from under the hood of the coach…. "Why, we are in the middle of the river!"… the bank was thirty paces from us.

说来奇妙！我依然躺在四轮马车里，但是在马车周围，离马车边缘不到半英尺的地方，有一滩水在月光下闪闪发亮，泛着微小、清晰而颤抖的涟漪。我看了看前面。在驾车台上，菲洛费低着头，弯着腰，像一尊雕像似的坐着，再往前一点，在泛着涟漪的水面上，我看到了弯曲的马轭、马头和马背。一切都是静止无声的，就好像在某个被施了魔法的王国里，在梦里——一个仙境的梦……“这是怎么回事？”我从车蓬底下向后望去……“啊，我们正在河的中央！”河岸离我们有三十步远。

"Filofey!" I cried.

“菲洛费！”我叫道。

"What?" he answered.

“怎么了？”他回答道。

"What, indeed! Upon my word! Where are we?"

“什么‘怎么了’！得了吧！我们这是在哪里呀？”

"In the river."

“在河里。”

"I see we're in the river. But, like this, we shall be drowned directly. Is this how you cross the ford? Eh? Why, you're asleep, Filofey! Answer, do!”

“我知道我们在河里。可是，像这个样子，我们马上就会被淹死的。你就是这么过浅滩的吗？啊？怎么，你是睡着了吗，菲洛费！你回答我呀！”

"I've made a little mistake," observed my guide; "I've gone to one side, a bit wrong, but now we've got to wait a bit.”

“我犯了个小错误，”我的向导说，“我走偏了，有点走错了，现在得等一会儿了。”

"Got to wait a bit? What ever are we going to wait for?"

“得等一会儿？我们要等什么？”

"Well, we must let the shaggy one look about him; which way he turns his head, that way we've got to go.”

“嗯，我们得让蓬毛马认认路，它的头朝哪边转，我们就从哪边走。”

I raised myself on the hay. The shaft-horse's head stood quite motionless. Above the head one could only see in the bright moonlight one ear slightly twitching backwards and forwards.

我从干草上坐了起来。辕马的头一动也没动。在明亮的月光下，只能看到辕马头上的一只耳朵略微前后抽动了一下。

"Why, he's asleep too, your shaggy one!”

“嘿，它也睡着了，你的蓬毛马！”

"No," responded Filofey, "he's sniffing the water now.”

“没有，”菲洛费答道，“它正在嗅水呢。”

And everything was still again; there was only the faint gurgle of the water as before. I sank into a state of torpor.

一切又都静了下来，只有河水还依旧发出微弱的汩汩声。我陷入了一种麻木的状态。

Moonlight, and night, and the river, and we in it….

月光，夜色，河水，还有在河里的我们……

"What is that croaking noise?" I asked Filofey.

“是什么东西在呱呱叫？”我问菲洛费。

"That? Ducks in the reeds… or else snakes.”

“那个声音？是芦苇里的鸭子……要不然就是蛇。”

All of a sudden the head of the shaft-horse shook, his ears pricked up; he gave a snort, began to move. "Ho-ho, ho-ho-o!" Filofey began suddenly bawling at the top of his voice; he sat up and brandished the whip. The coach was at once tugged away from where it had stuck, it plunged forward, cleaving the waters of the river, and moved along, swaying and lurching from side to side…. At first it seemed to me we were sinking, getting deeper; however, after two or three tugs and jolts, the expanse of water seemed suddenly lower…. It got lower and lower, the coach seemed to grow up out of it, and now the wheels and

the horses' tails could be seen, and now stirring with a mighty splashing of big drops, scattering showers of diamonds—no, not diamonds—sapphires in the dull brilliance of the moon, the horses with a spirited pull all together drew us on to the sandy bank and trotted along the road to the hill-side, their shining white legs flashing in rivalry.

突然间，辕马的头摇晃了起来，耳朵也竖了起来,它打了个响鼻，开始动了起来。“嘚儿——嘚儿，嘚儿——嘚儿——嘚儿！”菲洛费突然扯着嗓子大喊起来，他坐直身子，挥了挥马鞭。立刻，四轮马车就被从卡住的地方拉了出来，它向前一冲，分开水面，左摇右晃地走了起来……起初，我觉得我们是在下沉，越走水越深；不过，拖拽颠簸了两三下之后，宽阔的水面似乎突然变低了……水越来越浅，四轮马车似乎从水里出来了，现在可以看见车轮子和马尾巴了，这时溅起了很多大水珠，水珠就像钻石一样飞溅着——不，不是钻石——是朦胧月色下的蓝宝石，几匹马一起猛地一拉，把我们拉到了沙岸上，然后沿着山边的路跑了起来，它们光亮的、白色的腿竞相闪耀着。

"What will Filofey say now?" was the thought that glanced through my mind; "you see I was right!" or something of that sort. But he said nothing. So I too did not think it necessary to reproach him for carelessness, and lying down in the hay, I tried again to go to sleep.

“菲洛费现在会说什么呢？”这个想法在我脑子里一闪而过，“您瞧，我是对的吧！”或者一些诸如此类的话。但是他什么也没有说。于是，我想也没必要再因为他的粗心大意而责备他，就躺倒在干草中，想再次入睡。

But I could not go to sleep, not because I was not tired from hunting, and not because the exciting experience I had just been through had dispelled my sleepiness: it was that we were driving through such very beautiful country. There were liberal, wide-stretching, grassy riverside meadows, with a multitude of small pools, little lakes, rivulets, creeks overgrown at the ends with branches and osiers—a regular Russian scene, such as Russians love, like the scenes amid which the heroes of our old legends rode out to shoot white swans and grey ducks. The road we were driven along wound in a yellowish ribbon, the horses ran lightly—and I could not close my eyes. I was admiring! And it all floated by, softened into harmony under the kindly light of the moon. Filofey—he too was touched by it.

但是我睡不着，不是因为我打完猎后不累，也不是因为刚刚的这次激动人心的经历打消了我的睡意，而是因为我们正穿行在非常美丽的乡间。这是一片自由宽广的河边草地，有许多小水塘、小湖、小溪、蔓生在小溪尽头的树枝和柳条——这就是地道的俄国风光，深受俄国人的喜爱，就像古老传说中，英雄骑马射白天鹅和灰鸭子的地方一样。我们走的这条路蜿蜒曲折，像黄丝带一样，马匹们轻快地跑着——我无法闭上

眼睛。我在欣赏着！在温和的月光下，一切都从身旁飘然而过，软化为一派和谐。菲洛费也被此情此景感动了。

"Those meadows are called St. Yegor's," he said, turning to me. "And beyond them come the Grand Duke's; there are no other meadows like them in all Russia…. Ah, it's lovely!” The shaft-horse snorted and shook itself…. "God bless you," commented Filofey gravely in an undertone. "How lovely!" he repeated with a sigh; then he gave a long sort of grunt. "There, mowing time's just upon us, and think what hay they'll rake up there!—regular mountains!—And there are lots of fish in the creeks. Such bream!" he added in a sing-song voice. "In one word, life's sweet—one doesn't want to die.”

“那片草地叫做圣叶戈尔草地，”他转过头来对我说，“再往前去就是大公草地，整个俄国再没有其他草地能像它们一样了……啊，多可爱啊！”辕马打了个响鼻，抖了抖身子……“上帝保佑你。”菲洛费严肃地低声说道，“多可爱啊！”他叹了口气，又说了一遍，然后又长长地哼了一声。“喏，割草的季节就要到了，您想想，这里的草能堆多少啊！简直能堆成一座座山啊！小溪里还有很多鱼。多好的鳊鱼呀！”他唱歌似的说道，“总之，生活很甜美，没人想死。”

He suddenly raised his hand.

他突然抬起了手。

"Hullo! look-ee! over the lake… is it a crane standing there? Can it be fishing at night? Bless me! it's a branch, not a crane. Well, that was a mistake! But the moon is always so deceptive.”

“喂！看啊！湖面上……站在那里的是一只鹤吗？难道它晚上捉鱼吗？天哪！是一根树枝，不是鹤。唉，我弄错了！不过月亮总是这么有欺骗性。”

So we drove on and on…. But now the end of the meadows had been reached, little copses and ploughed fields came into view; a little village flashed with two or three lights on one side—it was only four miles now to the main road. I fell asleep.

于是我们就这样一直行驶着……不过我们现在已经到了草地的尽头，小杂树林和耕过的田野进入了我们的视野，一旁的小村庄里闪烁着两三点光——现在离大路只有四英里了。我睡着了。

Again I did not wake up of my own accord. This time I was roused by the voice of Filofey.

又一次，我不是自己醒来的。这次我是被菲洛费的声音吵醒的。

"Master!… hey, master!”

“老爷！嘿，老爷！”

I sat up. The coach was standing still on level ground in the very

middle of the high-road. Filofey, who had turned round on the box, so as to face me, with wide-open eyes (I was positively surprised at them; I couldn't have imagined he had such large eyes), was whispering with mysterious significance:

我坐了起来。马车静止不动地停在了大路正中间的平地上。菲洛费从驾车台上回过头来，睁着大大的眼睛看着我（我为此极其惊讶，我没想到他有这么大的眼睛），神秘地、意味深长地低声说：

"A rattle!… a rattle of wheels!”

“嘎吱声！车轮的嘎吱声！”

"What do you say?"

“你说什么？”

"I say, there's a rattling! Bend down and listen. Do you hear it?”

“我说，有嘎吱声！您弯下腰听听。您听见了吗？”

I put my head out of the coach, held my breath, and did catch, somewhere in the distance, far behind us, a faint broken sound, as of wheels rolling.

我把头探出了马车，屏住呼吸，确实听见从后面很远的地方传来微弱的、断断续续的响声，像是车轮滚动的声音。

"Do you hear it?" repeated Filofey.

“您听见了吗？”菲洛费又问了一遍。

"Well, yes," I answered. "Some vehicle is coming."

“嗯，是的，”我答道，“有辆马车正往过跑。”

"Oh, you don't hear… shoo! The tambourines… and whistling too….Do you hear? Take off your cap… you will hear better.”

“哦，您没有听见……嘘！是铃铛声……还有口哨声……您听见了吗？摘下帽子……您就会听得更清楚了。”

I didn't take off my cap, but I listened.

我没摘帽子，但是我听了听。

"Well, yes… perhaps. But what of it?”

“嗯，是的……也许是。但这又样呢？”

Filofey turned round facing the horses.

菲洛费把脸转了过去向着马。

"It's a cart coming… lightly; iron-rimmed wheels," he observed, and he took up the reins. "It's wicked folks coming, master; hereabouts, you know, near Tula, they play a good many tricks.”

“来的是辆大马车……空载的，轮子包着铁皮，”他说道，拿起了缰绳，“来的都是坏人，老爷，您知道，在图拉这一片，他们可玩了不少把戏呢。”

"What nonsense! What makes you suppose it's sure to be wicked people?”

“真是胡说！你凭什么确信来的是坏人呢？”

"I speak the truth… with tambourines… and in an empty cart…. Who should it be?”

“我说的是真的……带着铃铛……一辆空着的大马车……还会是谁？”

"Well… is it much further to Tula?”

“唔……离图拉还远吗？”

"There's twelve miles further to go, and not a habitation here.”

“还要走二十英里路呢，这里一户人家都没有。”

"Well, then, get on quicker; it's no good lingering.”

“那么，好吧，那就快走吧，磨蹭也不好。”

Filofey brandished the whip, and the coach rolled on again.

菲洛费挥了挥鞭子，四轮马车又开始动了起来。

Though I did not put much faith in Filofey, I could not go to sleep. "What if it really is so?" A disagreeable sensation began to stir in me. I sat up in the coach—till then I had lain down—and began looking in all directions. While I had been asleep, a slight fog had come over, not the earth, but the sky; it stood high, the moon hung a whitish patch in it, as though in smoke. Everything had grown dim and blended together, though it was clearer near the ground. Around us flat, dreary country; fields, nothing but fields—here and there bushes and ravines—and again fields, mostly fallow, with scanty, dusty grass. A wilderness… deathlike! If only a quail had called!

尽管我不太相信菲洛费的话，但我却睡不着了。“如果是真的，该怎么办？”一种不愉快的感觉开始拨动着我的心弦。我坐了起来——在此之前我一直是躺着的——开始环顾起了四周。在我刚才睡觉的时候，一层薄雾升了起来，不是在地上，而是在天空中，它高高地漂浮着，月亮像个白点似的悬在那里，就好像在烟雾里。一切都变得黯淡了，融合在了一起，不过越靠近地面，越发清晰。在我们周围，是平坦乏味的乡野；除了原野还是原野——到处都是灌木丛和峡谷——再又是原野，大都是休耕地，长着稀疏的、满是灰尘的草。一片荒地……毫无生气！连一声鹌鹑叫都听不到！

We drove on for half an hour. Filofey kept constantly cracking his

whip and clicking with his lips, but neither he nor I uttered a word. So we mounted the hillside…. Filofey pulled up the horses, and promptly said again: "It is a rattle of wheels, master; yes, it is!"

我们继续行驶了半个小时。菲洛费一直噼噼啪啪地挥着马鞭，咂着嘴唇，但我和他都没有说话。于是我们爬上了山坡……菲洛费拉住了马，又突然说道：“是车轮的嘎吱声，老爷，是的，就是车轮的嘎吱声！”

I poked my head out of the coach again, but I might have stayed under the cover of the hood, so distinctly, though still from a distance, the sound reached me of cart-wheels, men whistling, the jingling of tambourines, and even the thud of horses' hoofs; I even fancied I could hear singing and laughter. The wind, it is true, was blowing from there, but there was no doubt that the unknown travellers were a good mile, perhaps two, nearer us. Filofey and I looked at one another; he only gave his hat a tweak forward from behind, and at once, bending over the reins, fell to whipping up the horses. They set off at a gallop, but they could not gallop for long, and fell back into a trot again. Filofey continued to whip them. We must get away!

我又把头伸出了车外，但即使我呆在车篷里，即使还有一段距离，那辆大马车的车轮的响声、口哨声、铃铛的叮当声，甚至连马蹄的声音，我都清清楚楚地听到了，我甚至还好像听到了歌声和笑声。风的确是从那边吹过来的，但毫无疑问的是，那些未知的旅客离我们更近了一英里，也许是两英里了。菲洛费和我面面相觑，他只是把帽子从后脑勺拉到了前额，然后立刻勒紧缰绳，鞭打起几匹马来。马匹们飞奔起来，但是没有飞奔多久，就又变成了小跑。菲洛费继续鞭打着它们。我们必须逃走！

I can't account for the fact that, though I had not at first shared Filofey's apprehensions, about this time I suddenly gained the conviction that we really were being followed by highwaymen…. I had heard nothing new: the same tambourines, the same rattle of a cart without a load, the same intermittent whistling, the same confused uproar…. But now I had no doubt. Filofey could not have made a mistake!

我也弄不明白，为什么起初我没有在意菲洛费的疑虑，这下子却又突然深信，我们真的被拦路抢劫的强盗跟上了……我没有再听到别的声响：还是同样的铃铛声，同样没装货的大车发出的嘎吱声，同样断断续续的口哨声，同样混乱的喧闹声……不过现在我没有疑问了。菲洛费没有弄错！

And now twenty minutes more had gone by…. During the last of these twenty minutes, even through the clatter and rumble of our own carriage, we could hear another clatter and another rumbling….

就这样又过了二十分钟……在这二十分钟里，就算透过我们自己的马车发出的咔嗒声和隆隆声，我们也能听见另外的咔嗒声和隆隆声……

"Stop, Filofey," I said; "it's no use—the end's the same!”

“停下来，菲洛费，”我说道，“没用的，结果都是一样！”

Filofey uttered a faint-hearted "wo"! The horses instantaneously stopped, as though delighted at the chance of resting!

菲洛费怯懦地叫了一声“吁”！马儿们立即停了下来，好像很高兴有机会可以休息。

Mercy upon us! the tambourines were simply booming away just behind our backs, the cart was rattling and creaking, the men were whistling, shouting, and singing, the horses were snorting and thumping on the ground with their hoofs…. They had overtaken us!

上帝保佑我们！铃铛就在我们后面洪亮地响着，大马车嘎吱嘎吱地响着，那些人在吹口哨，叫喊，唱歌，他们的马在打响鼻，马蹄嗒嗒地踏在地上……他们赶上我们了！

"Bad luck," Filofey commented, in an emphatic undertone; and, clicking to the horses irresolutely, he began to urge them on again. But at that very instant there was a sort of sudden rush and whizz, and a very big, wide cart, harnessed with three lean horses, cut sharply at a rush up to us, galloped in front, and at once fell into a walking pace, blocking up the road.

“真不走运。”菲洛费拖长了声音低声说道，犹豫不决地抽了一下马，又开始驱策它们了。就在那个瞬间，突然响起一阵嗖嗖的疾驰声，一辆很大很宽的马车，套着三匹瘦健的马，猛地从我们旁边冲了过去，飞奔到了前面，又立刻放慢了步子，挡住了路。

"A regular brigand's trick!" murmured Filofey. I must own I felt a cold chill at my heart…. I fell to staring before me with strained attention in the half-darkness of the misty moonlight. In the cart in front of us were—half-lying, half-sitting—six men in shirts, and in unbuttoned rough overcoats; two of them had no caps on; huge feet in boots were swinging and hanging over the cart-rail, arms were rising and falling helter-skelter… bodies were jolting backwards and forwards…. It was quite clear—a drunken party. Some were bawling at random; one was whistling very correctly and shrilly, another was swearing; on the driver's seat sat a sort of giant in a cape, driving. They went at a walking pace, as' though paying no attention to us.

“强盗的惯用把戏！”菲洛费小声说道。我必须承认，我心里感到一阵寒凉……在雾气腾腾的月光下，天半明半暗的，我紧张地盯着前方。在我们前面的大马车上，有六个半躺半坐的人，他们穿着衬衣，敞着大衣；他们中有两个人没戴帽子，穿着靴子的大脚悬在马车的栏杆上摇晃

着，手臂乱七八糟地举起、放下……身子前后晃动着……很明显，这是一群醉汉。有的人在胡乱地放声大叫，有一个人在吹着口哨，声音非常尖细清脆，另一个人在咒骂着，在驾驶座上坐着一个披着披肩的大个子，他正在赶车。他们缓步前行，好像没注意我们。

What was to be done? We followed them also at a walking pace… we could do nothing else.

有什么办法呢？我们也缓步跟着他们……我们没别的事可做了。

For a quarter of a mile we moved along in this manner. The suspense was torturing…. To protect, to defend ourselves, was out of the question! There were six of them; and I hadn't even a stick! Should we turn back? But they would catch us up directly. I remembered the line of Zhukovsky (in the passage where he speaks of the murder of field-marshal Kamensky):

就这样，我们走了四分之一英里的路。这种悬念真是折磨人……防御，自卫，都无济于事了！他们有六个人，而我连根棍子都没有！我们要不要掉头？但是他们会立马追上我们的。我想起了茹科夫斯基的诗句来（在诗里，他讲的是卡明斯基被害）：

"The scoundrel highwayman's vile axe!…”

“卑鄙的强盗那邪恶的斧头！”

Or else—strangling with filthy cord… flung into a ditch…there to choke and struggle like a hare in a trap….

要不然，就是用肮脏的绳索勒死……扔到沟里……像陷阱里的野兔一样，在那里挣扎着窒息而死……

Ugh, it was horrid!

啊，这真可怕！

And they, as before, went on at a walking pace, taking no notice of us.

然而他们照旧继续缓步前行着，没理会我们。

"Filofey!" I whispered,"just try, keep more to the right; see if you can get by."

“菲洛费！”我小声说，“试着多靠右边一点，看看你能不能超过它们”。

Filofey tried—kept to the right… but they promptly kept to the right too… It was impossible to get by.

菲洛费试着让车子靠右边走……但是他们也迅速靠右边走……根本就超不过去。

Filofey made another effort; he kept to the left…. But there,

again, they did not let him pass the cart. They even laughed aloud. That meant that they wouldn't let us pass.

菲洛费又试了一次，他让车子靠左边走……但是他们也不让他超过那辆大马车。他们甚至大声笑了出来。这意味着，他们不会让我们超过去了。

"Then they are a bad lot," Filofey whispered to me over his shoulder.

“没错，他们就是一群坏人。”菲洛费转过头来向我低声说道。

"But what are they waiting for?" I inquired, also in a whisper.

“但是他们在等什么呢？”我也低声问道。

"To reach the bridge—over there in front—in the hollow—above the stream…. They'll do for us there! That's always their way… by bridges. It's a clear case for us, master." He added with a sigh: "They'll hardly let us go alive; for the great thing for them is to keep it all dark. I'm sorry for one thing, master; my horses are lost, and my brothers won't get them!”

“等到了桥上，就在前面那片洼地里，在小溪上面……他们会在那里解决我们！他们总是这么干……在桥上。这事对我们来说很清楚了，老爷，”他叹了口气补充道，“他们不会让我们活着离开了，因为对于他们来说，最要紧的是就是灭口。老爷，我只是为一件事感到遗憾：我的三匹马丢了，我弟弟们就得不到它们了！”

I should have been surprised at the time that Filofey could still trouble about his horses at such a moment; but, I must confess, I had no thoughts for him…. "Will they really kill me?" I kept repeating mentally. "Why should they? I'll give them everything I have….”

在这样的时候，菲洛费还为他的马操心，对此我本该感到吃惊；但是，我必须承认，我并没有替他想过……“他们真的会杀掉我吗？”我一直在心里反复问自己。“他们何必这样？我会给他们我所有的一切……”

And the bridge was getting nearer and nearer; it could be more and more clearly seen.

离桥越来越近了，看得也越来越清楚了。

Suddenly a sharp whoop was heard; the cart before us, as it were, flew ahead, dashed along, and reaching the bridge, at once stopped stock-still a little on one side of the road. My heart fairly sank like lead.

突然传来了一阵尖锐的咆哮声，我们前面的大马车像飞一般地向前奔驰，到了桥上便立刻靠边停了下来。我的心像灌了铅一样沉了下去。

"Ah, brother Filofey," I said, "we are going to our death. Forgive

me for bringing you to ruin."

“唉，菲洛费老兄，”我说，“我们活不成了。请原谅我把你给害了。”

"As though it were your fault, master! There's no escaping one's fate! Come, Shaggy, my trusty little horse," Filofey addressed the shaft-horse; "step on, brother! Do your last bit of service! It's all the same…”

“哪里是您的错，老爷！人是逃不过自己的命运的！喂，蓬毛马，我可靠的小马，”菲洛费对那匹辕马说道，“继续走，兄弟！最后效一下劳吧！都一样……”

And he urged his horses into a trot. We began to get near the bridge—near that motionless, menacing cart…. In it everything was silent, as though on purpose. Not a single halloo! It was the stillness of the pike or the hawk, of every beast of prey, as its victim approaches. And now we were level with the cart…. Suddenly the giant in the cape sprang out of the cart, and came straight towards us!

他赶着他的马儿们小跑了起来。我们离桥越来越近了，离那辆静止不动的、可怕的大马车也更近了……大车里静悄悄的，好像是故意的一样。没有一点声响！梭鱼、鹰、所有捕食的野兽，在猎物靠近时，都是这么静静地等待的。现在，我们和那辆大马车平行了……突然间，那个披着披风的大个子跳出了大马车，径直朝我们走过来。

He said nothing to Filofey, but the latter, of his own accord, tugged at the reins…. The coach stopped. The giant laid both arms on the carriage door, and bending forward his shaggy head with a grin, he uttered the following speech in a soft, even voice, with the accent of a factory hand:

他什么都没对菲洛费说，但是菲洛费主动勒住了缰绳……马车停了下来。大个子双手搭在了马车门上，咧着嘴笑着，他乱蓬蓬的头向前伸着，用温柔而平缓的声音说了下面这一番话，话里带着工人的语气：

"Honoured sir, we are coming from an honest feast—from a wedding; we've been marrying one of our fine fellows—that is, we've put him to bed; we're all young lads, reckless chaps—there's been a good deal of drinking, and nothing to sober us; so wouldn't your honour be so good as to favour us, the least little, just for a dram of brandy for our mate? We'd drink to your health, and remember your worship; but if you won't be gracious to us—well, we beg you not to be angry!”

“尊敬的先生，我们刚从一个体面的宴会、一个婚礼回来，我们刚为一个好伙计操办了婚礼，也就是说，把他安置到了床上；我们都是年轻的小伙子，都是鲁莽的家伙，我们喝了很多酒，又没有东西让我们醒

酒；所以您可否赏给我们几个小钱，好让我们这些伙计每个人再喝上一打兰白兰地？我们会为您的健康干杯，并且记住您的好意的；但要是您不肯赏光的话，唉，那就请您不要见怪了！”

"What's the meaning of this?" I thought…. "A joke?… a jeer?”

“这是什么意思？”我心想……“是玩笑？戏弄人？”

The giant continued to stand with bent head.

那个大个子仍然低着头站着。

At that very instant the moon emerged from the fog and lighted up his face. There was a grin on the face, in the eyes, and on the lips. But there was nothing threatening to be seen in it… only it seemed, as it were, all on the alert… and the teeth were so white and large….

就在这个瞬间，月亮从雾气中浮现，照亮了他的脸。他的脸上，眼睛里，嘴唇上都带着笑。不过从他脸上一点也看不出恐吓的意味……只是看上去好像提防着……牙齿那么白，那么大……

"I shall be pleased… take this…” I said hurriedly, and pulling my purse out of my pocket, I took out two silver roubles—at that time silver was still circulating in Russia—"here, if that's enough?”

“我很乐意……拿着这个……”我赶紧说道，边从我的口袋里掏出了钱包，我取出了两个银卢布——在那个时候银币仍然在俄国流通——“给，够了吗？”

"Much obliged!" bawled the giant, in military fashion; and his fat fingers in a flash snatched from me—not the whole purse—but only the two roubles; "much obliged!" He shook his hair back, and ran up to the cart.

“非常感谢！”大个子像军人一样放声叫道，他那肥肥的手指一下子从我这抓走了——不是整个钱包——而是那两个卢布；“非常感谢！”他朝后抖了抖头发，跑回了大马车。

"Lads!" he shouted, "the gentleman makes us a present of two silver roubles!" They all began, as it were, gabbling at once…. The giant rolled up on to the driver's seat….

“伙计们！”他叫道，“那位先生赠予了我们两个银卢布！”他们好像马上都哈哈大笑起来……大个子爬上了驾车座……

"Good luck to you, master!"

“祝您好运，老爷！”

And that was the last we saw of them. The horses dashed on, the cart rumbled up the hill; once more it stood out on the dark line separating the earth from the sky, went down, and vanished.

一转眼我们就看不见他们了。几匹马猛地向前冲，大马车隆隆地爬

上了山；在天地相交的昏暗水平线上，那辆大车又出现了一次，然后又下了坡，消失了。

And now the rattle of the wheels, the shouts and tambourines, could not be heard….

这时，我们再也听不到车轮的嘎吱声，铃铛的响声了……

There was a death-like silence.

死一般的寂静。

Filofey and I could not recover ourselves all at once.

菲洛费和我都没能马上缓过神来。

"Ah, you're a merry fellow!" he commented at last, and taking off his hat he began crossing himself. "Fond of a joke, on my word," he added, and he turned to me, beaming all over. "But he must be a capital fellow—on my word! Now, now, now, little ones, look alive! You're safe! We are all safe! It was he who wouldn't let us get by; it was he who drove the horses. What a chap for a joke! Now, now! get on, in God's name!”

“唉，你们真是些有趣的人！”他终于说道，边摘下帽子画起了十字，“真是开玩笑，”他又补充道，向我转了过来，整个人喜气洋洋的。“他一定是个大好人，真的！嘿，嘿，嘿，小家伙，快点啊！你们安全了！我们都安全了！就是他不让我们通过的，就是他在赶车。多么搞笑的小伙子！嘿，嘿！以上帝的名义，继续跑啊！”

I did not speak, but I felt happy too. "We are safe!" I repeated to myself, and lay down on the hay. "We've got off cheap!”

我没有说话，但我也感到很高兴。“我们安全了！”我躺倒在了干草上，反复对自己说着。“真便宜我们了！”

I even felt rather ashamed that I had remembered that line of Zhukovsky's.

我甚至为记起了茹科夫斯基的诗句而感到羞愧。

Suddenly an idea occurred to me.

我突然想起了一个问题。

"Filofey!"

“菲洛费！”

"What is it?"

“怎么了？”

"Are you married?"

“你结婚了吗？”

"Yes."

“结了。”

"And have you children?"

“你有小孩吗？”

"Yes."

“有。”

"How was it you didn't think of them? You were sorry for your horses: weren't you sorry for your wife and children?”

“你刚才怎么就没想起他们呢？你刚才为你的马难过，难道没为你的老婆和孩子们难过吗？”

"Why be sorry for them? They weren't going to fall into the hands of thieves, you know. But I kept them in my mind all the while, and I do now… surely." Filofey paused…. "May be… it was for their sake Almighty God had mercy on us.”

“为什么要替他们难过？您知道，他们又不会落入强盗的手里。不过，我一直都把他们放在心上，现在也是……真的。”菲洛费停顿了一下……“也许……是因为他们的缘故，全能的上帝才保佑了我们。”

"But if they weren't highwaymen?”

“但如果他们不是拦路抢劫的强盗呢？”

"How can we tell? Can one creep into the soul of another? Another's soul, we know, is a dark place. But, with the thought of God in the heart, things are always better…. No, no!… I'd my family all the time…. Gee… gee-up! little ones, in God's name!”

“我们怎么能知道呢？难道人能钻进别人的内心吗？我们都知道，别人的内心是个黑暗的地方。不过，心里一直想着上帝，情况总是会好些的……不，不！我一直想着我的家人……嘚儿……嘚儿驾！小家伙们，走起来，天哪！”

It was already almost daylight; we began to drive into Tula. I was lying, dreamy and half-asleep.

那时差不多已经到黎明了，我们开始驶进了图拉。我半梦半醒地躺着。

"Master," Filofey said to me suddenly, "look: there they're stopping at the tavern… their cart.”

“老爷，”菲洛费突然对我说，“瞧，他们在酒馆里停歇呢……那是他们的大马车。”

I raised my head… there they were, and their cart and horses. In the doorway of the drinking-house there suddenly appeared our

friend, the giant in the cape. "Sir!" he shouted, waving his cap, "we're drinking your health!—Hey, coachman," he added, wagging his head at Filofey; "you were a bit scared, I shouldn't wonder, hey?”

我抬起了头……他们就在那里，还有他们的大马车和几匹马。突然在酒馆门口，出现了我们那位披着披风的大个子朋友。“先生！”他挥舞着帽子叫道，“我们正在为您的健康干杯呢！嘿，马车夫，”他朝菲洛费摇摇头，接着说道，“我想，您刚才有点被吓到了吧？”

"A merry fellow!" observed Filofey when we had driven nearly fifty yards from the tavern.

“有意思的家伙！”当我们驶离了酒馆将近五十码后，菲洛费说道。

We got into Tula at last; I bought shot, and while I was about it, tea and spirits, and even got a horse from the horse-dealer.

我们终于进入了图拉，我买了弹药，也顺便买了些茶叶和酒，甚至还从马贩子那里买了一匹马。

At mid-day we set off home again. As we drove by the place where we first heard the rattle of the cart behind us, Filofey, who, having had something to drink at Tula, turned out to be very talkative—he even began telling me fairy-tales—as he passed the place, suddenly burst out laughing.

我们中午就往回返了。当我们走到那个地方，就是第一次听到身后大马车的嘎吱声的地方，菲洛费突然大笑了起来，因为在图拉喝了酒的缘故，他变得很健谈，甚至给我讲起了童话故事。

"Do you remember, master, how I kept saying to you, 'A rattle… a rattle of wheels,' I said!”

“您还记得吗，老爷，我那时一直在对您说‘嘎吱声……车轮的嘎吱声’。”

He waved his hand several times. This expression struck him as most amusing. The same evening we got back to his village.

他摇了好几次手。他觉得这句话最有意思。当天晚上，我们回到了他的村子里。

I related the adventure that had befallen us to Yermolaï. Being sober, he expressed no sympathy; he only gave a grunt—whether of approval or reproach, I imagine he did not know himself. But two days later he informed me, with great satisfaction, that the very night Filofey and I had been driving to Tula, and on the very road, a merchant had been robbed and murdered. I did not at first put much faith in this, but later on I was obliged to believe it: it was confirmed by the police captain, who came galloping over in consequence.

我把我们的遭遇告诉了叶尔莫莱。他那时候很清醒，却没有表示出

同情，他只是咕哝了一声——是赞许还是责备，我想连他自己也不知道。但是两天以后，他很高兴地告诉我，就在我和菲洛费赶车去图拉的那天晚上，就在那条路上，一个商人被抢劫了，还被杀害了。我一开始还不相信他的话，但是后来我不得不相信了：警长骑着马飞奔去调查，可见确有其事。

Was not that perhaps the "wedding" our brave spirits were returning from?—wasn't that the "fine fellow" they had "put to bed," in the words of the jocose giant? I stayed five days longer in Filofey's village. Whenever I meet him I always say to him: "A rattle of wheels? Eh?"

莫非我们的勇士们就是从那个“婚礼”回来的？难道那个有趣的大个子所说的他们“安置到床上”的“好伙计”就是那个商人？我在菲洛费的村子里又呆了五天。无论我什么时候遇到他，我总是会对他说：“车轮的嘎子声？嗯？”

"A merry fellow!" he always answers, and bursts out laughing.

“有意思的家伙！”他总是这样回答，然后突然大笑起来。

EPILOGUE

后记

THE FOREST AND THE STEPPE

森林与草原

"And slowly something began to draw him, Back to the country, to the garden dark, Where lime-trees are so huge, so full of shade, And lilies of the valley, sweet as maids, Where rounded willows o'er the water's edge Lean from the dyke in rows, and where the oak Sturdily grows above the sturdy field, Amid the smell of hemp and nettles rank… There, there, in meadows stretching wide, Where rich and black as velvet is the earth, Where the sweet rye, far as the eye can see, Moves noiselessly in tender, billowing waves, And where the heavy golden light is shed From out of rounded, white, transparent clouds: There it is good….”

“慢慢地某些东西开始吸引他，回到乡下，回到幽暗的花园中，那里的欧椴树枝繁叶茂，满是阴凉，那里的铃兰如少女般甜蜜，水边圆圆的柳树沿着堤岸成排，橡树坚定地长在坚实的土地上，在大麻和荨麻的气味里……在那广阔地草地上，黑土丰腴得像天鹅绒一样，可人的黑麦一眼望不到头，静静地泛着温柔的麦浪，从一朵朵圆圆的、白色的、透亮的云彩中，照射出沉沉的、金色的阳光：那里真好……”

(From a poem, devoted to the flames.)

（摘自一首待焚的诗。）

The reader is, very likely, already weary of my sketches; I hasten

to reassure him by promising to confine myself to the fragments already printed; but I cannot refrain from saying a few words at parting about a sportman's life.

读者很可能已经对我的作品感到厌倦了，我赶紧请他放心，承诺不再多写了；不过，在向读者告别之际，我还得再说几句关于猎人生活的话。

Hunting with a dog and a gun is delightful in itself, fur sich, as they used to say in old days; but let us suppose you were not born a sportsman, but are fond of nature all the same; you cannot then help envying us sportsmen…. Listen.

正如古时候常说的，带上狗和枪去打猎，本身就是件很愉快的事；但是，让我们假设您天生并不是打猎的料，不过您一如既往地热爱着大自然，所以您也禁不住要嫉妒我们这些猎人……请听吧。

Do you know, for instance, the delight of setting off before daybreak in spring? You come out on to the steps…. In the dark grey sky stars are twinkling here and there; a damp breeze in faint gusts flies to meet you now and then; there is heard the secret, vague whispering of the night; the trees faintly rustle, wrapt in darkness. And now they pull the hood over the cart, and lay a box with the samovar at your feet. The trace-horses move restlessly, snort, and daintily paw the ground; a couple of white geese, only just awake, waddle slowly and silently across the road. On the other side of the hedge, in the garden, the watchman is snoring peacefully; every sound seems to stand still in the frozen air—suspended, not moving. You take your seat; the horses start at once; the cart rolls off with a loud rumble…. You drive—drive past the church, downhill to the right, across the dyke…. The pond is just beginning to be covered with mist. You are rather chilly; you cover your face with the collar of your fur cloak; you doze. The horse's hoofs splash sonorously through the puddles; the coachman begins to whistle. But by now you have driven over three miles… the rim of the sky flushes crimson; the jackdaws are heard, fluttering clumsily in the birch-trees; sparrows are twittering about the dark hayricks. The air is clearer, the road more distinct, the sky brightens, the clouds look whiter, and the fields look greener. In the huts there is the red light of flaming chips; from behind gates comes the sound of sleepy voices. And meanwhile the glow of dawn is beginning; already streaks of gold are stretching across the sky; mists are gathering in clouds over the ravines; the larks are singing musically; the breeze that ushers in the dawn is blowing; and slowly the purple sun floats upward. There is a perfect flood of light; your heart is fluttering like a bird. Everything is fresh, gay, delightful! One can see a long way all round. That way, beyond the copse, a village; there, further, another, with a white church, and

there a birch-wood on the hill; behind it the marsh, for which you are bound…. Quicker, horses, quicker! Forward at a good trot!… There are three miles to go—not more. The sun mounts swiftly higher; the sky is clear…. It will be a glorious day. A herd of cattle comes straggling from the village to meet us. You go up the hill…. What a view! The river winds for ten miles, dimly blue through the mist; beyond it meadows of watery green; beyond the meadows sloping hills; in the distance the plovers are wheeling with loud cries above the marsh; through the moist brilliance suffused in the air the distance stands out clearly… not as in the summer. How freely one drinks in the air, how quickly the limbs move, how strong is the whole man, clasped in the fresh breath of spring!…

比如说，您知道在春天黎明前出发的乐趣吗？您走到台阶上……在灰暗的天空中，到处闪烁着星星，潮湿的微风不时地迎面吹来，听得见夜晚悄然而模糊的低语声，树木被包裹在黑暗中，微微地沙沙作响。这时，他们拉起大马车的车棚，把装着茶炊的箱子放在您的脚边。两匹副马慌张地移动着，打着响鼻，优美地蹬着地面；一对刚刚醒来的白鹅，正一声不响、慢慢悠悠、摇摇摆摆地穿过大路。在树篱另一侧的花园里，看守人平静地打着酣，每一个声音似乎都停滞在冻结的空气中，悬浮着，一动不动。您坐了下来，马们立刻动身了，马车轰隆隆地辗轧起来……您驶着，驶过教堂，朝右边下坡，穿过堤岸……池塘开始被笼罩在薄雾中。您很冷，用毛皮衣领挡住了脸，您睡着了。经过水坑时，马蹄溅出响亮的声音，马车夫开始吹起口哨来。不过到目前为止，您已经行驶了三英里路了……天边渐渐变红了，您听见了寒鸦的声音，它们在桦树林间笨拙地拍打着翅膀，麻雀在黑乎乎的草垛上叽叽喳喳地叫着。空气更加清朗了，道路也更加清晰了，天亮了起来，云朵看起来更白了，田野也更绿了。小屋里燃烧着的木片闪着红光，从后门里传出带着睡意的声音。这时，朝霞燃烧了起来，金色的光束早已在天空中伸展开来，山谷上聚起了一团团薄雾，云雀唱着悦耳的歌，黎明的微风吹拂着，紫红色的太阳慢慢地向上浮了起来。阳光如洪水般倾泻出来，您的心像小鸟一样颤动。一切都是清新的，快乐的，可爱的！向四周望去，可以看得很远。那边，在杂树林后边，是一个村子；更远些的另一个地方，有一个白色的教堂，山上是桦树林；桦树林后面是沼泽，那就是您要去的地方……快些，马儿，快些！好好朝前跑！还要走三英里路，不会更多了。太阳很快就爬得更高了，天空明朗……这将会是晴朗的一天。一群牛零零散散地从村子里朝我们走来。您上了山……多美的景色啊！河流蜿蜒了十英里，在薄雾中透着朦胧的蓝色；河的那边是淡绿色的草地；草地前面是成斜坡的小山；在远处，千鸟正在沼泽上方大叫着、盘旋着；湿漉漉的阳光弥漫在空气中，透过阳光，远处的景物也清晰起来……并不像夏天那样。呼吸多么自由，四肢活动得多么畅快，整个人被春天清新的气息环绕着，是多么地强健！

And a summer morning—a morning in July! Who but the sportsman knows how soothing it is to wander at daybreak among the

underwoods? The print of your feet lies in a green line on the grass, white with dew. You part the drenched bushes; you are met by a rush of the warm fragrance stored up in the night; the air is saturated with the fresh bitterness of wormwood, the honey sweetness of buckwheat and clover; in the distance an oak wood stands like a wall, and glows and glistens in the sun; it is still fresh, but already the approach of heat is felt. The head is faint and dizzy from the excess of sweet scents. The copse stretches on endlessly…. Only in places there are yellow glimpses in the distance of ripening rye, and narrow streaks of red buckwheat. Then there is the creak of cart-wheels; a peasant makes his way among the bushes at a walking-pace, and sets his horse in the shade before the heat of the day…. You greet him, and turn away; the musical swish of the scythe is heard behind you. The sun rises higher and higher. The grass is speedily dry. And now it is quite sultry. One hour passes another…. The sky grows dark over the horizon; the still air is baked with piercing heat…. "Where can one get a drink here, brother?" you inquire of the mower. "Yonder, in the ravine's a well.” Through the thick hazel-bushes, tangled by the clinging grass, you drop down to the bottom of the ravine. Right under the cliff a little spring is hidden; an oak bush greedily spreads out its twigs like great fingers over the water; great silvery bubbles rise trembling from the bottom, covered with fine velvety moss. You fling yourself on the ground, you drink, but you are too lazy to stir. You are in the shade, you drink in the damp fragrance, you take your ease, while the bushes face you, glowing, and, as it were, turning yellow in the sun. But what is that? There is a sudden flying gust of wind; the air is astir all about you: was not that thunder? Is it the heat thickening? Is a storm coming on?… And now there is a faint flash of lightning…. Ah, this is a storm! The sun is still blazing; you can still go on hunting. But the storm-cloud grows; its front edge, drawn out like a long sleeve, bends over into an arch. The grass, the bushes, everything around grows dark…. Make haste! over there you think you catch sight of a hay barn… make haste!… You run there, go in…. What rain! What flashes of lightning! The water drips in through some hole in the thatch-roof on to the sweet-smelling hay…. But now the sun is shining bright again. The storm is over; you come out. My God, the joyous sparkle of everything! the fresh, limpid air, the scent of raspberries and mushrooms!

一个夏天的早晨，一个七月的早晨！除了猎人还会有谁知道，黎明时，在矮林中漫步有多么舒心？沾着露珠的草上泛着白光，您的脚印在上面留下了绿色的线条。您拨开湿透的灌木，一股在夜间积攒起来的温暖香气向您袭来，空气中充满了苦艾清新的苦味和荞麦和苜蓿蜂蜜似的甜味，远处的橡树林像一堵墙似的立着，在太阳光下闪闪发光，天气依旧晴朗，但是已经能感觉到炎热在逼近了。过多香甜的气息，使得您头

晕目眩。杂树林无穷尽地延伸着……只在远处的某些地方，有一片黄灿灿的、成熟的黑麦，还有一条条狭长的红色荞麦地。然后传来了马车轮的嘎吱声，一个农民慢慢地从灌木丛里走来，他要赶在天热之前，把马牵到阴凉的地方……您问候过他，转身离开；镰刀悦耳的嗖嗖声从您身后传来。太阳越升越高。草地很快就干了。这时很是闷热。一个又一个小时过去了……天边渐渐地黑了下来，静止的空气被火辣辣的热气烘烤着……“哪里可以弄点水喝，兄弟？”您问那个割草的人，“在那边的峡谷里有一口井。”您穿过杂草纠结、茂密的榛树林，下到了峡谷底部。悬崖的正下方，果然藏着一眼清泉；橡树把它的掌型树枝贪婪地伸展到泉水上方；银色的大水泡颤抖着从井底升起来，井底长满了细细软软的青苔。您扑到地上，痛饮一番，但您懒得都不想动了。您在树阴下，沉醉于湿润的芳香中，很是舒坦，而对面的灌木丛在太阳的炙烤下，变得焦黄。但那又是怎么回事呢？突然刮起一阵风，您周围的空气都骚动起来，那不是雷声吗？炎热又要加剧了吗？还是暴风雨要来了？这时隐约有闪电出现……啊，是暴风雨要来了！太阳仍炙烤着大地，您仍然可以继续打猎。但是乌云越来越厚，它的前沿就像一只长长的袖子，折转成了一个弓形。草地、灌木丛、周围的一切都变暗了……快跑！您看见那边有一间干草棚……快跑！您跑到那里，走进去……好大的雨啊！闪电好亮啊！雨水从茅草屋顶的漏洞处滴在芳香的干草上……可是现在阳光又闪耀起来了。暴风雨停了，您走了出来。天哪，一切都闪着令人愉悦的光芒！空气多么清新透明，树莓和蘑菇多么芬芳！

And then the evening comes on. There is the blaze of fire glowing and covering half the sky. The sun sets; the air near has a peculiar transparency as of crystal; over the distance lies a soft, warm-looking haze; with the dew a crimson light is shed on the fields, lately plunged in floods of limpid gold; from trees and bushes and high stacks of hay run long shadows…. The sun has set; a star gleams and quivers in the fiery sea of the sunset… and now it pales; the sky grows blue; the separate shadows vanish; the air is plunged in darkness. It is time to turn homewards to the village, to the hut, where you will stay the night. Shouldering your gun, you move briskly, in spite of fatigue…. Meanwhile, the night comes on: now you cannot see twenty paces from you; the dogs show faintly white in the dark. Over there, above the black bushes, there is a vague brightness on the horizon…. What is it?—a fire?… No, it is the moon rising. And away below, to the right, the village lights are twinkling already…. And here at last is your hut. Through the tiny window you see a table, with a white cloth, a candle burning, supper….

然后，黄昏来临了。晚霞好似熊熊的火光，染红了半边天空。太阳落下去，周围的空气显得格外透明，就像水晶一样；远处的雾气轻柔，给人以暖意；火红的余晖伴着露水倾洒在大地之上，落在刚才还沐浴在金黄色阳光的田野上；从树林到灌木丛再到高高的干草堆上，都留下了长长的影子……太阳已经落下去了，在落日火红的余晖中，一颗星星闪

烁着，颤动着……此时，落日的余晖变淡了，天空变成了蓝色，一个个的影子消失了，空气都浸在了黑暗中 。是时候回到村子里了，回到您要过夜的小屋里去了。您扛着枪，轻快地走着，不顾疲惫……此时，夜幕降临了，现在您连二十步之外的东西都看不见了，几条狗在黑暗中显得隐隐发白。在那边，在黑乎乎的灌木丛上，在地平线上有一丝模糊的光亮……那是什么呢？是火吗？不，是月亮升起来了。在您的右下方，村里的灯火已经闪烁起来……您终于回到了小屋。透过一扇小小的窗户，您看到了一张盖着白布的桌子，一根燃着的蜡烛，还有晚餐……

Another time you order the racing droshky to be got out, and set off to the forest to shoot woodcock. It is pleasant making your way along the narrow path between two high walls of rye. The ears softly strike you in the face; the cornflowers cling round your legs; the quails call around; the horse moves along at a lazy trot. And here is the forest, all shade and silence. Graceful aspens rustle high above you; the long-hanging branches of the birches scarcely stir; a mighty oak stands like a champion beside a lovely lime-tree. You go along the green path, streaked with shade; great yellow flies stay suspended, motionless, in the sunny air, and suddenly dart away; midges hover in a cloud, bright in the shade, dark in the sun; the birds are singing peacefully; the golden little voice of the warbler sings of innocent, babbling joyousness, in sweet accord with the scent of the lilies of the valley. Further, further, deeper into the forest… the forest grows more dense…. An unutterable stillness falls upon the soul within; without, too, all is still and dreamy. But now a wind has sprung up, and the tree-tops are booming like falling waves. Here and there, through last year's brown leaves, grow tall grasses; funguses stand apart under their wide-brimmed hats. All at once a hare skips out; the dog scurries after it with a resounding bark….

另外有一次，您吩咐备好四轮敞篷马车要出行，去森林里打山鹬。走在狭窄的小路上，两边都是高大浓密的黑麦，这是很惬意的。麦穗轻轻地拍打着您的脸，矢车菊环绕着您的双腿，鹌鹑的叫声在四周响着，马儿懒散地小跑着。这里就是森林了，充满着阴凉和寂静。优雅的白杨树在你头上沙沙作响，桦树那垂得长长的枝条几乎静止不动，一棵高大的橡树像个战士似的，站在一棵可爱的欧椴树旁边。您走在草色青青、树影斑驳的小径上，黄色的大苍蝇一动不动地悬浮在充满阳光的空气中，突然间又飞走了；成群的蚊子在阴凉处发亮，在太阳下又暗淡下来；鸟儿安闲地唱着歌；鸣鸟的金嗓子喋喋不休地唱着天真无邪的欢乐之音，与铃兰的香气很协调。往远处去，再往远处去，到森林的深处……森林变得越来越浓密了……一种难以形容的静谧涌上心头，四周都悄然无声，睡意朦胧。此时此刻，一阵风吹起，树梢像往下翻滚的波浪一样隆隆作响。有的地方，从去年枯黄的树叶中间，长出很长的草；蘑菇们各自戴着它们帽檐宽大的帽子站着。突然，一只野兔跳了出来；狗响亮地叫了一声，紧紧地追赶它……

And how fair is this same forest in late autumn, when the snipe are on the wing! They do not keep in the heart of the forest; one must look for them along the outskirts. There is no wind, and no sun; no light, no shade, no movement, no sound: the autumn perfume, like the perfume of wine, is diffused in the soft air; a delicate haze hangs over the yellow fields in the distance. The still sky is a peacefully untroubled white through the bare brown branches; in parts, on the limes, hang the last golden leaves. The damp earth is elastic under your feet; the high dry blades of grass do not stir; long threads lie shining on the blanched turf, white with dew. You breathe tranquilly; but there is a strange tremor in the soul. You walk along the forest's edge, look after your dog, and meanwhile loved forms, loved faces dead and living, come to your mind; long, long slumbering impressions unexpectedly awaken; the fancy darts off and soars like a bird; and all moves so clearly and stands out before your eyes. The heart at one time throbs and beats, plunging passionately forward; at another it is drowned beyond recall in memories. Your whole life, as it were, unrolls lightly and rapidly before you: a man at such times possesses all his past, all his feelings and his powers—all his soul; and there is nothing around to hinder him—no sun, no wind, no sound….

晚秋时节，在这同一片森林里，当沙锥展翅飞翔的时候是怎样一副美景啊！它们不在森林中心活动，您必须沿着森林的边缘寻找它们。没有风，没有太阳，没有光亮，没有阴凉，没有声响：秋天的芬芳就像葡萄酒的芬芳一样，弥漫在柔和的空气中，远处黄色的田野上笼罩着一层柔和的薄雾。在光秃秃的棕色树枝的映衬下，平静的天空呈现出一片宁静的白色；欧椴树上有几处，挂着最后几片金黄的叶子。脚下潮湿的土壤很有弹性，高高的、干燥的草叶一动不动，长长的蛛丝在被露水浸得发白的草地上闪闪发亮。您平静地呼吸着，但是内心却感到一种奇怪的震颤。您沿着森林的边缘走着，照管着您的狗，同时一些可爱的形象、一些死了的和活着的人的可爱脸庞都涌现在您的脑海里；长久以来蛰伏的印象都出乎意料地被唤醒了；想象力都迸发出来，像一只小鸟一样翱翔；一切都如此清晰地浮现在您的眼前。您的心有时候颤动、跳动，热情地向前奔去，有时候又沉浸在那些被唤起的记忆中。您的整个人生，似乎立刻就轻松地展现在您的面前：在这种时候，人占有了他所有的过去，他所有的情感和力量——所有的灵魂；周围没有什么东西可以阻碍他——没有太阳，没有风，没有声响……

And a clear, rather cold autumn day, with a frost in the morning, when the birch, all golden like some tree in a fairy tale, stands out picturesquely against the pale blue sky; when the sun, standing low in the sky, does not warm, but shines more brightly than in summer; the small aspen copse is all a-sparkle through and through, as though it were glad and at ease in its nakedness; the hoar-frost is still white at the bottom of the hollows; while a fresh wind softly stirs up and drives

before it the falling, crumpled leaves; when blue ripples whisk gladly along the river, lifting rhythmically the heedless geese and ducks; in the distance the mill creaks, half-hidden by the willows; and with changing colours in the clear air the pigeons wheel in swift circles above it….

在秋日里一个寒冷的早晨，天空晴朗，四处结着霜，白桦树已经全部变成了金黄色，就像童话故事里描述一样，在淡蓝色天空的映衬下，显得格外美丽；太阳低垂在空中，虽不温暖却比夏日的阳光还要光亮；整个小白杨树林闪闪发光，就好像它们觉得光溜溜地站着，更轻松舒畅似的；在洼地的底部，霜花白蒙蒙一片；一阵清新的风徐徐吹来，驱赶着那卷曲的落叶；蓝色的波浪在小河里欢快地奔腾，有节奏地托着悠然自得的鹅和鸭；远处被柳树半遮挡着的磨坊，传来嘎吱嘎吱的声音；鸽子在它上空快速地盘旋着，在清朗的天空中改变着颜色……

Sweet, too, are dull days in summer, though the sportsmen do not like them. On such days one can't shoot the bird that flutters up from under your very feet, and vanishes at once in the whitish dark of the hanging fog. But how peaceful, how unutterably peaceful it is everywhere! Everything is awake, and everything is hushed. You pass by a tree: it does not stir a leaf; it is musing in repose. Through the thin steamy mist, evenly diffused in the air, there is a long streak of black before you. You take it for a neighbouring copse close at hand; you go up—the copse is transformed into a high row of wormwood in the boundary-ditch. Above you, around you, on all sides—mist…. But now a breeze is faintly astir; a patch of pale-blue sky peeps dimly out; through the thinning, as it were, smoky mist, a ray of golden yellow sunshine breaks out suddenly, flows in a long stream, strikes on the fields and in the copse—and now everything is overcast again. For long this struggle is drawn out, but how unutterably brilliant and magnificent the day becomes when at last light triumphs and the last waves of the warmed mist here unroll and are drawn out over the plains, there wind away and vanish into the deep, tenderly shining heights….

在夏天，多云的日子也是很可爱的，尽管猎人们不喜欢这种日子。在那样的天气里没法开枪，鸟儿从您脚下飞起，然后立刻就消失在凝滞的、白茫茫的雾气中。但到处都是那么宁静，宁静得叫人无法形容！一切都是醒着的，一切都是寂静的。您经过一棵树：树上的叶子一动不动，它在静静地思索着。雾气均匀地散布在空气中，透过轻薄、潮湿的雾气，在你眼前展现一条长长的黑影。您把它当成了附近的杂树林，您走过去，杂树林就变成了长在田界上的一排高大的苦艾。在您的上方，您的周围，到处都是——薄雾……可是这时候一阵微风拂动，一小块淡蓝色的天空朦朦胧胧地露了出来，透过可谓是稀薄如烟的雾气，一缕金黄色的阳光突然射出来，呈带状照在田地和杂树林上，这时一切又都阴暗了下来。这次斗争持续了很长时间，但是当光明最终取得了胜利，最

后几抹暖雾散开了，在平原上被拉长，时而盘旋而去，消失在深邃、柔和而光亮的高空中，这一天就变得无比灿烂和动人……

Again you set off into outlying country, to the steppe. For some ten miles you make your way over cross-roads, and here at last is the high-road. Past endless trains of waggons, past wayside taverns, with the hissing samovar under a shed, wide-open gates and a well, from one hamlet to another; across endless fields, alongside green hempfields, a long, long time you drive. The magpies flutter from willow to willow; peasant women with long rakes in their hands wander in the fields; a man in a threadbare nankin overcoat, with a wicker pannier over his shoulder, trudges along with weary step; a heavy country coach, harnessed with six tall, broken-winded horses, rolls to meet you. The corner of a cushion is sticking out of a window, and on a sack up behind, hanging on to a string, perches a groom in a fur-cloak, splashed with mud to his very eyebrows. And here is the little district town with its crooked little wooden houses, its endless fences, its empty stone shops, its old-fashioned bridge over a deep ravine…. On, on!… The steppe country is reached at last. You look from a hill-top: what a view! Round low hills, tilled and sown to their very tops, are seen in broad undulations; ravines, overgrown with bushes, wind coiling among them; small copses are scattered like oblong islands; from village to village run narrow paths; churches stand out white; between willow-bushes glimmers a little river, in four places dammed up by dykes; far off, in a field, in a line, an old manor-house, with its outhouses, fruit-garden, and threshing-floor, huddles close up to a small lake. But on, on you go. The hills are smaller and ever smaller; there is scarcely a tree to be seen. Here it is at last—the boundless, untrodden steppe!

您又要出发到远离乡村的草原上去。您在乡间土路上行驶了十英里，终于到了大路上。您经过了数不清的货车，经过了路旁的旅店，旅店的茶炊在棚子下嘶嘶地响着，门大大地开着，还有一口井；从一个小村子到另一个小村子，穿过无尽的田野，沿着绿色的大麻地驶了很久很久。喜鹊在柳树间飞来飞去，农妇们手里拿着长柄耙在田地里漫步；一个人穿着破旧的土布外套，肩上背着柳条编的背篓，迈着疲惫的步子艰难地走着；一辆笨重的乡村四轮马车，套着六匹高高的、呼吸急促的马匹，和您相遇了。一个垫子的一角从窗子里露了出来，在后面的一个麻布袋上，坐着一个披着毛皮斗篷的马夫，他拉着绳子，泥巴正好溅到了他的眉毛上。您来到了一个小县城，县城里的小木房子歪歪斜斜的，栅栏没有尽头，用石头建造的店铺也是空空的，老式的桥横跨一个深深的峡谷……向前走，向前走！终于到了大草原的乡村。您从山顶俯瞰，多美的景色啊！一座座低矮的圆形小山，庄稼一直种到了山顶上，好似巨浪般起伏着；小山之间蜿蜒着一个长满灌木的峡谷；小杂树林像一个个长方形的岛屿一样四处分散着；村子之间有窄窄的小径；白色的教堂显

现出来；柳树和灌木丛间有一条波光粼粼的小河，小河上四处修有水坝；在远处的一片田地里，一座旧的地主宅院、附属建筑、果园和打谷场排成一行，聚集在一个小湖的旁边。但是您继续前进。小山越来越小，几乎都看不到一棵树。终于到了无边无际，人迹罕至的大草原！

And on a winter day to walk over the high snowdrifts after hares; to breathe the keen frosty air, while half-closing the eyes involuntarily at the fine blinding sparkle of the soft snow; to admire the emerald sky above the reddish forest!… And the first spring day when everything is shining, and breaking up, when across the heavy streams, from the melting snow, there is already the scent of the thawing earth; when on the bare thawed places, under the slanting sunshine, the larks are singing confidingly, and, with glad splash and roar, the torrents roll from ravine to ravine….

在冬日里，您踏过高高的雪堆追赶野兔；呼吸着严寒凛冽的空气，柔软的白雪散发出刺眼的光芒，让您不自觉地半眯起眼睛；您欣赏着淡红色树林上翠绿色的天空！初春时节，当一切都闪烁着、破裂着的时候，当穿过湍急的溪流的时候，融化的冰雪那里，已经有了土地解冻的迹象；当您身处冰雪融化殆尽的地方时，在斜照下来的阳光里，云雀自信地唱着歌，湍流高兴地飞溅着，咆哮着，从一个峡谷奔腾向另一个峡谷……

But it is time to end. By the way, I have spoken of spring: in spring it is easy to part; in spring even the happy are drawn away to the distance…. Farewell, reader! I wish you unbroken prosperity.

不过是时候结束了。顺便说一下，我说到了春天：春天易于分别，在春天里，即使是幸福的人也会被诱惑到远方去……再会，我的读者！我祝您一直幸福！

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A MOVEABLE FEAST
流动的盛宴

欧内斯特·海明威

Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
外语教学与研究出版社

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外研社编译组 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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A Good Café On The Place St. Michel

圣米歇尔广场上一家不错的咖啡馆

Then there was the bad weather. It would come in one day when the fall was over. We would have to shut the windows in the night against the rain and the cold wind would strip the leaves from the trees in the Place Contrescarpe[1]. The leaves lay sodden in the rain and wind drove the rain against the big green autobus at the terminal and the Café des Amateurs was crowded and the windows misted over from the heat and the smoke inside. It was a sad, evilly run café where the drunkards of the quarter crowded together and I kept away from it because of the smell of dirty bodies and the sour smell of drunkenness. The men and women who frequented the Amateurs stayed drunk all of the time, or all of the time they could afford it, mostly on wine which they bought by the half-liter or liter. Many strangely named apéritifs were advertised, but few people could afford them except as a foundation to build their wine drunks on. The women drunkards were called poivrottes which meant female rummies.

那会儿天气很糟。秋天一结束，这种天气在一天内就开始了。为了防雨，夜里我们只能关上窗户。寒风吹落了护墙广场上的树叶，落叶浸在雨中，风吹着雨，雨点打在终点站绿色的大公共汽车上。艾美特咖啡馆挤满了人，屋里的热气和烟雾模糊了窗户。这家令人伤心、经营不善的咖啡馆是这个区酒鬼聚集的地方。我不去那儿，因为那些人肮脏的身体恶臭难闻，醉酒后还发出一股酸味。经常出入艾美特的男男女女总是醉醺醺的，或者说他们总是有钱买醉，大多情况下他们喝的是葡萄酒，一买就是半升或一升。到处可见名字怪异的开胃酒在做广告，但很少人能买得起，除非他们要以此垫底，然后喝葡萄酒喝个大醉。人们把醉酒的女人叫做poivrottes，就是女酒鬼的意思。

The Café des Amateurs was the cesspool of the rue Mouffetard, that wonderful narrow crowded market street which led into the Place Contrescarpe. The squat toilets of the old apartment houses, one by the side of the stairs on each floor with the two cleated cement shoe-shaped elevations on each side of the aperture so a locataire would not slip, emptied into cesspools which were emptied by pumping into horse-drawn tank wagons at night. In the summer time, with all windows open, we would hear the pumping and the odor was very strong. The tank wagons were painted brown and saffron color and in the moonlight when they worked the rue Cardinal Lemoine their wheeled, horse-drawn cylinder looked like Braque[2] paintings. No one emptied the Café des Amateurs though, and its yellowed poster stating the terms and penalties of the law against public drunkenness was as

flyblown and disregarded as its clients were constant and ill-smelling.

艾美特咖啡馆就是慕夫塔大街的污水坑，这条大街是通向护墙广场的一条出奇狭窄而拥挤的闹市街。那些古旧公寓每层楼梯旁都有一个蹲式厕所，蹲坑两边各有一个加固的鞋形水泥踩脚台，以防房客摔倒。这些蹲厕中的粪便会排入污水池中，夜里污水池会由马拉式粪罐车抽空。夏天，因为窗户开着，我们能听见粪罐车抽粪的声音，闻到阵阵恶臭。粪罐车漆成褐色和藏红色。在月色中，当这些粪罐车在勒穆瓦纳主教街工作的时候，装在轮子上的马拉圆筒粪罐看上去就像布拉克的油画。然而却没人为艾美特咖啡馆排污。咖啡馆里发黄的公告上写着禁止公众酗酒的法律条款与处罚条例，上面蝇屎斑斑，污秽不堪，但无人理会，就像咖啡馆的客人一样，一成不变，而且一身臭气。

All of the sadness of the city came suddenly with the first cold rains of winter, and there were no more tops to the high white houses as you walked but only the wet blackness of the street and the closed door of the small shops, the herb sellers, the stationary and the newspaper shops, the midwife—second class—and the hotel where Verlaine[3] had died where I had a room on the top floor where I worked.

这座城市的所有悲伤随着冬季的头几场冷雨骤然而至。散步时，再也看不见高高的白色房子的房顶，只看见湿漉漉的漆黑街道、关了门的小商铺、卖草药的小贩、文具店和报刊亭、助产士——二流的——还有一家旅馆，魏尔兰就是在那儿去世的，我也曾在旅馆顶层的一间房间里工作过。

It was either six or eight flights up to the top floor and it was very cold and I knew how much it would cost for a bundle of small twigs, three wire-wrapped packets of short, half-pencil length pieces of split pine to catch fire from the twigs, and then the bundle of half-dried lengths of hard wood that I must buy to make a fire that would warm the room. So I went to the far side of the street to look up at the roof in the rain and see if any chimneys were going, and how the smoke blew. There was no smoke and I thought about how the chimney would be cold and might not draw and of the room possibly filling with smoke, and the fuel wasted, and the money gone with it, and I walked on in the rain. I walked down past the Lycée Henri Quatre and the ancient church of St. Etienne-du-Mont to the windswept Place du Panthéon and cut in for shelter to the right and finally came out on the lee side of the Boulevard St. Michel and worked on down it past the Cluny and the Boulevard St. Germain until I came to a good café that I knew on the Place St. Michel.

到顶层要走六段或八段楼梯。屋里非常冷，我知道要生火让房间暖和需要买的东西得花多少钱：一捆小树枝，三小捆金属丝包捆好的半支铅笔那么短短一截长、用来从小树枝上取火的松木劈柴，还有一捆半干

的硬木。所以我到街的远侧，仰望雨中的屋顶，看看是否有冒烟的烟囱，烟是如何升起的。没有烟。我想着烟囱为什么会变冷且无法通风，想着房间里可能烟雾弥漫，浪费了柴火，白白烧了那些钱。想着这些，我继续在雨中漫步。我经过了亨利四世中学、古老的圣埃德尼杜蒙教堂和寒风凛凛的先贤祠，从右边进去避避风雨，最后从圣米歇尔大街背风的一头出来，顺着街继续往前走，经过克鲁尼教堂和圣谢荷曼大街，一直走到圣米歇尔广场上我知道的一家不错的咖啡馆。

It was a pleasant café, warm and clean and friendly, and I hung up my old waterproof on the coat rack to dry and put my worn and weathered felt hat on the rack above the bench and ordered a café au lait. The waiter brought it and I took out a notebook from the pocket of the coat and a pencil and started to write. I was writing about up in Michigan and since it was a wild, cold, blowing day it was that sort of day in the story. I had already seen the end of fall come through boyhood, youth and young manhood, and in one place you could write about it better than in another. That was called transplanting yourself, I thought and it could be as necessary with people as with other sorts of growing things. But in the story the boys were drinking and this made me thirsty and I ordered a rum St. James. This tasted wonderful on the cold day and I kept on writing, feeling very well and feeling the good Martinique[4] rum warm me all through my body and my spirit.

这是一家舒适的咖啡馆，暖和、干净、亲切。我把那身旧雨衣挂在衣帽架上晾干，把我那磨损破旧的毡帽挂在长条凳上的架子上，要了一杯牛奶咖啡。侍者端来咖啡，我从外套口袋里拿出笔记本和铅笔，开始写作。故事里我描述的是发生在密歇根北部的事。因为当天刮着风，天气寒冷，故事里也是这样的天气。不管是孩童时代、少年时代还是青年时代，我都经历过这种暮秋的日子，而故事在一个地方可能比在另一个地方写得更好。我想这就是所谓的自我移植，这对人来说也许和对其他成长变化的东西一样都是必要的。不过，故事中，男孩们正喝着酒，这让我也感到口渴，于是叫了杯圣詹姆斯朗姆酒。这样一杯酒在大冷天里喝起来感觉棒极了。我继续写故事，感觉很好。品尝上好的马提尼克朗姆酒让我全身都暖和起来，也振奋了我的精神。

A girl came in the café and sat by herself at a table near the window. She was very pretty with a face fresh as a newly minted coin if they minted coins in smooth flesh with rain-freshened skin, and her hair was black as a crow's wing and cut sharply and diagonally across her cheek.

一个女孩走进咖啡馆，独自坐在一张靠窗的桌旁。她非常漂亮，一张清新的脸就像新铸造的钱币——如果人们真的在光滑的皮肉和雨后涣然一新的皮肤上铸币的话。她的头发像乌鸦的翅膀一样黑，修剪出清晰的轮廓，斜贴着她的脸颊。

I looked at her and she disturbed me and made me very excited. I wished I could put her in the story, or anywhere, but she had placed herself so she could watch the street and the entry and I knew she was waiting for someone. So I went on writing.

我看着她，她打断了我的思路，让我心潮澎湃。我希望能把她写入故事，或是别的什么作品。但是她已经坐在了一个能看见大街和入口的位置，我知道她在等人。于是我继续写作。

The story was writing itself and I was having a hard time keeping up with it. I ordered another rum St. James and I watched the girl whenever I looked up, or when I sharpened the pencil with a pencil sharpener with the shavings curling into the saucer under my drink.

故事信马由缰，我很难赶上它的步伐，于是又叫了一杯圣詹姆斯朗姆酒。每每抬头，或者用转笔刀削铅笔，我都注视着那个女孩，卷曲的铅笔花掉在朗姆酒杯下垫着的杯托上。

I've seen you, beauty, and you belong to me now, whoever you are waiting for and if I never see you again, I thought. You belong to me and all Paris belongs to me and I belong to this notebook and this pencil.

我见到你了，美丽的女孩！我想不管你在等谁，即使我再也见不到你，此时你就属于我。你属于我，整个巴黎属于我，而我属于这个笔记本和这支铅笔。

Then I went back to writing and I entered far into the story and was lost in it. I was writing it now and it was not writing itself and I did not look up nor know anything about the time nor think where I was nor order any more rum St. James. I was tired of rum St. James without thinking about it. Then the story was finished and I was very tired. I read the last paragraph and then I looked up and looked for the girl and she had gone. I hope she's gone with a good man, I thought. But I felt sad.

然后我又继续写作，全神贯注地进入故事，忘我其中。现在是我在写故事，故事不再信马由缰，我也不再抬头看，忘了时间，不去想身在何处，也不再叫圣詹姆斯朗姆酒了。想都不用想，我已经喝腻了这酒。后来这篇故事写完了，我也累极了。读完最后一段，我抬头寻找那个女孩，她已经走了。但愿和她一起走的是个好男人，我想。但我还是觉得难过。

I closed up the story in the notebook and put it in my inside pocket and I asked the waiter for a dozen portugaises and a half-carafe of the dry white wine they had there. After writing a story I was always empty and both sad and happy, as though I had made love, and I was sure this was a very good story although I would not know truly how good until I read it over the next day.

我在笔记本中写完故事，把本子放入外套的内侧口袋，向侍者要了一打他们那里的葡萄牙牡蛎和半瓶干白葡萄酒。写完一个故事后我总是有一种被掏空的感觉，既忧愁又欢喜，就如同做完爱一样。我相信这是个很好的故事，尽管只有等第二天我将它通读一遍才能知道它究竟有多好。

As I ate the oysters with their strong taste of the sea and their faint metallic taste that the cold white wine washed away, leaving only the sea taste and the succulent texture, and as I drank their cold liquid from each shell and washed it down with the crisp taste of the wine, I lost the empty feeling and began to be happy and to make plans.

我吃着带有浓烈海腥味和些微金属味的牡蛎，喝冰镇白葡萄酒将这种金属味道冲淡，只留下海腥味和多汁的口感，然后啜吸每一个贝壳上冰凉的汁液，用清爽的白葡萄酒将之送入腹中，我于是没了那种被掏空的感觉，开始高兴起来，盘算着下一步计划。

Now that the bad weather had come, we could leave Paris for a while for a place where this rain would be snow coming down through the pines and covering the road and the high hillsides and at an altitude where we would hear it creak as we walked home at night. Below Les Avants[5] there was a chalet where the pension was wonderful and where we would be together and have our books and at night be warm in bed together with the windows open and the stars bright. That was where we could go. Traveling third class on the train was not expensive. The pension cost very little more than we spent in Paris.

既然糟糕的天气已经来临，我们可以离开巴黎一阵，去一个下雪而不下这种雨的地方。在那里，雪从松枝上滑落，铺满路面和高高的山坡。在山上，夜里我们走路回家时还能听见积雪吱吱响的声音。莱扎旺山脚下有一座牧人小屋，食宿非常不错。我们可以一起去那儿，带上我们的书，晚上可以一起躺在暖和的被窝里，开着窗，看闪亮的星光。那就是我们可以去的地方。坐火车三等车厢并不贵。食宿开销也不比我们在巴黎多多少。

I would give up the room in the hotel where I wrote and there was only the rent of 74 rue Cardinal Lemoine which was nominal. I had written journalism for Toronto[6] and the checks for that were due. I could write that anywhere under any circumstances and we had money to make the trip.

我要退了在旅馆写作的房间，这样就只需付勒穆瓦纳主教街74号那微不足道的房租了。我为多伦多写过新闻报道，稿费的支票该到了。无论在何地，无论周遭的环境如何，我都可以写这种报道。因此我们有钱作这次旅行。

Maybe away from Paris I could write about Paris as in Paris I could write about Michigan. I did not know it was too early for that because I did not know Paris well enough. But that was how it worked out eventually. Anyway we would go if my wife wanted to, and I finished the oysters and the wine and paid my score in the café and made it the shortest way back up the Montagne Ste. Geneviéve through the rain, that was now only local weather and not something that changed your life, to the fl at at the top of the hill.

也许离开了巴黎，我就可以写写巴黎，就像在巴黎我能写写密歇根一样。我还不知道此时为时尚早，因为我对巴黎还了解得不够。但是巴黎最终就是这么写出来的。不管怎么说，只要妻子想去，我们就走。我吃完牡蛎，喝完酒，付了咖啡馆的账，抄了一条最近的路冒雨赶回圣热纳维埃弗山山顶的公寓。下雨只不过是当地的天气，并不是改变生活的什么东西。

"I think it would be wonderful, Tatie[7]," my wife said. She had a gently modeled face and her eyes and her smile lighted up at decisions as though they were rich presents. "When should we leave?"

“我觉得这个主意好极了，塔蒂。”我妻子说。她有一张线条优雅的脸。每次作出决定时，她眼睛会一亮，露出笑容，就像这些决定是丰厚的礼物。“我们什么时候走？”

"Whenever you want."

“你想什么时候就什么时候。”

"Oh, I want to right away. Didn't you know?"

“哦，我想马上就走。难道你不知道么？”

"Maybe it will be fine and clear when we come back. It can be very fine when it is clear and cold."

“等我们回来，也许这儿的天气就晴好了。晴朗的冷天，也是很不错的天气。”

"I'm sure it will be," she said. "Weren't you good to think of going, too."

“我相信天气一定会转好的。”她说，“你想到了去旅行不是也很好嘛。”

(1)护墙广场，位于左岸拉丁区，广场上有很多咖啡馆，是艺术家和作家经常去的地方。

(2)布拉克（1882—1963），法国画家、立体主义代表。

(3)魏尔兰（1844—1896），法国象征派诗人。

(4)马提尼克，岛屿名字，在向风群岛中部，是法国的海外省。

(5)莱扎旺山，位于瑞士的滑雪胜。

(6)该词这里指《多伦多星报》，当时作者任该报驻巴黎记者，后来辞职当专职作家。

(7)塔蒂，海明威给自己起的绰号。欧内斯特·海明威是以他的外祖父欧内斯特·霍尔的名字命名的。海明威很讨厌这个名字，将它与奥斯卡·王尔德的喜剧《认真的重要性》中那个天真得可愚的主人相联，所以他常常为自己起绰号，包括Wemedge,Taty,Stein,Hemingstein，最后他叫自己为德高望重、一家之主的Papa。

Miss Stein Instructs

斯泰因小姐的教诲

When we came back to Paris it was clear and cold and lovely. The city had accommodated itself to winter, there was good wood for sale at the wood and coal place across our street, and there were braziers outside of many of the good cafés so that you could keep warm on the terraces. Our own apartment was warm and cheerful. We burned boulets which were molded, egg-shaped lumps of coal dust, on the wood fire, and on the streets the winter light was beautiful. Now you were accustomed to see the bare trees against the sky and you walked on the fresh-washed gravel paths through the Luxembourg gardens in the clear sharp wind. The trees were sculpture without their leaves when you were reconciled to them, and the winter winds blew across the surfaces of the ponds and the fountains blew in the bright light. All the distances were short now since we had been in the mountains.

我们回到巴黎时天气晴朗，虽然很冷，但很舒服。这座城市已经适应了冬天。街对面卖柴禾木炭的地方能买到好柴禾。许多不错的咖啡馆外面生着火盆，你可以在台阶上取暖。我们自己的公寓温暖而令人愉悦。我们在柴火上烧煤灰压制的蛋形煤球，街道上，冬日的阳光异常美丽。现在你已经习惯了看光秃秃的树映衬着天空，在刺骨干爽的冷风中沿着冲刷一新的砾石路穿过卢森堡花园。当你习惯了它们，掉光了叶子的树就宛如雕塑。冬天的风拂过池塘水面，喷泉在灿烂的阳光中绽放。因为我们曾在山里呆过，所有的远景现在都变得很近。

Because of the change in altitude I did not notice the grade of the hills except with pleasure, and the climb up to the top floor of the hotel where I worked, in a room that looked across all the roofs and the chimneys of the high hill of the quarter, was a pleasure. The fireplace drew well in the room and it was warm and pleasant to work. I brought mandarines and roasted chestnuts to the room in paper packets and peeled and ate the small tangerine-like oranges and threw their skins and spat their seeds in the fire when I ate them and roasted chestnuts when I was hungry. I was always hungry with the walking and the cold and the working. Up in the room I had a bottle of kirsch that we had brought back from the mountains and I took a drink of kirsch when I would get toward the end of a story or toward the end of the day's work. When I was through working for the day I put away the notebook, or the paper, in the drawer of the table and put any mandarines that were left in my pocket. They would freeze if they were left in the room at night.

由于海拔的改变，我并没有注意到山的坡度，却是满心欢喜。爬上旅馆顶层我写作的房间，从那儿就能看到这个地区高山上的所有屋顶和烟囱，那是一件愉快的事。房间里壁炉通风好，写作时既暖和又舒服。我用纸袋装了些柑橘和烤栗子带到房间，剥开像丹吉尔红橘一样的橘子吃了，把橘子皮扔到火中，把籽儿也吐到火中，饿了我就吃烤栗子。走路、寒冷、写作总是让我感到饥饿。楼上房间里有一瓶我从山里带回来的樱桃酒。故事即将收尾，或者一天写作将要结束时，我就喝点儿樱桃酒。结束一天的写作，我就收起笔记本或者稿纸，放入桌子的抽屉里，把剩下的橘子装入口袋。夜里要是把这些橘子留在房间，它们会冻住的。

It was wonderful to walk down the long flights of stairs knowing that I'd had good luck working. I always worked until I had something done and I always stopped when I knew what was going to happen next. That way I could be sure of going on the next day. But sometimes when I was starting a new story and I could not get it going, I would sit in front of the fire and squeeze the peel of the little oranges into the edge of the f lame and watch the sputter of blue that they made. I would stand and look out over the roofs of Paris and think, "Do not worry. You have always written before and you will write now. All you have to do is write one true sentence. Write the truest sentence that you know." So finally I would write one true sentence, and then go on from there. It was easy then because there was always one true sentence that I knew or had seen or had heard someone say. If I started to write elaborately, or like someone introducing or presenting something, I found that I could cut that scrollwork or ornament out and throw it away and start with the first true simple declarative sentence I had written. Up in that room I decided that I would write one story about each thing that I knew about. I was trying to do this all the time I was writing, and it was good and severe discipline.

我顺着长长的楼梯往下走，想着当天写作进展顺利，真是一件美妙的事。我总是完成一部分写作才会停下，或者当我知道下一步会如何进展时，总是停笔，这样我就知道第二天该怎么写了。不过，有时候当我开始一个新故事却不知如何继续的时候，就会坐在壁炉边，把小橘子皮的汁挤到火苗边上，看着它们在蓝色的火光中噼啪作响。我会站在那儿，向外眺望巴黎的屋顶，心想：“别担心。你以前就一直写作，现在也能写。你要做的就是写出一句真实的句子。写出你了解的最真实的句子。”这样，最后我会写出一句真实的句子，然后从那儿接着往下写。这时就容易了，因为总有一句我知道或看过或听人说过的真实的句子。要是一开始就苦心经营，或者像有些人介绍或展示什么东西那样，我发现我会删除掉那些冗长的话或修饰语，而从已经写出的第一句真实简单的陈述句开始。在楼上那个房间，我下定决心要把我知道的每一件事都写成一个故事。写作的时候我一直努力这样做。这是有益而严格的锻炼。

It was in that room too that I learned not to think about anything that I was writing from the time I stopped writing until I started again the next day. That way my subconscious would be working on it and at the same time I would be listening to other people and noticing everything, I hoped; learning, I hoped; and I would read so that I would not think about my work and make myself impotent to do it. Going down the stairs when I had worked well, and that needed luck as well as disciple, was a wonderful feeling and I was free then to walk anywhere in Paris.

也就是在那个房间，我学会了从停笔到第二天重新动笔前不去想我正在写的任何东西。这样，我的潜意识会继续工作，同时我又能倾听别人，注意到每一件事，持续学习，我希望如此；为了不让自己净想着写作，以致无力再写下去，我会阅读。当写作进展顺利——当然这不仅需要训练，而且还要有点运气——我走下楼梯，那是一种美妙的感觉。那时我就可以在巴黎的任何地方自由自在地散步。

If I walked down by different streets to the Jardin du Luxembourg in the afternoon I could walk through the gardens and then go to the Musée du Luxembourg where the great paintings were that have now mostly been transferred to the Louvre and the Jeu de Paume. I went there nearly every day for the Cézannes and to see the Manets and the Monets and the other impressionism that I had first come to know about in the Art Institute at Chicago. I was learning something from the painting of Cézanne that made writing simple true sentences far from enough to make the stories have the dimensions that I was trying to put in them, I was learning very much from him but I was not articulate enough to explain it to anyone. Besides it was a secret. But if the light was gone in the Luxembourg I would walk up through the gardens and stop in at the studio apartment where Gertrude Stein[1] lived at 27 rue de Fleurus.

如果下午经由不同的大街走到卢森堡公园，我就可以穿过花园走到卢森堡博物馆。那儿的著名画作现在大多都已经转移到卢浮宫和网球场国家画廊了。我几乎每天都去那儿看塞尚、马奈、莫奈以及我最早在芝加哥艺术学院开始了解的其他印象派画家的画。那时我正从塞尚的画里学东西，那就是，要使故事具有我正努力达到的深度，写简单真实的句子还远远不够。我从他那儿学到了很多东西，但我不善表达，无法向任何人解释清楚。况且，这还是个秘密。如果卢森堡博物馆里的灯熄了，我就穿过公园，顺便拜访格特鲁德·斯泰因在花园街27号的工作室公寓。

My wife and I had called on Miss Stein, and she and the friend[2] who lived with her had been very cordial and friendly and we had loved the big studio with the great paintings. It was like one of the best rooms in the finest museum except there was a big fireplace and it was warm and comfortable and they gave you good things to eat and tea and natural distilled liqueurs made from purple plums, yellow

plums or wild raspberries. These were fragrant, colorless alcohols served from cutglass carafes in small glasses and whether they were quetsche, mirabelle or framboise they all tasted like the fruits they came from, converted into a controlled fire on your tongue that warmed you and loosened it.

妻子和我曾经拜访过斯泰因小姐，她和与她一同居住的朋友都很热情友善。我们很喜欢那个挂着名画的大工作室，它就像最精美的博物馆里一间最精致的展室，不同的是这里有一个温暖舒适的大壁炉，主人还招待可口的食物和茶水，还有用紫梅、黄梅或野覆盆子酿造的天然蒸馏的利口酒。这些酒都醇香无色，喝的时候从刻花玻璃瓶倒入小玻璃酒杯。无论这酒是李子白兰地，布拉斯李酒或是木莓白兰地，味道都像用来酿酒的原果，在舌尖化成一簇小小的火焰，让你暖和起来，话也就多了起来。

Miss Stein was very big but not tall and was heavily built like a peasant woman. She had beautiful eyes and a strong German-Jewish face that also could have been Friulano and she reminded me of a northern Italian peasant woman with her clothes, her mobile face and her lovely, thick, alive immigrant hair which she wore put up in the same way she had probably worn it in college. She talked all the time and at first it was about people and places.

斯泰因小姐块头大，但个儿不高，体格壮实得如农妇一般。她的眼睛很漂亮，长着一张德国犹太人的坚毅的脸，也可能是弗留利人。她的衣着，表情丰富的脸，以及可爱、浓密、有生气的移民者的头发，梳着很可能还是她大学时才梳的样式，这些都让我联想到意大利北部的农妇。她一直在说话，且从人物和地方开始谈起。

Her companion had a very pleasant voice, was small, very dark, with her hair cut like Joan of Arc in the Boutet de Monvel[3] illustrations and had a very hooked nose. She was working on a piece of needlepoint when we first met them and she worked on this and saw to the food and drink and talked to my wife. She made one conversation and listened to two and often interrupted the one she was not making. Afterwards she explained to me that she always talked to the wives. The wives, my wife and I felt, were tolerated. But we liked Miss Stein and her friend, although the friend was frightening. The paintings and the cakes and the eau-de-vie were truly wonderful. They seemed to like us too and treated us as though we were very good, well mannered and promising children and I felt that they forgave us for being in love and being married—time would fix that—and when my wife invited them to tea, they accepted.

她的同伴声音非常悦耳，身材小巧玲珑，肤色很黑，头发修剪得像布特·德·蒙维插图中的圣女贞德一样，还长着一个很尖的鹰钩鼻。我们第一次和她们见面时，她正在做刺绣。她一边做着刺绣，一边关照着食物

和饮料，还和我的妻子说着话。她和这边说着话，却同时听着那边两个人的谈话，还不时打断那边她没有参与的谈话。后来她向我解释，她总是和妻子们说话。妻子和我都感觉到，妻子们是可以被宽容的。不过我们都喜欢斯泰因小姐和她的朋友，虽然这个朋友令人心生畏惧。画作、蛋糕，还有白兰地，真是美妙极了。她们似乎也喜欢我们，对待我们就像我们是乖巧听话、彬彬有礼、前途光明的孩子一样。我觉得她们不介意我们相爱并且结了婚——时间会证明这一点的——我的妻子邀请她们来喝茶，她们答应了。

When they came to our flat they seemed to like us even more; but perhaps that was because the place was so small and we were much closer together. Miss Stein sat on the bed that was on the floor and asked to see the stories I had written and she said that she liked them except one called "Up in Michigan."

她们来我们公寓时似乎更加喜欢我们了，但也许那是因为地方太小，我们距离更近的缘故。斯泰因小姐坐在铺在地上的床垫上，提出要看我写的小说，说我写的故事她都喜欢，除了一个叫做《在密歇根州北部》的故事。

"It's good," she said. "That's not the question at all. But it is inaccrochable. That means it is like a picture that a painter paints and then he cannot hang it when he has a show and nobody will buy it because they cannot hang it either."

“故事不错，”她说，“这倒毫无疑问。但不能公之于众。就是说，就像一个画家画了幅画，办画展的时候却不能把它挂出来。没有人会买它，因为他们也不能挂出这幅画。”

"But what if it is not dirty but it is only that you are trying to use words that people would actually use? That are the only words that can make the story come true and that you must use them? You have to use them."

“但如果这不是脏话，你只是想用人们现实中会用的语言呢？只有这样的语言才能使故事真实，你必须用怎么办？你不得不用它们。”

"But you don't get the point at all," she said. "You mustn't write anything that is inaccrochable. There is no point in it. It's wrong and it's silly."

“你根本没有理解我的意思，”她说，“你一定不能写不能公之于众的东西。这么做没有意义。这是错误的，而且很愚蠢。”

She herself wanted to be published in the Atlantic Monthly[4], she told me, and she would be. She told me that I was not a good enough writer to be published there or in The Saturday Evening Post[5] but that I might be some new sort of writer in my own way but the first thing to remember was not to write stories that were inaccrochable. I did

not argue about this nor try to explain again what I was trying to do about conversation. That was my own business and it was much more interesting to listen. That afternoon she told us, too, how to buy pictures.

她告诉我，她希望自己的作品能在《大西洋月刊》上发表，并且会发表的。她还告诉我，我还不是个够格的作家，在《大西洋月刊》或《星期六晚邮报》上还发表不了作品，但我可能会成为独具风格的新型作家，而我首先要牢记的就是不要写不能公之于众的小说。对此我没有争辩，也没有再去解释我想怎么处理人物对话。那是我自己的事，而且听别人说话更有意思。那天下午她还告诉我们如何买画。

"You can either buy clothes or buy pictures," she said. "It's that simple. No one who is not very rich can do both. Pay no attention to your clothes and no attention at all to the mode, and buy your clothes for comfort and durability, and you will have the clothes money to buy pictures."

“你要么买衣服，要么买画，”她说，“就是这么简单。不算很富裕的人不可能两者都买。不要花心思在衣服上，一点儿都不要在乎款式，就买舒服、耐穿的衣服，这样你就能把买衣服的钱用来买画了。”

"But even if I never bought any more clothing ever," I said, "I wouldn't have enough money to buy the Picassos that I want."

“可是即使我从不买新衣服，”我说，“我也没有足够的钱去买我想要的毕加索的画。”

"No. He's out of your range. You have to buy the people of your own age—of your own military service group. You'll know them. You'll meet them around the quarter. There are always good new serious painters. But it's not you buying clothes so much. It's your wife always. It's women's clothes that are expensive."

“是的，他不在你的购买范围里。你只能买同龄画家的画——和你在同一个兵团服役的画家。你会认识他们的。在这个区附近你就能碰见他们。画家中总是不乏认真的后起之秀。但是不是你买衣服多，买衣服的总是你妻子。贵的总是女人的衣服。”

I saw my wife trying not to look at the strange, steerage clothes that Miss Stein wore and she was successful. When they left we were still popular, I thought, and we were asked to come again to 27 rue de Fleurus.

我看出妻子尽量不去看斯泰因小姐那身怪异、不上档次的衣服，她做得很成功。她们离开的时候，我想，她们仍然喜欢我们，而且再次邀请我们去花园街27号。

It was later on that I was asked to come to the studio any time after five in the winter time. I had met Miss Stein in the Luxembourg.

I cannot remember whether she was walking her dog or not, nor whether she had a dog then. I know that I was walking myself, since we could not afford a dog nor even a cat then, and the only cats I knew were in the cafés or small restaurants or the great cats that I admired in concierges' windows. Later I often met Miss Stein with her dog in the Luxembourg gardens; but I think this time was before she had one.

到后来冬天了，斯泰因小姐邀请我在五点以后的任何时候都可以去她的工作室。我在卢森堡公园偶遇过斯泰因小姐。我忘了她是否在遛狗，也不记得那会儿她是否养了狗。我只记得我是自己一个人散步，因为那会儿我们还养不起狗，甚至连只猫都养不起。我唯一认识的就是在咖啡馆或小餐馆的猫，或是门房窗户里让我羡慕不已的肥猫。之后我经常在卢森堡花园碰见斯泰因小姐遛狗，但我觉得这次碰见她时她还没养狗。

But I accepted her invitation, dog or no dog, and had taken to stopping in at the studio, and she always gave me the natural eau-de-vie, insisting on my refilling my glass, and I looked at the pictures and we talked. The pictures were exciting and the talk was very good. She talked, mostly, and she told me about modern pictures and about painters— more about them as people than as painters—and she talked about her work. She showed me the many volumes of manuscript that she had written and that her companion typed each day. Writing every day made her happy, but as I got to know her better I found that for her to keep happy it was necessary that this steady daily output, which varied with her energy, be published and that she receive recognition.

不过，不管养没养狗，我接受了她的邀请，并且习惯了顺道拜访她的工作室。她总是给我倒上天然的白兰地，并且执意要我续杯。我则欣赏着画，和她聊天。这些画很令人兴奋，而我们的谈话也很愉快。大多时候都是她在说话，她向我介绍现代油画和画家——更多的时候是把他们当作普通人而不是画家向我介绍——她也谈自己的作品，给我看她写的、由她的同伴每天打出来的好几卷手稿。每天的写作让她很高兴，但是当我进一步了解她之后，我发现，对她来说，保持愉快的必要条件是每天固定写出来的这些东西能够发表，她能得到认可，数量的多少视她的精力而异。

This had not become an acute situation when I first knew her, since she had published three stories that were intelligible to anyone. One of there stories, "Melanctha[6]," was very good and good samples of her experimental writing had been published in book form and had been well praised by critics who had met her or known her. She had such a personality that when she wished to win anyone over to her side she would not be resisted, and critics who met her and saw her pictures took on trust writing of hers that they could not understand

because of their enthusiasm for her as a person, and because of their confidence in her judgment. She had also discovered many truths about rhythms and the uses of words in repetition that were valid and valuable and she talked well about them.

我刚认识她的时候，这种情况并不严重，因为她已经发表了三篇人人都能读懂的小说。其中一篇以单行本形式发表的《梅兰克莎》写得非常好，是她实验性作品的范例，见过她或熟知她的评论家都给予了很高的评价。她是这样一个人：只要她想赢得谁的支持，别人总是抗拒不了，见过她、看过她的藏画的评论家都会对她的作品产生信任感，尽管他们看不懂，因为他们热衷于她这个人，因为他们相信她的判断力。她还探索了韵律的许多特点以及如何重复用词，这些都让人信服，而且颇具价值。对此她也讲得头头是道。

But she disliked the drudgery of revision and the obligation to make her writing intelligible, although she needed to have publication and official acceptance, especially for the unbelievably long book called The Making of Americans[7].

但是她不喜欢单调乏味的修改工作，也讨厌履行把作品写得简单易懂的义务，虽然她需要出版作品，需要得到官方的认可，尤其是那本《美国人的形成》，一本冗长得不可思议的书。

This book began magnificently, went on very well for a long way with great stretches of great brilliance and then went on endlessly in repetitions that a more conscientious and less lazy writer would have put in the waste basket. I came to know it very well as I got—forced, perhaps would be the word—Ford Madox Ford to publish it in The Transatlantic Review[8] serially, knowing that it would outrun the life of the review. For publication in the review I had to read all of Miss Stein's proof for her as this was a work which gave her no happiness.

这本书开篇精彩，接下来很长篇幅都很不错，文笔华丽，但随后就没完没了地重复，任何一个比她多点责任心又不像她那么懒的作家都会把这部分扔进垃圾桶。我让——也许应该说“逼迫”——福特·麦克多斯·福特在《跨大西洋评论》上连载这本书时终于明白了这一点，我知道刊载完这本书需要的时间可能比《评论》的寿命还要长。为了在《评论》上发表这本书，我不得不替斯泰因小姐阅读她所有的校对稿，因为这样的工作不能给她带来乐趣。

On this cold afternoon when I had come past the concierge's lodge and the cold courtyard to the warmth of the studio, all that was years ahead. On this day Miss Stein was instructing me about sex. By that time we liked each other very much and I had already learned that everything I did not understand probably had something to it. Miss Stein thought that I was too uneducated about sex and I must admit that I had certain prejudices against homosexuality since I knew its more primitive aspects. I knew it was why you carried a knife and

would use it when you were in the company of tramps when you were a boy in the days when wolves was not a slang term for men obsessed by the pursuit of women. I knew many inaccrochable terms and phrases from Kansas City days[9] and the mores of different parts of that city, Chicago and the lake boats. Under questioning I tried to tell Miss Stein that when you were a boy and moved in the company of men, you had to be prepared to kill a man, know how to do it and really know that you would do it in order not to be interfered with. That term was accrochable. If you knew you would kill, other people sensed it very quickly and you were let alone; but there were certain situations you could not allow yourself to be forced into or trapped into. I could have expressed myself more vividly by using an inaccrochable phrase that wolves used on the lake boats, "Oh gash may be fine but one eye for mine." But I was always careful of my language with Miss Stein even when true phrases might have clarified or better expressed a prejudice.

在这个寒冷的下午，我经过门房处，穿过寒冷的院子，来到温暖的工作室，前面说的都是几年以后的事了。这天，斯泰因小姐向我灌输关于性的知识。那时候我们都很喜欢对方，我也已经明白，任何我不懂的东西可能都和这有点关系。斯泰因小姐认为我在性方面太无知了，而我必须承认，自从我了解了同性恋较为原始的方面以来，我就对同性恋抱有某种偏见。我知道这就是为什么当你还是个孩童时，当“色狼”还未用来作为对那些沉迷于追求女人的男人的俗称时，你就得随身准备一把小刀，在和一群流浪汉厮混时还会用上它。在堪萨斯城的日子里，我了解了很多有伤大雅的词语和短语以及该城市的不同地方、芝加哥和湖泊船只上的习俗。追问之下，我试图告诉斯泰因小姐，当你还是个孩童时，并且在一群男人中周旋，你不得不做好杀人的准备，懂得怎么杀人，并且真正明白为了防止被侵犯你会杀人的。那个词无伤大雅。如果你知道自己要杀人，别人很快就能察觉出来，这样你就不会被侵犯；不过有一些情况你是不能允许自己被逼入或被困于其中的。要是用色狼在湖泊船只上用的一句见不得人的话，我也许能表达得更加形象：“哦，也许有个裂缝就行，但我要有个眼儿。”可是在斯泰因小姐面前我总是谨言慎语，即使当真实的话语也许能澄清或更好地表达一种偏见时，我也是很小心。

"Yes, yes, Hemingway," she said. "But you were living in a milieu of criminals and perverts."

“没错，没错，海明威，”她说，“不过你那时生活在一群罪犯和堕落者中。”

I did not want to argue that, although I thought that I had lived in a world as it was and there were all kinds of people in it and I tried to understand them, although some of them I could not like and some I still hated.

我不想争辩，虽然我认为我曾经生活的世界是真实的，里面有各种各样的人，我努力去了解他们，尽管其中有些人我无法喜欢，有些人我仍然厌恶不已。

"But what about the old man with beautiful manners and a great name who came to the hospital in Italy and brought me a bottle of Marsala or Campari and behaved perfectly, and then one day I would have to tell the nurse never to let that man into the room again?" I asked.

“可是那位彬彬有礼、颇有声望的老人曾来意大利的医院看我，给我带了瓶马沙拉白葡萄酒或堪培利开胃酒，风度举止堪称完美，然后有一天我却不得不告诉护士别再让那个人进病房，你说这是怎么回事？”我问道。

"Those people are sick and cannot help themselves and you should pity them."

“那些人有病，控制不住自己，你应该可怜他们。”

"Should I pity so and so?" I asked. I gave his name but he delights so in giving it himself that I feel there is no need to give it for him.

“我应该可怜某某吗？”我问道。我说出了他的名字，但既然他乐意自报姓名，我觉得这里没有必要提他的名字。

"No. He's vicious. He's a corrupter and he's truly vicious."

“不。他道德败坏。他诱人堕落，真的很道德败坏。”

"But he's supposed to be a good writer."

“但他应该是个好作家。”

"He's not," she said. "He's just a showman and he corrupts for the pleasure of corruption and he leads people into other vicious practices as well. Drugs, for example."

“他不是。”她说，“他只不过是个爱卖弄的人，他诱人堕落是为了寻求堕落的快感，他还引人染上其他恶习，比如吸毒。”

"And in Milan the man I'm to pity was not trying to corrupt me?"

“可是在米兰，这个我应该可怜的人却没有设法诱我堕落啊？”

"Don't be silly. How could he hope to corrupt you? Do you corrupt a boy like you, who drinks alcohol, with a bottle of Marsala? No, he was a pitiful old man who could not help what he was doing. He was sick and he could not help it and you should pity him."

“别傻了。他怎么可能想诱使你堕落？你会拿一瓶马沙拉白葡萄酒去诱使像你这样一个喝烈酒的男孩堕落吗？不会的，他就是个可怜的老头，控制不住自己的所作所为。他有病，控制不住自己，你应该可怜他。”

"I did at the time," I said. "But I was disappointed because he had such beautiful manners."

“我那时真的同情他，”我说，“但我很失望，因为他是如此彬彬有礼。”

I took another sip of the eau-de-vie and pitied the old man and looked at Picasso's nude of the girl with the basket of flowers. I had not started the conversation and thought it had become a little dangerous. There were almost never any pauses in a conversation with Miss Stein, but we had paused and there was something she wanted to tell me and I filled my glass.

我又喝了一口白兰地，同情起那个老人，同时看着毕加索画中那个挎着一篮鲜花的裸体女孩。话题不是我开启的，我觉得谈话已经有点危险了。和斯泰因小姐交谈，中间几乎没有过任何停顿，但那次我们还是停下来了，她要告诉我一些事，于是我斟满了酒杯。

"You know nothing about any of this really, Hemingway," she said. "You've met known criminals and sick people and vicious people. The main thing is that the act male homosexuals commit is ugly and repugnant and afterwards they are disgusted with themselves. They drink and take drugs, to palliate this, but they are disgusted with the act and they are always changing partners and cannot be really happy."

“你真的对此一无所知，海明威。”她说，“你的确碰到过人尽皆知的罪犯、病态的人和邪恶的人。但问题主要是，男同性恋者的行为是丑陋的、令人反感的，事后他们会厌恶自己。他们喝酒、吸毒，以此来减轻痛苦，但他们厌恶这种行为，所以总是更换伴侣，却不能真正快乐起来。”

"I see."

“我明白。”

"In women it is the opposite. They do nothing that they are disgusted by and nothing that is repulsive and afterwards they are happy and they can lead happy lives together."

“女同性恋的情况却相反。她们不做任何让她们厌恶的事，也不做令人反感的事，事后她们很快乐，所以她们可以在一起幸福地生活。”

"I see," I said. "But what about so and so?"

“我明白，”我说，“可是某某呢？”

"She's vicious," Miss Stein said. "She's truly vicious, so she can never be happy except with new people. She corrupts people."

“她道德败坏。”斯泰因小姐说，“她真是道德败坏，所以她快乐不起来，除非和新的伴侣在一起。她诱使人堕落。”

"I understand."

“我明白了。”

"You're sure you understand?"

“你确定你明白了？”

There were so many things to understand in those days and I was glad when we talked about something else. The park was closed so I had to walk down along it to the rue de Vaugirard and around the lower end of the park. It was sad when the park was closed and locked and I was sad walking around it instead of through it and in a hurry to get home to the rue Cardinal Lemoine. The day had started out so brightly too. I would have to work hard tomorrow. Work could cure almost anything, I believed then, and I believe now. Then all I had to be cured of, I decided Miss Stein felt, was youth and loving my wife. I was not at all sad when I got home to the rue Cardinal Lemoine and told my newly acquired knowledge to my wife. In the night we were happy with our own knowledge we already had and other new knowledge we had acquired in the mountains.

那些日子要明白的事情真是太多了，所以当我们谈及别的话题时，我真的很高兴。公园已经关门了，我只好顺着公园走到沃日拉尔大街，绕过公园的低地。公园关闭、大门紧锁的时候真令人难过。不能穿过公园，我只好难过地绕过公园，匆匆走回位于勒穆瓦纳主教街上的家。这一天开始时也曾是那么阳光灿烂。明天我得努力写作。写作几乎能治愈一切，那时我是这么认为的，现在我依然这么认为。我确定斯泰因小姐觉察到了，我要治愈的正是青春和我对妻子的爱。回到位于勒穆瓦纳主教街上的家，把刚学的知识告诉妻子时，我一点也不难过了。晚上，对于我们已获得的知识和其他在山上学到的新知识，我们感到很高兴。

(1)格特鲁德·斯泰因（1874—1946），美国作家，1903年起旅居巴黎直至去世。19世纪20年代，她的工作室成为侨居巴黎的英美作家、艺术家会聚的中心之一。

(2)这里指的是艾丽斯·巴·托克拉斯（1877—1967），和斯泰因有同性恋关系。

(3)布特·德·蒙维（1851—1913），法国画家、儿童读物插图画家，其作品《圣女贞德》于1896年出版。

(4)《大西洋月刊》，赢得多个美国期刊奖项，两个世纪以来一直受到文学爱好者们的青睐。该期刊介绍生活的方方面面，包括文学、旅行、饮食等，对国内外事件、政治、财经、艺术、人物等方面的新闻报道视角独特。

(5)《星期六晚邮报》，美国一流文艺月刊，创刊于1821年，1969年倒闭，1971年恢复季刊。

(6)《梅兰克莎》，斯泰因创作的小说《三面夏娃》的第二部分，以

女人公梅兰克莎命名。

(7)《美国人的形成》，故事讲的是一个美国家庭的发展变迁。

(8)《跨大西洋评》，由福特·麦克多斯·福特1924年于巴黎创办并主编的期刊。

(9)这里指的是海明威1917年10月至1918年4月担任著名报纸《堪萨斯城明星报》新闻记者的那段日子。

"Une Génération Perdue”

“迷惘的一代”

It was easy to get into the habit of stopping in at 27 rue de Fleurus late in the afternoon for the warmth and the great pictures and the conversation. Often Miss Stein would have no guests and she was always very friendly and for a long time she was affectionate. When I had come back from trips that I had made to the different political conferences or to the Near East or Germany for the Canadian paper and the news services that I worked for she wanted me to tell her about all the amusing details. There were funny parts always and she liked them and also what the Germans call gallowshumor stories. She wanted to know the gay part of how the world was going; never the real, never the bad.

为了取取暖、看看名画、聊聊天，我很容易就养成了一个习惯，即下午晚些时候会顺道拜访花园街27号。斯泰因小姐通常没有客人，她总是非常友好，甚至有很长一段时间还很热情。每当我代表自己就职的加拿大报社和其他新闻通讯社去参加各种政治会议或者从近东或德国回来，她就让我讲述所有趣事。总有一些好玩的事，她非常喜欢，还有德国人称作“大难临头时的幽默”那样的故事。她想了解的是世界欢乐的一面；从来不想了解其真实的一面，也从来不想了解其消极的一面。

I was young and not gloomy and there were always strange and comic things that happened in the worst time and Miss Stein liked to hear these. The other things I did not talk of and wrote by myself.

我还年轻，也不悲观，所以总能碰上在最不适宜的时间发生的稀奇古怪、令人捧腹的事情。斯泰因小姐就喜欢听这些。别的故事我就不谈了，我会自己写出来。

When I had not come back from any trips and would stop in at the rue de Fleurus after working I would try sometimes to get Miss Stein to talk about books. When I was writing, it was necessary for me to read after I had written. If you kept thinking about it, you would lose the thing that you were writing before you could go on with it the next day. It was necessary to get exercise, to be tired in the body, and it was very good to make love with whom you loved. That was better than anything. But afterwards, when you were empty, it was necessary to read in order not to think or worry about your work until you could do it again. I had learned already never to empty the well of my writing, but always to stop when there was still something there in the deep part of the well, and let it refill at night from the springs that fed it.

如果不是从什么地方旅行回来，而是写作之余顺便拜访花园街，有时我就让斯泰因小姐谈谈书。写作期间，我写完一部分后必须要读一读。如果一直想着写作，你就会丢了正在写的东西的头绪，第二天就没法接着往下写。锻炼锻炼，让身体疲惫是必要的，和所爱的人做爱也非常有好处。这比别的办法都管用。但事后，当你被掏空后，就需要阅读，这样才能在再次动笔前不去想或担忧你的写作。我已经学会了决不让我的写作之井枯竭，趁井底还有东西的时候总是要停笔，让滋养它的泉水在夜里将它重新注满。

To keep my mind off writing sometimes after I had worked I would read writers who were writing then, such as Aldous Huxley[1], D. H. Lawrence[2] or any who had books published that I could get from Sylvia Beach's library or find along the quais.

有时写作结束后，为了让自己不再想写作的事，我会读一些当时也在写作的作家的作品，例如阿道斯·赫胥黎、D·H·劳伦斯，或者任何有作品发表的作家，只要我能从西尔维娅·比奇图书馆借到或在码头边上找到。

"Huxley is a dead man," Miss Stein said. "Why do you want to read a dead man? Can't you see he is dead?"

“赫胥黎是个死板的人。”斯泰因小姐说，“你为什么要读一个死板的人写的东西呢？难道你看不出他很死板吗？”

I could not see, then, that he was a dead man and I said that his books amused me and kept me from thinking.

那时我看不出他是个死板的人。我回答说他的书能让我放松，让我不去思考。

"You should only read what is truly good or what is frankly bad."

“你应该只看那些真正的好书或是显而易见的坏书。”

"I've been reading truly good books all winter and all last winter and I'll read them next winter, and I don't like frankly bad books."

“今年和去年的整个冬天我都在看真正的好书，明年冬天我还要看这样的书，我不喜欢显而易见的坏书。”

"Why do you read this trash? It is inflated trash, Hemingway. By a dead man."

“为什么读这样拙劣的作品？那是夸夸其谈的垃圾作品，海明威。是一个死板的人写的。”

"I like to see what they are writing," I said. "And it keeps my mind off me doing it."

“我想看看他们在写些什么。”我说，“它能让我打消写同样东西的念头。”

"Who else do you read now?"

“你现在还读谁的作品？”

"D. H. Lawrence," I said. "He wrote some very good short stories, one called 'The Prussian Officer.'"

"D·H·劳伦斯。”我回答，“他写了一些很好的短篇小说，有一篇叫《普鲁士军官》。”

"I tried to read his novels. He's impossible. He's pathetic and preposterous. He writes like a sick man."

“我试着读过他的小说。他真是让人受不了。可怜兮兮，又荒谬无理。写东西就像一个病态的人。”

"I liked Sons and Lovers and The White Peacock," I said. "Maybe that not so well. I couldn't read Women in Love."

“我喜欢《儿子与情人》，还有《白孔雀》。”我说，“也许那写得不怎么好。我读不了《恋爱中的女人》。”

"If you don't want to read what is bad, and want to read something that will hold your interest and is marvelous in its own way, you should read Marie Belloc Lowndes[3].”

“如果你不想读劣作，想读能让你感兴趣、本身又是一流的作品，那你就读读玛莉·贝洛克·朗兹。”

I had never heard of her, and Miss Stein loaned me The Lodger, that marvelous story of Jack the Ripper and another book about murder at a place outside Paris that could only be Enghienles Bains[4]. They were both splendid after-work books, the people credible and the action and the terror never false. They were perfect for reading after you had worked and I read all the Mrs. Belloc Lowndes that there was. But there was only so much and none as good as the first two and I never found anything as good for that empty time of day or night until the first fine Simenon[5] books came out.

我从未听说过这个女作家。斯泰因小姐借给我那本关于“开膛手”杰克的精彩小说《房客》和另外一本关于发生在巴黎以外某个地方的一起谋杀案的小说，这个地方只可能是翁吉安雷班。这两本书都是写作之余不错的读物，人物逼真，情节和恐怖的气氛也很真实。它们非常适合你在写作之余阅读。我读了所有能找到的贝洛克·朗兹夫人的书，不过也就这么多，而且没有一本像我最早读的那两本那么好，并且，我一直没有找到同样好的书来打发白天或黑夜空虚的时间，直到西默农最初一些优秀的书出版。

I think Miss Stein would have liked the good Simenons—the first one I read was either L'Ecluse Numéro 1, or La Maison du Canal—but I am not sure because when I knew Miss Stein she did not like to read

French although she loved to speak it. Janet Flanner[6] gave me the first two Simenons I ever read. She loved to read French and she had read Simenon when he was a crime reporter.

我想斯泰因小姐会喜欢西默农写的好书——我读的第一本要么是《第一号船闸》，要么是《运河上的房子》——但我不确定，因为我认识斯泰因小姐时，虽然她很爱说法语，但并不喜欢读法语作品。我最早读的那两本西默农的书是珍妮特·弗兰纳给我的。她喜欢读法语作品，早在西默农还是报道犯罪案件的记者时，珍妮特就读过他的作品。

In the three or four years that we were good friends I cannot remember Gertrude Stein ever speaking well of any writer who had not written favorably about her work or done something to advance her career except for Ronald Firbank[7] and, later, Scott Fitzgerald[8]. When I first met her she did not speak of Sherwood Anderson[9] as a writer but spoke glowingly of him as a man and of his great, beautiful, warm Italian eyes and of his kindness and his charm. I did not care about his great beautiful warm Italian eyes but I liked some of his short stories very much. They were simply written and sometimes beautifully written and he knew the people he was writing about and cared deeply for them. Miss Stein did not want to talk about his stories but always about him as a person.

在我们成为好朋友的三四年中，除了罗纳德·弗班克和后来的司各特·菲茨杰拉德，我不记得格特鲁德·斯泰因对任何不曾撰文支持她的作品、或为推动她的事业做过什么的作家有过什么赞许之辞。我第一次和斯泰因小姐见面时，她并没有把舍伍德·安德森当作作家来谈论，而是把他当作一个男人，兴高采烈地谈及他神采奕奕、温情脉脉的意大利式眼睛，谈及他的善良和他的魅力。我对他神采奕奕、温情脉脉的意大利式眼睛没有兴趣，但我很喜欢他的一些短篇小说。这些小说很朴实，有时也写得很美，他了解他笔下的人物，从内心深处关心他们。但斯泰因小姐不愿意谈论他的小说，而总是以谈论一个人的方式说起他。

"What about his novels?" I asked her. She did not want to talk about Anderson's works any more than she would talk about Joyce[10] If you brought up Joyce twice, you would not be invited back. It was like mentioning one general favorably to another general. You learned not to do it the first time you made the mistake. You could always mention a general, though, that the general you were talking to had beaten. The general you were talking to would praise the beaten general greatly and go happily into detail on how he had beaten him.

“他的小说怎么样？”我问她。她不愿意谈论安德森的作品，就像她不愿意谈论乔伊斯一样。你要是两次提起乔伊斯，她就不会再邀请你去她那儿了。这就好比在一位将军面前赞许另一位将军。第一次犯这样的错时，你就知道以后不会再这么做了。不过，若你提及的一位将军是和你谈话的这位将军曾经的手下败将，你频频提及也无妨。和你谈话的这

位将军会盛赞手下败将，然后得意洋洋地讲述他将对方打败的细节。

Anderson's stories were too good to make happy conversation. I was prepared to tell Miss Stein how strangely poor his novels were, but this would have been bad too because it was criticizing one of her most loyal supporters. When he wrote a novel finally called Dark Laughter, so terribly bad, silly and affected that I could not keep from criticizing it in a parody (The Torrents of Spring), Miss Stein was very angry. I had attacked someone that was a part of her apparatus. But for a long time before that she was not angry. She, herself, began to praise Sherwood lavishly after he had cracked up as a writer.

安德森的小说写得太好，因此不能作为一个令人愉快的话题。我本来准备告诉斯泰因小姐他的小说写得是多么不可思议地差，不过这样也不行，因为这就意味着批判一个她最忠实的支持者。他的一篇最后名为《阴险的笑声》的小说写得糟透了，又愚蠢又做作，所以我忍不住在一篇戏仿他作品的文章（《春潮》）中将之批判了一番，斯泰因小姐为此非常生气，因为我攻击的这个人属于她那个圈子。可是，在此之前很长一段时间她并没有生气。舍伍德成了一个失败的作家之后，她自己却开始毫不吝啬地赞扬他。

She was angry at Ezra Pound[11] because he had sat down too quickly on a small, fragile and, doubtless, uncomfortable chair, that it is quite possible he had been given on purpose, and had either cracked or broken it. That he was a great poet and a gentle and generous man and could have accommodated himself in a normal-size chair was not considered. The reasons for her dislike of Ezra, skillfully and maliciously put, were invented years later.

她对埃兹拉·庞德很不满，原因是他曾经在一把椅子上坐下得太快，结果不是把椅子坐裂了，就是坐坏了。这把椅子很小，又不结实，而且毫无疑问一点也不舒服，很可能是有意给他留的。她根本不想想，庞德是个伟大的诗人，性情温和、为人慷慨，完全能为自己找把大小合适的椅子。她不喜欢庞德的原因是多年以后才编造出来的，说得巧妙动听，其实心怀恶意。

It was when we had come back from Canada and were living in the rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs and Miss Stein and I were still good friends that Miss Stein made the remark about the lost generation. She had some ignition trouble with the old Model T Ford she then drove and the young man who worked in the garage and had served in the last year of the war had not been adept, or perhaps had not broken the priority of other vehicles, in repairing Miss Stein's Ford. Anyway he had not been sérieux and had been corrected severely by the patron of the garage after Miss Stein's protest. The patron had said to him, "You are all a génération perdue.”

斯泰因小姐对迷惘的一代加以评论，是我们从加拿大回来住在圣母

院田园大街的时候，那时她和我还是好朋友。她当时开的福特老式T系列汽车的点火装置有点问题，汽车修理厂的那个年轻人在一战最后一年服过役，给斯泰因修理福特车时技术并不熟练，或者可能是死守着其他车先来先修的原则，总之，他态度不认真，在斯泰因的强烈抗议下，修车行的老板严厉纠正他的错误。老板对他说："你们全是迷惘的一代。"

"That's what you are. That's what you all are," Miss Stein said. "All of you young people who served in the war. You are a lost generation."

"你就是那迷惘的一代。你们全都是。"斯泰因小姐说，"所有你们这些在战争中服过役的年轻人。你们是迷惘的一代。"

"Really?" I said.

"真的吗？"我问道。

"You are," she insisted. "You have no respect for anything. You drink yourselves to death...."

"当然。"她坚持道，"你们把什么都不放在眼里。你们醉生梦死……"

"Was the young mechanic drunk?" I asked.

"修车的那个年轻人喝醉了吗？"我问道。

"Of course not."

"当然没有。"

"Have you ever seen me drunk?"

"你见我喝醉过吗？"

"No. But your friends are drunk."

"没有。可你的朋友们喝醉过。"

"I've been drunk," I said. "But I don't come here drunk."

"我喝醉过，"我说，"但我没有喝得烂醉来你这儿。"

"Of course not. I didn't say that."

"当然没有。我没有这么说过。"

"The boy's patron was probably drunk by eleven o'clock in the morning," I said. "That's why he makes such lovely phrases."

"那个年轻人的老板很可能早上11点就喝醉了，"我说，"所以才说出那么有趣的话。"

"Don't argue with me, Hemingway," Miss Stein said. "It does no good at all. You're all a lost generation, exactly as the garage keeper said."

“不要和我争辩，海明威，”斯泰因小姐说，“这根本无济于事。你们都是迷惘的一代，和修车行老板说的一模一样。”

Later when I wrote my first novel I tried to balance Miss Stein's quotation from the garage keeper with one from Ecclesiastes[12]. But that night walking home I thought about the boy in the garage and if he had ever been hauled in one of those vehicles when they were converted to ambulances. I remembered how they used to burn out their brakes going down the mountain roads with a full load of wounded and braking in low and finally using the reverse, and how the last ones were driven over the mountainside empty, so they could be replaced by big Fiats with a good H-shift and metal-to-metal brakes. I thought of Miss Stein and Sherwood Anderson and egotism and mental laziness versus discipline and I thought who is calling who a lost generation? Then as I was getting up to the Closerie des Lilas with the light on my old friend, the statue of Marshal Ney[13] with his sword out and the shadows of the trees on the bronze, and he alone there and nobody behind him and what a fiasco he'd made of Waterloo, I thought that all generations were Lost by something and always had been and always would be and I stopped at the Lilas to keep the statue company and drank a cold beer before going home to the fl at over the sawmill. But sitting there with the beer, watching the statue and remembering how many days Ney had fought, personally, with the rear-guard on the retreat from Moscow that Napoleon had ridden away from in the coach with Caulaincourt[14], I thought of what a warm and affectionate friend Miss Stein had been and how beautifully she had spoken of Apollinaire[15] and of his death on the day of the Armistice in 1918 with the crowd shouting “à bas Guillaume[16], and Apollinaire, in his delirium, thinking they were crying against him, and I thought, I will do my best to serve her and see she gets justice for the good work she had done as long as I can, so help me God and Mike Ney. But the hell with her lost-generation talk and all the dirty, easy labels. When I got home and into the courtyard and upstairs and saw my wife and my son and his cat, F. Puss, all of them happy and a fire in the fireplace, I said to my wife, "You know, Gertrude is nice, anyway."

后来我写第一本小说时，我想拿斯泰因小姐引用修车行老板的那句话和《传道书》里的话比较。但是那天晚上走路回家，我想起了修车行的那个年轻人，想着当汽车改装成救护车时他是否被拉去开车。我记得他们是如何运送满满一车伤员顺着山路下山，慢慢刹车，最后只能用倒车挡，车闸总是被烧毁；我记得最后一批救护车在山坡上空车行驶，这样就能由装配有好用的H型变速换挡器和金属车闸的大型菲亚特车来替换。我想起了斯泰因小姐和舍伍德·安德森，想起了与自我约束相对照的自我主义和懒惰思想，我想，是谁管谁叫迷惘的一代？然后，我走到丁

香园咖啡馆，灯光照在我的老朋友——拔剑而出的内伊元帅的雕像身上，树影打在铜像上，他孤身一人在那儿，后面没有追随者，他在滑铁卢那一战败得真是惨痛。我想，每一代人都因为某些事情经历过迷惘，历史一贯如此，以后也将继续如此。回锯木厂楼上的公寓前，我在丁香园咖啡馆驻足，与这尊铜像为伴，喝了一杯冰啤酒。然而坐在那儿喝着啤酒，看着铜像，想到拿破仑和考兰科特一起坐着马车从莫斯科撤退时内伊元帅亲自和后卫部队作战的日日夜夜，我想起斯泰因小姐曾经是多么温柔可亲的朋友，想起她是如何赞美阿波里耐，如何谈起阿波里耐在1918年休战那天呜呼丧命的。当人群高呼“打倒纪尧姆”时，精神错乱的阿波里耐以为他们高喊反对的是他自己。我想，我会尽我所能为她服务，尽量保证她的好作品得到公正的待遇。所以，保佑我吧，上帝和迈克·内伊。可是，她那些关于迷惘的一代的言论和所有怀有恶意的、随意乱贴的标签都见鬼去吧。当我回到家，走进院子上了楼，看见了妻子、儿子和他的小猫咪,F·普斯，他们都很高兴，壁炉里生着火，我对妻子说：“你知道，不管怎么说，格特鲁德非常好。”

"Of course, Tatie."

“当然，塔蒂。”

"But she does talk a lot of rot sometimes."

“但她有时候真的满口胡言。”

"I never hear her," my wife said. "I'm a wife. It's her friend that talks to me."

“我从不听她说话，”妻子说，“我是一个妻子。和我说话的是她的同伴。”

(1)阿道斯·赫胥黎（1894—1963），英国作家，《美丽新世界》的作者。

(2)D·H·劳伦斯(1885—1930),英国作家和诗人。

(3)玛莉·贝洛克·朗兹（1868—1947），英国小说家，擅长写犯罪心理小说，《房客》是其中影响最大的一部。

(4)翁吉安雷班，巴黎北部的郊区。

(5)西默农（1903—1989），比利时法语小说家，尤以其描写麦格雷探长案的侦破小说而闻名，作品有《列托人彼得奇案》和《麦格雷的回忆》。

(6)珍妮特·弗兰纳（1892—1978），美国作家和记者，1925—1975年为《纽约客》驻巴黎记者。

(7)罗纳德·弗班克（1886—1926），英国小说家。

(8)司各特·菲茨杰拉德(1986-1940)，美国小说家。

(9)舍伍德·安德森（1876—1941),美国作家。

(10)乔伊斯（1882-1941），爱尔兰小说家。

(11)埃兹拉·庞德(1885—1972），美国流亡诗人、评论家。

(12)《传道书》，基督教《圣经·旧约》中的一卷。

(13)内伊（1769—1815），法国元帅，拿破仑手下名将之一。

(14)考兰科特(1773—1827），法国将军、外交官，1802年开始担任拿破仑的侍从官。

(15)阿波里耐（1880—1918），法国诗人、作家、评论家，在一战中受伤，两年后死于流感。

(16)打倒纪尧姆，这里指的是德皇威廉二世，是德意志第二帝国皇帝和普鲁士国王，从1888年到1918年在位。“纪尧姆”是威廉在法语中拼法的读音，所以阿波里耐以为是在反对他。

Shakespeare And Company

“莎士比亚之友”书店

In those days there was no money to buy books. I borrowed books from the rental library of Shakespeare and Company, which was the library and bookstore of Sylvia Beach[1] at 12 rue de I'Odéon. On a cold windswept street, this was a warm, cheerful place with a big stove in winter, tables and shelves of books, new books in the window, and photographs on the wall of famous writers both dead and living. The photographs all looked like snapshots and even the dead writers looked as though they had really been alive. Sylvia had a lively, sharply sculptured face, brown eyes that were as alive as a small animal's and as gay as a young girl's, and wavy brown hair that was brushed back from her fine forehead and cut thick below her ears and at the line of the collar of the brown velvet jacket she wore. She had pretty legs and she was kind, cheerful and interested, and loved to make jokes and gossip. No one that I ever knew was nicer to me.

那些日子没有钱买书，我从“莎士比亚之友”租借图书馆借书。那是西尔维娅·比奇在奥岱翁大街12号的图书馆和书店。在寒风瑟瑟的街上，这是一个温暖惬意的去处：冬天生个大炉子，桌上、书架上都是书，橱窗里摆放着新书，墙上挂着已故或依然健在的著名作家的照片。所有照片看起来都像快照，即便是已经过世的作家，看起来也仿佛还真的活着。西尔维娅有一副生动、棱角分明的脸庞；一双褐色的眼睛像小动物的眼睛一般富有灵气，又像少女的眼睛一般欢快；棕色浓密的卷发从光滑的前额往后梳，留到齐耳长，正好到她穿的棕色天鹅绒外套的领口边；她还有迷人的双腿。西尔维娅善良、开朗，关心别人，喜欢开玩笑和闲聊。她是我认识的人里对我最好的。

I was very shy when I first went into the bookshop and I did not have enough money on me to join the rental library. She told me I could pay the deposit any time I had the money and made me out a card and said I could take as many books as I wished.

第一次走进书店时我还心存羞怯，因为身上的钱不够我成为租借图书馆的会员。她说可以等我有钱了再付押金，还给我制了张借书卡，说我想借多少书都可以。

There was no reason for her to trust me. She did not know me and the address I had given her, 74 rue Cardinal Lemoine, could not have been a poorer one. But she was delightful and charming and welcoming and behind her, as high as the wall and stretching out into the back room which gave onto the inner court of the building, were shelves and shelves of the wealth of the library.

她没有理由信任我。她和我素不相识，我给她的地址——勒穆瓦纳主教街74号——是个破得不能再破的地方了。但她是那么令人愉悦，那么可爱，那么热诚。她身后是一个个和墙一般高的书架，一直延伸到这座楼内侧院子的里屋。这些都是图书馆的珍藏。

I started with Turgenev and took the two volumes of A Sportsman's Sketches and an early book of D. H. Lawrence, I think it was Sons and Lovers, and Sylvia told me to take more books if I wanted. I chose the Constance Garnett edition of War and Peace, and The Gambler and Other Stories by Dostoyevsky.

我首先翻看的是屠格涅夫的作品，选了两卷本的《猎人笔记》和D·H·劳伦斯早期的一部作品，我想应该是《儿子与情人》。西尔维娅告诉我，如果我愿意的话，可以再多借几本。于是我又挑了康斯坦斯·加尼特翻译的《战争与和平》和陀思妥耶夫斯基的《赌徒和其他故事》。

"You won't be back very soon if you read all that," Sylvia said.

“要读完所有这些书的话你不会很快回来的。”西尔维娅说。

"I'll be back to pay," I said. "I have some money in the flat."

“我会回来付钱的。”我说，“我在公寓有些钱。”

"I didn't mean that," she said. "You pay whenever it's convenient."

“我不是那个意思。”她解释道。“你什么时候方便就什么时候付钱。”

"When does Joyce come in?" I asked.

“乔伊斯一般什么时候来？”我问道。

"If he comes in, it's usually very late in the afternoon," she said. "Haven't you ever seen him?"

“他要来的话，一般都到下午很晚了。”她说，“你没见过他吗？”

"We've seen him at Michaud's eating with his family," I said. "But it's not polite to look at people when they are eating, and Michaud's is expensive."

“我们在米肖餐厅碰见过他和家人在那儿吃饭，”我说，“但在别人吃饭的时候盯着他们看很不礼貌，况且是在米肖餐厅那种奢华昂贵的地方。”

"Do you eat at home?"

“你在家吃饭吗？”

"Mostly now," I said. "We have a good cook."

“现在基本上是，”我说，“我们有个好厨师。”

"There aren't any restaurants in your immediate quarter, are

there?"

“你现在住的那个区没什么餐馆，对吧？”

"No. How did you know?"

“是的。你怎么知道？”

"Larbaud[2] lived there," she said. "He liked it very much except for that."

“拉尔博以前住那儿，”她说，“他非常喜欢那儿，除了没有餐馆这一点。”

"The nearest good cheap place to eat is over by the Panthéon.”

“最近的一家物美价廉的餐馆在先贤祠那边。”

"I don't know that quarter. We eat at home. You and your wife must come sometime."

“那个区我不了解。我们在家吃。你和你的妻子哪天一定要来。”

"Wait until you see if I pay you," I said. "But thank you very much."

“等我什么时候来付钱吧，”我说，“不过还是非常感谢你。”

"Don't read too fast," she said.

“书别看得太快了。”她说。

Home in the rue Cardinal Lemoine was a two-room flat that had no hot water and no inside toilet facilities except antiseptic container, not uncomfortable to anyone who was used to a Michigan outhouse. With a fine view and a good mattress and springs for a comfortable bed on the floor, and pictures we liked on the walls, it was a cheerful, gay fl at. When I got there with the books I told my wife about the wonderful place I had found.

位于勒穆瓦纳主教街的家是套两居室的公寓，没有热水，没有室内卫生间，只有一个消毒的便桶，对于一个习惯了密歇根室外洗手间的人来说倒也不会觉得不舒服。屋外景色宜人，地上铺一张上好的弹簧床垫就成了舒服的床，墙上挂着我们喜欢的画，这也算间敞亮、让人快乐的公寓。我抱着书回到家，告诉妻子我找到一个好地方。

"But Tatie, you must go by this afternoon and pay," she said.

“可是塔蒂，今天下午你必须去把钱付了。”她说。

"Sure I will," I said. "We'll both go. And then we'll walk down by the river and along the quais."

“我肯定会的。”我说，“我们俩都去，然后顺着河和码头散散步。”

"Let's walk down the rue de Seine and look in all the galleries and

in the windows of the shops."

“我们顺着塞纳河大街散步，逛遍所有画廊，看看商店的橱窗。”

"Sure. We can walk anywhere and we can stop at some new café where we don't know anyone and nobody knows us and have a drink."

“好的。我们去哪儿散步都行。我们可以去一家没有我们认识的人，也没有人认识我们的新开的咖啡馆，在那呆一会儿，喝上一杯。”

"We can have two drinks."

“我们可以喝两杯。”

"Then we can eat somewhere."

“然后再找个地方吃饭。”

"No. Don't forget we have to pay the library."

“不行。别忘了我们还要去图书馆还钱。”

"We'll come home and eat here and we'll have a lovely meal and drink Beaune from the cooperative you can see right out of the window there with the price of the Beaune on the window. And afterwards we'll read and then go to bed and make love."

“那我们就回家吃。我们可以好好吃一顿，喝点从合作社买回来的波恩红葡萄酒。从窗户往外望，就能看见那家合作社，波恩红葡萄酒的价格标在橱窗里。然后我们就看看书，上床，做爱。”

"And we'll never love anyone else but each other. “

“我们只爱对方，永远不会再爱上别人。”

"No. Never."

“嗯，永远不会。”

"What a lovely afternoon and evening. Now we'd better have lunch."

“多么美好的一个下午和晚上啊。现在我们最好吃午饭吧。”

"I'm very hungry," I said. "I worked at the café on a café crème.”

“我真是饿坏了。”我说，“我在咖啡馆写东西只喝了一杯奶油咖啡。”

"How did it go, Tatie?"

“写得怎么样，塔蒂？”

"I think all right. I hope so. What do we have for lunch?"

“我觉得不错。但愿如此。午饭吃什么？”

"Little radishes, and good foie de veau with mashed potatoes and an endive salad. Apple tart."

“小红萝卜，上好的小牛肝加土豆泥，菊苣沙拉，还有苹果馅饼。”

"And we're going to have all the books in the world to read and when we go on trips we can take them."

“我们可以读世界上所有的书了，旅行时还能带上它们。”

"Would that be honest?"

“这样可以吗？”

"Sure."

“当然。”

"Does she have Henry James too?"

“她那儿也有亨利·詹姆斯的书吗？”

"Sure."

“当然。”

"My," she said. "We're lucky that you found the place."

“天哪，”她说，“你找到那个地方，我们真是太幸运了。”

"We're always lucky," I said and like a fool I did not knock on wood[3]. There was wood everywhere in that apartment to knock on too.

“我们一直很幸运。”我说，像个傻子似的，我没有敲敲木头。那个公寓里倒是到处都有木头可以敲。

(1)西尔维娅·比奇（1887—1962)，美国著名女书商，在巴黎文学界居重要地位，最大贡献是1922年出版了其他出版商拒绝出版的乔伊斯的《尤利西斯》。

(2)拉尔博（1881—1957），法国诗人、小说家、评论家。

(3)敲敲木头，这是西方一个典型的英语惯用语。在西方迷信中，认为敲敲木头或触摸木制的东西，可以防止已有的好运气跑掉。

People Of The Seine

塞纳河畔的人们

There were many ways of walking down to the river from top of the rue Cardinal Lemoine. The shortest one was straight down the street but it was steep and it brought you out, after you hit the f lat part and crossed the busy traffic of the beginning of the Boulevard St. Germain, onto a dull part where there was a bleak, windy stretch of river bank with the Halle aux Vins on your right. This was not like any other Paris market but was a sort of bonded warehouse where wine was stored against the payment of taxes and was as cheerless from the outside as a military depot or prison camp.

从勒穆瓦纳主教街尽头走到塞纳河边有很多条路，最近的一条就是沿着大街一直往前走，但这条路很陡。当你走过一段平坦的路，穿过圣日耳曼大街拥堵的车流，来到一个阴森的地方——那里是清冷孤寂的河岸，寒风萧瑟，右手边便是葡萄酒市场。不同于巴黎其他任何市场，这里是为了避税而用来储藏酒的一种保税仓库。从外面看，这儿就像军需库或战俘集中营一样阴郁。

Across the branch of the Seine was the Ile St. Louis with the narrow streets and the old, tall, beautiful houses, and you could go over there or you could turn left and walk along the quais with the length of the Ile St. Louis and then Notre-Dame and Ile de la Cité opposite as you walked.

塞纳河支流对面就是圣路易岛。那里街道狭窄，高耸着古老而漂亮的房子。你可以渡过河面去那儿，也可以向左拐，沿着和圣路易岛一样长的码头一直走，然后就到了巴黎圣母院和对面的西岱岛。

In the bookstalls, along the quais you could sometimes find American books that had just been published for sale very cheap. The Tour D'Argent restaurant had a few rooms above the restaurant that they rented in those days, giving the people who lived there a discount in the restaurant, and if the people who lived there left any books behind there was a bookstall not far along the quai where the valet de chambre sold them and you could buy them from the proprietress for a very few francs. She had no confidence in books written in English, paid almost nothing for them, and sold them for a small and quick profit.

在码头边的书摊上，有时你能找到刚刚出版、售价极低的美国书。那时的银塔餐馆楼上有一些房间用来出租，住在那儿的人用餐可以打点儿折扣。如果留宿的人落下一些书，旅馆的侍者就会卖给离码头不远的一个书摊，然后你就可以花很少的几个法郎从书摊女主人那儿买到那些

书。女主人对用英语写的书没有信心，她几乎没花什么钱就将它们买下，然后以很低的利润很快卖出。

"Are they any good?" she asked me after we had become friends.

“这些书有没有哪一本写得好的？”我们成为朋友后她问我。

"Sometimes one is."

“有时候有那么一本好书。”

"How can anyone tell?"

“怎么判断呢？”

"I can tell when I read them."

“我读了就知道了。”

"But still it is a form of gambling. And how many people can read English?"

“可那还是一种冒险。又有多少人能看懂英语呢？”

"Save them for me and let me look them over."

“替我留着它们，让我看一遍。”

"No. I can't save them. You don't pass regularly. You stay away too long at a time. I have to sell them as soon as I can. No one can tell if they are worthless. If they turn out to be worthless, I would never sell them."

“不行。我不能留着它们。你又不是经常路过。你每次都要过很长一段时间才来。我得尽快把它们卖出去。谁也不知道它们是不是一文不值。要真是那样，它们就永远都卖不出去了。”

"How do you tell a valuable French book?"

“那你怎么判断一本法语书有没有价值呢？”

"First there are the pictures. Then it is a question of the quality of the pictures. Then it is the binding. If a book is good, the owner will have it bound properly. All books in English are bound, but bound badly. There is no way of judging them."

“首先里面要有图片。然后是插图的质量。然后是装订。如果是本好书，书的主人就会整整齐齐地把它装订起来。所有的英语书都有装订，但装订都很差。没有办法辨别它们的好坏。”

After that bookstall near the Tour D'Argent there were no others that sold American and English books until the quai des Grands Augustins. There were several from there on to beyond the quai Voltaire that sold books they bought from employees of the left bank hotels and especially the Hotel Voltaire which had a wealthier

clientele than most. One day I asked another woman stall-keeper who was a friend of mine if the owners ever sold the books.

过了银塔餐馆附近的书摊，一直到大奥古斯丁码头都没有别的卖美国书和英国书的书摊了。从大奥古斯丁码头到伏尔泰码头有几家书摊，他们卖的是从塞纳河左岸旅馆的雇员那儿买来的书，尤其是伏尔泰旅馆，因为那儿的客人比别处的都有钱。一天，我问另一个成为朋友的书摊女主人那些书有没有书的主人卖的。

"No," she said. "They are all thrown away. That is why one knows they have no value."

“没有，”她回答。“那些书都是被扔掉的。这就是为什么我们知道它们没有价值。”

"Friends give them to them to read on the boats."

“书是朋友们给他们在船上看的。”

"Doubtless," she said. "They must leave many on the boats."

“毫无疑问，”她说，“他们肯定在船上落下了很多书。”

"They do," I said. "The line keeps them and binds them and they become the ships' libraries."

“的确是这样，”我说，“航运公司把这些书留下来装订好，它们就成了船上的藏书了。”

"That's intelligent," she said. "At least they are properly bound then. Now a book like that would have value."

“这很聪明，”她说，“那至少它们装订得比较像样了。像那样的书就有价值了。”

I would walk along the quais when I had finished work or when I was trying to think something out. It was easier to think if I was walking and doing something or seeing people doing something that they understood. At the head of the Ile de la Cité below the Pont Neuf where there was the statue of Henri Quatre, the island ended in a point like the sharp bow of a ship and there was a small park at the water's edge with fine chestnut trees, huge and spreading, and in the currents and back waters that the Seine made f lowing past, there were excellent places to fish. You went down a stairway to the park and watched the fishermen there and under the great bridge. The good spots to fish changed with the height of the river and the fishermen used long, jointed, cane poles but fished with very fine leaders and light gear and quill fl oats and expertly baited the piece of water that they fished. They always caught some fish, and often they made excellent catches of the dace-like fish that were called goujon. They were delicious fried whole and I could eat a plateful. They were

plump and sweet-fleshed with a finer flavor than fresh sardines even, and were not at all oily, and we ate them bones and all.

当我写完东西或要努力思考些什么东西时我就会沿着码头散步。散着步，做点儿什么，或者看别人做他们擅长的事，这样更容易思考。西岱岛的顶端，新桥下面立着亨利四世的雕像，小岛的尽头像尖尖的船首，水边有个小小的公园，种着婀娜多姿的栗子树，树形硕大，枝繁叶茂。在塞纳河形成的急流和回流的流经之处有很多绝佳的垂钓之处。顺着梯道来到公园，能看到垂钓者在那儿和大桥下钓鱼。垂钓的好位置因塞纳河河床高度的变化而异。垂钓者用的虽然是拼接起来的长竿，但接钩绳很细，渔具轻便，浮标是用翎管做的，而且他们置诱饵于垂钓的水面上时动作十分娴熟，也很专业。他们总能钓着鱼，而且总能钓着一种长得像鲦鱼的鱼。这种鱼整条炸了非常好吃，我能吃下一整盘。这种鱼肉多味美，甚至比新鲜的沙丁鱼还要鲜美，而且一点儿也不油腻。我们连鱼骨头都全吃了。

One of the best places to eat them was at an open-air restaurant built out over the river at Bas Meudon[1] where we would go when we had money for a trip away from our quarter. It was called La Péche Miraculeuse and had a splendid white wine that was a sort of Muscadet. It was a place out of a Maupassant story with the view over the river as Sisley[2] had painted it. You did not have to go that far to eat goujon. You could get a very good friture on the Ile St. Louis.

吃这种鱼最好的去处之一就是建在塞纳河边的下默顿的露天餐厅。我们一有钱能离开我们住的那个区去旅行时，就会去那儿。这家餐厅叫“神奇渔场”，供应一种属于麝香白葡萄酒的上好白葡萄酒。莫泊桑的小说里写到过这个地方，河上的风景就像西斯莱画中的一样。你不用去那么远的地方吃鱼。圣路易岛上就能吃上非常美味的油炸鱼。

I knew several of the men who fished the fruitful parts of the Seine between the Ile St. Louis and the Place du Verte Galente and sometimes, if the day was bright, I would buy a liter of wine and a piece of bread and some sausage and sit in the sun and read one of the books I had bought and watch the fishing.

我认识几个在圣路易岛和绿骑士广场间鱼多的塞纳河河段钓鱼的人。如果天气晴朗，有时候我会买上一升酒、一块面包和一些香肠，坐在太阳底下读着买来的书，看他们钓鱼。

Travel writers wrote about the men fishing in the Seine as though they were crazy and never caught anything; but it was serious and productive fishing. Most of the fishermen were men who had small pensions, which they did not know then would become worthless with inflation, or keen fishermen who fished on their days or half-days off from work. There was better fishing at Charenton[3], where the Marne came into the Seine, and on either side of Paris, but there was very good fishing in Paris itself. I did not fish because I did not have the

tackle and I preferred to save my money to fish in Spain. Then too I never knew when I would be through working, nor when I would have to be away, and I did not want to become involved in the fishing which had its good times and its slack times. But I followed it closely and it was interesting and good to know about, and it always made me happy that there were men fishing in the city itself, having sound, serious fishing and taking a few fritures home to their families.

游记作家笔下塞纳河边的垂钓者似乎都很疯狂却从来一无所获，但这里的垂钓是认真的而且收获颇丰。大多垂钓者都是领着微薄养老金的人，他们那时并不知道那点儿钱会因为通货膨胀变得一文不值，还有就是利用一天或半天假期来钓鱼的垂钓爱好者。马恩河与塞纳河的交汇处的沙朗通以及巴黎两侧都有更适宜垂钓的地方，但巴黎城里就能找到很好的垂钓去处。我不钓鱼是因为我没有钓鱼的装备，而且我宁愿省下钱去西班牙钓鱼。那时我也不知道什么时候能写完东西，什么时候不得不离开，而且我不想被有旺季和淡季之分的垂钓所牵绊。但我还是密切地关注它。垂钓很有趣，了解一下也不错。这座城市里就有人钓鱼，这总是让我高兴。他们认真而有效地钓鱼，然后给家人带回一些成果做油炸鱼。

With the fishermen and the life on the river, the beautiful barges with their own life on board, the tugs with their smokestacks that folded back to pass under the bridges, pulling a tow of barges, the great elms on the stone banks of the river, the plane trees and in some places the poplars, I could never be lonely along the river. With so many trees in the city, you could see the spring coming each day until a night of warm wind would bring it suddenly in one morning. Sometimes the heavy cold rains would beat it back so that it would seem that it would never come and that you were losing a season out of your life. This was the only truly sad time in Paris because it was unnatural. You expected to be sad in the fall. Part of you died each year when the leaves fell from the trees and their branches were bare against the wind and the cold, wintry light. But you knew there would always be the spring, as you knew the river would flow again after it was frozen. When the cold rains kept on and killed the spring, it was as though a young person had died for no reason.

有了垂钓者和塞纳河上人们的陪伴，有了美丽的驳船和船上乘客的陪伴，有了折叠起烟囱以便从桥下穿过的拖船及其拖着的一列驳船的陪伴，有了河边石岸上的大榆树、悬铃树，还有在一些地方能看见的白杨树的陪伴，我在塞纳河边从不感到寂寞。这座城市有那么多树，每天你都能看见春天要来了；终于有一天清晨，一夜暖风将春天忽然送至。有时候几场寒冷的大雨又将春天赶回去，以至于春天似乎永远也来不了了，而你就要在生命中失去一个季节。这是在巴黎唯一令人真正难过的时候，因为这不符合自然规律。你曾以为秋天才会伤感。每年当叶子从树上掉落，光秃秃的枝干在寒风中映照着冬日凄冷的阳光，你身体的一

部分就死亡了。但是你知道春天总会来的，正如你知道河水结冰后会重新潺潺流淌一样。当冷雨绵延不断，扼杀了春天，就好像一个年轻人毫无理由就英年早逝了。

In those days, though, the spring always came finally but it was frightening that it had nearly failed.

可是，那些日子里，春天最终总会来临，只是一想到春天差点儿来不了就令人不免心有余悸。

(1)默顿，位于巴黎西郊上塞纳省的南部，以其宁静的环境而著名。

(2)西斯莱（1839—1899），印象派风景画家，大部分时间生活在法国。

(3)查尔顿，位于法国东南部郊区。

A False Spring

假想的春天

When spring came, even the false spring, there were no problems except where to be happiest. The only thing that could spoil a day was people and if you could keep from making engagements, each day had no limits. People were always the limiters of happiness except for the very few that were as good as spring itself.

春天来临的时候，即使是假想的春天，除了去什么地方能度过最快乐的时光，别的都不成问题。唯一会扫了春日雅兴的就是人，所以你如果能不约见别人，那每一天都会无拘无束的。人往往会使快乐受到限制，除了极少数能和春天媲美的人。

In the spring mornings I would work early while my wife still slept. The windows were open wide and the cobbles of the street were drying after the rain. The sun was drying the wet faces of the houses that faced the window. The shops were still shuttered. The goatherd came up the street blowing his pipes and a woman who lived on the floor above us came out onto the sidewalk with a big pot. The goatherd chose one of the heavy-bagged, black milk-goats and milked her into the pot while his dog pushed the others onto the sidewalk. The goats looked around, turning their necks like sight-seers. The goatherd took the money from the woman and thanked her and went on up the street piping and the dog herded the goats on ahead, their horns bobbing. I went back to writing and the woman came up the stairs with the goat milk. She wore her felt-soled cleaning shoes and I only heard her breathing as she stopped on the stairs outside our door and then the shutting of her door. She was the only customer for goat milk in our building.

春日的清晨，当妻子仍在梦乡，我已经一早开始写作了。窗户敞开着，雨后街上的鹅卵石逐渐变干。在太阳的照耀下，窗户对面那些房子湿漉漉的表层也干了。商店还关着门。牧羊人吹着风笛顺着大街走来。住在我们楼上的女人捧着一个大罐子出来，走上人行道。牧羊人挑了一只乳房饱满的黑山羊，把奶挤到罐中，而他的狗则把其他羊赶到人行道上。羊群四处张望，像观光客一样转动着脖子。牧羊人从女人那儿接过钱，谢过她，便吹着风笛沿街继续往前走。牧羊狗领着羊群走在前面，羊角上下摆动。我接着写作。那个女人端着羊奶上楼。她穿的是打扫卫生时穿的毡底鞋，所以当她在我们门外的楼梯停步时，我只听见她的呼吸声，接着是她关门的声音。她是我们楼里唯一买山羊奶的人。

I decided to go down and buy a morning racing paper. There was no quarter too poor to have at least one copy of a racing paper but

you had to buy it early on a day like this. I found one in the rue Descartes at the corner of the Place Contrescarpe. The goats were going down the rue Descartes and I breathed the air in and walked back fast to climb the stairs and get my work done. I had been tempted to stay out and follow the goats down the early morning street. But before I started work again I looked at the paper. They were running at Enghien, the small, pretty and larcenous track that was the home of the outsider.

我决定下楼去买份赛马晨报。一个区哪怕再破落，也至少有一份赛马报，但是像这样的日子，你得一早就去买。我在护墙广场拐角的笛卡尔大街上买到一份。羊群正顺着笛卡尔大街走，我吸着清晨的空气，快步走回家，上楼将作品完成。我曾非常想呆在外面，跟着羊群沿着清晨的街道散步。但是在继续写作前，我看了看报纸。赛马的地点在昂吉安，那里的马场赛道虽小却很漂亮，常有偷窃之事发生，是圈外人的聚集之所。

So that day after I had finished work we would go racing. Some money had come from the Toronto paper that I did newspaper work for and we wanted a long shot if we could fi nd one. My wife had a horse one time at Auteuil[1] named Chèvre d'Or that was a hundred and twenty to one and leading by twenty lengths when he fell at the last jump with enough savings on him to keep us six months. We tried never to think of that. We were ahead on that year until Chèvre d'Or.

所以，那天等我写作完成后我们要去赛马。我为一家多伦多报社做新闻工作，他们给我汇了一些钱。如果能找到合适的马，我们想赌上一把。我的妻子在欧特伊曾经有一匹叫“金山羊奶酪”的马，赔率是一百二十比一。那匹马领先二十个身长，最后一次跳栏却摔倒了，结果输了我们压在它身上的足以维持我们六个月生活的积蓄。我们尽量永远不去想这件事。“金山羊奶酪”那事儿前，那年我们一直在赚钱。

"Do we have enough money to really bet, Tatie?" my wife asked.

“我们真的有那么多钱去赌马吗，塔蒂？”妻子问道。

"No. We'll just figure to spend what we take. Is there something else you'd rather spend it for?"

“没有。我们只能考虑把挣来的钱花了。你更愿意把钱花在别的什么地方吗？”

"Well," she said.

“嗯。”她说。

"I know. It's been terribly hard and I've been tight and mean about money."

“我知道。日子过得一直很拮据，我一直都很节俭，对钱也一直很吝啬。”

"No," she said. "But—"

“不，”她说，“可是——”

I knew how severe I had been and how bad things had been. The one who is doing his work and getting satisfaction from it is not the one the poverty bothers. I thought of bathtubs and showers and toilets that flushed as things that inferior people to us had or that you enjoyed when you made trips, which we often made. There was always the public bathhouse down at the foot of the street by the river. My wife had never complained once about these things any more than she cried about Chèvre d'Or when he fell. She had cried for the horse, I remembered, but not for the money. I had been stupid when she needed a grey lamb jacket and had loved it once she had bought it. I had been stupid about other things too. It was all part of the fight against poverty that you never win except by not spending. Especially if you buy pictures instead of clothes. But then we did not think ever of ourselves as poor. We did not accept it. We thought we were superior people and other people that we looked down on and rightly mistrusted were rich. It had never seemed strange to me to wear sweatshirts for underwear to keep warm. It only seemed odd to the rich. We ate well and cheaply and drank well and cheaply and slept well and warm together and loved each other.

我知道我一向多么苛刻，事态有多么糟糕。一个把注意力放在写作上并从中得到满足的人是不为贫穷所困扰的。我把浴缸、淋浴和抽水马桶想成是身份比我们低的人才拥有的东西，或是只有旅行时才会享用的——我们是经常去旅行的。河畔那条街的尽头总有公共浴室。对于这些，妻子的怨言从未比“金山羊奶酪”摔倒时她的哭诉来得更多。她曾经因为这马而哭过，我记得，但并不是因为钱。她需要一件灰色羔羊皮夹克，对此我却愚钝无知，她买来之后我却爱不释手。其他方面我也很愚钝。这都是和贫困之间的斗争，一场你永远赢不了的战争，除非你分文不花，尤其是如果你买的是画而不是衣服。可是那时我们从不觉得自己穷困。我们不承认穷困。我们自认高人一等，而那些我们瞧不起、理所当然不信任的却是有钱人。为了保暖将运动衫当作内衣打底穿，这对我来说一点也不稀奇，但对有钱人来说却不伦不类。我们吃得又好又便宜，我们喝得又好又便宜，我们一起睡得又香又暖和，我们彼此相爱。

"I think we ought to go," my wife said. "We haven't been for such a long time. We'll take a lunch and some wine. I'll make good sandwiches."

“我想我们应该去赌马，”妻子说，“我们好长时间都没去了。我们可以带上午餐，再带点儿酒。我来做好吃的三明治。”

"We'll go on the train and it's cheap that way. But let's not go if you don't think we should. Anything we'd do today would be fun. It's a wonderful day."

“我们可以坐火车去，这样就很便宜。但是如果你觉得我们不该去，我们就不去。我们今天无论做什么都会好玩的。这么美好的一天！”

"I think we should go."

“我想我们应该去。”

"You wouldn't rather spend it some other way?"

“你不想把钱花在别的地方吗？”

"No," she said arrogantly. She had the lovely high cheekbones for arrogance. "Who are we anyway?"

“不。”她傲慢地说。她那高高的颧骨带着一股傲气，非常可爱。“我们是谁啊？”

So we went out by the train from the Gare du Nord through the dirtiest and saddest part of town and walked from the siding to the oasis of the track. It was early and we sat on my raincoat on the fresh cropped grass bank and had our lunch and drank from the wine bottle and looked at the old grandstand, the brown wooden betting booths, the green of the track, the darker green of the hurdles, and the brown shine of the water jumps and the whitewashed stone walls and white posts and rails, the paddock under the new leafed trees and the first horses being walked to the paddock. We drank more wine and studied the form in the paper and my wife lay down on the raincoat to sleep with the sun on her face. I went over and found someone I knew from the old days at San Siro in Milano. He gave me two horses.

我们从北站乘火车出发，穿过城里最肮脏、最糟糕的地方，从铁路侧线走到马场赛道的绿地。时间还早，我们在刚修剪过的草地边铺上我的雨衣，坐在上面吃午餐，用酒瓶喝酒，看着陈旧的大看台、棕色的木制赌马亭、绿色的赛道、深绿色的跳栏、泛着棕色光的障碍水沟、刷白的石墙、白色的布告栏和围栏、刚冒出新叶的树下面的围场，还有被赶到围场里的第一组马。我们又喝了点儿酒，研究了一下报纸上的赛马秩序表。妻子躺在雨衣上睡着了，阳光正好照在她脸上。我走过去，发现有个过去在米兰圣西罗认识的人。他向我介绍了两匹马。

"Mind, they're no investment. But don't let the price put you off."

“记住，它们挣不了什么钱。但别因为价格不下赌注。”

We won the first with half of the money that we had to spend and he paid twelve to one, jumping beautifully, taking command on the far side of the course and coming in four lengths ahead. We saved half of the money and put it away and bet the other half on the second horse who broke ahead, led all the way over the hurdles and on the fl at just lasted to the finish line with the favorite gaining on him with every jump and the two whips fl ailing.

我们用一半的钱作为赌注下在第一匹马上，赢了。这匹马的赔率是十二比一，跳跃动作非常漂亮，在赛场的另一端遥遥领先，跑近时领先四个身位。我们留下一半钱，把它收好，用另一半作为赌注下在第二匹马上。这匹马向前直冲，跃过一道道跨栏，一路领先，而平地赛上，每一次跳跃，每两下鞭打都让大伙儿看好的那匹马步步逼近，最后刚刚领先一点到达终点线。

We went to have a glass of champagne at the bar under the stand and wait for the prices to go up.

我们去看台下的酒吧喝了杯香槟酒，等着赔率上涨。

"My, but racing is very hard on people," my wife said. "Did you see that horse come up on him?"

“天哪，赛马对人来说真是煎熬，”妻子说，“你看见紧跟着它的那匹马了吗？”

"I can still feel it inside me."

“我心里还能感觉到那种紧张。”

"What will he pay?"

“能挣多少钱？”

"The cote was eighteen to one. But they may have bet him at the last."

“赔率是十八比一。不过他们可能最后把赌注压在这匹马上了。”

The horses came by, ours wet, with his nostrils working wide to breathe, the jockey patting him.

马匹从我们身边经过，我们的那匹马湿透了，鼻孔大张着喘气，骑师轻轻地拍着它。

"Poor him," my wife said. "We just bet."

“可怜的马，”妻子叹道，“我们只不过下了点儿赌注而已。”

We watched them go on by and had another glass of champagne and then the winning price came up: 85. That meant he paid eighty-five francs for ten.

我们看着马匹走过，又喝了杯香槟酒，然后胜利的赔率就出来了：八十五。这意味着那匹马的赔率是八十五法郎比十。

"They must have put a lot of money on at the end," I said.

“他们肯定最后在它身上下了一大笔赌注。”我说。

But we had made plenty of money, big money for us, and now we had spring and money too. I thought that was all we needed. A day like that one, if you split the winnings one quarter for each to spend,

left a half for racing capital. I kept the racing capital secret and apart from all other capital.

但我们已经挣了很多钱，对我们来说是一大笔钱，现在我们既有了春天，也有了钱。我想这就是我们需要的一切。像那样的一天，可以把赢来的钱分成四份，一人花一份，剩下的另一半留作赛马的本金。我悄悄留着这笔赛马本金，将它和其他的钱分开放。

Another day later that year when we had come back from one of our voyages and had good luck at some track again we stopped at Pruniers on the way home, going in to sit at the bar after looking at all the clearly priced wonders in the window. We had oysters and crabe Mexicaine with glasses of Sancerre. We walked back through the Tuileries in the dark and stood and looked through the Arc du Carrousel up across the dark gardens with the lights of the Concorde behind the formal darkness and then the long rise of lights toward the Arc de Triomphe. Then we looked back toward the dark of the Louvre and I said, "Do you really think that the three arches are in line? These two and the Sermione in Milano?"

那年后来有一天，我们有一次旅行回来，又在一家赛马场上撞了好运，因此回家的路上，我们在普吕涅饭店门口停下来，看完橱窗里标明价格的所有美味佳肴，就走进酒吧坐下。我们吃了牡蛎和墨西哥螃蟹，喝了几杯桑赛尔白葡萄酒。黑暗中我们穿过杜伊勒利公园走路回家，站在那儿，目光越过小凯旋门，抬头眺望夜色中的公园，公园那一片漆黑后是协和广场的灯光，然后是朝凯旋门远远投射的灯光。接着我们回头朝黑暗中的卢浮宫的方向望去。我问妻子，“你真的认为这三扇拱门在一条直线上吗？这两扇和米兰的西米欧尼拱门？”

"I don't know, Tatie. They say so and they ought to know. Do you remember when we came out into the spring on the Italian side of the St. Bernard[2] after the climb in the snow, and you and Chink[3] and I walked down all day in the spring to Aosta[4]?”

“我不知道，塔蒂。人们是这么说的，他们应该知道的。你还记得吗，我们出来踏春，在雪地中攀登之后来到意大利那一侧的圣伯纳德山，春天里，你、钦克，还有我步行一整天去奥斯塔？”

"Chink called it 'across the St. Bernard in street shoes.' Remember your shoes?"

“钦克管那叫‘穿着上街的鞋爬过圣伯纳德山’。还记得你的鞋吗？”

"My poor shoes. Do you remember us having fruit cup at Biffi 's in the Galleria with Capri and fresh peaches and wild strawberries in a tall glass pitcher with ice?"

“我可怜的鞋。你记得我们在商业拱廊的比菲餐厅吃什锦水果杯吗？加了冰块的高脚玻璃大水杯里盛着卡普里白葡萄酒、鲜桃、野草莓？”

"That time was what made me wonder about the three arches. "

“就是那次让我想到了三座拱门。”

"I remember the Sermione. It's like this arch."

“我记得西米欧尼拱门，它就像这座拱门。”

"Do you remember the inn at Aigle[5] where you and Chink sat in the garden that day and read while I fished?”

“你还记得那天在艾格勒镇上的小旅馆，我钓着鱼，你和钦克坐在花园里看书吗？”

"Yes, Tatie."

“记得，塔蒂。”

I remembered the Rhéne[6], narrow and grey and full of snow water and the two trout streams on either side, the Stockalper and the Rhéne canal. The Stockalper was really clear that day and the Rhéne canal was still murky.

我记得河道窄小、水面灰暗的罗讷河，河里都是积雪融化的水，河的两岸各有一条多鳟鱼的河沟，分别是斯托卡佩河和罗讷河运河。那天斯托卡佩河真的很清澈，可是罗讷河却仍然很浑浊。

"Do you remember when the horse-chestnut trees were in bloom and how I tried to remember a story that Jim Gamble[7], I think, had told me about a wisteria vine and I couldn't remember it?"

“你还记得吗，七叶树开花的时候，我试图回想起好像是吉姆·甘博给我讲过的一种紫藤的故事，却怎么也想不起来？”

"Yes Tatie, and you and Chink always talking about how to make things true, writing them, and put them rightly and not describe. I remember everything. Sometimes he was right and sometimes you were right. I remember the lights and textures and the shapes you argued about."

“记得，塔蒂。你和钦克老是谈怎么还原事物的真实面貌，把它们写下来，恰当地表达而非描绘。每一件事我都记得。有时候他对了，有时候是你对。我记得你们还争论过灯光、质地和形状。”

Now we had come out of the gateway through the Louvre and crossed the street outside and were standing on the bridge leaning on the stone and looking down at the river.

这时我们已经穿过卢浮宫走出大门口，穿过外面的大街，站在桥上倚靠着石栏，俯瞰塞纳河。

"We all three argued about everything and always specific things and we made fun of each other. I remember everything we ever did and everything we ever said on the whole trip," Hadley said. "I do

really. About everything. When you and Chink talked I was included. It wasn't like being a wife at Miss Stein's."

“我们三个什么都争论，还总是争论细节的问题，我们还互相开玩笑。我记得整个旅行中我们做过的每一件事，说过的每一句话，”哈德莉说，“我真的记得。每一件事。你和钦克谈话时，我也参与进去了。不像在斯泰因小姐家做妻子那样。”

"I wish I could remember the story about the wisteria vine."

“我多希望我能想起紫藤的故事。”

"It wasn't important. It was the vine that was important, Tatie."

“那不重要。重要的是紫藤，塔蒂。”

"Do you remember I brought some wine from Aigle home to the chalet? They sold it to us at the inn. They said it should go with the trout. We brought it wrapped in copies of La Gazette de Lausanne, I think."

“你记得我从艾格勒镇的小旅馆带了点酒到寄宿小木屋吗？我们在旅馆买的，他们告诉我们这酒应该就着鳟鱼喝。我还记得我们是用《洛桑日报》的报纸包着酒带去的。”

"The Sion wine was even better. Do you remember how Mrs. Gangeswisch cooked the trout au bleu when we got back to the chalet? They were such wonderful trout, Tatie, and we drank the Sion wine and ate out on the porch with the mountainside dropping off below and we could look across the lake and see the Dent du Midi[8] with the snow half down it and the trees at the mouth of the Rhône where it flowed into the lake.”

“锡安酒更好。你记得我们回到寄宿小木屋时冈斯维斯奇夫人是怎么做奶汁鳟鱼的吗？塔蒂，那些鳟鱼真是太好吃了，我们在门廊外喝锡安酒、吃鱼。山坡往下倾斜，隔着日内瓦湖，我们可以看到从半山腰往下还覆盖着积雪的正午峰，还能看到罗讷河汇入日内瓦湖的河口的树。”

"We always miss Chink in the winter and the spring."

“冬天和春天的时候我们总是很想念钦克。”

"Always. And I miss him now when it is gone."

“是啊，总是这样。虽然那是过去的事了，我现在还很想念他。”

Chink was a professional soldier and had gone out to Mons[9] from Sandhurst[10]. I had met him first in Italy and he had been my best friend and then our best friend for a long time. He spent his leaves with us then.

钦克是个职业军人，从桑赫斯特毕业后去了蒙斯城。我第一次遇见他是在意大利，后来他就成了我最好的朋友，之后很长一段时间都是我

和妻子最好的朋友。那时他和我们一起共度假期。

"He's going to try to get leave this next spring. He wrote last week from Cologne."

“明年春天他想休假。上周他从科隆来过信。”

"I know. We should live in this time now and have every minute of it."

“我知道。现在我们要好好享受眼前的生活，不放过每一分钟。”

"We're watching the water now as it hits this buttress. Look what we can see when we look up the river."

“现在我们正看着河水拍打着扶壁。抬头看看上游，看我们能瞧见什么。”

We looked and there it all was: our river and our city and the island of our city.

我们顺势看去，一切尽在眼前：我们的塞纳河，我们的城市，还有我们这座城市所在的岛屿。

"We're too lucky," she said. "I hope Chink will come. He takes care of us."

“我们太幸运了，”她说，“我希望钦克能来。他总是照顾我们。”

"He doesn't think so."

“他可不这么认为。”

"Of course not."

“当然不会。”

"He thinks we explore together."

“他认为我们是在一起探索。”

"We do. But it depends on what you explore."

“我们的确如此。但这要看你探索的是什么。”

We walked across the bridge and were on our own side of the river.

我们走过桥，来到塞纳河我们住的那一边。

"Are you hungry again?" I said. "Us. Talking and walking. "

“你又饿了吗？”我问道。“我们说了那么多话，走了那么远的路。”

"Of course, Tatie. Aren't you?"

“当然，塔蒂。你不饿吗？”

"Let's go to a wonderful place and have a truly grand dinner."

“我们找个好地方去吃顿真正的大餐。”

"Where?"

“去哪儿？”

"Michaud's?"

“米肖餐厅？”

"That's perfect and it's so close."

“太好了，而且也很近。”

So we walked up the rue des Saints-Peres to the corner of the rue Jacob stopping and looking in the windows at pictures and at furniture. We stood outside of Michaud's restaurant reading the posted menu. Michaud's was crowded and we waited for people to come out, watching the tables where people already had their coffee.

于是我们顺着教皇大街往前走，在雅各布大街街角停下，看着橱窗里的画和家具。我们站在米肖餐厅门口看张贴出来的菜单。米肖餐厅人很多，我们等着客人出来，张望着哪张桌子的客人已经喝完了咖啡。

We were hungry again from walking and Michaud's was an exciting and expensive restaurant for us. It was where Joyce ate with his family then, he and his wife against the wall, Joyce peering at the menu through his thick glasses holding the menu up in one hand; Nora by him, a hearty but delicate eater; Giorgio thin, foppish, sleek-headed from the back; Lucia with heavy curly hair, a girl not quite yet grown; all of them talking Italian.

因为走路我们又饿了。米肖餐厅对我们来说是一家既让人兴奋、又价格不菲的餐厅。那时乔伊斯和他的家人就是在这家餐厅吃饭的。他和妻子靠墙坐着。乔伊斯一手举着菜单，透过厚厚的镜片凝视着；挨着他的诺拉胃口很好，但吃相优雅；乔治从后面看起来瘦瘦的，头发光滑油亮，像个纨绔子弟；露西娅留着一头浓密的卷发，还是个没有发育成熟的女孩；他们全都用意大利语交谈。

Standing there I wondered how much of what we had felt on the bridge was just hunger. I asked my wife and she said, "I don't know, Tatie. There are so many sorts of hunger. In the spring there are more. But that's gone now. Memory is hunger."

站在那儿，我寻思着我们在桥上时，有多少时候感觉到的只是饥饿。我问妻子，她回答说，“我不知道，塔蒂。饥饿有很多种。春天，饥饿的种类就更多了。但现在已经没有饥饿感了。记忆就是饥饿。”

I was being stupid, and looking in the window and seeing two tournedos being served I knew I was hungry in a simple way.

我真蠢。往橱窗里看去，看见正端上桌的两块小圆菲利牛扒，我明

白了我只是单纯地饿了。

"You said we were lucky today. Of course we were. But we had very good advice and information."

“你说我们今天很幸运。我们当然很幸运。不过我们得到了很好的建议和消息。”

She laughed.

她笑了。

"I didn't mean about the racing. You're such a literal boy. I meant lucky other ways."

“我说的可不是赛马。你真是个死脑筋的小子。我说的幸运，是指别的方面。”

"I don't think Chink cares for racing," I said compounding my stupidity.

“我觉得钦克不喜欢赛马，”我这么说，愈发显出我的傻气。

"No. He'd only care for it if he were riding."

“是的。他只有自己骑马的时候才喜欢。”

"Don't you want to go racing any more?"

“你不想再去赛马吗？”

"Of course. And now we can go whenever we want again."

“当然想去。现在我们又可以什么时候想去就去了。”

"But you really want to go?"

“但是你真的想去吗？”

"Of course. You do, don't you?"

“当然。你也想去，对吧？”

It was a wonderful meal at Michaud's after we got in; but when we had finished and there was no question of hunger any more the feeling that had been like hunger when we were on the bridge was still there when we caught the bus home. It was there when we came in the room and after we had gone to bed and made love in the dark, it was there. When I woke with the windows open and the moonlight on the roofs of the tall houses, it was there. I put my face away from the moonlight into the shadow but I could not sleep and lay awake thinking about it. We had both wakened twice in the night and my wife slept sweetly now with the moonlight on her face. I had to try to think it out and I was too stupid. Life had seemed so simple that morning when I had wakened and found the false spring and heard

the pipes of the man with his herd of goats and gone out and bought the racing paper.

我们走进米肖餐馆美餐了一顿。吃完后，虽然不再有饥饿的问题了，可是当我们乘公共汽车回家时，那种在桥上类似饥饿的感觉却仍然还在。我们走进房间，那种感觉还在。我们上床、在黑暗中做完爱，那种感觉还在。一觉醒来，窗户开着，月光倾泻在高高的房子的屋顶上，那种感觉还在。我把脸转到暗处，背着月光，却无法入睡，醒着躺在那儿想这个问题。夜里我们俩都醒过两次。这会儿妻子睡得正香，月光洒在她脸上。我得试着想出这是怎么回事，我真是太笨了。那天早上醒来我误以为春天来了，听到牧羊人吹着风笛赶着羊群，然后出门去买赛马报，生活似乎是那么的简单。

But Paris was a very old city and we were young and nothing was simple there, not even poverty, nor sudden money, nor the moonlight, nor right and wrong nor the breathing of someone who lay beside you in the moonlight.

可是巴黎是个非常古老的城市，而我们却很年轻，因此没有什么是简单的，甚至连贫穷、意外之财、月光、对与错和月光下躺在你身边的人的呼吸，都不是简单的。

(1)奥特伊，位于塞纳河和布伦园林区之间的城镇。

(2)圣伯纳德山，东北西南延伸并横跨阿尔卑斯山。

(3)钦克，原名是埃里克·爱德华·多尔曼-史密斯，海明威在米兰休养所结识了他。

(4)奥斯塔，意大利西北部一个多山的城市。

(5)艾格勒镇，瑞士沃州的一个小镇。

(6)罗讷河,源头在瑞士，流经法国东南部，注入地中海。

(7)吉姆·甘博（1882—1958），海明威在意大利北部当志愿兵时的红十字会的上司。

(8)正午峰，位于瑞士境内的阿尔卑斯山脉，海拔3,257米。

(9)蒙斯城，比利时西南部的城市。

(10)桑赫斯特，英国陆军军官学校所在地。

The End Of An Avocation

一项业余爱好的结束

We went racing together many more times that year and other years after I had worked in the early mornings, and Hadley enjoyed it and sometimes she loved it. But it was not the climbs in the high mountain meadows above the last forest, nor nights coming home to the chalet, nor was it climbing with Chink, our best friend, over a high pass into new country. It was not really racing either. It was gambling on horses. But we called it racing.

那年，还有后来的几年，我一大早完成写作后，我们曾一起去赛了好几次马。哈德莉喜欢赛马，有时候还非常痴迷。不过，那并不是攀登最后一片森林上方的高山牧场，不是回到我们寄宿小木屋的夜晚，也不是和我们最好的朋友钦克一起越过高险的关隘进入另一个国家。那也不是真正的赛马。那只不过是赌马。不过，我们把它称之为赛马。

Racing never came between us, only people could do that; but for a long time it stayed close to us like a demanding friend. That was a generous way to think of it. I, the one who was so righteous about people and their destructiveness, tolerated this friend that was the falsest, most beautiful, most exciting, vicious, and demanding because she could be profitable. To make it profitable was more than a fulltime job and I had no time for that. But I justified it to myself because I wrote it, even though in the end, when everything I had written was lost, there was only one racing story that survived, because it was out in the mails.

赛马从未使我们疏离，能使人疏离的只有人；但是有很长一段时间它就像一个苛求的朋友，和我们形影不离。这么想是非常大度的。对于人和人的破坏性持有正义感的我却容忍了这位最虚假、最漂亮、最让人激动、最邪恶、也最苛求的朋友，因为她可能有利可图。可是要从中获利比做一份全职工作还费功夫，而我并没有那么多时间。不过，我还是为自己找了正当理由，因为我要写赛马的故事，尽管最后我写的故事都丢了，只有一篇赛马的小说因为被我寄出去了而幸存了下来。

I was going to races alone more now and I was involved in them and getting too mixed up with them. I worked two tracks in their season when I could, Auteuil and Enghien. It took full-time work to try to handicap intelligently and you could make no money that way. That was just how it worked out on paper. You could buy a newspaper that gave you that.

现在我更多的是独自一人去赛马。我沉迷于赛马，并深陷其中。到了赛季，如果可能，我就去欧特伊和昂吉安这两个赛马场。要想巧妙地

赢得障碍赛就得全身心投入，即便这样也可能赢不了钱。那只不过是纸上谈兵。你可以买份报纸，从那能得到点儿信息。

You had to watch a jumping race from the top of the stands at Auteuil and it was a fast climb up to see what each horse did and see the horse that might have won and did not, and see why or maybe how he did not do what he could have done. You watched the prices and all the shifts of odds each time a horse you were following would start, and you had to know how he was working and finally get to know when the stable would try with him. He always might be beaten when he tried; but you should know by then what his chances were. It was hard work but at Auteuil it was beautiful to watch each day they raced when you could be there and see the honest races with the great horses, and you got to know the course as well as any place you had ever known. You knew many people finally, jockeys and trainers and owners and too many horses and too many things.

你得从欧特伊的看台顶部观看障碍赛。要很快地爬到看台上面，才能看到每一匹马的表现，看看哪匹马本可能赢得比赛却输了，看看哪匹马为什么没有发挥应有的水平或是如何没发挥好的。每当你看好的马要开始比赛，你都要关注价格以及赔率的变化，你要了解这匹马表现如何，最后还得了解驯马员什么时候要试赛。马试赛的时候总是有可能被打败，不过那时你就会知道这匹马的胜算有多大。这是件苦差事，但只要你能去，每天在欧特伊看赛马、看那些骏马公平地比赛是件很惬意的事。你逐渐了解了赛马场，了解得就像你已熟悉的任何一个地方。最后你还认识了很多人，骑师、驯马员、马的主人，还有很多马和很多事儿。

In principle I only bet when I had a horse to bet on but I sometimes found horses that nobody believed in except the men who trained and rode them that won race after race with me betting on them. I stopped finally because it took too much time, I was getting too involved and I knew too much about what went on at Enghien and at the fl at racing tracks too.

基本上，我只在看准了一匹马能赢的时候才下赌注，但有时候我发现有些马除了驯马员和骑师以外没人看好，可我在它们身上下赌注时却一场接一场地赢。我最终还是不赌了，因为它太耗费时间，而且我太投入了，也太了解在昂吉安和平地赛马场跑道上发生的一切了。

When I stopped working on the races I was glad but it left an emptiness. By then I knew that everything good and bad left an emptiness when it stopped. But if it was bad, the emptiness filled up by itself. If it was good you could only fill it by finding something better. I put the racing capital back into the general funds and I felt relaxed and good.

我很高兴自己罢手不再赛马了，但感到空虚。那时我明白了，所有

事情，无论好坏，结束的时候都会感到空虚。但如果是坏事，空虚感自然而然就会被填补。如果是好事，你就只能找更好的东西来填补。我把赛马的本金和所有的钱放回到一起，感觉轻松愉快。

The day I gave up racing I went over to the other side of the river and met my friend Mike Ward at the travel desk in the Guaranty Trust which was then at the corner of the rue des Italiens on the Boulevard des Italiens. I was depositing the racing capital but I did not tell that to anyone. I didn't put it in the checkbook though I still kept it in my head.

放弃赛马的那天我去塞纳河对岸，在担保信托公司兑换旅行汇票台前碰见了我的朋友迈克·沃德。那时担保信托公司在意大利大道上意大利街道的拐角处。我正在存赛马的本钱，但没有告诉任何人。我没有把它放入支票簿，不过我脑子里记着这笔钱。

"Want to go to lunch?" I asked Mike.

“想去吃午饭吗？”我问迈克。

"Sure, kid. Yeah I can do it. What's the matter? Aren't you going to the track?"

“当然，老兄。我们可以一起去。怎么了？你不去赛马场吗？”

"No."

“不去了。”

We had lunch at the square Louvois at a very good, plain bistro with a wonderful white wine. Across the square was the Bibliothéque Nationale.

我们在卢瓦广场上一家朴素但非常好的小餐馆吃的午饭，喝了一杯很不错的白葡萄酒。广场对面就是国家图书馆。

"You never went to the track much, Mike," I said.

“你不怎么去赛马场，迈克。”我说。

"No. Not for quite a long time."

“是的，很久没去了。”

"Why did you lay off it?"

“为什么不去了呢？”

"I don't know," Mike said. "Yes. Sure I do. Anything you have to bet on to get a kick isn't worth seeing."

“不知道，”迈克回答。“是啊，我当然知道。任何你得下赌注才能获得快感的事都不值一看。”

"Don't you ever go out?"

“你现在一次都不去了吗？”

"Sometimes to see a big race. One with great horses."

“有时候去看一场重要的比赛。有好马的比赛。”

We spread pété on the good bistro bread and drank the white wine.

我们把肉酱抹在小餐馆烤的上好的面包上，喝着白葡萄酒。

"Did you follow them a lot, Mike?"

“你以前很关注赛马吗，迈克？”

"Oh yes."

“哦，是的。”

"What do you see that's better?"

“你认为什么事儿更好点儿呢？”

"Bicycle racing."

“自行车比赛。”

"Really?"

“真的吗？”

"You don't have to bet on it. You'll see."

“你用不着下赌注。你会明白的。”

"That track takes a lot of time."

“赛马场要花费一个人很多时间。”

"Too much time. Takes all your time. I don't like the people."

“太多时间了。你得搭上所有时间。我不喜欢那儿的人。”

"I was very interested."

“我过去很感兴趣。”

"Sure. You make out all right?"

“当然。你现在过得还好吗？”

"All right."

“还好。”

"Good thing to stop," Mike said.

“放弃是件好事。”迈克说。

"I've stopped."

“我已经放弃了。”

"Hard to do. Listen kid, we'll go to the bike races sometime."

“这样做不容易啊。听着，老兄，什么时候我们一起去看自行车比赛。”

That was a new and fine thing that I knew little about. But we did not start it right away. That came later. It came to be a big part of our lives later when the first part of Paris was broken up.

那是一件新鲜好玩的事，我对它几乎一无所知。但是我们没有马上就去。去看自行车比赛是后来的事。后来，在巴黎的第一段生活支离破碎后，那成了我们生活中重要的一部分。

But for a long time it was enough just to be back in our part of Paris and away from the track and to bet on our own life and work, and on the painters that you knew and not try to make your living gambling and call it by some other name. I have started many stories about bicycle racing but have never written one that is as good as the races are both on the indoor and outdoor tracks and on the roads. But I will get the Vélodrome d'Hiver with the smoky light of the afternoon and the high-banked wooden track and the whirring sound the tires made on the wood as the riders passed, the effort and the tactics as the riders climbed and plunged, each one a part of his machine; I will get the magic of the demi-fond, the noise of the motors with their rollers set out behind them that the entraîneurs rode, wearing their heavy crash helmets and leaning backward in their ponderous leather suits, to shelter the riders who followed them from the air resistance, the riders in their lighter crash helmets bent low over their handlebars their legs turning the huge gear sprockets and the small front wheels touching the roller behind the machine that gave them shelter to ride in, and the duels that were more exciting than anything, the put-puting of the motorcycles and the riders elbow to elbow and wheel to wheel up and down and around at deadly speed until one man could not hold the pace and broke away and the solid wall of air that he had been sheltered against hit him.

但是有很长一段时间，回到巴黎中我们的那个区，远离赛马场，把赌注下在我们自己的生活和写作上，下在你了解的画家身上，不靠赌博谋生并冠之以美名，这样我们就很满足了。我已经开始写很多关于自行车比赛的小说，但从来没写过一个那样奇妙的比赛，它既能在室内和室外的赛道上进行又能在公路上开展。不过我会写午后烟雾弥漫的光线下的“冬日室内自行车场”，写高高倾斜的木质赛车道和骑手经过时轮胎在木质赛道上发出的“呼呼”的声音，写赛手爬坡和俯冲的拼劲和策略，每个赛手都融为自行车的一部分；我要写中距离赛事的魅力，写先于赛手出发的领骑员骑的摩托车发出的喧闹声：领骑员戴着沉重的头盔，穿着笨重的皮外套，身体后倾，为紧随其后的赛手减小空气阻力；赛手戴着更轻便的头盔，弯腰低伏在手把上，两腿蹬着巨大的链轮，小前轮几乎

紧贴着为它提供庇护的摩托车后面的滚轮；我要写最扣人心弦的对决：摩托车的“噗噗”声，赛手几乎胳膊肘碰胳膊肘、轮子挨着轮子上下飞速绕着赛车场转，直到有人跟不上，掉队了，被原来由于领路员的庇护而无法击到他的那堵牢不可破的气墙击中。

There were so many kinds of racing. The straight sprints raced in heats or in match races where the two riders would balance for long seconds on their machines for the advantage of making the other rider take the lead and then the slow circling and the fi nal plunge into the driving purity of speed. There were the programs of the team races of two hours, with a series of pure sprints in their heats to fill the afternoon, the lonely absolute speed events of one man racing an hour against the clock, the terribly dangerous and beautiful races of one hundred kilometers on the big banked wooden five-hundred-meter bowl of the Stade Buffalo, the outdoor stadium at Montrouge where they raced behind big motorcycles, Linart, the great Belgian champion that they called "the Sioux[1]" for his profile, dropping his head to suck up cherry brandy from a rubber tube that connected with a hot water bottle under his racing shirt when he needed it toward the end as he increased his savage speed, and the championships of France behind big motors of the six-hundred-and-sixty-meter cement track of the Parc du Prince near Auteuil, the wickedest track of all where we saw that great rider Ganay fall and heard his skull crumple under the crash helmet as you crack an hard-boiled egg against a stone to peel it on a picnic. I must write the strange world of the six-day races and the marvels of the road-racing in the mountains. French is the only language it has ever been written in properly and the terms are all French and that is what makes it hard to write. Mike was right about it, there is no need to bet. But that comes at another time in Paris.

比赛的形式丰富多彩。以分组赛或两两对抗赛形式进行的短距离冲刺赛中，两位赛手先是在自行车上保持平衡不动好几秒，让对方领先，以取得优势，然后慢慢地环绕自行车场，直到最后以最快的速度冲刺。还有两小时的团体赛，整个下午全是一轮接一轮的短距离冲刺分组赛，这是纯粹对速度的比拼，孤零零一个人骑一个小时自行车，和时间赛跑。在宽敞的有点坡度的布法罗体育场五百米长的椭圆形木质赛道上的十万米比赛惊险刺激、精彩纷呈。布法罗体育场是位于蒙鲁日的露天体育场，比赛继大型摩托车赛之后开始。著名比利时冠军林纳特因为脸部轮廓的缘故被称作“苏族人”。快到终点时他疯狂加速，需要时他会低头从赛服下面和热水瓶相连的橡皮管吸一口樱桃白兰地。大型摩托车比赛后还有在欧特伊附近王子公园六百六十米的水泥赛道上举行的法国冠军赛。那是最差的赛道，我们甚至见过著名车手加奈在那儿摔倒，还听到头盔下头骨破裂的声音，就像野餐时为了要剥开煮熟的鸡蛋把它敲打在石头上一样。我一定要写为期六天的比赛的奇异世界和山地自行车比赛的精彩胜况。唯一一种准确描写过这项运动的语言就是法语。所有的术

语都是法语，所以很难写。迈克说对了，没有必要下赌注。但那是在巴黎的另一段时光了。

(1)苏族人，美国北部和加拿大南部的印第安人，即达科他人。

Hunger Was Good Discipline

饥饿是可贵的锻炼

You got very hungry when you did not eat enough in Paris because all the bakery shops had such good things in the windows and people ate outside at tables on the sidewalk so that you saw and smelled the food. When you had given up journalism and were writing nothing that anyone in America would buy, explaining at home that you were lunching out with someone, the best place to go was the Luxembourg gardens where you saw and smelled nothing to eat all the way from the Place de 1'Observatoire to the rue de Vaugirard. There you could always go into the Luxembourg museum and all the paintings were sharpened and clearer and more beautiful if you were belly-empty, hollow-hungry. I learned to understand Cézanne much better and to see truly how he made landscapes when I was hungry. I used to wonder if he were hungry too when he painted; but I thought possibly it was only that he had forgotten to eat. It was one of those unsound but illuminating thoughts you have when you have been sleepless or hungry. Later I thought Cézanne was probably hungry in a different way.

在巴黎如果吃不饱你会感到尤为饥饿，因为所有面包店的橱窗里都陈列着如此诱人的东西，人们又都坐在外面人行道旁的桌边吃喝，所以你不仅能看见食物，还能闻到诱人的香味。当你放弃了新闻写作，并且写不出在美国有人买的作品，还要向家人谎称说要和别人在外面共进午餐时，那么最好的去处就是卢森堡公园。从天文台广场到沃日拉尔大街，一路你看不到任何食物也闻不到食物的芳香。在那儿你总能走进卢森堡博物馆。当你肚子空空、饥肠辘辘时，所有画都会变得更敏锐清晰，更加赏心悦目。饥饿的时候我学会了更好地欣赏塞尚，真正明白了他是如何画风景的。我过去常常想，他画画的时候是不是也饿着肚子；但我想他很可能只是忘了吃饭。这是你失眠或饥饿时产生的不合逻辑但具有启发性的想法之一。后来我想，塞尚感受到的饥饿感很可能是另一种形式的饥饿。

After you came out of the Luxembourg you could walk down the narrow rue Férou to the Place St. Sulpice and there were still no restaurants, only the quiet square with its benches and trees. There was a fountain with lions, and pigeons walked on the pavement and perched on the statues of the bishops. There was the church and there were shops selling religious objects and vestments on the north side of the square.

从卢森堡公园出来你可以沿着狭窄的费罗街走到圣索毕斯广场，那

儿也没有餐馆，只有安静的广场和长椅、树丛。广场上有一个用狮子雕像装饰的喷泉。鸽子在人行道上踱步，时而飞落在那些主教的雕像上。那儿有教堂，广场北边还有几家卖宗教用品和祭祀法衣的商店。

From this square you could not go further toward the river without passing shops selling fruits, vegetables, wines, or bakery and pastry shops. But by choosing your way carefully you could walk to your right around the grey and white stone church and reach the rue de I'Odéon and turn up to your right toward Sylvia Beach's bookshop and on your way you did not pass too many places where things to eat were sold. The rue de I'Odéon was bare of eating places until you reached the square where there were three restaurants.

从这个广场去塞纳河，你必须经过卖水果、蔬菜、酒、或者面包和蛋糕的商店。不过，如果细心选择路线，你可以从右边绕过灰白色石头建造的教堂，来到奥岱翁大街，然后右拐前往西尔维娅·比奇书店，这一路上你不会经过多少卖食物的地方。在你来到广场看到三家餐馆前，奥岱翁大街上没有吃饭的地方。

By the time you reached 12 rue de I'Odéon your hunger was contained but all of your perceptions were heightened again. The photographs looked different and you saw books that you had never seen before.

到了奥岱翁大街12号时，你已经克制住饥饿感，不过所有的感官又再次活跃起来。照片看上去不一样了，而且你还看到了以前从未发现的书。

"You're too thin, Hemingway," Sylvia would say. "Are you eating enough?"

“你太瘦了，海明威，”塞尔维娅会说，“你能吃饱吗？”

"Sure. "

“当然。”

"What did you eat for lunch?"

“午饭吃什么了？”

My stomach would turn over and I would say, "I'm going home for lunch now."

我的胃要翻江倒海了，不过我还是说：“我现在回家吃午饭。”

"At three o'clock?"

“下午三点吃午饭？”

"I didn't know it was that late."

“我不知道已经这么晚了。”

"Adrienne[1] said the other night she wanted to have you and Hadley for dinner. We'd ask Fargue[2]. You like Fargue, don't you? Or Larbaud. You like him. I know you like him. Or anyone you really like. Will you speak to Hadley?"

“有天晚上艾德丽安说想要邀请你和哈德莉一起吃晚饭。我们想邀请法尔格。你喜欢法尔格，对吧？或者请拉尔博。你喜欢他。我知道你喜欢他。或者你喜欢谁就邀请谁。你告诉哈德莉一声，好吗？”

"I know she'd love to come."

“我知道她愿意来。”

"I'll send her a pneu. Don't you work so hard now that yon don't eat properly."

“我会给她发一封询问函。你都不好好吃饭，工作别太拼命了。”

"I won't."

“我不会的。”

"Get home now before it's too late for lunch."

“现在就回家吧，太晚就吃不上午饭了。”

"They'll save it."

“他们会给我留着的。”

"Don't eat cold food either. Eat a good hot lunch."

“别吃凉的。好好吃顿热乎的午饭。”

"Did I have any mail?"

“有我的信吗？”

"I don't think so. But let me look."

“没有吧。让我看看。”

She looked and found a note and looked up happily and then opened a closed door in her desk.

她看了看，找到一份通知单，高兴地抬起头，然后打开写字台上一扇关着的门。

"This came while I was out," she said. It was a letter and it felt as though it had money in it. "Wedderkop," Sylvia said.

“这是我出去时送来的。”她说。那是一封信，摸起来好像里面有钱。“韦德尔科普先生寄来的。”西尔维娅说。

"It must be from Det Querschnitt[3]. Did you see Wedderkop?”

“一定是《横截面》寄来的。你见过韦德尔科普吗？”

"No. But he was here with George. He'll see you. Don't worry. Perhaps he wanted to pay you first."

“没有。但他曾经和乔治一起来过这儿。他会见你的。别担心。也许他是想先付你钱。”

"It's six hundred franca. He says there will be more."

“六百法郎。他说还会给更多的钱。”

"I'm awfully glad you reminded me to look. Dear Mr. Awfully Nice."

“真感谢你提醒我看一眼，亲爱的大好人先生。”

"It's damned funny that Germany is the only place I can sell anything. To him and the Frankfurter Zeitung[4].”

“真滑稽，德国竟然是唯一有人买我作品的地方。买主是他和《法兰克福汇报》。”

"Isn't it? But don't you worry ever. Yon can sell stories to Ford," she teased me.

“是吗？不过你不用担心。你可以把小说卖给福特。”她开玩笑说。

"Thirty francs a page. Say one story every three months in The Transatlantic. Story five pages long make one hundred and fifty francs a quarter. Six hundred francs a year."

“三十法郎一页。假设每三个月在《跨大西洋评论》上发表一篇小说，三个月写五页长的故事也只能挣一百五十法郎，一年六百法郎。”

"But, Hemingway, don't worry about what they bring now. The point is that you can write them."

“不过，海明威，别担心现在它们能挣多少钱。关键是你能写小说。”

"I know. I can write them. But nobody will buy them. There is no money coming in since I quit journalism."

“我知道。我能写。可是没有人愿意买。我不写新闻报道以来就没有收入。”

"They will sell. Look. You have the money for one right there."

“会有人买的。瞧，这不就是你的一篇小说挣来的钱嘛。”

"I'm sorry, Sylvia. Forgive me for speaking about it."

“对不起，西尔维娅。原谅我说起这些。”

"Forgive you for what? Always talk about it or about anything. Don't you know all writers ever talk about is their troubles? But promise me you won't worry and that you'll eat enough."

“原谅你什么？不管什么事都尽管说吧。难道你不知道所有作家谈的就是他们的烦心事吗？但是，答应我你不会担心，还要吃得饱饱的。”

"I promise."

“我答应你。”

"Then get home now and have lunch."

“现在回家吃午饭吧。”

Outside on the rue de 1'Odéon I was disgusted with myself for having complained about things. I was doing what I did of my own free will and I was doing it stupidly. I should have bought a large piece of bread and eaten it instead of skipping a meal. I could taste the brown lovely crust. But it is dry in your mouth without something to drink. You God damn complainer. You dirty phony saint and martyr, I said to myself. You quit journalism of your own accord. You have credit and Sylvia would have loaned you money. She has plenty of times. Sure. And then the next thing you would be compromising on something else. Hunger is healthy and the pictures do look better when you are hungry. Eating is wonderful too and do you know where you are going to eat right now?

出了书店走在奥岱翁大街上，我对自己牢骚满腹感到厌恶。我正在做的是我心甘情愿做的事，可却做得愚蠢之极。我本该买个大面包吃，而不应该不吃饭。我可以尝尝诱人的棕色面包皮。可是如果没喝的，嚼在嘴里只觉得干干的。你这个该死的抱怨狂。你这个道貌岸然的假圣人和殉道者，我对自己说。你自愿放弃了新闻报道。你讲信用，西尔维娅会愿意借钱给你。她多次慷慨相助。当然了。可接下来你又妥协于别的事。饥饿是有利于健康的，那些图片饥饿时看起来的确更漂亮。吃饭也很美妙，可是你知道现在去哪儿吃饭吗？

Lipp's is where you are going to eat and drink too.

利普咖啡馆就是你要去吃喝的地方。

It was a quick walk to Lipp's and every place I passed that my stomach noticed as quickly as my eyes or my nose made the walk an added pleasure. There were few people in the brasserie and when I sat down on the bench against the wall with the mirror in back and a table in front and the waiter asked if I wanted beer I asked for a distingué, the big glass mug that held a liter, and for potato salad.

很快就到了利普咖啡馆。每路过一个地方，我的胃立马就和眼睛或鼻子一样注意到了，这增添了走路的乐趣。啤酒店里几乎没人，我在墙边的长椅上坐下，长椅后面挂着镜子，前面摆着桌子。侍者问我要不要啤酒，我要了一杯一升容量的大玻璃杯啤酒，还要了土豆沙拉。

The beer was very cold and wonderful to drink. The pommes à l'buile were firm and marinated and the olive oil delicious. I ground

black pepper over the potatoes and moistened the bread in the olive oil. After the first heavy draft of beer I drank and ate very slowly. When the pommes à l'buile were gone I ordered another serving and a cervelas. This was a sausage like a heavy, wide frankfurter split in two and covered with a special mustard sauce.

啤酒很冰，喝起来很过瘾。土豆沙拉在调味汁里浸泡过，已经凝结了，橄榄油也非常美味。我往土豆泥上加了点黑胡椒粉，将面包在橄榄油里蘸湿。我先喝了一大口啤酒，然后开始慢慢地喝酒、吃东西。土豆沙拉吃完后，我又要了一份，还叫了份熏香肠，这很像一根又粗又宽的法兰克福香肠，切成了两半，上面抹了点儿特制酸辣芥末酱。

I mopped up all the oil and all of the sauce with bread and drank the beer slowly until it began to lose its coldness and then I finished it and ordered a demi and watched it drawn. It seemed colder than the distingué and I drank half of it.

我用面包抹净所有橄榄油和调味酱，慢慢喝着啤酒，直到啤酒已经不冰了，我才一口喝完，然后又叫了半杯，看着侍者将啤酒注入杯子。半杯的似乎比大杯的更冰，我一口喝了一半。

I had not been worrying, I thought. I knew the stories were good and someone would publish them finally at home. When I stopped doing newspaper work I was sure the stories were going to be published. But every one I sent out came back. What had made me so confident was Edward O'Brien's taking the "My Old Man" story for the Best Short Stories book and then dedicating the book for that year to me. Then I laughed and drank some more beer. The story had never been published in a magazine and he had broken all his rules to take it for the book. I laughed again and the waiter glanced at me. It was funny because, after all that, he had spelled the name wrong. It was one of two stories I had left when everything I had written was stolen in Hadley's suitcase that time at the Gare de Lyon when she was bringing the manuscripts down to me to Lausanne as a surprise, so I could work on them on our holidays in the mountains. She had put in the originals, the typescripts and the carbons, all in manila folders. The only reason I had the one story was that Lincoln Steffens[5] had sent it out to some editor who sent it back. It was in the mail while everything else was stolen. The other story that I had was the one called "Up in Michigan" written before Miss Stein had come to our fl at. I had never had it copied because she said it was inaccrochable. It had been in a drawer somewhere.

我并没有一直在担心，我想。我知道我写的小说很好，最终会有人在国内出版。我放弃新闻工作时就确信小说会发表的。可是我投出的每一篇都被退回来了。让我如此自信的是，爱德华·奥布莱恩将《我的老人》这篇小说收入《最佳短篇小说选》一书，并把当年那本书献给我。

想到这儿我就笑了，又喝了点儿啤酒。那篇小说从来没有在杂志上发表过，他破例将它收入书中。我又笑了，侍者看了我一眼。事情很滑稽，因为他最后把名字拼错了。那次在里昂车站，哈德莉的行李箱失窃，装在里面的所有作品都丢了。我也只剩下两篇小说，那是其中的一篇。哈德莉本想把手稿带到洛桑给我一个惊喜，让我度假的时候在雪山上也能继续写作。她放在箱子里的有原稿、机打的手稿、复写稿，都放在马尼拉文件夹里。我能留下这篇小说的唯一原因是林肯·斯蒂芬斯将它寄给一个编辑，后来这个编辑又把它退了回来。其他稿件被偷的时候这篇小说还在邮寄途中。另一篇留下的小说是斯泰因小姐来我们公寓前写的《在密歇根州北部》。这篇小说从来没有抄写过，因为她说“有伤大雅”。小说就放在某个抽屉里。

So after we had left Lausanne and gone down to Italy I showed the racing story to O'Brien, a gentle, shy man, pale, with pale blue eyes, and straight lanky hair he cut himself, who lived then as a boarder on a monastery up above Rapallo[6]. It was a bad time and I did not think I could write any more then, and I showed the story to him as a curiosity, as you might show, stupidly, the binnacle of a ship you had lost in some incredible way, or as you might pick up your booted foot and make some joke about it if it had been amputated after a crash. Then, when he read the story, I saw he was hurt far more than I was. I had never seen anyone hurt by a thing other than death or unbearable suffering except Hadley when she told me about the things being gone. She had cried and cried and could not tell me. I told her that no matter what the dreadful thing was that had happened nothing could be that bad, and whatever it was, it was all right and not to worry. We would work it out. Then, finally, she told me. I was sure she could not have brought the carbons too and I hired someone to cover for me on my newspaper job. I was making good money then at journalism, and took the train for Paris. It was true all right and I remember what I did in the night after I let myself into the fl at and found it was true. That was over now and Chink had taught me never to discuss casualties; so I told O'Brien not to feel so bad. It was probably good for me to lose early work and I told him all that stuff you feed the troops. I was going to start writing stories again I said and, as I said it, only trying to lie so that he would not feel so bad, I knew that it was true.

我们离开洛桑到意大利后，我把那篇赛马的小说给奥布莱恩看。奥布莱恩是个温文尔雅、话不多的人，他脸色苍白，有一双淡蓝色的眼睛，留着自己修剪的细长直发。他那时寄宿在拉帕洛的一家修道院里。那段日子很艰难，我以为再也不可能写作了，所以把那篇小说当作一件珍品似地给他看，就像你可能会愚蠢地拿出莫名其妙丢失的船上的罗盘箱，或者就像飞机失事截肢后，你可能会拾起穿着靴子的假肢，拿它开玩笑。当时，他看小说的时候，我看得出他受到的伤害比我还深。我从

没见过谁因为死亡或者无法忍受的痛苦以外的原因而伤心，除了哈德莉告诉我稿件丢失的时候。她一直哭，一直哭，哭得说不出到底发生了什么事。我告诉她，无论发生多么可怕的事，事情顶多也就糟到这样了，无论发生什么都没关系，不要担心。我们会有办法的。然后，她终于告诉我了。我确信她不可能带上复写稿，于是雇人替我写新闻报道——那时我还在写新闻报道，挣钱不少——然后自己坐火车去巴黎。确实是真的。我还记得当那天晚上走进房间发现一切都是真的以后，我都做了些什么。现在这都过去了，钦克曾经教过我不要去争辩前因后果；所以我告诉奥布莱恩不要太难过。也许丢失早先的作品对我来说是件好事，我跟他说了所有用来鼓舞军队士气的话。我还说我会重新开始写小说。尽管这么说，其实只是想撒个谎让他不觉得那么难过，我知道这是真的。

Then I started to think in Lipp's about when I had first been able to write a story after losing everything. It was up in Cortina d'Ampezzo[7] when I had come back to join Hadley there after the spring skiing which I had to interrupt to go on assignment to the Rhineland and the Ruhr. It was a very simple story called "Out of Season" and I had omitted the real end of it which was that the old man hanged himself. This was omitted on my new theory that you could omit anything if you knew that you omitted and the omitted part would strengthen the story and make people feel something more than they understood.

然后，在利普咖啡馆我开始想，在失掉一切之后我是什么时候开始有能力写小说的。那是我回到科尔蒂纳丹佩佐和哈德莉团聚的时候，因为被派往莱茵地区和鲁尔区执行任务，我不得不中断了春季的滑雪活动回来。这个故事非常简单，叫《不合时令》，我删去了故事的真实结局：那个老人自缢了。删除的依据就是我的新理论：只要你清楚要删节，而且删节的部分能增强故事的感染力，让人们在理解之外还有所触动，任何东西你都能删除。

Well, I thought, now I have them so they do not understand them. There cannot be much doubt about that. There is most certainly no demand for them. But they will understand the same way that they always do in painting. It only takes time and it only needs confidence.

可是，我想，我现在这么写，他们都看不懂了。这没什么疑问。肯定没人想看。但是他们会看懂的，就像他们一直以来欣赏画作一样。只是需要时间和信心。

It is necessary to handle yourself better when you have to cut down on food so you will not get too much hunger-thinking. Hunger is good discipline and you learn from it. And as long as they do not understand it you are ahead of them. Oh sure, I thought, I'm so far ahead of them now that I can't afford to eat regularly. It would not be bad if they caught up a little.

如果你不得不节食，那就得更好地控制自己，这样才不会冒出太多

饥饿时才产生的想法。饥饿是很好的锻练，从中你有所收获。只要他们不理解这一点，你就领先于他们。噢，当然，我想，既然我没钱，不能定点儿吃饭，就已经遥遥领先于他们了。被他们追上一点儿也不算坏。

I knew I must write a novel. But it seemed an impossible thing to do when I had been trying with great difficulty to write paragraphs that would be the distillation of what made a novel. It was necessary to write longer stories now as you would train for a longer race. When I had written a novel before, the one that had been lost in the bag stolen at the Gare de Lyon, I still had the lyric facility of boyhood that was as perishable and as deceptive as youth was. I knew it was probably a good thing that it was lost, but I knew too that I must write a novel. I would put it off though until I could not help doing it. I was damned if I would write one because it was what I should do if we were to eat regularly. When I had to write it, then it would be the only thing to do and there would be no choice. Let the pressure build. In the meantime I would write a long story about whatever I knew best.

我知道我必须写出一篇小说。这似乎是不可能的，尤其是当我想要写构成小说精髓的几段话，但却非常困难的时候。现在必须要写长一点儿的故事，就像为了参加长跑比赛要训练一样。以前我写完一篇小说——就是装在包里在里昂车站被偷的那篇小说——我仍然还怀有少年时代像青春一样易逝和难以琢磨的抒情情怀。我知道手稿丢失很可能是件好事，但我也知道我必须写出一篇小说来。不过我总是一直推延，直到我抑制不住自己，一定要把它写出来。对我来说，如果写一篇小说是为了能定点儿吃上饭而必须这样做，那真是该死。当我不得不写作了，那这就是我唯一能做的事了，而且别无选择。管它压力有多大。同时，我要以我最熟悉的故事为题材写一部长篇小说。

By this time I had paid the check and gone out and turned to the right and crossed the rue de Rennes so that I would not go to the Deux-Magots for coffee and was walking up the rue Bonaparte on the shortest way home.

这时我已经付完账走出餐厅，右拐穿过雷恩大街，这样我就不会去双偶咖啡馆喝咖啡。我顺着波拿巴大街走，选了最近的一条路回家。

What did I know best that I had not written about and lost? What did I know about truly and care for the most? There was no choice at all. There was only the choice of streets to take you back fastest to where you worked. I went up Bonaparte to Guynemer, then to the rue d'Assas, up the rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs to the Closerie des Lilas.

我最熟悉但还没有写过或已经丢失的是什么？我真正了解而且最关心的是什么？根本没有选择。唯一可以选择的就是走哪条路能最快地回到写作的地方。我从波拿巴大街走到盖尼梅大街，然后来到阿萨斯大街，又从圣母院田园大街走到丁香园咖啡馆。

I sat in a corner with the afternoon light coming in over my shoulder and wrote in the notebook. The waiter brought me a café créme and I drank half of it when it cooled and left it on the table while I wrote. When I stopped writing I did not want to leave the river where I could see the trout in the pool, its surface pushing and swelling smooth against the resistance of the log-driven piles of the bridge. The story was about coming back from the war but there was no mention of the war in it.

我坐在一个角落里，在笔记本上写着东西。午后的阳光正好照进来，洒落在我的肩上。侍者给我端来一杯奶油咖啡。等咖啡凉了，我喝了一半，然后把它放回桌上，继续写作。等我停笔，我还不想离开那条河。在那儿我能看见池塘里的鳟鱼，水面在木桥墩的反作用力下流动，缓缓涨起。小说写的是战后归来的故事，但里面只字未提战争。

But in the morning the river would be there and I must make it and the country and all that would happen. There were days ahead to be doing that each day. No other thing mattered. In my pocket was the money from Germany so there was no problem. When that was gone some other money would come in.

可是早晨这条河依然在那儿，我必须写这条河，写那个乡村，写所有可能发生的故事。以后还有时间每天写作。别的什么都不重要。我口袋里有从德国寄来的钱，所以没有生活问题。这笔钱花完后，其他钱还会到手的。

All I must do now was stay sound and good in my head until morning when I would start to work again.

我现在必须做的就是保持头脑清醒，等到早上我又会开始写作。

(1)艾德丽安·里齐（1929—），美国诗人、散文家、女性主义作家。

(2)法尔格（1876—1947），法国抒情诗人。

(3)《横截面》，德语报纸。

(4)《法兰克福汇报》，德语报纸（1856—1943）。

(5)林肯·斯蒂芬斯（1866—1936），美国记者、杂志编辑。

(6)拉帕洛，意大利热那亚省的一个地区。

(7)科尔蒂纳丹佩佐，位于意大利威尼托区布鲁诺省的小镇，滑雪胜地。

Ford Madox Ford And The Devil'S Disciple

福特·马多克斯·福特和魔鬼的信徒

The Closerie des Lilas was the nearest good café when we lived in the f lat over the sawmill at 113 rue Notre-Dame-desChamps, and it was one of the best cafés in Paris. It was warm inside in the winter and in the spring and fall it was very fine outside with the tables under the shade of the trees on the side where the statue of Marshal Ney was, and the square, regular tables under the big awnings along the boulevard. Two of the waiters were our good friends. People from the Déme and the Rotonde never came to the Lilas. There was no one there they knew, and no one would have stared at them if they came. In those days many people went to the cafés at the corner of the Boulevard Montparnasse and the Boulevard Raspail to be seen publicly and in a way such places anticipated the columnists as the daily substitutes for immortality.

我们住在圣母院田园大街113号锯木厂楼上的公寓时，丁香园咖啡馆是最近的一家比较不错的咖啡馆，也是巴黎最好的咖啡馆之一：冬天里面很暖和，春天和秋天坐在外面很舒服。矗立着米歇尔·内伊元帅铜像的那一边街道，树阴下摆着餐桌；广场那边沿街的大遮阳蓬下也整齐地摆着正方形餐桌。咖啡馆有两个侍者是我们的好朋友。去圆顶咖啡馆和圆亭咖啡馆的人是不会来丁香园的。这儿没有他们认识的人，即使他们进来，也没人会盯着他们看。那时候很多人都去蒙帕纳斯大街和拉斯帕伊大街街角的咖啡馆抛头露面。从某种意义上来说，这些地方期待专栏作家来，成为他们所盼求之不朽声望的日常替代品。

The Closerie des Lilas had once been a café where poets met more or less regularly and the last principal poet had been Paul Fort[1] whom I had never read. But the only poet I ever saw there was Blaise Cendrars[2], with his broken boxer's face and his pinned-up empty sleeve, rolling a cigarette with his one good hand. He was a good companion until he drank too much and, at that time, when he was lying, he was more interesting than many men telling a story truly. But he was the only poet who came to the Lilas then and I only saw him there once. Most of the clients were elderly bearded men in well worn clothes who came with their wives or their mistresses and wore or did not wear thin red Legion of Honor ribbons in their lapels. We thought of them all hopefully as scientists or savants and they sat almost as long over an apéritif as the men in shabbier clothes who sat with their wives or mistresses over café crème and wore the purple ribbon of the Palms of the Academy, which had nothing to do with the French Academy[3], and meant, we thought, that they were professors

or instructors.

丁香园咖啡馆曾经是诗人定期不定期聚会的地方。最近去那儿的主要诗人是保尔·福尔，我从来没有读过他的诗。我在那儿唯一见过的诗人是布莱斯·桑德拉尔，一张破相的拳击手的脸，一只用别针别着的空袖管，那只健全的手卷着烟。他没喝多的时候是个很好的伙伴，那时他说起谎来比很多真在讲故事的人还风趣。但他是那时唯一来丁香园的诗人，我也只在那儿见过他一次。大多数顾客都是蓄着胡子、穿着十分破旧衣服的上了年纪的人，他们带着妻子或情人，有的衣服翻领上还别着红色的“退伍军人荣誉”勋带。我们都满怀希望以为他们是科学家或学者。他们坐下喝开胃酒的时间跟那些衣着更加破旧、戴着紫色“学院棕榈”丝带的人和妻子或情人坐在一起喝奶油咖啡的时间几乎一样长。紫色丝带和法语学院毫无关系，我们猜想，那表明他们是教授或讲师。

These people made it a comfortable café since they were all interested in each other and in their drinks or coffees, or infusions, and in the papers and periodicals which were fastened to rods, and no one was on exhibition.

这些人使丁香园成了一家舒适的咖啡馆，因为他们都只对彼此、对他们的饮料或咖啡或加入饮料的浸剂、对夹在报夹杆上的报纸和期刊感兴趣，而且没有人是在故作姿态。

There were other people too who lived in the quarter and came to the Lilas, and some of them wore Croix de Guerre ribbons in their lapels and others ado had the yellow and green of the Médaille Militaire, and I watched how well they were overcoming the handicap of the limbs, and saw the quality of their artificial eyes and the degree of skill with which their faces had been reconstructed. There was always an almost iridescent shiny cast about the considerably reconstructed face, rather like of a well packed ski run, and we respected these clients more than we did the savants or the professors, although the latter might well have done their military service too without experiencing mutilation.

也有其他一些住在本街区的人来丁香园，有些人在衣服翻领上佩戴着军功十字章勋带，另一些则戴着黄绿色的军队勋章，我仔细观察他们如何灵活地克服缺胳膊少腿的困难，还见识了他们的人造眼球的质量和重塑他们面部的精湛技艺。这些经过大幅重塑的脸上总是泛着一种几近灿烂的光芒，宛如厚实的滑雪道。比起那些学者或教授来，我们更尊敬这些客人，虽然前者很可能也服过役，只是他们没有受伤。

In those days we did not trust anyone who had not been in the war, but we did not completely trust anyone, and there was a strong feeling that Cendrars might well be a little less fl ashy about his vanished arm. I was glad he had been in the Lilas early in the afternoon before the regular clients had arrived.

在那些日子，我们不相信任何没有参加过战争的人，但也不是完全相信任何参加过的人。大家有一种强烈的感觉，那就是，桑德拉尔最好还是不要那么炫耀他那只已经失去的胳膊。我很高兴那天下午在丁香园的常客到来之前，他很早就来了。

On this evening I was sitting at a table outside of the Lilas watching the light change on the trees and the buildings and the passage of the great slow horses of the outer boulevards. The door of the café opened behind me and to my right, and a man came out and walked to my table.

那天傍晚，我坐在丁香园外面的一张桌旁，看着树上和建筑上光线的变化，还有外面林阴大道上慢慢走过的漂亮马匹。身后咖啡馆的门开了，一个人从我右边走出，朝我的桌子这边走来。

"Oh here you are," he said.

“啊，原来你在这。”他说。

It was Ford Madox Ford, as he called himself then, and he was breathing heavily through a heavy, stained mustache and holding himself as upright as an ambulatory, well clothed, up-ended hogshead.

是福特·麦克多斯·福特，他当时就是这么称呼自己的。他透过浓密的花白胡须喘着粗气，身子挺得板直，就像一只能四处走动、衣着得体、倒立着的木桶。

"May I sit with you?" he asked, sitting down, and his eyes which were a washed-out blue under colorless lids and eyebrows looked out at the boulevard.

“我能坐你旁边吗？”他坐下时问道，无精打采的眼皮和眉毛下一双褪色的蓝眼睛往外看着林阴大道。

"I spent good years of my life that those beasts should be slaughtered humanely," he said.

“我生命中的大部分年月都在倡导应该用人性的方法屠宰那些牲畜。”他说。

"You told me," I said.

“你跟我说过。”我说。

"I don't think so."

“我想没有。”

"I'm quite sure."

“我非常肯定。”

"Very odd. I've never told anyone in my life."

“真奇怪。我这辈子从没告诉过任何人。”

"Will you have a drink?"

“喝一杯吗？”

The waiter stood there and Ford told him he would have a Chambéry Cassis. The waiter, who was tall and thin and bald on the top of his head with hair slicked over and who wore a heavy old-style dragoon mustache, repeated the order.

侍者站在那儿，于是福特告诉他要一杯黑醋栗酒。那个侍者又高又瘦，头发疏得油光可鉴，掩盖着秃了的头顶，还蓄着浓密的老式骑兵胡子。他重复了一遍福特要的酒。

"No. Make it a fine à l'eau," Ford said.

“不。换成兑苏打水的白兰地吧。”福特说。

"A fine à1'eau for Monsieur," the waiter confirmed the order.

“一杯兑苏打水的白兰地。”侍者确认了一遍。

I had always avoided looking at Ford when I could and I always held my breath when I was near him in a closed room, but this was the open air and the fallen leaves blew along the sidewalks from my side of the table past his, so I took a good look at him, repented, and looked across the boulevard. The light was changed again and I had missed the change. I took a drink to see if his coming had fouled it, but it still tasted good.

如果可以的话我总是避开不去看福特，要是同在一间关闭的房间里，离他很近时，我总是屏住呼吸。但这次是在室外，人行道上的落叶从我坐的桌子这边吹到他那边，所以我仔细看了他一眼，后悔了，又转而看对面的林阴大道。光线又变了，但我错过了变化的过程。我喝了一口酒，想看看他的到来是否破坏了酒的味道，可是酒却仍然很好喝。

"You're very glum," he said.

“你闷闷不乐。”他说。

"No."

“没有。”

"Yes you are. You need to get out more. I stopped by to ask you to the little evenings we're giving in that amusing Bal Musette near the Place Contrescarpe on the rue Cardinal Lemoine."

“是的，你闷闷不乐。你应该多出来。我顺道过来，是想邀请你去我们在大众舞厅举办的小型晚会，就在勒穆瓦纳主教街上护墙广场附近。”

"I lived above it for two years before you came to Paris this last time."

“你最近这次来巴黎前，我在那家舞厅的楼上住了两年。”

"How odd. Are you sure?"

“怪事儿。你肯定吗？”

"Yes," I said. "I'm sure. The man who owned it had a taxi and when I had to get a plane he'd take me out to the field, and we'd stop at the zinc bar of the Bal and drink a glass of white wine in the dark before we'd start for the airfield."

“是的，”我说，“我肯定。舞厅的主人有一辆出租车，我要赶飞机时他就送我去机场。出发去机场前我们会在舞厅镀锌的吧台边呆一会儿，在黑暗中喝杯白葡萄酒。”

"I've never cared for f lying," Ford said. "You and your wife plan to come to the Bal Musette Saturday night. It's quite gay. I'll draw you a map so you can find it. I stumbled on it quite by chance."

“我从不喜欢坐飞机，”福特说，“周六晚上你和你的妻子都来舞会吧。很好玩的。我给你画张地图，你就能找到了。我是一个偶然机会才发现这个地方的。”

"It's under 74. rue Cardinal Lemoine," I said. "I lived on the third floor."

“就在勒穆瓦纳主教街74号的楼下，”我说，“我当时住在三楼。”

"There's no number," Ford said. "But you'll be able to find it if you can fi nd the Place Contrescarpe."

“没有门牌号，”福特说，“但只要能找到护墙广场你就能找到它。”

I took another long drink. The waiter had brought Ford's drink and Ford was correcting him. "It wasn't a brandy and soda," he said helpfully but severely. "I ordered a Chambéry vermouth and Cassis.”

我又喝了一大口酒。侍者端来福特要的酒，然后福特开始纠正。“不是白兰地加苏打水，”他善意地说道，但又非常严厉，“我要的是苦艾酒和黑醋栗酒。”

"It's all right, Jean," I said. "I'll take the fine. Bring Monsieur what he orders now."

“没关系，吉恩，”我说，“我喝这杯白兰地。再给这位先生来杯他现在点的。”

"What I ordered," corrected Ford.

“是我刚才要的。”福特纠正说。

At that moment a rather gaunt man wearing a cape passed on the sidewalk. He was with a tall woman and he glanced at our table and then away and went on his way down the boulevard.

这时，一个披着斗篷、面容憔悴的人从人行道上走过。他和一个高

个儿女人一起。他往我们桌子这边看了一眼，然后移开了目光，顺着林阴大道继续往前走。

"Did you see me cut him?" Ford said. "Did you see me cut him?"

“你看见我不理他了吗？”福特问道。“你看见了吗？”

"No. Who did you cut?"

“没有。你不理谁？”

"Belloc[4]," Ford said. " Did I cut him!"

“贝洛克，”福特说，“我就是不理他！”

"I didn't see it," I said. "Why did you cut him?"

“我没看见，”我说，“你为什么不理他？”

"For every good reason in the world," Ford said. "Did I cut him though!"

“因为世界上所有充分的理由，”福特说，“我就是不理他！”

He was thoroughly and completely happy. I had never seen Belloc and I did not believe he had seen us. He looked like a man who had been thinking of something and had glanced at the table almost automatically. I felt badly that Ford had been rude to him, as, being a young man who was commencing his education, I had a high regard for him as an older writer. This is not understandable now but in those days it was a common occurrence.

他兴高采烈。我从没见过贝洛克，也不相信他注意到我们。他看上去像是一个正在思考什么问题的人，几乎是无意识地朝桌子这边看了一眼。福特这么粗鲁地对他，我感到很不舒服，毕竟，作为一个刚开始接受教育的年轻人，我对这位年长的作家怀有很高的敬意。这在现在是令人费解的，但在那时却是很平常的事。

I thought it would have been pleasant if Belloc had stopped at the table and I might have met him. The afternoon had been spoiled by seeing Ford but I thought Belloc might have made it better.

我想，要是贝洛克在桌前停下该有多好，那样我就能和他结识了。那天下午因为遇见福特已经很扫兴了，但我想贝洛克可能会让我感觉好点。

"What are you drinking brandy for?" Ford asked me. "Don't you know it's fatal for a young writer to start drinking brandy?"

“你为什么要喝白兰地？”福特问我，“难道你不知道年轻作家一开始喝白兰地就要完蛋了吗？”

"I don't drink it very often," I said. I was trying to remember what Ezra Pound had told me about Ford, that I must never be rude to him,

that I must remember that he only lied when he was very tired, that he was really a good writer and that he had been through very bad domestic troubles. I tried hard to think of these things but the heavy, wheezing, ignoble presence of Ford himself, only touching-distance away, made it difficult. But I tried.

“我不经常喝。”我说。我试着想起埃兹拉·庞德跟我说过的关于福特的那些话，他说我一定不能对他无礼，我必须牢记他只有在极其疲惫的情况下才会撒谎，而且他真的是一个优秀的作家，经历了很严重的家庭问题。我努力回想这些事，但是近在眼前的福特本人沉闷乏味、呼哧喘气、形容卑微，这让我难以做到。但我还是尽力而为。

"Tell me why one cuts people," I asked. Until then I had thought it was something only done in novels by Ouida[5]. I had never been able to read a novel by Ouida, not even at some skiing place in Switzerland where reading matter had run out when the wet south wind had come and there were only the left-behind Tauchnitz[6] editions of before the war. But I was sure, by some sixth sense, that people cut one another in her novels.

“告诉我人为什么不理人。”我问道。在此之前我一直以为这只会出现在韦达的小说里。我从来读不下韦达的小说，即使在瑞士的某个滑雪胜地，当湿冷的南风来袭，可看的东西都已经看完，只剩下别人落下的有关战前故事的陶赫尼茨版的书，我也看不下她的书。但某种第六感让我肯定，在她的小说里，人们互不理睬。

"A gentleman," Ford explained, "will always cut a cad."

“绅士，”福特解释道，“总是不理无赖。”

I took a quick drink of brandy.

我很快地喝了一口白兰地。

"Would he cut a bounder?" I asked.

“绅士会不理一个粗鲁的人吗？”我问道。

"It would be impossible for a gentleman to know a bounder."

“绅士不可能认识粗鲁的人。”

"Then you can only cut someone you have known on terms of equality?" I pursued.

“那你只能不理一个你认识的品性与你同等的人？”我追问道。

"Naturally."

“那是自然。”

"How would one ever meet a cad?"

“绅士怎么会认识无赖呢？”

"You might not know it, or the fellow could have become a cad."

“你当时可能不知道，或者这个人可能是后来才变成无赖的。”

"What is a cad?" I asked. "Isn't he someone that one has to thrash within an inch of his life?"

“无赖是什么样的？”我问道，“难道不是一个人人见了都会喊打的人吗？”

"Not necessarily," Ford said.

“不一定。”福特说。

"Is Ezra a gentleman?" I asked.

“埃兹拉是绅士吗？”我问。

"Of course not," Ford said. "He's an American."

“当然不是，”福特说，“他是美国人。”

"Can't an American be a gentleman?"

“美国人就不能是绅士吗？”

"Perhaps John Quinn[7]," Ford explained. "Certain of your ambassadors."

“约翰·奎因可能是，”福特解释说，“他是你们的一个大使。”

"Myron T. Herrick[8]?”

“迈伦·T·赫里克呢？”

"Possibly."

“可能是。”

"Was Henry James[9] a gentleman?”

“那亨利·詹姆斯是绅士吗？”

"Very nearly."

“很接近了。”

"Are you a gentleman?"

“你是绅士吗？”

"Naturally. I have held His Majesty's commission."

“当然是。我肩负着陛下的使命。”

"It's very complicated," I said. "Am I a gentleman?"

“真复杂，”我说，“那我是绅士吗？”

"Absolutely not," Ford said.

“绝对不是。”福特说。

"Then why are you drinking with me?"

“那你为什么和我一起喝酒？”

"I'm drinking with you as a promising young writer. As a fellow writer in fact."

“我和你喝酒，是因为你是个有前途的年轻作家。实际上是因为你是我的同道作家。”

"Good of you," I said.

“谢谢夸奖。”我说。

"You might be considered a gentleman in Italy," Ford said magnanimously.

“在意大利你可能会被认为是绅士。”福特宽宏大量地说。

"But I'm not a cad?"

“但我不是无赖吗？”

"Of course not, dear boy. Who ever said such a thing?"

“当然不是，亲爱的小家伙。谁这么说的？”

"I might become one," I said sadly. "Drinking brandy and all. That was what did for Lord Harry Hotspur in Trollope[10]. Tell me, was Trollope a gentleman?”

“我可能会变成无赖，”我难过地说，“喝白兰地，诸如此类。这就是特罗洛普作品里亨利·豪斯伯勋爵的下场。告诉我，特罗洛普是绅士吗？”

"Of course not."

“当然不是。”

"You're sure?"

“你确定？”

"There might be two opinions. But not in mine."

“可能有两种观点。但我认为不是。”

"Was Fielding[11]? He was a judge.”

“菲尔丁是吗？他是个法官。”

"Technically perhaps."

“理论上说，可能是。”

"Marlowe[12]?”

“马洛呢？”

"Of course not. "

“当然不是。”

"John Donne[13]?”

“约翰·多恩呢？”

"He was a parson."

“他是个牧师。”

"It's fascinating," I said.

“真有意思。”我说。

"I'm glad you're interested," Ford said. "I'll have a brandy and water with you before I go."

“很高兴你对此感兴趣，”福特说，“我走之前要和你喝一杯白兰地加水。”

After Ford left it was dark and I walked over to the kiosque and bought a Paris-Sport Complet, the final edition of the afternoon racing paper with the results at Auteuil, and the line on the next day's meeting at Enghien. The waiter Emile, who had replaced Jean on duty, came to the table to see the results of the last race at Auteuil. A great friend of mine who rarely came to the Lilas came over to the table and sat down, and just then as my friend was ordering a drink from Emile the gaunt man in the cape with the tall woman passed us on the sidewalk. His glance drifted toward the table and then away.

福特离开后天已经黑了。我走到报亭，买了一份《巴黎体育全报》，这是最后一版午后赛马报，上面有奥特伊赛马场的比赛结果，还有第二天昂吉安赛马的消息。侍者吉恩的替班埃米尔走到桌旁来看奥特伊最后一场比赛的结果。我的一个极好的朋友走到我桌边坐了下来，他很少光顾丁香园。就在这个朋友向埃米尔点酒的时候，那个披着斗篷、面容憔悴的人和那个高个儿女人在人行道上从我们身边走过。他的眼神不经意地朝桌子这边看过来，然后又移开了。

"That's Hilaire Belloc," I said to my friend. "Ford was here this afternoon and cut him dead. “

“那是希莱尔·贝洛克，”我对朋友说，“福特下午在这儿，对他完全不理不睬。”

"Don't be a silly ass," my friend said. "That's Alestair Crowley, the diabolist. He's supposed to be the wickedest man in the world."

“别犯傻了，”我的朋友说，“那是埃莱斯戴尔·克劳利，练魔法的，他堪称是世界上最邪恶的人。”

"Sorry," I said.

“真抱歉。”我说。

(1)保尔·福尔（1872—1960），法国诗人，被誉为“法国的诗人王子”。

(2)布莱斯·桑德拉尔（1887—1961），瑞士法语诗人。喜欢写国外文化，1961年获巴黎文学奖。

(3)法语学院，成立于1635年，是法兰西学院五个学院中历史最悠久的一个。

(4)贝洛克（1870—1953），生于法国，1902年移民至英国，20世纪早期英国最多产的作家。

(5)韦达（1839—1908），英国女作家，以写上流社会生活的传奇作品闻名。

(6)陶赫尼茨（1761—1836），德国人，于1796年在莱比锡建立印刷厂，印刷出版古典文学作品，后由其子继承，刊行英文版的英美作家丛书，这里指的即是书店印的廉价本英语书籍。

(7)约翰·奎因（1839—1903），美国政治家。

(8)迈伦·T·赫里克（1854—1929），美国俄亥俄州共和党政治家，1912年起任驻法大使。

(9)亨利·詹姆斯（1843—1916），美国作家，出身于纽约上层知识分子家庭，长期旅居欧洲。

(10)特罗洛普（1815—1882），英国小说家，以虚构的巴塞特郡小说著称。

(11)亨利·菲尔丁（1707—1754），英国作家，在执法历史方面有重要贡献。英国现实主义小说奠基人之一。

(12)马洛·克里斯托弗（1564—1593），英国剧作家和诗人，发展无韵诗体，革新中世纪戏剧，为莎士比亚和詹姆斯王朝的剧作家开辟了道路，主要剧作有《贴木儿》、《爱德华三世等》。

(13)约翰·多恩（1572—1631），英国玄学派诗人和神学家。

Birth Of A New School

一个新学派的诞生

The blue-backed notebooks, the two pencils and the pencil sharpener (a pocket knife was too wasteful), the marble-topped tables, the smell of early morning, sweeping out and mopping, and luck were all you needed. For luck you carried a horse chestnut and a rabbit's foot[1] in your right pocket. The fur had been worn off the rabbit's foot long ago and the bones and the sinews were polished by wear. The claws scratched in the lining of your pocket and you knew your luck was still there.

蓝色滚边笔记本、两支铅笔、铅笔刀（随身小折刀就太浪费了）、大理石面的桌子、清晨的芳香、打扫干净的地板，还有运气，这就是你需要的一切。为了能有好运气，你会在右边口袋里装上一颗七叶树果实和一只兔子后腿。兔子后腿的毛早就褪去了，骨头和肌腱也已经磨得光亮，爪子刮蹭着口袋的内衬，你知道自己还是很走运。

Some days it went so well that you could make the country so that you could walk into it through the timber to come out into the clearing and walk up onto the high ground and see the hills beyond the arm of the lake. A pencil-lead might break off in the conical nose of the pencil sharpener and you would use the small blade of the pen knife to clear it or else sharpen the pencil carefully with the sharp blade and then slip your arm through the sweat-salted leather of your pack strap to lift the pack again, get the other arm through and feel the weight settle on your back and feel the pine needles under your moccasins as you started down for the lake.

有几天写作进展得非常顺利，你甚至可以写到那个乡村，走进去，穿过树林，来到一片空旷地，爬上高地，就看到湖周围的群山。笔芯可能会在钻笔刀圆锥形的笔孔里断裂，你得用铅笔刀的小刀片来清理笔孔，要不就用锋利的刀片小心地削铅笔。然后，一只手臂穿过汗水浸透的背包皮质背带，把背包再往上抬一抬，另一只手臂也同样穿过，感觉一下背上的重量。出发下山去湖边时，你能感觉到鹿皮鞋下的松针。

Then you would hear someone say, "Hi, Hem[2]. What are you trying to do? Write in a café?”

这时你会听见有人说：“嗨，海姆。你要干嘛？在咖啡馆写作？”

Your luck had run out and you shut the notebook. This was the worst thing that could happen. If you could keep your temper it would be better but I was not good at keeping mine then and said, "You rotten son of a bitch what are you doing in here off your filthy beat?"

好运到此为止，你只好把笔记本合上。这是可能发生的最糟糕的事。如果你能克制住不发脾气，情况可能会好点儿。但那时我还不善于克制，于是说：“你这没用的狗娘养的，从你那脏兮兮的狗窝里跑出来干什么？”

"Don't be insulting just because you want to act like an eccentric."

“别因为你想做个怪人就出口骂人。”

"Take your dirty camping mouth out of here."

“闭上你肮脏下流的臭嘴，滚蛋。”

"It's a public café. I've just as much right here as you have."

“这是大家的咖啡馆。我和你一样有权利来这儿。”

"Why don't you go up to the Petite Chaumière where you belong?”

“你干嘛不去属于你的小茅屋咖啡馆？”

"Oh dear. Don't be so tiresome."

“哦，天哪。别这么烦人。”

Now you could get out and hope it was an accidental visit and that the visitor had only come in by chance and there was not going to be an infestation. There were other good cafés to work in but they were a long walk away and this was my home café. It was bad to be driven out of the Closerie des Lilas. I had to make a stand or move. It was probably wiser to move but the anger started to come and I said, "Listen. A bitch like yon has plenty of places to go. Why do you have to come here and louse a decent café?”

这时你可以离开，希望这是个偶遇，这个不速之客只不过是碰巧进来，不会出现闹哄哄的场面。也有别的咖啡馆可以写作，但都要走很远，这个咖啡馆是我的大本营。被赶出丁香园咖啡馆实在太窝囊了。我只好留下与之对抗，或者走人。离开可能更明智些，但我开始怒火中烧，于是说，“听着。像你这样的狗杂种有很多地方可以去。为什么非得来这儿搅了这么好的咖啡馆？”

"I just came in to have a drink. What's wrong with that?"

“我只是进来喝杯酒，这有什么错吗？”

"At home they'd serve you and then break the glass."

“在家有人伺候你，喝完了还能摔杯子。”

"Where's home? It sounds like a charming place."

“家在哪儿？听起来是个好地方。”

He was sitting at the next table, a tall fat young man with spectacles. He had ordered a beer. I thought I would ignore him and see if I could write. So I ignored him and wrote two sentences.

他坐在邻桌，是个又高又胖、戴眼镜的年轻人。他要了杯啤酒。我想我可以不理他，看看能否写出东西。所以我就不再理会他，写出了两句话。

"All I did was speak to you."

“我只不过和你说说话。”

I went on and wrote another sentence. It dies hard when it is really going and you are into it.

我又继续写了一句话。当写作顺利并且专心致志的时候，你就很难罢手了。

"I suppose you've gotten so great nobody can speak to you."

“想必你太了不起了，没人能和你说话。”

I wrote another sentence that ended the paragraph and read it over. It was still all right and I wrote the first sentence of the next paragraph.

我又写了一句，结束了那段话，然后通读了一遍。进展还不错，我开始写下一段的第一句话。

"You never think about anyone else or that they may have problems too."

“你从来不考虑别人，从来不认为他们可能也有问题。”

I had heard complaining all my life. I found I could go on writing and that it was no worse than other noises, certainly better than Ezra learning to play the bassoon.

我这辈子一直在听人抱怨。我发现自己能继续写作。这个噪音和别的噪音相比也坏不到哪儿去，当然比埃兹拉学吹低音管的噪音好多了。

"Suppose you wanted to be a writer and felt it in every part of your body and it just wouldn't come."

“假如你想成为一个作家，身体的每一部分都感觉到这一点，可就是写不出东西。”

I went on writing and I was beginning to have luck now as well as the other thing.

我继续写。除了写作该有的能力，我现在开始还有了运气。

"Suppose once it had come like an irresistible torrent and then it left you mute and silent."

“假如写作的灵感一度像势不可挡的潮水涌来，然后却静无声息地离你而去。”

Better than mute and noisy, I thought, and went on writing. He was in full cry now and the unbelievable sentences were soothing as the noise of a plank being violated in the sawmill.

我想那也总比沉默或吵吵嚷嚷好，于是继续写作。他现在絮叨开了，而我写出的令人难以置信的好句子真让人感到安慰，就像锯木厂锯木板的噪音被打断了一样。

"We went to Greece," I heard him say later. I had not heard him for some time except as noise. I was ahead now and I could leave it and go on tomorrow.

“我们去了希腊。”后来我听见他说。除了嘈杂声，我已经有一会儿没听见他说话了。现在已经超前完成了进度，我可以停笔，明天接着写。

"You say you used it or you went there?"

“你说你用过它还是你去过那儿？”

"Don't be vulgar," he said. "Don't you want me to tell you the rest?"

“别那么粗俗，”他说，“难道你不想让我告诉你接下来的故事吗？”

"No," I said. I closed the notebook and put it in my pocket.

“不想。”我说。我合上笔记本，放入口袋。

"Don't you care how it came out?"

“难道你不关心结果怎样吗？”

"No."

“不关心。”

"Don't you care about life and the suffering of a fellow human being?"

“难道你不在乎生命，不在乎你的同伴遭受的痛苦吗？”

"Not you."

“反正不在乎你的痛苦。”

"You're beastly."

“你真残忍。”

"Yes."

“是的。”

"I thought you could help me, Hem."

“我原以为你能帮我一把，海姆。”

"I'd be glad to shoot you."

“我倒很乐意给你一枪。”

"Would you?"

“你会吗？”

"No. There's a law against it."

“不会。法律不允许。”

"I'd do anything for you."

“我愿意为你做任何事。”

"Would you?"

“是吗？”

"Of course I would."

“当然。”

"Then keep the hell away from this café. Start with that.”

“那就从这个咖啡馆滚蛋。从这个做起啊。”

I stood up and the waiter came over and I paid.

我站起来，侍者走过来，我付了钱。

"Can I walk down to the sawmill with you, Hem?"

“我能和你一起走到锯木厂吗，海姆？”

"No."

“不行。”

"Well I'll see you some other time."

“好吧，那就改天再见。”

"Not here."

“别在这儿。”

"That's perfectly right," he said. "I promised."

“对极了，”他说，“我答应你。”

What are you writing?" I made a mistake and asked.

“你在写什么？”我这么问真是犯了个错。

"I'm writing the best I can. Just as you do. But it's so terribly difficult."

“我在写我最擅长的。就像你那样。但实在太难了。”

"You shouldn't write if you can't write. What do you have to cry about it for? Go home. Get a job. Hang yourself. Only don't talk about it. You could never write."

“如果写不出东西就别写。为什么要抱怨？回家去。找份工作。把自己了结了。就是不要谈写作了。你写不出东西。”

"Why do you say that?"

“为什么这么说？”

"Did you ever hear yourself talk?"

“你听过自己说话吗？”

"It's writing I'm talking about."

“我说的是写作。”

"Then shut up. "

“那就闭嘴。”

"You're just cruel," he said. "Everybody always said you were cruel and heartless and conceited. I always defended you. But not any more."

“你太残忍了。”他说，“大家一直说你很残忍，没心没肺，自以为是。我总是为你辩护。但以后不会了。”

"Good. "

“很好。”

"How can you be so cruel to a fellow human being?"

“你怎么能对一个同样是人类的同伴如此残忍呢？”

"I don't know," I said. "Look, if you can't write why don't you learn to write criticism?"

“不知道，”我说，“听着，如果你写不出东西，为什么不学着写评论呢？”

"Do you think I should?"

“你觉得我应该写评论吗？”

"It would be fine," I told him. "Then you can always write. Yon won't ever have to worry about it not coming nor being mute and silent. People will read it and respect it."

“应该没问题，”我告诉他，“那样你就总能写出东西了，不用担心灵感会不会来，也不用担心会静无声息。人们会看评论，并且尊敬它。”

"Do you think I could be a good critic?"

“你认为我能成为一个优秀的评论家吗？”

"I don't know how good. But you could be a critic .There will always be people who will help you and you can help your own people."

“我不知道会有多优秀，但你可以成为一个评论家。总会有人帮你，你也可以帮你的人。”

"What do you mean my own people?"

“我的人是什么意思？”

"The ones you go around with."

“和你一起混的人。”

"Oh them. They have their critics."

“哦，他们。他们有自己的评论家。”

"You don't have to criticize books," I said. "There's pictures, plays, ballet, the cinema—”

“你不一定要评论书籍，”我说，“也可以评论画作、戏剧、芭蕾、电影……”

"You make it sound fascinating, Hem. Thank you so much. It's so exciting. It's creative too."

“听你一说，还真让人动心，海姆。非常感谢你。真令人激动，也很有创意。”

"Creation's probably overrated. After all, God made the world in only six days and rested on the seventh."

“说有创意可能就高估了。毕竟，上帝只用六天就创造了世界，第七天已经开始休息了。”

"Of course there's nothing to prevent me doing creative writing too."

“当然也没有什么能阻止我进行有创意的写作。”

"Not a thing. Except you may set yourself impossibly high standards by your criticism."

“没有。除非你在自己的评论文章里给自己定出高不可攀的标准。”

"They'll be high. You can count on that."

“标准会很高的。这你大可放心。”

"I'm sure they will be."

“我确信会很高的。”

He was a critic already so I asked him if he would have a drink and he accepted.

他俨然是评论家了。所以我问他是否愿意喝一杯，他同意了。

"Hem," he said, and I knew he was a critic now since, in conversation, they put your name at the beginning of a sentence rather than at the end, "I have to tell you I find your work just a little too stark."

“海姆，”他说，我知道他从这会儿开始就是评论家了，评论家说话的时候会把你的名字放在句首，而不是句尾，“我得告诉你，我觉得你的作品有点太刻板了。”

"Too bad," I said.

“太遗憾了。”我说。

"Hem it's too stripped, too lean."

“海姆，它太精悍，太单薄了。”

"Bad luck."

“运气不佳啊。”

"Hem too stark, too stripped, too lean, too sinewy."

“海姆，太刻板，太精悍，太单薄，太刚劲了。”

I felt the rabbit's foot in my pocket guiltily. "I'll try to fatten it up a little."

我摸了摸口袋里的兔子后腿，心感内疚。“我会尽量让它丰满一点儿。”

"Mind, I don't want it obese."

“注意，我不是想看到它过胖。”

"Hal," I said, practicing speaking like a critic, "I'll avoid that as long as I can."

“哈尔，”我试着像评论家那么说话，“我会尽我所能避免的。”

"Glad we see eye to eye," he said manfully.

“很高兴我们英雄所见略同。”他颇有男子气概地说。

"You'll remember about not coming here when I'm working? "

“你还记得我在这儿写作的时候别来这儿吧？”

"Naturally, Hem. Of course. I'll have my own café now.”

“当然，海姆。当然。我马上会去自己的咖啡馆的。”

"You're very kind."

“你真好。”

"I try to be," he said.

“我争取做到。”他说。

It would be interesting and instructive if the young man had turned out to be a famous critic but it did not turn out that way although I had high hopes for a while.

这个年轻人要是能成为一个著名的评论家，那会很有意思也很有启示性，但结果并不是这样，尽管有段时间我曾对此抱以很高的期望。

I did not think that he would come back the next day but I did not want to take chances and I decided to give the Closerie a day's rest. So the next morning I woke early, boiled the rubber nipples and the bottles, made the formula, finished the bottling, gave Mr. Bumby[3] a bottle and worked on the dining-room table before anyone but he, F. Puss the cat, and I were awake. The two of them were quiet and good company and I worked better than I had ever done. In those days you did not really need anything, not even the rabbit's foot, but it was good to feel it in your pocket.

我想第二天他不会来了，但我不想冒险，所以决定给丁香园放一天假。第二天早上我一早起来，用开水烫过橡胶奶嘴和奶瓶，泡上配方奶粉，灌入奶瓶，给了邦比先生一瓶，然后趁别人还没醒，屋里只有他、宠物猫和我的时候在餐厅的桌子上写作。他们俩是安静的好伴侣，我比以前写得更顺利。那些日子，你真的不需要任何东西，甚至不需要兔子后腿，不过在口袋里能摸到它总是让我感到很踏实。

(1)西方认为身上带着这两样东西能逢凶化吉、时来运转。

(2)海姆，海明威的简称。

(3)邦比，海明威和第一任妻子哈德莉的儿子。

With Pascin[1] At The Déme

在圆顶咖啡馆和帕散在一起

It was a lovely evening and I had worked hard all day and left the fl at over the sawmill and walked out through the courtyard with the stacked lumber, closed the door, crossed the street and went into the back door of the bakery that fronted on the Boulevard Montparnasse and out through the good bread smells of the ovens and the shop to the street. The lights were on in the bakery and outside it was the end of the day and I walked in the early dusk up the street and stopped outside the terrace of the Négre de Toulouse restaurant where our red and white checkered napkins were in the wooden napkin rings in the napkin rack waiting for us to come to dinner. I read the menu mimeographed in purple ink and saw that the plat du jour was cassoulet. It made me hungry to read the name.

这是个美丽的傍晚。辛苦工作一整天后，我离开锯木厂楼上的公寓，穿过堆放着木材的院子走出来，关上门，穿过大街，走进面包房朝蒙帕纳斯大街开的后门，在烤箱散发出的扑鼻的面包香味中穿过商店来到大街上。面包房已经亮起了灯，屋外白天也已结束。我走在初暮的大街上，在图卢兹黑人餐厅的露台外停下脚步。餐厅里红白色方格餐巾套在餐巾架上的木环里，等着我们进去享用晚餐。我看了看用紫色墨水油印的菜单，上面写的“当日推荐”是什锦砂锅。看到菜名我就饿了。

Mr. Lavigne, the proprietor, asked me how my work had gone and I said it had gone very well. He said he had seen me working on the terrace of the Closerie des Lilas early in the morning but he had not spoken to me because I was so occupied.

餐厅老板拉维格尼先生问我写作进展如何，我回答说非常顺利。他说他一大早看见我在丁香园咖啡馆的露台上写作，但看我很专注，就没有和我说话。

"You had the air of a man alone in the jungle," he said.

“你看上去像个只身陷入丛林的人。”他说。

"I am like a blind pig when I work."

“我写作的时候像一头瞎眼的猪。”

"But were you not in the jungle, Monsieur?"

“你不是在丛林里吗，先生？”

"In the bush," I said.

“在灌木丛里。”我说。

I went on up the street looking in the windows and happy with the spring evening and the people coming past. In the three principal cafés I saw people that I knew by sight and others that I knew to speak to. But there were always much nicer-looking people that I did not know that, in the evening with the lights just coming on, were hurrying to some place to drink together, to eat together and then to make love. The people in the principal cafés might do the same thing or they might just sit and drink and talk and love to be seen by others. The people that I liked and had not met went to the big cafés because they were lost in them and no one noticed them and they could be alone in them and be together. The big cafés were cheap then too, and all had good beer and the apéritifs cost reasonable prices that were clearly marked on the saucers that were served with them.

我继续顺着大街走，向橱窗里望，为春天的傍晚和身旁经过的人们感到欣喜。在三家主要的咖啡馆里，我看见一些面熟的人和一些认识并可以聊天的人。但总是有长得更俊俏可我却不认识的人，在华灯初上的傍晚，匆匆赶往某个地方一起喝酒、一起吃饭，然后做爱。在这些主要的咖啡馆里的人可能也做同样的事，或者他们也许只是坐坐，喝喝酒，聊聊天，喜欢让别人看见。我喜欢但却从未谋面的人去的是大咖啡馆，因为他们可以隐匿其中，没有人会注意他们，他们可以在人群里独处，也可以和别人相聚。那时的大咖啡馆也很便宜，都能买到好啤酒，开胃酒价格公道，而且价格清楚地标在一同端上来的杯垫上。

On this evening I was thinking these wholesome but not original thoughts and feeling extraordinarily virtuous because I had worked well and hard on a day when I had wanted to go out to the races very badly. But at this time I could not afford to go to the races, even though there was money to be made there if you worked at it. It was before the days of saliva tests and other methods of detecting artificially encouraged horses and doping was very extensively practiced. But handicapping beasts that are receiving stimulants, and detecting the symptoms in the paddock and acting on your perceptions, which sometimes bordered on the extrasensory, then backing them with money you cannot afford to lose, is not the way for a young man supporting a wife and child to get ahead in the full-time job of learning to write prose.

这个傍晚，我一直在想着这些有益于健康但没有创意的想法，觉得自己无比高尚，因为尽管那天我非常想去赛马场，可我还是辛苦写作，并且进展顺利。不过现在我也没钱去赛马场，虽然如果用心的话也可以在那儿挣点儿钱。那会儿还没有唾液试验和其他检测人为激励赛马的方法，因此兴奋剂被广泛使用。但是，给服用过兴奋剂的牲畜设置障碍，在草地围场里检测症状，凭感觉行事，有时几乎是凭超感觉行事，然后拿你输不起的钱在它们身上下赌注，这可不是一个年轻人养活妻儿、在全身心学习散文写作中取得进展的可取之道。

By any standards we were still very poor and I still made such small economies as saying that I had been asked out for lunch and then spending two hours walking in the Luxembourg gardens and coming back to describe the marvelous lunch to my wife. When you are twenty-five and are a natural heavyweight, missing a meal makes you very hungry. But it also sharpens all of your perceptions, and I found that many of the people I wrote about had very strong appetites and a great taste and desire for food, and most of them were looking forward to having a drink.

不管以什么标准来看，我们仍然很穷。我仍然谎称别人请我在外面吃午饭，然后花两个小时在卢森堡公园散步，回来向妻子描述午餐有多么丰盛，通过这种方式来省点儿钱。你要是二十五岁，天生又是个大块头，少吃一顿就会让你感到特别饥饿，但这也会使你的所有感官敏锐起来。我发现我笔下的很多角色胃口都很好，对食物有很高的要求和很强的欲望，他们大多都渴望喝酒。

At the Négre de Toulouse we drank the good Cahors wine from the quarter, the half, or the full carafe, usually diluting it about one-third with water. At home, over the sawmill, we had a Corsican wine that had great authority and a low price. It was a very Corsican wine and you could dilute it by half with water and still receive its message. In Paris, then, you could live very well on almost nothing and by skipping meals occasionally and never buying any new clothes, you could save and have luxuries.

我们在图卢兹黑人餐厅喝过上好的卡奥尔葡萄酒，通常在四分之一杯或半杯或一整杯酒里兑上约三分之一的水。在锯木厂楼上的家里，我们有一瓶很有名气但很便宜的科西嘉酒。那是非常地道的科西嘉酒，兑上半杯水你仍能品出它的味道。那时在巴黎，即使什么都没有你也可以生活得很好，偶尔不吃饭，从不买新衣服，你可以省下很多，来拥有奢侈品。

Coming back from The Select now where I had sheered off at the sight of Harold Stearns[2] who I knew would want to talk horses, those animals I was thinking of righteously and light-heartedly as the beasts that I had just foresworn. Full of my evening virtue I passed the collection of inmates at the Rotonde and, scorning vice and the collective instinct, crossed the boulevard to the Déme. The Déme was crowded too, but there were people there who had worked.

这会儿我正从精英咖啡馆回来。在那儿，我一看到哈罗德·斯特恩斯就避开了。我知道他准会和我谈论赛马，而我正理直气壮、轻松自得地认为已经和这些动物毫无瓜葛了。傍晚时分我满怀着独善其身的美德，经过聚集在罗桐多咖啡馆的本地人群，对他们的恶习和共有的本能感到不屑，然后穿过大街来到圆顶咖啡馆。圆顶咖啡馆里人也很多，但那里有些人是刚刚结束工作才来的。

There were models who had worked and there were painters who had worked until the light was gone and there were writers who had finished a day's work for better or for worse, and there were drinkers and characters, some of whom I knew and some that were only decoration.

有刚刚结束工作的模特，有工作到天黑的画家，有不论好坏完成了一天写作的作家，有喝酒的人和知名人士，他们中有些我认识，有些只是点缀而已。

I went over and sat down at a table with Pascin and two models who were sisters. Pascin had waved to me while I had stood on the sidewalk on the rue Delambre side wondering whether to stop and have a drink or not. Pascin was a very good painter and he was drunk; steady, purposefully drunk and making good sense. The two models were young and pretty. One was very dark, small, beautifully built with a falsely fragile depravity. The other was childlike and dull but very pretty in a perishable childish way. She was not as well built as her sister, but neither was anyone else that spring.

我走过去，在帕散和两个模特姐妹的那张桌子边坐下。我站在德朗布尔大街人行道上正想着要不要停下喝一杯时，帕散就向我招手了。帕散是个非常出色的画家，他已经喝醉了；一脸沉静，是故意喝醉的，头脑还很清醒。两个模特既年轻又漂亮。一个肤色很黑，娇小玲珑，虽然看上去弱不禁风又放荡不羁，但身材很好。另一个稚气未脱，无精打采的样子，但有一种因童真易逝而愈显珍贵的那种美。她身材没有姐姐那么好，但那个春天，无论谁都比不上那个姐姐的身材。

"The good and the bad sisters," Pascin said. "I have money. What will you drink?"

“集善良和邪恶于一身的姐妹。”帕散说，“我有钱，想喝点儿什么？”

"Une demi-blonde," I said to the waiter.

“来半升黄啤。”我对侍者说。

"Have a whisky. I have money."

“来杯威士忌吧，我有钱。”

"I like beer."

“我喜欢啤酒。”

"If you really liked beer, you'd be at Lipp's. I suppose you've been working."

“你要是真喜欢啤酒，就该去利普咖啡馆。我想你一直在写作吧。”

"Yes."

“是的。”

"It goes?"

“有进展吗？”

"I hope so."

“希望如此。”

"Good. I'm glad. And everything still tastes good? "

“好。我很高兴。一切都还有滋有味吧？”

"Yes."

“是的。”

"How old are you?"

“你多大了？”

"Twenty-five.”

“二十五岁。”

"Do you want to bang her?" He looked toward the dark sister and smiled. "She needs it."

“想干她吗？”他笑着看了看肤色黑的姐姐,“她需要。”

"You probably banged her enough today."

“你今天可能已经把她干够了。”

She smiled at me with her lips open. "He's wicked," she said. "But he's nice."

她咧嘴冲我一笑。“他坏透了，”她说，“但人不错。”

"You can take her over to the studio."

“你可以把她带到画室。”

"Don't make piggishness," the blonde sister said.

“别这么贪心。”金发的妹妹说。

"Who spoke to you?" Pascin asked her.

“谁在和你说话？”帕散问她。

"Nobody. But I said it."

“没人。但我就是说了。”

"Let's be comfortable," Pascin said. "The serious young writer and the friendly wise old painter and the two beautiful young girls with all of life before them."

“我们自在点，”帕散说，“严肃的年轻作家，友好而有智慧的老画

家，两个年轻漂亮的姑娘，风华正茂。”

We sat there and the girls sipped at their drinks and Pascin drank another fi ne à l'eau and I drank the beer; but no one was comfortable except Pascin. The dark girl was restless and she sat on display turning her profile and letting the light strike the concave planes of her face and showing me her breasts under the hold of the black sweater. Her hair was cropped short and was sleek and dark as an oriental's.

我们坐在那儿，两个女孩啜饮着饮料，帕散又喝了一杯白兰地加苏打水，我喝着啤酒。可是除了帕散，谁也没觉得自在。肤色黑的那个女孩坐立不安。她坐在那儿，侧过身子，让光线照在她脸部凹下去的部分，炫耀她的轮廓，向我卖弄她黑色毛衣紧裹的胸部。她的头发剪得短短的，像东方人的头发一样光滑乌黑。

"You've posed all day," Pascin said to her. "Do you have to model that sweater now at the café?”

你已经摆弄一天了，”帕散对她说，“有必要这会儿在咖啡馆还要展示那件毛衣吗？”

"It pleases me," she said.

“我乐意。”她回答。

"You look like a Javanese toy," he said.

“你看上去像个爪哇玩偶。”他说。

"Not the eyes," she said. "It's more complicated than that."

“眼睛不像,”她说，“比那复杂难懂多了。”

"You look like a poor perverted little poupée.”

“你看上去像个变态可怜的小玩偶。”

"Perhaps," she said. "But alive. That's more than you."

“也许。”她说，“但我可是活生生的。比你有生气。”

"We'll see about that."

“等着瞧。”

"Good," she said. "I like proofs."

“很好，”她说，“我喜欢证据。”

"You didn't have any today?"

“你今天没得到什么证据吗？”

"Oh that," she said and turned to catch the last evening light on her face. "You were just excited about your work. He's in love with canvases," she said to me. "There's always some kind of dirtiness."

“别提了。”她说着，转过身让傍晚最后一抹光线照在她脸上。“你只对你的画感兴趣。他爱上了油画布,”她对我说，“那上面总是脏兮兮的。”

"You want me to paint you and pay you and bang you to keep my head clear, and be in love with you too," Pascin said. "You poor little doll."

“你想要我给你画像，付钱给你，干你，让我保持头脑清醒，还要爱上你。”帕散说，“你这可怜的小玩偶。”

"You like me, don't you, Monsieur?" she asked me.

“你喜欢我，是吧，先生？”她问我。

"Very much."

“很喜欢。”

"But you're too big," she said sadly.

“但你块头太大了。”她难过地说。

"Everyone is the same size in bed."

“在床上大家的块头都一样。”

"It's not true," her sister said. "And I'm tired of this talk."

“这可不对。”她的妹妹说，“我听腻了这样的话。”

"Look," Pascin said. "If you think I'm in love with canvases, I'll paint you tomorrow in water colors."

“听着,”帕散说，“你要是觉得我爱上了油画布，明天我就用水彩给你画像。”

"When do we eat?" her sister asked. "And where?"

“我们什么时候吃饭？”她的妹妹问,“去哪儿吃？”

"Will you eat with us?" the dark girl asked.

“你和我们一起吃饭吗？”肤色黑的那个女孩问。

"No. I go to eat with my légitime." That was what they said then. Now they say "my régulière." ”

“不。我要和我的合法妻子一起吃。”那会儿他们这么说。现在他们说“我固定的妻子”了。

"You have to go?"

“你非要走吗？”

"Have to and want to."

“是的，而且我想走。”

"Go on, then," Pascin said. "And don't fall in love with typewriting paper."

“那就走吧。”帕散说，“别爱上打字机纸了。”

"If I do, I'll write with a pencil."

“要是那样，我就用铅笔写。”

"Water colors tomorrow," he said. "All right, my children, I will drink another and then we eat where you wish."

“明天画水彩画。”他说，“好吧，姑娘们，我再喝一杯，然后咱们就去你们想去的地方吃饭。”

"Chez Viking," the dark girl said.

“去北欧海盗餐厅。”肤色黑的女孩说。

"Me too," her sister urged.

“我也想去。”她的妹妹催促道。

"All right," Pascin agreed. "Good night, jeune homme. Sleep well."

“好吧。”帕散同意道。“晚安，年轻人。睡个好觉。”

"You too."

“你也一样。”

"They keep me awake," he said. "I never sleep."

“她们可不让我睡。”他说，“我从不睡觉。”

"Sleep tonight."

“今晚睡吧。”

"After Chez Les Vikings?" He grinned with his hat on the back of his head. He looked more like a Broadway character of the Nineties than the lovely painter that he was, and afterwards, when he had hanged himself, I liked to remember him as he was that night at the Dôme. They say the seeds of what we will do are in all of us, but it always seemed to me that in those who make jokes in life the seeds are covered with better soil and with a higher grade of manure.

“在北欧海盗吃完饭？”他把帽子往后脑勺一扣，咧嘴笑了笑。他看上去更像上个世纪九十年代百老汇的一个角色，而不像平时那个可爱的画家。后来他上吊自杀后，我喜欢把那天晚上圆顶咖啡馆的那个他保留在我的记忆中。人们说，我们将来会做什么，种子就植于我们自身，但我似乎总是觉得，对那些笑对人生的人来说，种子却深埋在更加肥沃的土壤中，享用着更好的肥料。

(1)帕散（1885—1930），保加利亚画家。

(2)哈罗德·斯特恩斯（1891—1943），美国作家，当时也侨居巴黎，发表过《美国和青年知识分子》和《美国文明：三十个美国人的调查报告》。

Ezra Pound And His Bel Esprit

埃兹拉·庞德和他的“才子”

Ezra Pound was always a good friend and he was always doing things for people. The studio where he lived with his wife Dorothy on the rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs was as poor as Gertrude Stein's studio was rich. It had very good light and was heated by a stove and it had paintings by Japanese artists that Ezra knew. They were all noblemen where they came from and wore their hair cut long. Their hair glistened black and swung forward when they bowed and I was very impressed by them but I did not like their paintings. I did not understand them but they did not have any mystery, and when I understood them they meant nothing to me. I was sorry about this but there was nothing I could do about it.

埃兹拉·庞德一直都是个很好的朋友，他总是帮助别人。他和妻子多萝西住在圣母院田园大街上的工作室，那里破旧不堪，正好和格特鲁德·斯泰因小姐富丽堂皇的工作室形成鲜明的对比。不过工作室光线很好，还有一个炉子取暖，陈列着埃兹拉认识的日本艺术家们的画。他们全是日本贵族，留着长长的头发；头发黑得发亮，鞠躬时头发就会向前甩。我对他们印象深刻，但却不喜欢他们的画。我无法理解这些画，不过它们也没有什么神秘感；等我理解了，对我来说它们也就毫无意义了。对此我感到很遗憾，但也无能为力。

Dorothy's paintings I liked very much and I thought Dorothy was very beautiful and built wonderfully. I also liked the head of Ezra by Gaudier- Brzeska[1] and I liked all of the photographs of this sculptor's work that Ezra showed me and that were in Ezra's book about him. Ezra also liked Picabia's[2] painting but I thought then that it was worthless. I also disliked Wyndham Lewis's[3] painting which Ezra liked very much. He liked the works of his friends, which is beautiful as loyalty but can be disastrous as judgment. We never argued about these things because I kept my mouth shut about things I did not like. If a man liked his friends' painting or writing, I thought it was probably like those people who like their families, and it was not polite to criticize them. Sometimes you can go quite a long time before you criticize families, your own or those by marriage, but it is easier with bad painters because they do not do terrible things and make intimate harm as families can do. With bad painters all you need to do is not look at them. But even when you have learned not to look at families nor listen to them and have learned not to answer letters, families have many ways of being dangerous. Ezra was kinder and more Christian about people than I was. His own writing, when he

would hit it right, was so perfect, and he was so sincere in his mistakes and so enamored of his errors, and so kind to people that I always thought of him as a sort of saint. He was also irascible but so perhaps have been many saints.

多萝西的画我倒很喜欢，而且我觉得多萝西非常漂亮，身材很好。我还喜欢戈迪埃-布尔泽斯卡创作的埃兹拉头像雕塑，我喜欢埃兹拉给我看的这位雕塑家所有作品的照片，这些照片都附在埃兹拉介绍他的书里。埃兹拉还喜欢毕卡贝尔的画，但那时我认为它毫无价值。埃兹拉非常喜欢温德姆·路易斯的画，我照样不喜欢。他喜欢朋友的作品，从忠诚的角度来说是好事，但从鉴赏力的角度来说却可能是毁灭性的。我们从来没有因为这些事儿争论过，因为对不喜欢的东西我总是闭口不谈。如果一个人喜欢他朋友的画作或著作，我想很可能就像那些深爱家人的人，去批评他们的家人是不礼貌的。有时候你能忍受很长一段时间才去批评你自己的或是爱人的家人，但对蹩脚的画家这却容易得多，因为他们不会像普通的家庭成员那样，会做出可怕的事，伤害亲情。对于蹩脚的画家，你需要做的就是不看他们。但对于家人，即使你已经学会了不看他们，不听他们说话，不回信，他们也有很多办法对你构成威胁。与我相比，埃兹拉待人更和善，也更友好。他自己的作品，如果他能找对路数，是非常完美的，而他对自己的错误是如此坦率，对自己的过失是如此迷恋，对人是如此和善，以至于我总是把他当作某种圣人。他也易发脾气，但也许很多圣人都是这样的吧。

Ezra wanted me to teach him to box and it was while we were sparring late one afternoon in his studio that I fi rst met Wyndham Lewis. Ezra had not been boxing very long and was embarrassed at having him work in front of anyone he knew, and I tried to make him look as good as possible. But it was not very good because he knew how to fence and I was still working to make his left into his boxing hand and move his left foot forward always and bring his right foot up parallel with it. It was just basic moves. I was never able to teach him to throw a left hook and to teach him to shorten his right was something for the future.

埃兹拉想让我教他打拳击。我和温德姆·路易斯的第一次会面就是在一天下午很晚的时候，当时我们在埃兹拉的工作室里练拳击。埃兹拉练拳击没多长时间，要他在任何认识的人面前打拳击都会令他尴尬，所以我尽量让他看起来打得不错。但这并不奏效，因为他知道如何防守，而我却还在让他用左手出拳，让他的左脚一直向前移动，抬起右脚和左脚平行。这些都只是基本动作。我一直没能教会他打左勾拳，要教会他减小右手的出击力量只能留待以后再说了。

Wyndham Lewis wore a wide black hat, like a character in the quarter, and was dressed like someone out of La Bohème[4]. He had a face that reminded me of a frog, not a bullfrog but just any frog, and Paris was too big a puddle for him. At that time we believed that any writer or painter could wear any clothes he owned and there was no

official uniform for the artist; but Lewis wore the uniform of a prewar artist. It was embarrassing to see him and he watched superciliously while I slipped Ezra's left leads or blocked them with an open right glove.

温德姆·路易斯戴一顶宽沿的黑色帽子，有拉丁区人们的特点，穿着则像《波西米亚人》里的角色。他的脸让我想到青蛙，不是牛蛙，就是那种普通的青蛙，而巴黎这个池塘对他来说实在太大了。那时我们相信任何作家和画家都可以穿他们自己的任何服装，艺术家没有正式的制服，但路易斯却穿着战前艺术家的制服。我们看见他，感到很尴尬，而他则傲慢地看着我躲过埃兹拉左手的进攻或张开右手挡住他的拳头。

I wanted us to stop but Lewis insisted we go on, and I could see that, knowing nothing about what was going on, he was waiting, hoping to see Ezra hurt. Nothing happened. I never countered but kept Ezra moving after me sticking out his left hand and throwing a few right hands and then said we were through and washed down with a pitcher of water and toweled off and put on my sweatshirt.

我希望我们能停下，但路易斯坚持要我们继续。我看得出，他不知道会发生什么，他在等待，希望看见埃兹拉受伤。结果什么也没发生。我从不还击，只是让埃兹拉跟着我移动，打出他的左拳，再抛出几记右拳。然后我说就到这儿吧，接着用一罐水冲了个澡，拿毛巾擦干，穿上我的运动衫。

We had a drink of something and I listened while Ezra and Lewis talked about people in London and Paris. I watched Lewis carefully without seeming to look at him, as you do when you are boxing, and I do not think I had ever seen a nastier-looking man. Some people show evil as great race horse shows breeding. They have the dignity of a hard chancre. Lewis did not show evil; he just looked nasty.

我们喝了点儿东西，埃兹拉和路易斯谈论着伦敦和巴黎的人们，我在一旁听着。我仔细地观察路易斯，但装作没有看他，就像你打拳的时候一样。我想我从没见过相貌如此恶心的人。有些人看起来邪恶，就好比一匹上乘的赛马能让人看出血统一样。他们都具有硬汉的尊严。路易斯看起来并不邪恶，他就是看上去让人厌恶。

Walking home I tried to think what he reminded me of and there were various things. They were all medical except toe-jam and that was a slang word. I tried to break his face down and describe it but I could only get the eyes. Under the black hat, when I had first seen them, the eyes had been those of an unsuccessful rapist.

走路回家的路上，我试着琢磨他让我联想到什么，结果我想到了各种各样的东西。它们都跟医学有关，除了“脚趾间的污垢”——这是一个俚语。我试着将他的脸分解成各个部分来形容，但我只能形容他的眼睛。在黑色的帽子下面，当我第一次看见这双眼睛时，就感觉像是强奸

未遂者的一双眼睛。

"I met the nastiest man I've ever seen today," I told my wife.

“我今天碰见了我见过的最恶心的人。”我告诉妻子。

"Tatie, don't tell me about him," she said. "Please don't tell me about him. We're just going to have dinner."

“塔蒂，别跟我说这个人，”她说，“别告诉我任何他的事。我们要吃晚饭了。”

About a week afterwards I met Miss Stein and told her I'd met Wyndham Lewis and asked her if she had ever met him.

大约过了一个星期，我见到斯泰因小姐，告诉她我和温德姆·路易斯见过面，并问她有没有见过他。

"I call him 'the Measuring Worm,'" she said. "He comes over from London and he sees a good picture and takes a pencil out of his pocket and you watch him measuring it on the pencil with his thumb. Sighting on it and measuring it and seeing exactly how it is done. Then he goes back to London and does it and it doesn't come out right. He's missed what it's all about."

“我管他叫‘尺蠖’，”她说，“他大老远从伦敦来，看见一幅好画，就从口袋里掏出一支铅笔，然后你就看他用拇指在铅笔上测量那幅画的比例。他先目测，然后测量尺度，看那幅画究竟是怎么画的。后来他回到伦敦，依葫芦画瓢，结果却不是那么回事。他没抓住画的实质。”

So I thought of him as the Measuring Worm. It was a kinder and more Christian term than what I had thought about him myself. Later I tried to like him and to be friends with him as I did with nearly all of Ezra's friends when he explained them to me. But this was how he seemed to me on the first day I ever met him in Ezra's studio.

所以我就把他当作“尺蠖”。这个称呼比我自己曾经对他的看法更和善，也更友好。后来我试着喜欢他，和他做朋友，埃兹拉向我介绍他的朋友们时，我几乎都是这么做的。但这就是我在埃兹拉工作室第一天见到他时他给我留下的印象。

Ezra was the most generous writer I have ever known and the most disinterested. He helped poets, painters, sculptors and prose writers that he believed in and he would help anyone whether he believed in them or not if they were in trouble. He worried about everyone and in the time when I first knew him he was most worried about T. S. Eliot who, Ezra told me, had to work in a bank in London and so had insufficient time and bad hours to function as a poet.

埃兹拉是我认识的最慷慨的作家，也是最无私的一个。他帮助他信任的诗人、画家、雕塑家、散文家。任何人只要身处困境，不管信不信

任他们，埃兹拉都会伸出援手。他为每个人操心。我最早认识他的时候，他最担心的是T·S·艾略特。埃兹拉告诉我，艾略特不得不在伦敦的一家银行上班，所以没有足够的时间写诗，也没有很好的时间让他行使诗人的职责。

Ezra founded something called Bel Esprit with Miss Natalie Barney[5] who was a rich American woman and a patroness of the arts. Miss Barney had been a friend of Rémy de Gourmont[6] who was before my time and she had a salon at her house on regular dates and a small Greek temple in her garden. Many American and French women with money enough had salons and I figured very early that they were excellent places for me to stay away from, but Miss Barney, I believe, was the only one that had a small Greek temple in her garden.

埃兹拉和有钱的美国女人、艺术赞助人纳塔莉·巴尼小姐成立了一个叫“才子”的什么基金会。巴尼小姐曾经是我的前辈雷米·德·古尔蒙的朋友。她在自己的住所定期举办沙龙，她的花园里还有一个希腊小神殿。很多足够有钱的美国女人和法国女人都举办沙龙。我早就知道这些沙龙绝对是我该远离的地方，但我相信巴尼小姐是唯一在花园里设希腊小神殿的人。

Ezra showed me the brochure for Bel Esprit and Miss Barney had allowed him to use the small Greek temple on the brochure. The idea of Bel Esprit was that we would all contribute a part of whatever we earned to provide a fund to get Mr. Eliot out of the bank so he would have money to write poetry. This seemed like a good idea to me and after we had got Mr. Eliot out of the bank Ezra figured we would go right straight along and fix up everybody.

埃兹拉给我看宣传“才子”的宣传册，巴尼小姐允许他在宣传册上用希腊小神殿的照片。“才子”的想法是，我们无论收入多少，都拿出一部分筹集一笔基金以帮助艾略特先生，这样他就能辞去银行的工作，并且有钱去写诗了。我觉得这好像是个不错的主意。我们帮助艾略特先生辞去银行的工作后，埃兹拉认为我们可以一鼓作气、如法炮制去帮助所有人。

I mixed things up a little by always referring to Eliot as Major Eliot pretending to confuse him with Major Douglas an economist about whose ideas Ezra was very enthusiastic. But Ezra understood that my heart was in the right place and that I was full of Bel Esprit even though it would annoy Ezra when I would solicit funds from my friends to get Major Eliot out of the bank and someone would say what was a Major[7] doing in a bank anyway and if he had been axed by the military establishment did he not have a pension or at least some gratuity?

我有点儿弄混了，总是把艾略特称作梅杰·艾略特，假装把他和经济学家梅杰·道格拉斯混淆了，埃兹拉总是热情拥护这位经济学家的观点。

不过埃兹拉明白我是出于好意，我身上满是“才子”，虽然我从朋友那儿筹钱帮助梅杰·艾略特辞去银行的工作时，有人会说，少校大人在银行干什么，他要是被军队除名了，难道没有退休金或退伍金吗？这总是让埃兹拉很恼怒。

In such cases I would explain to my friends that this was all beside the point. Either you had Bel Esprit or you did not have it. If you had it you would subscribe to get the Major out of the bank. If you didn't it was too bad. Didn't they understand the significance of the small Greek temple? No? I thought so. Too bad, Mac. Keep your money. We wouldn't touch it.

碰到这种情况，我会向朋友解释说这都不是问题的关键。你要么有“才子”，要么没有。如果有，你就会同意帮助梅杰摆脱银行工作。如果没有，那真是太遗憾了。难道他们不明白希腊小神殿的意义吗？不明白？我想是这样。太遗憾了，老兄。收好你的钱。我们不会碰它的。

As a member of Bel Esprit I campaigned energetically and my happiest dreams in those days were of seeing the Major stride out of the bank a free man. I cannot remember how Bel Esprit finally cracked up but I think it had something to do with the publication of The Waste Land which won the Major the Dial[8] award and not long after a lady of title backed a review for Eliot called The Criterion[9] and Ezra and I did not have to worry about him any more. The small Greek temple is, I believe, still in the garden. It was always a disappointment to me that we had not been able to get the Major out of the bank by Bel Esprit alone, as in my dreams I had pictured him as coming, perhaps, to live in the small Greek temple and that maybe I could go with Ezra when we would drop in to crown him with laurel, I knew where there was fi ne laurel that I could gather, riding out on my bicycle to get it, and I thought we could crown him any time he felt lonesome or any time Ezra had gone over the manuscript or the proofs of another big poem like The Waste Land. The whole thing turned out badly for me morally, as so many things have, because the money that I had earmarked for getting the Major out of the bank I took out to Enghien and bet on jumping horses that raced under the influence of stimulants. At two meetings the stimulated horses that I was backing outraced the unstimulated or insufficiently stimulated beasts except for one race in which our fancy had been overstimulated to such a point that before the start he threw his jockey and breaking away completed a full circuit of the steeplechase course jumping beautifully by himself the way one can sometimes jump in dreams. Caught up and remounted he started the race and figured honorably, as the French racing phrase has it, but was out of the money.

作为“才子”基金会的一员，我积极参加筹钱活动。那些日子让我最快乐的梦想就是看着梅杰阔步走出银行，成为一个自由人。我不记得“才

子”最后是怎么解散的，但我想它和为梅杰赢得“日晷奖”的《荒原》的出版是有关系的。不久之后，一位颇有来头的女士资助了艾略特的评论杂志《标准》，所以埃兹拉和我就不用再为他担心了。至于希腊小神殿，我相信依然还在花园里。一直让我觉得失望的是，我们没能单靠“才子”帮助梅杰摆脱银行的羁绊。在梦中，我曾设想他或许住进了希腊小神殿，我和埃兹拉前去拜访，为他戴上桂冠。我知道骑上自行车去哪儿能采集到优良品种的月桂。而且我以为，无论什么时候当他感到孤独，或是埃兹拉看完另一篇像《荒原》那样大手笔的诗歌的手稿或校对稿时，我们都可以为他戴上桂冠。就像很多事情一样，整件事情让我在道德上变得很被动，因为我把帮助梅杰摆脱银行的钱拿去昂吉安作为赌注，下在障碍赛中服用过兴奋剂的赛马身上了。两场比赛中，我支持的服用过兴奋剂的赛马都赢了没有服用过兴奋剂或服用剂量不足的赛马，除了一场比赛，我们的马过度兴奋，结果比赛还没开始那匹马就把骑师扔了出去，脱缰而出，自己在障碍赛赛道上漂亮地跳跃着跑完了一整圈，那样的跳跃动作只会间或在梦中出现。骑师拦下这匹马，重新骑上，比赛开始了，赛马步伐优雅，就像法语中形容赛马的词语那样，但钱已经输光了。

I would have been happier if the amount of the wager had gone to Bel Esprit which was no longer existent. But I comforted myself that with those wagers which had prospered I could have contributed much more to Bel Esprit than was my original intention.

如果这些赌注捐给了“才子”，我会更高兴，虽然它已经不存在了。但我安慰自己：等到这些赌注赚到更多的钱，我捐给“才子”的钱会比原来想捐的多得多。

(1)戈迪埃-布尔泽斯卡（1891—1915），法国抽象派雕塑家，“旋涡主义”运动的著名倡导者。

(2)毕卡贝尔（1879—1953），法国画家、诗人。

(3)温德姆·路易斯（1882—1957），英国画家、作家，旋涡画派创始人。138外研社双语读库

(4)《波西米亚人》，普契尼创作的意大利歌剧，改编自法国小说家亨利·穆杰（1822—1861）的法语小说。

(5)纳塔莉·巴尼（1876—1972），美国女作家，20世纪巴黎著名文学沙龙“星期五沙龙”的女主人。

(6)雷米·德·古尔蒙（1858—1915），法国象征派诗人、小说家、评论家。

(7)梅杰的英文名Major也有陆军少校的意思，因此被误解了。

(8)《日晷》（TheDial），发行于1840—1929的美国杂志，初期发表先验主义的作品，后来发表政治文章，1920年后成为现代英语文学的重要期刊。

(9)《标准》，T·S·艾略特创办的文学评论杂志，于1922至1939年间

发行，基本上是季刊，只有1927—1928年期间为月刊。

A Strange Enough Ending

一个很奇怪的结局

The way it ended with Gertrude Stein was strange enough. We had become very good friends and I had done a number of practical things for her such as getting her long book started as a serial with Ford and helping type the manuscript and reading her proof and we were getting to be better friends than I could ever wish to be. There is not much future in men being friends with great women although it can be pleasant enough before it gets better or worse, and there is usually even less future with truly ambitious women writers. One time when I gave the excuse for not having stopped in at 27 rue de Fleurus for some time that I did not know whether Miss Stein would be at home, she said, "But Hemingway, you have the run of the place. Don't you know that? I mean it truly. Come in any time and the maidservant"—she used her name but I have forgotten it —"will look after you and you must make yourself at home until I come."

和格特鲁德·斯泰因之间的友谊结束得太离奇了。此前我们已经是非常好的朋友，我为她做了很多实实在在的事，比如和福特一起将她的长篇巨作连载刊出，帮她打出手稿，阅读她的校对稿，我们渐渐变成比我预想的还要亲密的朋友。男人和伟大的女人做朋友没什么前途，尽管在事情变好或变坏前那可能挺愉快的，和一个真正雄心勃勃的女作家做朋友就更没什么前途了。一次，有一阵子没去花园街27号了，我借口说不知道斯泰因小姐在不在家，于是她说，“可是，海明威，你随时都可以来这儿，难道你不知道吗？我是说真的。什么时候来都行，而且女仆”——她说的是女仆的名字，但我已经忘了——“会照顾你，你一定要像在自己家一样随意，等我回来。”

I did not abuse this but sometimes I would stop in and the maidservant would give me a drink and I would look at the pictures and if Miss Stein did not turn up I would thank the maidservant and leave a message and go away. Miss Stein and a companion were getting ready to go south in Miss Stein's car and on this day Miss Stein had asked me to come by in the forenoon to say good-by. She had asked us to come and visit, Hadley and I staying at a hotel, but Hadley and I had other plans and other places where we wanted to go. Naturally you say nothing about this, but you can still hope to go and then it is impossible. I knew a little about the system of not visiting people. I had to learn it. Much later Picasso told me that he always promised the rich to come when they asked him because it made them so happy and then something would happen and he would be unable to appear. But that had nothing to do with Miss Stein and he said it

about other people.

我并没有滥用这个权利，但有时候我会顺便拜访，女仆会给我倒杯喝的，我就看看画。如果斯泰因小姐没有露面，我谢过女仆，留下口信就离开了。斯泰因小姐和一个同伴准备开斯泰因小姐的车去南方。那天她让我中午前去她那儿道别。她叫我们俩都去。哈德莉和我当时住在一家旅馆，但我们有别的安排，要去别的地方。自然，你对此什么也不会说，但你仍然能够抱着去的希望，结果却还是去不了。我知道些婉拒拜访的方法。我不得不学点儿。很久之后毕加索告诉我，当有钱人邀请他前去拜访时，他总是答应去，因为这会让他们很高兴。可是后来总是发生点儿别的事，他就去不了了。但这和斯泰因小姐无关，他说的是别人。

It was a lovely spring day and I walked down from the Place de 1'Observatoire through the little Luxembourg. The horse-chestnut trees were in blossom and there were many children playing on the graveled walks with their nurses sitting on the benches, and I saw wood pigeons in the trees and heard others that I could not see.

那是一个明媚的春日，我从观象台广场穿过小卢森堡花园。七叶树开花了，很多小孩在铺着砾石的人行道上玩耍，他们的保姆坐在长椅上。我还看见树上有些斑鸠，另外一些斑鸠我只闻其声，未见其影。

The maidservant opened the door before I rang and told me to come in and to wait. Miss Stein would be down at any moment. It was before noon but the maidservant poured me a glass of eau-de-vie, put it in my hand and winked happily. The colorless alcohol felt good on my tongue and it was still in my month when I heard someone speaking to Miss Stein as I had never heard one person speak to another; never, anywhere, ever.

没等我摁门铃女仆就开门了，她叫我进来等候。斯泰因小姐随时会下楼。还不到正午，女仆却给我倒了杯白兰地，递到我手里，高兴地眨眨眼。无色的白兰地在舌尖的感觉好极了。酒还在嘴中，我就听见有人正和斯泰因小姐说话。我从没听过一个人对另一个人那么说话；从来没有，无论在什么地方，什么时候。

Then Miss Stein's voice came pleading and begging, saying, "Don't, pussy. Don't. Don't, please don't. I'll do anything, pussy, but please don't do it. Please don't. Please don't, pussy."

接着传来斯泰因小姐的声音，她恳求甚至乞求道，“别，小猫咪。别这样。别，求求你别这样。我什么都可以做，小猫咪，就是别这样。请别这样。求求你别这样，小猫咪。”

I swallowed the drink and put the glass down on the table and started for the door. The maidservant shook her finger at me and whispered, "Don't go. She'll be right down."

我吞下那口酒，把酒杯放回桌上，走向门口。女仆朝我摆摆手指，小声说：“别走。她马上就下来了。”

"I have to go," I said and tried not to hear any more as I left but it was still going on and the only way I could not hear it was to be gone. It was bad to hear and the answers were worse.

“我得走了。”我说，尽量在离开时不要再听到什么，但说话声仍在继续。唯一听不到的办法就是离开。听到这样的话声让人很不自在，听到那些回答就更令人尴尬了。

In the courtyard I said to the maidservant, "Please say I came to the courtyard and met you. That I could not wait because a friend is sick. Say bon voyage for me. I will write."

在院子里我对女仆说，“请告诉她我到院子里见着你了，我不能等是因为一个朋友病了。代我祝她旅途愉快。我会写信的。”

"C'est entendu, Monsieur. What a shame you cannot wait."

“好的，先生。真遗憾，您不能等了。”

"Yes," I said. "What a shame."

“是的，”我说，“真遗憾。”

That was the way it finished for me, stupidly enough, although I still did the small jobs, made the necessary appearances, brought people that were asked for and waited dismissal with most of the other men friends when that epoch came and the new friends moved in. It was sad to see new worthless pictures hung in with the great pictures but it made no difference any more. Not to me it didn't. She quarreled with nearly all of us that were fond of her except Juan Gris[1] and she couldn't quarrel with him because he was dead. I am not sure that he would have cared because he was past caring and it showed in his paintings.

我想我们之间的友谊就是这么结束的，真是够愚蠢的。尽管我仍然帮点儿小忙，必要时露露面，带她邀请的人过去，和其他大多男性朋友一样到时候了就等着被打发，然后新朋友进来。看见又有毫无价值的新画和杰出的画挂在一起很是难过，但这已经无关紧要了。对我来说就是无关紧要了。除了胡安·格里斯，她几乎和我们当中所有喜欢她的人都争吵过。她不能和他争吵，因为他死了。我不确定他是否会在乎，他过去是在乎的，这从他的画里就能看出来。

Finally she even quarreled with the new friends but none of us followed it any more. She got to look like a Roman emperor and that was fine if you liked your women to look like Roman emperors. But Picasso had painted her, and I could remember her when she looked like a woman from Friuli.

最后她甚至和新朋友也争吵，但我们已经不再关注了。她变得看上去像一个罗马皇帝，要是你喜欢你的女人看上去像罗马皇帝，那就没事。但毕加索给她画过像，我也还记得她看起来像弗留利女人的样子。

In the end everyone, or not quite everyone, made friends again in order not to be stuffy or righteous. I did too. But I could never make friends again truly, neither in my heart nor in my head. When yon cannot make friends any more in your head is the worst. But it was more complicated than that.

最后，每个人，或几乎每个人，为了不显得自以为是或正义凛然，又和她成了朋友。我也是。但我无法再和她成为真正的朋友，无论从情感上还是理智上来说都不可能。理智上无法和一个人做朋友，那是最糟的。但事情要比那复杂。

(1)胡安·格里斯(1887—1927），西班牙画家、雕塑家。

The Man Who Was Marked For Death

一个带着死亡征兆的人

The afternoon I met Ernest Walsh, the poet, in Ezra's studio, he was with two girls in long mink coats and there was a long, shiny, hired car from Claridge's[1] outside in the street with a uniformed chauffeur. The girls were blondes and they had crossed on the same ship with Walsh. The ship had arrived the day before and he had brought them with him to visit Ezra.

在埃兹拉的工作室遇见诗人欧内斯特·沃尔什的那天下午，他正和两个穿着长长的貂皮大衣的女孩在一起，外面的街上停着一辆从克莱里奇饭店租来的锃亮的加长车，车上坐着一位穿制服的司机。那两个金发女孩和沃尔什坐同一艘船漂洋过海来到巴黎。那艘船前天就到了，沃尔什带着她们俩拜访过埃兹拉。

Ernest Walsh was dark, intense, faultlessly Irish, poetic and clearly marked for death as a character is marked for death in a motion picture. He was talking to Ezra and I talked with the girls who asked me if I had read Mr. Walsh's poems. I had not and one of them brought out a green-covered copy of Harriet Monroe's[2] Poetry, A Magazine of Verse and showed me poems by Walsh in it.

欧内斯特·沃尔什肤色很黑，人很热情，是个不折不扣的爱尔兰人，富有诗意，但却像电影里要死的人一样明显呈现出死亡的征兆。他和埃兹拉谈着话，而我就和那两个女孩聊了起来。她们问我有没有读过沃尔什先生的诗，我说没有，于是一个女孩拿出一本由哈利特·门罗主编的绿色封面的《诗歌》杂志，给我看沃尔什在上面发表的诗作。

"He gets twelve hundred dollars apiece," she said.

“他发表一首诗就能挣一千二百美元。”她说。

"For each poem," the other girl said.

“是每一首诗。”另一个女孩说道。

My recollection was that I received twelve dollars a page, if that, from the same magazine. "He must be a very great poet," I said. "It's more than Eddie Guest[3] gets," the first girl told me.

在我记忆中，在同一本杂志上，我要是投稿的话，稿酬是十二美元一页。“他一定是个非常出色的诗人。”我说。

"It's more than who's that other poet gets. You know."

“他的稿酬比埃迪·格斯特还高。”给我看诗的那个女孩说。“比那个诗人的稿酬都高，他叫什么来着？你知道的。”

"Kipling[4]," her friend said.

“吉卜林。”她的同伴说。

"It's more than anybody gets ever," the first girl said.

“反正比谁的稿酬都高。”给我看诗的那个女孩说。

"Are you staying in Paris very long?" I asked them.

“你们会在巴黎呆很长时间吗？”我问她们。

"Well no. Not really. We're with a group of friends."

“不会，不会的。我们和一群朋友一起。”

"We came over on this boat, you know. But there wasn't anyone on it really. Mr. Wa[1]sh was on it of course.”

“我们坐这艘船来的，你知道。但船上其实没什么人。当然，沃尔什先生也坐这艘船。”

"Doesn't he play cards?" I asked.

“他不玩牌吗？”我问。

She looked at me in a disappointed but understanding way.

她用失望但表示理解的眼光看着我。

"No. He doesn't have to. Not writing poetry the way he can write it."

“不，他用不着玩牌。他能那样写诗，但他不这样。”

"What ship are you going back on?"

“你们坐什么船回去？”

"Well that depends. It depends on the boats and on a lot of things. Are you going back?"

“这得看情况。看有什么船，还得看很多情况。你回去吗？”

"No. I'm getting by all right."

“不，我在这儿挺好的。”

"This is sort of the poor quarter over here, isn't it?"

“这个区有点儿穷，对吧？”

"Yes. But it's pretty good. I work the cafés and I'm out at the track."

“是的，但还不错。我在咖啡馆写作，还去赛马场转转。”

"Can you go out to the track in those clothes?"

“穿这样的衣服能去赛马场吗？”

"No. This is my café outfit.”

“不行。这是我去咖啡馆穿的。”

"It's kind of cute," one of the girls said. "I'd like to see some of that café life. Wouldn't you, dear?"

“挺可爱的，”其中一个女孩说，“我想看看咖啡馆的生活。你想吗，亲爱的？”

"I would," the other girl said. I wrote their names down in my address book and promised to call them at Claridge's. They were nice girls and I said good-bye to them and to Walsh and to Ezra. Walsh was still talking to Ezra with great intensity.

“我也想。”另一个女孩回答。我在通讯本上写下她们的名字，答应到克莱里奇饭店给她们打电话。她们是不错的女孩。我分别和两个女孩、沃尔什、埃兹拉道别。沃尔什还在热切地和埃兹拉谈话。

"Don't forget," the taller one of the girls said.

“别忘了。”高个的那个女孩说。

"How could I?" I told her and shook hands with them both again.

“我怎么会忘呢？”我告诉她，再次和她们俩握手。

The next I heard from Ezra about Wa[1]sh was that he had been bailed out of Claridge's by some lady admirers of poetry and of young poets who were marked for death, and the next thing, some time after that, was that he had financial backing from another source and was going to start a new magazine in the quarter as a co-editor.

后来听埃兹拉说起沃尔什就是他得到了一些爱好诗歌的女士和带着死亡征兆的年轻诗人的资助，离开了克莱里奇饭店。再后来就是他又从别处得到资助，正准备在拉丁区和别人合编一本新杂志。

At the time the Dial, an American literary magazine edited by Scofield Thayer[5], gave an annual award of, I believe, a thousand dollars for excellence in the practice of letters by a contributor. This was a huge sum for any straight writer to receive in those days, in addition to the prestige, and the award had gone to various people, all deserving, naturally. Two people, then, could live comfortably and well in Europe on five dollars a day and could travel.

那时，斯科菲尔德·塞耶主编的美国文学杂志《日晷》颁发一项年度奖金，授予在文学创作方面有杰出表现的撰稿人，我想，奖金应该是一千美元。这对当时任何一个正直的作家而言都是一笔可观的数目，更别说由此带来的声望了。很多人都获得了这份奖金，当然，所有获奖人都名副其实。那时候，两个人一天花五美元就可以在欧洲过上舒服惬意的生活，还可以去旅行。

This quarterly, of which Walsh was one of the editors, was alleged to be going to award a very substantial sum to the contributor whose work should be judged the best at the end of the first four issues.

沃尔什是这本季刊的编辑之一。据称杂志在头四期刊出后将给最杰出的撰稿人发一笔数目可观的奖金。

If the news was passed around by gossip or rumor, or if it was a matter of personal confidence, cannot be said. Let us hope and believe always that it was completely honorable in every way. Certainly nothing could ever be said or imputed against Walsh's co-editor.

这是小道消息还是谣言，或者是否事关个人信心，那就无从可说了。让我们希望并且一直相信，此举在各个方面都是完全值得尊敬的。当然，沃尔什的合编者永远都不会被诋毁或怪罪。

It was not long after I heard rumors of this alleged award that Walsh asked me to lunch one day at a restaurant that was the best and the most expensive in the Boulevard St.Michel quarter and after the oysters, expensive fl at faintly coppery marennes, not the familiar, deep, inexpensive portugaises, and a bottle of Pouilly-Fuissé, began to lead up to it delicately. He appeared to be conning me as he had conned the shills from the boat—if they were shills and if he had conned them, of course—and when he asked me if I would like another dozen of the fl at oysters as he called them, I said I would like them very much. He did not bother to look marked for death with me and this was a relief. He knew I knew he had the con, not the kind you con with but the kind you died of then and how bad it was, and he did not bother to have to cough, and I was grateful for this at the table. I was wondering if he ate the fl at oysters in the same way the whores in Kansas City, who were marked for death and practically everything else, always wished to swallow semen as a sovereign remedy against the con; but I did not ask him. I began my second dozen of the fl at oysters, picking them from their bed of crushed ice on the silver plate, watching their unbelievably delicate brown edges react and cringe as I squeezed lemon juice on them and separated the holding muscle from the shell and lifted them to chew them carefully.

我听到这份奖金的传闻不久，有一天沃尔什就邀请我去圣米歇尔大街上最好最昂贵的一家餐厅吃午饭。吃完牡蛎——是那种价格不菲、扁平、浅古铜色、产自法国马雷纳地区的牡蛎，不是那种常见的、肥厚的廉价葡萄牙牡蛎——我们又喝了一瓶布利·弗斯白葡萄酒，然后不知不觉就谈到了那个话题。他似乎在骗我，就像他骗船上的那两个托儿似的——当然，如果她们真是托儿，而且他骗过她们的话——他问我想不想再来一打他所称的扁牡蛎，我告诉他非常想要。和我一起时，他根本没有表现出死亡的征兆，这真是令人宽慰。他清楚我知道他得了肺病，这

可不是你能用来诓骗别人的肺病，是到时候会要了你的命的肺病。我知道这有多难受，而他连一声都没有咳嗽，在餐桌上他能这么做我真是心存感激。我琢磨着，他吃扁牡蛎的方式是不是和堪萨斯城的妓女一样，她们也带着死亡的征兆，其实别的什么征兆都有，总想拿精液当作治愈肺病的灵丹妙药一口吞下；但我没有问他。我开始吃第二打扁牡蛎，从银制餐碟上的碎冰中挑出牡蛎，一边往上面挤上柠檬汁，一边看着它们细嫩得不可思议的棕色唇边卷缩起来，然后把肉质从贝壳上分开，放入嘴中，细细品嚼。

"Ezra's a great, great poet," Walsh said, looking at me with his own dark poet's eyes.

“埃兹拉是个非常非常伟大的诗人。”沃尔什说，用他那双深沉的诗人的眼睛看着我。

"Yes," I said. "And a fine man."

“是的，”我说，“而且是个高尚的人。”

"Noble," Walsh said. "Truly noble." We ate and drank in silence as a tribute to Ezra's nobility. I missed Ezra and wished he were there. He could not afford marennes either.

“高贵，”沃尔什说，“真真正正的高贵。”我们在沉默中吃着东西喝着酒，算是对埃兹拉的高尚品格表示敬意。我想念埃兹拉，真希望他就在那儿。他也吃不起马雷纳的牡蛎。

"Joyce is great," Walsh said. "Great. Great."

“乔伊斯真了不起，”沃尔什说，“了不起。了不起。”

"Great," I said. "And a good friend." We had become friends in his wonderful period after the finishing of Ulysses and before starting what was called for a long time "Work in Progress"[6]. I thought of Joyce and remembered many things.

“了不起，”我说，“而且是一个很好的朋友。”在他事业的巅峰期我们成了好朋友，那时他已经写完《尤利西斯》，还没开始写那本很长时间一直被称作“正在写的作品”的小说。我想起了乔伊斯，还记起了很多事。

"I wish his eyes were better," Walsh said.

“希望他的眼睛好点儿了。”沃尔什说。

"So does he," I said.

“他也希望如此。”我说。

"It is the tragedy of our time," Walsh told me.

“这是我们这个时代的悲剧。”沃尔什告诉我。

"Everybody has something wrong with them," I said, trying to

cheer up the lunch.

“每个人都会有点儿病痛，”我说道，尽量让午餐的气氛活跃起来。

"You haven't." He gave me all his charm and more, and then he marked himself for death.

“你就没有。”他向我展示出全部的魅力，甚至还不止是魅力，然后又呈现出死亡的征兆。

"You mean I am not marked for death?" I asked. I could not help it.

“你是说我还没有死亡的征兆？”我问道。我忍不住这么问。

"No. You're marked for Life." He capitalized the word.

“是的，你呈现的是生命。”他强调了一下“生命”二字。

"Give me time," I said.

“为时尚早。”我说。

He wanted a good steak, rare, and I ordered two tournedos with sauce Béarnaise. I figured the butter would be good for him.

他要了一份上等牛排，半熟的，我点了两份加蛋黄酱沙司的腓里牛排。我猜想黄油对他有好处。

"What about a red wine?" he asked. The sommelier came and I ordered a Châteauneuf du Pape. I would walk it off afterwards along the quais. He could sleep it off, or do what he wanted to. I might take mine someplace, I thought.

“来瓶红酒怎么样？”他问道。斟酒侍者走过来，我点了一瓶“教皇新堡”。待会儿喝完了我要去码头边走走，把它消化掉。他可以睡一觉来消化掉，或者做点儿他想做的。我想我可能会找个地方睡我的觉去。

It came as we finished the steak and french-fried potatoes and were twothirds through the Chéteauneuf du Pape which is not a luncheon wine.

我们吃完了牛排、法式薯条，喝完了三分之二其实并不适合午餐饮用的“教皇新堡”，终于说到那个话题。

"There's no use beating around the bush," he said. "You know you're to get the award, don't you?"

“兜圈子没用，”他说，“你知道你会获得奖金，对吧？”

"Am I?" I said. "Why?"

“是吗？”我反问道，“为什么？”

"You're to get it," he said. He started to talk about my writing and I stopped listening. It made me feel sick for people to talk about my

writing to my face, and I looked at him and his marked-for-death look and I thought, you con man conning me with your con. I've seen a battalion in the dust on the road, a third of them for death or worse and no special marks on them, the dust for all, and you and your marked for death look, you con man, making a living out of your death. Now you will con me. Con not, that thou be not conned. Death was not conning with him. It was coming all right.

“你注定会得到它的。”他说。他开始谈论起我的作品，我就不听他说话了。别人当着我的面谈论我的作品让我觉得恶心。我看着他，看着他脸上注定要死的神情，我想，你这个肺痨病鬼，居然拿你的肺病来骗我。我看过路上尘土中的士兵，三分之一即将死去，甚至更严重，他们身上没有什么特别的征兆，所有人都要化为尘土。你和你那面带死亡征兆的神情，你这个肺痨鬼，拿你自己的死来苟且偷生。现在居然要骗我。别再欺骗人了，那样你就不会被骗的。死亡是不会骗他的。它就在眼前。

"I don't think I deserve it, Ernest," I said, enjoying using my own name that I hated, to him. "Besides, Ernest, it would not be ethical, Ernest."

“我觉得我不配，欧内斯特，”我说。我很喜欢用自己的名字来叫他。我讨厌那个名字。“另外，欧内斯特，这也不符合职业道德，欧内斯特。”

"It's strange we have the same name, isn't it?"

“我们名字一样，真奇怪，是不是？”

"Yes, Ernest," I said. "It's a name we must both live up to. You see what I mean, don't you, Ernest?"

“是的，欧内斯特，”我说，“我们一定不能辜负了这个名字。你明白我的意思，对吧，欧内斯特？”

"Yes, Ernest," he said. He gave me complete, sad Irish understanding and the charm.

“是的，欧内斯特，”他回答道，并以爱尔兰人的方式伤感地向我示以充分的理解和魅力。

So I was always very nice to him and to his magazine and when he had his hemorrhages and left Paris asking me to see his magazine through the printers, who did not read English, I did that. I had seen one of the hemorrhages, it was very legitimate, and I knew that he would die all right, and it pleased me at that time, which was a difficult time in my life, to be extremely nice to him, as it pleased me to call him Ernest. Also, I liked and admired his co-editor. She had not promised me any award. She only wished to build a good magazine and pay her contributors well.

所以我对他和他的杂志一直很好。他吐血后离开巴黎时要我帮不懂英语的印刷商打理他的杂志，我照他说的做了。我有一次看到他吐血，这很合乎情理，我知道他很快就会死的。那段时间我很窘困，但我很乐意对他极其好，就像我高兴叫他欧内斯特一样。而且，我喜欢甚至崇拜他的合编者。她没有向我许诺任何奖金。她只想创办一本好杂志，给撰稿人丰厚的稿酬。

One day, much, later, I met Joyce who was walking along the Boulevard St.Germain after having been to a matinée alone. He liked to listen to the actors, although he could not see them. He asked me to have a drink with him and we went to the Deux-Magots and ordered dry sherry although you will always read that he drank only Swiss white wine.

过了很长一段时间，有一天我遇见乔伊斯正沿着圣谢荷曼大街散步。他刚刚独自一人去看了一部日场戏。虽然他看不见演员，但喜欢听他们对话。他邀请我一起去喝一杯，我们便去了双偶咖啡馆，点了无甜味的雪利酒，虽然你可能总是在书里读到他只喝瑞士白酒。

"How about Walsh?" Joyce said.

“沃尔什怎么样？”乔伊斯问道。

"A such and such alive is a such and such dead," I said.

“活成那样和死了没什么区别了。”我说。

"Did he promise you that award?" Joyce asked.

“他承诺过给你那份奖金吗？”乔伊斯问。

"Yes."

“是的。”

"I thought so," Joyce said.

“我想也是。”乔伊斯说。

"Did he promise it to you?"

“他也承诺你了？”

"Yes," Joyce said. After a time he asked, "Do you think he promised it to Pound?"

“是的。”乔伊斯说。过了一会儿他又问，“你觉得他向庞德也承诺过吗？”

"I don't know."

“我不知道。”

"Best not to ask him," Joyce said. We left it at that. I told Joyce of my first meeting with him in Ezra's studio with the girls in the long fur

coats and it made him happy to hear the story.

“最好别问他。”乔伊斯说。这个话题我们就谈到这儿。我告诉乔伊斯第一次遇见沃尔什是在埃兹拉的工作室，当时他和两个穿着貂皮长大衣的女孩在一起。乔伊斯听到这个故事很高兴。

(1)克拉里奇饭店，伦敦西区中心的酒店。

(2)哈丽特·门罗（1860—1936），美国《诗歌》杂志创办人，女主编。

(3)埃德加·格斯特(1881-1959)，美国新闻记者和诗人，作品以母亲、家庭、劳动美德等为主题，第一部诗集《久居》为畅销书。文中Eddie为Edgar（埃德加）的昵称。

(4)吉卜林（1865—1936），英国作家，1907年获诺贝尔文学奖。

(5)斯科菲尔德·塞耶（1889—1982），美国诗人、出版商。

(6)"WorkinProgress"，指的是乔伊斯的最后一部小说《为芬尼艮守灵》，1927年起在Transition杂志上连载，1939年出版。

Evan Shipman[1] At The Lilas

丁香园咖啡馆里的埃文·希普曼

From the day I had found Sylvia Beach's library I had read all of Turgenev, what had been published in English of Gogol, the Constance Garnett translations of Tolstoi and the English translations of Chekov. In Toronto, before we had ever come to Paris, I had been told Katherine Mansfield[2] was a good short-story writer, even a great short-story writer, but trying to read her after Chekov was like hearing the carefully artificial tales of a young old-maid compared to those of an articulate and knowing physician who was a good and simple writer. Mansfield was like near-beer. It was better to drink water. But Chekov was not water except for the clarity. There were some stories that seemed to be only journalism. But there were wonderful ones too.

自从我找到西尔维娅·比奇的图书馆的那天起，我已经读了所有果戈里翻译的屠格涅夫作品的英译版和康斯坦斯·加尼特翻译的托尔斯泰作品和契诃夫作品的英译版。在多伦多，我们来巴黎之前，我就听别人说凯瑟琳·曼斯菲尔德是优秀甚至是伟大的短篇小说作家。但要是读过契诃夫的作品再去读她的小说，就好像听完一位善于表达、见多识广的医生同时又是语言简练的优秀作家讲故事后，再听一个年轻的老处女讲她精心编造的故事一样有差别。曼斯菲尔德就好比是淡啤酒，看她的书还不如喝水。但契诃夫虽然清澈但绝不是水。有一些小说似乎只是新闻报道，但也有一些绝妙佳作。

In Dostoyevsky there were things believable and not to be believed, but some so true they changed you as you read them; frailty and madness, wickedness and saintliness, and the insanity of gambling were there to know as you knew the landscape and the roads in Turgenev, and the movement of troops, the terrain and the officers and the men and the fighting in Tolstoi. Tolstoi made the writing of Stephen Crane[3] on the Civil War seem like the brilliant imagining of a sick boy who had never seen war but had only read the battles and chronicles and seen the Brady[4] photographs that I had read and seen at my grandparents' house. Until I read the Chartreuse de Parme by Stendhal I had never read of war as it was except in Tolstoi, and the wonderful Waterloo account by Stendhal was an accidental piece in a book that had much dullness. To have come on all this new world of writing, with time to read in a city like Paris where there was a way of living well and working, no matter how poor you were, was like having a great treasure given to you. You could take your treasure with you when you traveled too, and in the mountains where we lived in Switzerland and Italy, until we found Schruns in the high valley in

the Vorarlberg in Austria, there were always the books, so that you lived in the new world you had found, the snow and the forests and the glaciers and their winter problems and your high shelter in the Hotel Taube in the village in the day time, and at night you could live in the other wonderful world the Russian writers were giving you. At first there were the Russians; then there were all the others. But for a long time there were the Russians.

陀思妥也夫斯基的作品里有些东西可信，也有些东西不可信，但有些东西是那么真实，你读着读着就为之改变了；作品里有你要了解的脆弱和疯狂，邪恶和圣洁，还有赌博的疯狂，正如你知道屠格涅夫的作品里有风景和道路，托尔斯泰的作品里有军队的行动、地形、军官、男人和战争一样。托尔斯泰的作品让史蒂芬·克莱恩关于内战的作品仿佛出自一个从未亲眼见过战争的病恹恹的男孩产生的五彩斑斓的想象——他只看过我在祖父母家也看过的有关战争的报道和纪录，只见过我在祖父母家也见过的布罗迪拍的照片。看司汤达的《帕尔玛修道院》之前，除了在托尔斯泰的作品里，我从没读过真实的战争，而司汤达记述的滑铁卢战役精彩的片段也只是某本相当枯燥无味的书中偶尔出现的一笔。发现作品里的新世界，并且有时间在像巴黎这样一个无论你多穷都可以惬意地生活工作的城市阅读，就像拥有一座属于你的珍贵宝藏。你旅行时也可以带上你的宝藏。我们住在瑞士和意大利的山区，在发现奥地利福拉尔贝格州高处山谷中的施伦斯乡村前，我们总是有书看。你可以生活在你发现的这个新世界里，那里有积雪、森林、冰川，还有过冬的种种困难，白天躲在乡村高高的陶布旅馆里，晚上可以生活在俄罗斯作家给你创造的另一个精彩世界里。开始我只读俄罗斯作家的作品；接着也读其他作家的作品。但很长一段时间我都读俄罗斯作家的作品。

I remember asking Ezra once when we had walked home from playing tennis out on the Boulevard Arago, and he had asked me into his studio for a drink, what he really thought about Dostoyevsky.

记得有一次和埃兹拉在阿拉戈林阴大道打完网球走路回家，他邀请我上他工作室喝一杯，我问起他到底是怎么看陀思妥耶夫斯基的。

"To tell you the truth, Hem," Ezra said, "I've never read the Rooshians."

“说实话，海姆，”埃兹拉说，“我从没读过俄国佬写的东西。”

It was a straight answer and Ezra had never given me any other kind verbally, but I felt very bad because here was the man I liked and trusted the most as a critic then, the man who believed in the mot juste—the one and only correct word to use—the man who had taught me to distrust adjectives as I would later learn to distrust certain people in certain situations; and I wanted his opinion on a man who almost never used the mot juste and yet had made his people come alive at times, as almost no one else did.

这个回答很直接。尽管埃兹拉在言辞上从没对我用过任何别的方式，我还是感到很难过，因为面前这位是我喜欢的人，是那时我最信任的评论家，一个相信“精准用词”——有且仅有的唯一一个准确的词——的人，一个教过我不要相信形容词——就像我后来学会了在某些情况下不信任某些人一样；我想知道他对一个几乎从不用“精准用词”却能不时让他作品中的人物活灵活现的人——几乎没有别人做到过——是怎么看的。

"Keep to the French," Ezra said. "You've plenty to learn there."

“坚持看法语作品吧，”埃兹拉说，“那儿有很多你要学的东西。”

"I know it," I said. "I've plenty to learn everywhere."

“我知道，”我说，“到处都有很多我要学的东西。”

Later after leaving Ezra's studio and walking along the street to the sawmill, looking down the high-sided street to the opening at the end where the bare trees showed and behind them the far facade of the Bal Bullier across the width of the Boulevard St.-Michel, I opened the gate and went in past the fresh-sawn lumber and left my racket in its press beside the stairs that led to the top floor of the pavilion. I called up the stairs but there was no one home.

离开埃兹拉的工作室后，我沿街走回锯木厂，顺着两边高楼林立的街道望去，街的尽头是一片空地，空地上能看见光秃秃的树，后面是远远对着圣米歇尔大街的蒲利耶舞厅的正面。我打开大门进去，从刚锯好的木材旁边走过，把网球拍装起来放在通向阁楼顶层的楼梯后面，然后朝楼上喊了几声，但家里没人。

"Madame has gone out and the bonne and the baby too," the wife of the sawmill owner told me. She was a difficult woman, over-plump, with brassy hair, and I thanked her.

“夫人和保姆、小孩都出去了。”锯木厂厂主的妻子告诉我。她是个不好对付的女人，体态偏胖，一头黄铜色的头发。我谢过她。

"There was a young man to see you," she said, using the term jeune homme instead of monsieur. "He said he would be at the Lilas."

“有个年轻人来找过你。”她说。她说的不是“先生”，而是“年轻人”。“他说在丁香园咖啡馆等你。”

"Thank you very much," I said. "If Madame comes in, please tell her I am at the Lilas."

“非常感谢，”我说，“夫人回来的话，请告诉她我去丁香园咖啡馆了。”

"She went out with friends," the wife said and gathering her purple dress gown about her went on high heels into the doorway of her own domaine without closing the door.

“她和朋友们出去了，”锯木厂厂主的妻子说，然后裹紧她那身紫色的睡袍，踩着高跟鞋进了她自己的房间，但没有把门关上。

I walked down the street between the high, stained and streaked white houses and turned to the right at the open, sunny end and went into the sun-striped dusk of the Lilas.

我沿街走在斑驳褪色的高高的白房子间，在洒满阳光的开阔的街道尽头往右拐，走进薄暮中阳光斑驳的丁香园咖啡馆。

There was no one there I knew and I went outside onto the terrace and found Evan Shipman waiting. He was a fine poet and he knew and cared about horses, writing and painting. He rose and I saw him tall and pale and thin, his white shirt dirty and worn at the collar, his tie carefully knotted, his worn and wrinkled grey suit, his fingers stained darker than his hair, his nails dirty and his loving, deprecatory smile that he held tightly not to show his bad teeth.

里面没有我认识的人，于是我出来走到露台上，看见埃文·希普曼在那儿等人。他是一个杰出的诗人，而且了解并喜欢马、写作和绘画。他站起身，我看出他个子高高的，脸色苍白，身材很瘦。他穿的白色衬衫领子脏了，而且还有点儿破损，领结却打得很别致，一身灰色的旧西服皱皱巴巴，手指比头发还黑，指甲脏兮兮的，露出友好、自嘲的笑，却尽力克制着不露出他的坏牙。

"It's good to see you, Hem," he said.

“见到你真高兴，海姆。”他说。

"How are you, Evan?" I asked.

“你还好吗，埃文？”我问道。

"A little down," he said. "I think I have the 'Mazeppa[5]' licked though. Have you been going well?"

“有点儿不好，”他回答。“不过我想我已经让‘马泽帕’吃饱喝足了。你还好吧？”

"I hope so," I said. "I was out playing tennis with Ezra when you came by."

“但愿如此，”我说，“你到我那儿时我和埃兹拉出去打网球了。”

"Is Ezra well?"

“埃兹拉好吗？”

"Very."

“很好。”

"I'm so glad. Hem, you know I don't think that owner's wife where you live likes me. She wouldn't let me wait upstairs for you."

“我真高兴。海姆，你知道吗，我觉得锯木厂厂主的妻子不喜欢我。她不让我在楼上等你。”

"I'll tell her," I said.

“我会跟她说的。”我说。

"Don't bother. I can always wait here. It's very pleasant in the sun now, isn't it?"

“不用了。我总可以在这儿等。现在阳光下面很舒服，不是吗？”

"It's fall now," I said. "I don't think you dress warmly enough."

“现在是秋天了，”我说，“我觉得你穿得不够暖和。”

"It's only cool in the evening," Evan said. "I'll wear my coat."

“只有晚上才有点儿冷。”埃文说，“我会穿上大衣的。”

"Do you know where it is?"

“你知道你的大衣在哪儿吗？”

"No. But it's somewhere safe."

“不知道，但一定在一个安全的地方。”

"How do you know?"

“你怎么知道？”

"Because I left the poem in it." He laughed heartily holding his lips tightly over the teeth. "Have a whisky with me, please, Hem."

“因为我把诗放在里面了。”他发自内心地笑了，但仍然抿着双唇掩饰牙齿。“和我一起喝杯威士忌吧，海姆。”

"All right."

“好吧。”

"Jean," Evan got up and called the waiter. "Two whiskies please."

“让，”埃文站起来叫侍者。“请上两杯威士忌。”

Jean brought the bottle and the glasses and two ten-franc saucers with the syphon. He used no measuring glass and poured the whisky until the glasses were more than three-quartets full. Jean loved Evan who often went out and worked with him at his garden in Montrouge, out beyond the Porte d'Orléans, on Jean's day off.

让端来一瓶威士忌和酒杯，两个十法郎的杯碟，还有吸管。他没有用量杯而是直接倒威士忌，一直倒到多出酒杯的四分之三满。让喜欢埃文。让休假时，埃文经常和他一起出去游玩，和他一起打理让在蒙鲁日奥尔良港口的花园。

"You mustn't exaggerate," Evan said to the tall old waiter.

“你别倒太多了，”埃文对高个的老侍者说。

"They are two whiskies, aren't they?" the waiter asked.

“这是两杯威士忌，不是吗？”侍者反诘道。

We added water and Evan said, "Take the first sip very carefully, Hem. Properly handled, they will hold us for some time."

我们加了水，埃文说，“第一口要细心品味，海姆。掌握适量的话，能喝好一阵子呢。”

"Are you taking any care of yourself ?" I asked.

“你现在自己照顾自己吗？”我问。

"Yes, truly, Hem. Let's talk about something else, should we?"

“是啊，真的，海姆。我们谈点儿别的，好吗？”

There was no one sitting on the terrace and the whisky was warming us both although I was better dressed for the fall than Evan as I wore a sweatshirt for underwear and then a shirt and a blue wool French sailor's sweater over the shirt.

露台上没有别人。威士忌让我们俩都暖和起来，尽管我因为秋天而穿得比埃文多。我穿了一件汗衫打底，然后是衬衣，衬衣外面是蓝色羊毛质地的法国水手衫。

"I've been wondering about Dostoyevsky," I said. "How can a man write so badly, so unbelievably badly, and make you feel so deeply?"

“我一直搞不懂陀思妥也夫斯基。”我说，“一个人怎么能写得如此糟糕，糟糕得不可思议，却又能让你感受深刻？”

"It can't be the translation," Evan said. "She makes the Tolstoi come out well written."

“不可能是翻译的问题，”埃文说，“她翻托尔斯泰的作品就翻得很好。”

"I know. I remember how many times I tried to read War and Peace until I got the Constance Garnett translation."

“我知道。我记得曾经多少次试着读《战争与和平》，最后才找到康斯坦斯·加尼特的译本。”

"They say it can be improved on," Evan said. "I'm sure it can although I don't know Russian. But we both know translations. But it comes out as a hell of a novel, the greatest I suppose, and you can read it over and over."

“他们说可以翻得更好，”埃文说，“我相信可以，虽然我不懂俄语。但我们俩都能看懂译本。不过它就是好得不得了的小说，我想应该是最棒的，你可以一遍又一遍地看。”

"I know," I said. "But you can't read Dostoyevsky over and over. I had Crime and Punishment on a trip when we ran out of books down at Schruns, and I couldn't read it again when we had nothing to read. I read the Austrian papers and studied German until we found some Trollope in Tauchnitz."

“我知道，”我说，“但你不可能一遍又一遍地读陀思妥耶夫斯基。有一次去旅行我们带上了《罪与罚》，在施伦斯我们看完了所有的书，但即使没书可看了，我也不能把它再看上一遍。我看奥地利报纸、学德语，直到找到陶赫尼次版特罗洛普的小说。”

"God bless Tauchnitz," Evan said. The whisky had lost its burning quality and was now, when water was added, simply much too strong.

“上帝保佑陶赫尼次版，”埃文说。威士忌已经失去了灼热的口感，现在加过水后，只是变得更强劲了。

"Dostoyevsky was a shit, Hem," Evan went on. "He was best on shits and saints. He makes wonderful saints. It's a shame we can't reread him."

“陀思妥耶夫斯基是狗屁，海姆，”埃文继续说道。“他最擅长写狗屁和圣人。他写了很多大圣人。只可惜他写的东西我们不会看第二遍。”

"I'm going to try The Brothers again. It was probably my fault."

“我想试着再看看《卡拉马佐夫兄弟》。也许是我错了。”

"You can read some of it again. Most of it. But then it will start to make you angry, no matter how great it is."

“有些部分你可以再读一遍。大部分。但之后它会激起你的愤怒，无论写得有多好。”

"Well, we were lucky to have had it to read the first time and maybe there will be a better translation."

“好吧，庆幸我们是第一次读，也许以后会有更好的译本。”

"But don't let it tempt you, Hem."

“别被它迷惑了，海姆。”

"I won't. I'm trying to do it so it will make it without you knowing it, and so the more you read it, the more there will be."

“不会的。我只是试着读一读，这样不知不觉就读完了。读得越多，领悟得就越多。”

"Well I'm backing you in Jean's whisky," Evan said.

“好吧，借让的威士忌为你加油。”埃文说。

"He'll get in trouble doing that," I said.

“他那么做会惹麻烦的。”我说。

"He's in trouble already, "Evan said.

“他已经惹上麻烦了。”埃文说。

"How?"

“怎么回事？”

"They're changing the management," Evan said. "The new owners want to have a different clientele that will spend some money and they are going to put in an American bar. The waiters are going to be in white jackets, Hem, and they have been ordered to be ready to shave off their mustaches."

“他们在变动管理层，”埃文说，“新店主希望招来一批愿意花钱的新顾客，他们准备加设一个美国式酒吧。侍者要穿白色上衣，海姆，他们还接到命令要做好准备剃掉胡子。”

"They can't do that to André and Jean.”

“他们不能这样对安德烈和让。”

"They shouldn't be able to, but they will."

“他们不该，但他们会的。”

"Jean has had a mustache all his life. That's a dragoon's mustache. He served in a cavalry regiment."

“让的胡子留了一辈子了。那可是龙骑兵的胡子。他在骑兵团服过役。”

"He's going to have to cut it off."

“他会把它剪了。”

I drank the last of the whisky.

我喝完最后一口威士忌。

"Another whisky, Monsieur?" Jean asked. "A whisky, Monsieur Shipman?" His heavy drooping mustache was a part of his thin, kind face, and the bald top of his head glistened under the strands of hair that were slicked across it.

“先生，再来一杯威士忌？”让问道，“再来一杯威士忌，希普曼先生？”他下垂的浓密胡子已经是他那张瘦削、和善的脸的一部分，光秃的头顶在几缕梳理整齐盖过脑门的头发下闪闪发光。

"Don't do it, Jean," I said. "Don't take a chance."

“别这么做，让，”我说，“不要冒险。”

"There is no chance," he said, softly to us. "There is much

confusion. Many are leaving. Entendu, Messieurs," he said aloud. He went into the café and came out carrying the bottle of whisky, two large glasses, two ten-franc gold-rimmed saucers and a seltzer bottle.

“没什么险可冒，”他轻声对我们说，“这里乱得很。很多人要走了。知道了，先生，”他大声说道，走进咖啡馆，出来时端着一瓶威士忌、两个大玻璃杯、两个十法郎的金边杯碟，还有一瓶苏打水。

"No, Jean," I said.

“别这么做，让。”我说。

He put the glasses down on the saucers and filled them almost to the brim with whisky and took the remains of the bottle back into the café. Evan and I squirted a little seltzer into the glasses.

他把玻璃杯放在杯碟上，倒上威士忌，几乎满到杯沿，然后把瓶子里剩下的威士忌端回咖啡馆。伊凡和我往杯子里加了点苏打水。

"It was a good thing Dostoyevsky didn't know Jean," Evan said. "He might have died of drink."

“陀思妥也夫斯基不认识让真是件好事，”埃文说，“不然他可能会喝得醉死过去。”

"What are we going to do with these?"

“这两杯酒怎么办？”

"Drink them," Evan said. "It's a protest. It's direct action."

“喝了，”埃文说，“这是一种抗议，一种直接的行动。”

On the following Monday when I went to the Lilas to work in the morning, André served me a bovril, which is a cup of beef extract and water. He was short and blond and where his stubby mustache had been, his lip was as bare as a priest's. He was wearing a white American barman's coat.

接下来的那个周一，早上我去丁香园咖啡馆写作，安德烈给我端上一杯保卫尔牛肉汁，那是一杯加了水的浓缩肉汁。他个子不高，金色头发，原来留着浓密短粗胡子的地方，现在像牧师一样露出嘴唇。他穿着一件美国酒吧招待员的白色上衣。

"And Jean?"

“让呢？”

"He won't be in until tomorrow."

“他明天才来。”

"How is he?"

“他好吗？”

"It took him longer to reconcile himself. He was in a heavy cavalry regiment throughout the war. He had the Croix de Guerre and the Médaille Militaire.”

“他还需要一点时间才能使自己接受这个变化。战争期间他在重装甲骑兵团服役。他得过军功十字章和军功章。”

"I did not know he was so badly wounded. "

“我不知道他受过那么重的伤。”

"No. He was wounded of course but it was the other sort of Médaille Militaire he has. For gallantry. ”

“不是的。当然，他受过伤，但他得的是另一种军功章。是授予那些英勇作战的将士的。”

"Tell him I asked for him."

“告诉他我向他问好。”

"Of course," André said. "I hope it will not take him too long to reconcile himself."

“一定，”安德烈说，“希望不久他就能使自己接受这一切。”

"Please give him Mr. Shipman's greeting too."

“也带上希普曼先生的问候。”

"Mr. Shipman is with him," André said. "They are gardening together."

“希普曼先生和他在一起，”安德烈说，“他们在一起打理花园。”

(1)埃文·希普曼（1904—1957），美国诗人、散文作家。

(2)凯瑟琳·曼斯菲尔德（1888—1923），新西兰最优秀的小说家之一。

(3)斯蒂芬·克莱恩（1871—1900），美国作家，作品包括《红色英勇勋章》（1895），《海上扁舟》（1897）。

(4)布罗迪（1823—1896），美国摄影先驱，因其肖像摄影而闻名，在1861年美国内战中被指定为官方摄影协会成员。

(5)马泽帕，是柴可夫斯基创作的歌剧之一，主人公叫IvanStapanovichMazeppa，和埃文·希普曼的名字相近，所以埃文开玩笑那么说。

An Agent Of Evil

邪恶的化身

The last thing Ezra said to me before he left the rue Notre-Dame-des- Champs to go to Rapallo was, "Hem, I want you to keep this jar of opium and give it to Dunning only when he needs it."

埃兹拉离开圣母院田园大街去意大利拉帕洛前对我说的最后一件事是，“海姆，我要你保管这罐鸦片，只有邓宁需要时才能给他。”

It was a large cold-cream jar and when I unscrewed the top the content was dark and sticky and it had the smell of very raw opium. Ezra had bought it from an Indian chief, he said, on the avenue de [1]'Opéra near the Boulevard des Italiens and it had been very expensive. I thought it must have come from the old Hole in the Wall bar which was a hangout for deserters and for dope peddlers during and after the first war. The Hole in the Wall was a very narrow bar with a red-painted facade, little more than a passageway, on the rue des Italiens. At one time it had a rear exit into the sewers of Paris from which yon were supposed to be able to reach the catacombs. Dunning was Ralph Cheever Dunning1, a poet who smoked opium and forgot to eat. When he was smoking too much he could only drink milk and he wrote in terza riruce[2] which endeared him to Ezra who also found fine qualities in his poetry. He lived in the same courtyard where Ezra had his studio and Ezra had called me in to help him when Dunning was dying a few weeks before Ezra was to leave Paris.

这是一个装着膏状物的大罐子。旋开罐口，里面的东西黑乎乎的、黏黏的，散发着一股很重的生鸦片味。埃兹拉说，这罐鸦片是他从一个印度首领那儿买来的，就在离意大利大街很近的歌剧大街上，非常贵。我想这准是从古老的“墙洞”酒吧里买的，那儿是一战期间和战后逃亡者还有毒贩出没的地方。“墙洞”在意大利大街上，是一个非常小的酒吧，只比过道稍微宽一点儿，正面漆成红色。过去酒吧有个后门通向巴黎的下水道，据说可以从那儿直达地下墓穴。我们说的这个邓宁是拉尔夫·奇弗·邓宁，一个抽鸦片忘了吃饭的诗人。如果吸食了太多鸦片，他就只能喝牛奶。他写的三行诗节使他深受埃兹拉的喜爱，埃兹拉就此发现了他诗歌的魅力。邓宁就住在埃兹拉工作室的那个院子里。埃兹拉离开巴黎的前几个星期邓宁生命垂危，那时他曾请我过去帮忙。

"Dunning is dying," Ezra's message said. "Please come at once."

“邓宁危在旦夕，”埃兹拉留言道，“请马上来。”

Dunning looked like a skeleton as he lay on the mattress and he would certainly have eventually died of malnutrition but I finally

convinced Ezra that few people ever died while speaking in well rounded phrases and that I had never known any man to die while speaking in terza riruce and that I doubted even if Dante could do it. Ezra said he was not talking in terza riruce and I said that perhaps it only sounded like terza riruce because I had been asleep when he had sent for me. Finally after a night with Dunning waiting for death to come, the matter was put in the hands of a physician and Dunning was taken to a private clinic to be disintoxicated. Ezra guaranteed his bills and enlisted the aid of I do not know which lovers of poetry on Dunning's behalf. Only the delivery of the opium in any true emergency was left to me. It was a sacred charge coming from Ezra and I only hoped I could live up to it and determine the state of a true emergency. It came when Ezra's concierge arrived one Sunday morning at the sawmill yard and shouted up to the open window when I was studying the racing form, "Monsieur Dunning est monté sur 1e toit et refuse catégoriquement de descendre.”

邓宁躺在床垫上，看上去像具骷髅。他最终肯定会因为营养不良死去，但我最后还是使埃兹拉相信，没有人在说着有头有尾的话的时候会呜呼丧命，我更没见过一个垂死的人还能说出三行诗节，我怀疑即使但丁也做不到。埃兹拉说邓宁说的不是三行诗节，我说也许只是听起来像，因为他叫我来的时候我已经睡着了。最后，和邓宁一起等待了一夜的死亡后，事情交给一个医生处理，邓宁被送到一家私人诊所去解毒。埃兹拉为他的费用作担保，并且召集了一些我不认识的诗歌爱好者来帮助邓宁，而留给我做的只是在发生真正紧急情况的时候把鸦片给他。这是埃兹拉交付给我的神圣使命，我只希望我能做到，能判断出什么是真正紧急的情况。这种情况终于发生了。一个星期天的早上，我正在屋里研究赛马秩序表，埃兹拉的门房跑到锯木厂的院子，用法语朝我那个房间开着的窗户喊道，“邓宁先生爬上屋顶死活不肯下来了。”

Dunning having climbed to the roof of the studio and refusing categorically to come down seemed a valid emergency and I found the opium jar and walked up the street with the concierge who was a small and intense woman very excited by the situation.

邓宁爬上了工作室的屋顶，坚决不肯下来，这似乎是可以成立的紧急情况。我找出鸦片罐子，和门房一起沿街走去。门房是一个小个子的热心女人，发生这样的事令她激动不已。

"Monsieur has what is needed?" she asked me.

“先生带上需要的东西了吗？”她问我。

"Absolutely," I said. "There will be no difficulty."

“当然，”我说，“不会有什么问题的。”

"Monsieur Pound thinks of everything," she said. "He is kindness personified."

“庞德先生考虑得真周到，”她说，“他就是慈善的化身。”

"He is indeed," I said. "And I miss him every day."

“他的确是，”我说，“我每天都想念他。”

"Let us hope that Monsieur Dunning will be reasonable."

“希望邓宁先生能通情达理一点儿。”

"I have what it takes," I assured her.

“我带上了需要的东西。”我向她担保。

When we reached the courtyard where the studios were the concierge said, "He's come down."

我们到了工作室的那个院子，门房说，“他已经下来了。”

"He must have known I was coming," I said.

“他一定已经知道我要来了。”我说。

I climbed the outside stairway that led to Dunning's place and knocked. He opened the door. He was gaunt and seemed unusually tall.

我爬上通向邓宁住所的外侧楼梯，敲了敲门。他打开门，一脸憔悴，看上去出奇地高。

"Ezra asked me to bring you this," I said and handed him the jar. "He said you would know what it was."

“埃兹拉让我给你送来这个，”我说着把罐子递给他。“他说你知道这是什么。”

He took the jar and looked at it. Then he threw it at me. It struck me on the chest or the shoulder and rolled down the stairs.

他接过罐子看了看，然后冲我扔过来。罐子打在我的胸口，或者是肩膀，然后滚下了楼梯。

"You son of a bitch," he said. "You bastard."

“你这个狗娘养的，”他破口大骂，“你这个混蛋。”

Ezra said you might need it," I said. He countered that by throwing a milk bottle.

“埃兹拉说你可能需要它。”我说。他扔过来一个牛奶瓶算是还击。

"You are sure you don't need it?" I asked.

“你确定不需要它吗？”我问。

He threw another milk bottle. I retreated and he hit me with yet another milk bottle in the back. Then he shut the door.

他又扔了一个牛奶瓶。我往后退，他冲我背上又扔了一个牛奶瓶，然后就关上了门。

I picked up the jar which was only slightly cracked and put it in my pocket.

我捡起稍稍有点儿裂的罐子，把它装入口袋。

"He did not seem to want the gift of Monsieur Pound," I said to the concierge.

“他好像不想要庞德先生的礼物。”我对门房说。

"Perhaps he will be tranquil now," she said.

“也许他现在想静一会儿。”她说。

"Perhaps he has some of his own," I said.

“也许他自己就有一些。”我说。

"Poor Monsieur Dunning," she said.

“可怜的邓宁先生。”她说。

The lovers of poetry that Ezra had organized rallied to Dunning's aid again eventually. My own intervention and that of the concierge had been unsuccessful. The jar of alleged opium which had been cracked I stored wrapped in waxed paper and carefully tied in one of an old pair of riding boots. When Evan Shipman and I were removing my personal effects from that apartment some years later the boots were still there but the jar was gone. I do not know why Dunning threw the milk bottles at me unless he remembered my lack of credulity the night of his first dying, or whether it was only an innate dislike of my personality. But I remember the happiness that the phrase "Monsieur Dunning est monté sur 1e toit et refuse catégoriquement de descendre" gave to Evan Shipman. He believed there was something symbolic about it. I would not know. Perhaps Dunning took me for an agent of evil or of the police. I only know that Ezra tried to be kind to Dunning as he was kind to so many people and I always hoped Dunning was as fine a poet as Ezra believed him to be. For a poet he threw a very accurate milk bottle. But Ezra, who was a very great poet, played a good game of tennis too. Evan Shipman, who was a very fine poet and who truly did not care if his poems were ever published, felt that it should remain a mystery.

最后，埃兹拉组织的诗歌爱好者又聚集起来帮助邓宁。我和门房的介入以失败告终。至于那个据称装有鸦片的、已经破裂的罐子，我用蜡纸包好，小心翼翼地系在一只旧马靴里。几年后，埃文·希普曼和我将我的私人物品搬离那所公寓时，那双马靴还在，但罐子不见了。我琢磨不透邓宁为什么朝我扔牛奶瓶，除非他还记得第一次生命垂危的那个晚上

我将信将疑，或者那只是对我的性格固有的一种厌恶。但我仍然记得，埃文·希普曼被“邓宁先生爬上屋顶死活不肯下来了”那句话逗乐了。他认为其中必有某种象征意义。我无从得知。也许邓宁把我当成邪恶或警察的化身。我只知道埃兹拉想对邓宁好，就像他对很多人好一样。我一直希望邓宁如埃兹拉相信的那样是一位优秀的诗人。作为一个诗人，他扔牛奶瓶倒是百发百中。不过话说回来，埃兹拉，一个如此伟大的诗人，网球也打得很好。而埃文·希普曼，一个真正不在乎他的诗歌能否发表的优秀诗人，觉得这应该留作一个谜。

"We need more true mystery in our lives, Hem," he once said to me. "The completely unambitious writer and the really good unpublished poem are the things we lack most at this time. There is, of course, the problem of sustenance."

“我们在生活中需要更多真实的谜，海姆，”他曾经对我说，“毫无雄心的作家和真正写得好却未发表的诗是我们现在最缺的。当然，还存在生计的问题。”

(1)拉尔夫·奇弗·邓宁（1878—1930），美国诗人，1905年到巴黎，20年代在巴黎小有名气了一阵。他不在乎诗作是否发表。在埃兹拉的影响下，他的《四面风》在《诗歌》杂志和《跨大西洋评论》上发表。

(2)三行诗节，意大利的一种抑扬格五音步诗体，三行为一个诗节，诗节的第一行与第三行押韵，第二行与下一节的一、三行押韵，所以也叫三行连环韵诗。但丁的《神曲》就是以三行诗节体写的。

Scott Fitzgerald

司各特·菲茨杰拉德

His talent was as natural as the pattern that was made by the dust on a butterfly's wings. At one time he understood it no more than the butterfly did and he did not know when it was brushed or marred. Later he became conscious of his damaged wings and of their construction and he learned to think and could not fl y any more because the love of f light was gone and he could only remember when it had been effortless.

他的才华是与生俱来的，就像蝴蝶翅膀上粉末的图案是天生的一样。曾经，他和蝴蝶一样对此毫无所知，不知何时逝去何时受伤。后来，等他意识到受伤的翅膀和翅膀的构造，学会了思考，却再也飞不起来了，因为对飞翔的热爱已经不再，他只能回忆轻松飞翔的那段时光。

The first time I ever met Scott Fitzgerald a very strange thing happened. Many strange things happened with Scott but this one I was never able to forget. He had come into the Dingo bar in the rue Delambre where I was sitting with some completely worthless characters, had introduced himself and introduced a tall, pleasant man who was with him as Dunc Chaplin, the famous pitcher. I had not followed Princeton baseball and had never heard of Dunc Chaplin but he was extraordinarily nice, unworried, relaxed and friendly and I much preferred him to Scott.

第一次和司各特·菲茨杰拉德见面就发生了一件蹊跷的事。和他一起时发生过很多蹊跷的事，但这一件我永远忘不了。当时我正和一些无足轻重的人坐在德朗布尔大街的丁戈酒吧里，他走进来，先作了自我介绍，然后又介绍了和他一起来的邓克·查普林。邓克是著名的棒球投手，高高的个子，很讨人喜欢。我之前并不关注普林斯顿棒球赛，所以从未听说过邓克·卓别林，但他特别优雅、镇定自若、随和，而且友好。比起司各特，我更喜欢他。

Scott was a man then who looked like a boy with a face between handsome and pretty. He had very fair wavy hair, a high forehead, excited and friendly eyes and a delicate long-lipped Irish mouth that, on a girl, would have been the mouth of a beauty. His chin was well built and he had good ears and a handsome, almost beautiful, unmarked nose. This should not have added up to a pretty face, but that came from the coloring, the very fair hair and the mouth. The mouth worried you until you knew him and then it worried you more.

司各特那时看起来还像个男孩，长着一张介乎英俊和漂亮之间的脸。他留着金色的卷发，前额高高的，眼神兴奋而友好，长长的唇线勾

勒出一张爱尔兰式的精致嘴唇，女孩要是长这么一张嘴，那就是大美人了。他的下颚轮廓很漂亮，还有一双好看的耳朵，一只英俊、几乎称得上漂亮无瑕的鼻子。不过这还不足以构成一张漂亮的脸，关键还有色彩的搭配：金色的头发和那张嘴。你不认识他之前，那张嘴一直让你躁动不安；认识他后，它更让你躁动不安。

I was very curious to see him and I had been working very hard all day and it seemed quite wonderful that here should be Scott Fitzgerald and the great Dunc Chaplin whom I had never heard of but who was now my friend. Scott did not stop talking and since I was embarrassed by what he said—it was all about my writing and how great it was—I kept on looking at him closely and noticed instead of listening. We still went under the system, then, that praise to the face was open disgrace. Scott had ordered champagne and he and Dunc Chaplin and I drank it together with, I think, some of the worthless characters. I do not think that Dunc or I followed the speech very closely, for it was a speech and I kept on observing Scott. He was lightly built and did not look in awfully good shape, his face being faintly puffy. His Brooks Brothers clothes fitted him well and he wore a white shirt with a buttoned-down collar and a Guard's tie. I thought I ought to tell him about the tie, maybe, because they did have British in Paris and one might come into the Dingo—there were two there at the time—but then I thought the hell with it and I looked at him some more. It turned out later he had bought the tie in Rome.

那时我很想认识他。在我努力写了一整天东西后，居然在这儿遇见司各特·菲茨杰拉德，还有这位虽然从未听说但现在已经成为好朋友的著名的邓克·查普林，这真是相当的奇妙。司各特一直不停地说话，他说的让我感到尴尬——他一直在谈论我的作品以及这些作品有多好——所以我只好一直近距离地看着他，观察他的脸，而不去听他说什么。那时候我们仍然有这么一条不成文的传统，认为当面赞扬就是公开的羞辱。司各特要了香槟，他、邓克·查普林、还有我，和一些我认为无足轻重的人一起喝。我想邓克和我都没有好好听讲话，因为那真是场长篇大论，然后我继续观察司各特。他身子单薄，看上去身体并不是很好，脸稍微有点儿浮肿。他那布克兄弟牌的衣服很合身，他还穿着一件衣领上带扣的白色衬衣，打着一条英国火车列车员的领带。我想也许我应该跟他说说领带，因为巴黎的确有英国人，而且可能也会来丁戈酒吧——当时那儿就有两个——但我又想，管它呢，于是继续看着他。后来才知道那条领带是他在罗马买的。

I wasn't learning very much from looking at him now except that he had well shaped, capable-looking hands, not too small, and when he sat down on one of the bar stools I saw that he had very short legs. With normal legs he would have been perhaps two inches taller. We had finished the first bottle of champagne and started on the second and the speech was beginning to run down.

除了那双形状漂亮、看起来很灵巧但不是太小的手，现在看着他我也看不出什么了。他坐在酒吧高脚凳上时，我发现他的腿很短。如果腿长正常的话，他也许还能高出两英寸。我们喝完一瓶香槟，开始喝第二瓶的时候，他的讲话开始收尾了。

Both Dunc and I were beginning to feel even better than we had felt before the champagne and it was nice to have the speech ending. Until then I had felt that what a great writer I was had been carefully kept secret between myself and my wife and only those people we knew well enough to speak to. I was glad Scott had come to the same happy conclusion as to this possible greatness, but I was also glad he was beginning to run out of the speech. But after the speech came the question period. You could study him and neglect to follow the speech, but the questions were inescapable. Scott, I was to find, believed that the novelist could find out what he needed to know by direct questioning of his friends and acquaintances. The interrogation was direct.

邓克和我都开始觉得这样比喝香槟前的感觉更好。长篇大论接近尾声，这真是令人高兴。此前我一直觉得自己是个非常伟大的作家,这只是我自己和我妻子还有我们互相熟知的那些人之间小心保守的秘密。关于这一伟大的潜能，司各特作出了同样乐观的论断，对此我很高兴，不过我也很高兴他的演讲开始讲不下去了。但是长篇大论后却又进入了提问阶段。你可以仔细观察他，不去听他的长篇大论，但问题是无法逃避的。我就要发现的是，司各特认为，通过直接向朋友和熟人提问，小说家就可以探究出他所需要知道的。提问单刀直入。

"Ernest," he said. "You don't mind if I call you Ernest, do you?"

“欧内斯特，”他说，“你不介意我叫你欧内斯特吧？”

"Ask Dunc," I said.

“那得问问邓克。”我说。

"Don't be silly. This is serious. Tell me, did you and your wife sleep together before you were married?"

“别傻了。我是认真的。告诉我，你和你的妻子结婚前就睡在一起了吗？”

"I don't know."

“我不知道。”

"What do you mean you don't know?"

“你不知道是什么意思？”

"I don't remember."

“我不记得了。”

"But how can you not remember something of such importance?"

“可这么重要的事，你怎么会不记得呢？”

"I don't know," I said. "It is odd, isn't it?"

“我不知道，”我说，“很奇怪，是吗？”

"It's worse than odd," Scott said. "You must be able to remember."

“何止是奇怪，”司各特说，“你一定能想起来。”

"I'm sorry. It's a pity, isn't it?"

“很抱歉。真是遗憾，是吧？”

"Don't talk like some limey," he said. "Try to be serious and remember."

“别像英国佬那么说话，”他说，“认真点儿，你再想想。”

"Nope," I said. "It's hopeless."

“不行啊，”我说，“没用的。”

"You could make an honest effort to remember."

“诚心努力，你就能想起来。”

The speech comes pretty high, I thought. I wondered if he gave everyone the speech, but I didn't think so because I had watched him sweat while he was making it. The sweat had come out on his long, perfect Irish upper lip in tiny drops, and that was when I had looked down away from his face and checked on the length of his legs, drawn up as he sat on the bar stool. Now I looked back at his face again and it was then that the strange thing happened.

我想，他的这些话倒还挺让人振奋的。我怀疑他是否对每个人都说这些话，但我想不会的，因为我看见他说话时一直在流汗。我的目光从他脸上移开，低头看他坐在酒吧高脚凳上时收起的腿到底有多长，这时他那完美的爱尔兰式的长长的上嘴唇上渗出了微小的汗珠。现在，我的目光又回到他的脸上，蹊跷的事情就在这时发生了。

As he sat there at the bar holding the glass of champagne the skin seemed to tighten over his face until all the puffiness was gone and then it drew tighter until the face was like a death's head. The eyes sank and began to look dead and the lips were drawn tight and the color left the face so that it was the color of used candle wax. This was not my imagination. His face became a true death's head, or death mask, in front of my eyes.

他在酒吧里坐着，举着香槟酒杯，脸上的皮肤似乎在收紧，直至浮肿消失，然后越收越紧，直到那张脸变得就像骷髅头。他双眼深陷，开始看上去呆板无神，嘴唇紧缩，脸上血色全无，就像用过的白蜡一样。

这可不是我想象出来的。他的脸在我眼前变成了一个真正的骷髅头，或者一张死人的面具。

"Scott," I said. "Are you all right?"

“司各特，”我叫道，“你没事吧？”

He did not answer and his face looked more drawn than ever.

他没有回答，脸看上去收得更紧了。

"We'd better get him to a first aid station," I said to Dunc Chaplin.

“我们最好把他送到急救站。”我对邓克·查普林说。

"No. He's all right."

“不用。他没事。”

"He looks like he is dying."

“他看上去就要死了。”

"No. That's the way it takes him."

“不会的。他喝了酒就是这样。”

We got him into a taxi and I was very worried but Dunc said he was all right and not to worry about him. "He'll probably be all right by the time he gets home," he said.

我们把他扶到一辆出租车里。我很是担心，但邓克说司各特没事，不用替他担心。“他很可能到家的时候就没事了。”他说。

He must have been because, when I met him at the Closerie des Lilas a few days later, I said that I was sorry the stuff had hit him that way and that maybe we had drunk it too fast while we were talking.

后来一定是这样的，因为几天后在丁香园咖啡馆碰见他，我说，很抱歉那天的酒把他弄成那样，可能是我们边说话边喝酒，喝得太急了。

"What do you mean you are sorry? What stuff hit me what way? What are you talking about, Ernest?"

“你很抱歉是什么意思？什么东西把我弄成什么样了？你说什么呢，欧内斯特？”

"I meant the other night at the Dingo."

“我是说那天晚上在丁戈酒吧。”

"There was nothing wrong with me at the Dingo. I simply got tired of those absolutely bloody British you were with and went home."

“在丁戈酒吧那天我挺好的。我只是烦透了和你一起的那些该死的英国人，所以就回家了。”

"There weren't any British there when you were there. Only the bartender."

“你在那儿时根本没有英国人。只有那个酒吧招待是。”

"Don't try to make a mystery of it. You know the ones I mean."

“别故弄玄虚了。你知道我说的是谁。”

"Oh," I said. He had gone back to the Dingo later. Or he'd gone there another time. No, I remembered, there had been two British there. It was true. I remembered who they were. They had been there all right.

“哦。”我说。他后来又回丁戈酒吧了，或者他又去了一次。不对，我想起来了，那儿的确有两个英国人。没错。我想起来是谁了。他们确实在那儿。

"Yes," I said. "Of course."

“是的，”我说，“当然。”

"That gir[1] with the phony title who was so rude and that silly drunk with her. They said they were friends of yours.”

“那个用假头衔、粗鲁无礼的女孩，还有和她一起的那个笨蛋醉鬼。她们说是你的朋友。”

"They are. And she is very rude sometimes."

“是的。她有时的确很粗鲁。”

"You see. There's no use to make mysteries simply because one has drunk a few glasses of wine. Why did you want to make the mysteries? It isn't the sort of thing I thought you would do."

“你看，用不着只因为有人喝了几杯酒就故弄玄虚。你为什么要故弄玄虚呢？我以为你是不会做这种事的。”

"I don't know." I wanted to drop it. Then I thought of something. "Were they rude about your tie?" I asked.

“我不知道。”我想就此打住。然后我突然想起了一件事。“她们冒犯你的领带了吗？”我问。

"Why should they have been rude about my tie? I was wearing a plain black knitted tie with a white polo shirt."

“她们为什么要冒犯我的领带呢？我当时系的是条普通的黑色针织领带，配一件白色马球衬衫。”

I gave up then and he asked me why I liked this café and I told him about it in the old days and he began to try to like it too and we sat there, me liking it and he trying to like it, and he asked questions and told me about writers and publishers and agents and critic and

George Horace Lorimer[1], and the gossip and economics of being a successful writer, and he was cynical and funny and very jolly and charming and endearing, even if you were careful about anyone becoming endearing. He spoke slightingly but without bitterness of everything he had written, and I knew his new book must be very good for him to speak, without bitterness, of the faults of past books. He wanted me to read the new book, The Great Gatsby, as soon as he could get his last and only copy back from someone he had loaned it to. To hear him talk of it, you would never know how very good it was, except that he had the shyness about it that all non-conceited writers have when they have done something very fine, and I hoped he would get the book quickly so that I might read it.

我没再追问下去，然后他问我为什么喜欢这家咖啡馆。我告诉他这家咖啡馆的故事，于是他也试着喜欢上它。我们坐在那儿，我喜欢丁香园，而他正在努力喜欢丁香园。他问我问题，给我讲作家、出版商、代理人、评论家，还有乔治·霍内斯·洛里默的事，告诉我一个成功作家将会招致的流言蜚语和面对的经济情况。他愤世嫉俗，却又风趣幽默，快乐而有魅力，很讨人喜爱，尽管你对慢慢讨人喜爱的人会存有戒心。他说起自己写的所有东西时，语气中都带着轻视，却没有一丝苦涩。我知道他的新作一定写得很好，这样他才能不带丝毫苦涩地谈起过去作品中存在的不足。他希望我看看他的新作《了不起的盖茨比》，他把他手中最后也是唯一的一册借给了别人，只要书一还回来他就会马上给我。光是听他说，你永远无法知道这本书有多好，只知道他对此还流露着所有谦虚的作家写了很好的书才会有的那种羞涩之情。我希望他能尽快取回书，这样我就可以拜读了。

Scott told me that he had heard from Maxwell Perkins[2] that the book was not selling well but that it had very fine reviews. I do not remember whether it was that day, or much later, that he showed me a review by Gilbert Seldes[3] that could not have been better. It could only have been better if Gilbert Seldes had been better. Scott was puzzled and hurt that the book was not selling well but, as I said, he was not at all bitter then and he was both shy and happy about the book's quality.

司各特告诉我他从马克斯韦尔·珀金斯写给他的信中得知他那本书卖得不好，但却得到了极好的评论。我不记得是当天还是很久以后，他给我看了一篇吉尔伯特·塞尔迪斯写的好得不能再好的评论。若要写出更好的评论，除非吉尔伯特·塞尔迪斯本人能写出更好的东西。书卖得不好，司各特感到困惑，并且受到打击。但正如我说的，他那时一点也不觉得痛苦。对于这本书的质量，他是既羞涩又喜悦。

On this day as we sat outside on the terrace of the Lilas and watched it get dusk and the people passing on the sidewalk and the grey light of the evening changing, there was no chemical change in him from the two whisky and sodas that we drank. I watched carefully

for it, but it did not come and he asked no shameless questions, did nothing embarrassing, made no speeches, and acted as a normal, intelligent and charming person.

这天，我们坐在丁香园咖啡馆外面的露台上，看着薄暮降临，人行道上来来往往的人流，还有傍晚灰暗光线的变化。我们喝过两杯威士忌和苏打水后，他还没有发生化学变化。我仔细观察着，但始终没有变化。他没有问有失体面的问题，没有做出让人难堪的事，也没有长篇大论，一举一动和一个正常人并无两样，充满智慧，颇有魅力。

He told me that he and Zelda, his wife, had been compelled to abandon their small Renault motor car in Lyon because of bad weather and he asked me if I would go down to Lyon with him on the train to pick up the car and drive up with him to Paris. The Fitzgeralds had rented a furnished flat at 14 rue de Tilsitt not far from the Etoile. It was late spring now and I thought the country would be at its best and we could have an excellent trip. Scott seemed so nice and so reasonable, and I had watched him drink two good solid whiskies and nothing happened, and his charm and his seeming good sense made the other night at the Dingo seem like an unpleasant dream. So I said I would like to go down to Lyon with him and when did he want to leave.

他告诉我，因为天气不好，他和妻子塞尔达不得不把他们的雷诺小车留在里昂。他问我是否愿意和他一起坐火车去里昂取了汽车然后把汽车开回巴黎。菲茨杰拉德夫妇在离星形广场不远的提尔希特大街14号租了一套带家具的公寓。现在已是暮春，我想这会儿的乡村该是最漂亮的了，我们可以有一次美妙的旅行。司各特看起来这么友善，这么理智，我已经看他喝了整整两杯不加水的威士忌，却什么事也没有，他的魅力和看似正常的理智让丁戈酒吧的那天晚上宛如一场噩梦。于是我说我愿意和他一起去里昂，并问他想什么时候启程。

We agreed to meet the next day and we then arranged to leave for Lyon on the express train that left in the morning. This train left at a convenient hour and was very fast. It made only one stop, as I recall, at Dijon. We planned to get into Lyon, have the car checked and in good shape, have an excellent dinner and get an early-morning start back towards Paris.

我们说好第二天碰面，然后打算坐早上的快速列车前往里昂。这趟列车出发时间合适，而且车速很快，我记得中途只在第戎停了一站。我们打算到里昂后先检修一下汽车，如果一切正常，我们就美美吃一顿晚餐，然后第二天一早就出发返回巴黎。

I was enthusiastic about the trip. I would have the company of an older and successful writer, and in the time we would have to talk in the car I would certainly learn much that it would be useful to know. It is strange now to remember thinking of Scott as an older writer, but

at the time, since I had not yet read The Great Gatsby, I thought of him as a much older writer. I thought he wrote Saturday Evening Post stories that had been readable three years before but I never thought of him as a serious writer. He had told me at the Closerie des Lilas how he wrote what he thought were good stories, and which really were good stories for the Post, and then changed them for submission, knowing exactly how he must make the twists that made them into salable magazine stories. I had been shocked at this and I said I thought it was whoring. He said it was whoring but that he had to do it as he made his money from the magazines to have money ahead to write decent books. I said that I did not believe anyone could write any way except the very best he could write without destroying his talent. Since he wrote the real story fi rst, he said, the destruction and changing of it that he did at the end did him no harm. I could not believe this and I wanted to argue him out of it but I needed a novel to back up my faith and to show him and convince him, and I had not yet written any such novel. Since I had started to break down all my writing and get rid of all facility and try to make instead of describe, writing had been wonderful to do. But it was very difficult, and I did not know how I would ever write anything as long as a novel. It often took me a full morning of work to write a paragraph.

我对这次旅行充满热情。我就要与一个年长的成功作家结伴同游，那时我们可以在车里交谈，我肯定能学到很多有用的东西。现在想起来觉得挺别扭的，我当时竟然把司各特看作年长的作家，但当时，因为还没看过《了不起的盖茨比》，我于是认为他是年长很多的作家。我想三年前他就在《星期六晚邮报》写了脍炙人口的小说，但那时我还从未把他当成一个真正的作家。他曾在丁香园咖啡馆告诉我是怎么写出那些他自认为写得好、而且对《星期六晚邮报》来说的确也是佳作的小说，然后修改修改就投稿了，他十分清楚怎么样对他的书作必要的歪曲，以调整成畅销杂志需要的小说。我对此非常震惊，告诉他我认为这是在出卖自我。他承认那样的确是在出卖自我，但他不得不这么做，因为他要从杂志那儿挣了钱才能继续写像样的书。我说我不认为有谁能随心所欲地写作，作家只能以他最擅长的方式写作，这样才能不毁掉自己的才华。他说，因为开始写的是真实的故事，所以最后所作的破坏和修改对他没有什么坏处。我不能相信这一点，而且想说服他别那么做，但我需要一部小说来证明我的观点，给他看，让他信服，可是我还没写出这样的小说。自从我开始打破自己所有的写作模式，摒弃所有写作技巧，努力创作而不是描述故事，写作就成了一件奇妙的事。但这非常困难，我不知道怎么才能写出一篇像小说那么长的东西。我经常花一整个上午却只写出一段话。

My wife, Hadley, was happy for me to make the trip, though she did not take seriously the writing of Scott's that she had read. Her idea of a good writer was Henry James. But she thought it was a good idea

for me to take a rest from work and make the trip, although we both wished that we had enough money to have a car and were making the trip ourselves. But that was something I never had any idea would happen. I had received an advance of two hundred dollars from Boni and Liveright[4] for a first book of short stories to be published in America that fall, and I was selling stories to the Frankfurter Zeitung and to Der Querschnitt in Berlin and to This Quarter and The Transatlantic Review in Paris and we were living with great economy and not spending any money except for necessities in order to save money to go down to the feria at Pamplona[5] in July and to Madrid and to the feria in Valencia[6] afterwards.

妻子哈德莉为我的这趟旅行感到高兴，尽管她并没有拿她读过的司各特的作品当回事。她心目中的好作家是亨利·詹姆斯。但她认为把写作放一放、去旅行休息一下对我来说是个好主意，尽管我们俩都希望有足够的钱买辆车，以便可以自己去旅行。但我永远不知道这能不能实现。我已经从博奈与利夫莱特出版社那收到了那年秋天将在美国出版的第一本短篇小说集的两百美元预付款，我正要把小说卖给柏林的《法兰克福日报》和《横截面》，还有巴黎的《本季》和《跨大西洋评论》。我们精打细算地过日子，除了生活必需品外不花任何钱，那样就可以省下钱去参加潘普洛纳七月份的宗教节日，以及随后的马德里和巴伦西亚的宗教节日。

On the morning we were to leave from the Gare de Lyon I arrived in plenty of time and waited outside the train gates for Scott. He was bringing the tickets. When it got close to the time for the train to leave and he had not arrived, I bought an entry ticket to the track and walked along the side of the train looking for him. I did not see him and as the long train was about to pull out I got aboard and walked through the train hoping only that he would be aboard. It was a long train and he was not on it. I explained the situation to the conductor, paid for a ticket, second class—there was no third—and asked the conductor for the name of the best hotel in Lyon. There was nothing to do but wire Scott from Dijon giving him the address of the hotel where I would wait for him in Lyon. He would not get it before he left, but his wife would be presumed to wire it on to him. I had never heard, then, of a grown man missing a train; but on this trip I was to learn many new things.

我们准备从里昂火车站出发的那天早上，我提前很久就到了，在火车站门口外面等司各特。车票在他那儿。火车就要发车了，可他还没到，于是我买了一张站台票进入车站，沿着火车的一侧找他。我没有看见他。长长的火车就要出站了，我上了火车，穿过每一节车厢，只希望他已经上了车。火车很长，他不在车上。我向列车长说明了情况，买了一张车票，是二等车厢——没有三等车厢——向列车长打听里昂最好的酒店。我只能到第戎后给司各特发电报，告诉他我在里昂的哪个酒店等

他，此外再没有别的办法了。他出发前不可能收到电报，但他的妻子应该会再发电报告诉他。我那时还从未听说一个成年人会错过火车，但这次旅行我要学的新鲜事儿还多着呢。

In those days I had a very bad, quick temper, but by the time we were through Montereau it had quieted down and I was not too angry to watch and enjoy the countryside and at noon I had a good lunch in the dining car and drank a bottle of St. Emilion and thought that even if I had been a damned fool to accept an invitation for a trip that was to be paid for by someone else, and was spending money on it that we needed to go to Spain, it was a good lesson for me. I had never before accepted an invitation to go on any trip that was paid for, instead of the cost split, and in this one I had insisted that we split the cost of the hotels and meals. But now I did not know whether Fitzgerald would even show up. While I had been angry I had demoted him from Scott to Fitzgerald. Later I was delighted that I had used up the anger at the start and gotten it over with. It was not a trip designed for a man easy to anger.

那些天我脾气不好，非常急躁，但是等我们穿过蒙特罗时，我已经平静下来，不再那么生气了，可以平心静气地欣赏沿途乡村的美景了。中午我在餐车吃了一顿美味的午餐，喝了一瓶圣艾米利翁红酒。我想，尽管我像傻子似地接受邀请去了原本由别人付钱的旅行，而且还把我们自己去西班牙的钱花了，然而这对我来说是个很好的教训。我以前从没接受邀请去做由别人付钱、而不是费用均摊的旅行。这一次，我已经坚持平分住宿和餐饮费用了。但现在我连菲茨杰拉德是否会露面都不知道。生气这会儿，我已经将他从司各特降级成菲茨杰拉德了。后来，我庆幸自己一开始就把气生完，释然了。这次旅行可不是为容易生气的人准备的。

In Lyon I learned that Scott left Paris for Lyon but had left no word as to where he was staying. I confirmed my address there and the servant said she would let him know if he called. Madame was not well and was still sleeping. I called all the name hotels and left messages but could not locate Scott and then I went out to a café to have an apéritif and read the papers. At the café I met a man who ate fire for a living and also bent coins which he held in his toothless jaws with his thumb and forefinger. His gums were sore but firm to the eye as he exhibited them and he said it was not a bad métier. I asked him to have a drink and he was pleased. He had a fine dark face that glowed and shone when he ate the fi re. He said there was no money in eating fire nor in feats of strength with fingers and jaws in Lyon. False fire-eaters had ruined the métier and would continue to ruin it wherever they were allowed to practice. He had been eating fire all evening, he said, and did not have enough money on him to eat anything else that night. I asked him to have another drink, to wash

away the petrol taste of the fire-eating, and said we could have dinner together if he knew a good place that was cheap enough. He said he knew an excellent place.

我在里昂得知司各特离开巴黎来里昂了，但没有留话告知他住哪儿。我确认了我的地址，仆人说如果司各特打电话回去她会告诉他的。司各特的妻子身体不舒服，还在睡觉。我给所有著名酒店都打过电话留了言，但还是没有找到司各特。后来我出去到一家咖啡馆喝杯开胃酒，看看报纸。在咖啡馆，我遇见一个靠吞火谋生的人，他还用大拇指和食指把他那没牙的嘴里衔着的硬币折弯了。他的牙床发炎了，但他给大家看的时候似乎还很坚固。他说这个行当不错。我请他去喝一杯，他很高兴。他的脸轮廓精细，肤色黝黑，吞火时泛着光亮。他说在里昂吞火、用手指和下巴卖弄力气都挣不了钱。伪装吞火的那些人毁了这个行当，无论允许他们在哪儿卖艺都会继续毁了它。他说，他整个晚上都在吞火，但那天晚上他身上连吃点儿别的东西的钱都不够。我又请他喝了一杯，冲淡吞火的汽油味，然后说如果他知道一个又好又便宜的地方我们可以一起去吃晚饭。他说他知道一个绝好的去处。

We ate very cheaply in an Algerian restaurant and I liked the food and the Algerian wine. The fire-eater was a nice man and it was interesting to see him eat, as he could chew with his gums as well as most people can with their teeth. He asked me what I did to make a living and I told him that I was starting in as a writer. He asked what sort of writing and I told him stories. He said he knew many stories, some of them more horrible and incredible than anything that had ever been written. He could tell them to me and I would write them and then if they made any money I would give him whatever I thought fair. Better still we could go to North Africa together and he would take me to the country of the Blue Sultan[7] where I could get stories such as no man had ever heard.

我们在一家阿尔及利亚餐厅吃了一顿很便宜的晚饭，我喜欢那儿的食物和阿尔及利亚酒。这个玩吞火的人挺不错，看他吃饭很有意思，因为他能用牙床嚼东西，就像大多数人能用牙齿嚼东西一样。他问我靠什么谋生，我告诉他我正开始写作。他又问我写什么，我告诉他是小说。他说他知道很多故事，有一些故事比任何已经写过的都更令人毛骨悚然、难以置信。他说可以给我讲讲那些故事，然后我把它们写出来，如果这些故事能挣钱，我觉得给他多少钱合适就给多少。最好是我们能一起去北非，他可以带我去蓝色苏丹的国度，在那儿我可以挖掘到从来没人听过的故事。

I asked him what sort of stories and he said battles, executions, tortures, violations, fearful customs, unbelievable practices, debaucheries; anything I needed. It was getting time for me to get back to the hotel and check on Scott again, so I paid for the meal and said we would certainly be running into each other again. He said he was working down toward Marseilles and I said sooner or later we

would meet somewhere and it was a pleasure to have dined together. I left him straightening out bent coins and stacking them on the table and walked back to the hotel.

我问他是哪类故事，他说有战争的、死刑的、酷刑的、违反清规戒律的、骇人习俗的、不可思议的行为的、淫逸放荡的，需要什么就有什么。差不多我该回酒店看看有没有司各特的消息了。于是我付了饭钱，说我们肯定还会碰面的。他说他准备一路卖艺到马赛，我说我们早晚会在什么地方再见面的，并说和他一起吃饭很高兴。我留下他，然后走回酒店，离开的时候，他正将那些折弯的硬币弄直，叠放在桌上。

Lyon was not a very cheerful town at night. It was a big, heavy, solidmoney town, probably fine if you had money and liked that sort of town. For years I had heard about the wonderful chicken in the restaurants there, but we had eaten mutton instead. The mutton had been excellent.

夜晚的里昂并不十分热闹。这是一个沉闷、纸醉金迷的大城市，如果你有钱而且喜欢那样的城市，这可能是个不错的地方。好几年前我就听说过这里餐厅的美味鸡肉，但我们吃的是羊肉。那羊肉很棒。

There was no word from Scott at the hotel and I went to bed in the unaccustomed luxury of the hotel and read a copy of the first volume of A Sportsman's Sketches by Turgenev that I had borrowed from Sylvia Beach's library. I had not been in the luxury of a big hotel for three years and I opened the windows wide and rolled up the pillows under my shoulders and head and was happy being with Turgenev in Russia until I was asleep while still reading. I was shaving in the morning getting ready to go out for breakfast when they called from the desk saying a gentleman was downstairs to see me.

酒店里没有司各特的消息。这是个奢华得不同寻常的酒店，我爬上床，看我从西尔维娅·比奇图书馆借来的屠格涅夫《猎人笔记》的第一卷。我已经三年没有住过这么奢华的大酒店了。我打开窗户，卷起枕头垫在头部和肩膀后面，我很高兴能和屠格涅夫相伴同游俄国，看着看着书我就睡着了。第二天早上我正刮着胡子准备出去吃早餐，服务台打来电话，说楼下有一位先生要见我。

"Ask him to come up, please," I said and went on shaving, listening to the town which had come heavily alive since early morning.

“请他上来吧。”我一边说一边继续刮着胡子，倾听着这个一早开始就极为活跃的城市。

Scott did not come up and I met him down at the desk.

司各特没有上来，我在楼下的服务台见到了他。

"I'm terribly sorry there was this mix-up," he said. "If I had only

known what hotel you were going to it would have been simple."

“事情搞得这么糟，我万分抱歉，”他说，“我要是知道你会住哪个酒店，事情就简单了。”

"That's all right," I said. We were going to have a long ride and I was all for peace. "What train did you come down on?"

“没关系。”我说。我们还要开很长时间的车，我只求份安宁。“你坐哪趟火车来的？”

"One not long after the one you took. It was a very comfortable train and we might just as well have come down together."

“你走后不久的一趟。是一列非常舒服的火车，我们要是一起来就好了。”

"Have you had breakfast?"

“吃过早餐了吗？”

"Not yet. I've been hunting all over the town for you."

“还没有。我搜遍了全城想找到你。”

"That's a shame," I said. "Didn't they tell you at home that I was here?"

“真遗憾，”我说，“家里人没告诉你我在这儿吗？”

"No. Zelda wasn't feeling well and I probably shouldn't have come. The whole trip has been disastrous so far."

“没有。塞尔达身体不舒服，可能我都不应该来。到目前为止，这次旅行真是糟糕透了。”

"Let's get some breakfast and find the car and roll," I said.

“我们去吃点儿早餐，然后找到车就回去。”我说。

"That's fine. Should we have breakfast here?"

“好的。我们在这儿吃早餐吗？”

"It would be quicker in a café.”

“在咖啡馆吃会快些。”

"But we're sure to get a good breakfast here."

“但在这儿我们一定能吃上一顿美味的早餐。”

"All right."

“好吧。”

It was a big American breakfast with ham and eggs and it was very good. But by the time we had ordered it, waited for it, eaten it,

and waited to pay for it, close to an hour had been lost. It was not until the waiter came with the bill that Scott decided that we have the hotel make us a picnic lunch. I tried to argue him out of this as I was sure we could get a bottle of Mécon in Mécon and we could buy something to make sandwiches in a charcuterie. Or, if things were closed when we went through, there would be any number of restaurants where we could stop on our way. But he said I had told him that the chicken was wonderful in Lyon and that we should certainly take one with us. So the hotel made us a lunch that could not have cost us very much more than four or five times what it would have cost us if we had bought it ourselves.

这是一顿丰盛的美式早餐，有火腿和鸡蛋，很好吃。但等我们点完餐、等来早餐、吃完、再等着付完账，已经过去将近一个小时了。侍者拿着账单过来时，司各特才决定让酒店给我们准备一顿外带午餐。我想说服他放弃这个想法，因为我确信我们在马孔那儿能买到一瓶马孔白葡萄酒，然后在熟食店再买点儿东西做三明治。或者，如果我们路过时商店都关门了，沿路也会有很多餐馆，我们可以停下用餐。但他说，我告诉过他里昂的鸡肉很好吃，因此我们理所当然应该带上一只。于是酒店给我们做了一顿午餐，花了我们自己买午餐四五倍的钱。

Scott had obviously been drinking before I met him and, as he looked as though he needed a drink, I asked him if he did not want one in the bar before we set out. He told me he was not a morning drinker and asked if I was. I told him it depended entirely on how I felt and what I had to do and he said that if I felt that I needed a drink, he would keep me company so I would not have to drink alone. So we had a whisky and Perrier in the bar while we waited for the lunch and both felt much better.

司各特在我见到他之前显然喝过酒，而且他看上去似乎需要喝一杯，所以我问他出发前是否想到酒吧喝一杯。他告诉我他早上不喝酒，问我喝不喝。我告诉他这完全取决于我的感觉如何以及接下来要做什么。他说如果我觉得需要喝一杯的话，他愿意陪我共饮，这样我就不用一人独饮了。所以趁着等午餐的这会儿工夫，我们在酒吧喝了一杯威士忌加毕雷矿泉水，两人都感觉好多了。

I paid for the hotel room and the bar, although Scott wanted to pay for everything. Since the start of the trip I had felt a little complicated about it emotionally and I found I felt much better the more things I could pay for. I was using up the money we had saved for Spain, but I knew I had good credit with Sylvia Beach and could borrow and repay whatever I was wasting now.

尽管司各特想付所有的钱，我还是付了酒店的房费和酒吧的餐费。这次旅行一开始我情绪上就觉得有点儿复杂，但我发现我能付钱的东西越多心里就越舒服。眼看我就要把我们为去西班牙省下的钱都花光了，

但我知道西尔维娅·比奇信任我，所以无论我现在怎么挥霍，我都可以先借再还。

At the garage where Scott had left the car, I was astonished to find that the small Renault had no top. The top had been damaged in unloading the car in Marseilles, or it had been damaged in Marseilles in some manner and Zelda had ordered it cut away and refused to have it replaced. His wife hated car tops, Scott told me, and without the top they had driven as far as Lyon where they were halted by the rain. The car was in fair shape otherwise and Scott paid the bill after disputing several charges for washing, greasing, and for adding two liters of oil. The garage man explained to me that the car needed new piston rings and had evidently been run without sufficient oil and water. He showed me how it had heated up and burned the paint off the motor. He said if I could persuade Monsieur to have a ring job done in Paris, the car, which was a good little car, would be able to give the service it was built for.

在司各特存放那辆车的汽修厂，我惊讶地发现这辆小雷诺没有顶篷。顶篷要不是在马赛卸车的时候弄坏了，就是在马赛因为别的原因弄坏了。塞尔达让人卸了顶篷，却拒绝换上新的。司各特告诉我，他的妻子讨厌顶篷。他们曾开着没有顶篷的车，一路到了里昂，后来因为下雨了他们才不得不停下。除此之外，车的状况都很好。经过一番讨价还价，司各特付了洗车、加润滑油和加两升汽油的钱。汽修厂的人告诉我这辆车需要换活塞环，车显然在汽油和水不足的情况下行驶过。他指给我看，因为活塞环升温，发动机上的漆都烧掉了。他说如果我能说服先生到巴黎把活塞环换了，这辆不错的小车就能恢复它该有的性能。

"Monsieur would not let me replace the top."

“先生不让我换顶篷。”

"No?"

“是吗？”

"One has an obligation to a vehicle."

“人对车是有责任的。”

"One has."

“是啊。”

"You gentlemen have no waterproofs?"

“两位先生都没有雨衣吗？”

"No," I said. "I did not know about the top."

“没有，”我说，“我事先不知道没有顶篷。”

"Try and make Monsieur be serious," he said pleadingly. "At least

about the vehicle."

“想办法让先生认真点儿，”他请求道，“至少对车认真点儿。”

"Ah," I said.

“啊。”我应道。

We were halted by rain about an hour north of Lyon.

因为下雨，我们在里昂北部耽搁了大约一个小时。

In that day we were halted by rain possibly ten times. They were passing showers and some of them were longer than others. If we had waterproof coats it would have been pleasant enough to drive in that spring rain. As it was we sought the shelter of trees or halted at cafés alongside the road. We had a marvelous lunch from the hotel at Lyon, an excellent truffled roast chicken, delicious bread and white Mécon wine and Scott was very happy when we drank the white Méconnais at each of our stops. At Mécon I had bought four more bottles of excellent wine which I uncorked as we needed them.

那天因为下雨我们大概停下来十次。都是阵雨，有的下的时间长一些。要是我们穿着雨衣，在春雨中驾车应该是挺惬意的。而事实却是，我们找树避雨，或者在沿途的咖啡馆停下。我们吃了里昂酒店做的美味午餐：一只棒极了的块菌填馅烤鸡、可口的面包和马孔白葡萄酒。我们每次停车避雨喝马孔白葡萄酒时，司各特都非常高兴。在马孔，我又买了四瓶上乘好酒，想喝的时候就开瓶畅饮。

I am not sure Scott had ever drunk wine from a bottle before and it was exciting to him as though he were slumming or as a girl might be excited by going swimming for the first time without a bathing suit. But, by early afternoon, he had begun to worry about his health. He told me about two people who had died of congestion of the lungs recently. Both of them had died in Italy and he had been deeply impressed.

我不知道司各特以前是否用酒瓶喝过酒，他为此很兴奋，仿佛要去贫民窟一样，或者好比一个女孩可能会因为第一次不穿泳衣去游泳而兴奋不已。可是，刚过中午，他就开始担心起他的健康状况。他告诉我最近有两个人死于肺充血。这两个人都死于意大利，他颇受震动。

I told him that congestion of the lungs was an old-fashioned term for pneumonia, and he told me that I knew nothing about it and was absolutely wrong. Congestion of the lungs was a malady which was indigenous to Europe and I could not possibly know anything about it even if I had read my father's medical books, since they dealt with diseases that were strictly American. I said that my father had studied in Europe too. But Scott explained that congestion of the lungs had only appeared in Europe recently and that my father could not

possibly have known anything about it. He also explained that diseases were different in different parts of America, and if my father had practiced medicine in New York instead of in the Middle West, he would have known an entirely different gamut of diseases. He used the word gamut.

我告诉他肺充血是肺炎的一种老式说法，而他说我对此一无所知，绝对是我弄错了。肺充血是欧洲当地的一种疾病，即使我读过我父亲的医书，也不可能对它有什么了解，因为那些医书上只记录了美国出现的疾病。我说我的父亲也在欧洲作过研究。但司各特解释说，肺充血最近才在欧洲出现，我的父亲不可能了解情况。他还解释说美国不同地区出现的疾病也不一样，如果我的父亲在纽约而不是中西部行医，他了解的也会是完全不同领域的疾病。他用了“领域”这个词。

I said that he had a good point in the prevalence of certain diseases in one part of the United States and their absence in others and cited the amount of leprosy in New Orleans and its low incidence, then, in Chicago. But I said that doctors had a system of exchange of knowledge and information among themselves and now that I remembered it after he had brought it up, I had read the authoritative article on congestion of the lungs in Europe in the Journal of the American Medical Association which traced its history back to Hippocrates himself. This held him for a while and I urged him to take another drink of Mécon, since a good white wine, moderately full bodied but with a low alcoholic content, was almost a specific against the disease.

我说他说得很对，有些病在美国某个地方盛行，在别的地方却不会出现。我还举了当时在新奥尔良发病率高、但在芝加哥发病率却很低的麻风病作为例子。不过我说，医生之间有他们自己交流知识和信息的方式。他提起这个话题，倒让我想起来，我曾在《美国医学会杂志》上看过这么一篇有关欧洲肺充血的权威文章，这种病的历史可追溯到医学之父希波克拉底的年代。这让他愣了一会儿。我劝他再喝一杯马孔葡萄酒，因为好的白葡萄酒浓郁适中，酒精含量较低，几乎是治疗疾病的特效药。

Scott cheered a little after this but he began to fail again shortly and asked me if we would make a big town before the onset of the fever and delirium by which, I had told him, the true congestion of the lungs, European, announced itself. I was now translating from an article which I had read in a French medical journal on the same malady while waiting at the American Hospital in Neuilly[8] to have my throat cauterized, I told him. A word like cauterized had a comforting effect on Scott. But he wanted to know when we would make the town. I said if we pushed on we should make it in twenty-five minutes to an hour.

之后司各特的情绪高涨了一些，但没多久情绪又低落了。他问我，我们能不能在他开始发烧和神志不清前走完整个大城市，我曾告诉他那是欧洲真正肺充血开始发病的症状。现在我只得将我在讷伊一所美国医院等着做喉咙烧灼手术时，从一本法语医学杂志上读过的一篇介绍同样关于肺充血的文章翻译给他听。“烧灼手术”这样的字眼让司各特平静了下来。但他还是想知道我们什么时候能走完这个城市。我说如果我们继续向前，二十五分钟到一个小时我们就能走完。

Scott then asked me if I were afraid to die and I said more at some times than at others.

接着，司各特问我是否害怕死亡，我说有时候很害怕，有时候也不怎么怕。

It now began to rain really heavily and we took refuge in the next village at a café. I cannot remember all the details of that afternoon but when we were finally in a hotel at what must have been Chélonsur- Saéne, it was so late that the drug stores were close. Scott had undressed and gone to bed as soon as we reached the hotel. He did not mind dying of congestion of the lungs, he said. It was only the question of who was to look after Zelda and young Scotty. I did not see very well how I could look after them since I was having a healthily rough time looking after my wife Hadley and young son Bumby, but I said I would do my best and Scott thanked me. I must see that Zelda did not drink and that Scotty should have an English governess.

这会儿雨真的开始大起来，我们在下一个村庄的咖啡馆避雨。我不记得那个下午的所有细节，但我们最后应该是来到索恩河畔沙隆小镇的一家旅馆。已经很晚了，药店都已经关了门。我们一到旅馆，司各特就脱下衣服上了床。他说，他不在乎因为肺充血而死去，唯一的问题是谁来照顾塞尔达和小司各特。我并不太清楚我能怎样照顾他们，因为我自己正举步维艰地照料妻子哈德莉和儿子小邦比，不过我还是说我会尽我所能帮助他，司各特对我很是感谢。我必须确保塞尔达不喝酒，还应该给小司各特请一个英国女教师家庭。

We had sent our clothes to be dried and were in our pajamas. It was still raining outside but it was cheerful in the room with the electric light on. Scott was lying in bed to conserve his strength for his battle against the disease. I had taken his pulse, which was seventy-two, and had felt his forehead which was cool. I had listened to his chest and had him breathe deeply, and his chest sounded all right.

衣服送去烘干了，我们穿着睡衣。外面还在下雨，但房间里因为开着电灯而暖意融融。司各特躺在床上养精蓄锐，准备与疾病斗争。我把了把他的脉搏，每分钟72次，又摸了摸他的额头，是凉的。我还听了听他的胸部，让他深呼吸，他的胸部听起来很正常。

"Look, Scott," I said. "You're perfectly O.K. If you want to do the best thing to keep from catching cold, just stay in bed and I'll order us each a lemonade and a whisky and you take an aspirin with yours and you'll feel fine and won't even get a cold in your head."

“听着，司各特，”我说，“你一切正常。如果你想尽量不得感冒，就呆在床上，我会给咱俩各要一份柠檬水和威士忌，你就着水吃一片阿司匹林就没事了，连脑袋都不会受凉。”

"Those old wives' remedies," Scott said.

“都是老太婆的疗方。”司各特说。

"You haven't any temperature. How the hell are you going to have congestion of the lungs without a temperature?"

“你没有发烧。不发烧你怎么可能会得肺充血？”

"Don't swear at me," Scott said. "How do you know I haven't a temperature?"

“别诅咒我。”司各特说，“你怎么知道我没有发烧？”

"Your pulse is normal and you haven't any fever to the touch."

“你的脉搏正常，摸起来也没有发热。”

"To the touch," Scott said bitterly. "If you're a real friend, get me a thermometer."

“摸起来，”司各特嘲讽道，“你要真是朋友，就给我找支体温计。”

"I'm in pajamas."

“我穿着睡衣呢。”

"Send for one."

“叫人送一支来。”

I rang for the waiter. He didn't come and I rang again and then went down the hallway to look for him. Scott was lying with his eyes closed, breathing slowly and carefully and, with his waxy color and his perfect features, he looked like a little dead crusader. I was getting tired of the literary life, if this was the literary life that I was leading, and already I missed not working and I felt the death loneliness that comes at the end of every day that is wasted in your life. I was very tired of Scott and of this silly comedy, but I found the waiter and gave him money to buy a thermometer and a tube of aspirin, and ordered two citron pressés and two double whiskies. I tried to order a bottle of whisky but they would only sell it by the drink.

我打电话叫侍者来。侍者没来，我又打了一次，然后顺着走廊去找他。司各特闭着眼睛躺在床上，小心翼翼地慢慢呼吸，脸色蜡白，五官

俊俏，看上去像一个死去的小十字军战士。我开始厌倦这样的文学生活，如果这就是我所过的文学生活。我已经不再想念写作，每一天都在浪费生命，每一天结束的时候我都能感受到一种致命的孤独。我烦透了司各特和这次愚蠢可笑的经历，但我还是找到侍者，给他钱让他去买一支体温计和一管阿司匹林，还点了两份法国鲜榨柠檬汁和两杯双份的威士忌。我想要一瓶威士忌，但他们只论杯卖。

Back in the room Scott was still lying as though on his tomb, sculpted as a monument to himself, his eyes closed and breathing with exemplary dignity.

回到房间，司各特仍然躺在床上，就像躺在他的坟墓上，那样子仿佛是给自己立的一座纪念碑雕塑。他闭着眼睛，呼吸中带着典型的高贵。

Hearing me come in the room, he spoke. "Did you get the thermometer?"

听见我走进房间，他开口说道：“你找到体温计了吗？”

I went over and put my hand on his forehead. It was not as cold as the tomb. But it was cool and not clammy.

我走过去，把手放在他额头上，那里不像坟墓那么冰冷，但凉凉的，却没有汗湿。

"Nope," I said.

“没有。”我回答。

"I thought you'd brought it."

“我以为你已经拿来了。”

"I sent out for it."

“我派人去买了。”

"It's not the same thing."

“那可不是一回事。”

"No. It isn't, is it?"

“是啊，谁说是一回事呢？”

You could not be angry with Scott any more than you could be angry with someone who was crazy, but I was getting angry with myself for having become involved in the whole silliness. He did have a point though, and I knew it very well. Most drunkards in those days died of pneumonia, a disease which has now been almost eliminated. But it was hard to accept him as a drunkard, since he was affected by such small quantities of alcohol.

你不能对司各特生气，就像你不能对任何一个疯子生气一样，但我

开始为卷入这整个愚蠢的闹剧生自己的气。不过他也有一定的道理，这点我很清楚。那时候很多酒鬼都死于肺炎，如今这种病已经基本绝迹了。但我很难相信他是个酒鬼，因为他只喝了那么一丁点儿酒。

In Europe then we thought of wine as something as healthy and normal as food and also as a great giver of happiness and well being and delight. Drinking wine was not a snobbism nor a sign of sophistication nor a cult; it was as natural as eating and to me as necessary, and I would not have thought of eating a meal without drinking either wine or cider or beer. I loved all wines except sweet or sweetish wines and wines that were too heavy, and it had never occurred to me that sharing a few bottles of fairly light, dry, white Mécon could cause chemical changes in Scott that would turn him into a fool. There had been the whisky and Perrier in the morning but, in my ignorance of alcoholics then, I could not imagine one whisky harming anyone who was driving in an open car in the rain. The alcohol should have been oxidized in a very short time.

那时候在欧洲，我们认为酒就像食物一样，是有益于健康、再寻常不过的，它还能带来幸福、安康和快乐。喝酒不是势利的表现，也不代表世故老道，更不是什么时尚；它就和吃饭一样再自然不过了，对我来说就是必需品，我无法想象一顿饭要是没有葡萄酒或苹果酒或啤酒会是什么样。我喜欢所有的酒，除了甜酒或微甜的酒，还有太烈的酒。我从没见过有人因为和别人一起喝了几瓶度数相当低的淡味马孔干白葡萄酒会产生司各特这样的化学反应，那点儿酒都要把他变成傻子了。早上我们是喝了威士忌加毕雷矿泉水，但即使我那时对酒一无所知，也无法想象一瓶威士忌会伤害一个在雨中开着敞篷车的人。那酒精应该在短时间内就氧化了。

While waiting for the waiter to bring the various things I sat and read a paper and finished one of the bottles of Mécon that had been uncorked at the last stop. There are always some splendid crimes in the newspapers that you follow from day to day, when you live in France. These crimes read like continued stories and it is necessary to have read the opening chapters, since there are no summaries provided as there are in American serial stories and, anyway, no serial is as good in an American periodical unless you have read the all-important first chapter. When you are traveling through France the papers are disappointing because you miss the continuity of the different crimes, affajres, or scandales, and you miss much of the pleasure to be derived from reading about them in a café. Tonight I would have much preferred to be in a café where I might read the morning editions of the Paris papers and watch the people and drink something a little more authoritative than the Mécon in preparation for dinner. But I was riding herd on Scott so I enjoyed myself where I was.

我一边等着侍者送来各种东西，一边坐着看报纸，喝完了上次躲雨时开启的一瓶马孔葡萄酒。如果你住在法国，报上总是有精彩的犯罪报道，你可以一天一天地关注。它们读起来就像连载小说，开头的几章必须要读，因为那不像美国系列小说一样有故事梗概，总之就是，没有一个系列能比得上美国期刊上的系列故事，除非你读了至关重要的第一章。如果你在法国旅行，报纸就很令人失望了，因为你会错过不同犯罪故事、风流韵事或丑闻的连载，无法享受在咖啡馆阅读这些的乐趣。今晚，我宁愿坐在咖啡馆看晨版巴黎报纸，看人来人往，晚餐前喝一点儿比马孔葡萄酒更地道的酒。可我却正在照料司各特，所以只能在此自娱自乐。

When the waiter arrived with the two glasses with the pressed lemon juice and ice, the whiskies, and the bottle of Perrier water, he told me that the pharmacy was closed and he could not get a thermometer. He had borrowed some aspirin. I asked him to see if he could borrow a thermometer. Scott opened his eyes and gave a baleful Irish look at the waiter.

侍者端来两杯加冰的鲜榨柠檬汁、威士忌和一瓶毕雷矿泉水，告诉我药店关门了，他没有买到体温计。不过他借到了几片阿司匹林。我让他看看能不能借一支体温计。司各特睁开眼睛，用怀恨的爱尔兰式眼神看了侍者一眼。

"Have you told him how serious it is?" he asked.

“你告诉他问题有多严重了吗？”他问道。

"I think he understands."

“我想他明白的。”

"Please try to make it clear."

“请你说清楚一点。”

I tried to make it clear and the waiter said, "I'll bring what I can."

我尽力把事情解释得清楚了，侍者就说，“我会尽力找来的。”

"Did you tip him enough to do any good? They only work for tips."

“你给他足够的小费让他跑腿了吗？他们只为小费效劳。”

"I didn't know that," I said. "I thought the hotel paid them something on the side."

“我事先不知道，”我说，“我以为旅馆另外给他们钱了。”

"I mean they will only do something for you for a substantial tip. Most of them are rotten clean through."

“我是说给了一笔可观的小费他们才会为你做事。他们大多坏透了。”

I thought of Evan Shipman and I thought of the waiter at the Closerie des Lilas who had been forced to cut his mustache when they made the American bar at the Closerie, and how Evan had been working out at his garden in Montrouge long before I had met Scott, and what good friends we all were and had been for a long time at the Lilas and of all of the moves that had been made and what they meant to all of us. I thought of telling Scott about this whole problem of the Lilas, although I had probably mentioned it to him before, but I knew he did not care about waiters nor their problems nor their great kindnesses and affections. At that time Scott hated the French, and since almost the only French he met with regularly were waiters whom he did not understand, taxi-drivers, garage employees and landlords, he had many opportunities to insult and abuse them.

我想起了埃文·希普曼，想起了丁香园咖啡馆的侍者——咖啡馆要改造成美式酒吧时他被迫剪去了胡子，想起了早在我遇见司各特很久以前埃文就在蒙鲁日打理他的花园，想起了我们是多么好的朋友，一起在丁香园咖啡馆度过了那么长的一段时间，想起了发生的所有变迁，这些变迁对我们意味着什么。我想告诉司各特丁香园咖啡馆的所有问题，虽然我可能以前向他提起过，但我知道他不在乎侍者，不在乎他们的问题，也不在乎他们极大的善良和友情。司各特那时憎恶法国人，因为他唯独经常遇见的法国人几乎都是他不了解的侍者、出租车司机、汽车修理员和房东，他有的是机会责骂和羞辱他们。

He hated the Italians even more than the French and could not talk about them calmly even when he was sober. The English he often hated but he sometimes tolerated them and occasionally looked up to them. I do not know how he felt about the Germans and the Austrians. I do not know whether he had ever met any then or any Swiss.

比起法国人，他更加憎恶的是意大利人，即使冷静时他也无法心平静气地谈论他们。他常常讨厌英国人，但有时候还能容忍他们，偶尔还尊敬他们。我不知道他是怎么看德国人和奥地利人的，不知道他那时有没有碰到过这两国的人或瑞士人。

On this evening in the hotel I was delighted that he was being so calm. I had mixed the lemonade and whisky and given it to him with two aspirins and he had swallowed the aspirins without protest and with admirable calm and was sipping his drink. His eyes were open now and were looking far away. I was reading the crime in the inside of the paper and was quite happy, too happy it seemed.

那天晚上在旅馆，我很高兴他表现得如此平静。我把柠檬汁和威士忌混在一起，递给他，还给了他两片阿司匹林。他没有反对，极其平静地服下阿司匹林，然后啜饮着饮料。他的眼睛这会儿睁开了，看着远处。我正看着报纸内页的犯罪报道，非常高兴，似乎是高兴过了头。

"You're a cold one, aren't you?" Scott asked and looking at him I

saw that I had been wrong in my prescription, if not in my diagnosis, and that the whisky was working against us.

“你是个冷酷无情的人，对吧？”司各特问道。看着他，我明白自己用错药方了，如果不是诊断有误的话，威士忌起反作用了。

"How do you mean, Scott?"

“你什么意思，司各特？”

"You can sit there and read that dirty French rag of a paper and it doesn't mean a thing to you that I am dying."

“你居然还能坐在那儿看那恶心的法国破报纸，我要死了你却无动于衷。”

"Do you want me to call a doctor?"

“你要我叫医生吗？”

"No. I don't want a dirty French provincial doctor."

“不。我不需要恶心的法国外省医生。”

"What do you want?"

“那你想要什么？”

"I want my temperature taken. Then I want my clothes dried and for us to get on an express train for Paris and to go to the American hospital at Neuilly."

“我要量体温。我还想要我烘干的衣服，然后我们俩坐上快速列车回巴黎，去讷伊的美国医院。”

"Our clothes won't be dry until morning and there aren't any express trains," I said. "Why don't you rest and have some dinner in bed?"

“我们的衣服明天早晨才能烘干，这里也没有快速列车。”我说，“你为什么不休息休息，在床上吃点儿东西呢？”

"I want my temperature taken."

“我要量体温。”

After this went on for a long time the waiter brought a thermometer.

这样的对话持续了很久，侍者终于送来了体温计。

"Is this the only one you could get?" I asked. Scott had shut his eyes when the waiter came in and he did look at least as far gone as Camille. I have never seen a man who lost the blood from his face so fast and I wondered where it went.

“你只能找到这一支吗？”我问。侍者进来时司各特已经闭上了眼睛，看上去至少真的像奄奄一息的茶花女一样。我从未见过谁脸上的血色消失得如此之快，真纳闷血色到哪儿去了。

"It is the only one in the hotel," the waiter said and handed me the thermometer. It was a bath thermometer with a wooden back and enough metal to sink it in the bath. I took a quick gulp of the whisky sour and opened the window a moment to look out at the rain. When I turned Scott was watching me.

“旅馆里只能找到这一支。”侍者答道，并把温度计递给我。这是一个浴缸温度计，木质的背面和金属材质足以使它能够沉入浴缸。我快速地吞下一口威士忌酸酒，开了一会儿窗看看外面下着的雨。等我转过身来，司各特正看着我。

I shook the thermometer down professionally and said, "You're lucky it's not a rectal thermometer."

我非常专业地甩了甩温度计，然后说，“你真走运，这不是肛门体温计。”

"Where does this kind go?"

“这种温度计放在哪儿？”

"Under the arm," I told him and tucked it under my arm.

“腋下。”我告诉他，示范性地把温度计放在我自己的腋下。

"Don't upset the temperature," Scott said. I shook the thermometer again with a single sharp downward twitch and unbuttoned his pajama jacket and put the instrument under his armpit while I felt his cool forehead and then took his pulse again. He stared straight ahead. The pulse was seventy-two. I kept the thermometer in for four minutes.

“别折腾温度计了。”司各特说。我又用力向下甩了一下温度计，然后解开他的睡袍，把温度计放在他的腋窝下。我摸了摸他凉凉的前额，然后又把了把他的脉搏。他直视着前方。脉搏是每分钟72次。我让温度计在他的腋下呆了四分钟。

"I thought they only kept them in for one minute," Scott said.

“我以为放一分钟就够了。”司各特说。

"This is a big thermometer," I explained. "You multiply by the square of the size of the thermometer. It's a centigrade thermometer."

“这个温度计大，”我解释说，“你得用乘方来算温度计的面积。还是个摄氏温度计。”

Finally I took the thermometer out and carried it over by the reading light.

最后我取出温度计，拿到台灯下看度数。

"What is it?"

“多少度？”

"Thirty-seven and six-tenths.”

“三十七点六度。”

"What's normal?"

“正常体温是多少？”

"That's normal"

“这就是正常体温。”

"Are you sure?"

“肯定吗？”

"Sure."

“当然。”

"Try it on yourself. I have to be sure."

“在你自己身上试试。我要确认清楚。”

I shook the thermometer down and opened my pajamas and put the thermometer in my armpit and held it there while I watched the time. Then I looked at it.

我向下甩了甩温度计，解开睡衣，把温度计放在腋窝下，一边看着时间。然后我取出来看了看。

"What is it?" I studied it.

“多少度？”我仔细看着刻度。

"Exactly the same."

“完全一样。”

"How do you feel?"

“你感觉怎么样？”

"Splendid," I said. I was trying to remember whether thirty seven six was really normal or not. It did not matter, for the thermometer, unaffected, was steady at thirty.

“好极了。”我说。我试着回忆三十七度六到底是不是正常体温。不过这也没关系，温度计并没有受影响，它稳稳地显示着三十度。

Scott was a little suspicious so I asked if he wanted me to make another test.

司各特有点儿将信将疑，我问他是不是要我再测一次。

"No," he said. "We can be happy it cleared up so quickly. I've always had great recuperative power."

“不用了，”他说，“这么快就弄清楚了，我们可以高兴了。我的康复能力向来很强。”

"You're fine," I said. "But I think it would be just as well if you stayed in bed and had a light supper, and then we can start early in the morning." I had planned to buy us raincoats but I would have to borrow money from him for that and I did not want to start arguing about that now.

“你很好，”我说，“不过我觉得你最好还是呆在床上，稍微吃点儿晚饭，我们可以明天一早出发。”我原想去买两件雨衣，但那样我就得向他借钱，我现在可不想为此跟他争吵。

Scott did not want to stay in bed. He wanted to get up and get dressed and go downstairs and call Zelda so she would know he was all right.

司各特不想呆在床上。他想起来穿上衣服，下楼去给塞尔达打电话，这样她就知道他安然无恙。

"Why would she think you weren't all right?"

“她为什么会认为你身体不适呢？”

"This is the first night I have ever slept away from her since we were married and I have to talk to her. You can see what it means to us both, can't you?"

“这是结婚以来头一次晚上我不在家睡，我得和她说说话。你明白这对我们俩意味着什么，对吧？”

I could, but I could not see how he and Zelda could have slept together on the night just past; but it was nothing to argue about. Scott drank the whisky sour down very fast now and asked me to order another. I found the waiter and returned the thermometer and asked him how our cloches were coming along. He thought they might be dry in an hour or so. "Have the valet press them and that will dry them. It doesn't matter that they should be bone-dry.”

我能理解，但我不明白昨天晚上他怎么可能和塞尔达睡在一起；不过这没什么好争论的。司各特这会儿很快就喝完了威士忌酸酒，让我再叫一杯。我找到侍者，还了温度计，问他我们的衣服怎么样了。他估计大概再有一个小时就烘干了。“让洗烫工把衣服熨一下，那样可以烘干衣服。干没干透没关系。”

The waiter brought the two drinks against catching cold and I sipped mine and urged Scott to sip his slowly. I was worried now he

might catch cold and I could see by now that if he ever had anything as definitely bad as a cold he would probably have to be hospitalized. But the drink made him feel wonderful for a while and he was happy with the tragic implications of this being Zelda's and his first night of separation since their marriage. Finally he could not wait longer to call her and put on his dressing gown and went down to put the call through.

侍者端来两杯预防感冒的酒，我喝着我的那杯，并提醒司各特慢点儿喝他的那杯。我现在担心他可能会感冒，如今我已经看出他一旦得上什么像感冒这样严重的病，他都很可能要住院。但是这酒却令他一时相当愉悦，对这个自结婚以来塞尔达和他分离的第一个晚上暗含的不祥寓意他也不介意了。最后他还是等不及要给她打电话，于是披上睡袍，下楼去接通电话。

It would take some time for the call and shortly after he came up, the waiter appeared with two more double whisky sours. This was the most I had ever seen Scott drink until then, but they had no effect on him except to make him more animated and talkative, and he started to tell me the outline of his life with Zelda. He told me how he had first met her during the war and then lost her and won her back, and about their marriage and then about something tragic that had happened to them at St.-Raphaél about a year ago. This first version that he told me of Zelda and a French naval aviator falling in love was truly a sad story and I believe it was a true story. Later he told me other versions of it as though trying them for use in a novel, but none was as sad as this first one and I always believed the first one, although any of them might have been true. They were better told each time; but they never hurt you the same way the first one did.

接通电话需要一点儿时间。等他上楼后不一会儿，侍者又端来两杯双份的威士忌酸酒。直到那时，这是我看到司各特喝得最多的一次，但这些酒除了让他更加生气勃勃、话更多之外，对他完全没任何影响。他开始跟我说他和塞尔达之间的故事的来龙去脉，告诉我如何在一战期间和她第一次相遇，然后失去了她，之后又如何赢回了她的爱。他跟我谈起他们的婚姻，还告诉我大约一年前在圣拉斐尔时他们之间发生的不快。他第一次跟我讲塞尔达和一个法国海军飞行员坠入爱河的故事真是催人泪下，我相信这是真实的故事。后来他又跟我讲了好几个版本，就好像在尝试能否把它们用作小说的素材，但都没有第一次讲得那么伤感。我一直相信第一个版本，尽管任何一个版本都有可能是真的。故事一次比一次讲得好，但都没有像第一个版本那样让你心碎。

Scott was very articulate and told a story well. He did not have to spell the words nor attempt to punctuate and you did not have the feeling of reading an illiterate that his letters gave you before they had been corrected. I knew him for two years before he could spell my name; but then it was a long name to spell and perhaps it became

harder to spell all of the time, and I give him great credit for spelling it correctly finally. He learned to spell more important things and he tried to think straight about many more.

司各特非常善于表达，很会讲故事。他用不着会拼写单词，也用不着会断句，即便这样，你也不会感觉像在读一个文盲写的未经别人修改的文字。我认识他两年后他才学会拼写我的名字，不过我的名字拼起来确实很长，而且总是要拼写这样长的名字也许更加困难。所以他最终能拼对我的名字时，我对他大加赞赏。他学会了拼写更多重要的单词，而且还想着要学更多。

On this night though he wanted me to know and understand and appreciate what it was that had happened at St.-Raphael and I saw it so clearly that I could see the single seater seaplane buzzing the diving raft and the color of the sea and the shape of the pontoons and the shadow chat they cast and Zelda's tan and Scott's tan and the dark blonde and the light blond of their hair and the darkly tanned face of the boy that was in love with Zelda. I could not ask the question that was in my mind, how, if this story was true and it had all happened, could Scott have slept each night in the same bed with Zelda? But maybe that was what had made it sadder than any story anyone had ever told me then, and, too, maybe he did not remember, as he did not remember last night.

而这天晚上，他想要我知道、理解和重视在圣拉斐尔到底发生的是什么。其实我已经了解得一清二楚，我甚至能想象出单座水上飞机嗡嗡飞过跳水艇、海的颜色、浮桥的形状和倒影，还有塞尔达和司各特晒黑的皮肤、他们深棕色和浅棕色的头发，以及爱上塞尔达的那个男孩那张黝黑的脸。我心里有个疑问却不好提出来：如果这个故事是真实的，如果它真的发生过，司各特又怎么可能每天晚上都和塞尔达睡在同一张床上？不过，也许这就是这个故事比别人给我讲过的任何一个故事都更令人伤感的原因，也有可能他不记得了，就像他记不起昨天晚上一样。

Our clothes came before the call did and we dressed and went downstairs to have dinner. Scott was a little unsteady now and he looked at people out of the side of his eyes with a certain belligerency. We had very good snails, with a carafe of Fleurie to start with and while we were about halfway through them Scott's call came. He was gone about an hour and I ate his snails finally, dipping up the butter, garlic and parsley sauce with broken bits of bread, and drank the carafe of Fleurie. When he came back I said I would get him some more snails but he said he did not want any. He wanted something simple. He did not want a steak, nor liver and bacon, nor an omelette. He would take chicken. We had eaten very good cold chicken at noon but this was still famous chicken country, so we had poularde de Bresse and a bottle of Montagny, a light, pleasant white wine of the neighborhood. Scott ate very little and sipped at one glass of the wine.

He passed out at the table with his head on his hands. It was natural and there was no theater about it and it even looked as though he were careful not to spill nor break things. The waiter and I got him up to his room and laid him on the bed and I undressed him to his underwear, hung his clothes up, and then stripped the covers off the bed and spread them over him. I opened the window and saw it was clear outside and left the window open.

不等电话接通，衣服就送来了。我们穿上衣服，下楼去吃晚餐。司各特这会儿有点步履蹒跚，带着些许好战的目光用眼角斜视着周围的人。我们点了非常美味的蜗牛，和一瓶弗留利红葡萄酒做开胃酒。等晚餐差不多进行到一半时，司各特的电话来了。他离开将近一个小时，最后我把他的蜗牛也吃了，用面包碎块蘸着吃光了黄油、大蒜、欧芹调味料，把那瓶弗留利红葡萄酒都喝光了。等他回来，我说再给他要点儿蜗牛，他却说不想要了，只想吃点儿简单的。他既不想要牛排、熏肝或熏肉，也不想要煎鸡蛋。他想吃鸡肉。我们中午已经吃过非常美味的冷鸡肉，但既然这个地方的鸡肉这么有名，我们又要了布雷斯鸡和一瓶蒙塔尼白葡萄酒——邻近地区出产的一种清淡好喝的白葡萄酒。司各特吃得很少，慢慢呷着他那杯酒，然后他双手托着脑袋在饭桌上昏倒了。一切都很自然，没有戏剧般的轩然大波，他看上去甚至还小心翼翼，生怕洒了酒或打碎东西。侍者和我把他扶上楼进了房间，将他放到床上。我帮他脱去外衣，把他的衣服挂起来，然后掀开床罩，给他盖上。我打开窗户，看见外面夜空晴朗，于是就让窗户开着。

Downstairs I finished my dinner and thought about Scott. It was obvious he should not drink anything and I had not been taking good care of him. Anything that he drank seemed to stimulate him too much and then to poison him and I planned on the next day to cut all drinking to the minimum. I would tell him that we were getting back to Paris now and that I had to train in order to write. This was not true. My training was never to drink after dinner nor before I wrote nor while I was writing. I went upstairs and opened all the windows wide and undressed and was asleep almost as soon as I was in bed.

我回到楼下吃完晚餐，不禁想起司各特。他显然不该喝酒，是我没有照顾好他。无论他喝什么，对他似乎都太过刺激，然后使他中毒，所以我打算第二天尽量少喝酒。我该告诉他我们得马上回巴黎，我得练习写作。这并非真话。我要训练的是饭后不喝酒，不管写作前还是写作时都绝不喝酒。我上楼打开所有的窗户，脱下衣服，几乎一上床就睡着了。

The next day we drove to Paris on a beautiful day up through the Côte d'Or with the air freshly washed and the hills and the fields and the vineyards all new, and Scott was very cheerful and happy and healthy and told me the plots of each and every one of Michael Arlen's[9] books. Michael Arlen, he said, was the man you had to watch and he and I could both learn much from him. I said I could not read

the books. He said I did not have to. He would tell me the plots and describe the characters. He gave me a sort of oral Ph.D. thesis on Michael Arlen.

第二天我们驱车穿过科多尔省前往巴黎。天气晴朗，空气清新如洗，山坡、田野、葡萄园全都焕然一新，司各特也兴致盎然，健康快活，还跟我讲起了迈克尔·阿伦每一部书里的情节。他说，迈克尔·阿伦是一定要关注的作家，我们都可以从他那儿学到很多东西。我说我读不懂这些书。他说我不一定要读，他可以告诉我情节，给我描述里面的人物。他几乎向我口述了一篇介绍迈克尔·阿伦的博士论文。

I asked him if he had good connection on the phone when he talked to Zelda and he said that it was not bad and that they had many things to talk about. At meals I ordered one bottle of the lightest wine I could locate and told Scott he would do me a great favor if he would not let me order any more as I had to train before I wrote and should not under any circumstances drink more than half a bottle. He co-operated wonderfully and when he saw me looking nervous toward the end of a single bottle, gave me some of his share.

我问他和塞尔达的电话通话是否顺利。他说还不错，他们谈了很多事情。吃饭的时候我点了一瓶据我所知最清淡的酒，并告诉司各特，如果他不让我再点酒了，那就是帮了我一个很大的忙，因为写作前我需要练习，所以无论如何都不能喝酒超过半瓶。他配合得很好，而且当他看我不安地看着这唯一一瓶酒最后剩下的一点儿，他还分了一点儿自己的酒给我。

When I had left him at his home and taken a taxi back to the sawmill, it was wonderful to see my wife and we went up to the Closerie des Lilas to have a drink. We were happy the way children are who have been separated and are together again and I told her about the trip.

我把他送回家，然后乘出租车回到了锯木厂。见到妻子的时候我真的很愉快，于是我们去丁香园咖啡馆喝了一杯，高兴得就像分离又相聚的两个孩子似的。我告诉了她这次旅行的经历。

"But didn't you have any fun or learn anything, Tatie?" she asked.

“可是难道没什么好玩的或学到什么东西吗，塔蒂？”她问。

"I learned about Michael Arlen, if I would have listened, and I learned things I haven't sorted out."

“我了解了迈克尔·阿伦，如果我认真听了的话，我还学到了一些东西，只是还没来得及理出头绪。”

"Isn't Scott happy at all?"

“司各特一点也不高兴吗？”

"Maybe."

“也许吧。”

"Poor man."

“可怜的人。”

"I learned one thing."

“我学会了一件事。”

"What?"

“什么？”

"Never to go on trips with anyone you do not love."

“永远不要和你不爱的人去旅行。”

"Isn't that fine?"

“那不挺好吗？”

"Yes. And we're going to Spain."

“不好。我们去西班牙吧。”

"Yes. Now it's less than six weeks before we go. And this year we won't let anyone spoil it, will we?"

“好。还有不到六周我们就要去西班牙了。今年我们不会让任何人毁了它，对吧？”

"No. And after Pamplona we'll go to Madrid and to Valencia".

“是的。去完潘普洛纳，我们还要去马德里，再去巴伦西亚。”

"M-m-m-m," she said softly, like a cat.

“嗯——。”她轻声说，就像一只小猫。

"Poor Scott," I said.

“可怜的司各特。”我说。

"Poor everybody," Hadley said. "Rich feather cats with no money."

“人人都很可怜，”哈德莉说，“翎毛丰厚的猫儿却穷得响叮当。”

"We're awfully lucky."

“我们真是太幸运了。”

"We'll have to be good and hold it."

“我们一定要好好珍惜，好好把握住它。”

We both touched wood on the café table and the waiter came to see what it was we wanted. But what we wanted not he, nor anyone

else, nor knocking on wood or on marble, as this café table-top was, could ever bring us. But we did not know it that night and we were very happy.

我们俩都敲了敲咖啡桌的木头桌面。侍者过来问我们要点什么，但我们需要的不是他，不是别人，也不是敲打像这里的咖啡桌桌面这样的木头或大理石能给我们带来的东西。然而那天晚上我们并不知道这一点儿，我们就是很高兴。

A day or two after the trip Scott brought his book over. It had a garish dust jacket and I remember being embarrassed by the violence, bad taste and slippery look of it. It looked the book jacket for a book of bad science fiction. Scott told me not to be put off by it, that it had to do with a billboard along a highway in Long Island that was important in the story. He said he had liked the jacket and now he didn't like it. I took it off to read the book.

旅行回来一两天后，司各特拿着他的书来了。书的封套花哨俗气，我还记得那看起来咄咄逼人、品味低俗、滑滑的封套让我感到很不舒服，它看上去就像一部蹩脚的科幻小说的封套。司各特告诉我不要因为封套感到厌恶，那和长岛高速公路上的一个广告牌有关，而那在小说里很重要。他说他曾经很喜欢这个封套，不过现在也不喜欢了。我除去封套，开始读小说。

When I had finished the book I knew that no matter what Scott did, nor how he behaved, I must know it was like a sickness and be of any help I could to him and try to be a good friend. He had many good, good friends, more than anyone I knew. But I enlisted as one more, whether I could be of any use to him or not. If he could write a book as fine as The Great Gatsby I was sure that he could write an even better one. I did not know Zelda yet, and so I did not know the terrible odds that were against him. But we were to find them out soon enough.

当我读完小说，我明白无论司各特做什么，也不管他行为举止如何，我必须知道那就像一种弊病，我必须尽我所能帮助他，尽力做一个好朋友。他有很多很好的朋友，是我认识的人中交友最多的人。我也是其中一个，不管我对他有用与否。既然他能写出《了不起的盖茨比》这样的好书，我肯定他能写出更好的作品。当时我还不认识塞尔达，所以不知道阻碍他的可怕厄运。但我们很快就会知道的。

(1)乔治·霍内斯·洛里默（1869—1937），《星期六晚邮报》总编（1899—1936）。

(2)马克斯韦尔·珀金斯（1884—1947），美国编辑，帮助大批作家施展了他们的才华。

(3)吉尔伯特·塞尔迪斯（1893—1970），美国作家和文化评论家，《日晷》杂志的编辑和戏剧评论家，最知名的著作是他1924年发表的

《七种流行艺术》。

(4)博奈与利夫莱特，美国出版商。

(5)潘普洛纳，西班牙北部城市。

(6)巴伦西亚，西班牙港口城市。

(7)苏丹，某些伊斯兰国家最高统治者的称号。

(8)讷伊，法国中北部的一个城市，巴黎城郊居民区和工业区。

(9)迈克尔·阿伦（1895—1956），出生于保加利亚的亚美尼亚散文家、短篇小说作家、剧作家。

Hawks Do Not Share

老鹰不善分享

Scott Fitzgerald invited us to have lunch with his wife Zelda and his little daughter at the furnished fl at they had rented at 14 rue de Tilsitt. I cannot remember much about the fl at except that it was gloomy and airless and that there was nothing in it that seemed to belong to them except Scott's first books bound in light blue leather with the titles in gold. Scott also showed us a large ledger with all of the stories he had published listed in it year after year with the prices he had received for them and also the amounts received for any motion picture sales, and the sales and royalties of his books. They were all noted as carefully as the log of a ship and Scott showed them to both of us with impersonal pride as though he were the curator of a museum. Scott was nervous and hospitable and he showed us his accounts of his earnings as though they had been the view. There was no view.

司各特·菲茨杰拉德邀请我们去他们租的公寓与他的妻子塞尔达和小女儿共进午餐。公寓在提尔希特街14号，里面配有家具。我已经不大记得他们的公寓是什么样了，只记得公寓很阴暗，也不通风，除了司各特早期那些淡蓝色皮面装订、金色书名的书，里面似乎没有任何属于他们的东西。司各特还给我们看一本很厚的分类账，上面列着所有他每年出版的小说、出版这些小说挣得的钱、根据这些小说改编的电影挣得的钱，还有小说的销售情况和版税数目。这些账目就像航海日志一样记得认真细致。司各特给我们俩看这些时带着一种不带个人情感的自豪，就好像他是一家博物馆的馆长。司各特有点儿紧张，但很热情，他给我们看他的收入账目，仿佛那曾是一道风景。可惜那没有风景。

Zelda had a very bad hangover. They had been up on Montmartre[1] the night before and had quarreled because Scott did not want to get drunk. He had decided, he told me, to work hard and not to drink and Zelda was treating him as though he were a kill-joy or a spoilsport. Those were the two words she used to him and there was recrimination and Zelda would say, "I did not. I did no such thing. It's not true, Scott." Later she would seem to recall something and would laugh happily.

塞尔达前一天晚上喝了个烂醉。前一晚，他们去了蒙马特尔，还吵了一架，原因就是司各特不想喝醉。他告诉我，他已经下定决心努力写作，不喝酒了。塞尔达却认为他大煞风景，是个扫兴鬼。这是她用在他身上的两个词。如果遭到反驳，塞尔达又会说，“我没有。我没做过这样的事。这不是真的，司各特。”之后她又会似乎想起了什么，然后会高兴

地大笑。

On this day Zelda did not look her best. Her beautiful dark blonde hair had been ruined temporarily by a bad permanent she had gotten in Lyon, when the rain had made them abandon their car, and her eyes were tired and her face was too taut and drawn.

那天塞尔达看上去状态不佳。在里昂时，他们因为下雨丢下小车，她在那儿烫发失败，那头漂亮的深金色头发也因此一时被毁了。她的眼睛很疲惫，脸也紧绷着，面容憔悴。

She was formally pleasant to Hadley and me but a big part of her seemed not to be present but to still be on the party she had come home from that morning. She and Scott both seemed to feel that Scott and I had enjoyed a great and wonderful time on the trip up from Lyon and she was jealous about it.

她看上去对哈德莉和我都很友善，但大半个人却似乎没在那儿，好像还在那天早上她刚离开的聚会上。她和司各特似乎都觉得司各特和我的里昂之行很愉快，她对此心生嫉妒。

"When you two can go off and have such simply wonderful times together, it only seems fair that I should have just a little fun with our good friends here in Paris," she said to Scott.

“你们俩可以一起出去玩得那么痛快，我在巴黎和好朋友找点乐子也是天经地义的。”她对司各特说。

Scott was being the perfect host and we ate a very bad lunch that the wine cheered a little but not much. The little girl was blonde, chubby-faced, well built, and very healthy looking and spoke English with a strong Cockney accent. Scott explained that she had an English nanny because he wanted her to speak like Lady Diana Manners[2] when she grew up.

司各特是个热情周到的主人，但这顿午饭我们吃得糟透了。酒缓和了一点儿气氛，但不是很明显。他的小女儿一头金发，脸胖嘟嘟的，身体挺结实，看上去非常健康，还说着一口伦敦腔很重的英语。司各特解释说小姑娘有个英国保姆，因为他想让她长大后像黛安娜·曼纳斯小姐那样说话。

Zelda had hawk's eyes and a thin mouth and deep-south manners and accent. Watching her face you could see her mind leave the table and go to the night's party and return with her eyes blank as a cat's and then pleased, and the pleasure would show along the thin line of her lips and then be gone. Scott was being the good cheerful host and Zelda looked at him and she smiled happily with her eyes and her mouth too as he drank the wine. I learned to know that smile very well. It meant she knew Scott would not be able to write.

塞尔达有一双老鹰般的眼睛，薄薄的嘴唇，行为举止和口音都是南部腹地风格。看着她的脸，你能看出她的心离开了饭桌，飞到昨晚的聚会上，然后又带着一双空洞得像猫眼一样的眼睛回来了，接着高兴起来，快乐就显露在薄薄的唇线上，然后又消失了。司各特兴高采烈地待客，塞尔达看着他，当司各特一喝酒，她的眼睛和嘴都满足地微笑起来。我十分了解了这个微笑的含义。那意味着她知道司各特不能写作了。

Zelda was jealous of Scott's work and as we got to know them, this fell into a regular pattern. Scott would resolve not to go on all-night drinking parties and to get some exercise each day and work regularly. He would start to work and as soon as he was working well Zelda would begin complaining about how bored she was and get him off on another drunken party. They would quarrel and then make up and he would sweat out the alcohol on long walks with me, and make up his mind that this time he would really work, and would start off well. Then it would start all over again.

塞尔达嫉妒司各特写作。随着我们对他们的了解，这已经成了固定模式。司各特总是下定决心不去那种通宵喝酒的聚会，每天锻炼锻炼，有规律地写作。他会开始写作，可是每当他一进入写作状态，塞尔达就会开始抱怨她是多么地无聊，又会拉他去另一场醉酒的聚会。他们总会争吵，然后言归于好。司各特总会和我一起散步很长时间，出一身汗把酒精排出体外，然后下定决心这次他真的要好好写作了，而且会有个不错的开始。然后这样的事周而复始。

Scott was very much in love with Zelda and he was very jealous of her. He told me many times on our walks of how she had fallen in love with the French navy pilot. But she had never made him really jealous with another man since. This spring she was making him jealous with other women and on the Montmartre parties he was afraid to pass out and he was afraid to have her pass out. Becoming unconscious when they drank had always been their great defense. They went to sleep on drinking an amount of liquor or champagne that would have little effect on a person accustomed to drinking, and they would go to sleep like children. I have seen them become unconscious not as though they were drunk but as though they had been anesthetized and their friends, or sometimes a taxi-driver, would get them to bed, and when they woke they would be fresh and happy, not having taken enough alcohol to damage their bodies before it made them unconscious.

司各特非常爱塞尔达，而且经常吃她的醋。我们一起散步时，他曾多次告诉我她是怎么爱上那个法国海军飞行员的。可自那以后她从没让他因为别的男人吃醋。这年春天她却开始让他吃其他女人的醋。在蒙马特尔的聚会上他担心自己会昏倒，也很担心塞尔达会昏倒。醉得人事不省一直是他们很好的防卫方式。他们喝一点儿酒或香槟就去睡觉，那点

儿酒对一个喝酒已是家常便饭的人来说根本没什么影响，可他们却会睡得像孩子般香甜。我看过他们醉得不省人事的样子，好像不是喝醉的，而是被麻醉了似的。他们的朋友，有时候是出租车司机，会把他们扶上床。他们醒来后又容光焕发、心情愉悦，不省人事前喝的那点儿酒还不足以对他们的身体造成任何伤害。

Now they had lost this natural defense. At this time Zelda could drink more than Scott could and Scott was afraid for her to pass out in the company they kept that spring and the places they went to. Scott did not like the places nor the people and he had to drink more than he could drink and be in any control of himself, to stand the people and the places, and then he began to have to drink to keep awake after he would usually have passed out. Finally he had few intervals of work at all.

现在他们失去了这种天然的防御。这时塞尔达比司各特更能喝，司各特很担心她会昏倒在他们那年春天的同伴面前，昏倒在他们去的那些地方。司各特不喜欢那些地方，也不喜欢那些人，可是他不得不拼命地喝酒，喝完还要控制自己，以忍受那些人和那些地方，然后在他通常将要昏倒前又不得不开始喝，以保持清醒。直到最后他根本没有写作的空当。

He was always trying to work. Each day he would try and fail. He laid the failure to Paris, the town best organized for a writer to write in that there is, and he thought always that there would be someplace where he and Zelda could have a good life together again. He thought of the Riviera, as it was then before it had all been built up, with the lovely stretches of blue sea and the sand beaches and the stretches of pine woods and the mountains of the Esterel going out into the sea. He remembered it as it was when he and Zelda had first found it before people went there for the summer.

他一直在设法写作。每天他都在努力，然后又失败。他把失败归罪于巴黎，而巴黎本是一个组织得最好的、最适合作家写作的城市。他总是认为有这么个地方，他和塞尔达可以一起在那儿重新开始好好生活。他想到了里维埃拉，想到那时这座城市还未完全建成的样子，有浩瀚美丽的蓝色海洋和沙滩，有成片的松林和延伸到海边的埃斯特雷尔山。他记得的这座城市，还是人们开始在夏天来这儿度假前，他和塞尔达第一次见到这座城市时的样子。

Scott told me about the Riviera and how my wife and I must come there the next summer and how we would go there and how he would find a place for us that was not expensive and we would both work hard every day and swim and lie on the beach and be brown and only have a single apéritif before Lunch and one before dinner. Zelda would be happy there, he said. She loved to swim and was a beautiful diver and she was happy with that life and would want him to work

and everything would be disciplined. He and Zelda and their daughter were going to go there that summer.

司各特给我介绍里维埃拉，还说我和妻子明年夏天无论如何都必须去那儿，说到我们该如何去那儿，而且他会为我们找个不贵的地方，然后我们俩每天都可以一起努力写作、一起游泳、一起躺在海滩上把皮肤晒成褐色，只在午餐和晚餐前喝一杯开胃酒。他说塞尔达在那儿会很高兴的。她喜欢游泳，潜水也很拿手，等她对那样的生活满意了，她就会让他写作，然后一切都井然有序了。他和塞尔达还有他们的女儿准备那年夏天去那儿。

I was trying to get him to write his stories as well as he could and not trick them to conform to any formula, as he had explained that he did.

我一直试着让他尽自己所能写自己的小说，不要用什么技巧去迎合什么套路，就像他曾经说他做过的那样。

"You've written a fine novel now," I told him. "And you mustn't write slop."

“你已经写了一部很好的小说，”我告诉他，“你一定不能写乌七八糟的东西。”

"The novel isn't selling," he said. "I must write stories and they have to be stories that will sell."

“那个小说卖得不好，”他说，“我一定要写小说，而且必须是畅销的小说。”

"Write the best story that you can and write it as straight as you can."

“尽你所能写最好的小说，尽可能真诚地写。”

"I'm going to," he said.

“我会的。”他说。

But the way things were going, he was lucky to get any work done at all. Zelda did not encourage the people who were chasing her and she had nothing to do with them, she said. But it amused her and it made Scott jealous and he had to go with her to the places. It destroyed his work, and she was more jealous of his work than anything.

但是事情的结果是，他能写完点儿东西就很走运了。塞尔达并没有给追求她的人太多希望，她说她和他们没什么关系。但这让她觉得好玩，并且能让司各特嫉妒不已，这样，他就得和她一起去那些地方。这就破坏了他的写作，而她最嫉妒的就是他的写作。

All that late spring and early summer Scott fought to work but he

could only work in snatches. When I saw him he was always cheerful, sometimes desperately cheerful, and he made good jokes and was a good companion. When he had very bad times, I listened to him about them and tried to make him know that if he could hold onto himself he would write as he was made to write, and that only death was irrevocable. He would make fun of himself then, and as long as he could do that I thought that he was safe. Through all of this he wrote one good story, "The Rich Boy," and I was sure that he could write better than that as he did later.

那年从春末到夏初，司各特一直在为写作而作斗争，但只能断断续续地写。我看见他时，他总是很高兴，有时候是极其高兴。他很擅长说笑话，是个很好的伙伴。当他日子过得糟糕时，我就听他倾诉他们的故事，并试着让他明白，如果他能坚持自我，他就会写出好的作品，因为他是为写作而生的，而只有死亡才是不可挽回的。这时他总是自我嘲笑一番——只要他还能那么做，我就觉得他没有大碍。经历了这一切，他写出了一个好故事，名为《富家子弟》。我相信他能写出更好的作品，正如他后来做到的那样。

During the summer we were in Spain and I started the first draft of a novel and finished it back in Paris in September. Scott and Zelda had been at Cap d'Antibes, and that fall when I saw him in Paris he was very changed. He had not done any sobering up on the Riviera and he was drunk now in the day time as well as nights. It did not make any difference any more to him that anyone was working and he would come to 113 rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs any time he was drunk either in the day time or at night. He had begun to be very rude to his inferiors or anyone he considered his inferior.

那个夏天我们在西班牙，我开始写一部小说的初稿，并于九月份回到巴黎后将其完成。司各特和塞尔达去了昂蒂布角，那年秋天我在巴黎见到他时，他变化很大。他不但没有去里维埃拉使自己清醒起来，现在反而不论白天晚上都喝得烂醉。谁在写作对他来说已经不再重要了。无论是白天还是黑夜，他一喝醉就会去圣母院田园大街113号。他开始对地位比他低的人或任何他认为比自己地位低的人非常粗鲁。

One time he came in through the sawmill gate with his small daughter— it was the English nurse's day off and Scott was caring for the child—and at the foot of the stairs she told him she needed to go to the bathroom. Scott started to undress her and the proprietor, who lived on the floor below us, came in and said, "Monsieur, there is a cabinet de toilette just ahead of you to the left of the stairs."

有一次他带着小女儿从锯木厂的大门进来——那天英国保姆休息，由司各特照顾孩子——在楼梯脚下，小姑娘对他说想去洗手间，于是司各特开始给她脱裤子。这时，住在我们楼下的房主走进来说，“先生，你前面楼梯左边就有洗手间。”

"Yes, and I'll put your head in it too, if you're not careful," Scott told him.

“好的，我会把你的头也塞到里面去的，如果你不多加小心的话。”司各特对他说。

He was very difficult all that fall but he had begun to work on a novel when he was sober. I saw him rarely when he was sober, but when he was sober he was always pleasant and he still made jokes and sometimes he would still make jokes about himself. But when he was drunk he would usually come to find me and, drunk, he took almost as much pleasure interfering with my work as Zelda did interfering with his. This continued for years but, for years too, I had no more loyal friend than Scott when he was sober.

那年一整个秋天他都很难相处,但他在清醒的时候已经开始写一部小说了。我很少在他清醒时看见他，不过他清醒时倒总是很讨人喜欢。他仍然会开玩笑，有时还拿自己开玩笑。但他喝醉了通常都会来找我，醉醺醺的他总是喜欢打扰我写作，就像塞尔达喜欢打扰他写作一样。这样的情况持续了好几年，不过，那几年我也没有比清醒时的司各特更忠诚的朋友。

That fall of 1925 he was upset because I would not show him the manuscript of the first draft of The Sun Also Rises. I explained to him that it would mean nothing until I had gone over it and rewritten it and that I did not want to discuss it or show it to anyone first. We were going down to Schruns in the Vorarlberg in Austria as soon as the first snowfall there.

1925年秋天他很恼火，因为我不给他看《太阳照常升起》初稿的手稿。我跟他解释说，在我润色修改前给他看没有任何意义，我也不想先和别人讨论或给别人看。我们准备在奥地利福拉尔贝格州的施伦斯山村下第一场雪时就去那儿。

I rewrote the first half of the manuscript there, finished it in January, I think. I took it to New York and showed it to Max Perkins of Scribners[3] and then went back to Schruns and finished rewriting the book. Scott did not see it until after the completed rewritten and cut manuscript had been sent to Scribners at the end of April. I remembered joking with him about it and him being worried and anxious to help as always once a thing was done. But I did not want his help while I was rewriting.

我在那儿修改了手稿的前半部分，我记得是一月份完成的。我把手稿带到纽约，给斯克里布纳出版社的马克斯·珀金斯看，然后回到施伦斯，完成了全书的修改。直到四月底我把完成修改和删节的手稿送至斯克里布纳出版社后，司各特才看到手稿。我还记得拿这个和他开玩笑，笑他就像往常一样，一旦事情做完就很担心，急着想帮忙。但我修改文

稿时不需要他帮忙。

While we were living in the Vorarlberg and I was finishing rewriting the novel Scott and his wife and child had left Paris for a watering place in the lower Pyrénées. Zelda had been ill with that familiar intestinal complaint that too much champagne produces and which was then diagnosed as colitis. Scott was not drinking, and starting to work and he wanted us to come to Juan-les-Pins[4] in June. They would find an inexpensive villa for us and this time he would not drink and it would be like the old good days and we would swim and be healthy and brown and have one aperitif before lunch and one before dinner. Zelda was well again and they were both fine and his novel was going wonderfully. He had money coming in from a dramatization of The Great Gatsby which was running well and it would sell to the movies and he had no worries. Zelda was really fine and everything was going to be disciplined.

我们住在福拉尔贝格时，我快要完成小说的修改了，而司各特和他的妻子、孩子已经离开巴黎去下比利牛斯山的一个矿泉疗养地了。塞尔达因为喝了太多香槟得了很常见的那种肠胃病，当时诊断为大肠炎。司各特不喝酒，并开始写作了，他希望我们六月份去瑞昂莱潘镇。他们会为我们找一个不贵的别墅，而且这次他不会喝酒了，就像以前的好时光那样，我们可以去游泳，过健康的生活，把皮肤晒成褐色，午餐和晚餐前还可以喝一杯开胃酒。塞尔达恢复健康了，他们俩都很好，他的小说也进展得非常顺利。根据《了不起的盖茨比》改编的戏剧上座率不错，他因此有点儿收入。书还会改编成电影，所以他不用发愁。塞尔达真的好了，一切都将步入正轨。

I had been down in Madrid in May working by myself and I came by train from Bayonne[5] to Juan-les-Pins third class and quite hungry because I had run out of money stupidly and had eaten last in Hendaye at the French-Spanish frontier. It was a nice villa and Scott had a very fine house not far away and I was very happy to see my wife who had the villa running beautifully, and our friends, and the single apéritif before lunch was very good and we had several more. That night there was a party to welcome us at the Casino, just a small party, the MacLeishes[6], the Murphys[7], the Fitzgeralds and we who were living at the villa. No one drank anything stronger than champagne and it was very gay and obviously a splendid place to write. There was going to be everything that a man needed to write except to be alone.

五月份我去了马德里，一个人在那儿写作。我从巴约讷坐火车三等车厢到瑞昂莱潘。我饿着肚子，因为我非常愚蠢地把钱都花光了，最后一顿是在法国西班牙边界的昂代镇吃的。司各特找的别墅很舒服，而且他有一座很不错的房子离这儿不远。我很高兴看到我的妻子——她把别墅布置得漂漂亮亮——还有我们的朋友。午餐前的那杯开胃酒很好喝，

所以我们又喝了几杯。那天晚上在娱乐场有一个为我们接风洗尘的晚会，只是一个小聚会，有麦克利什夫妇、墨菲夫妇、菲茨杰拉德夫妇，还有住在别墅的我们。没有人喝比香槟更烈的酒，气氛很欢乐，这显然是个写作的绝佳地方。这儿有一个人写作需要的一切，除了不能独自一人呆着。

Zelda was very beautiful and was tanned a lovely gold color and her hair was a beautiful dark gold and she was very friendly. Her hawk's eyes were clear and calm. I knew everything was all right and was going to turn out well in the end when she leaned forward and said to me, telling me her great secret, "Ernest, don't you think Al Jolson[8] is greater than Jesus?”

塞尔达美极了。她的皮肤晒成了迷人的金色，头发是漂亮的深金色，人也非常友好。她那老鹰般的眼睛清澈而平静。我知道一切都进展顺利，结局最终会完满的。就在这时她靠过身来告诉我一个她的大秘密，“欧内斯特，你不觉得阿尔·乔尔森比耶稣还伟大吗？”

Nobody thought anything of it at the time. It was only Zelda's secret that she shared with me, as a hawk might share something with a man. But hawks do not share. Scott did not write anything any more that was good until after he knew that she was insane.

那时谁也没细想。这只是塞尔达和我分享的她的一个秘密，就像老鹰可能会和人分享点儿什么一样。但老鹰是不善分享的。司各特再也没写过什么好作品，直到他知道她疯了。

(1)蒙马特尔，巴黎北部一座小山和一个区，位于塞纳河右岸。

(2)黛安娜·曼纳斯小姐（1892—1986），英国女演员，拉特兰公爵七世的孙女，英国政治家和外交官艾尔弗雷德·塔夫·库珀的夫人。

(3)查尔斯·斯克里布纳之子出版社，以出版很多美国著名作家的著作而闻名。

(4)朱昂莱班，昂蒂市的一个小镇，位于法国东南部的阿尔卑斯海域。

(5)巴约讷，法国西南部的一个城镇，位于比斯开湾和西班牙边界附近。

(6)麦克利什（1892—1982），美国诗人，曾任美国国会图书馆馆长和助理国务卿。曾三次获普利策奖。

(7)墨菲（1888—1964），美国画家，20年代和妻子萨拉在法国过着奢华的生活。

(8)阿尔·乔尔森（1886—1950），美国著名歌手、喜剧演员，1927年曾主演《爵士歌手》红极一时。

A Matter Of Measurements

一个大小的问题

Much later, in the time after Zelda had what was then called her first nervous breakdown and we happened to be in Paris at the same time, Scott asked me to have lunch with him at Michaud's restaurant on the corner of the rue Jacob and the rue des Saints-Pères. He said he had something very important to ask me that meant more than anything in the world to him and that I must answer absolutely truly. I said that I would do the best that I could. When he would ask me to tell him something absolutely truly, which is very difficult to do, and I would try it, what I said would make him angry, often not when I said it but afterwards, and sometimes long afterwards when he had brooded on it. My words would become something that would have to be destroyed and sometimes, if possible, me with them.

过了很久，在塞尔达发生被称为第一次神经崩溃以后的那段时间，我们恰巧也在巴黎，司各特邀请我去雅各布大街和教皇大街拐角的米肖餐厅和他共进午餐。他说有很重要的事要问我，这事对他来说比世界上任何事情都重要，我必须绝对地如实回答。我说我会尽力而为。每当他要我绝对如实地告诉他什么，虽然这实在令人为难，但我总是尽力而为，可是我说的总是让他生气，并且往往不是在我说的时候，而是在我说完之后，有时候过后很久他还对其念念不忘。我的话总是变成必须要被毁灭的东西，而且有时候，如果可能的话，我也该和那些话同归于尽。

He drank wine at the lunch but it did not affect him and he had not prepared for the lunch by drinking before it. We talked about our work and about people and he asked me about people that we had not seen lately. I knew that he was writing something good and that he was having great trouble with it for many reasons but that was not what he wanted to talk about. I kept waiting for it to come, the thing that I had to tell the absolute truth about; but he would not bring it up until the end of the meal, as though we were having a business lunch.

午饭时他喝了酒，但这对他没有影响，他并没有准备在午饭前喝酒。我们谈写作，谈周围的人，他向我问起我们最近没有见过的人。我知道他正在写一部很好的作品，由于很多原因他遇上了极大的困难，但那并不是他想说的。我一直等着他提出那个问题，那个我必须绝对如实回答的问题；但直到午饭快吃完时他才和盘托出，就像我们吃的是工作午餐。

Finally when we were eating the cherry tart and had a last carafe of wine he said, "You know I never slept with anyone except Zelda."

终于，我们正吃着樱桃馅饼，喝完了最后一瓶酒，他说：“你知道，除了塞尔达我从没和别人睡过觉。”

"No, I didn't."

“不，我不知道。”

"I thought I had told you."

“我以为我告诉过你。”

"No. You told me a lot of things but not that."

“没有。你告诉过我很多事，但没有这个。”

"That is what I have to ask you about."

“这就是我要问你的事。”

"Good. Go on."

“很好。继续说。”

"Zelda said that the way I was built I could never make any woman happy and that was what upset her originally. She said it was a matter of measurements. I have never felt the same since she said that and I have to know truly."

“塞尔达说，就凭我的身材，我永远也不能让女人快乐，这是让她心烦的根本原因。她说是大小的问题。她那么说之后我的感觉就不一样了，我必须知道这是不是真的。”

"Come out to the office," I said.

“走，去办公室。”我说。

"Where is the office?"

“办公室在哪儿？”

"Le water," I said.

“洗手间。”我说。

We came back into the room and sat down at the table.

我们回到餐厅，在餐桌边坐下。

"You're perfectly fine," I said. "You are O.K. There's nothing wrong with you. You look at yourself from above and you look foreshortened. Go over to the Louvre and look at the people in the statues and then go home and look at yourself in the mirror in profile."

“你完全正常，”我说，“你很好。什么毛病都没有。你从上面看，所以看上去就透视缩短了。你去卢浮宫，看看雕像，然后回家照镜子，从侧面看看自己。”

"Those statues may not be accurate."

“那些雕像可能不精确。”

"They are pretty good. Most people would settle for them."

“他们很标准。很多人都会为他们而停留。”

"But why would she say it?"

“可是她为什么会这么说？”

"To put you out of business. That's the oldest way in the world of putting people out of business. Scott, you asked me to tell you the truth and I can tell you a lot more but this is the absolute truth and all you need. You could have gone to see a doctor."

“为了不让你干正事。这是世界上不让人干正事的最古老的办法。司各特，你要我跟你说实话，我还能跟你说更多，但这是绝对的实话，也是你所需要的全部实话。你本可以去看看医生。”

"I didn't want to. I wanted you to tell me truly."

“我不想去。我想让你告诉我真相。”

"Now do you believe me?"

“那你现在相信我吗？”

"I don't know," he said.

“我不知道。”他说。

"Come on over to the Louvre," I said. "It's just down the street and across the river."

“走，去卢浮宫吧，”我说，“就沿着这条街走，河对面就是。”

We went over to the Louvre and he looked at the statues but still he was doubtful about himself.

我们去了卢浮宫，他看着雕像，但仍然对自己抱着疑惑。

"It is not basically a question of the size in repose," I said. "It is the size that it becomes. It is also a question of angle." I explained to him about using a pillow and a few other things that might be useful for him to know.

“这主要不是它休息时有多大的问题，”我说，“而是它能变多大的问题。这也是一个角度的问题。”我向他解释怎么用枕头和一些别的东西，这些可能有助于他弄明白。

"There is one gir1," he said, "who has been very nice to me. But after what Zelda said —”

“有一个女孩，”他说，“对我一直非常好。但塞尔达这么说之后

____”

"Forget what Zelda said," I told him. "Zelda is crazy. There's nothing wrong with you. Just have confidence and do what the girl wants. Zelda just wants to destroy you."

“别管塞尔达怎么说。”我告诉他，“塞尔达疯了。你什么毛病都没有。自信点儿，那个女孩要做什么你就做什么。塞尔达就是想把你毁了。”

"You don't know anything about Zelda."

“你一点也不了解塞尔达。”

"All right," I said. "Let it go at that. But you came to lunch to ask me a question and I've tried to give you an honest answer."

“好吧，”我说，“就到这儿吧。但是你来和我共进午餐，问我问题，我已经尽力诚实地回答了。”

But he was still doubtful.

可是，他还是一脸疑惑。

"Should we go and see some pictures?" I asked. "Have you ever seen anything in here except the Mona Lisa?"

“我们去看看画吧？”我问道，“除了《蒙娜丽莎》，你在这儿还看过别的吗？”

"I'm not in the mood for looking at pictures," he said. "I promised to meet some people at the Ritz bar."

“我现在没心情看画，”他回答，“我答应了要去里兹酒吧见一些人。”

Many years later at the Ritz bar, long after the end of the World WarII, Georges, who is the bar chief now and who was the chasseur when Scott lived in Paris, asked me, "Papa[1], who was this Monsieur Fitzgerald that everyone asks me about?”

多年以后在里兹酒吧，那时二战已经结束了很久，司各特住在巴黎时还只是酒吧侍者、而现在已是酒吧主管的乔治斯问我：“爸爸，谁是菲茨杰拉德先生？人人都向我打听他。”

"Didn't yon know him?"

“你不认识他吗？”

"No. I remember all of the people of that time. But now they ask me only about him."

“不认识。我记得那时所有的人。但现在他们只向我问起他。”

"What do you tell them?"

“你怎么跟他们说的？”

"Anything interesting that they wish to hear. What will please them. But tell me, who was he?"

“任何他们想听的有趣的事。让他们高兴的事。不过，告诉我，他是谁？”

"He was an American writer of the early Twenties and later who lived some time in Paris and abroad."

“他是20年代初的一位美国作家，后来在巴黎和其他国家生活过一段时间。”

"But why would I not remember him? Was he a good writer?"

“可为什么我不记得他？他是个优秀的作家吗？”

"He wrote two very good books and one which was not completed which those who know his writing best say would have been very good. He also wrote some good short stories."

“他写了两本非常好的书，还有一本书没写完，但最了解他作品的那些人都说那会是一部很好的作品。他还写了一些很好的短篇小说。”

"Did he frequent the bar much?"

“他以前经常来这家酒吧吗？”

"I believe so."

“我想是的。”

"But you did not come to the bar in the early Twenties. I know that you were poor then and lived in a different quarter."

“但20年代初你不来这家酒吧。我知道你那时很穷，住在另一个区。”

"When I had money I went to the Crillon."

“那时我有钱的时候就去克里伦酒吧。”

"I know that too. I remember very well when we first met."

“我也知道那儿。我清楚地记得我们的第一次见面。”

"So do I."

“我也记得。”

"It is strange that I have no memory of him," Georges said.

“很奇怪我完全不记得他。”乔治斯说。

"All those people are dead."

“那些人都死了。”

"Still one does not forget people because they are dead and people keep asking me about him. You must tell me something about him for my memoirs."

“但是人们没有因为他们死了就忘了他们，相反，人们还不停地向我问起他。你一定要告诉我有关他的一些事，我要写回忆录。”

"I will."

“我会的。”

"I remember you and the Baron von Blixen[2] arriving one night—in what year?" He smiled.

“我记得你和冯·布利克森男爵有天晚上来这儿了——那是哪年来着？”他笑着问道。

"He is dead too. "

“他也死了。”

"Yes. But one does not forget him. You see what I mean?"

“是啊。但人们没有忘了他。你知道我的意思吧？”

"His first wife wrote very beautifully," I said. "She wrote perhaps the best book about Africa that I ever read. Except Sir Samuel Baker's[3] book on the Nile tributaries of Abyssinia[4]. Put that in your memoirs. Since you are interested in writers now.”

“他的第一任妻子文笔极佳，”我说，“她写的关于非洲的书可能是我读过的书中写得最好的。塞缪尔·贝克爵士描写尼罗河支流上的阿比西尼亚的书除外。把那写入你的回忆录，既然你现在对作家感兴趣。”

"Good," said Georges. "The Baron was not a man that you forget. And the name of the book?"

“好，”乔治斯说，“男爵不是个你忘得了的人。书名是什么？”

"Out o f Africa," I said. "Blickie was always very proud of his first wife's writing. But we knew each other long before she had written that book."

“《走出非洲》，”我说，“布利克森一直为他第一任妻子的作品感到骄傲。但她写那本书很早以前我们就互相认识了。”

"But Monsieur Fitzgerald that they keep asking me about?"

“那他们一直向我问起的菲茨杰拉德先生呢？”

"He was in Frank's time."

“他是在弗兰克当头儿时来的。”

"Yes. But I was the chasseur. You know what a chasseur is."

“没错。但那时我是个侍者。你知道侍者是干什么的吧。”

"I am going to write something about him in a book that I will write about the early days in Paris. I promised myself that I would write it."

“我要在一本关于早些年在巴黎生活的书里写写他。我想过要写这么一本书的。”

Good," said Georges.

“好啊。”乔治斯说。

"I will put him in exactly as I remember him the first time that I met him."

“我会完全按照第一次见到他的记忆来写他。”

"Good," said Georges. "Then, if he came here, I will remember him. After all one does not forget people."

“太好了，”乔治斯说，“那样，如果他来过这儿，我就能记起他。毕竟，大家是不会忘记这些人的。”

"Tourists?"

“游客呢？”

"Naturally. But you say he came here very much?"

“那是自然。不过你说他经常来这儿？”

"It meant very much to him."

“对他来说是经常。”

"You write about him as you remember him and then if he came here I will remember him."

“你就照你对他的记忆来写他，这样如果他来过这儿，我就会记起他。”

"We will see," I said.

“到时候就知道了。”我说。

(1)爸爸，海明威的众多绰号之一。

(2)冯·布利克森男爵（1886—1946），瑞典男爵、作家、非洲王牌猎人，1913年与其丹麦的表妹结婚，即《走出非洲》（1937）的作者伊萨克·迪内森，之后两人移居肯尼亚。

(3)塞缪尔·贝克爵士（1821—1893），英国探险家，曾在埃塞俄比亚考查尼罗河支流，发现艾伯特湖，任尼罗河赤道地区总督。

(4)阿比西尼亚，东非国家埃塞俄比亚的旧称。

There Is Never Any End To Paris

巴黎永不灭

When there were the three of us instead of just the two, it was the cold and the weather that finally drove us out of Paris in the winter time. Alone there was no problem when you got used to it. I could always go to a café to write and could work all morning over a café crème while the waiters cleaned and swept out the café and it gradually grew warmer. My wife could go to work at the piano in a cold place and with enough sweaters keep warm playing and come home to nurse Bumby. It was wrong to take a baby to a café in the winter though; even a baby that never cried and watched everything that happened and was never bored. There were no baby-sitters then and Bumby would stay happy in his tall cage bed with his big, loving cat named F. Puss. There were people who said that it was dangerous to leave a cat with a baby. The most ignorant and prejudiced said that a cat would suck a baby's breath and kill him. Others said that a cat would lie on a baby and the cat's weight would smother him. F. Puss lay beside Bumby in the tall cage bed and watched the door with his big yellow eyes, and would let no one come near him when we were out and Marie, the femme de ménage, had to be away. There was no need for baby-sitters. F. Puss was the baby-sitter.

当我们由两个人变成三个人，最终是寒冷而恶劣的天气迫使我们在冬天离开了巴黎。要是习惯了，一个人在那儿也没什么问题。我总会到一家咖啡馆写作，在侍者清理打扫咖啡馆时，我可以点一杯牛奶咖啡写上一整个上午，然后天气就慢慢暖和起来。我的妻子会去一个冷一点儿的地方教钢琴，多穿几件毛衣，弹琴的时候才能保暖，然后回家照看邦比。不过，冬天带着孩子去咖啡馆是不行的；即使孩子不吵不闹，就只看着周围发生的一切并且从不觉得乏味。那时候还没有临时保姆，邦比很乐意呆在他那高高的婴儿床里，和他的那只叫做F·普斯的可爱大猫咪呆在一起。有人说让猫和孩子呆在一起很危险。最蒙昧无知、最有偏见的人说猫会吸掉孩子的气息，要了他的命。其他人则说猫会压在孩子身上，猫的重量会让他窒息。F·普斯挨着邦比躺在高高的婴儿床里，用黄色的大眼睛看着门，我们出去了而女仆玛丽又不得不离开的时候不让任何人走近他。因此我们没有必要请临时保姆。F·普斯就是临时保姆。

But when you are poor, and we were really poor when I had given up all journalism when we came back from Canada, and could sell no stories at all, it was too rough with a baby in Paris in the winter. At three months Mr. Bumby had crossed the North Atlantic on a twelve-day small Cunarder[1] that sailed from New York via Halifax[2] in January. He never cried on the trip and laughed happily when he

would be barricaded in a bunk so he could not fall out when we were in heavy weather. But our Paris was too cold for him.

但当你没钱时——我们从加拿大回来时我就已放弃了所有的新闻工作，我们当时真的很穷，而且小说根本卖不出去——带着孩子在巴黎过冬真是太难了。小邦比三个月大时就乘坐航行长达十二天的丘纳德小邮轮横渡北大西洋，这艘邮轮一月份从纽约出发途经哈利法克斯。他一路上从没哭闹过；天气不好时，我们为了不让他摔下来就把他放在用隔板挡着的铺位上，他就乐呵呵地笑起来。但我们的巴黎对他来说实在是太冷了。

We went to Schruns[3] in the Vorarlberg in Austria. After going through Switzerland you came to the Austrian frontier at Feldkirch. The train went through Liechtenstein[4] and stopped at Bludenz where there was a small branch line that ran along a pebbly trout river through a valley of farms and forest to Schruns, which was a sunny market town with sawmills, stores, inns and a good, year-around hotel called the Taube where we lived.

我们去了奥地利福拉尔贝格州的施伦斯。穿过瑞士，就来到奥地利边界的费尔德基希。火车经过列支敦士登，在布卢登茨城停靠，一条小支线沿着能看见鹅卵石和鳟鱼的河流，穿过山谷的农场和森林，就到了施伦斯，一个阳光灿烂的集镇，这里有锯木厂、商店、小旅馆，还有我们住的那家名为的“陶布”的旅馆，挺不错的，全年都营业。

The rooms at the Taube were large and comfortable with big stoves, big windows and big beds with good blankets and feather coverlets. The meals were simple and excellent and the dining room and the wood-planked public bar were well heated and friendly. The valley was wide and open so there was good sun. The pension was about two dollars a day for the three of us, and as the Austrian schilling went down with inflation, our room and food were less all the time. There was no desperate inflation and poverty as there had been in Germany. The schilling went up and down, but its longer course was down.

陶布旅馆的房间宽敞而舒适，配有大炉子、大窗户、铺着质地很好的毯子和羽绒被单的大床。饭菜简单好吃，餐厅和木板装修的公众酒吧非常暖和舒适。山谷大而开阔，所以阳光也很好。我们三个一天的膳宿费用大概是两美元。而且随着奥地利先令因通货膨胀而贬值，我们的食宿费用也一直在降低。那儿的通货膨胀和贫困情况还不像德国那么严重。先令的币值上下浮动，但从长期来看是在走低。

There were no ski lifts from Schruns and no funiculars, but there were logging trails and cattle trails that led up different mountain valleys to the high mountain country. You climbed on foot carrying your skis and higher up, where the snow was too deep, you climbed on seal skins that you attached to the bottoms of the skis. At the tops

of mountain valleys there were the big Alpine Club huts for summer climbers where you could sleep and leave payment for any wood you used. In some you had to pack up your own wood, or if you were going on a long tour in the high mountains and the glaciers, you hired someone to pack wood and supplies up with you, and established a base. The most famous of these high base huts were the Lindauer-Hétte, the Madlener-Haus and the Wiesbadener-Hétte.

从施伦斯出发没有滑雪缆车，也没有索道，但有伐木小径和牛踩出的小径，从各个山谷一直通向海拔较高的山村。扛着滑雪板徒步登山，再往上走，雪太深的地方，登山就要借助粘在滑雪板下面的海豹皮。山谷顶部是为夏季登山者准备的阿尔卑斯山俱乐部的一些大木屋，你可以在那儿睡一觉，付一点儿柴火钱。有些地方你得自己带上柴火，或者，要是在高山或冰川地区长途跋涉的话，就得雇人为你打点柴火和供给品，然后搭建一个扎营据点。这些高山地区的据点小屋中最有名的是林道尔小屋、玛德朗尔小屋和维兹巴登尔小屋。

In back of the Taube there was a sort of practice slope where you ran through orchards and fields and there was another good slope behind Tschagguns across the valley where there was a beautiful inn with an excellent collection of chamois horns on the walls of the drinking room. It was from behind the lumber village of Tschagguns, which was on the far edge of the valley, that the good skiing went all the way up until you could eventually cross the mountains and get over the Silvretta[5] into the Klosters[6] area.

陶布旅馆后面是练习滑道，你可以从那儿滑着穿过果园和田野。山谷对面的察贡斯村后面是另一条优质滑道，那儿还有一个漂亮的小旅馆，酒吧间的墙上挂着一组精美的岩羚羊角。正是从山谷深处盛产木材的察贡斯村后面，美妙的滑雪旅程开始了，你一路向上，直到最后穿过山脉，越过锡尔夫雷塔山，进入克洛斯特斯地区。

Schruns was a healthy place for Bumby who had a dark-haired beautiful girl to take him out in the sun in his sleigh and look after him, and Hadley and I had all the new country to learn and the new villages, and the people of the town were very friendly. Herr Walther Lent who was a pioneer high-mountain skier and at one time had been a partner with Hannes Schneider, the great Arlberg[7]skier, making ski waxes for climbing and all snow conditions, was starting a school for Alpine skiing and we both enrolled. Walther Lent's system was to get his pupils off the practice slopes as soon as possible and into the high mountains on trips. Skiing was not the way it is now, the spiral fracture had not become common then, and no one could afford a broken leg. There were no ski patrols. Anything you ran down from, yon had to climb up. That gave you legs that were fit to run down with.

施伦斯对邦比来说是个有利于健康的地方。有个黑发的漂亮女孩带他坐着雪橇出去晒太阳，照看着他。哈德莉和我可以体验整片新奇的乡村风景，还有一些新奇的村庄，镇上的人们也非常友好。高山滑雪先锋沃尔瑟·伦特先生开了一家阿尔卑斯山滑雪学校，我们俩都报了名。他曾经和著名的阿尔贝格山滑雪者汉尼斯·施耐德合伙制作登山滑雪板蜡和各种滑雪设备。沃尔瑟·伦特的做法就是让他的学生尽快脱离练习滑道，进入高山区旅行。那时的滑雪和现在不一样，那时骨折还不常见，没人敢拿自己的腿冒险。也没有滑雪巡逻队。不管你从哪儿滑下去，都得爬上来。这就让你练就了一双适于往下滑的腿。

Walther Lent believed the fun of skiing was to get up into the highest mountain country where there was no one else and where the snow was untracked and then travel from one high Alpine Club hut to another over the top passes and glaciers of the Alps. You must not have a binding[8] that could break your leg if you fell. The ski should come off before it broke your leg. What he really loved was unroped glacier skiing, but for that we had to wait until spring when the crevasses were sufficiently covered.

沃尔瑟·伦特认为，滑雪的乐趣就是到海拔最高、荒芜人迹、雪地尚未被人踩踏的山村，然后越过阿尔卑斯山顶的隘口和冰川，从阿尔卑斯山俱乐部的一个小屋到另一个小屋。你千万不能用皮靴固定装置，否则要是摔倒，腿就会摔折了。要让滑雪板脱落下来，免得弄折了腿。他真正深爱的是解开绳索在冰川上滑雪，但那得等到春天冰川裂隙被完全覆盖的时候。

Hadley and I had loved skiing since we had first tried it together in Switzerland and later at Cortina d'Ampezzo in the Dolomites when Bumby was going to be born and the doctor in Milan had given her permission to continue to ski if I would promise that she would not fall down. This took a very careful selection of terrain and of runs and absolutely controlled running, but she had beautiful, wonderfully strong legs and fine control of her skis, and she did not fall. We all knew the different snow conditions and everyone knew how to run in deep powder snow.

自从哈德莉和我第一次在瑞士尝试滑雪，我们就爱上了它。后来邦比出生前，米兰的医生同意哈德莉继续滑雪，只要我保证她不会摔跤，我们又在多洛米蒂山的科尔蒂纳丹佩佐滑雪。这就得精心挑选地形和滑道，滑行一定要有所控制，但她的腿不但漂亮而且十分矫健有力，能很好地控制滑雪板，她没有摔倒。我们都了解不同的雪地情况，知道怎么在深深的粉状雪上滑行。

We loved the Vorarlberg and we loved Schruns. We would go there about Thanksgiving time and stay until nearly Easter. There was always skiing even though Schruns was not high enough for a ski resort except in a winter of heavy snow. But climbing was fun and no

one minded it in those days. You set a certain pace well under the speed at which you could climb, and it was easy and your heart felt good and you were proud of the weight of your rucksack. Part of the climb up to the Madlener-Haus was steep and very tough. But the second time you made that climb it was easier, and finally you made it easily with double the weight you had carried at first.

我们非常喜欢福拉尔贝格，也非常喜欢施伦斯。感恩节前后，我们就去那儿，一直呆到复活节临近。施伦斯海拔并不够高，除了冬天雪多的时候，并不适宜作为滑雪胜地，但总是有人来滑雪。登山是一件好玩的事，那时大家都不介意是否适合滑雪。把步伐调控在比登山慢很多的速度，这样就会很轻松，心脏也会觉得舒服，你还会因为帆布背包的重量感到自豪。登上玛德朗尔小屋有一段路非常陡峭，难度很大，但第二次攀登就轻松多了，最后你背的重量是最初的两倍却也能轻松地攀登。

We were always hungry and every meal time was a great event. We drank light or dark beer and new wines and wines that were a year old sometimes. The white wines were the best. For other drinks there was kirsch made in the valley and Enzian Schnapps distilled from mountain gentian. Sometimes for dinner there would be jugged hare with a rich red wine sauce, and sometimes venison with chestnut sauce. We would drink red wine with these even though it was more expensive than white wine, and the very best cost twenty cents a liter. Ordinary red wine was much cheaper and we packed it up in kegs to the Madlener-Haus.

我们总是感到饥饿，因此每一次就餐都是件大事。我们喝的是淡啤酒或黑啤，还有新酿的葡萄酒，有时是一年的陈葡萄酒。白葡萄酒是最佳的选择。其他的饮品有山谷当地酿造的樱桃酒和山上的龙胆根酿造的杜松子酒。有时候晚餐可以吃上浇着浓香红酒酱汁的瓦罐炖野兔肉，有时候是浇着栗子酱汁的鹿肉。享用这些美味时，我们选择喝红酒，尽管红酒比白酒贵，最好的红酒要二十美分一升。普通红酒要便宜得多，我们会用小酒桶装上一些带到玛德朗尔小屋。

We had a store of books that Sylvia Beach had let us take for the winter and we could bowl with the people of the town in the alley that gave onto the summer garden of the hotel. Once or twice a week there was a poker game in the dining room of the hotel with all the windows shuttered and the door locked. Gambling was forbidden in Austria then and I played with Herr Nels, the hotel keeper, Herr Lent of the Alpine ski school, a banker of the town, the public prosecutor and the captain of Gendarmerie. It was a stiff game and they were all good poker players except that Herr Lent played too wildly because the ski school was not making any money. The captain of Gendarmerie would raise his finger to his ear when he would hear the pair of gendarmes stop outside the door when they made their rounds, and we would be silent until they had gone on.

我们有很多书，是西尔维娅·比奇借给我们在这个冬天看的。我们还可以和镇上的人在通向旅馆避暑花园的小巷里玩滚球。旅馆的餐厅每周有一两次扑克游戏，那时所有的窗户都会关上，门也锁上。那时赌博在奥地利是被禁止的，我和旅馆老板内尔斯先生、阿尔卑斯山滑雪学校的兰特先生、镇上的一个银行家、检察官和宪兵队队长一起玩。这是一种挺费劲的游戏，但他们都玩得很好，但是兰特先生打得太疯狂了，因为滑雪学校一分钱也不挣。如果听到两个巡逻的宪兵在门外停下，宪兵队队长就举起手指贴在耳边，我们就不再作声，直到宪兵离去。

In the cold of the morning as soon as it was light the maid would come into the room and shut the windows and make a fire in the big porcelain stove. Then the room was warm, there was breakfast of fresh bread or toast with delicious fruit preserves and big bowls of coffee, fresh eggs and good ham if yon wanted it. There was a dog named Schnauz that slept on the foot of the bed who loved to go on ski trips and to ride on my back or over my shoulder when I ran down hill. He was Mr. Bumby's friend too and would go for walks with him and his nurse beside the small sleigh.

寒冷的清晨，天一亮女佣就会进房间，关上窗户，在大瓷炉里生起火，然后房间就暖和起来了。早餐是新鲜的面包或吐司，还有可口的水果蜜饯和大碗咖啡、新鲜的鸡蛋，如果需要的话还有上好的火腿。有一只叫施劳兹的狗睡在床脚边，他非常喜欢去滑雪，我滑下山的时候他喜欢骑在我背上或肩上。他也是邦比先生的朋友，总是跟在小雪橇旁边和他还有保姆一起去散步。

Schruns was a good place to work. I know because I did the most difficult job of rewriting I have ever done there in the winter of 1925 and 1926, when I had to take the first draft of The Sun Also Rises which I had written in one sprint of six weeks, and make it into a novel. I cannot remember what stories I wrote there. There were several though that turned out well.

施伦斯是个适合写作的好地方。我之所以知道这一点，是因为1925年和1926年冬天我在那儿完成了我所做过最难的修改工作，当时我不得不带上短短六周内匆匆写完的《太阳照常升起》的初稿，把它修改成小说。我不记得在那儿写了哪些小说，不过有几篇后来证明还不错。

I remember the snow on the road to the village squeaking at night when we walked home in the cold with our skis and ski poles on our shoulders, watching the lights and then finally seeing the buildings, and how everyone on the road said, "Grüss Gott." There were always country men in the Weinstube with nailed boots and mountain clothes and the air was smoky and the wooden floors were scarred by the nails. Many of the young men had served in Austrian Alpine regiments and one named Hans, who worked in the sawmill, was a famous hunter and we were good friends because we had been in the same

part of the mountains in Italy. We drank together and we all sang mountain songs.

我记得晚上回村庄的路上，积雪咯吱咯吱地响。我们冒着严寒走路回家，肩上扛着滑雪板和滑雪杖，一路望着灯光，最后终于看到房屋。我还记得路上的每个人都说："向上帝问好。"酒馆里总是有村里的人，他们穿着鞋底有齿钉的长靴和山地服，空气中弥漫着烟雾，木地板也被鞋钉划出一道道划痕。其中有很多年轻人曾经在奥地利阿尔卑斯山军团服过役，有一个叫汉斯的在锯木厂工作，是个鼎鼎有名的猎人。我们是好朋友，因为我们曾到过意大利境内的同一片山区。我们曾一起喝酒，而且我们都会唱山歌。

I remember the trails up through the orchards and the fields of the hillside farms above the village and the warm farm houses with their great stoves and the huge wood piles in the snow. The women worked in the kitchens carding and spinning wool into grey and black yarn. The spinning wheels worked by a foot treadle and the yarn was not dyed. The black yarn was from the wool of black sheep. The wool was natural and the fat had not been removed, and the caps and sweaters and long scarves that Hadley knitted from it never became wet in the snow.

我记得沿小径上行，穿过村子上方山坡农场的果园和田地，还有生着大火炉的温暖农屋，以及雪地上堆积的大堆木材。女人在厨房里忙活，把羊毛梳理好纺成灰色和黑色的纱线。手纺车是脚踏的，纱线也没被染色。黑色的纱线是用黑绵羊的毛纺的。羊毛是纯天然的，连油脂都没有剔除，哈德莉用它织的帽子、毛衣、长围巾在雪中从未打湿过。

One Christmas there was a play by Hans Sachs[9] that the school master directed. It was a good play and I wrote a review of it for the provincial paper that the hotel keeper translated. Another year a former German naval officer with a shaven head and scars came to give a lecture on the Battle of Jutland[10]. The lantern slides showed the movements of the two battle fleets and the naval officer used a billiard cue for a pointer when he pointed out the cowardice of Jellicoe[11] and sometimes he became so angry that his voice broke. The school master was afraid that he would stab the billiard cue through the screen. Afterwards the former naval officer could not quiet himself down and everyone was ill at ease in the Weinstube. Only the public prosecutor and the banker drank with him, and they were at a separate table. Herr Lent, who was a Rhinelander, would not attend the lecture. There was a couple from Vienna who had come for the skiing but who did not want to go to the high mountains and so were leaving for Zurs[12] where, I heard, they were killed in an avalanche. The man said the lecturer was the type of swine who had ruined Germany and in twenty years they would do it again. The woman with him told him to shut up in French and said this is a small place and you never know.

有一年圣诞节上演了一出由校长导演的汉斯·萨克斯的戏剧。这是一个很不错的戏剧，我还在当地的报纸上写了一篇剧评，由旅馆老板翻译出来。还有一年，一个剃着光头、带着伤疤的德国前海军军官来作了一个有关日德兰半岛战役的讲座。他用幻灯片展示了两支战舰是如何行动的，那位海军军官用台球棍当教鞭，指出杰利科的怯懦之处，有时他愤怒得连声音都变调了。校长担心他会拿台球棍把屏幕给戳穿。讲完之后，这位前海军军官还是无法平静下来，酒馆里的每个人都觉得局促不安。只有检察官和银行家和他喝酒，他们单独坐一张桌子。伦特先生是莱茵兰德人，他不愿参加这次讲座。有一对从维也纳来滑雪的夫妇，却不想去高山，所以离开这里，去了祖尔斯。我听说他们在那儿的一次雪崩中丧了命。那个男的说演讲者就是毁了德国的蠢猪，二十年后他们还会重蹈覆辙。同他在一起的那个女的用法语让他闭嘴，她说这是个小地方，世事难料。

That was the year that so many people were killed in avalanches. The first big loss was over the mountains from our valley in Lech in the Arlberg. A party of Germans wanted to come and ski with Herr Lent on their Christmas vacations. Snow was late that year and the hills and mountain slopes were still warm from the sun when a great snowfall came. The snow was deep and powdery and it was not bound to the earth at all. Conditions for skiing could not be more dangerous and Herr Lent had wired the Berliners not to come. But it was their vacation time and they were ignorant and had no fear of avalanches. They arrived at Lech and Herr Lent refused to take them out. One man called him a coward and they said they would ski by themselves. Finally he took them to the safest slope he could find. He crossed it himself and then they followed and the whole hillside came down in a rush, rising over them as a tidal wave rises. Thirteen were dug out and nine of them were dead. The Alpine ski school had not prospered before this, and afterwards we were almost the only members. We became great students of avalanches, the different types of avalanches, how to avoid them and how to behave if you were caught in one. Most of the writing that I did that year was in avalanche time.

就在那年，很多人都在雪崩中丧了命。第一次重大伤亡发生在阿尔贝格的莱希镇，就在我们所在那个山谷的山上。一群德国人想在圣诞节假期来和伦特先生滑雪。那年的雪下得晚，小山丘和大山坡在太阳的照耀下下仍然很暖和，就在那时一场大雪降临了。雪很深，但还是粉末状，完全没有与地面粘合到一起。这样的滑雪条件最危险不过了。伦特先生已经发电报让那些柏林人别来了，但那会儿正赶上他们的假期，他们对雪崩一无所知，也无所畏惧。他们到了莱希镇，但伦特先生拒绝带他们出去。其中一个人骂他懦夫，他们说要自己去滑雪。最后，伦特先生把他们带到他能找到的最安全的山坡。他自己越过山坡，他们随后跟上，整座山坡顷刻间崩塌，像涨潮一般汹涌而至，将他们淹没。十三个人被挖了出来，其中九个死了。发生雪崩之前阿尔卑斯山滑雪学校生意

就不红火，发生雪崩之后我们几乎成了唯一的学员。我们成了研究雪崩的出色的学生，研究不同类型的雪崩，如何避免雪崩，还有遇上雪崩该怎么办。那年我的大部分作品都是在雪崩期间写的。

The worst thing I remember of that avalanche winter was one man who was dug out. He had squatted down and made a box with his arms in front of his head, as we had been taught to do, so that there would be air to breathe as the snow rose up over you. It was a huge avalanche and it took a long time to dig everyone out, and this man was the last to be found. He had not been dead long and his neck was worn through so that the tendons and the bone were visible. He had been turning his head from side to side against the pressure of the snow. In this avalanche there must have been some old, packed snow mixed in with the new light snow that had slipped. We could not decide whether he had done it on purpose or if he had been out of his head. He was refused burial in consecrated ground by the local priest anyway, since there was no proof he was a Catholic.

关于那年冬天的雪崩之灾我记得其中最悲惨的就是一个被挖出的男子。他死前曾蹲下，双臂环抱在头部前方形成一个箱状的空间，就像我们学的那样。这样积雪高过头时，就还有呼吸的空气。那是一场很大的雪崩，每挖出一个人来都花了很长时间，这个男子是最后才发现的。他刚断气不久，脖子折了，露出肌腱和骨头。在积雪的重压下，他曾不停地转动头部。这次雪崩中一定还有之前的一些积雪，混在刚刚下完滑落下来的轻薄的新雪中。我们无法确定他是有意这么扭头还是失去了理智。当地的牧师无论如何都拒绝将他埋在神圣的公墓，因为没有证据证明他是天主教教徒。

When we lived in Schruns we used to make a long trip up the valley to the inn where we slept before setting out on the climb to the Madlener- Haus. It was a very beautiful old inn and the wood of the walls of the room where we ate and drank were silky with the years of polishing. So were the table and chairs. We slept close together in the big bed under the feather quilt with the window open and the stars close and very bright. In the morning after breakfast we all loaded to go up the road and started the climb in the dark with the stars close and very bright, carrying our skis on our shoulders. The porters' skis were short and they carried heavy loads. We competed among ourselves as to who could climb with the heaviest loads, but no one could compete with the porters, squat sullen peasants who spoke only Montafon dialect, climbed steadily like pack horses and at the top, where the Alpine Club hut was built on a shelf beside the snow-covered glacier, shed their loads against the stone wall of the hut, asked for more money than the agreed price, and, when they had obtained a compromise, shot down and away on their short skis like gnomes.

我们住在施伦斯时经常长途跋涉登上山谷到一家客栈，在那儿睡一觉，然后出发登山前往玛德朗尔小屋。这是一家非常漂亮的老客栈，我们吃饭喝酒的那间屋子的木墙，经过年复一年的磨擦，已经变得如丝般光滑。桌椅也是这样。我们紧挨着睡在一张大床上，盖着羽绒被，窗户开着，星星离我们很近，非常明亮。早上吃完早饭，我们俩都背上装备上路，肩上扛着滑雪板，开始在黑暗中登山，星星离我们很近，非常明亮。搬运工的滑雪板很短，背的东西很沉。我们自己互相比赛，看谁能背着最重的东西登山，但没人能比得过搬运工。这些矮胖沉闷的农民只会说蒙塔丰方言，登山稳健得像驮马一样。到了山顶，阿尔卑斯山俱乐部小屋就建在积雪覆盖的冰川旁的一块大陆架上，他们靠着小屋的石墙卸下担子，开口索要比原先说好的价格更高的报酬，拿到一个折中价后，他们就踏上短滑雪板，像土地神一样箭一般地滑下山。

One of our friends was a German girl who skied with us. She was a great mountain skier, small and beautifully built, who could carry as heavy a rucksack as I could and carry it longer.

我们的朋友中有一个德国姑娘，她和我们一起滑雪。她是个出色的高山滑雪者，个子娇小，身材很好，能和我背起一样重的帆布背包，而且比我能背更长的时间。

"Those porters always look at us as though they looked forward to bringing us down as bodies," she said. "They set the price for the climb and I've never known them not to ask for more."

“那些搬运工看我们的眼神，总是像他们想背着我们的尸体下山，”她说，“他们定登山的价钱，可我从没听说他们不会再抬价了。”

In the winter in Schruns I wore a beard against the sun that burned my face so badly on the high snow, and did not bother having a haircut. Late one evening running on skis down the logging trails Herr Lent told me that peasants I passed on those roads above Schruns called me "the Black Christ." He said some, when they came to the Weinstube, called me "the Black Kirsch-drinking Christ." But to the peasants at the far upper end of the Montafon where we hired porters to go up to the Madlener-Haus, we were all foreign devils who went into the high mountains when people should stay out of them. That we started before daylight in order not to pass avalanche places when the sun could make them dangerous was not to our credit. It only proved we were tricky as all foreign devils are.

冬天在施伦斯，为了防止在高山的雪地上让阳光把脸灼伤，我蓄起了胡子，也不理发。一天傍晚很晚了，踩着滑雪板滑下伐木小道时，伦特先生告诉我，在施伦斯高处那些路上碰到的农民都管我叫“黑耶稣”。他说来酒馆的一些人还管我叫“喝樱桃酒的黑耶稣”。但是在蒙塔丰河谷顶上游的尽头，在我们雇来协助登上玛德朗尔小屋的搬运工看来，我们全是外国魔鬼，偏要在人们该远离高山区的时候还去那儿。为了在太阳可能使雪崩地段变得更危险时不从那儿经过，天还没亮我们就出发，可

是这并没有赢得他们的赞扬，只是证明了我们和所有外国魔鬼一样诡计多端。

I remember the smell of the pines and the sleeping on the mattresses of beech leaves in the woodcutters' huts and the skiing through the forest following the tracks of hares and of foxes. In the high mountains above the tree line I remember following the track of a fox until I came in sight of him and watching him stand with his right forefoot raised and then go carefully to stop and then pounce, and the whiteness and the clutter of a ptarmigan bursting out of the snow and flying away and over the ridge.

我记得松树的芳香，记得睡在伐木工小屋里山毛榉树叶铺的床垫上，记得在森林中顺着野兔和狐狸踩出的小径滑雪。我还记得在林木线上方的高山上追寻一只狐狸的足迹，直到它闯入我的视野，看见它抬起右前腿站起来，然后小心翼翼地往前走，又停下，然后一个猛扑，只听一阵声，一只白色的松鸡突然飞窜出雪堆，越过山脊飞走了。

I remember all the kinds of snow that the wind could make and their different treacheries when you were on skis. Then there were the blizzards when you were in the high Alpine hut and the strange world that they would make where we had to make our route as carefully as though we had never seen the country. We had not, either, as it all was new. Finally towards spring there was the great glacier run, smooth and straight, forever straight if our legs could hold it, our ankles locked, we running so low, leaning into the speed, dropping forever and forever in the silent hiss of the crisp powder. It was better than any flying or anything else, and we built the ability to do it and to have it with the long climbs carrying the heavy rucksacks. We could not buy the trip up nor take a ticket to the top. It was the end we worked for all winter, and all the winter built to make it possible.

我记得风能吹成的各种形状的积雪，记得滑雪时它们带来的各种危险。在高高的阿尔卑斯山小屋时你还会赶上几场大风雪。在大风雪造成的陌生世界里，我们只好小心安排路线，就好像我们从未见过这个乡村一样。我们的确也没见过，因为它全变了。最后临近春天时，冰川滑道棒极了，既光滑又笔直。如果双腿能坚持住，脚踝不动，滑道就一直是笔直的。我们俯身滑行，倾身加快速度，在松脆的粉末积雪静谧的嘶嘶声中一直往下滑。这比任何飞行或别的什么都过瘾，而且锻炼了滑雪技能，也锻炼了我们背着沉重的帆布包长途登山的能力。我们不能花钱完成攀爬的旅程，也不能买票到达山顶。整个冬天我们所做的努力就是为了这个目的，而这一整个冬天也使它变得可能。

During our last year in the mountains new people came deep into our lives and nothing was ever the same again. The winter of the avalanches was like a happy and innocent winter in childhood compared to the next winter, a nightmare winter disguised as the

greatest fun of all, and the murderous summer that was to follow. It was that year that the rich[13] showed up.

在山区的最后一年，一些新朋友走进了我们的生活，一切都变了。和第二年冬天相比，发生雪崩的那个冬天就像童年时快乐、天真的冬天。然而看似最好玩的第二年冬天，其实是一场噩梦，随之而来的还有那个凶险的夏天。正是那年，有钱人出现了。

The rich have a sort of pilot fish[14] who goes ahead of them, sometimes a little deaf, sometimes a little blind, but always smelling affable and hesitant ahead of them. The pilot fish talks like this: "Well I don't know. No, sof course not really. But I like them. I like them both. Yes, by God, Hem; I do like them. I see what you mean but I do like them truly and there's something damned fine about her." (He gives her name and pronounces it lovingly.) "No, Hem, don't be silly and don't be difficult. I like them truly. Both of them I swear it. You'll like him (using his baby-talk nickname) when you know him. I like them both, truly."

有钱人由“引水鱼”引领而至。“引水鱼”有时有点儿聋，有时有点儿瞎，又有点儿犹豫不决地走在他们前面，但看起来总是和蔼可亲。“引水鱼”总是这么说：“这个……我不知道。不，当然不是真的不知道。但我喜欢他们。喜欢他们俩。是的，以上帝的名义，海姆；我确实喜欢他们。我知道你的意思，但我真的喜欢他们，她身上有种很美的气质。”（他说出了她的名字，念得可亲切了。）“不，海姆，别犯傻，也别难为我。我真的喜欢他们。我发誓，是他们俩。你了解他后也会喜欢他的（用的是他咿呀学语时的昵称）。我喜欢他们俩，真的。”

Then you have the rich and nothing is ever as it was again. The pilot fish leaves of course. He is always going somewhere, or coming from somewhere, and he is never around for very long. He enters and leaves politics or the theater in the same way he enters and leaves countries and people's lives in his early days. He is never caught and he is not caught by the rich. Nothing ever catches him and it is only those who trust him who are caught and killed. He has the irreplaceable early training of the bastard and a latent and long denied love of money. He ends up rich himself, having moved one dollar's width to the right with every dollar that he made.

接着你就认识了有钱人，然后一切都变了。“引水鱼”当然走了。他总是奔赴某个地方或从某个地方赶来，从不呆很长时间。他出入政界和戏剧界，就像他早年往来于各国和出入人们的生活一样。他从不会上当受骗，当然也从不上有钱人的当。谁也骗不了他，只有那些信任他的人才会上他的当，被他害惨了。他接受的早期训练教会他如何做一个卑鄙小人，以及如何一直掩饰对金钱的喜爱。他每挣一美元，就在正确的道路上前进一步，最后他发迹了。

These rich loved and trusted him because he was shy, comic,

elusive, already in production, and because he was an unerring pilot fish.

有钱人不仅喜欢他，而且信任他，因为他腼腆、风趣、难以捉摸，已经有所作为，还因为他是从不出错的“引水鱼”。

When you have two people who love each other, are happy and gay and really good work is being done by one or both of them, people are drawn to them as surely as migrating birds are drawn at night to a powerful beacon. If the two people were as solidly constructed as the beacon there would be little damage except to the birds. Those who attract people by their happiness and their performance are usually inexperienced. They do not know how not to be overrun and how to go away. They do not always learn about the good, the attractive, the charming, the soon-beloved, the generous, the understanding rich who have no bad qualities and who give each day the quality of a festival and who, when they have passed and taken the nourishment they needed, leave everything deader than the roots of any grass Attila's[15] horses' hooves have ever scoured.

对于两个彼此相爱、幸福快乐的人，他们中的一个人或两个人都正创作着真正优秀的作品，人们肯定会被他们吸引，就像候鸟在夜间被明亮的灯塔吸引一样。如果这两个人关系稳固得像灯塔一般，除了候鸟会受到伤害，也不会造成别的什么伤害。那些以自己的幸福和成就来吸引别人的人通常是缺乏经验的。他们不知道如何避免超出限度，以及如何脱身。他们并不是向来就了解善良、迷人、很快就深受喜爱、慷慨大方、善解人意的有钱人，这些有钱人没有坏毛病，每天都过得像节日一样，他们途经某处汲取了所需的养分，留下的东西比阿提拉的马蹄踩踏过的草根更了无生气。

The rich came led by the pilot fish. A year before they would never have come. There was no certainty then. The work was as good and the happiness was greater but no novel had been written, so they could not be sure. They never wasted their time nor their charm on something that was not sure. Why should they? Picasso was sure and of course had been before they had ever heard of painting. They were very sure of another painter. Many others. But this year they were sure and they had the word from the pilot fish who turned up too so we would not feel that they were outlanders and that I would not be difficult. The pilot fish was our friend of course.

有钱人由“引水鱼”带来了。一年前他们是不会来的。那时候一切都还不确定。写作进展不错，幸福感也更强，但小说还没有写出来，所以他们无法确定。他们从不对不确定的事枉费时间和魅力。他们为什么要枉费心机呢？毕加索是确定的，而且当然在他们听说油画前就是确定的。他们非常确定的还有另一位画家。还有其他很多画家。但今年他们非常确定，他们从同时露面的“引水鱼”那儿得到担保，这样我们就不会

觉得他们是局外人，我也不会为难他们了。当然“引水鱼”是我们的朋友。

In those days I trusted the pilot fish as I would trust the Corrected Hydrographic Office Sailing Directions for the Mediterranean, say, or the tables in Brown's Nautical Almanac. Under the charm of these rich I was as trusting and as stupid as a bird dog who wants to go out with any man with a gun, or a trained pig in circus who has finally found someone who loves and appreciates him for himself alone. That every day should be a fiesta seemed to me a marvelous discovery. I even read aloud the part of the novel that I had rewritten, which is about as low as a writer can get and much more dangerous for him as a writer than glacier skiing unroped before the full winter snowfall has set over the crevices.

那些日子，我非常相信“引水鱼”，就像我相信《水文局地中海航行指南修正本》或《布朗航海年鉴》一样。在这些有钱人的魅力的影响下，我轻信他人、愚蠢至极，就像一只猎犬一样，愿意跟任何一个拿着枪的人出去，或者像马戏团一头受训的猪终于找到了一个爱他并欣赏他的人一样。每天都应该过得像节日一样，这在我看来似乎是个不可思议的发现。我甚至大声朗读修改完的小说，这几乎是一个作家可能做的最低俗的事情，而对于一个作家而言，这比在整个冬天的降雪还未盖上冰面裂隙之前就不系绳索在冰川上滑雪还危险。

When they said, "It's great, Ernest. Truly it's great. You cannot know the thing it has," I wagged my tail in pleasure and plunged into the fiesta concept of life to see if I could not bring some fine attractive stick back, instead of thinking, "If these bastards like it what is wrong with it?" That was what I would think if I had been functioning as a professional although, if I had been functioning as a professional, I would never have read it to them.

当他们说“好极了，欧内斯特。真的好极了。你可不知道它的价值”，我就得意洋洋地摇着尾巴，一头扎入节日般的生活意境之中，看看能否带回一些肉多诱人的骨头，而根本不想想“如果这些家伙喜欢它，是出什么问题了呢？”如果我像职业作家那么工作的话，这就是我该想到的，尽管我要是真像职业作家那么工作的话，我就根本不会读给他们听了。

Before these rich had come we had already been infiltrated by another rich using the oldest trick there is. It is that an unmarried young woman[16] becomes the temporary best friend of another young woman who is married, goes to live with the husband and wife and then unknowingly, innocently and unrelentingly sets out to marry the husband. When the husband is a writer and doing difficult work so that he is occupied much of the time and is not a good companion or partner to his wife for a big part of the day, the arrangement has

advantages until you know how it works out. The husband has two attractive girls around when he has finished work. One is new, and strange and if he has bad luck he gets to love them both.

有钱人到来之前，另一个有钱人已经通过最古老的伎俩混入了我们当中。就这样，一个未婚年轻女子暂时成了另一个已婚年轻女子最好的朋友，和夫妇俩住在一起，然后不知不觉地、天真又无情地计划着和这位丈夫结婚。作为作家的丈夫正在艰难地写东西，因此时间大多被写作给占据了，一天当中大部分时间都不能好好陪着妻子或作一个好伴侣。这样的安排有些好处，直到你发现这样做的后果：完成作品后，丈夫身边有两个迷人的女孩。一个是刚认识的、陌生的，如果运气不佳，她们两个他都会爱。

Then, instead of the two of them and their child, there are three of them. First it is stimulating and fun and it goes on that way for a while. All things truly wicked start from an innocence. So you live day by day and enjoy what you have and do not worry. You lie and hate it and it destroys you and every day is more dangerous, but you live day to day as in a war.

然后，就成了他们三个人加一个孩子，而不是他们夫妇俩和他们的孩子。开始的时候很刺激很好玩，这样持续了一段时间。所有真正邪恶的事都始于无知。你一天天过着日子，享受着拥有的一切，无忧无虑。你谎话连天，厌恶这样的生活，因为它把你毁了，而且一天比一天危险，你日复一日就像生活在战争中一样。

It was necessary that I leave Schruns and go to New York to rearrange publishers. I did my business in New York and when I got back to Paris I should have caught the first train from the Gare de l'Est that would take me down to Austria. But the girl I was in love with was in Paris then, and I did not take the first train, or the second or the third.

我必须要离开施伦斯，到纽约更换出版商。在纽约办完了事，回到巴黎，我本该从火车东站坐第一班火车去奥地利，但我爱上的那个女孩当时在巴黎，所以我没有坐第一班火车，也没有坐第二班或第三班。

When I saw my wife again standing by the tracks as the train came in by the piled logs at the station, I wished I had died before I ever loved anyone but her. She was smiling, the sun on her lovely face tanned by the snow and sun, beautifully built, her hair red gold in the sun, grown out all winter awkwardly and beautifully, and Mr. Bumby standing with her, blond and chunky and with winter cheeks looking like a good Vorarlberg boy.

火车进站经过原木堆，我再次见到了妻子，她就站在铁轨旁。我真希望我已经死去，并且在死前除了她没有爱上过别人。她微笑着，阳光照在她那张被雪地阳光晒成麦色的可爱的脸，美丽的身段，好不容易留

了一整个冬天的漂亮头发在阳光下呈金红色。小邦比站在她身旁，金色的头发，结实的身体，冬天使他的脸蛋看起来像个福拉尔贝格男孩。

"Oh Tatie," she said, when I was holding her in my arms, "you're back and you made such a fine successful trip. I love you and we've missed you so."

我把她拥入怀中。“哦，塔蒂，”她说，“你一路顺利，终于回来了。我爱你，我们一直很想你。”

I loved her and I loved no one else and we had a lovely magic time while we were alone. I worked well and we made great trips, and I thought we were invulnerable again, and it wasn't until we were out of the mountains in late spring, and back in Paris that the other thing started again.

我爱她，我没有爱过别人，我们单独在一起的时候度过了一段无比美好的时光。我努力写作，我们一起到处旅行。我以为我们的关系再次牢不可破了，但这只维系到暮春我们离开山区。回到巴黎，另一件事又开始了。

That was the end of the first part of Paris. Paris was never to be the same again although it was always Paris and you changed as it changed. We never went back to the Vorarlberg and neither did the rich.

这就是巴黎第一段生活的结束。巴黎不再一样了，虽然她永远是巴黎。她变了，你也变了。我们再也没有回过福拉尔贝格，有钱人也没有。

There is never any ending to Paris and the memory of each person who has lived in it differs from that of any other. We always returned to it no matter who we were or how it was changed or with what difficulties, or ease, it could be reached. Paris was always worth it and you received return for whatever you brought to it. But this is how Paris was in the early days when we were very poor and very happy.

巴黎永远不会结束。每个在此生活过的人都有着和别人不一样的记忆。无论我们是谁，巴黎如何改变，无论身处何种困境，或生活多么安逸，我们都会回去，她是可以触摸得到的。巴黎永远值得你回去，无论你给她带来什么，你都会有所回报。但这是早年我们非常穷困却无比快乐时巴黎的样子。

(1)丘纳德，英国船主塞缪尔·丘纳德（1787—1865）创立的以自己名字命名的轮船公司，他参与建立了大西洋第一条定期客运航运线。

(2)哈利法克斯，加拿大新斯科舍省省会，大西洋沿岸港口城市。

(3)施伦斯，位于奥地利福拉尔贝格州布登茨的一个村庄。

(4)列支敦士登，阿尔卑斯山脉瑞士和奥地利之间的独立小公国，官方语言德语。

(5)锡尔夫雷塔山，阿尔卑斯山脉中东部的山脉，跨越瑞士蒂罗尔州和瑞典格劳宾登州。

(6)克洛斯特斯，瑞士东部阿尔卑斯山冬季运动胜地，紧邻奥地利的边界。

(7)阿尔贝格山，跨越奥地利福拉尔贝格州和蒂罗尔州的山脉。

(8)为使滑雪靴牢固而在雪橇上设置的扣拴。

(9)汉斯·萨克斯（1494—1576），德国诗人、剧作家。他的某些诗赞美路德，促进了新教事业。

(10)日德兰半岛，欧洲西北部半岛，构成丹麦的大陆部分和德国北部的石勒苏益格荷尔斯泰因州。

(11)杰利科（1859—1935)，英国海军上将，日德兰战役中主舰队的总指挥。

(12)祖尔斯，奥地利福拉尔贝格州滑雪胜地。

(13)指前文提到过的墨菲夫妇。

(14)引水鱼，一种小且细长的海水鱼，也叫舟，常成群地随着大鱼游，特别是鲨鱼和蝠鲼鱼。这里指的是作家多斯·帕多斯，他把墨菲夫妇介绍给海明威认识，海明威将后来他和哈德莉婚姻的破裂归罪于他。

(15)阿提拉（约406—453），匈奴国王（434—453在位），劫掠了莱茵河与里海之间的大片土地，451年在沙隆被罗马与西哥特人的联合军队击败。

(16)指《时尚》杂志的编辑波琳，海明威的第二任妻子。

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外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 BEIJING

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu

Beijing, China 100089

http://www.fltrp.com

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

论灵魂： 英汉对照/（古希腊）亚里士多德著； 王月， 孙麒译. — 北京： 外语教学与研究出版社， 2012.6

（外研社双语读库. 学·书系）

书名原文： On the Soul

ISBN 978-7-5135-2111-6

I. ①论… II. ①亚… ②王… ③孙… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物 ②古希腊罗马哲学 IV. ①H319.4：B

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2012) 第130511号

出版人： 蔡剑峰

责任编辑： 邓 芳 刘 红

版式设计： 张苏梅

封面设计： 袁 璐 刘 冬

出版发行： 外语教学与研究出版社

社 址： 北京市西三环北路19号（100089）

网 址： http://www.fltrp.com

版 次： 2012年6月第1版 2012年6月第1次印刷

书 号： ISBN 978-7-5135-2111-6

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制售盗版必究举报查实奖励

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总序

外研社自创立之日起就一贯秉承“记载人类文明，沟通世界文化”的宗旨。上世纪90年代以来，我们陆续出版了“九十年代英语系列丛书”、“大师经典文库”、“英美文学文库”等系列经典图书，在最大限度满足国内英语学习者阅读需求的同时，也为中华民族引进和吸收海外优秀文化发挥了重要的桥梁纽带作用。

在多年出版实践中我们发现，对原版图书简单地以外语形式呈现，会使一些初级和中级外语学习者望而却步；而纯粹的译著，在翻译过程中又容易失掉原著中的某些精妙之笔，甚至丢失信息，因为每种语言都蕴含着其他语言无法精确对应的情致、智慧和对真善美的洞见。文化交流本身是一个双向互动的过程，因此在大量引入外文作品的同时，我们也不能忽略本民族文化在世界范围内的推广和传播，即把中国文化传递给世界。

基于上述考虑，我们应时推出“外研社双语读库”，立足经典，涵盖中外名家名作，涉及社会科学各个领域，以书系划分，采用双语编排，对文化背景附有注释。旨在积累世界各民族精粹文化的同时，向世界传递中国文化，为国内广大英语学习者提供题材广泛、质量过硬的双语经典读物，也为社科各领域学者了解西方学术经典提供优质的研究素材。

2010年1月，双语读库“文·书系”出版问世，该书系收录了20部西方经典著作，多出自19和20世纪著名作家、学者、思想家和哲学家笔下，作品的题材丰富，包括传记、小说、

游记、杂文、回忆录等。该书系自问世以来，受到了广大英语爱好者的欢迎和好评。

2010年3月，外研社和中国外语教育研究中心联合设立“外汉翻译教学研究基金”项目，选取百余部国外经典学术著作，面向全国高校公开招募翻译项目组，参与投标者遍及全国近百所高校，在国内具有较大影响力。中标的译者多为全国重点高校的翻译专家、学者及中青年翻译人才，经过层层选拔脱颖而出；每个中标项目组还聘请相关领域的专家顾问，为其提供专业领域方面的支持和帮助，以确保译文的准确性和权威性。

此次推出的双语读库“学·书系”拟收录该“基金”项目中的优秀译作分批次进行出版，并细分为哲学辑、经济学辑、历史学辑、地理学辑、语言学辑、社会学辑、教育学辑等。“学·书系”依旧采用英汉对照编排，可作为社科各领域的学术研究读物以及中、高端英汉双语读物使用。

“学·书系”所选原作虽为经典名著，却也无法避免时间和空间上的局限性，希望读者朋友们能“取其精华，去其糟粕”。各篇译作均为译者倾

尽全力、呕心沥血之作，不足之处，还请各位读者批评、指正。

译者 序

《论灵魂》系中国外语教育研究中心与外语教学与研究出版社联合设立的“外汉翻译教学研究基金”项目第二批招标项目之一。我们有幸中标，得以再一次走进哲学，走进亚里士多德的思想世界，再一次享受与伟大的哲学家进行长时间的深度交流与沟通，再一次感受其为了破解灵魂奥秘而作的思维努力，再一次领略其缜密的论证、深邃的洞见，再一次沐浴在其哲学思想的光辉之中……

在古希腊这个哲学王国，一代又一代的思想家、哲学家汇聚成了一条光辉灿烂的星河。在这条星河中，有苏格拉底，有柏拉图，也有被誉为“古代最博学的学者”和“百科全书式的思想家”亚里士多德。亚里士多德是古希腊著名的哲学家、逻辑学家、自然科学家，是古代西方哲学的集大成者。他总结了自泰勒斯以来的古希腊哲学的发展成果，把自然哲学和本体论有机地结合在一起，使其哲学体系达到了“古代哲学的顶峰”；他概括并系统化了到他那时为止的一切知识领域，并对许多经验学科作出了杰出的贡献。他是逻辑学、心理学、生物学、伦理学、政治学、修辞学等多个学科领域的奠基者或重要创始人。

《论灵魂》是亚里士多德的核心哲学著作之一。该书将灵魂视为有生命事物运动的原因，在此意义上，亚里士多德的灵魂研究属于自然哲学；其次，它视灵魂为一种特殊的形式，采用第一哲学中的基本原则分析所有生物，这又使亚里士多德的灵魂说也属于本体论；另外，它还包含大量的认识论内容。可见，亚里士多德将自然哲学、形而上学和认识论都熔铸到了他的灵魂学说之中。

《论灵魂》更是严格意义上的研究心理生理过程的学术著作。作为欧洲历史上“第一本关于心理学的专门著作”，《论灵魂》对感觉、记忆、情感、欲望、需要、营养、运动、意志、心智以及心理分类、身心关系等一系列心理现象和问题都作出了全面而系统的论述。

亚里士多德的《论灵魂》与其《形而上学》、《范畴论》、《物理学》、《动物志》、《自然诸短篇》和《尼各马可伦理学》等著作共同反映了亚里士多德的哲学思想及其逻辑推理的论证方式，对后世具有重要而深远的影响。《论灵魂》中的认识论，曾对文艺复兴时期的认识论的发展产生重要影响。《论灵魂》系统地回顾了先哲们关于灵魂的不同观点，具有相当的哲学史料价值。作为欧洲历史上系统论述生理心理问题的首出之作，《论灵魂》提出了心理功能的生理依据，对当今心理学的研究与发展仍有相当的参考价值。此外，该书也为心理学史研究提供了重要资料。

《论灵魂》还具有重要的应用价值。首先，《论灵魂》所体现的亚里士多德的生理观、思维观等对教育，特别是对根据儿童不同的生理阶段制定相应的教学任务具有借鉴意义。其次，该书对实现人的全面发展

具有参考价值。另外，本书对审美欣赏和艺术创作也有较高的价值。以上所述正是我们重译此书的原因和目的之所在。

亚里士多德的《论灵魂》不仅有不同语言的译本，而且同一语言的译本也有多种。本译本所依据的是英国学者约翰·亚历山大·史密斯（John Alexander Smith）1931年的英文译本On the Soul。

《论灵魂》一书共三卷，共计30章，其中第一卷5章，第二卷12章，第三卷13章。在第一卷中，亚里士多德开宗明义地指出了灵魂研究的重要性与困难性；逐一详细分析了先哲们关于灵魂的各种观点。亚里士多德认为，灵魂并非被其自身推动而运动，灵魂不是毕达哥拉斯学派所谓的自身运动的和谐的数，灵魂也不是德谟克利特所说的精细物体，灵魂更不是柏拉图所言的独立于躯体之外的永恒的东西；他强调灵魂无法脱离躯体而独立存在。本卷有关灵魂诸说的概述具有一定的哲学史料价值。

第二卷首先对灵魂进行了重新界定，提出了灵魂是“实体”，是“形式”，而非“质料”或“载体”；灵魂是“是其所是”的本质以及灵魂是“潜在具有生命的自然物体的完全的实现”等。显而易见，亚里士多德是在用其第一哲学的基本原则及有关概念来定义灵魂的，所以灵魂被其界定为“实体”、“形式”、“本质”。其次，第二卷还根据有生命物体的不同的生命表现对灵魂作了分类，并且讨论了它们各自不同的功能及其关系。亚里士多德将灵魂划分为植物灵魂或营养灵魂、动物灵魂或感觉灵魂、人类灵魂或理智灵魂。在这三类灵魂中，植物灵魂或营养灵魂是最低一级的灵魂，其作用是摄取食物和生殖。植物只有营养能力，属最低一级的灵魂形式。较植物灵魂高一层次的是动物灵魂或曰感觉灵魂。除了营养能力之外，所有动物均至少拥有一种感觉——触觉。感觉灵魂主司三种功能：感觉、欲望、位置移动。灵魂的最高形式是人类灵魂或理智灵魂。除了营养灵魂和感觉灵魂的所有能力之外，这种灵魂还有推理和思维的能力，这种能力为人类所独有。继而，第二卷还讨论了感觉问题。在古希腊哲学史上，亚里士多德最早明确地提出了五种感觉。亚里士多德认为，感觉的对象是个别的、外在的，感觉的产生一定要通过某种中介物，他断言每种感官的结构是同它们的对象相适应的；他确信感觉依赖于感官；他在总结五种感觉的共同点时认为，感觉接受的是事物的形式而不是质料，这通常被视为“古希腊唯物主义感觉论的最高成就”。

第三卷详细分析了灵魂的其他能力，介绍了可感知对象同感觉的关系以及想象、感觉、心智、思维和运动与欲望等方面的内容。在这一部分中，亚里士多德主要探讨了理性灵魂及理性认识等问题，论述了理性与感觉的区别以及思维的作用和理性认识的任务等。亚里士多德在这一部分中所阐述的观点对后来的认识论的发展具有一定的积极作用。

在《论灵魂》这一项目的投标立项和项目实施过程中，课题组得到了中国外语教育研究中心和外语教学与研究出版社的有关专家、领导，以及老师的支持和帮助；加利福尼亚大学圣芭芭拉分校哲学系从事古希

腊哲学研究的沃拉·楚纳（Voula Tsouna）教授、亚历克斯·莱博维茨（Alex Leibowitz）博士、贾斯廷·克拉克（Justin Clark）博士、山东大学哲学系从事古希腊哲学研究的孔祥润博士以及山东大学的袁聿震、辽宁大学的赵琦、曲家丹、卢益山、潘艳艳、王怀仁、黄智江等分别在哲学、数学、物理学、生物学、心理学以及计算机录入等方面给予了我们极大的帮助。在《论灵魂》一书即将付梓之际，课题组全体同仁谨向他们表示诚挚的谢意！

山东大学文艺美学研究中心主任、博士生导师曾繁仁教授、四川外国语学院中外文化比较研究中心章辉教授皆欣然接受邀请，屈尊加盟《论灵魂》课题组并承担全部的审校工作；山东大学文艺美学研究中心的王月博士很好地完成了她分担的翻译、校对以及附录的编写等工作。在此，我谨以项目主持人的名义，向他们表示特别的谢意！

“译事三难：信、达、雅。”严复先生此语明白无误地表述了其对翻译作品的评价标准，其中一个“难”也清楚地道出了“译事”的艰难。要使译文达到“信、达、雅”这一标准绝非易事；何况亚里士多德《论灵魂》这一著作的翻译难度系数已达4级，可算作是最难翻译的作品之一；加之译者水平有限，我们的《论灵魂》中译本也不免会有缺点和错误，所以恳请专家学者、业界同仁和广大读者不吝赐教，斧正为盼。

译者

2011年夏

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Aristotle

ON THE SOUL

BOOK I

CHAPTER 1

Holding as we do that, while knowledge of any kind is a thing to be honoured and prized, one kind of it may, either by reason of its greater exactness or of a higher dignity and greater wonderfulness in its objects, be more honourable and precious than another, on both accounts we should naturally be led to place in the front rank the study of the soul. The knowledge of the soul admittedly contributes greatly to the advance of truth in general, and, above all, to our understanding of Nature, for the soul is in some sense the principle of animal life. Our aim is to grasp and understand, first its essential nature, and secondly its properties; of these some are taught to be affections proper to the soul itself, while others are considered to attach to the animal owing to the presence within it of soul.

To attain any assured knowledge about the soul is one of the most difficult things in the world. As the form of question which here presents itself, viz. the question 'What is it?', recurs in other fields, it might be supposed that there was some single method of inquiry applicable to all objects whose essential nature (as we are endeavouring to ascertain there is for derived properties the single method of demonstration); in that case what we should have to seek for would be this unique method. But if there is no such single and general method for solving the question of essence, our task becomes still more difficult; in the case of each different subject we shall have to determine the appropriate process of investigation. If to this there be a clear answer, e.g. that the process is demonstration or division, or some known method, difficulties and hesitations still beset us—with what facts shall we begin the inquiry? For the facts which form the starting-points in different subjects must be different, as e.g. in the case of numbers and surfaces.

First, no doubt, it is necessary to determine in which of the summa genera soul lies, what it is; is it 'a this-somewhat,' a substance, or is it a quale or a quantum, or some other of the remaining kinds of predicates which we have distinguished? Further, does soul belong to the class of potential existents, or is it not rather an actuality? Our answer to this question is of the greatest importance.

We must consider also whether soul is divisible or is without parts, and whether it is everywhere homogeneous or not; and if not homogeneous, whether its various forms are different specifically or generically: up to the present time those who have discussed and investigated soul seem to have confined themselves to the human soul.

We must be careful not to ignore the question whether soul can be defined in a single unambiguous formula, as is the case with animal, or whether we must not give a separate formula for each of it, as we do for horse, dog, man, god (in the latter case the 'universal' animal—and so too every other 'common predicate'—being treated either as nothing at all or as a later product). Further, if what exists is not a plurality of souls, but a plurality of parts of one soul, which ought we to investigate first, the whole soul or its parts? (It is also a difficult problem to decide which of these parts are in nature distinct from one another.) Again, which ought we to investigate first, these parts or their functions, mind or thinking, the faculty or the act of sensation, and so on? If the investigation of the functions precedes that of the parts, the further question suggests itself: ought we not before either to consider the correlative objects, e.g. of sense or thought? It seems not only useful for the discovery of the causes of the derived properties of substances to be acquainted with the essential nature of those substances (as in mathematics it is useful for the understanding of the property of the equality of the interior angles of a triangle to two right angles to know the essential nature of the straight and the curved or of the line and the plane) but also conversely, for the knowledge of the essential nature of a substance is largely promoted by an acquaintance with its properties: for, when we are able to give an account conformable to experience of all or most of the properties of a substance, we shall be in the most favourable position to say something worth saying about the essential nature of that subject; in all demonstration a definition of the essence is required as a starting-point, so that definitions which do not enable us to discover the derived properties, or which fail to facilitate even a conjecture about them, must obviously, one and all, be dialectical and futile.

A further problem presented by the affections of soul is this: are they all affections of the complex of body and soul, or is there any one among them peculiar to the soul by itself? To determine this is indispensable but difficult. If we consider the majority of them, there seems to be no case in which the soul can act or be acted upon without involving the body; e.g. anger, courage, appetite, and sensation generally. Thinking seems the most probable exception; but if this too proves to be a form of imagination or to be impossible without imagination, it too requires a body as a condition of its existence. If there is any way of acting or being acted upon proper to soul, soul will be capable of separate existence; if there is none, its separate existence is impossible. In the latter case, it will be like what is straight, which has many properties arising from the straightness in it, e.g. that of touching a bronze sphere at a point, though straightness

divorced from the other constituents of the straight thing cannot touch it in this way; it cannot be so divorced at all, since it is always found in a body. It therefore seems that all the affections of soul involve a body—passion, gentleness, fear, pity, courage, joy, loving, and hating; in all these there is a concurrent affection of the body. In support of this we may point to the fact that, while sometimes on the occasion of violent and striking occurrences there is no excitement or fear felt, on others faint and feeble stimulations produce these emotions, viz. when the body is already in a state of tension resembling its condition when we are angry. Here is a still clearer case: in the absence of any external cause of terror we find ourselves experiencing the feelings of a man in terror. From all this it is obvious that the affections of soul are enmattered formulable essences.

Consequently their definitions ought to correspond, e.g. anger should be defined as a certain mode of movement of such and such a body (or part or faculty of a body) by this or that cause and for this or that end. That is precisely why the study of the soul must fall within the science of Nature, at least so far as in its affections it manifests this double character. Hence a physicist would define an affection of soul differently from a dialectician; the latter would define e.g. anger as the appetite for returning pain for pain, or something like that, while the former would define it as a boiling of the blood or warm substance surrounding the heart. The latter assigns the material conditions, the former the form or formulable essence; for what he states is the formulable essence of the fact, though for its actual existence there must be embodiment of it in a material such as is described by the other. Thus the essence of a house is assigned in such a formula as 'a shelter against destruction by wind, rain, and heat'; the physicist would describe it as 'stones, bricks, and timbers'; but there is a third possible description which would say that it was that form in that material with that purpose or end. Which, then, among these is entitled to be regarded as the genuine physicist? The one who confines himself to the material, or the one who restricts himself to the formulable essence alone? Is it not rather the one who combines both in a single formula? If this is so, how are we to characterize the other two? Must we not say that there is no type of thinker who concerns himself with those qualities or attributes of the material which are in fact inseparable from the material, and without attempting even in thought to separate them? The physicist is he who concerns himself with all the properties active and passive of bodies or materials thus or thus defined; attributes not considered as being of this character he leaves to others, in certain cases it may be to a specialist, e.g. a carpenter or a physician, in others where they are

inseparable in fact, but are separable from any particular kind of body by an effort of abstraction, to the mathematician, where they are separate both in fact and in thought from body altogether, to the First Philosopher or metaphysician. But we must return from this digression, and repeat that the affections of soul are inseparable from the material substratum of animal life, to which we have seen that such affections, e.g. passion and fear, attach, and have not the same mode of being as a line or a plane.

CHAPTER 2

For our study of soul it is necessary, while formulating the problems of which in our further advance we are to find the solutions, to call into council the views of those of our predecessors who have declared any opinion on this subject, in order that we may profit by whatever is sound in their suggestions and avoid their errors.

The starting-point of our inquiry is an exposition of those characteristics which have chiefly been held to belong to soul in its very nature. Two characteristic marks have above all others been recognized as distinguishing that which has soul in it from that which has not—movement and sensation. It may be said that these two are what our predecessors have fixed upon as characteristic of soul.

Some say that what originates movement is both pre-eminently and primarily soul; believing that what is not itself moved cannot originate movement in another, they arrived at the view that soul belongs to the class of things in movement. This is what led Democritus[1] to say that soul is a sort of fire or hot substance; his 'forms' or atoms are infinite in number; those which are spherical he calls fire and soul, and compares them to the motes in the air which we see in shafts of light coming through windows; the mixture of seeds of all sorts he calls the elements of the whole of Nature (Leucippus[2] gives a similar account); the spherical atoms are identified with soul because atoms of that shape are most adapted to permeate everywhere, and to set all the others moving by being themselves in movement. This implies the view that soul is identical with what produces movement in animals. That is why, further, they regard respiration as the characteristic mark of life; as the environment compresses the bodies of animals, and tends to extrude those atoms which impart movement to them, because they themselves are never at rest, there must be a reinforcement of these by similar atoms coming in from without in the act of respiration; for they prevent the extrusion of those which are already within by counteracting the compressing and consolidating force of the environment; and animals continue to live only so long as they are able to maintain this resistance.

1 德谟克利特（Democritus，460—370BC），古希腊唯物主义哲学家、原子论创始人之一，政治上属奴隶制民主派，在伦理学上认为幸福是人生的目的，真正的幸福在于心神宁静。

2 留基伯（Leucippus，500?—440?BC），古希腊哲学家，原子论奠基人之一，德谟克利特的老师；他认为，宇宙是无限的，原子在虚空中运动结合，生成宇宙中的万物；世界按其必然性产生、成长并消亡。

The doctrine of the Pythagoreans[1] seems to rest upon the same ideas; some of them declared the motes in air, others what moved them, to be soul. These motes were referred to because they are seen always in movement, even in a complete calm.

The same tendency is shown by those who define soul as that which moves itself; all seem to hold the view that movement is what is closest to the nature of soul, and that while all else is moved by soul, it alone moves itself. This belief arises from their never seeing anything originating movement which is not first itself moved.

Similarly also Anaxagoras[2] (and whoever agrees with him in saying that mind set the whole in movement) declares the moving cause of things to be soul. His position must, however, be distinguished from that of Democritus. Democritus roundly identifies soul and mind, for he identifies what appears with what is true—that is why he commends Homer for the phrase 'Hector[3] lay with thought distraught'; he does not employ mind as a special faculty dealing with truth, but identifies soul and mind. What Anaxagoras says about them is more obscure; in many places he tells us that the cause of beauty and order is mind, elsewhere that it is soul; it is found, he says, in all animals, great and small, high and low, but mind (in the sense of intelligence) appears not to belong alike to all animals, and indeed not even to all human beings.

All those, then, who had special regard to the fact that what has soul in it is moved, adopted the view that soul is to be identified with what is eminently originative of movement. All, on the other hand, who looked to the fact that what has soul in it knows or perceives what is, identify soul with the principle or principles of Nature, according as they admit several such principles or one only. Thus Empedocles[4] declares that it is formed out of all his elements, each of them also being soul; his words are:

For 'tis by Earth we see Earth, by Water Water,

By Ether Ether divine, by Fire destructive Fire,

By Love Love, and Hate by cruel Hate.

In the same way Plato[5] in the Timaeus[6] fashions soul out of his elements; for like, he holds, is known by like, and things are formed out of the principles or elements, so that soul must be so too. Similarly also in his lectures 'On Philosophy' it was set forth that the Animal-itself is compounded of the Idea itself of the One together with the

primary length, breadth, and depth, everything else, the objects of its perception, being similarly constituted. Again he puts his view in yet other terms: Mind is the monad, science or knowledge the dyad (because it goes undeviatingly from one point to another), opinion the number of the plane, sensation the number of the solid; the numbers are by him expressly identified with the Forms themselves or principles, and are formed out of the elements; now things are apprehended either by mind or science or opinion or sensation, and these same numbers are the Forms of things.

1 毕达哥拉斯（Pythagoras，580?—500?BC），古希腊哲学家、数学家、毕达哥拉斯教团创始人，提倡禁欲主义，认为数为万物的本源，促进了数学和西方理性哲学的发展，著作已失传。

2 阿那克萨哥拉（Anaxagoras，500?—428?BC），古希腊唯物主义哲学家，创立宇宙论并发现日、月食的真正原因，其著作《论自然》现仅留存少许片段。

3 赫克托耳（Hector），[希腊神话]特洛伊王普里阿摩斯（priam）的长子，特洛伊战争中的英雄，后被阿喀琉斯（Achilles）杀死。

4 恩培多克勒（Empedocles，493—433BC），古希腊哲学家、诗人、医生、持物活论观点，认为万物皆由火、水、土、气4种元素所形成，动力是爱和憎，爱使元素结合，憎使元素分离。

5 柏拉图（Plato，427—347BC），古希腊哲学家，创办学园，提出理念论和灵魂不朽说，其哲学思想对西方唯心主义哲学的发展影响很大，著有30多篇对话和书信等。

6 《蒂迈欧篇》（Timaeus），柏拉图《对话集》中的一篇，大约写于公元前360，属柏拉图的晚期著作。

Some thinkers, accepting both premises, viz. that the soul is both originative of movement and cognitive, have compounded it of both and declared the soul to be a self-moving number.

As to the nature and number of the first principles opinions differ. The difference is greatest between those who regard them as corporeal and those who regard them as incorporeal, and from both dissent those who make a blend and draw their principles from both sources. The number of principles is also in dispute; some admit one only, others assert several. There is a consequent diversity in their several accounts of soul; they assume, naturally enough, that what is in its own nature originative of movement must be among what is primordial. That has led some to regard it as fire, for fire is the subtlest of the elements and nearest to incorporeality; further, in the most primary sense, fire both is moved and originates movement in all the others.

Democritus has expressed himself more ingeniously than the rest on the grounds for ascribing each of these two characters to soul; soul and mind are, he says, one and the same thing, and this thing must be one of the primary and indivisible bodies, and its power of originating

movement must be due to its fineness of grain and the shape of its atoms; he says that of all the shapes the spherical is the most mobile, and that this is the shape of the particles of fire and mind.

Anaxagoras, as we said above, seems to distinguish between soul and mind, but in practice he treats them as a single substance, except that it is mind that he specially posits as the principle of all things; at any rate what he says is that mind alone of all that is simple, unmixed, and pure. He assigns both characteristics, knowing and origination of movement, to the same principle, when he says that it was mind that set the whole in movement.

Thales[1], too, to judge from what is recorded about him, seems to have held soul to be a motive force, since he said that the magnet has a soul in it because it moves the iron.

Diogenes[2] (and others) held the soul to be air because he believed air to be finest in grain and a first principle; therein lay the grounds of the soul's powers of knowing and originating movement. As the primordial principle from which all other things are derived, it is cognitive; as finest in grain, it has the power to originate movement.

Heraclitus[3] too says that the first principle—the 'warm exhalation' of which, according to him, everything else is composed—is soul; further, that this exhalation is most incorporeal and in ceaseless flux; that what is in movement requires that what knows it should be in movement; and that all that is has its being essentially in movement (herein agreeing with the majority).

1 泰勒斯（Thales，624?—545BC），古希腊哲学家、数学家、天文学家，米利都学派创始人，“希腊七贤”之一，认为水为万物的本原，相传曾准确预测过公元前585年的一次日蚀。

2 第欧根尼（Diogenes，400?—325?BC），古希腊哲学家，强调自足自然的生活，犬儒派因其得名。

3 赫·拉克利特（Heraclitus，540?—407?BC），古希腊唯物主义哲学家，辩证法奠基人之一，认为一切都在流动变化中，“人不能两次走进同一条河流”。

Alcmaeon[1] also seems to have held a similar view about soul; he says that it is immortal because it resembles 'the immortals,' and that this immortality belongs to it in virtue of its ceaseless movement; for all the 'things divine,' moon, sun, the planets, and the whole heavens, are in perpetual movement.

Of more superficial writers, some, e.g. Hippo[2], have pronounced it to be water; they seem to have argued from the fact that the seed of all animals is fluid, for Hippo tries to refute those who say that the

soul is blood, on the ground that the seed, which is the primordial soul, is not blood.

Another group (Critias[3], for example) did hold it to be blood; they take perception to be the most characteristic attribute of soul, and hold that perceptiveness is due to the nature of blood.

Each of the elements has thus found its partisan, except earth—earth has found no supporter unless we count as such those who have declared soul to be, or to be compounded of, all the elements. All, then, it may be said, characterize the soul by three marks, Movement, Sensation, Incorporeality, and each of these is traced back to the first principles. That is why (with one exception) all those who define the soul by its power of knowing make it either an element or constructed out of the elements. The language they all use is similar; like, they say, is known by like; as the soul knows everything, they construct it out of all the principles. Hence all those who admit but one cause or element, make the soul also one (e.g. fire or air), while those who admit a multiplicity of principles make the soul also multiple. The exception is Anaxagoras; he alone says that mind is impassible and has nothing in common with anything else. But, if this is so, how or in virtue of what cause can it know? That Anaxagoras has not explained, nor can any answer be inferred from his words. All who acknowledge pairs of opposites among their principles, construct the soul also out of these contraries, while those who admit as principles only one contrary of each pair, e.g. either hot or cold, likewise make the soul some one of these. That is why, also, they allow themselves to be guided by the names; those who identify soul with the hot argue that zen (to live) is derived from zein (to boil), while those who identify it with the cold say that soul (psyche) is so called from the process of respiration and refrigeration(katapsyxis). Such are the traditional opinions concerning soul, together with the grounds on which they are maintained.

1 阿尔克迈翁（ALCmaeon，510?BC—?），古希腊哲学家、医学理论家、自然科学家，属于或至少倾向于毕达哥拉斯学派，他是最早提倡解剖分析的先驱者，解剖眼球的第一人。

2 希波（Hippo），生卒年不详，一般认为大约生活在公元前5世纪，古希腊早期自然哲学家，但由于“他的思想毫无价值”，亚里士多德称其为二流思想家。

3 克里底亚（Critias，460—403BC），Callaeschrus之子，柏拉图的叔父之一，希腊历史上的13僭主之一，因悲剧、哀歌及散文作品而闻名。

CHAPTER 3

We must begin our examination with movement; for doubtless, not only is it false that the essence of soul is correctly described by those who say that it is what moves (or is capable of moving) itself, but it is an impossibility that movement should be even an attribute of it.

We have already pointed out that there is no necessity that what originates movement should itself be moved. There are two senses in which anything may be moved—either indirectly, owing to something other than itself, or directly, owing to itself. Things are 'indirectly moved' which are moved as being contained in something which is moved, e.g. sailors in a ship, for they are moved in a different sense from that in which the ship is moved; the ship is 'directly moved', they are 'indirectly moved', because they are in a moving vessel. This is clear if we consider their limbs; the movement proper to the legs (and so to man) is walking, and in this case the sailors are not walking. Recognizing the double sense of 'being moved', what we have to consider now is whether the soul is 'directly moved' and participates in such direct movement.

There are four species of movement—locomotion, alteration, diminution, growth; consequently if the soul is moved, it must be moved with one or several or all of these species of movement. Now if its movement is not incidental, there must be a movement natural to it, and, if so, as all the species enumerated involve place, place must be natural to it. But if the essence of soul be to move itself, its being moved cannot be incidental to it, as it is to what is white or three cubits long; they too can be moved, but only incidentally—what is moved is that of which 'white' and 'three cubits long' are the attributes, the body in which they inhere; hence they have no place: but if the soul naturally partakes in movement, it follows that it must have a place.

Further, if there be a movement natural to the soul, there must be a counter-movement unnatural to it, and conversely. The same applies to rest as well as to movement; for the terminus ad quem of a thing's natural movement is the place of its natural rest, and similarly the terminus ad quem of its enforced movement is the place of its enforced rest. But what meaning can be attached to enforced movements or rests of the soul, it is difficult even to imagine.

Further, if the natural movement of the soul be upward, the soul

must be fire; if downward, it must be earth; for upward and downward movements are the definitory characteristics of these bodies. The same reasoning applies to the intermediate movements, termini, and bodies. Further, since the soul is observed to originate movement in the body, it is reasonable to suppose that it transmits to the body the movements by which it itself is moved, and so, reversing the order, we may infer from the movements of the body back to similar movements of the soul. Now the body is moved from place to place with movements of locomotion. Hence it would follow that the soul too must in accordance with the body change either its place as a whole or the relative places of its parts. This carries with it the possibility that the soul might even quit its body and re-enter it, and with this would be involved the possibility of a resurrection of animals from the dead. But, it may be contended, the soul can be moved indirectly by something else; for an animal can be pushed out of its course. Yes, but that to whose essence belongs the power of being moved by itself, cannot be moved by something else except incidentally, just as what is good by or in itself cannot owe its goodness to something external to it or to some end to which it is a means.

If the soul is moved, the most probable view is that what moves it is sensible things.

We must note also that, if the soul moves itself, it must be the mover itself that is moved, so that it follows that if movement is in every case a displacement of that which is in movement, in that respect in which it is said to be moved, the movement of the soul must be a departure from its essential nature, at least if its self-movement is essential to it, not incidental.

Some go so far as to hold that the movements which the soul imparts to the body in which it is are the same in kind as those with which it itself is moved. An example of this is Democritus, who uses language like that of the comic dramatist Philippus[1], who accounts for the movements that Daedalus[2] imparted to his wooden Aphrodite by saying that he poured quicksilver into it; similarly Democritus says that the spherical atoms which according to him constitute soul, owing to their own ceaseless movements draw the whole body after them and so produce its movements. We must urge the question whether it is these very same atoms which produce rest also—how they could do so, it is difficult and even impossible to say. And, in general, we may object that it is not in this way that the soul appears to originate movement in animals—it is through intention or process of thinking.

1 菲力浦（Philippus），生卒年不详，古希腊喜剧作家，“最伟大的古典讽刺喜剧作家”、“喜剧之父”、诗人阿里斯托芬（Aristophanes）之子，《代达罗斯》是其创作的喜剧作品。

2 代达罗斯（Daedalus），古希腊喜剧作家菲力浦同名喜剧中的人物，善雕塑，以创造出了具有活动能力的雕塑阿佛洛狄特而成为开先河的雕塑家。

It is in the same fashion that the Timaeus also tries to give a physical account of how the soul moves its body; the soul, it is there said, is in movement, and so owing to their mutual implication moves the body also. After compounding the soul-substance out of the elements and dividing it in accordance with the harmonic numbers, in order that it may possess a connate sensibility for 'harmony' and that the whole may move in movements well attuned, the Demiurge bent the straight line into a circle; this single circle he divided into two circles united at two common points; one of these he subdivided into seven circles. All this implies that the movements of the soul are identified with the local movements of the heavens.

Now, in the first place, it is a mistake to say that the soul is a spatial magnitude. It is evident that Plato means the soul of the whole to be like the sort of soul which is called mind —not like the sensitive or the desiderative soul, for the movements of neither of these are circular. Now mind is one and continuous in the sense in which the process of thinking is so, and thinking is identical with the thoughts which are its parts; these have a serial unity like that of number, not a unity like that of a spatial magnitude. Hence mind cannot have that kind of unity either; mind is either without parts or is continuous in some other way than that which characterizes a spatial magnitude. How, indeed, if it were a spatial magnitude, could mind possibly think? Will it think with any one indifferently of its parts? In this case, the 'part' must be understood either in the sense of a spatial magnitude or in the sense of a point (if a point can be called a part of a spatial magnitude). If we accept the latter alternative, the points being infinite in number, obviously the mind can never exhaustively traverse them; if the former, the mind must think the same thing over and over again, indeed an infinite number of times (whereas it is manifestly possible to think a thing once only). If contact of any part whatsoever of itself with the object is all that is required, why need mind move in a circle, or indeed possess magnitude at all? On the other hand, if contact with the whole circle is necessary, what meaning can be given to the contact of the parts? Further, how could what has no parts think what has parts, or what has parts think what has none? We must identify the circle referred to with mind; for it is mind whose movement is thinking, and it is the circle whose movement is revolution, so that if thinking is a movement of revolution, the circle

which has this characteristic movement must be mind.

If the circular movement is eternal, there must be something which mind is always thinking—what can this be? For all practical processes of thinking have limits—they all go on for the sake of something outside the process, and all theoretical processes come to a close in the same way as the phrases in speech which express processes and results of thinking. Every such linguistic phrase is either definitory or demonstrative. Demonstration has both a starting-point and may be said to end in a conclusion or inferred result; even if the process never reaches final completion, at any rate it never returns upon itself again to its starting-point, it goes on assuming a fresh middle term or a fresh extreme, and moves straight forward, but circular movement returns to its starting-point. Definitions, too, are closed groups of terms.

Further, if the same revolution is repeated, mind must repeatedly think the same object.

Further, thinking has more resemblance to a coming to rest or arrest than to a movement; the same may be said of inferring.

It might also be urged that what is difficult and enforced is incompatible with blessedness; if the movement of the soul is not of its essence, movement of the soul must be contrary to its nature. It must also be painful for the soul to be inextricably bound up with the body; nay more, if, as is frequently said and widely accepted, it is better for mind not to be embodied, the union must be for it undesirable.

Further, the cause of the revolution of the heavens is left obscure. It is not the essence of soul which is the cause of this circular movement—that movement is only incidental to soul—nor is, a fortiori, the body its cause. Again, it is not even asserted that it is better that soul should be so moved; and yet the reason for which God caused the soul to move in a circle can only have been that movement was better for it than rest, and movement of this kind better than any other. But since this sort of consideration is more appropriate to another field of speculation, let us dismiss it for the present.

The view we have just been examining, in company with most theories about the soul, involves the following absurdity: they all join the soul to a body, or place it in a body, without adding any specification of the reason of their union, or of the bodily conditions required for it. Yet such explanation can scarcely be omitted; for some

community of nature is presupposed by the fact that the one acts and the other is acted upon, the one moves and the other is moved; interaction always implies a special nature in the two interagents. All, however, that these thinkers do is to describe the specific characteristics of the soul; they do not try to determine anything about the body which is to contain it, as if it were possible, as in the Pythagorean myths, that any soul could be clothed upon with any body—an absurd view, for each body seems to have a form and shape of its own. It is as absurd as to say that the art of carpentry could embody itself in flutes; each art must use its tools, each soul its body.

CHAPTER 4

There is yet another theory about soul, which has commended itself to many as no less probable than any of those we have hitherto mentioned, and has rendered public account of itself in the court of popular discussion. Its supporters say that the soul is a kind of harmony, for harmony is a blend or composition of contraries, and the body is compounded out of contraries. Harmony, however, is a certain proportion or composition of the constituents blended, and soul can be neither the one nor the other of these. Further, the power of originating movement cannot belong to a harmony, while almost all concur in regarding this as a principal attribute of soul. It is more appropriate to call health (or generally one of the good states of the body) a harmony than to predicate it of the soul. The absurdity becomes most apparent when we try to attribute the active and passive affections of the soul to a harmony; the necessary readjustment of their conceptions is difficult. Further, in using the word 'harmony' we have one or other of two cases in our mind; the most proper sense is in relation to spatial magnitudes which have motion and position, where harmony means the disposition and cohesion of their parts in such a manner as to prevent the introduction into the whole of anything homogeneous with it, and the secondary sense, derived from the former, is that in which it means the ratio between the constituents so blended; in neither of these senses is it plausible to predicate it of soul. That soul is a harmony in the sense of the mode of composition of the parts of the body is a view easily refutable; for there are many composite parts and those variously compounded; of what bodily part is mind or the sensitive or the appetitive faculty the mode of composition? And what is the mode of composition which constitutes each of them? It is equally absurd to identify the soul with the ratio of the mixture; for the mixture which makes flesh has a different ratio between the elements from that which makes bone. The consequence of this view will therefore be that distributed throughout the whole body there will be many souls, since every one of the bodily parts is a different mixture of the elements, and the ratio of mixture is in each case a harmony, i.e. a soul.

From Empedocles at any rate we might demand an answer to the following question— for he says that each of the parts of the body is what it is in virtue of a ratio between the elements: is the soul identical with this ratio, or is it not rather something over and above this which is formed in the parts? Is love the cause of any and every

mixture, or only of those that are in the right ratio? Is love this ratio itself, or is love something over and above this? Such are the problems raised by this account. But, on the other hand, if the soul is different from the mixture, why does it disappear at one and the same moment with that relation between the elements which constitutes flesh or the other parts of the animal body? Further, if the soul is not identical with the ratio of mixture, and it is consequently not the case that each of the parts has a soul, what is that which perishes when the soul quits the body?

That the soul cannot either be a harmony, or be moved in a circle, is clear from what we have said. Yet that it can be moved incidentally is, as we said above, possible, and even that in a sense it can move itself, i.e. in the sense that the vehicle in which it is can be moved, and moved by it; in no other sense can the soul be moved in space.

More legitimate doubts might remain as to its movement in view of the following facts. We speak of the soul as being pained or pleased, being bold or fearful, being angry, perceiving, thinking. All these are regarded as modes of movement, and hence it might be inferred that the soul is moved. This, however, does not necessarily follow. We may admit to the full that being pained or pleased, or thinking, are movements (each of them a 'being moved'), and that the movement is originated by the soul. For example we may regard anger or fear as such and such movements of the heart, and thinking as such and such another movement of that organ, or of some other; these modifications may arise either from changes of place in certain parts or from qualitative alterations (the special nature of the parts and the special modes of their changes being for our present purpose irrelevant). Yet to say that it is the soul which is angry is as inexact as it would be to say that it is the soul that weaves webs or builds houses. It is doubtless better to avoid saying that the soul pities or learns or thinks and rather to say that it is the man who does this with his soul. What we mean is not that the movement is in the soul, but that sometimes it terminates in the soul and sometimes starts from it, sensation e.g. coming from without inwards, and reminiscence starting from the soul and terminating with the movements, actual or residual, in the sense organs.

The case of mind is different; it seems to be an independent substance implanted within the soul and to be incapable of being destroyed. If it could be destroyed at all, it would be under the blunting influence of old age. What really happens in respect of mind in old age is, however, exactly parallel to what happens in the case of the sense organs; if the old man could recover the proper kind of eye,

he would see just as well as the young man. The incapacity of old age is due to an affection not of the soul but of its vehicle, as occurs in drunkenness or disease. Thus it is that in old age the activity of mind or intellectual apprehension declines only through the decay of some other inward part; mind itself is impassible. Thinking, loving, and hating are affections not of mind, but of that which has mind, so far as it has it. That is why, when this vehicle decays, memory and love cease; they were activities not of mind, but of the composite which has perished; mind is, no doubt, something more divine and impassible. That the soul cannot be moved is therefore clear from what we have said, and if it cannot be moved at all, manifestly it cannot be moved by itself.

Of all the opinions we have enumerated, by far the most unreasonable is that which declares the soul to be a self-moving number; it involves in the first place all the impossibilities which follow from regarding the soul as moved, and in the second special absurdities which follow from calling it a number. How we to imagine a unit being moved? By what agency? What sort of movement can be attributed to what is without parts or internal differences? If the unit is both originative of movement and itself capable of being moved, it must contain difference.

Further, since they say a moving line generates a surface and a moving point a line, the movements of the psychic units must be lines (for a point is a unit having position, and the number of the soul is, of course, somewhere and has position).

Again, if from a number a number or a unit is subtracted, the remainder is another number; but plants and many animals when divided continue to live, and each segment is thought to retain the same kind of soul.

It must be all the same whether we speak of units or corpuscles; for if the spherical atoms of Democritus became points, nothing being retained but their being a quantum, there must remain in each a moving and a moved part, just as there is in what is continuous; what happens has nothing to do with the size of the atoms, it depends solely upon their being a quantum. That is why there must be something to originate movement in the units. If in the animal what originates movement is the soul, so also must it be in the case of the number, so that not the mover and the moved together, but the mover only, will be the soul. But how is it possible for one of the units to fulfil this function of originating movement? There must be some difference between such a unit and all the other units, and what difference can

there be between one placed unit and another except a difference of position? If then, on the other hand, these psychic units within the body are different from the points of the body, there will be two sets of units both occupying the same place; for each unit will occupy a point. And yet, if there can be two, why cannot there be an infinite number? For if things can occupy an indivisible place, they must themselves be indivisible. If, on the other hand, the points of the body are identical with the units whose number is the soul, or if the number of the points in the body is the soul, why have not all bodies souls? For all bodies contain points or an infinity of points.

Further, how is it possible for these points to be isolated or separated from their bodies, seeing that lines cannot be resolved into points?

CHAPTER 5

The result is, as we have said, that this view, while on the one side identical with that of those who maintain that soul is a subtle kind of body, is on the other entangled in the absurdity peculiar to Democritus' way of describing the manner in which movement is originated by soul. For if the soul is present throughout the whole percipient body, there must, if the soul be a kind of body, be two bodies in the same place; and for those who call it a number, there must be many points at one point, or every body must have a soul, unless the soul be a different sort of number—other, that is, than the sum of the points existing in a body. Another consequence that follows is that the animal must be moved by its number precisely in the way that Democritus explained its being moved by his spherical psychic atoms. What difference does it make whether we speak of small spheres or of large units, or, quite simply, of units in movement? One way or another, the movements of the animal must be due to their movements. Hence those who combine movement and number in the same subject lay themselves open to these and many other similar absurdities. It is impossible not only that these characters should give the definition of soul—it is impossible that they should even be attributes of it. The point is clear if the attempt be made to start from this as the account of soul and explain from it the affections and actions of the soul, e.g. reasoning, sensation, pleasure, pain, &c. For, to repeat what we have said earlier, movement and number do not facilitate even conjecture about the derivative properties of soul.

Such are the three ways in which soul has traditionally been defined; one group of thinkers declared it to be that which is most originative of movement because it moves itself, another group to be the subtlest and most nearly incorporeal of all kinds of body. We have now sufficiently set forth the difficulties and inconsistencies to which these theories are exposed. It remains now to examine the doctrine that soul is composed of the elements.

The reason assigned for this doctrine is that thus the soul may perceive or come to know everything that is, but the theory necessarily involves itself in many impossibilities. Its upholders assume that like is known only by like, and imagine that by declaring the soul to be composed of the elements they succeed in identifying the soul with all the things it is capable of apprehending. But the elements are not the only things it knows; there are many others, or, more exactly, an infinite number of others, formed out of the elements. Let us admit that the soul knows or perceives the elements

out of which each of these composites is made up; but by what means will it know or perceive the composite whole, e.g. what God, man, flesh, bone (or any other compound) is? For each is, not merely the elements of which it is composed, but those elements combined in a determinate mode or ratio, as Empedocles himself says of bone,

The kindly Earth in its broad-bosomed moulds

Won of clear Water two parts out of eight,

And four of Fire; and so white bones were formed.

Nothing, therefore, will be gained by the presence of the elements in the soul, unless there be also present there the various formulae of proportion and the various compositions in accordance with them. Each element will indeed know its fellow outside, but there will be no knowledge of bone or man, unless they too are present in the constitution of the soul. The impossibility of this needs no pointing out; for who would suggest that stone or man could enter into the constitution of the soul? The same applies to 'the good' and 'the not-good', and so on.

Further, the word 'is' has many meanings: it may be used of a 'this' or substance, or of a quantum, or of a quale, or of any other of the kinds of predicates we have distinguished. Does the soul consist of all of these or not? It does not appear that all have common elements. Is the soul formed out of those elements alone which enter into substances? If so how will it be able to know each of the other kinds of thing? Will it be said that each kind of thing has elements or principles of its own, and that the soul is formed out of the whole of these? In that case, the soul must be a quantum and a quale and a substance. But all that can be made out of the elements of a quantum is a quantum, not a substance. These (and others like them) are the consequences of the view that the soul is composed of all the elements.

It is absurd, also, to say both that like is not capable of being affected by like, and that like is perceived or known by like, for perceiving, and also both thinking and knowing, are, on their own assumption, ways of being affected or moved.

There are many puzzles and difficulties raised by saying, as Empedocles does, that each set of things is known by means of its corporeal elements and by reference to something in soul which is like them, and additional testimony is furnished by this new consideration;

for all the parts of the animal body which consist wholly of earth such as bones, sinews, and hair seem to be wholly insensitive and consequently not perceptive even of objects earthy like themselves, as they ought to have been.

Further, each of the principles will have far more ignorance than knowledge, for though each of them will know one thing, there will be many of which it will be ignorant. Empedocles at any rate must conclude that his God is the least intelligent of all beings, for of him alone is it true that there is one thing, Strife, which he does not know, while there is nothing which mortal beings do not know, for there is nothing which does not enter into their composition.

In general, we may ask, Why has not everything a soul, since everything either is an element, or is formed out of one or several or all of the elements? Each must certainly know one or several or all.

The problem might also be raised, What is that which unifies the elements into a soul? The elements correspond, it would appear, to the matter; what unites them, whatever it is, is the supremely important factor. But it is impossible that there should be something superior to, and dominant over, the soul (and a fortiori over the mind); it is reasonable to hold that mind is by nature most primordial and dominant, while their statement that it is the elements which are first of all that is.

All, both those who assert that the soul, because of its knowledge or perception of what is, is out of the elements, and is those who assert that it is of all things the most originative of movement, fail to take into consideration all kinds of soul. In fact not all beings that perceive can originate movement; there appear to be certain animals which stationary, and yet local movement is the only one, so it seems, which the soul originates in animals. And the same objection holds against all those who construct mind and the perceptive faculty out of the elements; for it appears that plants live, and yet are not endowed with locomotion or perception, while a large number of animals are without discourse of reason. Even if these points were waived and mind admitted to be a part of the soul (and so too the perceptive faculty), still, even so, there would be kinds and parts of soul of which they had failed to give any account.

The same objection lies against the view expressed in the 'Orphic[1]' poems: there it is said that the soul comes in from the whole when breathing takes place, being borne in upon the winds. Now this cannot take place in the case of plants, nor indeed in the case of certain

classes of animal, for not all classes of animal breathe. This fact has escaped the notice of the holders of this view.

1 奥菲士（Orpheus），[希神].神人和歌手，善弹竖琴，弹奏时猛兽俯首，顽石点头。

If we must construct the soul out of the elements, there is no necessity to suppose that all the elements enter into its construction; one element in each pair of contraries will suffice to enable it to know both that element itself and its contrary. By means of the straight line we know both itself and the curved—the carpenter's rule enables us to test both—but what is curved does not enable us to distinguish either itself or the straight. Certain thinkers say that soul is intermingled in the whole universe, and it is perhaps for that reason that Thales came to the opinion that all things are full of gods. This presents some difficulties: Why does the soul when it resides in air or fire not form an animal, while it does so when it resides in mixtures of the elements, and that although it is held to be of higher quality when contained in the former? (One might add the question, why the soul in air is maintained to be higher and more immortal than that in animals.) Both possible ways of replying to the former question lead to absurdity or paradox; for it is beyond paradox to say that fire or air is an animal, and it is absurd to refuse the name of animal to what has soul in it. The opinion that the elements have soul in them seems to have arisen from the doctrine that a whole must be homogeneous with its parts. If it is true that animals become animate by drawing into themselves a portion of what surrounds them, the partisans of this view are bound to say that the soul of the Whole too is homogeneous with all its parts. If the air sucked in is homogeneous, but soul heterogeneous, clearly while some part of soul will exist in the inbreathed air, some other part will not. The soul must either be homogeneous, or such that there are some parts of the Whole in which it is not to be found.

From what has been said it is now clear that knowing as an attribute of soul cannot be explained by soul's being composed of the elements, and that it is neither sound nor true to speak of soul as moved. But since knowing, perceiving, opining, and further desiring, wishing, and generally all other modes of appetition, belong to soul, and the local movements of animals, and growth, maturity, and decay are produced by the soul, we must ask whether each of these is an attribute of the soul as a whole, i.e. whether it is with the whole soul we think, perceive, move ourselves, act or are acted upon, or whether each of them requires a different part of the soul? So too with regard to life. Does it depend on one of the parts of soul? Or is it dependent

on more than one? Or on all? Or has it some quite other cause?

Some hold that the soul is divisible, and that one part thinks, another desires. If, then, its nature admits of its being divided, what can it be that holds the parts together? Surely not the body; on the contrary it seems rather to be the soul that holds the body together; at any rate when the soul departs the body disintegrates and decays. If, then, there is something else which makes the soul one, this unifying agency would have the best right to the name of soul, and we shall have to repeat for it the question: Is it one or multipartite? If it is one, why not at once admit that 'the soul' is one? If it has parts, once more the question must be put: What holds its parts together, and so ad infinitum?

The question might also be raised about the parts of the soul: What is the separate role of each in relation to the body? For, if the whole soul holds together the whole body, we should expect each part of the soul to hold together a part of the body. But this seems an impossibility; it is difficult even to imagine what sort of bodily part mind will hold together, or how it will do this.

It is a fact of observation that plants and certain insects go on living when divided into segments; this means that each of the segments has a soul in it identical in species, though not numerically identical in the different segments, for both of the segments for a time possess the power of sensation and local movement. That this does not last is not surprising, for they no longer possess the organs necessary for self-maintenance. But, all the same, in each of the bodily parts there are present all the parts of soul, and the souls so present are homogeneous with one another and with the whole; this means that the several parts of the soul are indisseverable from one another, although the whole soul is divisible. It seems also that the principle found in plants is also a kind of soul; for this is the only principle which is common to both animals and plants; and this exists in isolation from the principle of sensation, though there nothing which has the latter without the former.

BOOK II

CHAPTER 1

Let the foregoing suffice as our account of the views concerning the soul which have been handed on by our predecessors; let us now dismiss them and make as it were a completely fresh start, endeavouring to give a precise answer to the question, What is soul? i.e. to formulate the most general possible definition of it.

We are in the habit of recognizing, as one determinate kind of what is, substance, and that in several senses, in the sense of matter or that which in itself is not 'a this', and in the sense of form or essence, which is that precisely in virtue of which a thing is called 'a this', and thirdly in the sense of that which is compounded of both and. Now matter is potentiality, form actuality; of the latter there are two grades related to one another as e.g. knowledge to the exercise of knowledge.

Among substances are by general consent reckoned bodies and especially natural bodies; for they are the principles of all other bodies. Of natural bodies some have life in them, others not; by life we mean self-nutrition and growth (with its correlative decay). It follows that every natural body which has life in it is a substance in the sense of a composite.

But since it is also a body of such and such a kind, viz. having life, the body cannot be soul; the body is the subject or matter, not what is attributed to it. Hence the soul must be a substance in the sense of the form of a natural body having life potentially within it. But substance is actuality, and thus soul is the actuality of a body as above characterized. Now the word actuality has two senses corresponding respectively to the possession of knowledge and the actual exercise of knowledge. It is obvious that the soul is actuality in the first sense, viz. that of knowledge as possessed, for both sleeping and waking presuppose the existence of soul, and of these waking corresponds to actual knowing, sleeping to knowledge possessed but not employed, and, in the history of the individual, knowledge comes before its employment or exercise.

That is why the soul is the first grade of actuality of a natural body having life potentially in it. The body so described is a body which is organized. The parts of plants in spite of their extreme simplicity are 'organs'; e.g. the leaf serves to shelter the pericarp, the pericarp to shelter the fruit, while the roots of plants are analogous to the mouth of animals, both serving for the absorption of food. If, then, we have to give a general formula applicable to all kinds of soul, we

must describe it as the first grade of actuality of a natural organized body. That is why we can wholly dismiss as unnecessary the question whether the soul and the body are one: it is as meaningless as to ask whether the wax and the shape given to it by the stamp are one, or generally the matter of a thing and that of which it is the matter. Unity has many senses (as many as 'is' has), but the most proper and fundamental sense of both is the relation of an actuality to that of which it is the actuality. We have now given an answer to the question, What is soul?—an answer which applies to it in its full extent. It is substance in the sense which corresponds to the definitive formula of a thing's essence. That means that it is 'the essential whatness' of a body of the character just assigned. Suppose that what is literally an 'organ', like an axe, were a natural body, its 'essential whatness', would have been its essence, and so its soul; if this disappeared from it, it would have ceased to be an axe, except in name. As it is, it is just an axe; it wants the character which is required to make its whatness or formulable essence a soul; for that, it would have had to be a natural body of a particular kind, viz. one having in itself the power of setting itself in movement and arresting itself. Next, apply this doctrine in the case of the 'parts' of the living body. Suppose that the eye were an animal—sight would have been its soul, for sight is the substance or essence of the eye which corresponds to the formula, the eye being merely the matter of seeing; when seeing is removed the eye is no longer an eye, except in name—it is no more a real eye than the eye of a statue or of a painted figure. We must now extend our consideration from the 'parts' to the whole living body; for what the departmental sense is to the bodily part which is its organ, that the whole faculty of sense is to the whole sensitive body as such.

We must not understand by that which is 'potentially capable of living' what has lost the soul it had, but only what still retains it; but seeds and fruits are bodies which possess the qualification. Consequently, while waking is actuality in a sense corresponding to the cutting and the seeing, the soul is actuality in the sense corresponding to the power of sight and the power in the tool; the body corresponds to what exists in potentiality; as the pupil plus the power of sight constitutes the eye, so the soul plus the body constitutes the animal.

From this it indubitably follows that the soul is inseparable from its body, or at any rate that certain parts of it are (if it has parts) for the actuality of some of them is nothing but the actualities of their bodily parts. Yet some may be separable because they are not the actualities of any body at all. Further, we have no light on the problem whether the soul may not be the actuality of its body in the

sense in which the sailor is the actuality of the ship.

This must suffice as our sketch or outline determination of the nature of soul.

CHAPTER 2

Since what is clear or logically more evident emerges from what in itself is confused but more observable by us, we must reconsider our results from this point of view. For it is not enough for a definitive formula to express as most now do the mere fact; it must include and exhibit the ground also. At present definitions are given in a form analogous to the conclusion of a syllogism; e.g. What is squaring? The construction of an equilateral rectangle equal to a given oblong rectangle. Such a definition is in form equivalent to a conclusion. One that tells us that squaring is the discovery of a line which is a mean proportional between the two unequal sides of the given rectangle discloses the ground of what is defined.

We resume our inquiry from a fresh starting-point by calling attention to the fact that what has soul in it differs from what has not, in that the former displays life. Now this word has more than one sense, and provided any one alone of these is found in a thing we say that thing is living. Living, that is, may mean thinking or perception or local movement and rest, or movement in the sense of nutrition, decay and growth. Hence we think of plants also as living, for they are observed to possess in themselves an originative power through which they increase or decrease in all spatial directions; they grow up and down, and everything that grows increases its bulk alike in both directions or indeed in all, and continues to live so long as it can absorb nutriment.

This power of self-nutrition can be isolated from the other powers mentioned, but not they from it—in mortal beings at least. The fact is obvious in plants; for it is the only psychic power they possess.

This is the originative power the possession of which leads us to speak of things as living at all, but it is the possession of sensation that leads us for the first time to speak of living things as animals; for even those beings which possess no power of local movement but do possess the power of sensation we call animals and not merely living things.

The primary form of sense is touch, which belongs to all animals. Just as the power of self-nutrition can be isolated from touch and sensation generally, so touch can be isolated from all other forms of sense. (By the power of self-nutrition we mean that departmental power of the soul which is common to plants and animals: all animals whatsoever are observed to have the sense of touch.) What the

explanation of these two facts is, we must discuss later. At present we must confine ourselves to saying that soul is the source of these phenomena and is characterized by them, viz. by the powers of self-nutrition, sensation, thinking, and motivity.

Is each of these a soul or a part of a soul? And if a part, a part in what sense? A part merely distinguishable by definition or a part distinct in local situation as well? In the case of certain of these powers, the answers to these questions are easy, in the case of others we are puzzled what to say. Just as in the case of plants which when divided are observed to continue to live though removed to a distance from one another (thus showing that in their case the soul of each individual plant before division was actually one, potentially many), so we notice a similar result in other varieties of soul, i.e. in insects which have been cut in two; each of the segments possesses both sensation and local movement; and if sensation, necessarily also imagination and appetition; for, where there is sensation, there is also pleasure and pain, and, where these, necessarily also desire.

We have no evidence as yet about mind or the power to think; it seems to be a widely different kind of soul, differing as what is eternal from what is perishable; it alone is capable of existence in isolation from all other psychic powers. All the other parts of soul, it is evident from what we have said, are, in spite of certain statements to the contrary, incapable of separate existence though, of course, distinguishable by definition. If opining is distinct from perceiving, to be capable of opining and to be capable of perceiving must be distinct, and so with all the other forms of living above enumerated. Further, some animals possess all these parts of soul, some certain of them only, others one only (this is what enables us to classify animals); the cause must be considered later. A similar arrangement is found also within the field of the senses; some classes of animals have all the senses, some only certain of them, others only one, the most indispensable, touch.

Since the expression 'that whereby we live and perceive' has two meanings, just like the expression 'that whereby we know'—that may mean either knowledge or the soul, for we can speak of knowing by or with either, and similarly that whereby we are in health may be either health or the body or some part of the body; and since of the two terms thus contrasted knowledge or health is the name of a form, essence, or ratio, or if we so express it an actuality of a recipient matter—knowledge of what is capable of knowing, health of what is capable of being made healthy (for the operation of that which is capable of originating change terminates and has its seat in what is

changed or altered); further, since it is the soul by or with which primarily we live, perceive, and think: —it follows that the soul must be a ratio or formulable essence, not a matter or subject. For, as we said, word substance has three meanings— form, matter, and the complex of both— and of these three what is called matter is potentiality, what is called form actuality. Since then the complex here is the living thing, the body cannot be the actuality of the soul; it is the soul which is the actuality of a certain kind of body. Hence the rightness of the view that the soul cannot be without a body, while it cannot be a body; it is not a body but something relative to a body. That is why it is in a body, and a body of a definite kind. It was a mistake, therefore, to do as former thinkers did, merely to fit it into a body without adding a definite specification of the kind or character of that body. Reflection confirms the observed fact; the actuality of any given thing can only be realized in what is already potentially that thing, i.e. in a matter of its own appropriate to it. From all this it follows that soul is an actuality or formulable essence of something that possesses a potentiality of being besouled.

CHAPTER 3

Of the psychic powers above enumerated some kinds of living things, as we have said, possess all, some less than all, others one only. Those we have mentioned are the nutritive, the appetitive, the sensory, the locomotive, and the power of thinking. Plants have none but the first, the nutritive, while another order of living things has this plus the sensory. If any order of living things has the sensory, it must also have the appetitive; for appetite is the genus of which desire, passion, and wish are the species; now all animals have one sense at least, viz. touch, and whatever has a sense has the capacity for pleasure and pain and therefore has pleasant and painful objects present to it, and wherever these are present, there is desire, for desire is just appetition of what is pleasant. Further, all animals have the sense for food (for touch is the sense for food); the food of all living things consists of what is dry, moist, hot, cold, and these are the qualities apprehended by touch; all other sensible qualities are apprehended by touch only indirectly. Sounds, colours, and odours contribute nothing to nutriment; flavours fall within the field of tangible qualities. Hunger and thirst are forms of desire, hunger a desire for what is dry and hot, thirst a desire for what is cold and moist; flavour is a sort of seasoning added to both. We must later clear up these points, but at present it may be enough to say that all animals that possess the sense of touch have also appetition. The case of imagination is obscure; we must examine it later. Certain kinds of animals possess in addition the power of locomotion, and still another order of animate beings, i.e. man and possibly another order like man or superior to him, the power of thinking, i.e. mind. It is now evident that a single definition can be given of soul only in the same sense as one can be given of figure. For, as in that case there is no figure distinguishable and apart from triangle, &c., so here there is no soul apart from the forms of soul just enumerated. It is true that a highly general definition can be given for figure which will fit all figures without expressing the peculiar nature of any figure. So here in the case of soul and its specific forms. Hence it is absurd in this and similar cases to demand an absolutely general definition which will fail to express the peculiar nature of anything that is, or again, omitting this, to look for separate definitions corresponding to each infima species. The cases of figure and soul are exactly parallel; for the particulars subsumed under the common name in both cases—figures and living beings—constitute a series, each successive term of which potentially contains its predecessor, e.g. the square the triangle, the sensory power the self-nutritive. Hence we must ask in the case of

each order of living things, What is its soul, i.e. What is the soul of plant, animal, man? Why the terms are related in this serial way must form the subject of later examination. But the facts are that the power of perception is never found apart from the power of self-nutrition, while—in plants—the latter is found isolated from the former. Again, no sense is found apart from that of touch, while touch is found by itself; many animals have neither sight, hearing, nor smell. Again, among living things that possess sense some have the power of locomotion, some not. Lastly, certain living beings—a small minority—possess calculation and thought, for (among mortal beings) those which possess calculation have all the other powers above mentioned, while the converse does not hold—indeed some live by imagination alone, while others have not even imagination. The mind that knows with immediate intuition presents a different problem.

It is evident that the way to give the most adequate definition of soul is to seek in the case of each of its forms for the most appropriate definition.

CHAPTER 4

It is necessary for the student of these forms of soul first to find a definition of each, expressive of what it is, and then to investigate its derivative properties, &c. But if we are to express what each is, viz. what the thinking power is, or the perceptive, or the nutritive, we must go farther back and first give an account of thinking or perceiving, for in the order of investigation the question of what an agent does precedes the question, what enables it to do what it does. If this is correct, we must on the same ground go yet another step farther back and have some clear view of the objects of each; thus we must start with these objects, e.g. with food, with what is perceptible, or with what is intelligible.

It follows that first of all we must treat of nutrition and reproduction, for the nutritive soul is found along with all the others and is the most primitive and widely distributed power of soul, being indeed that one in virtue of which all are said to have life. The acts in which it manifests itself are reproduction and the use of food—reproduction, I say, because for any living thing that has reached its normal development and which is unmutilated, and whose mode of generation is not spontaneous, the most natural act is the production of another like itself, an animal producing an animal, a plant a plant, in order that, as far as its nature allows, it may partake in the eternal and divine. That is the goal towards which all things strive, that for the sake of which they do whatsoever their nature renders possible. The phrase 'for the sake of which' is ambiguous; it may mean either the end to achieve which, or the being in whose interest, the act is done. Since then no living thing is able to partake in what is eternal and divine by uninterrupted continuance (for nothing perishable can for ever remain one and the same), it tries to achieve that end in the only way possible to it, and success is possible in varying degrees; so it remains not indeed as the self-same individual but continues its existence in something like itself—not numerically but specifically one.

The soul is the cause or source of the living body. The terms cause and source have many senses. But the soul is the cause of its body alike in all three senses which we explicitly recognize. It is the source or origin of movement, it is the end, it is the essence of the whole living body.

That it is the last, is clear; for in everything the essence is identical with the ground of its being, and here, in the case of living

things, their being is to live, and of their being and their living the soul in them is the cause or source. Further, the actuality of whatever is potential is identical with its formulable essence.

It is manifest that the soul is also the final cause of its body. For Nature, like mind, always does whatever it does for the sake of something, which something is its end. To that something corresponds in the case of animals the soul and in this it follows the order of nature; all natural bodies are organs of the soul. This is true of those that enter into the constitution of plants as well as of those which enter into that of animals. This shows that that for the sake of which they are is soul. We must here recall the two senses of 'that for the sake of which', viz. the end to achieve which, and the being in whose interest, anything is or is done.

We must maintain, further, that the soul is also the cause of the living body as the original source of local movement. The power of locomotion is not found, however, in all living things. But change of quality and change of quantity are also due to the soul. Sensation is held to be a qualitative alteration, and nothing except what has soul in it is capable of sensation. The same holds of the quantitative changes which constitute growth and decay; nothing grows or decays naturally except what feeds itself, and nothing feeds itself except what has a share of soul in it.

Empedocles is wrong in adding that growth in plants is to be explained, the downward rooting by the natural tendency of earth to travel downwards, and the upward branching by the similar natural tendency of fire to travel upwards. For he misinterprets up and down; up and down are not for all things what they are for the whole Cosmos: if we are to distinguish and identify organs according to their functions, the roots of plants are analogous to the head in animals. Further, we must ask what is the force that holds together the earth and the fire which tend to travel in contrary directions; if there is no counteracting force, they will be torn asunder; if there is, this must be the soul and the cause of nutrition and growth. By some the element of fire is held to be the cause of nutrition and growth, for it alone of the primary bodies or elements is observed to feed and increase itself. Hence the suggestion that in both plants and animals it is it which is the operative force. A concurrent cause in a sense it certainly is, but not the principal cause, that is rather the soul; for while the growth of fire goes on without limit so long as there is a supply of fuel, in the case of all complex wholes formed in the course of nature there is a limit or ratio which determines their size and increase, and limit and ratio are marks of soul but not of fire, and belong to the side of

formulable essence rather than that of matter.

Nutrition and reproduction are due to one and the same psychic power. It is necessary first to give precision to our account of food, for it is by this function of absorbing food that this psychic power is distinguished from all the others. The current view is that what serves as food to a living thing is what is contrary to it—not that in every pair of contraries each is food to the other: to be food a contrary must not only be transformable into the other and vice versa, it must also in so doing increase the bulk of the other. Many a contrary is transformed into its other and vice versa, where neither is even a quantum and so cannot increase in bulk, e.g. an invalid into a healthy subject. It is clear that not even those contraries which satisfy both the conditions mentioned above are food to one another in precisely the same sense; water may be said to feed fire, but not fire water. Where the members of the pair are elementary bodies only one of the contraries, it would appear, can be said to feed the other. But there is a difficulty here. One set of thinkers assert that like fed, as well as increased in amount, by like. Another set, as we have said, maintain the very reverse, viz. that what feeds and what is fed are contrary to one another; like, they argue, is incapable of being affected by like; but food is changed in the process of digestion, and change is always to what is opposite or to what is intermediate. Further, food is acted upon by what is nourished by it, not the other way round, as timber is worked by a carpenter and not conversely; there is a change in the carpenter but it is merely a change from not-working to working. In answering this problem it makes all the difference whether we mean by 'the food' the 'finished' or the 'raw' product. If we use the word food of both, viz. of the completely undigested and the completely digested matter, we can justify both the rival accounts of it; taking food in the sense of undigested matter, it is the contrary of what is fed by it, taking it as digested it is like what is fed by it. Consequently it is clear that in a certain sense we may say that both parties are right, both wrong.

Since nothing except what is alive can be fed, what is fed is the besouled body and just because it has soul in it. Hence food is essentially related to what has soul in it. Food has a power which is other than the power to increase the bulk of what is fed by it; so far forth as what has soul in it is a quantum, food may increase its quantity, but it is only so far as what has soul in it is a 'this-somewhat' or substance that food acts as food; in that case it maintains the being of what is fed, and that continues to be what it is so long as the process of nutrition continues. Further, it is the agent in generation, i.e. not the generation of the individual fed but the reproduction of

another like it; the substance of the individual fed is already in existence; the existence of no substance is a self-generation but only a self-maintenance.

Hence the psychic power which we are now studying may be described as that which tends to maintain whatever has this power in it of continuing such as it was, and food helps it to do its work. That is why, if deprived of food, it must cease to be.

The process of nutrition involves three factors, what is fed, that wherewith it is fed, what does the feeding; of these is the first soul, the body which has that soul in it, the food. But since it is right to call things after the ends they realize, and the end of this soul is to generate another being like that in which it is, the first soul ought to be named the reproductive soul. The expression 'wherewith it is fed' is ambiguous just as is the expression 'wherewith the ship is steered'; that may mean either the hand or the rudder, i.e. either what is moved and sets in movement, or what is merely moved. We can apply this analogy here if we recall that all food must be capable of being digested, and that what produces digestion is warmth; that is why everything that has soul in it possesses warmth.

We have now given an outline account of the nature of food; further details must be given in the appropriate place.

CHAPTER 5

Having made these distinctions let us now speak of sensation in the widest sense. Sensation depends, as we have said, on a process of movement or affection from without, for it is held to be some sort of change of quality. Now some thinkers assert that like is affected only by like; in what sense this is possible and in what sense impossible, we have explained in our general discussion of acting and being acted upon.

Here arises a problem: why do we not perceive the senses themselves as well as the external objects of sense, or why without the stimulation of external objects do they not produce sensation, seeing that they contain in themselves fire, earth, and all the other elements, which are the direct or indirect objects of sense? It is clear that what is sensitive is only potentially, not actually. The power of sense is parallel to what is combustible, for that never ignites itself spontaneously, but requires an agent which has the power of starting ignition; otherwise it could have set itself on fire, and would not have needed actual fire to set it ablaze.

In reply we must recall that we use the word 'perceive' in two ways, for we say that what has the power to hear or see, 'sees' or 'hears', even though it is at the moment asleep, and also that what is actually seeing or hearing, 'sees' or 'hears'. Hence 'sense' too must have two meanings, sense potential, and sense actual. Similarly 'to be a sentient' means either to have a certain power or to manifest a certain activity. To begin with, for a time, let us speak as if there were no difference between being moved or affected, and being active, for movement is a kind of activity—an imperfect kind, as has elsewhere been explained. Everything that is acted upon or moved is acted upon by an agent which is actually at work. Hence it is that in one sense, as has already been stated, what acts and what is acted upon are like, in another unlike, i.e. prior to and during the change the two factors are unlike, after it like.

But we must now distinguish not only between what is potential and what is actual but also different senses in which things can be said to be potential or actual; up to now we have been speaking as if each of these phrases had only one sense. We can speak of something as 'a knower' either as when we say that man is a knower, meaning that man falls within the class of beings that know or have knowledge, or as when we are speaking of a man who possesses a knowledge of grammar; each of these is so called as having in him a certain

potentiality, but there is a difference between their respective potentialities, the one being a potential knower, because his kind or matter is such and such, the other, because he can in the absence of any external counteracting cause realize his knowledge in actual knowing at will. This implies a third meaning of 'a knower', one who is already realizing his knowledge—he is a knower in actuality and in the most proper sense is knowing, e.g. this A. Both the former are potential knowers, who realize their respective potentialities, the one by change of quality, i.e. repeated transitions from one state to its opposite under instruction, the other by the transition from the inactive possession of sense or grammar to their active exercise. The two kinds of transition are distinct.

Also the expression 'to be acted upon' has more than one meaning; it may mean either the extinction of one of two contraries by the other, or the maintenance of what is potential by the agency of what is actual and already like what is acted upon, with such likeness as is compatible with one's being actual and the other potential. For what possesses knowledge becomes an actual knower by a transition which is either not an alteration of it at all (being in reality a development into its true self or actuality) or at least an alteration in a quite different sense from the usual meaning.

Hence it is wrong to speak of a wise man as being 'altered' when he uses his wisdom, just as it would be absurd to speak of a builder as being altered when he is using his skill in building a house.

What in the case of knowing or understanding leads from potentiality to actuality ought not to be called teaching but something else. That which starting with the power to know learns or acquires knowledge through the agency of one who actually knows and has the power of teaching either ought not to be said 'to be acted upon' at all or we must recognize two senses of alteration, viz. the substitution of one quality for another, the first being the contrary of the second, or the development of an existent quality from potentiality in the direction of fixity or nature.

In the case of what is to possess sense, the first transition is due to the action of the male parent and takes place before birth so that at birth the living thing is, in respect of sensation, at the stage which corresponds to the possession of knowledge. Actual sensation corresponds to the stage of the exercise of knowledge. But between the two cases compared there is a difference; the objects that excite the sensory powers to activity, the seen, the heard, &c., are outside. The ground of this difference is that what actual sensation apprehends

is individuals, while what knowledge apprehends is universals, and these are in a sense within the soul. That is why a man can exercise his knowledge when he wishes, but his sensation does not depend upon himself— a sensible object must be there. A similar statement must be made about our knowledge of what is sensible—on the same ground, viz. that the sensible objects are individual and external.

A later more appropriate occasion may be found thoroughly to clear up all this. At present it must be enough to recognize the distinctions already drawn; a thing may be said to be potential in either of two senses, in the sense in which we might say of a boy that he may become a general or in the sense in which we might say the same of an adult, and there are two corresponding senses of the term 'a potential sentient'. There are no separate names for the two stages of potentiality; we have pointed out that they are different and how they are different. We cannot help using the incorrect terms 'being acted upon or altered' of the two transitions involved. As we have said, has the power of sensation is potentially like what the perceived object is actually; that is, while at the beginning of the process of its being acted upon the two interacting factors are dissimilar, at the end the one acted upon is assimilated to the other and is identical in quality with it.

CHAPTER 6

In dealing with each of the senses we shall have first to speak of the objects which are perceptible by each. The term 'object of sense' covers three kinds of objects, two kinds of which are, in our language, directly perceptible, while the remaining one is only incidentally perceptible. Of the first two kinds one consists of what is perceptible by a single sense, the other of what is perceptible by any and all of the senses. I call by the name of special object of this or that sense that which cannot be perceived by any other sense than that one and in respect of which no error is possible; in this sense colour is the special object of sight, sound of hearing, flavour of taste. Touch, indeed, discriminates more than one set of different qualities. Each sense has one kind of object which it discerns, and never errs in reporting that what is before it is colour or sound (though it may err as to what it is that is coloured or where that is, or what it is that is sounding or where that is.) Such objects are what we propose to call the special objects of this or that sense.

'Common sensibles' are movement, rest, number, figure, magnitude; these are not peculiar to any one sense, but are common to all. There are at any rate certain kinds of movement which are perceptible both by touch and by sight.

We speak of an incidental object of sense where e.g. the white object which we see is the son of Diares[1]; here because 'being the son of Diares' is incidental to the directly visible white patch we speak of the son of Diares as being (incidentally) perceived or seen by us. Because this is only incidentally an object of sense, it in no way as such affects the senses. Of the two former kinds, both of which are in their own nature perceptible by sense, the first kind—that of special objects of the several senses—constitute the objects of sense in the strictest sense of the term and it is to them that in the nature of things the structure of each several sense is adapted.

1 狄亚里（Diares），据克里斯托弗·希尔斯（Christoper Shields），狄亚雷系古代雕刻家；其子“白色、身高6英尺，体重200磅”。

CHAPTER 7

The object of sight is the visible, and what is visible is colour and a certain kind of object which can be described in words but which has no single name; what we mean by will be abundantly clear as we proceed. Whatever is visible is colour and colour is what lies upon what is in its own nature visible; 'in its own nature' here means not that visibility is involved in the definition of what thus underlies colour, but that that substratum contains in itself the cause of visibility. Every colour has in it the power to set in movement what is actually transparent; that power constitutes its very nature. That is why it is not visible except with the help of light; it is only in light that the colour of a thing is seen. Hence our first task is to explain what light is.

Now there clearly is something which is transparent, and by 'transparent' I mean what is visible, and yet not visible in itself, but rather owing its visibility to the colour of something else; of this character are air, water, and many solid bodies. Neither air nor water is transparent because it is air or water; they are transparent because each of them has contained in it a certain substance which is the same in both and is also found in the eternal body which constitutes the uppermost shell of the physical Cosmos. Of this substance light is the activity—the activity of what is transparent so far forth as it has in it the determinate power of becoming transparent; where this power is present, there is also the potentiality of the contrary, viz. darkness. Light is as it were the proper colour of what is transparent, and exists whenever the potentially transparent is excited to actuality by the influence of fire or something resembling 'the uppermost body'; for fire too contains something which is one and the same with the substance in question.

We have now explained what the transparent is and what light is; light is neither fire nor any kind whatsoever of body nor an efflux from any kind of body (if it were, it would again itself be a kind of body)—it is the presence of fire or something resembling fire in what is transparent. It is certainly not a body, for two bodies cannot be present in the same place. The opposite of light is darkness; darkness is the absence from what is transparent of the corresponding positive state above characterized; clearly therefore, light is just the presence of that.

Empedocles (and with him all others who used the same forms of expression) was wrong in speaking of light as 'travelling' or being at a

given moment between the earth and its envelope, its movement being unobservable by us; that view is contrary both to the clear evidence of argument and to the observed facts; if the distance traversed were short, the movement might have been unobservable, but where the distance is from extreme East to extreme West, the draught upon our powers of belief is too great.

What is capable of taking on colour is what in itself is colourless, as what can take on sound is what is soundless; what is colourless includes what is transparent and what is invisible or scarcely visible, i.e. what is 'dark'. The latter is the same as what is transparent, when it is potentially, not of course when it is actually transparent; it is the same substance which is now darkness, now light.

Not everything that is visible depends upon light for its visibility. This is only true of the 'proper' colour of things. Some objects of sight which in light are invisible, in darkness stimulate the sense; that is, things that appear fiery or shining. This class of objects has no simple common name, but instances of it are fungi, flesh, heads, scales, and eyes of fish. In none of these is what is seen their own 'proper' colour. Why we see these at all is another question. At present what is obvious is that what is seen in light is always colour. That is why without the help of light colour remains invisible. Its being colour at all means precisely its having in it the power to set in movement what is already actually transparent, and, as we have seen, the actuality of what is transparent is just light.

The following experiment makes the necessity of a medium clear. If what has colour is placed in immediate contact with the eye, it cannot be seen. Colour sets in movement not the sense organ but what is transparent, e.g. the air, and that, extending continuously from the object to the organ, sets the latter in movement. Democritus misrepresents the facts when he expresses the opinion that if the interspace were empty one could distinctly see an ant on the vault of the sky; that is an impossibility. Seeing is due to an affection or change of what has the perceptive faculty, and it cannot be affected by the seen colour itself; it remains that it must be affected by what comes between. Hence it is indispensable that there be something in between—if there were nothing, so far from seeing with greater distinctness, we should see nothing at all.

We have now explained the cause why colour cannot be seen otherwise than in light. Fire on the other hand is seen both in darkness and in light; this double possibility follows necessarily from our theory, for it is just fire that makes what is potentially transparent

actually transparent.

The same account holds also of sound and smell; if the object of either of these senses is in immediate contact with the organ no sensation is produced. In both cases the object sets in movement only what lies between, and this in turn sets the organ in movement: if what sounds or smells is brought into immediate contact with the organ, no sensation will be produced. The same, in spite of all appearances, applies also to touch and taste; why there is this apparent difference will be clear later. What comes between in the case of sounds is air; the corresponding medium in the case of smell has no name. But, corresponding to what is transparent in the case of colour, there is a quality found both in air and water, which serves as a medium for what has smell—I say 'in water' because animals that live in water as well as those that live on land seem to possess the sense of smell, and 'in air' because man and all other land animals that breathe, perceive smells only when they breathe air in. The explanation of this too will be given later.

CHAPTER 8

Now let us, to begin with, make certain distinctions about sound and hearing.

Sound may mean either of two things — actual, and potential, sound. There are certain things which, as we say, 'have no sound', e.g. sponges or wool, others which have, e.g. bronze and in general all things which are smooth and solid—the latter are said to have a sound because they can make a sound, i.e. can generate actual sound between themselves and the organ of hearing.

Actual sound requires for its occurrence two such bodies and a space between them; for it is generated by an impact. Hence it is impossible for one body only to generate a sound—there must be a body impinging and a body impinged upon; what sounds does so by striking against something else, and this is impossible without a movement from place to place.

As we have said, not all bodies can by impact on one another produce sound; impact on wool makes no sound, while the impact on bronze or any body which is smooth and hollow does. Bronze gives out a sound when struck because it is smooth; bodies which are hollow owing to reflection repeat the original impact over and over again, the body originally set in movement being unable to escape from the concavity.

Further, we must remark that sound is heard both in air and in water, though less distinctly in the latter. Yet neither air nor water is the principal cause of sound. What is required for the production of sound is an impact of two solids against one another and against the air. The latter condition is satisfied when the air impinged upon does not retreat before the blow, i.e. is not dissipated by it.

That is why it must be struck with a sudden sharp blow, if it is to sound—the movement of the whip must outrun the dispersion of the air, just as one might get in a stroke at a heap or whirl of sand as it was traveling rapidly past.

An echo occurs, when, a mass of air having been unified, bounded, and prevented from dissipation by the containing walls of a vessel, the air originally struck by the impinging body and set in movement by it rebounds from this mass of air like a ball from a wall. It is probable that in all generation of sound echo takes place, though

it is frequently only indistinctly heard. What happens here must be analogous to what happens in the case of light; light is always reflected—otherwise it would not be diffused and outside what was directly illuminated by the sun there would be blank darkness; but this reflected light is not always strong enough, as it is when it is reflected from water, bronze, and other smooth bodies, to cast a shadow, which is the distinguishing mark by which we recognize light.

It is rightly said that an empty space plays the chief part in the production of hearing, for what people mean by 'the vacuum' is the air, which is what causes hearing, when that air is set in movement as one continuous mass; but owing to its friability it emits no sound, being dissipated by impinging upon any surface which is not smooth. When the surface on which it impinges is quite smooth, what is produced by the original impact is a united mass, a result due to the smoothness of the surface with which the air is in contact at the other end.

What has the power of producing sound is what has the power of setting in movement a single mass of air which is continuous from the impinging body up to the organ of hearing. The organ of hearing is physically united with air, and because it is in air, the air inside is moved concurrently with the air outside. Hence animals do not hear with all parts of their bodies, nor do all parts admit of the entrance of air; for even the part which can be moved and can sound has not air everywhere in it. Air in itself is, owing to its friability, quite soundless; only when its dissipation is prevented is its movement sound. The air in the ear is built into a chamber just to prevent this dissipating movement, in order that the animal may accurately apprehend all varieties of the movements of the air outside. That is why we hear also in water, viz. because the water cannot get into the air chamber or even, owing to the spirals, into the outer ear. If this does happen, hearing ceases, as it also does if the tympanic membrane is damaged, just as sight ceases if the membrane covering the pupil is damaged. It is also a test of deafness whether the ear does or does not reverberate like a horn; the air inside the ear has always a movement of its own, but the sound we hear is always the sounding of something else, not of the organ itself. That is why we say that we hear with what is empty and echoes, viz. because what we hear with is a chamber which contains a bounded mass of air.

Which is it that 'sounds', the striking body or the struck? Is not the answer 'it is both, but each in a different way'? Sound is a movement of what can rebound from a smooth surface when struck

against it. As we have explained, not everything sounds when it strikes or is struck, e.g. if one needle is struck against another, neither emits any sound. In order, therefore, that sound may be generated, what is struck must be smooth, to enable the air to rebound and be shaken off from it in one piece.

The distinctions between different sounding bodies show themselves only in actual sound; as without the help of light colours remain invisible, so without the help of actual sound the distinctions between acute and grave sounds remain inaudible. Acute and grave are here metaphors, transferred from their proper sphere, viz. that of touch, where they mean respectively what moves the sense much in a short time, what moves the sense little in a long time. Not that what is sharp really moves fast, and what is grave, slowly, but that the difference in the qualities of the one and the other movement is due to their respective speeds. There seems to be a sort of parallelism between what is acute or grave to hearing and what is sharp or blunt to touch; what is sharp as it were stabs, while what is blunt pushes, the one producing its effect in a short, the other in a long time, so that the one is quick, the other slow.

Let the foregoing suffice as an analysis of sound. Voice is a kind of sound characteristic of what has soul in it; nothing that is without soul utters voice, it being only by a metaphor that we speak of the voice of the flute or the lyre or generally of what (being without soul) possesses the power of producing a succession of notes which differ in length and pitch and timbre. The metaphor is based on the fact that all these differences are found also in voice. Many animals are voiceless, e.g. all non-sanuineous animals and among sanguineous animals fish. This is just what we should expect, since voice is a certain movement of air. The fish, like those in the Achelous[1], which are said to have voice, really make the sounds with their gills or some similar organ. Voice is the sound made by an animal, and that with a special organ. As we saw, everything that makes a sound does so by the impact of something against something else, across a space, filled with air; hence it is only to be expected that no animals utter voice except those which take in air. Once air is inbreathed, Nature uses it for two different purposes, as the tongue is used both for tasting and for articulating; in that case of the two functions tasting is necessary for the animal's existence (hence it is found more widely distributed), while articulate speech is a luxury subserving its possessor's well-being; similarly in the former case Nature employs the breath both as an indispensable means to the regulation of the inner temperature of the living body and also as the matter of articulate voice, in the interests of its possessor's well-being. Why its former use is

indispensable must be discussed elsewhere.

1 阿克罗俄斯河（the Achelous），希腊西部河流，全长220千米，向南流入爱奥尼亚海。

The organ of respiration is the windpipe, and the organ to which this is related as means to end is the lungs. The latter is the part of the body by which the temperature of land animals is raised above that of all others. But what primarily requires the air drawn in by respiration is not only this but the region surrounding the heart. That is why when animals breathe the air must penetrate inwards.

Voice then is the impact of the inbreathed air against the 'windpipe', and the agent that produces the impact is the soul resident in these parts of the body. Not every sound, as we said, made by an animal is voice (even with the tongue we may merely make a sound which is not voice, or without the tongue as in coughing); what produces the impact must have soul in it and must be accompanied by an act of imagination, for voice is a sound with a meaning, and is not merely the result of any impact of the breath as in coughing; in voice the breath in the windpipe is used as an instrument to knock with against the walls of the windpipe. This is confirmed by our inability to speak when we are breathing either out or in—we can only do so by holding our breath; we make the movements with the breath so checked. It is clear also why fish are voiceless; they have no windpipe. And they have no windpipe because they do not breathe or take in air. Why they do not is a question belonging to another inquiry.

CHAPTER 9

Smell and its object are much less easy to determine than what we have hitherto discussed; the distinguishing characteristic of the object of smell is less obvious than those of sound or colour. The ground of this is that our power of smell is less discriminating and in general inferior to that of many species of animals; men have a poor sense of smell and our apprehension of its proper objects is inseparably bound up with and so confused by pleasure and pain, which shows that in us the organ is inaccurate. It is probable that there is a parallel failure in the perception of colour by animals that have hard eyes: probably they discriminate differences of colour only by the presence or absence of what excites fear, and that it is thus that human beings distinguish smells. It seems that there is an analogy between smell and taste, and that the species of tastes run parallel to those of smells—the only difference being that our sense of taste is more discriminating than our sense of smell, because the former is a modification of touch, which reaches in man the maximum of discriminative accuracy. While in respect of all the other senses we fall below many species of animals, in respect of touch we far excel all other species in exactness of discrimination. That is why man is the most intelligent of all animals. This is confirmed by the fact that it is to differences in the organ of touch and to nothing else that the differences between man and man in respect of natural endowment are due; men whose flesh is hard are ill-endowed by nature, men whose flesh is soft, well-endowed.

As flavours may be divided into sweet, bitter, so with smells. In some things the flavor and the smell have the same quality, i.e. both are sweet or both bitter, in others they diverge. Similarly a smell, like a flavour, may be pungent, astringent, acid, or succulent. But, as we said, because smells are much less easy to discriminate than flavours, the names of these varieties are applied to smells only metaphorically; for example 'sweet' is extended from the taste to the smell of saffron or honey, 'pungent' to that of thyme, and so on.

In the same sense in which hearing has for its object both the audible and the inaudible, sight both the visible and the invisible, smell has for its object both the odorous and the inodorous. 'Inodorous' may be either what has no smell at all, or what has a small or feeble smell. The same ambiguity lurks in the word 'tasteless'.

Smelling, like the operation of the senses previously examined, takes place through a medium, i.e. through air or water—I add water,

because water-animals too (both sanguineous and non-sanguineous) seem to smell just as much as land-animals; at any rate some of them make directly for their food from a distance if it has any scent. That is why the following facts constitute a problem for us. All animals smell in the same way, but man smells only when he inhales; if he exhales or holds his breath, he ceases to smell, no difference being made whether the odorous object is distant or near, or even placed inside the nose and actually on the wall of the nostril; it is a disability common to all the senses not to perceive what is in immediate contact with the organ of sense, but our failure to apprehend what is odorous without the help of inhalation is peculiar (the fact is obvious on making the experiment). Now since bloodless animals do not breathe, they must, it might be argued, have some novel sense not reckoned among the usual five. Our reply must be that this is impossible, since it is scent that is perceived; a sense that apprehends what is odorous and what has a good or bad odour cannot be anything but smell. Further, they are observed to be deleteriously effected by the same strong odours as man is, e.g. bitumen, sulphur, and the like. These animals must be able to smell without being able to breathe. The probable explanation is that in man the organ of smell has a certain superiority over that in all other animals just as his eyes have over those of hard-eyed animals. Man's eyes have in the eyelids a kind of shelter or envelope, which must be shifted or drawn back in order that we may see, while hard-eyed animals have nothing of the kind, but at once see whatever presents itself in the transparent medium. Similarly in certain species of animals the organ of smell is like the eye of hard-eyed animals, uncurtained, while in others which take in air it probably has a curtain over it, which is drawn back in inhalation, owing to the dilating of the veins or pores. That explains also why such animals cannot smell under water; to smell they must first inhale, and that they cannot do under water.

Smells come from what is dry as flavours from what is moist. Consequently the organ of smell is potentially dry.

CHAPTER 10

What can be tasted is always something that can be touched, and just for that reason it cannot be perceived through an interposed foreign body, for touch means the absence of any intervening body. Further, the flavoured and tasteable body is suspended in a liquid matter, and this is tangible. Hence, if we lived in water, we should perceive a sweet object introduced into the water, but the water would not be the medium through which we perceived; our perception would be due to the solution of the sweet substance in what we imbibed, just as if it were mixed with some drink. There is no parallel here to the perception of colour, which is due neither to any blending of anything with anything, nor to any efflux of anything from anything. In the case of taste, there is nothing corresponding to the medium in the case of the senses previously discussed; but as the object of sight is colour, so the object of taste is flavour. But nothing excites a perception of flavour without the help of liquid; what acts upon the sense of taste must be either actually or potentially liquid like what is saline; it must be both itself easily dissolved, and capable of dissolving along with itself the tongue. Taste apprehends both what has taste and what has no taste, if we mean by what has only a slight or feeble flavour or what tends to destroy the sense of taste. In this it is exactly parallel to sight, which apprehends both what is visible and what is invisible (for darkness is invisible and yet is discriminated by sight; so is, in a different way, what is over brilliant), and to hearing, which apprehends both sound and silence, of which the one is audible and the other inaudible, and also over-loud sound. This corresponds in the case of hearing to over-bright light in the case of sight. As a faint sound is 'inaudible', so in a sense is a loud or violent sound. The word 'invisible' and similar privative terms cover not only what is simply without some power, but also what is adapted by nature to have it but has not it or has it only in a very low degree, as when we say that a species of swallow is 'footless' or that a variety of fruit is 'stoneless'. So too taste has as its object both what can be tasted and the tasteless—the latter in the sense of what has little flavour or a bad flavour or one destructive of taste. The difference between what is tasteless and what is not seems to rest ultimately on that between what is drinkable and what is undrinkable —both are tasteable, but the latter is bad and tends to destroy taste, while the former is the normal stimulus of taste. What is drinkable is the common object of both touch and taste.

Since what can be tasted is liquid, the organ for its perception cannot be either actually liquid or incapable of becoming liquid.

Tasting means a being affected by what can be tasted as such; hence the organ of taste must be liquefied, and so to start with must be non-liquid but capable of liquefaction without loss of its distinctive nature. This is confirmed by the fact that the tongue cannot taste either when it is too dry or when it is too moist; in the latter case what occurs is due to a contact with the pre-existent moisture in the tongue itself, when after a foretaste of some strong flavour we try to taste another flavour; it is in this way that sick persons find everything they taste bitter, viz. because, when they taste, their tongues are overflowing with bitter moisture.

The species of flavour are, as in the case of colour, simple, i.e. the two contraries, the sweet and the bitter, secondary, viz. on the side of the sweet, the succulent, on the side of the bitter, the saline, between these come the pungent, the harsh, the astringent, and the acid; these pretty well exhaust the varieties of flavour. It follows that what has the power of tasting is what is potentially of that kind, and that what is tasteable is what has the power of making it actually what it itself already is.

CHAPTER 11

Whatever can be said of what is tangible, can be said of touch, and vice versa; if touch is not a single sense but a group of senses, there must be several kinds of what is tangible. It is a problem whether touch is a single sense or a group of senses. It is also a problem, what is the organ of touch; is it or is it not the flesh (including what in certain animals is homologous with flesh)? On the second view, flesh is 'the medium' of touch, the real organ being situated farther inward. The problem arises because the field of each sense is according to the accepted view determined as the range between a single pair of contraries, white and black for sight, acute and grave for hearing, bitter and sweet for taste; but in the field of what is tangible we find several such pairs, hot cold, dry moist, hard soft, &c. This problem finds a partial solution, when it is recalled that in the case of the other senses more than one pair of contraries are to be met with, e.g. in sound not only acute and grave but loud and soft, smooth and rough, &c.; there are similar contrasts in the field of colour. Nevertheless we are unable clearly to detect in the case of touch what the single subject is which underlies the contrasted qualities and corresponds to sound in the case of hearing.

To the question whether the organ of touch lies inward or not (i.e. whether we need look any farther than the flesh), no indication in favour of the second answer can be drawn from the fact that if the object comes into contact with the flesh it is at once perceived. For even under present conditions if the experiment is made of making a web and stretching it tight over the flesh, as soon as this web is touched the sensation is reported in the same manner as before, yet it is clear that the organ is not in this membrane. If the membrane could be grown on to the flesh, the report would travel still quicker. The flesh plays in touch very much the same part as would be played in the other senses by an air-envelope growing round our body; had we such an envelope attached to us we should have supposed that it was by a single organ that we perceived sounds, colours, and smells, and we should have taken sight, hearing, and smell to be a single sense. But as it is, because that through which the different movements are transmitted is not naturally attached to our bodies, the difference of the various sense-organs is too plain to miss. But in the case of touch the obscurity remains.

There must be such a naturally attached 'medium' as flesh, for no living body could be constructed of air or water; it must be something solid. Consequently it must be composed of earth along with these,

which is just what flesh and its analogue in animals which have no true flesh tend to be. Hence of necessity the medium through which are transmitted the manifoldly contrasted tactual qualities must be a body naturally attached to the organism. That they are manifold is clear when we consider touching with the tongue; we apprehend at the tongue all tangible qualities as well as flavour. Suppose all the rest of our flesh was, like the tongue, sensitive to flavour, we should have identified the sense of taste and the sense of touch; what saves us from this identification is the fact that touch and taste are not always found together in the same part of the body. The following problem might be raised. Let us assume that every body has depth, i.e. has three dimensions, and that if two bodies have a third body between them they cannot be in contact with one another; let us remember that what is liquid is a body and must be or contain water, and that if two bodies touch one another under water, their touching surfaces cannot be dry, but must have water between, viz. the water which wets their bounding surfaces; from all this it follows that in water two bodies cannot be in contact with one another. The same holds of two bodies in air—air being to bodies in air precisely what water is to bodies in water—but the facts are not so evident to our observation, because we live in air, just as animals that live in water would not notice that the things which touch one another in water have wet surfaces. The problem, then, is: does the perception of all objects of sense take place in the same way, or does it not, e.g. taste and touch requiring contact (as they are commonly thought to do), while all other senses perceive over a distance? The distinction is unsound; we perceive what is hard or soft, as well as the objects of hearing, sight, and smell, through a 'medium', only that the latter are perceived over a greater distance than the former; that is why the facts escape our notice. For we do perceive everything through a medium; but in these cases the fact escapes us. Yet, to repeat what we said before, if the medium for touch were a membrane separating us from the object without our observing its existence, we should be relatively to it in the same condition as we are now to air or water in which we are immersed; in their case we fancy we can touch objects, nothing coming in between us and them. But there remains this difference between what can be touched and what can be seen or can sound; in the latter two cases we perceive because the medium produces a certain effect upon us, whereas in the perception of objects of touch we are affected not by but along with the medium; it is as if a man were struck through his shield, where the shock is not first given to the shield and passed on to the man, but the concussion of both is simultaneous.

In general, flesh and the tongue are related to the real organs of

touch and taste, as air and water are to those of sight, hearing, and smell. Hence in neither the one case nor the other can there be any perception of an object if it is placed immediately upon the organ, e.g. if a white object is placed on the surface of the eye. This again shows that what has the power of perceiving the tangible is seated inside. Only so would there be a complete analogy with all the other senses. In their case if you place the object on the organ it is not perceived, here if you place it on the flesh it is perceived; therefore flesh is not the organ but the medium of touch.

What can be touched are distinctive qualities of body as body; by such differences I mean those which characterize the elements, viz, hot cold, dry moist, of which we have spoken earlier in our treatise on the elements. The organ for the perception of these is that of touch—that part of the body in which primarily the sense of touch resides. This is that part which is potentially such as its object is actually: for all sense-perception is a process of being so affected; so that that which makes something such as it itself actually is makes the other such because the other is already potentially such. That is why when an object of touch is equally hot and cold or hard and soft we cannot perceive; what we perceive must have a degree of the sensible quality lying beyond the neutral point. This implies that the sense itself is a 'mean' between any two opposite qualities which determine the field of that sense. It is to this that it owes its power of discerning the objects in that field. What is 'in the middle' is fitted to discern; relatively to either extreme it can put itself in the place of the other. As what is to perceive both white and black must, to begin with, be actually neither but potentially either (and so with all the other sense-organs), so the organ of touch must be neither hot nor cold.

Further, as in a sense sight had for its object both what was visible and what was invisible (and there was a parallel truth about all the other senses discussed), so touch has for its object both what is tangible and what is intangible. Here by 'intangible' is meant what like air possesses some quality of tangible things in a very slight degree and what possesses it in an excessive degree, as destructive things do.

We have now given an outline account of each of the several senses.

CHAPTER 12

The following results applying to any and every sense may now be formulated.

(A) By a 'sense' is meant what has the power of receiving into itself the sensible forms of things without the matter. This must be conceived of as taking place in the way in which a piece of wax takes on the impress of a signet-ring without the iron or gold; we say that what produces the impression is a signet of bronze or gold, but its particular metallic constitution makes no difference: in a similar way the sense is affected by what is coloured or flavoured or sounding, but it is indifferent what in each case the substance is; what alone matters is what quality it has, i.e. in what ratio its constituents are combined.

(B) By 'an organ of sense' is meant that in which ultimately such a power is seated.

The sense and its organ are the same in fact, but their essence is not the same. What perceives is, of course, a spatial magnitude, but we must not admit that either the having the power to perceive or the sense itself is a magnitude; what they are is a certain ratio or power in a magnitude. This enables us to explain why objects of sense which possess one of two opposite sensible qualities in a degree largely in excess of the other opposite destroy the organs of sense; if the movement set up by an object is too strong for the organ, the equipoise of contrary qualities in the organ, which just is its sensory power, is disturbed; it is precisely as concord and tone are destroyed by too violently twanging the strings of a lyre. This explains also why plants cannot perceive, in spite of their having a portion of soul in them and obviously being affected by tangible objects themselves; for undoubtedly their temperature can be lowered or raised. The explanation is that they have no mean of contrary qualities, and so no principle in them capable of taking on the forms of sensible objects without their matter; in the case of plants the affection is an affection by form-and-matter together. The problem might be raised: Can what cannot smell be said to be affected by smells or what cannot see by colours, and so on? It might be said that a smell is just what can be smelt, and if it produces any effect it can only be so as to make something smell it, and it might be argued that what cannot smell cannot be affected by smells and further that what can smell can be affected by it only in so far as it has in it the power to smell (similarly with the proper objects of all the other senses). Indeed that this is so is made quite evident as follows. Light or darkness, sounds and smells

leave bodies quite unaffected; what does affect bodies is not these but the bodies which are their vehicles, e.g. what splits the trunk of a tree is not the sound of the thunder but the air which accompanies thunder. Yes, but, it may be objected, bodies are affected by what is tangible and by flavours. If not, by what are things that are without soul affected, i.e. altered in quality? Must we not, then, admit that the objects of the other senses also may affect them? Is not the true account this, that all bodies are capable of being affected by smells and sounds, but that some on being acted upon, having no boundaries of their own, disintegrate, as in the instance of air, which does become odorous, showing that some effect is produced on it by what is odorous? But smelling is more than such an affection by what is odorous—what more? Is not the answer that, while the air owing to the momentary duration of the action upon it of what is odorous does itself become perceptible to the sense of smell, smelling is an observing of the result produced?

BOOK III

CHAPTER 1

That there is no sixth sense in addition to the five enumerated—sight, hearing, smell, taste, touch—may be established by the following considerations:

If we have actually sensation of everything of which touch can give us sensation (for all the qualities of the tangible qua tangible are perceived by us through touch); and if absence of a sense necessarily involves absence of a sense-organ; and if all objects that we perceive by immediate contact with them are perceptible by touch, which sense we actually possess, and all objects that we perceive through media, i.e. without immediate contact, are perceptible by or through the simple elements, e.g. air and water (and this is so arranged that if more than one kind of sensible object is perceivable through a single medium, the possessor of a sense-organ homogeneous with that medium has the power of perceiving both kinds of objects; for example, if the sense-organ is made of air, and air is a medium both for sound and for colour; and that if more than one medium can transmit the same kind of sensible objects, as e.g. water as well as air can transmit colour, both being transparent, then the possessor of either alone will be able to perceive the kind of objects transmissible through both); and if of the simple elements two only, air and water, go to form sense-organs (for the pupil is made of water, the organ of hearing is made of air, and the organ of smell of one or other of these two, while fire is found either in none or in all—warmth being an essential condition of all sensibility—and earth either in none or, if anywhere, specially mingled with the components of the organ of touch; wherefore it would remain that there can be no sense-organ formed of anything except water and air); and if these sense-organs are actually found in certain animals;—then all the possible senses are possessed by those animals that are not imperfect or mutilated (for even the mole is observed to have eyes beneath its skin); so that, if there is no fifth element and no property other than those which belong to the four elements of our world, no sense can be wanting to such animals.

Further, there cannot be a special sense-organ for the common sensibles either, i.e. the objects which we perceive incidentally through this or that special sense, e.g. movement, rest, figure, magnitude, number, unity; for all these we perceive by movement, e.g. magnitude by movement, and therefore also figure (for figure is a species of magnitude), what is at rest by the absence of movement: number is perceived by the negation of continuity, and by the special

sensibles; for each sense perceives one class of sensible objects. So that it is clearly impossible that there should be a special sense for any one of the common sensibles, e.g. movement; for, if that were so, our perception of it would be exactly parallel to our present perception of what is sweet by vision. That is so because we have a sense for each of the two qualities, in virtue of which when they happen to meet in one sensible object we are aware of both contemporaneously. If it were not like this our perception of the common qualities would always be incidental, i.e. as is the perception of Cleon[1]'s son, where we perceive him not as Cleon's son but as white, and the white thing which we really perceive happens to be Cleon's son.

But in the case of the common sensibles there is already in us a general sensibility which enables us to perceive them directly; there is therefore no special sense required for their perception: if there were, our perception of them would have been exactly like what has been above described.

1 克里昂（Cleon,?—422BC），雅典政治领袖、统帅，Pericles死后成为雅典民主派首领，伯罗奔尼撒战争中极力主战，曾大败斯巴达军于Sphacteria岛，后战败身亡。

The senses perceive each other's special objects incidentally; not because the percipient sense is this or that special sense, but because all form a unity: this incidental perception takes place whenever sense is directed at one and the same moment to two disparate qualities in one and the same object, e.g. to the bitterness and the yellowness of bile, the assertion of the identity of both cannot be the act of either of the senses; hence the illusion of sense, e.g. the belief that if a thing is yellow it is bile.

It might be asked why we have more senses than one. Is it to prevent a failure to apprehend the common sensibles, e.g. movement, magnitude, and number, which go along with the special sensibles? Had we no sense but sight, and that sense no object but white, they would have tended to escape our notice and everything would have merged for us into an indistinguishable identity because of the concomitance of colour and magnitude. As it is, the fact that the common sensibles are given in the objects of more than one sense reveals their distinction from each and all of the special sensibles.

CHAPTER 2

Since it is through sense that we are aware that we are seeing or hearing, it must be either by sight that we are aware of seeing, or by some sense other than sight. But the sense that gives us this new sensation must perceive both sight and its object, viz. colour: so that either there will be two senses both percipient of the same sensible object, or the sense must be percipient of itself. Further, even if the sense which perceives sight were different from sight, we must either fall into an infinite regress, or we must somewhere assume a sense which is aware of itself. If so, we ought to do this in the first case.

This presents a difficulty: if to perceive by sight is just to see, and what is seen is colour (or the coloured), then if we are to see that which sees, that which sees originally must be coloured. It is clear therefore that 'to perceive by sight' has more than one meaning; for even when we are not seeing, it is by sight that we discriminate darkness from light, though not in the same way as we distinguish one colour from another. Further, in a sense even that which sees is coloured; for in each case the sense-organ is capable of receiving the sensible object without its matter. That is why even when the sensible objects are gone the sensings and imaginings continue to exist in the sense-organs.

The activity of the sensible object and that of the percipient sense is one and the same activity, and yet the distinction between their being remains. Take as illustration actual sound and actual hearing: a man may have hearing and yet not be hearing, and that which has a sound is not always sounding. But when that which can hear is actively hearing and which can sound is sounding, then the actual hearing and the actual sound are merged in one (these one might call respectively hearkening and sounding).

If it is true that the movement, both the acting and the being acted upon, is to be found in that which is acted upon, both the sound and the hearing so far as it is actual must be found in that which has the faculty of hearing; for it is in the passive factor that the actuality of the active or motive factor is realized; that is why that which causes movement may be at rest. Now the actuality of that which can sound is just sound or sounding, and the actuality of that which can hear is hearing or hearkening; 'sound' and 'hearing' are both ambiguous. The same account applies to the other senses and their objects. For as the-acting-and-being-acted-upon is to be found in the passive, not in the active factor, so also the actuality of the sensible object and that of the

sensitive subject are both realized in the latter. But while in some cases each aspect of the total actuality has a distinct name, e.g. sounding and hearkening, in some one or other is nameless, e.g. the actuality of sight is called seeing, but the actuality of colour has no name: the actuality of the faculty of taste is called tasting, but the actuality of flavour has no name. Since the actualities of the sensible object and of the sensitive faculty are one actuality in spite of the difference between their modes of being, actual hearing and actual sounding appear and disappear from existence at one and the same moment, and so actual savour and actual tasting, &c., while as potentialities one of them may exist without the other. The earlier students of nature were mistaken in their view that without sight there was no white or black, without taste no savour. This statement of theirs is partly true, partly false: 'sense' and 'the sensible object' are ambiguous terms, i.e. may denote either potentialities or actualities: the statement is true of the latter, false of the former. This ambiguity they wholly failed to notice.

If voice always implies a concord, and if the voice and the hearing of it are in one sense one and the same, and if concord always implies a ratio, hearing as well as what is heard must be a ratio. That is why the excess of either the sharp or the flat destroys the hearing. (So also in the case of savours excess destroys the sense of taste, and in the case of colours excessive brightness or darkness destroys the sight, and in the case of smell excess of strength whether in the direction of sweetness or bitterness is destructive.) This shows that the sense is a ratio.

That is also why the objects of sense are pleasant when the sensible extremes such as acid or sweet or salt being pure and unmixed are brought into the proper ratio; then they are pleasant: and in general what is blended is more pleasant than the sharp or the flat alone; or, to touch, that which is capable of being either warmed or chilled: the sense and the ratio are identical: while in excess the sensible extremes are painful or destructive.

Each sense then is relative to its particular group of sensible qualities: it is found in a sense-organ as such and discriminates the differences which exist within that group; e.g. sight discriminates white and black, taste sweet and bitter, and so in all cases. Since we also discriminate white from sweet, and indeed each sensible quality from every other, with what do we perceive that they are different? It must be by sense; for what is before us is sensible objects. (Hence it is also obvious that the flesh cannot be the ultimate sense-organ: if it were, the discriminating power could not do its work without

immediate contact with the object.)

Therefore discrimination between white and sweet cannot be effected by two agencies which remain separate; both the qualities discriminated must be present to something that is one and single. On any other supposition even if I perceived sweet and you perceived white, the difference between them would be apparent. What says that two things are different must be one; for sweet is different from white. Therefore what asserts this difference must be self-identical, and as what asserts, so also what thinks or perceives. That it is not possible by means of two agencies which remain separate to discriminate two objects which are separate, is therefore obvious; and that it is not possible to do this in separate movements of time may be seen if we look at it as follows. For as what asserts the difference between the good and the bad is one and the same, so also the time at which it asserts the one to be different and the other to be different is not accidental to the assertion (as it is for instance when I now assert a difference but do not assert that there is now a difference); it asserts thus—both now and that the objects are different now; the objects therefore must be present at one and the same moment. Both the discriminating power and the time of its exercise must be one and undivided.

But, it may be objected, it is impossible that what is self-identical should be moved at one and the same time with contrary movements in so far as it is undivided, and in an undivided moment of time. For if what is sweet be the quality perceived, it moves the sense or thought in this determinate way, while what is bitter moves it in a contrary way, and what is white in a different way. Is it the case then that what discriminates, though both numerically one and indivisible, is at the same time divided in its being? In one sense, it is what is divided that perceives two separate objects at once, but in another sense it does so qua undivided; for it is divisible in its being, but spatially and numerically undivided. But is not this impossible? For while it is true that what is self-identical and undivided may be both contraries at once potentially, it cannot be self-identical in its being—it must lose its unity by being put into activity. It is not possible to be at once white and black, and therefore it must also be impossible for a thing to be affected at one and the same moment by the forms of both, assuming it to be the case that sensation and thinking are properly so described.

The answer is that just as what is called a 'point' is, as being at once one and two, properly said to be divisible, so here, that which discriminates is qua undivided one, and active in a single moment of

time, while so far forth as it is divisible it twice over uses the same dot at one and the same time. So far forth then as it takes the limit as two, it discriminates two separate objects with what in a sense is divided: while so far as it takes it as one, it does so with what is one and occupies in its activity a single moment of time.

About the principle in virtue of which we say that animals are percipient, let this discussion suffice.

CHAPTER 3

There are two distinctive peculiarities by reference to which we characterize the soul — local movement and thinking, discriminating, and perceiving. Thinking both speculative and practical is regarded as akin to a form of perceiving; for in the one as well as the other the soul discriminates and is cognizant of something which is. Indeed the ancients go so far as to identify thinking and perceiving; e.g. Empedocles says 'For 'tis in respect of what is present that man's wit is increased', and again 'Whence it befalls them from time to time to think diverse thoughts', and Homer's phrase 'For suchlike is man's mind' means the same. They all look upon thinking as a bodily process like perceiving, and hold that like is known as well as perceived by like, as I explained at the beginning of our discussion. Yet they ought at the same time to have accounted for error also; for it is more intimately connected with animal existence and the soul continues longer in the state of error than in that of truth. They cannot escape the dilemma: either whatever seems is true (and there are some who accept this) or error is contact with the unlike; for that is the opposite of the knowing of like by like.

But it is a received principle that error as well as knowledge in respect to contraries is one and the same.

That perceiving and practical thinking are not identical is therefore obvious; for the former is universal in the animal world, the latter is found in only a small division of it. Further, speculative thinking is also distinct from perceiving—I mean that in which we find rightness and wrongness—rightness in prudence, knowledge, true opinion, wrongness in their opposites; for perception of the special objects of sense is always free from error, and is found in all animals, while it is possible to think falsely as well as truly, and thought is found only where there is discourse of reason as well as sensibility. For imagination is different from either perceiving or discursive thinking, though it is not found without sensation, or judgement without it. That this activity is not the same kind of thinking as judgement is obvious. For imagining lies within our own power whenever we wish (e.g. we can call up a picture, as in the practice of mnemonics by the use of mental images), but in forming opinions we are not free: we cannot escape the alternative of falsehood or truth. Further, when we think something to be fearful or threatening, emotion is immediately produced, and so too with what is encouraging; but when we merely imagine we remain as unaffected as persons who are looking at a painting of some dreadful or

encouraging scene. Again within the field of judgement itself we find varieties—knowledge, opinion, prudence, and their opposites; of the differences between these I must speak elsewhere.

Thinking is different from perceiving and is held to be in part imagination, in part judgement: we must therefore first mark off the sphere of imagination and then speak of judgement. If then imagination is that in virtue of which an image arises for us, excluding metaphorical uses of the term, is it a single faculty or disposition relative to images, in virtue of which we discriminate and are either in error or not? The faculties in virtue of which we do this are sense, opinion, science, intelligence.

That imagination is not sense is clear from the following considerations: Sense is either a faculty or an activity, e.g. sight or seeing: imagination takes place in the absence of both, as e.g. in dreams. Again, sense is always present, imagination not. If actual imagination and actual sensation were the same, imagination would be found in all the brutes: this is held not to be the case; e.g. it is not found in ants or bees or grubs. Again, sensations are always true, imaginations are for the most part false. Once more, even in ordinary speech, we do not, when sense functions precisely with regard to its object, say that we imagine it to be a man, but rather when there is some failure of accuracy in its exercise. And, as we were saying before, visions appear to us even when our eyes are shut. Neither is imagination any of the things that are never in error: e.g. knowledge or intelligence; for imagination may be false.

It remains therefore to see if it is opinion, for opinion may be either true or false.

But opinion involves belief (for without belief in what we opine we cannot have an opinion), and in the brutes though we often find imagination we never find belief. Further, every opinion is accompanied by belief, belief by conviction, and conviction by discourse of reason: while there are some of the brutes in which we find imagination, without discourse of reason. It is clear then that imagination cannot, again, be opinion plus sensation, or opinion mediated by sensation, or a blend of opinion and sensation; this is impossible both for these reasons and because the content of the supposed opinion cannot be different from that of the sensation (I mean that imagination must be the blending of the perception of white with the opinion that it is white: it could scarcely be a blend of the opinion that it is good with the perception that it is white): to imagine is therefore (on this view) identical with the thinking of

exactly the same as what one in the strictest sense perceives. But what we imagine is sometimes false though our contemporaneous judgement about it is true; e.g. we imagine the sun to be a foot in diameter though we are convinced that it is larger than the inhabited part of the earth, and the following dilemma presents itself. Either while the fact has not changed and the observer has neither forgotten nor lost belief in the true opinion which he had, that opinion has disappeared, or if he retains it then his opinion is at once true and false. A true opinion, however, becomes false only when the fact alters without being noticed.

Imagination is therefore neither any one of the states enumerated, nor compounded out of them.

But since when one thing has been set in motion another thing may be moved by it, and imagination is held to be a movement and to be impossible without sensation, i.e. to occur in beings that are percipient and to have for its content what can be perceived, and since movement may be produced by actual sensation and that movement is necessarily similar in character to the sensation itself, this movement must be necessarily incapable of existing apart from sensation, incapable of existing except when we perceive, such that in virtue of its possession that in which it is found may present various phenomena both active and passive, and such that it may be either true or false.

The reason of the last characteristic is as follows. Perception of the special objects of sense is never in error or admits the least possible amount of falsehood. That of the concomitance of the objects concomitant with the sensible qualities comes next: in this case certainly we may be deceived; for while the perception that there is white before us cannot be false, the perception that what is white is this or that may be false. Third comes the perception of the universal attributes which accompany the concomitant objects to which the special sensibles attach (I mean e.g. of movement and magnitude); it is in respect of these that the greatest amount of sense-illusion is possible.

The motion which is due to the activity of sense in these three modes of its exercise will differ from the activity of sense; the first kind of derived motion is free from error while the sensation is present; the others may be erroneous whether it is present or absent, especially when the object of perception is far off. If then imagination presents no other features than those enumerated and is what we have described, then imagination must be a movement resulting from an

actual exercise of a power of sense.

As sight is the most highly developed sense, the name phantasia (imagination) has been formed from phaos (light) because it is not possible to see without light.

And because imaginations remain in the organs of sense and resemble sensations, animals in their actions are largely guided by them, some (i.e. the brutes) because of the non-existence in them of mind, others (i.e. men) because of the temporary eclipse in them of mind by feeling or disease or sleep.

About imagination, what it is and why it exists, let so much suffice.

CHAPTER 4

Turning now to the part of the soul with which the soul knows and thinks (whether this is separable from the others in definition only, or spatially as well) we have to inquire what differentiates this part, and how thinking can take place.

If thinking is like perceiving, it must be either a process in which the soul is acted upon by what is capable of being thought, or a process different from but analogous to that. The thinking part of the soul must therefore be, while impassible, capable of receiving the form of an object; that is, must be potentially identical in character with its object without being the object. Mind must be related to what is thinkable, as sense is to what is sensible.

Therefore, since everything is a possible object of thought, mind in order, as Anaxagoras says, to dominate, that is, to know, must be pure from all admixture; for the co-presence of what is alien to its nature is a hindrance and a block: it follows that it too, like the sensitive part, can have no nature of its own, other than that of having a certain capacity. Thus that in the soul which is called mind (by mind I mean that whereby the soul thinks and judges) is, before it thinks, not actually any real thing. For this reason it cannot reasonably be regarded as blended with the body: if so, it would acquire some quality, e.g. warmth or cold, or even have an organ like the sensitive faculty: as it is, it has none. It was a good idea to call the soul 'the place of forms', though this description holds only of the intellective soul, and even this is the forms only potentially, not actually.

Observation of the sense-organs and their employment reveals a distinction between the impassibility of the sensitive and that of the intellective faculty. After strong stimulation of a sense we are less able to exercise it than before, as e.g. in the case of a loud sound we cannot hear easily immediately after, or in the case of a bright colour or a powerful odour we cannot see or smell, but in the case of mind thought about an object that is highly intelligible renders it more and not less able afterwards to think objects that are less intelligible: the reason is that while the faculty of sensation is dependent upon the body, mind is separable from it.

Once the mind has become each set of its possible objects, as a man of science has, when this phrase is used of one who is actually a man of science (this happens when he is now able to exercise the power on his own initiative), its condition is still one of potentiality,

but in a different sense from the potentiality which preceded the acquisition of knowledge by learning or discovery: the mind too is then able to think itself.

Since we can distinguish between a spatial magnitude and what it is to be such, and between water and what it is to be water, and so in many other cases (though not in all; for in certain cases the thing and its form are identical), flesh and what it is to be flesh are discriminated either by different faculties, or by the same faculty in two different states: for flesh necessarily involves matter and is like what is snub-nosed, a this in a this. Now it is by means of the sensitive faculty that we discriminate the hot and the cold, i.e. the factors which combined in a certain ratio constitute flesh: the essential character of flesh is apprehended by something different either wholly separate from the sensitive faculty or related to it as a bent line to the same line when it has been straightened out.

Again in the case of abstract objects what is straight is analogous to what is snub-nosed; for it necessarily implies a continuum as its matter: its constitutive essence is different, if we may distinguish between straightness and what is straight: let us take it to be two-ness. It must be apprehended, therefore, by a different power or by the same power in a different state. To sum up, in so far as the realities it knows are capable of being separated from their matter, so it is also with the powers of mind.

The problem might be suggested: if thinking is a passive affection, then if mind is simple and impassible and has nothing in common with anything else, as Anaxagoras says, how can it come to think at all? For interaction between two factors is held to require a precedent community of nature between the factors. Again it might be asked, is mind a possible object of thought to itself? For if mind is thinkable per se and what is thinkable is in kind one and the same, then either mind will belong to everything, or mind will contain some element common to it with all other realities which makes them all thinkable.

Have not we already disposed of the difficulty about interaction involving a common element, when we said that mind is in a sense potentially whatever is thinkable, though actually it is nothing until it has thought? What it thinks must be in it just as characters may be said to be on a writing tablet on which as yet nothing actually stands written: this is exactly what happens with mind.

Mind is itself thinkable in exactly the same way as its objects are. For in the case of objects which involve no matter, what thinks and

what is thought are identical; for speculative knowledge and its object are identical. (Why mind is not always thinking we must consider later.) In the case of those which contain matter each of the objects of thought is only potentially present. It follows that while they will not have mind in them (for mind is a potentiality of them only in so far as they are capable of being disengaged from matter) mind may yet be thinkable.

CHAPTER 5

Since in every class of things, as in nature as a whole, we find two factors involved, a matter which is potentially all the particulars included in the class, a cause which is productive in the sense that it makes them all (the latter standing to the former, as e.g. an art to its material), these distinct elements must likewise be found within the soul.

And in fact mind as we have described it is what it is by virtue of becoming all things, while there is another which is what it is by virtue of making all things: this is a sort of positive state like light; for in a sense light makes potential colours into actual colours.

Mind in this sense of it is separable, impassible, unmixed, since it is in its essential nature activity (for always the active is superior to the passive factor, the originating force to the matter which it forms).

Actual knowledge is identical with its object: in the individual, potential knowledge is in time prior to actual knowledge, but in the universe as a whole it is not prior even in time. Mind is not at one time knowing and at another not. When mind is set free from its present conditions it appears as just what it is and nothing more: this alone is immortal and eternal (we do not, however, remember its former activity because, while mind in this sense is impassible, mind as passive is destructible), and without it nothing thinks.

CHAPTER 6

The thinking then of the simple objects of thought is found in those cases where falsehood is impossible: where the alternative of true or false applies, there we always find a putting together of objects of thought in a quasi-unity. As Empedocles said that 'where heads of many a creature sprouted without necks' they afterwards by Love's power were combined, so here too objects of thought which were given separate are combined, e.g. 'incommensurate' and 'diagonal': if the combination be of objects past or future the combination of thought includes in its content the date. For falsehood always involves a synthesis; for even if you assert that what is white is not white you have included not white in a synthesis. It is possible also to call all these cases division as well as combination. However that may be, there is not only the true or false assertion that Cleon is white but also the true or false assertion that he was or will be white. In each and every case that which unifies is mind.

Since the word 'simple' has two senses, i.e. may mean either 'not capable of being divided' or 'not actually divided', there is nothing to prevent mind from knowing what is undivided, e.g. when it apprehends a length (which is actually undivided) and that in an undivided time; for the time is divided or undivided in the same manner as the line. It is not possible, then, to tell what part of the line it was apprehending in each half of the time: the object has no actual parts until it has been divided: if in thought you think each half separately, then by the same act you divide the time also, the half-lines becoming as it were new wholes of length. But if you think it as a whole consisting of these two possible parts, then also you think it in a time which corresponds to both parts together. (But what is not quantitatively but qualitatively simple is thought in a simple time and by a simple act of the soul.)

But that which mind thinks and the time in which it thinks are in this case divisible only incidentally and not as such. For in them too there is something indivisible (though, it may be, not isolable) which gives unity to the time and the whole of length; and this is found equally in every continuum whether temporal or spatial.

Points and similar instances of things that divide, themselves being indivisible, are realized in consciousness in the same manner as privations.

A similar account may be given of all other cases, e.g. how evil or

black is cognized; they are cognized, in a sense, by means of their contraries. That which cognizes must have an element of potentiality in its being, and one of the contraries must be in it. But if there is anything that has no contrary, then it knows itself and is actually and possesses independent existence.

Assertion is the saying of something concerning something, e.g. affirmation, and is in every case either true or false: this is not always the case with mind: the thinking of the definition in the sense of the constitutive essence is never in error nor is it the assertion of something concerning something, but, just as while the seeing of the special object of sight can never be in error, the belief that the white object seen is a man may be mistaken, so too in the case of objects which are without matter.

CHAPTER 7

Actual knowledge is identical with its object: potential knowledge in the individual is in time prior to actual knowledge but in the universe it has no priority even in time; for all things that come into being arise from what actually is. In the case of sense clearly the sensitive faculty already was potentially what the object makes it to be actually; the faculty is not affected or altered. This must therefore be a different kind from movement; for movement is, as we saw, an activity of what is imperfect, activity in the unqualified sense, i.e. that of what has been perfected, is different from movement.

To perceive then is like bare asserting or knowing; but when the object is pleasant or painful, the soul makes a quasi-affirmation or negation, and pursues or avoids the object. To feel pleasure or pain is to act with the sensitive mean towards what is good or bad as such. Both avoidance and appetite when actual are identical with this: the faculty of appetite and avoidance are not different, either from one another or from the faculty of sense-perception; but their being is different.

To the thinking soul images serve as if they were contents of perception (and when it asserts or denies them to be good or bad it avoids or pursues them). That is why the soul never thinks without an image. The process is like that in which the air modifies the pupil in this or that way and the pupil transmits the modification to some third thing (and similarly in hearing), while the ultimate point of arrival is one, a single mean, with different manners of being.

With what part of itself the soul discriminates sweet from hot I have explained before and must now describe again as follows: That with which it does so is a sort of unity, but in the way just mentioned, i.e. as a connecting term. And the two faculties it connects, being one by analogy and numerically, are each to each as the qualities discerned are to one another (for what difference does it make whether we raise the problem of discrimination between disparates or between contraries, e.g. white and black?). Let then C be to D as A is to B: it follows alternando that C:A = D:B. If then C and D belong to one subject, the case will be the same with them as with A and B; A and B form a single identity with different modes of being; so too will the former pair. The same reasoning holds if A be sweet and B white.

The faculty of thinking then thinks the forms in the images, and as in the former case what is to be pursued or avoided is marked out

for it, so where there is no sensation and it is engaged upon the images it is moved to pursuit or avoidance. E.g. perceiving by sense that the beacon is fire, it recognizes in virtue of the general faculty of sense that it signifies an enemy, because it sees it moving; but sometimes by means of the images or thoughts which are within the soul, just as if it were seeing, it calculates and deliberates what is to come by reference to what is present; and when it makes a pronouncement, as in the case of sensation it pronounces the object to be pleasant or painful, in this case it avoids or persues and so generally in cases of action.

That too which involves no action, i.e. that which is true or false, is in the same province with what is good or bad: yet they differ in this, that the one set imply and the other do not a reference to a particular person.

The so-called abstract objects the mind thinks just as, if one had thought of the snubnosed not as snub-nosed but as hollow, one would have thought of an actuality without the flesh in which it is embodied: it is thus that the mind when it is thinking the objects of Mathematics thinks as separate elements which do not exist separate. In every case the mind which is actively thinking is the objects which it thinks. Whether it is possible for it while not existing separate from spatial conditions to think anything that is separate, or not, we must consider later.

CHAPTER 8

Let us now summarize our results about soul, and repeat that the soul is in a way all existing things; for existing things are either sensible or thinkable, and knowledge is in a way what is knowable, and sensation is in a way what is sensible: in what way we must inquire.

Knowledge and sensation are divided to correspond with the realities, potential knowledge and sensation answering to potentialities, actual knowledge and sensation to actualities. Within the soul the faculties of knowledge and sensation are potentially these objects, the one what is knowable, the other what is sensible. They must be either the things themselves or their forms. The former alternative is of course impossible: it is not the stone which is present in the soul but its form.

It follows that the soul is analogous to the hand; for as the hand is a tool of tools, so the mind is the form of forms and sense the form of sensible things.

Since according to common agreement there is nothing outside and separate in existence from sensible spatial magnitudes, the objects of thought are in the sensible forms, viz. both the abstract objects and all the states and affections of sensible things. Hence no one can learn or understand anything in the absence of sense, and when the mind is actively aware of anything it is necessarily aware of it along with an image; for images are like sensuous contents except in that they contain no matter.

Imagination is different from assertion and denial; for what is true or false involves a synthesis of concepts. In what will the primary concepts differ from images? Must we not say that neither these nor even our other concepts are images, though they necessarily involve them?

CHAPTER 9

The soul of animals is characterized by two faculties, the faculty of discrimination which is the work of thought and sense, and the faculty of originating local movement. Sense and mind we have now sufficiently examined. Let us next consider what it is in the soul which originates movement. Is it a single part of the soul separate either spatially or in definition? Or is it the soul as a whole? If it is a part, is that part different from those usually distinguished or already mentioned by us, or is it one of them? The problem at once presents itself, in what sense we are to speak of parts of the soul, or how many we should distinguish. For in a sense there is an infinity of parts: it is not enough to distinguish, with some thinkers, the calculative, the passionate, and the desiderative, or with others the rational and the irrational; for if we take the dividing lines followed by these thinkers we shall find parts far more distinctly separated from one another than these, namely those we have just mentioned: the nutritive, which belongs both to plants and to all animals, and the sensitive, which cannot easily be classed as either irrational or rational; further the imaginative, which is, in its being, different from all, while it is very hard to say with which of the others it is the same or not the same, supposing we determine to posit separate parts in the soul; and lastly the appetitive, which would seem to be distinct both in definition and in power from all hitherto enumerated.

It is absurd to break up the last-mentioned faculty: as these thinkers do, for wish is found in the calculative part and desire and passion in the irrational; and if the soul is tripartite appetite will be found in all three parts. Turning our attention to the present object of discussion, let us ask what that is which originates local movement of the animal.

The movement of growth and decay, being found in all living things, must be attributed to the faculty of reproduction and nutrition, which is common to all: inspiration and expiration, sleep and waking, we must consider later: these too present much difficulty: at present we must consider local movement, asking what it is that originates forward movement in the animal.

That it is not the nutritive faculty is obvious; for this kind of movement is always for an end and is accompanied either by imagination or by appetite; for no animal moves except by compulsion unless it has an impulse towards or away from an object. Further, if it were the nutritive faculty, even plants would have been capable of

originating such movement and would have possessed the organs necessary to carry it out. Similarly it cannot be the sensitive faculty either; for there are many animals which have sensibility but remain fast and immovable throughout their lives.

If then Nature never makes anything without a purpose and never leaves out what is necessary (except in the case of mutilated or imperfect growths; and that here we have neither mutilation nor imperfection may be argued from the facts that such animals can reproduce their species and rise to completeness of nature and decay to an end), it follows that, had they been capable of originating forward movement, they would have possessed the organs necessary for that purpose. Further, neither can the calculative faculty or what is called 'mind' be the cause of such movement; for mind as speculative never thinks what is practicable, it never says anything about an object to be avoided or pursued, while this movement is always in something which is avoiding or pursuing an object. No, not even when it is aware of such an object does it at once enjoin pursuit or avoidance of it; e.g. the mind often thinks of something terrifying or pleasant without enjoining the emotion of fear. It is the heart that is moved (or in the case of a pleasant object some other part). Further, even when the mind does command and thought bids us pursue or avoid something, sometimes no movement is produced; we act in accordance with desire, as in the case of moral weakness. And, generally, we observe that the possessor of medical knowledge is not necessarily healing, which shows that something else is required to produce action in accordance with knowledge; the knowledge alone is not the cause. Lastly, appetite too is incompetent to account fully for movement; for those who successfully resist temptation have appetite and desire and yet follow mind and refuse to enact that for which they have appetite.

CHAPTER 10

These two at all events appear to be sources of movement: appetite and mind (if one may venture to regard imagination as a kind of thinking; for many men follow their imaginations contrary to knowledge, and in all animals other than man there is no thinking or calculation but only imagination).

Both of these then are capable of originating local movement, mind and appetite: mind, that is, which calculates means to an end, i.e. mind practical (it differs from mind speculative in the character of its end); while appetite is in every form of it relative to an end: for that which is the object of appetite is the stimulant of mind practical; and that which is last in the process of thinking is the beginning of the action. It follows that there is a justification for regarding these two as the sources of movement, i.e. appetite and practical thought; for the object of appetite starts a movement and as a result of that thought gives rise to movement, the object of appetite being it a source of stimulation. So too when imagination originates movement, it necessarily involves appetite.

That which moves therefore is a single faculty and the faculty of appetite; for if there had been two sources of movement—mind and appetite—they would have produced movement in virtue of some common character. As it is, mind is never found producing movement without appetite (for wish is a form of appetite; and when movement is produced according to calculation it is also according to wish), but appetite can originate movement contrary to calculation, for desire is a form of appetite. Now mind is always right, but appetite and imagination may be either right or wrong. That is why, though in any case it is the object of appetite which originates movement, this object may be either the real or the apparent good. To produce movement the object must be more than this: it must be good that can be brought into being by action; and only what can be otherwise than as it is can thus be brought into being. That then such a power in the soul as has been described, i.e. that called appetite, originates movement is clear. Those who distinguish parts in the soul, if they distinguish and divide in accordance with differences of power, find themselves with a very large number of parts, a nutritive, a sensitive, an intellective, a deliberative, and now an appetitive part; for these are more different from one another than the faculties of desire and passion.

Since appetites run counter to one another, which happens when a principle of reason and a desire are contrary and is possible only in

beings with a sense of time (for while mind bids us hold back because of what is future, desire is influenced by what is just at hand: a pleasant object which is just at hand presents itself as both pleasant and good, without condition in either case, because of want of foresight into what is farther away in time), it follows that while that which originates movement must be specifically one, viz. the faculty of appetite as such (or rather farthest back of all the object of that faculty; for it is it that itself remaining unmoved originates the movement by being apprehended in thought or imagination), the things that originate movement are numerically many.

All movement involves three factors, that which originates the movement, that by means of which it originates it, and that which is moved. The expression 'that which originates the movement' is ambiguous: it may mean either something which itself is unmoved or that which at once moves and is moved. Here that which moves without itself being moved is the realizable good, that which at once moves and is moved is the faculty of appetite (for that which is influenced by appetite so far as it is actually so influenced is set in movement, and appetite in the sense of actual appetite is a kind of movement), while that which is in motion is the animal. The instrument which appetite employs to produce movement is no longer psychical but bodily: hence the examination of it falls within the province of the functions common to body and soul. To state the matter summarily at present, that which is the instrument in the production of movement is to be found where a beginning and an end coincide as e.g. in a ball and socket joint; for there the convex and the concave sides are respectively an end and a beginning (that is why while the one remains at rest, the other is moved): they are separate in definition but not separable spatially. For everything is moved by pushing and pulling. Hence just as in the case of a wheel, so here there must be a point which remains at rest, and from that point the movement must originate.

To sum up, then, and repeat what I have said, inasmuch as an animal is capable of appetite it is capable of self-movement; it is not capable of appetite without possessing imagination; and all imagination is either calculative or sensitive. In the latter all animals, and not only man, partake.

CHAPTER 11

We must consider also in the case of imperfect animals, sc. those which have no sense but touch, what it is that in them originates movement. Can they have imagination or not? Or desire? Clearly they have feelings of pleasure and pain, and if they have these they must have desire. But how can they have imagination? Must not we say that, as their movements are indefinite, they have imagination and desire, but indefinitely?

Sensitive imagination, as we have said, is found in all animals, deliberative imagination only in those that are calculative: for whether this or that shall be enacted is already a task requiring calculation; and there must be a single standard to measure by, for that is pursued which is greater. It follows that what acts in this way must be able to make a unity out of several images.

This is the reason why imagination is held not to involve opinion, in that it does not involve opinion based on inference, though opinion involves imagination. Hence appetite contains no deliberative element. Sometimes it overpowers wish and sets it in movement: at times wish acts thus upon appetite, like one sphere imparting its movement to another, or appetite acts thus upon appetite, i.e. in the condition of moral weakness (though by nature the higher faculty is always more authoritative and gives rise to movement). Thus three modes of movement are possible.

The faculty of knowing is never moved but remains at rest. Since the one premiss or judgement is universal and the other deals with the particular (for the first tells us that such and such a kind of man should do such and such a kind of act, and the second that this is an act of the kind meant, and I a person of the type intended), it is the latter opinion that really originates movement, not the universal; or rather it is both, but the one does so while it remains in a state more like rest, while the other partakes in movement.

CHAPTER 12

The nutritive soul then must be possessed by everything that is alive, and every such thing is endowed with soul from its birth to its death. For what has been born must grow, reach maturity, and decay —all of which are impossible without nutrition. Therefore the nutritive faculty must be found in everything that grows and decays.

But sensation need not be found in all things that live. For it is impossible for touch to belong either to those whose body is uncompounded or to those which are incapable of taking in the forms without their matter.

But animals must be endowed with sensation, since Nature does nothing in vain. For all things that exist by Nature are means to an end, or will be concomitants of means to an end. Every body capable of forward movement would, if unendowed with sensation, perish and fail to reach its end, which is the aim of Nature; for how could it obtain nutriment? Stationary living things, it is true, have as their nutriment that from which they have arisen; but it is not possible that a body which is not stationary but produced by generation should have a soul and a discerning mind without also having sensation. (Nor yet even if it were not produced by generation. Why should it not have sensation? Because it were better so either for the body or for the soul? But clearly it would not be better for either: the absence of sensation will not enable the one to think better or the other to exist better.) Therefore no body which is not stationary has soul without sensation.

But if a body has sensation, it must be either simple or compound. And simple it cannot be; for then it could not have touch, which is indispensable. This is clear from what follows. An animal is a body with soul in it: every body is tangible, i.e. perceptible by touch; hence necessarily, if an animal is to survive, its body must have tactual sensation. All the other senses, e.g. smell, sight, hearing, apprehend through media; but where there is immediate contact the animal, if it has no sensation, will be unable to avoid some things and take others, and so will find it impossible to survive. That is why taste also is a sort of touch; it is relative to nutriment, which is just tangible body; whereas sound, colour, and odour are innutritious, and further neither grow nor decay. Hence it is that taste also must be a sort of touch, because it is the sense for what is tangible and nutritious.

Both these senses, then, are indispensable to the animal, and it is

clear that without touch it is impossible for an animal to be. All the other senses subserve well-being and for that very reason belong not to any and every kind of animal, but only to some, e.g. those capable of forward movement must have them; for, if they are to survive, they must perceive not only by immediate contact but also at a distance from the object. This will be possible if they can perceive through a medium, the medium being affected and moved by the perceptible object, and the animal by the medium. Just as that which produces local movement causes a change extending to a certain point, and that which gave an impulse causes another to produce a new impulse so that the movement traverses a medium — the first mover impelling without being impelled, the last moved being impelled without impelling, while the medium (or media, for there are many) is both— so is it also in the case of alteration, except that the agent produces produces it without the patient's changing its place. Thus if an object is dipped into wax, the movement goes on until submersion has taken place, and in stone it goes no distance at all, while in water the disturbance goes far beyond the object dipped: in air the disturbance is propagated farthest of all, the air acting and being acted upon, so long as it maintains an unbroken unity. That is why in the case of reflection it is better, instead of saying that the sight issues from the eye and is reflected, to say that the air, so long as it remains one, is affected by the shape and colour. On a smooth surface the air possesses unity; hence it is that it in turn sets the sight in motion, just as if the impression on the wax were transmitted as far as the wax extends.

CHAPTER 13

It is clear that the body of an animal cannot be simple, i.e. consist of one element such as fire or air. For without touch it is impossible to have any other sense; for every body that has soul in it must, as we have said, be capable of touch. All the other elements with the exception of earth can constitute organs of sense, but all of them bring about perception only through something else, viz. through the media. Touch takes place by direct contact with its objects, whence also its name. All the other organs of sense, no doubt, perceive by contact, only the contact is mediate: touch alone perceives by immediate contact. Consequently no animal body can consist of these other elements.

Nor can it consist solely of earth. For touch is as it were a mean between all tangible qualities, and its organ is capable of receiving not only all the specific qualities which characterize earth, but also the hot and the cold and all other tangible qualities whatsoever. That is why we have no sensation by means of bones, hair, &c., because they consist of earth. So too plants, because they consist of earth, have no sensation. Without touch there can be no other sense, and the organ of touch cannot consist of earth or of any other single element.

It is evident, therefore, that the loss of this one sense alone must bring about the death of an animal. For as on the one hand nothing which is not an animal can have this sense, so on the other it is the only one which is indispensably necessary to what is an animal. This explains, further, the following difference between the other senses and touch. In the case of all the others excess of intensity in the qualities which they apprehend, i.e. excess of intensity in colour, sound, and smell, destroys not the but only the organs of the sense (except incidentally, as when the sound is accompanied by an impact or shock, or where through the objects of sight or of smell certain other things are set in motion, which destroy by contact); flavour also destroys only in so far as it is at the same time tangible. But excess of intensity in tangible qualities, e.g. heat, cold, or hardness, destroys the animal itself. As in the case of every sensible quality excess destroys the organ, so here what is tangible destroys touch, which is the essential mark of life; for it has been shown that without touch it is impossible for an animal to be. That is why excess in intensity of tangible qualities destroys not merely the organ, but the animal itself, because this is the only sense which it must have.

All the other senses are necessary to animals, as we have said, not

for their being, but for their well-being. Such, e.g. is sight, which, since it lives in air or water, or generally in what is pellucid, it must have in order to see, and taste because of what is pleasant or painful to it, in order that it may perceive these qualities in its nutriment and so may desire to be set in motion, and hearing that it may have communication made to it, and a tongue that it may communicate with its fellows.

第一卷

第一章

我们认为，尽管任何一种知识都应受到尊重与珍视，但是，其中一种知识由于其精确程度较高，抑或由于其客体更显尊贵和奇妙，则可能比另外一种知识更加令人尊崇，更显弥足珍贵；由于上述两种原因，我们自然不得不将对灵魂的研究置于首位。无可否认，关于灵魂的知识对真理的发展具有普遍的促进意义，尤其是对我们理解自然具有极大的促进意义，因为从某种意义上说，灵魂是动物生命的本原。我们的目的是要把握并理解以下两点：一是灵魂的本质，二是灵魂的属性；在这些属性中,一些被认为是灵魂自身所独有的属性，而另一些则因灵魂寓于动物体内而被视为附属于动物的属性。

获得关于灵魂的任何确切可靠的知识是世界上最困难的事情之一。由于问题自身呈现的形式，即“它是什么？”这一问题，也反复出现在其他研究领域，人们可假设存在某种唯一的研究方法，它适用于研究所有我们试图确定其实质的所有客体（正如单一的论证法便适用于研究衍生属性）；果真如此的话，我们必须寻找的一定是这种独一无二的方法。但是如果根本不存在这样一种唯一的、通用的研究本质问题的方法，我们的任务就更加艰难；我们将不得不针对每一个不同的主体确定适当的研究方法。即使对此有明确的答案，譬如研究方法是论证法或划分法，抑或其他某种已知的方法，仍然有诸多困难和疑虑困扰我们——我们以什么事实开始研究？因为在不同的研究领域中，例如算术和平面几何，构成出发点的事实肯定不同。

首先，勿庸置疑，确定灵魂的终极类属是必要的，它是什么；它是“某一个体”、某种实体，或者它是某一可感受的特质，抑或数量，还是我们业已区分的其他的某种范畴？进而言之，灵魂是属于潜在的存在，抑或只是某种现实的存在？我们对此问题的回答具有极其重要的意义。

此外，我们还必须考虑灵魂是可分的还是不可分的，它是完全同质的还是不同质的；如若不同质，其多种形式上的差异是属差还是种差：迄今为止，讨论和研究灵魂的研究者们似乎只将其研究局限于人类的灵魂。我们必须小心谨慎以免忽略下面这一问题：就像动物的定义一样，灵魂是否也可以用一个单一明确的方式来定义，或者我们是否绝不可以给每一种动物分别下一个不同的定义，譬如我们对马、狗、人、神的定义（后一种情况中的“普遍存在的”动物——其他所有的“共同范畴”也是一样——要么被视为不存在，要么被看作是晚期的产物）。而且，如果存在的不是多种灵魂，而是一个灵魂的多个组成部分，那么我们应该首先研究哪一个，是整体的灵魂还是其组成部分？（确定哪些组成部分在本质上是相互区别的也是一个非常困难的问题。）另外，我们应该首先研究什么，是灵魂的组成部分还是其功能，是心智还是思维，是感觉的官能还是感觉的行为，抑或其他类似的东西？如果对灵魂的功能研究先于对其组成部分的研究，那么问题本身就会进一步提出：我们不应该在

考虑上述两者之前考虑相关的客体，譬如感觉或思想的相关客体吗？看来认识本体的实质不仅对发现本体衍生属性的成因大有裨益（正如在数学中，了解直与曲或线与面的实质有助于理解三角形的内角和等于其两个直角度数之和一样），而且，反之亦然，因为对某一本体衍生属性的认识也会极大地促进人们对本体实质的认识：这是因为，当我们能够给出的描述与我们对某一本体的全部或大部分属性的体验相一致时，我们才最有可能说出关于该主体实质的有价值的内容；一切论证均要求以本质的定义为出发点，因此，那些不能使我们发现衍生属性的定义，或者那些甚至是无助于我们对其进行推断的定义，显然都只是空口辩论，没有实际意义的。

灵魂的诸属性所显现的另外一个问题是：它们是躯体和灵魂综合体的全部属性，抑或在它们之中存在某种只属于灵魂自身的属性？明确这一点是必须的，但也是困难的。仔细考察其大多数属性，我们就会发现，脱离了躯体，灵魂似乎根本无法主动作用或被动反应；例如愤怒、勇气、欲望和感觉等通常大多如此。思维看似是最有可能的例外，但如果思维也被证明是想象的一种形式或者不可能离开想象，那么它也需要以躯体作为其存在的条件。如果有某种主动作用或被动反应方式专属于灵魂，灵魂则能够独立存在；如果没有，灵魂就没有独立存在的可能。在后一种情形中，灵魂与直的物体相类似，直的物体具有许多属性，这些属性均源于其自身直的性质，例如一直线与一青铜球在某一点相切，尽管直的性质是从直的物体的其他组成部分中分离出来的，但是直的性质却不能以这种方式与青铜球相切；因为直的性质总是寓于某一物体之中，所以它根本不能被分离出来。因此，灵魂的所有属性似乎都与某种躯体相联结：狂热、温柔、恐惧、怜悯、勇气、喜悦、友爱和憎恨；在所有这些情感中均有躯体的某一属性与之同时存在。我们似可举下面这一事实作为这一观点的佐证：有时当充满暴力和令人惊骇的事件发生时，人们却没有感觉到激动或恐惧，而在另一些时候，微弱和轻微的刺激便会令人产生这些情绪，那就是当躯体已经处于一种紧张状态的时候，这种紧张状态与我们愤怒时的状态相似。这里还有一更明显的例子：在没有任何引起恐怖的外在因素的情况下，我们会发现自己体验着身陷恐惧之中的人所承受的那种感觉。根据上述事实，显而易见，灵魂的诸属性依附于质料的、可形式化的本质。

因此，它们的定义应该与之相符，譬如愤怒应被定义为由于这种或那种原因，为了这样或那样的目的，某一躯体（或者躯体的一部分，或躯体的能力）的某种运动方式。正因为如此，灵魂研究必定属于自然科学领域，至少就其诸属性而言，灵魂呈现这一双重特点。因此，自然哲学家和逻辑学家对灵魂属性的定义完全不同；例如后者会将愤怒定义为以牙还牙的欲望，抑或与此类似的事物，而前者则会把愤怒定义为血液的沸腾或心脏周围的热物质。后者阐释的是物质条件，前者界说的是形式或形式化的本质；因为他所论述的是事实的形式化本质，尽管其现实存在必须寓于逻辑学家所述的某一相应物质之中。因此，房子的本质可以用这样一种方式界定为“抵御风、雨和炎热破坏的掩蔽所”；自然哲学家则会将房子描述为“石头、砖和木料”；但是也可有第三种表述，该表

述可将其假定为为了那种用途或目的使用那种物质的那个形式。那么，这其中哪一位堪称真正的自然哲学家？是那位将自己限定于质料的学者，还是那位把自己限定于形式化本质的学者？难道就不能是那位将两种定义合二为一的学者吗？果真是这位学者的话，我们又该如何概括另外两位学者的特点呢？有一类思想家专注于物质的性质或属性，事实上这些性质和属性与物质是不可分离的，这类思想家甚至根本无意将其分开。我们一定不能说不存在这类思想家吗？自然哲学家就是这样的研究专家，他致力于研究这样或那样界定的躯体或质料的所有积极或消极属性；其他不具有此类性质的特征均留给他人研究，在一些情况下，可将其留给专业人员，譬如木匠或医师；在另一些情况下，当实际上它们不可分离，但通过抽象的努力却可以从某种特殊躯体中分离出来时，可将其留给数学家；当它们在现实中和在想象中均可以从躯体中分离出来时，将其留给第一哲学家或形而上学家。现在我们必须回归正题，并重申灵魂的属性与动物生命的物质基质是不可分离的，我们业已看到的狂热和恐惧等诸属性都依附于动物生命的物质基质，而且灵魂的属性与线或面不属于同一存在类型。

第二章

在关于灵魂的研究中，我们应明确必须研究的诸问题，通过我们的进一步研究找出问题的答案。与此同时，我们有必要甄别所有对此问题发表过见解的先哲们的一切观点，以便我们能够从中借鉴其任何有益的成果，摈弃其谬误。

探索灵魂问题，我们阐述的切入点是那些在本性上通常被视为属于灵魂的特征。其中两个最显著的标志性特征被公认为可用以区分有灵魂的和无灵魂的事物——运动和感觉。可以说这两个特征是我们的先哲们在灵魂特征研究方面已经取得的成果。

有些先哲认为，灵魂是显著的、首要的运动肇始者；因为他们确信凡其自身不能运动的事物均不能引起其他事物运动，他们得出的结论是灵魂属于处于运动中的那类事物。据此，德谟克利特认为，灵魂是某种火或热的物质；他所说的“形式”或原子在数量上是无限的；他将那些球状的原子称为火和灵魂，并将其比作悬浮在空气中的微粒，我们可以在透过窗户照射进来的光束中看见这些微粒；他将一切种子的混合体称为整个自然的元素（留基伯也有类似的阐述）；球形原子与灵魂是同一的，因为这种形状的原子最适于渗入所有物体，并且因其自身处于运动状态而引起所有其他事物的运动。这其中隐含着这样一个观点：灵魂等同于动物体内肇始运动者。而且，正是由于这一原因，他们认为呼吸是生命的标志性特征；由于外界环境挤压动物躯体，并倾向于将动物体内引起运动的原子挤压出来，因为它们本身从不处于静止状态，所以必须通过呼吸活动吸进但却未参与呼吸运动的类似的原子对其进行加固；因为通过抵消外界环境的压力及其凝结力，它们可阻止动物体内已有的原子被挤压到体外；只要动物能够保持这种抵抗力，它们便可继续生存。

毕达哥拉斯学派的灵魂学说似乎也是基于同样的观点；该学派中有些人断言灵魂是空气中的微粒，另一些人则认为引起这些微粒运动的是灵魂。他们论及这些微粒是因为他们看到，即使是在绝对平静的空气中，这些微粒也总是处于运动之中。

这与那些将灵魂定义为自我运动事物的人所表现出来的倾向是相同的；他们似乎都认为，运动是最接近灵魂本质的显著特征，并且既然其他所有的一切都因灵魂而运动，灵魂便可独自地自我运动。这种看法源于他们从未见到过任何自身首先不运动但却肇始运动的事物。

与此相仿，阿那克萨哥拉（以及所有与其一样认为心智肇始万物运动的人）也断言肇始万物运动的动因是灵魂。然而，他的观点有别于德谟克利特的观点。德谟克利特大抵是把灵魂等同于心智，因为他将看似真实的事物等同于真实的事物——这就是为什么他赞赏荷马的诗句“赫克托耳躺着作别样的思维”；他不用心智一词指某种辨别真理的专门能力，而是将灵魂等同于心智。阿那克萨哥拉关于灵魂与心智的论述更是模糊

不清；[在其论述中]他在多处向我们指出，美与秩序源于心智，而在别处[他又认为]这是源于灵魂；他指出，灵魂见诸于所有动物，不论其是大还是小，也不论其是高级还是低级，但是心智（智力意义上的心灵）似乎并非在同等程度上属于一切动物，而且甚至也并非属于所有的人。

而且，有些先哲特别注重考察有灵魂的生物可以被运动这一事实，所有这些人都认为，灵魂与具有非常强的肇始运动能力的事物是同一的。另一方面，另一些先哲所关注的是有灵魂的生物认识或感知其认识或感知的是什么，这些人无不认为灵魂等同于自然的[唯一]法则或诸本原，这取决于他们是承认诸多这样的本原还是只接受唯一本原。譬如恩培多克勒就断言灵魂是由他所谓的全部元素构成的；每一种元素亦均为某一灵魂；他的表述是：

唯有凭土我们才了解土，凭水才了解水，

唯有借气才认识具有神性的气，借火才认识毁灭性的火，

唯有靠友爱才感受友爱，并靠仇恨感受仇恨。

柏拉图在其所著的《蒂迈欧篇》中也用他自己的诸元素构建了灵魂；他认为，物以类识，而且事物是由这些本原或元素构成的，所以灵魂也必定如此。与此相似，柏拉图在其‘论哲学’讲稿中还提出动物本身是由“一”这一理念本身与[由此演化而来的]基本的长、宽和深复合构成的，其他所有事物，灵魂感知的[所有]客体，也都是以类似的方式构成的。此外，他还用另一种方式对其观点进行了阐释：心智是“一”，科学或知识是“二”（因为两点间只能有一条直线），意见是平面的数（“三”），感觉是立体的数(“四”)；他认为，这些数与诸形式本身或本原显然是同一的，并且是由诸元素构成的；如此说来，认识事物要么是凭借心智，要么是凭借科学，要么是凭借意见，要么是凭借感觉，而且这些数恰恰就是事物的形式。

有些思想家接受上述两种假说，即灵魂既肇始运动，又具有认识能力，因此他们兼收并蓄，合二为一，提出了灵魂是一个能够自身运动的数这一主张。

[但是]在有关灵魂的第一本原的性质及数的问题上，各人所见不同。最主要的分歧是视灵魂第一本原的性质与数为物质的思想家与视其为非物质的思想家之间的纷争，以及综合两种观点分歧，认为其既是物质的，又是非物质的，并且从上述两个源头出发推断其本原的思想家之间的争论。关于本原的数也存在争议；一些人确认只有唯一本原，另一些人则坚持认为有数个本原。诸家的观点分歧必然导致他们对灵魂的诸多论述也是众说纷纭，莫衷一是；他们，非常自然地，主观认为凡自身在本性上就能够肇始运动的事物必然存在于原生的事物之中。这就使得有些人认为灵魂是火，因为火是最微妙的，也最接近非物质性的元素；而且，从最主要的意义上说，火既可以被运动，又可以肇始所有其他事

物运动。

关于为何将运动和肇始运动二者均视为灵魂所具有的特征，德谟克利特发表了自己的观点，较之其他先哲，他的阐述更加精确明了；他明确地指出，灵魂与心智是同一的，而且这一同一的事物必须是一种原始的、不可分割的物体，另外，其肇始运动的能力一定是源于其微粒的精细度及其原子的形状；他断言在所有的形状中球形是最易于运动的，而且这正是火和心智的粒子的形状。

阿那克萨哥拉，正如我们业已提及的那样，似乎欲区分灵魂与心智，但是实际上他却是将两者视为一种实体，只是他尤其断定心智为一切事物的本原；不管怎样，他所阐述的不外乎在所有事物中心智是唯一简单的、不混杂的和纯净的。当论及使所有事物处于运动状态的是心智时，他就把认识和肇始运动这两种特征都归于同一本原。

据相关记载，泰勒斯也似乎持灵魂是一种引起运动的原动力的观点，因为他曾说过由于磁石可以使铁运动，所以磁石有灵魂。

第欧根尼（以及其他一些人）将灵魂视为气，因为他认为气是微粒中最细微的，而且是第一本原；故此灵魂具有认知和肇始运动的能力。作为衍生万物的最初的本原，灵魂具有认识能力；作为极其精细的微粒，它具有肇始运动的能力。

赫拉克利特也认为，第一本原——“发散的热气”，他认为，其他一切事物均由此构成——就是灵魂；而且，这种散发的热气不具有任何物质性并且处于不停的流动状态；处于运动状态的事物要求能够认识它的事物也必须处于运动状态；并且所有存在的事物均必须处于运动状态（在这一点上[其观点]与大多数人的观点是一致的）。

阿尔克迈翁关于灵魂似乎也持相似的观点；他认为灵魂是永恒的，因为它与“永恒的事物”相类似，而且这种永恒性归因于其不断的运动；因为一切“神圣的事物”，月、日、星辰以及整个天体都处在永恒的运动之中。

在较为浅薄的作者当中，有些人，譬如希波，称灵魂为水；所有动物的精液都是流体的，他们提出这一主张似乎就是以这一事实为依据，因为精液不是血液，而是初始灵魂，据此希波试图反驳那些主张灵魂是血液的人。

另一些人（比如克里底亚）的确认为灵魂是血液；他们将感知当作灵魂最具特色的属性，并且坚持认为这种感知性源于血液的本性。

至此,四种元素中的每一元素均有其支持者，只有土是个例外——没有人持土是灵魂的观点，除非我们将认为灵魂就是所有元素或是由所有元素混合构成的人视为持这一主张的人。既然如此，我们大概可以说，所有先哲都认同灵魂具有三个显著特征：运动、感觉、非物质性，而且

每一特征都可追述到第一本原。这就是所有用灵魂的认识能力来界定灵魂的先哲们（只有一个例外）要么将其视作某一元素，要么将其看成是由诸元素组合而成的原因。他们所使用的论述方式是相似的；同类事物，他们说，只能通过同类事物来认识；既然灵魂可以认识所有的事物，他们便用所有的本原来构建灵魂。因此所有那些只承认一种原因或一个元素的先哲们就构建一个灵魂（例如火或气），而那些承认多个本原的先哲们则用多个元素构建多个灵魂。阿那克萨哥拉是个例外；唯独他认为心智是不为外物所动的并且与其他任何事物均无共同之处。但是，果真如此的话，心智怎么认识[事物]或凭借什么缘由认识[事物]？对此阿那克萨哥拉没有作出解释，我们从其论述中也无法推断出任何答案。凡承认在它们的本原之中存在相互对立双方的先哲们，均用这些相互对立的双方构建灵魂，而另一些先哲则承认作为本原的是对立对中的某一个，例如热或冷，他们同样也是从中择一构建灵魂。也是源于此故，他们任由名称误导；那些把灵魂等同于热的人认为，生活（zen）源自沸腾（zein），而那些视灵魂为冷的人说灵魂（psyche）之所以被称为灵魂是源于呼吸和冷却（katapsyxis）过程。这些便是关于灵魂的传统的诸家之说及其主张的根据。

第三章

我们必须从运动入手开始我们的研究；因为毫无疑问，有些人称灵魂是自身运动(或自身能运动)的事物，不仅他们对灵魂本质的所谓正确论述是错误的，而且甚至就连运动应该是灵魂的属性也是没有任何可能性的。

我们早已指出，凡肇始运动的事物其自身不必被运动。任何事物均可被运动包含两种意义——或间接地[被运动]，由于他物而非自身的原因[所进行的运动]；抑或直接地[被运动]，由于自身的原因[而进行的运动]。当被置于某一被运动物体之中而被运动时，事物就是“被间接地运动”，譬如轮船上的水手，因为水手们被运动较之轮船被运动其意义是不同的；该轮船属“被直接地运动”，水手们则是“被间接地运动”，因为他们处于一运动的船中。如果我们[再]考虑一下他们的四肢，情况就会十分明了；双下肢（对于人类也是如此）所作的专门运动是行走，而且在该例中水手们并没有在行走。认识了“被运动”的双重意义，现在我们必须探讨的是，灵魂是否是“被直接地运动”及其是否参与这类的直接运动。

运动分四种——位置移动、形态变化、衰亡和生长；因此，假如灵魂被运动，那么其运动必定是上述诸运动中的一种或几种抑或全部。如此说来，假若灵魂的运动不是偶然的，那么必定存在某种其自然本性所致的运动，果真如此的话，因为上述列举的四种运动中均包含空间位置，所以空间位置就一定是其自然本性。但是，假如灵魂的本质是自我运动，那么其被运动则不能是偶然的，如同白色或三肘长一样；它们也都可以被运动，但却只能是偶然地被运动——真正被运动的是具有“白色”和“三肘长”属性的事物，是它们寓于其中赖以存在的躯体；因此它们不占有空间位置：但是，如果灵魂出于其自然本性参与运动，那么它就必然占有空间位置。

其次，假如存在由某种灵魂的自然本质所致的运动，则必然存在某种由外力所肇始的反向运动，反之亦然。这一同样的解释既适用于运动，也适用于静止；因为出于自然本性而运动的事物所运行的终点就是其因自然本性而静止的空间位置，而且与此相似，其被迫运动的终点恰恰就是其被迫静止的空间位置。但是灵魂的被迫运动或被迫静止究竟其义为何，却是令人费解，甚至难以想象。

再次，假如灵魂因其自然本性所作的运动是向上的，那么灵魂一定是火；如若是向下的，那么它必定是土；因为向上和向下两种运动是这两种相关物体的明显特征。同样的推论也适用于“上”“下”之间的运动、终端运动以及躯体运动。此外，据观察，灵魂在躯体内部肇始运动；既然如此，我们有理由假定是灵魂将运动传递给躯体并以此使其自身被运动，而且，如果是这样的话，反向推之，我们似乎可从躯体的运动倒推出灵魂的相似的运动。由于躯体被运动而作从一处向另一处的位置移

动，所以灵魂也必然要与躯体的位置变化保持一致，或是作为整体变换其位置，或是其部分变换其相对的位置。这其中包含着一种可能：灵魂有可能离开其躯体并再进入其躯体，而且该可能又将包含动物死而复生的可能。但是，我们可认为，灵魂可以被其他事物间接地运动；因为动物可以受外力推动而运动。是的，但凡其本质属于有自我运动能力的事物均不能被其他事物运动，除非它是偶然地被运动，正如由己为善或求已为善的事物一样，它们既不能由于外在事物，也不能因为它们是为了达到某种目的的手段而具有善性。

如果灵魂是可被运动的，那么最有可能成立的观点是，肇始其运动的是可感觉事物。

我们还必须指出的是，如果灵魂自我运动，那么它本身必须是被运动的运动肇始者，这样，如果在任何情况下运动都是处于运动中的事物的位移，那么就此而言我们称该事物被运动，无论如何，如果灵魂的运动是源于其自身本性的，而不是偶然的，那么灵魂的运动必定是对其本性的背离。

有人甚至认为，灵魂寓寄于躯体之中，它使躯体进行的运动与其自身的被运动是同一种类的运动。例如德谟克利特就持这种观点，他所采用的论述方式与喜剧作家菲力浦的很相似，菲力浦说道，代达罗斯使其木雕阿佛洛狄特活动起来，原因是他向木雕中加注了水银；以类似的方式德谟克利特阐释道，在他看来球形的原子构成灵魂，由于原子本身不停地运动，所以它们拖拉整个躯体并因此使其运动。我们必须强调的问题是，这些相同的原子是否也能引起静止——它们怎样才能引起静止，很难这样说，甚至是根本不可能这样说。有鉴于此，概而言之，我们似可提出反对的观点，灵魂在动物体内肇始运动所凭借的不是这种方式——而是通过意愿或思维过程。

以同样的方式，《蒂迈欧篇》也试图对灵魂如何使其躯体运动给出一个符合自然规律的解释；灵魂，该篇论述道，是处于运动之中的，而且又因其双方的相互关系，它也能使躯体运动。在利用所有元素合成灵魂并且依据和谐数将其划分之后，为了使其具有对和谐的内在感觉并使宇宙万物均能在非常和谐的运动中运动，造物主便将一直线弯作了一个圆圈；他又将这一圆圈分成两个在两个共同点上相交的圆圈；他将其中的一个圆圈再分成七个圆圈。所有这一切均意味着灵魂的运动与宇宙天体的空间位置变动是同一的。

那么，首先，称灵魂为一空间量度是一个误解。显然，柏拉图的意思是指宇宙灵魂与被称之为心智的这类灵魂相类似，但却不与感觉或欲望灵魂相类似，因为这两者的运动都不是圆形的。但是，心智是单一的和连续的，在此意义上的思维过程就是如此，而且思维与作为其组成部分的思想是同一的；那些具有连续整体的与数类似，而那些没有连续整体的则与空间量度类似。因此，心智也不可能具有那种连续整体；心智要么是没有组成部分的，要么是连续的，但其方式却是有别于空间量度

特征的其他某种方式。假如它确实是一空间量度，那么心智怎么思维呢？它会用其组成部分中的任何一个不偏不倚地去思维吗？在这种情况下，“部分”必定有如下两种理解：要么是空间量度这一意义上的[“部分”]，要么是点这一意义上的[“部分”]（如果点可以被称为空间量度的一个部分的话）。如果我们接受后一种理解，因为在数量上点是无限的，那么显而易见心智将永远都无法到达其终点；如果是前者，心智则必须周而复始地思维同一事物，而且其次数[也]是无穷的（然而显然一次只可能思维一个事物）。倘若只要其自身的任意一部分与其思维客体相接触就满足要求的话，那么为什么心智还需要作圆周运动，抑或必须具有量度？另一方面，如果与整个圆周的接触是必须的，那么部分的接触还有什么意义？其次，没有组成部分的事物怎么能思维有组成部分的事物，或者有组成部分的事物怎么能思维没有组成部分的事物？我们必须把这里所提及的圆等同于心智；因为心智的运动是思维，圆的运动是循环，所以如果思维是一种循环运动，具有此种运动特征的圆则必然就是心智。

如果该循环运动是永恒的，那么一定存在某种心智总在思维的事物——这种事物会是什么？因为所有的实用思维过程均有极限——它们均有外在于思维过程的事物作为其思维目标，而且所有的理论思维过程也都要走向终结，其终结的方式就如同用以表述过程和思维结果的词语。每一个这样的词语均或为定义性的或为论证性的。论证既要有起点，也要有结果，可以是结论或是推论的结果；即便论证的过程永远也无法完成，不管怎样，它也绝不会再返回到其起点，而是继续采用一新的中间项或一新的极端物，并一直向前推进，但是循环运动却是返回到其起点。定义同样也是有限的几组术语。

再次，如果同一循环不断重复，那么心智必须不断地重复思维同一客体。

再其次，思维与其说与运动相似，倒不如说更像静止或暂时停顿的状态，可以说，推理也是如此。

还应该强调的是，凡自身难以运动但却被迫运动的事物是没有幸福可言的；如果灵魂的运动不是出于其本质，那么其运动就必然是有悖与其自然本性的。灵魂与躯体关系密切，无法摆脱，对于灵魂而言这是痛苦的；不仅如此，如果，诚如人们经常所说并普遍接受的那样，心智最好是独立于躯体之外，那么对心智而言，这种结合一定是不理想的。

最后，遗留下的关于诸天体循环运动的原因问题让人费解。这种循环运动的原因决非灵魂的本质——对于灵魂这种运动只是偶然的——更不容置疑的是，其原因也不是躯体。而且，应该使灵魂作这种圆周运动，因为这种运动更好，这种观点是毫无根据的；并且神之所以使灵魂作圆周运动就是因为这样的圆周运动比静止更好，这种运动也比其他任何一种运动都更好，这种观点也是不足为凭的。但是因为这类的考虑更适于另一研究领域，我们暂且不予讨论。

我们刚刚仔细研究的观点，还有大多数有关灵魂的理论，包含以下荒谬之处：它们无不将灵魂与躯体结合在一起或将灵魂置于躯体中，但却既不追加有关两者结合原因的具体阐述，也不详细说明该结合要求的躯体条件。可是这样的解释却是不可省略的；因为某种自然结合是以事实为先决条件的，这一事实是一方作用而另一方被作用，一方运动而另一方被运动；两者之间的相互作用总是暗示着其组成部分的特殊性质。可是，这些思想家们所做的一切只是描述灵魂的具体特征；关于灵魂所寓寄的躯体，他们却未作任何明确的论证，仿佛真的有可能，就像毕达哥拉斯学派虚构的故事那样，任一灵魂均可进入任一躯体之中——[多么]荒唐的观点，因为每一躯体似都有其独特的形式和形状。这样的说法与称木工技术可以寓于长笛之中同样荒唐；每一门技艺都必有其专门的工具，每一个灵魂均必有其躯体。

第四章

关于灵魂还有另一种理论，该理论已经颇受很多人的欢迎，其可信度丝毫不逊于到目前为止我们所提及的任何理论，而且在舆论上，它已经引起了普遍的关注。其支持者们认为，灵魂是某种和谐，因为和谐是相反事物的混合物或合成物，而且躯体是由相反事物合成的。可是，和谐是一种确定的比例或混杂成分的混合，而灵魂却既不可能是有比例的混合物，也不可能是合成物。其次，和谐不可能具有肇始运动的能力，而恰恰在这一点上几乎所有人都认为这是灵魂的基本属性。与其把和谐谓为灵魂，不如将健康（或一般意义上的一种好的躯体状况）称作和谐更为合适。如果我们尝试把灵魂的主动和被动属性归到某种和谐上，那么这种荒唐就会更加显而易见；其概念的必要的重新调整是非常困难的。再次，使用“和谐”一词时，我们的头脑中显现的是该词两种意义中的此义或彼义；该词最基本的意义所关涉的是具有运动及位置的空间量度，这里和谐意指各组成部分以这样的方式配置并结合，以防止任何与其同种类的事物进入其整体，而该词由上述本义引申而来的第二义则指如此混合的组成部分之间的比例；在上述两种意义中，无论从哪种意义上说，称和谐为灵魂都是没有道理的。躯体的诸部分是以某种方式组合在一起的，从该组合方式的意义上说，灵魂是某种和谐，这种观点很容易被驳倒；因为躯体的组成部分有许多，而且这些组成部分又是以多种不同方式组合在一起；躯体哪一部分的组合方式是心智或感觉能力抑或欲望能力？而且其中的每一种的构成方式[又]是什么？将灵魂等同于混合物的比例的观点同样是荒谬的；因为组成肌肉的混合物的比例有别于组成骨骼各元素之间的比例。因此，依此观点，我们所能得出的结论必然是，整个躯体内将会分布着许多灵魂，其原因在于躯体的每一个组成部分都是由相关元素组成的混合物，并且混合物的比例在每一种情况下均是一种和谐，即灵魂。

恩培多克勒认为，躯体的每一部分之所以是其所是，原因在于其诸元素间的比例。既然如此，我们或许要请他对下面这一问题作出回答：灵魂与该比例是同一的，或者它不可能是除此之外的、诸躯体的部分中所形成的其他别的东西吗？友爱是任意一种混合物的成因，或者只是那些比例标准适当的混合物的成因？友爱就是这一比例本身，或者是其他有别于这一比例的什么东西？这些就是该观点招致的疑难问题。但是，另一方面，如果灵魂有别于这种混合物，为什么当组成肌肉的元素或动物躯体的其他部分消亡时，它也同时消亡？此外，如果灵魂与混合物的比例不同一，则躯体的每一部分均有一灵魂这一观点必然不复成立，那么一旦灵魂脱离了躯体，随之消亡的[又]是躯体的哪一部分？

根据我们的上述分析，很明显，灵魂既不可能是一种和谐，也不可能作圆周运动。然而，如上所述，灵魂偶然地被运动是可能的，并且甚至在某种意义上它可以自我运动，即当其所寄寓的事物可被运动，并且是被其所运动；在任何其他意义上灵魂都不可能在空间位置上被运动。

鉴于以下事实，[我们]关于灵魂的运动的质疑便可显得愈加合理。我们说灵魂有悲叹、愉悦、勇敢、畏惧、愤怒，也能感知、思维。所有这些均可被视为运动的方式，因此似可推断灵魂是被运动的。但是，情况未必如此。我们似可完全承认，悲叹，或愉悦，或思维都是运动（并且每一个为一种被运动），并且该运动是由灵魂肇始的。例如，我们可视愤怒或恐惧为心脏的如此这般的运动，并把思维视为那个器官，抑或其他某一器官的这样那样的运动；这些改变有的是源于某些[躯体]部分的位置改变，有些则是由于品质的变化（躯体部分的特殊性质及其变化的特殊方式与我们目前的讨论目的无关，[暂不讨论]）。然而，说灵魂在发怒就如同说灵魂在织网或建造房屋一样有失精当。毫无疑问，最好避免说灵魂怜悯，或学习，抑或思维，而说是人凭借灵魂作此行为。我们所要阐明的是，运动并非发生在灵魂中，但有时它止于灵魂，有时始于灵魂，譬如感觉始于外在的可感觉事物并抵达灵魂，而回忆却是始于灵魂并通过或现实的或残留的运动止于相应的感官。

心智的情况却不同；它似乎是植于灵魂之中的某一独立的实体而且是不能被毁灭的。如果它是可以完全被毁灭的，那一定是由年老体衰所致。然而，就心智而言，在老年阶段实际出现的情况与感官的情况是完全可以相提并论的；如果一位老人能够恢复其正常视力，那么他就能像年轻人一样看得清清楚楚。老年阶段的无能不在于灵魂的影响，而在于灵魂所寄寓的躯体，当人们处于醉酒或生病状态时所出现的情况正是如此。因此在老年阶段，心智活动或思辨能力的衰退只是由于心智所寄寓的躯体内某一部分的衰退所致，心智本身是不受影响的。思维、友爱以及憎恨均为属性，但不是心智的属性，而是拥有心智的躯体的属性，只要躯体拥有心智。这正是为什么一旦其所寄寓的躯体自然衰亡，记忆和友爱便不复存在的原因；记忆与友爱本不属于心智的活动，而是属于那个业已消亡的合成物；毫无疑问，心智是更具神性的东西，并且不受外物影响。因此，根据我们以上所述，灵魂不能被运动是显而易见的，并且如果它根本不能被运动，那么显然它也不能被其自身所运动。

在所有我们业已枚举的观点中，最荒谬的当数称灵魂为一自我运动的数；首先，该观点认为灵魂是可以被运动的，这就必然导致其包含所有的不可能性；第二，它将灵魂称为某一数，这就必然使其具有诸多特殊的荒唐性。我们如何想象一计数单位被运动？[其被运动]凭借的是什么？哪种运动可以归属于没有任何组成部分或没有内在区别的事物？如果该计数单位既能肇始运动，自身又可被运动，那么它必须具有内部差异性。

其次，既然他们认为一条运动着的直线可形成一平面，一个运动着的点可形成一直线，那么这些心灵单位的运动就一定是线（因为点是一占据空间位置的单位，并且灵魂的数，当然，就会在某处并具有其空间位置）。

再次，如果从某一数中减去一个数或一个单位，其剩余部分则为另一个数；但是植物和许多动物被分割后可继续存活，而且，每一分割后

的部分被认为均保留有与原来相同的灵魂。

无论我们说计数单位或是微粒都必定是完全一样的；如果德谟克利特的球形原子变成了点，除其作为某一量而被保留下来以外其他任何东西均无保留，那么每一量中必定存在一主动和一被动部分，正如在一连续的事物中的情况一样；事情与原子的大小毫无无关，它只取决于它们是某一量。这就是为什么这些单位中必须蕴涵某一能够肇始运动的事物。如果动物体内肇始运动的是灵魂，就数而言情况也必然如此，那么灵魂便不可能既是运动的肇始者又是被运动者，而只可能是运动的肇始者。可是，对于一个单位，它怎么可能具有肇始运动这一功能呢？在这一[主动]单位与其他单位之间一定存在某种差别，然而在一个占据了空间位置的单位与另一单位之间，除了位置上的不同之外，还可能存在什么差别呢？另一方面，如果这些躯体内的心灵单位有别于躯体的诸点，那将会有两组单位，共同占据同一位置；因为每一个单位都会占据一个点。可是，如果同一位置可以存在两个，那么为什么不能存在无数个？因为如果事物可占据一不可分割的空间位置，那么它们自身必定是不可分割的。另一方面，如果躯体的点与其数就是灵魂的单位是同一的，或者如果这些躯体内的点的数是灵魂，那么为什么不是所有的躯体都有灵魂？因为一切躯体内均含有点或无数的点。

另外，如果线不能被分割成点，那么怎么可能使这些点从其躯体中独立或分离出来呢？

其结果是，正如我们所述，该观点一方面与那些认为灵魂是某种敏感物体的人所持的主张如出一辙，而另一方面却又陷入德谟克利特式的论述方式所特有的荒谬，荒诞不经地认为运动是由灵魂引起的。因为如果灵魂普遍存在于所有具有感知能力的躯体之中，如果灵魂也是某种类型的躯体的话，那么必定在同一空间位置存在两种躯体；而对于那些将其称为数的人而言，则必然是在同一空间点上存在许多的点，或每一躯体中都必定有一灵魂，除非灵魂是另外某种不同的数——即某种与存在于躯体中所有的点的总数不同的数。另一个必然的结果是，动物一定是被其数所运动，其被运动的方式与德谟克利特所阐释的方式毫无二致：他认为动物被运动所凭借的是其所谓的球形灵魂原子。无论我们称其为小球或大单位，抑或将其简单地叫做运动单位，这有什么区别呢？不论将其称为什么，动物都必定是因其运动而运动。因此，那些在同一主体中将运动与数结合在一起的人很容易陷入这些甚至其他更多类似的荒谬之中。这些特征不仅不可能用于定义灵魂——甚至也不可能是灵魂的属性。如果试图以此为出发点论述灵魂并依此解释灵魂的属性和活动，譬如推理、感觉、喜悦和痛苦等，这一点便会十分明了。因为，重复我们业已论述的观点，运动和数甚至不会对推测灵魂的衍生性质有所帮助。

这就是传统上界定灵魂的三种方法。一些思想家称其为极具肇始运动能力的事物，因为它可自我运动；另一些则视其为最微妙的和几乎不具任何物质性的躯体。至此我们已经充分地阐述了这两种理论所暴露出来的疑难和矛盾。现在还有灵魂是由诸元素构成的这一学说尚待仔细考证。

该学说旨在阐明，这样灵魂便可感知或认识所存在的一切事物，可是这一理论本身却必然包含着许多的不可能性。其支持者主张物以类识，并且试图通过宣称灵魂是由诸元素所构成的，他们便可成功地将灵魂与其能够感知的一切事物等同起来。但是灵魂所认识的事物并非只有这些元素，还有许多其他事物，抑或，更确切地说，是还有其他无数的事物，均是由这些元素构成的。我们姑且承认灵魂可认识或感知每一个构成这些综合体的元素；可是它是通过什么方法来认识或感知这个综合整体，譬如神、人、肌肉、骨骼（或任何其他合成物）是什么呢？因为每一个综合整体都不仅仅是由这些元素所组成的，而是由这些元素按确定的方式或比例所组成的，正如恩培多克勒在谈及骨时所说的那样：

仁慈的大地，在你胸膛般宽阔而柔软的泥土里

八分之二清澈的水融入其中，

加之四分的火；才有白色的骨生成。

因此，认为诸元素存在于灵魂中也是无用的，除非与诸元素一致的

各种比例标准和合成物也存在于灵魂之中。[灵魂内的]每一元素确实均可认识其外部的同类事物，但是其中却没有任何能够认识骨或人的元素，除非骨和人也存在于灵魂的构成成分之中。其不可能性一目了然，确无必要赘述；因为谁会提议把石块或人纳入灵魂的组成部分之中呢？这一道理同样也适用“善”与“非善”以及其他类似的事物。

其次，“存在”一词有多种意义：它可用以指“这个”或实体，或指量，或指质，抑或指任何其他一种我们业已区分的范畴。灵魂是不是由所有这些范畴构成的呢？这些范畴似乎并不具有共同的元素。灵魂是仅仅由组成实体的那些元素构成的吗？如果是，那么它怎么能够认识其他每一种事物呢？可以说每一种事物均有其特有的元素或本原，并且灵魂是由所有这些构成的吗？在此情况下，灵魂则必定既是量，又是质，又是实体。但是由量元素所构成的一切事物必定只能是量，而不能是实体。这些（以及与此类似的其他）难题就是灵魂是由所有诸元素构成的这一观点所导致的必然结果。

同类事物不可能被其同类所影响以及同类事物能被其同类所感知或被其同类所认识，这两种说法也是荒唐的。因为根据他们的假设、感知以及思维和认识，也都是被作用或被运动的方式。

如恩培多克勒所述，每一种事物都只能通过其物质元素并凭借其与灵魂中相似物的关系才能被认识，而且这一新的认识提供了额外的证据，此说存在许多令人困惑之处和疑难；因为所有完全由土构成的动物躯体的各组成部分，如骨骼、筋腱以及毛发，似乎完全不具有任何感觉，因而也就没有任何感知能力，甚至是感知与其类似的土质物体的能力，但据此观点，这些动物躯体的组成部分应该具有感觉和感知能力而可验证外在事物。

此外，对每一本原而言，其所不知都将远远多于其所知，因为尽管每一本原都认识一事物，但其所不知的事物将会有许多。无论如何，恩培多克勒不得不得出这样一个结论：在所有的存在中，他的“友爱”之神是最无知的，因为有一种他不知道的元素——斗争，只有他对此一无所知，这是真的，而凡世间的人却是无所不知，因为其灵魂是无所不包的。

总的来说，我们似可提出这样一个问题，既然每一事物要么是某一元素，要么是由某一元素或几种元素抑或全部元素构成的，为什么不是每一事物都有灵魂呢？每一元素必须毫无疑问地认识一种或几种或全部的事物。

我们还应再提出一个问题，使诸元素与灵魂成为一体的是什么？诸元素，看起来，似与相应的质料相符；将其结合在一起的，无论是什么，都是一极其重要的因素。但是不可能存在某种高于灵魂并支配灵魂（更不必说是心智）的事物；根据其自然本质，认为心智很可能先于并支配灵魂的主张是有道理的，可他们的说法却是诸元素是先于一切的存

在。

有些人主张灵魂是由诸元素组成的，因为灵魂能够认识或感知由诸元素所构成的事物，有些人则主张灵魂是由最具肇始运动能力的所有事物组成的，持这两种观点的所有的人均未考虑到全部种类的灵魂。实际上，并非一切具有感知能力的事物都能肇始运动；有些动物看起来在空间位置上是静止的，然而空间位置运动又似乎是灵魂在动物体内所肇始的唯一运动。而且这一同样的异议也可用来质疑所有那些认为心智和感知能力是由诸元素构成的人；因为似乎植物能够生存，但却无须具有空间位置移动或感知能力，而为数众多的动物也不具有推理能力。这些关键问题姑置勿论，故且承认心智为灵魂的一部分（感知能力也是如此），即便如此，仍然还有灵魂的其他种类和部分他们未给予任何论述。

这一同样的异议与“奥菲士”诗歌所表述的[有关灵魂的]观点[也]是相悖的：诗歌中写道，[灵魂]由风而生，当[动物]呼吸时，灵魂便从宇宙进入[它们的体内]。可是对于植物来说这种情况是不能发生的，甚至是对某些种类的动物，也不能发生，因为并非所有种类的动物都呼吸。持该观点的人疏忽了这一事实。

如果我们一定要用这些元素构造灵魂，那也不必认为所有的元素都要成为其组成部分；每一对相互对立的元素中的一种元素便足以使其既能认识其自身，又能认识与其对立的元素。依直线我们便既可认识直线自身，也可认识曲线——木工的直尺使我们可以对两者进行检验——但是曲线却既不能使我们分辨它自身，也不能分辨直线。一些思想家认为灵魂弥漫于整个宇宙，或许正是缘于此故，泰勒斯才认为万物皆充满了神。这一观点引发了一些争议：为什么当灵魂处于气或火中时不变成动物，而当其处于诸元素混合物中时才变成动物，尽管当灵魂处于前一种情况下被认为品质更高级？（人们似可再提出一个问题，为什么处于气中的灵魂要比处于动物中的灵魂更高级而且更能长生不老？）回答前一问题有两种可能的方法，采用这两种方法都只能得出荒谬或自相矛盾的答案；如果说火或气是动物，这是极其自相矛盾的，而拒不把有灵魂的事物叫做动物又是荒谬的。灵魂寓于诸元素之中这一观点似乎源于整体必须与其组成部分是同类的这一观点。动物是因为把围绕在周围的气的一部分吸入其体内而变得有生命，如果此说是合理的，那么持该观点的人必定说宇宙的灵魂也是与其所有的组成部分都属于同类的。如果被吸入体内的气是同类的，而灵魂是异类的，那么显然灵魂的某一部分将会存在于被吸入的气之中，而其他某一部分则不然。灵魂必定要么[其各部分]是同类的，要么这样的灵魂在宇宙的某些部分中是无法找到的。

至此，通过以上所述，显然，认识作为灵魂的属性是不能用灵魂由元素组成来加以解释，而且说灵魂被运动既不妥当，也不正确。但是既然认识、感知、意见，而且还有渴望、愿望以及所有其他种类的欲望均属于灵魂，并且动物的空间位置运动，加之生长、成熟和衰亡也都是由灵魂产生的，我们必须追问清楚，是否这些中的每一个都是作为整体灵

魂的某一属性，即我们思维、感知、自我运动、作用与被作用所凭借的是否是整体灵魂，抑或它们中每一个都依赖于灵魂的不同部分？对于生命而言，情况也是如此。它所依赖的是灵魂的一个部分吗？或者它所依赖的不只一个部分？抑或所有部分？或者它还有某种其他不同的原因？

有些人认为灵魂是可分割的，而且一部分用以思维，另一部分产生欲望。既然如此，如果其自然本性容许其被分割，那么将其组成部分聚在一起的是什么？当然不会是躯体；相反似乎应是灵魂把躯体结合在了一起；无论如何一旦灵魂脱离了躯体，躯体便会解体并腐败。而且，如果另有某物使灵魂成为一整体，那么该结合物则将最有资格堪称灵魂，为此我们还必须重复这一问题：它是单一的还是由多个部分组成的？如果它是单一的，那么为什么不马上承认“灵魂”是单一的？如果它有组成部分，这一问题必须再次被提出来：使其部分结合在一起的是什么？这样一来我们的讨论必将循环往复，永无休止。

关于灵魂的组成部分也可提出这样一个问题：就其与躯体的关系而言灵魂的每一组成部分各自的功能是什么？因为，如果整个灵魂把整个躯体结合在一起，我们应该认为灵魂的每一个组成部分会把躯体的某一部分结合在一起。然而，这似乎是不可能的事情；心智将结合的会是躯体的哪个部分，或其结合方式是怎样的，这甚至是令人难以想象的。

植物和某些昆虫当被分割成数段时仍可继续存活，这是人们观察到的一个事实；这意味着每一段中均有一类属相同的灵魂，尽管在不同段上数量不同，因为[当其被分为两段时]两段均在一定时间内具有感觉和空间位置运动的能力。这种情况不能持续很久，这不足为奇，因为它们已不再拥有维持其自身存活所必需的感官。但是，灵魂的所有部分仍然存在于每一躯体部分之中，存在的这些灵魂相互之间以及和整体之间都是同类的；这意味着，虽然整体的灵魂是可分割的，但其几个组成部分却是彼此不可分割的。见诸植物之中的本原似乎也是某种灵魂，因为这是动物和植物两者所具有的唯一的共同本原；这种灵魂可脱离感觉本原而独立存在，尽管不存在任何具有感觉却不具有灵魂的事物。

第二卷

第一章

作为我们对从先贤那里传承下来的有关灵魂诸说的综述分析，上文所述足矣；现在我们[只能]摈弃这些观点并且可以说完全从头开始，力求对“什么是灵魂？”这一问题给出一个准确的答案，即为其拟定一个最具普遍意义的定义。

我们习惯于把实体看作现实存在物中的某一确定的种类，并且从以下几种[不同的]意义上来分辨实体：一，在质料的意义上或其自身并非“这个”；二，在形式或本质意义上，正是凭借此意义某物才被称为“这个”；三则是前两种意义的结合。质料是潜能，形式是现实；现实包含两层相互联系的意义，譬如知识与知识的应用。

人们普遍认为物身，尤其是自然物身，属实体；因为它们是其他一切物身的本原。在自然物身中，有些有生命，有些无生命；所谓生命，我们是指自己摄取营养与生长（及其与之相伴的衰亡）。如此看来，从复合物这一意义上说，每一寓生命于其中的自然物身都是一实体。

但是，由于它又是这种或那种物身，即[它是]有生命的，所以物身不可能是灵魂；物身是主体或质料，而不是其附属物。因此，灵魂，作为潜在地寓生命于其中的自然物身的形式，在此意义上，必定是实体。可是实体是现实存在，所以灵魂是具有上述特征的物身的现实存在。这样一来，现实存在一词有两种意义，分别对应知识的拥有与知识的实际应用。显然，灵魂是第一种意义上的现实存在，即作为被拥有的知识，因为眠与醒两者均以灵魂的存在为先决条件，而且在这两者中，醒相当于[应用知识的]现实认知，而眠则相当于被拥有的却未被利用的知识，而且，在个体的历史上，知识[的拥有也]是先于其利用或应用。

这就是灵魂是潜在地寓生命于其中的自然物身的第一现实存在的原因。以上所述的这种物身是一个由相关部分组成的有机体。植物的诸组成部分虽然极其简单，但却是“器官”。例如，叶子的作用是保护果皮，果皮的作用是保护果实，而植物的根则类似于动物的嘴，两者的功能都是摄取食物。因此，假如我们必须给出一个适用于各种灵魂的具有普遍意义的定义，我们只能将其表述为由相关部分有机组成的自然物身的第一现实存在。灵魂与物身是否是一体这一问题根本无需讨论，我们可以完全不予探讨的原因就在于：这就如同是问融蜡与图章在其上所留下的图形是否是一体，或从普遍意义说某一事物的质料与以其为质料的某一事物是否是一体一样毫无意义。统一体有多种含义（其含义与“存在”的含义一样多），但两者的最准确和最基本的意义是某一现实存在与该现实存在所代表的事物之间的关系。什么是灵魂？至此我们已经对这一问题作出了回答——一个适用于灵魂的最具普遍意义的回答。从灵魂相当于事物本质的终极形式的意义上说，灵魂是实体。这意味着，灵魂是具有我们刚谈及的品格的物身的“本质上的其所是”。假如按照字面意义被称为“器官”的事物，譬如一把斧头，如果其是一自然物身，那么其“本质

上的其所是”便一定是其本质，并且其灵魂也是如此；一旦这从其中消失，它也便不再是斧头，而只是徒有其名罢了。实际上，它只是斧头；它缺乏那种能够使其为其所是的品格或使其拥有灵魂的形式化本质的品格；想要具有上述品格，它应该是某一特殊种类的自然物身，即那种自身有能力使其自身处于运动和静止状态的自然物身。下面，[我们]将此原则应用于活的物身的躯体“部分”。假如眼睛是一动物——那么视觉则应是其灵魂，因为视觉是眼睛的实体或本质，其相当于[眼睛的]形式，眼睛只是视觉的质料；倘若失去了视觉，眼睛便不再是眼睛，而只能空有其名了——它充其量不过是雕像或画像上的眼睛。现在我们必须把我们的思考从活的物身的“部分”扩展到整个活的物身；因为[物身的]部分感觉与作为其器官的物身的部分之间的关系，同[物身的]整体感觉官能与有感觉的整个物身之间的关系一样。

我们必须明白，具有潜在生命力的一定不能是已丧失灵魂的物身，而只能是依然具有灵魂的物身；不过种子和果实却是符合这一条件的物身。因此，醒作为现实存在，从某种意义说与[斧头的]砍削和[眼睛的]观看相类似，而灵魂作为现实存在，从某种意义上说与视觉能力和工具的能力相类似；物身相当于潜在的存在；犹如瞳孔与视觉能力一起构成眼睛一样，灵魂与躯体一道构成有生命的动物。

由此可见，勿庸置疑，灵魂与躯体是不可分离的，或者至少与其某些部分（如果它有组成部分的话）是不可分离的，因为其中有些组成部分的现实存在不过是其躯体组成部分的现实存在。然而，有些部分却似乎可以分离，因为它们根本不是任何躯体的现实存在。此外，我们尚不清楚，灵魂是否是物身的现实存在，是否和水手作为船只的现实存在是同一种意义上的现实存在。

作为我们对界定灵魂的本质所作的勾勒或概述，以上所述足矣。

第二章

清楚明了的或逻辑上较为清晰的观点通常出自于本身混乱不清但却比较易于我们观察的现象，既然如此，我们必须从这一角度重新思考我们[关于灵魂]的研究结论。因为现在多数的定义所表述的只是事实，对终极形式而言，仅有事实是不够的；它还必须包括并且阐明其依据。目前人们所给出的定义在形式上类似演绎推理的结论，譬如什么是正方形？正方形是四条边相等的矩形。这样的定义在形式上等同于一个结论。但如若有人向我们解释说，正方形是已知矩形的两不等边之间的比例中项的发现，那么他便揭示了被定义物的依据。

我们以通过专注有灵魂之物和无灵魂之物的区别在于有灵魂之物能够彰显生命这一事实作为新的出发点，重新开始我们的研究。可是生命一词有不只一种意义，如果这些意义中的任何一种见诸某一事物，我们便说该事物是有生命的。有生命的，换言之，意指思维或感知，抑或空间位置上的运动和静止，或者指营养、衰亡和生长意义上的运动。因此我们认为植物也是有生命的，因为，据观察，它们体内具有一种本能，凭借这一本能它们可以向所有空间方向生长或衰亡；它们既向上，又向下[生长]，而且随着每一植物的生长，其躯干也向上下两个方向或所有方向均等地生长，并且只要其能够摄取营养，它便可继续存活下去。

这种自我摄取营养能力可独立于业已提及的其他能力而存在，但其他能力却不能脱离该能力而存在——至少对于有生有死的事物而言是这样的。对于植物而言，这一事实是显而易见的；因为这是它们所具有的唯一的灵魂的能力。

这种自我摄取营养能力是生物的本能，正是由于事物具有了这种本能才使我们将其称为生物，但是正是由于生物拥有感觉才使我们首次将其称为动物；因为即使有些生物并不具备空间位置运动的能力，但却具有感觉能力，我们仍然称其为动物而不仅仅称其为生物。

感觉的首要形式是触觉，它属于所有动物。正如自我摄取营养能力通常可独立于触觉和感觉一样，触觉也可以独立于所有其他形式的感觉。（我们所说的自我摄取营养能力指的是灵魂的部分能力，该能力为植物与动物共同拥有：据观察，所有的任何动物都有触觉。）对于这两个事实的解释，我们应留待以后讨论。目前，我们只能说灵魂既是上述各种现象的根源，又以它们为其基本特征，上述各种现象是指自我摄取营养能力、感觉能力、思维能力以及运动能力。

这每一种能力均是一个[独立的]灵魂抑或是灵魂的一部分？如果是一部分的话，那么它又是哪种意义上的一部分呢？这一部分仅在定义上是可分离的还是在空间位置上也同样是可分离的呢？就这些能力中的某些而言，给出这些问题的答案是容易的；就另一些而言，我们却难以作答。正如就植物而言，据观察，当它们被分割开之后，尽管其被分割的

部分彼此相距很远，其被分割的部分也能够[各自]继续生存（这表明，就植物而言，在其被分割之前每株植物的灵魂从现实意义上说是一个，而从潜在的意义上看却是许多个），与此相仿我们还在其他各种灵魂中发现了类似的结果，譬如在被分割成两段的昆虫中；每一段都具有感觉和空间位置运动两种能力；而且如果有感觉，也就必然会有想象和欲望；因为只要有感觉存在，必然也就会有愉悦和痛苦存在，并且，只要有愉悦和痛苦，必然也就会有欲求。

迄今为止，关于心智或思维能力我们尚未论证；它似乎是一种极其不同的灵魂，其差异就好像永生的事物迥然不同于易死的事物一样；只有它能够脱离所有其他灵魂能力而独立存在。通过我们的以上论述，不难看出，虽然存在某些相反的观点，灵魂所有的其他部分是不能分离存在的，尽管在定义上[它们]确实是可分离的。如果发表意见不同于感知，那么发表意见的能力也必然有别于感知能力，而且对于以上枚举的所有其他形式的生物，情况也是如此。另外，有些动物具有灵魂所有的能力，有些只具有部分能力，有些则仅具有某一种能力（正是这一点才使我们得以对动物进行分类）；其原因须待后文讨论。类似的情况也见诸感觉；有些种类的动物拥有全部的感觉，有些只拥有某些感觉，其他的则仅拥有一种感觉，一种必不可少的感觉——触觉。

正如“我们藉以认识之物”这一表述一样，“我们生活和感觉的凭借物”这一表述包含两种意义，其含义可能是知识或灵魂，因为我们可以说，我们凭借或运用两者中的任意一个来认识，同样地，我们保持健康，可以指健康，或指 [整个]身体或身体的某一部分；而且在如此对照的这两个术语中——知识或健康是形式、本质或比例的名称，或者如果我们这样表述，那么它则是某一接受质料的现实存在——有认识能力者的知识、有保持健康能力者的健康（因为引起变化者施其作用于被完全改变或部分变动者并且置身于受动者中）；此外，既然主要是凭借或运用灵魂我们才得以生存、感知和思维——那么灵魂就必定是某种比例或形式化本质，而不是某种质料或主体。因为，如前所述，实体一词有三种意义——形式、质料以及这两者的结合——而且在这三者中被称为质料的是潜在存在，被称为形式的是现实存在。那么，这里所说的结合物便是有生命的事物，既然如此，躯体便不可能是灵魂的现实存在；相反，某一种物身的现实存在恰恰就是灵魂。因此，那种认为灵魂无法脱离物身而存在，而它又不可能是物身，它不是物身但却是与物身相关联的某物的观点是正确的。这就是灵魂寄寓于物身之中，并且是寄寓于某种确定的物身[之中]的原因。因此，像过去的思想家们那样，仅只将灵魂归入物身，而对该物身的种类或特征却不加任何明确的说明，是错误的。深入的思考进一步证实了观察所得到的事实；任何特定事物的现实存在都只有在早已潜在地就是该事物的体内才能得以实现，即在与之相适合的其本身的固有质料之中。从以上全部所述，可得出的[结论]是，灵魂是某一事物的现实存在或形式化本质，该事物具有使灵魂得以体现的潜能。

第三章

在以上所列的灵魂的诸能力中，有些种类的生物，正如我们业已提及的那样，具有所有的灵魂的能力，有些只具有某几种，有一些则只具有一种。我们业已提及的这些灵魂的能力是营养能力、欲望能力、感觉能力、空间位置运动能力和思维能力。植物只具有第一种能力，营养能力，而另一目生物除具有这种能力之外还具有感觉能力。无论哪一目生物，如果具有感觉能力，那么它也必然具有欲望能力；因为欲望是属，包括欲求、激情和意愿诸种；由于一切动物均至少具有一种感觉，即触觉，并且凡一切具有感觉的事物均有能力感知愉悦和痛苦并因此存在令其感到愉快和痛苦的客体，哪里存在这些客体，哪里就存在欲求，因为欲求就是对令人愉悦的事物的欲望。另外，所有动物都具有对食物的感觉（因为触觉就是对食物的感觉）；所有生物的食物均由干的、湿的、热的、冷的物品构成，而且这些都是可以通过触觉去认知的性质；其他所有可感觉的性质都只能间接地通过触觉被认知。声音、颜色和气味均对营养毫无裨益；滋味属于可触知的性质。饥与渴是欲求的形式，饥是对干和热的食物的欲求，渴是对冷和湿的食物的欲求；滋味是添加在两者中的某种调味品。这些要点，我们须待以后澄清，现在可能只说具有触觉的一切动物也都有欲望就足够了。想象这一灵魂的能力是模糊不清的；我们尚须留待以后仔细讨论。除此之外，某些种类的动物还具有位置移动能力，还有另一目类的动物，即人以及可能与人类似抑或比人更高级的另一目类的动物，[它们还]具有思维能力，即心智。于是，显而易见，正如图形只能有一个定义一样，灵魂也只能有一个定义。因为，就图形而言，除了三角形等图形之外，根本不存在任何其他不同的图形，对于灵魂来说，情况也是一样，除了上述所列的灵魂形式之外，根本不存在任何其他别的灵魂。的确，我们可以给图形一极具普遍意义的定义，该定义适用于所有的图形，但不体现任何个别图形的特殊本质。这里对于灵魂及其具体的形式而言，情况也是如此。因此，在这种或类似的情况下，以下两种作法都是荒唐的：要求给出一个具有绝对普遍意义的定义，而该定义却无法体现任何事物其所是的特殊本质；或者不然的话，[索性]放弃这一定义，转而寻求适用于每一个最低种的个别事物的单独的定义。图形与灵魂两者的情况完全相同；因为在这两种情况中——图形和生物——都是一个通用名称下所包含的由诸个别事物组成的一个系列，每一后继项中均潜在地蕴涵着其前项，例如正方形中蕴涵着三角形，感觉能力中蕴涵着自我营养能力。因此我们必须要问，对生物的每一个目类而言，其灵魂是什么，即植物的灵魂是什么？动物的灵魂是什么？人的灵魂[又]是什么？这些项以这种成系列的方式相互关联的原因将是我们留待后文予以讨论的问题。不过，事实是，离开了自我营养能力，感知能力便不复存在，但是——在植物中——自我营养能力与感知能力却是分离的。其次，离开了触觉，其他的所有感觉便都不能存在，但是离开了其他感觉，触觉却能够存在；许多动物既没有视觉和听觉，也没有嗅觉。再次，在那些具有感觉的生物中，有的具有位置移动能力，有的却没有。最后，有一些生物——极少数的动物——具有演算

和思维能力，因为（在有生有死的生物中）那些具有演算能力的动物也具有以上提及的所有其他的能力，然而相反的情况却不存在——实际上有些是仅凭想象能力生存，而另有一些甚至就连想象能力也不具备。凭借直觉认识事物的心智属另一种不同的问题。

显然，对灵魂下最恰当的定义的方法就是为每一种灵魂的形式都寻找到一个最适切的定义。

第四章

对于探索灵魂诸形式的研究者来说，他有必要首先给出每一种灵魂形式的定义，阐明其是什么，并继而探究其衍生属性等。但是如果要阐明每一种灵魂的形式是什么，换言之，何为思维能力，何为感知能力，抑或何为营养能力，那么我们就必须进一步回溯，首先阐述思维或感知，因为在研究的顺序中主体之所为这一问题一般是先于何以使其为其所为这一问题的。如果这是正确的，我们则必须以同样的理由再进一步回溯以获得对每一灵魂客体的清楚认识；因此我们必须从以下这些客体开始，譬如从食物开始、从可感知的事物开始，或者是从可凭智力认知的事物开始。

因此，首先我们必须讨论营养和繁殖，因为营养灵魂见诸于所有其他灵魂能力之中并且是最原始、最为广泛拥有的灵魂能力，实际上正是由于具有这一能力，所有的生物才具有生命。营养灵魂借以显示其自身存在的行为是繁殖与摄取食物——繁殖，请注意，因为任何生物只要其已经正常发育成熟并且是无残缺的，而且其繁殖方式不是自生的，那么最自然的行为就是生产出另一个与其自身类似的生物，动物生育动物，植物繁殖植物，以便能够，只要其本质允许，分享[大自然的]永恒和神圣。这是一切生物所追求的目标，为此目标所有生物无不做其本质所允许的一切可为之事。“为此目的”这一短语具有双层意义，它既可指欲达到之目的，也可指为某一存在的利益，所施之为。既然任何生物都不能凭[自身存在的]不断持续来分享永恒和神圣（因为凡有生有死的事物均不能使其自身永远作为同一个单一体而存在），它以其唯一可能的方式努力实现这一目的，并且有可能成功，只是其程度不同而已；所以实际上它所保持的不是与其自身相同的那一个体，而是通过与其类似的东西继续其存在——但却不是数量上的一个，而是种类上的一类。

灵魂是生物躯体的因与原。因与原这两个术语有多种含义。但是灵魂是其物身的因却是在我们明确区分的三种意义上而言的：它是 [躯体]运动的原或起源，是 [躯体运动的]目的，是一切生物躯体的本质。

上述的最后一义，灵魂是一切生物躯体的本质，这一点是显而易见的；因为在万物之中本质等同于其存在的根据，而且在这一点上，对生物而言，其存在就是生存，而对其存在和生存而言，寄寓于其中的灵魂就是因或原。此外，任何潜在生物的现实存在也等同于其形式化本质。

显然，灵魂也是其物身的目的因。因为与心智相类似，自然也总是为了某物而为其一切之所为，某物就是其目的。对于动物而言，其灵魂也同样是为了某一目的而为其一切之所为，这是合乎自然法则的；所有的自然物身都是灵魂的器官。对于构成植物物身的器官，情况确实如此；对于构成动物物身的器官，情况也确实如此。这表明，为了这一目的的其所是就是灵魂。在此我们必须重温“为此目的”的两种意义，即欲到达之目的，以及为了某一存在的利益，其所是或所施之为。

此外，我们必须坚持作为空间位置运动的本原的灵魂也是生物躯体的因这一观点。然而，并非所有的生物都具有空间位置移动能力。但是质量变化和数量变化也都归因于灵魂。感觉被认为是性质变化，而且只有有灵魂之物才有能力感觉。造成生长和衰亡的数量变化也与此相同；任何生物，只有其能够自己摄取食物，才能自然地生长或衰亡，除非其具有灵魂，否则任何生物都不能自己摄取食物。

恩培多克勒[关于植物生长]的补充说明是错误的。他论述道，植物的生长应该这样解释，根的向下生长源于土的下行的自然趋向，而其枝的向上生长则是源于火的上行的与此类似的自然趋向。因为他对向上和向下的解释是错误的；对于所有的植物而言的向上和向下并非是对于整个宇宙而言的向上和向下：如果我们根据其功能来区分和确定器官，那么植物的根便与动物的头相类似。此外，[鉴于]土和火趋于向相反方向运行，我们不得不问，将其结合在一起的力量是什么；如果没有中和的力量，那么它们便将会分离开来；如果有的话，这种力必定是灵魂和营养及生长的因。有些人认为，火元素是营养与生长的因，因为据观察，在诸原始物身或诸元素中,火是唯一能够自我摄取食物并自我增长的元素。于是，他们认为不论是在植物体内，还是在动物体内，真正起作用的力量就是火元素。从某种意义上说，它的确是并存原因，但却不是主要原因，其主要原因应该是灵魂；因为火只要有其所需的燃料，它的长势便会无限制地持续，但对于在自然过程中形成的所有的复合整体而言，存在着某种决定其大小及增长的限制或比例，而该限制和比例是灵魂的标志，而不是火的标志，并且其属于[灵魂的]形式化存在，而不属于质料。

营养与繁殖均归因于同一灵魂能力。首先有必要厘清我们对食物的界定，因为正是凭借吸收食物这一功能，该灵魂能力才得以与其他所有的能力相区别。时下流行的观点是，可成为生物食物之物是该物之相反物——这不是指在每一个对立的事物对中任意一物都是其相反物的食物：一相反物不仅必须能够转化成其对立物并且反之亦然，而且还必须在此相互转化的过程中使其相反物得以增长，这样的相反物方可成为食物。许多相反物均可相互转化，但是这种相互的转化甚至都算不上是量的转化，因而也就无助于其相反物的增长，例如一染病体转化成为与之相反的健康体。显然，即使这些相互对立的事物满足上述的两个条件，它们也不是绝对相同意义上的彼此的食物；水据说可以饲火，但是火却不能饲水。在对立对中的两者是[非复合的]基本物的情况下，只有相反物的一方能够饲其相反物，据称，这似乎是可能的。但是，这里存在一个难题。有一派思想家们主张，与量以类增一样，物以类饲。而另一派，正如我们业已论述的那样，所持的却是完全对立的观点，即饲者与被饲者是彼此对立的；他们认为，同类的事物不能被其同类所影响；但是食物在其消化过程中被改变，而且变化总是使之成为其对立物或中间物。另外，食物受其供养者作用，而不是与此相反，正如木料是被木匠加工而非与之相反一样；木匠也有变化，但却只是从非工作状态到工作状态的变化而已。回答这个问题，我们所用的“食物”[一词]是指“已被消化了的”食料还是指“尚未被消化的”食料，会使答案完全不同。如果我们

使用的是食物一词的这两种意义，即完全未被消化的食料和业已完全被消化的食料，那么我们便可以评判这两个相反的观点：如果用食物指尚未被消化的食料，那么它便是被饲者的相反物；如果用食物指已被消化的食料，那么它便与消化它的被饲者相似。因此，显然，从某种意义上，我们可以说，这两派既都是正确的，又都是错误的。

除了有生命的物体之外，其他任何事物均不能被饲，既然如此，被饲的物体便是被赋予了灵魂的物体,并且正是缘于此故,其体内才拥有灵魂。因此食物在本质上是与其中寄寓灵魂的事物相关联的。除了使被饲者的躯干增长这一功能之外，食物还具有[其他]某种功能；凡体内具有灵魂的事物便是一个量元，食物可增加其量，但是，只有体内具有灵魂的事物为“这个—某物”或一实体时，食物才能发挥其营养作用；在这种情况下,食物使被饲者得以维持其生存,并且只要营养过程持续,被饲者便可继续维持其所是。此外，食物[也]是繁殖的原动力，即繁殖出与个体相类似的另一个体，而不是被饲个体[自身]的生成；被饲个体的实体早已存在；任何实体的存在均不是自我生成而只是吸取营养以便自我持续生存。

因此我们现在所研究的灵魂能力似乎可这样表述，该灵魂能力趋于为一切具有该灵魂能力寓于其中的事物提供营养，使之一如既往地继续存在，并且食物可助其完成它的这一使命。这就是为什么，一旦失去了食物，它便不复存在。

营养过程包括三个因素，被饲者何也，其被饲所凭者何也和饲者何也；此三者之中，饲者是第一灵魂，被饲者是寓灵魂于其中的物身，其被饲所凭者则是食物。可是，既然依据事物所实现的终极目的来命名是正确的，而灵魂的终极目的[又]是生成另一个与其相类似的后嗣，那么这个第一灵魂应该被命名为繁殖灵魂。词语 “其被饲者所凭者何也”具有双重意义，和“船之被驾驶所凭者何也”这一词语一样；它可以既指手，又指船舵，即要么是指被运动者和运动者，要么是指仅仅是被运动者。如果我们回顾一下一切食物都必须是可被消化的，而且引起消化的是热，那么我们在此就可以使用这一类比了；这就是为什么一切寓灵魂于其中的事物均具有热。

既然我们已经对食物的本质作了简要的论述,更加详尽的论述尚须另文专门讨论。

第五章

完成了上述的区分与界定，我们现在就讨论最广泛意义上的感觉。诚如我们以上所述，感觉取决于运动的过程或外部的影响，因为它一般被视为某种性质的改变。现在有些思想家认为，同类的事物只能被其同类所影响；在何种意义上这是可能的，在何种意义上这是不可能的，对此，我们已经在我们关于作用与被作用的一般性讨论中解释过了。

这里提出一个问题：为什么我们不能像感知感觉的外部客体一样感知感觉本身？或者，既然它们自身含有火、土以及所有其他元素，而这些元素又都是感觉的直接或间接的客体，那么为什么离开了外部客体的刺激，它们就无法产生感觉呢？显然，具有感觉能力者只能潜在地存在，而不能现实地存在。感觉能力与可燃物类似，因为可燃物绝不可能自燃，而需要有一具有引燃能力的动因；如若不然，可燃物则必然会自燃，并且也无须现实的火种将其点燃了。

回答这一问题，我们必须重温我们所使用的“感知”一词的两种含义，因为我们可以说凡具有听或看的能力者，即使其此刻正在睡眠之中，仍然“看得见”或“听得到”，此外也可说凡实际上正在看或正在听着的，“看见”或“听到”。因此“感觉”也必然有两种含义：潜在感觉和现实感觉。与此相似，“成为有感觉能力者”也有两种含义：有某一感觉能力，或证实某一感觉行为。讨论伊始，我们暂时先对以下两者不作区分：被运动或被影响和起主动作用，因为运动是活动的一种——一种不完善的活动，对此另文已经有过阐释。实际上，正在发挥作用的作用者施其作用于一切被作用或被运动的事物。因此，正如上文所述，从某种意义上说，作用者与被作用者是相类似的，但从另一种意义上说，即在变化之前和变化过程之中这两个因素是不相类似的，而在变化之后，则又归于相类似。

但是我们必须现在就加以区分的不仅有什么是潜在的和什么是现实的，而且还有不同的感觉，在这些不同的感觉中，事物是潜在的或是现实的方可得以确认；至此为止，我们在论述中一直使用的上述这几个词语仿佛均只有一种意义。我们可以称某物为“知者”，其所指要么是我们说那个人是一知者，我们指的是该人属于通晓或拥有知识这一种类的人；要么是我们说某人掌握语法知识，[我们的所指也是一样的]。这两人均可如此称谓是由于在其体内每人都有某种潜在的能力，但是其各自的潜在能力却是有差别的，前者是一潜在的知者，因为其种类或质料是属于某一类的；后者 [也是一潜在的知者，但却是]因为在没有任何外在阻碍的情况下，他可以随意地将其潜在的知识转变为现实的知识。这里隐含着“知者”一词的第三个意思，已在实践其知识者——他是现实中的知者，而且该义是最严格意义上的认知，譬如[认知]这个A。前两者都是潜在的知者，他们实现各自潜在能力的方式不同，前者是通过质的变化，即通过学习，多次使其从一种状态转变为与其相反的另一种状态，后者则是通过从对感觉或语法的消极拥有向对其积极使用的转变。这两

种转变是不同的。

“被作用”一词语也有多种意义；它或指相互对立的双方中的一方因另一方而消亡，或指潜在的存在被现实存在的和已被作用的同类物所保存，凭借这一相似性，某一现实存在与另一潜在存在相辅相成。因为通过转变，[潜在地]拥有知识者变成了实际的知者，这种转变既不是其自身的改变（因为这实际上是其发展成为了真自我或变成了现实存在），不是完全有别于[被作用一词]一般意义的改变。

因此，当一建筑师运用其技艺建造房屋时，说他正在被改变是荒谬的，与此相同，当一智者用其智慧时，说他正在被改变也是错误的。

对于认识或理解而言，使潜在存在变为现实存在的过程不应被视为教授过程，而应是其他别的什么。凡通过一实际上具有认识能力并具有教授能力者的作用，凭[潜在]认识能力开始学会或获取知识的过程要么根本不应被说成是“被作用”，要么我们必须区分两种不同意义上的改变，即一种品质取代另一种品质，第一种品质是第二种品质的对立物，或现存的品质从其潜在的存在向稳定性或本质方向发展。

至于何为拥有感觉，第一个转变归因于父本的影响，而且该转变发生在[子体]出生之前，以便在出生时，该生物，在感觉方面，便处于和拥有知识相一致的阶段。实际感觉相当于知识应用阶段。但是在这里用以相互对比的两者之间存在一种差异；激发感觉能力进行感觉活动的客体，例如视觉客体、听觉客体等，都是外在的。这一差异的根源是现实感觉所感知的是个别事物，而知识所把握的却是普遍的事物，并且这些均在某种意义上寓于灵魂之中。这就是为什么人可以随其意愿地在任何时候运用其知识，但是他的感觉却不取决于其自身——必须存在某一感觉客体的原因。对我们关于可感知事物的知识也必须作同样的阐述——基于相同的根据，即可感知客体都是个别的、外在的。

以后可找到更合适的时机来阐明所有这一切。目前，识别这些已指出的差别完全足矣；某一事物是潜在的可包含两种意义：我们可说一男孩可能成为将军，这是其中一义；或其另一义，我们似乎可以同样说他将可能成为成年人。“潜在的感觉力”这一术语也包含两种相关的意义。潜在存在的两个阶段没有各自不同的名称，尽管我们已经指出它们是不同的以及它们如何不同，但我们不得不沿用“被作用或被改变”这两个不恰当的术语来指其中的两种转变。诚如我们已经阐述的那样，具有感觉能力的事物潜在地与实际上可以被感知的事物相类似，即在其被作用过程的开始阶段，相互作用的两个因素是不同的，而在被作用过程结束时，一方则被另一方所同化，并在性质上与之相同。

第六章

为了研究每一种感觉，我们将首先讨论可为每一感官所感知的客体。“感觉客体”这一术语涵盖三种事物，其中的两种，用我们的话来说，是直接可感知的，而剩下的一种只是偶然可感知的。在前两种之中，一种包括只能被一种感觉所感知的事物，另一种则包括可被任何和全部感觉所感知的事物。对那种不能为任何其他感觉所感知而只能为一种相应的感觉所感知的事物而言，便没有出现任何[感觉]错误的可能，我称这种可感觉事物为这种或那种感觉的特殊客体；从这种意义上说，颜色是视觉的特殊客体，声音是听觉的特殊客体，滋味是味觉的特殊客体。触觉，实际上，可以区分多种不同性质的事物。每一种感觉都有一种它能够分辨的客体，而且在分辨出现在其面前的是颜色还是声音时从不失误（尽管在分辨有颜色的事物为何物或该物在何处，或者发声的事物为何物或该物在何处时，它可能会失误）。这样的感觉客体，我们提议称之为这种或那种感觉的特殊客体。

“共同感觉客体”是运动、静止、数量、形状和度量；这些客体不专门属于任何一种感觉，而属于所有的感觉。至少，有几种运动就是既可以凭触觉感知，也可以凭视觉感知。

我们谈及感觉的偶然客体，在此，以我们所看到的白色物体是狄亚雷之子为例；在此例中，由于狄亚雷之子“碰巧是”可直接可见的白色物体，所以我们说狄亚雷之子是（偶然地）为我们所感知或看见。由于这仅仅是偶然感觉到的客体，所以它这类感觉客体绝不会影响诸感觉。在前两种感觉客体中，两者均为其自身内在本质上就是可以被感觉所感知的，第一种[感觉客体]——几种感觉的特殊感觉客体——构成了此术语的最严格意义上的感觉客体，并且这几种感觉中的每一种感觉的结构恰恰都与相应的感觉客体在事物的本质上相适应。

第七章

视觉客体是可见物，可见物是[指]颜色以及某种可以用语言描述但却没有名称的事物，随着讨论的继续，我们所指的后者的意义将会十分清楚。任何可见的事物都是颜色，而颜色之所以是可见的取决于其自身内在本质的可见性；在此，“其自身内在的本质”指的不是用以解释颜色的定义所涉及的那种可见性，而是指其自身所含有的能够引起可见性的那一基质。每一种颜色都具有使实际上透明的物体处于运动状态的能力，这种能力构成其真正的本质。这就是为什么如果没有光的帮助，它便是不可见的；只有在光照中，物体的颜色才是可见的。因此我们的首要任务是阐明光是什么。

透明物显然是存在的，我所说的“透明物”指的是可见物，但并非指其自身是可见的，而是由于他物的颜色，它才具有其可见性；气、水以及许多固体都具有这一特征。气和水是透明的原因不在于它是气或水，而在于它们两者中均含有某种物质，该物质在两者中是相同的，并且也存在于构成物质宇宙外壳的永恒物体之中。该物质的活动就是光——透明物不断活动直至其中具有变成透明的决定性能力；哪里有这种能力存在，哪里也就有其相反者的潜在存在，即黑暗。光在某种程度上就是透明物固有的颜色，并且受火或者与“天穹物体”类似的某物的影响，每当潜在的透明物被激活而变为现实存在时，光便存在；因为火中也包含某种物质，这种物质与现在所讨论的物质是同一的。

我们现在已经阐述了什么是透明物以及什么是光；光既不是火，不是任何哪一种物体，也不是任何一种物体的流射物（如果是，其自身将再次成为某一物体）——它是火或与火类似的透明体中的某种存在。它肯定不是某一物体，因为两个物体不能同时在同一空间存在。光的相反者是黑暗，具有上述相应特征的积极状态的透明物的缺失就是黑暗；因此，显而易见，光就是具有这一状态的透明体的存在。

恩培多克勒（以及采用与其相同论述方式的他的支持者们）是错误的，他曾论述道，光在地球与其周围的大气层之间“旅行”或者在某一特定的时刻抵达此处，其运动是我们无法察觉得到的；这种观点既与确凿的论据相悖，又与观察所见的事实相反；假如（光所）穿越的距离很短，其运动可能是我们无法观察得到的，但是这一距离（实际上）是从最东端到最西端，我们竟然都无法发现，这就令我们无法相信了。

凡能够显现颜色的物体均是其自身无颜色的物体，正如一切能够接收声音的物体都是其自身无声的物体一样；无颜色的物体包括透明物以及不可见物或几乎不可见物，即“暗色”物体。当透明物潜在地透明时，当然不是当其现实地透明时，后者与透明物是一样的；它是时暗、时明的同一物质。

并非所有可见物的可见性都取决于光。这只适用于事物“特有的”颜

色。某些在光中不可见的视觉客体，即那些看上去炽热的或发光的物体，在黑暗中却能够[刺激视觉感官]产生感觉。这类的事物没有共同的专门名称，不过真菌、肌肉、头、介壳虫以及[某些]鱼的眼睛却都是这类事物的例子。在这些例子中视觉所见的均非其“特有的”颜色。究竟为什么我们能看见这些是另一个问题。现在，显而易见的是，在光中所能看见的总是颜色。这就是为什么一旦离开了光的帮助，颜色便是不可见的。颜色之所以是颜色正是因为其本身有能力使已经是现实的透明物处于运动状态，并且，正如我们所观察到的那样，透明物的现实存在恰恰就是光。

下面将尝试阐明的是[视觉]介质的必要性。如果使有颜色的物体与眼睛直接接触，该物体则不能被看到。颜色不是使视觉感官而是使透明物，譬如气，处于运动状态，而且该透明体在视觉客体和视觉感官之间持续地延展，使后者处于运动状态。德谟克利特在阐述其相关的观点时歪曲了事实，他认为，假如视觉客体与视觉感官之间的空间是空的，那么人们就能够清楚地看见天穹上的蚂蚁，那是不可能的事情。视觉归因于有感觉能力的事物的影响与变化，而且它不能受所见颜色自身的影响；那么它就必然被两者间的事物影响。因此其间必然有某物存在——假若其间没有任何事物，非但不能看得更清晰，我们反而必将什么也看不到。

至此，我们已经阐释了为什么除非在光中否则颜色是不能被看到的。另一方面，火既可以在黑暗中被看到，也可以在光中被看到；按照我们的理论，这一双重的可能性是必然的，因为正是火使潜在的透明物变成了现实的透明物。

同样的阐释也适用于声音和气味；如果这两种感觉客体与其[相应的]感官直接接触，那么将不会产生任何感觉。在这两种情况中，感觉客体只能使存在于[它与感官]之间的事物处于运动状态，继而该中间事物又使[相应的]感官处于运动状态：如果将发出声音或气味的事物与[相应的]感官直接接触，那么将不会产生任何感觉。同样的阐释还适用于触觉和味觉，尽管它们看起来完全不同；为什么存在这一明显的不同，将待下文阐明。对声音而言，其介质是空气；对气味而言，其相应的介质尚无名称。但是，对颜色而言，其相应的透明物具有见诸空气和水之中的某种性质，该性质可作为散发气味之物的介质——我之所以说“在水中”是因为生活在水中的动物以及生活在陆地上的动物似均具有嗅觉，而“在空气中”是因为人与其他所有陆地上能呼吸的动物，只有当其吸入空气时才能感知气味。对此的阐释也将留待下文给出。

第八章

现在，我们首先厘清声音与听觉的差别。

声音有两种：现实声音和潜在声音。我们说，有些事物“没有声音”，例如海绵或羊毛；有些事物则有声音，例如青铜以及一般来说所有[表面]光滑的和坚实的事物。后者被认为是有声音的，其原因在于它们能够发出声音，即能够在它们自身与听觉感官之间产生现实声音。

现实声音的产生需具备以下两个必要条件：两个物体以及两物体之间的空间；因为声音是通过碰撞产生的，所以仅有一个物体是不可能产生声音的——必须有某一撞击物体和某一被撞击物体；发声物体通过撞击另一其他物体发出声音，而没有从一处到另一处的空间运动是不可能的。

正如我们业已阐明的那样，并非所有的物体相互撞击都能发出声音，撞击羊毛便不会发出声音，而撞击青铜或任何[表面]光滑并且[内部]中空的物体却会发出声音。青铜受到撞击时便发出声音是由于它是光滑的；而中空的物体发出声音则是因为最初的撞击所引起的回声多次反复，[因为]最初处于运动状态的物体无法从中空部分脱离出来。

此外，我们还必须提及的是，无论在空气中还是在水中，声音均是可以被听到的，尽管在后者中，声音听起来不是那么清晰。然而不论是空气还是水都不是产生声音的主要原因。产生声音所必须的条件是两个固体的相互撞击及其与空气的撞击。如果被撞击的空气在这一撞击前没有退避，即没有因该撞击而消散，则满足了后一必备的条件。

这就是为什么如果它将发出声音，那么对其的撞击必须迅疾而猛烈——撞击者的运动必须快于空气的消散，这就好比人们用鞭子抽击一个沙堆或者抽击一个正在快速运动过去的旋卷着的沙团，便可发出声音一样。

当最初受到撞击物的撞击并处于运动状态的空气，从另一团空气（这团空气结为一体被限制在容器内）上反弹回来，如同一个皮球从墙上反弹回来，且无法消散，这时便出现回声。简而言之，回声很可能就是这样产生的，尽管它通常只能是隐约地被听到。这里所出现的情况肯定与光的情况相类似；光总是被反射的——否则，它便无法被到处传播，那么除了被太阳直接照射的区域之外，其他的地方必将是茫茫的黑暗；但是，当其被水、青铜以及其他表面光滑的物体反射时，被反射的光并不总是强到足以投下阴影，这正是我们借以识别光的区别性标志。

虚空的空间在声音的产生过程中起主要作用，这一说法是正确的，因为人们所说的“虚空”指的是空气，当空气作为一个连续的气团而处于运动状态，它便产生听觉；但是由于其自身的易散性，在受到撞击而与

不光滑的[物体]表面相撞时，它便会受撞消散，而发不出任何声音。当其所撞击的[物体]表面非常光滑时，最初撞击所产生的便是一个结为一体的气团，这一结果归因于空气在另一端所接触的[物体]表面的光滑性。

有能力发出声音的事物是有能力肇始结为一体的气团处于运动状态的事物，该气团将这一运动从最初的撞击物继续传递到听觉器官。听觉器官与空气是天然地结合在一起的，而且由于听觉器官存在于空气之中，听觉器官内部的空气与其外部的空气是同时被运动的。因此，动物不是用其躯体的所有部分来听，也并非其所有躯体部分都允许空气进入；因为即使是可以被运动并且能够发声的部位也不是其中处处都有空气。由于其自身的易散性，空气本身是无声的；只有当其消散受阻，其运动才能发出声音。耳内的空气被聚集在一耳室之中恰好阻止这一消散运动，以便动物得以准确地听辨出外部空气的各种运动。这正是为什么我们在水中也能听得到声音，换言之，因为水不能进入耳室，而且由于耳内部的螺旋结构，水甚至无法进入外耳。如果有水进入，听觉便会终止，如果耳鼓膜受损，情况也是如此，正如如果眼角膜受损，视觉就会终止一样。耳是否能像号角一样发出回响也是一种耳聋测验方法；耳内的空气总有其自身的运动，但是我们所听到的声音总是其他物体发出的声音，而不是听觉器官本身发出的声音。这正是为什么我们说我们借以听闻的是虚空的事物和回声，即因为我们借以听闻的是一个其中包含着被结为一体的气团的耳室。

孰为“发出声音者”：撞击者还是被撞击者？难道答案不能是“两者都是，但各自方式不同”吗？声音是在受撞击时撞击一[物体的]光滑表面并反弹回来的物体的运动。正如我们业已阐释的那样，在撞击或受到撞击时，并非所有的物体都发出声音，例如，如果一根针被另一根针撞击，两者均不发出任何声音。因此，为了发出声音，被撞击物体必须表面光滑，以使空气能够反弹并且以一完整的气团经振动而脱离这一表面。

只有在现实声音中不同发声物体的差异才能自己显露出来；如果没有光的帮助，颜色依然是不可见的，与此相同，如果没有现实声音的帮助，尖厉的声音与低沉的声音之间的差别也是无从听辨的。此处的尖厉和低沉是隐喻，是从其原本的感觉，即触觉转借而来的，在触觉中它们分别指在短时间内强烈触动此感觉的事物，和在长时间内微弱触动此感觉的事物。并非尖利之物运动得快，沉钝之物运动得慢，而是这种运动与另一种运动之间在性质上的差异归因于它们各自的速度。看来听觉上的尖厉或低沉之物与触觉上的尖利或沉钝之物之间似乎存在着某种相似性；尖利之物实际上是动则以刺，而沉钝之物则是动则以推，一个在短时间内便产生效果，另一个则在长时间内才能产生效果，因此一个迅速，一个缓慢。

作为对于声音的分析，以上所述足矣，无需赘述。语音是声音的一种，是寓寄灵魂者所具有的特征；没有灵魂的事物是发不出语音的，我们说长笛或竖琴的语音抑或通常所说的那些有能力发出一系列音域、音

高及音质不同的音符的事物（无灵魂之物）的语音，那只不过是一种比喻的说法罢了。该比喻基于所有这些差异也都见诸语音之中这一事实。许多动物都发不出语音，例如所有无血动物以及有血动物中的鱼类。这正是我们所预期的，因为语音是空气的某种运动。像阿克罗俄斯河中的鱼一样，这类鱼据说是能够发出语音的，实际上它们是用鳃或某种类似的器官发出声音。语音是动物发出的声音，而且是用专门的器官发出的声音。诚如我们所述，一切能够发出声音的事物在其发声时无不通过某物撞击另一物，通过某一空间，充满空气；因此,唯一可以预料的是只有那些能够吸入空气的动物才能发出语音。一旦空气被吸入，自然便将其用于两个不同的目的，正如舌既被用于品尝味道，又被用于发出语音一样；在这两种功用中，品尝味道是动物生存所必需的（所以该功用更广泛地见诸各种动物），而发出语音则属一种奢侈，有助于其拥有者能够更好地生存；与此相似，在前一种情况中，自然既将呼吸作为生物调节体内温度必不可少的手段，又将其作为发出语音的介质，为的是其拥有者更好地生存。关于为什么调节生物体内温度这一功用是不可或缺的，须待另文讨论。

呼吸的器官是气管，与气管相连，并作为实现呼吸这一目的的器官是肺。肺是躯体的一部分，凭借此部分陆地动物的体温才得以高于其他所有动物的体温。但是迫切需要通过呼吸以吸入空气的不只这一部分，还有心脏周围的部分。这就为什么当动物呼吸时，空气必须进入体内。

因此语音是被吸入的空气撞击“气管”所发出的声音，并且产生这一撞击的动因是寓寄于躯体这些部分之中的灵魂。正如我们所论述的那样，并非动物所发出的每一个声音都是语音（即使是用舌我们可能也只不过是发出一个并非语音的声音，抑或不用舌，就像发出的咳嗽声那样[也不是语音]）；发出撞击声者必定有灵魂寓寄其中，并且一定有想象活动与之相伴，因为语音是一种有意义的声音，而且并不仅仅像咳嗽那样，是任何吸入空气撞击的结果；在发出语音的过程中，气管中所吸入的空气被用作撞击气管壁的工具。这一点可用以下事实证明，当我们正在呼气或吸气时，我们都是不能说话的——只有屏住呼吸我们才能说话；因为只有在屏住呼吸时，我们才能进行这样的运动。鱼类为什么不能发声，其原因也就十分清楚了，它们根本没有气管。而且它们没有气管是由于它们既不呼气，也不吸气。为什么它们不呼吸则属于另一有待探讨的问题。

第九章

较之截止目前我们业已讨论的诸感觉，嗅觉及其客体更为难以确定；嗅觉客体的区别性特征不如声音或颜色的区别性特征那么明显。其原因在于我们嗅觉能力的辨别力较差，并且一般说来逊于许多其他种类动物的嗅觉辨别力；人的嗅觉很差，而且我们对特定嗅觉客体的分辨总是不可避免地与我们的愉悦和痛苦紧密地联系在一起，并且不可避免地受其迷惑，这表明，我们体内的嗅觉器官是不精确的。很可能，硬眼动物在感知颜色过程中也有类似的失误：它们可能仅凭引起恐惧的事物是否出现来分辨颜色的不同，而且人类正是以与此类似的方式分辨气味。嗅觉与味觉之间似乎可作某种类比，而且不同种类的味道与不同种类的气味相类似——唯一不同的是我们的味觉远比我们的嗅觉更加具有辨别力，因为前者属触觉的一种变异，人类的触觉达到了最高的分辨精度。在所有其他感觉方面，我们都逊于许多其他种类的动物，但在触觉方面我们的辨别精度却是远远超过所有其他动物。这就是为什么在所有动物中，人是最具智慧的。以下事实可为这一点提供佐证：人与人之间在天赋上的差异取决于触觉器官上的不同，而与其他器官无关；凡肌肤粗糙者，其自然禀赋均不高，凡肌肤柔软者，其自然禀赋皆很高。

味道可分为甜、苦，气味也是如此。在有些事物中，味道和气味具有同样的性质，即两者均为甜或两者均为苦；而在另一些事物中，它们却是不同的。与味道相类似，气味也可以是刺鼻的、涩的、酸的，抑或油腻的。不过，正如我们曾经说过的那样，由于气味远比味道难于辨别，这些不同的名称只是以比喻的方式用于气味；譬如“甜的”是从藏红花或蜂蜜的味道引伸到其气味的，“刺鼻的”则是从百里香的味道引伸至其气味的，等等。

从相同的意义上说，听觉的客体既包括可听见物，也包括不可听见物；视觉的客体既包括可见物，也包括不可见物；嗅觉的客体既包括有气味的物体，也包括无气味的物体。“无气味的”可指无任何气味的物体，或指淡薄或微弱的气味之物。同样的双重意义也隐存于“无味道”一词之中。

与此前曾仔细讨论的诸感觉的活动相似，嗅觉活动也要通过某种介质方能实现，即通过空气或水——我之所以加上水，是因为水生动物（既包括有血的，也包括无血的）似乎也与陆地动物一样能够嗅闻；如果食物有气味，至少一些水生动物能够直接找到远处的食物。下列事实之所以对我们构成一个问题的原因就在于此。所有动物均以同样的方式嗅闻，但是人只有在其吸气时才能嗅闻；如果呼气或屏住呼吸，他便无法继续嗅闻，不论有气味之物是在远处还是在近前，即使是将其置于鼻中或者干脆置于鼻孔底下均无济于事；所有感觉均无法感知与其器官直接接触的事物，这是普遍的感觉缺陷，可是失去了吸气的帮助，我们便不能感知有气味的事物，这却是特殊的（在实验中，这一事实显而易见）。既然无血动物不呼吸，人们似可认为，它们一定具有通常所说的

五种感觉之外的某种新感觉。我们对此的回答必然是这是不可能的，因为被感知的是气味；感知有气味之物并且辨别其气味好或坏的感觉不可能是任何别的东西，只能是嗅觉。此外，据观察，与人类一样，它们会因沥青、硫磺以及诸如此类的、同样强烈气味的刺激而受到伤害。这些无血动物肯定无需呼吸便能够嗅闻。其可能的解释是，与其他所有动物体内的嗅觉器官相比较，人体中的嗅觉器官具有一定的优越性，这就好像较之硬眼动物的眼睛，人的眼睛具有一定的优越性一样。人的眼睛在眼睑中有一种庇护物或保护膜，它们必须是可移动或可拉开的，以便我们能够看到物体，硬眼动物却不具备任何这类的器官，而只能立刻看到呈现于透明介质中的任何事物。与此相似，在某些种类的动物体内，其嗅觉器官与硬眼动物的眼睛类似，属无遮蔽保护的，而在那些吸入空气的动物体内，其嗅觉器官则可能有遮蔽保护，吸气时，由于血管或毛孔的扩张，该遮蔽保护被拉开。这也解释了为什么这种动物不能在水中嗅闻；为了嗅闻，它们首先必须吸气，然而它们在水中不能吸气。

正如味道源自湿润之物一样，气味源于干燥之物。因此，嗅觉器官潜在地属干性。

第十章

凡可被品尝之物都是可被触摸之物，而且正是缘于此故，可被品尝的事物是不能通过外来的媒介而被感知的，因为触觉意味着无需任何媒介。此外，有味的、可品尝的物体是处于液体质料中的，并且是可触摸的。因此，假如我们生活在水中，我们应该能够感知到加注到水中的甜物质，但是水并不是我们借以感知的介质；我们的感知应归因于我们饮用水中的甜味物质的溶解，就好像将甜味物质混合在某些饮品中一样。此处的感知与颜色的感知没有任何相似之处，颜色的感知既不是由于某物与某物的混合，也不是因为某物从某物中流出。与此前所讨论的诸感觉的介质的情形不同，对味觉而言，不存在任何与其介质相对应的事物；但是正如视觉的客体是颜色一样，味觉的客体是味道。但是，如果没有液体的帮助，任何事物都不能激起味感；作用于味觉的事物必须是现实的液体或者是潜在的液体，如含盐物；含盐物必须既本身易于溶解，又能够因舌头而溶解。味觉所感知的既有有味物，又有无味物，我们用无味物指的是只有淡淡或微弱味道的事物，或者是能够破坏味觉的事物。在这一点上，味觉酷似视觉，视觉所感知的既有可见物，也有不可见物（虽然黑暗是不可见的，但却可以被视觉所分辨；[对于]过于明亮的事物，情况也是如此，但却是以一种不同的方式），而且味觉也酷似听觉，听觉所听辨的既有声音，又有寂静，在这两者中，一种为可听到的，而另一种则是不可听到的，而且还有过于高亢的声音。在听觉中，这种情况与视觉中的过于明亮的光相类似。就像一微弱的声音是“听不到的”一样，从某种意义上说，响亮或剧烈的声音也是如此。“不可见的”一词以及类似的表示否定意义的词语所包含的意义不仅有某物完全不具有某种能力，而且还有某物为适应自然应具备某种能力，但却并不具有该能力或者只是在非常低级的水平上具有该能力，正如我们说某一种类的燕是“无足的”或者某一种水果是“无核的”一样。味觉也是如此，其客体既可以是可品尝之物，又可以是不可品尝之物——后者意指淡味之物或不良气味之物抑或破坏味觉之物。无味物与有味物的区分似乎完全基于可饮物与不可饮物的区分，可饮物与不可饮物——两者都是可品尝的，但后者是不好的并倾向于破坏味觉，而前者却是味觉的正常刺激物。可饮物是触觉与味觉的共同客体。

凡可被品尝的事物均是液体的，故而，其感觉它的器官既不可能是现实意义上的液体，也不可能是不能转化成液体之物。味觉的意思是可被品尝物以如此的方式作用于某一存在；因此味觉器官必须被液化，而且是始于非液体但却能够液化而又不失其独特本质。以下事实可以证实这一点：当舌头过干燥或者过湿润时，它均无法品尝；后一种情况中出现的原因在于舌头本身所接触到的是舌头已有的水分，[这就如同]在先品尝了某一强烈味道之后，我们又试图品尝另一味道；同样，病人感觉他们所品之物都是苦的，换言之，这是因为，在他们品尝时，充溢其舌的是苦味的水分。

与颜色的分类相似，味道的种类有单纯味道，即相反的两种味道；

有兼性味道，即在甜的这类味道中，还有油性的味道；在苦的这类味道中，还有咸的味道；在这些之间，尚有刺激的、粗涩的、清苦的以及酸的味道，这些几乎就是各种不同的味道了。据此我们可以得出的结论是，凡具有味觉能力者就是潜在地具有这些性质的东西，而且凡可品尝的均为有能力现实地使这种潜能变成现实的东西。

第十一章

任何适用于可触摸物的论述，都适用于触觉，反之亦然；如果触觉不是一种单一的感觉，而是多种感觉的组合，那么就一定存在着多种不同的可触摸物。触觉是一种单一的感觉还是多种感觉的组合，这是一个问题。触觉器官是什么，这也是一个问题；触觉器官是不是肌肉（包括在某些动物体内，与肌肉功能相同的是什么）？据第二种观点，肌肉是触觉的“介质”，真正的触觉器官位于躯体内部的更深处。之所以出现这一问题是因为，据普遍接受的观点，每一感觉领域均由单一的一对相互对立的感觉客体所决定，对视觉而言的白与黑，对听觉而言的尖厉与低沉，对味觉而言的苦与甜；但是在可触摸物领域内我们却发现数对这样的对立对，热与冷、干与湿、硬与软等。回顾一下其他感觉，便可找到这个问题的部分答案，在其他的感觉领域中，也可找到不只一个对立对，譬如声音中不仅有尖厉与低沉，还有宏亮与轻柔、圆润与刺耳等；在颜色中也有一些类似的对立对。但是，在触觉中，这些相互对立的性质所依赖的、类似听觉中声音的那种唯一的主体是什么，我们尚不能确定。

触觉器官是位于躯体的内部还是外部（即我们是否需要越过肌肉在躯体内部寻找），对于这一问题，从如果[触觉]客体与肌肉接触，该客体马上就被感知这一事实中，我们看不出任何支持第二个答案的迹象。因为即使是在目前的条件下，如果所做的实验是织一张网，再用其紧紧地包裹住肌肉，只要该网被触摸，感觉就会像以前一样以同样的方式被记录下来，然而触觉器官却不在这个网膜中，这一点是显而易见。假如网膜能够长到肌肉上去，那么感觉记录将会传送得更快。肌肉在触觉中所起的作用与围绕在我们周围的大气层在其他感觉中所起的作用将会是完全一样的；假如我们有这样的大气层包围着我们，那么我们就可以认为凭借某一单一的器官，我们就可以感知声音、颜色以及气味，而且我们也可把视觉、听觉和嗅觉视为同一单一的感觉。但是实际上，不同的[感觉]运动所赖以传递的介质并非自然地依附于我们的躯体，因此，各种不同感觉器官的差别是非常明显，不容忽视的。但是对触觉而言，情况尚不清楚。

因为任何生物的躯体都不可能由空气或水组成，所以必然存在某种自然所赋予的像肌肉一样的“介质”；它一定是某种固体物质。因此它一定是由土与空气和水混合而组成的，该介质很有可能就是肌肉以及没有真正肌肉的动物体内类似肌肉的部分。因此这些多种相互对立的触觉客体借以传递的介质必然一定是自然所赋予该有机体的组成部分。如果我们仔细分析一下舌的触觉，那么触觉客体的多样性就会十分清楚了；在舌上我们既可感知所有的可触摸物，也可感知味道。假设我们其他所有的肌肉，都像舌一样，对味道很敏感，那么我们就该把味觉和触觉视为同一种感觉了；触觉和味觉却不总是见于躯体的同一部位，这一事实使我们不能把这两者视为同一种感觉。人们似可提出下面这一问题，我们假定每一物体都是有深度的，即具有三个维度，而且如果两个物体之间

有第三个物体，使其不能彼此相互接触；我们要记住，液态物是一种物体，而且必然是水或必然含有水，如果两个物体在水下相互接触，它们的接触表面不可能是干的，它们之间必然有水，即润湿其接触界面的水；从所有这一切可以得出的结论是，在水中的两物体是不能彼此相互接触的。在空气中的两物体也是如此——空气对在空气中的物体的作用与水对在水中的物体的作用是完全相同的——可是就我们的观察而言，事实却并不明显，因为我们生活在空气中，正如生活在水中的动物，通常不会注意到水中相互接触的物体的表面是湿的。接下来的问题是：对所有感觉客体的感知方式都是相同的吗？抑或不同？例如味觉与触觉要求接触（一般认为味觉与触觉是如此），而所有其他感觉都是远距离感知呢？这种区分不妥；我们既感知硬的或软的物体，也凭借某一“介质”感知听觉客体、视觉客体以及嗅觉客体，只是被感知的后者所处的距离比前者远些；这正是为什么我们没有注意这些事实。因为我们确实是通过某一介质来感知一切事物的；但是在这些情况中我们疏忽了其中的事实。然而，重复一下我们此前的论述，假如触觉的介质是一网膜，它将我们与感觉客体分离开来，而我们也未曾留意其存在，那么我们与该网膜的相对关系将会如同我们与我们现在正置身于其中的空气和水的关系；在空气和水中，我们认为我们能够触摸到客体，在我们与客体之间没有任何东西介入。但是在可被触摸物与可被看见物或能发声物之间还是存在着这样一个差别的；在后两者情形中我们感知是因为介质对我们产生了某种影响，而在对触觉客体的感知中，我们不是被介质所影响，而是和介质一起受到影响；这就好像一个人隔着他的盾被刺伤一样，在这种情况中，不是盾牌受到震动后将震动传至人，而是对两者的震动是同时发生的。

概而言之，肌肉和舌与触觉和味觉的真正器官相关，正如空气和水与视觉、听觉和嗅觉相关一样。因此，无论在哪一种感觉中，如果将感觉客体直接置于器官之上，都无法产生对该客体的任何感觉，譬如将一白色客体放在眼睛的表面。这再次证明，有能力感知可触摸物的器官一定位于[肌肉的]内部。唯有如此，触觉才能与其他感觉形成完全的类比。对于其他感觉而言，如果你将感觉客体直接放在器官上，那么该客体则不能被感知，但对触觉来说，如果你将其放在肌肉上，那么它就会被感知；因此肌肉不是触觉的器官而是其介质。

凡可触摸物均具有物体之所以为物体的独特性质，我的意思是，正是那些体现诸元素特征的不同性质才是物体之为物体的独特性质，即热与冷、干与湿，我们早已在此前关于诸元素的专篇中对这些性质做过论述。感知这些的器官是触觉器官——躯体中触觉器官所主要寓居的那个部分。该部分是潜在存在的那一部分，这就好似其客体是现实存在一样：因为一切的感觉—感知都是被如此影响的过程；所以，凡能够使某物成为现实之所是者均可使另一物如是，因为另一物早已潜在地如是。这就是为什么当触觉客体和我们一样地热和冷或一样地硬和软时，我们便不能感知；我们所感知的事物必须具有或高于或低于中性点的可感觉度。这表明，感觉本身是介于任何两种决定该感觉领域的相互对立性质之间的一个“平均值”。正因如此，感觉才具有了分辨其感觉领域中的感

觉客体的能力。位于“中心”者适合辨别；相对于任何一个极端而言，它可以把自己置于另一端。这就像感知到白与黑的对象，首先，必须现实上既不是白，也不是黑，但潜在地则必须既是白，又是黑（并且所有其他一切感觉器官均都如此），所以触觉器官必然既非热，亦非冷。

此外，从某种意义上说，可见物与不可见物两者均属视觉客体（对于业已讨论过的所有其他感觉，其真实情况也都与此类似），与此相同，触觉的客体既包括可触摸物，也包括不可触摸物。这里，“不可触摸物”指的是像空气一样只具有微弱可触摸性的事物以及具有超强可触摸性的事物，如具有破坏性事物那样。

至此，我们已经对以上诸感觉中的每一种都分别给予了简要论述。

第十二章

现在似乎可以系统地阐述以下适用于任何感觉的结论了。

(A)“感觉”是指无需事物的质料便有接受事物的可感知形式的能力。对此的理解必须是，感觉发生的方式如同一块蜡呈现图章戒指的印纹，这与其铁的或金的质料无关；我们说产生印纹的是一铜质的或金质的图章，其特有的金属构造不起任何影响：以类似的方式，感觉可以被有色物或有味物抑或发声物所影响，但是在每一种情况下，其实体是什么都无关紧要；唯一重要的是它所具有的性质是什么，即其组成部分相结合的比率是什么。

(B)“感官”是指该能力最终所寄寓的躯体的部位。

感觉及其器官实际上是相同的，但是其本质却是不同的。当然，感知事物者是一空间量，但是我们肯定不能认同具有感知能力或感觉本身是一个量；它们是量中的某一比率或潜能。这使我们能够解释，为什么感觉客体拥有的两个相互对立的可感知性质，如果一方在某种程度上比另一方过于强烈时，感觉客体便会对感觉的器官造成破坏；如果某一客体所引起的运动对器官而言太强烈的话，器官中对立性质的平衡便被打破了，该平衡恰恰就是其感觉能力；正如过于猛烈地弹拨七弦竖琴，其和谐与音质就会被破坏了一样。这也解释了为什么植物不能感知，尽管在其体内寄寓着部分灵魂并且其自身明显地受可触摸客体影响；因为毫无疑问，它们的温度可以被降低或者被升高。对此的解释是，植物根本没有相互对立性质的平均点，因此其体内也没有能够无须借助可感知对象的质料，便接受感知对象形式的本原。就植物而言，它们所受到的影响是一种形式与质料共同作用而产生的影响。人们似可质疑：可以说不能嗅闻者能够受气味所影响吗？或者可以说不具有视觉机能者能够被颜色所影响吗？而且其他诸如此类的感觉者都是这样吗？我们似乎可以说，气味就是可被嗅闻之物，如果它产生任何影响，它也只能是使某物嗅闻到它而已，而且似乎可以认为，凡不能嗅闻者均不能受气味影响，即使是可嗅闻者也只有当气味在其嗅觉能力之内时才能为气味所影响（对于所有其他感觉的相应客体而言，情况也都与此相似）。的确，下列事实完全可以证明情况就是如此。光亮与黑暗、声音与气味未对物体施加任何影响；真正对物体施加影响的不是这些，而是作为它们工具的物体，譬如劈开树干的不是雷声，而是与雷相伴随的空气。这是事实，可是，这也可能遭到反对，物体受可触摸物和味道影响。如若不然，影响没有灵魂之物的，即使其发生性质改变的，是什么？那么，我们肯定不会认为其他感觉的客体也可能会影响它们吗？所有物体都能被气味和声音所影响，但是有一些物体，由于其自身没有界限，当被作用时容易消散，空气就是一例，由于受到了有气味物体的某些影响，它也变成有气味的了，这一说法是真实的论述吗？但是有气味的物体所产生的影响不仅限于引起嗅闻——此外还有什么影响吗？由于受到有气味之物的短暂影响，空气本身确实变得可由嗅觉所感知，嗅是对已经产生的结果的

感知，这难道不就是该问题的答案吗？

第三卷

第一章

除已列举的五种感觉——视觉、听觉、嗅觉、味觉和触觉之外再无第六感觉。这一观点似可通过以下论述得以证明：

如果我们确实具有凭借触觉感觉一切事物的感觉（因为我们可以通过触觉感知可触知物的一切可触知的性质）；其次，如果某一感觉的缺失必然包括某一感官缺失；再次，如果我们通过直接接触感知的所有对象均可凭我们实际拥有的触觉所感知，而且我们通过介质感知的所有对象，即无须直接接触[而感知的客体]，均可以凭借或通过如空气和水一类的简单元素而感知到（并且这又分为如下两类：如果不止一种可感对象可通过一种单一介质而被感知，与介质类似的感官的拥有者有能力感知多种对象；例如，如果该感官是由空气构成，而空气既是声音的介质，又是颜色的介质；但是，如果有不止一种介质可传输同一种可感觉对象，例如，水和空气均能传输颜色，而且两者都是透明的，那么这两者的拥有者都将能感知这类可通过这两种介质传输的客体）；并且如果感官只是由空气和水这两种简单元素构成(因为瞳孔是由水构成的，听觉感官是由空气构成的，嗅觉感官是由这两者之一构成的，然而火要么在全部之中，要么不在任何一种之中——热是一切感觉赖以存在的必要条件——而且土要么不在任何一种之中，要么，如果存在的话，便专门与触觉感官的组成部分相联结；因此，我们可得出以下结论：感官只能是由水和空气构成，除此以外，别无他物）；而且如果某些动物拥有这些感官，——则一切发育完全或无残缺的动物均有一切可能有的感觉（因为观察发现，甚至鼹鼠在其皮毛下也长有眼睛）；因此，如果不存在第五种元素，除了属于我们世界中的四种元素的那些属性外，别无其他属性，那么对这些动物而言也就无需任何其他感觉。

此外，也不可能存在某种特殊的感官能感知诸多共同感觉对象，即我们通过这种或那种特殊的感觉偶然感知到的诸客体，譬如运动、静止、形状、广延、数和统一体；因为所有这些都是我们凭借运动来感知的，例如凭借运动感知广延，并且也凭此感知形状（因为形状是一种广延），我们凭借运动的缺失感知静止之物：数则是通过否定连续性，通过特殊感觉对象被感知的；因为每一种感觉感知一类可感对象。所以，显然不可能存在某种特殊感觉能感知任意一种共同感觉对象，比如运动；因为，如果存在，那么我们对共同感觉对象的感知将完全类似于我们现在用视觉感知甜物。其原因还在于我们具有某一感觉，可以感知两种性质中的每一种性质，由于这一缘故，当两种性质恰巧共存于同一可感对象中时，我们便可同时感觉到两者。如若不然，我们对共同性质的感知必将总是偶然的，这就好比我们对克里昂之子的感知，这里我们并非感知到他是克里昂的儿子，而是感知到白色，只是我们实际感觉到的白色物体恰巧就是克里昂的儿子。

但是，就共同感觉对象而言，我们已具有一种普遍的感觉能力，这种能力使我们能够直接感知这些共同感觉对象；因此根本不存在为了感

知它们而必须有特殊感觉：假如有，那么我们对它们的感知也将与上述的感知完全相仿。

诸感觉能够偶然地相互感知其特殊客体；其原因不在于这感觉是这种或那种特殊感觉，而在于所有的特殊客体构成了一个统一体：只要在同一时刻感觉被指向同一客体中的两种截然不同的性质，便会产生这种偶然的感觉，例如关于胆汁的苦味与黄色，无论是嗅觉还是视觉均不能肯定两者的同一性；所以便会产生感觉错误，譬如人们会认为如果某物是黄色的，那么它就是胆汁。

人们或许会提出质疑，为什么我们要有多种感觉，而不是只有一种？这是为了防止感知共同感觉对象时出现疏漏吗？例如与特殊感觉对象伴随存在的运动、广延和数。假如我们只有视觉而没有任何其他感觉，并且该感觉只能感知白色对象，那么这些共同感觉对象将会逃脱我们的注意，而且所有的事物都将合为同一而使我们无法辨别，因为颜色和广延是相伴共存的。实际上，共同感觉对象存在于被多种感觉感知的对象中，这一事实表明，共同感觉对象与每一种特殊感觉对象不同，与所有的特殊感觉对象也都不同。

第二章

既然我们是凭借感觉才意识到我们正在看或正在听；那我们必然要么是凭借视觉，要么是凭借视觉以外的某种感觉才意识到我们在看。但是带给我们这种新感觉的感觉一定既能感知视觉，又可感知视觉对象，即颜色。所以，或将有两种感觉均可感知同一可感对象，或该感觉一定能感知其自身。此外，假若感知视觉的感觉与视觉不同，那么我们必定或陷入一种无穷无尽的回推，或必须假设存在某种能够感知其自身的感觉。果真如此，在第一种情形下，我们应该得出这一点。

这自然带来一个难题：如果凭视觉感知就是看见，且所见是颜色（抑或是着色物），如果我们意欲看到看者所见，那么最初的所见一定是着了色的。因此，显而易见，“凭视觉感知”有不止一种含义；因为即使当我们不在看的时候，凭借视觉我们也能辨别黑暗和光明，尽管其方式与我们辨别不同颜色的方式不同。此外，在某种意义上甚至所见也是着了色的；因为在所有情况下感官都能接受可感对象，但却不包括其质料。这就是为什么即使是在可感对象消失时，感觉和想象仍继续留存于感官中。

可感对象的活动与感觉的活动是同一的，但它们的存在依然并不相同。试以现实的声音和现实的听为例来加以说明：一个人可能有听觉，但却没在听，而且能够发声的事物也不总是在发声。但是如果能够听的人正在倾听而且能够发声的事物正在发声，那么这一现实的听和现实的声音便被融合为一（我们可将其分别称为倾听和发声）。

运动，无论是主动的还是被动的，均见诸被作用的事物。如果这一观点是正确的，那么声音和听觉，只要两者是现实的，就一定见诸具有听觉机能的事物；因为正是在被动因素中主动或原动因素的现实存在才得以实现；这就是为什么肇始运动的事物可处于静止状态。如此，能够发出声音的现实存在就是声音或发声，而能够听的现实存在就是听觉或倾听；“声音”和“听觉”都具有双重意义。同样的解释也适用于其他诸感觉及其客体。由于主动与被动均见诸被动因素，而非主动因素，所以感觉客体和感觉主体的现实存在均在后者中得以实现。但是，在一些情况下，这一总的现实存在的每个方面均有各自的名称，例如发声和倾听，而在另一些情况下，或此或彼却没有名称，例如视觉的现实存在被称为看，但颜色的现实存在却没有名称；味觉官能的现实存在被称为品尝，但味道的现实存在却没有名称。虽然其存在形式有别，感觉客体的现实存在和感觉能力的现实存在却同是一种现实存在。因此，现实的听和现实的发声便同时出现，同时消失，而且现实的滋味和现实的品尝等也是如此，但是，对于潜在存在而言，其一方却可在另一方不在的情况下依然存在。早期的自然哲学家们错误地认为，若无视觉，则不存在白或黑，若无味觉，则无滋味。他们的这一表述部分正确，部分错误：“感觉”和“感觉客体”是两个具有双重意义的术语，即[它们]即可指潜在存在，也可指现实存在：他们的表述对于后者而言是正确的，但对于前者

而言却是错误的。他们完全没有注意到这一双重性。

如果嗓音总是蕴涵某种和谐，而且如果该嗓音与听到的该嗓音在某种意义上是同一的，而且如果和谐总是蕴涵某一比例，那么听和所听到的必定是某比例。这便是为什么声音过高或过低都有损听觉。（同样，对滋味而言，滋味过度也会损坏味觉，对于颜色而言，过亮或过暗也会损坏视觉，而对于气味而言，不论其是甜还是苦，过度刺激均[对嗅觉]有破坏作用。）这表明，感觉是一种比例。

也是缘于此故，当可感觉的极端物比如纯净的、无掺杂的酸、甜或咸被调至适度的比例时，感觉客体就会变得使人惬意；因为如果那样样的话，那么它们就是令人惬意的：一般来说，与单纯的高音或单纯的低音相比，高音和低音的混合音更和谐；或者，对于触觉来说，既可加热又可冷却的事物[更令人愉悦]：感觉和比例是同一的：但是超出限度的可感觉极端物却是令人痛苦的或是具有破坏性的。

因此，每一种感觉都与其特定的一组可感性质相关联：它存在于相应感官之中并分辨存在于此组中的各性质的差异；譬如视觉辨别白色与黑色，味觉辨别甜与苦，而且所有感觉均如此。既然我们还能够分辨白色与甜，而且更确切地说，[我们能够分辨]每一种可感性质，那么我们凭借什么感知他们彼此相异？一定是凭借感觉，因为我们面对的是可感觉客体。（因此还有一点是显而易见的，肌肉不可能是终极感官：假如它是[终极感官]，若无与客体的直接接触，辨别力则不能从事其工作。）

所以白色与甜的辨别不可能由两个相互分离的感觉来完成；被辨别的两种性质均必须蕴于同一单体事物中。在其他任何假设的情况下，即使我感知的是甜，你感知的是白色，两者间的差异也将是明显的。断言两事物不同者必须是一（一种感觉能力）；因为甜不同于白色。因此，断言该差异必定是具有同一性的，正如它断言一样，它思考或感觉也是这样。有鉴于此，通过两个分离的感觉辨别两个分离的客体是不可能的。这一点是显而易见的；而且如果我们按如下的方式看，就可看出，在不同的时刻做这样的辨别也是不可能的。因为,正如断言的善与恶之间的差异是同一的那样，其断言此不同和断言彼不同的时间对该断言来说也不是偶然的(例如就像我现在断言某一差异，但却不断言现在存在某一差异)；因此，它断言——不仅现在[作出断言]，而且客体也是现在不同；因此客体必须在同一时刻在场。辨别能力与辨别的时间均必须是同一和未分离的。

但是，对此可提出异议，在一不可分割的时刻，使具有同一性的单体事物同时向相反的方向运动，而又保持其单体不被分割，这是不可能的。因为假如甜的东西是被感知的味觉属性，那么它会触动相应的感觉或思想向这一限定的方向运动，但苦的东西则使其向一相反的方向运动，而白色的东西则使其向一不同方向运动。尽管辨别物在数目上为一且不可分离，而同时其在自身存在中却是可被分开的，情况真的如此

么？从某种意义上说，正是分开的能力同时在感知两个分离的客体，但从另一种意义上说，它是以完整的身份进行这种感知的；因为其在其存在中是可分的，但在空间和数目上是不可分的。难道这不是不可能的吗？自我同一和未被分割的单体可以同时潜在地兼含两个相反的性质。虽然这一点勿庸置疑，但就其存在而言，它却不能是自我同一的——一旦被置于活动中，它就必定丧失其统一性。同一事物不可能同时既为白色，又为黑色，所以，对某一事物而言，假设该事物是上述严格意义上的感觉和思维，它也绝不可能在同一时刻受白色和黑色两种形式的影响。

被称之为“点”的事物，因为其同时既可为一，又可为二，所以它被确认为是可分割的。这就是本章所讨论的难题的答案。在这里，正如被称作“点”事物一样，辨别能力作为不可分的单体，并且在某一瞬间处于活动状态，而当其作为可分物时，其在同一时间两次使用同一个点。所以，至于说它最多可分离成二，则是说它是凭借某一感觉中被分割的两个部分分辨两个分离的客体：而至于说它自成为一，则是指它进行如此分辨所借助的是某一单一的分辨能力并且在其活动中只占用某一瞬间。

关于此原理，即我们阐释的动物借此而具有感觉的原理，以上讨论足矣，不再赘述。

第三章

有两种显著的特殊性质,我们可借以概括灵魂的特征——空间位移以及思维、辨别和感知。思辨性思维和实践性思维两者均被认为与某种感知方式相似；因为通过两者中的任意一个，灵魂辨别并认知某物是什么。实际上先哲们甚至认为思维与感知是同一的；例如，恩培多克勒认为，“正是得益于现存的事物，人类的理智才不断增强”，而且他还认为，“人们会时不时地思考不同的想法，其根源就在于此”，此外，荷马的“人心皆如此，所识不相同”表达的也是同样的意思。正如在我们的讨论开始时我曾阐述的那样，他们都把思维看作是一个像感知一样的生理过程，并且认为物以类而被认识,物以类而被感知。可是，与此同时，他们还应该对失误也作出解释；因为失误与动物生存的联系更密切，而且灵魂处于失误状态的时间长于其处于真实状态的时间。他们会不可避免地陷入这样一种两难推理：要么一切看似真的均为真(而且有些人接受这一点)，要么失误与不同类的事物相关；因为这与物以类认[原则]相悖。

但是，对相反的事物而言，失误和知识是同一的，这是一条公认的原则。

因此，感知与实践性思维不同，这是显而易见的；因为前者在动物界中是普遍存在的，后者则只属于动物中的一小部分。此外，思辨性思维也与感知相异——我是指我们可从中找出正确与错误——正确存在于审慎、知识和真实意见中，错误存在于它们的对立面中；因为对于个别感觉客体的感知总是正确无误的,并且这种情况见于所有动物，然而正确地思维和错误地思维都可能存在，而且思想仅存在于那些具有推理能力和感觉能力的动物之中。因为想象既不同于感知，又不同于论证思维，尽管没有感觉就不存在想象，或者没有想象就不存在判断。这种活动与作为判断的思维活动是不同的，这是显而易见的。因为任何时候只要我们有意愿，想象总是在我们自己的能力范围之内（譬如，就像使用备忘录一样，凭借心理影像我们就能够回想起某一画面），但是，在形成意见的过程中我们却不能随心所欲：我们的意见注定要么是错误的，要么是正确的。而且，当我们认为某一事物是可怕的或有威胁性时，马上便会产生强烈的情感，当我们认为某一事物鼓舞人心时，情况也是如此；但是当我们仅仅只是想象时，我们就会像那些正在观看表现某一恐怖的或鼓舞人心的场景的绘画作品的观众一样，并不为之所动。此外，我们发现在判断领域自身中也有不同的种类——知识、意见、审慎，以及它们的对立面；关于这些种类之间的差异，我须在其他地方予以论述。

思维有别于感知并被认为是由想象和判断两部分构成的：既然如此，我们必须首先划定想象的范围，然后再论述判断。而且，如果想象是凭借某种影像呈现在我们心中，[这里]不包括影像一词的比喻用法，那么想象是一种单一的能力还是与诸影像有关的某种性质？凭借它我们进行判断，它们或者正确或者错误。我们借以判断的诸能力是感觉、意见、知识和理智。

通过以下分析可以明确，想象不是感觉：首先感觉是一种能力，抑或是一种活动，譬如视觉或看：即使是在这两者都缺失的情况下，想象仍可发生，譬如在梦中。其次，感觉总是存在的，想象却不然。假如现实的想象与现实的感觉是相同的，那么所有野生动物就都具有想象：实际情况并非如此；例如蚂蚁或蜜蜂抑或蛴螬都没有想象。再次，感觉总是真的，想象却大多数都是假的。再其次，即使是在平常的说话中，当感觉确切地感觉到了其客体时，我们也不说我们想象它是一个人，而只有当感觉不够确切时，我们才会这样说。而且正如我们曾经所说的那样，即使是在我们闭上双眼时，想象也会出现。幻象也并非是那样永远正确无误的事物：例如知识或理智；因为想象可能为假。

因此，现在有待讨论的是它是否为意见，因为意见既可为真，亦可为假。

但是意见包含信念（因为如果我们的想法中没有信念，我们就不可能有意见），而且在野生动物中，虽然我们经常发现想象，但却从未发现有信念。此外，所有的意见都与信念相伴，信念与确信相伴，确信与推理相伴：尽管在一些野生动物中我们发现有想象，但未见有推理。因此，显而易见，想象不可能是意见加感觉，或是通过感觉起中介作用促成的意见，抑或是意见和感觉的混合物；这之所以是不可能的，究其根源，除了上述这些理由之外，还因为假定意见的内容不可能和与之相关的感觉的内容相异（我是指想象必须是对白色的感知与它是白色这一意见的混合：它不可能是这是善的这一意见与对白色的感知的混合）：因此，所谓进行想象（按此观点），亦即进行思维，但这完全等同于最严格意义上的其所感知的事物的思维。但是我们所想象的有时是虚假的，尽管我们同时对其作出的判断是真实的；譬如，我们想象太阳的半径是一英尺，尽管我们相信它比我们居住的地球更大；这样，自然就出现下面的两难抉择：或虽然事实没有改变并且观察者既没有忘记也没有放弃其所持真实意见中的信念，但该意见不复存在；或如果他坚持其信念，那么其意见则同时既为真又为假。然而，只有当事实发生改变，但却未引起注意时，真实的意见才会变为不真实的。

因此想象既非上述列举的任何一种状态，亦非它们的混合物。

但是，当一物被处于运动状态时，它可能使另一物运动。既然如此，想象也被视为一种运动而且不可能离开感觉，即想象存在于具有感知能力的生物中，并有可被感知物作为其内容；既然实际感觉可引起运动，且该运动必然在特征上与感觉本身相似，那么该运动一定是必然地不能脱离感觉而存在，也不能存在于我们进行感觉以外的时候；由于想象存在于感觉之中并受其控制，这种情况可能引发出各种各样的、既可是主动又可是被动的现象；在这种情况下，想象既可为真亦可为假。

上述最后一个特征之所以成立的理由如下：首先是对特殊感觉客体的感知总是真实的，或仅有最小的偏差。其次是对感觉客体的伴随状态的感知，这些客体伴有可感觉的性质：在这种情况下，毫无疑问，我们

有可能被欺骗；因为虽然我们对出现在我们面前的白色的感知不可能是错误的，但对该白色物体是此物或彼物的感知却可能是错误的。再次是对普遍属性的感知，普遍属性和与之相伴的客体同时存在，特殊的可感觉物附属于这些普遍属性（我意指，譬如运动和广延）；有可能正是在这些普遍属性方面感觉—错觉出现的次数最多。

由感觉活动的上述三种方式所肇始的想象运动与感觉活动相异；当感觉在场时，第一种衍生的运动总是正确无误的；但无论感觉是否在场，其他两种运动均可能是错误的，尤其是当感知客体在远处时。因此，除上述列举的那些特点之外，如果想象再无其他特点，并且它就是我们业已描述的那样，那么想象必定是一种由感觉能力的现实活动而肇始的运动。

既然视觉是最高度发达的感觉，想象（Phantasia）这一名词是由光(Phaos)演化形成的，因为没有光，视觉便看不到[任何事物]。

而且因为想象寓于感官之中并且与感觉相似，所以动物多数都是凭借想象行动，有些动物（譬如野生动物）由于其没有心智，只能依靠想象，另有一些动物（譬如人）受感情或疾病抑或睡眠的影响，其心智会暂时消失，这时它们也要凭借想象行动。

关于想象，它是什么以及它为何存在，我们就讨论到此。

第四章

现在讨论灵魂中用以认识和思维的这一部分，（无论这一部分是仅在定义上与其他部分相分离，抑或在空间上也是如此）我们必须探讨是什么使该部分与其他部分相异，以及思维是如何发生的。

如若思维与感知相仿，它一定或者是某种承受思想对象作用于灵魂的过程，或者是一与此相异但又与此类似的过程。因此，灵魂中的思维部分一定能够接受客体的形式，同时又是不为所动的；即它一定潜在地在特性上与其客体同一，但却不必是该客体。心智必定也与可思维物相关，正如感觉与可感觉物相关一样。

因此，既然任何事物都是思维的潜在的对象，诚如阿那克萨哥拉所说，为了支配控制，即为了认识（一切事物），心智必须纯净，远离一切混杂物；因为外来异质杂物的同在对其是一种妨碍和障碍：其结果是，像感觉部分一样，心智也就只有某种接受能力，而不能具有自己的本性。因此灵魂中被称为心智的部分（我所说的心智是指灵魂借以思维和判断的部分），在其进行思维之前，不是实际存在的真实物。正因为如此，将其视为与躯体混合的观点是有悖于理的：倘若如此，它必将具有某种性质，譬如热或冷，甚至抑或像感觉机能一样，具有某种感官：但实际上，它没有感官。称灵魂为“形式的居所”不失为一种很好的说法，但是这种说法只适用于智力灵魂，而且即便如此，也仅限于潜在形式，而非现实形式。

观察感官及其感觉，我们发现，感觉能力的麻痹与思维能力的麻痹之间存在着差异。在某一感官受到强烈刺激之后，我们就不能像此前一样使用该感官，譬如，在遇有巨大声响的情况时，我们就不能轻而易举地马上在此后听到声音，或在看到强烈颜色或闻到强烈刺激性气味的情况时，我们就不能在此后马上看到东西或嗅到气味，但是当心智思维某一高度概念化的客体之后，它思维概念化程度较低的客体的能力会更强，而不是减弱：其原因在于感觉能力依赖于躯体，而心智却是与躯体分离的。

一旦心智已经成为其潜在的客体，犹如一位饱学之士，当该词语被用以指称一位现实存在的饱学之士时（当他此时能够自主地操控其思维能力时，这种情况就会出现），其状态仍然是一种潜在状态，但与通过学习或研究获得知识前的那种潜能相比较，它是一种不同意义上的潜能：这样，心智也就能思维其自身。

既然我们可以区分广延和广延的本质，区分水和水的本质，而且许多其他情况均可作此区分（尽管不是所有情况都是如此；因为在某些情况下事物与其形式是同一的），肌肉与肌肉的本质就可以或者根据不同的机能，或者根据同一机能的不同状态加以辨别：因为肌肉必然包含质料，而且诚如塌鼻，系特殊质料中的特殊形式。既然我们正是凭借感觉

机能来区分热与冷，即按一定的比率组成肌肉的诸元素：肌肉的本质特性可通过一种不同的机能来理解，这种不同的机能要么是与感觉机能完全分离的，要么是与之相关联的，就好像一条曲线与被拉直了的同一条线的关系一样。

另外，对抽象的客体而言，何为直与何为塌鼻类似；因为它必然隐含着一个作为其质料的连续体：其构成的本质是不同的，如果我们可以区分直的性质与何为直：我们权且将直的性质视为数二。因此，必须通过一种不同的能力，或通过同一种能力的不同状态才能理解它。概而言之，既然它所认识的实体能与其质料相分离，那么心智的诸能力亦可如此。

如阿那克萨哥拉所言，思维是一种消极影响，而心智是简单的、不为外物所动的，并且与其他任何事物均无共同之处，果真如此的话，人们也许会提出这样的问题：心智究竟是怎样思维的？因为两个因素之间的相互作用必须依赖于两者间预先存在的本质共同体。此外，人们也许还要问，心智自身是不是思维的对象呢？因为如果心智自身是思维对象，思维对象则属于一个完全相同的种类，那么,心智要么归属于一切事物,要么则包含有某些和其他所有实体相同的元素，正是共同的元素使它们成为思维对象。

当我们说心智在某种意义上是潜在的可思维物，然而在其思维前却实际什么都不是，我们还是没有破解关于[心智与思维客体]包含某一共同因素的互动这一难题吗？心智所思考的必定蕴涵于心智之中，这好比我们可以说字将出现在写字板上，尽管目前写字板上实际空无一字：心智也恰恰是这样。

思考心智自身的方式正如思考心智客体的方式一样。因为在心智客体不包含质料的情况下，思维主体和思维客体是同一的；理性知识与其客体是同一的。（为什么心智不是一直不停地在思维？这一问题，我们须留待以后讨论。）在包含质料的情况下，每一个思维客体只是潜在地存在。由此可以得出这样的结论，尽管它们没有心智（因为心智是一种潜在性，而且只存在于当它们有能力摆脱质料的情况下），心智仍可成为思维对象的。

第五章

既然在每一类事物中，如同在作为整体的自然中一样，我们发现两个相关因素：质料，它潜在地就是包括在该种类中的所有的个别事物；成因，它造就了一切，从这个意义上来说，成因是具有生产性的（后者与前者的关系，就如同艺术品与其材料之间的关系）。有鉴于此，这两种不同的因素也必然同样地存在于灵魂之中。

而且，实际上，心智，就像我们已经描述的那样，一方面其之所以是其所是，是凭借其可以成为万物，而另一方面其所是为哪一是，则凭借其可以创造万物：这是一种类似于光的积极状态，因为在某种意义上光可使潜在的颜色变成现实的颜色。

此种意义上的心智是可分离的、不为所动的、非混合的，因为它处于其本质活动中（因为主动因素总是优于被动因素，动因总是优于其形成的质料）。

现实知识与其客体同一：就个别事物而言，潜在知识在时间上先于现实知识，但对于作为整体的宇宙而言，即便是在时间上，它也并不在先。心智不是有时认知，有时不认知。当心智被从其目前的状况中分离出来时，它才现出其真正的所是，而别无其他：只有这样的心智才是永不消亡的和永恒的（可是，我们没有记住其前期活动，因为，尽管这种意义上的心智是不为所动的，但作为被动的心智是可消亡的），没有这种心智，万物都不能思维。

第六章

因此，对思维的简单对象的思考发生在这样的事物中，对于这样的事物不可能存在着虚假，我们总是在将多个思想混合为准统一体的事物中，才存在着真实和虚假。诚如恩培多克勒所言，“许多生物于无脖颈处生出头来”，而后，又由“爱”的力量将其连接在一起，这里，原本分离的思维的诸客体也是这样被联合到一起，例如“无法度量的”和“对角线”：假如该联合是过去或未来客体的联合，那么该思维的联合应在其内容中包括时间。因为虚假性总是涉及合成；倘若你把白的事物说成是不白的事物，你就已经把非白包括在合成中了。除可将其称为联合之外，我们亦可以把所有这些都称之为切分。无论将其称作什么，都不仅存在克里昂现在是白的这一或真或假的断言，而且还存在他过去或将来是白的这一或真或假的断言。在任何一种情况下组成联合体的都是心智。

由于“单一”一词具有双重含义，即(它)可指“（潜在地）不能被分开的”，也可指“实际上未分开的”。例如，当心智领会一个（实际上未被切分的）长度，而该长度又处于一未被分割的时间中时，没有什么能够阻碍心智认知不可分割的事物；因为和线一样，时间也是可切分的或不可切分的。因此，不可能分辨出心智在时间的一半中正在感知哪部分线：客体在被切分之前，没有现实存在的部分：如果在思维中你分别思考每一半，那么你也就同样切分了时间，被两分的半线也可以说就变成了两个新的完整的长度单体。但是如果你将其当作一个由这两个潜在部分组成的整体来思考，那么你也就是在一个与之相对应的由两部分时间组成的时间之中来思考。（但是，如果客体性质单一而数量不单一，心智则凭借灵魂的单一行为在单一的时间中思考它。）

然而，心智思考的客体和思考所处的时间在这种情况下只是偶然地可分，但就其本身而论却并非如此。因为这些可切分的事物中也蕴涵着某些不可分的因素（尽管其可能并非孤立的），正是此赋予时间以整体，赋予长度以完整；这在任意时间连续体或空间连续体中都可同样被发现。

点和相似的可切分的但本身处于未切分状态之物，在意识中都是以和缺失同样的方式被认知的。

对于其他所有情况均可作类似的解释，譬如，怎样认知恶或黑；在某种意义上，它们是通过它们的对立物而被认知的。认知机能自身中必定存在着一个潜在的要素和其相反要素之一。然而，如果存在没有对立物的事物，那么它就自我认识，而且现实地存在，并拥有独立的存在。

断言是明确与某物相关的某物，例如肯定，而且是在任一情况下要么为真，要么为假；对于心智而言情况却不尽然：心智所思维的关于是其所是的定义永远是正确无误的，它所思维的也不是某物与某物相关的断言。诚如，尽管所看到的视觉的特殊客体决不会出错，而认为所见到

的白色客体是人则可能是错误的，当客体系无质料客体时，情况也是如此。

第七章

现实知识与其客体是同一的：就个别事物而言，潜在知识在时间上先于现实知识，但就总体而论，它在时间上并不在先；因为一切成为存在的事物均源自现实的存在。就感觉而言，显然，感觉对象使已经潜在的感觉能力变成现实的感觉能力；这种机能没有被影响或被改变。因此，这必定是另一种不同于一般的运动；因为运动，正如我们所理解的那样，是一种不完善的事物的活动，绝对意义上的活动，换言之，完善物的活动，不同于运动。

既然如此，感觉就像单纯的肯定或认知一样；但是当感觉客体令人愉悦或令人痛苦时，灵魂便会作出相应的准肯定或否定的反应，并追求或回避该客体。感到愉悦或痛苦本身就是凭借感觉介质为了追求善或恶而采取的行动。当它们现实存在时,回避与欲望两者均与此同一：欲望能力与回避能力并无差异，它们彼此之间无差异，它们与感观知觉机能也无差异，但它们的本质却是不同的。

对思维灵魂而言，影像所起的作用就好比它们是感知的内容（而且一旦思维灵魂肯定或否定它们为善或恶时，它就回避或追求之）。这便是离开了影像灵魂就根本无法思维的原因。这一过程就像是空气以这样或那样的方式改变瞳孔，而瞳孔又将这种改变传送给别的事物（听觉过程也大抵如此），但是[感觉]最终的汇聚点是单一的介质，具有多种不同的存在方式。

灵魂凭借其自身的哪一部分分辨甜与热，此前我已经对此做过阐释，现在必须重新表述如下：灵魂作此分辨所凭借的部分是某种单体，但这是在刚刚提及的意义上的，即作为联结项的单体。它所联结的两种能力，当其在类比和数上均为一时，是一一对应的关系，就像其已被识别的诸性质之间的相互关系一样（我们提出的分辨不同类事物这一问题与我们提出的分辨对立事物这一问题，譬如白与黑，会有什么差别呢？）。那么，假设C比D等于A比B：则可得交换比例式C:A＝D:B。如果C与D属于同一个主体，那么C与D的关系与A与B的关系相同；A与B形成具有不同存在方式的同一体，C与D亦然。如果设A为甜而B为白，同样的推论也成立。

所以，思维能力所思维的是影像中的形式，就像上述[关于感觉]的情况一样，什么是应被追求或回避的都为其选定，这样，在没有感觉而它又专注于处理影像的情况下，它则被动地进行追求或回避的活动。例如，感觉到了烽火是火，由于见其在移动，凭借一般的感觉能力它确认这意味着有敌人；但是，有些时候凭借灵魂内部的影像或思想，仿佛灵魂正在观看一样，实际却是它依据当前的情况，筹划磋商未来将发生的事情；而且一旦作出决定，如同感觉一样，它断定该客体是令人愉悦的或是令人痛苦的，在这种情况下它就回避或追求，思维能力采取行动的情况，一般来说就是这样。

无行动的事物，譬如真或假，与善或恶属于同一范畴：然而它们却在以下这点上相异，一组涉及某一特殊的人而另一组却不涉及。

假如某人认为“塌鼻者”不是“鼻子下塌的”，而是“空的”，那么所谓心智思维的抽象对象就好似某人思考一去除了使其具体化的肌肉的现实存在：正是用这种方式当其思考数学对象时，心智将它们视为分离的元素，它们其实并不能分离存在。一般说来，正在积极思维的心智就是其所思维的客体。它是否可能在不脱离空间条件下思考独立于空间条件之物，[这一点]我们必须留待以后讨论。

第八章

现在我们来概括一下我们有关灵魂讨论的结果，并再次申明，从某种意义上说灵魂是一切存在物；因为存在物要么是可感知的，要么是可被思考的，而且从某种意义上说知识是可认知的事物，从某种意义上说感觉也是可感觉的事物：从何种意义说?这是我们必须探究的。

我们对知识和感觉进行划分以使其符合现实，潜在知识和感觉对应潜在物，现实知识和感觉对应现实物。在灵魂中，知识能力和感觉能力就是这些潜在的对象，一种是可认知物，另一种是可感知物。它们必定要么是事物本身，要么是事物的形式。前者当然是不可能的：出现在灵魂中的不会是石块，只能是其形式。

据此可以推断，灵魂与手相似；因为诚如手是一种[使用]工具的工具一样，所以灵魂是一种[运用]形式的形式，感觉是可感知物的形式。

根据人们的共识，没有什么能脱离可感知的空间广延而分离存在。既然如此，思想的诸客体就存在于可感知的形式之中，即抽象客体以及可感知物的所有状态和属性。因此，人若无感觉就不可能学习或理解任何事物，而且当心智积极地认识任一事物时，也必然伴有影像；因为影像与感觉的内容均相似，除了其不含质料以外。

想象与肯定和否定相异；因为何为真或何为假包含概念的综合。基本概念与影像有何不同？即使基本概念必然包括影像，我们一定不能说这些概念，甚至我们的其他概念均不是影像吗？

第九章

动物的灵魂以下列两种能力为特征：判断能力，负责思想和感觉以及引起空间运动的能力。我们已经对感觉和心智作了充分的说明。下面我们讨论在灵魂中引起运动的是什么。它是在空间或定义上与灵魂分离的一部分吗?抑或它就是整个灵魂?如果它是一个部分，那么该部分是与我们通常区分的或已经论及的部分不同，或者它就是这些部分的其中之一呢？这里马上就会出现这样一个问题，我们要在何种意义上谈论灵魂的组成部分，或者说我们应该区分出多少部分。因为从某种意义上说，灵魂的组成部分是无限的，像一些思想家们将灵魂的组成部分划分为推测、情感和渴望，或者像另一些将其划分为理性和非理性部分；都是不够的；如果我们采用这些思想家们的分类标准，我们就会发现另一些组成部分，较之我们刚刚提及到的那些组成部分，它们之间明显相互背离：比如，营养能力，该部分既属于植物又属于所有动物；再者，感觉能力，我们很难将其划归为非理性或理性的部分；此外，想象能力，在本质上，它与其他所有部分均不相同，如果我们一定要假设灵魂中有相互分离的不同部分，那么我们就很难说它与哪些其他部分是相同的，与哪些部分是不同的；最后欲望能力，不论是在定义上还是在能力上该部分与以上列举的部分似乎均明显不同。

像这些思想家们那样，把上述最后一种能力分离出来是荒谬的，因为意愿存在于推测部分之中，欲望和情感存在于非理性部分之中；如果灵魂是由三个部分组成的，那么在这三个部分中都可找到欲望。我们把注意力转向现在的论题，探讨是什么引起动物进行空间运动。

见于一切生物的生长与衰亡运动肯定归因于生殖和营养能力，这种运动是所有生物所共有的：吸气与呼气、睡眠与醒着，我们留待后面讨论，这些也都是令人困惑的难点；现在我们必须探讨空间运动，追问引起动物作前行运动的是什么。

显而易见，它不是营养能力；因为这种运动总是为着某种目的，并且或与想象或与欲望相伴；因为动物，除非被强迫，如果不受冲动驱使而接近或回避某物，它们就不运动。另外，假如它是营养能力，那么甚至连植物都能够引起这样的运动，而且具有实现运动必需的器官。同样，它也不可能是感觉能力；因为很多有感觉的动物，却是静止的，终生不运动。

既然如此，如果自然绝不会无目的地创造任何事物，也绝不会遗漏必备之物（那些残缺的或发育不全的动物除外；这里我们讨论的是既无残缺不全，也无发育不全[的动物]，这一点可用以下事实论证：这样的动物能繁衍同种后代，能达到生命的鼎盛并走向衰亡），那么，由此可见，假如它们能够引起前行运动，它们就一定拥有实现此目的所必需的器官。另外，这种运动的原因也不可能是推测能力，或者说是被称为“心智”的东西；因为，作为思辨能力，心智从不思维任何实际的事情，它从

不确定说什么应该回避，什么应该追求，而这种运动却总是存在于回避或追求某物的东西之中。的确，即使心智意识到这样的东西，它也不直接下命令去追求或回避；譬如心智经常考虑令人害怕或令人喜悦的事物，但却并不强求要有恐惧感。[令人害怕的事物]触动的是心脏（或者说在遇到令人愉悦的事物的情况下，[被触动的是]某一其他部分）。而且，有些时候，即便是在心智确实命令并且思想也的确吩咐我们追求或回避某物时，也没有运动产生；我们的行为受欲望驱使，在道德观念薄弱的情况下便是如此。此外，通常我们观察发现，有医疗知识的人并不一定总是在进行治疗，这表明需要有另外某种东西方可根据知识产生行动；仅只是知识并不构成该动因。最后，欲望也不能完全解释运动的成因；因为对于那些能够抵制诱惑的人，虽然他们也有欲望和渴求，但是他们却能服从心智，拒不为其欲望而行动。

第十章

不管怎样，欲望和心智似乎是引起运动的原因（如果可以大胆地把想象当作某种思维；因为许多人通常听凭与知识相反的想象行事，在除人类以外的所有其他动物中，既不存在思维，也不存在推测，只有想象）。

心智和欲望，这两者均能引起位置运动：心智，即实践心智，它能推测到达目的的方式(实践心智的目的特性与思辨心智相异)；相比之下，每一种形式的欲望都与目的相关：因为欲望的客体恰恰是实践心智的刺激物；而且思维过程的终端又正是行为的起点。据此有理由认为，欲望和实用心智，这两者是运动的源泉；因为欲望的客体引起运动而且致使思想产生运动，所以欲望客体是引起刺激的根源。当想象也这样引起运动时，它也必然包含欲望。

因而，始动者是某种单一的能力和欲望的能力；因为如果有两种动因——心智和欲望——那么它们就会凭借某一共同特性引起运动。实际上，人们从未见过心智能离开欲望而单独引起运动（因为意愿是欲望的一种形式；当产生的运动与推测相符时，它也与意愿相符），然而欲望却能够引起与推测相反的运动，因为渴求是欲望的一种形式。心智永远是正确的，然而欲望与想象却可以是正确的也可以是错误的。这就是为什么这一欲望客体既可能真的是善，也可能只是看似善，虽然无论如何是欲望客体引起运动。为了引起运动，欲望客体必定不仅限于此：只有[真正]好的客体才可能通过行为被变成现实；而且只有那种能够变得不再是其本身的[客体]才能被变成现实。于是，显然而易见，运动是由灵魂中被称为欲望的能力引起的。那些区分灵魂中各部分的人，如果他们依据能力的不同进行区别和划分，那么他们就会区分出许多部分，营养能力、感觉能力、思维能力、审议能力，还有欲望能力；因为它们相互之间的差异比渴求机能与情感能力之间的差异更大。

当理性原则与渴求完全相反时，各种欲望之间便相互对立，这可能仅发生在有时间感的存在物中（心智为了未来而要求我们抑制[渴求]，渴求仅被当前事物影响：由于缺乏对客体在久远后的情形的预见，当前某个愉快的对象便呈现为快乐和善），因此，虽然引起运动必然是特定的一种欲望，即作为欲望机能的欲望（或者进一步追溯到该机能的所有对象；因为它自身保持不动，却通过在思想或想象中被感知而引起运动），但是引起运动的东西在数量上却是多个。

所有的运动均包含三个因素：引起运动的事物、引起运动所凭借的方式，以及被运动的事物。“引起运动的事物”这一表述具有双重意义：它既可指自身不动的某物，也可指既可立刻运动，同时又能被运动的某物。在这一点上，无须被运动而自发运动者是可实现的善，既可立刻运动，又被运动者是欲望的机能（受欲望影响者，只要其实际被影响便处于运动之中，当欲望是指现实欲望时，欲望[本身]就是一种运动），而

处在运动之中的是动物。欲望引起运动所凭借的工具已不是精神的范围而是躯体的范围：因此对其研究属于躯体和灵魂的共同功能的范围。现在概而言之，产生运动所凭借的工具可在起点和终点的重合处找到，就好像在球窝关节里的情形一样；因为在那里凸面和凹面分别是运动的终点和起点（那就是为什么当一方处于静止时，后者就运动）：它们的定义截然不同，但在空间位置上却不可分离。因为一切事物都是经由推和拉而被运动。所以，就像车轮一样，其中必定有一点处于静态，而且正是从该点产生运动。

总之，还是重复我以上论述，因为动物有欲望能力，它就能够自我运动；如果它没有想象，也就没有欲望能力；而且所有想象均或为推测，或为感觉。人和所有动物都拥有感觉。

第十一章

现在，我们还必须考虑，对于那些发育不完善的动物，即那些只有触觉而没有其他感觉的动物，引起它们运动的原因是什么。它们是否具有想象力？抑或有渴求？显然它们有喜悦和痛苦的感觉，如果它们有这些感觉，它们就一定有欲望。可是它们怎么会有想象呢？由于其运动是不确定的，我们一定不能说它们有想象和欲望，[即便有]其想象和欲望也是不确定的吗？

如前所述，感觉想象是所有动物共有的，审议想象只属于能推测的动物：因为决定应该做这或是做那已经是一项需要推测的任务；而且还必须有单一的标准用以衡量，因为追求的是更好的那个。由此可见，以这样的方式行事的动物都必须具有能将多个影像合而为一的能力。

正是由于这一原因，我们认为想象不包含意见，因为它不包含基于推理的意见，尽管意见包含想象。因此，欲望不含任何审议成分。有时它战胜意愿并使其运动，有时意愿也同样作用于欲望，就好像一个球推动另一个球，或者一种欲望也同样地作用于另一种欲望，即在道德[观念]不强的情况下（尽管依据自然法则，较高级的能力总是更具支配力并引起运动）。所以有三种运动方式是可能的。

认识能力根本无法被运动而是处于静止状态。由于一个前提或判断是普遍性的，而另一个则是讨论特殊个体（前者向我们阐明的是如此这般的一种人应该如此这般地行事，而后者则是这就是那种有意采取的行为，我就是这样的一种人），真正引起运动的是后一种意见，而不是普遍性意见；更确切地说是两者[共同引起运动]，只不过前者引起运动但却保持一种更接近静止的状态，而后者[更多地]参与运动。

第十二章

另外，每一个有生命的生物都必然具有营养灵魂，每一个这样的生物从生到死都赋有灵魂。因为业已诞生的生物必然要生长，发育成熟，继而衰亡——没有营养所有这些都是不可能的。所以每个经历生长与衰亡的生物都必然具有营养机能。

然而，不是所有的生物需要有感觉。因为触觉不可能属于躯体结构简单的生物，或离开其质料就无法接受形式的生物。

既然自然不做徒劳无益的事，那么动物就一定都具有天赋的感觉。因为自然化育的万物都有达到其生存目的的方法，或者是为此目的而伴生的附属性状。每一个能够作前进运动的躯体，若无天赋的感觉，都会夭亡，而无法抵达自然赋予它的目的；因为[若无感觉]，它怎么能摄取营养呢？诚然，静止不动的生物从其生长处摄取食物；但是，非静止的、通过生殖而诞生的躯体应有一个灵魂和一个有识别力的心智，但却没有感觉，这是不可能的(即使它不是通过生殖而诞生的，这也不可能。它怎么会没有感觉呢？是因为这样要么对躯体有益，要么对灵魂有益吗？但是显然这对两者都是无益的：感觉缺失，灵魂就不能更好地思维，躯体也不能更好地存在）。所以，没有感觉，非静止的躯体不可能有灵魂。

另外，如果躯体有感觉，那么它必定是简单的，或复合的。可是，它不可能是简单的；因为如果它是简单的，它就不可能有触觉，而触觉又是不可或缺的。通过以下论述这一观点可显清晰明了。动物是有灵魂的躯体：每一躯体都是可触知的，即可通过触觉感知；如果动物要存活下去，其躯体就必然要具有触觉机能。所有其他感觉，如嗅觉、视觉和听觉，都是通过介质来感知；如果动物没有感觉，当发生直接接触时，它就将无法避开某些东西或无法抓到另一些东西，因此它也就无法生存。这就是为什么味觉也是一种触觉；味觉与营养物相关，营养物正是可触摸的物体；而声音、颜色和气味都与营养无关，进而也与[动物的]生长和衰亡无关。既然味觉是对那些可触知的有营养的事物的感觉，那么它必定也是某种触觉。

因此，这两种感觉对于动物来说是不可或缺的，显然，没有触觉，动物便不存在。所有其他感觉都是有助于动物生存得好，也正是由于这一原因，这些感觉并非为任何种类的动物所共有，而只为某些动物所有，例如，那些能够前行的动物必须具有这些感觉；原因在于，如果这些动物要生存，它们就必须不仅能通过直接接触去感知，而且必须在隔着一定距离时也能感知。如果动物能通过某一介质感知，这是有可能的，介质受到可感知对象的作用与推动，继而动物又受到介质的作用与推动。这就好像产生位置移动的事物引起延伸至某一点上的变化，产生推力的事物又引起另一事物产生新的推力，因此通过介质便产生了运动——原动者推动他物而勿需被推动，最后一个被推动者不再推动他物，

而介质（抑或许多介质，因为存在多个介质）则可推动他物又可被他物推动——形态的变换也是如此，只不过原动力引起运动，而无需受动者改变位置。因此，如果将一物体浸入蜡液中，运动就会一直持续到完全浸没为止；如果将其置于石头中，则根本没有运动，而一旦将其置于水中，它所引起的扰动就会波及很远；如果将其抛于空气之中，只要空气保持其为连续的统一体，随着空气连续地作用与被作用，它所引起的扰动就会传播开来，直至最远。这正是为什么关于光的反射，与其说视线从眼睛中发出并被反射，不如说只要空气保持为统一体，便会受[可见物的]形状和颜色的影响。在一光滑表面上空气保持其统一体；因此，就像蜡上的印记随着蜡的延伸而被延伸一样，空气就会依次使视觉运动。

第十三章

显然，动物的躯体不可能仅由一种元素构成，即只由诸如火或气一种元素组成。因为没有触觉就不可能有任何其他感觉；如前所述，因为每一个有灵魂的躯体都一定具有触觉能力。除土元素以外的其他所有元素均可构成感觉器官，但是它们都只有通过其他事物，即通过一定的介质，方能引起感觉。与其对象直接接触便产生触觉，触觉这一名称也源于此。毫无疑问，所有其他感觉器官，也是通过接触来感知，但只是通过间接的接触：惟有触觉通过直接接触来感知。由此可见，动物的躯体不能只由这些其他元素中的单一元素构成。

它也不能只由土构成。因为在所有可触知的性质中，触觉可谓是处于中间，其器官不仅能够接受那些代表土的所有的特殊性质，而且还能够接受热和冷以及所有其他可触知的性质。这就是我们为什么不能通过骨骼、毛发等去感知，因为它们是由土构成的。植物也是如此，因为它们是由土构成的，所以没有感觉能力。没有触觉便没有其他感觉，而且触觉器官不可能由土构成，也不可能由任何其他一种单独元素构成。

因此，这种感觉一旦丧失必然导致动物的死亡，这是显而易见的。因为从一方面来说除动物之外任何别的东西都不可能有这种感觉，所以，反而言之，它是使动物成其为动物的唯一的、不可或缺的感觉。此外，这还可解释其他感觉与触觉之间的以下差别。对所有其他感觉而言，如果其感知的性质的强度过度，例如颜色、声音和气味的强度过度，只能毁坏相应的感觉器官却不会导致动物死亡（但偶有例外，如当过高的声音与撞击或剧烈震动伴随发生时，或者是视觉客体或嗅觉客体导致某些其他物体处于运动状态时，[动物]则会因接触毁灭)；当滋味同时是可触摸的时候也会由于触摸而毁灭。但是，诸如热、冷或硬等可触知的性质的强度过度就会致使动物本身死亡。正如每一种感觉性质过度都会毁坏相应的器官一样，可触摸物同样毁坏触觉器官，触觉器官是生命的基本标志；因为前已阐明，如果没有触觉，动物就不复存在。这就是可触摸强度过度不仅毁坏相应器官，而且毁灭动物本身的原因，因为触觉是动物唯一不可或缺的感觉。

如前所述，对于动物而言，所有其他的感觉都是必要的，但却不是为其生存，而是为其生存得好。譬如，动物必须有视觉以便观看，因为动物生活在空气或水中，或通常[生活]在透明状态里；动物必须有味觉，为了感觉其食物中甜和苦的这些性质，并且引起运动的欲望；动物必须有听觉，以便能够听到发给它的信息，而且动物还必须有舌，以便用于与同伴交流。

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FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS

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外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 BEIJING

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu

Beijing, China 100089

http://www.fltrp.com

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

论人类不平等的起源和基础： 英汉对照/（法） 卢梭 （Rousseau, J.J.） 著； 冯燕屏等译.— 北京： 外语教学与研究出版社， 2011.9

（外研社双语读库. 学·书系）

书名原文： A Discourse upon the Origin and the Foundation of the Inequality Among Mankind

ISBN 978-7-5135-1357-9

I. ①论… II. ①卢… ②冯… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物 ②哲学理论—法国—近代 IV. ①H319.4：B

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2011) 第197728号

出版人： 蔡剑峰

责任编辑： 李文静 王 晶

版式设计： 张苏梅

封面设计： 袁 璐 刘 冬

出版发行： 外语教学与研究出版社

社 址： 北京市西三环北路19号（100089）

网 址： http://www.fltrp.com

版 次： 2011年10月第1版 2011年10月第1次印刷

书 号： ISBN 978-7-5135-1357-9

* * *

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总序

外研社自创立之日起就一贯秉承“记载人类文明，沟通世界文化”的宗旨。上世纪90年代以来，我们陆续出版了“九十年代英语系列丛书”、“大师经典文库”、“英美文学文库”等系列经典图书，在最大限度满足国内英语学习者阅读需求的同时，也为中华民族引进和吸收海外优秀文化发挥了重要的桥梁纽带作用。

在多年出版实践中我们发现，对原版图书简单地以外语形式呈现，会使一些初级和中级外语学习者望而却步；而纯粹的译著，在翻译过程中又容易失掉原著中的某些精妙之笔，甚至丢失信息，因为每种语言都蕴含着其他语言无法精确对应的情致、智慧和对真善美的洞见。文化交流本身是一个双向互动的过程，因此在大量引入外文作品的同时，我们也不能忽略本民族文化在世界范围内的推广和传播，即把中国文化传递给世界。

基于上述考虑，我们应时推出“外研社双语读库”，立足经典，涵盖中外名家名作，涉及社会科学各个领域，以书系划分，采用双语编排，对文化背景附有注释。旨在积累世界各民族精粹文化的同时，向世界传递中国文化，为国内广大英语学习者提供题材广泛、质量过硬的双语经典读物，也为社科各领域学者了解西方学术经典提供优质的研究素材。

2010年1月，双语读库“文·书系”出版问世，该书系收录了20部西方经典著作，多出自19和20世纪著名作家、学者、思想家和哲学家笔下，作品的题材丰富，包括传记、小说、游记、杂文、回忆录等。该书系自问世以来，受到了广大英语爱好者的欢迎和好评。

2010年3月，外研社和中国外语教育研究中心联合设立“外汉翻译教学研究基金”项目，选取百余部国外经典学术著作，面向全国高校公开招募翻译项目组，参与投标者遍及全国近百所高校，在国内具有较大影响力。中标的译者多为全国重点高校的翻译专家、学者及中青年翻译人才，经过层层选拔脱颖而出；每个中标项目组还聘请相关领域的专家顾问，为其提供专业领域方面的支持和帮助，以确保译文的准确性和权威性。

此次推出的双语读库“学·书系”拟收录该“基金”项目中的优秀译作分批次进行出版，并细分为哲学辑、经济学辑、历史学辑、地理学辑、语言学辑、社会学辑、教育学辑等。“学·书系”依旧采用英汉对照编排，可作为社科各领域的学术研究读物以及中、高端英汉双语读物使用。

“学·书系”所选原作虽为经典名著，却也无法避免时间和空间上的局限性，希望读者朋友们能“取其精华，去其糟粕”。各篇译作均为译者倾尽全力、呕心沥血之作，不足之处，还请各位读者批评、指正。

译者 序

让·雅克·卢梭（1712—1778），法国著名启蒙思想家、哲学家、教育学家、文学家。著作《论人类不平等的起源和基础》是阐述其政治思想的经典之作。恩格斯认为它是18世纪辩证法的杰作。哥尔达美尔曾说："在1760年以后的几十年里，没有一个有文化修养的人，他的思想和感受不曾在某种方式上受到卢梭的影响。"

《论人类不平等的起源和基础》是卢梭为应征1753年法国著名的人文科学研究中心第戎学院所举办的一次征文竞赛所写的论文。卢梭在他的《忏悔录》里叙述了这篇论文是怎样写成的。"我想那是1753年的事，第戎科学院发表了'人类不平等的起源'征文启事。我被这个意义深远的题目激动了，我很惊讶这个科学院竟敢提出这样一个题目。好吧，既然它有勇气提出来，我也很可以有勇气来加以研究，于是我报名应征了。"

"为了便于思考这个意义深远的题目，我到圣日耳曼去作了一次七八天之久的旅行……我到树林深处去探索，我在那里发现了原始时代的形象，我在心里描绘了那个时代的历史的轮廓。我无情地驳斥了人间无聊的谎言；我大胆地把人们因时间和事物的进展而变了样的天性赤裸裸地揭露出来；并把'人所形成的人'和自然人加以比较，从所谓'人的完善化'中，指出人类苦难的真正根源。我的灵魂，被这些卓绝的默想所激发，上升到神的境界。在那境界中，我看到我的同类在他们因固执成见而走入的迷途上，还继续朝着错误、灾难和罪恶的方向行进。我于是用一种他们所不能听见的微弱声音，向他们喊道：'你们都是毫无道理的人，你们不断地埋怨自然，要知道你们的一切痛苦，都来自你们自己。'"

"我这一篇'论不平等'就是这样的默想的结果。这篇论文比我所有的其他著作都更符合狄德罗的旨趣，而且他就这篇著作给我提供的意见，对我也最为有益。不过这篇东西，在全欧洲恐怕只有很少的读者能够理解，而这些读者中恐怕更没一个人愿意谈论它。这原是一篇为应征而写的文章，所以我把它寄给了科学院，但是我早就料到一定得不了奖，因为我深知科学院的奖金决不是为我这样的文章而设立的。"他并没有猜错，1754年初，科学院把该项奖颁发给了无名的达尔拜尔神父。

书中卢梭回顾了人类由自然状态向社会状态过渡的历史演变进程，将造成人类不平等现象的原因置于人类社会发展这一过程中来审视，深入浅出地说明了不平等的起源和基础。全书分为三个部分，作者序、第一部分和第二部分，其中的第一部分和第二部分为本书的重点。本论主要说明人类有两种不平等：一种是自然的或生理上的不平等；另一种是精神上的或政治上的不平等。第一部分主要描写自然人，第二部分叙述文明人是如何出现的。

卢梭在书中通过假设和推理，认定人类最初生活在自然状态之中，过着孤独的生活，是平等的。人类最初的进化是缓慢的，人逐渐有了语言，有了相对固定的住所，有了“你的”和“我的”之分，随后出现群居社会，最终有了私有制的萌芽。卢梭提出人与人之间的不平等是随私有制而产生的，指出人类历史发展本身所具有的两面性（进步与落后），因为人类每向前发展一步，不平等的程度便加深一步。

卢梭认为人类不平等可以划分为三个阶段，一是财产权的设置产生了穷人和富人；二是官吏的设置产生了强者和弱者；三是权力从合法变为专制产生了主人和奴隶。私有制观念的形成经历了漫长的发展阶段，卢梭把财产私有制看作是人类不平等的起源和基础。卢梭认为人类由自然状态走向社会状态是必然的，他并不是主张人类应该返回到自然状态，而是揭示人类演变的进程，唤起人们对天赋人权的认识。

自1957年《论人类不平等的起源和基础》被译介到中国开始，卢梭的思想便启迪了无数的国人：感悟深刻的人生哲理，追求平等、民主及人性自由。通过再译，我们力求译文更完整、更准确地表达原作的思想和神韵，包括作品的风格、情感和语言特色等，使目的语读者也能感受到原语读者所受到的启迪、激励、感动和美的享受。

该作品的英汉对照读物在帮助读者了解卢梭哲学思想的同时，也有利于提高读者的英语水平。读者在阅读过程中，通过英汉对照的形式加深对哲人思想的理解和感悟。毕竟，英语和汉语是两种不同的语言，要达到内容完全对等是不可能的。因此翻译难点主要是在“信”、“达”、“雅”之间找到完美的结合点。译文要在内容与形式上忠实于原文，以便于读者学习参考，不能为追求词藻华丽而随意扩大译者的自由度；还要再现大师的文采，卢梭不仅是思想家也是雄辩家，他的论述气势雄伟，要体现出这种独特的风格。

由于是英汉对照读本，在翻译时我们尽量忠实地传递原文信息，使汉语和英语逐句对应，不作过度的阐释和发挥，同时尽量避免增译或漏译情况。译文在忠实传递原文信息的基础上，尽量符合中文表达习惯，确保文字通顺、流畅，避免出现生涩、拗口的译文。例如，原文长句较多，考虑到英汉两种语言习惯不同，我们根据具体情况对长句作了断句处理。此外，尽量做到文字优美、用词精当，保持原文的语体风格，保持译文的可读性。面对21世纪的读者，行文尽量做到通达、流畅、得体。至于译文的得体性，主要体现在尽量符合现代语言的表达习惯上，使现代读者能仔细地体会译文与原文的异曲同工。

在翻译的过程中，我们遇到的困难可谓重重，尤其是该书长句、难句颇多。译者往往因其作者语言风格而备尝艰涩，反复咀嚼每一个长句，苦想而成的译文多次推倒重来。在整个翻译的过程中，我们在用心去贴近卢梭，发挥想象力，以再造卢梭著书立说、与人辩论时的意境，准确诠释作者的思想。

在此，我们要特别感谢《论人类不平等的起源和基础》的不同中文版本的译者前辈们。在本书的翻译过程中，译者参照了他们的译文，并对其进行了反复的研读、揣摩和对比，的确受益匪浅。

翻译的过程也是学习的过程，我们希望向读者奉献高质量的译作，尽管我们已精益求精，但我们的水平有限，译文中肯定还存在不少这样和那样的问题，有待同行批判指正,我们一定会深表感谢并虚心接受。

译者

2011年春

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Jean Jacques Rousseau

A DISCOURSE UPON THE ORIGIN AND THE FOUNDATION OF THE INEQUALITY AMONG MANKIND

A DISCOURSE UPON THE ORIGIN AND THE FOUNDATION OF THE INEQUALITY AMONG MANKIND

'Tis of man I am to speak; and the very question, in answer to which I am to speak of him, sufficiently informs me that I am going to speak to men; for to those alone, who are not afraid of honouring truth, it belongs to propose discussions of this kind. I shall therefore maintain with confidence the cause of mankind before the sages, who invite me to stand up in its defence; and I shall think myself happy, if I can but behave in a manner not unworthy of my subject and of my judges.

I conceive two species of inequality among men; one which I call natural, or physical inequality, because it is established by nature, and consists in the difference of age, health, bodily strength, and the qualities of the mind, or of the soul; the other which may be termed moral, or political inequality, because it depends on a kind of convention, and is established, or at least authorized, by the common consent of mankind. This species of inequality consists in the different privileges, which some men enjoy, to the prejudice of others, such as that of being richer, more honoured, more powerful, and even that of exacting obedience from them.

It were absurd to ask, what is the cause of natural inequality, seeing the bare definition of natural inequality answers the question: it would be more absurd still to enquire, if there might not be some essential connection between the two species of inequality, as it would be asking, in other words, if those who command are necessarily better men than those who obey; and if strength of body or of mind, wisdom or virtue are always to be found in individuals, in the same proportion with power, or riches: a question, fit perhaps to be discussed by slaves in the hearing of their masters, but unbecoming free and reasonable beings in quest of truth.

What therefore is precisely the subject of this discourse? It is to point out, in the progress of things, that moment, when, right taking place of violence, nature became subject to law; to display that chain of surprising events, in consequence of which the strong submitted to serve the weak, and the people to purchase imaginary ease, at the expense of real happiness.

The philosophers, who have examined the foundations of society,

have, every one of them, perceived the necessity of tracing it back to a state of nature, but not one of them has ever arrived there. Some[1] of them have not scrupled to attribute to man in that state the ideas of justice and injustice, without troubling their heads to prove, that he really must have had such ideas, or even that such ideas were useful to him: others[2] have spoken of the natural right of every man to keep what belongs to him, without letting us know what they meant by the word belong; others[3], without further ceremony ascribing to the strongest an authority over the weakest, have immediately struck out government, without thinking of the time requisite for men to form any notion of the things signified by the words authority and government. All of them, in fine, constantly harping on wants, avidity, oppression, desires and pride, have transferred to the state of nature ideas picked up in the bosom of society. In speaking of savages they described citizens. Nay, few of our own writers seem to have so much as doubted, that a state of nature did once actually exit; though it plainly appears by Sacred History, that even the first man, immediately furnished as he was by God himself with both instructions and precepts, never lived in that state, and that, if we give to the books of Moses[4] that credit which every Christian philosopher ought to give to them, we must deny that, even before the deluge, such a state ever existed among men, unless they fell into it by some extraordinary event: a paradox very difficult to maintain, and altogether impossible to prove.

1 此处指格劳秀斯（Hugo Grotius，1583—1645），见《论战争与和平的权利》。

2 此处指普芬道夫（Samuel Puffendorff，1632—1694），德国法学家和史学家，以对自然法的辩护而闻名，见《自然法和国际法》，第1卷，第4篇，第4章。另见洛克《政府论》第1章。洛克（John Locke，1632—1704），英国哲学家。

3 此处指霍布斯（Thomas Hobbes，1588—1679），见《论公民》。

4 “摩西著述”（books of Moses）亦称为“摩西五经”，是《圣经》最早五部书的统称（因为研究者认为这五部书是犹太人的先知摩西所写），包括《创世记》、《出埃及记》、《利未记》、《民数记》、《申命记》，这五部书记载了从创世到以色列人最终回到迦南地的过程，其中《创世记》很多内容属于史前史，也就是所谓的自然状态时期。

Let us begin therefore, by laying aside facts, for they do not affect the question. The researches, in which we may engage on this occasion, are not to be taken for historical truths, but merely as hypothetical and conditional reasonings, fitter to illustrate the nature of things, than to show their true origin, like those systems, which our naturalists daily make of the formation of the world. Religion commands us to believe, that men, having been drawn by God himself out of a state of nature, are unequal, because it is his pleasure they should be so; but religion does not forbid us to draw conjectures solely

from the nature of man, considered in itself, and from that of the beings which surround him, concerning the fate of mankind, had they been left to themselves. This is then the question I am to answer, the question I propose to examine in the present discourse. As mankind in general have an interest in my subject, I shall endeavour to use a language suitable to all nations; or rather, forgetting the circumstances of time and place in order to think of nothing but the men I speak to, I shall suppose myself in the Lyceum[1] of Athens, repeating the lessons of my masters before the Platos[2] and the Xenocrates[3] of that famous seat of philosophy as my judges, and in presence of the whole human species as my audience.

1 吕克昂学园（Lyceum）是古希腊哲学家亚里士多德于公元前335年在雅典所创办的学校。亚里士多德（Aristotle，384—322 BC），古希腊哲学家、逻辑学家和科学家，亚里士多德的著作最早创造了西方哲学的综合体系，覆盖美学、逻辑学、政治学等。

2 柏拉图（Plato，427—347 BC），古希腊哲学家，是苏格拉底的学生和亚里士多德的老师。他一生著述颇丰，其教学思想主要集中在《理想国》和《法律篇》中。

3 色诺克拉底（Xenocrates，396—314 BC），古希腊哲学家和数学家，柏拉图的学生和追随者，主要研究伦理学和形而上学。

O man, whatever country you may belong to, whatever your opinions may be, attend to my words; you shall hear your history such as I think I have read it, not in books composed by those like you, for they are liars, but in the book of nature which never lies. All that I shall repeat after her, must be true, without any intermixture of falsehood, but where I may happen, without intending it, to introduce my own conceits. The times I am going to speak of are very remote. How much you are changed from what you once were! 'Tis in a manner the life of your species that I am going to write, from the qualities which you have received, and which your education and your habits could deprave, but could not destroy. There is, I am sensible, an age at which every individual of you would choose to stop; and you will look out for the age at which, had you your wish, your species had stopped. Uneasy at your present condition for reasons which threaten your unhappy posterity with still greater uneasiness, you will perhaps wish it were in your power to go back; and this sentiment ought to be considered, as the panegyric of your first parents, the condemnation of your contemporaries, and a source of terror to all those who may have the misfortune of succeeding you.

FIRST PART

However important it may be, in order to form a proper judgment of the natural state of man, to consider him from his origin, and to examine him, as it were, in the first embryo of the species; I shall not attempt to trace his organization through its successive approaches to perfection: I shall not stop to examine in the animal system what he might have been in the beginning, to become at last what he actually is; I shall not inquire whether, as Aristotle thinks, his neglected nails were no better at first than crooked talons; whether his whole body was not, bear-like, thick covered with rough hair; and whether, walking upon all-fours, his eyes, directed to the earth, and confined to a horizon of a few paces extent, did not at once point out the nature and limits of his ideas. I could only form vague, and almost imaginary, conjectures on this subject. Comparative anatomy has not as yet been sufficiently improved; neither have the observations of natural philosophy been sufficiently ascertained, to establish upon such foundations the basis of a solid system. For this reason, without having recourse to the supernatural informations with which we have been favoured on this head, or paying any attention to the changes, that must have happened in the conformation of the interior and exterior parts of man's body, in proportion as he applied his members to new purposes, and took to new aliments, I shall suppose his conformation to have always been, what we now behold it; that he always walked on two feet, made the same use of his hands that we do of ours, extended his looks over the whole face of nature, and measured with his eyes the vast extent of the heavens.

If I strip this being, thus constituted, of all the supernatural gifts which he may have received, and of all the artificial faculties, which we could not have acquired but by slow degrees; if I consider him, in a word, such as he must have issued from the hands of nature; I see an animal less strong than some, and less active than others, but, upon the whole, the most advantageously organized of any; I see him satisfying the calls of hunger under the first oak, and those of thirst at the first rivulet; I see him laying himself down to sleep at the foot of the same tree that afforded him his meal; and behold, this done, all his wants are completely supplied.

The earth left to its own natural fertility and covered with immense woods, that no hatchet ever disfigured, offers at every step food and shelter to every species of animals. Men, dispersed among them, observe and imitate their industry, and thus rise to the instinct of beasts; with this advantage, that, whereas every species of beasts is

confined to one peculiar instinct, man, who perhaps has not any that particularly belongs to him, appropriates to himself those of all other animals, and lives equally upon most of the different aliments, which they only divide among themselves; a circumstance which qualifies him to find his subsistence, with more ease than any of them.

Men, accustomed from their infancy to the inclemency of the weather, and to the rigour of the different seasons; inured to fatigue, and obliged to defend, naked and without arms, their life and their prey against the other wild inhabitants of the forest, or at least to avoid their fury by flight, acquire a robust and almost unalterable habit of body; the children, bringing with them into the world the excellent constitution of their parents, and strengthening it by the same exercises that first produced it, attain by this means all the vigour that the human frame is capable of. Nature treats them exactly in the same manner that Sparta[1] treated the children of her citizens; those who come well formed into the world she renders strong and robust, and destroys all the rest; differing in this respect from our societies, in which the state, by permitting children to become burdensome to their parents, murders them all without distinction, even in the wombs of their mothers.

1 斯巴达（Sparta），古希腊军事重镇，以其严酷纪律、独裁统治和军国主义而闻名。卢梭崇尚斯巴达人强健的体魄和坚强的意志。

The body being the only instrument that savage man is acquainted with, he employs it to different uses, of which ours, for want of practice, are incapable; and we may thank our industry for the loss of that strength and agility, which necessity obliges him to acquire. Had he a hatchet, would his hand so easily snap off from an oak so stout a branch? Had he a sling, would it dart a stone to so great a distance? Had he a ladder, would he run so nimbly up a tree? Had he a horse, would he with such swiftness shoot along the plain? Give civilized man but time to gather about him all his machines, and no doubt he will be an overmatch for the savage: but if you have a mind to see a contest still more unequal, place them naked and unarmed one opposite to the other; and you will soon discover the advantage there is in perpetually having all our forces at our disposal, in being constantly prepared against all events, and in always carrying ourselves, as it were, whole and entire about us.

Hobbes would have it that man is naturally void of fear, and always intent upon attacking and fighting. An illustrious philosopher[1] thinks on the contrary, and Cumberland[2] and Puffendorff likewise affirm it, that nothing is more fearful than man in a state of nature,

that he is always in a tremble, and ready to fly at the first motion he perceives, at the first noise that strikes his ears. This, indeed, may be very true in regard to objects with which he is not acquainted; and I make no doubt of his being terrified at every new sight that presents itself, as often as he cannot distinguish the physical good and evil which he may expect from it, nor compare his forces with the dangers he has to encounter; circumstances that seldom occur in a state of nature, where all things proceed in so uniform a manner, and the face of the earth is not liable to those sudden and continual changes occasioned in it by the passions and inconstancies of collected bodies. But savage man living among other animals without any society or fixed habitation, and finding himself early under a necessity of measuring his strength with theirs, soon makes a comparison between both, and finding that he surpasses them more in address, than they surpass him in strength, he learns not to be any longer in dread of them. Turn out a bear or a wolf against a sturdy, active, resolute savage, (and this they all are,) provided with stones and a good stick; and you will soon find that the danger is at least equal on both sides, and that after several trials of this kind, wild beasts, who are not fond of attacking each other, will not be very fond of attacking man, whom they have found every whit as wild as themselves. As to animals who have really more strength than man has address, he is, in regard to them, what other weaker species are, who find means to subsist notwithstanding; he has even this great advantage over such weaker species, that being equally fleet with them, and finding on every tree an almost inviolable asylum, he is always at liberty to take it or leave it, as he likes best, and of course to fight or to fly, whichever is most agreeable to him. To this we may add that no animal naturally makes war upon man, except in the case of self-defence or extreme hunger; nor ever expresses against him any of these violent antipathies, which seem to indicate that some particular species are intended by nature for the food of others.

1 参见孟德斯鸠的著作《论法的精神》。孟德斯鸠（Montesquieu，1689—1755），法国伟大的启蒙思想家、法学家。

2 坎伯兰（Richard Cumberland，1631—1718），英国哲学家，《论自然法》的作者，他提出万物性善说来反驳霍布斯的理论。

But there are other more formidable enemies, and against which man is not provided with the same means of defence; I mean natural infirmities, infancy, old age, and sickness of every kind, melancholy proofs of our weakness, whereof the two first are common to all animals, and the last chiefly attends man living in a state of society. It is even observable in regard to infancy, that the mother being able to

carry her child about with her, wherever she goes, can perform the duty of a nurse with a great deal less trouble, than the females of many other animals, who are obliged to be constantly going and coming with no small labour and fatigue, one way to look out for their own subsistence, and another to suckle and feed their young ones. True it is that, if the woman happens to perish, her child is exposed to the greatest danger of perishing with her; but this danger is common to a hundred other species, whose young ones require a great deal of time to be able to provide for themselves; and if our infancy is longer than theirs, our life is longer likewise; so that, in this respect too, all things are in a manner equal; not but that there are other rules concerning the duration of the first age of life, and the number of the young of man and other animals, but they do not belong to my subject. With old men, who stir and perspire but little, the demand for food diminishes with their abilities to provide it; and as a savage life would exempt them from the gout and the rheumatism, and old age is of all ills that which human assistance is least capable of alleviating, they would at last go off, without its being perceived by others that they ceased to exist, and almost without perceiving it themselves.

In regard to sickness, I shall not repeat the vain and false declamations made use of to discredit medicine by most men, while they enjoy their health[1] ; I shall only ask if there are any solid observations from which we may conclude that in those countries where the healing art is most neglected, the mean duration of man's life is shorter than in those where it is most cultivated? And how is it possible this should be the case, if we inflict more diseases upon ourselves than medicine can supply us with remedies! The extreme inequalities in the manner of living of the several classes of mankind, the excess of idleness in some, and of labour in others, the facility of irritating and satisfying our sensuality and our appetites, the too-exquisite and out-of-the-way aliments of the rich, which fill them with fiery juices, and bring on indigestions, the unwholesome food of the poor, of which even, bad as it is, they very often fall short, and the want of which tempts them, every opportunity that offers, to eat greedily and overload their stomachs; watchings, excesses of every kind, immoderate transports of all the passions, fatigues, waste of spirits, in a word, the numberless pains and anxieties annexed to every condition, and which the mind of man is constantly a prey to; these are the fatal proofs that most of our ills are of our own making, and that we might have avoided them all by adhering to the simple, uniform and solitary way of life prescribed to us by nature. Allowing that nature intended we should always enjoy good health, I dare almost affirm that a state of reflection is a state against nature, and

that the man who meditates is a depraved animal. We need only call to mind the good constitution of savages, of those at least whom we have not destroyed by our strong liquors; we need only reflect, that they are strangers to almost every disease, except those occasioned by wounds and old age, to be in a manner convinced that the history of human diseases might be easily composed by pursuing that of civil societies. Such at least was the opinion of Plato, who concluded from certain remedies made use of or approved by Podalyrus and Macaon[2] at the Siege of Troy, that several disorders, which these remedies were found to bring on in his days, were not known among men at that remote period.

1 卢梭终身疾病缠身，在他的《忏悔录》中多次提到这一点。

2 波达利里俄斯（Podalyrus）和玛卡翁（Macaon）兄弟俩都是特洛伊战争中希腊军队的医生。

Man therefore, in a state of nature where there are so few sources of sickness, can have no great occasion for physic, and still less for physicians; neither is the human species more to be pitied in this respect, than any other species of animals. Ask those who make hunting their recreation or business, if in their excursions they meet with many sick or feeble animals. They meet with many carrying the marks of considerable wounds, that have been perfectly well healed and closed up; with many, whose bones formerly broken, and whose limbs almost torn off, have completely knit and united, without any other surgeon but time, any other regimen but their usual way of living, and whose cures were not the less perfect for their not having been tortured with incisions, poisoned with drugs, or worn out by diet and abstinence. In a word, however useful medicine well administered may be to us who live in a state of society, it is still past doubt, that if, on the one hand, the sick savage, destitute of help, has nothing to hope from nature, on the other, he has nothing to fear but from his disease; a circumstance, which often renders his situation preferable to ours.

Let us therefore beware of confounding savage man with the men, whom we daily see and converse with. Nature behaves towards all animals left to her care with a predilection, that seems to prove how jealous she is of that prerogative. The horse, the cat, the bull, nay the ass itself, have generally a higher stature, and always a more robust constitution, more vigour, more strength and courage in their forests than in our houses; they lose half these advantages by becoming domestic animals; it looks as if all our attention to treat them kindly, and to feed them well, served only to bastardize them. It is thus with man himself. In proportion as he becomes sociable and a slave to

others, he becomes weak, fearful, mean-spirited, and his soft and effeminate way of living at once completes the enervation of his strength and of his courage. We may add, that there must be still a wider difference between man and man in a savage and domestic condition, than between beast and beast; for as men and beasts have been treated alike by nature, all the conveniences with which men indulge themselves more than they do the beasts tamed by them, are so many particular causes which make them degenerate more sensibly.

Nakedness therefore, the want of houses, and of all these unnecessaries, which we consider as so very necessary, are not such mighty evils in respect to these primitive men, and much less still any obstacle to their preservation. Their skins, it is true, are destitute of hair; but then they have no occasion for any such covering in warm climates; and in cold climates they soon learn to apply to that use those of the animals they have conquered; they have but two feet to run with, but they have two hands to defend themselves with, and provide for all their wants; it costs them perhaps a great deal of time and trouble to make their children walk, but the mothers carry them with ease; an advantage not granted to other species of animals, with whom the mother, when pursued, is obliged to abandon her young ones, or regulate her steps by theirs. In short, unless we admit those singular and fortuitous concurrences of circumstances, which I shall speak of hereafter, and which, it is very possible, may never have existed, it is evident, in every state of the question, that the man, who first made himself clothes and built himself a cabin, supplied himself with things which he did not much want, since he had lived without them till then; and why should he not have been able to support in his riper years, the same kind of life, which he had supported from his infancy?

Alone, idle, and always surrounded with danger, savage man must be fond of sleep, and sleep lightly like other animals, who think but little, and may, in a manner, be said to sleep all the time they do not think: self-preservation being almost his only concern, he must exercise those faculties most, which are most serviceable in attacking and in defending, whether to subdue his prey, or to prevent his becoming that of other animals: those organs, on the contrary, which softness and sensuality can alone improve, must remain in a state of rudeness, utterly incompatible with all manner of delicacy; and as his senses are divided on this point, his touch and his taste must be extremely coarse and blunt; his sight, his hearing, and his smelling equally subtle: such is the animal state in general, and accordingly if we may believe travellers, it is that of most savage nations. We must

not therefore be surprised, that the Hottentots[1] of the Cape of Good Hope, distinguish with their naked eyes ships on the ocean, at as great a distance as the Dutch can discern them with their glasses; nor that the savages of America should have tracked the Spaniards with their noses, to as great a degree of exactness, as the best dogs could have done; nor that all these barbarous nations support nakedness without pain, use such large quantities of Piemento[2] to give their food a relish, and drink like water the strongest liquors of Europe.

As yet I have considered man merely in his physical capacity; let us now endeavour to examine him in a metaphysical and moral light.

I can discover nothing in any mere animal but an ingenious machine[3], to which nature has given senses to wind itself up, and guard, to a certain degree, against everything that might destroy or disorder it. I perceive the very same things in the human machine, with this difference, that nature alone operates in all the operations of the beast, whereas man, as a free agent, has a share in his. One chooses by instinct; the other by an act of liberty; for which reason the beast cannot deviate from the rules that have been prescribed to it, even in cases where such deviation might be useful, and man often deviates from the rules laid down for him to his prejudice. Thus a pigeon would starve near a dish of the best flesh-meat, and a cat on a heap of fruit or corn, though both might very well support life with the food which they thus disdain, did they but bethink themselves to make a trial of it: it is in this manner dissolute men run into excesses, which bring on fevers and death itself; because the mind depraves the senses, and when nature ceases to speak, the will still continues to dictate.

1 霍屯督人（Hottentot）现居住于南非或纳米比亚，以游牧为生。

2 一种西班牙甜椒。

3 18世纪流行的观念，为笛卡尔首创。笛卡尔（Descartes，1596—1690），法国哲学家、数学家。

All animals must be allowed to have ideas, since all animals have senses; they even combine their ideas to a certain degree, and, in this respect, it is only the difference of such degree, that constitutes the difference between man and beast: some philosophers have even advanced, that there is a greater difference between some men and some others, than between some men and some beasts; it is not therefore so much the understanding that constitutes, among animals, the specifical distinction of man, as his quality of a free agent. Nature speaks to all animals, and beasts obey her voice. Man feels the same

impression, but he at the same time perceives that he is free to resist or to acquiesce; and it is in the consciousness of this liberty, that the spirituality of his soul chiefly appears: for natural philosophy explains, in some measure, the mechanism of the senses and the formation of ideas; but in the power of willing, or rather of choosing, and in the consciousness of this power, nothing can be discovered but acts, that are purely spiritual, and cannot be accounted for by the laws of mechanics.

But though the difficulties, in which all these questions are involved, should leave some room to dispute on this difference between man and beast, there is another very specific quality that distinguishes them, and a quality which will admit of no dispute; this is the faculty of improvement; a faculty which, as circumstances offer, successively unfolds all the other faculties, and resides among us not only in the species, but in the individuals that compose it; whereas a beast is, at the end of some months, all he ever will be during the rest of his life; and his species, at the end of a thousand years, precisely what it was the first year of that long period. Why is man alone subject to dotage? Is it not, because he thus returns to his primitive condition? And because, while the beast, which has acquired nothing and has likewise nothing to lose, continues always in possession of his instinct, man, losing by old age, or by accident, all the acquisitions he had made in consequence of his perfectibility, thus falls back even lower than beasts themselves? It would be a melancholy necessity for us to be obliged to allow, that this distinctive and almost unlimited faculty is the source of all man's misfortunes; that it is this faculty, which, though by slow degrees, draws them out of their original condition, in which his days would slide away insensibly in peace and innocence; that it is this faculty, which, in a succession of ages, produces his discoveries and mistakes, his virtues and his vices, and, at long run, renders him both his own and nature's tyrant. It would be shocking to be obliged to commend, as a beneficent being, whoever he was that first suggested to the Oronoco[1] Indians the use of those boards which they bind on the temples of their children, and which secure to them the enjoyment of some part at least of their natural imbecility and happiness[2].

1 奥里诺科河（Oronoco），南美洲第三大河。

2 引自弗朗索瓦·科雷尔（Francois Coreal）《西印度群岛游记》，第1章，260—261页。

Savage man, abandoned by nature to pure instinct, or rather indemnified for that which has perhaps been denied to him by faculties capable of immediately supplying the place of it, and of

raising him afterwards a great deal higher, would therefore begin with functions that were merely animal: to see and to feel would be his first condition, which he would enjoy in common with other animals. To will and not to will, to wish and to fear, would be the first, and in a manner, the only operations of his soul, till new circumstances occasioned new developments.

Let moralists[1] say what they will, the human understanding is greatly indebted to the passions, which, on their side, are likewise universally allowed to be greatly indebted to the human understanding. It is by the activity of our passions, that our reason improves: we covet knowledge merely because we covet enjoyment, and it is impossible to conceive why a man exempt from fears and desires should take the trouble to reason. The passions, in their turn, owe their origin to our wants, and their increase to our progress in science; for we cannot desire or fear anything, but in consequence of the ideas we have of it, or of the simple impulses of nature; and savage man, destitute of every species of knowledge, experiences no passions but those of this last kind; his desires never extend beyond his physical wants; he knows no goods but food, a female, and rest; he fears no evil but pain, and hunger; I say pain, and not death; for no animal, merely as such, will ever know what it is to die, and the knowledge of death, and of its terrors, is one of the first acquisitions made by man, in consequence of his deviating from the animal state.

I could easily, were it requisite, cite facts in support of this opinion, and show, that the progress of the mind has everywhere kept pace exactly with the wants, to which nature had left the inhabitants exposed, or to which circumstances had subjected them, and consequently to the passions, which inclined them to provide for these wants. I could exhibit in Egypt the arts starting up, and extending themselves with the inundations of the Nile; I could pursue them in their progress among the Greeks, where they were seen to bud forth, grow, and rise to the heavens, in the midst of the sands and rocks of Attica[2], without being able to take root on the fertile banks of the Eurotas[3]; I would observe that, in general, the inhabitants of the north are more industrious than those of the south, because they can less do without industry; as if nature thus meant to make all things equal, by giving to the mind that fertility she has denied to the soil.

1 卢梭这里指的是基督教伦理学家。

2 阿提卡（Attica），古希腊以雅典为中心的大片地区。

3 欧罗塔斯河（Eurotas），流经斯巴达。

But exclusive of the uncertain testimonies of history, who does not perceive that everything seems to remove from savage man the temptation and the means of altering his condition? His imagination paints nothing to him; his heart asks nothing from him. His moderate wants are so easily supplied with what he everywhere finds ready to his hand, and he stands at such a distance from the degree of knowledge requisite to covet more, that he can neither have foresight nor curiosity. The spectacle of nature, by growing quite familiar to him, becomes at last equally indifferent. It is constantly the same order, constantly the same revolutions; he has not sense enough to feel surprise at the sight of the greatest wonders; and it is not in his mind we must look for that philosophy, which man must have to know how to observe once, what he has every day seen. His soul, which nothing disturbs, gives itself up entirely to the consciousness of its actual existence, without any thought of even the nearest futurity; and his projects, equally confined with his views, scarce extend to the end of the day. Such is, even at present, the degree of foresight in the Caribbean[1]: he sells his cotton bed in the morning, and comes in the evening, with tears in his eyes, to buy it back, not having foreseen that he should want it again the next night.

1 加勒比地区（the Caribbean），由加勒比海和包括西印度群岛在内的岛屿，以及周边海岸组成。

The more we meditate on this subject, the wider does the distance between mere sensation and the most simple knowledge become in our eyes; and it is impossible to conceive how man, by his own powers alone, without the assistance of communication, and the spur of necessity, could have got over so great an interval. How many ages perhaps revolved, before men beheld any other fire but that of the heavens? How many different accidents must have concurred to make them acquainted with the most common uses of this element? How often have they let it go out, before they knew the art of reproducing it? And how often perhaps has not every one of these secrets perished with the discoverer? What shall we say of agriculture, an art which requires so much labour and foresight; which depends upon other arts; which, it is very evident, cannot be practised but in a society, if not a formed one, at least one of some standing, and which does not so much serve to draw aliments from the earth, for the earth would yield them without all that trouble, as to oblige her to produce those things, which we like best, preferably to others? But let us suppose that men had multiplied to such a degree, that the natural products of the earth no longer sufficed for their support; a supposition which, by the bye, would prove that this kind of life would be very advantageous to the

human species; let us suppose that, without forge or anvil, the instruments of husbandry had dropped from the heavens into the hands of savages, that these men had got the better of that mortal aversion they all have for constant labour; that they had learned to foretell their wants at so great a distance of time; that they had guessed exactly how they were to break the earth, commit their seed to it, and plant trees; that they had found out the art of grinding their corn, and improving by fermentation the juice of their grapes; all operations which we must allow them to have learned from the gods, since we cannot conceive how they should make such discoveries of themselves; after all these fine presents, what man would be mad enough to cultivate a field, that may be robbed by the first comer, man or beast, who takes a fancy to the produce of it. And would any man consent to spend his day in labour and fatigue, when the rewards of his labour and fatigue became more and more precarious in proportion to his want of them? In a word, how could this situation engage men to cultivate the earth, as long as it was not parcelled out among them, that is, as long as a state of nature subsisted.

Though we should suppose savage man as well versed in the art of thinking, as philosophers make him; though we were, after them, to make him a philosopher himself, discovering of himself the sublimest truths, forming to himself, by the most abstract arguments, maxims of justice and reason drawn from the love of order in general, or from the known will of his Creator: in a word, though we were to suppose his mind as intelligent and enlightened, as it must, and is, in fact, found to be dull and stupid; what benefit would the species receive from all these metaphysical discoveries, which could not be communicated, but must perish with the individual who had made them? What progress could mankind make in the forests, scattered up and down among the other animals? And to what degree could men mutually improve and enlighten each other, when they had no fixed habitation, nor any need of each other's assistance; when the same persons scarcely met twice in their whole lives, and on meeting neither spoke to, or so much as knew each other?

Let us consider how many ideas we owe to the use of speech; how much grammar exercises, and facilitates the operations of the mind; let us, besides, reflect on the immense pains and time that the first invention of languages must have required: Let us add these reflections to the preceding; and then we may judge how many thousand ages must have been requisite to develop successively the operations, which the human mind is capable of producing.

I must now beg leave to stop one moment to consider the

perplexities attending the origin of languages. I might here barely cite or repeat the researches made, in relation to this question, by the Abbe de Condillac[1] ,which all fully confirm my system, and perhaps even suggested to me the first idea of it. But, as the manner, in which the philosopher resolves the difficulties of his own starting, concerning the origin of arbitrary signs, shows that he supposes, what I doubt, namely a kind of society already established among the inventors of languages; I think it my duty, at the same time that I refer to his reflections, to give my own, in order to expose the same difficulties in a light suitable to my subject. The first that offers is how languages could become necessary; for as there was no correspondence between men, nor the least necessity for any, there is no conceiving the necessity of this invention, nor the possibility of it, if it was not indispensable. I might say, with many others, that languages are the fruit of the domestic intercourse between fathers, mothers, and children: but this, besides its not answering any difficulties, would be committing the same fault with those, who reasoning on the state of nature, transfer to it ideas collected in society, always consider families as living together under one roof, and their members as observing among themselves an union, equally intimate and permanent with that which we see exist in a civil state, where so many common interests conspire to unite them; whereas in this primitive state, as there were neither houses nor cabins, nor any kind of property, every one took up his lodging at random, and seldom continued above one night in the same place; males and females united without any premeditated design, as chance, occasion, or desire brought them together, nor had they any great occasion for language to make known their thoughts to each other. They parted with the same ease. The mother suckled her children, when just born, for her own sake; but afterwards out of love and affection to them, when habit and custom had made them dear to her; but they no sooner gained strength enough to run about in quest of food than they separated even from her of their own accord; and as they scarce had any other method of not losing each other, than that of remaining constantly in each other's sight, they soon came to such a pass of forgetfulness, as not even to know each other, when they happened to meet again. I must further observe that the child having all his wants to explain, and consequently more things to say to his mother, than the mother can have to say to him, it is he that must be at the chief expense of invention, and the language he makes use of must be in a great measure his own work; this makes the number of languages equal to that of the individuals who are to speak them; and this multiplicity of languages is further increased by their roving and vagabond kind of life, which allows no idiom time enough to acquire

any consistency; for to say that the mother would have dictated to the child the words he must employ to ask her this thing and that, may well enough explain in what manner languages, already formed, are taught, but it does not show us in what manner they are first formed.

1 孔狄亚克（Etienne Bonnot de Condillac，1715—1780），法国哲学家、自然神论者，著有《人类知识起源论》和《感觉论》等。

Let us suppose this first difficulty conquered: Let us for a moment consider ourselves at this side of the immense space, which must have separated the pure state of nature from that in which languages became necessary, and let us, after allowing such necessity, examine how languages could begin to be established. A new difficulty this, still more stubborn than the preceding; for if men stood in need of speech to learn to think, they must have stood in still greater need of the art of thinking to invent that of speaking; and though we could conceive how the sounds of the voice came to be taken for the conventional interpreters of our ideas we should not be the nearer knowing who could have been the interpreters of this convention for such ideas, as, in consequence of their not having any sensible objects, could not be made manifest by gesture or voice; so that we can scarce form any tolerable conjectures concerning the birth of this art of communicating our thoughts, and establishing a correspondence between minds: a sublime art which, though so remote from its origin, philosophers still behold at such a prodigious distance from its perfection, that I never met with one of them bold enough to affirm it would ever arrive there, though the revolutions necessarily produced by time were suspended in its favour; though prejudice could be banished from, or would be at least content to sit silent in the presence of our academies, and though these societies should consecrate themselves, entirely and during whole ages, to the study of this intricate object.

The first language of man, the most universal and most energetic of all languages, in short, the only language he had occasion for, before there was a necessity of persuading assembled multitudes, was the cry of nature. As this cry was never extorted but by a kind of instinct in the most urgent cases, to implore assistance in great danger, or relief in great sufferings, it was of little use in the common occurrences of life, where more moderate sentiments generally prevail. When the ideas of men began to extend and multiply, and a closer communication began to take place among them, they laboured to devise more numerous signs, and a more extensive language: they multiplied the inflections of the voice, and added to them gestures, which are, in their own nature, more expressive, and whose meaning

depends less on any prior determination. They therefore expressed visible and movable objects by gestures and those which strike the ear, by imitative sounds: but as gestures scarcely indicate anything except objects that are actually present or can be easily described, and visible actions; as they are not of general use, since darkness or the interposition of an opaque medium renders them useless; and as besides they require attention rather than excite it: men at length bethought themselves of substituting for them the articulations of voice, which, without having the same relation to any determinate object, are, in quality of instituted signs, fitter to represent all our ideas; a substitution, which could only have been made by common consent, and in a manner pretty difficult to practise by men, whose rude organs were unimproved by exercise; a substitution, which is in itself more difficult to be conceived, since the motives to this unanimous agreement must have been somehow or another expressed, and speech therefore appears to have been exceedingly requisite to establish the use of speech.

We must allow that the words, first made use of by men, had in their minds a much more extensive signification, than those employed in languages of some standing, and that, considering how ignorant they were of the division of speech into its constituent parts; they at first gave every word the meaning of an entire proposition. When afterwards they began to perceive the difference between the subject and attribute, and between verb and noun, a distinction which required no mean effort of genius, the substantives for a time were only so many proper names, the infinitive was the only tense, and as to adjectives, great difficulties must have attended the development of the idea that represents them, since every adjective is an abstract word, and abstraction is an unnatural and very painful operation.

At first they gave every object a peculiar name, without any regard to its genus or species, things which these first institutors of language were in no condition to distinguish; and every individual presented itself solitary to their minds, as it stands in the table of nature. If they called one oak A, they called another oak B: so that their dictionary must have been more extensive in proportion as their knowledge of things was more confined. It could not but be a very difficult task to get rid of so diffuse and embarrassing a nomenclature; as in order to marshal the several beings under common and generic denominations, it was necessary to be first acquainted with their properties, and their differences; to be stocked with observations and definitions, that is to say, to understand natural history and metaphysics, advantages which the men of these times could not have enjoyed.

Besides, general ideas cannot be conveyed to the mind without the assistance of words, nor can the understanding seize them without the assistance of propositions. This is one of the reasons, why mere animals cannot form such ideas, nor ever acquire the perfectibility which depends on such an operation. When a monkey leaves without the least hesitation one nut for another, are we to think he has any general idea of that kind of fruit, and that he compares these two individual bodies with his archetype notion of them? No, certainly; but the sight of one of these nuts calls back to his memory the sensations which he has received from the other; and his eyes, modified after some certain manner, give notice to his palate of the modification it is in its turn going to receive. Every general idea is purely intellectual; let the imagination tamper ever so little with it, it immediately becomes a particular idea. Endeavour to represent to yourself the image of a tree in general, you never will be able to do it; in spite of all your efforts it will appear big or little, thin or tufted, of a bright or a deep colour; and were you master to see nothing in it, but what can be seen in every tree, such a picture would no longer resemble any tree. Beings perfectly abstract are perceivable in the same manner, or are only conceivable by the assistance of speech. The definition of a triangle can alone give you a just idea of that figure: the moment you form a triangle in your mind, it is this or that particular triangle and no other, and you cannot avoid giving breadth to its lines and colour to its area. We must therefore make use of propositions; we must therefore speak to have general ideas; for the moment the imagination stops, the mind must stop too, if not assisted by speech. If therefore the first inventors could give no names to any ideas but those they had already, it follows that the first substantives could never have been anything more than proper names.

But when by means, which I cannot conceive, our new grammarians began to extend their ideas, and generalize their words, the ignorance of the inventors must have confined this method to very narrow bounds; and as they had at first too much multiplied the names of individuals for want of being acquainted with the distinctions called genus and species, they afterwards made too few genera and species for want of having considered beings in all their differences; to push the divisions far enough, they must have had more knowledge and experience than we can allow them, and have made more researches and taken more pains, than we can suppose them willing to submit to. Now if, even at this present time, we every day discover new species, which had before escaped all our observations, how many species must have escaped the notice of men, who judged of things merely from their first appearances! As to the

primitive classes and the most general notions, it were superfluous to add that these they must have likewise overlooked: how, for example, could they have thought of or understood the words, matter, spirit, substance, mode, figure, motion, since even our philosophers, who for so long a time have been constantly employing these terms, can themselves scarcely understand them, and since the ideas annexed to these words being purely metaphysical, no models of them could be found in nature?

I stop at these first advances, and beseech my judges to suspend their lecture a little, in order to consider, what a great way language has still to go, in regard to the invention of physical substantives alone, (though the easiest part of language to invent,) to be able to express all the sentiments of man, to assume an invariable form, to bear being spoken in public and to influence society: I earnestly entreat them to consider how much time and knowledge must have been requisite to find out numbers, abstract words, the aorists[1], and all the other tenses of verbs, the particles, and syntax, the method of connecting propositions and arguments, of forming all the logic of discourse. For my own part, I am so scared at the difficulties that multiply at every step, and so convinced of the almost demonstrated impossibility of languages owing their birth and establishment to means that were merely human, that I must leave to whoever may please to take it up, the task of discussing this difficult problem. "Which was the most necessary, society already formed to invent languages, or languages already invented to form society?"

1 不定过去时，某些语言中动词的一种形式，如古希腊语中，其不表明动作是否已完成或正在继续。

But be the case of these origins ever so mysterious, we may at least infer from the little care which nature has taken to bring men together by mutual wants, and make the use of speech easy to them, how little she has done towards making them sociable, and how little she has contributed to anything which they themselves have done to become so. In fact, it is impossible to conceive, why, in this primitive state, one man should have more occasion for the assistance of another, than one monkey, or one wolf for that of another animal of the same species; or supposing that he had, what motive could induce another to assist him; or even, in this last case, how he, who wanted assistance, and he from whom it was wanted, could agree among themselves upon the conditions. Authors, I know, are continually telling us, that in this state man would have been a most miserable creature; and if it is true, as I fancy I have proved it, that he must have continued many ages without either the desire or the opportunity of

emerging from such a state, this their assertion could only serve to justify a charge against nature, and not any against the being which nature had thus constituted; but, if I thoroughly understand this term miserable, it is a word, that either has no meaning, or signifies nothing, but a privation attended with pain, and a suffering state of body or soul; now I would fain know what kind of misery can be that of a free being, whose heart enjoys perfect peace, and body perfect health? And which is aptest to become insupportable to those who enjoy it, a civil or a natural life? In civil life we can scarcely meet a single person who does not complain of his existence; many even throw away as much of it as they can, and the united force of divine and human laws can hardly put bounds to this disorder. Was ever any free savage known to have been so much as tempted to complain of life, and lay violent hands on himself? Let us therefore judge with less pride on which side real misery is to be placed. Nothing, on the contrary, must have been so unhappy as savage man, dazzled by flashes of knowledge, racked by passions, and reasoning on a state different from that in which he saw himself placed. It was in consequence of a very wise Providence, that the faculties, which he potentially enjoyed, were not to develop themselves but in proportion as there offered occasions to exercise them, lest they should be superfluous or troublesome to him when he did not want them, or tardy and useless when he did. He had in his instinct alone everything requisite to live in a state of nature; in his cultivated reason he has barely what is necessary to live in a state of society.

It appears at first sight that, as there was no kind of moral relations between men in this state, nor any known duties, they could not be either good or bad, and had neither vices nor virtues, unless we take these words in a physical sense, and call vices, in the individual, the qualities which may prove detrimental to his own preservation, and virtues those which may contribute to it; in which case we should be obliged to consider him as most virtuous, who made least resistance against the simple impulses of nature. But without deviating from the usual meaning of these terms, it is proper to suspend the judgment we might form of such a situation, and be upon our guard against prejudice, till, the balance in hand, we have examined whether there are more virtues or vices among civilized men; or whether the improvement of their understanding is sufficient to compensate the damage which they mutually do to each other, in proportion as they become better informed of the services which they ought to do; or whether, upon the whole, they would not be much happier in a condition, where they had nothing to fear or to hope from each other, than in that where they had submitted to an

universal subserviency, and have obliged themselves to depend for everything upon the good will of those, who do not think themselves obliged to give anything in return.

But above all things let us beware concluding with Hobbes, that man, as having no idea of goodness, must be naturally bad; that he is vicious because he does not know what virtue is; that he always refuses to do any service to those of his own species, because he believes that none is due to them; that, in virtue of that right which he justly claims to everything he wants, he foolishly looks upon himself as proprietor of the whole universe. Hobbes very plainly saw the flaws in all the modern definitions of natural right: but the consequences, which he draws from his own definition, show that it is, in the sense he understands it, equally exceptionable. This author, to argue from his own principles, should say that the state of nature, being that where the care of our own preservation interferes least with the preservation of others, was of course the most favourable to peace, and most suitable to mankind; whereas he advances the very reverse in consequence of his having injudiciously admitted, as objects of that care which savage man should take of his preservation, the satisfaction of numberless passions which are the work of society, and have rendered laws necessary. A bad man, says he, is a robust child. But this is not proving that savage man is a robust child; and though we were to grant that he was, what could this philosopher infer from such a concession? That if this man, when robust, depended on others as much as when feeble, there is no excess that he would not be guilty of. He would make nothing of striking his mother when she delayed ever so little to give him the breast; he would claw, and bite, and strangle without remorse the first of his younger brothers, that ever so accidentally jostled or otherwise disturbed him. But these are two contradictory suppositions in the state of nature, to be robust and dependent. Man is weak when dependent, and his own master before he grows robust. Hobbes did not consider that the same cause, which hinders savages from making use of their reason, as our jurisconsults pretend, hinders them at the same time from making an ill use of their faculties, as he himself pretends; so that we may say that savages are not bad, precisely because they don't know what it is to be good; for it is neither the development of the understanding, nor the curb of the law, but the calmness of their passions and their ignorance of vice that hinders them from doing ill: tantus plus in illis proficit vitiorum ignorantia, quam in his cognito virtutis[1]. There is besides another principle that has escaped Hobbes, and which, having been given to man to moderate, on certain occasions, the blind and impetuous sallies of self-love, or the desire of self-preservation previous to the

appearance of that passion, allays the ardour, with which he naturally pursues his private welfare, by an innate abhorrence to see beings suffer that resemble him. I shall not surely be contradicted, in granting to man the only natural virtue, which the most passionate detractor[2] of human virtues could not deny him, I mean that of pity, a disposition suitable to creatures weak as we are, and liable to so many evils; a virtue so much the more universal, and withal useful to man, as it takes place in him of all manner of reflection; and so natural, that the beasts themselves sometimes give evident signs of it. Not to speak of the tenderness of mothers for their young; and of the dangers they face to screen them from danger; with what reluctance are horses known to trample upon living bodies; one animal never passes unmoved by the dead carcass ofanother animal of the same species: there are even some who bestow a kind of sepulture upon their dead fellows; and the mournful lowings of cattle, on their entering the slaughter-house, publish the impression made upon them by the horrible spectacle they are there struck with. It is with pleasure we see the author of the fable of the bees[3], forced to acknowledge man a compassionate and sensible being; and lay aside, in the example he offers to confirm it, his cold and subtle style, to place before us the pathetic picture of a man, who, with his hands tied up, is obliged to behold a beast of prey tear a child from the arms of his mother, and then with his teeth grind the tender limbs, and with his claws rend the throbbing entrails of the innocent victim. What horrible emotions must not such a spectator experience at the sight of an event which does not personally concern him? What anguish must he not suffer at his not being able to assist the fainting mother or the expiring infant?

1 原文为拉丁文。见胡果·格劳秀斯的《战争与和平法》。

2 此处卢梭指的是后文中《蜜蜂的寓言》（The Fable of The Bees）的作者曼德维尔。曼德维尔（Bernard Mandeville，1670—1733），荷兰哲学家、政治经济学家。

3 《蜜蜂的寓言》，作者用蜜蜂与蜂巢作喻，说明是个人的邪恶造就了社会的繁荣，而美德却带来毁灭，将人性自私论推向极致。

Such is the pure motion of nature, anterior to all manner of reflection; such is the force of natural pity, which the most dissolute manners have as yet found it so difficult to extinguish, since we every day see, in our theatrical representation, those men sympathize with the unfortunate and weep at their sufferings, who, if in the tyrant's place, would aggravate the torments of their enemies. Mandeville was very sensible that men, in spite of all their morality, would never have been better than monsters, if nature had not given them pity to assist reason: but he did not perceive that from this quality alone flow all the social virtues, which he would dispute mankind the possession of.

In fact, what is generosity, what clemency, what humanity, but pity applied to the weak, to the guilty, or to the human species in general? Even benevolence and friendship, if we judge right, will appear the effects of a constant pity, fixed upon a particular object: for to wish that a person may not suffer, what is it but to wish that he may be happy? Though it were true that commiseration is no more than a sentiment, which puts us in the place of him who suffers, a sentiment obscure but active in the savage, developed but dormant in civilized man, how could this notion affect the truth of what I advance, but to make it more evident. In fact, commiseration must be so much the more energetic, the more intimately the animal, that beholds any kind of distress, identifies himself with the animal that labours under it. Now it is evident that this identification must have been infinitely more perfect in the state of nature than in the state of reason. It is reason that engenders self-love[1] , and reflection that strengthens it; it is reason that makes man shrink into himself; it is reason that makes him keep aloof from everything that can trouble or afflict him: it is philosophy that destroys his connections with other men; it is in consequence of her dictates that he mutters to himself at the sight of another in distress, You may perish for aught I care, nothing can hurt me. Nothing less than those evils, which threaten the whole species, can disturb the calm sleep of the philosopher, and force him from his bed. One man may with impunity murder another under his windows; he has nothing to do but clap his hands to his ears, argue a little with himself to hinder nature, that startles within him, from identifying him with the unhappy sufferer. Savage man wants this admirable talent; and for want of wisdom and reason, is always ready foolishly to obey the first whispers of humanity. In riots and street-brawls the populace flock together, the prudent man sneaks off. They are the dregs of the people, the poor basket and barrow-women, that part the combatants, and hinder gentle folks from cutting one another's throats.

1 自爱心是自然情感，而自尊心是在社会中培养起来的，卢梭把两者区分开。

It is therefore certain that pity is a natural sentiment, which, by moderating in every individual the activity of self-love, contributes to the mutual preservation of the whole species. It is this pity which hurries us without reflection to the assistance of those we see in distress; it is this pity which, in a state of nature, stands for laws, for manners, for virtue, with this advantage, that no one is tempted to disobey her sweet and gentle voice: it is this pity which will always hinder a robust savage from plundering a feeble child, or infirm old man, of the subsistence they have acquired with pain and difficulty, if

he has but the least prospect of providing for himself by any other means: it is this pity which, instead of that sublime maxim of argumentative justice, Do to others as you would have others do to you, inspires all men with that other maxim of natural goodness a great deal less perfect, but perhaps more useful, consult your own happiness with as little prejudice as you can to that of others. It is in a word, in this natural sentiment, rather than in fine-spun arguments, that we must look for the cause of that reluctance which every man would experience to do evil, even independently of the maxims of education. Though it may be the peculiar happiness of Socrates and other geniuses of his stamp, to reason themselves into virtue, the human species would long ago have ceased to exist, had it depended entirely for its preservation on the reasonings of the individuals that compose it.

With passions so tame, and so salutary a curb, men, rather wild than wicked, and more attentive to guard against mischief than to do any to other animals, were not exposed to any dangerous dissensions: As they kept up no manner of correspondence with each other, and were of course strangers to vanity, to respect, to esteem, to contempt; as they had no notion of what we call Meum and Tuum, nor any true idea of justice; as they considered any violence they were liable to, as an evil that could be easily repaired, and not as an injury that deserved punishment; and as they never so much as dreamed of revenge, unless perhaps mechanically and unpremeditatedly, as a dog who bites the stone that has been thrown at him; their disputes could seldom be attended with bloodshed, were they never occasioned by a more considerable stake than that of subsistence: but there is a more dangerous subject of contention, which I must not leave unnoticed.

Among the passions which ruffle the heart of man, there is one of a hot and impetuous nature, which renders the sexes necessary to each other; a terrible passion which despises all dangers, bears down all obstacles, and to which in its transports it seems proper to destroy the human species which it is destined to preserve. What must become of men abandoned to this lawless and brutal rage, without modesty, without shame, and every day disputing the objects of their passion at the expense of their blood?

We must in the first place allow that the more violent the passions, the more necessary are laws to restrain them: but besides that the disorders and the crimes, to which these passions daily give rise among us, sufficiently prove the insufficiency of laws for that purpose, we would do well to look back a little further and examine, if these evils did not spring up with the laws themselves; for at this rate,

though the laws were capable of repressing these evils, it is the least that might be expected from them, seeing it is no more than stopping the progress of a mischief which they themselves have produced.

Let us begin by distinguishing between what is moral and what is physical in the passion called love. The physical part of it is that general desire which prompts the sexes to unite with each other; the moral part is that which determines that desire, and fixes it upon a particular object to the exclusion of all others, or at least gives it a greater degree of energy for this preferred object. Now it is easy to perceive that the moral part of love is a factitious sentiment, engendered by society, and cried up by the women with great care and address in order to establish their empire, and secure command to that sex which ought to obey. This sentiment, being founded on certain notions of beauty and merit which a savage is not capable of having, and upon comparisons which he is not capable of making, can scarcely exist in him: for as his mind was never in a condition to form abstract ideas of regularity and proportion, neither is his heart susceptible of sentiments of admiration and love, which, even without our perceiving it, are produced by our application of these ideas; he listens solely to the dispositions implanted in him by nature, and not to taste which he never was in a way of acquiring; and every woman answers his purpose.

Confined entirely to what is physical in love, and happy enough not to know these preferences which sharpen the appetite for it, at the same time that they increase the difficulty of satisfying such appetite, men, in a state of nature, must be subject to fewer and less violent fits of that passion, and of course there must be fewer and less violent disputes among them in consequence of it. The imagination which causes so many ravages among us, never speaks to the heart of savages, who peaceably wait for the impulses of nature, yield to these impulses without choice and with more pleasure than fury; and whose desires never outlive their necessity for the thing desired.

Nothing therefore can be more evident, than that it is society alone, which has added even to love itself as well as to all the other passions, that impetuous ardour, which so often renders it fatal to mankind; and it is so much the more ridiculous to represent savages constantly murdering each other to glut their brutality, as this opinion is diametrically opposite to experience, and the Caribbeans, the people in the world who have as yet deviated least from the state of nature, are to all intents and purposes the most peaceable in their amours, and the least subject to jealousy, though they live in a burning climate which seems always to add considerably to the activity of these

passions.

As to the inductions which may be drawn, in respect to several species of animals, from the battles of the males, who in all seasons cover our poultry yards with blood, and in spring particularly cause our forests to ring again with the noise they make in disputing their females, we must begin by excluding all those species, where nature has evidently established, in the relative power of the sexes, relations different from those which exist among us: thus from the battle of cocks we can form no induction that will affect the human species. In the species, where the proportion is better observed, these battles must be owing entirely to the fewness of the females compared with the males, or, which is all one, to the exclusive intervals, during which the females constantly refuse the addresses of the males; for if the female admits the male but two months in the year, it is all the same as if the number of females were five-sixths less than what it is: now neither of these cases is applicable to the human species, where the number of females generally surpasses that of males, and where it has never been observed that, even among savages, the females had, like those of other animals, stated times of passion and indifference. Besides, among several of these animals the whole species takes fire all at once, and for some days nothing is, to be seen among them but confusion, tumult, disorder and bloodshed; a state unknown to the human species where love is never periodical. We can not therefore conclude from the battles of certain animals for the possession of their females, that the same would be the case of man in a state of nature; and though we might, as these contests do not destroy the other species, there is at least equal room to think they would not be fatal to ours; nay it is very probable that they would cause fewer ravages than they do in society, especially in those countries where, morality being as yet held in some esteem, the jealousy of lovers, and the vengeance of husbands every day produce duels, murders and even worse crimes; where the duty of an eternal fidelity serves only to propagate adultery; and the very laws of continence and honour necessarily contribute to increase dissoluteness, and multiply abortions.

Let us conclude that savage man, wandering about in the forests, without industry, without speech, without any fixed residence, an equal stranger to war and every social connection, without standing in any shape in need of his fellows, as well as without any desire of hurting them, and perhaps even without ever distinguishing them individually one from the other, subject to few passions, and finding in himself all he wants, let us, I say, conclude that savage man thus circumstanced had no knowledge or sentiment but such as are proper to that condition, that he was alone sensible of his real necessities,

took notice of nothing but what it was his interest to see, and that his understanding made as little progress as his vanity. If he happened to make any discovery, he could the less communicate it as he did not even know his children. The art perished with the inventor; there was neither education nor improvement; generations succeeded generations to no purpose; and as all constantly set out from the same point, whole centuries rolled on in the rudeness and barbarity of the first age; the species was grown old, while the individual still remained in a state of childhood.

If I have enlarged so much upon the supposition of this primitive condition, it is because I thought it my duty, considering what ancient errors and inveterate prejudices I have to extirpate, to dig to the very roots, and show in a true picture of the state of nature, how much even natural inequality falls short in this state of that reality and influence which our writers ascribe to it.

In fact, we may easily perceive that among the differences, which distinguish men, several pass for natural, which are merely the work of habit and the different kinds of life adopted by men living in a social way. Thus a robust or delicate constitution, and the strength and weakness which depend on it, are oftener produced by the hardy or effeminate manner in which a man has been brought up, than by the primitive constitution of his body. It is the same thus in regard to the forces of the mind; and education not only produces a difference between those minds which are cultivated and those which are not, but even increases that which is found among the first in proportion to their culture; for let a giant and a dwarf set out in the same path,the giant at every step will acquire a new advantage over the dwarf. Now, if we compare the prodigious variety in the education and manner of living of the different orders of men in a civil state, with the simplicity and uniformity that prevails in the animal and savage life, where all the individuals make use of the same aliments, live in the same manner, and do exactly the same things, we shall easily conceive how much the difference between man and man in the state of nature must be less than in the state of society, and how much every inequality of institution must increase the natural inequalities of the human species.

But though nature in the distribution of her gifts should really affect all the preferences that are ascribed to her, what advantage could the most favoured derive from her partiality, to the prejudice of others, in a state of things, which scarce admitted any kind of relation between her pupils? Of what service can beauty be, where there is no love? What will wit avail people who don't speak, or craft those who

have no affairs to transact? Authors are constantly crying out, that the strongest would oppress the weakest; but let them explain what they mean by the word oppression. One man will rule with violence, another will groan under a constant subjection to all his caprices: this is indeed precisely what I observe among us, but I don't see how it can be said of savage men, into whose heads it would be a harder matter to drive even the meaning of the words domination and servitude. One man might, indeed, seize on the fruits which another had gathered, on the game which another had killed, on the cavern which another had occupied for shelter; but how is it possible he should ever exact obedience from him, and what chains of dependence can there be among men who possess nothing? If I am driven from one tree, I have nothing to do but look out for another; if one place is made uneasy to me, what can hinder me from taking up my quarters elsewhere? But suppose I should meet a man so much superior to me in strength, and withal so wicked, so lazy and so barbarous as to oblige me to provide for his subsistence while he remains idle; he must resolve not to take his eyes from me a single moment, to bind me fast before he can take the least nap, lest I should kill him or give him the slip during his sleep: that is to say, he must expose himself voluntarily to much greater troubles than what he seeks to avoid, than any he gives me. And after all, let him abate ever so little of his vigilance; let him at some sudden noise but turn his head another way; I am already buried in the forest, my fetters are broke, and he never sees me again.

But without insisting any longer upon these details, every one must see that, as the bonds of servitude are formed merely by the mutual dependence of men one upon another and the reciprocal necessities which unite them, it is impossible for one man to enslave another, without having first reduced him to a condition in which he can not live without the enslaver's assistance; a condition which, as it does not exist in a state of nature, must leave every man his own master, and render the law of the strongest altogether vain and useless.

Having proved that the inequality, which may subsist between man and man in a state of nature, is almost imperceivable, and that it has very little influence, I must now proceed to show its origin, and trace its progress, in the successive developments of the human mind. After having showed, that perfectibility, the social virtues, and the other faculties, which natural man had received in potentia, could never be developed of themselves, that for that purpose there was a necessity for the fortuitous concurrence of several foreign causes, which might never happen, and without which he must have eternally

remained in his primitive condition; I must proceed to consider and bring together the different accidents which may have perfected the human understanding by debasing the species, render a being wicked by rendering him sociable, and from so remote a term bring man at last and the world to the point in which we now see them.

I must own that, as the events I am about to describe might have happened many different ways, my choice of these I shall assign can be grounded on nothing but mere conjecture; but besides these conjectures becoming reasons, when they are not only the most probable that can be drawn from the nature of things, but the only means we can have of discovering truth, the consequences I mean to deduce from mine will not be merely conjectural, since, on the principles I have just established, it is impossible to form any other system, that would not supply me with the same results, and from which I might not draw the same conclusions.

This will authorize me to be the more concise in my reflections on the manner, in which the lapse of time makes amends for the little verisimilitude of events; on the surprising power of very trivial causes, when they act without intermission; on the impossibility there is on the one hand of destroying certain Hypotheses, if on the other we can not give them the degree of certainty which facts must be allowed to possess; on its being the business of history, when two facts are proposed, as real, to be connected by a chain of intermediate facts which are either unknown or considered as such, to furnish such facts as may actually connect them; and the business of philosophy, when history is silent, to point out similar facts which may answer the same purpose; in fine on the privilege of similitude, in regard to events, to reduce facts to a much smaller number of different classes than is generally imagined. It suffices me to offer these objects to the consideration of my judges; it suffices me to have conducted my inquiry in such a manner as to save common readers the trouble of considering them.

SECOND PART

The first man, who, after enclosing a piece of ground, took it into his head to say, "This is mine," and found people simple enough to believe him, was the true founder of civil society. How many crimes, how many wars, how many murders, how many misfortunes and horrors, would that man have saved the human species, who pulling up the stakes or filling up the ditches should have cried to his fellows: Be sure not to listen to this imposter; you are lost, if you forget that the fruits of the earth belong equally to us all, and the earth itself to nobody! But it is highly probable that things were now come to such a pass, that they could not continue much longer in the same way; for as this idea of property depends on several prior ideas which could only spring up gradually one after another, it was not formed all at once in the human mind: men must have made great progress; they must have acquired a great stock of industry and knowledge, and transmitted and increased it from age to age before they could arrive at this last term of the state of nature. Let us therefore take up things a little higher, and collect into one point of view, and in their most natural order, this slow succession of events and mental improvements.

The first sentiment of man was that of his existence, his first care that of preserving it. The productions of the earth yielded him all the assistance he required; instinct prompted him to make use of them. Among the various appetites, which made him at different times experience different modes of existence, there was one that excited him to perpetuate his species; and this blind propensity, quite void of anything like pure love or affection, produced nothing but an act that was merely animal. The present heat once allayed, the sexes took no further notice of each other, and even the child ceased to have any tie in his mother, the moment he ceased to want her assistance.

Such was the condition of infant man; such was the life of an animal confined at first to pure sensations, and so far from harbouring any thought of forcing her gifts from nature, that he scarcely availed himself of those which she offered to him of her own accord. But difficulties soon arose, and there was a necessity for learning how to surmount them: the height of some trees, which prevented his reaching their fruits; the competition of other animals equally fond of the same fruits; the fierceness of many that even aimed at his life; these were so many circumstances, which obliged him to apply to bodily exercise. There was a necessity for becoming active, swift-footed, and sturdy in battle. The natural arms, which are stones and the branches of trees, soon offered themselves to his assistance. He

learned to surmount the obstacles of nature, to contend in case of necessity with other animals, to dispute his subsistence even with other men, or indemnify himself for the loss of whatever he found himself obliged to part with to the strongest.

In proportion as the human species grew more numerous, and extended itself, its pains likewise multiplied and increased. The difference of soils, climates and seasons, might have forced men to observe some difference in their way of living. Bad harvests, long and severe winters, and scorching summers which parched up all the fruits of the earth, required extraordinary exertions of industry. On the sea shore, and the banks of rivers, they invented the line and the hook, and became fishermen and ichthyophagous. In the forests they made themselves bows and arrows, and became huntsmen and warriors. In the cold countries they covered themselves with the skins of the beasts they had killed; thunder, a volcano, or some happy accident made them acquainted with fire, a new resource against the rigours of winter: they discovered the method of preserving this element, then that of reproducing it, and lastly the way of preparing with it the flesh of animals, which heretofore they devoured raw from the carcass.

This reiterated application of various beings to himself, and to one another, must have naturally engendered in the mind of man the idea of certain relations. These relations, which we express by the words, great, little, strong, weak, swift, slow, fearful, bold, and the like, compared occasionally, and almost without thinking of it, produced in him some kind of reflection, or rather a mechanical prudence, which pointed out to him the precautions most essential to his preservation and safety.

The new lights resulting from this development increased his superiority over other animals, by making him sensible of it. He laid himself out to ensnare them; he played them a thousand tricks; and though several surpassed him in strength or in swiftness, he in time became the master of those that could be of any service to him, and a sore enemy to those that could do him any mischief. 'Tis thus, that the first look he gave into himself produced the first emotion of pride in him; 'Tis thus that, at a time he scarce knew how to distinguish between the different ranks of existence, by attributing to his species the first rank among animals in general, he prepared himself at a distance to pretend to it as an individual among those of his own species in particular.

Though other men were not to him what they are to us, and he had scarce more intercourse with them than with other animals, they

were not overlooked in his observations. The conformities, which in time he might discover between them, and between himself and his female, made him judge of those he did not perceive; and seeing that they all behaved as himself would have done in similar circumstances, he concluded that their manner of thinking and willing was quite conformable to his own; and this important truth, when once engraved deeply on his mind, made him follow, by a presentiment as sure as any logic, and withal much quicker, the best rules of conduct, which for the sake of his own safety and advantage it was proper he should observe towards them.

Instructed by experience that the love of happiness is the sole principle of all human actions, he found himself in a condition to distinguish the few cases, in which common interest might authorize him to build upon the assistance of his fellows, and those still fewer, in which a competition of interests might justly render it suspected. In the first case he united with them in the same flock, or at most by some kind of free association which obliged none of its members, and lasted no longer than the transitory necessity that had given birth to it. In the second case every one aimed at his own private advantage, either by open force if he found himself strong enough, or by cunning and address if he thought himself too weak to use violence.

Such was the manner in which men might have insensibly acquired some gross idea of their mutual engagements and the advantage of fulfilling them, but this only as far as their present and sensible interest required; for as to foresight they were utter strangers to it, and far from troubling their heads about a distant futurity, they scarce thought of the day following. Was a deer to be taken? Every one saw that to succeed he must faithfully stand to his post; but suppose a hare to have slipped by within reach of any one of them, it is not to be doubted but he pursued it without scruple, and when he had seized his prey never reproached himself with having made his companions miss theirs.

We may easily conceive that such an intercourse scarce required a more refined language than that of crows and monkeys, which flock together almost in the same manner. Inarticulate exclamations, a great many gestures, and some imitative sounds, must have been for a long time the universal language of mankind, and by joining to these in every country some articulate and conventional sounds, of which, as I have already hinted, it is not very easy to explain the institution, there arose particular languages, but rude, imperfect, and such nearly as are to be found at this day among several savage nations. My pen straightened by the rapidity of time, the abundance of things I have to

say, and the almost insensible progress of the first improvements, flies like an arrow over numberless ages, for the slower the succession of events, the quicker I may allow myself to be in relating them.

At length, these first improvements enabled man to improve at a greater rate. Industry grew perfect in proportion as the mind became more enlightened. Men soon ceasing to fall asleep under the first tree, or take shelter in the first cavern, lit upon some hard and sharp kinds of stone resembling spades or hatchets, and employed them to dig the ground, cut down trees, and with the branches build huts, which they afterwards bethought themselves of plastering over with clay or dirt. This was the epoch of a first revolution, which produced the establishment and distinction of families, and which introduced a species of property, and along with it perhaps a thousand quarrels and battles. As the strongest however were probably the first to make themselves cabins, which they knew they were able to defend, we may conclude that the weak found it much shorter and safer to imitate than to attempt to dislodge them: and as to those, who were already provided with cabins, no one could have any great temptation to seize upon that of his neighbour, not so much because it did not belong to him, as because it could be of no service to him; and as besides to make himself master of it, he must expose himself to a very sharp conflict with the present occupiers.

The first developments of the heart were the effects of a new situation, which united husbands and wives, parents and children, under one roof; the habit of living together gave birth to the sweetest sentiments the human species is acquainted with, conjugal and paternal love. Every family became a little society, so much the more firmly united, as a mutual attachment and liberty were the only bonds of it; and it was now that the sexes, whose way of life had been hitherto the same, began to adopt different manners and customs. The women became more sedentary, and accustomed themselves to stay at home and look after the children, while the men rambled abroad in quest of subsistence for the whole family. The two sexes likewise by living a little more at their ease began to lose somewhat of their usual ferocity and sturdiness; but if on the one hand individuals became less able to engage separately with wild beasts, they on the other were more easily got together to make a common resistance against them.

In this new state of things, the simplicity and solitariness of man's life, the limitedness of his wants, and the instruments which he had invented to satisfy them, leaving him a great deal of leisure, he employed it to supply himself with several conveniences unknown to his ancestors; and this was the first yoke he inadvertently imposed

upon himself, and the first source of mischief which he prepared for his children; for besides continuing in this manner to soften both body and mind, these conveniences having through use lost almost all their aptness to please, and even degenerated into real wants, the privation of them became far more intolerable than the possession of them had been agreeable; to lose them was a misfortune, to possess them no happiness.

Here we may a little better discover how the use of speech insensibly commences or improves in the bosom of every family, and may likewise from conjectures concerning the manner in which divers particular causes might have propagated language, and accelerated its progress by rendering it every day more and more necessary. Great inundations or earthquakes surrounded inhabited districts with water or precipices, portions of the continent were by revolutions of the globe torn off and split into islands. It is obvious that among men thus collected, and forced to live together, a common idiom must have started up much sooner, than among those who freely wandered through the forests of the main land. Thus it is very possible that the inhabitants of the islands formed in this manner, after their first essays in navigation, brought among us the use of speech; and it is very probable at least that society and languages commenced in islands and even acquired perfection there, before the inhabitants of the continent knew anything of either.

Everything now begins to wear a new aspect. Those who heretofore wandered through the woods, by taking to a more settled way of life, gradually flock together, coalesce into several separate bodies, and at length form in every country distinct nations, united in character and manners, not by any laws or regulations, but by an uniform manner of life, a sameness of provisions, and the common influence of the climate. A permanent neighborhood must at last infallibly create some connection between different families. The transitory commerce required by nature soon produced, among the youth of both sexes living in contiguous cabins, another kind of commerce, which besides being equally agreeable is rendered more durable by mutual intercourse. Men begin to consider different objects, and to make comparisons; they insensibly acquire ideas of merit and beauty, and these soon produce sentiments of preference. By seeing each other often they contract a habit, which makes it painful not to see each other always. Tender and agreeable sentiments steal into the soul, and are by the smallest opposition wound up into the most impetuous fury: Jealousy kindles with love; discord triumphs; and the gentlest of passions requires sacrifices of human blood to appease it.

In proportion as ideas and sentiments succeed each other, and the head and the heart exercise themselves, men continue to shake off their original wildness, and their connections become more intimate and extensive. They now begin to assemble round a great tree: singing and dancing, the genuine offspring of love and leisure, become the amusement or rather the occupation of the men and women, free from care, thus gathered together. Every one begins to survey the rest, and wishes to be surveyed himself; and public esteem acquires a value. He who sings or dances best; the handsomest, the strongest, the most dexterous, the most eloquent, comes to be the most respected: this was the first step towards inequality, and at the same time towards vice. From these first preferences there proceeded on one side vanity and contempt, on the other envy and shame; and the fermentation raised by these new leavens at length produced combinations fatal to happiness and innocence.

Men no sooner began to set a value upon each other, and know what esteem was, than each laid claim to it, and it was no longer safe for any man to refuse it to another. Hence the first duties of civility and politeness, even among savages; and hence every voluntary injury became an affront, as besides the mischief, which resulted from it as an injury, the party offended was sure to find in it a contempt for his person more intolerable than the mischief itself. It was thus that every man, punishing the contempt expressed for him by others in proportion to the value he set upon himself, the effects of revenge became terrible, and men learned to be sanguinary and cruel. Such precisely was the degree attained by most of the savage nations with whom we are acquainted. And it is for want of sufficiently distinguishing ideas, and observing at how great a distance these people were from the first state of nature, that so many authors have hastily concluded that man is naturally cruel, and requires a regular system of police to be reclaimed[1]; whereas nothing can be more gentle than he in his primitive state, when placed by nature at an equal distance from the stupidity of brutes, and the pernicious good sense of civilized man; and equally confined by instinct and reason to the care of providing against the mischief which threatens him, he is withheld by natural compassion from doing any injury to others, so far from being ever so little prone even to return that which he has received. For according to the axiom of the wise Locke, Where there is no property, there can be no injury.

1 这里卢梭是针对着霍布斯而言的。

But we must take notice, that the society now formed and the

relations now established among men required in them qualities different from those, which they derived from their primitive constitution; that as a sense of morality began to insinuate itself into human actions, and every man, before the enacting of laws, was the only judge and avenger of the injuries he had received, that goodness of heart suitable to the pure state of nature by no means suited infant society; that it was necessary punishments should become severer in the same proportion that the opportunities of offending became more frequent, and the dread of vengeance add strength to the too weak curb of the law. Thus, though men were become less patient, and natural compassion had already suffered some alteration, this period of the development of the human faculties, holding a just mean between the indolence of the primitive state, and the petulant activity of self-love, must have been the happiest and most durable epoch. The more we reflect on this state, the more convinced we shall be, that it was the least subject of any to revolutions, the best for man, and that nothing could have drawn him out of it but some fatal accident, which, for the public good, should never have happened. The example of the savages, most of whom have been found in this condition, seems to confirm that mankind was formed ever to remain in it, that this condition is the real youth of the world, and that all ulterior improvements have been so many steps, in appearance towards the perfection of individuals, but in fact towards the decrepitness of the species.

As long as men remained satisfied with their rustic cabins; as long as they confined themselves to the use of clothes made of the skins of other animals, and the use of thorns and fish-bones, in putting these skins together; as long as they continued to consider feathers and shells as sufficient ornaments, and to paint their bodies of different colours, to improve or ornament their bows and arrows, to form and scoop out with sharp-edged stones some little fishing boats, or clumsy instruments of music; in a word, as long as they undertook such works only as a single person could finish, and stuck to such arts as did not require the joint endeavours of several hands, they lived free, healthy, honest and happy, as much as their nature would admit, and continued to enjoy with each other all the pleasures of an independent intercourse; but from the moment one man began to stand in need of another's assistance; from the moment it appeared an advantage for one man to possess the quantity of provisions requisite for two, all equality vanished; property started up; labour became necessary; and boundless forests became smiling fields, which it was found necessary to water with human sweat, and in which slavery and misery were soon seen to sprout out and grow with the fruits of the earth.

Metallurgy and agriculture were the two arts whose invention produced this great revolution. With the poet, it is gold and silver, but with the philosopher it is iron and corn, which have civilized men, and ruined mankind. Accordingly both one and the other were unknown to the savages of America, who for that very reason have always continued savages; nay other nations seem to have continued in a state of barbarism, as long as they continued to exercise one only of these arts without the other; and perhaps one of the best reasons that can be assigned, why Europe has been, if not earlier, at least more constantly and better civilized than the other quarters of the world, is that she both abounds most in iron and is best qualified to produce corn.

It is a very difficult matter to tell how men came to know anything of iron, and the art of employing it: for we are not to suppose that they should of themselves think of digging it out of the mines, and preparing it for fusion, before they knew what could be the result of such a process. On the other hand, there is the less reason to attribute this discovery to any accidental fire, as mines are formed nowhere but in dry and barren places, and such as are bare of trees and plants, so that it looks as if nature had taken pains to keep from us so mischievous a secret. Nothing therefore remains but the extraordinary circumstance of some volcano, which, belching forth metallic substances ready fused, might have given the spectators a notion of imitating that operation of nature; and after all we must suppose them endued with an extraordinary stock of courage and foresight to undertake so painful a work, and have, at so great a distance, an eye to the advantages they might derive from it; qualities scarcely suitable but to heads more exercised, than those of such discoverers can be supposed to have been.

As to agriculture, the principles of it were known a long time before the practice of it took place, and it is hardly possible that men, constantly employed in drawing their subsistence from trees and plants, should not have early hit on the means employed by nature for the generation of vegetables; but in all probability it was very late before their industry took a turn that way, either because trees, which with their land and water game supplied them with sufficient food, did not require their attention; or because they did not know the use of corn; or because they had no instruments to cultivate it; or because they were destitute of foresight in regard to future necessities; or in fine, because they wanted means to hinder others from running away with the fruit of their labours. We may believe that on their becoming more industrious they began their agriculture by cultivating with sharp stones and pointed sticks a few pulse or roots about their cabins;

and that it was a long time before they knew the method of preparing corn, and were provided with instruments necessary to raise it in large quantities; not to mention the necessity there is, in order to follow this occupation and sow lands, to consent to lose something at present to gain a great deal hereafter; a precaution very foreign to the turn of man's mind in a savage state, in which, as I have already taken notice, he can hardly foresee his wants from morning to night.

For this reason the invention of other arts must have been necessary to oblige mankind to apply to that of agriculture. As soon as men were wanted to fuse and forge iron, others were wanted to maintain them. The more hands were employed in manufactures, the fewer hands were left to provide subsistence for all, though the number of mouths to be supplied with food continued the same; and as some required commodities in exchange for their iron, the rest at last found out the method of making iron subservient to the multiplication of commodities. Hence on the one hand husbandry and agriculture, and on the other the art of working metals and of multiplying the uses of them.

To the tilling of the earth the distribution of it necessarily succeeded, and to property once acknowledged, the first rules of justice: for to secure every man his own, every man must have something. Moreover, as men began to extend their views to futurity, and all found themselves in possession of more or less goods capable of being lost, every one in particular had reason to fear, lest reprisals should be made on him for any injury he might do to others. This origin is so much the more natural, as it is impossible to conceive how property can flow from any other source but industry; for what can a man add but his labour to things which he has not made, in order to acquire a property in them? 'Tis the labour of the hands alone, which giving the husbandman a title to the produce of the land he has tilled gives him a title to the land itself, at least till he has gathered in the fruits of it, and so on from year to year; and this enjoyment forming a continued possession is easily transformed into a property. The ancients, says Grotius, by giving to Ceres[1] the epithet of Legislatrix, and to a festival celebrated in her honour the name of Thesmorphoria[2], insinuated that the distribution of lands produced a new kind of right; that is, the right of property different from that which results from the law of nature.

1 刻瑞斯女神（Ceres），谷物和耕作女神。

2 黛丝摩芙里（Thesmorphoria）节，是为了纪念女神得墨忒耳和她的女儿珀尔塞福涅。

Things thus circumstanced might have remained equal, if men's talents had been equal, and if, for instance, the use of iron, and the consumption of commodities had always held an exact proportion to each other; but as this proportion had no support, it was soon broken. The man that had most strength performed most labour; the most dexterous turned his labour to best account; the most ingenious found out methods of lessening his labour; the husbandman required more iron, or the smith more corn, and while both worked equally, one earned a great deal by his labour, while the other could scarce live by his. It is thus that natural inequality insensibly unfolds itself with that arising from a variety of combinations, and that the difference among men, developed by the difference of their circumstances, becomes more sensible, more permanent in its effects, and begins to influence in the same proportion the condition of private persons.

Things once arrived at this period, it is an easy matter to imagine the rest. I shall not stop to describe the successive inventions of other arts, the progress of language, the trial and employments of talents, the inequality of fortunes, the use or abuse of riches, nor all the details which follow these, and which every one may easily supply. I shall just give a glance at mankind placed in this new order of things.

Behold then all our faculties developed; our memory and imagination at work, self-love interested; reason rendered active; and the mind almost arrived at the utmost bounds of that perfection it is capable of. Behold all our natural qualities put in motion; the rank and condition of every man established, not only as to the quantum of property and the power of serving or hurting others, but likewise as to genius, beauty, strength or address, merit or talents; and as these were the only qualities which could command respect, it was found necessary to have or at least to affect them. It was requisite for men to be thought what they really were not. To be and to appear became two very different things, and from this distinction sprang pomp and knavery, and all the vices which form their train. On the other hand, man, heretofore free and independent, was now in consequence of a multitude of new wants brought under subjection, as it were, to all nature, and especially to his fellows, whose slave in some sense he became even by becoming their master; if rich, he stood in need of their services, if poor, of their assistance; even mediocrity itself could not enable him to do without them. He must therefore have been continually at work to interest them in his happiness, and make them, if not really, at least apparently find their advantage in labouring for his: this rendered him sly and artful in his dealings with some, imperious and cruel in his dealings with others, and laid him under the necessity of using ill all those whom he stood in need of, as often

as he could not awe them into a compliance with his will, and did not find it his interest to purchase it at the expense of real services. In fine, an insatiable ambition, the rage of raising their relative fortunes, not so much through real necessity, as to over-top others, inspire all men with a wicked inclination to injure each other, and with a secret jealousy so much the more dangerous, as to carry its point with the greater security, it often puts on the face of benevolence. In a word, sometimes nothing was to be seen but a contention of endeavours on the one hand, and an opposition of interests on the other, while a secret desire of thriving at the expense of others constantly prevailed. Such were the first effects of property, and the inseparable attendants of infant inequality.

Riches, before the invention of signs to represent them, could scarce consist in anything but lands and cattle, the only real goods which men can possess. But when estates increased so much in number and in extent as to take in whole countries and touch each other, it became impossible for one man to aggrandise himself but at the expense of some other; and the supernumerary inhabitants, who were too weak or too indolent to make such acquisitions in their turn, impoverished without losing anything, because while everything about them changed they alone remained the same, were obliged to receive or force their subsistence from the hands of the rich. And hence began to flow, according to the different characters of each, domination and slavery, or violence and rapine. The rich on their side scarce began to taste the pleasure of commanding, when they preferred it to every other; and making use of their old slaves to acquire new ones, they no longer thought of anything but subduing and enslaving their neighbours; like those ravenous wolves, who having once tasted human flesh, despise every other food, and devour nothing but men for the future.

It is thus that the most powerful or the most wretched, respectively considering their power and wretchedness as a kind of title to the substance of others, even equivalent to that of property, the equality once broken was followed by the most shocking disorders. It is thus that the usurpations of the rich, the pillagings of the poor, and the unbridled passions of all, by stifling the cries of natural compassion, and the as yet feeble voice of justice, rendered man avaricious, wicked and ambitious. There arose between the title of the strongest, and that of the first occupier a perpetual conflict, which always ended in battery and bloodshed. Infant society became a scene of the most horrible warfare: Mankind thus debased and harassed, and no longer able to retreat, or renounce the unhappy acquisitions it had made; labouring, in short merely to its confusion by

the abuse of those faculties, which in themselves do it so much honour, brought itself to the very brink of ruin and destruction.

Attonitus novitate mali, divesque miserque, Effugere optat opes; et quoe modo voverat, odit.[1]

1 引自奥维德《变形记》的第11章，“迈达斯王点金术”的故事。奥维德（Publius Ovidius Naso，43 BC—AD 18），古罗马诗人，代表作是《变形记》，其第11章内容为：迈达斯救了酒神的义父，作为酬谢，酒神实现了他的愿望，即凡其身体所触之物都变成黄金，但当食物和水都变成黄金时，他开始感到惶恐不安，如上文引述。

But it is impossible that men should not sooner or later have made reflections on so wretched a situation, and upon the calamities with which they were overwhelmed. The rich in particular must have soon perceived how much they suffered by a perpetual war, of which they alone supported all the expense, and in which, though all risked life, they alone risked any substance. Besides, whatever colour they might pretend to give their usurpations, they sufficiently saw that these usurpations were in the main founded upon false and precarious titles, and that what they had acquired by mere force, others could again by mere force wrest out of their hands, without leaving them the least room to complain of such a proceeding. Even those, who owed all their riches to their own industry, could scarce ground their acquisitions upon a better title. It availed them nothing to say, 'T was I built this wall; I acquired this spot by my labour. Who traced it out for you, another might object, and what right have you to expect payment at our expense for doing that we did not oblige you to do? Don't you know that numbers of your brethren perish, or suffer grievously for want of what you possess more than suffices nature, and that you should have had the express and unanimous consent of mankind to appropriate to yourself of their common, more than was requisite for your private subsistence? Destitute of solid reasons to justify, and sufficient force to defend himself; crushing individuals with ease, but with equal ease crushed by numbers; one against all, and unable, on account of mutual jealousies, to unite with his equals against banditti united by the common hopes of pillage; the rich man, thus pressed by necessity, at last conceived the deepest project that ever entered the human mind: this was to employ in his favour the very forces that attacked him, to make allies of his enemies, to inspire them with other maxims, and make them adopt other institutions as favourable to his pretensions, as the law of nature was unfavourable to them.

With this view, after laying before his neighbours all the horrors of a situation, which armed them all one against another, which rendered their possessions as burdensome as their wants were

intolerable, and in which no one could expect any safety either in poverty or riches, he easily invented specious arguments to bring them over to his purpose. "Let us unite," said he, "to secure the weak from oppression, restrain the ambitious, and secure to every man the possession of what belongs to him: Let us form rules of justice and peace, to which all may be obliged to conform, which shall not except persons, but may in some sort make amends for the caprice of fortune, by submitting alike the powerful and the weak to the observance of mutual duties. In a word, instead of turning our forces against ourselves, let us collect them into a sovereign power, which may govern us by wise laws, may protect and defend all the members of the association, repel common enemies, and maintain a perpetual concord and harmony among us."

Much fewer words of this kind were sufficient to draw in a parcel of rustics, whom it was an easy matter to impose upon, who had besides too many quarrels among themselves to live without arbiters, and too much avarice and ambition to live long without masters. All offered their necks to the yoke in hopes of securing their liberty; for though they had sense enough to perceive the advantages of a political constitution, they had not experience enough to see beforehand the dangers of it; those among them, who were best qualified to foresee abuses, were precisely those who expected to benefit by them; even the soberest judged it requisite to sacrifice one part of their liberty to ensure the other, as a man, dangerously wounded in any of his limbs, readily parts with it to save the rest of his body.

Such was, or must have been, had man been left to himself, the origin of society and of the laws, which increased the fetters of the weak, and the strength of the rich; irretrievably destroyed natural liberty, fixed for ever the laws of property and inequality; changed an artful usurpation into an irrevocable title; and for the benefit of a few ambitious individuals subjected the rest of mankind to perpetual labour, servitude, and misery. We may easily conceive how the establishment of a single society rendered that of all the rest absolutely necessary, and how, to make head against united forces, it became necessary for the rest of mankind to unite in their turn. Societies once formed in this manner, soon multiplied or spread to such a degree, as to cover the face of the earth; and not to leave a corner in the whole universe, where a man could throw off the yoke, and withdraw his head from under the often ill-conducted sword which he saw perpetually hanging over it. The civil law being thus become the common rule of citizens, the law of nature no longer obtained but among the different societies, in which, under the name

of the law of nations[1], it was qualified by some tacit conventions to render commerce possible, and supply the place of natural compassion, which, losing by degrees all that influence over societies which it originally had over individuals, no longer exists but in some great souls, who consider themselves as citizens of the world, and forcing the imaginary barriers that separate people from people, after the example of the Sovereign Being from whom we all derive our existence, make the whole human race the object of their benevolence.

1 参见格劳秀斯《战争与和平法》："除自然法外，很少能够找到任何其他法律是对所有国家共同适用的，所以自然法本身常常被称作'万国法'"。

Political bodies, thus remaining in a state of nature among themselves, soon experienced the inconveniences which had obliged individuals to quit it; and this state became much more fatal to these great bodies, than it had been before to the individuals which now composed them. Hence those national wars, those battles, those murders, those reprisals, which make nature shudder and shock reason; hence all those horrible prejudices, which make it a virtue and an honour to shed human blood. The worthiest men learned to consider the cutting the throats of their fellows as a duty; at length men began to butcher each other by thousands without knowing for what; and more murders were committed in a single action, and more horrible disorders at the taking of a single town, than had been committed in the state of nature during ages together upon the whole face of the earth. Such are the first effects we may conceive to have arisen from the division of mankind into different societies. Let us return to their institution.

I know that several writers have assigned other origins of political society; as for instance, the conquests of the powerful, or the union of the weak; and it is no matter which of these causes we adopt in regard to what I am going to establish; that, however, which I have just laid down, seems to me the most natural, for the following reasons: First, because, in the first case, the right of conquest being in fact no right at all, it could not serve as a foundation for any other right, the conqueror and the conquered ever remaining with respect to each other in a state of war, unless the conquered, restored to the full possession of their liberty, should freely choose their conqueror for their chief. Till then, whatever capitulations might have been made between them, as these capitulations were founded upon violence, and of course de facto null and void, there could not have existed in this hypothesis either a true society, or a political body, or any other law but that of the strongest. Second, because these words strong and

weak, are ambiguous in the second case; for during the interval between the establishment of the right of property or prior occupation and that of political government, the meaning of these terms is better expressed by the words poor and rich, as before the establishment of laws men in reality had no other means of reducing their equals, but by invading the property of these equals, or by parting with some of their own property to them. Third, because the poor having nothing but their liberty to lose, it would have been the height of madness in them to give up willingly the only blessing they had left without obtaining some consideration for it: whereas the rich being sensible, if I may say so, in every part of their possessions, it was much easier to do them mischief, and therefore more incumbent upon them to guard against it; and because, in fine, it is but reasonable to suppose, that a thing has been invented by him to whom it could be of service rather than by him to whom it must prove detrimental.

Government in its infancy had no regular and permanent form. For want of a sufficient fund of philosophy and experience, men could see no further than the present inconveniences, and never thought of providing remedies for future ones, but in proportion as they arose. In spite of all the labours of the wisest legislators, the political state still continued imperfect, because it was in a manner the work of chance; and, as the foundations of it were ill laid, time, though sufficient to discover its defects and suggest the remedies for them, could never mend its original vices. Men were continually repairing; whereas, to erect a good edifice, they should have begun as Lycurgus[1] did at Sparta, by clearing the area, and removing the old materials. Society at first consisted merely of some general conventions which all the members bound themselves to observe, and for the performance of which the whole body became security to every individual. Experience was necessary to show the great weakness of such a constitution, and how easy it was for those, who infringed it, to escape the conviction or chastisement of faults, of which the public alone was to be both the witness and the judge; the laws could not fail of being eluded a thousand ways; inconveniences and disorders could not but multiply continually, till it was at last found necessary to think of committing to private persons the dangerous trust of public authority, and to magistrates the care of enforcing obedience to the people: for to say that chiefs were elected before confederacies were formed, and that the ministers of the laws existed before the laws themselves, is a supposition too ridiculous to deserve I should seriously refute it.

1 莱克格斯（Lycurgus），又译作吕库古，传说中的公元前8世纪斯巴达的国王，著名的立法者，创立了斯巴达的政治制度，同时，斯巴达的全民军事化管理源于他的改革。

It would be equally unreasonable to imagine that men at first threw themselves into the arms of an absolute master, without any conditions or consideration on his side; and that the first means contrived by jealous and unconquered men for their common safety was to run hand over head into slavery. In fact, why did they give themselves superiors, if it was not to be defended by them against oppression, and protected in their lives, liberties, and properties, which are in a manner the constitutional elements of their being? Now in the relations between man and man, the worst that can happen to one man being to see himself at the discretion of another, would it not have been contrary to the dictates of good sense to begin by making over to a chief the only things for the preservation of which they stood in need of his assistance? What equivalent could he have offered them for so fine a privilege? And had he presumed to exact it on pretense of defending them, would he not have immediately received the answer in the apologue? What worse treatment can we expect from an enemy? It is therefore past dispute, and indeed a fundamental maxim of political law, that people gave themselves chiefs to defend their liberty and not be enslaved by them. If we have a prince, said Pliny[1] to Trajan[2], it is in order that he may keep us from having a master.

Political writers argue in regard to the love of liberty with the same philosophy that philosophers do in regard to the state of nature; by the things they see they judge of things very different which they have never seen, and they attribute to men a natural inclination to slavery, on account of the patience with which the slaves within their notice carry the yoke; not reflecting that it is with liberty as with innocence and virtue, the value of which is not known but by those who possess them, though the relish for them is lost with the things themselves. I know the charms of your country, said Brasidas[3] to a satrap who was comparing the life of the Spartans with that of the Persepolites[4]; but you can not know the pleasures of mine.

1 指小普林尼（Pliny，62 ?—113），罗马作家，是古罗马作家老普林尼的养子。

2 图拉真（Trajan，53—117），古罗马帝国皇帝，五贤帝之一。其在位时任命小普林尼为执政官，小普林尼称赞图拉真是与人平等、因才德卓越而居上的领袖。

3 布拉西达斯（Brasidas），公元前5世纪的斯巴达将军。

4 波斯波利斯（Persepolites），古波斯帝国都城之一。

As an unbroken courser erects his mane, paws the ground, and rages at the bare sight of the bit, while a trained horse patiently suffers both whip and spur, just so the barbarian will never reach his neck to the yoke which civilized man carries without murmuring but

prefers the most stormy liberty to a calm subjection. It is not therefore by the servile disposition of enslaved nations that we must judge of the natural dispositions of man for or against slavery, but by the prodigies done by every free people to secure themselves from oppression. I know that the first are constantly crying up that peace and tranquillity they enjoy in their irons, and that miserrimam servitutem pacem appellant: but when I see the others sacrifice pleasures, peace, riches, power, and even life itself to the preservation of that single jewel so much slighted by those who have lost it; when I see free-born animals through a natural abhorrence of captivity dash their brains out against the bars of their prison; when I see multitudes of naked savages despise European pleasures, and brave hunger, fire and sword, and death itself to preserve their independency; I feel that it belongs not to slaves to argue concerning liberty.

As to paternal authority, from which several have derived absolute government and every other mode of society, it is sufficient, without having recourse to Locke and Sidney[1], to observe that nothing in the world differs more from the cruel spirit of despotism that the gentleness of that authority, which looks more to the advantage of him who obeys than to the utility of him who commands; that by the law of nature the father continues master of his child no longer than the child stands in need of his assistance; that after that term they become equal, and that then the son, entirely independent of the father, owes him no obedience, but only respect. Gratitude is indeed a duty which we are bound to pay, but which benefactors can not exact. Instead of saying that civil society is derived from paternal authority, we should rather say that it is to the former that the latter owes its principal force: No one individual was acknowledged as the father of several other individuals, till they settled about him. The father's goods, which he can indeed dispose of as he pleases, are the ties which hold his children to their dependence upon him, and he may divide his substance among them in proportion as they shall have deserved his attention by a continual deference to his commands. Now the subjects of a despotic chief, far from having any such favour to expect from him, as both themselves and all they have are his property, or at least are considered by him as such, are obliged to receive as a favour what he relinquishes to them of their own property. He does them justice when he strips them; he treats them with mercy when he suffers them to live. By continuing in this manner to compare facts with right, we should discover as little solidity as truth in the voluntary establishment of tyranny; and it would be a hard matter to prove the validity of a contract which was binding only on one side, in which one of the parties should stake everything and

the other nothing, and which could turn out to the prejudice of him alone who had bound himself.

1 许多学者认为父权是天然产生的，由此又自然地引出王权，洛克和锡德尼曾批判过这种说法。

This odious system is even, at this day, far from being that of wise and good monarchs, and especially of the kings of France, as may be seen by divers passages in their edicts, and particularly by that of a celebrated piece published in 1667 in the name and by the orders of Louis XIV. "Let it therefore not be said that the sovereign is not subject to the laws of his realm, since, that he is, is a maxim of the law of nations which flattery has sometimes attacked, but which good princes have always defended as the tutelary divinity of their realms. How much more reasonable is it to say with the sage Plato, that the perfect happiness of a state consists in the subjects obeying their prince, the prince obeying the laws, and the laws being equitable and always directed to the good of the public?" I shall not stop to consider, if, liberty being the most noble faculty of man, it is not degrading one's nature, reducing one's self to the level of brutes, who are the slaves of instinct, and even offending the author of one's being, to renounce without reserve the most precious of his gifts, and submit to the commission of all the crimes he has forbid us, merely to gratify a mad or a cruel master; and if this sublime artist ought to be more irritated at seeing his work destroyed than at seeing it dishonoured. I shall only ask what right those, who were not afraid thus to degrade themselves, could have to subject their dependants to the same ignominy, and renounce, in the name of their posterity, blessings for which it is not indebted to their liberality, and without which life itself must appear a burthen to all those who are worthy to live.

Puffendorf says that, as we can transfer our property from one to another by contracts and conventions, we may likewise divest ourselves of our liberty in favour of other men. This, in my opinion, is a very poor way of arguing; for, in the first place, the property I cede to another becomes by such cession a thing quite foreign to me, and the abuse of which can no way affect me; but it concerns me greatly that my liberty is not abused, and I can not, without incurring the guilt of the crimes I may be forced to commit, expose myself to become the instrument of any. Besides, the right of property being of mere human convention and institution, every man may dispose as he pleases of what he possesses: But the case is otherwise with regard to the essential gifts of nature, such as life and liberty, which every man is permitted to enjoy, and of which it is doubtful at least whether any man has a right to divest himself: By giving up the one, we degrade

our being; by giving up the other we annihilate it as much as it is our power to do so; and as no temporal enjoyments can indemnify us for the loss of either, it would be at once offending both nature and reason to renounce them for any consideration. But though we could transfer our liberty as we do our substance, the difference would be very great with regard to our children, who enjoy our substance but by a cession of our right; whereas liberty being a blessing, which as men they hold from nature, their parents have no right to strip them of it; so that as to establish slavery it was necessary to do violence to nature, so it was necessary to alter nature to perpetuate such a right; and the jurisconsults, who have gravely pronounced that the child of a slave comes a slave into the world, have in other words decided, that a man does not come a man into the world.

It therefore appears to me incontestably true, that not only governments did not begin by arbitrary power, which is but the corruption and extreme term of government, and at length brings it back to the law of the strongest, against which governments were at first the remedy, but even that, allowing they had commenced in this manner, such power being illegal in itself could never have served as a foundation to the rights of society, nor of course to the inequality of institution.

I shall not now enter upon the inquiries which still remain to be made into the nature of the fundamental pacts of every kind of government, but, following the common opinion, confine myself in this place to the establishment of the political body as a real contract between the multitude and the chiefs elected by it. A contract by which both parties oblige themselves to the observance of the laws that are therein stipulated, and form the bands of their union. The multitude having, on occasion of the social relations between them, concentered all their wills in one person, all the articles, in regard to which this will explains itself, become so many fundamental laws, which oblige without exception all the members of the state, and one of which laws regulates the choice and the power of the magistrates appointed to look to the execution of the rest. This power extends to everything that can maintain the constitution, but extends to nothing that can alter it. To this power are added honours, that may render the laws and the ministers of them respectable; and the persons of the ministers are distinguished by certain prerogatives, which may make them amends for the great fatigues inseparable from a good administration. The magistrate, on his side, obliges himself not to use the power with which he is intrusted but conformably to the intention of his constituents, to maintain every one of them in the peaceable possession of his property, and upon all occasions prefer the good of

the public to his own private interest.

Before experience had demonstrated, or a thorough knowledge of the human heart had pointed out, the abuses inseparable from such a constitution, it must have appeared so much the more perfect, as those appointed to look to its preservation were themselves most concerned therein; for magistracy and its rights being built solely on the fundamental laws, as soon as these ceased to exist, the magistrates would cease to be lawful, the people would no longer be bound to obey them, and, as the essence of the state did not consist in the magistrates but in the laws, the members of it would immediately become entitled to their primitive and natural liberty.

A little reflection would afford us new arguments in confirmation of this truth, and the nature of the contract might alone convince us that it can not be irrevocable: for if there was no superior power capable of guaranteeing the fidelity of the contracting parties and of obliging them to fulfil their mutual engagements, they would remain sole judges in their own cause, and each of them would always have a right to renounce the contract, as soon as he discovered that the other had broke the conditions of it, or that these conditions ceased to suit his private convenience. Upon this principle, the right of abdication may probably be founded. Now, to consider as we do nothing but what is human in this institution, if the magistrate, who has all the power in his own hands, and who appropriates to himself all the advantages of the contract, has notwithstanding a right to divest himself of his authority; how much a better right must the people, who pay for all the faults of its chief, have to renounce their dependence upon him. But the shocking dissensions and disorders without number, which would be the necessary consequence of so dangerous a privilege, show more than anything else how much human governments stood in need of a more solid basis than that of mere reason, and how necessary it was for the public tranquillity, that the will of the Almighty should interpose to give to sovereign authority, a sacred and inviolable character, which should deprive subjects of the mischievous right to dispose of it to whom they pleased. If mankind had received no other advantages from religion, this alone would be sufficient to make them adopt and cherish it, since it is the means of saving more blood than fanaticism has been the cause of spilling. But to resume the thread of our hypothesis.

The various forms of government owe their origin to the various degrees of inequality between the members, at the time they first coalesced into a political body. Where a man happened to be eminent for power, for virtue, for riches, or for credit, he became sole

magistrate, and the state assumed a monarchical form; if many of pretty equal eminence out-topped all the rest, they were jointly elected, and this election produced an aristocracy; those, between whose fortune or talents there happened to be no such disproportion, and who had deviated less from the state of nature, retained in common the supreme administration, and formed a democracy. Time demonstrated which of these forms suited mankind best. Some remained altogether subject to the laws; others soon bowed their necks to masters. The former laboured to preserve their liberty; the latter thought of nothing but invading that of their neighbours, jealous at seeing others enjoy a blessing which themselves had lost. In a word, riches and conquest fell to the share of the one, and virtue and happiness to that of the other.

In these various modes of government the offices at first were all elective; and when riches did not preponderate, the preference was given to merit, which gives a natural ascendant, and to age, which is the parent of deliberateness in council, and experience in execution. The ancients among the Hebrews, the Geronts of Sparta, the Senate of Rome, nay, the very etymology of our word seigneur, show how much gray hairs were formerly respected. The oftener the choice fell upon old men, the oftener it became necessary to repeat it, and the more the trouble of such repetitions became sensible; electioneering took place; factions arose; the parties contracted ill blood; civil wars blazed forth; the lives of the citizens were sacrificed to the pretended happiness of the state; and things at last came to such a pass, as to be ready to relapse into their primitive confusion. The ambition of the principal men induced them to take advantage of these circumstances to perpetuate the hitherto temporary charges in their families; the people already inured to dependence, accustomed to ease and the conveniences of life, and too much enervated to break their fetters, consented to the increase of their slavery for the sake of securing their tranquillity; and it is thus that chiefs, become hereditary, contracted the habit of considering magistracies as a family estate, and themselves as proprietors of those communities, of which at first they were but mere officers; to call their fellow-citizens their slaves; to look upon them, like so many cows or sheep, as a part of their substance; and to style themselves the peers of Gods, and Kings of Kings.

By pursuing the progress of inequality in these different revolutions, we shall discover that the establishment of laws and of the right of property was the first term of it; the institution of magistrates the second; and the third and last the changing of legal into arbitrary power; so that the different states of rich and poor were authorized by the first epoch; those of powerful and weak by the

second; and by the third those of master and slave, which formed the last degree of inequality, and the term in which all the rest at last end, till new revolutions entirely dissolve the government, or bring it back nearer to its legal constitution.

To conceive the necessity of this progress, we are not so much to consider the motives for the establishment of political bodies, as the forms these bodies assume in their administration; and the inconveniences with which they are essentially attended; for those vices, which render social institutions necessary, are the same which render the abuse of such institutions unavoidable; and as (Sparta alone excepted, whose laws chiefly regarded the education of children, and where Lycurgus established such manners and customs, as in a great measure made laws needless,) the laws, in general less strong than the passions, restrain men without changing them; it would be no hard matter to prove that every government, which carefully guarding against all alteration and corruption should scrupulously comply with the ends of its institution, was unnecessarily instituted; and that a country, where no one either eluded the laws, or made an ill use of magistracy, required neither laws nor magistrates.

Political distinctions are necessarily attended with civil distinctions. The inequality between the people and the chiefs increase so fast as to be soon felt by the private members, and appears among them in a thousand shapes according to their passions, their talents, and the circumstances of affairs. The magistrate can not usurp any illegal power without making himself creatures, with whom he must divide it. Besides, the citizens of a free state suffer themselves to be oppressed merely in proportion as, hurried on by a blind ambition, and looking rather below than above them, they come to love authority more than independence. When they submit to fetters, 'Tis only to be the better able to fetter others in their turn. It is no easy matter to make him obey, who does not wish to command; and the most refined policy would find it impossible to subdue those men, who only desire to be independent; but inequality easily gains ground among base and ambitious souls, ever ready to run the risks of fortune, and almost indifferent whether they command or obey, as she proves either favourable or adverse to them. Thus then there must have been a time, when the eyes of the people were bewitched to such a degree, that their rulers needed only to have said to the most pitiful wretch, "Be great you and all your posterity," to make him immediately appear great in the eyes of every one as well as in his own; and his descendants took still more upon them, in proportion to their removes from him: the more distant and uncertain the cause, the greater the effect; the longer line of drones a family produced, the

more illustrious it was reckoned.

Were this a proper place to enter into details, I could easily explain in what manner inequalities in point of credit and authority become unavoidable among private persons the moment that, united into one body, they are obliged to compare themselves one with another, and to note the differences which they find in the continual use every man must make of his neighbour. These differences are of several kinds; but riches, nobility or rank, power and personal merit, being in general the principal distinctions, by which men in society measure each other, I could prove that the harmony or conflict between these different forces is the surest indication of the good or bad original constitution of any state: I could make it appear that, as among these four kinds of inequality, personal qualities are the source of all the rest, riches is that in which they ultimately terminate, because, being the most immediately useful to the prosperity of individuals, and the most easy to communicate, they are made use of to purchase every other distinction. By this observation we are enabled to judge with tolerable exactness, how much any people has deviated from its primitive institution, and what steps it has still to make to the extreme term of corruption. I could show how much this universal desire of reputation, of honours, of preference, with which we are all devoured, exercises and compares our talents and our forces: how much it excites and multiplies our passions; and, by creating an universal competition, rivalship, or rather enmity among men, how many disappointments, successes, and catastrophes of every kind it daily causes among the innumerable pretenders whom it engages in the same career. I could show that it is to this itch of being spoken of, to this fury of distinguishing ourselves which seldom or never gives us a moment's respite, that we owe both the best and the worst things among us, our virtues and our vices, our sciences and our errors, our conquerors and our philosophers; that is to say, a great many bad things to a very few good ones. I could prove, in short, that if we behold a handful of rich and powerful men seated on the pinnacle of fortune and greatness, while the crowd grovel in obscurity and want, it is merely because the first prize what they enjoy but in the same degree that others want it, and that, without changing their condition, they would cease to be happy the minute the people ceased to be miserable.

But these details would alone furnish sufficient matter for a more considerable work, in which might be weighed the advantages and disadvantages of every species of government, relatively to the rights of man in a state of nature, and might likewise be unveiled all the different faces under which inequality has appeared to this day, and

may hereafter appear to the end of time, according to the nature of these several governments, and the revolutions time must unavoidably occasion in them. We should then see the multitude oppressed by domestic tyrants in consequence of those very precautions taken by them to guard against foreign masters. We should see oppression increase continually without its being ever possible for the oppressed to know where it would stop, nor what lawful means they had left to check its progress. We should see the rights of citizens, and the liberties of nations extinguished by slow degrees, and the groans, and protestations and appeals of the weak treated as seditious murmurings. We should see policy confine to a mercenary portion of the people the honour of defending the common cause. We should see imposts made necessary by such measures, the disheartened husbandman desert his field even in time of peace, and quit the plough to take up the sword. We should see fatal and whimsical rules laid down concerning the point of honour. We should see the champions of their country sooner or later become her enemies, and perpetually holding their poniards to the breasts of their fellow citizens. Nay, the time would come when they might be heard to say to the oppressor of their country:

Pectore si fratris gladium juguloque parentis Condere me jubeas, gravidoeque in viscera partu Conjugis, in vita peragam tamen omnia dextra[1].

From the vast inequality of conditions and fortunes, from the great variety of passions and of talents, of useless arts, of pernicious arts, of frivolous sciences, would issue clouds of prejudices equally contrary to reason, to happiness, to virtue. We should see the chiefs foment everything that tends to weaken men formed into societies by dividing them; everything that, while it gives society an air of apparent harmony, sows in it the seeds of real division; everything that can inspire the different orders with mutual distrust and hatred by an opposition of their rights and interest, and of course strengthen that power which contains them all.

1 引自《卢坎诗集》。卢坎（Marcus Annaeus Lucanus，39—65），古罗马诗人，反对暴政，怀念罗马共和政体。

'Tis from the bosom of this disorder and these revolutions, that despotism gradually rearing up her hideous crest, and devouring in every part of the state all that still remained sound and untainted, would at last issue to trample upon the laws and the people, and establish herself upon the ruins of the republic. The times immediately preceding this last alteration would be times of calamity and trouble:

but at last everything would be swallowed up by the monster; and the people would no longer have chiefs or laws, but only tyrants. At this fatal period all regard to virtue and manners would likewise disappear; for despotism, cui ex honesto nulla est spes, tolerates no other master, wherever it reigns; the moment it speaks, probity and duty lose all their influence, and the blindest obedience is the only virtue the miserable slaves have left them to practise.

This is the last term of inequality, the extreme point which closes the circle and meets that from which we set out. 'Tis here that all private men return to their primitive equality, because they are no longer of any account; and that, the subjects having no longer any law but that of their master, nor the master any other law but his passions, all notions of good and principles of justice again disappear. 'Tis here that everything returns to the sole law of the strongest, and of course to a new state of nature different from that with which we began, in as much as the first was the state of nature in its purity, and the last the consequence of excessive corruption. There is, in other respects, so little difference between these two states, and the contract of government is so much dissolved by despotism, that the despot is no longer master than he continues the strongest, and that, as soon as his slaves can expel him, they may do it without his having the least right to complain of their using him ill. The insurrection, which ends in the death or despotism of a sultan, is as juridical an act as any by which the day before he disposed of the lives and fortunes of his subjects. Force alone upheld him, force alone overturns him. Thus all things take place and succeed in their natural order; and whatever may be the upshot of these hasty and frequent revolutions, no one man has reason to complain of another's injustice, but only of his own indiscretion or bad fortune.

By thus discovering and following the lost and forgotten tracks, by which man from the natural must have arrived at the civil state; by restoring, with the intermediate positions which I have been just indicating, those which want of leisure obliges me to suppress, or which my imagination has not suggested, every attentive reader must unavoidably be struck at the immense space which separates these two states. 'Tis in this slow succession of things he may meet with the solution of an infinite number of problems in morality and politics, which philosophers are puzzled to solve. He will perceive that, the mankind of one age not being the mankind of another, the reason why Diogenes[1] could not find a man was, that he sought among his cotemporaries the man of an earlier period: Cato[2], he will then see, fell with Rome and with liberty, because he did not suit the age in which he lived; and the greatest of men served only to astonish that

world, which would have cheerfully obeyed him, had he come into it five hundred years earlier. In a word, he will find himself in a condition to understand how the soul and the passions of men by insensible alterations change as it were their nature; how it comes to pass, that at the long run our wants and our pleasures change objects; that, original man vanishing by degrees, society no longer offers to our inspection but an assemblage of artificial men and factitious passions, which are the work of all these new relations, and have no foundation in nature. Reflection teaches us nothing on that head, but what experience perfectly confirms. Savage man and civilised man differ so much at bottom in point of inclinations and passions, that what constitutes the supreme happiness of the one would reduce the other to despair. The first sighs for nothing but repose and liberty; he desires only to live, and to be exempt from labour; nay, the ataraxy of the most confirmed Stoic[3] falls short of his consummate indifference for every other object. On the contrary, the citizen always in motion, is perpetually sweating and toiling, and racking his brains to find out occupations still more laborious: He continues a drudge to his last minute; nay, he courts death to be able to live, or renounces life to acquire immortality. He cringes to men in power whom he hates, and to rich men whom he despises; he sticks at nothing to have the honour of serving them; he is not ashamed to value himself on his own weakness and the protection they afford him; and proud of his chains, he speaks with disdain of those who have not the honour of being the partner of his bondage. What a spectacle must the painful and envied labours of an European minister of state form in the eyes of a Caribbean! How many cruel deaths would not this indolent savage prefer to such a horrid life, which very often is not even sweetened by the pleasure of doing good? But to see the drift of so many cares, his mind should first have affixed some meaning to these words power and reputation; he should be apprised that there are men who consider as something the looks of the rest of mankind, who know how to be happy and satisfied with themselves on the testimony of others sooner than upon their own. In fact, the real source of all those differences, is that the savage lives within himself, whereas the citizen, constantly beside himself, knows only how to live in the opinion of others; insomuch that it is, if I may say so, merely from their judgment that he derives the consciousness of his own existence. It is foreign to my subject to show how this disposition engenders so much indifference for good and evil, notwithstanding so many and such fine discourses of morality; how everything, being reduced to appearances, becomes mere art and mummery; honour, friendship, virtue, and often vice itself, which we at last learn the secret to boast of; how, in short, ever inquiring of others what we are, and never

daring to question ourselves on so delicate a point, in the midst of so much philosophy, humanity, and politeness, and so many sublime maxims, we have nothing to show for ourselves but a deceitful and frivolous exterior, honour without virtue, reason without wisdom, and pleasure without happiness. It is sufficient that I have proved that this is not the original condition of man, and that it is merely the spirit of society, and the inequality which society engenders, that thus change and transform all our natural inclinations.

1 第欧根尼（Diogenes，400 ?—325 BC），古希腊哲学家，强调自足自然的生活，犬儒派因其得名。

2 小加图（Cato，95—46 BC），古罗马政治家老加图的曾孙。斯多葛派哲学信徒，被称为小加图。支持元老院共和派，反对凯撒和喀提林，因共和军战败而自杀。

3 斯多葛派（Stoic），推崇宿命论和禁欲主义，认为人只有恬淡寡欲，才能得到安宁和幸福。

I have endeavoured to exhibit the origin and progress of inequality, the institution and abuse of political societies, as far as these things are capable of being deduced from the nature of man by the mere light of reason, and independently of those sacred maxims which give to the sovereign authority the sanction of divine right. It follows from this picture, that as there is scarce any inequality among men in a state of nature, all that which we now behold owes its force and its growth to the development of our faculties and the improvement of our understanding, and at last becomes permanent and lawful by the establishment of property and of laws. It likewise follows that moral inequality, authorised by any right that is merely positive, clashes with natural right, as often as it does not combine in the same proportion with physical inequality: a distinction which sufficiently determines, what we are able to think in that respect of that kind of inequality which obtains in all civilised nations, since it is evidently against the law of nature that infancy should command old age, folly conduct wisdom, and a handful of men should be ready to choke with superfluities, while the famished multitude want the commonest necessaries of life.

论人类不平等的起源和基础

我要论述的是人，我在讲述人类的时候所回答的问题，充分启示我应当向人类来论述。因为只有那些敢于推崇真理的人，才会进行这种讨论。所以，我将满怀信心地站在激励我这样做的智者面前，为人类辩护。如果我能够无愧于这个论题和各位评判员的话，我将不胜荣幸。

我认为人类有两种不平等：第一种我称之为自然的或生理上的不平等，因为它形成于自然，体现在年龄、健康状况、体力以及智力或心灵方面的差异；另一种我则定义为精神或政治上的不平等，因为它缘于某种传统惯例，是在大众同意的情况下建立的，或者至少得到了人类的普遍认同。这种不平等往往存在于一些人以损害别人的利益为代价而享受到的种种特权之中，譬如：比别人更富有、更尊贵、更有权势，甚至让别人对他们言听计从。

追问什么是自然不平等的起源是荒谬的，因为答案从它的字面意思就可以看出；追问这两种不平等之间是否存在着某种本质上的联系则更为荒谬。因为换言之，这就等于在问是否那些发号施令者就必然优越于服从命令者？是否个人的体力或智力、学识或德行都与他们的权势或财富成正比？这个问题可能适合奴隶们在他们的主人面前讨论，但却不适合自由而理性的人用来探索真理。

那么本文的主题究竟是什么？本文会指出在事物发展的进程中，从何时开始“权利”取代了“暴力”，“自然”服从于“法律”，表明是怎样一系列不可思议的事件，使强者为弱者服务，使人类不惜牺牲真正的幸福以换取想象中的安宁。

但凡对社会的基础进行过研究的哲学家，都意识到追溯到人类的自然状态的必要性，可是至今没有人能够追溯到那种状态。其中一些人毫不犹豫地认定，自然状态中的人已有正义和非正义的观念，却没有花费心思去证明自然状态中的人就一定有这种观念，甚至也没有证明这些观念对自然状态中的人有何用处。另一些人谈到每个人都拥有保护属于自己东西的天赋权利，但却没有向我们阐明“属于”这个词的含义。还有一些人直接赋予强者以统治弱者的权力，随即提出“政府”的概念，根本没有考虑到人类形成“权力”和“政府”的概念所需要的时间。总之，所有的哲学家们都在喋喋不休地谈论需求、贪婪、压迫、欲望和自尊，把在社会内部获得的概念搬到了自然状态之中。表面上他们说的是野蛮人，其实他们描绘的是文明人。不仅如此，现代的著书立说者似乎并未对自然状态确实存在过这一表述心存怀疑。然而《圣经》中记载的历史清楚地告诉我们，史上第一个直接从上帝那里得到教诲和戒律的人，从未生活在那种状态之中。而且如果我们像每个信奉基督教的哲学家那样相信摩西著述的话，即便是在大洪水之前，我们也必须否认人类曾经处于这样的自然状态，除非他们因某种变故而陷入其中。这个矛盾的观点很难获得支持，而且完全无法证明。

所以，我们不妨先抛开事实，因为它们并不影响我们要讨论的问题。我们在这个问题上所进行的研究不应当被看作是历史的真相，它们只是一些假定的和有条件的推理。与其说这些推理适合用来表明事物的真实起源，不如说它们适合用来阐明事物的性质，正如我们的博物学家在每天研究宇宙的形成时提出的那些方法一样。宗教让我们相信：在上帝使人类脱离了自然状态之后，他们就是不平等的，因为上帝的意愿就是如此。但是，宗教并未禁止我们单凭人及其周围事物的性质作出种种猜测：如果任凭人类自由发展，人类的命运将会如何。这就是我要回答的问题，也就是我在本篇论文中提出来要研究的问题。由于整个人类都关心这个问题，所以我会尽力使用一种各民族都能理解的语言；或者说，为了专注于听我讲话的人，我将忽略时间和地点，想象我正置身于雅典的吕克昂学园，复述着我的导师们的教诲，柏拉图和色诺克拉底等那样著名的哲学大师做我的评判员，整个人类做我的听众。

啊！人啊，不论你来自何方，持何观点，请倾听我的话语吧！你们将听到你们的历史，我自信我已经读过它，它不存在于你们同类所编写的书籍中，因为他们谎话连篇，它仅存在于从不撒谎的自然之书中。我所说的一切皆源于自然，没有任何不实之词，如果出现虚假成分，则是我无意中掺入了自己的看法。我将要谈到的时代极为悠远。相比过去，你们发生了多么巨大的变化啊！我要描述的是你们这类生灵的生活方式，从你们的天赋秉性写起，但这些禀性已经被你们的教育和习惯所败坏，所幸尚未完全毁灭。我觉得应该有这样一个时代，每一个个体都愿意停留其中。如能心随所愿，你们将会去追寻让整个人类都愿意停留其中的那个时代。因为种种原因，你们对现状感到不满，而这些原因预示着你们不幸的子孙将会感到更加不满，所以你们可能希望自己有能力回到从前。这种情愫可以看作是对你们先祖的颂扬，对同时代人的谴责，并令你们不幸的后人深感恐惧。

第一部分

为了恰当地判断人类的自然状态，我们需要从人类最初的起源来考虑，可以说是检验人类最初的雏形。尽管这很重要，但我并不打算探索人类在连续不断的进化完善过程中的身体构造：我不想停下笔来研究在动物体系中人类是怎样从他最初的样子最终变成了现在的样子；我也不想去探究是否真像亚里士多德所想的，最初人类那任其疯长的指甲不过是弯曲着的爪子；我不想探究是否人类的身体并不像熊一样覆盖着一层厚毛；我也不想探求人类是否因四足行走，目光向下，视野局限于几步之遥，才不能立刻看到自己思想的本质和局限。在这个问题上我只能作一些模糊的、近乎于想象的猜测。比较解剖学至今尚未取得充分的发展，自然哲学的观察结果也尚待证实，因而不能以此为据建立坚实的论证基础。因此，如果不借助于我们被赐予的超自然知识，也不去关注人类由于将四肢用于新用途和习惯于新食物而使身体内外构造都必然发生的那些变化，那么我会认为人类的身体构造一直以来都和我们今天所看到的一样：双足行走，双手做事，放眼世界，极目苍穹。

倘若从如此构造的生灵身上，剥去他已经接受的所有超自然的天赋，剥去他通过长期进化逐步获得的所有后天的才智，总之，如果我们把他当成刚刚脱离自然之手的人，那么，我所看到的人便是这样的一种动物：他既没有某些动物那么强悍凶猛，也没有其他动物那么灵活敏捷。但是，总体来讲，其身体构造的完善度高于任何一种生灵。我看到他找到橡果就充饥，遇到小溪就解渴，还看见他在为他提供食物的树下小憩，如此他全部的需求就都满足了。

倘若大地依旧天然肥沃，而且覆盖着从未遭受刀斧的茂密森林，处处都能够为每一种生灵提供生活资料和栖息之地。生活于其他动物之中的人类，通过观察和模仿它们的技巧，习得了兽类的本能。人类具有这样一种优势：每一种动物都局限于自己某种独特的本能，而人类虽然很可能并不具有任何专属的本能，但却能使用其他各种兽类的本能。同理，其他动物仅能在同类间分配食物，而绝大部分的食物人类都能享用，因此人类比其他任何动物都更易觅食。

自幼年起，人类便适应了恶劣的天气和严酷的季节，习惯了生活中的劳累辛苦。为了自我防御、保护捕获的猎物不被森林中的其他野兽抢走，人类不得不赤身裸体、赤手空拳地勇斗猛兽；或者至少他们为了躲避凶猛的野兽，不得不拼命奔跑，也由此造就了强壮结实的、几乎不会改变的体质。孩子降生时便遗传了其父母的优良体质，并用原来造就这种体质的同样的锻炼方法来加强自己的体质，由此获得了人类所能拥有的全部体力。大自然对待他们，恰如斯巴达古国人对待其子民的孩子一样：她让生而体壮的孩子茁壮成长，而让其余的孩子夭亡。这一点与我们的社会大相径庭。在我们的国度，父母视孩子为累赘，甚至在孩子尚未出生时便不分优劣地将他们置于死地了。

由于身体是野蛮人能够熟练掌握的唯一工具，于是他把身体用在不同的方面；而我们的身体由于缺乏锻炼而鲜有用处。技术的应用使我们丧失了野蛮人因生计所迫而必备的那种力量和敏捷。假予短斧一柄，其手臂是否还能轻易地从橡树上折断粗壮的枝丫？假予投石器一架，他是否还能徒手掷石于千米之外？假予云梯一把，他是否还能机敏灵活，缘树如猴？假予良驹一匹，他是否还能健步如飞，纵横原野？给文明人充裕的时间去集结所有的装备，毫无疑问，他们制服野蛮人易如反掌。不过倘若你有意目睹一场实力更为悬殊的竞技，就让双方赤膊上阵，徒手比试吧。你很快便会发现：优势永远属于那些能游刃有余地运用自身力量，随时准备应对各种事件，可以说总能全力以赴的人。

霍布斯认为人生来无所畏惧，且喜好攻击打斗。另一位著名的哲学家则意见相左，其观点得到坎伯兰和普芬道夫的认同。该哲学家认为没有比在自然状态中的人更胆小的了，他总是战战兢兢，一察觉到细微的动作、一耳闻到轻微的声响便立刻落荒而逃。的确，人对于那些感到陌生的事物，确实会产生这种反应。我也毫不怀疑，每当人看到任何新景象时都会表现出极度的恐惧，因为他辨别不了眼前的事物对他的利害关系，也不能够把自己的能力与面临的危险进行比较。然而这些情形在自然状态中却鲜有出现。在自然状态中，所有的事物皆以统一的方式向前发展，大地上不易发生那些因聚居人群的欲望膨胀和恣意妄为而引起的突然而持续的变故。但是，生活于其他动物间的野蛮人，没有社会团体，居无定所，却早早发现了权衡自身力量与其他动物力量的必要性。很快，野蛮人发现他在技巧上的优势超过了其他动物在体力上的优势，自此便学着不再害怕其他动物。倘若使一只狗熊或一匹野狼与一个身强体壮、机敏灵活、刚毅勇敢（所有野蛮人皆如此）并装备有石块与坚棒的野蛮人较量，不久你就会发现危险对于双方来讲至少是均等的。经过几番如此的试探，素来就不喜欢相互攻击的野兽们也就不太愿意去进攻人类了，因为它们发现人类与它们一样凶猛无比。对于有些动物，它们在力量上的优势确实远胜于人类在技巧上的优势，人类在它们面前恰如其他弱小的动物，然而，弱小的动物总能找到生存下去的方法。人类甚至有弱小动物所没有的优势：除了能与它们一样快步疾飞，能在任何一棵树上找到难以入侵的避难所外，人类还可根据自身的需求自由选择是守还是弃，当然也可依据自己的利益选择是战还是逃。由此，我们说没有动物是生来就要攻击人类的，除非是迫于自我防卫或饥饿难耐。动物也从来没有对人类表现过任何强烈的反感，而这种反感似乎表明某些特定物种天生注定要成为其他物种的口中餐、腹中食。

但是，人类有另外一些更为可怕的敌人，而且不能用上述的防御方法来对付。这里所说的敌人便是幼小、衰老和各种疾病等天然弱点。这些都不幸地证明了我们的弱点。其中前两项为所有动物所共有，而最后一项则主要关乎生活在社会状态中的人类。论及幼弱问题，我们可以观察到，母亲无论走到哪里都携带着自己的幼子，不离左右，她们与其他许多母兽相比，更能起到养育的责任，还省却了不少麻烦。而那些母兽们被迫不断往来穿梭，劳碌不堪，一则为了觅食维持生存，一则为了哺乳和喂养它们的幼崽。诚然，如果母亲不幸死亡，孩子随母亲死亡的可

能性是非常大的。但是，对于那些需要相当长的时间才能自食其力的其他许多动物的幼崽来说，同样会面临这种危险。如果我们的幼年期比别的动物长，那么我们的寿命同样也比它们长。因此，所有的动物在这一点上并无二致。虽然在幼年期的长短上和幼儿数量的多少上还存在着其他的规律，但这些与我所探讨的问题无关。至于老年人，他们因活动少、出汗少，对食物的需求随着提供食物的能力的减弱而相应减少。虽然生活在蛮荒状态的野蛮人不会患上痛风和风湿等疾病，但衰老则是所有不幸中人类最无能为力的一项，他们最终会悄无声息地离去，非但别人不会注意到他们的消逝，连他们自己几乎也觉察不到。

至于疾病，我不想去重复大多数健康人士质疑药物作用的那些无用虚伪的言论。试问，是否有确凿的观察结果足以让我们得出这样的结论：在医术最被忽视的国度里的人的平均寿命，是否要比在医术最发达的国度里的人的平均寿命短？假使我们罹患的疾病比医学的治疗方法还多，又怎么会出现那种情况呢？人类不同等级的生活方式极为不平等，一些人过于安逸闲散，而其他人则过于劳碌奔波；我们的情欲和食欲容易被激起，也容易得到满足；富人的饮食过于考究，在带给他们丰富营养的同时，也会使他们消化不良；穷人的食物不但不健康，而且往往难以果腹。食物匮乏难免使其一有机会便暴饮暴食，增加肠胃负担；还有彻夜不眠、种种过度、情欲放纵、身体疲劳、精神衰竭等等。总之，凡此种种都会引起人类无数的痛苦与焦虑，折磨着人类的精神。这一切都很好地证明了我们大部分的苦痛都是我们自己的行为导致的。如果我们能够坚守大自然赋予我们的那种简朴、单一、恬静的生活方式的话，我们就可以避免所有的不幸与痛楚。倘若自然欲使我们永远身康体健，那么我几乎可以断言，思考便是一种违反自然的状态，而沉思的人则是堕落的动物。我们仅需思考一下野蛮人的良好体质，至少应该想想那些还没有被我们的烈酒毁坏身体的野蛮人。我们仅需思考，为什么他们除了由受伤和衰老引起的疾病之外，竟不知疾病为何物，就会在某种程度上相信：循着人类文明社会的历史，便能轻而易举地编写出人类疾病的历史。至少柏拉图是这样认为的。他的结论源于特洛伊城被围困时希腊军医波达利里俄斯和玛卡翁使用过或赞成使用的某些治病药方。他认为这些药物引起的一些疾病，在那样遥远的年代尚无人知晓。

由于自然界中鲜有病源，因此，生活在自然状态中的人没什么必要服用药物，更不需要医生了。从这一点上看，并不是人比动物更易患病而应受到同情。试问以狩猎为乐或为生的人，他们在狩猎时，可曾遇到过许多患病或孱弱的动物？他们遇到过许多动物，有的浑身都是重伤后愈合完好的伤疤；有的曾经骨折，有的肢体几乎被撕掉，但它们断裂处的骨头已完全接好长合。它们的痊愈不是靠外科医生的医治，也没有任何的养生疗法，而只有惯常的生活方式。有些疗法堪称完美，因为它们不曾遭受手术的痛苦、药物的毒害或节食禁欲的折磨。总之，无论精良的药物对我们这些生活在社会状态中的人多么有用，都毋庸置疑：一方面，由于缺乏帮助，患病的野蛮人只有寄希望于自然；另一方面，除了害怕疾病外，他无所畏惧。这常使野蛮人的生存状况优于我们。

因此，谨防把野蛮人与我们平常看到和交谈的人混淆起来。自然以偏爱之心照管其麾下的所有动物，她的偏爱似乎证明她是何等地珍视这种特权。生活在森林中的马、猫、牛，还有驴子，它们普遍比家养的身材高大、体质强壮、精力旺盛、强壮有力、勇敢无畏。驯养之后，它们原有优势的一半都消失殆尽。由此看来，反倒是我们对它们的善待与精心喂养使其退化了。人也如此。随着他成为社会人和为人所役的奴仆，他变得懦弱、怕事、卑劣，低声下气的生活方式使他曾经的勇气和力量顷刻间荡然无存。可以说，野蛮人与文明人之间的差异，比起野兽与家畜之间的差异必然要大一些。因为尽管自然对人类与野兽都是同等对待，但是与家养的动物相比，人会更多地放纵自己于种种享乐之中，这些便是使人类退化得更为显著的特殊原因。

因此，赤身裸体、无家可归，以及所有无用之物——我们视之为不可或缺，这些对原始人来说却并不是大不幸，更谈不上会对其自我保护产生障碍了。诚然，他们的身上没有毛发覆盖。再说，在温暖的气候中也没有长毛的必要。要是身处寒冷地带，他们不久就能学会利用所捕获的动物的皮毛来御寒。虽然他们只有两足奔跑，但他们却能用双手自卫并满足自己的各种需求。教孩子行走或许耗去他们大量的时间，并带来许多麻烦，但是母亲们携带幼子却非常容易，这一点是其他物种都不具备的优势，母兽们在遭遇追击时，只得放弃幼崽，或者放慢脚步与幼崽一道逃离。总之，除非我们承认发生了那些偶然的事件（我将在后文讲到这点），而它们在现实中很可能从来都未存在过。很显然，从这个问题的各个方面来讲，第一个为自己制作衣服、建造房屋的人无端地制造了一些自己不怎么需要的东西，因为在此之前没有这些东西他们一样生活得很好。可为什么到了成年之后他们却不能忍受他们在幼年时代的生活方式？

孤独无伴、四处漂泊，经常与危险为伍的野蛮人一定很喜欢睡觉，且需像其他动物一样睡得很轻。这些动物很少思考，从某种意义上可以说，它们不思考的时候就是睡眠的状态：自我保护几乎是他们唯一关心的事情，因此野蛮人必须要常常练习进攻和防御的本领，要么用于捕获猎物，要么用于保护自己避免成为其他动物的美餐。相反，野蛮人身上那些只有通过逸乐和情欲才能趋于完善的器官，必然停留在粗鄙的状态，与一切文雅皆不相容。他的感官在这一点上分化为两种截然不同的状态，所以他的触觉、味觉一定极为迟钝，而视觉、听觉及嗅觉则都异常敏锐。总的来说，动物都是如此。因此，如果我们相信旅行家的话，这也应该是大多数野蛮民族的状态了。因此，我们就没有必要为以下的情形感到惊诧不已了：为什么好望角的霍屯督人能用肉眼辨认大洋深处的船只，和荷兰人用望远镜看得一般远？为什么美洲的野蛮人仅靠嗅觉便能追逐西班牙人，其准确度堪与最优良的猎狗相媲美？为什么那些野蛮人赤身裸体而不感到痛苦，能食用大量的辣椒来增进食欲，能如喝水般畅饮欧洲最烈的酒？

至此，我仅论及了野蛮人的生理状况。接下来，让我们试着从形而上学和精神方面来观察他。

在我看来任何一种动物只不过是一部精巧的机器而已，自然赋予它一些感官，使其运转起来，并在一定程度上使它能够防御任何可能对它造成的破坏和扰乱。在人这部机器上，情况何其相同！但有一点例外，那便是，在运作野兽这台机器时，自然是唯一的操作者；而人，作为一个自主的行为体，在其运作过程中享有部分权利。野兽依靠本能进行选择，而人类靠的则是自由的意志。由此，野兽无法偏离自然为其设定的法则，即使是这种偏离会对其有利。而人经常在不利于自己的时候，偏离法则。所以，一只在盛满美味鲜肉的盘子旁的鸽子，和一只守着一堆水果或谷物的猫咪都可能会饿死。只要它们想到不妨尝试一下身边的美食，它们就可以很好地生存下去，尽管它们对这些食物有些鄙弃。这种试一试的做法致使人类无度，因而招致疾病与死亡。因为思想毁坏感官，在自然的需求已得到满足时，意志依然无止境地提出要求。

动物皆有感官，因而也都有观念，它们甚至能在一定程度上把观念组织起来。而人和野兽的差别仅体现在这个不同的程度上。一些哲学家甚至认为一些人与另一些人之间的差别更甚于一些人与一些野兽之间的差别。因此，在动物界，与其说是理解能力突显了人的特征，不如说是作为自主的行为体的特性将人从动物中区分出来。自然向一切动物发号施令，野兽们唯命是从。人与动物有着相同的感受，但与此同时，他意识到自己能自主地选择是拒绝还是服从。正是因为他意识到了这种自由，他心智的灵性才得以彰显：自然哲学虽能在一定程度上解释感官的运作机制和观念的形成原理，但对人的意志力，更确切地说是选择力，以及在对这种能力的认识方面，我们只能发现一些纯粹的精神活动，而这些活动是不能用力学原理来解释的。

尽管涉及到的问题中有各种困难，但是这些困难却给人与野兽之间的区别留下了争论的余地。还有一个非常特殊的才能使人与野兽区别开来，而且这个才能无可争议，那就是自我完善的能力。该能力借助于环境，使其他的能力相继显露出来；这种能力不仅存在于我们这个物种之中，也存在于构成物种的每一个个体的身上。而野兽则不然：几个月后，模样定形，且终身不变；即使逾经千年，也仍和千余年前一样，没有丝毫的改变。为什么只有人类易于衰退，变得老弱糊涂呢？会不会是因为他在衰退中又回到了原始状态呢？会不会是野兽因无所得，便无所失，故能始终保持其本能；而人，因年老或意外事故丧失其在自我完善过程中的一切所得，以致沦落到比野兽还不如的境地？可悲的是，我们不得不承认这种特殊的、近乎无限发展的能力正是人类一切不幸的根源。正是这种能力，使人类逐渐脱离了那种任凭时间流逝我自安宁无忧的原始生活状态；正是这种能力，赋予人类各具时代特色的种种发明和种种错误、种种美德和种种邪恶，最终使人成为他们自己和自然的暴君。奥里诺科河沿岸的印第安人用木片贴在他们孩子们的太阳穴上，认为这样至少可以让孩子们保留一部分纯朴的无知和幸福。如果我们被迫把第一个提议这样做的人赞誉为造福于人的人，那就太可怕了。

野蛮人仅具有自然赋予的本能，更确切地讲，自然为了弥补野蛮人在本能上可能存在的缺陷，赋予了他一些能力。起初只是为了弥补其本

能的缺陷，随后又提升，使其大大超越了本能。因此，野蛮人最初的活动都是纯动物性的：视觉和触觉或许是他最基本的能力，这与其他动物别无二致。在新环境促使他的能力得到发展之前，从某种程度上讲，愿或不愿、希望或恐惧，可能是人类最初的、所有的精神活动。

不论伦理学家们持何观点，人类智力的发展在很大程度上归功于欲望；而欲望能否被满足同样也在很大程度上依赖于智力的发展。正是由于欲望的作用，我们的理性才得以发展：我们求知无非是为了贪图享受。因此很难想象一个既无恐惧感也无欲望的人会去劳神费心地思考。欲望本身源于我们的需求，欲望的膨胀源于科学的进步。除非我们对某种事物有了一定的想法，或者出于自然的简单冲动，否则我们不会对它产生渴求感或恐惧感。野蛮人没有知识，仅有自然冲动的欲望，因此他的欲望仅限于其生理需求。对他而言，好东西不外乎食物、女人和休息，恐惧的不过是疼痛和饥饿而已。我说的是疼痛，而不是死亡，那是因为这样的动物不知道死亡为何物。对死亡以及对死亡的恐惧的认识，乃是人类脱离动物状态后所获得的最早的知识之一。

如有必要，我可以信手引用许多事实来支持这一观点；我也不难证明，就世界范围来看，人类智力的发展总是与其自然的需求或者迫于环境而产生的需求并驾齐驱，因此，也与促使人们去满足这些需求的种种欲望成正比。我还能证明埃及的艺术是随着尼罗河的泛滥而产生并传播开来的。我可以追寻艺术在希腊的发展踪迹：人们曾看见它们在阿提卡的沙砾间萌芽、生长继而成为参天大树，却无法在欧罗塔斯河沿岸肥沃的土地上扎根。我观察到生长在北方的人一般会比南方人更加勤劳，因为不如此便无法生存。好像自然着意使万物趋于平等，在土地欠肥沃的地方，自然便把高明的智慧赐给那里的人们。

然而，即便没有这些尚不确定的历史证据，谁又能看不出野蛮人想改变其所处状态的欲望和手段似乎在被剥夺、被蚕蚀呢？野蛮人的想象力不能为其描绘出任何图景；他的内心没有任何渴求。他的需求并不过分，随处举手即可满足。他远不具备那种能让他产生更多需求的知识，所以他既没有预见力，也没有好奇心。自然的景象，对他来说过于熟悉，因此最终都变得索然无趣。自然的景象总是周而复始，一成不变。野蛮人没有足够的感悟力去赞叹壮丽的自然奇观，我们也不指望在他的头脑中能找到人所必备的智慧，让他能观察每天见到的事物。由于没有受到外界的干扰，他的想法单一，唯一的关注就是眼前的生存感受。他从不为将来作打算，即便是不远的当下。他的计划如同他的视野一样有限，很少作出一整天的计划。时至今日，加勒比人的预见力还停留在这个水平上：他通常早上卖掉棉褥，晚上又哭着再去买回来，不曾预见到当天晚上他还要用到它。

我们越是深思这个问题，就越会发现纯粹的感觉与最简单的知识之间的差距在加大。难以想象，人如何能仅凭一己之力，而不借助于与他人交流和需求的刺激，就跨越如此大的鸿沟。流转了多少漫长的岁月，人们才认识了雷电之外的火？发生多少偶然事件之后，他们才熟知火最

基本的用途？火焰熄灭了多少次之后，他们才学会了生火的技术？又有多少次这些生火的秘诀才能流传下来，不因发现者的死亡而失传？关于农业我们又能说些什么呢？它作为一门技艺，除了需要大量的劳作和远见外，还需依赖于其他的技术而发展。显而易见，农业只能在社会中产生，即便不是在已经形成的社会，至少是在社会的某个阶段。农业与其说是从土地中获取无需耕种也能生长的食物，不如说是让土地生长出那些我们最为喜爱、最合口味的食物。但是，假设人口激增到土地上的自然产品已经无法满足他们的需求——顺便说一句，该假设证明这种生活方式对人类非常有利——假设没有锻铁炉和铁砧，农业工具都从天而降，落入这些野蛮人的手中，假设他们都克服了对持续劳作的极度厌恶，假设他们早就学会了对自身需求的预见，假设他们准确地猜到了如何耕地、播种和植树，假设他们发现了碾谷技术和用葡萄汁发酵酿酒的技术，所有这一切我们只能认定是上帝教会他们的，因为我们难以想象他们是如何自己发现的。既然这一切都发生了，如果他们的劳动成果被第一个来到并看上这些成果的人或野兽抢走的话，又有谁会喜欢耕种土地呢？当他越需要辛苦劳作的成果、却越是得不到时，还有谁愿意整日辛苦劳作呢？总之，只要土地还没有在他们之间进行分配，即是说，只要自然状态依然存在，如何能使人们欣然地去耕种土地呢？

即使我们假定野蛮人真像哲学家们所说的那样擅于思考，即使我们也像哲学家们那样把野蛮人看作一个哲学家，单靠自己的努力就能发现最崇高的真理，能通过高度抽象的逻辑推理，从对普遍秩序的热爱中或对造物主意志的认识中，创造出正义与理性的箴言。简言之，即使我们假定野蛮人聪慧明智（但实际上，他们却是那样蠢笨无知），那么，人类又能从所有这些既不能互相交流，又必然随着创造者的死亡而消逝的智慧中获得什么益处呢？这些分散在林中与其他动物混居的人类又能取得什么进步呢？没有固定的住所，不需要彼此协助，人们一生难得与相同的人谋面两次，相遇却互不交谈，互不相识。在这种状况下野蛮人能有何种改善呢，彼此之间又能有何种启迪？

试想一下，我们有多少思想观念的产生得益于言语的运用，语法对于锻炼和促进人类的思维活动起了多大的作用。再想一下，最初发明语言一定经历了难以想象的艰辛痛苦与漫长岁月。根据这些假设与前面所作的阐述，我们就能作出判断，要经历多少个千年的漫长岁月，人类才能在其头脑中形成他所能进行的这些连续的思维活动。

请允许我暂停片刻来谈谈语言产生时所遇到的诸多困难吧。在此，我仅想引用或重述孔狄亚克神父在这个问题上所作的研究。这些研究不但能充分证实我的理论体系，而且也许正是它们启发了我最初关于这个问题的想法。但是从这位哲学家解决任意性语言符号的起源的方式来看，他把我质疑的东西当成了他假设的前提，即：在语言创始者中已经存在某种社会联系了。因此，我认为有必要在说明我的观点时同时引用他的观点，以便从一种适合我的角度来显示出同样的难题。首先呈现的难题是：语言因何成为必要。因为那时人与人之间没有任何来往，也就没有交流的必要，如果可以没有语言，那就没有考虑发明语言的必要

了，也没有发明语言的可能性了。和其他许多人所持的观点相同，我也认为语言源于父母子女之间家庭内部的交流。但是这种观点，不但解决不了任何难题，还会犯那些把在社会中获得的观点强加于自然状态上的人所犯的错误。在他们看来，家庭即指生活在同一屋檐下，家庭成员就像我们在文明国家中看到的那样和睦相处，许多共同的利益让他们结合成亲密而持久的关系。但在原始状态中，人没有窝棚，没有房屋，也没有任何形式的财产。每个人都随意找栖身之所，很少能在同一地方度过两晚。男女的结合也没有任何预先计划，或者是机缘，或者是偶然，或者是欲望让他们走到一起，他们基本上也不需要语言来交流彼此的想法。他们聚得容易，散得也容易。孩子呱呱落地，母亲喂养孩子，这仅出自于她自己的生理需求。但是随后由于习惯和风俗使孩子对她变得重要，她开始疼爱孩子。一旦孩子们能独立觅食，他们便会主动离开母亲的怀抱。除非母子一直不离左右才不会忘记彼此，否则他们很快就会彼此相忘，即使以后偶然相遇也不会相识。通过进一步的观察我发现，孩子需要表达种种需求，因此孩子要对母亲说的事情比母亲要向他说的还要多。孩子在语言发明上承担了重大的责任，而且他使用的绝大部分的语言应当是自己所创。这就使得语言的种类与使用它的人的数量一样多。此外，人类浪迹天涯、居无定所的生活更加剧了语言的多样化，使得任何习语都来不及固定下来。母亲可能会教孩子使用某些词语来向她表达他们的需要，虽然这能很好地解释已经形成的语言是通过何种方式传授的，却不能说明语言最初是如何形成的。

让我们假设第一个难题已经解决了：让我们暂且跨过语言由纯粹的自然状态到成为必需的那段漫长时期，让我们先假定语言是必要的，再来探究它们是如何开始形成的。这时，新难题出现了，而且比前一个更难解答。因为，如果说人类需要用言语来学习思维的话，那么为了发明语言，他们更需要先学会思考。而且即使我们能够理解有声语言是如何成为表达我们思想观念的约定工具的，但是我们仍无法知道那些抽象的、无法被感知的、既无法用手势又不能用声音来表达的思想，是通过什么约定的工具来表达的。因此，对于这种交流思想和建立精神联系的技艺的诞生情况，我们至今仍难以作出任何令人信服的猜测。语言这一艺术如此精深，虽然早已远离其源头，但哲学家们仍然在一个离其完美化遥不可及的地方研究它。纵使时间必然带来的变革有利地得到了推迟，纵使我们的学者们能够摒弃偏见或者至少让持偏见者保持沉默，纵使学术界数百年来穷尽其毕生精力、潜心研究这一错综复杂的问题，我也从未见过他们中有如此大胆的人敢去断言语言曾经达到过完美的程度。

在人类还没有必要使用语言劝说聚集在一起的民众之前，其最初的语言，即所有语言中使用最普遍、最具活力的语言，简言之就是人类需要使用的唯一的语言，是自然的呼喊。因为这种呼喊是在紧要关头由本能的激发而形成的，在身处危险之际它被用来寻求帮助，或者在承受剧痛之时用来减轻痛苦，在日常生活中则少有用途，因为平时人们的情感都比较温和。当人类的思想观念开始扩展并逐渐增多，人与人之间的交流日趋密切的时候，他们便致力于创造出更多的符号和一种使用更为广

泛的语言：他们增加了音调变化，并辅以手势。手势就其本质而言更富于表现力，而且其含义也较少依赖于任何预先规定的含义。于是，人们用手势表示那些能看得见和可移动的事物，用模拟的声音表示能听得到的事物。但是，手势除了可以表达那些存在于眼前或者易于描述的事物以及能看得到的行为外，几乎不能表达别的任何事物。手势也不是在任何时候都有用，因为在黑暗之中或者有不透明物体的阻挡时，手势就会失去效用。此外，手势与其说是引起注意的，不如说是要求注意的,人们最终想出了使用发声的方式来代替手势，虽然这些声音不能与特定的事物一一对应，但作为约定俗成的符号更适于表达人类的所有思想。然而，这种代替关系，只有通过人们达成共识才能得以实现。野蛮人在实施的时候是有相当的困难的，因为他们粗糙的器官尚未经过训练。这种代替本身就更难以理解了，因为要达到共识就必须说明理由，这就意味着要想使用言语就必须先有言语。

我们可以推断，人们最初使用的词语含义一定比语言形成后的词语含义宽泛得多；当时人们还不懂得要把一个句子划分为不同的部分，一开始，他们给每个词语都赋予整个命题的含义。后来,人们开始认识到主语与定语、动词与名词之间的差异，那已是非凡的天才之力了。名词性实词一度仅指那些专有名词，不定式是动词唯一的时态。至于形容词，其概念的发展一定颇费周折，因为每个形容词都是一个抽象的词语，而抽象思维本身就是非自然的、极为艰难的活动。

起初，每个事物不论种属都被赋予一个特定的名称，因为最早创造语言的人还没有能力区分种属概念，所有的物体都按照他们在自然界中存在的样子，以独立的个体反映在人们的头脑之中。如果他们把一棵橡树称作甲，他们就把另一棵橡树称作乙：因此，人们的知识越有限，他们的词汇就越庞杂。要想解决如此繁冗复杂的命名法所带来的困扰并非易事，因为若想把几种事物归到一个代表种类的名下，人们首先必须熟知它们的属性和差异，还需要积累大量的观察和定义。也就是说，需要博物学和形而上学的知识，而这一切远非那个时代的人力所能及。

此外，不借助于词语，人们心中便不会形成观念；不借助于命题，人们便不能理解观念。这也是为什么动物不能形成这样的观念、不能借此获得自我完善能力的原因之一。当一只猴子毫不犹豫地扔掉一个坚果去摘另一个坚果时，我们能否认为它知晓坚果的一般观念，并能用坚果的典型形态概念和这两个具体的坚果作比较呢？当然不能。不过，当它看到一个坚果时，这个坚果便会唤起它从另一个坚果那里得到过的感觉；它的眼睛因接受过某种特定坚果的样子，因此能预知它将要吃到的这个坚果的味道。凡是概括的观念皆纯粹理性，一旦想象介入，即便程度轻微，概括的观念也会立即变成具体的观念。你若尝试着在脑海中勾勒出一棵普通树的图画，是无论如何也描绘不出的。无论你怎样竭尽全力，这棵树要么是大树要么是小树，要么枝叶稀疏要么枝繁叶茂，要么颜色鲜亮要么色泽灰暗。如果你只想看到所有树木的共同点，那么你脑海中的形象将不再像任何树。人们认知纯粹抽象的事物也是采用同样的方式，换言之，只能借助言语方可想象。三角形定义的本身就能让你想

象到这个图形的确切形状：当你在头脑中勾勒出一个三角形时，它一定是这个或那个具体的三角形，而非其他，并且你会不由自主地想象出它具体的大小和其图面的颜色。所以我们必须使用各种命题，必须通过言语来形成一般的观念，因为如果不借助言语的话，一旦想象停住脚步，我们的思考也就停止了。因此，如果最初的语言创造者只能给他们已有的观念命名的话，那么早期的名词就只能是些专有名词了。

但是，当我们早期的文法学家们以一种我无法理解的方式开始扩展他们的观念和概括归纳词汇的时候，语言创造者的无知一定已经使其局限于一定的范围之内了。并且，因为他们起初缺乏属种的知识，所以创造出了太多的个体名称，在后来又由于不能认识到所有事物间的异质性，仅创造出了极少的属种类别。要想进行更多的分类，他们必定拥有比我们可以承认他们所拥有的更丰富的知识和经验，他们必定需要进行比我们假定他们所愿意进行的更多的研究并承受更多的辛苦。即便时至今日，如果我们每天都会发现新的物种，这些物种迄今为止未被人发觉，那么我们就可以想象出有多少物种被那些仅靠表面就判断事物种类的人们遗漏掉了！至于那些原始类别和最一般的概念，无须赘述，也同样被他们忽视了：例如，他们如何想到或者理解诸如“物质”、“精神”、“实体”、“样态”、“格”、“运动”这样的词语？因为，即使是长期以来经常使用这些术语的哲学家们也不能完全理解它们的含义，并且他们赋予这些词语的观念完全是形而上学的，在自然界中没有原型可寻。

初探至此，且告一段落，也恳请我的评判员们暂停阅读，稍作思考：仅从物质名词的发明创造（虽然它是语言发明中最容易的部分）来看，语言要能够表达人类所有的思想感情，要采用一种固定的形式，要能够用来当众演说并影响社会，其发展可谓是任重而道远，人们仍有很长的路要走。我诚挚地恳请他们想一想，人类需要花费多少时间、掌握多少知识才能发明数字、抽象词汇、不定过去时和动词的各种时态、小品词、句法、连接命题和论证的方法以及构成话语全部逻辑的方法。至于我，早已被每前进一步就成倍增长的困难吓住了，并深信单凭人类的智能发明并创造出语言几乎被证明是不可能的事。所以我必须把这一难题留给任何有意致力于此项研究的人去探讨：“社会的存在对于语言的发明，或者语言的发明对于社会的建立，哪一个更为必要呢？”

但是，无论语言和社会的起源如何神秘，我们至少可以推断，由于自然极少关心人类出于相互需要而聚集在一起，自然也没有促进人类更为简单地使用语言，所以自然为人们社交关系的建立做的是多么少啊，并且在人们建立相互间的联系时贡献又是多么少啊！事实上，我们难以想象，在原始状态下，一个人需要另一个人帮助的机会会多于一只猴子或一匹狼需要同类帮助的机会；或者，假设他真的需要，是什么动机促使另一个人来帮助他；又或者别人愿意帮助他，求助者与救助者又是如何就条件达成一致的呢？我知道著书立说者常常对我们说，原始状态下的人是最悲惨的生物了；若真如此，就如我认为我已经证明过的，人类在经历了漫长的时期之后才有脱离自然状态的愿望或者机会，那么他们的控诉对象只能是自然，而不是自然创造的人类。但是，倘若我透彻地

理解了“悲惨”一词，它或者就是一个毫无意义的字眼，或者仅仅表示一种痛苦穷困的生活和身心遭受苦难的状态。那么我倒很乐意有人能告诉我：一个心态平和、身体健康的自由人，会遭受怎样的悲惨呢？是文明社会生活还是自然生活更容易让身处其中的人们无法忍受呢？在文明社会里，我们所遇之人几乎都在抱怨自己的人生；许多人甚至心甘情愿地放弃了自己的生命，神、人的法律联合起来也很难制止这种混乱。有谁听闻过一个自由的野蛮人会抱怨他的人生或者想到过自杀呢？所以，让我们放下虚荣心，公正地判断哪种状态才是真正的悲惨吧。相反，对于野蛮人来说，最痛苦的事莫过于为知识所迷惑，被情欲所折磨，以及时时纠结于探索一种异己的状态而不能自拔。感谢最英明的上帝，赋予人类的潜能只有在合适的时机才得以发展，以免这些潜能在人们不需要的时候成为多余或带来麻烦，或者在人们需要的时候姗姗来迟无济于事。野蛮人仅依靠本能就拥有生活在自然状态中所需的一切；就其理性的发展来看，他几乎不曾拥有生活在社会状态中所需的一切。

第一眼看上去，这种状态下的人与人之间似乎不存在任何的道德上的关系，也没有任何普遍认可的义务，既无好坏之分，亦无善恶之别。除非我们从生理意义上理解这些词，把那些有损于个人自我生存的特质称为“恶”，有利于个人自我生存的特质称之为“善”；这样一来，我们不得不认为对纯粹的自然冲动作最小抵抗的人是最善良的人。但是，假使我们仅从常规意义来理解这些词语，我们就不会急于对这种情况进行判断，以免产生偏见。先用手中的天秤去衡量，在文明人之中，邪恶和善良孰多孰少？当人们逐渐懂得应该互相帮助时，知识的进步是否能够弥补他们彼此间的伤害？或者，总体来说，一种是他们对彼此既不畏惧，也没有要求，另一种是他们处处依附别人，不得不一切都依赖于别人的善意，而别人并不认为应该回报他们，他们在第一种情况时不会比第二种情况幸福多少的。

然而，最重要的是我们要小心和霍布斯得出一样的结论：人因没有善念，所以性本恶；人之所以邪恶是因为其不知善为何物；人拒绝帮助同类，因为他不认为对同类负有这种义务；人根据他对于所需之物有正当要求的权利，便愚蠢地把自己看作是整个世界的主人。尽管霍布斯非常清楚地看到了所有关于“自然权利”的现代定义的缺陷，但是从他自己的定义所推导出来的结论表明，他对于“自然权利”的理解也同样经不起推敲。该作者，依照自己的原则来推论，本该说自然状态中的人只关心自我生存，这是最无害于他人的生活方式，那么自然状态当属最有利于保持和平、最适于人类生存的一种方式。然而他由于判断失当，得出了恰恰相反的结论，他把满足无数欲望的需要，不适当地掺入到野蛮人对自我生存的关心之中，而这些欲望是社会的产物，也正是这些欲望使制定法律成为必然。霍布斯认为，恶人恰如精力充沛的儿童。但是，尚未证明野蛮人就是精力充沛的儿童；纵使我们承认他是如此，那么这位哲学家又能从该假设中推断出什么呢？那就是说，如果该人在强壮时，也要像其在孱弱时一样依赖他人，那么无论做什么过分的事他也不会有负罪感了。当母亲给他喂奶时稍有迟缓，他便举手就打；当年少的兄弟不小心碰撞到他或无意惹恼了他，他便连抓带咬对其无情地折磨。但是，

一个人身强力壮却又处处依赖别人，这乃是自然状态中两个相互矛盾的假设。需要依赖他人时，便是人虚弱之时；待身强力壮之日，人就该成为自己的主人。霍布斯没有意识到，我们的法学家们所主张的阻止野蛮人使用理性的原因，正是他自己所主张的阻止野蛮人滥用自己智力的原因。因此，我们可以说野蛮人并非恶人，仅是因为他们不知何为善而已；阻止他们为非作歹的既非智力的发展，也非法律的约束，而是因为他们内心平静并对邪恶一无所知，“一个人因对邪恶的无知而得到的好处要远多于他从美德的认识中获得的好处”。另外还有一条原则霍布斯没有注意到：当看到同类遭受苦难时，人的内心就会产生一种天生的厌恶之情，从而使其追逐自身利益的巨大热情受到限制，这种人类与生俱来的同情心，在某种程度上抑制了人们盲目而强烈的自爱心，或者说在自爱心未产生之前，抑制了他自我保存的意愿。我相信这是人类唯一的与生俱来的美德，即使是对人类美德最激烈的诋毁者也无法否认，因此我不必担心会有任何非议。我所说的同情心对于像我们这样虚弱、易于多灾多难的生物而言是一种颇为适宜的禀性。这也是人类所拥有的最普遍、最有益的美德。因为同情心会在人们作任何思考之前就发生，它是那么自然，甚至动物在某些时候也会流露出来。且不谈母兽对幼崽的温柔呵护，也不说在危险之际它们为了保护幼崽可以奋不顾身。纵使一匹马也不愿意踩踏任何活物；一只动物从它同类的尸首旁边走过时也难免动容：有些动物甚至会以某种方式安葬死去的同伴；家畜一进入屠宰场就会悲鸣不已，表达它们对突然呈现在眼前的恐怖景象的畏惧。我们欣喜地看到，就连《蜜蜂的寓言》的作者也不得不承认，人是一种具有同情心的有感情的动物。他一改平日冷隽敏锐的文风，在举出的例子中，为我们描述了一个令人悲怆心碎的场景：一个双手被缚的人被迫目睹了一只野兽从一个母亲的怀里掳走了她的孩子，巨齿咬碎了孩子稚嫩的肢体，利爪撕碎了这个无辜罹难者还在抽搐着的内脏。亲眼目睹此等惨象，虽与他本人无关，却怎能不令他毛骨悚然？面对昏厥的母亲和垂死的孩子却无能为力，又怎能不令他悲痛万分？

这就是人类纯真的自然情感，先于一切思考而存在；这就是天生怜悯的力量，再败坏的风气也无法将它毁灭。在剧院中，我们每天都能看到一些人为不幸的戏中人的悲惨遭遇唏嘘感怀，伤心落泪；然而有朝一日他们成为暴君，他们一样会加重对敌人的虐待，使其倍受折磨。曼德维尔清楚地认识到，尽管人类拥有一切道德，如果自然不曾赋予他们同情心去辅佐理性，人类将无异于一群怪兽。但是曼德维尔没有认识到，他所否认的所有的人类的美德正是源于同情心这种品质。事实上，如果没有对弱者、罪人和人类普遍的同情，何谈慷慨、仁慈和博爱？如果我们判断无误，爱心和友谊不过是对特定对象的恒久怜悯心的产物：因为希望一个人免遭痛苦，除了希望他能够幸福，还能有什么要求？纵然同情之心、怜悯之情只不过是我们设身处地与受苦者引起共鸣而产生的一种情感，这种情感，野蛮人虽不能名状，但却反应强烈；文明人深谙就里，却又表现得不明显。这种说法，除了使我的观点不言而喻外，又怎能影响我提出的观点呢？事实上，旁观的动物与受苦的动物越亲近，共鸣越强烈，怜悯心也就越强。显而易见，这种共鸣的感觉，在自然状态

中比在理性状态中要深切得多。理性产生自爱，思考强化自爱；理性使人敛翼自保、明哲保身；理性使人远离困扰、免遭痛苦。哲学使人产生隔阂；听从哲学的教诲，人才会在受难者面前暗自嘀咕：生死由天，与我何干？只有关乎整个人类存亡的危险，才能搅扰哲学家的清梦，眠不成寐、卧不成寝。有人可以在他窗下杀害另一个人而不受惩罚，他只需用双手掩住自己的耳朵，替自己稍作辩解，便可以阻止内心那份油然而生的对不幸受害者的怜悯与同情。野蛮人绝对没有这种令人艳羡的本领，由于缺乏智慧和理性，他们总是不假思索地盲从于人类的初始情感。聚众闹事、街头斗殴，群氓蜂拥而至，精明者伺机溜走。拉开厮打、阻止上层人士相互残杀的人反倒是人渣、贫穷的市井女人。

因此可以肯定地说，怜悯之心属于自然的情感，它调节着每个人的自爱活动，推动着全人类的互相保护。正是这种怜悯之心，促使我们毫不犹豫地去援救我们所见到的受苦者；正是这种怜悯之心，在自然状态中替代着法律、规矩和道德，因为这个优势，没有人企图违背她那甜美、温柔的声音；正是这种怜悯之心，使得一个健壮的野蛮人，只要有一线希望能自我谋取生计，就绝对不会去掠夺幼弱孩童或体弱老者千辛万苦得来的东西；正是这种怜悯之心，不遵从“以其人之道，还治其人之身”这句富有理性正义的崇高格言，而是用另一句更合乎善良天性的格言：“利己而不损人”来启示所有的人。后一句格言远不如前一句完美，但也许更为有用。总之，与其在那些高深的论证中，不如在这种自然的情感中，去探求一个人在作恶后会感到内疚的原因，即使他可能没有受过任何教育箴言的启示。虽然苏格拉底和像他那种类型的天才人物能够十分有幸地通过理性获得美德，但如果人类的存在完全依赖于构成种群的个体的理性活动，那么人类早已不复存在。

人类性情温顺，自控力强，与其说他们邪恶，不如说他们粗野，而且他们更关注保护自己免受损害而不是去伤害其他动物，因此他们不会招致危险的争执：由于他们之间没有任何形式的交往，因此他们根本不知道什么是虚荣、尊崇、重视和轻视；由于他们根本没有“你的”和“我的”这种概念，也不知正义为何物；由于他们把可能遭受的任何暴力视为一种易于弥补的罪恶，因此不认为这种伤害应该受到惩罚；由于他们从来都没有想过报复，除了有可能会像一只狗去扑咬投向它的石头一般，机械地而非预谋地予以反抗；如果他们争执的对象不比食物更令其动心的话，他们的争执也很少会导致流血的后果。但是，确有一种比较危险的争端，我必须加以说明。

使人心波动的各种欲望中，有一种炽热激烈的欲望使男女两性互相需要彼此。这种可怕的情欲足以使人藐视一切危险，冲破一切障碍，当它达到癫狂的程度时，足以毁灭全人类，而它注定保护人类。如果人们一味地沉湎于这种无法无天、凶猛残暴的狂热中，没有节制、没有廉耻，每天不惜流血冲突、互相争夺他们的所爱，人类将会变成什么样子呢？

首先必须承认，情欲越强，就越需要法律的约束。然而，且不论这

种情欲每天在社会中所引起的混乱和所造成的罪恶早已证明法律在这方面是无能为力的，我们需进一步深究的是这些混乱和罪恶是否伴随着法律本身一起产生。因为，在此情形下，虽然法律能够抑制这种混乱，但是如果要求法律来制止这种没有法律就根本不会存在的祸害，那未免是向法律提出最无意义的要求，无异于缘木求鱼了。

首先让我们区分一下精神上的“爱”和生理上的“爱”。生理上的爱是指人间普遍存在的、想和异性结合的情欲；精神上的爱，则具有排他性，把情欲限定在一个特定的对象上，或者说，这种情欲至少是将更多的精力放在一个偏爱的对象身上。由此容易看出，精神上的爱是一种人为情感，产生于社会习惯。女性对其极尽颂扬之能事，以建立她们自己的权威，使本来应该处于服从地位的女性处于统治地位。这种情感建立在野蛮人不能够拥有的某些美与德的观念之上，建立在野蛮人不能够作出的种种比较之上，所以野蛮人几乎没有这种情感。野蛮人的头脑里根本没有“匀称”和“协调”等抽象观念，他们的心里不会产生赞赏和爱慕之情；这些情感形成于对这些观念的运用，人们不易觉察出来。野蛮人仅听从于自然禀性的支配，不能自发尝试爱的甜美，任何女人都能满足他的需求。

完全局限于生理之爱的野蛮人幸福无比，他们不知道这些偏爱会激起爱的情感，也不知道它们同时会增加满足这种情感的难度。处于自然状态的人，他们的感情冲动不会太频繁，也不会太激烈，因而他们之间的争执比较少，也不那么残酷。在我们之间造成许多创伤的那种假想，从来不会侵扰野蛮人的心灵，他只是静静地等候着自然的冲动，当他毫无选择地屈从于这种冲动时，他的心情与其说是狂热的，不如说是愉悦的。他的需求一旦得到满足，他的欲望便完全消失。

所以，显而易见，爱情也和其他一切情欲一样，只有在社会中才会变得狂热起来，常常给人类带来灾难。如果认为野蛮人为了满足自己的兽性而不断相互残杀，那是很荒谬的，因为这种想法与实际经验正好相反。就拿加勒比人来说，他们是迄今为止最接近于自然状态的一个民族，按说他们生活在炎热地带，受气候影响，他们的情欲似乎应该总是很强烈的，然而他们的爱情生活最为平和，他们之间很少因嫉妒而发生纷争。

在有些动物种类中，由于雄性为争夺雌性相互争斗，一年四季养禽场都充斥着血性的厮杀；尤其是在春天，林间处处是吵吵闹闹的叫春声。若要依据这种现象推及人类，我们首先应当排除所有这些动物，因为自然明确规定了这些动物与人类有着不同的两性关系。因此，我们不能简单地从雄鸡相斗中得出适用于人类的推论。在这些动物中，可以更好地观察到两性的比例关系，这些争斗完全是由于雌性数量远远少于雄性数量，或者，雌性有段时间经常会拒绝雄性的接近而引起的。因为假使每年雌性动物与雄性动物交配的时间仅为两个月，那就等于雌性的数目减少了六分之五。然而，这两种情形都不适用于人类。人类女性的数目往往多于男性，即使是野蛮人，也难以发现女性像其他动物那样，有

发情期和性冷淡期。另外，上述那些动物的一些种类往往会同时进入发情期，于是我们就会看到持续几天的狂热、喧嚣、混乱、流血的场景。这种现象绝不会发生在人类身上，因为人类的性欲根本没有周期性。所以，我们不能根据某些动物因为争夺雌性而进行争斗，就推定自然状态中人类的情形也是如此。即便这样的推断成立，我们也不能因为这种争斗不会使其他动物灭绝，就设想这种争斗也不会对人类造成致命的威胁。而且，这类争斗在自然状态中所造成的祸害远比在社会状态中所造成的祸害要少得多，尤其是比起在那些崇尚道德的国家里，其祸害更要少得多。在这些国家里，情人的嫉妒和丈夫的报复，每天都会引发决斗、谋杀或更为严重的其他犯罪行为。夫妻间忠贞不渝的约定只会促成通奸行为；那些提倡贞操和荣誉的法律，必然会助长淫乱行为，增加堕胎事件。

我们可以得出这样的结论：整日游荡、漂泊于森林中的野蛮人，没有劳役，没有言语，没有固定住所，对战争和社会关系一无所知；他们对于同类既无所求，也无意加害，甚至也许从来不能区分出同类中谁是谁；他们清心寡欲，自给自足。我想我们可以得出这样的结论：野蛮人的感情和知识仅仅适合于他所处的环境，他只能意识到自己的现实需要，他所注意的只限于他感兴趣的东西，他的智力水平并不比他的幻想有更多的发展。即使他偶有发明，也不能授之于人，因为他根本不认识自己的子女。每项技艺都随着发明者的死亡而消失了。既无所谓教育，也无所谓进步。一代代人繁衍生息，毫无目的，每一代都从相同的起点开始轮回，许多世纪过去了，人类依旧生活在初始时代那种极其粗野的状态中。人类已经很古老了，而人的个体幼稚如故。

我之所以不惜笔墨来阐述我所设想的原始状态，是因为在这一问题上有许多由来已久的错误观念和根深蒂固的成见，我有义务去消除它们。我认为必须追本溯源，挖掘出自然状态的真实画面，说明即使在这种状态中，自然的不平等也不像现在的著书立说者认为的那样真实，也没有他们认为的那样有影响。

事实上，我们很容易理解，综观那些人与人之间的各种差别，有许多被认为是天性所致，其实这些差别只不过是习惯使然，是人们为了适应社会生活而采取了各种不同的生活方式的结果。因此，一个人体质的强弱以及由此体现出来的力量的大小，往往取决于他的成长环境和教养方式是艰苦磨练还是娇生惯养，而不是取决于他身体的先天禀赋。智力的强弱之别，亦是如此。教育不仅能在受过教育的人和没受过教育的人之间产生差别，而且随着所受文化程度的提高，受过教育的人之间的差别也随之加大。因为，如果让一个巨人和一个侏儒在同一条道路上行走，两人每走一步，巨人与侏儒之间的差距也就增加一分。文明社会中，不同等级的人在教育和生活方式方面存在着千差万别，而动物和野蛮人的生活特点则是普遍的简单性和单一性；所有的个体都吃同样的食物，过同样的生活，做同样的事情。假如现在我们把这两者作一比较，就会很容易看出自然状态中人之间的差别竟有多小；而制度的种种不平等给人类所平添的不平等又竟有多大。

但是，即便自然在赋予人类各种禀性时会厚此薄彼，有失公正，但是在人与人之间几乎不可能发生任何关系的自然环境中，那些最受自然偏爱的人们伤害到别人之后，又会获得什么好处呢？在没有爱情的地方，美貌有何用处？在没有交流的地方，才智有何用处？在没有贸易往来的地方，欺诈又有何用处呢？著书立说者常说，强者恃强凌弱，压迫弱者；然而但愿他们能够说明何谓“压迫”。有人使用暴力来实施统治，就有人呻吟着屈从于统治者的为所欲为。这正是我在我们之间所观察到的情形，但是我不理解如何能据此推断野蛮人也是如此，因为能使他们了解什么是“奴役”、什么是“统治”都颇具困难。诚然，一个人会掠夺别人采摘的果实，夺取他人捕获的猎物，霸占别人用以遮风蔽雨的洞穴，但他怎样能够做到强迫别人服从他的意志呢？没有财产，人们之间怎么会有依附、从属的关系呢？如果我在某一棵树上被驱赶走，我只得另寻他树；如果我在某一个地方受到搅扰，谁又能阻挡我另寻他处呢？然而，假定我遇到这样一个人，他不但力量大我许多，而且还相当邪恶、相当懒惰、相当凶狠，他强迫我替他提供生计，而他自己却无所事事。那么这个人就务必时时刻刻留意我，不敢有片刻的疏忽，即使在小憩之前，也要把我捆牢，惟恐我会把他杀死，或者伺机逃跑：也就是说，他必须甘愿让自己陷于无穷无尽的麻烦之中，而这种麻烦远比他自己想要避免的和他强加给我的要多得多。毕竟，只要他的戒备心稍有松懈，只要一个意外的声响使他分神，我就会瞬间隐身于森林，我的束缚就解除了，他也再不会看到我了。

细节无须赘述。每个人都会明白：人们之间的奴役关系形成于人与人之间的相互依赖和相互需要将他们联系在一起之时。因此，如果不先使一个人沦落到要依靠别人才能存活的地步，便不可能奴役这个人；这种情形在自然状态中是不存在的，在那种状态中，每个人都是自己的主人，强者法则无从生效。

上述已经证明，在自然状态中，人们几乎感觉不到人与人之间不平等的存在，而且自然的不平等几乎没有什么影响力。接下来，我将在人类思想连续发展的过程中继续寻找不平等的起源和发展轨迹。上文已经指出，在自然状态中人的自我完善、社会美德，以及上天赋予的各种其他潜质，绝不能自发形成、发展，必须借助于许多外部诱因。但是，这些外因可能永远不会发生。这样的话，自然状态中的人则会永远停留在原始状态。所以，我还应该把各种不同的偶然事件加以观察和归纳，这些偶然事件完善了人的智慧，却败坏了人类本身。在使人成为社会的人的同时，也使人变得邪恶起来，最终把人和世界从那么遥远的时代发展到了今天的样子。

我必须承认，由于我要叙述的事件可能出现过多种不同的情形，所以我只能通过一些猜测来决定我的选择；但是，当这些猜测成为从自然事物本性中所能作出的最接近于真实的猜测时，当这些猜测作为我们用以发现真理的唯一途径时，这些猜测便转化为推理的依据。我从猜测中推出的结论也不仅是猜测性的结论，因为依据我在上面建立的那些猜想，人们不可能推导出其他理论体系，任何别的理论也都不能给我提供

同样的结果，也不能得出同样的结论。

这样我就无需对以下这些作出更加深入细致的思考：时间的流逝如何还原各种事件的真实面貌；一些无足轻重的因素在持续不断地发挥作用时会产生多么惊人的力量；某些并无既定事实佐证的假说如何会显得无懈可击；当两件被认可的实事，需要用一系列未知的或者被认为未知的中介事实联系起来时，若有历史可寻，便由历史提供那些起联系作用的事实,若无历史可以考证，则由哲学来提供那些起联系作用的类似事实；最后，就事件而言，事物之间的类似性已使各种事实在类别上简化为比我们通常所想象的还要少得多的数目。我只需把这些问题呈献给评判员们去思考，我只需把我的研究以一种使普通读者免受思虑之苦的方式呈现出来。

第二部分

文明社会的真正奠基者是这样的一个人，他第一个圈起来一块土地，产生了“这是我的”的想法，并且还找到一些头脑简单的人来相信他的话。倘若此时有人拔掉木桩或填平沟壕，向同胞们大声疾呼：“千万别听信这个骗子的鬼话！土地上的果实是属于我们大家的，土地本身不属于任何人！要是忘记这一点，那你们就要遭殃啦！”那么人类该会免除多少犯罪、多少战争、多少谋杀、多少不幸和恐怖啊！但是，极可能的是，当时事情的发展已经到了不能再以同样的方式继续下去的地步了。因为私有财产的概念是依赖于一些逐步相继出现的先行观念的，而并不是一下子出现在人的头脑中的。在人类发展到这一自然状态的最后阶段前，他们一定取得了巨大的进步，获得了大量的技巧与知识，而把这些技巧与知识世代传承并不断发扬光大。因此，我们可以把视角放得更高一点，按照最自然的顺序，把这一系列缓慢发展的事件和精神上的进步综合成一种观点。

人类最原始的情感就是对自身生存的情感，最原始的关怀就是对维持生存的关怀。大地的物产供给了他所有的所需之物，而本能促使他去利用这些物产。种种欲念使他在不同时期经历不同的生存方式，有一种欲念刺激他延续自己的种群。然而这种盲目的习性与任何纯粹的爱情或感情毫无关系，只能产生一种纯动物的行为。激情一旦消退，两性彼此就视为路人，甚至孩子一旦不再需要母亲的呵护，便也与母亲没有丝毫的关系了。

这就是早期人类的生存状况，这就是最初局限于纯粹的感觉、动物般的生活方式，截止到他生存的那个时期，他没有想过用自己的才能向大自然索取什么，所以他几乎不会利用大自然自愿为他提供的东西。但是困难很快出现了，他必须学会如何战胜它们：一些高大树木妨碍他采摘果实，与其他动物争夺双方都喜爱的果实，许多动物凶猛异常甚至觊觎他的生命，各种各样的境况都迫使他锻炼体魄。在战争中他必须得身手敏捷，奔跑迅速，还要坚忍不拔。像石块、树枝等天然武器，很快便为他所用。人类学会了如何克服大自然的障碍，学会了如何在必要时与其他动物进行搏斗，学会了如何与其他人争夺微薄的食物，也学会了如何补偿自己先前不得不让给强者的那些东西。

随着人类数量的不断增多，种群规模的不断扩大，人类同样的痛苦也越来越多。也许是土壤、气候与季节的差异，迫使人们遵循不同的生活方式。欠佳的收成、漫漫的寒冬，还有炙烤了大地上的所有果实的夏日骄阳，都要求人们拥有特别的劳作方式。在沿海和在沿河的地方，人们发明了渔线和渔钩，并由此成了渔民和以鱼为食的人。在森林里，人们制作了弯弓与利箭，并由此成了猎人和勇士。在寒冷的国度，人们用捕杀的野兽的皮来裹身御寒；电闪雷鸣、火山爆发或者出于某次侥幸人们认识了火——一种抵御严寒的新方法：他们首先发现了保存火源的方法，接着又学会了如何生火，最后还学会了用火烧烤兽肉，而在此之前

他们只能吞噬野兽尸体上的生肉。

这种人与不同事物以及人与人之间的反复接触，必定会在其头脑中自然而然地产生某些特定关系的观念。我们用如下的词语来表示这些关系：大、小、强、弱、快、慢、惧怕、勇敢等等。它们源于人们几乎无意识的偶然的对比，并在其头脑中产生了某种思考，或者说是一种机械的谨慎。而这种谨慎则成了人们保障自身生存和安全的最必要的防备措施。

人类在这个发展过程中获得的新知识，使人意识到自己的优势，从而增强了人相对于其他动物的优势。人给动物布置陷阱请君入瓮，千方百计诱骗动物上当被捉。尽管有的动物比人更为强壮或者更加敏捷，但久而久之，人变成了可供人使用的动物的主人，也变成了那些会伤人的动物的克星。由此，当人类首次对自身作了一番审察后，便产生了最初的自豪感。由此，在他还不知道如何给各种生物划分等级时，他通过把自己的种群视作所有动物中最高的等级，早早地把自己当作同类中的佼佼者了。

尽管他的同类和他的关系与我们的同类和我们的关系不尽相同，尽管他与同类之间的交往并不比他与其他动物之间的交往更多，但他并没有忽视对自己同类的观察。久而久之，他也许发现了他与同类之间以及他与异性之间有许多相同之处，并能据此推断出另一些尚未察觉的相同点。当他发现在类似的情况下其他人的行为和自己一致时，他便得出结论，大家的思维方式和意愿与他的十分相同。这一重要的真理，一旦深深地刻在其脑海中，便会促使他凭着预感来寻求最佳的行为方式。这种预感与任何逻辑推理都一样，不但准确无误，而且更为快捷。为了自身的安全和利益，他应当遵循这些行为方式。

经验告诉他，所有人类活动的唯一准则是追求自身幸福，由此他发现自己能够区分：在少数情形下，共同的利益让他可以依靠同伴的帮助；在更加罕见的情形下，彼此利益的冲突使他不能相信自己的同伴。在第一种情形下，他与其他人聚集成群，或者至多是自由的联合体，对其成员不加任何约束，短暂的聚集需要一旦得到了满足，团伙随即解散。在第二种情形下，每个人都力图获取自己的私利。如果他认为自己足够强壮，就会公开使用武力；如果他认为自身在力量上处于劣势，无法使用暴力，就会通过诡计与机智谋取私利。

就这样，人们在不知不觉中对彼此之间的义务以及履行这种义务将能带来的好处有了某种粗略的观念。但这也仅限于当前的利益或意识到的利益，他们完全没有远见，更不会为遥远的未来而烦恼，甚至很少去想第二天的事情。要抓捕一头鹿吗？每个人都认识到要想成功抓捕就必须忠于职守、坚守岗位；但是，假如有一只野兔恰巧路过并进入其中一人的抓捕范围，毋容置疑，他会毫无顾虑地追赶上去。当他抓住自己的猎物后，也绝不会因自己的行为让同伴们失去了猎物而有任何的自责。

我们不难理解，人类之间的这种交往所需要的语言，并不比类似人类群居在一起的乌鸦与猴子的语言更加精细。在相当长的一段时间里，人类普遍使用的语言一定是含糊不清的呼喊、许许多多的手势以及一些模仿性的声音。之后，每一个地区又给这些语言加进了一些发音清晰的而又约定俗成的声音（就像我曾讲到的，语言的形成是不太容易解释的），便产生了特定的语言，但这种语言是粗糙的、不完善的，与现在一些野蛮民族所使用的语言极为相似。由于时光飞逝、所需描述的事物过于繁杂以及人类在最初阶段的发展缓慢不易察觉，我的笔如箭一般转瞬间划过了无数的岁月长河，只能对其作最简略的说明。因为事情的发展越是缓慢，对其的叙述就越应当简洁明快。

终于，这些早期的进步使得人类能够以更快的速度进步了。头脑越是发达，技巧越趋于完善。不久，人们就不再遇树倒头便睡，或见山洞就当避风港了。他们偶然发现了一些形状类似铲子或斧子的坚利石器，便用它们来挖掘土地和砍伐树木，然后用树枝搭起窝棚；后来又想到给窝棚敷抹上一层黏土或泥土。这是人类第一次变革的时代，这次变革促进了家庭的形成和家庭的区分，从此引进了某种所有制形式，由此无穷无尽的争吵与战争随之而来。然而，第一个为自己建造房屋的人极有可能是最强壮的人，他知道自己有能力保护房屋。这样，我们便可以得出结论：弱者会发现与其试图把强者从那小屋里赶走，不如模仿他们建座小屋来得更快也更安全些。至于那些已有小屋的人，谁还会有任何企图去抢夺邻人的小屋？这倒不是因为那房子不属他所有，而是因为他觉得小屋对他没有用处，况且要占据它并成为其主人，势必要与现任房主发生激烈的冲突，酿成一场恶战。

人类情感的发端源于一种新情况，这种新情况把丈夫与妻子、父母与孩子结合在同一屋檐下。共同生活的习惯产生了人类所有情感中最甜蜜的情感：夫妻之间的爱情和父亲对子女的亲情。每一个家庭成了一个小社会，家庭越是团结越是如此，因为维系家庭成员的唯一纽带就是对彼此的依恋与自由。这时，男女两性开始采用不同的生活方式与习惯，而此前他们的生活方式是完全相同的。女人们活动少了，并习惯于呆在家里照顾孩子；男人则在外四处走动为整个家庭寻找赖以生存的食物。由于生活较以前安逸，男女两性便开始失去几分昔日的勇猛与强悍之气。然而，虽说个人单独与野兽搏斗的能力不如以前，但是他们聚集起来共同抵御野兽，却比以前容易多了。

在这种新的状态中，人们过着简单索居的生活，他们的需求有限，并且发明了工具以满足这些需求，凡此种种使人们有了大量的闲暇来追逐他们先辈们未曾有过的一些舒适享受。然而，这正是他在无意识中为自己套上的第一副枷锁，也是为其子孙后代种下的第一个祸根。因为这些享受除了使人们的身体与思想继续软弱外，更会让他们在长时间的享受中失去原有的趣味，甚至蜕化为人们的现实需要。失去这些享受的痛苦远远超过了获得它们所能感到的快乐；失去这些享受会感到不幸，而得到它们，也不怎么让人感到幸福。

在这里我们可以比较清晰地看出，语言的使用是怎样不知不觉地在每个家庭中开始或完善的。而且，我们还可以对其方式作出猜测，各种特殊的原因如何使语言变得更为必要，从而扩大了语言的使用并加速了它的发展。大洪水或大地震使得人类的聚居地被洪水或悬崖峭壁所包围，地球的变迁使部分陆地从大陆架上断裂开来，割裂成一座座岛屿。显然，这样被聚集起来、不得不共同生活在一起的人们，肯定要比那些在大陆森林中自由自在游荡的人们会更快地形成一种共同的惯用语。因此，很有可能是这样：在这些被割裂后形成的岛屿上的居民，在他们最初的试航后，给我们大陆带来了使用语言的习惯；或者，至少很可能是这样：在大陆居民对社会和语言一无所知之前，岛屿上已经建立了社会，产生了语言，甚至已经达到了完善的地步。

于是，一切都变得与原来大相径庭了。那些原来游荡在树林中的人们，由于开始喜欢上更加定居的生活方式，逐渐地聚集在一起，结成了不同的群体，并最终在各个地区形成了拥有各自特点与风俗的截然不同的民族。维系这些民族的不是任何法律与规章，而是同样的生活方式、相同的饮食习惯以及共同的气候影响。长时间的比邻而居，不同的家庭之间最终肯定会产生某种联系。居住在相邻小屋的青年男女之间，由于天然的需求，很快就有了临时的关系，通过彼此间相互交往，这种关系不久就演变成另一种同样亲密且更为持久的关系。人们开始观察不同的对象并加以比较，在不知不觉中获得了才能和美丽的观念，继而产生了偏爱的情感。经常见面让他们养成了习惯，转而不能常常见面时，便会让彼此痛苦不堪。温柔而又甜蜜的情感潜入心灵，但这种感情会因极小的冲突演变为强烈的怒火：爱会生妒，一旦妒起恨生，至柔的情感就将会以血相报。

随着观念和情感的相互推动，思想与心灵的日益活跃，人类不断摆脱自身原有的野性，相互之间的联系变得越加亲密而广泛。他们开始在大树下聚会，载歌载舞。这本是爱情与闲暇的真实产物，却成为了他们的娱乐活动，更确切地说，变成了那些悠闲地聚集在一起的男男女女们的消遣活动。每一个人都开始关注他人，并希望自己被关注。于是，公众的尊敬具有了价值。那些最能歌善舞的人、最英俊潇洒的人、最强壮有力的人、最身手敏捷的人、最能言善辩的人就成为了最受尊敬的人。这就是人类走向不平等的第一步，同时也是走向邪恶的第一步。从这种最初的偏爱中，一方面产生了虚荣与轻蔑，另一方面产生了羡慕与羞耻。最终这些新因素所引起紊乱局面的后果，对幸福与天真来讲是致命的。

人们一旦开始互相品头论足，一旦在头脑中形成了尊重的观念，每个人都认为自己有被尊重的权利，并且任何不尊重他人的人都不再可能平安无事了。由此，最初的种种礼仪与礼让的义务产生了，甚至在野蛮人之间也是如此。由此，每一种故意的伤害都变成了一种侮辱，因为，除了由于伤害带来的损害外，被冒犯的一方必然会从中觉察出对其人格的藐视，而这往往比损害本身更加令他无法忍受。正因如此，每个人按照他自己的尊重标准来决定别人对他的尊重程度，对轻视他的人施以惩

罚。于是报复的后果变得可怕，人们因此变得嗜血成性、残酷无情。这正是我们熟知的大多数野蛮民族曾经达到的程度。许多著述者就是因为没能充分区分这些观念，没有注意到这些民族距离最初的自然状态多么遥远，就草率地下结论说，人生而残暴，他们需要文明制度的感化。然而，再没有比原始状态中的人更温和的了。自然给人定位于距离野兽的愚钝和文明人的不良心智同样遥远的位置，他受到本能和理性的同等制约，只知道提防所面临伤害的威胁，天生的怜悯之心制止他去做任何伤害别人的事情，非但如此，即使在他受到伤害后也不会去报复。因为按照智者洛克的格言：没有私有制，就没有伤害。

但是，我们应当注意到，已经形成的社会和已经建立起的人与人之间的种种关系，要求人们所具有的品质已不同于他们原始体质中所禀赋的品质；由于道德观念已开始渗入人类的行为之中，在法律确立之前，人人都是对自己所受伤害的唯一裁判者和复仇者；适合于纯粹的自然状态的善良已不再适合于新生的社会；随着人们互相冒犯的几率日趋增高，处罚必然也会日益严酷，对复仇的恐惧感为过于软弱的法律增强了约束作用。因此，尽管人们的耐性减弱了，尽管自然的怜悯心也已经历了某种变化，但由于人类的能力在这一阶段的发展恰恰介于原始状态中的闲散和利己主义的急剧活动之间的一个时期，这应当是最幸福而最稳定的一个时期。在这一点上越加深思，我们就越加深信这个时期最不易发生变革，而且最适合于人类的状态；除非发生某种不幸的偶然事件，否则人类是不会脱离这种状态的。为了人类的共同利益，这种偶然事件最好从来没有发生过。我们发现的野蛮人大多数都处于这种状态，他们的事例似乎证实：人类生来就是要一直处于这种状态的，这种状态才是人类世界的真正青春，后来取得的所有进步，从表面上看是个体日臻完善，实际上是人类整体渐趋衰落。

只要人们还满足于他们粗陋的小屋，只要人们还局限于用荆刺和鱼骨缝制兽皮衣服，只要人们继续把羽毛和贝壳当作装饰品装点自己，把身体涂画得五颜六色，把弓箭制造得更为精良和美观，用锋利的石头凿制出渔船或制作粗陋的乐器：总之，只要他们从事那些仅靠一个人就能单独完成的工作，从事那些不需要许多人手通力合作才能完成的手艺活，只要遵循本性，他们就可以过着自由、健康、率真而幸福的生活，继续享受着无拘无束自由交往的快乐。但是，自一个人需要另一个人帮助的那一刻起，自人们察觉到一个人占有两份食物的好处的那一瞬开始，所有的平等都消失了，私有制随之出现，劳动成了必需，广袤的森林变成了需要人们用汗水来浇灌的风景明媚的田野。接着，人们不久就会看到，奴役和苦难伴随着农作物一起萌芽、生长。

冶金术和农业这两种技术的发明，引发了这场伟大的变革。在诗人看来是黄金和白银，而在哲学家看来是铁器和谷物，正是这些东西教化了人，又败坏了人类。美洲的野蛮人对冶金术和农业这两种技术一无所知，正因为如此，他们依然是野蛮人；而其他民族倘若只掌握其中的一种技术，那么他们似乎也停留在不开化的状态。欧洲的文明，虽然不比世界上其他地区开始得早，但至少更为持久、程度更高，一个最有说服

力的原因可能就是欧洲既是世界上铁矿最为丰富的地方，也是盛产谷物的地方。

很难推测人类当初是怎样认识并使用铁的，因为我们很难想象他们在无法预知可能产生的结果之前，就能想到从矿藏中挖掘出铁矿，然后为熔炼这些物质作必要的准备。另一方面，我们更没有理由把这个发明归因于某次偶然的火灾，因为矿藏只有在干燥、贫瘠的地方以及一些没有树木与植被的不毛之地才会形成。由此看来，大自然似乎早已竭力隐藏这个不幸的秘密，以防被我们发现。因此，只有在某一火山突然爆发这种极不寻常的情况下，喷涌而出正在熔化的金属物质，可能使看到这一现象的人们受到启发，产生模仿大自然这种行为的想法。即便如此，我们还必须假定这些人拥有非凡的勇气和先见之明，才能从事如此艰难的工作，并且很久以前就看到他们可能从中获得的利益。只有智慧比较发达的人才会拥有这些品质，而当时的发现者想必还没有这种头脑。

至于农业，其原理早在人们开始耕种以前就已为人所知了。由于人们不断地从树木上、植物中获取食物，他们可能早早就发现了大自然繁殖植物的方法；但是，很可能在很久以后，人类才开始从事农业。这或者是因为树木有土地有水源即可生长，不需要人们的照管；或者是因为他们尚不知道谷物的用途；或者是因为没有种植谷物的工具；或者是因为他们对未来的需要缺乏深谋远虑；或是，总而言之，因为他们缺乏阻止别人侵占他们劳动果实的方法。我们可以相信，当人类变得日益勤劳的时候，他们就开始从事农业生产了，用锐利的石块和带尖的木棒，在房前屋后种植为数不多的豆类或根茎作物。很长一段时间之后，他们才了解谷物的种植方法，并拥有了大规模种植谷物所需要的工具。更不必说，要从事农业这门技术就要播种土地，就必须愿意先失去一些眼前的利益，然后才能收获更多的好处。这种远见对于生活在野蛮状态中的人来说是陌生的。正如我曾经说过的，他们往往在早晨都预料不到晚上的需求。

因此，为使人类致力于农业生产，其他各种技术的发明就变得很必要了。一旦需要一些人从事熔铁和锻铁的工作，就需要有另外一些人来养活他们。从事制造业的人口越多，为所有人提供生活资料的人口就越少，只是需要食物的人口总数并没有改变。而且，由于一些人需要用农产品来换取铁，所以另一些人终于想出了用铁制工具增加农产品的方法。自此，一方面产生了耕耘法和农业：另一方面出现了金属加工业和推广金属用具用途的技术。

土地的耕种必然会引起土地的分配问题，而土地的所有权一旦被承认，就必然会产生最初的公正规则。因为，要获得个人的东西，首先就必须得让每个人拥有一些东西。此外，由于人们已经开始关注未来，并且他们都明白自己拥有一些可能会失去的东西，因此每个人都害怕由于损害他人而使自己遭到报复。这种私有制的起源是比较合乎自然规律的，因为我们不可能设想所有权的观念除了劳动以外还会从别的来源产生。因为一个人要把非他创造的东西据为己有，除了加入自己的劳动以

外还能做什么呢？唯有劳动才能给予耕耘者所耕种土地上农作物的拥有权，给予他对土地本身的拥有权，至少是到庄稼收获时为止。这样年复一年的连续占有就很容易转化为私有财产。格劳秀斯说，古人赋予刻瑞斯女神立法者的称号，并将纪念她的节日命名为“黛丝摩芙里节”，它的意思是：土地的分配产生了一种新的权利，即所有权，这种权力与自然法产生的权利不同。

在这种状态中，如果人们的才能是相等的，例如，如果铁的使用与农产品的消费量总能恰好保持平衡，那么一切事物尚能保持平等。但是，这种均衡是无法持续的，它很快就被打破了。力气最大的人完成的工作最多；技术最熟练的人获得的利益最大；头脑最机灵的人发明了许多省力的方法；或是农夫需要更多的铁具，或是铁匠需要更多的谷物。虽然二者同样在劳作，但有的人获得很多报酬，有的人则难以糊口。这样，自然的不平等随着各种各样的联系不知不觉地渐渐显露出来。而且人与人之间的差异由于所处环境的不同变得更为显著，其效应也更加显著且更为持久，并且相应地开始影响个人的命运。

事物一旦发展到这种地步，其他的事情便不难想象了。我不想再去描述其他技术的相继发明、语言的发展进步、才能的试验和运用、机遇的不均、财富的使用或滥用，也不想描写随之而来的所有细节，因为人人都可以轻而易举地加以补充。我仅想概括地观察一下处在这种新秩序下的人类。

这时，人类所有的能力都得到了发展，记忆力和想象力在发挥作用，自尊心受到关注，理性日趋活跃，智力几乎达到了它所能及的最完善的程度。这时，人类全部的天赋品质都在发挥作用；每个人的等级和地位不仅建立在其财产的多寡以及能帮助或损害别人能力的强弱之上，也同样建立在天赋、美貌、体力或口才、美德或才能等种种品质之上。因为只有这些品质才能令人肃然起敬，所以，每个人都必须拥有或者至少假装拥有这些品质。人们本来是某种样子，但却必须让别人以为自己是另外一个样子。“实际上是”和“看起来是”变成了两种截然不同的事情。正是这种区别催生了浮华虚荣、尔虞我诈以及随之而来的种种邪恶。另一方面，从前本是自由而独立的人，如今却因众多的新生欲望而受制于人，可以说，他要受到整个大自然的支配，尤其要受到同类的支配。纵使他变成了同类的主人，在某种意义上说，他也变成了同类的奴隶。如果他富有，他需要别人的服侍；如果他贫穷，他需要别人的资助；即使他不穷不富，也不能离开他人而独自生活。于是他必须不断设法使别人关心他的幸福，并至少在表面上让人看来，为他服务就能给他们自己带来好处，即使事实并非如此。这样一来，他与一部分人相处时会变得虚伪狡猾，而对另一部分人则专横残忍。并且，每当他不能使他需要的人对他产生敬畏时，每当他不能认识到为他们服务也是他自己的利益所在时，他就不得不对他需要的一切人动恶。总而言之，贪得无厌的野心，聚积财富的热狂，与其说他们是出于真正的需要，勿宁说是出于想高人一等的渴望，使所有的人产生一种损人利己的邪恶意图，以及一种隐秘的嫉妒心。这种嫉妒心尤为危险，因为人们为了更加有保障地

达到目的，往往戴着伪善的面具。总之，虽然有时看来是激烈竞争，有时看来是利益冲突，但是人人都时时暗藏着损人利己之心。这一切都是私有制的最初后果，也是新生的不平等的必然产物。

在人们尚未发明代表财富的符号之前，财富仅包括土地和家畜，这是人们能够拥有的唯一真正的财产。然而，当不动产在数量和范围上不断增长和扩张，直至占据整片土地并相互毗邻的时候，一个人只有通过损害他人的利益才能扩大自己的财富。那些因太过虚弱或懒惰而未能发财致富的人们，就成了多余的人，尽管他们没有失去任何东西，却变成了穷人。因为他们周围的一切都在改变，只有他们自己依然没有改变。于是，他们不得不从富人手中接受施舍或抢夺生活必需品。这样一来，由于富人和穷人各有不同的性格特征，开始产生统治与奴役，或者暴力与强夺。为富者一方，一尝到发号施令的快感，便立即摈弃其他一切的乐趣了。并且，因为他们可以利用已有的奴隶来获得新的奴隶，所以他们一心只想征服和奴役他们的邻人。就如同饿狼一般，一旦尝过人肉，之后便厌弃其他一切食物，只想吃人了。

正因如此，最强势的人或最弱势的人分别将他们的强势或不幸视为对他人所有物的占有权，甚至可以说是财产所有权。平等一旦破裂，最可怕的混乱便接踵而至。正因如此，富人们的巧取豪夺、穷人们的盗窃抢劫以及人的一切情欲放纵，扼杀了人类天生的怜悯之心和原本微弱的正义之声，使人变得贪婪、邪恶、野心勃勃。最强者和先占者的权力之争永无穷尽，而这种冲突总是以战争和杀戮作为终结。新生的社会陷入了最可怕的战争状态：人类由此堕落低劣，疲惫不堪，他们再也不能回到原点，再也不能摆脱掉他们已拥有的不幸的所得。他们滥用能给自己带来荣光的种种才能，结果却迷失了自我，将自己推向毁灭的边缘。

这种新奇的灾难使他诚惶诚恐，固然富有，却招致苦难，他想要逃离财富，并对他曾经焚香期盼的财富憎恶如仇。

但是，人们不可能始终不反思他们所处的悲惨境遇和所遭受的种种灾难。尤其是富人，他们一定很快就会意识到持续不断的战争给他们造成了多大的损失，因为他们负担着战争的全部费用。虽说在战争中，人人都有丧命的危险，但只有他们承担着损失财产的风险。除此之外，无论他们怎样粉饰自己巧取豪夺的行为，他们都十分清楚地知道：这些财产皆建立在伪造的和不稳定的名头之上，仅靠暴力夺得的东西也可能再次被别人用暴力夺去；对这一得失的过程他们几乎没有什么抱怨的余地。即便那些全凭自己的勤劳而致富的人们，也很难为其财产的所有权争得更为正当的名分。他们尽管这样说："这道墙是我修建的，这块土地是我靠劳动获得的。"但这又有何用？有人会反诘："是谁给你划的地界？我们并没有强迫你劳动，你有何权利向大家索取报酬呢？难道你不知晓，正因你占有过多的生活资料，无数的同胞因此受尽折磨或死亡？难道你不知晓，要占有超出你自己生存所需的公共生活资料，必须经过全人类的确认和一致的同意吗？"富人既缺乏充分的理由为自己辩护，也缺乏足够的力量来保卫自己；他镇压某一个人易如反掌，但同样也会被

成群的人轻松制服；富人是以一敌众的，而且由于富人之间相互嫉妒，他们不能联合起来对抗那些以抢劫为共同目标而联合起来的“匪徒”。迫于形势，富人终于构想出了一个人类智慧所能企及的最深谋远虑的计划：利用那些攻击他的力量为其服务，化敌为盟，向其灌输另外的人生格言，使他们采纳其他的制度，这些制度对富人之有利正如自然法对富人之不利。

怀着这种目的，富人向他的邻人们讲述一种可怕的情形：如果所有的人都武装起来相互对抗，那么每个人的财产和需求都一样会成为无法忍受的负担，无论是穷人还是富人都将永无宁日。就这样，富人轻而易举地编造出了虚假的理由，诱导人们以达到他的目的。他说：“让我们联合起来吧，好保护弱者免受压迫，约束那些有野心的人，以保证每个人都对自己的东西拥有所有权。让我们来制定一些人人必须遵守的维护公正与和平的规则吧。它让强者和弱者一样互尽义务，以便在某种程度上弥补命运的不济。总之，我们不要搞内讧消耗我们的力量，我们要集中力量使之汇聚成一种至高无上的权力。这个权力将依据明智的法律来治理我们，保卫这一团体中的所有成员，抵御共同的敌人，使我们永久地生活在和睦中。”

其实，寥寥数语足以诱惑那些容易受骗的粗野之人了。何况他们之间本来就有太多的纠纷需要解决，以至于不能没有仲裁人。并且，他们又有太多的贪欲和野心，以至于不能长时间没有主人。于是，所有的人甘愿引颈受缚，希望这个枷锁能保障他们的自由。因为他们虽然能敏锐地觉察到政治制度的好处，却缺乏足够的经验预见其种种潜在的危险。最有能力预见这些弊端的人恰恰就是期望从中牟利的人。甚至头脑最为清醒的人也认为，牺牲一部分自由以确保另一部分自由是必要的，就像一个四肢严重受伤的人，情愿砍掉其残肢来保全身体的其他部分。

如果任由人类自行发展的话，这就是，也必定是社会和法律的起源，它加重了弱者的桎梏，增强了富人的实力；天赋的自由被不可挽回地摧毁殆尽，保障私有制和不平等的法律却得以永远确立；它把巧取豪夺变成不可取消的权利；为了少数野心家的利益，使其余的人陷入无穷无尽的劳苦、奴役和苦难的深渊。这样，我们就很容易理解，一个社会的建立如何使其他社会的建立成为必然；为了对抗联合的力量，其余的人不论如何也必须联合起来。依此构建的社会一旦形成，不久后便会增加或者扩展，以至于覆盖整个地球；茫茫宇宙再也找不到一个角落，在那里人能够摆脱桎梏，并能避开永远悬于头顶的经常被恶意操控的利剑。就这样，民法成了公民的共同准则，自然法则仅存于各个社会之间，被称作万国法。自然法则受默认惯例的认可，使社会间的交流成为可能，并且替代了天生的同情心。这种同情心，在各个社会间已逐渐失去了它最初在人们身上起到的全部影响力，如今仅存于一些把他们自己当作是世界公民的伟人们的灵魂深处。这种同情心，冲破了那些分离各民族人民的臆想藩篱，效仿使我们得以存在的造物主，将整个人类都纳入其仁爱之中。

因此，依然处于自然状态中的政治组织很快就遭遇到曾迫使人们脱离这种自然状态的种种不便；并且，这种自然状态对于这些庞大的政体远比之前对于构成这些政体的个体们的危害更具毁灭性。由此就产生了那些令自然颤栗、使理性休克的民族战争、斗争、残杀和报复；由此就产生了那些把杀人流血当作美德和荣耀的可怕偏见。就连最高尚的人也学着把扼断同胞之喉视为己任；最终，成千上万的人们互相残杀，却茫然不知为何这么做；在一次战斗中伤亡的人数，以及攻占一座城池所引起的恐怖骚乱，比在自然状态中，整个世界在所有年代被杀害的人数和所引起的骚乱还要多得多。这就是我们可以设想到的人类分成不同社会阶层后所产生的最初结果。让我们回过头来重新审视这些阶层怎样形成的问题。

我知道，对于政治社会起源问题，已经有一些人著书予以其他种种解释。譬如一种观点认为政治社会起源于强者的征服或弱者的联合。然而，对于我将要构建的理论而言，选用哪一种理由并不重要。可我知道，我上文中所概括出的理由是最符合自然的，理由如下：首先，在第一种情况下，由于征服权本身不是一种权利，因而它不能成为其他权利的基础。除非被征服者完全恢复了自由，甘愿臣服于征服者，否则，他们二者之间仍旧处于战争状态。此前，无论他们之间签订了怎样的投降条约，只要是以暴力为基础，这样的条约就是无效的。所以，基于这种假说，就不可能存在任何真正的社会，或者任何的政府组织，除了强者法则外，也不可能有其他的法律。其次，在第二种情况下，由于“强”和“弱”这两个词本身意义含糊，所以在财产所有权或者说先占权的确立与政治机构的建立这段时间间隔里，这两个词是用比他们更为贴切的“富”和“穷”来表达的。因为在有法律以前，事实上人们要想减少他们的对手，除了通过侵占对手的财产或者将自己的部分财产赠与他们之外，别无他法。再者，因为穷人除了自由之外，别无可失，除非他们癫狂之极，否则他们是绝不会得不到某些补偿就心甘情愿地放弃这仅有的恩惠的。然而，如果我可以这么说，富人对其财产的每一笔都慎之又慎，他们更容易受到损害，因此，富人千方百计保护自己的财产不受损失。最后，我们有理由去设想，一个人发明一样东西是因为该事物对他有利，而不是对他有害。

初立之政府没有常规或固定的形式。由于经验和哲学的双重匮乏，人们只能看到眼前的不便，至于未来的不便，往往在其出现之后，人们才会想起去补救。尽管英明的立法者们殚精竭虑，但是政治状况仍未完善，因为，在某种程度上讲，它属机缘之作；并且，因其根基拙劣，时间虽然能够暴露它的缺陷，并昭示一些对其改善的措施，但却永远无法弥补它自始就存在的缺陷。人们不断地修修补补，尽完善之能事。然而要成就广厦伟业，他们就应该像莱克格斯在斯巴达所做的那样，从清理场地和扫除旧物开始。社会起先仅仅由一些普遍的公约构成，全体成员约定遵守这些公约，并且由整个社会团体对每一位成员负保护之责。我们需要经验方能证明这种制度的巨大弱点，有罪之人如何轻易逃脱罪责和惩罚，只有公众充当他的证人和法官。人们总是千方百计地规避法律的制约，不便和混乱一直层出不穷，直到最后人们觉得有必要将公众的

权力冒险地托付于私人，将执法的权力托付于法官。如果说在联盟形成以前就已经选举出首领，在法律制定之前就已经存在法官，那么这个假设真是荒谬得不用我去反驳。

我们同样没有理由设想人们从一开始就无条件地、不假思索地投入专制君王的怀抱，也没有理由设想善妒多疑和桀骜不驯的人们在想到保障公共安全的首选方式时竟会轻率地直奔奴隶制。事实上，如果不是为了免受压迫，不是为了保护生命、自由和财产等那些构成他们生存的要素，他们为什么要把自己交给统治者呢？既然在人与人的关系中，一个人最糟糕的境遇莫过于任人差遣，那么本想让首领保护自己的财产，却一开始就将仅有的财产拱手相送，这难道不有悖常理吗？对于如此优厚的特权，首领能给予他们什么样的等价回馈呢？倘若他以保护人们为借口向他们强索特权，他便即刻得到人们借用一则寓言中的那种答复：就是敌人对待我们也不过如此吧？因此，毋庸置疑，人们拥立首领是为了捍卫自己的自由，而不是为了使自己受奴役，这确实是整个政治法的基本准则。正如普林尼对图拉真所说："倘若我们需要一位国王，那也是因为他能够使我们免受主人的奴役。"

政治家们关于热爱自由所做的辩术与哲学家关于自然状态所做的辩术如出一辙。他们根据自己看到的事物来推断那些他们前所未闻、截然不同的事物。当看到奴隶枷锁在身却忍气吞声、忍耐有加时，他们便认定人类生来就有奴性的倾向。他们不曾想到，自由犹如天真和美德一般，只有拥有者才能体会到它们的价值，一旦失去，对它的感受也就随之荡然无存。布拉西达斯曾对一个把斯巴达的生活同波斯波利斯的生活作比较的总督说："我知道贵国的魅力，但你却不会了解我国的快乐。"

一匹未经驯服的骏马一看到口衔就立刻鬃毛竖立，奋蹄刨地，暴怒抗拒；而一匹经过驯服的马则可以平心静气忍受鞭子和马刺的痛苦。同理，文明人面对枷锁逆来顺受，毫无怨言；而野蛮人则绝不肯向枷锁低头，他宁愿要暴风雨般的自由，也不愿在安宁中受奴役。因此，在判断人的天性是倾向奴役还是反抗奴役时，我们决不能根据被奴役人民沉沦、堕落的状态，而必须根据一切致力于抵抗压迫的自由民族所取得的巨大成就来判断。我知道前一种人（即被奴役的人）不断地炫耀锁链带给他们的平静和安宁，并"将最悲惨的奴役称之为和平"。然而，当我看到后一种人（那些自由的人）不惜牺牲幸福、安宁、财产、权力乃至生命来捍卫他们唯一的宝贵财富，而已经失去自由的人却对此不屑一顾的时候；当我看到生来自由的野兽不堪忍受监禁，在铁笼的栅栏上撞得脑浆迸裂的时候；当我看到无数赤身裸体的野蛮人蔑视欧洲人骄奢淫逸的生活，勇敢面对忍饥挨饿、枪林炮火、死神威胁的情况，只为捍卫自己的自由和独立的时候，我明白了：奴隶是没有资格谈论自由的。

谈及父权，一些学者认为专制政治和整个社会模式都是派生于此。我们无需引用洛克和锡德尼的论证就足以这样说：世界上大相径庭的事莫过于专制政治的残暴与父权的温和。父权与其说是对命令者有利，毋宁说是对服从者有利。根据自然法则，父亲只是在其子女需要他的养育

帮助时，他才是子女的主人。过了这个阶段，他们便地位平等，子女脱离父亲而完全独立，对父亲不是唯命是从，而只是敬重。的确，报恩是一种应尽的义务，而不是施恩者可以强求的权利。因此，我们不应说文明社会是从父权派生出来的，而应该说父权从文明社会中汲取了它重要的力量：只有当子女们聚居在他的周围时，这个人才能被认为是这些孩子的父亲。父亲可以随意处置自己的财产，而这些财产是保持其子女依附于他的纽带。他可以根据每个子女遵从他意志、服从他管教的情况，决定每人所应得的财产份额。现在我们看一下暴君的臣民们。他们根本不要奢望暴君能给予他们任何类似的恩惠，因为臣民自身及其一切所有皆属于暴君，或者至少暴君自以为如此，所以当暴君把臣民原本的一些财产留给他们时，他们还不得不把它当作一种恩惠来接受。暴君盘剥臣民，算是公正；暴君允许臣民活着，算是恩典。通过这种方式继续对比事实与权利，我们就会发现专制政治的建立出于人民自愿之说，既无确凿证据，也缺乏真实性；如果一种契约只约束当事者的一方，一切义务都由该方来承担，另一方不担任何责任，而受害者恰恰是承担义务者，那么，要证明这种契约有效是非常困难的。

这种丑恶的制度，即使在现在看来，也远远不能与贤明善良的君主制度相媲美，特别是法兰西王国的君主制。我们在这些国王颁布的敕令中都可以看到这一点，尤其是1667年以路易十四的名义及他的敕令发布的经典诏书中的这段文字：因此，我们决不能说君主可以不受自己本国法律的约束，因为他是万国法上的一条真理，虽然这种说法有时为阿谀奉承者所攻击，但贤明的国王总是像国家的守护神一样守卫着这一真理。我们如果能像圣人柏拉图说的那样：一个王国完美的幸福在于臣民服从国王，国王服从法律，法律公正公平且永远为公众谋福利，那将会合理许多。我不想搁笔考虑：自由既然是人的一切能力中最崇高的智能，如果有人仅仅为了迎合一个残暴或疯狂的主人就彻底抛弃自己最为宝贵的天赋，屈从于主人的意愿，不惜忤逆造物主的意旨去犯各种其禁止的罪行，这是否就是堕落天性，自甘沦落成完全受本能支配的那些禽兽之流呢？甚至是对创物主的冒犯呢？伟大的造物主在看到他最美的创造物遭到毁灭时，应该比看到其遭到侮辱更感到愤慨吧。我只想知道：那些不怕这样贬低自己的人，他们有什么权利使他们的后代也遭受同样的耻辱？他们有什么权利代替自己的后代放弃那些并非他们恩赐的幸福？对于那些值得拥有这幸福的人来说，若无幸福可言，生活本身就成为了沉重的负担。

普芬道夫说：正如可以根据协议与契约把自己的财产转让给别人一样，我们也可以为了他人的利益而放弃自己的自由。我认为这样的推理委实拙劣。因为首先，我若这样把财产让与别人，该财产就变得与我毫无关系，别人滥用它也不会影响到我；但是，我自己的自由是否被滥用则与我关系重大，因为，我会对自己被迫犯下的罪行充满负罪感，我也不能放任自己成为任何犯罪的工具。此外，所有权不过是人为的协议和制度，谁都能够随意处置自己拥有的东西。但是，人人可以享受的、基本的天然禀赋，例如生命和自由，则不能与此相提并论，而且人们自己是否有权抛弃这些天赋是值得怀疑的：放弃自由，我们就会贬低自己；

放弃生命，我们就会消亡自身。因为任何物质享受都不能抵偿这两种东西，所以无论以什么样的借口抛弃生命和自由，都是违背自然和理性的。而且，纵使我们能像转让财产一样转让自由，但是对子女们来说，这两者的区别颇大。我们的子女们享受我们的财产，只是权利的转让；而自由乃是上苍赐予他们作为人的禀赋，父母无权剥夺。那么，为了建立奴隶制，就不得不违背自然，同样，为了使这种权利永世长存，就必须改变自然。法学家们既然郑重其事地宣布奴隶的孩子生来就是奴隶，用其他的话表述，他们就是在说人生来就不是人。

所以，毋庸置疑：政府不是从专制权力开始的——专制权力只不过是政府腐化和终极的形式，它使政府又返回到强者法则上，而最初政府的建立只不过是对强者法则的补救。而且即使政府是以这种方式开始的，由于这种权力本身就是不合法的，所以根本不能把它当作社会各种权利的基础，也自然不能把它看作制度不平等的基础。

关于一切政府的基本契约的性质都尚待探讨，这里姑且不作深入研究。依照普遍观点，我只探究这样的问题：政治组织的建立就是人民与他们选举的首领之间的一种真正的契约。契约双方约定共同遵守契约规定的法律，而这些法律构成了他们联系的纽带。在社会关系的各个方面，民众将他们的意志高度集中成为一个人的意志，表达这个意志的所有条款就成为国家全体成员都必须遵守的基本法。其中有一部法律规定了负责监督其他各项法律的官员的选任和权力。这种权力包括了维护宪法所需要的一切职权，但不涉及变更宪法的权力。人民赋予这种权力以荣誉，使得法律和执行法官都受到敬重；他们赋予法律执行官员一些特权，以报偿他们为了管理好国家而不可避免付出的艰辛劳动。官员自己必须依照委托人的意志行使所委任的权力而不能擅自越权，他们必须确保每个人能安全地享有自己的财产，并无条件地置公共利益于其个人利益之上。

在经验还没有证明以前，或者说在人类目前的所有知识尚不足以证明宪法有不可避免的弊端以前，这一宪法看上去一定是较为完善之法，因为负责维护宪法者本身与宪法有着息息相关的利益。基本法是政府官员的设置以及官员权利的唯一依据，一旦基本法不复存在，官员们便丧失了其合法地位，人民也就没有义务再服从他们。并且，因为构成国家的实质不是官员而是法律，所以每个人可立即重获他们原始的、天赋的自由。

稍作思考我们就可以找到新的论据来支持上述观点，而且，契约的性质本身足以证明它并非不可变更：因为如果没有更高的权力来保证缔约者信守承诺并强迫他们履行相互间的承诺，缔约双方仍然是他们自己诉讼案中唯一的法官，那么，一旦发现对方违背了契约的条款或者那些条款对他不再有利时，任何一方都有权随时终止契约。弃权的权利很有可能就是基于这种原则之上。然而，我们现在要研究的就是人在这种制度中的所作所为。如果一个大权在握、并把契约中的所有益处都据为己有的官员有权抛弃权力的话，那么，因为其错误而遭受损害的人民就应

当更有权利抛弃从属于他的关系。但是，这种危险的特权必然会导致可怕的纷争和无穷的混乱。这些纷争和混乱足以说明：政府组织多么需要比单纯的理性更为坚固的基础；为了公共的安宁，多么需要万能的神来授予一种神圣不可侵犯的最高统治权，从而剥夺臣民对于最高权力任意处置的危险的权利。即便人没有从宗教得到其他好处，但仅此一项足以使人皈依并热爱它，因为它避免人类流的血多过于人类因宗教狂热而流的血。然而，还是沿着我们原来假定的线索继续推论吧。

政府的各种不同形式，是在其成立时成员之间不同程度的不平等造成的。如果正好有一个人在能力、道德、财富或声望方面特别出众，他就会成为唯一的长官，那么，这个国家便也就成为君主政体的国家。如果有一些彼此不相上下且才华出众的人同时被选举出来，那么这种选举制度就会产生贵族政体。如果人们的财产或才能都比较均等，而且他们距离自然状态又并不遥远，那么，他们便共同保留着最高行政机构，形成民主政体。时间已经证明众多政体中哪一种最适合人类。有些人始终只服从于法律，而另一些人不久便听命于主人；前者力保他们的自由，而后者一味想着怎样侵夺他们的邻人，看到别人享受自己已失去的幸福，他们便妒火中烧。总之，一方享受的是财富和征服，另一方则是美德和幸福。

在这些不同的政体中，官员最初都是通过选举而产生的。当一个人的财产不比他人更多时，人们就根据他的功绩来选举他，因为功绩赋予他自然的优势；人们也会根据他的年龄来选举他，因为年长者往往在议事时深思熟虑，在处事时经验丰富。希伯来人的“长者”，斯巴达的“元老”，罗马的“元老院”，还有我们所谓“领主”一词在字源上的意义，都说明先前年长者颇受尊敬。年长者当选的频率越高，选举便越频繁，这种频繁带来的麻烦也就越加明显。于是，拉选票的勾当出现了，派系形成了，党派间的怨恨产生了，内战的火焰燃起了，公民的生命为了所谓的国家幸福而捐献了，一切最终又到了从前那种原始的混乱状态的前夕。有野心的权贵们便利用这种混乱的状态，变临时性管治权为永久性的权力，掌控在自己的家族内部；而已经习惯于依附他人以及安逸便捷生活的人们，再也无力摆脱身上的枷锁，为了确保自己的安宁，他们甘愿别人加重对自己的奴役。这样一来，已经成为世袭的首领们，也习惯把官爵看成是家族的财产，把自己看作是辖区的所有者，而最初他们只不过是国家的官吏而已；他们把自己的同胞叫做奴隶，鄙视他们，把他们当作牛羊一般看成是他们的部分财产，标榜自己与诸神并列，是王中之王。

通过追踪这些各不相同的变革的不平等的进程，我们就会发现：法律和私有权的设定是不平等的第一阶段；官职制度是第二阶段；第三阶段，也是最后一个阶段便是合法权力变成专制权力。因此，贫富差异是为第一个时期所认可的；强弱之别是为第二个时期所认可的；主仆之分是为第三个时期所认可的，这一状态是不平等的顶点，也是其他各个阶段最终要达到的阶段，直到新的变革使政府完全瓦解，或者使政府的权力恢复到更为合法的状态。

为了思考这种进程的必然性，我们与其去考察设立政治组织的动机，不如着重考察这些政治组织在管理时所采取的形式，以及本质上随之而来的种种不便。因为使社会制度成为必要的许多恶习，恰恰也就是造成这些制度不可避免地被滥用的那些恶习。因为——姑且不谈斯巴达这一特例，其法律主要关切的是儿童教育，莱克格斯在那里建立的礼貌和风俗，在很大程度上，使法律无用武之地——法律通常弱于情感，它只能约束人，而不能改变人，所以不难证明：任何一个政府，如果能够谨防变质和腐败、严格遵循各项制度的话，那么这个政府就没有设立的必要；在一个国家里，如果人人能够遵纪守法，官员个个不滥用职权的话，那么，这个国家就既不需要法律也不需要官员。

政治上的差别必然会引发民众的差别。民众与其首领之间的这种不平等增长得非常迅速，很快个体成员就会感知到这种不平等，并且在他们之间也显露出来，这种人与人之间的不平等现象因欲望、才智和事情情况的不同而呈现出上千种表现形式。官员只有发展自己的党羽，并分给他们一定的权力，才可以篡夺非法的权力。而且，自由国度的公民们被盲目的野心所驱使，宁向下看也不愿向上看，才会受人压迫，他们变得热爱权势胜过独立。当他们屈从于枷锁时，为的是有朝一日能把枷锁更好地反套在别人身上。要想驯服一个无意指使别人的人绝非易事，即使是最有智谋的政治家也不能使那些以自由为唯一愿望的人们屈服。但是不平等却很容易在卑贱者和野心家的灵魂里伸展，这些人随时都准备冒险，是治人还是受治于人他们几乎不在乎，因为时运也是时好时坏。这样，接下来就必然会出现这样一个时代：人们竟被蛊惑到这样的程度，只要统治者对一个极其卑微可怜的人说："让你和你的族人都当显贵人物吧，"他就立刻在众人面前显得尊贵起来，而且他自己也觉得自己变得尊贵了。他的后代和他相隔的时间越久远，便越显得尊贵：使他们变得显贵的原因越久远，越捉摸不透，其效果也就越大；一个家庭里无所事事的人越多，就越可以认定这个家族显赫。

倘若这里可细察其究竟，我便不难说明：人与人之间的声望和权力的不平等为何是不可避免的。人们一旦形成团体，人与人之间就不得不互相比较，并注意到在持续不断的相互利用中所发现的彼此间的种种差异。这些差异可分为许多种类。但是，由于在人类社会中通常人们主要是根据财富、爵位或等级、权势和个人功绩等方面的差异来互相评价，因此我可以证明这些不同力量间的协调或冲突，是衡量任何一个国家初始机构好坏的最可靠的指标：我可以指明，在这四种不平等中，个人品质是其他各种不平等的根源，而各种不平等最终都必然会归结到财富上，因为财富对于个人飞黄腾达最为直接有用，又最易于流动，所以人们用它来购置其他的区别。通过这种观察，我们就能够较为确切地判断每个民族距离其原始制度的远近和走向腐败顶点时还需要走过的历程。我可以指出，毁灭着我们全体的那种普遍愿望，即声望、荣誉和特权，是如何锻炼并促使我们互相较量才智和力量的，又是如何刺激并膨胀着我们的欲望的，以及如何通过在人们之间引起普遍的竞争、对抗，更确切地说是仇恨，使无数野心勃勃的人在同一竞技场上经历形形色色的失败、成功和灾难。我可以说明：正是由于每个人都渴望得到别人的颂

扬，正是由于每个人都疯狂地想出人头地，不给自己一刻喘息的时间，才产生了人间最美好和最糟糕的事物：我们的美德和我们的恶行，我们的科学和我们的谬误，我们的征服者和我们的哲学家。也就是说，产生了大量的坏事和极少数的好事。简而言之，我可以证明：人们之所以会看见一小部分有钱有势的人达到了财富和地位的顶点，而广大群众却匍匐、呻吟于无名和贫困之中，那是因为前者只有在占有他人所没有的东西时才会觉得是享受，其他人越是需要，他们就越觉得享受；如果情况不变，只要人民不再贫困，他们也就不再幸福了。

仅如上细节便足以写出一部鸿篇巨著了。在这一著作里，我们可以根据自然状态中人的权利，权衡各种政府的利弊；同样，我们还可以根据这些政府的性质以及随着时间的推移而必然引起的变革，来揭露不平等迄今所呈现的和在未来可能产生的不同形态。我们会看到，人民大众为了抵御外敌威胁采取了一系列防御措施，结果在国内却受到暴君同样方法的压迫。我们会看到，这种压迫在不断地增长，而被压迫者永远无法知晓何处是尽头，也不知晓他们还有何种合法的手段来制止这种压迫的继续。我们会看到，公民的权利和民族的自由在逐渐消失，弱者的呻吟、抗议和哀求被看作是叛乱的怨言。我们会看到，政策把保卫公共利益的荣誉只交给一小部分唯利是图的人。我们会看到，这样的措施下，征税成为必然。灰心丧气的农民，即使在和平的年代，也甘愿抛弃田地，放下犁耙，拿起利剑。我们会看到以荣誉的名义而制定出台的那些能决定命运而又反复无常的法规。我们会看到，那些祖国的捍卫者迟早会变成祖国的敌人，不断地拿起匕首刺向自己同胞的胸膛。不仅如此，而且会出现这样一个时期，人们对他们国家的压迫者说：

如果你命令我把利剑插进我父亲的胸膛，刺入我怀孕的妻子的脏腑，我终将不辱使命，尽管我的臂膀在反抗。

从社会地位和财产的极端不平等中，从各种各样的欲望和才能中，从各种无用或有害的技术里，从肤浅的科学中，都将产生出数不胜数的偏见。这些偏见都同样地违背理性、违背幸福、违背道德。我们会看到：首领们在利用一切办法离间已经团结起来的人们,以便削弱他们的力量；他们运用一切手段使社会呈现出一种和睦的假象，同时，播散分裂的种子；他们挑起一切事端使各等级的人们因权利和利益的矛盾而相互猜疑和憎恨，以达到巩固其征服所有人的权力的目的。

正是在这种混乱和这些变革之中，专制政治逐渐露出了其狰狞的面目，贪婪地吞噬着这个国家各部门中依然保存的一切健全和纯洁的东西，最终达到了蹂躏法律、践踏人民和在共和国的废墟上建立起它的统治的目的。这最后一次变革发生前的阶段，必然是一个充满灾难和混乱的时期。但是最后，一切都将被这恶魔吞没殆尽，人民不再拥有首领或法律，拥有的仅是暴君而已。在这个灾难性的时刻，所有美德和品行都不复存在，因为专制政治“从不希望从忠贞中得到什么”，凡是专制政治统治的辖区绝不容许有任何其他主人；主人发号施令时，从不考虑道义和职责。最盲目的服从乃是可怜的奴隶们唯一剩下的美德。

这里是不平等的顶点，这是一个圆圈的终极封闭点，它和我们的出发点相重合。在这里，一切个体都重新恢复到原始的平等状态，因为他们都没有任何价值；而且，臣民除了君主的意志以外没有任何法律，君主除了自己的欲望以外，没有任何其他法律；所有善念和正义的原则再次消失了。在这里，一切又都回归到强者法则这唯一的规律上来，当然，是回到一个新的自然状态。然而这种自然状态不同于我们刚开始的那种自然状态，因为前者是一种纯粹的自然状态，而后者乃是过度腐化的结果。但是，这两种状态在其他方面的差别非常之小，并且政府契约已被专制政治破坏得很严重，以致于只有当暴君在最强大的时候才是主人；一旦他的奴隶们可以驱逐他的时候，他丝毫也不能抱怨奴隶们对他施暴。以处死或推翻暴君为结果的起义，与暴君前一天任意处置臣民们的生命和财产的行为一样，同样合乎法律。暴力成就他，暴力也推翻他。世间万物皆按自然的顺序发生和进行着，无论这些短促而频繁的革命的结果如何，任何人都没有理由抱怨别人的不公正，他唯一能抱怨的是自己的过错或者不幸。

这样，通过发现和追溯曾把人类从自然状态引向文明状态的已经被人们迷失和遗忘了的道路，通过还原我刚才指出的那些中间状况，即我因时间关系而省略了的，或者因想象力所不及而没有想到的那些状况，细心的读者一定会惊讶地发现自然状态和文明状态之间的鸿沟是多么巨大。正是在事物这种缓慢演变的过程中，他可能会找到在伦理上和政治上的无数难题的答案，而这些难题一直困扰着哲学家们，难以解决。他将会感觉到：一个时代的人类不同于另一个时代的人类。第欧根尼之所以找不到他要找的人，是因为他想在他同时代的人中寻找一个较早时代的人。那时他也会明白：加图会与罗马和自由同归于尽，是因为他不属于他所生活的时代。如果他早出生五百年的话，这位最伟大的人恐怕会震惊世界，那时的人们会兴高采烈地服从于他的意志。总之，他会发现：人类的灵魂和情欲是如何在不知不觉的变化中改变了它们的本性；为何时间一久，我们的需求和快乐就要变换对象；为何随着原始人的逐渐消逝，社会向我们提供的仅是一种失去纯朴本性的人和人为欲望的集合体，而这样的人和欲望乃是所有新生关系的产物，并没有任何天然基础。在这个一问题上，我们通过思考而获得的东西已完全被经验所证实。实际上，野蛮人和文明人在意向和欲望上可谓大相径庭，以致于其中一人感到无上幸福的东西，反而会使另外一人陷于绝望。野蛮人仅喜爱安宁和自由，他只想生存，同时无需劳作，即使是那些最为坚定的斯多葛派的恬静，也无法与他们对一切身外之物的淡漠相提并论。相反，劳作中的文明人为了寻求更为艰苦的差事，不惜来回奔波、汗流浃背、辛苦耕耘、绞尽脑汁，他们一直劳苦到死；他们甚至有时为了维持生活宁愿去冒生命危险，或者为了获得不朽的名声而舍弃自己的生命。他阿谀奉承自己所憎恶的权贵和自己所鄙视的富人；他为争取到为他们服务的荣幸而不择手段；他恬不知耻地夸耀自己的卑贱，夸耀那些人对他的保护；他以充当奴隶为荣，言谈之间流露出对那些未能分享这种荣幸的人们的蔑视。一位欧洲大臣那种繁重而令人羡慕的工作，在加勒比人看来，该是多么令人惊奇的景象啊！面对这种可怕的生活，悠闲的野蛮人

宁愿冒着许多残酷死亡的危险，也不愿意生活其中。这种生活之可怕，纵然有行善的快乐，也往往不能使其得以缓和。但是，要让野蛮人理解人人如此辛劳的目的，就先要在其头脑中灌输“权势”和“名望”这些词汇的意义，就应该让他知道有些人非常看重其余的人对他们的看法。而他们之所以认为自己是幸福的并对自己感到满意，与其说是来源于他们自己，不如说是来源于他人的证明。实际上，野蛮人与文明人的所有这一切差别的真正根源是，野蛮人过着他自己的生活，而文明人则终日惶恐，只知道生活在他人的意见之中；如果我可以这样说的话，文明人极其重视别人对自己的看法，以致于自己生存的意义都是来自于别人的判断。以下话题不在我的讨论之列：纵使我们有许多谈论道德的卓越文章，为什么这种重视他人评判的倾向还是使人们对善恶漠不关心；在一切都归结为表象时，为什么一切都变得人为和造作；荣誉、友谊、美德，甚至恶行本身，从这一切中，我们最终学会了炫耀自己的秘诀。总之，当我们身处众多的哲学、仁义、礼仪和高尚的格言之中，我们为什么不断地询问别人自己是怎样的一个人，而从来不敢拿这一敏感的话题来问自己呢。因此，我们除了浮华和欺人的外表，没有任何值得炫耀的东西，我们缺乏道德的荣誉，缺乏智慧的理性，缺乏幸福的快乐。我认为证明以下两点足已：即，上述情况绝不是人类的原始状态；正是社会的精神和因社会而产生的不平等，使我们一切的自然倾向发生改变与转化。

我已竭尽全力展示了不平等的起源与发展、政治社会的建立与弊端。所有这一切，仅凭理性便可从人的本性中推演出来，并未借助赋予至高权威以神权的神圣教义。由上文可知，自然状态中的不平等几乎是不存在的。由于我们能力的发展和理解力的进步，不平等才获得了力量并成长起来。并且最终由于私有制和法律的建立，不平等变得根深蒂固而合法化了。同样也说明，仅仅被实体的权利所认可的精神上的不平等，一旦与生理上的不平等不相称时，便与自然的权利相抵触。这种不相称的特征充分决定了我们对于流行于一切文明民族之中的那种不平等应持什么看法。因为，孩童命令老人，傻子指导智者，一小部分人拥有过多的剩余财产，而大量的饥民则缺乏最基本的生活必需品，这显然是违背自然法则的。

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外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 BEIJING

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu

Beijing, China 100089

http://www.fltrp.com

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

论生成与消亡：英汉对照/（古希腊）亚里士多德著；荆素蓉，杨珺译.— 北京：外语教学与研究出版社，2012.6

（外研社双语读库. 学·书系）

书名原文：On Generation and Corruption

ISBN 978-7-5135-2095-9

I. ①论… II. ①亚… ②荆… ③杨… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物 ②死亡哲学 IV. ①H319.4：B

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2012) 第126164号

出版人：蔡剑峰

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出版发行：外语教学与研究出版社

社 址：北京市西三环北路19号（100089）

网 址：http://www.fltrp.com

版 次：2012年6月第1版 2012年6月第1次印刷

书 号：ISBN 978-7-5135-2095-9

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总序

外研社自创立之日起就一贯秉承“记载人类文明，沟通世界文化”的宗旨。上世纪90年代以来，我们陆续出版了“九十年代英语系列丛书”、“大师经典文库”、“英美文学文库”等系列经典图书，在最大限度满足国内英语学习者阅读需求的同时，也为中华民族引进和吸收海外优秀文化发挥了重要的桥梁纽带作用。

在多年出版实践中我们发现，对原版图书简单地以外语形式呈现，会使一些初级和中级外语学习者望而却步；而纯粹的译著，在翻译过程中又容易失掉原著中的某些精妙之笔，甚至丢失信息，因为每种语言都蕴含着其他语言无法精确对应的情致、智慧和对真善美的洞见。文化交流本身是一个双向互动的过程，因此在大量引入外文作品的同时，我们也不能忽略本民族文化在世界范围内的推广和传播，即把中国文化传递给世界。

基于上述考虑，我们应时推出“外研社双语读库”，立足经典，涵盖中外名家名作，涉及社会科学各个领域，以书系划分，采用双语编排，对文化背景附有注释。旨在积累世界各民族精粹文化的同时，向世界传递中国文化，为国内广大英语学习者提供题材广泛、质量过硬的双语经典读物，也为社科各领域学者了解西方学术经典提供优质的研究素材。

2010年1月，双语读库“文·书系”出版问世，该书系收录了20部西方经典著作，多出自19和20世纪著名作家、学者、思想家和哲学家笔下，作品的题材丰富，包括传记、小说、游记、杂文、回忆录等。该书系自问世以来，受到了广大英语爱好者的欢迎和好评。

2010年3月，外研社和中国外语教育研究中心联合设立“外汉翻译教学研究基金”项目，选取百余部国外经典学术著作，面向全国高校公开招募翻译项目组，参与投标者遍及全国近百所高校，在国内具有较大影响力。中标的译者多为全国重点高校的翻译专家、学者及中青年翻译人才，经过层层选拔脱颖而出；每个中标项目组还聘请相关领域的专家顾问，为其提供专业领域方面的支持和帮助，以确保译文的准确性和权威性。

此次推出的双语读库“学·书系”拟收录该“基金”项目中的优秀译作分批次进行出版，并细分为哲学辑、经济学辑、历史学辑、地理学辑、语言学辑、社会学辑、教育学辑等。“学·书系”依旧采用英汉对照编排，可作为社科各领域的学术研究读物以及中、高端英汉双语读物使用。

“学·书系”所选原作虽为经典名著，却也无法避免时间和空间上的局限性，希望读者朋友们能“取其精华，去其糟粕”。各篇译作均为译者倾尽全力、呕心沥血之作，不足之处，还请各位读者批评、指正。

译者 序

亚里士多德（前384—前322），古希腊斯吉塔拉人，世界古代史上最伟大的哲学家、科学家和教育家之一，师从古希腊著名哲学家柏拉图，做过亚历山大大帝的老师。亚里士多德曾语“吾爱吾师，吾更爱真理”。在质疑创新与发现建构中，他成为“古希腊哲学家中最博学的人物”（马克思语）。有人说亚里士多德在“太阳底下的每一个问题几乎都有一席之地”。确实，他的博学不仅统治了西方两千多年，而且就是在两千年后，几乎每个学科的重新启动都是在排除他的思想阻碍的过程中开始的。

同他的老师柏拉图崇尚的理念相反，亚里士多德走的是一条经验之路。总体上他认为，人类生活及社会的每个方面，都是思考与分析的客体；宇宙万物不被神、机会和幻术所控制，而是遵循着一定的规律运行；人类对自然界进行系统而深入的研究是值得的；我们应当通过实验和逻辑分析，得出自己的结论。

《论生成与消亡》是亚里士多德的一部论文集。在这部作品中亚里士多德认为天体和地球是由不同的材料组成的。他提出了月层的概念，月层以下的一切物体都是由土、火、水、气四种元素组成，他认为土和水具有引力，总要趋于宇宙中心；气和火具有轻的性质，总要上升到高空中的天然位置；月层以上的天体则是由一种纯洁的第五元素“以太”组成。亚里士多德认为这四种元素还不是“最终基质”，更基本的是四种不同的性质——冷、热、干、湿，它们两两结合而形成了这四种元素，四大元素的不同组合就形成了世间万物。

通过论述，他试图回答这样的问题：质料之外，是不是还有别的“原因”存在？这样的“原因”是一个还是多个？是不是还有一些东西，在个别东西之外独立存在？有生灭与没有生灭的东西，他们的原则是相同的还是不同的？“一”和存在是实体还是属性？不论是学说纷呈的古希腊，还是亚里士多德之后的几千年，哲学家们都在追寻着问题的答案。然而，存在是什么，换言之，实体是什么，不论在古老的过去、现在以至将来，都是一个让人不断追寻却总得不到答案的问题。

此次重译《论生成与消亡》依据的是英译本，即通过间接译或转译的翻译路径来进行的。我们知道，翻译的过程是一个阐释的过程，译者个人的主观理解和认识或多或少会掺入其中，而转译的话就相当于是对阐释的阐释。我们重译的文本是哈罗德·乔基姆的英译本，据我们推测，这个译本要么是依据希腊语原本译出并采用了引申式的译法，要么也是像我们的译本一样是依据其他语种译本转译出来的。无论是哪种情况，为了使这种因翻译活动的本质属性而导致的偏离保持在最低限度，我们将坚持这样的翻译原则：不任意增删，不过度阐释，尽量完整地再现所据英译文的总体风貌，力求译文忠实准确，清通可读，为读者提供对亚里士多德在相关论题方面哲学思想的另一种可能的解读，进而有利于亚

里士多德哲学思想在我国的进一步传播与接受。

作为重译者，我们处于比前辈更有利的地位，拥有比前辈更多更完善的工具书和可供查阅的参考资料。因此，我们在重译的时候充分利用了前辈和当代学者的研究成果，不仅力求行文和语言较之前的译本能有所改进，还在认真讨论和再三考虑之后重新确立了书中一些关键词语的译名，如我们把书名改译成了《论生成与消亡》等等。至于这些修改是否合适，真诚希望相关领域的专家学者不吝指教，提出宝贵意见。

此次重译《论生成与消亡》是外语教学与研究出版社组织的“外汉翻译教学研究基金项目”第二批的翻译课题之一，从2010年10月至2011年3月历时半年完成。在此，作为译者，我们首先要特别感谢外语教学与研究出版社为我们提供了这次翻译机会，其次我们还要特别感谢课题组的两位审校专家：山西大学外国语学院杨德友教授和山西大学科哲中心何华博士。杨教授对翻译前期阶段的译文进行了认真审读并就译文中个别关键词语的理解和表达提出了十分中肯的建议，为我们后续翻译的顺利进行奠定了重要的基础。何华博士在通读全部译文之后特别对术语表进行了仔细修改，为全书的译名及术语统一发挥了不可或缺的作用。此外，山西大学外国语学院的郭小玉、苗婷婷、姚晓菲和张茜四位研究生也参与了本课题的工作，她们认真负责地按时完成了术语整理等前期准备工作，为本课题的顺利进行赢得了时间。在此，我们也向她们一并表示感谢。

译者

2011年夏

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Book I

Chapter 1

Our next task is to study coming-to-be and passing-away. We are to distinguish the causes, and to state the definitions, of these processes considered in general—as changes predicable uniformly of all the things that come-to-be and pass-away by nature. Further, we are to study growth and 'alteration'. We must inquire what each of them is; and whether 'alteration' is to be identified with coming-to-be, or whether to these different names there correspond two separate processes with distinct natures.

On this question, indeed, the early philosophers are divided. Some of them assert that the so-called 'unqualified coming-to-be' is 'alteration', while others maintain that 'alteration' and coming-to-be are distinct. For those who say that the universe is one something (i.e. those who generate all things out of one thing) are bound to assert that coming-to-be is 'alteration', and that whatever 'comes-to-be' in the proper sense of the term is 'being altered': but those who make the matter of things more than one must distinguish coming-to-be from 'alteration'. To this latter class belong Empedocles[1] , Anaxagoras[2] , and Leucippus[3] . And yet Anaxagoras himself failed to understand his own utterance. He says, at all events, that coming-to-be and passing-away are the same as 'being altered': yet, in common with other thinkers, he affirms that the elements are many. Thus Empedocles holds that the corporeal elements are four, while all the elements—including those which initiate movement—are six in number; whereas Anaxagoras agrees with Leucippus and Democritus[4] that the elements are infinite.

(Anaxagoras posits as elements the 'homoeomeries', viz. bone, flesh, marrow, and everything else which is such that part and whole are the same in name and nature; while Democritus and Leucippus say that there are indivisible bodies, infinite both in number and in the varieties of their shapes, of which everything else is composed—the compounds differing one from another according to the shapes, 'positions', and 'groupings' of their constituents.)

For the views of the school of Anaxagoras seem diametrically opposed to those of the followers of Empedocles. Empedocles says that Fire, Water, Air, and Earth are four elements, and are thus 'simple' rather than flesh, bone, and bodies which, like these, are 'homoeomeries'. But the followers of Anaxagoras regard the 'homoeomeries' as 'simple' and elements, whilst they affirm that Earth, Fire, Water, and Air are composite; for each of these is (according to them) a 'common seminary' of all the 'homoeomeries'.

Those, then, who construct all things out of a single element, must maintain that coming-to-be and passing-away are 'alteration'. For they must affirm that the underlying something always remains identical and one; and change of such a substratum is what we call 'altering'. Those, on the other hand, who make the ultimate kinds of things more than one, must maintain that 'alteration' is distinct from coming-to-be: for coming-to-be and passing-away result from the consilience and the dissolution of the many kinds. That is why Empedocles too uses language to this effect, when he says 'There is no coming-to-be of anything, but only a mingling and a divorce of what has been mingled'. Thus it is clear (i) that to describe coming-to-be and passing-away in these terms is in accordance with their fundamental assumption, and (ii) that they do in fact so describe them: nevertheless, they too must recognize 'alteration' as a fact distinct from coming-to-be, though it is impossible for them to do so consistently with what they say.

That we are right in this criticism is easy to perceive. For 'alteration' is a fact of observation. While the substance of the thing remains unchanged, we see it 'altering' just as we see in it the changes of magnitude called 'growth' and 'diminution'. Nevertheless, the statements of those who posit more 'original reals' than one make 'alteration' impossible. For 'alteration', as we assert, takes place in respect to certain qualities: and these qualities (I mean, e.g. hot-cold, white-black, dry-moist, soft-hard, and so forth) are, all of them, differences characterizing the 'elements'. The actual words of Empedocles may be quoted in illustration (The sun everywhere bright to see, and hot/ The rain everywhere dark and cold;) and he distinctively characterizes his remaining elements in a similar manner. Since, therefore, it is not possible for Fire to become Water, or Water to become Earth, neither will it be possible for anything white to become black, or anything soft to become hard; and the same argument applies to all the other qualities. Yet this is what 'alteration' essentially is.

It follows, as an obvious corollary, that a single matter must always be assumed as underlying the contrary 'poles' of any change whether change of place, or growth and diminution, or 'alteration'; further, that the being of this matter and the being of 'alteration' stand and fall together. For if the change is 'alteration', then the substratum is a single element; i.e. all things which admit of change into one another have a single matter. And, conversely, if the substratum of the changing things is one, there is 'alteration'.

Empedocles, indeed, seems to contradict his own statements as well as

the observed facts. For he denies that any one of his elements comes-to-be out of any other, insisting on the contrary that they are the things out of which everything else comes-to-be; and yet (having brought the entirety of existing things, except Strife, together into one) he maintains, simultaneously with this denial, that each thing once more comes-to-be out of the One. Hence it was clearly out of a One that this came-to-be Water, and that Fire, various portions of it being separated off by certain characteristic differences or qualities—as indeed he calls the sun 'white and hot', and the earth 'heavy and hard'. If, therefore, these characteristic differences be taken away (for they can be taken away, since they came-to-be), it will clearly be inevitable for Earth to come to-be out of Water and Water out of Earth, and for each of the other elements to undergo a similar transformation—not only then, but also now—if, and because, they change their qualities. And, to judge by what he says, the qualities are such that they can be 'attached' to things and can again be 'separated' from them, especially since Strife and Love are still fighting with one another for the mastery. It was owing to this same conflict that the elements were generated from a One at the former period. I say 'generated', for presumably Fire, Earth, and Water had no distinctive existence at all while merged in one.

There is another obscurity in the theory Empedocles. Are we to regard the One as his 'original real'? Or is it the Many—i.e. Fire and Earth, and the bodies co-ordinate with these? For the One is an 'element' in so far as it underlies the process as matter as that out of which Earth and Fire come-to-be through a change of qualities due to 'the motion'. On the other hand, in so far as the One results from composition (by a consilience of the Many), whereas they result from disintegration the Many are more 'elementary' than the One, and prior to it in their nature.

[1] 恩培多克勒(Empedocles,前493—前433)，古希腊哲学家、诗人、医生。他认为万物皆由火、水、土、气四种元素形成。

[2] 阿那克萨哥拉（Anaxagoras,前500?—前428?），古希腊唯物主义哲学家。他致力于解决“一”和“多”的矛盾，以种子的无限多元的本原直接说明自然界的无限多样性。

[3] 留基伯（Leucippus, 前500?—前440?），古希腊唯物主义哲学家、原子论创始人之一。

[4] 德谟克利特(Democritus, 前460—前370)，古希腊唯物主义哲学家、原子论创始人之一。他认为万物的本原是原子和虚空，即存在和非存在。

Chapter 2

We have therefore to discuss the whole subject of 'unqualified' coming-to-be and passing-away; we have to inquire whether these changes do or do not occur and, if they occur, to explain the precise conditions of their occurrence. We must also discuss the remaining forms of change, viz. growth and 'alteration'. For though, no doubt, Plato investigated the conditions under which things come-to-be and pass-away, he confined his inquiry to these changes; and he discussed not all coming-to-be, but only that of the elements. He asked no questions as to how flesh or bones, or any of the other similar compound things, come-to-be; nor again did he examine the conditions under which 'alteration' or growth are attributable to things.

A similar criticism applies to all our predecessors with the single exception of Democritus. Not one of them penetrated below the surface or made a thorough examination of a single one of the problems. Democritus, however, does seem not only to have thought carefully about all the problems, but also to be distinguished from the outset by his method. For, as we are saying, none of the other philosophers made any definite statement about growth, except such as any amateur might have made. They said that things grow 'by the accession of like to like', but they did not proceed to explain the manner of this accession. Nor did they give any account of 'combination': and they neglected almost every single one of the remaining problems, offering no explanation, e.g. of 'action' or 'passion' how in physical actions one thing acts and the other undergoes action. Democritus and Leucippus, however, postulate the 'figures', and make 'alteration' and coming-to-be result from them. They explain coming-to-be and passing-away by their 'dissociation' and 'association', but 'alteration' by their 'grouping' and 'Position'. And since they thought that the 'truth' lay in the appearance, and the appearances are conflicting and infinitely many, they made the 'figures' infinite in number. Hence—owing to the changes of the compound—the same thing seems different and conflicting to different people: it is 'transposed' by a small additional ingredient, and appears utterly other by the 'transposition' of a single constituent. For Tragedy and Comedy are both composed of the same letters.

Since almost all our predecessors think (i) that coming-to-be is distinct from 'alteration', and (ii) that, whereas things 'alter' by change of their qualities, it is by 'association' and 'dissociation' that they come-to-be and pass-away, we must concentrate our attention on these theses. For

they lead to many perplexing and well-grounded dilemmas. If, on the one hand, coming-to-be is 'association', many impossible consequences result: and yet there are other arguments, not easy to unravel, which force the conclusion upon us that coming-to-be cannot possibly be anything else. If, on the other hand, coming-to-be is not 'association', either there is no such thing as coming-to-be at all or it is 'alteration': or else we must endeavour to unravel this dilemma too—and a stubborn one we shall find it. The fundamental question, in dealing with all these difficulties, is this: 'Do things come-to-be and "alter" and grow, and undergo the contrary changes, because the primary "reals" are indivisible magnitudes? Or is no magnitude indivisible?' For the answer we give to this question makes the greatest difference. And again, if the primary 'reals' are indivisible magnitudes, are these bodies, as Democritus and Leucippus maintain? Or are they planes, as is asserted in the Timaeus[1]?

To resolve bodies into planes and no further—this, as we have also remarked elsewhere, in itself a paradox. Hence there is more to be said for the view that there are indivisible bodies. Yet even these involve much of paradox. Still, as we have said, it is possible to construct 'alteration' and coming-to-be with them, if one 'transposes' the same by 'turning' and 'intercontact', and by 'the varieties of the figures', as Democritus does. (His denial of the reality of colour is a corollary from this position: for, according to him, things get coloured by 'turning' of the 'figures'.) But the possibility of such a construction no longer exists for those who divide bodies into planes. For nothing except solids results from putting planes together: they do not even attempt to generate any quality from them.

Lack of experience diminishes our power of taking a comprehensive view of the admitted facts. Hence those who dwell in intimate association with nature and its phenomena grow more and more able to formulate, as the foundations of their theories, principles such as to admit of a wide and coherent development: while those whom devotion to abstract discussions has rendered unobservant of the facts are too ready to dogmatize on the basis of a few observations. The rival treatments of the subject now before us will serve to illustrate how great is the difference between a 'scientific' and a 'dialectical' method of inquiry. For, whereas the Platonists argue that there must be atomic magnitudes 'because otherwise "The Triangle" will be more than one', Democritus would appear to have been convinced by arguments appropriate to the subject, i.e. drawn from the science of nature. Our meaning will become clear as we proceed. For to suppose that a body (i.e. a magnitude) is divisible through and through, and that this division is possible, involves a difficulty. What will there be

in the body which escapes the division?

If it is divisible through and through, and if this division is possible, then it might be, at one and the same moment, divided through and through, even though the dividings had not been effected simultaneously: and the actual occurrence of this result would involve no impossibility. Hence the same principle will apply whenever a body is by nature divisible through and through, whether by bisection, or generally by any method whatever: nothing impossible will have resulted if it has actually been divided—not even if it has been divided into innumerable parts, themselves divided innumerable times. Nothing impossible will have resulted, though perhaps nobody in fact could so divide it.

Since, therefore, the body is divisible through and through, let it have been divided. What, then, will remain? A magnitude? No: that is impossible, since then there will be something not divided, whereas ex hypothesis is the body was divisible through and through. But if it be admitted that neither a body nor a magnitude will remain, and yet division is to take place, the constituents of the body will either be points (i.e. without magnitude) or absolutely nothing. If its constituents are nothings, then it might both come-to-be out of nothings and exist as a composite of nothings: and thus presumably the whole body will be nothing but an appearance. But if it consists of points, a similar absurdity will result: it will not possess any magnitude. For when the points were in contact and coincided to form a single magnitude, they did not make the whole any bigger (since, when the body was divided into two or more parts, the whole was not a bit smaller or bigger than it was before the division): hence, even if all the points be put together, they will not make any magnitude.

But suppose that, as the body is being divided, a minute section—a piece of sawdust, as it were—is extracted, and that in this sense—a body 'comes away' from the magnitude, evading the division. Even then the same argument applies. For in what sense is that section divisible? But if what 'came away' was not a body but a separable form or quality, and if the magnitude is 'points or contacts thus qualified': it is paradoxical that a magnitude should consist of elements, which are not magnitudes. Moreover, where will the points be? And are they motionless or moving? And every contact is always a contact of two somethings, i.e. there is always something besides the contact or the division or the point.

These, then, are the difficulties resulting from the supposition that any and every body, whatever its size, is divisible through and through.

There is, besides, this further consideration. If, having divided a piece of wood or anything else, I put it together, it is again equal to what it was, and is one. Clearly this is so, whatever the point at which I cut the wood. The wood, therefore, has been divided potentially through and through. What, then, is there in the wood besides the division? For even if we suppose there is some quality, yet how is the wood dissolved into such constituents and how does it come-to-be out of them? Or how are such constituents separated so as to exist apart from one another? Since, therefore, it is impossible for magnitudes to consist of contacts or points, there must be indivisible bodies and magnitudes. Yet, if we do postulate the latter, we are confronted with equally impossible consequences, which we have examined in other works. But we must try to disentangle these perplexities, and must therefore formulate the whole problem over again.

On the one hand, then, it is in no way paradoxical that every perceptible body should be indivisible as well as divisible at any and every point. For the second predicate will attach to it potentially, but the first actually. On the other hand, it would seem to be impossible for a body to be, even potentially, divisible at all points simultaneously. For if it were possible, then it might actually occur, with the result, not that the body would simultaneously be actually both (indivisible and divided), but that it would be simultaneously divided at any and every point. Consequently, nothing will remain and the body will have passed-away into what is incorporeal: and so it might come-to-be again either out of points or absolutely out of nothing. And how is that possible?

But now it is obvious that a body is in fact divided into separable magnitudes which are smaller at each division—into magnitudes which fall apart from one another and are actually separated. Hence (it is urged) the process of dividing a body part by part is not a 'breaking up' which could continue ad infinitum; nor can a body be simultaneously divided at every point, for that is not possible; but there is a limit, beyond which the 'breaking up' cannot proceed. The necessary consequence—especially if coming-to-be and passing-away are to take place by 'association' and 'dissociation' respectively—is that a body must contain atomic magnitudes which are invisible. Such is the argument which is believed to establish the necessity of atomic magnitudes: we must now show that it conceals a faulty inference, and exactly where it conceals it.

For, since point is not 'immediately-next' to point, magnitudes are 'divisible through and through' in one sense, and yet not in another. When, however, it is admitted that a magnitude is 'divisible through

and through', it is thought there is a point not only anywhere, but also everywhere, in it: hence it is supposed to follow, from the admission, that the magnitude must be divided away into nothing. For it is supposed—there is a point everywhere within it, so that it consists either of contacts or of points. But it is only in one sense that the magnitude is 'divisible through and through', viz. in so far as there is one point anywhere within it and all its points are everywhere within it if you take them singly one by one. But there are not more points than one anywhere within it, for the points are not 'consecutive': hence it is not simultaneously 'divisible through and through'. For if it were, then, if it be divisible at its centre, it will be divisible also at a point 'immediately-next' to its centre. But it is not so divisible: for position is not 'immediately-next' to position, nor point to point—in other words, division is not 'immediately-next' to division, nor composition to composition.

Hence there are both 'association' and 'dissociation', though neither (a) into, and out of, atomic magnitudes (for that involves many impossibilities), nor (b) so that division takes place through and through—for this would have resulted only if point had been 'immediately-next' to point: but 'dissociation' takes place into small (i.e. relatively small) parts, and 'association' takes place out of relatively small parts.

It is wrong, however, to suppose, as some assert, that coming-to-be and passing-away in the unqualified and complete sense are distinctively defined by 'association' and 'dissociation', while the change that takes place in what is continuous is 'alteration'. On the contrary, this is where the whole error lies. For unqualified coming-to-be and passing-away are not effected by 'association' and 'dissociation'. They take place when a thing changes, from this to that, as a whole. But the philosophers we are criticizing suppose that all such change is 'alteration': whereas in fact there is a difference. For in that which underlies the change there is a factor corresponding to the definition and there is a material factor. When, then, the change is in these constitutive factors, there will be coming-to-be or passing-away: but when it is in the thing's qualities, i.e. a change of the thing per accidents, there will be 'alteration'.

'Dissociation' and 'association' affect the thing's susceptibility to passing-away. For if water has first been 'dissociated' into smallish drops, air comes-to-be out of it more quickly: while, if drops of water have first been 'associated', air comes-to-be more slowly. Our doctrine will become clearer in the sequel. Meantime, so much may be taken as established—viz. that coming-to-be cannot be 'association', at least not

the kind of 'association' some philosophers assert it to be.

[1] 《蒂迈欧篇》（Timaeus），柏拉图晚期著作，是代表其思想的一部重要作品。

Chapter 3

Now that we have established the preceding distinctions, we must first consider whether there is anything which comes-to-be and passes-away in the unqualified sense: or whether nothing comes-to-be in this strict sense, but everything always comes-to-be something and out of something—I mean, e.g. comes-to-be-healthy out of being-ill and ill out of being-healthy, comes-to-be-small out of being big and big out of being-small, and so on in every other instance. For if there is to be coming-to-be without qualification, 'something' must—without qualification—‘come-to-be out of not-being’, so that it would be true to say that 'not-being is an attribute of some things’. For qualified coming-to-be is a process out of qualified not-being (e.g. out of not-white or not-beautiful), but unqualified coming-to-be is a process out of unqualified not-being.

Now 'unqualified' means either (i) the primary predication within each Category, or (ii) the universal, i.e. the all-comprehensive, predication. Hence, if 'unqualified not-being' means the negation of 'being' in the sense of the primary term of the Category in question, we shall have, in 'unqualified coming-to-be’, a coming-to-be of a substance out of not-substance. But that which is not a substance or a 'this' clearly cannot possess predicates drawn from any of the other Categories either—e.g. we cannot attribute to it any quality, quantity, or position. Otherwise, properties would admit of existence in separation from substances. If, on the other hand, 'unqualified not-being' means 'what is not in any sense at all', it will be a universal negation of all forms of being, so that what comes-to-be will have to come-to-be out of nothing.

Although we have dealt with these problems at greater length in another work, where we have set forth the difficulties and established the distinguishing definitions, the following concise restatement of our results must here be offered: In one sense things come-to-be out of that which has no 'being' without qualification: yet in another sense they come-to-be always out of what 'is'. For coming-to-be necessarily implies the pre-existence of something which potentially 'is', but actually 'is not'; and this something is spoken of both as 'being' and as 'not-being’.

These distinctions may be taken as established: but even then it is extraordinarily difficult to see how there can be 'unqualified coming-to-be' (whether we suppose it to occur out of what potentially 'is', or in some other way), and we must recall this problem for further

examination. For the question might be raised whether substance (i.e. the 'this') comes-to-be at all. Is it not rather the 'such', the 'so great', or the 'somewhere', which comes-to-be? And the same question might be raised about 'passing-away' also. For if a substantial thing comes-to-be, it is clear that there will 'be' (not actually, but potentially) a substance, out of which its coming-to-be will proceed and into which the thing that is passing-away will necessarily change. Then will any predicate belonging to the remaining Categories attach actually to this presupposed substance? In other words, will that which is only potentially a 'this' (which only potentially is), while without the qualification 'potentially' it is not a 'this' (i.e. is not), possess, e.g. any determinate size or quality or position? For (i) if it possesses none of these determinations actually, but all of them only potentially, the result is first that a being, which is not a determinate being, is capable of separate existence; and in addition that coming-to-be proceeds out of nothing pre-existing—a thesis which, more than any other, preoccupied and alarmed the earliest philosophers. On the other hand (ii) if, although it is not a 'this somewhat' or a substance, it is to possess some of the remaining determinations quoted above, then (as we said) properties will be separable from substances.

We must therefore concentrate all our powers on the discussion of these difficulties and on the solution of a further question—viz. What is the cause of the perpetuity of coming-to-be? Why is there always unqualified, as well as partial, coming-to-be? Cause in this connexion has two senses. It means (i) the source from which, as we say, the process 'originates', and (ii) the matter. It is the material cause that we have here to state. For, as to the other cause, we have already explained (in our treatise on Motion) that it involves (a) something immovable through all time and (b) something always being moved. And the accurate treatment of the first of these—of the immovable 'originative source'—belongs to the province of the other, or 'prior', philosophy: while as regards 'that which sets everything else in motion by being itself continuously moved', we shall have to explain later which amongst the so-called 'specific' causes exhibits this character. But at present we are to state the material cause—the cause classed under the head of matter—to which it is due that passing-away and coming-to-be never fail to occur in Nature. For perhaps, if we succeed in clearing up this question, it will simultaneously become clear what account we ought to give of that which perplexed us just now, i.e. of unqualified passing-away and coming-to-be.

Our new question too—viz. 'What is the cause of the unbroken continuity of coming-to-be?'—is sufficiently perplexing, if in fact what passes-away vanishes into 'what is not' and 'what is not' is nothing

(since 'what is not' is neither a thing, nor possessed of a quality or quantity, nor in any place). If, then, some one of the things 'which are' constantly disappearing, why has not the whole of 'what is' been used up long ago and vanished away assuming of course that the material of all the several comings-to-be was finite? For, presumably, the unfailing continuity of coming-to-be cannot be attributed to the infinity of the material. That is impossible, for nothing is actually infinite. A thing is infinite only potentially, i.e. the dividing of it can continue indefinitely: so that we should have to suppose there is only one kind of coming-to-be in the world—viz. one which never fails, because it is such that what comes-to-be is on each successive occasion smaller than before. But in fact this is not what we see occurring.

Why, then, is this form of change necessarily ceaseless? Is it because the passing-away of this is a coming-to-be of something else, and the coming-to-be of this a passing-away of something else?

The cause implied in this solution must no doubt be considered adequate to account for coming-to-be and passing-away in their general character as they occur in all existing things alike. Yet, if the same process is a coming-to-be of this but a passing-away of that, and a passing-away of this but a coming to-be of that, why are some things said to come-to-be and pass-away without qualification, but others only with a qualification?

The distinction must be investigated once more, for it demands some explanation. (It is applied in a twofold manner.) For (i) we say 'it is now passing-away' without qualification, and not merely 'this is passing-away': and we call this change 'coming-to-be', and that 'passing-away', without qualification. And (ii) so-and-so 'comes-to-be-something', but does not 'come-to-be' without qualification; for we say that the student 'comes-to-be-learned', not 'comes-to-be' without qualification.

Now we often divide terms into those which signify a 'this somewhat' and those which do not. And (the first form of) the distinction, which we are investigating, results from a similar division of terms: for it makes a difference into what the changing thing changes. Perhaps, e.g. the passage into Fire is 'coming-to-be' unqualified, but 'passing-away-of-something' (e.g. Earth): whilst the coming-to-be of Earth is qualified (not unqualified) 'coming-to-be', though unqualified 'passing-away' (e.g. of Fire). This would be the case on the theory set forth in Parmenides[1]:
for he says that the things into which change takes place are two, and

he asserts that these two, viz. what is and what is not, are Fire and Earth. Whether we postulate these, or other things of a similar kind, makes no difference. For we are trying to discover not what undergoes these changes, but what is their characteristic manner. The passage, then, into what 'is' not except with a qualification is unqualified passing-away, while the passage into what 'is' without qualification is unqualified coming-to-be. Hence whatever the contrasted 'poles' of the changes may be—whether Fire and Earth, or some other couple—the one of them will be 'a being' and the other 'a not-being'.

We have thus stated one characteristic manner in which unqualified will be distinguished from qualified coming-to-be and passing-away: but they are also distinguished according to the special nature of the material of the changing thing. For a material, whose constitutive differences signify more a 'this somewhat', is itself more 'substantial' or 'real': while a material, whose constitutive differences signify privation, is 'not real'. (Suppose, e.g. that 'the hot' is a positive predication, i.e. a 'form', whereas 'cold' is a privation, and that Earth and Fire differ from one another by these constitutive differences.)

The opinion, however, which most people are inclined to prefer, is that the distinction depends upon the difference between 'the perceptible' and 'the imperceptible'. Thus, when there is a change into perceptible material, people say there is 'coming-to-be'; but when there is a change into invisible material, they call it 'passing-away'. For they distinguish 'what is' and 'what is not' by their perceiving and not-perceiving, just as what is knowable 'is' and what is unknowable 'is not'—perception on their view having the force of knowledge. Hence, just as they deem themselves to live and to 'be' in virtue of their perceiving or their capacity to perceive, so too they deem the things to 'be' qua perceived or perceptible—and in this they are in a sense on the track of the truth, though what they actually say is not true.

Thus unqualified coming-to-be and passing-away turn out to be different according to common opinion from what they are in truth. For Wind and Air are in truth more real more a 'this somewhat' or a 'form' than Earth. But they are less real to perception which explains why things are commonly said to 'pass-away' without qualification when they change into Wind and Air, and to 'come-to-be' when they change into what is tangible, i.e. into Earth.

We have now explained why there is 'unqualified coming-to-be' (though it is a passing-away-of-something) and 'unqualified passing-away (though it is a coming-to-be-of-something). For this distinction

of appellation depends upon a difference in the material out of which, and into which, the changes are effected. It depends either upon whether the material is or is not 'substantial', or upon whether it is more or less 'substantial', or upon whether it is more or less perceptible.

But why are some things said to 'come-to-be' without qualification, and others only to 'come-to-be-so-and-so', in cases different from the one we have been considering where two things come-to-be reciprocally out of one another? For at present we have explained no more than this:—why, when two things change reciprocally into one another, we do not attribute coming-to-be and passing-away uniformly to them both, although every coming-to-be is a passing-away of something else and every passing-away some other thing's coming-to-be. But the question subsequently formulated involves a different problem—viz. why, although the learning thing is said to 'come-to-be-learned' but not to 'come-to-be' without qualification, yet the growing thing is said to 'come-to-be'.

The distinction here turns upon the difference of the Categories. For some things signify a this somewhat, others a such, and others a so-much. Those things, then, which do not signify substance, are not said to 'come-to-be' without qualification, but only to 'come-to-be-so-and-so'. Nevertheless, in all changing things alike, we speak of 'coming-to-be' when the thing comes-to-be something in one of the two Columns —e.g.
in Substance, if it comes-to-be Fire but not if it comes-to-be Earth; and in Quality, if it comes-to-be learned but not when it comes-to-be ignorant.

We have explained why some things come-to-be without qualification, but not others both in general, and also when the changing things are substances and nothing else; and we have stated that the substratum is the material cause of the continuous occurrence of coming-to-be, because it is such as to change from contrary to contrary and because, in substances, the coming-to-be of one thing is always a passing-away of another, and the passing-away of one thing is always another's coming-to-be. But there is no need even to discuss the other question we raised—viz. why coming-to-be continues though things are constantly being destroyed. For just as people speak of 'a passing-away' without qualification when a thing has passed into what is imperceptible and what in that sense 'is not', so also they speak of 'a coming-to-be out of a not-being' when a thing emerges from an imperceptible. Whether, therefore, the substratum is or is not something, what comes-to-be emerges out of a 'not-being': so that a

thing comes-to-be out of a 'not-being' just as much as it 'passes-away into what is not'. Hence it is reasonable enough that coming-to-be should never fail. For coming-to-be is a passing-away of 'what is not' and passing-away is a coming-to-be of 'what is not'.

But what about that which 'is' not except with a qualification? Is it one of the two contrary poles of the change—e.g. Earth (i.e. the heavy) a 'not-being', but Fire (i.e. the light) a 'being'? Or, on the contrary, does what is 'include Earth as well as Fire, whereas what is not' is matter—the matter of Earth and Fire alike? And again, is the matter of each different? Or is it the same, since otherwise they would not come-to-be reciprocally out of one another, i.e. contraries out of contraries? For these things—Fire, Earth, Water, Air—are characterized by 'the contraries'.

Perhaps the solution is that their matter is in one sense the same, but in another sense different. For that which underlies them, whatever its nature may be qua underlying them, is the same: but its actual being is not the same. So much, then, on these topics.

[1] 巴门尼德（Parmenides, 前515?—前445?），古希腊哲学家，埃利亚学派的奠基人。他认为存在不生不灭，作为单一连续不可分的整体而存在。

Chapter 4

Next we must state what the difference is between coming-to-be and 'alteration'—for we maintain that these changes are distinct from one another.

Since, then, we must distinguish (a) the substratum, and (b) the property whose nature it is to be predicated of the substratum; and since change of each of these occurs; there is 'alteration' when the substratum is perceptible and persists, but changes in its own properties, the properties in question being opposed to one another either as contraries or as intermediates. The body, e.g. although persisting as the same body, is now healthy and now ill; and the bronze is now spherical and at another time angular, and yet remains the same bronze. But when nothing perceptible persists in its identity as a substratum, and the thing changes as a whole (when e.g. the seed as a whole is converted into blood, or water into air, or air as a whole into water), such an occurrence is no longer 'alteration'. It is a coming-to-be of one substance and a passing-away of the other—especially if the change proceeds from an imperceptible something to something perceptible (either to touch or to all the senses), as when water comes-to-be out of, or passes-away into, air: for air is pretty well imperceptible. If, however, in such cases, any property (being one of a pair of contraries) persists, in the thing that has come-to-be, the same as it was in the thing which has passed-away—if, e.g. when water comes-to-be out of air, both are transparent or cold—the second thing, into which the first changes, must not be a property of this persistent identical something. Otherwise the change will be 'alteration.' Suppose, e.g. that the musical man passed-away and an unmusical man came-to-be, and that the man persists as something identical. Now, if 'musicalness and unmusicalness' had not been a property essentially inhering in man, these changes would have been a coming-to-be of unmusicalness and a passing-away of musicalness: but in fact 'musicalness and unmusicalness' are a property of the persistent identity, viz. man. (Hence, as regards man, these changes are 'modifications'; though, as regards musical man and unmusical man, they are a passing-away and a coming-to-be.) Consequently such changes are 'alteration.' When the change from contrary to contrary is in quantity, it is 'growth and diminution'; when it is in place, it is 'motion'; when it is in property, i.e. in quality, it is 'alteration': but, when nothing persists, of which the resultant is a property (or an 'accident' in any sense of the term), it is 'coming-to-be', and the converse change is 'passing-away'.

'Matter', in the most proper sense of the term, is to be identified with the substratum which is receptive of coming-to-be and passing-away: but the substratum of the remaining kinds of change is also, in a certain sense, 'matter', because all these substrata are receptive of 'contrarieties' of some kind. So much, then, as an answer to the questions (i) whether coming-to-be 'is' or 'is not'—i.e. what are the precise conditions of its occurrence and (ii) what 'alteration' is: but we have still to treat
of growth.

Chapter 5

We must explain (i) wherein growth differs from coming-to-be and from 'alteration', and (ii) what is the process of growing and the process of diminishing in each and all of the things that grow and diminish.

Hence our first question is this: Do these changes differ from one another solely because of a difference in their respective 'spheres'? In other words, do they differ because, while a change from this to that (viz. from potential to actual substance) is coming-to-be, a change in the sphere of magnitude is growth and one in the sphere of quality is 'alteration'—both growth and 'alteration' being changes from what is—potentially to what is—actually magnitude and quality respectively? Or is there also a difference in the manner of the change, since it is evident that, whereas neither what is 'altering' nor what is coming-to-be necessarily changes its place, what is growing or diminishing changes its spatial position of necessity, though in a different manner from that in which the moving thing does so? For that which is being moved changes its place as a whole: but the growing thing changes its place like a metal that is being beaten, retaining its position as a whole while its parts change their places. They change their places, but not in the same way as the parts of a revolving globe. For the parts of the globe change their places while the whole continues to occupy an equal place: but the parts of the growing thing expand over an ever-increasing place and the parts of the diminishing thing contract within an ever-diminishing area.

It is clear, then, that these changes—the changes of that which is coming-to-be, of that which is 'altering', and of that which is growing—differ in manner as well as in sphere. But how are we to conceive the 'sphere' of the change which is growth and diminution? The 'sphere' of growing and diminishing is believed to be magnitude. Are we to suppose that body and magnitude come-to-be out of something which, though potentially magnitude and body, is actually incorporeal and devoid of magnitude? And since this description may be understood in two different ways, in which of these two ways are we to apply it to the process of growth? Is the matter, out of which growth takes place, (i) 'separate' and existing alone by itself, or (ii) 'separate' but contained in another body?

Perhaps it is impossible for growth to take place in either of these ways. For since the matter is 'separate', either (a) it will occupy no place (as if it were a point), or (b) it will be a 'void', i.e. a non-

perceptible body. But the first of these alternatives is impossible. For since what comes-to-be out of this incorporeal and sizeless something will always be 'somewhere', it too must be 'somewhere'—either intrinsically or indirectly. And the second alternative necessarily implies that the matter is contained in some other body. But if it is to be 'in' another body and yet remains 'separate' in such a way that it is in no sense a part of that body (neither a part of its substantial being nor an 'accident' of it), many impossibilities will result. It is as if we were to suppose that when, e.g. air comes-to-be out of water the process were due not to a change of the water but to the matter of the air being 'contained in' the water as in a vessel. This is impossible. For (i) there is nothing to prevent an indeterminate number of matters being thus 'contained in' the water, so that they might come-to-be actually an indeterminate quantity of air; and (ii) we do not in fact see air coming-to-be out of water in this fashion, viz. withdrawing out of it and leaving it unchanged.

It is therefore better to suppose that in all instances of coming-to-be the matter is inseparable, being numerically identical and one with the 'containing' body, though isolable from it by definition. But the same reasons also forbid us to regard the matter, out of which the body comes-to-be, as points or lines. The matter is that of which points and lines are limits, and it is something that can never exist without quality and without form.

Now it is no doubt true, as we have also established elsewhere, that one thing 'comes-to-be' (in the unqualified sense) out of another thing: and further it is true that the efficient cause of its coming-to-be is either (i) an actual thing (which is the same as the effect either generically—or the efficient cause of the coming-to-be of a hard thing is not a hard thing—or specifically, as e.g. fire is the efficient cause of the coming-to-be of fire or one man of the birth of another), or (ii) an actuality. Nevertheless, since there is also a matter out of which corporeal substance itself comes-to-be (corporeal substance, however, already characterized as such-and-such a determinate body, for there is no such thing as body in general), this same matter is also the matter of magnitude and quality—being separable from these matters by definition, but not separable in place unless Qualities are, in their turn, separable.

It is evident, from the preceding development and discussion of difficulties, that growth is not a change out of something which, though potentially a magnitude, actually possesses no magnitude. For, if it were, the 'void' would exist in separation; but we have explained in a former work that this is impossible. Moreover, a change of that

kind is not peculiarly distinctive of growth, but characterizes coming-to-be as such or in general. For growth is an increase, and diminution is a lessening, of the magnitude which is there already—that, indeed, is why the growing thing must possess some magnitude. Hence growth must not be regarded as a process from a matter without magnitude to an actuality of magnitude: for this would be a body's coming-to-be rather than its growth.

We must therefore come to closer quarters with the subject of our inquiry. We must 'grapple' with it (as it were) from its beginning, and determine the precise character of the growing and diminishing whose causes we are investigating.

It is evident (i) that any and every part of the growing thing has increased, and that similarly in diminution every part has become smaller: also (ii) that a thing grows by the accession, and diminishes by the departure, of something. Hence it must grow by the accession either (a) of something incorporeal or (b) of a body. Now, if (a) it grows by the accession of something incorporeal, there will exist separate a void: but (as we have stated before) is impossible for a matter of magnitude to exist 'separate'. If, on the other hand (b) it grows by the accession of a body, there will be two bodies—that which grows and that which increases it—in the same place: and this too is impossible.

But neither is it open to us to say that growth or diminution occurs in the way in which e.g. air is generated from water. For, although the volume has then become greater, the change will not be growth, but a coming-to-be of the one—viz. of that into which the change is taking place—and a passing-away of the contrasted body. It is not a growth of either. Nothing grows in the process; unless indeed there be something common to both things (to that which is coming-to-be and to that which passed-away), e.g. 'body', and this grows. The water has not grown, nor has the air: but the former has passed-away and the latter has come-to-be, and—if anything has grown—there has been a growth of 'body.' Yet this too is impossible. For our account of growth must preserve the characteristics of that which is growing and diminishing. And these characteristics are three: (i) any and every part of the growing magnitude is made bigger (e.g. if flesh grows, every particle of the flesh gets bigger), (ii) by the accession of something, and (iii) in such a way that the growing thing is preserved and persists. For whereas a thing does not persist in the processes of unqualified coming-to-be or passing-away, that which grows or 'alters' persists in its identity through the 'altering' and through the growing or diminishing, though the quality (in 'alteration') and the size (in

growth) do not remain the same. Now if the generation of air from water is to be regarded as growth, a thing might grow without the accession (and without the persistence) of anything, and diminish without the departure of anything—and that which grows need not persist. But this characteristic must be preserved: for the growth we are discussing has been assumed to be thus characterized.

One might raise a further difficulty. What is 'that which grows'? Is it that to which something is added? If, e.g. a man grows in his shin, is it the shin which is greater—but not that 'whereby' he grows, viz. not the food? Then why have not both 'grown'? For when A is added to B, both A and B are greater, as when you mix wine with water; for each ingredient is alike increased in volume. Perhaps the explanation is that the substance of the one remains unchanged, but the substance of the other (viz. of the food) does not. For indeed, even in the mixture of wine and water, it is the prevailing ingredient which is said to have increased in volume. We say, e.g. that the wine has increased, because the whole mixture acts as wine but not as water. A similar principle applies also to 'alteration'. Flesh is said to have been 'altered' if, while its character and substance remain, some one of its essential properties, which was not there before, now qualifies it: on the other hand, that 'whereby' it has been 'altered' may have undergone no change, though sometimes it too has been affected. The altering agent, however, and the originative source of the process are in the growing thing and in that which is being 'altered': for the efficient cause is in these. No doubt the food, which has come in, may sometimes expand as well as the body that has consumed it (that is so, e.g. if, after having come in, a food is converted into wind), but when it has undergone this change it has passed-away: and the efficient cause is not in the food.

We have now developed the difficulties sufficiently and must therefore try to find a solution of the problem. Our solution must preserve intact the three characteristics of growth—that the growing thing persists, that it grows by the accession (and diminishes by the departure) of something, and further that every perceptible particle of it has become either larger or smaller. We must recognize also (a) that the growing body is not 'void' and that yet there are not two magnitudes in the same place, and (b) that it does not grow by the accession of something incorporeal.

Two preliminary distinctions will prepare us to grasp the cause of growth. We must note (i) that the organic parts grow by the growth of the tissues (for every organ is composed of these as its constituents); and (ii) that flesh, bone, and every such part—like every other thing

which has its form immersed in matter—has a twofold nature: for the form as well as the matter is called 'flesh' or 'bone'.

Now, that any and every part of the tissue qua form should grow—and grow by the accession of something—is possible, but not that any and every part of the tissue qua matter should do so. For we must think of the tissue after the image of flowing water that is measured by one and the same measure: particle after particle comes-to-be, and each successive particle is different. And it is in this sense that the matter of the flesh grows, some flowing out and some flowing in fresh; not in the sense that fresh matter accedes to every particle of it. There is, however, an accession to every part of its figure or 'form'.

That growth has taken place proportionally, is more manifest in the organic parts—e.g. in the hand. For there the fact that the matter is distinct from the form is more manifest than in flesh, i.e. than in the tissues. That is why there is a greater tendency to suppose that a corpse still possesses flesh and bone than that it still has a hand or an arm.

Hence in one sense it is true that any and every part of the flesh has grown; but in another sense it is false. For there has been an accession to every part of the flesh in respect to its form, but not in respect to its matter. The whole, however, has become larger. And this increase is due (a) on the one hand to the accession of something, which is called 'food' and is said to be 'contrary' to flesh, but (b) on the other hand to the transformation of this food into the same form as that of flesh as if, e.g. 'moist' were to accede to 'dry' and, having acceded, were to be transformed and to become 'dry'. For in one sense 'Like grows by Like', but in another sense 'Unlike grows by Unlike'.

One might discuss what must be the character of that 'whereby' a thing grows. Clearly it must be potentially that which is growing—potentially flesh, e.g. if it is flesh that is growing. Actually, therefore, it must be 'other' than the growing thing. This 'actual other', then, has passed-away and come-to-be flesh. But it has not been transformed into flesh alone by itself (for that would have been a coming-to-be, not a growth): on the contrary, it is the growing thing which has come-to-be flesh (and grown) by the food. In what way, then, has the food been modified by the growing thing? Perhaps we should say that it has been 'mixed' with it, as if one were to pour water into wine and the wine were able to convert the new ingredient into wine. And as fire lays hold of the inflammable, so the active principle of growth, dwelling in the growing thing (that which is actually flesh), lays hold of an acceding food which is potentially flesh and converts it into

actual flesh. The acceding food, therefore, must be together with the growing thing: for if it were apart from it, the change would be a coming-to-be. For it is possible to produce fire by piling logs on to the already burning fire. That is 'growth'. But when the logs themselves are set on fire, that is 'coming-to-be'.

'Quantum-in-general' does not come-to-be any more than 'animal' which is neither man nor any other of the specific forms of animal: what 'animal-in-general' is in coming-to-be, that 'quantum-in-general' is in growth. But what does come-to-be in growth is flesh or bone—or a hand or arm (i.e. the tissues of these organic parts). Such things come-to-be, then, by the accession not of quantified-flesh but of a quantified-something. In so far as this acceding food is potentially the double result e.g. is potentially so-much-flesh—it produces growth: for it is bound to become actually both so-much and flesh. But in so far as it is potentially flesh only, it nourishes: for it is thus that 'nutrition' and 'growth' differ by their definition. That is why a body's 'nutrition' continues so long as it is kept alive (even when it is diminishing), though not its 'growth'; and why nutrition, though 'the same' as growth, is yet different from it in its actual being. For in so far as that which accedes is potentially 'so-much-flesh' it tends to increase flesh: whereas, in so far as it is potentially 'flesh' only, it is nourishment.

The form of which we have spoken is a kind of power immersed in matter—a duct, as it were. If, then, a matter accedes—a matter, which is potentially a duct and also potentially possesses determinate quantity the ducts to which it accedes will become bigger. But if it is no longer able to act—if it has been weakened by the continued influx of matter, just as water, continually mixed in greater and greater quantity with wine, in the end makes the wine watery and converts it into water—then it will cause a diminution of the quantum; though still the form persists.

Chapter 6

(In discussing the causes of coming-to-be) we must first investigate the matter, i.e. the so-called 'elements'. We must ask whether they really are elements or not, i.e. whether each of them is eternal or whether there is a sense in which they come-to-be: and, if they do come-to-be, whether all of them come-to-be in the same manner reciprocally out of one another, or whether one amongst them is something primary. Hence we must begin by explaining certain preliminary matters, about which the statements now current are vague.

For all (the pluralist philosophers)—those who generate the 'elements' as well as those who generate the bodies that are compounded of the elements—make use of 'dissociation' and 'association', and of 'action' and 'passion'. Now 'association' is 'combination'; but the precise meaning of the process we call 'combining' has not been explained. Again, (all the monists make use of 'alteration': but) without an agent and a patient there cannot be 'altering' any more than there can be 'dissociating' and 'associating'. For not only those who postulate a plurality of elements employ their reciprocal action and passion to generate the compounds: those who derive things from a single element are equally compelled to introduce 'acting'. And in this respect Diogenes is right when he argues that 'unless all things were derived from one, reciprocal action and passion could not have occurred'. The hot thing, e.g. would not be cooled and the cold thing in turn be warmed: for heat and cold do not change reciprocally into one another, but what changes (it is clear) is the substratum. Hence, whenever there is action and passion between two things, that which underlies them must be a single something. No doubt, it is not true to say that all things are of this character: but it is true of all things between which there is reciprocal action and passion.

But if we must investigate 'action-passion' and 'combination', we must also investigate 'contact'. For action and passion (in the proper sense of the terms) can only occur between things which are such as to touch one another; nor can things enter into combination at all unless they have come into a certain kind of contact. Hence we must give a definite account of these three things—of 'contact', 'combination', and 'acting'.

Let us start as follows. All things which admit of 'combination' must be capable of reciprocal contact: and the same is true of any two things, of which one 'acts' and the other 'suffers action' in the proper sense of the terms. For this reason we must treat of 'contact' first. Every term

which possesses a variety of meaning includes those various meanings either owing to a mere coincidence of language, or owing to a real order of derivation in the different things to which it is applied: but, though this may be taken to hold of 'contact' as of all such terms, it is nevertheless true that 'contact' in the proper sense applies only to things which have 'position'. And 'position' belongs only to those things which also have a 'place': for in so far as we attribute 'contact' to the mathematical things, we must also attribute 'place' to them, whether they exist in separation or in some other fashion. Assuming, therefore, that 'to touch' is—as we have defined it in a previous work—'to have the extremes together', only those things will touch one another which, being separate magnitudes and possessing position, have their extremes 'together'. And since position belongs only to those things which also have a 'place', while the primary differentiation of 'place' is 'the above' and 'the below' (and the similar pairs of opposites), all things which touch one another will have 'weight' or 'lightness' either both these qualities or one or the other of them. But bodies which are heavy or light are such as to 'act' and 'suffer action'. Hence it is clear that those things are by nature such as to touch one another, which (being separate magnitudes) have their extremes 'together' and are able to move, and be moved by, one another.

The manner in which the 'mover' moves the 'moved' not always the same: on the contrary, whereas one kind of 'mover' can only impart motion by being itself moved, another kind can do so though remaining itself unmoved. Clearly therefore we must recognize a corresponding variety in speaking of the 'acting' thing too: for the 'mover' is said to 'act' (in a sense) and the 'acting' thing to 'impart motion'. Nevertheless there is a difference and we must draw a distinction. For not every 'mover' can 'act', if (a) the term 'agent' is to be used in contrast to 'patient' and (b) 'patient' is to be applied only to those things whose motion is a 'qualitative affection'—i.e. a quality, like 'white' or 'hot', in respect to which they are 'moved' only in the sense that they are 'altered': on the contrary, to 'impart motion' is a wider term than to 'act'. Still, so much, at any rate, is clear: the things which are 'such as to impart motion', if that description be interpreted in one sense, will touch the things which are 'such as to be moved by them'—while they will not touch them, if the description be interpreted in a different sense. But the disjunctive definition of 'touching' must include and distinguish (a) 'contact in general' as the relation between two things which, having position, are such that one is able to impart motion and the other to be moved, and (b) 'reciprocal contact' as the relation between two things, one able to impart motion

and the other able to be moved in such a way that 'action and passion' are predicable of them.

As a rule, no doubt, if A touches B, B touches A. For indeed practically all the 'movers' within our ordinary experience impart motion by being moved: in their case, what touches inevitably must, and also evidently does, touch something which reciprocally touches it. Yet, if A moves B, it is possible—as we sometimes express it—for A 'merely to touch' B, and that which touches need not touch a something which touches it. Nevertheless it is commonly supposed that 'touching' must be reciprocal. The reason of this belief is that 'movers' which belong to the same kind as the 'moved' impart motion by being moved. Hence if anything imparts motion without itself being moved, it may touch the 'moved' and yet itself be touched by nothing—for we say sometimes that the man who grieves us 'touches' us, but not that we 'touch' him.

The account just given may serve to distinguish and define the 'contact' which occurs in the things of Nature.

Chapter 7

Next in order we must discuss 'action' and 'passion'. The traditional theories on the subject are conflicting. For (i) most thinkers are unanimous in maintaining (a) that 'like' is always unaffected by 'like', because (as they argue) neither of two 'likes' is more apt than the other either to act or to suffer action, since all the properties which belong to the one belong identically and in the same degree to the other; and (b) that 'unlikes', i.e. 'differents', are by nature such as to act and suffer action reciprocally. For even when the smaller fire is destroyed by the greater, it suffers this effect (they say) owing to its 'contrariety' since the great is contrary to the small. But (ii) Democritus dissented from all the other thinkers and maintained a theory peculiar to himself. He asserts that agent and patient are identical, i.e. 'like'. It is not possible (he says) that 'others', i.e. 'differents', should suffer action from one another: on the contrary, even if two things, being 'others', do act in some way on one another, this happens to them not qua 'others' but qua possessing an identical property.

Such, then, are the traditional theories, and it looks as if the statements of their advocates were in manifest conflict. But the reason of this conflict is that each group is in fact stating a part, whereas they ought to have taken a comprehensive view of the subject as a whole. For (i) if A and B are 'like'—absolutely and in all respects without difference from one another—it is reasonable to infer that neither is in any way affected by the other. Why, indeed, should either of them tend to act any more than the other? Moreover, if 'like' can be affected by 'like', a thing can also be affected by itself: and yet if that were so—if 'like' tended in fact to act qua 'like'—there would be nothing indestructible or immovable, for everything would move itself. And (ii) the same consequence follows if A and B are absolutely 'other', i.e. in no respect identical. Whiteness could not be affected in any way by line nor line by whiteness—except perhaps 'coincidentally', viz. if the line happened to be white or black: for unless two things either are, or are composed of, 'contraries', neither drives the other out of its natural condition. But (iii) since only those things which either involve a 'contrariety' or are 'contraries'—and not any things selected at random—are such as to suffer action and to act, agent and patient must be 'like' (i.e. identical) in kind and yet 'unlike' (i.e. contrary) in species. (For it is a law of nature that body is affected by body, flavour by flavour, colour by colour, and so in general what belongs to any kind by a member of the same kind—the reason being that 'contraries' are

in every case within a single identical kind, and it is 'contraries' which reciprocally act and suffer action.) Hence agent and patient must be in one sense identical, but in another sense other than (i.e. 'unlike') one another. And since (a) patient and agent are generically identical (i.e. 'like') but specifically 'unlike', while (b) it is 'contraries' that exhibit this character: it is clear that 'contraries' and their 'intermediates' are such as to suffer action and to act reciprocally—for indeed it is these that constitute the entire sphere of passing-away and coming-to-be.

We can now understand why fire heats and the cold thing cools, and in general why the active thing assimilates to itself the patient. For agent and patient are contrary to one another, and coming-to-be is a process into the contrary: hence the patient must change into the agent, since it is only thus that coming-to-be will be a process into the contrary. And, again, it is intelligible that the advocates of both views, although their theories are not the same, are yet in contact with the nature of the facts. For sometimes we speak of the substratum as suffering action (e.g. of 'the man' as being healed, being warmed and chilled, and similarly in all the other cases), but at other times we say 'what is cold is being warmed', 'what is sick is being healed': and in both these ways of speaking we express the truth, since in one sense it is the 'matter', while in another sense it is the 'contrary', which suffers action. (We make the same distinction in speaking of the agent: for sometimes we say that 'the man', but at other times that 'what is hot', produces heat.) Now the one group of thinkers supposed that agent and patient must possess something identical, because they fastened their attention on the substratum: while the other group maintained the opposite because their attention was concentrated on the 'contraries'. We must conceive the same account to hold of action and passion as that which is true of 'being moved' and 'imparting motion'. For the 'mover', like the 'agent', has two meanings. Both (a) that which contains the originative source of the motion is thought to 'impart motion' (for the originative source is first amongst the causes), and also (b) that which is last, i.e. immediately next to the moved thing and to the coming-to-be. A similar distinction holds also of the agent: for we speak not only (a) of the doctor, but also (b) of the wine, as healing. Now, in motion, there is nothing to prevent the first mover being unmoved (indeed, as regards some 'first movers' this is actually necessary) although the last mover always imparts motion by being itself moved: and, in action, there is nothing to prevent the first agent being unaffected, while the last agent only acts by suffering action itself. For agent and patient have not the same matter, agent acts without being affected: thus the art of healing produces health without itself being acted upon in any way by that which is being

healed. But (b) the food, in acting, is itself in some way acted upon: for, in acting, it is simultaneously heated or cooled or otherwise affected. Now the art of healing corresponds to an 'originative source', while the food corresponds to 'the last' (i.e. 'continuous') mover.

Those active powers, then, whose forms are not embodied in matter, are unaffected: but those whose forms are in matter are such as to be affected in acting. For we maintain that one and the same 'matter' is equally, so to say, the basis of either of the two opposed things—being as it were a 'kind'; and that that which can be hot must be made hot, provided the heating agent is there, i.e. comes near. Hence (as we have said) some of the active powers are unaffected while others are such as to be affected; and what holds of motion is true also of the active powers. For as in motion 'the first mover' is unmoved, so among the active powers 'the first agent' is unaffected.

The active power is a 'cause' in the sense of that from which the process originates: but the end, for the sake of which it takes place, is not 'active'. (That is why health is not 'active', except metaphorically.) For when the agent is there, the patient becomes something: but when 'states' are there, the patient no longer becomes but already is—and 'forms' (i.e. 'ends') are a kind of 'state'. As to the 'matter', it (qua matter) is passive. Now fire contains 'the hot' embodied in matter: but a 'hot' separate from matter (if such a thing existed) could not suffer any action. Perhaps, indeed, it is impossible that 'the hot' should exist in separation from matter: but if there are any entities thus separable, what we are saying would be true of them.

We have thus explained what action and passion are, what things exhibit them, why they do so, and in what manner. We must go on to discuss how it is possible for action and passion to take place.

Chapter 8

Some philosophers think that the 'last' agent—the 'agent' in the strictest sense—enters in through certain pores, and so the patient suffers action. It is in this way, they assert, that we see and hear and exercise all our other senses. Moreover, according to them, things are seen through air and water and other transparent bodies, because such bodies possess pores, invisible indeed owing to their minuteness, but close-set and arranged in rows: and the more transparent the body, the more frequent and serial they suppose its pores to be. Such was the theory which some philosophers (including Empedocles) advanced in regard to the structure of certain bodies. They do not restrict it to the bodies which act and suffer action: but 'combination' too, they say, takes place 'only between bodies whose pores are in reciprocal symmetry'. The most systematic and consistent theory, however, and one that applied to all bodies, was advanced by Leucippus and Democritus: and, in maintaining it, they took as their starting-point what naturally comes first.

For some of the older philosophers thought that 'what is' must of necessity be 'one' and immovable. The void, they argue, 'is not': but unless there is a void with a separate being of its own, 'what is' cannot be moved—nor again can it be 'many', since there is nothing to keep things apart. And in this respect, they insist, the view that the universe is not 'continuous' but 'discretes-in-contact' is no better than the view that there are 'many' (and not 'one') and a void. For (suppose that the universe is discretes-in-contact. Then), if it is divisible through and through, there is no 'one', and therefore no 'many' either, but the Whole is void; while to maintain that it is divisible at some points, but not at others, looks like an arbitrary fiction. For up to what limit is it divisible? And for what reason is part of the Whole indivisible, i.e. a plenum, and part divided? Further, they maintain, it is equally necessary to deny the existence of motion.

Reasoning in this way, therefore, they were led to transcend sense-perception, and to disregard it on the ground that 'one ought to follow the argument': and so they assert that the universe is 'one' and immovable. Some of them add that it is 'infinite', since the limit (if it had one) would be a limit against the void.

There were, then, certain thinkers who, for the reasons we have stated, enunciated views of this kind as their theory of 'The Truth'.... Moreover, although these opinions appear to follow logically in a dialectical discussion, yet to believe them seems next door to madness

when one considers the facts. For indeed no lunatic seems to be so far out of his senses as to suppose that fire and ice are 'one': it is only between what is right and what seems right from habit, that some people are mad enough to see no difference.

Leucippus, however, thought he had a theory which harmonized with sense-perception and would not abolish either coming-to-be and passing-away or motion and the multiplicity of things. He made these concessions to the facts of perception: on the other hand, he conceded to the Monists that there could be no motion without a void. The result is a theory which he states as follows: 'The void is a "not being", and no part of "what is" is a "not-being"; for what "is" in the strict sense of the term is an absolute plenum. This plenum, however, is not "one": on the contrary, it is a "many" infinite in number and invisible owing to the minuteness of their bulk. The "many" move in the void (for there is a void): and by coming together they produce "coming to-be", while by separating they produce "passing-away". Moreover, they act and suffer action wherever they chance to be in contact (for there they are not "one"), and they generate by being put together and becoming intertwined. From the genuinely-one, on the other hand, there never could have come-to-be a multiplicity, nor from the genuinely-many a "one": that is impossible. But' (just as Empedocles and some of the other philosophers say that things suffer action through their pores, so) 'all "alteration" and all "passion" take place in the way that has been explained: breaking-up (i.e. passing-away) is effected by means of the void, and so too is growth—solids creeping in to fill the void places.' Empedocles too is practically bound to adopt the same theory as Leucippus. For he must say that there are certain solids which, however, are indivisible—unless there are continuous pores all through the body. But this last alternative is impossible: for then there will be nothing solid in the body (nothing beside the pores) but all of it will be void. It is necessary, therefore, for his 'contiguous discretes' to be indivisible, while the intervals between them—which he calls 'pores'—must be void. But this is precisely Leucippus' theory of action and passion.

Such, approximately, are the current explanations of the manner in which some things 'act' while others 'suffer action'. And as regards the Atomists, it is not only clear what their explanation is: it is also obvious that it follows with tolerable consistency from the assumptions they employ. But there is less obvious consistency in the explanation offered by the other thinkers.
It is not clear, for instance, how, on the theory of Empedocles, there is to be 'passing-away' as well as 'alteration'. For the primary bodies of the Atomists—the primary constituents of which bodies are composed,

and the ultimate elements into which they are dissolved—are indivisible, differing from one another only in figure. In the philosophy of Empedocles, on the other hand, it is evident that all the other bodies down to the 'elements' have their coming-to-be and their passing-away: but it is not clear how the 'elements' themselves, severally in their aggregated masses, come-to-be and pass-away. Nor is it possible for Empedocles to explain how they do so, since he does not assert that Fire too (and similarly every one of his other 'elements') possesses 'elementary constituents' of itself.

Such an assertion would commit him to doctrines like those which Plato has set forth in the Timaeus. For although both Plato and Leucippus postulate elementary constituents that are indivisible and distinctively characterized by figures, there is this great difference between the two theories: the 'indivisibles' of Leucippus (i) are solids, while those of Plato are planes, and (ii) are characterized by an infinite variety of figures, while the characterizing figures employed by Plato are limited in number. Thus the 'comings-to-be' and the 'dissociations' result from the 'indivisibles' (a) according to Leucippus through the void and through contact (for it is at the point of contact that each of the composite bodies is divisible), but (b) according to Plato in virtue of contact alone, since he denies there is a void.

Now we have discussed 'indivisible planes' in the preceding treatise. But with regard to the assumption of 'indivisible solids', although we must not now enter upon a detailed study of its consequences, the following criticisms fall within the compass of a short digression:

I. The Atomists are committed to the view that every 'indivisible' is incapable alike of receiving a sensible property (for nothing can 'suffer action' except through the void) and of producing one—no 'indivisible' can be, e.g. either hard or cold. Yet it is surely a paradox that an exception is made of 'the hot'—'the hot' being assigned as peculiar to the spherical figure: for, that being so, its 'contrary' also ('the cold') is bound to belong to another of the figures. If, however, these properties (heat and cold) do belong to the 'indivisibles', it is a further paradox that they should not possess heaviness and lightness, and hardness and softness. And yet Democritus says 'the more any indivisible exceeds, the heavier it is'—to which we must clearly add 'and the hotter it is'. But if that is their character, it is impossible they should not be affected by one another: the 'slightly-hot indivisible', e.g. will inevitably suffer action from one which far exceeds it in heat. Again, if any 'indivisible' is 'hard', there must also be one which is 'soft': but 'the soft' derives its very name from the fact that it suffers a certain action—for 'soft' is that which yields to pressure.

II. But further, not only is it paradoxical (i) that no property except figure should belong to the 'indivisibles': it is also paradoxical (ii) that, if other properties do belong to them, one only of these additional properties should attach to each—e.g. that this 'indivisible' should be cold and that 'indivisible' hot. For, on that supposition, their substance would not even be uniform. And it is equally impossible (iii) that more than one of these additional properties should belong to the single 'indivisible'. For, being indivisible, it will possess these properties in the same point—so that, if it 'suffers action' by being chilled, it will also, qua chilled, 'act' or 'suffer action' in some other way. And the same line of argument applies to all the other properties too: for the difficulty we have just raised confronts, as a necessary consequence, all who advocate 'indivisibles' (whether solids or planes), since their 'indivisibles' cannot become either 'rarer' or 'derser' inasmuch as there is no void in them.

III. It is a further paradox that there should be small 'indivisibles', but not large ones. For it is natural enough, from the ordinary point of view, that the larger bodies should be more liable to fracture than the small ones, since they (viz. the large bodies) are easily broken up because they collide with many other bodies. But why should indivisibility as such be the property of small, rather than of large, bodies?

IV. Again, is the substance of all those solids uniform, or do they fall into sets which differ from one another—as if, e.g. some of them, in their aggregated bulk, were 'fiery', others 'earthy'? For (i) if all of them are uniform in substance, what is it that separated one from another? Or why, when they come into contact, do they not coalesce into one, as drops of water run together when drop touches drop (for the two cases are precisely parallel)? On the other hand (ii) if they fall into differing sets, how are these characterized? It is clear, too, that these, rather than the 'figures', ought to be postulated as 'original reals', i.e. causes from which the phenomena result. Moreover, if they differed in substance, they would both act and suffer action on coming into reciprocal contact.

V. Again, what is it which sets them moving? For if their 'mover' is other than themselves, they are such as to 'suffer action'. If, on the other hand, each of them sets itself in motion, either (a) it will be divisible ('imparting motion' qua this, 'being moved' qua that), or (b) contrary properties will attach to it in the same respect—i.e. 'matter' will be identical in—potentiality as well as numerically-identical.

As to the thinkers who explain modification of property through the

movement facilitated by the pores, if this is supposed to occur notwithstanding the fact that the pores are filled, their postulate of pores is superfluous. For if the whole body suffers action under these conditions, it would suffer action in the same way even if it had no pores but were just its own continuous self. Moreover, how can their account of 'vision through a medium' be correct? It is impossible for (the visual ray) to penetrate the transparent bodies at their 'contacts'; and impossible for it to pass through their pores if every pore be full. For how will that differ from having no pores at all? The body will be uniformly 'full' throughout. But, further, even if these passages, though they must contain bodies, are 'void', the same consequence will follow once more. And if they are 'too minute to admit any body', it is absurd to suppose there is a 'minute' void and yet to deny the existence of a 'big' one (no matter how small the 'big' may be), or to imagine 'the void' means anything else than a body's place—whence it clearly follows that to every body there will correspond a void of equal cubic capacity.

As a general criticism we must urge that to postulate pores is superfluous. For if the agent produces no effect by touching the patient, neither will it produce any by passing through its pores. On the other hand, if it acts by contact, then—even without pores—some things will 'suffer action' and others will 'act', provided they are by nature adapted for reciprocal action and passion. Our arguments have shown that it is either false or futile to advocate pores in the sense in which some thinkers conceive them. But since bodies are divisible through and through, the postulate of pores is ridiculous: for, qua divisible, a body can fall into separate parts.

Chapter 9

Let us explain the way in which things in fact possess the power of generating, and of acting and suffering action: and let us start from the principle we have often enunciated. For, assuming the distinction between (a) that which is potentially and (b) that which is actually such-and-such, it is the nature of the first, precisely in so far as it is what it is, to suffer action through and through, not merely to be susceptible in some parts while insusceptible in others. But its susceptibility varies in degree, according as it is more or less; such-and-such, and one would be more justified in speaking of 'pores' in this connexion: for instance, in the metals there are veins of 'the susceptible' stretching continuously through the substance.

So long, indeed, as any body is naturally coherent and one, it is insusceptible. So, too, bodies are insusceptible so long as they are not in contact either with one another or with other bodies which are by nature such as to act and suffer action. (To illustrate my meaning: Fire heats not only when in contact, but also from a distance. For the fire heats the air, and the air—being by nature such as both to act and suffer action—heats the body.) But the supposition that a body is 'susceptible in some parts, but insusceptible in others' is only possible for those who hold an erroneous view concerning the divisibility of magnitudes. For us the following account results from the distinctions we established at the beginning. For (i) if magnitudes are not divisible through and through—if, on the contrary, there are indivisible solids or planes—then indeed no body would be susceptible through and through: but neither would any be continuous. Since, however, (ii) this is false, i.e. since every body is divisible, there is no difference between 'having been divided into parts which remain in contact' and 'being divisible'. For if a body 'can be separated at the contacts' (as some thinkers express it), then, even though it has not yet been divided, it will be in a state of dividedness—since, as it can be divided, nothing inconceivable results. And (iii) the supposition is open to this general objection—it is a paradox that 'passion' should occur in this manner only, viz. by the bodies being split. For this theory abolishes 'alteration': but we see the same body liquid at one time and solid at another, without losing its continuity. It has suffered this change not by 'division' and 'composition', nor yet by 'turning' and 'intercontact' as Democritus asserts; for it has passed from the liquid to the solid state without any change of 'grouping' or 'position' in the constituents of its substance. Nor are there contained within it those 'hard' (i.e. congealed) particles 'indivisible in their bulk': on the

contrary, it is liquid—and again, solid and congealed—uniformly all through. This theory, it must be added, makes growth and diminution impossible also. For if there is to be opposition (instead of the growing thing having changed as a whole, either by the admixture of something or by its own transformation), increase of size will not have resulted in any and every part.

So much, then, to establish that things generate and are generated, act and suffer action, reciprocally; and to distinguish the way in which these processes can occur from the (impossible) way in which some thinkers say they occur.

Chapter 10

But we have still to explain 'combination', for that was the third of the subjects we originally proposed to discuss. Our explanation will proceed on the same method as before. We must inquire: What is 'combination', and what is that which can 'combine'? Of what things, and under what conditions, is 'combination' a property? And, further, does 'combination' exist in fact, or is it false to assert its existence?

For, according to some thinkers, it is impossible for one thing to be combined with another. They argue that (i) if both the 'combined' constituents persist unaltered, they are no more 'combined' now than they were before, but are in the same condition: while (ii) if one has been destroyed, the constituents have not been 'combined'—on the contrary, one constituent is and the other is not, whereas 'combination' demands uniformity of condition in them both: and on the same principle (iii) even if both the combining constituents have been destroyed as the result of their coalescence, they cannot 'have been combined' since they have no being at all.

What we have in this argument is, it would seem, a demand for the precise distinction of 'combination' from coming-to-be and passing-away (for it is obvious that 'combination', if it exists, must differ from these processes) and for the precise distinction of the 'combinable' from that which is such as to come-to-be and pass-away. As soon, therefore, as these distinctions are clear, the difficulties raised by the argument would be solved.

Now (i) we do not speak of the wood as 'combined' with the fire, nor of its burning as a 'combining' either of its particles with one another or of itself with the fire: what we say is that 'the fire is coming-to-be, but the wood is passing-away'. Similarly, we speak neither (ii) of the food as 'combining' with the body, nor (iii) of the shape as 'combining' with the wax and thus fashioning the lump. Nor can body 'combine' with white, nor (to generalize) 'properties' and 'states' with 'things': for we see them persisting unaltered. But again (iv) white and knowledge cannot be 'combined' either, nor any other of the 'adjectivals'. (Indeed, this is a blemish in the theory of those who assert that 'once upon a time all things were together and combined'. For not everything can 'combine' with everything. On the contrary, both of the constituents that are combined in the compound must originally have existed in separation: but no property can have separate existence.)

Since, however, some things are—potentially while others are—

actually, the constituents combined in a compound can 'be' in a sense and yet 'not-be'. The compound may be—actually other than the constituents from which it has resulted; nevertheless each of them may still be—potentially what it was before they were combined, and both of them may survive undestroyed. (For this was the difficulty that emerged in the previous argument: and it is evident that the combining constituents not only coalesce, having formerly existed in separation, but also can again be separated out from the compound.) The constituents, therefore, neither (a) persist actually, as 'body' and 'white' persist: nor (b) are they destroyed (either one of them or both), for their 'power of action' is preserved. Hence these difficulties may be dismissed: but the problem immediately connected with them—whether combination is something relative to 'perception' must be set out and discussed.

When the combining constituents have been divided into parts so small, and have been juxtaposed in such a manner, that perception fails to discriminate them one from another, have they then 'been combined' or ought we to say 'No, not until any and every part of one constituent is juxtaposed to a part of the other'? The term, no doubt, is applied in the former sense: we speak, e.g. of wheat having been 'combined' with barley when each grain of the one is juxtaposed to a grain of the other. But every body is divisible and therefore, since body 'combined' with body is uniform in texture throughout, any and every part of each constituent ought to be juxtaposed to a part of the other.

No body, however, can be divided into its 'least' parts: and 'composition' is not identical with 'combination', but other than it. From these premises it clearly follows (i) that so long as the constituents are preserved in small particles, we must not speak of them as 'combined'. (For this will be a 'composition' instead of a 'blending' or 'combination': nor will every portion of the resultant exhibit the same ratio between its constituents as the whole. But we maintain that, if 'combination' has taken place, the compound must be uniform in texture throughout—any part of such a compound being the same as the whole, just as any part of water is water: whereas, if 'combination' is 'composition of the small particles', nothing of the kind will happen. On the contrary, the constituents will only be 'combined' relatively to perception: and the same thing will be 'combined' to one percipient, if his sight is not sharp, (but not to another,) while to the eye of Lynceus[1] nothing will be 'combined'.) It clearly follows (ii) that we must not speak of the constituents as 'combined' in virtue of a division such that any and every part of each is juxtaposed to a part of the other: for it is impossible for them to be

thus divided. Either, then, there is no 'combination', or we have still to explain the manner in which it can take place.

Now, as we maintain, some things are such as to act and others such as to suffer action from them. Moreover, some things—viz. those which have the same matter—'reciprocate', i.e. are such as to act upon one another and to suffer action from one another; while other things, viz. agents which have not the same matter as their patients, act without themselves suffering action. Such agents cannot 'combine'—that is why neither the art of healing nor health produces health by 'combining' with the bodies of the patients. Amongst those things, however, which are reciprocally active and passive, some are easily-divisible. Now (i) if a great quantity (or a large bulk) of one of these easily-divisible 'reciprocating' materials be brought together with a little (or with a small piece) of another, the effect produced is not 'combination', but increase of the dominant: for the other material is transformed into the dominant. (That is why a drop of wine does not 'combine' with ten thousand gallons of water: for its form is dissolved, and it is changed so as to merge in the total volume of water.) On the other hand (ii) when there is a certain equilibrium between their 'powers of action', then each of them changes out of its own nature towards the dominant: yet neither becomes the other, but both become an intermediate with properties common to both.

Thus it is clear that only those agents are 'combinable' which involve a contrariety—for these are such as to suffer action reciprocally. And, further, they combine more freely if small pieces of each of them are juxtaposed. For in that condition they change one another more easily and more quickly; whereas this effect takes a long time when agent and patient are present in bulk.

Hence, amongst the divisible susceptible materials, those whose shape is readily adaptable have a tendency to combine: for they are easily divided into small particles, since that is precisely what 'being readily adaptable in shape' implies. For instance, liquids are the most 'combinable' of all bodies—because, of all divisible materials, the liquid is most readily adaptable in shape, unless it be viscous. Viscous liquids, it is true, produce no effect except to increase the volume and bulk. But when one of the constituents is alone susceptible—or superlatively susceptible, the other being susceptible in a very slight degree—the compound resulting from their combination is either no greater in volume or only a little greater. This is what happens when tin is combined with bronze. For some things display a hesitating and ambiguous attitude towards one another—showing a slight tendency to combine and also an inclination to behave as 'receptive matter' and

'form' respectively. The behaviour of these metals is a case in point. For the tin almost vanishes, behaving as if it were an immaterial property of the bronze: having been combined, it disappears, leaving no trace except the colour it has imparted to the bronze. The same phenomenon occurs in other instances too.

It is clear, then, from the foregoing account, that 'combination' occurs, what it is, to what it is due, and what kind of thing is 'combinable'. The phenomenon depends upon the fact that some things are such as to be (a) reciprocally susceptible and (b) readily adaptable in shape, i.e. easily divisible. For such things can be 'combined' without its being necessary either that they should have been destroyed or that they should survive absolutely unaltered: and their 'combination' need not be a 'composition', nor merely 'relative to perception'. On the contrary: anything is 'combinable' which, being readily adaptable in shape, is such as to suffer action and to act; and it is 'combinable with' another thing similarly characterized (for the 'combinable' is relative to the 'combinable'); and 'combination' is unification of the 'combinables', resulting from their 'alteration'.

[1] 留求斯(Lynceus)，希腊神话中阿哥斯城邦的一个国王，以目光敏锐著称。

Book II

Chapter 1

Further, we have discussed 'unqualified' coming-to-be and passing-away, and explained under what conditions they are predicable, of what subject, and owing to what cause. Similarly, we have also discussed 'alteration', and explained what 'altering' is and how it differs from coming-to-be and passing-away. But we have still to investigate the so-called 'elements' of bodies.

For the complex substances whose formation and maintenance are due to natural processes all presuppose the perceptible bodies as the condition of their coming-to-be and passing-away: but philosophers disagree in regard to the matter which underlies these perceptible bodies. Some maintain it is single, supposing it to be, e.g. Air or Fire, or an 'intermediate' between these two (but still a body with a separate existence). Others, on the contrary, postulate two or more materials—ascribing to their 'association' and 'dissociation', or to their 'alteration', the coming-to-be and passing-away of things. (Some, for instance, postulate Fire and Earth: some add Air, making three: and some, like Empedocles, reckon Water as well, thus postulating four.)

Now we may agree that the primary materials, whose change (whether it be 'association and dissociation' or a process of another kind) results in coming-to-be and passing-away, are rightly described as 'originative sources, i.e. elements'. But (i) those thinkers are in error who postulate, beside the bodies we have mentioned, a single matter—and that corporeal and separable matter. For this 'body' of theirs cannot possibly exist without a 'perceptible contrariety': this 'Boundless', which some thinkers identify with the 'original real', must be either light or heavy, either cold or hot. And (ii) what Plato has written in the Timaeus is not based on any precisely-articulated conception. For he has not stated clearly whether his 'Omnirecipient' exists in separation from the 'elements'; nor does he make any use of it. He says, indeed, that it is a substratum prior to the so-called 'elements'—underlying them, as gold underlies the things that are fashioned of gold. (And yet this comparison, if thus expressed, is itself open to criticism. Things which come-to-be and pass-away cannot be called by the name of the material out of which they have come-to-be: it is only the results of 'alteration' which retain the name of the substratum whose 'alterations' they are. However, he actually says that the truest account is to affirm that each of them is 'gold'.) Nevertheless he carries his analysis of the 'elements'—solids though they are-back to 'planes', and it is impossible for 'the Nurse' (i.e. the primary matter) to be identical with 'the planes'.

Our own doctrine is that although there is a matter of the perceptible bodies (a matter out of which the so-called 'elements' come-to-be), it has no separate existence, but is always bound up with a contrariety. A more precise account of these presuppositions has been given in another work': we must, however, give a detailed explanation of the primary bodies as well, since they too are similarly derived from the matter. We must reckon as an 'originative source' and as 'primary' the matter which underlies, though it is inseparable from, the contrary qualities: for 'the hot' is not matter for 'the cold' nor 'the cold' for 'the hot', but the substratum is matter for them both. We therefore have to recognize three 'originative sources': firstly that which potentially perceptible body, secondly the contrarieties (I mean, e.g. heat and cold), and thirdly Fire, Water, and the like. Only 'thirdly', however: for these bodies change into one another (they are not immutable as Empedocles and other thinkers assert, since 'alteration' would then have been impossible), whereas the contrarieties do not change.

Nevertheless, even so the question remains: What sorts of contrarieties, and how many of them, are to be accounted 'originative sources' of body? For all the other thinkers assume and use them without explaining why they are these or why they are just so many.

Chapter 2

Since, then, we are looking for 'originative sources' of perceptible body; and since 'perceptible' is equivalent to 'tangible', and 'tangible' is that of which the perception is touch; it is clear that not all the contrarieties constitute 'forms' and 'originative sources' of body, but only those which correspond to touch. For it is in accordance with a contrariety—a contrariety, moreover, of tangible qualities—that the primary bodies are differentiated. That is why neither whiteness (and blackness), nor sweetness (and bitterness), nor (similarly) any quality belonging to the other perceptible contrarieties either, constitutes an 'element'. And yet vision is prior to touch, so that its object also is prior to the object of touch. The object of vision, however, is a quality of tangible body not qua tangible, but qua something else—qua something which may well be naturally prior to the object of touch.

Accordingly, we must segregate the tangible differences and contrarieties, and distinguish which amongst them are primary. Contrarieties correlative to touch are the following: hot-cold, dry-moist, heavy-light, hard-soft, viscous-brittle, rough-smooth, coarse-fine. Of these (i) heavy and light are neither active nor susceptible. Things are not called 'heavy' and 'light' because they act upon, or suffer action from, other things. But the 'elements' must be reciprocally active and susceptible, since they 'combine' and are transformed into one another. On the other hand (ii) hot and cold, and dry and moist, are terms, of which the first pair implies power to act and the second pair susceptibility. 'Hot' is that which 'associates' things of the same kind (for 'dissociating', which people attribute to Fire as its function, is 'associating' things of the same class, since its effect is to eliminate what is foreign), while 'cold' is that which brings together, i.e. 'associates', homogeneous and heterogeneous things alike. And moist is that which, being readily adaptable in shape, is not determinable by any limit of its own: while 'dry' is that which is readily determinable by its own limit, but not readily adaptable in shape.

From moist and dry are derived (iii) the fine and coarse, viscous and brittle, hard and soft, and the remaining tangible differences. For (a) since the moist has no determinate shape, but is readily adaptable and follows the outline of that which is in contact with it, it is characteristic of it to be 'such as to fill up'. Now 'the fine' is 'such as to fill up'. For 'the fine' consists of subtle particles; but that which consists of small particles is 'such as to fill up', inasmuch as it is in contact whole with whole—and 'the fine' exhibits this character in a

superlative degree. Hence it is evident that the fine derives from the moist, while the coarse derives from the dry. Again (b) the viscous' derives from the moist: for 'the viscous' (e.g. oil) is a 'moist' modified in a certain way. 'The brittle', on the other hand, derives from the dry: for 'brittle' is that which is completely dry—so completely, that its solidification has actually been due to failure of moisture. Further (c) 'the soft' derives from the moist. For 'soft' is that which yields to pressure by retiring into itself, though it does not yield by total displacement as the moist does—which explains why the moist is not 'soft', although 'the soft' derives from the moist. 'The hard', on the other hand, derives from the dry: for 'hard' is that which is solidified, and the solidified is dry.

The terms 'dry' and 'moist' have more senses than one. For 'the damp', as well as the moist, is opposed to the dry: and again 'the solidified', as well as the dry, is opposed to the moist. But all these qualities derive from the dry and moist we mentioned first. For (i) the dry is opposed to the damp: i.e. 'damp' is that which has foreign moisture on its surface ('sodden' being that which is penetrated to its core), while 'dry' is that which has lost foreign moisture. Hence it is evident that the damp will derive from the moist, and 'the dry' which is opposed to it will derive from the primary dry. Again (ii) the 'moist' and the solidified derive in the same way from the primary pair. For 'moist' is that which contains moisture of its-own deep within it ('sodden' being that which is deeply penetrated by foreign moisture), whereas 'solidified' is that which has lost this inner moisture. Hence these too derive from the primary pair, the 'solidified' from the dry and the 'liquefiable' from the moist.

It is clear, then, that all the other differences reduce to the first four, but that these admit of no further reduction. For the hot is not essentially moist or dry, nor the moist essentially hot or cold: nor are the cold and the dry derivative forms, either of one another or of the hot and the moist. Hence these must be four.

Chapter 3

The elementary qualities are four, and any four terms can be combined in six couples. Contraries, however, refuse to be coupled: for it is impossible for the same thing to be hot and cold, or moist and dry. Hence it is evident that the 'couplings' of the elementary qualities will be four: hot with dry and moist with hot, and again cold with dry and cold with moist. And these four couples have attached themselves to the apparently 'simple' bodies (Fire, Air, Water, and Earth) in a manner consonant with theory. For Fire is hot and dry, whereas Air is hot and moist (Air being a sort of aqueous vapour); and Water is cold and moist, while Earth is cold and dry. Thus the differences are reasonably distributed among the primary bodies, and the number of the latter is consonant with theory. For all who make the simple bodies 'elements' postulate either one, or two, or three, or four. Now (i) those who assert there is one only, and then generate everything else by condensation and rarefaction, are in effect making their 'originative sources' two, viz. the rare and the dense, or rather the hot and the cold: for it is these which are the moulding forces, while the 'one' underlies them as a 'matter'. But (ii) those who postulate two from the start—as Parmenides postulated Fire and Earth—make the intermediates (e.g. Air and Water) blends of these. The same course is followed (iii) by those who advocate three. (We may compare what Plato does in 'Me Divisions': for he makes 'the middle' a blend.) Indeed, there is practically no difference between those who postulate two and those who postulate three, except that the former split the middle 'element' into two, while the latter treat it as only one. But (iv) some advocate four from the start, e.g. Empedocles: yet he too draws them together so as to reduce them to the two, for he opposes all the others to Fire.

In fact, however, fire and air, and each of the bodies we have mentioned, are not simple, but blended. The 'simple' bodies are indeed similar in nature to them, but not identical with them. Thus the 'simple' body corresponding to fire is 'such-as-fire', not fire: that which corresponds to air is 'such-as-air': and so on with the rest of them. But fire is an excess of heat, just as ice is an excess of cold. For freezing and boiling are excesses of heat and cold respectively. Assuming, therefore, that ice is a freezing of moist and cold, fire analogously will be a boiling of dry and hot: a fact, by the way, which explains why nothing comes-to-be either out of ice or out of fire.

The 'simple' bodies, since they are four, fall into two pairs which belong to the two regions, each to each: for Fire and Air are forms of

the body moving towards the 'limit', while Earth and Water are forms of the body which moves towards the 'centre'. Fire and Earth, moreover, are extremes and purest: Water and Air, on the contrary are intermediates and more like blends. And, further, the members of either pair are contrary to those of the other, Water being contrary to Fire and Earth to Air; for the qualities constituting Water and Earth are contrary to those that constitute Fire and Air. Nevertheless, since they are four, each of them is characterized par excellence a single quality: Earth by dry rather than by cold, Water by cold rather than by moist, Air by moist rather than by hot, and Fire by hot rather than by dry.

Chapter 4

It has been established before that the coming-to-be of the 'simple' bodies is reciprocal. At the same time, it is manifest, even on the evidence of perception, that they do come-to-be: for otherwise there would not have been 'alteration', since 'alteration' is change in respect to the qualities of the objects of touch. Consequently, we must explain (i) what is the manner of their reciprocal transformation, and (ii) whether every one of them can come to-be out of every one—or whether some can do so, but not others.

Now it is evident that all of them are by nature such as to change into one another: for coming-to-be is a change into contraries and out of contraries, and the 'elements' all involve a contrariety in their mutual relations because their distinctive qualities are contrary. For in some of them both qualities are contrary—e.g. in Fire and Water, the first of these being dry and hot, and the second moist and cold: while in others one of the qualities (though only one) is contrary—e.g. in Air and Water, the first being moist and hot, and the second moist and cold. It is evident, therefore, if we consider them in general, that every one is by nature such as to come-to-be out of every one: and when we come to consider them severally, it is not difficult to see the manner in which their transformation is effected. For, though all will result from all, both the speed and the facility of their conversion will differ in degree.

Thus (i) the process of conversion will be quick between those which have interchangeable 'complementary factors', but slow between those which have none. The reason is that it is easier for a single thing to change than for many. Air, e.g. will result from Fire if a single quality changes: for Fire, as we saw, is hot and dry while Air is hot and moist, so that there will be Air if the dry be overcome by the moist. Again, Water will result from Air if the hot be overcome by the cold: for Air, as we saw, is hot and moist while Water is cold and moist, so that, if the hot changes, there will be Water. So too, in the same manner, Earth will result from Water and Fire from Earth, since the two 'elements' in both these couples have interchangeable 'complementary factors'. For Water is moist and cold while Earth is cold and dry—so that, if the moist be overcome, there will be Earth: and again, since Fire is dry and hot while Earth is cold and dry, Fire will result from Earth if the cold pass-away. It is evident, therefore, that the coming-to-be of the 'simple' bodies will be cyclical; and that this cyclical method of transformation is the easiest, because the consecutive 'elements' contain interchangeable 'complementary factors'. On the

other hand (ii) the transformation of Fire into Water and of Air into Earth, and again of Water and Earth into Fire and Air respectively, though possible, is more difficult because it involves the change of more qualities. For if Fire is to result from Water, both the cold and the moist must pass-away: and again, both the cold and the dry must pass-away if Air is to result from Earth. So, too, if Water and Earth are to result from Fire and Air respectively—both qualities must change. This second method of coming-to-be, then, takes a longer time. But (iii) if one quality in each of two 'elements' pass-away, the transformation, though easier, is not reciprocal. Still, from Fire plus Water there will result Earth and Air, and from Air plus Earth Fire and Water. For there will be Air, when the cold of the Water and the dry of the Fire have passed-away (since the hot of the latter and the moist of the former are left): whereas, when the hot of the Fire and the moist of the Water have passed-away, there will be Earth, owing to the survival of the dry of the Fire and the cold of the Water. So, too, in the same Way, Fire and Water will result from Air plus Earth. For there will be Water, when the hot of the Air and the dry of the Earth have passed-away (since the moist of the former and the cold of the latter are left): whereas, when the moist of the Air and the cold of the Earth have passed-away, there will be Fire, owing to the survival of the hot of the Air and the dry of the Earth—qualities essentially constitutive of Fire. Moreover, this mode of Fire's coming-to-be is confirmed by perception. For flame is par excellence Fire: but flame is burning smoke, and smoke consists of Air and Earth.

No transformation, however, into any of the 'simple' bodies can result from the passing-away of one elementary quality in each of two 'elements' when they are taken in their consecutive order, because either identical or contrary qualities are left in the pair: but no 'simple' body can be formed either out of identical, or out of contrary, qualities. Thus no 'simple' body would result, if the dry of Fire and the moist of Air were to pass-away: for the hot is left in both. On the other hand, if the hot pass-away out both, the contraries—dry and moist—are left. A similar result will occur in all the others too: for all the consecutive 'elements' contain one identical, and one contrary, quality. Hence, too, it clearly follows that, when one of the consecutive 'elements' is transformed into one, the coming-to-be is effected by the passing-away of a single quality: whereas, when two of them are transformed into a third, more than one quality must have passed-away.

We have stated that all the 'elements' come-to-be out of any one of them; and we have explained the manner in which their mutual conversion takes place. Let us nevertheless supplement our theory by

the following speculations concerning them.

Chapter 5

If Water, Air, and the like are a 'matter' of which the natural bodies consist, as some thinkers in fact believe, these 'elements' must be either one, or two, or more. Now they cannot all of them be one—they cannot, e.g. all be Air or Water or Fire or Earth—because 'Change is into contraries'. For if they all were Air, then (assuming Air to persist) there will be 'alteration' instead of coming-to-be. Besides, nobody supposes a single 'element' to persist, as the basis of all, in such a way that it is Water as well as Air (or any other 'element') at the same time. So there will be a certain contrariety, i.e. a differentiating quality: and the other member of this contrariety, e.g. heat, will belong to some other 'element', e.g. to Fire. But Fire will certainly not be 'hot Air'. For a change of that kind (a) is 'alteration', and (b) is not what is observed. Moreover (c) if Air is again to result out of the Fire, it will do so by the conversion of the hot into its contrary: this contrary, therefore, will belong to Air, and Air will be a cold something: hence it is impossible for Fire to be 'hot Air', since in that case the same thing will be simultaneously hot and cold. Both Fire and Air, therefore, will be something else which is the same; i.e. there will be some 'matter', other than either, common to both.

The same argument applies to all the 'elements', proving that there is no single one of them out of which they all originate. But neither is there, beside these four, some other body from which they originate—a something intermediate, e.g. between Air and Water (coarser than Air, but finer than Water), or between Air and Fire (coarser than Fire, but finer than Air). For the supposed 'intermediate' will be Air and Fire when a pair of contrasted qualities is added to it: but, since one of every two contrary qualities is a 'privation', the 'intermediate' never can exist—as some thinkers assert the 'Boundless' or the 'Environing' exists—in isolation. It is, therefore, equally and indifferently any one of the 'elements', or else it is nothing.

Since, then, there is nothing—at least, nothing perceptible—prior to these, they must be all. That being so, either they must always persist and not be transformable into one another: or they must undergo transformation—either all of them, or some only (as Plato wrote in the Timaeus). Now it has been proved before that they must undergo reciprocal transformation. It has also been proved that the speed with which they come-to-be, one out of another, is not uniform—since the process of reciprocal transformation is relatively quick between the 'elements' with a 'complementary factor', but relatively slow between those which possess no such factor. Assuming, then, that the

contrariety, in respect to which they are transformed, is one, the elements' will inevitably be two: for it is 'matter' that is the 'mean' between the two contraries, and matter is imperceptible and inseparable from them. Since, however, the 'elements' are seen to be more than two, the contrarieties must at the least be two. But the contrarieties being two, the 'elements' must be four (as they evidently are) and cannot be three: for the 'couplings' are four, since, though six are possible, the two in which the qualities are contrary to one another cannot occur.

These subjects have been discussed before: but the following arguments will make it clear that, since the 'elements' are transformed into one another, it is impossible for any one of them—whether it be at the end or in the middle—to be an 'originative source' of the rest. There can be no such 'originative element' at the ends: for all of them would then be Fire or Earth, and this theory amounts to the assertion that all things are made of Fire or Earth. Nor can a 'middle-element' be such an 'originative source'—as some thinkers suppose that Air is transformed both into Fire and into Water, and Water both into Air and into Earth, while the 'end-elements' are not further transformed into one another. For the process must come to a stop, and cannot continue ad infinitum in a straight line in either direction, since otherwise an infinite number of contrarieties would attach to the single 'element'. Let E stand for Earth, W for Water, A for Air, and F for Fire. Then (i) since A is transformed into F and W, there will be a contrariety belonging to A and F. Let these contraries be whiteness and blackness. Again (ii) since A is transformed into W, there will be another contrariety: for W is not the same as F. Let this second contrariety be dryness and moistness, D being dryness and M moistness. Now if, when A is transformed into W, the 'white' persists, Water will be moist and white: but if it does not persist, Water will be black since change is into contraries. Water, therefore, must be either white or black. Let it then be the first. On similar grounds, therefore, D (dryness) will also belong to F. Consequently F (Fire) as well as Air will be able to be transformed into Water: for it has qualities contrary to those of Water, since Fire was first taken to be black and then to be dry, while Water was moist and then showed itself white. Thus it is evident that all the 'elements' will be able to be transformed out of one another; and that, in the instances we have taken, E (Earth) also will contain the remaining two 'complementary factors', viz. the black and the moist (for these have not yet been coupled).

We have dealt with this last topic before the thesis we set out to prove. That thesis—viz. that the process cannot continue ad infinitum —will be clear from the following considerations. If Fire (which is

represented by F) is not to revert, but is to be transformed in turn into some other 'element' (e.g. into Q), a new contrariety, other than those mentioned, will belong to Fire and Q: for it has been assumed that Q is not the same as any of the four, E W A and F. Let K, then, belong to F and Y to Q. Then K will belong to all four, E W A and F: for they are transformed into one another. This last point, however, we may admit, has not yet been proved: but at any rate it is clear that if Q is to be transformed in turn into yet another 'element', yet another contrariety will belong not only to Q but also to F (Fire). And, similarly, every addition of a new 'element' will carry with it the attachment of a new contrariety to the preceding 'elements'. Consequently, if the 'elements' are infinitely many, there will also belong to the single 'element' an infinite number of contrarieties. But if that be so, it will be impossible to define any 'element': impossible also for any to come-to-be. For if one is to result from another, it will have to pass through such a vast number of contrarieties and indeed even more than any determinate number. Consequently (i) into some 'elements' transformation will never be effected—viz. if the intermediates are infinite in number, as they must be if the 'elements' are infinitely many: further (ii) there will not even be a transformation of Air into Fire, if the contrarieties are infinitely many: moreover (iii) all the 'elements' become one. For all the contrarieties of the 'elements' above F must belong to those below F, and vice versa: hence they will all be one.

Chapter 6

As for those who agree with Empedocles that the 'elements' of body are more than one, so that they are not transformed into one another —one may well wonder in what sense it is open to them to maintain that the 'elements' are comparable. Yet Empedocles says 'For these are all not only equal...'

If it is meant that they are comparable in their amount, all the 'comparables' must possess an identical something whereby they are measured. If, e.g. one pint of Water yields ten of Air, both are measured by the same unit; and therefore both were from the first an identical something. On the other hand, suppose (ii) they are not 'comparable in their amount' in the sense that so-much of the one yields so much of the other, but comparable in 'power of action' (a pint of Water, e.g. having a power of cooling equal to that of ten pints of Air); even so, they are 'comparable in their amount', though not qua 'amount' but qua 'so-much power'. There is also (iii) a third possibility. Instead of comparing their powers by the measure of their amount, they might be compared as terms in a 'correspondence': e.g. 'as x is hot, so correspondingly y is white'. But 'correspondence', though it means equality in the quantum, means similarity in a quale. Thus it is manifestly absurd that the 'simple' bodies, though they are not transformable, are comparable not merely as 'corresponding', but by a measure of their powers; i.e. that so-much Fire is comparable with many times-that-amount of Air, as being 'equally' or 'similarly' hot. For the same thing, if it be greater in amount, will, since it belongs to the same kind, have its ratio correspondingly increased.

A further objection to the theory of Empedocles is that it makes even growth impossible, unless it be increase by addition. For his Fire increases by Fire: 'And Earth increases its own frame and Ether increases Ether.' These, however, are cases of addition: but it is not by addition that growing things are believed to increase. And it is far more difficult for him to account for the coming-to-be which occurs in nature. For the things which come-to-be by natural process all exhibit, in their coming-to-be, a uniformity either absolute or highly regular: while any exceptions any results which are in accordance neither with the invariable nor with the general rule are products of chance and luck. Then what is the cause determining that man comes-to-be from man, that wheat (instead of an olive) comes-to-be from wheat, either invariably or generally? Are we to say 'Bone comes-to-be if the "elements" be put together in such and such a manner'? For, according to his own estatements, nothing comes-to-be from their 'fortuitous

consilience', but only from their 'consilience' in a certain proportion. What, then, is the cause of this proportional consilience? Presumably not Fire or Earth. But neither is it Love and Strife: for the former is a cause of 'association' only, and the latter only of 'dissociation'. No: the cause in question is the essential nature of each thing—not merely (to quote his words) 'a mingling and a divorce of what has been mingled'. And chance, not proportion, 'is the name given to these occurrences': for things can be 'mingled' fortuitously.

The cause, therefore, of the coming-to-be of the things which owe their existence to nature is that they are in such-and-such a determinate condition: and it is this which constitutes, the 'nature' of each thing—a 'nature' about which he says nothing. What he says, therefore, is no explanation of 'nature'. Moreover, it is this which is both 'the excellence' of each thing and its 'good': whereas he assigns the whole credit to the 'mingling'. (And yet the 'elements' at all events are 'dissociated' not by Strife, but by Love: since the 'elements' are by nature prior to the Deity, and they too are Deities.)

Again, his account of motion is vague. For it is not an adequate explanation to say that 'Love and Strife' set things moving, unless the very nature of Love is a movement of this kind and the very nature of Strife a movement of that kind. He ought, then, either to have defined or to have postulated these characteristic movements, or to have demonstrated them—whether strictly or laxly or in some other fashion. Moreover, since (a) the 'simple' bodies appear to move 'naturally' as well as by compulsion, i.e. in a manner contrary to nature (fire, e.g. appears to move upwards without compulsion, though it appears to move by compulsion downwards); and since (b) what is 'natural' is contrary to that which is due to compulsion, and movement by compulsion actually occurs; it follows that 'natural movement' can also occur in fact. Is this, then, the movement that Love sets going? No: for, on the contrary, the 'natural movement' moves Earth downwards and resembles 'dissociation', and Strife rather than Love is its cause—so that in general, too, Love rather than Strife would seem to be contrary to nature. And unless Love or Strife is actually setting them in motion, the 'simple' bodies themselves have absolutely no movement or rest. But this is paradoxical: and what is more, they do in fact obviously move. For though Strife 'dissociated', it was not by Strife that the 'Ether' was borne upwards. On the contrary, sometimes he attributes its movement to something like chance ('For thus, as it ran, it happened to meet them then, though often otherwise'), while at other times he says it is the nature of Fire to be borne upwards, but 'the Ether' (to quote his words) 'sank down upon the Earth with long roots'. With such statements, too, he combines the

assertion that the Order of the World is the same now, in the reign of Strife, as it was formerly in the reign of Love. What, then, is the 'first mover' of the 'elements'? What causes their motion? Presumably not Love and Strife: on the contrary, these are causes of a particular motion, if at least we assume that 'first mover' to be an originative source.

An additional paradox is that the soul should consist of the 'elements', or that it should be one of them. How are the soul's 'alterations' to take Place? How, e.g. is the change from being musical to being unmusical, or how is memory or forgetting, to occur? For clearly, if the soul be Fire, only such modifications will happen to it as characterize Fire qua Fire: while if it be compounded out of the elements', only the corporeal modifications will occur in it. But the changes we have mentioned are none of them corporeal.

Chapter 7

The discussion of these difficulties, however, is a task appropriate to a different investigation: let us return to the 'elements' of which bodies are composed. The theories that 'there is something common to all the "elements"', and that they are reciprocally transformed, are so related that those who accept either are bound to accept the other as well. Those, on the other hand, who do not make their coming-to-be reciprocal—who refuse to suppose that any one of the 'elements' comes-to-be out of any other taken singly, except in the sense in which bricks come-to-be out of a wall—are faced with a paradox. How, on their theory, are flesh and bones or any of the other compounds to result from the 'elements' taken together?

Indeed, the point we have raised constitutes a problem even for those who generate the 'elements' out of one another. In what manner does anything other than, and beside, the 'elements' come-to-be out of them? Let me illustrate my meaning. Water can come-to-be out of Fire and Fire out of Water; for their substratum is something common to them both. But flesh too, presumably, and marrow come-to-be out of them. How, then, do such things come to-be? For (a) how is the manner of their coming-to-be to be conceived by those who maintain a theory like that of Empedocles? They must conceive it as composition—just as a wall comes-to-be out of bricks and stones: and the 'Mixture', of which they speak, will be composed of the 'elements', these being preserved in it unaltered but with their small particles juxtaposed each to each. That will be the manner, presumably, in which flesh and every other compound results from the 'elements'. Consequently, it follows that Fire and Water do not come-to-be 'out of any and every part of flesh'. For instance, although a sphere might come-to-be out of this part of a lump of wax and a pyramid out of some other part, it was nevertheless possible for either figure to have come-to-be out of either part indifferently: that is the manner of coming-to-be when 'both Fire and Water come-to-be out of any and every part of flesh'. Those, however, who maintain the theory in question, are not at liberty to conceive that 'both come-to-be out of flesh' in that manner, but only as a stone and a brick 'both come-to-be out of a wall'—viz. each out of a different place or part. Similarly (b) even for those who postulate a single matter of their 'elements' there is a certain difficulty in explaining how anything is to result from two of them taken together—e.g. from 'cold' and 'hot', or from Fire and Earth. For if flesh consists of both and is neither of them, nor again is a 'composition' of them in which they are preserved unaltered, what

alternative is left except to identify the resultant of the two 'elements' with their matter? For the passing—away of either 'element' produces either the other or the matter.

Perhaps we may suggest the following solution. (i) There are differences of degree in hot and cold. Although, therefore, when either is fully real without qualification, the other will exist potentially; yet, when neither exists in the full completeness of its being, but both by combining destroy one another's excesses so that there exist instead a hot which (for a 'hot') is cold and a cold which (for a 'cold') is hot; then what results from these two contraries will be neither their matter, nor either of them existing in its full reality without qualification. There will result instead an 'intermediate': and this 'intermediate', according as it is potentially more hot than cold or vice versa, will possess a power-of-heating that is double or triple its power-of-cooling, or otherwise related thereto in some similar ratio. Thus all the other bodies will result from the contraries, or rather from the 'elements', in so far as these have been 'combined': while the 'elements' will result from the contraries, in so far as these 'exist potentially' in a special sense—not as matter 'exists potentially', but in the sense explained above. And when a thing comes-to-be in this manner, the process is combination; whereas what comes-to-be in the other manner is matter. Moreover (ii) contraries also 'suffer action', in accordance with the disjunctively-articulated definition established in the early part of this work. For the actually-hot is potentially-cold and the actually cold potentially-hot; so that hot and cold, unless they are equally balanced, are transformed into one another (and all the other contraries behave in a similar way). It is thus, then, that in the first place the 'elements' are transformed; and that (in the second place) out of the 'elements' there come-to-be flesh and bones and the like—the hot becoming cold and the cold becoming hot when they have been brought to the 'mean'. For at the 'mean' is neither hot nor cold. The 'mean', however, is of considerable extent and not indivisible. Similarly, it is qua reduced to a 'mean' condition that the dry and the moist, as well as the contraries we have used as examples, produce flesh and bone and the remaining compounds.

Chapter 8

All the compound bodies—all of which exist in the region belonging to the central body—are composed of all the 'simple' bodies. For they all contain Earth because every 'simple' body is to be found specially and most abundantly in its own place. And they all contain Water because (a) the compound must possess a definite outline and Water, alone of the 'simple' bodies, is readily adaptable in shape: moreover (b) Earth has no power of cohesion without the moist. On the contrary, the moist is what holds it together; for it would fall to pieces if the moist were eliminated from it completely.

They contain Earth and Water, then, for the reasons we have given: and they contain Air and Fire, because these are contrary to Earth and Water (Earth being contrary to Air and Water to Fire, in so far as one Substance can be 'contrary' to another). Now all compounds presuppose in their coming-to-be constituents which are contrary to one another: and in all compounds there is contained one set of the contrasted extremes. Hence the other set must be contained in them also, so that every compound will include all the 'simple' bodies.

Additional evidence seems to be furnished by the food each compound takes. For all of them are fed by substances which are the same as their constituents, and all of them are fed by more substances than one. Indeed, even the plants, though it might be thought they are fed by one substance only, viz. by Water, are fed by more than one: for Earth has been mixed with the Water. That is why farmers too endeavour to mix before watering. Although food is akin to the matter, that which is fed is the 'figure'—i.e. the 'form' taken along with the matter. This fact enables us to understand why, whereas all the 'simple' bodies come-to-be out of one another, Fire is the only one of them which (as our predecessors also assert) 'is fed'. For Fire alone—or more than all the rest—is akin to the 'form' because it tends by nature to be borne towards the limit. Now each of them naturally tends to be borne towards its own place; but the 'figure'—i.e. the 'form'—Of them all is at the limits.

Thus we have explained that all the compound bodies are composed of all the 'simple' bodies.

Chapter 9

Since some things are such as to come-to-be and pass-away, and since coming-to-be in fact occurs in the region about the centre, we must explain the number and the nature of the 'originative sources' of all coming-to-be alike: for a grasp of the true theory of any universal facilitates the understanding of its specific forms.

The 'originative sources', then, of the things which come-to-be are equal in number to, and identical in kind with, those in the sphere of the eternal and primary things. For there is one in the sense of 'matter', and a second in the sense of 'form': and, in addition, the third 'originative source' must be present as well. For the two first are not sufficient to bring things into being, any more than they are adequate to account for the primary things.

Now cause, in the sense of material origin, for the things which are such as to come-to-be is 'that which can be-and-not-be': and this is identical with 'that which can come-to-be-and-pass-away', since the latter, while it is at one time, at another time is not. (For whereas some things are of necessity, viz. the eternal things, others of necessity are not. And of these two sets of things, since they cannot diverge from the necessity of their nature, it is impossible for the first not to be and impossible for the second to be. Other things, however, can both be and not be.) Hence coming-to-be and passing-away must occur within the field of 'that which can be-and not-be'. This, therefore, is cause in the sense of material origin for the things which are such as to come-to-be; while cause, in the sense of their 'end', is their 'figure' or 'form'—and that is the formula expressing the essential nature of each of them.

But the third 'originative source' must be present as well—the cause vaguely dreamed of by all our predecessors, definitely stated by none of them. On the contrary (a) some amongst them thought the nature of 'the Forms' was adequate to account for coming-to-be. Thus Socrates in the Phaedo first blames everybody else for having given no explanation; and then lays it down; that 'some things are Forms, others Participants in the Forms', and that 'while a thing is said to "be" in virtue of the Form, it is said to "come-to-be" qua sharing in, to "pass-away" qua "losing" the "Form"'. Hence he thinks that 'assuming the truth of these theses, the Forms must be causes both of coming-to-be and of passing-away'. On the other hand (b) there were others who thought 'the matter' was adequate by itself to account for coming-to-be, since 'the movement originates from the matter'.

Neither of these theories, however, is sound. For (a) if the Forms are causes, why is their generating activity intermittent instead of perpetual and continuous since there always are Participants as well as Forms? Besides, in some instances we see that the cause is other than the Form. For it is the doctor who implants health and the man of science who implants science, although 'Health itself' and 'Science itself' are as well as the Participants: and the same principle applies to everything else that is produced in accordance with an art. On the other hand (b) to say that 'matter generates owing to its movement' would be, no doubt, more scientific than to make such statements as are made by the thinkers we have been criticizing. For what alters and transfigures plays a greater part in bringing, things into being; and we are everywhere accustomed, in the products of nature and of art alike, to look upon that which can initiate movement as the producing cause. Nevertheless this second theory is not right either.

For, to begin with, it is characteristic of matter to suffer action, i.e. to be moved: but to move, i.e. to act, belongs to a different 'power'. This is obvious both in the things that come-to-be by art and in those that come to-be by nature. Water does not of itself produce out of itself an animal: and it is the art, not the wood, that makes a bed. Nor is this their only error. They make a second mistake in omitting the more controlling cause: for they eliminate the essential nature, i.e. the 'form'. And what is more, since they remove the formal cause, they invest the forces they assign to the 'simple' bodies—the forces which enable these bodies to bring things into being—with too instrumental a character. For since (as they say) 'it is the nature of the hot to dissociate, of the cold to bring together, and of each remaining contrary either to act or to suffer action', it is out of such materials and by their agency (so they maintain) that everything else comes-to-be and passes-away. Yet (a) it is evident that even Fire is itself moved, i.e. suffers action. Moreover (b) their procedure is virtually the same as if one were to treat the saw (and the various instruments of carpentry) as 'the cause' of the things that come-to-be: for the wood must be divided if a man saws, must become smooth if he planes, and so on with the remaining tools. Hence, however true it may be that Fire is active, i.e. sets things moving, there is a further point they fail to observe—viz. that Fire is inferior to the tools or instruments in the manner in which it sets things moving.

Chapter 10

As to our own theory—we have given a general account of the causes in an earlier work, we have now explained and distinguished the 'matter' and the 'form'. Further, since the change which is motion has been proved to be eternal, the continuity of the occurrence of coming-to-be follows necessarily from what we have established: for the eternal motion, by causing 'the generator' to approach and retire, will produce coming-to-be uninterruptedly. At the same time it is clear that we were right when, in an earlier work, we called motion (not coming-to-be) 'the primary form of change'. For it is far more reasonable that what is should cause the coming-to-be of what is not, than that what is not should cause the being of what is. Now that which is being moved is, but that which is coming-to-be is not: hence, also, motion is prior to coming-to-be.

We have assumed, and have proved, that coming-to-be and passing-away happen to things continuously; and we assert that motion causes coming-to-be. That being so, it is evident that, if the motion be single, both processes cannot occur since they are contrary to one another: for it is a law of nature that the same cause, provided it remain in the same condition, always produces the same effect, so that, from a single motion, either coming-to-be or passing-away will always result. The movements must, on the contrary, be more than one, and they must be contrasted with one another either by the sense of their motion or by its irregularity: for contrary effects demand contraries as their causes.

This explains why it is not the primary motion that causes coming-to-be and passing-away, but the motion along the inclined circle: for this motion not only possesses the necessary continuity, but includes a duality of movements as well. For if coming-to-be and passing-away are always to be continuous, there must be some body always being moved (in order that these changes may not fail) and moved with a duality of movements (in order that both changes, not one only, may result). Now the continuity of this movement is caused by the motion of the whole: but the approaching and retreating of the moving body are caused by the inclination. For the consequence of the inclination is that the body becomes alternately remote and near; and since its distance is thus unequal, its movement will be irregular. Therefore, if it generates by approaching and by its proximity, it—this very same body—destroys by retreating and becoming remote: and if it generates by many successive approaches, it also destroys by many successive retirements. For contrary effects demand contraries as their causes;

and the natural processes of passing-away and coming-to-be occupy equal periods of time. Hence, too, the times—i.e. the lives—of the several kinds of living things have a number by which they are distinguished: for there is an Order controlling all things, and every time (i.e. every life) is measured by a period. Not all of them, however, are measured by the same period, but some by a smaller and others by a greater one: for to some of them the period, which is their measure, is a year, while to some it is longer and to others shorter.

And there are facts of observation in manifest agreement with our theories. Thus we see that coming-to-be occurs as the sun approaches and decay as it retreats; and we see that the two processes occupy equal times. For the durations of the natural processes of passing-away and coming-to-be are equal. Nevertheless it often happens that things pass-away in too short a time. This is due to the 'intermingling' by which the things that come-to-be and pass-away are implicated with one another. For their matter is 'irregular', i.e. is not everywhere the same: hence the processes by which they come-to-be must be 'irregular' too, i.e. some too quick and others too slow. Consequently the phenomenon in question occurs, because the 'irregular' coming-to-be of these things is the passing-away of other things.

Coming-to-be and passing-away will, as we have said, always be continuous, and will never fail owing to the cause we stated. And this continuity has a sufficient reason on our theory. For in all things, as we affirm, Nature always strives after 'the better'. Now 'being' (we have explained elsewhere the exact variety of meanings we recognize in this term) is better than 'not-being': but not all things can possess 'being', since they are too far removed from the 'originative source'. God therefore adopted the remaining alternative, and fulfilled the perfection of the universe by making coming-to-be uninterrupted: for the greatest possible coherence would thus be secured to existence, because that 'coming-to-be should itself come-to-be perpetually' is the closest approximation to eternal being.

The cause of this perpetuity of coming-to-be, as we have often said, is circular motion: for that is the only motion which is continuous. That, too, is why all the other things—the things, I mean, which are reciprocally transformed in virtue of their 'passions' and their 'powers of action' e.g. the 'simple' bodies imitate circular motion. For when Water is transformed into Air, Air into Fire, and the Fire back into Water, we say the coming-to-be 'has completed the circle', because it reverts again to the beginning. Hence it is by imitating circular motion that rectilinear motion too is continuous.

These considerations serve at the same time to explain what is to some people a baffling problem—viz. why the 'simple' bodies, since each them is travelling towards its own place, have not become dissevered from one another in the infinite lapse of time. The reason is their reciprocal transformation. For, had each of them persisted in its own place instead of being transformed by its neighbour, they would have got dissevered long ago. They are transformed, however, owing to the motion with its dual character: and because they are transformed, none of them is able to persist in any place allotted to it by the Order.

It is clear from what has been said (i) that coming-to-be and passing-away actually occur, (ii) what causes them, and (iii) what subject undergoes them. But (a) if there is to be movement (as we have explained elsewhere, in an earlier work) there must be something which initiates it; if there is to be movement always, there must always be something which initiates it; if the movement is to be continuous, what initiates it must be single, unmoved, ungenerated, and incapable of 'alteration'; and if the circular movements are more than one, their initiating causes must all of them, in spite of their plurality, be in some way subordinated to a single 'originative source'. Further (b) since time is continuous, movement must be continuous, inasmuch as there can be no time without movement. Time, therefore, is a 'number' of some continuous movement—a 'number', therefore, of the circular movement, as was established in the discussions at the beginning. But (c) is movement continuous because of the continuity of that which is moved, or because that in which the movement occurs (I mean, e.g. the place or the quality) is continuous? The answer must clearly be 'because that which is moved is continuous'. (For how can the quality be continuous except in virtue of the continuity of the thing to which it belongs? But if the continuity of 'that in which' contributes to make the movement continuous, this is true only of 'the place in which'; for that has 'magnitude' in a sense.) But (d) amongst continuous bodies which are moved, only that which is moved in a circle is 'continuous' in such a way that it preserves its continuity with itself throughout the movement. The conclusion therefore is that this is what produces continuous movement, viz. the body which is being moved in a circle; and its movement makes time continuous.

Chapter 11

Wherever there is continuity in any process (coming-to-be or 'alteration' or any kind of change whatever) we observe 'consecutiveness', i.e. this coming-to-be after that without any interval. Hence we must investigate whether, amongst the consecutive members, there is any whose future being is necessary; or whether, on the contrary, every one of them may fail to come-to-be. For that some of them may fail to occur, is clear. (a) We need only appeal to the distinction between the statements 'x will be' and 'x is about to' which depends upon this fact. For if it be true to say of x that it 'will be', it must at some time be true to say of it that 'it is': whereas, though it be true to say of x now that 'it is about to occur', it is quite possible for it not to come-to-be-thus a man might not walk, though he is now 'about to' walk. And (b) since (to appeal to a general principle) amongst the things which 'are' some are capable also of 'not-being', it is clear that the same ambiguous character will attach to them no less when they are coming-to-be: in other words, their coming-to-be will not be necessary.

Then are all the things that come-to-be of this contingent character? Or, on the contrary, is it absolutely necessary for some of them to come-to-be? Is there, in fact, a distinction in the field of 'coming-to-be' corresponding to the distinction, within the field of 'being', between things that cannot possibly 'not-be' and things that can 'not-be'? For instance, is it necessary that solstices shall come-to-be, i.e. impossible that they should fail to be able to occur?

Assuming that the antecedent must have come-to-be if the consequent is to be (e.g. that foundations must have come-to-be if there is to be a house: clay, if there are to be foundations), is the converse also true? If foundations have come-to-be, must a house come-to-be? The answer seems to be that the necessary nexus no longer holds, unless it is 'necessary' for the consequent (as well as for the antecedent) to 'come-to-be-necessary' absolutely. If that be the case, however, 'a house must come to-be if foundations have come-to-be', as well as vice versa. For the antecedent was assumed to be so related to the consequent that, if the latter is to be, the antecedent must have come-to-be before it. If, therefore, it is necessary that the consequent should come-to-be, the antecedent also must have come-to-be: and if the antecedent has come-to-be, then the consequent also must come-to-be-not, however, because of the antecedent, but because the future being of the consequent was assumed as necessary. Hence, in any sequence, when the being of the consequent is necessary, the nexus is reciprocal—in

other words, when the antecedent has come-to-be the consequent must always come-to-be too.

Now (i) if the sequence of occurrences is to proceed ad infinitum 'downwards', the coming to-be of any determinate 'this' amongst the later members of the sequence will not be absolutely, but only conditionally, necessary. For it will always be necessary that some other member shall have come-to-be before 'this' as the presupposed condition of the necessity that 'this' should come-to-be: consequently, since what is 'infinite' has no 'originative source', neither will there be in the infinite sequence any 'primary' member which will make it 'necessary' for the remaining members to come-to-be.

Nor again (ii) will it be possible to say with truth, even in regard to the members of a limited sequence, that it is 'absolutely necessary' for any one of them to come-to-be. We cannot truly say, e.g. that 'it is absolutely necessary for a house to come-to-be when foundations have been laid': for (unless it is always necessary for a house to be coming-to-be) we should be faced with the consequence that, when foundations have been laid, a thing, which need not always be, must always be. No: if its coming-to-be is to be 'necessary', it must be 'always' in its coming-to-be. For what is 'of necessity' coincides with what is 'always', since that which 'must be' cannot possibly 'not-be'. Hence a thing is eternal if its 'being' is necessary: and if it is eternal, its 'being' is necessary. And if, therefore, the 'coming-to-be' of a thing is necessary, its 'coming-to-be' is eternal; and if eternal, necessary.

It follows that the coming-to-be of anything, if it is absolutely necessary, must be cyclical—i.e. must return upon itself. For coming-to-be must either be limited or not limited: and if not limited, it must be either rectilinear or cyclical. But the first of these last two alternatives is impossible if coming-to-be is to be eternal, because there could not be any 'originative source' whatever in an infinite rectilinear sequence, whether its members be taken 'downwards' (as future events) or 'upwards' (as past events). Yet coming-to-be must have an 'originative source' (if it is to be necessary and therefore eternal), nor can it be eternal if it is limited. Consequently it must be cyclical. Hence the nexus must be reciprocal. By this I mean that the necessary occurrence of 'this' involves the necessary occurrence of its antecedent: and conversely that, given the antecedent, it is also necessary for the consequent to come-to-be. And this reciprocal nexus will hold continuously throughout the sequence: for it makes no difference whether the reciprocal nexus, of which we are speaking, is mediated by two, or by many, members.

It is in circular movement, therefore, and in cyclical coming-to-be that the 'absolutely necessary' is to be found. In other words, if the coming-to-be of any things is cyclical, it is 'necessary' that each of them is coming-to-be and has come-to-be: and if the coming-to-be of any things is 'necessary', their coming-to-be is cyclical.

The result we have reached is logically concordant with the eternity of circular motion, i.e. the eternity of the revolution of the heavens (a fact which approved itself on other and independent evidence), since precisely those movements which belong to, and depend upon, this eternal revolution 'come-to-be' of necessity, and of necessity 'will be'. For since the revolving body is always setting something else in motion, the movement of the things it moves must also be circular. Thus, from the being of the 'upper revolution' it follows that the sun revolves in this determinate manner; and since the sun revolves thus, the seasons in consequence come-to-be in a cycle, i.e. return upon themselves; and since they come-to-be cyclically, so in their turn do the things whose coming-to-be the seasons initiate.

Then why do some things manifestly come to-be in this cyclical fashion (as, e.g. showers and air, so that it must rain if there is to be a cloud and, conversely, there must be a cloud if it is to rain), while men and animals do not 'return upon themselves' so that the same individual comes-to-be a second time (for though your coming-to-be presupposes your father's, his coming-to-be does not presuppose yours)? Why, on the contrary, does this coming-to-be seem to constitute a rectilinear sequence?

In discussing this new problem, we must begin by inquiring whether all things 'return upon themselves' in a uniform manner; or whether, on the contrary, though in some sequences what recurs is numerically the same, in other sequences it is the same only in species. In consequence of this distinction, it is evident that those things, whose 'substance'—that which is undergoing the process—is imperishable, will be numerically, as well as specifically, the same in their recurrence: for the character of the process is determined by the character of that which undergoes it. Those things, on the other hand, whose 'substance' is perish, able (not imperishable) must 'return upon themselves' in the sense that what recurs, though specifically the same, is not the same numerically. That why, when Water comes-to-be from Air and Air from Water, the Air is the same 'specifically', not 'numerically': and if these too recur numerically the same, at any rate this does not happen with things whose 'substance' comes-to-be-whose 'substance' is such that it is essentially capable of not-being.

第一卷

第一章

我们接下来的任务是研究生成与消亡。我们将分辨这两种过程产生的原因并阐明其定义，这两种过程通常被看作是本性会经历生成与消亡的一切事物的可预见到的变化。此外，我们还将研究生长与“更替”。我们必须探究二者分别是什么，探究“更替”是否等同于生成，或者这些不同的名称是否对应于两种性质完全不同的独立的过程。

其实，在这个问题上，早期哲学家们的意见是不同的。他们之中有些人断言所谓“非性质方面的生成”就是“更替”，而另一些人则主张“更替”与生成是截然不同的。那些认为宇宙是某种单一物（即那些认为所有的事物都源于某一事物）的人必定会断言生成就是“更替”，而且任何“生成”的事物，按照这个术语的本义，都在“被更替”；但是那些认为构成事物的物质不止一种的人就必定会把生成和“更替”区别开来。恩培多克勒、阿那克萨哥拉和留基伯就属于后一类人。然而，阿那克萨哥拉本人却未能理解他自己所说的话。他说，无论在什么样的情况下，生成与消亡就是“被更替”，不过，与其他思想家一样，他断言元素是有许多种的。因此，恩培多克勒认为，有形的元素有四种，而所有的元素——包括那些引发运动的元素——总共有六种；而阿那克萨哥拉则同意留基伯和德谟克利特的观点，认为元素是无限的。

（阿那克萨哥拉把“同质体”认定为元素，即骨、肉、骨髓以及其他一切整体和部分名实相副的事物，而德谟克利特和留基伯却认为不可分割的物体是存在的，其在数量和形状的种类方面都是无限的，其他一切事物均由其组成——这些组成物根据其组成成分的形状、“位置”和“组合方式”的不同而相区别。）

阿那克萨哥拉派的观点与恩培多克勒追随者的观点似乎是截然相反的。恩培多克勒认为，火、水、气和土是四种元素，它们与肉、骨、肢体之类的“同质体”相比而言是“简单的”。但是阿那克萨哥拉的追随者却把“同质体”视为“简单”物和元素，他们断言土、火、水和气是复合物，因为这四者中的每一种（按照他们的观点）都是所有“同质体”的一种“集合体”。

因此，那些认为万物皆生于单一元素的人必定会认为生成与消亡都是“更替”。因为他们必定会断言作为基础的某样东西总是保持同一；这一基质的变化就是我们所说的“更替”。而那些认为事物的根本种类不止一种的人则必定会坚持认为“更替”不同于生成，因为生成和消亡都源自于这诸多种类的一致与分散。这就是为什么恩培多克勒也说了大意相同的话，他说：“世间没有任何东西生成，有的只有事物的融合和融合物的分离”。由此可见，用这些措辞来描述生成与消亡是和他们的基本假设相一致的，而事实上他们也的确是这样来描述生成与消亡的。不过，他们也必定把“更替”视为一种不同于生成的事实，尽管他们的行为和他们的言论并不可能完全一致。

在这个问题上，很显然我们是正确的。因为“更替”是可以观察到的事实。事物的本质保持不变，而我们却认为它在“更替”，恰恰是因为我们在其中看到了被称为“生长”和“减少”的量变。不过，那些主张“本真”不止一个的论述却使 “更替”变得不再可能。因为正如我们所断言，“更替”的发生与特定的性质有关，而这些性质（例如说，冷和热、白和黑、干和湿、软和硬等）全都是构成“元素”特点的差异之处。恩培多克勒的原话可以引来作为例证（太阳不管在哪里都耀眼而炽热，雨水不管在哪里都使周围昏暗而阴冷）,他也以类似的方式分别描述了其他几种元素。因此，既然火不可能变成水，水不可能变成土，那么同样，白也不可能变成黑，软也不可能变成硬；这种论证同样适用于所有其他的性质。而这正是“更替”的本质。

由此得出一个显而易见的推论，即某种单一的质料必定常被假定为构成了任何改变的相反“两极”的基础，不管这种改变是位置的变化，生长与减少，还是“更替”；此外，这种质料与“更替”是存亡与共的。因为如果改变就是“更替”，那么其基质就是某种单一元素；换言之，所有可相互转变的事物都具有某种单一的质料。反过来说，如果变化中的事物的基质是单一的，那么就会有“更替”发生。

事实上，恩培多克勒似乎否定了他自己的观点，也否认了观察到的事实。他否认他所说的元素可以互相生成，却坚持了相反的观点，认为世界上的一切事物都生成于这些元素；然而在坚持这种否定观点的同时（在把除了争斗之外的所有现存事物合而为一之后），他认为这些事物中的每一个都由“一”生成。因此，水和火显然都来自于某一种物质，这种物质各种各样的组成部分由于某些特有的差异或性质而被分离了出来——正如他形容太阳为“白而热”，形容土为“重而硬”一样。因此，如果去掉这些特有的差异（既然它们生成了，就可以被去掉），那么水中就会不可避免地生成土，土中就会不可避免地生成水，其他任何一种元素也会经历类似的转变——不仅是在那时，在现在也是如此——如果，也是因为，它们改变了自身的性质。根据他所说的来判断，这些性质既可以“依附”于事物，也可以从事物中“分离”，尤其是争斗和友爱仍旧在争夺统治地位的情况下。正是因为这同一个矛盾，元素才在前一个阶段产生于“一”。我说“产生”，是因为在火、土和水混为一体时，他们可能就不是独特的存在。

在恩培多克勒的理论中，还有一点晦涩难懂之处。我们是要把“一”视为他所谓的“本真”呢？还是说这个本真是“多”，即火、土以及与其协调共存的那些物体？因为土和火通过因“移动”而发生的性质改变而生成，就其作为这一过程的基础物质而言，“一”就是指一种“元素”。而另一方面，就“一”是合成的结果（通过“多”的一致）、而“多”是分解的结果而言，“多”要比“一”更为“根本”，并且在本质上也先于“一”。

第二章

因此，我们不得不对“非性质方面的”生成与消亡进行一番全面的讨论；我们必须探究这些变化到底是否发生了，如果它们的确发生了，那就还要解释它们得以发生的确切条件。我们还必须讨论变化的其他形式，即生长和“更替”。因为，毫无疑问，尽管柏拉图的确考察过万物生成与消亡的条件，但其研究只限于这些变化；他并未论述所有的生成，而是只涉及了元素的生成。他没有考问肉或骨，或任何其他类似的合成物是如何生成的；他也没有考察“更替”或生长在何种条件下是因事物而发生的。

除德谟克利特之外，所有先哲都遭受了类似的抨击。他们没有一位进行深入的探索或对某一个问题进行过透彻的研究。然而德谟克利特却似乎不仅仔细思考了所有的问题，而且从一开始就以自己的方式而显得与众不同。因为正如我们所说，其他哲学家没有一位对生长进行过明确的界定，有的只是些不太专业的论述。他们认为事物是“因同种数量的增加”而生长，但他们却没有进一步解释这种增加的方式。他们也没有解释“混合”，而且他们几乎忽视了所有其他的问题，他们没有解释诸如“行动”或“承受”，即在自然行动中，一物是如何发出作用力，另一物又是如何承受作用力的。然而，德谟克利特和留基伯却假定了“形状”，认为“更替”和生成都源自于形状。他们用形状的“分离”和“联合”来解释生成与消亡，而用形状的“组合”和“位置”来解释“更替”。因为他们认为真理存在于表象之中，而表象是相互冲突且无限多的，所以他们就认为“形状”在数量上也是无限的。因此——由于合成物的变化——同一事物在不同的人看来似乎是不同且互相冲突的，它可以被一个微小的附加成分所“置换”，并因一个成分的“置换”而显得全然不同。因为悲剧和喜剧这两个词中有相同的字。

既然几乎所有的先哲都认为生成不同于“更替”，并且认为事物是因其性质的变化而“更替”的，那么事物正是通过“联合”与“分离”才得以生成与消亡，所以我们必须将注意力集中在这些论点上。因为它们引发了许多令人困惑却有充分证据的难题。一方面，如果生成即“联合”，那么便会产生许多无法成立的结论，而其他一些不易反驳的论点却会迫使我们接受这样的结论，即生成不可能是其他事物。另一方面，如果生成不是“联合”，那么，或者根本就不存在生成，或者生成就是“更替”，否则，我们必须尽力化解这个难题——我们将会发现它很难对付。要处理所有这些难题，最根本的问题就是：“事物生成、‘更替’、生长以及经历相反的变化都是由于第一‘存在’是不可再分的量吗？还是就不存在不可再分的量？”因为我们对这个问题的回答会造成极大的不同。再者，如果第一“存在”是不可再分的量，那它们是德谟克利特与留基伯所说的物体吗？还是有如《蒂迈欧篇》中所断言的那些平面呢？

只把物体分解到平面——正如我们在别处已经提到的那样，这本身就是自相矛盾的。因此，关于存在不可再分的物体这一观点还需要进行

更多的讨论。但即使是这些观点也多有悖理之处。就像上文提到的，如果如德谟克利特那样通过“翻转”、“互触”以及“形状的多样”来对同一事物进行“调整”的话，那就有可能用这些物体构造出“更替”与生成。（他否认了颜色的真实性，这是基于这种立场的必然结果，因为，他认为事物的颜色是由“形状”的“翻转”而得来的。）但是对于那些把物体分解到平面的人来说，这种构建的可能性就不复存在了。因为除了固体之外，没有什么东西是由多个平面集合而成的，它们也不试图从中生出任何性质。

经验的缺乏削弱了我们采用综合的视角来看待这些公认事实的能力。因此，那些与自然及其现象密切接触的人就会越来越有能力来设定作为其理论基础的、广阔且连续发展的原理，而那些致力于抽象的理论研究而不观察事实的人则往往根据少量的观察结果来提出论断。现在摆在我们面前的这两种相反的处理方式将会有助于说明“科学的”调查方法与“辩证的”调查方法之间的差别有多大。柏拉图学派的论者认为，原子的大小必定存在，“否则，‘三角形’将不止一个”，而德谟克利特却似乎已经相信自然科学中与这个论题相关的结论。随着讨论的继续，我们的意思将会变得清楚显豁。因为要假定一个物体（即有特定大小的东西）是彻底可分的，且这种分割是可能的，那么就会遇到一个难题。没被分割到的部分里会有什么呢？

如果它是彻底可分的，且如果这种分割是可能的，那么它就可能同时被彻底分割，即使这些分割并非是同时发生的；而这样的结果也并非没有可能。因此，只要一个物体本性就是彻底可分的，那么无论是通过二分法，还是任何其他的方法，这个原则都将适用，即如果这个物体确实已被分割的话，就不会出现什么不可能的结果——即使它已经被分割成无数的部分，而这些部分本身也已被分割了无数次。尽管也许事实上没有什么东西可以这样分割它，也不会出现不可能的结果。

所以，既然物体是彻底可分的，那就假定它已经被分割。那么，剩余的会是什么呢？某种有特定大小的东西吗？不，这是不可能的，因为这样的话就会有某种东西未被分割，而先前的假设是这种物体是彻底可分的。但是如果承认既没有某种物体也没有某种具有特定大小的东西会剩余下来，而分割还将发生的话，那么这个物体的构成成分要么是点（即没有大小），要么是绝对的虚无。如果其构成成分是虚无的话，那么它就可能既生成于虚无，也作为一种虚无的复合物而存在，这样的话整个物体就很可能只是一种表象而已。但是如果它由点构成，就会出现一种同样荒谬的结果：它将没有任何大小。因为当点接触连接形成一个单一的大小时，它们并没有使整体变得更大（因为，当这个物体被分割成两个或更多的部分时，整体不会比分割之前变得更小或更大），因此，即使所有的点都被放在一起，它们也不会形成任何大小。

但是假定，在这个物体被分割之时，一个微小的部分——一粒锯末状的东西——被提取了出来，同时假定在这个意义上——一个物体从大小中“产生了出来”，且不可再被分割。即使这样，同样的论点仍然适

用。因为在何种意义上这个微小部分是可以分割的呢？但如果“分出”的不是一个物体，而是一种可分离的形式或性质，还有如果大小是“符合这种描述的点或接触”，那么一个大小要由没有大小的元素构成就是前后矛盾的了。此外，这些点将在什么地方呢？它们是静止不动的还是变动不居的呢？每一种接触总是两个东西的接触，换言之，除了接触、分割或点之外，总还有某种东西。

之所以产生上述这些难题是因为这样一种假设，即任何物体，无论其大小，都是可以彻底分割的。另外还要考虑下面一种情况。如果在分割了一块木头或别的什么东西之后我又把它们组合在一起，那么它就又和原先一样，复归于一了。显然，无论我分割木头时是在哪一点，情况都会是这样。因此，木头已经潜在地被彻底分割了。那么，除了分割之外，木头里还有什么呢？因为即使我们假定其中有某种性质，但木头是如何分解成这些成分，又是如何从这些成分中生成的呢？或者这些成分是如何被分离从而得以彼此独立存在的呢？因此，既然大小不可能由接触或点构成，那就必定存在不可分割的物体和大小。然而，如果我们确实假定后一种情形为事实的话，我们同样会面临不可能的结论。这些结论我们在其他著作中已经考察过了。不过我们必须尽力解开这些困惑，因而必须要再次系统地阐述整个问题。

那么，一方面，那种认为每个可感知物既是不可分割的又是可以分割的看法绝不是自相矛盾的。因为第二种论断是从潜能上来描述这个物体的，而第一种论断则是从现实的角度来说的。另一方面，即使是从潜能上来讲，一个物体可以同时在所有的点上分割似乎又是不可能的。因为如果可能的话，那么实际上就可能发生，结果并不是这个物体会实际上兼具两种情形（既不可分割又已被分割），而是这个物体会在任何一点上同时被分割。因此，没有什么会剩余下来，这个物体将消亡成无形，然后它还可能再次生成，或源于点或完全源于虚无。那么这又怎么可能呢？

可是，显然一个物体实际上是被分割成了越来越小的大小，被分割成了彼此分离且实际上也会被分开的大小。因此，（我们强烈主张）一部分一部分地分割物体的过程不是一种可无限进行的“分离”过程；一个物体也不会同时在每一个点上被分割，因为这是不可能的；不过是存在一个限度的，超过这个限度，“分离”就无法继续进行。必然的结果是——尤其是在生成和消亡会分别通过“联合”与“分离”发生的情况下——一个物体必定包含不可见的原子大小。这就是那种认为原子大小必然存在的观点，我们现在必须要指出这种论点隐藏了一个错误的推论，并指出其确切所在。

因为，既然点与点不是“直接相邻”的，那么大小就在一种意义上是“彻底可分的”，而在另一种意义上则是不可分的。然而，如果假定大小是“彻底可分”的，那就是说在大小中不仅是任意一处，而且是到处，都存在一个点。这样，由这一假定就应当可以推出，大小必定可以被分割到无。因为假定大小内部到处都存在着一个点，所以大小要么由接触

组成，要么由点组成。但是，大小只在某种意义上是“彻底可分”的，也就是说，在大小内部的任何一处都存在一个点，而且如果一个个分别来看的话，其所有的点都无处不在。但是，大小内部任何一处存在的点都不会多于一，因为点不是“接续的”。因此，它不会同时被“彻底地分割”。因为假设它是可分的话，那么，如果它的中心部分可分，与中心“直接相邻”的一点也将是可分的。但它是不可以这样被分的，因为位置与位置、点与点都不是“直接相邻”的——换言之，分割与分割、结合与结合也都不是“直接相邻”的。

因此，既有“联合”也有“分离”，不过，它们既不会形成也不是源于原子的大小（因为这会牵涉到许多不可能性），而分割也不会彻底发生——因为这种结果只有在点与点“直接相邻”的情况下才会发生，而“分离”会形成小的（即相对小的）部分，“联合”则是由相对小的部分组成的。

然而，有些人错误地认为生成与消亡在非性质和完全的意义上可以区别性地由“联合”和“分离”来定义，而在连续物中发生的变化就是“更替”。恰恰相反，这正是全部谬误所在。因为非性质意义上的生成和消亡并不受“联合”和“分离”的影响。它们是在一个事物作为一个整体由此变成彼的时候产生的。但是我们正在批评的这些哲学家则认为所有此类变化都是“更替”，而事实上它们是有区别的。因为在构成这种变化的基础中既有某种符合定义的因素，也有某种质料的因素。所以，当变化是发生在这些构成因素中时，就会产生生成或消亡；但是当变化是发生在事物的性质中时，也就是说该事物是发生偶性变化时，就会产生“更替”。

“分离”和“联合”影响该事物的易消亡性。因为如果水先被“分离”成了小水珠，那么气就会较快地从中生成；而如果水珠先被“联合”在一起，那么气就会生成得较慢。我们的观点会在后续的讨论中变得更加清楚。与此同时，有很多内容已经是可以确定的了，即生成不可能是“联合”，至少不是像有些哲学家宣称的那种“联合”。

第三章

既然我们已经确定了上述的区别，那么我们就必须首先考虑是否存在任何非性质意义上的生成和消亡的东西，或者说是否在这种严格意义上没有什么东西生成，但是所有的东西都会生成某物，也是由某物生成的——我的意思是，例如，由病态生成健康和由健康生成病态，由大生成小和由小生成大等其他一切情形。因为如果有不受限定的生成的话，那么“某物”必定——不受限定地——“由非存在生成”，这样的话，说“非存在是某些事物的一种属性”就是正确的了。因为性质方面的生成是出自于性质方面的非存在的一个过程（例如，出自于非白或非美），而非性质方面的生成则是出自于非性质方面的非存在的一个过程。

那么，“非性质方面的”指的或者是每个范畴内最初的断定，或者是普遍的（即无所不包的）断定。因此，如果“非性质方面的非存在”从讨论范畴的主要术语的意义上而言是指“存在”的否定，那么在“非性质方面的生成”中，我们就会有出自非实体的某种实体的生成。但是某种非实体的东西或某种“这个”东西显然也不可能持有来自任何其他范畴的谓项——例如，我们无法将任何性质、数量或者位置归属于它。不然的话，属性就可能以脱离于实体的形式存在。另一方面，如果“非性质方面的非存在”是指“在任何意义上什么都不是”，那将是对所有存在形式的一种普遍否定，那样的话生成的东西也必将是生成于无。

尽管我们已经在另一部著作中更为详尽地探讨过这些问题（在那部作品中我们已经摆明了这些难题并确立了截然不同的定义），我们仍然必须在这里简明地重申一下我们的结论，在一种意义上，事物生成于不受限定的“非存在”，而在另一种意义上，它们又总是生成于“存在”。因为生成必然意味着事先存在某种潜能上 “存在”、而实际上“不存在”的事物；而这种事物既可以从“存在”来讲，也可以从“非存在”来讲。

上述区分可以被看作是已经确定的，但是即使这样，要弄清楚如何就能有“非性质方面的生成”（无论我们假定它是生成于潜能上“存在”的事物还是以其他方式“存在”的事物）是异常困难的，我们必须再次提出这个问题来进一步探讨。因为这个问题可能会被提出来，即究竟是否会生成实体（也就是“这个”）。它是以“这种”方式、以“如此巨大”的数量或者在“某处”生成的吗？同样的问题也可能会针对“消亡”提出来。因为如果一种实在事物生成的话，显然会“存在”（不是实际上，而是潜能上）一种实体，事物的生成将源自于这一实体，而消亡的事物也必将变成这一实体。那么会有属于剩余范畴的谓项实际上依存于这一先在的实体吗？换言之，只是潜能上是“这个”（只是潜能上存在）、而在纯粹意义的潜能上讲不是“这个”（也就是说不存在）的东西会有任何确定的大小、性质或位置吗？因为如果它实际上不受这些限定，而所有这些性质只是潜在地具有的话，那么结果首先是并未确定的存在可以单独存在；其次是生成源自于事先存在的虚无，这个论点比其他任何论点都更吸引也更困扰着早期的哲学家们。另一方面，如果说尽管它不是“这个”或实

体，但它却具有上述的某些剩余的限定，那么（正如我们说过的那样）性质将可以与实体相分离。

因此，我们必须集中所有的精力来讨论这些难题并解决一个更深层的问题，即生成总在发生的原因是什么？为什么总会有非性质方面的生成以及部分的生成发生？在这个问题上的原因有两重意义。它可以指来源，正如我们所说的过程“始自”的来源，还可以指质料。我们要在这里说明的正是质料意义的原因。因为关于另外一种原因，我们已经（在关于移动的论述中）解释过它涉及两个方面：永远都不可移动的东西和总是在被移动的东西。对第一个方面的细致探讨，即不可移动的“本原”，属于另一个领域或者说“居先的”哲学的范畴，而至于“通过自身的不断移动来使其他一切事物移动的东西”，我们稍后将解释在所谓“具体的”原因中哪一种原因展示了这种特性。但是现在我们将说明质料意义的原因，即归类于质料名下的原因——正是由于这种原因，自然中的消亡与生成才总在发生。因为有可能，如果我们成功地搞清楚了这个问题，那么我们也将同时明确该如何说明刚刚困扰我们的问题，即非性质方面的消亡与生成。

如果实际上消亡的东西消失成了“非存在”，而“非存在”又是虚无（因为“非存在”既不是某种事物，也不具有某种性质或数量，也不存在于任何地方），我们的新问题“什么是连续性生成的起因”也是非常令人困惑的。如果“存在的”某种事物总是在消失，那假定所有产生生成的质料都是有限的话，为什么所有“存在的”事物没有在很久以前就被消耗殆尽呢？因为，可能的情况是，生成的连续不衰不能归因于质料的无限性。这是不可能的，因为没有什么事物实际上是无限的。某个事物只可能在潜能上是无限的，也就是说，分割它是可以无限进行的，因此我们不得不假定世界上只存在一种生成，那就是一种从来不衰退的生成，因为这样生成的东西总是后续的比先前的要小。但实际上这种情况并不是我们看到正在发生的。

那么，为什么这种形式的改变必定是永不停歇的呢？是因为此物的消亡是他物的生成，而此物的生成又是他物的消亡吗？

这一结论所隐含的原因无疑会被认为是适用于解释具有普遍特征的生成和消亡的，当它们发生在所有同类现存事物中的时候。然而，如果同一个过程是此物的生成、彼物的消亡以及此物的消亡、彼物的生成的话，那为什么说有些事物是没有限定地生成和消亡，而其他事物则只能是有条件地生成和消亡呢？

这一差别必须重新加以考察，因为它需要某种解释。（它是以一种双重方式被应用的。）（1）我们说“它现在正在没有限定地消亡”，而不仅仅是说“这个正在消亡”；我们称这种变化为没有限定的“生成”，称那种变化为没有限定的“消亡”；（2）某人或某物“成为某物”，但不是没有限定地“成为”，因为我们说学生“成为有学问的”，而不说没有限定地“成为”。

现在我们常常把术语划分成两类，一类是那些表示某种“这个”的术语，一类是那些不表示相应概念的术语。这种区分（的第一种形式）是我们正在探究的，它源自于一种类似的术语区分，因为它区分了正在改变的事物所发生的变化。例如火的生成是非性质方面的“生成”，但也是“某物的消亡”（例如土），而土的生成是性质方面的（不是非性质方面的）生成，尽管“消亡”是非性质方面的（例如火）。这将和巴门尼德提出的理论观点一致，因为他说变化的结果是两种事物，他断言这两种事物，即存在与非存在，是火和土。我们是假定这些事物还是假定同类的其他事物都没有什么差别。因为我们正努力发现的不是经历这些变化的事物，而是这些变化特有的方式。那么，变成单纯的“非存在”的路径是非性质方面的消亡，而变成单纯的“存在”的路径是非性质方面的生成。因此，无论变化的相对“两极”可能是什么—无论是火与土，还是其他一对什么事物—二者之一将是一种“存在”，而另一个将是一种“非存在”。

这样我们就阐明了区分性质方面的生成和消亡与非性质方面的生成和消亡的一种特有方式，不过也可以依据变化物体质料的特性来加以区分。因为构成差异越多指称某种“这个”的质料本身就越是“实在的”或“真实的”，而构成差异指称缺失的质料则是“非真实的”。（假设，例如“热”是一种积极的断言，即一种“形式”，反之“冷”就是一种缺失，而土和火就是凭借这些构成差异而彼此区分的。）

然而，大多数人赞成的观点是这种区分取决于“可感知的”和“不可感知的”事物之间的差异。于是，当有东西变成可感知质料时，人们就说有“生成”；而当有东西变成不可见的质料时，他们就称之为“消亡”。因为他们区分“存在”和“非存在”的依据是他们能够感知和感知不到，就像可知的就“存在”，不可知的就“不存在”——在他们看来知觉具有认知的力量。因此，正如他们认为自己活着并“存在”是由于他们在感知或他们具有感知能力一样，他们也同样认为事物“存在”是因为被感知或可感知——就这一点而言，从某种意义上说他们是在追求真理，尽管他们实际上所说的并不是正确的。

这样，按照普遍的观点，非性质方面的生成和消亡就变得和它们实际的情形不同。因为风和气实际上要比土更实在，更是某种“这个”或某种“形式”。但是对于知觉而言它们是不太真实的，这就解释了为什么当事物变成风和气的时候人们通常会说是没有限定的“消亡”，而当它们变成了有形的东西，例如土的时候，则会说是“生成”。

现在我们已经解释了为什么会存在“非性质方面的生成”（尽管它是某物的消亡）和“非性质方面的消亡”（尽管它是某物的生成）。因为这种名称的区分取决于变化源出以及变化归属的那种质料中存在的某种差异。它或者取决于这种质料是否是“实在的”，或者取决于它是否或多或少是“实在的”，或者取决于它是否或多或少是可感知的。

但是在和我们一直考虑的情形（即两个事物相互生成于彼此）不同

的情形下，为什么有些事物被说成是没有限制地“生成”，而另一些事物则只是“生成为某物”呢？因为到目前为止我们已经解释过的也不过是这样一点，即当两个事物相互转变的时候，为什么我们没有把生成和消亡一概归因于它们二者，尽管每种生成都是他物的一种消亡，而每种消亡又都是他物的生成。但后来阐述的问题涉及了一个不同的问题，即尽管正在学习的东西被说成是“生成为有学问的”而不是没有限制的“生成”，为什么正在生长的东西却被说成是“生成”。

此处的这一区分是由于范畴的不同。因为有些事物表示某种这个，另一些事物表示某种这样的物，而还有些事物则表示如此数量的物。那么，不表示实体的那些事物就不被说成不受限制地“生成”，而只是“生成为某物”。然而，在所有正在变化的同类事物中，我们说“生成”的时候是当两列之中一列的事物生成了某物。例如，在实体一列，如果生成了火，那就是生成，而如果生成了土，那就不是；在性质一列，如果生成的是学问，那就是生成，而如果生成的是无知，那就不是。

我们已经解释了为什么有些事物不受限制地生成，而有些不是（我们既解释了一般的情况，也解释了当变化的事物是实体而非他物时的情况）；我们也已经阐明了基质是生成之所以连续发生的质料原因，因为正是这个原因才导致向相反面的变化，因为在实体中，一物的生成总是另一物的消亡，而一物的消亡总是另一物的生成。不过，我们甚至没有必要去讨论以前提出的一个问题，即为什么事物在不断被损坏的同时生成还在继续。因为正如在一物变得不可感知以及在那个意义上“不存在的”时候，人们会说它是某种不受限制的“消亡”一样，人们在一物从某种不可感知的东西中显现的时候会说它“源自非存在的某种生成”。因此，无论基质是或不是某物，生成的东西总是显现于某种“非存在”，这样，一物生成于某种“非存在”就正如它“消亡为非存在”一样。因此，我们就有足够的理由认为生成是绝不会衰竭的。因为生成是“非存在”的某种消亡，而消亡则是“非存在”的某种生成。

但是不受限制的“非存在”又怎么样呢？它是变化的相反两极之一吗？例如土（即重）是某种“非存在”，而火（即轻）则是某种“存在”。或者，相反，存在是“既包括火也包括土，而非存在”则是质料，即土和火的质料是相同的吗？再者，每一个的质料是不同的吗？或者每个质料是相同的，因为不然的话它们不会相互由对方生成，即反面出于反面？因为这些事物——火、土、水、气——都是以“相反面”为特征的。

也许答案是它们的质料在某种意义上是相同的，而在另一种意义上则是不同的。因为构成它们基础的东西（无论其潜在的性质为何）是相同的，而其实际存在形式却是不同的。那么，关于这些论题就说这么多了。

第四章

接下来我们必须阐明生成与“更替”之间的差异——因为我们坚持认为这些变化是截然不同的。

那么，既然我们必须区分基质和由基质来说明其本性的属性，既然这两者都会发生变化，那么当基质是可感且保持不变的时候，就会有“更替”，但基质本身的属性（即讨论中的要么作为对立面要么作为中间物的彼此对立的属性）则会改变。例如，尽管一直是同一个身体，但这个身体却有时是健康的，有时是患病的；青铜有时是球形的，有时是有角的，但却同样是青铜。但是当其本身没有什么可感知的东西作为一种基质保持不变，而且这个东西整体发生了变化（例如当精液整体转化成了血液，或者水化成了气，或者气整体化成了水）的时候，这种情况就不再是“更替”了。它是一种物质的生成和另一种物质的消亡——尤其当这种变化是从某种不可感知的事物转变为可感知的事物的时候就更是如此（或者通过触觉，或者通过所有的感觉），正如当水由气生成或消亡为气的时候，因为气是很不可感知的。然而，在此类情况下，如果某个属性（对立面的一方）在已经生成的事物中保持不变，在已经消亡的事物中也同样保持不变。例如，如果在水由气生成的时候二者都是透明的或者冷的，那么由第一种事物变化而来的第二种事物就肯定不会是保持不变的同一事物的某种属性。否则这个变化就是“更替”了。假设一个喜欢音乐的人消亡了，一个不喜欢音乐的人生成了，而这个人还是保持同一继续存在。如果“喜欢音乐和不喜欢音乐”不是人所固有的属性，那么这些变化就会是不喜欢音乐的生成和喜欢音乐的消亡，但事实上“喜欢音乐和不喜欢音乐”是这一持续不变的实体（即人）的一种属性。（因此，就人而言，这些变化就是“变动”，尽管就喜欢音乐的人和不喜欢音乐的人而言，它们分别是一种消亡和一种生成。）因此，这些变化就是“更替”。当相反面的变化发生在数量方面时，那就是“生长和减少”；当发生在地点方面时，那就是“移动”；当发生在属性即性质方面时，那就是“更替”，但是，当没有什么保持不变且其结果是某种属性（或者就该词的所有意义而言是某种“偶性”）时，那就是“生成”，相反的变化则是“消亡”。

“质料”就其真正意义而言，等同于易于接受生成与消亡的基质。不过，从某种意义上而言，其他种类变化的基质也是“质料”，因为所有这些基质都易于接受某类“相反物”。那么，就说到这里，我们回答了两个问题：（1）生成“存在”还是“不存在”，即生成产生的确切条件是什么；（2）什么是“更替”。不过，我们还将继续探讨生长的问题。

第五章

我们必须说明生长和生成以及生长和“更替”的差异到底在哪里，还要说明所有生长和减少的事物所经历的生长和减少的过程又是怎样。

因此，我们的第一个问题就是：这些变化彼此迥异完全是因为其各自的“范围”存在某种差异吗？换句话说，它们彼此迥异是因为由此到彼的某种变化（即由潜在的实体变为现实的实体）是生成，而大小范围的变化是生长，性质范围的变化是“更替”——生长和“更替”是大小和性质分别从潜能上的存在到实际上的存在的变化吗？或者说变化的方式是否也存在某种差异呢？因为显然正在“更替”的和正在生成的都未必会改变其位置，而正在生长或减少的却必然会改变其空间位置，尽管其改变位置的方式不同于正在运动的事物改变位置的方式。因为正在被移动的东西是整个改变其位置，而正在生长的事物却像一块正在被锻打的金属那样改变其位置，即整体上保持其原位，而其组成部分却会改变位置。它们改变了自己的位置，但却不同于一个旋转球体各部分的改变方式。因为球体的各部分改变了其位置，而球的整体却继续占据同一个位置，而正在生长的事物的各部分在一个不断增长的地方扩展，正在减少的事物的各部分在一个不断减小的区域缩小。

那么，显然，这些变化——生成物的变化、“更替”物的变化以及生长物的变化——在范围上和方式上都是有所不同的。但是我们将如何构想生长和减少的变化“范围”呢？生长和减少的“范围”一般被认为就是大小。我们要假定物体和大小生成于某种潜能上是大小和物体，但实际上却既无实体也无大小的东西吗？既然这种描述可以以两种不同的方法来加以理解，那么我们会用二者中的哪一种方法来将这种描述运用于生长的过程呢？生长由以产生的质料是“独立”并独自存在呢？还是“独立”但却寓于另一个物体之中呢？

也许生长不可能以上述任何一种方式发生。因为既然质料是“分离的”，那么或者它不占据任何地方（仿佛它是一个点），或者它是某种“虚空”，即某种不可感知物。但是这两种选择中第一种是不可能的。因为既然由这种无形无状的东西生成的事物总是在“某处”，那么质料也必定在“某处”——或以固有的方式或以间接的方式。而第二种选择则必然意味着质料包含在某种别的物体之中。但是如果其“寓于”另一物体之中但却保持“分离”，即它绝非那个物体的一部分（既非其实体的一部分，亦非其“偶性”），那么就会导致许多不可能的结论。这就仿佛我们假定，当气生成于水时，这一过程不是因为水的变化，而是因为“包含”在水中（正如包含在一个容器中一样）的气的质料。而这是不可能的。因为没有什么可以妨碍无限多的质料以这种方式“包含”在水中，这样它们实际上可能会生成无限多的气；我们事实上没有见过气以这种方式生成于水，即气出自于水而水则留存未变。

因此我们最好假定，在所有生成的情形中，质料都是不可分离的，

数目上与这种“包含”的物体是一样的，尽管这种物体从定义上来讲是可以与质料分离的。但是同样的原因也不允许我们把（这种物体由以生成的）质料视为点或线。质料是以点和线为界限的东西，是如果没有性质和形式的话就无法存在的东西。

现在，正如我们已经在别处确定了的那样，这个事实无疑是真的，即一物“生成”（在非性质方面的意义上）于另一物，此外，其生成的动力因或者是某个现实事物（其或者与结果同属——或者说某个坚硬事物之生成的动力因不是某个坚硬事物——或者与结果同种，正如火是火之生成的动力因或者说一个人是另一个人生成的动力因），或者是某种现状。不过，既然存在有形实体本身由以生成的质料（然而，有形实体已经是被赋予了如此这般特点的某种确定的物体，因为不存在一般的物体这样的东西），那么这同一种质料也就是大小和性质的质料——从定义上来说是和这些质料分离的，但在位置上却是不可分离的，除非这些性质反过来是可以分离的。

从前面对诸多难题的阐发和讨论中可以清楚地看出，生长并非出自尽管潜能上是某种大小，但实际上却没有大小的某物的一种变化。因为，如果生长是这样一种变化的话，那么“虚空”将会分离存在，但是我们已经在前面的一部作品中解释过了，这种情况是不可能的。此外，这种变化不是专属于生长的，而是此类或总体而言所有生成的特点。因为生长是业已存在的大小的增加，减少是业已存在的大小的减缩——这事实上就是正在生长的事物必定会有某种大小的原因。因此，一定不能把生长视为一种从没有大小的某种质料变为具有大小的某种现实的过程，因为这种过程是某个物体的生成，而非其生长。

所以我们必须更加细致地来考察我们的论题。我们必须从一开始（在某种程度上）就“抓住”论题，确定生长和减少的确切特性，探究它们的起因。

显然，生长物的每个部分都增加了，同样，在减少的情形中，每个部分也都变小了；某个事物通过增加某样东西而生长，通过去除某样东西而减少。因此，事物生长必定是通过增加无形的东西或者是某个物体来实现的。如果事物生长是通过增加某种无形的东西，那么就会分离存在某种虚空，但是（正如我们前面说过的那样）具有大小的某种质料是不可能“分离”存在的。而另一方面，如果事物生长是通过增加某个物体，那么就会有两个物体——生长的物体和导致生长的物体——在同一地点出现，而这也是不可能的。

但是我们也不能说生长或减少发生的方式会像气生成于水的方式。因为，尽管体积变大了，但是变化却不是生长，而是“一”的生成——变化将变成之物的生成——及其相反物的消亡。它不是任何一方的生长。在这个过程中没有什么生长，除非的确存在两种事物（生成物和消亡物）共有的某个东西，例如“物体”，那么这个东西会生长。水没有生长，气也没有生长，但是前者消亡了，而后者生成了，那么——如果说

有什么东西生长的话——那就是“物体”生长了。然而这同样也是不可能的。因为我们对生长的阐释必须保留生长物和减少物的特征。此类特征有三个：（1）正在生长的大小的任一部分变得更大（例如，如果肉生长了，肉的每个分子都会变大）；（2）通过增加某物的方式；（3）正在生长的事物被保留且持续存在。因为一物在非性质方面的生成或消亡过程中并不持续存在，而生长的或“更替”的事物却通过“更替”以及生长或减少的方式保持身份的同一，尽管（在“更替”中的）性质和（在生长中的）大小不会保持同一。那么如果气生成于水被看作是生长的话，那么一物就可能没有增加（和存留）而生长、没有分离而减少了——生长的事物也就未必存留了。但是这个特点必须加以保留，因为我们正在讨论的生长已经被假定是具有这种特点的。

有人可能会进一步提出一个难题。“那个生长的事物”是什么？它是被添加到某物上去的东西吗？如果譬如说一个人胫骨生长了，那么就是说胫骨变大了，而不是说他“由以”生长的那个东西（即食物）变大了吗？那么为什么不是两者都“生长”了呢？因为当甲物被添加到乙物，甲乙两者都会变得更大，正如当你把酒和水混在一起时的情形一样，因为每种成分都同样在体积方面增加了。或许可以解释为一种成分的实质没有改变，而另一种成分的实质（即食物的实质）却发生了改变。因为事实上，即使是在酒和水的混合物中，也是占优势的那种成分被认为是在体积方面增加了。例如我们说酒增加了，那是因为整个混合物是用作酒而不是水。同样的原则也适用于“更替”。如果在肉的特性和实质没有改变的情况下其基本属性中原先没有的某一种属性现在具有了，那么我们就说肉已经发生了“更替”，而另一方面，其由以“更替”的那个东西却可能没有经历变化，尽管有时它也会受到影响。然而，更替的动因和这一过程的本原则存在于生长物和被“更替”的事物之中，因为动力因就存在于这些事物之中。诚然，已经进入的食物有时可能会和消化它的身体一样膨胀（例如，如果在进入之后某种食物转化成了风，那就属于这种情况），但是当食物经历了这种变化，它就消亡了，动力因不存在于食物之中。

现在我们已经充分地阐发了这些难题，所以接下来我们必须要努力去找到解决问题的办法。我们的解决办法必须要完整保存生长的三个特征，即生长物是持续存在的；它通过增加某物来实现生长（而通过分离某物来实现减少）；此外，生长物的每一个可感知的部分都会变大或变小。我们还必须清楚：（1）生长物并非“虚空”，而且在同一个地点也没有两个大小；（2）它并非通过增加非物质的东西来生长。

两种初步的区分将帮助我们理解生长的起因。我们必须注意：（1）有机部分的生长是通过组织的生长来实现的（因为每个器官都是由这些组织作为组成成分而构成的）；（2）肉、骨和每个同类部分——正如所有其他形式寓于质料之中的事物一样——都具有双重性质，因为质料和形式均被称作是“肉”或“骨”。

现在，作为形式的组织的任一部分都会生长——通过增加某物而生

长——这是可能的，但是作为质料的组织的任一部分却不会以同样的方式生长。因为我们必须把组织看作是用同一尺度度量的流水，分子接分子陆续生成，而每个后续的分子都与众不同。正是在这个意义上肉的质料生长了，有的流出，有的流进，而不是说新鲜的质料增加到了肉的每个分子上。然而肉的形状或“形式”的每一部分却会有增加。

在有机的部分，例如在手中，生长按比例地发生这一特点会更加明显。因为在那里，质料不同于形式这一事实要比在肉中（即比在组织中）更加明显。这就是为什么人们更倾向于认为尸体仍然具有肉和骨，而不具有手或臂。

因此在某种意义上，肉的任一部分的确生长了，但是在另一种意义上这却不是真的。因为在形式方面肉的任一部分都有增加，而在质料方面却没有。不过，整体却变大了。这种增加一方面是由于被称作“食物”、据说是肉的“相反物”的某物的增加，而另一方面则是由于这种食物转化为与肉相同的形式，正如若“湿”要加入“干”的话，在加入之后，“湿”会变形转化为“干”。因为在一种意义上“相似之物凭借相似之物而生长”，但在另一种意义上则是“不相似之物凭借不相似之物而生长”。

有人可能会探讨某物“由以”生长之物的特征必定会是怎样的。显然，它必定会是潜能上正在生长的东西——例如潜能上是肉，假如正在生长的是肉的话。事实上，它必定会是“他物”，而非正在生长的东西。而这“事实上的他物”则已经消亡并生成了肉。但是它并非是单凭其自身转化成肉的（因为那样的话将会是生成，而非生长）。与此相反，正是生长物通过食物生成了肉（并得以生长）。那么，食物是以何种方式被生长物所改变的呢？也许我们可以说它是和生长物混合在了一起，仿佛一个人把水倒进酒里，然后酒就会把这种新成分转化成酒。正如火控制了易燃物一样，生长之有效原则寓于生长物（即现实的肉）中，它控制了某种潜能上是肉的增加的食物，然后将其转化为现实的肉。因此，这种增加的食物必定是和生长物在一起的，因为如果它们不在一起的话，这种变化就会是某种生成了。因为往已经在燃烧的火上堆加木料是可能产生火的。这是“生长”。但是当木料本身着火的话，那就是“生成”了。

“一般的数量”并不生成，正如“动物”不生成一样，“动物”是指既不是人、也不是任何其他特定种类的动物，生成中的“一般的动物”，就相当于生长中的“一般的数量”。但是在生长中真正生成的东西是肉或骨——或者是手或臂（即这些有机部分的组织）。那么，这些东西的生成并非是通过增加量化了的肉，而是通过增加量化了的某物。这种增加的食物潜在地是一种双重结果（例如它潜在地是大量的肉），就这一点而言，它引起了生长，因为从现实的角度来讲它必定既有数量的增加，又会变成肉。但是就其潜在地仅是肉这一点而言，它供给营养，正是因为如此，“营养”和“生长”才得以从定义上区分开来。这就是为何只要身体活着（甚至当其变得虚弱时），其“营养”就会持续存在，尽管其“生长”不会这样，这也是为何营养尽管与生长“相同”但在现实的存在形态上却与其不同。因为就增加物潜在地是“大量的肉”而言，它会使肉增加，

而就其潜在地仅是“肉”而言，它就是养料。

我们谈到的这种形式是寓于质料之中的一种力量，在某种程度上就像是一根管道。那么，如果增加了某种质料，某种潜在地是一根管道、同时也潜在地具有确定数量的质料，那么其加入的管道就会变大。但是如果这种形式不再发挥作用——如果不断涌入的质料使其弱化，正如越来越多的水不断地与酒混合，最终会使酒变淡，进而化酒为水——那么将会引起数量的减少，尽管这种形式仍将存留。

第六章

（在讨论生成的起因时）我们必须首先来探究一下质料，即所谓的“元素”。我们必须要弄清楚它们是否真的是元素，是否每一种都是永恒的，是否存在某种它们据以生成的意义，如果它们的确生成了，那它们全都是以相同的方式彼此生成呢，还是其中有一种为主要因素。因此，我们必须先来解释某些根本的问题，目前关于这些问题的论述都是不明确的。

因为所有的人（持多元论观点的哲学家们）——包括那些主张生成“元素”的人和那些主张元素生成物体的人——都使用“分离”和“联合”以及“动作”和“承受”这些词语。“联合”就是“混合”，但被称为“混合”的这种过程的确切含义我们还未加以解释。同样，（所有持一元论观点的人都使用“更替”这个词，但是）如果没有行动者和承受者的话，那就不可能有“更替”，也不可能有“分离”和“联合”。因为不仅是那些假定元素多元性的人认为元素彼此的动作与承受生成了复合物，那些认为事物源自单一元素的人也同样不可避免地会引入“动作”这一概念。在这一点上，第欧根尼是正确的，他辩论道：“除非所有的事物都源自于一，否则相互的动作与承受是不可能发生的。”例如，热的东西不会变冷，冷的东西同样也不会变热，因为热与冷不会相互转变为彼此，而变化了的（这是很清楚的）是基质。因此，只要两个事物之间存在动作与承受，那么构成其基础的事物必定是某种单一的东西。无疑，要说所有的事物都具有这种特性，那是不正确的，但是说所有彼此间有相互的动作与承受关系的事物具有这种性质却是正确的。

但是如果我们必须要探究“动作和承受”与“混合”的话，我们也必须探究“接触”。因为动作与承受（就这两个词的本来意义而言）只有在彼此接触的事物之间才能发生；同样，除非形成某种接触，否则事物是根本不会混合在一起的。因此，我们必须明确说明这三种情形——“接触”、“混合”与“动作”。

下面我们就开始吧。所有能“混合”的事物必定也能够相互接触，就其本来意义而言，这同样适用于一个“动作”、另一个“承受动作”的任何两个事物。因为这个原因我们必须先来谈谈“接触”。每个具有不同意义的词语之所以有这些不同的意义，或者是因为某种纯粹的语言巧合，或者是因为其用来指称的不同事物中的确存在着某种派生顺序，不过，尽管这可以用来描述“接触”以及所有诸如此类的词语，但从严格意义上来说“接触”一词只适用于那些有“位置”的事物。而“位置”又只属于那些有“地点”的事物，因为只要我们把“接触”归于数学对象，我们也必须把“地点”归于数学对象，无论这些数学对象是以分离还是以某种其他方式存在。因此，假定“接触”就意味着——正如我们在前面的著作中已经定义过的那样——“极端相聚”，那么只有那些有独立大小与位置且极端相聚的事物才会彼此接触。既然位置只属于那些同时也有“地点”的事物，而“地点”的主要差别是“上”与“下”（以及其他类似的对立范畴），

那么所有互相接触的事物就应有“重”或“轻”，或者这两种性质都有，或者只有两者中的一种。重或轻的物体能够“动作”与“承受动作”。因此，显然这些事物从本性上来讲就是彼此接触的，其（作为独立的大小）极端“相聚”且能够相互移动和被移动。

“移动者”移动“被移动者”的方式并不总是相同的，相反，当一种“移动者”只能通过自身也被移动才能施动的时候，另一种移动者却可以施动但保持自身不被移动。因此，显然我们也必须认定一种相应的说法来谈论“正在动作”的事物，因为“移动者”据称是在“动作”（在某种意义上），而“正在动作”的事物则被说成是“施动”。不过这是有差异的，我们必须加以区分。因为并非所有的“移动者”都能“动作”，如果我们将“动作者”与“承受者”相对照，且“承受者”仅适用于那些其移动是某种“性质变异”的话——所谓性质变异，例如像“白”或“热”之类的某种性质，借助于这种性质这些事物才会仅在被“更替”的意义上被“移动”。相反，“施动”一词就要比“动作”一词意义更为宽泛。但至少有一点是清楚的，“施动”的事物（如果这种描述从一种意义上加以阐释的话）会与“被其移动的事物”相接触，但是如果这种描述从另一种不同的意义上来加以阐释的话，它们就不会相互接触。但是“接触”的定义必须包括和区分“一般意义上的接触”，即具有位置且一方能施动而另一方能受动的两种事物之间的关系，以及“相互接触”，即一方能施动而另一方能受动且“动作与承受”是它们之间可以断定的关系。

通常情况下，如果甲物接触乙物，那么乙物也会接触甲物。因为事实上，我们日常经验中几乎所有的“移动者”都是通过被移动来施动的，在这些情形中，接触的东西必定会（也显然是）接触同样也与之接触的东西。然而，如果甲物移动了乙物，可能的情况是——正如我们有时表述的那样——甲物“仅仅是接触了”乙物，且接触的东西也未必会接触与之接触的某物。然而，人们一般认为 “接触”必定是相互的。这种看法的原因在于和“被移动者”属于同一类的“移动者”是通过被移动来施动的。因此，如果某物施加了运动但自身却没有被移动，那么它可能接触了“被运动者”，但其自身却没有被任何东西所接触——因为我们有时会说那个让我们伤心的人“触动”了我们，但我们却没有“触动”他。

刚刚给出的这种解释可以用来区分和定义发生在大自然万物之中的“接触”。

第七章

接下来按照顺序我们应当讨论“动作”与“承受”了。关于这个问题的许多传统理论的观点是相互冲突的。因为，一方面，大多数思想家都一致认为“相似物”总是不受“相似物”的影响，因为（正如他们所言）两个“相似物”中没有哪一方会比另一方更易于动作或承受动作，因为属于一方的所有性质也同样地、同等程度地属于另一方；而“不相似物”（即“不同的事物”）却从本性上而言就相互动作与承受动作。因为甚至当小火毁于大火时，小火承受这种影响（他们说）是由于它的“相反物”，因为大与小相反。但是，另一方面，德谟克利特却持有不同于所有其他思想家的观点，他主张一种独属于他自己的理论。他断言行动者与承受者是同一的，即“相似的”。（他说）有一种情况是不可能的，即“相异的事物”，也就是“不同的事物”，会彼此承受动作；相反，即使彼此为“相异的事物”的两种事物的确以某种方式相互动作了，这种情况的发生也并非是因为它们是“相异的事物”，而是因为它们具有某种同一的属性。

那么，这些就是传统的理论观点，看上去这些提倡者的说法明显是针锋相对的。但是这种对立的原因是各方事实上都只阐明了一部分，而他们本应该采用一种全面的观点从整体上来看这个问题的。因为，一方面，如果甲和乙是完全“相似的”——在所有的方面彼此毫无差异——那么合理的推断就是任何一方都不会以任何方式受到另一方的影响。而事实上，为什么任何一方要比另一方更倾向于动作呢？此外，如果“相似物”可以被“相似物”影响，那么某物也可以被其自身影响。然而，如果真是这样的话——如果“相似物”事实上倾向于作为“相似物”来动作的话——那么就不存在什么不能毁坏或者不可移动的事物了，因为任何事物都可能会移动自身。另一方面，如果甲和乙完全是“相异的”，即在任何一个方面都不相同，那么也会产生同样的结果。白不会以任何方式受线的影响，同样线也不会受白的影响——除非或许出于“巧合”，也就是说，如果线碰巧是白的或黑的，因为除非两物是“相反物”或者是由“相反物”构成，否则任何一方都不会从其自然条件中生出另一方。但是，还有一个方面，既然只有那些或者包含某种“物”或者互为“相反物”的事物——并非任意挑选的任何事物——才能承受动作与施加动作，那么动作者和承受者就必定在种类上是“相似的”（即同一的），而在属类上则是“不同的”（即相反的）。（因为自然法则之一就是物体受物体影响，味道受味道影响，颜色受颜色影响，同样，总体而言，属于任何一类的事物都受同类物的影响——原因就在于，“相反物”总是寓于同种之中，而且正是“相反物”才相互动作与承受动作。）因此行动者与承受者必定在一种意义上是同一的，而在另一种意义上则是彼此相异的（即“不相似”）。既然承受者与行动者在属类上同一（即“相似”）、在种类上“不相似”，而表现出这种特性的正是“相反物”，那么显然“相反物”及其“中间物”就能够相互承受动作与施加动作——因为事实上正是这些构成了整体的消亡与生成。

现在我们就可以理解为何火能加热、冷的东西能降温，以及总体而言为何能动作的东西会将承受者同化于自身。因为行动者与承受者是彼此相反的，生成是变成相反面的一种过程，因此，承受者必定会变成行动者，因为只有这样，生成才会是变成相反面的一种过程。而且，有一点是显而易见的，尽管各自的理论不同，但两种观点的提倡者却都触及到了事实的本质。因为有时我们说基质承受动作（如我们说“人”被治愈、被温暖、被冻冰以及所有类似的其他情形），但是有时我们又说“冷的被变暖”，“病的被治愈”，我们用这两种说法来表达真理，因为在一种意义上承受动作的是“质料”，而在另一种意义上承受动作的则是“相反物”。（在谈到动作者时我们也作同样的区分，因为有时我们说“人”产生热，而有时我们又说是“热的东西”产生热。）现在，一些思想家认为行动者与承受者必定具有某种同一的东西，因为他们把注意力固定在基质上，而另一些思想家则持相反的观点，因为他们把注意力集中在“相反物”上。我们必须假定同样的解释也适用于动作与承受，正如其适用于“承受移动”与“施加移动”的解释一样。因为“移动者”和“动作者”一样，也有两层含义：（1）包含运动本原的事物被认为能够“施动”（因为本原在诸多原因中占据第一位）；（2）最后的事物，即仅次于被移动的事物和生成的事物。类似的区分也适于动作者，因为我们不仅说医生是具有治愈功用的，酒也是如此。那么，在移动中，没有什么可以阻止第一移动者不被移动（确实，就有些“第一移动者”而言，这实际上是必然的），尽管最后的移动者总是通过自身被移动来施加移动，而在动作中，没有什么可以阻止第一行动者不受影响，而最后的行动者只有通过自身承受动作才能施加动作。因为行动者与承受者没有相同的质料，所以行动者可以施加动作而不受影响，这样治愈之术产生健康而其自身却不会以任何方式受到被治愈物的影响。但是食物在动作时自身会以某种方式承受动作，因为在动作中，食物同时被加热、被冷却或以其他方式受到影响。那么，治愈之术就相当于某种“本原”，而食物则相当于“最后的”（即“持续的”）移动者。

那些形式不在质料中加以体现的能动作的力量不承受影响，而那些形式寓于质料中的事物则在动作中承受影响。因为我们坚持认为，同一种“质料”可以说是同等地构成了两个对立事物的基础——仿佛是“一类”；我们还认为，可以发热的东西必定可以被加热，只要热的起因存在，也就是近在眼前。因此，（正如我们已经说过的那样）有些能动作的力量不承受影响，而另一些则承受影响；适于移动的情形同样也适于能动作的力量。因为正如在移动中“第一移动者”不被移动那样，在能动作的力量之中“第一动作者”也同样不受影响。

就这一过程由以产生之本源的意义上而言，能动作的力量是“原因”，但是，其产生的目的却不是“能动作的”。（这就是为什么健康不是“能动作的”，除非是从比喻意义上而言。）因为当行动者存在时，承受者生成为某物，但是当“状况”存在时，承受者就不会再生成而是已经存在了——“形式”（即“目的”）是某种“状况”。而“质料”，（作为质料）则是承受者。火包含有体现在质料中的“热”，但是与质料分离的某种“热”（假如这样一种东西存在的话）却无法承受任何动作。也许，事

实上，“热”不可能分离于质料存在，但是如果存在可以分离的实体的话，那我们所说的也将对其适用。

这样，我们解释了动作与承受是什么，哪些事物具有这些特点，它们为什么以及以何种方式具有这些特点。我们应当继续探讨动作与承受的产生是何以成为可能的。

第八章

一些哲学家认为“最后的”行动者——最严格意义上的“行动者”——通过某些孔道进入，然后承受者就承受动作了。他们断言，正是通过这种方式，我们看、听以及动用我们所有其他的感觉。此外，按照他们的说法，事物是通过气、水以及其他透明的物体被看见的，因为这些物体具有孔道，这些孔道事实上是细小得看不见的，但却密集排列着，他们认为，物体越透明，其孔道越是紧密有序。这就是一些哲学家（包括恩培多克勒）提出的有关某些物体结构的理论。他们没有将这一理论局限于施加动作与承受动作的那些物体，他们认为，“混合”也同样只发生在“那些孔道相互对称的物体之间”。然而，最成体系、最连贯的理论，同时也是适用于所有物体的理论，是由留基伯和德谟克利特提出来的，在坚持这一理论时，他们是以自然先到之物作为其出发点的。

因为有些老一辈的哲学家曾认为“存在”必然会是“一”且不可移动。他们认为，虚空“不存在”，但是除非有独立存在的虚空，否则“存在”就无法被移动。再者，它也不可能是“多”，因为没有什么东西可以让事物分离。在这一点上，他们坚持认为，那种认为宇宙不是“连续的”而是由“分离物接触而成”的观点与认为 “多”（不是“一”）和虚空存在的观点没有什么区别。因为（假定宇宙是由分离物接触而成的，那么）如果它是彻底可分的，那么就不存在“一”，因此也就不存在“多”，而是整体为虚空；如果说它在某些点而非其他点是可分的，这种观点就如同是一种任意的虚构了。因为，在什么样的界限它是可分的呢？为什么整体的一部分不可分，即是某种充实，而另一部分又是可分的呢？此外，他们认为，否认移动的存在也是同样必要的。

因此，依照这种方式来进行论证，他们就超越了感官知觉，并且基于“一个人应当服从理性”的认识而忽视了感官知觉，因此他们断言宇宙是“一”且不可移动。他们中有些人补充说，宇宙是“无限的”，因为其界限（如果它确有界限的话）是针对虚空的某种限制。

那么，还有某些思想家由于我们已经阐述过的原因而把此类观点宣称为其有关“真理”的理论……此外，尽管这些观点似乎是在一种辩证的讨论中被合乎逻辑地推导出的，但是考虑到事实的话，相信这些观点就近乎于愚蠢了。因为事实上没有一个疯子会愚蠢地认为火与冰是“一”，只有在好的事物与从习惯来看似乎是好的事物之间，才会有些人愚蠢到看不出任何差异的地步。

然而，留基伯认为他有一种理论既与感官知觉相协调，也不会取消事物的生成与消亡或移动与多样性。他对知觉事实作出了这些让步；另一方面，他也承认了一元论者的观点（即没有虚空就没有移动）是正确的。结果就是他这样阐述的一种理论：“虚空是一种‘非存在’，‘存在’的任何一部分都不是‘非存在’，因为从严格意义上说来‘存在’是一种绝对的充实。然而，这种充实并非‘一’，相反，它是一种‘多’，其数量无限且因体

积太小而不可见。这种‘多’在虚空中运动（因为有虚空），它们通过聚合引起‘生成’，而通过分离引起‘消亡’。此外，在它们偶然接触的地方（因为在那里它们不是‘一’），它们就施加动作和承受动作，当它们被聚合且缠结在一起时，它们也生成。另一方面，从真正的‘一’，绝不可能生成某种多样性，而从真正的多也绝不会生成‘一’，这是不可能的。”（就如恩培多克勒及其他一些哲学家所言，事物通过其孔道承受动作），“一切‘更替’与一切‘承受’都是以业已阐明的这种方式发生，分解（即消亡）借助虚空来实现，生长也是如此，即固体潜入来填补虚空的地点。”恩培多克勒实际上也不得已采纳了与留基伯同样的观点。因为他很可能说，有某些固体是不可分的——除非其通体有连续的孔道。但是这后一种情况是不可能的，因为那样的话物体中（除了孔道之外）就没有什么固体的东西了，而其整体则会是虚空。因此，他所说的那些“接触的分离物”必然是不可分的，而这些分离物之间的间歇物——他称之为“孔道”——却必定是虚空。而这恰恰是留基伯关于动作与承受的理论。

大致说来，这就是涉及有些事物“动作”而另一些“承受动作”的方式的一些说法。就这些原子论者而言，不仅他们如何解释这一点是清楚的，而且显然他们的解释和他们所采用的假设是具有可容忍的一致性的。但是其他思想家给出的解释就没有那么明显的一致性了。例如，在恩培多克勒的理论中，“更替”与“消亡”如何发生这一点并不清楚。因为原子论者的第一物体——即物体由以构成的主要成分以及它们最终消解归依的根本元素——是不可分的，它们只是在形状上彼此迥异。而另一方面，按照恩培多克勒的观点，直到“元素”为止的所有其他物体都显然有生成与消亡，但是这些“元素”本身各自以其聚合的团块如何生成与消亡这一点并不清楚。同样恩培多克勒也不可能解释清楚它们是如何这样做的，因为他没有断言火（以及他所说的其他“元素”中的每一种）具有其自身的“基本成分”。

这样一种断言会使他接受诸如柏拉图在《蒂迈欧篇》中提出的那类学说。尽管柏拉图和留基伯都假定了不可分且由形状决定特色的元素，但他们所主张的两种观点还是有巨大的差异的，留基伯所说的“不可分物”是固体的，而柏拉图所说的则是平面的，留基伯认为不可分物的特点是由无限多的形状决定的，而柏拉图则认为此类决定其特色的形状在数量上是有限的。因此，按照留基伯的观点，“生成”与“分离”是通过虚空与接触由“不可分物”产生的（因为每种复合物正是在接触点才是可分的），而按照柏拉图的观点，“生成”与“分离”的产生则只是由于接触，因为他否认存在虚空。

现在，我们在前面的论述中已经探讨过了“不可分的平面”。而关于“不可分的固体”的假设，尽管我们不可能现在就对其后果展开详细的研究，但下面这些评述是一个简短的题外话：

1. 原子论者坚持认为，每一种“不可分物”都不能承受某种可感知的属性（因为只有通过虚空事物才可以“承受动作”），也不能产生这样的

一种属性——任何“不可分物”都既非硬的也非冷的。然而把“热”作为一种例外来看待——将要发生的“热”专属于圆的形状，这无疑是一种悖论，因为，如果真是这样的话，其“反面”（“冷”）也必定会属于另一种形状。然而，如果这些性质（热与冷）的确属于“不可分物”，那么认为它们不应具有重与轻、硬与软这些性质的观点将是另一种悖论。但德谟克利特却说“任一不可分物超过的越多，它就越重”，对此我们必须明确补充一点，即“它也就越热”。但是如果这是不可分物的特性，那么它们就不可能不相互影响，例如，“略微发热的不可分物”必将承受来自在热量方面远胜一筹的另一不可分物的作用。再者，如果某个“不可分物”是“硬的”，那必定还存在某个“软的”，但是“软”之所以得名是因为其承受某种动作这一事实——因为“软”就是那种屈服于压力的东西。

2. 此外，有两种观点都是自相矛盾的：（1）除了形状之外没有任何属性属于“不可分物”；（2）如果其他属性的确属于不可分物的话，那么每种不可分物只会具有这些额外属性中的一种。例如，这种“不可分物”是冷的，而那种“不可分物”则是热的。因为依照这种假定，不可分物的实质不会是同一的。同样不可能的还有一种观点，即这些额外性质中不止一种属于某一个“不可分物”。因为由于不可分的特性，不可分物将在同一点上具有这些性质。因此，如果它是以变寒冷的方式来“承受动作”，那么它也将作为寒冷以某种其他的方式来“动作”或“承受动作”。同样的论证思路也适用于所有其他性质，因为作为一种必然的结果，我们刚刚提出的难题是会摆在所有主张“不可分物”（无论是固体还是平面）的人的面前的，既然由于不可分物中没有虚空，“不可分物”就无法变得“更稀少”或者“更稠密”。

3. 此外，还有一种悖论，即存在小的“不可分物”，但却不存在大的不可分物。较大的物体应该会比小的物体更易破碎，因为它们（即大的物体）和许多其他物体互撞，所以更容易被打碎，这种观点从常理来看再合理不过了。但是为何这种不可分性就应该是小的物体的属性而不是大的物体的属性呢？

4. 再者，所有这些固体的实质都是同一的，还是互不相同的？例如，就它们的总体积而言，是否有些是“火性的”，而另一些是“土性的”呢？因为（1）如果它们的实质都是同一的，那么把它们彼此分开的东西是什么呢？或者，当它们接触时，为什么没有合二为一，正如水滴互相接触时会融合一样（因为这两种情形是完全相同的）？（2）如果它们区分成不同的集合，那么这些集合的特色又是如何形成的呢？显然，正是这些，而不是“形状”，应该被假定为“本真”，即现象由以产生的原因。此外，如果它们在实质上不同的话，它们就会在互相接触时既施加动作又承受动作。

5. 再者，促使它们运动的东西是什么？因为如果“移动者”不是其自身，那么它们就会“承受动作”。但是，如果它们每一个都能促使自身移动，那么它或者是可分的（这部分“施加移动”，那部分“承受移动”），或者会具有在同一方面相反的性质。例如，其“质料”不仅可以在数量方

面同一，而且可以在潜能方面同一。

至于那些通过孔道促成的运动来解释属性改变的人，如果事情确实发生的话（纵使孔道是充塞的），那么他们有关孔道的假设就是多余的。因为如果整个物体在这些条件下承受动作的话，即使没有孔道，它也会仅靠自身的连续，以同样的方式来承受动作。此外，他们所描述的“通过某种媒介看见”怎么可能是正确的呢？在“接触点”上（视线）是不可能穿透透明物体的；如果每个孔道都充塞的话，那么视线也不可能通过透明物体的孔道。这和根本没有孔道有什么区别呢？物体将毫无例外地到处都是“充塞”的。但是，即使这些通道（尽管它们必定会包含物体）是“虚空”，结果还是会一样的。如果它们“细小得无法接纳任何物体”，那么假定存在某种“小的”虚空而否认存在某种“大的”虚空（无论这个“大的”虚空的大小如何），或者假想“虚空”意味着某个物体地点之外的任何别的东西，都将是荒谬的——由此，有一点是清楚的，即对于每个物体而言，都存在着某种对应的、体积相等的虚空。

作为一种普遍性的批评，我们必须强调，对孔道的假定是多余的。因为如果行动者接触了承受者而不产生任何作用，那么贯穿其孔道也不会产生任何作用。另一方面，如果动作者通过接触来动作，那么——即使没有孔道——一些事物也会“承受动作”，而另一些则会“动作”，倘使它们在本性上就适合相互动作与承受的话。我们的论述已经表明，从某些思想家假定孔道的那种意义上而言，假定孔道或者是错误的，或者是徒劳的。但是既然物体是彻底可分的，那么对于孔道的假定就是荒谬的，因为作为可分物，某个物体就可以被分成不同的部分。

第九章

现在，我们来解释事物事实上具有的生成力、动作力与承受力的方式，我们将从我们经常谈论的原则开始。假定潜在地是这样的事物与事实上是这样的事物之间存在区别，那么前者的本性，就其是其所是而言，就是完全承受动作，而不仅仅是一部分承受、另一部分不承受。但是其承受性依其性质大小而程度不同；人们从这一点来谈论“孔道”会更为合理，例如，在金属中存在“能承受物”的纹理，它们贯穿实体，连续伸展。

事实上，只要物体自然地连贯一致，就不承受影响。因此，只要物体不相互接触或与其他在本性上施加动作与承受动作的物体相接触，它们也不承受影响。（举例来说明一下我的意思，火不仅在接触的时候发热，而且在有一定的距离的时候也如此。因为火加热了气，而气——在本性上就既施加动作又承受动作——又加热了物体。）但是，假定某个物体“有些部分承受，而另一些部分不承受”的观点仅仅是那些对大小的可分性持错误看法的人才可能持有的。对于我们来说，下面的说明源自于我们一开始就已经明确的区别。因为如果大小不是完全可分的——相反，如果存在不可分的固体或平面——那么事实上任何物体都不会完全承受，而且任何物体也都不连续。然而，既然这种看法（即所有物体都是可分的）是错误的，那么“已被分割但各部分之间仍然接触”与“可被分割”之间就没有什么差别了。因为如果某个物体“在接触点可以被分离”（正如有些思想家所说的那样），那么，即使它还未被分割，它也将处于某种已被分割的状态中——既然它可被分割，就没有什么不可思议的会出现。这一假设一般会遭受这样的批评——说“承受”仅以这种方式（即以物体被割裂的方式）产生是一种悖论，因为这种理论摒弃了“更替”，但是我们看到，同一种物体有时是液体，有时是固体，却都未失去其连续性。该物体经历这种变化并非通过“分割”与“结合”，也并非通过德谟克利特所说的“旋转”与“互动”，因为其从液态过渡到固态就其实体的构成成分而言没有经历任何“组合”或“位置”的变化。其内部也没有包含“在其体积中不可分的”“坚硬”（即凝结的）分子，相反，它一律是液体——有时又是固体和凝结的。必须补充的一点是，这种理论使生长与减少都变得不可能。因为如果存在对立（不是通过某物的混合或其自身的转变而导致的增长物的整体变化），任一部分都不会有大小的增加。

那么，关于事物相互之间生成与被生成、动作与承受动作的过程以及区分这些过程可以发生的方式与有些思想家认为它们发生的（那种不可能的）方式的问题，我们就谈这么多了。

第十章

不过我们还得解释“混合”，因为这是我们最初提出要探讨的第三个论题。我们的解释将采用和前面一样的方法来进行。我们必须探究：什么是“混合”？可以“混合”的东西是什么？什么事物、在什么条件下具有“混合”的属性呢？此外，“混合”事实上存在吗？断言其存在是错误的吗？

因为，在有些思想家看来，一物与另一物是不可能混合的。他们认为：（1）如果“混合”的成分依然如故、没有更替，那么它们现在与先前相比就没有被继续“混合”，而是处于相同的状况；（2）如果一种成分已经被毁坏，那么这些成分就没有被“混合”——相反，一种成分存在，另一种不存在，而“混合”却要求二者的条件保持一致，依照相同的原则；（3）即使混合的两种成分由于其结合而都被毁坏了，它们也无法“被混合”，因为它们根本就不存在。

这种论点似乎要求我们确切地区分“混合”与生成和消亡（因为显然如果“混合”存在的话，必定是不同于这两种过程的），要求我们确切地区分“可混合物”与可生成物和可消亡物。因此，一旦弄清楚这些区分，这个论点提出的问题也将迎刃而解。

我们不说木头与火“混合”，也不说其燃烧或是其分子间相互“混合”，或是其自身与火混合，我们所说的是“火在生成，而木头在消亡”。同样，我们不说食物与身体“混合”，也不说形状与蜡“混合”因而形成团块。身体也不会和白色“混合”，（概括而言）“性质”与“状态”也不会和“事物”混合，因为我们看到它们是保持不变的。再者，白色和知识也无法被“混合”，任何其他“形容词性的东西”也都无法被“混合”。（事实上，这是那些断言“万物一度曾在一起且被混合”的人们所持理论的一个缺点。因为并非一切都可以和一切“混合”。相反，复合物中混合的两种成分最初必定是分离存在的，但任何属性都无法分离存在。）

然而，既然有些事物潜在地存在，而另一些现实地存在，复合物中混合的成分就可以在某种意义上“存在”而又“不存在”。复合物可能现实地不同于其由以产生的成分，不过它们各自可能仍然潜在地是混合之前的那种东西，二者都可能没有被毁坏。（因为这是先前论证中出现的难题，显然，混合的成分是由原先分离存在的东西结合在一起的，它们还可以再次从复合物中分离出来。）因此，这些成分既不像“身体”和“白色”那样现实地存留，（其中一个或二者）也不会被毁坏，因为它们的“动作力”被保持了。因此，这些难题可以放在一边了，但是与其直接相关的问题——即混合是否是与“知觉”相关的某种东西却必须提出来加以讨论。

当混合的成分被分割成很小的部分且以这种方式并置、以至于知觉都无法区分这些部分的时候，它们是否就是已经“被混合”了呢？还是我

们应该说“不，直到一种成分的任一部分与另一成分的某一部分并置在一起它们才会被混合”？无疑这个词被用作了前一种意义，例如，当小麦的每一粒都与大麦的某一粒并置的时候，我们就说小麦已经与大麦“混合”。但是每个物体都是可分的，因此，既然与物体“混合”的物体在结构方面是完全一致的，那么每种成分的任一部分都应该是与另一成分的某一部分并置着的。

然而，任何物体都不能被分割成“最小的”部分，“结合”与“混合”并不同一，而是与之相异。从上述前提可以清楚地看出，只要混合的成分以微粒的形式得以保存，我们就不应说它们被“混合”了。（因为这将是某种“结合”，而非某种“混杂”或“混合”：其产物的每一部分也不会具有与整体相同的比例。但是我们坚持认为，如果“混合”已经发生，那么复合物必然在结构上是完全一致的，即这样一种复合物的任一部分都与整体相同，正如水的任一部分都是水，相反，如果“混合”只是“微粒的结合”，那就没有此类情形发生。相反，其成分只是相对于知觉来说被“混合”了，同一事物对于一个人而言是被“混合”了，如果其目光不敏锐的话，而对于另一个人则并非如此，在留求斯看来就什么都没有被“混合”。）同样清楚的一点是，我们也不应说其成分是以某种分割的方式（即每个成分的任一部分都与另一成分的某一部分并置）被“混合”，因为它们是不可能被这样分割的。那么，或者没有“混合”，或者我们仍得解释其可以发生的方式。

现在，正如我们所断言的，有些事物会施加动作，而另一些则承受来自前者的动作。此外，有些事物——即那些具有相同质料的事物——是相互作用的，即相互施加动作且彼此承受动作；而另一些事物，即那些具有与其承受者不同的质料的动作者，则是动作而自身不承受动作。此类动作者无法“混合”——这也是为何治愈术与健康二者都无法通过与病人的身体相“混合”而产生健康的原因。然而，在那些既能动作又能承受动作的事物之中，有些是易于分开的。如果大量（或大块）的某种此类相互作用的易分物与少量（或小块）的另一种同类物被放在一起，产生的结果不是“混合”，而是主导因素的增加，因为另一物被转化成了主导因素。（这就是为何一滴酒不是与一万加仑的水“混合”，因为其形式被消解了，酒被改变了，融入了水的总量之中。）另一方面，当它们的“动作力”之间存在某种平衡时，它们各自都会出自本性地朝主导因素变化，但二者都不会变成另一方，而是变成具有二者共同属性的某种中间物。

因此，显然只有那些具有某种相反物的动作者才是“可混合的”，因为这样的动作者才能相互承受动作。此外，如果二者的小部分被并置的话，它们可以更自由地混合。因为在这种情况下，它们会更容易且更快速地改变彼此；而当行动者与承受者体积较大时，产生这种结果就需要较长的时间。

因此，在可分且易于承受的质料中，那些形状易于改变的易于混合，因为它们容易被分割成微粒，而这恰恰就是“形状易于改变”的含

义。例如，液体是所有物体中最“可混合的”，因为，在所有可分物中，液体的形状是最易于改变的，除非液体是黏稠的。的确，黏稠的液体除了体积增大之外不会产生什么结果。但是当只有一种成分能承受，或者极度能承受，而另一种成分能承受的程度则非常低时，它们二者混合的产物要么在体积上没有增大，要么仅仅增大一点点。锡与铜混合时就会发生这种情形。因为有些事物彼此间呈现出某种模棱两可的态势——既有轻微混合的倾向，也有分别作为“能承受的质料”与“形式”的倾向。上述两种金属的情形正是如此。因为锡几乎不见了，仿佛是铜的某种无形的属性，混合之后，锡就消失了，了无痕迹，只有它所赋予铜的那种颜色。同样的现象也发生在其他例证中。

那么，经过上面的论述，“混合”确有发生以及它是什么、因何而起、何物是“可混合的”等问题就都清楚了。这种现象取决于这样的事实，即有些事物是能相互承受的，而且形状易于改变，即易于分开。因为此类事物可以被“混合”，但它们未必会已被毁灭，或者保持绝对不变，它们的“混合”未必是某种“结合”，也未必是仅仅“与知觉相关”。相反，任何因形状易于改变而承受动作与施加动作的事物都是“可混合的”；它可以与具有相同特色的另一物“相混合”（因为“可混合物”是与“可混合物”相关的）；“混合”是“可混合物”的统一，是由可混合物的“更替”产生的。

第二卷

此外，我们已经讨论了“非性质方面”的生成与消亡，解释了这些过程发生的条件、主体和原因。同样，我们也讨论了“更替”，阐释了“更替”是什么以及它是怎样与生成和消亡相区别的。但是我们仍然必须去考察所谓的物体的“元素”。

由于复杂实体的形成和保持都有赖于自然进程，人们都将可感知物预设为它们生成与消亡的条件，但是哲学家们不认为质料以其可感知物为基础。他们有的认为质料是纯粹的，就算它是，例如空气或火，或者认为质料是介于这二者之间的“中间物”（但是该物依然有其独立存在）。相反，其他人则认为有两个或更多质料，因为它们之间“联合”或“分离”，或者因为它们发生“更替”，才形成事物的生成与消亡。（例如，有人假定世界有火和土两种物质；有人又加上了气，认为有三种；还有人，像是恩培多克勒，把水也看作一种，因此假定有四种。）

现在我们已经认同，由于原初质料的改变（诸如“联合与分离”或者是其他类型的过程）导致生成与消亡，这种质料恰恰可以描述为“本原，例如那些元素”。但是，除了我们已经提到的物体以外，如果那些思想家认为那个有形体的并且可分离的质料是简单质料，他们就错了。因为，如果没有“一个可感知的相反物”，他们所说的这个“物体”就不可能存在。这个被有些思想家定义为“本真”的“无定”必定既轻又重，既冷又热。而且，柏拉图在《蒂迈欧篇》中所写的也没有以任何准确的相关范畴为依据。因为他没有清晰地阐明其“无所不包者”是否独立于“元素”而存在，而且他也没有用过这一名词。确实，他说过，这是一个更先于所谓“元素”的基质，“元素”要以它们为载体，就像金这个“元素”要以金制品为载体一样。（但是，这种类比本身应受批判。那些生成和消亡的东西不能以生成它们的质料之名义而被命名，那只是更替的结果，并且保留了使其成为“更替物”的基质的名称。然而，他却说“真正发生的是可以推定它们每一个都是‘金’”。）此外，他贯彻了自己对于“元素”的分析，例如，他认为，尽管立体可以还原为平面，但是“养育者”（之类的第一质料）是不可能等同于“平面”的。

我们自己的主张是，尽管存在可感知物的质料（一个质料是由所谓“元素”生成的），但是它也没有独立存在，而总是与一个相反物相联系。关于这些预设我在另一篇作品中已经作出了更准确的表述；然而，由于第一物体同样也是由质料中得出的，我们必须也对第一物体作出更详尽的解释。我们必须承认一种质料为“本原”和“原初”，尽管它不能从其中分离出来但却是相反性质的基础，例如“热”不是“冷东西”的质料，“冷”也不是“热东西”的质料，但是基质就是它们二者的质料。因此，我们必须认识到三种“本原”：首先是那些潜在的可感知物，第二是其相反物（我的意思是例如热和冷），第三种就是火、水之类的东西。然而，只有第三类的物体变成另外一个（它们不是像恩培多克勒和其他思想家所认为的那样恒定不变，否则“更替”就不可能发生了），而其相

反物不变。

此外，还要说明这样的问题：是什么类型和多少数量的相反物，这些相反物是如何被说成是物体的“本原”的？所有其他的思想家在考虑和使用它们时，都没有解释为什么它们恰好就是这些东西，为什么它们恰好有那么多。

第二章

那么，既然我们在寻找可感知物的“本原”，既然“可感知”相当于“有形”，而且“有形的”就是那些可以触知的东西，那么显然不是一切相反物都能构成物体的“形式”和“本原”，而只有那些可以触知的东西才是这样。因为正是由于对立—而且是实实在在性质的对立—原初物质才相互区别开来。因此既不是白（和黑），也不是甜（和苦），（同样地）也不是属于其他可感知的相反物的任何性质，形成了“元素”。而且视觉还先于触觉，因此视觉对象也先于触觉对象。然而，视觉的对象是有形物的一种性质，不是有形这一性质，而是其他的性质，一种可能本来就先于触觉对象的性质。

相应地，我们必须将有形的差异和相反物两者区别开来，分辨出其中谁是首要的。与触觉相关联的相反物如下所示：热与冷，干与湿，重与轻，硬与软，韧与脆，崎岖与平滑，浓厚与稀薄。其中的重与轻既非能动的，也不易受影响。那些东西不能被称作是“重的”与“轻的”，因为它们作用于或者受力于其他东西。但是这些“元素”必定相互作用与影响，因为它们“结合”并且向对方转化。另一方面，热与冷，干与湿这些术语，如果第一组暗示行动力时，第二组则会表现出受影响的情况。热是同一类东西的“联合”（因为人们所说的由于火的作用产生的“分离”是同类东西的联合，因为其作用是消灭异类），而冷是将类似的同质或异质的东西放在一起，也就是“联合”。湿更易于变换形状，而不受制于自身的任何限制；而干更多被其自身限制所决定，不易于变换形状。

从湿与干可以得出稀薄与浓厚，韧与脆，硬与软以及其他实实在在的差异。因为（1）由于湿没有固定形状，但是易于改变，并且随着与它接触的东西的外廓而改变形状，因此“如此被填充”就是它的性质。那么，“稀薄的东西”也是“如此被填充的”。因为“稀薄”由极细微的部分构成，但是极细微的部分组成的空间正是“如此被填充”的，因为整体与整体接触，“稀薄的东西”最可以展现这种特性。因此推出稀薄来自于湿，而浓厚来自于干；（2）“韧”也来自于湿，因为“韧的东西”（如油）是以某种方式变化了的“湿”。另一方面，“脆的东西”来自于干，因为“脆”是完全干的，实际上就是由于缺少湿，它才变得坚固了；（3）“软的东西”也来自于湿。因为“软”也是通过自己收缩而屈服于压力的，尽管它不像湿那样完全被取代，也正因如此，湿不是“软”，尽管“软的东西”来自于湿。另一方面，“硬的东西”来自于干，因为“硬”是变得坚固的东西，而坚固的东西就是干。

术语“干”和“湿”有不止一种含义。因为“潮的东西”与湿一样都与干相反，而且，“坚固的东西”和干都与湿相反。但是所有这些性质都源自于我们一开始提到的干与湿。（1）因为干与潮相反，也就是“潮”是表面有外来的湿（“浸泡”是湿贯穿了核心），而“干”是失去了外来的湿。因此，很显然，潮源自湿，与之相反的“干的东西”来自于原初的干；（2）“湿”与坚固同样源自原初的一组范畴。因为，“湿”拥有深入其中的

湿度（“浸泡”是湿贯穿了核心），而“坚固”是失去了内部的湿性。因此，这些也是源自于原初的范畴，“坚固”源自于干，“可溶解”则源自于湿。

那么显然，其他各种差异都可以归结为四种原初差异，但是不能再少于这四种了。因为热本质上不是湿或干，湿本质上也不是热或冷，冷与干不能彼此推出，也不能从热或湿中推出。因此原初的必定是四种。

第三章

基本的性质有四种，任何四种概念都可以结合成六对。然而，相反物不能配对，因为同一种东西不可能既热又冷，既湿又干。因此，很显然，基本性质的“配对”有四种：热和干，湿和热，冷和干以及冷和湿。而且从理论上说，这四组都要依附于明显的“简单”物（火、气、水和土），因为火是热的和干的，而气是热的和湿的（气是一种蒸汽），还有水是冷的和湿的，而土是冷的和干的。因此，差异就被合理地分配给这些第一物体，而且后者的数目与理论上相一致。因为所有视简单物是“元素”的人都认为其数目是一，或二，或三，或四。因此，那些宣称本原只有一种、只是由于本原的浓或稀而生出万物的人，其实提出了两种“本原”，即稀与浓，或者说是热与冷，因为这二者正是造物的力量，而“一”作为一种“质料”依赖于它们；但是，那些认为本原有两种的人—如巴门尼德认为是火和土—使中间物（如气和水）变成了它们的混合物；同样的情形还出现在主张本原有三种的人那里。（我们要比较柏拉图在《划分》中所主张的，因为他让“中间物”成为一种混和物。）实际上，那些认为本原是二或者三的人，几乎并无差别，只不过前者将中间的“元素”一分为二了，而后者将它视为单独的一个；也有一些主张本原有四的人，如恩培多克勒，但是他还是把它们归结为二，因为他认为其他三种都与火对立。

然而，事实上，我们所提到的每一种物体——火和气，都不是简单的，而是混和的。从本质上说，“简单”物确实与它们类似，但却不同一。因此与火相关的“简单”物，只是“像火”而不是火，与气相关的简单物只是“像气”而不是气，其他的也是这样。但是火是过度的热，正如冰是过度的冷。因为凝结与升腾分别是过度的冷和热。所以，假设冰是湿与冷的凝结，类似的，火会是干与热的升腾。因此，事实上，没有什么既是从冰又是从火中生成的。

由于“简单”物是四种，它们分成两组，属于两个范围，各自相对，因为火和气构成朝向“边界”移动的物体，而土和水构成朝向“中心”移动的物体。此外，火和土是极端的和最纯粹的，相反，水和气是中间物，更像是混和的。而且，每一组的成员都与其他组的相反，水与火相反，土与气相反，因为构成水与土的性质与构成火与气的性质相反。然而，由于有四种，每一种就更准确地对应于一种单一的性质：土对应干而不是冷，水对应冷而不是湿，气对应湿而不是热，火对应热而不是干。

第四章

前面已经确定，“简单”物的生成是相互的。同时，可感知的证据也表明，它们确实生成了。因为既然“更替”是触知对象性质方面的改变，不相互生成就不会有“更替”发生了。那么，我们必须说明它们相互转化的方式是怎样的，以及是其中每一个都能生成于另外的每一个—还是有些能，有些不能。

显然，它们各种之间都会自然地相互转化，因为生成就是向相反物转化或者转化自相反物。而且所有“元素”因其具有明显相反的性质，从而在其相互关系中都包含了一个相反物。因为它们中有些两个性质是相反的，如火和水，第一个性质是干和热，第二个性质是湿和冷。而有些只有一个性质（尽管只有一个）是相反的，如气和水，第一个性质是湿和热，第二个性质是湿和冷。所以，显然如果我们从总体上来考虑它们，每一种都自然地生成于另一种，而且当我们个别考虑它们时，就不难发现它们转化的方式。因为，尽管一切都来自于一切，但是它们转化的速度和难易在程度上都有所不同。

因此，如果二者之间具有可以相互转变的“互补性”，转化进程就快，没有的则慢。原因是改变一个要比改变多个来得更容易些。例如，改变一个简单性质，火就生成了气，因为如我们所见，火是热与干，而气是热与湿，因此如果湿克服了干，就生成了气。而且，如果冷克服了热，水就在气中产生了，因为如我们所见，气是热与湿，而水是冷与湿，因此如果热改变了，就生成了水。同样，土生成于水，火生成于土，因为这两种“元素”中都有可以相互转变的“互补性”。因为水是湿与冷，而土是冷与干—因此如果湿被克服，就生成土；而火是干与热而土是冷与干，如果冷被克服，火就自土中生成。因此，显然，“简单”物的生成是循环式的，而且这种转变的循环方式是最容易的，因为在相继的“元素”中包含了可以相互转变的“互补性”。另一方面，火向水的转化，气向土的转化，还有水和土向火和气各自的转化，尽管也有可能发生，但是就要困难得多，因为其中包含了更多性质的改变。因为如果火生成于水，就必须将冷和湿都排除，同样，如果气生成于土，就必须将冷和干都排除。还有水和土各自生成于火和气，两种性质都必须改变。生成的第二种方式就要花更长时间。但是如果在转变中，两个“元素”中每一个克服掉其中一种性质，尽管容易一些，却又不是相互的了。而且，火和水中将生成土和气，气和土中将生成火和水。因为，当水中的冷和火中的干被克服（由于前者中的热和后者中的湿留下了），就会生成气。而当火中的热和水中的湿被克服，因为火中的干和水中的冷还存在，就会生成土。同样，火和水会生成于气与土。因为，当气的热和土的干被排除（由于前者的湿和后者的湿留下了），就会生成水。而当气的湿和土的冷被排除，因为气的热和土的干还存在—这些性质是火的构成要素，因此就生成了火。此外，火的生成方式是被感觉所确认的。因为火焰是最显而易见的火，而火焰会冒出烟，烟又是由气和土组成的。

然而，当两个“元素”处于相继顺序时，排除掉其中一种基本性质后，“简单”物之间不会发生任何转化。因为其中留下的是相同或相反的性质，而没有一个“简单”物可以由完全相同的或者相反的性质形成。因此，如果火的干和气的湿被排除，就不会生成任何一种“简单”物，因为两者都留下了热。另一方面，如果两者中的热都被排除，就留下了相反物干和湿。其他的也会有同样结果，因为各种相继“元素”都包含一个相同的和一个相反的性质。因此，可以清楚地发现，当相继“元素”中的一种转化为另一种时，排除掉单一性质就会有生成，而当两种“元素”转化为第三种时，就必须排除不止一种性质。

我们已经指出，各种“元素”都生成于其中的某一种，而且也说明了它们发生相互转化的方式。让我们通过以下相关讨论继续完善该理论。

第五章

实际上，如果水、气之类像一些人认为的那样，是自然物体包含的一种“质料”，那么这些“元素”一定是“一”或“二”，或更多。它们不可能都是一—例如不能全都是气、水、火或土—因为“改变是向相反物转化”。因为如果它们都是气（假定气持续存在），那么就会发生“更替”而不是生成。此外，没人敢说一种作为一切存在的基础的单一“元素”同时既是水又是气地存在（或其他任何“元素”）。因为这样的话，就会有某个相反性，例如一种有差异的性质。而且这个对立性的另一个性质（如热）就会属于其他的“元素”（如火）。但是火不一定是“热气”。因为这类改变是“更替”，也不是我们平时所观察到的。此外，如果气生成于火，一定是通过热转化为其相反物得到的，这个相反物属于气，而气是一个冷东西。因此火不可能是“热气”，因为那样的话，同一个东西就会既是热的又是冷的。因此，火和气将是另外某个相同的东西，例如另外一些为二者所共有的“质料”。

这个论证适用于所有“元素”，即没有哪个单一“元素”是它们所有的本原。除这四种之外的其他东西也不是它们的本原—一种中间物，例如火与水之间的（比气更浓厚，比水更稀薄）或气与火之间的（比火更浓厚，比气更稀薄）。因为当一组相反的性质加进去了，这个所谓的“中间物”就会既是气又是火，这是由于每两个相反的性质中的一方是一种“缺失”，所以这个“中间物”——如一些人所说的“无定”或者“包容”—永远不会独立存在。因此，它或者是这些“元素”中的任何一个，或者什么也不是。

那么，既然没有什么可感知到的东西先于这些了，它们就必定是所有的了。它们必定总是保持自身、不变成另外一个，或者必定发生了如下的转变—要么全部变，要么只有一些变（像柏拉图在《蒂迈欧篇》中所写的那样）。前边已经证明了它们必然相互转变，也证明了它们一个向另一个生成的速度是不同一的。因为具有互补性的“元素”之间的互相转变，其进程相对要快，而那些不具有这样性质的，转变起来就相对要慢。所以，假定它们据此转变的相反物是“一”，“元素”就必定是“二”，因为“质料”是两个对立性之间的“中介”，而它是不可感知和不可分割的。然而，既然“元素”被视为多于“二”，相反物必定至少是“二”。但是相反物是“二”，“元素”必定是“四”而不是“三”（这是显而易见的）。因为“成对的”是“四”，尽管“六”也有可能，但由于其中两性质是相反的，所以不可能成立。

这些问题前边已经讨论过了，但是往下的讨论将使问题更加清晰，由于“元素”之间互相转变，那么其中任何一个都不可能是其他的“本原”，不管它是在序列的两端还是在中间。处于两端的“元素”不可能是“本原”，因为它们是火或土，这样相当于认为，所有的东西都是由火或土构成。也没有一个“中间元素”是这样的“本原”，如一些人认为的那样，气变成火和水，水变成气和土，而“两端元素”不再进一步变成什

么。因为这个过程必定会终止，不会在直线的任何一个方面持续到无限，否则属于单一“元素”的相反性质就会无限多了。用E代表土，W代表水，A代表气，F代表火。那么，由于A变为F和W，就会有一个属于A和F的相反物。假设这对相反物是白与黑。由于A变成W，就会有另一个相反物，因为W不同于F。假设第二对相反物是干与湿，D代表干，M代表湿。如果A变成W，这个“白”持续存在，水是湿和白，但是如果白不存在，由于要变成相反物，水就是黑。因此，水必定要么白要么黑。假设是第一种。同样的，D（干）也属于F。结果F（火）和气一样可以变成水，因为它具有与水的性质相反的性质，既然火开始是黑的，然后是干的，而水开始是湿的，然后是白的。因此显然所有“元素”能够相互转变。而且在我们所举的例子中，E（土）也包含了其他两个“互补的性质”，即黑与湿（因为这些还未配对）。

我们在证明论点之前，已经解决了最后的问题。这个论点是过程不能被无限推进，从下面的考虑中将能很清楚地看到这个论点。如果火（用F代表）不再变回去，而是依次变成另外一些“元素”，例如Q，一种新的相反物（不是已经提到的那些）将属于火和Q。因为已经假定Q不同于E、W、A、F中的任何一种。那么，让K属于F,Y属于Q则K就属于所有这四种“元素”，即E、W、A和F，因为它们互相转变。但是要承认，这最后一点还未得到证实，但无论如何这是很明确的，如果Q依次变成另外一种“元素”，那么另一种相反物将不只属于Q，还属于F（即火）。同样，每个额外的新“元素”都会将一种新的相反物赋予前边的“元素”。那么，如果“元素”是无限多的，将有无限多的相反物属于一个简单“元素”。但是如果是这样，就不可能界定也不能生成任何一个“元素”了。因为如果它们互相生成，就要克服数目多得难以想象的相反物。结果就永远不会发生向一些“元素”的转变，即如果中间物的数目是无限的，“元素”也一定是无限多的。而且如果相反物是无限多的，气变成火就不会发生，此外，所有“元素”都变成“一”了。因为F以上的“元素”的各种相反物都必定属于F以下的那些“元素”，反之亦然。因此，它们将全部都是“一”。

第六章

恩培多克勒认为物体的“元素”多于“一”，所以它们不能相互转变。有人会质疑那些赞同该看法的人是在何种意义上认为“元素”是等同的。但恩培多克勒说“因为这些‘元素’不只是等同……”

如果意指这些“元素”在数量上等同，那么所有这些“等同的”必定拥有同一的东西，并且据此来加以量度。例如，如果一品脱水等于十品脱气，两者就是用同一单位称量的，因此两者都源自于起初的同一种东西。另一方面，假定它们不是“在数目上等同”，也就是说，不能说这么多的这个等于那么多的那个，但是它们在“行动力上”等同（一品脱水具有的致冷力等同于十品脱气的致冷力），即使如此，它们还是“在量上等同”，尽管不是作为数量，而是作为能力。还有第三种可能性。不是通过量的量度来比较它们的能力，而是通过这样的“符合”来进行比较，例如，由于X是热的，所以Y是白的。这个“符合”，尽管也意指量上相等，但是更意味着性状的同一。因此，有人认为“简单”物尽管不可转化，但是不仅由于符合，而且通过量度其力量，可以得出它们是等同的，例如，一定量的火与数倍于此量的气之间是等同的，因为有等量或近似量的热。这种看法显得荒唐。因为，如果同一事物在数量上大得多，由于属于同一类，就会有相应的比例的增长。

还有一个反对恩培多克勒理论的观点，认为增长甚至是不可能的，除非有额外的增加。因为在他看来，火靠火来增加：“土增加它自己的体积，以太使以太增加”。然而，这些都是因为有额外的增加。但是人们普遍认为，增长物不是额外地增长的。对于他来说，说明自然发生的生成更为困难。因为自然过程中生成的事物总是在其生成过程中，展现出一种绝对的或者相当程度的变化规则，而任何与稳定趋势或总规则不相符的意外结果都是出于偶然或机缘。那么，是什么原因决定了人总是或一般地是生成于人，并且小麦（而不是橄榄）总是或一般地是生成于小麦？我们会说“如果‘元素’被如此这般地放在一起，就会生成骨头”吗？因为按照恩培多克勒的说法，没有什么能由于“碰巧一致”而生成，而只能生成于一定比例的“一致”。那么，按比例一致的原因是什么呢？假定不是火或土，也不是爱或争斗，因为前者只是“联合”的原因，后者只是“分离”的原因。不是这样的，这一被质疑的原因是每一事物的本质，不仅是他所说的“已混合物的混合与分离”，而且是机会（而不是比例），“是用来描述这些情形的，”因为事物可以偶然间“被混合”。

因此，那些自然存在的事物的生成原因是它们处于如此这般的决定性条件下，而且这个条件构成了每个物体的“本质”。关于这个“本质”，恩培多克勒没说什么。因此，他也没有解释这个“本质”。而且，他把每一物的“美”和“善”都归因于“混合”。（然而所有事件中的“元素”不是被争斗，而是被爱分离开来，由于“元素”本质上先于神，也是神。）

而且他关于移动的说明也是模糊的。因为说“爱和争斗”使物移动理

由不充分，除非爱本质上是这类移动，争斗在本质上是那类移动。那么，他就应该或严格，或松散，或以某种其他方式界定或论证它们的移动性质。此外，既然“简单”物似乎既强制移动（以一种反自然的方式），也“自然地”移动（例如，火会自然地向上冒，也会受到外力向下移动）。而且，既然“自然的”东西与强制发生的东西相反，而且实际上强制移动确实发生了，那么“自然移动”实际上也会发生。那么，这是不是爱引起的移动呢？不是，因为正好相反，“自然移动”使土向下并且产生“分离”，而且总体上是争斗造成这种结果的，而不是爱。因此，总体来说，是爱看起来是反自然的，而不是争斗。除非爱或争斗实际上引起它们移动，否则，“简单”物自身绝对不会移动，或者静止不动。但是这显然是自相矛盾的，而且它们明显已经移动了。因为，即使争斗引起“分离”，以太生来向上也不是因为争斗。相反，有时他把这种移动归因于类似机会的东西（“因为由于移动，就会碰巧遇到对方，尽管经常不是这样”），而有时，他又说火本质上是向上的，但是“以太”（按他的话说）“深深植根于土中”。同时，他也说，争斗统治的世界与先前爱统治的世界有着同样的秩序。那么，“元素”的“第一动因”是什么呢？是什么导致了它们的移动？可假定并不是爱和争斗，相反它们只是某种移动的原因，如果我们假定“第一动因”是“本原”的话。

另外，认为灵魂由一些“元素”或者是其中一种“元素”组成的看法也是矛盾的。灵魂的“更替”是如何发生的？例如，从优雅到不优雅是如何发生的，或者记忆与遗忘是如何发生的？因为，显然，如果灵魂是火，那么只有那些作为火的属性会发生，而如果灵魂是由“元素”组成的，那就只会发生形体的改变。但是我们提到的改变没有一个是形体的改变。

第七章

但是，讨论这些难题是另一个学科的任务。我们还是研究组成物体的“元素”吧。“各种‘元素’中有某种共同的东西”和“这些‘元素’间相互转化”两个理论的相关度很高，接受其中一种的人必定也认可另外一种。另一方面，那些不认为“元素”间相互生成或者一个从另一个中分别生成的人（除了在这个意义上，例如砖来自于墙）又面临这样一个困境，按照他们的看法，肉和骨或其他任何复合物是怎样因“元素”集合而产生的呢？

确实，我们提到的这一点，甚至对于那些认为“元素”间相互生成的人都是一个问题。即“元素”之外的某物是以何种方式由“元素”生成的呢？下面我谈谈我的观点。水可以由火生成，火也可生成于水，因为它们有某种共同的基质。但是，假定肉和髓也是由它们生成的。那么，它们是怎样生成的？那些与恩培多克勒持类似观点的人会认为它们是怎样生成的？他们必定认为是像砖与石构成墙一样，是“混合物”。它们所说的“混合物”是由“元素”组成的，“元素”在其中保持不变，且以小的片段一一并列起来。或许，肉与其他每种混合物都是以这种方式产生于“元素”。这样就会推出，火和水不能“由肉的任何一个部分”生成。例如，尽管一个圆或许由这块蜡的这一部分生成，锥体由另一部分生成，然而这两种形状又都有可能由另外别的部分生成。这就是“火与水从肉的任一部分生成”的方式。但是，那些对此观点表示质疑的人，不会随便相信这种“都生成于肉”的生成方式，而只会认可砖石“都由墙中生成”的方式，即每一个都生成于不同部分或不同位置。同样，那些主张“元素”有单一质料的人也会遇到某种困难，任一东西是怎样由两种“元素”集合起来产生的？例如产生于“冷”和“热”，或产生于火和土。因为，如果肉由此二者组成，而且既不是它们中的任何一个，也不是它们在其中保持不变的复合物，那么，除了由两种“元素”的质料产生的东西可以识别外，剩下的是什么呢？因为，任一“元素”的消亡要么产生另一“元素”，要么产生质料。

或许我们会思考下面的解决方案。尽管热与冷在程度上有所差异。当其中一个完全真实地存在时，另一个会潜在地存在，然而，当两者都不是完全地存在，而是在破坏另一个的优势中混合起来，就会有冷的热和热的冷存在。那么从这两个相反物中产生的既非其质料，也非没有限制的现实存在中的任何一个，而是会产生一个“中间物”，而且这个“中间物”会根据其潜在的热多于冷或冷多于热拥有一种加热能力，它是冷却能力的两倍或三倍，或者其他的倍数。因此，其他各种物体都由相反物或者干脆从“元素”的“混合”中生成，而“元素”由相反物生成，这些相反物在特殊意义上“潜在”时，当然不是像质料“潜在上存在”一样，而是在上述意义上。当一物以此种方式生成，其过程就是“混合”，而以另外方式生成的是质料。但按本文先前所定义的，相反物也是“承受动作”。因为实际上的冷潜在有热，实际上的热潜在有冷，以至于除非二者达到平衡，否则热与冷会向对方转化（各种其他的相反物都是这样）。因此，

首先，“元素”是变化的；其次，当热变冷，冷变热，热和冷被带到“中间”时，肉、骨之类的东西由“元素”生成。因为“中间”既不是热也不是冷。而这个“中间”具有广延性，并且不可分割。同样，也是在达到“中间”状况时，干与湿以及其他我们引用过的相反物会生成肉、骨和其他混合物。

第八章

所有存在于中心体区域范围的混合物都是由一切“简单”物组成的。它们都含有土，因为每个“简单”物都会尤其大量地被发现于它们自己的地点。它们都含有水，因为混合物必定有明确的轮廓，而水在“简单”物中最易于适应各种形状，而且，土没有湿则无黏合力。相反，湿使它黏合在一起，因为如果湿被彻底消除，土就裂成碎片。

那么，由于我们给出的原因，混合物含有土和水。而且它们还含有气和火，这是因为此二者与土和水相反（土相反于气，水相反于火，而一个实体能与另一个实体相反）。各种混合物预在于与其相反的它们的生成物中，且在各种混合物中都已包含了相反的一极。因此另一极也必定包含其中，所以每个混合物都会包含各种“简单”物。

每个混合物具有的养分也会进一步证明这一点。因为所有混合物都由它们由以构成的养分所供养，都由与其相同的不止一种实体所供养。确实，即使是植物，尽管人们也许认为它们只需要一种养分即水，但其实它们也要多种养分，因为土已经被水所混合。所以，农民在浇水时也会努力使二者混合。既然养分类似于质料，被供养者就是与质料同在的“形式”。这使我们明白了为什么火是它们中唯一“被供养”的一种（正如以前哲学家们认为的那样），而其他各种“简单”物都相互生成。因为火比其他各种更类似于“形式”，它更自然地向边界移动。每一种简单物都自然地趋向其自己的位置，但是它们的“形状”（如形式）都在边界之内。

因此我们已经说明了，所有混合物是由一切“简单”物组成的。

第九章

既然一些东西就是这样生成与消亡，既然生成实际上发生在中心附近区域，我们就必须解释清楚所有类似生成的“本原”的数目与本质。因为把握普遍理论有利于掌握其特殊的形式。

那么，生成物的“本原”与处于永恒物和原初物区域的东西在数量上相等，种类上同一。因为第一个是“质料”意义上的，第二个是“形式”意义上的，此外，第三个“本原”也要同样呈现出来。前两个不足以使物存在，它们都不足以说明原初物。

因为在质料本原的意义上，生成的东西是“既在又不在”，等于是说“它能生成与消亡”，而后者有时如此，有时又不是这样。（因为一些东西必然存在，如永恒物，而另外的东西就不一定了。这两类东西，由于不能从其本身必然性中找到差异，第一个就不可能不存在，第二个就不可能存在。但是，还有些东西则可以都在或都不在。）因此，生成和消亡一定发生在那个“可以在和可以不在”的领域。所以，这就是质料意义上生成物的本原，而在“终结”意义上是它们的“形状”或“形式”—这就是表明它们各自实质的原理。

但是第三个“本原”也必定存在，我们先前的哲学家只是作了大概构想，并没有进行明确阐述。相反，他们中有些人认为“形式”的本质就足以说明生成。因此苏格拉底在《斐多篇》中首次批评了没有人对这个问题予以解释，然后他指出，“一些东西是形式，而另一些分有形式”，“一物由于形式被说成是‘存在’，一物由于分有形式被说成是‘生成’，一物由于‘失去’‘形式’的东西被说成是‘消亡’”。因此，他认为，“假定这些理论成立，形式就必定是生成与消亡的原因”。另一方面，也有人认为“质料”本身就足以说明生成，因为“移动源于质料”。

然而，这些理论没有一个是正确的。因为如果形式是原因，又总有形式的分有发生，为什么它们的生成活动不是持续进行，而是断断续续？此外，在一些情况下，我们看到原因不只有形式一种。因为正是医生带来健康，科学家传播知识，尽管“健康本身”和“科学本身”与它们的分有物都存在。依照技艺而产生的其他活动也遵循这样的原则。另一方面，认为“质料由于移动而生成”毫无疑问要比一些我们批评的人所言说的观点更科学。因为性质更替和形状改变在事物生成中能发挥更大作用，而且，在自然生成的和类似由技艺而生成的产品中，我们总是习惯于把能产生移动的东西看作生成的原因。然而，第二个理论也不正确。

因为，首先，质料的性质是承受，例如被移动，但是移动，例如行动，属于另外一种不同的“能力”。这一点在由于技艺而生成的和自然生成的两种事物中都十分明显。水本身不会由自己生成一只动物，而且不是木头而是技艺造就了一张床。他们的错误还不止于此。由于忽略了更多的控制因素，他们犯了第二个错误：他们忽略了本质，例如“形式”的

东西。而且，由于他们忽略了形式因，他们赋予“简单”物的力量就过于工具化了，而正是这些力量使事物存在。因为（正如他们所说），“既然热的本质是分离，冷的本质是联合，其余每对相反物都是一方行动，一方承受”，正是由于这样的质料以及这些质料的行为（他们是这样认为的），才有了其他事物的生成与消亡。然而，显然即使是火，自身也被移动，例如承受动作。他们的做法无异于一个人把锯子（和其他木匠工具）当作事物生成的“原因”，因为如果一个人锯木头，木头就会分开，如果刨木头，木头就会光滑，其他工具也会有相应的效果。然而，无论如何火是能动者，例如可使物移动，他们没有看到这一点，即在使物移动的方式上，火还不如那些工具。

第十章

对于我们自己的理论，我们已经在先前作品中对原因作了总体说明，现在我们来解释和辨析“质料”与“形式”。此外，既然作为移动的改变已经被证明是永恒的，那么生成发生的持续性也一定是必然的，因为永恒移动不断接近和离开“发生者”，所以将产生持续不断的生成。同时，显然在先前的作品中，将移动（不是生成）叫做“改变的最初形式”是正确的。因为存在生成非存在要比非存在生成存在要合理许多。被移动的存在要优先于正在生成的非存在，因此移动先于生成。

我们已经假设并且证明，事物在不断地生成和消亡，我们可以断言是移动引起生成的。那么，显然如果移动是单一的，由于它们各自相反，两个过程就不会发生，因为自然法则决定了同因在同等条件下总是产生同果，所以从一个单一的移动，总是产生同样的生成与消亡。但是，移动必定不止一个，它们必定从移动的意义或是不规则性上互相对立，因为相反的结果要求有相反物作为其原因。

这就解释了为什么不是最初的移动而是沿着偏斜的圆周移动才能产生生成与消亡，因为后者不仅具有必然的持续性，而且同时包含了两类移动。因为如果生成和消亡总是持续的，必定有一些物体总在移动（以获得这些改变），也一定有双重移动（以使得发生不止一种改变）。移动的持续性源于整体的移动，而移动物体的接近与退去是由于偏斜移动。因为偏斜移动的结果是物体不断变远、变近，由于距离不等，其移动也不规则。因此，如果它通过接近和邻近而生成，这同一物体也就通过撤退和远离而破坏，如果它通过多次持续的接近而生成，它也就通过多次持续的远离而破坏。因为相反的结果要求有相反物作为其原因，而生成与消亡的自然过程会用去同样多的时间。因此，多种生物的生命周期也会各自不同，因为存在一种控制众物的秩序，每一段时间（如每一种生命）都可以用一个时期来量度。但不是各种生命都用同样的时间来衡量，而是有一些用更小的时间段，有一些则更长。因为有些的量度长度是一年，而一些更长，另外一些更短。

我们观察到一些事实，它们和我们的理论显然是一致的。我们可以看到，当太阳离得近时，就会发生生成，当太阳离得远时，就会发生消亡，而且这两个过程用去同样的时间。因为生成与消亡的自然过程时间长度是相等的。而且通常事物的消亡更快一些。这是因为“相互混合”使生成与消亡的事物之间彼此影响。因为它们的质料“不规则”，也就是，不是每处都相同，因此它们生成的过程必定也“不规则”，即有些太快，有些则太慢。因为这些事物“不规则”的生成是其他事物的消亡，所以让人疑惑的现象就发生了。

正如我们所说，生成与消亡总是连续不断的，而且由于我们提到的原因，这个过程总在发生。在理论中我们对此持续性给出了充足的理由。因为正如我们认为的，各种事物的本性总是追求“更好”。“存在”总

是比“非存在”更好（我们已经在别处说过了存在的多种含义），但是不是各种事物都能拥有其“存在”，因为它们过于远离“本原”。因此，神接纳了余下的更替物，通过使生成不间断实现了宇宙的完美，因为存在将获得最大可能的联合，原因在于“本身连续生成的生成”才最接近永恒存在。

正如我们常说的，生成持续性的原因是圆周移动，因为这是唯一的持续移动。这也就是其他各种东西——那些凭借其“特性”和“行动力”而相互转化的“简单”物按照圆周移动的原因。因为当水变成气，气变成火，火又变回水，生成“就完成了一个周期”，原因是它又回到了开始。因此，通过模仿圆周移动，直线移动也是连续的了。

这样的思考同样可以用来解释困惑一些人的问题，即既然每个“简单”物都向自己的位置移动，为什么却没有在无限的时间里彼此分离。原因是它们相互转化。因为如果它们每个都坚守在自己的位置而不向近邻转化，它们早就分离开来了。然而，它们由于双重移动而转化了，而且因为它们被转化了，所以没有一个能留在自己本来的位置上。

从上述内容可清楚得知，生成和消亡确实会发生，也看到了导致它们发生的原因以及经历这一过程的主体。但是（1）（如我们在先前作品所解释的那样，）如果存在移动，那么必定有移动者。如果总是存在移动，就必定总有一个移动者。如果移动是连续的，那么移动者必定是简单的、不动的、自在的而且是不能“更替”的。如果圆周移动不止一种，那么它们移动的原因必定以某种方式附属于一种单一“本原”；（2）由于时间是连续的，移动必定是连续的，所以不存在没有移动的时间。而时间是一些持续移动的“值”，即圆周移动的“值”，正如我们在开始讨论时所确立的；（3）但是，持续移动是由于被移动者的持续呢？还是由于移动发生于其中的环境（如位置或性质等）的持续呢？答案必定显然是“由于被移动者的持续”；（因为性质如何能够持续，除非凭借它所属之物的持续性。但是如果其“环境的”持续性导致移动的持续，也就只适合描述它“所在的位置”，因为它具有某种“大小”。）（4）但是在移动的持续物中，只有以圆周方式移动的那个以某种方式“持续”着，这种方式通过移动使它持续保持其自身。所以，结论为这就是产生持续移动的东西，即以圆周移动的物体，其移动让时间连续。

第十一章

无论任何过程存在持续，我们都可以（生成或“更替”或其他类型改变的）观察到“持续性”，例如这个生成接着那个生成，没有任何中断。因此我们必须考察，在持续的对象中，是否有将必然生成的东西，或者，相反的，是否它们哪一个都不会生成。因为，显然其中一些不会发生。正是基于此，我们需要清楚“将生成”和“预计生成”这两种情况之间的区别。因为如果说某物“将存在”，它就必定会在某个时间“存在”，而尽管说“某物预计会生成”，但是很有可能它不会生成，例如尽管一个人现在“预计会去”走路，但他可能没走。而且（总体而言）由于“存在”物中的一些也会“不存在”，显然在生成之时，也会发生这种模棱两可的情况，也就是说，其生成不是必然的。

那么，各种生成之物都有这样偶然的性质吗？或者，不是这样，而是必定有一些会绝对地生成吗？事实上，像在“生成”问题上有差异一样，在“存在”问题上，事物是否也有“不能不存在”与“可能不存在”之间的差异呢？例如，冬至和夏至必定会发生，而不可能不发生。

假设后在的东西存在，那么先在的东西必然已经存在（例如房屋存在，就必然有地基存在，而有地基就必然有黏土），那么，反过来成立吗？如果地基有了，就一定会有房屋吗？答案似乎不是必然的，除非对于后在的（与先在的一样）都绝对“必然地生成”。如果是这样，“有地基就有房屋”，反过来也成立。因为先在者的存在被认为与后在者相关，如果后在者存在，则先在者必定先于它而生成。因此，如果后在者必然生成的话，先在者必定已经生成，如果先在者已经生成，则后在者也必定生成，但是，不是因为先在者，而是因为后在者未来的存在被假定为是必然的。因此，在任何序列中，当后在者的存在是必然的，联系就是相互的，换句话说，当先在者已经生成，后在者必定也总会生成。

如果把发生的序列无限“向后”推演，任何既定的后在的“生成”都不是绝对必然的，而只是有条件地必然发生。因为，总是必然会有其他的先于“这个”而生成，来作为“这个”必然生成的预设条件。结果，由于“无限”的东西没有“本原”，就没有哪一个在无限推演中成为使其他生成必然发生的“原初”者。

甚至关于一个有限序列的推演，也都不可能说哪一个对其他任何的生成具有“绝对的必然性”。例如不能说“有了地基，就绝对一定有房屋生成”，因为我们会看到这样的结果，有了地基，一个不必总是存在的东西必定总是存在（除非它对于房屋生成总是必然的）。但不是这样的，如果它的生成是“必然”的，它就必定“总是”在生成中了。因为有“必然性的”东西同时也就是“总是”的东西，因为必定存在的不可能“不存在”。因此如果某物的“存在”是必然的，它就是永恒的，如果它是永恒的，其“存在”就是必然的。所以，如果一物的“生成”是必然的，其“生成”就是永恒的，反之亦然。

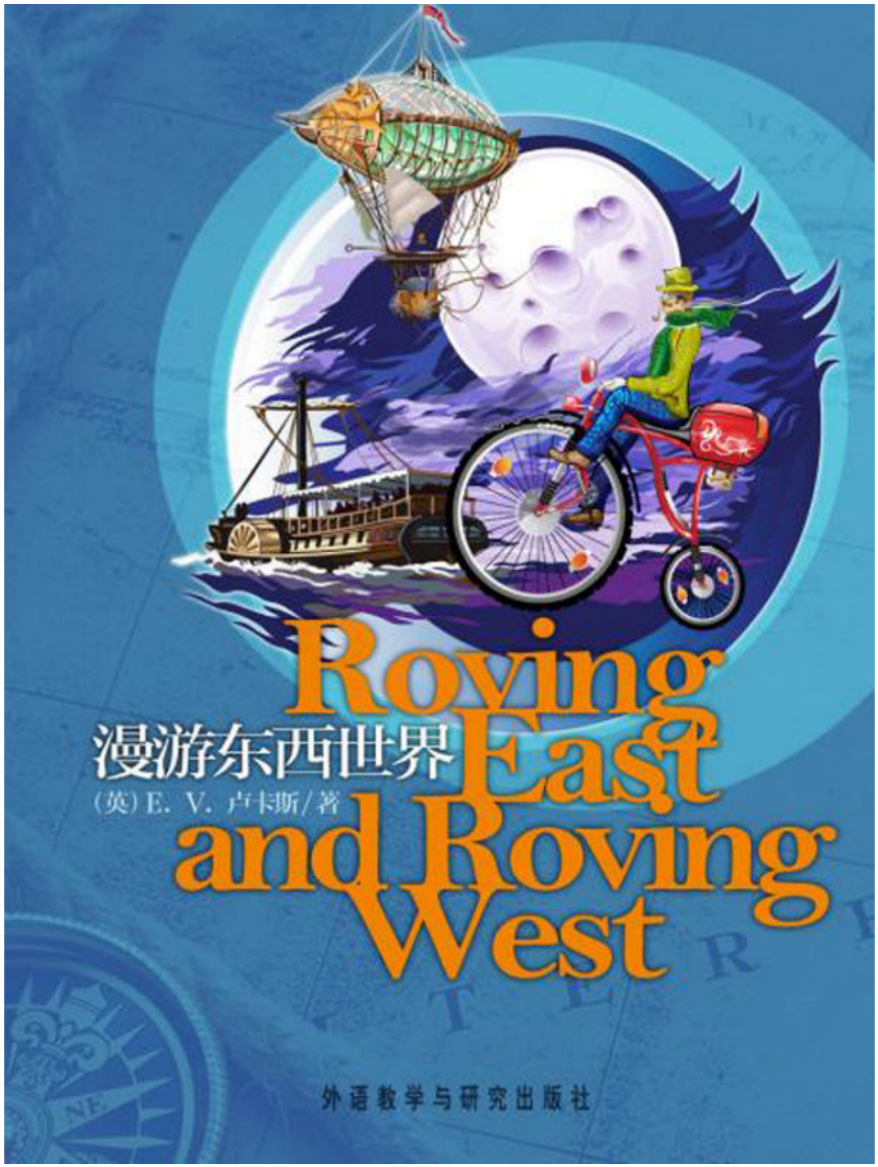
那么就可以推出，如果任何一物的生成是绝对必然的，它必定是循环着的，即必定会返回自身。因为生成必定要么是有限制的，要么是没有限制的，如果是后者，它必定是要么是直线式，要么是圆周式的。但是，如果生成是永恒的，这最后两种更替的第一种不可能发生，因为无论在怎样的一个无限的直线序列中，不管我们“向下”看（如未来事件），还是“向上”看（如过去事件）都不可能有任何“本原”。然而，生成必定有一个“本原”（如果它是必然的从而是永恒的），如果它是有限制的，就不可能永恒。所以，它必定是圆周式的。因此，其联系必定是相互的。据此，我认为“这个”的必然发生包含着其先在者的必然发生，反过来，给定了先在者，后在者也就必然发生。这个相互关系通过序列不断延续，因为不管我们所说的是两者还是多者，其间的相互关系都没有区别。

所以，正是在圆周移动和循环式生成中，才能发现“绝对必然”。换句话说，如果事物的生成是循环式的，那么其中每一个正在生成的和已经生成的都是“必然”的，如果事物的生成是“必然”的，其生成就是循环式的。

这个结果与圆周移动的永恒性在逻辑上一致，即天体移动是永恒的（这一事实已经为其他独立证据所证明），因为它所进行的移动和由此而引起的移动都必然“生成”，也必然会“将存在”。因为，由于旋转的物体总是使他物移动，它所推动的物体的移动也必定是圆周式的。因此，它所跟随的“高处旋转”的存在使太阳以其既定方式旋转，由于太阳的旋转，四季就循环生成，即返回自身。四季的循环交替又推动了事物的顺次生成。

那么，为什么有些事物明显地以这种循环方式生成（例如雨和气，如果有云就会有雨，反过来，如果有雨必定有云），而人和动物就不“返回自身”，也就是同一个人不会第二次生成（因为即使你的生成是由于有你的父亲，但是你父亲的生成不必定有你的生成）呢？相反地，为什么这个生成似乎形成一种直线序列呢？

为了讨论这个新问题，我们必须首先质疑是否所有事物都以统一的方式“返回自身”，或者相反，即使在一些序列中，循环发生的在数量上同一，在另外的序列中，发生的只在种类上同一。这样区别之后会发现，显然那些拥有永恒“实体”的事物（正在经历发生的过程），其循环发生会在数目上同一，因为，这一过程的性质决定于发生主体的性质。而另一方面，那些消亡的（不是永恒的）“实体”必定会在再次发生时“返回自身”，尽管种类上同一，
但不在数目上同一。因此，当水生成于气，气生成于水，气在“种类上”而不是“数目上”同一。如果它们在再次发生时在数目上同一，就无论如何也不适于那些由本质上不存在的“实体”所生成的事物了。



漫游东西世界

Roving East and Roving West

(英) E. V. 卢卡斯/著

外语教学与研究出版社

E. V. Lucas

Roving East and Roving West

漫游东西世界

E. V. 卢卡斯（英） 著
外研社编译组 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

Chinese translation copyright © Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press 2011

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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India

印度

Noiseless Feet

无声的脚步

Although India is a land of walkers, there is no sound of footfalls. Most of the feet are bare and all are silent: dark strangers overtake one like ghosts.

尽管在印度这片土地上，有很多人在走路，却听不见他们的脚步声。大多数人光着脚板，所有的脚板踩在地上都不发出一点声响：皮肤黝黑的陌生人，像幽灵一样超到你的前面。

Both in the cities and the country some one is always walking. There are carts and motorcars, and on the roads about Delhi a curious service of camel omnibuses, but most of the people walk, and they walk ever. In the bazaars they walk in their thousands; on the long, dusty roads, miles from anywhere, there are always a few, approaching or receding.

无论城里还是乡下，总有人在漫步。尽管有马车，有汽车，德里附近的公路上还有一种奇特的骆驼公共交通车，但大多数人依然选择步行，而且总在走着。集市里，成千上万的人在漫步；尘土飞扬的漫长公路上，即使前不着村、后不着店，也总能看到那么几个人向你走来或是渐渐远去。

It is odd that the only occasion on which Indians break from their walk into a run or a trot is when they are bearers at a funeral, or have an unusually heavy head-load, or carry a piano. Why there is so much piano-carrying in Calcutta I cannot say, but the streets (as I feel now) have no commoner spectacle than six or eight merry, half-naked fellows, trotting along, laughing and jesting under their burden, all with an odd, swinging movement of the arms.

奇怪的是，只有在葬礼上抬着棺材时，头上顶着的东西格外沉重时，或抬着钢琴时，印度人才会奔跑或是小跑起来。我说不清为什么加尔各答总是有那么多钢琴要抬，但是街上（我现在觉得）最常见的场景就是，六至八个快活的，半裸着身子的人，一路小跑，抬着担子，嬉笑打趣，每个人的胳膊都以一种奇特的节奏摆动着。

One of one's earliest impressions of the Indians is that their hands are inadequate. They suggest no power.

印度人给人的第一印象之一是四肢无力、缺乏力量。

Not only is there always some one walking, but there is always some one resting. They repose at full length wherever the need for sleep takes them; or they sit with pointed knees. Coming from England one is struck by so much inertness; for though the English labourer can be lazy enough he usually rests on his feet, leaning against walls: if he is a land labourer, leaning with his back to the support; if he follows the sea, leaning on his stomach.

不仅总是有人在漫步，而且总有人在休息。只要他们想睡觉，就会平躺下来或抱膝而坐。英国人惊讶于他们的懒散，因为英国的劳动者再懒散也不过是站着休息，倚靠着墙壁。地里劳作的人仰靠着休息；海上的水手们俯倚着休息。

It was interesting to pass on from India and its prostrate philosophers with their infinite capacity for taking naps, to Japan, where there seems to be neither time nor space for idlers. Whereas in India one has continually to turn aside in order not to step upon a sleeping figure—the footpath being a favourite dormitory—in Japan no one is ever doing nothing, and no one appears to be weary or poor.

暂且不论印度，不论那些永远睡不够、喜欢趴着的哲学家，转而看日本——这个时间和空间上都容不下游手好闲之人的国家，就会发现一种有趣的对照。在印度，你总得让到一边以避免踩到躺在地上睡觉的人——而人行道是一处很受欢迎的宿处——在日本，每个人时时刻刻都在做事，没有一个人看起来疲惫或虚弱。

India, save for a few native politicians and agitators, strikes one as a land destitute of ambition. In the cities there are infrequent signs of progress; in the country none. The peasants support life on as little as they can, they rest as much as possible and their carts and implements are prehistoric. They may believe in their gods, but fatalism is their true religion. How little they can be affected by civilisation I learned from a tiny settlement of bush-dwellers not twenty miles from Bombay, close to that beautiful lake which has been transformed into a reservoir, where bows and arrows are still the only weapons and rats are a staple food. And in an hour's time, in a car, one could be telephoning one's friends or watching a cinema!

除去本国的寥寥几个政客和煽动者，印度给人的印象是一个没有野心的国家。在城里，很少看到体现进步的标志；在乡下，则完全找不到进步的踪影。农民用尽可能少的资源维持生计，尽可能多地休息，用着非常原始的车和农具。他们也许会相信他们的神，但真正的宗教信仰却是宿命论。一小批灌木丛中的居民让我意识到，现代文明对他们的影响微乎其微。那是一个离孟买不到20英里的小村落，附近有一片美丽的湖泊，如今已被改造成一个水库。在那里，弓箭是他们仅有的武器，老鼠是他们的主食。而从那里出来你只需要坐一个小时的车，就可以打电话给朋友或是去看一场电影！

The Sahib

老爷

I did not have to wait to reach India for that great and exciting moment when one is first called "Sahib." I was addressed as "Sahib," to my mingled pride and confusion, at Marseilles, by an attendant on the steamer which I joined there. Later I grew accustomed to it, although never, I hope, blase; but to the end my bearer fascinated me by alluding to me as Master—not directly, but—impersonally, as though it were some other person that I knew, who was always with me, an alter ego who could not answer for himself: "Would Master like this or that?" "At what time did Master wish to be called?"

还没到印度我就体会到了第一次被人称作“老爷”的兴奋与激动。在马赛我所乘的一艘汽轮上一位侍者称我为“老爷”，我当时既骄傲又疑惑。后来我慢慢适应了这种叫法，尽管我希望自己永远不会对此感到腻烦，但是航程最后我的脚夫却暗指我为主人，这让我兴奋——他没有直接说，而是间接暗示。客观说来，这称谓好像是我认识的某个人，他总在我身边，是一个无法自己回答问题的自我变体：“主人喜欢这个还是那个？”“什么时候叫主人？”

And then the beautiful "Salaam!"

接着是一个漂亮的“敬礼”！

I was sorry for the English doomed to become so used to Eastern deference that they cease to be thrilled.

对那些生来就习惯了东方人敬重而不再感到激动的英国人，我为他们感到很遗憾。

The Passing Show

流动的展览

It is difficult for a stranger to India, especially when paying only a brief visit, to lose the impression that he is at an exhibition—in a section of a World's Fair. How long it takes for this delusion to wear off I cannot say. All I can say is that seven weeks are not enough. And never does one feel it more than in the bazaar, where movement is incessant and humanity is so packed and costumes are so diverse, and where the suggestion of the exhibition is of course heightened by the merchants and the stalls. What one misses is any vantage point—anything resembling a chair at the Cafe de la Paix[1] in Paris, for instance—where one may sit at ease and watch the wonderful changing spectacle going past. There are in Indian cities no such

places. To observe the life of the bazaar closely and be unobserved is almost impossible.

外地人初到印度，尤其只是短暂停留的人难免会觉得自己是在参观一个展览——世界博览会的一部分。我说不准具体要多久这种错觉才会渐渐消失，但我知道七周的时间是不够的。集市比其他地方更能使人产生这种错觉，因为在那里，人群川流不息，拥挤不堪，服装各异，当然，商人和货摊又进一步强化了展览的气氛。人们找不到好的视角——比如类似巴黎和平咖啡馆里的一把椅子——可以悠闲地坐着，欣赏这美妙、变幻的景致在面前经过。然而，在印度的城市，没有这样的地方，因此在不被注意的情况下近距离观察集市生活几乎是不可能的。

It would be extraordinarily interesting to sit there, beside some wellinformed Anglo-Indian or Indo-Anglian, and learn all the minutia of caste and be told who and what everybody was: what the different ochre marks signified on the Hindu foreheads; what this man did for a living, and that; and so forth. Even without such an informant I was never tired of drifting about the native quarters in whatever city I found myself and watching the curiously leisurely and detached commercial methods of the dealers—the money lenders reclining on their couches; the pearl merchants with their palms full of the little desirable jewels; the silversmiths hammering; the tailors cross-legged; the whole Arabian Nights pageant. All the shops seem to be overstaffed, unless an element of detached inquisitiveness is essential to business in the East. No transaction is complete without a few watchful spectators, usually youths, who apparently are employed by the establishment for the sole purpose of exhibiting curiosity.

坐在那里，听旁边某个见闻广博的盎格鲁血统的印度人或印度血统的盎格鲁人详细讲述印度的社会阶层和每个人的来历、身份，是一件非常有意思的事：印度人额头上不同的赭色印记代表什么，这个人靠什么谋生，以及这样或那样的问题。每到一个城市，即使没人给我讲这些，我也会乐此不疲地到当地各处随意走走，去观察商人们新奇、闲适、超然的经营方式——放债人躺在躺椅里；珍珠商手心里放满吸引人的小珠宝；银器匠敲着小锤；裁缝师翘着二郎腿；完全是《天方夜谭》中的盛大场面；如果不是因为不经意的好奇是东方买卖的一个基本要素，那么所有的商店都会显得人浮于事。每笔交易总要有几个人在一旁仔细观看，否则就不算完整。观看者通常是些年轻人，显然是被商家雇来只为显示好奇心的。

I picked up a few odds and ends of information, by degrees, but only the more obvious: such as that the slight shaving of the Mohammedan's upper lip is to remove any impediment to the utterance of the name of Allah[2]; that the red-dyed beards are a record that their wearers have made the pilgrimage to Mecca; that the respirator often worn by the Jains is to prevent the death of even a fly in inhalation. I was shown a Jain woman carefully emptying a piece of

wood with holes in it into the road, each hole containing a louse which had crawled there during the night but must not be killed. The Jains[3] adore every living creature; the Hindus chief ly the cow. As for this divinity, she drifts about the cities as though they were built for her, and one sees the passers-by touching her, hoping for sanctity or a blessing. A certain sex inequality is, however, only too noticeable, and particularly in and about Bombay, where the bullock cart is so common—the bullock receiving little but blows and execration from his drivers.

我逐渐了解了一些零星的信息，但都是些显而易见的：比如伊斯兰教徒稍加修剪的上唇胡子，是为了更好地叫出真主阿拉的名字；染红的胡须是对麦加朝圣之旅的记录；耆那教徒经常戴着口罩以免呼吸时犯下杀生之罪（哪怕只是吸入一只苍蝇）。我见过一个耆那女教徒在路上仔细清理一截有很多小洞的木头，每个洞里都有一只虱子，这些虱子是在晚上爬进去的，但又不能杀掉。耆那教徒崇拜一切生物，印度教徒主要崇拜母牛。母牛在城市里四处游荡，仿佛这些城市是为她而建的，你能看见有路人轻触她，以求圣洁或保佑。然而，对牛的性别歧视非常明显，尤其是在孟买和其附近的地方，公牛拉车很常见——它们所得甚少，却还要遭受驱车人的鞭打和咒骂。

The sacred pigeon is also happy in Bombay, being fed copiously all day long; and I visited there a Hindu sanctuary, called the Pingheripole, for every kind of animal—a Home of Rest or Asylum—where even pariah dogs are fed and protected.

圣鸽也很高兴住在孟买，整天不愁吃。我游览了那里的一个印度禁猎区——平赫里保勒，为各种动物提供休憩的家园或庇护所——即使流浪狗在那里也能得到喂养和保护。

I was told early of certain things one must not do: such as saluting with the left hand, which is the dishonourable one of the pair, and refraining carefully, when in a temple or mosque, from touching anything at all, because for an unbeliever to touch is to desecrate. I was told also that a Mohammedan grave always gives one the points of the compass, because the body is buried north and south with the head at the north, turned towards Mecca. The Hindus have no graves.

早先，就有人告诫我有些事是不能做的：比如用左手敬礼，因为左手是双手中相对不净的一只。进入寺庙或清真寺，要小心避免触碰任何东西，因为对于非信徒来说，触碰就是亵渎。我还听说伊斯兰教徒的陵墓能指明方位，因为遗体是南北向埋葬的，头朝北，面向麦加的方向。而印度教徒是没有坟墓的。

In India the Occidental, especially if coming from France as I did, is struck by the absence of any out-of-door communion between men and women. In the street men are with men, women with women. Most women lower their eyes as a man approaches, although when

the woman is a Mohammedan and young one is often conscious of a bright black glance through the veil. There is no public fondling, nothing like the familiar demonstrations of affection that we are accustomed to in Paris and London (more so during the War and since) and in New York. Nothing so offends and surprises the Indian as this want of restraint and shame on our part, and in Japan I learned that the Japanese share the Indian view.

在印度的西方人，尤其是像我一样从法国来的，很难理解在户外男女没有交流的情形。街上，男人跟男人在一起，女人跟女人在一起。遇到男人时大多数妇女会垂下眼睛，但通常能感觉到信奉伊斯兰教的年轻女子明亮的黑色眼眸透过面纱投来的轻轻一瞥。没有人会在公共场合下调情，也看不到巴黎、伦敦（一战爆发以来更是如此）和纽约街头常见的示爱方式。没有什么比我们这种缺乏自制和羞耻心的行为更让印度人愤怒和惊讶了。我在日本时发现，日本人在这个问题上也是一样。

It seemed to me that the chewing of the betel-nut is more prevalent in Bombay than elsewhere. One sees it all over India; everywhere are moving jaws with red juice trickling; but in Bombay there are more vendors of the rolled-up leaves and more crimson splashes on pavement and wall. It is an unpleasant habit, but there is no doubt that teeth are ultimately the whiter for it. Even though I was instructed in the art of betel-nut chewing by an Indian gentleman of world-wide fame in the cricket field, from whom I would willingly learn anything, I could not endure the experience.

在我看来，孟买似乎是最盛行嚼槟榔的城市。尽管全印度的人都在嚼槟榔，到处可见人们动着下巴，嘴边淌着红色的汁液，但是孟买的槟榔小贩最多，路上墙上的深红色污迹也最多。这是个令人厌恶的习惯，但是毫无疑问，牙齿也正因此而更加洁白。尽管也曾有一位在板球界举世闻名的印度绅士教过我嚼槟榔的技巧，我愿意跟他学习任何东西，但忍受不了嚼槟榔。

Most nations, I suppose, look upon the dances of other nations with a certain perplexity. Such glimpses, for example, as I had in America of the movement known as the Shimmie Shake[4] filled me with alarm, while Orientals have been known to display boredom at the Russian Ballet. Personally I adore the Russian Ballet, but I found the Nautch very fatiguing. It is at once too long and too monotonous, but I dare say that if one could follow the words of the accompanying songs, or cantillations, the result might be more entertaining. That would not, however, improve the actual dancing, in which I was disappointed. In Japan, on the other hand, I succumbed completely to the odd, hypnotic mechanism of the Geisha, the accompaniments to which are more varied, or more acceptable to my ear, than the Indian music. But I shall always remember the sounds of the distant, approaching or receding, snakecharmers' piping, heard through the

heat, as it so often is on Sundays in Calcutta. To my inward ear that is India's typical melody; and it has relationship to the Punch and Judy[5] allurement of our childhood.

我想，大多数国家都对其他国家的舞蹈感到有些困惑。比如，我在美国见过的希米舞就让我满怀惊愕。而人们都知道，东方人觉得俄罗斯芭蕾舞很无趣。我个人喜欢俄罗斯芭蕾舞，但觉得印度舞女的舞蹈很乏味，它太长、太单调了。不过我敢说，如果你跟得上伴舞歌曲或吟唱的歌词，就能体会到更多的乐趣。当然这于舞蹈本身并无改进，我对舞蹈感到失望。然而，在日本，我完全沉醉于艺伎奇特而催人入眠的舞曲中。对我来说这种伴奏比印度舞曲更多样化、更悦耳。但是我永远记得在加尔各答的星期天时常听见的远处耍蛇艺人的笛声，忽远忽近，在热浪中传送。就我的内心感觉而言，那才是典型的印度音乐，其魅力宛如我们童年所喜欢的木偶戏《庞奇和朱迪》。

It was in Bombay that I saw my first fakir, and in Harrison Road, Calcutta, my last. There had been so long a series in between that I was able to confirm my first impression. I can now, therefore, generalize safely when saying that all these strange creatures resemble a blend of Tolstoi and Mr. Bernard Shaw. Imagine such a hybrid, naked save for a loin cloth, and smeared all over with dust, and you have a holy man in the East. The Harrison Road fakir, who passed on his way along the crowded pavement unconcerned and practically unobserved, was white with ashes and was beating a piece of iron as a wayward child might be doing. He was followed by a boy, but no effort was made to collect alms. It is true philosophy to be prepared to live in such a state of simplicity. Most of the problems of life would dissolve and vanish if one could reduce one's needs to the frugality of a fakir. I have thought often of him since I returned, in London, to all the arrears of work and duty and the liabilities that accumulate during a long holiday; but never more so than when confronted by a Peace-time tailor's bill.

我第一次见到托钵僧是在孟买的哈里森路，最后一次是在加尔各答。其间还见过很多，不断加深着我对他们的最初印象，因此，现在我才能有把握地对这些奇怪的人作个总结——即托尔斯泰和萧伯纳的结合。想象这两个人的组合体，半裸着身子，裹着一块腰布，满身尘土，这就是一位东方贤哲的形象了。哈里森路上的那位托钵僧走在拥挤的人行道上，没有人关心他，也没有人看他一眼，这位如死灰般苍白的僧人，像个任性的孩子一样敲打着手中的铁片。他身后跟着一个男孩，但是两人并无劝募之意。人生的真谛即是准备好生活在这种简单的状态中。如果人的所求和托钵僧一样简单，那么人生的大多数问题也就迎刃而解，化为乌有。回到伦敦，面对长假中积累起来的所有未做之事、需承担的所有义务和责任之时，我常常想起这位僧人。收到和平年代裁缝的账单时，尤其如此。

India's Birds

印度的鸟

One of the first peculiarities of Bombay that I noticed and never lost sight of was the kites. The city by day is never without these spies, these sentries. From dawn to dusk the great unresting birds are sailing over it, silent and vigilant. Whenever you look up, there they are, crisscrossing in the sky, swooping and swerving and watching. After a while one begins to be nervous: it is disquieting to be so continually under inspection. Now and then they quarrel and even fight: now and then one will descend with a rush and rise carrying a rat or other delicacy in its claws; but these interruptions of the pattern are only momentary. For the rest of the time they swirl and circle and never cease to watch. Bombay also has its predatory crows, who are so bold that it is unsafe to leave any bright article on the veranda table. Spectacles, for example, set up a longing in their hearts which they make no effort to control. But these birds are everywhere. At a wayside station just outside Calcutta, in the early morning, the passengers all had tea, and when it was finished and the trays were laid on the platform, I watched the crows, who were perfectly aware of this custom and had been approaching nearer and nearer as we drank, dart swiftly to the sugar basins and carry off the lumps that remained. The crow, however, is, comparatively speaking, a human being; the kite is something alien and a cause of fear, and the traveller in India never loses him. His eye is as coldly attentive to Calcutta as to Bombay.

老鹰是我首先注意到的孟买的一个特色，这些老鹰也从未离开过我的视线。白天，在这座城市总能看到这些侦探和哨兵。从黎明到黄昏，这些不知疲倦的大鸟在天空中飞翔，沉默而机警。一抬头，就能看到它们在空中交错飞翔，或俯冲下来、或瞬即转向、或留神监视。观察些时候，你就会紧张起来，时刻受到监视总让人感到不安；它们时不时地争吵甚至打斗一阵，时不时会有一只老鹰俯冲下来抓起一只老鼠或其他美味返回天空。这些中断只是暂时的，其他时候它们在天空中盘旋，一刻也不停地进行监视。孟买也有食肉鸦，它们非常大胆，因此把任何闪闪发亮的东西放在阳台的桌上都是不安全的。比如，眼镜就能激起它们心中的渴望，而它们绝对不会压制这种渴望。这种鸟到处都是。一天清晨，在加尔各答城外的一个路边车站，乘客们都在喝早茶，喝完后，茶盘都放在站台上，我看到几只食肉鸦——它们早已熟悉了这种习惯——趁我们喝茶的时候缓缓接近，此刻便迅速冲向糖缸，拾起剩下的糖块。不过，相对而言，乌鸦是人的同类，而老鹰更像异类，让人产生恐惧，印度的旅人怎么都逃脱不了老鹰。它像注视孟买那样冷冷地注视着加尔各答。

It is, of course, the indigenous birds of a country that emphasise its foreignness far more than its people. People can travel. Turbaned heads are, for example, not unknown in England; but to have green parrots with long tails flitting among the trees, as they used to fl it in my host's garden in Bombay, is to be in India beyond question. At Raisina we had mynahs and the babblers, or "Seven Sisters," in great profusion, and also the King Crow with his imposing tail; while the little striped squirrels were everywhere. These merry restless little rodents do more than run and scamper and leap: they seem to be positively lifted into space by their tails. Their stripes (as every one knows) came directly from the hand of God, recording for ever how, on the day of creation, He stroked them by way of approval.

当然，当地的鸟类比当地的人民更能突出这个国家的异域特色。人们可以四处旅行，例如，在英国也能看到裹着头巾的人。但是在树丛间掠过的长尾绿鹦鹉无疑是印度独有的，就像我曾在孟买房东的花园见过的那样。在莱辛纳有很多八哥和鹛鸟，或者叫“七姐妹”。还有王鸦拖着神气的尾巴，随处可见身上带条纹的松鼠。这些快乐而不知疲倦的小啮齿动物们不止是奔跑、蹦跳：它们似乎都被尾巴举到了空中。它们身上人们熟知的条纹直接来自上帝之手，记录了它们被创造出来的那一天，上帝对它们的爱抚。

No Indian bird gave me so much pleasure to watch as the speckled kingfishers, which I saw at their best on the Jumna[6] at Okhla[7]. They poise in the air above the water with their long bills pointed downwards at a right-angle to their fluttering bodies, searching the depths for their prey; and then they drop with the quickness of thought into the stream. The other kingfisher—coloured like ours but bigger—who waits on an overhanging branch, I saw too, but the evolutions of the hovering variety were more absorbing.

印度的鸟中，斑点翠鸟带给我最大的观赏乐趣，我发现奥克拉的朱木拿河是观赏翠鸟的最佳位置。它们以一种优美而平稳的姿态立在水上，扑腾着翅膀，长长的鸟喙向下伸着，与身体成直角，在深水中寻觅猎物，一旦有所发现便立即钻入水中。我还见过另一种翠鸟，羽毛颜色跟我们的翠鸟相似，但比我们的鸟大，它们栖息在高高的枝头。但是盘旋水上的翠鸟更具观赏性。

When one is travelling by road, the birds that most attract the notice are the peacocks and the giant cranes; while wherever there are cattle in any numbers there are the white paddy birds, feeding on their backs—the birds from which the osprey plumes are obtained. One sees, too, many kinds of eagle and hawk. In fact, the ornithologist can never be dull in this country.

如果你在陆路旅行，最引人注目的就是孔雀和巨鹤。只要有牛群的地方，就能看见白色的稻田鸟，站在牛背上吃食。女帽上的装饰羽毛就

是取自这种鸟。你也能看到各种各样的鹰。事实上，鸟类学者在这个国家绝不会感到无聊。

Wild animals I had few opportunities to observe, although a mongoose at Raisina gave me a very amusing ten minutes. At Raisina, also, the jackals came close to the house at night; and on an early morning ride in a motorcar to Agra we passed a wolf, and a little later were most impudently raced and outdistanced by a blackbuck, who, instead of bolting into security at the sight or sound of man, ran, or rather, advanced—for his progress is mysterious and magical—beside us for some forty yards and then, —with a laugh, put on extra speed (we were doing perhaps thirty miles an hour) and disappeared ahead. All about Muttra we dispersed monkeys up the trees and into the bushes as we approached. Next to the parrots it is the monkeys that most convince the traveler that he is in a strange tropical land. And the flying foxes. Nothing is more strange than a tree full of these creatures sleeping pendant by day, or their silent swift black movements by night.

我少有机会见到野生动物，不过在莱辛纳遇到一只猫鼬，我愉悦地观赏了十分钟。在莱辛纳，夜幕降临后，豺狼也会逼近房舍。一天清晨，我们坐着汽车前往阿格拉，路上，一只狼从我们车旁经过。没过多久，又遇见一只印度黑羚，它竟狂妄地同我们赛跑起来，还超过了我们。它看到我们，听到我们的声音，非但没有闪躲之意，反而奔跑起来，确切的说是在向前冲（这让人觉得诡异和神奇）。同我们并行奔跑了约40码之后，它长嗥一声，加快了速度（我们的时速约为每小时30英里），消失在前方。走近马图拉，我们每到一处，都能看见猴子四散爬上树枝或躲进灌木丛。除去鹦鹉，就属猴子最能让旅人感受到自己身处一片陌生的热带土地。还有狐蝠，没有什么比满树狐蝠更为奇异的景致了，白天它们悬吊在枝头睡觉，夜间它们的黑影悄声掠过。

I saw no snakes wild, but in the Bacteriological Laboratory at Parel in Bombay, which Lt.-Col. Glen Liston controls with so much zeal and resourcefulness, I was shown the process by which the antidotes to snake poisoning are prepared, for dispersion through the country. A cobra or black snake is released from his cage and fixed by the attendant with a stick pressed on his neck a little below the head. The snake is then firmly and safely held just above this point between the f nger and thumb, and a tumbler, with a piece of flannel round its edge, is proffered to it to bite. As the snake bites, a clear yellow fluid, like strained honey in colour and thickness, flows into the glass from the poison fangs. This poison is later injected in small doses into the veins of horses kept carefully for the purpose, and then, in due course, the blood of the horses is tapped in order to make the anti-toxin. Wonderful are the ways of science! The Laboratory is also the headquarters of the Government's constant campaign against malaria

and guinea worm, typhoid and cholera, and, in a smaller degree, hydrophobia. But nothing, I should guess, would ever get sanitary sense into India, except in almost negligible patches.

我没见过野生蛇，但是在孟买帕雷尔，由格伦·利斯顿中校以高昂的热情与智慧指挥的一个细菌实验室里，我看到了蛇毒解药调制的过程，这种药将分发至全国各地。从笼里放出一条眼镜蛇或黑蛇，助理将一根木棍置于蛇头下部一点，将其颈部固定住，这样用大拇指和其他任意一根手指就能牢固、安全地握住固定点往上的部位。另外还准备了一只平底玻璃杯让它咬，杯子边缘缠了一层绒布。当蛇咬住杯子时，一种清亮的黄色液体自毒牙流至杯中，颜色和浓度像滤过的蜂蜜。稍后，便将小剂量的这种毒液注射到专门精心饲养的马匹的血管中，接下来，等到合适的时候，再将马匹身体里的血液抽取出来，制成抗毒素。科学真是奇妙！实验室同时也是政府长期抗击疟疾、麦地那龙线虫、伤寒、霍乱，以及（相对次要的）狂犬病的总部。但是，我认为印度无论如何也卫生不起来，除了极少一些地区。

The Towers Of Silence

寂静之塔

The Parsees[8] have made Bombay their own, more surely even than the Scotch possess Calcutta. Numerically very weak, they are long-headed and far-sighted beyond any Indian and are better qualified to traffick and to control. All the cotton mills are theirs, and theirs the finest houses in the most beautiful sites. When that conflict begins between the Hindus and the Mohammedans which will render India a waste and a shambles, it is the Parsees who will occupy the high places—until a more powerful conqueror arrives.

帕西人认为孟买属于帕西人，就像苏格兰人认为加尔各答属于苏格兰，只不过帕西人的这种信念更加坚定。从数量上来说，帕西人很弱小，但是他们比任何印度人都更加精明敏锐、具有远见卓识，并更擅长交易和管理。所有的棉花工厂都是他们开的，他们在最漂亮的住宅区拥有着最高级的房子。一旦印度教徒同伊斯兰教徒发生冲突，将印度变成一片荒凉混乱之地，那么占领高地的将会是帕西人——直到一个更强大的征服者出现。

Bombay has no more curious sight than the Towers of Silence, the Parsee cemetery; and one of the first questions that one is asked is if one has visited them. But when the time came for me to ascend those sinister steps on Malabar Hill[9] I need hardly say that my companion was a many years' resident of Bombay who, although he had long intended to go there, had hitherto neglected his opportunities. Throughout my travels I was, it is pleasant to think, in this way the cause of more sightseeing in others than they might ever have

suffered. To give but one other instance typical of many—I saw Faneuil Hall[10] in Boston in the company of a Bostonian some thirty years of age, whose office was within a few yards of this historic and very interesting building, and whose business is more intimately associated with culture than any other, but who had never before crossed the threshold.

寂静之塔——帕西人公墓，是孟买最为奇特的景致。一个人初到印度，总会被问及是否去瞻仰过他们。我终于有机会沿着马拉巴尔山脉的台阶拾级而上，与我同去的朋友虽然在孟买居住多年，早就计划要去那里，却一再错过机会。我在旅途中促成了很多人的观光之行，不然，他们也许至今也不会去那些地方。这样想来，令我十分愉快。再举个典型的例子，我参观波士顿的法纳尔大厅是在一个三十岁上下的波士顿人的陪同下去的，他的办公室距离这座具有历史意义又饶有趣味的大楼仅几码之遥，他做的工作又与文化密切相关，但此前却从未踏入法纳尔大厅。

The Towers of Silence, which are situated in a very beautiful park, with little temples among the trees and flowers, consist of five circular buildings, a model of one of which is displayed to visitors. Inside the tower is an iron grating on which the naked corpses are laid, and no sooner are they there than the awaiting vultures descend and consume the flesh. I saw these grisly birds sitting expectantly in rows on the coping of the towers, and the sight was almost too gruesome. Such is their voracity that the body is a skeleton in an hour or so. The Parsees choose this method of dissolution because since they worship fire they must not ask it to demean itself with the dead; and both earth and water they hold also too sacred to use for burial. Hence this strange and—at the first blush—repellant compromise. The sight of the cemetery that awaits us in England is rarely cheering, but if to that cemetery were attached a regiment of cruel and hideous birds of prey we should shudder indeed. Whether the Parsees shudder I cannot say, but they give no sign of it. They build their palaces in full view of these terrible Towers, pass, on their way to dinner parties, luxuriously in Rolls-Royces beside the trees where the vultures roost, and generally behave themselves as if this were the best possible of worlds and the only one. And I think they are wise.

寂静之塔坐落在一座非常美丽的公园内，花间树丛中点缀着一些小寺庙。寂静之塔由五座圆形建筑构成，还有一座依照其中一座塔楼修建的塔供游客参观。走进塔内，可以看见一块铁格栅，上面摆放着赤裸的尸体，尸体刚一放上去，就引来一群等候在旁的兀鹰从空中冲下啄食。我看见这些面目狰狞的鸟，排成排坐在塔顶引颈以待。这番景象实在令人触目惊心。只需约一个小时，一具尸体就会被这群贪婪的兀鹰啄食为一具骷髅。帕西人选择这种消亡方式，因为他们崇拜火，不能让火被死者玷污。他们认为土和水也同样神圣，反对水葬和土葬。于是选择了这

种古怪，乍一看来恶心的方式。虽然等着掩埋我们的英国公墓也并不令人欢欣，但如果增加这样一群啄食腐肉的残忍而可怖的鸟，我们一定不寒而栗。帕西人是否会战栗，我不知道，但至少他们没有表现出来。他们在附近修筑宫殿，将这些可怖的塔楼尽收眼底。他们前往晚宴的途中，经过这些塔楼，他们坐1马拉巴尔山脉，孟买南部的一座小山。2法纳尔大厅，位于波士顿，用作商场和会议厅，成为美国革命前的反英集会场所，故该大厅有“自由摇篮”之称。在豪华的劳斯莱斯里，驶过一排排枝头栖息着兀鹰的树木，似乎在表明这里是世界上最美好的地方，是独一无二的。我想他们是明智的。

Oriental apathy, or, at any rate, unruffled receptiveness, may carry its owner very far, and yet if these vultures cause no misgivings, no chills at the heart, I shall be surprised. As for those olive-skinned Parsee girls, with the long oval faces and the lustrous eyes—how must it strike them?

东方式的淡漠，或者说，至少是冷静接纳的态度，对东方人产生着深远的影响。既便如此，他们面对兀鹰时，内心既不畏惧也不瑟缩，这还是令我感到讶异。那些有着橄榄色皮肤、鸭蛋脸和明亮眸子的帕西少女会作何感受呢？

It was not till I went to the caves of Elephanta[11] that I saw vultures in their marvellous flight. It is here that they breed, and the sky was full of them at an incredible distance up, resting on their great wings against the wind, circling and deploying. At this height they are magnificent. But seen at close quarters they are horrible, revolting. On a day's hunting which I shall describe later I was in at the death of a gond, or swamp-deer, at about noon, and we returned for the carcase about three hours later, only to find it surrounded by some hundreds of these birds tearing at it in a kind of frenzy of gluttony. They were not in the least disconcerted by our approach, and not until the bearers had taken sticks to them would they leave. The heavy half-gorged flapping of a vulture's wings as it settles itself to a new aspect of its repast is the most disgusting sight I have seen.

直到去了埃勒凡塔石窟，我才见识到兀鹰令人叹为观止的飞翔。它们在这里繁衍生息。无尽的高空中，漫天飞翔的兀鹰，倚着巨大的翅膀，迎风盘旋、变换队型。从这个高度看，这些兀鹰显得蔚为壮观。但若凑近观赏，则是一番可怖的景象，令人心生厌恶。一天外出打猎（稍后我会再做描述），中午时分，我们猎杀了一只印度沼鹿，又名南美泽鹿。大约三个小时后，我们返回这里打算取走这只鹿的尸体，却发现它被几百只兀鹰团团围住，它们贪婪、疯狂地撕咬着这具尸体。我们的靠近丝毫没有引起它们的不安，直到搬运工人拿了棍子过去，它们才肯离开。一只半饱的兀鹰扇动着沉重的翅膀停歇到另一堆食物上，这是我见过的最令人厌恶的情景。

To revert to the Towers of Silence, one is brought very near to

death everywhere in the East. We have our funeral corteges at home, with sufficient frequency, but they do not emphasize the thought of the necessary end of all things as do the swathed corpses that one meets so often being carried through the streets, on their way to this or that burning place. In Bombay I met several every day, with their bearers and followers all in white, and all moving with the curious trot that seems to be reserved for such obsequies. There were always, also, during my stay, new supplies of fire-wood outside the great Hindu burning ground in Queen's Road; and yet no epidemic was raging; the city was normal save for a strike of mill-hands. It is true that I met wedding parties almost equally often; but in India a wedding party is not, as with us, a suggestion of new life to replace the dead, for the brides so often are infants.

寂静之塔将我们与东方各地的死亡拉近。我们家乡也经常会有葬礼队伍，但是他们并不强调凡事必须有个结局的思想，就像人们常在路上看到一具被包裹起来的尸体被抬往这里或那里进行火化。在孟买，我每天都能见到一些抬棺人和随从都身着白衣，以奇特的小跑前行，这种步子似乎是专门用来参加葬礼的。我在印度的时候，女皇大道上的印度大火葬场外还始终有木柴供应，当时却也没有流行病肆虐，除了有一场纺织工人罢工，这座城市还算正常。诚然，婚礼也同样频繁。只不过印度的婚礼，不像我们的婚礼，预示着新的生命取代逝去的，因为新娘大多还是婴儿。

One of the differences between the poor of London and the poor of India may be noticed here. In the East-End a funeral is considered to be a failure unless its cost is out of all proportion to the survivors' means, while a wedding is a matter of a few shillings; whereas in India a funeral is a simple ceremony, to be hurried over, while the wedding festivities last for weeks and often plunge the family into debts from which they never recover.

在此也许能留意到伦敦穷人和印度穷人的一个差别。在伦敦东区，如果在世的人不能倾其所有来为死者操办丧事，那这个葬礼就是失败的，而操办婚事只需几先令就够了。但是，在印度，葬礼只需一个简单的仪式，就能很快结束，而婚礼则要持续数周，还经常让一个家庭陷入永远无法偿清的债务中。

The Garlands

花环

The selective processes of the memory are very curious. It has been decreed that one of my most vivid recollections of Bombay should be that of the embarrassment and half-amused self-consciousness of an American businessman on the platform of the

railway station for Delhi. Having completed his negotiatory visit he was being speeded on his way by the native staff of the firm, who had hung him with garlands like a sacrificial bull. In the Crawford Market I had watched the florists at work tearing the blossoms from a kind of frangipani known as the Temple Flower, in order to string them tightly into chains; and now and again in the streets one came upon people wearing them; but to find a shrewd and portly commercial American thus bedecked was a shock. As it happened, he was to share my compartment, and on entering, just before the train started, he apologised very heartily for importing so much heavy perfume into the atmosphere, but begged to be excused because it was the custom of the country and he didn't like to hurt anyone's feelings. He then stood at the door, waving farewells, and directly when the line took a bend f lung the wreaths out of the window. I was glad of his company, for in addition to these floral offerings his Bombay associates had provided him with a barrel of the best oranges that ever were grown—sufficient for a battalion—and these we consumed at brief intervals all the way to Delhi.

记忆筛选的过程十分奇特。我对于孟买最鲜活的记忆之一注定应该是一位美国商人的窘迫和难堪。说起来让人觉得有些好笑。他在火车站的月台上，将要前往德里，完成了此次商谈之旅的他正被当地公司的员工簇拥着接受他们的旅途祝福，他们给他戴了一身的花环，使他看起来像一头祭祀用的牛。在克劳福德市场，我曾看见工作中的花商从一种素馨花植物即鸡蛋花上扯下花瓣，将这些花密密麻麻串成一条条花环。如今，也在街上见过人们戴这样的花环。但是看到一个精明、发福的美国商人被装扮成这样，着实令人大吃一惊。碰巧他要跟我上同一节车厢，上了车，火车正要启动时，他诚恳地抱歉自己把车厢里弄得一股浓香，恳请大家原谅，因为这是这个国家的风俗，他也不愿违抗别人的好意。然后，他站到车门前，与车外的人挥手作别，接着车一转弯，他就将所有花环扔出窗外。我很高兴有这么个旅伴，因为除了花环，他的孟买朋友还送给他一桶上好的橙子（足够一大群人吃）。去德里的一路上，我们每隔一小会就吃一些，最后全部吃完了。

Delhi

德里

"If you can be in India only so short a time as seven weeks," said an artist friend of mine—and among his pictures is a sombre representation of the big sacred bull that grazes under the walls of Delhi Fort—"why not stay in Delhi all the while? You will then learn far more of India than by rushing about." I think he was right, although it was not feasible to accept the advice. For Delhi has so much; it has, first and foremost, the Fort; it has the Jama Masjid[12],

that immense mosque where on Fridays at one o'clock may be seen Mohammedans of every age wearing every hue, thousands worshipping as one; it has the ancient capitals scattered about the country around it; it has signs and memories of the Mutiny[13]; it has delectable English residences; and it has the Chandni Chauk[14], the long main street with all its curious buildings and crowds and countless tributary alleys, every one of which is the East crystallised, every one of which has its white walls, its decorative doorways, its loiterers, its beggars, its artificers, and its defiance of the bogey, Progress.

“如果你能在印度停留短短七个星期，”我的一位艺术家朋友这样说道——在他的画作中，有一幅画描绘的是一头大圣牛在德里堡垒边吃草的惨淡景象——“为什么这七个星期不都留在德里呢？这样对印度的了解远甚于在印度走马观花一趟。”尽管他的建议不太可行，但我想他是对的。因为德里有太多可供游览的地方。首先，这里有堡垒；这里还有贾玛清真寺，这座宏大的清真寺，每到星期五一点钟，就聚集着成千上万不同年龄的伊斯兰教徒，穿着不同颜色的服装，整齐划一地进行膜拜；这里还能看到散布在周边乡村的古老柱头；这里留下了当年印度反英暴动的印记和回忆；这里有可爱的英国人宅邸；这里还有月光集市，这条长长的主街上有奇特的楼房，拥挤的人群和数不清的岔道，每一条道上都汇聚着东方特色，每一条道上都能看见白色的墙壁、装饰过的入口、游手好闲的人、乞丐、技工，也能看到人们对困难的蔑视以及进取意识。

Another thing: in January, Delhi, before the sun is high and after he has sunk, is cool and bracing.

还有一点：一月的德里，日出前和日落后，天气凉爽宜人。

But, most of all, Delhi is interesting because it was the very centre of the Mogul[15] dominance, and when one has become immersed in the story of the great rulers, from Babar[16] to Aurungzebe[17], one thinks of most other history as insipid. Of Babar, who reigned from 1526 to 1530, I saw no trace in India; but his son Humayun[18] (1530-1556) built Indrapat, which is just outside the walls of Delhi, and he lies close by in the beautiful mausoleum that bears his name. Humayun's son, Akbar[19] (1556-1605), preferred Agra to Delhi; nor was Jahangir[20] (1605-1627), who succeeded Akbar, a great builder hereabout; but with Shah Jahan[21] (1627-1658), Jahangir's son, came the present Delhi's golden age. He it was who built the Jama Masjid, the great mosque set commandingly on a mound and gained by magnificent flights of steps. To the traveller approaching the city from any direction the two graceful minarets of the mosque stand for Delhi. It was Shah Jahan, prince of Mogul builders, who decreed also the palace in the Fort, to say nothing (at the moment) of the Taj Mahal[22] at Agra; while two of his daughters, Jahanara, and Roshanara, that

naughty Begam, enriched Delhi too, the little pavilion in the Gardens that bear Roshanara's name being a gem. Wandering among these architectural delights, now empty and under alien protection, it is difficult to believe that their period was as recent as Cromwell and Milton. But in India the sense of chronology vanishes.

但是，最重要的是，德里有趣是因为它曾是莫卧儿的统治中心。当人们沉浸在从巴卑尔到奥朗则布这些伟大统治者的故事中时，就会觉得其他多数历史故事平淡无味。巴伯尔1526年至1530年在位，我在印度找不到他留下的印记。但是他的儿子胡马雍（1530-1556年在位）建立了因陀罗之城，就在德里堡垒之外，他则长眠在附近一座刻有他的名字的漂亮陵墓中。胡马雍的儿子阿克巴（1556-1605年在位）喜欢阿格拉甚于德里。贾汗季（1605-1627年在位），阿克巴的后继者，也没有在这一带修建很多伟大的建筑。但贾汗季的儿子沙·贾汗（1627-1658年在位）在位期间，现在的德里才迎来了黄金时代。是他修建了贾玛寺，这座伟大的清真寺巍然建在一座小山之上，有一段宽阔的台阶通向大门。对于从各方来到德里的游客，清真寺的两座雅致的尖塔就是德里的标志性建筑。是沙·贾汗请来莫卧儿建筑工人，下令修建堡垒里的宫殿，（此刻）更不用说阿格拉的泰姬陵；他的两个女儿，贾哈娜拉和淘气的劳莎娜拉·贝甘姆也丰富了德里的建筑。园林里一个宝石般镶嵌其中的小亭子就是以她的名字来命名的。这些古建筑现在已经空空如也，处于外邦保护之下，徜徉其中，很难相信它们是克伦威尔、弥尔顿时代的建筑，但是在印度，人们的年代概念已经消失了。

After Shah Jahan came his crafty son, Aurungzebe, who succeeded in keeping his empire together until 1707, and with him the grandeur of the Grand Moguls waned and after him ceased to be, although not until the Mutiny was their rule extinguished. As I have just said, in India the sense of chronology vanishes, or goes astray, and it is with a start that one is confronted, in the Museum in Delhi Fort, by a photograph of the last Mogul!

继沙·贾汗之后是他诡计多端的儿子奥朗则布，他维持帝国统一直至1707年，在他继位之时，莫卧儿帝国的光辉开始逐渐退去，他去世后，变得荡然无存。尽管直到反英暴动，帝国统治才彻底消亡。正如我刚才所说，在印度，人们的年代概念消失了，或者说是年代感迷失了，当他们在德里堡垒博物馆看到一张莫卧儿帝国末代的照片时吃惊不已。

In Bombay, during my wakeful moments in the hottest part of the day, I had passed the time and imbibed instruction by reading the three delightful books of the late E. H. Aitken[23], who called himself "Eha"—Behind the Bungalow, The Tribes on My Frontier and A Naturalist on the Prowl. No more amusing and kindly studies of the fauna, flora and human inhabitants of a country can have ever been written than these; and I can suggest, to the domestically curious mind, no better preparation for a visit to India. But at Raisina, when the cool evenings set in and it was pleasant to get near the wood fire, I

took to history and revelled in the story of the Moguls as told by many authorities, but most entertainingly perhaps by Tavernier[24], the French adventurer who took service under Aurungzebe. If any one wants to know what Delhi was like in the seventeenth century during Aurungzebe's long reign, and how the daily life in the Palace went, and would learn more of the power and autocracy and splendour and cruelty of the Grand Moguls, let him get Tavernier's record. If once I began to quote from it I should never stop; and therefore I pass on, merely remarking that when you have finished the travels of M. Tavernier, the travels of M. Bernier, another contemporary French observer, await you. And I hold you to be envied. The Palace in the Fort is now but a fraction of what it was in the time of Aurungzebe and his father, but enough remains to enable the imaginative mind to reconstruct the past, especially if one has read my two annalists. One of Bernier's most vivid passages describes the Diwan-i-Am[25], or Hall of Public Audience, the building to which, after leaving the modern military part of the Fort, one first comes, where the Moguls sat in state during a durbar, and painted and gilded elephants, richly draped, took part in the obeisances. Next comes the Hall of Private Audiences[26], where the Peacock Throne once stood. It has now vanished, but in its day it was one of the wonders of the world, the tails of the two guardian peacocks being composed of precious stones and the throne itself being of jewelled gold. It was for this that one of Shah Jahan's poets wrote an inscription in which we find such lines as—

在孟买，一天最酷热难当的时候，我难以入睡，便阅读已故作家E.H.艾特肯写的三本趣味小书以消磨时间、吸取教训，他称自己为“伊哈”——这三本书分别是《平房背后》、《边境部落》和《巡游的博物学家》。要研究一个国家的动物、植物和人类居民，没有什么书比这些书更有趣、更可读。我向喜欢呆在室内又具有好奇心的人们推荐这些书，它们是前往印度的最佳准备。但是在莱辛那，当夜幕降临，天气凉爽宜人、适于坐在柴火边时，我就会读史书，陶醉在许多权威作家所写的莫卧儿历史中。最有趣的当属塔维尼埃的作品，他是一位法国冒险家，曾在奥朗则布统治下当差。如果谁想了解17世纪处于奥朗则布长期统治下的德里，想了解当时宫殿中的日常生活和更多关于莫卧儿帝王的权力、独裁、辉煌和残酷，就可以去读塔维尼埃的作品。如果我要引述其中文句，将会一发不可收拾，所以我还是跳过，只提请大家注意，如果你读完了塔维尼埃先生的游记，还有另一名法国当代观察家伯尼埃先生的游记等着你，我想人们一定会羡慕你的。

By the order of the Emperor the azure of Heaven was exhausted on its decoration…

堡垒里的宫殿遗迹只是奥朗则布和他父亲时代的很小一部分，不过这些就足够让一个富有想象力的头脑重构当年的样子，尤其是如果你读过我推荐的两位编年史作家的话。伯尼埃其中一个最生动的章节描写了

觐见宫，即公众大厅。离开堡垒的现代军事部分后，人们接下来就会前往这座建筑。在这里莫卧儿帝王庄重地坐着正式接待臣民，着色、镀金的大象身上披着华丽的垂布，走在鞠躬的队伍中。接下来便是私人大厅，这里曾巍然屹立的孔雀王座，现在已经没有了。在当时这是世界奇观之一：两只守卫的孔雀尾巴是由宝石做成，王座本身是由镶有珠宝的黄金所制。沙·贾汗的诗人为此题诗一首，我们可以看到如下诗句——

The world had become so short of gold on account of its use in the throne that the purse of the Earth was empty of treasure…

奉帝王之命，蔚蓝上天倾其装饰之能……

On a dark night, by the lustre of its rubies and pearls

漆黑的夜晚，它的红宝石和珍珠的光芒

it can lend stars to a hundred skies…

足以照耀 一百个夜空……

That was right enough, no doubt, but when our poet went on to say,

这毫无疑问已经够了，但是我们的诗人继续写道：

As long as a trace remains of existence and space

只要时空尚存一线

Shah Jahan shall continue to sit on this throne, we feel that he was unwise. Such pronouncements can be tested. As it happened, Shah Jahan was destined, very shortly after the poem was written, to be removed into captivity by his son, and the rest of his unhappy life was spent in a prison at Agra. On each end wall of the Hall of Private Audience is the famous couplet,—

沙·贾汗就能继续安坐宝座之上，我们觉得他不够明智，因为这样的宣言是会接受检验的。后来，这首诗写下不久，沙·贾汗就命中注定般被他的儿子囚禁起来。他不幸的后半生就在阿格拉的一所监狱中度过。枢密宫的每一面墙上都写着两行著名的对句：

If there is a Paradise on the face of the earth,

如果说人间有个天堂

It is this, Oh! it is this, Oh! it is this.

那就在这里，啊！就在这里，啊！就在这里。

I think of the garden and palace of Delhi Fort as the loveliest spot in India. Not the most beautiful, not the most impressive; but the loveliest. The Taj Mahal has a greater beauty; the ruined city of Fatehpur-Sikri has a greater dignity; but for the perfection of domestic regality in design and material and workmanship, this marble home

and mosque and accompanying garden and terrace could not be excelled. After the Halls of Audience we come to the seraglio and accompanying buildings, where everything is perfect and nothing is on the grand scale. The Pearl Mosque could hardly be smaller; and it is as pure and fresh as a lotus. There is a series of apartments all in white marble (with inlayings of gold and the most delicately pierced marble gratings) through which a stream of water used to run (and it ran again at the Coronation Durbar in 1911, when the Royal Baths were again made to "function") that must be one of the most magical of the works of man. Every inch is charming and distinguished. All these rooms are built along the high wall which in the time of Shah Jahan and his many lady loves was washed by the Jumna. But today the river has receded and a broad strip of grass intervenes.

我觉得德里城堡的花园和宫殿是印度最可爱的景点。尽管算不上最漂亮，也算不上最令人难忘的，但一定是最可爱的。泰姬陵更加漂亮，法塔赫布尔·希克利废墟更加庄严，但是若论皇宫内部设计、材料和工艺的完美，这座大理石宫殿、清真寺和陪衬的花园、露台是不可逾越的。离开枢密厅，我们来到内室和周边建筑，这里一切都很完美而不铺张。珍珠清真寺小得不能再小，像莲花一样纯洁、清新。这里有一排全由白色大理石建造的房间（镶嵌有黄金和制作精致的大理石格栅），当时有一股水流流经这里（1911年诸侯加冕，皇室沐浴恢复后，又开始流淌），可以说这是人类最为神奇的杰作之一。每一方寸都魅力四射、卓尔不凡。所有这些房间依高墙而建，在沙·贾汗和他的爱宠居住时，这堵墙旁边就是朱木拿河水。但是今天，河水已经退去，取而代之的是一条青草小路。

A Day'S Hawking

鹰猎的一天

One of my best Indian days was that on which Colonel Sir Umar Hayat Khan took us out a-hawking. Sir Umar is himself something of a hawk—an impressive figure in his great turban with long streamers, his keen aquiline features and blackest of hair. All sport comes naturally to him, whether hunting or shooting, pig-sticking, coursing or falconry; and the Great War found him with a sportsman's eagerness to rush into the fray, where he distinguished himself notably.

乌玛尔·哈亚特·汗爵士上校带我们出去鹰猎的一天是我在印度最美好的日子之一。乌玛尔爵士自己就有点像鹰。他体格健壮，头上裹着大头巾，垂下长长的飘带。他像老鹰一样敏锐，留一头乌黑的头发。他天生对一切运动都很在行，不论是打猎、射击、狩猎野猪、追踪猎物还是鹰猎；世界大战满足了他急切的打斗热情，在激烈的战争中他脱颖而出。

We found this gallant chieftain in the midst of his retainers on the further bank of the Jumna, at the end of the long bridge. Here the plains begin—miles of fields of stubble, with here and there a tree and here and there a pool or marsh, as far as eye can reach, an ancient walled city in the near distance being almost the only excrescence. Between the river and this city was our hunting ground.

我们见到了在朱木拿河的对岸，长桥的尽头这位勇敢的首领和他的随从。平原从这里开始——一片片收割后的田地延绵数英里，其间零星点缀着些树木、池塘和沼泽。目之所及，唯一阻挡视线的是不远处的一座有城墙的古城。在这座古城和这条河流中间就是我们的狩猎场。

With the exception of Sir Umar, two of his friends and ourselves, the company was on foot; and nothing more like the middle ages did I ever see. The retainers were in every kind of costume, one having an old pink coat and one a green; one leading a couple of greyhounds in case we put up a hare; others carrying guns (for we were prepared for all); while the chief falconer and his assistants had their hawks on their wrists, and one odd old fellow was provided with a net, in which a captive live hawk was to flutter and struggle to attract his hereditary foes, the little birds, who, deeming him unable to hit back, were to swarm down to deride and defy and be caught in the meshes.

除了乌玛尔爵士，他的两个朋友和我们自己，其他人都是步行。我没见过有什么比这个场面更具中世纪特点了。随从们穿着各种服装，有一个穿着一件粉色的旧大衣，另一个的大衣是绿色的；有一个带着两三条猎狗以备我们遇到野兔。其他人拿着猎枪（我们做好了充分的准备）；领头的猎鹰人和他的助手们让老鹰歇在他们的手腕上。有一个古怪的老头拿着一张网，网里是一只被俘的活鹰，那只老鹰在网里扑腾挣扎着以吸引他们宿敌的注意，那些小鸟以为它无还击之力就成群扑下来嘲弄和挑衅，结果被捕入网中。

I may say at once that hawking, particularly in this form, does not give me much pleasure. There is something magnificent in the flight of the falcon when it is released and flung towards its prey, but the odds are too heavy in its favour and the whimperings of the doomed quarry strike a chill in the heart. We flew our hawks at duck and plovers, and missed none. Often the first swoop failed, but the deadly implacable pursuer was instantly ready to swoop again, and rarely was a third manoeuvre necessary. Man, under the influence of the excitement of the chase, is the same all the world over, and there was no difference between these Indians moving swiftly to intervene between the hawk and its stricken prey and an English boy running to retrieve his rabbit. Their animation and triumph—even their shouts and cries—were alike.

我马上就知道自己并不喜欢鹰猎，尤其是这种方式的鹰猎并不能给

我带来太多乐趣。当猎鹰被释放，飞向空中直扑猎物时，有点扣人心弦，但是机会明显偏向猎鹰，难逃厄运的猎物发出的悲号声让人心生战栗。我们让猎鹰追捕鸭子和鸟，无一失手。通常第一次都会失败，但是这致命的追捕者绝不善罢甘休，马上就会再次扑向猎物，很少需要发起第三次进攻。在这种激动人心的追击的影响下，全世界的人表现都是一样的。这些印度人飞快地奔上前去隔开猎鹰和它到手的猎物，这同一个英国男孩跑过去取回兔子时的速度没有差别。他们的活力和胜利——甚至于他们的叫喊声都是相同的。

And so we crossed field after field on our gentle steeds—and no one admires gentleness in a horse more than I—stopping only to watch another tragedy of the air, or to look across the river to Delhi and see the Fort under new conditions. All this country I had so often looked down upon from those high massive walls, standing in one of the lovely windows of Shah Jahan's earthly paradise; and now the scene was reversed, and I began to take more delight in it than in the sport. But at a pond to which we next came there was enacted a drama so absorbing that everything else was forgotten, even the heat of the sun.

我们骑着我们温顺的马，越过一片又一片田地——没有人像我这么喜欢马匹的温顺——停下来只是为了观看空中发生的又一出悲剧，或者遥望河对岸的德里，遥望那重新修缮的城堡。过去我经常站在沙·贾汗的人间天堂里一扇精巧的窗前，从那些高大的城墙上俯视这片乡村土地；现在这个场景颠倒过来，我在这其中获得的乐趣更甚于鹰猎运动本身。接下来我们来到一个池塘边，在那里上演的一出引人入胜的剧目让我忘记了其他一切，甚至烈日的炎热。

Upon this pond were three wild-duck at which a falcon was instantly flown. For a while, however, they kept their presence of mind and refused to leave the water—diving beneath the surface at the moment that the enemy was within a foot of them. On went the hawk, in its terrible, cruel onset, and up came the ducks, all ready to repeat these tactics when it turned and attacked again. But on one of the party (I swear it was not I), in order to assist the hawk, firing his gun, two of the ducks became panic-stricken and left the water, only of course to be quickly destroyed. It was on the hawk's return journey to the pond to make sure of the third duck that I saw for the first time in my life—and I hope the last—the expression on the countenance of these terrible birds in the execution of their duty: more than the mere execution of duty, the determination to have no more nonsense, to put an end to anything so monstrous as self-protection in others; for my horse being directly in the way, he flew under its neck and for a moment I thought that he was confusing me with the desired mallard. Nothing more merciless or purposeful did I ever see.

这个池塘里有三只野鸭，一只猎鹰迅速飞扑过去。刚开始，野鸭还

很镇静，不愿离开水面——看到敌人离它们不到一英尺时就潜入水下。猎鹰继续发起可怕、残酷的攻击。野鸭又浮出水面，只要猎鹰转而发起新一轮的攻击，它们就随时准备像刚才那样潜入水底。但是我们中有一个人（我发誓不是我）为了援助猎鹰开了一枪，两只野鸭受到惊吓离开了水面，当然很快就被消灭了。是在猎鹰返回池塘搜捕第三只野鸭时，我第一次看到了这些可怕的鸟在执行任务时的表情，我希望这也是最后一次：它们不仅仅是在执行任务，更表现了一种速战速决的决心，要立刻结束他人任何自我保护的荒谬行为。因为我的马正好拦在中间，猎鹰从它的脖子下飞过去，有那么一会儿，我还以为它把我当成了要搜寻的野鸭。我从未见过如此残忍、坚定的表情。

Then began a really heroic struggle on the part of the victim. He timed his dives to perfection, and escaped so often that the spirit of chivalry would have decreed a truce. But blood had been tasted, and, the desire being for more, the guns were again discharged. Not even they, however, could divert the duck from his intention of saving his life, and he dived away from the shot, too.

接着受害者开始了真正英勇的挣扎。它将潜入水底的时机把握得恰到好处，多次逃脱。若秉着骑士精神，一定会让它们休战。但是已经尝到鲜血，而欲望还不止于此，又有人放枪。然而即使放枪也不能打消这只野鸭自救的念头，它潜下去躲过了子弹。

It was at this moment that assistance to the gallant little bird arrived—not from man, who was past all decency, but from brother feathers. Out of a clear sky suddenly appeared two tern, dazzling in their whiteness, and these did all in their power to infuriate the hawk and lure him from the water. They flew round him and over him; they called him names; they said he was a bully and that all of us (which was true) ought to be ashamed of ourselves; they daunted and challenged and attacked. But the enemy was too strong for them. A fusillade drove them off, and once again we were free to consider the case of the duck, who was still swimming anxiously about, hoping against hope. More shots were fired, one of the boys waded in with a stick, and the dogs were added to the assault; and in the face of so determined a bombardment the poor little creature at last flew up, to be struck down within a few seconds by the insatiable avenger.

这时，这只英勇野鸭的救援来了——不是人类，他们已毫无良知，而是带着羽毛的同类。明朗的空中突然出现两只炽白的燕鸥，它们竭尽所能激怒猎鹰，想把它从水面引开。它们时而围着它盘旋，时而越过它头顶，骂它，说它是个恶霸，说我们都应该为自己的欺凌行为感到羞耻（确实如此）。它们恐吓它、挑衅它、攻击它，但是对它们来说，敌人太强大了。接着一连串的枪声赶走了它们，我们又可以关注野鸭了，它还在池塘里慌张地游动，仍然抱有希望。又有人开了几枪，一个男孩拿着一根棍子趟进池塘，几只猎狗也参与到攻击中来。面对如此坚定的轰击，这可怜的小东西最后还是飞了出来，几秒钟就被贪婪的复仇者击

倒。

That was the crowning event of the afternoon. Thereafter we had only small successes, and some very pronounced failures when, as happened several times, a bird flew for safety through a tree, and the hawk, following, was held up amid the branches. One of the birds thus to escape was a blue jay of brilliant beauty. We also got some hares. And then we loitered back under the yellowing sky, and Sir Umar Hayat Khan ceased suddenly to be a foe of fur and feathers and became a poet, talking of sunsets in India and in England as though the appreciation of tender beauty were his only delight.

这就是那天下午的高潮事件。之后，我们只取得了几次小胜利，并经历了一些明显的失败，有几次，一只鸟从树枝间穿过去躲避追捕，跟在后面的猎鹰被卡在了树枝上，这样逃过一劫的鸟中有一只漂亮的蓝松鸦。我们还打了些野兔。然后天色渐暗，我们就开始慢慢往回走了。乌玛尔·哈亚特·汗爵士突然间就不再是飞禽走兽的敌人，而成了一位诗人，谈起了印度和英格兰的夕阳，仿佛欣赏柔和的美景是他唯一的乐趣。

New, or Imperial, Delhi

新德里或皇城德里

There have been seven Delhis; and it required no little courage to establish a new one—the Imperial capital—actually within sight of most of them; but the courage was forthcoming. Originally the position was to be to the north of the present city, where the Coronation Durbar spread its canvas, but Raisina was found to be healthier, and it is there, some five miles to the southwest, that the new palaces are rising from the rock. Fatehpur-Sikri is the only city with which the New Delhi can be compared; but not Akbar himself could devise it on a nobler scale. Akbar's centralising gift and Napoleon's spacious views may be said to combine here, the long avenues having kinship with the Champs Elysées, and Government House and the Secretariat on the great rocky plateau at Raisina corresponding to the palace on Fatehpur-Sikri's highest point. The splendour and the imagination which designed the lay-out of Imperial Delhi cannot be over-praised, and under the hands of Sir Edwin Lutyens[27] and Mr. Herbert Baker[28] some wonderful buildings are coming to life. The city, since it is several square miles in extent, cannot be finished for some years, but it may be ready to be the seat of Government as soon as 1924.

已经有了七个德里，要再建一个新的德里——皇都——就需要很大勇气，而且新皇城将建在多数旧皇城的视线之内，但还是有人鼓起了勇气。起初，位置选在现在这座城市的北部，那里曾是诸侯加冕举行仪式

的地方，但是后来发现莱辛那环境更好，于是在原定选址西南方向约5英里的地方，从石间建起了一座座宫殿。唯一能与新德里媲美的只有法塔赫布尔·希克利。但是单凭阿克巴自己无法建成这么宏伟的建筑。据说这里融合了阿克巴的集权才能和拿破仑的开阔眼界。这里的长街和法国巴黎香榭丽舍大街有着异曲同工之妙，政府大楼和莱辛那多岩高地上的秘书处同法塔赫布尔·希克利最高点的宫殿遥相呼应。皇城德里布局设计的恢宏气势和想象力怎么夸赞也不为过。在埃德温·鲁坦斯爵士和赫伯特·贝克先生的手下，一些神奇的建筑诞生了。这座城市纵横延绵数英里，几年之内无法建成，但是1924年新政府应该可以搬来这里。

As I have said, the old Delhis are all about the new one. On the Grand Trunk road out of Delhi proper, which goes to Muttra and Agra, you pass, very quickly, on the left, the remains of Firozabad, the capital of Firoz Shah in the later thirteenth century. Two or three miles further on is Indrapat on its hill overlooking the Jumna, surrounded by lofty walls. It is as modern as the sixteenth century, but is now in ruins. At Indrapat reigned Humayun, the son of the mighty Babar (who on his conquering way to Delhi had swum every river in advance of his army) and the father of the mighty Akbar. I loitered long within Indrapat's massive walls, which are now given up to a few attendants and an occasional visitor, and like all the monuments around Delhi are most carefully conserved under the Act for that purpose, which was not the least of Lord Curzon[29]'s Viceregal achievements. Among the buildings which still stand, rising from the turf, is Humayun's library. It was here that he met his end—one tradition relating that he fell in the dark on his way to fetch a book, and another that his purpose had been less intellectually amatory.

正如我所说，老德里散布在新德里周边。在德里城外通向马图拉和阿格拉的大干路上，你走不了多远便可以看见左边有菲罗札巴德遗迹，菲罗札巴德是13世纪后期菲罗兹·沙的都城。继续往前两、三英里就可以看见因陀罗之城坐落在山上，俯瞰朱木拿河，四周高墙林立。因陀罗之城并不古老，它建成于16世纪，可如今已成为一片废墟。因陀罗之城的统治者是胡马雍，伟大的巴伯尔王（征服德里的途中，先于他的军队游过每一条河流）之子和伟大的阿克巴王之父。我在高墙之内的因陀罗之城徘徊了很久，如今里面只有几名工作人员和少许游客。这里的城墙像德里周围所有的纪念碑一样被悉心呵护，这得益于为此通过的法案，可算作寇仁勋爵任总督期间取得的成就。在保存下来的建筑中，胡马雍的图书馆屹立在一片草地上。他就是在这里去世的——有一种说法说他是在黑暗中取书时摔死的，还有一种说法就使他显得不这么智慧，说他是为了感情而亡。

Another mile and we come, still just beside the Grand Trunk road, to Humayun's Tomb, which stands in a vast garden where green parrots continually chatter and pursue each other. There is something very charming—a touch of the truest civilisation, if civilisation means

the art of living graciously—in the practice of the old Emperors and rulers, of building their mausoleums during their lifetime and using them, until their ultimate destiny was fulfilled, as pleasure resorts. To this enchanting spot came Humayun and his ladies full of life, to be insouciant and gay. Then, his hour striking, Humayun's happy retreat became Humayun's Tomb. He died in 1556, when Queen Mary, in England, was persecuting Protestants. The Tomb is in good repair and to the stranger to the East who has not yet visited Agra and seen the Taj Mahal (which has a similar ground plan), it is as beautiful as need be. Humayun's cenotaph, in plain white marble, is in the very centre. Below, in the vault immediately beneath it, are his remains. Other illustrious dust is here, too; and some less illustrious, such as that of Humayun's barber, which reposes beneath a dome of burning-blue tiles in a corner of the garden.

再前行一英里，就来到了胡马雍陵，还是在大干路旁边。这座陵墓坐落在一个大花园内，里面有绿鹦鹉在叽叽喳喳、相互追逐。这里的景象有很迷人之处——如果文明就是雅致地生活，那么这里能让人感到一种最纯粹的文明。过去的帝王、统治者们生前修建陵墓，在这里游玩直到陵墓完成其终极使命。来到这个醉人的地方，胡马雍和他的妃子们充满活力，无忧无虑地嬉戏。接着丧钟鸣响时，胡马雍的欢乐胜地变成了其葬身之所。他死于1556年，当时英国的玛丽皇后正在迫害新教徒。陵墓维护得很好，对于初到东方还没到过阿格拉，没有参观泰姬陵（建筑平面图与胡马雍陵相似）的游客来说，这里够漂亮了。由纯白大理石打造的胡马雍纪念碑立在花园正中。纪念碑下面的墓室中放置着他的遗体。这里还有一些名人的骨灰，也还有些不太出名人士的骨灰，比如胡马雍的理发师就安葬在花园一角的蓝瓦穹窿下。

From the upper galleries of the Emperor's mausoleum the eye enjoys various rich prospects—the valley of the Jumna pulsating in the heat, the walls of the New Delhi at Raisina almost visibly growing, and, to the north, Delhi itself, with the twin towers of the great mosque over all. Down the Grand Trunk road, immediately below, are bullock wagons and wayfarers, and here and there is a loaded camel. Across the road is a curious little group of sacred buildings whither some of the wayfarers no doubt are bent on a pilgrimage; for here is the shrine of the Saint Nizam-ud-din Aulia, who worked miracles during his life and died during the reign of our Edward II—in 1324.

站在帝王陵墓上面的走廊里，可以看见各种丰富的景象——朱木拿河的溪流在热浪中律动，莱辛那的新德里城墙明显在增高，北面德里城中大清真寺的双子塔高耸入云。沿着大干路望下去，紧接着的是牛车和赶路的人们，随处可见驮着担子的骆驼。路的对面是一小群奇特的宗教建筑，有些赶路人无疑是要去那里朝圣。这里就有圣人尼扎姆丁·奥利亚神祠，他生前创造了很多奇迹，于1324年爱德华二世统治期间去世。

On visiting his shrine (which involved the usual assumption of

overshoes to prevent our infidel leather from contaminating the floor), we fell, after evading countless beggars and would-be guides, into the hands of a kindly old man who pressed handfuls of little white nuts upon us and who remains in my memory as the only independent Mussulman priest in India, for he refused a tip. In this respect nothing could be more widely separated than his conduct and that of the three priests of the Jama Masjid in Delhi, who, discovering us on the wall, just before the Friday service began, held up the service for several minutes while they explained their schedule of gratuities—beginning with ten rupees for the High Priest—and this after we had already provided for the attendant who had supplied the overshoes and had led us to the point of vantage! I thought how amusing it would be if a visitor to an English cathedral—where money usually has to pass, as it is—were surrounded by the Dean, Archdeacon, Canons and Minor Canons, with outstretched hands, and had to buy his way to a sight of the altar, according to the status of each. The spectacle would be as odd to us, as it must be to the French or Italians—and even perhaps Americans—to see a demand for an entrance fee on the Canterbury portals.

参观他的神祠时（为了不让非教徒玷污神祠的地面，通常要穿上套靴），我们避开一大堆乞丐和想给我们做导游的人，然后遇到了一位和善的老人，他塞给我们一捧小白果。在我的记忆里他是印度唯一一名伊斯兰独立牧师，因为他拒绝接受小费。在这方面，他的行为同我们在德里贾玛寺碰到的三个牧师的表现形成了再鲜明不过的对比。星期五礼拜仪式即将开始时，那三个牧师在城墙上看到我们，为了说明他们的小费标准（主教10卢比起），就把仪式耽误了几分钟，而在这之前我们已经向给我们提供套靴，并带我们到最佳视角的随从付了小费。我想若去参观英格兰大教堂一路都要花钱的话一定很有趣，教长、副主教、教士、低级牧师都向你伸出手，你要根据他们各自的身份花钱买来通向圣坛的路。这样的情景在我们看来不可思议，就像法国人和意大利人，甚至包括美国人，看到坎特伯雷教堂要收入场费也感到不可思议一样。

Were we to continue on the Grand Trunk road for a few miles, first crossing a noble Mogul bridge, we should come to a little walled city, Badapur, where a turning due west leads to another Delhi of the past, Tughlakabad, and on to yet another, the remains of Lal Kot, where the famous Minar soars to the sky.

如果再继续沿着大干路前行几英里，过一座宏伟的莫卧儿大桥就会来到一座有城墙的小城——巴达普尔，在那里向西转就会通向历史上的又一个德里，杜格拉卡巴德，继续前行还有一个，拉尔科特城废墟，在那里就会看到那座高耸入云的著名高塔。

One of the most pleasing effects of the New Delhi is the series of vistas which the lay-out provides. It has been so arranged that many of the avenues radiating from the central rock on which Government

House and the Secretariat are being set are closed at their distant ends by historic buildings. Standing on the temporary tower which marks this centre one is able to see in a few moments all the ruined cities that I have mentioned. The Kutb Minar[30] is the most important landmark in the far south, although the eye rests most lovingly on the red and white comeliness of the tomb of Safdar Jang in the middle distance—which, with Humayun's Tomb, makes a triangle with the new Government House. Within that triangle are the Lodi tombs, marking yet another period in the history of Delhi, the Lodis being the rulers who early in the fi fteenth century were defeated by Babar.

新德里令人愉悦的一点在于它的布局能让人欣赏到一连串远处的美景。根据城市规划，许多街道发源于中心岩石（政府大楼和秘书处就位于这块岩石上），以历史建筑作为终点。站在这座标志着市中心的临时塔楼上，用不了多久就能看到我刚才提到的所有那些古城遗迹。古特伯高塔是远处南面最重要的地标，不过人们的目光大多会停留在眼前不远处红白相间的沙夫达炯陵美景上。沙夫达炯陵、胡马雍陵和新政府大楼构成了一个三角区。在这个三角区内有标志德里另一时期历史的洛提陵，洛提曾是这里的统治者，于15世纪早期被巴卑尔打败。

The Kutb Minar enclosure, which is a large garden, where beautiful masonry, flowers, trees and birds equally flourish, commemorates the capture of Delhi by Muhammad bin Sam in 1193, the battle being directed by his lieutenant, Kutb-ud-din. From that time until the Mutiny in 1857 Delhi was under Mohammedan rule. One of the first acts of the conqueror was to destroy the Hindu temple that stood here and erect the mosque that now takes its place, and he then built the great tower known as the Kutb Minar, or Tower of Victory, which ascends in diminishing red and white storeys to a height of 235 feet, involving the inquisitive view-finder in a climb of 379 steps. On the other side of the mosque are the beginnings of a second tower, which, judging by the size of the base, was to have risen to a still greater height, but it was abandoned after 150 feet. Its purpose was to celebrate for ever the glory of the Emperor Ala-ud-din (1296-1316).

古特伯高塔外围是一座大花园，是为了纪念1193年穆1古特伯高塔，世界上最高的砖砌清真寺尖塔。罕默德·本·萨姆占领德里而修建的，园内的砖石建筑、鲜花、树木、鸟雀相映生辉。这场战役是由他的中尉古特伯·乌德·丁指挥的。从那时起到1857年印度反英暴动，德里一直在伊斯兰教统治下。征服者最早的举措之一就是摧毁这里的印度教堂，修建清真寺取而代之。接着又修建了雄伟的古特伯高塔，又叫胜利塔，塔高235英尺，红白相间的尖塔逐层变细，塔内有379级台阶通往塔顶悬台。清真寺的另一边还有一座刚开工的塔楼，从塔基大小可以判断这座塔楼会修建得更高，但是修到150英尺后就停工了。修建这座塔是为了纪念阿拉乌丁王（1296-1316）永远的辉煌。

In front of the mosque is the Iron Pillar which has been the cause of so much perplexity both to antiquaries and chemists, and meat and drink to Sanscrit scholars. The pillar has an inscription commemorating an early monarch named Chandra who conquered Bengal in the fifth century, and it must have been brought to this spot for reerection. But its refusal to rust, and the purity of its constituents, are its special merits. To me the mysteries of iron pillars are without interest, and what I chiefly remember of this remarkable pleasaunce is the exquisite stone carvings of the ruined cloisters and the green parrots that play among the trees.

清真寺前是纯铁铁柱，它让古董商人和化学家感到迷惑，给梵语学者带来生计。柱子上的铭文是为了纪念一位名叫钱德拉的早期君主，他于5世纪征服了孟加拉。铁柱一定是后来被迁到这里的，其特殊优点在于材质纯净，不易生锈。我对神秘的铁柱没有兴趣，不过我至今还清晰记得那神奇乐园破败的回廊上精致的石雕和树间嬉闹的绿鹦鹉。

The Divers

潜水者

As we were leaving the Kutb after a late afternoon visit, my host and I were hailed excitedly by an elderly man whose speech was incomprehensible, but whose gestures indicated plainly enough that there was something important up the hill. The line of least resistance being the natural one in India, we allowed him to guide us, and came after a few minutes, among the ruins of the citadel of Lal Kot, to one of those deep wells gained by long flights of steps whither the ladies of the palaces used to resort in the hottest weather. Evening was drawing on and the profundities of this cavern were forbiddingly gloomy; nor was the scene rendered more alluring by the presence of three whitebearded old men, almost stark naked and leaner than greyhounds, who shivered and grimaced, and suggested nothing so much as fugitives from the grave. They were, however, not only alive, but athletically so, being professional divers who earned an exceedingly uncomfortable living by dropping, feet first, from the highest point of the building into the water eighty feet below.

下午晚些时候我们去了趟古特伯,正要离开那里时，一个上了年纪的男人冲我和我的招待者大喊，他说的什么我们听不懂，但从他的手势足以看出山上发生了什么重要的事情。在印度当然是选择最省事的办法，让他给我们带路。几分钟后，我们来到了拉尔科特城堡废墟的一口深井处，一段长梯通向井底。这里曾是宫廷嫔妃的避暑胜地。夜幕降临，这口深井幽深阴沉得让人不敢接近，三个几乎赤裸着全身的白胡子老头进一步加深了这种可怕的气氛。他们比长腿猎犬还瘦，直哆嗦，脸上一副

痛苦的表情，让人觉得是从坟墓里逃出来的。然而，他们是活人，而且还是擅长运动的活人。他们是专业的潜水者，过着极不舒适的生活，靠潜水挣钱，即双脚向下，从深井的最高点跃入下面八十英尺处的井水中。

One of them indicating his willingness—more than willingness, eagerness—to perform this manoeuvre for two rupees, we agreed, and placing us on a step from which the best view could be had, he fled along the gallery to the top of the shaft, and after certain preliminary movements, to indicate how perilous was the adventure, and how chilly the evening, and how more than worth two rupees it was, he committed his body to the operations of the law of gravity. We saw it through the apertures in the shaft on its downward way and then heard the splash as it reached the distant water, while a crowd of pigeons who had retired to roost among the masonry dashed out and away. The diver emerged from the well and came running up the steps towards us, while his companion scarecrows fled also to the top of the shaft and one after the other dropped down, too; so that in a minute or so we were surrounded by three old, dripping men, each demanding two rupees. Useless to protest that we had desired but one of them to perform: they pursued us into the open, and even clung to our knees, and of course we paid—afterwards to learn that one rupee for the lot was a lavish guerdon.

其中一个人表示愿意——不止愿意，而是急不可耐——为了挣两个卢比表演，我们同意了。他让我们坐到一个观赏跳水的最佳位置，然后沿着通道奔向井口，做了一些准备动作，表明这项活动很危险而且晚上很冷，我们这两卢比花得很值。透过井壁的裂缝我们看到他纵身跳下去，之后听到井底深处的水面传来水花溅起的巨大声响，吓得栖息在井中的一群鸽子迅速逃离。潜水者浮出水面，沿着台阶而上向我们跑过来。他两个瘦骨嶙峋、衣衫褴褛的同伴则跑到井口，相继跳了下去；于是，不到一分钟，我们就被三个湿淋淋的老人围住了，每人索要两卢比，尽管我们抗议说当初只答应让一人表演，但他们一直跟在我们后面走了出来，甚至拉着我们的腿不放。当然，我们还是付了钱——后来才发现其实一人一个卢比就算很慷慨了。

One meets with these divers continually, wherever there is a pool sacred or otherwise; but some actually leap into the water and do not merely drop. At the shrine of the Saint Nizam-ud-din, near Humayun's Tomb, I found them—but there they were healthy-looking youths—and again at Fatehpur-Sikri. But for this sporadic diving, the wrestling bouts which are common everywhere, the Nautch and the jugglers, India seems to have no pastimes.

一路上只要有池塘的地方就会陆续碰到这些潜水者，不管这些池塘是否具有宗教意义，当然有些人确实会潜入水底，而不只是跳下去而已。在胡马雍陵附近的圣人尼扎姆丁神祠，我看到了潜水者，不过他们

都是健康的年轻人。后来又在法塔赫布尔·希克利看到了潜水者。除了偶尔见到的潜水、随处可见的摔跤、印度舞女的表演和杂耍以外，印度似乎没有别的娱乐活动。

The Rope Trick

绳子魔术

The returning traveller from India is besieged by questioners who want to know all about the most famous of the jugglers' performances. In this trick the magician flings a rope into the air, retaining one end in his hand, and his boy climbs up it and disappears. I did not see it.

从印度旅游回来的人难免被人们团团围住提问,了解所有关于最有名的印度魔术表演的事情。在这种魔术中，魔术师握着魔绳一端，把另一端抛向空中，他的孩子顺绳而上，消失在空中。这个魔术我没有见到。

Agra And Fatehpur-Sikri

阿格拉与法塔赫布尔·希克利

All the Indian cities that I saw seemed to cover an immense acreage, partly because every modern house has its garden and compound. In a country where land is cheap and servants are legion there need be no congestion, and, so far, the Anglo-Indian knows little or nothing of the embarrassments of dwellers in New York or London. To every one in India falls naturally a little faithful company of assistants to oil the wheels of life—groom, gardener, butler and so forth—and a spacious dwelling-place to think of England in, and calculate the variable value of the rupee, and wonder why the dickens So-and-so got his knighthood. Agra seemed to me to be the most widespreading city of all; but very likely it is not. In itself it is far from being the most interesting, but it has one building of great beauty—the Pearl Mosque in the Fort—and one building of such consummate beauty as to make it a place of pilgrimage that no traveller would dare to avoid—the Taj Mahal. Whether or not the Taj Mahal is the most enchanting work of architecture in the world I leave it to more extensive travellers to say. To my eyes it has an unearthly loveliness which I make no effort to pass on to others.

我所见过的印度城市面积似乎都很大，这一定程度上是因为每一座现代房屋都有花园和院子。在乡下，土地便宜，仆人又多，没有必要挤在一起。目前，英裔印度人很少了解或完全不了解纽约和伦敦居民的窘困。在印度他们每个人都有一小帮忠实的助手——马夫、园丁、管家等为他们的人生之轮上油，都有一个宽敞的住处，在其中他们想着英国的

事，计算卢比比价的变化，琢磨某某到底是如何取得骑士身份的。我觉得阿格拉似乎是最大的城市，但很可能它不是，它也远不是最有趣的城市，不过它有一座非常美丽的建筑——城堡内的珍珠清真寺——和另一座所有游客必去朝圣的完美建筑——泰姬陵。泰姬陵是不是世界建筑作品中最具魅力的作品，就让广大游客来评判吧！在我眼里，它具有一种超凡脱俗的魅力，这种魅力不用我多说。

The Taj Mahal was built by that inspired friend of architecture, Shah Jahan, as the tomb of the best beloved of his wives, Arjumand Banu[31], called Mumtaz-i-Mahal or Pride of the Palace. There she lies, and there lies her husband. I wonder how many of the travellers who stand entranced before this mausoleum, in sunshine and at dusk or under the moon, and who have not troubled about its history, realise that Giotto's Tower[32] in Florence is three centuries older, and St. Peter's[33] in Rome antedates it by a little, and St. Paul's Cathedral[34] in London is only twenty or thirty years younger. Yet so it is. In India one falls naturally into the way of thinking of everything that is not of our own time as being of immense age, if not prehistoric.

泰姬陵是由在建筑方面有灵感的沙·贾汗为他最宠爱的妃子——亚珠曼德·芭奴，又叫慕塔芝玛哈，即“宫殿的骄傲”修建的。她躺在那里，那里也躺着她的丈夫。我不知道在阳光、夕阳或月光下陶醉于陵墓美景的游客中，在不去过问它历史的游客中，有多少人知道佛罗伦萨的乔托钟楼比它早了三百多年，罗马圣彼得大教堂也稍早于它建成，而伦敦的圣保罗大教堂只比它晚了二三十年。尽管这样，在印度，人们很自然地就认为，只要不是我们这个时代的事物即使不属于史前也一定有着悠久的历史。

Opinions differ as to the respective beauties of Agra Fort and Delhi Fort, but in so far as the enclosures themselves are considered I give my vote unhesitatingly to Delhi. Yet when one thinks also of what can be seen from the ramparts, then the palm goes instantly to Agra, for its view of the Taj Mahal. It is tragic, walking here, to think of the last days of Shah Jahan, who brought into being both the marble palace and the wonderful Moti-Masjid or marble mosque. For in 1658 his son, Aurungzebe, deposed him and for the rest of his life he was imprisoned in these walls.

关于阿格拉堡和德里堡哪个更美众说纷纭，但是目前如果只论城堡本身，我会毫不犹豫地投票给德里堡。如果就城墙上能看到的风景而论，我会马上举手给阿格拉堡，因为从那里可以看到泰姬陵。来到泰姬陵，想着沙·贾汗晚年的悲惨生活不禁令人叹惋。他修建了大理石宫殿和神奇的珍珠清真寺即大理石清真寺，在1658年被儿子奥朗则布篡位并囚禁在这些高墙后度过余生。

His grandfather, Akbar, the other great Agra builder, was made of sterner stuff. All Shah Jahan's creations—the Taj, the marble mosque,

the palaces both here and at Delhi, even the great Jama Masjid at Delhi,—have a certain sensuous quality. They are not exactly decadent, but they suggest sweetness rather than strength. The Empire had been won, and Shah Jahan could indulge in luxury and ease. But Akbar had had to fight, and he remained to the end a man of action, and we see his character reflected in his stronghold Fatehpur-Sikri, which one visits from Agra and never forgets. If I were asked to say which place in India most fascinated me and touched the imagination I think I should name this dead city.

他的祖父阿克巴，另一个伟大的阿格拉建造者，性格坚毅。沙·贾汗的所有建筑——泰姬陵、大理石清真寺以及这里和德里的宫殿，甚至包括德里的贾玛清真寺——都给人一种感官上的愉悦，不是颓废，而是柔美。帝国已经取得胜利，沙·贾汗可以沉湎于奢华安逸之中。但是阿克巴却不得不奋战，他至死都是一个实战家。他的性格彰显于其根据地法塔赫布尔·希克利中，来过这里的游客都不会忘记这座城堡。如果问我印度的哪个地方最令我着迷、最能拨动我的想象力，我想就是这座荒城。

Akbar, the son of Babar, is my hero among the Moguls, and this was Akbar's chosen home, until scarcity of water forced him to abandon it for Agra. Akbar, the noblest of the great line of Moguls whose splendour ended in 1707 with the death of Aurungzebe, came to the throne in 1556, only eight years before Shakespeare was born, and died in 1605, and it is interesting to realise how recent were his times, the whole suggestion of Fatehpur-Sikri being one of very remote antiquity. Yet when it was being built so modern a masterpiece as Hamlet was being written and played. Those interested in the Great Moguls ought really to visit Fatehpur-Sikri before Delhi or Agra, because Akbar was the grandfather of Shah Jahan. But there can be no such chronological wanderings in India. Have we not already seen Humayun's Tomb, outside Delhi?—and Humayun was Akbar's father.

阿克巴，巴卑尔的儿子，是我心中的莫卧儿帝国英雄，这里是阿克巴选中的家园，直到水源不足他才被迫离开这里迁到阿格拉。阿克巴是莫卧儿家族中最高贵的成员，家族的辉煌于1707年随着奥朗则布的死亡而结束。他于1556年（仅八年后莎士比亚诞生）登上王位，卒于1605年。他的时代其实离我们很近，意识到这点很有意思，整个法塔赫布尔·希克利给人一种遥远古老的感觉。然而它并非那样古老，它修建的那个时代，《哈姆雷特》这部杰出剧作刚被写成并上演。对伟大的莫卧儿王朝有兴趣的人的确应该在参观德里和阿格拉前先去看看法塔赫布尔·希克利，因为阿克巴是沙·贾汗的祖父。但印度没有可能跟随年表顺序参观了。我们不是已经看到了德里城外的胡马雍陵了吗？——胡马雍是阿克巴的父亲。

They say the leopard and the jackal keep the courts where Akbar gloried… —this adaptation of FitzGerald's lines ran through my mind

as we passed from room to room and tower to tower of Fatehpur-Sikri. There is nothing to compare with it, except perhaps Pompeii. And in that comparison one realises how impossible it is at a hazard to date an Indian ruin, for, as I have said, Fatehpur-Sikri is from the days of Elizabeth, while Pompeii was destroyed in the first century, and yet Pompeii in many ways seems less ancient.

他们说曾辉煌一时的阿克巴宫廷如今豺狼横行——当我们经过法塔赫布尔·希克利的一个个房间、一座座塔楼时，我不禁想到了这句话，它改编自菲茨杰拉德的诗句。也许除了庞培城就再也没有什么能与之比拟，而这样比较时，人们会发现难以推测出一片印度废墟的真正年代。因为就像我前面提到的，法塔赫布尔·希克利是伊丽莎白时期的建筑，而庞培城在公元一世纪就被摧毁了，然而在很多方面，庞培似乎还不如法塔赫布尔·希克利古老。

The walls of Fatehpur-Sikri are seven miles round and the city rises to the summits of two steep hills. It was on the higher one that Akbar set his palace. Civilisation has run a railway through the lower levels; the old high road still climbs the hill under the incredibly lofty walls of the palace. The royal enclosure is divided into all the usual courtyards and apartments, but they are on a grander scale. Also the architecture is more mixed. Here is the swimming bath; here are the cool, dark rooms for the ladies of the harem in the hottest days, with odd corners where Akbar is said to have played hide-and-seek with them; here is the hall where Akbar, who kept an open mind on religion, listened to, and disputed with, dialecticians of varying creeds—himself seated in the middle, and the doctrinaires in four pulpits around him; here is the Mint; here is the house of the Turkish queen, with its elaborate carvings and decorations; here is the girls' school, with a courtyard laid out for human chess, the pieces being slave-girls; here is a noble mosque; here is the vast court where the great father of his people administered justice, or what approximated to it, and received homage. Here are the spreading stables and riding school; here is even the tomb of a favourite elephant.

绕古城而建的城墙总长7英里，古城盘山而上直达两座陡峭山峰之巅。阿克巴将宫殿建在更高的那座山峰上，随着文明的发展，山腰已经开凿修建起了一条铁路。宫殿高墙脚下那条古老的山路依然盘踞在那里。皇家建筑群由一些普通的庭院和房间组成，只不过规模更大，建筑风格更加多样。这里是游泳沐浴的地方；这里有凉爽、幽暗的房间供妃嫔避暑，房间里有些偏僻的角落，据说阿克巴曾同妃子们在这里捉迷藏；这里还有一个大厅，对宗教持开放态度的阿克巴在这里听取持不同信条的辩证家们谈论自己的观点并与他们展开辩论——他自己坐在中间，那些教条主义者坐在四周的讲道坛后；这里有铸币工厂；这里有土耳其王后的宫殿，殿内有精致的雕刻和装饰；这里有女子学院，里面有一个人体棋盘布局的院子，由女奴充当棋子；这里有一座宏伟的清真

寺；这里有一座大殿，伟大的君主在这里执行审判或类似事务，并接受臣民的朝拜；这里有一大片马厩和骑术学校；这里甚至还有一座为最受人宠爱的大象修建的坟墓。

And here is the marble tomb of the Saint, the Shaikh Salim, whose holiness brought it about that the Emperor became at last the father of a son—none other than Jahangir. The shrine is visited even to this day by childless wives, who tie shreds of their clothing to the lattice-work of a marble window as an earnest of their maternal worthiness. It is visited also by the devout for various purposes, among others by those whose horses are sick and who nail votive horseshoes to the great gate. According to tradition the mother of Jahangir was a Christian named Miriam, and her house and garden may be seen, the house having the traces of a fresco which by those who greatly wish it can be believed to represent the Annunciation. Tradition, however, is probably wrong, and the princess was from Jaipur and a true Mussulwoman.

这里还有圣人谢赫·萨利姆的大理石陵墓，在这位圣人的帮助下，帝王终于生下了一个儿子——就是贾汗季。即使到了现在，仍然有一些没有孩子的已婚妇女来这里祭拜神像，她们从衣服上剪下一条条布系在大理石窗的窗棂上，以示她们愿为人母的虔诚之心。也有怀着其他心愿的信徒来到这里，比如有人为了生病的马而来，他们将许愿马蹄铁钉到神祠大门上。据传贾汗季的母亲是一个基督教徒，名叫米丽娅姆，她的宫殿和花园现在还可以看到，宫殿里留存着壁画的痕迹，当年作画的画家们十分希望用壁画来表现天使报喜的场景。然而，传说或许有误，王妃实际上来自斋浦尔，并且是一名真正的伊斯兰教徒。

From ever y height—and particularly from the Panch Mahal's[35] roof—one sees immense prospects and realises what a landmark the stronghold of Fatehpur-Sikri must have been to the dwellers in the plains; but no view is the equal of that which bursts on the astonished eyes at the great north gateway, where all Rajputana[36] is at one's feet. I do not pretend to any exhaustive knowledge of the gates of the world, but I cannot believe that there can be others set as this Gate of Victory is in the walls of a palace, at the head of myriad steps, on the very top of a commanding rock and opening on to thousands of square miles of country. Having seen the amazing landscape one descends the steps to the road, and looking up is astonished and exalted by seeing the gate from below. Nothing so grand has ever come into my ken. The Taj Mahal is unforgettingly beautiful; but this glorious gate in the sky has more at once to exercise and stimulate the imagination and reward the vision.

从任何高度——尤其是从班杰默哈塔顶，人们可以看见广阔的风景并发现法塔赫布尔·希克利这个根据地对这片平原上的居民来说是一座怎样的地标。但是什么都不能与北大门突如其来的景象相提并论，这是一

番令人瞠目结舌的景象。拉杰普塔纳全景呈现在人们脚下。我并不是自夸对世界上所有的大门都了如指掌，但是我不信还有别的门能像这座胜利门这样，矗立于宫殿的高墙之间，凌驾于无数层台阶之上，屹立于一块居高临下的巨石之上，使人得以望见国土上延绵数千平方英里的景色。欣赏了这令人惊叹的景色后，走下台阶、来到路上，站在胜利门脚下抬头仰望，这让人感到惊异和激动。我从未见过如此壮观的景色。泰姬陵的美令人难忘，但是苍穹下这座辉煌的胜利门更能在瞬间锻炼和激发人的想象力，开阔眼界。

On the gate are the words: "Isa (Jesus), on whom be peace, said: 'The world is a bridge; pass over it, but build no house on it. The world endures but an hour; spend it in devotion.'"

门上镌刻的铭文写着："以萨（耶稣）与和平同在，他曾说过：'世界是一座桥梁，从它上面经过，但不要在上面修房建屋。世界只能承受一个小时；虔诚地利用它吧。'"

Having seen Fatehpur-Sikri, where Akbar lived and did more than build a house, it is a natural course to return to Agra by way of Sikandra, where he was buried. Sikandra is like the Taj Mahal and Humayun's Tomb in general disposition—the mausoleum itself being in the centre of a garden. But it is informed by a more sombre spirit. The burial-place of the mighty Emperor is in the very heart of the building, gained by a sloping passage lit by an attendant with a torch. Here was Akbar laid, while high above, on the topmost stage of the mausoleum, in the full light, is his cenotaph of marble, with the ninetynine names of Allah inscribed upon it. Near the cenotaph is a marble pillar on which once was set the Koh-i-noor diamond[37], chief of Akbar's treasures. Today it is part of the English regalia.

参观完阿克巴住过并在那里修建过多座宫殿的法塔赫布尔·希克利后，自然要取道锡根德拉返回阿格拉，锡根德拉是阿克巴的陵墓所在地，总体来说它和泰姬陵、胡马雍陵的布局相似——陵墓位于花园中央，但是气氛更加庄严肃穆。伟大帝王被安葬在这座建筑的中心，一名工作人员举着火把照明，我们沿一段坡道而下。阿克巴就躺在这里，上面陵墓顶端灯火通明的高台就是他的大理石纪念碑，碑上刻着九十九个"安拉"的名字。纪念碑附近有一根大理石柱，柱身上曾镶有科·依·诺尔钻石——阿克巴的主要宝贝，如今已成为英王御宝的一部分。

Lucknow

勒克瑙

The Ridge at Delhi is a sufficiently moving reminder of the Indian Mutiny; but it is at Lucknow that the most poignant phases are

reenacted. At Delhi may be seen, preserved for ever, the famous buildings which the British succeeded in keeping—Hindu Rao's house, and the Observatory, and Flagstaff Tower, the holding of which gave them victory; while in the walls of the Kashmir Gate our cannon balls are still visibly imbedded. There is also the statue of John Nicholson[38] in the Kudsia Garden, and in the little Museum of the Fort are countless souvenirs.

仅德里山脉就足以提醒人们“印度反英暴动”这段历史。但是，勒克瑙才是其最惨痛阶段上演的地方。在德里，还能看见永久保存下来的英军成功驻守的著名建筑——辛都·拉奥宅邸、瞭望台和旗塔，守住这些建筑使他们取得了胜利。克什米尔门内的城墙上还能见到我们当初射进的炮弹。古德西亚花园里还有约翰·尼科尔森的雕像，城堡的小博物馆里陈列着数不尽的纪念品。

But Lucknow was the centre of the tragedy, and the Residency is preserved as a sacred spot. Not even the recent Great War left in its track any more poignant souvenirs of fortitude and disaster than the little burial ground here, around the ruins of the church, where those who fell in the Mutiny and those who fought or suffered in the Mutiny are lying. Long ago as it was—1857—there are still a few vacant lots destined to be filled. Chief of the tombstones that bear the honoured names is that of the heroic defender who kept upon the topmost roof the banner of England flying. It has the simple and touching inscription: "Here lies Henry Lawrence[39], who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy on his soul!”

但是勒克瑙是悲剧的中心，官邸被作为圣地保存下来。即使最近的世界大战留下的作为刚毅和灾难象征的纪念物也没有这一小片墓地上的多。在这片环绕教堂遗迹的墓地上，躺着那些在反英暴动中倒下的人，以及那些在暴动中浴血奋战、饱受折磨的人。很久以前，也就是1857年，这里还有几块空地未被填满。墓碑上刻着一个个令人肃然起敬的名字，其中一座主要墓碑上刻着的名字属于一名英勇的守卫者，他始终让英国国旗在屋顶的最高处飘扬。上面镌刻着简单而感人的铭文：“这里躺着恪尽职守的亨利·劳伦斯，愿主保佑他的灵魂！”

In the Residency every step of the siege and relief can be followed. I was there first on a serene evening after rain; and but for some tropical trees it might have been an English scene. All that was lacking was a thrush or blackbird's note; but the grass was as soft and green as at home and the air as sweet. I shall long retain the memory of the contrast between the incidents which give this enclosure its unique place in history and the perfect calm brooding over all. And whenever any one calls my attention to a Bougainvillaea I shall say, "Ah! But you should see the Bougainvillaea in the Residency garden at Lucknow."

在官邸内，可以了解到当年被围和获救的每一步。我第一次去那里是在一个宁静的夜晚，刚刚下完一场雨。如果没有那些热带树木，它就是一片英伦风景，缺少的只是歌鸫或画眉的鸣叫。但这里的草和家乡的草一样绿一样柔软，这里的空气和家乡的空气一样清新。将这片围场变为一处独特历史遗迹的事件和现在的一派平和形成的对比将永远留存在我的记忆里。不论什么时候有人叫我看九重葛时，我都会说："啊！你真该去看看勒克瑙官邸花园里的九重葛。"

Everywhere that I went in India I found this noble lavish shrub in full flower, but never wearing such a purple as at Lucknow. The next best was in the Fort at Delhi. It was not till I reached Calcutta that I caught any glimpse of the famous scarlet goldmore tree in leaf; but I saw enough to realise how splendid must be the effect of an avenue of them. Bombay, however, was rich in hedges of poinsettia, and they serve as an introduction to the goldmore's glory.

在印度我所到之处都会看见这种高贵而旺盛的灌木上面开满了花，但开出这种紫色花朵的只有勒克瑙的九重葛，其次是德里堡。直到加尔各答我才瞥见枝叶繁茂的著名古德摩尔红树。但是这足以让我想象出种上这种树的街道是多么漂亮。而在孟买，有很多一品红，是领略古德摩尔红树美丽的前奏曲。

Before leaving the Residency I should like to quote a passage from the little brochure on the defence of Lucknow which Sir Harcourt Butler[40], the Governor of the United Provinces, with characteristic thoughtfulness has prepared for the use of his guests. "The visitor to the Residency," he wrote, thinking evidently of a similar evening to that on which we visited it, "who muses on the past and the future, may note that upon the spot where the enemy's assault was hottest twin hospitals for Europeans and Indians have been erected by Oudh's premier Taluqdar, the Maharaja of Balrampur[41]; and as the sun sets over the great city, lingering awhile on the trim lawns and battered walls which link the present with the past, a strong hope may come to him, like a distant call to prayer, that old wounds may soon be healed, and old causes of disunion may disappear, and that Englishmen and Indians, knit together by loyalty to their beloved Sovereign, may be as brothers before the altar of the Empire, bearing the Empire's burden, and sharing its inestimable privileges, and, it may be, adding something not yet seen or dreamt of to its world-wide and weather-beaten fame."

离开官邸前，我想从守卫勒克瑙的小册子上摘录一段话，这本小册子是联合省总督哈考特·巴特勒爵士以其特有的体贴为他的客人们准备的。"来到这座官邸的访客，"他写道，显然是想到了某个与我们到访相似的夜晚，"若重温往昔、畅想未来，你们会留意到在这个敌人进攻最猛烈的地方，奥德最早的地主——伯尔拉姆布尔王公已经为欧洲人和印度人建立起了两座医院。当夕阳余晖洒满这座伟大的城市，在修剪平整的

草坪上和连接过去与将来的残破城墙边逗留片刻，他会收获一种强大的希望，就像祈祷的人听到了遥远的召唤。旧的伤口很快就会愈合，分裂的缘由也会消失，英国人和印度人会联合起来效忠他们所爱戴的君王，他们会像兄弟一样站在帝国的圣坛前，共同肩负帝国的责任，共同分享帝国无法估量的特权，甚至还可以做些我们不曾见过甚至不曾梦想过的事情来巩固它在世上饱经风霜的声誉。”

I left Lucknow with regret, and would advise any European with time to spare, and the desire to be at once civilised and warm, to think seriously of spending a winter there instead of in the illusory sunshine of the Riviera, or the comparative barbarity of Algiers. The journey is longer, but the charm of the place would repay.

我带着遗憾离开了勒克瑙，我会建议每一个有闲暇的欧洲人，如果想即刻变得文明和热情起来，就应该认真考虑去那里过一个冬天，而不是去让人虚幻的阳光下的里维埃拉或相对野蛮的阿尔及尔。虽然去勒克瑙的旅程更长，但是它的魅力也更大。

A Tiger

老虎

To have the opportunity of hunting a tiger—on an elephant too—which by a stroke of luck fell to me, is to experience the un-English character of India at its fullest. Almost everything else could be reproduced elsewhere—the palaces, the bazaars, the caravans, the mosques and temples with their worshippers—but not the jungle, the Himalayas, the vast swamps through which our elephants waded up to the Plimsoll, the almost too painful ecstasies of the pursuit of an eater of man.

有机会猎虎——而且是在象背上——是运气使然，这让我充分体验到了印度非英式的特色。印度的一切——如宫殿、集市、大篷车、清真寺、庙宇及其朝拜者等——几乎都可以在别的地方重现，但载着我们的大象经过了丛林、喜马拉雅山以及大片的沼泽，一直到普利姆索尔，这都无法重现，食人兽追捕行动带来的近乎痛苦的狂喜无法重现。

The master of the chase, who has many tigers to his name, was Sir Harcourt Butler, whose hospitality is famous, so large and warm is it, and so minute, and it was because he was not satisfi ed that the ordinary diversions of the "Lucknow Week" were sufficient for his guests, that he impulsively arranged a day's swamp-deer shooting on the borders of Nepaul. The time was short, or of elephants there would have been seventy or more; as it was, we were apologised to (there were only about six of us) for the poverty of the supply, a mere five and twenty being obtainable. But to these eyes, which had never

seen more than six elephants at once, and those in the captivity either of a zoo or a circus, a row of five and twenty was astounding. They were waiting for us on the plain, at a spot distant some score of miles by car, through improvised roads, from the station, whither an all-night railway journey had borne us. The name of the station, if I ever knew it, I have forgotten: there was no room in my heated brain for such trifles; but I have forgotten nothing else.

组织这次捕猎的主人是哈考特·巴特勒爵士，曾多次猎获老虎，他的好客是出了名的，招待客人慷慨热情、细致入微。他不满意“勒克瑙一周”安排的普通娱乐活动，认为这些不足以招待客人，于是一时兴起安排一天在尼泊尔边境狩猎印度沼鹿。时间仓促，本打算安排七十多头大象，最后只弄到了二十五头，主人还因此向我们（我们总共才六人）道歉，但是我们从未一次见过六头以上的大象，而且都是在动物园和马戏团，这二十五头大象并列排开就足以令我们震撼不已。它们在平原上等候我们，我们从车站出来，经过一些临时道路，驱车行驶了几十英里到达那里。我们坐了一整晚的火车才到那个车站，车站的名字我不记得了，因为兴奋的大脑里没有多余的空间储存这类琐事，但是其他的一切我都没有忘记。

It was after an hour and a half 's drive in the cool and spicy early morning air—between the f luttering rags on canes which told the drivers how to steer—that we came suddenly in sight of some distant tents and beside them an immense long dark inexplicable mass which through the haze seemed now and then to move. As we drew nearer, this mass was discerned to be a row of elephants assembled in line ready to salute the Governor. The effect was more impressive and more Eastern than anything I had seen. Grotesque too—for some had painted faces and gilded toes, and not a few surveyed me with an expression in which the comic spirit was too noticeable. Six or seven had howdahs, the rest blankets: those with howdahs being for the party and its leader, Bam Bahadur, a noted shikaree; and the others to carry provisions and bring back the spoil. On the neck of each sat an impassive mahout.

我们在清晨凉爽、芳香的空气中驱车一个半小时后来到那里，透过那些挂在茎秆上为司机指路的飞舞的破布，我们突然看见了远处的一些帐篷，帐篷旁有一大片黑压压的长形物体，说不清是什么，在薄雾中不时地移动。我们慢慢接近，发现这原来是并列排开的大象集合在那里准备迎接总督。这是我见过的最令人难忘、最具东方特色的场面，还很怪诞，因为有些大象的脸上擦了粉，指甲涂成了金色，还有几头大象打量着我，表情十分滑稽。六七头象配了坐轿，其他的则铺上了毯子：这些象轿是为猎队和队长巴姆·巴哈杜尔——一位著名的职业猎手准备的。其他的用来运载食物和运回猎物。每头象的颈上都坐着一个面无表情的驯象人。

To one to whom the pen is mightier than the gun and whose half

a century's bag contains only a few rabbits, a hedgehog and a moorhen, it is no inconsiderable ordeal to be handed a repeating rifle and some dozens of cartridges and be told that that is your elephant—the big one there, with the red ochre on its forehead. To be on an elephant in the jungle without the responsibilities of a lethal weapon would be sufficient thrill for one day: but to be expected also to deal out death was too much. In the company of others, however, one can do anything; and I gradually ascended to the top, not, as the accomplished hunters did, by placing a foot on the trunk and being swung heavenwards, but painfully, on a ladder; by my side being a very keen Indian youth, the son of a minor chieftain, who spoke English perfectly and was to instruct me in Nimrod's lore.

对于一个用笔胜过用枪，五十年只猎获几只野兔、一只刺猬和一只黑水鸡的人而言，交给他一杆连发步枪、几十发子弹，告诉他额头上有红印的大个那头就是你的大象，这可是一次不小的考验。骑在大象背上穿过丛林而不带一件致命武器就已经够刺激的了,而当人们还希望你用手中的武器射杀猎物就有些过头了。不过，有其他人一起，就没有什么办不到的。我慢慢吃力地借助梯子上了象背，不像熟练的猎人那样一脚踩在象鼻上，被往上一甩就上去了。我旁边的是一个身手敏捷的印度小伙，父亲是个小首领，他讲一口纯正的英语，接下来要教我狩猎知识。

And so the procession started, and for a while discomfort set acutely in, for the movement of a howdah is short and jerky, and it takes some time both to adjust oneself to it and to lose the feeling that the elephant sooner or later—and probably sooner—must trip and fall. But the glory of the morning, the urgency of our progress, the novelty and sublimity of the means of transport, the strangeness of the scene, and my companion's speculations on the day's promise, overcame any personal want of ease and I forgot myself in the universal. Our destination was a series of marshes some six miles away, where the gonds—or swamp-deer—were usually found, and we were divided up, some elephants, of which mine was one, taking the left wing, with instructions on reaching a certain spot to wait there for the deer who would move off in that direction; others taking the right wing; and others beating up the middle.

我们的队伍就这样出发了，不久我就感到强烈的不适，因为象轿急促摇晃、颠簸，让人担心大象迟早是要跌倒的——而且应该很快，过了好大一会才逐渐适应摇晃，同时消除这种担心。但是清晨的美景、行进的紧迫、交通工具的新奇和庄严、场面的奇特以及我的同伴对这一天收获的预测帮我克服了一切不适，我很快就忘记了自己的存在。目的地是约六英里外的一带沼泽，那里常有印度沼鹿出没。我们兵分三路，一些大象，也就是我所在的一队从左侧进入，前往指定地点等候向那个方向逃去的沼鹿，一队从右侧进入，还有一队由中间进入。

We began with a trial of nervous stamina—for a river far down in

its bed below us almost immediately occurred, and this had to be crossed. I abandoned all hope as the elephant descended the bank almost, as it seemed, perpendicularly, and plunged into the water with an enormous splash. But after he had squeeged through, extricating himself with a gigantic wrench, the ground was level for a long while, and there was time to look around and recollect one's fatalism. Far ahead in a blue mist were the Himalayas. All about were unending fields, with here and there white cattle grazing. Cranes stretched their necks above the grass; now and then a herd of blackbuck (which were below our hunting ambitions) scampered away; the sky was full of wild-duck and other water-fowl.

一开始我们就面临紧张的毅力考验——因为没过一会儿脚下就出现了一条长河，而我们必须过河。当大象走下几乎与水面垂直的河堤，跳入水中，溅起一大片水花时，我放弃了一切希望。但是它趟过了河，用力一扭它庞大的身躯上了岸，前方是一片延绵不绝的平地，我又有时间环顾四周、沉思命运了。前面远处掩映在蓝色薄雾中的就是喜马拉雅山。这里是一望无际的田野，到处是白色的牛群在吃草；有伸长脖子的鹭站在草地上；时不时会有一群印度黑羚跑过（它们不是我们的狩猎对象）；天空中到处是野鸭和其他水鸟。

Of the hunting of the gond I should have something to say had not a diversion occurred which relegated that lively and elusive creature to an obscure place in the background. We had finished the beat, and most of us had emerged from the swamp to higher ground where an open space, or maidan, corresponding to a drive in an English preserve, but on the grand scale, divided it from the jungle—all our thoughts being set upon lunch—when suddenly across this open space passed a blur of yellow and black only a few yards from the nearest elephant. It was so unexpected and so quick that even the trained eyes of my companion were uncertain. "Did you see?" he asked me in a voice of hushed and wondering awe. "Could that have been a tiger?" I could not say, but I understood his excitement. For the tiger is the king of Indian carnivorae, the most desired of all game. Hunters date their lives by them: such and such a thing happened not on the anniversary of their wedding day; not when their boy went to Balliol[42]; not when they received the K.C.I.E.[43]; but in the year that they shot this or that man-eater.

关于狩猎沼鹿，我本来是有些要说的，但是突然发生的一件事情转移了我的注意力，使我无暇顾及这个活泼而难以捉摸的家伙。我们终于走完了沼泽地，大多数人出现在一块高地上，这里是一片空地，或者叫广场，就像英国禁猎区的车道，但是更加开阔。出了丛林，大家一心想着午饭，就在这时一个黄黑色的影子突然从空地上窜过，离最近的大象只有几码远。这实在是太意外、太迅速了，以至于我同伴那训练有素的双眼也没有看清。“你看见了吗？”他低声问我，既惊愕又敬畏。“那会是

一只老虎吗？”我不知道，但我理解他的兴奋。因为老虎是印度的百兽之王，是最令人渴望的猎物。猎手们以此来记录自己的人生：这样或那样的事情不是发生在他们的结婚周年纪念日；不是他们的儿子进入贝利奥尔学院；不是他们接受爵级司令勋章；而是他们射中这只或那只食人兽。

That a tiger had really chanced upon us we soon ascertained. Also that it had been hit by the rifle on the first elephant and had disappeared into the jungle, which consisted hereabouts of a grass some twenty feet high, bleached by the sun.

很快我们就确定真的撞见了一只老虎，而且它被第一头大象上的猎手打中一枪，躲进了丛林，这一带的丛林里面全是二十多英尺高的野草，被太阳晒得发白。

A Council of War followed, and we were led by Bam Bahadur on a rounding-up manoeuvre. According to his judgment the tiger would remain just inside the cover, and our duty was therefore to make a wide detour and then advance in as solid a semicircle as possible upon him and force him again into the open, where the hunter who had inflicted the first wound was to remain stationed. Accordingly all the rest of us entered the jungle in single file, our elephants treading down the grass with their great irresistible feet or wrenching it away with their invincible trunks. It was now that the shikaree was feeling the elephant shortage. Had there been seventy-five instead of only twenty-five, he said, all would be well: he could then form a cordon such as no tiger might break through. For lack of these others, when the time came to turn and advance upon our prey he caused fires to be lighted here and there where the gaps were widest, so that we forged onwards not only to the accompaniment of the shrill cries of the mahouts and the noise of plunging and overwhelming elephants, but to the fierce roar and crackle of burning stalks.

接下来召开了作战会议，我们在巴姆·巴哈杜尔的带领下展开围捕行动。根据他的判断，老虎应该就藏在丛林的野草底下，因此我们的任务就是围着丛林绕一个大圈，尽可能围成一个密实的半圆把它逼回到空地上来。已经射中老虎一枪的猎人守在原地，相应地其他人以单列进入丛林，我们的大象要么用不可阻挡的大脚板把野草踩踏倒，要么用不可征服的鼻子把它们拧断。现在猎手开始感到大象数目不够，他说，要是有七十五头而不是仅二十五头大象的话，一切就都好办了：他可以围成一道封锁线，任何老虎也无法冲破。因为没有这么多大象，准备进攻猎物时，他吩咐在最大的几个缺口处生起了大火，这样我们一路稳步冲过去，不仅有驯象人尖锐的叫喊声和大象势不可挡地猛冲发出的声响相伴，还有燃烧的茎杆噼里啪啦作响。

And thus, after an hour in this bewildering tangle, with the universe filled with sound and strangeness, and the scent of wood

smoke mingling with the heat of the air, and the lust of the chase in our veins, we drew to the spot where the animal was guessed to be hiding, and knew that the guess was true by the demeanour of the elephants. Real danger had suddenly entered into the adventure; and they showed it. A wounded tiger at bay can do desperate things, and some of the elephants now refused to budge forward any more, or complied only with terrified screams. Some of the unarmed mahouts were also reluctant, and shouted their fears. But the shikaree was inexorable. There the tiger was, and we must drive it out.

因此，经过一个小时令人困惑的混乱后，整片丛林喊声震天、笼罩在一片奇异的气氛下。接着木材燃烧的烟味与空气中的热气混杂在一起，我们的血管里充满追捕的欲望，慢慢接近我们所推测的老虎藏身之处，凭大象的行为我们知道推测是准确的。我们的冒险中真正的危险突然来临了，它们害怕起来。一只受伤的老虎走投无路时会不顾一切，有几头大象也不愿意再往前逼近，或只是发出惊恐的叫声。几个徒手的驯象人也犹豫了，喊叫声中充满了恐惧。但是猎人却无动于衷：老虎就在那里，我们必须把它逼出来。

Closer and closer we drew, until every elephant's flank was pressing against its neighbour, the outside ones being each at the edge of the open space; in the middle of which was the twenty-fifth with its vigilant rider standing tense with his rifle to his shoulder. The noise was now deafening. Every one was uttering something, either to scare the tiger or to encourage the elephants or his neighbour or possibly himself; while now and then from the depths of the grass ahead of us came an outraged growl, with more than a suggestion of contempt in it for such unsportsmanship as could array twenty-five elephants, half a hundred men and a dozen rifles against one inoffensive wild beast.

我们一步步逼近，直到每头大象都紧紧侧挨在一起，外侧两边分别有一头大象守在空地的边缘，中间的第二十五头大象上警惕的骑手精神高度集中地站着，枪已经举到了肩上。现在喊叫声震耳欲聋。每个人都喊叫着什么，也许是要惊吓老虎，也许是在鼓励大象或旁边的同伴，也许是在鼓励自己。而我们前方的深草底下时不时会传来一声愤怒的咆哮，无疑是蔑视我们缺乏公平竞争精神，竟然用二十五头大象、五十多个人和十几杆枪对付一只毫无恶意的野生动物。

And then suddenly the grass waved, there was a rustle and rush and a snarl of furious rage, and once again a blur of yellow and black crossed the open space. Six or more reports rang out, and to my dying day I shall remember, with mixed feelings, that one of these reports was the result of pressure on a trigger applied by a finger belonging to me. That the tiger was hit again—by other bullets than mine—was certain, but instead of falling it disappeared into the jungle on the other side of the maidan, and again we were destined to employ enclosing tactics. It was now intensely hot, but nobody minded; and

we were an hour and a half late for lunch, but nobody minded: the chase was all! The phrase "out for blood" had taken on its literal primitive meaning.

突然间，草动了一下，只听得一阵沙沙作响、急速奔跑之声和一声狂怒的咆哮后，一个黄黑的影子再次窜到了空地上，紧接着六声或更多声枪响响起，我至死也不会忘记，有一声枪响是我怀着复杂的心情，手指触动扳机发出的。那只老虎显然再次中枪（不是被我的子弹打中），但并未倒下而是躲进了空地另一边的丛林中。于是，我们决定再次发起围攻。此时天气酷热，但没人介意；此时午饭时间已经过去了一个半小时，但没人介意。追捕压倒一切！“杀无赦”这个词语此时体现出了最原始的字面意义。

The second rounding-up was less simple than the first, because the tiger had more choice of hiding places; but again our shikaree displayed his wonderful intuition, and in about an hour we had ringed the creature in. That this was to be the end was evident from the electrical purposefulness which animated the old hands. The experienced shots were carefully disposed, and my own peace of mind was not increased by the warning "If the tiger leaps on your elephant, don't shoot"—the point being that novices can be very wild with their rifles under such conditions. As the question "What shall I do instead?" was lost in the tumult, the latter stages of this momentous drama were seen by these eyes less steadily and less whole than I could have wished. But I saw the tiger spring, growling, at an elephant removed some four yards from mine, and I saw it driven back by a shot from one of the native hunters. And then when, after another period of anxious expectancy, it emerged again from the undergrowth, and sprang towards our host, I saw him put two bullets into it almost instantaneously; and the beautiful obstinate creature fell, never to rise again.

第二轮围捕比第一轮复杂，因为老虎不断变换藏身之地，但是我们的猎手再次展示了他神奇的直觉，我们只用了一个小时就把老虎围了起来。有了明确的目标，老猎手们大受鼓舞，这样一来结局是很明显的。他们精心部署着射击老手，我并没有因为“如果老虎扑向你的大象，不要开枪”的告诫而更加平静，因为在这种情形下，持枪新手通常控制不好自己的步枪。“那我应该怎么办？”的反问被淹没在一阵嘈杂声中，这场重要戏剧的后继阶段在我们看来并不像我所希望的那么平稳和完整。但我看到那只老虎咆哮着扑向离我约四码远的一头大象，我看见一个本地猎人开枪把它逼了回去。接着，我们焦急地等了一会儿之后，它又从野草底下窜了出来，扑向我们的接待主人，我看到他迅即两枪打中老虎。于是这头美丽、顽强的野兽终于倒地，再也没有站起来。

The Sacred City

The devout Hindu knows in Benares the height of ecstasy: but, if I am typical, the European experiences there both discomfort and inquietude. Nowhere else in India did I feel so foreign, so alien. To be of cool Christian traditions and an Occidental, an inquisitive sightseer among these fervent pilgrims intent upon their pious duties and rapt in exaltation and unthinking inflexible belief, was in itself disconcerting, almost to the point of shame; while the pilgrims were so remarkably of a different world, a different era, that one felt lost.

虔诚的印度教徒在贝拿勒斯体验到的是极度欢乐：但是，欧洲人（假设我是个典型）在这里经历的则是不适和不安。印度没有哪个地方像这里让我感到如此陌生、如此格格不入。一个冷静的基督教徒、一个西方人、一个满怀好奇的观光客，置身于这些专注于宗教事务、欣喜若狂，耽迷于其坚定信仰而不加思考的狂热朝圣客中，本身就很窘迫，甚至到了羞愧的程度。而朝圣客们显然身处一个不同的世界、不同的年代，这让你感到失落。

This, however, is not all. India is never too sanitary, except where the English are in their own strongholds, but Benares—at any rate the parts which the tourist must visit—is least scrupulous in such matters. The canonization of the cow must needs carry a penalty with it, and Benares might be described as a sanctified byre without any labouring Hercules in prospect. Godliness it may have, but cleanliness is very distant. The streets, too, seem to be narrower and more congested than those in any other city; so that it is often embarrassingly difficult to treat the approaching ruminants with the respect due to them. Fortunately they are seldom anything but mild and unaggressive. Part perplexed, part inquisitive, and part contemptuous, they are met everywhere, while in one of the temples in which the unbeliever may (to his great contentment) do no more than stand at the entrance, they are frankly worshipped. In another temple monkeys are revered too, careering about the walls and courtyards and being fed by the curious and the devout.

然而，这还不是全部。除了英国人的根据地外，印度从来就不够卫生。但是在贝拿勒斯（至少是游客必去的那些地方）人们根本就不在意这些。神化牛就必然会带来相应的恶果。可以说贝拿勒斯看起来就是一个未被大力神打扫过的神圣牛栏。也许它是圣洁的，但远远谈不上清洁。这里的街道也似乎比其他城市的更加狭窄、更加拥挤，所以这常常令人很窘迫，难以对走近的神牛表示出应有的尊敬。幸好它们总是很温和，很少侵犯人。到处都能看到牛，他们有的疑惑、有的好奇、有的傲慢。在一座庙宇门前，我看到非教徒（心满意足地）只是站在入口处，它们受到了坦诚的崇拜。在另一座庙宇里，猴子也受到崇拜，它们在墙壁上、院子里猛冲，好奇的游客和虔诚的信徒在给它们喂食。

Holiness is not only the peculiar characteristic of Benares: it is also its staple industry. In the streets there is a shrine at every few feet, while the shops where little lingams are for sale must be numbered by hundreds.

神圣不仅仅是贝拿勒斯的特点：它还是这里的主要产业。在街上，每隔几英尺就有一个神龛，这里有数以百计的商店出售象征湿婆神的小男性生殖器像。

The chief glory of Benares is, however, the Ganges[44], on one side of which is the teeming sweltering city with its palaces and temples heaped high for two or three miles, and bathers swarming at the river's edge; while the other bank is flat and bare. A watering-place front on the ocean's shore does not end more suddenly and completely. There is nothing that I have seen with which to compare the north bank of the Ganges, with the morning sun on its many-coloured facades and towers, but Venice. As one is rowed slowly down the river it is of Venice that one instinctively thinks. As in Venice, the palaces are of various colours, pink and red and yellow and blue, and the sun has crumbled their facades in the same way. But there is this difference—that over the Benares roofs the monkeys scamper.

贝拿勒斯最壮丽的还是恒河，河岸的一边是拥挤、酷热的城市和其延绵两三英里的高耸宫殿和庙宇以及蜂拥来到河边沐浴的人；另一边却平坦、空荡。再也没有终止得如此突然、彻底的海滨海水浴场。我所见过的只有威尼斯可以与恒河的北岸及其朝阳下五光十色的建筑物表面、色彩斑斓的塔楼相媲美。当你荡起双桨，缓缓顺流而下时，本能地就会想到威尼斯。同威尼斯一样，这里的宫殿也是颜色不一，有粉的、红的、黄的和蓝的，而太阳也以同样的方式照耀着建筑物的正面。但是有一点是不同的——那就是贝拿勒斯的屋顶上有奔跑的猴子。

Gradually Venice is forgotten as the novel interest of the scene captures one's whole attention. At each of the ghauts (a landing place or steps) variegated masses of pilgrims—no matter how early the hour, and to see them rightly one ought to start quite by six—are making their ablutions and deriving holiness from the yellow tide. You saw them yesterday trudging wearily through the streets, the sacred city at last reached; and here they are in their thousands, brown and glistening. They are of every age: quite old white-bearded men and withered women, meticulously serious in their ritual, and then boys and girls deriving also a little fun from their immersion. Here and there the bathing ghaut is diversified by a burning ghaut, and one may catch a glimpse of the extremities of the corpse twisting among the faggots. Here and there is a boat or raft in which a priest is seated under his umbrella, fishing for souls as men in punts on the Thames fish for roach. And over all is the pitiless sun, hot even now, before breakfast, but soon to be unbearable.

当你的全部注意力被这个场景的新颖之处吸引后，就忘却了威尼斯。在河边石梯的每一级台阶上不论多早都有一群形形色色的朝圣客聚在那里（要想看个清楚，六点就得来），在黄色的潮水中沐浴以获得圣洁。你昨天还看见他们拖着疲惫的身躯艰难地行走在街上，最后终于抵达圣地。他们成千地聚在这里，皮肤黝黑发亮。他们来自不同年龄层：年岁已高的白胡子老人、浑身皱纹的妇人在小心翼翼、严肃庄重地进行其宗教仪式，男孩女孩们也沉浸其中，自得其乐。石梯上不仅有沐浴的人还有焚烧尸体的人，你可以瞥见尸体的四肢在柴堆上被烧得卷曲起来。河面上四处散落着一些船只或皮艇，每条船上都有一位神职人员坐在伞下，垂钓灵魂，就像坐在泰晤士河平底船里垂钓斜齿鳊的人。头顶是无情的太阳，早饭还没开始就很热了，马上就会更加酷热难耐。

I was not sorry when the voyage ended and we returned to the Maharajah's Guest House for a little repose and refreshment, before visiting the early Buddhist stronghold at Sarnath, the "Deer Park," where the Master first preached his doctrine and whither his five attendants sought a haven after they had forsaken him. Drifting about its ruins and contemplating the glorious capital of the famous Asoka column—all that has been preserved—I found myself murmuring the couplet,—

旅行结束时我并不觉得遗憾，接着我们返回土邦主宾馆休息、吃饭，之后我们去参观了早期佛教的根据地——“鹿野苑”，这里是佛陀最早宣讲佛法的地方，他的五个随从也是在这里离开他，另寻避难之所。徜徉在这片废墟中，凝视着著名的阿育王柱的宏伟柱头——凝视着被保存下来的这一切古迹——我低声吟起了这两行诗句：

With a friendly Buddhist priest I seek respite from the strife

僧侣为友与世无争

And manifold anomalies which go to make up life—

尘世万象生活之真谛

but the odds are that even the early Buddhists were not immune.

但是即使早期的佛教徒大概也无法避免尘世纷争。

Calcutta

加尔各答

Calcutta and Bombay are strangely different—so different that they can only be contrasted. Bombay, first and foremost, has the sea, and I can think of nothing more lovely than the sunsets that one watches from the lawn of the Yacht Club or from the promenade on Warder Road. Calcutta has no sea—nothing but a very difficult tidal river. Calcutta, again, has no Malabar Hill. But then Bombay has no

open space to compare with the Maidan[45]; and for all its crowded bazaars it has no street so diversified and interesting as Harrison Road. It has no Chinatown. Its climate is enervating where that of Calcutta, if not bracing—and no one could call it that—at any rate does not extract every particle of vigour from the European system.

加尔各答和孟买的差别令人不可思议——迥异到只能进行对比。首先，孟买有海，我想象不到什么比从游艇俱乐部的草坪上或沃德路的人行道上看到的落日余晖更加可爱；而加尔各答没有海——只有一条非常难得的感潮河。加尔各答也没有马拉巴尔山。但是孟买没有哪个露天场所能与马坦公园媲美。尽管孟买有拥挤的市集，却没有哪条街道像哈里森路那么丰富、有趣。孟买没有唐人街，气候令人四肢无力，而加尔各答的气候——即使不会令人精神振奋——至少也不会攫走欧洲人体格里的每一丝元气。

But the special glory of Calcutta is the Maidan, that vast green space which, unlike so many parks, spreads itself at the city's feet. One does not have to seek it: there it is, with room for every one and a racecourse and a cricket-ground to boot. And if there is no magic in the evening prospect such as the sea and its ships under the f laming or mysterious enveiling sky can offer to the eye at Bombay, there is a quality of golden richness in the twilight over Calcutta, as seen across the Maidan, through its trees, that is unique. I rejoiced in it daily. This twilight is very brief, but it is exquisite.

但加尔各答的独特美景是马坦公园，不同于许多其他公园，一片广阔的绿地由城铺开。你不用刻意去寻找：它就在那里，能容纳每个人，甚至赛马场和板球场。如果说傍晚的景色没有孟买人所见那般有魔力，比如在火红或神秘面纱遮罩的天空之下的大海和海上的船只，那么透过公园的树木欣赏夕阳余晖下金灿灿的加尔各答也是独一无二的。我每天都为此感到欣喜，夕阳余晖虽然短暂却妙曼之极。

It is easier in Calcutta to be suddenly transported to England than in any other Indian city that I visited. There are, it is true, more statues of Lord Curzon than we are accustomed to; but many of the homes are quite English, save for the multitude of servants; Government House, serene and spacious and patrician, is a replica of Kedlestone Hall in Derbyshire: the business buildings within and without are structurally English, and the familiar Scotch accent sounds everywhere. But the illusion is most complete in St. John's Church.

在加尔各答比在我到过的其他任何印度城市都更容易产生一种突然被带回英国的感觉。那里的寇仁雕像比我们惯常所见的要多，这是真的；但除了大量的仆人外，许多房子带有浓重的英伦风格。政府大楼宁静、宽敞、高贵，简直就是德比郡凯德斯顿庄园的复制品：里里外外的商业楼群都是依英式风格而建，到处都是熟悉的苏格兰口音。圣约翰教堂更是把这种幻象推向了极致。

Rose Aylmer

罗丝·艾尔默

Ah, what avails the sceptred race,

啊！皇族有什么用，

Ah, what the form divine!

啊！多么完美的形态！

What every virtue, every grace!

一切美德，一切慈爱！

Rose Aylmer, all were thine!

罗丝·艾尔默，都是你的！

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes

罗丝·艾尔默，没有合上的双眼

May weep, but never see,

也许在流泪，但永远看不见，

A night of memories and sighs

一晚的回忆与叹息

I consecrate to thee.

我把它们献给你。

One curious task which I set myself in Calcutta was to find Rose Aylmer's grave, for it was there that, in 1800, the mortal part of the lady whom Landor[46] immortalised was buried. But I tried in vain. I walked for hours amid the sombre pyramidal tombs beneath which the Calcutta English used to be laid, among them, in 1815, Thackeray's[47] father, but I found no trace of her whom I sought. I have seen many famous cemeteries, all depressing, from Kensal Green to Genoa, from Rock Creek to Montmartre, but none can approach in its forlorn melancholy the tract of stained and crumbling sarcophagi packed so close as almost to touch each other, in the burial ground off Rawdon Street and Park Street. Let no one establish a monument of cement over me. Any material rather than that!

我在加尔各答给自己安排的一项不寻常的任务，就是去寻找罗丝·艾尔默的墓地，因为这位在兰多笔下名垂千古的人物原型于1800年被安葬在这里。但是我在那些肃穆的锥形墓碑间走了几个小时也没有找到，过去，在加尔各答的英国人就被葬在这些墓碑下。其中，我看到了死于1815年的萨克雷父亲的墓碑，但没有我所寻找的罗丝·艾尔默的任何痕

迹。我见过的很多著名公墓，从肯瑟尔园公墓到热那亚公墓，从石溪公墓到蒙马特尔公墓都很萧条，但罗顿街和公园街旁的墓地最让人觉得凄凉和忧伤，那里污浊、破败的石棺一座紧挨着一座，中间几乎不留间隙。我希望不要用水泥为我建造墓碑，除此以外，其他任何材料都可以。

Job And Joe

乔布和乔

If I did not find Rose Aylmer's tomb, I found, in St. John's pleasant God's Acre, the comely mausoleum of Job Charnock[48], and this delighted me, because for how long has been ringing in my ears that line—

我没有找到罗丝·艾尔默的墓地，但我在圣约翰教堂整洁的教堂墓地中找到了乔布·查诺克漂亮的陵墓。这让我高兴，因为下面这行诗句在我耳边回响甚久：

"The tall pale widow is mine, Joe, the little brown girl's for you." which I met with so many years ago in The Light That Failed,[49] where the Nilghai sings it to his own music! He got it, he said, from a tombstone, in a distant land; and the tombstone is now incorporated with Job Charnock's, the distant land being India; but the verses I have had to collect elsewhere. I found them in Calcutta, in my host's library.

“那高个苍白的寡妇是我的，乔，那棕色的小姑娘是你的。”这是多年前我在《消失的光芒》中读到的，尼尔盖和着自己的音乐吟唱这行诗句。他说是在一片遥远土地的一座墓碑上看到的这句诗。这座墓碑在此和乔布·查诺克融合在一起，那片遥远的土地就是印度。但这行诗句我一定还在别的地方见到过，在加尔各答，我的接待人的藏书室里。

Joe was Joseph, or Josiah Townsend, a pilot of the Ganges, and tradition has it that he and Job Charnock, who, as an officer of the East India Company, founded Calcutta in 1690, saved a pretty young Hindu widow from ascending her husband's funeral pyre and committing suttee. Tradition states further that Job Charnock and his bride "lived lovingly for many years and had several children," until in due time she was buried in the mausoleum at St. John's, where her husband sacrificed a cock on each anniversary of her death ever after. The story has been examined and found to be improbable, but Charnock was a bold fellow who might easily have started many legends; and the poem remains, and if there is a livelier, I should like to know of it. I have been at the agreeable pains of reconstructing the verses as they were probably written, so that there are two more than

the Nilghai sang. The whole is a very curious haunting ballad, leaving us with the desire to know much more of the lives of both men—Job Charnock the frontiersman, and Joseph Townsend, "skilful and industrious, a kind father and a useful friend," who could navigate not only the Ganges but the shifting Hooghli. Rarely can so much mixed autobiography and romance have been packed into six stanzas—and here too the adventurous East and West meet:—

诗句中的乔就是约瑟夫或乔赛亚·汤森，恒河上的一名领航员。传说他和乔布·查诺克，东印度公司的一名行政官员于1690年建立了加尔各答，并将一名正要殉夫的年轻漂亮的印度寡妇从她丈夫葬礼的火台上救了下来。传说乔布·查诺克和他的新娘“相亲相爱生活了很多年，还生了几个孩子，”直到她死后被安葬在圣约翰教堂的陵墓中，此后，每到她的祭日，丈夫就会杀一只公鸡来祭拜她。经过考证，这个谣传不大可信。但查诺克是个勇敢的人，很容易成为许多传说的主角。而诗句流传下来，如果还有更可信的版本，我愿意了解。我经过一番努力把这首诗歌按照原作的大概模样进行了重写，但整个过程是愉悦的，有两句是尼尔盖歌里没有的。全诗是一首萦绕心间的奇特歌谣，让人们渴望了解更多有关这两个人的生活——边境工作人员乔布·查诺克和“勤劳能干的慈父和益友”约瑟夫·汤森，他不仅能在恒河上驾船也能在水流多变的胡格利河上航行。很少有人能在六段诗节里涵盖如此丰富的自传和传奇，并将东西方历险融合在一起——

I've shipped my cable, messmates,

我把缆绳和同伴装上船，我要顺流而下，

I'm dropping down with the tide;

我在下达出航命令，而汝坐在锚上，

I have my sailing orders while ye at anchor ride,

六月里晴朗的早晨，我从未像这样满怀良知、

And never, on fair June morning, have I put out to sea With clearer conscience, or better hope, or heart more light and free.

满怀希望、轻松自在地出海。

An Ashburnham! A Fairfax! Hark how the corslets ring!

阿什伯纳姆！费尔法克斯！听，那是铁甲的声响！

Why are the blacksmiths out today, beating those men at the spring?

铁匠们今天为何而来，是要在泉水之上敲打这些人？

Ho, Willie, Hob and Cuddie!—bring out your boats amain,

噢！威利，霍布，卡迪——快拿出你们的船，

There's a great red pool to swim them o'er, yonder in Deadman's

Lane.

到死人巷那边的红色大池塘里去划桨。

Nay, do not cry, sweet Katie—only a month afl oat

不，别哭，亲爱的凯蒂——航行只有一个月

And then the ring and the parson, at Fairlight Church, my doat.

然后就是戒指和牧师，在费尔莱特教堂，我的宝贝。

The flower-strewn path—the Press Gang! No, I shall never see

铺满鲜花的地面——少年报社！不，我见不到了

Her little grave where the daisies wave in the breeze on Fairlight Lee.

雏菊在她费尔莱特避风处的小小坟地上随风摇摆。

"Shoulder to shoulder, Joe, my boy, into the crowd like a wedge!

“肩并肩，乔，我的伙计，像楔子一样楔入人群中！

Out with the hangers, messmates, but do not strike with the edge!”

大伙儿，拿出你们的挂钩，但别用钩端进攻！”

Cries Charnock, "Scatter the faggots! Double that Brahmin in two!

查诺克喊道，“散开柴把！把那个婆罗门劈成两半！

The tall pale widow is mine, Joe, the little brown girl's for you."

那高个苍白的寡妇是我的，乔，那棕色的小姑娘是你的。”

Young Joe (you're nearing sixty), why is your hide so dark?

年轻的乔伊（你都快六十了），为什么还是这么黑？

Katie had fair soft blue eyes—who blackened yours? Why, hark!

凯蒂有双柔美的蓝眼睛——是谁把你的变成了黑色？为什么，听！

The morning gun! Ho, steady! The arquebuses to me;

清晨的枪声！噢，稳住！给我火绳钩枪；

I've sounded the Dutch High Admiral's heart as my lead doth sound the sea.

我击中了荷兰海军上将的心脏，犹如我的铅锤沉入深海。

Sounding, sounding the Ganges—floating down with the tide,

恒河潺潺流淌——顺水而下，

Moor me close by Charnock, next to my nut-brown bride.

让我停靠查诺克，紧挨我栗棕色的新娘。

My blessing to Katie at Fairlight—Howell, my thanks to you—

保佑费尔莱特我的凯蒂——豪厄尔，谢谢你——

Steady!—We steer for Heaven through scud drifts cold and blue.

稳住！我们在寒冷蔚蓝的水流中向天堂航行。

Exit

离开印度

I arrived in Bombay on the last day of 1919 and embarked at Calcutta for Japan on the evening of February 17th, seven weeks later. But to embark at Calcutta is not to leave it, for we merely dropped down the river a short distance that night, and for the next day and a half we were in the Hooghli[50], sounding all the way. It is a difficult river to emerge from; nor do I recommend any one else to travel, as I did, on a boat with a forward deck cargo of two or three hundred goats on the starboard side and half as many monkeys on the port, with a small elephant tethered between and a cage of leopards adjacent. These, the property of an American dealer in wild animals, were intended for sale in the States; all but one of the leopards, which, being lame, he had decided to kill, to provide a "robe" for his wife. Nothing could be more different than the careless aimless activities of the monkeys I had seen among the trees between Agra and Delhi and scampering over the parapets of Benares, all thieves and libertines with a charter, and the restriction of these poor cowering mannikins, overcrowded in their cages, with an abysmal sorrow in their eyes. Many died on the voyage, and I think the Indian Government should look into the question of their export very narrowly.

我于1919年最后一天抵达孟买，七个星期以后，我于2月17日傍晚在加尔各答上船前往日本。但是在加尔各答上船并不意味着离开了那里，因为那晚我们只顺流航行了很小一段路程，接下来的一天半我们进入胡格利水域，一路上听着潺潺的水流声。在这条河上乘船旅行并不令人愉快；我也不推荐大家像我一样乘坐这样一艘船航行，前甲板上堆满了货物，右舷边有两三百只山羊，左舷边约一百多只猴子、猴子中间拴着一只小象，旁边笼子里还装着一些豹子。这都是一个从事野生动物贸易的美国商人的财产，他要带回国去卖。他决定杀掉其中一只跛脚的豹子，给妻子做一件袍子。我曾见过的猴子和这船上的猴子形成鲜明对比，那些我在阿格拉、德里树间看到的猴子、在贝勒拿斯墙壁上蹦来跳去的猴子都无忧无虑、漫无目的地活动着，人们对他们的偷窃和浪荡行为听之任之。而这船上的可怜小矮猴却被关在过度拥挤的笼子里，畏缩成一团，眼神流露出极度的悲伤，很多在航行途中死去，我觉得印度政

府应该认真调查他们出口贸易中存在的问题。

(1)巴黎和平咖啡馆，巴黎著名咖啡馆，位于巴黎第九区。

(2)阿拉，伊斯兰教中唯一的神，中文音译为安拉或阿拉。

(3)耆那教，公元前6至前5世纪在印度与佛教同时兴起，反对祭祀杀生，实践苦行。

(4)希米舞常写作"shimmy"，盛行于20世纪20年代初的一种爵士舞，跳时抖动肩部和臀部。

(5)《庞奇和朱迪》，一部英国传统木偶戏。

(6)朱木拿河，是印度北部主要河流之一。

(7)恒河最大的支流。全长1,370公里，起源于喜马拉雅山脉。

(8)帕西人，公元8世纪为逃避穆斯林迫害而自波斯移居印度的琐罗亚斯德教徒的后裔。

(9)马拉巴尔山脉，孟买南部的一座小山。

(10)法纳尔大厅，位于波士顿，用作商场和会议厅，成为美国革命前的反英集会场所，故该大厅有“自由摇篮”之称。

(11)埃勒凡塔石窟，又译为象岛，印度中世纪印度教石窟，1987年被联合国教科文组织列入世界文化遗址

(12)贾玛清真寺，位于旧德里古城东北角，印度最大的清真寺。

(13)印度反英暴动，指1857年到1858年印度本地士兵反对英国殖民政策的暴动。

(14)月光集市，是老德里繁华的商业中心。

(15)莫卧儿帝国，又名蒙兀儿帝国（1526——1857），是巴伯尔建立的印度朝代。该帝国的官方语言是波斯语，但统治者是有突厥血统的蒙古人，信奉伊斯兰教。

(16)巴伯尔（1483——1530），1526至1530年在位，印度莫卧儿帝国的开国君主。

(17)奥朗则布（1618——1707），1659至1707年在位，是莫卧儿帝国第六代皇帝。

(18)胡马雍（1508——1556），印度莫卧儿帝国皇帝。大莫卧儿帝国创始人巴伯尔大帝之子。1530年继承其父的印度领地。

(19)阿克巴（1542——1605），莫卧儿帝国皇帝。在位期间加强中央集权，实行多种改革，扩大帝国疆域。

(20)贾汗季（1569——1627），印度莫卧儿帝国第四代皇帝，阿克巴之子。

(21)沙·贾汗（1592——1666），印度莫卧儿帝国的皇帝，于1627

年到1658年在位。在位时征服了德干各国，兴建泰姬陵和德里新城。

(22)泰姬陵，即泰吉·马哈尔陵，在印度北部名城阿格拉，是莫卧儿王朝第五代皇帝沙·贾汗为了纪念他已故皇后姬蔓·芭奴而建立的陵墓，被誉为“完美建筑”。

(23)E.H.艾特肯（1851——1909），幽默作家、博物学家，尤其擅长描写印度野生生物。他以笔名“伊哈”深受盎格鲁印度人的喜爱。

(24)塔维尼埃（1605——1689），法国冒险家，与印度贸易的先驱人物，出生于巴黎，热爱游历。

(25)觐见宫，或称公众大厅，莫卧儿帝国统治者接见大臣，听大臣们上奏国事的地方。

(26)私人大厅，或称枢密宫，比觐见宫小，是莫卧儿帝国统治者会见使节和贵宾的地方。

(27)埃德温·鲁坦斯爵士（1869——1944），他出生并逝于伦敦，是20世纪英国建筑师的先导。

(28)赫伯特·贝克（1862——1946），英国建筑师，与埃德温·鲁坦斯参与了新德里的设计。

(29)寇仁勋爵（1895——1925），英国驻印度总督、外交大臣。

(30)古特伯高塔，世界上最高的砖砌清真寺尖塔

(31)亚珠曼德·芭奴（1593——1630），全名亚珠曼德·贝侬·比古姆，又被称作姬蔓·芭奴，波斯人，传说貌美无比。1612年与库拉穆王子结婚，赐予“慕塔芝玛哈”的封号，是沙·贾汗皇帝的第三任妻子。

(32)乔托钟楼，建于1334年至1359年，由乔托设计，位于意大利佛罗伦萨的主教座堂广场。

(33)圣彼得大教堂，建于1506年至1626年，是天主教的神圣之地。

(34)圣保罗大教堂，建于1675年至1710年，英国国教的中心教堂，坐落于英国伦敦市。

(35)班杰默哈，法塔赫布尔·希克利内的一座五层高的印度教塔楼。

(36)拉杰普塔纳，大部分位于印度拉贾斯坦邦，印度西北部的一个地区。

(37)科·依·诺尔钻石，印度一颗原重191克拉的历史最悠久的大金刚石；1849年以来为英王御宝，重琢成108.8克拉；1937年成为英王王冠宝石。

(38)约翰·尼科尔森（1822——1857），维多利亚时期的英国准将，在压制1857年印度反英暴动中发挥了重要作用。

(39)亨利·劳伦斯（1806——1857），英国军人、政治家，于1857年在勒克瑙抵抗印度反英暴动中牺牲。

(40)哈考特·巴特勒爵士（1869——1938），印度阿格拉和奥德联合省（现印度北方邦）的第一位省督。

(41)伯尔拉姆布尔，印度北方邦城市。

(42)贝利奥尔学院，是牛津大学最著名、最古老的学院之一，以活跃的政治氛围著称，曾经培养出多位英国首相和英国政界的其他重要人物。

(43)爵级司令勋章，维多利亚女皇在1878年设立，到1947年印度独立，勋章亦不再颁发。勋章共有三等，分别是：爵级大司令勋章，爵级司令勋章，三等勋章。

(44)恒河，流经印度北部，是南亚的一条主要河流，印度人将之奉为圣河。

(45)马坦公园，加尔各答最大的城市公园，这里有许多露天运动场。

(46)兰多（1775——1864），英国作家、诗人，代表作是多卷本散文著作《想象的对话》。

(47)萨克雷（1811——1863），英国小说家，作品多讽刺上层社会，主要作品有长篇小说《名利场》、历史小说《亨利·埃斯蒙德》等。舒适的白色圣殿采用了雷恩爵士的建筑风格，圣安德鲁教会也同样如此。静闭此处，远离尘嚣，在迷人的东方，你也可以像在家乡一个八月的晴好日召开城市秘密集会一样。我尤其不会忘记圣约翰教堂：它的光芒、它的独特以及它四周的绿景。

(48)乔布·查诺克（1630 - 1693），英国人，于1655年或1656年前往印度并随即任职于东印度公司。

(49)《消失的光芒》，拉迪亚德·吉卜林的长篇小说。小说的主要背景是伦敦，但是贯穿小说的许多重要事件发生在苏丹或印度。

(50)胡格利，位于印度，是恒河的一条支流。

Japan

日本

Introductory

绪言

I ought not to write about Japan at all, for I was there but three short weeks, and rain or snow fell almost all the time, and I sailed for America on the very day that the cherry blossom festivities began. But—well, there is only one Fujiyama, and it is surpassingly beautiful and satisfying—the perfect mountain—and I should feel contemptible if I did not add my eulogy of it—my gratitude—to all the others.

我本不应该写日本，因为我只在那里停留了短短三周时间，而且这段时间几乎一直都是雨雪天气，我又正好在樱花节开始的那天离开这里前往美国。但是富士山只有一座，这座完美的山峰无比美丽，让人欣喜。如果不把我对它的赞美之辞与感激之情写进来，我会感到惭愧。

Since, then, I am to say something of Fuji, let the way be paved.

因此，我要说说富士山，不过得先做个铺垫。

The Little Land

小国

One is immediately struck, on landing at Kobe—and continually after—by the littleness of Japan. The little flimsy houses, the little flimsy shops, the small men, the toylike women, the tiny children, as numerous and like unto each other as the pebbles on the shore—these are everywhere. But although small of stature the Japanese men are often very powerfully built and many of them suggest great strength. They are taking to games, too. While I was in the country baseball was a craze, and boys were practising pitching and catching everywhere, even in the streets of the cities.

刚到神户（和接下来的其他地方），日本的小就会给你留下深刻的印象。到处都是数不尽的小房子、小商店、小男人，小得像玩偶一样的女人还有小小的孩子，他们连在一起仿佛是岸边的鹅卵石。尽管身材矮小，日本男人大多长得非常结实，而且许多人都很有力气。他们也很喜爱运动。我在那里的时候，棒球运动风靡一时，到处都有练习投球、接球的男孩们，连城里的街上都有。

Littleness—with which is associated the most delicate detail and elaborate finish—is the mark also of modern Japanese art. In the curiosity shops whatever was massive or largely simple was Chinese. Even the royal palaces at Kyoto are small, the rooms, exquisite as they are, with perfect joinery and ancient paintings, being seldom more than a few feet square, with very low ceilings. I went over two of these palaces, falling into the hands, at each, of English-speaking officials whose ciceronage was touched with a kind of rapture. At the Nijo, especially, was my guide an enthusiast, becoming lyrical over the famous cartoons of the "Wet Heron" and the "Sleeping Sparrows."

小—最精巧、最细致的小—也是日本现代艺术的特征。在古玩商店，凡是大而简的古董都是来自中国。甚至连京都的皇家宫殿也都很小，里面的房间精致高雅、精雕细琢，饰以古老的绘画，大多只有几平方英尺大小，天花板距离地面很近。我在两个这样的宫殿参观时分别都遇到了讲英语的官员，他们十分投入地在为我做导游解说。尤其是我在二条城的导游，这位热情的人对著名的《濡鹭》和《睡着的麻雀》两个绘画作品作了一番抒情的描述。

In India I had grown accustomed to removing my shoes at the threshold of mosques. There it was out of deference to Allah, but in Japan the concession is demanded solely in the interests of floor polish, and you take your shoes off not only in palaces and houses but in some of the shops. It gave one an odd burglarious feeling to be creeping noiselessly from room to room of the Nijo; but there was nothing to steal. The place was empty, save for decoration.

在印度，我已经习惯了在清真寺门口脱下鞋子，这是出于对真主阿拉的尊重，但是在日本，这样做纯粹是为了保护光洁的地面。进入宫殿、住宅要脱鞋，进入有些商店也要脱鞋。这样悄无声息地在二条城里的屋间进进出出，感觉像做贼似的；不过实际上没有什么可偷的，这里除了装饰之外一无所有。

There is a certain amplitude in some of the larger Kyoto temples, with their long galleries and massive gateways, but these only serve to accentuate the littleness elsewhere. In the principal Kyoto temple I had for guide a minute Japanese with the ecstatic passion for trifles that seems to mark his race. A picture representing the miracle of the "Fly-away Sparrows," as he called them, was the treasure on which he concentrated, and next to that he drew my attention to the boards of the gangway uniting two buildings, which, as one stepped on them, emitted a sound that the Japanese believe to resemble the song of Philomela. To me it brought no such memory, and the fact that this effect, common in Japan, is technically known as "a nightingale squeak," perhaps supports my insensitiveness.

京都一些较大的寺庙要稍微宽敞一些，那里有长长的走廊和宽阔的

大门，但它们只是更加凸显了其他地方的小。在京都一座主要的寺庙里，给我当导游的一个瘦小的日本人热情洋溢地介绍着那些代表他们民族特征的小玩意儿。有一幅画描绘的是被他称作《飞走的麻雀》的奇迹，这是他介绍的重点，接下来他让我注意两个建筑间过道上的木板，人走在上面，木板会发出一种声音，日本人认为这种声音就像夜莺的鸣唱。但是它并没有给我这种感觉，大概是因为这种被专业地称为“夜莺鸣叫”的声音效果在日本很常见。

If old Japan is to be found anywhere it is in Kyoto—in spite of its huge factory chimneys. In Tokyo, complete European dress is common in the streets, but in Kyoto it is the exception. Tokyo also wears boots, but Kyoto is noisy with pattens night and day. Not only are there countless shops in Kyoto given up to porcelain, carvings, screens, bronzes, old armour, and so forth, but no matter how trumpery the normal stock in trade of the other shops, a number of them have a little glass case—a shop within a shop, as it were—in which a few rare and ancient articles of beauty are kept. A great deal of Japan is expressed in this pretty custom.

若要寻访古代日本的痕迹，那就去京都—尽管那里也有工厂的大烟囱。在东京，完全欧化的服装是街上常见的景象，而这在京都却是极少见的。东京人穿皮鞋，但是在京都，日夜都能听到不绝于耳的木屐声。京都有很多商店出售瓷器、雕刻品、屏风、铜器、旧盔甲等等，而其他的商店，不论它们出售的普通商品多么没有价值，很多都会有一个小玻璃橱（就像是店中店），里面存放着一些珍贵而古老的精美工艺品。日本的许多方面就是通过这种有趣的习俗表现出来的。

The Rice Fields

稻田

My first experience of Japanese scenery of any wildness was gained while shooting the rapids of the Katsuragava, an exciting voyage among boulders in a shallow and often very turbulent stream in a steep and craggy valley a few miles from Kyoto. Previous to this expedition I had seen, from the train, only the trim rice fields,—each a tiny parallelogram with its irrigation channels as a boundary, so carefully tended that there is not a weed in the whole country. Japan is cut up into these absurd little squares, of which twenty and more would go into an ordinary English field. Often the terminal posts are painted a bright red; often a little row of family tombs is there too. The watermill is a common object of the country. But birds are few and animals one sees never. Indeed in all my three weeks I saw no four-footed animals, except a dead rat, two pigs and one cat. I am excluding of course beasts of draught—horses and bullocks—which

are everywhere. Not a cow, not a sheep, not a dog! But that there are cattle is proved by the proverbial excellence of Kobe steaks, which I tested and can swear to. In all my three weeks, both in cities and the country, I saw only one crying child. Of children there were millions, mostly boys, but only one was unhappy.

第一次见到日本的野外风景是在乘船飞速通过桂川河时，那是一次激动人心的航行。我们的船穿梭在京都几英里外的一个陡峭、崎岖山谷间的浅溪中。溪流中乱石林立，水流时而非常湍急。此前，我只在火车上见过整齐的稻田—每一块小小的四方稻田之间以灌溉的沟渠隔开，它们得到精心照料，以至于整个乡间都看不见一根野草。日本被隔成这些滑稽的小方块，二十多个这样的小方块才有英国一块普通的稻田大。田边的界桩通常都被涂上鲜红的颜色；那里也常常会有一小排家族的墓碑。水磨在乡下很常见。但是很少有飞鸟，根本看不见动物。事实上，我在那里的三个星期，除了一只死老鼠、两头猪和一只猫以外，就没有见过别的四足动物。当然不算载物的牲口—马和小公牛还是随处可见的。但是没有一头母牛，没有一只绵羊，没有一条狗！不过既然有大家津津乐道的美味神户牛排，就说明还是有牛的，我去尝了尝并可以肯定一定是牛排。在那里的三个星期，我在城里和乡下就只见过一个哭泣的孩子。日本有几百万孩子，大多数是男孩，但不开心的只有一个。

Surface Materialism

肤浅的实利主义

In spite of Kyoto's eight hundred temples I could not get any but a materialistic concept of its inhabitants; and elsewhere this impression was emphasised. A stranger cannot, of course, know; he can but record his feelings, without claiming any authority for them. But I am sure I was never in a country where I perceived fewer indications of any spiritual life. Every one is busy; every one seems to be happy or at any rate not discontented; every one chatters and laughs and is, one feels, a fatalist. Sufficient unto the day! After all, it is the women of a nation that chiefly keep burning the sacred flame and pass it on; but in Japan, I understand, the women are far too busy in pleasing the men to have time for such duties; Japan is run by men for men. It is an unwritten law that a woman must never be anything but gay in her lord's presence, must never for a moment claim the privilege of peevishness.

虽然京都有八百多座寺庙，但我从这里的居民身上只看到一种实利观，而其他地方更加强了我的这种印象。当然一个陌生人是无法了解的，他只能记录下自己的感受，不能说自己是权威的。但是我确定我到过的其他任何一个国家的精神生活都要比这里的丰富。每个人都在忙碌；每个人似乎都很开心，或至少没有表现出不满；每个人都在聊天、

欢笑，看起来像是宿命论者。活到今天就足够了！说到底，一个国家主要都是妇女在烧香拜佛，并把它传承下去。但是在日本，我发现，这里的妇女忙于取悦丈夫而没有时间履行这样的职责；日本由男人统治，为男人服务。女人只能在男主人面前表现出快乐，绝不能抱怨，这在日本是一条不成文的法律。

As an instance of the Japanese woman's indifference to fate and readiness to oblige, I may say that we had on our ship two or three hundred girls in charge of a duenna or so, who were bound for Honolulu to be married to Japanese settlers there, to whom their photographs had been forwarded. These girls are known as "Picture Brides." At Honolulu their new proprietors awaited them, and I suppose identified and appropriated them, although to the European eye one face differed no whit from another.

有一个例子能说明日本女性对命运的淡漠和顺从。在我们搭乘的轮船上，有两三百个日本女孩，她们都由一两个女人负责看管，前往檀香山嫁给在那里定居的日本人，她们的照片先前就已经被寄过去了。这些女孩被叫做“照片新娘”。她们的新主人在檀香山等着她们，我想他们已经确定并分配了具体对象，尽管在欧洲人眼里，这些脸蛋儿看起来都是一样的。

The Japanese have the practical qualities that consort with materialism. They are quick to supply creature comforts; their hotels are wellmanaged; their cooks are excellent; their sign-posts are numerous and, I believe, very circumstantial; at the railway stations are lists of the show places in the neighbourhood; the telephone is general. But there are strange failings. The roads, for example, are often very bad, although so many motor-cars exist. Even in Tokyo the puddles and mud are abominable. There is no fixed rule to force rickshaw men to carry bells. There is no rule of the road at all, so that the driver of a vehicle must be doubly alert, having to make up his mind not only as to what he is going to do himself, but also what the approaching driver is probably going to do. From time to time, I believe, a rule of the road has been tried, but it has always broken down.

日本人讲究实用，与其实利主义一致。他们擅长提供物质享受；他们把酒店经营得很好；他们有优秀的厨师；他们有无数的路标，我相信这些路标也极尽详细；火车站里列出了附近的名胜；电话很普遍。但是它也有些奇怪的缺点。比如，尽管有很多机动车，大多数道路状况却很差。即使在东京也有令人讨厌的水坑和泥巴。没有明文规定要人力车夫带铃铛。根本没有交通规则，因此驾车司机要加倍警惕，不仅要决定自己往哪边开，还要推测迎面过来的司机会往哪边开。我想他们一定也试行过交通规则，但是总有人违反。

The rickshaw bells are the more important, because the Japanese

are not observant. They may see Fuji and stand for hours worshipping a spray of cherry blossom, but they do not see what is coming. Normally they look down.

人力车夫的铃铛更加重要，因为日本人从不留心观察，他们也许会在富士山前，驻足几个小时欣赏一场樱花雨，但从不留心对面来了什么，他们总是朝下看。

The rickshaw is comfortable and speedy; but to be drawn about by a fellow-creature is a humiliating experience and I never ceased to feel too conspicuous and ashamed. I discovered also how easy it is to lose one's temper with these men. I used to sit and wonder if there had ever been a runaway, and I never hired a rickshaw without thinking of Mr. Anstey's story of the talking horse.

人力车舒适、快捷，但是被自己的同类拉着跑是件非常丢人的事，我感到如此惹眼、羞耻，这种感觉从未停止。我还发现人们动不动就跟这些人发脾气。我总是坐在里面想有没有人曾经逃跑过。我每次雇车都会想到安斯蒂那个会说话的马的故事。

First Glimpse Of Fuji

初见富士

I left Kyoto for Yokohama on Wednesday night, March 17, 1920, at eleven, and Thursday, March 18, 1920, thus remains with me as a redletter day, for it was then, at about half-past seven in the morning, that, lifting the blind of my sleeping compartment, I saw—almost within reach, as it seemed, dazzlingly white under its snow against a clear blue sky, with the sun flooding it with glory—Fujiyama. I was to see it again several times—for I went to Myanoshita for that purpose—but never again so startlingly and wonderfully as this.

1920年3月17日星期三晚11点我从京都出发前往横滨，次日（1920年3月18日星期四）可以说是我的大喜之日，因为那天早上七点半左右，我拉开卧铺车厢的窗帘，看到了富士山，它几乎是近在咫尺，积雪覆盖的山峰白得耀眼，背衬着碧蓝的天空，沐浴在朝阳之下。我此后还见过它几次—去宫之下就是为了这个目的—但却再也没有让我会这般惊艳。

When I am asked to name in a word the most beautiful thing I saw on my travels I mention Fujiyama instantly. There is nothing else to challenge it. Perhaps had I seen Mount Qomolangma from Darjeeling I might have a different story to tell; but I missed it. The Taj? Yes, the Taj is a divine work of man; but it has not the serene lofty isolation of this sublime mountain, rising from the plain alone and immense with almost perfect symmetry.

如果有人问我旅途中见到的最美的东西是什么，我会立刻说是富士山。世上没有什么能与之媲美。或许我若在大吉岭见到了珠穆朗玛峰那可能会另当别论，但我没有见到。泰姬陵呢？对，泰姬陵是人类的杰作，但是它不像这座高耸入云的孤峰给人以宁静、巍峨之感。富士山平地而起，完美对称的山体逐渐向两边延伸。

I was not to see Fujiyama again for a week or so, but in the meanwhile I saw the Daibutsu, the giant figure of Buddha, at Kamakura, in all its bland placidity. These were the only big things I found in Japan.

我大约一个星期之后再次见到了富士山，这之前我去镰仓参观了神态平静、祥和的大佛雕像。这些是我在日本发现的仅有的宏大的景物。

Two Funerals

两场葬礼

Yokohama is industrial and dirty everywhere but on the drive beside the harbour, and on the Bluff, where the rich foreigners live. I visited one house on this pleasant eminence and there was nothing in it to suggest that it was in Japan any more than in, say, Cheltenham[1]. The form was English, the furniture was English, the pictures and books were English; photographs of school and college cricket elevens gave it the final home touch. Only in the garden were there exotic indications. The English certainly have the knack of carrying their atmosphere with them. I had noticed that often in India; but this Yokohama villa was the completest exemplification.

横滨是一座工业城市，到处都脏兮兮的，但港口的车道和富裕的外国人居住区布拉夫除外。我曾参观过这块充满生气的高地上的一所房子，那里的一切让人感觉像是身处于切尔滕纳姆而非日本。房子的外观是英式的，里面的家具也是英式的，图片和书籍是英语的，一组11人制校园板球运动的照片甚至让我感觉像回到了家乡。只有在花园里才能看到一些不属于英国的迹象。英国人确实擅长将英国氛围带到他们去的任何地方，在印度我常常会有这样的体会，但是这幢横滨别墅才是最佳范例。

Wandering about the city I came one morning on a funeral procession that ought to have pleased Henry Ward Beecher[2], who, on the only occasion on which I heard him, when he was very old and I was very young, urged upon his hearers the importance of bright colours and fl owers instead of the ordinary habiliments and accoutrements of woe. For when a soul is on its way to paradise, he said, we should be glad. The Yokohama cortege was headed by men bearing banners; then came girls all in white, riding in rickshaws; then

the gaudy hearse; then priests in rickshaws; and finally the relations and friends. The effect conveyed was not one of melancholy; but even if every one had been in black, impressiveness would have been wanting, for no one can look dignified in a rickshaw.

一天早晨，我在城里漫步时遇到了一支送葬的队伍，亨利·沃德·比彻看到这个队伍应该会很高兴。只有那么一次，我听过他的演说，当时他已经很老了而我还很年轻，我听到他强烈要求听众们注重颜色的鲜明和花朵的装饰，不要穿普通的服装，不要佩戴表达哀思的饰品。因为当一个灵魂前往天堂时，他说，我们应该感到高兴才对。这支横滨送葬队伍由几个举着旗幡的男人领头，后面是身着白衣的女子坐在人力车上；接着是装饰华美的灵车；灵车后面跟着一辆辆拉着牧师的人力车；最后面是死者的亲朋好友。整个队伍没有悲哀的气氛，即使每个人都穿上黑色服装，也不会令人动容，因为坐在人力车上就不会显得庄重。

Compared, however, with a funeral which I saw in Hong Kong, the Yokohama ceremony was solemnity in essence. The Hong Kong obsequies were those of a tobacco-magnate's wife and the widower had determined to spare no expense on their thoroughness. He had even offered, but without success, to compensate the tramway company for a suspension of the service, the result of his failure being that every few minutes the procession was held up to permit the cars to go by; which meant that instead of taking only two hours to pass any given point, it took three. The estimated cost of the funeral was one hundred thousand dollars and all Hong Kong was there to see.

然而，与我在香港见到的一个葬礼相比，这个横滨葬礼基本上还算严肃。香港的葬礼是一个烟草大王为亡妻举办的，他决心不惜一切代价也要将葬礼办得完备周到。他甚至想出钱让电车公司暂停服务，但没有如愿，因此送葬队伍每隔几分钟就得停下来让车辆通过，最后比预计的两个小时多用了一个小时才通过预定地点。据估计这个葬礼花费了十万美元，全香港都在观看。

To Chinese eyes it doubtless had a sombre religious character, but to us it was merely a diverting spectacle of incredible prolongation. We were not wholly to blame in missing its sanctity, for the participants, who were more like mummers than mourners, had all been hired and were enjoying the day off. For the most part they merely wore their fancy dress and walked and talked or played instruments, but now and then there was a dragon and a champion boxing it and these certainly earned their money. At intervals came bearers with trays on which were comforts for the next world or symbolical devices, while, to infi nity both in front and behind, banners and streamers and lanterns danced and jogged above all. A miracle-show of the middle ages can

在中国人眼中，这无疑具有严肃的宗教意味，但是在我们看来，则

纯粹是一个冗长无比的滑稽场面。不要责怪我们不尊重它的神圣性，因为走在队伍里的人更像是在演戏而不是真的默哀，他们都是主人花钱雇来的，而且这一天也过得很开心。他们的主要作用是穿着花哨的服装走在队伍中，说说话或者奏奏乐，不时还会有一条龙和舞龙人在队伍中表演，这些人肯定也是要赚取赏钱的。每隔一会儿，就会过来一些端着盘子的人，盘里放着另一个世界使用的物品或者说是象征物件，而队伍的前后都有举着旗幡、提着灯笼的人一直在跳着舞、蹦着脚。这跟中世纪的奇迹剧表演没有什么差别。

The Little Geisha

小艺伎

I left Japan, as I have said, just before the cherry-blossom festivities began, but I was able to see a number of the dances—which never change but are passed with exactitude, step for step, gesture for gesture and expression for expression, from one geisha to another—as performed by a child who was being educated for the profession. Although so young she knew accurately upwards of sixty dances, and the pick of these she executed for a few spectators, in a little fragile paper-walled house outside Yokohama, while her adoring aunt played the wistful repetitive accompaniments.

前面说过，我是在樱花节前夕离开日本的，但我还是看到了一些舞蹈—千篇一律但有严格的动作要求，每个艺伎都必须踩着同样的步伐、摆着同样的姿势、带着同样的表情。我所看到的舞蹈是由一个孩子表演的，她正在接受艺伎训练。虽然年纪还小，但她已经精确掌握了六十多种舞蹈，她从中挑选了一些，在横滨城外的一个纸糊墙壁的小屋子里为一些观众表演，她崇敬的阿姨在一旁反复演奏一支忧伤的曲调来给她伴奏。

The little creature—a mere watch-chain ornament—had a typical Japanese face, half mask, half mischief, and a tiny high voice which now and then broke into the dance. But dances, strictly speaking, they are not. They are really posturing and the manoeuvres of a fan. To me they are strangely fascinating, and, with the music, almost more so than our Western ballets. But there is a difference between the ballet and the geisha dances, and it is so wide that there is no true comparison; for whereas the ballet stimulates and excites, these Japanese movements hypnotise and lull.

这个小女孩—仿佛一个表链装饰品那么不起眼—有一张典型的日本脸蛋儿，带着一分矜持、一分淘气，她那稚弱而尖细嗓音的吟唱不时有些突兀地加进。但是这些舞蹈，严格说来，不算舞蹈，而只是在变换姿势，挥动扇子。我被这种奇特的舞蹈迷住了，配上音乐，这种舞蹈比我们西方的芭蕾更加令人陶醉。但是芭蕾和艺伎舞蹈有一个差别，不过这

个差别太大以致无法准确进行比较；总之芭蕾给人以刺激，令人兴奋，而日本舞蹈催人入眠。

MANNERS

礼仪

The public manners of the Japanese are not good. In all my solitary walks about Myanoshita I met with no single peasant who passed the time of day, and in the streets of Tokyo English people were being jostled and stared at and treated without respect. It was a moment when Americans were unpopular, and the theory was broached that for fear of missing the chance to be rude to an American the Japanese became rude to all outlanders indiscriminately. One indeed gathered the impression that, except in Kyoto, which is a backwater, foreigners are no longer wanted. "Japan for the Japanese" would seem to be the motto: one day, not far distant, to be amended to "The World for Japan." I shall never forget the humiliation I suffered in a stockbroker's office in Tokyo, into which, seeing the words "English spoken" over the door, I had ventured in the hope of being directed to an address I was seeking. Not a word of English did any one know, but the whole staff left its typewriters and desks to come and laugh. I was always willing to remove the gravity of Japanese children by my grotesque Occidentalism, but I have a very real objection to being a butt for the ridicule of grown-ups. Such an incident could not have occurred, I believe, anywhere else. But it is not only the foreigners to whom the Japanese are rude: they do nothing for their fellows either. The want of chivalry in trains and trams was conspicuous.

日本人缺乏公共礼仪。我独自漫步在宫之下时，从未见过一个农夫打过招呼；在东京的街上，英国人被推来搡去，被人盯着看着，不受尊重。那时候美国人是不受欢迎的，所以就有了这样一个说法：因为不想失去对美国人无理的机会，日本人决定对一切外来者一律都粗鲁无礼。在日本你确实能感觉到，除了京都这个落后地区，他们不再需要外国人。“日本是日本人的”似乎是他们的格言，在不久的将来这句格言会被改写成“世界是日本人的”。我永远也不会忘记自己在一个东京股票经纪人办公室里所受到的侮辱，当时我看到门上挂着“说英语”的牌子就斗胆走了进去，希望有人能告诉我我要找的一个地方在哪里，结果没有一个人会一个英文单词，而且所有人都放下手中的活儿过来笑话我。我总是希望能用自己怪诞的西洋味儿来让日本的孩子们不要那么拘谨，但是我非常讨厌自己成了成年人的笑柄。我想，这样的事情在别的国家是不可能发生的。但是日本人不仅对外国人无理：他们也不会为自己的同胞做点什么。他们在火车上、电车上都缺乏谦让精神。

The ceremonial manners of the Japanese can, however, be more precise and formal than any I ever witnessed. A wedding reception chanced to be in progress in my Tokyo hotel one afternoon, and through the open door I had glimpses of Japanese gentlemen in frock coats bowing to Japanese ladies and making perfect right angles as they did so. So elaborate indeed were the courtesies that to Western eyes they bordered dangerously on burlesque.

然而，日本的仪式礼仪是我见过的最严格、最正式的。一天下午，我所住的一家东京的酒店正好有一场婚宴在进行，于是我有机会透过敞开的房门看到了几个身着礼服的日本绅士给几位日本女士行鞠躬礼，他们鞠躬的角度实在是完美至极，这样的繁文缛节在西方人眼里简直就像是一场滑稽表演。

The destination that I was seeking when I entered the stockbroker's office was a certain book-store, and when I eventually found it I was asked a question by a Japanese youth that still perplexes me. It was in the English section, the principal volumes in which, as imported to supply Japanese demands, were American, and all bore either upon success in engineering and other professions and crafts, or on the rapid acquirement of wealth. How to Double Your Income in a Week, How to Get Rich Quickly, How to Succeed in Business, and so forth; all preaching, in fact, the new gospel which is doing Japan no good. There were also, however, a certain number of novels, and one of the customers, a boy who looked as though he were still at school, noting my English appearance, brought a translation of Maupassant to me and asked me what "soul" meant—"A Woman's Soul" being the new title. Now I defy any one with no Japanese to make it clear to a Japanese boy with very little English what a woman's soul is.

我走进股票经纪人办公室要寻找的地方是一家书店，我最终找到了那里，一个日本青年问了我一个问题，至今我都不知道该如何作答。那是在书店的英文类图书区，为了满足日本人需求而进口的这些书主要来自美国，要么是关于如何在工科或其他职业、技术方面取得成功的，要么是关于如何快速致富的，例如《如何在一周之内使收入翻一番》、《如何快速致富》、《经商宝典》等等。一切布道，确切地说，新福音书在日本一无是处。不过这里也有一些小说，有一位顾客—是一个男孩，看起来还在上学。他注意到我看起来像是英国人，于是拿了一本莫泊桑的翻译作品给我看，问我“灵魂”是什么意思—因为译文标题是“一个女人的灵魂”。现在我每碰到一个不会日语的人都会问他应如何给一个只会一点点英文的日本男孩解释清楚女人的灵魂是什么。

The Play

戏剧

At Tokyo I was present for an hour or so at a performance in a national theatre. It had been in progress for a long time when I entered and would continue long after I left, for that is the Japanese custom. In London people with too little to do are on occasion prepared to spend the whole day outside theatres waiting for the doors to open. They will then witness a two and a half hours' performance. But in Japan the plays go on from eleven a.m. to eleven p.m. and the audience bring their sustenance and tobacco with them. The seats are mats on the ground, and the actors reach the stage by a passage through the auditorium as well as from the wings. The scenery is very elementary, and there is always a gate which has to be opened when the characters pass through and closed after them, although it is isolated and has no contiguous wall or fence.

在东京我去一家国家剧院看了大约一个小时的演出。我进去的时候演出已经开始了很长时间，而我离开之后还会继续很长时间，这就是日本戏剧的特点。在伦敦，无事可做的人有时会整天在剧院外等候开门，进去后他们看两个半小时的演出。但是在日本，戏剧从早上十一点演到晚上十一点，观众会带着食物和香烟进场，座位就是铺在地上的垫子，演员既有从舞台两侧上台的也有穿过大厅走廊上台的。布景非常简单，而且总有单独的一扇大门，旁边没有围墙或围栏，演员进场时，门打开；演员进场后，门关闭。

None of our Western morbid desire for novelty, I am told, troubles the Japanese play-goer, who is prepared to witness the same drama, usually based on an historical event or national legend thoroughly familiar to him, for ever and ever. It is as though the theatres in England were given up exclusively to, say, Shakespeare's Henry IV, V and VI sequence. On the occasion of my visit there was little of what we call acting, but endless elocution. During the performance the attendants walk about, with the persistence of constables during a London policecourt hearing, carrying refreshments and little charcoal stoves. The signal for the next act is a deafening clicking noise made by one of the stage hands on two sticks, which gradually rises to a shattering crescendo as the curtain is drawn aside. It must be understood that the theatre that I am describing was set apart for national drama. In others there are topical farces and laughter is continuous; but I did not visit any. On board ship, however, we had a series of performances of such pieces by the Japanese cabin attendants and waiters, many of whom were professional actors. The Japanese passengers enjoyed them immensely.

据说日本的戏迷丝毫不受西方追求新意的观念影响，他们愿意永远看同一出戏剧，通常是改编自他们熟悉的历史事件或民族传奇，就好比英国的剧院不演别的只演莎士比亚的《亨利四世》、《亨利五世》、

《亨利六世》系列剧。我去看的那一段根本算不上演戏，只是没完没了的朗诵。演出的时候，总有工作人员走来走去，像伦敦治安法庭上执着的警察，他们手里拿着点心和小炭炉。下一幕开始的信号是震耳欲聋的一阵哐哐声，是舞台上的一个工作人员敲击两截棍子发出的声音，随着帷幕的拉开，这声音还在逐渐变大，直到最后一声巨响。在这里要交代清楚的是，我所描写的这个剧院是专门演民族戏剧的。在其他剧院还有主题闹剧，里面的笑声一阵接一阵；但这样的剧院我一家也没有去过。不过在船上，我们看到了一系列这类闹剧，是由日本船舱的工作人员和服务生表演的，他们中有一些是职业演员。日本乘客看得非常开心。

Myanoshita

宫之下

A whole week of my too short stay was given to Myanoshita, whither I was driven by the impossibility of retaining a room in either Yokohama or Tokyo, and where I stayed willingly on, out of delight in the place itself. After being cooped up for so long on ships, and kept inactive under the heat of India, it was like a new existence to take immense walks among these mountains in the keen rarified air, even though there was both rain and snow. Myanoshita stands some four thousand feet high and is situated in a valley in which are many summer cottages and health resorts. The heart of this Alpine settlement is the Fujiya Hotel, where I was living, which is kept by an enterprising Americanised and Europeanised Japanese proprietor and his very charming wife, Madame Yamaguchi, whose father was the founder of the house, and, I believe, the discoverer of the district, and who herself is famous as a gracious hostess throughout Japan. No hotel so well or so thoughtfully administered have I ever stayed in; nor was I ever in another where the water for the bath gushes in from a natural hot spring. But hot springs are numerous in this region, while there is a gorge which I visited, some four miles distant, where boiling sulphur hisses and bubbles for ever and aye.

尽管我在日本只停留了很短的时间，但有一整个星期都是在宫之下度过的，因为我无法在横滨和东京的房间里继续住下去，而我也愿意一直呆在这里，因为它本身就是一个充满快乐的地方。尤其是在船上禁闭了很长时间，在印度被热得怠倦无力后，畅快地漫步于这些山脉间，享受着清新纯净的空气，犹如获得了新生，尽管这里一直是雨雪天气。宫之下海拔约4,000英尺，位于一座山谷之上，那里有许多消夏村庄和健身场所。这片高地区域的中心就是我下榻的富士屋酒店，经营这家酒店的是一个既美国化又欧洲化的日本业主和他迷人的妻子—山口夫人，是她的父亲创办了这家酒店，我想一定也是他发现了这个地方。山口夫人作为一个和蔼的女老板在日本很有名气。这是我所住过的酒店里经营得最好，或者说服务最周到的一家，而且洗澡水是从一个天然温泉中流出

来的，这也是我住过的其他酒店不曾有过的。不过这地区有无数个温泉，我去过约四英里外的一个峡谷，那里沸腾的硫磺嘶嘶作响，不停地冒泡。

Many of the Myanoshita dishes were new to me and welcome. There is an excellent salad called "Slow," and the bamboo, which is Japan's best friend—serving the nation in scores of ways: as fences, as walls, as water-pipes, as supports, as carrying-poles, as thatch, as fishingrods— here found its way into the salad bowl and was not distasteful. The custom of drinking a glass of orange juice before breakfast might well be adopted with us; but not the least of the oddities of England which I realised as I moved about the earth is our unwillingness to eat fruit. Japan also has a perfect mineral water, "Tansan."

宫之下的很多菜肴，我都是第一次吃并且很喜欢。有一道非常美味的沙拉叫做“素萝”，还有竹子。竹子是日本最好的朋友，在这个国家有几十种用途：如围栏、墙壁、水管、支架、扁担、屋顶、渔竿等。在这里它被拌进沙拉，味道也不错。早饭前喝一杯橙汁的习惯我们也许能够接受；但是我在各地旅行的过程中逐渐意识到，英国人有个怪癖就是不愿意吃水果。日本还有一种纯矿物水叫做“碳酸”。

When not making long expeditions to catch new glimpses of Fuji I roamed about the hill-sides among the little villages, or leaned over crazy bridges to watch the waterfalls beneath; for there is water everywhere, tumbling down to the distant ocean, a wedge of which can be seen from the hotel windows. This Japanese valley might be in Switzerland, save for the absence of any but human life. Not a cow, not a goat.

没有远行去看富士山的日子里，我就在村落间的山坡上漫步，或者倚靠在破败的桥上，观赏桥底的瀑布。这里到处都能见到湍急的水流，自上而下汇入遥远的大海，从酒店的窗户向外望去，可以看见大海入口的一角。日本这里的山谷与瑞士的山谷很像，只是除了人以外什么都没有，没有一头牛，没有一只羊。

The labourers wear blue linen smocks, usually with some device upon them, and they merge into the landscape as naturally as French or Belgian peasants. These men, whether working on the soil or the roads, or engaged in cutting bamboos or building houses, wear the large straw hats that one sees in the old Japanese prints. Nothing has changed in their dress. But the modernized Japanese, the dweller in the cities or casual visitor to the country, pins his faith to the bowler. The bowler is so much his favourite headgear that he wears it often with native costume on his body. Perhaps it is to Japan that all the bowlers have gone, now that London has taken to the soft Homburg. It was odd to meet groups of these bizarre little men among the

precipices: even stranger perhaps were their little ladies, especially on Sunday, in the gayest Japanese clothes, their faces plastered with rice powder and cigarettes in their mouths. Too many of them are disfigured by gold teeth, which are so common in Japan as to be almost the rule. An English resident assured me that I must not assume that the Japanese teeth are therefore unusually defective: often the gold is merely ostentation, a visible sign that the owner of the auriferous mouth is both alive to American progress and can afford it.

劳作的人们穿着蓝色的亚麻制服，衣服上通常带有某种图案，他们就像法国或比利时的农民一样自然地融入这片风景之中。这些人，无论是在地里或路上工作，还是在砍竹子或建房子，都带着一顶大草帽，就像人们在古老的日本版画上看到的那样。他们的服装没有变化。但是日本比较现代的人，城里的居民或偶尔来到乡间的游客则对圆顶帽有着坚定的信仰。圆顶帽是他们最喜爱的头饰，常被用来搭配民族服装。也许所有的圆顶帽都跑到日本去了，如今伦敦流行起了洪堡软毡帽。很奇怪的是，会在悬崖峭壁间遇到一群群打扮奇特的矮小的人，其中那些个子小小的女士更为奇特，尤其在星期天，这些人会穿着最华美的日本服装，脸上涂着大米散粉，嘴里叼着烟。很多人镶了难看的金牙，这在日本很普遍，实属惯常。一个英国侨民告诉我绝对不要因此而以为日本人的牙齿有着异常的缺陷，镶金牙通常只是为了显摆，是要证明自己看到了美国的进步并有能力跟上这种进步。

Even in Myanoshita Fujiyama has to be sought for and climbed for, the walls of rock that form the valley being so high and enclosing. But the result is worth every effort. Immediately above the hotel is a hill from whose summit the upper part of the enchanted mountain can be seen, and I ascended tortuously to this point within an hour of my arrival. The next day I walked to Lake Hakone (where the Emperor has a summer palace), some eight miles away, in the hope of getting Fuji's white crest reflected on its surface; but a veil of mist enshrouded all. And then twice I went to the edge of the watershed at the head of the valley: once struggling through the snow to the Otome Pass, on an immemorial and nearly perpendicular bridle path, and once by the modern road to the tunnel which, with characteristic address, the Japanese have bored through the rock, thus reducing a very steep gradient.

即使在宫之下，要看到富士山也要经过一番探寻与攀登，山谷的岩壁很高，呈包围状。但是努力没有白费。从紧邻酒店屋顶的一座小山的山尖上可以看见迷人的富士山的上半部分，我辛苦攀登了近一个小时来到这里。第二天，我走了约八英里来到箱根湖边，（这里有一座皇室避暑宫殿），希望能看到富士山白色山峰在湖中的倒影，但是迷雾遮住了一切。然后我又到山谷前面的分水岭去了两趟：一次经由一条古老的、近乎垂直的马道，奋力穿越积雪来到乙女峠；一次是经由一条现代道路

来到一条隧道，这条位置特别的隧道是日本人凿开岩石挖掘出来的，这样就可以省去一条陡峭的坡道。

In the tunnel the icicles were hanging several feet long and as big as masts, and the air was biting. But one emerged suddenly upon a prospect the wonder of which probably cannot be excelled—a vast plain far below, made up of verdure and villages and lakes, with distant surrounding heights, and immediately in front, filling half the sky, Fuji himself. It is from this point, and from the ancient Otome Pass, a mile or so away on the same ridge, that the symmetry of the mountain is most perfect; and here one can best appreciate the simplicity of it, the quiet natural ease with which it rises above its neighbours. There was more snow on the slopes than when I had seen it from the train a few days before; and the sky again was without a cloud. I have never been so conscious of majestic serenity, without any concomitant feeling of awe. Fuji is both sublime and human.

隧道里面悬着几英尺长的冰柱，有桅杆那么粗，空气冷得刺骨。但是一出隧道，忽然间一片秀美无双的景色呈现在眼前—底下一片广袤、青翠的平原，平原上散布着村庄和湖泊，四周高山林立，前面最近处挡住了大半边天的就是富士山。这里和距离这座山脊约一英里的古乙女□，是欣赏富士山山体对称之美的最佳位置，这里也是观赏富士山纯朴风貌的最佳位置，它凌驾于群山之上，仪态宁静自然。这时山坡上的积雪比我几天前从火车上看到的更厚了；天空中还是没有一片云彩。我从未在强烈感受一种宏伟与静穆的同时而不心生敬畏。富士山既庄严崇高又富有人情。

No other country has a symbol like this. When the Japanese think of Japan they visualise Fuji: returning exiles crowd the decks for the first glimpse of it; departing exiles with tears in their eyes watch it disappear. There is not a shop window but has Fuji in some representation; it is found in every house; its contours are engraved on teaspoons, embossed on ash-trays. You cannot escape from its counterfeits; but if you have seen it you do not mind.

别的国家没有这样的象征。当日本人想起日本时，他们的头脑中就会出现富士山的画面：归乡的游子挤到甲板上想第一眼看到它；离乡的游子噙着泪水看它慢慢消失在视线中。每个商店的橱窗里都陈列着能表现富士山的物品；每个房子里也有；茶匙上有富士山轮廓的雕刻，烟灰缸上有它的浮雕。你在哪里都能见到它的赝品，但是见到它后你不会介意的。

When on my way home I found myself in an American picture gallery, either in San Francisco, Chicago, Boston or New York, I lingered longest in the rooms where the coloured prints of the Japanese masters hang—and America has very fine collections, particularly in Boston— and I stood longest before those landscapes

by Hokusai[3] and Hiroshige[4] in which Fuji occurs. Hokusai in particular venerated the mountain, and in many of his most beautiful pictures people are calling to each other to admire some new and marvellous aspect of it. It was he who drew Fuji as seen through the arch of a breaking wave! I was looking at the British Museum's example of this daring print only a few days ago, and, doing so, living my Myanoshita days again.

回国的途中，无论是旧金山、芝加哥、波士顿，还是纽约的美国画廊里，我发现自己在那些挂着日本大师所作的水彩画的展厅里停留的时间最久（美国有很多非常好的收藏品，尤其是在波士顿），而站在绘有富士山的葛饰北斋和安藤广重的风景画旁的时间又最长。葛饰北斋尤其崇敬这座大山，在他一些最美的画作里，人们在彼此呼唤着过来欣赏它的新颖、神奇之处。就是他画下了从破浪的弧度下观赏到的富士山！几天前，我还在大英博物馆里欣赏到了这幅大胆的画作。欣赏的时候，仿佛我又回到了宫之下的那些日子里。

There is much in Japan that is petty, much that is too material and not a little that is disturbing; but Fuji is there too, dominating all, calm and wise and lovely beyond description, and it would be Fuji that lured me back.

日本有很多细小的东西，有很多太实利，太不尽如人意之处，但是那里也有富士山，它俯视一切，宁静、睿智、美好得无法形容，我若重游日本，那一定是受富士山的魅力所惑。

(1)切尔滕纳姆，英国英格兰格洛斯特郡的自治市镇。

(2)亨利·沃德·比彻（1813—1887），19世纪中后期著名的美国牧师、社会改革家。

(3)葛饰北斋（1760—1849），日本浮世绘画家，他以富士山不同角度的样貌为题，画了《富岳三十六景》的一系列风景图，因而远近驰名，其中以《赤富士》和《神奈川冲浪里》最为知名。

(4)安藤广重（1797—1858），日本浮世绘画家，作品多描绘风景名胜。与喜多川歌、葛饰北斋合称浮世绘三大家。

America

美国

Democracy At Home

国内民主

My first experience of democracy-in-being followed swiftly upon boarding the steamboat for San Francisco, when "Show this man Number 231" was the American steward's command to a cabin boy. I had no objection to being called a man: far from it; but after years of being called a gentleman it was startling. This happened at Yokohama; and when, in the Customs House at San Francisco, a porter wheeling a truck broke through a queue of us waiting to obtain our quittances, with the careless warning, "Out of the way, fellers!" I knew that here was democracy indeed.

我刚一登上开往旧金山的汽轮就体验到了现实的民主，当时一个美国乘务员正吩咐船上的一个服务员“带这个人去231号”。我不反对他称我为“人”，完全不介意；但因为长期被人叫做“先生”，这还是让我吃了一惊。这件事情发生在横滨。另一次是在旧金山的海关，我们正在排队等候领取收据，这时一个搬运工拖着一个滑轮手推车从我们队伍中横穿过去，满不在乎地叫嚷着：“让开，伙计们！”我知道这就是真正的民主。

I confess to liking it, although I was to be brought up with another jolt when a notice-board on a grass-plot suddenly confronted me, bearing the words:

我承认我喜欢这种民主，尽管另一件事又让我吃了一惊，那时我突然看到一片草地上立着一个告示牌，上面写着：

"Illustration: KEEP OFF. THIS MEANS YOU.”

“注意：请勿践踏，说的就是你！”

But I like it. I like the tradition which, once your name is written in the hotel reception book, makes you instantly "Mr. Lucas" to every one in the place. There is a friendliness about it: the hotel is more of a home, or at any rate, less of a barrack, because of it. And yet this universal camaraderie has some odd lapses into formality. The members of clubs in America are far more ceremonious with each other than we are in England. In English clubs the prefix "Mr." is a solecism, but in American clubs I have watched quite old friends and associates whose greetings have been marked almost by pomposity

and certainly by ritual. Yet Americans, I should say, are heartier than we; more happy to be with each other; less critical and exacting. They certainly spend less time in discussing each other's foibles. That may be because the dollar is so much more an absorbing theme, but more likely it is because America is a democracy, and the theory of democracy, as I understand it, is to assume that every man is a good fellow until the reverse is proved. I should not like to say that the theory of those of us who live under a monarchy is the opposite, but it seemed to me that Americans are more ready than we to be sociable and tolerant.

但我喜欢这样。我喜欢这样的习俗：一旦你把名字填到酒店登记簿上，“卢卡斯先生”就在这里被所有人叫开了。这种友好的气氛让酒店更像家，或者至少不是军营。不过这种广泛的友谊有时却变得很正式。美国俱乐部成员之间远比我们英国更加注重礼节。在英国俱乐部，称呼“先生”会显得失礼，但是在美国俱乐部，我发现即使是相识已久的老朋友、老熟人之间的寒暄几乎都有些虚夸的迹象，当然也是很有礼节性的。我要说，美国人确实比我们更热情，更高兴彼此呆在一起，不那么挑剔、苛求。他们在一起讨论彼此弱点的情况确实比较少，这或许是因为美元的讨论价值要大得多，但是更有说服力的理由是美国是一个民主国家，按我的理解，民主理论就是每个人都是好人，除非有人能证明相反的情况。我并不是说处于君主政体统治下的我们的理论就是相反的，不过我觉得美国人似乎比我们更合群、更宽容。

Try as I might I could never be quick enough to get in first with that delightful American greeting, "Pleased to meet you," or "Glad to know you, Mr. Lucas." I pondered long on the best retort and at last formulated this, but never dared to use it for fear that its genuineness might be suspected: "I shall be sorry when we have to part."

尽管我也尝试过，但还是无法很快说出那种快活的美国式寒暄，“很高兴见到您”或“很高兴认识您，卢卡斯先生”。为了给对方一个最好的回答，我思考了很久，最后想到了这句话：“我们不得不分别的时候我会感到遗憾的。”但我从来都不敢说出口，因为害怕对方怀疑我的真诚。

San Francisco

旧金山

It was in San Francisco that I learned—and very quickly—that it is as necessary to visit America in order to know what Americans are like as it is to leave one's own country in order to know more about that. Americans when abroad are less hearty, less revealing. They are either suffering from a constraint or an over-assertiveness; and both moods may be due to not being at home. In neither case are they so natural as at home. I suppose that on soil not our own we all tend to

be a little over-anxious to proclaim our nationality, to maintain the distinction. In our hearts can perhaps be too firmly planted the invisible flag of our country.

在旧金山我认识到—很快就认识到—要了解美国人就必须到美国去，同样要进一步了解自己的国家就必须离开那里。在国外的美国人不那么热情，不那么外向。他们要么过于克制，要么过于自信。这两种情绪都是因为身处异乡。在这两种情况下，他们都不像在国内那么自然。我想不在自己的国土上，人们都会因为过于紧张而不愿意表现出自己的民族特性或差异。在我们心里，也许牢牢插着一面无形的国旗。

Be this as it may, I very quickly discerned a difference between Americans in America and in England. I found them simple where I had thought of them as the reverse, and now, after meeting others in various parts of the country, even in complex and composite New York, I should say that simplicity is the keynote of the American character. It is in his simplicity that the American differs most from the European. Such simplicity is perfectly consistent with the impatience, the desire for novelty, for brevity, of the American people. We think of them as always wishing to reduce life to formulae, as unwilling to express any surprise, and these tendencies may easily be considered as signs of a tiring civilisation. But in reality they are signs of youth too.

虽然这样，我还是很快就察觉到在美国的美国人和在英国的美国人之间的一个差异。我发现他们很简单，并不像我曾认为的那么复杂。现在，见过美国各地的美国人之后，甚至包括复杂、多元的纽约，我应该说简单是美国性格的基调。简单是美国人与欧洲人的最大区别。与这种简单完全一致的是美国人的急躁、求新和简洁。我们觉得他们总是希望把生活简化成公式，不愿表现出惊奇。这些特征很容易被当作一种疲倦的文化的象征。但实际上，这也是年轻的象征。

Roads Good And Bad

好路和坏路

San Francisco I shall chiefly recollect (apart from personal reasons) for the sparkling freshness and vigour of the air; for the extent and variety of Golden Gate Park[1], where I found a bust of Beethoven, but no sign of Bret Harte[2]; for the vast reading-room in the library at Berkeley, a university which is so enchantingly situated, beneath such a sun, and in sight of such a bay, that I marvel that any work can be done there at all; and for the miles and miles of perfect tarmac roads fringed with burning eschscholtzias and gentle purple irises. That was in April. I found elsewhere in America no roads comparable with these. Even around Washington their condition was

such that to ride in a motorcar was to experience all the alleged benefits of horseback, while in the Adirondacks, anywhere off the noble Theodore Roosevelt[3] Memorial Highway, with its "T. R." blazonings along the route, one's liver was bent and broken. While I was in America the movement to purchase Roosevelt's house as a national possession was in full swing, but this Memorial Highway strikes the imagination with more force. That was an inspiration, and I hope that the road will never be allowed to fall into disrepair.

我首先能回忆起来的是旧金山（不含个人因素），因为这里生机盎然、空气清新；这里的金门公园广阔、多样，我在公园里看到了贝多芬的半身像，但是没有布勒特·哈特的标志；还有伯克利大学图书馆的大阅览室，这所大学坐落于如此迷人的地方，笼罩在如此迷人的阳光之下，位于如此迷人的海湾河畔，真是令我惊异如何能在这样的地方安心学习；以及延伸几英里的完美的柏油碎石路，路旁装点着鲜艳的花菱草和淡紫色鸢尾花。当时是四月份。在美国其他地方，我再也没有见到能与这些路相媲美的公路。即使是华盛顿周围的道路，其状况也十分糟糕，开着机动车行驶在上面能体会到所有所谓的骑马的益处，而在阿迪朗达克，除了沿途都有“T·R”纹章的著名的西奥多·罗斯福纪念高速公路外，所有公路都很颠簸，能把人的内脏都震碎了。我在美国期间，将罗斯福故居购买为国有财产的运动正进行得如火如荼，但是这条纪念高速公路其实更让人欣赏。这是一个启迪，我希望永远不要让这条路失修。

Universities, Love And Pronunciation

大学、爱情和发音

Watching the young men and maidens crowding to a lecture in the Hearst Amphitheatre at Berkeley[4], under that glorious Californian sky, I was struck by the sensible, frank intimacy of them all, and envied them the advantages that must be theirs over the English methods of segregation at the same age, which, by creating shyness and destroying familiarity, tends to retard if not destroy the natural understanding which ought to subsist between them and if it did would often make life afterwards so much simpler.

加利福尼亚灿烂的天空下，我看到少男少女涌向伯克利大学的赫斯特露天剧场去听讲座。他们之间显而易见的、直率的亲密给我留下了深刻的印象。相较于英国同龄人中实行的男女分校制我更羡慕他们的这种优越。在英国，男女分校使少男少女们变得害羞而损坏了他们之间的亲密，这种做法即使不破坏也会有碍增进彼此间的真实了解，而男女之间理应有真实的了解，这样会使以后的生活更加轻松。

I asked one of the professors to what extent marriages were made in Berkeley, but he had no statistics. All he could say was that Cupid was very little trouble to the authorities and that Mr. Hoover[5] and

Mrs. Hoover first met each other as students at Stanford. And then I asked an ex-member of one of the Sororities and she said that at college one was a good deal in love and a good deal out of it. The romance rarely persisted into later life.

我询问过伯克利大学的一位教授有多少人在校期间结婚，但是他说没有统计过。他只告诉我丘比特不会给学校当局带来麻烦，他还说胡佛先生和胡佛夫人就是在斯坦福就读时相识的。之后我又问了女生会的一名前会员，她说在大学每个人都有很多恋爱经历，也有很多失恋的经历。浪漫很少会持续到毕业后的人生。

She pronounced romance with the accent on the first syllable, whereas somewhere half-way across the Atlantic the accent passes to the second; and why such illogical things should be is a mystery. The differences can be very disconcerting, especially if one refuses to give way. I had an experience to the point when talking with some one in Chicago and wishing to answer carefully his question as to the conditions under which the poor of our great cities live. These are, in my observation, infinitely worse in England than in America. Indeed I hardly saw any poor in America at all—not poverty as we understand it. But I could not frame my reply because "squalor" (which we pronounce as though it rhymed with "mollor") was the only fitting epithet and he had just used it himself, pronouncing it in the American way—or at any rate in his American way—with a long "a." So I turned the subject.

她说到浪漫时，重音在第一个音节，而在大西洋另一边的人说这个词时则把重音放在第二个音节。为什么会有这种不合理的现象是一个不解之谜。这类区别会让人非常不安，尤其是你非要弄清楚不可的时候。我有一次这样的经历，那是跟芝加哥的一个人谈话，并想认真回答他关于大城市的穷人们生活在什么样的状况下的问题。据我的观察，英国穷人的处境比美国差得多。实际上，我在美国基本上看不到穷人—没有我们认为的那种贫穷。但是我无法回答他，因为“squalor”（贫穷）（这个词在我们的发音里和“moller”的韵相同）是唯一恰当的形容词，而他刚刚已经提到这个词，发音是美式发音（至少是他的美式发音），尾音是一个长长的“a”，于是我转移了话题。

Neither nation has any monopoly of reasonableness in pronunciation. The American way of saying "advertisement" is more sensible than ours of saying "advertisement," since we say "advertise" too. But then, although the Americans say "inquire," just as we do, they illogically put the stress on the first syllable when they talk about an "inquiry." The Tower of Babel[6] is thus carried up one storey higher. The original idea was merely to confuse languages; it cannot ever have been wished that two friendly peoples should speak the same language differently.

两个国家都不能说自己的发音是标准的。美国“advertisement”的发音比我们的“advertisment”的发音更合理，因为我们也说“advertise”。但是还有，尽管美国人说“inquire”时发音跟我们相同，但是他们说“inquiry”时又不知为何把重音放到第一个音节，因此巴别塔又多建了一层；（上帝）最初的想法只是要打乱人间的语言，但他从未打算让两个友好的民族用不同的方式讲同一种语言。

But I have wandered far from Berkeley and Stanford. I am not sure as to my course of conduct if I had a daughter of seventeen, but I am quite convinced that if I had a son of that age I should send him to an American university for two or three years after his English school. He should then become a citizen of the Anglo-Saxon world indeed.

我已经从伯克利和斯坦福跑题跑得很远了。我不知道如果我有一个17岁的女儿我会如何教导她的行为，但是我非常确定如果我有一个这么大的儿子，我应该会在他完成国内的学业后把他送到美国大学去读两到三年。这样他才能真正成为盎格鲁—撒克逊世界的公民。

First Signs of Prohibition

禁酒的最初征兆

We had met Prohibition first at Honolulu, not a few of the passengers receiving the shock of their lives on learning at the hotel that only "soft drinks" were permitted. Our second reminder of the new regime came as we entered American waters off the Golden Gate and the ship's bar was formally closed. And then, in San Francisco, we found "dry" land indeed. In this connection let me say that in the hotel I made acquaintance with an official of great power who was new to me: the buttoned boy who rejoices in the proud title of Bell Captain. He gave me a private insight into his precocity (but that is not the word, for all boys in America are men too), and into his influence, by offering to supply me with forbidden fruit, in the shape of whisky, at the modest figure of $25 a bottle. He did not, however, say dollars: like most of his compatriots (and it is a favourite word with them) he said something between "dollars" and "dallars."

我们第一次遭遇禁酒是在檀香山，很多乘客知道在酒店只能喝“软饮料”后都异常惊讶。我们再次记起这个新制度是在进入美国金门水域时，船上的酒吧正式关闭了。接下来，在旧金山，我们找到了一片真正的“干”地。关于这一点，让我说说在酒店结交的一个很有能耐的官员，我对他并不熟悉：这是一个戴着徽章的男孩，他为他徽章上“侍者领班”的光荣头衔感到欣喜。他私下让我见识了他的早熟（但这个词不够确切，因为所有的美国男孩也都是男人）和能耐，他提出给我提供禁果，以威士忌的形式，一瓶只收取25美元。然而，他说的不是dollars（美元）：跟他的大多数同胞一样，他的这个词（这个是他们最喜欢的一个

词）的发音介于“dollars”和“dallars”之间。

I had, a few days later, in Chicago, a similarly friendly offer from a policeman of whom I had inquired the way. Recognizing an English accent, he had instantly divined what my dearest wish must be. I then asked him how prohibition was affecting the people on his beat. He said that a few drunkards were less comfortable and a few wives more serene; but for the most part he had seen no increase of happiness, and the extra money that it provided was spent either on the movies, dress, or "other foolishness." I did not allow him to refresh me. After a course of American "tough fiction," of which "Susan Lenox" remains most luridly in the memory, I had a terror of all professional upholders of the law.

几天后，我在芝加哥向一个警察问路，他同样友好地提出给我提供酒。听出了我的英国口音后，他马上就猜到了我最热切的愿望。然后我问他禁酒令对他巡逻区域内的人们有什么影响。他说有些酒鬼不太舒服，然而有些妻子却平静了许多。但是总体说来，他没有看到幸福指数在上升，多出来的钱花在了电影、衣服或“其他蠢事”上。我没有让他给我酒。我看了一部美式“暴力小说”，印象最深的就是放荡不羁的“苏珊·伦诺克斯”，此后我便对那些职业法律卫士们怀有一种恐惧。

R. L. S.

罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文森

Coming by chance upon the Robert Louis Stevenson[7] memorial at San Francisco, on the edge of Chinatown, I copied its inscription, and in case any reader of these notes may have forgotten its trend I copy it again here; for I do not suppose that its application was intended to cease with the Californian city. It is counsel addressed to the individual, but since nations are but individuals in quantity such ideals cannot be repeated amiss:

我在旧金山的唐人街边上偶然见到了罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文森的纪念碑。我抄下了碑上的铭文，我又把它抄在这里，以免阅读这本游记的读者无法跟上本书的思路，因为我想它不只适用于加利福尼亚城。铭文虽然是对个人的忠告，但既然所有的国家不过是个人的集成，那么就很有必要复述一下这样的理想：

To be honest; to be kind; to earn a little; to spend a little less; to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence; to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself— here is a task for all that man has of fortitude and delicacy.

要诚实，要善良；挣得少就要花得更少；总的来说，要让全家人因为自己的存在而感到更加幸福；该放弃的时候要果断放弃而不要愤恨不快；要交一些能坚持原则的朋友，最重要的是，在同样严酷的情况下，要同自己交朋友。—这是所有既坚忍又谨慎的人需要承担的责任。

It is a far cry from San Francisco to Saranac, yet Stevenson is their connecting chain, with the late Harry Widener's[8] amazing collection of Stevensoniana, in his memorial library at Harvard, as a link. The Saranac cottage, which on the day of my visit was surrounded by the sweetest lilac blooms that ever perfumed the air, is still a place of pilgrimage, and one by one new articles of interest are being added to the collection. It was pleasant indeed to find an English author thus honoured. Later, in Central Park, New York, I was to find statues of Shakespeare, Burns[9] and Sir Walter Scott[10].

旧金山同萨拉纳克千差万别，斯蒂文森是连接它们的链条，而哈佛大学怀德纳纪念图书馆里收藏的已故哈里·怀德纳的一套斯蒂文森全集则是这根链条上的一环。我去萨拉纳克村庄的那天，四周开满了最甜的丁香花，花香久久弥漫在空中。村庄仍然是一个旅游胜地，收藏品里补进了一件又一件新到的纪念物。看到一个英国作家受到这样的礼遇确实令我很高兴。之后，在纽约的中央公园里我又看到了莎士比亚、彭斯和沃尔特·司各特爵士的雕像。

It was, oddly enough, in the Adirondacks that I came upon my only experience of simplified spelling in the land of its birth. It was in that pleasant home from home, the Lake Placid Club, where one is adjured to close the door "tyt" as one leaves a room; where one drinks "cofi ;" and where that most necessary and mysterious of the functionaries of life, the physician, is able to watch his divinity dwindle and his dignity disappear under the style "fizisn."

很奇怪，在简化拼写的发源地我惟一一次见到它是在阿迪朗达克山脉地区，在那他乡的温馨之家，即普拉西德湖俱乐部。那里的人被要求在出门前要关“紧”（tight被简化为tyt）门；那里的人们喝“咖啡”（coffee被简化为cofi）；那里最必要、最神秘的生命之职—医生，只能眼看着自己的神圣和威严在“医生”（physician被简化为fizisn）的称号中逐渐消失。

Stories And Humourists

故事和幽默家

I heard many stories in America, where every one is a raconteur, but none was better than this, which my San Francisco host narrated, from his own experience, as the most perfect example of an honest answer ever given. When a boy, he said, he was much in the company

of an old trapper in the Californian mountains. During one of their expeditions together he noticed that a camp meeting was to be held, and out of curiosity he persuaded Reuben to attend it with him. Perched on a back seat, they were watching the scene when an elderly Evangelical sister placed herself beside the old hunter, laid her hand on his arm, and asked him if he loved Jesus. He pondered for some moments and then replied thus: "Waal, ma'am, I can't go so far as to say that I love Him. I can't go so far as that. But, by gosh, I'll say this —I ain't got nothin' agin Him."

我在美国听过很多故事，那里的每个人都擅长讲故事，但是没有哪个故事能胜过在旧金山招待我的主人根据自己的经历所叙述的一个故事，这个故事是有史以来关于诚实答案的最完美典范。他说自己小时候常跟加利福尼亚山里的一位老猎手为伴。有一次，他们一起出猎的时候，他得知要召开信徒的野营集会。于是，他在好奇心的驱使下说服了鲁本跟他同去。他们坐在后排观看时，一个传福音的修女坐在老猎手旁边把手放在他的臂膀上，问他爱不爱基督。他犹豫了片刻，这样回答说：“嗯，夫人，我不敢说我爱他，我不敢那么说。不过，对于主，我可以这么说—我也没啥可反对他的。”

The funniest spontaneous thing I heard said was the remark of a farmer in the Adirondacks in reply to my question "Had they recovered up there, from the recent war?" "Yes," he said, "they had," adding brightly, "Quite a war, wasn't it?"

我听到的最有趣的脱口而出的回答来自阿迪朗达克的一个农民。我问道：“人们从战争中恢复过来了吗？”“是的，已经恢复了，”他说，并轻快地补充道,“一场了不起的大战，不是吗？”

In a manner of speaking all Americans are humourists. Just as all French people are wits by reason of the epigrammatic structure of their language, so are all Americans humourists by reason of the national stores of picturesque slang and analogy to which they have access. I think that this tendency to resort to a common stock instead of striving after individual exactitude and colour is to be deplored. It discourages thought where thought should be encouraged. Adults are, of course, beyond redemption, but parents might at least do something about it with their children. One of the cleverest American writers whom I met made no effort whatever to get beyond these accepted phrases as he narrated one racy incident after another. With the pen in his hand (or, more probably, the typewriter under his fingers) his sense of epithet is precise; but in his conversational stories men were as mad as "Sam Hill," injuries hurt "like hell," and a knapsack was as heavy "as the devil." We all laughed; but he should have had more of the artist's pride.

从说话的方式看，所有的美国人都是幽默家。就像所有的法国人都

是智者是因为他们的语言中有警句式结构，美国人都是幽默家是因为他们的民族储备了大量唾手可得的形象的俚语和类比。我为这种因为依赖于通俗表达方式的储备而放弃追求个人的严谨和特色的作法而感到惋惜。它扼制了本应被鼓励的思考。成年人是无药可救了，不过作为父母总该为孩子们做点什么吧。我见过的美国最聪明的一个作家在讲述一个又一个辛辣讽刺的事件时，无意做任何努力使用这些约定俗成的词语以外的表达方式。用他手里的笔（或者更多的时候是手指下的打字机），他能精确地使用形容词。但是在谈话中讲到的故事里，他用“像萨姆·希尔一样”来形容人的疯狂，用“像地狱一样”来形容伤口的疼痛，用“像魔鬼一样”来形容背包的沉重。我们都笑了，但是他本应该还有更多作为艺术家的骄傲。

Three American professional humourists whom I had the good fortune to meet and be with for some time were Irvin Cobb[11], Don Marquis[12], and Oliver Herford[13], each authentic and each so different. Beneath Mr. Cobb's fun is a mass of ripe experience and sagacity. However playful he may be on the surface one is aware of an almost Johnsonian universality beneath. It would not be extravagant to call his humour the bloom on the fruit of the tree of knowledge (I am talking now only of the three as I found them in conversation). Don Marquis, while equally serious (and all the best humourists are serious at heart), has a more grotesque fancy and is more of a reformer, or, at any rate, a rebel. His dissatisfaction with hypocrisy provoked a scorn that Mr. Cobb is too elemental to entertain. Some day perhaps Don Marquis will induce an editor to print the exercises in unorthodoxy which he has been writing and which, in extract, he repeated to us with such unction; but I doubt it. They are too searching. But that so busy a man should turn aside from his work to dabble in religious satire seemed to me a very interesting thing; for nothing is so unprofitable—except to the honest soul of him who conceives it.

我有幸见到三位美国职业幽默家，并同他们进行了交谈。他们分别是：埃文·科布，唐·马奎斯和奥利弗·赫福德，每个人都很自然，各有自己的特色。科布的笑话体现了他丰富的阅历和睿智的思想，不论他表现得多么滑稽，人们都能看得出他内在的约翰逊式的无所不知。说他的幽默是知识之树的开花结果并不夸张（这里所说的只是谈话中我对他们三个人的印象）。同样严肃的唐·马奎斯（所有杰出的幽默家的内心都是严肃的）有更多奇特的想法，更像个改革家，或者，无论如何，是个叛逆者。他对科布先生很不满，认为他虚伪，其作品很肤浅没有欣赏价值。也许有一天，唐·马奎斯会说服一位编辑出版他正在撰写的非正统作品，他曾从中挑选了一些并带着无比的热忱讲给我们听；不过我对此表示怀疑，因为它们太过锐利。但是这样繁忙的一个人会丢下自己的工作转而投入到宗教讽刺文学在我看来是一件非常有趣的事，因为没有什么比这更加无利可图了—除了满足那个做出这些思考的诚实的灵魂。

One of Don Marquis's more racy stories which I recollect is of a

loafer in a country town who had the habit of dropping into the store every day at the time the free cheese was set on the counter, and buying very little in return. When the time came for the privilege to be withdrawn the loafer was outraged and aghast. Addressing the storekeeper (his friend for years) he summed up his ungenerosity in these terms: "Your soul, Henry," he said, "is so mean, that if there were a million souls like it in the belly of a fl ea, they'd be so far apart they couldn't hear each other holler."

我记得唐·马奎斯的一个更为尖刻的故事写的是一个生活在城镇的流浪汉，他习惯了每天在柜台提供免费奶酪的时候走进商店，然后买上一丁点儿作为回报。当商店停止提供这种优惠时，这个流浪汉既愤怒又震惊。他这样总结店主（他多年的朋友）的吝啬：“你的灵魂，亨利，”他说，“太小，以至于把一百万个你这样的灵魂放在一只跳蚤的肚子里，它们之间还会因为离得太远而听不见彼此的叫喊。”

As for Oliver Herford, he is an elf, a sprite, a creature of fantasy, who may be—and, I rejoice to say, is—in this world, but certainly is not of it. This Oliver is in the line of Puck[14] and Mercutio[15] and Lamb[16] and Hood[17] and other lovers and makers of nonsense, and it is we who ask for "more." He had just brought out his irresponsible but very searching exercise in cosmogony, This Giddy Globe, dedicated to President Wilson ("with all his faults he quotes me still") and this was the first indigenous work I read on American soil. Oliver Herford is perhaps best known by his Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten, and there is a kitten also in "This Giddy Globe:”

而奥利弗·赫福德则鬼灵精怪，有一肚子的荒诞想法。他也许身在（而且确实身处，我很高兴这么说）这个世界，但绝不属于这个世界。这个奥利弗和帕克、茂丘西奥、兰姆、胡德及其他热爱荒诞、制造荒诞的人属于同一行列，而同时在不断“索要更多荒诞”的是我们自己。他刚刚出版了一本名为《这个眼花缭乱的地球》的书，并把它献给了威尔逊总统（“尽管他有很多缺点，但他还是引用了我的话”），书中他对宇宙进化论的探讨虽然不可信，但却非常犀利。这是我在美国读到的第一部本土作品。《一只波斯猫的鲁拜集》也许是奥利弗·赫福德最为著名的作品，而在《这个眼花缭乱的地球》中也有一只小猫。

"Hurray!" cried the Kitten, "Hurray!"

“好哇！”小猫大喊，“好哇！”

As he merrily set the sails,

他快乐地扬帆，

"I sail o'er the ocean to-day

“今天我要乘船

To look at the Prince of Wales.”

去看威尔士王子。”

—this was when the Prince was making his triumphant visit to New York in 1919—

当时的背景是1919年威尔士王子胜利出访纽约

"But, Kitten," I said dismayed,

“但是，小猫，”我沮丧地说，

"If you live through the angry gales

“即使你能抵挡愤怒的大风

You know you will be afraid

你知道的，你也会因为胆怯

To look at the Prince of Wales.”

而不敢去见威尔士王子。”

Said the Kitten, "No such thing!

小猫说：“没有这样的事

Why should he make me wince?

他为什么会让我退缩

If a Cat may look at a King

如果一只猫咪能见国王

A Kitten may look at a Prince!”

一只小猫就能去见王子。”

This reminds me that the story goes that when the Prince expressed his admiration for Fifth Avenue he was congratulated upon having "said a mouthful." Beyond a mouthful, as an encomium of sagacity or sensationalism in speech, there is but one advance and that is when one says "an earful."

这让我想到了一个故事，据说王子在表达他对第5大街的赞美时，被人称赞“说到了点子上”。除了“满口赞誉”，还有一个程度更深的短语可以用来称赞言辞的智慧和煽情，那就是“满耳溢美之词”。

The Cars

车厢

The journey from San Francisco to Chicago, once the fruit country is passed, is drearily tedious, and I was never so tired of a train. The spacious compartments that one travelled in on the Indian journeys,

where there are four arm-chairs and a bath-room, are a bad preparation for the long narrow American cars packed with humanity, and for the very inadequate washing-room, which is also the negro attendant's bed-chamber:"Although," he explained to me, "when the car isn't full I always sleep in Berth Number 1." If the night could be indefinitely prolonged, these journeys would be more tolerable; but for the general comfort the sleeping berths must be converted into seats at an early hour. In addition to books, I had, as a means of beguilement, the society of a returned exile from the Philippines, who told me the story of his life, showed me the necklace he was taking home to his daughter's wedding, and asked my advice as to the wisdom or unwisdom of marrying again, the lady of his wavering choice having been at school with him in New England and being now a widow in Nebraska with property of her own. Besides being thus garrulous and open, he was the most helpful man I ever met, acting as a nurse to the three or four restless children in the car, and even producing from his bag a pair of scissors and a bottle of gum with which to make dolls' paper clothes. Never in my life have I called a stranger "Ed" on such short acquaintance; never have I been called "Poppa" so often by the peevish progeny of others.

过了水果之乡后，从旧金山到芝加哥的旅程就变得索然无味起来，我从没有感到如此厌倦火车。在印度坐的火车很宽敞，车厢里有四把扶手椅和一间厕所，这就使得接下来在美国坐火车很难适应了：车厢狭长且人多拥挤，空间狭小的盥洗室还同时是黑人服务员的卧室。“不过，”他向我解释道，“车厢没有坐满乘客的时候，我总是睡1号卧铺。”如果夜晚能无限地延长，旅途也不会这么难熬。但是考虑到更多人的舒适，卧铺一大早就会被调整为座位。除了书，还有一个同伴帮我消磨时间，他是一个从菲律宾返乡的游子，他给我讲述他的人生故事，给我看他要带回去送给女儿当结婚礼物的那条项链，还问我如果他再娶是否明智。他拿不定主意是否要娶的那位女士曾经跟他一起在新英格兰的一所学校上学，如今丈夫去世，在内布拉斯加有一份属于自己的产业。他不仅絮叨、坦率，还是我所见过最热心的人，他当起了车厢里三四个不安分孩子的保姆，甚至从自己的包里取出一把剪刀、一瓶胶水做起了玩偶纸衣服。从前我绝不会把刚刚认识的一个陌生人叫做“埃德”，也从没有被别人家倔强的孩子叫过“爸爸”。

It was on this train that I began to realise how much thirstier the Americans are than we. The passengers were continually filling and emptying the little cups that are stacked beside the fountains in the corridors, and long before we reached Chicago the cups had all been used. In England only children drink water at odd times and they not to excess. But in America every one drinks water, and the water is there for drinking, pure and cold and plentiful. It is beside the bed, in the corners of offices, awaiting you at meals, jingling down the

passages of hotels, bubbling in the streets. In English restaurants, water bottles are rarely supplied until asked for; in our hotel bedrooms they seldom bear lifting to the light. As to whether the general health of the Americans is superior or inferior to ours by reason of this water-drinking custom, I have no information; but figures would be interesting.

我是在这辆火车上才意识到美国人跟我们相比有多么容易口渴。车厢走廊的水龙头旁边放着一摞小杯子，乘客们在那里不停地接水、喝水。还远没到芝加哥，那些杯子就用完了。在英国只有小孩子才偶尔喝水并且不会过量。但是在美国，每个人都喝水，这里的水就是用来喝的，纯净、冰凉、充沛。在床边，在办公室的角落里，在你用餐时等着你，哗哗地流过酒店的过道，潺潺地在街上流着。在英国的餐馆，水瓶里很少有水，除非你提出要求；在我们的酒店里也很少能看见装水的瓶子。美国人的健康状况比我们好还是比我们差是不是跟饮水习惯有关，我不得而知；但是数据应该会非常有意思。

Chicago

芝加哥

In Chicago the weather was wet and cold, and it was not until after I had left that I learned of the presence there of certain literary collections which I may now perhaps never see. But I spent much time in the Museum, where there is one of the finest Hobbemas[18] in the world, and where two such different creative artists as Claude Monet[19] and Josiah Wedgwood[20] are especially honoured. But the chief discovery for me was the sincere and masterly work in landscape of George Inness[21], my fi rst impression of whom was to be fortifi ed when I passed on to Boston, and reinforced in the Hearn[22] collection in the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

芝加哥的气候潮湿、寒冷，我离开那里之后才知道那有某些文学作品集，现在我也许再也看不到了。但是我花了很多时间在博物馆里，这里收藏了霍贝玛最杰出的作品之一，两位风格迥异的创意艺术家克劳德·莫奈和乔赛亚·韦奇伍德在这里尤其受到尊敬。但是我最主要的发现是乔治·英尼斯感情真挚、技艺纯熟的风景画作品，我对他的第一印象在波士顿得到了强化，在纽约的大都会博物馆里看到的赫恩藏画进一步加深了我对他的印象。

It was in Chicago, in the Marshall Field Book Department—which is to ordinary English bookshops like a liner to a houseboat—that I first realised how intense is the interest which America takes in foreign contemporary literature. In England the translation has a certain vogue—Mrs. Garnett[23]'s supple and faithful renderings of Turgenev, Tolstoi, Dostoievski, and Tchekov have, for example, a

great following—but we do not adventure much beyond the French and the Russians; whereas I learn that English versions of hundreds of other foreign books are eagerly bought in America. Such curiosity seems to me to be very sensible. I was surprised also to find tables packed high with the modern drama. In England the printed play is not to the general taste.

在芝加哥的马歇尔·菲尔德书店（它之于英国的普通书店就像一艘大型商船之于一艘小型家庭游艇），我第一次发觉美国人对外国当代文学有着浓厚的兴趣。在英国，外国译著有着一定的流行趋势—比如，加尼特夫人对屠格涅夫、托尔斯泰、陀思妥耶夫斯基、契诃夫等作家优雅、忠实的翻译就有大量的追随者—但是我们不会进入法国和俄国以外的文学领域。然而，我知道几百部其他的外国作品的英译本都被美国读者竞相购买。我觉得这种好奇是明智的。同样让我惊讶的是桌子上堆放了很高一摞现代戏剧。在英国，鲜有人欣赏戏剧的印制本。

It was in Chicago that I found "window-shopping" at its most enterprising. In San Francisco the costumiers' windows were thronged all Sunday, but in Chicago they are brilliantly lighted till midnight, long after closing hours, so that late passers-by may mark down desirable things to buy on the morrow.

我发现“橱窗购物”在芝加哥发展蓬勃。星期天一整天旧金山的服装店窗前挤满了顾客，而芝加哥的服装店橱窗直到半夜还亮着耀眼的灯光，虽然店铺早已关门，但是晚归的过路人可以先记下自己心仪的商品，第二天早上再来购买。

The spirited equestrian statue of General John A. Logan, in a waste space by Michigan Avenue, which I could see from my bedroom window, was my first and by no means the least satisfying experience of American sculpture on its native soil—to be face to face with St. Gaudens[24]' figure of "Grief" in Rock Creek Cemetery, at Washington, having long been a desire. In time I came to see that beautiful conception, and I saw also the fine Shaw monument in Boston, fine both in idea and in execution; and the Sheridan, by the Plaza Hotel in New York; and the Farragut in Madison Square; and the Pilgrim in Philadelphia—all the work of the same firm, sensitive hand, a replica of whose Lincoln is now to be seen at Westminster.

透过我的卧室窗户，可以看到密歇根大街附近的一块荒地上竖立着约翰·A.洛根将军骑在马上的英勇雕像。这是我第一次在美国本土看到美国雕塑，但也令人很满意。我一直渴望能亲眼看到华盛顿石溪公墓里圣高登斯所作的“悲伤”雕像，后来我终于看到了这个美丽的杰作；我还在波士顿看到了精致的萧伯纳纪念碑，构思细腻，雕工精湛；还有在纽约的广场大饭店旁的谢里丹；还有麦迪逊广场上的法拉格特；还有费城的朝圣者—这些都出自同一只坚定、敏感的手，现在威斯敏斯特还有一座他雕刻的林肯像的仿制品。

The statue seems almost as natural a part of civic ornament in America as it is in France, and is not in England; and the standard as a rule is high. In particular I like the many horsemen—Anthony Wayne[25] dominating the landscape at Valley Forge; and George Washington[26] again and again, and not least in Fairmount Park in Philadelphia (where there is also a bronze roughrider realistically set on a cliff—as though from Ambrose Bierce[27]'s famous story—by Frederic Remington[28]). American painters can too often suggest predecessors, usually French, but the sculptors have a strength and directness of their own, and it would not surprise me if some of the best statues of the future came from their country. No one would say that all American civic sculpture is good. There is a gigantic bust of Washington Irving[29] behind New York's Public Library which would be better away; nor are the lions that guard that splendid institution superabundantly leonine; but the traveller is more charmed than depressed by the marble and bronze effigies that meet his eye—and few witnesses have been able to say that of England. Among the more remarkable public works I might name the symbolical figures on the steps of the Boston Free Library, and the frieze in deep relief on the Romanesque church on Park Avenue in New York, and I found something big and impressive in the Barnard groups at Harrisburg. Many of the little bronzes in the Metropolitan Museum—at the other extreme—are exquisite.

同法国一样，这些雕塑很自然地成为了城市装饰的一部分，而在英国却不是。这些雕像的标准通常都很高。我尤其喜欢那些骑手雕像—安东尼·韦恩在佛吉山谷上俯瞰风景；乔治·华盛顿反复出现在马背上，尤其是在费城的费蒙公园（那里还有弗雷德里克·雷明顿的铜雕作品驯马人，逼真地立在悬崖上—仿佛是从安布罗斯·比尔斯的著名故事中出来的。）美国画家总会受到前期画家的影响，通常是法国的，但是雕刻家们总有他们自己的力量和方向，如果将来最好的雕塑出自这个国家，我也不会感到惊奇。没有人会说美国所有的城市雕塑都很好。纽约公共图书馆后面那座巨大的华盛顿·欧文半身像就应该移走。守卫这座辉煌图书馆的狮子雕像不太像狮子，也该移走。但是游客们看到大理石和铜铸雕像时总是欣喜多过失望—但是没有几个人会这么说英国。要我说哪些公共作品更加令人瞩目，那就是波士顿自由图书馆台阶上的象征主义人像和纽约公园大街罗马式教堂壁缘上的深浮雕。我发现在哈里斯堡的巴纳德雕塑群宏大、令人难忘。而大都会博物馆里的许多小铜像（则体现了另一个极端）雕工精致。

The Movies

电影

We have our cinema theatres in England in some abundance, but

the cinema is not yet in the blood here as in America. In America picture-palaces[30] are palaces indeed—with gold and marble, and mural decorations, built to seat thousands—and every newspaper has its cinema page, where the activities of the movie stars in their courses are chronicled every morning. Moreover, America is the home of the industry; and rightly so, for it has, I should say, been abundantly proved that Americans are the only people who really understand both cinema acting and cinema production. Italy, France and England make a few pictures, but their efforts are half-hearted: not only because acting for the fi lm is a new and separate art, but because atmospheric conditions are better in America than in Europe.

英国有相当数目的电影院，但是不像在这里电影已经融入美国人的血液。在美国，电影宫殿是真正的宫殿—有黄金和大理石，有壁画装饰，有上千个座位。每家报纸都有电影版面，电影明星的活动日程表每天早晨都会更新。此外，美国还是电影之乡，这是当之无愧的，因为已经有大量证据可以体现美国人是唯一真正理解电影表演和电影制作的民族。意大利、法国和英国也拍过一些电影，但是他们都没有尽全力。不仅是因为电影是一种新生的、独立的艺术，也是因为美国比欧洲的氛围更加浓厚。

It was in Chicago that I had my only opportunity of seeing cinema stars in the flesh. The rain falling, as it seems to do there with no more effort or fatigue to itself than in Manchester, I had, one afternoon, to change my outdoor plans and take refuge at the matinee of a musical comedy called "Sometime", with Frank Tinney[31] in the leading part. Tinney, I may say, during his engagement in London some years ago, became so great a favourite that one performer has been flourishing on an imitation of him ever since. The play had been in progress only for a few minutes when Frank, in his capacity as a theatre doorkeeper, was presented by his manager with a tip. A dialogue, which to the trained ear was obviously more or less an improvisation, then followed:

我唯一一次有幸见到电影明星本人是在芝加哥。那天下午下着雨，像曼彻斯特的雨一样，没有愈下愈猛的趋势也没有逐渐减弱的征兆。于是我改变了原来的户外活动计划，躲进电影院去看了一出名为《有一天》的音乐喜剧的日场，该剧的主演是弗兰克·廷尼。要知道，廷尼几年前在伦敦发展期间就成了深受人们喜爱的演员，以至于后来有一个表演者因模仿他而走红。音乐剧开始没几分钟，在剧中扮演电影院门卫的弗兰克就在经理给他打点小费的情景下出场了。下面的这段对话，有经验的人一听就知道是临时加入的：

Manager: "What will you do with that dollar, Frank?"

经理：“你会怎么花这一美元，弗兰克？”

Frank: "I shall go to the movies. I always go to the movies when

there's a Norma Talmadge[32] picture. Ask me why I always go to the movies when there's a Norma Talmadge picture."

弗兰克：“我会去看电影。我总是去看诺玛·塔尔梅奇演的电影。问问我为什么总是去看诺玛·塔尔梅奇演的电影。”

Manager: "Why do you always go to the movies when there's a Norma Talmadge picture, Frank?"

经理：“你为什么总是去看诺玛·塔尔梅奇演的电影，弗兰克？”

Frank: "I go because, I go because she's my favourite actress. (Applause.) Ask me why Norma Talmadge is my favourite actress.”

弗兰克：“我去是因为，我去是因为她是我最喜欢的女演员。（鼓掌）问问我为什么诺玛·塔尔梅奇是我最喜欢的女演员。”

Manager: "Why is Norma Talmadge your favourite actress, Frank?"

经理：“为什么诺玛·塔尔梅奇是你最喜欢的女演员，弗兰克？”

Frank: "Norma Talmadge is my favourite actress because she is always saving her honour. I've seen her saving it seventeen times. (To the audience) You like Norma Talmadge, don't you?" (Applause from the audience.)

弗兰克：“诺玛·塔尔梅奇是我最喜欢的女演员是因为她总是能够挽救自己的名声。我见过她这样做过17次。（面向观众）你们喜欢诺玛·塔尔梅奇，是吗？”（观众鼓掌）

Frank: "Then wouldn't you like to see her as she really is? (To a lady sitting with friends in a box.) Stand up, Norma, and let the audience see you.”

弗兰克：“那你们想见她本人吗？（面向包厢中跟朋友们坐在一起的一位女士）站起来，诺玛，让观众看看你。”

Here a slim lady with a tense, eager, pale face and a mass of hair stood up and bowed. Immense enthusiasm.

于是一位苗条的女士站起来向大家鞠躬。她一张紧绷、殷切、苍白的脸，一头蓬松的头发。观众反应热烈。

Frank: "That's Norma Talmadge. You do like saving your honour, don't you, Norma? And now (to the audience) wouldn't you like to see Norma's

弗兰克：“这就是诺玛·塔尔梅奇。你确实喜欢挽救

little sister, Constance? (More applause.) Stand up, Constance, and let the audience see you.”

自己的名声，是吗，诺玛？那么现在（面向观众）你们想见诺玛的

小妹妹康斯坦斯吗？（更热烈的掌声）站起来，康斯坦斯，让观众看看你。”

Here another slim lady bowed her acknowledgments and the play was permitted to proceed.

这时又站起来一位苗条女士鞠躬答谢观众，之后音乐剧接着往下演。

What America is going to do with the cinema remains to be seen, but I, for one, deplore the modern tendency of novelists to be lured by American money to write for it. If the cinema wants stories from novelists let it take them from the printed books. One has but to reflect upon what might have happened had the cinema been invented a hundred years ago, to realise my disturbance of mind. With Mr. Lasky's millions to tempt them Dickens would have written "David Copperfield" and Thackeray "Vanity Fair," not for their publishers and as an endowment to millions of grateful readers in perpetuity, but as plots for the immediate necessity of the film, with a transitory life of a few months in dark rooms. Of what new "David Copperfields" and "Vanity Fairs" the cinema is to rob us we shall not know; but I hold that the novelist who can write a living book is a traitor to his art and conscience if he prefers the easy money of the film. Readers are to be considered before the frequenters of Picture Palaces. His privilege is to beguile and amuse and refresh through the ages: not to snatch momentary triumphs and disappear.

美国电影将如何发展，我们拭目以待。但是，就我个人来说，我为现代小说的发展趋势感到惋惜，因为小说家的创作将会受到美国金钱的诱惑。如果电影想要小说家们的故事，让他们到已经出版的作品中去寻找吧。如果电影业早一百年开始将会是什么样？大家只要想想这个问题就会明了我的担心。如果有拉斯基的百万美元作为诱惑，那么狄更斯的《大卫·科波菲尔》和萨克雷的《名利场》就不是为他们的出版商而作，就不会成为百万读者永远感激的馈赠，而只是满足电影临时需要的情节，只有在暗室里几个月的短暂生命。电影会从我们这里夺走哪些当代的《大卫·科波菲尔》和《名利场》，我们不清楚。但是我相信能写下一部不朽巨著的小说家如果选择了从电影中轻易获得的金钱就会成为自己的艺术和良心的叛徒。应该优先考虑的是读者而不是电影院的常客。小说家的优势在于其作品能经得住岁月的考验而长期吸引读者，而不在于图一时之利而昙花一现。

The evidence of the moment is more on the side of the pessimist than the optimist. I found in America no trace of interest in such valuable records as the Kearton[33] pictures of African jungle life or the Ponting[34] records of the Arctic Zone. For the moment the whole energy of the gigantic cinema industry seemed to be directed towards the filming of human stories and the completest beguilement, without

the faintest infusion of instruction or idealism, of the many-headed mob. In short, to provide "dope." Whether so much "dope" is desirable, is the question to be answered. That poor human nature needs a certain amount, is beyond doubt. But so much? And do we all need it, or at any rate deserve it? is another question. Sometimes indeed I wonder whether those of us who have our full share of senses ought to go to the cinema at all. It may be that its true purpose is to be the dramatist of the deaf.

眼前的证据支持悲观主义者多于支持乐观主义者。我发现美国人对一些有价值的资料没有什么兴趣，比如基尔顿的非洲丛林生活影片或庞廷的北极地带影片。目前庞大的电影业的全部精力都指向人类故事的拍摄和纯粹的娱乐，而没有一丁点儿的教育意义和理想主义。简而言之，这纯粹是在制造“兴奋剂”。人们是否需要如此大量的“兴奋剂”还有待回答。可怜的人性需要一定剂量是毫无疑问的，但是需要这么多吗？而且是不是我们所有人都需要或者都应该得到？这是另一个问题。有时，我确实在想我们这些头脑完全清醒的人是不是应该干脆不去电影院。可能电影的真正意图是成为聋人的剧作家吧。

The American Face

美国脸孔

Perhaps it is one of the travellers' illusions (and we are very susceptible to them), but I have the impression that American men are more alike than the English are. It may be because there are fewer idiosyncrasies in male attire, for in America every one wears the same kind of hat; but I think not. In spite of the mixed origin of most Americans, a national type of face has been evolved to which they seem satisfied almost universally to pay allegiance. Again and again in the streets I have been about to accost strangers to whom I felt sure I had recently been introduced, discovering just in time that they were merely doubles. In England I fancy there is more individuality in appearance. If it is denied that American faces are more true to one type than ours, I shall reopen the attack by affirming that American voices are beyond question alike. My position in these two charges may be illustrated by notices that I saw fixed to gates at the docks in San Francisco. On one were the words "No Smoking"; on the other "Positively No Smoking." And what about the science of physiognomy? I have been wondering if Lavater[35] is to be trusted outside Europe. In China and Japan I was continually perplexed, for I saw so many men who obviously were successful—leaders and controllers—but who were without more than the rudiments of a nose on which to support their glasses; and yet I have been brought up to believe that without a nose of some dimensions it was idle to hope for worldly eminence.

Again, in America, is it possible that all these massive chins and firm aquiline beaks are ruling the roost and reaching whatever goal they set out for? I doubt it.

也许这是游客的错觉之一（我们很容易受这些错觉的影响），在我的印象中美国男人比英国男人彼此更加相像。也许是因为美国男士装束的风格缺乏多样性，因为在美国每个人都戴着同样的帽子。但我认为不是这样的。尽管大多数美国人身体里混杂着多种血统，一个典型的民族脸孔已经形成，这一点美国人也似乎普遍愿意接受。我一次又一次在街上遇到这种情况，每当我正要同确信是刚刚认识的一个陌生人搭话时，就会及时发现他们只是长得极为相似的两个人。我觉得英国人个体外貌特征更为明显。如果有人要反驳这个观点，我会展开另一轮的辩驳断言美国人的声音不容置疑是十分相似的。我可以用我在旧金山船坞大门上看到的两则告示来佐证我的以上两种看法。其中之一写着“禁烟”；另一则上写着“绝对禁烟”。

The average American face is, I think, keener than ours and healthier. One sees fewer ruined faces than in English cities, fewer men and women who have lost self-respect and self-control. The American people as a whole strike the observer as being more prosperous, more alert and ambitious, than the English. Where I found mean streets they were always in the occupation of aliens.

如果用面相学来解释呢？我一直在思考拉瓦特尔在欧洲大陆以外的地方还能受人信赖吗？在中国和日本，我经常感到疑惑不解，因为我见过的许多人，显然都是成功人士（领导人和部门官员），他们的鼻子扁平得都无法支撑住眼镜。然而，我从小就相信一个人的鼻子如果没有立体感，就不用指望成名。反之在美国，难道所有的宽面颊和鹰钩鼻都能成为统治者，得到一切他们想要的吗？我对此表示怀疑。总的来说美国人的脸孔比我们的更加热情和健康。比起英国的城市，这里堕落的脸孔更少，这里丧失自尊和自制的人也更少。在旁观者看来，美国这个民族比英国更加成功、更加机警、更有雄心。我发现脏乱的街上住着的总是外国人。

To revert to the matter of clothes, the American does as little as possible to make things easy for the conjectural observer. In England one can base guesses of some accuracy on attire. In a railway carriage one can hazard without any great risk of error the theory that this man is in trade and that in a profession, that another is a stockbroker, and a fourth a country squire. But America is full of surprises, due to the uniformity of clothing and a certain carelessness which elevates comfort to a ritual. The man you think of as a millionaire may be a drummer, the drummer a millionaire. Again, in England people are known to a certain extent by the hotels they stay at, the restaurants they eat at, and the class in which they travel. Such superficial guides fail one in America.

回到服装问题上来，美国人尽可能不在这上面花费精力好让旁观者更容易判断他们的身份。在英国你可以通过装束比较精确地判断出一个人的身份。在火车上，你的推测总也错不到哪里去：这个人是经商的，那个人是受过高等教育的，另一个是股票经纪人，第四个是位乡绅。但是在美国总会让你感到意外，因为他们统一的服装样式，和那种把追求舒适升华至风俗习惯的随意。你觉得是百万富翁的人也许是个鼓手，你认为是鼓手的也许是个百万富翁。而在英国，通过这个人下榻的酒店、吃饭的餐馆、出行交通工具的等级就可以从某种程度上判断他们的身份。而这些外在的信息在美国却不管用。

Prohibition Again

再次禁酒

I can best indicate, without the mechanical assistance of dates, the time of my sojourn in New York by saying that, during those few weeks, Woodrow Wilson[36]'s successor was being sought, the possibility of the repeal of the Prohibition Act was a matter of excited interest, and "Babe" Ruth[37] was the national hero. During this period I saw the President sitting on the veranda of the White House; I had opportunities of honouring Prohibition in the breach as well as in the observance; and these eyes were everlastingly cheered and enriched by the spectacle of the "Babe" (who is a baseball divinity) lifting a ball over the Polo Ground pavilion into Manhattan Field. I hold, then, that I cannot be said to have been unlucky or to have wasted my time.

如果不按照日期机械地记录，我可以把在纽约的短暂停留简要概括如下：在那几个星期里，伍德罗·威尔逊的继任者正在寻找之中；禁酒令可能废除会引发民众热切关注；“贝比”鲁思成为了全民偶像。这期间，我看到了坐在白宫阳台上的总统；我有机会看到人们遵守和违反禁酒令；我还大饱眼福看到了“贝比”（他是一个棒球神话）击球，球从波罗球场凉亭上方飞过，进入曼哈顿场。我觉得我是幸运的，我的时间没有白费。

I found (this was in the spring of 1920) Prohibition the universal topic: could it last, and should it last? In England we are accused of talking always of the weather. In America, where there is no weather, nothing but climate, that theme probably was never popular. Even if it once were, however, it had given way to Prohibition. At every lunch or dinner table at which I was present Prohibition was a topic. And how could it be otherwise?—for if my host was a "dry" man, he had to begin by apologising for having nothing cheering to offer, and if he possessed a cellar it was impossible not to open the ball by congratulating him on his luck and his generosity. Meanwhile the guests were comparing notes as to the best substitutes for alcoholic

beverages, exchanging recipes, or describing their adventures with private stills.

我发现禁酒是每个人谈论的话题（当时是1920年春天）：它能不能持续？应不应该持续？在英国我们总是被人指责经常谈论天气。在美国，没有天气只有气候，显然这个话题不会受到欢迎。即使它曾经受到欢迎，现在也让步给禁酒了。我出席的每次午宴或晚宴，禁酒都是餐桌上人们讨论的话题。不说它说什么呢？因为如果我的主人是一个“干”人，他会在开饭前表示歉意，因为他没有什么振奋精神的东西可以提供给大家；如果他拥有一个酒窖，开场白就必然是大家对他的好运和慷慨的庆贺。同时宾客们会讨论用什么来取代酒精饮料是最好的，或是交流各自的秘方，或是讲述他们冒险到私人酿酒商处购买酒的经历。

I visited a young couple in a charming little cottage in one of the garden cities near New York, and found them equally divided in their solicitude over a baby on the top floor and a huge jar in the basement which needed constant skimming if the beer was to be worth drinking.

我在纽约附近一座花园城市的一个迷人的小村庄里见过一对年轻夫妇，他们一边挂念着顶层的孩子，一边操心着地下室的一大罐啤酒，因为要不断撇去表面的泡沫，才能保证啤酒的味道。

One effect of Prohibition which I was hoping for, if not actually expecting, failed to materialise. I had thought that the standard of what are called T. B. M. (Tired Business Men[38]) theatrical shows might be higher if the tendency of alcohol to make audiences more tolerant (as it undoubtedly can do in London) were no longer operative. But these entertainments seemed, under teetotallers, no better.

对于禁酒的效果，我有一个愿望，如果不能说是真正期待的话，但是这个愿望没有实现。我原以为如果曾使得观众更宽容（在英国无疑会这样）的酒精不再发挥作用，那么被称作T.B.M(《疲惫的商人》)的舞台表演的标准便会得到提高。但是这些由戒酒者观看的娱乐表演似乎毫无长进。

The Ball Game

棒球运动

After seeing my first ball game or so I was inclined to suggest improvements; but now that I have attended more I am disposed to think that those in authority know more about it than I do, and that such blemishes as it appears to have are probably inevitable. For one thing, I thought that the outfield had too great an advantage. For another, not unassociated with that objection, I thought that the homerun hit was not sufficiently rewarded above the quite ordinary

hit— "bunch-hit," is it? —that brings in a man or men. In the English game of "Rounders," the parent of baseball, a home-run hit either restores life to a man already out or provides the batting side with a life in reserve. To put a premium of this kind on so noble an achievement is surely not fantastic. So I thought. And yet I see now that the game must not be lengthened, or much of its character would go. It is its concentrated American fury that is its greatest charm. If a three-day cricket match were so packed with emotion we should all die of heart failure.

大概在看完第一场棒球比赛后，我就想发表意见好让他们有所进步。但是现在看了更多的比赛后，我发现那些专家们比我内行多了，而这些表面的缺点很可能是比赛中难以避免的。一方面，我觉得外场优势太大；另一方面，正是因为这个缺陷，我觉得相对于让一人或者多人进垒的普通安打—是这么说的吧？—来说，本垒打得分实在不够高。在英国的圆场球（棒球的前身）中，本垒打要么让已经出局的人重新获得一次机会，要么会让攻方多得一次重生的机会。给这么漂亮的击球这样的奖赏当然不过分。我是这么想的。然而现在依我看，这个运动一定不能延长，不然它的许多特征就会消失。美国人浓缩的激情是它的最大魅力。如果怀着如此强烈的热情观看历时三天的板球比赛，我们会心脏衰竭而死去。

I thought, too, that it is illogical that a ground stroke behind the diamond should be a no-ball, and yet, should that ball be in the air and caught, the striker should be out. I thought it an odd example of lenience to allow the batsman as many strokes behind the catcher as he chanced to make. But the more baseball I see the more it enchants me as a spectacle, and these early questionings are forgotten.

我还认为将内场后的击球触地判为坏球是不合理的，然而，只要球触地前被接住，击球手就会出局。我觉得让击球手只要有机会就在捕手后面击球太过宽容。但是看了更多的棒球比赛后我就更着迷于这种精彩的场面了，并把这些起初的疑问抛在了脑后。

Baseball and cricket cannot be compared, because they are as different as America and England; they can only be contrasted. Indeed, many of the differences between the peoples are reflected in the games; for cricket is leisurely and patient, whereas baseball is urgent and restless. Cricket can prosper without excitement, while excitement is baseball's life-blood, and so on: the catalogue could be indefinitely extended. But, though a comparison is futile, it may be interesting to note some of the divergences between the games. One of the chief is that baseball requires no specially prepared ground, whereas cricket demands turf in perfect order. Bad weather, again, is a more serious foe to the English than to the American game, for if the turf is soaked we cannot go on, and hence a number of drawn or unfinished matches in the course of a season. A two hours' game, such

as baseball is, can, however, always be played off.

棒球和板球不能进行比较，它们的差别就像美国和英国一样，只能进行对比。实际上，这两个民族的很多差别都体现在这两项运动中；板球运动轻松、平和；而棒球激烈、急躁。板球运动不需要刺激也能兴盛，而刺激是棒球的生命之源，等等等等，这些不同之处可以无限列举下去。不过，尽管比较是徒劳的，但这两项运动的有些差别还是非常有趣的。其中一大差别就是棒球场地不需要精心准备，而板球需要十分平整的草地。糟糕的天气对英国的比赛威胁比对美国的比赛威胁更大，因为一旦草坪浸湿比赛就将无法继续进行，于是一个赛季就会出现许多平局或没有打完的比赛。然而，这样的情况不会发生在两个小时就能结束的棒球比赛中。

In baseball the pitcher's ball must reach the batter before it touches the ground; in cricket, if the ball did not touch the ground first and reach the batsman on the bound, no one would ever be out at all, for the other ball, the full-pitch as we call it, is, with a fl at bat, too easy to hit, for our bowlers swerve very rarely: it is the contact with the ground which enables them to give the ball its extra spin or break. Full-pitches are therefore very uncommon. In cricket a bowler who delivered the ball with the action of a pitcher would be disqualified for "throwing": it is one of the laws of cricket that the bowler's elbow must not be bent.

在棒球中，投出的球必须在触地之前被击中；在板球中，球落地弹起来之后被击中，也不会有人出局，因为另一种球，我们叫做直投球，用平拍打很容易却反而不易击中，因为我们的投手很少转向：触地产生的摩擦力会使球加速旋转或产生方向变化，成为变化球。直投球因此非常少见。在板球中，投球手如果采用棒球中的投球姿势便会被判为无效投球：投球手的肘部不能弯曲是板球的一条比赛规则。

In cricket (I mean in the first-class variety of the game) the decisions of the umpire are never questioned, either by players or public.

在板球中（我是说一流板球），裁判的决定从未遭到过球员或观众的质疑。

In baseball there are but two strokes for the batter: either the "swipe," or "slog," as we call it, where he uses all his might, or the "bunt," usually a sacrificial effort; in cricket there are scores of strokes, before the wicket, behind it, and at every angle to it. These the cricketer is able to make because the bat is fl at and wide, and he holds it both vertically and at a slant, as occasion demands, and is allowed, at his own risk, to run out to meet the ball. In the early days of cricket, a hundred and fifty years ago, the bat was like a baseball club, but curved, and the only strokes then were much what the only baseball strokes are now— the full-strength hit and the stopping hit.

So long as the pitcher delivers the ball in the air it is probable that the baseball club will remain as it is; but should the evolution of the game allow the pitcher to make use of the ground, then the introduction of a flattened club is probable. But let us not look ahead. All that we can be sure of is that, since baseball is American, it will change.

棒球只有两种击球方式：我们叫做“全挥棒击球”或“触击”，前者是击球手全力击球，后者通常是一种牺牲性打法；而板球有几十种击球方式：三柱门前击球、三柱门后击球、三柱门任意角度击球。这些击球板球队员都能完成，因为板球棒平而宽，他可以根据需要垂直握棒或倾斜握棒，还可以自己冒险跑出去接球。早期板球运动，也就是一百五十年前，球棒同棒球中使用的球棒相似，但是呈曲形，当时的击球方式就像现在的棒球一样只有两种：“全力击球”和“触击击球”，只要禁止投球触地，棒球球棒就不会改变。但是如果随着棒球的发展投手可以利用地面，那么就有可能会采用平板球棍。不论将来如何发展，我们可以肯定的就是，只要是美国式，它就一定会变。

To resume the catalogue of contrast. In baseball the batsman must run for every fair hit; in cricket he may choose which hits to run for.

继续进行对比列举。在棒球中，击球手必须力追每一个内安打，而在板球中，击球手可以有选择地追击。

In baseball a man's desire is to hit the ball in the air beyond the fi elders; in cricket, though a man would like to do this, his side is better served if he hits every ball along the ground.

在棒球中，击球员希望能击出守场员接不到的高飞球；在板球中，尽管队员也希望这样，但是他沿着场地一路击球对自己的球队更有利。

In baseball no man can have more than a very small number of hits in a match; in cricket he can be batting for a whole day, and then again before the match is over. There are instances of batsmen making over 400 runs before being out.

在棒球中，一个队员在一场比赛中最多只能击出几次安打；在板球中，他可以击球一整天，第二天还能再击一整天直到比赛结束，有击球手出局前突破400分的先例。

Another difference between the games is that in cricket we use a new ball only at the beginning of a fresh inning (of which there cannot be more than four in a match) and when each 200 runs have been scored; and (this will astonish the American reader) when the ball is hit among the people it is returned. I have seen such rapid voluntary surrenders at baseball very seldom, and so much of a "fan" have I become that the spectacle has always been accompanied in my breast by pain and contempt. I had the gratification of receiving from the burly John McGraw[39] an autograph ball as a souvenir of a visit to the Polo Ground. I put it in my pocket hurriedly, conscious of the risk

I ran among a nation of ball-stealers in possessing such a trophy; and I got away with it. But I am sure that had it been a ball hit out of the ground by the mighty "Babe" Ruth, which—recovering it by some supernatural means—he had handed to me in public, I should not have emerged alive, or, if alive, not in the ball's company.

另一个差别是，在板球中，只在新一局开始时（一场比赛不会超过四局），或两队得分突破200时才使用新球；而球飞入看台区时会被归还（美国读者看到这里一定会大吃一惊）。我很少在棒球场上看到有人愿意如此快速主动放弃飞过来的棒球，然而我已经成了一个忠实的“球迷”，看到这种场面时总是会既痛苦又鄙视。我很高兴人高马大的约翰·麦格劳曾送给我一个他亲笔签名的棒球作为我去波罗球场的纪念品。我立即把它装进口袋，明白在我身处的这个国家，到处都是希望能拥有这么一个战利品的窃球人。我带着它成功逃离了。但是我敢肯定，如果这个球是被伟大的“贝比”鲁思打出球场的（又通过某种超自然的方式重新取回），如果他在公共场合将它交给我，我一定无法活着离开，即使能活着离开，球也不在了。

In cricket the wicket-keeper, who, like the baseball catcher, is protected, although he has no mask, is the most difficult man to obtain, because he has the hardest time and the least public approbation; in baseball the catcher is a hero and every boy aspires to his mitt.

在板球中，三柱门守卫，就像棒球中的捕手，会受到保护。尽管他不戴面罩，却是最难拿下的一个人，因为他的任务最艰巨、受到的公众关注最少；在棒球中，捕手是英雄人物，每个男孩都渴望一双捕手手套。

In cricket no player makes more than three hundred pounds a season, unless it is his turn for his one and only benefit, when he may make a thousand pounds more. But most players do not reach such a level of success that a benefit is their lot. But baseballers earn enormous sums.

在板球运动中，队员一个赛季的收入不超过三百英镑，除非是他凭一己之力取得了胜利，这样他的收入会有一千多英镑。但是大多数球员无法取得这样的成就，而棒球队员的收入是很大一笔。

If a match could be arranged between eleven cricketers and eleven baseballers, the cricketers to be allowed to bowl and the baseballers to pitch, the cricketers to use their own bats and the baseballers their own clubs, I fancy that the cricketers would win; for the difficulty of hitting our bowling with a club would be greater than of hitting their pitching with a bat. But their wonderful fielding and far more accurate and swifter throwing than ours might just save them. Such throwing we see only very rarely, for good throwing is no longer insisted upon in cricket, much to the game's detriment. That

old players should lose their shoulders is natural—and, of course, our players remain in first-class cricket for many years longer than ball champions—but there is no excuse for the young men who have taken advantage of a growing laxity in this matter. Chief of the few cricketers who throw with any of the terrible precision of a baseball field is Hobbs. It must be borne in mind, however, that cricket does not demand such constant throwing at full speed as baseball does; for in cricket, as I have said, the batsman may choose what hits he will run for, and if he chooses only the perfectly safe ones the fieldsmen are never at high pressure. There is also nothing in cricket quite to compare with base-stealing.

如果让11名板球队员和11名棒球队员比赛，允许板球队员按照板球规则投球，棒球队员按照棒球规则投球，允许各自使用各自的球棒，我想获胜的应该是板球队员。因为用棒球棒击板球一定比用板球棒击棒球更难，但是棒球队员们有力的防守和更精准、更迅速的投球可以解救他们。我们现在很少见到这种投球了，因为板球不再追求漂亮的投球，这对于板球运动是很大的损失。老队员们松懈下来在情理之中（其实我们的球员参加一流板球比赛的时间要比棒球冠军们长得多），然而年轻队员们不能以此作为松懈的理由。能在棒球场上投出那么精准的球的少数队员中霍布斯是代表人物，但是一定要记住，板球不需要像棒球那样频繁、全力投球；因为在板球中，正如我已说过的，击球手会有选择地追击，如果他只选择完美的安打，外场员就永远不会有太大的压力。板球中也没有类似棒球中的偷垒。

When it comes to catching, the percentage of missed catches is far higher at cricket than at baseball; but there are good reasons for this. One is that in baseball a glove is worn; another that in baseball all catches come to the fieldsmen with long or sufficient notice. The fieldsmen are all, except the catcher, in front of the batsmen; there is nothing to compare with the unexpected nimbleness that our point and slips have to display.

说到接球，板球捕手失误的机率比棒球捕手高；但这是有因可循的。首先，棒球队员戴着手套。其次，棒球中的外场员有足够的时间和精力关注捕球。除了捕手，所有的外场员都在击球手的前方；我们比赛中得分和失分时出人意料的敏捷捕球场面是棒球不能比的。

In the hypothetical contest that I have suggested, between baseballers and cricketers, if the conditions were nominally equal and the cricketers had to pitch like baseballers and the baseballers to use the English bat, why then the baseballers would win handsomely.

在我假设的棒球队和板球队的比赛中，如果在同等条件下，板球队员可以像棒球队员那样投球，棒球队员也可以使用英国的球棒，那棒球队肯定会赢得非常漂亮。

Baseball, I fancy, will not be acclimatised in England. We had our

chance when London was full of American soldiers and we did not take it. But we were very grateful to them for playing the game in our midst, for the authorities were so considerate as to let them play on Sundays (which we are never allowed to do) and I was one of those who hoped that this might be the thin end of the wedge and Sunday cricket also be permitted. But no; when the war was over and the Americans left us, the old Sabbatarianism reasserted itself. If, however, we ever exchanged national games, and cricket were played in America and baseball in England, it is the English spectator who would have the better of the exchange. I am convinced that although we should quickly find baseball diverting, nothing would ever persuade an American crowd to be otherwise than bored by cricket.

我觉得棒球运动不会在英国盛行起来。当伦敦到处是美国士兵的时候我们本是有机会的，但是我们没有抓住它。不过我们很感激他们能在我们那里进行比赛，因为当局想得很周到，让他们在星期天的时候打球（我们从未得到这样的许可）。我像很多人一样希望这是一个良好的开端，希望星期天也能进行板球运动。但是这样的希望没有成为现实。当战争结束美国人离去之后，人们又开始关注星期日守安息。如果两国曾经彼此交换运动项目，在美国举行板球比赛，在英国举行棒球比赛，那么英国观众将从中受益更多。我相信我们会很快领略到棒球运动的乐趣，而美国民众却绝不能忍受板球的无聊。

Skyscrapers

摩天大楼

Perhaps if I had reached New York from the sea the skyscrapers would have struck me more violently. But I had already seen a few in San Francisco (and wondered at and admired the courage which could build so high after the earthquake of 1906), and more in Chicago, all ugly; so that when I came to New York and found that the latest architects were not only building high, but imposing beauty on these mammoth structures, surprise was mingled with delight. No matter how many more millions of dollars are expended on that strange medley of ancient forms which go to make up New York's new Cathedral[40], where Romanesque and Gothic seem already to be ready for their divorce, the Woolworth Building[41] will be New York's true fane. Mr. Cass Gilbert[42], the designer of that graceful immensity, not only gave commerce its most notable monument (to date), but removed for ever the slur upon skyscrapers. The Woolworth Building does not scrape the sky; it greets it, salutes it with a beau geste. And I would say something similar of the Bush Building, with its alabaster chapel in the air which becomes translucent at night; and the Madison Square Tower (whose clock face, I noticed, has the amazing diameter

of three storeys); and the Burroughs Welcome Building on 41st Street, with its lovely perpendicular lines; and that immense cube of masonry on Park Avenue which bursts into flower, so to speak, at the top in the shape of a very beautiful loggia. But even if these adornments become, as I hope, the rule, one could not resent the ordinary structural elephantiasis a moment after realising New York's physical conditions. A growing city built on a narrow peninsula is unable to expand laterally and must, therefore, soar. The problem was how to make it soar with dignity, and the problem has been solved.

如果我由海路到达纽约，摩天大楼带给我的震撼也许会更大。但是我已经在旧金山见过一些摩天大楼了（惊叹并钦佩他们在1906年地震后还有勇气修建这样的高楼），在芝加哥见过更多，都很难看；因此当我来到纽约发现现代的建筑师不仅能修建这样的高楼，还能把这些庞然大物修建得如此美丽时，我既惊讶又高兴。不管为了将不同的古典风格融入纽约新的大教堂多消耗了几百万美元，（在那建筑上罗马式建筑风格和哥特式建筑风格看起来已经准备好分道扬镳了），伍尔沃思大厦还是将成为纽约真正的神殿。卡斯·吉尔伯特先生，这座优美大厦的设计者，不仅为商业活动提供了一座最令人瞩目的纪念碑（到目前为止），也永远抹去了摩天大厦的污点。伍尔沃思大厦没有给天空带来擦痕，而是给它带去了问候，用一个优美的姿势向它敬礼。同样漂亮的还有布什大厦，乳白的教堂在夜晚是半透明的；麦迪逊广场大厦（我发现它的钟面直径竟然有三层楼高）；41街的伯勒斯大厦，垂直的线条十分漂亮；派克大街巨大的砖石建筑顶端有个非常漂亮的凉廊，可以说使建筑看起来像绽放的鲜花。但是就算这些装饰如我所愿的那样，会随处可见，只要你意识到纽约的城市现状，就一刻也不会讨厌那些普通的建筑扩张了。随着这个建造在小岛上的城市逐渐成长，它无法进行横向扩张，因此必须纵向发展。问题是如何让它更加体面地纵向发展。现在这个问题已经解决。

In the old days when brown stone was the only builders' medium New York must have been a drab city indeed; or so I gather from the few ancient typical residences that remain. There are a few that are new, too, but for the most part the modern house is of white stone. Gayest of all is, I suppose, that vermilion-roofed florist's on Fifth Avenue.

过去，当褐色的砖石还是建造工人的唯一的材料时，纽约一定是一座乏味的城市。我从现存的少数典型老宅可以大约推测出来这点。虽然有一些褐色房子也是新的，但是大部分现代房屋都使用白色砖石。我猜颜色最艳的应该是第五大街上花商的朱红色屋顶的房子。

One has to ascend the Woolworth Building to appreciate at a blow with what discretion the original settlers of New York made their choice. It is interesting, too, to watch Broadway—which, for all I know, is the longest street in the world—starting at one's feet on its lawless journey to Albany: lawless because it is almost the only

sinuous thing in this city of parallelograms and has the effrontery to cross diagonally both Fifth Avenue and Sixth. Before leaving the Woolworth Building, I would say that there seemed to me something rather comically paradoxical in being charged 50 cents for access to the top of a structure which was erected to celebrate the triumph of a commercial genius whose boast it was to have made his fortune out of articles sold at a rate never higher than 10 cents.

人们应该上到伍尔沃思大厦顶层去鉴赏一番，在那里你马上就能看到纽约的第一批定居者们做出的选择是多么谨慎。看百老汇也很有意思—据我所知这是世界上最长的街道—从你的脚下一直毫无章法地延伸至奥尔巴尼：说它毫无章法是因为在这座由无数平行四边形组成的城市里，只有它是蜿蜒错综、厚颜无耻地由第五大街和第六大街的对角线穿行而过。离开伍尔沃思大厦前，我要说说一个在我看来似乎很可笑的自相矛盾的现象。那就是上到这座大厦顶层需要交纳五十美分，大厦是为庆祝伍尔沃思这个商业天才的成功而建，而这个天才曾自夸他的财富都是靠出售不超过十美分的小商品赚来的。

Having dallied sufficiently on the summit—there are a trifle of fiftyeight floors, but an express lift makes nothing of them—I continued the implacable career of the tripper by watching for a while the deafening kerb market, which presented on that morning an odd appearance, more like Yarmouth beach than a financial centre, for there had been rain, and all the street operators were in sou'westers and sea-boots. There can be spasms of similar excitement in London, in the neighbourhood of Capel Court, but we have nothing that compares so closely with this crowd as Tattersall's Ring at Epsom just before the Derby.

在顶层悠闲逛了很长时间后（大厦总共五十八层，但直达电梯使它们显得微不足道），我继续旅行者不变的事业，到吵吵嚷嚷的场外证券市场去看了看。那天早上呈现出一番奇怪的景象，这里更像雅茅斯海滩而不是金融中心。因为当时下着雨，所有的交易员都戴着防水帽，穿着防水靴。在伦敦的卡佩尔厅附近也有一阵阵类似的骚动，但这里的人群更像埃普素姆的赛马会开始前聚集在塔特索尔斯马场的人群。

A Plea For The Aquarium

为水族馆请愿

It was a relief to resume my programme by entering that abode of the dumb and detached—the Aquarium in Battery Park. For the kerb uproar "the uncommunicating muteness of fishes" was the only panacea. The Bronx Zoo is not, I think, except in the matter of buffalo and deer paddocks, so good as ours in London, but it has this shining advantage—it is free. So also is the Aquarium in Battery Park, and it

was pleasing to see how crowded the place can be. In England all interest in living fish, except as creatures to be coaxed towards hooks and occasionally retained there, has vanished; on the site of old Westminster Aquarium the Wesleyans now manage their finances and determine their circuits, while the Brighton Aquarium, once famous all the world over, is a variety hall with barely a fi n to its name.

进入一个沉寂、独立的地方—巴特里公园的水族馆后，我感到了一种解脱。因为“默默无闻的鱼儿”是唯一能医治场外证券市场喧闹的灵丹妙药。我想布朗斯动物园除了水牛和鹿场以外，其他的都不如我们伦敦的好。但是它有一个明显的优点—免费。巴特里公园的水族馆也是免费的，看到那里熙熙攘攘的人群我很高兴。在英国，除了被骗上钩的鱼和偶尔逃脱的鱼以外，人们对于活鱼的一切兴趣已经消失。威斯敏斯特的水族馆旧址，现在是卫斯理教徒在管理财务，安排巡回布道。而曾经闻名于世的布赖顿水族馆现在是一个多功能厅，一条鱼也没有，徒有其名。

After seeing the aquarium in Honolulu, which is like a pelagic rainbow factory, and the aquarium in New York with all its strange and beautiful denizens, I am a little ashamed of our English apathy. To maintain picture galleries, where, however beautiful and chromatic, all is dead, and be insensitive to the loveliness of fish, in hue, in shape and in movement, is not quite pardonable.

檀香山的水族馆像一个浮动的彩虹工厂，纽约水族馆有很多奇特、美丽的深海动物。看了这些水族馆，想到英国人对水族馆的冷漠我感到一丝羞愧。展馆只拥有鱼类图片而没有真正的鱼是不可原谅的，因为图片，无论有多么美丽、多么鲜艳都是没有生命的，根本无法反映那些颜色不一、形态各异的鱼儿游来游去时的可爱。

English And French Influences

英国和法国的影响

In essentials America is American, but when it comes to inessentials, to trimmings, her dependence on old England was noticeable again and again as I walked about New York. The fashion which, at the moment, the print shops were fostering was for our racing, hunting and coaching coloured prints of a century ago, while in the gallery of the distinguished little Grolier Club I found an exhibition of the work of Randolph Caldecott[43] and Kate Greenaway[44]. In such old bookshops as I visited all the emphasis was —just then—laid upon Keats[45] and Lamb and Shelley[46], whose first editions and presentation copies seem to be continually making the westward journey. I had not been in New York twenty-four hours before Keats' Lamia, 1820—with an inscription from the author to

Charles Lamb—the very copy from which, I imagine, Lamb wrote his review, was in my hands; but it would have been far beyond my means even if the pound were not standing at 3.83. These "association" books, in which American collectors take especial pleasure, can be very costly. At a sale soon after I left New York, seven presentation copies of Dickens'[47] books, containing merely the author's signed inscription, realised [48]70 dollars. To continue, in Wanamaker's old curiosity department I found little but English furniture and odds and ends, at prices which in their own country would have been fantastically high. In the "Vanity Fair" department, however (as I think it is called), the source was French. I suppose that French influence must be at the back of all the costumiers and jewellers of New York, but the shops themselves are far more spacious than those in Paris and not less well-appointed. Tiffany's48 is a palace; all it lacks is a name, but its splendid anonymity is, I take it, a point of honour.

美国本质上是美国人的，但是从其他非本质的装饰层面看，古英国对她的影响是显而易见的，我在纽约四处走的时候一次又一次印证了这点。当时版画店流行的是我们一个世纪前的赛马、狩猎、马车的彩色版画；我看到著名的格罗里埃小俱乐部里展出了伦道夫·考尔德科特和凯特·格里纳韦的作品。在我访问的那些非常古老的书店里，济慈、兰姆和雪莱的文集在当时最受重视。这些作品的第一版和赠送本的魅力似乎正继续向西蔓延。我到达纽约还不到二十四小时就得到了济慈1820年所作的《拉弥亚》—上面有作者给查尔斯·兰姆的题词—我想这一定就是兰姆写书评时用的那本书的副本。即便这本书的标价不是3.83英镑，得到这样一本书也远超乎我能力之所及。美国收藏家特别乐于收藏的这些“联盟”图书一般非常昂贵。在我刚离开纽约不久的一场拍卖会上，七本有作者亲笔题词的狄更斯作品赠送本被人以4870美元拍得。继续前行，我来到沃纳梅克古玩商店，发现那里尽是些英国的家具和零碎物件，标价比它们在本国的价格高出很多。然而在“名利场”区（我觉得它叫这个名称）都是来自法国的物品。我想纽约所有的服装商和珠宝商都一定受到了法国风尚的影响，但是纽约商店比巴黎商店更加宽敞，设施齐备毫不逊色。蒂芙尼商店是一座宫殿，缺少的只是名气，但是我觉得这种值得称赞的隐姓埋名是一种荣誉。

It used to be said that good Americans when they died went to Paris. The Parisian lure no doubt is still powerful; but every day I should guess that more of Paris comes to America. The upper parts of New York have boulevards and apartment houses very like the real thing, and I noticed that the architecture of France exerts a special attraction for the rich man decreeing himself a pleasure dome. There are millionaires' residences in New York that might have been transplanted not only from the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, but from Touraine itself; while when I made my pilgrimage to Mr. Widener's, just outside Philadelphia, I found Rembrandt's[49] "Mill", and Manet's[50]

"Dead Bull-Fighter", and a Vermeer[51], and a little meadow painted divinely by Corot[52], and El Greco's[53] "Family Group", and Donatello's[54] "St. George", and one of the most lovely scenes that ever was created by Turner's[55] enchanted brush, all enshrined in a palace which Louis Seize might have built.

过去有种说法是善良的美国人死后会去巴黎。毫无疑问巴黎的诱惑仍然很大；然而，我觉得每天都有更多的巴黎元素进入美国。纽约北区有着和巴黎非常相似的林阴大道和公寓；我还发现法式建筑对那些敕令给自己建个安乐窝的富人有特别的吸引力。纽约一些百万富翁的住宅区就像是把“布伦绿地大道”和整个“都兰”都移植过来了。我去欣赏怀德纳先生的收藏品时，就在费城外，我在那里看到了伦勃朗的《磨坊》、马奈的《死了的斗牛士》、一幅弗美尔的作品、柯罗所作的一幅犹如神来之笔的草地小风景画、埃尔·格列柯的《圣家族》、多那太罗的《圣乔治》、一幅透纳神奇画笔下最可爱的风景画，所有这些都收藏在一座像路易十六建造的宫殿一样豪华的房子里。

But America is even more French than this. Her women can be not less soignées than those of France, although they suggest a cooler blood and less dependence on male society; her bread and coffee are better than France's best. Moreover, when it comes to night and the Broadway constellations challenge the darkness, New York leaves Paris far behind. For every cabaret and supper resort that Paris can provide, New York has three; and for every dancing floor in Paris, New York has thirty. Good Americans, however, will still remain faithful to their old posthumous love, if only for her wine.

但是美国比法国更法国。美国妇女和法国妇女一样注意保养，只不过她们更加冷静、不那么依赖男性社会；美国的面包和咖啡比法国最好的还要好。此外，到了晚上，百老汇的璀璨星光盖过了黑夜的深沉，此时的纽约远远超过了巴黎。纽约的酒吧、餐厅是巴黎的三倍；纽约的舞厅是巴黎的三十倍。然而，善良的美国人依旧会怀着死后入巴黎的愿望，即使只是为了那里的葡萄酒。

Apropos of American women, their position struck me as very different from the position of women with us. English women are deferential to their husbands; they are content to be relegated to the background on all occasions when they are not wanted. They are dependent. They seldom wear an air of triumph and rarely take the lead. But American women are complacent and assured, they do most of the talking, make most of the plans: if they are not seen, it is because they are in the background; they are either active prominently elsewhere or are high on pedestals. With each other they are mostly or often humorously direct, whereas with men they seem to adopt an ironical or patronising attitude. American women seem also to have a curious power of attracting to themselves other women who admire them and foster their self-esteem. And, for all that I know,

these satellites have satellites too. Their federacy almost amounts to a solid secret society; not so much against men, for men must provide the sinews of war and other comforts, but for their own satisfaction. Both sexes appear not to languish when alone.

说到美国妇女，我很惊讶她们的地位同我们国家妇女的地位差别如此之大。英国妇女顺从丈夫；不需要她们的时候，她们甘愿被置于后台。她们依赖丈夫。她们很少摆出一副胜利的神态，很少做主。但是美国妇女自满、自信，谈话中总是她们在说，大多数计划都由她们制定，如果你看不到她们，那是因为她们选择在后台；她们要么在别的地方突出显眼，要么就高高在上。她们彼此聚在一起总是幽默、坦率，而同男人们在一起，她们似乎总是一副嘲讽、居高临下的态度。美国妇女有一种奇特的力量，能够吸引其他女性崇拜者，这些崇拜者又进一步增强了她们的自尊。而且，据我所知，这些仆从也有她们自己的仆从。她们的这种联盟几乎就像一个坚固、秘密的团体；不是用来对付男人，因为男人是战争的中坚力量，而且还需要他们提供其他舒适之物；这个团体是为了满足她们自己的需要。男人和女人似乎都不会因为没有彼此的陪伴而变得憔悴。

Sky-Signs And Coney Island

高空广告牌和科尼岛

All visitors to New York speak of the exhilaration of its air, and I can but repeat their testimony. After the first few days the idea of going to bed became an absurdity.

所有去过纽约的游客都会说到那里令人兴奋的空中景象，我只能再次证明他们所言属实。没过几天，我就开始觉得上床睡觉简直就是个荒谬的想法。

Among the peculiarly beautiful effects that America produces, sky signs must be counted high. I had seen some when in San Francisco against the deep Californian night, and they captivated the startled vision; but the reckless profusion and movement of the Great White Way[56], as I turned out of 42nd Street on my first evening in New York, came as something more than a surprise: a revelation of wilful gaiety. We have normally nothing in England to compare with it. Nor can we have even our Earl's Court exhibition imitations of it so long as coal is so rare and costly. But though we had the driving power for the electricity we could never get such brilliance, for the clear American atmosphere is an essential ally. In our humid airs all the diamond glints would be blurred.

在各种美国营造出的独特而美丽的空中景象中，高空广告牌一定占了很大比重。在旧金山的时候，我就看到有一些高空广告牌映衬在加利

福尼亚深沉的夜空中，呈现出一番令人震惊的迷人景象。但是我在纽约的第一晚从第42大街出来后，“伟大的白色大道”上令人目不暇接的闪烁夜景给人的不仅仅是惊讶，更是一种恣意欢乐的昭示。英国自然没有什么能与之相比。只要煤炭仍然这么稀少、昂贵，我们的伯爵宫展览中心就无法模仿出这种效果。尽管我们有电力驱动能源，也无法打造如此耀眼的灯光，因为美国有清朗的天气。而在潮湿的英国，一切钻石般的光芒都会变得模糊。

For the purest beauty of traceries of light against a blue background one must go, however, not to Broadway, which is too bizarre, but to Luna Park on Coney Island. Odd that it should be there, in that bewildering medley of sound and restlessness, that an extreme of loveliness should be found; but I maintain that it is so, that nothing more strangely and voluptuously beautiful could be seen than all those minarets and domes, with their lines and curves formed by myriad lamps, turning by contrast the heavens into an ocean of velvet blue, mysterious and soft and profound.

要观赏蓝色背景下纯粹的光线交错的美景，你不要去百老汇，那里太怪诞，而一定要去科尼岛的月神公园。奇怪的是它竟然会在那里，在一片喧闹的声音和躁动之中，你会发现它那极致的魅力。所有的尖塔和拱顶，以及无数夜灯形成的线条和弧线，把夜空衬托得像一片天鹅绒般的蓝色海洋，神秘、柔和、深沉，我觉得再没有比这更为奇异、更令人陶醉的景致了。

Only periodically—when we have exhibitions at Earl's Court[57] or at Olympia[58]—is there in England anything like Coney Island. At Blackpool[59] in August, and on Hampstead Heath[60] on Bank Holidays, a corresponding spirit of revelry is attempted, but it is not so natural, and is vitiated by a self-conscious determination to be gay and by not a little vulgarity. The revellers of Steeplechase Park[61] seemed to me to be more genuine even than the crowds that throng the Fete de Neuilly[62]; and a vast deal happier.

只有在伯爵宫或奥林匹亚定期举行展览时，英国才会出现类似科尼岛这样的景致。八月的布莱克浦，银行休业日的汉普特西斯公园，也有人尝试这种狂欢的情绪，但都不够真实，而且往往被那种自觉追求欢乐的心理和大量粗俗的行为所破坏。我觉得越野障碍赛马乐园狂欢的人群似乎比聚集在讷伊集市的人群更加真切，也高兴得多得多。

One very striking difference between Coney Island and the French fair is the absence of children from New York's "safety-valve," as some one described it to me. I saw hardly any. It is as though once again the child's birthday gifts had been appropriated by its elders; but as a matter of fact the Parks of Steeplechase and Luna were, I imagine, designed deliberately for adults. Judging by the popularity of the chutes and the whips, the switchbacks and the witching waves,

eccentric movement has a peculiar attraction for the American holiday-maker. As some one put it, there is no better way, or at any rate no more thorough way, of throwing young people together. Middle-aged people, too. But the observer receives no impression of moral disorder. High spirits are the rule, and impropriety is the exception. Even in the auditorium at Steeplechase Park, where the cognoscenti assemble to witness the discomfiture of the uninitiated, there is nothing but harmless laughter as the skirts fly up before the unsuspected blast. Such a performance in England, were it permitted, would degenerate into ugliness; in France, too, it would make the alien spectator uncomfortable. But the essential public chastity of the Americans—I am not sure that I ought not here to write civilisation of the Americans—emerges triumphant.

科尼岛和法国集市的一个显著区别是：在纽约的“安全阀”（有人这么给我描述这些地方）里没有孩子们的身影。我没有看到任何儿童。这就好像孩子们的生日礼物又被大人们抢了去。但是我想越野障碍赛马乐园和月神公园实际上就是专门为成年人设计的。从滑道、回旋轮、过山车、冲天的巨浪可以看得出这种怪诞的运动对于休假的美国人有着独特的魅力。就像有人说的那样，没有什么更好的方式，或者至少没有什么更彻底的方式把青年人聚到一起了。对中年人也不例外。但是这并没有给旁观者留下道德混乱的印象。高昂的情绪是普遍现象，而热情不高是例外情况。甚至在越野障碍赛马乐园的观众席，行家们聚集此处观看外行的拙劣表演，当裙摆被不期而至的风掀起，大家发出阵阵没有恶意的欢笑。如果这样的表演在英国得到许可，一定会沦为低俗表演；若在法国，也会让外国的观众感到不自在。但是美国人的这种公共美德—我不确定是否应该从这里开始描写美国人的文明—成功地脱颖而出。

It was at Coney Island that I came suddenly upon the Pig Slide and had a new conception of what quadrupeds can do for man.

在科尼岛上意外看到的滑猪游戏让我对人类利用四足动物有了一个新想法。

The Pig Slide, which was in one of the less noisy quarters of Luna Park, consisted of an enclosure in which stood a wooden building of two storeys, some five yards wide and three high. On the upper storey was a row of six or eight cages, in each of which dwelt a little live pig, an infant of a few weeks. In the middle of the row, descending to the ground, was an inclined board, with raised edges, such as is often installed in swimming-baths to make diving automatic, and beneath each cage was a hole a foot in diameter. The spectators and participants crowded outside the enclosure, and the thing was to throw balls, which were hired for the purpose, into the holes. Nothing could exceed the alert and eager interest taken by the little pigs in the efforts of the ballthrowers. They quivered on their little legs; they pressed their little noses against the bars of the cages; their little eyes

sparkled; their tails (the only public corkscrews left in America) curled and uncurled and curled again: and with reason, for whereas if you missed—as was only too easy—nothing happened: if you threw accurately the fun began, and the fun was also theirs.

滑猪游戏在月神公园不太嘈杂的一个角落进行，那里有片围场，围场里有一个宽五码高三码的两层木房。上层是一排笼子，约六到八个，每个笼子里有一头刚出生几个星期的小猪崽。这排猪笼中间到地面放了一块倾斜的板子，板子的两侧有立起的挡板，就像装在室内游泳池里的能自动滑入水池的装置，每个笼子底下，有个直径约一英尺的洞。观众们和参与者挤在围场外面，首先是用租来的球往洞里投。没有什么能超出小猪对投过来的球表现出的机警和极大兴趣。它们的小腿在打颤，鼻子顶着笼子上的栅栏，小眼睛闪烁着，尾巴（像只在美国才有的公用螺丝锥）卷起来又打开再卷起来；情理之中的，你没投进去—这太常见了—就什么也不会发生；你准确地投进去后，乐趣才刚开始，这也是小猪们的乐趣。

This is what occurred. First a bell rang and then a spring released the door of the cage immediately over the hole which your ball had entered, so that it swung open. The little pig within, after watching the previous infirmity of your aim with dejection, if not contempt, had pricked up his ears on the sound of the bell, and now smiled a gratified smile, irresistible in infectiousness, and trotted out, and, with the smile dissolving into an expression of absolute beatitude, slid voluptuously down the plank: to be gathered in at the foot by an attendant and returned to its cage all ready for another such adventure.

这就是接下来所发生的。先是铃响，接着你投进球的那个洞上方的笼门上，弹簧装置会立即弹开，于是笼门便打开了。那只小猪，看你屡次失手后感到沮丧（如果不是鄙视的话），这次听到铃声就竖起了耳朵，现在脸上露出了满意的笑容，很有感染力的一笑。它跑了出来，脸上的笑容变成了一种绝对祝福的表情，兴高采烈地从铺板上滑了下来，滑到下面被一名工作人员接住，重新放回笼子，准备开始下一轮冒险。

It was for these moments and their concomitant changes of countenance that you paid your money. To taste the triumph of good marksmanship was only a fraction of your joy; the greater part of it consisted in liberating a little prisoner and setting in motion so much ecstasy.

你花钱就是为了看到这些时刻以及随之而来的表情变化。尝到了神射手的胜利只是喜悦的一小部分；更大的喜悦来自释放一名小囚犯以及引发了如此的狂欢。

The Press

新闻界

America is a land of newspapers, and the newspapers are very largely the same. To a certain extent many of them are exactly the same, for the vastness of the country makes it possible to syndicalise various features, so that you find Walt Mason's[63] sagacious and merry and punctual verse, printed to look like prose but never disappointing the ear, in one of the journals that you buy wherever you are, in San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Chicago or New York; and Mr. Montagu's topical rhymes in another; and the daily adventures of Mutt and Jeff, who are national heroes, in a third. Every day, for ever, do those and other regular features occur in certain of the papers: which is partly why no American ever seems to confine himself, as is our custom, to only one.

美国有很多家报纸，而且它们大体上都很相似。从一定程度上说，许多报纸完全相同，因为美国的广博使各种特征的融合变得可能。你随便在旧金山、盐湖城、芝加哥、纽约或别的什么地方买几份报纸，总会发现沃尔特·梅森那敏锐、欢快、准确的诗句以散文格式印在其中一份报纸上，但绝不会让你的耳朵失望，而孟塔古先生的主题诗歌会出现在另一份报纸上；马特和杰夫，这两个民族英雄的历险故事会出现在第三份报纸上。每天总是那些或其他固定的特点出现在某些报纸上：这也从某些方面说明了为什么美国人似乎从不像我们的习俗那样只限于读一份报纸。

Another and admirable feature of certain American papers is a column edited by a man of letters, whose business it is to fill it every day, either with the blossoms of his own intelligence or of outside contributors, or a little of each: such a column as Don Marquis[64] edits for The Sun, called "The Sundial," and Franklin P. Adams[65] for The Tribune, called "The Conning Tower," and Christopher Morley[66] for the New York Evening Post, called "The Bowling Green." Perhaps the unsigned "Way of the World" in our Morning Post is the nearest London correlative.

某些美国报纸的另一个令人钦佩的特点是作家专栏，这位作家每天负责用自己或其他社外撰稿人的智慧之花或者结合两人的才智填满这个专栏：这样的专栏如唐·马奎斯开设在《太阳报》的“日晷”专栏，富兰克林·P.亚当斯在《论坛报》开设的“指挥塔”专栏以及克里斯托弗·莫利为纽约《晚邮报》开设的“保龄球场”专栏。也许伦敦《早报》上没有署名的“世界之路”专栏与之最为相似。

These columns are managed with skill and catholicity, and they impart an element of graciousness and fancy into what might otherwise be too materialistic a budget. A journalist, like myself, is naturally delighted to find editors and a vast public so true to their

writing friends. Very few English editors allow their subscribers the opportunity of establishing such steady personal relations; and in England, in consequence, the signed daily contribution from one literary hand is very rare—to an American observer probably mysteriously so. The daily cartoon is common with us; but in London, for example, I cannot think of any similar literary feature that is signed in full. We have C. E. B. 's regular verse in the Evening News and "The Londoner's" daily essay in the same paper, and various initials elsewhere; but, with us, only the artists are allowed their names. Now, in America every name, everywhere, is blazoned forth.

这些专栏很出色、很包容，它们赋予报纸一种优雅和想象力的元素，并不一味只关注预算。像我这样的记者自然很高兴看到编辑们和这么多公众对他们的作家朋友如此拥护。英国编辑很少让读者有机会同他们维持如此稳定的个人关系。因此，在英国很少有报纸每天都刊登同一作家署名的文章—这在美国读者看来很可能是不可思议的。每日漫画在我们国家很常见；但是在伦敦，我想不到哪份报纸上有署全名的类似文学作品。《晚间新闻》上经常刊登C.E.B.的诗歌和“伦敦人”的每日短文，其他报纸上还有各种首字母署名。在我们国家，只允许艺术家署全名。如今在美国，每个人的名字在每个地方都是可以宣扬的。

Whatever bushel measures[67] may be used for in the United States the concealing of light is no part of their programme.

不论美国用美式蒲式耳想做什么，隐姓埋名可不在他们的计划之内。

Another feature of American daily journals comparatively unknown in England is the so-called comic pictorial sequence. All the big papers have from one to half a dozen of these sequences, each by a different artist. Bud Fisher[68] with "Mutt and Jeff" comes first in popularity, I believe, and then there are his rivals and his imitators. Nothing more inane than some of these series could be invented; and yet they persist and could not, I am told, be dropped by any editor who thought first of circulation.

另一个相对不为英国人所了解的美国日报的特点是所谓的连环画。所有的大报都有一到六组连环画，每一组都出自不同的艺术家之手。我想巴德·费希尔的“马特与杰夫”是最早开始流行起来的，后来才出现了他的对手和模仿者。没有什么比某些连环画更愚蠢的创作了。但是它们继续存在着，据说任何优先考虑销量的编辑都不会把它们去掉。

After the individual contributions have been subtracted, all the newspapers are curiously alike. The same reporters might be on every one; the same sub-editors; the same composers of head-lines. If we think of Americans as too capable of cynical levity it is largely because of these head-lines, which are always as epigrammatic as possible, always light-hearted, often facetious, and often cruel. An unfortunate

woman's failure at suicide after killing her husband was thus touched off in one of the journals while I was in New York:

如果不考虑个人供稿，所有的报纸都离奇地相似。每份报纸上都有同样的记者，同样的助理编辑，同样的标题风格。如果你认为美国人有一种过于愤世嫉俗的轻浮，那主要是因为这些极尽讽刺的标题总是那么轻松、轻率，又那么残酷。我在纽约看到一份报纸用这样的标题展开一个不幸的女子在杀死丈夫后自杀未遂的报道：

POOR SHOT AT HERSELF

枪法拙劣自杀失手

BUT SUCCEEDS IN LODGING BULLET IN SPOUSE.

但射杀丈夫却得手

When it comes to the choice of news, one cannot believe that American editors are the best friends of their country. I am holding no brief for many English editors; I think that our papers can be common too, and can be too ready to take things by the wrong handle; but I think that more vulgarising of life is, at present, effected by American journalists than by English. There are, however, many signs that we may catch up. Profusion is a characteristic of the American newspaper. There is too much of everything. And when Sunday comes with its masses of reading matter proper to the Day of Rest one is appalled. One thing is certain—no American can find time to do justice both to his Sunday paper and his Maker. It is principally on Sunday that one realises that if Matthew Arnold[69]'s saying that every nation has the newspapers it deserves is true, America must have been very naughty. How the Sunday editions could be brought out while the paper-shortage was being discussed everywhere, as it was during my visit, was a problem that staggered me. But that the shortage was real I was assured, and jokes upon it even got into the music halls: a sure indication of its existence. "If the scarcity of paper gets more acute," I heard a comedian say, "they'll soon have to make shoes of leather again."

说到新闻的选择，人们无法相信美国的编辑是其人民的挚友。我并不是在为众多的英国编辑辩护。我想我们的报纸也很普通，而且太惯于用错误的方法处理事情了；但是我认为，目前美国记者比英国记者对生活庸俗化的影响更大。但是很多现象正表明我们也逐渐赶上来了。丰富是美国报纸的一个特点。一切都太丰富了。当星期天到来时，随之而来的阅读资料多得让人害怕，与休息日十分“相称”。有一点是确定的—没有哪个美国人能有时间鉴赏周日报纸和上帝。大体上人们会在周日明白，如果你同意马修·阿诺德所说的每个国家都有与其相匹配的报纸数量，那么美国人一定很不守规矩。我在美国旅游期间，很惊讶为什么到处都在讨论缺纸的问题而周日报纸却总是能如期而至。但是我肯定缺纸

是真的，关于这个问题的笑话甚至进入了音乐大厅：一个很确定的证据。“如果缺纸问题继续恶化，”我听到一个喜剧演员唱道，“他们就只能重新用皮子做鞋了。”

But it is not only the Sunday papers that are so immense. I used to hold the Saturday Evening Post in my hands, weighed down beneath its bulk, and marvel that the nation that had time to read it could have time for anything else. The matter is of the best, but what would the prudent, wise and hard-working philosopher who founded it so many years ago—Benjamin Franklin—say if he saw its lure deflecting millions of readers from the real business of life?

但是泛滥的不止是周日报纸。我曾经手里拿着一份《周六晚报》，沉甸甸的直往下坠,我惊叹这个民族读完这样一份报纸后竟然还有时间做别的事情。这份报纸是最优秀的报纸之一，不过多年前创办报纸的那位严谨、睿智、勤奋的哲人—本杰明·富兰克林看到数以百万的读者因读报而耽误了人生的正事该作何感想呢？

When we come to consider the American magazines—to which class the Saturday Evening Post almost belongs—and the English, there is no comparison. The best American magazines are wonderful in their quality and range, and we have nothing to set beside them. It is astonishing to think how different, in the same country, daily and monthly journalism can be. Omitting the monthly reviews, Blackwood is, I take it, our fi nest monthly miscellany; and all of Blackwood could easily and naturally be absorbed in one of the American magazines and be illustrated into the bargain, and still leave room for much more. And the whole would cost less! Why England is so poorly and pettily served in the matter of monthly magazines is something of a mystery; but part of the cause is the rivalry of the papers, and part the smallness of our population. But I shall always hold that we deserve more good magazines than we have now.

说到美国杂志—《周六晚邮报》可以算作这类—和英国杂志，我觉得二者没有可比性。最好的美国杂志质量和题材范围都极好，我们没有能与之相比的。让人惊异的是同一个国家日报和月刊差别竟然如此之大。不算月评在内，我觉得《布莱克伍德》是英国最好的月刊，而美国一本杂志就能轻松自然地消化《布莱克伍德》的所有文章并在对其进行图解说明后还能有很多剩余空间。价钱还更便宜！英国月刊为什么数量少、质量低让人难以理解。一部分是因为有报纸的竞争，一部分是因为我们人口少。但是我一直都认为我们应该发行更多好的杂志。

Treasures Of Art

艺术宝藏

I was fortunate in being in New York when the Metropolitan Museum celebrated the fi ftieth anniversary of its birth, for I was therefore able to enjoy not only its normal treasures but such others as had been borrowed for birthday presents, which means that I saw Mrs. H. E. Huntington's Vermeer, as well as the supreme Marquand[70] example of that master; more than the regular wealth of Rembrandts, Manet's "Still Life," Gauguin's[71] "Women by the River," El Greco's "View of Toledo," Franz Hals'[72] big jovial Dutchman from Mr. Harry Goldman's walls, and Bellini's[73] "Bacchanale"—to say nothing of the lace in galleries 18 and 19, Mr. Morgan's[74] bronze Eros from Pompeii, and the various cases of porcelain from a score of collections. But without extra allurements I should have been drawn again and again to this magnificent museum.

我很幸运当大都会博物馆举行五十周年庆典的时候我在纽约，因为我可以同时欣赏到本馆收藏的艺术品和专为庆典从外面借来的艺术品，这样我才得以看到H.E.亨廷顿夫人和马昆德收藏的弗美尔的杰作；还有平常就能看到的伦勃朗的作品，马奈的《静物》，高庚的《河边的女人》，埃尔·格列柯的《托雷多风景》，哈利·戈德曼墙上佛兰斯·哈尔斯所画的快乐的大个子荷兰人，贝利尼的《酒神节》，更不用说还有在18和19展厅分别展出的，摩根先生收藏的来自庞贝的爱神铜像，和从二十多套收藏中挑选出来的各式瓷器。如果没有其他有趣的地方，我一定会一次又一次地被吸引到这座宏伟的博物馆来。

Two of the principal metropolitan donors—Altman[75] and Hearn—were the owners of big dry goods stores, while Marquand, whose little Vermeer is probably the loveliest thing in America, was also a merchant. In future I shall look upon all the great emporium proprietors as worthy of patronage, on the chance of their being also beneficent collectors of works of art. This thought, this hope, is more likely to get me into a certain Oxford Street establishment than all the rhetoric and special pleading of Callisthenes[76].

大都会的两名主要捐赠人—奥尔特曼和赫恩是干货店老板，而马昆德也是一个商人，他所藏的小弗美尔可以说是美国最可爱的艺术品。今后我觉得大型百货商店值得光顾，说不准店主就是艺术品慈善收藏家。有了这样的想法和希望，我很可能更愿意去光顾牛津街的某家商店而不去听卡利斯提尼斯雄辩、独特的演讲。

The Frick Gallery was not accessible; but I was privileged to roam at will both in Mr. Morgan's library and in Mr. H. E. Huntington[77]'s, in each of which I saw such a profusion of unique and unappraisable autographs as I had not supposed existed in private hands. Rare books any one with money can have, for they are mostly in duplicate; but autographs and "association" books are unique, and America is the place for them. I had known that it was necessary to cross the Atlantic in order to see the originals of many of the pictures of which we in

London have only the photographs. I knew that the bulk of the Lamb correspondence was in America, and at Mr. Morgan's I saw the author's draft of the essay on "Roast Pig," and at Mr. Newton's, in Philadelphia, the original of "Dream Children," an even more desirable possession; I knew that America had provided an eager home for everything connected with Keats and Shelley and Stevenson; but it was a surprise to find at Mr. Morgan's so wide a range of MSS., extending from Milton[78] to Du Maurier[79], and from Bacon[80] to "Dorian Gray"[81]; while at Mr. Huntington's I had in my hands the actual foolscap sheets on which Heine[82] composed his "Florentine Nights."

进不去弗里克画廊，但我有机会在摩根和H.E.亨廷顿先生的图书馆里随意游览。在这两个图书馆里我都看到了大量独一无二的、不曾见过的名家亲笔签名，没想到它们落入民间收藏家之手。稀有书籍只要有钱就可以买到手，因为大多都是复制品。但是签名和“联盟”书籍是独一无二的，而美国就是它们的归处。我以前就知道要穿过大西洋才能看到许多名画真品，我们伦敦只有照片。我知道兰姆大量的信件在美国，在摩根图书馆里我看到作者的散文《谈谈烧猪》的初稿，而在费城牛顿先生的博物馆里看到了更让人觊觎的《梦中的孩子们》的手稿。我知道美国更迫切地想收藏一切跟济慈、雪莱和斯蒂文森有关的物品。但是让我惊讶的是摩根图书馆里竟然有如此广泛的手稿，从弥尔顿到杜莫里埃，从培根到《道林·格雷》；在亨廷顿图书馆我把海涅当年写下《佛罗伦萨的夜晚》的大页书写纸拿在手里摩挲。

I ought, you say, to have known this before. Maybe. But that ignorance in such matters is no monopoly of mine I can prove by remarking that many an American collector with whom I have talked was unaware that the library of Harvard University is the possessor of all the works of reference—mostly annotated—which were used by Thomas Carlyle[83] in writing his "Cromwell" and his "Frederick the Great," and they were bequeathed by him in his will to Harvard University because of his esteem and regard for the American people, "particularly the more silent part of them."

你会说我应该早就知道这些事情。也许吧！但是并不是我一个人不知道，很多跟我交谈过的美国收藏家也不知道哈佛大学图书馆里收藏有托马斯·卡莱尔当初撰写《克伦威尔》和《腓特烈大帝》所用的全部参考文献（大多加以注释）。出于对美国人（“尤其是他们中更沉默的那些人”）的尊敬，托马斯死后将它们赠给了哈佛大学。

My hours in these libraries, together with a glimpse of the Widener room at Harvard and certain booksellers' shelves, gave me some idea of what American collectors have done towards making the New World a treasury of the Old, and I realised how more and more necessary it will be, in the future, for all critics of art in whatever branch, and of literature in whatever branch, and all students even of

antiquity, if they intend to be thorough, to visit America. This I had guessed at, but never before had known.

去了这些图书馆，加上在哈佛大学怀德纳图书馆的匆匆一瞥，又看了某些书商的书架后，让我看到了美国收藏家在将新世界变为旧世界宝藏的过程中所做出的贡献，我意识到，将来，一切艺术评论家，不论他们研究的是什么领域，一切文学家，也不论他们研究的是什么领域，甚至古代文物学的学生，如果打算进行严谨透彻的研究，来美国访问学习的必要性会越来越大。我以前曾作过这样的猜测，但直到现在我才真正明白。

The English traveller lighting upon so many of the essentially English riches as are conserved in American libraries, and particularly when he has not a meagre share of national pride, cannot but pause to wonder how it came about—and comes about—that so much that ought to be in its own country has been permitted to stray.

英国游客看到这么多原本属于英国的财富被收藏在美国图书馆，尤其是当他觉得无法分享这种民族自豪感时，就会禁不住停下来思考这种情况是怎么发生的—以及正在发生着的—这些本应该在自己国家的许多财富会流失到了别处。

In England collectors and connoisseurs are by no means rare. What, then, were they doing to let all these letters of Keats and Shelley, Burns and Byron[84], Lamb and Johnson[85]—to name for the moment nothing else—find their resting-place in America? The dollar is very powerful, I know, but should it have been as pre-eminently powerful as this? Need it have defeated so much patriotism?

英国的收藏家和鉴赏家绝对不少。那么他们怎么会让济慈、雪莱、彭斯、拜伦、兰姆和约翰逊的信件—此刻我只能列举这些—在美国安了家？我知道美元非常强大，但是它强大到这种程度了吗？甚至能胜过浓厚的爱国主义热情？

Pictures come into a different category, for every artist painted more than one picture. I have experienced no shade of resentment towards their new owners in looking at the superb collections of old and new foreign masters in the American public and private galleries; for so long as there are enough examples of the masters to go round, every nation should have a share. With MSS. , however, it is different. Facsimiles, such as the Boston Bibliographical Society's edition of Lamb's letters, would serve for the rest of the world, and the originals should be in their author's native land. But that is a counsel of perfection. The only thing to do is to grin and bear it, and feel happy that these unique possessions are preserved with such loving pride and care. Any idea of retaliation on America on the part of England by buying up the MSS of the great American writers, such as Franklin[86] and Poe[87], Hawthorne[88] and Emerson[89], Thoreau[90] and Lowell[91],

Holmes[92] and Whitman[93], was rendered futile by the discovery that Mr. Morgan possesses these too. I had in his library all the Breakfast Table[94] series in my hands, together with a play by Poe not yet published.

绘画可以归入另一个类别，因为每位艺术家不止创作一幅绘画。我在美国公共的和私人的画廊里看到新老国外大师的收藏品后对它们的新主人并没有产生怨恨情绪。只要这些大师的作品够多，每个国家都应该收藏一些。但是对于手稿就应该另当别论。摹真本，比如兰姆书信的波士顿文献协会版本，就可以供全世界其他地方的人们欣赏，但是原版应该保存在作者的家乡。但这只是一个理想却不切实际的劝告。我们只能挤出一丝笑容忍了，并为这笔独特的财产被人满怀自豪和关爱地珍藏着感到高兴。英国人想通过购买美国伟大作家的手稿，比如，富兰克林和爱伦·坡、霍桑和爱默生、梭罗和洛威尔、霍姆斯和惠特曼来报复美国的想法也是徒劳的，因为我发现摩根先生也拥有这些。在他的图书馆里，我把全套的《早餐桌上》和爱伦·坡的一部没有出版的戏剧捧在手里欣赏。

Mount Vernon

弗农山

Mention of the beautiful solicitude with which these treasures are surrounded, suggests the reflection that the old country has something to learn from the new in the matter of distinguished custodianship. We have no place of national pilgrimage in England that is so perfect a model as Washington's home at Mount Vernon. It is perhaps through lack of a figure of the Washington type that we have nothing to compare with it; for any parallel one must rather go to Fontainebleau; but certain shrines are ours and none of them discloses quite such pious thoroughness as this. When I think of the completeness of the preservation and reconstruction of Mount Vernon, where, largely through the piety of individuals, a thousand personal relics have been reassembled, so that, save for the sightseers, this serene and simple Virginian mansion is almost exactly as it was, I am filled with admiration. For a young people largely in a hurry to find time to be so proud and so reverent is a significant thing.

说到对这些珍宝的悉心关切，我们得到一个启示，那就是新世界成功的保管经验值得旧世界学习。英国没有一个国家圣地，能像弗农山的华盛顿庄园那样成为一个国家的完美典范。也许这是因为我们缺少像华盛顿这样的典范人物。如果你要寻找类似的地方，那就去枫丹白露。我们国家也有一些圣地，但是没有一处像这里将虔诚表现得如此透彻。当我想到弗农山被保护、重建得如此完整时，心里充满了崇敬之情。上千件私人文物能重新回到这里，主要是依托个人的虔诚行为，因此，除了

观光客，这座宁静、简朴的弗吉尼亚宅院几乎跟当年一模一样。这个圣地对于一个急于想表达自豪、恭敬的年轻民族来说意义非凡。

Nor is this spirit of pious reverence confined to national memorials. Longfellow's Wayside Inn in Massachusetts, although still only a hostelry, compares not unfavourably with Dove Cottage[95] at Grasmere and Carlyle's house in Chelsea. The preservation is more minute. But to return to Mount Vernon, the orderliness of the place is not its least noticeable feature. There is no mingling of trade with sentiment, as at Stratford-on-Avon[96], for example. Within the borders of the estate everything is quiet. I have never seen Americans in church (not, I hasten to add, because they abstain, but because I did), but I am sure that they could not, even there, behave more as if the environment were sacred. To watch the crowds at Mount Vernon, and to contemplate the massive isolated grandeur of the Lincoln Memorial now being finished at Washington, is to realise that America, for all its superficial frivolity and cynicism, is capable of a very deep seriousness.

这种虔敬的精神并不只局限于国家纪念馆。马萨诸塞州的朗费罗“路边客栈”，尽管仍然只是一家客栈，但并不比格拉斯米尔的“鸽舍”和切尔西的“卡莱尔故居”逊色，甚至可以说保护得更加细心。但是再回来说弗农山，井然有序也并非是它最不引人注意的特点。比如，它不像斯特拉特福，贸易和情感交织在一起。在这片土地上，一切都是宁静的。我从没在教堂里见过美国人（我得赶紧补充：不是因为他们不去，而是因为我自己没去），但是我可以肯定即使在教堂，他们也不会因为氛围神圣而表现得更加虔诚。看着弗农山上的人群，想着在华盛顿已经建成的独立、宏大、辉煌的林肯纪念堂，我意识到，美国尽管表面看来轻浮、玩世不恭，做起事来也能极其严肃。

Vers Libre

自由体诗

It would have been pedantic, while in America, to have abstained from an effort at vers libre.

在美国如果你回避自由体诗就会显得十分迂腐。

REVOLT

反抗

I had been to the Metropolitan Museum looking at beautiful things and rejoicing in them.

我去大都会博物馆看了许多美丽的收藏，感到非常高兴。

And then I had to catch a train and go far into the country, to

Paul Smith's.

接着我搭乘火车到这个国家更远的地方去，去保罗·史密斯博物馆。

And as the light lessened and the brooding hour set in I looked out of the window and reconstructed some of the lovely things I had seen— the sculptures and the paintings, the jewels and the porcelain: all the fine flower of the arts through the ages.

光线渐暗，我慢慢陷入沉思中，眼望窗外，我见过的那些可爱的事物再次呈现在脑海中—那些雕刻和绘画，珠宝和瓷器：所有那些穿越时光的艺术瑰宝。

It seemed marvellous beyond understanding that such perfection could exist, and I thought how wonderful it must be to be God and see His creatures rising now and again to such heights.

这样的完美之作能保存下来似乎神奇得让人无法理解。我想上帝看到他自己创造的人类成长并达到这种高度一定会惊叹不已。

And then I came to a station where there was to be a very long wait, and I went to an inn for a meal.

接着我们到了下一站，火车在这里停留的时间很长，于是我去一家客栈吃了顿饭。

It was a dirty neglected place, with a sullen unwashed man at the door, who called raspingly to his wife within.

这是一个脏乱、不起眼的地方，一个郁郁寡欢、不修边幅的男子坐在门口，他粗声粗气地叫唤里屋的妻子。

And when she came she was a slattern, with dishevelled hair and a soiled dress and apron, and she looked miserable and worn out.

她走了过来，蓬头垢面、衣服和围裙上满是污垢，看起来一副悲惨、疲惫的样子。

She prepared a meal which I could not eat, and when I went to pay for it I found her sitting dejectedly in a chair looking with a kind of dumb despair at the day's washing-up still to do.

她做的饭叫人没法吃，我走过去要付钱时发现她沮丧地坐在椅子上，看着今天一大堆要洗的餐具，一副呆滞绝望的神情。

And as I walked up and down the road waiting for the car I thought of this woman's earlier life when she was happy.

于是我起身走到路边去等车的时候，开始想象她早年的快乐生活会是什么样子。

I thought of her in her courtship, when her husband loved her and they looked forward to marriage and he was tender and she was blithe.

我想到了她的恋爱时期，她的丈夫怜爱她，两个人期待早日步入婚姻殿堂，他很温柔而她很快乐。

They probably went to Coney Island together and laughed with the rest.

他们很可能一起来到科尼岛和其他人一起欢声笑语。

And it seemed iniquitous that such changes should come about and that merry girls should grow into sluts and slovens, and ardent young husbands should degenerate into unkempt bullies, and houses meant for happiness should decay, and marriage promises all be forgotten.

而如今快乐的女孩变成了懒惰、脏乱的妇人，曾经热情、年轻的丈夫变得粗野、霸道，曾经的幸福小屋变得破败，婚姻的誓言全被遗忘。发生这样的变化似乎很不道德。

And I felt that if the world could not be better managed than that I never wanted to see any of God's artistic darlings at the top of their form again and the Metropolitan Museum could go hang.

我觉得如果这个世界经营得像这个小家这样，我就再也不愿去欣赏上帝最美的艺术宠儿了，大都会博物馆就可以被遗忘了。

Domestic Architecture

国内建筑

I believe that few statements about America would so surprise English people as that it has beautiful architecture. I was prepared to find Boston and Cambridge old-fashioned and homelike—Oliver Wendell Holmes had initiated me; I had a distinct notion of the cool spaciousness of the White House and the imposing proportions of the Capitol and, of course, I knew that one had but to see the skyscrapers of New York to experience the traditional repulsion! But of the church of St. Thomas on Fifth Avenue I had heard nothing, nor of Mr. Morgan's exquisite library, nor of the Grand Central terminus, nor of the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, nor of the bland charm of Mount Vernon. Nor had I expected to find Fifth Avenue so dignified and cordial a thoroughfare.

我相信没有什么对美国的评价会比说它有漂亮的建筑更令英国人吃惊。波士顿和剑桥是两座老派、温馨的城市，这我有思想准备—奥利弗·温德尔·霍姆斯的描述给我留下了初步的印象。我明显感觉到白宫清冷宽敞，国会大厦气势恢宏。当然，我也知道如果你想去体会突破传统之处那就该去看看纽约的摩天大楼！但之前我并未听说过第五大街的圣托马斯教堂，也不知道摩根先生精致的图书馆、大中央车站、华盛顿的林肯

纪念堂、弗农山那柔和的魅力。我也没有想到第五大街是一条如此有品位而热闹的街道。

Even less was I prepared for such metal work and stone work as is to be seen in some of the business houses—such as, for example, the new Guaranty Trust offices, both on Broadway and in Fifth Avenue. Even the elevators (for which we in England, in spite of our ancient lethargy, have a one-syllable word) are often finished with charming taste.

我更没有料到的是一些商铺的金属结构和石方结构都能如此漂亮—比如，百老汇和第五大街上都有的那些新担保信托办公室。即使是电梯（在英国，尽管我们一向懒散,我们的电梯是单音节词）也常常设计得很有品位。

Least of all did I anticipate the maturity of America's buildings. Those serene facades on Beacon Street overlooking Boston Common, where the Autocrat used to walk (and I made an endeavour to follow his identical footsteps, for he was my first real author)—they are as satisfying as anything in Georgian London. And I shall long treasure the memory of the warm red brick and easy proportions of the Boston City Hall and Faneuil Hall, and Independence Hall at Philadelphia seen through a screen of leaves. But in England (and these buildings were English once) we still have many old red brick buildings; what we have not is anything to correspond with the spacious friendly houses of wood which I saw in the country all about Boston and at Cambridge— such houses as that which was Lowell's home—each amid its own greenery. Nowhere, however, did I see a more comely manor house of the old Colonial style than Anthony Wayne's, near Daylesford, in Pennsylvania. In England only cottages are built of wood, and I rather think that there are now by-laws against that.

我最没有料到的是美国建筑的发展如此成熟。灯塔街上那些外观宁静详和的建筑俯瞰着波士顿公园，独裁者曾在这里散步（我试图去追寻他曾经的步履，因为他是我真正的启蒙作家）—这里的一切像乔治王时代的伦敦那样令人满意。我会永远把这些珍藏在记忆里：暖暖的红砖、大小适中的波士顿市政厅、法尼尔厅、还有掩映在树叶中的费城独立厅。在英国（这些建筑也曾出现在英国）我们仍然有许多古老的红砖建筑；但是我们没有波士顿和剑桥周边乡村里的那些宽敞、舒适的木房—洛威尔的故居就是这种风格的房子—每一幢房子都包裹在融融绿意之中。然而我见过的最漂亮的旧时殖民风格的庄园是宾夕法尼亚戴尔斯福特附近的安东尼·韦恩庄园。在英国只有小村舍才用木头建造，而且我记得现在还有地方法规禁止建木屋了。

Not all the good country houses, big and little, are, however, old. American architects in the past few years seem to have developed a very attractive type of home, often only a cottage, and I saw a great

number of these on the slopes of the Hudson, all the new ones combining taste with the suggestion of comfort. The conservation of trees wherever possible is an admirable feature of modern suburban planning in America. In England the new suburb too often has nothing but saplings. In America, again, the houses, even the very small ones, are more often detached than with us.

并不是所有大大小小的乡间木房都很古老。在过去的几年里美国建筑师似乎设计出了一种非常受欢迎的房屋类型，通常只是一个村舍，我看到哈德逊的山丘上有很多这样的房子，都是新建的，既有品位又舒适。不管在哪里都尽量保护树木是美国现代郊区规划中一个令人赞赏的特点。在英国，新郊区往往只有一些小树苗。而同样美国的房子，即使是很小的房子之间的间距也比我们的大。

Boston

波士顿

Once the lay-out of New York has been mastered—its avenues and numbered cross streets—it is the most difficult city in the world in which to lose one's way. But Boston is different. I found Boston hard to learn, although it was a pleasant task to acquire knowledge, for I was led into some of the quietest little Georgian streets I have ever been in, steep though some of them were, and along one of the fairest of green walks—that between the back of Beacon Street and the placid Charles.

只要你熟悉了纽约的布局—它的主干道和编了号的十字街—你就会发现这是世界上最不容易迷路的一个城市。但是波士顿就不一样了。尽管学习新知识是一件令人开心的事情，我还是觉得波士顿很难了解。我曾被引至几条乔治王朝时代风格的街道，那是我所见过的最僻静的小街，有些道路相当陡，我还曾沿着灯塔后街和宁静的查尔斯街中间一条最美的林阴道行走。

Against Boston I have a certain grudge, for I could find no one to direct me to the place where the tea was thrown overboard. But that it was subjected to this indignity we may be certain—partly from the testimony of subsequent events not too soothing to English feelings, and partly from the unpopularity which that honest herb still suffers on American soil. Coffee, yes; coffee at all times; but no one will take any but the most perfunctory interest in the preparation of tea. I found the harbour; I traversed wharf after wharf; but found no visible record of the most momentous act of jettison since Jonah[97]. In the top room, however, of Faneuil Hall, in the Honourable Artillery Company's headquarters, the more salient incidents of the struggle which followed are all depicted by enthusiastic, if not too talented, painters;

and I saw in the distance the monument on Bunker's Hill.

对于波士顿我有些不满，因为没有一个人能告诉我当年倾茶事件发生的地点在哪里。但是我们知道那可能是因为当年所受的侮辱—部分是因为对于后来发生事件的记述不太利于平复英国人的情绪，部分则是因为茶叶在美国的土地上不受欢迎。咖啡，对，总是咖啡；但是没有人愿意花一丁点儿心思去琢磨如何沏茶。我找到了那个港口；我跨过一个又一个码头，但是看不见关于这个自约拿以来最重大的货物投弃事件的记录。然而，在法尼尔厅的顶层房间里、在荣誉炮兵连的总部内，这场斗争引发的突出事件被一些热情而极富天赋的画家们描绘了下来；我还远远地看到了邦克山上的纪念碑。

My cicerone must be excused, for he was a Boston man, born and bred, and I ought never to have put him to the humiliation of confessing his natural ignorance. But the record is there, and legible enough. The tablet (many kind correspondents have informed me since certain of these notes appeared in the Outlook) is at 495 Atlantic Avenue, in the water-front district, just a short walk from the South Station, and it has the following inscription:

一定不能责怪我的导游，因为他是一个土生土长的波士顿人，我绝不应该把他置于承认自己无知的尴尬境地。但是记录就在那里，而且可以很清楚地看到。那块牌匾（自从这本游记的某些篇章刊登在《希望》上之后，许多善意的记者都告知过我）就在水岸区的大西洋道495号，从南站步行很快就能到达这里。牌匾上面写着：

HERE FORMERLY STOOD

格林芬码头

GRIFFIN'S WHARF

旧址

at which lay moored on Dec. 16, 1773, three British ships with cargoes of tea.

1773年12月16日三艘装着茶叶的英国货船停泊在这里。

To defeat King George's trivial but tyrannical tax of three pence a pound, about ninety citizens of Boston, partly disguised as Indians, boarded the ships, threw the cargoes, three hundred and forty-two chests in all, into the sea and made the world ring with the patriotic exploit of the

为了抵抗乔治国王微薄但专制的茶叶税—每磅三便士，大约有90个波士顿人，部分假扮成印第安人，上了船，将342箱茶叶全部倒入大海，使全世界都开始响应波士顿茶党的英勇爱国行为。

BOSTON TEA PARTY

不！这种酒从未被调出来过。

"No! ne'er was mingled such a draught In palace, hall, or arbor,

无论在宫殿、大厅还是凉亭

As freemen brewed and tyrants quaffed

自由人酿制、暴君痛饮

That night in Boston Harbor.”

那晚在波士顿港口

Boston has a remarkable art gallery and museum, notable for its ancient Chinese paintings, its collection of Japanese prints—one of the best in the world, I believe—and a dazzling wall of water-colours by Mr. Sargent[98]. It was here that I saw my first Winslow Homer[99]—two or three rapid sketches of fi shermen in full excitement—and was conquered by his verve and actuality. In the Metropolitan Museum in New York I found him again in oils and my admiration increased. Surely no one ever can have painted the sea with more vividness, power and truth! We have no example of his work in any public gallery in London; nor have we anything by W. M. Chase[100], Arthur B. Davies[101], Swain Gifford[102], J. W. Alexander[103], George Inness[104], or De Forest Brush[105]. It is more than time for another American Exhibition. As it is, the only modern American artists of whom there is any general knowledge in England are Mr. Sargent, Mr. Epstein[106] and Mr. Pennel[107], and the late E. A. Abbey[108], G. H. Boughton[109], and Whistler[110]. Other Americans painting in our midst are Mr. Mark Fisher[111], R.A., Mr. J. J. Shannon[112], R.A., Mr. J. McLure Hamilton[113], and Mr. G. Wetherbee[114].

波士顿有一座非凡的艺术画廊和博物馆，以它收藏的中国古代绘画和日本版画集（我相信是世界一流的）以及一面耀眼的萨金特水彩画墙壁而著称。我是在这里第一次见到了温斯洛·霍默的作品—两三幅描绘兴高采烈的渔夫的素描，我被他画中的神韵和真实所征服。在纽约的大都会博物馆里又看到他的油画后，更加深了对他的敬佩。实在没有人能把大海描绘得如此生动、强大和真实！在伦敦的任何一个公共画廊里都没有他的作品，也没有W.M.蔡斯、亚瑟·B.戴维斯、斯温·吉福德、J.W.亚历山大、乔治·英尼斯或福里斯特·布拉什的作品。实在是时候在英国再举行一次美国画家的作品展了。其实，英国人了解的美国现代艺术家只有萨金特先生、爱泼斯坦先生、彭内尔先生、已故的E.A.艾比、G.H.鲍顿先生和惠斯勒。在我们国家还能找到其他一些美国画家的作品，包括马克·费希尔先生、J.J.香农、J.麦克卢尔·汉密尔顿先生、G.韦瑟比先生。

The Boston Gallery is the proud possessor of the rough and unfinished but "speaking" likeness of George Washington by his predestined limner Gilbert Stuart[115], and also a companion presentment of Washington's wife. Looking upon this lady's countenance and watching a party of school girls who were making

the tour of the rooms, not uncomforted on their arduous adventure by chocolate and other confections, it occurred to me that if America increases her present love of eating sweets, due, I am told, not a little to Prohibition, George Washington will gradually disappear into the background and Martha Washington, who has already given her name to a very popular brand of candy, will be venerated instead, as the Sweet Mother of her Country.

波士顿画廊为拥有一幅粗略的、未完成的但却极为逼真的乔治·华盛顿肖像而引以为傲，是由华盛顿指定的画匠吉尔伯特·斯图亚特所绘。旁边还有一幅华盛顿夫人的画像。欣赏华盛顿夫人的画像时，我注意到一群女学生一边勤奋地四处参观，一边吃着巧克力和其他糖果，她们并不觉得有何不妥。我想如果美国人对于糖果的热情与日俱增（有人告诉我这跟禁酒有很大关系），那么乔治·华盛顿就会淡出历史，而玛莎·华盛顿，这位已经同意一个著名糖果品牌使用其名字的国母将会作为“糖果之母”而受到崇敬。

An American correspondent sends me the following poem in order to explain to me the deviousness of Boston's principal thoroughfare. The poet is Mr. Sam Walter Foss[116]:—

一位美国记者寄给我下面这首诗以解释波士顿主要干道的曲折来历。这首诗的作者是萨姆·沃尔特·福斯：

One day through the primeval wood

某一天，一头听话的小牛

A calf walked home, as good calves should;

回家时经过一片原始森林

But made a trail all bent askew,

但是跟所有的小牛一样

A crooked trail, as all calves do.

它留下的足迹弯弯曲曲

Since then two hundred years have fled,

两百多年的光阴转眼逝去

And, I infer, the calf is dead.

而我猜，那小牛也早已死去

But still he left behind his trail,

但是它走过的小径依旧

And thereby hangs my moral tale.

于是就有了下面的故事

The trail was taken up next day

第二天一条孤单的狗

By a lone dog that passed that way;

从小径上走过

And then a wise bell-wether sheep

又有一只聪明的领头羊

Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,

顺着它穿过山谷和陡坡

And drew the fl ock behind him too,

一边召唤着身后的羊群

As good bell-wethers always do.

尽责的领头羊总要这么做

And from that day o'er hill and glade

从那以后，山上林间有了一条古林小道

Through those old woods a path was made,

许多人走进走出

And many men wound in and out,

闪躲、转身、弯腰

And dodged and turned and bent about,

众口怒骂这

And uttered words of righteous wrath Because 'twas such a crooked path;

百转千回的小径

But still they followed—do not laugh—

但他们还是跟着，别笑！

The fi rst migrations of that calf,

小牛的第一批移民

And through this winding wood-way stalked

这条曲径日渐开阔

Because he wabbled when he walked.

因为人们走路摇摆不定

The forest path became a lane

森林小径成了一条小路
That bent and turned and turned again;
依旧是百转千回
This crooked lane became a road,
这条弯弯的小道变成一条马路
Where many a poor horse with his load
一群群马匹驮着担子走在上面
Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
顶着炽烈的太阳
And travelled some three miles in one.
日行大约三里路
And thus a century and a half
如此一百五十年
They trod the footsteps of that calf.
他们依然循着小牛的足迹
The years passed on in swiftness fleet,
光阴飞逝，白驹过隙
The road became a village street,
道路拓为村街，连接乡里
And then before men were aware,
还不等人们意识过来
A city's crowded thoroughfare,
就成了一条拥挤的城市干道
And soon the central street was this
转眼间又成中心大道
Of a renowned metropolis.
穿梭于知名都市之中
And men two centuries and a half
又过了两百五十年
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.
人们依然踩着小牛的足迹

Each day a hundred thousand rout
每一天成千上万的人
Followed the zigzag calf about;
跟随小牛走过的曲径
And o'er his crooked journey went
他曾走过的蜿蜒旅途
The traffi c of a continent.
如今车水马龙
A hundred thousand men were led
小牛虽已死去了三百年
By one calf near three centuries dead.
但成千上万人在它带领下
They followed still his crooked way
他们依旧循着蜿蜒小道
And lost one hundred years a day;
百年的岁月，弹指一挥间
For thus such reverence is lent
源远流长的先例
To well-established precedent.
受到人们的尊敬
A moral lesson this might teach,
这可以作为一堂道德课
Were I ordained and called to preach.
如果有人令我担任牧师
For men are prone to go it blind
因为人们愿意盲目
Along the calf-paths of the mind,
走在心里的牛道上
And work away from sun to sun
他们像其他人一样
To do what other men have done.

日出而作日落而息

They follow in the beaten track,

他们循着沧桑的小径

And out and in and forth and back

来来回回，走进走出

And still their devious course pursue,

但是他们仍然循着那条

To keep the paths that others do.

其他人走过的蜿蜒之路

But how the wise old wood-gods laugh

但是看到最初的小牛的明智的古林之神

Who saw the fi rst primeval calf!

他会怎样嘲笑人们

Ah, many things this tale might teach—But

哦！这个故事里蕴藏着许多道理—但是

I am not ordained to preach.

我没有领受布道的命令

Philadelphia

费城

I was fortunate in the city over which William Penn[117], in giant effi gy, keeps watch and ward, in having as guide, philosopher and friend Mr. A. Edward Newton[118], the Johnsonian, and the author of one of the best examples of "amateur" literature that I know—”The Amenities of Book-Collecting." Mr. Newton took me everywhere, even to the little seventeenth-century Swedish church, which architecturally may be described as the antipodes of Philadelphia's newer glory, the Curtis Building[119], where editors are lodged like kings and can be attained to (if at all) only through marble halls. We went to St. Peter's, where, suddenly awaking during the sermon, one would think oneself to be in a London city church, and to the Historical Museum, where I found among the Quaker[120] records many of my own ancestors and was bewildered amid such a profusion of relics of Penn, Washington and Franklin. In the old library were more traces of Franklin, including his famous electrical appliance, again

testifying to the white f lame with which American hero-worship can burn; and we found the sagacious Benjamin once more at the Franklin Inn Club, where the simplicity of the eighteenth century mingles with the humour and culture of the twentieth. We then drove through several miles of Fairmount Park, stopping for a few minutes in the hope of finding the late J. G. Johnson's Vermeer in the gallery there; but for the moment it was in hiding, the walls being devoted to his Italian pictures.

在这座有威廉·佩恩的巨型雕像注视和守卫的城市里，我很幸运能有一位哲学家朋友A.爱德华·牛顿先生做我的向导。他是一位约翰逊研究者，撰写了一部杰出的“业余”文学作品—《藏书之乐》。牛顿先生带我去了城里的每一个地方，甚至去了那个十七世纪的瑞典小教堂，从建筑风格看，这教堂正好与费城新建的宏伟建筑—柯蒂斯大厦相反，大厦里的编辑们像国王一样坐在那里难以企及，（如果能去的话）必须穿过大理石厅才能走到他们跟前。我们去了圣彼得教堂，在那里，如果你猛然从布道仪式中回过神来，会觉得自己仿佛身在伦敦市的一座教堂。我们还去了历史博物馆，在那里的贵格会信徒档案中我发现有很多我们自己的祖先，大量的潘恩、华盛顿和富兰克林的遗物让我眼花缭乱。在古老的图书馆里我们找到了更多富兰克林的物品，包括他著名的电器，看到这些藏品心中不由得又燃起一股美式英雄崇拜所激发的那种崇敬之情；我们再次看到这位智者留下的更多痕迹是在富兰克林旅馆俱乐部，那里融合了十八世纪的纯朴和二十世纪的气息与文化。我们接着驱车在费蒙公园行驶了几英里，中途停了几分钟希望在那里的画廊里找到已故的J.G.约翰逊收藏的弗美尔作品。但是当时这幅画被藏起来了，而原来的那面墙换上了他收藏的意大利绘画。

Finally we drew up at the gates of that strange and imposing Corinthian temple which might have been dislodged from its original site and hurled to Philadelphia by the first Quaker, Poseidon[121]—the Girard College[122]. This solemn fane we were permitted to enter only on convincing the porter that we were not ministers of religion—an easy enough task for Mr. Newton, who wears with grace the natural abandon of a Voltairean, but a difficult one for me. Why Stephen Girard[123], the worthy "merchant and mariner" who endowed this institution, was so suspicious of the cloth, no matter what its cut, I do not know; no doubt he had his reasons; but his prejudices are faithfully respected by his janitor, whose eye is a very gimlet of suspicion. However, we got in and saw the philanthropist's tomb and his household effects behind those massive columns.

最后我们在吉拉德学院大门前停了下来，这座奇特、雄伟的科林斯式教堂仿佛是被第一个“震颤者”波塞冬把它从原址上拔起投到费城来的。要进入这座庄严的神殿必须让门卫相信我们并非宗教牧师—这对于一身伏尔泰风格装束优雅的牛顿先生来说十分容易，但对我来说却很难。我不知道为什么这个学院的捐赠者斯蒂芬·吉拉德这位可敬的商人和

水手对布料如此不信任，不论它被裁剪成什么样。自然他有他的理由。但是他的这个偏见得到了他的门卫的切实遵从，他锐利的目光里闪烁着怀疑。不过，我们还是进去了并且在那些宏伟的柱子后面见到了这个慈善家的坟墓和遗物。

That evening I spent in Mr. Newton's library among Blake and Lamb and Johnson autographs and MSS., breaking the Tenth Commandment[124] with a recklessness that would have satisfied and delighted Stephen Girard's gatekeeper; and the next day we were off to Valley Forge to see with what imaginative thoughtfulness the Government has been transforming Washington's camp into a national park and restoring the old landmarks. It was a fine spring day and the woods were flecked with the white and pink blossoms of the dogwood—a tree which in England is only an inconspicuous hedgerow bush but here has both charm and importance and some of the unexpectedness of a tropical growth. I wish we could acclimatise it. The memorial chapel now in course of completion on one of the Valley Forge eminences seemed to me a very admirable example not only of modern Gothic but of votive piety. And such a wealth of American symbolism cannot exist elsewhere. But in the severe little cottage where Washington made his headquarters, down by the stream, with all his frugal campaigning furniture and accessories in their old places, I felt more emotion than in the odour of sanctity. The simple reality of it conquered the stained glass.

那天晚上我去了牛顿先生的书房，看到了布莱克、兰姆和约翰逊的亲笔签名和手稿，我莽撞地破了第十条戒律，我想斯蒂芬·吉拉德的门卫对此一定会感到满意和高兴。第二天我们去弗吉谷，想看看政府是如何运用有创意的思想将华盛顿军营改造为一个国家公园并重新修复当年的地标的。那是一个晴好的春日，树林里点缀着白色和粉色的山茱萸花—这种树在英国只是一种很不起眼的树篱灌木，但是在这儿既有魅力又有重要用途，还给人一种意想不到的热带气息。我希望能把它移植到我们国家。弗吉谷的一座山脊上即将完成的纪念教堂，在我看来是一座糅合现代哥特风格和虔诚宗教理念的建筑典范。这种具有美国象征意义的建筑在别的地方难得一见。在溪流的下游，我见到了当年被华盛顿用作基地的那个简朴的小村舍，战时的所有家具和装饰都还在原地，在这里我的感受比在圣殿里更加强烈，它朴素的现实感胜过教堂里的彩色玻璃。

General Reflections

总体印象

Looking back on it all I realise that America never struck me as a new country, although its inhabitants often seemed to be a new people. The cities are more mature than the citizens. New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington—all have an air of

permanence and age. The buildings, even the most fantastic, suggest indigenousness, or at least stability; nor would the presence of more ancient structures increase this effect. To the eye of the ordinary Englishman accustomed to work in what we call the City, in Fleet Street, in the Strand, in Piccadilly, or in Oxford Street, New York would not appear to be a younger place than London, and Boston might easily strike him as older. Nor is London more than a little older, except in spots, such as the Tower and the Temple and the Abbey, and that little Tudor row in Holborn, all separated by vast tracts of modernity. Indeed, I would almost go farther and say that London sets up an illusion of being newer even than New York by reason of its more disturbing street traffic both in the roads and on the footways, and the prevalence of the gaily coloured omnibuses which thunder along so many thoroughfares in notable contrast with the sedate and sober vehicles that serve Fifth Avenue and are hardly seen elsewhere.

回头看来，我意识到自己从来没有觉得美国是一个新的国家，尽管那里的居民似乎是一个新的民族。城市比国民更为成熟。纽约、芝加哥、波士顿、费城和华盛顿—全都散发出永恒而古老的气息。那里的建筑，即使是最奇特的，也都具有本土特色，或者至少显得稳固恒久。即使再多一些古老的建筑，也不见得能强化这种效果。在习惯了在舰队街、斯特兰德大道、皮卡迪里大道、牛津街这些被我们称为城市的地方工作的普通英国人眼里，纽约不比伦敦年轻，而波士顿很容易让人觉得比伦敦还要古老。除了那些与零星分布于大群现代建筑中的古塔、古庙、古修道院以及位于霍尔本的都铎王朝古街道外，伦敦一点也不显得更古老。实际上，我可以更进一步说伦敦甚至会让人误以为它比纽约更新，因为马路上人行道上都是繁乱的交通，到处是色彩华丽的公共汽车一路轰隆隆地驶过许多城市干道，与此形成鲜明对比的是行驶在第五大街上的那些安静、颜色素淡的交通工具，而且这在别的地方几乎看不到。

Meanwhile an illusion of antiquity is set up by New York's habit of commingling business houses and private residences, which surely belongs to an older order of society. In London we have done away with such a blend. Our nearest approach to Fifth Avenue is, I suppose, Regent Street; but there are no mansions among the shops of Regent Street. Our shops are there and our mansions are elsewhere, far away, in what we call residential quarters—such as Park Lane, Queen's Gate, Mayfair, the Bayswater Road, and Grosvenor Square. To turn out of Fifth Avenue into the quiet streets where people live is to receive a distinct impression of sedateness such as New York is never supposed to convey. One has the same feeling in the other great American cities.

造成古老错觉的另一个原因是纽约习惯把商房和民宅混建在一起，这无疑是一种比较古老的城市布局。伦敦已经抛弃了这种混杂的形式。

我想和第五大街最相近的应该是伦敦的摄政街，但是摄政街的商铺与商铺之间没有民宅。我们把商铺建在那里，而民宅建在远离那里的区域，我们把那片区域叫作住宅区—例如派克大街、女皇门、梅菲尔、贝斯沃特路、格罗夫纳广场。出了第五大街来到人们生活着的安静街道，会让人感受到明显的清静，而纽约绝不会给人这种感觉。在美国其他很多大城市都会有类似的感觉。

But when it comes to their inhabitants there are to the English eye fewer signs of maturity. I have never been able to get rid of the idea that every one I have met in America, no matter how grave a senior, instead of being really and self-consciously in the thick of life, is only getting ready to begin. Perhaps this is due in part to the pleasure—the excitement almost—which American business men—and all Americans are business men—take in their work. They not merely do it, but they enjoy doing it and they watch themselves doing it. They seem to have a knack of withdrawing aside and observing themselves as from the stalls, not without applause. In other words, they dramatise continually. Now, one does not do this when one is old—it is a childish game—and it is another proof that they are younger than we, who do not enjoy our work, and indeed, most of us, are ashamed of it and want the world to believe that we live like the lilies on private means.

但是英国人在这里的居民身上却看不到什么成熟的标志。我总是觉得我在美国遇见的每个人，即使严肃的老者，也没有真正地或者说自觉地进入生活最激烈的阶段，而只是刚做好开始的准备。也许这部分是因为所有的美国商人（所有美国人都是商人）在工作中享受乐趣（甚至可以说是刺激）。他们不仅在这样做，而且很乐意这样做和欣赏自己这样做。他们似乎很擅长退到一边，站到货摊外面观察自己，甚至还会鼓掌。换言之，他们总是沉溺在自我的戏剧里。现在，成年人不会这样做—这是个孩子玩的游戏—这是可以证明他们比我们年轻的另一个证据。我们不喜欢工作，而实际上，我们很多人为此感到羞愧，想要全世界都相信我们靠着私有财产活得像纯洁无暇的百合花。

Similarly, many Americans seem, when they talk, to be two persons: one the talker, and the other the listener charmed by the quality of his discourse. There is nothing detrimental in such duplicity. Indeed, I think I have a very real envy of it. But one of the defects of the listening habit is perhaps to make them too rhetorical, too verbose. It is odd that the nation that has given us so much epigrammatic slang and the telegraph and the telephone and the typewriter should have so little of what might be called intellectual short-hand. But so it is. Too many Americans are remorseless when they are making themselves clear.

同样，很多美国人说话的时候似乎都是两个人：一个是说话人，另一个是陶醉在他精彩讲演中的听众。这种双重角色并没有什么危害。其

实，我对它感到十分羡慕。但是这种听自己说话的习惯的缺点之一是可能会让讲话变得太华丽、冗长。奇怪的是这个发明了简练俚语、电报、电话、打字机的国家却很少能做到简单明了。但是事实就是如此。很多美国人为了表达清楚自己的意思就会进行无休无止的解释。

Yet the passion for printed idiomatic sententiousness and arresting trade notices is visible all the time. You see it in the newspapers and in the shops. I found a children's millinery shop in New York with this laconic indication of its scope, in permanent letters, on the plate-glass window: "Lids for Kids." A New York undertaker, I am told, has affixed to all his hearses the too legible legend: "You may linger, but I'll get you yet."

但是他们对于简洁的印刷品和醒目的商业告示的热情总是随处可见。在报纸上、商店里都能看见。我在纽约看见一家卖女童帽的商店的厚玻璃上，用擦不掉的笔写着用以说明经营范围的几个字：“童帽”。我听说一位纽约的棺材商，在所有的棺材上都贴了显眼的说明：“你也许还在徘徊，但最终还是会来光顾。”

When it comes to descriptive new words, coined rapidly to meet occasions, we English are nowhere compared with the Americans. Could there be anything better than the term "Nearbeer" to reveal at a blow the character of a substitute for ale? I take off my hat, too, to "crape-hanger," which leaves "kill-joy" far in the rear. But "optience" for a cinema audience, which sees but does not hear, though ingenious, is less admirable. Although I found the walls of business off ices in New York and elsewhere decorated with pithy counsel to callers, and discouragements to irrelevance, such as "Come to the point but don't camp on it," "To hell with yesterday," and so forth, I am very doubtful if with all these suggestions of practical address and Napoleonic efficiency the American business man is as quick and decisive as ours can be. There is more autobiography talked in American offices than in English; more getting ready to begin.

为迎合某些特定场合迅速造出某些描述性的新词，在这方面我们英国人绝不是美国人的对手。还有什么表达能比“近似啤酒”更能一下子就描述出浓啤酒替代物的特征呢。我也很赞赏“丧气”，它远远胜过“扫兴”。但是用“视众”表示电影院的观众，有一定创意但不够精彩，因为只有看而没有听的含义。

I have, however, no envy of the American man's inability to loaf and invite his soul, as his great democratic poet was able to do. I think that this unfamiliarity with armchair life is a misfortune. That article of furniture, we must suppose, is for older civilisations, where men have either, after earning the right to recline, taken their ease gracefully, or have inherited their fortune and are partial to idleness. It consorts ill with those who are still either continually and restlessly

in pursuit of the dollar or are engaged in the occupation of watching dollars automatically arrive.

我发现纽约一些商业办公室的墙上有一些给访客的言简意赅的忠告和不要因为无关紧要的事情而分心的劝诫,例如“直奔目的，切莫扎营”、“让昨天见鬼去吧”等等，但我怀疑仅凭这些踏实做事和拿破仑式效率的建议，美国商人就能像英国商人一样迅速、决断。美国办公室比英国办公室更多地谈论自传，美国人更多地准备开始而非着手去做。

One of the things, I take it, for Americans to learn is how to transform money into a friend. So many men who ought to be quietly rejoicing in their riches seem still to be anxious and acquisitive; so many men who have become suddenly wealthy seem to be allowing their gains to ruin their happiness. For the nation's good nearly every one, I fancy, has too much money.

然而我并不羡慕美国人不擅游手好闲和像他们伟大的民主诗人那样款待自己的灵魂。我觉得不熟悉扶手椅的生活是一种悲哀。那件家具，我们有理由认为，是旧文明时代的产物，当时男人要么赚了足够多的钱供其享受这种闲适，要么从先辈继承的财富使其能这样悠闲自得地生活。那些不知停歇地赚钱的人或职业是看着钞票自动流入的人不愿与这样的家具相连。快乐。为了整个民族，我觉得是不是几乎每个美国人的钱还是少点为好。

My experience is that England has almost everything to learn from America in the matter of hotels. I consider American second and thirdclass hotels to be better in many ways than our best. Every American restaurant, of each grade, is better than the English equivalent; the appointments are better, the food is served with more distinction and often is better too. When it comes to coffee, there is no comparison whatever: American coffee is the best in the world. Only quite recently has the importance of the complete suite entered the intelligence of the promoters of English hotels, and in myriads of these establishments, called first class, there is still but one bathroom to twenty rooms. Heating coils and hot and cold water in the rooms are even more rare: so rare as to be mentioned in the advertisements. Telephones in the rooms are rarer. In too many hotels in England there is still no light at the head of the bed. But we have certain advantages. For example, in English restaurants there is always something on the table to eat at once—hors d'oeuvres or bread and butter. In America there is too often nothing ready but iced water—an ungenial overture to any feast—and you must wait until your order has been taken. Other travellers, even Americans, have agreed with me that it would be more comfortable if the convention which decrees that the waiter shall bring everything together could be overruled. Something "to go on with" is a great ameliorative, especially when one is hungry and tired.

在酒店经营上，我的体会是英国几乎要在各个方面都向美国学习。我觉得美国二流和三流的酒店在很多方面都胜过我们一流的酒店。每一家美国酒店都比同一级别的英国酒店好：会见环境更好，提供的食物也非常不同而且通常都比英国的更好。至于咖啡，就更是不能比了：美国的咖啡是世界一流的。直到最近英国酒店的经营者才开始明白完整套间的重要性，但是在无数这些所谓的一流套间里，还是二十个房间共用一个浴室。房间里的加热盘管、冷热水更是少见—少见到值得写入广告。房间里的电话则还要少见。英国很多酒店里仍然没有床头灯。但是我们也有一些优点，比如：英国餐厅的桌上随时都有可以马上吃的食物—开胃菜或面包加黄油。而在美国除了冰水一杯—就餐前仅此而已—什么都没有，只能坐在那里等服务生来取你的菜单。其他游客，甚至美国人也赞同，如果能打破让侍者把菜一起端上来的惯例，一定会让人觉得更加舒服。“不断上菜”会让人舒服很多，尤其是当你感到饥饿疲惫的时候。

In thus commending American hotels over English it is, however, only right to admit that the American hotels are very much more expensive.

这样评论美国酒店优于英国酒店的前提当然要承认美国酒店贵得多。

While on the subject of eating, I would say that for all their notorious freedoms Americans have a better sense of order than we. Their policemen may carry their batons drawn, and even swing them with a certain insolent defiance or even provocation, but New York goes on its way with more precision and less disturbance than London, and every one is smarter, more alert. The suggestion of a living wage for all is constant. It is indeed on this sense of orderliness that the success of certain of the American time-saving appliances is built. The Automat restaurants, for example, where the customer gets all his requirements himself, would never do in London. The idea is perfect; but it requires the co-operation of the customer, and that is what we should fail to provide. The spotless cleanliness and mechanical exactitude of these places in New York would cease in London, and gradually they would decline and then disappear. At heart, we in England dislike wellmanaged places. Nor can I see New York's public distribution of hot water adopted in London. Such little geysers as expel steam at intervals through the roadway of Fifth Avenue will never, I fear, be found in Regent Street or Piccadilly. Our communism is very patchy.

关于吃，我要说尽管美国人的自由散漫是世人皆知的，但在吃上他们比我们更讲究秩序。美国的警察也许会拔出警棍，甚至傲慢或挑衅地挥舞警棍。但是纽约还是比伦敦发展得更加规范、有序，在这里每个人也更加机智、警惕。经常能感觉出来每个人都能拿到一份维持生计的薪水。实际上这种有序性是美国一些省时设备成功运行的基础。比如，在自助餐馆里，顾客可以自取所需，但这在伦敦是无法实现的。这个完美

的想法需要顾客的配合，而这正是我们无法做到的。纽约这些地方的清洁和秩序到了伦敦就会乱了套，这样它们便会逐渐衰败直至消失不见。我们英国人在内心里讨厌管理有序的地方。伦敦也没有采用纽约公共场所提供热水的方式。恐怕摄政街和皮卡迪里大道上都找不到第五大街上的这种时不时会喷出蒸汽的小间歇泉。共产主义在我们国家还不成气候。

There are some unexpected differences between America and England. It is odd, for instance, to find a nation from whom we get most of our tobacco and who have the reputation of even chewing cigars, with such strict rules against smoking. In the Music Halls, which are, as a rule, better than ours, smoking is permitted only in certain parts. Public decorum again is, I should say, more noticeable in an American than an English city, and yet both in San Francisco and New York I dined in restaurants—not late—between 7 and 8—and not furtive hole-incorner places,—where girls belonging to the establishment, wearing almost nothing at all, performed the latest dances, with extravagant and daring variations of them, among the tables. In London this kind of thing is unknown. In Paris it occurs only in the night cafes. It struck me as astonishing—and probably not at all to the good—that it should be an ordinary dinner accompaniment.

美国和英国还有很多让人意想不到的差别。比如，我们大量地从美国进口烟草，美国人咀嚼烟草也是出了名的，但是奇怪的是，他们却有很严格的禁烟制度。在音乐大厅（通常比我们的要好），只在某些区域允许吸烟。我必须要说美国的公共礼仪比英国城市做得更好，不过我在旧金山和纽约用餐的两家餐厅里—时间也不晚，七八点之间，也不是在哪个僻静的角落—都有受雇于餐厅的女孩，在餐桌间，穿着很少的衣服表演最流行的舞蹈，放纵、大胆地变换着舞姿。这样的事情在伦敦是没有的。在巴黎，也只会出现在深夜的咖啡厅里。普通餐厅竟然用这种表演作为陪席实在令我大吃一惊（当然绝不是什么好的惊异）。

I was asked while I was in America to set down some of the chief things that I missed. I might easily have begun with walking-sticks, for until I reached New York I seemed to be the only man in America who carried one, although a San Francisco friend confessed to sometimes "wearing a cane" on Sundays. I missed a Visitors' Book either at the British Embassy in Washington or at the White House. After passing through India, where one's first duty is to enter one's name in these volumes, it seemed odd that the same machinery of civility should be lacking. I missed any system of cleaning boots during the night, in the hotels; but I soon became accustomed to this, and rather enjoyed visiting the "shine parlours," in one of which was this crisp notice: "If you like our work, tell your friends; if you don't like it, tell us." I missed gum-chewing.

在美国的时候有人让我归纳一下我最怀念的事物。我很容易一开始

就想到手杖，因为到达纽约后我似乎是美国唯一拿着手杖的人，尽管一个旧金山的朋友坦言他自己有时会在星期天“带上拐杖”；我怀念英国驻华盛顿大使馆或白宫的那本访客登记簿。在印度旅行时，人们每到一处的第一件事情就是要把名字填到来访登记簿里，奇怪的是这一文明程序在美国竟然没有；晚上，我怀念酒店里所有的擦鞋服务；但是我很快就适应了，也很愿意去光顾“擦鞋室”，其中有一家写着这样一则轻快的告示：“如果你满意我们的工作，请转告你的朋友；如果你不满意，请直接告诉我们”；我怀念嚼口香糖。

But it was on returning to England that I began really to take notice. Then I found myself missing America's cleanliness, America's despatch, its hotel efficiency, its lashings of cream, its ice on every hand. All this at Liverpool! I missed later the petrol fountains all about the roads, a few of which I had seen in India, at which the motorist can replenish; but these surely will not be long in coming. I don't want England to be Americanised; I don't want America to cease to be a foreign country; but there are lessons each of us can learn.

但是返回英国后，我才真正开始留意。于是我就发现自己开始怀念美国的干净，美国的迅速，它酒店的效率，它的大量奶油以及每个人手里的冰激凌。要是这些都在利物浦该多好！接下来，我又开始怀念一路上都有的汽油罐，在印度我也见过一些，汽车司机可以去那里加油；但是这些东西很快就会来到。我不希望英国美国化。我希望美国继续是一个异域国度。但是我们可以相互学习经验。

If I were an American, although I travelled abroad now and then (and I hold that it is the duty of a man to see other lands but live in his own) I should concentrate on America. It is the country of the future. I am glad I have seen it and now know something—however slight—about it at first hand. I made many friends there and amassed innumerable delightful memories. But what is the use of eight weeks? I am ashamed not to have gone there sooner, and humiliated by the brevity of my stay. I have had the opportunity only to lift a thousand curtains, get a glimpse of the entertainment on the other side and drop them again. I should like to go there every other year and have time: time to make the acquaintance of a naturalist and learn from him the names of birds and trees and flowers; time to loiter in the byways; time to penetrate into deeper strata where intimacies strike root and the real discoveries are made; time to discern beneath the surface, so hard and assured, something fey, something wistful, the sense of tears.

如果我是一个美国人，尽管也会时不时去国外旅游（我觉得去国外旅游但住在国内是一个人的职责），但会把美国作为中心。这是一个有美好将来的国家。我很高兴自己见到了它，并了解了一些—尽管很少—第一手资料。我在那里交了很多朋友，积累了无数快乐的回忆。但是八个星期能做什么？我很惭愧自己没有早点去到那里，很羞愧自己只作了如此短暂的停留。我有机会拉开千重帷幕，刚瞥见了对面表演的一角，

却又放下了帷幕。我愿意每隔一年去那里一次，希望有时间结交一位博物学者，跟他讨教各种飞禽走兽、花草树木的名字；能有时间在小路上游逛；能有时间走进美国社会各阶层并广交朋友、了解实情；能有时间在那里深入实地地感受喜怒哀乐。

(1)金门公园，位于旧金山，占地1017英亩，横跨53条街，是世界最大的人工公园。

(2)布勒特·哈特(1836—1902)，美国作家、乡土派小说创始人之一。

(3)西奥多·罗斯福（1858—1919），美国第26任总统，共和党人，对内执行资源保护政策，对外执行“大棒政策”。

(4)伯克利大学，美国一所著名的公立大学，位于旧金山东湾伯克利市的山丘上。

(5)胡佛（1874—1964），美国第31任总统，共和党人。

(6)巴别，基督教《圣经》中城市名，诺亚的后代拟在此建通天塔，上帝怒其狂妄，使建塔人操不同的语言，塔因此终未建成。

(7)罗伯特·路易斯·斯蒂文森（1850—1894），英国作家，19世纪末新浪漫主义的代表，主要小说有《金银岛》、《化身博士》、《绑架》等。

(8)哈里·怀德纳（1885—1912），美国商人、藏书家，毕业于哈佛大学。

(9)彭斯（1759—1796），苏格兰诗人，主要用苏格兰方言写诗，优秀诗作有《自由树》、《一朵红红的玫瑰》等。

(10)沃尔特·司各特（1771—1832），英国苏格兰小说家、诗人，是历史小说首创者、浪漫主义运动的先驱，主要作品有长诗《湖上夫人》和历史小说《威弗利》等。

(11)埃文·科布（1876—1944），美国新闻记者、幽默作家。

(12)唐·马奎斯（1878—1937），美国记者、作家。

(13)奥利弗·赫福德（1863—1935），美国作家、艺术家、插图画家，被称作“美国的奥斯卡·王尔德”

(14)帕克，莎士比亚作品《仲夏夜之梦》中淘气的仙女。

(15)茂丘西奥，莎士比亚悲剧《罗密欧与朱丽叶》中的人物。

(16)兰姆（1775—1834），英国散文家、评论家。

(17)胡德（1799—1845），英国诗人，所写《衬衫之歌》成为社会抗议诗歌的典范，其幽默诗亦负盛名。

(18)霍贝玛（1638—1709），荷兰风景画家，一生默默无闻，直到20世纪才被公认为大画家，代表作有《密德哈尼斯林阴道》、《水车》。

(19)克劳德·莫奈（1840—1926），法国画家，印象派创始人和主要代表人物，代表作有《睡莲》、《鲁昂大教堂》、《帆船》等。

(20)乔赛亚·韦奇伍德（1730—1795），英国著名陶器工匠和制造商。

(21)乔治·英尼斯（1825—1894），19世纪美国著名风景画家。

(22)赫恩（1835—1913），美国收藏家。

(23)加尼特（1862—1946），英国女翻译家，向英美读者介绍俄罗斯文学名著。

(24)圣高登斯（1848—1907），美国雕刻家，以纪念雕像和浅浮雕造型著称。

(25)安东尼·韦恩（1745—1796），美国将领，后任陆军总司令。

(26)乔治·华盛顿（1732—1799），美国第一任总统，领导美国独立战争的大陆军总司令。

(27)安布罗斯·比尔斯（1842—1914），美国小说家、新闻工作者，专写以战争、死亡和恐怖为题材的讽刺小说。

(28)弗雷德里克·雷明顿（1861—1909），美国油画家、插图画家、雕刻家。

(29)华盛顿·欧文（1783—1859），美国作家，被称为“美国文学之父”，代表作为《见闻札记》。

(30)电影宫殿，电影院的旧称。

(31)弗兰克·廷尼（1878—1940），美国喜剧演员。

(32)诺玛·塔尔梅奇（1893—1957），无声电影时期著名的美国演员、电影制片人。

(33)基尔顿（1871—1940），英国著名野生摄影家。

(34)庞廷（1870—1935），英国摄影家。

(35)拉瓦特尔（1741—1801），瑞士神学家、诗人、相面术创立者。

(36)伍德罗·威尔逊（1856—1924），美国第28任总统，民主党人，领导美国参加第一次世界大战。

(37)鲁思（1895—1948），美国职业棒球运动员，绰号"Babe"，首批入选美国棒球荣誉厅的五人之一。

(38)《疲惫的商人》，1927年由罗伯特·麦高恩导演的无声喜剧短片。

(39)约翰·麦格劳（1873—1934），美国职业棒球运动员。

(40)圣约翰教堂，坐落在曼哈顿阿姆斯特丹大道，是1892年花1500

万美元兴建的世界最大的哥特式教堂。

(41)伍尔沃斯大楼，位于纽约市的一栋摩天大楼，属于新哥特式的建筑。

(42)卡斯·吉尔伯特（1859—1934），美国著名建筑师，伍尔沃斯摩天大楼的设计者。

(43)伦道夫·考尔德科特（1846—1886），英国艺术家、插图画家。

(44)凯特·格里纳韦（1846—1901），英国儿童插图画家、作家。

(45)济慈（1795—1821），英国诗人，19世纪早期英国浪漫主义运动代表诗人之一。

(46)雪莱（1792—1822），英国浪漫主义诗人，赞颂革命，抨击封建统治和传统。

(47)狄更斯（1812—1870），英国维多利亚时期著名的小说家。

(48)蒂芙尼公司，是一间美国珠宝和银饰公司，1837年由查尔斯·蒂芙尼和约翰·B·杨在纽约市创立，商店设在下曼哈顿区，是一间专门销售时尚商品的精品店。

(49)伦勃朗（1606—1669），欧洲17世纪的伟大画家。

(50)马奈（1832—1883），法国写实派与印象派画家。

(51)弗美尔（1632—1675），荷兰风俗画家，亦作肖像画和风景画。

(52)柯罗（1796—1875），法国画家，使法国风景画从传统的历史风景画过渡到现实主义风景画的代表人物。

(53)埃尔·格列柯（1541—1614），西班牙文艺复兴时期著名的幻想主义风格作家。

(54)多那太罗（1386—1466），意大利文艺复兴时期佛罗伦斯著名雕刻家。

(55)透纳（1775—1851），英国浪漫主义风景画家，著名的水彩画家和版画家。

(56)白色大道，百老汇，原名白色大道。

(57)伯爵宫，位于西伦敦的一个展览中心和娱乐场馆。

(58)奥林匹亚，位于伦敦的一个展览中心。

(59)布莱克浦，又名黑潭，位于英格兰西北部，是著名的现代休闲度假地。

(60)汉普特西斯公园，伦敦最大的一片古老绿地，占地面积约790英亩。

(61)越野障碍赛马乐园，纽约布鲁克林区科尼岛上1897年至1964年的一个娱乐公园。

(62)讷伊，法国巴黎西北郊的市镇。

(63)沃尔特·梅森（1867—1925），美国编辑、作家。

(64)唐·马奎斯（1878—1937），美国记者、作家。

(65)富兰克林·P.亚当斯（1881—1960），美国专栏作家。

(66)克里斯托弗·莫利（1890—1957），美国记者、小说家、散文家、诗人。

(67)美式蒲式耳比英式蒲式尔少3%。

(68)巴德·费希尔（1885—1954），美国漫画家。

(69)马修·阿诺德（1822—1888），英国维多利亚时代的诗人和评论家。

(70)马昆德（1819—1902），美国慈善家、收藏家。

(72)佛兰斯·哈尔斯（1580—1666），荷兰肖像画家和风俗画家。

(71)高庚（1848—1903），法国后期印象派画家，醉心于“原始主义”。

(73)贝利尼（1430—1516），意大利文艺复兴时期画家。

(74)摩根（1837—1913），美国金融家、银行家、艺术收藏家。

(75)奥尔特曼（1840—1913），美国商人、艺术收藏家。

(76)卡利斯提尼斯（公元前360—前328），希腊史学家，曾以史官身份追随亚历山大远征亚洲。

(77)亨廷顿（1850—1927），美国铁路大亨、商界领袖。

(78)弥尔顿（1608—1674），英国诗人，对18世纪诗人产生了深刻影响。

(79)杜莫里埃（1907—1989），英国作家、剧作家。

(80)培根（1561—1626），英国散文作家、哲学家、政治家。

(81)《道林·格雷》，即《道林·格雷的肖像》，由英国作家奥斯卡·王尔德创作，是极少数唯美主义小说之一。

(82)海涅（1797—1856），19世纪最重要的德国诗人。

(83)托马斯·卡莱尔（1795—1881），苏格兰散文作家和历史学家。

(84)拜伦（1788—1824），英国诗人、作家。

(85)约翰逊（1709—1784），英国文学评论家、诗人、散文家、传记家。

(86)富兰克林（1706—1790），美国著名政治家、科学家，同时亦是出版商、印刷商、记者、作家、慈善家。

(87)爱伦·坡（1809—1849），美国著名诗人、短篇小说作家、编辑和文学评论家，现代侦探小说的创始人。

(88)霍桑（1804—1864），美国小说家，其作品开创了美国象征小说的传统。

(89)爱默生（1803—1882），美国思想家、文学家，美国超验主义的代表。

(90)梭罗（1817—1862)，美国作家、哲学家，超验主义的代表人物，主张回归自然。

(91)洛威尔（1855—1916），美国天文学家、商人、作家和数学家。

(92)霍姆斯（1809—1894），美国医师，幽默作家，以《早餐桌上》闻名。

(93)惠特曼（1819—1892），美国著名诗人、人文主义者。

(94)《早餐桌上》，霍姆斯的散文集。

(95)鸽舍，威廉·华兹华斯故居。

(96)斯特拉特福，英国英格兰沃里克郡艾冯河畔斯特拉特福区的一个小镇，著名剧作家莎士比亚的故乡。

(97)约拿，《圣经·旧约》中的先知，乘船逃避上帝指派的任务，结果在海上遭遇风暴，被船上的水手们抛进海里。

(98)萨金特（1856—1925），美国画家，长期侨居伦敦，以肖像画著称，后致力于壁画和水彩画。

(99)温斯洛·霍默（1836—1910），美国画家，画工出身，以表现海景著称。

(100)W.M.蔡斯（1849—1916），美国印象派画家。

(101)亚瑟·B·戴维斯（1863—1928），美国画家，把欧洲现代派绘画介绍到美国。

(102)斯温·吉福德（1840—1905），美国风景画家。

(103)J.W.亚历山大（1856—1915），美国肖像画家、人物画家和插图画家。

(104)乔治·英尼斯（1825—1894），美国风景画家，善于描绘秋景。

(105)福里斯特·布拉什（1855—1941），美国人物画家、肖像画家。

(106)爱泼斯坦（1880—1959），出生于美国的英国肖像雕刻家。

(107)彭内尔（1857—1926），美国画家，擅长铜版画、石版画和书籍插画。

(108)E.A.艾比（1852—1911），美国插图画家，后定居英国。

(109)G.H.鲍顿（1834—1905），出生于英国的美国画家。

(110)惠斯勒（1834—1903），美国画家，长期侨居英国。

(111)马克·费希尔（1841—1923），美国画家。

(112)J.J.香农（1862—1923），美国艺术家，以肖像画著称。

(113)J.麦克卢尔·汉密尔顿（1853—1936），英美艺术家，以肖像画、人物画和插画著称。

(114)G.韦瑟比（1851—1920），著名画家，出生于美国，一生绝大部分居住在英国。

(115)吉尔伯特·斯图亚特（1755—1828），美国画家，开创美国独特肖像画风格。

(116)萨姆·沃尔特·福斯（1858—1911），美国图书管理员、诗人。

(117)威廉·佩恩（1644—1718），英国基督教新教贵格会领袖。

(118)A.爱德华·牛顿（1863—1940），美国作家、出版商、藏书家。

(119)柯蒂斯大厦，美国著名出版社之一柯蒂斯出版公司的总部所在。

(120)贵格会，基督教新教的一个派别，因一名早期领袖的号诫“听到上帝的话而发抖”而得名“贵格”，字面意思为“震颤者”。

(121)波塞冬，希腊神话中的海神，亦被称为大地的震撼者。

(122)吉拉德学院，美国费城的一家私立慈善学校。

(123)斯蒂芬·吉拉德（1750—1831），美国慈善家、银行家。

(124)圣经第十戒律为：不可贪恋人的房屋；也不可贪恋人的妻子、仆婢、牛驴、并其他一切所有的。

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某某人的行李

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Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
外语教学与研究出版社

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查尔斯·狄更斯（英） 著
张玥 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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CHAPTER I HIS LEAVING IT TILL CALLED FOR

第一章 留存待取

The writer of these humble lines being a Waiter, and having come of a family of Waiters, and owning at the present time five brothers who are all Waiters, and likewise an only sister who is a Waitress, would wish to offer a few words respecting his calling; first having the pleasure of hereby in a friendly manner offering the Dedication of the same unto JOSEPH, much respected Head Waiter at the Slamjam Coffee-house, London, E.C. , than which a individual more eminently deserving of the name of man, or a more amenable honour to his own head and heart, whether considered in the light of a Waiter or regarded as a human being, do not exist.

此篇陋作是一个茶房写的。他出身于茶房世家，目前他的五个弟弟都在当茶房，唯一的妹妹也是茶房，他想就他的职业说几句话。首先在此，他希望以友好的态度将此作献给约瑟夫，伦敦中东区斯拉姆杰姆咖啡馆的年高德劭的茶房领班。不论是从一个茶房的角度还是从做人的角度来看，没有人比他更配得上人这个称号，或者比他在才智与心肠方面更享有盛誉了。

In case confusion should arise in the public mind (which it is open to confusion on many subjects) respecting what is meant or implied by the term Waiter, the present humble lines would wish to offer an explanation.

为了不使“茶房”这个词的含义与内涵在公众的心目中引起混淆（在很多问题上都很容易产生这种混淆），此篇拙作希望可以给出关于这个词语的说明。

It may not be generally known that the person as goes out to wait is NOT a Waiter. It may not be generally known that the hand as is called in extra, at the Freemasons' Tavern, or the London, or the Albion, or otherwise, is NOT a Waiter. Such hands may be took on for Public Dinners by the bushel (and you may know them by their breathing with difficulty when in attendance, and taking away the bottle ere yet it is half out); but such are NOT Waiters. For you cannot lay down the tailoring, or the shoemaking, or the brokering, or the green-grocering, or the pictorial-periodicalling, or the second-hand wardrobe, or the small fancy businesses,—you cannot lay down those lines of life at your will and pleasure by the half-day or evening, and take up Waitering. You may suppose you can, but you cannot; or you may go so far as to say you do, but you do not. Nor yet can you lay down the gentleman's service when stimulated by prolonged

incompatibility on the part of Cooks (and here it may be remarked that Cooking and Incompatibility will be mostly found united), and take up Waitering. It has been ascertained that what a gentleman will sit meek under, at home, he will not bear out of doors, at the Slamjam or any similar establishment. Then, what is the inference to be drawn respecting true Waitering? You must be bred to it. You must be born to it.

并非所有的人都知道，出去等着给人端茶倒水的并不能称为茶房。也并非所有的人都知道，那些在共济会的客房里，或者在伦敦，英格兰等地忙不过来的时候叫的帮手也并非茶房。在举行一些盛大的宴会时，根据需求会找寻一些帮手（这些人很好识别，他们招呼客人的时候呼吸困难，酒瓶里的酒还有一半就给收走），但这些跑腿的算不得茶房。因为不管你是裁缝，是鞋匠，是经纪人，是卖蔬菜水果的，是给杂志画插图的，是做买卖二手衣物的，还是卖小玩意的，你都不能随心所欲地在某个中午或者晚上丢下这些活计，干起茶房来。你或许以为自己能，其实你不能；你甚至会以为自己行，其实你也不行。如果你在一位先生那里当帮佣，由于长期以来不能与厨子们友好相处（顺便说下，厨子总是很难相处的），你也不能一气之下就丢下差事，干起茶房来。有一点是肯定的，一个体面的人在家里可以低声下气、逆来顺受，但出了家门，在像斯拉姆杰姆咖啡馆这样的地方可绝对不会这样。那么，什么是真正意义上的茶房呢？你必须自幼就受这方面的熏陶。你必须生来就有这方面的天赋。

Would you know how born to it, Fair Reader,—if of the adorable female sex? Then learn from the biographical experience of one that is a Waiter in the sixty-first year of his age.

美丽的读者——如果您是一位可爱的女性的话——您可知道什么样才是生来就能干茶房吗？那您就从这个已经61岁的老茶房的平生经历中了解一下吧。

You were conveyed,—ere yet your dawning powers were otherwise developed than to harbour vacancy in your inside,—you were conveyed, by surreptitious means, into a pantry adjoining the Admiral Nelson, Civic and General Dining-Rooms, there to receive by stealth that healthful sustenance which is the pride and boast of the British female constitution. Your mother was married to your father (himself a distant Waiter) in the profoundest secrecy; for a Waitress known to be married would ruin the best of businesses,—it is the same as on the stage. Hence your being smuggled into the pantry, and that —to add to the infliction—by an unwilling grandmother. Under the combined influence of the smells of roast and boiled, and soup, and gas, and malt liquors, you partook of your earliest nourishment; your unwilling grandmother sitting prepared to catch you when your mother was called and dropped you; your grandmother's shawl ever ready to stifle your natural complainings; your innocent mind

surrounded by uncongenial cruets, dirty plates, dish-covers, and cold gravy; your mother calling down the pipe for veals and porks, instead of soothing you with nursery rhymes. Under these untoward circumstances you were early weaned. Your unwilling grandmother, ever growing more unwilling as your food assimilated less, then contracted habits of shaking you till your system curdled, and your food would not assimilate at all. At length she was no longer spared, and could have been thankfully spared much sooner. When your brothers began to appear in succession, your mother retired, left off her smart dressing (she had previously been a smart dresser), and her dark ringlets (which had previously been flowing), and haunted your father late of nights, lying in wait for him, through all weathers, up the shabby court which led to the back door of the Royal Old Dust-Bin (said to have been so named by George the Fourth), where your father was Head. But the Dust-Bin was going down then, and your father took but little,—excepting from a liquid point of view. Your mother's object in those visits was of a house-keeping character, and you was set on to whistle your father out. Sometimes he came out, but generally not. Come or not come, however, all that part of his existence which was unconnected with open Waitering was kept a close secret, and was acknowledged by your mother to be a close secret, and you and your mother flitted about the court, close secrets both of you, and would scarcely have confessed under torture that you know your father, or that your father had any name than Dick (which wasn't his name, though he was never known by any other), or that he had kith or kin or chick or child. Perhaps the attraction of this mystery, combined with your father's having a damp compartment, to himself, behind a leaky cistern, at the Dust-Bin,—a sort of a cellar compartment, with a sink in it, and a smell, and a plate-rack, and a bottle-rack, and three windows that didn't match each other or anything else, and no daylight,—caused your young mind to feel convinced that you must grow up to be a Waiter too; but you did feel convinced of it, and so did all your brothers, down to your sister. Every one of you felt convinced that you was born to the Waitering. At this stage of your career, what was your feelings one day when your father came home to your mother in open broad daylight,—of itself an act of Madness on the part of a Waiter,—and took to his bed (leastwise, your mother and family's bed), with the statement that his eyes were devilled kidneys. Physicians being in vain, your father expired, after repeating at intervals for a day and a night, when gleams of reason and old business fitfully illuminated his being, "Two and two is five. And three is sixpence." Interred in the parochial department of the neighbouring churchyard, and accompanied to the grave by as many Waiters of long standing as could spare the morning

time from their soiled glasses (namely, one), your bereaved form was attired in a white neckankecher, and you was took on from motives of benevolence at The George and Gridiron, theatrical and supper. Here, supporting nature on what you found in the plates (which was as it happened, and but too often thoughtlessly, immersed in mustard), and on what you found in the glasses (which rarely went beyond driblets and lemon), by night you dropped asleep standing, till you was cuffed awake, and by day was set to polishing every individual article in the coffee-room. Your couch being sawdust; your counterpane being ashes of cigars. Here, frequently hiding a heavy heart under the smart tie of your white neckankecher (or correctly speaking lower down and more to the left), you picked up the rudiments of knowledge from an extra, by the name of Bishops, and by calling plate-washer, and gradually elevating your mind with chalk on the back of the corner-box partition, until such time as you used the inkstand when it was out of hand, attained to manhood, and to be the Waiter that you find yourself.

在你其他能力尚未萌生，只知道填饱肚子的时候，你便被偷偷摸摸地带进纳尔逊海军上将纪念碑附近的大众餐馆的餐具间，在那儿偷偷地接受英国女性身体中值得自豪与炫耀的强身健体的养分。你的母亲嫁给你的父亲（他在别处当茶房）是万分机密的，因为一个女茶房如果被人知道她已婚的话，会对她的活计大大地不利——就如同舞台上的演员们一样。于是你被偷运进餐具间，而且——雪上加霜的是——带你去的祖母又极不情愿。在混合了烤肉、炖菜、汤汁、煤气和麦芽酒的气味中，你汲取了你最早期的养料；你的那位极不情愿的祖母坐在一旁，等着接住你，因为一旦你的母亲被唤走，就得把你放下；祖母的围巾随时准备捂住你自然的哭喊声；在你的周围是与你纯真的心灵极不相称的油盐酱醋、脏盘子、盘盖子，还有冷肉卤；你的母亲没有给你唱催眠曲抚慰你，而是天天尖声高喊牛排猪肉。处于这些不利的环境中，你早早的就断了奶。因为你变得消化不良，你那极不情愿的祖母变得更不耐烦了。她养成了不停地摇晃你的习惯，一直把你摇到消化系统失灵，根本不能消化食物。最终她也在劫难逃地死去了，若能再早点脱离苦海，就要谢天谢地了。随着你的弟弟们相继出世，你的母亲辞去了工作，从此脱下了她漂亮的衣服（她以前不管穿什么都很漂亮）也不再将乌黑的头发梳成小卷（以前，卷发总是在脑后晃来晃去的）。每到深夜，无论天气如何，她总是在北面的一个破院子里等着你的父亲，这个院子直通皇家垃圾箱饭店的后门（据说这个名字是乔治四世御赐的），你的父亲就在那里当领班。但是那个时候皇家垃圾箱饭店的生意已经开始走下坡路了，你的父亲挣得很少——除了在酒这个方面。你母亲多次探访的目的就是为了维持家用，她还派你去那里吹哨子，叫你的父亲出来。有些时候他出来，但是一般都不会出来。不管他出来不出来，他的这部分生活虽与公开的茶房活计毫无关系，也是要严守秘密的，对此你的母亲也非常赞同。你和你的母亲在院子里躲躲闪闪，严格保守秘密，即使被严刑逼供也不会承认你们认识你的父亲，或者承认他除了迪克这个名字之外还有

其他名字（迪克并不是他的真名，虽然人人都叫他迪克），也不会承认他有任何的亲人家属、老婆孩子。或许正是这种吸引人的神秘气氛，加上你父亲自己在垃圾箱饭店里所住的潮湿房间——它位于漏水的水箱后面，有点像地下室，室内有一个水槽，一股霉味，一只餐具架，一只酒瓶架，还有三扇彼此形状都不尽相同的窗户，没有一点光线——使得你年轻的心灵切实地感觉到你长大后也一定要当茶房，不光是你这样觉得，你的几个弟弟甚至你的妹妹都这样认为。你们每一个人都很确信你们生来就是当茶房的。在你人生的这个阶段，突然有一天，你的父亲在白日里回到了家中，来到你母亲身边，你会有什么样的感受？——这种行为对于茶房本身来说，无异于发疯——然后他躺在床上（也是你母亲与你全家人的床）说他的两只眼睛疼得就像蘸了芥末的腰子。医生也无能为力，你的父亲还是咽了气。他折腾了一天一夜，时而清醒，时而糊涂，念念不忘他的老本行，断断续续地念叨着："二加二等于五，三个是六便士"之类的胡话。他葬在附近的教区墓地上，那天上午，凡是干了一辈子这个行当又能暂时丢下手里脏杯子的，都去为他送了行（也就一个）。于是失去了父亲的你围上白围巾，在人们的关照下，被领入了乔治烤肉歌舞夜餐馆。在这里，你靠着盘子里的剩饭充饥（这也需要碰运气，通常不知为何，盘子里就剩下点芥末），渴了就喝点杯子里剩下的（一般就是几滴水和一片柠檬）。晚上，你站着站着就睡着了，直到被一巴掌打醒；到了白天，你又被指派去清洗咖啡馆里的每一件用品。你的床上铺满锯屑，床单上尽是雪茄烟灰。在这里，你的重重心事隐藏在白围巾挽成的漂亮领结下（准确地说是再靠下、靠左一点），你的额外收获是通过记住主教的名字、招呼洗碟子的人而掌握了一些入门知识。逐渐地，你开始在角落包厢的隔板背后用粉笔练字提高修养，直到你可以在没人用墨水的时候使用墨水，就这样，你慢慢长大，发现自己成了一个茶房。

I could wish here to offer a few respectful words on behalf of the calling so long the calling of myself and family, and the public interest in which is but too often very limited. We are not generally understood. No, we are not. Allowance enough is not made for us. For, say that we ever show a little drooping listlessness of spirits, or what might be termed indifference or apathy. Put it to yourself what would your own state of mind be, if you was one of an enormous family every member of which except you was always greedy, and in a hurry. Put it to yourself that you was regularly replete with animal food at the slack hours of one in the day and again at nine p.m., and that the repleter you was, the more voracious all your fellow-creatures came in. Put it to yourself that it was your business, when your digestion was well on, to take a personal interest and sympathy in a hundred gentlemen fresh and fresh (say, for the sake of argument, only a hundred), whose imaginations was given up to grease and fat and gravy and melted butter, and abandoned to questioning you about cuts of this, and dishes of that,—each of 'em going on as if him and you and the bill of fare was alone in the world. Then look what you

are expected to know. You are never out, but they seem to think you regularly attend everywhere. "What's this, Christopher, that I hear about the smashed Excursion Train?" "How are they doing at the Italian Opera, Christopher?" "Christopher, what are the real particulars of this business at the Yorkshire Bank?" Similarly a ministry gives me more trouble than it gives the Queen. As to Lord Palmerston, the constant and wearing connection into which I have been brought with his lordship during the last few years is deserving of a pension. Then look at the Hypocrites we are made, and the lies (white, I hope) that are forced upon us! Why must a sedentary-pursuited Waiter be considered to be a judge of horseflesh, and to have a most tremendous interest in horse-training and racing? Yet it would be half our little incomes out of our pockets if we didn't take on to have those sporting tastes. It is the same (inconceivable why!) with Farming.

在这里，我想就我的职业说一些恭敬的话。到目前为止，它仍是我自己与家人的职业，而一般很少有人对它感兴趣。一般来说，人们并不理解我们。是的，不理解。我们得不到足够的体谅。比如说，大家说我们经常是一副无精打采的样子，或者说我们漠不关心、冷冷冰冰。换作是你，除了自己以外，还有一大家子人在等吃等喝，你的精神状态会是怎样？你只能在下午一点和晚上九点生意清淡的时候吃点肉，而且只有越多的客人光顾，他们消费得越多，你才能吃到越多的肉。换作是你，你会怎样？正当你的消化欲望无比强烈的时候，你却不得不一遍又一遍地招呼一百位陆续光临的顾客（为了便于讨论，我就暂且说只有一百位），他们满脑子都在想黄油、肥肉、肉卤和黄油酱，不厌其烦地问你这块肉是什么肉，那盘菜叫什么菜，仿佛整个世界上只有你、他和菜单。换作是你，你会如何？那么再来看看你还需要掌握些什么知识。你从不离开餐厅到外面去，但是他们总是以为你无处不去。“克里斯托弗，我听说游览火车撞车了，这是怎么一回事？”“克里斯托弗，意大利歌剧院这几天演什么呢？”“克里斯托弗，约克郡银行的实际业务情况究竟怎么样啊？”同样地，内阁部门给我造成的麻烦比他们给女王的还多。至于帕默斯顿勋爵，在过去的几年中我时常为他提供服务，为他不辞辛苦，这让我都有资格得到一份补贴金了。再有，看看我们所充当的伪君子，以及我们不得不说的谎话（我希望是善意的谎言）！为什么一个每天候在店里被使唤的茶房必须会鉴定马的优劣，还要对驯马、赛马有着浓厚的兴趣？然而如果我们对于这些运动没有兴趣的话，我们口袋里的本就不多的小费就会减少一半。对于耕种也是这样（真是令人费解）。

Shooting, equally so. I am sure that so regular as the months of August, September, and October come round, I am ashamed of myself in my own private bosom for the way in which I make believe to care whether or not the grouse is strong on the wing (much their wings, or drumsticks either, signifies to me, uncooked!), and whether the partridges is plentiful among the turnips, and whether the pheasants is shy or bold, or anything else you please to mention.

打猎也是这样。我知道，如同八月、九月和十月总是依次到来一样，我在内心里一直深深为自己感到羞耻的，因为我必须装着十分关心松鸡的翅膀有没有长硬（多数时候是鸡翅，有时是鸡腿，仿佛它们对我来说很重要似的，何况还是没熟的！）；我还得假装非常关心芜菁地里的山鹑多不多，野鸡怕不怕人，或者你们随便提出的任何问题。

Yet you may see me, or any other Waiter of my standing, holding on by the back of the box, and leaning over a gentleman with his purse out and his bill before him, discussing these points in a confidential tone of voice, as if my happiness in life entirely depended on 'em.

然而你们会看到，当一位先生掏出钱包把账单拿到面前时，我或者我的同行就会把手搭在包厢隔板的背面，哈着腰，推心置腹地与他讨论着这些问题，仿佛这关系着我们生活中所有的幸福。

I have mentioned our little incomes. Look at the most unreasonable point of all, and the point on which the greatest injustice is done us! Whether it is owing to our always carrying so much change in our right-hand trousers-pocket, and so many halfpence in our coat-tails, or whether it is human nature (which I were loth to believe), what is meant by the everlasting fable that Head Waiters is rich? How did that fable get into circulation? Who first put it about, and what are the facts to establish the unblushing statement? Come forth, thou slanderer, and refer the public to the Waiter's will in Doctors' Commons supporting thy malignant hiss! Yet this is so commonly dwelt upon—especially by the screws who give Waiters the least—that denial is vain; and we are obliged, for our credit's sake, to carry our heads as if we were going into a business, when of the two we are much more likely to go into a union. There was formerly a screw as frequented the Slamjam ere yet the present writer had quitted that establishment on a question of teaing his assistant staff out of his own pocket, which screw carried the taunt to its bitterest height. Never soaring above threepence, and as often as not grovelling on the earth a penny lower, he yet represented the present writer as a large holder of Consols, a lender of money on mortgage, a Capitalist. He has been overheard to dilate to other customers on the allegation that the present writer put out thousands of pounds at interest in Distilleries and Breweries. "Well, Christopher," he would say (having grovelled his lowest on the earth, half a moment before), "looking out for a House to open, eh? Can't find a business to be disposed of on a scale as is up to your resources, humph?" To such a dizzy precipice of falsehood has this misrepresentation taken wing, that the well-known and highly-respected OLD CHARLES, long eminent at the West Country Hotel, and by some considered the Father of the Waitering, found himself under the obligation to fall into it through so many

years that his own wife (for he had an unbeknown old lady in that capacity towards himself) believed it! And what was the consequence? When he was borne to his grave on the shoulders of six picked Waiters, with six more for change, six more acting as pall-bearers, all keeping step in a pouring shower without a dry eye visible, and a concourse only inferior to Royalty, his pantry and lodgings was equally ransacked high and low for property, and none was found! How could it be found, when, beyond his last monthly collection of walking-sticks, umbrellas, and pocket-handkerchiefs (which happened to have been not yet disposed of, though he had ever been through life punctual in clearing off his collections by the month), there was no property existing? Such, however, is the force of this universal libel, that the widow of Old Charles, at the present hour an inmate of the Almshouses of the Cork-Cutters' Company, in Blue Anchor Road (identified sitting at the door of one of 'em, in a clean cap and a Windsor arm-chair, only last Monday), expects John's hoarded wealth to be found hourly! Nay, ere yet he had succumbed to the grisly dart, and when his portrait was painted in oils life-size, by subscription of the frequenters of the West Country, to hang over the coffee-room chimney-piece, there were not wanting those who contended that what is termed the accessories of such a portrait ought to be the Bank of England out of window, and a strong-box on the table. And but for better-regulated minds contending for a bottle and screw and the attitude of drawing,—and carrying their point,—it would have been so handed down to posterity.

我曾提到过我们微薄的收入。现在来看看最不合理的一点吧，这是我们所受到的最不公平的待遇！也许是由于我们右边口袋里总是装着不少零钱，也许是由于我们上衣后摆里总是放了不少半便士铜币，又或许是人类的本性（我不愿意相信是这样的），大家总是说茶房领班都很有钱，这到底是什么意思呢？这种流言是怎么流传起来的呢？是谁开的头，他又凭什么说出这些不知脸红的话呢？站出来，你这个造谣诽谤的家伙，将法院公证过的茶房的遗嘱拿来给大家看看，来证明你的恶言呀！然而谣言流传得如此之广——尤其是在那些给茶房小费最少的那些吝啬鬼们中间——否认也白搭；为了我们自己的面子，我们不得不抬头挺胸装出一副如果有人愿意，我们就会合伙和他做生意的势头。原先这里有个经常光顾斯拉姆杰姆咖啡馆的小气鬼。那时候，现在的笔者还没有因为自己掏腰包请手下人喝茶而离开斯拉姆杰姆咖啡馆，那个小气鬼总是对我们横加嘲讽。他给的小费从没超过三便士，也从不愿多掏一便士，然而他却说我的手里持有大量的统一公债券，还放高利贷，是个资本家。有人无意中听到他夸大其辞地对别的顾客宣称，我将数千英镑放贷给酿造房和啤酒厂，从中收取利息。“好啊，克里斯托弗，“他总对我说（就在刚刚给了很少的小费之后），“找个店面开张怎么样啊？”“怎么，凭你的财力，还找不到合适的投资项目吗？”总之，谣言像长了翅膀似的满天飞，弄得人们头晕目眩，难辨真伪，以至于那位德高望重、在

西城旅馆久负盛誉、甚至被一些人看作是茶房之父的老查尔斯这么多年来也辩解不清，甚至他的妻子（他也有一位不为人知的老太太在为他履行妻子的职责）都信以为真。那么结果又如何呢？他下葬时，有六个被选中的茶房抬着他，身后还有六个等着替换的，六个护柩的，所有的人痛哭流涕，没有一只眼睛是干的，这样的送葬规模仅次于皇家待遇。回来后，他的餐具室和住处也被上上下下搜索了一遍，却什么也没找到。怎么能够找到？他的遗物除了上个月捡到的一根拐杖、几把伞和一些手绢（恰好是他还没有处理掉的，他这一生总是每月定时清理这些东西），再无它物。这就是无处不在的诽谤的力量。老查尔斯的遗孀目前尽管已经住进了位于蓝锚路上的软木塞开发公司的养老院，（上周一我还在养老院门口看见过她，她带着整洁的帽子，与其他人一起坐在温莎扶手椅里），仍然在想着说不定哪一天就会找到约翰藏的财宝呢！不仅如此，在他化为尘埃之前，西城饭店的常客们就凑钱为他画了一幅真人大小的油画挂在餐厅的壁炉架上。有些客人表示不喜欢，他们挑刺说，这幅画应该多一些衬托的东西，比如在窗外画上英格兰银行或者在桌子上画上保险箱等等。但也有一些脑子比较清醒的人指出，画里应该增添一个瓶子、塞子、以及拔塞子的姿态，这些人的观点得以通过，这才没有使得这幅画按照那个样子流传下来。

I am now brought to the title of the present remarks. Having, I hope without offence to any quarter, offered such observations as I felt it my duty to offer, in a free country which has ever dominated the seas, on the general subject, I will now proceed to wait on the particular question.

现在我得回到正题上来了。我无意冒犯任何其他行业中的人，我所说的话仅是我的职责所在。在这个号称海上霸主的自由国度里，我将继续就这个问题加以说明。

At a momentous period of my life, when I was off, so far as concerned notice given, with a House that shall be nameless,—for the question on which I took my departing stand was a fixed charge for waiters, and no House as commits itself to that eminently Un-English act of more than foolishness and baseness shall be advertised by me,—I repeat, at a momentous crisis, when I was off with a House too mean for mention, and not yet on with that to which I have ever since had the honour of being attached in the capacity of Head, I was casting about what to do next. Then it were that proposals were made to me on behalf of my present establishment. Stipulations were necessary on my part, emendations were necessary on my part: in the end, ratifications ensued on both sides, and I entered on a new career.

在我人生中的一个至关重要的阶段，有消息传来说我被解雇了，至于是哪个餐馆解雇的，就不用说了，因为之所以被解雇也无非是那些常用的借口，而我对那些行为愚蠢、卑鄙至极，且不符合英国人情的餐馆，我是不会为之作宣传的——我再说一遍，在我人生的一个重要转折时刻，当我离开了一个无须再提的卑鄙餐馆，还没有到我后来有幸担任

茶房领班的那家餐厅上班的时候，我开始考虑今后要做些什么。有人代表现在的这家餐厅向我提出邀请。我提出了必要的条件，并做了必要的补充。最后，我们签订了合同，我进入了一个崭新的职业生涯。

We are a bed business, and a coffee-room business. We are not a general dining business, nor do we wish it. In consequence, when diners drop in, we know what to give 'em as will keep 'em away another time. We are a Private Room or Family business also; but Coffee-room principal. Me and the Directory and the Writing Materials and cetrer occupy a place to ourselves—a place fended of up a step or two at the end of the Coffee-room, in what I call the good old-fashioned style. The good old-fashioned style is, that whatever you want, down to a wafer, you must be olely and solely dependent on the Head Waiter for. You must put yourself a new-born Child into his hands. There is no other way in which a business untinged with Continental Vice can be conducted. (It were bootless to add, that if languages is required to be jabbered and English is not good enough, both families and gentlemen had better go somewhere else.)

我们提供住宿，也提供餐饮。我们经营的不是一般的餐饮，也不愿经营一般性餐饮。每当有食客光顾时，我们知道怎样打发他们，让他们下次再也不来了。我们有私人包厢，也有家庭式聚餐，但以卖酒为主。我在餐厅的一头单独占据一块地方，里面放着人名地址簿和笔墨纸张等，这个围起来的空间在餐厅一头，高出周围一两个台阶，四周用栏杆围着，我把它叫做美好的老式风格。这美好的老式风格指的是不管你要什么，甚至是一张封信的胶条，你也必须找茶房领班要。你必须把自己当成他手里一个刚出生的婴儿，什么都得依靠他。任何一家生意要想不沾染欧洲大陆上的恶习，就再无别的方式可选。（毋须一提的是，如果一定要用语言表达而英语又不够好的话，请诸位太太、小姐和先生们最好到别处用餐。）

When I began to settle down in this right-principled and well-conducted House, I noticed, under the bed in No. 24B (which it is up a angle off the staircase, and usually put off upon the lowly-minded), a heap of things in a corner.

当我开始在这个有着良好规则且经营有方的旅店安顿下来后，我注意到，在24B室（它位于楼梯上面的一个拐角处，通常住的都是一些没什么身份的人），床下的角落里有一堆东西。

I asked our Head Chambermaid in the course of the day,

白天上班的时候，我问了下负责收拾客房的侍女领班：

"What are them things in 24 B?”

“24B室里放着什么东西啊？”

To which she answered with a careless air, "Somebody's

Luggage."

对于这个问题，她漫不经心地回答说：“某某人的行李。”

Regarding her with a eye not free from severity, I says, "Whose Luggage?"

我很严厉地看了她一眼，说：“谁的行李？”

Evading my eye, she replied,

她避开我的目光回答道：

"Lor! How should I know!"

“啊！那我怎么知道！”

—Being, it may be right to mention, a female of some pertness, though acquainted with her business.

应该说一下，她是一个相当没礼貌的家伙，尽管干活还比较娴熟。

A Head Waiter must be either Head or Tail. He must be at one extremity or the other of the social scale. He cannot be at the waist of it, or anywhere else but the extremities. It is for him to decide which of the extremities.

当茶房领班就得有领头的样子，否则就得跟在别人后面当尾巴。在社会等级中，他必须站在这头或者那头。不能在中间，只能在两头。他得自己决定到底要站在哪一头。

On the eventful occasion under consideration, I give Mrs. Pratchett so distinctly to understand my decision, that I broke her spirit as towards myself, then and there, and for good. Let not inconsistency be suspected on account of my mentioning Mrs. Pratchett as "Mrs.," and having formerly remarked that a waitress must not be married. Readers are respectfully requested to notice that Mrs. Pratchett was not a waitress, but a chambermaid. Now a chambermaid MAY be married; if Head, generally is married,—or says so. It comes to the same thing as expressing what is customary. (N.B. Mr. Pratchett is in Australia, and his address there is "the Bush.")

在那个关键时刻，我让普拉谢特太太清清楚楚地明白了我的魄力，不仅当时挫了她的锐气，而且让她以后不敢在我面前嚣张。当我称呼普拉谢特太太为“太太”的时候，大家请不要怀疑我的前后论调不一致，因为我前面提到过一个女茶房是不能结婚的。在这里我礼貌地提醒各位读者，我先前说了普拉谢特太太是收拾客房的侍女，而不是茶房。侍女是可以结婚的；侍女的领头一般都是结了婚的——或者据说是结过婚的。所以根据习惯一般都是这么称呼她们的。（注：普拉谢特先生目前在澳大利亚，他在那里的住址是“丛林”。）

Having took Mrs. Pratchett down as many pegs as was essential to

the future happiness of all parties, I requested her to explain herself.

为了保证以后大家能够和平相处，我得现在就制住普拉谢特太太，于是我要求她做出解释。

"For instance," I says, to give her a little encouragement, "who is Somebody?"

“比如说，”我说道，稍微提示了一下她，“谁是某某人啊？”

"I give you my sacred honour, Mr. Christopher," answers Pratchett, "that I haven't the faintest notion."

“我用我神圣的名誉担保，克里斯托弗先生，”普拉谢特回答道：“我真的一点都不知道。”

But for the manner in which she settled her cap-strings, I should have doubted this; but in respect of positiveness it was hardly to be discriminated from an affidavit.

如果不是看到她整理帽带的姿势，我会对她的话有所怀疑，但是就可信度而言，她的话与宣誓书相差无几。

"Then you never saw him?" I followed her up with.

“那么你从来没见过他了？”我又追问了一句。

"Nor yet," said Mrs. Pratchett, shutting her eyes and making as if she had just took a pill of unusual circumference,—which gave a remarkable force to her denial,—"nor yet any servant in this house. All have been changed, Mr. Christopher, within five year, and Somebody left his Luggage here before then."

“没有。”普拉谢特太太闭上了眼睛说道，那样子就像是刚吞吃下了一个巨大的药丸——为她的否认增添了不小的可信度——“而且这家旅店的任何一个佣人都没见过。克里斯托弗先生，五年之间什么都改变了，而某某人是在五年之前就把行李放在这里的。“

Inquiry of Miss Martin yielded (in the language of the Bard of A.1.) "confirmation strong." So it had really and truly happened. Miss Martin is the young lady at the bar as makes out our bills; and though higher than I could wish considering her station, is perfectly well-behaved.

询问马丁小姐的（用A.1.公路上吟游诗人的话来说）结论就是“确实如此”。看来是确有此事了。马丁小姐是酒吧里的年轻小姐，负责给我们开账单。尽管她的地位比我要高——对此我不得不承认——她一向行为端正。

Farther investigations led to the disclosure that there was a bill against this Luggage to the amount of two sixteen six. The Luggage had been lying under the bedstead of 24 B over six year. The bedstead

is a four-poster, with a deal of old hanging and valance, and is, as I once said, probably connected with more than 24 Bs,—which I remember my hearers was pleased to laugh at, at the time.

进一步的调查使我了解到，这个行李关乎到一张两英镑十六先令六便士的账单。这个行李放在24B室的床架子下已经六年多了。这个床架子有四根柱子，周围是一些老式的帷幔和挂布，我曾经说过，它应该不只与24B室有关——我记得我当时说起的时候他们都笑了。

I don't know why,—when DO we know why?—but this Luggage laid heavy on my mind. I fell a wondering about Somebody, and what he had got and been up to. I couldn't satisfy my thoughts why he should leave so much Luggage against so small a bill. For I had the Luggage out within a day or two and turned it over, and the following were the items:—A black portmanteau, a black bag, a desk, a dressing-case, a brown-paper parcel, a hat-box, and an umbrella strapped to a walking-stick. It was all very dusty and fluey. I had our porter up to get under the bed and fetch it out; and though he habitually wallows in dust,—swims in it from morning to night, and wears a close-fitting waistcoat with black calamanco sleeves for the purpose,—it made him sneeze again, and his throat was that hot with it that it was obliged to be cooled with a drink of Allsopp's draft.

我不知道为什么——我们又有什么时候知道过呢？——这些行李一直沉甸甸地压在我的心上。我很纳闷这个某某人到底是谁，他为什么要这么做。我想不通他为什么会为了这么一点点钱放弃这么些行李。因为一两天后，我就把这行李取出来翻了个遍，下面所列就是里面的东西：一只黑色旅行皮包，一个黑色袋子，一个文具箱，一个梳妆盒，一只牛皮纸包，一只帽匣，还有一把雨伞与一根手杖绑在一起。它们全都积满了灰尘，像蓄了一层毛。我让脚夫钻进床底把它取了出来，尽管他已经习惯了吞咽灰尘——从早到晚游弋于灰尘之中，还专门为此穿了件紧身背心，带着黑色的毛呢袖套——灰尘还是呛得他打了几个喷嚏，他的喉咙也是火辣辣的，最后不得不喝了一大杯奥尔索普清凉水。

The Luggage so got the better of me, that instead of having it put back when it was well dusted and washed with a wet cloth,—previous to which it was so covered with feathers that you might have thought it was turning into poultry, and would by-and-by begin to Lay,—I say, instead of having it put back, I had it carried into one of my places downstairs. There from time to time I stared at it and stared at it, till it seemed to grow big and grow little, and come forward at me and retreat again, and go through all manner of performances resembling intoxication. When this had lasted weeks,—I may say months, and not be far out,—I one day thought of asking Miss Martin for the particulars of the Two sixteen six total. She was so obliging as to extract it from the books,—it dating before her time,—and here follows a true copy:

这堆行李总是让我惦记，我没有把它放回原处，而是把上面的灰尘掸了掸，又用湿布把它擦干净——在此之前，它积满灰尘，像长了羽毛一样，你会以为这是一群家禽，不久以后就会孵出蛋了——我是说，我没有把这行李放回去，而是把它搬进楼下一间我的屋子里了。我时不时地盯着它看，看着看着，它似乎一会变大，一会又变小，一会在向我走来，一会又退回去了，像醉酒一样表演着各种各样的姿态。当这种状况持续了几个礼拜后——也可以说几个月，不会相差太多——有一天，我突然想到去找马丁小姐要回这份总额为两镑十六先令六便士的账单，看看其中的明细。她很热心地帮我从账本上抄了一份来——还是她管账以前的账本，——这里是一份精确的副本：

Coffee-Room. 1856. No. 4 Pounds s. d. Feb.2d, Pen and Paper 0 0 6 Port Negus 0 2 0 Ditto 0 2 0 Pen and paper 0 0 6 Tumbler broken 0 2 6 Brandy 0 2 0 Pen and paper 0 0 6 Anchovy toast 0 2 6 Pen and paper 0 0 6 Bed 0 3 0 Feb.3d, Pen and paper 0 0 6 Breakfast 0 2 6 Broiled ham 0 2 0 Eggs 0 1 0 Watercresses 0 1 0 Shrimps 0 1 0 Pen and paper 0 0 6 Blotting-paper 0 0 6 Messenger to Paternoster Row and back 0 1 6 Again, when No Answer 0 1 6 Brandy 2s., Devilled Pork chop 2s. 0 4 0 Pens and paper 0 1 0 Messenger to Albemarle Street and back 0 1 0 Again (detained), when No Answer 0 1 6 Salt-cellar broken 0 3 6 Large Liquour-glass Orange Brandy 0 1 6 Dinner, Soup, Fish, Joint, and bird 0 7 6 Bottle old East India Brown 0 8 0 Pen and paper 0 0 6 2 16 6

餐馆1856年 四号桌镑 先令 便士 2月2号 笔和纸 0 0 6 尼格斯酒 0 2 0 同上 0 2 0 笔和纸 0 0 6 打碎玻璃杯一只 0 2 6 白兰地 0 2 0 笔和纸 0 0 6 凤尾鱼吐司 0 2 6 笔和纸 0 0 6 住宿 0 3 02月3号 笔和纸 0 0 6 早餐 0 2 6 烤火腿 0 2 0 鸡蛋 0 1 0 水田芥 0 1 0 虾 0 1 0 笔和纸 0 6 0 吸水纸 0 0 6 派脚夫去念珠街来回 0 1 6 无答复，再去一次 0 1 6 2先令白兰地 2先令辣猪排 0 4 0 笔和纸 0 1 6 派脚夫去阿尔比马尔接来回 0 1 0 无答复 0 1 6 打破盐瓶一只 0 3 6 橘子白兰地甜酒一大杯 0 1 6晚餐、汤、鱼、大块肉、家禽0 7 6东印度红陈酒一瓶 0 8 0 笔和纸 0 0 6 1 6 6

Mem. : January 1st, 1857. He went out after dinner, directing luggage to be ready when he called for it. Never called.

附记：1857年1月1日，此人饭后外出，交代说日后前来领取行李，但自此再没前来。

So far from throwing a light upon the subject, this bill appeared to me, if I may so express my doubts, to involve it in a yet more lurid halo. Speculating it over with the Mistress, she informed me that the luggage had been advertised in the Master's time as being to be sold after such and such a day to pay expenses, but no farther steps had been taken. (I may here remark, that the Mistress is a widow in her fourth year. The Master was possessed of one of those unfortunate

constitutions in which Spirits turns to Water, and rises in the ill-starred Victim.)

看了这个账单，不但没有使我明白这件事情，反而似乎（如果我可以这样表达我的疑虑的话）使我更迷惑不解了。我跟老板娘说起这件事，她告诉我，早在老板在世的时候，曾就这些行李贴过告示，说如果在若干天之内不前来领取就将行李卖掉以交付拖欠费用，但是后来一直也没有采取进一步的行动。（这里我说一声，我们的老板娘守寡已经四年了。我们的老板沾染了一种不幸的病，使得酒精对于他来说跟水没什么区别，并最终不幸成了其牺牲品。）

My speculating it over, not then only, but repeatedly, sometimes with the Mistress, sometimes with one, sometimes with another, led up to the Mistress's saying to me,—whether at first in joke or in earnest, or half joke and half earnest, it matters not:

我不停地猜测这件事，不仅在那时，之后也一再如此。有时候跟老板娘说，有时候又跟这个人、那个人说，最后老板娘对我说——不管她起先是开玩笑还是当真，或半开玩笑半当真，这些都无所谓：

"Christopher, I am going to make you a handsome offer."

“克里斯托弗，我有一个很好的提议。”

(If this should meet her eye,—a lovely blue,—may she not take it ill my mentioning that if I had been eight or ten year younger, I would have done as much by her! That is, I would have made her a offer. It is for others than me to denominate it a handsome one.)

（如果她的眼睛——那可爱的蓝眼睛——看到这些文字，希望她不要生气。我想说，如果我年轻八到十岁的话，我会对她有个提议。也就是说，我会向她求婚。别人一定会说这才是个很好的提议。）

"Christopher, I am going to make you a handsome offer."

“克里斯托弗，我有个很好的提议。”

"Put a name to it, ma'am."

“请说，太太。”

"Look here, Christopher. Run over the articles of Somebody's Luggage. You've got it all by heart, I know."

“克里斯托弗，你看。你不妨将某某人的行李数上一遍。我知道，你心里全都记得。”

"A black portmanteau, ma'am, a black bag, a desk, a dressing-case, a brown-paper parcel, a hat-box, and an umbrella strapped to a walking-stick.”

“是的，太太。一只黑色旅行皮包，一只黑袋子，一个文具箱、一个梳妆盒，一个牛皮纸包，一只帽匣，捆扎在一起的一把雨伞和一根手

杖。”

"All just as they were left. Nothing opened, nothing tampered with."

“一切都跟当时留下时一模一样。没有被打开，也没有被翻乱。”

"You are right, ma'am. All locked but the brown-paper parcel, and that sealed.”

“是的，太太。除了那个牛皮纸包贴了封条外，其余的都上了锁。”

The Mistress was leaning on Miss Martin's desk at the bar-window, and she taps the open book that lays upon the desk,—she has a pretty-made hand to be sure,—and bobs her head over it and laughs.

老板娘斜靠在酒柜窗口、马丁小姐的帐桌边，用手指敲打桌子上摊开的账本——她的手确实很漂亮——她微微点了点头，笑了。

"Come," says she, "Christopher. Pay me somebody's bill, and you shall have somebody's Luggage."

“这样吧，”她说，“克里斯托弗，你把某某人的帐付了，就能拿走这些行李。”

I rather took to the idea from the first moment; but, "It mayn't be worth the money," I objected, seeming to hold back.

一开始我觉得这主意不错。但是，“它可能不值这个钱。”我拒绝了，表现得有些犹豫。

"That's a Lottery," says the Mistress, folding her arms upon the book,—it ain't her hands alone that's pretty made, the observation extends right up her arms. "Won't you venture two pound sixteen shillings and sixpence in the Lottery? Why, there's no blanks!" says the Mistress; laughing and bobbing her head again, "you MUST win. If you lose, you must win! All prizes in this Lottery! Draw a blank, and remember, Gentlemen-Sportsmen, you'll still be entitled to a black portmanteau, a black bag, a desk, a dressing-case, a sheet of brown paper, a hat-box, and an umbrella strapped to a walking-stick!”

“这就跟抽彩票一样。”老板娘说着，将手臂交叠放在账本上，不光是她的手漂亮，她的胳膊也很美。“你难道不愿意用两镑十六先令六便士赌一把吗？你想，你不会空手而归的！”老板娘说道，又一次点点头笑了，“你一定会赢的。即使你输了，你也会中奖的！因为这张彩票的所有奖品都在这里！即使落空，你想想，玩赌博的先生，你仍然可以得到一只黑色旅行皮包，一只黑袋子，一个文具箱，一只梳妆盒，一张牛皮纸，一只帽匣，捆扎在一起的一把雨伞和一根手杖。”

To make short of it, Miss Martin come round me, and Mrs. Pratchett come round me, and the Mistress she was completely round me already, and all the women in the house come round me, and if it

had been Sixteen two instead of Two sixteen, I should have thought myself well out of it. For what can you do when they do come round you?

简单地说，马丁小姐来劝我，普拉谢特太太也来劝我，老板娘更别说了，屋子里的所有女人们都在劝我，这使得我感觉即使不是两镑十六先令而是十六镑两先令，这也会是一笔好买卖。当大家都劝你的时候，你还能怎么做呢？

So I paid the money—down—and such a laughing as there was among 'em! But I turned the tables on 'em regularly, when I said:

于是我付了钱，她们可是乐了半天。不过，我却转败为胜了，我说：

"My family-name is Blue-Beard. I'm going to open Somebody's Luggage all alone in the Secret Chamber, and not a female eye catches sight of the contents!"

“我的姓可是蓝胡子。我要一个人在密室里打开这个行李，没有哪个女人能看到里面有什么。”

Whether I thought proper to have the firmness to keep to this, don't signify, or whether any female eye, and if any, how many, was really present when the opening of the Luggage came off. Somebody's Luggage is the question at present: Nobody's eyes, nor yet noses.

不管我坚持自己一个人看是否合适，也不管有没有女人的眼睛，要是有的话，会有多少女人的眼睛在我打开行李的时候在场，这些都无关紧要。眼前我只关心某某人的行李，而不是某某人的眼睛，更不是某某人的鼻子。

What I still look at most, in connection with that Luggage, is the extraordinary quantity of writing-paper, and all written on! And not our paper neither,—not the paper charged in the bill, for we know our paper,—so he must have been always at it. And he had crumpled up this writing of his, everywhere, in every part and parcel of his luggage. There was writing in his dressing-case, writing in his boots, writing among his shaving-tackle, writing in his hat-box, writing folded away down among the very whalebones of his umbrella.

当我打开行李，最使我目瞪口呆的是，里面有好些写字纸，每一张纸上都写得满满的。他用的纸不是我们的纸——不是账单上记的从我们这里买的纸，因为我认识我们的纸——所以他一定是经常用这种纸写字的。他把写好的纸夹的到处都是，放在他的每一件行李和每一件物品中。他的梳妆盒里有这种纸，靴子里有这种纸，剃须盒里、帽匣里、甚至雨伞的鲸须架子里也夹有这种纸。

His clothes wasn't bad, what there was of 'em. His dressing-case was poor,—not a particle of silver stopper,—bottle apertures with

nothing in 'em, like empty little dog-kennels,—and a most searching description of tooth-powder diffusing itself around, as under a deluded mistake that all the chinks in the fittings was divisions in teeth. His clothes I parted with, well enough, to a second-hand dealer not far from St. Clement's Danes, in the Strand,—him as the officers in the Army mostly dispose of their uniforms to, when hard pressed with debts of honour, if I may judge from their coats and epaulets diversifying the window with their backs towards the public. The same party bought in one lot the portmanteau, the bag, the desk, the dressing-case, the hat-box, the umbrella, strap, and walking-stick. On my remarking that I should have thought those articles not quite in his line, he said: "No more ith a man'th grandmother, Mithter Chrithtopher; but if any man will bring hith grandmother here, and offer her at a fair trifle below what the'll feth with good luck when the'th thcoured and turned—I'll buy her!"

他有几件衣服看起来不算太差。可他的梳妆盒却很寒酸——连个银质的鼻烟盖都没有，鼻烟瓶的瓶口敞开着，里面什么也没有，就像是一个个空空的小狗窝——一股刺鼻的牙粉味弥漫在四周，给人一种错觉，似乎一条条梳妆盒的缝隙就是牙缝一般。我以不错的价钱将他的衣服卖给了位于滨河路上离圣克莱门特丹麦区教堂不远的一个二手衣店，那里常有军人们为了不丢面子、必须还债的时候去卖掉制服，这一点只要从它背对着公众的橱窗里所挂的各种各样的军服上装和肩章便可了解。这家二手衣店的老板还一股脑地买下了旅行皮包、手袋、书桌、梳妆盒、帽匣、雨伞、皮带，还有手杖。我说我还以为这些东西不是他收的类型，他却说：“这就像买下别人的祖母一样。但是，克里斯托弗先生，如果有人将他的祖母带到这里来，要价合理，我把她收拾干净能卖钱的话，我也会买下她。”

These transactions brought me home, and, indeed, more than home, for they left a goodish profit on the original investment. And now there remained the writings; and the writings I particular wish to bring under the candid attention of the reader.

这笔交易让我收回了本钱，实际上收回的比本钱还多，因为不仅收回了本，还有不少利润。现在就剩下这些写着字的纸了，我尤其想跟热心的读者们说说这些纸。

I wish to do so without postponement, for this reason. That is to say, namely, viz. i.e., as follows, thus:—Before I proceed to recount the mental sufferings of which I became the prey in consequence of the writings, and before following up that harrowing tale with a statement of the wonderful and impressive catastrophe, as thrilling in its nature as unlooked for in any other capacity, which crowned the ole and filled the cup of unexpectedness to overflowing, the writings themselves ought to stand forth to view. Therefore it is that they now come next. One word to introduce them, and I lay down my pen (I

hope, my unassuming pen) until I take it up to trace the gloomy sequel of a mind with something on it.

基于这个原因，我不想有任何的耽搁。换而言之，那就是说，即如下所述：在我谈到这些纸张带给我的精神折磨之前，在我提起这个极度可怕、骇人听闻的灾难之前——它在本质上如此令人毛骨悚然，在其他方面也出人意料，让事情变幻莫测、难以驾驭——我得先说说这些纸张。因此它们得先出场了。对它们稍作介绍之后，我就得放下笔了（但愿这是一支谦逊的笔），直到我能够重新拿起，来追溯那满腹心事带来的抑郁后果。

He was a smeary writer, and wrote a dreadful bad hand. Utterly regardless of ink, he lavished it on every undeserving object—on his clothes, his desk, his hat, the handle of his tooth-brush, his umbrella. Ink was found freely on the coffee-room carpet by No. 4 table, and two blots was on his restless couch. A reference to the document I have given entire will show that on the morning of the third of February, eighteen fifty-six, he procured his no less than fifth pen and paper. To whatever deplorable act of ungovernable composition he immolated those materials obtained from the bar, there is no doubt that the fatal deed was committed in bed, and that it left its evidences but too plainly, long afterwards, upon the pillow-case.

这位先生喜欢东涂西抹，字也难看得很。他从不惜墨，将墨水到处涂抹，甚至是不该涂抹的地方——衣服上、书桌上、帽子上、牙刷柄上、还有雨伞上。餐厅里四号桌的地毯上也可见其墨迹，他辗转不眠的床上也有两块墨渍。查一下我前面所给的全份账单便可知晓，在1856年的2月3号早晨，这位先生索要了五次笔和纸。不论是出于什么难以抑制的情感，他将从酒吧柜台上索要来的材料都奉献给了这种可怜的行为，毫无疑问，这些至关重要的行为是在床上完成的，这一点有太多的证据显示，因为即使过了很长时间，枕头上的墨渍仍然是清晰可见的。

He had put no Heading to any of his writings. Alas! Was he likely to have a Heading without a Head, and where was HIS Head when he took such things into it? In some cases, such as his Boots, he would appear to have hid the writings; thereby involving his style in greater obscurity. But his Boots was at least pairs,—and no two of his writings can put in any claim to be so regarded. Here follows (not to give more specimens) what was found in.

这位先生写的所有东西都没有标题。啊！难道他原本是想有标题，但却没有头绪？但是当他写下这些东西的时候，他的头绪又在哪里呢？有时候，譬如他会有意在靴子里存放他的文章，这使得他的文字更加让人捉摸不定。但至少他的靴子是成双的——他的文章却没有两篇一样的，可以放在成双的靴子里。以下便是从靴子中找到的（不用说更多的例子）。

CHAPTER II HIS BOOTS

第二章 他的靴子

"Eh! well then, Monsieur Mutuel!

“啊！那么，米蒂艾先生！

What do I know, what can I say? I assure you that he calls himself Monsieur The Englishman.”

我知道什么，我又能说什么？我向你保证，他称呼自己为英国人先生。”

"Pardon. But I think it is impossible," said Monsieur Mutuel,—a spectacled, snuffy, stooping old gentleman in carpet shoes and a cloth cap with a peaked shade, a loose blue frock-coat reaching to his heels, a large limp white shirt-frill, and cravat to correspond,—that is to say, white was the natural colour of his linen on Sundays, but it toned down with the week.

“对不起。但我认为这是不可能的。”米蒂艾先生说道，他是一位戴着眼镜，爱抽鼻烟，略微有点驼背的老绅士，脚穿毡靴，戴着一顶布鸭舌帽，宽松的蓝色礼服一直拖到脚后跟，衬衫上缝着柔软的白色大摺边，还搭配了一条领带——也就是说，每逢礼拜天的时候，他的亚麻衣物是天然的白色，但是一礼拜下来，颜色便会逐渐变暗。

"It is," repeated Monsieur Mutuel, his amiable old walnut-shell countenance very walnut-shelly indeed as he smiled and blinked in the bright morning sunlight,—"it is, my cherished Madame Bouclet, I think, impossible!"

“这是，”米蒂艾先生重复了一遍，当他在明媚的晨曦里微笑、眨眼的时候，他那张和蔼可亲的陈年胡桃壳色的脸变得更像胡桃壳的颜色了，“我认为，我亲爱的布克兰夫人，这是不可能的！”

"Hey!" (with a little vexed cry and a great many tosses of her head.) "But it is not impossible that you are a Pig!" retorted Madame Bouclet, a compact little woman of thirty-five or so. "See then,—look there,—read! 'On the second floor Monsieur L'Anglais.' Is it not so?"

“嗨！”（她有点气恼地喊了一声，不停地摇头。）“但是要说你是头猪，这不是不可能！”布克兰夫人反驳道，她是一位身材矮小且敦实的妇女，年龄在三十五岁左右。“那么你看，看这儿，你读一下！‘三楼，英国人先生。’是这儿吗？”

"It is so," said Monsieur Mutuel.

“正是。”米蒂艾先生说。

"Good. Continue your morning walk. Get out!" Madame Bouclet dismissed him with a lively snap of her fingers.

“很好。继续你早晨的散步吧。出去吧！”布克兰夫人轻快地打了个响指，将他打发走了。

The morning walk of Monsieur Mutuel was in the brightest patch that the sun made in the Grande Place of a dull old fortified French town. The manner of his morning walk was with his hands crossed behind him; an umbrella, in figure the express image of himself, always in one hand; a snuffbox in the other. Thus, with the shuffling gait of the Elephant (who really does deal with the very worst trousers-maker employed by the Zoological world, and who appeared to have recommended him to Monsieur Mutuel), the old gentleman sunned himself daily when sun was to be had—of course, at the same time sunning a red ribbon at his button-hole; for was he not an ancient Frenchman?

在这座沉闷、古老而坚固的法国小城里，米蒂艾先生每天早晨都在大广场上阳光最灿烂的地方散步。他散步的姿势是这样的：双手放在背后，一手拿着一把代表他本人形象的雨伞，一手拿着一个鼻烟壶。就这样，他拖着两条腿，慢吞吞地走着，如同一头大象（它的裤子一定是动物王国里最差的裁缝做的，它还把这位裁缝介绍给了米蒂艾先生）。这位老绅士每当有阳光的时候就出来晒晒太阳——当然了，同时也显摆显摆他衣服纽扣洞上的一条红绶带，因为难道他不是一位法国老绅士吗？

Being told by one of the angelic sex to continue his morning walk and get out, Monsieur Mutuel laughed a walnut-shell laugh, pulled off his cap at arm's length with the hand that contained his snuffbox, kept it off for a considerable period after he had parted from Madame Bouclet, and continued his morning walk and got out, like a man of gallantry as he was.

既然这位天使般的女性让他出去继续他早晨的散步，米蒂艾先生的脸上露出了胡桃壳色的笑容。和布克兰夫人道别后，他用那只拿鼻烟壶的手摘下帽子，在距身体一臂远的地方举了好一会儿，然后才继续他早晨的散步，还是那么地绅士。

The documentary evidence to which Madame Bouclet had referred Monsieur Mutuel was the list of her lodgers, sweetly written forth by her own Nephew and Bookkeeper, who held the pen of an Angel, and posted up at the side of her gateway, for the information of the Police: "Au second, M. L'Anglais, Proprietaire." On the second floor, Mr. The Englishman, man of property. So it stood; nothing could be plainer.

布克兰夫人给米蒂艾先生看的那个证明文件不过是她的房客名单，是记账员记的，这个记账员是她的侄子。他的字写得非常好，这份名单

就挂在她房间大门的一边，以方便警察查询："Au second, M. L'Anglais, Proprietaire”（三层，英国人先生，有产者）。这份名单就在那里，再清楚不过了。

Madame Bouclet now traced the line with her forefinger, as it were to confirm and settle herself in her parting snap at Monsieur Mutuel, and so placing her right hand on her hip with a defiant air, as if nothing should ever tempt her to unsnap that snap, strolled out into the Place to glance up at the windows of Mr. The Englishman. That worthy happening to be looking out of window at the moment, Madame Bouclet gave him a graceful salutation with her head, looked to the right and looked to the left to account to him for her being there, considered for a moment, like one who accounted to herself for somebody she had expected not being there, and reentered her own gateway. Madame Bouclet let all her house giving on the Place in furnished flats or floors, and lived up the yard behind in company with Monsieur Bouclet her husband (great at billiards), an inherited brewing business, several fowls, two carts, a nephew, a little dog in a big kennel, a grape-vine, a counting-house, four horses, a married sister (with a share in the brewing business), the husband and two children of the married sister, a parrot, a drum (performed on by the little boy of the married sister), two billeted soldiers, a quantity of pigeons, a fife (played by the nephew in a ravishing manner), several domestics and supernumeraries, a perpetual flavour of coffee and soup, a terrific range of artificial rocks and wooden precipices at least four feet high, a small fountain, and half-a-dozen large sunflowers.

现在，布克兰夫人正用她的食指在名单上查询着，仿佛是要证实并保持米蒂艾先生离开时她打响指的心情，她将她的右手旁若无人地按在大腿上，似乎没有什么能让她停止打响指。就这样，她晃晃悠悠地走进广场，抬头向那位英国人先生的窗口望去。这时，恰好那位先生正往窗外望，布克兰夫人很优雅地摆了摆头向他致意。她向左看看，向右看看，仿佛在解释她之所以在此的原因。然后，她又思考了一会儿，仿佛在告诉自己她要找的人不在。于是，她便重新走进自己家的大门去了。布克兰夫人把她靠近广场一边的房子全部按带家具的套间或者整层出租，她自己和丈夫布克兰先生（一个台球高手）住在后面的院子里。那里有一间祖传的酿酒厂、几只家禽、两辆板车、她的一个侄子、一只小狗、一间大狗屋、一架葡萄藤、一间账房、四匹马、一位已出嫁的妹妹（她也拥有这间酿酒厂的股份）、这位已出嫁的妹妹的丈夫和两个孩子、一只鹦鹉、一只鼓（鼓手是这位已出嫁的妹妹的小儿子）、两个宿营在此的士兵、一大群鸽子、一只横笛（供其侄子演奏迷人的乐曲）、几位佣人和杂工，还有总是弥漫在四周的咖啡和粥味、一座庞大的假山和一座至少四英尺高的木制断崖，一个小喷泉和六七枝大向日葵。

Now the Englishman, in taking his Appartement,—or, as one might say on our side of the Channel, his set of chambers,—had given

his name, correct to the letter, LANGLEY. But as he had a British way of not opening his mouth very wide on foreign soil, except at meals, the Brewery had been able to make nothing of it but L'Anglais. So Mr. The Englishman he had become and he remained.

这位英国人在租下他的公寓时——或者按照我们运河这边人的说法，叫做套间——曾准确无误地报上了他的名字，郎格莱。但是，由于他跟所有的英国人一样，一旦到了异国他乡，除非吃饭，否则决不会随随便便张大嘴巴。酿酒厂的人也听不清楚，以为他的名字是英国人。从此，他就成为了英国人先生。

"Never saw such a people!" muttered Mr. The Englishman, as he now looked out of window. "Never did, in my life!"

“从没见过这样的一个民族！”英国人先生边喃喃着，边往窗外看着。“从来没有，一辈子也没有！”

This was true enough, for he had never before been out of his own country,—a right little island, a tight little island, a bright little island, a show-fight little island, and full of merit of all sorts; but not the whole round world.

这确实不假，因为他从来也没有离开过自己的国家——那是一座正义的小岛，一座团结的小岛，一座光明的小岛，一座时刻备战的小岛，它的优点比比皆是，但这不能代表整个世界。

"These chaps," said Mr. The Englishman to himself, as his eye rolled over the Place, sprinkled with military here and there, "are no more like soldiers—" Nothing being sufficiently strong for the end of his sentence, he left it unended.

“这帮家伙们，”英国人先生自言自语道，他的眼睛扫过广场，那里到处都是军人，“一点也不像士兵，倒像——”，他找不到足够有力的词来结尾，话没说完就结束了。

This again (from the point of view of his experience) was strictly correct; for though there was a great agglomeration of soldiers in the town and neighbouring country, you might have held a grand Review and Field-day of them every one, and looked in vain among them all for a soldier choking behind his foolish stock, or a soldier lamed by his ill-fitting shoes, or a soldier deprived of the use of his limbs by straps and buttons, or a soldier elaborately forced to be self-helpless in all the small affairs of life. A swarm of brisk, bright, active, bustling, handy, odd, skirmishing fellows, able to turn cleverly at anything, from a siege to soup, from great guns to needles and thread, from the broadsword exercise to slicing an onion, from making war to making omelets, was all you would have found.

这一观点也是非常正确的（从他的经历而言）。因为虽然城内城外

聚集着一大群的士兵，哪怕举行一场大阅兵或是野外演习，来把他们个个检阅一番，从中也找不出一个被愚蠢的硬邦邦的领口卡得透不过气的士兵、或者因为鞋子不合适走路一瘸一拐的士兵、或者被皮带和纽扣弄得四肢笨拙的士兵、或者因被精心训练而无法自理生活琐事的士兵。这是一群活泼机敏、充满朝气、心灵手巧、生龙活虎的小伙子。他们可以从事任何事情，他们能攻城也能熬粥，能开大炮也能针线烹饪，能舞刀弄枪也能切洋葱丝，能打仗也能煎蛋卷，只要你能想到的他们都会做。

What a swarm! From the Great Place under the eye of Mr. The Englishman, where a few awkward squads from the last conscription were doing the goose-step—some members of those squads still as to their bodies, in the chrysalis peasant-state of Blouse, and only military butterflies as to their regimentally-clothed legs—from the Great Place, away outside the fortifications, and away for miles along the dusty roads, soldiers swarmed. All day long, upon the grass-grown ramparts of the town, practising soldiers trumpeted and bugled; all day long, down in angles of dry trenches, practising soldiers drummed and drummed. Every forenoon, soldiers burst out of the great barracks into the sandy gymnasium-ground hard by, and flew over the wooden horse, and hung on to flying ropes, and dangled upside-down between parallel bars, and shot themselves off wooden platforms,—splashes, sparks, coruscations, showers of soldiers. At every corner of the town-wall, every guard-house, every gateway, every sentry-box, every drawbridge, every reedy ditch, and rushy dike, soldiers, soldiers, soldiers. And the town being pretty well all wall, guard-house, gateway, sentry-box, drawbridge, reedy ditch, and rushy dike, the town was pretty well all soldiers.

到处都是人！从英国人先生眼皮子底下的大广场起——在那里，新招收的几队士兵正在笨拙地踢着正步，其中一些人从上半身服装看就像尚未脱去农民气质的蚕蛹，只有从他们统一穿着军裤的腿部才看出破茧成蝶的军人风范——一直到城防外，沿着尘土飞扬的大路上几英里之内，都是成群结队的士兵。一整个白天，在绿草茵茵的城墙壁垒上，操练的士兵们吹着喇叭，鸣着号角；一整个白天，在每条干燥的壕沟的每个拐角里，都有士兵在不停地击鼓。每天上午，士兵们从大军营中蜂拥而出，冲向附近的沙地操场。他们跳木马，爬飞索，在双杠上练习倒立，飞跃平坦的木台——到处都是士兵在奔跑、在翻滚、在跳跃。在城墙的每寸角落、每个哨所、每处门口、每个岗亭、每座吊桥、每条长满芦苇的水沟里、每座绿草丛生的堤坝上，到处都挤满了士兵、士兵、士兵。由于这个城里到处都是城墙、哨所、门口、岗亭、吊桥、长满芦苇的水沟和绿草丛生的堤坝，这个城里自然到处都是士兵。

What would the sleepy old town have been without the soldiers, seeing that even with them it had so overslept itself as to have slept its echoes hoarse, its defensive bars and locks and bolts and chains all rusty, and its ditches stagnant! From the days when VAUBAN

engineered it to that perplexing extent that to look at it was like being knocked on the head with it, the stranger becoming stunned and stertorous under the shock of its incomprehensibility,—from the days when VAUBAN made it the express incorporation of every substantive and adjective in the art of military engineering, and not only twisted you into it and twisted you out of it, to the right, to the left, opposite, under here, over there, in the dark, in the dirt, by the gateway, archway, covered way, dry way, wet way, fosse, portcullis, drawbridge, sluice, squat tower, pierced wall, and heavy battery, but likewise took a fortifying dive under the neighbouring country, and came to the surface three or four miles off, blowing out incomprehensible mounds and batteries among the quiet crops of chicory and beet-root,—from those days to these the town had been asleep, and dust and rust and must had settled on its drowsy Arsenals and Magazines, and grass had grown up in its silent street.

如果没有这些士兵，这座昏睡的古城会是什么样子？即使有了他们，它还是大睡特睡，直到睡得自己的回声嘶哑，防御用的铁条、门锁和铁链全部生锈，水沟里积满死水。自从沃邦时代大兴土木之后，这座古城就变得阡陌纵横，纷杂迷乱，看到它的人就像是当头挨了一棒，无从辨识。陌生人面对这种迷惑的情况，更不免目瞪口呆；自从沃邦将它建设成为军事工程技术中所有名词与形容词的化身之后，你就不仅得弯弯曲曲地钻进去，钻出来；钻到右边，钻到左边，钻到对面，钻到这儿，钻到那儿；钻进黑暗，钻进灰尘；钻过大门，钻过拱门，钻过廊道、干路、湿路、城壕、吊闸、吊桥、水槽、矮塔、漏墙、大炮台，而且还可以从郊外地底下偷偷钻到三四英里外的地面，在一片宁静的菊苣和甜菜根地里突然摧毁对方的高地和炮台。从那个时期到现在，这座古城就一直在沉睡，它睡眼惺忪的军火库和弹药库里布满了灰尘铁锈，寂静的街道上长满了青草。

On market-days alone, its Great Place suddenly leaped out of bed. On market-days, some friendly enchanter struck his staff upon the stones of the Great Place, and instantly arose the liveliest booths and stalls, and sittings and standings, and a pleasant hum of chaffering and huckstering from many hundreds of tongues, and a pleasant, though peculiar, blending of colours,—white caps, blue blouses, and green vegetables,—and at last the Knight destined for the adventure seemed to have come in earnest, and all the Vaubanois sprang up awake. And now, by long, low-lying avenues of trees, jolting in white-hooded donkey-cart, and on donkey-back, and in tumbril and wagon, and cart and cabriolet, and afoot with barrow and burden,—and along the dikes and ditches and canals, in little peak-prowed country boats,—came peasant-men and women in flocks and crowds, bringing articles for sale. And here you had boots and shoes, and sweetmeats and stuffs to wear, and here (in the cool shade of the Town-hall) you had milk

and cream and butter and cheese, and here you had fruits and onions and carrots, and all things needful for your soup, and here you had poultry and flowers and protesting pigs, and here new shovels, axes, spades, and bill-hooks for your farming work, and here huge mounds of bread, and here your unground grain in sacks, and here your children's dolls, and here the cake-seller, announcing his wares by beat and roll of drum. And hark! fanfaronade of trumpets, and here into the Great Place, resplendent in an open carriage, with four gorgeously-attired servitors up behind, playing horns, drums, and cymbals, rolled "the Daughter of a Physician" in massive golden chains and ear-rings, and blue-feathered hat, shaded from the admiring sun by two immense umbrellas of artificial roses, to dispense (from motives of philanthropy) that small and pleasant dose which had cured so many thousands!

只有到了赶集的日子，大广场才好似突然睡醒，跳下床来。在赶集的日子里，似乎有一位友善的魔术师用他的棍子敲击着大广场的石板，于是货摊和店棚立刻活跃了起来，有人站着，有人坐着，讨价还价声同时从几百条舌头上响起，不绝于耳；各种色彩相互交融，显得别具一格、赏心悦目——白帽子，蓝罩衫，绿蔬菜——然后以冒险为天职的骑士们纷纷赶来，所有的沃邦拥护者们从梦中醒来，跳下了床。紧接着，在冗长低洼的林阴道上，白蓬的驴车颠簸着，人们骑驴奔跑着；有的人坐着两轮货运车或四轮马车、没蓬的车或有蓬的车；还有的人推着车子，背着行李步行；还有的划着乡下的尖头小船，沿着水道、沟渠或运河而来。这些农人村妇都带着待售的物品，从四面八方成群结队而来。在这里，你可以买到靴子、鞋子、果脯和衣料；在这里（市政厅的阴凉处），你可以买到牛奶、奶油、黄油和乳酪；在这里，你可以买到各种水果、洋葱、胡萝卜和所有做汤的原料；在这里，你可以买到家禽、鲜花、拼死挣扎的小猪、农耕用的新铁锹、斧头、铲子、勾刀、一大堆一大堆的面包、一袋袋没有经过研磨的谷物和各式各样的洋娃娃；在这里，卖蛋糕的也敲锣打鼓地出售他的商品。还有，听！在一阵阵的锣鼓声中，大广场里驶入了一辆华丽的敞篷马车，车后四位身着华服的侍从在吹着号角、打着鼓铙，车里坐着的是“医生的女儿”，她戴着粗大的金项链、金耳环和蓝翎帽子，头顶上还有两把巨大的玫瑰花形的阳伞为她遮挡烈日，她正在出售神奇的小药丸（出于慈善的目的），据说已经治好了不少人。

Toothache, earache, headache, heartache, stomach-ache, debility, nervousness, fits, fainting, fever, ague, all equally cured by the small and pleasant dose of the great Physician's great daughter! The process was this,—she, the Daughter of a Physician, proprietress of the superb equipage you now admired with its confirmatory blasts of trumpet, drum, and cymbal, told you so: On the first day after taking the small and pleasant dose, you would feel no particular influence beyond a most harmonious sensation of indescribable and irresistible joy; on the

second day you would be so astonishingly better that you would think yourself changed into somebody else; on the third day you would be entirely free from disorder, whatever its nature and however long you had had it, and would seek out the Physician's Daughter to throw yourself at her feet, kiss the hem of her garment, and buy as many more of the small and pleasant doses as by the sale of all your few effects you could obtain; but she would be inaccessible,—gone for herbs to the Pyramids of Egypt,—and you would be (though cured) reduced to despair! Thus would the Physician's Daughter drive her trade (and briskly too), and thus would the buying and selling and mingling of tongues and colours continue, until the changing sunlight, leaving the Physician's Daughter in the shadow of high roofs, admonished her to jolt out westward, with a departing effect of gleam and glitter on the splendid equipage and brazen blast. And now the enchanter struck his staff upon the stones of the Great Place once more, and down went the booths, the sittings and standings, and vanished the merchandise, and with it the barrows, donkeys, donkey-carts, and tumbrils, and all other things on wheels and feet, except the slow scavengers with unwieldy carts and meagre horses clearing up the rubbish, assisted by the sleek town pigeons, better plumped out than on non-market days. While there was yet an hour or two to wane before the autumn sunset, the loiterer outside town-gate and drawbridge, and postern and double-ditch, would see the last white-hooded cart lessening in the avenue of lengthening shadows of trees, or the last country boat, paddled by the last market-woman on her way home, showing black upon the reddening, long, low, narrow dike between him and the mill; and as the paddle-parted scum and weed closed over the boat's track, he might be comfortably sure that its sluggish rest would be troubled no more until next market-day.

牙疼、耳痛、头疼、心痛、胃痛、身体虚弱、神经衰弱、痉挛、昏厥、发烧和疟疾，只要服用这位伟大的医生的伟大女儿出售的神奇小药丸就都可以治愈。疗程是这样的——她，医生的女儿，也就是这辆令人羡慕的吹锣打鼓的华丽马车的拥有者，如此告知你：服用这神奇小药丸的第一天，你不会有什么特别的反应，只是感到一种无法描述的、不可抵制的愉悦；服药的第二天，你会感觉到浑身上下舒服多了，就像变成了另外一个人似的；第三天，无论你得了什么病，得了多长时间，你都会觉得豁然痊愈。于是你便会去找医生的女儿，跪倒在她脚边，亲吻她衣裳的下摆，然后倾尽你所有，买回尽可能多的神奇小药丸。然而她是难以相见的——她去埃及的金字塔找草药了——你尽管已经痊愈，却还是会陷入绝望！医生的女儿就是这么做买卖的，而且生意兴隆，买卖不断，讨价还价声不绝于耳，光色交替，直到变幻的阳光将她留在高耸的屋顶的阴影里，告诫她该赶快向西归去了。她华丽的装备和响亮的号声把她的离开装扮得无比光彩夺目。现在，魔术师又一次用他的棍子敲了一下大广场的石板，货摊、坐着的人、站着的人就都不见了，商品也没

了踪迹，随之而去的还有手推车、驴子、驴车和两轮车，所有用轮子滚的和用脚走的就都不见了，只剩下行动缓慢的清道夫带着他们的笨车瘦马在清理垃圾，一旁帮忙的是羽毛光滑鲜亮的城里的鸽子，在赶集的日子里，它们显得比平日丰满多了。再过一两个小时，秋天的太阳就要落山了。这时，在城门外、吊桥边、边门口和双排沟外面游荡的人就会看到，最后一辆白篷马车如何在树影越拉越长的路上渐行渐远，最后一条乡间小船如何载着最后一个赶集的妇女划桨而回，这船如同一个小黑点，出现在它和磨坊之间那条被夕阳映红的、漫长的、又浅又窄的水渠上；随着浆划行后露出的浮物和水草再次覆盖船行的轨迹，它可以很欣慰地肯定，这片滞水在下个集市到来之前不会再受到任何的打扰了。

As it was not one of the Great Place's days for getting out of bed, when Mr. The Englishman looked down at the young soldiers practising the goose-step there, his mind was left at liberty to take a military turn.

今天不是大广场从床上一跃而起的日子，英国人先生向下望去，看到年轻的士兵们正在训练踢正步，他思维欢畅，就关注起那些个士兵来。

"These fellows are billeted everywhere about," said he; "and to see them lighting the people's fires, boiling the people's pots, minding the people's babies, rocking the people's cradles, washing the people's greens, and making themselves generally useful, in every sort of unmilitary way, is most ridiculous! Never saw such a set of fellows,—never did in my life!”

“这些小伙子们被分散安置在各家各户，”他说，“看着他们给那些人们生炉子、烧开水、带孩子、摇摇篮、洗蔬菜以及做各种各样的日常的事，真是可笑之极！我从没见过这样的一帮人——从来没有！”

All perfectly true again. Was there not Private Valentine in that very house, acting as sole housemaid, valet, cook, steward, and nurse, in the family of his captain, Monsieur le Capitaine de la Cour,—cleaning the floors, making the beds, doing the marketing, dressing the captain, dressing the dinners, dressing the salads, and dressing the baby, all with equal readiness? Or, to put him aside, he being in loyal attendance on his Chief, was there not Private Hyppolite, billeted at the Perfumer's two hundred yards off, who, when not on duty, volunteered to keep shop while the fair Perfumeress stepped out to speak to a neighbour or so, and laughingly sold soap with his war-sword girded on him? Was there not Emile, billeted at the Clock-maker's, perpetually turning to of an evening, with his coat off, winding up the stock? Was there not Eugene, billeted at the Tinman's, cultivating, pipe in mouth, a garden four feet square, for the Tinman, in the little court, behind the shop, and extorting the fruits of the earth from the same, on his knees, with the sweat of his brow? Not to

multiply examples, was there not Baptiste, billeted on the poor Water-carrier, at that very instant sitting on the pavement in the sunlight, with his martial legs asunder, and one of the Water-carrier's spare pails between them, which (to the delight and glory of the heart of the Water-carrier coming across the Place from the fountain, yoked and burdened) he was painting bright-green outside and bright-red within? Or, to go no farther than the Barber's at the very next door, was there not Corporal Theophile—

一切的确如他所言。那边房子里的那个不就是二等兵瓦伦丁吗？他成了那所房子里唯一的佣人，既做男仆，又做厨子；既做管家，又做保姆，就在他的长官——军队执法队长的家里拖地、铺床、买菜、伺候队长穿衣服、做饭、调沙拉以及伺候队长的孩子们穿衣，他干什么都很乐意。或者，暂且不说他，他是因为忠于他的长官才这样做的。那边那位不是二等兵伊波利特吗？他住在距离这里两百码远的香料店里。每逢他休息，美丽的老板娘出去与邻家闲聊时，他就主动帮忙看店，腰上挂着刀，满脸堆笑地兜售肥皂。那不是埃米尔吗？他住在钟表匠的家里，永远是一到晚上就脱去上衣，给店内的所有钟表上发条。那个不是欧仁吗？他住在白铁匠家里，总是嘴里叼着烟斗，给白铁匠店后面一块四英尺的方地里浇水，或者汗流满面地跪在地上摘蔬果。例子不胜枚举，那个不是巴蒂斯特吗？他住在可怜的挑水工家里，现在就坐在人行道上的阳光里，本用来进行军事训练的大腿岔开着，中间搁着挑水工闲置的一个提桶（他这么做使得挑水工十分感激，这位跳水工每天总是挑着沉重的提桶，穿过广场去挑水），桶外涂着亮绿色的油漆，桶内则是鲜红色的。或者，不用走远，就看看隔壁的理发店，那不是下士泰奥菲勒吗？

"No," said Mr. The Englishman, glancing down at the Barber's, "he is not there at present. There's the child, though."

“不，”英国人先生说，俯身看了理发店一眼，“他现在不在那里。不过孩子在那儿。”

A mere mite of a girl stood on the steps of the Barber's shop, looking across the Place. A mere baby, one might call her, dressed in the close white linen cap which small French country children wear (like the children in Dutch pictures), and in a frock of homespun blue, that had no shape except where it was tied round her little fat throat. So that, being naturally short and round all over, she looked, behind, as if she had been cut off at her natural waist, and had had her head neatly fitted on it.

一个很小的小女孩站在理发店门口的台阶上，向广场那边张望。你可能会说，她还只是个女婴。她戴着法国乡下孩子常戴的那种紧紧的白色亚麻帽子（就像荷兰画里的孩子一样），身上穿着一件蓝色的粗布罩衫，没有什么式样，只是在她胖胖的小喉咙那里用带子系了一下。由于生下来就胖胖的、矮矮的，从背后看，她好像是被拦腰切断，然后将头很整齐地安放在上面。

"There's the child, though."

“不过孩子在那儿。”

To judge from the way in which the dimpled hand was rubbing the eyes, the eyes had been closed in a nap, and were newly opened. But they seemed to be looking so intently across the Place, that the Englishman looked in the same direction.

从她胖乎乎的小手在揉着眼皮的姿势来判断，她是刚午睡起来，睁开眼睛没多久。但是，她向广场那边张望的眼神是那么地热切，英国人先生也不禁往那里望去。

"O!" said he presently. "I thought as much. The Corporal's there."

“哦！”他随即说道，“我想得不错。下士在那边。”

The Corporal, a smart figure of a man of thirty, perhaps a thought under the middle size, but very neatly made,—a sunburnt Corporal with a brown peaked beard,—faced about at the moment, addressing voluble words of instruction to the squad in hand. Nothing was amiss or awry about the Corporal. A lithe and nimble Corporal, quite complete, from the sparkling dark eyes under his knowing uniform cap to his sparkling white gaiters. The very image and presentment of a Corporal of his country's army, in the line of his shoulders, the line of his waist, the broadest line of his Bloomer trousers, and their narrowest line at the calf of his leg.

这位下士是个三十岁左右的帅小伙，或许略低于中等身材，但是面容整齐，皮肤被太阳晒得黝黑，下颌留着棕色的胡子。此时，他正面对着他带的那个班，给他们训话。从他身上找不出任何的缺陷或者差错。他身手敏捷利落，从帅气的军帽下亮晶晶的黑眼睛到亮闪闪的白绑腿，一切都很完美。可以说，他是他的祖国军队下士形象的典型和代表，从他肩膀以及腰身的线条，从他军裤最宽处的线条到小腿部最窄处的线条，都可以反映出来。

Mr. The Englishman looked on, and the child looked on, and the Corporal looked on (but the last-named at his men), until the drill ended a few minutes afterwards, and the military sprinkling dried up directly, and was gone. Then said Mr. The Englishman to himself, "Look here! By George!" And the Corporal, dancing towards the Barber's with his arms wide open, caught up the child, held her over his head in a flying attitude, caught her down again, kissed her, and made off with her into the Barber's house.

英国人先生观望着，孩子观望着，下士也观望着（但最后这位望着的是他的手下），直到几分钟后操练结束，众士兵散去，消失不见。然后，英国人先生自言自语道：“我的上帝，看看这里吧！”这时，下士蹦蹦跳跳地跑回理发店，张开双臂，抱住小女孩，将她举过头顶，飞一般

地转了转，又把她放下，亲了亲她，与她一起走进了理发店。

Now Mr. The Englishman had had a quarrel with his erring and disobedient and disowned daughter, and there was a child in that case too. Had not his daughter been a child, and had she not taken angel-flights above his head as this child had flown above the Corporal's?

英国人先生曾与他那做了错事、不听话的女儿吵了一架，然后与她脱离了关系，那件事里也有这样的一个小孩子。她的女儿以前不也是一个小孩，不也像飞上下士脑袋上的这个小女孩子一样，如同天使一般飞在他的头顶上吗？

"He's a "—National Participled—"fool!" said the Englishman, and shut his window.

“他是一个——”英国人先生颇具民族特色地骂道，“傻瓜！”，然后关上了窗户。

But the windows of the house of Memory, and the windows of the house of Mercy, are not so easily closed as windows of glass and wood. They fly open unexpectedly; they rattle in the night; they must be nailed up. Mr. The Englishman had tried nailing them, but had not driven the nails quite home. So he passed but a disturbed evening and a worse night.

但是，记忆之屋和慈悲之屋的窗户却不能像玻璃与木头做的窗户那样轻易地关上。它们突然之间就打开了，在夜里还嘎嘎作响，必须把它们钉牢。英国人先生想把它们钉起来，却怎么也钉不牢。就这样，他度过了一个心神不宁的黄昏和一个更加糟糕的夜晚。

By nature a good-tempered man? No; very little gentleness, confounding the quality with weakness. Fierce and wrathful when crossed? Very, and stupendously unreasonable. Moody? Exceedingly so. Vindictive? Well; he had had scowling thoughts that he would formally curse his daughter, as he had seen it done on the stage. But remembering that the real Heaven is some paces removed from the mock one in the great chandelier of the Theatre, he had given that up.

他是一个天生好脾气的人吗？不，不太好，还经常将好脾气与软弱混淆。他生气时脾气暴躁、态度恶劣吗？是的，而且十分不近人情。他喜怒无常吗？非常。他心怀报复吗？是的。他一直深怀怨恨，还曾想在上帝面前诅咒他的女儿，就像他在舞台上看到的那样。但是，一想到真正的天堂离舞台上模拟的只有吊灯那么高的天堂还有很大的距离，他也只好作罢。

And he had come abroad to be rid of his repudiated daughter for the rest of his life. And here he was.

于是，他来到异国他乡，有生之年再也不想见到那个与他断绝关系的女儿。就这样，他到了这里。

At bottom, it was for this reason, more than for any other, that Mr. The Englishman took it extremely ill that Corporal Theophile should be so devoted to little Bebelle, the child at the Barber's shop. In an unlucky moment he had chanced to say to himself, "Why, confound the fellow, he is not her father!" There was a sharp sting in the speech which ran into him suddenly, and put him in a worse mood. So he had National Participled the unconscious Corporal with most hearty emphasis, and had made up his mind to think no more about such a mountebank.

在内心深处，正是由于这个原因，而非其他，英国人先生才会对于下士泰奥菲勒的行为极为不满，认为他对于一个小女孩，一个理发店家的小女孩，蓓蓓勒大可不必那么好。在此不幸的时刻，他曾经对自己说：“为什么要对她好呢？莫名的家伙，他又不是她的父亲！”他的话语像是一根尖针一样突然扎向自己，弄得他的心情更加烦闷。于是，对于那个浑然不觉的下士，他又是颇具民族特色地咒骂了一番，并且下定决心再也不去理会这么一个骗子了。

But it came to pass that the Corporal was not to be dismissed. If he had known the most delicate fibres of the Englishman's mind, instead of knowing nothing on earth about him, and if he had been the most obstinate Corporal in the Grand Army of France, instead of being the most obliging, he could not have planted himself with more determined immovability plump in the midst of all the Englishman's thoughts. Not only so, but he seemed to be always in his view. Mr. The Englishman had but to look out of window, to look upon the Corporal with little Bebelle. He had but to go for a walk, and there was the Corporal walking with Bebelle. He had but to come home again, disgusted, and the Corporal and Bebelle were at home before him. If he looked out at his back windows early in the morning, the Corporal was in the Barber's back yard, washing and dressing and brushing Bebelle. If he took refuge at his front windows, the Corporal brought his breakfast out into the Place, and shared it there with Bebelle. Always Corporal and always Bebelle. Never Corporal without Bebelle. Never Bebelle without Corporal.

但是，他却无法将下士从脑海中驱走。如果这位下士能对英国人先生的每一寸心理了如指掌，而不是一无所知；如果他是法国军队中最执拗的而不是最和气的下士，他也就不会将他自己深深地根植于英国人先生的思维中。除此之外，他似乎还一直出现在英国人先生的视野中。只要英国人先生向窗外一望，就能看到下士和蓓蓓勒。他出去散步，下士在带着蓓蓓勒散步。他心中厌恶，只好回家，却发现下士带着蓓蓓赶在他之前回到了家。如果他一大早从后窗向外望，便会看到下士在理发店的后院，给蓓蓓勒洗漱、穿衣和梳头。他到前窗避难，又会看到下士把早饭端到广场，正在与蓓蓓勒一起分享。只要有下士就会有蓓蓓勒，没有下士不跟蓓蓓在一起的情况，或蓓蓓不跟下士在一起的情景。

Mr. The Englishman was not particularly strong in the French language as a means of oral communication, though he read it very well. It is with languages as with people,—when you only know them by sight, you are apt to mistake them; you must be on speaking terms before you can be said to have established an acquaintance.

尽管英国人先生在阅读方面熟谙法语，在口头交际方面却略显笨拙。懂得语言才能懂得说这种语言的人民。当你只是用眼睛看他们，你难免会误解他们；你必须用语言与他们交流，才能说你了解了他们。

For this reason, Mr. The Englishman had to gird up his loins considerably before he could bring himself to the point of exchanging ideas with Madame Bouclet on the subject of this Corporal and this Bebelle. But Madame Bouclet looking in apologetically one morning to remark, that, O Heaven! she was in a state of desolation because the lamp-maker had not sent home that lamp confided to him to repair, but that truly he was a lamp-maker against whom the whole world shrieked out, Mr. The Englishman seized the occasion.

因为这个原因，英国人先生一直犹犹豫豫的，不知该不该为了下士和蓓蓓勒的事情登门与布克莱太太交换意见。但是，有一天，布克莱太太却上门来道歉了，哦，天哪！她看上去精神不佳，因为修灯的人还没有将她送去修理的灯送回来，但是他灯修得确实是不错，人人都想让他修灯，英国人先生抓住了这个机会。

"Madame, that baby—”

“夫人，那个孩子——”

"Pardon, monsieur. That lamp."

“对不起，先生，是那盏灯。”

"No, no, that little girl."

“不，不，是那个小女孩。”

"But, pardon!" said Madame Bonclet, angling for a clew, "one cannot light a little girl, or send her to be repaired?"

“但是，对不起！”布克莱夫人说道，她正在整理头绪，“你不能把一个小女孩叫做灯，然后把她送去修理，是吧？”

"The little girl—at the house of the barber.”

“是小女孩，理发师家的那个。”

"Ah-h-h!" cried Madame Bouclet, suddenly catching the idea with her delicate little line and rod. "Little Bebelle? Yes, yes, yes! And her friend the Corporal? Yes, yes, yes, yes! So genteel of him,—is it not?”

“哦哦哦！”布克莱夫人大叫道，总算以她敏锐的头脑摸清了头绪，“蓓蓓勒？是的，是的，是的！还有她的朋友，那个下士？是的，是

的，是的！他很和气，不是吗？”

"He is not—?”

“他不是——?"

"Not at all; not at all! He is not one of her relations. Not at all!"

“根本不是，根本不是！他不是她的亲戚。根本不是！”

"Why, then, he—”

“那，为什么，他——”

"Perfectly!" cried Madame Bouclet, "you are right, monsieur. It is so genteel of him. The less relation, the more genteel. As you say."

“非常对！”布克莱夫人大大声说道，“你说得很对，先生。他非常和气。越不是亲戚，就越和气。如你所说。”

"Is she—?”

“她是——?"

"The child of the barber?" Madame Bouclet whisked up her skilful little line and rod again. "Not at all, not at all! She is the child of—in a word, of no one.”

“理发师的孩子吗？”布克莱夫人又一次用到了她敏锐的头脑。“根本不是，根本就不是！总而言之，她谁的孩子都不是。”

"The wife of the barber, then—?”

“那么，理发师的妻子——?"

"Indubitably. As you say. The wife of the barber receives a small stipend to take care of her. So much by the month. Eh, then! It is without doubt very little, for we are all poor here."

“没错。正如你所说。理发师的妻子因为照料她可以得到一小笔报酬。每月数目都一样。嗯，是的！毫无疑问，报酬很少，因为我们这里的人都很穷。”

"You are not poor, madame."

“你不穷，夫人。”

"As to my lodgers," replied Madame Bouclet, with a smiling and a gracious bend of her head, "no. As to all things else, so-so.”

“我的房客们，”布克莱夫人笑着说，并很优雅地低了下头，“他们才不穷，其他人也就过得一般。”

"You flatter me, madame."

“您抬举我了，夫人。”

"Monsieur, it is you who flatter me in living here."

“先生，您住在这里才是抬举我了呢。”

Certain fishy gasps on Mr. The Englishman's part, denoting that he was about to resume his subject under difficulties, Madame Bouclet observed him closely, and whisked up her delicate line and rod again with triumphant success.

英国人先生暗地里喘了口气，看来他要继续刚才的话题是有些难度。布克莱夫人仔细观察着他，因为自己又一次摸清了他的想法，有些得意。

"O no, monsieur, certainly not. The wife of the barber is not cruel to the poor child, but she is careless. Her health is delicate, and she sits all day, looking out at window. Consequently, when the Corporal first came, the poor little Bebelle was much neglected."

“哦，不，先生，当然不是了。理发师的妻子对这个孩子也不赖，但是她这个人比较粗心。她自己身体也不好，一整天就是坐着，看看窗外。因此，下士刚来的时候，这个可怜的孩子几乎没人照料。”

"It is a curious—" began Mr. The Englishman.

“这是个奇怪的——”英国人先生又开口说道。

"Name? That Bebelle? Again you are right, monsieur. But it is a playful name for Gabrielle."

“名字吗？那个蓓蓓勒？你又说对了，先生。但那个名字是叫着玩的，她原名叫加布利丽埃勒。”

"And so the child is a mere fancy of the Corporal's?" said Mr. The Englishman, in a gruffly disparaging tone of voice.

“那么看来，这个下士只是因为喜欢孩子吗？”英国人先生粗声说着，语气中透着不屑。

"Eh, well!" returned Madame Bouclet, with a pleading shrug: "one must love something. Human nature is weak."

“嗯，是吧！”布克莱夫人回答，边申辩似的耸了耸，“一个人总得喜欢点什么。人性本弱嘛。”

("Devilish weak," muttered the Englishman, in his own language.)

（“弱个鬼！”英国人先生用自己的语言嘀咕了一句。）

"And the Corporal," pursued Madame Bouclet, "being billeted at the barber's,—where he will probably remain a long time, for he is attached to the General,—and finding the poor unowned child in need of being loved, and finding himself in need of loving,—why, there you have it all, you see!"

“下士就住在理发师家里，”布克莱夫人继续说道，“很可能要住很长时间，因为他是将军的随从，他发现这个可怜的孩子需要人关爱，他自

己也需要有个人来爱。于是，你看，事情就成了现在这个样子。”

Mr. The Englishman accepted this interpretation of the matter with an indifferent grace, and observed to himself, in an injured manner, when he was again alone: "I shouldn't mind it so much, if these people were not such a"—National Participled—"sentimental people!"

英国人先生以一种事不关己的优雅态度接受了对于这个事情的解释。但等他一个人时，又不禁以一种受伤的心态自言自语道：“我本就不该管这些闲事，这些人太多愁善感了！”这话又是典型的民族风格。

There was a Cemetery outside the town, and it happened ill for the reputation of the Vaubanois, in this sentimental connection, that he took a walk there that same afternoon. To be sure there were some wonderful things in it (from the Englishman's point of view), and of a certainty in all Britain you would have found nothing like it. Not to mention the fanciful flourishes of hearts and crosses in wood and iron, that were planted all over the place, making it look very like a Firework-ground, where a most splendid pyrotechnic display might be expected after dark, there were so many wreaths upon the graves, embroidered, as it might be, "To my mother," "To my daughter," "To my father," "To my brother," "To my sister," "To my friend," and those many wreaths were in so many stages of elaboration and decay, from the wreath of yesterday, all fresh colour and bright beads, to the wreath of last year, a poor mouldering wisp of straw! There were so many little gardens and grottos made upon graves, in so many tastes, with plants and shells and plaster figures and porcelain pitchers, and so many odds and ends! There were so many tributes of remembrance hanging up, not to be discriminated by the closest inspection from little round waiters, whereon were depicted in glowing lines either a lady or a gentleman with a white pocket-handkerchief out of all proportion, leaning, in a state of the most faultless mourning and most profound affliction, on the most architectural and gorgeous urn! There were so many surviving wives who had put their names on the tombs of their deceased husbands, with a blank for the date of their own departure from this weary world; and there were so many surviving husbands who had rendered the same homage to their deceased wives; and out of the number there must have been so many who had long ago married again! In fine, there was so much in the place that would have seemed more frippery to a stranger, save for the consideration that the lightest paper flower that lay upon the poorest heap of earth was never touched by a rude hand, but perished there, a sacred thing!

在城外有一座公墓，下午他去那里散了会儿步。这个地方弥漫了伤感之情，对于沃邦们的名誉是很不利。（从英国人先生的角度来看）这里确实有不少美好的事物，而且，在整个英国肯定是找不到的。不必说

这里各式各样稀奇古怪的心和十字架，有木制的、铁制的，到处都是，似乎这里就是个焰火场，天黑以后就会有瑰丽的烟火升腾。在各个坟地上的花圈也多得数不胜数，上面写着："献给我的母亲"，"献给我的女儿"，"献给我的父亲"，"献给我的兄长"，"献给我的姐妹"，"献给我的朋友"。这些花圈处在新加工与腐烂的各个阶段，有的是昨天才送来的，颜色鲜亮；有的则已是去岁之物，腐如烂草！在许多坟顶上还修建了小小的花园和神龛，它们趣味各异，有的装饰着花木和贝壳，有的里面放了些石膏像、瓷水罐等等各种各样的小玩意。那里还挂着许多吊唁物品，即使经过最仔细的分辨也会被误认为是一些小圆托盘，盘子上以华丽的线条勾画出一位女士或者一位先生，拿着一块硕大的白手绢斜靠在这最富建筑魅力、最光芒四射的的坟堆上，哀悼无比真切，悲伤无比深沉！有许多尚存人世的妻子们在她们已故丈夫的墓碑上也刻上了自己的名字，旁边留出一块空白以待记叙她们离开这烦恼世界的日子；还有许多这样的丈夫以同样的方式表达对亡妻的尊敬，尽管其中也有不少人早已续弦。总之，这块土地上的许多现象对于一个陌生人来说可能只是一些矫饰，除却一点需要顾忌：在这片可怜的土堆上放置的哪怕是最轻微的纸花也绝不会被一只粗鲁无礼的手所侵犯，它们会一直被放置在那里直到腐烂！

"Nothing of the solemnity of Death here," Mr. The Englishman had been going to say, when this last consideration touched him with a mild appeal, and on the whole he walked out without saying it. "But these people are," he insisted, by way of compensation, when he was well outside the gate, "they are so"—Participled—"sentimental!"

“在这里，死亡已没有任何庄严可言。”英国人先生正要如是说，却又被心头最后一丝慈善的顾虑制止。总之，他走出了墓地，没有说出这句话来。“这些人们，”但是当他完全走出大门之后，作为一种补偿，他还是颇具民族特色地骂了句：“他们太多愁善感了！”

His way back lay by the military gymnasium-ground. And there he passed the Corporal glibly instructing young soldiers how to swing themselves over rapid and deep watercourses on their way to Glory, by means of a rope, and himself deftly plunging off a platform, and flying a hundred feet or two, as an encouragement to them to begin. And there he also passed, perched on a crowning eminence (probably the Corporal's careful hands), the small Bebelle, with her round eyes wide open, surveying the proceeding like a wondering sort of blue and white bird.

他回家时要经过军队的操练场。他走过那里时，下士正在口若悬河地讲述如何利用绳索飞越水流湍急的深邃河道，走向胜利的彼岸。为了鼓励大家开始训练，他自己敏捷地从平台上纵身而出，飞过了一二百英尺的距离。他走过那里时，还看到蓓蓓勒站在一个很高的土堆上（很可能是下士精心堆成的），两只圆圆的眼睛睁得大大的，观看着士兵们的操练，如同一只好奇的蓝白相间的鸟。

"If that child was to die," this was his reflection as he turned his back and went his way,—“and it would almost serve the fellow right for making such a fool of himself,—I suppose we should have him sticking up a wreath and a waiter in that fantastic burying-ground.”

“万一这个孩子死了，”他转身离开时这么想道，“那个家伙可是活该，谁让他自己是个傻瓜呢，我估计他还要在她荒诞的坟地上放个花圈和托盘。”

Nevertheless, after another early morning or two of looking out of window, he strolled down into the Place, when the Corporal and Bebelle were walking there, and touching his hat to the Corporal (an immense achievement), wished him Good-day.

尽管这样，他往窗外眺望了一两个早晨之后，有一天，他又下楼来到广场上，这时下士和蓓蓓勒正在那里散步，他用手碰了碰帽子，对下士行了个礼（这是一个巨大的进步），并向他问好。

"Good-day, monsieur.”

“你好，先生。”

"This is a rather pretty child you have here," said Mr. The Englishman, taking her chin in his hand, and looking down into her astonished blue eyes.

“你身边这个孩子长得挺漂亮的，”英国人先生说，他用手捧着她的下巴，低头注视着她那惊奇的蓝眼睛。

"Monsieur, she is a very pretty child," returned the Corporal, with a stress on his polite correction of the phrase.

“先生，她是个非常漂亮的孩子，”下士回答道，他礼貌地更正了他的话。

"And good?" said the Englishman.

“也很乖吗？”英国人问。

"And very good. Poor little thing!"

“非常乖。可怜的小家伙！”

"Hah!" The Englishman stooped down and patted her cheek, not without awkwardness, as if he were going too far in his conciliation. "And what is this medal round your neck, my little one?"

“啊！”英国人先生俯下身去，拍了拍她的脸颊，有些不自然，似乎他妥协得有点过头了。“你脖子上挂的是什么奖牌啊，小家伙？”

Bebelle having no other reply on her lips than her chubby right fist, the Corporal offered his services as interpreter.

蓓蓓勒没有作答，只是握紧了她胖乎乎的小拳头，下士见状主动为

她做起解释来。

"Monsieur demands, what is this, Bebelle?"

“先生想知道这是什么，蓓蓓勒？”

"It is the Holy Virgin," said Bebelle.

“这是圣母玛利亚。”蓓蓓勒回答道。

"And who gave it you?" asked the Englishman.

“那是谁给你的呢？”英国人先生问道。

"Theophile."

“泰奥菲勒。”

"And who is Theophile?"

“谁是泰奥菲勒？”

Bebelle broke into a laugh, laughed merrily and heartily, clapped her chubby hands, and beat her little feet on the stone pavement of the Place.

蓓蓓勒笑了起来，笑得那么开心，那么真诚。她拍着胖乎乎的小手，在广场的石砌地板上跺着小脚。

"He doesn't know Theophile! Why, he doesn't know any one! He doesn't know anything!" Then, sensible of a small solecism in her manners, Bebelle twisted her right hand in a leg of the Corporal's Bloomer trousers, and, laying her cheek against the place, kissed it.

“他不知道泰奥菲是谁！呦，他谁也不知道！谁也不认识！”感觉到自己有些失礼，蓓蓓勒用右手搂住下士军灯笼裤的一只裤腿，把脸贴上去，亲了亲。

"Monsieur Theophile, I believe?" said the Englishman to the Corporal.

“我想，您就是泰奥勒菲先生吧？”英国人先生问下士。

"It is I, monsieur."

“是的，先生。”

"Permit me." Mr. The Englishman shook him heartily by the hand and turned away. But he took it mighty ill that old Monsieur Mutuel in his patch of sunlight, upon whom he came as he turned, should pull off his cap to him with a look of pleased approval. And he muttered, in his own tongue, as he returned the salutation, "Well, walnut-shell! And what business is it of YOURS?”

“恕我先走了。”英国人先生诚恳地跟他握了握手，离开了。但是，他心里觉得很恼火，因为他转身的时候看到米蒂艾先生站在一片阳光

下，向他脱帽致敬，脸上带着赞许的笑容。他一边回礼，一边用母语嘟哝着："好你的，胡桃壳！这关你什么事？"

Mr. The Englishman went on for many weeks passing but disturbed evenings and worse nights, and constantly experiencing that those aforesaid windows in the houses of Memory and Mercy rattled after dark, and that he had very imperfectly nailed them up. Likewise, he went on for many weeks daily improving the acquaintance of the Corporal and Bebelle. That is to say, he took Bebelle by the chin, and the Corporal by the hand, and offered Bebelle sous and the Corporal cigars, and even got the length of changing pipes with the Corporal and kissing Bebelle. But he did it all in a shamefaced way, and always took it extremely ill that Monsieur Mutuel in his patch of sunlight should note what he did. Whenever that seemed to be the case, he always growled in his own tongue, "There you are again, walnut-shell! What business is it of yours?"

在这以后的好几周之内，英国人先生每到傍晚总是感到心烦意乱，黑夜更糟糕，前面所说过的记忆与仁慈之屋总是不停地嘎嘎作响，他没有把它们关紧。同样，在这几周之间，他与下士和蓓蓓勒也日渐熟悉起来。那就是说，他经常摸摸蓓蓓勒的下巴，与下士握握手，给蓓蓓勒点零钱，给下士抽根雪茄，后来甚至发展到可以与下士一起抽抽烟斗，亲亲蓓蓓勒。但是每当他这样做的时候，总是感到十分别扭，当他看到米蒂艾先生总是站在一片阳光下注视着他所做的这一切时，心中便会十分恼火。每逢发现这种情形，他总是用自己的语言在喉咙深处低吼着："又是你，胡桃壳！这关你什么事？"

In a word, it had become the occupation of Mr. The Englishman's life to look after the Corporal and little Bebelle, and to resent old Monsieur Mutuel's looking after HIM. An occupation only varied by a fire in the town one windy night, and much passing of water-buckets from hand to hand (in which the Englishman rendered good service), and much beating of drums,—when all of a sudden the Corporal disappeared.

总之，看望下士和蓓蓓勒，而后为米蒂艾先生总盯着他看而生气已经成了英国人先生生活中的每日例行事务，。但是，这个例行事务却因城里的一场大火而变得不同。在那个刮着风的黑夜里，水桶在一只只手中传递着（英国人先生也出了点力），鼓声持续不停，然后，突然下士就失踪了。

Next, all of a sudden, Bebelle disappeared.

紧接着，突然间，蓓蓓勒也没了踪影。

She had been visible a few days later than the Corporal,—sadly deteriorated as to washing and brushing,—but she had not spoken when addressed by Mr. The Englishman, and had looked scared and

had run away. And now it would seem that she had run away for good. And there lay the Great Place under the windows, bare and barren.

她是在下士不见了几天之后才出现的。她形容憔悴，不洗脸也不刷牙，英国人先生问她话的时候，她看上去很惊慌，转身就跑。现在看来，她似乎是永远地逃走了。只剩下窗外的大广场，空空荡荡，十分荒凉。

In his shamefaced and constrained way, Mr. The Englishman asked no question of any one, but watched from his front windows and watched from his back windows, and lingered about the Place, and peeped in at the Barber's shop, and did all this and much more with a whistling and tune-humming pretence of not missing anything, until one afternoon when Monsieur Mutuel's patch of sunlight was in shadow, and when, according to all rule and precedent, he had no right whatever to bring his red ribbon out of doors, behold here he was, advancing with his cap already in his hand twelve paces off!

由于英国人先生羞怯与内敛的处事方式，他没有向人问起蓓蓓勒的下落。只是每天从他的前窗后窗向外望着，或流连徘徊于广场之上，或偷偷地往理发店里张望，做这一切的时候，他吹着口哨，哼着小调，装出一副若无其事的样子。直到有一天下午，他再次碰到米蒂艾先生。他的那片阳光地带已处在阴影之中，依据所有的规则与先例，他没有理由再带上那条红绶带出门。看到他，米蒂艾先生在十二步开外就已经脱下帽子向他走来。

Mr. The Englishman had got as far into his usual objurgation as, "What bu—si—" when he checked himself.

英国人先生差点像往常一样骂出口来："关你什……？"但是话到嘴边又咽了下去。

"Ah, it is sad, it is sad! Helas, it is unhappy, it is sad!" Thus old Monsieur Mutuel, shaking his gray head.

"啊，太可怜了，太可怜了！哎呀，真是太不幸，太可怜了！"老米蒂艾先生边说边摇着他灰白的脑袋。

"What busin—at least, I would say, what do you mean, Monsieur Mutuel?"

"那关你什……我是说，你说的话是什么意思，米蒂艾先生？"

"Our Corporal. Helas, our dear Corporal!"

"我们的下士，哎呀，我们亲爱的下士！"

"What has happened to him?"

"他怎么了？"

"You have not heard?"

“你没有听说吗？”

"No."

“没有。”

"At the fire. But he was so brave, so ready. Ah, too brave, too ready!"

“那场大火。他表现得是那么勇敢，毫不退缩。啊，太勇敢，太无畏了！”

"May the Devil carry you away!" the Englishman broke in impatiently; "I beg your pardon,—I mean me,—I am not accustomed to speak French,—go on, will you?”

“见鬼去吧！”英国人先生不耐烦地插了句嘴，“别介意，我是说我自己呢，我不太习惯讲法语，请继续，好吗？”

"And a falling beam—”

“一根掉下来的柱子……”

"Good God!" exclaimed the Englishman. "It was a private soldier who was killed?"

“天哪！”英国惊叫道，“压死了一个二等兵？”

"No. A Corporal, the same Corporal, our dear Corporal. Beloved by all his comrades. The funeral ceremony was touching,—penetrating. Monsieur The Englishman, your eyes fill with tears.”

“不，是下士，那个下士，我们亲爱的下士。他的同伴们都非常爱戴他。安葬仪式真是太感人了，太催人泪下了。英国人先生，你流泪了。”

"What bu—si—”

“关你什……”

"Monsieur The Englishman, I honour those emotions. I salute you with profound respect. I will not obtrude myself upon your noble heart."

“英国人先生，我尊重这种情感。我向你致以深深的敬意。我不会再打扰你高尚的心灵了。”

Monsieur Mutuel,—a gentleman in every thread of his cloudy linen, under whose wrinkled hand every grain in the quarter of an ounce of poor snuff in his poor little tin box became a gentleman's property,—Monsieur Mutuel passed on, with his cap in his hand.

米蒂艾先生——他是一位绅士，他逐渐变黑的亚麻衬衫上的每一根线，他皱巴巴的手中拿着的可以装四分之一盎司鼻烟的小铁匣中的每一

点烟灰，都可以说明他是当之无愧的绅士——米蒂艾先生手里拿着帽子，走了。

"I little thought," said the Englishman, after walking for several minutes, and more than once blowing his nose, "when I was looking round that cemetery—I'll go there!"

“当我上次去公墓的时候，我真没想到，”英国人先生走了几分钟，擤了几次鼻涕后说道，“我会再去那里！”

Straight he went there, and when he came within the gate he paused, considering whether he should ask at the lodge for some direction to the grave. But he was less than ever in a mood for asking questions, and he thought, "I shall see something on it to know it by."

他径直去了那里，刚进门的时候他停了下来，考虑着他是否应该问下门房，那个坟地该往那个方向走。但是，此刻他没有任何心情去问别人问题，他想：“我总会看到些标志什么的，那样我就知道是哪座了。”

In search of the Corporal's grave he went softly on, up this walk and down that, peering in, among the crosses and hearts and columns and obelisks and tombstones, for a recently disturbed spot. It troubled him now to think how many dead there were in the cemetery,—he had not thought them a tenth part so numerous before,—and after he had walked and sought for some time, he said to himself, as he struck down a new vista of tombs, "I might suppose that every one was dead but I."

他缓缓地边走边寻找下士的坟墓，从这条路走过去，又顺着那条路走回来，透过这些个十字架、纪念碑、石柱、方尖碑和墓石，端详着、搜寻着新近挖过的地方。现在，一想到这个墓园里埋着这么多人，他就不免有些心烦。他从没想到这里埋着这么多人，连十分之一也没想到过。他边走边找了一会儿，又看到了一座座的新坟，不禁自言自语道：“我想这里除了我，所有的人都死了呢。”

Not every one. A live child was lying on the ground asleep. Truly he had found something on the Corporal's grave to know it by, and the something was Bebelle.

不是所有的人。一个活生生的孩子躺在地上睡着了。他的确在下士坟上找到了某些东西，从而知道这就是他的坟地，这某些东西就是蓓蓓勒。

With such a loving will had the dead soldier's comrades worked at his resting-place, that it was already a neat garden. On the green turf of the garden Bebelle lay sleeping, with her cheek touching it. A plain, unpainted little wooden Cross was planted in the turf, and her short arm embraced this little Cross, as it had many a time embraced the Corporal's neck. They had put a tiny flag (the flag of France) at his

head, and a laurel garland.

下士的伙伴们充满爱意地修筑了他安息的这片地，现在它看起来已经像是一个整洁的花园了。在这个花园的绿地上，蓓蓓勒躺着睡着了，脸颊贴着草皮。在这块草地上，有一个小小的、朴素的、没有刷过漆的木制十字架，蓓蓓勒的胳膊紧紧地抱着这个小十字架，就像许多次她抱着下士的脖子一样。他们在他的坟头竖起了一面小小的旗帜（法国的国旗）和一个月桂花环。

Mr. The Englishman took off his hat, and stood for a while silent. Then, covering his head again, he bent down on one knee, and softly roused the child.

英国人先生摘下帽子，默默地站了一会儿。然后，他戴上帽子，跪在地上，轻轻地抱起了这个孩子。

"Bebelle! My little one!"

“蓓蓓勒！我的小家伙！”

Opening her eyes, on which the tears were still wet, Bebelle was at first frightened; but seeing who it was, she suffered him to take her in his arms, looking steadfastly at him.

蓓蓓勒睁开了那仍然湿乎乎的眼睛，她起先有点害怕，但看清来人后，她就任由他抱着，眼睛一直望着他。

"You must not lie here, my little one. You must come with me."

“你可不能躺在这里，我的小家伙。你得跟我走。”

"No, no. I can't leave Theophile. I want the good dear Theophile."

“不，不行，我不能离开泰奥菲勒。我要和亲爱的泰奥菲勒在一起。”

"We will go and seek him, Bebelle. We will go and look for him in England. We will go and look for him at my daughter's, Bebelle."

“我们去找他，蓓蓓勒。我们去英国找他。我们去我女儿家找他，蓓蓓勒。”

"Shall we find him there?"

“我们在那儿能找到他吗？”

"We shall find the best part of him there. Come with me, poor forlorn little one. Heaven is my witness," said the Englishman, in a low voice, as, before he rose, he touched the turf above the gentle Corporal's breast, "that I thankfully accept this trust!"

“会的，我们会在那儿找到他的精髓。跟我一起来，我可怜的孤独的孩子。上天为证。”英国人先生低声说。在他起身之前，他摸了摸位于温和的下士胸部上方的草皮，说道：“我怀着感激之心接受这份托付！”

It was a long way for the child to have come unaided. She was soon asleep again, with her embrace transferred to the Englishman's neck. He looked at her worn shoes, and her galled feet, and her tired face, and believed that she had come there every day.

对于独自到这里来的一个孩子来说，这段路程很远。很快她就又睡着了，这次她抱着的是英国人先生的脖子。他看着她那磨破的鞋、擦破的脚、疲惫的脸，知道她一定是每天都到这里来。

He was leaving the grave with the slumbering Bebelle in his arms, when he stopped, looked wistfully down at it, and looked wistfully at the other graves around. "It is the innocent custom of the people," said Mr. The Englishman, with hesitation. "I think I should like to do it. No one sees."

他怀里抱着熟睡的蓓蓓勒，就要离开下士的墓地时，又停了下来。他若有所思地看了一眼下士的坟墓，又若有所思地看了看周围其他的坟墓。“这是人们天真的习惯。”英国人先生犹豫的说，“我想我也愿意这样做。没有人看的见。”

Careful not to wake Bebelle as he went, he repaired to the lodge where such little tokens of remembrance were sold, and bought two wreaths. One, blue and white and glistening silver, "To my friend;" one of a soberer red and black and yellow, "To my friend." With these he went back to the grave, and so down on one knee again. Touching the child's lips with the brighter wreath, he guided her hand to hang it on the Cross; then hung his own wreath there. After all, the wreaths were not far out of keeping with the little garden. To my friend. To my friend.

他害怕惊醒蓓蓓勒，走得很小心。到了门房那里，他看到有许多的小纪念品出售，就买了两个花圈。一个是蓝白相间，还有闪闪发光的银色，上面写着：“献给我的朋友”；另外的一个是更素净、更柔和的红色、黑色和黄色相间，也写着：“献给我的朋友”。拿着这两个花圈，他又回到了坟地，跪下了一条腿。他让孩子吻了吻色泽较艳的那个花圈，并教给她如何将它挂在十字架上，然后他把自己手里的那个也挂了上去。不管怎样说，这两个花圈放在这个小花园里还是蛮和谐的。献给我的朋友。献给我的朋友。

Mr. The Englishman took it very ill when he looked round a street corner into the Great Place, carrying Bebelle in his arms, that old Mutuel should be there airing his red ribbon. He took a world of pains to dodge the worthy Mutuel, and devoted a surprising amount of time and trouble to skulking into his own lodging like a man pursued by Justice. Safely arrived there at last, he made Bebelle's toilet with as accurate a remembrance as he could bring to bear upon that work of the way in which he had often seen the poor Corporal make it, and having given her to eat and drink, laid her down on his own bed.

Then he slipped out into the barber's shop, and after a brief interview with the barber's wife, and a brief recourse to his purse and card-case, came back again with the whole of Bebelle's personal property in such a very little bundle that it was quite lost under his arm.

当英国人先生抱着蓓蓓勒，从广场的一角望向广场时，又看到老米蒂艾先生在那里晾晒他的红绶带，英国人先生感到很不舒服。他极为费劲地避开可敬的米蒂艾先生，又花费好长时间偷偷摸摸地溜进他的寓所，就像一个正在被正义追捕的逃犯。安全到达以后，他尽可能精确地按他所能记起的、他所看到的可怜下士照顾蓓蓓勒的方式，开始给蓓蓓勒梳洗，喂她吃喝，然后把她放在自己的床上。做完这一切之后，他溜进理发店里，与老板娘简短地交谈之后，凭借钱包和名片夹的帮助，将蓓蓓勒的全部个人物品卷成一小捆，夹在腋下，跟什么也没有似的走了回来。

As it was irreconcilable with his whole course and character that he should carry Bebelle off in state, or receive any compliments or congratulations on that feat, he devoted the next day to getting his two portmanteaus out of the house by artfulness and stealth, and to comporting himself in every particular as if he were going to run away,—except, indeed, that he paid his few debts in the town, and prepared a letter to leave for Madame Bouclet, enclosing a sufficient sum of money in lieu of notice. A railway train would come through at midnight, and by that train he would take away Bebelle to look for Theophile in England and at his forgiven daughter's.

若要他堂而皇之地带走蓓蓓勒，或是为此功绩接受任何的赞扬或祝贺，这万万不符合他的行为方式和性格。于是第二天，他用巧妙而隐秘的方式将他的两只旅行皮箱带出了寓所，那副样子，从任何一个细节来看都像是要逃跑，只是他付清了他在城里欠下的少量债款，并给布克莱夫人留了封信，信封里放了不少钱以代替退房的通知。半夜时分，有一辆火车要经过这里，他会带着蓓蓓勒登上这辆火车，回到英国，到他已原谅了的女儿家里寻找泰奥菲勒。

At midnight, on a moonlight night, Mr. The Englishman came creeping forth like a harmless assassin, with Bebelle on his breast instead of a dagger. Quiet the Great Place, and quiet the never-stirring streets; closed the cafes; huddled together motionless their billiard-balls; drowsy the guard or sentinel on duty here and there; lulled for the time, by sleep, even the insatiate appetite of the Office of Town-dues.

那天夜里，月光皎洁，英国人先生偷偷地离开了，就像是一个不会伤人的刺客，只是他揣在怀里的是蓓蓓勒而不是匕首。大广场上静悄悄的，大街上也四下无人，一片寂静。咖啡馆关了门，弹子房里的弹子也一动不动地聚集在一起，睡眼惺忪的警卫和哨兵无处不在，甚至税务所那永远得不到满足的食欲也暂时因为困乏而睡着了。

Mr. The Englishman left the Place behind, and left the streets behind, and left the civilian-inhabited town behind, and descended down among the military works of Vauban, hemming all in. As the shadow of the first heavy arch and postern fell upon him and was left behind, as the shadow of the second heavy arch and postern fell upon him and was left behind, as his hollow tramp over the first drawbridge was succeeded by a gentler sound, as his hollow tramp over the second drawbridge was succeeded by a gentler sound, as he overcame the stagnant ditches one by one, and passed out where the flowing waters were and where the moonlight, so the dark shades and the hollow sounds and the unwholesomely locked currents of his soul were vanquished and set free. See to it, Vaubans of your own hearts, who gird them in with triple walls and ditches, and with bolt and chain and bar and lifted bridge,—raze those fortifications, and lay them level with the all-absorbing dust, before the night cometh when no hand can work!

英国人先生走过广场，走过一条条街道，走出这座文明开化的城镇，走过这座城里无处不在的沃邦的军事工程。第一个大拱门和边门的影子落在他的身上，又落到了他身后；第二个大拱门和边门的影子落在他的身上，又落到了他身后；他低沉空洞的脚步声在微微回音的伴奏下跨过了第一座吊桥；他低沉空洞的脚步声在微微回音的伴奏下跨过了第二座吊桥；他迈过一条条凝滞的水渠，终于到达了有水流和月光的地方，于是阴影不再了，低沉空洞的脚步声消失了，被条条暗流损害束缚的心灵也重获了自由。想想吧，沃邦们，你们用这三层高墙、三层沟渠，用插销、锁链、铁条和吊桥重重封锁着自己的心灵。在夜幕降临，人们无法工作之前，拆除这些碉堡，将它们夷为平地，直至化为无所不容的灰尘吧！

All went prosperously, and he got into an empty carriage in the train, where he could lay Bebelle on the seat over against him, as on a couch, and cover her from head to foot with his mantle. He had just drawn himself up from perfecting this arrangement, and had just leaned back in his own seat contemplating it with great satisfaction, when he became aware of a curious appearance at the open carriage window,—a ghostly little tin box floating up in the moon-light, and hovering there.

一切都进行得很顺利。他走进一节空车厢，在这里，他可以将对面的座位当做床让蓓蓓勒躺在上面，他又用自己的披风将她从头到脚盖住。把一切安置好后，他直起身子，倚靠在自己的座位上，心满意足地开始思考，猛然发觉车厢开着的窗户外出现了一种奇怪的景象，那是一个像幽灵一样的小铁匣子，在月光下浮起，盘旋。

He leaned forward, and put out his head. Down among the rails and wheels and ashes, Monsieur Mutuel, red ribbon and all!

他探出身子，向外看去。下面，在铁轨上，在车轮和灰尘中间，站着戴着红绶带的米蒂艾先生！

"Excuse me, Monsieur The Englishman," said Monsieur Mutuel, holding up his box at arm's length, the carriage being so high and he so low; "but I shall reverence the little box for ever, if your so generous hand will take a pinch from it at parting."

“打扰了，英国人先生，”米蒂艾先生喊道，将他的小匣子举得高高的有一臂之远，这个姿势显得他自己很低，“但是如果你慷慨的手能够在离别之际取走一撮鼻烟，我将永远珍重这只匣子。”

Mr. The Englishman reached out of the window before complying, and—without asking the old fellow what business it was of his—shook hands and said, "Adieu! God bless you!"

英国人先生将手伸出窗外，握了握他的手（在那么做之前，他没有问这个老家伙那关他什么事），说道：“再见！上帝保佑你！”

"And, Mr. The Englishman, God bless YOU!" cried Madame Bouclet, who was also there among the rails and wheels and ashes. "And God will bless you in the happiness of the protected child now with you. And God will bless you in your own child at home. And God will bless you in your own remembrances. And this from me!"

“英国人先生，愿上帝保佑你！”布克莱夫人喊道，她也站在铁轨上，在车轮和灰尘之中。“愿上帝保佑你及现在跟你在一起的这个孩子，愿她在你的庇护下一生幸福。愿上帝保佑你家乡里自己的孩子。愿上帝保佑你不会忘记我们。我们也不会忘记你！”

He had barely time to catch a bouquet from her hand, when the train was flying through the night. Round the paper that enfolded it was bravely written (doubtless by the nephew who held the pen of an Angel), "Homage to the friend of the friendless."

他几乎来不及接过她手中的花束，火车就在黑夜中飞驰离去。花束外包着一张纸，上面写着几个大字（无疑这是她那位书法不错的侄儿写的）：“向没有朋友的朋友致敬”。

"Not bad people, Bebelle!" said Mr. The Englishman, softly drawing the mantle a little from her sleeping face, that he might kiss it, "though they are so—”

“这些人还不赖，蓓蓓勒！”英国人先生说，把盖在她熟睡脸庞上的披风轻轻拉开了些，使得他能够亲亲她，“尽管他们是这么地——”

Too "sentimental" himself at the moment to be able to get out that word, he added nothing but a sob, and travelled for some miles, through the moonlight, with his hand before his eyes.

此时，他自己也太“多愁善感”了，没法把话说完，只是抽抽搭搭地

哭了起来，火车在月光下开出去好几英里了，他的手还放在眼睛上。

CHAPTER III HIS BROWN-PAPER PARCEL

第三章 他的牛皮纸包

My works are well known. I am a young man in the Art line. You have seen my works many a time, though it's fifty thousand to one if you have seen me. You say you don't want to see me? You say your interest is in my works, and not in me? Don't be too sure about that. Stop a bit.

我的作品众所周知。我是一位年轻艺术家。你们一定很多次看过我的作品，尽管你们看见我的几率为五万分之一。你们说不想看见我？你们说只对我的作品感兴趣，而不是对我感兴趣？不要太肯定了。稍等一下。

Let us have it down in black and white at the first go off, so that there may be no unpleasantness or wrangling afterwards. And this is looked over by a friend of mine, a ticket writer, that is up to literature. I am a young man in the Art line—in the Fine-Art line. You have seen my works over and over again, and you have been curious about me, and you think you have seen me. Now, as a safe rule, you never have seen me, and you never do see me, and you never will see me. I think that's plainly put—and it's what knocks me over.

让我们一开始就用白纸黑字把一切记下来，以避免随后的不快与争论。这交由我的一个朋友查看，他是记单员，工作与文学也有些联系。我是一位年轻艺术家——从事绘画。你们好多次看到过我的作品，也对我很好奇，你们认为一定见过我。但是说实话，你们从没有见过我，现在没有，将来也不会。我想我已经说得很清楚了，也正是这一点使得我耿耿于怀。

If there's a blighted public character going, I am the party.

如果有一个遭遇坎坷、始终不为人所知的名人，那就是我。

It has been remarked by a certain (or an uncertain,) philosopher, that the world knows nothing of its greatest men. He might have put it plainer if he had thrown his eye in my direction. He might have put it, that while the world knows something of them that apparently go in and win, it knows nothing of them that really go in and don't win. There it is again in another form—and that's what knocks me over.

曾经有位（或者据说有位）哲学家说过，这个世界对它的伟人一无所知。要是他的眼睛看到了我，他或许会说得更清楚些。他会说，这个世界只了解那些表面上努力并取得成功的人，而忽略了那些真正努力却并未取得成功的人。这是同一回事的另外一种表现方式，也正是这一点使得我耿耿于怀。

Not that it's only myself that suffers from injustice, but that I am more alive to my own injuries than to any other man's. Being, as I have mentioned, in the Fine-Art line, and not the Philanthropic line, I openly admit it. As to company in injury, I have company enough. Who are you passing every day at your Competitive Excruciations? The fortunate candidates whose heads and livers you have turned upside down for life? Not you. You are really passing the Crammers and Coaches. If your principle is right, why don't you turn out to-morrow morning with the keys of your cities on velvet cushions, your musicians playing, and your flags flying, and read addresses to the Crammers and Coaches on your bended knees, beseeching them to come out and govern you? Then, again, as to your public business of all sorts, your Financial statements and your Budgets; the Public knows much, truly, about the real doers of all that! Your Nobles and Right Honourables are first-rate men? Yes, and so is a goose a first-rate bird. But I'll tell you this about the goose;—you'll find his natural flavour disappointing, without stuffing.

并不是只有我遭遇了这种不公正，只是比起其他人所遭遇的不公正，我更关心自己所受到的伤害。如前面所述，我是一名青年艺术家，而不是慈善家，所以我公开承认这一点。至于说其他受伤害的人，那就太多了。你们每天在竞争激烈的苦海中录取的是什么人呢？是那些被你们折磨得头晕目眩、终日提心吊胆的幸运考生吗？不是。你们录取的实际上是那些书呆子和他们的老师们。如果你们的原则是正确的，那你们为什么不在明日清晨，将掌管城市的钥匙放在天鹅绒的垫子上，带着乐队，举着旗子，跪在地上请求那些书呆子们和老师们，请求他们出来统治你们呢？而且，你们的各种公共事务，包括财政报表和财政预算，还不都是一样？实际上，群众很清楚，到底是谁在做着这一切。你们的达官贵人都是第一流的人物吗？是的，就像鹅是第一流的家禽一样。但我得告诉你：如果鹅的肚子里没有填料，它的本来的味道可就令人失望了。

Perhaps I am soured by not being popular? But suppose I AM popular. Suppose my works never fail to attract. Suppose that, whether they are exhibited by natural light or by artificial, they invariably draw the public. Then no doubt they are preserved in some Collection? No, they are not; they are not preserved in any Collection. Copyright? No, nor yet copyright. Anyhow they must be somewhere? Wrong again, for they are often nowhere.

难道我是因为没有出名而愤世嫉俗吗？假设我出名了。假设我的作品大受欢迎。假设，它们无论是展示在自然光下还是人造光下都大受欢迎。那么，它们就一定会被收藏在一些作品集里吗？不，没有，它们没有被收藏在任何作品集里。出版权呢？没有，无任何版权可言。至少它们是保存在哪里吧？又错了，它们哪也没在。

Says you, "At all events, you are in a moody state of mind, my

friend." My answer is, I have described myself as a public character with a blight upon him—which fully accounts for the curdling of the milk in THAT cocoa-nut.

你们会说：“无论怎样，你总是太情绪化了，我的朋友。”我的回答是，我已经说过了，我是遭遇坎坷、始终不为人所知的名人，这就解释了我为何总是愤愤不平。

Those that are acquainted with London are aware of a locality on the Surrey side of the river Thames, called the Obelisk, or, more generally, the Obstacle. Those that are not acquainted with London will also be aware of it, now that I have named it. My lodging is not far from that locality. I am a young man of that easy disposition, that I lie abed till it's absolutely necessary to get up and earn something, and then I lie abed again till I have spent it.

熟悉伦敦的人都知道在泰晤士河的萨里区一边，有个地方叫方尖碑，更多人叫它大石柱。我这么说了后，不熟悉伦敦的人现在也会有所了解了。我住的地方离那儿不远。我是一个很懒散的人，不到非常必要的时候决不起床挣钱，然后又重新躺下直到钱花完为止。

It was on an occasion when I had had to turn to with a view to victuals, that I found myself walking along the Waterloo Road, one evening after dark, accompanied by an acquaintance and fellow-lodger in the gas-fitting way of life. He is very good company, having worked at the theatres, and, indeed, he has a theatrical turn himself, and wishes to be brought out in the character of Othello; but whether on account of his regular work always blacking his face and hands more or less, I cannot say.

有一天黄昏过后，我必须得弄点吃的了。在一个熟人的陪伴下，我们一起走过滑铁卢大道。他与我住在同一间公寓，是做煤气安装的。他这个人不错，曾在剧院干过，其实他本人也有些演员的气质，总希望有朝一日能登台表演奥赛罗，但我不知道是否多多少少因为日常工作的缘故，他的手和脸总是黑的。

"Tom," he says, "what a mystery hangs over you!"

“汤姆，”他说，“你心里好像有秘密！”

"Yes, Mr. Click"—the rest of the house generally give him his name, as being first, front, carpeted all over, his own furniture, and if not mahogany, an out-and-out imitation—"yes, Mr. Click, a mystery does hang over me."

“是的，叮当先生，”——公寓里的人都这么叫他。他的房间在二层的正面，整间屋子都铺着地毯，家具也是他自己买的，即使不是真红木，也是地地道道的仿制品。——“是的，叮当先生，我心里是有个秘密。”

"Makes you low, you see, don't it?" says he, eyeing me sideways.

“所以你情绪才有点低落，是吧？”他侧眼打量着我。

"Why, yes, Mr. Click, there are circumstances connected with it that have," I yielded to a sigh, "a lowering effect."

“哦，是的，叮当先生，是跟这有些关系。”我叹了口气说，“所以总有些无精打采。”

"Gives you a touch of the misanthrope too, don't it?" says he. "Well, I'll tell you what. If I was you, I'd shake it of."

“这也使得你有些愤世嫉俗，对吧？”他又说道，“我告诉你，如果我是你，我就会将其抛之脑后。”

"If I was you, I would, Mr. Click; but, if you was me, you wouldn't."

“如果我是你的话，我会这么做，叮当先生。但是，如果你是我的话，你就不会这么做了。”

"Ah!" says he, "there's something in that."

“啊！”他说，“这话有些意思。”

When we had walked a little further, he took it up again by touching me on the chest.

我们又往前走了走，他拍了拍我的胸口，又提起刚才的话题。

"You see, Tom, it seems to me as if, in the words of the poet who wrote the domestic drama of The Stranger, you had a silent sorrow there."

“你知道，汤姆，写《陌生人》这部家庭剧的诗人曾经说过，你的心底有着默默的忧伤。”

"I have, Mr. Click."

“我的确有，叮当先生。”

"I hope, Tom," lowering his voice in a friendly way, "it isn't coining, or smashing?"

“我希望，汤姆，”他压低了声音，友好地说，“它不会让你感觉很沉重以至于一蹶不振吧？”

"No, Mr. Click. Don't be uneasy."

“没有，叮当先生。别紧张。”

"Nor yet forg—" Mr. Click checked himself, and added, "counterfeiting anything, for instance?"

“也不至于使你伪造——”叮当先生顿了下，又说，“譬如说，隐瞒什

么事吧？”

"No, Mr. Click. I am lawfully in the Art line—Fine-Art line—but I can say no more.”

“没有，叮当先生。我是一个守法的艺术家，或者说画家，除此之外我不想多说什么。”

"Ah! Under a species of star? A kind of malignant spell? A sort of a gloomy destiny? A cankerworm pegging away at your vitals in secret, as well as I make it out?" said Mr. Click, eyeing me with some admiration.

“啊！那么你运气不佳？遭遇坎坷？时运不济？据我推测，难道是有什么烦心事在暗暗地蚕食你的心灵？”叮当先生说着，并对我投以赞赏的目光。

I told Mr. Click that was about it, if we came to particulars; and I thought he appeared rather proud of me.

我告诉叮当先生，若要细述也就如此。但是，我觉得他还是对我颇为赞赏。

Our conversation had brought us to a crowd of people, the greater part struggling for a front place from which to see something on the pavement, which proved to be various designs executed in coloured chalks on the pavement stones, lighted by two candles stuck in mud sconces. The subjects consisted of a fine fresh salmon's head and shoulders, supposed to have been recently sent home from the fishmonger's; a moonlight night at sea (in a circle); dead game; scroll-work; the head of a hoary hermit engaged in devout contemplation; the head of a pointer smoking a pipe; and a cherubim, his flesh creased as in infancy, going on a horizontal errand against the wind. All these subjects appeared to me to be exquisitely done.

我们说着说着，碰到了一群人，好多人在往前挤，想看看人行道上有些什么。借助旁边泥烛台上的两支蜡烛的光亮可以看到，原来在人行道的石板上，有各种各样的用彩色粉笔画的图案。这些图案包括一条大马哈鱼的头部和上半身，很新鲜，像是刚刚从鱼贩子那里买回家的；一片皎洁月光下的半圆形海面；一些死的猎物；一些云纹花样；一位头发花白的，正在沉思的隐士的头像；一只叼着烟斗的猎犬；一个正在为使命而逆风前行的小天使，嫩嫩的皮肤皱得像刚出生的婴儿。所有的图案，我认为都画得很精美。

On his knees on one side of this gallery, a shabby person of modest appearance who shivered dreadfully (though it wasn't at all cold), was engaged in blowing the chalk-dust off the moon, toning the outline of the back of the hermit's head with a bit of leather, and fattening the down-stroke of a letter or two in the writing. I have

forgotten to mention that writing formed a part of the composition, and that it also—as it appeared to me—was exquisitely done. It ran as follows, in fine round characters: "An honest man is the noblest work of God. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0. Pounds s. d. Employment in an office is humbly requested. Honour the Queen. Hunger is a 0 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 sharp thorn. Chip chop, cherry chop, fol de rol de ri do. Astronomy and mathematics. I do this to support my family.”

在这些图案的一边跪着一位外表谦逊的画家，他衣衫褴褛，浑身瑟瑟发抖（尽管天气一点也不冷），正在吹掉月亮上的粉笔灰，用一块皮革擦拭隐士头像后面的轮廓线，或加粗一两个字母的最后几笔。我忘了提到，文字也是图案的一部分，而且我认为他的文字也写得相当不错。那是用圆形字体写的几个字，很漂亮：“诚实的人是上帝最高尚的作品。”1234567890英镑，先令，便士。拜求一份文员之职务。女王万岁。饥饿如０９８７６５４３２１一根尖刺。小排骨，樱桃饼，福、德、禄、得、利、多。天文学和数学。此举纯为养家糊口。”

Murmurs of admiration at the exceeding beauty of this performance went about among the crowd. The artist, having finished his touching (and having spoilt those places), took his seat on the pavement, with his knees crouched up very nigh his chin; and halfpence began to rattle in.

他的精彩表演博得了在场人群的一片喝彩。这位画家擦拭完这一切后（其实是弄脏了这些地方），就在人行道上坐了下来，两腿蜷起，贴近下巴，半便士铜币便开始叮叮当当地落入场内。

"A pity to see a man of that talent brought so low; ain't it?" said one of the crowd to me.

“看到一个天才如此潦倒实在是可惜啊，不是吗？”人群中有个人对我说道。

"What he might have done in the coach-painting, or house-decorating!" said another man, who took up the first speaker because I did not.

“他本可以做些油漆马车或者粉刷房子之类的活！”见我没有作声，另外一个人接上了第一个人的话。

"Why, he writes—alone—like the Lord Chancellor!" said another man.

“为什么做那些活？单说他写的字就已经像大法官写得一样好了！”又有人这样说道。

"Better," said another. "I know his writing. He couldn't support his family this way."

“比大法官写得还好。”另外一人说。“我见过他的字。但他不能光靠写字来养家糊口。”

Then, a woman noticed the natural fluffiness of the hermit's hair, and another woman, her friend, mentioned of the salmon's gills that you could almost see him gasp. Then, an elderly country gentleman stepped forward and asked the modest man how he executed his work? And the modest man took some scraps of brown paper with colours in 'em out of his pockets, and showed them. Then a fair-complexioned donkey, with sandy hair and spectacles, asked if the hermit was a portrait? To which the modest man, casting a sorrowful glance upon it, replied that it was, to a certain extent, a recollection of his father. This caused a boy to yelp out, "Is the Pinter a smoking the pipe your mother?" who was immediately shoved out of view by a sympathetic carpenter with his basket of tools at his back.

接着，一个妇人指出隐士的头发画得非常蓬松、自然；她的朋友，另一位妇人也说，大马哈鱼的鱼鳃如此逼真，你似乎能看到它在呼吸。接着，一位乡村老者走上前来问这个谦逊的人他是怎么画成他的作品的？这个谦逊的人从他的口袋里掏出几张牛皮纸拿给他看，里面包着一些彩色粉笔。这时，一个白肤黄发、戴着眼镜的笨蛋问，这个隐士是不是什么人的画像？对于他的问题，这个谦逊的人很悲伤地看了一眼画像，然后回答说，某种程度上来说，是他记忆中的父亲。这使得一个男孩尖叫道：“那这只叼着烟斗的猎犬是你的母亲吧？”一个富有同情心的木匠用他的工具箱在男孩的背上推了一把，把他赶走了。

At every fresh question or remark the crowd leaned forward more eagerly, and dropped the halfpence more freely, and the modest man gathered them up more meekly. At last, another elderly gentleman came to the front, and gave the artist his card, to come to his office to-morrow, and get some copying to do. The card was accompanied by sixpence, and the artist was profoundly grateful, and, before he put the card in his hat, read it several times by the light of his candles to fix the address well in his mind, in case he should lose it. The crowd was deeply interested by this last incident, and a man in the second row with a gruff voice growled to the artist, "You've got a chance in life now, ain't you?" The artist answered (sniffing in a very low-spirited way, however), "I'm thankful to hope so." Upon which there was a general chorus of "You are all right," and the halfpence slackened very decidedly.

每当有人提出新问题或者作出新评论的时候，人群就更急切地向前挤一些，也更积极地扔上半个便士，这个谦逊的人把钱一个个地捡起来，神色更为谦卑。最后，又一个老者走到前面，递给画家一张名片，让他明早去他的办公室做些抄写之类的工作。与名片一起递过去的还有六个便士。画家万分感激地接了过去，就着蜡烛看了好几遍，这才把名片放进帽子，以防名片丢了的话，他还可以记得地址。人群对最后的这件事情发生了莫大的兴趣，站在第二排的一个人嗓门粗哑地对画家说：“你现在找到工作了，不是吗？”画家回答道（却没精打采地带着些

鼻音）：“谢天谢地，但愿如此吧。”对此，人群中响起一片声音：“现在你有着落了”，于是半便士铜币扔在地上的声音明显少了。

I felt myself pulled away by the arm, and Mr. Click and I stood alone at the corner of the next crossing.

我觉得有人拽着我的胳膊拉着我走，然后，到了下一个十字路口的拐角处，就剩下我和叮当先生站在那里。

"Why, Tom," said Mr. Click, "what a horrid expression of face you've got!"

“怎么了，汤姆，”叮当先生说，“你的脸色怎么那么难看？”

"Have I?" says I.

“是吗？”我说。

"Have you?" says Mr. Click. "Why, you looked as if you would have his blood."

“不是吗？”叮当先生反问道，“怎么回事？你看上去就好像是要杀了他似的。”

"Whose blood?"

“要杀谁？”

"The artist's."

“那个画家。”

"The artist's?" I repeated. And I laughed, frantically, wildly, gloomily, incoherently, disagreeably. I am sensible that I did. I know I did.

“那个画家？”我重复了一遍。说着，我笑了起来，笑得那么疯狂、那么粗野、那么阴郁，断断续续的，还十分刺耳。我能感觉到是这样的，我知道是的。

Mr. Click stared at me in a scared sort of a way, but said nothing until we had walked a street's length. He then stopped short, and said, with excitement on the part of his forefinger:

叮当先生有些惊恐地看着我，但是什么也没说，我们继续往前走过了一条街。突然，他停了下来，情绪激动、手指哆嗦地说：

"Thomas, I find it necessary to be plain with you. I don't like the envious man. I have identified the cankerworm that's pegging away at YOUR vitals, and it's envy, Thomas."

“托马斯，我觉得我必须坦白地跟你说。我不喜欢嫉妒心重的人。我知道是什么烦心事在蚕食你的心灵了，是嫉妒，托马斯。”

"Is it?" says I.

“是吗？”我问。

"Yes, it is," says be. "Thomas, beware of envy. It is the green-eyed monster which never did and never will improve each shining hour, but quite the reverse. I dread the envious man, Thomas. I confess that I am afraid of the envious man, when he is so envious as you are. Whilst you contemplated the works of a gifted rival, and whilst you heard that rival's praises, and especially whilst you met his humble glance as he put that card away, your countenance was so malevolent as to be terrific. Thomas, I have heard of the envy of them that follows the Fine-Art line, but I never believed it could be what yours is. I wish you well, but I take my leave of you. And if you should ever got into trouble through knifeing—or say, garotting—a brother artist, as I believe you will, don't call me to character, Thomas, or I shall be forced to injure your case."

“是的。”他说，“托马斯，你一定要警惕嫉妒。嫉妒是长着绿眼睛的魔鬼，它让你看不到，也永远不会让你看到光明，相反，只会让你看到黑暗。嫉妒的人让我感到害怕，托马斯。我承认我畏惧嫉妒的人，就像你现在这样。当你揣摩一位天才对手的作品，听到对他的赞美声，尤其是在他收起名片，你看到他谦逊的目光时，你的脸色变得如此凶恶，让人心颤不已。托马斯，我听人说起过，从事艺术的人都有嫉妒之心，但我从来没有想到你的嫉妒心会这么重。我祝你安好，但是我要离开你了。但是，如果有一天你惹上麻烦，譬如说，因为刺死或者勒死你的画家同行，我相信你会的，那个时候不要叫我去提供证词，否则会对你的案件不利。”

Mr. Click parted from me with those words, and we broke off our acquaintance.

说完这些话后，叮当先生走了，我们也就此断交。

I became enamoured. Her name was Henrietta. Contending with my easy disposition, I frequently got up to go after her. She also dwelt in the neighbourhood of the Obstacle, and I did fondly hope that no other would interpose in the way of our union.

我爱上了一个人。她的名字叫亨丽埃塔。尽管我生性懒散，但为了追求她，我会早早起床。她也住在大石柱那边，我真心期望没有人会阻碍我们的结合。

To say that Henrietta was volatile is but to say that she was woman. To say that she was in the bonnet-trimming is feebly to express the taste which reigned predominant in her own.

说亨丽埃塔反复无常，倒不如说她是个女人。说她喜欢漂亮的帽子，也就是隐约表达了她天性中的一个突出品味。

She consented to walk with me. Let me do her the justice to say

that she did so upon trial. "I am not," said Henrietta, "as yet prepared to regard you, Thomas, in any other light than as a friend; but as a friend I am willing to walk with you, on the understanding that softer sentiments may flow."

她答应和我一起散步。说句公道话，她这么做是为了考验我。她说：“托马斯，我没想别的，只是把你当作朋友。但是作为朋友，我与你一起散步，是希望也许会进一步发展我们之间的感情。”

We walked.

于是，我们一起散了步。

Under the influence of Henrietta's beguilements, I now got out of bed daily. I pursued my calling with an industry before unknown, and it cannot fail to have been observed at that period, by those most familiar with the streets of London, that there was a larger supply. But hold! The time is not yet come!

由于亨丽埃塔的迷人魅力，我现在每天早起。我开始以前所未有的勤奋致力于我的绘画事业，凡是熟悉伦敦街道的人不难看到，那个时候，街上的画廊数量增多了。但是且慢！时机还未到，且容我细说。

One evening in October I was walking with Henrietta, enjoying the cool breezes wafted over Vauxhall Bridge. After several slow turns, Henrietta gaped frequently (so inseparable from woman is the love of excitement), and said, "Let's go home by Grosvenor Place, Piccadilly, and Waterloo"—localities, I may state for the information of the stranger and the foreigner, well known in London, and the last a Bridge.

那是十月的一个傍晚，我与亨丽埃塔一起散步，享受着从沃克斯豪尔桥上吹来的习习凉风。我们慢慢地转了几圈，亨丽埃塔就不停地喘气（女人总是因为爱情而激动），她说：“我们回家吧，沿着格罗夫诺广场，皮卡迪利大街和滑铁卢往回走。”外地人和外国人可能会不知道，她说的这些都是伦敦有名的地方，最后这个滑铁卢指的是一座大桥。

"No. Not by Piccadilly, Henrietta," said I.

“不，别走皮卡迪利大街，亨丽爱塔。”我说道。

"And why not Piccadilly, for goodness' sake?" said Henrietta.

“为什么不走皮卡迪利呢？为什么？”亨丽爱塔问。

Could I tell her? Could I confess to the gloomy presentiment that overshadowed me? Could I make myself intelligible to her? No.

我能告诉她吗？我能承认，不详的预感正笼罩着我吗？我能将我的心事说给她听吗？不能。

"I don't like Piccadilly, Henrietta."

“我不喜欢皮卡迪利大街，亨丽埃塔。”

"But I do," said she. "It's dark now, and the long rows of lamps in Piccadilly after dark are beautiful. I WILL go to Piccadilly!"

“但是我喜欢。”她说，“现在天黑了，皮卡迪利大街上一排排的街灯在夜幕下十分漂亮。我要去那儿！”

Of course we went. It was a pleasant night, and there were numbers of people in the streets. It was a brisk night, but not too cold, and not damp. Let me darkly observe, it was the best of all nights—FOR THE PURPOSE.

我们当然得去了。这是个怡人的夜晚，大街上行人络绎不绝。空气凉爽，但不太冷，也不潮湿。让我悄悄地说一句，今天晚上是最好的一晚，非常适合谈恋爱。

As we passed the garden wall of the Royal Palace, going up Grosvenor Place, Henrietta murmured:

当我们走过皇家宫殿的花园围墙，沿格罗夫诺广场走去的时候，亨丽埃塔喃喃地说道：

"I wish I was a Queen!"

“真希望我是个女王啊！”

"Why so, Henrietta?"

“为什么要当女王呢，亨丽埃塔？”

"I would make YOU Something," said she, and crossed her two hands on my arm, and turned away her head.

“这样我就可以使你成名啦。”她说道，双手搂着我的胳膊，脸扭到了一边。

Judging from this that the softer sentiments alluded to above had begun to flow, I adapted my conduct to that belief. Thus happily we passed on into the detested thoroughfare of Piccadilly. On the right of that thoroughfare is a row of trees, the railing of the Green Park, and a fine broad eligible piece of pavement.

由此可以判断，前面所提到过的那种更温柔的情感开始在我们之间流动了，我也要据此信念调整我的行动。就这样我们幸福地走到了讨厌的皮卡迪利大街上。大街的右边绿树成排，还有绿色公园的栏杆，和一条宽阔的人行道。

"Oh my!" cried Henrietta presently. "There's been an accident."

“哦，天哪！”亨丽埃塔突然喊道，“那里出事了！”

I looked to the left, and said, "Where, Henrietta?"

我朝左边看了看，问道：“哪里，亨丽埃塔？”

"Not there, stupid!" said she. "Over by the park railings. Where the crowd is. Oh no, it's not an accident, it's something else to look at! What's them lights?"

“不是那里，笨蛋！”她说，“是公园栏杆那里。那儿有一堆人。哦，不是，不是出事了，是大家在瞧什么。那亮光是怎么回事？”

She referred to two lights twinkling low amongst the legs of the assemblage: two candles on the pavement.

她指的是人群脚边闪着的两点光芒，来自于人行道上的两支蜡烛。

"Oh, do come along!" cried Henrietta, skipping across the road with me. I hung back, but in vain. "Do let's look!"

“哦，过来看！”亨丽埃塔喊道，拉着我飞快地穿过马路，我想缩回身子，但是没用。“我们也瞧瞧！”

Again, designs upon the pavement. Centre compartment, Mount Vesuvius going it (in a circle), supported by four oval compartments, severally representing a ship in heavy weather, a shoulder of mutton attended by two cucumbers, a golden harvest with distant cottage of proprietor, and a knife and fork after nature; above the centre compartment a bunch of grapes, and over the whole a rainbow. The whole, as it appeared to me, exquisitely done.

又是人行道上的画。中间的图案是半圆形维苏威火山，冒着烟，周围是四幅椭圆形的画，分别是：在狂风骤雨中航行的船只、羊腿与两条黄瓜、遥远小屋外金色的麦田，以及与实物大小相近的刀叉。中间那幅画的顶上还画了一串葡萄，整个画面的顶端是一条彩虹。我认为，所有的图案都十分精美。

The person in attendance on these works of art was in all respects, shabbiness excepted, unlike the former personage. His whole appearance and manner denoted briskness. Though threadbare, he expressed to the crowd that poverty had not subdued his spirit, or tinged with any sense of shame this honest effort to turn his talents to some account. The writing which formed a part of his composition was conceived in a similarly cheerful tone. It breathed the following sentiments: "The writer is poor, but not despondent. To a British 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 Public he Pounds s. d. appeals. Honour to our brave Army! And also 0 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 to our gallant Navy. BRITONS STRIKE the A B C D E F G writer in common chalks would be grateful for any suitable employment HOME! HURRAH!" The whole of this writing appeared to me to be exquisitely done.

守在这些艺术作品旁边的这个人，除了意料中的衣衫褴褛之外，与之前的那位画家没有任何相似之处。他的长相与举止都透出一股勃勃生气。尽管衣衫破旧，他却向人群站展示出一种面貌，那就是贫穷并没有

消磨他的精神，或使他背负羞耻而不能实实在在地努力、发挥自己的才干。他作品当中的文字同样透出一股乐观向上的精神。它表达了这样的一些观点：“作者虽穷，却并不沮丧。他向英国的１２３４５６７８９０公众呼吁，英镑，先令，便士，向我们英勇的军队致敬！向我们英勇的海军０９８７６５４３２１致敬。所有的英国国民敬请关注：一个用粉笔写字的普通作者A B C D E F G 愿意承担国内任何适当的工作。万岁！”我觉得他所有的字都写得十分出色。

But this man, in one respect like the last, though seemingly hard at it with a great show of brown paper and rubbers, was only really fattening the down-stroke of a letter here and there, or blowing the loose chalk off the rainbow, or toning the outside edge of the shoulder of mutton. Though he did this with the greatest confidence, he did it (as it struck me) in so ignorant a manner, and so spoilt everything he touched, that when he began upon the purple smoke from the chimney of the distant cottage of the proprietor of the golden harvest (which smoke was beautifully soft), I found myself saying aloud, without considering of it:

但是这个人，尽管表面上看他在卖力地用牛皮纸和橡皮擦比划着，实际上，有一点与之前的那位画家一样，那就是：他也在时不时地加粗一些字母的最后几笔，或吹掉彩虹上的粉笔灰，或者加深羊腿的线条。尽管他做这一切时信心十足，但（他给我的感觉是）他对绘画一无所知，而且他越描越糟。当他开始描金色麦田深处、从遥远小屋的烟囱中升起的紫色炊烟时（那烟原本很柔美），我在毫无意识的情况下，脱口叫道：

"Let that alone, will you?"

“别动它了，好吗？”

"Halloa!" said the man next me in the crowd, jerking me roughly from him with his elbow, "why didn't you send a telegram? If we had known you was coming, we'd have provided something better for you. You understand the man's work better than he does himself, don't you? Have you made your will? You're too clever to live long."

“喂！”我旁边站着的一个人用肘子捅了我一下说，“你怎么不发个电报过来呢？如果我们知道你要来，会给你准备点更好的东西。你比他本人更了解他的作品，是不是？你写遗嘱了吗？你这么聪明，恐怕活不长。”

"Don't be hard upon the gentleman, sir," said the person in attendance on the works of art, with a twinkle in his eye as he looked at me; "he may chance to be an artist himself. If so, sir, he will have a fellow-feeling with me, sir, when I”—he adapted his action to his words as he went on, and gave a smart slap of his hands between each touch, working himself all the time about and about the composition

—“when I lighten the bloom of my grapes—shade off the orange in my rainbow—dot the i of my Britons—throw a yellow light into my cow-cum-BER—insinuate another morsel of fat into my shoulder of mutton—dart another zigzag flash of lightning at my ship in distress!”

“先生，请不要难为这位绅士，”守着这些作品的那个人看着我说，他的眼睛亮晶晶的，“他可能也是一位画家。如果是的话，先生，他会跟我有同感的，你看，当我——”他说话的同时也在调整着自己的动作，不停在图案上修饰着，每修饰一下就麻利地拍一下手，“葡萄的颜色我得让它淡一些，彩虹中的橙色需要再深一些，我得写好字母上的黑点，增亮黄瓜上的黄色，羊腿上的肉色需要再润点，在风雨中前行的船只上面还得增添一道Z形的闪电。”

He seemed to do this so neatly, and was so nimble about it, that the halfpence came flying in.

他这一切做得十分利落，丝毫不拖泥带水，半便士铜币纷纷朝他飞下来。

"Thanks, generous public, thanks!" said the professor. "You will stimulate me to further exertions. My name will be found in the list of British Painters yet. I shall do better than this, with encouragement. I shall indeed."

“谢谢，慷慨的人们，谢谢！”画家说道，“你们的赞赏会使我更加努力。你们会在英国名画家之列看到我的名字。有了你们的鼓励，我会做得更好。我一定会的。”

"You never can do better than that bunch of grapes," said Henrietta. "Oh, Thomas, them grapes!"

“没人能画出比这串葡萄更好的了。”亨丽埃塔说道，“哦，托马斯，瞧那葡萄！”

"Not better than THAT, lady? I hope for the time when I shall paint anything but your own bright eyes and lips equal to life."

“不能比那再好了，女士？我希望有一天除了你那明亮的眼睛和嘴唇之外，我什么都能画得栩栩如生。“

“(Thomas, did you ever?) But it must take a long time, sir," said Henrietta, blushing, "to paint equal to that."

“（托马斯，你这样做过吗？）你一定练习了好长时间，先生。”亨丽埃塔羞红了脸，“才能画得如此逼真。”

"I was prenticed to it, miss," said the young man, smartly touching up the composition—"prenticed to it in the caves of Spain and Portingale, ever so long and two year over."

“我从小练习，小姐，”年轻人一边说，一边利落地涂抹着图案，“还在西班牙和葡萄牙的石窟里，学了两年多。”

There was a laugh from the crowd; and a new man who had worked himself in next me, said, "He's a smart chap, too; ain't he?"

人群中传来一阵笑声，一个刚挤到我身边的人说：“他是个聪明的小伙，不是吗？”

"And what a eye!" exclaimed Henrietta softly.

“多好的眼睛啊！”亨丽埃塔柔声说道。

"Ah! He need have a eye," said the man.

“啊，他确实需要这么好的眼睛。”这个人说。

"Ah! He just need," was murmured among the crowd.

“嗯，是需要。”人群中也响起这样的嘀咕声。

"He couldn't come that 'ere burning mountain without a eye," said the man. He had got himself accepted as an authority, somehow, and everybody looked at his finger as it pointed out Vesuvius. "To come that effect in a general illumination would require a eye; but to come it with two dips—why, it's enough to blind him!"

“他要是没有这么好的眼睛就不会画出那么好的火山。”这个人又说道。他好像把自己当成了权威了，周围的人都随着他的手指看向维苏威火山。“在白天的亮光下要达到这种效果都需要好眼睛，何况仅有两支蜡烛，那几乎让他什么都看不到。”

That impostor, pretending not to have heard what was said, now winked to any extent with both eyes at once, as if the strain upon his sight was too much, and threw back his long hair—it was very long—as if to cool his fevered brow. I was watching him doing it, when Henrietta suddenly whispered, "Oh, Thomas, how horrid you look!" and pulled me out by the arm.

那个冒牌货假装没有听到人们的谈论，现在又眯起了两只眼睛，似乎他的视力已经使用过度，还将他的长发——非常长——往后一甩，似乎是想让他发热的额头凉快一些。我正在观看他装模做样地做着这一切，突然亨丽埃塔低声对我说道：“哦，托马斯，你的样子怎么这么可怕！”她把我拉出了人群。

Remembering Mr. Click's words, I was confused when I retorted, "What do you mean by horrid?"

想起叮当先生的话，我有些困惑，反问道：“怎么可怕了？”

"Oh gracious! Why, you looked," said Henrietta, "as if you would have his blood."

“天哪！你看你，”亨丽埃塔说，“好像你要杀了他似的。”

I was going to answer, "So I would, for twopence—from his nose," when I checked myself and remained silent.

我正要回答她："我会的，我真想好好地给他一巴掌。"但是我忍住没有出声。

We returned home in silence. Every step of the way, the softer sentiments that had flowed, ebbed twenty mile an hour. Adapting my conduct to the ebbing, as I had done to the flowing, I let my arm drop limp, so as she could scarcely keep hold of it, and I wished her such a cold good-night at parting, that I keep within the bounds of truth when I characterise it as a Rasper.

我们默默地往回走。回去的路上每走一步，刚才如潮水般涌现的温柔的情感就会消逝一点。和之前涌现的时候一样，随着情感如退潮般地消逝，我也开始调整行为，我的胳膊开始变得松软无力，她都快搂不住了。分别时，我的那句晚安是如此地冰冷，把它形容成锉刀，也不会超出真实的范畴。

In the course of the next day I received the following document:

第二天我收到了以下通告：

"Henrietta informs Thomas that my eyes are open to you. I must ever wish you well, but walking and us is separated by an unfarmable abyss. One so malignant to superiority—Oh that look at him!—can never never conduct

"亨丽埃塔知会托马斯：我的眼睛一直朝你看来。我祝愿你幸福，但是我们之间有一条永远无法填平的深渊。一个人可以如此恶毒地对待比他出色的人——哦，看着他的时候那多么可怕的目光！——我永远无法与这样的人在一起

HENRIETTA:

亨丽埃塔：

P.S.—To the altar."

附笔：永远无法与他一起走向教堂的圣坛。"

Yielding to the easiness of my disposition, I went to bed for a week, after receiving this letter. During the whole of such time, London was bereft of the usual fruits of my labour. When I resumed it, I found that Henrietta was married to the artist of Piccadilly.

收到这封信后，我在床上躺了一个礼拜，又恢复了懒散的天性。在这段时间里，伦敦失去了我通常劳动的成果。当我重又开始作画时，我发现亨丽埃塔嫁给了皮卡迪利大街上的画家。

Did I say to the artist? What fell words were those, expressive of what a galling hollowness, of what a bitter mockery! I—I—I—am the artist. I was the real artist of Piccadilly, I was the real artist of the Waterloo Road, I am the only artist of all those pavement-subjects which daily and nightly arouse your admiration. I do 'em, and I let 'em

out. The man you behold with the papers of chalks and the rubbers, touching up the down-strokes of the writing and shading off the salmon, the man you give the credit to, the man you give the money to, hires—yes! and I live to tell it!—hires those works of art of me, and brings nothing to 'em but the candles.

我要不要把这些话告诉那位画家？这些话表达了多么令人痛心的空洞虚伪，真是辛辣的嘲讽！我，我，我才是真正的画家。我才是皮卡迪利大街上真正的画家，我才是滑铁卢大道上真正的画家，我才是这些街面上日日夜夜引起你赞赏的所有图案的真正作者。我画了它们，又将它们出租。你们所看到的那个用牛皮纸包着粉笔和橡皮的那个人，改动文字笔画的那个人，加深大马哈鱼色泽的那个人，你们信任的那个人，扔给他钱的那个人，租用了我的画——是的！我实话告诉你们！——他租用了我的艺术作品，除了那两支蜡烛，其余都并非他所为。

Such is genius in a commercial country. I am not up to the shivering, I am not up to the liveliness, I am not up to the wanting-employment-in-an-office move; I am only up to originating and executing the work. In consequence of which you never see me; you think you see me when you see somebody else, and that somebody else is a mere Commercial character. The one seen by self and Mr. Click in the Waterloo Road can only write a single word, and that I taught him, and it's MULTIPLICATION—which you may see him execute upside down, because he can't do it the natural way. The one seen by self and Henrietta by the Green Park railings can just smear into existence the two ends of a rainbow, with his cuff and a rubber—if very hard put upon making a show—but he could no more come the arch of the rainbow, to save his life, than he could come the moon-light, fish, volcano, shipwreck, mutton, hermit, or any of my most celebrated effects.

这就是商业社会中的所谓天才。我装不出瑟瑟发抖的样子，装不出一副生气勃勃的样子，更不会装出那种祈求文员工作的举动，我会的只是创作，只是绘画。因此你们永远看不到我，你们认为你们看到我了，其实你们看到的是另有其人，而他只是一个商人。我和叮当先生在滑铁卢大道上看到的那位画家，只会写一个单词，还是我教给他的，那就是“乘法”，你可能会看到他是倒着写这个字的，因为他不会正着写。我和亨丽埃塔在绿色公园的栏杆那里碰到的那个人，只会用他的袖子和橡皮涂抹彩虹的两端——如果万般无奈实在需要表演一下的话——但是他根本画不了彩虹的弧线，就是杀了他，他也画不成月光、鱼、火山、沉船、羊肉、隐士或者任何我的值得赞赏的作品。

To conclude as I began: if there's a blighted public character going, I am the party. And often as you have seen, do see, and will see, my Works, it's fifty thousand to one if you'll ever see me, unless, when the candles are burnt down and the Commercial character is gone, you should happen to notice a neglected young man

perseveringly rubbing out the last traces of the pictures, so that nobody can renew the same. That's me.

我的结论跟我一开始说的一样：如果有一位遭遇坎坷、始终不为人所知的名人，那就是我。通常情况下，你看到过的，正在看的，以及将会看到的都是我的作品。但你看到我的几率是五万分之一，除非蜡烛燃尽，商人离去，你可能会偶尔注意到，有那么一个不起眼的年轻人正在奋力擦掉那些图案的最后痕迹，这样就再没人能够恢复它们了。那个人就是我。

CHAPTER IV HIS WONDERFUL END

第四章 他精彩的结局

It will have been, ere now, perceived that I sold the foregoing writings. From the fact of their being printed in these pages, the inference will, ere now, have been drawn by the reader (may I add, the gentle reader?) that I sold them to One who never yet—

至此，大家都已了解，我卖出了前面的这两篇文章。读者（我可以称呼为高贵的读者吗？）可以从它们已经出版这一事实得出结论：我把它们卖给了一个从没……

Having parted with the writings on most satisfactory terms,—for, in opening negotiations with the present Journal, was I not placing myself in the hands of One of whom it may be said, in the words of Another, —resumed my usual functions. But I too soon discovered that peace of mind had fled from a brow which, up to that time, Time had merely took the hair off, leaving an unruffled expanse within.

我将这些稿子以我很满意的条件出售后——从一开始与杂志社商讨出版事宜，我就没被一个人控制，这个人，用另外一个人的话是……之后，我又重操旧业了。但是我很快发现：随着时间流逝，头发开始掉落的额头后面那片平静的区域开始变得不平静起来。

It were superfluous to veil it,—the brow to which I allude is my own.

无须浪费唇舌多做解释——我所提到的额头正是我自己的。

Yes, over that brow uneasiness gathered like the sable wing of the fabled bird, as—as no doubt will be easily identified by all right-minded individuals. If not, I am unable, on the spur of the moment, to enter into particulars of him. The reflection that the writings must now inevitably get into print, and that He might yet live and meet with them, sat like the Hag of Night upon my jaded form. The elasticity of my spirits departed. Fruitless was the Bottle, whether Wine or Medicine. I had recourse to both, and the effect of both upon my system was witheringly lowering.

是的，正是在那片额头上，不安就像传说中神鸟的黑色羽翼一样聚集着，这一点凡是精神正常的人都可以明白地看出。否则，我不会一时冲动之下，去深入研究他。那些文字现在一定已经开始印刷了，他很可能还活着，能够看到出版的文章，这些想法就像黑夜的女巫一样摧残着我本已疲惫的灵魂。我的精神已彻底崩溃了。不论是酒精还是药物，对我都没有任何效果。我求助于这两者，但是它们只会磨损我的身体，使它每况愈下。

In this state of depression, into which I subsided when I first began to revolve what could I ever say if He—the unknown—was to appear in the Coffee-room and demand reparation, I one forenoon in this last November received a turn that appeared to be given me by the finger of Fate and Conscience, hand in hand. I was alone in the Coffee-room, and had just poked the fire into a blaze, and was standing with my back to it, trying whether heat would penetrate with soothing influence to the Voice within, when a young man in a cap, of an intelligent countenance, though requiring his hair cut, stood before me.

在这种压抑的状态中，我渐渐地消沉下去，我开始反复设想：如果他，这位不知名的人，在咖啡馆出现，并且索取赔偿，我该怎么应对。在今年十一月的一个上午，命运和良心突然联手赋予了我一个转机。那天，我一个人在咖啡馆里，刚把火拨旺，背火站着，想试试火的热度是否能穿透我的身体，安抚我内心的呼救声。这时一个带帽子的年轻人站到了我的面前，他看上去很聪慧，只是头发需要修理了。

"Mr. Christopher, the Head Waiter?"

“请问是领班，克里斯托弗先生吗？”

"The same."

“正是。”

The young man shook his hair out of his vision,—which it impeded,—to a packet from his breast, and handing it over to me, said, with his eye (or did I dream?) fixed with a lambent meaning on me, "THE PROOFS."

这个年轻人甩了甩头，使其头发不再遮挡视线，然后从胸前掏出一个纸包递给我，盯着我，意味深长地说（难道是我在胡思乱想？）：“这是校样。”

Although I smelt my coat-tails singeing at the fire, I had not the power to withdraw them. The young man put the packet in my faltering grasp, and repeated,—let me do him the justice to add, with civility:

尽管已经闻到衣服后摆被火烧焦的味道，我却没有力气把它拉过来。年轻人把他的纸包放进我微微发抖的手掌中，重复了一遍他刚才的话：（说句良心话，他非常地彬彬有礼。）

"THE PROOFS. A. Y. R."

“这是校样。A. Y. R."

With those words he departed.

说完这些话，他就离开了。

A. Y. R.? And You Remember. Was that his meaning? At Your Risk. Were the letters short for THAT reminder? Anticipate Your Retribution. Did they stand for THAT warning? Out-dacious Youth Repent? But no; for that, a O was happily wanting, and the vowel here was a A.

A. Y. R.？你也记得。这三个字母是这个意思吗？后果自负。他是在提醒我吗？当心你的报应。难道是在警告我什么吗？胆大妄为，追悔莫及吗？不是的，如果是那样的话，这里的字母应该是O，而不是A。

I opened the packet, and found that its contents were the foregoing writings printed just as the reader (may I add the discerning reader?) peruses them. In vain was the reassuring whisper,—A.Y.R., All the Year Round,—it could not cancel the Proofs. Too appropriate name. The Proofs of my having sold the Writings.

我打开纸包，发现里面是印刷好的文章，就是我前面提到过的文章，也是读者读到的那些（我可以称呼为明察秋毫的读者吗）。这些用来宽心的揣测都是没用的，它消除不了这些证明（英文中，“校样”与“证据”都可用单词proof表示，此处为狄更斯的文字游戏）。A. Y. R.指的一定是《一年四季》。这个名字太合适了。这是我卖出这些文章的证据。

My wretchedness daily increased. I had not thought of the risk I ran, and the defying publicity I put my head into, until all was done, and all was in print. Give up the money to be off the bargain and prevent the publication, I could not. My family was down in the world, Christmas was coming on, a brother in the hospital and a sister in the rheumatics could not be entirely neglected. And it was not only ins in the family that had told on the resources of one unaided Waitering; outs were not wanting. A brother out of a situation, and another brother out of money to meet an acceptance, and another brother out of his mind, and another brother out at New York (not the same, though it might appear so), had really and truly brought me to a stand till I could turn myself round. I got worse and worse in my meditations, constantly reflecting "The Proofs," and reflecting that when Christmas drew nearer, and the Proofs were published, there could be no safety from hour to hour but that He might confront me in the Coffee-room, and in the face of day and his country demand his rights.

我的惶惶不安与日俱增。在一切成为定局、文章得以出版之前，我从没想到我所冒的风险、我将其公开发表所冒的天下之大不韪。但是将钱退回去，取消协议，放弃出版，我做不到。我的家庭处在社会的最底层，圣诞节就要到了，我的一个弟弟还在住院，一个妹妹患了不容疏忽的风湿性关节炎。尽管作为茶房，我也是无处求援。但在这个家庭里，并不是这些“得了什么的”需要我的接济，那些“失了什么的”也需要我的接济。一个兄弟失了业，一个兄弟没有钱承兑票据，一个兄弟失去理智

疯了，还有一个兄弟失去理智跑到了纽约（同为失去理智，但有所不同），所有这一切让我实在是无力应对，只好另寻出路。在各种猜测中，我的精神越来越差，我老是想着这些“校样”，想着圣诞节越来越近了，校样就要出版了，危险随时都会降临，总有一天，他会找到咖啡馆来，公然向我索要赔偿。

The impressive and unlooked-for catastrophe towards which I dimly pointed the reader (shall I add, the highly intellectual reader?) in my first remarks now rapidly approaches.

我先前曾向读者（我可以称呼为聪慧的读者吗？）隐约指出，那场令人难忘、出乎意科的灾难正在迅速地逼近。

It was November still, but the last echoes of the Guy Foxes had long ceased to reverberate. We was slack,—several joints under our average mark, and wine, of course, proportionate. So slack had we become at last, that Beds Nos. 26, 27, 28, and 31, having took their six o'clock dinners, and dozed over their respective pints, had drove away in their respective Hansoms for their respective Night Mail-trains and left us empty.

还是在十一月的一天，但盖伊·福克斯最后的回音早已停止了回荡。我们正处于淡季，骨头肉的销量低于我们的平均水准，酒的销量也同样不佳。生意如此萧条不振。26、27、28和31号房间的客人在六点钟各自喝了点酒，用完餐后，打了会儿盹，便分别坐上双座马车，分头去赶各自的夜班邮政火车了，旅馆空了下来。

I had took the evening paper to No. 6 table,—which is warm and most to be preferred,—and, lost in the all-absorbing topics of the day, had dropped into a slumber. I was recalled to consciousness by the well-known intimation, "Waiter!" and replying, "Sir!" found a gentleman standing at No. 4 table. The reader (shall I add, the observant reader?) will please to notice the locality of the gentleman, —AT NO. 4 TABLE.

我拿了份晚报在六号桌坐了下来（这张桌子既暖和，也最受欢迎），在当天的各种引人入胜的文章中走了神，昏昏欲睡起来。突然我被一个熟悉的叫声惊醒：“茶房！”，我回答道：“是，先生！”，然后发现一位绅士站在四号桌旁。读者（我可以称呼为洞察一切的读者吗？）应该可以注意到这位绅士所站的地点——在四号桌旁。

He had one of the newfangled uncollapsable bags in his hand (which I am against, for I don't see why you shouldn't collapse, while you are about it, as your fathers collapsed before you), and he said:

他手中拿了个新潮的非折叠式的旅行包（我不喜欢这种包，因为我不明白，当你需要折叠的时候为什么不能折叠，你父亲以前用的就可以折叠），他说：

"I want to dine, waiter. I shall sleep here to-night.”

“茶房，我要用餐。今晚也住在这里。”

"Very good, sir. What will you take for dinner, sir?"

“好的，先生。您想用点什么，先生？”

"Soup, bit of codfish, oyster sauce, and the joint."

“一份粥，再来点鳕鱼，牡蛎沙司，还有一份骨头肉。”

"Thank you, sir."

“好的，先生。”

I rang the chambermaid's bell; and Mrs. Pratchett marched in, according to custom, demurely carrying a lighted flat candle before her, as if she was one of a long public procession, all the other members of which was invisible.

我按照惯例打铃叫了下侍女，普拉谢特太太走了进来，手里装模作样地举着一支点燃的大蜡烛，仿佛她身后还有一条长长的队伍，只是不见队伍中的其他成员。

In the meanwhile the gentleman had gone up to the mantelpiece, right in front of the fire, and had laid his forehead against the mantelpiece (which it is a low one, and brought him into the attitude of leap-frog), and had heaved a tremenjous sigh. His hair was long and lightish; and when he laid his forehead against the mantelpiece, his hair all fell in a dusty fluff together over his eyes; and when he now turned round and lifted up his head again, it all fell in a dusty fluff together over his ears. This give him a wild appearance, similar to a blasted heath.

这时，绅士走到了壁炉架旁，就站在炉火的右前方，额头靠在壁炉架上（壁炉架比较低，这使得他的姿势就像是一只随时准备起跳的跳蛙），他深深地叹了口气。他留着长发，颜色略淡，当他额头靠在壁炉架上时，他的头发乱蓬蓬地遮盖在眼前；当他转身抬头时，头发又会乱蓬蓬地遮盖住他的耳朵。这让他看上去面容粗野，如同杂草丛生的荒地。

"O! The chambermaid. Ah!" He was turning something in his mind. "To be sure. Yes. I won't go up-stairs now, if you will take my bag. It will be enough for the present to know my number.—Can you give me 24 B?”

“哦！侍女。啊！”他在思考着什么。“当然。是的。我现在还不想上楼，请你把我的旅行包先送上去。现在只要告诉我房间号就可以了。你能不能给我24B室？”

(O Conscience, what a Adder art thou!)

（老天，这真是一条毒蛇！）

Mrs. Pratchett allotted him the room, and took his bag to it. He then went back before the fire, and fell a biting his nails.

普拉谢特太太给他开了这个房间，然后把他的旅行包送了上去。他就回到壁炉旁边，啃起他的指甲来。

"Waiter!" biting between the words, "give me," bite, "pen and paper; and in five minutes," bite, "let me have, if you please," bite, "a", bite, "Messenger."

“茶房！”他边啃边说，“给我，”继续啃着，“五分钟内给我拿些笔和纸过来。”还是在啃，啃的中间又断断续续地说着：“请，给我，找个，送信的。”

Unmindful of his waning soup, he wrote and sent off six notes before he touched his dinner. Three were City; three West-End. The City letters were to Cornhill, Ludgate-hill, and Farringdon Street. The West-End letters were to Great Marlborough Street, New Burlington Street, and Piccadilly. Everybody was systematically denied at every one of the six places, and there was not a vestige of any answer. Our light porter whispered to me, when he came back with that report, "All Booksellers."

他毫不在意正在冷却的汤，写完六张便条并送出去后，才开始用餐。三张送往市区，三张送往西区。市区的是送往康希尔，拉德盖特山和法灵顿大街的。西区的是送往大马尔伯勒大街，新伯灵顿大街和皮卡迪利大街的。六处地方像是有组织地通通回绝了，也没见有任何的回音。我们疾步如风的脚夫回来对此作了报告后，悄悄对我说：“都是些书商。”

But before then he had cleared off his dinner, and his bottle of wine. He now—mark the concurrence with the document formerly given in full!—knocked a plate of biscuits off the table with his agitated elber (but without breakage), and demanded boiling brandy-and-water.

但是在此之前他已用完餐，也喝完了酒。他现在——请注意这里与前文所述的一致之处——看上去焦虑不安，肘子碰翻了饼干碟子（不过盘子没有裂），要了一杯煮热的掺水白兰地。

Now fully convinced that it was Himself, I perspired with the utmost freedom. When he became flushed with the heated stimulant referred to, he again demanded pen and paper, and passed the succeeding two hours in producing a manuscript which he put in the fire when completed. He then went up to bed, attended by Mrs. Pratchett. Mrs. Pratchett (who was aware of my emotions) told me, on coming down, that she had noticed his eye rolling into every corner of

the passages and staircase, as if in search of his Luggage, and that, looking back as she shut the door of 24 B, she perceived him with his coat already thrown off immersing himself bodily under the bedstead, like a chimley-sweep before the application of machinery.

我现在确信，这就是那个他，我开始浑身不自在，直冒汗。他喝完热酒后，面色发红，又要了纸笔，在接下来的两个小时之内，他开始写稿子，写完后却又付之一炬。最后，普拉谢特太太把他送上楼睡觉。普拉谢特太太（注意到了我的神色异样）下楼后告诉我，她注意到他的眼睛瞄着走廊和楼梯间的每个角落，好像是在寻找他的行李。她关上24B房间的门时，往后看了一眼，发现他整个身子已经钻在床底，衣服扔在一边，像机器应用时代之前的扫烟囱清理工一样。

The next day—I forbear the horrors of that night—was a very foggy day in our part of London, insomuch that it was necessary to light the Coffee-room gas. We was still alone, and no feverish words of mine can do justice to the fitfulness of his appearance as he sat at No.4 table, increased by there being something wrong with the meter.

第二天——在我担惊受怕一晚上之后——在我们所在的伦敦的这个区雾气很重，咖啡馆里白天也得点上煤气灯。还是只有我们两个人，他坐在四号桌旁，由于煤气表坏了，他的脸庞在煤气灯下时隐时现，说不清什么表情。

Having again ordered his dinner, he went out, and was out for the best part of two hours. Inquiring on his return whether any of the answers had arrived, and receiving an unqualified negative, his instant call was for mulligatawny, the cayenne pepper, and orange brandy.

又一次要了饭菜后，他出门了，整整离开了两个小时。一回来他就问是否有任何回信，得到绝对否定的回答后，他马上叫了咖喱肉饭、辣椒粉和橙汁白兰地。

Feeling that the mortal struggle was now at hand, I also felt that I must be equal to him, and with that view resolved that whatever he took I would take. Behind my partition, but keeping my eye on him over the curtain, I therefore operated on Mulligatawny, Cayenne Pepper, and Orange Brandy. And at a later period of the day, when he again said, "Orange Brandy," I said so too, in a lower tone, to George, my Second Lieutenant (my First was absent on leave), who acts between me and the bar.

预感到生死争斗迫在眉睫，也感觉到我绝对不能低他一等，抱着这种想法，我下定决心，他做什么我就做什么。于是，我也要了咖喱肉饭、辣椒粉和橙汁白兰地，并且躲在我的隔板后，从窗帘上方密切注视着他的一切行为。这天稍晚些时候，他又叫了橙汁白兰地，我也低声向乔治要了一份，他是我的第二助手（我的第一助手请了事假），在我和酒吧之间招呼着。

Throughout that awful day he walked about the Coffee-room continually. Often he came close up to my partition, and then his eye rolled within, too evidently in search of any signs of his Luggage. Half-past six came, and I laid his cloth. He ordered a bottle of old Brown. I likewise ordered a bottle of old Brown. He drank his. I drank mine (as nearly as my duties would permit) glass for glass against his. He topped with coffee and a small glass. I topped with coffee and a small glass. He dozed. I dozed. At last, "Waiter!"—and he ordered his bill. The moment was now at hand when we two must be locked in the deadly grapple.

那天真是糟透了，整整一天，他不停地在咖啡馆里走来走去。他不时地走近我的隔板，朝里张望，很明显是在寻找任何与他行李有关的蛛丝马迹。六点半时，我给他铺上桌布。他又叫了一瓶陈酿红酒。我也同样叫了一瓶陈酿红酒。他喝他的。我喝我的（只要我的职务允许），他举杯我也举杯。他最后要了一小杯咖啡。我也要了一小杯咖啡。他打起盹来。我也打起盹来。最后，他叫茶房来开了账单。看来最后决战的时刻终于要到来了。

Swift as the arrow from the bow, I had formed my resolution; in other words, I had hammered it out between nine and nine. It was, that I would be the first to open up the subject with a full acknowledgment, and would offer any gradual settlement within my power. He paid his bill (doing what was right by attendance) with his eye rolling about him to the last for any tokens of his Luggage. One only time our gaze then met, with the lustrous fixedness (I believe I am correct in imputing that character to it?) of the well-known Basilisk. The decisive moment had arrived.

我犹如离弦之箭，迅速做出了决定；或者换句话说，我在一分钟之内做出了决定。这个决定是：我得先开口引出这个话题，承认这一切，再表示愿意在力所能及的范围内逐步解决这件事。他付了账（对受到的服务理应付出报酬），眼珠转来转去，仍在寻找着行李的最后一丝痕迹。仅有一次我们的眼神碰到一起，我发现他就像著名的蛇怪一样，目光炯炯有神，十分专注。（我想我这么形容他，没有错吧？）最后决定性的时刻到了。

With a tolerable steady hand, though with humility, I laid The Proofs before him.

尽管样子有些谦卑，我还是伸出坚定的手，将校样拿到他的面前。

"Gracious Heavens!" he cries out, leaping up, and catching hold of his hair. "What's this? Print!"

“我的天哪！”他大喊一声，跳了起来，用手扯着头发。“这是什么啊？竟然印出来了！”

"Sir," I replied, in a calming voice, and bending forward, "I

humbly acknowledge to being the unfortunate cause of it. But I hope, sir, that when you have heard the circumstances explained, and the innocence of my intentions—”

“先生，”我向他鞠了一躬，平静地回答道，“我承认，这一切不幸皆因我而起。但是，我希望，先生，您能倾听我对此作出的解释，了解我并没有任何的不良居心——”

To my amazement, I was stopped short by his catching me in both his arms, and pressing me to his breast-bone; where I must confess to my face (and particular, nose) having undergone some temporary vexation from his wearing his coat buttoned high up, and his buttons being uncommon hard.

令我吃惊的是，他突然间用两只手臂将我搂在胸前。我不得不说，由于他所穿衣服上的扣子很硬，又扣得很高，我的脸，尤其是鼻子便遭了秧。

"Ha, ha, ha!" he cries, releasing me with a wild laugh, and grasping my hand. "What is your name, my Benefactor?"

“哈，哈，哈！”他大叫着，狂笑着放开了我，又抓住了我的手，“你叫什么名字，我的恩人？”

"My name, sir" (I was crumpled, and puzzled to make him out), "is Christopher; and I hope, sir, that, as such, when you've heard my ex—”

“先生，我叫，”（我完全懵了，弄不清楚他的意图），“克里斯托弗，我希望，先生，当你听到我的解释——”

"In print!" he exclaims again, dashing the proofs over and over as if he was bathing in them.—“In print!! O Christopher! Philanthropist! Nothing can recompense you,—but what sum of money would be acceptable to you?”

“印出来了！”他又大叫了一声，不停地把校样拍打在身上，仿佛要在里面洗澡似的——“印出来了！！哦，克里斯托弗！大恩人！任何方式都无法报答你，但是多少钱你才愿意接受呢？”

I had drawn a step back from him, or I should have suffered from his buttons again.

我后退了一步，否则又会再次被他的纽扣袭击。

"Sir, I assure you, I have been already well paid, and—”

“先生，请相信，我已经拿到了不少报酬了，而且——”

"No, no, Christopher! Don't talk like that! What sum of money would be acceptable to you, Christopher? Would you find twenty pounds acceptable, Christopher?"

“不，不，克里斯托弗！别那样说！多少钱你才愿意接受呢，克里斯托弗？二十英镑够吗，克里斯托弗？”

However great my surprise, I naturally found words to say, "Sir, I am not aware that the man was ever yet born without more than the average amount of water on the brain as would not find twenty pounds acceptable. But—extremely obliged to you, sir, I'm sure;" for he had tumbled it out of his purse and crammed it in my hand in two bank-notes; "but I could wish to know, sir, if not intruding, how I have merited this liberality?"

不论我多么地吃惊，我还是很自然地明白该如何回答：“先生，我觉得除非这个人生来脑子就不够分量，是个傻瓜，才会觉得二十镑还不够。不过，我还是要说，太感谢您了，先生。”因为这时他已经从钱包里掏出两张纸币塞到了我手里，“但是，如果您不嫌冒昧的话，我还是想知道，我做了什么蒙您如此慷慨？”

"Know then, my Christopher," he says, "that from boyhood's hour I have unremittingly and unavailingly endeavoured to get into print. Know, Christopher, that all the Booksellers alive—and several dead—have refused to put me into print. Know, Christopher, that I have written unprinted Reams. But they shall be read to you, my friend and brother. You sometimes have a holiday?”

“你知道，克里斯托弗，”他说，“从孩童时起，我就不断地努力想要发表作品，但是却又不断的失败。你知道，克里斯托弗，所有活着的书商——有几个已经过世——都拒绝发表我的作品。你知道，克里斯托弗，我不能印刷的作品太多了。但是我要把它们读给你听，我的朋友，我的兄弟。你有时也放假吗？”

Seeing the great danger I was in, I had the presence of mind to answer, "Never!" To make it more final, I added, "Never! Not from the cradle to the grave."

看到即将面临的危险，我当机立断回答道：“从不！”为了使这个回答更加地坚定，我加了句：“从不！从出生到死去，从不放假！”

"Well," says he, thinking no more about that, and chuckling at his proofs again. "But I am in print! The first flight of ambition emanating from my father's lowly cot is realised at length! The golden bow"—he was getting on,—"struck by the magic hand, has emitted a complete and perfect sound! When did this happen, my Christopher?"

“那好吧，”他说，不再想那件事了，又拿着他的校样咯咯咯地笑个不停。“但是现在我的作品印出来了！从父亲给我的婴儿床上萌发的最初一道雄心大志的光芒终于释放出来了！金碗，”他接着说到，“经过拥有神力的手的敲击，发出了完美的响声。这是什么时候的事，克里斯托弗？”

"Which happen, sir?"

“您说的是哪件事，先生？”

"This," he held it out at arms length to admire it,—“this Per—rint.”

“这篇，”他伸长胳膊来端详它，“这篇印出来的文章。”

When I had given him my detailed account of it, he grasped me by the hand again, and said:

我把事情的来龙去脉详细说给他听后，他又一次拉住我的手说：

"Dear Christopher, it should be gratifying to you to know that you are an instrument in the hands of Destiny. Because you ARE."

“亲爱的克里斯托弗，谢谢你，要知道你充当了命运之手的工具。你是起了这样的作用。”

A passing Something of a melancholy cast put it into my head to shake it, and to say, "Perhaps we all are."

一阵忧伤掠过我的心头，我摇摇头，说道：“或许我们都是。”

"I don't mean that," he answered; "I don't take that wide range; I confine myself to the special case. Observe me well, my Christopher! Hopeless of getting rid, through any effort of my own, of any of the manuscripts among my Luggage,—all of which, send them where I would, were always coming back to me,—it is now some seven years since I left that Luggage here, on the desperate chance, either that the too, too faithful manuscripts would come back to me no more, or that some one less accursed than I might give them to the world. You follow me, my Christopher?”

“我不是那个意思，”他回答道：“我不是泛泛而指，我仅限于这件事而言。好好看看我，克里斯托弗！不管我怎么努力想要将行李箱中的手稿发表，都无济于事——所有的稿子，不管我把它们送到哪里都会被退回——我把行李放在这里已经七年了，期望着或许有那么一点点的机会，可以使这些始终不愿离开的稿子不再回到我身边，或者有人能不像我这么倒霉，可以把它们带给世人。你明白我的意思吗，克里斯托弗？”

"Pretty well, sir." I followed him so far as to judge that he had a weak head, and that the Orange, the Boiling, and Old Brown combined was beginning to tell. (The Old Brown, being heady, is best adapted to seasoned cases.)

“是的，先生。”我非常明白他的意思，因此我断定他一定是昏了头了，这应该是橙汁，煮热了的掺水的白兰地和陈酿红酒共同作用的结果。（陈酿红酒，经过第二种处理也就是加热后，最容易使人喝醉。）

"Years elapsed, and those compositions slumbered in dust. At

length, Destiny, choosing her agent from all mankind, sent You here, Christopher, and lo! the Casket was burst asunder, and the Giant was free!"

“几年过去了，这些稿子仍然在灰尘中沉睡着。终于，命运从人群中选派了她的代表，把你送到了这里，克里斯托弗，瞧！盒子打开了，巨人自由了！”

He made hay of his hair after he said this, and he stood a-tiptoe.

他说完后，把头发弄得乱蓬蓬的，踮起了脚尖。

"But," he reminded himself in a state of excitement, "we must sit up all night, my Christopher. I must correct these Proofs for the press. Fill all the inkstands, and bring me several new pens."

“但是，”他仍处于兴奋的状态，“我们今晚必须得熬个通宵，克里斯托弗。我必须为出版社校对下这些校样。把墨水瓶灌满，再给我拿几只笔来。”

He smeared himself and he smeared the Proofs, the night through, to that degree that when Sol gave him warning to depart (in a four-wheeler), few could have said which was them, and which was him, and which was blots. His last instructions was, that I should instantly run and take his corrections to the office of the present Journal. I did so. They most likely will not appear in print, for I noticed a message being brought round from Beauford Printing House, while I was a throwing this concluding statement on paper, that the ole resources of that establishment was unable to make out what they meant. Upon which a certain gentleman in company, as I will not more particularly name,—but of whom it will be sufficient to remark, standing on the broad basis of a wave-girt isle, that whether we regard him in the light of,—laughed, and put the corrections in the fire.

他校对了整个晚上，弄得浑身上下都是墨水，校样上也涂满了墨水，以至于当太阳（乘着四轮马车而来）向他发出警告，要他离开的时候，人们都说不清哪个是他，哪个是校样，哪个是墨渍了。他最后的指示是：我应该立刻跑到这份杂志的编辑部，把他校对过的稿子送过去。我照办了。但是很可能这些校对的稿子发表不了，因为当我正在纸上写文章结尾的时候，我注意到一封来自博福德印刷所的信，信上说用尽了一切办法，也看不清楚他写了些什么。对此他们中的一位先生——我就不必特意点出他的名字了——我只想说一句，在这个四周环水的辽阔海岛上，无论我们从什么角度来看待他——笑了笑，把校对过的稿子扔进了火里。

End

全文完。

Bilingual Classics
外研社双语读库

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PEASANTS
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Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
外语教学与研究出版社

Anton Chekhov

Peasants

农民

安东·契诃夫（俄） 著
魏珊珊 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

Chinese translation copyright © Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press 2010

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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CHAPTER I

第一章

Nikolay Tchikildyeev, a waiter in the Moscow hotel, Slavyansky Bazaar, was taken ill. His legs went numb and his gait was affected, so that on one occasion, as he was going along the corridor, he tumbled and fell down with a tray full of ham and peas. He had to leave his job. All his own savings and his wife's were spent on doctors and medicines; they had nothing left to live upon. He felt dull with no work to do, and he made up his mind he must go home to the village. It is better to be ill at home, and living there is cheaper; and it is a true saying that the walls of home are a help.

尼古拉·契基尔杰耶夫是莫斯科旅馆“斯拉夫商场”的一个服务生，他害了病。他双腿发麻，影响了走路的姿态，以致于有一回，他手里托着装满火腿和豌豆的盘子，顺着过道走着，突然就摔倒在地上了。他只好辞去了工作。他和妻子的所有积蓄都用来看医生和买药了；他们的生活没有了倚靠。没了工作，他觉着很无聊，于是他下决心要回到家乡的小村庄去。在家里养病还好些，而且在那里生活开销少；家是温暖的港湾，这真是至理名言。

He reached Zhukovo towards evening. In his memories of childhood he had pictured his home as bright, snug, comfortable. Now, going into the hut, he was positively frightened; it was so dark, so crowded, so unclean. His wife Olga and his daughter Sasha, who had come with him, kept looking in bewilderment at the big untidy stove, which filled up almost half the hut and was black with soot and flies. What lots of flies! The stove was on one side, the beams lay slanting on the walls, and it looked as though the hut were just going to fall to pieces. In the corner, facing the door, under the holy images, bottle labels and newspaper cuttings were stuck on the walls instead of pictures. The poverty, the poverty! Of the grown-up people there were none at home; all were at work at the harvest. On the stove was sitting a white-headed girl of eight, unwashed and apathetic; she did not even glance at them as they came in. On the floor a white cat was rubbing itself against the oven fork.

临近黄昏，他到了茹科沃。在童年的记忆里，他觉得故乡的家是明亮的、温馨的、舒适的。如今，他走进这个小屋，被着实吓了一跳；屋里那么黑、那么窄、那么脏。跟他一块回来的妻子奥尔加和女儿萨莎，一直迷惘地盯着那个又大又脏的火炉，火炉几乎占了小屋一半的空间，给烟和苍蝇弄得乌黑。好多苍蝇呦！火炉歪向一边，墙上的屋梁也歪歪斜斜的，这个小屋仿佛就要坍塌下来似的。在门对面角落里圣像下面的

地方，墙上贴满了瓶子标签和剪下来的报纸，而不是图画。贫穷，贫穷啊！没有一个大人在家；所有人都忙着收庄稼去了。炉台上坐着一个约摸八岁、头发淡黄的小女孩，脏兮兮的，表情冷漠；他们进来时，她都没瞅他们一眼。地板上有一只白猫在炉叉上蹭痒痒。

"Puss, puss!" Sasha called to her. "Puss!"

“猫咪，猫咪！”萨莎叫着她，“猫咪！”

"She can't hear," said the little girl; "she has gone deaf."

“她听不到，”小女孩说，“她耳朵聋了。”

"How is that?"

“怎么聋的？”

"Oh, she was beaten."

“哦，被打聋的。”

Nikolay and Olga realized from the first glance what life was like here, but said nothing to one another; in silence they put down their bundles, and went out into the village street. Their hut was the third from the end, and seemed the very poorest and oldest-looking; the second was not much better; but the last one had an iron roof, and curtains in the windows. That hut stood apart, not enclosed; it was a tavern. The huts were in a single row, and the whole of the little village—quiet and dreamy, with willows, elders, and mountain-ash trees peeping out from the yards—had an attractive look.

尼古拉和奥尔加瞟过第一眼，就了解了这里的生活状况，但是谁都没说话；他们一声不响地把包袱放下，走出门，来到村子的街道上。他们的小屋是倒数第三座，好像是最穷、最老旧的；第二座也没好多少；但是最后这座是铁皮屋顶，窗户上还挂着窗帘。这座小屋孤零零的，没有院墙；这是个小酒馆。所有的小屋排成了一排，整个小村庄——宁静而安谧，还有探出墙院的柳树、接骨木和花楸树——是一幅引人入胜的景象。

Beyond the peasants homesteads there was a slope down to the river, so steep and precipitous that huge stones jutted out bare here and there through the clay. Down the slope, among the stones and holes dug by the potters, ran winding paths; bits of broken pottery, some brown, some red, lay piled up in heaps, and below there stretched a broad, level, bright green meadow, from which the hay had been already carried, and in which the peasants' cattle were wandering. The river, three-quarters of a mile from the village, ran twisting and turning, with beautiful leafy banks; beyond it was again a broad meadow, a herd of cattle, long strings of white geese; then, just as on the near side, a steep ascent uphill, and on the top of the hill a hamlet, and a church with five domes, and at a little distance the

manor-house.

农庄后面是一道一直延伸到河边的斜坡，坡又陡又险，到处都是从粘土里钻出来裸露着的大石块。沿着陡坡，到处是石块和陶工挖的坑，其间蜿蜒着一条小路；一堆堆陶器碎片堆积起来，有的是棕色的，有的是红色的，坡下面铺开的是一片宽广、平坦、翠绿的草地，草已被割过，农民们的牲口在这里溜达着。这条小河离村庄有四分之三俄里远，蜿蜒曲折，两岸郁郁葱葱的，十分美丽；河对岸也是宽阔的草地，有一群牲口，还有一长排一长排的白鹅；过了草地，就像近处的河岸上一样，一道坡陡峭直上，坡顶上有一个小村子，还有一座有五个拱顶的教堂，再远点是庄园主的房子。

"It's lovely here in your parts!" said Olga, crossing herself at the sight of the church. "What space, oh Lord!"

“你们这儿真好啊！”奥尔加说，她看到教堂就在胸前画十字。“她”看到……　缺主语“多么宽敞，啊，主啊！”

Just at that moment the bell began ringing for service (it was Saturday evening). Two little girls, down below, who were dragging up a pail of water, looked round at the church to listen to the bell.

正在此刻，召人做礼拜的钟声开始敲响了（那是周六的傍晚）。下面有两个小姑娘，正抬着一桶水，转头瞧着教堂，去听那钟声。

"At this time they are serving the dinners at the Slavyansky Bazaar," said Nikolay dreamily.

“这个点，斯拉夫商场正在开饭呢。”尼古拉若有所思地说。

Sitting on the edge of the slope, Nikolay and Olga watched the sun setting, watched the gold and crimson sky reflected in the river, in the church windows, and in the whole air—which was soft and still and unutterably pure as it never was in Moscow. And when the sun had set the flocks and herds passed, bleating and lowing; geese flew across from the further side of the river, and all sank into silence; the soft light died away in the air, and the dusk of evening began quickly moving down upon them.

尼古拉和奥尔加坐在斜坡的边上，看着太阳落山，看着金色、绯红的天空映照在小河里，映照在教堂的窗户上，映照在整个空气里——柔和、安详，无法言表的纯净，这是在莫斯科从来没有过的。日落时分，羊群牛群咩咩地、哞哞地叫着从这里经过；鹅群从那边河岸飞过来，尔后一切都归于安静；柔和的光线消失在空气里，暮色便开始迅速地朝他们扑过来。

Meanwhile Nikolay's father and mother, two gaunt, bent, toothless old people, just of the same height, came back. The women—the sisters-in-law Marya and Fyokla—who had been working on the landowner's estate beyond the river, arrived home, too. Marya, the

wife of Nikolay's brother Kiryak, had six children, and Fyokla, the wife of Nikolay's brother Denis—who had gone for a soldier—had two; and when Nikolay, going into the hut, saw all the family, all those bodies big and little moving about on the lockers, in the hanging cradles and in all the corners, and when he saw the greed with which the old father and the women ate the black bread, dipping it in water, he realized he had made a mistake in coming here, sick, penniless, and with a family, too—a great mistake!

这时尼古拉的父亲和母亲，两位瘦巴巴的、弯腰弓背的、掉了牙的、一般高的老人，回来了。女人们——妯娌玛丽亚和菲奥克拉——一直在河对面地主庄园上劳动，也回来了。玛丽亚是尼古拉的哥哥基里亚克的妻子，她生了六个孩子，菲奥克拉是尼古拉的弟弟杰尼斯——去参了军——的妻子，生了两个；尼古拉走进木屋，看见这一大家子，所有这些大大小小的身体在橱柜、挂着的摇篮和每个角落里来回走动，看见老父亲和女人们把黑面包泡在水里吃的贪婪劲儿，他意识到自己托着病体，身无分文，还带着家眷回来是一个错误——一个天大的错误！

"And where is Kiryak?" he asked after they had exchanged greetings.

“基里亚克在哪儿？”他们和大家互相问候之后，他问道。

"He is in service at the merchant's," answered his father; "a keeper in the woods. He is not a bad peasant, but too fond of his glass."

“他在一个商人家里做事，”父亲答道，“在树林里做看守。他倒算个好庄稼人，但是太贪杯了。”

"He is no great help!" said the old woman tearfully. "Our men are a grievous lot; they bring nothing into the house, but take plenty out. Kiryak drinks, and so does the old man; it is no use hiding a sin; he knows his way to the tavern. The Heavenly Mother is wroth."

“他什么用都没有！”老太婆流着眼泪说，“我们家的男人都是倒霉运；他们没给家里带什么好处来，光从家里往外拿。基里亚克喝酒，这老头子也喝；这种罪孽也不用瞒着；他认得去酒馆怎么走。圣母生咱们的气了。”

In honour of the visitors they brought out the samovar. The tea smelt of fish; the sugar was grey and looked as though it had been nibbled; cockroaches ran to and fro over the bread and among the crockery. It was disgusting to drink, and the conversation was disgusting, too—about nothing but poverty and illnesses. But before they had time to empty their first cups there came a loud, prolonged, drunken shout from the yard:

因为来了客人，他们把茶炊拿了出来。茶闻着有股鱼腥味儿；糖是灰色的，看着像是轻轻咬过似的；面包上和陶器中间有蟑螂爬来爬去。

茶喝着叫人恶心，谈话也让人不舒服——不是谈穷就是谈病。不过他们还没喝完第一杯，院子里就传来了一声响亮的、拖长音的、醉醺醺的叫嚷：

"Ma-arya!”

“玛——丽亚！”

"It looks as though Kiryak were coming," said the old man. "Speak of the devil."

“好像是基里亚克来了，”老头子说，“刚说到他，他就来了。”

All were hushed. And again, soon afterwards, the same shout, coarse and drawn-out as though it came out of the earth:

大家都安静了。紧接着，又是一声一模一样的叫嚷，又沙哑又长，像是从地底下传出来的：

"Ma-arya!”

“玛——里亚！”

Marya, the elder sister-in-law, turned pale and huddled against the stove, and it was strange to see the look of terror on the face of the strong, broad-shouldered, ugly woman. Her daughter, the child who had been sitting on the stove and looked so apathetic, suddenly broke into loud weeping.

嫂子玛利亚脸色变得煞白，挨着炉子蜷缩着，在这个壮实的、肩膀宽阔、长相丑陋的女人脸上看到害怕的神色是挺奇怪的。她的女儿，那个原先坐在炉台上、神情十分冷漠的小孩，忽然大哭起来。

"What are you howling for, you plague?" Fyokla, a handsome woman, also strong and broad-shouldered, shouted to her. "He won't kill you, no fear!"

“你嚎什么，你个小瘟神？”菲奥克拉是个相貌端庄的女人，也很壮实，肩膀宽阔，冲着她喝道。“他不会杀了你，别怕！”

From his old father Nikolay learned that Marya was afraid to live in the forest with Kiryak, and that when he was drunk he always came for her, made a row, and beat her mercilessly.

尼古拉从老父亲那里得知，玛利亚不敢和基里亚克一块住在树林里，每次他喝醉，总来找她，和她吵闹，狠命地揍她。

"Ma-arya!" the shout sounded close to the door.

“玛—丽亚！”喊声离门近了。

"Protect me, for Christ's sake, good people!" faltered Marya, breathing as though she had been plunged into very cold water. "Protect me, kind people...."

“救救我，看在基督的份上，好心的人们！”玛利亚支吾着，喘着气，就像被扔到十分冰凉的水里似的。“救救我，好人们……”

All the children in the hut began crying, and looking at them, Sasha, too, began to cry. They heard a drunken cough, and a tall, black-bearded peasant wearing a winter cap came into the hut, and was the more terrible because his face could not be seen in the dim light of the little lamp. It was Kiryak. Going up to his wife, he swung his arm and punched her in the face with his fist. Stunned by the blow, she did not utter a sound, but sat down, and her nose instantly began bleeding.

木屋里所有的孩子都哭了起来，萨莎看着他们，也开始哭。他们听到一声醉醺醺的咳嗽，接着一个高个子、黑胡子的农民，戴着一顶冬帽走进了木屋，在小灯昏暗的光下人们看不清他的脸，这就更吓人了。这是基里亚克。他径直走向他妻子，抡起胳膊，朝她的脸打了一拳。她被这一拳打晕了，没出一声，只是坐下来，她的鼻子立刻流起血来。

"What a disgrace! What a disgrace!" muttered the old man, clambering up on to the stove. "Before visitors, too! It's a sin!"

“多么丢人啊！多么丢人啊！”老头子咕哝着，吃力地爬到炉台上去。“还当着客人的面！罪孽啊！”

The old mother sat silent, bowed, lost in thought; Fyokla rocked the cradle.

老母亲坐着一声不吭，弓着背，陷入了沉思；菲奥克拉摇着摇篮。

Evidently conscious of inspiring fear, and pleased at doing so, Kiryak seized Marya by the arm, dragged her towards the door, and bellowed like an animal in order to seem still more terrible; but at that moment he suddenly caught sight of the visitors and stopped.

基里亚克显然知道自己招人害怕，还对此十分得意，他抓住玛利亚的胳膊，把她拖到门口，像野兽一样冲她吼叫，好看起来更加吓人；但是这时他突然瞅见客人们，就停住了。

"Oh, they have come,..." he said, letting his wife go; "my own brother and his family...."

“哦，他们来了……”他说着松开了妻子，“我的亲弟弟和他的家眷……”

Staggering and opening wide his red, drunken eyes, he said his prayer before the image and went on:

他摇摇晃晃的，睁大了发红的醉眼，在圣像面前念完祷告，然后接着说：

"My brother and his family have come to the parental home... from Moscow, I suppose. The great capital Moscow, to be sure, the

mother of cities.... Excuse me."

“我弟弟和他的家眷来到父母家里……从莫斯科，我想是。伟大的首都莫斯科，不能否认，城市之母……不好意思。”

He sank down on the bench near the samovar and began drinking tea, sipping it loudly from the saucer in the midst of general silence.... He drank off a dozen cups, then reclined on the bench and began snoring.

他一屁股坐在茶炊旁的长椅上开始喝茶，在一片寂静中，他大声地从茶碟里小口呷着茶水……他将十二杯茶水喝下肚，然后靠着长椅开始打鼾。

They began going to bed. Nikolay, as an invalid, was put on the stove with his old father; Sasha lay down on the floor, while Olga went with the other women into the barn.

他们准备上床睡觉了。因为是病人，尼古拉被安排与老父亲睡在炉台上；萨莎躺在地板上，而奥尔加随其他女人们去了谷仓。

"Aye, aye, dearie," she said, lying down on the hay beside Marya; "you won't mend your trouble with tears. Bear it in patience, that is all. It is written in the Scriptures: 'If anyone smite thee on the right cheek, offer him the left one also.'... Aye, aye, dearie."

“算了，算了，亲爱的，”她说着，躺在玛丽亚身边的干草上，“眼泪解决不了你的问题。”耐心地忍受，就是这样。《圣经》中写：‘如果有人打你的右脸，你就把左脸也给他打。’算了，算了，亲爱的。”

Then in a low singsong murmur she told them about Moscow, about her own life, how she had been a servant in furnished lodgings.

她低声而节奏单调地跟她们说着莫斯科的事，说着她自己的生活，她怎么在配有家具的公寓里做仆人。

"And in Moscow the houses are big, built of brick," she said; "and there are ever so many churches, forty times forty, dearie; and they are all gentry in the houses, so handsome and so proper!"

“莫斯科的房子都很大，是用砖砌成的，”她说，“那里有非常多的教堂，四十个四十那么多，亲爱的，而且房子里的都是上等人，生得漂亮，举止文雅！”

Marya told her that she had not only never been in Moscow, but had not even been in their own district town; she could not read or write, and knew no prayers, not even "Our Father." Both she and Fyokla, the other sister-in-law, who was sitting a little way off listening, were extremely ignorant and could understand nothing. They both disliked their husbands; Marya was afraid of Kiryak, and whenever he stayed with her she was shaking with fear, and always

got a headache from the fumes of vodka and tobacco with which he reeked. And in answer to the question whether she did not miss her husband, Fyokla answered with vexation:

玛丽亚告诉她，自己不仅从没去过莫斯科，连当地的城镇都没去过；她不识字，不会祷告，甚至不知道说“我们的主啊”。她和另一个坐得远一点听着的妯娌菲奥克拉都极其愚昧，什么都不懂。她们都不喜欢自己的丈夫；玛丽亚怕基里亚克，每次跟他呆一块就怕得发抖，总被他发出的伏特加和烟草的臭味熏得头疼。问及菲奥克拉是否想她的丈夫时，她恼火地回答：

"Miss him!"

“想他个屁！”

They talked a little and sank into silence.

她们说了一会，就不作响了。

It was cool, and a cock crowed at the top of his voice near the barn, preventing them from sleeping. When the bluish morning light was already peeping through all the crevices, Fyokla got up stealthily and went out, and then they heard the sound of her bare feet running off somewhere.

天很凉，一只公鸡在谷仓旁扯着嗓子打鸣，扰得她们难以入睡。清晨浅蓝的光线透进每个缝隙时，菲奥克拉就悄悄起身出去了，之后她们听见她光着脚啪嗒啪嗒地往什么地方跑了。

CHAPTER II

第二章

Olga went to church, and took Marya with her. As they went down the path towards the meadow both were in good spirits. Olga liked the wide view, and Marya felt that in her sister-in-law she had someone near and akin to her. The sun was rising. Low down over the meadow floated a drowsy hawk. The river looked gloomy; there was a haze hovering over it here and there, but on the further bank a streak of light already stretched across the hill. The church was gleaming, and in the manor garden the rooks were cawing furiously.

奥尔加到教堂去，也叫着玛丽亚一块去了。她们顺着小路朝草场走去，两个人都神采奕奕的。奥尔加喜欢这开阔的视野，而玛丽亚觉着这个妯娌对自己很亲切、很贴心。太阳升起来了。草场上低飞着一只睡意惺忪的鹰。河面看起来很暗淡；上面处处有阴霾盘旋着，但是远处的河岸上，一缕光已经延伸着越过了山头。教堂闪烁着光辉，白嘴鸦在庄园的花园里哇哇地叫得正欢。

"The old man is all right," Marya told her, "but Granny is strict; she is continually nagging. Our own grain lasted till Carnival. We buy flour now at the tavern. She is angry about it; she says we eat too much."

“老头子还没什么，”玛丽亚跟她说，“但是老奶奶就很挑剔；她总是不停地唠叨。我们自己的粮食维持到了狂欢节。现在我们从小酒馆买面粉。她因为这个发脾气，她说我们吃得太多。”

"Aye, aye, dearie! Bear it in patience, that is all. It is written: 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden.'"

“算了，算了，亲爱的！耐心地忍受，就是这样。经文上说：‘让所有劳作、负担沉重的人，都到我这里来吧。’”

Olga spoke sedately, rhythmically, and she walked like a pilgrim woman, with a rapid, anxious step. Every day she read the gospel, read it aloud like a deacon; a great deal of it she did not understand, but the words of the gospel moved her to tears, and words like "forasmuch as" and "verily" she pronounced with a sweet flutter at her heart. She believed in God, in the Holy Mother, in the Saints; she believed one must not offend anyone in the world—not simple folks, nor Germans, nor gypsies, nor Jews—and woe even to those who have no compassion on the beasts. She believed this was written in the Holy Scriptures; and so, when she pronounced phrases from Holy Writ, even though she did not understand them, her face grew

softened, compassionate, and radiant.

奥尔加不紧不慢、有节奏地说，她走路步履飞快、急切，俨然一个朝圣者。她每天读《福音书》，像执事似的念得声音很大；大部分她都看不懂，但是《福音书》的句子让她感动得流泪，而且每当念到像“既然”和“真正地”这些词，她的心就幸福得激动不已。她信奉上帝，信奉圣母，信奉圣徒；她认为一个人绝对不能欺负世界上任何人——不仅不能欺负普通人，也不能欺负德国人、吉普赛人，或是犹太人——甚至希望不怜恤兽类的人都遭报应。她坚信这都是写在《圣经》上的。所以，读诵《圣经》的时候，即便并不理解，她的脸也变得柔和、慈悲、容光焕发。

"What part do you come from?" Marya asked her.

“你是哪里人？”玛丽亚问她。

"I am from Vladimir. Only I was taken to Moscow long ago, when I was eight years old."

“我是弗拉基米尔人。不过我很早就被带到莫斯科去了，那时我才八岁。”

They reached the river. On the further side a woman was standing at the water's edge, undressing.

她们走到河边。远处有个女人站在水边上，正脱衣服。

"It's our Fyokla," said Marya, recognizing her. "She has been over the river to the manor yard. To the stewards. She is a shameless hussy and foul-mouthed—fearfully!”

“是咱家的菲奥克拉。”玛丽亚认出她来，说道。“她刚才过河去庄园那里了。”去找管事们了。她是个厚颜无耻的轻佻女人，满口脏话——极其可怕！”

Fyokla, young and vigorous as a girl, with her black eyebrows and her loose hair, jumped off the bank and began splashing the water with her feet, and waves ran in all directions from her.

生着黑眉毛、头发蓬松的菲奥克拉，像个小姑娘一样年轻、有活力。她从岸上跳下来，开始用脚丫子拍得河水乱溅，浪花就四下里散开去。

"Shameless—dreadfully!" repeated Marya.

“不知羞耻——可怕！”玛利亚又说了一遍。

The river was crossed by a rickety little bridge of logs, and exactly below it in the clear, limpid water was a shoal of broad-headed mullets. The dew was glistening on the green bushes that looked into the water. There was a feeling of warmth; it was comforting! What a lovely morning! And how lovely life would have

been in this world, in all likelihood, if it were not for poverty, horrible, hopeless poverty, from which one can find no refuge! One had only to look round at the village to remember vividly all that had happened the day before, and the illusion of happiness which seemed to surround them vanished instantly.

小河上架着一道圆木做成的摇摇晃晃的小桥，桥正下方清澈透明的河水中是一群宽脑袋的鲻鱼。绿色的灌木丛映在水中，上面的露珠闪着光。一丝暖意袭来，让人觉着很舒服！多么可爱的清晨啊！如果没有贫穷，可怕、绝望的贫穷，你逃也逃不掉的贫穷，人世间的生活很可能会很惬意吧！只要环顾一下这村庄，你就能清晰地记起前一天发生的事，似乎环绕她们周身的幸福幻觉也立马消失了。

They reached the church. Marya stood at the entrance, and did not dare to go farther. She did not dare to sit down either. Though they only began ringing for mass between eight and nine, she remained standing the whole time.

她们到了教堂。玛丽亚站在门口，不敢再往前走。她也不敢坐下。虽然教堂要等八九点才鸣钟做弥撒，她却一直继续站着。

While the gospel was being read the crowd suddenly parted to make way for the family from the great house. Two young girls in white frocks and wide-brimmed hats walked in; with them a chubby, rosy boy in a sailor suit. Their appearance touched Olga; she made up her mind from the first glance that they were refined, well-educated, handsome people. Marya looked at them from under her brows, sullenly, dejectedly, as though they were not human beings coming in, but monsters who might crush her if she did not make way for them.

正在念《福音书》时，人群突然分到两边，为大房子来的一家人让出一条道来。两个年轻的姑娘，身着白色罩衫，带着宽沿帽子，走了进来；跟她们一块的还有一个穿水手装的胖乎乎的红润男孩。他们的出现触动了奥尔加；一眼她就认定他们是优雅、有教养、漂亮的人们。玛丽亚抬起眉头阴沉沮丧地瞅了他们一眼，好像走进来的不是人类，而是她不让路就会将她粉碎的怪物。

And every time the deacon boomed out something in his bass voice she fancied she heard "Ma-arya!" and she shuddered.

每次执事用低沉的嗓音念着什么，她总觉着听见有人叫“玛——利亚”，于是浑身发抖。

CHAPTER III

第三章

The arrival of the visitors was already known in the village, and directly after mass a number of people gathered together in the hut. The Leonytchevs and Matvyeitchevs and the Ilyitchovs came to inquire about their relations who were in service in Moscow. All the lads of Zhukovo who could read and write were packed off to Moscow and hired out as butlers or waiters (while from the village on the other side of the river the boys all became bakers), and that had been the custom from the days of serfdom long ago when a certain Luka Ivanitch, a peasant from Zhukovo, now a legendary figure, who had been a waiter in one of the Moscow clubs, would take none but his fellow-villagers into his service, and found jobs for them in taverns and restaurants; and from that time the village of Zhukovo was always called among the inhabitants of the surrounding districts Slaveytown. Nikolay had been taken to Moscow when he was eleven, and Ivan Makaritch, one of the Matvyeitchevs, at that time a headwaiter in the "Hermitage" garden, had put him into a situation. And now, addressing the Matvyeitchevs, Nikolay said emphatically:

客人的到来早已传遍了村子，紧接着许多人聚到了这个小屋里。列昂内切夫家、玛特维伊切家和伊里巧夫家的人，都来打听他们在莫斯科做事的亲戚。茹科沃所有识字的青年都被派到莫斯科去做男管家或服务生了（河对面那个村庄的男子都做了面包师），从很早的农奴时期就有了这个传统，茹科沃有一个名叫卢卡·伊万内奇的农民，现在已是传奇人物，曾经在莫斯科俱乐部做服务生，他只肯推荐同乡去做这事，在酒馆和饭馆帮他们找工作；从那时候起，周围地区的居民都把茹科沃村叫做“奴才村”。尼古拉十一岁就被带到莫斯科去了，玛特维伊切夫家的伊凡·马卡雷奇，那时在“隐居”花园饭店做服务生领班，给他找了个职位。现在，尼古拉对玛特维伊切夫家人强调说：

"Ivan Makaritch was my benefactor, and I am bound to pray for him day and night, as it is owing to him I have become a good man."

“伊凡·马卡雷奇是我的恩人，我一定要为他日夜祈祷，因为全是靠了他，我才变成了体面的人。”

"My good soul!" a tall old woman, the sister of Ivan Makaritch, said tearfully, "and not a word have we heard about him, poor dear."

“天啊！”伊凡·马卡雷奇的姐妹，一个高个子老女人，泪汪汪地说，“我们一丁点儿他的消息都没有，可怜的亲人。”

"In the winter he was in service at Omon's, and this season there

was a rumour he was somewhere out of town, in gardens.... He has aged! In old days he would bring home as much as ten roubles a day in the summer-time, but now things are very quiet everywhere. The old man frets.”

“冬天他还在奥蒙那家店做事，听说这一季他到城外一个花园饭店去了……他老了！早先，在夏季他每天能给家里捎十个卢布，但是现在哪儿的生意都十分萧条。老人家也发愁。”

The women looked at Nikolay's feet, shod in felt boots, and at his pale face, and said mournfully:

这个女人看看尼古拉穿着毛毡靴子的双脚和他苍白的脸色，悲伤地说：

"You are not one to get on, Nikolay Osipitch; you are not one to get on! No, indeed!"

“你不能再出去挣钱了，尼古拉·奥西培奇，你不能再出去挣钱了！不行了，真的！”

And they all made much of Sasha. She was ten years old, but she was little and very thin, and might have been taken for no more than seven. Among the other little girls, with their sunburnt faces and roughly cropped hair, dressed in long faded smocks, she with her white little face, with her big dark eyes, with a red ribbon in her hair, looked funny, as though she were some little wild creature that had been caught and brought into the hut.

大家都很疼爱萨莎。她十岁了，但她又瘦又小，人家可能会以为她不过七岁。另外那些女孩脸晒得黑黑的，头发胡乱剪短，穿着褪色的长罩衫，她则生着白皙的小脸蛋，长着漆黑的大眼睛，头发上扎着红蝴蝶结，夹在中间，看着挺有趣。她仿佛是一头小野兽，被逮住并带到了这小屋里。

"She can read, too," Olga said in her praise, looking tenderly at her daughter. "Read a little, child!" she said, taking the gospel from the corner. "You read, and the good Christian people will listen."

“她也识字。”奥尔加温柔地望着自己的女儿，赞扬她。“念几句，孩子！”她从角落里拿出《福音书》，说道，“你念，这些好心的基督信徒会听着。”

The testament was an old and heavy one in leather binding, with dog's-eared edges, and it exhaled a smell as though monks had come into the hut. Sasha raised her eyebrows and began in a loud rhythmic chant:

那本《福音书》是皮封面装订的，又旧又沉，书角卷着，而且还散发出一种气味，就仿佛修士们来到了小屋似的。萨莎挑起眼眉，开始大声、抑扬顿挫地诵读：

" 'And the angel of the Lord... appeared unto Joseph, saying unto him: Rise up, and take the Babe and His mother.'"

“‘主的天使……出现在约瑟夫面前，对他说：起来，带走这个孩子和他的母亲。’”

"The Babe and His mother," Olga repeated, and flushed all over with emotion.

“孩子和他的母亲。”奥尔加重复道，情绪激动得涨红了脸。

"'And flee into Egypt,... and tarry there until such time as...'"

“‘然后逃到埃及去，……在那里住下，直到……’”

At the word "tarry" Olga could not refrain from tears. Looking at her, Marya began to whimper, and after her Ivan Makaritch's sister. The old father cleared his throat, and bustled about to find something to give his grand-daughter, but, finding nothing, gave it up with a wave of his hand. And when the reading was over the neighbours dispersed to their homes, feeling touched and very much pleased with Olga and Sasha.

听到“住下”这个词，奥尔加禁不住潸然泪下。玛丽亚看她流泪，也开始抽泣，随后伊凡·马卡雷奇的妹妹也跟着哭起来。老头子清了清嗓子，忙着寻件礼物给他孙女，但是，什么也没寻着，只好挥挥手作罢。读完经文，邻居们都散去回家，他们被感动了，都很喜欢奥尔加和萨莎。

As it was a holiday, the family spent the whole day at home. The old woman, whom her husband, her daughters-in-law, her grandchildren all alike called Granny, tried to do everything herself; she heated the stove and set the samovar with her own hands, even waited at the midday meal, and then complained that she was worn out with work. And all the time she was uneasy for fear someone should eat a piece too much, or that her husband and daughters-in-law would sit idle. At one time she would hear the tavern-keeper's geese going at the back of the huts to her kitchen-garden, and she would run out of the hut with a long stick and spend half an hour screaming shrilly by her cabbages, which were as gaunt and scraggy as herself; at another time she fancied that a crow had designs on her chickens, and she rushed to attack it with loud words of abuse. She was cross and grumbling from morning till night. And often she raised such an outcry that passers-by stopped in the street.

那天是节日，所以一家人一整天都没出门。对这个老太婆，她的丈夫、媳妇、孙子、孙女都一样地唤她老奶奶。她总是想一个人把所有事情都安排好；她亲自给炉子生火、烧茶炊，甚至张罗午饭，之后却抱怨自己忙来忙去累死了。她总是担心谁多吃了点，要么就担心丈夫和儿媳

妇闲呆着不干活。有时她会听到酒馆老板的鹅群跑进自己屋后的菜园子，她就会拿根长棍跑出来，在跟她一样瘦弱干黄的白菜旁，尖声喊叫上半个小时；有时她觉得乌鸦觊觎着她的小鸡，就冲出去打那乌鸦，嘴里还大声骂骂咧咧着。她从早到晚都在发脾气，怨声喃喃。她常常高声叫骂，弄得街上的路人都站住了。

She was not affectionate towards the old man, reviling him as a lazy-bones and a plague. He was not a responsible, reliable peasant, and perhaps if she had not been continually nagging at him he would not have worked at all, but would have simply sat on the stove and talked. He talked to his son at great length about certain enemies of his, complained of the insults he said he had to put up with every day from the neighbours, and it was tedious to listen to him.

她对老头子一点也不和气，老骂他一把懒骨头，该遭瘟疫的。他不是个有责任心、可靠的农民，如果不是她不停地唠叨他，可能他根本就不干活了，而是会守着炉子闲聊去了。他啰啰嗦嗦地跟儿子讲他的什么仇人，抱怨说每天得应付邻居对他的侮辱，听他讲话是乏味的。

"Yes," he would say, standing with his arms akimbo, "yes.... A week after the Exaltation of the Cross I sold my hay willingly at thirty kopecks a pood.... Well and good.... So you see I was taking the hay in the morning with a good will; I was interfering with no one. In an unlucky hour I see the village elder, Antip Syedelnikov, coming out of the tavern. 'Where are you taking it, you ruffian?' says he, and takes me by the ear."

“是啊，”他两手叉着腰说，“是啊……圣架节一周后，我乐颠颠地把干草卖了，一普特三十戈比……卖得很好……所以你看我大清早就很乐意去割草；我不找谁的麻烦。不幸的是，我遇见了打酒馆里出来的村长安契普·谢杰尔尼科夫。‘你把它带哪儿去，你个混蛋？’他揪着我耳朵说。”

Kiryak had a fearful headache after his drinking bout, and was ashamed to face his brother.

基里亚克醉酒一次之后头就害严重的头疼病，在弟弟面前觉得很丢人。

"What vodka does! Ah, my God!" he muttered, shaking his aching head. "For Christ's sake, forgive me, brother and sister; I'm not happy myself."

“伏特加多害人啊！啊，天啊！”他嘟囔着，摇着疼痛的脑袋。“看在基督的份上，原谅我，兄弟姐妹们；我自己也并不高兴。”

As it was a holiday, they bought a herring at the tavern and made a soup of the herring's head. At midday they all sat down to drink tea, and went on drinking it for a long time, till they were all perspiring;

they looked positively swollen from the tea-drinking, and after it began sipping the broth from the herring's head, all helping themselves out of one bowl. But the herring itself Granny had hidden.

因为过节，他们在小酒馆买了条鲱鱼，用这鲱鱼头熬汤。中午他们都坐下来喝茶，一直喝了好一会儿，直到都流汗了；他们看起来喝茶喝得都臃肿了，茶后大家开始小口喝着鲱鱼头汤，用的都是一个碗。而鲱鱼早就被老奶奶藏起来了。

In the evening a potter began firing pots on the ravine. In the meadow below the girls got up a choral dance and sang songs. They played the concertina. And on the other side of the river a kiln for baking pots was lighted, too, and the girls sang songs, and in the distance the singing sounded soft and musical. The peasants were noisy in and about the tavern. They were singing with drunken voices, each on his own account, and swearing at one another, so that Olga could only shudder and say:

到了晚上，陶工开始在山坡上烧陶器。姑娘们在下面的草场上一块跳舞、唱歌。她们弹奏着六角手风琴。小河对岸烧陶器的窑也亮了灯，姑娘们在歌唱，歌声从远处听起来悠扬而悦耳。农民们在小酒馆里和四周吵吵嚷嚷的。他们用喝醉的嗓音唱歌，自娱自乐，互相对骂。奥尔加对此只有发抖的份，说道：

"Oh, holy Saints!"

“噢，圣人啊！”

She was amazed that the abuse was incessant, and those who were loudest and most persistent in this foul language were the old men who were so near their end. And the girls and children heard the swearing, and were not in the least disturbed by it, and it was evident that they were used to it from their cradles.

她惊讶于骂声的无休无止，而那些骂声中声调最高的、一直持续不断的都是出自那些快要入土的老头子们。这些姑娘和孩子们听到骂声，一点都不在意，显然他们在摇篮里的时候就习惯了。

It was past midnight, the kilns on both sides of the river were put out, but in the meadow below and in the tavern the merrymaking still went on. The old father and Kiryak, both drunk, walking arm-in-arm and jostling against each other's shoulders, went to the barn where Olga and Marya were lying.

午夜已过，河两岸陶窑的火熄了，但是下面的草场上和小酒馆里，狂欢还在继续。老父亲和基里亚克两个人都醉了，挽着胳膊，肩膀相互碰撞着，往奥尔加和玛丽亚睡觉的谷仓走去。

"Let her alone," the old man persuaded him; "let her alone.... She is a harmless woman.... It's a sin...."

“别管她了，”老头子劝他，“算了……她不是个惹事的女人……真是罪孽……”

"Ma-arya!" shouted Kiryak.

“玛——丽亚！”基里亚克嚷道。

"Let her be.... It's a sin.... She is not a bad woman."

“算了吧……真是罪孽……她不是个坏女人。”

Both stopped by the barn and went on.

两个人在谷仓旁站了站，就走了。

"I lo-ove the flowers of the fi-ield," the old man began singing suddenly in a high, piercing tenor. "I lo-ove to gather them in the meadows!”

“我爱——田——野的花朵，”老头子突然开始唱歌，声调又高又尖。“我爱——在草场里采花！”

Then he spat, and with a filthy oath went into the hut.

接着他啐口痰，嘴里骂了一句，走进小屋去了。

CHAPTER IV

第四章

Granny put Sasha by her kitchen-garden and told her to keep watch that the geese did not go in. It was a hot August day. The tavernkeeper's geese could make their way into the kitchen-garden by the backs of the huts, but now they were busily engaged picking up oats by the tavern, peacefully conversing together, and only the gander craned his head high as though trying to see whether the old woman were coming with her stick. The other geese might come up from below, but they were now grazing far away the other side of the river, stretched out in a long white garland about the meadow. Sasha stood about a little, grew weary, and, seeing that the geese were not coming, went away to the ravine.

奶奶把萨莎安排在她的菜园子旁边，告诉她看着菜园，别让鹅群进去。那是八月里炎热的一天。酒馆老板的鹅群可以通过小屋进到菜园子里，但是现在它们正忙着吃小酒馆旁的燕麦，平静地交谈着，只有雄鹅伸长了脑袋，似乎想看看老太婆是不是拿着棍子出来了。还有些鹅可能是从坡下面来的，但是这会儿它们到了远处的河岸吃食，散在草场上成了长长的白色花冠。萨莎站了一会，觉着没意思，而且，看到鹅也没来，就跑到沟壑那儿去了。

There she saw Marya's eldest daughter Motka, who was standing motionless on a big stone, staring at the church. Marya had given birth to thirteen children, but she only had six living, all girls, not one boy, and the eldest was eight. Motka in a long smock was standing barefooted in the full sunshine; the sun was blazing down right on her head, but she did not notice that, and seemed as though turned to stone. Sasha stood beside her and said, looking at the church:

在那儿她见玛丽亚的大女儿莫特卡正一动不动地站在一块大石头上，眼睛盯着教堂。玛丽亚生了十三个孩子，但是只活了六个，都是女孩，没有一个男孩，最大的八岁了。莫特卡穿着长罩衫，在强烈的阳光下赤脚站着；阳光正炙烤着她的头，但是她没有觉察到，仿佛变成了石头。萨莎站到她身边，看着教堂说道：

"God lives in the church. Men have lamps and candles, but God has little green and red and blue lamps like little eyes. At night God walks about the church, and with Him the Holy Mother of God and Saint Nikolay, thud, thud, thud!... And the watchman is terrified, terrified! Aye, aye, dearie," she added, imitating her mother. "And when the end of the world comes all the churches will be carried up to heaven."

“上帝住在教堂里。人们有灯和蜡烛，可是上帝有绿的、红的和蓝的小灯，像小眼睛似的。夜晚上帝在教堂里四处走动，有神圣的圣母和圣徒尼古拉陪同上帝，嗒，嗒，嗒！……守门的人吓坏了，吓坏了！算了，算了，亲爱的，”她学她母亲说话，加上这一句，“当世界末日来临，所有的教堂都会升到天堂去。”

"With the-ir be-ells?” Motka asked in her deep voice, drawling every syllable.

“连它们的——钟——也一块吗？”莫特卡问，慢吞吞地吐出每个音节，嗓音低沉。

"With their bells. And when the end of the world comes the good will go to Paradise, but the angry will burn in fire eternal and unquenchable, dearie. To my mother as well as to Marya God will say: 'You never offended anyone, and for that go to the right to Paradise'; but to Kiryak and Granny He will say: 'You go to the left into the fire.' And anyone who has eaten meat in Lent will go into the fire, too."

“连他们的钟一块。当世界末日来临时，好心的人上天堂，但是爱生气的人就会在火里燃烧，永不停止，永不熄灭，亲爱的。上帝会对我母亲和玛丽亚说：‘你们从没欺负过别人，因此直接上右边的天堂吧’；但是对基里亚克和老奶奶他说：‘你们往左边火里去。’还有在斋日吃肉的人也都要送到火里去。”

She looked upwards at the sky, opening wide her eyes, and said:

她眼睛睁得大大的，抬头望着天空说：

"Look at the sky without winking, you will see angels."

“看着天空别眨眼，你就会看到天使。”

Motka began looking at the sky, too, and a minute passed in silence.

莫特卡也开始望着天空，一分钟静悄悄地过去了。

"Do you see them?" asked Sasha.

“你看到它们了吗？”萨莎问。

"I don't," said Motka in her deep voice.

“我没有。”莫特卡用她低沉的嗓音说。

"But I do. Little angels are flying about the sky and flap, flap with their little wings as though they were gnats."

“但是我看到了。小天使们在天空飞来飞去，扇打着它们的小翅膀，好像蚊子似的。”

Motka thought for a little, with her eyes on the ground, and

asked:

莫特卡眼睛看着地面，想了一下，然后问：

"Will Granny burn?"

“老奶奶要给火烧吗？”

"She will, dearie."

“是的，亲爱的。”

From the stone an even gentle slope ran down to the bottom, covered with soft green grass, which one longed to lie down on or to touch with one's hands... Sasha lay down and rolled to the bottom. Motka with a grave, severe face, taking a deep breath, lay down, too, and rolled to the bottom, and in doing so tore her smock from the hem to the shoulder.

从这块石头有一道更柔和的坡延伸到底，坡上长满了软软的绿草，谁看了都想在上面躺一躺，或者用手去摸一摸……萨莎倒在上面，滚到坡的最底处。莫特卡一脸的凝重和严肃，深吸了一口气，也倒在上面，滚到了坡底下，这一滚，她那罩衫就从边上扯到肩膀上去了。

"What fun it is!" said Sasha, delighted.

“多有意思呀！”萨莎十分高兴地说。

They walked up to the top to roll down again, but at that moment they heard a shrill, familiar voice. Oh, how awful it was! Granny, a toothless, bony, hunchbacked figure, with short grey hair which was fluttering in the wind, was driving the geese out of the kitchen-garden with a long stick, shouting.

她们走上坡顶又想滚下去，这时却听到了刺耳、熟悉的声音。哦，多么可怕的声音！老奶奶没了牙，骨瘦如柴，驼着背，灰白的短发在风中飘动，她正拿着长棍子，叫喊着，把鹅群从菜园赶了出来。

"They have trampled all the cabbages, the damned brutes! I'd cut your throats, thrice accursed plagues! Bad luck to you!"

“它们把所有的白菜都给踩了，这群该死的畜生！我扭断你们的脖子，该遭瘟的！不得好死！”

She saw the little girls, flung down the stick and picked up a switch, and, seizing Sasha by the neck with her fingers, thin and hard as the gnarled branches of a tree, began whipping her. Sasha cried with pain and terror, while the gander, waddling and stretching his neck, went up to the old woman and hissed at her, and when he went back to his flock all the geese greeted him approvingly with "Ga-ga-ga!” Then Granny proceeded to whip Motka, and in this Motka's smock was torn again. Feeling in despair, and crying loudly, Sasha

went to the hut to complain. Motka followed her; she, too, was crying on a deeper note, without wiping her tears, and her face was as wet as though it had been dipped in water.

她看见这两个丫头，扔下棍子，拿了跟枝条，用她那又瘦又硬、像粗糙树枝似的手指，一把抓住萨莎的脖子，就开始抽打她。萨莎又疼又怕地哭喊，这时雄鹅摇摇摆摆、伸长了脖子走到老妇人跟前，冲她吱吱叫了几声，当它返回群里去时，那些鹅都用“嘎——嘎——嘎”的赞许声欢迎它。老奶奶接着抽打莫特卡，这样莫特卡的罩衫又扯开了。萨莎绝望了，大声哭喊着，跑回小屋里去诉苦。莫特卡紧随其后；她用更低沉的声调，也哭着，没擦眼泪的脸湿得像是在水里泡过的。

"Holy Saints!" cried Olga, aghast, as the two came into the hut. "Queen of Heaven!"

“圣徒啊！”两个丫头跑进小屋时，惊呆的奥尔加喊道。“圣母啊！”

Sasha began telling her story, while at the same time Granny walked in with a storm of shrill cries and abuse; then Fyokla flew into a rage, and there was an uproar in the hut.

萨莎开始说事情的经过，这时老奶奶走了进来，满嘴刺耳的叫骂；随后菲奥克拉突然大怒，小屋里喧闹成一片。

"Never mind, never mind!" Olga, pale and upset, tried to comfort them, stroking Sasha's head. "She is your grandmother; it's a sin to be angry with her. Never mind, my child."

“没事的，没事的！”奥尔加脸色苍白，心里头忐忑，摩挲着萨莎的头，努力安慰她们。“她是你们的奶奶；跟她生气是不对的。没事了，我的孩子。”

Nikolay, who was worn out already by the everlasting hubbub, hunger, stifling fumes, filth, who hated and despised the poverty, who was ashamed for his wife and daughter to see his father and mother, swung his legs off the stove and said in an irritable, tearful voice, addressing his mother:

尼古拉已经烦透了无休止的吵嚷、饥饿、沉闷的烟气和肮脏，他憎恨、鄙视贫穷，他为妻子和女儿看到自己这样的爹妈感到羞耻。他把腿从炉台上甩下来，用急躁的哭腔，对母亲说：

"You must not beat her! You have no right to beat her!"

“你不能打她！你没有权力打她！”

"You lie rotting on the stove, you wretched creature!" Fyokla shouted at him spitefully. "The devil brought you all on us, eating us out of house and home."

“你死在炉台上吧，你这该死的！”菲奥克拉恶狠狠地冲他嚷道，“魔鬼把你们带来的，白吃白住我们的。”

Sasha and Motka and all the little girls in the hut huddled on the stove in the corner behind Nikolay's back, and from that refuge listened in silent terror, and the beating of their little hearts could be distinctly heard. Whenever there is someone in a family who has long been ill, and hopelessly ill, there come painful moments when all timidly, secretly, at the bottom of their hearts long for his death; and only the children fear the death of someone near them, and always feel horrified at the thought of it. And now the children, with bated breath, with a mournful look on their faces, gazed at Nikolay and thought that he was soon to die; and they wanted to cry and to say something friendly and compassionate to him.

萨莎、莫特卡和小屋里所有的小女孩都蜷缩在墙角炉台上尼古拉的背后，在这个庇护所静静地听着，心里害怕，小心脏跳动的声音清晰可辨。每当家里有人病得日子久了，无望好转，就出现这样痛苦的情况，大家都从心底处小心地、秘密地盼望他死去；只有孩子们害怕身边的人死去，想起来总觉得吓人。现在那些孩子们屏住呼吸，一脸伤心地凝视着尼古拉，心里想着他快要死了；她们想哭，想对他说点什么亲切的、同情他的话。

He pressed close to Olga, as though seeking protection, and said to her softly in a quavering voice:

他紧靠着奥尔加，似要寻求保护，用颤巍巍的声音轻轻地对她说：

"Olga darling, I can't stay here longer. It's more than I can bear. For God's sake, for Christ's sake, write to your sister Klavdia Abramovna. Let her sell and pawn everything she has; let her send us the money. We will go away from here. Oh, Lord," he went on miserably, "to have one peep at Moscow! If I could see it in my dreams, the dear place!"

“亲爱的奥尔加，我在这儿呆不长了。我没法忍下去了。看在上帝的份上，看在基督的份上，给你妹妹拉夫季·阿勃拉莫芙娜写封信吧。让她把能卖的都卖了，能当的都当了；让她给我们寄钱。我们要离开这儿。啊，主啊，”他接着悲惨地说，“让我再看一眼莫斯科！哪怕让我在梦里看一眼，那可爱的地方！”

And when the evening came on, and it was dark in the hut, it was so dismal that it was hard to utter a word. Granny, very ill-tempered, soaked some crusts of rye bread in a cup, and was a long time, a whole hour, sucking at them. Marya, after milking the cow, brought in a pail of milk and set it on a bench; then Granny poured it from the pail into a jug just as slowly and deliberately, evidently pleased that it was now the Feast of the Assumption, so that no one would drink milk and it would be left untouched. And she only poured out a very little in a saucer for Fyokla's baby. When Marya and she carried the jug down to the cellar Motka suddenly stirred, clambered down from the

stove, and going to the bench where stood the wooden cup full of crusts, sprinkled into it some milk from the saucer.

夜晚来临，小屋里很黑，阴沉得让人不想说话。脾气暴躁的老奶奶，在杯子里泡了些黑麦面包皮，吸着吃了老半天，有整整一小时。玛丽亚挤完了奶，拿了一桶牛奶进来放在凳子上；老奶奶慢慢地、不慌不忙地将桶里的牛奶倒进罐子里，看得出很是满意，因为现在是圣母升天节，谁都不会喝牛奶，牛奶就能原封不动地留下来了。她只在浅碟里倒了一点，给菲奥克拉的娃娃吃。玛丽亚帮她把罐子抬到地窖去时，莫特卡突然动弹起来，她从炉台上费劲地爬下来，走到放着盛满面包皮的木杯的凳子跟前，把浅碟里的牛奶倒了一点到木杯里。

Granny, coming back into the hut, sat down to her soaked crusts again, while Sasha and Motka, sitting on the stove, gazed at her, and they were glad that she had broken her feast and now would go to hell. They were comforted and lay down to sleep, and Sasha as she dozed off to sleep imagined the Day of Judgment: a huge fire was burning, somewhat like a potter's kiln, and the Evil One, with horns like a cow's, and black all over, was driving Granny into the fire with a long stick, just as Granny herself had been driving the geese.

老奶奶回到小屋，又坐下吃她泡的面包皮，这时坐在炉台上的萨莎和莫特卡，凝视着她。她们很高兴老奶奶违反了斋戒，马上要入地狱了。她们心里得到了安慰，便倒下睡觉了。萨莎一面迷迷糊糊入睡，一面想最后审判日的情景：熊熊大火在燃烧，跟陶器窑似的，魔鬼长着牛一样的犄角，一身黑，正拿着长棍子将老奶奶往火里赶，恰恰跟老奶奶自己赶鹅一样。

CHAPTER V

第五章

On the day of the Feast of the Assumption, between ten and eleven in the evening, the girls and lads who were merrymaking in the meadow suddenly raised a clamour and outcry, and ran in the direction of the village; and those who were above on the edge of the ravine could not for the first moment make out what was the matter.

圣母升天日，傍晚十点到十一点那会儿，正在草场上狂欢的姑娘和小伙子们，突然高声喧闹、叫嚷，并朝了村庄的方向跑去；那些坐在沟渠边上的人，一时间弄不清出了什么事。

"Fire! Fire!" they heard desperate shouts from below. "The village is on fire!"

“着火了！着火了！”他们听到下面传来焦急的叫喊声。“村里着火了！”

Those who were sitting above looked round, and a terrible and extraordinary spectacle met their eyes. On the thatched roof of one of the end cottages stood a column of flame, seven feet high, which curled round and scattered sparks in all directions as though it were a fountain. And all at once the whole roof burst into bright flame, and the crackling of the fire was audible.

上面坐着的人们四下里看，一幕可怕、惊人的景象映入眼帘。村头的几个小屋中，有一个茅草屋顶擎起一根火柱，有七俄尺高，火苗往上卷着，向四面八方喷着火星，好似喷泉一样。顷刻间，整个屋顶燃成了一片明亮的火焰，可以听见火烧得劈里啪啦的响声。

The light of the moon was dimmed, and the whole village was by now bathed in a red quivering glow: black shadows moved over the ground, there was a smell of burning, and those who ran up from below were all gasping and could not speak for trembling; they jostled against each other, fell down, and they could hardly see in the unaccustomed light, and did not recognize each other.

月光暗淡了许多，整个村子现在沐浴在一片颤动的红色火光中：黑影在地上攒动，空气里弥漫着烧焦的味道，从坡底跑上来的几个人都喘着气，抖得说不出话来；他们互相推搡，跌倒，在不习惯的光芒里几乎看不清，也辨认不出彼此。

It was terrible. What seemed particularly dreadful was that doves were flying over the fire in the smoke; and in the tavern, where they did not yet know of the fire, they were still singing and playing the

concertina as though there were nothing the matter.

可怕极了。尤其吓人的是，有鸽子在大火上方的烟雾里飞着；小酒馆里的人们还不知道起火这事，他们还在唱歌，拉六角手风琴，好像压根儿没事发生一样。

"Uncle Semyon's on fire," shouted a loud, coarse voice.

“谢苗大叔家着火了。”有人粗声粗气地大声嚷道。

Marya was fussing about round her hut, weeping and wringing her hands, while her teeth chattered, though the fire was a long way off at the other end of the village. Nikolay came out in high felt boots, the children ran out in their little smocks. Near the village constable's hut an iron sheet was struck. Boom, boom, boom!... floated through the air, and this repeated, persistent sound sent a pang to the heart and turned one cold. The old women stood with the holy ikons. Sheep, calves, cows were driven out of the back-yards into the street; boxes, sheepskins, tubs were carried out. A black stallion, who was kept apart from the drove of horses because he kicked and injured them, on being set free ran once or twice up and down the village, neighing and pawing the ground; then suddenly stopped short near a cart and began kicking it with his hind-legs.

玛丽亚在她的小屋旁小题大做，边哭边拧着手，牙齿还不停打颤，尽管火在村子的另一头，离她很远。尼古拉穿着毛毡高靴走出来，小孩子们穿着小小的长罩衫跑出来。村里警察的小屋旁敲响了铁板。当，当，当！……这反复不停的声音在空气中飘过，闹得人心痛，让人发冷。老妇人拿着圣像站着。羊群、牛犊、母牛都从后院给赶到了当街上；箱子、羊皮、桶都搬了出来。一匹黑色的种马，因为怕它踢伤其他马，素来都被隔离开来的，现在缰绳一开就绕着村子跑上跑下了一两遭，一边嘶叫着，用蹄子刨着地面；然后它忽然停在一辆车旁，便扬起后腿踢那车。

They began ringing the bells in the church on the other side of the river.

河对岸的教堂有人开始敲起了钟。

Near the burning hut it was hot and so light that one could distinctly see every blade of grass. Semyon, a red-haired peasant with a long nose, wearing a reefer-jacket and a cap pulled down right over his ears, sat on one of the boxes which they had succeeded in bringing out: his wife was lying on her face, moaning and unconscious. A little old man of eighty, with a big beard, who looked like a gnome—not one of the villagers, though obviously connected in some way with the fire—walked about bareheaded, with a white bundle in his arms. The glare was reflected on his bald head. The village elder, Antip Syedelnikov, as swarthy and black-haired as a gypsy, went up to the

hut with an axe, and hacked out the windows one after another—no one knew why—then began chopping up the roof.

着火的小屋周围又热又亮，人们都可以清晰地看见草的叶子。谢苗是个红头发、长鼻子的农民，穿一件双排纽厚呢短夹克，帽子往下拽到了耳朵下边。他坐在其中一个被成功抢救出来的箱子上；他妻子脸朝下趴着，哼哼唧唧，神志不清。一个约八十岁、留着大胡子的小老头，看着像土地神似的——不是村里人，但是显然与这场火有某种关系——光着头走来走去，怀里抱着一个白包袱。他的秃头映出了火焰。村长安契普·谢杰尔尼科夫，脸黝黑，头发也黑，像普赛人似的，手里拿着斧头走到木屋前，把窗户一个个砍掉——没人知道为什么——然后又开始砍屋顶。

"Women, water!" he shouted. "Bring the engine! Look sharp!"

“娘们儿，拿水来！”他喊道，“把机器弄来！快点！”

The peasants, who had been drinking in the tavern just before, dragged the engine up. They were all drunk; they kept stumbling and falling down, and all had a helpless expression and tears in their eyes.

原来在小酒馆喝酒的农民们，把机器拖来了。他们都醉了；他们不停地拌脚跌倒，脸上都是一幅无助的神情，眼里泪汪汪的。

"Wenches, water! " shouted the elder, who was drunk, too. "Look sharp, wenches!"

“姑娘们，拿水来！”村长喊道，他也喝醉了，“快点，姑娘们！”

The women and the girls ran downhill to where there was a spring, and kept hauling pails and buckets of water up the hill, and, pouring it into the engine, ran down again. Olga and Marya and Sasha and Motka all brought water. The women and the boys pumped the water; the pipe hissed, and the elder, directing it now at the door, now at the windows, held back the stream with his finger, which made it hiss more sharply still.

妇女和姑娘们跑到坡下的泉水那儿，不停地提着装满水的大桶小桶上坡去，将水倒进机器里，再跑下去。奥尔加、玛丽亚、萨莎和莫特卡都在提水。妇女和小伙子用唧筒汲水；水管子嗞嗞地响，村长拿水管子一会冲着门，一会冲着窗户，有时用手堵住水流，吱吱声就越发尖了。

"Bravo, Antip!" voices shouted approvingly. "Do your best."

“好样的，安契普！”响起一片赞许声。“加油啊。”

Antip went inside the hut into the fire and shouted from within.

安契普进入着火的小屋，在里面喊叫。

"Pump! Bestir yourselves, good Christian folk, in such a terrible mischance!"

“抽水！加把劲啊，虔诚的基督徒们，在这个不幸的当儿！”

The peasants stood round in a crowd, doing nothing but staring at the fire. No one knew what to do, no one had the sense to do anything, though there were stacks of wheat, hay, barns, and piles of faggots standing all round. Kiryak and old Osip, his father, both tipsy, were standing there, too. And as though to justify his doing nothing, old Osip said, addressing the woman who lay on the ground:

一群农民围站着，什么也没干，只瞧着火发呆。谁都不知道做什么，谁都没想着要做什么，而周围全是成垛的小麦、干草、谷仓和成堆的柴把。基里亚克和他老父亲奥西普两人都喝醉了酒，也站在这里。似乎要为自己袖手旁观找个理由，老奥西普对趴在地上的女人说：

"What is there to trouble about, old girl! The hut is insured—why are you taking on?”

“你们这是何必呢，大嫂！这个小屋有保险——你们为什么还发愁？”

Semyon, addressing himself first to one person and then to another, kept describing how the fire had started.

谢苗不停地一会跟这个，一会跟那个讲这场火是怎么发生的。

"That old man, the one with the bundle, a house-serf of General Zhukov's.... He was cook at our general's, God rest his soul! He came over this evening: 'Let me stay the night,' says he.... Well, we had a glass, to be sure.... The wife got the samovar—she was going to give the old fellow a cup of tea, and in an unlucky hour she set the samovar in the entrance. The sparks from the chimney must have blown straight up to the thatch; that's how it was. We were almost burnt ourselves. And the old fellow's cap has been burnt; what a shame!"

“那个老头子，抱着包袱的那个人，茹科夫将军家里的农奴……他原先在我们将军家做厨子，愿将军在天之灵安息！他傍晚过来了：‘让我留宿一晚吧，’他说……嗯，我们喝了一杯，当然……老婆拿了茶炊——她想请老头子喝杯茶，就那么倒霉，她把茶炊放在门道上了。一定是烟囱的火花被直直吹到茅草屋顶上去了；就是这样的。我们差点就给烧死了。这老头子的帽子也被火烧了，真是罪过啊！”

And the sheet of iron was struck indefatigably, and the bells kept ringing in the church the other side of the river. In the glow of the fire Olga, breathless, looking with horror at the red sheep and the pink doves flying in the smoke, kept running down the hill and up again. It seemed to her that the ringing went to her heart with a sharp stab, that the fire would never be over, that Sasha was lost.... And when the ceiling of the hut fell in with a crash, the thought that now the whole

village would be burnt made her weak and faint, and she could not go on fetching water, but sat down on the ravine, setting the pail down near her; beside her and below her, the peasant women sat wailing as though at a funeral.

铁板不知疲倦地敲打着，河对岸教堂的钟声也响个不停。在明亮的火光下，气喘嘘嘘的奥尔加，害怕地望着红色的羊和烟雾里飞翔的粉色鸽子，一会跑上山坡，一会又跑下去。她感觉到钟声带着尖锐的刺敲进了她心里，感觉到这场火永远也灭不了，感觉到萨莎丢了……伴随着轰隆一声，屋顶塌了。她心想现在整个村子都要被烧了，这么一想便觉得虚弱和眩晕，她再也提不了水，就在沟渠上坐下来，把桶放在一旁，她的旁边和斜坡下面，农妇们坐着哭嚎，像哭丧似的。

Then the stewards and watchmen from the estate the other side of the river arrived in two carts, bringing with them a fire-engine. A very young student in an unbuttoned white tunic rode up on horseback. There was the thud of axes. They put a ladder to the burning framework of the house, and five men ran up it at once. Foremost of them all was the student, who was red in the face and shouting in a harsh hoarse voice, and in a tone as though putting out fires was a thing he was used to. They pulled the house to pieces, a beam at a time; they dragged away the corn, the hurdles, and the stacks that were near.

这时河对岸庄园的管事们和看守人们坐着两辆大车来了，车上带了一台灭火器。一个非常年轻的学生，身上穿着白色上衣，敞着怀，骑马赶了来。斧子劈砍的声音传了过来。他们又在起火的房架子上放了梯子，五个人立马爬了上去。其中领头的是个学生。他脸涨得通红，用尖利嘶哑的嗓音嚷着，听起来他好像很有救火经验似的。他们拆了房子，一次拆一根木头；他们把一旁近处的谷物、篱笆、还有草垛都挪开了。

"Don't let them break it up!" cried stern voices in the crowd. "Don't let them."

“别让他们拆了它！”人群中一个严厉的声音说，“别让他们拆。”

Kiryak made his way up to the hut with a resolute air, as though he meant to prevent the newcomers from breaking up the hut, but one of the workmen turned him back with a blow in his neck. There was the sound of laughter, the workman dealt him another blow, Kiryak fell down, and crawled back into the crowd on his hands and knees.

基里亚克神情坚定地到了小屋跟前，似乎要阻拦新来的人们拆小屋，但是一个工人照着他脖子，把他打了回去。有人在笑，这工人又打了他一拳，基里亚克摔倒了，双手着地，跪着爬回人群里去了。

Two handsome girls in hats, probably the student's sisters, came from the other side of the river. They stood a little way off, looking at the fire. The beams that had been dragged apart were no longer

burning, but were smoking vigorously; the student, who was working the hose, turned the water, first on the beams, then on the peasants, then on the women who were bringing the water.

两个带着帽子的漂亮姑娘从河对岸走来，可能是这个学生的妹妹。她们站在远点的地儿，望着这场火。被拆下的木头不再燃烧了，但是冒着浓烟；这学生拿着水龙头，先对着木头浇水，又对着农民，然后对着提水的妇女们。

"George!" the girls called to him reproachfully in anxiety, "George!"

“乔治！”姑娘们不安地斥责他，“乔治！”

The fire was over. And only when they began to disperse they noticed that the day was breaking, that everyone was pale and rather dark in the face, as it always seems in the early morning when the last stars are going out. As they separated, the peasants laughed and made jokes about General Zhukov's cook and his cap which had been burnt; they already wanted to turn the fire into a joke, and even seemed sorry that it had so soon been put out.

火终于烧完了。大家散开时才注意到天已微亮，每个人的脸色都是苍白中显得乌突突的。清晨最后的几颗星即将隐去时，人们似乎总是这样的脸色。农民们散开了，边走边笑着，拿茹科夫将军的厨子和他那顶烧掉的帽子开起了玩笑；他们已经要把这场火灾变成笑话，甚至因为火扑灭得太快而觉着遗憾。

"How well you extinguished the fire, sir!" said Olga to the student. "You ought to come to us in Moscow: there we have a fire every day.”

“扑灭这场火，您干得真漂亮，先生！”奥尔加对这个学生说，“你应该跟我们到莫斯科去：那里每天都发生火灾。”

"Why, do you come from Moscow?" asked one of the young ladies.

“怎么，你们从莫斯科来？”其中一位年轻的小姐问道。

"Yes, miss. My husband was a waiter at the Slavyansky Bazaar. And this is my daughter," she said, indicating Sasha, who was cold and huddling up to her. "She is a Moscow girl, too."

“是的，小姐。我丈夫原来在斯拉夫商场做服务生。这是我女儿。”她指指萨莎说。萨莎觉得冷，正缩着偎在她身边。“她也是个莫斯科女孩。”

The two young ladies said something in French to the student, and he gave Sasha a twenty-kopeck piece.

两位年轻的小姐跟这学生说了几句法语，然后他给了萨沙一个二十戈比的铜板。

Old Father Osip saw this, and there was a gleam of hope in his face.

老父亲奥斯普看在眼里，脸上闪现出一道希望的光芒。

"We must thank God, your honour, there was no wind," he said, addressing the student, "or else we should have been all burnt up together. Your honour, kind gentlefolks," he added in embarrassment in a lower tone, "the morning's chilly... something to warm one... half a bottle to your honour's health."

“感谢上帝，先生，幸好没刮风，”他对学生说，“不然我们都被一起烧死了。先生，好心人，”他有点尴尬地低声又说，“清早凉……弄点什么暖暖身子……为您的健康我们喝半瓶酒才好。”

Nothing was given him, and clearing his throat he slouched home. Olga stood afterwards at the end of the street and watched the two carts crossing the river by the ford and the gentlefolks walking across the meadow; a carriage was waiting for them the other side of the river. Going into the hut, she described to her husband with enthusiasm:

他没得着酒钱，就清了清嗓子，无精打采地回家去了。之后奥尔加站在街头，望着两辆大车涉水过河，那几个贵人走过草场；河对岸有辆马车在等着他们。她回到小屋，热情洋溢地跟她丈夫讲：

"Such good people! And so beautiful! The young ladies were like cherubim."

“真是好心的人们！长得那么好！年轻的小姐跟天使似的。”

"Plague take them!" Fyokla, sleepy, said spitefully.

“他们该遭瘟的！”菲奥克拉又困又乏，恶狠狠地说。

CHAPTER VI

第六章

Marya thought herself unhappy, and said that she would be very glad to die; Fyokla, on the other hand, found all this life to her taste: the poverty, the uncleanliness, and the incessant quarrelling. She ate what was given her without discrimination; slept anywhere, on whatever came to hand. She would empty the slops just at the porch, would splash them out from the doorway, and then walk barefoot through the puddle. And from the very first day she took a dislike to Olga and Nikolay just because they did not like this life.

玛丽亚觉着自己不幸福，还说她宁愿死了好；菲奥克拉则相反，她觉得生活很合自己的胃口：贫穷啦、肮脏啦、还有无休止的争吵啦。人家给她吃什么，她就吃什么，一点也不挑；不管到了哪里，有没有被褥，她都能睡觉。她随便把脏水倒在门廊上，要么就从门口泼出去，又赤脚淌着水坑走。打第一天起，她就不喜欢奥尔加和尼古拉，全是因为他们不喜欢这样的生活。

"We shall see what you'll find to eat here, you Moscow gentry!" she said malignantly. "We shall see!"

“我们倒看看你们在这吃什么，你们这莫斯科的上等人！”她恶毒地说，“我们倒要看看！”

One morning, it was at the beginning of September, Fyokla, vigorous, good-looking, and rosy from the cold, brought up two pails of water; Marya and Olga were sitting meanwhile at the table drinking tea.

那是九月初的一个早上，菲奥克拉神采奕奕而美丽，冻得肤色红润，她提了两桶水来；玛丽亚和奥尔加这时正坐在桌子旁喝茶。

"Tea and sugar," said Fyokla sarcastically. "The fine ladies!" she added, setting down the pails. "You have taken to the fashion of tea every day. You better look out that you don't burst with your tea-drinking," she went on, looking with hatred at Olga. "That's how you have come by your fat mug, having a good time in Moscow, you lump of flesh!" She swung the yoke and hit Olga such a blow on the shoulder that the two sisters-in-law could only clasp their hands and say:

“又是茶又是糖，”菲奥克拉讥讽道，“时髦的夫人们！”她放下木桶，又加了一句。“你们真是赶时髦啊，天天喝茶。最好当心别喝茶胀死。”她接着说，愤恨地盯着奥尔加，“在莫斯科就这么着养得肥头大脸了，你这肉墩子！”她抡起扁担来，打到了奥尔加的肩膀，妯娌两个却只

有合上双手，说：

"Oh, holy Saints!"

“啊，圣徒！”

Then Fyokla went down to the river to wash the clothes, swearing all the time so loudly that she could be heard in the hut.

菲奥克拉走到河边去洗衣服，一直大声地咒骂，在小屋里都能听到。

The day passed and was followed by the long autumn evening. They wound silk in the hut; everyone did it except Fyokla; she had gone over the river. They got the silk from a factory close by, and the whole family working together earned next to nothing, twenty kopecks a week.

白天过去，跟着来的是秋天悠长的黄昏。他们在小屋缠丝线，除了菲奥克拉，人人都在缠；她到河对面去了。他们从附近的工厂弄来丝，家里人全都一块忙活，可也挣不到几个钱，一周才二十戈比。

"Things were better in the old days under the gentry," said the old father as he wound silk. "You worked and ate and slept, everything in its turn. At dinner you had cabbage-soup and boiled grain, and at supper the same again. Cucumbers and cabbage in plenty: you could eat to your heart's content, as much as you wanted. And there was more strictness. Everyone minded what he was about."

“在东家手底下干活那会儿，日子还好过些。”老父亲边缠丝线边说，“你工作、吃饭，然后睡觉，什么都有规律。正餐能吃到白菜汤和米粥，晚饭也一样。黄瓜和白菜多得是，你可以吃到自己满意为止，随你想吃多少都行。规矩也更多些。大家都用心做事。”

The hut was lighted by a single little lamp, which burned dimly and smoked. When someone screened the lamp and a big shadow fell across the window, the bright moonlight could be seen. Old Osip, speaking slowly, told them how they used to live before the emancipation; how in those very parts, where life was now so poor and so dreary, they used to hunt with harriers, greyhounds, retrievers, and when they went out as beaters the peasants were given vodka; how whole waggonloads of game used to be sent to Moscow for the young masters; how the bad were beaten with rods or sent away to the Tver estate, while the good were rewarded. And Granny told them something, too. She remembered everything, positively everything. She described her mistress, a kind, God-fearing woman, whose husband was a profligate and a rake, and all of whose daughters made unlucky marriages: one married a drunkard, another married a workman, the other eloped secretly (Granny herself, at that time a

young girl, helped in the elopement), and they had all three as well as their mother died early from grief. And remembering all this, Granny positively began to shed tears.

小屋里只点着一盏小灯，灯光昏暗，灯芯冒着烟。有人挡住灯时，窗户上就出现一个大大的影子，明亮的月光便可见了。老奥西普慢悠悠地说话，跟他们说农奴解放以前人们怎样生活；说起在这一带，现在的生活都那么穷、那么枯燥，可当初人们带着猎兔狗、灰狗和寻回犬去打猎，农民们做助猎手，还能喝到伏特加；整车整车的猎物都给运送到莫斯科年轻的东家那里去；说起坏农奴怎么遭到树枝鞭打，或发配到特威尔的庄园上去，好农奴则会得到奖励。老奶奶也给他们讲故事。她什么都记得，清楚地记得所有的事。她说，她的女主人是一个善良的、虔诚的妇人，而她丈夫是个挥霍成性的浪子，女儿们的婚姻也都很不幸：一个嫁了酒鬼，另一个嫁了工匠，还有一个秘密跟人私奔了（那时老奶奶自己还是个小女孩，也帮着私奔），她们三个，还有她们的母亲，都过早地郁郁而终。想起这些事儿，老奶奶就会流下几滴眼泪。

All at once someone knocked at the door, and they all started.

突然有人敲门，大家都吃了一惊。

"Uncle Osip, give me a night's lodging."

“奥西普大叔，让我在这儿住一宿吧。”

The little bald old man, General Zhukov's cook, the one whose cap had been burnt, walked in. He sat down and listened, then he, too, began telling stories of all sorts. Nikolay, sitting on the stove with his legs hanging down, listened and asked questions about the dishes that were prepared in the old days for the gentry. They talked of rissoles, cutlets, various soups and sauces, and the cook, who remembered everything very well, mentioned dishes that are no longer served. There was one, for instance—a dish made of bulls' eyes, which was called "waking up in the morning."

那个矮小的秃头老头子走了进来，就是茹科夫将军的厨子，那个帽子被烧掉了的人。他坐下来听着，后来他也开始讲各种各样的故事。尼古拉坐在炉台上，耷拉着两条腿，一边听，一边问旧日都给东家烧什么样的菜。他们说有炸鱼丸、肉饼、各式各样的汤和调味汁。这个厨子什么都记得，他讲的菜，有些现在都没人做了。比如，有一道菜——一道用牛眼做的菜，叫做“早晨醒来”。

"And used you to do cutlets a' la marechal?" asked Nikolay.

“你那时烧‘上将肉饼’吗？”尼古拉问道。

"No."

“不烧。”

Nikolay shook his head reproachfully and said:

尼古拉不屑地摇摇头，说：

"Tut, tut! You were not much of a cook!"

“嘘，嘘！你哪儿算什么厨子啊！”

The little girls sitting and lying on the stove stared down without blinking; it seemed as though there were a great many of them, like cherubim in the clouds. They liked the stories: they were breathless; they shuddered and turned pale with alternate rapture and terror, and they listened breathlessly, afraid to stir, to Granny, whose stories were the most interesting of all.

炉台上坐着、躺着的小女孩们，眼睛一眨不眨地望着下边，好像有很多个小女孩似的，又仿佛云端里的小天使。她们爱听这些故事，都屏住呼吸；她们时而欢喜，时而害怕，打着冷战，脸色发白。她们听老奶奶讲的时候，都不敢呼吸，生怕打扰她，因为她的故事是最有趣的。

They lay down to sleep in silence; and the old people, troubled and excited by their reminiscences, thought how precious was youth, of which, whatever it might have been like, nothing was left in the memory but what was living, joyful, touching, and how terribly cold was death, which was not far off, better not think of it! The lamp died down. And the dusk, and the two little windows sharply defined by the moonlight, and the stillness and the creak of the cradle, reminded them for some reason that life was over, that nothing one could do would bring it back.... You doze off, you forget yourself, and suddenly someone touches your shoulder or breathes on your cheek—and sleep is gone; your body feels cramped, and thoughts of death keep creeping into your mind. You turn on the other side: death is forgotten, but old dreary, sickening thoughts of poverty, of food, of how dear flour is getting, stray through the mind, and a little later again you remember that life is over and you cannot bring it back....

她们安安静静地躺下睡觉了；老人们则被往事烦扰，无法平静，他们想着年轻是多么的珍贵，无论什么样的年轻，在记忆中留下的都只有活泼、快乐、感人的事情，而死亡冷得那么令人害怕，它就不远了，还是别想它的好！灯熄灭了。这个黄昏，那两扇给月光照得轮廓清晰的小窗户，沉静，以及摇篮吱吱呀呀的声音，不知什么缘故，仿佛都在告诉他们，生活已经过去，你再没法子把它拉回来了……你刚刚瞌睡，忘了自己，忽然谁碰了你肩膀一下，要不就在你脸旁呼了口气——于是全没了睡意；你的身体抽筋，死亡的种种思想老往脑子里爬。你翻了个身：忘了死亡，可是早先担心的对贫穷、食物、面粉涨价等厌恶的思绪又在脑子里翻腾。不一会儿，又不由得想起生活已经过去，你再没法子把它拉回来……

"Oh, Lord!" sighed the cook.

“唉，主啊！”厨子叹了口气。

Someone gave a soft, soft tap at the window. It must be Fyokla come back. Olga got up, and yawning and whispering a prayer, opened the door, then drew the bolt in the outer room, but no one came in; only from the street came a cold draught and a sudden brightness from the moonlight. The street, still and deserted, and the moon itself floating across the sky, could be seen at the open door.

有人很轻、很轻地敲了敲窗户。肯定是菲奥克拉回来了。奥尔加起床，打了个呵欠，低语祷告一句，她打开房门，又去把外屋的门闩拉开，却不见人进来；只有一股冷风从街上吹过来，还有忽然闯进来的月光。街上很安静，没有人，从敞开的门里可以看见月亮孤独地在天空上飘移。

"Who is there?" called Olga.

“谁啊？”奥尔加喊了一声。

"I," she heard the answer—"it is I."

“我，”她听到了应声——“是我。”

Near the door, crouching against the wall, stood Fyokla, absolutely naked. She was shivering with cold, her teeth were chattering, and in the bright moonlight she looked very pale, strange, and beautiful. The shadows on her, and the bright moonlight on her skin, stood out vividly, and her dark eyebrows and firm, youthful bosom were defined with peculiar distinctness.

门一旁，菲奥克拉半蹲地靠墙站着，一丝不挂。她冷得发抖，牙齿在打战，在明亮的月光下，她显得十分苍白、陌生而美丽。她身上的阴影与照在她皮肤上的明亮月光形成鲜明的对比，她黑黑的眉毛和坚挺、年轻的乳房便特别清楚地凸显出来。

"The ruffians over there undressed me and turned me out like this," she said. "I've come home without my clothes... naked as my mother bore me. Bring me something to put on."

“河对岸那些流氓剥光了我的衣服，就这样把我赶出来了。”她说，“我没穿衣服就走回家来……像母亲刚把我生下来时一样赤裸着。给我拿件衣服穿上。”

"But go inside!" Olga said softly, beginning to shiver, too.

“赶快进来！”奥尔加温柔地说，也开始发抖。

"I don't want the old folks to see." Granny was, in fact, already stirring and muttering, and the old father asked: "Who is there?" Olga brought her own smock and skirt, dressed Fyokla, and then both went softly into the inner room, trying not to make a noise with the door.

“我不要让老家伙们看到。”实际上老奶奶已经被惊动，嘴里叨叨咕咕，老父亲也问道：“谁啊？”奥尔加把自己的罩衫和裙子拿给菲奥克拉

穿上，随后两个人蹑手蹑脚地进了里屋，掩门时尽量不弄出声来。

"Is that you, you sleek one?" Granny grumbled angrily, guessing who it was. "Fie upon you, nightwalker!... Bad luck to you!"

“是你吗，野东西？”老奶奶早已猜到是谁，生气地咕哝道，“呸，夜游鬼！……早该死的！”

"It's all right, it's all right," whispered Olga, wrapping Fyokla up; "it's all right, dearie."

“没事，没事。”奥尔加轻声说，一边把菲奥克拉裹严实，“没事，亲爱的。”

All was stillness again. They always slept badly; everyone was kept awake by something worrying and persistent: the old man by the pain in his back, Granny by anxiety and anger, Marya by terror, the children by itch and hunger. Now, too, their sleep was troubled; they kept turning over from one side to the other, talking in their sleep, getting up for a drink.

一切又归于寂静。他们总是睡不踏实，各人都有挥之不去的烦恼，扰得他们睡不熟：老头子背疼，老奶奶满是焦虑和怒气，玛丽亚则担惊受怕，孩子们身上瘙痒、肚子饥饿。这会儿也是，他们睡得不安稳；他们不住地辗转反侧，说梦话，起来喝口水。

Fyokla suddenly broke into a loud, coarse howl, but immediately checked herself, and only uttered sobs from time to time, growing softer and on a lower note, until she relapsed into silence. From time to time from the other side of the river there floated the sound of the beating of the hours; but the time seemed somehow strange—five was struck and then three.

菲奥克拉忽然发出一声粗哑的嚎叫，不过马上又控制住了自己，只是时不时地抽泣几下，泣声越来越小，声调也越来越低，直到最后没了声响。河对岸时而飘来报时的钟声，但是敲得似乎有些不对劲——先敲了五下，又敲了三下。

"Oh Lord!" sighed the cook.

“唉，主啊！”厨子叹口气。

Looking at the windows, it was difficult to tell whether it was still moonlight or whether the dawn had begun. Marya got up and went out, and she could be heard milking the cows and saying, "Steady!” Granny went out, too. It was still dark in the hut, but all the objects in it could be discerned.

往窗外看去，很难分清那是月光，还是天已微亮。玛丽亚起了床出去，人们能听到她一边挤牛奶，一边说：“站——稳！”老奶奶也出去了。小屋里还是一片黑暗，但是里面的物件都能辩得出轮廓了。

Nikolay, who had not slept all night, got down from the stove. He took his dress-coat out of a green box, put it on, and going to the window, stroked the sleeves and took hold of the coat-tails—and smiled. Then he carefully took off the coat, put it away in his box, and lay down again.

一晚没睡的尼古拉从炉台上下来。他从一个绿色箱子里拿出他的燕尾服，穿在身上，然后走到窗前，抚摸一下袖子，扯一下燕尾——笑了。然后他小心翼翼地脱下这身衣服，放回箱子里，又躺下了。

Marya came in again and began lighting the stove. She was evidently hardly awake, and seemed dropping asleep as she walked. Probably she had had some dream, or the stories of the night before came into her mind as, stretching luxuriously before the stove, she said:

玛丽亚又进了屋，生起了炉火。她明明就没睡醒，走路时好像又要睡着了。也许是做了个什么梦，也许是想起了头天晚上的故事，她在炉前伸了个大大的懒腰，说道：

"No, freedom is better."

“不，还是自由更好。”

CHAPTER VII

第七章

The master arrived—that was what they called the police inspector. When he would come and what he was coming for had been known for the last week. There were only forty households in Zhukovo, but more than two thousand roubles of arrears of rates and taxes had accumulated.

老爷来了——他们都这么称呼警察巡官。他什么时候来，为什么来，人们早在一周前就知道了。茹科沃村只有四十户人家，可是差饷和税款欠额已经积累到两千多卢布了。

The police inspector stopped at the tavern. He drank there two glasses of tea, and then went on foot to the village elder's hut, near which a crowd of those who were in debt stood waiting. The elder, Antip Syedelnikov, was, in spite of his youth—he was only a little over thirty—strict and always on the side of the authorities, though he himself was poor and did not pay his taxes regularly. Evidently he enjoyed being elder, and liked the sense of authority, which he could only display by strictness. In the village council the peasants were afraid of him and obeyed him. It would sometimes happen that he would pounce on a drunken man in the street or near the tavern, tie his hands behind him, and put him in the lock-up. On one occasion he even put Granny in the lock-up because she went to the village council instead of Osip, and began swearing, and he kept her there for a whole day and night. He had never lived in a town or read a book, but somewhere or other had picked up various learned expressions, and loved to make use of them in conversation, and he was respected for this though he was not always understood.

警察巡官停在了小酒馆旁。他在里面喝了两杯茶，然后步行到村长的小屋去，屋旁有很多欠税的人在等着。村长安契普·谢杰尔尼科夫虽然年轻——他不过三十出头——却很严厉，总是帮着上级说话。其实他自己也很穷，也没有按时交纳税款。看得出来他很喜欢当村长，喜欢权力的味道，而他也只能通过严厉来显示这种权力。在全村大会上，农民们都怕他，事事听他的。有时候在街上或小酒馆附近，他扑上去抓住一个醉鬼，把他的手绑到身后，把他关押起来。有一回他竟然把老奶奶关押了起来，因为她代奥西普参加全村大会，还骂骂咧咧的。他关了她整整一天一夜。他没在城里住过，没读过一本书，可是不知他从哪里学来些文诌诌的词，说个话总喜欢咬文嚼字的。大家因为这个都很尊敬他，虽然不是总能搞懂他在说什么。

When Osip came into the village elder's hut with his tax book, the

police inspector, a lean old man with a long grey beard, in a grey tunic, was sitting at a table in the passage, writing something. It was clean in the hut; all the walls were dotted with pictures cut out of the illustrated papers, and in the most conspicuous place near the ikon there was a portrait of the Battenburg who was the Prince of Bulgaria. By the table stood Antip Syedelnikov with his arms folded.

奥西普拿着他的缴税记录本，走进了村长的小屋，那个警察巡官是一个瘦瘦的老头子，长着又长又白的胡须，身上穿着灰色的紧身短上衣，正坐在过道里的桌子旁边，写着什么。小屋里收拾得干干净净；每面墙上都贴满了从插图报纸上剪下来的图画，在靠近圣像最显眼的地方，贴着一张保加利亚巴丹堡王子的画像。桌子一旁站着安契普·谢杰尔尼科夫，他双臂合抱着。

"There is one hundred and nineteen roubles standing against him," he said when it came to Osip's turn. "Before Easter he paid a rouble, and he has not paid a kopeck since."

“他欠一百一十九卢布。”轮到奥西普时，他说道，“复活节前他交过一个卢布，之后就再没交过一个戈比。”

The police inspector raised his eyes to Osip and asked:

警察巡官抬眼看了看奥西普，问：

"Why is this, brother?"

“怎么回事，老兄？”

"Show Divine mercy, your honour," Osip began, growing agitated. "Allow me to say last year the gentleman at Lutorydsky said to me, 'Osip,' he said, 'sell your hay... you sell it,' he said. Well, I had a hundred poods for sale; the women mowed it on the water-meadow. Well, we struck a bargain all right, willingly....”

“大人，宽容宽容吧。”奥西普变得不安起来，“请听我说，去年在留托列茨基的一位先生对我说，‘奥西普，’他说，‘把你的干草卖了……卖了吧。’他说。嗯，我有一百普特干草可以卖；都是娘们儿在水草场割的。嗯，我们商定价格就成交了，我自己愿意卖的……”

He complained of the elder, and kept turning round to the peasants as though inviting them to bear witness; his face flushed red and perspired, and his eyes grew sharp and angry.

他埋怨村长，还不住地回头看看农民们，仿佛要他们来做个见证；他脸发红，直冒汗，眼神变得犀利而生气。

"I don't know why you are saying all this," said the police inspector. "I am asking you... I am asking you why you don't pay your arrears. You don't pay, any of you, and am I to be responsible for you?"

“我不知道你说这些干什么，”警察巡官说，“我是问你……问你为什么不缴纳欠款。你不交，还有你们，难道要我给你们交吗？”

"I can't do it."

“我交不出来。”

"His words have no sequel, your honour," said the elder. "The Tchikildyeevs certainly are of a defective class, but if you will just ask the others, the root of it all is vodka, and they are a very bad lot. With no sort of understanding."

“大人，他胡说呢。”村长说道，“契基尔杰耶夫一家固然贫寒，但是你只要问问别人，就知道他们穷都是给伏特加害的，他们是一帮胡作非为的家伙。稀里糊涂的。”

The police inspector wrote something down, and said to Osip quietly, in an even tone, as though he were asking him for water:

警察巡官写下了点什么，又平静地对奥西普说了句话，声调十分缓和，好像在跟他要杯水喝似的：

"Be off."

“出去。”

Soon he went away; and when he got into his cheap chaise and cleared his throat, it could be seen from the very expression of his long thin back that he was no longer thinking of Osip or of the village elder, nor of the Zhukovo arrears, but was thinking of his own affairs. Before he had gone three-quarters of a mile Antip was already carrying off the samovar from the Tchikildyeevs' cottage, followed by Granny, screaming shrilly and straining her throat:

没一会他离开了；他坐上他那便宜的轻马车，清清嗓子，从他瘦长的背影能看出来，他已把什么奥西普或者村长，还有茹科沃的欠款都抛在脑后了，转而寻思起自己的心事了。他还没走出一俄里路去，安契普已经从契基尔杰耶夫的小屋里拿了茶炊出来，后面跟着的老奶奶，扯着嗓子尖声叫喊：

"I won't let you have it, I won't let you have it, damn you!"

“你给我放下，你给我放下，该死的！”

He walked rapidly with long steps, and she pursued him panting, almost falling over, a bent, ferocious figure; her kerchief slipped on to her shoulders, her grey hair with greenish lights on it was blown about in the wind. She suddenly stopped short, and like a genuine rebel, fell to beating her breast with her fists and shouting louder than ever in a sing-song voice, as though she were sobbing:

他大步流星地走得很快，驼背的她凶神恶煞似的，在后面追得喘不

过起来，差点跌倒；她的头巾滑到肩膀上去了，她的白发带着点绿光，在风里吹得乱蓬蓬的。她忽然停住了，像一个真正的反叛者似的，拿她的拳头垂胸，拖长的喊叫声比以往都响，好像在抽泣一样：

"Good Christians and believers in God! Neighbours, they have ill-treated me! Kind friends, they have oppressed me! Oh, oh! dear people, take my part.”

“虔诚的基督教徒，信仰上帝的人啊！邻居们，他们欺负我啊！好心的朋友们，他们压迫我啊！哎呀，哎呀！可亲的人们，替我伸冤啊。”

"Granny, Granny!" said the village elder sternly, "have some sense in your head!"

“老奶奶，老奶奶！”村长厉声说，“你别老糊涂了！”

It was hopelessly dreary in the Tchikildyeevs' hut without the samovar; there was something humiliating in this loss, insulting, as though the honour of the hut had been outraged. Better if the elder had carried off the table, all the benches, all the pots—it would not have seemed so empty. Granny screamed, Marya cried, and the little girls, looking at her, cried, too. The old father, feeling guilty, sat in the corner with bowed head and said nothing. And Nikolay, too, was silent. Granny loved him and was sorry for him, but now, forgetting her pity, she fell upon him with abuse, with reproaches, shaking her fist right in his face. She shouted that it was all his fault; why had he sent them so little when he boasted in his letters that he was getting fifty roubles a month at the Slavyansky Bazaar? Why had he come, and with his family, too? If he died, where was the money to come from for his funeral...? And it was pitiful to look at Nikolay, Olga, and Sasha.

没了茶炊，契基尔杰耶夫家里显得极其沉闷，失去了茶炊似乎是一种耻辱，一种侮辱，好像小屋里的尊严遭到了践踏。村长若是把桌子和所有的凳子、所有的茶壶拿走了倒还好——屋里可能就不会显得那么空荡了。老奶奶尖叫着，玛丽亚哭喊着，小女孩们看着她，也哭了。而老父亲觉着内疚，低头坐在角落里，一声不响。尼古拉，也默不作声。老奶奶爱他，怜惜他，但是现在忘了对他的怜惜，狠狠地骂他，责备他，在他面前晃着拳头。她喊着说这都是他的错；他在信中夸口，说在斯拉夫商场一个月挣五十卢布，可为什么就给他们寄回那么点钱？为什么他要回来，还拖家带口的？他要死了，办葬礼的钱从哪儿来……？尼古拉、奥尔加、还有萨沙，看着怪叫人可怜的。

The old father cleared his throat, took his cap, and went off to the village elder. Antip was soldering something by the stove, puffing out his cheeks; there was a smell of burning. His children, emaciated and unwashed, no better than the Tchikildyeevs, were scrambling about the floor; his wife, an ugly, freckled woman with a prominent

stomach, was winding silk. They were a poor, unlucky family, and Antip was the only one who looked vigorous and handsome. On a bench there were five samovars standing in a row. The old man said his prayer to Battenburg and said:

老父亲清了清嗓子，拿了他的帽子，直奔村长家去了。安契普正在炉子旁边焊什么东西，鼓着腮帮子吹气；屋里有种烧焦的味道。他瘦小的孩子们，脏兮兮的，比契基尔杰耶夫家的好不到哪儿去，正在地板上乱爬；他的妻子是一个难看的、满脸雀斑的女人，大着肚子，正在缠丝。他们是很贫穷、很不幸的一家子，只有安契普看着还算结实、英俊。一个凳子上放着五个茶炊，排成了一行。老头子对巴丹堡念了祷告，说道：

"Antip, show the Divine mercy. Give me back the samovar, for Christ's sake!"

“安契普，发发慈悲。看在基督的份上，把茶炊还给我！”

"Bring three roubles, then you shall have it."

“拿三个卢布来，就把它给你。”

"I can't do it!"

“我拿不出来！”

Antip puffed out his cheeks, the fire roared and hissed, and the glow was reflected in the samovar. The old man crumpled up his cap and said after a moment's thought:

安契普鼓着腮帮子吹口气，火就发出呼呼的、嗞嗞的声音，火光照亮了茶炊。老头子抓了抓他的帽子，想了片刻说：

"You give it me back."

“你把它还给我吧。”

The swarthy elder looked quite black, and was like a magician; he turned round to Osip and said sternly and rapidly:

黝黑的村长看着真是黑，活像一个魔术师；他转身面向奥西普，严厉且语速很快地说：

"It all depends on the rural captain. On the twenty-sixth instant you can state the grounds for your dissatisfaction before the administrative session, verbally or in writing.”

“这要由农村行政长官决定。本月二十六日一到，你就可以在行政会议上，口头或书面陈述你不满意的理由。”

Osip did not understand a word, but he was satisfied with that and went home.

这些话奥西普一个字也没听懂，但是听着很顺耳，就回家去了。

Ten days later the police inspector came again, stayed an hour and went away. During those days the weather had changed to cold and windy; the river had been frozen for some time past, but still there was no snow, and people found it difficult to get about. On the eve of a holiday some of the neighbours came in to Osip's to sit and have a talk. They did not light the lamp, as it would have been a sin to work, but talked in the darkness. There were some items of news, all rather unpleasant. In two or three households hens had been taken for the arrears, and had been sent to the district police station, and there they had died because no one had fed them; they had taken sheep, and while they were being driven away tied to one another, shifted into another cart at each village, one of them had died. And now they were discussing the question, who was to blame?

十天过后，警察巡官又来了，呆上一小时就走了。那些天，天气变得寒冷，时常刮风；小河早已结了冰，但始终没有下雪，人们都不愿意出门走动。在一个节日的前夜，几个邻居到奥西普家来坐坐，聊聊天。他们没点灯，因为如果做工是有罪的。于是他们就摸着黑说话。倒是有些新闻，可都不是好消息。有几家的母鸡被抓去抵欠款，送到地方警察局去后，因为没人喂，在那儿死掉了；他们抓了羊，捆在一块儿运走，每过一个村就换一辆车，其中有一只已死掉了。现在他们正讨论这个问题，这事该怪谁呢？

"The Zemstvo," said Osip. "Who else?"

“怪地方自治局，”奥西普说，“还能怪谁？”

"Of course it is the Zemstvo."

“当然得怪地方自治局。”

The Zemstvo was blamed for everything—for the arrears, and for the oppressions, and for the failure of the crops, though no one of them knew what was meant by the Zemstvo. And this dated from the time when well-to-do peasants who had factories, shops, and inns of their own were members of the Zemstvos, were dissatisfied with them, and took to swearing at the Zemstvos in their factories and inns.

一切都怪在地方自治局身上——欠款啦，镇压啦，庄稼歉收啦，尽管没人知道地方自治局是干什么的。这个习惯要始于很早之前，那时富裕的农民开了自己的工厂、商店、小酒馆，做了地方自治局的成员，可是他们对自治局不满意，就开始在自己的工厂和小酒馆里臭骂它。

They talked of God's not sending the snow; they had to bring in wood for fuel, and there was no driving nor walking in the frozen ruts. In old days fifteen to twenty years ago conversation was much more interesting in Zhukovo. In those days every old man looked as though he were treasuring some secret; as though he knew something and was expecting something. They used to talk about an edict in golden

letters, about the division of lands, about new land, about treasures; they hinted at something. Now the people of Zhukovo had no mystery at all; their whole life was bare and open in the sight of all, and they could talk of nothing but poverty, food, there being no snow yet....

他们谈到上帝不送雪下来；谈到他们得去弄些柴火了，可坑坑洼洼的道路上了冻，没法子走车，也没法子步行。倒回十五或二十年前，茹科沃人们的谈话则有意思得多。那时候每个老头子都似乎揣着什么秘密；个个好像知道什么，又在盼着什么。他们常常谈金色字迹的法令，谈土地的划分，谈新土地，谈宝藏；他们是话里有话的。现在茹科沃的人们没什么好神秘的；他们整个生活都毫无遮拦，都在大家的眼皮子底下，他们能谈的只有贫穷、食物，雪还没下呢……

There was a pause. Then they thought again of the hens, of the sheep, and began discussing whose fault it was.

大家沉默了片刻。然后又想起了母鸡和羊，又讨论起来那是谁的错。

"The Zemstvo," said Osip wearily. "Who else?"

“地方自治局，”奥西普无精打采地说，“还能怪谁？”

CHAPTER VIII

第八章

The parish church was nearly five miles away at Kosogorovo, and the peasants only attended it when they had to do so for baptisms, weddings, or funerals; they went to the services at the church across the river. On holidays in fine weather the girls dressed up in their best and went in a crowd together to church, and it was a cheering sight to see them in their red, yellow, and green dresses cross the meadow; in bad weather they all stayed at home. They went for the sacrament to the parish church. From each of those who did not manage in Lent to go to confession in readiness for the sacrament the parish priest, going the round of the huts with the cross at Easter, took fifteen kopecks.

教区教堂在约五俄里以外的柯索果罗沃村，农民迫不得已才去那里，比如洗礼、婚礼、葬礼；他们做礼拜就到河对岸的教堂去。礼拜天要是碰上好天气，姑娘们就打扮得漂漂亮亮的，一块儿到教堂去。她们穿着红的、黄的、绿的衣服穿过草场，那是一种令人欢欣鼓舞的景象；天气不好时，她们就呆在家里。他们领取圣餐是要到教区教堂去的。对那些在四旬斋期间没有能够去忏悔和领取圣餐的人，到了复活节，神父就拿着十字架走遍各个小屋，向他们要十五戈比。

The old father did not believe in God, for he hardly ever thought about Him; he recognized the supernatural, but considered it was entirely the women's concern, and when religion or miracles were discussed before him, or a question were put to him, he would say reluctantly, scratching himself:

老父亲不信上帝，因为他从来没想过上帝；他承认神的事，可他觉着那完全是女人关心的事。碰到有人在他面前说宗教或奇迹，抑或有人跟他提这类问题，他总是抓耳挠腮，勉强地说：

"Who can tell!"

“谁知道呢！”

Granny believed, but her faith was somewhat hazy; everything was mixed up in her memory, and she could scarcely begin to think of sins, of death, of the salvation of the soul, before poverty and her daily cares took possession of her mind, and she instantly forgot what she was thinking about. She did not remember the prayers, and usually in the evenings, before lying down to sleep, she would stand before the ikons and whisper:

老奶奶倒信，可是她的信仰有点含混不清；她脑海里所有事都搅和在了一起。她刚想起罪恶、死亡、灵魂拯救，贫穷和日常的烦恼又侵占

了她的大脑，她马上就忘了刚才想的事。她记不住祈祷词，通常在傍晚躺下睡觉前，她就站在神像前，低声说：

"Holy Mother of Kazan, Holy Mother of Smolensk, Holy Mother of Troerutchitsy..."

“喀山的圣母，斯摩棱斯克的圣母，三臂的圣母……”

Marya and Fyokla crossed themselves, fasted, and took the sacrament every year, but understood nothing. The children were not taught their prayers, nothing was told them about God, and no moral principles were instilled into them; they were only forbidden to eat meat or milk in Lent. In the other families it was much the same: there were few who believed, few who understood. At the same time everyone loved the Holy Scripture, loved it with a tender, reverent love; but they had no Bible, there was no one to read it and explain it, and because Olga sometimes read them the gospel, they respected her, and they all addressed her and Sasha as though they were superior to themselves.

玛丽亚和菲奥克拉经常在胸前画十字，进行斋戒，每年都去做圣事，可也什么都不懂。孩子们没学过祈祷词，没人跟他们讲上帝，也没人跟他们传授训诫；只是在四旬斋期不准他们吃肉和喝牛奶罢了。其他家庭也都差不多：几乎没人相信，没人理解。同时大家又都喜爱《圣经》，亲切而虔诚地喜爱它；但他们没有书，没人读《圣经》，没人讲解它。因为奥尔加偶尔给大家读《福音书》，他们都很尊敬她，对她和萨莎都用尊称来称呼。

For church holidays and services Olga often went to neighbouring villages, and to the district town, in which there were two monasteries and twenty-seven churches. She was dreamy, and when she was on these pilgrimages she quite forgot her family, and only when she got home again suddenly made the joyful discovery that she had a husband and daughter, and then would say, smiling and radiant:

为了参加教堂礼拜和祷告仪式，奥尔加经常去邻村，还到县城去。县城里有两个修道院和二十七个教堂。她痴痴迷迷的，每当踏上朝圣的旅途，她就忘了自己的家庭，只有再回到家里时，才忽然惊喜地发现她还有丈夫和女儿，她就会笑眯眯、喜洋洋地说：

"God has sent me blessings!"

“上帝赐福于我了！”

What went on in the village worried her and seemed to her revolting. On Elijah's Day they drank, at the Assumption they drank, at the Ascension they drank. The Feast of the Intercession was the parish holiday for Zhukovo, and the peasants used to drink then for three days; they squandered on drink fifty roubles of money belonging

to the Mir, and then collected more for vodka from all the households. On the first day of the feast the Tchikildyeevs killed a sheep and ate of it in the morning, at dinner-time, and in the evening; they ate it ravenously, and the children got up at night to eat more. Kiryak was fearfully drunk for three whole days; he drank up everything, even his boots and cap, and beat Marya so terribly that they had to pour water over her. And then they were all ashamed and sick.

村里发生的事情让她担心，让她觉得厌恶。圣以利亚节时他们喝酒，圣母升天节时他们喝酒，耶稣圣天节时他们喝酒。圣母节是茹科沃的教区节日，到时农民们一连喝三天酒；为了喝酒他们能花掉米尔村社五十卢布，然后又从各家各户聚敛更多的钱买伏特加喝。头一天，契基尔杰耶夫家杀了头羊，早餐、正餐和晚餐都吃羊肉；他们吃得很贪婪，夜里孩子们还起床再吃些。基里亚克连着三天都喝得酩酊大醉。他为了喝酒，钱都花光了，连他的高靴和帽子都换了酒喝。他把玛丽亚往死里打，要往她头上浇水，她才能醒过来。过后，他们都觉得羞耻，恶心。

However, even in Zhukovo, in this "Slaveytown," there was once an outburst of genuine religious enthusiasm. It was in August, when throughout the district they carried from village to village the Holy Mother, the giver of life. It was still and overcast on the day when they expected Her at Zhukovo. The girls set off in the morning to meet the ikon, in their bright holiday dresses, and brought Her towards the evening, in procession with the cross and with singing, while the bells pealed in the church across the river. An immense crowd of villagers and strangers flooded the street; there was noise, dust, a great crush.... And the old father and Granny and Kiryak—all stretched out their hands to the ikon, looked eagerly at it and said, weeping:

但是，即使在茹科沃这个“奴才村”，也曾有过真正的宗教盛典。那是八月里，人们抬着赐予生命的圣母走过一村又一村，走遍了全区。大家等着圣母到茹科沃来的那一天，没有风，天色阴暗。姑娘们穿上节日的盛装，一早出发去迎接圣像，傍晚将至才将圣像抬进了村子。她们举着十字架，唱着歌，同时河对岸教堂的钟全都隆隆地响起来。一大群本村和外村的人涌到街上，吵吵闹闹，尘土飞扬，熙熙攘攘……老父亲、老奶奶和基里亚克——都伸手去够圣像，热切地望着它，还一边啼哭一边说：

"Defender! Mother! Defender!"

“守护神！圣母！守护神！”

All seemed suddenly to realize that there was not an empty void between earth and heaven, that the rich and the powerful had not taken possession of everything, that there was still a refuge from injury, from slavish bondage, from crushing, unendurable poverty, from the terrible vodka.

大家都仿佛忽然觉着人间和天堂并没有隔开，并不是一切都掌控在有钱和有权的人手里，还有避难所可以让人们逃离伤害、奴役和那些压得人忍无可忍的贫穷以及可怕的伏特加。

"Defender! Mother!" sobbed Marya. "Mother!"

“守护神！圣母！”玛丽亚抽泣道，“圣母！”

But the thanksgiving service ended and the ikon was carried away, and everything went on as before; and again there was a sound of coarse drunken oaths from the tavern.

可是感恩祈祷做完了，圣像抬走了，一切又都一如既往。从小酒馆里又传出醉酒后粗鲁的叫骂声。

Only the well-to-do peasants were afraid of death; the richer they were the less they believed in God, and in the salvation of souls, and only through fear of the end of the world put up candles and had services said for them, to be on the safe side. The peasants who were rather poorer were not afraid of death. The old father and Granny were told to their faces that they had lived too long, that it was time they were dead, and they did not mind. They did not hinder Fyokla from saying in Nikolay's presence that when Nikolay died her husband Denis would get exemption—to return home from the army. And Marya, far from fearing death, regretted that it was so slow in coming, and was glad when her children died.

只有富裕的农民才怕死；越有钱的人越不相信上帝和灵魂拯救，他们只是因为害怕世界末日才点蜡烛，做礼拜，图个安心。很穷的农民并不怕死。人家当着老头子和老奶奶的面，就说他们活得够长了，应该死了，而他们也满不在乎。他们也从不拦着菲奥克拉当着尼古拉的面说，等尼古拉死的时候，她的丈夫丹尼斯就可以得到优待——从军队回家来了。玛丽亚更不怕死，她还嫌死来得太慢，她的小孩死了，她反而高兴。

Death they did not fear, but of every disease they had an exaggerated terror. The merest trifle was enough—a stomach upset, a slight chill, and Granny would be wrapped up on the stove, and would begin moaning loudly and incessantly:

对死亡，他们不害怕，但是对各种疾病，他们都怕得有些夸张。顶小的病都吓得够呛——肠胃不消化啦，着点凉啦，老奶奶就会躺在炉台上，盖得严严实实，开始不停地大声呻吟：

"I am dy-ing!”

“我要死——了！”

The old father hurried off for the priest, and Granny received the sacrament and extreme unction. They often talked of colds, of worms, of tumours which move in the stomach and coil round to the heart.

Above all, they were afraid of catching cold, and so put on thick clothes even in the summer and warmed themselves at the stove. Granny was fond of being doctored, and often went to the hospital, where she used to say she was not seventy, but fifty-eight; she supposed that if the doctor knew her real age he would not treat her, but would say it was time she died instead of taking medicine. She usually went to the hospital early in the morning, taking with her two or three of the little girls, and came back in the evening, hungry and ill-tempered—with drops for herself and ointments for the little girls. Once she took Nikolay, who swallowed drops for a fortnight afterwards, and said he felt better.

老头子就赶紧去叫神父来，老奶奶领了圣餐，接受临终涂油礼。他们常常说着凉啦，蛔虫啦，瘤子在胃里动来动去，滚到心脏那去啦。他们最害怕感冒了，所以即使在夏天也老穿得厚厚的，还在炉子那儿取暖。老奶奶喜欢看医生，她常常去医院，不说自己七十岁，而说五十八岁；她觉得，医生要是知道她的真实年龄，就不给她治病了，反而会说她该死，吃药做什么。她通常一大早就带上两三个小女孩奔医院去，到傍晚才饿着肚子、带着火气回来——给自己买了药水，给小女孩们买了药膏。有一次她带上了尼古拉，之后尼古拉喝了两周药水，说是感觉好些了。

Granny knew all the doctors and their assistants and the wise men for twenty miles round, and not one of them she liked. At the Intercession, when the priest made the round of the huts with the cross, the deacon told her that in the town near the prison lived an old man who had been a medical orderly in the army, and who made wonderful cures, and advised her to try him. Granny took his advice. When the first snow fell she drove to the town and fetched an old man with a big beard, a converted Jew, in a long gown, whose face was covered with blue veins. There were outsiders at work in the hut at the time: an old tailor, in terrible spectacles, was cutting a waistcoat out of some rags, and two young men were making felt boots out of wool; Kiryak, who had been dismissed from his place for drunkenness, and now lived at home, was sitting beside the tailor mending a bridle. And it was crowded, stifling, and noisome in the hut. The converted Jew examined Nikolay and said that it was necessary to try cupping.

老奶奶认识方圆二十俄里所有的医生和他们的助手，其中没有一个她中意的。圣母节上，神父举着十字架绕过小屋时，执事跟她说，在县城监狱旁边住着一个老头，他曾经是军医，医术高明，劝她去找他。老奶奶听了他的话。下第一场雪的时候，她坐车到县城，带回来了一个老头。他留着长胡子，是一个皈依正教的犹太人，身上穿着一身长袍，脸上布满了青筋。那会儿正有几个短工在小屋里干活：一个戴着大大的眼镜的老裁缝正把些旧衣服改成马甲；两个年轻小伙子正用羊毛擀成毡靴；基里亚克因为酗酒被辞退了差使，现在住在家里，正坐在裁缝一旁

修理马笼头。小屋里既拥挤，又沉闷，还臭烘烘的。这个正教徒犹太人给尼古拉做了检查，说要试试拔火罐。

He put on the cups, and the old tailor, Kiryak, and the little girls stood round and looked on, and it seemed to them that they saw the disease being drawn out of Nikolay; and Nikolay, too, watched how the cups suckling at his breast gradually filled with dark blood, and felt as though there really were something coming out of him, and smiled with pleasure.

他放上罐子，老裁缝、基里亚克和小女孩们都围着看。他们仿佛看到疾病从尼古拉的身体里拔了出来；尼古拉也这么觉着，看着罐子在他胸前使劲吸，渐渐吸满了黑血，他感到似乎真有什么东西被吸出来了，满意地笑了。

"It's a good thing," said the tailor. "Please God, it will do you good."

“这样挺好，”裁缝说，“求上帝保佑，这对你有好处。”

The Jew put on twelve cups and then another twelve, drank some tea, and went away. Nikolay began shivering; his face looked drawn, and, as the women expressed it, shrank up like a fist; his fingers turned blue. He wrapped himself up in a quilt and in a sheepskin, but got colder and colder. Towards the evening he began to be in great distress; asked to be laid on the ground, asked the tailor not to smoke; then he subsided under the sheepskin and towards morning he died.

犹太人放了十二个罐子，紧接着又是十二个，然后喝了点茶，就走了。尼古拉开始发起抖来；他面容憔悴，像女人们形容的，都缩成了一个小拳头；他的手指发青。他用被子和羊皮袄把自己裹起来，却感觉越来越冷。临近傍晚，他开始情绪非常低落；叫人把自己放在地板上，又叫裁缝别抽烟；之后他在羊皮袄下面安静了下来，黎明时分，他死了。

CHAPTER IX

第九章

Oh, what a grim, what a long winter!

啊，那是一个多么寒冷、漫长的冬天！

Their own grain did not last beyond Christmas, and they had to buy flour. Kiryak, who lived at home now, was noisy in the evenings, inspiring terror in everyone, and in the mornings he suffered from headache and was ashamed; and he was a pitiful sight. In the stall the starved cows bellowed day and night—a heart-rending sound to Granny and Marya. And as ill-luck would have it, there was a sharp frost all the winter, the snow drifted in high heaps, and the winter dragged on. At Annunciation there was a regular blizzard, and there was a fall of snow at Easter.

他们自己的粮食都没熬过圣诞节，他们就只好买面粉吃。基里亚克现在住家里，到傍晚总吵吵，弄得大家都害怕。到早上他头痛难忍，羞愧难当，又一幅可怜巴巴的样子。牲口棚里挨饿的牛没日没夜地叫——叫得老奶奶和玛丽亚心都碎了。仿佛老天作弄，整个冬天都很寒冷，雪堆得很高，这个冬天过得很慢。天使报喜节时刮了一场真正的暴风雪，到复活节时，又下了一场雪。

But in spite of it all the winter did end. At the beginning of April there came warm days and frosty nights. Winter would not give way, but one warm day overpowered it at last, and the streams began to flow and the birds began to sing. The whole meadow and the bushes near the river were drowned in the spring floods, and all the space between Zhukovo and the further side was filled up with a vast sheet of water, from which wild ducks rose up in flocks here and there. The spring sunset, flaming among gorgeous clouds, gave every evening something new, extraordinary, incredible—just what one does not believe in afterwards, when one sees those very colours and those very clouds in a picture.

不过尽管如此，冬天还是过去了。四月初的时候，白天已经暖和了，晚上还会下霜。冬天本不甘示弱，可来了一个暖和天，终于将它打败了。小溪开始流动，小鸟开始歌唱。整个草场和河边的草丛被春潮淹没了，茹科沃和对岸的中间，都被一条宽宽的水带占满了。水里的野鸭子这儿一群那儿一群，飞起飞落。春天的落日，在华美的云彩里燃烧，使每个黄昏都赋予了一些新的、特别的、离奇的东西——日后，如果人们在画里看到那样的色彩和那样的云彩，肯定不会相信那是真的。

The cranes flew swiftly, swiftly, with mournful cries, as though

they were calling themselves. Standing on the edge of the ravine, Olga looked a long time at the flooded meadow, at the sunshine, at the bright church, that looked as though it had grown younger; and her tears flowed and her breath came in gasps from her passionate longing to go away, to go far away to the end of the world. It was already settled that she should go back to Moscow to be a servant, and that Kiryak should set off with her to get a job as a porter or something. Oh, to get away quickly!

仙鹤飞得很快很快，哀鸣一声声好像在召唤似的。奥尔加站在沟渠的边上，长久地看着灌满水的草场，看着阳光，看着似乎变得年轻、明亮的教堂；她流下了泪水，她渴望离开，去遥远世界的尽头。这种渴望如此热切，让她喘不过气来。已经说定了，她要回到莫斯科去当个女仆，基里亚克也和她一块启程，去谋个差使，做个搬运工或什么的都行。啊，快快离开这里吧！

As soon as it dried up and grew warm they got ready to set off. Olga and Sasha, with wallets on their backs and shoes of plaited bark on their feet, came out before daybreak: Marya came out, too, to see them on their way. Kiryak was not well, and was kept at home for another week. For the last time Olga prayed at the church and thought of her husband, and though she did not shed tears, her face puckered up and looked ugly like an old woman's. During the winter she had grown thinner and plainer, and her hair had gone a little grey, and instead of the old look of sweetness and the pleasant smile on her face, she had the resigned, mournful expression left by the sorrows she had been through, and there was something blank and irresponsive in her eyes, as though she did not hear what was said. She was sorry to part from the village and the peasants. She remembered how they had carried out Nikolay, and how a requiem had been ordered for him at almost every hut, and all had shed tears in sympathy with her grief. In the course of the summer and the winter there had been hours and days when it seemed as though these people lived worse than the beasts, and to live with them was terrible; they were coarse, dishonest, filthy, and drunken; they did not live in harmony, but quarrelled continually, because they distrusted and feared and did not respect one another. Who keeps the tavern and makes the people drunken? A peasant. Who wastes and spends on drink the funds of the commune, of the schools, of the church? A peasant. Who stole from his neighbours, set fire to their property, gave false witness at the court for a bottle of vodka? At the meetings of the Zemstvo and other local bodies, who was the first to fall foul of the peasants? A peasant. Yes, to live with them was terrible; but yet, they were human beings, they suffered and wept like human beings, and there was nothing in their lives for which one could not find excuse. Hard labour that made the

whole body ache at night, the cruel winters, the scanty harvests, the overcrowding; and they had no help and none to whom they could look for help. Those of them who were a little stronger and better off could be no help, as they were themselves coarse, dishonest, drunken, and abused one another just as revoltingly; the paltriest little clerk or official treated the peasants as though they were tramps, and addressed even the village elders and church wardens as inferiors, and considered they had a right to do so. And, indeed, can any sort of help or good example be given by mercenary, greedy, depraved, and idle persons who only visit the village in order to insult, to despoil, and to terrorize? Olga remembered the pitiful, humiliated look of the old people when in the winter Kiryak had been taken to be flogged.... And now she felt sorry for all these people, painfully so, and as she walked on she kept looking back at the huts.

地面一干，天一变暖，他们就打算出发了。奥尔加和萨莎背着包袱，脚上穿着树皮编的鞋，天还没亮就动身了：玛丽亚也走出来，送她们一程。基里亚克身体不好，要在家多呆一周再走。奥尔加最后一次在教堂念了祈祷词。她想起了丈夫，虽然没有流泪，可她的脸皱起来，看着就像老婆子的脸一般丑。到了冬天她变得更瘦更单薄了，头发里添了银丝，脸上不见了旧日的甜蜜和快乐的笑容，换上了一副饱经沧桑后的那种听天由命、悲戚戚的表情。她的眼神茫然而呆滞，她似乎已经听不见别人说话了。她舍不得离开那个村庄和那里的农民。她记得他们是怎么把尼古拉抬出去，几乎每个小屋都为他做了安魂弥撒。大家同情她的悲痛，也跟着哭。夏天和冬天的一些时日里，这些人似乎过着比牲口还恶劣的日子，跟他们生活在一起令人害怕；他们很粗鲁，不真诚，肮脏，还酗酒；他们生活不和睦，争吵不断，因为他们互相猜疑、害怕且不互相尊重。是谁开的这个小酒馆，把人们灌醉了？农民。是谁浪费了公社、学校和教堂的基金，花在喝酒上了？农民。是谁偷窃邻居的东西，还放火烧了人家的财产；是谁为了得到一瓶伏特加，在法庭上作伪证？是谁在自治局和其他地方机关会议上，第一次与农民作对的？农民。是的，跟他们住一块儿很可怕；可是，他们也是人，他们像人一样受苦、哭泣。在他们的生活里，没有哪一件事的发生你找不到谅解的理由。令人晚上全身酸痛的辛苦劳作，冬天的严寒，庄稼歉收，住处狭窄，但是没人去帮他们，他们也没个地方去寻求帮助。那些稍稍有点权势和富裕的农民帮不上他们，因为他们自己也很粗鲁、不老实、酗酒，骂起人来一样难听；最小的职员或官员都把农民看成无业游民，即使对村长和教堂执事说话也毫不客气，自以为高人一等。那些势利、贪婪、颓废、懒惰的人到村里来，只不过要侮辱、掠夺、吓唬他们，又能真正给他们什么帮助、树立什么榜样呢？奥尔加想起了冬天基里亚克被抓去鞭打的时候，两位老人那可怜、蒙羞的表情……现在她可怜所有这些人，为他们难受。她一面往前走着，一面不住地回头看那小屋。

After walking two miles with them Marya said good-bye, then kneeling, and falling forward with her face on the earth, she began

wailing:

玛丽亚送了两俄里，对她们说了再见，然后她跪下来，身子朝前趴下，脸都贴在了地上，她痛哭起来：

"Again I am left alone. Alas, for poor me! poor, unhappy!..."

“又剩下我自己了。唉，可怜的我啊！可怜啊，不幸啊！……”

And she wailed like this for a long time, and for a long way Olga and Sasha could still see her on her knees, bowing down to someone at the side and clutching her head in her hands, while the rooks flew over her head.

她这么哭哭啼啼了好一阵，奥尔加和萨莎走了很远还能看到她跪在地上，双手抱着头，不知在向旁边谁叩头。这时几只白嘴鸦从她头顶上飞过。

The sun rose high; it began to get hot. Zhukovo was left far behind. Walking was pleasant. Olga and Sasha soon forgot both the village and Marya; they were gay and everything entertained them. Now they came upon an ancient barrow, now upon a row of telegraph posts running one after another into the distance and disappearing into the horizon, and the wires hummed mysteriously. Then they saw a homestead, all wreathed in green foliage; there came a scent from it of dampness, of hemp, and it seemed for some reason that happy people lived there. Then they came upon a horse's skeleton whitening in solitude in the open fields. And the larks trilled unceasingly, the corncrakes called to one another, and the landrail cried as though someone were really scraping at an old iron rail.

太阳升高了，开始热起来。茹科沃村被远远地抛在了后面。走路让人觉着愉快。奥尔加和萨莎很快忘了那个村庄，忘了玛丽亚；她们很快乐，无论什么都能让她们高兴。时而一处古坟出现在他们面前，时而一排电线杆映入眼帘，一根接一根的，延伸到远处，消失在地平线的地方。电线神秘地嗡嗡作响。时而她们又看到一个完全被苍翠的叶子覆盖着的农庄；从那里飘来阵阵潮湿和大麻的气味，不知什么缘故，她们觉着里面住着幸福的人们。时而她们又看到一匹马的骨架，成为空旷的田野上孤零零的一个白点。云雀不住地歌唱，鹌鹑互相呼应，长脚秧鸡尖叫着，仿佛真有人在刮擦一块老铁栏杆似的。

At midday Olga and Sasha reached a big village. There in the broad street they met the little old man who was General Zhukov's cook. He was hot, and his red, perspiring bald head shone in the sunshine. Olga and he did not recognize each other, then looked round at the same moment, recognized each other, and went their separate ways without saying a word. Stopping near the hut which looked newest and most prosperous, Olga bowed down before the open windows, and said in a loud, thin, chanting voice:

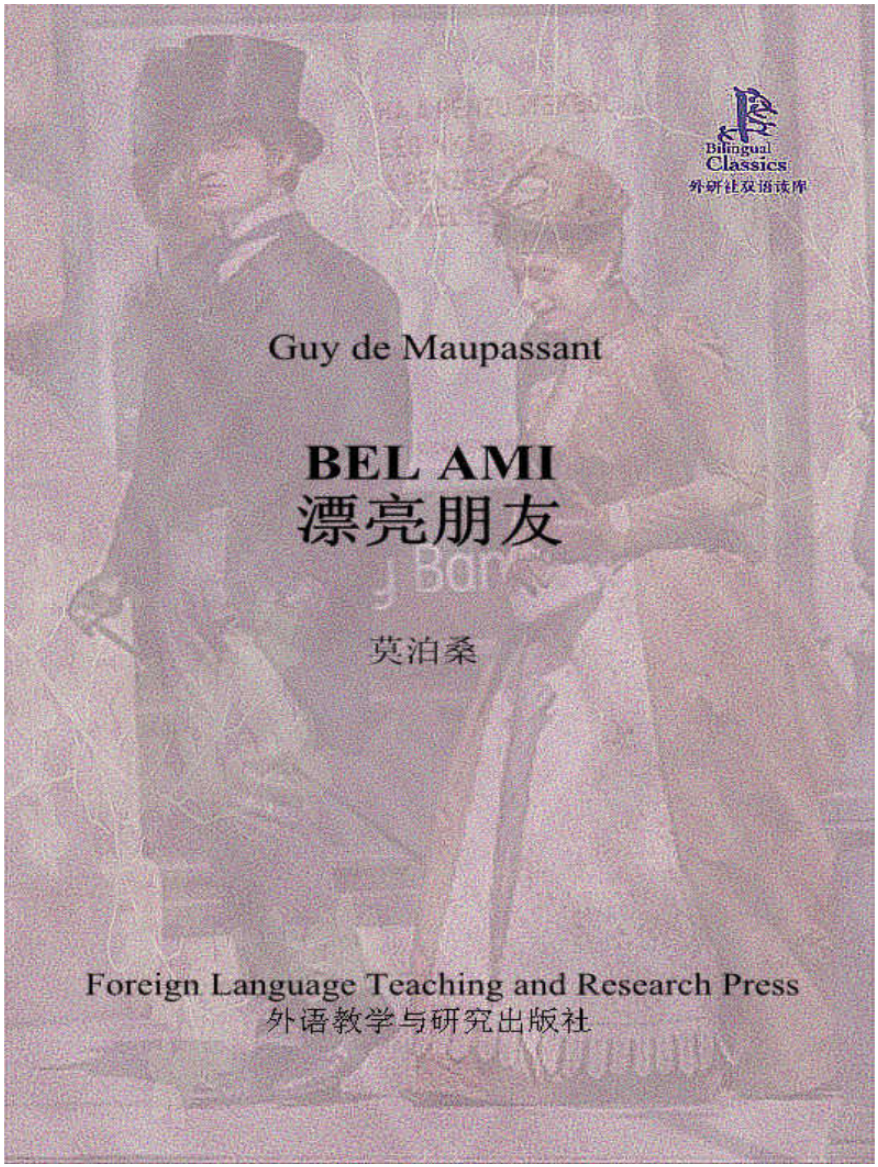
中午奥尔加和萨莎到了一个大的村庄。在那里宽阔的街道上，她们遇到了那个小老头，就是茹科沃将军家的厨子。他很热，那红红的、直冒汗的秃头在阳光下闪着光。起初，奥尔加和他都没有认出彼此来，后来他们正好同时一转头，才认出来了对方，但他们也没说一句话，就又各自走自己的路了。她们在一处看起来最新、最阔绰的小屋旁停了下来。奥尔加在敞开的窗户前鞠了一躬，提高嗓门，用尖细的、唱歌似的声音说道：

"Good Christian folk, give alms, for Christ's sake, that God's blessing may be upon you, and that your parents may be in the Kingdom of Heaven in peace eternal."

“好心的基督教徒，施舍点吧，看在基督的份上，好让上帝赐福于您，好让您的爹娘在天国里永久安息。”

"Good Christian folk," Sasha began chanting, "give, for Christ's sake, that God's blessing, the Heavenly Kingdom..."

“好心的基督教徒，”萨莎咏唱起来，“看在基督的份上，施舍点吧，让上帝赐福于您，让您的爹娘在天国里……”



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Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
外语教学与研究出版社

Bel Ami

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莫泊桑（法） 著
宋欢、田静、张杏杏、安元元、胡冰洁 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

Chinese translation copyright © Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press 2012

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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CHAPTER I. Poverty

第一章 贫穷

After changing his five-franc piece Georges Duroy left the restaurant. He twisted his mustache in military style and cast a rapid, sweeping glance upon the diners, among whom were three saleswomen, an untidy music-teacher of uncertain age, and two women with their husbands.

乔治·迪鲁瓦递给收银员五法郎硬币，接过找回的零钱，走出了饭馆。他以军人的方式捻着胡须，迅速地扫视了一下还在用餐的客人，这其中有三个女销售员，一位不修边幅、不确定年龄的音乐老师及两位陪同丈夫前来就餐的妇人。

When he reached the sidewalk, he paused to consider what route he should take. It was the twenty-eighth of June and he had only three francs in his pocket to last him the remainder of the month. That meant two dinners and no lunches, or two lunches and no dinners, according to choice. As he pondered upon this unpleasant state of affairs, he sauntered down Rue Notre Dame de Lorette, preserving his military air and carriage, and rudely jostled the people upon the streets in order to clear a path for himself. He appeared to be hostile to the passers-by, and even to the houses, the entire city.

走到人行道的时候，他停下了脚步，盘算着下一步该往哪儿走。今天是六月二十八号，他口袋里只有三法郎了，他得靠这点钱撑过这个月剩下的日子。这意味着剩下两天，要么吃晚餐不吃午餐，要么吃午餐不吃晚餐，两者只能选其一。他一边想着这令人不愉快的境况，一边沿着洛雷特圣母院街闲逛。他仍保留着军人的神态和举止；为了给自己开道，他粗鲁地推开街上的人群。他似乎对过路人，甚至对房屋、对整个城市都有敌意。

Tall, well-built, fair, with blue eyes, a curled mustache, hair naturally wavy and parted in the middle, he recalled the hero of the popular romances.

他身材修长、体型匀称、蓝眼睛、卷胡子、中分的金色头发自然卷曲，使人想起流行浪漫小说里的男主角。

It was one of those sultry, Parisian evenings when not a breath of air is stirring; the sewers exhaled poisonous gases and the restaurants the disagreeable odors of cooking and of kindred smells. Porters in their shirt-sleeves, astride their chairs, smoked their pipes at the carriage gates, and pedestrians strolled leisurely along, hats in hand.

这是巴黎一个闷热的夜晚，没有一丝风；下水道散发出恶臭，饭馆

发出令人厌恶的油烟味及其他类似的气味。在客车厢门口，只穿着衬衫的看门人叼着烟斗，骑坐在椅子上。行人也都把帽子拿在手里，在街上闲逛。

When Georges Duroy reached the boulevard he halted again, undecided as to which road to choose. Finally he turned toward the Madeleine and followed the tide of people.

乔治·迪鲁瓦走到林阴大道时又停了下来，他还没决定该走哪条路。最后，他转身随着人潮向马德莱娜教堂走去。

The large, well-patronized cafes tempted Duroy, but were he to drink only two glasses of beer in an evening, farewell to the meager supper the following night! Yet he said to himself: "I will take a glass at the Americain. By Jove, I am thirsty."

一间间富丽堂皇的大咖啡馆引诱着迪鲁瓦，但今晚只要他喝两杯啤酒，他就要跟明晚简单的晚餐说再见了！然而他对自己说道：“我要到‘美洲人咖啡馆’喝一杯。他妈的，我渴了。”

He glanced at men seated at the tables, men who could afford to slake their thirst, and he scowled at them. "Rascals!" he muttered. If he could have caught one of them at a corner in the dark he would have choked him without a scruple! He recalled the two years spent in Africa, and the manner in which he had extorted money from the Arabs. A smile hovered about his lips at the recollection of an escapade which had cost three men their lives, a foray which had given his two comrades and himself seventy fowls, two sheep, money, and something to laugh about for six months. 、 The culprits were never found; indeed, they were not sought for, the Arab being looked upon as the soldier's prey.

迪鲁瓦扫视着坐在桌子旁的人们——那些能买得起东西来解渴的人们，并对他们怒目而视。他咕哝着：“这些无赖！”要是他能在街角的暗处抓住他们当中的一个，他会毫不犹豫地掐住他的脖子、使他窒息的！他想起了在非洲度过的那两年时光，想起了他从阿拉伯人身上勒索钱财的方式。他想起了一次胡作非为的举动，唇角露出了一丝微笑。在那次突袭中，他和他的两个同伴杀了三个人，劫掠了七十只鸡、两头羊、一些钱财，还有足够乐上约摸六个月的笑料。犯事者始终没被抓住；其实也没有人追缉他们，阿拉伯人被看作是士兵的猎物。

But in Paris it was different; there one could not commit such deeds with impunity. He regretted that he had not remained where he was; but he had hoped to improve his condition—and for that reason he was in Paris!

但在巴黎，情况就不一样了；在这里，一个人不可能在犯下那样的罪行后不受惩罚。他后悔没有留在原来的地方；但他本希望改善他的境况——而正是因为这个原因，他才到了巴黎。

He passed the Vaudeville and stopped at the Cafe Americain, debating as to whether he should take that "glass." Before deciding, he glanced at a clock; it was a quarter past nine. He knew that when the beer was placed in front of him, he would drink it; and then what would he do at eleven o'clock? So he walked on, intending to go as far as the Madeleine and return.

他路过滑稽歌舞剧场，在“美洲人咖啡馆”门口停下来，心里挣扎着是否要喝那“一杯”。在下决定之前，他看了看时钟；现在是九点一刻。他明白，当啤酒摆在他面前时，他会一饮而尽；而后，十一点他又将做些什么呢？所以他继续走着，打算一直走到马德莱娜教堂，然后再返回来。

When he reached the Place de l'Opera, a tall, young man passed him, whose face he fancied was familiar. He followed him, repeating: "Where the deuce have I seen that fellow?"

正当他走到歌剧院广场时，一个高高的年轻男子和他擦肩而过，他觉得这张脸似曾相识。他跟着这个人，重复着：“我到底是在什么地方见过这个家伙呢？”

For a time he racked his brain in vain; then suddenly he saw the same man, but not so corpulent and more youthful, attired in the uniform of a Hussar. He exclaimed: "Wait, Forestier!" and hastening up to him, laid his hand upon the man's shoulder. The latter turned, looked at him, and said: "What do you want, sir?"

他绞尽脑汁想了一阵儿，但徒劳无功；然后，他突然看到一个一模一样的男人，但是没有这么胖，而且更年轻，穿着一身轻骑兵制服。他喊道：“等一下，福雷斯捷！”并急忙赶上他，把手放在那个人肩膀上。那个人转过身,看着他说：“您找我有什么事吗,先生？”

Duroy began to laugh: "Don't you remember me?”

迪鲁瓦笑了起来：“你不记得我了？”

"No."

“不记得。”

"Not remember Georges Duroy of the Sixth Hussars."

“不记得轻骑兵六营的乔治·迪鲁瓦了。”

Forestier extended both hands.

福雷斯捷伸出双手。

"Ah, my dear fellow, how are you?"

“哎呀，老兄，你好吗？”

"Very well. And how are you?"

“很好。那你呢，你好吗？”

"Oh, I am not very well. I cough six months out of the twelve as a result of bronchitis contracted at Bougival, about the time of my return to Paris four years ago."

“嗯，我不太好。一年十二个月里我有六个月都在咳嗽，就因为四年前，大概在我回巴黎的时候，我在布吉瓦尔染上了支气管炎。”

"But you look well."

“但你看起来不错。”

Forestier, taking his former comrade's arm, told him of his malady, of the consultations, the opinions and the advice of the doctors and of the difficulty of following their advice in his position. They ordered him to spend the winter in the south, but how could he? He was married and was a journalist in a responsible editorial position.

福雷斯捷挽起他老伙伴的胳膊，向他谈了谈自己的疾病，医生的诊断、意见和劝告，以及处在他的位置，听从医生劝告的困难。医生叫他在南方过冬，但他怎么能办得到呢？他结婚了，并且是一个新闻记者，处在责任重大的编辑的位置。

"I manage the political department on 'La Vie Francaise'; I report the doings of the Senate for 'Le Salut,' and from time to time I write for 'La Planete.'

“我管理《法兰西生活报》的政治部门；我替《救世报》报道参议院的活动，并且有时我还给《行星报》写文章。

That is what I am doing.”

那就是我在做的工作。”

Duroy, in surprise, glanced at him. He was very much changed. Formerly Forestier had been thin, giddy, noisy, and always in good spirits. But three years of life in Paris had made another man of him; now he was stout and serious, and his hair was gray on his temples although he could not number more than twenty-seven years.

迪鲁瓦吃惊地看着他。他变化很大。从前，福雷斯捷瘦削、轻浮、爱吵爱闹，而且总是精神抖擞。但三年的巴黎生活已经使他变成了另外一个人；现在他肥胖、严肃，并且，尽管他还不可能超过二十七岁，但他两鬓的头发已经是灰白的了。

Forestier asked: "Where are you going?"

福雷斯捷问道：“你这是要去哪里啊？”

Duroy replied: "Nowhere in particular."

迪鲁瓦回答说：“没什么特别的地方要去。”

"Very well, will you accompany me to the 'Vie Francaise' where I have some proofs to correct; and afterward take a drink with me?”

“太好了，你陪我去一下《法兰西生活报》好吗？我要在那儿改一些校样；然后和我喝一杯如何？”

"Yes, gladly."

“好呀，非常乐意。”

They walked along arm-in-arm with that familiarity which exists between schoolmates and brother-officers.

他们手挽着手向前走去，带着那种存在于同校学生及同军营军官之间的亲密。

"What are you doing in Paris?" asked Forestier, Duroy shrugged his shoulders.

“你现在在巴黎干什么差事？”福雷斯捷问道；迪鲁瓦耸了耸肩膀。

"Dying of hunger, simply. When my time was up, I came hither to make my fortune, or rather to live in Paris—and for six months I have been employed in a railroad office at fifteen hundred francs a year.”

“简单说来，我快饿死了。服役期满时，我就来这里找发财的路子，或者不如说来巴黎讨生活——我已经在一个铁路局干了六个月了，年薪是一千五百法郎。”

Forestier murmured: "That is not very much."

福雷斯捷咕哝道：“那不是很多。”

"But what can I do?"answered Duroy. "I am alone, I know no one, I have no recommendations. The spirit is not lacking, but the means are."

“但是我能干什么呢？”迪鲁瓦答道，“我孤身一人，什么人也不认识，也没有推荐信。我缺的不是志气，而是方法啊。”

His companion looked at him from head to foot like a practical man who is examining a subject; then he said, in a tone of conviction: "You see, my dear fellow, all depends on assurance, here. A shrewd, observing man can sometimes become a minister. You must obtrude yourself and yet not ask anything. But how is it you have not found anything better than a clerkship at the station?"

福雷斯捷像一个务实的人检查一个实验对象那样把他从头到脚打量了一番；然后，他用十分肯定的语气说：“你知道吧，老兄，在这里一切都看你有没有信心。一个头脑灵活、善于观察的人有时候可以成为一名部长。你必须自己去闯，而不是去求别人。不过你怎么没有找到比铁路局职员更好的差事呢？”

Duroy replied: "I hunted everywhere and found nothing else. But I

know where I can get three thousand francs at least—as riding-master at the Pellerin school.”

迪鲁瓦回答：“我到处都找了，但找不到别的了。但是我知道在哪儿可以得到至少三千法郎——去佩勒兰驯马场当骑术教练。”

Forestier stopped him: "Don't do it, for you can earn ten thousand francs. You will ruin your prospects at once. In your office at least no one knows you; you can leave it if you wish to at any time. But when you are once a riding-master all will be over. You might as well be a butler in a house to which all Paris comes to dine. When you have given riding lessons to men of the world or to their sons, they will no longer consider you their equal.”

福雷斯捷阻止他说：“即使能赚一万法郎，你也别干。你会立即自毁前程。在你办公室里上班，至少没人认识你；假如你愿意，你随时可以离开。但你一旦成为骑术教练，一切都完了。你还不如在一家全巴黎人都去吃饭的饭馆里当领班呢。你只要给上流社会的人们或他们的子弟上了骑术课，他们就再也不会把你当作和他们平等的人了。”

He paused, reflected several seconds and then asked: "Are you a bachelor?"

他停下来，沉思了几秒，然后问道：“你是学士吗？”

"Yes, though I have been smitten several times."

“是的，虽然我考失败过几次。”

"That makes no difference. If Cicero and Tiberius were mentioned would you know who they were?"

“那没影响。要是有人提起西塞罗和泰比里厄斯，你会知道他们是谁吗？”

"Yes."

“我知道。”

"Good, no one knows any more except about a score of fools. It is not difficult to pass for being learned. The secret is not to betray your ignorance. Just maneuver, avoid the quicksands and obstacles, and the rest can be found in a dictionary."

“那就好，除了大约二十个傻瓜，谁也不会知道得更多。要被人认为知识渊博，不难。秘诀是不要显露出你的无知。只要用点计谋，避免陷阱和障碍，然后剩下的就可以在词典中找到了。”

He spoke like one who understood human nature, and he smiled as the crowd passed them by. Suddenly he began to cough and stopped to allow the paroxysm to spend itself; then he said in a discouraged tone: "Isn't it tiresome not to be able to get rid of this

bronchitis? And here is midsummer! This winter I shall go to Mentone. Health before everything.”

他像个洞悉人类本性的人似的说着，同时他微笑着，人群从他们身边走过。忽然，他开始咳嗽，他停下来让这阵发作过去；随后他泄气地说：“摆脱不掉这支气管炎，是够烦人的吧？而且，现在是仲夏！今年冬天我要去芒通。健康第一嘛！”

They reached the Boulevarde Poissoniere; behind a large glass door an open paper was affixed; three people were reading it. Above the door was printed the legend, "La Vie Francaise."

他们到了普瓦索尼埃大街；一扇大玻璃门后贴着一张展开的报纸；有三个人正在读报。玻璃门上方刻印着几个字——“法兰西生活报”。

Forestier pushed open the door and said: "Come in." Duroy entered; they ascended the stairs, passed through an antechamber in which two clerks greeted their comrade, and then entered a kind of waiting-room.

福雷斯捷推开门，说道：“请进。”迪鲁瓦走了进去；他们登上楼梯，穿过一间大厅，在大厅里有两个职员向他们的同事打招呼，然后他们走进一个类似于等候室的地方。

"Sit down," said Forestier, "I shall be back in five minutes," and he disappeared.

“请坐，”福雷斯捷说，“我五分钟后就回来。”然后他就走了。

Duroy remained where he was; from time to time men passed him by, entering by one door and going out by another before he had time to glance at them.

迪鲁瓦留在等候室里；时不时有人从他旁边经过，他们从一个门进来，在他还没来得及看一看他们时，就又从另一个门出去了。

Now they were young men, very young, with a busy air, holding sheets of paper in their hands; now compositors, their shirts spotted with ink—carefully carrying what were evidently fresh proofs. Occasionally a gentleman entered, fashionably dressed, some reporter bringing news.

有时是年轻的小伙子，非常年轻，忙忙碌碌的样子，手里拿着一些纸片；有时是排字工人，他们的衬衣墨迹斑斑——小心翼翼地捧着显然是刚印好的校样。偶尔进来一个穿着时尚的绅士，他是某个带来新闻的记者。

Forestier reappeared arm-in-arm with a tall, thin man of thirty or forty, dressed in a black coat, with a white cravat, a dark complexion, and an insolent, self-satisfied air. Forestier said to him: "Adieu, my dear sir," and the other pressed his hand with: "Au revoir, my

friend." Then he descended the stairs whistling, his cane under his arm.

福雷斯捷回来了，和一个三四十岁的男人手挽着手；这个人又高又瘦，身着黑外套，打着白领带，肤色黝黑，带着一副傲慢、洋洋自得的神气。福雷斯捷对他说："再会了，我亲爱的先生。"对方握着福雷斯捷的手说："再见了，我的朋友。"然后，这个人把手杖夹在胳膊下面，吹着口哨下楼了。

Duroy asked his name.

迪鲁瓦问这个人叫什么名字。

"That is Jacques Rival, the celebrated writer and duelist. He came to correct his proofs. Garin, Montel and he are the best witty and realistic writers we have in Paris. He earns thirty thousand francs a year for two articles a week."

"这就是著名的作家和决斗家雅克·里瓦尔。他来修改他的校样。他、加兰和蒙特尔是巴黎最好的诙谐现实主义作家。他每周写两篇文章，一年赚三万法郎。"

As they went downstairs, they met a stout, little man with long hair, who was ascending the stairs whistling. Forestier bowed low.

正当他们下楼时，他们遇到一个又矮又胖的人，这个人留着长头发，正吹着口哨上楼。福雷斯捷深深地鞠了一躬。

"Norbert de Varenne," said he, "the poet, the author of 'Les Soleils Morts,'—a very expensive man. Every poem he gives us costs three hundred francs and the longest has not two hundred lines. But let us go into the Napolitain, I am getting thirsty."

"诺贝尔·德瓦雷纳，"福雷斯捷说，"他是诗人，《死亡的太阳》的作者——是个拿很高报酬的人。他投给我们的每首诗都值三百法郎，而这些诗最长的也不到两百行。不过，我们到'那不勒斯咖啡馆'里去吧，我渴了。"

When they were seated at a table, Forestier ordered two glasses of beer. He emptied his at a single draught, while Duroy sipped his beer slowly as if it were something rare and precious. Suddenly his companion asked, "Why don't you try journalism?"

他们在桌子前一坐下来，福雷斯捷就点了两杯啤酒。他一口气就喝完了他那杯啤酒，而迪鲁瓦则一小口一小口地慢慢啜饮，好像那是什么稀有而又珍贵的东西。忽然，他的同伴问道："你为什么不试试新闻这一行？"

Duroy looked at him in surprise and said: "Because I have never written anything."

迪鲁瓦吃惊地看着他说道："因为我从来没写过任何东西。"

"Bah, we all have to make a beginning. I could employ you myself by sending you to obtain information. At first you would only get two hundred and fifty francs a month but your cab fare would be paid. Shall I speak to the manager?"

“呸，我们都得从头做起。我可以私人聘用你，让你去收集信息。刚开始，你每个月只会得到二百五十法郎，但车费可以报销。要我去跟经理说说吗？”

"If you will."

“如果你愿意，我当然求之不得。”

"Well, then come and dine with me to-morrow; I will only ask five or six to meet you; the manager, M. Walter, his wife, with Jacques Rival, and Norbert de Varenne whom you have just seen, and also a friend of Mme.Forestier, Will you come?”

“好的，那么明天来和我吃饭吧，我只会邀请五六个人，让他们见见你；我的经理瓦尔特先生和他的太太、你刚刚见过的雅克·里瓦尔和诺贝尔·德瓦雷纳，还有我妻子的一个朋友，你会来吗？”

Duroy hesitated, blushing and perplexed. Finally he, murmured: "I have no suitable clothes."

迪鲁瓦犹豫不决、红着脸、不知所措。最后，他低声说：“我没有合适的衣服。”

Forestier was amazed. "You have no dress suit? Egad, that is indispensable. In Paris, it is better to have no bed than no clothes." Then, fumbling in his vest-pocket, he drew from it two louis, placed them before his companion, and said kindly: "You can repay me when it is convenient. Buy yourself what you need and pay an installment on it. And come and dine with us at half past seven, at 17 Rue Fontaine.”

福雷斯捷吃了一惊。“你没有礼服吗？天哪，那是必不可少的。在巴黎，没床也比没衣服要强。”然后，福雷斯捷在他的背心口袋里摸了摸，从里面拿出两个路易，放到他同伴面前，亲切地说：“你可以等方便的时候还给我。给你自己买你需要的东西，以分期付款的形式支付它。然后，七点半来泉水街十七号和我们共进晚餐。”

In confusion Duroy picked up the money and stammered: "You are very kind—I am much obliged—be sure I shall not forget.”

迪鲁瓦心慌意乱地拿起钱，结结巴巴地说道：“你太好了——我得到了莫大的恩惠——我一定不会忘记的。”

Forestier interrupted him: "That's all right, take another glass of beer. Waiter, two more glasses!” When he had paid the score, the journalist asked: "Would you like a stroll for an hour?"

福雷斯捷打断他：“没关系，再喝一杯啤酒吧。服务员，再来两杯！”新闻记者付过账，问道：“你愿意散一小时步吗？”

"Certainly."

“当然愿意。”

They turned toward the Madeleine. "What shall we do?" asked Forestier. "They say that in Paris an idler can always find amusement, but it is not true. A turn in the Bois is only enjoyable if you have a lady with you, and that is a rare occurrence. The cafe concerts may divert my tailor and his wife, but they do not interest me. So what can we do? Nothing! There ought to be a summer garden here, open at night, where a man could listen to good music while drinking beneath the trees. It would be a pleasant lounging place. You could walk in alleys bright with electric light and seat yourself where you pleased to hear the music. It would be charming. Where would you like to go?"

他们转身朝马德莱娜教堂走去。“咱们该干什么呢？”福雷斯捷问道，“有人说，在巴黎，游手好闲的人总可以找到乐子，但这种说法是不正确的。假如你身边有个女伴的话，在‘布瓦’转一圈还有点意思，但这种情况很少。咖啡厅音乐会可能会逗乐我的裁缝和他的太太，但我对它们并不感兴趣。所以我们能干什么呢？没有什么可干的！这儿应该有个夏季公园，夜间开放，人们在这儿可以一边在树下喝酒，一边听悦耳的音乐。它将会是个令人愉快的休闲之地。你可以走在被电灯照得亮堂堂的小巷里，想坐在哪里就坐在哪里听音乐。那将是多么迷人啊。你想去哪儿呢？”

Duroy did not know what to reply; finally he said: "I have never been to the Folies Bergeres. I should like to go there."

迪鲁瓦不知道要回答什么；最后，他说道：“我从来没去过‘风流牧羊女’娱乐场。我想去那里。”

His companion exclaimed: "The Folies Bergeres! Very well!"

他的同伴惊呼道：“‘风流牧羊女’娱乐场！太好了！”

They turned and walked toward the Faubourg Montmartre. The brilliantly illuminated building loomed up before them. Forestier entered, Duroy stopped him. "We forgot to pass through the gate."

他们转身，朝蒙马特尔关厢街走去。那座灯火辉煌的建筑物隐隐地呈现在他们面前。福雷斯捷走进去，迪鲁瓦阻止他。“我们忘了穿过大门了。”

The other replied in a consequential tone: "I never pay," and approached the box-office.

福雷斯捷神气活现地回答：“我从来不买票。”然后他走近售票处。

"Have you a good box?"

“有没有好的包厢？”

"Certainly, M. Forestier."

“当然有，福雷斯捷先生。”

He took the ticket handed him, pushed open the door, and they were within the hall. A cloud of tobacco smoke almost hid the stage and the opposite side of the theater. In the spacious foyer which led to the circular promenade, brilliantly dressed women mingled with black-coated men.

他拿了递给他的入场券，推开门，然后他们进了大厅。一片烟草的烟雾几乎遮蔽了舞台和剧场对面的部分。在通向圆形走廊的宽敞大厅里，衣着华丽的女人混杂在穿黑色外套的男士中。

Forestier forced his way rapidly through the throng and accosted an usher.

福雷斯捷迅速拨开人群挤了过去，并招呼了一个招待员。

"Box 17?”

“十七包厢在哪里？”

"This way, sir."

“请这边走，先生。”

The friends were shown into a tiny box, hung and carpeted in red, with four chairs upholstered in the same color. They seated themselves. To their right and left were similar boxes. On the stage three men were performing on trapezes. But Duroy paid no heed to them, his eyes finding more to interest them in the grand promenade. Forestier remarked upon the motley appearance of the throng, but Duroy did not listen to him. A woman, leaning her arms upon the edge of her loge, was staring at him. She was a tall, voluptuous brunette, her face whitened with enamel, her black eyes penciled, and her lips painted. With a movement of her head, she summoned a friend who was passing, a blonde with auburn hair, likewise inclined to embonpoint, and said to her in a whisper intended to be heard; "There is a nice fellow!"

他们被带进一个很小的包厢，包厢里挂着红色装饰物、铺着红色地毯，厢内还有四把装着红色软垫的椅子。他们坐了下来。他们左右两边都是类似的包厢。舞台上有三个人在高空秋千上表演。不过迪鲁瓦并没有注意他们，他的双眼在豪华的走廊上寻找着更多让它们感兴趣的东西。福雷斯捷对人群中形形色色的外表评头论足，但迪鲁瓦没有听他说。有一个女人将胳膊靠在她包厢的边缘上，正盯着他。她是一名身材高挑、深褐色头发、浅黑色皮肤的性感女郎，她的脸用化妆品抹白了，黑色的眼睛描了眼线，嘴唇涂了口红。她动了动头，召来一位经过她旁

边的朋友——一位有着赤褐色头发、和她一样身材丰满的碧眼女郎；然后她以故意让人听见的声音对那个女郎耳语道："那儿有个漂亮的小伙子！"

Forestier heard it, and said to Duroy with a smile: "You are lucky, my dear boy. My congratulations!"

福雷斯捷听见了，微笑着对迪鲁瓦说："亲爱的伙计，你真幸运。请接受我的祝贺！"

The ci-devant soldier blushed and mechanically fingered the two pieces of gold in his pocket.

这个退役的军人脸红了，他呆板地用手指摸了摸了口袋里的两枚金币。

The curtain fell—the orchestra played a valse—and Duroy said: "Shall we walk around the gallery?"

帷幕落下来了，乐队奏起华尔兹舞曲。于是，迪鲁瓦说道："咱们绕着走廊走走怎么样？"

"If you like."

"如你所愿。"

Soon they were carried along in the current of promenaders. Duroy drank in with delight the air, vitiated as it was by tobacco and cheap perfume, but Forestier perspired, panted, and coughed.

不一会儿，他们就在走廊的人流中被推搡着走动了。迪鲁瓦欣然陶醉于被烟草和廉价香水弄得污浊不堪的空气中。但福雷斯捷大汗淋漓、气喘吁吁，并且咳嗽了。

"Let us go into the garden," he said. Turning to the left, they entered a kind of covered garden in which two large fountains were playing. Under the yews, men and women sat at tables drinking.

"咱们去花园里吧。"他说。他们向左转，走进那种有屋顶的花园中，花园里两个大喷泉正在喷水。在紫杉下，男男女女们坐在桌子旁喝酒。

"Another glass of beer?" asked Forestier.

"再来一杯啤酒？"福雷斯捷问道。

"Gladly."

"非常乐意。"

They took their seats and watched the promenaders. Occasionally a woman would stop and ask with a coarse smile: "What have you to offer, sir?"

他们坐了下来，看着来往的人们。不时有女人停下来，粗俗地微笑

着问："先生，请我喝点什么？"

Forestier's invariable answer was: "A glass of water from the fountain." And the woman would mutter, "Go along," and walk away.

福雷斯捷的回答一成不变："一杯来自喷泉里的水。"那女人则咕哝："去你的。"然后走开去。

At last the brunette reappeared, arm-in-arm with the blonde. They made a handsome couple. The former smiled on perceiving Duroy, and taking a chair she calmly seated herself in front of him, and said in a clear voice: "Waiter, two glasses."

终于那个深褐色头发、浅黑色皮肤的女人又出现了，和那位金发碧眼的女郎手挽着手。她们是一对可人。褐发女子看到迪鲁瓦，微笑起来，然后她拉了把椅子，镇定地坐在他面前，用清脆的嗓音说："服务员，来两杯。"

In astonishment, Forestier exclaimed: "You are not at all bashful!"

福雷斯捷吃惊地叫道："你一点也不害羞！"

She replied: "Your friend has bewitched me; he is such a fine fellow. I believe he has turned my head."

她答道："您的朋友令我着迷；他是个如此漂亮的小伙子。我相信他已经让我意乱情迷了。"

Duroy said nothing.

迪鲁瓦什么也没说。

The waiter brought the beer, which the women swallowed rapidly; then they rose, and the brunette, nodding her head and tapping Duroy's arm with her fan, said to him: "Thank you, my dear! However, you are not very talkative."

服务员把啤酒端了过来，两个女人很快就把它喝掉了；然后她们站起来，褐发女子点点头，用扇子轻拍了下迪鲁瓦的胳膊，对他说："谢谢你，亲爱的！然而，你不是非常爱说话。"

As they disappeared, Forestier laughed and said: "Tell, me, old man, did you know that you had a charm for the weaker sex? You must be careful."

当她们消失不见时，福雷斯捷大笑道："告诉我，老弟，你知道你对女人有种魅力吗？你一定要小心啊。"

Without replying, Duroy smiled. His friend asked: "Shall you remain any longer? I am going; I have had enough."

迪鲁瓦没回答，笑了笑。他的朋友问道："你要再呆一会儿吗？我要走了；我已经呆够了。"

Georges murmured: "Yes, I will stay a little longer: it is not late.”

乔治低声说：“是的，我要再呆一小会儿，现在还不晚。”

Forestier arose: "Very well, then, good-bye until to-morrow. Do not forget: 17 Rue Fontaine at seven thirty.”

福雷斯捷站了起来：“好吧，那么，再见，明天见。别忘了，七点半，泉水街十七号。”

"I shall not forget. Thank you."

“我不会忘的。谢谢你。”

The friends shook hands and the journalist left Duroy to his own devices.

两个朋友握了握手，然后那位新闻记者就走了，留下迪鲁瓦独自享乐。

Forestier once out of sight, Duroy felt free, and again he joyously touched the gold pieces in his pocket; then rising, he mingled with the crowd.

福雷斯捷一走出视野，迪鲁瓦就觉得自由了，他又一次愉快地摸了摸口袋里的金币；然后他站起来，混入了人群中。

He soon discovered the blonde and the brunette. He went toward them, but when near them dared not address them.

很快，他找到了那位深褐色头发的女人和那名金发女郎。他向她们走去，但当靠近她们时，他又不敢和她们说话了。

The brunette called out to him: "Have you found your tongue?"

那位褐发女人对他喊道：“你能说话了吗？”

He stammered: "Zounds!" too bashful to say another word. A pause ensued, during which the brunette took his arm and together they left the hall.

他结结巴巴地说：“哎！”他太害羞了，以至于再也说不出一个字来。接着，他们沉默了一会儿，在这期间，褐发女人挽起他的胳膊，然后他们一起离开了大厅。

CHAPTER II. Madame Forestier

第二章 福雷斯捷夫人

"Where does M. Forestier live?"

“福雷斯捷先生住在哪里？”

"Third floor on the left," said the porter pleasantly, on learning Duroy's destination.

“四楼左边。”门房亲切地说，在得知了迪鲁瓦的目的地后。

Georges ascended the staircase. He was somewhat embarrassed and ill-at-ease. He had on a new suit but he was uncomfortable. He felt that it was defective; his boots were not glossy, he had bought his shirt that same evening at the Louvre for four francs fifty, his trousers were too wide and betrayed their cheapness in their fit, or rather, misfit, and his coat was too tight.

乔治登上了楼梯。他有点尴尬和不自在。他穿着一套新礼服，但他忐忑不安。他觉得这身装扮有瑕疵；他的靴子没光泽，衬衫是他同天晚上在卢浮宫附近花四个半法郎买的，裤子太宽了，它的合身——更确切地说是它的不合身显露出它的廉价，而且他的外套太紧了。

Slowly he ascended the stairs, his heart beating, his mind anxious. Suddenly before him stood a well-dressed gentleman staring at him. The person resembled Duroy so close that the latter retreated, then stopped, and saw that it was his own image reflected in a pier-glass! Not having anything but a small mirror at home, he had not been able to see himself entirely, and had exaggerated the imperfections of his toilette. When he saw his reflection in the glass, he did not even recognize himself; he took himself for some one else, for a man-of-the-world, and was really satisfied with his general appearance. Smiling to himself, Duroy extended his hand and expressed his astonishment, pleasure, and approbation. A door opened on the staircase. He was afraid of being surprised and began to ascend more rapidly, fearing that he might have been seen posing there by some of his friend's invited guests.

他慢慢地上楼，心跳加快、忧心忡忡。突然，他面前站着一位穿着得体的绅士，那绅士正盯着他。这个人跟迪鲁瓦如此相似，以至于后者后退了几步，然后停下来，接着才知道那是他自己的身影反射在一面穿衣镜中。他家里除了一面小镜子，什么也没有，他没能看见过自己的全身，因此他夸大了自己礼服的不完美。当他看到自己在镜中的影像时，甚至认不出自己了；他把自己当成了另外一个人，当成了一个上流社会的人，他真的对自己的整体外表很满意。迪鲁瓦对镜中的自己微微一

笑，伸了伸手，表达了自己的惊讶、快乐和认可。楼梯上的一扇门开了。他害怕被人撞见，开始更加迅速地向上爬，他担心他朋友邀请来的一些客人可能已经看见他在那里摆姿势了。

On reaching the second floor, he saw another mirror, and once more slackened his pace to look at himself. He likewise paused before the third glass, twirled his mustache, took off his hat to arrange his hair, and murmured half aloud, a habit of his: "Hall mirrors are most convenient."

一到三楼，他就看到了另一面镜子，于是他又一次放慢脚步来看看自己。到第三面镜子前，他同样停了一下，捻了捻他的胡髭，摘下帽子以整整头发，然后他习惯性地轻声嘀咕道：“大厅的镜子极其方便。”

Then he rang the bell. The door opened almost immediately, and before him stood a servant in a black coat, with a grave, shaven face, so perfect in his appearance that Duroy again became confused as he compared the cut of their garments.

接着，他按了门铃。门几乎立刻打开了，然后他面前站着一个身穿黑色礼服、刮过脸、神态严肃的仆人；这仆人的外表如此完美，以至于迪鲁瓦在对比自己和他服装的式样时又变得困惑了。

The lackey asked: "Whom shall I announce, Monsieur?"

那个仆人问道：“先生，我该通报谁来了？”

He raised a portiere and pronounced the name.

他掀起门帘，通报了那个名字。

Duroy lost his self-possession upon being ushered into a world as yet strange to him. However, he advanced. A young, fair woman received him alone in a large, well-lighted room. He paused, disconcerted. Who was that smiling lady? He remembered that Forestier was married, and the thought that the handsome blonde was his friend's wife rendered him awkward and ill-at-ease. He stammered out: "Madame, I am—”

迪鲁瓦一被引进这个对他而言依然陌生的世界，就失去冷静了。不过，他仍然向前走去。一个年轻的美丽女人独自在一个宽敞、明亮的房间里迎接他。他停下来，困惑不安。那个笑容可掬的女士是谁呢？他想起来福雷斯捷已经结婚；这个美丽的、金发碧眼的女郎是自己朋友的妻子，这一想法使他尴尬而局促不安。他结结巴巴地说：“夫人，我是——”

She held out her hand. "I know, Monsieur—Charles told me of your meeting last night, and I am very glad that he asked you to dine with us to-day.”

她伸出她的手。“我知道，先生——夏尔已经告诉我你们昨晚的会面

了，并且我非常高兴他邀请您今天来跟我们共进晚餐。”

Duroy blushed to the roots of his hair, not knowing how to reply; he felt that he was being inspected from his head to his feet. He half thought of excusing himself, of inventing an explanation of the carelessness of his toilette, but he did not know how to touch upon that delicate subject.

迪鲁瓦脸红到发根，不知如何回答；他觉得他正被人从头到脚地审视着。他有些想给自己找借口，想为自己礼服的粗枝大叶编个理由，但他不知如何提及那个敏感的话题。

He seated himself upon a chair she pointed out to him, and as he sank into its luxurious depths, it seemed to him that he was entering a new and charming life, that he would make his mark in the world, that he was saved. He glanced at Mme. Forestier. She wore a gown of pale blue cashmere which clung gracefully to her supple form and rounded outlines; her arms and throat rose in, lily-white purity from the mass of lace which ornamented the corsage and short sleeves. Her hair was dressed high and curled on the nape of her neck.

他在她指给他的椅子上坐了下来，当他深深地陷进这奢华的椅子里时，他觉得自己似乎正在进入一种崭新而迷人的生活，觉得自己会在上流社会成名，觉得自己被拯救了。他看了一眼福雷斯捷夫人。她穿了件淡蓝色的开士米礼服，那礼服优雅地贴在她轻盈的体型和丰满的轮廓上；她纯白无瑕的胳膊和颈部从装饰前胸和短袖的那堆花边中露出来。她的头发高高梳起，在颈背上打着卷。

Duroy grew more at his ease under her glance, which recalled to him, he knew not why, that of the girl he had met the preceding evening at the Folies Bergeres. Mme. Forestier had gray eyes, a small nose, full lips, and a rather heavy chin, an irregular, attractive face, full of gentleness and yet of malice.

在她的注视下，迪鲁瓦渐渐变得自在了些；不知为什么，她的目光让他想起了他头天晚上在“风流牧羊女”娱乐场遇到的那个女孩的目光。福雷斯捷夫人有着灰色的眼睛、小小的鼻子、饱满的嘴唇，还有相当丰腴的下巴；她有张不规整但吸引人的脸，脸上满是温和，但又满是狡黠。

After a short silence, she asked: "Have you been in Paris a long time?"

沉默片刻后，她问道：“您在巴黎呆了很久了吗？”

Gradually regaining his self-possession, he replied: "a few months, Madame. I am in the railroad employ, but my friend Forestier has encouraged me to hope that, thanks to him, I can enter into journalism."

迪鲁瓦渐渐恢复了冷静，答道：“几个月了，夫人。我在铁路部门任职，但我的朋友福雷斯捷鼓励了我，多亏他，我才希望可以进入新闻界。”

She smiled kindly and murmured in a low voice: "I know."

她温和地一笑，轻声咕哝道：“我知道。”

The bell rang again and the servant announced: "Mme. de Marelle."

门铃又响了，仆人通报道：“德马雷勒夫人到！”

She was a dainty brunette, attired in a simple, dark robe; a red rose in her black tresses seemed to accentuate her special character, and a young girl, or rather a child, for such she was, followed her.

她是个秀丽的浅黑色皮肤的女郎，身着一套简单的深色礼服；她黑色长发里的一朵红玫瑰似乎使她那与众不同的性格更突出了。她身后跟着一个年轻女孩，更确切地说是一个孩子，因为她就是个孩子。

Mme. Forestier said: "Good evening, Clotilde."

福雷斯捷夫人说：“晚上好，克洛蒂尔德。”

"Good evening, Madeleine."

“晚上好，马德莱娜。”

They embraced each other, then the child offered her forehead with the assurance of an adult, saying: "Good evening, cousin."

她们拥抱了彼此，然后那个小孩带着成年人的从容把前额伸过去说：“晚上好，姨妈。”

Mme. Forestier kissed her, and then made the introductions: "M. Georges Duroy, an old friend of Charles.

福雷斯捷夫人吻了她，然后进行了介绍：“乔治·迪鲁瓦先生，夏尔的一个老朋友。

Mme. de Marelle, my friend, a relative in fact." She added: "Here, you know, we do not stand on ceremony."

德马雷勒夫人，我的朋友，实际上是我的一个亲戚。”她补充道：“你们知道，在这里，我们不必拘礼。”

Duroy bowed. The door opened again and a short man entered, upon his arm a tall, handsome woman, taller than he and much younger, with distinguished manners and a dignified carriage. It was M. Walter, deputy, financier, a moneyed man, and a man of business, manager of "La Vie Francaise," with his wife, nee Basile Ravalade, daughter of the banker of that name.

迪鲁瓦鞠了一躬。门又开了，一个矮个子的男人走了进来，他的胳

膊上挽着一个身材高挑的漂亮女人；这女人比这个男人高，也比这个男人年轻得多，她举止高贵、姿态庄重。这就是众议员、金融家、富商、《法兰西生活报》的经理瓦尔特先生，以及他的妻子，银行家巴西勒·拉瓦洛的女儿。

Then came Jacques Rival, very elegant, followed by Norbert de Varenne. The latter advanced with the grace of the old school and taking Mme. Forestier's hand kissed it; his long hair falling upon his hostess's bare arm as he did so.

接着来的是风度翩翩的雅克·里瓦尔，随后诺贝尔·德瓦雷纳也来了。后者带着老派的优雅上前，握住福雷斯捷夫人的手亲吻了一下；当他这么做时，他的长发落在了女主人裸露的胳膊上。

Forestier now entered, apologizing for being late; he had been detained.

此时，福雷斯捷进来了，他为自己来晚了表示歉意；他被一些事耽搁了。

The servant announced dinner, and they entered the dining-room. Duroy was placed between Mme. de Marelle and her daughter.

仆人通报晚餐备好了，于是他们进入了餐厅。迪鲁瓦被安排在德马雷勒夫人和她的女儿中间。

He was again rendered uncomfortable for fear of committing some error in the conventional management of his fork, his spoon, or his glasses, of which he had four. Nothing was said during the soup; then Norbert de Varenne asked a general question: "Have you read the Gauthier case? How droll it was!"

他又感到不安起来，因为他害怕自己在合乎传统地使用叉、勺或他的四个杯子上犯下一些错误。喝汤的时候，他们什么话也没说；接着，诺贝尔·德瓦雷纳问了一个一般性的问题：“你们读过戈捷那个案子了么？那案子多好笑啊！”

Then followed a discussion of the subject in which the ladies joined. Then a duel was mentioned and Jacques Rival led the conversation; that was his province. Duroy did not venture a remark, but occasionally glanced at his neighbor. A diamond upon a slight, golden thread depended from her ear; from time to time she uttered a remark which evoked a smile upon his lips. Duroy sought vainly for some compliment to pay her; he busied himself with her daughter, filled her glass, waited upon her, and the child, more dignified than her mother, thanked him gravely saying, "You are very kind, Monsieur," while she listened to the conversation with a reflective air. The dinner was excellent and everyone was delighted with it.

接着是一场关于这一话题的讨论；在讨论中，女士们也参与进来

了。然后他们提到了一次决斗，并且雅克·里瓦尔主导了谈话；那是他的专业领域。迪鲁瓦不敢冒险评论，但他时不时扫视一下他的邻座。一颗用细长的金线穿起的钻石从她耳朵上垂下；她间或发表一些评论，这些评论总会在他双唇上引起一丝微笑。迪鲁瓦想找些话来恭维她，但找不到；他便忙着去讨好她的女儿，在她杯里倒满饮料，照料她。这个小孩比她母亲还庄重，她一边若有所思地听着谈话，一边庄重地感谢他："您太好了，先生。"晚餐很棒，每个人都对它很满意。

The conversation returned to the colonization of Algeria. M. Walter uttered several jocose remarks; Forestier alluded to the article he had prepared for the morrow; Jacques Rival declared himself in favor of a military government with grants of land to all the officers after thirty years of colonial service.

谈话回到了阿尔及利亚的殖民化问题上。瓦尔特先生说了几句打趣的话；福雷斯捷提了他为次日准备好的文章；雅克·里瓦尔声明，他本人支持成立军政府，把土地作为政府奖助分给所有在殖民地服役三十年以上的军人。

"In that way," said he, "you can establish a strong colony, familiar with and liking the country, knowing its language and able to cope with all those local yet grave questions which invariably confront newcomers."

"用这种方式，"他说，"可以建立起一个强大的殖民地，这个殖民地熟悉且喜爱这个国家，了解它的语言，并能够应对所有那些新来者一律都会遇到的、地方性但重大的问题。"

Norbert de Varenne interrupted: "Yes, they would know everything, except agriculture. They would speak Arabic, but they would not know how to transplant beet-root, and how to sow wheat. They would be strong in fencing, but weak in the art of farming. On the contrary, the new country should be opened to everyone. Intelligent men would make positions for themselves; the others would succumb. It is a natural law."

诺贝尔·德瓦雷纳打断道："是的，他们了解一切事情，除了农业。他们会讲阿拉伯语，但他们不知道如何移植甜菜、怎样播种小麦。他们擅长于剑术，但对农耕的艺术知之甚少。相反，新国家应该是对所有人开放的。聪明的人会为自己谋得一席之地；其他人会被打垮。这是自然法则。"

A pause ensued. Everyone smiled. Georges Duroy, startled at the sound of his own voice, as if he had never heard it, said: "What is needed the most down there is good soil. Really fertile land costs as much as it does in France and is bought by wealthy Parisians. The real colonists, the poor, are generally cast out into the desert, where nothing grows for lack of water."

接着，谈话中止了。每个人都微笑着。乔治·迪鲁瓦被自己的声音吓到了，好像他从来没有听到过它，他说："那里最需要的是好的土壤。真正肥沃的土地和在法国的土地一样贵，而且被富有的巴黎人买走了。真正的殖民地居民和穷人通常都被撵到沙漠里去了，那里因为缺水而寸草不生。"

All eyes turned upon him. He colored. M. Walter asked: "Do you know Algeria, sir?"

所有的目光都转到他身上。他脸红了。瓦尔特先生问道："您了解阿尔及利亚吗，先生？"

He replied: "Yes, sir, I was there twenty-eight months." Leaving the subject of colonization, Norbert de Varenne questioned him as to some of the Algerian customs. Georges spoke with animation; excited by the wine and the desire to please, he related anecdotes of the regiment, of Arabian life, and of the war.

他答道："是的，先生，我在那里呆了二十八个月。"抛开这个殖民化的问题，诺贝尔·德瓦雷纳就阿尔及利亚的一些风俗向他提问。乔治兴奋地说了起来；因为喝了酒，且渴望取悦大家，他激动地叙述了军团中、阿拉伯人生活里、战争中的奇闻轶事。

Mme. Walter murmured to him in her soft tones: "You could write a series of charming articles."

瓦尔特夫人用她那温柔的语气对他低语道："您可以写出一系列迷人的文章。"

Forestier took advantage of the situation to say to M. Walter: "My dear sir, I spoke to you a short while since of M. Georges Duroy and asked you to permit me to include him on the staff of political reporters. Since Marambot has left us, I have had no one to take urgent and confidential reports, and the paper is suffering by it."

福雷斯捷利用这个形势对瓦尔特先生说："亲爱的先生，我之前跟您简单谈到过乔治·迪鲁瓦先生，并请您允许我让他加入政治报道记者职员的行列中。自从马朗波离开我们之后，就没人帮我收集紧急的机密报道了，报纸也因此蒙受损失。"

M. Walter put on his spectacles in order to examine Duroy. Then he said: "I am convinced that M. Duroy is original, and if he will call upon me tomorrow at three o'clock, we will arrange matters." After a pause, turning to the young man, he said: "You may write us a short sketch on Algeria, M. Duroy. Simply relate your experiences; I am sure they will interest our readers. But you must do it quickly."

瓦尔特先生戴上眼镜，以便仔细观察迪鲁瓦。接着，他说："我确信迪鲁瓦先生见解独到；并且，如果他愿意明天三点来找我的话，我们将协商此事。"他停顿了一下，转向那个年轻人说："迪鲁瓦先生，您可以

为我们写一篇关于阿尔及利亚的短篇随笔。简单地讲述您的经历；我相信它们会使我们的读者感兴趣的。但您必须迅速地做这件事。”

Mme. Walter added with her customary, serious grace: "You will have a charming title: 'Souvenirs of a Soldier in Africa.' Will he not, M. Norbert?”

瓦尔特夫人以她一贯的庄重风度补充道：“您可以用一个吸引人的标题——《一个士兵在非洲的服役记》，诺贝尔先生，您觉得如何？”

The old poet, who had attained renown late in life, disliked and mistrusted newcomers. He replied dryly: "Yes, excellent, provided that it is written in the right key, for there lies the great difficulty."

那位晚年成名的老诗人对新人既厌恶又怀疑。他冷淡地回答：“是的，很好，只要它是用正确的基调写的，因为大麻烦在那里。”

Mme. Forestier cast upon Duroy a protecting and smiling glance which seemed to say: "You shall succeed." The servant filled the glasses with wine, and Forestier proposed the toast: "To the long prosperity of 'La Vie Francaise.'" Duroy felt superhuman strength within him, infinite hope, and invincible resolution. He was at his ease now among these people; his eyes rested upon their faces with renewed assurance, and for the first time he ventured to address his neighbor: "You have the most beautiful earrings I have ever seen."

福雷斯捷夫人以保护者的姿态对迪鲁瓦投以微笑的一瞥，那目光好像在说：“您会成功的。”仆人给大家的杯子里满上了酒，于是福雷斯捷提议干杯：“愿《法兰西生活报》永远繁荣昌盛。”迪鲁瓦觉得他体内有着神奇的力量，有着无限的希望和坚定不移的的决心。他现在在这些人中舒适自如；他恢复了自信的目光落在他们的面孔上。而且，他第一次敢同他的邻座说话了：“您的这副耳环，是我见过的最漂亮的了。”

She turned toward him with a smile: "It is a fancy of mine to wear diamonds like this, simply on a thread."

她微笑着转过身朝向他：“像这样戴钻石，是我的一个爱好，简单地用一根线穿起来。”

He murmured in reply, trembling at his audacity: "It is charming—but the ear increases the beauty of the ornament.”

他低声回答，因自己的大胆而战栗：“它很迷人——但您的耳朵增加了这饰物的美丽。”

She thanked him with a glance.

她瞥了他一眼，以示感谢。

As he turned his head, he met Mme. Forestier's eyes, in which he fancied he saw a mingled expression of gaiety, malice, and encouragement. All the men were talking at the same time; their

discussion was animated.

当他转过头时，他与福雷斯捷夫人的目光相遇，在她的目光里，他认为自己看到了一种混杂着快乐、狡黠和鼓励的表情。与此同时，所有的男人都在说话；他们的讨论很热烈。

When the party left the dining-room, Duroy offered his arm to the little girl. She thanked him gravely and stood upon tiptoe in order to lay her hand upon his arm. Upon entering the drawing-room, the young man carefully surveyed it. It was not a large room; but there were no bright colors, and one felt at ease; it was restful. The walls were draped with violet hangings covered with tiny embroidered flowers of yellow silk. The portieres were of a grayish blue and the chairs were of all shapes, of all sizes; scattered about the room were couches and large and small easy-chairs, all covered with Louis XVI. brocade, or Utrecht velvet, a cream colored ground with garnet flowers.

当这群人离开餐厅时，迪鲁瓦把胳膊向那个小女孩伸过去。她庄重地谢过他，然后踮起脚尖站着，以便把手放在他的胳膊上。一走进客厅，这个年轻的男人就仔细地审视起它来。这房间不大；不过没有鲜艳的颜色，人在里面觉得轻松；它有益于休息。墙上松散地垂挂着紫罗兰色的帷幔，帷幔上覆盖着用黄色丝线刺绣的微小花朵。门帘是灰蓝色的，椅子形状各异、大小不一；散布于房间各处的是长沙发和大大小小的安乐椅，全都覆盖着路易十六时代式样的织锦，或乌得勒支的天鹅绒，米色绒面上印着深红色花朵。

"Do you take coffee, M. Duroy?" Mme. Forestier offered him a cup, with the smile that was always upon her lips.

“您喝咖啡吗，迪鲁瓦先生？”福雷斯捷夫人微笑着递给他一杯咖啡，她的双唇上总是浮着那丝微笑。

"Yes, Madame, thank you." He took the cup, and as he did so, the young woman whispered to him: "Pay Mme. Walter some attention." Then she vanished before he could reply.

“是的，夫人，谢谢您。”他接过杯子，而正当他这么做时，那个年轻的女人对他耳语道：“关注一下瓦尔特夫人。”然后，他还未及回答，她就离开了。

First he drank his coffee, which he feared he should let fall upon the carpet; then he sought a pretext for approaching the manager's wife and commencing a conversation. Suddenly he perceived that she held an empty cup in her hand, and as she was not near a table, she did not know where to put it. He rushed toward her: "Allow me, Madame."

他先喝掉咖啡，他担心自己会把它洒落在地毯上；然后，他开始找

借口接近经理的夫人并开始一段谈话。忽然，他察觉她手里拿着个空杯子；而且，由于她离桌子不近，她不知要把它放在哪儿。他急忙走向她：“让我来，夫人。”

"Thank you, sir."

“谢谢您，先生。”

He took away the cup and returned: "If you, but knew, Madame, what pleasant moments 'La Vie Francaise' afforded me, when I was in the desert! It is indeed the only paper one cares to read outside of France; it contains everything.”

他取走了杯子，然后返回：“夫人，您知道吗，当我在沙漠里的时候，《法兰西生活报》给我带来多么愉快的时光！它确实是法国以外人们喜欢阅读的唯一报纸；它包罗万象。”

She smiled with amiable indifference as she replied: "M. Walter had a great deal of trouble in producing the kind of journal which was required."

她亲切地、漠不关心地微笑着，同时答道：“在创办这种符合时代要求的日报中，瓦尔特先生经历了许多麻烦。”

They talked of Paris, the suburbs, the Seine, the delights of summer, of everything they could think of. Finally M. Norbert de Varenne advanced, a glass of liqueur in his hand, and Duroy discreetly withdrew. Mme. de Marelle, who was chatting with her hostess, called him: "So, sir," she said bluntly, "you are going to try journalism?" That question led to a renewal of the interrupted conversation with Mme. Walter. In her turn Mme. de Marelle related anecdotes, and becoming familiar, laid her hand upon Duroy's arm. He felt that he would like to devote himself to her, to protect her—and the slowness with which he replied to her questions indicated his preoccupation. Suddenly, without any cause, Mme. de Marelle called: "Laurine!" and the girl came to her. "Sit down here, my child, you will be cold near the window."

他们聊到巴黎、郊区、塞纳河、夏季的乐事，聊到了他们可以想到的一切事情。最后，诺贝尔·德瓦雷纳先生手里拿着一杯利口酒走了过来，于是迪鲁瓦谨慎地走开了。刚刚在同女主人聊天的德马雷勒夫人喊他：“那么，先生，”她坦率地说，“您打算试试新闻业？”这个问题使他重新谈起了同瓦尔特夫人之间被打断的话题。轮到她说的时候，德马雷勒夫人讲了些奇闻轶事，而且变得亲近了——她把手搭在迪鲁瓦的手臂上。他觉得愿意将自己献给她，愿意保护她——他反应迟钝地回答她的问题，这迟钝表明了他的全神贯注。突然，没有任何来由地，德马雷勒夫人喊道：“洛琳娜！”然后那小女孩来到她身边。“在这儿坐下，我的孩子，在窗户附近你会冷的。”

Duroy was seized with an eager desire to embrace the child, as if part of that embrace would revert to the mother. He asked in a gallant, yet paternal tone: "Will you permit me to kiss you, Mademoiselle?" The child raised her eyes with an air of surprise. Mme. de Marelle said with a smile: "Reply."

迪鲁瓦被一种热切的渴望影响，想拥抱这个小孩，好像这个拥抱的一部分会传回到她母亲那里。他用一种殷勤但父亲般的语气问道：“小姐，你允许我亲亲你吗？”那个孩子带着惊讶的表情抬起双眼。德马雷勒夫人微笑着说：“回答啊。”

"I will allow you to-day, Monsieur, but not all the time.”

“今天我同意，先生，但不是以后时时都可以。”

Seating himself, Duroy took Laurine upon his knee, and kissed her lips and her fine wavy hair. Her mother was surprised: "Well, that is strange! Ordinarily she only allows ladies to caress her. You are irresistible, Monsieur!"

迪鲁瓦坐下，把洛琳娜抱在自己膝盖上，然后吻了她的嘴唇和她波浪起伏的秀发。她母亲惊讶了：“哦，这真奇怪！通常她只允许女人亲她的。先生，您真有魅力，让人无法抗拒！”

Duroy colored, but did not reply.

迪鲁瓦脸红了，但没有回答。

When Mme. Forestier joined them, a cry of astonishment escaped her: "Well, Laurine has become sociable; what a miracle!"

当福雷斯捷夫人加入他们中时，她发出了一声惊叫：“哎呀，洛琳娜变得喜好交际了；真是个奇迹啊！”

The young man rose to take his leave, fearing he might spoil his conquest by some awkward word. He bowed to the ladies, clasped and gently pressed their hands, and then shook hands with the men. He observed that Jacques Rival's was dry and warm and responded cordially to his pressure; Norbert de Varenne's was moist and cold and slipped through his fingers; Walter's was cold and soft, without life, expressionless; Forestier's fat and warm.

这个年轻的男人起身告辞，他担心自己可能会因一言不慎而毁了刚赢得的青睐。他向女士们鞠了躬，握住她们的手并轻轻地按了按；然后他和男士们握手。他注意到，雅克·里瓦尔的手干燥而温暖，并且友好地回握了他；诺贝尔·德瓦雷纳的手又湿又凉，且从他的手指间溜走了；瓦尔特的手又冷又软，没有生命、没有感情；福雷斯捷的手厚实且温暖。

His friend whispered to him: "To-morrow at three o'clock; do not forget.”

他的朋友对他耳语道：“明天三点；别忘了。”

"Never fear!"

“别担心！”

When he reached the staircase, he felt like running down, his joy was so great; he went down two steps at a time, but suddenly on the second floor, in the large mirror, he saw a gentleman hurrying on, and he slackened his pace, as much ashamed as if he had been surprised in a crime.

走到楼梯时，他太高兴了，真想跑下去；他一次下两个台阶，但突然在三楼那面大镜子里，他看到一个匆忙前行的绅士，于是他放慢脚步，好像犯罪被当场捉住似的羞愧难当。

He surveyed himself some time with a complacent smile; then taking leave of his image, he bowed low, ceremoniously, as if saluting some grand personage.

他自满地微笑着审视了一会儿自己；然后向自己的影像告别，他郑重其事地深深鞠了一躬，像是向某个大人物致敬似的。

CHAPTER III. First Attempts

第三章 初次尝试

When Georges Duroy reached the street, he hesitated as to what he should do. He felt inclined to stroll along, dreaming of the future and inhaling the soft night air; but the thought of the series of articles ordered by M. Walter occurred to him, and he decided to return home at once and begin work. He walked rapidly along until he came to Rue Boursault. The tenement in which he lived was occupied by twenty families—families of workingmen—and as he mounted the staircase he experienced a sensation of disgust and a desire to live as wealthy men do. Duroy's room was on the fifth floor. He entered it, opened his window, and looked out: the view was anything but prepossessing.

当乔治·迪鲁瓦到街上的时候，他犹豫着该做些什么。他想一边幻想未来、吸入夜晚温和的空气，一边向前走走、散散步；但他想起了瓦尔特先生要他写的那一系列文章，于是他决定马上回家并开始工作。他迅速向前走去，直到来到布尔索街。他住的这个房屋被二十户人家占用着——工人家庭——而且，爬上楼梯的时候，他体验到一种恶心的感觉和一种像富人那样生活的渴望。迪鲁瓦的房间在六楼。他进入房间，打开窗户，然后向外看：那风景根本不能让人有好感。

He turned away, thinking: "This won't do. I must go to work." So he placed his light upon the table and began to write. He dipped his pen into the ink and wrote at the head of his paper in a bold hand: "Souvenirs of a Soldier in Africa". Then he cast about for the first phrase. He rested his head upon his hand and stared at the blank sheet before him. What should he say? Suddenly he thought: "I must begin with my departure," and he wrote: "In 1874, about the fifteenth of May, when exhausted France was recruiting after the catastrophe of the terrible years—" Here he stopped short, not knowing how to introduce his subject. After a few minutes' reflection, he decided to lay aside that page until the following day, and to write a description of Algiers. He began: "Algiers is a very clean city—" but he could not continue. After an effort he added: "It is inhabited partly by Arabs." Then he threw his pen upon the table and arose. He glanced around his miserable room; mentally he rebelled against his poverty and resolved to leave the next day.

他走开去，想着："这样不成。我必须开始工作。"所以，他把他的灯放在桌子上，并开始写了。他把钢笔浸入墨水中，然后在纸上方用黑体字写道："一个士兵在非洲的服役记"。接着他考虑第一个短语。他用手托着头，盯着面前空白的纸张。他该讲述些什么呢？忽然他想："我可

以从出发开始写。”于是他写道：“在1874年，大约5月15日，在那可怕岁月中的大灾难过后，当精疲力竭的法国正在征募新兵之时——”在这儿他突然停下，不知道如何引入主题。沉思了几分钟后，他决定把这一页搁到一旁，等明天再写；并决定描写阿尔及尔。他开始了：“阿尔及尔是一座非常干净的城市——”但他没办法继续。一番努力后，他加上：“它的一部分被阿拉伯人占据。”然后，他把钢笔丢到桌子上，并站了起来。他环顾了他蹩脚的房间；在心理上，他反抗他的贫困，并下决心第二天离开。

Suddenly the desire to work came on him, and he tried to begin the article again; he had vague ideas of what he wanted to say, but he could not express his thoughts in words. Convinced of his inability he arose once more, his blood coursing rapidly through his veins. He turned to the window just as the train was coming out of the tunnel, and his thoughts reverted to his parents. He saw their tiny home on the heights overlooking Rouen and the valley of the Seine. His father and mother kept an inn, La Belle-Vue, at which the citizens of the faubourgs took their lunches on Sundays. They had wished to make a "gentleman" of their son and had sent him to college. His studies completed, he had entered the army with the intention of becoming an officer, a colonel, or a general. But becoming disgusted with military life, he determined to try his fortune in Paris. When his time of service had expired, he went thither, with what results we have seen. He awoke from his reflections as the locomotive whistled shrilly, closed his window, and began to disrobe, muttering: "Bah, I shall be able to work better to-morrow morning. My brain is not clear to-night. I have drunk a little too much. I can't work well under such circumstances.” He extinguished his light and fell asleep.

突然，他产生了工作的渴望，于是他再次试着开始写那篇文章；他对自己想讲述的东西有些模糊的想法，但他无法用语言表达自己的想法。他确信自己无能为力了，再次站了起来；他的血液快速地通过血管流动着。他转向窗户，正当此时，那列火车从隧道里出来，他的思绪回到了他父母那儿。他看见他们在高地上的小小的家，它俯瞰着鲁昂和塞纳河流域。他父母开着一家旅馆——“风光酒店”，郊外的市民星期天在那里吃午餐。他们希望使他们的儿子成为一位“绅士”，因此送他上了大学。他学业完成后，带着成为军官、上校，或将军的目的进入了军队。但他对军队生活变得反感了，决定在巴黎碰碰运气。服役期满时，他去了那儿，结果如何我们已经看到了。当机车尖声地鸣响汽笛时，他从深思中醒了过来。他关上窗户，并开始脱衣服，同时咕哝道：“呸，明天早上，我将能更好地工作。今晚我的脑子不清醒。我喝得有点太多了。在这种情况下，我没办法好好工作。”他熄灭了灯，然后就睡着了。

He awoke early, and, rising, opened his window to inhale the fresh air. In a few moments he seated himself at his table, dipped his pen in the ink, rested his head upon his hand and thought—but in

vain! However, he was not discouraged, but in thought reassured himself: "Bah, I am not accustomed to it! It is a profession that must be learned like all professions. Some one must help me the first time. I'll go to Forestier. He'll start my article for me in ten minutes.”

他醒得早，而后，他起床把窗户打开，以吸吸新鲜空气。过了一会儿，他在桌边坐了下来，把钢笔在墨水里蘸了蘸，用手托着头思考起来——但徒劳无功！然而，他没有气馁；而是在心里再次向自己保证道：“呸，我对这个不习惯！像所有行业一样，这是个必须得学习的行业。第一次，有人得帮帮我。我要去找福雷斯捷。他十分钟以内就能替我给我的文章开个头。”

When he reached the street, Duroy decided that it was rather early to present himself at his friend's house, so he strolled along under the trees on one of the boulevards for a time. On arriving at Forestier's door, he found his friend going out.

当他到街上的时候，迪鲁瓦决定，现在去他的朋友家太早了，所以他在一条林阴大道上的树下向前走走，散了一会儿步。刚到福雷斯捷家门口时，他就发现他的朋友正要出去。

"You here—at this hour! Can I do anything for you?”

“你在这儿——在这个时间！我能为你做些什么吗？”

Duroy stammered in confusion: "I—I—cannot write that article on Algeria that M. Walter wants. It is not very surprising, seeing that I have never written anything. It requires practice. I could write very rapidly, I am sure, if I could make a beginning. I have the ideas but I cannot express them.” He paused and hesitated.

迪鲁瓦迷迷糊糊结结巴巴地说：“我——我——写不出瓦尔特先生想要的那篇关于阿尔及利亚的文章。这不是很意外，因为我从未写过任何东西。它需要练习。我能写得很快，我确定，如果我能开个头的话。我有想法，但我无法把它们表达出来。”他停下来，犹豫着。

Forestier smiled maliciously: "I understand that."

福雷斯捷狡黠地微笑着：“这个我了解。”

Duroy continued: "Yes, anyone is liable to have that trouble at the beginning; and, well—I have come to ask you to help me. In ten minutes you can set me right. You can give me a lesson in style; without you I can do nothing.”

迪鲁瓦继续说：“是的，任何人在一开始都可能有这种烦恼；而且，嗯——我来是请你帮帮我的。你可以在十分钟内把我引入正轨。你可以在风格方面教导教导我；没有你我什么也做不成。”

The other smiled gaily. He patted his companion's arm and said to him: "Go to my wife; she will help you better than I can. I have

trained her for that work. I have not time this morning or I would do it willingly."

福雷斯捷快乐地微笑着。他轻轻拍了拍他朋友的胳膊并对他说：“去找我妻子吧，她能比我更好地帮助你。我训练过她做这个工作。今天上午我没有时间，不然我会乐意做这件事的。”

But Duroy hesitated: "At this hour I cannot inquire for her."

但迪鲁瓦犹豫着：“这个时间我不能去找她吧。”

"Oh, yes, you can; she has risen. You will find her in my study."

“哦，不，你可以的；她已经起床了。你会在我的书房里找到她。”

"I will go, but I shall tell her you sent me!"

“我会去的，但我会告诉她是你让我去的！”

Forestier walked away, and Duroy slowly ascended the stairs, wondering what he should say and what kind of a reception he would receive.

福雷斯捷离开了，于是迪鲁瓦慢慢地爬上了楼梯，不知道自己该说些什么、自己会得到怎样的接待。

The servant who opened the door said: "Monsieur has gone out."

开门的仆人说：“先生出去了。”

Duroy replied: "Ask Mme.Forestier if she will see me, and tell her that M. Forestier, whom I met on the street, sent me."

迪鲁瓦答道：“问一下福雷斯捷夫人是否愿意接见我，并告诉她，我在街上遇见福雷斯捷先生，他让我来的。”

The lackey soon returned and ushered Duroy into Madame's presence. She was seated at a table and extended her hand to him.

仆人很快回来了，并把迪鲁瓦引进夫人在的地方。她坐在桌子旁边，向他伸出手。

"So soon?" said she. It was not a reproach, but a simple question.

“这么早？”她说。这并不是责备，只是一个简单的问题。

He stammered: "I did not want to come up, Madame, but your husband, whom I met below, insisted—I dare scarcely tell you my errand—I worked late last night and early this morning, to write the article on Algeria which M. Walter wants—and I did not succeed—I destroyed all my attempts—I am not accustomed to the work—and I came to ask Forestier to assist me—his once.”

他结结巴巴地说：“我不想上来的，夫人，但您的丈夫，我在楼下遇到他，坚持——我简直不敢告诉您我来的任务——我昨晚工作到很晚，

今天一大早也在工作，为了写瓦尔特先生想要的那篇关于阿尔及利亚的文章——但我没有成功——我把我所有的尝试都毁掉了——我不习惯这个工作——因此我来请福雷斯捷帮帮我——就这一次。”

She interrupted with a laugh: "And he sent you to me?"

她笑着打断他：“所以他让您来找我？”

"Yes, Madame. He said you could help me better than he—but—I dared not—I did not like to."

“是的，夫人。他说您能比他更好地帮助我——但是——我不敢——我不喜欢。”

She rose.

她站起来。

"It will be delightful to work together that way. I am charmed with your idea. Wait, take my chair, for they know my handwriting on the paper—we will write a successful article."

“这样一起工作会令人愉快的。我被你们的主意迷住了。等等，坐我的椅子，因为他们认识我在纸上的笔迹——我们将会写出一篇成功的文章。”

She took a cigarette from the mantelpiece and lighted it. "I cannot work without smoking," she said; "what are you going to say?"

她从壁炉架上拿出一根香烟并点燃了它。“不抽烟我没法工作，”她说，“您打算讲述些什么？”

He looked at her in astonishment. "I do not know; I came here to find that out."

他惊讶地看着她。“我不知道；我来这儿就是为了弄明白这个的。”

She replied: "I will manage it all right. I will make the sauce but I must have the dish." She questioned him in detail and finally said: "Now, we will begin. First of all we will suppose that you are addressing a friend, which will allow us scope for remarks of all kinds. Begin this way: 'My dear Henry, you wish to know something about Algeria; you shall.'"

她答道：“我会好好地处理这篇文章的。我将做酱汁，但我必须得有菜呀。”她详细地问了他一些问题，最后说：“现在，咱们开始。首先，我们将假设您在和一个朋友讲话，这样将给我们留出各种评论的余地。以这种方式开始：‘我亲爱的亨利，你希望知道一些有关阿尔及利亚的事情；你将知晓。’”

Then followed a brilliantly worded description of Algeria and of the port of Algiers, an excursion to the province of Oran, a visit to Saida, and an adventure with a pretty Spanish maid employed in a

factory.

接着是对阿尔及利亚和阿尔及尔港口的词藻华丽的描写、到奥兰省的一次短途旅行、去赛伊达的一次旅行，以及和一个漂亮的受聘于工厂的西班牙女仆的冒险经历。

When the article was concluded, he could find no words of thanks; he was happy to be near her, grateful for and delighted with their growing intimacy. It seemed to him that everything about him was a part of her, even to the books upon the shelves. The chairs, the furniture, the air—all were permeated with that delightful fragrance peculiar to her.

文章写完时，他找不出一个字来表达他的谢意；在她旁边让他快乐，他为他们之间发展着的亲密而心存感激、感到高兴。对他来说，似乎他周围的一切——甚至直至书架上的书，都是她的一部分。椅子、家具、空气——一切都洋溢着她独有的那令人愉快的香味。

She asked bluntly: "What do you think of my friend Mme. de Marelle?"

她坦率地问道：“您觉得我的朋友德马雷勒夫人怎么样？”

"I think her very fascinating," he said; and he would have liked to add: "But not as much so as you." He had not the courage to do so.

“我觉得她非常迷人。”他说；而且，他本想加一句：“但没有您这么迷人。”他没有勇气这么做。

She continued: "If you only knew how comical, original, and intelligent she is! She is a true Bohemian. It is for that reason that her husband no longer loves her. He only sees her defects and none of her good qualities."

她继续说：“要是您知道她是多么滑稽、聪明、有独创性就好了！她是个真正放荡不羁的文化人。正是因为这个原因，她的丈夫才不再爱她。他只看到她的缺点，却看不到她的优点。”

Duroy was surprised to hear that Mme. de Marelle was married.

迪鲁瓦听到德马雷勒夫人已婚的时候有些惊讶。

"What," he asked, "is she married? What does her husband do?"

“什么，”他问道，“她结婚了？她的丈夫是做什么的？”

Mme. Forestier shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, he is superintendent of a railroad. He is in Paris a week out of each month. His wife calls it 'Holy Week.' or 'The week of duty.' When you get better acquainted with her, you will see how witty she is! Come here and see her some day.”

福雷斯捷夫人耸耸肩。“哦，他是一个铁路部门的负责人。他每个月

里有一个星期在巴黎。他妻子称之为‘神圣的一周’或‘责任的一周。’当您更好地了解她时，您会知道她是多么机智。改天来这儿看看她。”

As she spoke, the door opened noiselessly, and a gentleman entered unannounced. He halted on seeing a man. For a moment Mme. Forestier seemed confused; then she said in a natural voice, though her cheeks were tinged with a blush: "Come in, my dear sir; allow me to present to you an old comrade of Charles, M. Georges Duroy, a future journalist."

她说话的时候，门被轻轻地打开了，然后一个绅士未经通报进来了。他一看到有个男人，就停了下来。有一会儿，福雷斯捷夫人似乎有些混乱；接着，虽然她的双颊染着红晕，她仍用自然的声音说道：“进来吧，我亲爱的先生；请允许我向您介绍夏尔的一个老朋友，乔治·迪鲁瓦先生，一个未来的新闻记者。”

Then in a different tone, she said: "Our best and dearest friend, Count de Vaudrec."

然后她以一种不同的腔调说道：“我们最好而且最亲爱的朋友，德沃德雷克伯爵。”

The two men bowed, gazed into one another's eyes, and then Duroy took his leave. Neither tried to detain him.

这两位男士鞠了躬，注视着彼此的眼睛，接着迪鲁瓦就告辞了。他们俩都没试图挽留他。

On reaching the street he felt sad and uncomfortable. Count de Vaudrec's face was constantly before him. It seemed to him that the man was displeased at finding him tete-a-tete with Mme. Forestier, though why he should be, he could not divine.

一到街上，他就觉得悲伤、不舒服。德沃德雷克伯爵的面容始终在他面前。他觉得似乎这个男人不高兴碰见他和福雷斯捷夫人私下在一起，尽管他猜不出为什么他会这样。

To while away the time until three o'clock, he lunched at Duval's, and then lounged along the boulevard. When the clock chimed the hour of his appointment, he climbed the stairs leading to the office of "La Vie Francaise."

为了打发三点前的时间，他在“迪瓦尔”餐厅吃了午餐，然后沿着林阴大道闲逛。当时钟敲响他约定的时间时，他登上了通向《法兰西生活报》办公室的楼梯。

Duroy asked: "Is M. Walter in?"

迪鲁瓦问：“瓦尔特先生在里面吗？”

"M. Walter is engaged," was the reply. "Will you please take a seat?"

回答是：“瓦尔特先生现在正忙。您请坐下吧？”

Duroy waited twenty minutes, then he turned to the clerk and said: "M. Walter had an appointment with me at three o'clock. At any rate, see if my friend M. Forestier is here.”

迪鲁瓦等了二十分钟，然后他转向那位职员说：“瓦尔特先生三点钟和我有个约会。不管怎样，请您看看我的朋友福雷斯捷先生是否在这儿。”

He was conducted along a corridor and ushered into a large room in which four men were writing at a table. Forestier was standing before the fireplace, smoking a cigarette. After listening to Duroy's story he said: "Come with me; I will take you to M. Walter, or else you might remain here until seven o'clock.”

他被引导着沿一条走廊前行，然后被引进了一个大房间，房间里有四个人正在一张桌子旁写字。福雷斯捷正站在壁炉前，抽着一支香烟。听了迪鲁瓦说的事后，他说：“跟我来；我带你去找瓦尔特先生，否则你可能留在这里等到七点。”

They entered the manager's room. Norbert de Varenne was writing an article, seated in an easy chair; Jacques Rival, stretched upon a divan, was smoking a cigar. The room had the peculiar odor familiar to all journalists. When they approached M. Walter, Forestier said: "Here is my friend Duroy."

他们进了经理的办公室。诺贝尔·德瓦雷纳正坐在一把安乐椅里写文章；雅克·里瓦尔正伸展开肢体躺在一把长沙发椅上抽雪茄。这房间有着那种所有新闻工作者都熟悉的特殊气味。当他们走近瓦尔特先生时，福雷斯捷说：“这是我的朋友迪鲁瓦。”

The manager looked keenly at the young man and asked: "Have you brought my article?"

那位经理敏锐地看着这个年轻人，问道：“您带来我要的文章了吗？”

Duroy drew the sheets of manuscript from his pocket.

迪鲁瓦从他的口袋里拿出那几页手稿。

"Here they are, Monsieur."

“给您，先生。”

The manager seemed delighted and said with a smile: "Very good. You are a man of your word. Need I look over it, Forestier?"

这位经理似乎很高兴，他微笑着说：“很好。您是个守信用的人。福雷斯捷，我需要检查它吗？”

But Forestier hastened to reply: "It is not necessary, M. Walter; I

helped him in order to initiate him into the profession. It is very good." Then bending toward him, he whispered: "You know you promised to engage Duroy to replace Marambot. Will you allow me to retain him on the same terms?"

但福雷斯捷急忙回答："这没必要，瓦尔特先生；为了使他初步了解这个行业，我帮了他。这篇文章很好。"然后，福雷斯捷向他俯下身，低声说道："您知道，您允诺过聘用迪鲁瓦来代替马朗波。您允许我以相同的地位来聘用他吗？"

"Certainly."

"当然。"

Taking his friend's arm, the journalist drew him away, while M. Walter returned to the game of ecarte he had been engaged in when they entered. Forestier and Duroy returned to the room in which Georges had found his friend. The latter said to his new reporter: "You must come here every day at three o'clock, and I will tell you what places to go to. First of all, I shall give you a letter of introduction to the chief of the police, who will in turn introduce you to one of his employees. You can arrange with him for all important news, official and semiofficial. For details you can apply to Saint-Potin, who is posted; you will see him to-morrow. Above all, you must learn to make your way everywhere in spite of closed doors. You will receive two hundred francs a months, two sous a line for original matter, and two sous a line for articles you are ordered to write on different subjects."

拉着他朋友的胳膊，那位新闻记者把他拉走了，与此同时，瓦尔特先生回到了他们进来时他正在玩的埃卡泰牌游戏中。福雷斯捷和迪鲁瓦回到了乔治找到他朋友的那个房间。福雷斯捷对他的新记者说道："你每天三点必须来这儿，然后我会告诉你去什么地方。首先，我会给你一封给警察局局长的介绍信，他会转而把你介绍给他的一个雇员。你可以跟他安排所有重要的新闻，官方的和半官方的。至于细节，你可以请教圣波坦，他很了解；明天你会见到他。最重要的是，你必须学会，任何地方，即使关着门，你也进得去。你一个月将得到二百法郎，原材料一行两个苏，要求你写的关于不同主题的文章也是一行两个苏。"

"What shall I do to-day?" asked Duroy.

"我今天该做些什么？"迪鲁瓦问。

"I have no work for you to-day; you can go if you wish to."

"今天我没有工作让你做了；如果你想走，你可以走了。"

"And our—our article?"

"但我们——我们的文章呢？"

"Oh, do not worry about it; I will correct the proofs. Do the rest to-morrow and come here at three o'clock as you did to-day.”

“哦，不用担心它了；我会改校样的。明天做剩下的，并且和今天一样，三点来这儿。”

And after shaking hands, Duroy descended the staircase with a light heart.

然后，握完手后，迪鲁瓦带着轻松的心情走下了楼梯。

CHAPTER IV. Duroy Learns Something

第四章 迪鲁瓦学到了些东西

Georges Duroy did not sleep well, so anxious was he to see his article in print. He rose at daybreak, and was on the street long before the newsboys. When he secured a paper and saw his name at the end of a column in large letters, he became very much excited. He felt inclined to enact the part of a newsboy and cry out to the hurrying throng: "Buy this! It contains an article by me!" He strolled along to a cafe and seated himself in order to read the article through; that done he decided to go to the railroad office, draw his salary, and hand in his resignation.

乔治·迪鲁瓦睡得不好，他太渴望看到自己的文章发表了。他破晓时分就起了床，并且，在报童来之前很久，他就在街上了。当他弄到一张报纸，并看到自己的名字用大号字体印在一个专栏的末尾时，他变得非常兴奋。他想扮演一个报童的角色，并对匆忙的人群大喊：“买这个！这里面有一篇我写的文章！”他向前闲逛到一家小餐馆并坐了下来，以便从头到尾读读那篇文章；做完这件事后，他决定去铁路局领出薪水，然后递交辞职信。

With great pomposity he informed the chief clerk that he was on the staff of "La Vie Francaise," and by that means was avenged for many petty insults which had been offered him. He then had some cards written with his new calling beneath his name, made several purchases, and repaired to the office of "La Vie Francaise." Forestier received him loftily as one would an inferior.

他极炫耀地告诉科长自己是《法兰西生活报》的工作人员了，并以那种方式对自己受到过的许多小小侮辱进行了报复。接着，他弄了些名片，名片上他的名字下方写着他新的职业头衔，他买了几样东西，然后去了《法兰西生活报》的办公室。福雷斯捷傲慢地接见了他，就像接见下级一样。

"Ah, here you are! Very well; I have several things for you to do. Just wait ten minutes till I finish this work." He continued writing.

“啊，你在这儿呢！很好；我有几件事让你去办。就等十分钟，直到我做完这个工作。”他继续写。

At the other end of the table sat a short, pale man, very stout and bald. Forestier asked him, when his letter was completed, "Saint-Potin, at what time shall you interview those people?”

在桌子的另一头坐着个矮个子的秃头男子，他脸色苍白、非常肥胖。信写完时，福雷斯捷问他：“圣波坦，你什么时候会采访那些人？”

"At four o'clock.”

“四点钟。”

"Take Duroy, who is here, with you and initiate him into the business."

“带这里的这位迪鲁瓦和你去，并让他初步了解这个工作。”

"Very well."

“好的。”

Then turning to his friend, Forestier added: "Have you brought the other paper on Algeria? The article this morning was very successful."

然后，福雷斯捷转向他的朋友，补充道：“关于阿尔及利亚的其他文章，你带来了吗？今天早上的那篇文章非常成功。”

Duroy stammered: "No, I thought I should have time this afternoon. I had so much to do—I could not.”

迪鲁瓦结结巴巴地说：“没有，我原以为我今天下午会有时间。我有太多事情要做了——我没能。”

The other shrugged his shoulders. "If you are not more careful, you will spoil your future. M. Walter counted on your copy. I will tell him it will be ready to-morrow. If you think you will be paid for doing nothing, you are mistaken.” After a pause, he added: "You should strike while the iron is hot."

对方耸耸肩。“如果你不更小心些的话，你会把自己的前途给糟蹋了的。瓦尔特先生指望着你的稿子呢。我会告诉他，稿子将在明天准备好。如果你认为什么事都不做也会有人付你工资，你就错了。”停了一会儿后，他补充道：“你应该趁热打铁。”

Saint-Potin rose: "I am ready," said he.

圣波坦站起来说：“我准备好了。”

Forestier turned around in his chair and said, to Duroy: "Listen. The Chinese general Li-Theng-Fao, stopping at the Continental, and Rajah Taposahib Ramaderao Pali, stopping at Hotel Bishop, have been in Paris two days. You must interview them.” Addressing Saint-Potin, he said: "Do not forget the principal points I indicated to you. Ask the general and the rajah their opinions on the dealings of England in the extreme East, their ideas of their system of colonization and government, their hopes relative to the intervention of Europe and of France in particular." To Duroy he said: "Observe what Saint-Potin says; he is an excellent reporter, and try to learn how to draw out a man in five minutes.” Then he resumed his work.

福雷斯捷坐在椅子里转过身来，并对迪鲁瓦说：“听着。中国将军李登发在大陆饭店下榻，讲巴利语的王侯塔波萨希卜·拉马德拉奥住在主教饭店，他们已经在巴黎呆了两天了。你们得采访他们。”他对圣波坦说：“别忘了我跟你提到过的那些要点。问问将军和王侯关于英国在远东的交易的意见，问问他们对他们的殖民体制、政府制度的看法，问问他们关于欧洲，特别是法国介入的期许。”对迪鲁瓦，他说：“留意圣波坦说的话；他是个出色的采访记者，试着学学怎样在五分钟内使一个人开口畅谈。”接着，他重新开始他的工作。

The two men walked down the boulevard together, while Saint-Potin gave Duroy a sketch of all the officials connected with the paper, sparing no one in his criticism. When he mentioned Forestier, he said: "As for him, he was fortunate in marrying his wife."

这两个人一边一起走下林阴大道，圣波坦一边向迪鲁瓦简要介绍所有与这个报纸有联系的行政人员，没人幸免于他的批评。提到福雷斯捷时，他说：“至于他，他有幸娶到了他的妻子。”

Duroy asked: "What about his wife?"

迪鲁瓦问：“他妻子怎么了？”

Saint-Potin rubbed his hands. "Oh, she is beloved by an old fellow named Vaudrec—he dotes upon her.”

圣波坦搓着双手。“哦，她被一个名叫沃德雷克的老家伙所钟爱——他溺爱她。”

Duroy felt as if he would like to box Saint-Potin's ears. To change the subject he said: "It seems to me that it is late, and we have two noble lords to call upon!"

迪鲁瓦觉得，自己似乎想打圣波坦耳光。为了改变话题，他说：“在我看来，时候不早了，而我们还有两位尊贵的大人要拜访呢！”

Saint-Potin laughed: "You are very innocent! Do you think that I am going to interview that Chinese and that Indian? As if I did not know better than they do what they should think to please the readers of 'La Vie Francaise'! I have interviewed five hundred Chinese, Prussians, Hindoos, Chilians, and Japanese. They all say the same thing. I need only copy my article on the last comer, word for word, changing the heading, names, titles, and ages: in that there must be no error, or I shall be hauled over the coals by the 'Figaro' or 'Gaulois.' But on that subject the porter of the hotels will post me in five minutes. We will smoke our cigars and stroll in that direction. Total—one hundred sous for cabfare. That is the way, my dear fellow.”

圣波坦大笑说：“你太天真了！你以为我要去采访那个中国人和那个印度人吗？好像我不比他们知道得更清楚他们该想什么以迎合《法兰西

生活报》的读者似的！我采访过五百个中国人、普鲁士人、印度人、智利人和日本人。他们说的东西都一样。我只需要把我关于上一个来访者的文章逐字抄下来，改变一下标题、姓名、头衔和年龄：在那方面不能有任何差错，否则我会被《菲加罗报》或《高卢人报》严厉斥责的。但是，关于那个问题，酒店的门房在五分钟内就会使我充分了解。我们可以一边抽着雪茄，一边朝那个方向溜达。总共——一百苏的马车费。就是这种方法，我亲爱的朋友。”

When they arrived at the Madeleine, Saint-Potin said to his companion: "If you have anything to do, I do not need you."

当他们走到马德莱娜教堂时，圣波坦对他的同伴说：“如果你有任何事要做，我就不需要你陪着了。”

Duroy shook hands with him and walked away. The thought of the article he had to write that evening haunted him. Mentally he collected the material as he wended his way to the cafe at which he dined. Then he returned home and seated himself at his table to work. Before his eyes was the sheet of blank paper, but all the material he had amassed had escaped him. After trying for an hour, and after filling five pages with sentences which had no connection one with the other, he said: "I am not yet familiar with the work. I must take another lesson."

迪鲁瓦与他握了手，而后离开了。晚上要写的那篇文章萦绕在他的心头，令他苦恼。他一边朝一家小餐厅走去，一边在脑中收集素材，他在那家餐厅吃了饭。然后他回到家，并在桌旁坐下，开始工作。他眼前是空白的纸张，但他收集的所有素材都从他脑中消失了。努力了一个小时、在五页纸上写满了彼此间没有关联的句子后，他说：“我还不熟悉这个工作。我必须再去请教一下。”

At ten o'clock the following morning he rang the bell, at his friend's house. The servant who opened the door, said: "Monsieur is busy."

第二天早上十点钟，他按响了他朋友家的门铃。开门的仆人说：“先生在忙。”

Duroy had not expected to find Forestier at home. However he said: "Tell him it is M. Duroy on important business."

迪鲁瓦没料到会在家里碰到福雷斯捷。但他说道：“告诉他是迪鲁瓦先生来访，有重要的事情找他。”

In the course of five minutes he was ushered into the room in which he had spent so happy a morning. In the place Mme. Forestier had occupied, her husband was seated writing, while Mme. Forestier stood by the mantelpiece and dictated to him, a cigarette between her lips.

五分钟后，他被带进一个房间，他曾在那个房间里度过了那么愉快的一个上午。在福雷斯捷夫人坐过的那个座位上，正坐着她的丈夫，他在写字；与此同时，福雷斯捷夫人站在壁炉架旁，嘴唇间叼着支烟，向他口授着。

Duroy paused upon the threshold and murmured: "I beg your pardon, I am interrupting you."

迪鲁瓦在门槛上停了下来，低声说："对不起，我打扰你们了。"

His friend growled angrily: "What do you want again? Make haste; we are busy."

他的朋友生气地吼道："你又想干什么？赶紧的，我们正忙着呢。"

Georges stammered: "It is nothing."

乔治结结巴巴地说："没什么事。"

But Forestier persisted: "Come, we are losing time; you did not force your way into the house for the pleasure of bidding us good morning."

但福雷斯捷追问道："快说，我们在浪费时间；你闯进这房子里来，不是为了想要跟我们说声早上好吧。"

Duroy, in confusion, replied: "No, it is this: I cannot complete my article, and you were—so—so kind the last time that I hoped—that I dared to come—"

迪鲁瓦窘迫地回答说："不是，是这样的：我完不成我的文章，而你们……那么……上次那么好，所以我希望……我斗胆前来……"

Forestier interrupted with: "So you think I will do your work and that you have only to take the money. Well, that is fine!" His wife smoked on without interfering.

福雷斯捷打断道："所以你以为，我会替你做工作，而你只需要领钱就行了。好，那很好！"他妻子继续抽着烟，不加干涉。

Duroy hesitated: "Excuse me. I believed—I—thought—" Then, in a clear voice, he said: "I beg a thousand pardons, Madame, and thank you very much for the charming article you wrote for me yesterday." Then he bowed, and said to Charles: "I will be at the office at three o'clock."

迪鲁瓦支支吾吾地说："对不起。我原以为……我……原本想……"然后，他用清亮的嗓音说道："夫人，我非常抱歉；对于您昨天帮我写的那篇精彩的文章，我深表感谢。"然后他鞠了一躬，并对夏尔说："我三点钟会在报社。"

He returned home saying to himself: "Very well, I will write it alone and they shall see." Scarcely had he entered than he began to

write, anger spurring him on. In an hour he had finished an article, which was a chaos of absurd matter, and took it boldly to the office. Duroy handed Forestier his manuscript. "Here is the rest of Algeria."

回家时，他对自己说：“很好，我会自己一个人把它写出来，让他们瞧瞧。”刚进家门，他就被愤怒驱策着，立刻开始写作。不到一个小时，他就写完了一篇文章，这篇文章就是把荒谬的事杂乱地堆在一起；然后，他大胆地把它带去了报社。迪鲁瓦把他的手稿递给福雷斯捷。“这是有关阿尔及利亚的剩余部分。”

"Very well, I will hand it to the manager. That will do."

“很好，我会把它交给经理的。这样就行了。”

When Duroy and Saint-Potin, who had some political information to look up, were in the hall, the latter asked: "Have you been to the cashier's room?”

圣波坦有一些政治信息要查阅，当他和迪鲁瓦在大厅里时，他问迪鲁瓦：“你去过出纳室没？”

"No, why?"

“没有，为什么要去？”

"Why? To get your pay? You should always get your salary a month in advance. One cannot tell what might happen. I will introduce you to the cashier."

“为什么？去取你的薪水啊。你总得提前一个月预支你的薪水。你不知道可能会发生什么。我会把你介绍给出纳员。”

Duroy drew his two hundred francs together with twenty-eight francs for his article of the preceding day, which, in addition to what remained to him of his salary from the railroad office, left him three hundred and forty francs. He had never had so much, and he thought himself rich for an indefinite time. Saint-Potin took him to the offices of four or five rival papers, hoping that the news he had been commissioned to obtain had been already received by them and that he could obtain it by means of his diplomacy.

迪鲁瓦把他的二百法郎薪水连同昨天那篇文章的二十八法郎稿费取了出来；这些钱加上剩余的从铁路局领出的薪水，他身上共留有三百四十法郎。他从来没有过这么多钱，他认为自己会无限期地富有下去。圣波坦带他去了四五家与他们竞争的报社，希望自己被任命搜集的新闻已经被他们收集到了，并希望能利用自己的交际手腕把它弄到手。

When evening came, Duroy, who had nothing more to do, turned toward the Folies-Bergeres, and walking up to the office, he said: "My name is Georges Duroy. I am on the staff of 'La Vie Francaise.' I was here the other night with M. Forestier, who promised to get me a pass.

I do not know if he remembered it.”

当夜晚来临时，迪鲁瓦没有别的事做，便转到“风流牧羊女”娱乐场去了。他走向售票处，说：“我的名字是乔治·迪鲁瓦。我是《法兰西生活报》的员工。前些天晚上，我和福雷斯捷先生来过这里，他允诺过我不用买票。我不知道他是否记得告诉你们。”

The register was consulted, but his name was not inscribed upon it. However, the cashier, a very affable man, said to him: "Come in, M. Duroy, and speak to the manager yourself; he will see that everything is all right."

收银员查阅了登记册，但他的名字没有记在册子上。然而，那个收银员——一个非常友善的男人，对他说：“请进，迪鲁瓦先生，您自己和经理谈谈，他会保证一切顺利的。”

He entered and almost at once came upon Rachel, the woman he had seen there before. She approached him: "Good evening, my dear; are you well?"

他走了进去，然后几乎立刻遇到了拉谢尔——他以前在这里见过的那个女人。她走近他说：“晚上好，亲爱的，你好吗？”

"Very well; how are you?"

“很好，你怎么样？”

"I am not ill. I have dreamed of you twice since the other night."

“我不坏。自从那天晚上之后，我梦到过你两次。”

Duroy smiled. "What does that mean?"

迪鲁瓦微笑起来。“那意味着什么呢？”

"That means that I like you"; she raised her eyes to the young man's face, took his arm and leaning upon it, said: "Let us drink a glass of wine and then take a walk. I should like to go to the opera like this, with you, to show you off."

“那意味着我喜欢你啊。”她抬起眼睛看着这年轻人的脸，挽起他的胳膊，并靠在他的胳膊上，说道：“我们去喝杯酒，然后散散步吧。我要像这样和你去看歌剧，我要让他们看看你。”

At daybreak he again sallied forth to obtain a "Vie Francaise." He opened the paper feverishly; his article was not there. On entering the office several hours later, he said to M. Walter: "I was very much surprised this morning not to see my second article on Algeria."

黎明时分，他又出门买了份《法兰西生活报》。他兴奋地打开报纸；他的文章没在上面。几小时后，他一进报馆，就对瓦尔特先生说：“今天早上我非常惊奇，我没看到我关于阿尔及利亚的第二篇文章。”

The manager raised his head and said sharply: "I gave it to your friend, Forestier, and asked him to read it; he was dissatisfied with it; it will have to be done over."

经理抬起头严厉地说：“我把它给你的朋友福雷斯捷了，我让他看一下；他对文章不满意；这篇文章得重写。”

Without a word, Duroy left the room, and entering his friend's office, brusquely asked: "Why did not my article appear this morning?"

迪鲁瓦一声不吭地离开了房间，走进他朋友的办公室，唐突地问道：“为什么我的文章今早没出现在报纸上？”

The journalist, who was smoking a cigar, said calmly: "The manager did not consider it good, and bade me return it to you to be revised. There it is." Duroy revised it several times, only to have it rejected. He said nothing more of his "souvenirs," but gave his whole attention to reporting. He became acquainted behind the scenes at the theaters, and in the halls and corridors of the chamber of deputies; he knew all the cabinet ministers, generals, police agents, princes, ambassadors, men of the world, Greeks, cabmen, waiters at cafes, and many others. In short he soon became a remarkable reporter, of great value to the paper, so M. Walter said. But as he only received ten centimes a line in addition to his fixed salary of two hundred francs and as his expenses were large, he never had a sou. When he saw certain of his associates with their pockets full of money, he wondered what secret means they employed in order to obtain it. He determined to penetrate that mystery, to enter into the association, to obtrude himself upon his comrades, and make them share with him. Often at evening, as he watched the trains pass his window, he dreamed of the conduct he might pursue.

那位正抽着雪茄的新闻记者平静地说：“经理认为文章不好，吩咐我把它退给你修改。文章在那里。”迪鲁瓦把它修改了好几遍，却都被退回了。他不再提他的旅行纪念，而把他的全部注意力放在报道上了。他对剧院的后台、众议院的前厅和走廊，都变得熟悉了；他认识了所有内阁大臣、将军、警察、王公贵族、大使、上流社会的人、希腊人、马车夫、咖啡馆的服务员和许多其他的人。总之，他很快成了一名出色的记者，正如瓦尔特先生所说的那样，对报社极有价值了。但是，因为除了他二百法郎的固定薪水外，他每写一行字只能得到十分钱，并且因为他的花销很大，他从未结余一苏钱。当他看到他的某些同事口袋里塞满了钱时，他就想知道他们是用了什么秘密方法来弄到钱的。他决心解开这个谜，深入到这个团体中去，闯入他同事们当中，并让他们和他分享挣钱之道。他常常在晚上一边看着经过他窗前的火车，一边幻想自己可能采取的行动。

CHAPTER V. The First Intrigue

第五章 第一次偷情

Two months elapsed. It was September. The fortune which Duroy had hoped to make so rapidly seemed to him slow in coming. Above all he was dissatisfied with the mediocrity of his position; he was appreciated, but was treated according to his rank. Forestier himself no longer invited him to dinner, and treated him as an inferior. Often he had thought of making Mme. Forestier a visit, but the remembrance of their last meeting restrained him. Mme. de Marelle had invited him to call, saying: "I am always at home about three o'clock." So one afternoon, when he had nothing to do, he proceeded toward her house. She lived on Rue Verneuil, on the fourth floor. A maid answered his summons, and said: "Yes, Madame is at home, but I do not know whether she has risen." She conducted Duroy into the drawing-room, which was large, poorly furnished, and somewhat untidy. The shabby, threadbare chairs were ranged along the walls according to the servant's fancy, for there was not a trace visible of the care of a woman who loves her home. Duroy took a seat and waited some time. Then a door opened and Mme. de Marelle entered hastily, clad in a Japanese dressing-gown. She exclaimed: "How kind of you to come to see me. I was positive you had forgotten me." She held out her hand to him with a gesture of delight; and Duroy, quite at his ease in that shabby apartment, kissed it as he had seen Norbert de Varenne do.

两个月过去了。现在是九月。迪鲁瓦期待自己迅速发财，对他来说，发迹似乎姗姗来迟。他尤其对自己地位的平凡感到不满；他受到了赏识，但别人仍根据他的地位对待他。福雷斯捷本人不再邀请他去吃饭了，还把他当成下级对待。他经常想去拜访福雷斯捷夫人，但回想起他们上次的见面，他便不想去了。德马雷勒夫人曾邀请他去她家拜访，她说："我三点左右总在家里。"所以，一天下午，当他无事可做时，就朝她家走去。她住在韦纳伊街，在五楼。迪鲁瓦叫门后，一个女仆开了门，她说："是的，夫人在家呢，但我不知道她起床了没有。"她把迪鲁瓦领进客厅，客厅很大，有点不整洁，且家具陈设不够得体。破烂、陈旧的椅子被仆人按照自己的喜好沿着墙排列着，因为丝毫看不出一个热爱家庭的女人的关心。迪鲁瓦坐下来，等了一段时间。然后，一扇门开了，德马雷勒夫人穿着一件日本晨衣匆匆走了进来。她叫道："您来看我真是太好了。我以为您把我忘了呢。"她高兴地向他伸出手；而在那破旧的房间里觉得很自在的迪鲁瓦也像他看诺贝尔·德瓦雷纳做过的那样，亲了亲她的手。

Examining him from head to foot, she cried: "How you have

changed! Well; tell me the news."

她把他从头到脚打量了一番，叫道：“您变化好大啊！那么，告诉我您的新情况吧。”

They began to chat at once as if they were old acquaintances, and in five minutes an intimacy, a mutual understanding, was established between those two beings alike in character and kind. Suddenly the young woman said in surprise: "It is astonishing how I feel with you. It seems to me as if I had known you ten years. We shall undoubtedly become good friends; would that please you?"

他们立即开始聊起来，好像他们本是老相识一样；然后，五分钟后，这两个性格相似、意气相投的人之间就建立起了一种亲密无间、相互理解的关系。突然，这位年轻的女人惊讶地说：“我和您在一起的感觉，多么令人吃惊啊。我觉得自己似乎已经认识您十年了。毋庸置疑，我们会成为好朋友的；您会愿意那么做吗？”

He replied: "Certainly," with a smile more expressive than words. He thought her very bewitching in her pretty gown. When near Mme. Forestier, whose impassive, gracious smile attracted yet held at a distance, and seemed to say: "I like you, yet take care," he felt a desire to cast himself at her feet, or to kiss the hem of her garment. When near Mme. de Marelle, he felt a more passionate desire.

他微笑着回答说：“当然了。”他的微笑比语言更加意味深长。他觉得穿着漂亮睡袍的她非常迷人。福雷斯捷夫人缺乏热情、亲切有礼的微笑让人心醉却又遥不可及，而且那微笑仿佛在说：“我喜欢你，但请当心。”迪鲁瓦靠近她时，有种想扑倒在她脚下，或吻一吻她衣服上的褶边的冲动。靠近德马雷勒夫人时，他感觉到一种更强烈的欲望。

A gentle rap came at the door through which Mme. de Marelle had entered, and she cried: "You may come in, my darling."

从德马雷勒夫人进来的房门处传来一声轻轻的敲门声，她随即喊道：“你可以进来，我的宝贝。”

The child entered, advanced to Duroy and offered him her hand. The astonished mother murmured: "That is a conquest." The young man, having kissed the child, seated her by his side, and with a serious air questioned her as to what she had done since they last met. She replied in a flute-like voice and with the manner of a woman. The clock struck three; the journalist rose.

那孩子进来了，走向迪鲁瓦，并把手伸给他。吃惊的母亲低声说：“您征服了我女儿。”那个年轻人亲了亲小孩，让她坐在自己身边，然后郑重其事地问她自从他们上次见面后她都做了什么。她以长笛般的嗓音回答他，她的举止像个成年女子。钟敲了三下，这位记者站起身来。

"Come often," said Mme. de Marelle; "it has been a pleasant causerie. I shall always be glad to welcome you. Why do I never meet you at the Forestiers?"

“常来啊，”德马雷勒夫人说，“这种谈话令人愉快。我会永远乐于接待您的。为什么我从没在福雷斯捷家见过您？”

"For no particular reason. I am very busy. I hope, however, that we shall meet there one of these days."

“没什么特别的原因。我很忙。但是，我希望过些天我们能在那里见面。”

In the course of a few days he paid another visit to the enchantress. The maid ushered him into the drawing-room and Laurine soon entered; she offered him not her hand but her forehead, and said: "Mamma wishes me to ask you to wait for her about fifteen minutes, for she is not dressed. I will keep you company."

几天后，他又去拜访那个迷人的女子。女仆把他领进客厅，然后洛琳娜很快就进来了；她不是把手伸给迪鲁瓦，而是把前额伸给他，并说道：“妈妈要我让您等她大概十五分钟，因为她还没穿好衣服。我陪着您吧。”

Duroy, who was amused at the child's ceremonious manner, replied: "Indeed, Mademoiselle, I shall be enchanted to spend a quarter of an hour with you." When the mother entered they were in the midst of an exciting game, and Mme. de Marelle paused in amazement, crying: "Laurine playing? You are a sorcerer, sir!" He placed the child, whom he had caught in his arms, upon the floor, kissed the lady's hand, and they seated themselves, the child between them. They tried to converse, but Laurine, usually so silent, monopolized the conversation, and her mother was compelled to send her to her room.

迪鲁瓦被这孩子一本正经的态度逗乐了，他答道：“实际上，小姐，和您呆上十五分钟，我会很陶醉的。”当母亲进来时，他们正在玩一个令人兴奋的游戏，德马雷勒夫人惊讶地停住脚步叫道：“洛琳娜在玩了？先生，您真是个魔术师！”他把捉在怀里的小孩放在地上，吻了那位夫人的手，然后他们坐下来，那孩子坐在他们中间。他们设法谈话，但一向很沉默的洛琳娜却一个人说个不停，于是她母亲只好让她回自己的房间去。

When they were alone, Mme. de Marelle lowered her voice and said: "I have a great project. It is this: As I dine every week at the Foresters’, I return it from time to time by inviting them to a restaurant. I do not like to have company at home; I am not so situated that I can have any. I know nothing about housekeeping or cooking. I prefer a life free from care; therefore I invite them to the

cafe occasionally; but it is not lively when we are only three. I am telling you this in order to explain such an informal gathering. I should like you to be present at our Saturdays at the Cafe Riche at seven-thirty. Do you know the house?”

当他们俩单独在一起时，德马雷勒夫人压低声音说：“我有个很好的计划。是这样的：因为我每周都在福雷斯捷家吃饭，我有时会请他们去餐馆里，以回请他们。我不喜欢在家里招待客人；我很不擅长这个，因此我不能在家招待他们。我对家务料理或烹饪一窍不通。我更喜欢不用操心的生活；因此我偶尔请他们去餐馆；但只有我们三个的时候却不热闹。我告诉您这些是为了解释我们这种非正式聚会。我们周六七点半在里什餐馆，我希望您到场。您知道那个餐馆吗？”

Duroy accepted gladly. He left her in a transport of delight and impatiently awaited the day of the dinner. He was the first to arrive at the place appointed and was shown into a small private room, in which the table was laid for four; that table looked very inviting with its colored glasses, silver, and candelabra.

迪鲁瓦愉快地答应了。他欣喜若狂地离开了她，然后焦急地等待着晚宴那天的到来。他第一个来到约定地点，而后被带进一个小包间，包间里的桌子上摆好了四个人的餐具；那摆放着彩色玻璃器具、银器和枝状大烛台的桌子看起来非常诱人。

Duroy seated himself upon a low bench. Forestier entered and shook hands with him with a cordiality he never evinced at the office.

迪鲁瓦在一张低矮的长凳上坐下。福雷斯捷进来了，并热诚地和他握手，在报社他从未表现得这般热情友好。

"The two ladies will come together," said he. "These dinners are truly delightful."

“两位女士将一同过来，”他说，“这样的晚宴真令人高兴。”

Very soon the door opened and Mesdames Forestier and De Marelle appeared, heavily veiled, surrounded by the charming mystery necessary to a rendezvous in a place so public. As Duroy greeted the former, she took him to task for not having been to see her; then she added with a smile: "Ah, you prefer Mme. de Marelle; the time passes more pleasantly with her."

很快，门开了，然后福雷斯捷夫人和德马雷勒夫人戴着严严实实的面纱出现了，她们周身散发出一种迷人的神秘感——在一个如此公开的场合约会，这种神秘感是必需的。迪鲁瓦与福雷斯捷夫人打招呼时，她责怪他没有去看她；然后她微笑着补充道：“啊，您更喜欢德马雷勒夫人；和她在一起的时光过得更愉快呢。”

When the waiter handed the wine-list to Forestier, Mme. de Marelle exclaimed: "Bring the gentle-men whatever they want; as for

us, we want nothing but champagne.”

服务员把酒水单递给福雷斯捷时，德马雷勒夫人喊道：“两位先生要什么就给他们拿什么，至于我们俩，我们只要香槟。”

Forestier, who seemed not to have heard her, asked: "Do you object to my closing the window? My cough has troubled me for several days."

福雷斯捷似乎没有听到她说话，问道：“我把窗户关上，您不反对吧？我的咳嗽已经折磨我好几天了。”

"Not at all."

“当然可以。”

His wife did not speak. The various courses were duly served and then the guests began to chat. They discussed a scandal which was being circulated about a society belle. Forestier was very much amused by it. Duroy said with a smile: "How many would abandon themselves to a caprice, a dream of love, if they did not fear that they would pay for a brief happiness with tears and an irremediable scandal?"

他的妻子没说什么。各种各样的菜肴被适时地端上了餐桌，然后客人们开始聊起来。他们谈论起一个正在被散布的、关于一位上流社会美女的绯闻。这绯闻让福雷斯捷大笑起来。迪鲁瓦微笑着说：“如果不是因为害怕短暂的快乐会让她们付出泪水和名誉扫地的代价，不知会有多少人放任自己迷失在反复无常的想法和对爱情的幻想中呢？”

Both women glanced at him approvingly. Forestier cried with a sceptical laugh: "The poor husbands!" Then they talked of love. Duroy said: "When I love a woman, everything else in the world is forgotten."

两位女士都赞许地看着他。福雷斯捷怀疑地笑着叫道：“可怜的丈夫们啊！”接着，他们谈论起爱情。迪鲁瓦说：“当我爱一个女人时，我会忘记世界上的其他一切事物。”

Mme. Forestier murmured: "There is no happiness comparable to that first clasp of the hand, when one asks: 'Do you love me?' and the other replies: 'Yes, I love you.'" Mme.de Marelle cried gaily as she drank a glass of champagne: "I am less Platonic."

福雷斯捷夫人低声说：“假如两个人第一次握手，一个问‘你爱我吗？’而另一个回答‘是的，我爱你。’这将是最幸福的事了。”德马雷勒夫人喝着一杯香槟，同时欢快地喊道：“我可没这么注重精神层面的东西。”

Forestier, lying upon the couch, said in serious tone: "That frankness does you honor and proves you to be a practical woman.

But might one ask, what is M. de Marelle's opinion?”

福雷斯捷躺在长沙发上，用严肃的语气说：“您的坦诚令人敬服，这表明您是个务实的女人。但能问一下德马雷勒先生的意见吗？”

She shrugged her shoulders disdainfully and said: "M. de Marelle has no opinion on that subject."

她不屑地耸耸肩说：“对于这个问题，德马雷勒先生没有意见。”

The conversation grew slow. Mme. de Marelle seemed to offer provocation by her remarks, while Mme. Forestier's charming reserve, the modesty in her voice, in her smile, all seemed to extenuate the bold sallies which issued from her lips. The dessert came and then followed the coffee. The hostess and her guests lighted cigarettes, but Forestier suddenly began to cough. When the attack was over, he growled angrily: "These parties are not good for me; they are stupid. Let us go home."

谈话变得慢下来。德马雷勒夫人似乎在通过她的话进行着挑逗；而福雷斯捷夫人迷人的矜持，她嗓音里、微笑中的稳重似乎都使她双唇间说出的大胆俏皮话不那么露骨。甜点被端上来了，随后上了咖啡。女主人和客人们点起香烟，但福雷斯捷突然开始咳嗽。这阵咳嗽结束后，他生气地吼道：“这种聚会没意思，对我没好处。我们回家吧。”

Mme. de Marelle summoned the waiter and asked for her bill. She tried to read it, but the figures danced before her eyes; she handed the paper to Duroy.

德马雷勒夫人叫来服务员，并向他要账单。她试图看看它，但数字在她眼前跳跃着；她把那张纸递给了迪鲁瓦。

"Here, pay it for me; I cannot see." At the same time, she put her purse in his hand.

“给你，替我付账吧；我看不清。”同时，她把她的钱包放进他手里。

The total was one hundred and thirty francs. Duroy glanced at the bill and when it was settled, whispered: "How much shall I give the waiter?"

总共是一百三十法郎。迪鲁瓦看了眼账单、付过钱后悄声问德马雷勒夫人：“我该给服务员多少小费？”

"Whatever you like; I do not know."

“我不知道，凭你喜欢。”

He laid five francs upon the plate and handed the purse to its owner, saying: "Shall I escort you home?"

他把五法郎放在盘子上，然后把钱包递给它的主人，说道：“要我护

送您回家吗？”

"Certainly; I am unable to find the house."

“当然，我找不着家了。”

They shook hands with the Forestiers and were soon rolling along in a cab side by side. Duroy could think of nothing to say; he felt impelled to clasp her in his arms. "If I should dare, what would she do?" thought he. The recollection of their conversation at dinner emboldened, but the fear of scandal restrained him. Mme. de Marelle reclined silently in her corner. He would have thought her asleep, had he not seen her eyes glisten whenever a ray of light penetrated the dark recesses of the carriage. Of what was she thinking? Suddenly she moved her foot, nervously, impatiently. That movement caused him to tremble, and turning quickly, he cast himself upon her, seeking her lips with his. She uttered a cry, attempted to repulse him and then yielded to his caresses as if she had not the strength to resist.

他们和福雷斯捷夫妇握了手，然后，他俩很快就肩并肩坐在一辆马车里向前行去了。迪鲁瓦想不出该说什么；他忍不住想把她紧紧搂在怀里。“如果我敢的话，她会怎么做？”他想着。回忆起他们晚饭时的谈话，他有了勇气，但对丑闻的恐惧又阻止了他。德马雷勒夫人安静地斜靠在马车的角落里。如果不是每当光线射进黑暗的车厢里时，他就看到她的双眼闪着光的话，他本会以为她睡着了。她在想什么呢？突然，她神经质地、急躁地动了动脚。这个动作使他颤抖起来，于是他迅速转过身，扑到她身上，将嘴唇凑近她的嘴唇。她叫了一声，试图推开他，然后她好像没有力气反抗似的屈服于他的爱抚中。

The carriage stopped at her door, but she did not rise; she did not move, stunned by what had just taken place. Fearing that the cabman would mistrust something, Duroy alighted from the cab first and offered his hand to the young woman. Finally she got out, but in silence. Georges rang the bell, and when the door was opened, he asked timidly: "When shall I see you again?"

马车在她家门口停了下来，但她没有起身；她一动不动，刚刚发生的事让她震惊了。迪鲁瓦害怕马车夫会怀疑什么，就先从马车上跳下来，然后把手伸给那个年轻的女人。终于，她出来了，但一言不发。乔治按了门铃，然后，当门被打开时，他提心吊胆地问道：“我什么时候能再见您？”

She whispered so low that he could barely hear her: "Come and lunch with me to-morrow.” With those words she disappeared.

她极低声地向他耳语，声音小得几乎听不到：“明天来和我吃午饭。”说完这话，她就离开了。

Duroy gave the cabman a five-franc piece, and turned away with

a triumphant, joyful air. He had at last conquered a married woman! A woman of the world! A Parisian! How easy it had been!

迪鲁瓦给了车夫一枚五法郎的硬币，然后带着得意洋洋、兴高采烈的神情转身离开了。他终于征服了一个已婚女子！一个上流社会的女人！一个巴黎人！这多么容易啊！

He was somewhat nervous the following day as he ascended Mme. de Marelle's staircase. How would she receive him? Suppose she forbade him to enter her house? If she had told—but no, she could not tell anything without telling the whole truth! He was master of the situation!

第二天，当他爬上德马雷勒夫人家的楼梯时，他有点紧张。她会怎样接待他呢？假如她不让他进她家怎么办？如果她告诉——但是不可能，她要么全说出来，要么什么也不可能说。他是局势的掌控者！

The little maid-servant opened the door. She was as pleasant as usual. Duroy felt reassured and asked: "Is Madame well?"

矮小的女仆开了门。她像往常一样和气。迪鲁瓦放心了，他问道：“夫人好吗？”

"Yes, sir; as well as she always is," was the reply, and he was ushered into the salon. He walked to the mantelpiece to see what kind of an appearance he presented: he was readjusting his cravat when he saw in the mirror the young woman standing on the threshold looking at him. He pretended not to have seen her, and for several moments they gazed at one another in the mirror. Then he turned. She had not moved; she seemed to be waiting. He rushed toward her crying: "How I love you!" He clasped her to his breast. He thought: "It is easier than I thought it would be. All is well." He looked at her with a smile, without uttering a word, trying to put into his glance a wealth of love. She too smiled and murmured: "We are alone. I sent Laurine to lunch with a friend."

“很好，先生，她和往常一样好。”她答道，然后把他领进了客厅。他走向壁炉架，以便看看自己的外表怎么样；正当他重新调整领带时，他从镜子里看到那个年轻的女人正站在门口看着他。他假装没看到她，他们在镜子里彼此注视了一会儿。然后他转过身。她没有动，似乎在等待着。他快步走向她，喊道：“我多么爱你啊！”他把她紧紧抱在胸前。他想：“这比我想的更容易些。一切顺利。”他一言不发，微笑着看着她，设法使自己的眼神充满深情。她也微笑着，并低声说：“家里就我们俩了。我让洛琳娜和一个朋友吃午饭去了。”

He sighed, and kissing her wrists said: "Thanks; I adore you." She took his arm as if he had been her husband, and led him to a couch, upon which they seated themselves side by side. Duroy stammered, incoherently: "You do not care for me."

他松了口气，吻着她的手腕说："谢谢，我好爱你啊。"她挽起他的胳膊，仿佛他是自己的丈夫一样，然后她引他到一张长沙发边，他们在上面并肩坐了下来。迪鲁瓦支支吾吾、语无伦次地说："你不喜欢我。"

She laid her hand upon his lips. "Be silent!"

她把手捂在他的双唇上。"别说话！"

"How I love you!"said he.

"我多么爱你啊！"他说。

She repeated: "Be silent!"

她重复道："别出声！"

They could hear the servant laying the table in the dining-room. He rose: "I cannot sit so near you. I shall lose my head."

他们能听到仆人在餐厅摆设餐具的声音。他起身说："我不能坐得离你这么近。我会失去理智的。"

The door opened: "Madame is served!"

门开了："夫人，午饭准备好了。"

He offered her his arm gravely. They lunched without knowing what they were eating. The servant came and went without seeming to notice anything. When the meal was finished, they returned to the drawing-room and resumed their seats on the couch side by side. Gradually he drew nearer her and tried to embrace her.

他郑重其事地向她伸出胳膊。他们吃着午饭，却不知在吃些什么。仆人进进出出，似乎什么也没有注意到。吃完饭后，他们回到客厅，然后又并肩坐到长沙发他们坐过的位置上。他逐渐向她靠近，并试着拥抱她。

"Be careful, some one might come in."

"当心，有人可能会进来。"

He whispered: "When can I see you alone to tell you how I love you?"

他耳语道："我什么时候能单独见见你，告诉你我有多么爱你？"

She leaned toward him and said softly: "I will pay you a visit one of these days."

她向他倾身过去，并柔声说："过几天我会去看你。"

He colored. "My rooms—are—are—very modest."

他脸红了。"我的房间……非常简陋。"

She smiled: "That makes no difference. I shall come to see you

and not your rooms."

她微笑着说：“那没影响。我去看你，又不是你的房间。”

He urged her to tell him when she would come. She fixed a day in the following week, while he besought her with glowing eyes to hasten the day. She was amused to see him implore so ardently and yielded a day at a time. He repeated: "To-morrow, say—to-morrow.” Finally she consented. "Yes, to-morrow at five o'clock.”

他要求她告诉他她什么时候会去。当她定了下周的某一天时，他用热切的目光恳求她把那一天提前。她很高兴见他这样热切地恳求，于是她一天天地让步。他重复说：“明天，比方说——明天。”她终于答应了。“好吧，明天五点钟。”

He drew a deep breath; then they chatted together as calmly as if they had known one another for twenty years. A ring caused them to start; they separated. She murmured: "It is Laurine."

他深深地舒了口气；接着他们一起平静地聊天，仿佛他们已经认识彼此二十年了一般。一阵门铃声使他们吃了一惊；他们分开来。她低声说：“是洛琳娜。”

The child entered, paused in surprise, then ran toward Duroy clapping her hands, delighted to see him, and crying: "Ah, 'Bel-Ami!'“

那孩子走进来，吃惊地停住了脚步，然后她拍着手跑向迪鲁瓦，看到他很高兴，叫道：“噢，‘漂亮朋友’!"

Mme. de Marelle laughed. "Bel-Ami! Laurine has christened you. It is a pretty name. I shall call you Bel-Ami, too!”

德马雷勒夫人大笑起来。“漂亮朋友！洛琳娜给你起了个名字。这名字多好听啊。我也叫你漂亮朋友吧！”

He took the child upon his knee. At twenty minutes of three he rose to go to the office; at the half-open door he whispered: "To-morrow, five o'clock.” The young woman replied: "Yes," with a smile and disappeared.

他把那孩子抱在自己膝盖上。两点四十分时，他起身去报馆；在半掩的门边，他低声说：“明天，五点。”那位年轻的女士微笑着回答：“好的。”然后便离开了。

After he had finished his journalistic work, he tried to render his apartments more fit to receive his expected visitor. He was well satisfied with the results of his efforts and retired, lulled to rest by the whistling of the trains. Early the next morning he bought a cake and a bottle of Madeira. He spread the collation on his dressing-table which was covered with a napkin. Then he waited. She came at a quarter past five and exclaimed as she entered: "Why, it is nice here. But there

were a great many people on the stairs."

做完他的新闻工作后，他设法使自己的公寓更适合接待他期待的客人。他对自己努力的成果很满意，便停下来休息，在火车的汽笛声中睡去。第二天一大早，他买了一个蛋糕和一瓶马德拉白葡萄酒。他把这些小吃摆放到盖着块餐巾的梳妆台上。然后他等待着。五点十五分，她来了，她一边进房，一边喊道："哎呀，这里很好嘛。但是，楼梯里有好多人。"

He took her in his arms and kissed her hair. An hour and a half later he escorted her to a cab-stand on the Rue de Rome. When she was seated in the cab, he whispered: "Tuesday, at the same hour."

他把她抱在怀里，亲吻她的头发。一个半小时后，他把她送到罗马路上的一个出租马车站。她坐在马车里时，他悄声说："周二，同一时间。"

She repeated his words, and as it was night, she kissed him. Then as the cabman started up his horse, she cried:" Adieu, Bel-Ami!" and the old coupe rumbled off.

她重复他的话，因为天色已黑，她吻了吻他。然后，当车夫驱动他的马时，她喊道："再见，漂亮朋友！"那老马车便隆隆地离开了。

For three weeks Duroy received Mme. de Marelle every two or three days, sometimes in the morning, sometimes in the evening.

连续三个星期，迪鲁瓦每两三天接待一次德马雷勒夫人，有时在上午，有时在晚上。

As he was awaiting her one afternoon, a noise on the staircase drew him to his door. A child screamed. A man's angry voice cried: "What is the brat howling about?"

一天下午，当他正等着她时，楼道里的一阵吵闹把他引到了门口。一个孩子尖叫着。一个男人的声音生气地喊道："这孩子在哭叫什么？"

A woman's voice replied: "Nicolas has been tripped up on the landing-place by the journalist's sweetheart."

一个女人的声音回答说："尼古拉被那记者的情妇绊倒在楼梯平台上了。"

Duroy retreated, for he heard the rustling of skirts. Soon there was a knock at his door, which he opened, and Mme. de Marelle rushed in, crying: "Did you hear?" Georges feigned ignorance of the matter.

迪鲁瓦退回屋里，因为他听到了裙子的窸窣声。很快，他门上响起了一阵敲门声，他打开门，德马雷勒夫人冲进来喊道："你听到了吗？"乔治假装不知道这件事。

"No; what?"

“没有啊，什么事？”

"How they insulted me?"

“他们怎么侮辱我的？”

"Who?"

“谁？”

"Those miserable people below."

“下面那些卑鄙的人。”

"Why, no; what is it? Tell me."

“为什么，我没听到；怎么回事？告诉我。”

She sobbed and could not speak. He was forced to place her upon his bed and to lay a damp cloth upon her temples. When she grew calmer, anger succeeded her agitation. She wanted Duroy to go downstairs at once, to fight them, to kill them.

她呜咽着，说不出话来。他只得让她躺在自己床上，并把一块湿布放到她太阳穴上。她变得平静些后，愤怒就紧随烦乱而来了。她要迪鲁瓦立刻下楼去，去同他们打架，去杀死他们。

He replied: "They are working-people. Just think, it would be necessary to go to court where you would be recognized; one must not compromise oneself with such people.”

他回答说：“他们是工人。你只要想想，真闹起来就得上法庭了，在法庭上你会被认出来的；我们不能为这种人连累自己。”

She said: "What shall we do? I cannot come here again."

她说：“我们该怎么办呢？我不能再来这里了。”

He replied: "That is very simple. I will move."

他回答说：“这很简单。我搬家。”

She murmured: "Yes, but that will take some time."

她低声说：“好，但那得花些时间。”

Suddenly she said: "Listen to me, I have found a means; do not worry about it. I will send you a 'little blue' to-morrow morning.” She called a telegram a "little blue."

突然，她说：“听我说，我已经找到一个办法了；别为此担心了。明天早上我会让人送一个‘小蓝条’给你。”她称电报为“小蓝条”。

She smiled with delight at her plans, which she would not reveal. She was, however, very much affected as she descended the staircase

and leaned with all her strength upon her lover's arm. They met no one.

她微笑着，为自己的计划而高兴，她不愿透露是什么办法。然而下楼时，她却很不自然，她用尽全身力气倚靠在她情人的胳膊上。他们没碰到任何人。

He was still in bed the following morning when the promised telegram was handed him. Duroy opened it and read: "Come at five o'clock to Rue de Constantinople, No.127. Ask for the room rented by Mme. Duroy. CLO.”

第二天早上，当他还在床上时，德马雷勒夫人许诺的那封电报就被送到他手里了。迪鲁瓦打开它，读道：“五点钟来君士坦丁堡街127号。找迪鲁瓦夫人租的房间。克洛。”

At five o'clock precisely he entered a large furnished house and asked the janitor: "Has Mme. Duroy hired a room here?"

五点钟，他准时走进一幢带家具的大房子，并问门房：“迪鲁瓦夫人是不是在这里租了一个房间？”

"Yes, sir."

“是的，先生。”

"Will you show me to it, if you please?"

“如果您愿意的话，带我去那里好吗？”

The man, accustomed no doubt to situations in which it was necessary to be prudent, looked him straight in the eyes; then selecting a key, he asked: "Are you M. Duroy?"

那个人对这种必须谨慎的情况无疑已习惯了，他直直地看着他的双眼；然后挑出一把钥匙问道：“您是迪鲁瓦先生吗？”

"Certainly."

“当然。”

He opened a small suite, comprising two rooms on the ground floor.

他打开一个小套房，这套房由两个房间组成，在一楼。

Duroy thought uneasily: "This will cost a fortune. I shall have to run into debt. She has done a very foolish thing."

迪鲁瓦不安地想：“这要花一大笔钱。我得欠债了。她办了件非常愚蠢的事。”

The door opened and Clotilde rushed in. She was enchanted. "Is it not fine? There are no stairs to climb; it is on the ground floor! One could come and go through the window without the porter seeing

one."

门开了，克洛蒂尔德冲了进来。她被迷住了。“这房间不错吧？没有楼梯要爬，它在一楼！可以从窗户进出，而不被门房看见。”

He embraced her nervously, not daring to ask the question that hovered upon his lips. She had placed a large package on the stand in the center of the room. Opening it she took out a tablet of soap, a bottle of Lubin's extract, a sponge, a box of hairpins, a button-hook, and curling-tongs. Then she amused herself by finding places in which to put them.

他紧张地抱着她，不敢问悬在他嘴边的那个问题。她把一个大包放到房间中央的架子上。她打开它，拿出一小块香皂、一瓶吕班精华香水、一块海绵、一盒发夹、一个纽扣钩和一些卷发夹。然后，她为自己找到摆放它们的地方而高兴。

She talked incessantly as she opened the drawers: "I must bring some linen in order to have a change. We shall each have a key, besides the one at the lodge, in case we should forget ours. I rented the apartments for three months—in your name, of course, for I could not give mine.”

她打开抽屉时不停地说：“我得带些衬衣裤来，以便更换。我们各自有一把钥匙，此外还有一把在门房那里，以防我们忘了钥匙。这套间我租了三个月——当然是用你的名字，因为我不能给出我的名字。”

Then he asked: "Will you tell me when to pay?"

接着他问道：“你能告诉我什么时候付房租吗？”

She replied simply: "It is paid, my dear."

她若无其事地答道：“亲爱的，我已经付过了。”

He made a pretense of being angry: "I cannot permit that."

他假装生气地说：“我不能允许你付房租。”

She laid her hand upon his shoulder and said in a supplicatory tone: "Georges, it will give me pleasure to have the nest mine. Say that you do not care, dear Georges," and he yielded. When she had left him, he murmured: "She is kind-hearted, anyway.”

她把手搭在他的肩上，并用恳求的语气说：“乔治，有自己的窝，能让我高兴。说你不介意嘛，亲爱的乔治。”于是，他让步了。她离开他后，他低声说：“不管怎样，她是好心的。”

Several days later he received a telegram which read: "My husband is coming home this evening. We shall therefore not meet for a week. What a bore, my dearest!"

几天后，他收到了封电报，上面写着：“我丈夫今晚要回家。因此，

我们得一个星期不见面了。多么令人讨厌的一件事啊，我最亲爱的人！”

"YOUR CLO."

“你的克洛。”

Duroy was startled; he had not realized the fact that Mme. de Marelle was married. He impatiently awaited her husband's departure. One morning he received the following telegram: "Five o'clock.—CLO.”

迪鲁瓦吃了一惊，他没有意识到德马雷勒夫人已婚这个事实。他焦急地等待着她丈夫的离开。一天早上，他收到了下面这封电报：“五点见。——克洛。”

When they met, she rushed into his arms, kissed him passionately, and asked: "After a while will you take me to dine?"

他们见面时，她冲进他怀里，热情地吻他，然后问：“一会儿你带我去吃晚饭好吗？”

"Certainly, my darling, wherever you wish to go."

“当然好啊，亲爱的，你想去哪里都行。”

"I should like to go to some restaurant frequented by the working-classes.”

“我想去某个工人阶级常去的餐厅。”

They repaired to a wine merchant's where meals were also served. Clotilde's entrance caused a sensation on account of the elegance of her dress. They partook of a ragout of mutton and left that place to enter a ball-room in which she pressed more closely to his side. In fifteen minutes her curiosity was satisfied and he conducted her home. Then followed a series of visits to all sorts of places of amusement. Duroy soon began to tire of those expeditions, for he had exhausted all his resources and all means of obtaining money. In addition to that he owed Forestier a hundred francs, Jacques Rival three hundred, and he was hampered with innumerable petty debts ranging from twenty francs to one hundred sous.

他们去了一家酒馆，那里也供应饭食。克洛蒂尔德衣着优雅，因此，她走进酒馆就引起了轰动。他们吃光了一份蔬菜炖羊肉，然后离开了那个地方，进入一个舞厅；在那里，她更亲密地紧贴在他身边。十五分钟后，她的好奇心得到了满足，于是他把她带回她家去。接着的是一连串到各种娱乐场所的游玩。很快，迪鲁瓦开始厌倦了这种出行，因为他已经用尽了他所有的资财和所有弄到钱的方法。除此之外，他欠了福雷斯捷一百法郎，欠雅克·里瓦尔三百法郎，而且他还被数不清的从二十法郎到一百苏的小额债务束缚着。

On the fourteenth of December, he was left without a sou in his

pocket. As he had often done before, he did not lunch, and spent the afternoon working at the office. At four o'clock he received a telegram from Mme. de Marelle, saying: "Shall we dine together and afterward have a frolic?"

十二月十四号，他口袋里一苏钱都不剩了。像他以前经常干的一样，他不吃午饭，并且下午在报社工作。四点时，他收到了一封来自德马雷勒夫人的电报，上面说：“我们一起吃晚饭，然后嬉闹一番，好吗？”

He replied at once: "Impossible to dine," then he added: "But I will expect you at our apartments at nine o'clock.” Having sent a boy with the note in order to save the money for a telegram, he tried to think of some way by which he could obtain his evening meal. He waited until all of his associates had gone and when he was alone, he rang for the porter, put his hand in his pocket and said: "Foucart, I have left my purse at home and I have to dine at the Luxembourg. Lend me fifty sous to pay for my cab."

他立即答复说：“不能和你吃晚饭。”接着他补充道：“但我九点会在我们的公寓等你。”为了省下发电报的钱，他让一个男孩把纸条送去，然后他试着想出一些能吃到晚饭的方法。他等着，直到他所有同事都走了、他独自一人时，他按铃叫来门房，把手放进口袋里说：“富卡尔，我把钱包落在家里了，而我得去卢森堡参加晚宴。借给我五十苏来付马车费吧。”

The man handed him three francs and asked: "Is that enough?"

那个人递给他三法郎问：“这些够吗？”

"Yes, thank you." Taking the coins, Duroy rushed down the staircase and dined at a cookshop.

“够了，谢谢你。”迪鲁瓦拿起那些硬币，冲下楼梯，在一家小餐馆吃了晚饭。

At nine o'clock, Mme. de Marelle, whom he awaited in the tiny salon, arrived. She wished to take a walk and he objected. His opposition irritated her.

九点钟，他在小客厅里等着的德马雷勒夫人到了。她想去散散步，但他反对了。他的反对激怒了她。

"I shall go alone, then. Adieu!"

“那么，我一个人去。再见！”

Seeing that the situation was becoming grave, he seized her hands and kissed them, saying: "Pardon me, darling; I am nervous and out of sorts this evening. I have been annoyed by business matters."

看到情况正变得严重起来，他抓住她的双手吻了吻，说：“对不起，

亲爱的；今晚我神经紧张、心情不好。我一直在为工作的事烦恼。”

Somewhat appeased but still, vexed, she replied: "That does not concern me; I will not be the butt for your ill humor."

她的怒气稍微平息了些，但仍恼火，她答道：“那和我没关系，我才不会做你的出气筒。”

He clasped her in his arms and murmured his apologies. Still she persisted in her desire to go out.

他把她抱在怀里，并低声道歉。她仍然坚持想出去。

"I beseech you, remain here by the fire with me. Say yes."

“我求求你，留在这里，和我呆在炉火边吧。答应我。”

"No," she replied, "I will not yield to your caprices."

“不，”她回答说，“我不会迁就你那些反复无常的想法。”

He insisted: "I have a reason, a serious reason—”

他坚持道：“我是有原因的，一个重要的原因——”

"If you will not go with me, I shall go alone. Adieu!"

“如果你不跟我去的话，我就自己一个人去。再见！”

She disengaged herself from his embrace and fled to the door. He followed her: "Listen Clo, my little Clo, listen to me—”

她从他的拥抱中挣脱出来，并跑到门口。他跟上她：“听着，克洛，我的小克洛，听我说——”

She shook her head, evaded his caresses and tried to escape from his encircling arms.

她摇摇头，避开他的吻，并试着从他拥过来的双臂中逃脱出来。

"I have a reason—”

“我是有原因的——”

Looking him in the face, she said: "You lie! What is it?"

她看着他的脸说：“你撒谎！什么原因？”

He colored, and in order to avoid a rupture, confessed in accents of despair: "I have no money!"

他脸红了，为了避免关系破裂，他绝望地坦白道：“我没钱了！”

She would not believe him until he had turned all his pockets inside out, to prove his words. Then she fell upon his breast: "Oh, my poor darling! Had I known! How did it happen?"

她不相信他，直到他把所有的口袋翻出来以证明自己的话，她才相

信了。然后，她扑在他胸膛上说：“啊，我可怜的宝贝！我早知道就好了！怎么会这样的？”

He invented a touching story to this effect: That his father was in straitened circumstances, that he had given him not only his savings, but had run himself into debt.

他虚构了一个动人的故事，大意是这样的：他父亲境况窘迫，他不仅把自己的积蓄给了他，而且还欠了债。

"I shall have to starve for the next six months."

“接下来的六个月，我得挨饿了。”

"Shall I lend you some?" she whispered.

“我借你些钱吧？”她耳语道。

He replied with dignity: "You are very kind, dearest; but do not mention that again; it wounds me."

他不失尊严地回答：“你太好了，亲爱的；但不要再提这件事了；那会伤害我。”

She murmured: "You will never know how much I love you." On taking leave of him, she asked: "Shall we meet again the day after to-morrow?”

她低声说：“你永远不会了解我有多么爱你。”向他告别时，她问道：“我们后天再见面吧？”

"Certainly."

“当然好啊。”

"At the same time?"

“还是这个时间？”

"Yes, my darling."

“好的，亲爱的。”

They parted.

他们分开了。

When Duroy opened his bedroom door and fumbled in his vest pocket for a match, he was amazed to find in it a piece of money—a twenty-franc piece! At first he wondered by what miracle it had got there; suddenly it occurred to him that Mme. de Marelle had given him alms! Angry and humiliated, he determined to return it when next they met. The next morning it was late when he awoke; he tried to overcome his hunger. He went out and as he passed the restaurants he could scarcely resist their temptations. At noon he said: "Bah, I

shall lunch upon Clotilde's twenty francs; that will not hinder me from returning the money to-morrow.”

当迪鲁瓦打开卧室房门、在背心口袋里摸索火柴时，他吃惊地在里面找了一枚硬币——一枚二十法郎的硬币！开始，他还想，是什么奇迹让它到自己口袋里去的；突然，他想到，这是德马雷勒夫人给他的施舍！他又愤怒又屈辱，决定在他们下次见面时把它还回去。第二天早上，他醒来时已经很晚了；他试图战胜饥饿。他出门去了，当他路过餐馆时，简直无法抵挡它们的诱惑。中午时，他说：“呸，我用克洛蒂尔德的二十法郎吃午饭吧；那也不妨碍我明天把钱还给她。”

He ate his lunch, for which he paid two francs fifty, and on entering the office of "La Vie Francaise" he repaid the porter the three francs he had borrowed from him. He worked until seven o'clock, then he dined, and he continued to draw upon the twenty francs until only four francs twenty remained. He decided to say to Mme. de Marelle upon her arrival: "I found the twenty-franc piece you slipped into my pocket. I will not return the money to-day, but I will repay you when we next meet.”

他花了两个半法郎吃了午饭，然后，在走进《法兰西生活报》的办公室时，他把从门房那里借的三法郎还给了他。他一直工作到七点下班，然后吃了晚饭；接着，他继续花着那二十法郎，一直花到只剩四法郎二十生丁。他决定在德马雷勒夫人到来时对她说：“我发现了你偷偷放进我口袋里的那枚二十法郎硬币。我今天没法把钱还给你，但我会在下次我们见面时还给你。”

When Madame came, he dared not broach the delicate subject. They spent the evening together and appointed their next meeting for Wednesday of the following week, for Mme. de Marelle had a number of engagements. Duroy continued to accept money from Clotilde and quieted his conscience by assuring himself: "I will give it back in a lump. It is nothing but borrowed money anyway." So he kept account of all that he received in order to pay it back some day.

夫人来到时，他不敢提起这个敏感的话题。他们一起度过了那个晚上，并且，由于德马雷勒夫人有好几个约会，他们把下次会面定在下周三。迪鲁瓦继续接受着克洛蒂尔德给的钱，并且，为了安慰自己的良心，他向自己保证道：“我会把钱一并还给她。不管怎样，这只是借的钱而已。”所以，他把收到的所有钱都记录下来，以便来日将它奉还。

One evening, Mme. de Marelle said to him: "Would you believe that I have never been to the Folies-Bergeres; will you take me there?”

一天晚上，德马雷勒夫人对他说：“你相信我从来没有去过‘风流牧羊女’娱乐场吗？你愿意带我去那里吗？”

He hesitated, fearing a meeting with Rachel. Then he thought:

"Bah, I am not married after all. If she should see me, she would take in the situation and not accost me. Moreover, we would have a box."

他犹豫了，害怕碰到拉谢尔。然后他想：“呸，毕竟我还没结婚呢。如果她看到我，她会理解这个情况，并且不和我说话的。此外，我们会有个包厢的。”

When they entered the hall, it was crowded; with difficulty they made their way to their seats. Mme. de Marelle did not look at the stage; she was interested in watching the women who were promenading, and she felt an irresistible desire to touch them, to see of what those beings were made. Suddenly she said: "There is a large brunette who stares at us all the time. I think every minute she will speak to us. Have you seen her?"

他们进入大厅时，里面很拥挤；他们吃力地向座位走去。德马雷勒夫人没有看舞台；她感兴趣地看着那些漫步着的女人，她有种无法抗拒的欲望，想摸摸她们，想看看这些人是用什么做的。突然，她说道：“那里有个深褐色头发的胖女人，她一直盯着我们。我想，她随时会和我们说话。你看到她了吗？”

He replied: "No, you are mistaken."

他答道：“没呀，你看错了。”

He told an untruth, for he had noticed the woman, who was no other than Rachel, with anger in her eyes and violent words upon her lips.

他撒了个谎，因为他已经注意到那个女人了，她正是拉谢尔；她眼里透着怒气，嘴上言辞激烈。

Duroy had passed her when he and Mme. de Marelle entered and she had said to him: "Good evening," in a low voice and with a wink which said "I understand." But he had not replied; for fear of being seen by his sweetheart he passed her coldly, disdainfully. The woman, her jealousy aroused, followed the couple and said in a louder key: "Good evening, Georges." He paid no heed to her. Then she was determined to be recognized and she remained near their box, awaiting a favorable moment. When she saw that she was observed by Mme. de Marelle, she touched Duroy's shoulder with the tip of her finger, and said: "Good evening. How are you?"

迪鲁瓦和德马雷勒夫人进来时，他曾从她身边经过，她低声对他说：“晚上好”，同时使了个眼色，意思是说：“我明白。”但他没有回答；因为害怕被他的情人看见，他冷淡地、轻蔑地从她身边走过去了。那个女人的妒意被激发了，她跟着这对情侣，并更大声地说：“晚上好，乔治。”他没有理她。然后，她决心要迪鲁瓦认出她，她在他们的包厢附近逗留，等待有利的时机。当她看到德马雷勒夫人正在观察她时，她用

指尖碰了碰迪鲁瓦的肩膀说：“晚上好啊。你好吗？”

But Georges did not turn his head.

但是乔治没有回头。

She continued: "Have you grown deaf since Thursday?"

她接着说：“自星期四之后，你就变聋了？”

Still he did not reply. She laughed angrily and cried: "Are you dumb, too? Perhaps Madame has your tongue?"

他仍然不回答。她生气地大笑着喊道：“你也哑了么？也许这位夫人把你的舌头拿走了？”

With a furious glance, Duroy then exclaimed: "How dare you accost me? Go along or I will have you arrested."

于是，迪鲁瓦非常生气地看了她一眼，喊道：“你怎么敢和我搭讪？走开，否则我会叫人逮捕你。”

With flaming eyes, she cried: "Ah, is that so! Because you are with another is no reason that you cannot recognize me. If you had made the least sign of recognition when you passed me, I would not have molested you. You did not even say good evening to me when you met me."

她两眼冒着火，喊道：“啊，是这样的啊！不能因为你跟另一个女人在一起，就认不出我了。你从我身边走过时，如果你稍稍表示一下你认识我，我就不会干扰你了。你碰见我时，甚至都没和我说声晚上好。”

During that tirade Mme. de Marelle in affright opened the door of the box and fled through the crowd seeking an exit. Duroy rushed after her. Rachel, seeing him disappear, cried: "Stop her! she has stolen my lover!"

在那滔滔不绝的责骂中，德马雷勒夫人惊恐地打开包厢门跑了出去，她穿过人群，寻找着出口。迪鲁瓦追着她冲了出去。看到他跑出去，拉谢尔喊道：“拦住她！她偷走了我的情人！”

Two men seized the fugitive by the shoulder, but Duroy, who had caught up with her, bade them desist, and together he and Clotilde reached the street.

两个男人抓住了逃跑的德马雷勒夫人的肩膀，但迪鲁瓦追上了她，让他们住手，并和克洛蒂尔德一起到了街上。

They entered a cab. The cabman asked: "Where shall I drive to?" Duroy replied: "Where you will!"

他们进了一辆马车。马车夫问：“你们要去哪里？”迪鲁瓦回答道：“随你的便！”

Clotilde sobbed hysterically. Duroy did not know what to say or do. At length he stammered: "Listen Clo—my dearest Clo, let me explain. It is not my fault. I knew that woman—long ago—”

克洛蒂尔德歇斯底里地啜泣着。迪鲁瓦不知道该说什么，或做什么。终于，他结结巴巴地说：“听着，克洛……我最亲爱的克洛，让我解释。这不是我的错。我认识那个女人……是在很久以前……”

She raised her head and with the fury of a betrayed woman, she cried disconnectedly: "Ah, you miserable fellow—what a rascal you are! Is it possible? What disgrace, oh, my God! You gave her my money—did you not? I gave him the money—for that woman—oh, the wretch!”

她抬起头，非常生气自己被背叛了，她断断续续地喊道：“啊，你这个卑鄙的家伙……你真是个无赖！这是真的吗？多丢人啊，哦，天哪！你把我的钱给她了……是不是？我给他钱……他给了那个女人……啊，无耻之徒！”

For several moments she seemed to be vainly seeking an epithet more forcible. Suddenly leaning forward she grasped the cabman's sleeve. "Stop!" she cried, and opening the door, she alighted. Georges was about to follow her but she commanded: "I forbid you to follow me," in a voice so loud that the passers-by crowded around her, and Duroy dared not stir for fear of a scandal.

有一会儿，她似乎在找更强有力的表述词，却没有找到。突然，她倾身向前，抓住车夫的袖子。“停下！”她喊道，然后打开车门，跳下车。乔治正打算跟着她，但她命令道：“不许跟着我！”她的声音很大，以至于路人都围在了她身边，迪鲁瓦担心传出丑闻，一动都不敢动。

She drew out her purse, and taking two francs fifty from it, she handed it to the cabman, saying aloud: "Here is the money for your hour. Take that rascal to Rue Boursault at Batignolles!"

她拿出钱包，从里面取出两个半法郎，把它递给车夫，大声说：“这是给你的车钱。把这个流氓带到巴蒂尼奥勒的布尔索街！”

The crowd applauded; one man said: "Bravo, little one!" and the cab moved on, followed by the jeers of the bystanders.

人群发出喝彩声；一个男人说：“好样的，小宝贝！”然后，马车继续前进，后面传来旁观者的嘲笑声。

CHAPTER VI. A Step Upward

第六章 更进一步

The next morning Georges Duroy arose, dressed himself, and determined to have money; he sought Forestier. His friend received him in his study.

第二天早上，乔治·迪鲁瓦起床穿好衣服，决定弄些钱；他去找福雷斯捷。他的朋友在书房接待了他。

"What made you rise so early?" he asked.

“你怎么起得这么早？”他问。

"A very serious matter. I have a debt of honor."

“一件非常重要的事。我欠了笔信用上的债。”

"A gaming debt?"

“一笔赌债？”

He hesitated, then repeated: "A gaming debt."

他犹豫了，然后重复道：“一笔赌债。”

"Is it large?"

“金额大吗？”

"Five hundred francs." He only needed two hundred and eighty.

“五百法郎。”他只需要二百八十法郎。

Forestier asked sceptically: "To whom do you owe that amount?"

福雷斯捷怀疑地问：“你欠谁那些钱？”

Duroy did not reply at once. "To—to—a—M. de Carleville.”

迪鲁瓦没有立刻回答。“欠……欠……一位……德卡勒维尔先生。”

"Ah, where does he live?"

“啊，他住在哪里？”

"Rue—Rue—”

“在……在……”

Forestier laughed. "I know the gentleman! If you want twenty francs you can have them, but no more."

福雷斯捷笑起来。“我认识这位先生！如果你想要二十法郎，我可以给你，但再多就不行了。”

Duroy took the gold-piece, called upon more friends, and by five o'clock had collected eighty francs. As he required two hundred more, he kept what he had begged and muttered: "I shall not worry about it. I will pay it when I can."

迪鲁瓦收下了这枚金币，拜访了其他朋友，五点前，他凑到了八十法郎。因为他还需要二百法郎，他就把讨来的钱留下，咕哝道：“我不必为此担心。等我能还时，我会还回去的。”

For two weeks he lived economically, but at the end of that time, the good resolutions he had formed vanished, and one evening he returned to the Folies Bergeres in search of Rachel; but the woman was implacable and heaped coarse insults upon him, until he felt his cheeks tingle and he left the hall.

他省吃俭用地过了两周，但最终，他下的好决心却消失得无影无踪了。于是，一天晚上，他回到“风流牧羊女”娱乐场找拉谢尔；但他安抚不好那个女人，她说了许多粗俗的话来辱骂他，直到他觉得双颊刺痛并离开了大厅。

Forestier, out of health and feeble, made Duroy's existence at the office insupportable. The latter did not reply to his rude remarks, but determined to be avenged. He called upon Mme. Forestier. He found her reclining upon a couch, reading. She held out her hand without rising and said: "Good morning, Bel-Ami!”

健康不佳、身体虚弱的福雷斯捷使迪鲁瓦在报社里忍无可忍。后者对他粗鲁的言语不予回击，却下决心报复。他拜访了福雷斯捷夫人。他看到她斜倚在一张长沙发上看书。她没有起身，伸出她的手说：“早上好，漂亮朋友！”

"Why do you call me by that name?"

“您为什么叫我那个名字？”

She replied with a smile: "I saw Mme. de Marelle last week and I know what they have christened you at her house."

她微笑着回答说：“上周我见到德马雷勒夫人，我就知道她们在家给您起的名字了。”

He took a seat near his hostess and glanced at her curiously; she was a charming blonde, fair and plump, made for caresses, and he thought: "She is certainly nicer than the other one." He did not doubt that he would only have to extend his hand in order to gather the fruit. As he gazed upon her she chided him for his neglect of her.

他在女主人身边坐下，好奇地看着她；她金发碧眼、漂亮迷人、白皙丰满，是为爱抚而生的，于是他想：“她确实比另一位好看。”他相信，要收获这果实，他只需要伸出手。当他注视着她时，她责备他忽视了她。

He replied: "I did not come because it was for the best—”

他答道：“我不来是因为这样最好——”

"How? Why?"

“怎么这么说？为什么？”

"Why? Can you not guess?"

“为什么？您猜不到么？”

"No!"

“猜不到！”

"Because I loved you; a little, only a little, and I did not wish to love you any more."

“因为我爱您；一点，只有一点，而我不愿再更加爱您了。”

She did not seem surprised, nor flattered; she smiled indifferently and replied calmly: "Oh, you can come just the same; no one loves me long."

她似乎并不吃惊，也不觉得荣幸，她冷淡地笑笑，平静地回答道：“哦，您可以照常来；任何人爱我的时间都不长。”

"Why not?"

“为什么不长呢？”

"Because it is useless, and I tell them so at once. If you had confessed your fears to me sooner, I would have reassured you. My dear friend, a man in love is not only foolish but dangerous. I cease all intercourse with people who love me or pretend to; firstly, because they bore me, and secondly, because I look upon them with dread, as I would upon a mad dog. I know that your love is only a kind of appetite; while with me it would be a communion of souls. Now, look me in the face—” she no longer smiled. "I will never be your sweetheart; it is therefore useless for you to persist in your efforts. And now that I have explained, shall we be friends?"

“因为这是枉费心机，我会立刻这么告诉他们。假如您早些对我坦白您的担心，我会让您安心的。我亲爱的朋友，一个陷入爱河的男人不仅是愚蠢的，而且是危险的。我与爱我、或自称爱我的人都断绝了来往；首先，因为他们令我厌烦；而其次，因为我带着惧怕看待他们，我看他们就像看疯狗一样。我知道你们的爱情只是一种欲望，而对于我来说，它是一种灵魂的交流。现在，看着我的脸——”她不再微笑，“我永远不会做您的情人；所以，您一意孤行是无用的。既然现在我已经解释过了，我们能做朋友吗？”

He knew that that sentence was irrevocable, and delighted to be able to form such an alliance as she proposed, he extended both

hands, saying: "I am yours, Madame, to do with as you will."

他知道说过的话无法改变，而他也高兴能像她提议的那样，建立这样一种关系，他伸出双手说：“我是您的，夫人，按您的意愿来办。”

He kissed her hands and raising his head said: "If I had found a woman like you, how gladly would I have married her."

他吻了吻她的双手，抬起头说：“假如我找到了一位像您这样的女人，我会多么乐意同她结婚啊。”

She was touched by those words, and in a soft voice, placing her hand upon his arm, she said: "I am going to begin my offices at once. You are not diplomatic—" she hesitated. "May I speak freely?"

她被这些话感动了，于是把手放在他手臂上，温柔地说：“我要马上开始尽我的职责了。您不老练——”她犹豫道，“我能直率地说吗？”

"Yes."

“可以。”

"Call upon Mme. Walter who has taken a fancy to you. But be guarded as to your compliments, for she is virtuous. You will make a better impression there by being careful in your remarks. I know that your position at the office is unsatisfactory, but do not worry; all their employees are treated alike."

“去拜访瓦尔特夫人，她喜欢您。但注意您的恭维话，因为她品性正直。注意您的言论，您就会在那里留下更好的印象。我知道您在报馆的职位不令人满意，但是不用担心；他们的所有员工都被以同样的方式对待。”

He said: "Thanks; you are an angel—a guardian angel."

他说：“谢谢；您是天使——一位守护天使。”

As he took his leave, he asked again: "Are we friends—is it settled?"

临走时，他又问道：“我们是朋友了么——就这么定了？”

"It is."

“是的。”

Having observed the effect of his last compliment, he said: "If you ever become a widow, I have put in my application!" Then he left the room hastily in order not to allow her time to be angry.

他注意到了自己上次恭维话的效果，说道：“如果您什么时候成了寡妇，我提出过申请了！”然后，他匆忙离开房间，不容她有时间生气。

Duroy did not like to call on Mme. Walter, for he had never been invited, and he did not wish to commit a breach of etiquette. The

manager had been kind to him, appreciated his services, employed him to do difficult work, why should he not profit by that show of favor to call at his house? One day, therefore, he repaired to the market and bought twenty-five pears. Having carefully arranged them in a basket to make them appear as if they came from a distance he took them to Mme. Walter's door with his card on which was inscribed: "Georges Duroy begs Mme. Walter to accept the fruit which he received this morning from Normandy."

迪鲁瓦不愿去拜访瓦尔特夫人，因为他从未被邀请过，不愿做出违反礼节的事。老板对他还不错，欣赏他的工作，让他做困难的工作；为什么他不利用这种好感的表示来拜访他家呢？因此，一天，他去了市场，并买了二十五个梨。他把它们小心翼翼地排列在篮子里，让它们看起来就像是从远方运来的一样；然后，他把它们送到瓦尔特夫人家门口，并留下卡片，上面写着："乔治·迪鲁瓦请瓦尔特夫人笑纳他今早收到的、来自诺曼底的水果。"

The following day he found in his letter-box at the office an envelope containing Mme. Walter's card on which was written: "Mme. Walter thanks M. Georges Duroy very much, and is at home on Saturdays."

第二天，他在办公室他的信箱里发现了一个装有瓦尔特夫人卡片的信封，上面写着："瓦尔特夫人非常感谢乔治·迪鲁瓦先生，夫人每周六都在家。"

The next Saturday he called. M. Walter lived on Boulevard Malesherbes in a double house which he owned. The reception-rooms were on the first floor. In the antechamber were two footmen; one took Duroy's overcoat, the other his cane, put it aside, opened a door and announced the visitor's name. In the large mirror in the apartment Duroy could see the reflection of people seated in another room. He passed through two drawing-rooms and entered a small boudoir in which four ladies were gathered around a tea-table. Notwithstanding the assurance he had gained during his life in Paris, and especially since he had been thrown in contact with so many noted personages, Duroy felt abashed. He stammered: "Madame, I took the liberty."

下个周六，他拜访了瓦尔特夫人。瓦尔特先生住在马勒塞布大街上，在一座两幢相连的、属于他自己的楼房里。接待室在二楼。两个男仆在接待室里；一个接过迪鲁瓦的大衣，另一个接过他的手杖，把它放在旁边，打开一扇门并通报来访者的姓名。在房间里的那面大镜子里，迪鲁瓦可以看到坐在另一个房间里的人的影像。他穿过两间客厅，然后进入一间小会客室，会客室里，四位女士正聚集在一张茶几周围。尽管迪鲁瓦在巴黎生活期间，特别是自从他接触了那么多名人后，已获得了些自信，他还是觉得窘迫。他结结巴巴地说："夫人，我冒昧了。"

The mistress of the house extended her hand and said to him:

"You are very kind, M. Duroy, to come to see me." She pointed to a chair. The ladies chatted on. Visitors came and went. Mme. Walter noticed that Duroy said nothing, that no one addressed him, that he seemed disconcerted, and she drew him into the conversation which dealt with the admission of a certain M. Linet to the Academy. When Duroy had taken his leave, one of the ladies said: "How odd he is! Who is he?"

房屋的女主人伸出手并对他说："迪鲁瓦先生，您来看我，真是太好了。"她指向一把椅子。那些女士们继续闲谈着。来访者们来来去去。瓦尔特夫人注意到迪鲁瓦一言不发，没有人和他说话，他似乎有些窘迫，就引他加入讨论中，讨论关于某位利内先生入选法兰西学院的问题。迪鲁瓦离开后，其中一位女士说："他多么奇特啊！他是谁？"

Mme. Walter replied: "One of our reporters; he only occupies a minor position, but I think he will advance rapidly."

瓦尔特夫人回答说："我们的一名记者；他目前只占据着一个次要职位，但我相信他会青云直上的。"

In the meantime, while he was being discussed, Duroy walked gaily down Boulevard Malesherbes.

与此同时，当他们在谈论迪鲁瓦时，他正愉快地走下马勒塞布大街。

The following week he was appointed editor of the "Echoes," and invited to dine at Mme. Walter's. The "Echoes" were, M. Walter said, the very pith of the paper. Everything and everybody should be remembered, all countries, all professions, Paris and the provinces, the army, the arts, the clergy, the schools, the rulers, and the courtiers. The man at the head of that department should be wide awake, always on his guard, quick to judge of what was best to be said and best to be omitted, to divine what would please the public and to present it well. Duroy was just the man for the place.

接下来的那个星期，他被任命为"回声"栏的主编，并且被邀请去瓦尔特夫人家吃饭。瓦尔特先生说，"回声"栏正是这报纸的核心。要记下每件事、每个人：所有国家、各行各业、巴黎和外省、军队、艺术、牧师、学校、统治者以及廷臣。居于那个部门首位的人应该机警清醒、总是小心谨慎，应该迅速判断最好要说什么、省略什么，应该预料到什么将迎合公众并把它很好地报道出来。迪鲁瓦恰好是适合这个职位的人。

He was enjoying the fact of his promotion, when he received an engraved card which read: "M. and Mme. Walter request the pleasure of M. Georges Duroy's company at dinner on Thursday, January 20."

当他正在享受自己升职之事带来的乐趣时，他收到了一张镌版印的卡片，上面写着："瓦尔特先生和夫人恭请乔治·迪鲁瓦先生光临，于一

月二十日星期四共进晚餐。”

He was so delighted that he kissed the invitation as if it had been a love-letter.

迪鲁瓦高兴得对着请柬亲起来，好像那是一封情书。

Then he sought the cashier to settle the important question of his salary. At first twelve hundred francs were allowed Duroy, who intended to save a large share of the money. He was busy two days getting settled in his new position, in a large room, one end of which he occupied, and the other end of which was allotted to Boisrenard, who worked with him.

然后他找了出纳员，以解决关于自己工资的重要问题。刚开始，报馆给迪鲁瓦一千二百法郎，他打算存下这笔钱的一大部分。他在一个大房间里忙活了两天，在自己的新职位上安顿下来；那个房间的一头被他占用，而另一头则分配给了和他一起工作的布瓦勒纳。

The day of the dinner-party he left the office in good season, in order to have time to dress, and was walking along Rue de Londres when he saw before him a form which resembled Mme. de Marelle's. He felt his cheeks glow and his heart throb. He crossed the street in order to see the lady's face; he was mistaken, and breathed more freely. He had often wondered what he should do if he met Clotilde face to face. Should he bow to her or pretend not to see her? "I should not see her," thought he.

晚宴那天，为了有时间打扮，他早早地离开了报馆；沿着伦敦街前行时，他看到他前面有个人的外型很像德马雷勒夫人。他觉得双颊发热，心跳加速。他穿过街道，以便看清那位女士的脸；他认错人了，舒了一口气。他经常想，如果面对面碰到克洛蒂尔德，自己会怎么办。他该向她鞠躬还是假装没看见她？“我不会见到她的。”他想。

When Duroy entered his rooms he thought: "I must change my apartments; these will not do any longer." He felt both nervous and gay, and said aloud to himself: "I must write to my father." Occasionally he wrote home, and his letters always delighted his old parents. As he tied his cravat at the mirror he repeated: "I must write home to-morrow. If my father could see me this evening in the house to which I am going, he would be surprised. Sacristi, I shall soon give a dinner which has never been equaled!”

迪鲁瓦走进自己房间时想：“我得换公寓；这公寓不能再住了。”他感到既紧张又高兴，对自己大声说：“我得给我父亲写信。”他偶尔给家里写信，而他的信总让他年老的父母开心。他一面对着镜子系领带，一面重复道：“我明天得给家里写信。如果我爸爸今晚能在我要去的房子里看到我，他会吃惊的。哟，我很快就要吃到的这一顿晚餐，是那种我从来没有吃过的晚餐呢！”

Then he recalled his old home, the faces of his father and mother. He saw them seated at their homely board, eating their soup. He remembered every wrinkle on their old faces, every movement of their hands and heads; he even knew what they said to each other every evening as they supped. He thought: "I will go to see them some day." His toilette completed, he extinguished his light and descended the stairs.

接着，他回想起了自己的老家和他父母的面庞。他看到他们坐在朴素的桌子旁，喝着汤。他记得他们苍老的脸上的每一道皱纹，他们的双手和头部的每个动作；他甚至知道他们每天晚上吃饭时对彼此说的话。他想："总有一天，我会去看他们的。"他穿好礼服后把灯熄灭，然后下了楼梯。

On reaching his destination, he boldly entered the antechamber, lighted by bronze lamps, and gave his cane and his overcoat to the two lackeys who approached him. All the salons were lighted. Mme. Walter received in the second, the largest. She greeted Duroy with a charming smile, and he shook hands with two men who arrived after him, M. Firmin and M. Laroche-Mathieu; the latter had especial authority at the office on account of his influence in the chamber of deputies.

到达他的目的地时，他大胆地进了被青铜灯具照亮的前厅，并把自己的手杖和外套交给迎上来的两个男仆。所有的客厅都被照亮了。瓦尔特夫人在第二间、也是最大的那间客厅里迎接来宾。她带着迷人的微笑问候迪鲁瓦，接着迪鲁瓦与在他之后到来的两个人握手，他们是菲尔曼先生和拉罗什·马蒂厄先生；后者因其在众议院的影响力，在报社有特别的权威。

Then the Forestiers arrived, Madeleine looking charming in pink. Charles had become very much emaciated and coughed incessantly.

接着，福雷斯捷夫妇到了，马德莱娜穿着粉红色的衣服，看起来很迷人。夏尔已变得非常憔悴了，而且他不停地咳嗽。

Norbert de Varenne and Jacques Rival came together. A door opened at the end of the room, and M. Walter entered with two tall young girls of sixteen and seventeen; one plain, the other pretty. Duroy knew that the manager was a paterfamilias, but he was astonished. He had thought of the manager's daughters as one thinks of a distant country one will never see. Then, too, he had fancied them children, and he saw women. They shook hands upon being introduced and seated themselves at a table set apart for them. One of the guests had not arrived, and that embarrassing silence which precedes dinners in general reigned supreme.

诺贝尔·德瓦雷纳和雅克·里瓦尔一起来了。房间尽头的一扇门开了，

然后瓦尔特先生和两个高挑的年轻女孩进来了，女孩十六七岁；一个相貌平常，另一个漂亮。迪鲁瓦早知道经理是个家长，但还是吃了一惊。他想到老板的女儿，就像一个人想到自己永远不会见到的遥远国度一样。此外，他还想像她们是孩子，但他看到的却是女人。被介绍后，她们和客人握手，然后在一张专为她们准备的桌子旁坐下来。有一个客人还没到，那种宴会前通常都会出现的令人尴尬的沉默笼罩着大家。

Duroy happening to glance at the walls, M. Walter said: "You are looking at my pictures? I will show them all to you." And he took a lamp that they might distinguish all the details. There were landscapes by Guillemet; "A Visit to the Hospital," by Gervex; "A Widow," by Bouguereau; "An Execution," by Jean Paul Laurens, and many others.

迪鲁瓦碰巧往墙上看了一眼，瓦尔特先生说："你正在看我的画吗？我把它们都给你们介绍介绍。"然后，他拿起一盏灯，以便他们能看清所有的细节。那里是吉耶梅的风景画、热尔韦的《医院探望》、布格罗的《寡妇》、让·保罗·洛朗斯的《死刑》，以及许多其他的画。

Duroy exclaimed: "Charming, charming, char—" but stopped short on hearing behind him the voice of Mme. de Marelle who had just entered. M. Walter continued to exhibit and explain his pictures; but Duroy saw nothing—heard without comprehending. Mme. de Marelle was there, behind him. What should he do? If he greeted her, might she not turn her back upon him or utter some insulting remark? If he did not approach her, what would people think? He was so ill at ease that at one time he thought he should feign indisposition and return home.

迪鲁瓦惊叫道："真迷人，真迷人，真迷——"但他一听到自己身后德马雷勒夫人的声音，就突然停住了，她刚刚进来。瓦尔特先生继续展示并解释他的画；但迪鲁瓦什么也没看到——他听着，却没理解了。德马雷勒夫人在那里，在他身后。他该怎么办？如果问候她，她会不会不理自己，或者说些侮辱的话？如果自己不走近她，人们会怎么想呢？他很不自在，以至于一度想到假装身体微恙，然后回家。

The pictures had all been exhibited. M. Walter placed the lamp on the table and greeted the last arrival, while Duroy recommenced alone an examination of the canvas, as if he could not tear himself away. What should he do? He heard their voices and their conversation. Mme. Forestier called him; he hastened toward her. It was to introduce him to a friend who was on the point of giving a fete, and who wanted a description of it in "La Vie Francaise."

画全都被展示过了。瓦尔特先生把灯放在桌子上，并问候了最后到的客人，与此同时，迪鲁瓦一个人又重新开始审视那些画布，似乎没看够不愿离开一样。他该怎么办呢？他听着他们的声音，听着他们的谈话。福雷斯捷夫人叫他，他连忙朝她走去。叫他去是要把一个朋友介绍给他，这位朋友即将举办一个盛宴，并且想在《法兰西生活报》上说明

一下此事。

He stammered: "Certainly, Madame, certainly."

他结结巴巴地说：“当然可以，夫人，当然可以。”

Madame de Marelle was very near him; he dared not turn to go away. Suddenly to his amazement, she exclaimed: "Good evening, Bel-Ami; do you not remember me?”

德马雷勒夫人离他非常近；他不敢转身离开。突然，令他吃惊的是，她喊了句：“晚上好，漂亮朋友；您不记得我了吗？”

He turned upon his heel hastily; she stood before him smiling, her eyes overflowing with roguishness and affection. She offered him her hand; he took it doubtfully, fearing some perfidy. She continued calmly: "What has become of you? One never sees you!"

他慌忙转过身；她微笑着站在他面前，眼里充满了调皮和爱慕。她把手伸给他；他怀疑地接过它，害怕被出卖。她继续平静地说：“您怎么啦？从来没见您！”

Not having regained his self-possession, he murmured: "I have had a great deal to do, Madame, a great deal to do. M. Walter has given me another position and the duties are very arduous."

他还没恢复冷静，支支吾吾地说：“我有好多事要做，夫人，好多事要做。瓦尔特先生给了我另一个职位，任务很艰巨。”

"I know, but that is no excuse for forgetting your friends."

“我知道，但那不是您忘记朋友的借口吧。”

Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a large woman, decollette, with red arms, red cheeks, and attired in gay colors. As she was received with effusion, Duroy asked Mme. Forestier: "Who is that person?"

一个胖女人走进来，把他们的谈话打断了，这女人穿着露肩衣服，双臂和两颊发红，衣着颜色鲜艳。大家热情地迎接她时，迪鲁瓦问福雷斯捷夫人：“这个人是谁？”

"Viscountess de Percemur, whose nom de plume is 'Patte Blanche.'"

“佩尔斯缪子爵夫人，笔名叫‘素手夫人’。”

He was surprised and with difficulty restrained a burst of laughter.

他吃了一惊，好不容易忍住没有笑出来。

"Patte Blanche? I fancied her a young woman like you. Is that Patte Blanche? Ah, she is handsome, very handsome!"

“素手夫人？我以为她是个像您一样的年轻女士。这是素手夫人？啊，她真好看，非常好看！”

A servant appeared at the door and announced: "Madame is served."

一个仆人出现在门口，并通报说：“夫人，晚饭准备好了。”

Duroy was placed between the manager's plain daughter, Mlle. Rose, and Mme. de Marelle. The proximity of the latter embarrassed him somewhat, although she appeared at ease and conversed with her usual spirit. Gradually, however, his assurance returned, and before the meal was over, he knew that their relations would be renewed. Wishing, too, to be polite to his employer's daughter, he addressed her from time to time. She responded as her mother would have done, without any hesitation as to what she should say. At M. Walter's right sat Viscountess de Percemur, and Duroy, looking at her with a smile, asked Mme. de Marelle in a low voice: "Do you know the one who signs herself 'Domino Rose'?”

迪鲁瓦被安排在经理的长相一般的女儿罗斯小姐和德马雷勒夫人之间。靠近后者使他有点局促不安，尽管她看起来似乎舒坦自在，并且像往常一样谈笑风生。但是，渐渐地，他恢复了信心，晚饭结束前，他知道他们的关系将会恢复了。他也想对他老板的女儿彬彬有礼，他偶尔和她说说话。她的反应和她母亲一样，对她该说的话，毫不迟疑。瓦尔特先生右边坐着佩尔缪斯子爵夫人，迪鲁瓦微笑地看着她，低声问德马雷勒夫人：“你认识那个署名‘红衣女’的人吗？”

"Yes, perfectly; Baroness de Livar."

“认识，我很清楚；利瓦尔男爵夫人。”

"Is she like the Countess?"

“她像伯爵夫人一样吗？”

"No. But she is just as comical. She is sixty years old, has false curls and teeth, wit of the time of the Restoration, and toilettes of the same period."

“不是。但她正同伯爵夫人一样好笑。她六十岁了，戴着假卷发和假牙，复辟时代的头脑，穿着打扮也是那个时期的。”

When the guests returned to the drawing-room, Duroy asked Mme. de Marelle: "May I escort you home?"

客人们回到客厅时，迪鲁瓦问德马雷勒夫人：“我能送你回家吗？”

"No."

“不行。”

"Why not?"

“为什么不行？”

"Because M. Laroche-Mathieu, who is my neighbor, leaves me at my door every time that I dine here.”

“因为我每次在这里吃饭，我的邻居拉罗什·马蒂厄先生都会送我到家门口。”

"When shall I see you again?"

“我什么时候能再见到你呢？”

"Lunch with me to-morrow.”

“明天和我吃午饭吧。”

They parted without another word. Duroy did not remain late; as he descended the staircase, he met Norbert de Varenne, who was likewise going away. The old poet took his arm; fearing no rivalry on the newspaper, their work being essentially different, he was very friendly to the young man.

他们没再多说一个字就分开了。迪鲁瓦没有呆到很晚；走下楼梯的时候，他碰到了诺贝尔·德瓦雷纳，他也要离开。那位老诗人挽起他的胳膊；因为不担心在报社里有竞争，他们的工作本质上是不同的，所以他对这个年轻人十分友好。

"Shall we walk along together?"

“我们一起走走？”

"I shall be pleased to," replied Duroy.

“很高兴一起走。”迪鲁瓦回答说。

The streets were almost deserted that night. At first the two men did not speak. Then Duroy, in order to make some remark, said: "That M. Laroche-Mathieu looks very intelligent.”

那天晚上，街上几乎没人。两人起初都沉默不语。然后，迪鲁瓦为了找些话说，说道：“那位拉罗什·马蒂厄先生看起来很聪明。”

The old poet murmured: "Do you think so?"

老诗人低语道：“你是这么想的吗？”

The younger man hesitated in surprise: "Why, yes! Is he not considered one of the most capable men in the Chamber?"

那年轻人惊讶地迟疑道：“怎么，是呀！他不是被认为是众议院中最能干的人之一吗？”

"That may be. In a kingdom of blind men the blind are kings. All those people are divided between money and politics; they are pedants to whom it is impossible to speak of anything that is familiar

to us. Ah, it is difficult to find a man who is liberal in his ideas! I have known several, they are dead. Still, what difference does a little more or a little less genius make, since all must come to an end?" He paused, and Duroy said with a smile: "You are gloomy to-night, sir!”

“可能是吧。在瞎子的王国里，盲人就是国王。所有这些人都是在金钱和政治之间划分的，除了谈政治就是谈金钱；他们是书呆子，我们不可能和他们谈论任何我们熟悉的东西。哎，要找个思想自由的人真是难啊！我认识过几个，他们都去世了。但是，既然所有一切都得结束，聪明才智多一点或少一点又有什么差别呢？”他停下来，迪鲁瓦微笑着说：“先生，您今晚有些悲观啊！”

The poet replied: "I always am, my child; you will be too in a few years. While one is climbing the ladder, one sees the top and feels hopeful; but when one has reached that summit, one sees the descent and the end which is death. It is slow work ascending, but one descends rapidly. At your age one is joyous; one hopes for many things which never come to pass. At mine, one expects nothing but death."

那位诗人回答说：“我一直是这样的，我的孩子；几年后，你也会这样的。当一个人在爬梯子时，他看到了顶端，觉得充满希望；但当他达到顶点后，他看到了下坡路和死亡的结局。向上爬很慢，但下降却很快。人在你这个年纪是快乐的；他期待许多永远不会实现的事。在我这个年纪，人除了死就什么也不指望了。”

Duroy laughed: "Egad, you make me shudder."

迪鲁瓦大笑道：“天哪，您让我战栗。”

Norbert de Varenne continued: "You do not understand me now, but later on you will remember what I have told you. We breathe, sleep, drink, eat, work, and then die! The end of life is death. What do you long for? Love? A few kisses and you will be powerless. Money? What for? To gratify your desires. Glory? What comes after it all? Death! Death alone is certain."

诺贝尔·德瓦雷纳继续说：“现在你不理解我，但过些时候，你会记起我告诉过你的话的。我们呼吸，睡觉，喝水，吃饭，工作，然后死亡！生命的尽头是死亡。你渴望什么？爱情吗？接几次吻，你就会没力气了。金钱吗？为了什么呢？用来满足你的欲望。荣誉吗？这一切之后，紧随而来的是什么？死亡！只有死是必然的。”

He stopped, took Duroy by his coat collar and said slowly: "Ponder upon all that, young man; think it over for days, months, and years, and you will see life from a different standpoint. I am a lonely, old man. I have neither father, mother, brother, sister, wife, children, nor God. I have only poetry. Marry, my friend; you do not know what it is to live alone at my age. It is so lonesome. I seem to have no one

upon earth. When one is old it is a comfort to have children."

他停下来，抓住迪鲁瓦的外套衣领，慢慢地说：“年轻人，好好想想所有这些话；仔细考虑它几天、几个月、几年，然后你就会从一个不同的立场看待人生了。我是个孤独的老头子。我既没有父母、兄弟姐妹、妻子孩子，也没有上帝。我只有诗歌。我的朋友，结婚吧；你不知道在我的年纪，一个人生活是什么滋味。是多么寂寞。在这个世界上，我似乎一个人也没有了。人在年老时，有孩子是一种慰藉。”

When they reached Rue de Bourgogne, the poet halted before a high house, rang the bell, pressed Duroy's hand and said: "Forget what I have said to you, young man, and live according to your age. Adieu!" With those words he disappeared in the dark corridor.

他们走到勃艮第街时，那位诗人在一幢高房子前停下来，按下门铃，按了按迪鲁瓦的手说：“忘了我对你说过的话吧，年轻人，按照自己的年龄生活。再见！”说完这些话，他消失在黑暗的走廊里。

Duroy felt somewhat depressed on leaving Varenne, but on his way a perfumed damsel passed by him and recalled to his mind his reconciliation with Mme. de Marelle. How delightful was the realization of one's hopes!

离开瓦雷纳时，迪鲁瓦觉得有点沮丧，但是在路上，一个喷过香水的年轻女人从他身旁走过，使他脑中回想起他和德马雷勒夫人的重归于好。愿望的实现多么令人高兴啊！

The next morning he arrived at his lady-love's door somewhat early; she welcomed him as if there had been no rupture, and said as she kissed him: "You do not know how annoyed I am, my beloved; I anticipated a delightful honeymoon and now my husband has come home for six weeks. But I could not let so long a time go by without seeing you, especially after our little disagreement, and this is how I have arranged matters: Come to dinner Monday. I will introduce you to M. de Marelle, I have already spoken of you to him.”

第二天早上，他到了他情妇家门口，到得有点早；她像从未有过感情破裂一样欢迎了他，边吻他边说：“你不知道我有多烦恼，我心爱的人；我本来还期待一个令人愉快的蜜月，但现在我丈夫回家了，要在家呆六个星期。但我不能这么长时间不见你，特别是在我们小小的分歧之后，我是这样安排这件事的：你周一来吃晚饭。我会把你介绍给德马雷勒先生，我已经向他提到过你了。”

Duroy hesitated in perplexity; he feared he might betray something by a word, a glance. He stammered: "No, I would rather not meet your husband."

迪鲁瓦困惑地迟疑了一下；他害怕一个字、一个眼神，会露出什么迹象。他结结巴巴地说：“不，我宁可不见你的丈夫。”

"Why not? How absurd! Such things happen every day. I did not think you so foolish."

“为什么不见？太可笑了！这种事情每天都发生。我没想到你这么愚蠢。”

"Very well, I will come to dinner Monday."

“好吧，我周一会来吃晚饭。”

"To make it more pleasant, I will have the Forestiers, though I do not like to receive company at home."

“尽管我不喜欢在家接待客人，但为了使晚餐更令人愉快，我会邀请福雷斯捷夫妇。”

On Monday as he ascended Mme. de Marelle's staircase, he felt strangely troubled; not that he disliked to take her husband's hand, drink his wine, and eat his bread, but he dreaded something, he knew not what. He was ushered into the salon and he waited as usual. Then the door opened, and a tall man with a white beard, grave and precise, advanced toward him and said courteously: "My wife has often spoken of you, sir; I am charmed to make your acquaintance."

周一，当他爬上德马雷勒夫人家的楼梯时，他感到不可思议地慌乱；并不是他不喜欢握她丈夫的手、喝他的酒、吃他的面包，而是，他担心些东西，这东西是什么，他也不知道。他被引进客厅，像往常一样等着。这时，门开了，接着，一个留着白胡须的严肃刻板的高个子男人向他走过来，并有礼貌地说：“先生，我妻子经常提到您；我很高兴认识您。”

Duroy tried to appear cordial and shook his host's proffered hand with exaggerated energy. M. de Marelle put a log upon the fire and asked: "Have you been engaged in journalism a long time?"

迪鲁瓦试图表现得热情些，他握了握主人伸出的手，握的力气夸张地大。德马雷勒先生把一块木头放进火里，问道：“您从事新闻工作很久了吗？”

Duroy replied: "Only a few months." His embarrassment wearing off, he began to consider the situation very amusing. He gazed at M. de Marelle, serious and dignified, and felt a desire to laugh aloud. At that moment Mme. de Marelle entered and approached Duroy, who in the presence of her husband dared not kiss her hand. Laurine entered next, and offered her brow to Georges. Her mother said to her: "You do not call M. Duroy Bel-Ami to-day.”

迪鲁瓦回答说：“才几个月。”他的尴尬逐渐消失了，开始觉得这种场合十分有趣。他盯着庄重威严的德马雷勒先生，觉得有种想放声大笑的欲望。就在那时，德马雷勒夫人进来了，她走向迪鲁瓦；有她丈夫在场，他不敢亲吻她的手。洛琳娜也跟着进来了，并把额头伸给乔治。她

母亲对她说："你今天不叫迪鲁瓦先生漂亮朋友呀？"

The child blushed as if it were a gross indiscretion to reveal her secret.

那孩子脸红了，似乎透露她的秘密是个粗俗的轻率之举。

When the Forestiers arrived, Duroy was startled at Charles's appearance. He had grown thinner and paler in a week and coughed incessantly; he said they would leave for Cannes on the following Thursday at the doctor's orders. They did not stay late; after they had left, Duroy said, with a shake of his head: "He will not live long."

福雷斯捷夫妇到来时，迪鲁瓦见到夏尔的外表，吃了一惊。在一周的时间里，他变得更瘦也更苍白了，而且不停地咳嗽；他说下周四他们将遵医嘱动身去戛纳。他们没呆到很晚；他们离开后，迪鲁瓦摇着头说："他不会活多久了。"

Mme. de Marelle replied calmly: "No, he is doomed! He was a lucky man to obtain such a wife."

德马雷勒夫人平静地说："是啊，他死定了！他是个幸运的男人，有个这样的妻子。"

Duroy asked: "Does she help him very much?"

迪鲁瓦问："她帮了他很多吗？"

"She does all the work; she is well posted on every subject, and she always gains her point, as she wants it, and when she wants it! Oh, she is as maneuvering as anyone! She is a treasure to a man who wishes to succeed."

"她做了所有的工作；她对每个问题都很了解，并且只要她想要什么，不论什么时间想要，她总能达到自己的目的！哦，她善用策略的本事不亚于任何人。对于一个想要成功的男人来说，她是个珍宝。"

Georges replied: "She will marry very soon again, I have no doubt."

乔治回答说："我敢肯定，她很快又会结婚的。"

"Yes! I should not even be surprised if she had some one in view—a deputy! but I do not know anything about it."

"是的！甚至，如果她已经看好了某个人——一位议员，我也不意外！但我对此什么都不知道。"

M. de Marelle said impatiently: "You infer so many things that I do not like! We should never interfere in the affairs of others. Everyone should make that a rule."

德马雷勒先生不耐烦地说："你猜测那么多事，我不喜欢这些事情。我们决不该干涉别人的事情。每个人都应该把这个当做一条规则。"

Duroy took his leave with a heavy heart. The next day he called on the Forestiers, and found them in the midst of packing. Charles lay upon a sofa and repeated: "I should have gone a month ago." Then he proceeded to give Duroy innumerable orders, although everything had been arranged with M. Walter. When Georges left him, he pressed his comrade's hand and said: "Well, old fellow, we shall soon meet again."

迪鲁瓦心情沉重地离开了。第二天，他去拜访福雷斯捷夫妇，并发现他们正在收拾行李。夏尔躺在沙发上，重复着：“一个月前，我本该走的。”然后，他开始给迪鲁瓦下无数的指令，尽管一切事情都已经和瓦尔特先生安排好了。乔治离开时，按着他朋友的手说：“好吧，老兄，我们很快会再见面的。”

Mme. Forestier accompanied him to the door and he reminded her of their compact. "We are friends and allies, are we not? If you should require my services in any way, do not hesitate to call upon me. Send me a dispatch or a letter and I will obey."

福雷斯捷夫人陪他到门口，他提醒她他们的协议。“我们既是朋友，又是同盟者，不是吗？如果您在任何方面需要我的帮忙，请不要犹豫，只管召唤我。寄给我一封急件，或一封信，我一定照办。”

She murmured: "Thank you, I shall not forget."

她小声说：“谢谢您，我不会忘记的。”

As Duroy descended the staircase, he met M. de Vaudrec ascending. The Count seemed sad—perhaps at the approaching departure.

迪鲁瓦走下楼梯时，碰到德沃德雷克先生正在上楼。伯爵似乎很难过——或许是因为离别将近。

The journalist bowed, the Count returned his salutation courteously but somewhat haughtily.

这位记者鞠了一躬，伯爵客气但有点傲慢地还礼。

On Thursday evening the Forestiers left town.

星期四傍晚，福雷斯捷夫妇离开了巴黎。

CHAPTER VII. A Duel with an End

第七章 有结果的决斗

Charles's absence gave Duroy a more important position on "La Vie Francaise." Only one matter arose to annoy him, otherwise his sky was cloudless.

夏尔的缺席让迪鲁瓦在《法兰西生活报》有了一个更加重要的位置。只出现了一件让他烦恼的事，除此之外，他的天空是万里无云了。

An insignificant paper, "La Plume," attacked him constantly, or rather attacked the editor of the "Echoes" of "La Vie Francaise."

一家无关紧要的报纸——《笔杆报》时常攻击他，更准确地说，是攻击这位《法兰西生活报》“回声”栏的主编。

Jacques Rival said to him one day: "You are very forbearing."

一天，雅克·里瓦尔对他说：“你太宽容了。”

"What should I do? It is no direct attack."

“我该做什么？这不是直接攻击我啊。”

But, one afternoon when he entered the office, Boisrenard handed him a number of "La Plume."

但是，一天下午，他进办公室时，布瓦勒纳递给他一些《笔杆报》。

"See, here is another unpleasant remark for you."

“看，这里又是关于你的令人讨厌的评论。”

"Relative to what?"

“关于什么的？”

"To the arrest of one Dame Aubert."

“关于一位奥贝尔夫人的被捕。”

Georges took the paper and read a scathing personal denunciation. Duroy, it seems, had written an item claiming that Dame Aubert who, as the editor of "La Plume," claimed, had been put under arrest, was a myth. The latter retaliated by accusing Duroy of receiving bribes and of suppressing matter that should be published.

乔治接过报纸，读到了一些严厉的、针对个人的谴责。迪鲁瓦似乎曾写过一则新闻称，《笔杆报》主编声称被捕的奥贝尔夫人是一个虚构的人。后者以指控迪鲁瓦接受贿赂、封锁应该发表的内容来报复他。

As Saint-Potin entered, Duroy asked him: "Have you seen the paragraph in 'La Plume'?”

圣波坦进来时，迪鲁瓦问他：“你看过《笔杆报》上的那篇短评了吗？”

"Yes, and I have just come from Dame Aubert's; she is no myth, but she has not been arrested; that report has no foundation.”

“看过了，并且我刚从奥贝尔夫人家过来；她不是虚构的人，但是她没有被捕；那篇报道没有根据。”

Duroy went at once to M. Walter's office. After hearing the case, the manager bade him go to the woman's house himself, find out the details, and reply, to the article.

迪鲁瓦立刻去了瓦尔特先生的办公室。经理听完这个情况后，让他亲自去那个女人家，找出详细资料，然后回击那篇文章。

Duroy set out upon his errand and on his return to the office, wrote the following: "An anonymous writer in 'La Plume' is trying to pick a quarrel with me on the subject of an old woman who, he claims, was arrested for disorderly conduct, which I deny. I have myself seen Dame Aubert, who is sixty years old at least; she told me the particulars of her dispute with a butcher as to the weight of some cutlets, which dispute necessitated an explanation before a magistrate. That is the whole truth in a nutshell. As for the other insinuations I scorn them. One never should reply to such things, moreover, when they are written under a mask.

迪鲁瓦动身去办了他的差事，然后，他一回到办公室，就写了下面这些文字：《笔杆报》的一位匿名作者正试图就一位老妇人的问题寻隙同我吵架，他声称那位妇人因妨碍治安的行为被捕，对此我给予否认。我亲自见过至少有六十岁的奥贝尔夫人；她告诉了我她和一位屠夫争执的细节，他们就一些肉片的重量起了争执，这争执使她不得不在一位地方法官面前解释了一番。总之，这就是全部的事实。至于其他含蓄的批评，我蔑视它们。人永远不该回应这种东西，何况当它们是匿名写的。

GEORGES DUROY.”

乔治·迪鲁瓦。”

M. Walter and Jacques Rival considered that sufficient, and it was decided that it should be published in that day's issue.

瓦尔特先生和雅克·里瓦尔认为这样足够了，并且决定在当天那期报纸上发表这篇文章。

Duroy returned home rather agitated and uneasy. What would this opponent reply? Who was he? Why that attack? He passed a restless night. When he re-read his article in the paper the next

morning, he thought it more aggressive in print than it was in writing. He might, it seemed to him, have softened certain terms. He was excited all day and feverish during the night. He rose early to obtain an issue of "La Plume" which should contain the reply to his note. He ran his eyes over the columns and at first saw nothing. He was beginning to breathe more freely when these words met his eye: "M. Duroy of 'La Vie Francaise' gives us the lie! In doing so,he lies. He owns, however, that a woman named Aubert exists, and that she was taken before a magistrate by an agent.

迪鲁瓦回到家，相当焦虑不安。这个对手会如何回应？他是谁？为什么攻击自己？他度过了一个焦躁不安的夜晚。第二天早上，当他重读报纸上自己的文章时，他觉得那篇文章印在报纸上比写在纸上更咄咄逼人。他觉得，似乎某些措辞本应缓和一些的。他一整天都情绪激动，夜里也极度兴奋。他早早地起床去买了份《笔杆报》，报上应该有对他随笔的回应。他粗略地看了看那些专栏，刚开始什么也没发现。正当他要松口气时，这些文字映入他的眼帘：“《法兰西生活报》的迪鲁瓦先生给了我们一则谎言！这样做，他是在撒谎。然而，他承认，存在一位叫奥贝尔的女人，而且她曾被一名警察带到一位地方法官面前。

Two words only remain to be added to the word 'agent,' which are'of morals' and all is told.

‘警察’这一词有待于加上区区两个字，即‘道德’，然后一切就都讲明白了。

But the consciences of certain journalists are on a par with their talents.”

然而，某些记者的良心和他们的才能是同一层次的。”

"I sign myself, Louis Langremont."

“我署上我的名字，路易·朗格勒蒙。”

Georges's heart throbbed violently, and he returned home in order to dress himself. He had been insulted and in such a manner that it was impossible to hesitate. Why had he been insulted? For nothing! On account of an old woman who had quarreled with her butcher.

乔治的心剧烈地跳动，于是他回家去穿衣服。他被侮辱了，而且是被如此侮辱，所以不能犹豫了。他为什么被侮辱？不为什么！为了一个和屠夫吵架的老女人。

He dressed hastily and repaired to M. Walter's house, although it was scarcely eight o'clock. M. Walter was reading "La Plume."

他匆匆穿好衣服，然后去了瓦尔特先生家，尽管才刚八点。瓦尔特先生正在读《笔杆报》。

"Well," he said gravely, on perceiving Duroy, "you cannot let that

pass." The young man did not reply.

看到迪鲁瓦，他严肃地说：“好吧，你不能不追究此事了。”那年轻人没回答。

The manager continued: "Go at once in search of Rival, who will look after your interests."

经理继续说：“立刻去找里瓦尔，他会照顾你的利益的。”

Duroy stammered several vague words and set out for Rival's house. Jacques was still in bed, but he rose when the bell rang, and having read the insulting paragraph, said: "Whom would you like to have besides me?"

迪鲁瓦支支吾吾地说了几句含糊不清的话，接着就动身去里瓦尔家里了。雅克还在床上，但门铃一响他就起来了；看完那篇侮辱性的短评后，他说：“除了我以外，你还想要谁当助手？”

"I do not know."

“我不知道。”

"Boisrenard?"

“布瓦勒纳？”

"Yes."

“行。”

"Are you a good swordsman?"

“你剑术好吗？”

"No."

“不好。”

"A good shot?"

“枪法好吗？”

"I have used a pistol a good deal."

“我用过手枪很多次。”

"Good! Come and exercise while I attend to everything. Wait a moment."

“好！你来练习，一切由我处理。稍等一下。”

He entered his dressing-room and soon reappeared, washed, shaven, and presentable.

他进了更衣室，很快就又出现了，他洗过脸了、刮过胡子了，而且体面像样。

"Come with me," said he. He lived on the ground floor, and he led Duroy into a cellar converted into a room for the practice of fencing and shooting. He produced a pair of pistols and began to give his orders as briefly as if they were on the dueling ground. He was well satisfied with Duroy's use of the weapons, and told him to remain there and practice until noon, when he would return to take him to lunch and tell him the result of his mission. Left to his own devices, Duroy aimed at the target several times and then sat down to reflect.

他说："跟我来。"他住在一楼，他把迪鲁瓦引进一间地下室，这地下室被改成了一个供练习击剑和射击的房间。他拿出一对手枪，然后开始发号施令，他的指令简短得就好像他们是在决斗场上一样。迪鲁瓦对这些武器的使用令他很满意，于是他吩咐他留在那里并一直练习到中午，到时候他会回来带他去吃午饭，并告诉他这个任务的成果。独自一人时，迪鲁瓦瞄准了几次靶子，然后就坐下来反思了。

Such affairs were abominable anyway! What would a respectable man gain by risking his life? And he recalled Norbert de Varenne's remarks, made to him a short while before. "He was right!" he declared aloud. It was gloomy in that cellar, as gloomy as in a tomb. What o'clock was it? The time dragged slowly on. Suddenly he heard footsteps, voices, and Jacques Rival reappeared accompanied by Boisrenard. The former cried on perceiving Duroy: "All is settled!"

不管怎样，这种事令人讨厌！一个体面的人冒着生命危险，能从中得到什么呢？接着，他回想起诺贝尔·德瓦雷纳不久前对他说过的话。"他说对了！"他大声地断言。地下室里黑暗得就像在坟墓里一样。现在几点了？真是度日如年。突然，他听到了脚步声和说话声，然后雅克·里瓦尔由布瓦勒纳陪着，又出现了。前者一见到迪鲁瓦就喊道："一切都解决了！"

Duroy thought the matter had terminated with a letter of apology; his heart gave a bound and he stammered: "Ah—thank you!"

迪鲁瓦以为事情已经以一封道歉信结束了；他心一跳，结结巴巴地说："啊——谢谢您！"

Rival continued: "M. Langremont has accepted every condition. Twenty-five paces, fire when the pistol is leveled and the order given." Then he added: "Now let us lunch; it is past twelve o'clock."

里瓦尔继续说："朗格勒蒙先生接受了所有的条件。二十五步，手枪瞄准、口令下达后开枪。"然后，他补充道："现在咱们去吃午饭吧；十二点多了。"

They repaired to a neighboring restaurant. Duroy was silent. He ate that they might not think he was frightened, and went in the afternoon with Boisrenard to the office, where he worked in an absent, mechanical manner. Before leaving, Jacques Rival shook

hands with him and warned him that he and Boisrenard would call for him in a carriage the next morning at seven o'clock to repair to the wood at Vesinet, where the meeting was to take place.

他们去了附近的一家餐馆。迪鲁瓦默不作声。他埋头吃饭，这样一来他们可能就不会知道他害怕了；接着，下午他跟布瓦勒纳去了报馆，在那里心不在焉、机械地工作。离开前，雅克·里瓦尔和他握了手，并预先通知他：第二天早上七点，他和布瓦勒纳会坐马车去接他到韦西内的树林，决斗将在那里进行。

All had been settled without his saying a word, giving his opinion, accepting or refusing, with such rapidity that his brain whirled and he scarcely knew what was taking place. He returned home about nine o'clock in the evening after having dined with Boisrenard, who had not left him all day. When he was alone, he paced the floor; he was too confused to think. One thought alone filled his mind and that was: a duel to-morrow! He sat down and began to meditate. He had thrown upon his table his adversary's card brought him by Rival. He read it for the twentieth time that day: "Louis LANGREMONT, 176 Rue Montmartre.”

一切都被定下来了，他没有说一个字、没有发表意见、没有接受或拒绝；这一切定得如此之快，以至于他的头脑一片混乱，而且他几乎不知道正在发生着什么。布瓦勒纳整个下午都没离开他；和布瓦勒纳吃过晚饭后，他晚上九点左右回到了家。当他一个人时，他在地上踱来踱去；他心乱如麻、无法思考。他的脑子里就只充斥着一个念头，那就是：明天决斗！他坐下来，并开始沉思。他把里瓦尔带给他的那张他对手的名片扔在了桌子上。这一天，他看了它二十次：“路易·朗格勒蒙，蒙马特尔街176号。”

Nothing more! Who was the man? How old was he? How tall? How did he look? How odious that a total stranger should without rhyme or reason, out of pure caprice, annoy him thus on account of an old woman's quarrel with her butcher! He said aloud: "The brute!" and glared angrily at the card.

没有别的了！这个人是谁？他多大了？多高？他看起来怎样？一个完全陌生的人，只是出于任性，平白无故地因为一个老妇人和屠夫的争吵而如此骚扰他，多可恶啊！他大声说：“畜生！”然后怒气冲冲地瞪着那张名片。

He began to feel nervous; the sound of his voice made him start; he drank a glass of water and laid down. He turned from his right side to his left uneasily. He was thirsty; he rose, he felt restless.

他开始觉得紧张；他被自己的声音吓了一跳；他喝了杯水，然后躺了下来。他心神不安地从右侧转向左侧。他渴了，爬起来，觉得焦躁不安。

"Am I afraid?" he asked himself.

“我害怕了？”他问自己。

Why did his heart palpitate so wildly at the slightest sound? He began to reason philosophically on the possibility of being afraid. No, certainly he was not, since he was ready to fight. Still he felt so deeply moved that he wondered if one could be afraid in spite of oneself. What would happen if that state of things should exist? If he should tremble or lose his presence of mind? He lighted his candle and looked in the glass; he scarcely recognized his own face, it was so changed.

为什么最轻微的响动，也能使他的心跳得这么剧烈？他开始从哲学上推论自己害怕的可能性。不，他当然不怕，因为他做好战斗的准备了。但他还是觉得自己的情绪深受影响，以至于他怀疑，一个人是否会不由自主地害怕。如果事物的那种状态存在，那么将发生什么呢？如果他发抖，或失去镇定了呢？他点燃了蜡烛，然后看着镜子；他几乎认不出自己的脸了，它变了很多。

Suddenly he thought: "To-morrow at this time I may be dead.” He turned to his couch and saw himself stretched lifeless upon it. He hastened to the window and opened it; but the night air was so chilly that he closed it, lighted a fire, and began to pace the floor once more, saying mechanically: "I must be more composed. I will write to my parents, in case of accident." He took a sheet of paper and after several attempts began: "My dear father and mother:”

他突然想：“明天这个时候，我也许死了。”他转向自己的床，看到自己死了，伸展着身子躺在上面。他快步走到窗前，把窗户打开；但夜里的空气非常寒冷，因此他把它关上，点了一堆火，又开始在地上踱来踱去，机械地说：“我得沉着一些。我要给父母写信，以防不测。”他拿出一张纸，几番努力后，开始写道：“亲爱的爸爸妈妈：”

"At daybreak I am going to fight a duel, and as something might happen—”

“天一亮，我就要去参加决斗了，因为可能出事——”

He could write no more, he rose with a shudder. It seemed to him that notwithstanding his efforts, he would not have the strength necessary to face the meeting. He wondered if his adversary had ever fought before; if he were known? He had never heard his name. However, if he had not been a remarkable shot, he would not have accepted that dangerous weapon without hesitation. He ground his teeth to prevent his crying aloud. Suddenly he remembered that he had a bottle of brandy; he fetched it from the cupboard and soon emptied it. Now he felt his blood course more warmly through his veins. "I have found a means," said he.

他再也写不下去了，发着抖站起来。似乎对他来说，尽管他努力了，却还是没有必需的力气来面对这场决斗。他想知道他的对手以前是否曾决斗过；他是否出名？他从没听说过这个名字。然而，如果他枪法不出色的话，就不会毫不犹豫地答应使用这种危险的武器。他咬紧牙关，以防自己大声叫出来。他突然想起自己有瓶白兰地酒；他把它从橱柜里取出来，然后很快喝光了它。这么一来，他便觉得他的血液更加温暖地流过血管了。“我找到办法了。”他说。

Day broke. He began to dress; when his heart failed him, he took more brandy. At length there was a knock at the door. His friends had come; they were wrapped in furs. After shaking hands, Rival said: "It is as cold as Siberia. Is all well?"

天亮了。他开始穿衣服；他不安心时，就又喝了些白兰地。终于，门上响起了敲门声。他的朋友们来了，他们裹着皮衣。握过手后，里瓦尔说：“这天和西伯利亚一样冷。一切还好么？”

"Yes."

“嗯。”

"Are you calm?"

“你镇定吗？”

"Very calm."

“非常镇定。”

"Have you eaten and drunk something?"

“你吃过或喝过东西没？”

"I do not need anything."

“我什么都不需要。”

They descended the stairs. A gentleman was seated in the carriage. Rival said: "Dr. Le Brument." Duroy shook hands with him and stammered: "Thank you," as he entered the carriage. Jacques Rival and Boisrenard followed him, and the coachman drove off. He knew where to go.

他们下了楼梯。马车里坐着一位先生。里瓦尔说：“勒布吕芒医生。”迪鲁瓦跟他握了手，并结结巴巴地说：“谢谢您”，说着便进了马车。雅克·里瓦尔和布瓦勒纳跟着他上了车，车夫便驾车离开了。他知道要去哪里。

The conversation flagged, although the doctor related a number of anecdotes. Rival alone replied to him. Duroy tried to appear self-possessed, but he was haunted continually by the fear of showing his feelings or of losing his self-possession. Rival addressed him, saying: "I took the pistols to Gastine Renette. He loaded them. The box is

sealed."

虽然医生讲了一些奇闻轶事，但谈话仍变得索然无味。只有里瓦尔回应他。迪鲁瓦试着表现得镇定，但他一直被恐惧困扰着，他怕表现出自己的情绪或失去镇定。里瓦尔对他说：“我把手枪拿到加斯蒂纳·勒纳特那里去了。他把子弹装上去了。匣子封好了。”

Duroy replied mechanically: "Thank you."

迪鲁瓦机械地回答：“谢谢您。”

Then Rival proceeded to give him minute directions, that he might make no mistakes. Duroy repeated those directions as children learn their lessons in order to impress them upon his memory. As he muttered the phrases over and over, he almost prayed that some accident might happen to the carriage; if he could only break his leg!

接着，里瓦尔继续给了他一些详细的指示，以使他不出纰漏。迪鲁瓦像小孩学功课似的重复着那些指示，以把它们刻在自己的记忆里。当他一遍又一遍地低声说那些话时，他几乎在祈祷马车出些意外；要是他能把腿摔断就好了！

At the end of a glade he saw a carriage standing and four gentlemen stamping their feet in order to keep them warm, and he was obliged to gasp in order to get breath. Rival and Boisrenard alighted first, then the doctor and the combatant.

他看见一辆马车停在一片林间空地的尽头，看见四位绅士在跺脚保暖，他不得不倒抽气才能呼吸。里瓦尔和布瓦勒纳先下了车，然后是医生和那位决斗者。

Rival took the box of pistols, and with Boisrenard approached the two strangers, who were advancing toward them. Duroy saw them greet one another ceremoniously, then walk through the glade together as they counted the paces.

里瓦尔拿着手枪匣子，和布瓦勒纳向那两个陌生人走去，那两个人也在向他们走来。迪鲁瓦看见他们客客气气地相互打了招呼，然后一起走过那块空地，同时计算步数。

Dr. Le Brument asked Duroy: "Do you feel well? Do you not want anything?"

勒布吕芒医生问迪鲁瓦：“您觉得舒服吗？您不想要点什么吗？”

"Nothing, thank you." It seemed to him that he was asleep, that he was dreaming. Was he afraid? He did not know. Jacques Rival returned and said in a low voice: "All is ready. Fortune has favored us in the drawing of the pistols." That was a matter of indifference to Duroy. They helped him off with his overcoat, led him to the ground set apart for the duel, and gave him his pistol. Before him stood a

man, short, stout, and bald, who wore glasses. That was his adversary. A voice broke the silence—a voice which came from afar: "Are you ready, sirs?"

“什么也不需要，谢谢您。”他觉得自己似乎睡着了，似乎在做梦。他害怕吗？他不知道。雅克·里瓦尔回来了，他低声说：“一切都准备好了。在抽签选枪方面，幸运眷顾了我们。”对迪鲁瓦来说，这是件无关紧要的事。他们帮他脱掉外套，把他领到那块为决斗留出的空地，然后给他手枪。他面前站着一个矮胖、秃顶、戴眼镜的男人。这是他的对手。一个从远处传来的声音打破了宁静：“先生们，你们准备好了吗？”

Georges cried: "Yes."

乔治喊道：“是的。”

The same voice commanded: "Fire!"

同一个声音命令道：“开枪！”

Duroy heard nothing more, saw nothing more; he only knew that he raised his arm and pressed with all his strength upon the trigger. Soon he saw a little smoke before him; his opponent was still standing in the same position, and there was a small white cloud above his head. They had both fired. All was over! His second and the doctor felt him, unbuttoned his garments, and asked anxiously: "Are you wounded?" He replied: "No, I think not."

迪鲁瓦听不到别的、看不到别的了；他只知道，他举起手臂，然后用尽全力按下了扳机。很快，他看到自己面前有一点烟雾；他的对手仍站在原地，而且他的头上有一小团白色的云状物。他们俩都开了枪。一切都结束了！他的助手和医生摸摸他，解开他衣服的纽扣，然后忧虑不安地问：“你受伤了吗？”他回答：“没有，我想没有。”

Langremont was not wounded either, and Jacques Rival muttered discontentedly: "That is always the way with those cursed pistols, one either misses or kills one's opponent.”

朗格勒蒙也没受伤，于是雅克·里瓦尔不满地嘟囔：“用这种该死的手枪总是这样，要么没打中，要么打死对手。”

Duroy was paralyzed with surprise and joy. All was over! He felt that he could fight the entire universe. All was over! What bliss! He felt brave enough to provoke anyone. The seconds consulted several moments, then the duelists and their friends entered the carriages and drove off. When the official report was drawn up, it was handed to Duroy who was to insert it in the "Echoes." He was surprised to find that two balls had been fired.

迪鲁瓦呆若木鸡，又惊讶又高兴。一切都结束了！他觉得他可以与整个宇宙斗争。一切都结束了！多大的喜事啊！他感到有足够的勇气向任何人挑战。助手们商量了一会儿，接着决斗者们和他们的朋友进了马

车，并乘车离去了。官方报告草拟完以后被交给了迪鲁瓦，他将把它登在“回声”栏里。他惊讶地发现报告里写着开了两枪。

He said to Rival: "We only fired once!"

他对里瓦尔说：“我们只开了一枪！”

The latter smiled: "Yes—once—once each—that makes twice!”

后者微笑道：“是啊，一枪，每人一枪，那就是两枪啊！”

And Duroy, satisfied with that explanation, asked no more questions. M. Walter embraced him.

而迪鲁瓦对这个解释感到满意，不再问别的问题了。瓦尔特先生拥抱了他。

"Bravo! you have defended the colors of 'La Vie Francaise'! Bravo!”

“太棒了！你捍卫了《法兰西生活报》的荣誉！太棒了！”

The following day at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, Duroy received a telegram: "My God! I have been frightened. Come at once to Rue de Constantinople that I may embrace you, my love. How brave you are. I adore you. Clo."

第二天上午十一点，迪鲁瓦收到了封电报：“我的天啊！我被吓到了。马上来君士坦丁堡街吧，这样我就可以拥抱你了，我的爱人。你多么勇敢啊。我崇拜你。克洛。”

He repaired to the place appointed, and Mme. de Marelle rushed into his arms, covering him with kisses.

他去了约定的地方，德马雷勒夫人冲进他的怀抱，到处吻他。

"Oh, my darling, if you only knew how I felt when I read the morning papers! Tell me, tell me all about it."

“哦，亲爱的，要是你知道我读到早报时是什么感受就好了！告诉我，告诉我全部情况。”

Duroy was obliged to give her a detailed account.

迪鲁瓦只好给她详细地描述了一番。

"You must have had a terrible night before the duel!"

“决斗前，你一定度过了一个糟糕的夜晚！”

"Why, no; I slept very well."

“为什么，没有啊；我睡得好极了。”

"I should not have closed my eyes. Tell me what took place on the ground."

“要是我，我肯定合不了眼。告诉我在决斗场上发生了什么。”

Forthwith he proceeded to give her a graphic description of the duel. When he had concluded, she said to him: "I cannot live without you! I must see you, and with my husband in Paris it is not very convenient. I often have an hour early in the morning when I could come and embrace you, but I cannot enter that horrible house of yours! What can we do?"

他立刻又继续绘声绘色地向她描述那场决斗。他讲完时，她对他说：“没有你，我活不下去！我必须见你，但我丈夫在巴黎，咱俩见面不很方便。我经常清晨有一个小时时间，那时我可以来，并抱抱你，但我进不了你那可怕的房子！我们能怎么办呢？”

He asked abruptly: "How much do you pay here?"

他突然问：“这里你付了多少？”

"One hundred francs a month."

“一百法郎一个月。”

"Very well, I will take the apartments on my own account, and I will move at once. Mine are not suitable anyway for me now."

“那好，我会自己付这个公寓的租金，而且我会马上搬过来。不管怎样，我的房子现在不适合我了。”

She thought a moment and then replied: "No, I do not want you to."

她想了一会儿，然后回答：“不，我不想你这么做。”

He asked in surprise: "Why not?"

他惊讶地问道：“为什么不想？”

"Because!"

“因为！”

"That is no reason. These rooms suit me very well. I am here; I shall remain." He laughed. "Moreover, they were hired in my name!"

“没有理由吧。这些房间非常适合我。我来了，就会留下来。”他笑起来。“再说，它们是用我的名字租的！”

But she persisted: "No, no, I do not wish you to."

但她坚持道：“不，不，我不希望你这么做。”

"Why not, then?"

“那么，为什么不希望呢？”

She whispered softly, tenderly: "Because you would bring others

here, and I do not wish you to."

她柔声细语地低声说："因为你会带别的女人来这里，而我不希望你这么做。"

Indignantly he cried: "Never, I promise you!"

他愤慨地喊道："绝对不会，我向你保证！"

"You would do so in spite of your promise."

"尽管你允诺过了，你还是会这么做的。"

"I swear I will not."

"我发誓我不会。"

"Truly?"

"真的？"

"Truly—upon my word of honor. This is our nest—ours alone!"

"真的——以我的名誉担保。这是咱俩的爱巢——只属于咱俩！"

She embraced him in a transport of delight. "Then I agree, my dearest. But if you deceive me once—just once, that will end all between us forever."

她喜不自胜地拥抱他。"那么，我同意，我最亲爱的人。但如果你欺骗我一次——只要一次，那就会让我们之间的一切都永远结束。"

He protested, and it was agreed that he should settle in the rooms that same day. She said to him: "You must dine with us Sunday. My husband thinks you charming."

他发表了申明，然后他们商定，他当天就搬到这房子里。她对他说："星期天你得和我们吃饭。我丈夫觉得你有魅力。"

He was flattered. "Indeed?"

他感到荣幸。"真的吗？"

"Yes, you have made a conquest. Did you not tell me that your home was in the country?"

"是的，你已经征服他了。你是不是告诉过我你家在乡下？"

"Yes; why?"

"对啊；怎么了？"

"Then you know something about agriculture?"

"那么，你知道一些与农业有关的事情了？"

"Yes."

"是呀。"

"Very well; talk to him of gardening and crops; he enjoys those subjects."

“太好了；跟他谈谈园艺和庄稼；他喜欢这些话题。”

"All right. I shall not forget."

“好的。我不会忘的。”

She left him, after lavishing upon him innumerable caresses.

她慷慨地给了他无数的吻后离开了他。

CHAPTER VIII. Death and a Proposal

第八章 死亡与求婚

Duroy moved his effects to the apartments in Rue de Constantinople. Two or three times a week, Mme. de Marelle paid him visits. Duroy, to counterbalance them, dined at her house every Thursday, and delighted her husband by talking agriculture to him.

迪鲁瓦把自己的家当搬到了君士坦丁堡街的公寓里。德马雷勒夫人一周去他那里两三次。为保平衡，迪鲁瓦每星期四都在她家里吃饭，并和她丈夫谈谈农业，以让他开心。

It was almost the end of February. Duroy was free from care. One night, when he returned home, he found a letter under his door. He examined the postmark; it was from Cannes. Having opened it, he read: "Cannes, Villa Jolie."

快到二月底了。迪鲁瓦无忧无虑。一天晚上，他回家时，在自己的门下发现了一封信。他查看了邮戳；它是从戛纳寄来的。打开信后，他读道：“戛纳,若利别墅。”

"Dear sir and friend: You told me, did you not, that I could count upon you at any time?

“亲爱的先生和朋友：您不是告诉过我，不管什么时候，我都可以依靠您吗？

Very well. I have a favor to ask of you; it is to come and help me—not to leave me alone during Charles's last moments.

太好了。我请您帮个忙；那就是，过来帮帮我吧——不要在夏尔的弥留之际，留我一个人。

He may not live through the week, although he is not confined to his bed, but the doctor has warned me.

虽然他能下床，但医生警告过我，他可能熬不过这个礼拜了。

I have not the strength nor the courage to see that agony day and night, and I think with terror of the approaching end that I can only ask such a thing of you, for my husband has no relatives.

我没有力气，也没有勇气来面对那痛苦的日夜；并且，一想到那即将来临的最后一刻，我就心生恐惧；我丈夫没有亲戚，因此我只能求您做这样的事了。

You were his comrade; he helped you to your position; come, I beg of you; I have no one else to ask.”

您曾是他的伙伴；他帮您到您的职位上；来吧，我求您了；我没有别人可以请求了。”

"Your friend,"

“您的朋友，”

"Madeleine Forestier."

“马德莱娜·福雷斯捷。”

Georges murmured: "Certainly I will go. Poor Charles!"

乔治低声说：“我当然会去。可怜的夏尔！”

The manager, to whom he communicated the contents of that letter, grumblingly gave his consent. He repeated: "But return speedily, you are indispensable to us."

他就那封信的内容跟老板进行了沟通，老板发着牢骚同意了。他重复道：“但是，快点回来，我们缺了你可不行。”

Georges Duroy left for Cannes the next day by the seven o'clock express, after having warned Mme. de Marelle by telegram. He arrived the following day at four o'clock in the afternoon. A commissionnaire conducted him to Villa Jolie. The house was small and low, and of the Italian style of architecture.

乔治·迪鲁瓦通过电报告知了德马雷勒夫人后，就搭乘第二天七点的快车前往戛纳了。他隔天下午四点到达目的地。一个听差把他引到了若利别墅。这幢房子又小又矮，是意大利建筑风格。

A servant opened the door and cried: "Oh, sir, Madame is awaiting you patiently."

一个仆人打开门，喊道：“啊，先生，夫人正在耐心地等着您呢。”

Duroy asked: "How is your master?"

迪鲁瓦问：“你主人怎么样了？”

"Not very well, sir. He will not be here long."

“不大好，先生。他没多长时间了。”

The floor of the drawing-room which the young man entered was covered with a Persian rug; the large windows looked upon the village and the sea.

这位年轻人走进客厅，客厅的地板上铺着波斯地毯；从大大的窗户望去，村庄与大海尽收眼底。

Duroy murmured: "How cozy it is here! Where the deuce do they get the money from?"

迪鲁瓦低声说：“这里多舒适啊！他们到底是从哪里弄到这些钱的

啊？”

The rustling of a gown caused him to turn. Mme. Forestier extended both her hands, saying: "How kind of you to come."

礼服的窸窣声使他转过身。福雷斯捷夫人伸出双手，说：“您来真是太好了。”

She was a trifle paler and thinner, but still as bright as ever, and perhaps prettier for being more delicate. She whispered: "It is terrible—he knows he cannot be saved and he tyrannizes over me. I have told him of your arrival. But where is your trunk?”

她略微更苍白了些，也瘦了些，但仍和以前一样明艳动人；而且也许因为更娇弱了些，她更添了几分美丽。她低声说：“太可怕了——他知道自己没救了，就欺压我。我已经告诉他您来了。但是，您的行李箱在哪里？”

Duroy replied: "I left it at the station, not knowing which hotel you would advise me to stop at, in order to be near you."

迪鲁瓦回答道：“我把它留在车站了，因为我不知道，为了离你们近一些，您将建议我住在哪家旅馆。”

She hesitated, then said: "You must stop here, at the villa. Your chamber is ready. He might die any moment, and if it should come in the night, I would be alone. I will send for your luggage."

她犹豫了一下，然后说：“您得住在这里，在别墅里。您的房间准备好了。他随时可能辞世，而如果那一刻在夜里到来，我会孤立无援的。我会派人去取您的行李。”

He bowed. "As you will."

他欠了欠身。“都听您的。”

"Now, let us go upstairs," said she; he followed her. She opened a door on the first floor, and Duroy saw a form near a window, seated in an easy-chair, and wrapped in coverlets. He divined that it was his friend, though he scarcely recognized him. Forestier raised his hand slowly and with difficulty, saying: "You are here; you have come to see me die. I am much obliged."

“现在，我们上楼吧。”她说；他跟着她。她打开二楼的一扇门，然后迪鲁瓦看见窗户附近有个人影，它坐在一把安乐椅里，并且裹着被单。他推测那个就是他的朋友，尽管他几乎认不出他了。福雷斯捷吃力地缓缓抬起手，说：“你来了；你来看我死了。我很感激。”

Duroy forced a smile. "To see you die? That would not be a very pleasant sight, and I would not choose that occasion on which to visit Cannes. I came here to rest."

迪鲁瓦勉强地笑了笑。“来看你死？那不会是个非常悦目的风景，我可不会挑这个时候来戛纳。我来这里放松放松。”

"Sit down," said Forestier, and he bowed his head as if deep in hopeless meditation. Seeing that he did not speak, his wife approached the window and pointing to the horizon, said, "Look at that? Is it not beautiful?"

“坐下吧。”福雷斯捷说，然后便低下头，仿佛深陷绝望的冥想中似的。他的妻子见他不说话，便走近窗户，指着地平线说：“看见那个了吗？它真美，不是吗？”

In spite of himself Duroy felt the grandeur of the closing day and exclaimed: "Yes, indeed, it is magnificent."

不由自主地，迪鲁瓦被这黄昏的壮丽所影响，他喊道：“是啊，它真壮观。”

Forestier raised his head and said to his wife: "Give me more air."

福雷斯捷抬起头，对他妻子说：“让我透透气吧。”

She replied: "You must be careful; it is late, the sun is setting; you will catch more cold and that would be a serious thing in your condition."

她回答道：“你得小心；天色已晚，太阳正在下山；你会再着凉的，而在你的状况下，那将会是件严重的事。”

He made a feeble gesture of anger with his right hand, and said: "I tell you I am suffocating! What difference does it make if I die a day sooner or later, since I must die?"

他虚弱地用右手做了个生气的手势，说道：“告诉你，我快憋死了！既然我必须得死，早一天死或晚一天死有什么区别呢？”

She opened the window wide. The air was soft and balmy. Forestier inhaled it in feverish gasps. He grasped the arms of his chair and said in a low voice: "Shut the window. I would rather die in a cellar."

她把窗户完全打开。空气温和芬芳。福雷斯捷焦躁地喘着气，吸入这空气。他紧攥着椅子的扶手，低声说道：“把窗户关上。我宁愿在地下室里死去。”

His wife slowly closed the window, then leaned her brow against the pane and looked out. Duroy, ill at ease, wished to converse with the invalid to reassure him, but he could think of no words of comfort. He stammered: "Have you not been better since you are here?"

他妻子慢慢地把窗户关上，然后把前额靠在窗格玻璃上，并向外望去。迪鲁瓦觉得不自在，他想和那位病人说几句话，以让他安心，但却

想不出一句安慰的话。他结结巴巴地说：“到这里以后，你没有好转吗？”

His friend shrugged his shoulders impatiently: "You will see very soon." And he bowed his head again.

他的朋友不耐烦地耸耸肩：“你很快就会看到了。”接着他又低下了头。

Duroy continued: "At home it is still wintry. It snows, hails, rains, and is so dark that they have to light the lamps at three o'clock in the afternoon.”

迪鲁瓦继续说：“家里现在还很冷呢。又下雪、又下雨、又下冰雹；而且天很黑，以至于下午三点人们都不得不点灯。”

Forestier asked: "Is there anything new at the office?"

福雷斯捷问：“报馆里有什么新鲜事吗？”

"Nothing. They have taken little Lacrin of the 'Voltaire' to fill your place, but he is incapable. It is time you came back.”

“没什么事。他们找了伏尔泰学院的小拉克兰来顶替你的职位，但他不能胜任。是你该回来的时候了。”

The invalid muttered: "I? I will soon be writing under six feet of sod." A long silence ensued.

那病人咕哝：“我？我很快就会在九泉下写专栏了。”接着是长时间的沉默。

Mme. Forestier did not stir; she stood with her back to the room, her face toward the window. At length Forestier broke the silence in a gasping voice, heartrending to listen to: "How many more sunsets shall I see—eight—ten—fifteen—twenty—or perhaps thirty—no more. You have more time, you two—as for me—all is at an end. And everything will go on when I am gone as if I were here.” He paused a few moments, then continued: "Everything that I see reminds me that I shall not see them long. It is horrible. I shall no longer see the smallest objects—the glasses—the dishes—the beds on which we rest—the carriages. It is fine to drive in the evening. How I loved all that.”

福雷斯捷夫人一动不动地站着，背对房间、面朝窗户。终于，福雷斯捷打破了这片沉寂，他用一种让人听着心碎的声音，气喘吁吁地说：“我还能再看到几次落日？……八次……十次……十五次……二十次……或者也许三十次……不会更多了。你们有更多的时间，你们俩……对我来说……一切都结束了。而我死了以后，一切都将继续，就像我在这里一样。”他停顿了一会儿，然后继续说：“我所看见的一切都在提醒我，我不会看见它们多久了。这真可怕。我再也看不到那些最小的物件了……杯子……盘子……我们休息的床……马车。傍晚去驾驾车

真不错。我多爱这一切啊。”

Again Norbert de Varenne's words occurred to Duroy. The room grew dark. Forestier asked irritably: "Are we to have no lamp to-night? That is what is called caring for an invalid!”

迪鲁瓦又想起了诺贝尔·德瓦雷纳的话。房间渐渐变得暗下来。福雷斯捷暴躁地问：“我们今晚没灯吗？所谓的照顾病人就是这样的！”

The form outlined against the window disappeared and an electric bell was heard to ring. A servant soon entered and placed a lamp upon the mantel-piece. Mme. Forestier asked her husband: "Do you wish to retire, or will you go downstairs to dinner?"

映在窗前的那个身影消失了，随后就听到了电铃响起的声音。仆人很快进来了，并把一盏灯放在壁炉架上。福雷斯捷夫人问她丈夫：“你是想休息呢，还是想下楼吃晚饭？”

"I will go down to dinner."

“我要下楼吃晚饭。”

The meal seemed to Duroy interminable, for there was no conversation, only the ticking of a clock broke the silence. When they had finished, Duroy, pleading fatigue, retired to his room and tried in vain to invent some pretext for returning home as quickly as possible. He consoled himself by saying: "Perhaps it will not be for long."

对迪鲁瓦来说，这顿饭似乎没有止境，因为没有谈话，只有时钟的嘀嗒声打破这片寂静。他们吃完以后，迪鲁瓦借口劳顿，回到自己的房间；然后他试着编出一些借口以尽快回家，但徒劳无功。他安慰自己说：“或许用不了多久了。”

The next morning Georges rose early and strolled down to the beach. When he returned the servant said to him: "Monsieur has asked for you two or three times. Will you go upstairs?"

第二天早上，乔治起了个大早，然后散步去了海滨。当他回去时，仆人对他说：“先生已经找了您两三次了。您要上楼吗？”

He ascended the stairs. Forestier appeared to be in a chair; his wife, reclining upon a couch, was reading. The invalid raised his head. Duroy asked: "Well, how are you? You look better this morning."

他走上楼梯。福雷斯捷坐在椅子里，他妻子正斜倚在一张长沙发上看书。病人抬起了头。迪鲁瓦问：“那么，你怎样了？今天早上你看起来好一些了。”

Forestier murmured: "Yes, I am better and stronger. Lunch as hastily as you can with Madeleine, because we are going to take a drive."

福雷斯捷低声说：“对，我好些了，也有劲些了。你和马德莱娜赶紧去吃午饭，因为咱们要驱车去转转。”

When Mme. Forestier was alone with Duroy, she said to him: "You see, to-day he thinks he is better! He is making plans for to-morrow. We are now going to Gulf Juan to buy pottery for our rooms in Paris. He is determined to go, but he cannot stand the jolting on the road.”

当福雷斯捷夫人和迪鲁瓦单独在一起时，她对他说；“你看，今天他觉得自己好一些了！他在为明天做计划了。我们现在要去朱昂湾为我们巴黎的房子买陶器。他坚持要去，但他受不了路上的颠簸。”

The carriage arrived, Forestier descended the stairs, step by step, supported by his servant. When he saw the closed landau, he wanted it uncovered. His wife opposed him: "It is sheer madness! You will take cold."

马车来了，福雷斯捷由仆人搀扶着，一步一步地走下楼梯。当他看到封闭的马车时，他想把车篷拿掉。他妻子阻止他：“这绝对是在发疯！你会着凉的。”

He persisted: "No, I am going to be better, I know it."

他坚持：“不会，我会好起来的，我知道。”

They first drove along a shady road and then took the road by the sea. Forestier explained the different points of interest. Finally they arrived at a pavilion over which were these words: "Gulf Juan Art Pottery," and the carriage drew up at the door. Forestier wanted to buy a vase to put on his bookcase. As he could not leave the carriage, they brought the pieces to him one by one. It took him a long time to choose, consulting his wife and Duroy: "You know it is for my study. From my easy-chair I can see it constantly. I prefer the ancient form—the Greek.”

刚开始，他们驾车沿着一条林阴路前行，然后他们驶上了海边的那条路。福雷斯捷介绍着不同的风景名胜。最后，他们来到一个展出篷前，篷上有这么些字：“朱昂湾艺术陶器”，然后马车停在了门前。福雷斯捷想买个花瓶摆在自己的书架上。因为他下不了马车，他们便把陶器一件件地拿给他。他花了很长时间挑选，同时征求他妻子和迪鲁瓦的意见：“你们知道，它是为我书房买的。从我的安乐椅上，我可以时常看到它。我更喜欢古式的——古希腊。”

At length he made his choice. "I shall return to Paris in a few days," said he.

最后，他作出了选择。他说道：“过几天，我要回巴黎。”

On their way home along the gulf a cool breeze suddenly sprang up, and the invalid began to cough. At first it was nothing, only a

slight attack, but it grew worse and turned to a sort of hiccough—a rattle; Forestier choked, and every time he tried to breathe he coughed violently. Nothing quieted him. He had to be carried from the landau to his room. The heat of the bed did not stop the attack, which lasted until midnight. The first words the sick man uttered were to ask for a barber, for he insisted on being shaved every morning. He rose to be shaved, but was obliged to go to bed at once, and began to breathe so painfully that Mme. Forestier in affright woke Duroy and asked him to fetch the doctor. He returned almost immediately with Dr. Gavant who prescribed for the sick man. When the journalist asked him his opinion, he said: "It is the final stage. He will be dead to-morrow morning. Prepare that poor, young wife and send for a priest. I can do nothing more. However, I am entirely at your disposal.” Duroy went to Mme. Forestier. "He is going to die. The doctor advises me to send for a priest. What will you do?"

他们回家的路上，沿着海湾突然刮起一阵凉爽的微风，这位病人便开始咳嗽起来。起初只是轻微的发作，没有大碍，但咳嗽越变越糟，变成一种打嗝——一种因呼吸困难而发出的呼噜声；福雷斯捷噎住了，而且每当他试着呼吸时，就剧烈地咳嗽。没有东西能让他平静下来。他不得不被从马车上抬到房间里。床铺的热度没有使这阵发作停止，咳嗽一直持续到午夜。这位病人说的第一句话就是要找个理发师，因为他坚持每天早上都要刮脸。他起床刮脸，但不得不立刻到床上去；然后他开始非常痛苦地呼吸，福雷斯捷夫人惊恐地把迪鲁瓦叫醒，让他去找医生。他几乎立刻回来了，带回了加沃医生，医生给病人开了药。当这位记者询问医生的意见时，医生说道：“这是最后阶段了。他明天早上就会去世。让那位可怜的年轻妻子做好准备，并派人去请个神父吧。其他的我无能为力了。不过，我完全愿意随时为您效劳。”迪鲁瓦去找福雷斯捷夫人。“他快不行了。医生建议我派人去请个神父。您准备怎么办？”

She hesitated a moment and then said slowly: "I will go and tell him that the cure wishes to see him. Will you be kind enough to procure one who will require nothing but the confession, and who will not make much fuss?"

她犹豫了一会儿，然后慢慢地说：“我会去告诉他神父想见他。您找个只需要忏悔，并且不会大惊小怪的神父，好吗？”

The young man brought with him a kind, old priest who accommodated himself to circumstances. When he had entered the death chamber, Mme. Forestier went out and seated herself with Duroy in an adjoining room.

这个年轻人带来了一位和蔼的、能随机应变的老神父。当神父走进那将死之人的房间时，福雷斯捷夫人出来了，她和迪鲁瓦在隔壁房间里坐了下来。

"That has upset him," said she. "When I mentioned the priest to

him, his face assumed a scared expression. He knew that the end was near. I shall never forget his face."

“这让他心烦，”她说，“当我对他提起神父时，他脸上露出一种惊恐的表情。他知道，结局临近了。我永远忘不了他那张脸。”

At that moment they heard the priest saying to him: "Why no, you are not so low as that. You are ill, but not in danger. The proof of that is that I came as a friend, a neighbor." They could not hear his reply. The priest continued: "No, I shall not administer the sacrament. We will speak of that when you are better. If you will only confess, I ask no more. I am a pastor; I take advantage of every occasion to gather in my sheep."

就在那时，他们听到神父对他说：“哎呀，不，您没到那种地步。您生病了，但并无危险。关于这一点的证明就是，我是作为一个朋友、一个邻居来的。”他们听不到他的回答。神父继续说：“不，我不会执行圣礼。等您好一些后，我们再谈这个。如果您只想忏悔的话，我别无他求。我是一名牧师；我利用每一个机会来为我的羔羊指点迷津。”

A long silence followed. Then suddenly the priest said, in the tone of one officiating at the altar: "The mercy of God is infinite; repeat the 'Confiteor,' my son. Perhaps you have forgotten it; I will help you. Repeat with me: 'Confiteor Deo omnipotenti; Beata Mariae semper virgini.'" He paused from time to time to permit the dying man to catch up to him.

接着是长时间的寂静。然后，神父突然用祭司在圣坛上主持仪式那种声调说：“上帝的仁慈是无止境的；背诵‘悔罪经’吧，我的孩子。或许你已经把它忘了；我会帮你的。和我一起背诵：‘我向万能的天主忏悔；向永远贞洁的圣母马利亚忏悔。’”他时不时地停下来，好让这位将死之人跟上他。

Then he said: "Now, confess." The sick man murmured something. The priest repeated: "You have committed sins: of what kind, my son?”

然后他说：“现在，忏悔吧。”这位病人咕哝了些东西。神父重复道：“你犯了罪：是哪种罪，我的孩子？”

The young woman rose and said simply: "Let us go into the garden. We must not listen to his secrets."

那位年轻的女人站起来，简单地说：“我们去花园里吧。我们不该听他的秘密。”

They seated themselves upon a bench before the door, beneath a blossoming rosebush. After several moments of silence Duroy asked: "Will it be some time before you return to Paris?"

他们在门前的一张长凳上坐下，坐在一株鲜花盛开的玫瑰丛下。沉

默了一会儿后，迪鲁瓦问：“您是不是过段时间才会回巴黎？”

"No," she replied; "when all is over, I will go back."

“不，”她回答，“等一切结束后，我就会回去。”

"In about ten days?"

“大概十天以后？”

"Yes, at most."

“嗯，最多十天。”

He continued: "Charles has no relatives then?"

他继续问：“那么，夏尔没有亲戚了？”

"None, save cousins. His father and mother died when he was very young."

“没了，除了远房亲戚。他很小的时候父母就去世了。”

In the course of a few minutes, the servant came to tell them that the priest had finished, and together they ascended the stairs. Forestier seemed to have grown thinner since the preceding day. The priest was holding his hand.

过了几分钟，仆人过来告诉他们，神父已经办完事了，于是他们一起上楼。自前一天以来，福雷斯捷似乎变得更瘦了。神父正握着他的手。

"Au revoir, my son. I will come again to-morrow morning"; and he left. When he was gone, the dying man, who was panting, tried to raise his two hands toward his wife and gasped: "Save me—save me, my darling. I do not want to die—oh, save me—go for the doctor. I will take anything. I do not want to die." He wept; the tears coursed down his pallid cheeks. Then his hands commenced to wander hither and thither continually, slowly, and regularly, as if gathering something on the coverlet. His wife, who was also weeping, sobbed: "No, it is nothing. It is only an attack; you will be better to-morrow; you tired yourself with that drive."

“再见了，我的孩子。我明天早上会再过来。”然后他离开了。神父走后，这位垂死的人就喘着气试着向他妻子举起双手，气喘吁吁地说：“救救我……救救我，亲爱的。我不想死……哦，救救我吧……去找医生。我什么都愿意吃。我不想死。”他哭了，泪水从他苍白的双颊流下。然后，他的双手开始不停地、有规律地、缓缓地到处移动，好像在被单上拾着什么东西。他妻子也在哭，她呜咽着说：“不，没事的。这只是一次发作而已；明天你会好转的；你坐车把自己累到了。”

Forestier drew his breath quickly and so faintly that one could scarcely hear him. He repeated: "I do not want to die! Oh, my God—

my God—what has happened to me? I cannot see. Oh, my God!” His staring eyes saw something invisible to the others; his hands plucked continually at the counterpane. Suddenly he shuddered and gasped: "The cemetery—me—my God!” He did not speak again. He lay there motionless and ghastly. The hours dragged on; the clock of a neighboring convent chimed noon.

福雷斯捷迅速地吸了一口气，呼吸微弱到人们几乎听不见他。他重复着：“我不想死！哦，我的上帝啊……我的上帝……我出什么事了？我看不见了。哦，我的上帝！”他瞪着的双眼看到了一些别人看不见的东西；他的双手不停地在床单上拉扯着。突然，他发着抖、气喘吁吁地说：“墓地……我……我的上帝啊！”他没再说话了。他一动不动地、死人一般地躺在那里。时间拖拖拉拉地过去；附近一个女修道院的钟敲响正午十二点。

Duroy left the room to obtain some food. He returned an hour later; Mme. Forestier would eat nothing. The invalid had not stirred. The young woman was seated in an easy-chair at the foot of the bed. Duroy likewise seated himself, and they watched in silence. A nurse, sent by the doctor, had arrived and was dozing by the window.

迪鲁瓦离开房间去拿些吃的。一个小时后，他回来了；福雷斯捷夫人什么也不吃。病人纹丝不动。那位年轻的女人坐在床尾的一把安乐椅里。迪鲁瓦同样坐了下来，他们安静地守候着。医生派来的护士已经到了，正在窗边打着盹。

Duroy himself was almost asleep when he felt a presentiment that something was about to happen. He opened his eyes just in time to see Forestier close his. He coughed slightly, and two streams of blood issued from the corners of his mouth and flowed upon his night robe; his hands ceased their perpetual motion; he had breathed his last. His wife, perceiving it, uttered a cry and fell upon her knees by the bedside. Georges, in surprise and affright, mechanically made the sign of the cross.

迪鲁瓦自己也快睡着了，正在此时，他有种预感——某事即将发生。他睁开眼，正好看见福雷斯捷闭上双眼。他轻咳了几下，两道鲜血便从他的嘴角流了出来，流到他的睡衣上；他的双手停止了无休止的运动；他咽了最后一口气。他的妻子意识到发生了什么，她发出一阵哭喊，并跪倒在床边。乔治又惊讶又恐惧，机械地用手画了个十字。

The nurse, awakening, approached the bed and said: "It has come." Duroy, recovering his self-possession, murmured with a sigh of relief: "It was not as hard as I feared it would be."

护士醒了，走近床铺说：“时候到了。”迪鲁瓦恢复了镇定，他松了一口气，嘟囔着：“没有我担心的那么艰难。”

That night Mme. Forestier and Duroy watched in the chamber of

death. They were alone beside him who was no more. They did not speak, Georges's eyes seemed attracted to that emaciated face which the flickering light made more hollow. That was his friend, Charles Forestier, who the day before had spoken to him. For several years he had lived, eaten, laughed, loved, and hoped as did everyone—and now all was ended for him forever.

那天夜里，福雷斯捷夫人和迪鲁瓦在死者的房间里守灵。他们单独在一起，除了那个已经不在人世的人。他们一言不发，乔治的双眼似乎被那张消瘦的脸所吸引，闪烁的烛光使那张脸显得更加凹陷。那是他的朋友，夏尔·福雷斯捷，前一天还跟他说过话。几年里，他跟每个人一样，生活、吃饭、笑过、爱过，也希望过——而现在，对他而言，一切都永远结束了。

Life lasted a few months or years, and then fled! One was born, grew, was happy, and died. Adieu! man or woman, you will never return to earth! He thought of the insects which live several hours, of the feasts which live several days, of the men who live several years, of the worlds which last several centuries. What was the difference between one and the other? A few more dawns, that was all.

生命延续几个月或几年，然后便消逝了！一个人出生，长大，享受快乐，然后死亡。永别了！无论男女，都永远不会回到尘世！他想到存活几个小时的昆虫，想到延续几天的盛宴，想到活几年的人们，想到持续几个世纪的世界。它们彼此之间有何不同？多活几天，仅此而已。

Duroy turned away his eyes in order not to see the corpse. Mme. Forestier's head was bowed; her fair hair enhanced the beauty of her sorrowful face. The young man's heart grew hopeful. Why should he lament when he had so many years still before him? He glanced at the handsome widow. How had she ever consented to marry that man? Then he pondered upon all the hidden secrets of their lives. He remembered that he had been told of a Count de Vaudrec who had dowered and given her in marriage. What would she do now? Whom would she marry? Had she projects, plans? He would have liked to know. Why that anxiety as to what she would do?

迪鲁瓦把眼睛挪开，避免去看那具尸体。福雷斯捷夫人的头低垂着；她的金发衬得她悲伤的脸更加美丽。这位年轻人的心变得充满希望。他面前还有那么多年岁，为何要在此时悲叹呢？他看了看那位漂亮的寡妇。她究竟是怎么会同意嫁给那个男人？接着，他考虑了他们生活中所有那些隐藏的秘密。他想起自己曾经听说一位德沃德雷克伯爵，是那个伯爵给了她这段婚姻和嫁妆。现在她会怎么办呢？她会跟谁结婚呢？她有计划、规划了么？他真想知道。为什么这么渴望知道她要干什么呢？

Georges questioned himself, and found that it was caused by a desire to win her for himself. Why should he not succeed? He was

positive that she liked him; she would have confidence in him, for she knew that he was intelligent, resolute, tenacious. Had she not sent for him? Was not that a kind of avowal? He was impatient to question her, to find out her intentions. He would soon have to leave that villa, for he could not remain alone with the young widow; therefore he must find out her plans before returning to Paris, in order that she might not yield to another's entreaties. He broke the oppressive silence by saying: "You must be fatigued."

乔治暗自询问，发现这一切都归因于想把她占为己有的欲望。他为什么不能成功呢？他确定她喜欢自己；她会对他有信心的，因为她知道他聪明、果断、坚韧不拔。她不是去找他了吗？这不是一种公开的表示吗？他迫不及待地想问问她，想知道她的打算。他很快就得离开这个别墅，因为他不能单独与这位年轻的寡妇留在一起；所以他必须在回巴黎前，弄清楚她的计划，以防她经受不住其他人的追求。他打破了令人压抑的寂静，说道："你一定累了吧。"

"Yes, but above all I am grieved."

"是啊，但最重要的是，我很伤心。"

Their voices sounded strange in that room. They glanced involuntarily at the corpse as if they expected to see it move. Duroy continued: "It is a heavy blow for you, and will make a complete change in your life."

他们的声音在那个房间里听起来怪怪的。他们不自觉地看了看那具尸体，仿佛期望看到它动一动似的。迪鲁瓦继续说："对你来说，这是个沉重的打击，而且将会完全改变你的生活。"

She sighed deeply, but did not reply. He added: "It is very sad for a young woman like you to be left alone."

她长叹了一声，但没有回答。他补充道："像你这样的一个年轻女人被独自撇下，这真让人非常难过。"

He paused; she still did not reply, and he stammered: "At any rate, you will remember the compact between us; you can command me as you will. I am yours."

他停了下来；她还是没有回答，于是他结结巴巴地说："无论如何，你会记得我们之间的约定吧；你可以随心所欲地使唤我。我是属于你的。"

She held out her hand to him and said mournfully and gently: "Thanks, you are very kind. If I can do anything for you, I say too: 'Count on me.'"

她向他伸出手，悲伤而温柔地说道："谢谢，你太好了。如果我能为你做些什么，我也会说：'请相信我。'"

He took her proffered hand, gazed at it, and was seized with an ardent desire to kiss it. Slowly he raised it to his lips and then relinquished it. As her delicate fingers lay upon her knee the young widow said gravely: "Yes, I shall be all alone, but I shall force myself to be brave."

他接过她伸过来的手，凝视着它，产生了一种想要亲吻它的热切渴望。他慢慢地把它抬到自己唇边，然后松开了它。这位年轻的寡妇把自己纤弱的手指放到膝盖上，同时沉重地说：“是啊，我得独自一人了，不过我会强迫自己勇敢的。”

He did not know how to tell her that he would be delighted to wed her. Certainly it was no time to speak to her on such a subject; however, he thought he might be able to express himself by means of some phrase which would have a hidden meaning and would infer what he wished to say. But that rigid corpse lay between them. The atmosphere became oppressive, almost suffocating. Duroy asked: "Can we not open the window a little? The air seems to be impure."

他不知道该如何告诉她，自己乐意娶她为妻。当然，现在不是和她说这么个话题的时候；不过他认为，自己也许可以通过一些有隐含之意、能暗示自己想说的话的措辞来表达自己的意愿。但那具僵硬的死尸躺在他们中间。气氛变得压抑，几乎让人窒息。迪鲁瓦问：“我们能把窗户打开一点点么？空气好像不大清新。”

"Certainly," she replied; "I have noticed it too."

“当然，”她回答道，“我也注意到了。”

He opened the window, letting in the cool night air. He turned: "Come and look out, it is delightful."

他把窗户打开，让夜晚的凉风进来。他转过身说：“来看看外面吧，风景不错。”

She glided softly to his side. He whispered: "Listen to me. Do not be angry that I broach the subject at such a time, but the day after to-morrow I shall leave here and when you return to Paris it might be too late. You know that I am only a poor devil, who has his position to make, but I have the will and some intelligence, and I am advancing. A man who has attained his ambition knows what to count on; a man who has his way to make does not know what may come—it may be better or worse. I told you one day that my most cherished dream was to have a wife like you.”

她轻轻地移到他身边。他低声说：“请听我说。请别生气我在这种时候提出这个话题，但是后天我就得离开这里了，而当你回到巴黎时，也许就太晚了。你知道我只是个穷小子，还得提高自己的地位，但我有决心，还有点聪明，而且我正在前进。一个已经实现自己抱负的人知道该

依赖什么；一个还得前行的人不知道可能会发生什么——未来或许更好，也许更差。我曾经告诉过你，我最珍爱的梦想就是有个像你这样的妻子。”

"I repeat it to you to-day. Do not reply, but let me continue. This is no proposal—the time and place would render it odious. I only wish to tell you that by a word you can make me happy, and that you can make of me as you will, either a friend or a husband—for my heart and my body are yours. I do not want you to answer me now. I do not wish to speak any more on the subject here. When we meet in Paris, you can tell me your decision.”

“今天我再跟你说一遍。别回答，但让我继续说。这不是求婚——这个时间地点会使求婚令人讨厌。我只想告诉你，你可以用一个字让我快乐；还有，你让我做朋友也好，做丈夫也好，都如你所愿——因为我的身心都属于你。我不想你现在就回答我。我不想再在这里谈这个话题了。你可以在我们在巴黎重聚的时候告诉我你的决定。”

He uttered these words without glancing at her, and she seemed not to have heard them, for she stood by his side motionless, staring vaguely and fixedly at the landscape before her, bathed in moonlight.

他一看也没看她地说出了这些话，而她似乎没听见这些话，因为她一动不动地站在他身边，茫然地、直勾勾地盯着她面前月光笼罩下的风景。

At length she murmured: "It is rather chilly," and turned toward the bed. Duroy followed her. They did not speak but continued their watch. Toward midnight Georges fell asleep. At daybreak the nurse entered and he started up. Both he and Mme. Forestier retired to their rooms to obtain some rest. At eleven o'clock they rose and lunched together; while through the open window was wafted the sweet, perfumed air of spring. After lunch, Mme. Forestier proposed that they take a turn in the garden; as they walked slowly along, she suddenly said, without turning her head toward him, in a low, grave voice: "Listen to me, my dear friend; I have already reflected upon what you proposed to me, and I cannot allow you to depart without a word of reply. I will, however, say neither yes nor no. We will wait, we will see; we will become better acquainted. You must think it well over too. Do not yield to an impulse. I mention this to you before even poor Charles is buried, because it is necessary, after what you have said to me, that you should know me as I am, in order not to cherish the hope you expressed to me any longer, if you are not a man who can understand and bear with me."

最后，她低声说：“有点儿冷。”然后转身向床铺走去。迪鲁瓦跟上她。他们没说话，但继续守灵。快午夜时，乔治进入了梦乡。黎明时分，护士进来了，他便惊醒了。他和福雷斯捷夫人都回到各自的房间，

以稍事休息。十一点，他们起来一起吃了午饭；这时，甜美、芬芳的春风从打开的窗户吹了进来。午饭后，福雷斯捷夫人提议在花园里转一转；当他们慢慢地散着步前行时，她突然开口了，没有转过头看他，她严肃地低声说道：“听我说，我亲爱的朋友；你向我提议的事，我已经考虑过了，并且我不能一句回答的话都没有就让你离开。然而，我也不会说接受或拒绝。我们等等吧，我们再看看；我们会更加了解彼此。你也得好好考虑这件事。别一时冲动。我之所以在可怜的夏尔甚至还没入土之时就跟你提这件事，是因为在你对我说了那番话后，有必要让你知道我是怎样的一个人——如果你不是个能理解我、能受得了我的人，就不要再怀抱你对我表达过的那种希望了吧。

"Now listen carefully: Marriage, to me, is not a chain but an association. I must be free, entirely unfettered, in all my actions—my coming and my going; I can tolerate neither control, jealousy, nor criticism as to my conduct. I pledge my word, however, never to compromise the name of the man I marry, nor to render him ridiculous in the eyes of the world. But that man must promise to look upon me as an equal, an ally, and not as an inferior, or as an obedient, submissive wife. My ideas, I know, are not like those of other people, but I shall never change them. Do not answer me, it would be useless. We shall meet again and talk it all over later. Now take a walk; I shall return to him. Good-bye until to-night.”

“现在，请仔细听：婚姻对我来说不是一种束缚，而是一种联盟。我得是自由的，我的所有行动——我的来来去去都完全不受束缚；我既受不了约束和嫉妒，也受不了对我所作所为的批评。不过我保证，永远不会损害与我结婚之人的名誉，也不会让他成为世人眼里的笑话。但那个人必须承诺，要把我看作与他平等的人，看作一个伙伴，而不是一个下级，或一个百依百顺、唯命是从的妻子。我明白，我的想法与众不同，但我永远不会改变它们。不要回答我，现在回答没有用。我们会再见面的，稍后我们会全面地讨论这件事。现在你散散步吧；我该回他那里去了。晚上见。”

He kissed her hand and left her without having uttered a word. That night they met at dinner; directly after the meal they sought their rooms, worn out with fatigue.

他吻了吻她的手，然后一言不发地离开了她。那天晚上，他们在吃晚饭时见了面；他们精疲力尽，晚饭后就直接回各自的房间了。

Charles Forestier was buried the next day in the cemetery at Cannes without any pomp, and Georges returned to Paris by the express which left at one-thirty. Mme. Forestier accompanied him to the station. They walked up and down the platform awaiting the hour of departure and conversing on indifferent subjects.

夏尔·福雷斯捷第二天被埋葬在戛纳公墓，葬礼一点也不盛大，然后乔治搭乘一点半出发的快车回巴黎。福雷斯捷夫人陪他去车站。他们在

站台上上上下下地走着，等待着出发的时刻，同时聊着些无关紧要的话题。

The train arrived, the journalist took his seat; a porter cried: "Marseilles, Lyons, Paris! All aboard!" The locomotive whistled and the train moved slowly out of the station.

火车来了，那位新闻记者坐了下来；乘务员喊道：“马赛、里昂、巴黎！各位请上车！”机车鸣响汽笛，随后列车便缓缓地驶出了车站。

The young man leaned out of the carriage, and looked at the youthful widow standing on the platform gazing after him. Just as she was disappearing from his sight, he threw her a kiss, which she returned with a more discreet wave of her hand.

那个年轻人把身子探出车厢，看着那位正站在站台上目送他的年轻寡妇。正当她要从他的视线里消失的时候，他向她送出了个飞吻，她比他更小心些地摆了摆手回应。

CHAPTER IX. Marriage

第九章 结婚

Georges Duroy resumed his old habits. Installed in the cozy apartments on Rue de Constantinople, his relations with Mme. de Marelle became quite conjugal.

乔治·迪鲁瓦恢复了他的老习惯。在君士坦丁堡街的那套舒适的公寓里安顿下来以后，他和德马雷勒夫人的关系变得很像已婚夫妇。

Mme. Forestier had not returned; she lingered at Cannes. He, however, received a letter from her announcing her return about the middle of April, but containing not a word as to their parting. He waited. He was resolved to employ every means to marry her if she seemed to hesitate; he had faith in his good fortune, in that power of attraction which he felt within him—a power so irresistible that all women yielded to it.

福雷斯捷夫人还没回来；她在戛纳逗留。但是，他收到过一封她的来信，说她大概四月中旬回来，但对他们的离别只字未提。他等待着。如果她似乎犹豫不决的话，他就决心要用一切办法来与她结婚；他相信自己鸿运当头，相信自己感受到的那种他自身的吸引力——这种力量极有诱惑力，以至于所有女人都臣服于它。

At length a short note admonished him that the decisive moment had arrived.

终于，一张便条告诉他，决定性的时刻到来了。

"I am in Paris. Come to see me."

“我在巴黎。来看看我吧。”

"Madeleine Forestier."

“马德莱娜·福雷斯捷。”

Nothing more. He received it at nine o'clock. At three o'clock of the same day he called at her house. She extended both hands to him with a sweet smile, and they gazed into each other's eyes for several seconds, then she murmured: "How kind of you to come!"

没有别的了。他九点收到它。当天三点他去她家拜访。她甜蜜地微笑着向他伸出双手，他们四目相对了几秒，接着她低声说道：“你来真是太好了！”

He replied: "I should have come, whensoever you bade me."

他回答：“无论何时你吩咐我来，我都会来。”

They sat down; she inquired about the Walters, his associates, and the newspaper.

他们坐了下来；她问了些关于瓦尔特夫妇、他的同事以及报纸的事。

"I miss that very much," said she. "I had become a journalist in spirit. I like the profession." She paused. He fancied he saw in her smile, in her voice, in her words, a kind of invitation, and although he had resolved not to hasten matters, he stammered: "Well—why—why do you not resume—that profession—under—the name of Duroy?”

“我非常想念这些，”她说，“我骨子里已经变成了一名记者。我喜欢这个行当。”她停住了。他觉得自己在她的微笑中、她的声音里、她的话语中察觉出一种邀请，尽管他已决心不操之过急，但他还是磕磕巴巴地说：“那么……为什么……为什么你不……重操旧业……以……迪鲁瓦的名义？”

She became suddenly serious, and placing her hand on his arm, she said: "Do not let us speak of that yet."

她突然变得严肃起来，她把手放在他的胳膊上说：“我们还是别谈这个了吧。”

Divining that she would accept him, he fell upon his knees, and passionately kissed her hands, saying: "Thank you—thank you—how I love you.”

他猜测她会接受自己的，于是便双膝跪地，然后热情地吻着她的双手说：“谢谢你……谢谢你……我多么爱你啊。”

She rose, she was very pale. Duroy kissed her brow. When she had disengaged herself from his embrace, she said gravely: "Listen, my friend, I have not yet fully decided; but my answer may be 'yes.' You must wait patiently, however, until I disclose the secret to you.”

她站起来，脸色煞白。迪鲁瓦吻了吻她的额头。她把自己从他的拥抱中脱离出来以后，严肃地说：“听着，我的朋友，我还没有完全决定；不过我的答案可能是‘同意’。但是，你必须耐心地等待，直到我向你公开那个秘密为止。”

He promised and left her, his heart overflowing with joy. He worked steadily, spent little, tried to save some money that he might not be without a sou at the time of his marriage, and became as miserly as he had once been prodigal. Summer glided by; then autumn, and no one suspected the tie existing between Duroy and Mme. Forestier, for they seldom met in public.

他作出了保证，然后满心喜悦地离开了她。他稳步工作、省吃俭用，试着攒些钱，以防结婚那会儿自己一个子儿也没有，他曾经挥金如土，现在他变得同等地惜金如命了。夏天悄然流逝；然后是秋天，没人

怀疑迪鲁瓦和福雷斯捷夫人之间存在着的那种关系，因为他们很少公开会面。

One evening Madeleine said to him: "You have not yet told Mme. de Marelle our plans?"

一天晚上，马德莱娜对他说：“你还没告诉德马雷勒夫人我们的计划吗？”

"No, my dear; as you wished them kept secret, I have not mentioned them to a soul."

“没有，亲爱的；因为你希望它们被保密，我就没对任何人提起过。”

"Very well; there is plenty of time. I will tell the Walters."

“很好；有的是时间。我会告诉瓦尔特夫妇的。”

She turned away her head and continued: "If you wish, we can be married the beginning of May."

她转开头，继续说：“如果你愿意的话，我们可以五月初结婚。”

"I obey you in all things joyfully."

“我一切都听你的，心甘情愿地服从你。”

"The tenth of May, which falls on Saturday, would please me, for it is my birthday."

“五月十号是星期六，那一天会使我满意，因为那是我的生日。”

"Very well, the tenth of May."

“太好了，五月十号。”

"Your parents live near Rouen, do they not?"

“你父母住在鲁昂附近，是不是？”

"Yes, near Rouen, at Canteleu."

“是的，鲁昂附近的康特勒。”

"I am very anxious to see them!"

“我非常希望见见他们！”

He hesitated, perplexed: "But—they are—" Then he added more firmly: "My dear, they are plain, country people, innkeepers, who strained every nerve to give me an education. I am not ashamed of them, but their—simplicity—their rusticity might annoy you."

他犹豫了，不知所措地说：“但是——他们是——”然后他坚定了一些，进一步说道：“亲爱的，他们是普通的乡下人、旅馆的老板，他们竭尽全力地供我上学。我不是为他们感到羞耻，但是他们……头脑简

单……他们的土气可能会让你讨厌。”

She smiled sweetly. "No, I will love them very much. We will visit them; I wish to. I, too, am the child of humble parents—but I lost mine—I have no one in the world”—she held out her hand to him—"but you."

她甜甜地微微一笑。“不会的，我会很爱他们的。咱们去看望他们吧；我想去。我也是下等人家的孩子——但我失去了我的父母——在这个世界上，我什么人都没有了，”她把手伸向他，“除了你。”

He was affected, conquered as he had never been by any woman.

他被感动了、被征服了，他从未被任何一个女人这样感动、征服过。

"I have been thinking of something," said she, "but it is difficult to explain."

“我一直在想一件事，”她说，“但这件事很难说清楚。”

He asked: "What is it?"

他问：“什么事？”

"It is this: I am like all women. I have my—my weaknesses. I should like to bear a noble name. Can you not on the occasion of our marriage change your name somewhat?” She blushed as if she had proposed something indelicate.

“是这样的：我跟所有女人一样。我有我的……我的弱点。我想要有个贵族称号。你不能趁着咱们结婚，把你的姓稍微改改吗？”她脸红了，仿佛她提出了某件不得体的事似的。

He replied simply: "I have often thought of it, but it does not seem easy to me."

他坦率地回答：“我常想这件事，但对我来说，这件事似乎不好办。”

"Why not?"

“为什么不好办？”

He laughed. "Because I am afraid I should be ridiculed."

他笑了起来。“因为我怕被人笑话。”

She shrugged her shoulders. "Not at all—not at all. Everyone does it, and no one laughs. Separate your name in this way: Du Roy. It sounds very well.”

她耸了耸肩膀。“完全不会——完全不会。每个人都这样做，没人笑话。把你的名字像这样分开来：迪·鲁瓦。这个名字听起来很好。”

He replied: "No, that will not do; it is too common a proceeding. I have thought of assuming the name of my native place, first as a literary pseudonym and then as my surname in conjunction with Duroy, which might later on, as you proposed, be separated."

他答道：“不行，这样不行；这种做法太常见了。我想过用我家乡的名字，起初先作为一个书面的笔名，然后把它作为我的姓氏和‘迪鲁瓦’合在一起；等过段时间后，可以再像你提议的那样，把‘迪鲁瓦’分开。”

She asked: "Is your native place Canteleu?"

她问：“你的家乡是康特勒吗？”

"Yes."

“是的。”

"I do not like the termination. Could we not modify it?"

“我不喜欢那个结尾。我们不能把它改一下吗？”

She took a pen and wrote down the names in order to study them. Suddenly she cried: "Now I have it," and held toward him a sheet of paper on which was written: "Mme. Duroy de Cantel."

她拿了一支笔，写下那些名字，以便研究它们。突然，她喊道：“现在我有了。”接着，她递给他一张纸，上面写着：“迪鲁瓦·德康泰尔夫人。”

Gravely he replied: "Yes, it is very nice."

他一本正经地回答：“嗯，这个很好。”

She was delighted, and repeated: "Duroy de Cantel. Mme. Duroy de Cantel. It is excellent, excellent!"

她很高兴，重复说着：“迪鲁瓦·德康泰尔。迪鲁瓦·德康泰尔夫人。这个太棒了，太棒了！”

Then she added with an air of conviction: "You will see how easily it will be accepted by everyone! After to-morrow, sign your articles 'D. de Cantel,' and your 'Echoes' simply 'Duroy.' That is done on the press every day and no one will be surprised to see you take a nom de plume. What is your father's name?”

然后，她带着深信不疑的神情补充道：“你看着吧，这个名字将会多么容易地被所有人接受！明天以后，给你的文章署名‘D. 德康泰尔’，而你的‘回声’栏就简单地署名‘迪鲁瓦’吧。每天在报纸上这样做，就没人会对看到你用了个笔名而感到惊讶了。你父亲的名字是什么？”

"Alexandre."

“亚历山大。”

She murmured "Alexandre!" two or three times in succession; then she wrote upon a blank sheet: "M. and Mme. Alexandre du Roy de Cantel announce the marriage of their son, M. Georges du Roy de Cantel with Mme. Forestier."

她连续咕哝了两三遍“亚历山大！”；接着，她在一张白纸上写道：“亚历山大·迪·鲁瓦·德康泰尔先生和夫人之子乔治·迪·鲁瓦·德康泰尔先生将与福雷斯捷夫人结婚，特此通告。”

She examined her writing, and, charmed with the effect, exclaimed: "With a little method one can succeed in anything."

她检查了自己的作品，为它的效果沾沾自喜，她喊道：“用一点点办法，什么事都能办成。”

When Georges reached the street, he resolved to call himself, henceforth, "Du Roy," or even "Du Roy de Cantel," it seemed to him that he was of more importance. He swaggered more boldly, held his head more erect and walked as he thought gentlemen should. He felt a desire to inform the passers-by, "My name is Du Roy de Cantel."

当乔治到街上时，他决心从此以后自称“迪·鲁瓦”，或者甚至叫“迪·鲁瓦·德康泰尔”，他觉得似乎自己更加重要了。他更大胆地昂首阔步，头挺得更直了，他像自己认为绅士所应该的那样走着。他有一种欲望，想告诉行人：“我的名字叫迪·鲁瓦·德康泰尔。”

Scarcely had he entered his apartments when the thought of Mme. de Marelle rendered him uneasy, and he wrote to her immediately, appointing a meeting for the following day.

刚走进自己的公寓，他就想起了德马雷勒夫人，这让他心神不安，于是他立即给她写了便条，约她第二天见个面。

"It will be hard," thought he. "There will be a quarrel surely."

“这件事会很难办，”他想，“一定会吵闹一番的。”

The next morning he received a telegram from Madame, informing him that she would be with him at one o'clock. He awaited her impatiently, determined to confess at once and afterward to argue with her, to tell her that he could not remain a bachelor indefinitely, and that, as M. de Marelle persisted in living, he had been compelled to choose some one else as a legal companion. When the bell rang, his heart gave a bound.

第二天早上，他收到了一封夫人寄来的电报，通知他说她一点会和他在一起。他焦急地等着她，决心立刻坦白，然后再和她争论，告诉她他不能无限期地保持单身；而且，因为德马雷勒先生会一直活下去，所以他不得不选择别人作为合法伴侣。门铃响起时，他的心一跳。

Mme. de Marelle entered and cast herself into his arms, saying:

"Good afternoon, Bel-Ami.” Perceiving that his embrace was colder than usual, she glanced up at him and asked: "What ails you?"

德马雷勒夫人走了进来，然后便扑到他怀里说：“下午好，漂亮朋友。”她觉察到他的拥抱比往常冷淡，于是抬眼看着他问：“什么事让你苦恼？”

"Take a seat," said he. "We must talk seriously."

“坐下吧，”他说，“我们得认真地谈一谈。”

She seated herself without removing her hat, and waited. He cast down his eyes; he was preparing to commence.

她没脱帽子就坐了下来，然后便等着他开口。他垂下双眼；他在准备着该如何开始。

Finally he said slowly: "My dear friend, you see that I am very much perplexed, very sad, and very much embarrassed by what I have to confess to you. I love you; I love you with all my heart, and the fear of giving you pain grieves me more than what I have to tell you."

终于，他缓缓地说：“我亲爱的朋友，你看见了，我很困惑、很伤心、很为难，这都是由我得对你坦白的事引起的。我爱你；我全心全意地爱你，我担心给你带来痛苦，这种担心比我不得不告诉你的事更让我悲痛。”

She turned pale, trembled, and asked: "What is it? Tell me quickly."

她的脸色变得苍白，颤抖着问：“什么事？快点告诉我。”

He said sadly but resolutely: "I am going to be married."

他悲伤而又坚决地说：“我要结婚了。”

She sighed like one about to lose consciousness; then she gasped, but did not speak.

她像个快要昏厥的人一样叹气；接着她喘起气来，但没说话。

He continued: "You cannot imagine how much I suffered before taking that resolution. But I have neither position nor money. I am alone in Paris, I must have near me some one who can counsel, comfort, and support me. What I need is an associate, an ally, and I have found one!" He paused, hoping that she would reply, expecting an outburst of furious rage, reproaches, and insults. She pressed her hand to her heart and breathed with difficulty. He took the hand resting on the arm of the chair, but she drew it away and murmured as if stupefied: "Oh, my God!"

他继续说道：“你想象不到在下决定以前，我遭受了多大的痛苦。但我既没地位，也没钱。我孤身一人在巴黎，在我身边必须得有个人，她

能给我提建议、安慰我，并支持我。我所需要的，是一个同伴、一个盟友，而我已经找到了一个！”他停了下来，希望她回应，等着她大发雷霆、破口大骂，对他恶语相加。她把手按在心口，呼吸困难。他握住她搭在椅子扶手上的手，但她把手抽走了，然后她仿佛吓呆了似的低声说：“哦，我的上帝！”

He fell upon his knees before her, without, however, venturing to touch her, more moved by her silence than he would have been by her anger.

他双膝跪在她面前，但不敢碰她了，她的沉默比她的愤怒对他的触动更大。

"Clo, my little Clo, you understand my position. Oh, if I could have married you, what happiness it would have afforded me! But you were married! What could I do? Just think of it! I must make my way in the world and I can never do so as long as I have no domestic ties. If you knew. There are days when I should like to kill your husband." He spoke in a low, seductive voice. He saw two tears gather in Mme. de Marelle's eyes and trickle slowly down her cheeks. He whispered: "Do not weep, Clo, do not weep, I beseech you. You break my heart."

“克洛，我的小克洛，你知道我的处境。哦，如果我能跟你结婚，那将给我带来何等的幸福啊！但你已经结婚了！我能怎么办？请试想一下吧！我必须在这个世界上占得一席之地，而如果没有家庭关系的话，我是永远无法做到这一点的。要是你早知道就好了。有那么些日子，我都想把你丈夫杀了。”他用一种低沉、有诱惑力的嗓音说着。他看到两颗泪珠盈满德马雷勒夫人的眼框，然后慢慢地流下她的双颊。他低声说：“别哭了，克洛，别哭了，我求你了。你让我心碎。”

She made an effort to appear dignified and haughty, and asked, though somewhat unsteadily: "Who is it?"

她竭力使自己看起来高贵骄傲，但还是有点颤抖地问：“她是谁？”

For a moment he hesitated before he replied: "Madeleine Forestier!"

他犹豫了一会儿，然后回答道：“马德莱娜·福雷斯捷！”

Mme. de Marelle started; her tears continued to flow. She rose. Duroy saw that she was going to leave him without a word of reproach or pardon, and he felt humbled, humiliated. He seized her gown and implored: "Do not leave me thus."

德马雷勒夫人吃了一惊；她的眼泪继续往外流。她站了起来。迪鲁瓦见她一个责备或原谅的字也不说就要离开他，便觉得被羞辱、侮辱了。他抓住她的礼服，恳求道：“请别这样离开我。”

She looked at him with that despairing, tearful glance so

charming and so touching, which expresses all the misery pent-up in a woman's heart, and stammered: "I have nothing—to say; I can do nothing. You—you are right; you have made a good choice.”

她绝望地、泪光闪闪地看着他，她的目光是那么迷人、那么令人怜惜，它表达出压抑在一个女人心中的所有痛楚，她磕磕巴巴地说：“我没什么……可说的；我什么也做不了。你……你是对的；你做了个好选择。”

And disengaging herself she left the room.

然后她把自己挣脱出来，离开了房间。

With a sigh of relief at escaping so easily, he repaired to Mme. Forestier's, who asked him: "Have you told Mme. de Marelle?"

这么容易就逃过了此劫，这让他舒了一口气，他去了福雷斯捷夫人家，福雷斯捷夫人问他：“你告诉德马雷勒夫人了吗？”

He replied calmly: "Yes."

他平静地回答：“是的。”

"Did it affect her?"

“这件事对她有影响吗？”

"Not at all. On the contrary, she thought it an excellent plan."

“完全没有。相反，她觉得这是个很好的计划。”

The news was soon noised abroad. Some were surprised, others pretended to have foreseen it, and others again smiled, inferring that they were not at all astonished. The young man, who signed his articles, "D. de Cantel," his "Echoes," "Duroy," and his political sketches, "Du Roy," spent the best part of his time with his betrothed, who had decided that the date fixed for the wedding should be kept secret, that the ceremony should be celebrated in the presence of witnesses only, that they should leave the same evening for Rouen, and that the day following they should visit the journalist's aged parents and spend several days with them. Duroy had tried to persuade Madeleine to abandon that project, but not succeeding in his efforts he was finally compelled to submit.

这个消息很快就传开了。有的人觉得惊讶，有的人假装已预料到此事，还有的人一笑置之，表明他们一点也不惊讶。这个年轻人给自己的文章署名“D. 德康泰尔”，在自己的“回声”栏上用“迪鲁瓦”，他的政治性概述则用“迪·鲁瓦”；他和他的未婚妻度过了最美妙的时光；他的未婚妻决定，婚礼的日期要保密，婚礼仪式只要证人在场庆祝即可，婚礼当天晚上他们就动身去鲁昂，第二天去探望这位记者年迈的双亲，然后和他们呆上几天。迪鲁瓦尝试过说服马德莱娜放弃那个计划，但他的努力没有成功，于是他最后只得服从。

The tenth of May arrived. Thinking a religious ceremony unnecessary, as they had issued no invitations, the couple were married at a magistrate's and took the six o'clock train for Normandy.

五月十号来临了。因为他们没有发邀请函，所以就觉得不需要宗教仪式了；这对夫妇在市政厅结了婚，然后就搭乘六点的火车前往诺曼底。

As the train glided along, Duroy seated in front of his wife, took her hand, kissed it, and said: "When we return we will dine at Chatou sometimes."

火车向前开动时，迪鲁瓦坐在他妻子面前，握着她的手亲吻着，说："等咱们回来后，有时可以去夏图吃饭。"

She murmured: "We shall have a great many things to do!" in a tone which seemed to say: "We must sacrifice pleasure to duty."

她低声说："咱们有很多事要做！"那语气似乎在说："我们得为了职责牺牲娱乐。"

He retained her hand wondering anxiously how he could manage to caress her. He pressed her hand slightly, but she did not respond to the pressure.

他一直握着她的手，焦急地盘算着，自己如何才能成功地抱抱她。他轻轻地按了按她的手，但她对此没有回应。

He said: "It seems strange that you should be my wife."

他说道："你是我的妻子，这好像有些奇怪。"

She appeared surprised: "Why?"

她似乎吃了一惊："为什么？"

"I do not know. It seems droll. I want to embrace you and I am surprised that I have the right."

"我不知道。这好像有些滑稽。我想要拥抱你，而且为自己拥有这个权利而感到惊讶。"

She calmly offered him her cheek which he kissed as he would have kissed his sister's. He continued: "The first time I saw you (you remember, at that dinner to which I was invited at Forestier's), I thought: 'Sacristi, if I could only find a wife like that!' And now I have one."

她平静地把脸颊向他凑了过去，他像吻自己姐妹的脸颊一样，吻了一下它。他继续说："我第一次见到你时（你记得，在那次晚宴上，我被邀请去福雷斯捷家的那次），我就想：'哟，我要是能找到一个像这样的妻子就好了！'而现在，我有了一个。"

She glanced at him with smiling eyes.

她双目含笑地看着他。

He said to himself: "I am too cold. I am stupid. I should make more advances." And he asked: "How did you make Forestier's acquaintance?”

他对自己说：“我太冷淡了。我真笨。我应该进行更多的挑逗。”接着，他问道：“你是怎么认识福雷斯捷的？

She replied with provoking archness: "Are we going to Rouen to talk of him?"

她叫人来气地调皮地回答道：“我们去鲁昂是为了谈他吗？”

He colored. "I am a fool. You intimidate me."

他脸红了。“我是个傻瓜。你威吓住我了。”

She was delighted. "I? Impossible."

她很高兴。“我？不可能吧。”

He seated himself beside her. She exclaimed: "Ah! a stag!" The train was passing through the forest of Saint-Germain and she had seen a frightened deer clear an alley at a bound. As she gazed out of the open window, Duroy bending over her, pressed a kiss upon her neck. For several moments she remained motionless, then raising her head, she said: "You tickle me, stop!"

他坐到她旁边。她惊叫：“啊！一只鹿！”火车正穿过圣热尔曼森林，她看见了一只受惊的鹿，它跳了一下，跃过了一条小路。当她正向开着的窗户外眺望时，迪鲁瓦向她俯下身去，在她脖子上吻了吻。有一会儿，她保持一动不动，然后她抬起头，说道：“你把我弄痒了，别闹了！”

But he did not obey her.

但他没听她的。

She repeated: "Stop, I say!"

她重复道：“别闹了，我说！”

He seized her head with his right hand, turned it toward him and pressed his lips to hers. She struggled, pushed him away and repeated: "Stop!"

他用右手抓着她的头，把它转向自己，然后把双唇压上她的唇。她挣扎着把他推开，重复道：“别闹了！”

He did not heed her. With an effort, she freed herself and rising, said: "Georges, have done. We are not children, we shall soon reach Rouen."

他没有听她的。她一使劲，把自己挣脱出来，然后站起来说道：“乔

治，够了。我们不是小孩子，很快就到鲁昂了。”

"Very well," said he, gaily, "I will wait."

“那好吧，”他快活地说，“我会等的。”

Reseating herself near him she talked of what they would do on their return; they would keep the apartments in which she had lived with her first husband, and Duroy would receive Forestier's position on "La Vie Francaise." In the meantime, forgetting her injunctions and his promise, he slipped his arm around her waist, pressed her to him and murmured: "I love you dearly, my little Made."

她又坐到他身边，谈了谈他们回去后要做的事；他们将保留她跟第一任丈夫居住过的那套公寓，迪鲁瓦也将得到福雷斯捷在《法兰西生活报》的职位。此时，他忘了她的禁令和自己的承诺，把手臂滑向她的腰际，环住她的腰，把她抱在怀里，低声说道：“我非常爱你，我的小马德。”

The gentleness of his tone moved the young woman, and leaning toward him she offered him her lips; as she did so, a whistle announced the proximity of the station. Pushing back some stray locks upon her temples, she exclaimed: "We are foolish."

他温柔的语气打动了这位年轻女人，她靠向他，同时把双唇向他凑了过去；正当她这样做时，一阵汽笛声宣告了车站的临近。她把鬓角的散发往回推了推，惊叫道：“我们真蠢。”

He kissed her hands feverishly and replied: "I adore you, my little Made."

他狂热地吻着她的双手，回答道：“我太喜欢你了，我的小马德。”

On reaching Rouen they repaired to a hotel where they spent the night. The following morning, when they had drunk the tea placed upon the table in their room, Duroy clasped his wife in his arms and said: "My little Made, I feel that I love you very, very much."

一到鲁昂，他们就去了一家旅馆，他们在那里过了夜。第二天早上，他们喝完放在他们房间桌子上的茶后，迪鲁瓦把妻子紧紧抱在怀里说：“我的小马德，我觉得我非常非常爱你。”

She smiled trustfully and murmured as she returned his kisses: "I love you too—a little.”

她信任地微笑着，当她回应着他的吻时她低声说：“我也爱你……有一点点。”

The visit to his parents worried Georges, although he had prepared his wife. He began again: "You know they are peasants, real, not sham, comic-opera peasants.”

尽管已经使自己的妻子在心理上有了准备，但探访他父母一事还是让乔治担心。他又开始说道：“你知道，他们是农民，地地道道的农民，不是那种假装的、喜剧中的农民。”

She smiled. "I know it, you have told me often enough."

她笑了。“我知道啦，你已经对我说得足够频繁了。”

"We shall be very uncomfortable. There is only a straw bed in my room; they do not know what hair mattresses are at Canteleu."

“我们会很不舒服的。我的房间里只有一张稻草铺的床；在康特勒，人们不知道什么是毛绒床垫。”

She seemed delighted. "So much the better. It would be charming to sleep badly—when—near you—and to be awakened by the crowing of the cocks.”

她似乎很高兴。“那就更好了。当……有你在身边时……睡得不好……而且被公鸡的打鸣声唤醒，这真让人陶醉。”

He walked toward the window and lighted a cigarette. The sight of the harbor, of the river filled with ships moved him and he exclaimed: "Egad, but that is fine!"

他走向窗户，点燃了一支烟。他看着海港，看着满是船只的河流，被这一景象触动了，于是他惊叫道：“天哪，但这真美！”

Madeleine joined him and placing both of her hands on her husband's shoulder, cried: "Oh, how beautiful! I did not know that there were so many ships!"

马德莱娜向他跟了过去，双手搭在她丈夫的肩膀上喊道：“哦，多美啊！我不知道那里有这么多船！”

An hour later they departed in order to breakfast with the old couple, who had been informed several days before of their intended arrival. Both Duroy and his wife were charmed with the beauties of the landscape presented to their view, and the cabman halted in order to allow them to get a better idea of the panorama before them. As he whipped up his horse, Duroy saw an old couple not a hundred meters off, approaching, and he leaped from the carriage crying: "Here they are, I know them."

一个小时后，他们出发了，以便跟那对老夫妇一起吃早饭，他们在预期的到达之日前几天就已经通知过那对老夫妇了。迪鲁瓦和他妻子都被展现在他们眼前的美景迷住了，马车夫也停了下来，好让他们更好地体味他们面前的全景。当他挥鞭赶马时，迪鲁瓦看到不到一百米开外的一对老夫妇正朝他们走过来，于是他从马车上跳下来，喊道：“他们在这里，我认出他们了。”

The man was short, corpulent, florid, and vigorous,

notwithstanding his age; the woman was tall, thin, and melancholy, with stooping shoulders—a woman who had worked from childhood, who had never laughed nor jested.

那个男的矮矮胖胖、脸色红润、精力充沛，尽管已经上了年纪；女的又高又瘦，佝偻着肩膀，神情忧郁——她是个从幼年时代就一直劳作的妇女，从来都没有大笑过，也没有开过玩笑。

Madeleine, too, alighted and watched the couple advance, with a contraction of her heart she had not anticipated. They did not recognize their son in that fine gentleman, and they would never have taken that handsome lady for their daughter-in-law. They walked along, passed the child they were expecting, without glancing at the "city folks."

马德莱娜也下了车，并看着那对夫妇走过来，她的心收缩了一下，这是她始料未及的。他们没认出来那位衣着时髦的绅士就是他们的儿子，也永远不会把那位漂亮的女士认作自己的儿媳。他们向前走着，与自己期盼见到的孩子擦肩而过，看都没看那些“城里人”。

Georges cried with a laugh: "Good day, Father Duroy."

乔治大笑着喊道：“你好啊，迪鲁瓦老爸。”

Both the old man and his wife were struck dumb with astonishment; the latter recovered her self-possession first and asked: "Is it you, son?"

这位老人和他妻子都由于惊讶而目瞪口呆了；后者先恢复了镇定，问道：“是你吗，儿子？”

The young man replied: "Yes, it is I, Mother Duroy," and approaching her, he kissed her upon both cheeks and said: "This is my wife."

那位年轻人答道：“对，是我，迪鲁瓦老妈。”他走近她，在她双颊上亲了亲，然后说：“这是我的妻子。”

The two rustics stared at Madeleine as if she were a curiosity, with anxious fear, combined with a sort of satisfied approbation on the part of the father and of jealous enmity on that of the mother.

这两个乡下人既担心又害怕地盯着马德莱娜，似乎她是个稀奇的物件，他爸爸有几分满意和赞许，而妈妈那方面却有些许嫉妒和敌意。

M. Duroy, senior, who was naturally jocose, made so bold as to ask with a twinkle in his eye: "May I kiss you too?" His son uttered an exclamation and Madeleine offered her cheek to the old peasant; who afterward wiped his lips with the back of his hand. The old woman, in her turn, kissed her daughter-in-law with hostile reserve. Her ideal was a stout, rosy, country lass, as red as an apple and as round.

老迪鲁瓦先生天生爱开玩笑，他眼睛闪闪发光，大胆地问：“我也能亲亲你吗？”他儿子惊呼了一声，而马德莱娜则把脸颊凑到这位老农民跟前；他亲完后，用手背擦了擦嘴唇。轮到老妇人时，她怀有敌意地、有所保留地吻了吻自己的儿媳。她理想的儿媳是个结实的、肤色红润的农村少女，像个苹果似的丰满红润。

The carriage preceded them with the luggage. The old man took his son's arm and asked him: "How are you getting on?"

马车载着行李走在他们前面。老头儿挽起他儿子的胳膊问：“你过得怎么样？”

"Very well."

“很好。”

"That is right. Tell me, has your wife any means?"

“那就好。告诉我，你妻子有嫁妆吗？”

Georges replied: "Forty thousand francs."

乔治答道：“四万法郎。”

His father whistled softly and muttered: "Whew!" Then he added: "She is a handsome woman." He admired his son's wife, and in his day had considered himself a connoisseur.

他父亲轻轻地吹了声口哨，低声说道：“哟！”然后他加了一句：“她是个漂亮的女人。”他欣赏自己儿子的妻子，他年轻那会儿曾自以为是个行家。

Madeleine and the mother walked side by side in silence; the two men joined them. They soon reached the village, at the entrance to which stood M. Duroy's tavern. A pine board fastened over the door indicated that thirsty people might enter. The table was laid. A neighbor, who had come to assist, made a low courtesy on seeing so beautiful a lady appear; then recognizing Georges, she cried: "Oh Lord, is it you?"

马德莱娜和那位母亲沉默不语地并肩而行；这两个男人跟上了她们。他们很快就到了那个村庄，迪鲁瓦先生的旅馆就在村口。门上固定着的一块松木板表明，渴了的人可以进去。桌子上摆好了餐具。一个过来帮忙的邻居一看到来了个如此漂亮的夫人，就低身行了个礼；然后她认出了乔治，叫道：“哦，天啊，是你吗？”

He replied merrily: "Yes, it is I, Mother Brulin," and he kissed her as he had kissed his father and mother. Then he turned to his wife: "Come into our room," said he, "you can lay aside your hat."

他高兴地回答：“是啊，是我，布吕兰大娘。”然后他像刚才亲自己父母一样亲了亲她。接着，他转向自己的妻子说：“来，到我们房间里

去，”他说，“你可以把你的帽子放起来。”

They passed through a door to the right and entered a room paved with brick, with whitewashed walls and a bed with cotton hangings.

他们穿过右边的一扇门，然后走进一个铺着砖块的房间，房间的墙壁粉刷过，房内有一张挂着棉布幔帐的床。

A crucifix above a holy-water basin and two colored prints, representing Paul and Virginia beneath a blue palm-tree, and Napoleon I. on a yellow horse, were the only ornaments in that neat, but bare room.

两幅彩色图画和圣水缸上方的一个十字架是那间干净但空荡的房间里唯一的装饰品，那两幅画上画着在一棵蓝棕榈树下的保罗和弗吉尼娅，以及一匹黄马上的拿破仑一世。

When they were alone, Georges embraced Madeleine.

当他们单独在一起时，乔治拥抱着马德莱娜。

"Good morning, Made! I am glad to see the old people once more. When one is in Paris one does not think of this place, but when one returns, one enjoys it just the same."

“早上好，马德！我很高兴再一次见到这些老人。在巴黎的时候没想这个地方，但回来后还是喜欢它。”

At that moment his father cried, knocking on the partition with his fist: "Come, the soup is ready."

这时他父亲用拳头捶着门板，喊道：“来吧，汤做好了。”

They re-entered the large public-room and took their seats at the table. The meal was a long one, served in a truly rustic fashion. Father Duroy, enlivened by the cider and several glasses of wine, related many anecdotes, while Georges, to whom they were all familiar, laughed at them.

他们又走进那个大大的公用房间，在桌子边坐了下来。这顿饭吃了很长时间，是以如假包换的农村方式上的菜。迪鲁瓦的爸爸喝了些苹果酒和几杯葡萄酒，一时兴起，讲了许多奇闻轶事，而对所有这些都很熟悉的乔治则被它们逗得哈哈大笑。

Mother Duroy did not speak, but sat at the board, grim and austere, glancing at her daughter-in-law with hatred in her heart.

迪鲁瓦的母亲没吭声，但她冷冷地、严肃地坐在餐桌边，心怀怨恨地看着她的儿媳。

Madeleine did not speak nor did she eat; she was depressed. Wherefore? She had wished to come; she knew that she was coming to

a simple home; she had formed no poetical ideas of those peasants, but she had perhaps expected to find them somewhat more polished, refined. She recalled her own mother, of whom she never spoke to anyone—a governess who had been betrayed and who had died of grief and shame when Madeleine was twelve years old. A stranger had had the little girl educated. Her father without doubt. Who was he? She did not know positively, but she had vague suspicions.

马德莱娜既不说话也不吃饭；她觉得沮丧。为什么呢？她曾渴望过来；她知道自己将来到一个简朴的家；她没有对那些农民产生任何诗意的幻想，但她也许还是期盼看到他们稍微更优雅、有教养一些。她回想起了自己的母亲，她从来没跟任何人谈起过她；她母亲是一名女家庭教师，曾被人辜负，马德莱娜十二岁时，她死于悲伤和羞耻。一个陌生人让这个小女孩接受了教育。毫无疑问是她的父亲。他是谁？她知道得不确切，但她模模糊糊地猜疑着。

The meal was not yet over when customers entered, shook hands with M. Duroy, exclaimed on seeing his son, and seating themselves at the wooden tables began to drink, smoke, and play dominoes. The smoke from the clay pipes and penny cigars filled the room.

这顿饭还没吃完，客人们就进来了，他们跟老迪鲁瓦先生握了手，一见到他的儿子就惊叫起来，然后他们坐在木桌旁开始喝酒、吸烟、玩多米诺骨牌。从陶土烟斗和廉价雪茄里冒出的烟布满这个房间。

Madeleine choked and asked: "Can we go out? I cannot remain here any longer,"

马德莱娜快窒息了，她问：“我们能出去吗？我没法再在这里呆下去了。”

Old Duroy grumbled at being disturbed. Madeleine rose and placed her chair at the door in order to wait until her father-in-law and his wife had finished their coffee and wine.

老迪鲁瓦因为被打断而抱怨了几句。马德莱娜站起来，把她的椅子放到门边，以便等着，直到她的公公和婆婆喝完咖啡和葡萄酒。

Georges soon joined her.

乔治很快跟上了她。

"Would you like to stroll down to the Seine?"

“你愿意散步去塞纳河吗？”

Joyfully she cried: "Yes."

她高兴地喊道：“愿意。”

They descended the hillside, hired a boat at Croisset, and spent the remainder of the afternoon beneath the willows in the soft, warm,

spring air, and rocked gently by the rippling waves of the river. They returned at nightfall. The evening repast by candle-light was more painful to Madeleine than that of the morning. Neither Father Duroy nor his wife spoke. When the meal was over, Madeleine drew her husband outside in order not to have to remain in that room, the atmosphere of which was heavy with smoke and the fumes of liquor.

他们走下山坡，在克鲁瓦塞租了条船，在柔和温暖的春风中、在杨柳下度过了那天下午剩余的时光，并被河里起伏的波浪轻轻地摇晃着。傍晚时分，他们回去了。对马德莱娜来说，那顿在烛光下的晚餐比早上的那顿饭更让她痛苦。迪鲁瓦的爸爸和妈妈都一言未发。晚饭结束后，马德莱娜把她丈夫拉到外面去，这样就不用非得留在那个烟雾弥漫、酒气熏天的房间里了。

When they were alone, he said: "You are already weary."

他们独处时，他说：“你已经厌烦了吧。”

She attempted to protest; he interrupted her: "I have seen it. If you wish we will leave tomorrow."

她试着反对；他打断了她：“我已经看出来了。如果你愿意，咱们明天就离开。”

She whispered: "I should like to go."

她低声说：“我想离开了。”

They walked along and entered a narrow path among high trees, hedged in on either side by impenetrable brushwood.

他们散着步，走进了一条在高高的树木间的狭窄小路，小路两侧都围着无法通行的灌木丛。

She asked: "Where are we?"

她问：“我们在哪里？”

He replied: "In the forest—one of the largest in France.”

他回答：“在森林里——法国最大的森林之一。”

Madeleine, on raising her head, could see the stars between the branches and hear the rustling of the leaves. She felt strangely nervous. Why, she could not tell. She seemed to be lost, surrounded by perils, abandoned, alone, beneath that vast vaulted sky.

马德莱娜一抬头就能看见树枝间的星星，听到树叶的沙沙声。她感到不可思议地紧张。为什么，她说不出来。她觉得自己好像迷路了，在那广阔的穹空下，她周围似乎危机四伏，她仿佛被抛弃了，孤零零的一个人。

She murmured: "I am afraid; I should like to return."

她低声说：“我害怕；我想回去了。”

"Very well, we will."

“那好吧，咱们回去。”

On their return they found the old people in bed. The next morning Madeleine rose early and was ready to leave at daybreak. When Georges told his parents that they were going to return home, they guessed whose wish it was.

回去时，他们发现两位老人已经上床了。第二天早上，马德莱娜早早地起床，黎明时分，她就准备好离开了。当乔治告诉父母他们即将回家时，他们猜到了这是谁的愿望。

His father asked simply: "Shall I see you soon again?"

他父亲简单地问道：“我很快又能见到你吗？”

"Yes—in the summer-time.”

“嗯——夏天的时候。”

"Very well."

“很好。”

His mother grumbled: "I hope you will not regret what you have done."

他母亲嘟囔着：“我希望你不会后悔自己做过的事。”

Georges gave them two hundred francs to appease them, and the cab arriving at ten o'clock, the couple kissed the old peasants and set out.

为了抚慰两位老人，乔治给了他们两百法郎；出租马车十点到达，这对夫妇吻了吻两位老农民，然后便踏上了旅程。

As they were descending the side of the hill, Duroy laughed. "You see," said he, "I warned you. I should, however, not have presented you to M. and Mme. du Roy de Cantel, senior."

当他们行下山坡的时候，迪鲁瓦笑了。“你看，”他说，“我预先告诉过你吧。不过，我不该把你介绍给老迪·鲁瓦·德康泰尔先生和夫人的。”

She laughed too and replied: "I am charmed now! They are nice people whom I am beginning to like very much. I shall send them confections from Paris." Then she murmured: "Du Roy de Cantel. We will say that we spent a week at your parents' estate," and drawing near him, she kissed him saying: "Good morning, Georges."

她也大笑起来，回答道：“我现在高兴了。他们是好人，我开始非常喜欢他们了。我会从巴黎给他们寄些小吃。”接着，她轻声说：“迪鲁瓦·德康泰尔。我们可以说我们在你父母的庄园里呆了一星期。”她靠近他，

吻了他一下，说：“早上好，乔治。”

He replied: "Good morning, Madeleine," as he slipped his arm around her waist.

他回答道：“早上好，马德莱娜。”说着把手臂滑向她的腰际，环住了她的腰。

CHAPTER X. Jealousy

第十章 嫉妒

The Du Roys had been in Paris two days and the journalist had resumed work; he had given up his own especial province to assume that of Forestier, and to devote himself entirely to politics. On this particular evening he turned his steps toward home with a light heart. As he passed a florist's on Rue Notre Dame de Lorette he bought a bouquet of half-open roses for Madeleine. Having forgotten his key, on arriving at his door, he rang and the servant answered his summons.

迪·鲁瓦夫妇已经在巴黎呆了两天了，这位记者也已经重新开始工作了；他放弃了自己的特有领域，以承担福雷斯捷的版块，并全身心投入于政治之中。在这个特别的傍晚，他心情愉悦地向家走去。当他经过洛雷特圣母街的一家花店时，他给马德莱娜买了一束半开的玫瑰花。因为忘了带钥匙，他一走到家门口，便按了门铃，接着仆人给他开了门。

Georges asked: "Is Madame at home?" "Yes, sir."

乔治问：“夫人在家吗？”“在，先生。”

In the dining-room he paused in astonishment to see covers laid for three; the door of the salon being ajar, he saw Madeleine arranging in a vase on the mantelpiece a bunch of roses similar to his.

在餐厅里，他看到摆着三个人的餐具，惊讶地停住了；客厅的门虚掩着，他看见马德莱娜正往壁炉架上的花瓶里摆着一束玫瑰花，那花与他的花类似。

He entered the room and asked: "Have you invited anyone to dinner?"

他走进房间，问：“你请了什么人来吃晚饭吗？”

She replied without turning her head and continuing the arrangement of her flowers: "Yes and no: it is my old friend, Count de Vaudrec, who is in the habit of dining here every Monday and who will come now as he always has,”

她没回头，继续布置着她的花，回答道：“是也不是：是我的老朋友德沃德雷克伯爵，他习惯了每周一都在这里吃晚饭，如今他也会一如既往地过来。”

Georges murmured: "Very well."

乔治咕哝道：“很好。”

He stopped behind her, the bouquet in his hand, the desire strong within him to conceal it—to throw it away. However, he said: "Here, I

have brought you some roses!"

他在她身后停住了，手里拿着那束花，他体内有种强烈的欲望，要把它藏起来——把它扔掉。然而，他说道：“嘿，我给你带了些玫瑰花！”

She turned to him with a smile and said: "Ah, how thoughtful of you!" and she kissed him with such evident affection that he felt consoled.

她微笑着转向他，说道：“啊，你多么体贴啊！”然后她带着很明显的爱慕之情吻了吻他，这使他感到安慰。

She took the flowers, inhaled their perfume, and put them in an empty vase. Then she said as she noted the effect: "Now I am satisfied; my mantelpiece looks pretty," adding with an air of conviction: "Vaudrec is charming; you will become intimate with him at once,"

她接过花，吸入它们的香味，然后把它们放进一个空花瓶。她留意到效果，于是接着说道：“现在我满意啦；我的壁炉架看起来真漂亮。”然后她带着深信不疑的表情补充道：“沃德雷克很有魅力；你会立即和他变得亲密起来的。”

A ring announced the Count. He entered as if he were at home. After gallantly kissing Mme. Du Roy's hand, he turned to her husband and cordially offered his hand, saying: "How are you, my dear Du Roy?"

一阵门铃声宣告着伯爵的到来。他走了进来，好像在自己家一样。他殷勤地吻了迪·鲁瓦夫人的手后，便转向她的丈夫，友善地伸出手说：“你好吗，我亲爱的迪·鲁瓦？”

He had no longer that haughty air, but was very affable. One would have thought in the course of five minutes, that the two men had known one another for ten years. Madeleine, whose face was radiant, said: "I will leave you together. I have work to superintend in the kitchen." The dinner was excellent and the Count remained very late. When he was gone, Madeleine said to her husband: "Is he not nice? He improves, too, on acquaintance. He is a good, true, faithful friend. Ah, without him—"

他不再带着那种傲慢的神气，而是非常和蔼可亲。人们会以为，在五分钟内，这两个男人就已经彼此相知十年了。马德莱娜的脸容光焕发，她说：“我把你们一起留在这里。我得在厨房里监督他们做饭。”晚餐棒极了，伯爵呆到很晚。他走后，马德莱娜对她丈夫说：“他很好，不是吗？而且，对他了解越深，就会觉得他越好。他是个真正的、忠诚的好朋友。啊，没有他——”

She did not complete her sentence and Georges replied: "Yes, he is very pleasant, I think we shall understand each other well."

她没说完那句话，乔治就答道：“是啊，他很讨人喜欢，我想我们会很好地了解彼此的。”

"You do not know," she said, "that we have work to do to-night before retiring. I did not have time to tell you before dinner, for Vaudrec came. Laroche-Mathieu brought me important news of Morocco. We must make a fine article of that. Let us set to work at once. Come, take the lamp.”

“你不知道吧，”她说，“我们今晚睡觉前有工作要做。因为沃德雷克来了，所以我晚饭前没时间告诉你。拉罗什·马蒂厄给我带来了关于摩洛哥的重要新闻。我们必须得把这个写成一篇好文章。我们立刻开始工作吧。来，把灯拿上。”

He carried the lamp and they entered the study. Madeleine leaned against the mantelpiece, and having lighted a cigarette, told him the news and gave him her plan of the article. He listened attentively, making notes as she spoke, and when she had finished he raised objections, took up the question and, in his turn, developed another plan. His wife ceased smoking, for her interest was aroused in following Georges's line of thought. From time to time she murmured: "Yes, yes; very good—excellent—very forcible—” And when he had finished speaking, she said: "Now let us write."

他拿上灯，然后他们进了书房。马德莱娜靠在壁炉架上，点燃一支烟后，她告诉了他那个新闻，并跟他说了她关于这篇文章的构想。她说话的时候，他聚精会神地听着，做着笔记，而当她说完以后，他提出了反对意见，讨论了这个问题，并且也提出了另一个构想。他妻子停止了吸烟，因为跟着乔治的思路，她的兴趣被激发了。她不时地低声说：“对，对；很好……太棒了……很有说服力……”而当他说完后，她说：“现在，我们动笔吧。”

It was always difficult for him to make a beginning and she would lean over his shoulder and whisper the phrases in his ear, then he would add a few lines; when their article was completed, Georges re-read it. Both he and Madeleine pronounced it admirable and kissed one another with passionate admiration.

对他来说，开头总是很困难，于是她伏在他肩膀上，并在他耳边低声说着那些语句，然后他加了几行；当他们的文章完工后，乔治把它重新读了一遍。马德莱娜和他都表示这篇文章极好，他们热情地、钦佩地亲吻了彼此。

The article appeared with the signature of "G. du Roy de Cantel," and made a great sensation. M. Walter congratulated the author, who soon became celebrated in political circles. His wife, too, surprised him by the ingenuousness of her mind, the cleverness of her wit, and the number of her acquaintances. At almost any time upon returning

home he found in his salon a senator, a deputy, a magistrate, or a general, who treated Madeleine with grave familiarity.

这篇文章以“G. 迪·鲁瓦·德康泰尔”的署名发表，并引起了极大的轰动。瓦尔特先生祝贺了这位作者，不久，这位作者就在政治圈内声名鹊起。他的妻子思想高尚、才思敏捷、交友甚广，她也让他觉得惊讶。几乎在任何时候，他一回家，就会在自己的客厅里发现一位参议员、一位众议员、一位地方法官，或一位将军，他们都很亲密地对待马德莱娜。

Deputy Laroche-Mathieu, who dined at Rue Fontaine every Tuesday, was one of the largest stockholders of M. Walter's paper and the latter's colleague and associate in many business transactions. Du Roy hoped, later on, that some of the benefits promised by him to Forestier might fall to his share. They would be given to Madeleine's new husband—that was all—nothing was changed; even his associates sometimes called him Forestier, and it made Du Roy furious at the dead. He grew to hate the very name; it was to him almost an insult. Even at home the obsession continued; the entire house reminded him of Charles.

众议员拉罗什·马蒂厄每周二都在泉水街吃饭，他是瓦尔特先生的报馆最大的股东之一，也是瓦尔特先生在许多经济业务中的同僚和伙伴。迪·鲁瓦希望，等过些时候，他对福雷斯捷许诺过的一些福利可以落到自己手上。这些会给马德莱娜的新丈夫——仅此而已——什么都没变；甚至他的同事有时也叫他福雷斯捷，而这让迪·鲁瓦对那个死人火冒三丈。他变得讨厌那个名字；它对他来说几乎是个侮辱。即使在家，这种困扰也在继续；整栋房子都让他想起夏尔。

One evening Du Roy, who liked sweetmeats, asked: "Why do we never have sweets?"

迪·鲁瓦喜欢甜食，一天晚上，他问：“为什么我们从来都没有甜食？”

His wife replied pleasantly: "I never think of it, because Charles disliked them."

他妻子愉快地回答：“我从没想过这个，因为夏尔不喜欢它们。”

He interrupted her with an impatient gesture: "Do you know I am getting tired of Charles? It is Charles here, Charles there, Charles liked this, Charles liked that. Since Charles is dead, let him rest in peace."

他用一个不耐烦的手势打断了她：“你知道我对夏尔感到厌烦吗？左一句夏尔，右一句夏尔，夏尔喜欢这个，夏尔喜欢那个。既然夏尔死了，就让他安息吧。”

Madeleine ascribed her husband's burst of ill humor to puerile jealousy, but she was flattered and did not reply. On retiring, haunted by the same thought, he asked: "Did Charles wear a cotton nightcap to

keep the draft out of his ears?"

马德莱娜把她丈夫的大发脾气归因于孩子气的嫉妒，但她觉得荣幸，因而没有回应。就寝时，他心中萦绕着这个同样的想法，他问道：“夏尔是不是戴个棉睡帽以防止风钻进耳朵里？”

She replied pleasantly: "No, a lace one!"

她愉快地答道：“不，是个有花边的！”

Georges shrugged his shoulders and said scornfully: "What a bird!"

乔治耸了耸肩，轻蔑地说：“真出洋相！”

From that time Georges never called Charles anything but "poor Charles," with an accent of infinite pity. One evening as Du Roy was smoking a cigarette at his window, toward the end of June, the heat awoke in him a desire for fresh air. He asked: "My little Made, would you like to go as far as the Bois?"

从那以后，乔治从没叫过夏尔别的，除了用一种无限同情的腔调叫他“可怜的夏尔”以外。快到六月底的一天傍晚，当迪·鲁瓦正在窗边吸烟时，高温唤醒了他体内对新鲜空气的渴望。他问：“我的小马德，你愿意一直转悠到‘布瓦’去吗？”

"Yes, certainly."

“嗯，当然愿意。”

They took an open carriage and drove to the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. It was a sultry evening; a host of cabs lined the drive, one behind another. When the carriage containing Georges and Madeleine reached the turning which led to the fortifications, they kissed one another and Madeleine stammered in confusion: "We are as childish as we were at Rouen."

他们坐了辆敞篷马车，驶向布洛涅林苑大街。这是个闷热的夜晚；大量的马车一辆挨着一辆，填满了车道。当载着乔治和马德莱娜的马车到通向防御工事的拐角处时，他们彼此亲吻，马德莱娜神志迷乱、结结巴巴地说：“我们和在鲁昂时一样孩子气。”

The road they followed was not so much frequented, a gentle breeze rustled the leaves of the trees, the sky was studded with brilliant stars and Georges murmured, as he pressed his wife to his breast: "Oh, my little Made."

他们走的路没有那么拥挤，一阵微风使树上的叶子沙沙作响，天空上镶嵌着闪耀的星星，乔治一边把妻子搂到胸前，一边低声道：“哦，我的小马德。”

She said to him: "Do you remember how gloomy the forest at

Canteleu was? It seemed to me that it was full of horrible beasts and that it was interminable, while here it is charming. One can feel the caressing breezes, and I know that Sevres is on the other side."

她对他说："你记得康特勒的那片森林有多阴森吗？对我来说，似乎那个森林里充满了可怕的野兽，那个森林似乎没有尽头；而在这里，树林却很迷人。人们可以感受到拂面的微风，而且我知道塞夫尔就在另一边。"

He replied: "In our forests there are nothing but stags, foxes, roebucks, and boars, with here and there a forester's house." He paused for a moment and then asked: "Did you come here in the evening with Charles occasionally?"

他回答道："我们的森林里什么都没有，只有一些鹿、狐狸、狍子和野猪，还有各处都有的守林人的屋子。"他停顿了一会儿，然后问道："你以前偶尔会跟夏尔晚上来这里吗？"

She replied: "Frequently."

她回答："经常。"

He felt a desire to return home at once. Forestier's image haunted him, however; he could think of nothing else. The carriage rolled on toward the Arc de Triomphe and joined the stream of carriages returning home. As Georges remained silent, his wife, who divined his thoughts, asked in her soft voice: "Of what are you thinking? For half an hour you have not uttered a word."

他有一种欲望，想立刻回家。无论如何，福雷斯捷的身影总在他脑中萦绕；他想不到其他任何东西。马车向凯旋门继续驶去，加入了返程马车的车流中。因为乔治保持着沉默，他的妻子猜到了他的心事，便柔声问道："你在想什么啊？在这半个小时里，你一个字也没说。"

He replied with a sneer: "I am thinking of all those fools who kiss one another, and I believe truly that there is something else to be done in life."

他冷笑了一声，答道："我在想所有那些彼此亲吻的傻瓜，我真心地认为，生活中还有一些别的事要做。"

She whispered: "Yes, but it is nice sometimes! It is nice when one has nothing better to do."

她轻声说："是啊，但有时这样也挺好的！当一个人没有更好的事可干时，这样也不错。"

Georges' thoughts were busy with the dead; he said to himself angrily: "I am foolish to worry, to torment myself as I have done." After remonstrating thus with himself, he felt more reconciled to the thought of Forestier, and felt like exclaiming: "Good evening,

old fellow!"

乔治的思想被那个死人占据着；他生气地对自己说：“我要是还跟以前一样担心烦恼、自我折磨，就是傻子。”这样告诫自己一番后，他觉得自己对关于福雷斯捷的想法更释怀了，他想大喊：“晚上好啊，老朋友！”

Madeleine, who was bored by his silence, asked: "Shall we go to Tortoni's for ices before returning home?”

他的沉默使马德莱娜觉得无聊，她问：“回家前我们去多尔多尼咖啡馆吃些冰激凌好吗？”

He glanced at her from his corner and thought: "She is pretty; so much the better. Tit for tat, my comrade. But if they begin again to annoy me with you, it will get somewhat hot at the North Pole!"

他从他的角落看了她一眼，想着：“她很漂亮；这样更好。以牙还牙，我的伙伴。不过，如果他们再拿你来惹恼我，我会给他们点颜色瞧瞧的！”

Then he replied: "Certainly, my darling," and before she had time to think he kissed her. It seemed to Madeleine that her husband's lips were icy. However he smiled as usual and gave her his hand to assist her to alight at the cafe.

接着，他回答：“当然好了，亲爱的。”在她还没时间思考前，他吻了吻她。马德莱娜觉得，自己丈夫的双唇好像冷冷的。但他像往常一样微笑着，并在咖啡馆门前向她伸出手，扶她下马车。

CHAPTER XI. Madame Walter Takes a Hand

第十一章 瓦尔特夫人的插手

On entering the office the following day, Du Roy sought Boisrenard and told him to warn his associates not to continue the farce of calling him Forestier, or there would be war. When Du Roy returned an hour later, no one called him by that name. From the office he proceeded to his home, and hearing the sound of ladies' voices in the drawing-room, he asked the servant: "Who is here?"

第二天，迪·鲁瓦一进办公室，就找到布瓦勒纳，并让布瓦勒纳警告他的同事们不要继续胡闹地称他为福雷斯捷，否则将会有冲突。当迪·鲁瓦一小时后回去时，没有一个人用那个名字称呼他了。他从办公室回到家，听见客厅里有女士们说话的声音，便问仆人："谁在这里？"

"Mme. Walter and Mme. de Marelle," was the reply.

回答是："瓦尔特夫人和德马雷勒夫人。"

His heart pulsated violently as he opened the door. Clotilde was seated by the fireplace; it seemed to Georges that she turned pale on perceiving him.

开门时，他的心剧烈地跳动着。克洛蒂尔德坐在壁炉旁边；乔治觉得，似乎她一见到自己，她的脸色就变苍白了。

Having greeted Mme. Walter and her two daughters seated like sentinels beside her, he turned to his former mistress. She extended her hand; he took and pressed it as if to say: "I love you still!" She returned the pressure.

向瓦尔特夫人和她那两个像哨兵一样坐在她旁边的女儿打了招呼后，他转向自己从前的情妇。她伸出手；他接过它按了按，似乎在说："我仍然爱你！"她回按了他。

He said: "Have you been well since we last met?"

他说："自从我们上次见面以来，您过得可好？"

"Yes; have you, Bel-Ami?" And turning to Madeleine she added: "Will you permit me to call him Bel-Ami?"

"我很好；你呢，漂亮朋友？"接着，她转向马德莱娜，补充道："你允许我叫他漂亮朋友吗？"

"Certainly, my dear; I will permit anything you wish."

"当然啦，亲爱的；你想做任何事，我都会允许的。"

A shade of irony lurked beneath those words, uttered so

pleasantly.

在这些说得如此亲切的话语下，潜藏着些微讽刺之意。

Mme. Walter mentioned a fencing-match to be given at Jacques Rival's apartments, the proceeds to be devoted to charities, and in which many society ladies were going to assist. She said: "It will be very entertaining; but I am in despair, for we have no one to escort us, my husband having an engagement."

瓦尔特夫人提到一场即将在雅克·里瓦尔的公寓里举办的击剑比赛，该比赛的收益将被捐献给慈善机构；在这次活动中，许多上流社会的女士们将去帮忙。她说：“这次活动将会非常令人愉快；但我很绝望，因为没人陪我们去，我丈夫有约了。”

Du Roy offered his services at once. She accepted, saying: "My daughters and I shall be very grateful."

迪·鲁瓦立即提出自己可以效力。她接受了，说道：“我和我的女儿们会非常感激的。”

He glanced at the younger of the two girls and thought: "Little Suzanne is not at all bad, not at all."

他看了眼那两个女孩中比较年轻的那个，想道：“小苏珊一点也不坏啊，一点也不。”

She resembled a doll, being very small and dainty, with a well-proportioned form, a pretty, delicate face, blue-gray eyes, a fair skin, and curly, flaxen hair. Her elder sister, Rose, was plain—one of those girls to whom no attention is ever paid. Her mother rose, and turning to Georges, said: "I shall count on you next Thursday at two o'clock.”

她就像个洋娃娃，因为她秀色可餐、非常娇小，有着匀称的体型、漂亮精致的脸、蓝灰色的双眸、白皙的皮肤和卷曲的淡黄色头发。她姐姐罗斯很普通——她是个永远没人注意的女孩。她母亲站起身，转向乔治说：“我就指望你了，下周四两点。”

He replied: "Count upon me, Madame."

他答道：“指望我吧，夫人。”

When the door closed upon Mme. Walter, Mme. de Marelle, in her turn, rose.

当门在瓦尔特夫人身后关上时，德马雷勒夫人也起身了。

"Au revoir, Bel-Ami.”

“再会，漂亮朋友。”

This time she pressed his hand and he was moved by that silent avowal. "I will go to see her to-morrow," thought he.

这一次，她按了按他的手，他被这种无言的表示感动了。“我明天要去看她。”他想。

Left alone with his wife, she laughed, and looking into his eyes said: "Mme. Walter has taken a fancy to you!"

和他妻子单独留下来时，她大笑起来，直视着他的双目说：“瓦尔特夫人喜欢上你了。”

He replied incredulously: "Nonsense!"

他怀疑地答道：“胡说！”

"But I know it. She spoke of you to me with great enthusiasm. She said she would like to find two husbands like you for her daughters. Fortunately she is not susceptible herself."

“但我确信。她带着极大的热情与我谈论你。她说她想为她的两个女儿找像你这样的丈夫。幸好她自己不容易动感情。”

He did not understand her and repeated: "Susceptible herself?"

他不明白她的话，便重复道：“她自己容易动感情？”

She replied in a tone of conviction: "Oh, Mme. Walter is irreproachable. Her husband you know as well as I. But she is different. Still she has suffered a great deal in having married a Jew, though she has been true to him; she is a virtuous woman."

她用深信不疑的语气回答道：“哦，瓦尔特夫人是无可非难的。你和我一样了解她丈夫。但她不一样。尽管她对她丈夫忠心耿耿，她仍为嫁了个犹太人而受了很多苦；她是个品性正直的女人。”

Du Roy was surprised: "I thought her a Jewess."

迪·鲁瓦吃了一惊：“我以为她是个犹太女人。”

"She a Jewess! No, indeed! She is the prime mover in all the charitable movements at the Madeleine. She was even married by a priest. I am not sure but that M. Walter went through the form of baptism."

“她是个犹太女人！不是，当然不是！所有在玛德莱娜教堂的慈善活动，她都是发起人。她的婚礼甚至也是由牧师主持的。但我不确定瓦尔特先生是否经历过洗礼的仪式。”

Georges murmured: "And—she—likes—me—”

乔治咕哝道：“而……她……喜欢……我……”

"Yes. If you were not married I should advise you to ask for the hand of—Suzanne—would you not prefer her to Rose?”

“嗯。要是你未婚的话，我会建议你向——苏珊求婚——你更喜欢她，而不是罗斯吧？”

He replied as he twisted his mustache: "Eh! the mother is not so bad!"

他一边捻着胡须，一边回答：“嗯!那个母亲还不错！”

Madeleine replied: "I am not afraid of her. At her age one does not begin to make conquests—one should commence sooner.”

马德莱娜答道：“我不担心她。人们不会在她这个年纪才开始征服别人——要征服别人，早该动手了。”

Georges thought: "If I might have had Suzanne, ah!" Then he shrugged his shoulders: "Bah, it is absurd; her father would not have consented."

乔治想：“啊，要是我能得到苏珊就好了！”随即他耸了耸肩：“呸，这是异想天开；她父亲不会同意的。”

He determined to treat Mme. Walter very considerately in order to retain her regard. All that evening he was haunted by recollections of his love for Clotilde; he recalled their escapades, her kindness. He repeated to himself: "She is indeed nice. Yes, I shall call upon her to-morrow.”

他决心要非常体贴地对待瓦尔特夫人，以留住她的注意力。整个晚上，他都在回忆自己对克洛蒂尔德的爱，那些回忆在他脑中萦绕着；他回忆起他们的出轨行为和她的温柔体贴。他向自己重复道：“她的确很好。是的，我明天要去拜访她。”

When he had lunched the following morning he repaired to Rue Verneuil. The same maid opened the door, and with the familiarity of an old servant she asked: "Is Monsieur well?"

第二天上午，吃过上午茶后，他便去了韦尔讷伊街。还是那个女仆开的门，她带着那种老仆人的亲切问道：“先生可好？”

He replied: "Yes, my child," and entered the drawing-room in which some one was practising scales. It was Laurine. He expected she would fall upon his neck. She, however, rose ceremoniously, bowed coldly, and left the room with dignity; her manner was so much like that of an outraged woman that he was amazed. Her mother entered. He kissed her hand.

他回答道：“很好，我的孩子。”然后他进了客厅，客厅里有人正在练习音阶。是洛琳娜。他本以为她会搂住他的脖子。然而她却一本正经地站起来，冷淡地鞠了个躬，然后庄重地离开了客厅；她的举止像极了一个义愤填膺的成年女子，这使他感到吃惊。她妈妈进来了。他吻了吻她的手。

"How much I have thought of you," said he.

“我多么想你啊。”他说。

"And I of you," she replied.

“我也想你。”她回答。

They seated themselves and smiled as they gazed into one another's eyes.

他们坐下来，含笑地凝视着彼此的眼睛。

"My dear little Clo, I love you."

“我亲爱的小克洛，我爱你。”

"And I love you."

“我也爱你。”

"Still—still—you did not miss me.”

“然而……然而……你不惦念我。”

"Yes and no. I was grieved, but when I heard your reason, I said to myself: 'Bah, he will return to me some day.'"

“这样说对也不对。我伤过心，但听了你的理由后，我就对自己说：‘哼，总有一天他会回到我身边来的。’”

"I dared not come. I did not know how I should be received. I dared not, but I longed to come. Now, tell me what ails Laurine; she scarcely bade me good morning and left the room with an angry air."

“我不敢来。我不知道自己会受到怎样的接待。我不敢来，但我渴望来。对了，告诉我是什么让洛琳娜苦恼吧；她几乎没和我说早上好就气呼呼地离开了客厅。”

"I do not know, but one cannot mention you to her since your marriage; I really believe she is jealous."

“我不知道，但自从你结婚后，就没人能向她提起你了；我真认为她是嫉妒了。”

"Nonsense."

“胡说。”

"Yes, my dear, she no longer calls you Bel-Ami, but M. Forestier instead.”

“真的，亲爱的，她不再称呼你漂亮朋友，而是以福雷斯捷先生代之。”

Du Roy colored, then drawing nearer the young woman, he said: "Kiss me."

迪·鲁瓦脸红了，然后他靠近那位年轻女子说：“亲亲我吧。”

She obeyed him.

她顺从了他。

"Where can we meet again?" he asked.

“我们下一次能在哪里见面呢？”他问。

"At Rue de Constantinople."

“在君士坦丁堡街。”

"Ah, are the apartments not rented?"

“啊，那些房间没有租出去吗？”

"No, I kept them."

“没租出去，我把它们留下了。”

"You did?"

“你把它们留下了？”

"Yes, I thought you would return."

“是的，我想你会回来的。”

His heart bounded joyfully. She loved him then with a lasting love! He whispered: "I adore you." Then he asked: "Is your husband well?"

他心花怒放。她还爱着他，她的爱是长久的！他耳语道：“我太喜欢你了。”接着，他问道：“你丈夫好吗？”

"Yes, very well. He has just been home for a month; he went away the day before yesterday."

“好，非常好。他刚在家呆了一个月；他是前天离开的。”

Du Roy could not suppress a smile: "How opportunely that always happens!"

迪·鲁瓦不禁微笑起来：“事情总是发生得这么凑巧！”

She replied naively: "Yes, it happens opportunely, but he is not in the way when he is here; is he?"

她天真地答道：“是啊，这件事是发生得凑巧，不过，他在这里的时候也不妨碍我们；不是吗？”

"That is true; he is a charming man!"

“这倒是真的；他是个有魅力的男人！”

"How do you like your new life?"

“你觉得自己的新生活怎么样？”

"Tolerably; my wife is a comrade, an associate, nothing more; as for my heart—"

“还过得去吧；我的妻子只不过是一个伙伴、一个同事；至于我的心——”

"I understand; but she is good."

“我明白；但她是个好人。”

"Yes, she does not trouble me."

“是啊，她没让我烦恼。”

He drew near Clotilde and murmured: "When shall we meet again?"

他往克洛蒂尔德身边靠了靠，低语道：“我们什么时候能再见面呢？”

"To-morrow, if you will.”

“明天，如果你愿意。”

"Yes, to-morrow at two o'clock.”

“好的，明天两点。”

He rose to take his leave somewhat embarrassed.

他有点尴尬地起身告辞。

"You know I intend to take back the rooms on Rue de Constantinople myself. I wish to; it is not necessary for you to pay for them."

“你知道，我打算自己租回在君士坦丁堡街的那些房间。我想这么做；你不必为它们付钱了。”

She kissed his hands, saying: "You may do as you like. I am satisfied to have kept them until we met again." And Du Roy took his leave very well satisfied.

她吻了吻他的双手，说：“你喜欢怎样就怎样做吧。把它们一直保留到我们再次见面，我就满足了。”于是迪·鲁瓦心满意足地离开了。

When Thursday came, he asked Madeleine: "Are you going to the fencing-match at Rival's?”

星期四到来时，他问马德莱娜：“你去不去在里瓦尔家的那场击剑比赛？”

"No, I do not care about it. I will go to the chamber of deputies."

“不去，我对那个没兴趣。我要去众议院。”

Georges called for Mme. Walter in an open carriage, for the weather was delightful. He was surprised to find her looking so handsome and so young. Never had she appeared so fresh. Her

daughter, Suzanne, was dressed in pink; her sister looked like her governess. At Rival's door was a long line of carriages. Du Roy offered his arm to Mme. Walter and they entered.

因为那天天气令人愉快，乔治就坐了辆敞篷四轮马车去接瓦尔特夫人。他惊奇地发现，她看起来是那么漂亮、那么年轻。她从未看起来如此充满活力过。她女儿苏珊穿着粉红色的衣服；她的姐姐看起来像是她的女家庭教师。里瓦尔家门口停着一长排马车。迪·鲁瓦向瓦尔特夫人伸出自己的手臂，然后他们走了进去。

The entertainment was for the benefit of the orphans of the Sixth Ward under the patronage of all the wifes of the senators and deputies who were connected with "La Vie Francaise."

此次比赛旨在为第六区的孤儿们谋福利，它是在所有与《法兰西生活报》有关联的参议员和众议员的夫人们的赞助下举办的。

Jacques Rival received the arrivals at the entrance to his apartments, then he pointed to a small staircase which led to the cellar in which were his shooting-gallery and fencing-room, saying: "Downstairs, ladies, downstairs. The match will take place in the subterranean apartments."

雅克·里瓦尔在他的公寓门口迎接了这些来宾，接着他指向一段通往地下室的小楼梯说：“请下楼，女士们，请下楼。”这个地下室曾是他的射击馆和击剑室。本次比赛将在地下公寓里举行。”

Pressing Du Roy's hand, he said: "Good evening, Bel-Ami.”

他按着迪·鲁瓦的手说：“晚上好，漂亮朋友。”

Du Roy was surprised: "Who told you about that name?"

迪·鲁瓦吃了一惊：“谁告诉你这个名字的？”

Rival replied: "Mme. Walter, who thinks it very pretty."

里瓦尔答道：“瓦尔特夫人，她认为这个名字很妙。”

Mme. Walter blushed.

瓦尔特夫人脸红了。

"Yes, I confess that if I knew you better, I should do as little Laurine, and I should call you Bel-Ami, too. It suits you admirably.”

“是的，我承认如果我更了解你一些的话，我也会像小洛琳娜那样叫你漂亮朋友的。这个名字非常适合你。”

Du Roy laughed. "I beg you to do so, Madame."

迪·鲁瓦笑了起来。“我请求您这么做，夫人。”

She cast down her eyes. "No, we are not well enough acquainted."

她垂下双目。“不行，我们没熟悉到那个地步。”

He murmured: "Permit me to hope that we shall become so."

他低声说：“请您允许，让我希望我们会变得那么熟悉。”

"Well, we shall see," said she.

“那好吧，我们看看吧。”她说。

They descended the stairs and entered a large room, which was lighted by Venetian lanterns and decorated with festoons of gauze. Nearly all the benches were filled with ladies, who were chatting as if they were at a theater. Mme. Walter and her daughters reached their seats in the front row.

他们走下楼梯，然后进了一个大房间，那个房间被威尼斯风格的灯笼照得亮堂堂的，房间内装饰着薄纱做的花彩饰物。几乎所有的长凳上都坐满了女士，她们在闲谈，就像在剧院一样。瓦尔特夫人和她的女儿们到了前排她们的座位上。

Du Roy, having obtained their places for them, whispered: "I shall be obliged to leave you; men cannot occupy the seats."

迪·鲁瓦帮她们落座后，就低声说道：“我不得不离开你们了；男人不能坐这些座位。”

Mme. Walter replied hesitatingly: "I should like to keep you, just the same. You could tell me the names of the participants. See, if you stand at the end of the seat, you will not annoy anyone." She raised her large, soft eyes to his and insisted: "Come, stay with us—Bel-Ami—we need you!”

瓦尔特夫人踌躇地回答：“我还是想你留下来。你可以告诉我参赛者们的名字。瞧，如果你站在凳子的一端，你是不会打扰到任何人的。”她抬起她那温柔的大眼睛，看着他的眼睛坚持道：“来嘛，和我们呆在一起……漂亮朋友……我们需要你！”

He replied: "I obey with pleasure, Madame!"

他答道：“我乐意顺从，夫人！”

Suddenly Jacques Rival's voice announced: "We will begin, ladies."

突然，雅克·里瓦尔的声音宣布道：“比赛要开始了，女士们。”

Then followed the fencing-match. Du Roy retained his place beside the ladies and gave them all the necessary information. When the entertainment was over and all expenses were paid, two hundred and twenty francs remained for the orphans of the Sixth Ward.

接着的是击剑比赛。迪·鲁瓦留在自己的位置上，留在女士们身边，并给了她们所有必要的信息。比赛结束、付清所有开支后，为第六区的

孤儿们留下了二百二十法郎。

Du Roy, escorting the Walters, awaited his carriage. When seated face to face with Mme. Walter, he met her troubled but caressing glance.

迪·鲁瓦陪着瓦尔特母女等马车。和瓦尔特夫人面对面坐下后，他遇到了她那困惑但亲切的目光。

"Egad, I believe she is affected," thought he; and he smiled as he recognized the fact that he was really successful with the female sex, for Mme. de Marelle, since the renewal of their relations, seemed to love him madly.

“天哪，我相信她动情了。”他想；接着他笑了，因为他意识到一个事实——自己确实在与女性交往方面很成功，因为德马雷勒夫人自从同他恢复关系后，似乎爱他爱得发狂。

With a light heart he returned home. Madeleine was awaiting him in the drawing-room.

他怀着轻松的心情回了家。马德莱娜正在客厅里等他。

"I have some news," said she. "The affair with Morocco is becoming complicated. France may send an expedition out there in several months. In any case the ministry will be overthrown and Laroche will profit by the occasion."

“我有一些消息，”她说，“摩洛哥的事正变得复杂起来。法国可能会在几个月内向那里派出一支远征军。不管怎样，内阁将会被推翻，而拉罗什将会利用此机会牟利。”

Du Roy, in order to draw out his wife, pretended not to believe it. "France would not be silly enough to commence any folly with Tunis!"

迪·鲁瓦为了引自己的妻子说出更多信息，假装不相信这件事。“法国不会愚蠢到犯在突尼斯问题上犯过的傻吧！”

She shrugged her shoulders impatiently. "I tell you she will! You do not understand that it is a question of money—you are as simple as Forestier.”

她不耐烦地耸了耸肩。“我告诉你，她会的！你不明白，这是金钱的问题——你和福雷斯捷一样头脑简单。”

Her object was to wound and irritate him, but he only smiled and replied: "What! as simple as that stupid fellow?"

她的目的是伤害、激怒他，但他只是微笑着答道：“什么！和那个愚蠢的家伙一样头脑简单？”

She ceased and murmured: "Oh, Georges!"

她噎住了，低声道：“哦，乔治！”

He added: "Poor devil!" in a tone of profound pity.

他用一种深切同情的语气补充道：“可怜的人啊！”

Madeleine turned her back upon him scornfully; after a moment of silence, she continued: "We shall have some company Tuesday. Mme. Laroche-Mathieu is coming here to dine with Viscountess de Percemur. Will you invite Rival and Norbert de Varenne? I shall go to Mmes. Walter and de Marelle to-morrow. Perhaps, too, we may have Mme. Rissolin.”

马德莱娜轻蔑地转身背对着他；沉默片刻后，她继续说道：“星期二我们会有些客人。拉罗什·马蒂厄夫人和佩尔斯缪子爵夫人将来这里吃晚饭。你去请里瓦尔和诺贝尔·德瓦雷纳好吗？我明天会去请瓦尔特夫人和德马雷勒夫人。也许我们还可以请到里索兰夫人。”

Du Roy replied: "Very well, I will see to Rival and Norbert."

迪·鲁瓦回答：“那好，我会负责里瓦尔和诺贝尔的。”

The following day he thought he would anticipate his wife's visit to Mme. Walter and attempt to find out if she really was in love with him. He arrived at Boulevard Malesherbes at two o'clock. He was ushered into the salon and waited. Finally Mme. Walter appeared and offered him her hand cordially. "What good wind blows you here?"

第二天，他觉得他可以抢在自己妻子前面去拜访瓦尔特夫人，并试探一下她是否真的爱自己。他两点到达马勒塞布大街。他被带入客厅等着。瓦尔特夫人终于出现了，她亲切地向他伸出手。“什么风把你吹到这里来了？”

"No good wind, but a desire to see you. Some power has impelled me hither, I do not know why; I have nothing to say except that I have come; here I am! Pardon the morning call and the candor of my explanation."

“没有风，但有一种想见您的欲望。某种力量驱使我来到这里，我不知道为什么；我没什么可说的，只能说我来了；我在这里！请原谅我这么早就来拜访您，原谅我坦白直率的解释。”

He uttered those words with a smile upon his lips and a serious accent in his voice.

他说这些话时，双唇上挂着丝微笑，声音里带着种严肃的腔调。

In her astonishment, she stammered with a blush: "But indeed—I do not understand—you surprise me.”

她吃了一惊，红着脸结结巴巴地说：“但实际上……我不明白……你让我吃惊。”

He added: "It is a declaration made in jest in order not to startle you."

他补充道：“为了不吓到您，我才玩笑般地声明此事。”

They were seated near each other. She took the matter as a jest. "Is it a declaration—seriously?”

他们挨着彼此坐着。她把这件事当作一个玩笑。“这个声明是……认真的？”

"Yes, for a long time I have wished to make it, but I dared not; they say you are so austere, so rigid."

“是的，长久以来，我一直想声明此事，但我不敢；他们说您非常严厉、非常刻板。”

She had recovered her self-possession and replied: "Why did you choose to-day?”

她已恢复了镇静，她回应道：“你为什么选今天？”

"I do not know." Then he lowered his voice: "Or rather because I have thought only of you since yesterday."

“我不知道。”接着他放低声音：“或者是因为自从昨天以后，我想的只有您吧。”

Suddenly turning pale, she gasped: "Come, enough of this childishness! Let us talk of something else."

她的脸色突然变得苍白，她喘着气说：“行了，我受够这种孩子气了！咱们谈些别的事吧。”

But he fell upon his knees before her. She tried to rise; he prevented her by twining his arms about her waist, and repeated in a passionate voice: "Yes, it is true that I have loved you madly for some time. Do not answer me. I am mad—I love you. Oh, if you knew how I love you!”

但他双膝跪在她面前。她试着站起来；他双臂绕住她的腰，以此来阻止她，同时他用热情的声音重复道：“是的，这是真的，我已经疯狂地爱着您一段时间了。不要回答我。我疯了……我爱您。哦，如果您知道我有多爱您就好了！”

She could utter no sound; in her agitation she repulsed him with both hands, for she could feel his breath upon her cheek. He rose suddenly and attempted to embrace her, but gaining her liberty for a moment, she escaped him and ran from chair to chair. He, considering such pursuit beneath his dignity, sank into a chair, buried his face in his hands, and feigned to sob convulsively. Then he rose, cried: "Adieu, adieu!" and fled.

她发不出声音；她激动地用双手推他，因为她能感觉到自己脸颊上他的气息。他突然站起来试图拥抱她，但一时间她获得了自由；她逃离了他，从一把椅子跑向另一把椅子。考虑到这样的追赶有失自己的尊严，他陷进一把椅子里，双手捂住脸，并假装抽抽搭搭地哭起来。接着他站起身喊道：“永别了，永别了！”而后逃走了。

In the hall he took his cane calmly and left the house saying: "Cristi! I believe she loves me!"

在大厅里，他平静地拿起自己的手杖并离开了那幢房子，同时说着：“妈的！我相信她爱我！”

He went at once to the telegraph office to send a message to Clotilde, appointing a rendezvous for the next day.

他立即去邮电局给克洛蒂尔德发了封电报，约定第二天会面。

On entering the house at his usual time, he said to his wife: "Well, is everyone coming to dinner?"

他按往常时间回了家，一走进自己的房子，他就对妻子说：“那么，大家都来参加晚宴吗？”

She replied: "Yes, all but Mme. Walter, who is uncertain as to whether she can come. She acted very strangely. Never mind, perhaps she can manage it anyway."

她回答：“是的，都来，除了瓦尔特夫人，她不确定自己是否能来。她表现得很奇怪。没关系，不管怎样，也许她能来的。”

He replied: "She will come."

他回答：“她会来的。”

He was not, however, certain and was rendered uneasy until the day of the dinner. That morning Madeleine received a message from Mme. Walter to this effect: "I have succeeded in arranging matters and I shall be with you, but my husband cannot accompany me."

然而，他并不确定，而且直到晚宴那天，他还心神不安。那天上午，马德莱娜收到了一张来自瓦尔特夫人的便条，上面写着：“我已经把事情安排妥当了，我会同你们共进晚餐，但我丈夫不能陪我来。”

Du Roy thought: "I did right not to return there. She has calmed down." Still he awaited her arrival anxiously.

迪·鲁瓦想：“我没回那里去是对的。她已经平静下来了。”然而，他仍不安地等待她的到来。

She appeared very composed, somewhat reserved, and haughty. He was very humble, very careful, and submissive. Mmes. Laroche-Mathieu and Rissolin were accompanied by their husbands. Mme. de Marelle looked bewitching in an odd combination of yellow and black.

她看起来非常镇静，有点矜持，还有点傲慢。他非常谦恭顺从、小心翼翼。拉罗什·马蒂厄夫人和里索兰夫人是在她们丈夫的陪同下来的。德马雷勒夫人身穿一件独出心裁的黄黑相间的衣服，看起来令人着迷。

At Du Roy's right sat Mme. Walter, and he spoke to her only of serious matters with exaggerated respect. From time to time he glanced at Clotilde.

瓦尔特夫人坐在迪·鲁瓦右侧，他只和她谈论一些正儿八经的事情，对她夸张地恭敬。他不时地看看克洛蒂尔德。

"She is really very pretty and fresh looking," thought he. But Mme. Walter attracted him by the difficulty of the conquest. She took her leave early.

“她真的非常漂亮，看上去充满活力。”他想。但瓦尔特夫人难以征服，这也吸引着他。她早早地告辞了。

"I will escort you," said he.

“我送您吧。”他说。

She declined his offer. He insisted: "Why do you not want me? You wound me deeply. Do not let me feel that I am not forgiven. You see that I am calm."

她拒绝了他的提议。他坚持道：“您为什么不想要我送您？您深深地伤害了我。不要让我觉得，您没有原谅我。您看到了，我很平静。”

She replied: "You cannot leave your guests thus."

她回答：“你不能把你的客人们这样丢下不管吧。”

He smiled: "Bah! I shall be absent twenty minutes. No one will even notice it; if you refuse me, you will break my heart."

他笑了笑：“嗨！我就离开二十分钟。甚至没人会注意到我不在的；如果您拒绝我，您会使我心碎的。”

"Very well," she whispered, "I will accept."

“那好吧，”她低声说，“我接受。”

When they were seated in the carriage, he seized her hand, and kissing it passionately said: "I love you, I love you. Let me tell it to you. I will not touch you. I only wish to repeat that I love you."

他们在马车里坐下后，他抓住她的手，热情地吻着它说：“我爱您，我爱您。让我把它告诉您。我不会碰您的。我只希望再说我爱您。”

She stammered: "After what you promised me—it is too bad—too bad.”

她结结巴巴地说：“你答应过我不这样的……这样很不好……很不好。”

He seemed to make a great effort, then he continued in a subdued voice: "See, how I can control myself—and yet—let me only tell you this—I love you—yes, let me go home with you and kneel before you five minutes to utter those three words and gaze upon your beloved face.”

他装出竭力克制的样子，接着他继续压着声音说：“看，我多么能克制自己啊……然而……就让我对您说这一句吧……我爱您……对，让我和您一起回家，然后在您面前跪上五分钟，好让我凝视着您的面庞——那张我心爱的脸庞，说出那三个字。”

She suffered him to take her hand and replied in broken accents: "No, I cannot—I do not wish to. Think of what my servants, my daughters, would say—no—no—it is impossible.”

她任由他握着自己的手，断断续续地答道：“不，我不能……我不希望这样。想想我的仆人、我的女儿会说什么……不……不……这不可能。”

He continued: "I cannot live without seeing you; whether it be at your house or elsewhere, I must see you for only a moment each day that I may touch your hand, breathe the air stirred by your gown, contemplate the outlines of your form, and see your beautiful eyes."

他继续说道：“不见您我就活不下去；不论是在您家里或是别的地方，我每天必须见您一小会儿——这样我就能抚摸您的手、呼吸您衣裙扇动的空气、注视您身型的曲线、看着您漂亮的双眸了。”

She listened tremblingly to the musical language of love, and made answer: "No, it is impossible. Be silent!"

她颤抖地听着这音乐般的爱情表白，回答道：“不，这不可能。不要说了！”

He spoke very low; he whispered in her ear, comprehending that it was necessary to win that simple woman gradually, to persuade her to appoint a meeting where she willed at first, and later on where he willed.

他的声音很低；他在她耳边轻声低语——他明白，要得到这个单纯的女人，必须一步一步地来，必须说服她，先让她在她愿意的地方约会，等过些时候再去他愿意的地方。

"Listen: I must see you! I will wait at your door like a beggar. If you do not come down, I will come to you, but I shall see you to-morrow.”

“听着：我必须见您！我会像乞丐一样在您门口等着。如果您不下来，我就会去找您，但我明天必须得见您。”

She repeated: "No, do not come. I shall not receive you. Think of

my daughters!"

她重复道：“不行，别来。我不会接待你的。想想我的女儿们！”

"Then tell me where I can meet you—in the street—it matters not where—at any hour you wish—provided that I can see you. I will greet you; I will say, I love you; and then go away.”

“那么，告诉我我能在哪里见您……在街上……哪里都没关系……在您愿意的任何时候……只要我能见到您。我会向您致敬；我会说‘我爱您’；然后就离开。”

She hesitated, almost distracted. As the coupe stopped at the door, she whispered hastily: "I will be at La Trinite to-morrow, at half past three.”

她踌躇着，几乎心烦意乱了。马车停在她家门口时，她匆忙地低声道：“明天三点半我会在圣三一教堂。”

After alighting, she said to her coachman: "Take M. du Roy home."

下车后，她对她的马车夫说：“送迪·鲁瓦先生回家。”

When he returned, his wife asked: "Where have you been?"

他回去后，他妻子问道：“你去哪里了？”

He replied in a low voice: "I have been to send an important telegram."

他低声回答：“我去发了封重要的电报。”

Mme. de Marelle approached him: "You must take me home, Bel-Ami; you know that I only dine so far from home on that condition.” Turning to Madeleine, she asked: "You are not jealous?"

德马雷勒夫人走近他：“您得送我回家，漂亮朋友；您知道，只有在这个条件下，我才到离家这么远的地方吃饭。”她转向马德莱娜，问道：“你没吃醋吧？”

Mme. du Roy replied slowly: "No, not at all."

迪·鲁瓦夫人缓缓地答道：“不会，一点也不会。”

The guests departed. Clotilde, enveloped in laces, whispered to Madeleine at the door: "Your dinner was perfect. In a short while you will have the best political salon in Paris."

客人们离去了。克洛蒂尔德裹上花边头巾，在门口对马德莱娜低语道：“你的晚宴堪称完美。不久以后，你将拥有巴黎最好的政治沙龙。”

When she was alone with Georges, she said: "Oh, my darling Bel-Ami, I love you more dearly every day.”

当她和乔治单独在一起时，她说：“哦，我亲爱的漂亮朋友，我一天比一天爱你更深。”

The cab rolled on, and Georges' thoughts were with Mme. Walter.

马车继续前进，而乔治则想着瓦尔特夫人。

CHAPTER XII. A Meeting and the Result

第十二章 约会及其结果

The July sun shone upon the Place de la Trinite, which was almost deserted. Du Roy drew out his watch. It was only three o'clock: he was half an hour too early. He laughed as he thought of the place of meeting. He entered the sacred edifice of La Trinite; the coolness within was refreshing. Here and there an old woman kneeled at prayer, her face in her hands. Du Roy looked at his watch again. It was not yet a quarter past three. He took a seat, regretting that he could not smoke. At the end of the church near the choir; he could hear the measured tread of a corpulent man whom he had noticed when he entered. Suddenly the rustle of a gown made him start. It was she. He arose and advanced quickly. She did not offer him her hand and whispered: "I have only a few minutes. You must kneel near me that no one will notice us."

七月的阳光照在圣三一教堂广场上，广场上几乎没人。迪·鲁瓦取出表。才三点：他早到了半小时。他想到这个约会地点，便笑了起来。他走进那神圣宏伟的圣三一教堂；里面的凉意令人神清气爽。到处都有老妇人双手掩面，跪着祈祷。迪·鲁瓦再一次看了看自己的表。还不到三点一刻。他坐了下来，为不能抽烟而感到遗憾。在教堂尽头靠近唱诗班的地方，他能听见一个胖男人从容的脚步声，他进来时就注意到那个男人了。突然，衣裙的窸窣声让他吃了一惊。是她。他迅速地站起来迎上去。她没有把手伸给他，她轻声说道：“我只有几分钟。你必须在我旁边跪下，这样就没人会注意咱们了。”

She proceeded to a side aisle after saluting the Host on the High Altar, took a footstool, and kneeled down. Georges took one beside it and when they were in the attitude of prayer, he said: "Thank you, thank you. I adore you. I should like to tell you constantly how I began to love you, how I was conquered the first time I saw you. Will you permit me some day to unburden my heart, to explain all to you?"

向主祭台上的圣体行过礼后，她走到旁边的过道上，拿了个脚凳，然后跪了下来。乔治拿了旁边的一个脚凳，当他们摆好祈祷的姿势时，他说：“谢谢您，谢谢您。我太喜欢您了。我想不断地告诉您我是如何开始爱上您的，我是如何在第一次见到您时被征服的。有朝一日，您会允许我吐露我的心迹，向您解释一切吗？”

She replied between her fingers: "I am mad to let you speak to me thus—mad to have come hither—mad to do as I have done, to let you believe that this—this adventure can have any results. Forget it, and

never speak to me of it again.” She paused.

她透过指缝回答道：“我是疯了才让你这样对我讲话……我是疯了才来这里……我是疯了才做出我做过的事，让你以为这……这冒险能有任何结果。忘掉这件事吧，并且永远别再对我说起它。”她停下来。

He replied: "I expect nothing—I hope nothing—I love you—whatever you may do, I will repeat it so often, with so much force and ardor that you will finally understand me, and reply: 'I love you too.'"

他回答：“我不指望什么……我不希望什么……我爱您……不管您可能做什么，我都将用如此大的感染力和热情、如此频繁地重复这句话，好让您最终明白我，并回答：‘我也爱你。’”

He felt her frame tremble as she involuntarily repeated: "I love you too."

当她不由自主地重复“我也爱你”时，他觉得她的身体在颤抖。

He was overcome by astonishment.

他被惊讶冲昏了头。

"Oh, my God!" she continued incoherently, "Should I say that to you? I feel guilty, despicable—I—who have two daughters—but I cannot—cannot—I never thought—it was stronger than I—listen—listen—I have never loved—any other—but you—I swear it—I have loved you a year in secret—I have suffered and struggled—I can no longer; I love you.” She wept and her bowed form was shaken by the violence of her emotion.

“哦，上帝！”她语无伦次地继续说，“我该对你说这个吗？我觉得自己有罪、卑劣可鄙……我……有两个女儿了……但我不能……不能……我从未想过……它的强烈程度比我……听着……听着……我从未爱过……其他任何人……除了你……我发誓……我已经偷偷爱了你一年了……我痛苦过挣扎过……我再也不能；我爱你。”她哭泣着，她弯如弓的身体因情绪激动而颤抖着。

Georges murmured: "Give me your hand that I may touch, may press it."

乔治小声说：“把您的手给我，那样我就能摸一摸、握一握它了。”

She slowly took her hand from her face, he seized it saying: "I should like to drink your tears!"

她慢慢地将手从脸上移开，他抓住它说：“我想吻干您的泪水！”

Placing the hand he held upon his heart he asked: "Do you feel it beat?"

他把她的手放在自己心口上问道：“您感觉到它的跳动了吗？”

In a few moments the man Georges had noticed before passed by

them. When Mme. Walter heard him near her, she snatched her fingers from Georges's clasp and covered her face with them. After the man had disappeared, Du Roy asked, hoping for another place of meeting than La Trinite: "Where shall I see you to-morrow?”

不一会儿，乔治先前注意到的那个男子从他们旁边走过。当瓦尔特夫人听见他走近她时，她把手指从乔治的手中抽了出来，然后用它们遮住自己的脸。那个男子消失后，迪·鲁瓦希望在别的地方，而不是在圣三一教堂约会，便问道：“明天我该在哪里见您？”

She did not reply; she seemed transformed into a statue of prayer. He continued: "Shall I meet you to-morrow at Park Monceau?”

她没有回答；她似乎变成了一尊祈祷着的雕像。他继续道：“明天我能在蒙索公园见您吗？”

She turned a livid face toward him and said unsteadily: "Leave me—leave me now—go—go away—for only five minutes—I suffer too much near you. I want to pray—go. Let me pray alone—five minutes—let me ask God—to pardon me—to save me—leave me—five minutes.”

她脸色发青地转向他，断断续续地说：“离开我……现在离开我……走……走开……只要五分钟……在你身旁我太痛苦了。我想祈祷……你走吧。让我独自祈祷……五分钟……让我祈求上帝……宽恕我……拯救我……离开我……五分钟。”

She looked so pitiful that he rose without a word and asked with some hesitation: "Shall I return presently?"

她看起来那么可怜，于是他一言不发地站起来，有些犹豫地问：“我一会儿再回来吗？”

She nodded her head in the affirmative and he left her. She tried to pray; she closed her eyes in order not to see Georges. She could not pray; she could only think of him. She would rather have died than have fallen thus; she had never been weak. She murmured several words of supplication; she knew that all was over, that the struggle was in vain. She did not however wish to yield, but she felt her weakness. Some one approached with a rapid step; she turned her head. It was a priest. She rose, ran toward him, and clasping her hands, she cried: "Save me, save me!"

她肯定地点点头，然后他便离开了她。她试着祈祷；她闭上双眼以免看到乔治。她无法祈祷；她能想到的只有他。她宁愿死掉也不愿如此堕落；她从未意志薄弱过。她低声说了几句祈祷的话；她知道一切都完了，她知道挣扎是徒劳的。然而，她不愿屈服，但她又感受到自己的软弱。有人迈着急匆匆的步伐朝她走来；她转过头去。是位神父。她站起来，奔向他，双手紧握在一起哭喊道：“救救我，救救我！”

He stopped in surprise.

他吃惊地停下来。

"What do you want, Madame?"

“您想要什么，夫人？”

"I want you to save me. Have pity on me. If you do not help me, I am lost!"

“我想要您拯救我。可怜可怜我吧。如果您不帮我的话，我就完了！”

He gazed at her, wondering if she were mad.

他注视着她，在想她是不是疯了。

"What can I do for you?" The priest was a young man somewhat inclined to corpulence.

“我能为您做些什么呢？”这位神父是个略微发胖的年轻男子。

"Receive my confession," said she, "and counsel me, sustain me, tell me what to do."

“接受我的忏悔，”她说，“给我出出主意，给我力量，告诉我该做什么。”

He replied: "I confess every Saturday from three to six."

他回答：“我每周六三点到六点接受忏悔。”

Seizing his arm she repeated: "No, now, at once—at once! It is necessary! He is here! In this church! He is waiting for me.”

她抓住他的胳膊重复道：“不，现在，马上——马上！这是必要的！他在这里！在这个教堂里！他在等我。”

The priest asked: "Who is waiting for you?"

神父问：“谁在等您？”

"A man—who will be my ruin if you do not save me. I can no longer escape him—I am too weak—too weak,”

“一个男人——一个将毁掉我的人，如果您不拯救我的话。我再也无法逃脱他了……我太软弱了……太软弱了。”

She fell upon her knees sobbing: "Oh, father, have pity upon me. Save me, for God's sake, save me!” She seized his gown that he might not escape her, while he uneasily glanced around on all sides to see if anyone noticed the woman at his feet. Finally, seeing that he could not free himself from her, he said: "Rise; I have the key to the confessional with me."

她双膝跪地，哭诉着："哦，神父，可怜可怜我吧。救救我，看在上帝的份上，救救我！"她拽住他的长袍，这样他就不能逃开她了，与此同时，他不安地环顾四周，看是否有人注意到自己脚下的这个女人。最后，他意识到自己不能摆脱掉她，就说："起来吧；我身上有忏悔室的钥匙。"

Du Roy having walked around the choir, was sauntering down the nave, when he met the stout, bold man wandering about, and he wondered: "What can he be doing here?"

迪·鲁瓦围着唱诗班走了走后，便闲逛着走下中殿，此时他碰见那个矮胖的秃顶男子在游荡，便纳闷："他能在这里干什么呢？"

The man slackened his pace and looked at Georges with the evident desire to speak to him. When he was near him, he bowed and said politely: "I beg your pardon, sir, for disturbing you; but can you tell me when this church was built?"

那个男子放慢脚步，并看着乔治，很明显他想和乔治说说话。当他到乔治身边时，他鞠了个躬，有礼貌地说道："对不起，先生，打扰您了；不过，您能告诉我这座教堂是什么时候建造的吗？"

Du Roy replied: "I do not know; I think it is twenty or twenty-five years. It is the first time I have been here. I have never seen it before." Feeling interested in the stranger, the journalist continued: "It seems to me that you are examining into it very carefully."

迪·鲁瓦答道："我不知道；我想它有二十年或二十五年了。这是我第一次来这里。我之前从未见过它。"这位新闻记者对那个陌生人有些兴趣，便继续说道："在我看来，您似乎正在非常仔细地观察它。"

The man replied: "I am not visiting the church; I have an appointment." He paused and in a few moments added: "It is very warm outside."

那个男子答道："我不是在参观这个教堂；我有个约会。"他停住了，然后过了一会儿后又说道："外面很暖和。"

Du Roy looked at him and suddenly thought that he resembled Forestier. "Are you from the provinces?"he asked.

迪·鲁瓦看着他，突然想到他和福雷斯捷有些相像。"您是从外省来的吗？"他问道。

"Yes, I am from Rennes. And did you, sir, enter this church from curiosity?"

"是的，我是从雷恩来的。那么先生，您是出于好奇才走进这座教堂的吗？"

"No, I am waiting for a lady." And with a smile upon his lips, he walked away.

“不，我在等一位女士。”接着，他双唇上挂着一丝微笑走开了。

He did not find Mme. Walter in the place in which he had left her, and was surprised. She had gone. He was furious. Then he thought she might be looking for him, and he walked around the church. Not finding her, he returned and seated himself on the chair she had occupied, hoping that she would rejoin him there. Soon he heard the sound of a voice. He saw no one; whence came it? He rose to examine into it, and saw in a chapel near by, the doors of the confessionals. He drew nearer in order to see the woman whose voice he heard. He recognized Mme. Walter; she was confessing. At first he felt a desire to seize her by the arm and drag her away; then he seated himself near by and bided his time. He waited quite awhile. At length Mme. Walter rose, turned, saw him and came toward him. Her face was cold and severe.

他没有在自己离开瓦尔特夫人的地方找到她，他吃了一惊。她已经离开了。他很生气。然后他想，她可能正在找他，于是他便在教堂四处走动。他没找到她，于是便回去在她用过的那张椅子上坐下，希望她会在那里和自己重聚。不一会儿，他听到一个人说话的声音。他一个人也没看见；这声音是从哪里来的呢？他站起来检查这个声音的出处，然后在附近的一个小礼拜堂里看到了一些忏悔室的门。他凑上前，以便看清他听到的那个声音的女主人。他认出了瓦尔特夫人；她正在忏悔。起初，他想抓住她的手臂把她拖走；接着他在附近坐下来等候时机。他等了好一会儿。最后，瓦尔特夫人站了起来，她转过身看到他，便向他走过来。她的脸色冷淡而严峻。

"Sir," said she, "I beseech you not to accompany me, not to follow me and not to come to my house alone. You will not be admitted. Adieu!" And she walked away in a dignified manner.

“先生，”她说，“我恳求你不要与我随行，不要跟着我，也不要独自来我家。我是不会准许你进门的。再会！”接着，她举止庄重地离开了。

He permitted her to go, because it was against his principles to force matters. As the priest in his turn issued from the confessional, he advanced toward him and said: "If you did not wear a gown, I would give you a sound thrashing." Then he turned upon his heel and left the church whistling. In the doorway he met the stout gentleman. When Du Roy passed him, they bowed.

他让她走了，因为在情事上用强是违背他的原则的。当轮到那个神父从忏悔室里出来时，迪·鲁瓦向他走过去说：“如果你没穿法衣的话，我会结结实实地打你一顿的。”然后他转过身，吹着口哨离开了教堂。在门口，他遇到了那个矮胖的先生。当迪·鲁瓦从他身边走过时，他们相互鞠了躬。

The journalist then repaired to the office of "La Vie Francaise." As

he entered he saw by the clerks' busy air that something of importance was going on, and he hastened to the manager's room. The latter exclaimed joyfully as Du Roy entered: "What luck! here is Bel-Ami.”

然后，这位新闻记者去了《法兰西生活报》的办公室。他一进去，便从职员们忙碌的神情里看出有什么重要的事发生了，于是他赶紧向经理的办公室走去。迪·鲁瓦一进门，经理便高兴地喊道：“真走运！漂亮朋友来了。”

He stopped in confusion and apologized: "I beg your pardon, I am very much bothered by circumstances. And then I hear my wife and daughter call you Bel-Ami from morning until night, and I have acquired the habit myself. Are you displeased?”

他有些窘迫地停下来道歉：“对不起，现在的情形让我焦头烂额。而且我从早到晚都听我妻子和女儿称你漂亮朋友，我自己也染上这个习惯了。你不高兴了么？”

Georges laughed. "Not at all."

乔治笑了。“一点也没有。”

M. Walter continued: "Very well, then I will call you Bel-Ami as everyone else does. Great changes have taken place. The ministry has been overthrown. Marrot is to form a new cabinet. He has chosen General Boutin d'Acre as minister of war, and our friend Laroche-Mathieu as minister of foreign affairs. We shall be very busy. I must write a leading article, a simple declaration of principles; then I must have something interesting on the Morocco question—you must attend to that.”

瓦尔特先生继续说：“很好，那我也将和其他所有人一样，叫你漂亮朋友了。发生了大变化。内阁已经被推翻了。马罗将组建一个新内阁。他已经选了布坦·德阿克尔将军为国防部长，还选了我们的朋友拉罗什·马蒂厄为外交部长。我们会非常忙的。我必须写一篇头条新闻，一份简单的原则性声明；然后我得写一些关于摩洛哥问题的有趣之事——你来处理这件事。”

Du Roy reflected a moment and then replied: "I have it. I will give you an article on the political situation of our African colony," and he proceeded to prepare M. Walter an outline of his work, which was nothing but a modification of his first article on "Souvenirs of a Soldier in Africa."

迪·鲁瓦想了一会儿，然后回答道：“我有主意了。我将给您一篇关于我们非洲殖民地的政治局势的文章。”接着他继续给瓦尔特先生草拟了他文章的概要，这个概要仅仅只是对他的处女作《一个士兵在非洲的服役记》的修改而已。

The manager having read the article said: "It is perfect; you are a

treasure. Many thanks."

经理读完他的文章后说："这篇文章堪称完美；你是个难得的人才。非常感谢。"

Du Roy returned home to dinner delighted with his day, notwithstanding his failure at La Trinite. His wife was awaiting him anxiously. She exclaimed on seeing him: "You know that Laroche is minister of foreign affairs."

尽管在圣三一教堂经历了挫败，迪·鲁瓦仍对这一天很满意，他高高兴兴地回家去吃晚饭。他妻子正在焦急地等待着他。一见到他，她便喊道："你知道拉罗什是外交部长了吧。"

"Yes, I have just written an article on that subject."

"是的，我刚就这个问题写了一篇文章。"

"How?"

"怎么写的？"

"Do you remember the first article we wrote on 'Souvenirs of a Soldier in Africa'? Well, I revised and corrected it for the occasion."

"你记得我们写的第一篇文章《一个士兵在非洲的服役记》吗？嗯，我根据当前的局势对它进行了修订和改正。"

She smiled. "Ah, yes, that will do very well."

她笑了。"啊，是啊，那将会非常合适。"

At that moment the servant entered with a dispatch containing these words without any signature: "I was beside myself. Pardon me and come to-morrow at four o'clock to Park Monceau."

正在此时，仆人带着封急件进来了，这封信没有任何署名，里面写着这些话："我之前有些失常。请原谅我，并于明天四点来蒙索公园。"

He understood the message, and with a joyful heart, slipped the telegram into his pocket. During dinner he repeated the words to himself; as he interpreted them, they meant, "I yield—I am yours where and when you will." He laughed.

他明白了此消息，心情愉悦地把电报偷偷塞进自己的口袋。晚饭时，他对自己重复着那些话；在他看来，它们意味着："我投降——我是你的，你愿意什么时候在什么地方都可以。"他大笑起来。

Madeleine asked: "What is it?"

马德莱娜问："你笑什么？"。

"Nothing much. I was thinking of a comical old priest I met a short while since."

“没什么要紧的。我想起了不久前遇到的一位滑稽的老神父。”

Du Roy arrived at the appointed hour the following day. The benches were all occupied by people trying to escape from the heat and by nurses with their charges.

第二天，迪·鲁瓦在约定的时间到达了约会地点。长凳全被试图避暑的人们和负责看护小孩的保姆坐满了。

He found Mme. Walter in a little antique ruin; she seemed unhappy and anxious. When he had greeted her, she said: "How many people there are in the garden!"

他在一处年代久远的小废墟里找到了瓦尔特夫人；她似乎不高兴、焦虑不安。他同她打了招呼后，她便说道：“公园里人太多了！”

He took advantage of the occasion: "Yes, that is true; shall we go somewhere else?"

他趁机说道：“是啊，这倒是真的；我们去别的地方好吗？”

"Where?"

“去哪里啊？”

"It matters not where; for a drive, for instance. You can lower the shade on your side and you will be well concealed."

“哪里都没关系；譬如坐坐马车。您可以把您那边的车帘放下来，这样您就藏得很隐蔽了。”

"Yes, I should like that better; I shall die of fear here."

“是啊，我更喜欢那样；在这里我会害怕死的。”

"Very well, meet me in five minutes at the gate which opens on the boulevard. I will fetch a cab."

“那好，五分钟后在通往林阴大道的那个门和我见面。我去叫辆出租马车。”

When they were seated in the cab, she asked: "Where did you tell the coachman to drive to?"

他们坐在马车里后，她问道：“你跟马车夫说了要驶去哪里？”

Georges replied: "Do not worry; he knows."

乔治答道：“不用担心；他知道。”

He had given the man his address on the Rue de Constantinople.

他已经把自己在君士坦丁堡街的地址给了车夫。

Mme. Walter said to Du Roy: "You cannot imagine how I suffer on your account—how I am tormented, tortured. Yesterday I was harsh,

but I wanted to escape you at any price. I was afraid to remain alone with you. Have you forgiven me?”

瓦尔特夫人对迪·鲁瓦说：“你无法想象为了你我受了多少苦——我受了多少折磨和煎熬。昨天我冷峻无情，但我当时是想不惜一切代价地避开你。我害怕单独和你呆在一起。你原谅我了吗？”

He pressed her hand. "Yes, yes, why should I not forgive you, loving you as I do?"

他按着她的手。“是的，是的，我如此爱您，为什么不原谅您呢？”

She looked at him with a beseeching air: "Listen: You must promise to respect me, otherwise I could never see you again.”

她用恳求的神情看着他：“听着：你必须保证尊重我，否则我永远不能再见你。”

At first he did not reply; a smile lurked beneath his mustache; then he murmured: "I am your slave."

起初他没回答；他的胡子下藏着一丝微笑；接着他低声说：“我是您的奴隶。”

She told him how she had discovered that she loved him, on learning that he was to marry Madeleine Forestier. Suddenly she ceased speaking. The carriage stopped. Du Roy opened the door.

她告诉他，当她得知他要和马德莱娜·福雷斯捷结婚时，她是如何发现自己爱着他的。突然，她停止了说话。马车停了下来。迪·鲁瓦打开门。

"Where are we?" she asked.

“我们在哪里？”她问。

He replied: "Alight and enter the house. We shall be undisturbed there."

他答道：“下来，进这房子里来。在那里我们不会被打扰。”

"Where are we?" she repeated.

“我们在哪里？”她重复道。

"At my rooms; they are my bachelor apartments which I have rented for a few days that we might have a corner in which to meet."

“在我的房间；这些是我结婚前住的房间，我租了它们几天，这样我们就能有个隐秘的地方见面了。”

She clung to the cab, startled at the thought of a tete-a-tete, and stammered: "No, no, I do not want to."

想到和他面对面在一起，她吃了一惊，她紧紧抓住出租马车，结结

巴巴地说：“不，不，我不想。”

He said firmly: "I swear to respect you. Come, you see that people are looking at us, that a crowd is gathering around us. Make haste!" And he repeated, "I swear to respect you."

他坚定地说：“我发誓尊重您。来吧，您看到了，人们在看着我们呢，人群正在我们周围聚起来呢。赶紧！”接着他重复道：“我发誓尊重您。”

She was terror-stricken and rushed into the house. She was about to ascend the stairs. He seized her arm: "It is here, on the ground floor."

她受了惊，急忙冲进房子里。她正要去爬楼梯。他抓住她的胳膊：“在这里，在一楼。”

When he had closed the door, he showered kisses upon her neck, her eyes, her lips; in spite of herself, she submitted to his caresses and even returned them, hiding her face and murmuring in broken accents: "I swear that I have never had a lover"; while he thought: "That is a matter of indifference to me."

关上门后，他便狂吻她的脖颈、双眼和双唇；不由自主地，她屈服于他的爱抚下，甚至回吻他，她遮住自己的脸，断断续续地低语道，“我发誓我从来没有过情人”；他则想着：“对我而言，这是件无关紧要的事。”

CHAPTER XIII. Madame de Marelle

第十三章 德马雷勒夫人

Autumn had come. The Du Roys had spent the entire summer in Paris, leading a vigorous campaign in "La Vie Francaise," in favor of the new cabinet. Although it was only the early part of October, the chamber was about to resume its sessions, for affairs in Morocco were becoming menacing. The celebrated speech made by Count de Lambert Sarrazin had furnished Du Roy with material for ten articles on the Algerian colony. "La Vie Francaise" had gained considerable prestige by its connection with the power; it was the first to give political news, and every newspaper in Paris and the provinces sought information from it. It was quoted, feared, and began to be respected: it was no longer the organ of a group of political intriguers, but the avowed mouthpiece of the cabinet. Laroche-Mathieu was the soul of the journal and Du Roy his speaking-trumpet. M. Walter retired discreetly into the background. Madeleine's salon became an influential center in which several members of the cabinet met every week. The president of the council had even dined there twice; the minister of foreign affairs was quite at home at the Du Roys; he came at any hour, bringing dispatches or information, which he dictated either to the husband or wife as if they were his secretaries. After the minister had departed, when Du Roy was alone with Madeleine, he uttered threats and insinuations against the "parvenu," as he called him. His wife simply shrugged her shoulders scornfully, repeating: "Become a minister and you can do the same; until then, be silent."

秋天来了。整个夏天，迪·鲁瓦夫妇都是在巴黎度过的，他们在《法兰西生活报》上领导了一场轰轰烈烈的支持新内阁的运动。虽然只是十月初，议院就即将复会了，因为摩洛哥的形势正变得险恶起来。德朗贝尔·萨拉赞伯爵的一篇著名演讲给了迪·鲁瓦关于阿尔及利亚殖民地的十篇文章的素材。《法兰西生活报》因其与政权的联系而获得了相当大的威望；它是第一个发表政治性新闻的报纸，巴黎和外省的每家报纸都从它这里寻找信息。它被引用、被惧怕、并开始被敬重：它不再是一群政治密谋者的工具，而是内阁公开的喉舌。拉罗什·马蒂厄是报纸的灵魂，迪·鲁瓦则是他的传声器。瓦尔特先生小心谨慎地退到了幕后。马德莱娜的沙龙成了一个有影响力的中心，每周都有几个内阁成员在里面碰面。甚至议会议长也在那里吃过两次晚餐；外交部长在迪·鲁瓦家自在得像在自己家里一样；他随时都会来，带着急件或情报，他向丈夫或妻子口授那些急件或情报，好像他们是他的秘书一样。这位部长离开后，当迪·鲁瓦和马德莱娜单独在一起时，迪·鲁瓦便对那个“暴发户”（他这样称呼外交部长）说出些威胁和暗讽的话。他妻子只是轻蔑地耸耸肩，反复说

道：“你变成一个部长啊，那样你就能做同样的事情了；在那以前，请你保持沉默。”

His reply was: "No one knows of what I am capable; perhaps they will find out some day."

他的回答是：“没人知道我能做什么；也许有一天他们会发现的。”

She answered philosophically: "He who lives will see."

她泰然自若地回答：“活着的人会看到的。”

The morning of the reopening of the Chamber, Du Roy lunched with Laroche-Mathieu in order to receive instructions from him, before the session, for a political article the following day in "La Vie Francaise," which was to be a sort of official declaration of the plans of the cabinet. After listening to Laroche-Mathieu's eloquence for some time with jealousy in his heart, Du Roy sauntered slowly toward the office to commence his work, for he had nothing to do until four o'clock, at which hour he was to meet Mme. de Marelle at Rue de Constantinople. They met there regularly twice a week, Mondays and Wednesdays.

议会复会那天上午，迪·鲁瓦和拉罗什·马蒂厄共进午餐，以便在开会前就第二天要在《法兰西生活报》上发表的一篇政治性文章听取拉罗什的指示，这篇文章在某种程度上是内阁计划的官方声明。迪·鲁瓦心怀嫉妒地听了一会儿拉罗什·马蒂厄滔滔不绝的雄辩后，便缓缓地向办公室漫步而去，以备开始工作，因为四点时他要去君士坦丁堡街见德马雷勒夫人，在那之前他无事可做。他们定期在那里见面，一周两次——周一和周三。

On entering the office, he was handed a sealed dispatch; it was from Mme. Walter, and read thus: "It is absolutely necessary that I should see you to-day. It is important. Expect me at two o'clock at Rue de Constantinople. I can render you a great service; your friend until death,”

一进办公室，便有人递给他一封密封的急件；它是瓦尔特夫人寄来的，上面这样写着：“今天我绝对有必要见你。这很重要。两点在君士坦丁堡街等我。我能帮你个大忙；你的生死之交。”

"VIRGINIE."

“维尔日妮。”

He exclaimed: "Heavens! what a bore!" and left the office at once, too much annoyed to work.

他叫道：“天啊！真麻烦！”于是他立即离开办公室——他太烦了，以至于无法工作。

For six weeks he had ineffectually tried to break with Mme.

Walter. At three successive meetings she had been a prey to remorse, and had overwhelmed her lover with reproaches. Angered by those scenes and already weary of the dramatic woman, he had simply avoided her, hoping that the affair would end in that way.

六个星期以来，他一直试图和瓦尔特夫人分手，但没有成功。在接连三次的约会中，她成了一个一直在懊悔的牺牲者，她的责骂令她的情人不堪忍受。这些场面惹怒了他，而且他已经对这个夸张做作的女人厌倦了，他只是避开她，希望这段私情会就这么结束。

But she persecuted him with her affection, summoned him at all times by telegrams to meet her at street corners, in shops, or public gardens. She was very different from what he had fancied she would be, trying to attract him by actions ridiculous in one of her age. It disgusted him to hear her call him: "My rat—my dog—my treasure—my jewel—my blue-bird”—and to see her assume a kind of childish modesty when he approached. It seemed to him that being the mother of a family, a woman of the world, she should have been more sedate, and have yielded with tears if she chose, but with the tears of a Dido and not of a Juliette. He never heard her call him "Little one" or "Baby," without wishing to reply "Old woman," to take his hat with an oath and leave the room.

但她却用自己的感情困扰着他，她常常用电报召唤他，让他在街角、商店或公园见她。她和他想象的大不相同，她会试图以一些动作——那些就她这个年龄的人而言荒唐可笑的动作来吸引他。他一听见她称自己“我的鼠鼠……我的狗狗……我的宝贝……我的珠儿……我的蓝鸟……”、看见她在自己走近时装出一种孩子气的羞怯，就觉得恶心。在他看来，她作为一个家庭里的母亲、一个上流社会的女人，似乎应该更庄重一些，如果她想的话，可以含泪委身于人，但这种眼泪应该是狄多式的，而不是朱丽叶式的。每当听到她喊他“小家伙”或“宝贝儿”时，他都想回叫她“老女人”，都想咒骂地拿上自己的帽子并离开房间。

At first they had often met at Rue de Constantinople, but Du Roy, who feared an encounter with Mme. de Marelle, invented a thousand and one pretexts in order to avoid that rendezvous. He was therefore obliged to either lunch or dine at her house daily, when she would clasp his hand under cover of the table or offer him her lips behind the doors. Above all, Georges enjoyed being thrown so much in contact with Suzanne; she made sport of everything and everybody with cutting appropriateness. At length, however, he began to feel an unconquerable repugnance to the love lavished upon him by the mother; he could no longer see her, hear her, nor think of her without anger. He ceased calling upon her, replying to her letters, and yielding to her appeals. She finally divined that he no longer loved her, and the discovery caused her unutterable anguish; but she watched him, followed him in a cab with drawn blinds to the office, to his house, in

the hope of seeing him pass by. He would have liked to strangle her, but he controlled himself on account of his position on "La Vie Francaise" and he endeavored by means of coldness, and even at times harsh words, to make her comprehend that all was at an end between them.

起初他们经常在君士坦丁堡街见面，但迪·鲁瓦担心被德马雷勒夫人撞见，就编出许多借口以避免这种约会。因此他不得不天天在她家吃午饭或晚饭；吃饭时，她总会在桌子的掩护下紧扣着他的手，或在门后把双唇凑向他。一开始，乔治乐于和苏珊有如此多的接触；她总是犀利而恰当地拿所有东西、所有人开玩笑。然而，最终，他开始对这位母亲慷慨给予他的爱感到不可抑制的厌恶；只要一见到她、听到她的声音，或一想到她，他就再也没法不生气。他停止了对她的拜访、给她的回信，以及对她要求的屈从。她终于发现他不再爱自己了，这一发现给她带来了说不出的痛苦；但她还是监视他，并在拉下了百叶窗的马车里跟踪他去报馆或回家，希望看见他经过。他想勒死她，但为了自己在《法兰西生活报》的职位，他控制住了自己；他尝试用冷淡的态度，甚至有时用难听的话使她明白，他们之间一切都结束了。

Then, too, she persisted in devising ruses for summoning him to Rue de Constantinople, and he was in constant fear that the two women would some day meet face to face at the door.

即使如此，她还是坚持想出种种诡计叫他去君士坦丁堡街，而他则常常担心两个女人有朝一日会在门口面对面碰上。

On the other hand, his affection for Mme. de Marelle had increased during the summer. They were both Bohemians by nature; they took excursions together to Argenteuil, Bougival, Maisons, and Poissy, and when he was forced to return and dine at Mme. Walter's, he detested his mature mistress more thoroughly, as he recalled the youthful one he had just left. He was congratulating himself upon having freed himself almost entirely from the former's clutches, when he received the telegram above mentioned.

另一方面，在这个夏天，他更加喜爱德马雷勒夫人了。就本性而言，他们都是放荡不羁的文化人；他们一起远足到阿让特伊、布吉瓦尔、迈松和普瓦西，而当他不得不回去并在瓦尔特夫人家吃晚饭时，他就会更加彻底地憎恨自己这位中年的情妇，同时回想起自己刚刚离开的那位年轻情妇。当他正暗自祝贺差不多已完全摆脱了前者的掌控时，他收到了上文提及的那封电报。

He re-read it as he walked along. He thought: "What does that old owl want with me? I am certain she has nothing to tell me except that she adores me. However, I will see, perhaps there is some truth in it. Clotilde is coming at four, I must get rid of the other one at three or soon after, provided they do not meet. What jades women are!"

他一边向前走，一边又读了读那封电报。他想：“这个老猫头鹰想让我干什么呢？我肯定她除了说她爱慕我之外，没有任何要告诉我的。不管怎样，我就看看吧，说不定有什么事。克洛蒂尔德四点要来，我必须在三点或三点之后不久便摆脱掉另一位，这样她们就不会撞见了。女人真麻烦啊！”

As he uttered those words he was reminded of his wife, who was the only one who did not torment him; she lived by his side and seemed to love him very much at the proper time, for she never permitted anything to interfere with her ordinary occupations of life. He strolled toward the appointed place of meeting, mentally cursing Mme. Walter.

正当他说这些话的时候，他想起了自己的妻子，她是唯一一个没有让他苦恼的女人；她在他身边生活，在适当的时候似乎非常爱他，因为她从不允许任何事干扰她的日常活动。他朝约会地点漫步而去，心里在咒骂着瓦尔特夫人。

"Ah, I will receive her in such a manner that she will not tell me anything. First of all, I will give her to understand that I shall never cross her threshold again."

“啊，我会这样接待他，好让她不和我说任何事。首先，我会让她明白，我永远不会再跨入她的门槛。”

He entered to await her. She soon arrived and, seeing him, exclaimed: "Ah, you received my dispatch! How fortunate!"

他进去等她。不一会儿她就到了，一见到他便喊：“啊，你收到我的急件了！多幸运啊！”

"Yes, I received it at the office just as I was setting out for the Chamber. What do you want?" he asked ungraciously.

“是的，我正要出发去议院时在办公室收到了它。你想要什么？”他不客气地问道。

She had raised her veil in order to kiss him, and approached him timidly and humbly with the air of a beaten dog.

她掀起自己的面纱以便去亲吻他，她恭顺胆怯地靠近他，她的神情就像一只被打的狗。

"How unkind you are to me; how harshly you speak! What have I done to you? You do not know what I have suffered for you!"

“你对我多么无情；你说的话多么刺耳！我对你做了什么？你不知道为了你我受了什么苦！”

He muttered: "Are you going to begin that again?"

他咕哝道：“你又要开始那一套了吗？”

She stood near him awaiting a smile, a word of encouragement, to cast herself into his arms, and whispered: "You need not have won me to treat me thus; you might have left me virtuous and happy. Do you remember what you said to me in the church and how you forced me to enter this house? And now this is the way you speak to me, receive me! My God, my God, how you maltreat me!"

她站在他身边，等待着一个微笑、一句鼓励的话,好让她把自己投入他的怀中，她低声说："你不必为了这样对待我而得到我；你本可以让我一直贞洁快乐下去。你记得你在教堂里对我说的话吗，记得你是如何把我强拉硬拽到这个房子里来的吗？现在你却这样对我说话、这样接待我！上帝啊，上帝啊，你对我多么粗暴啊！"

He stamped his foot and said violently: "Enough, be silent! I can never see you a moment without hearing that refrain. You were mature when you gave yourself to me. I am much obliged to you; I am infinitely grateful, but I need not be tied to your apron-strings until I die! You have a husband and I a wife. Neither of us is free; it was all a caprice, and now it is at an end!"

他跺了跺脚，粗暴地说："够了，住口！我见你的时候，无时无刻不在听这种老调重弹。当你把自己给我时，你是个成年人了。我很感激你：我无限感激，但是我不必至死都拴在你的围裙带上。你有丈夫，而我有妻子。我们两个都不是自由之身；所有的这一切都是一时任性，现在都结束了！"

She said: "How brutal you are, how coarse and villainous! No, I was no longer a young girl, but I had never loved, never wavered in my dignity."

她说："你是多么残忍、多么粗俗、多么恶毒啊！是的，我不再是个年轻女孩，但我从未爱过，从未做出伤害自己尊严的事。"

He interrupted her: "I know it, you have told me that twenty times; but you have had two children."

他打断了她："这我知道，这一点你已经告诉过我二十次了；但你已经有两个孩子了。"

She drew back as if she had been struck: "Oh, Georges!" And pressing her hands to her heart, she burst into tears.

她似乎受了打击，向后退了退："哦，乔治！"接着，她双手按着胸口，突然哭了起来。

When she began to weep, he took his hat: "Ah, you are crying again! Good evening! Is it for this that you sent for me?"

她开始哭时，他拿起自己的帽子说："啊，你又在哭了！晚安！你约我就是为了这个么？"

She took a step forward in order to bar the way, and drawing a handkerchief from her pocket she wiped her eyes. Her voice grew steadier: "No, I came to—to give you—political news—to give you the means of earning fifty thousand francs—or even more if you wish to.”

她向前一步以拦住他的去路，同时她从口袋里拖出一块手帕，擦了擦双眼。她的声音变得平稳了些：“不，我来是要……是要给你……一些政治消息……是要给你赚五万法郎的方法……或者甚至更多，如果你愿意的话。”

Suddenly softened he asked: "How?"

他突然软化下来，问道：“怎么赚？”

"By chance last evening I heard a conversation between my husband and Laroche. Walter advised the minister not to let you into the secret for you would expose it."

“昨天晚上，我偶然间听到了我丈夫和拉罗什之间的谈话。瓦尔特建议部长不要让你知道这个秘密，因为你会把它泄露出去。”

Du Roy placed his hat upon a chair and listened attentively.

迪·鲁瓦把自己的帽子放在一把椅子上，聚精会神地听着。

"They are going to take possession of Morocco!"

“他们将占领摩洛哥！”

"Why, I lunched with Laroche this morning, and he told me the cabinet's plans!”

“什么啊，今天上午我和拉罗什一起吃午饭，他就告诉我内阁的计划了！”

"No, my dear, they have deceived you, because they feared their secret would be made known."

“不，亲爱的，他们骗了你，因为他们害怕他们的秘密会被公布出去。”

"Sit down," said Georges.

“坐下吧。”乔治说。

He sank into an armchair, while she drew up a stool and took her seat at his feet. She continued: "As I think of you continually, I pay attention to what is talked of around me," and she proceeded to tell him what she had heard relative to the expedition to Tangiers which had been decided upon the day that Laroche assumed his office; she told him how they had little by little bought up, through agents who aroused no suspicions, the Moroccan loan, which had fallen to sixty-four or sixty-five francs; how when the expedition was entered upon the French government would guarantee the debt, and their friends

would make fifty or sixty millions.

他陷入一把扶手椅里，而她则拉来一个凳子在他脚边坐了下来。她继续说道：“因为我老是想着你，所以就对周围谈论的事留了心。”接着，她继续告诉他她听到的有关远征丹吉尔的事——这件事在拉罗什就任那天就决定了。她告诉他，他们是怎样一点一点地通过引不起人们怀疑的代理人买进摩洛哥贷款的，这些贷款已跌至六十四或六十五法郎；当远征军进驻时，法国政府将如何为这些借款提供担保，而他们的朋友将如何赚五、六千万。”

He cried: "Are you sure of that?"

他喊道：“你对此事确定吗？”

She replied: "Yes, I am sure."

她回答：“是的，我确定。”

He continued: "That is indeed fine! As for that rascal of a Laroche, let him beware! I will get his ministerial carcass between my fingers yet!"

他继续说：“这的确不错！至于拉罗什那个流氓，让他当心一些！我还会把他部长的空壳子捏在我的手指间！”

Then, after a moment's reflection, he muttered: "One might profit by that!"

接着，他沉思了一会儿后咕哝道：“人们可以利用这个牟利！”

"You too can buy some stock," said she; "it is only seventy-two francs.”

“你也可以买些股票，”她说，“股票才七十二法郎。”

He replied: "But I have no ready money."

他回答：“但是我没有现钱。”

She raised her eyes to his—eyes full of supplication.

她抬起双眼看着他的双眼——她的双眼充满了恳求。

"I have thought of that, my darling, and if you love me a little, you will let me lend it to you."

“我想到过这一点，亲爱的，如果你有一点爱我，就让我把钱借给你吧。”

He replied abruptly, almost harshly: "No, indeed."

他几乎有些严酷地突然答道：“不，真的。”

She whispered imploringly: "Listen, there is something you can do without borrowing money. I intended buying ten thousand francs' worth of the stock; instead, I will take twenty thousand and you can

have half. There will be nothing to pay at once. If it succeeds, we will make seventy thousand francs; if not, you will owe me ten thousand which you can repay at your pleasure.”

她低声恳求道：“听着，有些事你不用借钱也能干。我本打算买价值一万法郎的股票；现在这样，我会拿出两万法郎，而你可以拥有一半。你将不用马上为任何东西出钱。如果它成功了，我们将赚到七万法郎；如果没成功，你将欠我一万，这一万你可以想什么时候还就什么时候还。”

He said again: "No, I do not like those combinations."

他又说：“不，我不喜欢这种组合。”

She tried to persuade him by telling him that she advanced nothing—that the payments were made by Walter's bank. She pointed out to him that he had led the political campaign in "La Vie Francaise," and that he would be very simple not to profit by the results he had helped to bring about. As he still hesitated, she added: "It is in reality Walter who will advance the money, and you have done enough for him to offset that sum."

她试图通过告诉他她没预付钱来说服他——那些钱是由瓦尔特的银行支付的。她向他指出，他在《法兰西生活报》领导了那场政治运动，这些成果的实现他是帮了忙的，不利用它们牟利就太愚蠢了。因为他还犹豫，她便补充道：“实际上是瓦尔特预付了这些钱，而你已经为他做得够多了，足以抵消这个钱数了。”

"Very well," said he, "I will do it. If we lose I will pay you back ten thousand francs."

“那好吧，”他说道，“这件事我做。如果我们赔了，我会偿还你一万法郎。”

She was so delighted that she rose, took his head between her hands, and kissed him. At first he did not repulse her, but when she grew more lavish with her caresses, he said: "Come, that will do."

她高兴得站了起来，双手抱住他的头，并亲了亲他。起初他没有拒绝她，但当她更加放肆地爱抚他时，他说：“好了，这样就可以了。”

She gazed at him sadly. "Oh, Georges, I can no longer even embrace you."

她难过地盯着他。“哦，乔治，我甚至都不能再抱你了。”

"No, not to-day. I have a headache.”

“不是啊，今天不行。我头疼。”

She reseated herself with docility at his feet and asked: "Will you dine with us to-morrow? It would give me such pleasure,”

她重新在他脚边温顺地坐了下来，问道：“明天你会和我们一起吃晚饭吗？你的到来将让我非常高兴。”

He hesitated at first, but dared not refuse.

他起先犹豫着，但不敢拒绝。

"Yes, certainly."

“好的，当然可以。”

"Thank you, dearest." She rubbed her cheek against the young man's vest; as she did so, one of her long black hairs caught on a button; she twisted it tightly around, then she twisted another around another button and so on. When he rose, he would tear them out of her head, and would carry away with him unwittingly a lock of her hair. It would be an invisible bond between them. Involuntarily he would think, would dream of her; he would love her a little more the next day.

“谢谢你，亲爱的。”她把脸颊在这个年轻男人的背心上蹭了蹭；当她这么做时，她的一根黑长发缠到一颗纽扣上了；她把它紧紧地围着这纽扣绕了绕，然后她又把另一根头发围着另一颗纽扣饶了绕，如此接二连三。当他起身时，他将把它们从她头上扯出来，他还将不知不觉地随身带走她的一缕头发。这将是他们之间一根无形的纽带。他将会不自觉地想起她、梦见她；第二天他会多爱她一点。

Suddenly he said: "I must leave you, for I am expected at the Chamber for the close of the session. I cannot be absent to-day.”

突然,他说道：“我必须离开你了，因为在议会结束之时有人会在议院等我。我今天不能不去。”

She sighed: "Already!" Then adding resignedly: "Go, my darling, but you will come to dinner tomorrow"; she rose abruptly. For a moment she felt a sharp, stinging pain, as if needles had been stuck into her head, but she was glad to have suffered for him.

她叹了口气：“这就要走了！”接着她顺从地补充道：“去吧，亲爱的，但你明天会来吃晚饭的吧。”；她突然起身。一瞬间，她感到一种强烈的刺痛，好像有许多针扎进了她的头，但她乐意为他受苦。

"Adieu," said she.

“再会。”她说。

He took her in his arms and kissed her eyes coldly; then she offered him her lips which he brushed lightly as he said: "Come, come, let us hurry; it is after three o'clock.”

他把她拥入怀里，冷冷地亲了亲她的双眼；接着她把双唇凑向他，他一边轻轻地擦了擦她的唇，一边说：“好了，好了，咱们赶紧；现在三

点多了。”

She passed out before him saying: "To-morrow at seven”; he repeated her words and they separated.

她先他走出去说道：“明天七点”；他重复了她的话，他们便分开了。

Du Roy returned at four o'clock to await his mistress. She was somewhat late because her husband had come home for a week. She asked: "Can you come to dinner to-morrow? He will be delighted to see you.”

迪·鲁瓦四点回去等他的情妇。她稍微迟到了些，因为她丈夫回家来了，要在家呆一周。她问道：“你明天能来吃晚饭吗？他看到你会高兴的。”

"No; I dine at the Walters. We have a great many political and financial matters to talk over."

“不行；我要在瓦尔特家吃晚饭。我们有很多政治和金融问题要讨论。”

She took off her hat. He pointed to a bag on the mantelpiece: "I bought you some sweetmeats."

她摘下帽子。他指向壁炉架上的一个袋子：“我给你买了些糖果。”

She clapped her hands. "What a darling you are!" She took them, tasted one, and said: "They are delicious. I shall not leave one. Come, sit down in the armchair, I will sit at your feet and eat my bonbons."

她拍了拍双手。“你是一个多么好的爱人啊！”她拿上它们，尝了一个，然后说：“它们真好吃。我一个也不会剩。过来，在这个扶手椅里坐下，我要坐在你脚边吃我的小糖果。”

He smiled as he saw her take the seat a short while since occupied by Mme. Walter. She too, called him "darling, little one, dearest," and the words seemed to him sweet and caressing from her lips, while from Mme. Walter's they irritated and nauseated him.

他笑了，因为他看到她在瓦尔特夫人不久以前坐过的那个座位上坐下了。她也叫他“亲爱的，小家伙，最亲爱的”，对他来说，似乎这些话从她嘴里说出来就甜蜜而亲切，而从瓦尔特夫人嘴里说出来则令他恼怒、厌恶。

Suddenly he remembered the seventy thousand francs he was going to make, and bluntly interrupting Mme. de Marelle's chatter, he said: "Listen, my darling; I am going to intrust you with a message to your husband. Tell him from me to buy to-morrow ten thousand francs' worth of Moroccan stock which is at seventy-two, and I predict that before three months are passed he will have made eighty

thousand francs. Tell him to maintain absolute silence. Tell him that the expedition to Tangiers, is decided upon, and that the French government will guarantee the Moroccan debt. It is a state secret I am confiding to you, remember!”

他突然记起自己即将赚到的七万法郎，于是就直截了当地打断了德马雷勒夫人的喋喋不休；他说道：“听着，亲爱的；我要托你给你丈夫捎个口信。告诉他是我说的，让他明天去买价值一万法郎的摩洛哥股票，这股票现在是每股七十二法郎，我预料，不到三个月他就会赚八万法郎。吩咐他保持绝对的沉默。告诉他政府已决定向丹吉尔远征，告诉他法国政府将会为摩洛哥债务提供担保。我现在向你透露的是个国家机密，记住了！”

She listened to him gravely and murmured: "Thank you. I will tell my husband this evening. You may rely upon him; he will not speak of it; he can be depended upon; there is no danger."

她严肃地听他说着，然后小声说道：“谢谢你。我今天晚上就告诉我丈夫。你可以信赖他；他不会提及此事；他值得信赖；没有危险的。”

She had eaten all of her bonbons and began to toy with the buttons on his vest. Suddenly she drew a long hair out of the buttonhole and began to laugh.

她吃了她所有的糖果，然后就开始玩弄他背心上的纽扣。突然，她从纽扣孔里拽出一根长头发，并开始大笑起来。

"See! Here is one of Madeleine's hairs; you are a faithful husband!” Then growing serious, she examined the scarcely perceptible thread more closely and said: "It is not Madeleine's, it is dark.”

“看！这是一根马德莱娜的头发；你是个忠实的丈夫！”接着她变得严肃起来，更加仔细地检查了这根几乎不易被察觉的头发说道：“这不是马德莱娜的，这是深色的。”

He smiled. "It probably belongs to the housemaid."

他笑了。“这大概是女佣的。”

But she glanced at the vest with the care of a police-inspector and found a second hair twisted around a second button; then she saw a third; and turning pale and trembling somewhat, she exclaimed: "Oh, some woman has left hairs around all your buttons."

但她带着一个警局督察的谨慎看了看那件背心，并找到了绕在第二颗钮扣周围的第二根头发；接着她看到了第三根；于是她的脸色变得苍白，有点颤抖地叫道：“哦，某个女人在你所有的纽扣周围都留下了头发。”

In surprise, he stammered: "Why you—you are mad.”

他吃了一惊，结结巴巴地说：“你为什么……你疯了。”

She continued to unwind the hairs and cast them upon the floor. With her woman's instinct she had divined their meaning and gasped in her anger, ready to cry: "She loves you and she wished you to carry away with you something of hers. Oh, you are a traitor." She uttered a shrill, nervous cry: "Oh, it is an old woman's hair—here is a white one—you have taken a fancy to an old woman now. Then you do not need me—keep the other one.” She rose.

她继续解开那些头发，并把它们扔在地上。凭着女人的直觉，她猜出了它们的含义，气得上气不接下气，快要哭出来了：“她爱你，并且她希望你随身带走她的某件东西。哦，你是个背信弃义的人。”她发出一声神经质的尖叫：“哦，这是一根老女人的头发……这里有一根白头发……你现在已经喜欢上一个老女人了。那么你就不需要我了……和另一个人交往吧。”她站了起来。

He attempted to detain her and stammered: "No—Clo—you are absurd—I do not know whose it is—listen—stay—see—stay—”

他试图留住她，他结结巴巴地说：“不……克洛……你真荒谬……我不知道它是谁的……听着……留下来……听我说……留下来……”

But she repeated: "Keep your old woman—keep her—have a chain made of her hair—of her gray hair—there is enough for that—”

但她重复道：“和你的老女人交往吧……和她交往……戴一个用她头发做成的链子吧……用她灰白的头发……那里有足够的头发做链子了……”

Hastily she donned her hat and veil, and when he attempted to touch her she struck him in the face, and made her escape while he was stunned by the blow. When he found that he was alone, he cursed Mme. Walter, bathed his face, and went out vowing vengeance. That time he would not pardon. No, indeed.

她匆忙地戴上帽子、蒙上面纱，当他试图去碰她时，她打了他一个耳光，并趁他被打得不知所措之时逃走了。当他发现自己孤身一人时，他把瓦尔特夫人咒骂了一番，洗了脸，然后一边发誓报仇，一边离开了。这一次他是不会原谅她的。是的，的确。

He strolled to the boulevard and stopped at a jeweler's to look at a chronometer he had wanted for some time and which would cost eighteen hundred francs. He thought with joy: "If I make my seventy thousand francs, I can pay for it"—and he began to dream of all the things he would do when he got the money. First of all he would become a deputy; then he would buy the chronometer; then he would speculate on 'Change, and then, and then—he did not enter the office, preferring to confer with Madeleine before seeing Walter again and

writing his article; he turned toward home. He reached Rue Drouot when he paused; he had forgotten to inquire for Count de Vaudrec, who lived on Chaussee d'Antin. He retraced his steps with a light heart, thinking of a thousand things—of the fortune he would make,—of that rascal of a Laroche, and of old Walter.

他漫步到林阴大道上，在一家珠宝店停下来看了看一块价值一千八百法郎的精密计时表，他想要这块表已经有段时间了。他高兴地想着："如果我赚了我那七万法郎，我就能出钱买它了"——然后他开始梦想着自己得到这笔钱后要做的所有事情。首先，他会成为一名众议员；接着他会买那块精密计时表；然后他会做交易所里的投机买卖，然后，然后……他没有进报馆，他更愿意在再见到瓦尔特和写自己的文章之前同马德莱娜商量一下；他转而回家。到德鲁奥街时他停了下来；他忘记要去找住在德安坦路的德沃德雷克伯爵了。他怀着轻松的心情把脚步折了回去，同时想起了许多事情——想到了他即将到手的财富，想到了拉罗什那个流氓，想到了老瓦尔特。

He was not at all uneasy as to Clotilde's anger, knowing that she would soon forgive him.

他对克洛蒂尔德的愤怒一点也不感到不安，他知道她很快就会原谅他的。

When he asked the janitor of the house in which Count de Vaudrec lived: "How is M. de Vaudrec? I have heard that he has been ailing of late," the man replied; "The Count is very ill, sir; they think he will not live through the night; the gout has reached his heart."

当他问德沃德雷克伯爵住的房子的看门人"德沃德雷克先生怎么样了？我听说他最近一直在生病。"时，门房答道："伯爵病得很重，先生；他们认为他将活不过今晚；痛风病已经蔓延到他的心脏了。"

Du Roy was so startled he did not know what to do! Vaudrec dying! He stammered: "Thanks—I will call again"—unconscious of what he was saying. He jumped into a cab and drove home. His wife had returned. He entered her room out of breath: "Did you know? Vaudrec is dying!"

迪·鲁瓦震惊得不知道该做什么了！沃德雷克要死了！他结结巴巴地说："谢谢……我会再来拜访的"——他没意识到自己正在说什么。他跳进一辆马车，然后向家行去。他妻子已经回来了。他气喘吁吁地进了她的房间："你知道吗？沃德雷克要死了！"

She was reading a letter and turning to him asked: "What did you say?"

她正在读一封信，她向他转过身问："你说什么？"

"I said that Vaudrec is dying of an attack of gout."

"我说沃德雷克痛风病发作，快不行了。"

Then he added: "What shall you do?"

接着他补充道：“你要怎么办？”

She rose; her face was livid; she burst into tears and buried her face in her hands. She remained standing, shaken by sobs, torn by anguish. Suddenly she conquered her grief and wiping her eyes, said: "I am going to him—do not worry about me—I do not know what time I shall return—do not expect me.”

她站起身来，青着脸；她突然哭起来，并把脸埋进双手里。她一直站着，因啜泣而颤抖着，悲痛撕扯着她。突然，她克服了自己的悲伤，擦干了双眼说：“我要去他那里……不用担心我……我不知道什么时候会回来……不用等我。”

He replied: "Very well. Go."

他答道：“那好吧。去吧。”

They shook hands and she left in such haste that she forgot her gloves. Georges, after dining alone, began to write his article. He wrote it according to the minister's instructions, hinting to the readers that the expedition to Morocco would not take place. He took it, when completed, to the office, conversed several moments with M. Walter, and set out again, smoking, with a light heart, he knew not why.

他们握了握手，然后她便离开了，匆忙得手套都忘了。独自吃完晚饭后，乔治就开始写他的文章了。他按照部长的指示写那篇文章，暗示读者向摩洛哥的远征不会发生。写完以后，他带着这篇文章去了报馆，他和瓦尔特先生谈了一会儿后，便又抽着烟动身回家了——他的心情轻松愉悦，他自己也不知道为什么。

His wife had not returned. He retired and fell asleep. Toward midnight Madeleine came home. Georges sat up in bed and asked: "Well?"

他妻子还没有回来。他在床上躺下，睡着了。快到午夜时，马德莱娜回家来了。乔治在床上坐起来，问道：“还好吧？”

He had never seen her so pale and agitated. She whispered: "He is dead!"

他从未见过她如此苍白、如此焦虑不安。她低声说：“他死了！”

"Ah—and—he told you nothing?”

“啊——那么——他什么也没跟你说吗？”

"Nothing. He was unconscious when I arrived."

“什么也没有。我到的时候他已经不省人事了。”

Questions which he dared not ask arose to Georges' lips.

有些问题浮到了唇边，但乔治不敢问。

"Lie down and rest," said he.

“躺下休息吧。”他说。

She disrobed hastily and slipped into bed.

她迅速脱掉衣服，钻进床铺里。

He continued: "Had he any relatives at his death-bed?”

他继续说道：“他临终时，床边有什么亲戚吗？”

"Only a nephew."

“只有一个侄子。”

"Ah! Did he often see that nephew?"

“啊！他常常见那个侄子吗？”

"They had not met for ten years."

“他们有十年没见面了。”

"Had he other relatives?"

“他有其他亲戚吗？”

"No, I believe not."

“没有，我认为没有。”

"Will that nephew be his heir?"

“那个侄子会是他的继承人吗？”

"I do not know."

“我不知道。”

"Was Vaudrec very rich?"

“沃德雷克非常富有吗？”

"Yes, very."

“是的，非常。”

"Do you know what he was worth?"

“你知道他有多少财产吗？”

"No, not exactly—one or two millions perhaps.”

“不知道，不确定……也许有一二百万吧。”

He said no more. She extinguished the light. He could not sleep. He looked upon Mme. Walter's promised seventy thousand francs as very insignificant. Suddenly he thought he heard Madeleine crying. In

order to insure himself he asked: "Are you asleep?"

他没再说什么了。她熄灭了灯。他睡不着。瓦尔特夫人许诺过的七万法郎在他看来非常无关紧要了。突然，他觉得自己听到马德莱娜在哭。为了确认自己的判断，他问道：“你睡着了吗？”

"No." Her voice was tearful and unsteady.

“没有。”她的声音带着哭腔和颤音。

He continued: "I forgot to tell you that your minister has deceived us."

他继续说道：“我忘了告诉你，你的部长欺骗了我们。”

"How?"

“怎么说？”

He gave her a detailed account of the combination prepared by Laroche and Walter. When he concluded she asked: "How did you know that?"

他详细地跟她描述了拉罗什和瓦尔特谋划的勾结之事。他一说完，她就问道：“你是怎么知道这个的？”

He replied: "Pardon me if I do not tell you! You have your means of obtaining information into which I do not inquire; I have mine which I desire to keep. I can vouch at any rate for the truth of my statements."

他答道：“请原谅我不能告诉你。你有你获取信息的手段，我不查究它们；我有我的方法，我希望对我的方法进行保密。无论如何，我能保证，我所说的是真的。”

She muttered: "It may be possible. I suspected that they were doing something without our knowledge."

她咕哝道：“这也许是可能的。我本就怀疑他们正在做一些我们不知道的事。”

As she spoke Georges drew near her; she paid no heed to his proximity, however, and turning toward the wall, he closed his eyes and fell asleep.

在她说话的时候，乔治向她靠过去；然而，她没理会他的亲近，并向墙转过身去，他闭上双眼睡着了。

CHAPTER XIV. The Will

第十四章 遗嘱

The church was draped in black, and over the door a large escutcheon surmounted by a coronet announced to the passers-by that a nobleman was being buried. The ceremony was just over; those present went out slowly, passing by the coffin, and by Count de Vaudrec's nephew, who shook hands and returned salutations.

教堂里挂着黑色布帘，门上方挂着一面饰有纹章的大盾，盾上装着个冠状饰物，它向过路人宣告，一位贵族正要被埋葬。仪式刚刚结束；出席的人们慢慢地走出去，它们从那口棺材和德沃德雷克伯爵的侄儿旁边经过，伯爵的侄儿和他们握手并还礼。

When Georges du Roy and his wife left the church, they walked along side by side on their way home. They did not speak; they were both preoccupied. At length Georges said, as if talking to himself: "Truly it is very astonishing!"

乔治·迪·鲁瓦和他妻子离开教堂后，就肩并肩向前走在回家的路上。他们没说话；他们都心事重重。最后，乔治好像在自言自语一般说道：“这真的是非常令人惊讶！”

Madeleine asked: "What, my friend?"

马德莱娜问道：“什么，亲爱的？”

"That Vaudrec left us nothing."

“沃德雷克没给我们留下任何东西。”

She blushed and said: "Why should he leave us anything? Had he any reason for doing so?" Then after several moments of silence, she continued: "Perhaps there is a will at a lawyer's; we should not know of it.”

她脸红了，说道：“他为什么该给我们留下任何东西呢？他有任何理由这样做吗？”接着，在片刻的沉默之后，她继续说：“也许在某个律师那里有一份遗嘱；我们对其不知晓。”

He replied: "That is possible, for he was our best friend. He dined with us twice a week; he came at any time; he was at home with us. He loved you as a father; he had no family, no children, no brothers nor sisters, only a nephew. Yes, there should be a will. I would not care for much—a remembrance to prove that he thought of us—that he recognized the affection we felt for him. We should certainly have a mark of friendship.”

他回答：“这是可能的，因为他是我们最好的朋友。他一周和我们共进两次晚餐；他任何时候都来；他和我们在一起像在自己家一样自在。他像父亲一样爱你；他没有家庭、没有孩子、没有兄弟姐妹，只有一个侄子。是的，应该有一份遗嘱。我不在乎有多少……一个纪念品以证明他想到我们了……证明他意识到我们对他的喜爱之情了。我们当然应该有一个友情的标志。”

She said with a pensive and indifferent air: "It is possible that there is a will."

她带着忧伤、冷淡的神情说：“可能是有一份遗嘱。”

When they entered the house, the footman handed Madeleine a letter. She opened it and offered it to her husband.

他们一走进房子，男仆便递给马德莱娜一封信。她打开它，并把它给了她丈夫。

"OFFICE OF M. LAMANEUR, Notary. 17 Rue des Vosges,"

“拉马纳尔事务所，公证人。孚日街十七号，”

"Madame: Kindly call at my office at a quarter past two o'clock Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday, on business which concerns you.”

“夫人：因有一事与您相关，请于周二、周三或周四两点十五来我的事务所一趟。”

"Yours respectfully,"

“尊敬您的，”

"LAMANEUR."

“拉马纳尔。”

Georges, in his turn, colored.

轮到乔治脸红了。

"That is as it should be. It is strange, however, that he should write to you and not to me, for I am the head of the family legally."

“这是应该的。可是奇怪的是，他给你写了信而不是我，因为在法律上，我是一家之主。”

"Shall we go at once?"she asked.

“我们立刻去，好吗？”她问道。

"Yes, I should like to."

“好的，我愿意去。”

After luncheon they set out for M. Lamaneur's office.

午餐过后，他们动身去了拉马纳尔先生的事务所。

The notary was a short, round man—round all over. His head looked like a ball fastened to another ball, which was supported by legs so short that they too almost resembled balls.

公证人是一个矮胖的男子——浑身上下圆乎乎的。他的头看起来就像是个球，它固定在另一个球上，固定着他头的球被两条腿支撑着，这两条腿短得几乎也像两个球。

He bowed, as Du Roy and his wife were shown into his office, pointed to seats, and said, turning to Madeleine: "Madame, I sent for you in order to inform you of Count de Vaudrec's will, which will be of interest to you.”

当迪·鲁瓦和他妻子被领进公证人的办公室时，公证人鞠了个躬，指了指座椅，然后转向马德莱娜说：“夫人，我请您来是为了告知您德沃德雷克伯爵的遗嘱，您会对这份遗嘱感兴趣的。”

Georges could not help muttering: "I suspected that."

乔治忍不住咕哝道：“这个我猜到了。”

The notary continued: "I shall read you the document which is very brief.

公证人继续说：“我将给您宣读这份非常简短的文件。

“‘I, the undersigned, Paul Emile Cyprien Gontran, Count de Vaudrec, sound both in body and mind, here express my last wishes.

“‘我，署名者，保罗·埃米尔·西普里安·贡特朗，德沃德雷克伯爵，身心健康，在这里陈述我的遗愿。

As death might take me away at any moment, I wish to take the precaution of drawing up my will, to be deposited with M. Lamaneur.’”

因为死亡随时可能把我带走，因此我希望防范于未然，拟定遗嘱，此遗嘱将被存放于拉马纳尔先生处。’”

“‘Having no direct heirs, I bequeath all my fortune, comprising stocks and bonds for six hundred thousand francs and landed property for five hundred thousand, to Mme. Claire Madeleine du Roy unconditionally.

“‘因为没有直系继承人，我把我的全部财产，包括价值六十万法郎的股票和债券，还有价值五十万法郎的地产，无条件地遗赠给克莱尔·马德莱娜·迪·鲁瓦夫人。

I beg her to accept that gift from a dead friend as a proof of devoted, profound, and respectful affection.’”

我请求她接受这份来自一个亡友的礼物，把此礼物作为我对她忠诚、深厚、尊敬的喜爱之情的证明。’”

The notary said: "That is all. That document bears the date of August last, and took the place of one of the same nature made two years ago in the name of Mme. Claire Madeleine Forestier. I have the first will, which would prove, in case of contestation on the part of the family, that Count de Vaudrec had not changed his mind."

公证人说："这就是全部内容了。这份文件上的日期是新近的那个八月，它取代了两年前立的那份以克莱尔·马德莱娜·福雷斯捷夫人为名的性质相同的遗嘱。我有第一份遗嘱，万一在家庭那方面有异议的话，它将证明德沃德雷克伯爵未尝改变过主意。"

Madeleine cast down her eyes; her cheeks were pale. Georges nervously twisted his mustache.

马德莱娜垂下双眼；她双颊苍白。乔治紧张地捻着自己的胡须。

The notary continued after a moment's pause: "It is of course understood that Madame cannot accept that legacy without your consent."

停了一会儿后，公证人继续说："当然，我们都明白，没有您的允许，夫人是不能接受这笔遗产的。"

Du Roy rose and said shortly: "I ask time for reflection."

迪·鲁瓦站起来，简短地说："我需要时间考虑一下。"

The notary smiled, bowed, and replied pleasantly: "I comprehend the scruples which cause you to hesitate. I may add that M. de Vaudrec's nephew, who was informed this morning of his uncle's last wishes, expresses himself as ready to respect them if he be given one hundred thousand francs. In my opinion the will cannot be broken, but a lawsuit would cause a sensation which you would probably like to avoid. The world often judges uncharitably. Can you let me have your reply before Saturday?"

公证人笑了笑，鞠了个躬，然后愉快地答道："我明白造成您犹豫的顾虑。我补充一下，德沃德雷克先生的侄子今天早上得知了他叔叔的遗愿，他表示如果给他十万法郎，他就愿意尊重这些遗愿。依我看来，遗嘱是无法被打破的，但诉讼会引起轰动，您们很可能会愿意避免引起轰动。世人常常没有慈悲心地评头品足。周六之前，你们能给我答复吗？"

Georges bowed, and together with his wife left the office. When they arrived home, Du Roy closed the door and throwing his hat on the bed, asked: "What were the relations between you and Vaudrec?"

乔治鞠了个躬，然后和他妻子一起离开了办公室。他们一到家，迪·鲁瓦就关上门，把帽子扔到床上问道："你和沃德雷克之间是什么关系？"

Madeleine, who was taking off her veil, turned around with a

shudder: "Between us?"

正在摘下面纱的马德莱娜颤抖着转过身来：“我们之间？”

"Yes, between you and him! One does not leave one's entire fortune to a woman unless—”

是的，你和他之间！一个人不会把他的全部财产留给一个女人，除非——”

She trembled, and could scarcely take out the pins which fastened the transparent tissue. Then she stammered in an agitated manner: "You are mad—you are—you are—you did not think—he would leave you anything!”

她发着抖，几乎无法除去固定透明薄纱的别针。接着，她结结巴巴、激动地说：“你疯了……你是……你是……你不是想……他会给你留下些东西！”

Georges replied, emphasizing each word: "Yes, he could have left me something; me, your husband, his friend; but not you, my wife and his friend. The distinction is material in the eyes of the world."

乔治一字一顿地回答道：“是的，他本可以给我留些东西；我，你的丈夫，他的朋友；而不是你，我的妻子，他的朋友。在世人眼里，这种差别是实质性的。”

Madeleine gazed at him fixedly: "It seems to me that the world would have considered a legacy from him to you very strange."

马德莱娜一动不动地盯着他：“在我看来，似乎他要是把遗产留给你，世人才会觉得非常奇怪。”

"Why?"

“为什么？”

"Because,"—she hesitated, then continued: "Because you are my husband; because you were not well acquainted; because I have been his friend so long; because his first will, made during Forestier's lifetime, was already in my favor.”

“因为，”她踌躇着，然后继续说：“因为你是我的丈夫；因为你们不是很熟悉；因为我已经做了他这么久的朋友了；因为他的第一份遗嘱，那份在福雷斯捷活着的时候立的遗嘱就已经把我作为受赠人了。”

Georges began to pace to and fro. He finally said: "You cannot accept that."

乔治开始来回踱步。最后他说：“你不能接受这个。”

She answered indifferently: "Very well; it is not necessary then to wait until Saturday; you can inform M. Lamaneur at once."

她漠不关心地答道：“那好吧；那么就没必要一直等到周六了；你可以立刻通知拉马纳尔先生。”

He paused before her, and they gazed into one another's eyes as if by that mute and ardent interrogation they were trying to examine each other's consciences. In a low voice he murmured: "Come, confess your relations."

他在她面前停了下来，然后他们凝视着彼此的眼睛，好像在试图通过这种无声而激烈的审问来检查彼此的良心。他低声咕哝：“得了，承认你们的关系吧。”

She shrugged her shoulders. "You are absurd. Vaudrec was very fond of me, very, but there was nothing more, never."

她耸了耸肩。“你荒唐可笑。沃德雷克非常喜欢我，非常，但没有别的什么了，从来没有。”

He stamped his foot. "You lie! It is not possible."

他跺了跺脚。“你说谎！这不可能。”

She replied calmly: "It is so, nevertheless."

她冷静地回答：“不过事实就是这样。”

He resumed his pacing to and fro; then pausing again, he said: "Explain to me, then, why he left all his fortune to you."

他又开始来回踱步；接着又停下来，说道：“那么，你给我解释，他为什么把他所有的财产留给你。”

She did so with a nonchalant air: "It is very simple. As you said just now, we were his only friends, or rather, I was his only friend, for he knew me when a child. My mother was a governess in his father's house. He came here continually, and as he had no legal heirs, he selected me. It is possible that he even loved me a little. But what woman has never been loved thus? He brought me flowers every Monday. You were never surprised at that, and he never brought you any. To-day he leaves me his fortune for the same reason, because he had no one else to leave it to. It would on the other hand have been extremely surprising if he had left it to you.”

她带着漠不关心的神情如是说：“这很简单。就像你刚才说的，我们是他唯一的朋友，更确切地说，我是他唯一的朋友，因为我是个孩子时他就认识我了。我母亲是他父亲家里的女家庭教师。他经常来这里，而且他没有法定继承人，因此就选择了我。他甚至有点喜欢我，这是可能的。可是哪个女人从未被这样爱过呢？他每周一都给我带来鲜花。你从未对此感到惊奇过，而他从未给你带过。今天出于同样的原因，他把自己的财产留给我，因为他没有别人可以留这笔财产。反过来说，如果他把它留给了你，那才非常令人奇怪呢。”

"Why?"

“为什么？”

"What are you to him?"

“你对他而言是什么？”

She spoke so naturally and so calmly that Georges hesitated before replying: "It makes no difference; we cannot accept that bequest under those conditions. Everyone would talk about it and laugh at me. My fellow-journalists are already too much disposed to be jealous of me and to attack me. I have to be especially careful of my honor and my reputation. I cannot permit my wife to accept a legacy of that kind from a man whom rumor has already assigned to her as her lover. Forestier might perhaps have tolerated that, but I shall not.”

她说得如此自然而冷静，以至于乔治犹豫了一会儿后才回答道：“这没有区别；我们不能在这些条件下接受这笔遗产。人人都会议论此事，并嘲笑我。我的记者同事们已经很有嫉妒我、攻击我的倾向了。我不得不特别注意自己的荣誉和名声。我不能允许我妻子接受一个男人——一个已经被谣言指认为她情人的男人的这种遗产。福雷斯捷也许容忍这个，但我不会。”

She replied gently: "Very well, my dear, we will not take it; it will be a million less in our pockets, that is all."

她温柔地回答道：“那好吧，亲爱的，我们不接受它；我们口袋里将少一百万，仅此而已。”

Georges paced the room and uttered his thoughts aloud, thus speaking to his wife without addressing her:

乔治在房间里踱着步，大声地说出自己的想法，他用这种方式让他妻子听他说话，而不刻意找着她说话。

"Yes, a million—so much the worse. He did not think when making his will what a breach of etiquette he was committing. He did not realize in what a false, ridiculous position he was placing me. He should have left half of it to me—that would have made matters right.”

“是啊，一百万……更糟糕了。他在立遗嘱的时候没有想想自己正在犯什么违反礼节的错误。他没有意识到他正把我放到了一个多么不恰当的、可笑的境地。他本应该留一半遗产给我——这样就会使事情合情合理了。”

He seated himself, crossed his legs and began to twist the ends of his mustache, as was his custom when annoyed, uneasy, or pondering over a weighty question.

他坐下来，双腿交叉，开始捻他胡须的末端，每当为一个重大问题而烦恼、不安或深思时，他就习惯这样做。

Madeleine took up a piece of embroidery upon which she worked occasionally, and said: "I have nothing to say. You must decide."

马德莱娜拿起一件她偶尔会绣的刺绣品说："我没什么可说的。你必须做决定。"

It was some time before he replied; then he said hesitatingly: "The world would never understand how it was that Vaudrec constituted you his sole heiress and that I allowed it. To accept that legacy would be to avow guilty relations on your part and an infamous lack of self-respect on mine. Do you know how the acceptance of it might be interpreted? We should have to find some adroit means of palliating it. We should have to give people to suppose, for instance, that he divided his fortune between us, giving half to you and half to me."

过了好一会儿他才回答；然后他踌躇地说："世人永远不会理解为何沃德雷克会指定你为他唯一的女继承人、为何我同意这件事。接受这笔遗产，在你那方面来说，就是要公开宣称那种有过失的关系，而在我这方面来说，就是公开宣称自己无耻、不自重。你知道人们可能会怎样理解你接受它这件事么？我们得找些巧妙的办法来掩饰它。我们必须让人们认为，比如，他把自己的财产在我们之间分配了，给了你一半，还给了我一半。"

She said: "I do not see how that can be done, since there is a formal will."

她说："我不明白可以如何做这件事，因为有一份正式的遗嘱了。"

He replied: "Oh, that is very simple. We have no children; you can therefore deed me part of the inheritance. In that way we can silence malignant tongues."

他答道："哦，这非常简单。我们没有孩子；因此你可以把部分遗产立契转让给我。这样我们就能让恶意的嚼舌者们沉默了。"

She answered somewhat impatiently: "I do not see how we can silence malignant tongues since the will is there, signed by Vaudrec."

她有点不耐烦地回答道："我不明白我们怎样能使恶意的嚼舌者们沉默，因为沃德雷克签了名的那份遗嘱就在那里。"

He said angrily: "Do you need to exhibit it, or affix it to the door? You are absurd! We will say that the fortune was left us jointly by Count de Vaudrec. That is all. You cannot, moreover, accept the legacy without my authority; I will only consent on the condition of a partition which will prevent me from becoming a laughing-stock for the world."

他生气地说：“你需要把它展示出来，或者把它贴在门上吗？你荒唐可笑！我们会说这份财产是德沃德雷克伯爵留给我们共同所有的。仅此而已。而且，没有我的授权你是不能接受这笔遗产的；只有在分割财产以免使我成为世人的笑柄的条件下，我才会同意。”

She glanced sharply at him: "As you will. I am ready."

她目光锐利地瞥了他一眼：“随你的便。我没问题。”

He seemed to hesitate again, rose, paced the floor, and avoiding his wife's piercing gaze, he said: "No—decidedly no—perhaps it would be better to renounce it altogether—it would be more correct—more honorable. From the nature of the bequest even charitably-disposed people would suspect illicit relations.”

他似乎又犹豫了，他站起身来，在地上踱步，避开他妻子锐利的凝视，说：“不行……坚决不行……也许完全放弃它会更好……这样会更恰当……更叫人尊敬。从这笔遗产的性质来看，即使偏于宽厚的人也会怀疑有不正当关系。”

He paused before Madeleine. "If you like, my darling, I will return to M. Lamaneur's alone, to consult him and to explain the matter to him. I will tell him of my scruples and I will add that we have agreed to divide it in order to avoid any scandal. From the moment that I accept a portion of the inheritance it will be evident that there is nothing wrong. I can say: 'My wife accepts it because I, her husband, accept'—I, who am the best judge of what she can do without compromising herself.”

他在马德莱娜面前停下来。“如果你愿意，亲爱的，我将独自回拉马纳尔先生那里，去同他商议并向他解释这件事。我将告诉他我的顾虑，而且我会补充说，为了避免流言蜚语，我们已同意对它进行分割。从我接受这笔遗产一部分的那一刻起，显然就没什么不对的了。我可以说：‘我妻子接受它是因为我——她的丈夫接受了’——她在不伤害自己的同时能做什么，我是最好的裁定者。”

Madeleine simply murmured: "As you wish."

马德莱娜只是咕哝道：“如你所愿。”

He continued: "Yes, it will be as clear as day if that is done. We inherit a fortune from a friend who wished to make no distinction between us, thereby showing that his liking for you was purely Platonic. You may be sure that if he had given it a thought, that is what he would have done. He did not reflect—he did not foresee the consequences. As you said just now, he offered you flowers every week, he left you his wealth.”

他继续说道：“是的，如果这么做了的话，事情将会一清二楚。我们从一个朋友那里继承了一笔财产，这位朋友希望在我们之间不作区别，

从而表明他对你的喜爱纯粹是柏拉图式的。你可以肯定，如果他当时想想这件事，他本就会这么做的。他没有深思——他没有预见到后果。就像你刚才所说的，他每周都给你花，他把他的财产留给你。”

She interrupted him with a shade of annoyance: "I understand. No more explanations are necessary. Go to the notary at once."

她有点生气地打断他：“我明白。不需要再解释了。立刻去找公证人吧。”

He stammered in confusion: "You are right; I will go." He took his hat, and, as he was leaving the room, he asked: "Shall I try to compromise with the nephew for fifty thousand francs?"

他心里混乱、结结巴巴地说：“你说得对；我这就去。”他拿起自己的帽子，然后一边离开房间一边问：“我该试着和那个侄子协商，用五万法郎把他打发走吗？”

She replied haughtily: "No. Give him the hundred thousand francs he demands, and take them from my share if you wish."

她傲慢地答道：“不。给他他要求的十万法郎，并且，如果你愿意的话，这笔钱从我的那份中出。”

Abashed, he murmured: "No, we will share it. After deducting fifty thousand francs each we will still have a million net." Then he added: "Until later, my little Made."

他窘住了，小声说道：“不，我们分摊它。每人扣除五万法郎后，我们还有一百万净利。”接着他补充道：“一会儿见，我的小马德。”

He proceeded to the notary's to explain the arrangement decided upon, which he claimed originated with his wife. The following day they signed a deed for five hundred thousand francs, which Madeleine du Roy gave up to her husband.

他进公证人事务所说明了他们考虑后决定了的安排，他声称这种安排是他妻子提出的。第二天，他们签了一份契约书，在契约书中，马德莱娜·迪·鲁瓦将五十万法郎转让给她丈夫。

On leaving the office, as it was pleasant, Georges proposed that they take a stroll along the boulevards. He was very tender, very careful of her, and laughed joyously while she remained pensive and grave.

一离开事务所，因为天气令人愉快，乔治便提议沿着林阴大道散散步。他对她非常温柔细心，并开心地笑着，而她则保持忧郁、严肃之态。

It was a cold, autumn day. The pedestrians seemed in haste and walked along rapidly.

这是一个寒冷的秋日。行人似乎匆匆忙忙，他们快步向前走着。

Du Roy led his wife to the shop into the windows of which he had so often gazed at the coveted chronometer.

迪·鲁瓦引他妻子到了一家店铺，他常常透过这家商店的橱窗凝视那个他梦寐以求的精密计时表。

"Shall I buy you some trinket?" he asked.

“我给你买些小饰品好吗？”他问道。

She replied indifferently: "As you like."

她冷淡地回答道：“随你喜欢。”

They entered the shop: "What would you prefer, a necklace, a bracelet, or earrings?"

他们走进了那家店，他问道：“你更喜欢什么？项链、手镯，还是耳环？”

The sight of the brilliant gems made her eyes sparkle in spite of herself, as she glanced at the cases filled with costly baubles.

她看到那些装满了昂贵花哨的小玩意的箱子、看到那些闪耀的宝石时，她的双眼便不由自主地放出光来。

Suddenly she exclaimed: "There is a lovely bracelet."

突然，她喊道：“那里有个漂亮的手链。”

It was a chain, very unique in shape, every link of which was set with a different stone.

这是一条链子，形状非常奇特，这条链子的每一个链环上都固定着一颗不同的宝石。

Georges asked: "How much is that bracelet?"

乔治问道：“那个手链多少钱？”

The jeweler replied: "Three thousand francs, sir."

珠宝商回答道：“三千法郎，先生。”

"If you will let me have it for two thousand five hundred, I will take it."

“如果你愿意让我出两千五百法郎买它的话，我就要了它。”

The man hesitated, then replied: "No, sir, it is impossible."

那个男子踌躇了，然后回答：“不，先生，这不可能。”

Du Roy said: "See here—throw in this chronometer at fifteen hundred francs; that makes four thousand, and I will pay cash. If you do not agree, I will go somewhere else.”

迪·鲁瓦说：“听我说——加上这块精密计时表，算它一千五百法郎；这样就是四千法郎，我将现金支付。如果你不同意的话，我就去别的地方了。”

The jeweler finally yielded. "Very well, sir."

那个珠宝商最终妥协了。“那好吧，先生。”

The journalist, after leaving his address, said: "You can have my initials G. R. C. interlaced below a baron's crown, engraved on the chronometer.”

留下自己的地址后，那位新闻记者说：“您可以把我姓名的缩写G. R. C. 交织在一个男爵的冠冕下，把它们刻在这块精密计时表上。”

Madeleine, in surprise, smiled, and when they left the shop, she took his arm quite affectionately. She thought him very shrewd and clever. He was right; now that he had a fortune he must have a title.

马德莱娜吃惊地笑了笑，然后，当他们离开这家商店时，她十分深情地挽起他的胳膊。她认为他非常机灵而聪明。他是对的；既然他有了一笔财富，他就应该有个头衔。

They passed the Vaudeville on their way arid, entering, secured a box. Then they repaired to Mme. de Marelle's at Georges' suggestion, to invite her to spend the evening with them. Georges rather dreaded the first meeting with Clotilde, but she did not seem to bear him any malice, or even to remember their disagreement. The dinner, which they took at a restaurant, was excellent, and the evening altogether enjoyable.

路上他们走着无聊，经过了滑稽歌舞剧场，便进去弄了个包厢。然后,在乔治的建议下，他们去德马雷勒夫人家邀请她和他们共度那个夜晚。乔治相当惧怕和克洛蒂尔德的初次见面，但她似乎对他没有任何怨恨，甚至不记得他们的争执了。他们在一个餐馆里吃了晚饭，这顿饭很棒，而且整个晚上也是令人愉快的。

Georges and Madeleine returned home late. The gas was extinguished, and in order to light the way the journalist from time to time struck a match. On reaching the landing on the first floor they saw their reflections in the mirror. Du Roy raised his hand with the lighted match in it, in order to distinguish their images more clearly, and said, with a triumphant smile: "The millionaires are passing by."

乔治和马德莱娜很晚才回家。汽灯熄了，为了照亮路，那位新闻记者不时地划根火柴。到达二楼的楼梯平台时，他们在镜子里看到了自己的影像。迪·鲁瓦举起自己那只拿着根点燃了的火柴的手，以便更清晰地辨别出他们的身影，然后他带着成功的微笑说：“百万富翁们正从此经过。”

CHAPTER XV. Suzanne

第十五章 苏珊

Morocco had been conquered; France, the mistress of Tangiers, had guaranteed the debt of the annexed country. It was rumored that two ministers, Laroche-Mathieu being one of them, had made twenty millions.

摩洛哥已经被征服；法国——丹吉尔的女主人，已经为这个附属国的债务提供了担保。传闻有两位部长——拉罗什·马蒂厄是其中之一，赚了两千万。

As for Walter, in a few days he had become one of the masters of the world—a financier more omnipotent than a king. He was no longer the Jew Walter, the director of a bank, the proprietor of a yellow newspaper; he was M. Walter the wealthy Israelite, and he wished to prove it.

至于瓦尔特，几天之内他就变成了这个世界的主宰者之一——一个比国王更万能的金融家。他不再是犹太人瓦尔特、银行董事和低俗报纸的老板；他是以色列富翁瓦尔特先生，他也想显示一下这一点。

Knowing the straitened circumstances of the Prince de Carlsbourg who owned one of the fairest mansions on Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honore, he proposed to buy it. He offered three million francs for it. The prince, tempted by the sum, accepted his offer; the next day, Walter took possession of his new dwelling. Then another idea occurred to him—an idea of conquering all Paris—an idea a la Bonaparte.

得知在福布尔·圣奥诺雷路有一座最美的宅邸的德卡尔斯堡亲王的窘迫境况后，他提议要买那座宅邸。他为它出价三百万法郎。亲王被这个金额诱惑了，接受了他的提议；第二天，瓦尔特便占有了他的新居。随即，他想到了另一个主意——一个征服整个巴黎的主意——一个波拿巴式的主意。

At that time everyone was raving over a painting by the Hungarian, Karl Marcovitch, exhibited by Jacques Lenoble and representing "Christ Walking on the Water." Art critics enthusiastically declared it to be the most magnificent painting of the age. Walter bought it, thereby causing entire Paris to talk of him, to envy him, to censure or approve his action. He issued an announcement in the papers that everyone was invited to come on a certain evening to see it.

当时人人都在极力赞扬匈牙利人卡尔·马科维奇画的一幅油画，这幅

画被雅克·勒诺布勒展出，它描绘的是《基督凌波图》。艺术评论家们热情地宣称它是这个时代最杰出的画作。瓦尔特买下了它，从而使整个巴黎都议论他、羡慕他、指责或赞同他的行为。他在各个报纸上发表了一份公告，邀请每个人在某个晚上来看这幅画。

Du Roy was jealous of M. Walter's success. He had thought himself wealthy with the five hundred thousand francs extorted from his wife, and now he felt poor as he compared his paltry fortune with the shower of millions around him. His envious rage increased daily. He cherished ill will toward everyone—toward the Walters, even toward his wife, and above all toward the man who had deceived him, made use of him, and who dined twice a week at his house. Georges acted as his secretary, agent, mouthpiece, and when he wrote at his dictation, he felt a mad desire to strangle him. Laroche reigned supreme in the Du Roy household, having taken the place of Count de Vaudrec; he spoke to the servants as if he were their master. Georges submitted to it all, like a dog which wishes to bite and dares not. But he was often harsh and brutal to Madeleine, who merely shrugged her shoulders and treated him as one would a fretful child. She was surprised, too, at his constant ill humor, and said: "I do not understand you. You are always complaining. Your position is excellent."

迪·鲁瓦嫉妒瓦尔特先生的成功。有了从他妻子那里侵占的五十万法郎，他本以为自己很富有了，但现在，当他把自己那微不足道的财富和他周围那群百万富翁比一比时，他就觉得自己贫穷了。他嫉妒的怒火与日俱增。他对每个人都怀着憎恶之意——对瓦尔特一家，甚至对自己的妻子，而尤其是对那个欺骗了他、利用了他、每周在他家吃两次晚饭的男人。乔治担任他的秘书、代理人和喉舌，而当乔治在他的口授下书写时，乔治就有种想勒死他的疯狂欲望。拉罗什在迪·鲁瓦家里拥有至高的统治权，他已经取代了德沃德雷克伯爵的地位；他对仆人们说话的样子就好像他是他们的主人一样。乔治对这一切都逆来顺受，就像一条想咬人但又不敢咬的狗。但他经常对马德莱娜严厉苛刻、冷峻无情，马德莱娜只是耸耸肩，就像一个人对待烦躁的孩子一样对待他。对于他一再发作的坏脾气，她也觉得奇怪，并说道：“我搞不懂你。你总是在抱怨。你的处境非常好了。”

His only reply was to turn his back upon her. He declared that he would not attend M. Walter's fete—that he would not cross the miserable Jew's threshold. For two months Mme. Walter had written to him daily, beseeching him to come to see her, to appoint a meeting where he would, in order that she might give him the seventy thousand francs she had made for him. He did not reply and threw her letters into the fire. Not that he would have refused to accept his share of the profits, but he enjoyed treating her scornfully, trampling her under foot; she was too wealthy; he would be inflexible.

他仅有的回应就是转过身背对着她。他宣称自己不会参加瓦尔特先

生的盛宴——他不会跨过这个卑鄙的犹太人的门槛。两个月以来，瓦尔特夫人每天给他写信，恳求他来见她，恳求他在他愿意的地方约她会面，这样她就可以把她为他赚到的七万法郎交给他了。他没有回应，并把她的信扔进了火里。并不是他拒绝接受自己的那份收益，而是他喜欢轻蔑地对待她，把她踩在脚下；她太富有了；他不会顺着她。

The day of the exhibition of the picture, as Madeleine chided him for not going, he replied: "Leave me in peace. I shall remain at home."

展出画作的那天，当马德莱娜为他不去而责备他时，他答道：“让我清静清静。我要留在家里。”

After they had dined, he said suddenly, "I suppose I shall have to go through with it. Get ready quickly."

他们吃完晚饭后，他突然说：“我想我得做这件事。迅速准备好。”

"I shall be ready in fifteen minutes," she said.

“我十五分钟内就会准备好。”她说。

As they entered the courtyard of the Hotel de Carlsbourg it was one blaze of light. A magnificent carpet was spread upon the steps leading to the entrance, and upon each one stood a man in livery, as rigid as marble.

当他们进入德卡尔斯堡府邸的庭院时，里面一片灯火通明。通往入口的台阶上铺着一条华丽的地毯，并且每个台阶上都站着一名身穿制服、像大理石一般僵直的男仆。

Du Roy's heart was torn with jealousy. He and his wife ascended the steps and gave their wraps to the footmen who approached them.

迪·鲁瓦的心被嫉妒撕裂了。他和他的妻子上了台阶，然后把他们的外衣给了迎近他们的男仆。

At the entrance to the drawing-room, two children, one in pink, the other in blue, handed bouquets to the ladies.

在客厅的入口处，两个小孩——一个穿着粉红色衣服，另一个穿着蓝色衣服，把花束递给女士们。

The rooms were already well filled. The majority of the ladies were in street costumes, a proof that they came thither as they would go to any exhibition. The few who intended to remain to the ball which was to follow wore evening dress.

各个房间里已满是人了。大多数女士穿着适于上街的服装，以此证明她们来这里和去参观任何展览都没什么分别。少数打算留下来参加接下来的舞会的女士穿着晚礼服。

Mme. Walter, surrounded by friends, stood in the second salon and received the visitors. Many did not know her, and walked through

the rooms as if in a museum—without paying any heed to the host and hostess.

瓦尔特夫人被朋友们围着，她站在第二个客厅里迎接来宾。许多人不认识她，他们像在博物馆里一样走过一个个房间——没有注意男主人和女主人。

When Virginie perceived Du Roy, she grew livid and made a movement toward him; then she paused and waited for him to advance. He bowed ceremoniously, while Madeleine greeted her effusively. Georges left his wife near Mme. Walter and mingled with the guests. Five drawing-rooms opened one into the other; they were carpeted with rich, oriental rugs, and upon their walls hung paintings by the old masters. As he made his way through the throng, some one seized his arm, and a fresh, youthful voice whispered in his ear: "Ah, here you are at last, naughty Bel-Ami! Why do we never see you any more?”

当维尔日妮看见迪·鲁瓦时，她的脸变青了，她向他走了一步；然后她停下来，等着他上前来。他郑重其事地鞠了个躬，而马德莱娜则热情地问候她。乔治把他的妻子留在瓦尔特夫人身边，然后他混入了宾客中。五个客厅一个通向另一个；这五个客厅里铺着昂贵的东方地毯，客厅的墙上挂着古代大师们的画作。他正穿过人群的时候，有人抓住了他的胳膊，然后一个年轻的、充满活力的声音在他耳边轻声说道：“啊，您终于到这里来了，淘气的漂亮朋友！为什么我们从来都没再见到您呢？”

It was Suzanne Walter, with her azure eyes and wealth of golden hair. He was delighted to see her, and apologized as they shook hands.

是苏珊·瓦尔特，她有着蔚蓝的双眼和浓密的金色头发。他乐意看见她，一边道歉一边和她握手。

"I have been so busy for two months that I have been nowhere."

“两个月来我忙得哪里都没去。”

She replied gravely: "That is too bad. You have grieved us deeply, for mamma and I adore you. As for myself, I cannot do without you. If you are not here, I am bored to death. You see I tell you so frankly, that you will not remain away like that any more. Give me your arm; I will show you 'Christ Walking on the Water' myself; it is at the very end, behind the conservatory. Papa put it back there so that everyone would be obliged to go through the rooms. It is astonishing how proud papa is of this house.”

她严肃地回答：“这太糟了。您深深地伤了我们的心，因为妈妈和我都非常喜欢您。至于我自己，我不能没有您。如果您不在这里的话，我就要烦死了。您看，我如此坦白地告诉了您，您不要再像那样保持距离了。把您的胳膊给我；我要亲自带您看看《基督凌波图》；它在最里

面，温室后面。爸爸把它放到后面、放在那儿，好让所有人都不得不穿过这些房间。爸爸为这座房子而感到非常自豪，这让人惊讶。”

As they walked through the rooms, all turned to look at that handsome man and that bewitching girl. A well-known painter said: "There is a fine couple." Georges thought: "If my position had been made, I would have married her. Why did I never think of it? How could I have taken the other one? What folly! One always acts too hastily—one never reflects sufficiently.” And longing, bitter longing possessed him, corrupting all his pleasure, rendering life odious.

他们穿过这些房间时，所有人都转身看这位帅气的男子和这位迷人的姑娘。一位著名画家说：“那是很好的一对。”乔治想：“如果我早有地位的话，我本应该娶她。为什么我从来没想到这一点呢？我怎么就娶了另一个呢？多么荒唐的事啊！人们的行动总是过于匆忙——人们从未充分考虑。”然后，一种渴望——痛苦的渴望缠住了他，毁了他所有的快乐，让生活变得可憎。

Suzanne said: "You must come often, Bel-Ami; we can do anything we like now papa is rich.”

苏珊说：“您得经常来，漂亮朋友；现在爸爸富有了，我们能做我们喜欢的任何事情。”

He replied: "Oh, you will soon marry—some prince, perhaps, and we shall never meet any more.”

他回答道：“哦，您很快就会嫁给——某个王孙贵族，也许，而我们也绝不会再见面了。”

She cried frankly: "Oh, oh, I shall not! I shall choose some one I love very dearly. I am rich enough for two."

她真诚地叫道：“哦，哦，我不会的！我会选个我非常深爱的人。我富得足够养活两个人了。”

He smiled ironically and said: "I give you six months. By that time you will be Madame la Marquise, Madame la Duchesse, or Madame la Princesse, and you will look down upon me, Mademoiselle."

他挖苦地微笑着说道：“我打赌，六个月。到那个时候，您将会成为侯爵夫人、公爵夫人，或者亲王夫人，而且您会瞧不起我的，小姐。”

She pretended to be angry, patted his arm with her fan, and vowed that she would marry according to the dictates of her heart.

她假装生气，用她的扇子轻轻拍了拍他的胳膊，并发誓自己会按照自己的心意嫁人。

He replied: "We shall see; you are too wealthy."

他答道：“我们看着吧；您太富有了。”

"You, too, have inherited some money."

“您也继承了一些钱啊。”

"Barely twenty thousand livres a year. It is a mere pittance nowadays."

“一年勉强有两万里弗赫而已。如今这只是一点点钱而已。”

"But your wife has the same."

“但是您的夫人有同样的一笔钱啊。”

"Yes, we have a million together; forty thousand a year. We cannot even keep a carriage on that."

“是的，我们一共有一百万；一年四万。”用那笔钱，我们甚至不能有辆马车。”

They had, in the meantime, reached the last drawing-room, and before them lay the conservatory with its rare shrubs and plants. To their left, under a dome of palms, was a marble basin, on the edges of which four large swans of delftware emitted the water from their beaks.

与此同时，他们到了最后那个客厅，他们面前座落着那个有着稀有灌木和植物的温室。他们左边，在棕榈树的圆顶下是一个大理石水池，水池的边上有四只代尔夫特精陶的大天鹅，水从它们的鸟嘴里喷射出来。

The journalist stopped and said to himself: "This is luxury; this is the kind of house in which to live. Why can I not have one?"

这位新闻记者停下来自言自语道：“这真是奢华；这才是人住的那种房子。为什么我不能有一幢呢？”

His companion did not speak. He looked at her and thought once more: "If I only had taken her!"

他的同伴没有说话。他看着她，又一次想道：“要是我把她弄到手了该多好！”

Suddenly Suzanne seemed to awaken from her reverie. "Come," said she, dragging Georges through a group which barred their way, and turning him to the right. Before him, surrounded by verdure on all sides, was the picture. One had to look closely at it in order to understand it. It was a grand work—the work of a master—one of those triumphs of art which furnishes one for years with food for thought.

突然，苏珊好像从她的沉思中醒过来了。“来吧。”她说，同时拖着乔治穿过挡住他们去路的人群，然后让他转向右边。在他面前，四面被青葱的草木围绕着的，是那幅画。人们必须仔细看才能看懂它。这是一

件宏伟的作品——一位大师的作品——一部成功的、给人提供多年精神食粮的艺术作品。

Du Roy gazed at it for some time, and then turned away, to make room for others. Suzanne's tiny hand still rested upon his arm. She asked: "Would you like a glass of champagne? We will go to the buffet; we shall find papa there."

迪·鲁瓦凝视了它一会儿，然后转身离开了，以给别人让出地方。苏珊的小手仍然搭在他的胳膊上。她问道：“您想喝杯香槟吗？我们去吃自助餐吧；我们应该会在那里碰到爸爸。”

Slowly they traversed the crowded rooms. Suddenly Georges heard a voice say: "That is Laroche and Mme. du Roy."

他们慢慢地穿过拥挤的房间。突然，乔治听到一个声音说：“那是拉罗什和迪·鲁瓦夫人。”

He turned and saw his wife passing upon the minister's arm. They were talking in low tones and smiling into each other's eyes. He fancied he saw some people whisper, as they gazed at them, and he felt a desire to fall upon those two beings and smite them to the earth. His wife was making a laughing-stock of him. Who was she? A shrewd little parvenue, that was all. He could never make his way with a wife who compromised him. She would be a stumbling-block in his path. Ah, if he had foreseen, if he had known. He would have played for higher stakes. What a brilliant match he might have made with little Suzanne! How could he have been so blind?

他转过身看见他的妻子正挽着这位部长的胳膊向前走着。他们低声交谈，彼此相视而笑。他觉得自己看见一些人一边低声耳语，一边盯着他们，他有一种欲望，想把这两个人揍一顿，想把他们打倒在地。他的妻子正让他成为一个笑柄。她是谁呀？一个机灵的小女暴发户，仅此而已。有一个连累他的妻子，他永远也不能成器。她将成为他道路上的一个绊脚石。啊，如果他早预见到，如果他早知道就好了。他本该下更大的赌注。和小苏珊在一起，将是多么出色的一对！他怎么能这么盲目呢？

They reached the dining-room with its marble columns and walls hung with old Gobelins tapestry. Walter spied his editor, and hastened to shake hands. He was beside himself with joy. "Have you seen everything? Say, Suzanne, have you shown him everything? What a lot of people, eh? Have you seen Prince de Guerche? He just drank a glass of punch." Then he pounced upon Senator Rissolin and his wife.

他们到了餐厅，餐厅里有些大理石柱子，墙上挂着古老的哥白林挂毯。瓦尔特看见了他的编辑，赶紧来握了握手。他欣喜若狂。“你每件东西都看过了吗？说，苏珊，你带他看了所有东西了吗？人真多啊，对吧？你见到德盖尔什亲王了吗？他刚才喝了杯潘趣酒。”接着他便冲向参

议员里索兰和他的妻子了。

A gentleman greeted Suzanne—a tall, slender man with fair whiskers and a worldly air. Georges heard her call him Marquis de Cazolles, and he was suddenly inspired with jealousy. How long had she known him? Since she had become wealthy no doubt. He saw in him a possible suitor. Some one seized his arm. It was Norbert de Varenne. The old poet said: "This is what they call amusing themselves. After a while they will dance, then they will retire, and the young girls will be satisfied. Take some champagne; it is excellent."

一位绅士和苏珊打招呼——一个高个子的苗条男人，留着金色胡须，带着世俗的神情。乔治听见她称呼他德卡佐勒侯爵，而这突然激起了他的嫉妒。她认识他多久了？毫无疑问是在她变得富有以后。他把他视为一个可能的求婚者。有人抓住了他的胳膊。是诺贝尔·德瓦雷纳。这位老诗人说："这就是他们所谓的自我娱乐。过一会儿他们会跳舞，然后会离开，而那些年轻的女孩们会心满意足。喝些香槟吧；它棒极了。"

Georges scarcely heard his words. He was looking for Suzanne, who had gone off with the Marquis de Cazolles; he left Norbert de Varenne abruptly and went in pursuit of the young girl. The thirsty crowd stopped him; when he had made his way through it, he found himself face to face with M. and Mme. de Marelle. He had often met the wife, but he had not met the husband for some time; the latter grasped both of his hands and thanked him for the message he had sent him by Clotilde relative to the stocks.

乔治几乎没有听见他的话。他在寻找苏珊，她已经跟德卡佐勒侯爵离开了；他唐突地离开了诺贝尔·德瓦雷纳，去寻找那个年轻的女孩。渴了的人群挡住了他；当他从人群中挤出来时，他迎面碰上了德马雷勒夫妇。他经常见这位妻子，却有一段时间没见这位丈夫了；后者抓住他的双手，为他通过克洛蒂尔德带给自己的关于股票的消息而感谢他。

Du Roy replied: "In exchange for that service I shall take your wife, or rather offer her my arm. Husband and wife should always be separated."

迪·鲁瓦回答："作为对我效劳的交换，我要带走您的妻子，或者说让她挽着我的胳膊。丈夫和妻子应常常分开。"

M. de Marelle bowed. "Very well. If I lose you we can meet here again in an hour."

德马雷勒先生欠了欠身。"那好吧。如果我和你们走失了，我们一个小时后可以在这里再碰面。"

The two young people disappeared in the crowd, followed by the husband. Mme. de Marelle said: "There are two girls who will have

twenty or thirty millions each, and Suzanne is pretty in the bargain."

这两个年轻人消失在了人群中，这位丈夫尾随其后。德马雷勒夫人说：“那两个女孩每人将有二三千万，何况苏珊还漂亮。”

He made no reply; his own thought coming from the lips of another irritated him. He took Clotilde to see the painting. As they crossed the conservatory he saw his wife seated near Laroche-Mathieu, both of them almost hidden behind a group of plants. They seemed to say: "We are having a meeting in public, for we do not care for the world's opinion.”

他没回应；他自己的想法从另一个人嘴里说出来，这让他恼怒。他带克洛蒂尔德去看那幅画。他们穿过温室时，他看见自己的妻子坐在拉罗什·马蒂厄身旁，他们俩都几乎隐藏在一群植物后面。他们似乎在说：“我们正在公开约会，因为我们不在乎世人的看法。”

Mme. de Marelle admired Karl Marcovitch's painting, and they turned to repair to the other rooms. They were separated from M. de Marelle. He asked: "Is Laurine still vexed with me?"

德马雷勒夫人赞赏了卡尔·马科维奇的画，然后他们转身去了其他房间。他们和德马雷勒先生分开了。他问：“洛琳娜还生我的气吗？”

"Yes. She refuses to see you and goes away when you are mentioned."

“是的。她拒绝见你，而且别人提到你时她就走开了。”

He did not reply. The child's sudden enmity grieved and annoyed him.

他没回答。这个孩子突然的恨意让他伤心、烦恼。

Suzanne met them at a door and cried: "Oh, here you are! Now, Bel-Ami, you are going to be left alone, for I shall take Clotilde to see my room.” And the two women glided through the throng. At that moment a voice at his side murmured: "Georges!"

苏珊在一扇门边遇见了他们，她喊道：“哦，你们在这里啊！现在，漂亮朋友，你将要被单独留下了，因为我要带克洛蒂尔德去看看我的房间。”然后，这两个女人溜过了人群。就在这时，一个在他旁边的声音低语道：“乔治！”

It was Mme. Walter. She continued in a low voice: "How cruel you are! How needlessly you inflict suffering upon me. I bade Suzanne take that woman away that I might have a word with you. Listen: I must speak to you this evening—or—or—you do not know what I shall do. Go into the conservatory. You will find a door to the left through which you can reach the garden. Follow the walk directly in front of you. At the end of it you will see an arbor. Expect me in ten

minutes. If you do not meet me, I swear I will cause a scandal here at once!”

是瓦尔特夫人。她用低沉的声音继续说：“你多么残忍啊！你多么没必要让我遭受苦楚啊。我让苏珊把那个女人带走，这样我就能和你说句话了。听着：今晚我必须和你说说话……不然……不然……你不知道我会做什么。到温室里去。你会发现在左边有一扇门，穿过那扇门你就能到达花园。沿着你正前方的路走。在它的尽头你会看见一个凉亭。十分钟后等我。如果你不见我，我发誓我会马上在这里引起一段丑闻！”

He replied haughtily: "Very well, I shall be at the place you named in ten minutes."

他傲慢地回答：“那好吧，十分钟后我会在你指定地方。”

But Jacques Rival detained him. When he reached the alley, he saw Mme. Walter in front of him; she cried: "Ah, here you are! Do you wish to kill me?"

但是雅克·里瓦尔耽搁了他。他一到达那小径，就看见瓦尔特夫人在他面前；她哭喊道：“啊，你来了！你想杀了我吗？”

He replied calmly: "I beseech you, none of that, or I shall leave you at once."

他平静地回答：“我恳求你，别来这一套，否则我会马上离开你。”

Throwing her arms around his neck, she exclaimed: "What have I done to you that you should treat me so?"

她把双臂绕上他的脖子，喊道：“我对你做了什么，让你这样对我？”

He tried to push her away: "You twisted your hair around my coat buttons the last time we met, and it caused trouble between my wife and myself."

他试着推开她：“上次我们见面时，你把你的头发绕在我外套的纽扣周围，而这在我和我妻子之间引起了麻烦。”

She shook her head: "Ah, your wife would not care. It was one of your mistresses who made a scene."

她摇摇头：“啊，你妻子是不会在意的。是你的一个情妇闹了一场。”

"I have none."

“我没有。”

"Indeed! Why do you never come to see me? Why do you refuse to dine with me even once a week? I have no other thoughts than of you. I suffer terribly. You cannot understand that your image, always present, closes my throat, stifles me, and leaves me scarcely strength

enough to move my limbs in order to walk. So I remain all day in my chair thinking of you."

“不见得吧！为什么你从不来看我？为什么你甚至一个星期和我吃一次晚饭都拒绝？除了想你，我想不到其他任何东西。我非常痛苦。你无法了解，你的身影总是在我眼前，它让我喉咙发紧、让我窒息、让我几乎没有足够的力气移动我的双腿去行走。所以我整天呆在我的椅子里想你。”

He looked at her in astonishment. These were the words of a desperate woman, capable of anything. He, however, cherished a vague project and replied: "My dear, love is not eternal. One loves and one ceases to love. When it lasts it becomes a drawback. I want none of it! However, if you will be reasonable, and will receive and treat me as a friend, I will come to see you as formerly. Can you do that?"

他惊讶地看着她。这些是一个绝望的女人的话，她什么事都做得出来。然而，他怀着一个模糊的计划回答道：“亲爱的，爱情不是永恒的。人们会爱，人们也会停止爱。当它持续下去时，它就成了一个障碍。这样的爱情我一点也不想要！但是，如果你通情达理，并且把我当成朋友一样接待、对待的话，我会像以前一样来看你的。你能做到这一点吗？”

She murmured: "I can do anything in order to see you."

她低声说：“为了见你，我什么都能做。”

"Then it is agreed that we are to be friends, nothing more."

“那就说定了，我们将做朋友，没别的了。”

She gasped: "It is agreed"; offering him her lips she cried in her despair: "One more kiss—one last kiss!”

她喘息道：“说定了”；同时把双唇凑向他，绝望地哭喊道：“再多一个吻吧——最后一个吻！”

He gently drew back. "No, we must adhere to our rules."

他温柔地后退了。“不，我们必须遵守我们的规则。”

She turned her head and wiped away two tears, then drawing from her bosom a package of notes tied with pink ribbon, she held it toward Du Roy: "Here is your share of the profits in that Moroccan affair. I was so glad to make it for you. Here, take it."

她转过头，擦去两行眼泪，接着从胸口掏出一包用粉色缎带扎好的纸币，她把它递向迪·鲁瓦：“这是你那份在摩洛哥事件中赚的钱。我很高兴为你赚到它。给，拿着它吧。”

He refused: "No, I cannot accept that money."

他拒绝：“不，我不能接受这钱。”

She became excited: "Oh, you will not refuse it now! It is yours,

yours alone. If you do not take it, I will throw it in the sewer. You will not refuse it, Georges!"

她变得激动起来："哦，现在你不要拒绝它！它是你的，你一个人的。如果你不拿它，我就会把它扔进下水道里。你别拒绝它了，乔治！"

He took the package and slipped it into his pocket: "We must return to the house; you will take cold."

他接过那个包裹，并把它偷偷放进口袋里："我们得回房子去了；你会感冒的。"

"So much the better; if I could but die!"

"那就更好了：我要是能死掉该多好！"

She seized his hand, kissed it passionately, and fled toward the house. He returned more leisurely, and entered the conservatory with head erect and smiling lips. His wife and Laroche were no longer there. The crowd had grown thinner. Suzanne, leaning on her sister's arm, advanced toward him. In a few moments, Rose, whom they teased about a certain Count, turned upon her heel and left them.

她抓住他的手，热情地吻了吻它，然后向那幢房屋逃去。他更加从容地回去了，并昂着头、嘴上带着微笑进了温室。他妻子和拉罗什不再在那儿了。人群已变得稀落了。苏珊正挽着她姐姐的胳膊向他走过来。不一会儿，他们拿罗斯和某个伯爵开玩笑，罗斯便转身离开了他们。

Du Roy, finding himself alone with Suzanne, said in a caressing voice: "Listen, my dear little one; do you really consider me a friend?"

迪·鲁瓦发现自己单独和苏珊在一起，便用充满爱意的嗓音说道："听着，我亲爱的小家伙；您真的把我当作朋友吗？"

"Why, yes, Bel-Ami."

"怎么了，是啊，漂亮朋友。"

"You have faith in me?"

"您信任我吗？"

"Perfect faith."

"完全信任。"

"Do you remember what I said to you a while since?"

"您记得不久前我对您说的话吗？"

"About what?"

"关于什么的？"

"About your, marriage, or rather the man you would marry."

“有关您的，婚姻，或者说是您将嫁的男人。”

"Yes."

“记得。”

"Well, will you promise me one thing?"

“好，您能答应我一件事吗？”

"Yes; what is it?"

“能，什么事？”

"To consult me when you receive a proposal and to accept no one without asking my advice."

“有人向您求婚时，您要和我商量，并且在没征求我的意见时不要接受任何人。”

"Yes, I will gladly."

“行，我乐意。”

"And it is to be a secret between us—not a word to your father or mother.”

“而且这将是我们之间的一个秘密——对您的父亲或母亲一个字也不说。”

"Not a word."

“一个字也不。”

Rival approached them saying: "Mademoiselle, your father wants you in the ballroom."

里瓦尔走近他们说：“小姐，您父亲想让您去舞厅里。”

She said: "Come, Bel-Ami," but he refused, for he had decided to leave at once, wishing to be alone with his thoughts. He went in search of his wife, and found her drinking chocolate at the buffet with two strange men. She introduced her husband without naming them.

她说：“来吧，漂亮朋友。”但他拒绝了，因为他已决定马上离开，他想自己一个人想一想。他去找他的妻子，看见她在自助餐厅和两个他不认识的男人喝巧克力饮料。她介绍了她的丈夫，而没有说他们的名字。

In a short while, he asked: "Shall we go?"

不久后，他问道：“我们走吧？”

"Whenever you like."

“你喜欢什么时候都可以。”

She took his arm and they passed through the almost deserted

rooms.

她挽上他的胳膊，然后他们穿过几乎空寂无人的房间。

Madeleine asked: "Where is Mme. Walter; I should like to bid her good-bye.”

马德莱娜问：“瓦尔特夫人在哪里；我想和她道别。”

"It is unnecessary. She would try to keep us in the ballroom, and I have had enough."

“这没必要。她会试图留我们在舞厅里的，而我已经受够了。”

"You are right."

“你说得对。”

On the way home they did not speak. But when they had entered their room, Madeleine, without even taking off her veil, said to him with a smile: "I have a surprise for you."

回家的路上他们没说话。但是他们一进房间，马德莱娜甚至连面纱都没摘就微笑着对他说：“我要给你个惊喜。”

He growled ill-naturedly: "What is it?"

他没好气地吼道：“是什么？”

"Guess."

“猜猜。”

"I cannot make the effort."

“我没法费这个劲儿。”

"The day after to-morrow is the first of January.”

“后天是元旦了。”

"Yes."

“嗯。”

"It is the season for New Year's gifts.”

“是该送新年礼物的时节了。”

"Yes."

“嗯。”

"Here is yours, which Laroche handed me just now." She gave him a small black box which resembled a jewel-casket.

“这是你的，是拉罗什刚刚交给我的。”她给了他一个小黑盒子，它像个珠宝盒。

He opened it indifferently and saw the cross of the Legion of Honor. He turned a trifle pale, then smiled, and said: "I should have preferred ten millions. That did not cost him much."

他漠不关心地打开它，看见一枚荣誉军团的十字勋章。他的脸色变得有点苍白，然后他微笑道：“我更喜欢一千万。这个没花他很多钱。”

She had expected a transport of delight and was irritated by his indifference.

她本以为他会高兴得发狂，她被他的冷淡激怒了。

"You are incomprehensible. Nothing seems to satisfy you."

“你令人不可思议。似乎没有东西让你满意。”

He replied calmly: "That man is only paying his debts; he owes me a great deal more."

他平静地答道：“那个人只是在还债而已；他欠我的比这多得多。”

She was astonished at his tone, and said: "It is very nice, however, at your age."

他的语气让她惊讶，她说：“但是，在你这个年龄，这个很好了。”

He replied: "I should have much more."

他答道：“我应该有多得多的东西。”

He took the casket, placed it on the mantelpiece, and looked for some minutes at the brilliant star within it, then he closed it with a shrug of his shoulders and began to prepare to retire.

他拿起那盒子，把它放在壁炉架上，对着里面闪耀的星形勋章看了几分钟，然后耸耸肩关上它，并开始准备就寝。

"L'Officiel" of January 1 announced that M. Prosper Georges du Roy had been decorated with the Legion of Honor for exceptional services. The name was written in two words, and that afforded Georges more pleasure than the decoration itself.

元旦那天的《政府公报》公布，普罗斯珀·乔治·迪·鲁瓦先生因杰出贡献被授予荣誉军团勋章。那个姓被写成两个词，这给乔治带来比勋章本身带来的更大的快乐。

An hour after having read that notice, he received a note from Mme. Walter, inviting him to come and bring his wife to dine with them that evening, to celebrate his distinction.

读到那个通告一小时后，他便收到了瓦尔特夫人的一张便条，邀请他带上他的夫人当天晚上来与他们共进晚餐，以庆祝他的荣誉。

At first he hesitated, then throwing the letter in the fire, he said to Madeleine: "We shall dine at the Walters' this evening.”

起初他犹豫了，然后他把这封信扔进了火里，对马德莱娜说道：“今晚我们得在瓦尔特家里吃晚饭。”

In her surprise she exclaimed: "Why, I thought you would never set your foot in their house again."

她惊讶地喊道：“什么，我以为你永远也不会再踏进他们家了。”

His sole reply was: "I have changed my mind."

他仅有的回答是：“我已经改主意了。”

When they arrived at Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honore, they found Mme. Walter alone in the dainty boudoir in which she received her intimate friends. She was dressed in black and her hair was powdered. At a distance she appeared like an old lady, in proximity, like a youthful one.

当他们到达福布尔·圣奥诺雷路时，他们发现瓦尔特夫人独自一人在一间雅致的闺房里，这是她接待自己亲密朋友的地方。她穿着黑色衣服，她的头发上撒了粉。从远处，她看起来像个老女人；从近处，她像个年轻女人。

"Are you in mourning?" asked Madeleine.

“您在戴孝吗？”马德莱娜问道。

She replied sadly: "Yes and no. I have lost none of my relatives, but I have arrived at an age when one should wear somber colors. I wear it to-day to inaugurate it; hitherto I have worn it in my heart.”

她悲伤地回答：“是也不是。我没有失去任何亲人，但我已经到了该穿灰暗色调衣服的年纪了。今天我穿这衣服就是要开始这个时期；迄今，我的心里已穿上了这一身孝服。”

The dinner was somewhat tedious. Suzanne alone talked incessantly. Rose seemed preoccupied. The journalist was overwhelmed with congratulations, after the meal, when all repaired to the drawing-rooms. Mme. Walter detained him as they were about to enter the salon, saying: "I will never speak of anything to you again, only come to see me, Georges. It is impossible for me to live without you. I see you, I feel you, in my heart all day and all night. It is as if I had drunk a poison which preyed upon me. I cannot bear it. I would rather be as an old woman to you. I powdered my hair for that reason to-night; but come here—come from time to time as a friend.”

晚餐有点沉闷。只有苏珊在不停地说话。罗斯似乎心事重重。饭后，当所有人都到客厅去时，这位新闻记者被贺词淹没了。他们就要进入客厅时，瓦尔特夫人拉住了他，说道：“我永远不会再和您说任何事情了，只要来看看我，乔治。没有您，我不可能活得下去。我整日整夜都在心里看见您、感觉到您。我就像是喝了毒药一样，这毒药折磨着我。

我无法忍受它。我宁愿对您而言，我就像个老妇人一样。出于这个原因，今天晚上我在自己的头发上撒了粉；但请您来这里——像朋友那样不时地来。”

He replied calmly: "Very well. It is unnecessary to speak of it again. You see I came to-day on receipt of your letter.”

他平静地回答：“很好。没必要再说这个了。您看，我今天一接到您的信就来了。”

Walter, who had preceded them, with his two daughters and Madeleine, awaited Du Roy near the picture of "Christ Walking on the Water".

瓦尔特和他的两个女儿以及马德莱娜走在他们前面，他在《基督凌波图》旁边等着迪·鲁瓦。

"Only think," said he, "I found my wife yesterday kneeling before that painting as if in a chapel. She was praying!"

“只要想想，”他说，“我昨天看见我妻子跪在这幅画前，就好像她在小教堂里一样。她正在祈祷！”

Mme. Walter replied in a firm voice, in a voice in which vibrated a secret exaltation: "That Christ will save my soul. He gives me fresh courage and strength every time that I look at Him." And pausing before the picture, she murmured: "How beautiful He is! How frightened those men are, and how they love Him! Look at His head, His eyes, how simple and supernatural He is at the same time!"

瓦尔特夫人用坚定的、暗藏欣喜的颤抖之音回答：“这位基督将拯救我的灵魂。每次我看着他，他都给我新的勇气和力量。”然后她在这幅画前停下来低语道：“他是多么美丽！那些人多么畏惧，又多么爱他！看他的头、他的双眼，多么简单纯粹，同时他又是多么异乎寻常！”

Suzanne cried: "Why, He looks like you, Bel-Ami! I am sure He looks like you. The resemblance is striking.”

苏珊喊道：“哎呀，他看起来像您，漂亮朋友！我肯定他看起来像您。这相似真惊人。”

She made him stand beside the painting and everyone recognized the likeness. Du Roy was embarrassed. Walter thought it very singular; Madeleine, with a smile, remarked that Jesus looked more manly. Mme. Walter stood by motionless, staring fixedly at her lover's face, her cheeks as white as her hair.

她让他站在那幅画旁边，让所有人都看出这种相似。迪·鲁瓦感到尴尬。瓦尔特觉得这非常奇怪；马德莱娜微笑着说耶稣看上去更有男子气概。瓦尔特夫人一动不动地站在旁边，目不转睛地盯着她情人的脸，她的双颊一如她的头发一般苍白。

CHAPTER XVI. Divorce

第十六章 离婚

During the remainder of the winter, the Du Roys often visited the Walters. Georges, too, frequently dined there alone, Madeleine pleading fatigue and preferring to remain at home. He had chosen Friday as his day, and Mme. Walter never invited anyone else on that evening; it belonged to Bel-Ami. Often in a dark corner or behind a tree in the conservatory, Mme. Walter embraced the young man and whispered in his ear: "I love you, I love you! I love you desperately!"

在这个冬天剩下的日子里，迪·鲁瓦夫妇经常拜访瓦尔特一家。乔治也经常独自一人在那里吃晚饭，因为马德莱娜借口疲乏、更愿意呆在家里。他选择星期五作为他去的日子，这个晚上瓦尔特夫人从没邀请过其他任何人；它是属于漂亮朋友的。在黑暗的角落里或者是在温室里的一棵树后面，瓦尔特夫人经常拥抱着这个年轻的男人并在他耳边低语：“我爱你，我爱你！我极度爱你！”

But he always repulsed her coldly, saying: "If you persist in that, I will not come again."

但他总是冷淡地拒绝她，说道：“如果你坚持这样，我就不会再来了。”

Toward the end of March people talked of the marriage of the two sisters: Rose was to marry, Dame Rumor said, Count de Latour-Ivelin and Suzanne, the Marquis de Cazolles. The subject of Suzanne's possible marriage had not been broached again between her and Georges until one morning, the latter having been brought home by M. Walter to lunch, he whispered to Suzanne: "Come, let us give the fish some bread."

三月底的时候，人们在谈论这两个姐妹的婚事了：夫人们谣传，罗斯要嫁给德拉图尔·伊夫兰伯爵，而苏珊要嫁给德卡佐勒侯爵。苏珊可能结婚的问题在她和乔治之间没有再被提及，直到一天早上，后者被瓦尔特先生带回家吃午饭，他便对苏珊耳语道：“来，我们给鱼喂些面包吧。”

They proceeded to the conservatory in which was the marble basin containing the fish. As Georges and Suzanne leaned over its edge, they saw their reflections in the water and smiled at them. Suddenly, he said in a low voice: "It is not right of you to keep secrets from me, Suzanne."

他们进了温室，温室的那个大理石水池里有鱼。当乔治和苏珊在它边上弯下身子时，他们看见水中他们的倒影并对着那倒影笑了笑。突

然，他低声说：“您有秘密瞒着我，这可不对，苏珊。”

She asked: "What secrets, Bel-Ami?”

她问道：“什么秘密，漂亮朋友？”

"Do you remember what you promised me here the night of the fete?"

“您记得宴会那天晚上您在这里答应过我什么吗？”

"No."

“不记得了。”

"To consult me every time you received a proposal."

“每次有人向您求婚，您都要和我商量。”

"Well?"

“那怎么了？”

"Well, you have received one!"

“怎么了，您已经收到一个人的求婚了！”

"From whom?"

“谁呀？”

"You know very well."

“您非常清楚。”

"No, I swear I do not."

“不，我发誓我不知道。”

"Yes, you do. It is from that fop of a Marquis de Cazolles."

“不，您知道。是那个花花公子德卡佐勒侯爵求的。”

"He is not a fop."

“他不是个花花公子。”

"That may be, but he is stupid. He is no match for you who are so pretty, so fresh, so bright!"

“也许是这样吧，但他呆头呆脑的。他配不上您，您这么漂亮、这么充满活力、这么聪明！”

She asked with a smile: "What have you against him?"

她微笑着问道：“您反对他什么？”

"I? Nothing!"

“我？什么也没有！”

"Yes, you have. He is not all that you say he is."

“不，您有。他不全是您说的那样。”

"He is a fool, and an intriguer."

“他是个傻瓜和阴谋者。”

She glanced at him: "What ails you?"

她看了他一眼：“是什么让您苦恼？”

He spoke as if tearing a secret from the depths of his heart: "I am—I am jealous of him.”

他似乎从内心深处扯出一个秘密一般地说道：“我……我嫉妒他。”

She was astonished.

她吃了一惊。

"You?"

“您？”

"Yes, I."

“是的，我。”

"Why?"

“为什么？”

"Because I love you and you know it."

“因为我爱您，而这一点您也知道。”

Then she said severely: "You are mad, Bel-Ami!”

然后她严肃地说道：“您疯了，漂亮朋友！”

He replied: "I know that I am! Should I confess it—I, a married man, to you, a young girl? I am worse than mad—I am culpable, wretched—I have no possible hope, and that thought almost destroys my reason. When I hear that you are going to be married, I feel murder in my heart. You must forgive me, Suzanne.”

他回答：“我知道我疯了！我应该坦白这一点吗——我，一个已婚男人，对您，一个年轻的女孩？我比疯了更糟……我有罪、卑鄙……我不可能有希望，而这个想法几乎毁了我的理智。当我听说您要结婚时，我心里觉得想杀人。您必须原谅我，苏珊。”

He paused. The young girl murmured half sadly, half gaily: "It is a pity that you are married; but what can you do? It cannot be helped."

他停下来。这个年轻的女孩半喜半悲地低声说：“可惜您结婚了；不过，您能做什么呢？这个谁都帮不了。”

He turned toward her abruptly and said: "If I were free would you marry me?"

他突然转向她说：“如果我是自由的，您会嫁给我吗？”

She replied: "Yes, Bel-Ami, I would marry you because I love you better than any of the others.”

她答道：“会的，漂亮朋友，我会嫁给您，因为我爱您超过爱其他任何人。”

He rose and stammering: "Thanks—thanks—do not, I implore you, say yes to anyone. Wait a while. Promise me.”

他站起来，结结巴巴地说：“谢谢……谢谢……我恳求您，不要答应任何人。等一会儿。答应我。”

Somewhat confused, and without comprehending what he asked, she whispered: "I promise."

有点糊涂，而且不理解他问的是什么，她小声说：“我保证。”

Du Roy threw a large piece of bread into the water and fled, without saying adieu, as if he were beside himself. Suzanne, in surprise, returned to the salon.

迪·鲁瓦往水里扔了一大块面包，然后连再见也没说就逃走了，他似乎欣喜若狂了。苏珊惊讶地回到了客厅。

When Du Roy arrived home, he asked Madeleine, who was writing letters: "Shall you dine at the Walters' Friday? I am going.”

迪·鲁瓦到家时，他问正在写信的马德莱娜：“星期五你会在瓦尔特家吃晚饭吗？”我要去。”

She hesitated: "No, I am not well. I prefer to remain here."

她犹豫了：“不去，我不舒服。我宁愿呆在这里。”

"As you like. No one will force you." Then he took up his hat and went out.

“随你的便。没有人会强迫你。”然后他拿起自己的帽子出去了。

For some time he had watched and followed her, knowing all her actions. The time he had awaited had come at length.

他监视、跟踪她一段时间了，他知道了她所有的行动。他等待的时刻终于到来了。

On Friday he dressed early, in order, as he said, to make several calls before going to M. Walter's. At about six o'clock, after having kissed his wife, he went in search of a cab. He said to the cabman: "You can stop at No. 17 Rue Fontaine, and remain there until I order you to go on. Then you can take me to the restaurant Du Coq-Faisan,

Rue Lafayette.”

星期五他早早地就打扮好了，声称是为了在去瓦尔特先生家之前去拜访几个人。大约六点钟，吻了吻自己的妻子后，他就去找了辆马车。他对出租马车的车夫说：“你可以停在泉水街十七号，并且留在那里，直到我叫你继续走为止。然后你可以把我带去拉斐特街的雉鸡饭店。”

The cab rolled slowly on; Du Roy lowered the shades. When in front of his house, he kept watch of it. After waiting ten minutes, he saw Madeleine come out and go toward the boulevards. When she was out of earshot, he put his head out of the window and cried: "Go on!"

出租马车缓缓地继续前行；迪·鲁瓦把车帘拉下来。在他房前时，他一直看着它。等了十分钟后，他看见马德莱娜出来了，并向林阴大道走去。当她不在听力所及范围内时，他把头伸到窗户外喊道：“继续走！”

The cab proceeded on its way and stopped at the Coq-Faisan. Georges entered the dining-room and ate slowly, looking at his watch from time to time. At seven-thirty he left and drove to Rue La Rochefoucauld. He mounted to the third story of a house in that street, and asked the maid who opened the door: "Is M. Guibert de Lorme at home?"

出租马车继续在它的道路上前行，并停在了雉鸡饭店。乔治进了餐厅，慢悠悠地吃着东西，时不时地看看自己的表。他七点半离开，然后驱车前往罗什富科街。他爬上了这条街上一栋房子的四楼，问开门的女仆：“吉贝尔·德洛尔姆先生在家吗？”

"Yes, sir."

“在，先生。”

He was shown into the drawing-room, and after waiting some time, a tall man with a military bearing and gray hair entered. He was the police commissioner.

他被带进了客厅，等了一段时间后，一个高高的、有军人风度、头发灰白的男人进来了。他是警察局长。

Du Roy bowed, then said: "As I suspected, my wife is with her lover in furnished apartments they have rented on Rue des Martyrs."

迪·鲁瓦欠了欠身，然后说道：“正如我怀疑的，我妻子正和她的情人在烈士路他们租的带家具的公寓里。”

The magistrate bowed: "I am at your service, sir."

这位执法官欠了欠身：“我听您的吩咐，先生。”

"Very well, I have a cab below." And with three other officers they proceeded to the house in which Du Roy expected to surprise his wife. One officer remained at the door to watch the exit; on the second floor

they halted; Du Roy rang the bell and they waited. In two or three minutes Georges rang again several times in succession. They heard a light step approach, and a woman's voice, evidently disguised, asked: "Who is there?"

“很好，我有辆出租马车在下面。”于是，他们和另外三个警官一起前往那栋房子，迪·鲁瓦期盼在那房子里当场抓住他妻子。一个警官留在门口监视着出口；他们在三楼停下了；迪·鲁瓦按响了门铃，然后他们等着。两三分钟内，乔治又接连按了几次门铃。他们听见一阵轻轻的脚步声走近了，然后一个明显经过掩饰了的女人的声音问道：“是谁在那里？”

The police officer replied: "Open in the name of the law."

那位警官回答道：“以法律的名义，请你开门。”

The voice repeated: "Who are you?"

那个声音重复道：“您是谁？”

"I am the police commissioner. Open, or I will force the door."

“我是警察局长。开门，否则我会强行把门打开。”

The voice continued: "What do you want?"

那声音继续道：“你想要什么？”

Du Roy interrupted: "It is I; it is useless to try to escape us."

迪·鲁瓦打断道：“是我；试图逃避我们是没用的。”

The footsteps receded and then returned. Georges said: "If you do not open, we will force the door."

那脚步声向后退去，然后又回来了。乔治说道：“如果你不开门的话，我们就强行开门了。”

Receiving no reply he shook the door so violently that the old lock gave way, and the young man almost fell over Madeleine, who was standing in the antechamber in her petticoat, her hair loosened, her feet bare, and a candle in her hand.

因为没有收到回应，他便猛烈地晃着门，以至于那把陈旧的锁被晃坏了，而这位年轻的男子几乎倒在马德莱娜身上，她穿着衬裙，散着头发，两脚赤裸地站在前厅里，手里拿着一支蜡烛。

He exclaimed: "It is she. We have caught them," and he rushed into the room. The commissioner turned to Madeleine, who had followed them through the rooms, in one of which were the remnants of a supper, and looking into her eyes said: "You are Mme. Claire Madeleine du Roy, lawful wife of M. Prosper Georges du Roy, here present?"

他喊道："是她。我们抓住他们了。"接着他冲进了房间。马德莱娜跟着他们穿过各个房间，其中一个房间里有吃剩的晚饭，那位长官转向她，看着她的双眼说道："您是克莱尔·马德莱娜·迪·鲁瓦夫人，现在在这里的这位普罗斯珀·乔治·迪·鲁瓦先生的合法妻子吗？"

She replied: "Yes, sir."

她回答："是的，先生。"

"What are you doing here?"

"您在这里干什么？"

She made no reply. The officer repeated his question; still she did not reply. He waited several moments and then said: "If you do not confess, Madame, I shall be forced to inquire into the matter."

她没有回答。那位警官重复了自己的问题；她仍然没有回答。他等了一会儿，然后说道："如果您不坦白的话，夫人，我就不得不调查这件事了。"

They could see a man's form concealed beneath the covers of the bed. Du Roy advanced softly and uncovered the livid face of M. Laroche-Mathieu.

他们能看见一个男人的轮廓藏在床上的被子底下。迪·鲁瓦轻轻地走上前去，揭开了拉罗什·马蒂厄先生那张乌青的脸上的覆盖物。

The officer again asked: "Who are you?"

那位警官又问道："您是谁？"

As the man did not reply, he continued: "I am the police commissioner and I call upon you to tell me your name. If you do not answer, I shall be forced to arrest you. In any case, rise. I will interrogate you when you are dressed."

因为这个男人没回答，他便继续道："我是警察局长，我要求您把您的名字告诉我。"如果您不回答，我就不得不逮捕您了。无论如何，起来吧。等您穿好衣服以后，我会审问您的。

In the meantime Madeleine had regained her composure, and seeing that all was lost, she was determined to put a brave face upon the matter. Her eyes sparkled with the audacity of bravado, and taking a piece of paper she lighted the ten candles in the candelabra as if for a reception. That done, she leaned against the mantelpiece, took a cigarette out of a case, and began to smoke, seeming not to see her husband.

与此同时，马德莱娜已恢复了镇静，眼看一切都完了，她决心勇敢地面对这件事。她的双眼闪着虚张声势、大胆无畏的光芒，她拿起一张纸，点燃了大枝形烛台上的十根蜡烛，仿佛是为了接待宾客。做完这

个，她靠着壁炉架，从一个盒子里拿出一支香烟，并开始抽起烟来，就好像没看见自己丈夫似的。

In the meantime the man in the bed had dressed himself and advanced. The officer turned to him: "Now, sir, will you tell me who you are?"

在此期间，那位在床上的男士已经穿好衣服上前来了。警官转向他：“现在，先生，您将告诉我您是谁了吗？”

He made no reply.

他没有回答。

"I see I shall have to arrest you."

“看来我必须得逮捕您了。”

Then the man cried: "Do not touch me. I am inviolable."

此时这个男人喊道：“别碰我。我是不可侵犯的。”

Du Roy rushed toward him exclaiming: "I can have you arrested if I want to!" Then he added: "This man's name is Laroche-Mathieu, minister of foreign affairs.”

迪·鲁瓦向他冲过去喊道：“如果我愿意，我可以让人逮捕你！”接着他补充道：“这个人的名字是拉罗什·马蒂厄，他是外交部长。”

The officer retreated and stammered: "Sir, will you tell me who you are?"

那位警官向后退去，结结巴巴地说：“先生，您能告诉我您是谁吗？”

"For once that miserable fellow has not lied. I am indeed Laroche-Mathieu, minister," and pointing to Georges' breast, he added, "and that scoundrel wears upon his coat the cross of honor which I gave him."

“就这一次，这个卑鄙的家伙没有说谎。我的确是拉罗什·马蒂厄部长，”然后他指着乔治的前胸补充道：“而且这个无赖外套上还戴着我给他的那个荣誉十字勋章。”

Du Roy turned pale. With a rapid gesture he tore the decoration from his buttonhole and throwing it in the fire exclaimed: "That is what a decoration is worth which is given by a scoundrel of your order."

迪·鲁瓦的脸色变得苍白。他动作迅速地把那枚勋章从自己的纽扣孔里扯了下来，并把它扔进了火里，喊道：“你这种无赖给的勋章只配这样！”

The commissioner stepped between them, as they stood face to

face, saying: "Gentlemen, you forget yourselves and your dignity."

那位长官走到他们中间，因为他们面对面地站着，他说：“先生们，你们忘了自己、忘了你们的尊贵了吧。”

Madeleine smoked on calmly, a smile hovering about her lips. The officer continued: "Sir, I have surprised you alone with Mme. du Roy under suspicious circumstances; what have you to say?"

马德莱娜继续冷静地抽着烟，她的唇边泛着一丝微笑。警官继续说：“先生，我在可疑的情况下撞见您和迪·鲁瓦夫人单独在一起；您有什么要说的吗？”

"Nothing; do your duty."

“没有；尽你的本职吧。”

The commissioner turned to Madeleine: "Do you confess, Madame, that this gentleman is your lover?"

那位长官转向马德莱娜：“夫人，您承认这位先生是您的情人吗？”

She replied boldly: "I do not deny it. That is sufficient."

她大胆地回答：“我不否认这一点。这样足够了吧。”

The magistrate made several notes; when he had finished writing, the minister, who stood ready, coat upon arm, hat in hand, asked: "Do you need me any longer, sir? Can I go?"

执法官做了些记录；执法官写完后，那位部长起身准备好了，他胳膊上挎着大衣，手里拿着帽子问道：“你还需要我吗，先生？我可以走了吗？”

Du Roy addressed him with an insolent smile: "Why should you go, we have finished; we will leave you alone together." Then, taking the officer's arm, he said: "Let us go, sir; we have nothing more to do in this place."

迪·鲁瓦带着傲慢无礼的微笑对他说道：“您为什么要走啊，我们已经办完了；我们将把你们单独留在一起。”然后，他挽起了那位警官的胳膊说：“我们走吧，先生；我们在这个地方没有更多的事可干了。”

An hour later Georges du Roy entered the office of "La Vie Francaise." M. Walter was there; he raised his head and asked: "What, are you here? Why are you not dining at my house? Where have you come from?"

一个小时后，乔治·迪·鲁瓦进了《法兰西生活报》的办公室。瓦尔特先生在那里；他抬起头问道：“什么，你在这里了？你为什么没在我家里吃晚饭？你从哪里来的？”

Georges replied with emphasis: "I have just found out something about the minister of foreign affairs."

乔治用强调的语气回答道：“我刚刚发现了有关外交部长的一些事。”

"What?"

“什么？”

"I found him alone with my wife in hired apartments. The commissioner of police was my witness. The minister is ruined."

“我发现他和我的妻子单独呆在租来的公寓里。警察局长是我的目击证人。部长完蛋了。”

"Are you not jesting?"

“你不是在开玩笑吧？”

"No, I am not. I shall even write an article on it."

“不，我不是。我甚至还将写一篇关于此事的文章。”

"What is your object?"

“你的目的是什么？”

"To overthrow that wretch, that public malefactor."

“把这个恶棍、这个政府里的作恶者打倒。”

Georges placed his hat upon a chair and added: "Woe to those whom I find in my path. I never pardon."

乔治把自己的帽子放在椅子上，补充道；“祸哉，那些我发现挡我道的人。我决不宽恕。”

The manager stammered: "But your wife?"

老板结结巴巴地说：“但是你的妻子呢？”

"I shall apply for a divorce at once."

“我将立刻申请离婚。”

"A divorce?"

“离婚？”

"Yes, I am master of the situation. I shall be free. I have a stated income. I shall offer myself as a candidate in October in my native district, where I am known. I could not win any respect were I to be hampered with a wife whose honor was sullied. She took me for a simpleton, but since I have known her game, I have watched her, and now I shall get on, for I shall be free."

“是的，我是掌控局势的人。我要自由了。我有固定的收入。十月份我将申请做我家乡地区的候选人，在那儿我有名气。被一个名誉被玷污的妻子牵制，我无法赢得任何尊敬。她拿我当傻瓜，但自从我知道她的

伎俩后，我就监视着她，而现在我要出人头地了，因为我要自由了。”

Georges rose.

乔治站了起来。

"I will write the item; it must be handled prudently."

“我要写那条新闻了；得谨慎地处理它。”

The old man hesitated, then said: "Do so: it serves those right who are caught in such scrapes.”

这个老人犹豫了，然后说道：“就这么办吧：谁被卷进这样的困境里都得这么办。”

CHAPTER XVII. The Final Plot

第十七章 最后的密谋

Three months had elapsed. Georges du Roy's divorce had been obtained. His wife had resumed the name of Forestier.

已经过去三个月了。乔治·迪·鲁瓦已经成功地离婚了。他的妻子恢复了福雷斯捷这个姓。

As the Walters were going to Trouville on the fifteenth of July, they decided to spend a day in the country before starting.

因为瓦尔特一家在七月十五号要去特鲁维尔，所以他们决定在出发前在乡下呆上一天。

The day chosen was Thursday, and they set out at nine o'clock in the morning in a large six-seated carriage drawn by four horses. They were going to lunch at Saint-Germain. Bel-Ami had requested that he might be the only young man in the party, for he could not bear the presence of the Marquis de Cazolles. At the last moment, however, it was decided that Count de Latour-Ivelin should go, for he and Rose had been betrothed a month. The day was delightful. Georges, who was very pale, gazed at Suzanne as they sat in the carriage and their eyes met.

他们选的那天是星期四，他们早上九点坐在一辆由四匹马拉着的大大的六座四轮马车里出发了。他们打算在圣热尔曼吃午饭。漂亮朋友曾要求自己是这场聚会里唯一的年轻男士，因为他不能忍受德卡佐勒侯爵在场。然而，在最后关头还是决定让德拉图尔·伊夫兰伯爵去，因为他和罗斯已经订婚一个月了。这一天令人愉快。乔治的面色很苍白，当他们坐在四轮马车里时他盯着苏珊看，他们的目光也会相遇。

Mme. Walter was contented and happy. The luncheon was a long and merry one. Before leaving for Paris, Du Roy proposed a walk on the terrace. They stopped on the way to admire the view; as they passed on, Georges and Suzanne lingered behind. The former whispered softly: "Suzanne, I love you madly."

瓦尔特夫人快乐而满足。午宴持续的时间长，并且令人愉快。动身去巴黎之前，迪·鲁瓦提议在平台上散散步。他们停在路上欣赏风景；当他们继续前行时，乔治和苏珊在后面逗留。前者温柔地耳语道：“苏珊，我疯狂地爱着你。”

She whispered in return: "I love you too, Bel-Ami.”

她小声回应道：“我也爱你，漂亮朋友。”

He continued: "If I cannot have you for my wife, I shall leave the

country."

他继续说道：“如果我不能娶你为妻，我将会离开这个国家。”

She replied: "Ask papa. Perhaps he will consent."

她回答：“问问爸爸吧。也许他会同意的。”

He answered impatiently: "No, I repeat that it is useless; the door of the house would be closed against me. I would lose my position on the journal, and we would not even meet. Those are the consequences a formal proposal would produce. They have promised you to the Marquis de Cazolles; they hope you will finally say 'yes' and they are waiting.”

他不耐烦地回答：“不，我再说一次，这样做是没用的；你家的门将会向我关闭。我会失去我在报馆的职位，而且我们甚至不会见面了。这些就是一个正式的求婚将会导致的后果。他们已经将你许配给了德卡佐勒侯爵；他们希望你最后会答应，他们正等着呢。”

"What can we do?"

“我们能做什么？”

"Have you the courage to brave your father and mother for my sake?"

“为了我，你有勇气勇敢地面对你的父母吗？”

"Yes."

“有。”

"Truly?"

“真的？”

"Yes."

“嗯。”

"Well! There is only one way. It must come from you and not from me. You are an indulged child; they let you say anything and are not surprised at any audacity on your part. Listen, then! This evening on returning home, go to your mother first, and tell her that you want to marry me. She will be very much agitated and very angry."

“好的！只有一个办法。它必须由你提出，而不是由我提出。你是个被惯着的孩子；他们什么都让你说，而且你说出任何放肆的话他们也不会感到惊讶。那么，听着！今天晚上一回到家，你就先去找你母亲，然后告诉她你想要嫁给我。她会非常激动、非常愤怒。”

Suzanne interrupted him: "Oh, mamma would be glad."

苏珊打断了他：“哦，妈妈会高兴的。”

He replied quickly: "No, no, you do not know her. She will be more vexed than your father. But you must insist, you must not yield; you must repeat that you will marry me and me alone. Will you do so?"

他很快地回应道：“不，不，你不了解她。她会比你的父亲更恼怒。但你必须坚持，你不可以屈服；你必须反复地说你要嫁给我，而且只嫁给我。你会这么做么？”

"I will."

“我会的。”

"And on leaving your mother, repeat the same thing to your father very decidedly."

“然后，一离开你母亲，你就非常坚决地向你父亲重复同样的话。”

"Well, and then—”

“好的，那然后——”

"And then matters will reach a climax! If you are determined to be my wife, my dear, dear, little Suzanne, I will elope with you."

“然后事情就到了决定性的时刻！如果你决心要做我的妻子，我亲爱的、亲爱的小苏珊，我就会和你私奔。”

She clapped her hands, as all the charming adventures in the romances she had read occurred to her, and cried: "Oh, what bliss! When will you elope with me?"

她拍着双手，好像她在浪漫故事中读到过的所有令人陶醉的冒险都发生在了她身上一样，她叫道：“哦，真刺激！你什么时候会和我私奔呢？”

He whispered very low: "To-night!”

他非常低声地耳语道：“今天晚上！”

"Where shall we go?"

“我们要去哪里呢？”

"That is my secret. Think well of what you are doing. Remember that after that flight you must become my wife. It is the only means, but it is dangerous—very dangerous—for you.”

“这是我的秘密。好好想想你将要做什么。记住，逃跑以后你就必须成为我妻子了。这是唯一的办法，但这是危险的——非常危险——对你来说。”

"I have decided. Where shall I meet you?"

“我已经决定了。我要在哪里见你呢？”

"Meet me about midnight in the Place de la Concorde."

“午夜时分在孔科尔德广场和我碰面。”

"I will be there."

“我会在那里的。”

He clasped her hand. "Oh, how I love you! How brave and good you are! Then you do not want to marry Marquis de Cazolles?"

他紧紧地握着她的手。“哦，我多么爱你啊！你是多么勇敢、多么好啊！那么，你不想嫁给德卡佐勒侯爵了？”

"Oh, no!"

“哦，不想！”

Mme. Walter, turning her head, called out: "Come, little one; what are you and Bel-Ami doing?”

瓦尔特夫人转过头大声叫唤道：“来，小家伙；你和漂亮朋友在干什么？”

They rejoined the others and returned by way of Chatou. When the carriage arrived at the door of the mansion, Mme. Walter pressed Georges to dine with them, but he refused, and returned home to look over his papers and destroy any compromising letters. Then he repaired in a cab with feverish haste to the place of meeting. He waited there some time, and thinking his ladylove had played him false, he was about to drive off, when a gentle voice whispered at the door of his cab: "Are you there, Bel-Ami?”

他们重新加入了其他人，然后从沙图这条路返回了。当四轮马车到达那幢房子的门前时，瓦尔特夫人竭力要求乔治和他们一起吃晚饭，但是他拒绝了，然后他回家去检查了自己的文件，并毁掉了所有损害自己名誉的信件。接着，他坐在一辆出租马车里，兴奋不已地匆匆赶去了碰面的地点。他在那里等了一段时间，想着他的情妇欺骗了他，他正打算驾车离开时，一个温和的声音在他马车的门边低声说道：“你在那里吗，漂亮朋友？”

"Is it you, Suzanne?"

“是你吗，苏珊？”

"Yes."

“是啊。”

"Ah, get in." She entered the cab and he bade the cabman drive on.

“啊，进来吧。”她进了那辆出租马车，然后他便让车夫继续驱车前行了。

He asked: "Well, how did it all pass off?"

他问道：“那么，这一切是怎样完成的？”

She murmured faintly: "Oh, it was terrible, with mamma especially."

她虚弱地低声说道：“哦，这真可怕，特别是妈妈。”

"Your mamma? What did she say? Tell me!"

“你妈妈？她说了什么？告诉我！”

"Oh, it was frightful! I entered her room and made the little speech I had prepared. She turned pale and cried: 'Never!' I wept, I protested that I would marry only you; she was like a mad woman; she vowed I should be sent to a convent. I never saw her like that, never. Papa, hearing her agitated words, entered. He was not as angry as she was, but he said you were not a suitable match for me. As they had vexed me, I talked louder than they, and papa with a dramatic air bade me leave the room. That decided me to fly with you. And here I am; where shall we go?”

“哦，这真惊人！我进了她的房间，然后把我准备好的一点话说了出来。她的脸变得苍白，哭喊道：‘绝对不行！’我哭了，我抗议说我只会嫁给你；她就像个疯女人；她发誓要把我送到女修道院去。我从来没见过她像那样，从来没有。听见她说的那些激动的话，爸爸进来了。他不像她那么生气，但他说你对我来说并不是个合适的伴侣。因为他们惹恼了我，所以我说得比他们更大声，于是爸爸带着夸张的神情让我滚出房间。这让我下决心要和你逃跑。所以我来了；我们要去哪里呢？”

He replied, encircling her waist with his arm: "It is too late to take the train; this cab will take us to Sevres where we can spend the night, and to-morrow we will leave for La Roche-Guyon. It is a pretty village on the banks of the Seine between Mantes and Bonnieres.”

他用胳膊搂着她的腰回答道：“现在赶火车太晚了；这辆马车将把我们带去塞夫尔，我们可以在那里过夜，然后明天我们将动身去罗什·居永。它是个美丽的村庄，在芒特和博尼耶尔之间的塞纳河岸上。”

The cab rolled on. Georges took the young girl's hand and kissed it respectfully. He did not know what to say to her, being unaccustomed to Platonic affection. Suddenly he perceived that she was weeping. He asked in affright: "What ails you, my dear little one?"

出租马车继续前行着。乔治拿起这位年轻女孩的一只手，毕恭毕敬地亲了亲它。他不知道该对她说些什么，他对柏拉图式的感情不习惯。突然，他发现她在哭。他惊恐地问道：“什么让你苦恼，我亲爱的小家伙？”

She replied tearfully: "I was thinking that poor mamma could not sleep if she had found out that I was gone!"

她泪汪汪地回答：“我在想，可怜的妈妈要是发现我不见了，她就没办法睡觉了！”

Her mother indeed was not asleep.

她妈妈的确没有入睡。

When Suzanne left the room, Mme. Walter turned to her husband and asked in despair: "What does that mean?"

苏珊一离开房间，瓦尔特夫人便转向她丈夫，绝望地问道：“这意味着什么？”

"It means that that intriguer has influenced her. It is he who has made her refuse Cazolles. You have flattered and cajoled him, too. It was Bel-Ami here, Bel-Ami there, from morning until night. Now you are paid for it!”

“这意味着，那个阴谋者已左右着她了。是他让她拒绝了卡佐勒。你也奉承他、哄骗他。从早到晚，这儿一个漂亮朋友，那儿一个漂亮朋友。现在你为此付出代价了吧！”

"I?"

“我？”

"Yes, you. You are as much infatuated with him as Madeleine, Suzanne, and the rest of them. Do you think that I did not see that you could not exist for two days without him?"

“没错，你。你和马德莱娜、苏珊还有其他人一样，被他深深地迷住了。你以为我没看出来，你缺了他两天就活不下去了吗？

She rose tragically: "I will not allow you to speak to me thus. You forget that I was not brought up like you, in a shop."

她悲痛地站起来：“我不会允许你这样对我说话的。你忘了，我和你不一样，我不是在店铺被养大的。”

With an oath, he left the room, banging the door behind him.

他咒骂了一句，同时离开了房间，砰的一声带上了身后的房门。

When he was gone, she thought over all that had taken place. Suzanne was in love with Bel-Ami, and Bel-Ami wanted to marry Suzanne! No, it was not true! She was mistaken; he would not be capable of such an action; he knew nothing of Suzanne's escapade. They would take Suzanne away for six months and that would end it.

他走了以后，她仔细想了想已发生的一切。苏珊爱上了漂亮朋友，而漂亮朋友也想娶苏珊为妻！不，这不是真的！她弄错了；他不会有能

耐做出这样的举动；他对苏珊的胡作非为一无所知。他们把苏珊带走半年，这件事就会不了了之了。

She rose, saying: "I cannot rest in this uncertainty. I shall lose my reason. I will arouse Suzanne and question her."

她站起来，说道：“这件事还没确定，我没法休息。我会失去理智的。我要叫醒苏珊，问问她。”

She proceeded to her daughter's room. She entered; it was empty; the bed had not been slept in. A horrible suspicion possessed her and she flew to her husband. He was in bed, reading.

她走向她女儿的房间。她进去了；它是空的；没有人睡在床上。一种可怕的猜疑支配着她，她飞奔向她丈夫。他正在床上阅读。

She gasped: "Have you seen Suzanne?"

她气喘吁吁地说：“你看见苏珊了吗？”

"No—why?”

“没有……怎么了？”

"She is—gone! She is not in her room.”

“她……不见了！她不在她的房间里。”

With one bound he was out of bed; he rushed to his daughter's room; not finding her there, he sank into a chair. His wife had followed him.

他一下子从床上跳下来；他冲向他女儿的房间；没在那里找到她，他便陷进了一把椅子里。他的妻子跟着他。

"Well?" she asked.

“怎么样？”她问道。

He had not the strength to reply: he was no longer angry; he groaned: "He has her—we are lost.”

他已经没有力气回答了：他不再生气了；他叹息道：“他得到她了——我们完蛋了。”

"Lost, how?"

“完蛋了，怎么说？”

"Why, he must marry her now!"

“嗨，现在他必须娶她了！”

She cried wildly: "Marry her, never! Are you mad?"

她疯狂地叫道：“娶她，绝对不行！你疯了吗？”

He replied sadly: "It will do no good to yell! He has disgraced her.

The best thing to be done is to give her to him, and at once, too; then no one will know of this escapade."

他悲伤地回答："叫喊也无济于事！他已经使她蒙羞了。最好的办法就是把她给他，而且还要马上；这样就没人会知道这件越轨之事了。"

She repeated in great agitation: "Never; he shall never have Suzanne."

她激动万分地重复道："绝对不行；他永远也不能占有苏珊。"

Overcome, Walter murmured: "But he has her. And he will keep her as long as we do not yield; therefore, to avoid a scandal we must do so at once."

瓦尔特被打倒了，咕哝道："但是他得到她了。而且，只要我们不让步，他就不会放了她；因此，为了避免流言蜚语，我们必须马上这么做。"

But his wife replied: "No, no, I will never consent."

但他的妻子回答："不，不，我永远不会同意的。"

Impatiently he returned: "It is a matter of necessity. Ah, the scoundrel—how he has deceived us! But he is shrewd at any rate. She might have done better as far as position, but not intelligence and future, is concerned. He is a promising young man. He will be a deputy or a minister some day."

他不耐烦地回应道："这件事是必然的。啊，这个无赖……他是怎样地欺骗我们！但是，无论如何，他挺机灵的。就地位而言，她本可以嫁得更好；但考虑到智慧和未来，就不一定了。他是个有前途的年轻人。他总有一天会成为众议员或部长的。"

Mme. Walter, however, repeated wildly: "I will never let him marry Suzanne! Do you hear—never!"

然而，瓦尔特夫人还是疯狂地重复着："我绝不会让他娶苏珊！你听见了没有——绝不！"

In his turn he became incensed, and like a practical man defended Bel-Ami. "Be silent! I tell you he must marry her! And who knows? Perhaps we shall not regret it! With men of his stamp one never knows what may come about. You saw how he downed Laroche-Mathieu in three articles, and that with a dignity which was very difficult to maintain in his position as husband. So, we shall see."

轮到他发火了，他像个务实的人一般为漂亮朋友辩护。"安静点！我告诉你，他必须娶她！而且，谁知道呢？也许我们不会为此后悔！对于他这种类型的人，人们永远不会知道可能会发生什么。你看到他是怎样用三篇文章就把拉罗什·马蒂厄打倒的了吧，而且他做得不失体面，保持体面对于他这个做丈夫的来说是很难的。所以，我们看看吧。"

Mme. Walter felt a desire to cry aloud and tear her hair. But she only repeated angrily: "He shall not have her!"

瓦尔特夫人有种想大声哭、想扯自己头发的欲望。但她只是生气地重复道：“他不应占有她！”

Walter rose, took up his lamp, and said: "You are silly, like all women! You only act on impulse. You do not know how to accommodate yourself to circumstances. You are stupid! I tell you he shall marry her; it is essential." And he left the room.

瓦尔特站起来，拿起他的灯说道：“你和所有的女人一样，是蠢货！你只会意气用事。你不懂得怎样让自己适应形势。你真蠢！我告诉你，他必须娶她；这是必要的。”然后他离开了房间。

Mme. Walter remained alone with her suffering, her despair. If only a priest were at hand! She would cast herself at his feet and confess all her errors and her agony—he would prevent the marriage! Where could she find a priest? Where should she turn? Before her eyes floated, like a vision, the calm face of "Christ Walking on the Water," as she had seen it in the painting. He seemed to say to her: "Come unto Me. Kneel at My feet. I will comfort and instruct you as to what to do."

瓦尔特夫人独自一人留下，她痛苦而绝望。要是身边有个神父该多好！她会跪在他的脚下，坦白她所有的过错和苦恼——他会阻止这场婚姻！她在哪里能找到神父呢？她该到哪里去呢？在她眼前，如幻觉一般地，浮现出《基督凌波图》中那张平静的脸，那张脸和她在油画中看见过的一样。他好像在对她说：“到我这里来。跪在我的脚下。我会安慰你，并给你指点迷津。”

She took the lamp and sought the conservatory; she opened the door leading into the room which held the enormous canvas, and fell upon her knees before it. At first she prayed fervently, but as she raised her eyes and saw the resemblance to Bel-Ami, she murmured: "Jesus—Jesus—" while her thoughts were with her daughter and her lover. She uttered a wild cry, as she pictured them together—alone—and fell into a swoon. When day broke they found Mme. Walter still lying unconscious before the painting. She was so ill, after that, that her life was almost despaired of.

她拿上灯去找温室；她打开那扇通向放着那巨幅油画房间的门，然后双膝跪在了它的面前。起初她热诚地祷告，但当她抬起双眼、看见那与漂亮朋友相似的人物时，她低声道：“基督——基督——”而此时她想的却是她的女儿和她的情人。当她想象他们在一起——单独在一起时，她发出了一声疯狂的叫喊，然后她便昏了过去。黎明时分，他们发现瓦尔特夫人仍然毫无知觉地躺在那幅画前。自那以后，她病得很严重，以至于她对自己的人生几乎绝望了。

M. Walter explained his daughter's absence to the servants by saying to them that she had been sent to a convent for a short time. Then he replied to a long letter from Du Roy, giving his consent to his marriage with his daughter. Bel-Ami had posted that epistle when he left Paris, having prepared it the night of his departure. In it he said in respectful terms that he had loved the young girl a long time; that there had never been any understanding between them, but that as she came to him to say: "I will be your wife," he felt authorized in keeping her, in hiding her, in fact, until he had obtained a reply from her parents, whose wishes were to him of more value than those of his betrothed.

对于他女儿不在之事，瓦尔特先生向仆人们解释说，她临时被送到女修道院去了。然后他回复了迪·鲁瓦的一封长信，同意了他和他女儿的婚事。漂亮朋友在离开巴黎时寄出了这封信，这封信是他在出发的那天晚上准备好的。在这封信中，他用毕恭毕敬的措辞说他已经爱了那个年轻女孩许久了；他说他们之间从未私定终身，但当她到他跟前说“我要做您的妻子”时，他觉得自己有权留下她、藏起她——事实上他会一直留她、藏她到他得到她父母的回应为止；对他而言，她父母的意愿比与他订婚之人的意愿更有价值。

Georges and Suzanne spent a week at La Roche-Guyon. Never had the young girl enjoyed herself so thoroughly. As she passed for his sister, they lived in a chaste and free intimacy, a kind of living companionship. He thought it wiser to treat her with respect, and when he said to her: "We will return to Paris to-morrow; your father has bestowed your hand upon me" she whispered naively: "Already? This is just as pleasant as being your wife."

乔治和苏珊在罗什·居永度过了一个星期。这个年轻的女孩从未如此彻底地享受过快乐。因为她被认为是他的妹妹，他们纯洁、自由而亲密地生活在一起，生活在一种充满活力的友谊中。他认为用尊重的态度对待她更明智一些，而当他对她说“明天我们将回巴黎；你父亲已经把你交给我了”时，她天真地小声说道：“这就已经同意了？这正和做你的妻子一样愉快。”

CHAPTER XVIII. Attainment

第十八章 成功

It was dark in the apartments in the Rue de Constantinople, when Georges du Roy and Clotilde de Marelle, having met at the door, entered them. Without giving him time to raise the shades, the latter said: "So you are going to marry Suzanne Walter?"

乔治·迪·鲁瓦和克洛蒂尔德·德马雷勒在君士坦丁堡街上的那个公寓门口碰头后，就走进了公寓,公寓里那时黑漆漆的。他还没来得及把百叶窗打开，后者便说：“这么说你打算娶苏珊·瓦尔特了？”

He replied in the affirmative, adding gently: "Did you not know it?"

他给予了肯定的回答，温柔地补充道：“你不知道这件事吗？”

She answered angrily: "So you are going to marry Suzanne Walter? For three months you have deceived me. Everyone knew of it but me. My husband told me. Since you left your wife you have been preparing for that stroke, and you made use of me in the interim. What a rascal you are!"

她生气地回答：“所以你打算娶苏珊·瓦尔特了？你骗了我三个月。除了我，每个人都知道这件事。是我丈夫告诉我的。你离开你妻子以后就在准备这一手了，在此期间你还利用了我。你真是个无赖！”

He asked: "How do you make that out? I had a wife who deceived me; I surprised her, obtained a divorce, and am now going to marry another. What is more simple than that?"

他问道：“你怎么说出这种话来？我妻子欺骗了我；我当场捉住了她，成功地离了婚，而现在我要娶另一个。什么事比这更简单？”

She murmured: "What a villain!"

她咕哝：“真是个恶棍！”

He said with dignity: "I beg of you to be more careful as to what you say."

他不失尊严地说：“我拜托你说话更注意些。”

She rebelled at such words from him: "What! Would you like me to handle you with gloves? You have conducted yourself like a rascal ever since I have known you, and now you do not want me to speak of it. You deceive everyone; you gather pleasure and money everywhere, and you want me to treat you as an honest man."

他说出这种话，她受不了了：“什么！你想让我温和地对待你？自从我认识你以来，你的行为就像一个无赖，而现在你还不想我说这一点。你欺骗了每个人；你到处寻欢敛财，而你还想让我把你当作一个诚实的人。”

He rose; his lips twitched: "Be silent or I will make you leave these rooms."

他站起身来；他的双唇颤抖着：“安静，不然我会把你从这些房间里轰出去。”

She cried: "Leave here—you will make me—you? You forget that it is I who have paid for these apartments from the very first, and you threaten to put me out of them. Be silent, good-for-nothing! Do you think I do not know how you stole a portion of Vaudrec's bequest from Madeleine? Do you think I do not know about Suzanne?”

她叫道：“轰出去……你要把我……你？你忘了，从一开始就是我付钱租这些房间的，而你还威胁要把我从这里轰出去。闭嘴吧，一无是处的家伙！你以为我不知道你是怎样从马德莱娜那里偷走沃德雷克的一部分遗产的吗？你以为我不知道苏珊的事吗？”

He seized her by her shoulders and shook her. "Do not speak of that; I forbid you."

他抓住她的双肩，摇晃着她。“别说这个了；我不许你说。”

"I know you have ruined her!"

“我知道你玷污了她！”

He would have taken anything else, but that lie exasperated him. He repeated: "Be silent—take care”—and he shook her as he would have shaken the bough of a tree. Still she continued: "You were her ruin, I know it." He rushed upon her and struck her as if she had been a man. Suddenly she ceased speaking, and groaned beneath his blows. Finally he desisted, paced the room several times in order to regain his self-possession, entered the bedroom, filled the basin with cold water and bathed his head. Then he washed his hands and returned to see what Clotilde was doing. She had not moved. She lay upon the floor weeping softly. He asked harshly: "Will you soon have done crying?"

他可以忍受别的任何事，可是这谎话激怒了他。他重复道：“闭嘴……小心些”——他还摇晃着她，像在摇着一棵树的树枝一样。她仍继续道：“你玷污了她，这一点我知道。”他冲向她，然后打她，就像她是个男人一样。突然她不说话了，并在他的殴打下呻吟着。他终于停手了，在屋子里走了几个来回，以使自己恢复镇定，他走进卧室，在盆里放满了凉水并洗了洗头。然后他洗了双手，回来看克洛蒂尔德在做什么。她没有动。她躺在地板上轻轻地哭泣。他无情地问道：“你能很快哭完么？”

She did not reply. He stood in the center of the room, somewhat embarrassed, somewhat ashamed, as he saw the form lying before him. Suddenly he seized his hat. "Good evening. You can leave the key with the janitor when you are ready. I will not await your pleasure."

她没有回答。他站在房间中央，当他看着躺在他面前的这个人影时，他觉得有点尴尬、有点惭愧。突然他抓起自己的帽子。“晚安。你准备好的时候可以把钥匙留给门房。我不等你高兴起来了。”

He left the room, closed the door, sought the porter, and said to him: "Madame is resting. She will go out soon. You can tell the proprietor that I have given notice for the first of October."

他离开房间，关上门，找到门房并对他说：“夫人在休息。她一会儿就会出来了。你可以告诉房东，这房子我租到十月一号。”

His marriage was fixed for the twentieth; it was to take place at the Madeleine. There had been a great deal of gossip about the entire affair, and many different reports were circulated. Mme. Walter had aged greatly; her hair was gray and she sought solace in religion.

他的婚礼定在二十号；它将在马德莱娜教堂举行。关于这整件事，有很多流言蜚语，而且还刊登了很多不同的报道。瓦尔特夫人老了很多；她头发灰白，在宗教中寻求慰藉。

In the early part of September "La Vie Francaise" announced that Baron du Roy de Cantel had become its chief editor, M. Walter reserving the title of manager. To that announcement were subjoined the names of the staff of art and theatrical critics, political reporters, and so forth. Journalists no longer sneered in speaking of "La Vie Francaise;" its success had been rapid and complete. The marriage of its chief editor was what was called a "Parisian event," Georges du Roy and the Walters having occasioned much comment for some time.

九月初，《法兰西生活报》宣布迪·鲁瓦·德康泰尔男爵成为报社的总编辑，瓦尔特先生保留经理的头衔。这则公告附上了艺术和戏剧评论员、政治记者等职员的名字。在谈到《法兰西生活报》时，新闻记者们不再嗤笑了；它的成功既迅速又彻底。报馆主编辑的婚礼被称为“巴黎人的大事”，有段时间，乔治·迪·鲁瓦和瓦尔特一家人引起了许多评论。

The ceremony took place on a clear, autumn day. At ten o'clock the curious began to assemble; at eleven o'clock, detachments of officers came to disperse the crowd. Soon after, the first guests arrived; they were followed by others, women in rich costumes, men, grave and dignified. The church slowly began to fill. Norbert de Varenne espied Jacques Rival, and joined him.

仪式在一个晴朗的秋日举行。十点钟的时候，好奇的人们开始聚集起来；十一点的时候，警官们组成的分遣队来驱散人群。不久以后，第

一批宾客到来了；其他宾客也接踵而至，女人们衣着华丽，男人们高贵庄重。教堂开始慢慢地聚满了人。诺贝尔·德瓦雷纳看到了雅克·里瓦尔，就和他呆在一起。

"Well," said he, "sharpers always succeed."

“好吧，”他说道，“骗子总是成功啊。”

His companion, who was not envious, replied: "So much the better for him. His fortune is made."

他的同伴并不嫉妒，答道：“这对他来说好多了。他的财富来了。”

Rival asked: "Do you know what has become of his wife?"

里瓦尔问道：“你知道他妻子变成什么样了吗？”

The poet smiled. "Yes and no—she lives a very retired life, I have been told, in the Montmartre quarter. But—there is a but—for some time I have read political articles in 'La Plume,' which resemble those of Forestier and Du Roy. They are supposed to be written by a Jean Le Dol, a young, intelligent, handsome man—something like our friend Georges—who has become acquainted with Mme. Forestier. From that I have concluded that she likes beginners and that they like her. She is, moreover, rich; Vaudrec and Laroche-Mathieu were not attentive to her for nothing.”

这位诗人笑了笑。“知道也不知道——有人告诉我，她在蒙马特尔区过着非常离群索居的生活。但是——有个但是——有段时间，我在《笔杆报》里读到一些政治性文章，那些文章和福雷斯捷、迪·鲁瓦的文章有些相似。它们应该是一位让·勒多尔写的，一个年轻的、聪明的、英俊的男人——有点像我们的朋友乔治——这个人熟识福雷斯捷夫人。由此我推断，她喜欢新人而且他们也喜欢她。此外她还有钱；沃德雷克和拉罗什·马蒂厄对她献殷勤不是对她毫无益处。”

Rival asked: "Tell me, is it true that Mme. Walter and Du Roy do not speak?"

里瓦尔问道：“告诉我，瓦尔特夫人和迪·鲁瓦不说话，这是真的吗？”

"Yes. She did not wish to give him her daughter's hand. But he threatened the old man with shocking revelations. Walter remembered Laroche-Mathieu's fate and yielded at once; but his wife, obstinate like all women, vowed that she would never address a word to her son-in-law. It is comical to see them together! She looks like the statue of vengeance, and he is very uncomfortable, although he tries to appear at his ease.”

“是的。她不愿意把自己的女儿交给他。但是他用一些惊人的关系来威胁那个老男人。瓦尔特记着拉罗什·马蒂厄的命运，立马让步了；然而

他的妻子，和所有的女人一样顽固，发誓说她将永远不和她的女婿说一个字。看见他们在一起，挺滑稽的！她看起来像那个复仇之神的雕像，而他则很不安，尽管他试图显得自在。”

Suddenly the beadle struck the floor three times with his staff. All the people turned to see what was coming, and the young bride appeared in the doorway leaning upon her father's arm. She looked like a beautiful doll, crowned with a wreath of orange blossoms. She advanced with bowed head. The ladies smiled and murmured as she passed them. The men whispered: "Exquisite, adorable!"

突然，教区执事用自己的棒子击了三下地板。所有的人都转过身来看是谁来了，那位年轻的新娘挽着她父亲的胳膊出现在了门口。她看起来就像是个漂亮的洋娃娃，戴着橘色花朵编织成的花冠。她低着头走上前来。她从那些女士身边走过时，她们都微笑地咕哝着。男士们低声说：“精致、可爱！”

M. Walter walked by her side with exaggerated dignity. Behind them came four maids of honor dressed in pink and forming a charming court for so dainty a queen.

瓦尔特先生走在她的身旁，神情夸张地庄重。他们身后跟着四个身着粉色衣服的女傧相，为这个如此娇美的女王建成了一座引人入胜的宫殿。

Mme. Walter followed on the arm of Count de Latour-Ivelin's aged father. She did not walk; she dragged herself along, ready to faint at every step. She had aged and grown thinner.

瓦尔特夫人挽着德拉图尔·伊夫兰伯爵年迈的父亲的胳膊跟在后面。她不是在走路；她是在拖着自己向前走，每走一步都快要昏过去。她变老了，也变得更瘦了。

Next came Georges du Roy with an old lady, a stranger. He held his head proudly erect and wore upon his coat, like a drop of blood, the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

接着来的是乔治·迪·鲁瓦和一个陌生的老妇人。他骄傲地把头昂得笔直，他的外套上挂着血滴一般的荣誉军团红色丝带。

He was followed by the relatives: Rose, who had been married six weeks, with a senator; Count de Latour-Ivelin with Viscountess de Percemur. Following them was a motley procession of associates and friends of Du Roy, country cousins of Mme. Walter's, and guests invited by her husband.

他身后跟着亲属们：罗斯——她已经结婚六个星期了，和一位参议员走在一起；德拉图尔·伊夫兰伯爵和佩尔斯缪子爵夫人走在一起。跟在他们身后的是杂七杂八的一行人，他们是迪·鲁瓦的同事和朋友、瓦尔特夫人乡下的远房亲戚，还有她丈夫邀请的宾客。

The tones of the organ filled the church; the large doors at the entrance were closed, and Georges kneeled beside his bride in the choir. The new bishop of Tangiers, cross in hand, miter on head, entered from the sacristy, to unite them in the name of the Almighty. He asked the usual questions, rings were exchanged, words pronounced which bound them forever, and then he delivered an address to the newly married couple.

教堂里弥漫着风琴的琴音；入口处的大门被关上了，乔治跪在他的新娘旁边，面对着唱诗班。丹吉尔来的新主教手持十字杖，头上戴着主教法冠，从圣器室里走了进来，他要以万能的上帝之名使他们结合。他问了那些惯例的问题，让他们交换了戒指，说了一些让他们永结同心的话，然后向这对新婚夫妇发表了一篇演说。

The sound of stifled sobs caused several to turn their heads. Mme. Walter was weeping, her face buried in her hands. She had been obliged to yield; but since the day on which she had told Du Roy: "You are the vilest man I know; never speak to me again, for I will not answer you," she had suffered intolerable anguish. She hated Suzanne bitterly; her hatred was caused by unnatural jealousy. The bishop was marrying a daughter to her mother's lover, before her and two thousand persons, and she could say nothing; she could not stop him. She could not cry: "He is mine, that man is my lover. That union you are blessing is infamous."

一阵压抑着的啜泣声使几个人扭过头去。瓦尔特夫人正双手掩面哭哭啼啼。她不得不让步；但自从那天她对迪·鲁瓦说：“你是我认识的最卑鄙的人；永远别再和我说话，因为我是不会回应你的”之后，她就承受着无法忍受的痛苦。她强烈地恨着苏珊；她的怨恨来自异乎寻常的嫉妒。这个主教正在把一个女儿嫁给她妈妈的情人，当着她和两千人的面，而她什么都不能说；她不能阻止他。她不能喊：“他是我的，这个男人是我的情人。你祈神赐福的这婚姻是无耻的。”

Several ladies, touched by her apparent grief, murmured: "How affected that poor mother is!"

有几位女士被她显而易见的悲伤所触动，低声说道：“这可怜的母亲多么激动！”

The bishop said: "You are among the favored ones of the earth. You, sir, who are raised above others by your talent—you who write, instruct, counsel, guide the people, have a grand mission to fulfill—a fine example to set."

主教说道：“你们是这个世界上被神宠爱的人当中的一对。你，先生，以你的才能凌驾于其他人之上——你写文章指导、劝告、引导着人们，你肩负着一项伟大的使命要去完成——你要树一个好榜样。”

Du Roy listened to him proudly. A prelate of the Roman Church

spoke thus to him. A number of illustrious people had come thither on his account. It seemed to him that an invisible power was impelling him on. He would become one of the masters of the country—he, the son of the poor peasants of Canteleu. He had given his parents five thousand francs of Count de Vaudrec's fortune and he intended sending them fifty thousand more; then they could buy a small estate and live happily.

迪·鲁瓦自豪地听他说。一位罗马教廷的高级教士这样对他说话。众多的知名人士都是看他的面子才来这里的。对他来说，似乎有一种无形的力量在推着他前进。他将成为这个国家的主宰者之一——他，一个康特勒贫穷农民的儿子。他已经从德沃德雷克伯爵的财产中拿出了五千法郎给他的父母，并且他还打算再给他们寄去五万法郎；这样他们就能置办一份微薄的地产，幸福地过活了。

The bishop had finished his harangue, a priest ascended the altar, and the organ pealed forth. Suddenly the vibrating tones melted into delicate, melodious ones, like the songs of birds; then again they swelled into deep, full tones and human voices chanted over their bowed heads. Vauri and Landeck of the Opera were singing.

主教已经结束他的高谈阔论，一位神父走上圣坛，风琴奏响。突然，激动人心的琴音变得柔和优美，就像鸟儿的鸣唱；然后这琴音又蓦地变得深沉饱满，伴随着人的歌唱声在俯首的人群上空回荡。歌剧院的沃里和兰德克在歌唱。

Bel-Ami, kneeling beside Suzanne, bowed his head. At that moment he felt almost pious, for he was filled with gratitude for the blessings showered upon him. Without knowing just whom he was addressing, he offered up thanks for his success. When the ceremony was over, he rose, and, giving his arm to his wife, they passed into the sacristy. A stream of people entered. Georges fancied himself a king whom the people were coming to greet. He shook hands, uttered words which signified nothing, and replied to congratulations with the words: "You are very kind."

漂亮朋友跪在苏珊身旁，他低着头。就在此刻他觉得自己几乎是虔诚的，因为他对上帝慷慨赐予他的恩惠充满了感激。他实在不知道自己在向谁表达感激之情，他对自己的成功表示感谢。仪式结束后，他站起身来，把手臂伸向他的妻子，同她走进了圣器室。一群人进去了。乔治幻想自己是个国王，人们正前来致敬。他和他们握手，说了一些毫无意义的话，并用这些词句回应贺词：“你们太好了。”

Suddenly he saw Mme. de Marelle, and the recollection of all the kisses he had given her and which she had returned, of all their caresses, of the sound of her voice, possessed him with the mad desire to regain her. She was so pretty, with her bright eyes and roguish air! She advanced somewhat timidly and offered him her hand. He took,

retained, and pressed it as if to say: "I shall love you always, I am yours."

突然，他看见了德马雷勒夫人，便回忆起了他曾给她的和她曾回应他的所有亲吻、他们之间的所有爱抚，还有她说话的声音；这些回忆支配着他，让他有种疯狂的欲望想重新占有她。她有着明亮的双眼和调皮的神情，她如此美丽！她有点羞怯地走上前，向他伸出了手。他接过它，握了它一会儿，并按了按它，好像在说："我会一直爱你，我是你的。"

Their eyes met, smiling, bright, full of love. She murmured in her soft tones: "Until we meet again, sir!" and he gaily repeated her words.

他们的目光相遇了，眼睛里都带着笑意，闪亮的眼睛充满爱意。她柔声低语"回头见，先生！"，他也快乐地重复了她的话。

Others approached, and she passed on. Finally the throng dispersed. Georges placed Suzanne's hand upon his arm to pass through the church with her. It was filled with people, for all had resumed their seats in order to see them leave the sacred edifice together. He walked along slowly, with a firm step, his head erect. He saw no one. He only thought of himself.

其他人走近了，她便离开了。人群终于散了。乔治把苏珊的手放在自己的胳膊上，以便和她一起穿过教堂。教堂里充满了人，因为所有人都已经坐回到自己的座位上以目送他们一起离开这幢神圣的大厦。他迈着坚定的步伐、昂着头慢慢向前走。他没看见任何人。他想到的只有他自己。

When they reached the threshold he saw a crowd gathered outside, come to gaze at him, Georges du Roy. The people of Paris envied him. Raising his eyes, he saw beyond the Place de la Concorde, the chamber of deputies, and it seemed to him that it was only a stone's throw from the portico of the Madeleine to that of the Palais Bourbon.

当他们到达入口时，他看见外面聚集了一群人，他们是来目睹他——乔治·迪·鲁瓦的风采的。巴黎的人们羡慕他。抬起双眼，他看见孔科尔德广场那一面的众议院，对他来说，似乎从马德莱娜教堂的门廊到波旁宫的门廊只有一步之遥。

Leisurely they descended the steps between two rows of spectators, but Georges did not see them; his thoughts had returned to the past, and before his eyes, dazzled by the bright sunlight, floated the image of Mme. de Marelle, rearranging the curly locks upon her temples before the mirror in their apartments.

他们从容地在两排旁观者之间走下台阶，但乔治没有看他们；他的思绪已经回到了过去，明亮的阳光令他眼花，他眼前浮现出德马雷勒夫

人的身影，她正在他们公寓的镜子前重新整理她两鬓上的鬈发。

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.

THE COMMON LAW

普通法

（美）小奥利弗·温德尔·霍姆斯 著
夏历 孙洪丽 王素娥 译
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北京 BEIJING

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu

Beijing, China 100089

http://www.fltrp.com

图书在版编目（CIP）数据

普通法 / （美）霍姆斯（Holmes, O. W.）著；夏历，孙洪丽，王素娥译．—北京：外语教学与研究出版社，2015.10
ISBN 978-7-5135-6785-5

Ⅰ．①普…　Ⅱ．①霍…②夏…③孙…④王…　Ⅲ．①法律 - 研究 - 美国　Ⅳ．①D971.2

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字（2015）第260023号

出版人　蔡剑峰
责任编辑　刘为华　马爱群
封面设计　孟耕宇
出版发行　外语教学与研究出版社
社　　址　北京市西三环北路19号（100089）
网　　址　http://www.fltrp.com
版　　次　2015年12月第1版
书　　号　ISBN 978-7-5135-6785-5

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举报电话：（010）88817519　电子邮箱：banquan@fltrp.com
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前言

很长时间以来我一直打算要写这本书。我首先在《美国法律评论》上发表了一些文章；不过，如果不是波士顿的洛威尔研究所邀请我讲授一门课程的话，现在要写出一部前后连贯的专著的任务，我几乎都不敢尝试。这一邀请促使我尽力实现自己的愿望。为了这一课程的系列讲座，我必须备课，这就使得事情更易于向前推进，并最终完稿付诸印刷，由此我也实现了我的愿望。我在《法律评论》上发表的文章，在本书中都以我认为合适的方式进行了引用，但所引用的大部分文章我都重新进行了编排、改写或扩充，所以本书大部分内容都是新的。实际讲座的内容也被大量简化，原来共有十二讲。但第十二讲是对前面十一讲的总结，读者读书时不需要，也就省略了。

现在呈现在读者面前的这部专著，内容设定一定多少有些武断。我仅拘限于这些内容，部分原因是受课程内容所限，因为这些讲稿是为这门课程而准备的。我因此不打算涉及衡平法，甚至不考虑诸如票据以及合伙等问题，这些问题一般需要单独予以研究，而且不一定有助于一般性理论的得出。针对我自行设定的内容，如果有人想要指责我，说本书缺乏更多的细节，我就只好引用勒户的一句话，“我们写的是理论而不是随笔。”

小奥利弗·温德尔·霍姆斯

1881年2月8日于波士顿

第一讲　早期法律责任形式

本书旨在对普通法进行概括性的介绍。为此，除逻辑之外，还需要借助其他一些工具。这里有必要指出的是，体系的一致性要求某种特定的结果，但结果并非一切。法律的生命不在于逻辑，而在于经验。本能感觉到的时代的必要性、盛行的道德及政治理论、对公共政策的直觉——无论是公开宣布的还是下意识的直觉，甚至是法官及其同僚们所共有的偏见，在制定人们都应一体遵守的规则时所起到的作用都要远远大于三段论。法律体现了一个国家千百年发展的历史，对待法律，不能认为法律仅仅包含一些公理及推论，就像数学书中的公理及推论一样。要理解法律是什么，我们必须了解其过往及未来的发展趋势。我们必须不时参考历史与现有的立法理论。但最困难的工作是要了解，两者在每一个阶段是如何结合起来形成为新法律的过程。任何特定时代的法律，只要是行得通，其内容都相当符合当时人们所认可的便利性，但其形式与机理，及其在多大程度上能够达到预期的效果，则极大地取决于其过往。

今天，在马萨诸塞州，一方面，有很多规则，其明显的合理性足可以对其存在做出解释；但另一方面，有一些规则却必须参考日耳曼部落法律程序的萌芽期，或者十人执政官治理下古罗马的社会条件，才可以理解。

只要有必要对某个概念或某条规则进行解释，我就会涉及到我们法律发展的历史，但仅限于此。在这个过程中，有两个错误，作者与读者同样都要避免。一个是，由于某一个观念在我们看来似乎非常熟悉和自然，便想当然地认为它历来如此。很多我们现在看来理所当然的东西，在以往却是人们必须奋力争取或是深思熟虑才能得到的。另一个错误则恰恰相反，那就是过多地询问于历史。我们讨论的出发点是完全成熟进化的人类。可以假定，最早期的野蛮人也拥有许多和我们同样的情感，他们的情况也要考虑到。

第一个要讨论的主题是民事和刑事责任的一般理论。自我们的系列判例汇编问世以来，普通法已经发生了很大的变化，而对目前还可以说得上是比较盛行的某种理论的研究，在很大程度上就是对未来趋势的研究。我相信，追溯法律责任的早期形态，并以此为出发点，将会很有教

益。

法律程序的早期形式，一般认为建立在复仇的基础之上。现代法学家们认为，罗马法起源于血亲世仇，所有法学权威们也都一致认为，日耳曼法的起源亦是如此。世仇导致了和解赔偿方式的出现，起初并非强制性的，后来则成为强制性的，由此世仇得以化解。在盎格鲁—撒克逊法中，可以找到和解赔偿模式逐步发展的痕迹，到了征服者威廉一世时期，世仇制度虽未完全消失，但已经差不多解体了。由早先的杀人和纵火烧房行为产生了重伤罪和纵火罪之诉。扰乱治安并造成伤害之诉以及重伤之诉产生了——或者说本质上就是——法学家们如今仍很熟悉的侵害之诉。但是，既然在诉讼中获得的赔偿是复仇的替代物，我们就会发现，赔偿的范围局限在复仇的范围之内。复仇意味着一种责难感，意味着人们认为受到了侵害，而不论其看法如何为激情所扭曲。复仇几乎不会超出故意伤害的情况：即使一条狗也会区分是人跌落在它身上还是被人踢了一脚。

不论是由于这一缘故还是别的原因，早期英国的个人暴力之诉似乎都被局限在故意不当行为的范畴之内。格兰维尔提到了群殴、殴打和身体伤害——这些都是故意暴力的形式。布莱克顿对这类诉讼的描述更为全面，其描述清楚地表明此类诉讼都建立在故意伤害的基础之上。扰乱治安并造成伤害之诉就被归为一种故意侵犯行为，并规定了所使用武器的性质以及伤口的长度和深度。控诉人还必须证明他马上就发出了喊捉声。因此，在布莱克顿提到那些较轻的、不是以诉讼方式提起的不当行为时，他仅列举了诸如殴击、鞭打、伤害、侮辱等故意不当行为。早期的《年鉴》和《高级法院判例集》所收录的侵害案例中，诉因总是故意不当行为。只是在后来，经争论之后，侵害之诉的范围才被扩大，从而包括可预见的伤害，不过这种伤害并非被告人有意行为的后果。此后，侵害之诉又逐渐扩大到意外伤害。

可以看到，这一发展顺序不太符合人们一直持有的一种观点，认为早期法律的一大特征就是局限于外在可见事实的范畴之内，即*damnum corpore corpori datum*（侵害人因自己的身体直接给被害人的身体或者受损物造成的伤害）。调查被告的内在情况，其是否难辞其咎还是清白无辜，被认为意味着司法观念的一次细化，这对于《阿奎利亚法》之前的罗马，以及侵害之诉成形之时的英格兰，同样都很陌生。我找不到任何令人非常满意的证据，表明在罗马或者英格兰，一个人通常还会因为甚

至是其自身行为所产生的意外后果负有责任。不过，无论早期法律如何，上文已经指出了早期法律体系的出发点，这是我们要讨论的对象。个人对其自身行为的后果负责，即对其侵害行为负责，我们这一法律体系始于有关直接故意与个人直接责任的概念。

与规制非法侵害的原则相比较，最初适用于因他人或物造成伤害的责任原则，人们迄今研究的还不够深入；因此，本讲接下来我将主要讨论这一问题。我将试图证明，这类责任也同样根植于复仇的激情，并试图指出其发展为现有形式所历经的变化。但我并不会严格局限于这一主题，因为探寻责任形式整个的变迁过程不仅非常有趣，而且这整个过程还会为我们提供一个富有启示意义的例子，来说明法律从野蛮到文明、没有一丝中断的发展模式。此外，这也非常有助于我们理解一些重要的、特殊的、后来无法还原的法律原理。

学历史的人都很熟悉这样一个非常普遍的现象：原始时代的习俗、信仰或需求使某条规则或准则得以建立。在千百年的进程中，这些习俗、信仰或需求已经不复存在，但规则却被保留了下来。导致规则产生的原因早已被遗忘，聪明人于是开始探寻如何解释规则。人们对某一政策依据进行了研究，这一依据似乎可以对规则做出解释，并使其符合事物当前的状况；于是，规则就适应了人们为其找寻的新理由，从而开始了一段新生涯。旧形式纳入了新内容，形式本身为了符合新内容，也会适时加以变化。本讲的主题就很清楚地说明了这一事物发展的过程。

我先随便举一些例子，这些例子包含许多明确的规则，每一规则都有其貌似有理、貌似充分的政策依据来进行解释。

某人养了一只动物，大家都知道它性情凶猛，有一天它逃了出来，给其邻居造成了损害。此人能够证明该动物的逃逸绝不是出于他的过失，但他对此依然负有责任。为什么？分析法学家说，这是因为，尽管在动物逃逸时他没有过失，但是只要拥有这类动物，他就犯了间接疏忽、过错或过失罪。一个人应当对因其过失造成的损害予以赔偿。

一个面包店的雇员，在一天早上驾着雇主的马车运送热面包卷时撞倒了一个人。雇主必须对此予以赔偿。当雇主质问，为什么他必须为一个独立的、应受归咎的人的不当行为做出赔偿时，从乌尔比安时期一直到奥斯丁时期，他都会得到这样的答案：这是因为他的过错在于用人不当。如果他回答说，他在挑选马车夫时已经尽最大可能注意了，他会被告知说这绝对不是免责的理由；接下来，理由可能就变了，有人会说，

因为有能力赔偿损失的人应当承担一定的赔偿；或者有人会说，因为这些根据一般人类法则很有可能会发生于服务过程中的不当行为，可归咎于该服务。

接下来，再举一个对先前的无限制性责任进行限定的例子。1851年，美国国会通过了一项法令，该法令至今依然有效。根据该法令，在一般海事损害案件中，船主可将涉案船舶及船上货物让与受损失者；该法令还规定，应当随即终止对船主的进一步诉讼。该法令的立法者指出：如果一位商人把他的一部分财产投资于一项有风险的事业，其责任则应被限定在其风险投资的范围之内才是合理的——此原则类似于美国过去50年大量公司创立所依据的原则。

英格兰刑事辩护制度中有一条规则一直延用到本世纪，那就是，指控杀人罪时必须阐明致人死亡的工具的作用，以便国王或其授权者可以将该工具作为赎罪奉献物，或者用布莱克斯通的话来说，“作为受诅咒之物”，而予以罚没。

我还可以举出很多个例子；不过，上述例子却足以表明，我们还远远不能得出结论。——要得出一般概括性的结论，首先有必要考虑，我们会在古代独立的法律体系中发现什么。

《出埃及记》中有一段著名的文字，这段文字我们后面还得提到：“牛若抵人，人死了，则牛应被处以石刑，牛的肉也不能吃，但牛的主人可以免罪。”当我们的视角从犹太人转到希腊人时，我们发现这段话所体现的原则上升成为一种体系。普鲁塔克在其《梭伦传》中告诉我们说，一条狗咬了人之后，应当被交出来绑在一根四腕尺长的圆木上。柏拉图在其《法律篇》中对许多诸如此类的案例做了非常详尽的规定。如果一个奴隶杀死了一个自由人，他就要被交给死者的亲属。如果他伤害了一个自由人，他就要被交给受害方，供后者随意使用。如果他造成了某种损失，而受害方没有共同造成此损失，也要如此处理。上述任何一种情况下，如果奴隶所有者未能交出奴隶，他就一定要赔偿损失。如果一头野兽致人死亡，就会被杀死并扔出界外。如果一个无生命的东西致人死亡，要以类似的方式将其扔出界外，由此算是抵罪。所有这一切都并非一种理想的制定纯属虚构的法律的过程，因为埃斯基涅斯在一次演说中说道：“如果树干、石头以及钢铁这些无声无知的东西偶然致人死亡，我们就把它们放逐到境外；如果一个人自杀了，就把那只摧毁他自己的手埋在远离其身体的地方。”他说的几乎就像是日常琐事，显然不觉

得这有任何特别之处，只是提出了一个与堆加在雄辩家狄摩西尼身上的荣誉相对立的反题。直到公元2世纪，旅行家鲍桑尼亚还有些惊讶地发现，在古希腊城市的公共会堂中，人们依然在审理无生命的东西。普鲁塔克认为这一制度是德拉古制定的。

在罗马法中，我们也发现了类似的损害投偿原则逐步演变成为更多法规的过程。《十二铜表法》（公元前451年）规定，如果牲畜造成了损害，须将该牲畜交出，或由对损失予以赔偿。我们从盖尤斯那里得知，这同一规则也适用于家子和奴隶的侵权行为，在无生命物相关情况中，也留有该规则的一些痕迹。

罗马的法学家们，不可能超越其自身的体系及所处的时代，但他们运用自己的聪明才智，对此进行了一番解释，表明他们当时所发现的法律是合理的。盖尤斯说，因为家子或者奴隶的过错，却使得不是他们本人，而是家父或者奴隶主遭受损失，这是不公平的；而乌尔比安分析指出，对于无生命的物体，这一点更是毋庸置疑，因为它们没有生命，所以没有能力犯错。这样来探讨这一问题，似乎把让与权当成是一项对家父或者所有人所负责任的限制来进行分析，而让与权最初自然是不受限制的。但是，如果这样理解的话，就有点本末倒置了。让与权不是作为一项责任限定条款而引入的，在罗马及希腊，如未履行让与权，则都可由金钱赔偿来替代。

这种诉讼并非像今天那样以家父或所有人的过错为基础。如果这种诉讼是以家父或者所有人的过错为基础的话，那么，每次被起诉的对象就应当是被控损害发生时控制奴隶或牲畜的人，以及（如果有的话）对伤害的发生负有责任的人。但情况却远非如此，被起诉的人是起诉时间奴隶或牲畜的所有人。这一诉讼因为对涉案物的关注，而随之关注涉案物的所有人。与之形成奇特对比的是，如果造成损害的动物具有野性，也就是，非常凶猛的动物的情况，从该动物逃逸时起，所有人就不再负有责任，因为从那时起，他就不再是该动物的所有人了。这一原则之所以截然不同，是为了迎合公共政策中更新式的观念。依据古代法，似乎不存在其他或更宽泛的责任了，甚至当主人知道奴隶有罪时亦是如此，除非该奴隶也许只是主人手中的一个工具。盖尤斯和乌尔比安都倾向于把损害投偿原则简化为奴隶犯罪而主人并不知晓情况下主人的一项基本权利；但乌尔比安却不得不承认，根据塞尔索斯所述的古代法，即便奴隶主对奴隶犯罪知情，这种诉讼也为损害之诉。

这些都非常清楚地表明，追究所有人的责任，仅是追究直接导致侵害行为产生的奴隶或牲畜之责任的一个途径。换句话说，希腊以及早期罗马的诉讼是以对直接侵害人的复仇为目的，而不是以从主人或所有人那里获得的赔偿为目的。所有人所负的责任，只不过是侵害物的所负有的责任。在希腊早期的习惯法中，用来执行这一法规的一套司法程序，乃是明文直接针对侵害物，而不管其有无生命。罗马的《十二铜表法》指定被告人为所有人，而非侵害物本身，但该法丝毫没有更改责任的基础，或影响责任的范围。这一变化仅仅只是一种手段，使所有人能保护自己的权益。

不过，有人可能会问，如果司法程序的目的是为了满足复仇的激情，那么无生命物又怎样在这种司法程序中被追究责任呢？对此，博学之士早已准备好了答案，他们认为原因就在于无生命物可以拟人化之后等同于野兽及家子，这一观点还需多方证实。如果没有这个拟人化的过程，针对无生命物的愤怒之情可能最多只是暂时的。最原始的习惯法和法律中最常见的一棵树的例子值得我们注意：一棵树倒下来砸在一个人身上，或者一个人从树上摔下来摔死了。我们可以相对轻松地设想，树木与动物是如何被相提并论的。树被当成动物一样处理，被交给了死者的亲属，或是被砍成碎片，以满足真实或伪装的复仇之激情。

在雅典的司法程序中无疑还可追溯到另外一种思想。赎罪是柏拉图最为坚持的目的之一，似乎也是埃斯基涅斯提到的司法程序之目的。下文还将要提到的罗马历史学家们的一些篇章，似乎也指向同一个方向。

另一值得注意的特点是，人们似乎认为，责任从几乎纯物理的意义上来说是附属于造成损害的主体的。未经训练的人只能不尽完美地进行分析，而法学家通过分析则可将责任追溯到因果关系链的起点。古罗马法中的损害投偿及其他一些类似原则，体现了对任何给我们带来痛苦的事物的仇恨之情，这种仇恨之情被发泄到明显的起因之上，使得甚至是文明人在手指被门夹疼了的时候，也会揣上门一脚。盖尤斯的著作中有一段残篇，好像是说，即使交出的是侵害人的死身，责任有时都可被免除。李维也讲述了这样一件事情：布鲁图斯·帕皮斯违反了与罗马人达成的休战协定，萨姆尼特人决定把他交与罗马人，帕皮斯为了避免耻辱以及虐待而自杀了，萨姆尼特人就把他的尸首交给了罗马人。值得注意的是，交出尸首似乎被视为对违反协定的自然赔偿，如侵害人死亡，交出其尸体同样是理所当然的。

这类最奇特的例子出现在今天我们应当称之为合同法的范畴。如果上面这个例子的确还算不上这一类例子的话，李维还提供了一个例子。“古罗马执政官帕斯图密乌斯（据李维记载，依誓约，而非同盟条约）订立了耻辱性的卡夫丁峡谷和约，他于是被遣送到罗马接受人民的制裁。”但到了罗马之后，他提出，和约订立者，包括他本人，应当被交给对方以履行合约。他说，不支持和约的罗马人民，是因为他们完全不了解宣战与议和法，不知道他们可以通过交出我们而免除责任。交出准则似乎使这一实例被纳入到损害投偿的范畴之内。西塞罗也讲述了一个类似的交出的例子，曼西努斯被其家族的长辈交给了努曼蒂尼人，但是努曼蒂尼人，与上例中的萨姆尼特人一样，也拒绝接受曼西努斯。

有人也许会问，在违背契约与激发复仇愿望的不当行为之间，能找到什么类似之处吗？但是，有必要记住的是，侵权与违约之间的区别，尤其是侵权救济与违约救济之间的区别，并非一开始就存在。可以想象，一项适用于暴力救济的程序，在其他案情出现时，就会被扩展运用到新的案情中。奴隶因攻击罪以及盗窃罪而被交出；据说，一个债户如未能偿还借款，或者一个卖主如收了买主的钱却未能交货，都按窃贼同等方式处理。这一思路，以及上文中已经提到的以法律义务来约束实施违法行为之主体的准唯物论观念，也许能够解释《十二铜表法》中著名的有关破产债务人的规定。根据该法，如果一个人对多位债主负有债务且无力偿还，经过一些程序之后，债主们则可将其身体切割成几块予以分配。如只有一位债主，则该债主可将债户处死，或将其出售为奴。

如果仅把债户贬为奴隶，而未赋予债主其他权利的话，则可认为此项法规只是以赔偿为目的，是对自然的自力救济行为的仿效。我们美国自己的法律原则，即处决一个人的身体以履行债务（虽然他一个小时也未被羁押）的原则，似乎也可以如此进行解释。但是，债主有权处死债户看起来似乎是复仇，而将身体切割，则表明债务实际上被认为存在于身体之中，或者对身体具有一种法律约束。

不管对合同相关的交出真实的解释是什么，在此我们只需讨论侵害之损害投偿的一般情况，而无需进行更进一步的探讨。也无需深究造成头等重要之伤害的身体表面上所附着的责任。罗马法主要涉及有生命物，——涉及牲畜与奴隶。如果一个人被车碾过，被交出的并不是碾压他的车，而是拉车的牛。这一观念至此还比较容易理解。对一个奴隶所怀有的复仇欲望，可能与对自由人一样强烈，即便在今天也不乏例证表

明，人们对一头牲畜也可能怀有类似的复仇激情。交出奴隶或者牲畜是为了让受损害方有权随意处置它们。由所有人进行赔偿只是所有人想要通过赔偿摆脱复仇的一种特权。

不难想象，当文明发展到一定高度时，上文所描述的这样一种法律体系就难以为继了。以往根据协议通过赔偿来摆脱复仇，即赔偿损失而不用交出侵害者身体的特权，毫无疑问，就变成了一般性的惯例。比《十二铜表法》晚大约两个世纪通过的《阿奎利亚法》，扩大了人身伤害的赔偿范围。有关解释又进一步扩大了《阿奎利亚法》的适用范围。如果奴隶实施了若干不当行为而主人知晓，则主人应对此负有个人责任，但以往则只需交出奴隶。如果一头驮货的骡子因为背上驮的货物没有装好，而将货物抖落砸在了一个过路人身上，或者是一条本应当被看管好的狗，却从主人手里逃脱并咬伤了人，以往所谓的损害之诉，根据新法就由追究一般个人责任的诉讼所取代。再后来，船主和客栈老板要对其在船上或客栈中雇用的人员所实施的不当行为负责，似乎他们就是行为不当者一样，即便他们肯定并不知情。他们负有这种特别的责任，真正的原因在于人们必定对船主及客栈老板寄予了特别的信任。但是，有些法学家，他们将交出家子或奴隶视为一种想要对责任进行限制的特权，他们对这种新加责任的解释依据是，客栈老板或船主因为用人不当，所以在一定程度上犯有过失罪。这是首次让主人无条件地为其佣人之不当行为承担责任的例子。对这一新法规的解释具有普遍适用性，而这一原则也扩大到其解释适用的范围。

有关船主及客栈老板的法律还引入了另一项更为惊人的革新。如果雇用的是自由人，也如同雇用的是奴隶一样，船主及客栈老板都要承担责任。这是第一次，一个人要为另外一个也应负有责任并在法律上具有主体资格的人所实施的不当行为负责。与单纯允许赎回奴隶作为一种特权相比较，这是一个巨大的转变。这里我们就了解了有关雇主与雇工、以及本人与代理人整个现代法律的历史。现在，所有雇工与其雇主享有同样的自由，并同样对诉讼负有责任。但这一原则却是基于特殊的原因，在特殊的情况下，即雇工为奴隶的情况下被引入的，现已成为美国及英格兰一项普通的法令；据此，人们常常不得不因为他人的行为而支付大笔的费用，尽管他们既未参与他人的行为，也绝不对他人的行为负有责任。罗马法学家在论证特殊规则时所提出的理由，到了今天则被用来论证这一普适性的以及无限制的责任。

对于普通法的一个起源就说到这里。现在让我们暂且看看条顿人的情况。《萨利克法》所包含的一些惯例，很可能起源非常早，所以没有受到罗马法或旧约的影响。这部古老文书的第36章规定，如家畜致人死亡，家畜所有者则应当支付一半的赔偿金（如果是他本人杀死了这个人，为摆脱血亲复仇他必须支付的赔偿金），另一半赔偿则是把该牲畜交给控诉人。同样地，根据该法第35章的规定，如果一个奴隶杀死了一个自由人，该奴隶则应当被交给死者的亲属，作为赔偿的一半，另外一半赔偿则由主人支付。但是，根据对该法的注解，如果死者或其亲属对该奴隶或其主人很粗暴，则主人只须交出该奴隶即可。有趣的是，威尔达认为代表了日耳曼法更原始阶段的那些北方民族的法律，将牲畜的责任仅限于交出该牲畜。还有迹象表明，再晚些时候，在某些情况下，主人已经可以通过证明该奴隶不再属于自己所有，而使自己免责。随后的规定变为主人要为受自己支配的奴隶的不当行为负责。根据这些早期法，图林根人制定了他们的法律，其中明文规定，主人必须为其奴隶造成的所有损害作出赔偿。

简而言之，就我所能追溯到的日耳曼部落习惯法的发展顺序来看，它与我们已经追溯过的罗马法的发展顺序几乎完全相似。早期奴隶及牲畜的责任主要局限于交出，后来则如罗马法一样，演变为个人的责任。

读者也许会在此要求出示证据，以证明所有这一切的确对我们今天的法律有所影响。就罗马法尤其是罗马法中有关主人和佣人的规定对我们法律的影响而言，在过去500年内所著的每一部书里都会找到证据。上文已经说过，我们直到今天依然还在重复罗马法学家们的推理过程，尽管现在看来已经没有什么意义了。我们将会清楚地看到英格兰是否也沿袭了日耳曼民间法。

赫洛特里和伊德里统治时代制定的肯特法（公元680年）规定："如果某人的奴隶杀死了一个自由人，无论这个自由人是谁，奴隶的主人都应当赔偿100先令，并交出杀人者，"等等。还有几条其他类似的规定。在几乎同时期的伊尼法中，交出奴隶或牲畜与进行赔偿只是二选一。"如果一个威塞克斯奴隶杀死了一个英国人，奴隶主则应当把奴隶交给领主和死者的亲属，或者支付60先令以赎回其生命。"《阿尔弗雷德法典》（公元871--901年）针对牲畜有一项类似的规定。"如果一头牛伤害了一个人，这头牛就当被交出，或者是进行和解。"尽管阿尔弗雷德大帝比有记载的英国最早的立法者晚了200年，他却似乎回归到更为原始的一

些观念，这些观念比我们所发现的其时代之前的观念还要原始。因为这一原则被扩展到适用于树木致人死亡的情况。“两人一起干活时，如果一人无意致另外一人死亡，则应当把致人死亡的这棵树交给死者的亲属，让他们在三十个晚上之内砍倒这棵树。否则树的主人应当花钱来购买这棵树。”

把泰勒先生曾经提到的南亚原始的库基部落的规定与此相提并论，也并无不妥。“如果一只老虎咬死了一个库基族人，其家人将被蒙羞，直到他们杀死并吃掉这只或另外一只老虎而实现复仇为止；但更进一步的规定是，如果一个人从树上跌下来摔死了，其亲属可以把这棵树砍倒并剁成碎片四处分撒来实现复仇。”

我们再回到英国，其后来的法律，自阿尔弗雷德大帝之后约100年一直到诺曼征服很久之后才汇编而成的《亨利一世法》，都增加了领主对其家庭（包括佣人在内的）的责任，使他成为其佣人良好行为的担保人。如果佣人被国王处以罚款，但却逃跑了，领主则须支付罚金，除非他能够证明自己并非同谋。但是我不敢说，主人对佣人负有无限责任这一曾在欧洲大陆施行的原则是否延续到了更晚期，日耳曼部落以及罗马人都曾实施过该原则。当时确立的这项原则是否为本土的产物，或其最终的确立是否受到了罗马法的影响，如布莱克顿就借用了大量的罗马法，这些我都不敢说。但是，只要有了孕育这一原则的土壤，而且这一原则早已生根，这就足够了。针对主人对其佣人的不当行为负有责任的问题，只需要谈这些就行了。

接下来要看一看适用于动物之责任原则的形成。今天，牲畜所有人应自担风险约束其牲畜的侵害行为；如果他的狗或是其他凶猛的动物造成了损害，且他已经注意到该畜生有造成所控之损害的趋势，他则应当为此承担责任。问题在于，我们能否在这些合理明晰的现代法律规则与阿尔弗雷德大帝所规定的交出规则之间找到一些关联性。

让我们来看一看古老的苏格兰法判例集中的一卷，其中，这一古老的原则表明被完全采用，并以当时所理解的依据进行了说明，

“如果一匹野马或者烈马将一个人在其非自愿的情况下驮到了峭壁、陡坡或水里，而此人不幸身亡，此马即会被充公归国王所有。

“但一匹驯服的家养的马，情况却不一样了；如果一个人骑术低劣，猛踢马刺强迫马过河，此人溺亡，则这匹马就不应当被充公，因为所涉及的过错或侵害行为是此人所犯下的，而不是该马匹所犯下的，那么，

既然此人死了，就已经受到了惩罚，而这匹马又没有过错，那就不应当被充公。

“所有其他动物致人死亡的情况，也是同样的道理，（后来的一本判例集中又补充道“如果它们对致人死亡负有责任”），它们都应当被充公。”

《男爵法庭的程式及习惯》中接着说：

“这即是从法律的角度提出了这个问题：如果某人拥有一个磨坊，而有人掉进了水坝，被水冲到了磨坊，在磨坊被碾死了，那么，该磨坊是否应当被充公呢？对此法律的回答是不；理由如下：这是一个无生命的东西，而一个无生命的东西是不可能犯罪的，也就不可能以充公的形式来消除其罪孽。因此，此案中的磨坊无罪，而且在法律上，土地的领主可以合法地在本人所有的水域内随意建造磨坊。”

从这段文字中，读者会看到，有能力犯罪的物体和没有能力犯罪的物体（有生命和无生命的物体）被区分开来；但读者还会看到，人们觉得将动物视为有罪没有任何困难。这与上文中对罗马法的分析一样。

下面再来看看英国法早期的一个片段，这是对其中一名英国法官所作规定的记载。1333年，有如下法律规定：“如果我的狗咬死了你的羊，而我在这一事实发生之后，立即将该狗交给了你，你就不能再从我这里获得赔偿。”三个多世纪之后，到了1676年，特威斯登法官说：“如果某人驯养的一只狐狸挣脱了束缚逃走了，并具有了野性，这只狐狸的前主人对于其在丢失并恢复了野性之后所造成的损害无需承担责任。”如果不是因为下面这种观念长期的影响，即所有人的责任是以对实施侵害之主体的所有权为基础的（所有人拥有该物并且未履行交出该物），该法官是不是会作出上述判决，至少是值得怀疑的。如果狐狸逃走了，依据另外一条法律原则，所有权即告终止。事实上，直到1864年，英格兰还在严肃强调对一只逃逸后咬伤了原告的猴子予以同样的考虑。因此，我们似乎可以合理地推测，正是基于这一考虑，才使得霍尔特勋爵在上个世纪初提出，牲畜的所有者之所以应当自行承担约束牛羊不造成侵害的责任，其原因在于，他在这类动物身上有很大的财产利益，但对于一条狗，他却没有这种利益，他对狗所负的责任就要轻一些。事实上，直到今天，谨慎的法官还在如是陈述有关牲畜的法律：“如果我是一只动物的主人，其中，所有权依照法律可以存在，那么，我就有责任注意不让它跑到我邻居的土地上去。”

我的意思并不是说，我们有关这一问题的现代法律只是某种残存物，其与原始观念的唯一不同只是将造成侵害的动物换成了其所有人。因为，尽管早期法很有可能是现代法律形成的一个原因，但是，法律在其发展过程的每一个阶段，都很具有合理性，不会受到诸如责任的全盘转移可能会产生的那种颠覆性的影响。所有人没有必要冒生命的危险，以约束其牲畜使其不致伤害邻居的人身。在有关个人责任最早期的一些案例中，即便是擅闯邻居领地的案例，责任的依据似乎仍然是所有人的疏忽。

普通法认定为所有权主体的那些动物，其本性就是会随意走散，并且走散之后就会踩踏并啃食庄稼而造成损害。然而，约束这些动物，却是平常之举，也很容易就能做到。但是，一条狗并非所有权的主体，它仅仅穿越了他人而非其所有人的领地，是不会造成任何伤害的。因此，这个程度上，新法也许是遵循了旧法。造成侵害之动物身上的所有权，在古代是责任认定的基础，这一原则也许被继受，非常稳妥地成为根据所有人之过错对责任进行认定的原则。但是，对于预计不可能由这类动物造成的侵害类型，其责任则由受传统影响相对较少的政策依据来进行认定。对于凶猛的野生动物的个人责任在《罗马法》中的演变，上文已经作出了解释。我们的法律似乎继承了罗马法。

现在，对于原始观念中最不可能保留下来的那一部分，即无生命物的责任这一部分，我们来追溯一下其历史的发展。

要记住，阿尔弗雷德大帝曾经规定将造成侵害的树交出，但后来的苏格兰法却摒弃了这一规定，因为无生命的东西不可能有罪。我们还应该记得，苏格兰法中被没收的动物被上缴给了国王。直到本世纪之前，英格兰也同样如此，甚至有关无生命物也是如此。早在布莱克顿时代，如果一个人被杀，验尸官就会对致其死亡的物体进行估价，该物将被作为赎罪奉献物“上缴给国王”。该物将被奉献给上帝，也就是说以国王的名义，交给教会，以使死者的灵魂得以永生。在这个时期，一个人的死亡已经不同于蛮族时期的民间法，不再是其朋友间的私事了。国王设立了法院，对此提出了处罚的要求。在对有罪物进行索赔的过程中，国王取代了家族，教会又取代了国王。

爱德华一世时期的一些判例让我们想起了处于最蒙昧阶段的原始法律。如果一个人从树上掉下来了，树就是赎罪奉献物。如果他在一口井里淹死了，这口井就会被填平。即使被罚没的工具的所有者无罪，也不

影响工具被罚没。“如果一个人用斯泰尔镇的约翰的剑杀死了另外一个人，这把剑将作为赎罪奉献物而被没收，即使剑的所有者没有任何过错。”这段话摘自约1530年，亨利八世时期的一部著作。自伊丽莎白女王时期开始，到其后一百年的时间里，以下规定被不断重复：如果我的马撞了一个人，然后我把这匹马卖了，之后这个人死了，这匹马仍然应当被罚没。因此，直到不久前，在所有针对谋杀的起诉中，都需要对致人死亡的工具及其价值进行说明，比如用某把小刀戳了一刀，小刀价值6便士，以确保小刀被没收。有台蒸汽机据说就曾经以这种方式被罚没过。

现在，我要就我所认为的这一原则最显著的变迁来谈一谈，在我们的法律成为现今的法律的过程中，这一变迁是一个非常重要的因素。我得暂时撇开普通法，来谈谈海事法。在刚才所引用的早期判例集中，及其后很长一段时间里，运动这一因素因其非常重要而被予以重视。据记载，爱德华一世时期的法官亨利·斯皮格内尔的一条准则是：“如果某人被一辆马车撞死，或者因一间房屋倒塌砸死，或因其他类似方式致死，而运动的物体系致死之原由，则应当把该物体作为赎罪奉献物。”到了下一任君主统治时期，还是如此规定：“凡是与曾致人死亡的物体一起运动的物体都要被交给所在地的领主，或者神职人员。”读者由此可以看出，被没收的物体是如何因为运动而获得生命的。

这类例子中最引人注目的是有关船舶的例子。相应地，早期判例集中说，如果一个人从一艘船上掉下去淹死了，船舶的运动应当被认为是致死之原由，船舶则要被没收，但前提是这件事情发生在淡水水域内。因为如果死亡发生在公海海域，这就超出了正常司法管辖权的范围。有人认为，这一限制性规定意味着，海上的船舶不应当被没收；不过，议会却有长长的请愿书，提请国王废除这类罚没，这又另当别论了。事情的真相似乎是，没收照常进行，只不过由另外一家法院来实行。最近才出版的亨利六世时期的一份手稿揭示了这一事实：如果一个人在海上因船的移动致死或淹死，那么，这只船就会在海事法院依照某种程序由海军事务大臣予以没收，海军事务大臣或国王格外开恩才可能豁免。

船舶是无生命物中最具生命性的物体。佣人们不时会用“她”来称呼钟表，但每个人都会给船舶加上一个女性的称呼。因此，当我们发现在刑法中已表现出特别活力的一种处理模式，甚至被更加彻底地适用于海事法时，我们不必对此感到惊奇。只有假设似乎是在赋予了船舶以人格

的情况下对船舶进行处理，才能明白海事法表面所特有的任意性，而在这一假设之下，这些任意性马上就变得协调一致、合乎逻辑了。

为了探究海事法的特性是什么，我们先来看一起海上碰撞的案例。有两艘船发生了碰撞，一船名为提康德罗加号，另一船为美拉姆波司号，两船相撞过错完全在提康德罗加号一方。当时，提康德罗加号正在一定租赁期内，承租人有自己的船长负责船舶，而该船船主则对船舶没有任何支配权。因而，该船船主不应当被归罪，甚至是在损害为其雇工所造成的情况下，也不能把责任归咎于船主。船主依照基本原则被免除个人责任。然而，完全可以确定的是：因其所造成的一定量的损害，该船有抵押权，这就意味着，在任一海事法庭，只要其传票能到达该船，即可扣留并变卖该船以赔偿损失。如果一个车马行的店主把一辆马车出租给一个客户，而这位客户因为驾驶不小心而撞倒了一个人，在这种情况下，没有任何人会想到要提出扣押这辆马车的权力主张。由此可以看出，唯一可被变卖以赔偿损害的财产，应为不当行为人所属财产。

但是，让我们再假设该船并未被出租，而是由一位领航员所支配，该船行将驶入之港口的法律要求必须雇用该领航员。美国最高法院认为，在这种情况下，船舶也应负有责任。英格兰法院则很有可能会做出相反的判决，这种事情在英格兰由立法决定。但在英国，上诉法院，即枢密院，主要由普通法法学家组成，表现出明显的吸纳普通法法规的倾向。在普通法中，如果一个人不能将个人责任加于所有者，那么，他也不能约束某一宗特定的动产，使其承担不当行为的责任，尽管该动产为行使不当行为的工具。但我们的最高法院长期以来则认为，当一个人不能追究船主的个人责任时，他可以对船舶追究责任，因为他并非代理人。

也许应当承认的是，如果这一法规没有一种表面上的合理性来支撑的话，它就不可能延续至今。在与外国人的纠纷中，船舶是唯一能够得到的抵押品，与其派本国公民去一个陌生的外国法庭寻求补偿，还不如扣留船舶，在本国满足相关索赔，而让外国船主自行寻求可能获得的赔偿，这样要容易一些。我敢说，诸如此类的一些想法曾促使这一惯例得以继续留存，但我相信，其真正的历史原由还不在于此。就像一柄剑一样，船舶无疑也会因为致人死亡而被没收，无论它是在谁的手里。因此，如果一艘船的船长及其船员带着搜捕特许证，劫掠了一友好国家，依据海事法，船主将丧失其船舶，尽管对上述罪行之实施，船主既不知

情，也不同意。致人死亡或者实施过海盗行为的船舶为国王没收所依据的原则，似乎极有可能等同于，船舶在其他损害情况下对私人受害人负有责任所依据的原则，而不论损害发生时，船在谁的手上。

今天，如果我们对一位未受过教育的人说，“是船舶犯的错，应当让船舶对此进行赔偿”，不知道此人能否看出其中的缪误，或者能够马上解释说，船舶不过是财产，而所谓“船舶必须对此进行赔偿”，不过是一种戏剧性的说法，其意思是说，某人的财产应当被变卖，用变卖财产所得来为他人所实施的不当行为进行赔付。

类似形式的话语似乎足可以满足伟大的法学家们的想法。下面一段文字摘自于首席大法官马歇尔的一份判词，斯托里法官在发布美国最高法院判决书时曾以赞同的态度引用过此判决：“这不是一项针对船舶所有人的诉讼，而是一项针对实施侵害行为的船舶的诉讼；不能因为其侵害行为没有得到所有人的授权并且违背了所有人的意志，而使之不成为侵害行为，或者不被罚没。无生命物的确不可能实施任何侵害行为。但船身是由船员操纵而移动的，而船员则是受船长指挥的。船只是通过船长采取行动、发出信号的。船只是通过船长来记录自身活动情况的。因此，船舶应该会受到船长记录的影响，是不无道理的。”此外，斯托里法官还引用了另外一个案例：“此物在此基本上被认定为侵害行为的实施者，或者更准确地说，侵害行为主要依附于该物体”。

换句话说，那些伟大的法官们，尽管他们肯定意识到了一艘船并不比一只磨坊的水车轮更富于生命力，但他们还是认为，法律事实上的确把船只作为有生命之物来进行处理，而且法律这样处理也是合情合理的。读者会注意到，他们并未简单地说，依据政策，为了保障他人而牺牲对船只所有人的公平是合理的，而是说将船只作为侵害实施物来处理是合理的。无论这背后隐藏的政策依据是什么，他们的想法依然是用拟人化的用语表达出来的。

现在让我们继续探讨海事法其他方面的特殊性。因为以上所提到的案例只是一个更大的整体的组成部分而已。

依据中世纪的海事法，船舶不仅仅是责任的起因，还是责任的限度所在。这一规则早已盛行，并已被英国成文法以及我国1851年的国会法案所借鉴和采纳。依据该规则，只要船舶所有人交出了他在船舶中的利益及该船所获得的运费，他就不再因其所指定之船长的不当行为而承担责任。根据代理法，船舶所有人本应对全部损失负有个人责任。被认为

是现代商业不可或缺的有限责任制度，如将其起源归因于对那些对公共政策的考量（尽管该制度现在可能是以公共政策为依据），那么该制度与船舶碰撞法就会毫不相干。但是，如果这里的责任限定的依据与损害投偿原则一样，就证实了上文给出的当船舶不在船主手中时，船舶应对其不当行为负有责任的解释；反过来，这种责任的存在也证实了此处的观点。

我们再来看另外一条规则，这条规则照例也有一条似乎有理的政策解释。运费据说是工资之母；有人说原因在于，“假如船舶失事，假如船员们在这种情况下要想拿到工资，则不必尽力保障船舶的安全，也不必为此危及自己的生命。”对于这一推理最好的注释是，成文法最近已对此法规进行了修订。但即使依照旧法，也还是一个例外，与这种所谓的推理相矛盾。船舶失事是不能获得运费的一种常见的情况，只要船舶任何一个部分被挽留下来，船员就保有留置权。我想，有人可能会说，因为鼓励船员尽其所能地挽救船上的东西才是明智之举。如果我们考虑到把船员视为受雇于船舶这一点，我们就可以很容易理解这一规则及其例外。“船舶是债务人”，为威廉三世时期裁决的某个案件所作的辩护中曾如是说。如果债务人死亡，事情就完结了。如果船舶有一部分到岸了，该部分就可能被起诉。

通常给出的解释也可表明，该规则，即运费为工资之母这一规则，甚至其现代形式也涉及到船舶是灭失还是安全抵达的问题。据我所能发现的，现存所有有关这一问题最古老的海事法渊源中是这样陈述的：如船舶灭失，船员将丧失其工资。同样地，在被《海上领事》一书的英文编辑特拉弗斯·特威斯爵士称之为该书最古老的那一部分中，我们也可以看到：“无论承运人是潜逃或者死亡，船舶都负有支付船员工资的责任。”我认为，我们可以假定船舶受到与船员签订的合同的约束，这非常类似于船舶也受到其所负责的不当行为的约束，就好比在古罗马法之下，债务人的身体为其所欠债务及罪行承担责任。

涉及船舶的其他海事纠纷，无论是合同形式，还是其他方式的纠纷，也都如此。如果对一艘船实施了海难救助，海事法院即会扣押该船，尽管在所有人被依法起诉的情况下，是否存在合同之诉让人怀疑。因此，船舶是在船长订立的合同的约束之下运送货物的，这与当时在租赁期内的船舶的海上碰撞案件类似。而且，依照我们最高法院的规定，在这类案件中，船长在不能约束船舶一般所有者的情况下，可对船舶进

行约束。“依照惯例，船舶对货物负有责任，货物也对船舶负有责任。”“依据海事法，船长订立的每一份合同都意味着一份抵押契约。”毫无疑问，有人可能会极力主张：因为就通常的海事合同而言，纠纷在很多情况下必定与船舶或者货物的安全性相关，因此解决的办法是在所有情况下都提供这种担保；这样船舶所有人因之承担的风险就可被估算出来，所有人出租船舶之时，就必定会将风险考虑在内。此外，在很多情况下，当一方当事人以合同方式主张船舶留置权时，他通常都已经对其主张留置权的物体的状况进行了改善，这在一些法律体系中被视为主张此类留置权一个依据。但这并不具有普遍性，在一些最重要的案例中也并非如此。应当留给读者自己来决定，是否有理由认为：船舶的不当行为自然引起的上述形而上的混乱对人们思考船舶合同的方式产生了影响。船舶问题的整个处理方式，显然采用了最初提到的判例中所盛行的方式。帕尔德苏斯是有关海事法的权威，他说，货物留置权甚至优先于对被盗货物货主的赔偿，“因为船长更多的是与货物打交道，而不是与人打交道”。因此，在一起著名的英国案例的辩护中提到，“船舶代替了船主，因此应当承担责任。”在许多有关合同及侵权行为的案例中，船舶不仅是债务的担保，还是船舶所有人责任的限度所在。

海事法庭的原则具体体现在其程序形式中。在海事法庭中，可指名对船舶提起诉讼，任何对此感兴趣的人都可自由进入法庭做出辩护，诉讼如果获胜，结果将出售船舶，并以变卖船舶所得来支付原告提出的赔偿。早在詹姆斯一世时期就有人说，“原告的起诉状应当只针对船舶和货物，而不是针对当事人”。有关这一论断的先例出自亨利六世时期，我们知道，这一时期的海事法庭主张对致人死亡的船舶予以没收。不过，我必须得说，我无法找到那一时期类似的先例。

至此，我们已经追溯了现代法律中，除个人自身行为所产生的直接的、明显的后果以外，其他所有主要责任形式的发展过程。我们在两大母法——罗马法和日耳曼习惯法，以及二者在英国的土壤上所衍生的有关佣人、动物和无生命物的法律中可以看到责任形式并行的发展过程。我们看到，单个的种子会繁殖分化、结出多个果实，就像同根而生的花朵一样。那个种子是什么几乎都不用再问了。我们已经发现，种子就是对实施侵害行为的物体本身进行报复的欲望。毫无疑问，有人会提出异议说，所述规则有很多起源于扣押侵害物作为赔偿抵押品这一做法，而这起初可能并不合法。以上的解释，以及此处给出的解释都可能表明，

责任的现代观念还尚未成形，因为造成侵害之物体的所有人完全可能并非侵害实施人本身。不过，这却并非最有能力的法官的观点。对最早期案例的分析表明，复仇而非补偿，对实施侵害物的复仇，才是最初的目的，这是可想而知的。《出埃及记》中的牛要被石头砸死。雅典法中的斧头要被放逐。泰勒先生所举的例子中的树要被剁成碎片。在所有法律体系中，奴隶都要被交给死者的亲属，后者可以随心所欲地对奴隶进行处置。赎罪奉献物是被诅咒的物体。所有人在法庭上受审时，如果是所有人自身的责任，而不是其所属物的责任，那么最初把责任限定于交出这一原则，就解释不通了，这引起了人们的质疑。即便如此，在有些案件中，人们的意图似乎是赎罪而不是复仇，目的也同样远不是被法外扣押的财物。

除追溯历史的目的之外，上述责任形式的历史发展，还充分说明了法律发展过程中形式与实质之间的悖论。在形式上，法律的发展是符合逻辑的。正统的理论认为，每一项新的判决都是在已有判例的基础上，按照一定的逻辑产生的。但是，正如猫体内的锁骨只能说明存在某种锁骨对其有用的早期的生物一样，同样地，某些判例在法律中被保留了下来，但其曾经的用途却早已终止，其判决的依据也早已被遗忘。从纯逻辑的角度来看，遵循惯例，结果通常只会导致失败与混乱。

另一方面，在内容上法律的发展与立法相关。较之法院所宣称的永久性的法律，从更深层次的意义上而言，法律的发展其实具有创新性。它从根本上就与立法相关。法官们很少提及，而且提及时总会为之辩护的那些分析考量，恰恰就是法律获取整个生命之液的秘密根茎。当然，我所谓的考量，是指对相关团体来说什么才是最有利的这样一些考量。每一项通过诉讼建立起来的重要的法律原则，事实上以及本质上而言，多多少少都是明确理解公共政策的结果；当然，就最一般的情况而言，根据我们的实践与传统，是直觉偏好以及难以言说的信念等无意识的产物，但归根到底却依然可以追溯到对公共政策的理解。由于法律是由一些有能力和有经验的人来掌管，他们对法律非常了解，不会为了逻辑性而牺牲合理性；因此，我们会发现，当古代的法律规则以本书前后文所述及的方式继续保留下来时，人们已经为这些规则找到了更符合时代需要的新理据，从新的理据中，这些规则逐渐获得了新内涵，并最终获得了新形式。

但迄今为止，这一过程在很大程度上只是无意识的过程。有鉴于

此，分析事件发展的实际过程非常重要。如果只是要求对法院的立法功能有更自觉的认识，就像刚才所解释的一样，这种分析也是很有裨益的，我们在后文中会更清楚地看到这一点。

上文所述将可以解释所有仅仅从形式的角度对法律进行分析的理论的失败，不论这些理论是试图从某种先验性假设中演绎出法律大全，还是陷入了更为低级的错误之中，以为法律的艺术在于法律之精美雅致，或者法律各部分与部分之间的逻辑一致性。事情的真相是，法律总是想要趋近于一致性，但却永远不能获得一致性。一方面，法律永远在不断接受源自生活的新原则；另一方面，它却总是保留着历史上尚未被吸收，或未被抛弃的旧原则。只有停止了发展，法律才会完全一致。

我们进行的研究，对于了解法律，以及修订法律都很有必要。即便我们可以将法律编纂为一系列表面上似乎自我满足的命题，这些命题也不过只是持续发展过程中的一个阶段而已。为了全面了解命题的范畴，以及在过去接受法律培训的法官们将如何对待这些命题，我们自己则必须对过去有所了解，因为法律体现了过去的历史。法律的历史对于了解法律的现在很有必要。

此外，我在上文所描述的法律发展的过程，也涉及到试图遵循判例，并为其找到充分的理据。我们发现，在重大的部门法中，用以解释各法规合理性的各项政策依据，其实都是后来才提出的，以用来解释那些实际上自早期留存下来的规则，当我们发现这一点时，我们有权对通行的政策依据重新进行考量，并同时拓宽视野，重新审视这些依据是否令人满意。这些依据，无论以什么样的方式出现，都可能会令人满意。如果由缪误不能经常得出真理，如果旧的工具不能适用于新的用途，人类的进步就会变得迟缓。而审查与修订与时就具有了合理性。

但是，以上的分析，以及对包含于法律史中的人类学素材的揭示，都并非在此的直接目的。我的目的和意图是要指出，为现代法律所知晓的多种责任形式，起源于复仇这一共同的原因。在合同法的范畴内，除了本讲所涉及的有关案例外，这一事实几乎不重要。但是，在刑法和侵权法里，这一点却至关重要。它表明，两者都起源于同一个道德基准，起源于有人应当被归责的想法。

尚需证明的是：尽管有关道德的术语仍被保留了下来，尽管法律在某种意义上仍然、而且一直是根据道德标准来衡量法律责任，但是，依其本质之必然，法律还是在不断地把这些道德标准转化为外在或客观的

标准，而这些外在或客观的标准对涉案当事人的实际过失完全不加考虑。

第二讲　刑法

第一讲一开始就指出了早期法中的上诉针对的仅是故意不当行为。上诉是一种比公诉要古老得多的程序形式，可以说既包括刑事也包括民事方面。它具有双重目的，既要补偿私人当事人所遭受的损失，还要因扰乱治安而对国王予以补偿。从民事方面来看，它根植于复仇。它是以获得补偿为目的一种诉讼，起初是自愿的，后来则发展为强制性的，行为不当者据此通过赔偿化解复仇。就国王而言，这一程序形式的目的是同样为了复仇，还是尤其是为了增加国家收入，这倒无关紧要，因为国王的权力主张并不会扩大诉讼的范围。

我们似乎可以合理地推断：可公诉罪行最初的适用范围和早期法中引起上诉的罪行一样。因为不管公诉是否是从上诉中分离出来，还是产生于别的方式，两者都密切相关。

依据事实宣告被诉人无罪即意味着公诉的中止；但是，当一件诉讼彻底启动之后，即使上诉人可能不提起刑事诉讼，或可能因被告的答辩而败诉，该诉讼仍可以国王的名义继续进行。

（大陪审团根据对罪行的调查提出的）起诉报告是我们刑事程序的另一个来源，其起源有别于上诉。如果就像一直所认为的那样，起诉报告只是立即追捕及私刑的后续形式的话，那么它也应当是复仇的产物，甚至比上诉显得要更清楚一些。

复仇的欲望表明了这样一种观点：复仇的对象事实上且身体上应被归罪。这采取的是一种内在的，而不是客观的或者外在的标准，并据此对复仇对象予以问责。问题在于，考虑到刑法发展所具有的相对迟缓性，人们是否仍然接受这样一种标准，而不论其是处于这种原始的形态，还是像普遍所认为的那样，而且似乎不是不可能的，处于某种更先进的形态。

当然，有人可能会说，满足复仇的欲望从来都是刑罚的一个目标，这一观点还有些说服力。看一看那些由于这样或那样的原因根本就不可能对不当行为作出补偿的例子，我们对这一观点就很清楚了。

因此，某一行为可能属于一类主要受害人死亡，赔偿无法实现的行为，就像谋杀或误杀案的情况一样。

此外，这些以及其他一些罪行，比如伪造文书罪等等，尽管针对的

对象是个人，但往往会使其他人感到不安全，而这种普遍的不安全感却不可能得到赔偿。

此外，还有一些案件无法强制执行赔偿。在麦考莱起草的《印度刑法典》草案中，违反乘客运输合同的行为被定为刑事犯罪。印度的轿夫太穷了，根本无力支付赔偿，但是，人们又不得不委托他们运送无人监护的妇女及儿童穿越荒郊野外，如果轿夫将这些由他们负责的乘客弃之于荒野的话，就有可能会置乘客于巨大的危险之中。

在所有这些案例中，刑罚依然是一种替代性方案。对侵害人可以施加某种惩罚，这种惩罚不会使受害方恢复到原来的状况或者同样很好的一种状况，但是，惩罚的目的就是为了让侵害人痛苦。就刑罚取代赔偿而言，则不论是因为受害人死了，还是因为受害人人数不确定，还是因为无法用金钱来衡量痛苦的价值，还是因为犯人很穷，都可以说满足复仇的欲望是刑罚的目的之一。犯人拿自己的身体来赔偿损失。

还可以说的更绝对一点，可以说，法律不仅确实使满足复仇的欲望成为刑罚的一个目标，而且还应当如此。不管怎样，这是两位权威人士比肖普·巴特勒和杰里米·边沁的看法，尽管这两位了不起的人物对其他问题的看法却大相径庭。詹姆士·斯蒂芬爵士说："刑罚之于复仇的激情，大致等同于婚姻之于性欲之间的关系。"

一个健全的法律体系，其首要条件就是，该体系应当顺应社会的真实情感与要求，而不论这些情感与要求对错与否。如果人们能在法律之外满足复仇的激情，如果法律不曾给人们以帮助，那么法律将别无选择，只好满足这种渴望本身，以避免出现私人复仇这种更为严重的罪恶。然而，无论是作为个人还是作为立法者而言，这种激情都不是我们所鼓励提倡的。此外，复仇的激情并不能涵盖全部的理据。有一些犯罪活动并不会激起复仇的激情，而我们自然希望，刑罚最重要的目的应与其适用的全部范围相对应。是否存在这样一个一般性的目的，如果存在的话，这一目的又是什么，这些还有待我们进行进一步的探讨。不同的理论在这个问题上还是有分歧。

有人认为，刑罚的目的在于改造罪犯；有人认为，其目的在于阻止罪犯和其他人再犯下类似的罪行；也有人认为，其目的是为报应。现在很少有人会坚持认为，第一种目的是刑罚的唯一目的。如果是这样的话，每一位犯人，一旦清楚他不会再次犯罪，就应当把他释放；而如果他无可救药的话，也就根本不应该对他施以刑罚。当然，也很难把死刑

与这一观点统一起来。

主要的争议存在于另外两种目的之间。一方观点认为，罪与罚之间存在一种神秘的关联；另一方则认为，施以刑罚只是实现目的的一种手段罢了。黑格尔是前一种观点的伟大阐释者之一，他以其准数学形式进行解释说，因为错误是对正确的否定，那么刑罚就是对这种否定之否定，要不然就是报应。这样，从与罪行成比例的意义上而言，刑罚就必须是等量的，因为刑罚的唯一功能在于消除犯罪。其他人没有黑格尔的这种逻辑工具，则乐于相信某种人们本能感觉到的必要性：犯罪即应受罚。

有人反对说，这种预防论是不道德的，因为它忽略了有些罪行是应当受到惩罚的，也没有提供衡量刑罚轻重的标准，有的只是立法者对于这种预防性惩罚量是否足够的主观性看法。用康德的话来说，预防论把人当成了物，而不是人；把人当成了手段，而不是目的。有人说，预防论与正义感相冲突，违背了一切自由社会的根本原则，即自由社会的成员都拥有生命、自由及人身安全的平等权利。

尽管如此，可能大多数英语国家的法学家都会毫不犹豫地接受预防论。针对违背了平等权利的指控，他们可能会回答说，平等原则仅使得个人之间形成平等，而不是个人与社会之间的平等。任何社会都曾经承认过，它可能会因为自身的存在而牺牲个人的利益。如果军队需要应征士兵，它就会抓住他们，拿刺刀对着他们的后背，迫使他们走向死亡。它让公路和铁路穿越古老的住宅区，而不顾房屋所有者的抗议，当然，这种情况下它会支付一定的市场价，因为没有一个文明的政府，对公民利益的牺牲大于其所提供的帮助，但为了其他人的意愿及利益，它仍然会牺牲某个公民的意愿及利益。

如果有必要就道德方面进行深究，则有人可能会提出说，只有局限在一般性事物的一般性处理过程中时，平等原则才尤其适用于个人。你不可能跟你的邻居争吵，除非你承认彼时他和你一样聪明，尽管你可能根本无法相信这一点。同样地，在两个人都可自由进行选择时，你不可能与他打交道，除非你们享有同等待遇，并受同样规则的约束。社会治安和社会关系被赋予的意义越来越重大，使社会人的法律表现为一切人的法律。但我却清楚地看到，最后的手段，不仅是国王的最后手段，也是私人的最后手段，乃是暴力；而一切私人关系的底线乃是一种无可非议的自我偏爱，不管这种偏爱如何因同情心以及各种社会情感而减弱。

如果一个人趴在一块木板上漂流于茫茫大海之中，这块木板只能浮起一个人，而一个陌生人要占有这块木板，此人肯定会尽全力把这个陌生人推开。当国家发现自己处于类似情况时，它也会这样做。

以上分析，是对有关平等权利之争的回答，也可以用来答复反对把人当作物及其此类的观点。如果一个人生活在社会中，他可能会发现自己被当成了某件物品。毫无疑问，一个民族所达到的文明程度之高低，其标志是人们愿意推己及人的程度。即使是在反社会的情势之下，人的社会性本能也会增长，以至于绝对控制人的行为，这可能就是人类的命运。但是，人的社会性本能现在还做不到这一点，而且由于法律规则正是、或者应当是以人们普遍接受的道德为基础的，所以，任何建立在绝对大公无私的理论基础之上的法规，其制定都可能会使得法律与有效的道德信仰之间出现裂痕。

刑事与民事责任的一般性原理如果相同的话（我正要试图指出这一事实），那么仅由此即可得出：频繁地惩罚道德上没有任何过错的、以及根据任何未公然无视所涉个人之个体特征的标准来说都不可能被归罪的那些人，在这一点上理论与实际是一致的。如果刑罚是立足于人们为之所提出的道德依据之上的话，那么，要考虑的第一件事情即是人们正确选择能力的一些制约性因素，其可能包括反常的本能、教育的缺失、智慧的缺乏，以及所有其他在犯罪群体中表现最为明显的一些缺陷。我并不是说刑事与民事责任的一般性原理不应当相同，或者至少从我的论点出发，我没有必要这样说。我并不是说，刑法所带来的好处大于坏处。我只是说，刑法不是依据那套理论来制定与执行的。

接下来还要说一说赞成肯定报应论的观点，其大意是说，犯罪受罚的合理性是不证自明的，正常人都会本能地意识到这一点。我认为，我们自我审视一下就会发现，这种合理性的感觉只有在我们的邻居犯案的情况下，才是绝对的和无条件的。一个犯过错，就绝不会再犯这样的错误，因而就对自己很满意的人，当只涉及其本人及世俗的惩罚机构时，我认为他不会觉得让他为自己所犯下的错误受罚具有哪怕是最小的必要性及合理性，尽管当其他人介入时，他可能会像一个哲学家一样，承认有必要惩罚自己以威慑他人。但是，当我们的邻居犯下过错时，我们有时会觉得让他们为此受罚是合理的，而不论他们悔过与否。这种合理性的感觉在我看来不过是一种伪装的复仇而已，我已经指出，复仇乃是刑罚的一个因素，尽管并非其主要因素。

不过，我又要说，这种所谓合理性的直觉在我看来与下文要解释的内容不是一回事。轻刑适用于轻罪，重刑适用于重罪。因此，犯罪即须受罚的要求，在罪与罚两方面必须是平等和绝对的。此外，法律所禁止的不法行为，与本质为恶的罪行，同为犯罪。如果存在任何刑罚的一般性原理，那么它就必然既能适用于这一起案件，也同样适用于其他案件。但是，如果假设一起案件中的侵害行为系违反了税法，而政府已经获得了损害赔偿，那就几乎不会说，我们觉得有任何内在的必要性要对这个已经为自己的侵害行为彻底悔悟的人进行惩罚，除非是基于要让其行为为他人所知晓这样的理由。要让其行为为他人所知晓，法律就不得不证实其行为的风险性，以使他人相信并为之战栗。但是，如果这一事实是统治者和国民之间的一个秘密的话，那么，统治者在完全不受情感影响的情况下，无疑就会明白刑罚在此类情况下是完全没有理由的。

另一方面，任何情况下，立法者在将某种行为定为刑事犯罪的时候，都会借此表明某种预防这种犯罪行为的愿望和目的。因此，预防似乎是刑罚主要的以及唯一的一般性目的。如果你做了某些事情，法律威胁要予以某些惩罚，目的就是借此给你提供一个不去做这些事情的新动机。如果你还坚持要做的话，法律就不得不施以惩罚，以使人们还可以继续相信其威慑力。

如果这是现有法律真实的写照，那么，法律毫无疑问确实是把个人作为实现目的的某种手段，是把个人当成某种工具，以其自身为代价来增进公共福利。上文已经表示，这一做法是完全正确的；不过，即便是错误的，我们的刑法还是遵循了这一做法，我们还是必须据此来构造我们的刑法理论。

更多有关于我们的法律超出了报应论的范畴，使对于个人的考量从属于对于公共福利的考量的证据，可以在一些无法满意地予以别解的法律原则中找到。

其中第一个原则是，即使是有意取人性命也不会受到惩罚，如果这是挽救本人性命的唯一方法。这一原则不像下一个要提到的原则那样明确确立了下来，但却得到了一些非常有名的权威的支持。如果这就是法律，则须以如下两种理据之一为基础：或者自我偏爱在所假定的情况下是正当的；或者即使是不正当的，法律也无法通过刑罚防止自我偏爱的发生，因为发生在未来某一时间的死亡的威胁，绝不可能成为足够强大的动机，让一个人为了避免未来的死亡威胁而选择现在就死亡。如果采

取前一种理据，那就是承认，一个人可以为了自己而牺牲另外一个人，一个民族就更不用说了。如果采取后一种观点，在人们不再指望刑罚能够阻止某种行为发生时而放弃刑罚，则法律就放弃了报应论，而接受了预防论。

由下一条原则可以得出更为明确的结论。对法律的无知绝不是违法的借口。这一实体性原则，即假定人人都知晓法律的原则，有时表现为证据规则的形式。奥斯丁等人据此主张废止这一原则，理由为举证困难。如果司法要求事实应予以查明的话，则难以查明事实绝不是拒绝举证的理由。但是，每一个人必定都会觉得，即使每一起案件中事实都能通过所见及所闻来予以证实，也绝不能承认对法律的无知为违法的借口。此外，既然当事人能够对事实予以证实，那么，一个人对于法律的了解，是否就比其他要调查的问题更加难以查明，这或许是值得怀疑的。虽然如此，通过把举证不知晓法律的责任抛给违法者，难题可能就会迎刃而解。

表明我们不仅仅被命令要求戒绝某些行为，而且还要查明我们是被命令了，无法对这一原则予以解释。因为，如果还存在这第二条命令的话，那么很清楚，未能遵守该命令之过错，与知晓而依然违反主要命令的过错，就应该完全不一样，然而，由于对法律的无知所遭受的惩罚将等同于未遵守主要法律所遭受的惩罚。

对于这一规则的正确解释，等同于针对法律不关心个人特有的性情、才能等这一原则的解释。公共政策为了普遍利益而牺牲个人利益。我们希望每个人的责任平等，但我们更希望消灭抢劫与谋杀。毫无疑问，在很多案件中罪犯不可能已经知道自己正在做违法的事，但容许这一借口，根本就会鼓励人们对法律的无知，而立法者却决心使人们了解并遵守法律；针对个人的公平必将服从于天平另一端的更多人的利益。

如果上述论证合理的话，那么，仅仅考量罪犯个人实际的罪行，不能最终并绝对决定是否予以惩罚，这一点已经很清楚了。这一考量只有在公共利益允许或要求的情况下才会起到决定性作用。而如果我们考虑到刑法意图达到的一般结果的话，我们就会发现，犯罪行为伴随的实际心理状态所起的作用，有别于人们一般的看法。

大体上，刑法的目的仅在于实现外在的合法化。一切法律针对的都是明显可感知到的事物的状态。无论法律是运用武力使这些状态立即终止，比如由士兵保护房屋免受暴徒滋扰，或是为了公共用途而征用私有

财产，或是根据某项司法裁决而绞死某个人，还是间接地借助人们的恐惧使这些状态终止，其目标同样都是某种外在的结果。例如，法律在针对抢劫或谋杀罪的时候，目的在于终止对他人财物实际的武力掠夺与持有，或者终止导致他人死亡的实际的投毒、射杀、刺杀及其他种种行为。不管动机如何，只要这些罪行未曾实施，则法律禁止它们的目的就同样达到了。

考虑到法律这种纯粹外在的目的，以及法律为实现这一目随时准备在必要的时候牺牲个人利益这一事实，我们就能比以往更容易明白，任何具体的侵害行为所涉及的个人过失实际的轻重，不可能是责任确定的唯一因素，尽管它确实是其中的一个因素。与民事责任相比较，在确定刑事责任时，对人的良心或者道德心的情况通常认为应予以更多的考虑；这一看法不但不是事实，而且还几乎可以说，正好与事实相反。因为，民事责任，就其直接作用而言，仅仅就是在两个个体之间对现有损失重新进行分配；下一讲将指出，合理的政策是让损失范围保持不变，如能提出特殊理由进行干涉的情况除外。此类理由最常见的是，被指控方应被归责。

我的意图并不是要否认，刑事以及民事责任是建立在有过错基础之上的。否认这一点将会动摇任何文明社会的道德感；或者，换句话说，一部法律，如果对在一般社会成员看来都没有过错的行为予以了惩罚，则该法就太过于苛刻，社会将难以承受。我只是想要指出，如果法律的某一个部分与其他部分相比较而言，目的更加直接地指向确定行为的标准，在我们讨论这一部分时，我们期望在这里最能够发现，责任判定的标准是外在的，与具体个人动机或者意图之恶的程度无关。分析必须遵守的行为标准的性质即可直接得出这一结论。如上所述，这些标准不仅是外在的，而且还具有普适性。它们不仅要求每个人的行为都应尽可能地接近自己能够做到的最佳行为。它们还要求个人自行达到相当的高度。它们根本不考虑无行为能力的情况，除非这种情况非常明显，属于众所周知的例外情况，比如未成年及疯癫等等。它们假定，每一个人与所有其他人一样，都有能力按照它们的命令行事。如果与其他群体相比较而言，它们对某一个群体显得更加苛刻的话，那么这个群体就属于最差的群体。因为正是针对那些最有可能由于性格、无知或者愚蠢而犯罪的人，法律的威慑力才是最大的。

责任应以过错为基础，如何将这一原则与当事人无过错责任的存在

统一起来，在下一讲中将予以更充分的说明。在普通人，即具有一般智力以及合理审慎的人这一概念中可以找到这种统一。责任据说源于普通人应受谴责的那类行为。但普通人是一个理想的存在体，陪审团听诉时即由陪审团代表，在适用于任一特定的个人时，其行为就成为某种外在或客观的标准。那个人道德上可能没有污点，只是因为他比普通人智力低下，或者不够审慎，才做出不当行为。但他必须具备一般智力及合理审慎的素质，否则就要自行承担风险。如果他具备这些素质，一般说来，只要没有什么过错，就不会招致法律责任。

接下来要详细讨论一些犯罪行为，并探索什么样的分析将在这些问题上会对我们有所教益。

我将从谋杀罪开始讨论。詹姆士·斯蒂芬爵士在其《刑法汇编》一书中将谋杀罪定义为带有恶意预谋的非法杀人行为。在其早期著作中，他解释说，恶意使指邪恶的意思，法律已经规定了什么样的心态为必要程度上的邪恶心态。同样也缺乏任何铺垫性的说明，他在其《刑法汇编》一书中继续写到：

“恶意预谋意味着以下任何一种或多种心态……”“（a）欲致任何人死亡或者身体重伤的意图，而不论此人是否为实际被杀人员；“（b）明知致命之行为很可能会致某人死亡或者身体重伤，而不论此人是否为实际被杀人员，尽管明知如此的同时伴随的心态可能是对是否致人死亡或身体上的重伤漠不关心，或者是希望不会致人死亡或身体重伤；“（c）故意犯下任何一种重罪；“（d）故意以武力反抗任何要去执行、正在执行过程中、或执行完毕逮捕、拘押、或监禁任务的司法官员，该官员逮捕、拘押、或监禁任何其依法有权逮捕、拘捕或监禁的人，或者以武力反抗负有维持和平或解散非法聚会之任务的司法官员，条件是该罪犯已被告知此被杀人员系如此被雇佣之官员。”

在一般用语中，恶意包含故意及更多的意义。当我们说某种行为带有故意伤害的意图时，其意思是说，意欲造成伤害是该行为的动机。然而，完全符合故意的伤害行为，人们会因此而后悔，人们也只是想把其作为达成另一件事情的一种手段。但是，当我们说一个行为是出于恶意而实施时，其意思不仅是说，意欲造成伤害是其动机，而且还意味着，目的就是为了造成伤害，或者，奥斯丁可能说的更准确一些，是为了得到明知该行为所导致的痛苦而可能激起的某种快感。现在，从詹姆士·斯蒂芬爵士的列举可以清楚地看到，恶意的这两个要素中，只有故意对于

谋杀案具有决定性的作用。为解救一位朋友而射杀一名哨兵，与你因为仇恨该哨兵而射杀他，同为谋杀罪。在谋杀的定义中，恶意与一般用语所说的意思不一样，鉴于上文所提及的分析，实际认为它指的是犯罪意图。

但是，故意又可一分为二：对某一行为会产生的一定后果的预见；以及对这些后果的期望，期望乃是诱发该行为的动机。那么，问题就在于，故意反过来是否能分解为次一级的术语。詹姆士·史蒂芬爵士的论述表明这是可能的，明知该行为很有可能致人死亡，即对于该行为之后果的预见，就像侵权一样，足以构成谋杀。

例如，一个新生儿被赤身裸体地置于户外，孩子在户外当然肯定会死亡。有罪一方可能会很高兴有陌生人发现了这个孩子并救了他一命，但这还是谋杀。

但是，对后果的预见又是什么呢？它是通过对事物当前状态的了解而唤起的对于事物未来状态的一种想象，未来与现在之对立可被视为结果与原因之间的关系。同样，我们必须寻求如何将其分解为次一级的术语。如果知晓事物当前的状态是实施该行为必定会导致死亡，并且这种可能性是一种常识，那么，实施该行为的人，因为明知事物当前的状态，所以犯有谋杀罪，法律不会去探究他是否真正预见到其后果。判定预见的标准不是该罪犯本人的预见，而是一个具有合理之审慎的人的预见。

另一方面，当前必须实际了解使某一行为具有危险性的当前的事实。仅有行为本身还不够。某一行为确实在某种意义上表达了意图。行为是肌肉的收缩，但包括更多的含义。痉挛不是行为。肌肉的收缩必须受意志控制。就像一个能够控制自己的成年人一样，他以神奇的准确性预见到随其内心活动而出现的外部的调整，这种调整可以说是有意的调整。但是，必定相伴行为出现的故意也就到此为止。如果没有环境，从行为本身出发可能得不到任何结论。如果与相关情况隔离开来，一切行为对法律都不重要。例如，不管手枪上的扳机是否靠近食指，以一定的力量弯曲食指都是同一个行为。一把子弹已经上膛并拉开了扳机的手枪，并且有一个人与它存在显然可能会被射中这样的关系，只有这样的相关情况才会使该行为成为侵害行为。因此，造成损害的直接原因乃是某种行为，这样的说法根据任何合理性原则都绝不是确定责任的充分依据。

但行为又是必须的，其理由在于行为意味着某种选择，在于人们认为让一个人对伤害负责是不恰当的以及不公平的，除非他本应该选择其他方式。但是，在做出选择时，必须有机会考虑被指控之行为的后果，否则，该选择对这一后果不负有任何责任。如果不是这样的话，一个人可能得对所有因其在过去某个时间所做的选择而可能发生的事情负责。例如，要对一时跌倒在某人身上负责，如果他不选择到这个他患病的城市的话，他就不会跌倒在别人身上。

所有对于未来的预见，所有关于行动之可能后果的选择，都取决于在做出选择的那一刻所知晓的情况。一个行为，即使是在其将会有害的情况下实施的，也可能是正当的，除非行为人已经知晓情况、或者本应当知晓情况。如果伤害的可能性不可能被预见到，则害怕因造成伤害而受到惩罚就不可能作为一种动机。那么，只要刑事责任是基于任何意义上的不当行为，只要法律的威吓及刑罚意图在于阻止人们造成各种有害后果，人们所涉案件肯定就会局限于行为人对于使行为具有危险性的相关情况已经知晓的一些诉案中。

此外，适用于预测的原则也同样适用于知晓相关事实的情况，不过这种适用性比较有限。如果相关情况的确已为人所知晓，可以使具有一般理解力的人从中推断出构成当前事态其余的相关情况，这就足够了。例如，一个正午时分在屋顶工作的工人如果知道，他的下面是一座大城市的某条街道，则他所了解的事实就会使一个具有一般理解力的人推断出，下面会有人经过。因此，他有责任得出这一推论，或者换句话说，无论他是否得出了这一推论，他也会因知晓这一事实而被指控。那么，如果他把一根重梁往下扔到了街道上，则他所实施的行为，一个具有一般审慎的人都会预见到可能会致人死亡或身体上的重伤，因此，不论他事实上是否真的预见到了这一点，我们就假定他预见到了这一点而对他予以处理。如果其行为导致某人死亡，他就犯了谋杀罪。但是，如果该工人有合理的理由相信，他的下面是一个任何人都不准进入，并被用于堆放垃圾的私人院子，那么，他的行为就没有过错，其致人死亡只是一个意外事故而已。

要使某一致人死亡的行为成为谋杀罪行，行为人原则上则应当知晓，或者说已经注意到使该行为具有危险性的一些事实。这一原则有一些例外，后面将会予以说明，但这些例外不太适用于谋杀罪，而更适用于一些较轻的法定罪行。这条一般性的原则在很大程度上是适用于谋杀

罪的。

但此外，根据这同一原则，已知情况下实际存在的危险应当属于具有合理审慎的人可能预见的一类危险。对事实的无知以及无法预见后果对于过错而言具有同等效果。如果不能预见后果，后果就不能避免。但是，这里存在着这一实际的差异，即大多数情况下，是否知晓相关情况这一问题即是被告实际意识状态的问题，而被告可能预见到什么这一问题却是根据审慎的人的标准制定的，也就是说，是根据一般经验而制定的。我们要记住，因为法律的目的是防止人的生命受到威胁或者人的生命被褫夺；尽管法律考虑对过错予以刑罚还没有到让一个人因为无人或者只是一些特别专家才能预见的后果负责任的地步，但所以对此进行限制，目的只为了所制定的法规对社会一般成员而言不至于太过苛刻。因为法律的目的是为了迫使人们放弃危险行为，而不仅仅是要制止他们的邪恶倾向，法律要求人们必须自行了解一般经验教训，就像法律要求人们必须懂法一样。经过这些解释，我们可以说谋杀罪判定的标准就是在行为人已经知晓案件相关的情况之下，其行为所伴随的对生命危害的程度。

当特定的被告人不管出于什么原因确实预见了一般具有合理谨慎的人可能没有预见到的东西时，则免责事由不再适用，这一点无需进一步进行解释。有害行为可被免责的唯一理由是当事人确实没有预见到危害，同时在适当谨慎的情况下，也无法预见到危害。

初看之下，上述分析似乎应该穷尽了整个有关谋杀罪的主题。但仍需进一步的解释。如果某人武力抗拒正在依法执行逮捕任务的警官，并在知晓这是位警官的情况下致其死亡，即使未实施任何刑事犯罪行为，但因为这位警官的职能，这都可能成为谋杀。如果某人实施某一行为是为了故意实施某一重罪，并因此碰巧致另外一人死亡；比如，此人向鸡群开枪，意图偷鸡，并碰巧杀死了鸡的主人，因为他没有看见鸡的主人，这也是谋杀。这最后一种情况似乎很难与所规定的一般性原则相调和。人们多少会认为：此人唯一的过错在于明知鸡群属于他人，却向其开枪。情况正是如此，因为意外接着就发生了；击中了人是场意外，因为不可能察觉到有人在场。该开枪行为构成重罪，但这一事实并不意味着其致人死亡的可能性要大一些。如果此规则的目的是为了阻止此类意外事故的发生，则应当是持枪致人意外死亡，而不是意图盗窃而致人意外死亡；但如果目的是为了阻止盗窃行为的发生，则通过拈阄的方式将

每千名窃贼中的一名绞死，效果可能还要更好一些。

但是，法律就目前而言还是可以理解的。谋杀罪一般判定的标准是在事实知晓的情况下行为所伴随的对生命危害的程度。如果某些行为在一定情况下被认定为特别危险，即使其危险性一般人并不知晓，立法者也可能会把在这样一些情况下实施的行为归为应受惩处的行为。法律常常采取这种措施，尽管目前法律在此类情况下通常并不处以死刑。法律有时甚至会进一步要求人们必须自行查明当前的情况，以及对未来的危害进行预见，即使从已知事实中不见得一定能推出这样一些情况。

因此，诱拐16岁以下的少女，使其离开其合法监护人的监护，在英格兰便是一种法定罪行。如果某人的确诱使一位16岁以下的少女离开了其父母，但只要他根本没有理由知道她处于其父母合法监护之下的事实，他就不应被指控，而且如果他有合理的理由认为此少女是位男孩的话，我们就可以推定他不应被指控。但是，如果他故意诱拐一位姑娘脱离其父母，那他就必须自行查明其年龄。即使他有充分的理由认为她已经超过了16岁，也绝对无法为其开脱罪责。因此，根据某项禁酒法令，人们主张，如果某人售卖“庄园苦味酒”的话，他不知道其具有酒性是绝对无法为自己开脱罪责的。其中不乏其他一些同类型的例子。

现在，如果经验表明，或者立法者认为经验表明，这样或那样有证据证明为意外事故的死亡，常常多少都会与其他一些重罪、或与反抗警官的行为相关联；或者如果根据其他任何政策依据，认为最好要为预防这类死亡事故而采取特别措施的话，立法者可能就会始终把在知情情况下所犯下的重罪或反抗警官的一些行为当成具有足够危险性倾向的行为，要特别予以禁止。因此，法律可能让行为人自行承担风险，不仅仅包括其所预见的后果的风险，还包括那些尽管根据一般经验没有预见到、但立法者所理解的后果的风险。但是，我并不是说，这里所讨论的规则是因上述推理而产生的，而不是因为规则的正确性而产生的，也不是因为这些规则在这个国家可能普遍适用而产生的。

回到我们思考的主线，考察一下误杀罪与谋杀罪之间的关系将很具有启发性。我们会发现两者之间一大区别在于一定事实情况下与行为所附带的危险程度不同。如果某人持一根小棒打另一人，这根棒子不太可能致人死亡，而且他有充分的理由认为这根棒子只会产生轻微的身体伤害，但他确实致他人死亡了，那么他犯的就是误杀罪，而不是谋杀罪。但是，如果他持一根一英寸粗的铁棍，用尽全力猛击了一下，这即为谋

杀罪。因此，如果在持小棒打人的时候，当事方还知道另外一个事实，并据此预见到轻轻一击也会致人死亡的后果，比如，被打一方有心脏病，那么这种行为也同样构成谋杀罪。在拥挤的大街上引爆一桶炸药，炸死了人，即构成谋杀罪，尽管行为人并不希望造成如此危害。但在同一条大街上，因为不小心驾驶而致他人死亡，则可能一般构成误杀罪。但是，假设驾驶动作明显很危险，则可能构成谋杀罪。

再回到之前作为他用的一个例子："如果某个工人朝街上扔了一块石头或木头，砸死了人，这可能构成意外事故，或误杀罪，或谋杀罪，取决于其原始行为实施时的相关情况：如果这是发生在某个村庄，几乎没有什么人路过，并且他大声提醒过所有的人要小心，这就只构成意外事故；但是，如果这是发生在伦敦，或者其他人口稠密的城镇，路上不断有行人通过，这就构成误杀罪，即便他大声警告过；如果他明知有人路过，并且根本没有发出任何警告声，这就构成谋杀罪。"

有关误杀罪的法律还包含另外一条原则；为全面理解刑法的一般性原则，有必要提到该原则。这一原则是，行为人如因受到挑衅，可使原本构成谋杀罪的侵权行为减轻为误杀罪。根据当前的道德观念，一个人因为受到侵害，情绪非常激动，在此情绪失调之下所实施的行为，与其在冷静时实施的行为相比较，后者更应被谴责。制定法律是为了通过影响人们的动机来治理人，法律因此必须对人们的心理素质予以考虑。

另一方面，我们一定要知道，如果惩罚的目的在于预防，那么，在需要对最强烈的动机进行制止的情况下，就应当采取最严厉的刑罚进行威慑；早期法似乎有时以此为依据。但是，如果有任何威慑会制止住一个盛怒中的人的话，那么，比死刑轻一些的威慑就足够了，因此极刑被认为太过于严厉。

同时，这里甚至也体现了法律标准的客观性。减轻刑罚，不采取极刑并非是因为被告人被气得发狂这一事实。他所持有的理由对于每个与其地位及教养相当的人可能都会产生相同的影响，这样的理由并不充分。最具侮辱性的话语并不构成挑衅，尽管时至今日，并且已制定了成文的法律，但许多人还是宁死也不愿意忍气吞声而不采取任何行动。必须要有极大的挑衅才能证明这种盛怒的正当性，法律只在一般意义上决定什么样的挑衅为足够大的挑衅。

有人说，即使法律承认为挑衅，但"受到挑衅不会减轻杀人犯的罪过，除非被挑衅者在其实施杀人行为时，因为其所遭受的挑衅而丧失了

自我控制能力。”我们有显而易见的理由在这个程度上对被告人意识的实际状况予以考虑。不适用一般性原则的唯一依据是，被告人处于这样一种状况之下，我们不能指望他还能牢记对刑罚的恐惧或受其影响；如果他还能受其影响，则免责的依据也就消失了。但即使是这里，无论对错，法律还是朝着采用外在标准的方向前进了一大步。法庭在谋杀罪与误杀罪之间进行判决，依据的似乎是诸如所使用武器的性质，或者受到挑衅与犯罪行为之间的时间间隔等证据。但在其他一些案例中，犯人是否因为激情而丧失了自我控制这一问题则留给陪审团来处理。

由于本讲的目的并非是对刑法进行概述，而是解释刑法的一般性理论，因此我将只考虑对这一主题具有特殊启发性的那样一些犯罪行为，并将以似乎最符合这一目的的顺序对其进行论述。现在，有必要讨论一下蓄意损毁罪，并将构成这类犯罪的恶意与谋杀罪之恶意预谋进行比较。

谋杀罪起诉书中所控的恶意预谋，现已表明指的并不是通常所认为的被告人的心理状态，除非指的是被告人对于确实会使其行为具有危险性的相关情况已经知晓。这一指控事实上类似于对过失罪的指控，过失罪认定被指控的当事人没有达到其所处相关情况下法律规定之行为标准，且没有任何使案件不适用于一般性规则的异常事实或理由出现。这一指控强调允许某一法律结论简化事实依据（正反两方面的）。

当一部制定法对“故意地和恶意地”侵害他人财产的行为予以惩罚时，如果说这两个词是否包含更多的意思还不是很清楚的话，但至少是有争议的。第二个词如果不含有某些意义，就不会被加上，这一推论得到了如下观点的附议：将每一种故意实施的侵害行为都定为刑事犯罪不具有合理性。如果这一推论成立，则这里的“恶意地”一词就是其通常意义上的用法，意思是，被告人之行为的动机乃是意图危害财产所有人、或者其财产本身，如果该财产为有生命物的话，并以此为目的，而且目的就是为了造成危害。这个意义上的恶意与谋杀罪中的恶意没有丝毫共同之处。

制定法不必自称能内部保持一致，或与司法裁决所采用的理论保持一致。因此，完全没有必要使这种制定法与我们前面解释过的原则相一致。但是，其间并不存在任何矛盾之处。尽管刑罚肯定只限于实现外在的行为合法化，以至于人们总是可以通过回避或者实施某些规定的行为——不管具有什么样的意图或出于什么样的动机——来避免遭受刑罚，

但是被禁止的行为却可能不具有伤害性，除非该行为伴随某种特殊的情感状态。

有关财产的一般性争议可以通过赔偿令人满意地予以解决。但是，每一个人都知道，有时候邻居对邻居暗中进行伤害，是出于纯粹的恶意与怨恨。损失可以获得赔偿，但这种恶意则需要予以惩罚，同时难以查明作恶者是谁，因为这类坏事总是偷偷干的，就足以成为惩罚的理由，即使是惩罚人们都还认为不够。

法律沿着这一方向还可以走多远，这不太好说。放火罪被定义为恶意地和故意地烧毁他人房屋，一般认为与蓄意毁损罪密切相关。有人认为，当囚犯放火烧毁其牢房时，不是想要烧毁建筑物，而只是想达到逃跑的目的，因而，其纵火为非恶意行为。但这一观点似乎要更好一些：这属于放火罪，因为在这种情况下，故意纵火按规定属于恶意行为。如果我们还记得，在早期法古老的上诉中，放火罪是其中的一个指控对象，我们就可以很容易明白，只有故意纵火以那种方式予以救济。纵火之诉是扰乱治安并造成伤害之诉的兄弟。后者基于类似于战争的武力攻击行为；前者想要烧毁房屋则是为了抢劫或者复仇，例如《冰岛传奇》中的尼亚就是因此被烧死的。但这种犯罪活动与其他犯罪活动似乎拥有相同的历史。一旦承认故意就足够了，法律就迅速地走向了某种外在的标准。一个人如故意放火烧自己的房屋，因为其房屋离他人房屋非常近，放火显然会危及他人房屋，则结果只要其中有一间房屋被烧毁，此人就犯有放火罪。在这起案件中，如果只考虑其直接后果，原本并不构成放火罪的行为，但由于其显然可能会产生的不太直接的后果，则不管是否事实上意图造成这样的后果，该行为即构成放火罪。如果这就是纵火烧毁某人有权烧毁的东西的后果，只要不涉及烧毁其他东西，那么，按道理为什么这不是任何其他行为所造成的后果呢？在相关情况下，其他行为同样可能造成相同的危害。我们可以很容易想象这样一些情况，开枪射击，或者制造化学混合剂，或者堆放破油布，以及许多其他事情，危险性显然都极高，事实上会导致火灾。在这样一些情况下，如果认为罪行已经犯下了，达到了某一个外在的标准，则我们对谋杀罪的分析在此就能适用。

还有一类情况，其中意图起着非常重要作用，其原因与解释蓄意损毁罪时所给出的原因有很大不同。这类情况最显而易见的例子是犯罪未遂。当然，未遂和意图是两个不同的东西。实施犯罪的意图本身并没有

罪。没有任何法律针对的是某人打算在后天实施一项谋杀。法律只涉及行为。未遂是一种公开的行为。该行为与所企图的犯罪行为之间的区别在于，该行为还未产生赋予其主要犯罪性质的结果。如果谋杀的企图在整整一年内结果致人死亡，即构成谋杀罪。如果盗窃的企图导致的结果是拿走了所有人的财物，即构成偷盗罪。

如果实施了某一项行为，而在相关情况下，其自然的、极有可能的结果就是构成实质性犯罪，则根据任何理论，刑法都不可能完全放弃对该行为进行惩罚，尽管某些具体情况下该行为如果没有产生那种结果，刑法可能会适当减轻惩罚的力度。有人认为，在这样一些情况下，某一真实的意图完全可以赋予该行为以犯罪的性质。但是，如果我就谋杀罪和误杀罪所提出的观点是合理的话，那么，从逻辑上而言，根据同样的原则大体上应当可以确定行为是否有罪。我们应当根据在已知相关情况下行为的倾向性来对行为进行判决，而不是根据其所伴随的真实意图来进行判决。

实际上，在犯罪未遂这一领域，与别处一样，法律是从真实意图的情况出发的，因为这些情况最显而易见。但法律不能仅止于此，除非它赋予未遂一词的语源意义以更大的重要性，超过了刑罚的一般性原理。因此，这一主张至少带有某种权威的色彩：某一行为作为未遂行为而言是应当予以惩罚的，如果假设该行为已产生了自然的、可能的后果，那么该行为就已构成为实体性犯罪。

但这样一些行为不是唯一应当予以惩罚的未遂行为。还有另外一类行为，其中真实的意图显然是必要条件，这一类行为及其名称（未遂）之存在本身无疑可能会对整个理论有所影响。有些行为可能属于未遂罪或者轻罪，这些行为除非犯罪一方随后实施了其他行为，否则不可能产生犯罪的后果。例如，划亮一根火柴，意图点燃一堆干草，被认为构成了点燃干草堆未遂罪，尽管被告人发现有人看到他时吹灭了火柴。因此，为制造假币而购买模具就属于一项轻罪，尽管如果不使用模具当然就造不出假币来。

在这样一些情况下，法律提出了一项新原则，有别于规制大多数实质性犯罪的原则。一般而言，对某一行为予以惩罚的理由必定是为了防止某种危害的产生，这一行为在被实施的情况下，预计可能会产生危害。在大多数实质性犯罪中，这种行为危害可能性的依据为自然原因共同作用的结果，通过经验的形式表现出来。但是，如果惩罚某一行为，

而在相关情况下，该行为的自然结果不具有危害性，那么仅靠这一理据是不充分的。除非有理由预计到所实施的行为将会伴随以其他行为，这些行为不结合起来不会造成危害，但结合起来结果就会造成危害，否则就不会存在造成危害的可能性。但是，因为事实上随后并没实施任何这样一些行为，那么，一般情况下，我们就不能根据单单实施了已经实施的行为，认为如果行为人不被打断，这些行为随后就可能被实施。除非行为人做出了选择，否则这些行为就不会随后被实施，而唯一可用于证明他会选择实施那些行为的办法就是要证明该行为人在实施其行为时是否为故意所为。这种情况下伴随出现的故意使得否则可能无罪的行为演绎成为有害行为，因为故意使得随后出现其他一些合起来会造成危害的行为与事件的可能性提高。故意的重要性不在于指出，该行为是出于恶意，而在于指出，其有可能产生伤害性后果。

我们将很容易看到，这类责任存在着一些限制。法律并不会对每一个意图造成犯罪而实施的行为进行惩治。如果某人从波士顿出发去坎布里奇，准备到那儿之后实施一起谋杀，但却被抽彩活动所阻止，并回了家，这与他坐在自己的椅子上决定射杀某人，但经再三考虑之后放弃了此念头一样，都不应受到惩罚。另一方面，一名奴隶尾随一位白人妇女之后，尽管在他抓住她之前就住了手，却仍被裁定为强奸未遂罪。我们已经看到，什么构成了点燃干草堆未遂罪；但在同样的案件中，有人说，如果被告为此目的只买了一盒火柴，并未做什么其他事情，那么他就不负有法律责任。

在哪里划出这两类情况之间的界限，或者甚至阐明应据此划出界限的原则，这些都曾困扰过著名的法官们。但这一原则被认为与法律划分所有其他界线时所遵循的原则类似。归根到底取决于公共政策，也就是说，立法方面的考量；在这种情况下的考量事项包括危险的紧迫程度，造成的危害的程度，以及人们所感受到的恐惧的程度。如果某人购买了火柴，想要点燃干草堆，或者开始了一场旅行，计划在旅行终点实施谋杀，那么，在最终走向犯罪之前，他仍然有相当大的机会可能改变其想法。但是，如果他已经擦燃了火柴，或者已经拉开了扳机并瞄准了手枪，那么，他终止其犯罪行为的可能性就几乎没有了，危险性如此之大，法律于是介入。如果某件物品不可能用于正当的目的，那么，法律介入的时间点就可进一步往前推，就像购买制造假币的模具的案例一样。

除了犯罪既遂的可能性之外，人们感受到的恐惧的程度也可能会影响判决。蓄奴社会所特有的恐惧感，无疑是影响刚才所提到的裁决的一个因素。

还有一个疑点不应被忽视。有人认为，把一块木头当成一个人进行射击，不构成谋杀未遂罪，而把手伸进一只空口袋意图偷窃，也不构成盗窃未遂罪，尽管在后一个问题上观点有分歧。对此所给出的理由是，如果行为人被允许继续实施某一行为，直到得到该行为自然可能会产生的一切结果，而该行为不可能形成犯罪结果，那么，如果该行为被打断，就不可能构成犯罪未遂。当然，在某个时候，法律必须采取这一结论，除非法律是以报应论为基础，而不是以预防论为基础。

但是，即使是为了有效防范伤害，太过精确也不行。我并不是说，带着杀人的意图朝某人开了一枪，因为子弹偏离了其目标，就不构成谋杀未遂罪。但这里，该行为已经造成的后果，为自然可能造成的全部后果。这颗子弹在这种情况下不可能打中那个人，就跟手伸进了一只空口袋一样。但是，这样说没有任何困难：在这样的情况下，这样的行为具有很大的危险性，只要危险性可被人预见，就应当对对其进行惩罚。任何人都不可能绝对精确地知道子弹会打在哪个地方，尽管很多人可能很有把握；而如果造成危害，那就是非常严重的危害。如果某人朝着一块木板开枪，可能不会造成任何危害，而在一只空口袋中也不可能实施偷盗，除此之外，成功盗窃所造成的危害也比谋杀造成的危害小。但是，有人可能会说，为了使劝阻效果足够明显，并容易为人理解，即使这样的一些事情也应当予以惩罚。

还有某些实质性犯罪需要加以分析，从很重要的方面来看，这些犯罪有别于谋杀罪之类的罪行，为了对这些犯罪进行解释，前面对于犯罪未遂以及与其可相提并论的轻罪中的故意的分析，将会有所帮助。

这类犯罪就是偷盗罪。盗窃行为以盗窃罪论处，这些行为本身并不足以构成法律所寻求防范的恶行，但也同样被视为刑事犯罪，而不管该恶行是否完成。另一方面，除非恶行既遂，否则就算不上犯了谋杀罪、误杀罪以及纵火罪，构成这些罪行的行为，在相关情况之下，单纯根据自然规律，有伤害或摧毁人员或财产的倾向性。

在偷盗罪中，由盗窃行为直接产生的后果一般对于财物所有人几乎不产生任何危害。如果盗窃罪既遂，则财物通过非法侵占的手段不再为所有人所有，仅此而已。但是，在法律所试图防范的危害发生之前，财

物必须是永久性地不再为所有人所有。这样严厉的惩罚针对的不是暂时丧失所占有的物品。法律所要防范的乃是完全地、永久性地丧失所占有的物品，因为暂时拿来用一下而无意剥夺所有者的所有权，并不构成偷盗罪。如果法律要对这种单纯拿走的行为进行惩罚，那么，其所惩罚的这种行为本身不可能造成法律所试图防范的有害后果，并且是在有害后果最终发生之前对此进行的惩罚。

其中原因非常简单。法律不可能等到财产被所有者之外的某个人用光或毁坏，或者等到财产所有人死亡，才能肯定已经造成了其所试图防范的危害。同理，盗窃罪不可能将自己仅局限于可能会造成这种危害的行为。因为，永久性丧失财产这种危害，不是由拿走这一行为产生，而是由一系列行为产生，包括转移财产以及转移之后保留该财产。经过这些初步分析之后，意图对于定罪的影响就显而易见了。

在比肖普先生看来，偷盗罪是“通过侵占行为，拿走并转移侵占人知道属于他人一般或专门所有的私人财产，意图使该所有人丧失其财产所有权；也许还应该说，以此主张为依据作出的裁决并不一致，这对侵占人有一些好处。”

有人说，必须有使该所有人丧失其财物所有权的意图。但为什么呢？是因为与不因致他人死亡而绞死某人相比较，法律更急于不因盗窃而将某人投入监狱，除非他确实怀有恶意吗？不大可能是这样的。正确的答案是，故意是很有可能会发生的外在事件的一个标志，如果法律要有所惩罚的话，那么法律在这种情况下就必须以可能性为依据，而不是以既成事实为依据。这显然类似于处理犯罪未遂的方式。盗窃罪可被称为使人永久性地丧失其财产的企图，不管其成功与否，都被予以同样严厉的惩罚。如果以这种方式正确地考察偷盗罪，则意图所发挥的作用，必然与其他犯罪未遂罪中所起的作用类似。一个并未完全实现被禁止之结果的行为，可根据如下证据被定为侵害行为：如果不对其进行某些干涉，则该行为可能会伴随其他行为，它们相互协调，就会产生上述被禁止之结果。而这一点只有通过揭示意图来予以证明。在盗窃罪中，使所有者丧失其财产的意图就证明了：该窃贼可能已将偷窃来的物品保留下来，或者不会采取措施将该物品归还。该窃贼后来改变想法归还了物品则无关紧要。从企图的角度来看，在财物被拿走之时，盗窃罪就已经成立了。

人们可能会反对这样一种观点：如果意图只是一种暂时性行为，这

一行为基于现实需要代替了实际使他人丧失财产的行为，那么，意图在实际使他人丧失财产既遂的情况下应当不是必要的，条件是这同一犯罪行为产生了全部后果。例如，借助于同一动作，某人抓住了他人在悬崖上的马，并骑在了马背上。整个法律试图防范的恶，就是在知晓相关情况下行为的某些自然的、明显的后果。在这样一种情况下，如果关于偷盗罪的法律符合这里所主张的理论，则应当根据行为的趋势对行为进行判定，而根本不应考虑侵害人的真实意图。然而，至少可以说，即使在这样一种情况下，意图也可能关系重大。我认为，如果目的是为了从马匹的所有人手里夺走他的马的话，那么，该行为则是不可原谅的和不正当的，该行为应当构成了偷盗罪。但是，如果该行为是为了进行一次实验，并没有实际预见到毁坏的结果，或者说对于马匹的所有者并没有不良意图，那么，该侵占者就不可被定为窃贼。

如果说还存在着某种不一致之处的话，似乎可以通过法律演变的方式来予以解释。普通法有关盗窃罪的划分不是某种宽泛的立法理论的划分；它们高度专门化，并极大地依赖于历史予以解释。

盗窃罪是占取某物为己所有。过去有人，现在有时也依然有人认为，占取必须是lucri catesa，即窃贼为了得到一些利益。在这样一些情况下，所有人由于窃贼窃取，而非财产毁坏而丧失了其财产，其是否永久性地失去了财产，只可能通过窃贼的意图来进行预测。因此，意图总是不可避免，而且自然以某种利己主义意图的形式表现出来。使所有者丧失其财产的意图就足够了这一点的确定，是在以往判例基础上的一大进步。到了1815年，英国法官11个人中仅有6人赞同如下主张：占取一匹马，并意图杀死这匹马，其目的只是为了销毁对一位朋友不利的证据，这才构成偷盗罪。但是，即使这个案例，也并未忽视把意图作为一种衡量标准的普适性，因为，杀死马匹发生在占取之后，而根据某条古老的法规，该行为是否有罪，必须由占取之时而非之后的事态来决定。有关偷盗罪的法律究竟应遵循似乎属于刑法之普遍原则的东西，还是可能受到传统的阻碍，只能通过类似于以上所设想的案件来予以确定，在以上案例中同一行为既完成了占取又完成了杀死。如上所述，传统很有可能会占上风。

我们在偷盗罪中注意到的一些独特性，在另外一种犯罪，即夜盗罪中，更为明显，同时也更容易解释。夜盗罪被定义为夜晚破门侵入他人居住的房屋，带有在其中实施重罪的意图。惩罚这种破门侵入他人房屋

的目的，不是为了防止非法入侵，即使是在夜晚实施的非法入侵，而只是为了防止诸如这样一种非法入侵行为进一步演变为更大的罪行，比如抢劫或谋杀罪。在这种情况下，被证实的意图所起的作用，似乎比在盗窃罪中更为明显，但却非常相似。意图是法律试图防范的某些未来行为之可能性的一种标志。在此，法律已经证明了，这就是正确的解释。因为如果随后确实发生了那些令人担忧的行为，那就不再有必要证明，破门侵入的行为带有这种意图。一份针对夜盗罪的起诉书，指控被告人闯入一间房屋盗走若干财物，完全等同于指控此人带有盗窃的意图闯入他人房屋的起诉。

相信我们前面的讨论已经足以解释普通法中刑事责任的一般性理论了。结论可概括如下：一切行为本身并不重要。

在典型的实质性犯罪中，行为之所以构成刑事犯罪，是因为他们是在相关情况下实施的，而在这些情况下，这些行为将可能造成法律试图阻止的危害。

在这样一些情况下，判定是否属于刑事犯罪的标准，是根据经验表明在这些情况下行为所伴随的危险程度。

在这类案件中，当事人的犯罪意图，或者说真实的恶意，完全无关紧要；如果意图不仅仅意味着对当事人行为趋势进行判断的相关情况是当事人已知的情况，则一切对其意识状态的参考就都具有误导性。即使是知晓相关情况这一必要条件，也会受到某些限制。一个人必须发现一个理性的、审慎的人应该可能从实际已知事实中推断出来的事实，否则后果自负。在有些案件中，尤其是在制定法规定的犯罪案件中，他必须更进一步，当他知道某些事实时，他必须自行查明是否存在使其行为构成为刑事犯罪的其他一些事实。在英格兰，某人如果诱拐一位少女离开其父母，必须自行发现少女是否不满16岁这一事实。

在有些案件中，有可能是这样的：在一定情况下，行为的后果必须事实上被预见到，即使这是一个审慎的人本来不可能预见到的后果。以审慎的人为参照对象，把其当成某种标准，是把过错本身作为构成犯罪的一个要素，以及把审慎的人可能会犯的过错作为犯罪的一个要素的唯一形式；——首先，真正的道德标准得以保存下来；其次，因为对社会一般成员中不应责难的行为予以惩罚，就是要执行一套从理论上站不住脚的标准，这套标准对于该社会实际上太过于苛刻。

在有些案件中，实际的恶意或意图，从这两个词的一般意义而言，

是构成犯罪的一个要素。但我们会发现，之所以如此，是因为该行为在带有恶意的情况下实施时会造成危害，如果仅有该行为是不会造成这种危害的；或者是因为，意图使得这一可能性极大地增加，即某一行为，尽管本身无罪，但随后出现的其他行为或事件，与该行为一起将会实现法律试图防范的结果。

第三讲　侵权——侵害和过失

接下来两讲旨在探明，一切侵权责任最根本的原因是否有什么共同之处，如果有的话，这共同之处又是什么。假使能达成这一目的，那就会揭示普通法上民事责任的一般性原则。由合同引起的责任，所涉当事人缔结的协议多少都明确予以了规定，但那些由侵权引起的责任，则与侵害人之前作出的同意承担其行为所造成的损失的任何约定无关。如果甲在某一特定日期未能支付一定款项，或者某一特定的晚上未能发表一个讲演，在他已就此作出了具有约束力的承诺之后，那么，他就不得不支付损害赔偿，这符合其所作出的须由其承担因爽约可能带来的部分或者全部损失的承诺。但是，当甲对其邻居进行了攻击或诽谤，或者强占了其邻居的财产时，他就造成了某种损失，但他根本就没有同意承担这一损失；如果法律要让他对此予以赔偿，那么，我们就必须从人们对此行为的某种普遍看法中找到法律之所以这样做的理由，每个人都可以公平地期待并要求他人持有这种看法，而不管他人赞同与否。

这样一种普遍的看法难以找寻。法律并非始于某种理论。它从未制造出某种理论。其出发点和我将试图证明其业已到达的某一点，处于不同层面之上。在从起点到这另外一点的进程中，我们会发现，其过程不应该是笔直的，方向也不会总能看得清楚。我们所能做的只是指出一种趋势，并证明其合理性。这种趋势是从案件中归纳总结出的事实问题，是我们的主要关注点。但是，直到最近，我们都只能通过诉讼程序的范畴对实体法进行探讨，这样一种情况极大地增加了揭示这种趋势的难度。针对侵害与间接侵害之间的界限，或者概括否认的范围所进行的辩论，使得关于立法原则的讨论黯然失色。我们用有关侵害的理论，取代了关于侵权的理论。即使是在侵害这一较小的范畴之内，我们在应用巡回审判以及合意陪审时期的一些判例时，也一点都不会联想到这些判例与早已被遗忘的程序之间的关系。

既然古代的诉讼形式已经不复存在，对这一主题进行更广泛的研究应当具有可能性。对法律改革者们而言，无知最好。当人们遗忘了进行专业推理所必需的特定知识，他们就会乐于根据一般性原则对某一问题进行探讨。然而，我们现在想要进行一般性研究的意愿倒不仅仅只是建立在以上这些否定的依据之上。当今哲学上的嗜好，立法的频率，以及

法律可被轻易地改变以迎合公众的意见和意愿，凡此种种产生的自然以及不可避免的结果是：法官及其他人应当公开对一些立法原则进行讨论，他们最终赖以决策的基础一定始终是这些立法原则；他们的判决应当以广泛的政策考量为基础，而在50年前，法律界的传统却还难以容忍涉及此类政策的考量。

侵权法的任务是确定两类案件的分界线：一类是某人对其所造成的伤害负有责任；另一类是对其所造成的伤害不负有责任。但侵权法无法让此人准确地预测到，一项既定行为在一定情况下是否会使其招致责任，因为一起行为除非造成了损害，否则就很少会产生上述后果；而且大多数情况下，尽管也并不总是如此，一项行为的后果无法确定，而只能就其可能性的大小进行猜测。法律能够事先规定下来的所有规则，都是对如造成伤害就会招致责任的行为进行界定的规则——也就是，对一个人须自担风险的行为进行界定的规则。在一起侵权诉讼中，从针对被告的裁决中唯一能得出的对于未来的指导是，如相关情况只能根据被告人行为的结果进行区分，则实施类似的行为，行为人须自行承担风险；如果行为人能免于责任，则只是因为他运气好，在具体事件中其行为未造成任何伤害而已。

因此，如果所有侵权责任存在什么共同之处的话，那么要找到这些共同之处的最好方法就是，不考虑事件实际导致的后果，而只考虑行为人须自行承担其行为后果所遵循的原则。我们要追问，责任的构成要件是什么；从被告的角度出发，在确定责任之前哪些要件必须都存在；以及如果结果造成了损害，哪些要件的存在通常可致被告承担法律责任。

侵权法存在大量道德术语。它对于不当行为、欺诈、恶意、故意以及过失有诸多说明。因此，人们可能会自然地认为，由于某一道德缺陷，一个人要自行承担其行为的后果。但是，在持有这种观点的同时，我们会发现与之截然不同的一种观点要远为盛行；——我指的是这样一种观点：一个人对其行为的一切后果都负有责任，或者换句话说，他永远都要自行承担其行为的后果，并完全无关于其有关事情的意识状态。

要考察前一种观点，自然要逐个研究上文提到的那几个词，比如过失和故意，这几个词用道德用语明确指定了各种已为人们熟知的心理状态，并揭示其在法律中的意义。要考察后一种观点，则在几种诉讼形式的名目之下对此进行考察可能要方便一些。我们有很多判例就是在这些诉讼形式的某一种形式之下作出的裁决，忽略这些形式，至少一开始就

如此，不太稳妥；要在这一问题的两种考察研究方式之间达到某种折衷，则可同时从侵害诉讼和过失的概念开始，而把界定为故意不当的行为留待下一讲。

直接侵害诉讼涉及无意或故意的不当行为。任何不正当地和直接地使用暴力都可通过该诉讼予以救济。因此，该诉讼为探讨普通法上非故意不当行为责任的一般性原理提供了一个公平的机会。因为，很难想象，一个人对其行为后果所负有的责任，会因为救济碰巧落在直接侵害与间接侵害诉讼的分界线的这一侧或那一侧而有所不同。侵权法的大部分内容可在直接侵害与间接侵害诉讼这两个名目之下找到。

有人可能会轻率地认为，间接侵害诉讼建立在被告的过失基础之上。但如果是这样，则同样的原则也会在直接侵害诉讼中生效。也有人会认为，直接侵害诉讼的依据是无论被告是否存在过失，其行为已造成了损害。但如果是这样，则法律必须将同一标准运用于其他一些只是在技术细节上有别于直接侵害诉讼的不当行为，例如，所损坏的财产为被告人曾经拥有的财产。然而，对于上述两种观点，均不能轻率地予以承认。有人很有可能会说，除了以合同为基础的诉讼之外，间接侵害诉讼所采取的严格的规定恰恰就是针对直接侵害诉讼所提出的。也有人可能会说，过失与普通法上的滋扰责任没有任何关系，还补充说，当过失乃是责任的一项依据时，必须有一项基于被告的承诺或者公共使命的特殊责任。另一方面，我们会看到人们对即使在直接侵害诉讼中也至少存在过失这一命题的看法。不过，在一种诉讼形式中占上风的任何观点，也都必然会在另一种诉讼程式中占上风。因此，只要可行，且不会排斥从法律其他部分所得到的启示，将讨论局限于直接侵害诉讼将可简化在技术层面的讨论。

上文已经暗示指出，普通法上的非故意伤害责任存在两种理论。两种理论似乎都得到了通行课本的默示同意，且两者表面上看起来都不乏其合理性和权威性。

第一种是奥斯丁的理论，其理论从本质上而言是一位刑事专家的理论。在他看来，真正所谓的法律的典型特征就是，君主对违抗其命令的行为提出或强加的制裁或者伤害。由于法律的大部分内容只是依照民法让某人因违法而承担责任，奥斯丁因此不得不将某一行为责任视为一种制裁，或者换句话说，视为对违抗君主命令的惩罚。根据人们对刑法持有的一般性观点，由此可以得出，这样的责任只应以个人过错为基础；

奥斯丁也接受了这一结论及由结论得出的推论，其中的一个推论是，过失指的是当事人的一种心理状态。后文中如有必要，仍将提及这些原则。

另一种理论与前一种理论则完全对立。该理论似乎为一些最伟大的普通法权威所采纳，在把该理论置之一旁，而赞同任何可能持有的第三种观点之前，我们必须对其认真予以探讨。概括而言，根据该理论，在普通法之下，一个人要自行承担其行为的后果。除非是因为自愿承担责任，否则他根本不会因为不作为而承担责任，这可被视为一种抵销。但他所实际招致的、不属于上文所述自愿承担的一些责任，其全部及充分的依据被认为是，他的行为是自愿的，并随之造成了损害。如果行为属自愿行为，则行为造成的损害，不管是出于故意还是行为人的过失，都完全无关紧要。

为了公平看待对这一问题进行分析的途径，我们必须记住，普通法诉讼形式的废除并没有改变实体法的规则。因此，尽管原告现在一般以故意或过失为由提起诉讼，但以往足以指控被告侵害的任何证据现在仍然是充分的，尽管事实上古代的诉讼和控告形式已经不复存在。

有人说，首先要在这最后提及的过失诉讼的范围内外大体考量一下法律对财产所提供的保护。如果一个人非常无意地误入了其邻居的土地，或者如果他的牲畜逃到了邻居的田里，人们就会说他对侵入他人土地负有责任。如果一位拍卖商，本着非常诚实守信的原则，在其常规的交易过程中，出售了送到其拍卖行用于出售的财物，假如事实证明第三人为该财物的所有者，则该拍卖商可能不得不对此进行全额赔付，即便赔付额度超出了其收益，且无法获得补偿。

现在假设案件所处理的不是原告的财产，而是直接从被告的身体发出的力量作用于原告的身体，这就要求被告唯一可能作出的答辩类似于针对侵入土地之指控作出的答辩，因为法律对人的关心不可能还不如对财产的关心。你可以通过证明被告未实施侵害行为来证明根本不存在人身侵害；因为当时，他是被马摔下来落在了原告身上的，或者当时，有第三人抓住他的一只手，并用这只手打了原告。在这样一些情况下，被告的身体完全是某种外力作用下的被动的工具，原告赖以提出指控的身体的运动，根本就不是被告自己的行为。因此，你可以提出一个在原告自己的行为中都可以找到的证据或理由。但如果不能提出这样的理由，而且被告的行为是自愿的，那么，即使并非故意或者无法预见，他都必

须对后果负责。例如，如果在受到第三人的攻击时，被告抡起手杖，却意外打到了正站在他身后的原告，那么根据这种观点，无论对受害方是否存在过失行为，他都应对此负有责任。

对上述原则的支持意见大多来自于判例，但有时人们认为它在理论上也站得住脚。每个人据说对其身体等都拥有绝对的权利，应使其免于受到邻居行为的伤害。在以上所举的例子当中，原告什么也没有做，但被告却是自愿选择采取行动。因为，在这两人之间，因其自愿的行为而造成了伤害的一方应当受罚，而不是与造成伤害没有任何关系的那一方。

当我们把目光转向侵害诉讼中的一些诉状及判例时，我们会碰到更难处理的事情。起诉状中根本就没有提到过失，而且很显然损害未必是故意造成的。诉状中加入“vi et armis（使用武力手段）”和“contra pacere（破坏治安）”这两个似乎暗示故意的词语，应该纯粹是为了给予国王法院以管辖权。格兰维尔说，如果是拥有特权的贵族的过失，则应由郡长对群殴、殴打、甚至身体伤害受理审判，除非原告还指控破坏了国王的治安（nisi accusator adjiciat de pace Domini Regis infracta）。李维斯评论说：“从对郡长的管辖权与国王的管辖权的这种区分中，我们可以看到在近代公诉书和令状中对使用武力手段（viet armis）破坏了‘国王的王权及尊严’，‘国王的治安’和‘治安’等行为进行指控的理由；在郡长治安权作为一项独立的司法管辖权消失之后，用“治安”这最后一种说法就足够了。”

此外，有人可能会说，如果被告的故意或过失对于其责任是至关重要的话，那么，故意或者过失两者都不存在也就使其行为不具有侵害的性质，因此要在概括否认中加以考虑。但普通法却明确规定，“无罪”仅仅是否认这一行为。

以下是出自判例的观点。我先从一起早期非常重要的案例谈起。这是一起侵入他人土地的诉讼。被告辩称，他拥有与原告毗邻的土地，其上栽种了树篱，他在砍树篱的时候，这些树篱违背了他的意愿（ipso invito），掉落在原告的地里，被告很快走到原告的地里，拿走了树篱，原告称其侵入了自己的土地。根据被告作出的抗辩，法院作出了有利于原告的裁决。原告的律师列举了常常被重复提到的几个案例。其中一位律师费尔法克斯说：“在结果构成重罪的行为与结果构成侵害罪的行为之间，存在着某种差异……如果一个人正在砍树，树枝掉在了另一个

人身上并致其受伤，在这种情况下，他可以提起侵害之诉，……；另外，阁下，如果一个人在对着靶垛射箭，他的弓在手上没拿稳，而杀死了另一个人，这并非出自他本意，我们已经说过，这根本不属于重罪，……；但是，如果他是放箭伤害了另外一人，他就得面临一场针对他的理由充分的侵害之诉，然而其射箭行为是合法的，……，另一个人受到的侵害并非出自其本意，……；本案亦是如此，……。”另一位律师布莱恩对整个原则进行了说明，所举的也都是同样熟悉的例子。“一个人在做某事时，他有责任做到绝不因其行为给他人带来侵害或损害……。比如我正在盖房子，木料在被吊起的时候，有一根掉落在邻居的房子上，砸坏了他的房子，他就完全有理由提起诉讼，……；然而，盖房子为合法行为，木料掉落也并非我的本意，……。同样，如果一个人攻击我，而我没办法躲开，在自卫中我抡起手杖打他，抡起手杖时却打到了我身后的另外一人，在这种情况下，他可以对我提起诉讼，然而，我在自卫过程中抡起手杖为合法行为，我也不是故意打他，……；本案亦是如此，……。”

“法官利特尔顿也表达过相同的意思，如果一个人受到了伤害，则他应当得到赔偿……如果你的牲畜进到我的地里并吃了我的草，尽管你刚过来赶走了它们，你也应当为你的牲畜的所为而对我多少做出些作出赔偿……阁下，要是法律规定他可以进入其邻居的土地拿走掉落在邻居土地上的树篱，那么，出于同样的原因，如果他砍倒了一棵大树，他就可以用他的马车来把树运走，但这不成其为如果他在邻居土地上种植谷物或庄稼的理由，……，举例到此为止，因为法律在大事和小事上都一样……首席法官乔克也表达过相同的意思，他认为当主要的事情不合法时，则以其为依据的其他事情也不合法；因为在他砍树篱时，树篱掉落在我的土地上，这是不合法的，因此他过来拿走树篱也不合法。至于说到树篱掉落到原告的围地，违反了被告的意愿，这根本就不能构成辩护的理由，相反地，被告应当证明，他除此之外别无他法，或者他已尽全力不让树篱掉落到原告的土地上”。

40年之后，《年鉴》报告说，里德法官在最新的一起案件中采用了费尔法克斯的观点。他说，在侵害诉讼中，“意图无法进行推断，但在重罪中，意图则可以进行推断。因为一个人在对着靶垛射箭时杀死了人，不属于重罪，et il ser come n'avoit l'entent de luy tuer（他没有故意杀死此人的意图）；同样，一位砖瓦匠，拿着一块石头在房顶上无意中砸

死了人，也不属重罪。但是，一个人对着靶垛射箭，却伤到了某个人，尽管这并非他的本意，他还是应当被称为无意侵害者。”

后来还有一系列射击案件，如韦弗诉沃德案，迪肯森诉沃森案，以及安德伍德诉休森案，此后又有纽约州上诉法院审理的卡斯尔诉杜里埃案，在这些案件中，大意为意外地以及不幸地，并非故意造成的损害的一些辩护理由被认定为不充分理由。

伊丽莎白女王统治时期认为，一个人站在自家门口持枪射击一只家禽，并因此引燃了他自家的房屋和邻居的房屋，一般来说，他在间接侵害诉讼中负有责任，但这一宣判，“即，因为疏忽没有保管好他的枪”，不在本王国的习惯法上。“原因是，尽管这一倒霉事并非由一般性的过失所致，而是由于意外事故导致的，但造成的伤害却是相同的。”

上述手杖和对着靶垛射箭的例子成为了标准例证；这些例子，托马斯·雷蒙德法官在贝西诉奥利亚特案中，威廉·布莱克斯通法官在著名的鞭炮案中，以及其他法官都曾引用过，并通过教科书成为人们所通晓的例子。在上述案件中，托马斯·雷蒙德法官也重复了利特尔顿法官的观点，他直接引用了利特尔顿法官的话语，并进一步说：“在所有民事行为中，法律关注更多的是当事人所遭受的损失及损害，而不是行为人的意图。”威廉·布莱克斯通法官也引用了迪肯森诉沃森案中的一句话，现摘引如下：“只有无法避免的必要性”才能作为辩护的理由。埃伦巴勒勋爵在利玛诉布雷案中也是这样说：“如果受到的伤害来自另一个人的身体行为，这就足以构成侵害罪”；或者，根据格罗斯法官在同一案件中更经常被人引用的话：“遍察所有从亨利七世21年《年鉴》中的案件开始，一直到有关这一问题的最新裁决，我发现原则是，如果伤害当时是由当事人自己的行为造成的，或者说他是伤害直接的起因，则不管伤害是意外发生还是不幸发生的，他都依然在侵害诉讼中负有责任。”我认为不需要引用更多的例子了。

不过，尽管有种种理由主张一个人须自行承担其行为的风险这一原则，但即使是在古老的诉讼形式之下，非常有名的法院也一直拒绝接纳这一原则。鉴于这一事实，再进一步考虑到，自古老的诉讼形式被废除以来，对过失的控诉已从间接侵害诉讼扩展到所有普通的侵权诉讼，在这些诉讼中，人们不再就意图提起诉讼；因此，许多法学家很有可能会感到惊讶，竟然还有人会认为值得花时间来讨论这个问题。这便是从日常实践中得出的自然的印象。但是，即便根本不再有人遵循这一原则

（尽管事实上并非如此），要证实我们在如此根本性问题上的看法，除了日常实践之外，还需要更多的东西；因为至少在我看来，所有对此问题感兴趣的人还远未准确地掌握真正的原则，只有对我们迄今为止已有的想法进行一番细致的分析，才有可能发现这真正的原则。有人可能会认为，援引一些与绝对责任原则相反的裁决，并证明该原则不符合公认的观点和合理的政策就足够了。但是，我们很有必要对此进行进一步的研究，分析以下观点是否有充分的理据：除了在判例缺乏期，普通法根本就不知道这一规则；在开创性的时期与在哲学上找到了出路的时期之间，人们常常发现有一段时期为判例缺乏期。与现代大多数业内人士相反，有些人依然坚持这一严格的原则；要引起这些人的注意，就需要再次提醒他们，有很多重量级的裁决可以用来反驳这一原则，而且如果这些裁决涉及到某种革新，革新也都是诸如首席大法官肖这样的司法官员作出的，这一事实充分证明革新是要有策略的；我想，我还可以断言，我们可以毫不费劲地发现革新不仅是政策使然，还是连贯一致性使然。我先从后一点讲起。

让一个人在侵害诉讼中对因其本人行为直接给他人造成的全部损害负责，而不管其行为是出于过失还是故意，那么基于同样的推理，此人也要对因其雇工在被雇佣期间的行为给他人造成的类似的损害负责。因此，很多铁路案件中有关公司过失的讨论可能完全不得要领，因为尽管确实存在一份合同让公司对过失负责，但我们却不能拿该合同来减轻其雇员方可能因侵害而存在的责任。

不仅如此，同样的推理可能会使被告对其行为可能被称为起因的一切损害承担责任，而不管起因有多么间接。至少，不管后果是否无法预料，只要是有形的或者是无责任能力的媒介在与被控行为共同作用之下，导致了结果的产生，则在解决出于必要的自卫举起手杖意外地打到了原告的案件时所作出的推理，从不利于被告的角度而言，就会要求，在每一起案件中，只要被告的行为乃是导致被控诉结果产生的一个因素，就得作出不利于被告的裁决。虽然直接用力，与间接造成损失或者与作为某人行为更加间接的后果之间存在的差别可以决定诉讼形式应为侵害诉讼还是间接侵害诉讼，但如果责任理论就是一个人应为自己的行为承担风险，则它们之间的差异其实并未涉及责任理论。

本讲一开始就说了，如果任何情况下都要坚持严格责任，那就必须贯彻始终。我们不能说，在直接侵害诉讼中应坚持某项原则，而在间接

侵害诉讼中却放弃这一原则。我们也不能说，直接侵害诉讼只针对行为，而间接侵害诉讼则针对于那些行为的后果。一切直接侵害诉讼针对的都是行为的后果，而不是行为本身。而且有些直接侵害诉讼所针对的后果与被告行为之间的关系不是很直接，而在其他一些需要进行赔偿的案件中，后果与行为之间的关系要更直接一些。

一起行为始终只是一次肌肉的自主收缩，仅此而已。行为所调动的或导致原告伤害的一系列身体反应根本就不是行为的一部分，而且中间的这种身体反应通常会很长。举一两个例子即可非常清楚地说明这一点。

当某人持枪进行人身攻击时，他唯一的行为就是以某种方式收缩手臂或食指的肌肉，不过，初级律师们会很得意地指出，在造成伤害之前，肯定会发生一系列巨大的身体变化。假定他不是开枪，而是拿起了人行道上正在放水的水管，并将水管对着原告，他甚至都不用调动什么身体反应来与其行为配合，就可形成殴击罪。在行为与其后果之间，不仅可能存在自然因素，还有可能存在人的因素。吉本斯诉佩珀案裁定，如果某人的马因为意外或者第三方惊吓而脱缰狂奔并伤害到原告，则根本不存在殴击罪，但如果因为骑手策马疾驰而导致了意外的发生，骑手则有罪。该案采用了这一区分。上文已提到过的斯科特诉谢泼德案中，法庭主张向人群扔鞭炮的人造成了直接侵害，在此案中，为了自卫，鞭炮辗转经几个人之手，直至爆炸，伤害了原告。这里的人力甚至是被告行为与结果之间系列反应的一个部分，尽管为了得出上述裁决，而将其视为多少接近于无意识的反应。

现在我再重复一遍，即使某人已经尽可能地小心，当其行为所产生的力量通过相对较少的系列中间介入因素而作用于另外一个人时，如果原则要求我们在侵害诉讼中对他提起控告，那么，不管其行为与行为的结果之间出现了多少不可预料的事件，这一原则还是要求他承担同样的责任。如果在意外可被归咎为骑手的刺马行为时，撞倒了人就属侵害行为，那么，就像在文森特诉斯庭豪尔案中所指出的那样，为什么不是每一次撞倒了人都属侵权行为呢，既然撞倒了人总是可以更为间接地归咎为骑手上马并带马出行这一行为？

直接明显的后果无害的一起行为，如果不是因为一系列异常的，但并非人为的事件的影响，可能就不会产生一定的后果。一个人为什么就不用对这样的行为所产生的后果负责呢？原因在于，如果中间介入的事

件属于无法预见其后果的一类事件，那就不能指责被告未能预见到事件的后果。即便就以下问题而言，即在炎热的天气里，把剪修的枯树枝遗留在铁路边，然后就派列车上了轨道，这样一些行为是否有过失——也就是，是否是责任认定的依据，英国的法官们似乎都承认，可以合理预计到的后果还是具有决定性的影响。不过，在一定情况下，这些行为很难说就是无法了解其直接明显效果的行为。同样的原则也适用于违反制定法的行为，我们不可能合理预计到这些行为会产生所控的结果。

但是，以下两种情况没有原则上的区别：一种情况是，在行为之后，某种自然的原因或者物理性因素以某种不能预见的方式介入，并将看似无罪的行为转变成为伤害性行为；另一种情况是，这样的原因或者因素介入了，但当时却并不知晓。就这个问题而言，上引英国案例即是如此。如果某人在其中一种情况下被免于追究责任，因为不是他的责任，那么，他在另一种情况下也应被免责。以上提到的吉本斯诉佩珀案中所采用的区别，不在于结果是不是被告行为所产生的后果，而在于，作为一个明理之人，后果是否是他有责任应当预计到的后果。在大街上用力策马比起在大街上简单的骑骑马，导致伤害的可能性要大得多。因此，法院认为，被告有责任注意其中某一行为的后果，但法院不会让他对另一种行为导致的后果承担责任；因为，安静地骑马而马却失控的情况，尽管也比较常见，但可能性相对较小。但是，如果这匹马本来就不怎么驯服，而在制服它的过程中，被带入了一个人来人往的地方，则马的主人就要承担责任，因为，“他的过错在于带一匹未被驯服的马，到了一个可能会造成伤害的地方。”

再回到出于自卫举起手杖而意外打到人的那个例子，手杖打到了站在某人身后的一个人，与打到了被一匹马带进手杖抡起范围之内的一个人，这两者之间没有任何区别，只要在当时的情况下，在前一个案例中不可能已知身后有人，在后一个案例中也不可能预料到有人会冲过来。这两起案件中都缺乏唯一将自发行为区别于肌肉的痉挛性收缩从而构成责任之理据的要素。也就是说，在这两起案件中，对于所控告之后果，都没有选择的机会，——没有机会防止结果的产生。一项选择，如果自然蕴含某一隐性的后果，那么就该后果而言，也就别无选择。

我们的法律的一般性原则是，意外产生的损失必定有其产生的条件，但这一原则并不会因为某个人乃是不幸产生的重要因素这一事实而受到影响。不过，对于某个特定的人而言，任何事情，如果预计他根本

不可能会想到，并从而予以避免的话，这件事情就属于意外事件。用已故纽约州首席大法官尼尔森的话来说："根本找不到让一个人对一起其自身并无过错的行为承担责任的案例或者原则，或者即便能找到，也无法遵循……所有案例都承认，一起由无法避免的意外所造成的伤害，或者一起无论普通人怎么小心以及深谋远虑都无法防止的行为所造成的伤害，从法律或情理上看都是一回事，那就只能是受害者的不幸遭遇，并不构成法律责任的依据。"如果不是这样，则任何行为，不管是多么间接的行为，只要该行为调动了或者使得一系列身体反应得以产生，结果造成了损害，就足以构成法律责任的依据，例如，马匹失控案件中的骑马行为，或者甚至是某人来到一个地方，在此地突然犯病，并在一阵无意识的抽搐中打到了原告的行为。不仅如此，何必还要被告采取什么行为，为什么不就说被告的存在已经使得原告受到了伤害呢？一起行为的必要条件，就是被告本应该作出选择这一必要条件。但是，引入这一精神因素唯一可能的目的就是，使有能力避免产生所诉的伤害成为责任的一个条件。如果伤害无法预见，就根本不会存在这样一种能力。这里，我们从政策层面展开了讨论，稍后将我将相应地对侵入他人土地以及侵占进行探讨，再接着单独谈谈因牲畜引起的责任。

一个人的确不需要做这个或那个行为，行为这个术语本身就意味着某种选择，——但他肯定是以某种方式来行为。此外，个人行为一般会有利于公众。既然行为无法避免，并有利于公共利益，那么，很显然不会有任何一项政策，会将合理的同时又是不可避免的行为的风险加到行为人身上。国家很有可能会把自己变成一家防范意外的互助保险公司，把其公民的不幸遭遇之负担在全体成员之间进行分配。还可以给瘫痪病人发放养老金，可以给那些人身或财产受到暴风雨或野兽侵袭的人发放国家补助。由于个人之间至此可以采取互助保险原则，就像海事法院的简易裁决一样，在双方均有过错时分担损害，否则，就可能将所有损失都加在行为人身上，而不管其有无过错。但是，国家根本就没有这样做。普遍的看法是，除非打破现状能得到某些明显的好处，否则不应启动国家繁琐且成本高昂的机制。国家干涉，在不能被证明为善的情况下，即是一种恶。如果需要的话，可由私人企业来提供更好更廉价的全民保险。仅仅基于损失是由被告行为造成的这一理由而承诺对损失进行再分配，不仅会招来这些反对意见，而且还面临冒犯了正义感这一更为严重的问题，希望以上的讨论已经证明了这一点。除非我的行为具有对

他人造成威胁的性质，除非是在审慎的人应该会预料到伤害的可能性的情况下，否则，让我就损害后果对邻居作出赔偿，这与我在一次痉挛发作中倒在邻居身上而让我对其作出赔偿，或者强迫我为其投保以防雷击一样，都没有道理。

现在，我得再回到从无意侵入他人土地和侵占这两类案例中所得出的结论，以及这些案例与人身侵犯所谓的类似之处，以免人们认为涉及到后者的法律介于两种悖论之中，且每一悖论都具有同样的说服力，必然可以驳倒另一结论。

首先，以侵入他人土地并伴有实际损害的案件为例。当一个人进入其邻居的土地，并认为这是自己的土地的时候，他就是有意实施了被动行为及后果。他想要以某种方式干涉某一事物，而他正是因为这一故意干涉行为而被起诉。然而，如果他在自卫的过程中举起棍子而意外地击中了一个陌生人，客观事实即是棍子与其邻居的头部之间有接触，此乃诉讼的要旨，但这件事却并非有意为之，并且是他无法预料到的。当然，对此我们可以辩解称，一个人之所以被起诉，不是因为干涉了财产，而是因为干涉了原告的财产；在这些假定的案件中，就跟意外打人的案件中一样，被告并不知晓其中构成整体环境的一个事实，而要使其行为构成为不当行为，就必须存在这一事实。也就是说，他并不知晓真正的所有者拥有或者主张所涉财产的某些利益这一事实，因此，他并非是有意要实施一起不当行为，因为他并不想要干涉其邻居的财产。但对此又可辩解称，他确实是故意造成了所诉的损害。因故意损害使得财产价值减少的人知道财产是属于某个人的。如果他认为财产属于他本人，则不管他可能会造成什么伤害，他都得自掏腰包。如果他因为发现该财产属于他的邻居而推卸责任，这就很奇怪了。认为故意造成了伤害的人必须承担损失，与认为某人的行为意外地造成了伤害，这一后果无法预料，则此人必须承担损失，完全不是一回事。

接下来，假设所诉行为乃是对原告的财产行使了支配权，比如某种单纯技术性的入侵或侵占。如果被告当时认为该财产属于他本人所有，则要求他知道自己所有权的界限，或者，如果他认为财产属于他人，则要求他一定在行为之前拿到所有权的证据，这些似乎都不存在任何抽象的不公平现象。还要考虑一下，如果被告的行为，不管是侵占土地还是侵占动产，均未伴随对财产的损害，且财产已经返还到真正的所有者手中，那么这种情况下被告的责任又是什么？返还的金额只是名义上的，

赔偿不过是正式承认了所有者的所有权；考虑到时效法规对重复支配行为的作用，这也就勉强算公正而已。当允许被告通过偿还或者别的手段来避免诉讼的时候，所有似乎不公平的现象就都不复存在了。

但假设该财产还没有返还到真正的所有者手上呢。如果财物还留在被告手上，他则应当交出财物，这显然毋庸置疑。如果被告所持有的，并非是财物本身，而是出售财物所获的收益，那么，在追索诉讼或者追偿诉讼中让他赔偿财物价值即是合理的，等同于迫使他交出财物一样合理。但是，至于说被告是否已随后把出售动产所得收益给了第三方，这并不会对动产真正的所有者的权利产生影响。例如，在一起假定的拍卖商相关案件中，如果拍卖商已将钱支付给了真正的所有者，他即可以此来回应寄托人的索赔。但如果拍卖商把钱支付给了寄托人，那他就是把钱付给了一个他没有必要一定要付他钱的人。没有任何一项基本原则规定应以此剥夺原告的权利。

侵犯财产罪相关的法律是否构成一项普遍原则，影响这一观点的另一考虑因素是，被告是否知道原告拥有所有权可能完全只有他自己知道，因此很难被采信为令人满意的证据。事实上，在很多情况下，在制定法律的时候，在允许当事人出庭作证之前，根本无法考虑证据。因此，在贝斯利诉克拉克森案中，针对侵入他人土地的诉讼，被告给出的答辩理由是，被告在自己的土地上割草的时候，无意中错割了原告的一些草；根据抗辩，原告得到了如下判决："因为，看上去好像是故意行为，其意图以及是否知晓原告拥有所有权也无法辩驳；这些都无法知道。"

这一说法表明，从历史的角度解释侵犯财产罪相关的法律可能就足够了，用不着试图证明其合理性。因为，我们似乎可以承认，被告的错误如能被证实即为实质性错误。此外，我们还会注意到，任何一般性的观点，从侵入他人土地罪相关法律到侵犯人身罪相关法律，都表明受到了牲畜相关法律的误导。所有者必须自行确保牲畜不会进入其邻居的土地，但并非所有情况下他都必须自行确保牲畜不侵犯其邻居的人身。

针对诸如拍卖商案件中所认定的裁决，各种反对的理由并非基于责任的一般性理论，而是完全出于特殊的商业需要。除非因为实际要求而必须快速交易，否则，判处一个人对未经授权插手他人财产的行为承担责任并无不公之处。但是，如果存在这种实际必要性时，我们会发现法律表现出某种不同的倾向，这一点不足为奇，我们也确实发现如此。对

财产予以绝对的保护，尽管在主要从事生产而非贸易的原始社会里非常自然，但却很难合乎近代商业的要求。即使我们一直所探讨的这些规则得以确立，公开市场的贸易还是遵循更为宽松的原则。欧洲大陆很早以前就已经确定，保护财产权利的政策必须让位于保护贸易的政策。凯撒吉斯主张，nemo plus juris in alium transferre potest quam ipse habet（任何人不得转让与他人大于自己所有的权利）这一总原则，在商业交易中必须让位给占有即所有这一原则。后来，因为公开市场已经失去了其重要性，《代销商法》及随后陆续进行的修订都越来越倾向于采纳欧洲大陆的学说。要讨论由判例得出的观点，我有必要先提一下第一讲中关于早期责任形式，尤其是关于侵害之诉的讨论。第一讲中表明，扰乱治安之诉及重伤之诉演变为侵害之诉，而那些诉讼以及早期的侵害之诉自开始出现起，就一直属于故意不当行为。

在侵害之诉令状中加入破坏治安一词，无疑为国王发布该令状奠定了基础，但似乎没有理由认为在诉令状中加入使用武力一词乃是出于同样的目的，尽管人们常常这样认为。格兰维尔说，身体伤害属于郡长司法管辖权范围之内，除非起诉人增加了一条破坏国王治安的指控。然而，在这样或那样的案件中，致伤差不多都是因为武力而致。布莱克顿说，他所描述的较轻一些的不当行为，属于国王的司法管辖权范围之内，“因为它们有时会扰乱我主国王的治安”，同时，人们已经注意到，这些行为一直都被认为是故意实施的行为。也许甚至可以推论说，破坏治安的指控最初是实质性的，这让我们想起侵害之诉以往涉及到向国王支付罚金的责任。

如果侵害之诉最初确实仅限于故意不当行为，那就几乎没有必要对从概括否认范畴中所得出的观点进行探讨。从形式上看，这是对古代口头程序中之严格口头否认的一种缓和，这种程序还不太了解如何根据国王的令状进行审讯。在英格兰，这一严格的程序形式似乎一直持续到确定审理系争点这一形式被引入之后的若干时间。在得到确定之后，如上所述，审理当然就能对事实进行证明。在引入了概括否认这一形式之后，侵害之诉仍然局限于故意不当行为的范畴之内。

现在我们来看看判例。我们还记得，较早一些的判例，其所发生的时间是在巡回审判和合意陪审制还未让位于现代陪审制度之时。这些机构从自身所了解的情况出发，对令状所述系争点发表观点，或者对诉案审理过程中所提出的某些熟悉的事实问题发表意见，但并不根据当事人

的举证来听审整个案件。相比较陪审团现有的功能而言，他们当时的功能比较有限，因此，当时很自然的情况是，在他们宣读完被告所犯罪行之后，法官即可自行制定量刑的标准，而无需他们帮助。因此，向陪审团所提出的随意或一般性的询问，询问他们，根据其所发现的事情，是否认为被指控的侵害方存在疏忽，这并非各部《年鉴》所关注的问题；《年鉴》所关注的是经过严格界定的法律问题，即案卷陈述的某些行为是否为责任的依据，这一问题要由法院来界定。法官有可能对被告方非常严格，而且从被告方因为各种不同的行为，不用说疏忽，而被定为侵害方这一前提出发，很容易得出任何导致他人受损的行为，行为人都对此负有责任这一结论。但是，更仔细地研读早期判例集后会发现，一般意义上的责任，当时与后来一样，都建立在如下法庭意见的基础之上：被告本不应当这样做，或者，换句话说，他应当负有责任。

首先我们回头看看《年鉴》收录的树篱案。我们发现，树篱掉落到原告的围地，尽管被告不希望出现这一结果，但也绝不能说是违背了他的意志。在他砍倒树篱的时候，他就实施了一起显然且必然会产生那一后果的行为，应当设想他已经预见到该后果，却没有防止这一后果的发生。首席法官乔克说，“至于说到树篱掉落到原告的土地上，违反了被告的意愿，这根本就不能构成辩护的理由，相反地，被告应当证明，他除此之外别无他法，或者他已尽全力不让树篱掉落到原告的土地上”；两位法官都认为非法闯入原告土地，是让树篱掉落到原告土地这一非法行为所产生的后果。乔克承认，如果树篱或者一棵树被风吹倒后掉入原告的土地，被告可以进入原告的土地把它们捡起来。首席大法官克鲁在米伦诉福德里案中谈及这个案子时说，裁决的理由是，“非法侵入是成立的，因为他没有辩护说他已经尽了最大的努力防止树篱掉入原告的土地；但这依然是个棘手的案件。”辩护律师在为被告辩护时所做的法律陈述现在可以放在一边了，尽管威廉·布莱克斯通爵士在斯科特诉谢泼德案中引用了布莱恩律师的话，但他错误地将其当成了一位法官。

主要的判例是射击案。由于射击是一种极端危险的行为，因此，主张人们在公共场所射击时应自担风险，是不足为奇的。但是，无论对必要的预防措施任何定义，责任的一般依据都在于过错。在韦弗诉沃德案中，被告提出，他和原告在民兵队团服役时参加了一场小规模战争，他在开枪时，由于意外，加上运气也不好，打伤了原告，但这并不是他的本意。在针对抗辩作出的判决中，法庭说，“任何有侵害行为的人都不会

被宽恕……除非可以判定他完全没有过错。比如，一个人因为要用力抓住我的手而打到了你，或者在这个案件中，如果被告说，原告在被告正在开枪的时候从他的手枪前跑过，或者陈述了案件当时的情况，从而使得法庭意识到，那一后果是不可避免的，被告对于造成此伤害不存在任何过失。此后的案件完全遵循韦弗诉沃德案。

以上两段引语，都支持托马斯·雷蒙德爵士在贝西诉奥利亚特案、以及威廉·布莱克斯通爵士在斯科特诉谢泼德案中所坚持的严格的原则，且两段引语都出自法庭的异议意见。在斯科特诉谢泼德案中，很清楚，多数法官都认为，为了消除自身危险，在一瞬间将一只由另一人扔出的爆竹乱扔到了某人的货摊上，不属于侵害行为，尽管这只鞭炮由此产生了新的运动，且原告的眼睛最终失明。在支持绝对责任观点的案例中，上引最后一个案例是利玛诉布雷案。此案所争论的问题是：如果被告反驳的理由是，伤害是因疏忽而导致的，并非是有意为之，则该动作（撞倒了原告）是否不应属于直接侵害，而应属于间接侵害。因此，呈现在法庭面前的问题，就不是一个人行为的绝对责任问题，因为已经承认存在过失；且所采用的说法完全指向了该损害没有必要蓄意为之这一命题。

在另一起马匹脱缰奔跑案，韦客曼诉罗宾逊案中，有证据表明被告拉错了缰绳，且本应沿直线前进。陪审团得到的指示是，只要伤害系被告直接行为所致，则该行为究竟是属于有意还是意外行为并不重要。针对重新审理该案的申请，首席大法官达拉斯说，“如果意外发生时，被告方完全没有过错，或者完全不负有责任，则该诉讼就不能成立……此意外显然是因被告方过错而致。证据的效力也完全说明了这一点。现在被告提请同意重新审理，依据是法官并未要求陪审团考虑该意外是否不可避免还是因被告过错而致，这有悖于本案的公正。毫无疑问，如果被告当初提出了这一要求的话，则主持审理本案的博学的法官可能就会据此采纳陪审团的意见。”从被告的答辩（概括否认）来看，这种说法可能不太恰当，不过此案并未免于答辩，这一原则被认为是正确的。

针对这一点，在美国有若干种裁决。在布朗诉肯德尔案中，首席大法官肖为马萨诸塞州人解决了这个问题。那是人身侵害之诉，情况是这样的：被告在试图分开两只正在打斗的狗的时候，在打狗的行为过程中，把他的手杖举过肩膀，意外地打到了原告的眼睛，导致其严重受伤。相比较被告是出于自卫而采取行为而言，在本案中原告的理由更充分一些。但法院却认为，尽管被告根本没有义务要分开两只打斗的狗，

但是，如果他采取的行为是合法的，那么，除非他不够小心，未尽到普通人在那种情况下应有的小心审慎，否则，他就不存在责任，而原告则负有证明被告未能尽到这种小心审慎的职责。

在这样一个问题上，首席大法官肖是最值得人尊敬的权威，因为，这位伟大法官的过人之处在于他准确把握了其所服务的群体的要求。有一些，甚至是有很多可以说得出名字的英国法官，他们在准确理解专业知识方面都超过了他，但是，就对于公共政策依据的理解方面，几乎无人可与他媲美，而一切法律归根结底都与公共政策相关。用已故法官柯蒂斯的话来说，正是这一点使得他成为这个国家最伟大的地方法官。

康涅迪格州的一起案件遵循了布朗诉肯德尔案，在这起案件中，一个人在他自己声称的合法自卫过程中，举起手枪开枪，并击中了一位旁观者。法院强烈主张，被告不应依据侵害之诉的一般原则承担法律责任，除非他没有尽到在那种情况下应尽的小心谨慎。侵害及间接侵害之诉的责任依据在当时被认为是过失。美国最高法院对这一原则予以了认可。哈维诉邓洛普案中的说法被人们所援引，佛蒙特州有一件案子也表现出了同样的倾向。

假设退一步说，对诉讼责任依据的一般性看法是某种意义上的过错或可责性，那么，就会出现这样一个问题，这是否是个人道德缺陷意义上的过错或可责性，而根据奥斯丁的学说事实上就会得出这样一个结论。《年鉴》引用了里德法官的话，给出了充分的回答。“在侵害之诉中，意图”（我们可以说得更宽泛一些，是被告的心理状态）“是无法进行推断的”。假设允许被告来证实，他是否在采取行动之前，认真地考虑了在那种情况之下一个审慎的人可能采取的做法，并在得出其所能得到的最佳判断之后，相应地采取了行动。假如被告的证词被采信了，那就不会得出被告存在过失的结论，而根据某种将被告的个人特征考虑在内的道德标准，被告却存在过失。但是，假设是在陪审团面前提审这样的证据，很明显，法庭就会说：先生们，问题不在于被告是否认为自己的行为是不是一个审慎之人的行为，而在于，你们是否这样认为。

我们得在这两难之间找到一个折衷的办法。

法律标准为普遍适用的标准。法律不重视气质、智力以及教育等各种变数，这些变数使得某一既定行为的内在特征在不同人身上大相径庭。法律并不试图像上帝那样看待人类，其充分理由不止有一个。首先，相比较查明一个人对法律的了解而言，准确地衡量一个人的能力及

缺陷的不可能性显然要大得多，这被认为是对所谓的人人都懂法这一推论的解释。但是，更令人满意的解释是，人们在社会中生活时，对行为的某种约束，即牺牲超出某个平均点之外的那些个人特征，对于普遍福利而言是必要的。比如，一个人如果生来就比较草率而笨拙，总是引起一些事故，伤害他自己或者他的邻居。他天生的缺陷在上帝的法庭上无疑会得到宽恕，但他所犯的错误给其邻居带来的麻烦，一点都不亚于如因过失罪而导致的错误。邻居们因此要求他自担风险，达到他们的标准要求，而他们所成立的法庭会拒绝考虑他的个人因素。

法律一般根据可归责性来确定责任，这一规则也有其局限性，因为该规则不考虑性格上的细微差异。换句话说，法律考虑的是，对于普通人，即具有正常智力及审慎的人来说，可归责的标准是什么，并据此确定责任。如果我们在智力以及谨慎度方面都处于该标准之下，那就是我们的不幸，根据以上刚刚给出的理由，我们对此只能自担风险。但是，在法律理论中，理智而审慎的人不自行承担其行为的风险。相反地，只有当他未能运用他所具备的预见力，或者运用这种预见力时心怀邪恶的企图，他才须对后果负责。

人人都假定拥有避免伤害其周围的人的正常能力这一原则也有一些例外。这些例外体现了一般责任制度的规则和道德基础。如果一个人具有某种明显的缺陷，人人都能看得出来，这一缺陷使他无法采取一些预防措施，那么，他就不需要对未能采取预防措施负责。法律不会要求盲人自行负有观看的责任；尽管毫无疑问，他在控制自己的行为时有义务考虑到自己的缺陷，但是，如果他正好发现自己处于某种境况之下，而他疏于采取正常视力的人可能采取的一些防范措施这一点不会妨碍到他因为伤害到自己而获得救济，那么，我们可以推定，他不应对因疏于采取某些防范措施伤害到他人承担责任。同样可以说，在年纪很小的幼儿为原告的案件中，他只有义务采取一个幼儿有能力采取的防范措施，同样的原则可谨慎适用于幼儿为被告的案件中。精神病是更难处理的问题，对此不可能制定普适的原则。毫无疑问，在很多情况下，一个人尽管患有精神病，但却完全有能力采取当时情况下所要求的防范措施，其行为完全能够受到动机的影响。但是，如果属于一类非常明显的精神病，并且明显使得患者没有能力遵守他所违反了的规则，那么，合理性会要求我们承认其为免责的理由。

把最后所确定的一项条件，与前面所提出的一般性命题联系起来，

就可以得出：一方面，法律推定或者要求一个人具有正常的避免伤害其周围的人的能力，除非能够证明存在某种清楚、显著的无行为能力；但另一方面，除非他拥有该行为能力，他可能且应当能预见到危险，或者，换句话说，除非一个具有正常理智和预见力的人采取了同样的行为是应被归责的，否则，不能笼统地主张他对无意的伤害承担责任。接下来的一个问题是，这一模糊的检验标准是否是法律有关于此的全部内容；同样的问题换一种表述方式就是，由谁来适用这一检验标准？

尽管事实是，法律责任的依据在上述范围内乃是道德性的，但我们必须记住，法律只在理性的范围内发挥作用。如果法律所要求的是外部现象，是外显的行为及不作为，那么，法律对良心这种内在现象则毫无兴趣。一个人的内心，想怎么坏都行，只要他的行为处于规则范围内即可。换句话说，法律的标准是外在的标准，不管法律将多少道德因素考虑在内，其目的只是为了划出诸如法律所允许的身体的动静行为与其所不允许的身体的动静行为之间的界限。法律所真正禁止的，而且是其所唯一禁止的事情就是，处于界限错误一侧的行为，而不论其是否应受到归责。

此外，任何法律标准理论上都是适用于所有人的标准，在同等情况下，不存在特例。这并不意味着，公共力量可能会意外地，或是在任何团体突发奇想的情况下，攻击某个人。也就是说，标准必须是固定不变的。毫无疑问，在现实中，根据不同陪审团的不同看法，一个人可能得付出代价，另一个人却可以逃脱。但这只能说明，法律没有完全实现其目的。法律的理论或目的并不是把个别十二个人的看法，他们可能持有的认为有罪或者无罪的看法，当成是标准。他们应当把自己的特殊想法抛在一边，而代表社会的看法。在很多案件中，陪审团成员都被等同于理想中的一般审慎之人，他们眼里的有罪或者无罪应当是假定的检验标准，他们始终如一，他们在一定情况下的做法理论上一直保持不变。

最后，任何法律标准理论上都必须能被人知晓。如果某人必须对造成的损害进行赔偿，他首先应当是违反了法律，其次还应当是知法犯法。

如果一般侵权责任归因于违反了固定统一的外部行为标准，假定人人都要求知晓这些标准，那么，这些标准迟早应当可能明确予以表述，至少是在一定程度上明确予以表述，这最终肯定是法院的职责。同样很明显的是，被告有义务尽到一个审慎的人在那种情况下可能尽到的小心

谨慎这样一个没有任何特点的笼统的表述，应当总是让位给如下具体的表述：他有义务在这样或那样的情况下采取这种或那种防范措施。被告有义务遵循的标准，是具体的行为或不作为的标准，与其所处的具体环境相关。如果在整个有关无意侵权的部门法中，法院给出的意见没有超出过失的问题，并把每起案件都留给陪审团处理，却又不给其指明方向，那么，法院就该坦率地承认，它自己没有能力对这一庞大的部门法作出规定，尽管它还要求被告应当知法，且法院的言下之意是，从经验中得不到任何东西。但是，不管是法院还是立法机构，都从来没有止步于这一点。

从阿尔弗雷德大帝时代至今，制定法及法院判决都忙于对某些常见情况下应采取的防范措施进行界定；也就是说，忙于用针对具体行为或不作为的严格的检验标准，来取代审慎之人所应尽的小心这样一个模糊的检验标准。两者的基本思路还是一致的，即对审慎之人惯有的行为方式进行界定，或者在审慎之人不能确定的情况下，对某一种行为方式进行界定。

我们会发现，尽管责任外部检验标准的存在表明了侵权法通过司法裁决及制定法变得越来越具体的趋势，但它却并未动摇有关责任依据的一般性原则。有关责任的外部检验标准，将会在后面提及。本讲所提出的观点，尽管反对一个人应对其行为或作为自行负责这样一种观点，但却无意反对一个人要对其所实施的某些具体行为自行负责这一观点。其所反对的，不是该标准的本质，而是该标准不够明确。如果法院把被告是否存在过失的问题留给了陪审团，过失指的不是被告的实际心理状态，而是指被告未能像具有正常理智的审慎之人那样行事，那么，即使是在这种情况下，被告也必须遵守某一客观标准，否则就要承担责任。如果已经得出了一个更加准确而具体的标准，被告也必须同样遵守这一标准，否则将负有相同的责任。但进一步说，如果法律完全只是某种外部行为标准，那么，人们就必须一直遵守该标准，否则就要承担责任。

这里有必要举一些具体化过程中出现的例子。在《阿尔弗雷德法典》第36章中，对某人因他人所持的一根长矛致死的情形作出了规定，其中说道："假如矛杆的尖端比杆的顶端高出三指，就存在这（责任）；假如两者处于同一水平面，……就不存在危险。"

美国国会从英格兰所继受的道路交通与航行规则即是这类制定法的现代典范。根据道路交通规则，所争议的问题就从一个含糊的问题，即

当事人是否存在过失这样一个问题，就缩小为一个具体的问题，即他是在道路的左侧还是右侧？为了避免可能出现的误解，有必要指出的是，这一具体的问题当然不见得在所有情况下都能决定行为的责任；原告可能出于自己的过失而在道路的错误的一侧，但被告的行为可能仍不合理，并成为责任的依据。因此，毫无疑问，在有些情况下，被告可以就其处于道路错误一侧的合理性进行说明或辩解。主张被告处于道路错误的一侧，与主张他有过失，这两者之间的差别，即是如下两种主张之间的差别：一种主张是通过提供进一步的事实进行反证，从而对事实进行辩解，使之不能成为责任的依据；另一主张则涉及到某一法律结论，预先就否认了辩解的存在。前一种主张是否不太充分，对事实的确证是否转移了举证的职责，这些乃是属于诉答及举证理论所要研究的问题，但不管怎样，都能通过类比一致予以回答。我可以毫不困难地说，对于通常构成责任之依据的事实进行指控应当就足够了，而这些事实除非进行辩解否则就会构成责任的依据。但是，法律的程式，尤其是诉答的程式，并不会随着其实质内容的每一次变化而变化，审慎的法学家就会运用更宽泛、更保险的措辞。

制定法汇编所体现的具体化过程，在司法判决的演变过程中也同样应该出现。其应该出现是合乎普通法以往的历史的。上文中已经指出，在巡回审判及合意陪审制时代，所有普通案件都要由法院来判决，事实是否构成为责任的依据。毫无疑问，有关过失的问题可能已交由陪审团来处理。判定对牲畜是否采取了必要的小心措施，与他们判定是甲还是乙拥有这头牲畜一样，常识及一般性知识通常就足够了。最早出现的那些案件不属于需要进行分析的一类案件，在人们意识到有必要或者可能需要进行分析之前的很长一段时间内，过失被当成一种近乎简单的因素。另外，发现了这类系争点时，争议的与其说是行为的标准，不如说是被告的行为或不作为是什么。在法院与陪审团对行为的标准产生分歧之后，他们两者之间功能的差异才开始被予以考虑。与所有权一样，过失也是一个复杂的概念。后者意味着某些事实的存在，还包括法律附着于这些事实的后果（保护所有权不受任何人的侵害）；同样地，前者也意味着着某些事实（行为）的存在，还包括法律附着于这些事实的后果（责任）。在大多数案件中，系争点在于事实，偶尔才由后果引起。

树篱案已经涉及到法官如何对被告的行为进行裁决（以过错及公共政策为依据），而韦弗诉沃德案则表明，为了使法官能够作出裁决，那

些构成免责之理由、并且证明被告不存在过失的事实，应当在法庭记录中展示出来。在一起针对恶意指控提起的诉讼中，也记载了类似的需要对合理根据进行辩护的要求。直到今天，合理根据的问题还是一直由法院作出裁决。更晚期的证据还可在下文可以找到。

不过，有一个重要的因素，我们还没有涉及到。无疑可能会出现这种情况，即在那些法律制定者看来，将某些案件中的标准提高，高于通常所设的可归责性标准的起点，这应该是明智的。例如，在莫里斯诉普拉特案件中，法院尽管使用强硬的措辞，宣称过失一般是意外侵害责任认定的依据，但又暗示说，如果说有必要对可归责性标准的起点进行界定，那么，考虑到有越来越多的人有携带致命武器的习惯对公众造成的危险，法院可能会要求被告遵从更为严格的规则。此外，进入某人的住宅，目的是为了送礼，或者因为他生病而去探望他，这样的行为很有可能没有恶意，而且毋宁说是值得称道的行为，尽管进入房主的地界属于故意行为。这就是说，今天人们不可能会因为这一缘由提起诉讼，除非被告被禁止进入该住宅。然而，在亨利八世时代，若未获得许可，即可对此行为提起诉讼，“因为当时我的仇敌可能会以此为借口进入我家杀死我”。显然存在这样一种情况，即公共政策确立了外在行为的标准，但却未考虑到任何意思上的过失。同样地，针对禁止进入他人领地的一般性禁令，公共政策对一些例外情况进行了规定，比如，首席大法官乔客在《年鉴》中所列举的例外情况包括，树被风刮到了他人的领地，或者当公路无法通行的时候，或者为了睦邻友好的目的。

在现代动物致害责任的形成过程中，以及在赖兰兹诉弗莱彻案的派生原则中，也许还可以找到另外一个例子，即在某人把一动物带到其领地上，并看管、饲养该动物的情况下，如果该动物逃逸就有可能造成损害，那么，此人须负有看管好该动物的责任；如果他没有尽到看管的责任，则初步表明，他须对动物逃逸必然会造成的一切损害承担责任。这类案件并非基于饲养牲畜或者拥有蓄水池属不当行为这一观点之上，如果所涉及的只是凶猛而无益的动物，这样的想法也许还有些道理。为了公共利益甚至可能使危险增大（这一考虑可能会对一些案件的裁决产生影响，而且不同辖区裁决也不同）；但是，在案件审理过程中，可行的调查的精确度是有限的，因此可以认为，确保人们小心谨慎的最保险的办法，是将风险加之于那些决定应当采取什么样的防范措施的人身上。牲畜致害责任的认定似乎处于两种规则的交界处，一种以公共政策为基

础而不考虑过错，一种旨在对审慎之人的行为进行规范。

第一讲已经指出了这种牲畜致害责任在早期法中是如何形成的，以及早期观念对今天的法律所产生的影响有多深远。根据第一讲所述，很显然，早期的探讨引发了关于牲畜所有者是否应当负责这样一个一般性的问题。不过，当时的探讨并未止于此，接下来又根据一般经验作出了实用性的划分。因此，如果被告让一只狗去把羊从他的地里赶出去，等羊刚被赶出了他的地界，他就唤狗回来，但狗却追着羊到了毗邻的领地上，则这个行为不构成侵入，因为“狗的天性如此，不能立刻将它控制住”。

在犁地的时候，马掉头闯入邻地是合法的，如果马掉头的时候还吃了一口邻地的草，或者用犁弄乱了邻人的地，这都并非犁地人的本意，那么，犁地人的理由就会很充分，因为法庭会意识到，一个人不可能让其牲畜时刻都服从他的意志。同样也可以说，如果某人正赶着牲口穿过一座城镇，其中一只牲口闯入了他人的住宅，此人跟着进去，这并不构成侵入。法官多德里奇在类似的案件中也同样这样说：如果鹿出了林地闯入到我的土地，我带着狗去驱赶它们，则我吹哨子召回我的狗的行为，完全应当予以原谅，因为这样做就会让守林人会注意到，有一只鹿正在被驱赶。

梅森诉柯林一案，因为是对原始观念的重复而在第一讲中提及，此案表明，法律的原理机制长期一直都是以合理性为基础。关于当时不被看作财产的动物——其中主要是比较野性的动物，法律是这样规定的，“即使它们天性比较驯服，也必须小心其发脾气；法院提请注意，狗不属于天性凶猛的动物，而是恰恰相反。”如果这些动物“是那类天生就具有危害性的动物，他就应当为它们造成的损害承担责任，而毋须事先提醒”。后一原则曾适用于关于一只熊的案件，并足以说明前面已经讨论过的诸如马和牛这类动物侵入土地时动物所有者所负有的责任，尽管，如前所示，这种责任一度曾被认为建立在所有权基础之上。牲畜挣脱缰绳，并在脱缰之后闯入农田，践踏及蚕食庄稼从而造成损害，这被认为是牲畜普遍的天性，而狗则不会造成任何损害。也有人认为牲畜通常比较容易管束。即使如前所述，有关该规则的历史起源不尽相同，但这无关紧要。

遵循同一思路，就不应主张牲畜所有者对牲畜可能给人身造成的所有损害绝对负责。根据霍尔特勋爵在避暑别墅案的法院裁决意见书中的

说法，这些动物，“人类对它们不像”对狗“那样熟悉”，“其所有者就应当管住它们，并采取一切合理措施提防他们造成伤害……但是，……如果主人让一匹马或者一头牛在自己的田地里吃草，他的田毗邻公路，这匹马或者这头牛冲破了围栏，闯到了公路上，踢伤或者顶伤了某个过往的行人，则行人不得对牲畜的主人提起诉讼；但如果主人知道它们以前曾经闯过这样的祸，则应对他提起诉讼”。

涉及到过失问题时，法官的职责并未结束。这一看法最引人注目的判例，也许可以在有关保释制度的论述中看到。可以看一看柯吉斯诉伯纳德案中的判决，威廉·琼斯爵士和斯托里大法官的著述，以及肯特对此问题进行论述的章节。人们多次尝试根据保释的性质以及保释的对象具体阐述受托人的义务。可以肯定地说，这些尝试并不成功，部分是因为这些尝试企图将罗马法的一个分支嫁接在本土法之上，但此分支太过于庞大，无法在嫁接的过程中留存下来；但主要还是因为，试图作出的区分纯粹是性质上的区分，因此在涉及到陪审团时，没有任何用处。法官指示陪审团说，他们必须查明被告犯有重大过失之后才可对被告提起指控，但是这一指示却容易受到这样的指责，即在陪审团这样一个团体看来，“重大”一词只会是一个带有强烈否定意义的表达。但对于主持没有陪审团的海事法庭的法官而言，却并非如此。罗马法和美国最高法院一致认为，该词的确有一定内涵。不过，不管尝试是否成功，却足以说明人们曾经作出过尝试这一观点。

法院所制定的实体法原则被认为已经变得有些模糊，因为这些原则通常表现出来的形式是有关证据充分性的规定。当法官裁定不存在过失的证据时，他的裁定已经超出了一起普通的、不存在某一事实证据的裁定所包含的意义。法官的裁定是，被证明或所涉及的行为或不作为并不构成法律责任认定的依据。就这样，法律不断从日常生活中吸取营养，情况也理应如此。于是，在克拉夫顿诉大都会铁路公司案中，原告在被告的台阶上滑倒，并严重受伤。原告滑倒的原因是，台阶的黄铜包边由于被人踩踏已经磨得很光滑了，一位建筑工人作证说，在他看来，由于这一状况以及缺乏扶手，楼梯是不安全的。除了有很多人通过楼梯而并未发生事故外，对此不存在任何争议，陪审团作出了有利于原告的裁决。法庭则将陪审团的裁决放到一边，驳回了起诉。裁决采取了这样的程式：任何过失的证据都并未呈交陪审团；不过，这显然等于是说，并且事实上也的确意味着，就原告所证明的该楼梯的维护来说，铁路公司

已经完全尽到了其责任。在教科书中也可以找到许多其他同样具体的案例。

另一方面，如果法院裁定某些行为或不作为及所造成的损害，如不作辩解，即是过失的决定性证据，那么，法院本质上及事实上作出的裁定是，该行为或不作为乃是责任认定的依据，或者是无需作出赔偿的依据。因此，明知一栋房子曾被天花感染过而对健康有害，却隐瞒这一情况，将其出租供人居住，即被认为是可起诉的过失。要对这类案件中的行为或者不作为作出解释就得证明，相比较被审查的行为，其他行为的正确性；或者证明，该行为从司法的角度来看并不是所诉损害造成的原因。为便于裁决，裁决假定证据中的事实即是全部事实。

那些提出异议，需要作出解释的案件，法庭作出的裁决是，初步证据表明存在过失，或者有些过失证据应交由陪审团裁定。

很多人都已经注意到，在提到这些呈现出各种混杂的事实与法律问题的案件时，其中所隐含的观点混淆不清。毫无疑问，如上述所说，证明被告犯有过失罪，乃是一个非常复杂的过程：首先得证明，他做过还是没做过某些事情；其次，还得证明其被指控的行为不合乎法律标准。只要争议完全集中在第一个问题上，则整个复杂的证明过程对于陪审团来说就是一个简单明了的问题，无需特别进行指导，就好像唯一的争议涉及到作为法律结论之基础的事实问题就是所有权问题之时那样。但是，如果在第二个问题上产生了争议，那么，应该是由法庭还是由陪审团对被告的行为进行审判这一问题，则不管对于什么是被控行为这一问题是否还存在着争议，都完全不会受到意外事件的影响。如果还存在这样的争议，那么，就完全可以根据陪审团有待查明的每一事实状况，进行一系列推理指导。如果不存在任何这样的争议，法庭仍然可以采纳他们对行为标准的意见。问题在于，在涉及到陪审团时，要对法庭和陪审团各自的职责予以解释。

如果发生了一起案件，其中所涉及的行为标准非常简单，该案件被提交给了陪审团，那么，这一解释的过程就会非常简单。这就是说，针对这一个问题，公共政策所持有的明确观点，法院并没有任何记载，法院根据日常经验得出所要适用的规则；人们一致认为，侵权法大多数规则，就是如此得出的。但法院进而却认为，其自身所拥有的实践经验还不足以明智地制定法规。法院认为，从社会实践部门中挑选出来十二名陪审团成员能对其判决过程有所帮助。因此，法院采纳陪审团意见，从

而使自己心安理得一些。

但是，倘若某种事实状态经常在现实中重现，那我们是不是就要设想，法院接下来就会将行为标准的问题始终都交留陪审团来决定呢？正相反，如果陪审团就整体上而言非常公正，与其所代表的审判庭一样公正，那么，陪审团所获得的实际经验教训，法院也会获得，这一点难道不是显而易见的吗？法院会发现，从经验得出的有益教训是，被控行为通常是具有或者不具有可归责性，因此，除非作出解释，否则，它就构成或者不构成责任的依据；或者法院会发现陪审团的意见摇摆不定，自己有必要拿定主意。其他诸如此类的问题，包括楼梯黄铜包边被磨平的责任问题，法院都没有理由不予解决。例外情况主要发生在那些标准急剧变更的领域，比如医疗领域的一些问题。

如果这就是简单案件中所得出的结论，接下来还会得出进一步的结论。在现实中，案情通常不会精确地重现；但是，彼此差异较小的案件却是如此。一位长期主持初审法庭的法官应当会逐渐获得丰富的经验，从而使他相比较普通的陪审团而言，更能代表一般情况下的社会常识。即使他认为大体上采纳陪审团的意见是可取的，他也应当有能力引导陪审团，并在细节上对他们予以指导。此外，法官能够作出裁决，而根本无需采纳陪审团意见的情况，应当会不断增加。

过失常被认为是纯粹的事实问题，或者说，在法庭已经宣布了证据为可推断出过失罪的证据之后，陪审团通常要决定是否应当作出该推断。但人们却认为，法院在提出这一宽泛的命题时，其所考虑的案件，是有待裁定的行为无法直接予以证明的那些案件，其中主要或唯一的问题是，该行为究竟是什么，而不是在该行为成立之后，其适用的标准是什么。

提交给陪审团的大多数案件，都是根据法官作出的裁定，认为存在着陪审团可据此认定过失罪的证据。这些案件之所以交给陪审团，主要并不是因为对行为标准存有疑问，而是对行为本身存有疑问。举个有待证明的事实乃是具体事件的案件为例，例如从一座架在一条公路上方的铁路桥上掉下了一块砖，砸在了原告身上，在对行为的标准产生任何怀疑之前，肯定要推导是否存在这一事实，即砖块的掉落不是因为天气骤变所致，而是因为年久失修所致，且被告从本质上而言应当可能防止这一事实的发生。

因此，如果一只桶从一家仓库的橱窗掉落下来，在这个案件中，在

对有关标准产生任何怀疑之前，肯定要认定原告或其雇员是否对这只桶负有看管责任。可以看到，这些著名案件中的每一例案件，法庭都假定有这样一条规则，即如果被告的行为有证据可以予以证明，则被告即负有责任。就像在同属一家公司的两列火车相撞案中一样，如果对证据所确证的行为没有任何疑问，那么，陪审团事实上就会被告知，尽管不是每次如此，只要陪审团认为证据可信，被告即负有法律责任。

坚持认为陪审团有权拥有更多职责的观点，其首要的论据是，有必要使我们的标准永远与经验保持一致。毫无疑问，为了使不时制定的具体法规与日常生活保持一致，我们应当始终牢记，社会现有的通行标准即决定了法律责任的一般性依据在于可归责性。毫无疑问，这种一致性乃是要求一个人必须知晓民法的现实理由，就好像“违法的罪行也一般都是违背神意的原罪”这一事实乃是要求一个人必须知晓刑法的现实理由一样。但是，这些观点只会导向以下结论：判例如不合乎现状，就应当被推翻；这种情况一般也会发生，只有涉及到对合同及遗嘱的解释时例外。但另一方面，我们也很有必要尽可能地了解在某一时期可以对我们予以评判的标准；此外，多少个世纪以来针对大多数人类行为所制定的标准也并未随时间而变化。

本讲所强调的观点在本国，或者至少是在法律与马萨诸塞州相似的那些州中尤其重要。在英格兰，巡回法院的法官可以就证据的价值及分量自由地发表意见，法官席上的法官也可在征得当事方同意之后，不断地对事实进行推断。因此，把法庭与陪审团之间的界限划分清楚并非第一紧要的事情。但是，如果法律禁止法官把有关事实问题委托给陪审团，如果法官出庭，但在听审案件时却绝对不能对事实进行推断，那么，明白这一点则至关重要，即如果是由陪审团来确定行为的标准，那就等于法庭暂时放弃了某种司法职能，但在法庭认为有能力的时候，则又可以随时恢复这一职能。如若不然，则本讲所提出的第一个命题，即无意过失责任的一般性依据乃是其行为有别于审慎之人在当时情况下所采取的行为，如果人人都接受这一点观点，这就会意味着把贯穿于大部分法律之中的我们的全部权利及义务，交由陪审团来决定，他们的意见必然多少带有些偶然性。

在没有弄清楚疑问究竟是涉及到事实还是有待适用的标准之前，法院不会轻易取消陪审团对过失问题的决定权，这与本讲所主张的观点完全一致。法律的分界线与自然界的分界线一样，尽管大致轮廓非常清

晰，但是，经过仔细地考察，结果总可以发现模糊或者有争议的地方。这即是陪审团的职责范围，只有处于这一可疑的边界线上的案件，才有可能在法庭上争执很长时间。尽管这样，法律发展的趋势肯定是不断缩小不确定性因素的范围。这即是我们根据以上分析及有关这一问题的判决，可以预见到的情形。

法律往往就是以这种方式不断发展的。两起差异很大的案件表明了一种大致的区分，这种区分如若概括而言就非常清楚。但是，当新的案件被归为这截然对立的两类案件中的一类时，新案件彼此开始相互趋近，原来的差异就难以发现了；确定属于这一边还是那一边，只能依靠少许感觉上的优势，而非明晰的理由；最终，通过与相反的观点进行对比，从而划出一条精准的界线，这是一条非常任意的界线，因此，这条线往这边或那边多偏一点，同样都可行，但是，这条线一定得划在其所处的临近区域。

通过这种方式，法律对有待考虑因素很少的一些问题作出了明确的区分。例如，出示流通票据的合理时间是什么，或者种类上的区别是什么，以及本质上的区别是什么，或者反永久拥有权规则又是什么。

截然不同的两类案例，其所作出的裁决却彼此接近的例子，以及陪审团其间所起到作用的例子，可以从马萨诸塞州的法庭判决中看到：如果在不必要的情况下让一个2岁4个月大的孩子在无人照料的情况下横穿一座大城市的街道，则他所遭受的过失损伤就不能得到赔偿；允许一个8岁男孩独自外出，则不一定犯有过失罪；但允许一个10岁的男孩在天黑之后独自外出，其后果要由陪审团来判断；再加上这样一种说法，即允许一个20岁拥有正常心智的年轻人天黑之后独自外出就不会造成任何后果，尽管缺乏判例支持，但也可以大胆得出这一说法。

再举英格兰有关老采光权的法律为例。可被提起诉讼的遮挡了光线的障碍物必须实际存在。在正常情况下，在100码之外竖起一栋建筑，且该物体高出地面一英尺，这种情况不会引起诉讼。如果一栋建筑物与窗户相隔不到一英尺，并遮盖了窗户，则可能会引起诉讼，无需陪审团查找其他事实依据。其中那些有疑问的案件中，有关障碍物是否实际存在的问题，则交由陪审团决定。不过，由于所涉及的因素较少且比较恒定，法律倾向于制定一条明确的规则，即在一般性案件中，被控告的建筑物的高度，不得大于其地基与主要窗户之间的距离。尽管在试图制定这一明确规定的过程中，要求非常小心谨慎，但这种尝试从本质上而言

完全符合逻辑。

同一原则也适用于过失罪。如果案件的整个证据是，一方当事人在完全处于感觉及理智的支配之下时，站在一条铁路轨道之上，眼看着一辆机车逼近，并将他撞倒；对此，任何一位法官都不会将其交给陪审团来决定该行为是否审慎。如果整个证据是，他企图穿越一个平行轨道，该轨道无论从哪个方向看半英里内都能看到，且当时没有机车进入视野，对此则不会有哪个法庭会让陪审团去查明有无过失罪。处于这两个极端之间的案件才会交由陪审团处理。但是，在这类案件中，安全的界线——假设没有别的因素出现的话——显然是可以通过数学计算精确到以尺为单位的。

很多过失案所碰到的问题是：这些案件属于不会频繁复现的一类案件，从而不能使某一位法官从自己与陪审团长期打交道的经验中有所教益，以制定规则；而且所涉因素非常复杂，法院因此乐意将整个问题一股脑全交由陪审团来决定。

我将过失与其他侵权行为的关系问题留待下一讲再进行讲解。

第四讲　欺诈、恶意与蓄意——侵权法理论

接下来要考虑的是欺诈、恶意与蓄意这三个问题。我们在针对非故意不当行为的讨论中发现，要解决的最大一个难题是一个人总是要自行承担行为的风险这一原则。但接下来本讲的难题却在于，证明刚才提到的几个词所描述的那类实际的不道德行为并非这些词所适用的民事不当行为的构成要素。

对刑法的分析表明，在日常用语中，当我们称一起行为为恶意行为时，我们的意思是说，该行为对他人造成的伤害是有意为之，是为了伤害而伤害，造成伤害本身即是最终目的。然而，就刑法而言，我们发现蓄意本身就非常重要，与加上了恶意的蓄意具有相同的后果。循此分析可以发现，蓄意由预见结果会造成损害，再加上意欲造成那种损害两个方面构成，后者被认为是涉案行为的动机。不过，其中似乎只有预见具有决定性的影响。最后，预见被分解为最低一级的术语，并最终得出：除已解释过的一些例外情况，刑事责任的一般基础是行为人在行为时对事实情况的知晓，根据这些事实，一般经验表明某种伤害性结果可能随后会发生。

民法部分是否也可能会出现类似的术语分解现象，以及欺诈性、恶意性、蓄意性、和过失性等不当行为是否因此可被归为同一个逻辑意义上的连续系列，还有待分析。

首先，有必要做一番初步的解释。上一讲中表明，一起行为，尽管总是涉及意图，但其本身于法律却无关紧要。它是某种在意志作用之下，从而是有意协调肌肉收缩的过程。但是，行为所必然涉及的意图仅限于此。所有肌肉运动或者对肌肉运动的协调，如果撇开了所伴发的环境因素，并没有恶意，而行为本身也未必一定包含环境因素。无论是在沙漠还是在人群中挥拳猛打，挥拳猛打都是同样的行为。

上述观点被予以强调，以说明单是行为本身没有也不应当带有民事或刑事责任，这些观点适用于——至少是时常适用于——一连串的行为或行动，尽管一连串的行为表明了更进一步的协调以及更深层次的意图。例如，如果有人说了一句话，不实地宣称某个桶里装的是最好的鲭鱼，那么，不管这句话是在密室中秘密说出的，还是在讨价还价的过程中对另一个人说出的，说这句话的一连串行为动作都是一样的。当然，

在任何一种情况之下，除了协调肌肉发出单个的声音之外，宣称某个桶里装有某种东西还有更深一层的意图，这层意图必然会由词语的排序表现出来。但是，这一连串的行为以及意图本身都无关紧要。孤立来说，行为及意图都是无辜的，只有指出了某种伴发的环境因素时，才会构成责任的依据。

被当成法律责任构成要素时所指的蓄意，是意图造成所诉之伤害，或者至少是为了造成伤害。不是每一个案件都有必要将分析追溯至构成行为过程的简单的肌肉收缩动作。要使一个人承担法律责任，除了造成损害的行为之外，还需要另外的条件；根据以上原则，在考虑必须具备什么另外的环境或事实因素，然后再认定涉案行为应当由行为人自担风险时，我们时常发现自己有权将一连串行为认定为近似简单的构成要素，行为本身无关紧要。如果记住了这一点，在下面的讨论中就会避免困惑，也不用我对其再三重复。

视欺诈、恶意以及蓄意为构成要素的一些主要责任形式，包括欺骗、诽谤、诬告、以及共谋，除此之外，也许还可以加上非法占用。

欺骗是从道德领域引入的概念，其一般意义显然含有不道德的意思。普通法相关原则所作的规定一般只符合实际的罪行以及所有与罪行相关的实际意图。据规定，让一个人对因欺骗引起的诉讼负责的条件是，在明知为虚假的情况下，为了让另一个人相信并采取行动，而对这个人作出了一项虚假陈述，且听到上述虚假陈述的人相信了该谎言，并被说服采取行动而造成了对自身的伤害。这无疑是很典型的情况，属于一种故意不道德行为。那么，这里当事人的行为该怎么定义呢？该行为由说出了某些词语构成，这些词语按照一定的顺序排列，说出这些词语表明，当事人知晓这些词语如被人听到，其所传达的含义。但是，这一行为，如果仅仅伴随当事人知晓词语所传达的含义这一因素，则无所谓道德或者不道德。进一步说，即便再加上当事人知晓还有一个人在现场，可以听到他所说的话语这一因素，该行为也仍然不具有任何明确的非道德性。构成该行为非道德性的要素，即是当事人知晓陈述不实，且意图陈述会产生影响。

那么，首要的问题是，意图能否像在其他情况下一样，被分解为次一级的术语。对此我们不难作出回答。很明显，希望虚假陈述会产生影响的意图，最终可由这一证据来认定，即被告知晓另一当事人打算据其采取行动。如果被告早已预见到其行为的后果，那么，不管其动机是希

望诱导另一方采取行动，还是仅仅出于个人原因而不愿意如实加以陈述，他都可被指控。如果被告知晓某一当前事实（即原告方的打算），且根据通常的经验，原告方如此打算可能会致使被告行为产生有害后果，那么，不管被告实际上是否预见到该后果，被告都可被指控。

单从下一个例子中即可得出这一问题的一般性结论。当我们承认，在一起案件中，知晓某一当前事实，例如另一方打算根据虚假陈述采取行动这一事实，就无需再证明被告存在诱导另一方据此采取行动的意图，这也就是承认，小元素决定大物体。因为，如上所述，意图即包含了对足以作出预见的事实情况的知晓。因此，如果证实含有某种意图，就是证实知情，在这两者中，意图通常比较容易证实。但是，证实知情却不能证实是否含有意图。

但是，也许有人说，在以上所举的例子中，意图是隐含的或者推定的。但这不过是根据拟制来拯救一个错误的理论。这就好比说，我们推定一份加封盖印的文书含有某种对价性；这一说法仅仅只是某种手段，使得所有合同肯定都具有对价性这一形式化的理论，与加封盖印的文书并不需要对价性这一明显的事实统一起来。只要是说，某种东西对于责任的构成至关重要，但这一点却是根据别的东西最终作出的推定，那么，我们就总有理由怀疑，责任的基本构成要素是否可在这别的东西里找到，而不会在所谓的推定中找到。

对于欺骗所必须的意图，我们不能只停留在前面给出的单个例子上。法律无非是要求给出具有意图的证据，或者另一方有理由推断具有这种意图的证据。所以，该要求的全部意义在于：在知晓事实的情况下，虚假陈述自然或明显的结果，肯定会诱发这样一种看法，即作出该陈述的目的是为了诱使他人作出行动，因对该陈述的信任而诱使其作出行动。因此，所谓意图的标准其实是知晓事实情况下的某种外部标准，刑法的分析在这里依然适用。

事情还远不止于此。如上一讲所述，法律在追究明确化的过程中会确定，一定情况下的陈述可能会产生什么样的后果，——例如，说一匹马在出售的时候很正常这一陈述；或者一般而言，在知晓另一方当事人打算根据陈述采取行动的情况下，所做的任何陈述可能会产生什么样的后果。超出这些客观规则之外，即是陪审团需要面对的模糊不清的领域了。

欺骗的另一个道德因素是，知晓陈述不实。对于这一点，我不是很

关心，因为当风险要素被分解为行动和知情这两个因素之后，所有必要条件就形成了。但是，如果知晓虚假陈述这一事实能够转化成为一条规定，未必意味着犯罪，当然，尽管事实上总是伴随着犯罪行为，那么，这将有助于表明，各地法律发展的趋势即是超越道德的标准，获得外部的标准。在我们对此进行批判性分析时，我们就会发现道德方面的因素逐渐消退了。

问题在于，如果一项陈述诱使他人采取行动，而该陈述结果被证明为虚假陈述，那么，足以使风险责任加在作出陈述的那个人身上的知晓事实情况该如何定义。那么，很显然，一个人可能因为明确的协定，或者法律对其协议进行解读得出的隐含的协定，而承担其所作陈述的风险。他可以用法律语言来保证其所作陈述的真实性，如果陈述不实，法律即视其为欺诈，不管他在作出该陈述时完全相信陈述为真，还是已知该陈述不实而有意进行欺骗，两种情况都一样为欺诈。如果，在出售一匹马的时候，卖马的人保证这匹马只有5岁，而事实上，它已经13岁了，那么，根据普通法，这名卖马的人可被指控犯有欺骗罪，尽管他当时认为这匹马的确只有5岁。因此，普通法有关陈述之真实性的责任，要比实际道德欺诈的范围更广泛一些。但同样地，只要一项陈述是草率地作出的一般就足够了，而不用知道其是真还是假。那么，“草率”又是什么意思呢？它并不意味着个人实际上可以不关心陈述的真实性。它仅仅意味着，作出该陈述的依据太不充分，一个审慎的人如果作出了该陈述，就不得不让人得出这一推论，他太满不在乎了。重复一下前面已进行过的一个分析，这也就是说，它意味着，法律采用一个一般性的客观标准来确定，如果一个人根据这些依据作出了陈述，他就得承担责任，不管他当时的心理状态是什么，尽管他本人在作出该陈述时确实完全没有恶意。

因此，类似于用来分析意图的推理方法，也可以适用于对知晓虚假陈述这一事实的推理。与证明证据不足以保证陈述之正确性这一点相比较，证明是否实际知情通常要更容易一些，如果证明为实际知情，则其所包含的为次要因素。但是，一旦证明次要因素就足够了，则表明普通法在此可以适用外部或客观的标准。

衡平法院对此已经制定了原则，原则规定完全不考虑被告的实际道德状况，走向了另外一个极端。据规定，“在做生意时，如果一个人对另一个人作出了一项陈述，打算诱使此人根据其陈述来调整自己的行为，

那么，陈述人是否在知其为虚假陈述的情况下作出该陈述，或者陈述人是否在相信其为真实陈述的情况下作出的陈述，这都完全不重要。”

也许实际的判决可能会根据具体的原则来予以调整，但上述规则却详细表明，在商业事务中，一个人对于所作出的每一项陈述（属于可能会据以采取行动的一类陈述），均需自担风险。从政策方针的角度来看，这似乎很难说是合理的。永远也不要忘记责任一般的道德起点，法律在没有忘记这一点的同时，不能要求一个人对其根据明智而审慎的人信以为真的事实作出的陈述承担责任。在传播信息时，为了公共利益及必要的自由，甚至可以不追究第三方的诽谤言论，那么，在我看来，就更有理由不追究那些应控方要求而作出的陈述。

无论如何，普通法始终对道德因素予以考虑，使欺诈成为虚假陈述成立的依据。它并不主张，一个人应对他说的每句话自担风险。但是，普通法从道德基础出发，制定了一个外在的标准，一个在社会一般审慎成员看来何谓欺诈的标准，要求每一位社会成员自觉避免。与其他情况类似，普通法逐渐积累了一些判例，以确定在某些情况下所作出的某些陈述由陈述人自行承担责任。

使一方当事人行为产生风险的欺骗行为，其构成要素如下：首先，对表明为重要的事实予以了陈述。其次，知晓另一个人在现场，在可听到陈述的范围之内。第三，知晓充足的事实，确保可以预料到或表明对方可能根据陈述采取行动。（什么事实为充足的事实，在一些情况下，由法院具体决定；而在有些情况下，则毫无疑问，根据此前解释过的原则，问题将交由陪审团确定）。第四，陈述不实。这必须已被知晓，否则，已知的有关陈述实质的证据，根据一般人类经验就是一些不能保证让人信服的证据。（关于这一点，我们发现，法院在某些案件中也作出了一些具体的规定。）

接下来我要讨论一下有关口头诽谤的法律。恶意常常被说成是责任的一大构成要素，该原则通常是这样表述的：恶意肯定存在，但却是法律根据单纯的言辞表述而推定出来的；此外，你可以通过证明那些言辞是在某些情况下说出的来反驳这种恶意推定，这些情况使得言辞交流具有特权——比如，律师在其必要的辩论过程中所说的话；或者，一个人在出于好意回答针对一位前佣人性格的询问时所说的话；另外，在某些案件中，原告据说可以通过证明言辞是带有实际恶意的情况下说出的，来回击这种抗辩。

所有这些似乎都是说，这类侵权行为，即使不带有恶意，也至少实质上包含着想要造成所诉之损害的真实意图。但情况却并非如此。因为，尽管使用“恶意”一词通常是指向某种基本的道德标准，但是，以某些口头言辞作为证据来进行推定这一规则，就等同于说，不管对原告造成的损害后果是否是有意为之，蓄意说出这些言辞的行为即可被起诉。这不合乎一般性理论，因为诽谤性言辞明显的目的是要伤害所针对之人。此外，抗辩的实质内容，不在于损害不是蓄意为之——这根本就不是抗辩；抗辩的实质应该是，不管损害是否是有意为之，——也就是说，即使被告预见到了损害后果，且预见该后果时很高兴——明显的事实以及他说出那些言辞的环境，使得法律认为，对原告造成的损害相比较言论自由的好处而言不太重要。

将同样的分析适用于这一过程的最后一个阶段，难度更大，但也许不是不可能。原告据说可以通过举证实际恶意，也就是说，怀有造成所诉之损害的真实意图，来应对不追究被告方诽谤罪的情况。但是，又如何证明这种实际恶意呢？可以通过证明被告知晓其所作出的陈述不实，或者证明其虚假陈述远非情势所需，来证明这种实际恶意。那么，法律关注的正是一个完全有别于被告意图的问题这一点难道不是很清楚吗？在这种情况下，被告预见到，并且是高兴地预见到对原告造成损害这一事实，并不比特殊交流情况下的事实更为重要。问题又一次完全变成了一个有关知情的问题，或者说是另外的外部标准问题。是什么使得甚至是知情如此重要？答案是其他情况下缺乏允许一个人对其邻居提出虚假指控的理由。正是为了公共利益，人们才应当自由地、无所畏惧地提供一定情况下所能提供的最好的信息，但是，说谎任何时候对公众都不存在任何好处；如果已知一项指控不实，或者远非情势所需，那么，就没有必要为了言论自由而提出虚假指控，因此，这一规则属于一般性规则，即不管有害后果是否为主观有意，在结果被证明为虚假指控的情况下，当事人应自担风险。被告之所以负有责任，不是因为其意图是邪恶的，而是因为他无故提出了虚假的指控。

我们会发现，这里行为的危险性，远不只是欺骗，因为诽谤可能造成的后果普遍危害性更大。必定存在某些伴发的环境因素。必定至少存在一个人，此人为言论的针对对象。必定还另有一人在现场，能够听到该言论，他理解该言论，且该言论一定不实。但是，存在争议的是，上述第二条事实是否无需被知晓，就好比指控之虚假性无疑不必被知晓一

样；一个人是否必须为哪怕是一个毫无意义的被别人听到的言论负责，如果他不是在已知特别的情况下发表该的该言论。一个人把一项犯罪的指控加于其邻居头上——即使他以为当时就只有他一个人在场，那么，否决此人的免责要求绝不会大大减少言论的自由。但是，法律是否会到这一步，似乎并不是很清楚。

接下来要讲的一种责任形式，相对来说并不是很重要。我指的是恶意控告。一个人可以要求他人赔偿损失，原因是此人恶意地、没有合理根据地，而是基于一项虚假指控而对其提起刑事、或者某些情况下提起民事诉讼。当然，缺乏合理的根据，仅指被告的知情状况，而并不指其意图。这就是说，在被告提起诉讼时，其所知晓的事实中不存在合理根据。但是，适用于被告的直觉情况的标准却与此并不相关。问题并不在于，他当时是否认为这些事实构成了合理根据，而在于法院是否认为它们构成了合理根据。

接下来说一说恶意。被告的行为是由根据一项实际为虚假的、站不住脚的指控而提起诉讼构成。这是整个问题的根源。如果该指控为实，或者已经证明原告有罪，即便原告现在能够证明其是被误判了，那么，不管被告怀有多大的恶意，也不管其指控是多么地没有根据，被告都是安全的。

但是，假定该指控不实，且没有根据。那么，我们很快就可以确认，恶意起初的确指的是某种邪恶的动机，即以虚假指控伤害原告的真实意图。此外，这里的法律救济始于道德基础，毫无疑问，救济的理由类似于古老的共谋法的起因，即一个人的敌人有时可能试图通过调用刑法来毁灭他。既然为此目的而联合共谋应当受到惩罚，那么，也可以勉强得出如下结论，即如果某个人心怀恶意企图做同样的事情，那么，基于同样的理由，他也应当承担责任。我得完全承认，现有的判例非常有分量，其大意是说，普通意义上的恶意迄今已经是非常清楚的、会被陪审团证实与发现的事实。

但我无法完全接受这一观点。一方面承认，尽管怀有恶意，但可信、合理的根据的存在可为其进行辩护；但另一方面却承认，“证明该事实情况足以使这一具体当事人采取行动还不够，还必须足以诱使一个冷静的、明白事理的、稳重的人因此采取行动，否则，一般情况下不能作为提起诉讼的理由。”一方面，恶意本身并不会使一个人因为提起没有根据的控告而承担责任；但另一方面，他是否拥有正当理由，并不取决于

他对事实的看法，而是取决于法院的看法。在被告真实的道德状况被漠视到如此地步时，很难相信，存在不良动机这一点会很重要。但在这种情况之下，不良动机正是恶意的全部意义所在。因为，一起成功的控告，其所产生的不良后果，当然是设法使其他人被起诉的人所意图追求的目的。我不能不认为，陪审团可能被告知，在提出指控之时知晓或者相信指控不实就是主观恶意的决定性证据。如果是这样，恶意就并非至关重要的问题，重要的是被告知晓的事实情况，其原因在此就无需重复了。

尽管如此，使得启动常规法律程序的行为可被起诉，显然是基于周密的理据的，因此，当然完全可以说，这种恶意控告之诉应当仅限于这样一些情况，即因为不良动机而提起指控的情况，或者至少是被告当时认为存在合理依据的情况。这种限制在民事责任法中几乎是独一无二的。但是，这种侵权行为的性质十分独特，而且，它与在此提出的有关责任的理论非常吻合，即在任何既定情况之下，恶意控告都应当被局限于某种道德意义上的实际不当行为。

除此之外，被告道德意识状态似乎还比较重要的诉因，就只有共谋了。以此为名的这一古老的诉讼与恶意控告非常相似，毫无疑问，共谋最初仅限于几个人出于邪恶的动机共谋控告另一个人的情况。但是，在现代有关诉讼活动中，如被指控犯有共谋罪，这种指控通常仅指，两个或两个以上的人此前在行为中一直保持合作，其中任一人作出的行为，也是所有人的行为。一般而言，责任并不取决于合作或共谋，而是取决于所作出的行为的性质，即使所有这些行为都是一个人所为，或者不必管这些行为是由一个还是几个人所为。当然，有可能会存在这样一些情况，其中如果几个人不联合起来，其后果就不可能实现，或者行为通常没法证实；例如，一位教师被一家学校的理事会开除的情况。理论上，共谋并不会对案件造成影响，但会出现这样一个问题：尽管理事会拥有开除教师的权利，但是，证明他们是出于恶意的证据是否能决定开除行为可被起诉呢？法律规章也许可以说禁止人们探究董事会决定背后的真相，但是，实际的邪恶的动机，再加上理据的缺失，却使他们失去了这层保护，因为法律规章，尽管并不要求他们确保正确，但却要求他们应当诚实地对是非曲直作出判断。

与上述最后一种情形类似的其他孤立案例，我们也许能在不同的部门法中找到，其中，真实恶意可能会影响一个人是否要为其行为承担责

任。此外，在对侵占他人动产提起诉讼时，如果所能行使的占有权很小而且很模糊，那就可以说，这种占有必须“带有想要行使该动产所有权的主观意图，但其所拥有的所有权却与真正所有人的所有权相抵触。”但这似乎只不过是盗窃罪相关解释一个模糊的投影而已，不需要做任何进一步的或特别的讨论。动产侵占之诉，与盗窃罪类似，通常的理解是，依据原告财产被剥夺这一点来提起诉讼，尽管实际上每位财产占有人都可被起诉，而且一般来说，非法持有财产，时间即使再短，也属侵占。

但不管这类例外有多少，侵权法的一般目的还是确保一个人能获得损害赔偿，具体的损害形式包括人身、声誉以及财产等，是由其邻居引起，且并非因为这些行为不当，而是因为它们造成了伤害。把责任与道德标准联系起来，其真正的原因，就以上的解释而言，不是为了改造人们的心灵，而是为了在确定一个人是否负有责任之前，给他一个机会，以避免伤害的产生。其目的是为了将如下原则进行调和，即保留事故真相的原则，以及在保护个人不受伤害的情况下，他人拥有合理自由的原则。

不过，法律不是要寻求一个人能获得一切伤害的赔偿。一个人不受限制地行使其可能的权利，就可能会妨碍其邻居们行使其他同等重要的权利。有一些事情是法律允许人去做的，尽管此人预见到做这些事情会对另一个人造成伤害。他可以指控一个人犯罪，只要指控为实。他可以使自己在生意场上立足，尽管他预见到其竞争会使另一个店主的生意减少，甚至可能致其倒闭。他可以盖一栋楼，即使楼房遮挡了他人的视线，使其看不到美丽的景色，或者他还可以抽干地下水，而由此使得他人的井水枯竭；这样的案例不胜枚举。

由于这些事情中的任何一件事都是在可以预料到会带来不良后果的情况下所为，因此，这些事情似乎是有意为之，甚至带有主观恶意。本讲及以上各讲的整个分析论证过程目的就是为了得出这一结论。如果追究法律责任的目的仅仅只是为了预防或免于遭受伤害，从而避免使一个人对偶然事件承担责任这样极端的情况发生，那么，在法律允许伤害可以有意为之的情况下，恶意的存在是否会对法律判决产生任何影响就可能是非常重要的事情。这种情况的确可能会发生，尽管并不会对这里所持有的总体看法产生影响，但这种情况并非人们所希望发生的，其案例权威性也不大。

一方面，法律允许造成某些伤害，而不考虑造成这些伤害的那个人

的道德状态，同样地，在另一个极端，根据一定的政策依据，法律有可能会将某些事物的绝对风险扔给事物参与方，而不考虑任何意义上的可归责性。这一类事例上一讲中已经提及，下文也还会提及。

大多数侵权责任处于这两个极端之间，依据是造成了伤害，而被告在行为之时是有合理的机会可以避免损害的产生的，或者是直接导致损害产生的不作为行为。在制定具体规则的同时，人们也制定了一些惯例，不再含糊地以普通人的行为为参照，这些惯例与其他以公共政策为依据的具体规则比肩共存，惯例产生的种种依据却不再清楚。这样，我们就马上会看到，那些似乎不涉及任何罪责的规则有时适用于间接过失，而其他始于过失一般性概念的规则，则可能同样轻易地适用于一些外在的政策依据。

除了刚刚提到的极端情况之外，现在还可以轻易地发现，行为人开始自行承担行为风险的起点一般是如何确定下来的。在我们依据侵权法所确定的这个风险的起点来理解这一原则时，我们就拥有了一个进行分类的一般性依据，以及解决整个问题的答案，只要惯例并未使法律背离一套统一的理论。上文非常清楚地表明，我认为，以对某一动作或行为伴发情况的知情为依据，如果不是因为这些伴发情况，则该依据根本无关紧要。

但在讨论这一标准之前，值得注意的是，通过以上从恶意上升到对意图及预见的分析，我们找到了一个合理的共同点。位于恶意与过失两个极端之间的不当行为，预见可能是其公分母。法律的目的是要预防损害或确保一个人从其邻居对他的伤害中得到赔偿，只要不与上文提到的其他原由相冲突，当然，那些在法律允许范围内有意为之的伤害除外。在一个人预见到其行为会造成伤害的情况下，就不再适用使其免于事故责任的原则，他应负有责任。但是，如上所述，他有责任预见到一个审慎、明智的人应当可以预见到的任何后果，因此，对于这样一个审慎、明智的人应当可能预见到会随之造成伤害的行为，他就应当负有责任。

据此，所有过失相关案例都可以从假定预见的角度进行说明。套用这条错误十足的准则，甚至还可以将假设更推进一步，假定人人都希望自身行为造成的后果为自然的后果；事实上，我们发现这种表达模式偶尔也被运用，尤其是在刑法中，在刑法中，意图的概念占有更重要的地位。后一种拟制比前一种更加远离事实，更加不合逻辑；但不管怎样，两者都同属拟制。过失不是预见，而恰恰是缺乏预见；如果假定是可预

见的，那么，假定的依据，因此也是不可或缺的要素，即是对使预见成为可能的事实情况的知晓。

那么，如果将知情作为真正的出发点，则接下来的问题就在于，在任何既定情况下，要使一个人为其行为的后果承担责任，其所必须知晓的情况该如何确定。其所必须知晓的情况应该可能会使一个审慎的人察觉到危险，尽管未必会预见到具体的伤害后果。但是，这只是一条含糊的标准。如何确定其所必须知晓的那些情况是什么呢？答案一定是：凭经验。

但是，有一点在上一讲中以及这里都还没有澄清，现在有必要予以探讨。人们认为，具有一般智力的人在一定情况下可能会察觉到具有危险性的行为，如果此人实施了该行为，则应被归责。不过，事情可能并非如此。假设一个人在12名武装人员的威胁下，因为担心有生命危险而采取行动，进入了他人的围地，并牵走了一匹马。在这样一种情况下，对于因其行为造成的对他人的伤害，他的确是经过考虑，并且是有意为之的。然而，这一行为既不应被归责，也不应受到惩罚。但这一行为可被起诉，首席大法官罗尔曾在吉尔伯特诉斯通案中即是如此裁决的。如果这就是法律，那么，法律是在尽可能地说明：只要确定被告是否有机会能避免造成所诉之损害，就足够了。人们完全可以说，尽管他确实聪明地以他可能想到的最好办法挽回了自己的性命，但也没有任何理由允许他可以故意地、永久地将不幸转嫁到其邻居身上。

仅凭某一行为被定为可被起诉的行为这一情况，不能因此而推出，法律视该行为为不当行为，或者试图防范该行为。根据我们的磨坊法，一个人必须为淹没其邻居的土地作出赔偿；同样，他在动产侵占之诉中，必须为侵占其邻居的财产作出赔偿。然而，法律也准许及支持因兴建磨坊而淹没土地。

在辨析法律问题时，一定不能允许道德上的偏好影响我们的思考。如果我们只接受责任标准，那么，我们如何把动产侵占之诉与磨坊法区分开来？或者如何区分被禁止的行为与仅仅只是被指控的行为？我能看到的唯一区别在于这两类行为所产生的附带后果不同。在其中一类行为中，双方当事人过失相当时，被告人地位更强这一原则，以及遵循此原则的合同无效，表明此类行为不受法律保护。另一类行为则并非如此。以下事实可证实这一观点，即几乎只有当被禁止的行为和被指控的行为出现差别时，才会涉及到适用这些原则。

但如果真是如此，则对一起行为负有责任，未必就意味着做了错事。我们可以承认这一点，而丝毫无损于上一讲所提出的观点，上一讲中的观点只是要求，人们无需对其无法避免的意外事故作出赔偿。

但是，人们现在是否还遵循首席大法官罗尔的裁决却是个疑问。那起爆竹案，即斯科特诉谢泼德案，以及一些教科书中的说法，多少都对该裁决持反对意见。如果人们无需对其无法避免的意外事故作出赔偿这后一种观点为权威观点的话，那么，要让某个行为人承担责任，一般说来，其行为不仅应当具有危险性，而且是从普通人一方看来可归责的行为。但是，撇开了吉尔伯特诉斯通案这样一些特殊的案例，两种标准其实是一致的，下面无需再考虑其间的差异。

我因此再重复一下，经验是一个标准，据此可以确定，在知情情况下既定行为是否足够危险，从而给实施该行为的当事人带来风险。

例如，经验表明，有很多原本被认为已经退膛的枪支，却会走火伤人。社会中具有正常智力且审慎的成员可能会预见到，将一支未经检查的枪支对着人群，并扣下扳机，可能会导致危险，尽管这支枪据说是空枪。因此，我们完全可以认为，一个人如果做了这样一件事，就要自行承担行为的风险，而且如果造成了损害，他就要对此承担责任。举起一支枪，并扣下扳机所必须的一些协调性动作，以及通过这些动作协调所表现出来的意图以及知情，整个都无可指责。如果没有更进一步的事实，它们不会给任何人带来损害。但是，一个人如果在枪口下，位于手枪射程范围之内，那么，在任何了解这一事实的人看来，这一附加情况都会使该行为具有明显的危险性。这就不再需要参照审慎的人以及一般经验了。事实已经说明了一切，并已形成了一条具体外在的责任规则。一个人猛然掀开了一支枪的枪盖，此枪正指向他人，且此人知道他人在场，这个人就要对后果负责。

这样，在既定情况下一个审慎的人会做什么这个问题就等同于下面这个问题：对于这些或那些情况下这样或那样的行为所具有的危险性，可以得出的经验教训是什么；因为经验教训是无可争辩的事实，所以很容易明白，为什么应就经验教训征求陪审团的意见。然而，经验教训属于具有某种独特功能的事实。经验教训的唯一意义在于这样一个问题，即在案件情况下，当做什么，或者不当做什么，而不是当事人已经做了什么。经验教训的功能在于表明一种行为规则。

有时候，更具体的事实情况会使法院放弃一些规则，比如，立法机

构通过了一条法规，而法院所审理的案件恰好在该法规所述范围之内；或者某一特殊利益阶层或者一般公众的做法已经形成为某种行为规则，超出了法律的范围，但法院最好应当予以承认及执行。这些行为规则都是无可争辩的事实，人们有时就是如此进行辩护的。但是，因为这些规则的唯一重要性在于，如果人们相信这些规则，就会使得法官在这些规则的启发下制定一条行为规则，或者换句话说，一条新的法规，所以，大多数情况下，一旦在其启发下制定的新法规被确定下来，这些行为规则也会趋于消失。当事实不明时，因为事实仍然还是根据法律作出判决的唯一动因——可以说是立法的依据——，所以法官可以以任何方式查明事实，只要问心无愧。因此，法院在法律上承认本司法管辖范围内的法律法规，尽管其他司法管辖范围内的法律，因为其中的观点拿不准，则交由陪审团来判断。法院可以对商人的某种惯例进行司法认定。从前，法院至少可以在抗辩之后，对惯例进行非正式的庭外讯问。法院可以根据特别陪审团的陈述来行事，曼斯菲尔德勋爵及其继任者所处的时代就是那样；还可以根据普通陪审团基于证人的证词作出的裁决来行事，今天本国的做法就是这样。但我们会发现，教科书里有很多例子表明，事实一旦被查明，就很快不再被提及，而让位于法律规则。

经验教训方面，也可以看到同样的过程。毫无疑问，有很多案件，在其办理过程中，法庭可能会仰赖陪审团的帮助；但同样也有很多案件，在其办理过程中，经验教训被拟定为专门的规则。我们发现，根据必要的伴发环境因素的数量，这些规则大相径庭，这些必要因素会使行为人承担行为的风险，否则与行为人无关。由于情况变得越来越多样化、复杂化，陪审团快刀斩乱麻的趋势也更为明显。借助于例证，很有必要对一系列案件从简单到复杂追踪分析。尤其值得注意的是，我们很难区分基于其他政策依据的规则与过失领域中所制定的规则。

在以上各种情况下，都会发现被指控一方存在自愿行为。上一讲已经指出了这一必要条件的理由。对于被告来说，尽管他是否蓄意或预见到其所造成的不良后果并非必要条件，但是，他有意作出导致了不良后果的行为则为必要条件。但是，上文也已说明，有自愿性行为还不够，甚至是一系列协调性动作或行为本身通常也不够。不过，协调一系列动作，其所揭示的意图比单个动作所必然揭示的意图要更深一些，而且有时几乎可以同样确切地认定对一个或多个伴发环境因素的知情。也存在着这样的情况，其中，仅凭意图，以及因此必然意味着知情，就足以使

行为人承担行为的风险。

例如，在某人实施被人们称为行走的一系列动作时，完全为确定责任计，我们假定此人对地面在其脚下这一点知情。可以肯定的是，该行为本身无关紧要。一个人，如果选择在某辆私人踏车上练习行走，就可以经历这一系列的走动动作而不必承担法律风险；但是，如果他是在地面上经历同样的动作，那么，他知晓地面就在那里这一点则毋庸置疑。正因为知晓这一情况，所以他采取了行动就得在某些方面承担责任。如果他越过了邻居的地界，他就属于非法侵入他人领土。制定这一严格规则的理由在上一讲中已经做出了部分说明。对这一规则的说明解释，与规则本身相比较，也许包含更多的历史、或者过去或现在的政策理念；不管怎样，这一规则是否合理，我倒并不介意。但是，这一规则并不难理解。一个步行的人知道他正在地面上移动；他知道，他的周围是私人地产，他无权进入；他知道，他的动作，如果控制的不好，就会使他进入别人的土地。因此，他必须小心谨慎，其行为的责任由其本人承担。

但是，并不会因为他走路的行为而使他承担所有可能的风险后果。他可能会在大街上撞倒了一个人，但如果并非出于疏忽大意，他就不用对此承担责任。法律与不同的惯例混淆在一起，同样，我们发现也很难得出完全令人满意的一般性理论，但是，根据某一既定情况下不同风险的性质及程度，法律还是作出了明智的区分。

从走路这一简单案例出发，我们可以过渡到一些更加复杂的涉及到有形财产的案例。可以说，一般而言，一个人乱动这样一些有形财产，就要自行承担风险。他是否真地相信这些财产是属于他自己，还是对公众免费开放，或者他从财产所有人那里得到了许可，或者情况是法律对财产所有权进行了限制，这些都无关紧要；要看事实结果如何，如果事实并非他所想象的那样，他就得对其行为负责。与上文一样，他多少是在行使财产支配权，还是正在损害财产，他对此是知情的；如果有人质疑其权利，他就得为此举证。

这一严格的规则是以一般责任依据为基础，还是基于对新旧法规的某些特殊考量，法律法规已经对此设定了某些界限，这在上一讲中已经提到。

还有一种行为，当事人要承担风险，而不用进一步知晓行为必然包含的意义，这种行为就是饲养老虎或熊，或者其他大家都知道很凶猛的动物。如果这样一只动物逃脱并造成了损害，仅仅根据所有者饲养了该

动物这一证据，所有者就得承担责任。尤其要注意的是，这种情况下的因果关系链条中，采取行动的时刻与所诉后果之间相对比较间接的关系。通常情况下，责任源自于采取了某一个行动，这是造成损害的近因，是诉讼成立的基础。但在这里，看守动物的行为通常并不存在过失。在大多数案例中，甚至可以说所有案例中，只要所有人自行选择饲养该动物，这一点就足够了。经验表明，老虎和熊善于寻找逃脱的机会，而且一旦它们逃脱成功，肯定会造成性质严重的危害。带来更大危害的可能性与带来较小危害的可能性产生的后果一样，法律将责任加之于给社会带来危害的人身上。

采取行动的机会与所诉后果之间的间接关系足以表明，把这种风险责任加在动物饲养者身上的原因并非普通的不审慎行为。有人指出，这种责任建立在间接疏忽之上。不过，法律并未禁止人们开一家动物园，或认为这种行为有任何过错。对于那些相比较野生动物展显然甚至更加有益于社会的行为，法律适用几乎同样严格的规定。

这似乎属于这样一种情况，其中，责任依据于政策及惯例，而不是任何一种形式的可归责性，或者是否存在一个人通常可以避免造成危害的机会。但是，有人提出把间接疏忽作为一种解释这一事实表明，一旦制定了某条具体的规则，则很难确定某既定规则是基于某些特别依据，还是属于过失的范畴，这一点在上文中已提到过。

还需要注意的是，被告对于老虎的本性无疑知情，尽管如果他对此并不知情，就不能说他是有意选择让社会遭受危险。这里，同样地，即使是在知情的问题上，法律也适用其平均法则。老虎和熊具有危险性是众所周知的事实，因此，一个人如果饲养了这两种动物，则可推定他对于其特性是知情的。换句话说，他实际知晓他拥有一只长有什么牙、什么爪子等等器官的动物，他必须还要认识到社会一般成员所知晓的其他情况，否则后果自负。

凶猛的野生动物一般所造成的损害的情况也适用于家畜所造成的一类特殊的损害，即，非法侵入他人土地。这一点上一讲已经分析过，所以在此只需要回顾一下，并提请注意以经验和政策为基础，划分预见损害与未预见损害两类损害之间的区别。家畜通常会走失闯入他人耕地而造成损害。他们只在特殊情况下才会伤人。

这最后几类责任形式，其中每一类形式与损害投偿原则之间都可能存在历史关系；这一点我没有必要重新提起，因为，不管这一起源能否

被确定下来，制定这一法规的原则已被认为是合理的，而且最近几年在英格兰进一步演变为如下原则，即任何逃脱后就可能造成损害的东西，如果有人把它带到了自己的土地上饲养，他就必须看管好它，不让它逃脱，否则要自行承担风险。这一原则的严格程度因地而异，因为给公众带来的好处以及涉案行为对个人造成的危害之间的平衡点不同。如上所述，给他人造成的危害并非需要考虑的唯一问题。法律允许某些损害可以有意为之，更不用说，有些风险也可以有意为之。西部有些地区并不要求人们将家畜圈养起来。有些法院曾拒绝遵循赖兰兹诉弗莱彻案的先例。但另一方面，该原则已适用于处理人工水库、化粪池，因屋顶形状致使冰雪堆积，以及界墙等问题。

这类案件，类似于凶猛动物类案件，被告不知情，以及未能提早发现危险物体可能失控的漏洞等都不是辩护的理由。采取行动的时间节点进一步推前了，而且，尽管不应责备被告，但他有责任知道该物体对其邻居是一种持续的威胁，否则后果自负，这就足以将事情的风险加在他的身上。

我下面要讨论的一些案例，比前面所有案例都要复杂一个等级。这些案例必定存在另外一种伴发因素，当事人是知情的；除此之外，其知情这一事实必定或实际上可通过其行为得以证实。这些案例自然也涉及到动物。根据英国的法律对经验一词的阐释表明，狗、羊以及牛一般天性比较温和驯服，即使他们偶然表现出咬人、顶人、或者用角抵人的倾向性，也属于例外现象。因此，法律并未要求一个饲养狗、羊、牛或其他同样驯服的动物的人，自行承担这些动物可能造成的人身伤害，除非他对此知情，或已被告知，其所饲养的某只动物性情反常，且的确已经数次表现出如此。但是，很多地方通过制定法规，已使得法律更接近于实际经验。

下面让我们再进一步。某人养了一匹未被驯服、难以驾驭的马，他对此是知情的。这并不足以将马的行为风险加之于此人身上。知晓这匹马有野性，知道其一般不可能有危险，只在特殊情况下才会有危险。除了饲养这匹马之外，试图驯服此马显然也根本不会对公众造成危害。但是，如果马的主人试图驯马的地方是人来人往的大街，马的主人对这一新情况是知情的，根据一般经验，这一新情况会使其驯马行为具有危险性，他因此必须承担可能造成之损害的责任。但另一方面，如果买马的人是一名优秀的骑手，他买了一匹表明看起来并不凶野的马，并骑上这

匹马回家，就并不存在需要使他承担责任的明显的危险性，即使该马变得难以驾驭并造成损害。根据经验，可以得出两种案例的概率，并可划出其间的界线。

有关饲养老虎的规则或者赖兰兹诉弗莱彻案的原理，不管其正确的解释是什么，在上述案例中，我们都已涉及到过失的范畴，而且，如果我们举出一个案例，大概处于上述两类案例之间，再使情况多少复杂性一些，我们就会发现，关于被告的行为是否是审慎的人在一定情况下的所作所为这一宽泛的问题，行为及标准两方面可能都不会给陪审团留出多少自由裁量权。

对于被称为恶意或故意的过错，没有必要再次提及其不同的类型，也没有必要给它们在这个序列中找个位置。如上所述，它们之间的区别在于被告肯定知情的环境因素的数量不同。诽谤是说话人一般来说必须自行承担风险的行为，因为，其所涉及到的这一类指控显然具有危害性，实际出现的问题多半涉及到真实抗辩或者言行自由权。欺骗需要更多但依然很简单的事实。除非所发表的言论肯定会引起诉讼，或者缺乏充分的依据，否则言论不会造成所诉损害。

但是，用意图相关的说法来描述某些过错其实非常重要。在这类案例中，损害常常是有意为之，如果证明怀有造成某种损害的意图，就有必要证明对于可能会造成损害的事实是知情的。此外，直接证明意图比证明知情要容易得多，证明知情就勿需证明怀有意图。

如果某人被当成某一特定损害的可归责事由，这些案例一方面不仅限于这样一类情况，即此人实际上是为了造成损害才采取行动，他因此可以说是有意造成了损害；但另一方面，还不能囊括所有如下情况，即如果不是因为他间接地采取了行动，损害可能不会发生。一般而言，我们会发现采取行动得到了进一步的延伸，不仅仅是一个简单的动作，而是协调一系列动作形成为行为。通常还会进一步延伸，直到得到某一外在的后果。但一般而言，我们还会发现，如未出现所诉后果，这种延伸就会停止。

在各种情形下，问题的关键在于，实际采取的行动，或者换句话说，实际想要得到的结果，是否非常接近于所诉更间接的结果，从而使行为人承担行为的风险。

迄今为止所论述的这类案例，有很多都属于被告意图达成损失为损失的直接原因这样一类情况。但我们会看到，在不同的点选择采取行动

可能产生的结果却相同。例如，一个人被控致其邻居的房屋被烧毁。最简单的情况是，他实际有意烧毁该房屋。如果的确如此，则其中一系列身体动作持续的时间长短无关紧要，对案件不产生任何影响。

但行动有可能提前一步终止了。被告可能只是想在自己的土地上生火，并没有想要烧毁邻居的房屋。于是，中间经历的、伴随的身体动作因素的性质，就变得及其重要。问题就变成，在被告已经知情的情况下，被告行为预期的（因此是故意的）后果所伴随的危险程度究竟有多大。如果危险是显而易见的、而且非常大，例如，如果其行为由在靠近邻居房屋的一个干草堆旁点燃了谷茬构成，且如果显而易见的环境因素是，房屋是木质结构的，谷茬很干燥，且风向也很危险，则法院很有可能裁定被告有责任。如果被告在毗邻的房屋内的壁炉中正常地点火，对于道该壁炉建造的并不安全这一点并不知情，则法院就很有可能裁定被告没有责任。介于这两者情形之间的复杂疑难案例，则可由陪审团裁定。

但是，被告可能甚至并没有打算点火，其行为及意图可能只是想要开一枪，或者更为间接一点，可能只是穿过一间屋子时不小心撞倒了一瓶硫酸。因此，这样一类案件可由陪审团来裁定，原因在于在这一系列事件中，其行为具有间接性，还在于行动或行为所伴随的环境因素的复杂性。区别也许巨大，但却不是实质性的。

但是，对每一起过失进行这种逻辑分析，首先是要确定被告实际采取了什么行动，也就是说，其自主的动作或行为究竟是什么，对于这些动作或行为，他实际上预想到了什么后果；接下来再继续确定，在知情的情况下行为所伴随的危险是什么，或者在预期的情况下，所预期的后果是什么。

举一个例子，比如沃尔特·蒂勒尔爵士的箭射歪了这个例子。如果一个老练的神射手预料到箭可能会射中某一个人，问题就在于此。如果射手预计，射出的箭可能会从另一个人的身旁一擦而过，但他只是预料到这些，那么，为了判断他的责任，我们得深入追究其预见到的情况，在推想他预见到的事情发生时，考虑当时存在什么明显的危险。但如果并没有预见到这些事情，则须根据射手已知情的情况对其进行裁决。

有关侵权法的理论可以非常简单地予以概括。在法律的这两个极端之上的那些法规，其所依据的政策与道德没有任何关系。有一些损害，法律允许一个人甚至可以恶意造成，而对于其他一些损害，他则必须承

担责任，尽管其行为很审慎，且对社会还有裨益。

但大体上，侵权法是始于这样一些故意过失行为，它们属于最简单、最为显著的情况，也最接近会导致自我救济的复仇感。因此，侵权法自然会采用道德相关的术语，并在某种程度上采用了道德的标准。但是，随着侵权法的发展，甚至当其标准还是以道德标准为基础时，这些标准也必然演变为外在的标准，因为其所考虑的不是个别被告的实际情况，而是在社会中最一般的成员看来，其行为是否有过失，换作他们，也同样要自担风险。

总而言之，通过考量知情情况下动作或行为所伴随的危险性可以确定这个问题。如果存在会给他人造成伤害的危险，则该行为从法律意义上而言一般就是过失。

但在，在有些案例中，被告的行为可能从道德的角度而言并没有过错，然而他可能是故意造成伤害，比如他因担心有生命危险而采取行动。在这样一些情况下，他是否应负法律责任，要看法律是将上述范围内的道德上的可归责性认定为责任的依据，还是认为只要被告在行为前已具有对危险的合理警惕就足够了。不过，这种区分一般说来无关紧要，在知情情况下对行为后果的知晓，可作为判断行为的一般性标准。

某一特定行为，在特定的环境下是否可能导致伤害，可由经验来予以判定。不管是直接的经验还是由陪审团认定的经验，都不断形成具体的规则，这些规则，从形式上看，甚至比审慎的人这一标识着法律与道德第一阶段区别的标准，更具有外部色彩，更加不用涉及到被告的心理状况。不管是在被形容为故意过失的范畴内，还是在那些被形容为无意或疏忽的过失的范畴内，都基于经验形成了系统的规则。

不过，尽管法律因此不断加入具体的规则，但却并没有采纳人们应当总是自担风险这一原则，该原则非常粗糙，且不够明智。相反地，具体的法规，以及交由陪审团处理的一般性问题都表明，被告必须至少拥有一次机会以避免造成伤害，然后才须对行为的后果负责。当然，还存在争议的地方在于，即使有机会可以避免伤害的发生，也不足以让一个人承担其行为的风险，除非根据一般性标准可以判定，其行为也应被归责。

第五讲　普通法上的受托人

到目前为止，我们的讨论一直局限于责任的一般性原则，以及如何确定个人需自行承担行为风险的起点。但是，某个人是否需要自行承担行为的风险，对他而言其实无关紧要，除非行为造成危害，并且在造成任何危害之前，还必须有人处于行为结果所及的范围之内。此外，更关键的是，有些形式的危害人们不可能遭受，也绝不可能有任何人对此进行控诉，除非此人与行为人、或者其他人或事有特殊关系。因此，从池塘捕鱼既不是危害也不是过失，除非该池塘为某人占有或所有，才仅对池塘占有人或所有人存在危害或者过失。在某一时间及地点，有意不提供一包羊毛，既不是危害也不是过失，除非做出了一个有约束力的承诺说要提供羊毛，才仅对受诺人存在过失。

接下来要分析一些特殊的关系，因为这些关系产生了特定的权利与义务。其中最主要的关系——我所谓的“关系”一词仅指事实关系——是占有与合同，我将对这些主题一一予以论述。

我们可以在法律体系中如何处理在其权力之下有一物，但却不拥有该物，也不能声称对该物享有所有者地位的那些人，简言之，也就是受托人的模式中找到占有理论的检验标准，任何法律体系都广泛采用了该标准。因此，要理解普通法上的占有理论，首先就要对普通法上的受托人进行研究。

近代英格兰和苏格兰边境地区曾经出现过的比较普遍的情况，以及《萨伯特的战争》这首民歌所生动展现的情况，与早期日耳曼及英格兰民间法所展现的基本情况十分相似。牲畜当时是众所周知的首要财产，盗窃牲畜是非法占有财产的主要形式。当时的法律很少，且已有的法律几乎完全依赖当事人自己去执行。五世纪时期的《萨利克法》，以及阿尔弗雷德大帝时期的盎格鲁—萨克逊法，关于追赶牲畜的说明非常详尽。如果在三天之内找到了牲畜，则追赶的人只有在发誓说他不愿意丢失牲畜的情况下，才有权带走并保有牲畜。如果是在三天之后才找到牲畜，则被告人，如果可以的话，应当面对可能会反驳原告丢失牲畜的事实发誓。

这一程序其实就是一种法律程序；但是其启动及执行有赖于提出权利请求的当事方。从其“可执行的”性质发出，除了在现场看护牲畜的那

个人，其他人几乎都不能启动这一程序。誓言的大意是说，当事人不愿意丢失财产。但是如果只需要发誓说他不愿意丢失财产，则自然可以得出这一结论，即是否有权发誓和运用此程序，取决于占有，而非所有。占有不仅是充分的，而且是必要的条件。只有占有者才会说他不愿意丢失财产，就好比只有在现场的那个人才会去追赶牲畜一样。

这是目前已知的，我们民族的早期法针对不愿意丧失财产所提供的一种救济手段。所以，简而言之，这一程序以自力救济为范本（适用该程序的案例自然会采取自力救济的形式），是当时唯一的救济形式，仅限于占有者；如果所有者并非占有者，也仅限于占有者。

从社会的这一原始形态出发，我们可以发现一条一直持续到后期的法规，以及一个更文明的法律程序，即，如果所有者将动产委托给另一个人，则当此动产被第三方非法占有时，受托人，而非寄托人，才是合适的提出诉讼的当事人。由此可以得出，如果受托人，或者被委以动产的人，将其看管的货物出售或交给另一人，则所有人只能指望受托人，且不能起诉第三人；这并非源于任何促进贸易的政策，想要保护那些从财产占有人处诚心购买财产的人，而是因为当时人们还不知道有任何适用于所有人的诉讼形式。但因为救济手段都掌握在受托人手中，因此还可以得出，受托人有责任使寄托人免受损害。如果货物丢失，则货物被盗并非受托人过失这一点不能构成免责的理由。只有受托人才能追回被丢失的财物，因此他有责任使寄托人免受损害。

随着时间的流逝，这一理由就不复存在了。不占有财物的所有者，以及占有者，都能对非法获取其财物的人提起诉讼。但是，受托人严格责任原则却被保留了下来；法律中的确仍然保留着这样一些法规，其所以产生的原因早已消失，最终我们发现原因与结果完全颠倒。我们在博马努瓦尔的著作（公元1283年）中读到，如果一件租赁物被盗，则应由受托人提起诉讼，因为他应对出租人负责。起初，受托人是对所有人负有责任，因为受托人是唯一可提起诉讼的人。现在却是，他可以提起诉讼，因为他应对所有人负责。

以上所有特性均可在盎格鲁-诺曼法中再次看到，且从那时起一直到现在，人们一直认为，各类受托人都享有法律意义上的占有权，这就是我正要指出的一点。

很有必要对我们的寄托法的本土起源予以证明，其目的在于，在考察理论时不至于高估近代日耳曼人的观点。有关这一问题，现存的唯一

理论出自于德国。那些论述法律问题的日耳曼哲学家们除了罗马法之外不知道还有任何别的法律体系，而那些哲学化的日耳曼法学家则曾经是教罗马法的教授。一些我们认为一清二楚的法规，却违背了日耳曼民法学家所谓的基本原则。要检验这些基本原则的价值，或者至少为了避免轻率地假定这些原则具有普遍性，在英国法学家中就有这样轻微的倾向，我们最好要意识到，我们面对的是一个新的体系，哲学尚未顾及于此。

首先，我们发现，追回被盗财产的诉讼程序，例如萨利克法的诉讼程序，是建立在占有而不是所有权的基础之上的。布莱克顿说，根据守法良民的证词，被盗人可因其动产被盗提起诉讼，且只要该物在其保管之下，则无论是他自己的还是他人的财产都无关紧要。

请记住，其中尤其重要的一点是宣誓的问题。正直的人的誓言在布莱克顿的书信中似乎是指宣誓证明财物被丢失了（adirata），而1294年的一则判例报告则明确告诉我们事实即如此。“注意，如果某人的动产丢失了（ou la chosse de un home est endire），此人可以认为他（拾得人）非法扣留了财物，……，说是非法的原因是这样的，在他那一天丢失上述财物的时候，……，他（失主）那一天过来，……（la vynt yl e en jour），发现丢失的财物在这个人家里，于是告诉他……，并请求他归还财物，但他不会归还财物，……，而使自己遭受损失，……；如果他，……。在这种情况下，原告须证明（在被告通过誓言驳斥原告指控时，找来11个邻人宣誓证明被告无辜之后，则原告就是第十二位宣誓的人）他丢失了该财物。”

假设作为第一步我们发现了有某个程序类似于早期日耳曼民间法中的程序，但更为重要的问题在于，我们能否发现有一些原则，类似于刚才所解释的原则。其中的一项原则，请记住，涉及到受托人非法转让的问题。我们发现，《年鉴》中规定，如果我把货物交付给受托人替我保管，而他却把货物出售或者赠与第三人，则该财产通过赠与归于第三人名下，我不能对此第三人提起侵害之诉，但是我可通过非法扣押令从受托人那里得到充分的救济（因受托人未能归还财产）。这些案件被理解为不仅否定了对寄托人的侵害，而且还不让寄托人采取任何一种诉讼形式，整体来看，这样理解似乎不错。然而，现代法学家却加上了一条典型的现代限制性解释，即购买行为必须出于善意，且未事先通知。对此的回应可能是：问题延伸至受托人的赠与以及售卖行为；早期的判例集

中根本就没有这样的限定条件；这有悖于对其进行阐释的普通法严格的学说精神。任何一位法学家都不用被告知说，即便加上了这样的限定性解释，该原则也已不再是现行的法律了。《年鉴》中的这一原则应被视为原始时期的遗留物，我们看到正是在那一时期实施该原则；除非我们愿意相信，与现在相比较，十五世纪时期的法学家们对于善意购买人的权益更有好感。

按逻辑顺序，下一个要讨论的问题将是，受托人对其寄托人应承担多大的责任。但为方便起见，首先我要分析一下对受托人有权对第三方非法获得其所占有的货物提起诉讼这一点给出的解释。请记住，博马努瓦尔给出的完全不同的解释是：受托人可以提起诉讼，因为他对所有人负有责任，这替代了最初的规则：受托人要严格地对所有者承担责任因为只有他才能提起诉讼。我们发现《年鉴》中常常重复同样的推理，事实上，从那时起到现在，这就一直是个法律常识。因此，当时民诉法院的一位法官汉克福特（约公元1410年）说，“如果第三人占有了我所保管的牲畜，我就会以侵权令状起诉他，获得牲畜所具有的价值赔偿，因为为了这些牲畜，我对寄托人负有责任，他享有牲畜的所有权。”在有些案件中，由这一推理得出的结论是，如果依据信托条款，受托人对货物如若被盗无需承担责任，那么，他就不会对窃贼提起诉讼。这一解释一直重复至今。于是，我们在一本著名的教科书中读到：“由于受托人对寄托人负责，如货物因疏忽被丢失或损坏，或者他未按法律要求交出货物，那么，受托人应享有提起诉讼的权利是合理的，”……。现在，一般来说，某一财物若违背了其借用人或租用人的意志而被占用，借用人或租用人则对此不负有责任，如以上给出的解释正确，则可以得出，因为他不负有责任，他就不能对不当行为人提起诉讼。为了剥夺受托人的诉讼权，只需不当行为人实施一项严重的不当行为以使其免于承担责任。事实上，任何占有者，无论是否受人委托以及负有责任，包括财产拾得人以及受托人，都可对除真正所有者以外的任何妨碍其占有权的人提起诉讼，下一讲的结尾部分将对此予以特别解释。

寄托人也很早就获得了对不当行为人提起诉讼的权利。爱德华三世48年，在一起由代人放牧牲畜者提起的诉讼中，律师写道：“在这起案件中，拥有财物的那个人可以获得一个侵害诉令状，保管财物的那个人也可获得一个侵害诉令状。就其本身而论，阁下，情况就是这样的。但是，先获得救济的那个人会剥夺另一个人的诉讼权，在许多情况下都是

如此，例如，如果土地扣押执行令状地产权被剥夺，各方都有权提起诉讼，如果一方先获得救济，则另一方的令状即被撤除，这里也是如此。”

从其他案例报道来看，这一说法似乎普遍适用于各种寄托，而不仅限于那些可由寄托人随意终止的寄托。因此，在爱德华四世22年，律师说道：“如果我将货物寄托给你，而另一个人却从你的手中拿走了它们，我就完全可以提起武力侵害之诉。”而这似乎就是罗尔大法官文中的理解，通常为现代法院所倚赖。

一旦法律拥有了一套机制，无需在占有人及其朋友采取的立即追回和自我武装的帮助下就能正常运作，人们即期望给予寄托人一些诉讼权。在类案诉讼出现之前，允许寄托人提起诉讼，几乎等同于给予其提起侵害诉讼的权利。我们会发现，许多早期的令状表明，侵害之诉并非总是具有很清晰的轮廓，它后来才形成清晰轮廓。《年鉴》中似乎坚持的观点，正如布鲁克在其所编辑的《案例摘要》的页边批注部分所总结的一样，是二者都能就某一起行为提起诉讼，——而不是二者都能提起侵害之诉，且非间接侵害之诉。还应补充一点：所援引的《年鉴》中的案例并未超出非法占有受托人保管财物的情况，即民间法早期案例的范畴。即便如此，在受托人通过租约或者留置而对货物享有专属权时，（寄托人）保有侵害之诉的权利现在还是被否定了；尽管这一原则总是与那些可由寄托人随意终止的寄托相关。“但是，被修订后的规则，无异于修订前的规则，都与我们目前的讨论无关，因为它仍然将占有性救济一律留给所有受托人。”这一点可以从改进后的规则与古代法的关系中看出；也可以从以下事实看出：帕克男爵在刚才引用的曼德斯诉威廉姆斯案中暗示说，如果不是因为戈登诉哈珀案，他已经准备完全运用早期的规则；还可更明显地从下面事实中看出，即受托人提起侵害之诉和动产侵占之诉的权利被认定与寄托人的权利相提并论，也得到了所援引的明文判决的证实。

事实上，在洛顿诉克罗斯案中，埃伦巴勒勋爵在进行民事诉讼巡回审判时曾裁决指出，对借用人手中某一动产蒙受的损失，出借人可以提起侵害之诉，这一案件经常作为先例被援引而不加评说。的确，一些有名的法学教科书有时笼统地写道，无偿寄托不改变占有，占有仍归寄托人；无偿受托人是寄托人的准雇员，其中一个人的占有，也就是另一个人的占有；正因为如此，尽管受托人可因其占有而提起诉讼，寄托人也享有同样的诉讼权。这种权利的混同，其中一部分上文已经解释过，其

余部分在我提到的问题时再做解释，在雇员和一切受托人之间存在着明显的、且众所周知的区别。但是，无论洛顿诉克罗斯案的依据是什么，只要还有任何依据的话，借用人一般没有提起侵害之诉和动产侵害之诉的权利这一点从来都不会得到承认。只对寄托人有利的无偿寄托，更需要否认这些对受托人的救济；但我们有一个合议庭做出的裁决，埃伦巴勒勋爵也参与其中，即受托人有提起间接侵害之诉的权利，其论证隐含着借用人更有理由提起侵害之诉。法律一直都是如此规定的。我们已经看到，早期日耳曼诉讼程序的性质必然会产生某种类似的原则；注释中援引的那些案例也表明，与其他方面一样，英国人在这一方面也遵循了自己的民族传统。

所有受托人均享有占有性救济的意思是指：根据普通法理论，每一位受托人均享有真正的占有权；受托人凭借其占有权获得救济，就如同拾得人一样，甚至如同不当占有人可以从无所有权的第三人处获得全部损失赔偿或特定物的返还一样。另一方面，即便允许寄托人提起占有诉讼，但其依据却不是寄托人也享有占有权，而多半是历史遗留下来的规则，我们对此已进行了解释，这一规则也有异于其现代形式。对此通常给出的理由是，有直接占有的权利就足够了，——这一理由摒弃了寄托人乃是实际占有财产的观点。

现在，我们已经确立了对于理解普通法占有理论至关重要的一点：自远古时代以来，英国法就将一切受托人均视为占有人，并有权享有占有性救济。严格来说，不再需要继续提出完整的证据来证明，我们的寄托法具有纯正的日耳曼血统。不过，除好奇心之外，由于这一尚须探讨的原则对当今法律有着如此重大的影响，我还是要对它认真探究到底。这一原则即是，如货物被不当占有，则受托人对寄托人负有绝对责任。

由于受罗马法的影响，早期的法律文本作者们传达出的信息不像我们希望的那样富有启发性。但格兰维尔却明确表示说，如果一件借用物在借用人保管期间以任何方式被毁坏或丢失，则借用人绝对应当按合理的价格进行赔偿。布莱克顿也说过类似的话，他部分重复并修改了优士丁尼对使用借贷、寄托和质押的说法，及其有关租借者有义务像勤勉的家长一样谨慎的说法。

法院的说法和判决十分清楚，从中我们发现日耳曼传统持续了几个世纪之久。我首先从爱德华二世时期，大约1315年开始讲起。在请求返还非法占有的动产诉讼中，被告的答辩是，原告交付给被告一个柜子，

柜子被原告用自己的钥匙锁住了，有一些动产在柜子里，而这些动产连同被告本人的财物一起被抢走了。原告针对被告的答辩所给出的答复是，该货物交付给被告时没有上锁，菲茨赫伯特法官说，当事方被推到了这一争议点，这就意味着，如果货物不是在柜子里，而是在被告保管之下的话，被告则负有责任。在柯吉斯诉伯纳德案中，霍尔特勋爵认为，柜子的存在不会造成任何影响；但早期的判例集都一致认为，货物如被锁藏，就不构成交付；这也是现代刑法中辨别有关承运人盗窃托管物品罪的起源。在爱德华三世统治时期，质押的案例开始出现，质押似乎一直被视为一种特殊的寄托形式，是将他人货物视为自己货物来进行保管。在这起案例中被告的答辩是，被告自己的货物也一起被盗了。这就迫使原告在盗窃罪之前就争点之提交作出反诉答辩，这就可能会使质押归于终结，从而使被告成为一般受托人。以此为系争点，意味着在这种情况下被告要负有责任，这使得其他案例得以进一步确定下来。

接下来，我要举的是公元1455年亨利六世时期的一个案例，这是一起针对马歇尔希监狱的典狱长，也就是王座法院监狱的看守，因一名囚犯逃跑而提起的债务诉讼。看管犯人的看守，与看管牲畜的受托人，受同一法律的制约。犯人的人身被交付给看守看管，其（后者）所负有的责任相当于受托人对牛或其他货物所负有的责任。典狱长在答辩中提出，国王的敌人闯入监狱劫走犯人，并非其蓄意为之。问题是这一答辩理由能否成立。法院指出，如果是敌国的侨民，比如说法国人释放了囚犯，或者也许监狱失火给囚犯以逃脱的机会，则这个理由就能成立，“因为那样的话，（被告）无法从任何人那里获得救济。”但是，如果是国王的臣民闯入了监狱，则被告就负有责任，因为国王的臣民并非敌人，而是背叛国王的人，那么，这就意味着，被告将有权对他们提起诉讼，因此，被告本人应负责任。在该案中，法院的观点非常接近于最早的责任依据，因此备受关注。在那些能从不当行为人那里获得救济的案件中，受托人应负有责任（在这些案件中，他也是最初唯一能获得这种救济的人）；另一方面，受托人的责任，因为建立在这一条件之上，当救济终止时，其责任也随之终止。典狱长无法起诉法国侵略军的士兵；但理论上，他能够对任何放走囚犯的英国臣民提起诉讼，无论他通过起诉这种办法得到高额赔偿的可能性是多么微乎其微。

几年后，大名鼎鼎的利特尔顿法官以同一方式对这条法律进行了陈述。他说，如果货物被交付给了一个人，则此人有权在货物被夺走的情

况下提起侵害之诉，因为他应当承担责任。这就是说，他应当赔偿交托给他货物的当事人的损失。

在爱德华四世9年，丹比指出，如果受托人接收货物后视若己物保管，则货物被抢，他无需对此负责，否则就要承担责任。此后的一个案件又指出，货物被抢不构成免责理由。也许人们对于抢劫者未知情况下的抢劫还有些犹豫，因此受托人无法获得救济；或者甚至对于抢劫案普遍怀有这样的犹豫，其依据是：因为抢劫属重罪，则受托人无法从抢劫者的人身或者财物上获得救济，因为其人身会被绞死，其财产会被没收。但是，如果只是普通的不当占有，则毫无疑问，受托人不可以此为免责理由。“如果货物被非法侵害者占有，且受托人对此侵害者知情，则受托人应对其寄托人负有责任，并可以自己的名义对此侵害者提起诉讼。”这一点，《年鉴》的其他部分也有提及，在以上所举案例中，针对受托人有权提起诉讼的权利所给出的原因，则清楚地体现了这一法规。

这一规则是直接根据著名案例索斯科特诉贝内特案中的古代法确定下来的。此案是请求返还交与被告妥善保管的货物的诉讼。被告对交付予以承认，但却提出他的货物被乔·斯特朗抢走了。“经过法庭辩论之后，在其他人缺席的情况下，高迪和克伦奇认为，原告应当得到赔偿，因为这并不是一种特殊的寄托形式；被告收受这些货物，当作自己的货物来保管，而不是别的情形；但是，这属于一起交付行为，这一交付使得被告要保管货物，否则后果自负。说他被这样一个人抢劫了，这在请求被告返还动产的诉讼中不是什么答辩，因为他可以通过侵害之诉获得救济，或者通过上诉获得救济。”以上摘自克洛克判例汇编的引文表明：“予以保管，与妥善予以保管，完全是一回事，”，柯克勋爵也明确表达过这一观点，两部判例汇编都一致认为责任之依据仅在于交付。克罗克的判例汇编进一步强调了柯克勋爵在自己的判例汇编中加上的提示语：“读者请注意，对于占取货物目的是为了保管该货物的人来说，以特殊的方式占取货物，即如同保管自己的货物一样保管该货物，是明智的做法，……否则货物万一被盗，他就不用承担责任；因为收受货物的人应当采用这个或类似方式来占取该货物，否则他就会因一般性收受货物而承担责任。”

研究至此，我们至少非常清楚的是，如果某人哪怕是出于好意为他人保管货物而接受了该货物的占有权，而该货物被不当占有，即使完全不是他的过错，他也应当赔偿损失，除非他在接受占有时就明确约定不

承担这样的责任。霍尔特勋爵在柯吉斯诉伯纳德案中，以及威廉·琼斯爵士在其有关寄托的书中都试图表明，索斯科特诉贝内特案并未得到权威的支持；但每个自学《年鉴》的人大概都能看出来，他们二位的努力都失败了。在此七年之前，英国财税法庭首席大法官佩尔亚梅就在德雷克诉罗伊曼案中制定了这同一规则，此后长达一百年的时间，索内斯科特案一直是指导性的判例，人们毫不怀疑地予以遵循。

这样，我们就完成了英国法与早期日耳曼法的类比过程。针对遗失财物，适用同样的诉讼程序，此程序关键只有一个问题，即原告是否是在并非自愿的情况下丧失了占有；适用的也是同样的原则，即如果被交托财产的人将此财产转让给了另一人，则所有者无法追回财产，而必须从其受托人处得到补偿；同样也出现了完全不同的解释，即受托人可以提起诉讼，因为他要承担责任，而不是这一规则的实质，即得不到救济就不用承担责任；而且，最终针对遗失也适用同样的绝对责任原则，即便遗失发生时受托方并无过错。直至伊丽莎白女王统治时期，这些原则中最后的也是最重要的一项仍然有效。现在我们就来研究一下该原则随后的命运。

对于从其处被盗，或因其他原因而丧失了由其保管的货物，公共承运人应当承担责任，除非是因为天灾或者公敌。针对该规则的起源提出了两种观点：第一，继受自罗马法；第二，作为一般寄托法的一个例外，在伊丽莎白和詹姆斯一世时期通过习惯法引入。

下面我要试图证明这两种观点都是错误的，这种严格责任原则是我刚才所解释的一般寄托法的一个不完全遗留物；旧有的法律所经历的变动，一部分原因是因为请求返还动产之诉被间接侵害之诉代替后产生了概念的混淆，一部分原因是由于霍尔特勋爵在解读先例时混入了一些公共政策的概念，还有一部分原因是因为后来的法官在解读霍尔特勋爵的推理时又融入了更晚期的一些概念。

索斯科特案于女王伊丽莎白43年（公元1601年）被予以判决。但我认为有关这一问题，第一次提到承运人的地方是在伍德莱夫案中，此案的判决比索斯科特案早四年或者五年的时间（伊丽莎白38年或39年，公元1596或1597年）。这是一起针对交付给被告的商品的起诉状，被告似乎是作为代销商（“由于是商人”），而显然不是承运人。被告的答辩理由是，这些商品连同被告自己的货物一起在海上被抢了。高迪，该法官也参与了对索斯科特案的判决，认为这一答辩理由并不充分；但是，

首席大法官波帕姆却认为，尽管对于一名承运人来说，这并不是一个充分的理由，因为他因其承运得到了报酬，但承运人和其他雇员及代销商之间在这个方面还是存在着某种差别。

索斯科特案又重现了这一问题，似乎涉及到某种双重区别，——首先是有偿和无偿受托人之间的区别，其次是受托人和雇员之间的区别。如果被告是一名雇员，对货物没有控制权，他就不在寄托法管辖的范围之内，而在早期法中，代销商则视同雇员。

这另外一种区别标志着对价原则开始走进寄托法。对价最初指的是一物对一物，接下来我将对此予以解释。《博士与学生对话录》中就是这样来理解的，这是对价原则发展的初期。首席大法官波帕姆对有偿和无偿受托人的区分很有可能就是借鉴自这部书，该书也提到了公共承运人，把其作为有偿受托人的一个例子。而稍早之前，有无报酬则毫无影响。

但是，在伍德莱夫案中，高迪在回应首席大法官的说法时，引用了上述王座法院典狱长一案，于是，首席大法官波帕姆又退回到先前的区分，认为典狱长可从叛乱者那里获得救济，而正在审判的这个案件却无法获得救济。

其他被引为依据的案例，是上文罗列的一些有关一般寄托法的案例；简而言之，就是索斯科特案赖以为依据的那些判例。所采用的原则也和索斯科特案一样，唯一的问题在于，被告是否在寄托法管辖范围之内。任何与寄托相关的习惯法都未被提及，也未出现在这之前任何有记录的案件中；我认为，这是首个将承运人以某种方式与其他种类的被委以货物的人区分开来的案例。早期的判例集也根本就没有提到承运人所特有的义务，而这起案例当然也不会提到。根据下面的论述，我们会注意到，波帕姆没有说公共承运人，而只是说承运人。

接下来才是索斯科特案（伊丽莎白43年，公元1601年），此案呈现的完全是古代法，而没有考虑是否有偿等现代的新观点。在这起案例及早期的失窃损失案中，诉讼形式都是请求返还动产之诉，我们可以设想，依据的只是交付与不当占有行为。

但是，大约就在这个时期，经常采用的诉讼程序发生了重大变化，对此有必要解释一下。如果动产可以原样返还的话，则针对受托人不作为给动产造成的损失，请求返还动产之诉根本就不能提供令人满意的救济。针对这种损失的救济是间接侵害之诉。但是，要想获得令人完全满

意的救济，有几个难题要先解决。导致损失产生的不作为，可能仅仅只是某种疏忽，那么，在未履行职责与侵害之间有哪些类似之处有助于间接侵害之诉依据的推定？而且，指控某人没有作为，你必须证明他有义务采取行动。如按以前的办法来解释诉状，就不足以指称说原告的货物因被告的过失而受损。这些麻烦已由大家熟悉的术语super se assumpsit克服了，后文再对其予以解释。违反简式合约索赔之诉不久之后就发展成为独立的合同诉讼，且只是指称诱发了某种侵权诉讼。责任的依据在于，被告已经开始履行其允诺，因此其导致损失发生的过失性疏忽可与其行为联合起来，成为其处理事情的一部分。在我们研究柯吉斯诉伯纳德案时，我们发现，霍尔特勋爵认识到了违反简式合约索赔之诉这一最初的目的。当然，此诉讼并不仅限于有关寄托的案件。

不过，除此之外，还有另外一种方法可使被告在间接侵害诉讼中负有责任并承担责任，这一方法，虽然法学家们并不是很熟悉，但却对后期有关承运人的法律有着特殊的影响。如果被告在从事某些公共服务性职业的过程中，因其作为或者不作为而造成或引发了损失，比如蹄铁匠的作为或者不作为，那么，只要诉称被告是一个“公共服务性的”蹄铁匠，似乎就可以提起间接侵害诉讼，而不需要提起违反简式合约索赔诉讼。后一原则也与寄托完全无关。该原则表明，那些从事公共的或者“一般性”行业的人员一般负有按照要求运用其手艺，并展示其中技能的义务。正如菲茨赫伯特所说的一样，“因为，尽可能地展示其手艺是每一名工匠应尽的义务。”

既然已经由此确立，针对被告作为以及不作为所引发的损失都可适用间接侵害之诉，那么，即使过失性保管导致财产完全毁坏，也完全没有理由不适用这一诉讼。距此仅一步之遥，即可将同一诉讼程序扩展至一切由受托人造成损失的案件，从而避免被告仅通过发誓就不再承担责任。请求返还动产之诉这一原始的救济方式，保留了宣誓断讼这一原始程序的痕迹。大约于索斯科特案件时期这一诉讼程序最终得以扩展。但是，当同一诉讼程序因此以同样的方式被适用于因受托人的疏忽而导致的损失或毁坏，以及因不当行为人造成的损害（受托人可从不当行为人处获得救济）的时候，这就给有关被告责任的基础及性质问题造成了混乱。

事实上存在两套责任——一套责任并不特别针对受托人，起因于被告的承诺或者所从事的公共服务性职业，这在刚才已经解释过了；另一

套是古老的责任，特别针对受托人，索斯科特案就是其中一个例子。但是，任何受托人的责任都可能被当成寄托合同的一部分，在违反简式合约索赔之诉适用于合同，以及对价原则发展起来之后（二者都发生在柯克勋爵所处的时代），只要能指出被告有对价和特别允诺，似乎就没有必要再对上述两套责任作精细的区分了。此外，由于从前为了指控被告侵权，被告所从事的公共服务性职业与其承诺具有同等效力，所以现在为了对被告提起违反简式合约索赔之诉，被告所从事的公共服务性职业审查似乎被认为可充分地替代特别允诺。罗杰斯诉海德案的论点是，为了对某人提起违反简式合约索赔之诉，你必须证明，他在交付时从事公共服务性职业，或者有一个基于充分对价的特别允诺。这一论点认为，一位受托人，在其从事公共服务性职业的过程中接收了货物，例如一位公共承运人，就可以这种诉讼形式针对其违反上述任何一套责任而对其提起诉讼，可以通过主张他从事公共服务性职业，或者主张他得到了报酬并有特别允诺。人们似乎已经承认，一个人倘若不是公共承运人，即可因未交付而对其提起一项特别的诉讼——也就是，有别于简式合约索赔之诉的间接侵害之诉，这一点在此案前后即被反复认定。

接下来，假设原告就侵权也提起间接侵害之诉。依照以往的情况，被控的违反职责行为，可能是一直以此诉讼形式提起诉讼的那种损害财产行为；或者也可能是由于被盗造成的丧失财产行为，过去人们对此可以提起请求返还动产之诉，并且仅因为寄托的原因而由受托人承担责任。如果货物被偷，受托人的责任基础既不在于其所从事的公共服务性职业，也不在于其所作出的承诺及不作为行为，而仅仅起因于以下简单的事实，即他接受了一起货物的交付，且货物不见了；在这类案件的起诉状中主张这些事实，应该就足够了。但是，即使间接侵害诉讼的范围被扩大了，这一诉讼传统的诉讼依据，尽管适用的范围越来越有限，却自然仍会在原告的答辩状中被列出来。稍后，我们需要查明，索斯科特案的原则是否朝着相反的方向延伸，而适用于那些不在其范围内的案例。此案所定下的规则，早在高迪和克伦奇法官出生的前几个世纪就已经失去了意义，当时财产所有者已经获得了针对不当占有受托人所保管的财产而提起诉讼的权利，这一规则本身只是一个干巴巴的先例，人们仅仅按照字面意义对此予以遵循，因为其精髓已经没有了。当判例汇编告诫受托人收受财物的条件是要明确排除这一规则时，该规则就已经动摇了。

因此，虽然在索斯科特案和柯吉斯诉伯纳德案之间的百余年间，每当某一项特别责任被强加给受托人时，这一判决都是所依据的主要判例，但我们还是发现，人们有时会像早期先例那样提起简式合约索赔之诉，或者更经常地还会提出受托人是公共驳船长、或公共承运人等等，而并未过多提到所涉侵权行为的特殊性质；而且还时常忽略诉称的真实意义所在。不过，最初还只是在一两起案件的说法中稍微存在一些混淆的地方，如果应承担的责任被认为属于索斯科特案的原则所适用的范畴，起诉人并未总是指出受托人的公共性职业，人们认为没有必要如此。但是，他们也会采用间接侵害之诉的先例中的其他办法，否则就会强调某种他们自己也没有完全理解的责任。首席大法官波帕姆认定有偿和无偿受托人之间存在某种区别，因此认为支付报酬是审慎的行为。过失当然也会被主张；最终，依据相关的法律或习惯法主张负有某一项责任才变得常见起来。这最后一点我们有必要稍微再多关注一下。

在《诉讼登记册》中没有一个令状依照相关的习惯法主张公共承运人负有什么特殊的义务。但是，针对客栈老板签发的令状的确“依照英格兰的法律和习惯法”主张某一责任，这一说法很容易被采用。这一主张与其说意味着存在某项特殊原则，还不如说，以当时常见的形式对某项法律主张予以说明。还有其他一些侵害令状，以同样的方式主张某种普通法上的义务，而另一些则规定了某种制定法上的义务。因此，“法官们宣誓依照英格兰的法律及习惯法秉公执法”。

前面的证据表明，公共承运人的责任，只不过是一般受托人的责任，再加上通常附着于某一公共职业之上的职业责任。如上文所示，“公共”一词针对的只是后一点。以下事实还可进一步说明这一点：在人们如此规定这一责任的时候，并没有称其为这样的公共承运人所特有的责任，而是根据所涉当事人从事的职业，将其作为公共重型货运驳船主或驳船主等相关的习惯法提出的。我们会发现，在柯吉斯诉伯纳德案中，首席大法官霍尔特认为这一责任适用于一切有偿受托人，他们从事某种公共性职业，他在提到公共重型货运驳船主时，是将他们与轮船主相提并论，而不是包含于公共承运人之中。我们还会发现，在此之前的案例对于相关责任并没有固定的程式，但每一起案件却都提出，在该案特有情况下，被告对于被控的作为或者不作为行为都负有责任。

现在回到这一系列案件中，按顺序，下一个是里奇诉尼兰德案（詹姆斯一世11年，公元1613年）。这是一起间接侵害诉讼，针对的是一位

公共重型货运驳船主。克洛克的判例报道根本没有提到习惯法，但该案的起诉状中却提出，被告是一个公共驳船主，原告交付给他一个大旅行箱，……进行托运，并为此向他支付了报酬，但被告“如此疏于保管”以至于旅行箱被不知名的人从被告处拿走了——类似于下述莫尔斯诉斯卢案中的第二项罪状。被告的答辩被驳回，作出了有利于原告的判决。被告获得了一个纠错令状之后，所作出的说明是“针对没有作出特别允诺的公共驳船主，这一诉讼不被支持。但是所有王室法院大法官和财税法院法官都认为，该诉讼完全适用于陆地上的公共承运人。”。如果我们对这一判例报道进行分析，乍一看重点似乎放在公共性职业上。但是，由于本案中旅行箱的丢失显然属于索斯科特案的原则所适用的范围，该原则的适用条件既不是特别允诺，也不是公共性职业，且该原则在此后长达四分之三个世纪的时间里一直是毋庸置疑的法律原则，因此，法院在此所指的一定是所应用的诉讼程式（间接侵害之诉），而不是指被告在某诉讼形式（请求返还非法占有的动产诉讼）中所负有的责任。异议的理由是，“没有特别允诺”，“这一诉讼即不被支持”，而不是被告不负有责任。即便被如此限定之后，异议仍然支持以下观点：更早期的，也是人们更熟悉的该诉讼程序中，针对某人因疏忽所造成的损失提起诉讼所必需的主张，在其新扩展到其他种类的不当行为时，仍是必需的。现在已经很清楚，可对失职提出间接侵害之诉，因此上述观点有误，我们会看到随后的判决即对此予以了否定。

依照霍巴特的判例报道，原告诉称被告是一名公共性重型货运驳船主，通过水路运输货物，收取酬金，……；根据英格兰的习惯法，此类承运人应该保管货物……以便货物不会因承运人或其雇员未履行职责而丢失。“最终的裁决是，尽管这一规则是作为本王国的一项习惯法提出的，其实却是普通法”。这一裁决也许只不过是说，本王国的习惯法与普通法是一回事，如上述有关很久以前的客栈老板的法律一样。但是，有关客栈老板的法律，在令状中被称之为本王国的习惯法，还多少带有某种超出寄托法特别原则之外的气息，因为客栈老板的责任扩展及于客栈内的一切货物，但这些货物并不处于客栈老板的保管之下，而法院也许只是想要在这样一项特别原则和指导本案的普通法或一般寄托法之间作一个对比。

无论克洛克判例汇编中的一些说法可能会引起什么样的疑义，单独来看，以下事实却是无可辩驳，那就是在伍德莱夫案之后近一个世纪的

时间里，无论本王国的习惯法或者被告所从事的公共性职业是否被提到，承运人丢失货物所负有的责任都是以案例为基础，倾向于根据索斯科特案的原则来进行判决。

西蒙斯诉达科内尔案（查理一世4年，公元1628年）正好说明了这一点。起诉状中称，依照普通法，每个驳船长都应如此管理其驳船以使其所运送的货物不致毁损。“尽管没有作出任何允诺，但在法院看来，原告仍应获得赔偿；原告没有提出被告是公共驳船长也无碍于此。首席大法官海德说，交付即构成合同。”这并不是说交付就构成了允诺的有效对价；但是，正如索斯科特案中所规定的那样，即使没有说要当成自己的货物那样予以特别收受，交付也使得受托人有责任安全保管货物，因此也就没有必要提出以承诺或被告的公共性职业作为理由。维特洛克法官提醒我们注意这样一个事实，那就是这起诉讼属于侵权，而不是合同诉讼。“而且从此案中……能看到索斯科特案中忘了说的（Et en cest case... Southcote's case fuit cite）”。

同一年，高级律师梅纳德在威廉姆斯诉海德案庭辩过程中针对一般寄托，再次引用索斯科特案，陈述了同一规则。

肯里格诉埃格尔斯顿案（查理一世24年，公元1648年）是“一起针对乡村承运人未能交付一只箱子的案件，”等等，因为箱子被人抢走了；在这起案件中，根本就没有提到习惯法，也没有提到被告是公共承运人，只是上述用语隐含着这个意思；但此案却如索斯科特案一样规定说，如果承运人想要减轻其作为受托人的责任，“就得看承运方的收受行为”。

尼克尔斯诉摩尔案（查理二世13年，公元1661年）是针对一位往返于赫尔和伦敦之间的“水路承运人”的案件，他在约克接受了一起交付。中止判决申请中提出被告并未承诺要将货物从约克运往赫尔。“但是，尽管有这一法庭的一致决断，依索斯科特案，被告仍应因其在约克的一般性接收行为而承担责任”。

还有必要提到的是，在马修斯诉霍普金斯案（查理二世17年）中，其起诉状是依据王国习惯法对一位公共承运人提起的诉讼，被告申请中止判决，理由是：对王国的习惯法有一处错误陈述；对方并未主张被告在接受货物时为承运人；动产侵占之诉中的诉因，和依习惯法的间接侵害之诉中的诉因被合并起来了。判决被中止，似乎是以后一点为依据，但法庭却继续说：“尽管如霍巴特所述，即使不援引王国的习惯法，这一

起诉状也能成立，不过最好还是引述一下。”

接下来我们来看一看重要的莫尔斯诉斯卢案（查理二世23和24年，公元1671和1672年）。这是一起针对泰晤士河上一艘船的船长提起的诉讼，原因是丢失了交托给他的货物。涉案货物被强盗抢走了，并发现船只被抢时船处于通常的防护状态。此案似乎有两个诉因，一个是基于英格兰的法律和习惯法（文特里斯《王座法院判例汇编》第1卷，190页），因为“只要该船还在泰晤士河上”，轮船长“就应谨慎地管理、保存和保护装船的货物”（基布尔《王座法院判例汇编》第2卷，866页）；“安全地保管这些要从伦敦运送出海的装船货物，不使其丢失或者减少，通过对它们的保护（ita quo dpro defectu），使其不会遭受任何损失（文特里斯《王座法院判例汇编》第1卷，190页）；“安全地保管交付给他们运送的货物，海上危险除外”（莱文兹《王座法院判例汇编》2卷，69页；海上危险这一例外也许是判例汇编编者从辩论中提到的那些常用提单形式中总结出来的）。另一个诉因，是一个特别的“基于交付和由于其疏忽而被盗”的诉因，但此诉因却常常被忽略。

该案在此是第二次进行讨论了，对于所强调的那些观点，所有判例汇编在提及它们时都尽可能保持一致。

霍尔特支持原告，他坚持认为：1．援引索斯科特案，船主属一般性接收货物；“免责的只有依法律享有监管权的农役土地保有者的监护人，和代销商，因为代销商是受船长支配的雇员，因此不负责任”。2．船长因其保管货物而得到了报酬，因此对其起诉是合适的。3．援引王座法院典狱长一案，船长可以获得救济。如果船长不承担责任，麻烦就大了，因为商人对他们表示信赖，且如提单所示没有出现任何不履行职责的行为，而最终，却出现了疏忽。

另一方面，也有人坚持认为，被告根本不存在疏忽，且船长也只不过是个雇员；所以，如果有人要负责任，这人则应是船主本人。此外还有人表示，如果货物是在海上被抢的，则被告可能全无责任，如果此案适用海事法，那么，航程开始时适用一种规则，剩下的航程却适用另一规则，这实属荒谬。

在第二种观点中，人们引用索斯科特案，再次主张原告胜诉，认为“依照普通法上的一般性寄托”，被告应负有责任；且依照罗马法和海事法，他作为公共承运人和船长也应负有责任。

法院的判决意见书由首席大法官黑尔宣布。判决意见书认为，由于

船还在内陆水域内，因此不适用海事法；或者，根据利奇的《现代判例汇编》1卷，85页，注释a，“船长不能适用民法规则，依照民法规则，船长不对注定的损失（por damno fatali）负有责任”；船长对某起诉讼负有责任，是因为他收取了报酬；“船长可能已经提醒过自己小心，但因为疏忽，且是一般性地接收了货物，所以他应对所发生的事情负责”。肯里格诉埃格尔斯顿案似乎也被提及。意见书还进一步指出，船长其实是个指挥官，而不是雇员，他实际上是从支付运费的商人处获得其报酬。最后，关于过失问题，意见书认为，指派一般数量的人手来保护船只是不够的，但没有让足够的人手来保护货物即构成过失，除非出现王座法院典狱长一案中的公共敌人的情况；请记住，王座法院典狱长一案其实不过是索斯科特案的原则以及寄托相关普通法的另外一种形式。

我们会发现，此案并未依照任何专门的习惯法，包括有关公共性承运人以及有关船长的习惯法，但所有的论据及法院的观点都认定，此案如果以普通法为准则，而不是以被告答辩所倚赖的较为温和的民法为准则，如果能视被告为受托人而不仅仅只是所有者的一个雇员，那就可适用有关寄托的一般性法律，被告也将如同索斯科特案一样，“因其一般性的收受行为”而负有责任。

但是，像马修·黑尔爵士这样有见识的法官，如果出现在他面前的案件是，被告接收财产纯粹是为了给原告帮一个忙，既没有对价也没有报酬，而财产被从被告处抢走了，我们很难想像他不会打破《年鉴》中的规定。首席大法官彭伯顿曾审理过类似的一起案件，他作出了合理的裁决，认定诉讼并不成立，而拒绝遵循柯克勋爵时代的法律，以免得出极端的裁决结果（查理二世33年，公元1681年）。

大约就在同一时期，被告从事的公共性职业开始再次显示出重要性。更为重要的另一主张，即简式合约索赔诉讼，最终产生的效应是引出了由寄托所产生的所有责任都以合同为基础这一原则，该原则本质上不会引起异议。但是，由于这一主张已经产生了一种特殊的诉讼形式，因此，当诉讼为侵权时，它并不常被使用，而另一项主张倒是用得越来越频繁。很显然，以下观点逐渐开始流行起来，即无论丢失的原因是什么，公共承运人对货物丢失的责任，都是基于特别针对他们而不是一般受托人的一条专门的原则。相互独立的责任之间的混淆现象，上文已解释过，其最初的痕迹可以在里奇诉尼兰德案中看到，但很快就终结了。霍尔特当上了首席大法官。上一条注释中提到的三起案例都是由他作出

的裁决。在莱恩诉科顿案（威廉三世13年，公元1701年）中，他表明自己不赞成索斯科特案，并表明他认为寄托相关的普通法继受自罗马法的看法。对索斯科特案和原有普通法的摈弃，可以说是始于柯吉斯诉伯纳德案（安妮女王2年，公元1703年）。霍尔特勋爵在其著名的对后一起案件的判决意见书中，大量引用了经由布拉克顿传输给他的罗马法；但是，无论这对他的总体观点会产生什么样的影响，他所定下的争议点和对公共承运人的区分却源自于英国。

该诉讼并不是针对合同的诉讼。诉因是对货物的损毁，原告起诉侵权，就像亨利六世时代那样，诉状的引言部分提出了过失指控，据此提起简式合约索赔之诉。被告提出无罪答辩。但在陪审团做出了有利于原告的裁断之后，被告提出了中止判决的动议，“因为起诉状中既没有主张被告是公共性行李搬运人，也没有主张他就其劳动获得了任何报酬。”原始的简式合约索赔之诉从来没有主张或者考虑过对价的问题，但现代以简式合约索赔之诉的程式所体现的合同诉讼却要求有对价。由此可以推断，只要提出简式合约索赔之诉，即使是一起因财产损失而提起的侵权诉讼，它也是针对合同提出的主张，因此允诺必须证明有对价的支持，尽管在伊丽莎白女王统治时期曾做出过相反的判决。但是这一中止判决的动议并未成功，仍然作出了有利于原告的判决。霍尔特勋爵清楚地意识到，简式合约索赔之诉的使用并不仅限于合同。他的确说过：“所有者将货物信托给［被告］即构成一个充分的对价，迫使被告必须小心予以管理，”或者迫使被告返还货物；但这是为了以示区别于足以使被告运送货物的对价，在他看来，被告并没有义务运送货物。他遵循《年鉴》中的早期案例，还非常明确地说：“这是一起不同的案件，因为简式合约索赔之诉不仅仅意味着一个未来的约定，而且，在本案这类案件中，它还意味着实际登记货物，并建立了信托关系”。这对于对判决来说已经足够了，索斯科特案中的规则与此毫无关系。但是，既然公共承运人因其职业而承担的责任现已被认为扩展到一切类型的丧失，而索斯科特案的原则可能被认为扩展至许多类型的损害，因此，在进行一般性讨论时，就有必要调和这两个原则或者进行取舍。

因此，首席大这位法官继续开始把从事公共性职业的有偿受托人，例如公共承运人、公共重型货运驳船主、轮船长等等，与其他受托人进行区分；对后者不再适用索斯科特案中的规则；并表示，严格责任的原则仅限于前一类受托人，并且是基于公共政策的原因而适用于他们；而

代销商之所以被免责，不是因为他们只是雇员，尽管一直也都是如此规定的（他本人在论证莫尔斯诉斯卢案中也曾这样规定），而是因为他们不在这一规则的推理范围之内。

对于一直关注这个问题的读者来说，不需要更多的证据也会相信，这并不意味着采纳了古罗马法中裁判官的告示。如有必要，还可以举出更多证据。

首先，我们看到，霍尔特亲自为此案辩护说，在以莫尔斯诉斯卢案为终结的长达一个世纪的判例中，都曾裁定轮船长、重型货运驳船长、及承运人等等负有责任。人们援引并倚赖莫尔斯诉斯卢案，也没有任何迹象表明对其他案例有所不满。相反地，其他案例倒是提供了从事某种公共性职业的有偿受托人的例子。有偿受托人和其他受托人之间的区别，是首席大法官波帕姆提出的；而后一种限制（即从事公共性职业）也是英国式的，上文部分出现过，其后还有待进一步的解释。

其次，这一严格规则并不限于船主、旅店主和车行主；甚至也不限于公共承运人；而是适用于一切从事公共性职业的有偿受托人。

第三，责任的程度就是一般受托人的责任程度，以往的判决即是如此规定的；这与罗马法的规定非常不一样，而且要严厉得多，其他人也都发现了这一点。

最后，因天灾或公共敌人而免责也是典型的英国式规定，后文将进一步予以说明。

但本讲已部分表明，今天的法律加之于承运人的责任，较之《年鉴》时期要重一些。索斯科特案和前文援引过的其他早期案例，都提到过由抢劫、偷窃或侵害造成的丧失，并都主张受托人承担责任，因为至少从理论上而言他可以获得救济。我们知道，正是针对这些案例才产生了这条规则，尽管将这一规则适用于无法解释的丧失，并不是不可能的；针对客栈老板签发的令状中就写道，“不能在保管中有减少或损失（sbsque subtractionie seu amissionecustodire）”。后来，这一原则可能就逐渐从适用于由偷窃造成的丧失，扩展至由损毁造成的丧失。在西蒙斯诉达科内尔案（查理一世4年）中，货物被抢劫，而不是被偷窃，甚至很有可能实物根本就没有毁灭，援引此案是因为此案是依照索斯科特案予以判决的。在此案之前，索斯科特案的旧规则已经成为一种专断的先例了，人们只会依其形式遵循该规则，而几乎不考虑其真实用意。

柯吉斯诉伯纳德案的说法是，“除了天灾和国王的敌人之外，法律让

受托运送货物的人承担防范一切事件的责任”。曼斯菲尔德勋爵时代严肃的判决中即采用了以上说法，现在已经确定下来，公共承运人“对一切不属于例外情况的丧失都应负有责任”。这就是说，他已经在一定程度上成为了承保人，不仅是对货物的消失或损毁承保，还包括对除上述例外以外的货物的一切形式的损毁承保。

对于这一点得以实现的过程，上文已经进行了描述，不过我在这里还要再加上几句。各部《年鉴》，即使涉及到动产在受托人手中的毁损（有别于侵占），也都总是陈述受托人的责任是以其过错为基础的，尽管必须承认，这种说法的角度不同。在暴风雨中投弃货物，这对爱德华三世时期的代销商来说，似乎是一个有效的答辩；但却不能以此进行类推。王座法院典狱长一案中的论据更为有力。此案似乎认为，监狱失火与被敌国侨民释放一样，都是犯人逃跑的有效理由。监狱失火一定是指意外失火，这似乎意味着，在那种情况下，典狱长如果没有过错，就不需承担责任。《诉讼登记册》中收录的针对保管或运送货物的受托人的令状，都是有关于过失的一般性主张，就我所看到的较早的起诉状先例也都如此，无论其是否提及本王国的习惯法。但是，受托人应对被从其处不当占有的货物承担责任，跟客栈老板要对从其客栈中被偷走的货物承担责任一样，与过失无关。

的确，王座法院典狱长一案中提到了犯人被叛乱者释放时典狱长疏于看管的问题，（尽管人们会认为，相比较监狱失火而言，由过失导致囚犯逃跑的可能性要小很多），而且在柯克勋爵时代之后，人们开始主张疏忽，即使货物是因不当占有而丧失的。因此，对客栈老板签发的令状是，“为旅馆主人应提供此种保护（pro defectu hujusmodi hospitatorum）”。在这些情况下，疏忽仅意味着事实上未能予以安全保管。很久之后，也有人这样说，“对承运人或重型货运驳船长来说，法律不予原谅的每件事都是过失”。这一主张完全是间接侵害之诉中的正常主张，似乎是在间接侵害之诉取代请求返还动产之诉，且前者之使用相当普遍之后，从早期针对损失的起诉状中延伸出来的。对于最早引入该主张的案件来说，这一主张不可能不重要。但是，人们并不相信古代法律中有什么东西能够保证承运人成为损害的承保人，理由很简单：似乎并不存在主张受托人承担这类责任的早期案例，它并不在使受托人对偷窃所致损失承担责任的那一原则的范围之内。

在追溯了公共承运人成为承保人的过程之后，现在只需对人们公认

的假定风险的免责起源略作评论。我们已经看到，首席大法官霍尔特是如何提到由公敌导致的丧失的。王座法院典狱长一案中所采取的古老的区分是受托人在此案中无法获得救济。

关于天灾，以下是一个一般性原则，而不是承运人或受托人特有的原则，即如果天灾使某责任不可能履行，该责任即可被免除。柯克勋爵提到过从一艘名为格雷夫森德号驳船上投弃货物的案例，和另一起当事人有责任保持和维护海堤，不致洪水泛滥的案例，这两起案件也都受制于同样的限制；《年鉴》中还会找到有关一般性合同的类似的说法。天灾其实是这一原则的另一种形式，即在合同被违反以前，由于货物已经灭失，或者由于情况发生了变化，而该情况的持续存在则是合同的基础，就已不可能履行合同；此时，只要合同当事人对此没有保证或者过错，他就可被免除履行此合同的义务。我们现在已经对这一原则重新费力进行了讨论。至于天灾在公共承运人的问题上现在是否已获得了某种特定含义，就留给其他人去考虑吧。

从以上证据来看，我们似乎无法确定，有哪些类型的受托人受制于参考裁判官告示，后来又参照船主、旅店主和车行主等名词而加之于公共承运人身上的严格责任。与先例相关的问题不过是，有关寄托的旧有的普通法在多大程度上仍然继续适用。我们要回答这个问题，唯一的办法只能是列举出适用那些旧法的判决，而我们将会发现，很难把这些判例置于某一个一般性原则之下。索斯科特案中的规则已不再适用于一般性受托人：这一点非常清楚。但同样也很清楚的是，即使在首席大法官霍尔特所提出的公共政策的限度内，该规则也不再适用。今天，所有从事公共性职业的有偿受托人已不再都是承保人。粮库或寄存品保管库不适用这样的原则。

上文已表明，霍尔特勋爵是如何开始将有偿受托人与其他受托人区分开来的。在此更有针对性的是应注意到，其进一步的限定条件，即从事公共性职业，是一个保护性体系的组成部分，这一体系目前已经不复存在。持反对意见的人可能会说，这是证明法律的实施乃是为了上层阶级的利益诸多证据中的一种。上文已经指出，如果某人是一个公共蹄铁匠，即使不通过简式合约索赔诉讼，也可以过失对他提起指控。作出这一裁决的同一位法官在另一起案件中又表明，如果这个公共蹄铁匠拒绝应合理的请求给马钉掌，也可对他提起诉讼。公共承运人和公共客栈老板承担责任的情况与此相类。霍尔特勋爵对此原则进行了说明：“如果某

人从事公共性职业，他就有义务在此职业所及的范围内为公众提供服务，如果他拒绝，就可对他提起诉讼”。今天，企图一般性地适用此原则会被认为是荒谬之举。但此原则却构成了一套连贯的条例的一个部分，迫使那些从事实用行业的人达到胜任的标准。另一个部分则是从事公共性服务的人对丧失或损失所承担的责任，这一责任在寄托相关的案件中因为索斯科特案规则的影响而得以强化。这套条例已被一些更自由开放的观点所取代；但其残余的部分却仍然在起作用。

曼斯菲尔德勋爵所陈述的有关公共政策的观点，与首席大法官霍尔特在柯吉斯诉伯纳德案中所采用的观点并无不同，只是将其适用范围明确地限定于公共承运人。“但是，依照王国的习惯法，也就是，依照普通法，还存在一个更高程度的责任；承运人本质上就是承保人……为防止争讼、共谋、以及必然会陷入无法说清的情况，法律推定由承运人承担责任，除非，”……。

今天，该原则已被认定只限于这一范围，讨论的话题已转向哪些人属于公共承运人的问题。因此，这就是含蓄地承认，霍尔特勋爵的规则已被放弃。但是，麻烦在于，随着这一规则一起消失的，不仅是我们所看到的霍尔特勋爵感兴趣的那个一般性体系，还包括曼斯菲尔德勋爵重复使用的那些特定的推理。这些推理除了适用于公共承运人外，也适用于其他承运人。除此之外，重型货运驳船长和轮船长最初被判负有责任并非因为他们是公共承运人，重型货运驳船长、轮船长以及公共承运人这三类人被视为并列的类型，即使在柯吉斯诉伯纳德案中也是如此，其中只是将他们作为从事公共性职业受托人的诸多例子提出的。简单地赋予需要予以解释的全部案件某一个单一的名称，我们不会得到一个单一的新原则。倘若真的存在某一项合理的公共政策法规，可据此把某项特殊责任加之于公共承运人（按照现在对这几个词的理解），而不是任何其他人身上，这样的规则迄今还从未有人提到过。另一方面，如果有一些考虑因素适用于公共承运人所特指的那些行业中的某一个具体的种类，比如说，适用于铁路——它可以让私人完全受其摆布，或行使对于公共福利来说过于巨大的权力——，我们也不能证明，把以上三类人都称为公共承运人，上述推理就可扩展至普通的轮船或公众出租车。

如果不存在普遍的政策法规，公共承运人仍然只是一般法律原则的一个经验性的例外，那么，法院在扩展这些词的词义时就很有可能会有所迟疑。此外，那些不能让当事人自由进行交易的公共政策理念，在大

多数部门法中多少都被证明是不可信的。因此，我们大概可以得出如下结论：如果出现任何新的案例，则可能存在的任何寄托合同相关的责任的程度、效力及解释，都应根据一般性原则来进行探讨；迄今所涉及的早期案例，基本都已经解决了这一问题。

我对承运人相关法律的研究非常详细，超过了其所应占的比例，因为在我看来，这是一个能够说明普通法发展方式的有趣的例子，尤其是，它是本书第一讲末尾所提出的那些原则的典型例证。不过，我之所以引入对寄托法的解释，乃是为了转向对另一个部门法的讨论，为此，理解寄托法是一个必要的铺垫。

第六讲　占有

占有这一概念在重要性上仅次于合同。但对占有理论的关注不仅仅在于它在英国法体系中的实际重要性。该理论也为哲学家所用，并成为多个复杂体系的基石。一个远比罗马法更文明的体系，其设计架构与康德和黑格尔的先验学说是格格不入的。表明这一点，将有益于正确的思考。先验学说是慎重地按德国人对罗马法的看法提出的。且大多数德国思辨法学家，从萨维尼到耶林，都曾经是罗马法教授，因此即便他们没有被某种形式的康德或后康德哲学所控制，也会深受其影响。因此，所有因素综合在一起，使德国思辨有了特别的倾向，也由此失去了成为普遍权威的资格。

为什么当占有者并非所有者时，占有还受到法律保护呢？这是个曾让德国人绞尽脑汁的普遍问题。众所周知，康德对于伦理与法律的看法深受卢梭思辨思想的影响。康德、卢梭及马萨诸塞的《权利法案》一致认为，所有人生来自由、平等，而该宣言的此条款或彼条款已然回答了为什么占有从那时起直到现在都应受到保护的问题。康德和黑格尔从自由着手。康德说，意志的自由是人的本质。它本身就是目的；无需更多解释，理应受到绝对尊重，认识并确认这一点正是所有政府的目的和目标。占有应该受到保护，因为一个人通过占有一个客体，将其带入自己的意志范围内。他将自己的人格扩展至这一客体之内或之上。黑格尔会说，占有是自由意志的客观实现。而根据康德的假定，这样表现出来的任何个人意志都应得到其他个体的绝对尊重，而且只有普遍意志（即国家，通过其机构——法院，采取行动），才能超越或取代它。

在这点上，萨维尼没有追随康德。他说，任何暴力行为都属非法，而且他似乎认为，保护占有是对人进行保护的一部分。但对此有人反驳说，我们要保护占有既不受暴力也不受欺诈的侵扰，因此萨维尼的观点被推翻。而那些满足于用简单的利己论来解释的人已经很少了，他们要么被遗弃，要么不受欢迎。

大部分人都遵循康德指出的方向。布鲁斯是一位可敬的法学家，他表达了对德国思维的典型渴望，他要求从占有自身的本质得出一种内在的法律必要性，因而排斥经验推理。他在人类意志的自由中找到了他寻找的必要性，而整个法律体系只能予以承认并执行。对它进行约束是错

误的，无论是否符合法律意志，都不能对其进行约束，如此等等，都与康德哲学一脉相承。因此，黑格尔的得意弟子冈斯说："意志本身就是理应受到保护的重要事物，这种个人意志只屈从于更高的共同意志。"同样，大师普赫塔说："自我驱使的意志，即对自身人格的认可，理应受到保护。"

与该观点相左的一个主要观点来自一位当红法学家，温德沙伊德。他支持《权利法案》宣言中的另一支。他认为，保护占有与保护不受侵害的依据相同，即一国之中，人人平等，任何人都不能凌驾于他人之上。耶林无疑是位天才，其出发点与众不同。他说，占有是处于防御地位的所有权；要保护所有者，正在实际行使所有权的人（即占有者）没有必要向处于非法地位的人证明自己的权利。然而布鲁斯在其后期著作中却对该观点进行了很好的反驳。他认为，耶林的观点是假定强占者的权利一般要比被强占者的权利弱，但我们不能想当然地认为情况就是如此，而且实际情况很可能并非如此。

依据康德学说，占有人应得到确认并保持其占有地位，直到其在为该目的提起的诉讼中败诉为止。也许除了上述事实外，另一事实也影响了该推理，即，在大陆法系程序中，对回复占有之诉和确认所有权之诉或辩护的精确区分。当回复占有之诉中不允许被告将自己设立为所有权人时，理论家就会马上看到占有神秘的重要性。

然而一个人什么时候才有权享有这种绝对的保护呢？根据康德的原则，拥有物品保管权是不够的。基于人格的神圣性而进行保护，就要求客体应进入人格的范围内，且自由意志应能毫无限制地置入该客体中。因此，必须要有占有物品的意图，即，使它成为自身或自己的一部分之意图。

这里罗马法的普遍看法以先例强化了原则。我们被告知，在可能实际掌握或保管某物的众多人中，罗马法承认为占有人的只有所有人，或如所有人一样持有该物，且随时间流逝将会成为所有人的人。后来，基于一些实际原因，罗马法又规定了一些例外。但除质权人和讼争物寄存人（由法庭指定的收受人）外，这些例外并不重要，且存有争议。有些罗马法学家说，保管人和借用人对交托给他们的物品没有占有权。无论德国对这一法律渊源的阐释是否太过于极端，在考察德国法理时，都必须将其考虑在内。

哲学通过否认一般受托人的占有权，巧妙地使自己适应了罗马法的

需要，并因此使自己处于能自称为占有法权威的位置上，因为对受托人的处理模式仅仅只是占有法理论的一个必然结果。因此我说，重要的是要表明，一个远比罗马法更发达、更理性、也更强大的法系，既不认可康德及其继承者所主张的前提，也不认可其结论。

首先，英国法一直都很具合理性，允许在回复占有之诉的辩护中设立所有权。新侵占之诉是真正的回复占有之诉，其中，被告可以始终依赖其所有权。甚至当取得或保有占有的方式应当受到刑法制裁时，比如强行入侵并占有，被告凭借所有权证据也可以保留占有，而且在许多案例中，该证据还可用来在侵权之诉中进行答辩。因此，在因占有物品而引起的侵害之诉中，被告可以将自己设立为所有权人。在这一普遍规则中，似乎有一点区别，即在侵入他人土地之诉中，不能就所有权进行审理。但这是一个例外，一般基于以下依据，即，判决不能改变所有权，而在动产侵占之诉中却可以。在回复占有之诉中不能获得所有权，这一规定意味着巨大的举证困难、教会法中“恶魔的证明”、诉讼程序的延迟、以及临时占有的重要性——所有这些都是早已过去的一个社会阶段的标志。在百分之九十九的案件中，证明至少有初步产权就像证明占有一样方便、容易。

其次（这也正是上一讲对这一主题的重要性所在），普通法总是无一例外地赋予所有受托人以占有权救济。获得这些救济权利的不仅包括除寄托人之外的承典人、承租人、以及拥有某种留置权的人，而且包括所谓的简单受托人，顾名思义，这些人在动产上没有利益，没有对抗所有人的留置权，也不提供或者收受报酬。

现代德国法规也遵循同样的途径，从而赋予承租人及其他一些人以占有权救济。布鲁斯说（康德主义理论的精神要求他这么说），这是为便利而牺牲原则。不过，如果一项原则公开承认与便利及实际立法过程不一致，我看不出它还能剩下些什么。一项法律理论的第一要求就是应符合事实。它必须解释人们观察到的立法过程。可以很肯定的是，人们会制定在他们看来很便利的法律，而不会费心去想他们的立法与什么原则相冲突，因此，一项公然挑战便利性的原则如果要得到永久认可，可能还要等一段时间。

因此，我们仍需在《人权法案》或《独立宣言》之外为保护占有寻找某种依据，该依据应与现代法律中人们赋予这一概念的更广泛的意义相一致。

法院很少谈及这一问题。在某一案例中，法院宣称，这是对法律规定的人身保护的扩展，基于这一点，法院主张侵占他人土地之诉不转移到破产的受让人身上。因此法院说，针对破产人破产之后占有的财物，否认破产人有权对第三方提起动产侵占诉讼，就意味着“邀请全世界的人来争夺破产财物的占有权”；这是参考了“政策及便利性依据”。我可能还要提及捕鱼案，其中有些下文还会引用。在格陵兰岛捕鲸业中，依据英国惯例，如果第一个叉鱼的人没抓住鱼，而另一个人把鱼杀死了，第一个人就没有权利得到鱼；但如果他一直牢牢抓住这头鲸，直到另一个人把鲸叉到，他还是能得到整头鲸，尽管此时鲸已经从他的鱼叉中挣脱。与此相反，根据加利帕戈斯岛的惯例，尽管第一个人没有控制住鲸，他也可以得到这头鲸的一半。这两种惯例在英格兰法庭上都得到过支持和适用，洛威尔法官甚至还曾根据第三种惯例做出过判决，即只要在切割鲸鱼前提出要求，那么整条鲸鱼都可以判给第一个叉住鲸鱼的渔船。曼斯菲尔德勋爵提出的依据只是，如果没有这些惯例，那么捕鲸人之间就会永远有战争。如果法院依据不同案件中的不同争议点对类似的事实适用不同的规定，那么就目前情况而言，它就趋向于动摇这件事情的先验理论。

那些从法律史中看到社会发展的形式化表现方式的人往往会认为，法律最直接的依据一定是经验性的，即使该依据只是一个事实，即一般人都怀有某种理想政体或持有某种政体理论。法律作为一种实践性事物，必须建立在现实力量的基础上。因此，有下面这点对法律来说已经足够：人根据其与家犬共有的一种本能（海豹是这种本能的最显著的例子），如果不经过一番争夺，是不会任凭自己占有的东西被人以暴力或欺诈的方式夺走的。哲学或许能找出一百个理由证明这种本能的正当性，但如果哲学谴责它，并要求我们心甘情愿地放弃它，那么这样的哲学就毫无价值。只要这种本能存在，那么对法律来说，以有序的方式满足它，而不是让人们自行解决，会更合适。如果背道而驰，则法律就成了卖弄学问，与现实毫无关联。

我想我们现在可以开始分析占有了。首先就曾经在德国热烈讨论过的一个先决问题说几句还是有益的。占有是一个事实还是一项权利？该问题必定是问，占有和权利这两个词在法律上是指什么，而不是哲学家或伦理学家可能指的什么别的东西；因为作为法律人士，除法律意义外，这二者跟我们毫无关系。如果人们一直牢记这一点，可能都不会提

出这个问题。

一项法律权利别无其他，就是得到许可，使用某些自然力量，以及在某些条件下，借助公共力量，获得保护、归还、或补偿。只要某人得到这种公共力量的帮助，他就拥有一项法律权利；而无论其主张是基于正义还是邪恶，该项权利都是相同的。只要占有受到保护，则在它获得与所有权同样的保护时，也同后者一样成为法律权利的来源。

每项权利都是法律附加给其所界定的一项或多项事实的一种后果，当法律将某些特殊权利赋予某人而排除其他人时，那是因为，某些特殊事实只对这人成立，对世上其他人则不成立。当法律如此挑选出来的一组事实对某一特定的人成立时，就可以说他有权享有相应的权利；即，法律由此帮他约束其邻居，或其中某些人；如所有所涉事实对他不成立，则法律不会如此规定。因此，任何表示这样一组事实的词语都隐含着以法律后果的方式附加于该词之上的权利；同样，任何表示附加于一组事实之上的权利的词语也隐含着这组事实。

“占有权”一词即表示这样一组事实。因此，当我们提到一个拥有占有权的人时，也就直接肯定了特定的一组事实对他全部成立，同时我们也间接或含蓄地传达了这个意思：在这种情况下法律使他处于优势地位。合同、或所有权、或其他任何法律实体概念都可以这样分析，并应以相同的顺序进行处理。它们之间的唯一区别在于，占有表示事实，隐含后果；而所有权和合同则表示后果而隐含事实，所有权一向如此，而合同则具有更多不确定性与不稳定性。当我们说某人拥有某物时，我们就直接肯定了他享有与特定的一组事实相连的后果所带来的好处，而且还暗含着这些事实对他全部成立。我们要理解的重要的一点是，这些法律复合体，即占有权、所有权、以及合同，每种都要以相同方式分解为事实和权利，前提和后果。一个词强调一个因素，而另两个强调另一个因素，这完全无关紧要。我们并非在研究词源学，而是在研究法律。这里始终有两件事情要问：第一，这里讨论的那组事实都有哪些？第二，在法律上，哪些后果与该组事实相连？一般来说，第一个问题是所有难点所在。

因此，以下说法几乎是同义重复：法律以法定后果的方式附加给占有权的保护，与那些附加于因时效而取得之相反占有的后果，或附加于有对价或盖印之许诺的后果一样，在法律意义上都是真正的权利。如果这一说法还需强有力的证据来佐证的话，我可以做个补充，即占有性权

利可以被继承、遗赠、或转让，而且在有些州，还要征收财产税。

现在我们可以来分析普通法所理解的占有了。我们会发现，为找到构成占有之事实，最好从最初获得占有时开始研究。因为当时所有事实必定都存在，正如订立合同时对价和允诺必定都存在一样。但当我们讨论占有性权利之持续，或像通常所说占有之持续时，所有学派都会同意，最初构成占有权所需要的所有事实，在保持这些权利时，不需要全部都继续成立。

因此，某人要取得占有权，必须与该客体及世上其他人之间有某种特定的物理关系，且必须具有某种特定意图。这些关系和这种意图就是我们要调查的事实。

与他人的物理关系只是一种外显权力与意图共存的关系，且当意图的性质确定之后，再无必要提及。提及意图，我不会像别的分析那样试图将其看作责任的一个要件来分析。因为有关那个方面的意图所制定的原则与我们当前的主题无关，且任何尚未失败的此类分析，也只是对证据的探讨而已。我们在此探究的意图或许必须是公开的、清楚表现出来的意图，但所有关于占有受到保护的理论依据似乎都一致指向以下必要条件，即占有应为实际占有，且当然应受到必要法律调查的制约。

然而，除我们这种针对他人的权力和意图之外，必定还存在某种程度上的对客体的权力。即便世上另外只剩下一人，且被锁在监狱里出不来，拿钥匙的那人也不能占有飞过监狱上空的那些燕子。上述捕鲸案例已清楚说明了该要件，虽然毫无疑问，分界线应该划在哪里要考虑捕鲸者所获得的对抗其他人的权力之大小，同时还要考虑他所获得的对客体的权力之大小。罗马法和普通法一致认为，一般来讲，对野生动物的紧追不舍不会赋予追赶者占有权。在他以某种方式使该动物无法逃脱之前，其他人只要有能力，都可以插手进来，杀死或抓住并带走该猎物。因此，法院曾判决某人胜诉，他杀死并带走了另一个人追赶过的狐狸，而且这只狐狸实际上还在首先发现、惊起、并追赶它的人的视野之内。王座法庭甚至不顾陪审团做出的不同裁决，做出了如下判决：尽管渔民们已经用拖网把鱼基本围住，只在两端之间留下一个七英寻的开口，且在开口处还有几艘船停在那里吓阻鱼，不让它们逃走，但这些仍不足以使他们取得占有权来对抗一个从开口处划船进去并捕走了一些鱼的第三方。但是，足以构成占有，和不足以构成占有的对客体的权力，两者的区别显然只是程度不同而已，可以根据刚才提到的依据在不同地点、不

同时间划出分界线。因此，我们看到，1844年纽约州立法规定，任何人如果在纽约州各县内惊起并追赶一只鹿，只要他继续穷追不舍，那么就应当认为他取得了对这只鹿的占有权。这也在一定程度上修改了刚才引用的纽约州的判决。因而，优士丁尼的判决是，即使一只野兽伤得很重，很容易就能抓住，但也要等真正把它抓住后才能归抓捕人所有，而洛威尔法官却基于同样原因支持了上述北冰洋上美国捕鲸人的相反惯例，即，将鲸鱼判给第一个叉住鱼的那艘船，只要他们在切鲸之前提出这一权利主张。

我们可以用这几例结束对客体的物理关系的分析，因为除涉及鲜活的野生物案件外，很少考虑这种关系。我们现在开始讨论意图，这才是真正棘手的问题。正是在这里，我们发现，德国法学家不能令人满意，原因我已经解释过了。最著名的理论被认为是德国人在某种形式的康德或后康德哲学的影响下对罗马法理论的解释。根据德国人的观点，罗马法中占有的类型是所有者，或将要成为所有者的人之占有。在该问题上，萨维尼是英国读者普遍熟悉的唯一一位法学家，他将这一观点贯彻到底，认为“占有之意图”，即作为所有者处理该事物的意图，对于将一个单纯的物理留置变为依法占有通常是必需的。我们无需停下来调查到底是这种现代形式还是西奥菲勒斯法典和希腊渊源中的animus dominantis，animus dominandi（希腊语：占有的欲望）更准确，因为二者像民法学家和教会法学家一样，都将大部分受托人和定期租户排除在占有者之外，而德国法理也必定如此。

经由康德主义法律哲学所解释的这种排除，其结果是使德国的法学家们认为构成占有所必需的意图在本质上是利己的。他们的哲学教导他们，保护一个人对客体的物理权力，是因为他具有使之成为己有的意志，因此该客体就成为其自身的一部分，即其自由的外在表现。因此，占有者的意志被认为是利己的，而他必定持有的意图也非常清楚，即，他必须为自己的利益而持有它。而且，该利己意图还必须达到据为己有的意图之高度，因为若非如此，似乎就意味着该客体不会真正进入占有者的人格范围。

前面我们已经论述了摒弃罗马法标准的理由。现在让我们重新开始讨论。在逻辑上，法律义务先于法律权利。他们与道德权利（如果还有的话）可能有什么样的关系，以及道德权利是否同样在逻辑上源于道德义务，这些都不是我们在此关心的问题。这些是哲学家要关心的问题，

他们从外部研究法律，把它视为一系列更广泛的人类现象的一部分。而法学家的工作是让人们了解法律内容，即，从内部处理它，或者说有逻辑地，从其最高属到最低种，依次对法律进行安排和分类，尽量使之适用。故法律义务先于法律权利。更宽泛地说（为了避开容易遭到反对的“义务”这个词），法律的直接作用就是以某些特定方式限制或多或少的一些人行动或选择的自由；而取消或执行这一限制的权力，或者换言之，一种与这种负担相对应的权利（一般被委托给某些其他的个人），却不是必需或普遍相关的。此外，拥有一项权利的人所享受的利益有很大一部分都不是法律创造的。法律没有让我具有使用或滥用放在我面前的这本书的能力。这是我无需借助法律就可拥有的一种物理权力。法律所做的仅仅是或多或少地阻止他人妨碍我使用或是滥用。这一分析和例证适用于占有的情况，同样也适用于所有权。

如果在占有的情况下，法律直接作用就是如此，人们就会认为与其活动最为接近的意向或意图就是我们要寻找的占有之意图。如果法律的工作就是排除他人对客体的干涉，则法律所要求的意图，似乎就是一种排除他人的意图。我认为，普通法认为有这样一种意图就已足够，原则上不再需要别的东西。

也许有人会问，这不就是从相反角度来考察占有的意图吗？假如是这样，则从正面来看这一盾牌可要比从反面来看好得多。但是，如果我们赋予“占有的意图”的含义是德国人赋予它的含义，而该含义通常排除受托人的占有权，那么情况就不一样了。如果没有排除他人或他物的意图，则据为己有或以所有者身份处理物品的意图几乎不可能存在；但是，在不存在以所有者持有的意图时，排除他人的意图也完全可能存在。一个长期租户在其租赁到期之前有排除所有的人，包括所有者的意图，但他并没有上面所解释的那种占有的意图。对具有留置权的受托人而言，这种意图更小，他甚至不想使用它，只是扣留该物以得到支付。但更进一步说，普通法保护受托人对抗第三人，却并不保护他对抗所有者，如在无偿寄托或其他可以随时终止的寄托情况下。因此，我们可以说，甚至排除的意图都无需像“占有的意图”所暗示的那么广泛。如果受托人有把第三人排除在权利之外的意图，则依据我们的法律，这对占有就足够了，即使受托人随时准备将该物品送还所有者；然而，德国观点的本质却是，其意图一定不是相对的，而是一个要占有该物品利益的绝对的、利己的意图。而且，即使占有人头脑中出现的大多数动机或愿

望，甚至意图，都是利己的，也不能得出，这种对于他人的意图在法律分析中不重要。然而，我们已经看到，在普通法理论下，保管人为真正占有者，尽管其意图并非利己，而是完全为所有者的利益而持有。

除受托人与长期租户的案例外，还有一类案例，如果我们分别采用排除意图的标准和占有的意图标准，则很可能（虽然并非完全如此）会得到不同的判决。布里奇斯诉霍克斯沃思案可以作为我们讨论的起点。在该案中，一位顾客将皮夹掉在了商店地板上，在店主知道此事之前，又被另一位顾客捡了起来。无论普通法法官还是民法学家都会同意，发现皮夹的人首先占有了皮夹，故可保留皮夹而不交给店主。因为店主不知道有这件东西，故不可能有将其占为己有的意图，而且是他邀请大家进入自己商店的，所以也不可能有排除他人占有皮夹的意图。不过，假设该皮夹掉在一个私人房间里，那此案该如何判决呢？在房主知道有此皮夹前，他不可能有将其占为己有的意图；但在他根本不知有这件物品存在的情况下，他也会有将别人排除在其房间之外的更大的意图，而该意图则包含排除别人占有皮夹的意图。

在麦卡沃伊诉梅迪纳案中，一个皮夹丢在了理发店的桌子上，法院认为，理发师的权利大于发现者的权利。判决意见书写得较为含混。它区分了自愿放于桌上的物品与掉到地板上的物品，然后其判决依据可能是，当所有者那样把物品遗忘在店里时，就隐含一种请店主保护其物品的要求，故店主也就比在他之前实际发现该皮夹的人有更大的权利。然而该说法较为牵强，或许法院认为顾客一离开理发店理发师就取得了占有权。没过多久，某人在银行柜台外面供顾客使用的桌子上发现一个皮夹，他提起诉讼，索要失主许诺给发现皮夹的人的报酬，同一法院认为，这不属于发现遗失物品的情况，“银行房屋占用人，而非原告，才是此种遗失物品合适的保管人”。这一说法似乎表明，原告并非在被告之后首先获得占有的人，尽管商店的地板可能会被视为与大街相同，但商店的工作台桌、柜台、以及桌子（除因特殊用途得到许可使用外），则被认为是排除公众的。然而，该案或许只是判决该皮夹并非在失主提供报酬时提出的条件下丢失的。

我认为从英格兰失事船舶漂流货物案中得出的任何结论都不可靠，因为这些案件还混杂着时效与其他一些权利等问题。但这里判决的似乎正是这一点。因为法院认为，如果一段木材被水冲到某人的土地上，那么他就因此获得“占有的权利”，以对抗实际发现这段木材并进入其土地

试图拿走该木材的人。人们认为占有的权利对侵权案件来说已经足够；但法院似乎是用占有权这个词来指占有，因为正如首席大法官肖所说，这个问题在于哪一方“没有其他的所有权凭证，而仅仅通过占有本身具有更大的权利主张”；而且除非存在实际占有，否则本案中似乎并不存在任何占有权。

在一刑事案件中，某第三方从运河底部取走了一些铁，尽管运河公司看来并不知道这些铁的存在，或者对其具有留置权，但法院还是判定运河公司拥有对这些铁的所有权。

在这些情况中，涉及被发现物的唯一意图就是土地占用人将公众排除在其土地之外的一般意图，故而也包括排除公众占有其土地上的物品的意图。

虽不能期望罗马法的法学家们在其理论基础上提出更精炼的理论，但他们在所有这些案件上很可能会做出不同的判决。

这里我会回到运送锁于箱柜或大包及类似物品之货物的案例。刑法规定，如这种箱柜或大包之受托人误卖了整个箱柜或大包，并不构成偷盗罪；但如果他打开这些箱包再卖掉，则犯了偷盗罪，因为在第一种情况下，他没有构成侵害，而在第二种情况下，其行为构成了侵害罪。有时给出的原因是，受托人打开箱包时，就终止了这种财产寄托关系，货物则立刻重归寄托人占有。这或许是个并不恰当，也无必要的拟制。该规定来自《年鉴》，而《年鉴》的理论则是，箱柜虽已交付受托人，但其中的货物并没有。该理论在刑法和民法中都适用。寄托人既有权力又有意图排除受托人占有货物，因此可以说，他仍占有该货物，以对抗受托人。

但是，罗得岛的一个案子却与我们此处采用的观点相反。某人买了一个保险箱，之后想再卖掉，故把它送到被告那里，并允许被告在卖出前将书放在里面。被告在该保险箱的夹缝里发现了一些纸币，原告听说以后，就要求其归还保险箱及钱。被告送回了保险箱，却拒绝归还那些钱，而法院也支持被告拒绝还钱的行为。我胆敢说，该判决有误。报告写的不是特别清楚，但即使假定被告作为受托人，而非佣人或代理人收到保险箱，且原告允许被告使用保险箱是一般性许可，我的观点也不会改变。法院的论据是，原告并非发现钱的人。问题是他是否需要成为发现钱的人。如保险箱仍在所有者手中，被告从保险箱中偷走这些纸币，则很难相信，法院会认为这些财产不属于保险箱所有者，或者，如果钱

在这些情况下被非法挪用，所有者不能提起动产侵占诉讼。詹姆斯·斯蒂芬爵士似乎也从卡特赖特诉格林与梅里诉格林案中得出相似结论，但我认为从这些案件中找不到任何支持这一结论的依据，他们提出的理由则更不足信。

但由此可见，德菲诉琼斯案与此处所坚持的关于必要意图一般性质的观点完全一致，且它只触及次要问题，即排除之意图是否必须针对特定事物，还是可以在没有意识到的情况下包含于某个更大意图中，我倾向于支持后者。

迄今为止，我们还未谈到佣人保管的问题。刑法中有一条广为人知的原则，即佣人如将主人委托给他并由其作为佣人保管的财产极其错误地非法挪用，则犯下了盗窃罪，因为他被认定为非法占有了由其主人占有的财产。也就是说，作为佣人保管其主人的财产时，佣人不拥有该财产的占有权，《年鉴》中也是这样表述的。

有一条反常的区分，根据这一区分，如佣人替其主人从他人那里接受了一件物品，则该佣人拥有占有权，因此不会犯有盗窃罪。这一区分因某些古老的案例而渐趋合理。因为这些案例中采取的区分为，佣人在房屋内或跟主人一起时，后者保留占有权；但当主人把马交给佣人骑到市场上，或交给他一个包让其带到伦敦时，这些物品就不再属于主人而属于佣人占有。如果以这种更为明智的方式处理，这一规定现在就不会流行了。但该规定的另一半无疑也是法律，即在酒馆吃饭的客人对其使用的盘子没有占有权，因为客人的法律地位通常被等同于佣人。

在刑事案件以外，几乎没有几起英国案例涉及佣人是否享有占有权这一问题。但《年鉴》并未区分民事案件与刑事案件，且在法院与得到广泛认可的学者们中有一个几乎成为传统的看法，即佣人无论在何种情况下，都没有占有权。针对佣人挪用了主人让他出售的布匹，主人可提起侵害诉讼，美国的案例也完全遵循这一古老原则。经常有人评论说，必须把佣人和受托人区分开。

但有人可能会问，如何让不承认佣人的占有权与前面提出的检验标准一致呢？有人会确切地指出，佣人同借用人相同，都有将他人排除在外的意图。毫无疑问，有关佣人的法律与前述标准有所不同，而且那些在罗马法基础上构建自己理论的人无疑也由这一事实引导，并借助罗马法有关一般受托人的原则，去寻找调和二者的方案。而事实上，关于佣人的这一例外纯粹是历史原因造成的。佣人没有占有权，并非因其对保

管的物品之意图（无论对其主人还是其他人）跟保管人相比有什么特别，而仅仅是其身份的附带条件之一。佣人身份来自奴隶，因此仍带有很多奴隶时期的印记，这点人们都很熟悉。主人要为佣人的侵权行为负责就是一例。下面是另一例。根据主人对其奴隶拥有权力这一实际依据，及奴隶在法律面前没有身份这一事实，该奴隶的占有也即其主人的占有。虽然奴隶已经解放，但其人格并入其家庭首脑的人格这一观念仍然保留了下来。

我在第一讲已经提到，在罗马法中，由这一渊源而来的概念在某一特定场合扩展到自由人后，就形成早期的代理关系。我认为，我们自己的法律也是这样，其后期发展似乎很大程度上受到罗马法的影响。迟至布莱克斯通时代，代理人仍在佣人的一般类别下出现，且特定代理法最早所引用的案例也都是主人和佣人的案例。布莱克斯通的说法值得在此引用："还有第四种佣人——如果可以这样称呼他们的话——他们有很高的管理执行能力，比如管家、代理商、地主管家等，然而，当涉及他们影响到主人或雇主财产的行为时，法律则将他们视为临时佣人。"

在现代，无论是主人和佣人还是委托人和代理人的关系，它们的很多法律后果都可解释为主人本人所实施行为的后果，这一点是千真万确的。如果某人告诉另一人以他的名义去签订合同，或要求他去实施侵权行为，那么不需要有特殊的概念来解释他为什么要承担责任，尽管即使在中间方是自由人这样的案例中，也是直到法律比较成熟以后才得出这一结论的。但如"代理关系"这一名称值得在法律中占有一席之地，那必定是因为这一关系的事实附带着一些特殊的后果。如果我们要的仅仅是约束委托人执行某个经他授权的合约的效力，则除了有关代理人的章节之外，我们可能还要对墨和纸进行说明。但这并不是全部。即使在合同领域，我们也发现有这样引人注目的学说，即匿名委托人有已知订约人的权利和义务——他可以被起诉，而且，更引人注目的是，他还可以对由其代理人订立的合同提起诉讼。针对下述提议——对代理人的许诺可被视为对委托人的许诺——所引用的第一个先例也是一个主人和佣人的案例。

鉴于我此处的目的只是想表明身份学说的意义对占有理论的影响，故不适合用过多篇幅讨论应在多大程度上援引该学说来解释委托人对其代理人侵权行为的责任，或在行为人大致可被界定为佣人的其他案件中，是否有比适用的规定更为合理的规定。但我还是想多说几句，因为

之后我可能无法再回到这一问题上来。

如果主人为其佣人的侵权行为承担责任到目前为止已被法院认为是一种陈旧制度的腐朽残余，那么我们发现它仅局限于根据古老的先例做出判决的案例就不该感到吃惊了。然而事实并非如此。这一做法已通过类推扩展至新的关系中。它存在于委托人并非实际违法者的家长的情况下。一个人在下面的情况中可能要对另一人承担责任：当两人关系是临时性的，以至排除了身份的概念时，如别人的佣人临时为他做事而出现过失，或邻居主动帮助他而出现过失时；而且据我所知，没有任何一个委托人曾因其代理人的职业高贵而免责。法院习惯性认为，那些适用于名副其实的佣人之规定同样适用于经纪人和其他代理人。确实，条款中也已规定，雇主的责任并不局限于佣人的情况，尽管常见案例当然都是家仆之类，他们不可能付得起大型陪审团裁断的费用。

另一方面，如这些特有的代理关系学说不一致，且如我所认为的那样，形成为附属性身份的消失点，则很可能发生的情况是，常识会拒绝对它们进行最大程度的运用。这类传统与正义本能之间的冲突，我们可从以下问题中看到：为了调查清楚欺诈，我们把知道真相的委托人和做虚假陈述的代理人等同起来，如科恩福特诉福克案；或很多英国案例中讨论到的委托人为其代理人的欺诈承担责任的问题。但只要作为主人承担责任之基础的拟制存在，想用逻辑调和这种冲突就像化圆为方一样毫无希望。

我在《美国法律评论》上发表的一篇文章中提到了戈德弗鲁瓦关于代理的一句话：主人与代理人是一样的。最近有一本颇为有用的书宣称，这种关于人的拟制性统一的概念使得难题更加费解。但它却得到亨利·梅因爵士的赞同，我认为，如果除去那些在实践中还保留下来却已失去其真正意义（因其对象已不再是奴隶）的一些规定外，对现代法没有充分而完整的解释（正如我之前试图说明的那样）的话，那么由于它表达了法律的一个重要方面，因此可以存在。当提到奴隶没有法律地位，而是被并入在法律上由其主人代表的家庭时，要理解这句话的含义非常容易。而当我们说处于相似关系中的一个身份自由的佣人，在很多方面被法律视同奴隶（当然，不包括对其自由人身份造成损害）时，其含义似乎也同样清晰。下一步就是，其他人并非一般意义上的佣人，他们在某一特定关系中也可当作佣人来对待。这就是历史给我们展现的观念演化过程；这也是下面说法的真正意义：使代理关系名正言顺成为法律之

一部分的典型特征就是，在特定场合下，代理人的法律身份被并入其委托人的法律身份。

如按此逻辑推理下去，则结果应为，一个得到委托以其委托人的名义占有某物的代理人将被认为不具有合法占有权，或没有资格提起侵害诉讼。但以上讨论并未就法律是否会走这么远给出意见，除非先例能表明这一点。我们来考察案例的性质。其性质是，为代理及占有目的而委托的代理人。受托人因为其他目的也可以成为代理人。一个身份自由的佣人也可以成为受托人。然而，依据罗马法惯用语，我们说受托人以自己的名义承担责任，而佣人或代理人则并非如此。

即使篇幅允许，就这一问题去查找案例集也不值得，因为这些案例的用语非常混乱。例如，曾有法院在该问题上说，承运人是佣人；但事情再清楚不过：当货物由他保管时，就由他占有。因此，当货物仍由卖方保管时，依合同占用，以及接受就与交付混淆在一起。我们的法律采用了罗马法学说，规定卖主持有性质的改变可以构成交付，也即占有权的改变，但却没有在什么可以构成此种改变方面学习到罗马民法学家的谨慎小心。受托人一直被说成似乎是有占有目的之代理人，而他们通常也是其他目的的代理人这一事实使人们更容易混淆这一点。那些认定中间人手上的货物应归受让人占有，却并未区分中间人是以自己的名义还是买方的名义持有货物的案件，一般在审判结果上无疑是正确的，但却更加剧了这个问题思想上的混乱。

德国法学家有点倾向于根据一种占有理论在司法占有和实际留置之间划出区分的大小来评价这种理论；但从这里采纳的观点我们可以看到，拒绝给予佣人和负有佣人责任的代理人占有权和占有性救济（如果后者的确没有这种救济）的依据仅仅只是历史性的，且一般理论也只能将这种拒绝视为一种反常现象。我们同样可以看到，佣人与保管人经常被等同起来（即，他们都是为他人利益而非自己利益而持有）的依据对我们的法律完全没有影响；我们的法律始终认为保管人拥有占有权，且这也并非对罗马法学说的正确解释，后者并未据此对这两类案件做出过判决，且两类案件的判决依据各不相同。

现在就能轻松讨论有关第三方的权力问题了。自然，这是一种与意图同畴的权力。但我们必须牢记，法律只考虑或主要考虑表现出来的事实；因此，我们在提到排除他人的权力时，也仅指表现的非常明显的权力而已。一个孩子和一个恶棍可能在同样距离内看到一个皮夹，这时，

孩子把皮夹捡了起来，而恶棍什么也没做，那么这个孩子就表现出足够的权力，就像得到一百名警察的支持一样。这样缩小范围后，有人可能会说，这种权力的表现只有作为意图的表现时才是重要的。然而这两件事情是有区别的，当同时存在两种相互冲突的意图时，前者就成为决定性因素。因此，在以下案例中，都没有所有权的双方当事人，对玉米作物主张彼此对立的权利并轮流耕种，原告将玉米收割后分成一些小堆堆在同一块地上，在那里放了一周后，双方同时开始运走这些玉米，法院判决，原告没有获得占有权。但如被告在原告将玉米收割成堆后就进行第一次妨害行为，则原告很可能就胜诉了。另一案件也是如此。一所小学堂的理事选举了一名校长，之后该校长被解职，但次日又（6月30日）强行进入该学堂；7月4日他接到通知要求其离开，但直到11日才受到驱逐。法院认为，该校长从未取得过占有权，不能对抗理事。

这一点将我们引到由取得占有权而获得的权利持续性问题上。如前所述，要取得占有权，必须具有前面解释过的一定的物理关系，以及一定的意图。还需探究的是，这些事实对一个人必须持续成立多久才能让他保留随这些事实的出现而形成的权利。一个盛行的观点是萨维尼的观点。他认为，必须始终存在一个与取得占有权时完全相同的意图，以及能够随时对客体产生最初那种物理关系的持续性权力。人人都同意，没有必要对该物品始终具有在场的权力，否则一个人唯一能占有的只有他手头的东西。但问题是，我们是否还需要甚至更多的事实。构成占有的事实从其性质上说是能够终生存在的。由此产生了用语的含混，从而导致了很多思想上的混乱。我们不加区分地随意使用“占有”一词，既用它来表明存在取得占有所需的所有事实，也用它来表明尽管其中某些事实已不复存在，但某人却仍然得到事实存在时所能得到的保护这样一种情况。结果只会使得人们很容易将事实的消失等同于权利的丧失，有些德国法学家差不多就是这样认为的。

但是，正如创立合同权利时必须有对价和允诺并不意味着对价和允诺在合同履行之前必须继续在双方之间存在一样，创立占有性权利时必须同时存在一定的事实这一情况也并不意味着为了保持这些权利，这些事实必须继续存在。当某些事实一经证实从而产生一项权利时，就不存在某种一般性依据使法律可以据此终结该权利，除非某个事实表明无法随之持续，而产生该特定权利的原因在决定哪些事实将无法持续方面具有重大影响。与客体最初物理关系的中止可以被视为此类事实；但除非

所处的时代是比现在更加无序的暴政时代，否则也并非如此。依据同样原则，重新产生最初物理关系的权力的中止是否影响到权利的持续也只是一个传统或政策的问题。这与被他人恶意占有的依据不同。关于野生动物我们采用了罗马法，但我们法律的一般倾向是赞成据为己有。它将所有权或占有权利的缺乏视为真空状态而对其深恶痛绝。因此，当某人发现一些原木漂在水上，他把它们固定住，但后来这些原木又松开漂走了，后被另一人发现，而法院明确判定，第一个发现原木的人保留由他取得占有而产生的权利，故第二个发现者拒绝交出这些原木时，他可以对其提起动产侵占之诉。

假设某人捡到一小袋黄金，并把它放在自己偏僻、带点儿栅栏的乡下房子里，而他本人则远在一百英里之外的监狱里。方圆二十英里内只有一人，是个装备齐全的夜盗贼，他在这所房子的前门，从窗子里看到了这个钱包，并打算进入房子将它拿走。拾金者要重现与金子最初那种物理关系的力量是相当有限的，但我认为在该夜盗贼通过公然的行为表明其有将他人排除在钱袋之外的权力及意图之前，没有任何人会说拾金者的占有终止了。这里的理由与我们提出的取得占有时排他权力的理由相同。法律在很大程度上处理的是可以通过感官感知的、公开的行为和事实。只要夜盗贼没有拿走钱袋，他就没有表现出其意图；在他突破那些象征原占有者排他力量的栅栏之前，他并未表现出他的权力。还可以更进一步指出，依据本讲采用的标准，该房屋所有者从最严格的意义上说也具有现实占有，因为，虽然他不具有萨维尼所说的必要权力，但他具有排除他人的现实的意图和权力。

可以想象，普通法会走得很远，它会以处理所有权的同样方式来处理占有，而且会主张，当占有一旦获得，其权利也即获得，并将持续存在，可以对抗除一人之外的整个世界，直到某种足以剥夺其所有权的事情发生为止。

所谓权利的占有，几个世纪以来一直是大陆法系争论的焦点。德国法学者经常在该问题上走得很远，居然主张可以有对债务的真实占有；这似乎跟下面的一般观点相符合，即占有和权利在理论上是同畴术语；一般而言，意志对外部客体的掌控（无论该客体是一物品还是另一意志），当与普遍意志相符，因此合法时，就称做权利，但如仅是事实上的，则为占有。如果我们还记得曾经讨论过的，关于占有是事实还是权利这个问题的话，就可以看到，占有和权利之间这样一种对立不能作为

法律上的区分而得以承认。构成占有权的事实产生权利，与构成所有权的事实产生权利是同样正确的，尽管单纯占有者的权利没有所有者的权利那么广泛。

反过来说，权利来自某些被认为对享有这些权利的人成立的事实。如果这些事实具有这样一种性质，即它们可以对不同的人相继成立，如在土地占用的情况中，相应权利可以被相继享有。但当这些事实已经过去时，如提出对价和接受允诺，则除最初具备这些事实的当事人（在假想的案件中是最初的受约人）外，任何人都不能主张享有由那些事实产生的权利，因为除最初的受约人之外，没有人能符合最初产生这些事实的情况。

英国读者很可能会同意，在基本的构成性事实中，有一项包含在与某一物理对象的特定关系中。但该对象可以是一个奴隶，也可以是一匹马，由这种方式产生的概念可能残留了下来，扩大到了自由服务关系中。值得注意的是，即使是布鲁斯在运用自己的理论时，似乎也没能超出关于身份的案例以及那些关于（通俗地说）土地被用于我们所讨论的自由服务的案例，比如用于租赁的案例。迄今为止，甚至我们的法律也把自由服务视作奴性服务，故主人对这些自由服务拥有可以对抗整个世界的财产权，至于两者之间的界限应划在哪里，只是程度问题而已。也许有人主张，正如一个人没有所有权也可能占有一个奴隶一样，一个人也可能在没有合同的情况下对自由服务享有所有者的全部权利。下面的案例也许多少是这种情况：家长在超过21岁的女儿被诱奸后索取赔偿，尽管并不存在实际的服务合同。因此，在教会法规的全部历史进程及早期英格兰法中，租金被视为不动产的一部分，能够被占有和侵占，也可以像土地一样通过审判获得赔偿。

但在我们的法律中，像在罗马法中一样，所谓占有权利最重要的案例是关于地役权的。在某种意义上，地役权是能够被占有的。某人可以某种方式使用土地，并具有排除他人以不同方式使用该土地的意图，但仅限于此。然而正如其他人已经表明的，这即便是真正的占有，也仅是对土地的有限占有，并非对权利的占有。但是，如果地役权已实际产生，无论由契约还是时效产生，则毫无疑问，任何需役地占有人在享受权利方面都会受到保护，尽管过去保护这种权利并非因为地役权本身是一种占有对象，而是根据先例残留，这在后一讲中还会解释。因此，为检测法律保护这种纯粹占有的存在，我们来看以下案例：一条路已经实

际使用了四年，但在此期间没有取得地役权，我们要问的是，这块类似需役地的占有人在使用时能否受到保护来对抗第三人。可以想象，他应该受到保护，但我认为他得不到保护。

该学说的主要反对意见似乎是，以下两种主张几乎是对立的：其一，一个人具有排除整个世界干涉该土地的一般权力和意图；其二，另一个人有以某种特定方式使用该土地并排除占有人妨碍这种使用的权力。要调和二者需要一些人工推理。但我们应该记住，在每个案件中，问题并非所涉及当事人的实际权力是什么，而是他们所表现出来的权力是什么。如后者就这样保持平衡，则法律可承认一种分享性占有。但如果法律直到一项权利取得时才予以承认，那么对强占者使用地役权的保护则必须参考本讲与此相关的事实才能得到解释。

附加于占有的后果，实质就是附加于所有权的后果，从属于我上面提到的占有权利的持续性问题。即便是一项动产的不当占有人也可以因第三人强占动产得到全额赔偿金，或特定事物的返还。

的确，人们认为，要提起返还原物之诉或动产侵占之诉，某种“特别财产权”是必要的。但现代案例却证实，占有已经足够，且对我们法律渊源的考察也证明，特别财产权并没有比占有更多的意思。我们已经表明，布拉克顿描述的要取回因违背某人意志而失去之动产的程序，同欧洲大陆的先例一样，是基于占有的。而布拉克顿就在他明确表明上述观点的同一段话内，使用了“Poterit rem suam petere”这一词组，如果不是作了解释的话，该词组似乎就意味着所有权。后期令状使用同样的表述，但经常遭到反对，在受托人因货物和动产被拿走而提起的诉讼中，当该表述遭到反对说，应该是保管的货物被拿走的诉讼时，总是得到以下答复，即大法官法院不愿以那种方式拟定令状。

该问题的实质在于，在令状的意义范围内，处于某人占有之中的货物，就是他的。但人们会很自然地尝试在这个形式化用语和事实之间达成一种形式上的和谐，他们表示，尽管原告不具有该动产的一般财产权，但他却享有对抗第三人的财产权，或“特别财产权”。这种尝试发生在最早期的两个案例中，奇怪的是，我发现使用“特别财产权”字样的这两个案件一个是关于保管人的，另一个是关于借用人的。布鲁克曾说，不当收取者“有对抗除真正所有者之外一切人的权利”。在这个意义上，最好把“特别财产权”表述为“占有性财产权”，事实上，在一起控告偷窃案中，法庭判定，财产权可以归遭受侵害的受托人所有。

我已解释过这种逆转，据此，受托人对第三方的诉讼权被认为基于他对占有对象的责任，尽管这种责任其实是基于该占有对象的，而且完全来源于其占有。从主张受托人由于担负责任因此可以起诉，到认为他们负有责任因此有对抗第三方的财产权（或特别财产权），而且由于他们有特别财产权且负有责任，因此可以起诉，这一步骤很短。特别财产权的含义不仅限于占有，而且成为提起诉讼的前提条件这一概念由此进入法律。

该表述在不同情况下用法不同，因此更容易犯错误。一般来说，无论受托人是否具有留置权，只要货物在他保管时被盗，他就要承担责任。然而在抵押权人的情况中，如果他将该抵押品与自己的货物放在一起，二者同时被盗，法律则有不同规定。这一区分至少在柯克勋爵时代得到解释，即，在某种意义上，该抵押品属于抵押权人所有，他对其享有特别财产权，因此，普通的寄托关系不存在，或者说，他的任务就是把它当做自己的货物进行保管。在讨论抵押权人分配抵押品的权利时也用到了同样的表述。在这个意义上，该术语只适用于质押，但它在某一特定情况下的意义被轻易引入了使用该术语的其他情况中，结果是，作为提起占有性诉讼前提的特别财产权又被认为意味着对该货物享有限制性利益。

至于占有的法律后果，只需再提一点，即关于动产的规定也逐渐适用于土地。因为尽管原告在收回地产之诉中必须凭借自己的所有权以对抗占有土地的被告来获得胜诉，但现在已经确定，如被告仅以占有为依据，则原告的先占就足够了。当然，占有对侵害之诉已经足够。尽管早期通过审判获得的救济仅局限于那些严格依照法律占有财产的人，但这是因为一些不会影响普遍理论的原因。

在结束本讲之前，我还要说一下所有权和一些同源概念。按我们分析占有时的顺序，第一个问题必然是，作为一种法律后果，被称为所有权的权利依附于哪些事实呢？获得所有权最为熟悉的形式是由前所有者转让而来。但该方式的先决条件是所有权已经存在，而这里的问题是要探究什么可以构成所有权。

具有这种后果的一个事实是第一占有。捕到野生动物的人，或从海里抓到鱼的人，对其猎物不仅享有占有权，而且享有一项足以对抗整个世界的权利。但取得一项原始、独立的权利最普遍的方式还是在法庭上或在法庭外，通过某些可以对抗整个世界的程序来获得。其中一种极端

程序是海事法院的对物诉讼程序，它能在其权力范围内对财产进行决定性处理，且在出售或没收财产时，处理的并非这人或那人的所有权，而是赋予它一项新的、高于此前所有利益（无论什么利益）的所有权。另一种我们更熟悉的情况是时效，公开对立性地持有一段时间后就能取得所有权。由时效取得的所有权不是一种假定的由这个或那个所有者转让的权利，而是废除了以前所有与之冲突的权利主张。在古代转让诉讼中，这两者与公告（表明判决与“一年零一天”期满的合并后果）相结合可以阻止一切权利主张。

故与所有权类似的权利可由立法机构赋予那些另外一组事实对其成立的人。如专利权人，即得到政府颁发的正式文件、并事实上已创造出可以申请专利发明的人。

可所有权的权利到底有哪些呢？它们实质上跟那些附属于占有的权利相同。在政策规定的界限内，所有者可以不受干涉地行使其对标的物的自然权力，而且在排除他人干涉方面得到或多或少地保护。所有者可以排除一切人，且不对任何人承担责任。占有人可以排除除一人之外的一切人，且不对除该人之外的任何人承担责任。使财产问题变得如此庞大而重要的那一大堆问题是转让问题，这些问题并不必然或普遍依赖有别于占有的所有权。这些问题不是拥有独立、初始所有权情况下所产生的后果，而是在拥有早已存在的所有权的情况下，或者一项初始所有权在拥有该所有权的人之间如何进行分割时所产生的后果。这些问题属于继承问题，我会在讨论继承问题的几讲中对其进行讨论和解释。

第七讲　合同（一）——历史

有关合同的学说已经进行了彻底改造以适应现代的需要，因此同其他领域相比，没有太大必要在该领域做历史研究。而且，人们在这方面的讨论已经非常详尽，因此跟其他领域相比，做出重大创新性分析的空间相对也比较小。但不管有无必要，简短说明一下现代学说的发展历程至少还是很有意思的，其中无法省略对其主要特点的分析，而且可能还会揭示一些新特征。

人们普遍认为，我们法律已知的最古老的合同形式是盖印合同和债务。毫无疑问，这些都是早期的形式。但其他一些合同也仍在使用，尽管它们在一定程度上带有现代的形式，但至少暗示了这个问题，即它们是否也出现得同样早。

其中一种——承诺宣誓——不再是私益法权利的依据。但它还在使用，不过主要用作与就任公职相关的一种庄重仪式。法官宣誓说，他将依法施行正义；陪审员宣誓说，他将根据法律和证据作出裁决；新入籍的公民宣誓说，他将对自己选择的政府诚信，忠诚。

不过还有另一种更重要的合同。提到保证合同，听起来似乎有些自相矛盾。如今，保证关系只是一种从属性义务，它以主承诺为先决条件，且就合同性质而言，与其他合同完全相同。但正如拉费里埃指出的——很可能还有更早的学者也指出过——古法律中的保证人是人质，而人质的使用绝对不仅局限于国际交易。

在古老的浪漫诗《波尔多的休恩》中，休恩杀死查理曼大帝的儿子后，查理曼要求他去完成很多看似不可能的任务作为宽恕他的代价。休恩将其十二位骑士留下作为人质，就出发去完成任务了。他胜利归来，但起初查理曼受到蒙蔽，以为休恩违背了他的命令。于是查理曼大叫："传休恩的保证人！我要绞死他们，赎金也不能救他们。"

因此，休恩只好进行决斗，以此来证明对其指控的真假，双方一开始都交出了自己的朋友作为人质。

在为决定某一指控的真假进行决斗，并为此交出人质时，这种做法很接近在法院审理诉讼案中要提交的与之类似的担保人。事实上，这是日耳曼式诉讼程序中的常见做法。要记住，法律最早是作为家族或部落间私仇的替代品出现的。但如果被告没有和平地接受法院裁决，他就将

不受法律保护，因此任何人看见他都可以杀死他。尽管如此，最初却无法保证原告得到他有权获得的补偿，除非被告自愿提交这种担保。

保留到我们这个时代的英国习惯法多少要更发达一些，但其诉讼程序中一个突出的特点就是，在每一步都要提交担保。在当事人不知名，从而虚拟约翰·豆和理查德·罗为当事人名的情况下，所有法学家都会记得这一点的痕迹，即原告进行诉讼的保证。但在很多早期法律中反复用到的一条规定中还可以找到一个更重要的例子，即被指控实施不当行为的被告必须找一个担保人，否则就要去坐牢。这种担保人就是早期的人质。后来，在惩罚诉讼和赔偿诉讼分开后，就成为刑法中的保释保证人。这种责任的设定方式，与保释人将自己的身体实际置于其担保的当事人的控制下完全相同。

查理曼大帝对《萨利克法典》的其中一项增补就涉及到通过担保方式将自己置于另一人控制之下的自由人。亨利一世的英国法也使用了完全相同的说法。我们已在《波尔多的休恩》这个故事里看到了这是什么意思。《正义宝鉴》中说，卡努特大帝的习惯做法是，当被保释人不出庭时，就相应地将其保释人作为被保释人审判；而亨利一世则将卡努特的惯例局限于同意该事实的保释人。

迟至爱德华三世统治时期，一位英国法官沙德说明了现在仍然适用的法律，即保释人是囚犯的负责人，如果囚犯逃跑了，则保释人就将受到指控。之后他又指出，有些人说保释人应该代替囚犯被绞死。该法律也适用于类似监狱看守的案件。现代法学家仍然要求为重罪保释提交保释保证书，在此我们可以看到这一古老观念的痕迹。他们通过“一命抵一命”的关系紧密相连，而现代法律著作发现有必要说明下面这一点：即使主犯不露面，保释人也不该承担主犯应受的惩罚，而只是承担罚款。该合同在执行方式上与我们现代的观念也有不同。保释人只要在得到授权的官员面前郑重表示承担责任就可以了。不需要保释人签名，也不要求被保释人应成为一方当事人。

但这些特点已由制定法修改或废除，我之所以详细讨论这个案例，并非因为它是有别于所有其他案例的特别形式的合同，而是因为它的起源史显示，它是我们法律中最早出现的合同之一。其源头可追溯到，在要提交人质的案件中，尊重人质的信念逐渐增强，以致后来对人质的实际收押渐渐放松了。我们可以从对待囚犯本人的类似方式中找到解释。他的保释人，即其身体应该交付给的那人，有权随时随地抓捕他，但在

他被交出之前，他都是自由的。我们还可以看到，在《罗马十二铜表法》中，这种合同形式与债务相同，而且出于同样动机，都将合同当事人一方的身体视为对合同的最后履行，尽管二者程序不同。

更多人认为债务是另一种最早出现的合同形式。自萨维尼时期以来，合同在罗马法和德国法中的最早出现都常常被归因于由于某种意外而尚未完成交易的情况。问题似乎并不在于其哲学重要性。因为，要解释人类最初是如何学会允诺的，我们必须借助形而上学，来探寻它是如何构造出将来时态的。而在特定体系中首次得到执行的特定允诺的性质并不能导向任何具有普遍重要性的真理。但债务诉讼的历史尽管不是那么突出，却很有启发性。为了理解构成现代合同法的那些文明细则，有必要了解一些债务诉讼的历史。

在格兰维尔的专著中可以发现，债务诉讼已经成为人们很熟悉的救济方式之一。但那个时代的法律仍处于颇为原始的状态，因此很容易想像，可以追溯到如此久远年代的诉讼形式并非建立在非常精细的区分上。我下面会尽量直接说明，当时的债务诉讼只是收回金钱权利主张的一般形式，但因暴力造成损害而未清算的赔偿金权利主张除外。对于后者，已经建立了同样的侵害诉讼的一般性救济形式。

人们曾认为这种诉讼是从当时更为文明的罗马法程序中吸收过来的。由于早期英国法学者们的术语和分类都是从罗马吸收而来，因此这是很自然的想法。但更大的可能性还是，这种诉讼具有纯粹的日耳曼血统。正如拉邦德所描述的，它带有在欧洲大陆发现的原始程序的特征。

在定额债务令状里提出的原告权利主张的实质是被告欠他若干钱，并且不当扣付这些钱。对于如此拟定的权利主张，被告的义务如何形成并不重要。它并不局限于合同。无论依据是什么，只要有支付义务就可以了。它陈述的仅仅只是一条法律结论，并非据以得出该结论并产生责任的那些事实。古老的日耳曼起诉状使用相同的方式，即，“甲欠我若干钱”。

日耳曼程序的特点是，被告可以用同样的一般形式针对该起诉状做出答辩，说他没有欠原告的钱。如原告要阻止被告以这种方式逃脱责任，那么他要做的不仅仅是宣称该债务的存在。在英格兰，如果原告拿不出物证来证明债权存在，那么只要被告否认，就能把原告赶出法庭；而且即使他有物证，只要被告发誓不欠他任何东西，并得到自己朋友的支持，则原告也会败诉。几百年来，债务之所以被后来的一种救济（简

约之诉）所取代，主要就是因为这种早期遗俗的残留。

最后，在英格兰与在德国相同，扣留金钱引起的债务诉讼与对其他任何动产的不当扣留引起的诉讼非常相似。这两种案件中起诉状的诉讼依据是相同的。

这个法律初始阶段的原始产物到现在对我们还有重要意义，看起来有些奇怪。不过，我们无论何时向上追溯主要实体法律学说，只要追溯的年代足够久远，就很可能会在源头发现一些被遗忘的程序的相关情况。上文已就该点进行了例证。债务诉讼及其他合同诉讼将会提供其他例证。债务诉讼可以最清楚地阐明对价学说。

我们的法律不会强制执行人们所有的允诺。人们作出的百分之九十九的允诺，无论口头上还是简单书面形式上，除非存在对价，否则就不具约束力。也就是说，像通常解释的那样，除非作为立约诱因，受约人给允诺人带来某种好处，或者造成某种损害。

人们认为这一规定是大法官法庭从罗马法中借来的，之后在大法官法庭经过一些修改，又进入了普通法。

但这种解释至少是有疑问的。就所使用的词语来说，在伊丽莎白时期之前，我从没看到过对价被明确地称为诉因；而在更早的判例汇编中，它一直以“交换条件”的字样出现。据我所知，它最早出现在弗莱塔对债务诉讼的记述中。尽管我倾向于认为弗莱塔的记述并不可信，但我认为，对《年鉴》中按时间顺序编排的案件做认真考察后可以表明，对价学说早在衡平法提到它之前就已经在债务诉讼中得到了充分的发展。最早提及允诺人做出允诺需具备什么条件的诉讼之一就是简约之诉。可对价学说当然不是起源于此。据我所见，在衡平法中最早提及对价时也是用的“交换条件”，而且是在该要求在债务诉讼中完全确立后才出现的。

除非我们相信弗莱塔而不相信几乎与其同时代的大量证据，否则仅盖印合同从不要求对价这一事实就足以说明，作为实体法律的一条规则，它不可能是依据政策形成的。反过来，对价学说与一种特有的程序模式同时出现，这强有力地指向了一种可能，即该特定要求和特有程序是有关联的。将一些不存在争议的事实放在一起，并考虑可以自然得到什么结果，将会对这一问题大有帮助。因此有必要再进一步考察债务诉讼。不过在考察之初我必须承认，我对下面给出的解释很犹豫，同时，对于大家可能提出的反对意见，我也感激不尽。

刚才我讲过，在被告否认欠债的情况下，为了收回欠款，原告必须拿出一些证明；否则他就会被移交给教会法庭的专门管辖权处理。但该要求指的并非我们现代意义上的证据。而只是指原告必须以当时法律承认的某种方式来支持其诉因。共有三种方式，即，决斗、文书、以及证人。决斗无需再讨论了，因为这种方式在债务诉讼中很快就废止了，且与我的讨论并无关系。但文书审判和证人审判则必须认真研究。先考虑后者比较方便。我们来看看这些证人都有哪些。

一开始我们要了解，他们并非我们所理解的那种证人。他们不站在陪审团面前接受询问和交互询问，他们证言的效力也不取决于法庭是否采信。今天，案件并非根据证据判决，而是根据陪审团的裁决，或者所认定的事实，再做出判决。证人的誓言只有在法庭采信后才有效力。但在亨利二世时代，并不存在我们现在由陪审团进行的审判。无论誓言被采信与否，只要允许发誓，它就具有同等效力。当时没有规定要由第二人来详细审查它。在那些可能使用证人审判的案件里，如被传唤出庭的当事人能找到一定数量的人愿意以某种方式为他发誓，则该案就结了。

尽管这看来像是一种比让被告拿出书面承认更原始的方式来确定债务诉讼，但探究其起源却非常重要。

从早期的判例集和判例汇编中可以看到，使用这种审判方式的案件几乎全部局限于由买卖或借贷而产生的权利主张。问题随即产生了，即，我们正在讨论的是否只是在格兰维尔写作时期就已经成为古老制度的痕迹呢？因为在征服者威廉征服英国前的几百年间，盎格鲁—萨克逊法就已经要求选出一定数量的官方证明人，在每次买卖中都会传唤其中两、三人到场。设立这些证人的目的并非人们通常认为的作为债务诉讼的证明。他们要回溯到当偷盗和类似的违法行为是民事诉讼主因的时代，指派证人的目的是提供一种方式来判定，当某人被指控偷盗财产时，他是否是以正当方式取得该财产的。如果这些证人发誓说，他是通过购买或以法律指定的方式公开获得该财产的，则被告就可以洗清重罪的指控。

如当事人之间产生问题，由于交易时证人在场，因此他们能就自己的所见所闻发誓作证。因此，其作用并不限于洗清重罪指控。但这种特定服务等同于萨克逊时期的交易见证人。现在我们知道这些证人的使用并没有在诺曼人的影响下立刻消失。在征服者威廉的法律中，仍然可以看到他们发挥其古老的作用。而格兰维尔的说法似乎也证明，在亨利二

世时代，他们仍然为人所知。他说，如果买主不能传唤卖主来保证财产已归他，并为该诉讼辩护，（因为如果他能传唤的话，风险就转移到卖主身上，）那么如果他有足够的证据证明他已合法购得该物，他就能够洗清重罪的罪名。但如果他没有足够的证明人，那么处境就很危险。这是对征服者威廉之法律的重复。由此可知买主仍然使用交易见证人。

然而格兰维尔似乎也承认使用证人可以确立债务。由于交易见证人以前也用于该目的，因此我看不出有什么理由来怀疑他们当时已经不是了；格兰维尔此处提到的也应该是指他们。而且在亨利二世之后很长时间，在任何没有书面证据的债务诉讼中，只要原告被问到有什么可以证明的东西，他总是回答“正直的随行证明人”，并提供其证人，法庭有时会对他们进行询问。我认为由这些证据推出下面这点应该不算勉强，即后来的判例汇编中之“正直的随行证明人”就是萨克逊时期交易见证人的派生物，就像格兰维尔提到的原告随行证明人一样。

假设论证中的这一步已经迈出，那我们最好再来回忆一下证人誓言最初的性质。它只局限于证人通过所见所闻而了解的事实。但由于提供证人的目的只是要求他们在财产转手时在场，故证人能在买卖当事人之间提供服务的主要案件就是由于财产交付而产生的债务权利主张诉讼。该目的不包括双方还未履行的协议，因为这种情况下不可能出现偷盗的问题。而格兰维尔也表明，在他那个时代，王室法庭是不会强制实施这种协议的。如果这种原告随行证明人的誓言只能用于确立交易见证人可能发誓证明的债务关系，那么就很容易明白，一种程序的偶然性如何导致了实体法一条非常重要的规定的产生。

证人只能就他们所了解的事实发誓，这一规定，以及除财产交付这一特定事实外，这些证人并没有用于可能产生债务诉讼的交易中这一偶然性；再加上另一偶然性，即此种交付是等价交换；上述三者结合，就相当于下面的规则：当债务关系被证人证明时，一定存在等价交换。但这些由证人而非契据证明的债务关系就是我们所谓的简单合同债务；故从债务开始，之后延伸到其他合同中，就建立了我们特有且非常重要的学说，即每一简单合同中，都一定有对价。对于用被告封印这种普遍方式证明的债务或合同来说，这一点从来不是法律；而它只适用于之前由有限使用的程序建立起来的义务关系这一事实，也进一步说明与诉讼程序的联系并非偶然。

证据形式很快改变了，但迟至伊丽莎白女王统治时期，我们仍能发

现这一原始联系的踪影。有人说："但普通法要求应该有一新的诉因（即对价），这样陪审团需要时就可以根据它得到审理案件需要的信息和知识，因此这对公众利益来说是必要的。"曼斯菲尔德勋爵表现出了其对于我们法律的历史依据的直觉，他说："我认为，缺少对价这一古老观念只是出于证据的需要，因为，假如简化成书面形式，就像在盖印合同、契约合同、保证协议等中一样，就不存在对缺少对价的异议。"

如有人提出异议，认为上述论证只限于债务，而对价的要求同样适用于所有简单合同，那么回答是，该规则完全可能起源于债务，并从债务延伸至其他合同。

但有人也许还会问，除那些已提到的合同外，是否不存在其他由证人证明的合同了？就没有缺少偶然对价却由该种方式来证明的合同吗？对这一点的回答也很简单。即使迟至亨利二世时期，由民事法院强制执行的合同也几乎没有而且非常简单。无疑，这种证明人程序很宽泛，对早期签订的所有合同形式都足够用。除前面提到的买卖、借贷及类似合同外，我还发现了另外两种合同义务关系。即伴随买卖的担保和本讲开始时提到的保证。就前者而言，所有权担保与其被视为一种合同，倒不如是法律从买卖双方关系中得出的一种义务关系。其他的明示担保则是交易见证人了解范围内的事情，在萨克逊时代由见证人发誓证明。

但在诺曼时代，除通过决斗解决针对土地的担保外，几乎没听说过使用担保的情况。除在契据中有所体现外，担保几乎完全消失，故它对关于对价的法律不可能有影响。因此我不再详细解释，而是直接假定，它与我们的讨论无关。

再来讨论人质或保证。除极例外的情况下，人质不再用自己的身体做为偿还，但其责任转化为了金钱，且在债务诉讼中得到强制执行。这种历史悠久的合同，就像格兰维尔时期其他债务一样，可以不用文书，只用证人就可以确立；这种情况下就不存在该学说最初提出时法律所要求的这种对价，这种对允诺人的利益。但这一点也不重要，因为在我正试图解释的规则基础打好之前，人质对证人以及担保人的誓言所承担的责任已经走到了尽头。我们马上可以看到，审判中很快就有了文书证明的要求。

到目前为止，结果是，在格兰维尔时代，唯一的合同诉讼就是债务诉讼；唯一不用文书就能获得赔偿的债务诉讼就是我们上面描述的那些；而其中唯一一个不存在交换条件的诉讼也在爱德华三世时期无法再

以此种方式获得赔偿。

但在亨利二世时期开始产生巨大的变化。种类更多、更为复杂的合同很快开始强制执行。也许有人会问，为什么证人誓言的范围没有扩大呢？或者，如果更好的证据即将出现，为什么没有废除原告随行证明人，而承认其他口头证词呢？无论如何，亨利二世时期的法律与对价能有什么关系呢，毕竟人们几百年之后才听说对价？

证人誓言通过发誓作出，通过这样简单的事实来了结一个案子，显然并非一种令人满意的证明模式。在法庭上出示对债务关系的书面承认，并能充分认定是被告签发的，显然要好得多。书面证明唯一的弱点是，缺乏认定其为被告签发的方法，而这一难点在普遍使用封印之后就消失了。这一情况大致发生在格兰维尔时期，此后，当事人要做的所有事情就是出示该书面证明，并通过验证蜂蜡上的印迹与对方的封印相吻合而使法庭采信。原告随行证明人的誓言总能被誓证裁决成功对抗，即，由被告方用数量相同或两倍于原告方的证明人为被告作出相反誓言。但文书如被证明是被告的，则不能被驳倒。因为如果某人说过自己有某种义务，他就有某种义务。这里不存在对价问题，因为当时还没有这样的学说。如果他在任何有记录的地方承认了自己的所有义务，该记录可以证明他承认过，如高级法院，那么他也同样负有义务。事实上，直到今天，有些书面证明只需在法院书记官面前作出口头承认并由后者记录在案就可以取得。书面证明的优势不仅在于它在古老案件中提供了更好的证明，而且它还使强制执行一些除此之外根本无法证明的义务成为可能。

以上所述足以解释为什么书面证明比老式的证人誓言更有优先权。不过还有其他同样充分的理由，说明为什么后者不应被延用至其古老的范围之外。交易见证人逐渐失去了他们的法定及官方身份。在格兰维尔时期，证明债务关系的普遍方式已经是通过决斗或文书进行。一百年后，布莱克顿表明，原告的随行证明人已经退而成为当事人的委托律师和家人，他说，他们的誓言仅能引起些微推测而已。

而且，一种新型审理模式也在发展，尽管很长时间内都没有在这些案件中使用，但作为对比，这种新模式也必然趋向于降低人们对证人誓言的评估。这就是我们的陪审团审判的开始。它起源于向很有可能了解争议事件事实的邻人询问。他们依据自己的了解做出回答，但他们由法院官员，而非有关当事人选出，故被认为是不偏不倚的。很快证人被传

唤到他们面前，但并非像过去那样通过其誓言了结案件，而是通过其证词协助调查，从而做出裁决。伴随这一文明程序的到来，原告的随行证明人很快就不用于裁决案件了，那么人们很可能会问，为什么它没有消失得无影无踪呢？

考虑到英国法的保守性，及在契据出现前唯一可获得救济的债务诉讼是由交易见证人证明的那些债务这一事实，我们在发现那些案件仍然提供随行证明人时就不会太惊讶了。但还有另一更为迫切的原因。即，在没有契据的债务诉讼辩护中使用誓证裁决。《大宪章》中的一条规定被解释为，禁止在没有正直证明人的情况下，仅凭原告自己的陈述就将某人置于诉讼中。因此，制定法在原告不依赖文书的每个债务案件中都要求有证人，即原告随行证明人。因而那些案件中就继续提供在古老案件中存在的随行证明人，而且如果被告不承认该债务，就总会使用誓证裁决。在陪审团稳固立足前的很长时间，一直是这样的。

要确立仅仅通过允诺或承认产生的债务关系，且之前并未规定审判方式，就必须有书面证明，这种新的证据形式将这种债务引入了法律。该规则规定："当事人不受口头言词的约束。"但人们并不认为那些古老的债务关系是由允诺形成的。它们是一种"义务"，起源于原告接受财产这一能够看得见并对其发誓的事实。在这些案件中，过去的法律保留了下来，甚至通过严格的类推还略有延伸。

但保证的承诺，无论以何种形式出现，都确实并非来源于任何这样的事实。其性质已经与其他允诺相同，且人们很快就质疑，为什么不能以相同证据证明它。到爱德华三世时期，除个别城市的习惯法还实行原有法律外，其他都已确定，保证中需要有契据。

该时期可被认为代表了一个时代，沿用至今的程序的划分与规则在该时期得以确立。因此有必要重复并总结当时的法律状况。

在所有没有出示书面证明的债务诉讼中，仍有必要提交原告的随行证明人。正因如此，及上述其他原因，这些诉讼的范围并没有大幅超出那些以前由证人誓言确定的案件。由于保证已不在其中，所以它们的范围就严格局限于由接收交换物而产生的债务诉讼。而且已不存在任何没有书面证明而得到支持的其他合同诉讼。当时新型合同都是由盖印合同之诉执行的，而这种诉讼中都需要契据。与此同时，原告的随行证明人已经萎缩为一种形式，尽管仍然有人争辩说，它在合同里的功能比在其他地方更重要。它已不能再在法庭上接受讯问。它成为一种纯粹的历史

残余，而交易见证人也不再是一项制度。因此，提交证人誓言的必要性并未将债务诉讼限制在除由传统确定外的简单合同上，所以我们在格兰维尔时代发现该诉讼的范围通过类推还略有扩展就毫不奇怪了。

但债务诉讼实质上仍停留在我上面指出的那一点上，整整一个世纪的时间都没有引入可用于简单合同的新型诉讼方式。同时又发生了我已解释过的那种逆转，即原本只是程序中的偶然性变成了实体法律的一种学说。当所有由债务人得到某种利益而产生的债务没有契据也可以执行时，这种变化就很容易发生。

无疑，罗马法的影响也推动了这一结果的形成。我们会记得，在亨利二世时代，大部分没有契据或证人的简单合同和债务都是留给管辖权扩大至此的教会法院来执行的。也许正是这种情形使格兰维尔及其后继者们将民法学术语应用到普通法的债务上。但无论他是从教会法院借用的还是直接到源头上去找的，可以确定的是，格兰维尔在其著作的第十卷中从头到尾都使用了《法律大全》中的分类和专业术语。

罗马体系中有一种叫做要物契约的特殊合同，它要求立约人或归还由承约人交给他的某种东西（如在租借或借贷情况下），或交付同类的其他物品（如借出粮食、油或金钱时）。这类合同与普通法的债务一点都不相符，尽管粗略看起来如此。但格兰维尔却采用了这一术语，后来的学者也开始由此得出结论。《弗莱塔》的作者——一位在罗马法使用方面追随和继承其先辈却并不总是很明智的学者——说，要形成债务关系，不仅要有某种允诺的事物，而且要有某种允诺返还的事物。

如果《弗莱塔》用简单合同将其论述局限于债务的话，则很可能受到当时法律状况的启发。但，由于除要求给予或允诺返还之物以外，他还要求有文书和封印，所以他阐述的学说在任何时代都是行不通的。这很可能只是他基于从布莱克顿那里借来的罗马法元素做出的、有些异想天开的推理。

现在剩下的唯一问题就是追溯对价是如何在裁决中逐渐出现的。爱德华三世时期的一个案件似乎区分了基于债权人自愿支付的口头义务和基于债务人要求支付的口头义务。该案还提到此案中的债务或“义务”来自支付。在后一个朝代中也使用了大致相似的说法。因此，亨利四世十二年时的思想已经接近下述思想：“如果允诺给某人金钱使他转让，而他实施了转让，那么他对此就能提起一个有效的债务诉讼。”后一个朝代对这种案件的裁决是，原告没有实施该转让前，不能获得赔偿。该判例编

辑的解释依据是，无对价之口头契约不得诉请履行。但最重要的事实是，我们发现，从爱德华一世到亨利六世，在没有实际接受对价前，没有一个债务诉讼的案件获得过赔偿。

另一需要注意的事实是，自爱德华三世以来，由没有文书的交易产生的债务都被说成是产生于合同的，以与产生于债权债务关系的债务加以区分。因此，当这样要求对价时，在没有加盖封印的合同中也是这样要求的，无论它是否形成债务。在亨利六世时期，交换条件在所有这类合同中成为一个必备要件。亨利六世三年时，在一个由于没有修建磨坊而提起的简约之诉中，被告反驳说，原告没有表明他修建磨坊后能得到什么。到亨利六世三十六年（公元1459年），对价学说已经得到充分发展，并为人所熟知。

在该案了结前，我们先转向一个争论了几百年的问题，即当被告允诺，如果原告娶其女儿，他就给被告一笔钱，这笔钱是否构成债务？以前对该问题的争论是，该允诺是否为婚姻的附属条件，因此它专属教会法院司法管辖的范围，但现在则涉及到纯粹的世俗问题，即，被告是否有交换条件？

我们应该还记得，以前由交易见证人发誓证明的事实是被告是否获得利益，即，他是否得到了卖给他的东西或借给他的钱。这类案件也提供了最明显的对价形式。这样，很自然产生的问题是，允诺者会为其允诺得到什么。只有通过分析才能看到，设想的法律政策同样可以适用于由受约人造成的损害。因此，很自然，当法官们最初规定必须有交换条件的法律时，他们并未马上意识到满足他们规定的要求时给承约人带来的损害。在我上面提到的案件中，有些法官倾向于认为，对被告来说，将女儿嫁出去就是他得到的利益，因此足以使他成为其允诺金钱的债务人；这一裁决中甚至还有一点暗示，即，娶这位女子就是对价，因为它对受约人是一种损害。但另一观点至少在一段时间内占了上风，因为被告没有从原告那里得到任何可以形成债务的东西。

因此人们认为，在被告请求并允诺给予报酬的情况下提供给第三人的某种服务不足以构成债务，尽管对此不乏强有力的相反意见，但却一度被确立为先例。因此下面这点成为了确定的法律，即，只有当对价被债务人实际接受并对其利益有利时才存在债务诉讼。

然而，导致这一观点的，既不是这种债务诉讼也不是这种债务合同的特殊性，而是在亨利六世和伊丽莎白统治期间盛行的并未完全发展起

来的对价理论造成的。简约之诉和衡平法中的理论与此相同。只要提到对价，就总是指交换条件，总是指立约人要从其合同中得到什么。

而且，在人们听说对价之前，除不当行为的损害赔偿责任外，债务诉讼一直是由法律执行的历史悠久的赔偿方式。前面已经表明，在爱德华三世之前，保证人可在没有文书的情况下被提起债务诉讼，尽管他并没有从其与被保证人的交易中获益。比如，如某人将玉米卖给甲，而乙说："如果甲不付钱，就由我来付。"依据交易条款，乙从这笔买卖中得不到任何好处。由于这个原因，在这种案件中就不能对保证人提起债务诉讼。

但并不总是如此。今天，如果存在盖印的义务关系，情况则并非如此。在这种情况下，这种义务关系如何产生，或是否存在对价，都不重要。但在格兰维尔时代，文书是一种比证人更为普遍的确立债务诉讼的方式；而仅凭这种诉讼所执行的单独一类债务来确定诉讼的范围则是荒唐的。况且，在很长时间内，文书尽管更具决定性，但也仅是另外一种证明方式而已。无论如何证明，这种诉讼的基础都是一样的。对原告来说这是一笔收入，即，无论以何种方式，这笔钱都应该给他；任何人都能从早期的《年鉴》中看到这一点。因此，依据判决（该判决通过法庭记录确定这种义务）或依据以同样方式记录下来的被告的承认，债务都同样可以成立。

总之，债务诉讼经历了三个阶段。最初，它是获得应付欠款的唯一救济方式，但当该责任仅仅是要为不当行为支付损害赔偿金时除外。它与被告受合同或其他方式约束而应交付给原告的任何形式的动产诉讼非常类似，实际上，它仅是后者的一个分支。如果存在要支付一定金钱的合同，唯一的问题就是你怎样去证明它。任何这样的合同，只要能够以早期法律承认的任何形式证明，就构成债务。当时没有对价理论，因此，无论是诉讼还是合同，只要以收到对价的性质为基础，当然也都没有限制。

第二阶段是对价学说以其早期形式——允诺人可获得的利益——被引入法律。当它盛行时可以适用于所有没有盖印的合同，但当它被确立时，债务诉讼是唯一可以依据这种合同获得金钱补偿的诉讼方式。有关先例大部分都是关于债务诉讼的先例。

对对价的认识比以前更宽泛，而且用承约人遭受损害的说法表述时，就到了第三阶段。这种改变是实体法的一个改变，从逻辑上讲，它

应适用于所有诉讼。但它产生于另一更晚的诉讼形式，且在与该诉讼有特定关联的情势下产生，这一点我下面还会解释。结果是，新学说在新的诉讼形式里占了上风，旧学说在旧式诉讼中是主导，而实际上由不一致的理论并行导致的不正常现象却以债务诉讼存在局限的形式被掩盖了。这种债务诉讼没有像以前那样，成为所有具有约束力的支付金钱合同的救济方式，而是——就口头合同而言——只能当对价作为允诺人实际收到的利益时使用。至于以其他任何方式产生的义务关系，它都保持不变。

现在我必须就上面提到的其他证明方式对我们法律所产生的影响做一下说明。我指的是契据。契据就是一种文书。由于当时几乎没有人会写字，大多数人只好用别的方法来证明自己的文件是真的，比如画押。事实上，在诺曼习惯法引入前，这一直是英格兰的普遍做法。诺曼人带来了封印。但迟至亨利二世时代，英格兰首席大法官还说，封印只属于国王及非常重要的人物。我不知道有什么理由可以认为，当时一份真实契据没有盖印时其效力会比盖印之后弱。两种方式都仅是证据而已；早期的许多案例也正是这样称呼它的。而且也可以不用契据，代之以提供随行证明人。其决定性效力是由于它令人满意的证据性质，并非由于那个封印。

但当封印得到使用后，它显然提高了契据的证明效力，因为，比起用笔这么一划，封印则更难伪造。封印取得了重要地位，以至在一段时间里，一个人的封印就会使他负有责任，即使盖印时并未征得其同意。最后，如一份契据要产生以前那种效力，就要求必须加盖封印。

盖印合同，即加盖封印的合同不再是得到很好证明的允诺，而成为了具有独特性质的允诺，针对它也规定了一种独特的诉讼形式。前面我已说明对对价的要求是怎样成为实体法规则的，以及它为何从未在盖印合同领域中立足。盖印合同不在要求之内也成为实体法的一个规则。某人在契据上签了字，就从因为他已同意并有文书证明而负有责任，过渡到现在仅凭封印和契据（与其他所有文书不同）的效力而负有责任。为保持一个不完备理论的统一性，封印被说成有对价的意思。

现在，如果说盖印合同是一种正式合同，正如罗马法中曾经发生的一样，与普通的合意合同一起保留了下来，有时人们认为这种说法更合理。但这种说法也不是很有启发性。在某种意义上，为使允诺在允诺人意志的单纯表达外还具有约束力，法律提出了各种形式的要求。对价是

一种具有与封印同样效力的形式。唯一的区别在于，一种形式是在现代引入的，具有明智的基础，或至少处于我们通常的思维习惯范畴内，因此我们没有注意到它，而另一种则是从过去的法律中保留下来的，让人不能那么明显感觉到，或者不那么熟悉。我还要补充一点，即，在第二种考虑的影响下，有关盖印合同的法律正在走向消亡。美国很多州都认为，用笔那么一划或一挥就足以构成封印。这里离完全废除盖印与不盖印文件之间的区别只有一小步，而西部的一些州，已经这样做了。

盖印合同仅在不那么遥远的古代留存下来，债务诉讼也消失了，只隐约留下了些扰乱性影响，因而，整个现代合同法是通过简约之诉发展起来的，这里必须要加以解释。

诺曼征服后，所有普通诉讼都始于国王签发令状，命令传唤被告到庭对原告做出答辩。这些令状在各种众所周知的诉讼中作为例行公事签发，其名称也源于此。当时有债务诉讼令状和盖印合同令状，有针对暴力伤害原告人身的侵害之诉令状，或者侵犯原告占有之财产的侵犯之诉令状，等等。但这些令状只针对法律涉及的诉讼签发，而没有令状，法庭就无权审理案件。在爱德华一世时期，诉讼只有很少的几种。要求别人归还金钱的案件分成了少数几类，且每种都有特定的起诉和陈述主张的形式。

这些形式后来不够用了。因此，许多案件并不完全符合侵害之诉的定义，但又确实应该给它提供救济。为了提供救济，首先要做的是提供一个令状。因此，著名的制定法爱德华一世十三年第24号令授权签发旧令状的部门制定新的令状，用于原则上与可以找到令状的案件相似的案件，它们要求类似救济，但又不完全属于已有令状范围内的案件。

间接侵害之诉的令状就这样开始出现，这种令状陈述的起诉依据与侵害之诉类似，但还没有达到过去先例中提起的侵害之诉。举一个基本上是最早的案例。假设某人将一匹马留在铁匠铺里钉掌，而铁匠因疏忽将一根钉子钉进了马掌。马主人可能无法得到一个已有令状，因为造成该损害时这匹马不在其占有之中。严格意义上的财产侵害只有在某人占有该财产时才能实施。而且也不能由占有人自己实施。但由于无论是主人牵着缰绳控制着马还是把它留在铁匠那里，把马弄跛同样都是不当行为，且由于该不当行为与侵害非常类似（虽然不是侵害），故法律签发给马主人一份间接侵害之诉的令状。

这种例子不会产生什么困难，正如侵害之诉本身，它就是一起针对

不当行为的侵权诉讼。其中没有提到合同，而且原则上也根本不需要。但这不属于我们要考察的那类案件，因为我们面临的问题是追溯简约之诉的起源，而简约之诉是一种合同诉讼。然而，简约之诉是以间接侵害之诉开始的。我们要揭示的问题是，间接侵害之诉是怎样逐渐适用于单纯的违反协议行为的。

我们最好考察一下主张承诺（简约之诉）的一些早期案例。判例集里记录的首个案例发生在爱德华三世时期。原告主张，被告承诺将原告的马安全运过汉伯河，但船却超载了，马也因此淹死了。被告抗议说，该诉讼应该要么是违反协议的盖印合同之诉，要么是侵害之诉。但原告答辩说，被告将船超载时实施了不当行为，因此被告的异议被驳回。同样，尽管该案提到了承诺，但几乎没有引入新的原则。的确，暴力并非由被告直接实施，但却是由他超载及推船入水的合并行为造成的。

下一案例发生在同一时期，而且走得更远。该令状指出，被告承诺为原告治好马的病（manucepit equum praedicti W. de infirmirate），但治病时由于疏忽致马死亡。该案与用钉子将马致跛案有两方面的不同。它没有指控任何暴力行为，事实上根本没有任何行为，只是单纯的疏忽。另一方面，它提到了承诺，而上一起案件没有。被告马上反驳说，这是一个违反承诺之诉，原告应提起盖印合同之诉。原告回答说，没有契据他无法提起这种诉讼，且这一诉讼针对的是由于被告疏忽致马死亡，即，针对的是侵权行为，而非违反合同之行为。那么，被告说，你应该提起侵害之诉。但原告答辩说，这匹马并非由于暴力致死，而是在治病过程中死的。基于这一论证，该令状被裁定为有效。索普大法官说他曾看到某人被指控承诺治好别人的病，结果由于懈怠（治疗上的疏忽）而致病人死亡。

可以看到，在这两起案件中，尽管都有对被告承诺的主张，但法院却当作单纯的侵权诉讼来处理。但我们也能看出，这两起案件正一步一步偏离普通侵害之诉的案件。尤其在最后提到的案例中，从任何方面来讲，致马死亡的力量都不是被告实施的。这样我们就面临一个问题，即，在导致伤害的不当行为与根本不作为之间可能找到什么类似之处呢？

在试图回答该问题前，我再举几起后来发生的案例来做进一步说明。假设某人承诺为另一人修建房屋，由于技术不熟练，毁坏了雇主的木料；这很像侵害（尽管不完全是），所以雇主可以间接侵害之诉起

诉。亨利四世时期的一位法官曾说这是明确的法律。但假设情况是这样的：该木匠没有直接毁坏木料，只在房顶上留了一个洞，雨水从洞中漏进来造成了损害。这与前一案件有很明显的类似，但我们离侵害又更远了一步，因为破坏力量并非来自被告。但在这种情况下，法官同样认为可以提起间接侵害之诉。在亨利四世时期，如果仅仅是拒绝按协议建造则不能提起诉讼；但法院认为，如果令状提到“某事已开始做了，后来没有做完，则是另一种情况。”

现在再回到刚才的问题：在不作为和足以对其签发间接侵害之诉的侵害之间能有什么相似之处呢？要找到答案，关键是要注意到，在所有这些早期案例中，不作为都发生在与原告的人身或财产的接触过程中，并引起对人身或财产的损害。鉴于这一事实，索普法官提到的对由于懈怠而致病人死亡的起诉，以及后来对事情开始之前和之后疏忽的区分，就非常有启发性。如果我们记得前者是关于该问题所发现的第一个论证或类推的话，那它就更具启发性了。

这个类推的意义很清楚。尽管一个人完全有权看着邻居的财产被毁坏而袖手旁观，或看着邻居没有得到其帮助而死亡，但如果他一旦介入，他就不再有同样的自由。他不能随心所欲地退出。再举一个更具体的例子。如果某外科医生出于仁义而剪断一个新生儿的脐带，他就不能就此停住，然后看着病人失血而死。如果以这种方式任其死亡，那就是谋杀，与他如果在剪断脐带时就怀有该意图相同。至于这种邪恶行为究竟是从实施该行动时开始还是从之后的不作为开始，都无关紧要。

同样的推理也适用于民事责任。一个木匠根本不需要去帮另一人修建房屋，但如他接受别人的信任并介入其中，那他就不能随便停下，任由风雨毁坏屋顶。因此在马蹄铁匠案中，在他接管这匹马后，他就不能在关键时刻停手，而听天由命。因此当渡船夫承诺将马运到汉伯河对岸时，这一点就更清楚了。尽管是水淹死了马，但这一损失是由他超载船只并在超载情况下推船入水的间接行为造成的，所以他要对此承担责任。

在上述案件中，义务是独立于合同的，或至少裁决这些案件的法官们这样认为，其依据是适用于人类行为的一般性规则，甚至是刑法规则。造成损害遭到起诉，而损害的直接起因可能只是不作为，听任自然力量的摆布。但如果把它与前面的活动联系起来（事实上也确实有联系），就会得到一个行动过程和行为，二者作为一个整体，导致或造成

了该损害。

不可否认，有人可能会反驳说，从认为某人应对其本可以阻止却未阻止的行为后果负责任，到让他对其没有进行干涉的自然过程（他既没有发动，也没有为损害的发生打开方便之门）负责任之间还有很大差别；而且，一方面，在房顶上留个洞放着不管，或剪断脐带让它流血，另一方面，马医收下病马后没有采取恰当的预防措施；这两方面正存在上述两者之间的区别。

对这个问题似乎有两种答辩。首先，我上面提到的裁决该案件的法院有没有提及这样的区分并不清楚。原告提出，被告在医治病马时太疏忽而致马死亡。法官们很可能没有想到，被告的行为可能只是没有采取一系列有利于治疗的措施。他们很可能认为，其行为既包括作为，也包括不作为，二者作为一个整体，就相当于对事情处理不当。

第二，从实用角度看，这种区分是否合理也令人怀疑。事情很可能是这样：只要某人允许别人信任自己，他就有责任采取自己知道的所有预防措施来治疗，尽管他并未订立合同，且完全有以任何合理方式宣布放弃这一信任的自由。这一观点也可从当事人提起诉讼的系争点上得到一些支持，即，被告知道怎样医治，以前也进行过医治，而由于没进行这种医治，导致马死于缺乏照料（医治？）。

但不可否认，承诺的主张表达了允诺及介入这件事情的意思。实际上，也许即使没有承诺的主张，后一要件也得到了充分表达。因此，可能有人会问，允诺在产生行动的义务方面是否没有多大作用？只要这涉及到的后果是，该诉讼事实上是由违反合同而提起的，那么答案在上面已经给出，且得到极具分量的判例的支持，以至不可能再去怀疑它。要使被告受到合同约束，一份加盖封印的文契必不可少。如上所示，即使古老的债务诉讼范围也受到这一要求的限制，在爱德华三世时期，即使要约束证明人，也必需有契据。那么要引入基于允诺的责任（古代法不予执行）就更是如此。然而，这一建议曾在早期提出过，即由于疏忽，由于没有采取恰当的预防措施而导致的损害，并以诱因方式主张承诺提起的间接侵害之诉，实际是一种合同诉讼。

在上述医治病马过失诉讼发生五年后，另一诉讼以同样形式起诉某外科医生，主张该医生承诺治疗原告的手，但由于其过失，导致原告的手残疾。不过，这里有一点不同，即，据其解释，原告的手之前被一个叫T.B.的人弄伤了。于是，看起来，无论糟糕的治疗如何加重了伤势，

致残的责任都应归T.B.，原告应对T.B.提起诉讼。这或许导致被告采取他后来的做法，因为他不能确定是否可以提起侵权之诉。他把系争点放在了承诺上，认为承诺对原告来说至关重要，然后反驳说，令状没有地方提到承诺，因此该令状无效，因为它没有写明在什么地方应传唤调查陪审团就这一点发表意见。该令状基于上述理由被判无效，这似乎表明法院认可了被告的观点。确实，有位法官曾将其称为盖印合同之诉，并说，“出于必要，没有盖印契据也可以支持盖印合同之诉，因为人们不可能总是为这么小的事情，随时带着书记员书写契据”（pur faire especially）。同时，前面提到的早期案例也被引用并被作为依据，显然，该法院并不准备超越它们，也不认为该诉讼可以因为它除技术性反驳之外的法律意义而得到支持。而在另一处，法院似乎从侵害之诉的角度来考虑这种诉讼。

无论该案件可能表明什么问题，在爱德华三世之后很长时间里，这类主张被告承诺的诉讼都继续被当做侵权诉讼来处理。责任也局限于被告开始从事该工作后对人身或财产造成的损害。这种责任后来主要通过由侵权法得出的推理得以扩展，我们下面还会看到这一点。

在亨利六世统治初期，法律很可能仍然不支持仅仅由于未能遵守允诺而提起的诉讼。但如上所述，法院已数次提出，如果不作为或过失发生在事情进行当中，且实际损害继被告行为之后发生，情况就不同了。这一建议在亨利六世早期以非常引人注目的方式表现出来，当时发生了木匠在屋顶留了个洞的案子。法院既然已经走到了这么远，再向前走一步就很容易了，即，对发生在任何阶段、之后又发生类似损害的不作为，都认为具有同样的法律效力。

几年后有人问，在法院承认诉讼成立的那些案件和下面的铁匠或律师案之间原则上有什么区别？某铁匠承诺为一匹马钉铁掌但没有钉，结果把马弄跛了；某律师承诺为你的案子辩护，并这样诱使你依赖他，以后又由于疏忽没有出庭，导致你输了官司。有人说，在这些早期案例中，义务依赖或附属于盖印合同，因此，如果诉讼可以靠这些附属事项成立，则它也能靠主要事项成立。有人在抗辩时主张，如被告未取得其试图获得的某种豁免文书就可以提起诉讼。

五年后出现了另一起案子，非常类似于爱德华三世时期的那宗马医案。起诉状主张，被告承诺治疗原告的马，但由于用药疏忽致马死亡。在该案中，与之前案件相同，系争点都在被告的承诺上。由于当时已清

楚阐明不作为与行动之间的区别，因此法院认为该诉状主张的不过是不作为而已，并且认为，假如没有承诺，则被告没有任何采取行动的义务。因此，对被告允诺的指控有实质意义，完全可以将其作为系争点。

这一裁决将一类特殊诉讼从大量间接侵害之诉中明确区分开来，这类诉讼是由被告的责任来源于其允诺而产生的，它们要成为一种全新的、独立的合同诉讼只是一个时间问题。假如这一改变立刻发生，则在大概同时才首次得到明确阐述的对价学说无疑也会得到应用，而对承诺也会要求有交换条件。但侵权的概念并未马上丢弃。有关法律是在亨利七世初期依据早期裁决制定的，它规定，不能因为未能遵守允诺而提起诉讼，仅在被告已开始执行其承诺后出现过失时才能提起诉讼。

只要该诉讼未超出侵权的真正范围，则对该承诺来讲，有无对价都不重要。但如错误地认为所有主张简约之诉的案件，无论是否真正的侵权案件，都同样以允诺为基础的话，那么我们很自然就会得出下述两个错误结论之一。要么认为简约之诉都不需要交换条件，正如过去先例中不存在一样（它们是纯粹的侵权案件），要么认为那些先例都是错误的，每一案件都要主张交换条件。长期以来，人们对真正的界限多少有所了解，他们公认，在诉讼要点是对财产造成过失性损害的案件中，对价不是必需的。但迟至查理一世时，还有这样一种观点的踪影，即，它总是多余的。

在该时期的一个案件中，被告雇佣一位律师为第三人代理诉讼，并允诺支付他所有的费用和花销。该律师提供了服务，被告却没有付钱，因此律师提起债务之诉。被告反驳说债务之诉不成立，因为当事人之间没有合同，且被告也未得到任何交换物。法院采纳了被告的论证，指出该诉讼没有合同或对价的支持，但原告本可提出简约之诉。

也许正因这种观点的持续，以及承诺并非合同这一经常被重复的观念导致了一个比债务之诉中盛行的对价理论更为宽泛的对价理论。法院已经确立，仅仅因不作为或失职就可提起简约之诉。上面提到的亨利六世时期的那些案件在亨利七世晚期时的案件里得以遵循，后来从未被质疑过。由这种诉因提起的诉讼显然是针对违反允诺行为的，正如自爱德华三世以来人们所公认的那样。如果是这样，那么对价就是必需的。虽偶有例外，但伊丽莎白女王时期的很多案件都是这样裁决或被视为理所当然的。但简约之诉这种私生子似的产生方式使人们怀疑，对价究竟在多大范围内是必需的，这也使在债务之诉中的对价在简约之诉中也是充

分的这一主张成为可能。

另一种情形可能也不无影响。在简约之诉刚刚得到充分发展的时期，人们似乎有些倾向于将对价等同于最广泛意义上的罗马法上的诉因。在伊丽莎白早期，涉及到支持用益占有的盖印合同时，就用“诉因”一词来指对价。简约之诉中，也是这样使用的。在上面引用的判例汇编中，虽然主案件只阐明了今天仍然遵循的一个学说，但也陈述了一个匿名案件，其含义可解释为，一个应要求提供的已实施对价，即使无任何形式的允诺，也可以支持随后做出的、对其进行支付的允诺。从这一先例及“诉因”一词，我们很快就得出了结论，即，合同与承诺有很大区别；在合同中，“所要求的每一样东西，即一方面是对价，另一方面是买卖或允诺，都应同时发生，并聚在一起，而要使基于承诺的起诉成立，则无同样要求，因为只要有一个动因或在先的对价就已足够，而允诺正是为该动因或对价做出的。”

这样，被告以每周十先令的报酬聘用原告为其姑姑做碾磨工时，法院认为简约之诉成立，因为虽然该服务没有带给被告好处，但对原告来说是一项负担或损害。老问题又引发了争论，亨利六世时期在债务之诉中几近盛行的观点在伊丽莎白和詹姆士时期在简约之诉中得以盛行。

尽管保证人已不在债务之诉中负责任，但在简约之诉中仍可受到起诉。对原告迎娶被告女儿的对价中也存在同样的允诺救济。认为这样扩展后的承诺并非合同，这种幻想已不能继续下去。鉴于这种认可及那些古老先例，法律曾一度倾向于认为报酬是对价的真正本质。但另一观点却得以盛行，从而实际导致了实体法的改变。亨利六世时期的法庭认为具有约束力的简单合同必定是基于对债务人的利益之上的，现在考虑到对受允诺人产生的损害，允诺可能会得到强制执行。但在真正的古代精神中，该学说并未与引入它的那种救济分开或区别开，因此，现代债务表现出的是一种经过修改的义务，该义务局限于其中对价是特殊种类的案件。

这里可以简单提一下简约之诉后来的命运。它产生了双边合同，因为允诺是一种损害，因此对另一允诺来说即是充分的对价。它取代了债务之诉，因为支付义务的存在足以成为支付允诺的对价，或者更是因为，在要求有对价之前，且只要简约之诉对渎职成立，该诉讼就被用于避免被告进行誓证裁决。它大大增加了可诉讼合同的数量，这些合同以前只局限于债务与盖印合同，而现在几乎任何允诺都能以简约之诉起

诉；它产生了一种对现代法律有重大影响的理论，即，受托人的所有责任都是基于合同产生的。它因而给予合同以重要地位，使其成为法律权利与义务的基础，至于这种重要地位与其在政治哲学中很快取得同样的重要地位是否相关，则已超出了我的研究范围。

第八讲　合同（二）——要件

这里分析合同所用的一般方法与前面解释占有的方法相同。无论法律在何处将某些特定权利赋予某人，或将某些特定义务强加给另一人，其根据必定是，某些特定事实对那些人成立。故所有此类案件都存在双重任务。首先，确定与这些特定后果相关联的事实是什么；第二，确定这些后果。前者是法律论据研究的主要领域。对合同来说，这些事实并非总是相同的。他们可以是某人签字、盖印、并交付具有特定意图的文书。也可以是某人做出一个口头允诺，而受允诺人为其提供一个对价。

允诺可以说是所有合同中的共同要件，尽管对债务中的责任来讲，按以前的理解，即使允诺也不是必需的。但由于我们不可能再进一步讨论盖印合同，且上一讲主要讨论的是对价，所以我首先来讨论对价。而且，由于债务诉讼中的对价与简约之诉中的对价存在某种历史性差异，所以我将把讨论限定在后者，它是出现得更晚也更合理的法律形式。

有人说，任何由受允诺人给予允诺人的利益，或任何由受允诺人遭受的损害都可以是对价。人们还认为，如果在略广泛的意义上使用“损害”一词的话，则每个对价都可被概括为后一种情况。

为说明该一般规则，我们假设某人想找人将一桶白兰地从波士顿送到剑桥去，一位卡车司机，或许是出于好心，或许是出于别的动机，说愿意帮他送，于是此人就将酒桶交给了这位卡车司机。如果卡车司机不小心弄破了酒桶，也许无需主张他承诺了运送该酒桶，从原则上说，且依据较早案例，即使主张承诺，也无需为简约之诉陈述对价。本案中，起诉状依据应为不当行为，与合同无关。但如起诉状说，他未依约运送酒桶，则原告的困难将是，除非卡车司机的允诺有对价，否则他并无这样做的义务。因此，假设原告主张，卡车司机允诺运送酒桶时，将把酒桶交付于他视为对价。那么，该对价充分吗？最古老的案例依据对价是对允诺人的好处这一观点，认为这不可能是充分对价，因为这是麻烦，并非好处。那么再从损害方面来考虑。交付是允诺人做这件好事的必要条件，如果他做了这件好事，则该交付对受允诺人来说非但不是损害，反而是明显的好处。

但该论证是错误的。显然，交付可能构成充分对价，使得所有者在简约之诉中提出，被告违反了由其承诺来做此事而产生（与合同无关）

的那些义务。任何允诺，如果不涉及到为履行该允诺而处理所涉事物，比如，支付一千美元，则交付都可能会构成该允诺的充分对价。而法律判断对价之好坏，并非依据建立在对价基础上的允诺之性质而做出。交付对任何允诺而言都是充分的对价。

另一方的论证遗漏了时点的问题，要在哪个时点上确定对价的充分性呢？应该是提供对价的那一刻。在该时点，酒桶的交付构成最严格意义上的损害。酒桶所有者放弃了其有权保有的对酒桶的现时控制权，作为交换，他所得到的，并非以交付为必要条件的履行义务，而仅仅只是履行义务的允诺。履行义务仍然是未来行为。

然而，我们可以看到，交付尽管可能是对价，但却未必一定是。送酒的允诺可以基于下面的理解做出并被接受，即，这仅是一个纯粹的善意，并无对价，也无法律约束力。在这种情况下，交付对受允诺人的损害仍然如前所述，但显然，他遭受该损害的唯一目的就是让允诺人能依约把酒桶送到。

在我看来，人们不一定总是记得，某件东西可以是对价，也可以不是，要看当事人怎么处理。对柯吉斯诉伯纳德一案通行的解释为，交付是对安全运送酒桶这一允诺的对价。我在第五讲已经给出了我认为的正确解释，而且我认为霍尔特勋爵的看法也是这样。但无论我提出的解释对错与否，针对人们普遍接受的这个解释，一个很有力的反驳意见是起诉状中并未主张交付就是对价。

在解释协议条款时也应该同样谨慎。我们很难看到以下做法的恰当性，即，将文书可能公开或规定的损害设立为对价，除非当事人以此为基础来处理。很多情况下，受允诺人在没有提供对价时也会遭受损害。该损害可能只是该允诺履行前的一个条件，如某人允诺另一人，如果他摔断腿就付给他五百美元。

然而，法院的判决却大大倾向于取消这种区分。有些行为，以恰当的言语来解释时，似乎应该只是符合某条件，但却被作为允诺的对价来对待。而明确规定其他东西为对价的协议中的反允诺也受到同样的对待。故应指出，受对价学说是否可能并无特殊解释这一问题的影响，法院认为，依据伊丽莎白二十七年第四号令，对租赁保有权的转让不可能为自愿，因为受让人继承了承租人的义务。然而受让人遭受该损害不能视为转让的诱因，许多情况下仅相当于从其已获利益中扣除的一部分而已，与通行权相同，尤其当受让人的唯一义务为付租金时，因为在法理

上，租金是土地的收益。

不过，尽管法院有时可能急于维持协议而走得略远一些，但在我上面提出的原则上却并无疑问，即，同一事物可能是对价也可能不是，要视当事人的处理而定。这就产生一个问题，即，应如何处理事情才能使其成为对价呢？

有人说，对价不能跟动机混淆。对价确实不能与可能是实际事实中支配性的或主要的动机相混淆。某人或许允诺为五百美元画一幅画，而其主要动机可能是要出名。事实上，对价可以仅仅出于使允诺具有约束力这一目的而被提出和接受。但尽管如此，依据协议条款，作为允诺的动机或诱因而被提出和接受却是对价的实质。反之，该允诺也必须作为提供该对价的约定动机或诱因而被做出和接受。整个问题的根源在于，对价和允诺相互之间是一种互惠的，约定性立约诱因的关系。

对该命题的前半部分，马萨诸塞州的一个案子可以提供很好的例证。原告坚持，除非得到额外担保，否则拒绝某人从自己的土地上拿走木材，而后者已做出口头协议并写了证明书。于是，买主和原告一起去找被告，被告在证明书上签了字。因此原告让买主将木材运走了。但依据证词，被告签字时并不知原告会基于对他签字的信任而改变立场。法院认为，如该点被采信，则不存在对价。

该规则的后半部分可用其他案例来说明，在这些案例中，有人悬赏请人做某事，但后来一个并不知道悬赏一事的人做了这件事。在这种情况下，后者不能要求得到该奖赏，因其主张的对价并非基于对奖赏的信任而提供的。已经履行的允诺并非提供对价的诱因。直到所主张的对价得到履行后才知道的这个允诺不能被认定为约定动机。

对价与允诺之间关系的两个方面，及该关系的约定性质，都可通过酒桶一案来说明。假设在没有任何协议的情况下，卡车司机愿意运送该酒桶，酒桶所有者也愿意让他送，且双方都知道对方的心理状况；但卡车司机在这件事中看到了自己的优势，故对所有者说："鉴于你把酒桶交付给我，并让我带过去，我就允诺把它带过去。"于是所有者把酒桶交给了他。我认为该允诺具有约束力。该允诺作为交付行为的诱因而作出，而交付又作为该允诺的诱因来实施。很可能的情况是，即使没有允诺，也会实施交付；而如该允诺并非在对价基础上被接受，则它就是以无偿形式作出的；但这毕竟只是猜测而已。除非所有者选择去做，否则他完全无需交付，在交付已经成为协议条件的情况下，允诺人不可能安排可

能会发生的事情来消除已发生事情产生的影响。因此看起来似乎是，实质上同一交易可能是自愿的，也可能是强制性的，取决于当事人为影响法律后果而选择使用的措辞形式。

如果上述原则得以接受，则可用于解释一个学说，而该学说的确立给法院带来了一些麻烦。我是指已履行之对价不能支持其后形成的允诺这一学说。确实，有人说，如在该对价之前已有请求，那么它就是充分的。但反对该观点的理由也很清楚。如该请求具有这种性质，且其提出的方式合理地暗示另一人将得到报酬，那么虽然并未直接说出来，它也是一个明示允诺，且该允诺是在给出对价的同时作出的，而非之后作出的。另一方面，如该措辞并未保证对方理解该服务要付报酬，则该服务为一种赠与，而过去的赠与不能再成为对价，与受允诺人做出的并非由允诺引起的其他行为相同。

这一错误根源至少可以在历史中找到一部分。有些涉及该问题的看法，我在上一讲提到过。这里再补充几句。在追偿债务之诉的古老案例中，当对原告是否已拿出足够证据以支持其诉讼有疑问时，产生该义务的“事先合同”一词被提到数次。因此，在某人承认有责任为其佣人的服务在某天付给他一百先令，而其佣人代其支付了一笔钱的情况下，他争辩说，由于没有事先合同，当事人不受口头约定的约束，更进一步说，就当时情况而言，这一支付是佣人自己做主做出的，且没有人要求他去做，故从中不能产生义务。

因此，依据一份契据，如原告娶被告之女为妻，则被告将付给原告十马克，原告提起追偿债务之诉，而被告反对说，该诉讼应为违反盖印合同请求赔偿损失之诉时，原告答辩说，他有事先合同，故可提起追偿债务之诉。

简约之诉的首个案例只是想采纳这一早为人熟悉的观点。某人为其朋友被捕入狱的佣人做了保释。后来主人允诺偿还保释金，但没有偿还，因此被提起简约之诉。法院认为，除非主人在原告保释其佣人之前先允诺要偿还原告，否则就没有据以指控被告的对价，“因为主人从未请求原告为其佣人做这些，但他自作主张这样做了。”该观点顺理成章，且与《年鉴》中之案例的意思完全一致。然而判例汇编也记录了一个案子，其中法院认为，在原告应被告特别请求娶了其堂妹的对价中，一个事后允诺具有约束力，且该婚姻为“充分诉因……因【其】是应被告之请求而发生的”。无论该判决是要确立一个一般性原则，还是根据婚姻的特

殊对价而做出的，它都很快在更广泛的意义上得到解释，正如上一讲所示。法院已经数次判决，一个过去已完成的事实对后来的允诺来说是充分对价，只要所依据的事实是应允诺人的请求去做的或提供的。

现在该分析允诺的性质了，它是简单合同里第二个最显著的要件。1872年的《印度合同法》第二条规定：

“（1）当某人向另一人表示其愿意或不愿做某事，想要得到该另一人的同意去做或不做此事时，就可以说他提出了一个要约；

（2）当该要约相对人对此表示同意时，就可以说该要约已被接受。一个要约被接受后就成为允诺。”

依据该定义，允诺的范围局限于允诺人一方的行为。假如这仅指允诺人必须单独承担其允诺可能产生的法律责任，这就是正确的。但其实不然。因为它定义的仅是允诺，并非具有法律约束力的允诺。我们并非要探究合同的法律效力，而是要探究法律可以或不可强制执行的可能的允诺内容。因此我们必须只考虑这一问题，即，在法律意义上，什么是可能允诺的，而非考虑有约束力但并未履行的允诺其次要后果是什么。

明天会下雨或第三人会画一幅画的保证，与受允诺人会从某处收到一百包棉花，或允诺人会付给受允诺人一百美元这种保证相同，都是允诺。但这些情形有何区别呢？区别仅在于允诺人对事情所拥有的控制力程度。在第一种情况中他根本没有控制力。同样，他也几乎没有任何法律权威能让人画一幅画，尽管他可能有更多的说服手段。但他很可能可以确保受允诺人得到棉花。如果他是有钱人，则除某些极不可能发生的意外情况外，他也一定能够支付这一百美元。

但一般说来，法律不会探究实现这种涉及未来的保证，在多大程度上在允诺人的能力范围之内。在道德领域内可能是，允诺责任被限定于允诺人意志能够达到的范围之内（一方不知该限定范围，另一方又未正确表达的情况除外）。但除非有某些公共政策的考虑，否则我认为，一个人可以就任何将要发生的事在法律上约束自己承担责任。因此他可以在法律意义上对其作出允诺。可以说，当某人立约说明天要下雨，或甲会画一幅画时，他只是以简短的形式说，如果明天不下雨或甲不画画，我就付给你钱。但并非一定会这样。如轻易作出允诺，就会由于出现好天气或甲不画画而违反该允诺。那么，允诺就仅仅是一个得到接受的保证，保证某事或某事态将会发生。

但假设该点正确，则它就比简单地扩大“允诺”一词的定义有更重要

的影响。它涉及到合同理论。普通法中具约束力之允诺的后果不受允诺人对允诺事件拥有控制力程度的影响。如允诺的事件并未发生，则在一定范围内，要变卖原告的财产来赔偿受允诺人因该事件未发生而遭受的损害。而无论允诺天要下雨，还是另一人要画一幅画，或是允诺人会交付一包棉花，其后果在性质上都是相同的。

如在所有情况下法律后果都相同，则正确做法似乎是，应从同一法律角度来考虑所有的合同。在明天要下雨这一具有约束力的允诺案件中，允诺人行为的直接法律效力是，他在一定的界定范围内承担了自己与受允诺人之间在这件事上的风险。他允诺交付一包棉花时所承担的也不过如此。

如以此种方式阐述允诺与合同在普通法里的意义恰当的话，则其优势在于，可使该问题摆脱以下多余的理论，即合同是某意志对另一意志的有条件的顺从，一种受限的奴隶制度。假如法律强迫人们履行其合同，或允许受允诺人行使此种强迫，则的确可以这么认为。假如当某人允诺为另一人劳动时，法律就让他去做，则把他与受允诺人的关系叫做一种临时奴役也有一定道理。但法律从不这样做。在违反允诺，故不可能再按其原意履行前，法律不会干预。确实，在有些情况下，衡平法会行使我们所谓的“强制性特别履行”。但首先，我讨论的是普通法；其次，这仅意味着衡平法强制履行整个允诺里仍旧可以履行的某些要素。比如，以允诺在某一时限内转让土地为例，衡平法庭的习惯是，在该时限已经过去，致使该允诺不能如约履行前，不会进行干涉。但假如该转让比该时限更重要，且受允诺人也认为晚些转让总比不转让好，则法律可能会强制履行它。然而，在该案中甚至并非仅仅字面意义上的强制，而是要把允诺人投进监狱，直到其愿意转让为止。当然，这种救济非常特殊。对具有法律约束力的允诺来说，唯一的普遍后果是，如允诺事件没有发生，法律就会使允诺人赔偿损害。无论何种情况下，在履行时限过去之前，法律都不会干预允诺人，也因此，只要他选择去做，他就可以自由地违反合同。

将合同视为承担风险，其更实际的优势体现在它对损害衡量的启示。如果将违反合同视同于侵权行为，那么看来，如在履行合同的过程中，允诺人被告知不履行合同将会导致的特定后果，那么倘若他不履行合同，就要被判为其后果负责。曾有人提出过这种建议。但并未作为法律得以接受。相反，据一位非常有能力的法官的意见（该意见似乎被普

遍遵循），即使在订立合同时就告知违反合同会产生特定损害的特定情况，这种告知也是不充分的，除非对该风险的承担已经确认公平地写入了合同。如果一位承运人承诺将一家锯木厂的机器从利物浦运到温哥华岛，但却没有做到，虽然他可能知道如果不送到英格兰，机器就不能调换，但很可能不会裁决他为在必要延迟期内租用该机器的费用承担责任，除非可以公平地认定，他已经接受了“这个附有特定条件的合同”。

确实，人们订立合同时，通常考虑的是履行而非违反。合同中使用的明确的用语，一般不会超出界定履行合同后所发生事实的范围。制定法对合同书面证明的要求可以用已作出允诺的书面声明来满足，因为如果提出更多要求就违反了人们平常的习惯，同时也因为该声明（即合同的效力是对未来事件风险的承担）并不意味着还有另一个附属允诺存在，而是意味着这种承担是无需允诺人的合作就可以直接由法律强制执行合同的一个后果。因此，口头证据无疑可被采信来扩大或缩小因不履行合同而承担的责任范围，但却不能被采信来影响允诺的范围。

但这些让步并不影响这里持有的观点。由于立约人与承约人的关系是自愿的，因此附属于该关系的后果也一定是自愿的。允诺所假设的事件是什么，或换句话说，如何就算违反了合同，只是一个理解和诠释的问题。同样，违反合同的哪些后果要承担责任是一个更间接的诠释问题，需要考虑订立合同时的情况。其中一种情况是了解什么依赖于合同的履行。它不一定是决定性的，但可能具有扩大所承担风险的效力。

解释的作用正在于，从明确的言语和行为中找出，针对那些不一定出现在当事人脑海中的事件哪些应该是明确说出的，如果他们曾考虑过这些事件的话。购销合同中所付价款通常都排除计划承担异常风险这一解释。我认为，上述分析表明，法院依据实际常识得出的结论与普通法中正确的合同理论是一致的。

对允诺性质的讨论使我对合同及合同后果的分析提前了一点。我必须就构成允诺的事实再说几句。有人指出（理论上是正确的），除一方有保证或要约之外，还必须有另一方的接受。但我发现很难想出一个案例来证明，简单合同一般由于缺少保证或要约与对价（彼此互为诱因）的关系，而非其他原因不能订立。通常仅提供对价所隐含的意思就伴随着接受要约；由于依据我们的法律，一个被接受的要约或允诺，在提供对价前，与未被接受的要约在地位上并无不同；在提供对价前，都可被撤回或继续，除非它已到期或已被撤回；因此接受问题几乎没有实际意

义。

理解了对价和允诺的一般性质后，我们再来探讨一些双方合同特有的问题。这些问题涉及对价的充分性及合同订立的时点。

一个允诺可以是另一个允诺的对价，尽管并非每个允诺都是如此。我们可能会怀疑，一个赠与一百美元的允诺能否得到接受它的允诺的支持。但在一起案件中，双方分别允诺转让和接受一家铁路公司尚未付款的股份，法院认为，这样就订立了一个具有约束力的合同。这里，一方当事人同意放弃也许会有价值的东西，而另一方也同意承担也许会很沉重的责任。

但是，假设现在不存在任何不确定因素，只是双方当事人有点怀疑而已。以已经过去的一场赛马赌博合同为例。人们认为，这对一方来说意味着绝对的允诺，而对另一方来说却根本没有允诺。但在我看来，这是不正确的。合同是人与人之间的交易，他们以此对未来做出安排。在做这些安排时，重要的并非在客观上什么是真的，而是双方当事人知道些什么。双方当事人不知道的任何现有事实，与将来事实一样，对在该时刻做出安排的目的来说都是不确定的。因此，承诺如果事情不像预料的那样发生就由他来赔偿，这就是一种损害。这似乎正确解释了为什么对原告认为正确的主张推迟行使提起诉讼的权利是一个充分对价，尽管该主张事实上并不正确，而且被告也知道这是错误的。如果该观点不正确，那就很难理解就未来事件而做出的赌博合同（除奇迹外）是怎样得到支持的。因为如果该事件发生或不发生遵循因果律，则其唯一不确定的地方是在我们的预见中，而不在其是否发生中。

合同何时订立这一问题大部分情况下是在涉及通过书信订立双方合同时产生的，疑问在于，该合同完成的时点究竟是在回复允诺投递的时刻还是收到的时刻。如果便利原则压倒其他观点而胜出，则这本身就是采纳便利原则的充分理由。仅就纯粹的逻辑依据而言，支持后一时刻最巧妙的论证当属兰代尔教授提出的。根据他的论证，这一结论推导自以下事实：使要约具有约束力的对价，其本身就是一个允诺。他说，每个允诺在成为允诺之前都是一个要约，而要约的本质在于它应该得到传达。但这一推理似乎是有缺陷的。正如在假设情况中，当回复允诺的对价已处于受要约人的控制中，且该回复允诺已被提前接受，则无论在时间上还是逻辑上，都不存在一个回复允诺就是要约的瞬间。它一旦形成，就是一个允诺与一个具有约束力的合同条款。要约是一种可以撤

回、尚未被接受的允诺意愿的传达。当某个双方合同的要约已经发出后，同一合同就不能再从另一方发出要约。这种所谓的要约既不能被撤回，也不能不被接受。一旦做出，合同就完成了。

如果说允诺的本质是要被传达，即无论它经不经过要约阶段，其意思都被传达给受允诺人使其实际知晓，而法律却被认为并非如此。一个盖印合同无论读过与否，只要被交付并接受，就具有约束力。依据同样原则，可以认为，无论何时，只要义务由一个具体标志引入，如在前面假设的情况下，由装有回复允诺的信件所引入，且该允诺的对价和同意都已给出，那么唯一的问题就是，这一具体标志何时被充分置于受允诺人的控制中。而如果这封信已交付给受允诺人，但他还没来得及读，信又被从他手中抢走了，我不相信此时合同没有成立。如果我的观点正确，则无论邮局被视为要约人的代理人还是受托人，或仅是他可以使用的一个邮筒，都无关紧要。当受要约人把装有反允诺的信件投进邮筒时，他就实施了一个公开行为，根据一般理解，该行为即放弃对信的控制权，为了要约人的利益而将它置于第三人手中，并授予要约人在之后任何时候取走它的自由。

而决定撤回要约的原则则完全不同。要约针对人有权认为，在其得到实际的相反告知前，该要约，依据其条款，是开放的。传达的效果必须由一个反向传达来消除。但订立合同并不依赖当事人的心理状况，而是依赖他们的公开行为。如果反向允诺的标志是具体物体，则当对该物体的控制发生改变时，合同就完成了。

第九讲　合同（三）——无效合同与可撤销合同

我们已经讨论了订立合同必需的事实要件，以及合同形成后的法律后果。接下来要考虑的是，合同被视为无效与可撤销的情况，即，合同似乎已订立却未能订立的情况，或合同已订立，但可由一方或另一方取消，从而视为从未订立的情况。我首先讨论前一种情况。

尽管通常的立约形式已完成，但合同未能成功订立时，通常人们会认为，订立失败的理据为错误，虚假陈述，或欺诈。但我会尽力说明，这些仅为非常突出的情况，真正的理据是缺失一个或多个合同赖以存在所必需的基本要件，这些要件上文已经指出，接下来还会马上看到。

如某人与作为甲之代理人的乙完成了与甲订立合同的形式，而事实上乙并非甲的代理人，则合同不成立，因为只有一方当事人。向甲发出的允诺未得到甲的接受，甲也未给出对价。在这种情况下，尽管通常是一方存在错误，而另一方存在欺诈，但很清楚，没有必要求助于什么特别的学说，因为我们在上一讲中解释过的合同的基本要件还不具备。

下面来看另一不同案件。被告同意购买，原告同意出售“将从孟买通过皮尔利斯号船运到”的一船棉花。但有两艘这样的船从孟买开过来，一艘在十月，另一艘在十二月。原告指的是后者，而被告指的是前者。法院裁决，被告没有接受这些棉花的义务。我们通常说，这种合同是无效合同，因为这是由对标的物的共同错误造成的，也因此因为当事人没有就同一事物达成一致。但我认为这种表述方式似乎有误导性。法律与当事人的实际心理状况没有任何关系。在合同中，与其他地方相同，法律必须依据外部因素，通过当事人的行为做出判断。假如只有一艘“皮尔利斯号”，而被告错误地将“佩里”说成了“皮尔利斯”，那他就有接受的义务。该裁决的真正依据并非像在前面提到的解释所暗示的那样，双方当事人所指的事物与对方不同，而是每人所说的事物不同。原告对一件事物发出要约，而被告却对另一事物表示了同意。

在用于商业或诉状中时，专有名词是指人人都知道的某一事物，而非别的事物，因此听到这样一个名词的人就必须自己负责查出这个名词所指的对象是什么。如果并不存在该词的用法会使任何一方受骗的情况，则双方都有权坚持他使用该词时对他有利的意思，双方都无权坚持

对方使用该词的意思。因此该案判决的依据远非错误，因为在我看来，错误的唯一含义是要表明，双方当事人都不知道，对方是以自己所赋予“皮尔利斯”的意思来理解对方使用该词的意思的。在那种情况下，也许就会形成具有约束力的合同，因为，如果某人使用某词时知道对方当事人给这个词附加了某个特定的意思，也理解他附加的这个意思，那他就有义务使用这个意思，不允许再赋予该词任何其他意思。

下面假设有一种情形，其中要约与接受的事物相同，双方当事人使用的措词相同，且所指意思相同。假设甲同意购买，乙同意出售“这几桶鲭鱼”，并假设后来发现涉案的几个桶里装的却是盐。这里双方就桶中的东西存在共同错误，任何一方都不存在欺诈。我认为，这个合同应该是无效合同。

人们普遍认为，在这种情况下合同订立失败是由实际标的物与当事人意图所指向的标的物之间存在类别的差异这一事实造成的。也许这样解释更有启发性：这个假设合同的条款尽管看似一致，但在涉及这笔交易的根本问题上却相互矛盾。因为，依据其中一条关键性条款，该协议的标的物是某些特定桶里的内容，而不是别的；但依据另一条同等重要的关键性条款，标的物是鲭鱼，而不是别的；但事实上，不可能同时是这两者，因为桶里装的是盐。由于不能忽略这两条中的任意一条，否则就会强加给当事人一份他们并未订立的合同，所以结论是，既不能要求甲接受，也不能要求乙交付，无论是这几桶盐，还是另外几桶鲭鱼；而如果不忽略其中一个条款，则该允诺毫无意义。

假如卖方存在欺诈，或假如他知道这些桶里实际装的是什么，则买方就有权坚持对方交付该劣质物品。欺诈或许会因为他的选择而使该合同生效。因为，如果某人用别的词来限定修饰有一定意义的词，而他私下知道这样使用时不合理，则可公平地认为，他已授权受允诺人坚持其允诺中可能的部分得到履行，如果受允诺人愿意放弃其余部分的话。

再举一个与上面类似的例子来说明。保险公司签发了一张保单，为某建筑物投保，其中该建筑被描述为一个机械车间。事实上，该建筑并非机械车间，而是一家元件工厂，有着更大的风险。该合同无效，但并非因为有任何虚假陈述，而是像上面一样，因为其中两个关键性条款相互矛盾，故其结合不合理。

当然，以上解释的矛盾性原则可被扩展，以适用合同条款不一致的情况。比如，如果一块黄金被当作十八克拉的黄金出售，而实际上并没

有这么纯；或者，如果一头奶牛被作为每天平均产十二夸脱奶的奶牛出售，而实际上它只能产六夸脱；可以说，依据上面给出的解释，这些案件和将盐作为鲭鱼出售的案件并无逻辑上的区别。然而这些交易并非无效。它们最多是可撤销的，条件是买方选择放弃交易。

其法律上的区别是建立在经验，而非逻辑基础上的。因此，它没有使人们之间的交易依赖数学式的精确性。无论某人得到什么允诺，只要没有得到允诺的东西，他就有权得到赔偿；但这并非意味着，缺失某些无关紧要的细节就会使他拥有放弃该合同的权利，更不意味着会因此阻碍合同的成立，这正是我们现在考虑的问题。相互矛盾的两项条款必须都非常重要——重要到法院认为，假如忽略其中一个，则该合同与当事人的用语似乎要表达的那个合同就会有实质性不同。

一项可直接由感官判断识别的条款永远具有这种重要性。如果允诺要卖给这人这头奶牛，或这条鲭鱼，则无论该合同可能去掉别的什么东西，如果不是关于这一物体，并由这人执行，则该合同永远不可能实施。如果出于欺诈，将这桶盐当作一桶鲭鱼出售，则买方也许可以选择接受这桶盐，但他不能选择要另一桶鲭鱼。如果合同中称卖方为乙，而买方以为他是另一位同名的人，并基于这一印象交付了要向乙购买的书面允诺，那么如果说有谁是受约人的话，则该书面允诺交付给的那个乙就是受约人；无论前面对专有名词的用法是如何阐述的，我都会认为，合同已经订立。因为，更进一步说，只要根据合同某一条款，被允诺物或受允诺人能够通过视觉与听觉加以识别的话，则该条款就远比其他所有条款都重要，因此由于未能描述其他任何要件从而阻碍合同成立的情况就非常罕见。最明显的貌似真实的例外是，实际上该对象并未通过感官得以识别，而识别的只是其遮盖物或包装。

当然履行允诺可以对方约定的所有条款都得以遵守为条件，但在合同订立前，不会考虑附加于履行的条件，而到目前为止我们所讨论的问题涉及的一直是最初合同的订立。

还可以提出一种情况，它跟之前探讨过的都不一样。这种情况并非阻碍协议成立的要约与同意之间的矛盾，也并非使协议表面看来不合理的协议条款之间的矛盾，而是在合同的一项条款和之前对没有明确构成合同之一部分的事实的陈述之间可能会有类似的矛盾。该陈述可能是该交易的主要诱因和特定基础。它可能比任何明示条款更重要，但该合同用语可能已简化，很难合理地认为其中已经包括了该事实。卖方也许说

过装满盐的桶里装着鲭鱼，但合同也许只写明了这些桶及其内容物。保险投保人也许就对风险至关重要的事实作出了虚假陈述，但保险单可能只是简单地为某一建筑物或某人的生命投保。有人可能会问，这些合同是否也无效呢？

可以想象，可能会有这样的情况，考虑到合同的性质，通过解释可以说合同用语已经作为一项条款包括了该陈述。比如，一份保险合同真实的、被人正确理解的意义可以说并不像其用语看起来所说的那样，要承担一切由火灾或海事风险所引起的损失风险——无论该风险有多大，而是只承担一定数额的风险，该风险已从被保险当事人的陈述中用数学方法计算出来，其他损失概不承担。但保险单中没有具体写明承担风险的范围，因为这种古老的形式与建立已久的惯例就是这样，但其意思却完全可以被人理解。

假如采用这一推理，则该合同条款中还会有同样的矛盾，无论该风险的性质是写在保险单上的还是由之前的描述所确定的。然而，依据这类可能的例外，似乎可以认为，合同已经订立，而且最多只能对它主张撤销的权利。如果当事人有能力允诺实施某些行为，且使用了适合产生义务的词语，我认为义务就产生了。即使存在合同中没有提到某一事实的错误，也只涉及订立合同的动机。但合同的订立不会受到下面事实的阻碍，即，如一方当事人早知道真相，他就不会订立合同。而影响动机的错误在什么情况下会造成合同无效这一问题与我们的讨论无关，因为目前我们探究的问题是合同何时订立，而宣布合同无效或撤销合同这一问题本身就预先假定了合同已经订立。

我想，现在也许可以认为，当人们说欺诈、虚假陈述、或错误可使合同无效时，并未引入新的原则以取消本来完全有效的义务，相反，在所有这些情况下都存在前一讲解释过的一个或多个基本要件的缺失。或者没有第二方当事人，或者双方当事人所述为不同事物，或者看似一致的关键条款在实际使用时并不一致。

当我们说合同可撤销时，是指合同已订立，但依据一方当事人的选择，也可以取消。这必须是因为或明确或含蓄地违反了合同存在所附带的某个条件。

如合同之订立附带了某一个条件，则该合同还未订立。在该条件确定之前，任何一方当事人都可以随意撤出。当事人之间虽可能有要约或允诺，但不存在义务，因此，也就不存在需要在此讨论的关系。但有些

看似从已订立的合同中产生的条件也属于这类条件。某一允诺的条件在允诺人自己的意志控制下的情况，就是这样。比如，在马萨诸塞州，一位顾客允诺，如果衣服做得使自己满意他就付款，法院认为，该允诺使得允诺人成为他自己的最后仲裁者。如果这样理解，则在我看来，在允诺人明确表达其满意之前，根本就没有合同。其允诺是，如果他觉得合适才会付款，但由于这种允诺无法施加任何义务，故无法订立合同。如果将该允诺理解为，当这些衣服应该能使允诺人满意时他就应该付款，从而使陪审团成为仲裁者，则合同就会存在，因为允诺人放弃了对该事件的控制权，然而它还要受到我们现在分析的一个条件的制约。

理论家们将合同可能包含的条件分为先决条件与后决条件。他们甚至宣称，这一区分具有重大意义。必须承认，如将诉讼过程作为检验标准，则确实是这样。在有些案件中，原告为使被告作出答辩，不得不声明某一条件已经履行；在另一些案件中，则留给被告来确定是否违反了某一条件。

在某种意义上，所有条件都是后决条件；但在另一种意义上，所有条件又都是先决条件。所有条件都在义务的第一个阶段之后。例如，一位建筑师允诺如果他对某工作满意就付款。该条件是一个很明确的所谓先决条件的例子。在建筑师满意之前，他没有付款的义务。但在那一刻之前还是可以有合同的，因为允诺人是否应该付款的决定已不受其控制。故该条件在该义务存在之后。

另一方面，所有后决条件又都先于法律义务的发生。如果我们看待法律，像一个可以毫无顾忌地做任何不会招致法律后果的事情的人那样看待法律，那么很明显，法律附加于合同的主要后果就是一个或大或小的必须支付的可能性。从纯法律的角度来看，唯一的问题就是允诺人是否会被强制付款。重要的时刻就是那一点被确定的时刻。而所有条件都先于这一时刻。

但不仅在这种极端的意义上是这样，而且对原告诉因的存在来说，所有条件也都是先决条件。可以举出一个最有说服力的情况，这就是保险单失效的条件，即，在不按约定给付的一年内没有对其提起诉讼。在损失发生后，给付的义务被忽视，从而产生诉因之前，该条件都是不起作用的。然而，它还是先于原告的诉因。当某人提起诉讼时，问题并不在于他过去是否有诉因，而在于当时是否有。而除非当年还未结束，否则他就没有诉因。假如让被告来确定这一年的流逝，则将归因于以下情

形：诉讼辩论的程序并不要求原告回应被告所有可能的辩护，也不要求原告提出除否认之外无法辩驳的论据。法律要求被告作出答辩的争议点在不同案件中也各不相同。有时似乎仅受举证便利原则的支配，要求持肯定性陈述的当事人陈述并加以证明。有时又似乎会参考事件之正常进程与属于辩护的事项（因为它们只在例外情况下成立）。

将那些允诺能被违反之前必须得到满足的条件，与那些像刚才一样在违约发生后可以免除责任的条件予以区分应该是最合乎逻辑的。但这种区分的重要性可能非常小，而且人们可能会怀疑，还能否找到另一个与刚才同样的案例。

更重要的是要注意只具有将允诺限于某些情况下的效力之条款，与一个名副其实的条件之间的区别。确实，每个条件都对其附着的允诺具有这种效力，因此，无论诉讼答辩的规则是什么，在规定行为的条件被违反后什么都不做，与在该条件被满足后履行了这一行为一样，都可以忠实地遵守和履行一个允诺。但如果这就是全部，则合同中表明允诺人没有允诺什么的每个条款都将是一个条件，因此这种文字比没用还糟糕。其典型特征非常不同。

一个名副其实的条件为一个事件，该事件的发生授权条件对其有利的一方，将该合同视为并未订立，即如通常所说，撤销该合同，也就是说，他可以坚持将双方当事人的地位恢复到合同订立之前的状态。当条件如此发挥作用时，它就容许一个外部力量来破坏事情的现状。因为，尽管其存在是因为双方当事人都同意，但它发挥作用却要依赖其中一方的选择。当某一条件被违反时，有权坚持它的人如果选择撤销，它就可以撤销；但如果他愿意，也可以选择保留该合同。他从协议中获得撤销合同的权利，但撤销与否则取决于他。

因此，把具有这种极端效力的条款与只解释允诺之范围，或只界定允诺适用事件的条款区分开来很重要。由于如前所示，并不需要如此坚持某一条件，因此我们必须进一步区分其通过撤销（此为其特有）的运作，与借助于解释和界定的附带运作，后者与其他非条件条款相同。

这一点可以通过甲、乙之间的双方合同得到最好的说明，其中甲的承诺以乙做其允诺要做的事为条件，而当甲履行了一定量的任务后，乙违反了自己一方的条件。例如，甲为乙雇佣的职员，却不到一个季度就被不正当解雇了。对甲有利的是，该合同是以乙遵守协议继续雇佣他为条件的。无论甲是否坚持这一条件，他都没有再做更多工作的义务了。

到目前为止，该条件仅通过界定发挥作用。它确定，甲并未允诺在已发生的这种情况下采取行动。但除此之外（一个条件对此并非必要），甲可有两种选择。首先，他可以选择撤销合同。在这种情况下，双方当事人处于似乎没有订立合同的状态，而大家都明白，甲为乙所做工作并非免费，且并未确定对其补偿的比例，故甲可获得陪审团认为其服务合理价值的补偿。而不再由合同来确定交换条件。但作为另一种选择，甲如果愿意，也可以坚持该合同，并起诉乙违反合同。在这种情况下，他可以为其所做的工作获得以合同费率计算的部分损害赔偿，和因失去完成该服务的机会而应得的补偿。但对当前讨论至关重要的几点是，这两种救济方式是相互排斥的，其中一种假定可以依赖该合同，另一种则假定可以不理会合同，但甲在乙违约后停止工作不再做下去与任一选择都是一致的，而且事实上与这件事没有任何关系。

为了避免误解，这里还要多说一句。当我们说甲在已发生的这种情况下已经做了其允诺的一切时，并非指他一定有权得到与他做了更多工作情况下可以得到的相同补偿。在该假设案例中，乙的允诺是为一个季度的服务付这些钱；尽管该允诺的对价是甲来履行这些服务的允诺，但其范围却限于这些服务实际履行的情况。因此甲不能只是等到服务期结束，然后要求得到如果该雇佣关系继续下去他将会得到的全部数额。即使事实是由于乙的过错而使该服务没有得到提供，他也同样不能这样做。乙对这种权利主张的答辩是有效的。他只对允诺承担责任，而他只允诺在并未发生的一种情况下给付。但他确实允诺了雇佣甲，由于他没能做到，因此他负有赔偿损害的责任。

再举一两个例子会更有帮助。甲允诺在特定时间、地点交付某货物，而乙允诺接受该货物并付款。但到了时间，双方却都没有到场。双方都不会受到起诉，而且，依据上面所述，双方都已做了他们允诺在已发生的情况（即，什么都没发生）下所要做的一切。也许有人会反驳说，假如甲已做了他该做的一切，那么他应该能够起诉乙，因为履行或准备履行的意愿足以赋予他这个权利，反过来，乙也是如此。另一方面，无论将甲还是乙视为被告，同样的事实也构成了有效的辩护。这个困惑在很大程度上是文字上的。

的确，甲和乙在目前阶段都履行了他们允诺要做的一切，因为他们都只允诺在对方已准备好，并愿意同时行动的情况下采取行动。但尽管这种“准备好并愿意”对两个允诺的履行来说都并非必要，因此并非一种

义务，但对于为呈现一种对方允诺采取行动所适用的情形来说，却是必要的。因此，尽管甲和乙各自履行了自己的允诺，但并未履行能使他们要求对方做更多事情的权利之条件。在一方通过履行该条件而使其进入对方承诺的范围之前，该条件的履行是纯粹非强制性的。但正是后一种意义上的履行，即，满足所有条件并遵守自己的允诺，对赋予甲或乙提起诉讼的权利来说才是必需的。

条件也可能通过合同用语本身创立。这类情况没有什么可说的，因为当事人会同意他们自己的选择。但任何情况下，只要合同条款没有做出废止或撤销该合同的规定，法律就认为这些条件也可以通过合同解释产生。由法律如此解读的这些条件的性质，需要解释。一般情况下可以说，这些条件所指向的是对撤销合同方而言存在履行约定的明示依据，或者实现了明示的约定目标。但这还不够。一般来讲，撤销合同方的失望一定是由对方不当行为引起的；这种不当行为中，最常见的情况是欺诈和虚假陈述，或未能履行合同中自己的义务。

因此需要就这一点再次考察欺诈和虚假陈述。先说虚假陈述。讨论它时出现的第一个问题就是，该陈述是不是合同的一部分？如果该合同是书面的，该陈述可以由文书的字面意义阐明，它可以是实质性的，也可以是非实质性的，但在确定虚假所产生的影响时，其所依据的原则，与同一方未履行允诺时所依据的原则相同。如该合同是口头订立的，则将该陈述用语与后来的允诺用语相联系时可能有很大的自由空间；但当它们一旦确立为合同的一部分，就适用与书面合同相同的原则。

现在，摆在我们面前的问题是导致该合同订立却不属于该合同的虚假陈述的效力。假定该合同为书面合同，却未包含该虚假陈述，则无论何种情况下，这种前面做出的虚假陈述能赋予撤销合同的权利吗？如果能，那么是除了到达欺诈的程度，任何别的情况下都能吗？允诺人也许会说，无论你是否知道自己的陈述是真是假对我都不重要；我唯一关心的是真相。假如它不真实，那么无论你知不知道，我都同样受到损害。但前一讲中已经表明，法律并不遵循一个人要为其所有行为的所有后果负责这一原则。一个行为本身是中性的。其特征来自行为人当时所知道的伴随事实。如某人陈述某事时合理地相信他是依据自己所知而说的，则将此事是否真实的风险加在他身上就与法律的类推相反，除非他同意承担该风险；而在刚才假设的情况中，他并未同意这么做，因为该陈述并未成为合同的一部分。

当存在欺诈时，情况就大不相同了。无论通过合同外还是包含在合同内的陈述，欺诈都可以导致合同订立。但无论在何种情况下，法律都不会认为该合同是以诚意为条件的。

我们可以举个有些极端的案例来说明。甲对乙说，我自己没打开过这些桶，但桶里装着最好的鲭鱼：我为这些鱼付了某某多少钱，并说了一个很有名的商人的名字。后来甲写信给乙说，我要以多少钱的价格出售你看到的那些桶及其内容物；乙接受了。然而后来证明，这些桶里装的是盐。我认为，如果关于桶内容物的陈述是诚实的，该合同就有约束力；如果该陈述是欺诈性的，该合同就是可撤销的。

看来，合同之外的欺诈性陈述除与订立合同的动机有关外，似乎没有别的作用。因为在合同之外，它们通常不能影响对合同的解释。用特定词语作出的允诺有着确定的含义，可以推定，允诺人是理解该含义的。如果甲对乙说，我向你允诺买这个桶及其内容物，那么他的话就是指通过感官识别到的那个人和物，而不指别的东西。这里并不存在矛盾，如果那个人准备好交付该物，那么买方就不能说合同的某一条款未得到遵守。对方可能会欺诈性地诱使他相信，乙是另一个同名的人，或桶里装的是鲭鱼；但无论他对这些事情的相信在多大程度上影响了他做出允诺的意愿，要据此就赋予他的话以不同的含义都有些夸张。“你”指的就是说话人面前的这个人，无论他叫什么名字，而“内容物”既适用于盐，也适用于鲭鱼。

无疑，正是仅仅由于通过解释而进入合同的一个条件，才使得欺诈成为撤销合同的依据。如果双方当事人愿意，他们就可以商定，无论合同之外任何一方之陈述是真是假，该合同都具有约束力。

但正如前面几讲所说，尽管法律始于这些区分并使用道德用语，但它最终必然会采用不依赖于个体实际意识的外部标准。对欺诈也同样如此。如某人做陈述时，其了解的事实，依据社会一般标准，足以提醒他该陈述很可能是不真实的，而该陈述确实是不真实的，那么无论他相不相信自己的陈述，从法理上讲，他都犯有欺诈罪。至少，马萨诸塞州法院在这一点上走得更远。他们似乎主张，某人依据自己所知，或依据能被合理地理解为他自己所知，而做出的任何重要陈述，如果不是真实的，就构成欺诈，而不管其相信它并相信其知道它的理由是什么。因此很显然，一个陈述在道德上也许无罪，但在法理上却是欺诈。事实上，马萨诸塞州的规定似乎与我之前讲座中批评过的英国衡平法院确定的原

则还有点差距，因为对于事实最为明确的确认，至少会要求陪审团查明，这些事实可以被合理理解为该当事人基于自己的知识而做出的陈述，因此如果后来证明它们并非真实，可能就会授权撤销合同。道德用语已经不再合适，于是达成了责任的外部标准。尽管如此，起点仍是欺诈，除了基于法律界定的欺诈，我认为合同之前的虚假陈述尽管直接导致合同订立，但并不影响合同的有效性。但无论合同还是隐含条件都不要求虚假陈述提及的那些事实存在。它们只要求不存在某些虚假陈述。该条件并非受允诺人应该是某一另外的乙，或桶的内容物应为鲭鱼，而是受允诺人没有在实质性事实上撒谎。

这样又产生了问题：如何确定哪些事实为实质性事实？由于合同并不要求这些事实，它们能够成为实质性事实的唯一方式是，如果相信其真实性可能会导致合同订立。

由此可知，法律并不像有时所说，不关心合同订立的动机。相反，合同之外的欺诈，其全部用意就是编造虚假动机并排除真实动机。该考虑将要求对欺诈导致撤销合同成为必要的情况进行合理审查。有人说，欺诈性陈述要导致欺诈性后果，就必须是实质性的。但我们如何确定它是否是实质性的呢？如上述论证正确，则必须借助普通经验来确定，究竟是相信事实与陈述相符的信念已自然导致该合同订立，还是相反信念已自然阻止了该合同的订立。

如该信念不会自然导致这种效果，则无论在一般情况下还是在某一特定案例的已知条件下，该欺诈都是非实质性的。如某人受到引诱与另一人签订了合同，后者欺诈性地陈述说自己是托马斯·杰斐逊的曾孙，我认为该合同并非可撤销合同，除非该受约人——由于某些特殊原因——知道其谎言会导致合同订立。

到目前为止，我们所探讨的导致合同撤销的条件或依据都涉及合同本身之外的当事人的行为。我仍局限于通过法律解释而产生的条件，即，并非通过直接地、以表达允诺词语的字面意义而附加于允诺的条款而产生的条件。下面，我要讨论另一些条件，它们涉及到合同以某种方式提及的事实。

这些条件可在仅包含单方允诺的合同中看到。有人曾经说，单方合同的措辞全部是允诺人的，因此对他有利的词句会比双方合同中同样的词句更易被解释为条件；事实上，它们也必须这样解释，因为，如果它们不创立某种条件，则对允诺人并无益处，因为根据假设，它们并非对

方当事人的允诺。这一独创性建议对我们的学说有多少实际影响，可能让人怀疑。

但它对这里一般性探讨双方合同的目的而言已经足够了。双方合同中包含双方的承诺，其中隐含的对一方当事人有利的条件是，另一方将会履行自己的承诺。

合同中的承诺可能是为了现在或将来存在的某一事实。在后一情况中，它们才能成为允诺；但在第一种情况下，它们也可以成为交易中同等关键的条款。

这里我们又遇到了关于陈述的法律，只不过在一个新的方面。陈述作为合同的一部分，总会有这种可能性，即，它们的真实性应构成该合同的一个条件，而完全不考虑任何欺诈问题。事实上也经常如此。然而，并非一方用词中包含的每一项陈述都会成为对另一方当事人有利的条件。假设甲同意出售，乙同意购买“甲七岁的栗色马艾克利普斯，它目前由乙占有试用”，但事实上，这匹马是栗红色，并非栗色。我认为乙不能以此为由拒绝为这匹马付款。如果法律愚蠢到仅以形式上的一致性为目标，那么确实可以说，在该合同不同条款间存在绝对的矛盾，就像在出售几桶鲭鱼，而后来证实桶里装的是盐的协议中一样。假如采用这种观点，则不会存在取决于某一条件的合同，甚至根本不会有合同。但事实上存在合同，甚至并不存在条件。如前所述，并非所有矛盾都会使合同无效，也并非每一反承诺未做到就会使其可被撤销。这里非常清楚，买方确切地知道他要买的是什么，因此该颜色错误对交易并无影响。

另一方面，如果合同包含某一欺诈性陈述，且误导了对方当事人，则依据与事前做出虚假陈述同样的原则，该合同是可撤销的。但人们经常将合同中的描述性文字视同他们有时所谓的担保，而无论有无欺诈。它们是否相当于担保将由法庭基于常识、考察用词的含义、及这些用词所传达的事实在交易中的重要性等来予以确定。但当描述性文字被确认为一项担保时，该裁决的含义并非仅仅意味着使用它们的当事人有义务为其真实性负责，而且意味着，其真实性构成该合同的一个条件。

例如，在某一首创判例中，双方的协议为，原告当时停泊在阿姆斯特丹港的船应尽一切可能立即直接出发去英格兰纽波特港，在那里装一船煤运往香港。但在签订租船合同那天，该船并不在阿姆斯特丹，而是于四天后才到达那里。原告知悉，被告认为时间很重要。法院认为，该船在合同签订日在阿姆斯特丹港是一个条件，违反该条件使被告有权拒

绝装船，并撤销该合同。如果采用下述观点，即条件必须是将来的事件，且旨在以过去或将来事件为条件的允诺或者是绝对的，或者是根本不存在的，则在该案中，被告从未作出过允诺。他仅就某些情况存在时作出了允诺，但这些情况并不存在。我已就以此种方式看待这种情况表示了反对意见，这里仅补充一点，即，就我目前的理解而言，法院并不支持这种观点，在本案中当然也未支持它。

还有一个依据可以裁定该租船合同无效，从而不存在合同，而不是仅将其视为可撤销的。该依据同样背离判例，但尽管如此，我也从未能够对其作出令我自己完全满意的解答。在上述案件中，船只出租人的陈述涉及船只本身，因此进入了承租人同意租用的物件之描述。我看不出该合同不同条款之间为何不存在致命的矛盾，就像出售几桶描述为装有鲭鱼而实际却是盐的合同条款中那样。这两项条款——首先，出售的物品是这些桶里的内容物，其次，该内容物为鲭鱼——之间的矛盾对合同之存在来说为何是致命的呢？这是因为每项条款都涉及该合同的根本和实质——因为要强迫买方接受符合一项，而不符合另一项要求的物品，就是要求他去做与其允诺的事情有实质性差别的事情；而且因为允诺接受同时符合两个要求的同一件事情在实质性事项上是自相矛盾的。我们已经看到，法律并非按纯粹的逻辑依据进行，且并不主张，每个小矛盾都会使合同无效。但另一方面，当两项关键性条款之间存在矛盾时，对合同本身的存在就是致命的。那么，我们如何确定一项给定条款是否是关键性的呢？确实，确定这一点的最好方式就是考察当事人处理它的方式。由于缺少他们的明确表述，我们可以参考日常的言谈和交易，并可以说，如果缺少它会使得该标的物成为不同的东西，则具备它对该协议的存在来说就是关键性的。但当事人可能会同意，无论多么琐碎的事都应是关键性的，或者，无论多重要的事都不是关键性的；如果关键性的东西是合同对某一特定事物之描述的组成部分，且可通过感官予以识别，那么，就像在通俗的言谈中该事物与其描述在类别上不同一样，如果缺少该关键性的东西怎么可能还存在合同呢？为订立合同之目的而用于区分相同或不同种类的属性并非由阿加西斯或达尔文，或全体大众来确定，而是双方当事人根据自己的意愿，为自己的目的而确定他们要坚持的特征是如此这般。如果这是正确的，那么什么证据可以证明，某一特定要求是关键性的，如果没有它，该标的物将在类别上不同于描述；而且比下面的证据更好，即一方当事人要求，而另一方当事人也担保其

出现呢？然而，对在阿姆斯特丹港的这艘特定船只的合同描述，尽管被认为是默示担保，却似乎未被视为使该合同自相矛盾从而无效，而仅赋予被告选择撤销合同的权利。即使交易中对特征的明示担保都没有这个效果，而事实上，在英格兰，它并不允许买方在违约时撤销合同。在最后这点上，马萨诸塞州的法律有所不同。

我们已经解释了英国买卖合同学说，即，当所有权已转移时，买方已从合同中获得一些收益，因此不能像合同被撤销时必须要做的那样，完全取代卖方现在的状态。这一推理虽然看起来可疑，甚至表明该合同是不能撤销的，但它对这里合同无效的论证却并无影响。因为如果该合同无效，所有权就不转移。

有人可能会说，在该船承租人的允诺中不存在矛盾，因为他仅允诺装载某船，而“现在阿姆斯特丹港”的文字在装载时间到来之时仅仅是历史问题，并非其允诺要装载之船描述的组成部分。然而在这些文字被确定为关键性的那一刻，它们就成为描述的一部分，而该允诺是装载名为“玛尔塔班”的一艘船，这艘船在订立租船合同的那天泊于阿姆斯特丹港。如此解释的话，就存在矛盾。

或许真正的解决办法会在实践中找到。无论如何，事实是，法律就矛盾的影响已确立了三种不同的程度。如矛盾条款中的某一项完全无关紧要，则只要不作考虑即可，或最多只是一项损害赔偿主张的依据而已。如只是允诺同样条款，则其中一项未履行不构成对方不履行的依据，这时，法律是不愿因现有条款中的矛盾而主张合同无效的。另一方面，如果两项条款都极其重要，故如在缺少其中一项时强制执行其余允诺或交易，不仅将剥夺一方当事人约定的附属权利，而且会强加给他一个具有实质性不同的交易，此时，该允诺为无效允诺。还有一些处于中间类别的案件，留给失望的当事人来决定。但由于三者之间的界限很模糊，因此不同司法管辖区界定不同也就不足为奇了。

前面所举的对当前事态作出承诺的例子，一直局限于涉及合同标的物现有条件的那些承诺。当然它们的应用范围是没有这种限制的。一份合同可能会担保也存在其他事实，这种例子可以找到或想象出，其中，担保的唯一效果显然就是要给合同附加一个有利于对方的条件，且其中还可回避这一问题，即除条件外，是否存在别的东西，即，阻止任何合同形成的矛盾。不过上述例证对我们目前的讨论目的而言已经足够。

我们现在可以从讨论订立合同时某些事实为真的承诺，转到讨论某

些事实在后来某个时间为真的承诺，即，名副其实的允诺。这个问题在于，一方当事人对允诺的履行何时成为另一方当事人履行合同义务的条件。在实践中，这一问题容易被等同于另一问题，即如前所示，是区分点的问题；也就是说，一方的履行何时成为要求对方履行的权利条件。当然，可以设想，允诺应局限于对方允诺的事情得以履行的情况；然而，后者未能履行也不应赋予撤销该合同的权利。只要一方当事人已根据合同获得了实质性收益，而该收益属于一种无法恢复的收益，则无论对方此后可能会有多么重要的违约，要撤销合同都为时已晚。不过，他可以免于继续履行合同。假设为一个月的劳动订立合同，当场支付十美元（这些钱是不能收回的，由于劳动者的过错而撤销合同除外），到月末再付三十美元。如果劳动者在两周后出于非正当原因停止工作，我认为该合同已不能被撤销，而劳动者持有和接受的十美元也已不能收回；但另一方面，雇主也没有义务再支付这三十美元，当然他也可以根据合同提起损害赔偿诉讼。

但在大多数情况下，违反允诺行为除免除受允诺人继续履行其责任外，还可赋予撤销合同的权利，这样对这两个问题普遍存在的混淆就不会造成严重危害。在一方履行的允诺受限于另一方之履行的情况下，合同通常也以此为条件。下面要讨论几种情形，我希望讨论它们时，不再停下来考察究竟该合同在严格意义上是以一方之履行为条件的，还是正确的解释仅仅为，对方的允诺只局限于该事件。

那么，我们如何确定这种条件是否存在呢？过于急切地寻求简单化，过于努力地把所有案件都简化为人为推定（人为推定据说可以解释判决，但却没有判决那么显而易见），是很容易犯错误的。毕竟，整个问题的基石是理智，法院也通常如是说。法律意在执行当事人的意图，而且，只要他们还未对已发生的事件作出规定，法律就必须决定，假如他们注意到该点时，他们自然而然的意图会是什么。人们会发现，有些裁决以当事人所使用措词的直接含义为依据，另一些则以当事人必定想做什么或会说什么（如果说的话）这些更为间接的推论为依据，这些裁决之间的变化非常细微，难以区分。

兰代尔先生提醒我们注意一条非常重要的原则，这条原则无疑指导过很多裁决。这一原则是，在双方合同中，虽然每个允诺的对价都是反允诺，但表面上，对履行某一允诺进行的支付就是履行另一个允诺。每人履行自己的允诺后所换得的，就是对方当事人履行其允诺。如甲向乙

允诺一桶面粉，而乙向甲允诺以十美元购买这桶面粉，甲的意思是用其面粉换得十美元，而乙的意思是用十美元换得这桶面粉。若并未确定双方行动的时间，则任一方在自己未准备好同时履行时，都不能要求对方履行。

但这一等价原则并非在不考虑标的物的情况下，从合同形式中得出的唯一原则，当然，兰代尔先生的著作中并未如此提及。

另一条非常显著的原则，可在买卖或租赁某物之类的合同中发现。这里，所有者允诺要提供的某物应具有的属性或特点，就是描述买方允诺要接受的物品。如果提供物缺少任一允诺的特性，则买方可拒绝接受，其依据不仅在于，对方没有提供使他遵守自己允诺的等价物，而且在于，他从未允诺接受实际提供给他的物品。我们已经看到，如果该合同包含的陈述涉及该物早些时候的状况，而非接受时刻的状况，则法院可能不会总是主张，该过去状况应纳入要接受物的描述中。但这里不可能适用这种免责。尽管如此，在目前这类案件中，对拒绝的权利也有限制。如果允诺物是特定的，则该描述中通过感官识别该物品的那部分，其优势有时会得到显著说明。有一个案例走得更远。在一购买特定物品的待履行合同中，法院认为，不能因为该物没有达到保证的品质，就拒绝履行合同。

从合同形式本身可以得出另一从属原则，即，一方履行允诺可能有很明确的意图，要为对方提供履行允诺所需的手段。如果承租人允诺进行维修，而房主允诺为其维修提供木材，则可以认为，无论以前是如何裁决的，现在，承租人的维修义务是从属于房主在其提出要求时提供木料这一行为的。

另一类较为罕见的情况是，双方合同的一方当事人同意做某事，并同意为此提供担保。这里显然可以合理地认为提供担保是另一方履行的条件，只要履行可行的话。因为要求担保的行为表明，要求担保的当事人不满足于单纯依赖对方的简单允诺，因为，如果在对方给出担保之前，他必须履行的话，他就只能被迫依赖对方的简单允诺，故其要求担保的目的本身就会落空。

上一案例表明，任何研究这些案例的人都会有一种强烈的印象，即，毕竟裁决中最重要的因素并非技术性的，甚至不是任何合同的一般原则，而是将特定交易作为现实问题从而对其性质予以考察。甲向乙允诺为其工作一天，报酬为两美元；乙向甲允诺为这一天的工作付给甲两

美元。此处，这两个允诺无法同时履行。工作要干一整天，而支付只需半分钟。你该如何决定哪个先做呢？换言之，哪个允诺依赖于对方允诺的履行呢？这里只能参考社会习惯和便利原则。依据等价原则推定某人直到取得某物后才有支付的意图，这是不够的。工作是为了钱而付出的代价，就好比钱是对工作所支付的报酬一样，而其中一个必须提前支付。这里的问题是，如果认为一方直到获得了与钱等值的服务才会有付钱的意图，那么为什么认为另一方在得到钱之前会有提供该服务的意图呢？从任何一般理论中都无法找到答案。事实是，比起雇员提供的劳动，人们更信任作为一个阶层的雇主提供的工资；雇主拥有权力，而且是立法者；或其他种种考虑（无论是什么），上述事实决定了要先工作。但裁决的依据纯粹是实用性的，不可能从文法或逻辑中得出。

在该问题的各个方面都能发现法院基于实用的考虑。再举一个例子。原告称，依据其与被告的共同约定，他将出售，而被告将购买某一批顿斯科伊羊毛，由原告在敖德萨装船，运往英格兰交付。在合同条款中有一条规定，羊毛一旦装船，应该马上公布船的名字。被告的答辩是，双方当事人都知道，这批羊毛是被告买来要在其生意中转售的，而这批羊毛属于价值上下波动的商品，在依据合同将装载船的名字公布前是无法销售的，但原告并未按约定公布船的名字。法院的裁决是由迄今最伟大的技术性法官之一帕克男爵作出的；而他也并未幻想为该裁决提供任何技术的或纯粹逻辑的理由。他用上述文字陈述了被认为对下面的问题而言是实质性的一些事实，即公布船只的名字是否构成接受羊毛之义务的条件。之后，他如此陈述了裁决依据：“考察该合同的性质，及其对合同目的（为双方当事人所知并构成合同的一部分）的重要性，我们认为这是一个先决条件。”

第十讲　死后继承

在《占有》那一讲中，我试图指出，占有某项权利这一概念本质上就荒谬。所有权利都是满足某些事实情形之后果。通过占有可以获得的权利与其他权利的区别就在于，此类权利所隶属的情形性质可由不同的人依序满足，或可由任何人获得，而不论这样做是否合法，正如某人权限内拥有某一有形物件之情形。

如果这种权利受到法律认可，转让就没有困难；或者更准确地说，不同的人就相关事宜依序享受相似权利不存在困难。假设甲作为一匹马或者一块地的拥有者，把占有权让给乙，乙获得的权利与甲之前享有的权利依据相同。甲权利产生的事实现在已经终结，对甲不再适用，现在适用于乙。法律规定的这些事实之后果现在为乙而存在，正如此前为甲而存在一样。权利衍生的事实情形具有持续性，任何占有该情形者，不论以何种方式获得，都获得相关权利。然而，合同却不可能占有。昨日甲给予乙某一对价，并相应得到某承诺，这一事实，不能由丙来负责，甲不能转让给他。唯一可转让的是因承诺产生的收益或者责任，如何把这些收益或责任与产生它们的事实分开？简言之，一个人怎么会因为一个与他无关的承诺起诉或者受到起诉呢？

迄今为止，在处理任何特殊权利或义务时，假定前提是，其产生的条件对享有权利或者负有义务的个人成立。但是，尤其在现代法律中，情形经常是，某人获得而且也得到允许执行某一特殊权利，然而，该权利产生的事实对此人却不成立，或者只有部分成立。法律的主要问题之一在于阐释这一结论如何得以通过的机制。

我们会看到，这个问题不是与所有权利同等范畴。有些权利不可以任何方式方法转移；例如，人身安全或者名誉权。另外一些在占有范畴内，在该概念范围之内，不需其他概念。正如萨维尼所说："继承不会自动适用于占有。"

然而，占有这一概念几乎无益于我们理解现代转让理论。用刚刚引用的萨维尼的话来说，该理论在很大程度上取决于继承概念，因此，继承是该讲和下讲的主题。我将从阐释死后继承的理论开始，之后过渡到生者之间的继承理论，并考虑二者之间是否能建立某种关系。

显而易见，前者建立在死者与其继受人拟制的身份认同基础之上。

作为继续讨论的第一步，也为其自身，我将首先简要陈述涉及遗嘱执行人、继承人和不动产受遗赠人的相关证据。若要理解我们法律的理论，至少关于上述第一个词语，学者们一致认为，有必要考虑罗马社会早期家庭的结构和地位。

长久以来，大陆法学家一直在收集证据，以证明在早期的罗马和日耳曼法律中，家庭都是社会的基本单位。罗马的《十二铜表法》仍然认可家庭中地位较低成员的财产利益。继承人被称为正统继承人，即正如盖尤斯所说，他们自己或他们自己财产的继承人。保罗指出，在某种意义上，即使在他们父亲在世期间，他们也被视为财产所有者，父亲去世后，与其说他们接受继承，不如说他们获得了处理自己财产的全部权力。

从这点出发，很容易理解罗马体系下的已故家长其继承人的继任问题。如果家庭是财产的所有者，其财产由家长来管理，这个暂时首领的去世不会影响到家庭的权利。即使家长去世，家庭仍然延续。很可能逐渐地，家长慢慢被视为所有者，而不仅仅是家族权利的管理者，相关权利的性质和延续性没有因为他们拥有的头衔而发生变化。家长权按照被继承人所留下的状态延续给继承人。继承人不是分别继承这项或那项财产的所有权，而是继承家庭所有遗产或者家庭首领职位，并具有相关财产权利，当然，他继承了家长的职位，或者代表家庭利益的权利，须服从上任管理人进行的变动。

被继承人权利和义务的总和，或者用专业术语来讲，他所持有的总体法律人格，很容易与自然人分开。这个法律人格只不过是先前家庭权利和义务的集合体，最初只有作为家长的个人才能持有。因此，可以说，这个身份通过继承得以继续，继承人承担该身份后，有权对以前所受侵害提起诉讼。

因此，从法律角度出发，罗马继承人逐渐被认同为其被继承人对待。这样，我希望解释的不可能的财产转移如何在这种情况下完成，就很清楚了。如果乙无法证明他作为乙拥有产权的权利，他可以通过他与甲是同一个人、而甲的产权仍然有效这一拟制很容易保持。

目前为止，没有必要研究日耳曼部落的家庭权利。因为现代遗嘱执行人的特性源于罗马继承人，这一点没有异议。遗嘱也从罗马法借用过来，塔西佗时代的日耳曼人对此并不熟悉。成文法后来效仿遗嘱执行人，引入了遗嘱管理人的概念，用于无遗嘱或者因为任何其他原因缺乏

遗嘱执行人的情形。

遗嘱执行人拥有立嘱者全部个人财产的法律权利，以及总的来说，财产转让权力。可以合理猜测，在以前，他有资格享有未分配的剩余部分，不是以那些具体动产的受遗赠者身份，而是因为他代表立嘱者本人，因此如果在世，他可以拥有立遗嘱者财产分配之后的所有权利。如今，剩余财产一般通过遗嘱赠予，但是即使现在，人们仍不会把它当作未分配动产的具体赠与，我不禁联想这一法规模仿了早期有关遗嘱执行人的法规。

对不动产的剩余遗赠不存在这样的规定，在英格兰直到现在，一直判定为视情况而定。这样，如果土地无法进行遗赠，该地不能使用剩余条款处理，而是应该转让给继承人，与遗嘱不存在的情形相同。

另一方面，遗嘱执行人的任命可回溯至立嘱者离世的日期。该身份的持续性通过该拟制得以保留，正如在罗马，它通过临时继承得以形象体现。

对我们的遗嘱执行人与罗马继承人之间的相似性已经有足够多的论述。记住我们关于继承人的讨论，这样很容易理解早期的判例集中为什么常说遗嘱执行人“代表立嘱人本人”。该假定身份的意义历史已有评价，但是它为解决专业困难所提供的支持也应该受到重视。若遗嘱执行人代表立嘱人本人，许可他因其立嘱人的合同起诉别人或受到起诉，就不会再有问题。爱德华三世时期，当遗嘱执行人被提起盖印合同诉讼时，帕尔西反驳说：“我从未听说某人可以获准得到违约赔偿令状，起诉遗嘱执行人，不起诉其他人而单单起诉盖印合同签订人，因为一个人不能依据地契迫使他人签订盖印合同，除非此人就是盖印合同签署方。”但是，辩称起诉之承诺由立嘱者甲所做而非遗嘱执行人乙所做是无效的，因为法律规定这种情况下乙等同于甲。因此有一类案例中，转让是在拟制的支持下完成，拟制常常会这样，反映了社会早期阶段的事实，如果这些事实不是这样，几乎不可能制造出这样的事实假设。

遗嘱执行人和管理人提供了英国法系中普遍继承的主要（如果不是唯一）例子。但是，尽管他们可以概括继承，如前所讲，他们不能继承全部种类的财产。动产由他们继承，但是土地则另有规定。遗嘱中没有分配的所有不动产归继承人，其继承法规与那些制约动产分配的法规有很大不同。这样，问题就出现了：英国不动产的继承人或继受人与作为遗嘱执行人的罗马继承人是否可以进行同理类推？

英国的继承人不是概括继受人。每一块土地作为分开的、特定的财产进行继承。当然，在狭义范围上，他毫无疑问代表其被继承人本人。至于早期日耳曼法是否也是如此，人们所持观点不一。拉邦德博士认为是这样；而索姆则持相反观点。人们普遍认为，在日耳曼部族中，家庭所有权，至少在土地的所有权方面，优先于个人所有权。我们已经看过，类似状况在罗马也自然而然造成了此种表现顺序。但是没有必要去考虑我们的法律在这个主题上是源于日耳曼还是罗马人，因为身份认同的法规自格兰维尔时代到现在显然一直盛行。如果说日耳曼人对此还不了解，那么罗马法的影响则为此提供了清晰的解释。萨利克法中若有任何此类内容，毫无疑问其原因也会类似于罗马法规起源的自然原因。然而无论哪种情况，我都不会质疑，现代法规的很多形式方面，也许还有部分内容，都来自于罗马法专家的成熟体系，并一直用其话语进行表述。虽然比较清楚，一些法案的批准认可了某些身份认同的存在，但是，基于同样上述理由，也没有必要再去衡量源于盎格鲁—萨克逊的证据。

诺曼征服两个世纪后，直到布莱克顿时期，继承人不仅仅是土地继受人，还在更广泛意义上代表其被继承人，这点我们将直接看到。继承人意义上的遗嘱执行人，其职责不为盎格鲁—萨克逊人所知，即使在布莱克顿时代，似乎也与后来不同。因此，没有必要追溯至诺曼早期以前，在诺曼早期，指定遗嘱执行人已经成为常见事，继承人与其现在的含义更为接近。

诺曼征服以后一个世纪稍多一点，格兰维尔描述到，继承人有义务保证受让人及其继承者得到其被继承人的合理赠与；如果其被继承人个人财产不足以偿还其债务，该继承人有义务用自己的财产进行补偿。格兰维尔及其苏格兰的模仿者《国王之尊》，都没有把义务限定在源于同一处所继承财产的数额范围之内。在优士丁尼引入此类限定前，继承者和其被继承人之间的身份认同关系与罗马法中身份认同关系完全相同。另一方面，一个世纪后，布莱克顿显然认为，继承人只能对他继承的财产负有责任，在大陆早期资料、诺曼法及其他法律中，也出现了同样的限定。继承者的责任很可能逐渐缩小了。布莱克顿的模仿者，布里顿和弗莱塔，可能也包括布莱克顿自己，认为除非继承人特别受到其被继承人契据的约束，否则他没有义务偿还其被继承人的债务。后期法律规定，若要继承人负有法律责任，必须提及此人。

但是无论如何，在布莱克顿时代，继承人与被继承人的身份认同关系，仍接近于概括继承的性质，这在他另外的陈述中也有提及。他问及立嘱人是否可以遗赠其诉讼权，回答说，只要立嘱人在有生之年未能证明和索回债务，答案为否。但是此类诉讼权利属于继承人，而且必须在世俗法庭进行诉讼；因为在相应法庭胜诉前，遗嘱执行人不可在教会法庭提起诉讼。

这表明认同关系两种方式都可进行。继承人承担着其被继承人的债务，也可以索回别人欠他的债务，这一直持续到遗嘱执行人在王座法庭以及教会法庭中取代了他的位置。在刚刚阐述的限定范围内，继承人也有义务担保其被继承人出售给以非继承方式取得不动产的人及其继承人的财产。现代继承人始于总体上代表其被继承人，有了这一证据，就不必在后期判例集中寻找说法，因为他的身份已经受到限定。但是我们刚刚看到，在爱德华一世时期，人们仍然认为遗嘱执行人代表立嘱者本人，认为继承人代表其被继承人本人。所以迟些时候，人们认为“继承人从继承开始代表其被继承人，”与被继承人具有同样的法律人格。

几年前刚刚去世的一位伟大法官重复使用了爱德华或詹姆斯时代法官们都很熟悉的说法。"帕克男爵规定，总体上，当事方不需要为他没有得到授权占有的财产出示文书，之后他指出也有例外情形，“包括继承人和遗嘱执行人可以向他们各自代表的被继承人和立遗嘱人请求豁免；以及几个侵权行为者的情形，因为在所有这些情形中，组成身份认同的双方之间存在法律上的利益关系。”

但这不是全部。身份认同还更进一步。如果某人去世后留有男性后嗣并有世袭地产，只有长子有继承权；但是，如果他只有女性后嗣，所有人同等有份。在这种情况下，几个人共同继续代表他的被继承人法律人格。但是根据规定，任何时候，他们只是一个继承人。为了实现这一目的，不仅仅一个人与另外一个人身份等同，而是几个人身份削减为一个人，以便他们可以保持一个单一法律人格。

法律人格到底是什么？它不是被继承人权利和义务的总和。我们看到，很多世纪以来，除了那些与不动产相关的权利和义务，其总体身份，也就是权利和义务的总和，已有遗嘱执行人或管理人所接管。从早期开始，继承人所延续的法律人格仅限于专业意义上的不动产，也就是封地法规限定的财产，以区别于动产，也就是布莱克斯所说的包括所有不是封地的财产。

但是，继承人的法律人格尚不是与不动产相关的被继承人权利和义务的总和。前面已经提到，每块世袭土地都是特定继承，而不是作为较大的法人团体的附带物。与其说这是因为不同地块，继承规则可能不同，因而同一个人无法成为两样东西的继承人，不如说这是由封地财产本身的性质决定的。封建制度鼎盛时期，土地的持有不过是复杂身份关系的一种附带权利。“如果未能完成相应的封建役务，土地就会被没收；如果领主违反了相应的责任，可以拒绝执行该役务。”在查理曼大帝统治的封建时代初期，似乎每人只能持有一位领主的土地。后来，虽然持有一个以上领主的土地渐为常见，这种严格的身份关系也只是稍有改变，以免除封臣履行相互矛盾义务之负担。格兰维尔和布莱克顿认为，持有几个领主封地的封臣，须为每块封地表示臣服，但对其主要地产的领主保持忠诚；然而，如果这些领主之间发生战争，主要领主出面命令该封臣服从于他，该封臣应该服从，除非该项役务属于他持有其封地的另外领主。

这样，我们看到，封臣对其所持有的每一块封地都有一个不同的法律人格或地位。一个身份所附带的权利义务与另外一个身份所附带的权利义务没有关系。对一个身份的继承与对另一个身份的继承毫不相关。每项继承承担了截然不同的身份关系，继受人的身份由所涉及的关系决定。

我们希望界定的法律人格涉及的是不动产权。每块封地都具有不同的法律人格，是不同的继承地，或者用布莱克顿时期以来的称谓，就是遗产。我们已经看到，它既可以由一个以上的继承人一起保持，也可以一个人承担，正如一个公司员工可多可少一样。但可以说，它不仅可横向在相关利益的人之间以同一方式、在同一时间内分割；还可纵向分割为连续的利益，一个接一个享有。“用专门术语解释，它可分为部分不动产权和剩余地产权。”但它们仍然全部是同一封地的部分，同一拟制仍然对其形成制约。我们读过一个早期案例，“拥有土地归复权的人和部分不动产权的封臣是同一个封臣。”诚然，这只是一个建议性的陈述，但是这一说法是为了解释某一需要说明的原则，大意是，终生保有封臣死后，拥有土地归复权的人可能根据对终生保有封臣的错误判断或因误判决而错误起诉或者剥夺其权利。

总结一下目前为止的结论，英国现代法律中的继承人，其突出特点来自诺曼征服不久就确立的法律。那时，他是一个非常宽泛意义上的概

括继受人。他的很多此类职责不久就转移给了遗嘱执行人。继承人的权利就变成局限于不动产，其责任也变成仅限于与不动产相关以及被继承人明确限定其承担的义务。对每块世袭领地或封建遗产的继承都是独立的，而不是被继承人所有权利总和的一部分，这些权利被视为一个整体。但是时至今日，遗嘱执行人和继承人在各自范围内代表被继承人，为处理其权利与义务起见，人们对待他们就像他们是被继承人本人一样。

前文已指出这一点对被继承人合同所产生的影响。但其影响不仅限于合同，而是渗透到各个方面。然而，最显著的例子是时效性权利的获得。举一个通行权的例子。在邻人土地上通行的权利只能通过许可获得，或者未经许可使用20年。某人使用某路通行权十年，然后去世了。他的继承人接着又用了十年。此人能获得任何权利吗？如果仅依据常识，答案一定是不能。被继承人没有得到任何权利，因为他使用该通行权的期限不够。其继承人也同样如此。另一个人在继承人之前的侵占如何能改善该继承人的拥有权呢？显然，如果四个互不相识的陌生人每人使用该条道路五年，最后一个人无法获得任何权利。但是本案前面详细阐述的拟制却要起作用了。从法律角度看，这里不是两个人分别使用通行权十年，而是同一个人使用了二十年。该继承人拥有保持其被继承人身份的优势，因此取得了该权利。

生者之间的继承

现在到了该议题中最难懂最晦涩的部分。现在尚不明了拟制的身份认同是否扩展到了除继承人和遗嘱执行人之外的其他人。如果我们发现，我们的确也发现，这点在明文规定中并没有多大扩展，建立在继承法规基础上的思考模式和观念是否悄然改变涉及到生者之间交易的法律？这个问题仍然会出现。对我来说，似乎可以证明它们的影响极为深远，而且，如果不理解继承理论，就不可能理解生者之间的转让理论。

处理该议题的难点在于让那些持怀疑态度的人相信有阐述的必要。如今，权利是有价值的这一概念几乎等同于权利可以通过出售变成金钱这一概念。但并非向来如此。在出售权利之前，你必须使之符合法律的逻辑。我在该讲开始时举过一个合同转让的案例。我刚刚提及了通过时效取得权利的案例，其中两方都不符合非法使用二十年的要求。在后者

的情形中，转让时，根本谈不上存在权利，而只是过去十年中侵占之事实。一条道路，在成为通行权之前，几乎无法通过像合同一样占有性的权利而拥有。那么如果合同可以出售，如果买方可以把卖方非法使用的年限加给自己，那么法律赖以得出这一结论的机制是什么呢？

即使是对任何法律体系早期阶段有最肤浅的了解，都会看出，这一机制的建立是多么困难和多么程度缓慢，以及该机制的缺乏如何限制了财产转让的范围。如果按照我们提到的重要比喻，想当然地认为买方接替卖方的位置只是常识问题，那就大错特错了。假定出售及其他民事转让一直保持着类似战争俘获的形式，罗马法律早期似乎就是如此，在取得妻子的这个例子中，这种战争俘获的形式至少部分保留下来，虽然在实际办理中，人们采取了更为文明的购买形式。买方非法占有卖方的权利这一概念与非法占取的拟制同时存在，买方会站在自己的立场上建立新的所有权。若无其他渊源的法律概念之帮助，对不受认可占有的对象进行合法转让，恐怕很难。

其他此类概念的一个可能来源可在家庭法中找到。继承原则提供了一种拟制和一种思维模式，至少可能也扩展到了其他领域。为证明它们的确扩展了，有必要再次研究罗马法以及日耳曼和盎格鲁—撒克逊风俗之遗留。

我先从日耳曼法和盎格鲁—撒克逊法律开始，这些是我们法律的宗源，支撑着法律大厦的一侧。因为虽然我们从这些渊源中所得与我们的论证没有直接关系，但通过阐明不同领域的发展过程，将为我们的论证打下基础。

以非继承方式取得不动产的人与继承人之间显然的类比似乎在民间法中使用，但主要是为了另一目的，而不是英国法需要考虑的原因。这一目的就是扩大财产可转让性的范围。我们会记得，在早期日耳曼法律及早期罗马法律中，保存了许多家庭所有权的记录；似乎最初不能在家庭之外进行财产转移，后来通过使受让人成为继承人的形式得以实现。

语言的演变支持这个结论。根据伯斯拉和其他人的论述，概括继承人（heres）一词的含义从已故者财产的继受人，到后来词意扩大为临终受赠人（donee mortis causa），甚至更广泛地指一般受让人。转让土地时，继承（hereditare）一词也以类似方式使用。莱菲利埃尔引用海文的话提醒我们这个事实：按照古代的用法，heriter指通过非继承方式取得土地等不动产，heritier指通过非继承方式取得不动产的人，

desheriter则指将财产所有权或占有权移转给他人以换取有价值的对价。

萨利克法的文本也给了我们提供了无可争议的证据。某人可以将其全部或任一部分财产通过交付给受托人进行转让，受托人在十二个月之内，将其移交给受益人。萨利克法的文本写到，移交给赠与人称之为heredes（所选定的继承人）的继承者。这样就实现了或多或少的财产自愿转移、可以自主给随意挑选的人，这些人不一定是概括继受人，即使他们是，他们仍然以heredes的身份继承。该词最初应该是指通过家族关系取得财产的人，其意义后来扩展至通过购买取得财产的人。如果该词意义扩大了，很可能是由于它所表达的思想也有了新的用途。这种交易似乎处于继承人的指定和出售的中间地带。利普里安·法兰克人的后期法律更清晰地从前者角度来对待这种转让。该法律允许无男性后裔的人将自己的全部财产作为遗产，以萨利克法称之为象征转让的形式或者通过书面或交付形式，给予任何他选择的人，或是亲戚或是陌生人。

伦巴底人也有类似的转让，其中，受赠人不仅被称为概括继承人（heres），而且与继承人一样，在赠与人死后接收其财产的同时要承担其相应债务。依照萨利克法，如果某人不能支付赎罪赔偿金，可以将其房屋份额正式转让，责任也随之转移。但是只能转让给最近的亲属。

房屋份额或者家族宅地最初严格限制在家庭内部转移。然而另一方面，至少英格兰是这样，转让自由似乎是通过继受人选择范围的逐渐扩大而发展的。如果我们可以相信早期土地转让合同中的发展顺序，虽然早期土地转让合同很少，这种顺序不大可能是偶然的，王室特许最初允许在亲属中选取继承人，后来扩大到亲属范围之外。公元679年的一份契据中，是这样说的："兹授权你及后代子孙持有。"一个世纪以后，一份契据如此写到："他可终生拥有，死后留给他任意选择的继承人。"另外一份，"死后他可自由（选择）留给他希望的亲属"（继承）。更早些的一份公元736年的土地转让合同更进一步："只要他在世，他将有权持有和占有（以及）可在他有生之年，或者理所当然在他死后，将其财产留给任何他选择的人。"在九世纪初，受赠人有权把财产留给任何他选择的人，或者，更宽泛地说，有权在其有生之年交换或转让其财产，死后留给他选的任意一个人，——或者出售、交换和留给他任意选择的继承人。对继承人的选择使我们想到刚刚提及的萨利克法中所选定的继承人，也可与1190年诺曼时代土地转让合同的措辞相比较："给W及其继承人，即，给予他可能选定的继承人。"

通过亲属关系拟制促成单一继承的完美例子可在布朗特·纳吉尔的故事中找到，这是冰岛的一个传奇故事，故事中描述的社会生活状态大概不会比我们看到的《萨利克法》中的利普里安法兰克人生活更为发达。某诉讼案件由真正的原告交给另一个更精通法律的人，更能胜任将诉讼案件进行下去的人，——事实上，交给了一个律师。但是在那时，诉讼是决斗的替代方式，两者都是相关家庭的特殊事务。因此，因某一家庭成员被杀而提请陌生人进行诉讼，这种新做法需与该类诉讼仅限于近亲的理论保持一致。莫德本人要承担桑格尔对弗洛斯的诉讼，指控弗洛斯杀死了黑尔吉，权利转让形式如下。

“于是莫德握住桑格尔的手，指定了两名证人作证，‘桑格尔·索菲尔之子起诉弗洛斯·索德之子杀人，起诉他杀死了黑尔吉·纳加尔之子，将该诉讼案件交由给我，所有相关该诉讼案件的证据也一并交给我。汝交由此案与我起诉解决，我享有全部权利，如我是最合适之近亲。汝确系依法移交此案与我；吾亦依法从汝处得之。’”之后，证人出庭以类似的话语作证该项权利转移：“他将该诉讼移交给他，并提供一切属于该诉讼之证据及记录，他交由他起诉解决，使用一切权利，仿佛他是最合适的近亲。桑格尔合法移交，莫德合法接手。”尽管转手，该诉讼仍继续进行，正如近亲就是原告一样。这从诉讼中的下一步也可看出。被告质疑法庭上的二人，依据是他们与被转让人莫德在血缘和教派宗系方面的关系。但是莫德回应说，这种质疑无效，因为“他质疑的不是他们与真正原告之间的关系，也就是近亲关系，而是他们与提起诉讼人的关系。”对方只好承认，莫德在法律推理上是正确的。

我现在从日耳曼法转到罗马法渊源。这些与我们的论证联系最密切，因为其中很多法规原封不动地移植到了现代法。

早期罗马法中，只有同一父系家庭成员的人和同一父系管辖权下的人，且共同祖先尚存，才会被认定为亲属。妻子进入丈夫家庭后，就失去了与出生家庭的所有关系，通过女性而存在的关系全部排除。只有通过男性关系追溯到与被继承人存在亲属关系的人才能成为继承人。随着文明的进步，这一规则也随之改变。尽管存在血缘关系的亲属不是继承人，无法依据古法获得继承，古罗马的裁判官还是给予了他们财产继承之利益。但是这一变化不是通过废除旧的法律来实现的，旧的法律依然以市民法的名义存在。这一新规则通过拟制并入到了旧形式中。存在血缘关系的亲属可以借助他是继承人这一拟制而起诉，虽然事实上他不是

继承人。

指定继承人的早期方式之一是连同权利和义务一起把家庭的家长权或者首领地位出售给拟议的继承人。出售概括继承这一情况后来从财产继承这类情形扩展到破产情形，人们希望这样可以把破产者的财产由信托人进行分配。该托管人也可以利用拟制起诉，仿佛他是破产者的继承人一样。一位伟大的法学家告诉我们，一般来说，概括继受人具有继承人的身份。

除了一两个例外，罗马继承人都是概括继受人，上面对继承人身份的拟制，除了用于扩大概括继承的范围，其他用途几乎都不适用。然而，只要继承人的范围仍然扩展，附属于继承人和被继承人初始身份拟制的所有后果也随之而来。

再来看看通过时效取得权利的那个案例，为了取得该权利，每个概括继受人都可以把他前任非法使用的时间加到自己的时间上面。从法律上讲，这不是增加，而是一个持续的占有。

继承中的明确拟制，可能就到此终止了。但针对允许遗产动产受赠人或者不动产受遗赠人（遗产承受人）与其立嘱人进行类似的时间合并的情况，人们给出了同样的解释。人们认为，若一具体财产通过遗嘱留给某人，从获取所有权的角度，立嘱人占有该财产的时间之益处属于动产受赠人所有，就此而言，动产受赠人在某种意义上就是准继承人。然而遗产承受人并不是概括继受人，而且在多数情况下，他的身份与此类继受人形成鲜明对比。

因此，严格的继承法普及了这一概念，即某人尽管自己没有拥有某种身份，或者只有部分拥有，他可以享有另外一个人拥有身份之好处，第二个普及的拟制——借助于它，法律继承人在这方面和其他方面的特权扩展至其他人——打破了将这些特权局限于单独一种情形的局面。这样法律中引入了一个新概念，而且没有什么能够阻止它的进一步应用。如上所述，它应用于为商业目的而出售法人团体，应用于至少一种情形：即继承仅限于某一具体财产。那么，只要确保同样的好处，为什么不将所有赠予或出售视为一种继承呢？

买方和卖方很快得到许可，为证明一种产权而进行时间合并，根据罗马法学家们一贯的说法，我毫不怀疑，这是以我刚才指出的方式实现的。斯凯沃拉（公元前30年）所描述的段落可以提供足够的证据。他说，占有合并，也就是说，将前任持有的时间加到自己上面的权利，不

管是通过合同还是遗嘱，显然属于继任了他人位置的人：即继承人和那些被视作处于继受人位置的人，都可以把立遗嘱人的占有加为己有。因此，如果你卖给我一个奴隶，我将获得你对他持有的权益。

时间合并赋予那些继承了他人位置的那些人。乌尔比安引用安东尼时代一位法学家类似的话语，——“通过继承、或非继承方式获得、或其他任何权利方式，我继承了其位置。”代表一个人，与取代一个人的位置一样，是罗马法学家们所用的一个短语，用来表示一个人的法律地位由另一人延续，其类型是继承人继承被继承人。suecedere这个词单用表示动词意义的继承，而successio作为名词意义的“继承”使用。典型继承就是遗产继承；而且人们认为罗马资料中几乎没有案例不是表达这一类推的“继承”，表明继承人至少部分承担另外一人原先保持的法律人格。我们以前通过的法案中显然就是这样。

然而允许时间合并的继承并不只是世袭性继承。在前面引用的法案中，斯凯沃拉指出，它可通过合同或非继承方式获得不动产进行，也可通过遗产继承或遗嘱进行。它可以是单项继承，也可以是概括性继承。法理学家们常常把概括继承情形和那些限于某一特定财产的继承相提并论。乌尔比安认为，不论某人的继承是概括继承还是某一物品继承，他都继承了某人的位置。

如果这种论证需要进一步证据，则可从乌尔比安论著的其他说法中找到。他提及了源于让与人法律人格合并的好处。“获得某项财产赠与的人会因其让与人的法律人格获得合并之受益。”除非保持某种法律人格，否则不能获得某种利益。

优士丁尼的《法学阶梯》和《学说汇纂》进一步清楚地说明，这一利益直到很晚时期才扩展至所有情况下通过非继承方式获得不动产的人。

萨维尼有些宽泛的表述比较接近真相，他说：“所有附加权益，不论什么目的，只能以上任和现任占有者之间存在的法律继承关系为前提。因为继承不会自动适用于占有。”我想通过进一步解释来补充说明，所有的法律继承关系，要么以遗产为前提，要么以某种关系为前提，该种继承关系可扩展至能够适用继承类推关系。

附加权益或者时间合并的形成思路在其他情形中也同样存在。上任所有者没有使用的地役权时间归于继承了其位置的人。原告业已将争议中的财产出售并交付，该种辩护不仅适用于通过非继承方式取得不动产

的人，也适用于其继承人或其他通过非继承方式取得不动产的人，不论是概括继承还是相关财产继承，甚至在交付给原告之前，都可作为针对出售者继受人的有效辩护。如果某人未经前任所有人许可，不正当使用通行权，继受人不论是通过继承，购买或者任何其他权利继承，也会被认定为不正当使用。不论是概括继承还是单一继承，诉讼一方的正式誓言决定性地有利于其继受人。以购买或以赠与方式获得继任的人享有与卖方所签协议之利益。众多总括性的措辞表明，大多数情况下，不论是起诉还是辩护，用我们自己法律中常用的比喻来说，买方都取代了卖方的位置。比结果更重要的是，所用的措辞和类比都是从继承到遗赠整个过程中得出的，而结果则常常本可以通过其他方式获得。

以此为前提，一个违背其意志被剥夺了财产的人和一个不正当占有者之间不可能存在继承关系。如果没有同意这一因素，就无法使用刚刚阐释的类推法。因此，法律规定，若占有不正当，时间合并就不存在，对物继承可列举出来的方式仅包括遗嘱，出售，赠与或其他权利。

现在，有了这些概括性结论的支持，我们再回到英国法的讨论。前面讲到，我们的法律是建立在两种体系的结合体之上，在这两种体系中，支配生者之间让与或转让具体物产的法则深受源于继承遗产的诸多概念的影响。前面已指出，在英格兰，继承原则既可直接适用于继承人对某一特定领地的单一继承，也适用于对遗产管理者的概括性继承。考虑到其历史，如果这些相同的原则没有影响到其他单一继承，那将会非同寻常。很快我们会看到它们所产生的影响。我不想过分拘泥于证据的顺序，首先我想用时效权利中的时间合并来举例说明，这一点在前面刚刚充分讨论过。仔细研究会发现，在这个问题上英国法与罗马法在范围上、推理上和表达上是一致的。的确，在很大程度上，英国法是从这一源头照搬的。因为地役权，包括诸如通行权、采光权和其他类似权利，构成了时效权利的主要类型，而我们地役权的法律主要是罗马法。有人说，时效权“是适于个人的，因此，始终要由因时效而取得权利的本人来索要，即他本人和他拥有地产的所有者等等云云；因而，一位主教或者教区牧师可要求时效权，……因为，地产一直存在，继任一直存在，继任者拥有与他前任完全一样的地产，尽管人发生了变化，但地产权仍延续，就像继承人与被继承人的情形一般。”所以，在现代案例中，根据成文法，二十年没有占有某物，则此人丧失所有权，王座法庭指出：“如果同一人或者几个人，通过继承、遗嘱或者让与，一个接一个占有该物二

十年”，权利应该转让给该占有人。“但是……这个二十年占有必须或是同一个人，或是一个接一个宣称占有，而本案不符合这种情况。”

简言之，同样清楚，在所有权上具有持续占有法律关系的人，或用罗马法的术语来说，几个继受人，如果持续占有，具有一个人持续占有的效力，而该效力，对不在同一所有权链上的人而言，不能归于持续占有。剥夺他人土地的人不能把被剥夺人使用通行权的时间加到自己使用的时间上，但是通过购买获得土地的人可以这么做。

上面所引用的这些法律依据表明，英国法与罗马法以同样的理论运作。购买他人土地者所得不动产与其出售人的不动产完全相同。他拥有同样的可继承地产权，或概括继承权，也就是说，他保持着同一法律人格，这点我在前面已阐明。另一方面，尽管土地仍是同一块，不当剥夺他人地产者，即强占者，得到不同的地产，获得一个新的可继承地产权。诸多专业推理都是建立在此规则的基础之上的。

因此，在时效权利中，买者和卖者的相互关系被认定为如继承人和被继承人一般。但是，问题仍然存在，那就是，这种认定关系是否也在法律其他方面有所影响，还是它仅限于英国法与罗马法具有渊源的这一特定部分？

这两者中哪种答案更可能，并没有什么疑问，但这并不容易证明。如前所说，继承人在早期就已不再是其被继承人的总体代表。因此他身份认同的程度就成为了讨论的内容。在普通法中，在这一点和其他各处，常识制约着拟制。但是，毫无疑问，与不动产直接相关的事务中，继承人与被继承人的身份认同问题一直持续到今天；前面已经表明，因为非限嗣继承地产的地产权是一个截然不同的法律人格，所以如果可能，我们应该会在这部分法律中找到买卖双方的相似认同关系。

在土地通过遗嘱进行遗赠的情况下，该类推很容易就得到了适用。原因是，虽然由遗嘱遗赠和由契据转让一块土地，原则上没有区别，与受让人相比，不动产受遗赠人与继承人之间的相似性更为突出。人们会记得，一位罗马法学家曾说过，遗产承受人（动产受遗赠人或不动产受遗赠人）在一定意义上是准继承者。英国法院偶尔也使用了类似的表述。有一个案例，立嘱人持有一份地租，并以遗嘱方式将其分给几个儿子。此后，有一个儿子为他那份提起追债之诉。该案的两个法官虽然承认立遗嘱人生前不能通过让与或契约分割承租人的责任，但他们认为如果涉及到通过遗嘱进行的分割，就是另外一回事了。他们的推理是：“遗

赠是一种准法律行为，它不需要经新领主认可就生效，它本身造就了一个充分的法律上的相互利益关系，因此，它完全可以通过这种方式来分配。”在一个出租人和其继承人获准事先通知终止租约的案件中，埃伦巴勒勋爵也是这么说，土地的受遗赠人，作为事实继承者，被视为享有同等权利。

但是一直到亨利八世统治时期，关于土地的遗嘱只有通过习俗才能许可。由于土地转让的主要法规远在此前很久就确立了，因此我们必须再向前追溯，通过其他源头来寻求原因。我们可以在担保的历史中找到它。这一点以及有关随土地转移盖印合同的现代法将在下讲讨论。

第十一讲　继承之二：生者之间的继承

诺曼征服一个世纪后，普通法所涵盖并且可以在国王法庭提起诉讼的主要合同类型是保证关系合同和债务合同。继承人作为其被继承人权利和义务的总代表，有义务偿还其债务，也是对地产应得提起诉讼的合适人选。到爱德华三世时期，这已有所变化。除了间接方式，债务不再与继承人有关。遗嘱执行人取而代之，负责收款和支付事务。人们认为，即使该继承人具有法律义务，除非遗嘱执行人没有任何资产，否则不能起诉该继承人。

但是另外一项古老的义务却经历了不同的发展过程。我指的是因财产转让产生的担保。我们应称之为合同，但在格兰维尔的前辈们心中，它可能只是作为法律规定的一种责任或义务呈现，用于另外情形下的交易；正如受托人的义务，现在被视作因其承诺而产生，最初却是依法根据他与第三方的关系而提出的。

诺曼征服后，除了与土地相关的事务，我们很少听说担保，这一事实能即刻解释为什么它与债务合同的发展过程不同。担保的责任在于为所有权进行辩护，如果辨护失败，需给与被逐所有者等同价值的另外土地。如果被继承人转让地产时进行了担保，该义务不可由遗嘱执行人履行，而只能由其继承人履行，该继承人继承了被继承人的其他土地。反过来，至于说担保给予已故受让人的权益，其继承人是唯一能够要求履行这些担保的相关人选，原因是他继承了该土地。这样，继承人在遗嘱执行人接替了其债务相关义务后，继续以担保的方式代表被继承人的权利和义务，正如他以前在所有方面均代表其被继承人一样。

如果某人因为从他人处所购财产而受到起诉，正常的诉讼程序是，被告传唤其出售者负责辩护，而其出售者，如果有的话，再传唤出售给他的人，如此类推，直到最终在产权链一方不得不承担起该案的责任。前面提到的伦巴底法和罗马法之间的差别也同样存在于盎格鲁—萨克逊法和罗马法之间。人们说，伦巴底法会控告让与人，罗马法则站在让与人的立场上，——即Langobardus dat auctorem, Romanus stat loco auctoris。

现在，假定甲把土地让与乙，乙把土地转让给丙。假设丙被丁起诉，后者声称他有更正当的所有权，丙实际上得到甲所担保的利益，理

由是，当丙传唤乙时，乙会传唤甲，这样，甲最终为此案辩护。但是有可能发生的情况是，在乙转给丙之后，诉讼开始前这段时间，乙去世了。如果他留下了继承人，丙可能仍然受到保护。但是假设乙没有留下继承人，丙就无法从甲处获得帮助，而甲本应该为此案辩护。毫无疑问，这是盎格鲁—萨克逊时代的法规，但是很显然，该法规差强人意。我们可以非常有信心地推测，只要存在使之可能的机制，弥补方案很快就能找到。而罗马法提供了这一机制。根据这一体系，购买者取代了出售者的位置，人们只需融合罗马法和盎格鲁—萨克逊的法规。

仿效中世纪罗马民法专家论述而著书的布莱克顿揭示了这种思想是如何运用的。首先，他提到了一个财产转让的案例，根据惯例条款，让与人及其继承人有义务为受让人及其继承人做担保和辩护。他又继续说："此外，某人可以增加其赠与，使其他人成为（其受让人的）准继承人，虽然实际上，正如他在赠与中所说，他们不是继承人，不可获得并持有该赠与，也不是他任意选择赠与或转让既定地产的人之继承人，我和我的继承人给予上述某某人及其继承人以担保，或者给予他任意选择赠与或者转让既定地产的人及其继承人以担保，而不予他人。在这种情形下，如果受让人已赠与或转让该土地，不久后去世了，没有留下继承人，（第一）让与人及其继承人开始依法拥有第一受让人及其继承人的位置并以第一受让人继承人（作为继承人）的身份，根据第一让与人的契据条款，就其受转让人及其继承人相关事宜进行担保，该契据条款仅为提及第一赠与中的受转让人而定。但是只要第一受让人或其继承人还在世，那么他们而不是第一让与人对担保负责。"

这里我们看到，受转让人若要有资格得到第一让与人担保的利益，在最初的出让和盖印合同中必须有所提及。未经担保人同意，原有义务范围不得扩展。不过当原有义务范围有所扩展，它并非是通过诸如现代信用证这样的机制来实现的。在法律发展的那个阶段，这样的设想还不太可能。通过提及受转让人，第一让与人不能主动提出与任何其后可能购买该土地的人签订盖印合同。若是根据这样的概念，只要土地一出售，就应该会有一项合同，直接要求第一让与人对受转让人负有法律义务，而这样的话，同一条款就会出现两种担保：一个担保第一受让人，另一个担保受转让人。但事实上，受转让人根据第一受让人的原始担保获得补偿。只有在他的直接让与人无继承人时，他才能继承第一让与人。通过提及受转让人，第一让与人就很轻易地扩大了其受让人的继承

范围。该受转让人只有根据继承法规方可传第一让与人出庭作证。也就是说，只有第一受让人后继无人，第一受让人与第一让与人的领地关系，也就是其身份由该受转让人继承时，他才可以这么做。

这不仅仅是从法律一致性的角度推进拟制，而且是合理地运用了该制度，英国法中的拟制通常使用的情形一直如此。实际上，如果受转让人得到了第一让与人所担保的利益，不管是直接还是间接得到，区别不大。但如果他无法传唤中间让与人，问题就出现了，而这项新权利只有在这种情况下才能出让给他。后来，受转让人不必等到其直接让与人无后代，而是从一开始就可以享有第一让与人的担保。

如果有人提出，前面所说表明，第一让与人作出担保的义务源于受转让人是他的下属，以及对其臣服这一原因，对此的应答是无论是否表示臣服，除非他在让与中提及了受转让人，否则该让与人并无该义务。对此，布莱克顿的观点得到所有后来法律判决的认可。

另外一条保留了大量被人遗忘知识的法规会告诉我们，拟制究竟是如何与早期法律保持一致的。只有在地产权上与原始担保对象具有法律关系的人才能够传唤初始担保人出庭作证。追溯早期程序，我们会看到，当然只有那些处在同一产权链上的人才能够间接获得上任所有者担保的利益。某人受到担保约束的依据在于他把财产转让给了那个传唤他的人。因此，一个人只能传唤其让与人，当最后一位担保人不能再找到他的购买人时，持续的担保证明才会终止。后来，该过程得到简化后，那些本不应负有责任的传唤人对传票不再负有责任。现任所有者可以直接传唤那些本应间接有责任保护其所有权的人，但不能传唤其他人。因此，他只能传唤那些授予其让与人所有权的那些人。但这一点，在所用的拟制中得到了同样恰当的表达。若要传唤某人出庭作证，现任所有者须拥有该担保对象的不动产。如每一位法学家所知，不动产并不等同于土地。它指的是他人从前持有的那块土地相关的地位或身份。该词也用于因时效而宣称拥有某权利的情形："他拥有该所有者地产已有一段时间，而大家对此并无异议等等"，我们会记得，该词与之前提到的继承的同样要求互相呼应。

再回到布莱克顿之前，我们必须明白，把受转让人描述为准继承人不是偶然的。他只要提及受转让人，就这样来描述他们。他甚至把继承类比中的推理推到极端，并在无数段落中提及它。例如："应当注意的是，关于继承人，有些是真正的继承人，有些是准继承人，代继承人等

等；真正的继承人是通过继承产生，准继承人等等是以赠与的形式产生；例如受转让人，”等等。

如果有人表示说布莱克顿的说法只是中世纪经院派的某种观点，则对此有几种回应。首先，我们所讨论的权利第一次出现时，该词也几乎同时出现。从他针对可能有争议的问题引用判例予以佐证即可看到这一点。他说：“必须按赠与的形式给予受转让人担保，这点在巡回快结束时W·德·罗利巡回法庭（的一个案件中）得到证明”等等。假定对某新法规进行当代阐释与该法规的出现没有任何关系，这是不合理的。的确，如前所述，事实很清楚，受转让人得到的是第一受让人所获担保的利益，不是给予他的新利益。关于这是如何产生的，布莱克顿的解释与日耳曼和盎格鲁—萨克逊法律的发展进程一致，也与罗马法的普遍思想一致。最后，也是最重要的，该受转让人须持有第一受让人的不动产，这一要求从那时到现在一直未变。该要求与时效性权利的要求相同，措辞相同，这一事实进一步证明了二者受到同样的法律思想支配。

我已指出，格兰维尔的前任们很可能把担保作为财产移交附带的义务，而不是把它作为一种合同。但是，后来在自由保有地让与的地契或土地转让合同中加入担保承诺的做法普及起来，担保不再像以前那样作为一种义务独立存在，其普遍意义得到了认可。它成为了地契中的许诺，而地契中的许诺是一种盖印合同。这种盖印合同无疑具有非常特别的后续影响。后面会提到，它与其他形式的盖印合同在义务范围方面也有所不同。但它仍是一种盖印合同，有时人们会因此进行起诉。爱德华三世时的《年鉴》认为该盖印合同“落到血缘关系上”，区别于其他那些义务清偿落在土地而非人身上的那些盖印合同。

这种情形的重要性在于，对取代其位置的其他盖印合同，相关的担保法律是如何运作的。对土地的旧式诉讼让位于更现代快速的形式以后，担保人不必再接受传唤出庭答辩，如果某受让人被逐，损害赔偿金代替了另一土地的赠与。古代的担保不复存在，取而代之的是盖印合同，这些我们仍可以在地契中找到，包括依法拥有所有权、转让土地权利、不受任何财产留置权制约、安静享受、担保以及作出所有权没有瑕疵保证之盖印合同。但是某受转让人可以拥有这些盖印合同的收益，其依据原则源于那些支配担保的原则，如果考察早期的判决，任何人都会发现这一点。

例如，如何充分给予受转让人某盖印合同中所规定的安静享受之权

益？该问题就是根据先前的担保判例进行辩论和裁决。

与担保中的情形一样，受转让人获得了相当于最初盖印合同的第一位受约人的权利，而非自己新获得的权利。这样，在一起诉讼中，受转让人根据盖印合同要求所有权的无瑕疵保证，诉讼开始后，被告提交了一份原始合约人的让渡文书。法庭裁决该受转让人应该享有盖印合同规定的利益。“他们认为，虽然该违约发生在受转让人持有的时间内，但是如果该受约人（该契约的受约方，也就是原告的前任）在违约前或者案件开始前签署让渡文书，该受转让人根据该违约赔偿令状，有权利要求诉讼中止。但是如果受转让人持有时违约发生，……而他起诉，与他相关，该盖印合同受约方不能免除该诉讼，因为涉及到受转让人的利益。”受约人即使在出让以后仍然是合同的合法当事方。受转让人在其之权利制约之下，未终止其控制权，除非因为违约和诉讼的情形，受转让者本人获得新权利，以区别于他从其让与人法律人格那里所获得的权利。后来，随着其权利的原始基础逐渐消失，让与之后的让渡文书不再有效，受转让人获得更独立的地位，至少在支付地租的盖印合同案例中是这样。

只有与原始契约签订方存在不动产方面法律关系的人，才能享受完全保证盖印合同之利益。我们已经证明，允许受转让人起诉之前，以往历史上也要求对早期的担保利益作出相似的限定，而且他获得权利所依据的拟制不能超出该限定范围。这种类比推理也得以沿用。例如，一位限定男嗣继承的承租人，订立了一份长期租约，其中包括出租和享受安静之权的约定，后来他死了，没有留下男丁。其租户将该租约转让给了原告。后者很快被驱逐，于是根据该盖印合同对出租人的遗嘱执行人提起诉讼。法院裁决，他不能获得赔偿，因为他与原始的受约方不存在不动产上的法律关系。因为该租赁物是原始受约人的不动产，随着该出租人的死亡和租约成立的地产限嗣继承地产权结束，该租约也随之结束，这发生在向原告以转租的形式转让租约之前。

要使完全保证盖印合同和担保之间的类比推理成立，剩下唯一的一点是要求提及受转让人，以使他们能够提起诉讼。当然，这一条件在现代即使存在，也纯粹只是形式上的，除了作为追溯某一法规历史的标记外，没有什么重要性了。如果我们可以说，不论何时，如果受转让人与受约者因为不动产上的法律关系而要获得该盖印合同的益处，必须在盖印合同中提及他们，这会对我们的研究有利。单从判决结果很难看出这

样的要求是否存在。人们一般认为此类要求并不存在。但对这个无关紧要的论点，其流行观点源于没有明白法律一个重要的自相矛盾之处，现在这一点必须予以阐释。

如上所述，我们已经发现，不论何时，若一方获得另外一方的权利或者义务，却不能相应满足以该权利或义务为法律后果的事实情形，其替代方案就由两个人之间的拟制身份认同来解释，这种拟制的身份认同源于继承中的类推。这种身份认同之前人们已经看到，正如人们有意利用该认同设立遗嘱执行人的情形，遗嘱执行人整个身份受其制约。如今，在狭义的继承人范围内，该种身份认同仍然得到有意识的运用。至少在时效性权利和担保两种情形下，该种身份认同隐藏在买卖双方关系的源头，通过对这种关系的历史进行充分深入探究，人们已经发现了这一点。

虽然如果说该分析已经全部探讨这个问题，那会更平衡些，然而，还有另外一类案例，其权利的转让建立在完全不同的程序之上。买卖双方为了形成一项时效性权利（例如在买卖土地的相邻土地上的通行权）而进行的继承，在其解释中提到，若某人不是购买而是通过武力强占该地产，不能把此人视作继受人，他也不能拥有被强占者以前的通行之权益。但如果上任占有者在被逐之前就获得了通行权，新的法则开始生效。若该道路经过的土地所有者将该路堵塞，不当占有者因而提起诉讼，以侵占者未曾继承上任所有者的权利为依据进行辩护，不会胜诉。侵占者对该土地的所有权受到保护，除了原正当所有者，不受其他任何人侵扰，他对于该道路的使用权也同样得到保护。该法规并不是建立在不当占有者和其所有者继承关系的基础上，因为这根本不可能。辩护时也同样不能把保护土地本身占有作为依据。辩护所用的根据是，除非有更令人信服的所有权，法律保护土地本身占有权不受任何侵害。但是，前面已经提到，普通法并不认可对道路的占有。无所有权使用某条道路达十年之久的人，甚至不能因他人阻塞了该道路而对其提起诉讼。他从一开始就是个侵占者，现在也不过仍是个侵占者。首先必须存在一项对抗供役地所有者的权利，才能谈得上存在一项对抗所有其他人的权利。同时，很显然，一条道路，即使某人对它拥有权利，也不比无人对它拥有权利更许可这种占有。

那么，为什么一个既无所有权又无占有权的人受到如此偏爱了呢？答案不在推理中，而在推理失败中。本课程的第一讲中即表明，我们需

要讨论的思想还处于神学阶段，借用孔德著名的说法，处于一把斧子也会被确定为刑事程序的对象的阶段；还处于形而上学的阶段，只有拟人化的语言得以保留下来，但这种保留却导致了推理上的混乱。前面提到的情形似乎就是后者的一项例证。地役权的法律用语建立在明喻的基础上，这些明喻来自一个损害投偿为人们所熟知的时代；后来，正如常常发生地那样，语言与思想互相作用，因此，有关权利自身的结论，来自于碰巧用来表达这些权利的术语。如果人们说，有一块不动产受另一块不动产之役使，或说通行权是相邻土地的特征或附属物，人们不会注意到，这些短语只是些拟人的比喻，除非比喻属实，否则说明不了任何问题。

罗格隆推论出地役权的消极性质，所根据的是土地而非个人应当负责地役债务这一法规——即Proedium non persona servit。因为，罗格隆说，若要土地本身负有义务，它只能被动承担责任。奥斯丁称此为“荒谬的说法”。但是，法学家们满足于此类的推理，而我们从他们那里继承了地役权法律。帕皮尼安本人写道，地役权不可能部分灭失，因为它是土地的应得权利，而非个人。塞尔苏斯据此判定了我用以举例说明的案件：即使通过武力驱逐所有者而占有某需役地，其通行权也会得以保留；因为对该不动产的占有应保持被夺取时一样的特点和状态。评注者戈德弗鲁瓦精辟地补充道，有两种类似的状态存在，即奴役和自由；他的这个对偶与西塞罗一样古老。因此，在另一篇文章中，塞尔苏斯问，除了土地的固有性质，还有什么其他权利附属于土地吗？因此优士丁尼的《法学阶梯》谈到了建筑物固有的地役权问题。因此保罗谈到了附属于物体的诸如此类的权利。“所以”，戈德弗鲁瓦补充说，“权利也可以属于无生命的东西。”据此很容易推理出，出售该需役地时，原有地役权也同时跟随出售，不是因为买者继承了卖者的位置，而是因为土地对土地的义务。

所有这些人都引进了土地可以拥有权利这一概念，正如奥斯丁指出的一样。的确，他甚至说土地“被塑造成一个合法的或者拟定的人，具有‘需役地’的特点。”但如果说这不仅意味着对罗马法比喻含义的解释，还有别的意义，就言过其实了。不管是通过有意拟制还是原始信念的结果，需役地从来就没有“被塑造成一个合法的人。”它不能发起诉讼或受到诉讼，正如海军的一艘战舰一样。其占有者不可因对他占有之前的地役权干涉事宜提起诉讼，正如一个继承人也不可因对其待继承财产的侵

害而进行诉讼。假定土地系统地被视为能够获得权利，则土地被强占者的时间就有可能累加给那位非正当占有者，理由是，获得地役权的是土地而不是这个或那个具体的人，这种特权的享用和该土地之间的长久联系就够了，但这没有成为法律。

我们只能说，所用的暗喻和明喻自然而然地导致了普遍接受的法规，而且，由于该法规与任何其他法规同样有效，或者至少难以反驳，人们没有注意到它是从修辞用语得出，在人们发现这些用语只是些比喻之前，这些用语不能证明任何东西，也不能为任何结论提供依据。

因为人们认为地役权附属于需役地，顺势而推，任何占有土地的人，则拥有同等程度的土地所附属的权利。如果真正的含义是，通行权或者其他地役权允许占有，并与它所经过的土地同时受到占有，该享有得到保障的依据与其他的情形下的占有一样，则这种想法本可以得到理解。但这不是罗马法的含义，如上所述，这也不是我们的法律规则。我们必须这样理解，由于某种不知不觉和非理性的假设，人们认为一块土地可以拥有权利，因而地役权成为土地的一种附带权利。不必说，这很荒谬，尽管建立在其基础上的法规并不荒谬。

不管是否荒谬，这些明喻以及罗马法的原则在布莱克顿的著作中再次出现。他说，“某土地服务于【其他】土地的地役权，与一个人成为另一个人之奴隶类似。”“因为权利属于自由保有物，有形财产也是如此……对它们所属的保有物而言，它们可以被称为权利或自由，但是对它们所欠的保有物而言，他们被称为地役……。一块不动产是自由的，而另一块则处于奴役地位。”“【地役】可以称为协议，通过它，房屋隶属于房屋，农场隶属于农场，封地隶属于封地。”非法侵占是否引起地役权跟随需役地转移这个问题，我不曾发现布莱克顿对此有明确判断的论述，但是，毫无疑问，在这个问题上与其他问题一样，他的观点延续了罗马法传统。

针对非法侵占者的令状支持“该项土地及其从属权利，”也就是说，即使非法获得该地的人也应拥有这些从属权利。因而布莱克顿说，某桩诉讼，“不论是为了主要财产，还是为了一项附属于该财产的某项权利，正如一个人因通行权而提起诉讼，……因为这类权利都是无形财产，是准占有权，寄居于实体财产之中，如果不能获得权力所属之实体财产，则不能得到或保有该项权利，如果没有他们所属的实体财产，则无论如何也无法获得该权利。”该诉讼属于对物诉讼。他还说，“因为权利不容

许让渡，而是随它们所依附的财产，也就是实体财产转移，只要受让者在合理时间内获得了这些权利所依附的实体财产，受让者立刻就对这些权利具有准占有权。”

我们在开始就讲到，人们对晚期法律不存在任何质疑。

这样，我们追溯了我们法律中两个相互矛盾、相互不一致的两个法律原则。一方面是继任或者法律利害关系的概念；另一方面是对某物所固有的权利概念。布莱克顿似乎感觉到二者之间冲突的可能性，并因此有些犹豫不决。担保利益仅针对某些人，这些人根据法规和受让人的许可，继承了其位置。除非提及受转让人，否则该权益不能转让给受转让人。布莱克顿对地役权转让时提及或不提及受转让人的情况进行了推定，看起来他似乎认为这种区别对地役权而言可能会产生实质性的影响。他又说，如果某项地役权被转让给甲、他的继承人和受转让人，所有这些人尽可依据转让的形式，获准依次继承该地役权的用益权，所有其他人被全部排除在外。但他并未提到，与那些不具备更有效所有权的人相比，侵占他人不动产的人具有哪些权利。他随后又补充说，它们是对有形对象的权利，从属于有形对象。

尽管可以怀疑，是否有必要为使地役权附属于土地而提及受转让人，尽管毫无疑问这没有持续很长时间，但随着时间推移，所涉及的难题却越来越难以解决。如果土地只有地役权相关权利，比如像通行权，那么事情本也容易处理。若是这样，可以说这些是土地的某些有限利益，比所有权范围小，但是类别相似，因而可以按照与所有权相同的方式予以适当转让。通行权，可能有人会争论说，不应从合同的角度进行处理。从供役地所有者的角度，它并没有预设任何承诺。他的义务，虽然对他比对别人更棘手，其实与别人的义务相同。它是不妨碍或干涉财产权利的纯消极性义务。

然而，尽管与土地相伴权利的准则可能是这种性质，若不进行详细解释，则无法帮助我们理解那些情形。这样的主动地役权可能存在，持有供役地的人必须予以承担。若源于某个人的役务权利被称为财产权利，以区别于合同，我们听到这种说法，会感到奇怪。然而，我们会发现这就是过去人们看待此类权利的方式。布莱克顿争辩说，如果承租人让渡合法无偿赠与获得的地产，这对其领主而言并无不当之处，其依据是，不论在谁手里，土地承担着法律责任，承当役务。领主可以说具有臣服和役务的可继承权；因此，进入领主的领地，如不妨碍这些权利，

就不会侵犯领主的权益。施加臣服之义务的是该保有物，对农奴和其他封地役务而言也同样如此。

当封地役务以地租的形式出现后，法律并没有变化。即使用现在的话来说，多年来，地租一直被视作源于租赁地产的衍生物，所以，直到如今，如果你把房屋整套租下，它被烧毁，你就必须照价赔偿，因为你拥有了地租衍生的土地，尽管如此，如果你只租了其中一个套间，遭遇了火灾，你不必再支付地租，因为你不再拥有该地租产生的保有物。

很明显，上面的推理会得出如下结论，即侵占承租者财产的人与承租人本人需承担同等责任，早期法律认可了这一结论。领主可以要求任何持有该地的人提供役务或者收取地租，因为，用酷似布莱克顿的话来说，“地租负担依附于地产。”

接下来讨论关于地租的权利。早期法律将地租视为一种物权，强占可能获得该权利，也可因该权利提起恢复占有诉讼。如果租赁地块位于某领主的领地内，情况常常是这样，地租是该领地的一部分，因此，这一说法是有些道理的，即依法占有该领地的人，即占有该领地领主土地的人，若承租人认可他为领主，他享有相应地租之收益。因此，亨利七世时期的英格兰大法官布莱恩说：“如果我的领地被强占，租户将地租付给侵占者，后来，我又得回领地，我无法索回我的租户之前付给侵占者的地租，但是侵占者应在侵占诉讼或审判中赔偿我的所有损失。”显而易见，这一观点建立在地租同地役权一样依附于主要土地这一概念基础之上。操作起来就是以某一权利约束另一权利。

如果地租不是领地的一部分，而是土地归复权的一部分；也就是领主的封地或不动产的一部分，该租约由此而来，这种情况下，可能会适用不同的原则。如果租约和地租只是该不动产内的一部分，则除了与该地产存在法律利害关系的人，他人不得索取该地租。侵占者会获得新的、不同的可继承地产所有权，不能获得地租所在地的不动产权。因此，似乎在这种情况下，承租人可以拒绝支付地租给他，支付的租金也不能作为与真正所有者对簿公堂之辩护。但是尽管如此，如果承租人认可他，侵占者会受到保护，免受其他不具更有效所有权人的侵扰。而且，地租一直附属于土地，不论谁，包括在归复情形下的上一级领主，只要合法取得土地归复权，就可以收租。然而，土地复归意味着租约和地租所附的封地所有权的终结，尽管布莱克顿在法律利益关系中，把领主视为承租人所有权的继承者，但是不久法庭就正确地裁决不是如此，

他是以最高权利者的形式出现。所以，这个例子非常类似于侵占他人地产者的情形。

役务和地租那时是从财产的角度依法处理，在某种程度上，现在也依然如此。像其他财产一样，它们属于可拥有和转让之财产。人们甚至可以通过侵权占有它们，也可以得到占有损失补偿。

这样的概念未应用到担保中，也未应用到任何完全从合同角度衍生的权利中。如果我们追寻合同中提到的那些地租补偿的历史，我们发现，人们就是这样看待它们的。如果与当事方不存在法律上的利益关系，不能提起债务和盖印合同诉讼。亨利六世9年，有人怀疑，通过继承获得土地归复权的继承人，是否可以提起追债之诉，法院认为，享有土地归复权的受让人，虽然可以获得地租，但不能获得地租补偿。几年后，法庭裁决继承人可以提起债务诉讼，亨利七世统治时期，该补偿扩展至不动产受遗赠人，如前所述，该受遗赠人与继承人的血缘关系比受让人更近，更容易把二人联系到一起。根据这一逻辑，有必要给予受转让人同样的诉讼权利，后来的确如此。合同当事人之间的法律关系跟随不动产转移，这样获得归复权的受转让人可以起诉当时持限期地产权的人。根据类似依据，他后来获准可以因盖印合同而提起诉讼。但是，无论是支持与该地产出租人不存在法定利益关系的人，还是反对那些与承租人不存在法定利益关系的人，从未有人提起过这些诉讼，因为若无对该权利之继承，与该合同的法定利益关系就无法得出。

然而，所有这些精确的规定却不适用于封地时代古老的自由保有地产的地租，因为直到安妮女王时代，对合同的补偿才适用于它们。这种自由保有地产的地租与一英亩田地一样，属于不动产，可以进行诉讼，通过类似审判赔偿的方式，要求恢复对其占有。

允许合同补偿表明，这类性质的地租和封建役务，尽管人们将其作为可拥有的财产进行处理，总的来说人们从财产而不是合同的角度考虑它们，然而，与不妨碍通行权那样简单的义务相比，它们更接近后者的性质。还有些类似的情形更为接近。早期法律中，规定积极义务的时效权和惯例范围很广。有时，义务附属于某土地的所有权；有时，权利附属于此，有时权利和义务同时附属于该所有权，例如地役权的情形。如果该地役是为另一土地之收益，用俗语来说，其责任落在一块地上，这一事实本身就是该收益附属于另一块地的一个原因。

下面是一些不同类型的事例。依照惯例，某牧师可能有责任供养一

头公牛和一头猪供其教区使用。某领地可以因时效权例有权要求一个女修道院在其领地的教堂颂唱。通过类似方式，某人可以获得某项权利，令某块土地的相邻土地所有者为该地块筑上篱笆。现在，人们会欣然承认，即使像上述最后提到的两项权利，如果附属于土地，就会被视作财产，提及时被称作转让对象。人们会承认，在很多案例中，对现代人而言，起诉书听起来奇怪，那时人们认为义务只是落在土地之上，而不是承租人身上。可以推测，这种观点自然合理的推论源于此：除了对该供役地土地执行的财物扣押，最初对强迫承担的此类役务没有补偿。但是，对仅以扣押财物作为原始补偿方法这种义务与其他义务而言，任何推测的二者之间的区分（如果还存在区分的话）一定很快就消失了；哪些权利可被视作财产权，哪些只是合同权利，在看过前面的例子后，很难看出来。一份修缮盖印合同通常被视作是一个纯粹的合同问题。修缮义务和修筑篱笆的义务区别何在？一方面是继承，另一方面是对需役地的占有，这两个相互矛盾的转让法则，其分界线仍然与过去一样难以界定。如果地役权性质的权利可以通过时效权附加给土地，那通过转让也应该同样可以。如果它在一种情形下随着土地转移，甚至转移到侵占者手中，那在另外一种情形下它也一定随之转移。任何以获取方式为基础的区分都不能令人满意，也从未有人尝试如此进行区分。由于该类权利不仅限于受转让人，因此没有必要提到受转让人。此类权利可以通过盖印合同以及转让产生，如果说早期法律不是如此，至少在当代是这样。另一方面，古法却也规定，可就转让契据提起盖印合同诉讼。所有这些的结果就是，即使没有提及受转让人，不仅盖印合同产生的权利，而且盖印合同诉讼自身，在这类情形下也可能归受转让人所有。在那个年代，要想获担保之益处，这种提及是至关重要的。从逻辑上推理，上述各点更进一步，不仅没有提及名字的受转让人，就是侵占者，也应允许他们根据合同进行诉讼，因为他们拥有从中衍生的权利。的确，如果原告享有某项权利，该权利经转让获得之后会使得原告获得盖印合同规定之权利，则有待证明的是，如果他有时效权，他也可以提起同样的诉讼，虽然，在地租一例中，我们看到实际上没有因为某人拥有某项权利就获得了合同所带来的补偿。盖印合同需要一份契据，但时效权可以说是充分有效的契据。那么只传给继受人的盖印合同，和随土地转移的盖印合同，二者之间的分界线在何处？

如果深入考察早期法律，这个难题愈加引人注目。与上述讨论的人

格担保相并列，还有另外一种迄今尚未提到的担保，这种担保仅对特定土地具有约束力。人格担保仅对担保人及其继承人有约束力。正如爱德华一世时期的案例中所说："无人能使受转让人负有担保义务，因为担保总是继承人以继承方式而不是转让方式得到。"然而，如果特定土地负有法律义务，担保也随之转移，甚至会到国王手中，因为正如布莱克顿所说，财产跟随其义务可转移至任何人手里。弗莱塔写到，所有占有者都负有义务。毫无疑问，侵占者与合法占有者会受到同等的法律约束。

我们现在准备讨论爱德华三世时期判决的一个案件，该案件从费茨赫伯特和柯克时代一直讨论到圣伦纳兹勋爵和罗尔先生时代，仍是现行的法律，但据说一直没有得到阐释。该案表明了当事法官在本讲专门讨论的两个概念之间犹豫不决。若能理解这些概念，我想解释也就会一目了然。

帕克南作为盖印合同受约方的继承人，根据盖印合同起诉一位小修道院的院长违背盖印合同。该盖印合同由被告的前任与原告的高祖父签订，规定该院长和修道院应每周在原告领地的教堂为他及其佣人颂唱。被告首先辩称原告及其佣人没有住在该领地内；但是，因为他不敢把这作为主要依据，他辩称原告不是继承人，他的哥哥才是。原告答辩说，他是该领地的承租人，其高祖父把领地转让给了第三方，而该第三方又转让给了原告及其妻子；因此，原告通过非继承方式成为该领地的承租人，与被继承人存在法律利益关系；而且这些役务履行了一段时间了，具体多久无法追忆。

很显然，从这些辩词来看，盖印合同中没有提及受转让人，以后人们也是一直这样认为。此外，原告似乎试图依据两个理由：第一，法律关系，原告是作为受约人的后代和受让人；第二，根据盖印合同或时效权，该役务附属于领地，不管根据哪一条确定的役务，他都可以该领地承租人的身份提起盖印合同诉讼。

芬奇登法官认为本案涉及共同继承人进行分割，为免除诉讼，一方应与另一方订立盖印合同。通过非继承方式取得不动产的人享有该盖印合同的收益。代表被告的贝克纳普表示同意，但是作了区分。在上述情形下，义务免除应该落在土地上，而非人上。（也就是说，这样的义务类似于地役权，而且，由于义务落在准供役地上，其收益也随着需役地转移至受转让人，不论是否提及到了他们，人们都绝对不会从合同的角度来考虑他们。另一方面，担保是一种纯粹而简单的合同，通过世袭沿

袭，——落在人身上而非土地上。）

芬奇登：在本案中更不容置疑；在此提起了诉讼，是因为原告是该诉讼所在土地的承租人，在此他是该教堂所在领地的承租人。

维钦汉姆法官：如果国王将狩猎场赠予另外一人，而此人是领地承租人，则此人应拥有该狩猎场等等；但是该狩猎场不会因为【该领地】的赠与而转移，因为它不附属于该领地。同样地，该狩猎场的役务似乎也不属于该领地。

首席大法官索普对贝克纳普说："有些盖印合同，只有盖印合同方或其继承人方可提起诉讼，有些盖印合同继承权在土地，因而通过转让或其他方式获得土地的人都可以进行诉讼；【或者如费茨赫伯特的《法律汇编》所说，该土地居住者及所有拥有该土地者，享有盖印合同规定之权利；】你说他不是继承人，他有血缘上的法定利益关系，可能是继承人：而且他是该土地的承租人，它是与教堂相连之物，教堂又在领地内，所以，他说自可追忆以来，这些役务是一直在履行，因此提起诉讼是正当的。"贝克纳普否认原告以这样一个时效权来进行辩护；但是索普认为他这样做了，而且我们有证据，本案延期审理。

我们将看到，这里的讨论是沿着诉答的方向展开的。一位法官认为，作为领地的承租人，原告有权获得赔偿。另外一名资历较浅的普通法官有所质疑，但也同意该案须按地役权类推进行讨论。首席大法官依据原告血缘上的法律关系和可能作为继承人这些理由，提出充分法律关系的可能性，之后他转向了另一个更充分的论据，而且显然将其观点建立在此之上。他似乎就认为，时效权利就足以支持本诉讼，可以清楚看出，他认为一个侵占者应该与原告拥有同样的权利。

在亨利四世统治时期，另一个因盖印合同而引起的案例与上述案例非常相似。但是这次案情正好倒过来了。原告自述为继承人，但没有宣称他是该领地的承租人。被告没有否认原告的血统，但在实际诉答中辩称根据自身资格，原告不是该领地的承租人。因此，这些诉答引起的问题就是，该受约人的继承人如果不是该领地承租人，是否可以提起诉讼。如果从合同的角度分析该盖印合同，继承人代表受约人一方。另一方面，如果将其看作类似地役权之类的役务之转让，如果该合同是与领地的领主所签，就自然应当随领地转移。人们似乎一直认为，此类盖印合同，根据是与领地的承租人还是第三方所签署，两种情况都有可能。其中一位名叫马克汉姆的法官说："在违约赔偿令状中，若某人要得到该

盖印合同诉状或支持，需要与该盖印合同存在法律关系。但是万一该盖印合同是与该领地领主所签，而该领主在领地有遗产，据此可以确定，将会是另外一种情况，”这一说法得到认可。人们认为该盖印合同的签订不是为了使之依附于领地，法庭认为该役务是精神性的而非世俗性的，倾向于认为继承人可以提起诉讼。被告因此再答辩，并签署了放弃文书。我们会看到，这与前面的案例多么一致。

马克汉姆所采取的区分，在柯克勋爵的报告中阐述得非常清楚。在查德利一案的辩论中是这样区分的：“一直是这样，担保证明要求与它所附属之不动产有法律关系，”（即对原始受约人的继承，）“用益权也适用于这样的法律……但是附属于土地的财产中，像公用权，受俸律师推荐权之类的附属权益或附属物，却是另一回事……。因而，侵占者、不动产非法拥有人、闯入者或通过土地复归产生的领主等等应该获得这些作为土地附属物的财产。因此，需要注意附属于具有法律关系不动产之下的用益权或担保之类财产和附属于对该土地占有之下的公用权、受俸牧师推荐权以及其他可继承财产权利等，具有多样性特点。”在我看来，这可能是历来最为接近于事实真相的路径。

柯克在其《利特尔顿评注》（385a）中，对要求当事人以让出土地作为赔偿的担保与附属于土地只能进行损害赔偿的盖印合同进行了区分。如果柯克勋爵本意是区分担保与所有那些我们宽松现代意义上随土地转移的契约，这种说法与前面的说法相比，更难令人满意。

担保是一种盖印合同，有时只能进行损害赔偿，而在古代法律中，盖印合同有时会出让土地。对早期案例的考察，令我们回忆起更早期的日耳曼程序，根据该程序，原告的赔偿索取依据的是对某物财产的权利，还仅仅只是合同的规定，无关紧要。爱德华一世时期，可以根据盖印合同要求自由保有地产权。到爱德华三世时，若与因盖印合同产生的地役权相矛盾，似乎磨坊能以同样的诉讼停止工作。但是柯克勋爵不打算制定包罗一切的法规，因为他的结论是：“很多情况下，与担保相比，盖印合同涉及面更广。”而且，根据柯克勋爵的意思，这种说法与另外也更重要的担保和某些权利的区分完全一致。这些权利指的是地役权性质的权利或由盖印合同所产生的权利。原因是，柯克勋爵的所举的例子仅限于后一类的盖印合同，实际上使用的只是《年鉴》中的案例。

然而，后来的学者完全忘记了上述讨论的区分，因而未能解决相互矛盾的法则之间的争议界线。始于类推担保的盖印合同，和其他应用地

役权的术语及推理的盖印合同，这两者在随土地转移的盖印合同名下被混为一谈。“随土地转移”这一短语只适合于随地役权类转移的盖印合同。但是我们不难看到它的使用后来如何变得越来越不精确。

我们已经看到，关于完全保证盖印合同，与担保一样，只能归属原始受约人的继受人。对该规则的专业表达就是它们因法律上的关系附属于不动产。忽视“不动产”一词的专业用法，认为此类盖印合同随土地一同转移，没有什么比这更容易的了。如果是这样，随后的所有区分就可疑了。在过去的完全保证盖印合同中可能有必要提及受转让人，因为他们的确被赋予了古代担保的权益；似乎这是盖印合同的正式标志，这些盖印合同只能转给存在法律利益关系的人。但是，为了把地役权和类似权利附属于土地而提及受转让人则没有必要。为什么一个盖印合同比另外一个更有必要随土地转移？如果一个有必要，为什么不是所有都必要？在现代需要提及受转让人，人们认为是由于柯克勋爵所提出的一条别出心裁的规定。另一方面，人们提出疑问：不考虑法律关系即可转移的盖印合同，是否就不受支配担保的同一法规约束？

这些问题现在仍有其重要性。完全保证盖印合同出现在所有地契中，而另外一些盖印合同只是不那么常见，尚需证明这些盖印合同属于另外一类。

这其中，最主要的是维修盖印合同。前面讲到，修筑篱笆的地役权可以附属于土地，那么就有一个问题：令他人修建此类构造物的权利和让他维修已有构造物的权利，这二者在类别上有什么差异？不乏证据表明，人们已经发现了二者之间的相似之处。只是，这类盖印合同即使存在也很少见，且最初约定方总是存在法律利益关系，租约的情形除外。因为租约不能被强占夺取，土地复归也不大可能这样。

温莎教长案裁决，即使没有提及受转让人的名字，此类盖印合同对持有限期地产的受转让人有约束力。两本最为权威的判例集都汇报了本案，一本由柯克勋爵所写，另一本由克洛克所写，他也是一位法官。克洛克给出如下理由：“随土地转移和停留的盖印合同，即使没有在盖印合同中提及受转让人，土地上的负担永远追随土地，仍可依据普通法因受转让人或者对受转让人提起诉讼。”这也是管辖地役权的依据，正是该短语用来解释所有占有者受担保地块的盖印合同之约束。柯克说：“此类盖印合同，扩展至遗赠地产之继承权，在某种程度上附属于它，并随之转移。”这仍然是地役权的用语。为了使之更明了，若有必要，又补充

说："若某人给修缮其房屋的人所需物品，该物品是他房屋的附属物。"修缮房屋所需物品像其他共有权一样，随土地转让，正如柯克勋爵已经告诉过我们的，甚至转让给了侵占者。

在下一任君主统治时期，人们又提出了相反的主张。土地归复权的受转让人有资格以类似方式获得盖印合同的权益，因为"此盖印合同随土地转移。"基于更明确的原因，同样的法律适用于某一盖印合同，根据该盖印合同，要留下十五亩地不得耕种，以作牧场，这对未明确提名的某受转让人也有约束力，看起来，同样法律也适用于规定保证土地肥沃的盖印合同。

如果将得出此类判决的类推一直进行下去，那么，在其他案情属于会导致疑问一类的情况下，侵占者也可因为此类盖印合同起诉或被起诉。不是别的，而是该主张缺乏新意，令其无法为人们所接受。上面已经提到，盖印合同的措辞可以将地役权加给土地，而转让措辞也可含有盖印合同之意。如果权利相同，转让和盖印合同所用的措辞相同，给予某侵占者一项补偿而拒绝给他另外一项，未免有些狭隘刻板了。

然而，常用用语却对该主题相关的这个或所有其他问题投下了疑云和阴影。前面提到，这就是以随土地转移盖印合同的名义，将完全保证盖印合同和上述提到的类型混为一谈所产生的后果。根据通常的看法，为了约束订约人的受转让人，在后者类型的例子中订约人和受约人必须存在不动产上的法律关系。有些人认为，这种法律关系就是保有权；有些人认为，它是受约人对订约人土地的持有利益；等等。第一种观念是错误的，第二种观念会误导人，采纳这两种观念的法律主张是没有根据的。普通法的盖印合同中，不动产的法律关系并不是指保有权或地役权；它指的是对所有权的继承。除了现任所有者和最初的受约者之间，盖印合同订约者和受约者或者任何其他人之间从不需要这种关系。原则上，只有在诸如担保，还有可能是在完全保证盖印合同这类情形下才需要持有这种关系。在此类情形下，盖印合同完全从合同的角度来看待，其权益通过继承转移，而不是跟随土地转移。

经过这么长篇的讨论之后，如果现在再问这两类盖印合同的界限在哪里，从判例来看，答案必然是模糊的。下面的主张可能有些用处。

*A．关于随土地转移的盖印合同：——

*（1.）如果根据惯例或者常识，简要而言，应该说义务负担落在订约者的土地上，理论上，这一负担的产生是将该土地的部分权益转让或

转移给受约者。因为如此产生的财产权利不受任何土地占有者的侵害，允许通过盖印合同进行诉讼而要求该权利，也不算过分或荒唐。

*（2.）如果为了相邻土地之权益而将此权利转让给其所有人，则该权利附属于这块土地，并随土地而转移至他人手中。未提名的受转让人也可以进行盖印合同诉讼，这种权利给予侵占者也并非不合理。

*（3.）有一种役务情形，即使从理论上讲其义务也不落在土地上，但是根据普通法，其权益可以根据其所惠及的土地而转移。修道院颂唱以及类似情况就属于这种情形。我们注意到，这种役务，虽然不是落在土地上，但却是由永久坐落于该区域的一个组织来履行的。类似的情形现在不可能发生了。

*B．关于只随土地的不动产转移的盖印合同：——

总的来说，不能与转让类比且义务不落在土地上的那些盖印合同，其权益限于受约者以及那些承担其身份的人，即其遗嘱执行人或继承人。某些案例，其起源和类型属于古代担保，现代的完全保证盖印合同即为其现存案例，在这些案例中，继承的范围因提及受转让人而扩大，且为相关合同目的起见，仍允许受转让人代表初始受约人。但是，只有通过继承方式，合同方以外的其他人方可就其提起诉讼。所以，原告必须与受约人一直具有不动产上的法律关系。

C．然而，仍然无法笼统推理，英国法中的哪些权利会归属前者一类，或者二者的分界线何在。作为一种随机事实，我们必须参考判决先例。虽然有时看起来，第一类盖印合同的检验标准在于役务是否具有可转让性，因此，若役务纯粹只依赖盖印合同，它不应随土地而转移，但是如果这种检验标准被认可的话，则如前所示，除惯例之外，有些的确随土地转移的役务可能只是盖印合同问题。根据帕克男爵的说法，地役权中已为大家接受的采光权和通风权的转让被称为盖印合同，是建立在对供役地光线不造成侵害的基础之上。虽然有人会质疑，但是我们看到，至少有一种大家接受的地役权，也就是修筑篱笆的权利，相比较其他上百种役务而言，是最适宜被视作随供役地转让的一种权利；这些役务，若法律许可它们以类似方式附属于土地，它们只是以合同方式存在。维修责任只能以盖印合同形式存在，但是相关指导性案例的推理是依据地役权的相关法律。另一方面，在斯潘塞案中，根据盖印合同规定，承租人要在所租地界上建一面墙，除非提到受转让人，否则受转让人不受约束；但是，柯克勋爵认为只要该盖印合同意如此，它就会对受

转让人产生约束力。担保类推在此出现，使得这一案例的基本法则受到质疑。我们只能说法律的实施受到习俗的约束，也受以下规则之约束，即那些新的以及不寻常的义务不能强加于土地。

本讲的总体目标是探索某种理论，根据该理论，如果某种权利产生的情形对某人而言与实际不符，他可以得到许可享受某一特殊权利。地役权转让作为一个需要阐释的事例出现，现在已经得到分析，也对其法律影响进行了溯源。但是此类转让的原则很显然超出常规，不影响法律的一般原则。一般原则就是我们以时效、担保以及据上述类比而行的盖印合同中所做的例证。另外未谈及的一项例证可以在用益权的法律中找到。

在古代，用益权是一种诉讼产。也就是说，人们是从近乎合同的角度来考虑它，其发展过程与我们在其他情形中所追溯的过程相类似。最初人们怀疑，是否许可接受此类秘密信托的证据，即使是针对继承人的证据。然而，最终这点得到许可，继承法则也延伸到受转让人。但是仅仅如此。只有那些在该土地上与原始不动产承受人有法律利益关系的人，才对用益权负有义务。侵占者所受其被侵占者信任之约束，就像他有资格传其被侵占者的担保人一样不大可能。在亨利八世时期，人们认为："若提到用益权，同时需要两件东西，也就是信任和法律关系：……。正如我说，若无法律关系或信任存在，就无用益权：因此，若不动产所有者把封地给予一个已知晓该用益的人，法律就将裁定他拥有第一用益权，因为第一让与人与他之间有足分的法律关系。若他（即第一受让人）向他（最后受让人）保证后者应作为受转让人出庭作证，这就证明了法律关系；他处于不动产所有者权利继受地位；但是如果某人事后继承土地，例如通过土地复归权获得土地的领主或者侵占者，因为缺乏法律关系，那么该用益权就有改动和变化了。"

至今，我们可以说信托权附属于存在法律关系的个人和地产（所指的是个人的法律身份）。人们不认为信托权源于诸如地租的地产收益，因此，虽然不论如何，地租会约束所有持有土地的人，但是侵占者不受信托之约束。通过土地复归得回土地的领主案例一直受到质疑，我们需记住，此人是作为准继承人还是作为陌生人继承，布莱克顿和后来的学者有不同的看法。

下面讨论用益权的收益问题。有人说，请求发出传票的权利的确传给了继承人，理由是继承人与被继承人有相同身份，但是该权利不是资

产。根据一部早期成文法，保有地受益人有权出售用益权。但是关于信托权，柯克勋爵告诉我们，在伊丽莎白女王统治时期，所有英格兰法官都认为，信托权不可转让，“因为它关系到当事人之间法律关系，具有诉讼产的性质。”然而从早期开始，用益权和信托权都可以遗赠，现在，信托权与任何形式的财产一样，可以进行转让。

各地早期法律的历史证明，某权利产生的事实之情形若不能同时转让，那么仅仅对该权利进行转让非常困难。分析也证明了该困难的真实性。我们已经阐释了此类转让实现的拟制，我们也追踪了其发展历程，看到它如今已被视为一种普遍的思维模式。现在，买方理所当然地取代了卖方的位置，或者用古代法律判例集的说法来说：“受转让人在某种意义上是其让与人的准继受人。”无论我们的法律所立足的这一假定是多么奇特，现在应该可以得到理解。

TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY IN THE CEVENNES

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

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塞文山驴伴之旅

外语教学与研究出版社

Robert Louis Stevenson

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外研社编译组 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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I. The Donkey, The Pack, And The Pack Saddle

1.驴子、行李和驮鞍

In a little place called Le Monastier, in a pleasant highland valley fifteen miles from Le Puy, I spent about a month of fine days. Monastier is notable for the making of lace, for drunkenness, for freedom of language, and for unparalleled political dissension. There are adherents of each of the four French parties—Legitimists, Orleanists, Imperialists, and Republicans—in this little mountain-town; and they all hate, loathe, decry, and calumniate each other. Except for business purposes, or to give each other the lie in a tavern brawl, they have laid aside even the civility of speech. 'Tis a mere mountain Poland[1]. In the midst of this Babylon I found myself a rallying-point; every one was anxious to be kind and helpful to the stranger. This was not merely from the natural hospitality of mountain people, nor even from the surprise with which I was regarded as a man living of his own free will in Le Monastier, when he might just as well have lived anywhere else in this big world; it arose a good deal from my projected excursion southward through the Cévennes. A traveller of my sort was a thing hitherto unheard of in that district. I was looked upon with contempt, like a man who should project a journey to the moon, but yet with a respectful interest, like one setting forth for the inclement Pole. All were ready to help in my preparations; a crowd of sympathizers supported me at the critical moment of a bargain; not a step was taken but was heralded by glasses round and celebrated by a dinner or a breakfast.

在一个叫做勒莫纳斯捷的小地方，这个距勒皮十五英里处宜人的高地峡谷，我愉快地呆了一个月左右。勒莫纳斯捷以蕾丝制造、酗酒成风、言辞无忌和激烈的政治分歧而闻名。在那个小小的山城里，法国的四个党派——正统派、奥尔良派、帝制派和共和派——都有追随者；他们彼此之间仇视憎恨、诋毁谩骂。除非是在做生意的场合，或是为了在酒馆的争执中揭穿对方、抬高自己，他们通常连说话的礼仪也不顾。这里简直就是山地的波兰。我发现自己竟然成了这个繁杂之地的焦点人物。人们都急于向我这个异乡人示好，为我提供帮助。这不仅仅是由于山区人们好客的天性，甚至也不是因为他们惊奇于看到我原本可以住在世上任何地方，却偏偏自愿来到了勒莫纳斯捷；大半原因是由于我向南翻越塞文山脉的旅行计划。这个地区还没人听说过我这样的旅行者。人们用带着蔑视的眼光看我，就像看一个要去月球旅行的人；他们的眼光中还带着一丝敬意的好奇，好像我要前往寒冷的极地。在我准备行程期间，人人都乐于帮忙。一到讨价还价的关键时刻，就有一群热心人替我帮腔；而每完成一项准备工作，伴随而来的总是举杯欢呼，或者共进早

餐或晚餐以示庆祝。

It was already hard upon October before I was ready to set forth, and at the high altitudes over which my road lay there was no Indian summer to be looked for. I was determined, if not to camp out, at least to have the means of camping out in my possession; for there is nothing more harassing to an easy mind than the necessity of reaching shelter by dusk, and the hospitality of a village inn is not always to be reckoned sure by those who trudge on foot. A tent, above all for a solitary traveller, is troublesome to pitch, and troublesome to strike again; and even on the march it forms a conspicuous feature in your baggage. A sleeping-sack, on the other hand, is always ready—you have only to get into it; it serves a double purpose—a bed by night, a portmanteau by day; and it does not advertise your intention of camping out to every curious passer-by. This is a huge point. If a camp is not secret, it is but a troubled resting-place; you become a public character; the convivial rustic visits your bedside after an early supper; and you must sleep with one eye open, and be up before the day. I decided on a sleeping-sack; and after repeated visits to Le Puy, and a deal of high living for myself and my advisers, a sleeping-sack was designed, constructed, and triumphantly brought home.

我准备好启程的时候已经快十月份了。旅途经过的都是高纬度地区，那里不可能指望碰上什么风和日丽的小阳春。我决定，即使不在野外露营，也要在行李中备好野营用具，因为没有什么比在天黑前必须赶到住处更能破坏旅行者无忧无虑的心境了。而对于徒步旅行的人来说，一间舒适的乡村旅馆并不总能指望得上。帐篷，尤其是对于没有同伴的旅行者来说，既不好搭，也不好拆。而且在路上，它又是一件过于显眼的行李。而睡袋则总是非常方便——你只需钻进它就好了；它有双重用途——晚上当床，白天则是旅行皮包；而且它不会向每个好奇的路人张扬你露营的意图。这是很重要的一点。一旦你的露营地为人所知，你的歇息之地将喧闹不安。你成了一个公众人物；早早吃过晚饭后，快活的乡下人会去你的床榻边探访；你必须在睡觉时保持警醒，还得天不亮就起床。因此我决定带一个睡袋。在我去了勒皮城好几次，又和顾问们享受了好几顿珍馐美味之后，终于设计出一个睡袋并制作成型，喜洋洋地带回了家。

This child of my invention was nearly six feet square, exclusive of two triangular flaps to serve as a pillow by night and as the top and bottom of the sack by day. I call it "the sack", but it was never a sack by more than courtesy: only a sort of long roll or sausage, green waterproof cart-cloth without and blue sheep's fur within. It was commodious as a valise, warm and dry for a bed. There was luxurious turning room for one; and at a pinch the thing might serve for two. I could bury myself in it up to the neck; for my head I trusted to a fur cap, with a hood to fold down over my ears and a band to pass under

my nose like a respirator; and in case of heavy rain I proposed to make myself a little tent, or tentlet, with my waterproof coat, three stones, and a bent branch.

我的这件发明大概有六英尺见方，此外还有两个三角形的翻盖，夜间可以当枕垫，白天则是袋子的顶盖和底部。我把它叫做“袋子”，但是再怎么看，它也远远称不上是一个袋子，而只是一个长长的面包卷或香肠样的东西，外面是绿色防水车篷布，衬里是蓝色羊皮。它既是一个容量大的手提包，又是一张温暖干燥的床。睡袋有足够的空间让独睡者舒舒服服地翻身，必要时也挤得下两个人。我钻进去可以一直盖到脖子；至于头部，我把它交给了一顶皮帽子，帽子上有帽兜可以拉下来遮住耳朵，还有一个帽圈盖在我鼻子下方，好像一个口罩。下大雨的话，我打算用雨衣、三块石头和一段弯树枝搭一个小小的帐篷。

It will readily be conceived that I could not carry this huge package on my own, merely human, shoulders. It remained to choose a beast of burden. Now, a horse is a fine lady among animals, flighty, timid, delicate in eating, of tender health; he is too valuable and too restive to be left alone, so that you are chained to your brute as to a fellow galley-slave; a dangerous road puts him out of his wits; in short, he's an uncertain and exacting ally, and adds thirty-fold to the troubles of the voyager. What I required was something cheap and small and hardy, and of a stolid and peaceful temper; and all these requisites pointed to a donkey.

很容易就可以想见，我独自一人，单靠一副肉肩膀，可没法背那么重的行囊。我还得选一头负重的牲口。现在的问题是，马可是动物中的贵妇，它易惊、胆小、吃食挑剔、体质娇嫩。它太贵重，脾气又倔，因此没法丢之一旁，这样你就和你的牲口拴在了一起，成了和它一样的苦工。一段危险的路就足以让你的马匹受惊不已。简言之，马是一位喜怒无常、要求苛刻的同伴，会给旅行者增添三十倍的麻烦。而我需要的是一种廉价、小巧、耐劳的动物，性情要温和平静，驴子恰能满足这些要求。

There dwelt an old man in Monastier, of rather unsound intellect according to some, much followed by street-boys, and known to fame as Father Adam. Father Adam had a cart, and to draw the cart a diminutive she-ass, not much bigger than a dog, the colour of a mouse, with a kindly eye and a determined under-jaw. There was something neat and high-bred, a quakerish[2] elegance, about the rogue that hit my fancy on the spot. Our first interview was in Monastier market-place. To prove her good temper, one child after another was set upon her back to ride, and one after another went head over heels into the air; until a want of confidence began to reign in youthful bosoms, and the experiment was discontinued from a dearth of subjects. I was already backed by a deputation of my friends; but as if this were not enough, all the buyers and sellers came round and

helped me in the bargain; and the ass and I and Father Adam were the centre of a hubbub for near half an hour. At length she passed into my service for the consideration of sixty-five francs and a glass of brandy. The sack had already cost eighty francs and two glasses of beer; so that Modestine, as I instantly baptized her, was upon all accounts the cheaper article. Indeed, that was as it should be; for she was only an appurtenance of my mattress, or self-acting bedstead on four castors.

勒莫纳斯捷住着一位老人，大家喊他“亚当老爹”。据有些人讲，他脑子不太灵光，身后常跟着一群捣蛋的孩子。亚当老爹有一辆马车，拉车的是一头极小的母驴，比狗大不了多少，毛色像老鼠，有一双温和的眼睛和一个坚毅的下颌。这头瘦弱的牲口身上有种整洁、高贵的气质，一种贵格会教徒似的优雅，让我一下子就对它动了心。我们第一次见面是在勒莫纳斯捷的集市上。为了证明驴子的好脾气，孩子们一个接一个地被抱上驴背，又一个接一个头朝下被甩了下来，直到那些年轻小子们失去了信心，再也没有别的人敢尝试。我已经有一群朋友帮我了；但仿佛这样还不够，市场上所有买东西和卖东西的人都聚拢过来帮我还价。在近半个小时的时间里，驴子、我和亚当老爹成了一场喧哗吵闹的中心。终于，这头母驴以六十五法郎外加一杯白兰地的价格成交，从此为我效劳。睡袋已经花费了我八十法郎和两杯啤酒，所以小乖（我立刻就给它起好了名字）不管从哪方面讲都算是便宜的了。确实，本就应该如此，因为她只是我床垫的附属品，或者说是一个自己能活动的四轮床架。

I had a last interview with Father Adam in a billiard-room at the witching hour of dawn, when I administered the brandy. He professed himself greatly touched by the separation, and declared he had often bought white bread for the donkey when he had been content with black bread for himself; but this, according to the best authorities, must have been a flight of fancy. He had a name in the village for brutally misusing the ass; yet it is certain that he shed a tear, and the tear made a clean mark down one cheek.

最后一次与亚当老爹攀谈是在大清早的台球房，我请他喝了白兰地。他宣称因为离别而伤心欲绝，还宣称他经常买白面包给他的驴子吃，而他自己只吃黑面包就心满意足了。而据最权威人士讲，这肯定是一派胡言。他虐待驴子在村里是出了名的。可他确实流下了一滴泪，这颗泪珠滑下他的脸颊，留下了一道明晃晃的痕迹。

By the advice of a fallacious local saddler, a leather pad was made for me with rings to fasten on my bundle; and I thoughtfully completed my kit and arranged my toilette. By way of armoury and utensils, I took a revolver, a little spirit-lamp and pan, a lantern and some halfpenny candles, a jack-knife and a large leather flask. The main cargo consisted of two entire changes of warm clothing—besides my travelling wear of country velveteen, pilot-coat, and knitted spencer—some books, and my railway-rug, which, being also in the

form of a bag, made me a double castle for cold nights. The permanent larder was represented by cakes of chocolate and tins of Bologna sausage. All this, except what I carried about my person, was easily stowed into the sheepskin bag; and by good fortune I threw in my empty knapsack, rather for convenience of carriage than from any thought that I should want it on my journey. For more immediate needs I took a leg of cold mutton, a bottle of Beaujolais, an empty bottle to carry milk, an egg-beater, and a considerable quantity of black bread and white, like Father Adam, for myself and donkey, only in my scheme of things the destinations were reversed.

我接受当地一位不太牢靠的马具匠的建议，定做了一个皮垫子，上面有几个环，用来固定我的行李。我还仔细备齐了工具包里的工具，整理好我的洗漱用品。我选了一把左轮手枪当作武器，还有一个小酒精灯和平底锅、一盏灯笼和一些半便士的蜡烛、一把折叠小刀和一个装在皮套里的大扁酒瓶等生活用品。主要的行李包括两整套替换的御寒衣服——这不包括我的旅行服，即我的乡村棉绒裤子、粗呢短大衣和羊毛针织上衣——几本书和一条行路毯。这条毯子也被做成了袋子的形状，与睡袋一起成为我抵御寒夜的双重堡垒。常备食物是巧克力蛋糕和几听大红肠罐头。所有这些，除了我随身携带的物品，都很轻松地塞进了羊皮袋子里。幸运的是，我还额外塞进了一只空背包，这完全是顺手塞进去的，而不是想到路上真有可能用得到它。为了应付眼下的需求，我带了一条冷羊腿、一瓶博若莱葡萄酒、一个盛牛奶的空瓶子和一个打蛋器。此外，还有一大堆黑面包和白面包，就像亚当老爹那样，是为我自己和驴子带的，只不过在我的计划里，它们的用途刚好颠倒过来。

Monastrians, of all shades of thought in politics, had agreed in threatening me with many ludicrous misadventures, and with sudden death in many surprising forms. Cold, wolves, robbers, above all the nocturnal practical joker, were daily and eloquently forced on my attention. Yet in these vaticinations, the true, patent danger was left out. Like Christian, it was from my pack I suffered by the way. Before telling my own mishaps, let me, in two words, relate the lesson of my experience. If the pack is well strapped at the ends, and hung at full length—not doubled, for your life—across the pack-saddle, the traveler is safe. The saddle will certainly not fit, such is the imperfection of our transitory life; it will assuredly topple and tend to overset; but there are stones on every roadside, and a man soon learns the art of correcting any tendency to overbalance with a well-adjusted stone.

所有勒莫纳斯捷人，不管他们的政治派别是什么，都用种种荒唐不经的不幸事件和离奇的突然死亡吓唬我。每天都有人绘声绘色地提醒我注意严寒、狼群、强盗，尤其是夜里搞恶作剧的人。然而，这些预言却偏偏遗漏了那真正的、显而易见的危险。就像基督徒那样，我旅行中最大的困难来自于我的包裹。在讲述我自己的不幸事件之前，请让我用简

单的几句话说一下我得到的教训吧。如果包裹两头都用绳子扎紧，并且能够平展着——可千万不要折叠着，为你自己着想——放在驮鞍上，那么旅行者就是安全的。驮鞍肯定不会刚好合适，这就是我们短暂生命的不完美之处。它一定会摇摇欲坠，还很容易弄翻在地；但路边有的是石头，而且你很快就能学会怎样用一块合适的石头保持平衡。

On the day of my departure I was up a little after five; by six, we began to load the donkey; and ten minutes after, my hopes were in the dust. The pad would not stay on Modestine's back for half a moment. I returned it to its maker, with whom I had so contumelious a passage that the street outside was crowded from wall to wall with gossips looking on and listening. The pad changed hands with much vivacity; perhaps it would be more descriptive to say that we threw it at each other's heads; and, at any rate, we were very warm and unfriendly, and spoke with a deal of freedom.

动身那天，我五点刚过就起床了。六点，我们开始把行李装上驴子，可仅仅十分钟后，我的希望就落了空。皮垫子在小乖背上连半分钟都呆不住。我拿着它去找马具匠，和他好好理论了一番。我们吵得激烈极了，外面的路上挤满了看热闹的人，都津津有味地听我们争执。垫子在我们彼此手里飞快地传来传去；或者更确切地说，我们把它朝着对方的脑袋扔来扔去。不管怎么说，我们确实吵得很厉害，彼此很不友好，措词也相当不讲究。

I had a common donkey pack-saddle—a barde, as they call it—fitted upon Modestine; and once more loaded her with my effects. The doubled sack, my pilot-coat (for it was warm, and I was to walk in my waistcoat), a great bar of black bread, and an open basket containing the white bread, the mutton, and the bottles, were all corded together in a very elaborate system of knots, and I looked on the result with fatuous content. In such a monstrous deck-cargo, all poised above the donkey's shoulders, with nothing below to balance, on a brand-new pack-saddle that had not yet been worn to fit the animal, and fastened with brand-new girths that might be expected to stretch and slacken by the way, even a very careless traveller should have seen disaster brewing. That elaborate system of knots, again, was the work of too many sympathisers to be very artfully designed. It is true they tightened the cords with a will; as many as three at a time would have a foot against Modestine's quarters, and be hauling with clenched teeth; but I learned afterwards that one thoughtful person, without any exercise of force, can make a more solid job than half-a-dozen heated and enthusiastic grooms. I was then but a novice; even after the misadventure of the pad nothing could disturb my security, and I went forth from the stable door as an ox goeth to the slaughter.

我把一个普通驮鞍——他们管它叫“战马铠甲”——安在小乖背上，然后又一次把我的财物装到她背上。折叠好的睡袋、我的粗呢短大衣

（当时还很暖和，我路上只穿马甲就行了）、一长条黑面包，还有一个没有盖子的篮子，里面装着白面包、羊肉和瓶子，所有这些都用精巧的绳结捆扎在一起。我心满意足地看着我的成果，现在想来真是愚蠢之极。这样巨大的行囊全部悬在驴背上方，下面没有任何东西用来保持平衡，用的还是崭新的、还不知道是否与这头牲口相配的驮鞍，绑着的肚带也同样是崭新的，路上很有可能会挣松开来。即使再怎么粗心的旅人也可以看到其中潜藏的灾难。同样，这些精巧的绳结也是很多热心人努力的结果；当然，插手的人太多了，也就无法设计得非常工巧。他们确实很努力地想把绳子拉紧，一次可能就有三个人同时拿脚抵住小乖的腿，咬紧牙拼命拽着绳子。但我后来才了解到，一个细心的人不必用什么力气，就会比六个激动的热心人做得更好。那时我还只是个生手；即使是皮垫的不幸事件也无法动摇我的信心。我义无反顾地冲出了马厩，就像是一头正在走向屠宰场的牛。

(1)19世纪的波兰长期处于被外国瓜分状态，波兰人民曾多次举行争取独立的武装起义，但其间党派林立，纷争不止。这里作者用“波兰”比喻当地的党派纷争。

(2)贵格会教派，基督教新教的一个派别。

The Green Donkey-Driver

2.赶驴新手

The bell of Monastier was just striking nine as I got quit of these preliminary troubles and descended the hill through the common. As long as I was within sight of the windows, a secret shame and the fear of some laughable defeat withheld me from tampering with Modestine. She tripped along upon her four small hoofs with a sober daintiness of gait; from time to time she shook her ears or her tail; and she looked so small under the bundle that my mind misgave me. We got across the ford without difficulty—there was no doubt about the matter, she was docility itself—and once on the other bank, where the road begins to mount through pine-woods, I took in my right hand the unhallowed staff, and with a quaking spirit applied it to the donkey. Modestine brisked up her pace for perhaps three steps, and then relapsed into her former minuet. Another application had the same effect, and so with the third. I am worthy the name of an Englishman, and it goes against my conscience to lay my hand rudely on a female. I desisted, and looked her all over from head to foot; the poor brute's knees were trembling and her breathing was distressed; it was plain that she could go no faster on a hill. God forbid, thought I, that I should brutalise this innocent creature; let her go at her own pace, and let me patiently follow.

我解决了出发前的种种麻烦，穿过村中公地下山时，勒莫纳斯捷的钟刚刚敲过九点。当我还在窗后人们的视线之内时，出于一种隐秘的羞愧，又担心自己会出什么可笑的差错，我不敢随便摆布小乖。她踏着四只小小的蹄子，步态沉稳而优雅，时不时地，还摇摇耳朵或尾巴。压在那么些行李下面，她看起来如此瘦小，我感到不安极了。我们很轻松就过了浅滩——这没什么问题，小乖是很温顺的。到了对岸，道路开始往上倾斜着穿过松林。我把那根邪恶的棍子握在右手中，战战兢兢地打着驴子。小乖只略略快走了两三步，就又重新踏起了之前的小步舞。第二次施棍得到了同样的效果，第三次也是如此。我称得上是一位地道的英国人，因此对雌性横施暴虐是违背我的良知的。于是我停了下来，把她从头到脚好好审视了一番。这可怜的牲口膝盖发抖，呼吸沉重，很明显，上山时她是无法再快一分了。我想，上帝不会允许我这样虐待这个无辜的生物的；就让她按自己的步伐来走，我还是耐心地跟着吧。

What that pace was, there is no word mean enough to describe; it was something as much slower than a walk as a walk is slower than a run; it kept me hanging on each foot for an incredible length of time; in five minutes it exhausted the spirit and set up a fever in all the muscles of the leg. And yet I had to keep close at hand and measure

my advance exactly upon hers; for if I dropped a few yards into the rear, or went on a few yards ahead, Modestine came instantly to a halt and began to browse. The thought that this was to last from here to Alais nearly broke my heart. Of all conceivable journeys, this promised to be the most tedious. I tried to tell myself it was a lovely day; I tried to charm my foreboding spirit with tobacco; but I had a vision ever present to me of the long, long roads, up hill and down dale, and a pair of figures ever infinitesimally moving, foot by foot, a yard to the minute, and, like things enchanted in a nightmare, approaching no nearer to the goal.

这种步伐究竟是怎样的呢？这实在无法找到合适的词语来形容；步行比奔跑慢多少，那么它就比步行慢多少。我每踏出一步，都要花很长时间。仅仅五分钟就耗光了我的精力，我腿上的每块肌肉都开始发热了。然而我还得紧跟在她身边，严格按照她的步伐来调整我的步子，因为我要是落后那么一两码，或者超前了一两码，小乖就会立刻停下来，开始低头吃草。想到要这样一路走到阿莱，我真是沮丧透了。在我能想象得到的所有旅行中，这应该是最乏味的一次了。我试着告诉自己天气是这样清明美好，还试着用烟草驱散我不祥的预感。但我眼前却始终有个幻觉，漫漫长路，爬上山坡又穿过低谷，一对身影以极慢的速度蜗行着，一步又一步，一分钟只能前进一码，而且，就像梦魇里被施了魔法那样，始终无法接近终点。

In the meantime there came up behind us a tall peasant, perhaps forty years of age, of an ironical snuffy countenance, and arrayed in the green tail-coat of the country. He overtook us hand over hand, and stopped to consider our pitiful advance.

就在这时，我们后面来了一个高个儿的农夫，大约四十岁上下，有着一张带着嘲讽、不讨人喜欢的面孔，穿着乡下人的绿色燕尾服。他一点一点地追上我们，然后停下来琢磨我们这种可悲的前进方式。

"Your donkey," says he, "is very old?"

“你的驴子，”他说，“是不是很老了？”

I told him, I believed not.

我告诉他，我认为它并不老。

Then, he supposed, we had come far.

那么，他想，我们是远道而来。

I told him, we had but newly left Monastier.

我告诉他，我们才刚刚离开勒莫纳斯捷。

"Et vous marchez comme ca!" cried he; and, throwing back his head, he laughed long and heartily. I watched him, half prepared to feel offended, until he had satisfied his mirth; and then, "You must

have no pity on these animals," said he; and, plucking a switch out of a thicket, he began to lace Modestine about the stern-works, uttering a cry. The rogue pricked up her ears and broke into a good round pace, which she kept up without flagging, and without exhibiting the least symptom of distress, as long as the peasant kept beside us. Her former panting and shaking had been, I regret to say, a piece of comedy.

“那你们还走得这样慢哪！”他喊道。说完，他昂起头，哈哈大笑了好一阵子。我看着他，感觉有些受辱，直到他笑够了，说，“你可不能对这些畜生心太软了。”接着，他从灌木丛中拔了一根枝条，大叫一声，开始抽打小乖的臀部。这急懒畜生支起耳朵，立刻加快了步伐，而且，只要有那农夫在旁，她就一点儿也不懈怠，委顿衰弱的模样完全不见了。我只能遗憾地说，她之前那些喘粗气啦，颤抖啦，只是一幕喜剧。

My deus ex machiná, before he left me, supplied some excellent, if inhumane, advice; presented me with the switch, which he declared she would feel more tenderly than my cane; and finally taught me the true cry or masonic word of donkey-drivers, "Proot!" All the time, he regarded me with a comical, incredulous air, which was embarrassing to confront; and smiled over my donkey-driving, as I might have smiled over his orthography, or his green tail-coat. But it was not my turn for the moment.

离开之前，我的天赐救星给了我一些绝妙的、也许不太人道的建议；他把枝条给我，说它对小乖来说比我的棍子柔和一些。最后他教给我赶驴人真正的、或者说是共同的呼喊法，“普鲁—特”。他一直用一种滑稽、怀疑的态度对待我，让我尴尬万分。他还嘲笑我的赶驴技术，我本来也可以嘲笑他的拼字方法和绿色燕尾服，但现在还轮不到我来发笑。

I was proud of my new lore, and thought I had learned the art to perfection. And certainly Modestine did wonders for the rest of the fore-noon, and I had a breathing space to look about me. It was Sabbath; the mountain-fields were all vacant in the sunshine; and as we came down through St. Martin de Frugères, the church was crowded to the door, there were people kneeling without upon the steps, and the sound of the priest's chanting came forth out of the dim interior. It gave me a home feeling on the spot; for I am a countryman of the Sabbath, so to speak, and all Sabbath observances, like a Scottish accent, strike in me mixed feelings, grateful and the reverse. It is only a traveller, hurrying by like a person from another planet, who can rightly enjoy the peace and beauty of the great ascetic feast. The sight of the resting country does his spirit good. There is something better than music in the wide unusual silence; and it disposes him to amiable thoughts, like the sound of a little river or the warmth of sunlight.

我很为自己新得的知识而骄傲，认为我已经学到了它的精髓。而且在那天上午剩下的时间里，小乖的表现也确实好得出奇，我也终于能够喘上一口气，看看周围的景色。这天是安息日，阳光下的山野中空荡荡的没有人迹；当我们下山经过弗吕热勒斯的圣马丁教堂时，发现教堂里的人一直挤到门口，还有人跪在门外的台阶上，昏暗的教堂内传来牧师的唱经声。这种景象当即使我感到如归故里，因为可以说，我是在深具安息日传统的乡下长大成人的，一切安息日的仪式，就像苏格兰口音那样，都会勾起我内心复杂的情感，半是欣愉，另一半却恰恰相反。只有行色匆匆、好似来自另一星球的旅行者，才能真正欣赏到这场盛大的苦修节日中蕴含的宁静和美好。安谧的乡村美景会慰藉他的心灵。旷野中不同寻常的寂静里，有一种比音乐更加动人心弦的东西，使他泛起温柔的思绪，好像小河的淙淙流水声或是煦暖的阳光。

In this pleasant humour I came down the hill to where Goudet stands in a green end of a valley, with Chateau Beaufort opposite upon a rocky steep, and the stream, as clear as crystal, lying in a deep pool between them. Above and below, you may hear it wimpling over the stones, an amiable stripling of a river, which it seems absurd to call the Loire. On all sides, Goudet is shut in by mountains; rocky footpaths, practicable at best for donkeys, join it to the outer world of France; and the men and women drink and swear, in their green corner, or look up at the snow-clad peaks in winter from the threshold of their homes, in an isolation, you would think, like that of Homer's Cyclops[1]. But it is not so; the postman reaches Goudet with the letter-bag; the aspiring youth of Goudet are within a day's walk of the railway at Le Puy; and here in the inn you may find an engraved portrait of the host's nephew, Régis Senac, "Professor of Fencing and Champion of the two Americas," a distinction gained by him, along with the sum of five hundred dollars, at Tammany Hall, New York, on the 10th April 1876

我欣欣然走下山，来到一个绿草如茵的山谷。山谷一端是古戴，另一端则是建在陡峭的岩壁上的博福特堡。一道溪流，莹澈如水晶，在它们中间汇成一泓深潭。不论是在上游还是下游，你都可以听到溪流轻敲石块发出的泠泠水声。作为一条大河的小支流，它是如此温静，以至于把它称为卢瓦尔河似乎显得有些荒谬。古戴四面被群山锁住，几条最多只能让驴子通行的石径把它和外面的法国大地连在了一起。在这个郁郁葱葱的世外角落里，男人和女人们喝酒、咒骂，或是坐在自家门槛上仰望冬天白雪皑皑的山顶。你也许会认为他们就像荷马笔下的独眼巨人一样与世隔绝，但事实却并非如此。邮差会带着他的邮包造访古戴；古戴满怀抱负的年轻人在一天之内就能走到勒皮城的铁路；在这儿的小旅馆中，你会发现店主人的侄儿雷吉斯.塞纳克的雕像，上面写着他于1876年4月10日在纽约坦马尼厅获得“剑术教授以及美洲冠军”的殊荣，以及五百美元的奖金。

I hurried over my midday meal, and was early forth again. But,

alas, as we climbed the interminable hill upon the other side, "Proot!" seemed to have lost its virtue. I prooted like a lion, I prooted mellifluously like a sucking-dove; but Modestine would be neither softened nor intimidated. She held doggedly to her pace; nothing but a blow would move her, and that only for a second. I must follow at her heels, incessantly belabouring. A moment's pause in this ignoble toil, and she relapsed into her own private gait. I think I never heard of any one in as mean a situation. I must reach the lake of Bouchet, where I meant to camp, before sundown, and, to have even a hope of this, I must instantly maltreat this uncomplaining animal. The sound of my own blows sickened me. Once, when I looked at her, she had a faint resemblance to a lady of my acquaintance who formerly loaded me with kindness; and this increased my horror of my cruelty.

我匆匆吃过午饭，又早早上路了。但不幸的是，我们在攀登山谷另一侧那高不可及的山峰时，“普鲁—特”似乎失灵了。不论我像狮子般大声嘶吼，还是像雏鸽那样轻声细语，小乖就是软硬不吃。她固执地坚持着自己的步伐，打一下才能快一点儿，而且只能快上一秒钟。我只能紧紧跟着，不断抽打她。这种不光彩的劳役只需停得一刻，她就退回到自己的速度上了。我想我还从未听说过有人陷入我这般窘迫的境地。我计划在布歇湖露营，必须在太阳落山之前赶到那儿，因此，为了使希望不致完全落空，我必须立即开始虐待这头毫无怨言的牲口。我的鞭打声让我厌恶极了。有一次，我看着她的时候，觉得她有点儿像是我熟识的一位女士，而这位女士曾经友善地对待过我。这种想法更加深了我对自己暴行的憎恶。

To make matters worse, we encountered another donkey, ranging at will upon the roadside; and this other donkey chanced to be a gentleman. He and Modestine met nickering for joy, and I had to separate the pair and beat down their young romance with a renewed and feverish bastinado. If the other donkey had had the heart of a male under his hide, he would have fallen upon me tooth and hoof; and this was a kind of consolation—he was plainly unworthy of Modestine's affection. But the incident saddened me, as did everything that spoke of my donkey's sex.

更糟的是，我们遇上了另外一头在路边闲逛的驴子，而且这头驴子碰巧是位绅士。他和小乖相互嘶鸣作乐，我得分开他俩，于是重新开始用狂暴的鞭笞将这份初开的情愫扼杀在摇篮里。如果那头驴子的兽皮之下有着雄性的胸怀，他一定会向我扑来嘴咬蹄踢；值得安慰的是，他并没有这样做，因此完全不配拥有小乖的深情厚意。但是这个事件，就像其他一切涉及小乖性别的事情一样，叫我伤起心来。

It was blazing hot up the valley, windless, with vehement sun upon my shoulders; and I had to labour so consistently with my stick that the sweat ran into my eyes. Every five minutes, too, the pack, the basket, and the pilot-coat would take an ugly slew to one side or the

other; and I had to stop Modestine, just when I had got her to a tolerable pace of about two miles an hour, to tug, push, shoulder, and readjust the load. And at last, in the village of Ussel, saddle and all, the whole hypothec turned round and grovelled in the dust below the donkey's belly. She, none better pleased, incontinently drew up and seemed to smile; and a party of one man, two women, and two children came up, and, standing round me in a half-circle, encouraged her by their example.

山谷之上酷热难耐，一丝风也没有，似火的骄阳烤着我的双肩。我还得不断地挥着我的棍棒，汗水都流到我的眼睛里去了。还有，每隔五分钟，这些包裹啦，篮子啦，粗呢大衣啦，就会讨厌地滑向一边或另一边；然后我就得喝止小乖，去拖呀、推呀、扛呀地重新调整这些行李，而这时我才刚刚让她以我可以忍受的速度赶路，也就是一小时走上两英里。最后，在一个叫于塞勒的村子里，所有的行李连同鞍子一起滑落下来，摊在小乖肚子下面的尘土里。她高兴得不得了，不禁停了下来，好像还在咧着嘴笑。一群人，包括一个男人、两个妇女和两个孩子走了过来，站成半个圈围住我。他们也笑了起来，这鼓舞了小乖，给她树立了榜样。

I had the devil's own trouble to get the thing righted; and the instant I had done so, without hesitation, it toppled and fell down upon the other side. Judge if I was hot! And yet not a hand was offered to assist me. The man, indeed, told me I ought to have a package of a different shape. I suggested, if he knew nothing better to the point in my predicament, he might hold his tongue. And the good-natured dog agreed with me smilingly. It was the most despicable fix. I must plainly content myself with the pack for Modestine, and take the following items for my own share of the portage: a cane, a quart-flask, a pilot- jacket heavily weighted in the pockets, two pounds of black bread, and an open basket full of meats and bottles. I believe I may say I am not devoid of greatness of soul; for I did not recoil from this infamous burden. I disposed it, Heaven knows how, so as to be mildly portable, and then proceeded to steer Modestine through the village. She tried, as was indeed her invariable habit, to enter every house and every courtyard in the whole length; and, encumbered as I was, without a hand to help myself, no words can render an idea of my difficulties. A priest, with six or seven others, was examining a church in process of repair, and he and his acolytes laughed loudly as they saw my plight.

我手忙脚乱地重新装好行李；而我刚刚放好，这些行李就立刻从另一边滑下去了。想想我有多着急！而且没有一个人伸手帮我一把。不错，那个男人的确告诉我不该把行李打包成这样一个形状。我说，如果他没有更好的法子可以帮我摆脱困境，还是免开尊口吧。这个好脾气的家伙笑眯眯地接受了我的建议。这招太损了。我只好让小乖只驮着包

裹，然后自己背起剩下的行李，其中包括：一根棍子，一个可以装一夸脱水的小瓶子，一件口袋里塞满重物的粗呢短大衣，两磅黑面包，还有一个没有盖子的篮子，里面装满了肉和瓶子。我相信自己可以称得上拥有伟大的灵魂，因为我并没有因为这些沉重的负担而退缩。我设法把它们打理得稍微轻便一点——天知道我是如何办到的，然后继续赶着小乖走过村庄。她一路上试图进入每户人家，每个庭院——真是恶习难改。而我被她拖累着，又空不出手来帮自己一把，这种窘境真是难以用语言形容。一位牧师带着六七个人，正在检查一所修缮中的教堂。看到我如此狼狈不堪，牧师和他的随从都哈哈大笑起来。

I remembered having laughed myself when I had seen good men struggling with adversity in the person of a jackass, and the recollection filled me with penitence. That was in my old light days, before this trouble came upon me. God knows at least that I shall never laugh again, thought I. But oh, what a cruel thing is a farce to those engaged in it!

我记得自己也曾经嘲笑过那些被逆境所困、表现得像个傻瓜的好人们，现在想起来真是懊悔极了。那时的我年少轻狂，尚未遇到如此这般的苦境。现在至少上帝知道，我再也不会嘲笑那些人了，我想道。但是，唉，这种闹剧对于表演者来说是多么残酷啊！

A little out of the village, Modestine, filled with the demon, set her heart upon a by-road, and positively refused to leave it. I dropped all my bundles, and, I am ashamed to say, struck the poor sinner twice across the face. It was pitiful to see her lift her head with shut eyes, as if waiting for another blow. I came very near crying; but I did a wiser thing than that, and sat squarely down by the roadside to consider my situation under the cheerful influence of tobacco and a nip of brandy. Modestine, in the meanwhile, munched some black bread with a contrite hypocritical air. It was plain that I must make a sacrifice to the gods of shipwreck. I threw away the empty bottle destined to carry milk; I threw away my own white bread, and, disdaining to act by general average[2], kept the black bread for Modestine; lastly, I threw away the cold leg of mutton and the egg-whisk, although this last was dear to my heart. Thus I found room for everything in the basket, and even stowed the boating-coat on the top. By means of an end of cord I slung it under one arm; and although the cord cut my shoulder, and the jacket hung almost to the ground, it was with a heart greatly lightened that I set forth again.

刚刚走出村子，小乖不知中了什么邪，对一条岔路情有独钟，怎么都不肯离开。我扔下手上所有的东西，而且，说来惭愧，照着这个可怜罪人的脸抽了两下子。看到她闭着眼睛抬起头来，好像在等着下一次抽打，还真是可怜。我差一点就要哭出来了；但我很明智地没有这样做，而是干脆在路边坐了下来，就着提神的烟草和一小口白兰地，思考我眼下的处境。与此同时，小乖带着悔过似的虚伪表情，大嚼着她的黑面

包。显然，我得向海难之神供奉些祭品了。我扔掉了用来装牛奶的空瓶子；扔掉了我自己的白面包，不过，因为不屑于按照共同海损的原则行事，我没有扔掉小乖的黑面包；最后，我扔掉了冷羊腿和打蛋器，尽管后一样我很舍不得丢弃。然后篮子里终于有了足够的空间装下所有东西，篮子顶上甚至还塞下了我的水手服。我用一段绳子把它吊在一只胳膊下面；尽管绳子勒着我的肩膀，上衣也快拖到地面了，但我还是轻松多了。于是我又出发了。

I had now an arm free to thrash Modestine, and cruelly I chastised her. If I were to reach the lakeside before dark, she must bestir her little shanks to some tune. Already the sun had gone down into a windy-looking mist; and although there were still a few streaks of gold far off to the east on the hills and the black fir-woods, all was cold and grey about our onward path. An infinity of little country by-roads led hither and thither among the fields. It was the most pointless labyrinth. I could see my destination overhead, or rather the peak that dominates it; but choose as I pleased, the roads always ended by turning away from it, and sneaking back towards the valley, or northward along the margin of the hills. The failing light, the waning colour, the naked, unhomely, stony country through which I was travelling, threw me into some despondency. I promise you, the stick was not idle; I think every decent step that Modestine took must have cost me at least two emphatic blows. There was not another sound in the neighbourhood but that of my unwearying bastinado.

现在我能腾出一条胳膊来抽打小乖了，于是我狠狠教训了她一番。如果我要在天黑前到达湖边的话，她就得好好振作一下她的小细腿。太阳已经沉入一片薄雾中了；尽管东边的远山和黑黝黝的冷杉林上仍有几道金光，但寒气升起，我们前面的路隐在一片昏暗迷蒙里。无数乡间小径在旷野中纵横交错，伸向远方。这是最难解的迷宫。我一抬头就可以看到目的地，或者说是它上方的那座山峰，但是不管选择哪一条，路都会在山前终结，调转方向，渐渐拐回来时的山谷，或者顺着山边向北方延伸。光线越来越暗，色彩也渐渐模糊，我正路过的这片光秃秃的、陌生而又冷酷的乡村，让我陷入了沮丧。而且我保证，我的棍子可没闲着，我要重击上至少两下，小乖才能像样地前进一步。周围一片寂静，只有我的鞭打声不停地响着。

Suddenly, in the midst of my toils, the load once more bit the dust, and, as by enchantment, all the cords were simultaneously loosened, and the road scattered with my dear possessions. The packing was to begin again from the beginning; and as I had to invent a new and better system, I do not doubt but I lost half an hour. It began to be dusk in earnest as I reached a wilderness of turf and stones. It had the air of being a road which should lead everywhere at the same time; and I was falling into something not unlike despair when I saw two figures stalking towards me over the stones. They

walked one behind the other like tramps, but their pace was remarkable. The son led the way, a tall, ill-made, sombre, Scottish-looking man; the mother followed, all in her Sunday's best, with an elegantly embroidered ribbon to her cap, and a new felt hat atop, and proffering, as she strode along with kilted petticoats, a string of obscene and blasphemous oaths.

当我正在艰难跋涉的时候，突然，驴背上的行李又一次落到地上，而且，就像中了邪似的，所有绳子都同时松开了，我宝贵的家当散落一地。我又一次从头开始给行李打包，而且，因为要重新设计一个新的、更好的方式，我绝对足足花了半个小时。当我来到一处布满石块和草皮的荒地时，天已经完全昏暗下来了。这条路似乎同时通往任何方向，而我也已经近乎绝望了。这时，我看到两个人踩着石块朝我大步走来。他们一前一后，好像在徒步旅行不过速度可真不慢。儿子在前面带路，是个高个儿、残疾、长得有点儿像苏格兰人的忧郁男子；母亲跟在后面，穿着礼拜日盛装，便帽上系着绣有美丽图案的飘带，上面还有一顶新毡帽，身着褶边衬裙，一边大步走着，一边冒出一串粗野、亵渎神明的咒骂。

I hailed the son, and asked him my direction. He pointed loosely west and north-west, muttered an inaudible comment, and, without slackening his pace for an instant, stalked on, as he was going, right athwart my path. The mother followed without so much as raising her head. I shouted and shouted after them, but they continued to scale the hillside, and turned a deaf ear to my outcries. At last, leaving Modestine by herself, I was constrained to run after them, hailing the while. They stopped as I drew near, the mother still cursing; and I could see she was a handsome, motherly, respectable-looking woman. The son once more answered me roughly and inaudibly, and was for setting out again. But this time I simply collared the mother, who was nearest me, and, apologising for my violence, declared that I could not let them go until they had put me on my road. They were neither of them offended-rather mollified than otherwise; told me I had only to follow them; and then the mother asked me what I wanted by the lake at such an hour. I replied, in the Scottish manner, by inquiring if she had far to go herself. She told me, with another oath, that she had an hour and a half's road before her. And then, without salutation, the pair strode forward again up the hillside in the gathering dusk.

我向那个儿子打了个招呼，并向他问路。他随便地朝西边和西北方向一指，几不可闻地嘟囔了一句，便一秒不停地穿过我所驻足的小径，继续大踏步向前走了。他母亲紧随其后，头都没抬一下。我在他们后面喊呀叫呀，但他们只是继续顺山坡而上，根本不理会我的叫喊。最后，我只好扔下小乖，招呼着向他们追过去。我快要追上的时候，他们停了下来，母亲还在骂骂咧咧。我发现她是一位颇有风韵、慈爱可亲、看上去非常体面的女士。儿子的回答还是那么粗略、几不可闻，而且说完之

后又迫不及待地想要离开。不过这次我抓住了站得离我较近的母亲不放，一边为我的无礼道歉，一边说除非他们带我上了正路，否则我是决不会放他们走的。他俩谁都没有因此生气，反而相对平静了一些，并告诉我只需跟着他们走就是了。随后母亲问我这么晚了还去湖边做什么。我报以苏格兰式的回答，反问她是不是还要赶很远的路。她一面咒骂，一面答道，她还要走一个半小时。然后，招呼也不打一个，他们两人又继续在苍茫暮色中沿山路而上了。

I returned for Modestine, pushed her briskly forward, and, after a sharp ascent of twenty minutes, reached the edge of a plateau. The view, looking back on my day's journey, was both wild and sad. Mount Mezenc and the peaks beyond St. Julien stood out in trenchant gloom against a cold glitter in the east; and the intervening field of hills had fallen together into one broad wash of shadow, except here and there the outline of a wooded sugar-loaf in black, here and there a white irregular patch to represent a cultivated farm, and here and there a blot where the Loire, the Gazeille, or the Laussonne wandered in a gorge.

我回来牵小乖，赶她快走，又爬了二十分钟的陡坡，来到一块高地的边缘。我回头望去，发现这一天走过的路程景色荒凉幽暗。沉沉暮霭中，梅泽纳峰和圣朱利安山远处的其他诸峰肃然矗立，其后是东方发出的一道幽冷的寒光。群山之间的原野融入了一片苍茫之中，其间散布着一处处小树林黑色的圆锥形轮廓，还有一片片不规则的白色斑点，那是开垦的农田，还有一片片墨渍，那是在山谷中蜿蜒而过的卢瓦尔河、加泽勒河或是洛桑河。

Soon we were on a high-road, and surprise seized on my mind as I beheld a village of some magnitude close at hand; for I had been told that the neighbourhood of the lake was uninhabited except by trout. The road smoked in the twilight with children driving home cattle from the fields; and a pair of mounted stride-legged women, hat and cap and all, dashed past me at a hammering trot from the canton where they had been to church and market. I asked one of the children where I was. At Bouchet St. Nicolas, he told me. Thither, about a mile south of my destination, and on the other side of a respectable summit, had these confused roads and treacherous peasantry conducted me. My shoulder was cut, so that it hurt sharply; my arm ached like toothache from perpetual beating; I gave up the lake and my design to camp, and asked for the auberge.

我们很快上了大路。当我看到一个不小的村庄近在眼前时大吃一惊，因为有人告诉过我湖滨一带人迹罕至，只有鲑鱼是它的常客。在夕阳的微光中路上扬起阵阵烟尘，那是孩子们从田野里赶着家畜回家。还有两个跨骑在马上的妇女，戴着礼帽和衬帽，衣装整齐，在嗒嗒的马蹄声中小跑着从我身边经过。她们去附近的县里做了礼拜、逛了集市，刚赶回来。我问一个孩子这是哪儿。布歇湖圣尼古拉村，他告诉我。这儿

在我目的地的南边，距那儿大概有一英里，是在一座颇高的山峰的另一侧。那些杂乱的小路和靠不住的乡下人把我带到了这里。我的肩膀被绳子割伤了，疼得厉害。我的胳膊由于不停挥鞭，也很疼，就像是牙疼一样。我放弃了去湖边露营的打算，开始寻找小客栈。

(1)独眼巨人，荷马（约公元前8世纪）史诗《奥德赛》中住在山顶洞穴里的野蛮人。

(2)共同海损，在同一海上航程中遭遇共同危险，为了共同安全，由各方共同作出牺牲。

III. I Have A Goad

3.我有了一根刺棒

The augerge of Bouchet St. Nicolas was among the least pretentious I have ever visited; but I saw many more of the like upon my journey. Indeed, it was typical of these French highlands. Imagine a cottage of two stories, with a bench before the door; the stable and kitchen in a suite, so that Modestine and I could hear each other dining; furniture of the plainest, earthen floors, a single bedchamber for travellers, and that without any convenience but beds. In the kitchen cooking and eating go forward side by side, and the family sleep at night. Any one who has a fancy to wash must do so in public at the common table. The food is sometimes spare; hard fish and omelette have been my portion more than once; the wine is of the smallest, the brandy abominable to man; and the visit of a fat sow, grouting under the table and rubbing against your legs, is no impossible accompaniment to dinner.

布歇湖圣尼古拉村的旅馆是我见过的最朴实无华的，但在之后的旅途中，我又见到很多类似的旅馆。它确是法国高地上很典型的旅馆。试想一下，一座两层的农舍，门前一条长凳；马厩和厨房是连着的，吃饭的时候我和小乖可以听到彼此的声音；最简单的家具，泥土地面，旅客们共享一间卧室，而且里面除了床，什么便利的用具都没有。在厨房里，烹饪和进餐同时进行，晚上它又是店主一家的卧室。如果有人想要洗漱一番，那他只能在一个公用的桌子旁边，在众目睽睽之下进行。食物有时也很粗陋；鱼干和煎蛋不只一次地出现在我的饭桌上；葡萄酒异常寡淡，白兰地简直难以入口；饭间还常常会有一只肥肥的大母猪，来到饭桌下，在你的腿间哼哼唧唧，挨挨擦擦。

But the people of the inn, in nine cases out of ten, show themselves friendly and considerate. As soon as you cross the doors you cease to be a stranger; and although these peasantry are rude and forbidding on the highway, they show a tincture of kind breeding when you share their hearth. At Bouchet, for instance, I uncorked my bottle of Beaujolais, and asked the host to join me. He would take but little.

但是旅馆中的人们十有八九都显得亲切体贴。一旦进了门，你就不再是陌生人了；尽管乡下人在公路上十分粗鲁，难以接近，可一旦你坐到他们的炉火旁，他们还是会显露出一些良好的教养。比如说，在布歇，我打开自己的博若莱葡萄酒，邀请店主人喝上一杯。他只喝了一点点。

"I am an amateur of such wine, do you see?" he said, "and I am

capable of leaving you not enough."

“我可是这种葡萄酒的业余爱好者，你知道吗？”他说，“我能把你的酒喝得一滴不剩。”

In these hedge-inns the traveller is expected to eat with his own knife; unless he ask, no other will be supplied: with a glass, a whang of bread, and an iron fork, the table is completely laid. My knife was cordially admired by the landlord of Bouchet, and the spring filled him with wonder.

在这类路边的乡下旅馆中，旅客要用自己的餐刀吃饭；除非他要求，否则不会提供额外的刀具：只需有一只杯子、一大块面包和一把铁叉子，饭桌就算摆好了。布歇的店主人诚心诚意地把我的刀子夸赞了一番，刀的弹性让他惊叹不已。

"I should never have guessed that," he said. "I would bet," he added, weighing it in his hand, "that this cost you not less than five francs."

“我就跟你瞎打个赌，估计也猜不中，”他说，“我打赌，”他在手中掂量着刀子，补充道，“这玩意儿一定花了你不下五法郎吧。”

When I told him it had cost me twenty, his jaw dropped.

我告诉他我花了二十法郎，他惊得下巴都掉了。

He was a mild, handsome, sensible, friendly old man, astonishingly ignorant. His wife, who was not so pleasant in her manners, knew how to read, although I do not suppose she ever did so. She had a share of brains and spoke with a cutting emphasis, like one who ruled the roast.

他是一位温和慷慨、明理友善的老人，可就是无知得有些惊人。她的妻子，举止不太讨人喜欢，识文断字，但我怀疑她从未读过什么书。她有点儿脑子，说话干脆利落，好像她才是一家之主。

"My man knows nothing," she said, with an angry nod; "he is like the beasts."

“我丈夫什么都不懂，”她说，怒气冲冲地一点头，“就像牲口一样。”

And the old gentleman signified acquiescence with his head. There was no contempt on her part, and no shame on his; the facts were accepted loyally, and no more about the matter.

那位老先生点头默认了这一点。她没有轻视他的意思，他也没有表现出羞愧；事实被诚实地接受了，这个话题也到此为止。

I was tightly cross-examined about my journey; and the lady understood in a moment, and sketched out what I should put into my

book when I got home. "Whether people harvest or not in such or such a place; if there were forests; studies of manners; what, for example, I and the master of the house say to you; the beauties of Nature, and all that." And she interrogated me with a look.

他们仔细盘问我的行程；这位女主人立刻就搞清楚了，还大概讲出当我回到家时，将会在书里写些什么。“这里或那里的人们有没有收割庄稼；有没有树林；风俗如何；像我和店主这样的人，对你说了什么；大自然的美景，还有诸如此类的东西。”然后她询问地盯了我一眼。

"It is just that," said I.

“就是那样。”我说。

"You see," she added to her husband, "I understood that."

“你看，”她对丈夫说，“我知道是怎么回事。”

They were both much interested by the story of my misadventures.

他们都对我的不幸遭遇很感兴趣。

"In the morning," said the husband, "I will make you something better than your cane. Such a beast as that feels nothing; it is in the proverb—Dur comme un ane; you might beat her insensible with a cudgel, and yet you would arrive nowhere.”

“明天一早，”丈夫说道，“我给你做一个比你的棍子更好用的东西。那种畜生是觉不出疼的；俗话说‘像驴子一样顽固’；用棍子打她是不会有什么感觉的，这样你哪儿也去不了。”

Something better! I little knew what he was offering.

比棍子更好用！我真不知道他会给我什么东西。

The sleeping-room was furnished with two beds. I had one; and I will own I was a little abashed to find a young man and his wife and child in the act of mounting into the other. This was my first experience of the sort; and if I am always to feel equally silly and extraneous, I pray God it be my last as well. I kept my eyes to myself, and know nothing of the woman except that she had beautiful arms, and seemed no whit embarrassed by my appearance. As a matter of fact, the situation was more trying to me than to the pair. A pair keep each other in countenance; it is the single gentleman who has to blush. But I could not help attributing my sentiments to the husband, and sought to conciliate his tolerance with a cup of brandy from my flask. He told me that he was a cooper of Alais travelling to St. Etienne in search of work, and that in his spare moments he followed the fatal calling of a maker of matches. Me he readily enough divined to be a brandy merchant.

卧室里有两张床。我睡其中一张；我承认，当我看到一个年轻男子和他的妻子还有孩子叠在一起时，真的感到有点儿尴尬。我还是头一回有这类经历；而且，如果每次我都会像这样感到愚蠢局促的话，那我祈求上帝，让这成为最后一次吧。我不敢东张西望，对那位女士也一无所知，除了她有好看的胳膊，而且她似乎一点儿也不因我的存在而感到不自在。事实上，与那对夫妻相比，这种情形对我来说难堪多了。他们镇定自若，而只有我这位落单的绅士为之脸红。但我不禁想到是那位丈夫让我有这种感觉，于是试图从小酒瓶中倒一杯白兰地给他来争取他的宽容。他告诉我，他是阿莱的箍桶匠，要去圣艾蒂安找份活计，在闲暇时顺从命运的召唤为人做做媒。至于我，他一口咬定我是个白兰地酒商。

I was up first in the morning (Monday, September 23rd), and hastened my toilette guiltily, so as to leave a clear field for madam, the cooper's wife. I drank a bowl of milk, and set off to explore the neighbourhood of Bouchet. It was perishing cold, a grey, windy, wintry morning; misty clouds flew fast and low; the wind piped over the naked platform; and the only speck of colour was away behind Mount Mézenc and the eastern hills, where the sky still wore the orange of the dawn.

我早上第一个起床（9月23日，礼拜一），然后满怀愧疚地匆匆洗漱完毕，以便为那位夫人，桶匠的妻子留出清净的空间。我喝了一碗牛奶，然后开始在布歇附近转转。这是一个严寒刺骨、风疾天暗、颇带冬意的清晨，薄薄的低云飞掠而过，寒风尖叫着掠过光秃秃的平台；天上唯一的色彩远远地悬在梅泽纳峰和东边群山的后面，那儿天空仍然残留着黎明时的橙色。

It was five in the morning, and four thousand feet above the sea; and I had to bury my hands in my pockets and trot. People were trooping out to the labours of the field by twos and threes, and all turned round to stare upon the stranger. I had seen them coming back last night, I saw them going afield again; and there was the life of Bouchet in a nutshell.

现在已经是早上五点了，当地海拔四千英尺。我不得不把手藏在衣袋里小跑着。人们三三两两地结伴去田里干活，他们都转过身来打量着我这个异乡人。我昨晚看到他们回来，今天又看到他们下田去；这就是布歇生活的缩影。

When I came back to the inn for a bit of breakfast, the landlady was in the kitchen combing out her daughter's hair; and I made her my compliments upon its beauty.

我回到旅馆准备吃些早饭的时候，老板娘正在厨房为她的女儿梳头；我对她夸赞这头发的美丽。

"O, no," said the mother; "it is not so beautiful as it ought to be. Look, it is too fine."

“噢，才不是呢。”这位母亲说道，“它理应比这更好看哩。瞧，它太细了。”

Thus does a wise peasantry console itself under adverse physical circumstances, and, by a startling democratic process, the defects of the majority decide the type of beauty.

这正是一位聪明的乡下人在艰苦的自然条件下安慰自己的方式，而且，通过一个令人惊讶的民主过程，多数人的缺点决定了美丽的标准。

"And where," said I, "is monsieur?"

“店主人在哪里呢？”我问。

"The master of the house is upstairs," she answered, "making you a goad."

“老板在楼上呢，”她答道，“在为你做刺棒。”

Blessed be the man who invented goads! Blessed the innkeeper of Bouchet St. Nicolas, who introduced me to their use! This plain wand, with an eighth of an inch of pin, was indeed a sceptre when he put it in my hands. Thenceforward Modestine was my slave. A prick, and she passed the most inviting stable door. A prick, and she broke forth into a gallant little trotlet that devoured the miles. It was not a remarkable speed, when all was said; and we took four hours to cover ten miles at the best of it. But what a heavenly change since yesterday! No more wielding of the ugly cudgel; no more flailing with an aching arm; no more broadsword exercise, but a discreet and gentlemanly fence. And what although now and then a drop of blood should appear on Modestine's mouse-coloured wedge-like rump? I should have preferred it otherwise, indeed; but yesterday's exploits had purged my heart of all humanity. The perverse little devil, since she would not be taken with kindness, must even go with pricking.

愿上帝保佑发明刺棒的人！愿上帝保佑布歇圣尼古拉的店主，他告诉了我如何使用它！这根简简单单的木棍，上面有根八分之一英寸长的尖刺，当店主人把它交到我的手中时，它就成了我真正的权杖。从此，小乖就是我的奴隶了。刺一下，小乖就跑出了那道最有吸引力的马厩大门。再刺一下，她就立马开始昂首小步快跑，一气就跑个几英里。总的来说，我们的速度说不上是很快；最快时我们用四小时走了十英里。但这和昨天相比真是天壤之别啊！再不用挥打那根可恶的棍子；再不用甩动酸痛不已的胳膊；也不用再像拿着大砍刀似地手舞足蹈，只需像绅士击剑般优雅地一伸就可以了。虽然一滴鲜血会时不时地出现在小乖那老鼠灰色的尖屁股上，但那又如何呢？确实，我本应更欣赏前一种赶驴方式，但昨天的历险已经让我心中的种种仁慈之念丧失殆尽。这倔强的小恶魔，既然她不愿接受友善的对待，那就只能挨刺了。

It was bleak and bitter cold, and, except a cavalcade of stride-

legged ladies and a pair of post-runners, the road was dead solitary all the way to Pradelles. I scarce remember an incident but one. A handsome foal with a bell about his neck came charging up to us upon a stretch of common, sniffed the air martially as one about to do great deeds, and suddenly thinking otherwise in his green young heart, put about and galloped off as he had come, the bell tinkling in the wind. For a long while afterwards I saw his noble attitude as he drew up, and heard the note of his bell; and when I struck the high-road, the song of the telegraph-wires seemed to continue the same music.

路上一片寒峭肃杀之气。除了一队骑马的妇女和两个邮差经过，直到普拉德尔沿途都是一片死寂。我几乎不记得有什么事情发生，除了下面这件。一只健美的小马驹，脖子下挂着铃铛，从一片公地上冲向我们，威风地打着响鼻，好像要去干什么大事业。忽然，年轻且精力旺盛的他改变了想法，像来时那样，转头飞驰而去，他那铃铛的叮当声回荡在风中。随后很长时间，我不时看到他威风凛凛地向我们跑来，听到那叮叮当当的音乐声；当我走上大路时，风中的电报线似乎也在重复着同样的乐曲。

Pradelles stands on a hillside, high above the Allier, surrounded by rich meadows. They were cutting aftermath on all sides, which gave the neighbourhood, this gusty autumn morning, an untimely smell of hay. On the opposite bank of the Allier the land kept mounting for miles to the horizon: a tanned and sallow autumn landscape, with black blots of fir-wood and white roads wandering through the hills. Over all this the clouds shed a uniform and purplish shadow, sad and somewhat menacing, exaggerating height and distance, and throwing into still higher relief the twisted ribbons of the highway. It was a cheerless prospect, but one stimulating to a traveller. For I was now upon the limit of Velay, and all that I beheld lay in another county—wild Gévaudan, mountainous, uncultivated, and but recently disforested from terror of the wolves.

普拉德尔矗立在一个小山坡上，高耸于阿列河上游，四周是繁茂的草场。在这个多风的秋晨，人们正在割除草场上的再生草，给周围地区带来了一股不合时令的干草的味道。在阿列河的对岸，上升的地势绵延数英里直至天际：这是一幅黄褐相间的秋景，中间点缀着冷杉林簇生而成的黑色圆点，白色的小径在山间盘绕而过。秋云从空中投下均匀的淡紫色阴影，暗淡甚至有点肃杀，更突出了山的辽阔高远，也让山间蜿蜒曲折的公路更加清晰地呈现在人们眼前。这种景致毫无生气，却足以振奋旅行者的精神。因为我现在已经来到沃莱地区的边缘地带了，我所看到的一切都属于另外一个县——荒凉的热沃当，那里山峦叠嶂，未经开化，但最近因为狼群的威胁，山林都被伐光了。

Wolves, alas, like bandits, seem to f lee the traveller's advance; and you may trudge through all our comfortable Europe, and not meet with an adventure worth the name. But here, if anywhere, a man was

on the frontiers of hope. For this was the land of the ever-memorable Beast, the Napoléon Bonaparte of wolves. What a career was his! He lived ten months at free quarters in Gévaudan and Vivarais; he ate women and children and "shepherdesses celebrated for their beauty"; he pursued armed horsemen; he has been seen at broad noonday chasing a post-chaise and outrider along the king's high-road, and chaise and outrider fleeing before him at the gallop. He was placarded like a political offender, and ten thousand francs were offered for his head. And yet, when he was shot and sent to Versailles, behold! a common wolf, and even small for that. "Though I could reach from pole to pole," sang Alexander Pope[1]; the Little Corpora[2] shook Europe; and if all wolves had been as this wolf, they would have changed the history of man. M. Elie Berthet[3] has made him the hero of a novel, which I have read, and do not wish to read again.

唉，狼群，就像强盗一样，似乎都从旅行者的旅途中逃走了；你可以安安心心地游遍整个欧洲，也不会遇上真正意义上的冒险。但在这儿——如果还能在哪儿碰到冒险的话——人们仍有一线希望。因为这里是最令人难忘的野兽，“狼中的拿破仑.波拿巴”，曾经出没的地方。他的生涯可称得上是可圈可点。他在热沃当和维瓦赖自由自在地生活了十个月，吃掉了许多女人和孩子以及“以美貌闻名的牧羊女”；他追逐全副武装的骑车；人们看见他在光天化日之下在交通要道上追逐驿递马车和骑马侍从，马车和侍从在他前面落荒而逃。他像政治犯一样被张榜猎捕，人们悬赏一万法郎要他的脑袋。然而，当他被射杀后送往凡尔赛时，瞧呀！只不过是一只普通的狼，甚至比一般的狼还要瘦小。“尽管我可以从南极走到北极”，蒲柏唱道；这位“小伍长”（拿破仑的绰号）震动了整个欧洲；如果M.埃里.贝赛特以他为主角写过一部小说，我读过这部小说，但是可不想再读一遍了。

I hurried over my lunch, and was proof against the landlady's desire that I should visit our Lady of Pradelles, "who performed many miracles, although she was of wood"; and before three-quarters of an hour I was goading Modestine down the steep descent that leads to Langogne on the Allier. On both sides of the road, in big dusty fields, farmers were preparing for next spring. Every fifty yards a yoke of great-necked stolid oxen were patiently haling at the plough. I saw one of these mild formidable servants of the glebe, who took a sudden interest in Modestine and me. The furrow down which he was journeying lay at an angle to the road, and his head was solidly fixed to the yoke like those of caryatides[4] below a ponderous cornice; but he screwed round his big honest eyes and followed us with a ruminating look, until his master bade him turn the plough and proceed to reascend the field. From all these furrowing ploughshares, from the feet of oxen, from a labourer here and there who was breaking the dry clods with a hoe, the wind carried away a thin dust

like so much smoke. It was a fine, busy, breathing, rustic landscape; and as I continued to descend, the highlands of Gévaudan kept mounting in front of me against the sky.

我匆匆吃过午饭，谢绝了老板娘的提议，没有去看普拉德尔的圣母像，“她虽然是木制的，可显过不少神迹呢。”不到四十五分钟，我就拿刺棒赶着小乖下了陡峭的山坡，前往阿列河边的朗戈涅了。道路两旁，宽广的田野里尘土漫天，农民们在为来年的春耕作准备。每五十码，就有一对套在轭上的雄健的耕牛沉默而温驯地拉着犁。在田野上这些温和有力的仆人中，我看到其中一头突然对小乖和我产生了兴趣。他正在犁的那条犁沟斜斜地伸向大路，他的脑袋被牢牢地固定在轭上，就如那些固定在沉重的檐口下的女像柱；可他转动着他大而诚实的眼睛，思索的目光一直追随着我们，直到主人指挥他转过犁来，继续向上耕去。从这些不断翻动着的犁头中间，从这些耕牛的蹄边，从这里或那里正用锄头敲碎干硬土块的农夫中间，风卷起一层薄薄的、烟似的尘土。这是一派美好、忙碌、生机勃勃的乡村景象；我继续朝山下走，而在我前面，蓝天下热沃当高地的地势不断上升。

I had crossed the Loire the day before; now I was to cross the Allier; so near are these two confluents in their youth. Just at the bridge of Langogne, as the long-promised rain was beginning to fall, a lassie of some seven or eight addressed me in the sacramental phrase, "D'où'st-ce-que vous venez?" She did it with so high an air that she set me laughing; and this cut her to the quick. She was evidently one who reckoned on respect, and stood looking after me in silent dudgeon, as I crossed the bridge and entered the county of Gévaudan.

我前一天已经过了卢瓦尔河；现在我要过的是阿列河；这两条河在上游离得真是近。刚到朗戈涅桥边，蓄势已久的雨开始下了起来，一位大约七八岁的小姑娘用《圣经》里的句子问我：“你从何处而来？”她问得如此郑重其事，我不禁哈哈大笑起来；这一下可深深刺痛了她的心。她显然期待着别人的尊重，所以当我跨过桥头进入热沃当县时，她就闷闷不乐地站在我身后看着我。

Upper Géaudan

上热沃当

"The way also here was very wearisome through dirt and slabbiness; nor was there on all this ground so much as one inn or victualling-house wherein to refresh the feebler sort.”

“此处道路污秽泥泞，令人厌倦不已；整个地区也没有旅馆或小饭店可以振作疲惫的精神。”

—Pilgrim's Progress.

——《天路历程》

(1)亚历山大蒲柏（1688—1744），英国诗人。尽管他几次写道“从

南极到北极”，但他没有写过作者引用的句子。这里作者可能记错了。

(2)小伍长，拿破仑的诨名，此处指上文提到的热沃当的恶狼。

(3) M.埃里贝赛特（1815—1891），法国小说家。此处所指的小说是他的《热沃当的野兽》。

(4)女像柱，一种雕刻成披着衣服的女子形象的支撑柱。

IV. A Camp In The Dark

4.黑夜里的露营

The next day (Tuesday, September 24th), it was two o'clock in the afternoon before I got my journal written up and my knapsack repaired, for I was determined to carry my knapsack in the future and have no more ado with baskets; and half an hour afterwards I set out for Le Cheylard l'Evêque, a place on the borders of the forest of Mercoire. A man, I was told, should walk there in an hour and a half; and I thought it scarce too ambitious to suppose that a man encumbered with a donkey might cover the same distance in four hours.

第二天（9月24日，礼拜二），我写好旅行日记并把背包修理好的时候已经下午两点钟了，因为我决定以后背着包赶路，不再费事地带着篮子了；半个小时后我动身前往梅尔夸森树林边上一个叫主教的谢拉尔的地方。有人告诉我，一个人走去那儿要花一个半小时；而我想，让一个被驴子拖累的人花上四个小时走完同样的路程，应该算不上过于野心勃勃吧。

All the way up the long hill from Langogne it rained and hailed alternately; the wind kept freshening steadily, although slowly; plentiful hurrying clouds—some dragging veils of straight rain-shower, others massed and luminous as though promising snow—careered out of the north and followed me along my way. I was soon out of the cultivated basin of the Allier, and away from the ploughing oxen, and such-like sights of the country. Moor, heathery marsh, tracts of rock and pines, woods of birch all jewelled with the autumn yellow, here and there a few naked cottages and bleak fields—these were the characters of the country. Hill and valley followed valley and hill; the little green and stony cattle-tracks wandered in and out of one another, split into three or four, died away in marshy hollows, and began again sporadically on hillsides or at the borders of a wood.

离开朗戈涅，我踏上了长长的上山路，一路上大雨或冰雹轮番袭来；风虽慢条斯理，但踌躇满志，越刮越紧；漫天的乌云自北方飞卷而来，一路追赶着我。有的带来阵阵急雨，下个不停，有的聚成块块阴霾，发着光亮，预示着行将飘落的雪花。我很快走出了阿列河流域已经开垦的盆地，远离了那些犁地的耕牛，和诸如此类的乡间景色。荒地、石南丛生的沼泽、岩石、松树驻守的小道，以及被秋天染得黄灿灿的白桦林，还有散布其间素面朝天的小茅屋，以及荒凉的旷野——这些便是乡间的特色。一重峦壑跟着又一重峦壑；一条条绿草丛生、遍布碎石的牛羊小道纵横交错，一会儿分出三四条小路，一会儿消失在沼泽深处的

洼地中，又间或出现在山坡上或树林边。

There was no direct road to Cheylard, and it was no easy affair to make a passage in this uneven country and through this intermittent labyrinth of tracks. It must have been about four when I struck Sagnerousse, and went on my way rejoicing in a sure point of departure. Two hours afterwards, the dusk rapidly falling, in a lull of the wind, I issued from a fir-wood where I had long been wandering, and found, not the looked-for village, but another marish bottom among rough-and-tumble hills. For some time past I had heard the ringing of cattle-bells ahead; and now, as I came out of the skirts of the wood, I saw near upon a dozen cows and perhaps as many more black figures, which I conjectured to be children, although the mist had almost unrecognisably exaggerated their forms. These were all silently following each other round and round in a circle, now taking hands, now breaking up with chains and reverences. A dance of children appeals to very innocent and lively thoughts; but, at nightfall on the marshes, the thing was eerie and fantastic to behold. Even I, who am well enough read in Herbert Spencer[1], felt a sort of silence fall for an instant on my mind. The next, I was pricking Modestine forward, and guiding her like an unruly ship through the open. In a path, she went doggedly ahead of her own accord, as before a fair wind; but once on the turf or among heather, and the brute became demented. The tendency of lost travellers to go round in a circle was developed in her to the degree of passion, and it took all the steering I had in me to keep even a decently straight course through a single field.

这里没有直通谢拉尔的大路，而要想在这崎岖的乡间，在这时断时续的迷宫似的小径中找到一条出路，可绝非易事。我到萨涅鲁斯时肯定已经四点了，然后，因为有了一个确定的出发地点，我高高兴兴地继续上路了。两小时后，暮色迅速降临，风也暂时止住了。我从一片转了很久的冷杉林中钻出，发现出现在眼前的并不是自己想要找的村子，而是另一片乱山中的沼泽滩。我之前听到过前面有牲口铃铛的响声；现在，从树林的枝蔓中走出来后，我看到将近一打的母牛和大概同样多的黑影，我猜那是一群孩子，尽管薄雾夸大了他们的身影，让人几乎认不出来了。他们静静地一个跟着一个，不停地转着圈，一会儿牵着手，一会儿又围着圈分散开，互致敬意。孩子们的舞蹈，通常会引发人们天真、生动的暇想；然而，在黄昏的沼泽上，它看起来却怪诞诡谲。即使是我，虽然曾仔细研读过斯宾塞的著作，瞬间也感到某种突如其来的静默袭上心头。随后，我用刺棒赶小乖向前走，努力引领她穿过空地，就像在掌控一叶不羁的扁舟。走在小路上的时候，她顺着自己的心意固执地向前跑，好像顺风而行的小船；但是一旦走上一块草地，或走在石南丛中，这畜生就发起癫来。迷路的旅人那种绕着圈子到处找路的习惯在她身上达到了狂热的程度，即使要在一片空地上走出像样的直线，我也要

使出浑身解数去驱赶她。

While I was thus desperately tacking through the bog, children and cattle began to disperse, until only a pair of girls remained behind. From these I sought direction on my path. The peasantry in general were but little disposed to counsel a wayfarer. One old devil simply retired into his house, and barricaded the door on my approach; and I might beat and shout myself hoarse, he turned a deaf ear. Another, having given me a direction which, as I found afterwards, I had misunderstood, complacently watched me going wrong without adding a sign. He did not care a stalk of parsley if I wandered all night upon the hills! As for these two girls, they were a pair of impudent sly sluts, with not a thought but mischief. One put out her tongue at me, the other bade me follow the cows; and they both giggled and jogged each other's elbows. The Beast of Gévaudan ate about a hundred children of this district; I began to think of him with sympathy.

正当我东弯西拐地拼命在沼泽中穿行时，孩子们和牲口开始四散开来，最后只剩下两个女孩。我于是去向这两个女孩问路。乡下人一般不太愿意向旅人指路。曾经有一个老家伙，看到我向他走去，居然回到房子里，还关上了门；哪怕我上去拍打他的房门，叫破了喉咙，他也还是充耳不闻。还有一个人，给我指了路，但我后来发现我理解错了他说的话。可就算这样，他也只是得意地看着我误入歧途，却一声不吭。他完全不在乎我是否会迷路，是否会因此整夜在山里彷徨游荡！至于这两个女孩，她们是一对无礼又狡猾的小荡妇，满脑子恶作剧的念头。一个向我吐舌头，另一个让我跟着牛群走；她们咯咯傻笑，还相互用肘部轻推对方。那条热沃当的狼在这个地区吞吃了大概一百个孩子；我现在开始理解他的做法了。

Leaving the girls, I pushed on through the bog, and got into another wood and upon a well-marked road. It grew darker and darker. Modestine, suddenly beginning to smell mischief, bettered the pace of her own accord, and from that time forward gave me no trouble. It was the first sign of intelligence I had occasion to remark in her. At the same time, the wind freshened into half a gale, and another heavy discharge of rain came flying up out of the north. At the other side of the wood I sighted some red windows in the dusk. This was the hamlet of Fouzilhic; three houses on a hillside, near a wood of birches. Here I found a delightful old man, who came a little way with me in the rain to put me safely on the road for Cheylard. He would hear of no reward; but shook his hands above his head almost as if in menace, and refused volubly and shrilly, in unmitigated patois.

离开那两个女孩后，我继续在沼泽中跋涉，又走进一片树林，然后踏上一条路标明确的大路。夜色越来越浓了。小乖突然开始嗅出了危险的气息，自动调整步伐，从那以后再也没给我带来麻烦。这是我第一次

发现这小家伙还有点儿头脑。与此同时，风又刮得急了，又一阵暴雨从北方急驰而来。在树林另一边，我看到，暮色中透出几扇红窗。这是富齐伊村，山坡上的白桦林边上有三户人家。我在这儿找到了一位和善可亲的老人家，他在雨中陪我走了一段，好把我安全地送上去谢拉尔的大路。他不肯要任何报酬，而是挥动着高高举起的手，好像受到他人威胁似的，还用纯粹的当地土话，不断地尖叫着拒绝。

All seemed right at last. My thoughts began to turn upon dinner and a fireside, and my heart was agreeably softened in my bosom. Alas, and I was on the brink of new and greater miseries! Suddenly, at a single swoop, the night fell. I have been abroad in many a black night, but never in a blacker. A glimmer of rocks, a glimmer of the track where it was well beaten, a certain f leecy density, or night within night, for a tree—this was all that I could discriminate. The sky was simply darkness overhead; even the flying clouds pursued their way invisibly to human eyesight. I could not distinguish my hand at arm's-length from the track, nor my goad, at the same distance, from the meadows or the sky.

最终似乎一切顺利。我的脑海中出现了晚餐和炉火，心情也变得愉悦起来。可是，唉，我万万没想到自己即将陷入又一个更加凄惨的境地！突然，夜幕倏地一下子完全拉下来了。我曾经多次在黑夜里身处野外，但却没有哪一次的夜晚比今夜更黑。影影绰绰的石块，模模糊糊的久经践踏的小径，还有蒙蒙眬眬的一团树影，像是黑夜中的黑夜——这就是我所能辨认出的一切。头上的天空是纯粹的一片漆黑；人眼甚至无法看到天上的云团怎样飞过。只要把手伸出一臂开外，就完全看不清哪儿是手，哪儿是路了；还有我的刺棒，伸出同样的距离，它看起来就和草地或天空融为一体了。

Soon the road that I was following split, after the fashion of the country, into three or four in a piece of rocky meadow. Since Modestine had shown such a fancy for beaten roads, I tried her instinct in this predicament. But the instinct of an ass is what might be expected from the name; in half a minute she was clambering round and round among some boulders, as lost a donkey as you would wish to see. I should have camped long before had I been properly provided; but as this was to be so short a stage, I had brought no wine, no bread for myself, and little over a pound for my lady friend. Add to this, that I and Modestine were both handsomely wetted by the showers. But now, if I could have found some water, I should have camped at once in spite of all. Water, however, being entirely absent, except in the form of rain, I determined to return to Fouzilhic, and ask a guide a little farther on my way—"a little farther lend thy guiding hand."[2]

很快，我走的大路就像其他乡间的路一样开始分岔，它在一处布满岩石的草地上分成了三四条小路。因为小乖看起来特别迷恋这种踏出来

的小路，因此，我试着利用她的直觉来走出这种困境。但是一头蠢驴的直觉，光听名字就该料想得到是怎样的了；足足半分钟的时间，她都在巨石间吃力地转来转去，正如我们料想的那样，完全不知所措。如果我带了足够的食物和水，早就应该露营了；但因为这段路并不长，所以我没有带酒，也没有为自己准备面包，只为我的雌性朋友带了大概一磅多一点儿。更糟的是，由于下雨，我和小乖浑身上下都湿透了。即使如此，如果能找到些水的话，我也将不顾一切立即在此露营。但是，除了正在下着的雨水，我完全找不到一点水。我决定返回富齐伊村，请一位向导带我再往前走一点——“借你指路的手稍稍前进一程。”

The thing was easy to decide, hard to accomplish. In this sensible roaring blackness I was sure of nothing but the direction of the wind. To this I set my face; the road had disappeared, and I went across country, now in marshy opens, now baffled by walls unscalable to Modestine, until I came once more in sight of some red windows. This time they were differently disposed. It was not Fouzilhic, but Fouzilhac, a hamlet little distant from the other in space, but worlds away in the spirit of its inhabitants. I tied Modestine to a gate, and groped forward, stumbling among rocks, plunging mid-leg in bog, until I gained the entrance of the village. In the first lighted house there was a woman who would not open to me. She could do nothing, she cried to me through the door, being alone and lame; but if I would apply at the next house, there was a man who could help me if he had a mind.

想起来容易，做起来就难了。在这狂风呼啸的黑夜里，除了风向，我无法确定任何东西。我逆风而行；道路消失了，我在田野中穿行而过，一会儿走入大片的沼泽中，一会儿又被小乖越不过去的障碍挡住，直到我又一次看到一些红色窗扇。这次窗户的格局与上次的不同。这里不是富齐伊村，而是富齐阿村，离富齐伊不远的一个小村，但村民们的态度却迥异。我把小乖拴在路旁，自己摸着黑往前走，不是被石头绊得跌跌撞撞，就是陷入及膝的沼泽中，最后终于来到村子的入口。第一所亮着灯火的房子里有一个妇女，她不愿为我开门。她在门里冲着我喊道，她一个人住，又是个瘸子，什么也做不了；但如果我去隔壁，那里有个男人，如果他愿意的话，可以帮得到我。

They came to the next door in force, a man, two women, and a girl, and brought a pair of lanterns to examine the wayfarer. The man was not ill-looking, but had a shifty smile. He leaned against the doorpost, and heard me state my case. All I asked was a guide as far as Cheylard.

在隔壁，一个男人、两个妇女和一个女孩涌到门口，还提了两盏灯笼，来好好审视我这位旅行者。这男人长得倒不像坏人，但有一副狡黠的笑容。他倚着门柱，听我讲述我的情况。我所需要的只是一位能把我带到谢拉尔的向导。

"C'est que, voyez-vous, il fait noir," said he.

“现在，你看，天黑了。”他说。

I told him that was just my reason for requiring help.

我告诉他这正是我寻求帮助的原因。

"I understand that," said he, looking uncomfortable; "Mais—c'est—de la peine.”

“我知道，”他说，一副不情愿的模样，“可这，很麻烦呀。”

I was willing to pay, I said. He shook his head. I rose as high as ten francs; but he continued to shake his head. "Name your own price, then," said I.

我愿意付钱，我说。他摇摇头。我出到十法郎；可他还是摇头。“你开价吧。”我说。

"Ce n'est pas ca," he said at length, and with evident difficulty; "but I am not going to cross the door—mais je ne sortirai pas de la porte.”

“不是那么回事儿，”他最后说，明显很为难，“但是我不会出门的——maisjenesortiraipasdelaporte（但是我不会出门的）。”

I grew a little warm, and asked him what he proposed that I should do.

我有点发恼，问他他认为我该怎么办。

"Where are you going beyond Cheylard?" he asked by way of answer.

“到了谢拉尔后，你还要去哪儿？”他不答反问。

"That is no affair of yours," I returned, for I was not going to indulge his bestial curiosity; "it changes nothing in my present predicament."

“那不关你的事，”我回答，因为我可不想再纵容他残忍的好奇心了，“这又不会对我眼下的困境有任何改变。”

"C'est vrai,ca," he acknowledged, with a laugh; "Oui, c'est vrai. Et d'ou venez-vous?”

“是呀，”他大笑着承认，“是这么回事。你从哪儿来的呀？”

A better man than I might have felt nettled.

教养再好的人兴许也要发火了。

"O," said I, "I am not going to answer any of your questions, so you may spare yourself the trouble of putting them. I am late enough already; I want help. If you will not guide me yourself, at least help

me to find some one else who will."

“啊，”我说，“我不会回答你任何问题了，所以你也不必费神再问了。我现在已经够迟了；我需要帮助。如果你自己不愿给我带路，最起码帮我找个愿意的人吧。”

"Hold on," he cried suddenly. "Was it not you who passed in the meadow while it was still day?"

“等一下，”他突然叫道，“你不就是白天那个穿过草地的人吗？”

"Yes, yes," said the girl, whom I had not hitherto recognised; "it was monsieur; I told him to follow the cow."

“是的，是的，”女孩说，我刚刚没认出她来，“就是那位先生；我让他跟着牛走。”

"As for you, mademoiselle," said I, "you are a farceuse."

“而你，小姐，”我说，“你是位爱捣蛋的小丑。”

"And," added the man, "what the devil have you done to be still here?"

“那么，”男人接着说，“你到底怎么走的？现在还在这里转悠？”

What the devil, indeed! But there I was.

到底怎么回事，真是！但我就是还在这儿。

"The great thing," said I, "is to make an end of it"; and once more proposed that he should help me to find a guide.

“重要的是，”我说道，“结束这一切。”然后又提议他应该帮我找一个向导。

"C'est que," he said again, "C'est que-il fait noir.”

“天色，”他又说，“天色太黑了。”

"Very well," said I; "take one of your lanterns."

“很好。”我说，“提一个灯笼就是了。”

"No," he cried, drawing a thought backward, and again intrenching himself behind one of his former phrases; "I will not cross the door."

“不行，”他叫道，他的思绪又倒回去，又躲回到他之前的借口背后，“我不会出门的。”

I looked at him. I saw unaffected terror struggling on his face with unaffected shame; he was smiling pitifully and wetting his lip with his tongue, like a detected schoolboy. I drew a brief picture of my state, and asked him what I was to do.

我看着他。在他脸上，真实的的恐惧与真实的的羞愧在交锋；他可怜地微笑着，伸出舌头舔舔嘴唇，像一个做了错事被抓到的男孩。我大概想了一下自己目前的处境，问他我该怎么办。

"I don't know," he said; "I will not cross the door."

“我不知道。”他说，“我不会出门的。”

Here was the Beast of Gévaudan, and no mistake.

他怕的是热沃当之狼，一点儿没错。

"Sir," said I, with my most commanding manners, "you are a coward."

“先生，”我说，用我最威严的态度，“你是一个懦夫。”

And with that I turned my back upon the family party, who hastened to retire within their fortifications; and the famous door was closed again, but not till I had overheard the sound of laughter. Filia barbara pater barbarior. Let me say it in the plural: the Beasts of Gévaudan.

说完，我背转身，离开了这一大家子。他们立刻退回到他们的堡垒中；那扇经典的门重新关上了，但门关上前，我听到一阵笑声。“野蛮的女儿，必有其更野蛮的父亲。”还是让我用复数来说吧：一群热沃当之狼。

The lanterns had somewhat dazzled me, and I ploughed distressfully among stones and rubbish-heaps. All the other houses in the village were both dark and silent; and though I knocked at here and there a door, my knocking was unanswered. It was a bad business; I gave up Fouzilhac with my curses. The rain had stopped, and the wind, which still kept rising, began to dry my coat and trousers. "Very well," thought I, "water or no water, I must camp." But the first thing was to return to Modestine. I am pretty sure I was twenty minutes groping for my lady in the dark; and if it had not been for the unkindly services of the bog, into which I once more stumbled, I might have still been groping for her at the dawn. My next business was to gain the shelter of a wood, for the wind was cold as well as boisterous. How, in this well-wooded district, I should have been so long in finding one, is another of the insoluble mysteries of this day's adventures; but I will take my oath that I put near an hour to the discovery.

那两盏灯笼有些照花了我的眼，我深一脚浅一脚地在石块和垃圾堆之间痛苦地穿行。村中所有其他房屋都是一片漆黑寂静。尽管我不停地敲着这家那户的门，却得不到任何应答。真是糟糕透顶，我一边诅咒，一边离开了富齐阿。雨已经停了，风还是越刮越紧，开始吹干我的上衣和裤子。“很好，”我想，“不管有没有水，我都必须露营了。”但首先要

回去牵小乖。我很确定，我在黑暗中摸索了足有二十分钟才找到我的小母驴；而且，要不是那块不太友好的沼泽的帮忙，让我又跌倒了一次，我可能到天亮还在找她呢。我下面要做的是去树林里避风，因为风刮得又冷又凶。在这个树木繁茂的地区，为何我却花了好久才找到一片树林，这是我这天探险的又一个难解之谜；但我发誓，我花了将近一个小时才找到了它。

At last black trees began to show upon my left, and, suddenly crossing the road, made a cave of unmitigated blackness right in front. I call it a cave without exaggeration; to pass below that arch of leaves was like entering a dungeon. I felt about until my hand encountered a stout branch, and to this I tied Modestine, a haggard, drenched, desponding donkey. Then I lowered my pack, laid it along the wall on the margin of the road, and unbuckled the straps. I knew well enough where the lantern was; but where were the candles? I groped and groped among the tumbled articles, and, while I was thus groping, suddenly I touched the spirit-lamp. Salvation! This would serve my turn as well. The wind roared unwearyingly among the trees; I could hear the boughs tossing and the leaves churning through half a mile of forest; yet the scene of my encampment was not only as black as the pit, but admirably sheltered. At the second match the wick caught flame. The light was both livid and shifting; but it cut me off from the universe, and doubled the darkness of the surrounding night.

最终，一些黑色的树影出现在我的左侧，然后，那些树木徒然穿过大路在我的正前方形成了一个黑沉沉的洞穴。我称它为洞穴丝毫没有夸张；在这些枝枝蔓蔓形成的拱门下面穿行，就像进入地牢里一样。我四处摸索着，直到我的手触到了一根结实的树枝，就把小乖拴在它上面。这时小乖已经筋疲力尽、浑身透湿，没精打采极了。我卸下行李，把它沿着路边的墙放好，解开睡袋皮带的扣子。我很清楚灯笼在哪里；但是蜡烛呢？我在杂乱无章的物品里摸索了半天。然后，就在我这样搜寻着的时候，突然我触到了酒精灯。得救了！用这个也不错。狂风在林间呼啸着，全无止息的迹象。在方圆半英里的树林里，我听得到树枝被摇撼得颠簸不已，树叶在风中上下翻飞；但我的露营之地不但像深坑般漆黑一团，而且还是很好的遮护之处。擦了第二根火柴之后，灯芯就点着了。灯光暗淡摇曳，却把我和外面的世界隔绝开来，还衬得周围的夜色愈见漆黑。

I tied Modestine more conveniently for herself, and broke up half the black bread for her supper, reserving the other half against the morning. Then I gathered what I should want within reach, took off my wet boots and gaiters, which I wrapped in my waterproof, arranged my knapsack for a pillow under the flap of my sleeping-bag, insinuated my limbs into the interior, and buckled myself in like a bambino. I opened a tin of Bologna sausage and broke a cake of chocolate, and that was all I had to eat. It may sound offensive, but I

ate them together, bite by bite, by way of bread and meat. All I had to wash down this revolting mixture was neat brandy: a revolting beverage in itself. But I was rare and hungry; ate well, and smoked one of the best cigarettes in my experience. Then I put a stone in my straw hat, pulled the flap of my fur cap over my neck and eyes, put my revolver ready to my hand, and snuggled well down among the sheepskins.

我把小乖拴得更舒服一点，掰碎半块黑面包作她的晚餐，留着另外半块作早餐。然后把可能用得着的东西放在我触手可及之处，脱下湿漉漉的靴子和绑腿，把它们裹在雨衣里，把背包整好，放在睡袋的袋盖下面作枕头，慢慢钻入睡袋里，用带子把自己绑得像个小婴儿似的。我打开一听大红肠罐头，又撕下一块巧克力蛋糕，这就是我所有的食物了。这听起来似乎很令人作呕，但我就像吃夹肉面包一样，把它们一口一口吃完了。唯一能够让我拿来冲下这些令人反胃食物的是纯白兰地：它本身就是难以下咽的饮料。但是我实在饿极了。我美美地享用完晚餐，又抽了一根我平生抽过的最好的香烟。接着我把一块石头放进我的草帽里，拉下皮帽子的帽沿遮住脖子和眼睛，把我的左轮手枪放在手边，舒舒服服地蜷缩进这些羊皮中间。

I questioned at first if I were sleepy, for I felt my heart beating faster than usual, as if with an agreeable excitement to which my mind remained a stranger. But as soon as my eyelids touched, that subtle glue leaped between them, and they would no more come separate. The wind among the trees was my lullaby. Sometimes it sounded for minutes together with a steady, even rush, not rising nor abating; and again it would swell and burst like a great crashing breaker, and the trees would patter me all over with big drops from the rain of the afternoon. Night after night, in my own bedroom in the country, I have given ear to this perturbing concert of the wind among the woods; but whether it was a difference in the trees, or the lie of the ground, or because I was myself outside and in the midst of it, the fact remains that the wind sang to a different tune among these woods of Gévaudan. I hearkened and hearkened; and meanwhile sleep took gradual possession of my body and subdued my thoughts and senses; but still my last waking effort was to listen and distinguish, and my last conscious state was one of wonder at the foreign clamour in my ears.

我一开始还怀疑自己是否有睡意，因为我感到心跳得比平常要快，好像怀着一种自己还不熟悉的愉快的兴奋感。但我的上眼皮一触到下眼皮，就有一种奇妙的胶水在它们中间跳跃，它们就再也分不开了。林间的风声是我的催眠曲。有时连续几分钟这风声都像是平滑稳定的急流，既不增强，也不减弱；有时又会突然暴涨，急剧迸放，仿佛撞击着的巨浪，然后下午残留在树叶上的大颗雨滴，就会噼里啪啦地拍打在我全身上下。夜复一夜，在故乡我自己的卧室里，我曾仔细聆听这使人心烦意

乱的风林协奏曲；但不知是因为树林的不同，还是所处的地形不同，抑或是因为我身在野外，处于这风声之中，总之事实却是，热沃当的林中之风唱出的是不同的曲调。我静静地倾听着，倾听着；与此同时，睡意渐渐俘获了我的身体，麻痹了我的思想和感觉；但陷入睡眠的最后一瞬，我仍在努力聆听、辨认，在最后的一丝清明中，我还在惊讶于耳中那陌生的嘈杂之声。

Twice in the course of the dark hours—once when a stone galled me underneath the sack, and again when the poor patient Modestine, growing angry, pawed and stamped upon the road—I was recalled for a brief while to consciousness, and saw a star or two overhead, and the lace-like edge of the foliage against the sky. When I awoke for the third time (Wednesday, September 25th), the world was flooded with a blue light, the mother of the dawn. I saw the leaves labouring in the wind and the ribbon of the road; and, on turning my head, there was Modestine tied to a beech, and standing half across the path in an attitude of inimitable patience. I closed my eyes again, and set to thinking over the experience of the night. I was surprised to find how easy and pleasant it had been, even in this tempestuous weather. The stone which annoyed me would not have been there, had I not been forced to camp blindfold in the opaque night; and I had felt no other inconvenience, except when my feet encountered the lantern or the second volume of Peyrat's Pastors of the Desert[3] among the mixed contents of my sleeping-bag; nay, more, I had felt not a touch of cold, and awakened with unusually lightsome and clear sensations.

我在黑夜里醒来了两次——一次是睡袋下面的一块石头硌醒了我，另一次是可怜的好脾气的小乖生起气来，不停地用蹄子刨土跺地——我短暂地清醒了一下，看到头上有一两点星光，一簇簇枝叶的边缘像花边一样嵌在夜空中。我第三次醒来时（9月25日，礼拜三），整个世界沐浴在一片蓝光之中，这是黎明的前兆。我看到叶子在风中不停地摇曳，大路像一条长长的缎带；转过头来，小乖拴在一棵山毛榉上，半边身子站在路上，态度无比乖顺。我又闭上了眼睛，开始回想夜间的经历。我惊讶地发现，尽管风狂雨骤，我过得还是很轻松愉快的。如果我不是被迫在这晦暗的夜晚摸黑露营的话，让我烦恼不已的那块石头也不会出现在那里；而且，除了我的脚在睡袋中的一堆杂物中碰到了灯笼，或是佩拉的《荒漠中的牧师》第二卷，我也没有感到其他的不便之处；不仅如此，我丝毫没有感觉到寒冷，而且还在不寻常的惬意和清醒的意识中醒来。

With that, I shook myself, got once more into my boots and gaiters, and, breaking up the rest of the bread for Modestine, strolled about to see in what part of the world I had awakened. Ulysses, left on Ithaca[4] and with a mind unsettled by the goddess, was not more pleasantly astray. I have been after an adventure all my life, a pure dispassionate adventure, such as befell early and heroic voyagers; and

thus to be found by morning in a random woodside nook in Gévaudan—not knowing north from south, as strange to my surroundings as the first man upon the earth, an inland castaway—was to find a fraction of my day-dreams realised. I was on the skirts of a little wood of birch, sprinkled with a few beeches; behind, it adjoined another wood of fir; and in front, it broke up and went down in open order into a shallow and meadowy dale. All around there were bare hilltops, some near, some far away, as the perspective closed or opened, but none apparently much higher than the rest. The wind huddled the trees. The golden specks of autumn in the birches tossed shiveringly. Overhead the sky was full of strings and shreds of vapour, flying, vanishing, reappearing, and turning about an axis like tumblers, as the wind hounded them through heaven. It was wild weather and famishing cold. I ate some chocolate, swallowed a mouthful of brandy, and smoked a cigarette before the cold should have time to disable my fingers. And by the time I had got all this done, and had made my pack and bound it on the pack-saddle, the day was tiptoe on the threshold of the east. We had not gone many steps along the lane, before the sun, still invisible to me, sent a glow of gold over some cloud mountains that lay ranged along the eastern sky.

带着这份惬意清醒，我振作精神，重新穿上靴子和绑腿。然后，掰碎剩下的面包喂了小乖，又四处走走，看我到底是在世界的哪个角落醒来的。被留在伊萨卡岛上的尤利西斯，因为女神而心神不宁，绝不像我现在这般因迷路而愉快。我一生渴求探险，那种完全冷静理智的探险，就像那些早期英勇的航行者经历的那样。因此早晨发现自己在热沃当任意一个林边角落醒来，——不辨南北，就像世界上出现的第一个人那样对周围的一切那样陌生，堪称一个历经陆地“漂流”的“鲁宾逊”——等于是实现了我的一部分幻想。我身处一小片白桦林的边缘，林间掺杂着几棵山毛榉树；白桦林后面邻着一片冷杉林；而前面，树木不再聚集成林，稀稀落落地散入一个绿草如茵的浅浅山谷。那里四周都是些光秃秃的山头，近观或是远眺，会发现有的山在近处，有的在远处，但没有一座明显兀立于其他山头。大风把树的枝叶都吹拢在一起，白桦林点点金黄的秋叶在风中瑟瑟发抖。头顶上空飘荡着丝丝缕缕的雾气，在风儿的追赶下飞扬着，忽隐忽现，有时还像杂技演员般翻着筋斗。这时天气恶劣，空气冷峭逼人。趁手指还没被冻僵，我赶紧吃了些巧克力，灌下一口白兰地，还抽了一根烟。我吃喝完毕，整好行囊并把它缚在驮鞍上，这时，东方才依稀现出了几缕晨光。我们在路上没走几步，就看到，虽然太阳还没出来，但金灿灿的光芒已经照亮了东方天边云雾中绵延的群山。

The wind had us on the stern, and hurried us bitingly forward. I buttoned myself into my coat, and walked on in a pleasant frame of mind with all men, when suddenly, at a corner, there was Fouzilhic once more in front of me. Nor only that, but there was the old

gentleman who had escorted me so far the night before, running out of his house at sight of me, with hands upraised in horror.

狂风自我们身后吹来，猛烈地吹着我们向前走。我把自己严密地扣在大衣里，怀着愉快的心情和大家一起走着。忽然，在一个转角处，富齐伊村又一次出现在我的眼前。不光如此，还有那位前夜护送了我很远的老人家，一看到我，就跑出了他的屋子，手惊恐地高高举着。

"My poor boy!" he cried, "what does this mean?"

“可怜的孩子！”他喊道，“这是怎么回事？”

I told him what had happened. He beat his old hands like clappers in a mill, to think how lightly he had let me go; but when he heard of the man of Fouzilhac, anger and depression seized upon his mind.

我告诉他事情的经过。他像磨坊里的拍板那样拍打着他苍老的双手，觉得自己就那样放我走真是太轻率了；但一听到富齐阿村的那个男人，这位老人立刻表现得义愤填膺，神情沮丧。

"This time, at least," said he, "there shall be no mistake."

“这次，至少，”他说，“不会再走错路了。”

And he limped along, for he was very rheumatic, for about half a mile, and until I was almost within sight of Cheylard, the destination I had.

于是他就一瘸一拐地向前走，因为他风湿病非常严重。我们走了大概半英里，直到我的目的地，谢拉尔，出现在我们的视野里。

(1)赫伯特·斯宾塞（1820—1903），英国实证主义哲学家。

(2)“借你指路的手稍稍前进一程”，弥尔顿（1608—1674）所著剧诗《力士参孙》的第一行诗句加以变化。

(3)《荒漠中的牧师》，拿破仑·佩拉（1809—1881）所著，讲述了从1685年撤销“南特法令”到1789年法国大革命期间法国南部新教徒的起义史。

(4)留在伊萨卡岛上的尤利西斯，《奥德赛》中主人公尤利西斯历经艰险回到伊萨卡岛上的家中后，仍然想要出去探险。

V. Cheylard And Luc

5.谢拉尔和吕克

Candidly, it seemed little worthy of all this searching. A few broken ends of village, with no particular street, but a succession of open places heaped with logs and fagots; a couple of tilted crosses, a shrine to Our Lady of all Graces on the summit of a little hill; and all this, upon a rattling highland river, in the corner of a naked valley. What went ye out for to see? thought I to myself. But the place had a life of its own. I found a board, commemorating the liberalities of Cheylard for the past year, hung up, like a banner, in the diminutive and tottering church. In 1877, it appeared, the inhabitants subscribed forty-eight francs ten centimes for the "Work of the Propagation of the Faith." Some of this, I could not help hoping, would be applied to my native land. Cheylard scrapes together halfpence for the darkened souls in Edinburgh; while Balquhidder and Dunrossness[1] bemoan the ignorance of Rome. Thus, to the high entertainment of the angels, do we pelt each other with evangelists, like schoolboys bickering in the snow.

坦率地说，它真是不值得我这番辛苦寻觅。几处凋废的村落，没有什么很显眼的街道，只有一片片空地，堆着些木料和柴草；几座歪歪斜斜的十字架，还有建在一个小山顶上的圣母神殿；所有这些，都缩在一个寸草不生的山谷里，旁边一条高地河流潺潺流过。你到这里来想看什么呢？我心中想道。但是这地方也有它自己的故事。在一个小小的、摇摇欲坠的教堂里，我看到一块像标语般悬挂着的木板，用以纪念谢拉尔过去一年的慈善行为。上面写道，这儿的居民于1877年捐出了四十八法郎十生丁，用于“信仰传播事业”。其中的一些，我不禁希望，会用于我的家乡。谢拉尔穷尽锱铢以拯救爱丁堡人黑暗的灵魂；而巴尔惠德和邓罗斯内斯的人们却在哀叹罗马教廷的无知。于是，让天使们感到十分有趣的是，人间的传教士们相互攻击，就像一群小孩子在雪地里打雪仗一样。

The inn was again singularly unpretentious. The whole furniture of a not ill-to-do family was in the kitchen: the beds, the cradle, the clothes, the plate-rack, the meal-chest, and the photograph of the parish priest. There were five children, one of whom was set to its morning prayers at the stair-foot soon after my arrival, and a sixth would ere long be forthcoming. I was kindly received by these good folk. They were much interested in my misadventure. The wood in which I had slept belonged to them; the man of Fouzilhac they thought a monster of iniquity, and counselled me warmly to summon him at law—"because I might have died." The good wife was horror-

stricken to see me drink over a pint of uncreamed milk.

这儿的旅馆同样也是非常简朴。一个颇称得上小康之家的全套家具都在厨房里：床铺、摇篮、衣物、餐具盘架、食品柜和教区传教士的照片。店主家有五个孩子，我刚到不久，其中一个就被拎到楼梯脚做晨祷，第六个孩子也很快就要降生了。我在这些善良的人们中受到了热情的款待。他们对我的不幸遭遇很感兴趣。我夜里睡过的树林是他们的产业；他们认为，富齐阿村的那个人是个地地道道的恶棍，还热心建议我把他告上法庭——“因为我很可能因此丢了性命。”看到我喝了一品脱没有煮过的牛奶，那位好心的妻子惊恐极了。

"You will do yourself an evil," she said. "Permit me to boil it for you."

“你会吃坏肚子的，”她说，“请让我为你煮一下吧。”

After I had begun the morning on this delightful liquor, she having an infinity of things to arrange, I was permitted, nay requested, to make a bowl of chocolate for myself. My boots and gaiters were hung up to dry, and, seeing me trying to write my journal on my knee, the eldest daughter let down a hinged table in the chimney-corner for my convenience. Here I wrote, drank my chocolate, and finally ate an omelette before I left. The table was thick with dust; for, as they explained, it was not used except in winter weather. I had a clear look up the vent, through brown agglomerations of soot and blue vapour, to the sky; and whenever a handful of twigs was thrown on to the fire, my legs were scorched by the blaze.

我喝了这可口的饮料，开始了早晨的活动，而老板娘，因为有数不尽的事情要安排，就允许，而不是请求我，去为自己做一碗巧克力饮料。我的靴子和绑腿都给挂起来晾干，而且，看到我试图在膝上写日志，大女儿在靠近壁炉的暖和处展开一张用铰链折起的桌子，好让我舒舒服服地写。我在那儿一边写，一边喝着巧克力饮料，离开之前还吃了一个煎蛋饼。桌子上积着厚厚的灰尘；因为，他们解释道，它只有在冬天才用到。透过满是褐色煤烟凝块与青色水气的出烟孔，我可以清楚地看到天空；每次往火里添进一把柴禾，我的双腿就会被火苗烤到。

The husband had begun life as a muleteer, and when I came to charge Modestine showed himself full of the prudence of his art. "You will have to change this package," said he; "it ought to be in two parts, and then you might have double the weight."

丈夫是赶骡人出身，我把行李装到小乖背上的时候，他充分展示了他精湛的技艺。“你得重新打一下行李，”他说，“应该把它分成两份，然后你就可以多驮上一倍重的行李。”

I explained that I wanted no more weight; and for no donkey hitherto created would I cut my sleeping-bag in two. "It fatigues her,

however," said the innkeeper;

我解释说我不需要更多行李了；而且，不管是为了什么样的驴子，我都不会把我的睡袋一分为二。

"It fatigues her greatly on the march. Look."

“但，这样的话会累坏她的，”店主说，“她在路上会累坏的。瞧瞧吧。”

Alas, there were her two forelegs no better than raw beef on the inside, and blood was running from under her tail. They told me when I started, and I was ready to believe it, that before a few days I should come to love Modestine like a dog. Three days had passed, we had shared some misadventures, and my heart was still as cold as a potato towards my beast of burden. She was pretty enough to look at; but then she had given proof of dead stupidity, redeemed indeed by patience, but aggravated by flashes of sorry and ill-judged light-heartedness. And I own this new discovery seemed another point against her. What the devil was the good of a she-ass if she could not carry a sleeping-bag and a few necessaries? I saw the end of the fable rapidly approaching, when I should have to carry Modestine. Aesop[2] was the man to know the world! I assure you I set out with heavy thoughts upon my short day's march.

哎呀，她两条前腿内侧简直跟生牛肉一个样，尾巴下面还流着血。我出发时他们告诉我，而且我很愿意相信，过不了几天，我就会像疼爱狗一样疼爱小乖。三天过去了，我们一起承担了很多不幸，但对为我负重的牲口，我的心仍然冷酷得像石头一样。她看起来相当漂亮；但接着就显露出彻头彻尾的愚蠢，当然，这一缺点因为她的耐心而稍稍得以弥补，但不时暴露出的可悲又鲁莽的轻率之举又大大加剧了这一缺点。而且我得承认，这一新的发现让我更有理由讨厌她了。对一头母驴来说，如果连一个睡袋和一些生活必需品都驮不动的话，那她还有些什么见鬼的用处呢？我看到那个寓言故事的结局很快就会来临，那时我就不得不背着小乖走路了。伊索真不愧是洞悉世事之人！我可以向你保证，我开始我短短的一日之旅时，心情真是沉重极了。

It was not only heavy thoughts about Modestine that weighted me upon the way; it was a leaden business altogether. For first, the wind blew so rudely that I had to hold on the pack with one hand from Cheylard to Luc; and second, my road lay through one of the most beggarly countries in the world. It was like the worst of the Scotch Highlands, only worse; cold, naked, and ignoble, scant of wood, scant of heather, scant of life. A road and some fences broke the unvarying waste, and the line of the road was marked by upright pillars, to serve in time of snow.

一路上我不仅因为小乖而心事重重，而且，整个旅行本身都沉闷乏

味。首先，从谢拉尔到吕克，一路上狂风大作，我不得不用一只手扶着行李走。其次，我的旅途经过的是世上最凋敝的村落。这里就像是苏格兰高地上最破败的村庄，而且只会更差；苦寒，荒凉，萧索，没有树林，没有石南，没有生命。一条大道和几处篱笆打破了一成不变的荒野，道路两旁是竖立的柱子，下雪的时候用来标记道路。

Why any one should desire to visit either Luc or Cheylard is more than my much-inventing spirit can suppose. For my part, I travel not to go anywhere, but to go. I travel for travel's sake. The great affair is to move; to feel the needs and hitches of our life more nearly; to come down off this feather-bed of civilisation, and find the globe granite underfoot and strewn with cutting flints. Alas, as we get up in life, and are more preoccupied with our affairs, even a holiday is a thing that must be worked for. To hold a pack upon a pack-saddle against a gale out of the freezing north is no high industry, but it is one that serves to occupy and compose the mind. And when the present is so exacting, who can annoy himself about the future?

为什么会有人想要去吕克或谢拉尔游览呢？即使是像我如此热爱想象的头脑，也想不出原因来。就我而言，我旅行并不为去什么地方，而仅仅是为了行路。我是为旅行而旅行。其真谛就在于向前走；去更深切地感受我们生命中的需求和障碍；离开文明这张羽绒床，去发现脚下由花岗岩构成的、布满锋利燧石的地球。可叹的是，由于我们在生活中力求有所作为，每日里为种种事务庸庸碌碌，甚至节日也成了我们必须为之努力的事情。在刺骨的北风中扶着驮鞍上的行李顶风前进并不是什么特别费力的事，但却能使我全神贯注，平心静气。当现实如此严酷，谁还会为未来而苦恼呢？

I came out at length above the Allier. A more unsightly prospect at this season of the year it would be hard to fancy. Shelving hills rose round it on all sides, here dabbled with wood and fields, there rising to peaks alternately naked and hairy with pines. The colour throughout was black or ashen, and came to a point in the ruins of the castle of Luc, which pricked up impudently from below my feet, carrying on a pinnacle a tall white statue of Our Lady, which, I heard with interest, weighed fifty quintals, and was to be dedicated on the 6th of October. Through this sorry landscape trickled the Allier and a tributary of nearly equal size, which came down to join it through a broad nude valley in Vivarais. The weather had somewhat lightened, and the clouds massed in squadron; but the fierce wind still hunted them through heaven, and cast great ungainly splashes of shadow and sunlight over the scene.

我终于走了出去，来到阿列河的上游。很难想象在一年的这个季节，还会有比这更难看的景色。四周都是屏障似的群山，有的点缀着些树林和田地，有的则是童山秃岭，或者稀稀落落地长着些松树。目之所及都是黑灰两色，然后这些色彩统统汇集到一个点上，那就是吕克堡的

遗迹。城堡从我的脚下陡然而起，顶部立着一个高高的白色圣母像。这个雕像，我饶有兴趣地听说，有五十公担重，将在十月六号举行落成仪式。阿列河和一条几乎与它同样宽度的支流从这片凄凉的景色中缓缓淌过，这支流流经维瓦赖一个寸草不生的宽阔山谷，与阿列河交汇在一起。天色不再那么阴晦了，云朵一团团堆积在一起，但凄厉的狂风仍在空中追赶着它们，投下大片大片难看的阴影，和地上的阳光斑驳交错。

Luc itself was a straggling double file of houses wedged between hill and river. It had no beauty, nor was there any notable feature, save the old castle overhead with its fifty quintals of brand-new Madonna. But the inn was clean and large. The kitchen, with its two box-beds hung with clean check curtains, with its wide stone chimney, its chimney- shelf four yards long and garnished with lanterns and religious statuettes, its array of chests and pair of ticking clocks, was the very model of what a kitchen ought to be; a melodrama kitchen, suitable for bandits or noblemen in disguise. Nor was the scene disgraced by the landlady, a handsome, silent, dark old woman, clothed and hooded in black like a nun. Even the public bedroom had a character of its own, with the long deal tables and benches, where fifty might have dined, set out as for a harvest-home, and the three box-beds along the wall. In one of these, lying on straw and covered with a pair of table-napkins, did I do penance all night long in goose-flesh and chattering teeth, and sigh from time to time as I awakened, for my sheepskin sack and the lee of some great wood.

吕克本身只是挤在山峦和河流之间的两排散乱的房屋，除了那个旧堡和它顶端那座五十公担重的崭新的圣母像，毫无动人的景致可言，也没有任何显著的特色。但它的旅馆却干净而宽敞。厨房里摆放着两张箱形床，上面挂着干净的格子布蚊帐，还有宽宽的石砌的烟囱，四码长的烟囱架，上面摆放着几个灯笼和小宗教雕像作为装饰，此外还有一排整齐的橱柜和一对嘀嗒走着的钟表，这一切构成了厨房布置的标准范本；这是一个出现在情节剧中的厨房，适合乔装改扮的强盗或贵族。这景象也没有因为老板娘而失色，她是一位温雅、沉默、黑黑的老妇，衣服和头巾都是黑色的，好像修女一样。即使是公共卧室也有自己的风格，里面摆放着松木长桌和长椅，在诸如庆祝收获的日子里，可以容下五十人进餐，墙边还有三张箱形床。我躺在其中一张床上，身下是稻草，身上盖着两条桌布，浑身都起了鸡皮疙瘩，上下牙齿不停打着冷颤，真是整夜都在苦修。当我醒来时，我不停哀叹着怀念我的羊皮睡袋和那些树林提供的庇护。

Our Lady Of The Snows

雪中圣母院

"I behold The House, the Brotherhood austere— And what am I, that I am here?”

“我看到这房子，这苦行的修士——而我是谁，来到了这里？”

Matthew Arnold[3]

——马修·阿诺德

(1) 巴尔惠德和邓罗斯内斯，两个偏僻的新教教区，前者在苏格兰佩斯的西部，后者在苏格兰设得兰群岛西北部。

(2)伊索（约公元前6世纪），古希腊著名寓言作家，此处提到的寓言其实来自 17 世纪法国寓言诗人拉封丹（1621—1695）的《磨坊主，他的儿子和驴子》。

(3) 马修·阿诺德（1822—1888），英国诗人和评论家。

VI. Father Apollinaris

6.阿波利纳里斯神父

Next morning (Thursday, 26th September) I took the road in a new order. The sack was no longer doubled, but hung at full length across the saddle, a green sausage six feet long with a tuft of blue wool hanging out of either end. It was more picturesque, it spared the donkey, and, as I began to see, it would ensure stability, blow high, blow low. But it was not without a pang that I had so decided. For although I had purchased a new cord, and made all as fast as I was able, I was yet jealously uneasy lest the flaps should tumble out and scatter my effects along the line of march.

第二天早晨（9月26日，礼拜四），出发时我重新收拾了行李。睡袋不再对折起来，而是平展着横放在鞍具上，像一根六英尺长的绿色香肠，两端各飘着一簇蓝色的羊毛。它看起来更赏心悦目，也让驴子省力不少，而且，就像我看到的那样，不管风大不大，它都能保持平衡。但我做出这样的决定，也并非没有经历一番波折痛苦。因为，虽然我新买了绳子，又尽可能地把它绑紧，但我还是非常不安，唯恐睡袋的封盖会松开，让我的财产散落一路。

My way lay up the bald valley of the river, along the march of Vivarais and Gévaudan. The hills of Gévaudan on the right were a little more naked, if anything, than those of Vivarais upon the left, and the former had a monopoly of a low dotty underwood that grew thickly in the gorges and died out in solitary burrs upon the shoulders and the summits. Black bricks of fir-wood were plastered here and there upon both sides, and here and there were cultivated fields. A railway ran beside the river; the only bit of railway in Gévaudan, although there are many proposals afoot and surveys being made, and even, as they tell me, a station standing ready built in Mende. A year or two hence and this may be another world. The desert is beleaguered. Now may some Languedocian Wordsworth[1] turn the sonnet into patois: "Mountains and vales and floods, heard YE that whistle?"

沿着维瓦赖和热沃当的边界，我在一个草木稀疏的河谷里继续我的旅程。右侧热沃当的山丘，比起左侧维瓦赖的山丘，如果非要说二者有什么不同的话，绿意似乎更淡一些，而且热沃当的山上长着的全是一种斑斑点点的低矮灌木。它们茂盛地长在峡谷里，又慢慢消失在山肩和山峰荒凉的岩层上。两侧的山上随处可见一块块浓黑的冷杉林，还有开垦的田地。一条铁道沿着河边伸向远处；那是热沃当唯一的一段铁路，尽管有多种修建新铁路的方案正在酝酿中，人们也正在进行许多勘测工

作，甚至，正如他们所说，一个建在芒德的车站即将投入使用。一两年后，这里可能就变成另一个世界了。这个不毛之地已经被包围了。现在某位朗格多克的华兹华斯可以把下面的十四行诗译成方言了：“高山、低谷和江河，你们听到那汽笛声了吗？”

At a place called La Bastide I was directed to leave the river, and follow a road that mounted on the left among the hills of Vivarais, the modern Ardéche; for I was now come within a little way of my strange destination, the Trappist monastery of Our Lady of the Snows[2]. The sun came out as I left the shelter of a pine-wood, and I beheld suddenly a fine wild landscape to the south. High rocky hills, as blue as sapphire, closed the view, and between these lay ridge upon ridge, heathery, craggy, the sun glittering on veins of rock, the underwood clambering in the hollows, as rude as God made them at the first. There was not a sign of man's hand in all the prospect; and indeed not a trace of his passage, save where generation after generation had walked in twisted footpaths, in and out among the beeches, and up and down upon the channelled slopes. The mists, which had hitherto beset me, were now broken into clouds, and fled swiftly and shone brightly in the sun. I drew a long breath. It was grateful to come, after so long, upon a scene of some attraction for the human heart. I own I like definite form in what my eyes are to rest upon; and if landscapes were sold, like the sheets of characters of my boyhood, one penny plain and twopence coloured, I should go the length of two pence every day of my life.

在一个叫作拉巴斯蒂德的地方，我离开小河，踏上左侧一条上坡的山路，山路盘绕在维瓦赖——即现在的阿尔代什——的山间，因为我已经距离我陌生的目的地——特拉普派的雪中圣母修道院，没有多少路程了。当我离开松林的遮蔽时，太阳已经出来了，我忽然看到南边一片优美的野地风光。高峻的石峰像蓝宝石那样湛蓝，锁住了人们的视线，在山峰之间是一道道的山脊，一丛丛石南生在峻峭的山崖上，阳光在山石的纹理处闪耀着，山谷里爬满了灌木丛，一切都充满了天然的野趣，仿佛上帝创世之初。这一景色毫无人类斧凿的迹象；而且，除了一代代人踏出的蜿蜒山路，确实也没有人类经过的痕迹。这些山路或出入山毛榉林，或上下遍布沟渠的山坡。在此之前一直烦扰着我的薄雾，现在已化作片片云朵，轻快地从我眼前逃开，在阳光下闪闪发光。我深吸了一口气。走过长长的旅程，来到这样一处动人的地方，真是令人心旷神怡。我承认，我喜欢那些清晰的景色，可以让我的双眼得以休憩；如果景色可以出售，就像我小时那些人物画片那样，黑白的一便士，彩色的两便士，我愿意生命中的每一天都走在两便士的那条路上。

But if things had grown better to the south, it was still desolate and inclement near at hand. A spidery cross on every hill-top marked the neighbourhood of a religious house; and a quarter of a mile beyond, the outlook southward opening out and growing bolder with

every step, a white statue of the Virgin at the corner of a young plantation directed the traveller to Our Lady of the Snows. Here, then, I struck leftward, and pursued my way, driving my secular donkey before me, and creaking in my secular boots and gaiters, towards the asylum of silence.

但是如果说南面的景致渐渐引人入胜，那么眼前的景色却还是那么荒凉，天气也很恶劣。每座山峰顶部都竖着一个细长的十字架，表明附近有修道院；每向前一步，南边的景色就更加开阔、更加清晰。距此四分之一英里开外的地方，在一片新开垦的耕地一角，一座洁白的圣母像向行人指引着前往雪中圣母修道院的道路。我在那里向左拐，继续前行，在后面赶着我那属于尘世的驴子，踏着我吱吱作响的属于尘世的靴子和绑腿，走向那座寂静中的庇护所。

I had not gone very far ere the wind brought to me the clanging of a bell, and somehow, I can scarce tell why, my heart sank within me at the sound. I have rarely approached anything with more unaffected terror than the monastery of Our Lady of the Snows. This it is to have had a Protestant education. And suddenly, on turning a corner, fear took hold on me from head to foot—slavish, superstitious fear; and though I did not stop in my advance, yet I went on slowly, like a man who should have passed a bourne unnoticed, and strayed into the country of the dead. For there, upon the narrow new-made road, between the stripling pines, was a mediaeval friar, fighting with a barrowful of turfs. Every Sunday of my childhood I used to study the Hermits of Marco Sadeler[3]—enchanting prints, full of wood and field and mediaeval landscapes, as large as a county, for the imagination to go a travelling in; and here, sure enough, was one of Marco Sadeler's heroes. He was robed in white like any spectre, and the hood falling back, in the instancy of his contention with the barrow, disclosed a pate as bald and yellow as a skull. He might have been buried any time these thousand years, and all the lively parts of him resolved into earth and broken up with the farmer's harrow.

我没走多远，就听到微风送来当当的敲钟声。说不出为什么，我的心随着钟声沉了下去。我很少像走近雪中圣母修道院这样怀着如此真诚的畏惧走近任何地方。这是因为我接受的是新教的熏陶。突然，在一个拐角处，恐惧攫取了我的全身——一种盲目的、迷信的恐惧；尽管我没有停下前进的脚步，但速度却慢了下来，像一个人不知不觉迈过了边界，迷失在幽灵的世界里。因为在那狭窄的新铺的道路上，两排小松树之间，有一位中世纪风格的修道士，正奋力推着一车泥炭。在我童年的每个星期天，我都会认真欣赏马可.萨德勒的版画《隐士》，那是一本迷人的画册，里面满是森林、田野和中世纪的风景，大得像一个郡，让孩子的想象在里面纵横驰骋；而这里很显然正站着一位马可.萨德勒的男主角。他像鬼魂一样全身罩在白色的长袍里，因为正忙着与他的手推车搏斗，兜帽滑落到脑后，露出一个光秃秃的蜡黄的脑袋，好似骷髅的头

骨。他可能在过去几千年中的某一天被埋葬了，身上所有活动的部分都化为泥土，又被农夫的爬犁翻得支离破碎。

I was troubled besides in my mind as to etiquette. Durst I address a person who was under a vow of silence? Clearly not. But drawing near, I doffed my cap to him with a far-away superstitious reverence. He nodded back, and cheerfully addressed me. Was I going to the monastery? Who was I? An Englishman? Ah, an Irishman, then?

此外，礼节的问题也让我很苦恼。我敢于向一位已经宣誓归于沉默的人问好吗？显然不敢。但当我走到近前，我还是脱下帽子向他致敬，带着一种恍惚而充满迷信的敬意。他点头回礼，又兴致高昂地同我说起话来。我是要到修道院去吗？我是谁？英国人？啊，那么是爱尔兰人吗？

"No," I said, "a Scotsman."

“不是，”我说，“我是苏格兰人。”

A Scotsman? Ah, he had never seen a Scotsman before. And he looked me all over, his good, honest, brawny countenance shining with interest, as a boy might look upon a lion or an alligator. From him I learned with disgust that I could not be received at Our Lady of the Snows; I might get a meal, perhaps, but that was all. And then, as our talk ran on, and it turned out that I was not a pedlar, but a literary man, who drew landscapes and was going to write a book, he changed his manner of thinking as to my reception (for I fear they respect persons even in a Trappist monastery), and told me I must be sure to ask for the Father Prior, and state my case to him in full. On second thoughts he determined to go down with me himself; he thought he could manage for me better. Might he say that I was a geographer?

苏格兰人？啊，他以前还从未见过苏格兰人呢。他从上到下打量了我一番，善良、诚实、结实的脸孔上闪耀着好奇的光芒，仿佛一个正盯着狮子或鳄鱼的孩子。从他的话中我懊恼地得知，雪中圣母院是不会接待我的；我或许可以在那儿吃顿饭，但那就是我能得到的全部了。然后，随着谈话的继续，他发现我不是一名小贩，而是一位文人，描绘各地风光，还准备出一本书，于是在我的接待问题上他改变了想法（因为，我想恐怕即便是在特拉普派的修道院里，人们也是看重身份的），告诉我我一定要找修道院副院长，把我的情况全部告诉他。他转念一想，又决定亲自下山陪我过去，因为他觉得他能为我打理得更好一点。他可以说我是一位地理学家吗？

No; I thought, in the interests of truth, he positively might not.

不行；我想，为了诚实起见，他一定不能这样做。

"Very well, then" (with disappointment), "an author."

“好吧，那么”（失望地），“一位作家。”

It appeared he had been in a seminary with six young Irishmen, all priests long since, who had received newspapers and kept him informed of the state of ecclesiastical affairs in England. And he asked me eagerly after Dr. Pusey[4], for whose conversion the good man had continued ever since to pray night and morning.

他似乎很久以前和六个年轻的爱尔兰人一起在神学院求学。他们都是牧师，在收到报纸后，经常告诉他英国教会的情况。他热切地向我问起皮由兹博士，这位善良的好心人到现在都在向上帝日夜祷告，祈求皮由兹早日皈依天主教。

"I thought he was very near the truth," he said; "and he will reach it yet; there is so much virtue in prayer."

“我认为他已经非常接近真理了，”他说，“而且他最终会得到真理的，祈祷的力量是非常强大的。”

He must be a stiff, ungodly Protestant who can take anything but pleasure in this kind and hopeful story. While he was thus near the subject, the good father asked me if I were a Christian; and when he found I was not, or not after his way, he glossed it over with great good-will.

如果有人不为这样一种满怀善意和希望的言辞而感到愉快的话，那他一定是个呆板、不虔诚的新教徒。谈起宗教话题时，这位好心的神父问我是否是一位基督徒；当他发现我并不是，或者不是像他那样的基督徒的时候，他极其友善地忽略了这一事实。

The road which we were following, and which this stalwart father had made with his own two hands within the space of a year, came to a corner, and showed us some white buildings a little farther on beyond the wood. At the same time, the bell once more sounded abroad. We were hard upon the monastery. Father Apollinaris (for that was my companion's name) stopped me.

我们顺着正在走的这条路，也就是这位坚定的神父用自己的双手花了一年时间修成的路，转过一个弯，发现几所白色的建筑物，就在稍远的林边。同时，钟声又一次从远处传了过来。我们已经离修道院很近了。阿波利纳里斯神父（这是我这位同伴的名字）止住了我。

"I must not speak to you down there," he said. "Ask for the Brother Porter, and all will be well. But try to see me as you go out again through the wood, where I may speak to you. I am charmed to have made your acquaintance."

“到了那儿我就不能和你说话了，”他说，“去找那位看门的教友，会很顺利的。不过，穿过那片树林重新出来的时候，请来找我，我可以在那里同你说话。很高兴认识你。”

And then suddenly raising his arms, flapping his fingers, and

crying out twice, "I must not speak, I must not speak!" he ran away in front of me and disappeared into the monastery-door.

然后，他突然举起双臂，打着响指，大喊了两次：“我不能再讲话了，我不能再讲话了！”就在我面前跑开了，消失在修道院的大门内。

I own this somewhat ghastly eccentricity went a good way to revive my terrors. But where one was so good and simple, why should not all be alike? I took heart of grace, and went forward to the gate as fast as Modestine, who seemed to have a disaffection for monasteries, would permit. It was the first door, in my acquaintance of her, which she had not shown an indecent haste to enter. I summoned the place in form, though with a quaking heart. Father Michael, the Father Hospitaller, and a pair of brown-robed brothers came to the gate and spoke with me a while. I think my sack was the great attraction; it had already beguiled the heart of poor Apollinaris, who had charged me on my life to show it to the Father Prior. But whether it was my address, or the sack, or the idea speedily published among that part of the brotherhood who attend on strangers that I was not a pedlar after all, I found no difficulty as to my reception. Modestine was led away by a layman to the stables, and I and my pack were received into Our Lady of the Snows.

我承认，这个诡异的古怪举动再次成功地激起了我的恐惧。但是，既然这里的其中一人可以这样善良淳朴，有什么理由其他人不是如此呢？我鼓起勇气，依着小乖尽可能快的速度朝大门走去，她似乎对修道院不是很有好感。以我对她的了解，这还是第一道她不曾鲁莽地一头撞进去的大门。尽管心里直打鼓，我还是依照礼仪在门口请求接待。掌管接待的迈克尔神父和两名穿着褐色长袍的教士来到门口，和我交谈了几句。我认为我的睡袋对他们来说很有吸引力；它已经迷住了可怜的阿波利纳里斯神父，他要我一定把它给修道院副院长看一看。但不管是因为我的谈吐、睡袋，还是因为负责接待生人的教士们很快得知我不是一名小贩，总之我很顺利地得到了接待。小乖被一名杂役牵到了牲口棚，我和我的睡袋则留在了雪中圣母院。

(1)华兹华斯（1770—1850），英国诗人，作者以他指代诗人，并引用了他的诗句。

(2)特拉普派的雪中圣母修道院，作者游历的这座修道院位于法国西北部，因其所在的高山冬季长期被积雪覆盖，故得名“雪中修道院”。

(3)马可·萨德勒（1614—1660），比利时人，擅长雕刻。

(4)皮由兹博士（1800—1882），英国神学家，领导了教会史上的“牛津运动”，旨在反对英国国教内的新教倾向，恢复其早期的更接近天主教的教义和惯例。

VII. The Monks

7.修道士

Father Michael, a pleasant, fresh-faced, smiling man, perhaps of thirty-five, took me to the pantry, and gave me a glass of liqueur[1] to stay me until dinner. We had some talk, or rather I should say he listened to my prattle indulgently enough, but with an abstracted air, like a spirit with a thing of clay. And truly, when I remember that I descanted principally on my appetite, and that it must have been by that time more than eighteen hours since Father Michael had so much as broken bread, I can well understand that he would find an earthly savour in my conversation. But his manner, though superior, was exquisitely gracious; and I find I have a lurking curiosity as to Father Michael's past.

迈克尔神父三十五岁上下，温雅可亲，气色极佳，总在微笑着。他把我带到食品室里，给了我一杯利口酒，让我在正餐之前垫垫饥。我们聊了一会儿，或者应该说，他很有耐心地听我喋喋不休地瞎扯，只不过显得心不在焉，像附在肉体上的一缕游魂。老实说，当我想起我那时主要是在对我的胃口大加阐述，而迈克尔神父在超过十八个小时之前只是吃了些碎面包时，我便完全明白，他一定觉得我的话鄙俗不堪。但他的态度，虽然有些高傲，却还是非常亲切的。我对于迈克尔神父的过去暗自好奇了起来。

The whet administered, I was left alone for a little in the monastery garden. This is no more than the main court, laid out in sandy paths and beds of parti-coloured dahlias, and with a fountain and a black statue of the Virgin in the centre. The buildings stand around it four-square, bleak, as yet unseasoned by the years and weather, and with no other features than a belfry and a pair of slated gables. Brothers in white, brothers in brown, passed silently along the sanded alleys; and when I first came out, three hooded monks were kneeling on the terrace at their prayers. A naked hill commands the monastery upon one side, and the wood commands it on the other. It lies exposed to wind; the snow falls off and on from October to May, and sometimes lies six weeks on end; but if they stood in Eden, with a climate like heaven's, the buildings themselves would offer the same wintry and cheerless aspect; and for my part, on this wild September day, before I was called to dinner, I felt chilly in and out.

享用过那杯开胃酒之后，我被一个人留在修道院的花园里，在那儿呆了一小会儿。花园跟主庭院差不多大小，错综排布着一条条沙路和一块块种着各色大丽花的花圃。花园中央还有一个喷泉和一座黑色圣母

像。四周环绕着的房屋，方方正正、样式单调，像是还没有经过岁月和风雨的洗礼，除了一座钟楼和两面石板山墙外，没有其他特色。身着白色或褐色长袍的修道士默默地走过铺满沙的小路；我刚到园中的时候，三位戴着兜帽的修道士正跪在阳台上祷告。修道院的一侧是一座光秃秃的小山，另一侧则是一片树林。它处于风口上，从十月到次年五月，雪断断续续地下着，有时积雪长达六个礼拜不化；但即使是在有着天堂般气候的伊甸园里，这些建筑物本身也会同样给人以冬天般冷寂阴郁的感觉。就我而言，在这凄清的九月，没有吃饭前，我觉得里里外外都冷飕飕的。

When I had eaten well and heartily, Brother Ambrose, a hearty conversible Frenchman (for all those who wait on strangers have the liberty to speak), led me to a little room in that part of the building which is set apart for MM. les retraitants. It was clean and whitewashed, and furnished with strict necessaries, a crucifix, a bust of the late Pope, the Imitation[2] in French, a book of religious meditations, and the Life of Elizabeth Seton[3], evangelist, it would appear, of North merica and of New England in particular. As far as my experience goes, there is a fair field for some more evangelisation in these quarters; but think of Cotton Mather[4]! I should like to give him a reading of this little work in heaven, where I hope he dwells; but perhaps he knows all that already, and much more; and perhaps he and Mrs. Seton are the dearest friends, and gladly unite their voices in the everlasting psalm. Over the table, to conclude the inventory of the room, hung a set of regulations for MM. les retraitants: what services they should attend, when they were to tell their beads or meditate, and when they were to rise and go to rest. At the foot was a notable N.B.: "Le temps libre est employé à l'examen de conscience, à la confession, à, faire de bonnes résolutions, etc." To make good resolutions, indeed! You might talk as fruitfully of making the hair grow on your head.

痛痛快快饱餐一顿后，安布罗斯修士，一位爽朗健谈的法国人（所有负责接待访客的修道士都可以自由谈话），把我带到楼中专为隐居修行者辟出的一部分地方里的一间小屋里。小屋干净整洁，墙壁刷成了白色，陈设着必需的家具，一个十字架，一座已故教皇的半身像，法文版的《效仿基督》——一本关于宗教冥想的书，还有一本《伊丽莎白·西顿传》，记叙的似乎是一位在北美、特别是新英格兰地区传教的福音传教士。据我的经验，其他传教士也有平等的机会在这些地区宣讲福音；但是想想科顿·马瑟吧！我很想让他在天堂里读一下这本小书——希望他现在是在天堂里；但可能他已经懂得这些了，而且可能懂得更多；可能他和西顿夫人已成为知己，并一起快乐地吟咏着永恒的圣歌。桌子上方——那里有这间屋子的最后一件陈设——挂着一套隐居者的行为规范：需要参加哪些宗教仪式，何时数念珠祷告或冥想，何时起床，何时休息。最下面是一个很显眼的注意事项：“闲暇时须自省良心，须忏悔，须

下好的决心，等等。”须下好的决心，真是这样啊！你可以同样骄傲地谈起你的决心：让头上生出头发。

I had scarce explored my niche when Brother Ambrose returned. An English boarder, it appeared, would like to speak with me. I professed my willingness, and the friar ushered in a fresh, young, little Irishman of fifty, a deacon of the Church, arrayed in strict canonicals, and wearing on his head what, in default of knowledge, I can only call the ecclesiastical shako. He had lived seven years in retreat at a convent of nuns in Belgium, and now five at Our Lady of the Snows; he never saw an English newspaper; he spoke French imperfectly, and had he spoken it like a native, there was not much chance of conversation where he dwelt. With this, he was a man eminently sociable, greedy of news, and simple-minded like a child. If I was pleased to have a guide about the monastery, he was no less delighted to see an English face and hear an English tongue.

我还没有好好探究一番我所处的环境，安布罗斯修士就回来了。好像有一位英国寄宿者想跟我交谈一下。我同意了，于是安布罗斯修士带来一位精力充沛的矮个子爱尔兰人，五十岁上下，是教会的副主祭，穿着不折不扣的牧师法衣，头上戴着一顶——因为我的无知，我只能称之为——平顶桶状教士帽。他曾在比利时的女修道院里隐居修行了七年，如今在雪中圣母院住了五年了；他还从未见过一份英文报纸；他法语说得不甚流利，而且就算他能说得像当地人那样好，他住的地方也没有多少谈话的机会。正因为这样，他非常热爱交际，渴望听到新闻，思想单纯得像个孩子。如果我想要一位向导陪同游览一下修道院，那么他是非常高兴可以看到一张英国人的脸孔，听到英国乡音的。

He showed me his own room, where he passed his time among breviaries, Hebrew Bibles, and the Waverley Novels[5]. Thence he led me to the cloisters, into the chapter-house, through the vestry, where the brothers'gowns and broad straw hats were hanging up, each with his religious name upon a board—names full of legendary suavity and interest, such as Basil, Hilarion, Raphael, or Pacifique[6]; Into the library, where were all the works of Veuillot[7] and Chateaubriand[8], and the Odes et Ballades, if you please, and even Moliére[9], to say nothing of innumerable fathers and a great variety of local and general historians. Thence my good Irishman took me round the workshops, where brothers bake bread, and make cartwheels, and take photographs; where one superintends a collection of curiosities, and another a gallery of rabbits. For in a Trappist monastery each monk has an occupation of his own choice, apart from his religious duties and the general labours of the house. Each must sing in the choir, if he has a voice and ear, and join in the haymaking if he has a hand to stir; but in his private hours, although he must be occupied, he may be occupied on what he likes. Thus I was told that one brother

was engaged with literature; while Father Apollinaris busies himself in making roads, and the Abbot employs himself in binding books. It is not so long since this Abbot was consecrated, by the way; and on that occasion, by a special grace, his mother was permitted to enter the chapel and witness the ceremony of consecration. A proud day for her to have a son a mitred abbot; it makes you glad to think they let her in.

他带我看了他自己的房间，他在那里读祈祷书，《希伯来圣经》和韦弗利系列小说以打发时间。然后他带我去了回廊，进入牧师会礼堂，穿过法衣室，那里挂着修士们的长袍和阔檐草帽，每件上面都有块牌子，牌子上写着他们的教名——都是些富有传奇色彩、文雅而有趣的名字，如巴西勒、希拉里翁、拉斐尔或帕西菲克。然后我们进了藏书室，那里有弗约和夏多布里昂的所有作品，竟然还有雨果的《颂歌与杂诗》，甚至还有莫里哀的剧作，更不用说数不清的神父的著作和很多当地和世界历史书籍了。随后我那善良的爱尔兰同伴带我转了修道院内的工场，修士们在那儿烤面包、造车轮、拍照片；一名修士在那儿管理收藏的古玩，另一个在照看一群兔子。因为在特拉普派的修道院里，除了宗教方面的职责和修道院一般的劳役外，每个修道者都有自己所选择的工作。如果嗓音和听力方面没有缺陷，每人都必须在唱诗班里唱圣歌；如果手臂可以自由挥动，就必须参加割晒干草的劳动；但在他自由支配的时间里，尽管必须有事可做，但却可以选择自己喜欢的事情。因此我听说一位修士从事文学创作，而阿波利纳里斯神父则忙于修筑道路，院长选择的是装订书籍的工作。顺便说一下，院长被授予这一圣职还没多久；在任职仪式上，作为一项特殊的恩遇，他的母亲被允许进入小礼拜堂，亲眼目睹了授职仪式。看到自己的儿子成为戴着主教冠的修道院院长，真是让做母亲的倍感骄傲的一天；这样一想，人们也会为他们让她进去观礼而感到高兴。

In all these journeyings to and fro, many silent fathers and brethren fell in our way. Usually they paid no more regard to our passage than if we had been a cloud; but sometimes the good deacon had a permission to ask of them, and it was granted by a peculiar movement of the hands, almost like that of a dog's paws in swimming, or refused by the usual negative signs, and in either case with lowered eyelids and a certain air of contrition, as of a man who was steering very close to evil.

我们就这样在修道院里转来转去，路上遇到很多默默走着的神父和修士。他们通常并不注意我们，仿佛我们只是天上的浮云；但有时他们也允许这位善良的副主祭向他们询问，这种许可是通过双手的一种奇特的动作表达的，很像小狗游泳时前爪的动作，或者他们会用常用的否定手势拒绝他。不管是许可还是拒绝，他们都垂着眼帘，带着一副悔罪的神情，像是一个马上要被引向罪恶深渊的人。

The monks, by special grace of their Abbot, were still taking two meals a day; but it was already time for their grand fast, which begins

somewhere in September and lasts till Easter, and during which they eat but once in the twenty-four hours, and that at two in the afternoon, twelve hours after they have begun the toil and vigil of the day. Their meals are scanty, but even of these they eat sparingly; and though each is allowed a small carafe of wine, many refrain from this indulgence. Without doubt, the most of mankind grossly overeat themselves; our meals serve not only for support, but as a hearty and natural diversion from the labour of life. Yet, though excess may be hurtful, I should have thought this Trappist regimen defective. And I am astonished, as I look back, at the freshness of face and cheerfulness of manner of all whom I beheld. A happier nor a healthier company I should scarce suppose that I have ever seen. As a matter of fact, on this bleak upland, and with the incessant occupation of the monks, life is of an uncertain tenure, and death no infrequent visitor, at Our Lady of the Snows. This, at least, was what was told me. But if they die easily, they must live healthily in the meantime, for they seemed all firm of flesh and high in colour; and the only morbid sign that I could observe, an unusual brilliancy of eye, was one that served rather to increase the general impression of vivacity and strength.

由于院长的特殊恩惠，这些修道士仍是一日两餐；但现在已经是他们的长斋期了，斋期从九月份的某个时候开始，一直持续到复活节。在这期间，他们在二十四小时内只进一次餐，时间是在下午两点，这时他们已经劳作祷告了十二个小时了。他们的食物非常俭素，但即便如此，他们还是吃得很克制。尽管每人可以得到一小瓶酒，但很多人还是忍住了诱惑。毫无疑问，多数世人都吃得过多；食物不仅满足我们生存的需要，还是弥补人们艰辛生活的一种愉悦而自然的消遣。尽管狂吃滥饮有害无益，然而在我看来，这种特拉普式的养生之道同样不无缺欠。可当我回想起我所见到的人全都容光焕发、精神振奋，就不禁大为惊奇。我想不出还在哪里见过比这里更加快乐、更加健康的人群。事实上，在这片荒凉的高地上，对雪中圣母院劳作不停的修道士们来说，生命是无常的期限，而死神是时常光顾的访客。至少，人们是这样告诉我的。但如果说他们死得很安逸，那么同时他们一定活得非常健康，因为他们看来都身体强健、气色极佳；我可以观察到的唯一病态的迹象，就是亮得不寻常的双眼，而这却更加深了他们给人的活跃、强健的总体印象。

Those with whom I spoke were singularly sweet-tempered, with what I can only call a holy cheerfulness in air and conversation. There is a note, in the direction to visitors, telling them not to be offended at the curt speech of those who wait upon them, since it is proper to monks to speak little. The note might have been spared; to a man the hospitallers were all brimming with innocent talk, and, in my experience of the monastery, it was easier to begin than to break off a conversation. With the exception of Father Michael, who was a man of the world, they showed themselves full of kind and healthy interest in

all sorts of subjects—in politics, in voyages, in my sleeping-sack—and not without a certain pleasure in the sound of their own voices.

与我交谈过的人态度都极其和悦，我只能称其为神态和谈吐中圣洁的愉悦。在访客指南中，有一条注意事项，告诉他们不要为接待者简略的言辞而恼怒，因为对于修道者来说，沉默寡言是适当的。这条注意事项也许有些多此一举，因为所有负责接待的修士都很健谈，言语毫无恶意，而且，以我对这座修道院的认识，开始一场交谈比打断它要容易得多。除了精通世故的迈克尔神父，其他人都对所有的话题——政治、航行、我的睡袋——都表现得兴致勃勃，而且谈话间毫不吝于说出自己的看法。

As for those who are restricted to silence, I can only wonder how they bear their solemn and cheerless isolation. And yet, apart from any view of mortification, I can see a certain policy, not only in the exclusion of women, but in this vow of silence. I have had some experience of lay phalansteries, of an artistic, not to say a bacchanalian character; and seen more than one association easily formed and yet more easily dispersed. With a Cistercian rule , perhaps they might have lasted longer. In the neighbourhood of women it is but a touch-and-go association that can be formed among defenceless men; the stronger electricity is sure to triumph; the dreams of boyhood, the schemes of youth, are abandoned after an interview of ten minutes, and the arts and sciences, and professional male jollity, deserted at once for two sweet eyes and a caressing accent. And next after this, the tongue is the great divider.

对于那些严守沉默的人来说，我只能暗自纳闷，他们是如何忍受严肃而阴郁的孤寂的。除了苦修的目的，我还从他们的行为中看到了一种睿智，这种智慧不仅仅在于他们对女性的排斥，还在于他们的沉默戒律。我曾见过一些俗世的类似法伦斯泰尔团体，它们的成员具有艺术家的气质，简直像酒神的信徒那样狂饮作乐；这些成员很容易就聚在一起，却也更加轻易就风流云散了。如果他们也有西多会那样严格的教规的话，他们可能会持续得更久一点。有了女性在近旁，那些不设防的男人结成的就只能是个转瞬即逝的团体，异性间更加强烈的吸引力无疑会大获全胜。只需与之谈上十分钟，孩提时的梦想，青年时的宏愿，就统统被扔诸脑后了；那柔情的眼波，爱抚的声调，立刻把艺术、科学以及由职业带来的属于男性的欢悦，抛到了九霄云外。其次，口舌也是了不得的离间者。

I am almost ashamed to pursue this worldly criticism of a religious rule[10]; but there is yet another point in which the Trappist order appeals to me as a model of wisdom. By two in the morning the clapper goes upon the bell, and so on, hour by hour, and sometimes quarter by quarter, till eight, the hour of rest; so infinitesimally is the day divided among different occupations. The man who keeps rabbits, for example, hurries from his hutches to the chapel, the chapter-room,

or the refectory, all day long: every hour he has an office to sing, a duty to perform; from two, when he rises in the dark, till eight, when he returns to receive the comfortable gift of sleep, he is upon his feet and occupied with manifold and changing business. I know many persons, worth several thousands in the year, who are not so fortunate in the disposal of their lives. Into how many houses would not the note of the monastery bell, dividing the day into manageable portions, bring peace of mind and healthful activity of body! We speak of hardships, but the true hardship is to be a dull fool, and permitted to mismanage life in our own dull and foolish manner.

要继续从如此世俗的角度去评判宗教教规，让我难免羞愧；但特拉普派的教规中还有一点吸引了我，在我看来它同样是智慧的典范。凌晨两点，钟声开始敲响，此后每一小时敲响一次，有时隔一刻钟就敲响一次，一直到八点才可以休息；一天的时间被割成零碎的小块，每一段时间都有不同的工作要做。比方说那位养兔子的修士，一整天都要匆匆奔波于兔箱、小礼拜堂、牧师会礼堂或食堂之间：每小时他都要进行祷告，或有一项修行的功课需要完成；从两点在黑暗中起床，直到八点回去接受睡眠这一舒适的恩赐，他都是步履匆匆，从事着种种繁杂的劳作。我认识很多人，他们一年有数千的收入，却没有修道士们的好运，能够把生活安排得这样井井有条。修道院的钟声把一天分成易于管理的几部分，它能进入多少家庭，为之带来心灵的宁静以及有益身体健康的活动啊！我们时常谈及生活的艰辛，可真正的艰辛却是成为一个迟钝的傻瓜，用我们枯燥又愚蠢的方式不当地安排我们的生活。

From this point of view, we may perhaps better understand the monk's existence. A long novitiate and every proof of constancy of mind and strength of body is required before admission to the order; but I could not find that many were discouraged. In the photographer's studio, which figures so strangely among the outbuildings, my eye was attracted by the portrait of a young fellow in the uniform of a private of foot. This was one of the novices, who came of the age for service, and marched and drilled and mounted guard for the proper time among the garrison of Algiers. Here was a man who had surely seen both sides of life before deciding; yet as soon as he was set free from service he returned to finish his novitiate.

从这一角度来讲，我们可能会更好地理解修道士的生活。在成为正式的修士修女之前，有一个长长的见习期，见习者们需要展示出他们不屈的意志和强健的体魄，但我却很少看到有人因此气馁。修道院的摄影棚在其附属建筑群中，外形显得十分奇特。在那里，我的视线被一位穿着步兵制服的年轻人的肖像吸引住了。他是一位见习修道士，到了服役年龄，于是在阿尔及尔的驻军里服了一段时间的兵役，每日里行军、操练、站岗放哨。在作决定之前，这个人肯定已经看到了生活的两个截然不同的方面，但他一服完兵役，就马上回来完成他的见习。

This austere rule entitles a man to heaven as by right. When the

Trappist sickens, he quits not his habit; he lies in the bed of death as he has prayed and laboured in his frugal and silent existence; and when the Liberator comes, at the very moment, even before they have carried him in his robe to lie his little last in the chapel among continual chantings, joy-bells break forth, as if for a marriage, from the slated belfry, and proclaim throughout the neighbourhood that another soul has gone to God.

严厉的教规赋予了人们进入天堂的权利。即便是生了病，特拉普派的修士也不会中止他的修行。他祈祷并劳作着过完他节俭沉默的一生后，躺在了临终床上；就在解脱者终于来临的那一瞬间，甚至不等他们为他穿上长袍，在持续的诵经声中把他的遗体摆在小礼拜堂里，喜钟就响起来了，就像婚礼时那样，穿过石板砌成的钟塔，向四邻宣告，又一个灵魂飞向上帝的怀抱了。

At night, under the conduct of my kind Irishman, I took my place in the gallery to hear compline and Salve Regina, with which the Cistercians bring every day to a conclusion. There were none of those circumstances which strike the Protestant as childish or as tawdry in the public offices of Rome. A stern simplicity, heightened by the romance of the surroundings, spoke directly to the heart. I recall the whitewashed chapel, the hooded figures in the choir, the lights alternately occluded and revealed, the strong manly singing, the silence that ensued, the sight of cowled heads bowed in prayer, and then the clear trenchant beating of the bell, breaking in to show that the last office was over and the hour of sleep had come; and when I remember, I am not surprised that I made my escape into the court with somewhat whirling fancies, and stood like a man bewildered in the windy starry night.

晚上，在那位善良的爱尔兰人的引导下，我在楼座里找了一席之地，听人们晚祷，咏唱《圣母经》，这宣告了西多会修士们一天活动的终结。在新教徒看来，这些仪式绝不像罗马天主教会那些公开的仪式那样幼稚而俗丽。仪式极其简朴，因周围环境的渲染显得尤为庄严，有着直触人心的力量。我回忆起那粉刷成白色的小礼拜堂，唱诗班中戴着兜帽的身影，明灭的烛光，雄壮的吟唱，以及随之而来的一片肃静，戴着兜帽的头颅纷纷低下祈祷的情景，其后响起清越的钟声，打断这片肃静，表示最后的仪式已然完成，就寝时间到了。现在我想起当时的情景，我毫不奇怪自己当时会逃入院中，满脑子混乱的幻想，像一个困惑不已的人，吹着冷风站在星空下。

But I was weary; and when I had quieted my spirits with Elizabeth Seton's memoirs—a dull work—the cold and the raving of the wind among the pines (for my room was on that side of the monastery which adjoins the woods) disposed me readily to slumber. I was wakened at black midnight, as it seemed, though it was really two in the morning, by the first stroke upon the bell. All the brothers were

then hurrying to the chapel; the dead in life, at this untimely hour, were already beginning the uncomforted labours of their day. The dead in life—there was a chill reflection. And the words of a French song came back into my memory, telling of the best of our mixed existence:

但是我很疲倦了，那本枯燥的伊丽莎白.西顿传记平静了我的心神，寒气和松林间呼啸的风声（我的房间在修道院紧邻着树林的那一边）让我很快沉沉入睡。我在黑夜里被第一阵钟声唤醒了，当时似乎还是午夜，但实际上已经凌晨两点了。所有的修士都匆匆奔进小礼拜堂；这些活死人们，在这样一个绝早的时刻，已经开始了一天的辛苦劳碌。这些活死人们——我沉思着，一股寒意涌上心头。这时我记起了一首法国歌谣，唱出了我们男女同处世间的美妙：

"Que t'as de belles filles,

“你有几位美貌的女儿啊，

Giroflé!

吉罗弗莱！

Girofla!

吉罗弗拉！

Que t'as de belles filles,

你有几位美貌的女儿啊，

L'amour let comptera!"

爱会把她们一一点数！”

And I blessed God that I was free to wander, free to hope, and free to love.

我感谢上帝，让我可以自由地漫步，自由地希望，自由地去爱。

(1)利口酒，一种加香料的甜烈酒，主要于餐后饮用帮助消化，适宜用小杯饮用。

(2)《效仿基督》（TheImitationofChrist），德国修道士肯皮斯（1380—1471）所著宗教论文。虽然其作者是罗马天主教徒，但对于新教徒也很有吸引力。

(3)伊丽莎白·西顿（1774—1821），美国宗教领袖，仁爱姐妹会的创建者。出生于美国新教家庭，1805年加入罗马天主教，并于1813年在马里兰州的埃米茨堡建立仁爱姐妹会。

(4)科顿·马瑟（1663—1728），美国清教领袖，出生于马萨诸塞州的波士顿，他由于其有关巫术的著作在历史上很有争议。

(5)韦弗利系列小说家、诗人沃尔特·司各特（1771—1832）创作的小说，因第一部的名字为《韦弗利》，故此得名。

(6)巴西勒（329—379），希腊的基督教领袖，强烈反对阿里乌斯神学运动；希拉里翁（约290—372），巴勒斯坦的隐士；拉斐尔（1614—1693），葡萄牙本笃会修士、历史学家；帕西菲克（1575—1653），法国修道士、传教士。

(7)弗约（1813—1883），法国辩论作家，支持罗马教会的极端教义。

(8)夏多布里昂子爵（1768—1848），法国作家，浪漫主义的代表。其作品有《基督教真谛》和《殉道者》等。

(9)莫里哀（1622—1673），法国著名戏剧作家。

(10)西多会的教规，西多会是1098年在法国由本笃会革新者创立的严格教团。

VIII. The Boarders

8.寄宿者

But there was another side to my residence at Our Lady of the Snows. At this late season there were not many boarders; and yet I was not alone in the public part of the monastery. This itself is hard by the gate, with a small dining-room on the ground-floor and a whole corridor of cells similar to mine upstairs. I have stupidly forgotten the board for a regular retraitant; but it was somewhere between three and five francs a day, and I think most probably the first. Chance visitors like myself might give what they chose as a free-will offering, but nothing was demanded. I may mention that when I was going away, Father Michael refused twenty francs as excessive. I explained the reasoning which led me to offer him so much; but even then, from a curious point of honour, he would not accept it with his own hand. "I have no right to refuse for the monastery," he explained, "but I should prefer if you would give it to one of the brothers."

但是我在雪中圣母院的生活还有另外一面。时至季末，修道院里没有多少寄宿者；但它的公共区域却也不单我一人。这儿离大门很近，一楼有一个小小的食堂，楼上走廊两侧全是跟我住的类似的小房间。我蠢得忘掉了长期隐居者的膳食费用，但大概是三到五法郎一天，我想很有可能是前者。像我这样偶尔一至的访客可以用自愿捐款的形式随意交一些费用，但绝不强求。值得一提的是，我要离开的时候，迈克尔神父谢绝了我的二十法郎，说那太多了。我向他解释了我给他如此之多的原因，但即使是那样，出于一种奇特的荣誉心，他也不愿亲手接受这笔钱。“我无权替修道院拒绝，”他解释说，“但我更希望你把它交给其中一位修士。”

I had dined alone, because I arrived late; but at supper I found two other guests. One was a country parish priest, who had walked over that morning from the seat of his cure near Mende to enjoy four days of solitude and prayer. He was a grenadier in person, with the hale colour and circular wrinkles of a peasant; and as he complained much of how he had been impeded by his skirts upon the march, I have a vivid fancy portrait of him, striding along, upright, big-boned, with kilted cassock, through the bleak hills of Gévaudan. The other was a short, grizzling, thick-set man, from forty-five to fifty, dressed in tweed with a knitted spencer, and the red ribbon of a decoration in his button-hole. This last was a hard person to classify. He was an old soldier, who had seen service and risen to the rank of commandant; and he retained some of the brisk decisive manners of the camp. On the other hand, as soon as his resignation was accepted, he had come

to Our Lady of the Snows as a boarder, and, after a brief experience of its ways, had decided to remain as a novice. Already the new life was beginning to modify his appearance; already he had acquired somewhat of the quiet and smiling air of the brethren; and he was as yet neither an officer nor a Trappist, but partook of the character of each. And certainly here was a man in an interesting nick of life. Out of the noise of cannon and trumpets, he was in the act of passing into this still country bordering on the grave, where men sleep nightly in their grave-clothes, and, like phantoms, communicate by signs.

因为到得太迟，所以我独自一人用餐。但晚餐时我看到了另外两位客人。一位是乡村教区教士，他是那天上午从芒德附近他的任职地一路步行而来的，想在此度过幽居祷告的四天。他身材魁梧，肤色健康，脸上刻着一道道皱纹，像个庄稼汉；他对一路上绊手绊脚的长袍下摆大加抱怨时，我脑海中不禁浮现出一幅他栩栩如生的形象：昂首挺胸，骨骼粗大，卷起了长袍下摆，大步走在热沃当的荒山秃岭之中。另外一位头发灰白，矮壮结实，大概四十五到五十岁，穿着粗花呢外套，针织短上衣，纽扣眼上系着装饰用的红色缎带。很难把第二位客人归入哪一类人。他是位退伍军人，曾经服过兵役，并晋升至当地部队驻地指挥官，现在仍保留着军队中某些干脆斩截的气质。另一方面，他的辞呈一被接受，他就来到雪中圣母院寄宿，然后，短暂地体验了其中的生活后，他决定留在此地做一名见习修士。这种新的生活已经开始改变他的形象；他已或多或少拥有了修士们安详和悦的神态；现在他既不是一名军官，也不是特拉普派的修道士，而是兼具二者的特点。显然这是一位正处于人生中有趣而又关键的时刻的男人。他自嘈杂的炮声军号声中出来，正走向这仿佛墓地的僻静乡野，这儿的人们晚上穿着寿衣入睡，而且，像幽灵一样，用手势进行交流。

At supper we talked politics. I make it my business, when I am in France, to preach political good-will and moderation, and to dwell on the example of Poland, much as some alarmists in England dwell on the example of Carthage[1]. The priest and the commandant assured me of their sympathy with all I said, and made a heavy sighing over the bitterness of contemporary feeling.

晚餐时我们聊起了政治。在法国时，我以宣扬政治上的亲善和温和为己任，还以波兰为例高谈阔论，很像英国一些杞人忧天的人谈论迦太基。牧师和指挥官都向我保证他们和我的意见完全一致，同时对现在人们之间深深的敌意深为叹息。

"Why, you cannot say anything to a man with which he does not absolutely agree," said I, "but he flies up at you in a temper."

“唉，你无法和一个人就他完全不赞同的事情说上一句话，”我说，“否则他就会对你大发雷霆。”

They both declared that such a state of things was antichristian.

他们都宣称，这种情况是违背基督精神的。

While we were thus agreeing, what should my tongue stumble upon but a word in praise of Gambetta's[2] moderation. The old soldier's countenance was instantly suffused with blood; with the palms of his hands he beat the table like a naughty child.

我们聊得正投机，无意间我称赞了甘必大所持的温和立场。这位老军人的脸立刻涨得血红，他像个淘气的孩子一样用手掌敲打着桌面。

"Comment, Monsieur?" he shouted. "Comment? Gambetta moderate? Will you dare to justify these words?"

“怎么回事，先生？”他大叫，“怎么回事？甘必大温和？你敢证明你的话吗？”

But the priest had not forgotten the tenor of our talk. And suddenly, in the height of his fury, the old soldier found a warning look directed on his face; the absurdity of his behaviour was brought home to him in a flash; and the storm came to an abrupt end, without another word.

但是牧师还没有忘记我们谈话的主题。正当怒气勃发之际，老军人突然在牧师的脸上看到了警告的神色，他立刻意识到自己举止的荒唐之处，咆哮嘎然而止，我们都没有再发一言。

It was only in the morning, over our coffee (Friday, September 27th), that this couple found out I was a heretic. I suppose I had misled them by some admiring expressions as to the monastic life around us; and it was only by a point-blank question that the truth came out. I had been tolerantly used both by simple Father Apollinaris and astute Father Michael; and the good Irish deacon, when he heard of my religious weakness, had only patted me upon the shoulder and said, "You must be a Catholic and come to heaven." But I was now among a different sect of orthodox. These two men were bitter and upright and narrow, like the worst of Scotsmen, and indeed, upon my heart, I fancy they were worse. The priest snorted aloud like a battle-horse.

直到次日早晨喝咖啡的时候（9月27日，礼拜五），这两个人才发现我是个异教徒。我猜是我对这里修道生活的一些赞赏之言误导了他们；直到我问出一个直率的问题，他们才发现了事实真相。天真率性的阿波利纳里斯神父和老于世故的迈克尔神父都宽容地对待我；而那位好心的爱尔兰副主祭，在听到我的宗教倾向后，只是拍拍我的肩膀，说：“你应该成为一名天主教徒，然后进入天堂。”但当时我属于正统教的另一个派系。这二人苛刻、正派而又狭隘，就像最糟的苏格兰人那样，甚至，在我心里，我把他们想得更坏。牧师像战马一样响亮地哼着鼻子。

"Et vous prétendez mourir dans cette espèce de croyance?" he demanded; and there is no type used by mortal printers large enough to qualify his accent.

“那你是打算到死都坚持那种信仰吗？”他责问我；世间没有一个排版工人能有足够大的字体可以标出他的语气。

I humbly indicated that I had no design of changing.

我谦逊地表示我还没有想过要改变信仰。

But he could not away with such a monstrous attitude. "No, no," he cried; "you must change. You have come here, God has led you here, and you must embrace the opportunity."

但他却无法姑息这样一种可怕的态度。“不，不，”他大声喊道，“你必须改变。你已经来到了这儿，上帝把你引领到这里，你就必须抓住这个机会。”

I made a slip in policy; I appealed to the family affections, though I was speaking to a priest and a soldier, two classes of men circumstantially divorced from the kind and homely ties of life.

我不慎在策略上犯了一个错误；我提到了家庭感情问题，但是我是在对一位牧师和一位军人说话，这两类人受环境所限，远离了生活中友爱和家庭的联系。

"Your father and mother?" cried the priest. "Very well; you will convert them in their turn when you go home."

“你的父母？”牧师喊道。“很好；回到家后你可以让他们也皈依天主教。”

I think I see my father's face! I would rather tackle the Gaetulian lion[3] in his den than embark on such an enterprise against the family theologian.

我想我看到了父亲的脸！我宁愿去捉洞穴里的加图利亚狮子，也不愿冒险跟我们的家庭神学家作对。

But now the hunt was up; priest and soldier were in full cry for my conversion; and the Work of the Propagation of the Faith, for which the people of Cheylard subscribed forty-eight francs ten centimes during 1877, was being gallantly pursued against myself. It was an odd but most effective proselytising. They never sought to convince me in argument, where I might have attempted some defence; but took it for granted that I was both ashamed and terrified at my position, and urged me solely on the point of time. Now, they said, when God had led me to Our Lady of the Snows, now was the appointed hour.

但此刻的猎捕活动正在兴头儿上。牧师和军人高呼要我改变信仰；

而谢拉尔人民在1877年为之捐献了四十八法郎十生丁的“信仰传播事业”，被坚定地实施在我的身上。他们让我改变宗教信仰的方式古怪却非常有效。他们从不试图用道理说服我，如果这样的话我还可以试着为自己辩护一下，而是理所当然地认为，我对自己的立场是既羞愧又恐惧的，于是完全从时机的角度对我进行规劝。现在，他们说，上帝让我来到了雪中圣母院，现在正是上帝指定的时间。

"Do not be withheld by false shame," observed the priest, for my encouragement.

“不要为了虚无的羞耻心而退缩呀，”牧师如此鼓励我。

For one who feels very similarly to all sects of religion, and who has never been able, even for a moment, to weigh seriously the merit of this or that creed on the eternal side of things, however much he may see to praise or blame upon the secular and temporal side, the situation thus created was both unfair and painful. I committed my second fault in tact, and tried to plead that it was all the same thing in the end, and we were all drawing near by different sides to the same kind and undiscriminating Friend and Father. That, as it seems to lay spirits, would be the only gospel worthy of the name. But different men think differently; and this revolutionary aspiration brought down the priest with all the terrors of the law. He launched into harrowing details of hell. The damned, he said—on the authority of a little book which he had read not a week before, and which, to add conviction to conviction, he had fully intended to bring along with him in his pocket—were to occupy the same attitude through all eternity in the midst of dismal tortures. And as he thus expatiated, he grew in nobility of aspect with his enthusiasm.

对于一位感到所有教派都无甚差别的人，一个从来不能、甚至一刻也不能从事物永恒的层面上认真衡量这种或那种教义的优点的人，无论他可能会在那些世俗的短暂的方面发现多少值得赞扬或谴责的地方，现在的这种情形是不公而又痛苦的。我在策略上犯了第二个错误，辩解说，最终的结果都是一样的，我们都沿着不同的道路一步步接近同一位仁慈而公正的朋友和天父。这一点，在世俗的心灵看来，是唯一真正的福音。然而，不同的人见地自然也不相同；这种革命性的愿望把牧师吓坏了，他想到了戒律的各种可怕，于是开始讲述地狱里各种悲惨的细节。他根据不到一星期前才读过的一本书说道，那些被罚入地狱的灵魂和我持有同样的态度，而他们将永世在痛苦中煎熬。那本小书，为了可信再可信，他已决意随身带在口袋里。他这样详加阐述时，神色在对宗教的热情中显得更加高贵了。

As a result the pair concluded that I should seek out the Prior, since the Abbot was from home, and lay my case immediately before him.

结果这二人得出结论，既然院长不在，我应该去找副院长，把我的

情况立刻报告给他。

"C'est mon conseil comme ancien militaire," obser ved the commandant; "Et celui de Monsieur comme prêtre.”

“这是我作为一名退伍军人的忠告，”指挥官说，“也是这位先生作为牧师的忠告。”

"Oui, " added the cure, sententiously nodding; "Comme ancien militaire—et comme prêtre.”

“是的，”教区牧师接道，郑重其事地点了点头，“作为一名退伍军人和一名牧师。”

At this moment, whilst I was somewhat embarrassed how to answer, in came one of the monks, a little brown fellow, as lively as a grig, and with an Italian accent, who threw himself at once into the contention, but in a milder and more persuasive vein, as befitted one of these pleasant brethren. Look at him, he said. The rule was very hard; he would have dearly liked to stay in his own country, Italy—it was well known how beautiful it was, the beautiful Italy; but then there were no Trappists in Italy; and he had a soul to save; and here he was.

我正有些尴尬，不知如何作答，这时，进来了一位修道士。这是一位穿着褐色长袍的小个子，像蟋蟀一样活泼，带着意大利口音，他立刻就加入了争论，但语气更加温和，更加令人信服，正符合这些举止文雅的修士的态度。看看他，他说道。这里的戒律非常严格，他内心更4愿意留在他的祖国，意大利——大家都知道那里有多么美丽，美丽的意大利；但是那时意大利没有特拉普派的修道院；而他要拯救自己的灵魂，所以就来到这里了。

I am afraid I must be at bottom, what a cheerful Indian critic has dubbed me, "a faddling hedonist," for this description of the brother's motives gave me somewhat of a shock. I should have preferred to think he had chosen the life for its own sake, and not for ulterior purposes; and this shows how profoundly I was out of sympathy with these good Trappists, even when I was doing my best to sympathise. But to the curé the argument seemed decisive.

恐怕我本质上是个，像一位快活的印度批评家称呼我的那样，“轻佻的享乐主义者，”因为那位修士对自己动机的描述让我有些震惊。我本应该认为，他是因为喜欢才选择这样的生活，而不是为了什么其他隐晦的目的；这证明了我和那些善良的特拉普派修道士在本质上是多么不同，即使我正尽力争取向他们靠近。但对于牧师来说，这个理由似乎是决定性的。

"Hear that!" he cried. "And I have seen a marquis here, a marquis, a marquis"—he repeated the holy word three times over—“and other

persons high in society; and generals. And here, at your side, is this gentleman, who has been so many years in armies—decorated an old warrior. And here he is, ready to dedicate himself to God.”

“听听这个吧！”他叫道。“我在此遇到过一位侯爵，一位侯爵，一位侯爵”——他把这个高贵的字眼重复了三遍——“还有其他地位很高的人；还有几位将军。还有这里，你身边的这位先生，他曾经服役多年——授过勋，一位年事已高的战士。他就在这里，准备把自己奉献给上帝。”

I was by this time so thoroughly embarrassed that I pled cold feet, and made my escape from the apartment. It was a furious windy morning, with a sky much cleared, and long and potent intervals of sunshine; and I wandered until dinner in the wild country towards the east, sorely staggered and beaten upon by the gale, but rewarded with some striking views.

此刻我深感惭愧，于是以双脚很冷为借口，逃出了房间。这是个狂风怒号的清晨，天色十分晴朗，强烈的阳光长时间地闪耀着；直到午饭前我都在野地里往东游荡，大风吹得我踉踉跄跄，但作为此行的回报，我也得以饱览了许多迷人的风景。

At dinner the Work of the Propagation of the Faith was recommenced, and on this occasion still more distastefully to me. The priest asked me many questions as to the contemptible faith of my fathers, and received my replies with a kind of ecclesiastical titter.

午饭时，“信仰传播事业”又开始了，而且这次更加令我不快。就他眼中我父亲可鄙的信仰，牧师向我问了很多问题，又对我的回答报以牧师们特有的吃吃傻笑。

"Your sect," he said once; "for I think you will admit it would be doing it too much honour to call it a religion."

“你们的教派，”他有次说道，“我认为你也会承认，把它称之为宗教，实在是太抬举它了。”

"As you please, monsieur," said I. "La parole est à vous.”

“随你高兴吧，先生，”我说，“这是你的看法。”

At length I grew annoyed beyond endurance; and although he was on his own ground and, what is more to the purpose, an old man, and so holding a claim upon my toleration, I could not avoid a protest against this uncivil usage. He was sadly discountenanced.

我终于被烦扰得忍无可忍；尽管他有自己的理由，而且更重要的是，他是一位老人，因此有理由得到我的容忍，我还是忍不住抗议这种不文明的相处方式。他听过后感到悲哀又窘迫。

"I assure you." he said, "I have no inclination to laugh in my heart.

I have no other feeling but interest in your soul."

“我向你保证。”他说，“我内心无意嘲笑你们。我只是关心你的灵魂，别无他意。”

And there ended my conversion. Honest man! he was no dangerous deceiver; but a country parson, full of zeal and faith. Long may he tread Gévaudan with his kilted skirts—a man strong to walk and strong to comfort his parishioners in death! I daresay he would beat bravely through a snowstorm where his duty called him; and it is not always the most faithful believer who makes the cunningest apostle.

我的改宗到此也告一段落。多么真诚的人啊！他并不是危险的欺骗者，而是一个乡下牧师，满怀宗教热忱和信念。愿他能长久地穿着卷起下摆的长袍行走在热沃当的山路上！他身体强健，足以应付行路；又意志坚强，足以安慰垂死的教区居民。我敢说当他的职责召唤他时，他一定会英勇地在暴风雪中跋涉前进；最虔诚的信徒并不总是最灵活的传道者。

Upper Gevaudan

上热沃当

(continued)

（续）

The bed was made, the room was fit,

床铺好了，房间布置好了，

By punctual eve the stars were lit;

夜晚的群星也如期亮了；

The air was still, the water ran;

空气宁静，水在流淌；

No need there was for maid or man,

无需女仆或仆从，

When we put up, my ass and I,

我的驴子和我，我们住在，

At God's green caravanserai.

上帝的绿色旅馆里。

Old Play[4]

——古代戏剧

(1)迦太基，古代北非重要城市和城邦，位于现在的突尼斯附近。

(2)甘必大（1838—1882），法国政治家，在普法战争后的法国政坛上有非常鲜明的立场。

(3)加图利亚狮子，古罗马诗人贺拉斯（公元前65—前8）所著《歌集》中的典故。加图利亚是古代非洲北部的蛮荒之地，在毛里塔尼亚和努米底亚之南。

(4)古代戏剧，遵循沃尔特·司各特（1771—1832）的习惯，史蒂文森假托自己写的诗行是出自古代戏剧。

IX. Across The Goulet

9.跨越古莱山

The wind fell during dinner, and the sky remained clear; so it was under better auspices that I loaded Modestine before the monastery gate. My Irish friend accompanied me so far on the way. As we came through the wood, there was Pére Apollinaire hauling his barrow; and he too quitted his labours to go with me for perhaps a hundred yards, holding my hand between both of his in front of him. I parted first from one and then from the other with unfeigned regret, but yet with the glee of the traveller who shakes off the dust of one stage before hurrying forth upon another. Then Modestine and I mounted the course of the Allier, which here led us back into Gévaudan towards its sources in the forest of Mercoire. It was but an inconsiderable burn before we left its guidance. Thence, over a hill, our way lay through a naked plateau, until we reached Chasseradés at sundown.

午饭时风小了，但天色仍很清朗，因此当我在修道院门前把行李装到小乖背上时，兆头比上次出发时好多了。我的爱尔兰朋友陪我走了很长一段路。我们穿过树林的时候，阿波利纳里斯神父正在那儿用力拖着他的手推车；他也停下来，陪我走了大概一百码的路程，双手紧紧地把我的手握在胸前。我与他们先后分手时，不免黯然神伤，但同时也难掩身为旅行者雀跃的心情，因为终于要抖落前段路程的征尘，向下一个目标进发了。小乖和我沿着阿列河溯游而上，这条河把我们带回热沃当，通向它在梅尔夸森林中的源头。我们离开它的引导之前，它已成了一条不起眼的小溪流。后来，我们翻过一座山，在一片寸草不生的高地中寻路前行，终于在日暮时分来到了夏塞拉代。

The company in the inn kitchen that night were all men employed in survey for one of the projected railways. They were intelligent and conversible, and we decided the future of France over hot wine, until the state of the clock frightened us to rest. There were four beds in the little upstairs room; and we slept six. But I had a bed to myself, and persuaded them to leave the window open.

那天晚上，聚在旅馆厨房里的人都是为计划修建的铁路进行勘察而来的。他们聪明又健谈，我们一边喝着烈酒，一边纵谈法国的未来，直到钟表的指针让我们大吃一惊，便赶紧去休息了。楼上的小房间里有四张床，上面睡了我们六个人。我一个人睡了一整张床，还劝他们开着窗户。

"Hé, bourgeois; il est cinq heures!" was the cry that wakened me in the morning (Saturday, September 28th). The room was full of a transparent darkness, which dimly showed me the other three beds

and the five different nightcaps on the pillows. But out of the window the dawn was growing ruddy in a long belt over the hill-tops, and day was about to flood the plateau. The hour was inspiriting; and there seemed a promise of calm weather, which was perfectly fulfilled. I was soon under way with Modestine. The road lay for a while over the plateau, and then descended through a precipitous village into the valley of the Chassezac. This stream ran among green meadows, well hidden from the world by its steep banks; the broom was in flower, and here and there was a hamlet sending up its smoke.

“嘿，城里人，五点钟了！”清晨（9月28日，礼拜六）的喊声让我从睡梦中醒来。卧室沉浸在一片透明的黑暗中，我隐隐约约看到另外三张床，还有枕上五个不同的睡帽。但窗外山巅上那长长的一抹微红的晨光正越来越浓，曙光即将洒遍这片高地。这是令人心情振奋的时刻；看起来今天不会再有大风了，我的预测随后完全得到了证实。我和小乖立刻就上路了。我们在高地上走了一段，然后道路下斜，经过一个地势险峻的村落，来到了沙斯扎克河谷。这条小河流淌在茵茵绿草之间，陡峭的河岸把它很好地隐藏在尘世之外。金雀花正在盛开，随处可见村落里袅袅上升的炊烟。

At last the path crossed the Chassezac upon a bridge, and, forsaking this deep hollow, set itself to cross the mountain of La Goulet. It wound up through Lestampes by upland fields and woods of beech and birch, and with every corner brought me into an acquaintance with some new interest. Even in the gully of the Chassezac my ear had been struck by a noise like that of a great bass bell ringing at the distance of many miles; but this, as I continued to mount and draw nearer to it, seemed to change in character, and I found at length that it came from some one leading flocks afield to the note of a rural horn. The narrow street of Lestampes stood full of sheep, from wall to wall—black sheep and white, bleating with one accord like the birds in spring, and each one accompanying himself upon the sheep-bell round his neck. It made a pathetic concert, all in treble. A little higher, and I passed a pair of men in a tree with pruning-hooks, and one of them was singing the music of a bourrée[1]. Still further, and when I was already threading the birches, the crowing of cocks came cheerfully up to my ears, and along with that the voice of a flute discoursing a deliberate and plaintive air from one of the upland villages. I pictured to myself some grizzled, apple-cheeked, country schoolmaster fluting in his bit of a garden in the clear autumn sunshine. All these beautiful and interesting sounds filled my heart with an unwonted expectation; and it appeared to me that, once past this range which I was mounting, I should descend into the garden of the world. Nor was I deceived, for I was now done with rains and winds and a bleak country. The first part of my journey

ended here; and this was like an induction of sweet sounds into the other and more beautiful.

最后我们从一座桥上跨过沙斯扎克河，然后把这个深谷抛在身后，开始翻越古莱山。山路蜿蜒而上，途径莱唐佩镇，两边是高地上的块块农田和片片山毛榉林和白桦林，每转过一个弯，就会有一些新鲜的景致映入我的眼帘。还在沙斯扎克河谷的时候，我就听到一阵响声，仿佛低沉的钟声，从数英里外远远传来；但就当我继续攀山而上，离它越来越近的时候，这声音似乎变了，我最终发现它来自于一个乡下的号角，牧羊人吹着它赶羊到田野去。莱唐佩窄窄的街道上全是羊，挤得满满的，黑的白的，都在咩咩叫着，好像春日里唧啾乱鸣的鸟群，每只羊脖子上还挂着铃铛为它们伴奏。这些声音汇成了一场蹩脚的音乐会，全是刺耳的高音。又往上走了一段，我看到两个人站在树上，手里拿着修枝剪，其中一个嘴里还哼唱着布雷舞曲。继续向上爬，我在白桦林中绕来绕去的时候，公鸡此起彼伏的啼叫声欢快地响了起来，随之响起的还有高地上某个村庄传来的长笛声，吹奏着从容哀婉的乐曲。我脑海中勾勒出一位头发花白、脸颊红润的乡村教师，坐在他小小的花园里，在秋日的晴空下吹奏着他的长笛。所有这些动听美妙的声音让我的心里充满了非同寻常的期待，仿佛一旦翻越了正在爬的这座山，我将进入一个人间乐园。我没有失望，因为现在我已经逃出了凄风苦雨还有荒凉的乡野。我旅行的第一部分在这里结束了；这些乐声仿佛一支甜美的序曲，把我引领至另一段更加美好的旅程。

There are other degrees of feyness, as of punishment, besides the capital; and I was now led by my good spirits into an adventure which I relate in the interest of future donkey-drivers. The road zigzagged so widely on the hillside, that I chose a short cut by map and compass, and struck through the dwarf woods to catch the road again upon a higher level. It was my one serious conflict with Modestine. She would none of my short cut; she turned in my face; she backed, she reared; she, whom I had hitherto imagined to be dumb, actually brayed with a loud hoarse flourish, like a cock crowing for the dawn. I plied the goad with one hand; with the other, so steep was the ascent, I had to hold on the pack-saddle. Half-a-dozen times she was nearly over backwards on the top of me; half-a-dozen times, from sheer weariness of spirit, I was nearly giving it up, and leading her down again to follow the road. But I took the thing as a wager, and fought it through. I was surprised, as I went on my way again, by what appeared to be chill rain-drops falling on my hand, and more than once looked up in wonder at the cloudless sky. But it was only sweat which came dropping from my brow.

除去美好的一面，也有种种不如意之处，仿佛对我的惩罚。现在我的好兴致就把我带入了一场冒险。为着以后的赶驴人着想，我还是把我的经历讲一下吧。山坡上的道路太过迂回曲折，所以我就靠着地图和罗盘，选了一条捷径，打算穿过一片矮林，在山势较高处再走回正路。这

是我和小乖之间的一次严重冲突。她完全不理会我的捷径，当着我的面转过身子；她向后退，用后腿立着；我本以为她是个哑巴，这次却大声而刺耳地嘶鸣着，好像一只报晓的公鸡。我一只手挥舞着刺棒，另一只手因为山势太过陡峭，只好扶着驮鞍。大概有五六次，她因为后退几乎压在我头顶上；还有五六次，我因为筋疲力尽几乎想要放弃，把她重新领回下面去走原来的山路。但我还是想赌上一把，最后总算是赢了。我重新回到路上后，发觉有冰冷的雨滴落到我手上，奇怪极了，我不止一次纳闷地抬头看看没有一丝云彩的晴空。而那只是从我额头滴落的汗水。

Over the summit of the Goulet there was no marked road—only upright stones posted from space to space to guide the drovers. The turf underfoot was springy and well scented. I had no company but a lark or two, and met but one bullock-cart between Lestampes and Bleymard. In front of me I saw a shallow valley, and beyond that the range of the Lozère, sparsely wooded and well enough modelled in the flanks, but straight and dull in outline. There was scarce a sign of culture; only about Bleymard, the white high-road from Villefort to Mende traversed a range of meadows, set with spiry poplars, and sounding from side to side with the bells of flocks and herds.

在古莱山顶上没有明显的道路，只有耸立的石块散布在四处为行人指示着方向。脚下的草地土质松软，清芬可人。除去一两只云雀，我没有其他同行者。从莱唐佩到布莱马尔的途中我也只遇到了一辆牛车。在我面前是一个浅浅的山谷，山谷之上是洛泽尔山脉，草木稀疏，侧面看非常优美，但整体轮廓却呆板无趣。这里没有什么耕种过的痕迹；只是在布莱马尔附近，有一条从维勒福尔到芒德的白色公路横贯一片草地，两旁种着细长的白杨树，路边回响着一群群牛羊的铃铛声。

(1)布雷舞，一种17世纪法国活泼的乡下舞蹈。

X. A Night Among The Pines

10.松林之夜

From Bleymard after dinner, although it was already late, I set out to scale a portion of the Lozère. An ill-marked stony drove-road guided me forward; and I met nearly half-a-dozen bullock-carts descending from the woods, each laden with a whole pine-tree for the winter's firing. At the top of the woods, which do not climb very high upon this cold ridge, I struck leftward by a path among the pines, until I hit on a dell of green turf, where a streamlet made a little spout over some stones to serve me for a water-tap. "In a more sacred or sequestered bower…nor nymph nor faunus haunted."[1] The trees were not old, but they grew thickly round the glade: there was no outlook, except north-eastward upon distant hill-tops, or straight upward to the sky; and the encampment felt secure and private like a room. By the time I had made my arrangements and fed Modestine, the day was already beginning to decline. I buckled myself to the knees into my sack and made a hearty meal; and as soon as the sun went down, I pulled my cap over my eyes and fell asleep.

吃过饭后，尽管天色已经不早了，我还是从布莱马尔出发，爬了一段洛泽尔山。一条形迹不明显的石凿小径引我向前；我遇到大概五六辆牛车从高处的树林中下来，每辆车都载着一整棵松树，充作冬天的柴火。在这寒冷的山梁上，松林没有向上延伸到很高的地方。在林子高处，我顺着林间小道向左走，直到偶然间发现一个葱茏幽谷，一道清溪自几块碎石间涌出，形成一个小小水柱，刚好给我当作水龙头。“在更神圣、更幽僻的居处，……没有水泽女神，也没有牧神出现。”这些松树并不老，但却围着林中空地长得郁郁葱葱：大树把视线遮得严严实实，人们只能看得到东北方向远山的山峰，或者是头顶正上方的天空；我的露营地好像房间一样隐秘安全。我打点好一切，又喂了小乖后，夕阳已经西斜。我把膝盖以下都埋进睡袋，又美美地吃了一顿；太阳一下山，我就拉下睡帽盖住眼睛，进入了梦乡。

Night is a dead monotonous period under a roof; but in the open world it passes lightly, with its stars and dews and perfumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of Nature. What seems a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains, is only a light and living slumber to the man who sleeps afield. All night long he can hear Nature breathing deeply and freely; even as she takes her rest, she turns and smiles; and there is one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping hemisphere, and all the outdoor world are on their feet. It is then that the cock first crows, not this time to announce the

dawn, but like a cheerful watchman speeding the course of night. Cattle awake on the meadows; sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides, and change to a new lair among the ferns; and houseless men, who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night.

在屋檐下，晚上是极单调的一段时间，而在野外，夜晚轻柔且带着繁星、露珠和清香，时间是由自然景色的变化来标记的。那对于困在四壁和窗帘之间的人来说似乎是暂时死亡的事，对于睡在旷野之中的人来说，却只是轻浅生动的安眠。他可以整晚倾听大自然深沉自由的呼吸；大自然即使在休憩的时候，也在辗转、微笑；在这里，有一个生机盎然的时刻，是住在室内的人无从得知的。当一丝清醒的力量从沉睡的疆域走过，所有野外的世界就都苏醒过来了。那时雄鸡发出第一声啼叫，并不是为了宣告黎明的到来，而是像一个快活的巡夜人催促黑夜快快过去。草地上的牛群也醒来了；羊群开始进食，在沾满露珠的山坡上啃上几口草，又在那些蕨类植物中换了一个地方重新安卧；那些没有栖身之所、与鸟儿同宿的人们，睁开他们惺忪的睡眼，欣赏夜色的美丽。

At what inaudible summons, at what gentle touch of Nature, are all these sleepers thus recalled in the same hour to life? Do the stars rain down an influence, or do we share some thrill of mother earth below our resting bodies? Even shepherds and old country-folk, who are the deepest read in these arcana, have not a guess as to the means or purpose of this nightly resurrection. Towards two in the morning they declare the thing takes place; and neither know nor inquire further. And at least it is a pleasant incident. We are disturbed in our slumber only, like the luxurious Montaigne[2], "that we may the better and more sensibly relish it." We have a moment to look upon the stars. And there is a special pleasure for some minds in the reflection that we share the impulse with all outdoor creatures in our neighbourhood, that we have escaped out of the Bastille of civilisation, and are become, for the time being, a mere kindly animal and a sheep of Nature's flock.

是怎样无声的召唤，或大自然如何温柔的碰触，让这些沉睡者同时苏醒了过来？是夜星洒下的魔力，还是我们都感觉到了沉睡的身躯下大地母亲的阵阵颤抖？即使是最了解这些神秘之处的牧羊人和乡下老农，也猜不透这种夜间复苏的方式和目的。他们承认它发生在凌晨两点，但是却不懂为何如此，也从未深究。但至少这是一件美好的事情。我们仅在睡眠中被打断，就像那位词藻优美的蒙田所说：“我们或许能够更真切、更细致地享受它。”我们有了片刻时间可以仰望星空。对于某些心灵来说，想到我们同周围一切的野外生物感受到同样的生命力，想到我们逃出了文明的巴士底狱，暂时只做一只温顺的动物，一只大自然羊群中的羔羊，就会感到某种独特的乐趣。

When that hour came to me among the pines, I wakened thirsty. My tin was standing by me half full of water. I emptied it at a draught;

and feeling broad awake after this internal cold aspersion, sat upright to make a cigarette. The stars were clear, coloured, and jewel-like, but not frosty. A faint silvery vapour stood for the Milky Way. All around me the black fir-points stood upright and stock-still. By the whiteness of the pack-saddle, I could see Modestine walking round and round at the length of her tether; I could hear her steadily munching at the sward; but there was not another sound, save the indescribable quiet talk of the runnel over the stones. I lay lazily smoking and studying the colour of the sky, as we call the void of space, from where it showed a reddish grey behind the pines to where it showed a glossy blue-black between the stars. As if to be more like a pedlar, I wear a silver ring. This I could see faintly shining as I raised or lowered the cigarette; and at each whiff the inside of my hand was illuminated, and became for a second the highest light in the landscape.

当那一刻在林间来临，我醒来，感到口渴难耐。罐子就放在我旁边，里面盛了一半的水。我把水一口气喝光；腹内的清凉让我完全醒了过来，于是就坐起来，点了一支烟。夜星宝石似地光亮璀璨，但并不清冷。一带模糊的银色雾气，那是银河。在我四周是黑色的冷杉树冠，笔直挺立，纹丝不动。在白色驮鞍的映衬下，我看到小乖在缰绳允许的范围内一圈圈转着；我可以听到她不停地大声咀嚼着地上的青草；但除了溪流流过石块发出的无可名状的细碎声响，再没有其他声音了。我抽着烟，懒散地躺着，研究着天空的颜色。天空，我们是这样称呼那片虚旷的空间的。在这边的松树后面，天空呈现一片泛红的灰色；那边的群星之间，则是光润的蓝黑色。好像是为了让自己更像一名小贩，我戴了一枚银戒指。当举起或放下雪茄的时候，就看到它闪着微弱的光芒；每吸一口香烟，我的手中就亮一下，并且瞬间成了这片景色中最亮的一点。

A faint wind, more like a moving coolness than a stream of air, passed down the glade from time to time; so that even in my great chamber the air was being renewed all night long. I thought with horror of the inn at Chasseradès and the congregated nightcaps; with horror of the nocturnal prowesses of clerks and students, of hot theatres and pass- keys and close rooms. I have not often enjoyed a more serene possession of myself, nor felt more independent of material aids. The outer world, from which we cower into our houses, seemed after all a gentle habitable place; and night after night a man's bed, it seemed, was laid and waiting for him in the fields, where God keeps an open house. I thought I had rediscovered one of those truths which are revealed to savages and hid from political economists: at the least, I had discovered a new pleasure for myself. And yet even while I was exulting in my solitude I became aware of a strange lack. I wished a companion to lie near me in the starlight, silent and not moving, but ever within touch. For there is a fellowship more quiet even than solitude, and which, rightly understood, is solitude made

perfect. And to live out of doors with the woman a man loves is of all lives the most complete and free.

柔风不时吹过林间空地，与其说那是空气的流动，倒更像是飘过的一阵凉意。因此，即使是在我舒适的睡卧里，整晚空气也在不停流动更新。我憎恶地回忆起夏塞拉代的旅馆和那许多凑在一起的睡帽；回忆起那些职员和学生们夜间的破坏力，还有闷热的剧院、万能钥匙和紧闭的房间。我很少感到现在这样的安详宁静，也很少像这样独立于物质支撑之外。我们常常逃开外面的自然界，退缩进我们的房屋中去，然而大自然看起来终究还是一个柔和的宜居之地。夜复一夜，似乎一张床已安放在野外，在上帝建造的开阔的房间内，等待人的到来。我认为自己重新发现了一条真理，是那些为野蛮人所知，然而政治经济学家们却从不知晓的真理中的一条——最起码，我为自己找到了一种新的乐趣。但虽然我为自己的独处欣然自得，却仍然感到一种奇怪的缺憾。我希望身边有位同伴和我一起躺在星光下，不说、不动，但却随时可以碰触得到。因为有种情谊甚至比独处更让人感到内心恬静，确切地说，这是独处至善至美之境界。男人与心爱的女人共同生活在户外，才是最圆满、最无拘无束的生活方式。

As I thus lay, between content and longing, a faint noise stole towards me through the pines. I thought, at first, it was the crowing of cocks or the barking of dogs at some very distant farm; but steadily and gradually it took articulate shape in my ears, until I became aware that a passenger was going by upon the high-road in the valley, and singing loudly as he went. There was more of good-will than grace in his performance; but he trolled with ample lungs; and the sound of his voice took hold upon the hillside and set the air shaking in the leafy glens. I have heard people passing by night in sleeping cities; some of them sang; one, I remember, played loudly on the bagpipes. I have heard the rattle of a cart or carriage spring up suddenly after hours of stillness, and pass, for some minutes, within the range of my hearing as I lay abed. There is a romance about all who are abroad in the black hours, and with something of a thrill we try to guess their business. But here the romance was double: first, this glad passenger, lit internally with wine, who sent up his voice in music through the night; and then I, on the other hand, buckled into my sack, and smoking alone in the pine-woods between four and five thousand feet towards the stars.

我正这样躺着，畅心快意又略感美中不足之际，一阵细微的喧噪之声穿过松林，遥遥传了过来。我一开始以为是从很远的农庄那边传来的鸡犬之声；但慢慢地，它在我耳边越来越清晰，逐渐形成音调，直到我意识到有个赶路人正从谷中的大路上走过，一边走一边大声唱着歌。歌声虽不优美，却很亲切；他响亮地唱着，歌声飘荡在山坡上，翠谷中的空气都因之激荡起来了。在沉睡的城市中，我曾听到行人趁着夜色赶路；有些人会唱歌；我记得有一个人还响亮地吹着风笛。我曾听到过，

几小时的寂静后，推车或者马车的吱嘎声霍然响起，然后离去，几分钟后待我躺到床上声音才消失在耳畔。所有黑夜里还在户外活动的人们都有其神秘性，我们会带着几分恐惧猜测他们的举动。但是现在有双重的神秘：首先，是这位愉快的赶路人，酒意陶然，整夜里扯着嗓子唱歌；然后，是裹在睡袋里的我，在松林里独自抽着烟，四五千英尺远的高处，是天上的繁星。

When I awoke again (Sunday, 29th September), many of the stars had disappeared; only the stronger companions of the night still burned visibly overhead; and away towards the east I saw a faint haze of light upon the horizon, such as had been the Milky Way when I was last awake. Day was at hand. I lit my lantern, and by its glow-worm light put on my boots and gaiters; then I broke up some bread for Modestine, filled my can at the water-tap, and lit my spirit-lamp to boil myself some chocolate. The blue darkness lay long in the glade where I had so sweetly slumbered; but soon there was a broad streak of orange melting into gold along the mountain-tops of Vivarais. A solemn glee possessed my mind at this gradual and lovely coming in of day. I heard the runnel with delight; I looked round me for something beautiful and unexpected; but the still black pine-trees, the hollow glade, the munching ass, remained unchanged in figure. Nothing had altered but the light, and that, indeed, shed over all a spirit of life and of breathing peace, and moved me to a strange exhilaration.

我再次醒来的时候（9月29日，礼拜日），很多星星不见了；只有那些较强的黑夜之伴仍然在头顶闪烁可见；我看到东方的天际线上，飘着一团微微发光的薄雾，就像我上次醒来时所看到的银河。朝阳即将喷薄而出。我点亮灯笼，借着萤火虫般的亮光，穿上靴子，系好绑腿；然后掰了些碎面包喂了小乖，在泉眼处接满水罐，又点上酒精灯为自己煮了些热巧克力。我酣眠的林间空地上依然弥漫着深蓝的夜色；但很快维瓦赖山巅上出现了很宽的一带橙色，然后又融合在金光里。看到曙光缓缓地、美妙地呈现，一种肃穆的喜悦占据了我的心灵。我愉快地听着潺潺流水之声；举目四望，想找到一些意想不到的美丽之处；然而，静止的黑色松树、低洼的林间空地、大嚼青草的驴子，它们的轮廓并没有什么改变。一切都没有变化，除了晨光，而晨光，的确为林中的一切带来了无限生机和宁静，也把我带入了一种奇异的兴奋之中。

I drank my water-chocolate, which was hot if it was not rich, and strolled here and there, and up and down about the glade. While I was thus delaying, a gush of steady wind, as long as a heavy sigh, poured direct out of the quarter of the morning. It was cold, and set me sneezing. The trees near at hand tossed their black plumes in its passage; and I could see the thin distant spires of pine along the edge of the hill rock slightly to and fro against the golden east. Ten minutes after, the sunlight spread at a gallop along the hillside, scattering

shadows and sparkles, and the day had come completely.

我喝下了兑水的巧克力，虽然不浓，但是很热，然后在空地周围来回溜达了一下。我为此耽搁的时候，一阵劲风，长得像沉重的叹息，从东方晨曦处直直吹了过来。风很冷，吹得我直打喷嚏。附近松树黑色的树冠立刻在风中摇摆不已；我看到，在东方金色晨光的映衬下，远方山岩边松树细细的尖顶轻轻地来回摆动。十分钟后，阳光迅速洒遍山坡，播下一片片光和影，白昼彻底来临了。

I hastened to prepare my pack, and tackle the steep ascent that lay before me; but I had something on my mind. It was only a fancy; yet a fancy will sometimes be importunate. I had been most hospitably received and punctually served in my green caravanserai. The room was airy, the water excellent, and the dawn had called me to a moment. I say nothing of the tapestries or the inimitable ceiling, nor yet of the view which I commanded from the windows; but I felt I was in some one's debt for all this liberal entertainment. And so it pleased me, in a half-laughing way, to leave pieces of money on the turf as I went along, until I had left enough for my night's lodging. I trust they did not fall to some rich and churlish drover.

我赶紧收拾好行装，沿着面前的陡坡奋力向上爬；但同时也在思量着什么。这只是一个古怪的念头；但怪念头有时也是挥之不去的。在我那绿色的大旅馆里，我受到了最亲切适当的招待。房间通风良好，水质甘澈，曙光也准时把我叫醒。我还没有提及它那美丽的织锦挂毯，或是无与伦比的穹顶，也没有提到我透过窗户眺望到的美景；但我觉得我因为这所有慷慨的款待欠下了人情。所以，我半开玩笑地把一些钱放在我经过的草地上，直到我留够了这晚的房费，这样做让我觉得很愉悦。我相信，它们不会落入那些有钱而粗野的牲口贩子手中。

The Country Of The Camisards

卡米撒派之乡

We travelled in the print of olden wars;

我们行走在古昔的战场间；

Yet all the land was green;

如今到处都是盎然的绿意；

And love we found, and peace,

我们找到了爱和宁静，

Where fire and war had been.

在曾经战火纷飞的地方。

They pass and smile, the children of the sword—

人们微笑着走过，这些战士的子孙——

No more the sword they wield;

再也不用挥刀舞剑；

And O, how deep the corn

喔，庄稼是多么茂密地长在

Along the battlefield!

这昔日的战场上！

W. P. Bannatyne.[3]

W.P.班纳坦

(1)“在更神圣、更幽僻的居处……”，对英国诗人弥尔顿（1608—1674）的长诗的《失乐园》中描写夏娃住所的一段诗句的释译。

(2)蒙田（1533—1592），法国散文作家，其散漫而生动的有关个人的散文被认为是16世纪法国散文的最高表现形式。文中所引的这句话见其《论经验》一文。

(3)W.P.班纳坦，史蒂文森自己的化名。

XI. Across The Lozére

11.跨过洛泽尔山脉

The track that I had followed in the evening soon died out, and I continued to follow over a bald turf ascent a row of stone pillars, such as had conducted me across the Goulet. It was already warm. I tied my jacket on the pack, and walked in my knitted waistcoat. Modestine herself was in high spirits, and broke of her own accord, for the first time in my experience, into a jolting trot that set the oats swashing in the pocket of my coat. The view, back upon the northern Gévaudan, extended with every step; scarce a tree, scarce a house, appeared upon the fields of wild hill that ran north, east, and west, all blue and gold in the haze and sunlight of the morning. A multitude of little birds kept sweeping and twittering about my path; they perched on the stone pillars, they pecked and strutted on the turf, and I saw them circle in volleys in the blue air, and show, from time to time, translucent flickering wings between the sun and me.

昨晚走的小路很快就消失了，我又沿着一片不见树木的草地往山上走，草地旁竖着一排石柱，就像我翻越古莱山时那样。天气已经热起来了。我把夹克系在睡袋上，只穿着一件针织背心走着。小乖兴致很高，竟然主动哒哒地一路小跑，颠得我上衣口袋里的燕麦哗哗作响，在我的经验里这还是第一次。景色从我们身后的热沃当北部一路延伸，越来越开阔。荒凉的山脉向北、向东、向西延伸，旷野中找不到一棵树、一间房，山岚笼罩的地方，呈现出一片青色，而阳光照耀处，则是金色的。路上有许多小鸟飞来飞去，发出阵阵啾啾唧唧的鸟鸣；它们时而在石柱上歇脚，时而在草地上啄食，或者神气活现地走来走去；我看到它们成群地在蓝色的天空中盘旋，扑闪的翅膀在阳光下不时地呈现出半透明的颜色。

Almost from the first moment of my march, a faint large noise, like a distant surf, had filled my ears. Sometimes I was tempted to think it the voice of a neighbouring waterfall, and sometimes a subjective result of the utter stillness of the hill. But as I continued to advance, the noise increased, and became like the hissing of an enormous tea-urn, and at the same time breaths of cool air began to reach me from the direction of the summit. At length I understood. It was blowing stiffly from the south upon the other slope of the Lozére, and every step that I took I was drawing nearer to the wind.

几乎从踏上旅途的第一步起，我就隐约听到一片澎湃之声，好像远方的海潮，若有若无地传入我的耳中。我有时觉得那是邻近的瀑布发出的水声，有时又想是寂静的空山所带来的幻觉。但当我继续向前，声音

也越来越大，就像是一个巨大的茶罐煮水时发出的嘶嘶声，就在这时，从山顶吹来了阵阵凉风。最后我终于明白了。这风从南面吹来，强劲地吹着洛泽尔山的另一侧山坡，我每向前一步，离风就更近一步。

Although it had been long desired, it was quite unexpectedly at last that my eyes rose above the summit. A step that seemed no way more decisive than many other steps that had preceded it—and, "like stout Cortez when, with eagle eyes, he stared on the Pacific,"[1] I took possession, in my own name, of a new quarter of the world. For behold, instead of the gross turf rampart I had been mounting for so long, a view into the hazy air of heaven, and a land of intricate blue hills below my feet.

尽管期待已久，但当我最终站在山顶骋目四望时，还是感到非常意外。尽管最后一步看起来并不比之前迈出的很多步子更为关键——就“像刚勇的科尔特斯，用他锐利的鹰眼，注视着太平洋，”我自命为这个新发现的世界一角的主人。因为，看哪，现在的风景已不再是我之前爬了许久的蔓草丛生的山崖，而是云雾缭绕的天空，还有脚下连绵起伏的青山。

The Lozère lies nearly east and west, cutting Gévaudan into two unequal parts; its highest point, this Pic de Finiels, on which I was then standing, rises upwards of five thousand six hundred feet above the sea, and in clear weather commands a view over all lower Languedoc to the Mediterranean Sea. I have spoken with people who either pretended or believed that they had seen, from the Pic de Finiels, white ships sailing by Montpellier and Cette. Behind was the upland northern country through which my way had lain, peopled by a dull race, without wood, without much grandeur of hill-form, and famous in the past for little beside wolves. But in front of me, half veiled in sunny haze, lay a new Gévaudan, rich, picturesque, illustrious for stirring events. Speaking largely, I was in the Cévennes at Monastier, and during all my journey; but there is a strict and local sense in which only this confused and shaggy country at my feet has any title to the name, and in this sense the peasantry employ the word. These are the Cévennes with an emphasis: the Cévennes of the Cévennes. In that undecipherable labyrinth of hills, a war of bandits, a war of wild beasts, raged for two years between the Grand Monarch[2] with all his troops and marshals on the one hand, and a few thousand Protestant mountaineers upon the other. A hundred and eighty years ago, the Camisards[3] held a station even on the Lozère, where I stood; they had an organisation, arsenals, a military and religious hierarchy; their affairs were "the discourse of every coffee-house" in London; England sent fleets in their support; their leaders prophesied and murdered; with colours and drums, and the singing of old French psalms, their bands sometimes affronted daylight, marched before

walled cities, and dispersed the generals of the king; and sometimes at night, or in masquerade, possessed themselves of strong castles, and avenged treachery upon their allies and cruelty upon their foes. There, a hundred and eighty years ago, was the chivalrous Roland[4], "Count and Lord Roland, generalissimo of the Protestants in France," grave, silent, imperious, pock-marked ex-dragoon, whom a lady followed in his wanderings out of love. There was Cavalier[5], a baker's apprentice with a genius for war, elected brigadier of Camisards at seventeen, to die at fifty-five the English governor of Jersey. There again was Castanet[6], a partisan leader in a voluminous peruke and with a taste for controversial divinity. Strange generals, who moved apart to take counsel with the God of Hosts, and fled or offered battle, set sentinels or slept in an unguarded camp, as the Spirit whispered to their hearts! And there, to follow these and other leaders, was the rank and file of prophets and disciples, bold, patient, indefatigable, hardy to run upon the mountains, cheering their rough life with psalms, eager to fight, eager to pray, listening devoutly to the oracles of brain-sick children, and mystically putting a grain of wheat among the pewter balls with which they charged their muskets.

洛泽尔山脉近乎横贯东西，把热沃当分成了不等的两部分。它的最高峰，菲尼厄尔峰，也就是当时我脚下的山峰，海拔五千六百英尺，天气晴朗时，立于其上可以俯瞰朗格多克南部全境直到地中海一带。我跟一些人聊过天，他们佯称或者真的相信自己曾在菲尼厄尔峰上看到了白色的船只航行经过蒙波利埃和赛特港。在我身后，是北部高地上的乡村，那是我来时经过的地方，那儿的居民愚钝无趣，当地没有什么树木，山川也不见壮丽，过去除了狼群并没有什么闻名之处。但在我面前，半笼罩在一片光亮的雾霭中的，是一个全新的热沃当，它富饶、美丽，因为一些风云激荡的事件而闻名于世。从广义上说，整个旅行中我都身处莫纳斯捷的塞文山脉；但根据当地严格意义上的说法，这个地名只属于我脚下这曲折萦回、荒草丛生的山区，这是当地农民的叫法。这里是带有强调色彩的塞文山区：塞文山区里的塞文山区。在这片错综复杂的迷宫似的山区里，曾经爆发过一场强盗般的战争，也是场野兽般的战争。战争持续了两年，一方是“伟大的君主”以及他的元帅和部队，另一方是几千名信仰新教的山里人。一百八十年前，甚至在我现在站着的洛泽尔山上都设有卡米撒派的岗哨；他们有自身的组织，有军火库，还有军事和宗教上的等级制度；他们的事迹是伦敦城“每个咖啡馆里的话题”；英国曾派军舰支援他们；他们的领袖预言未来也进行杀戮；他们的队伍有时伴随着旌旗和锣鼓声，高唱着古老的法国圣歌，在大白天行军经过城墙高筑的城市，驱散国王的将军；有时在夜里，或是通过伪装，攻占坚固的城堡，报复盟军的背叛和敌人的凶残。一百八十年前，这儿曾有位英勇的罗兰，“罗兰伯爵，法兰西新教大元帅”，他严肃、沉默、专横，是一位一脸麻子的退伍龙骑兵，有位女士因为爱他跟随他到处漂泊。还有卡瓦利埃，面包房学徒，是位战争天才，十七岁被选为卡米撒派军队的准将，五十五岁去世时是泽西岛的英国总督。还有卡斯塔内，

一位戴着长长假发、喜爱争论神学问题的党派领袖。这是一群古怪的将军，他们离群独处，以向万军之主耶和华寻求启示，他们逃开或挑起战争，布置岗哨或睡在没有护卫的营地，听从神灵向他们的心灵发出的耳语！然后，追随着这些和其他领袖的，是先知和信徒组成的士兵们，他们英勇，坚忍，不知疲倦，长于山间奔袭，用圣歌歌唱他们艰苦的生活，渴望战斗，热爱祷告，虔诚地听着癫狂的孩子们的预言，把麦粒神秘地放在锡弹中，再装进他们的步枪里。

I had travelled hitherto through a dull district, and in the track of nothing more notable than the child-eating beast of Gévaudan, the Napoléon Bonaparte of wolves. But now I was to go down into the scene of a romantic chapter—or, better, a romantic footnote in the history of the world. What was left of all this bygone dust and heroism? I was told that Protestantism still survived in this head seat of Protestant resistance; so much the priest himself had told me in the monastery parlour. But I had yet to learn if it were a bare survival, or a lively and generous tradition. Again, if in the northern Cévennes the people are narrow in religious judgments, and more filled with zeal than charity, what was I to look for in this land of persecution and reprisal—in a land where the tyranny of the Church produced the Camisard rebellion, and the terror of the Camisards threw the Catholic peasantry into legalised revolt upon the other side, so that Camisard and Florentin[7] skulked for each other's lives among the mountains?

在此之前，我游历的都是些乏味的地区，一路上遇到的最著名的事物也不过就是热沃当食人野兽，即那条狼中的拿破仑·波拿巴。但现在我即将进入的地方，曾经经历过世界历史中风云变换的一章，——或者更妙地说，是世界历史中一条富有传奇色彩的脚注。当一切尘埃散尽，那些过往的英雄事迹现在还留下些什么呢？据说在这个新教抵抗运动的前沿地区，新教信仰仍然存在，这一点我曾在修道院的接待室里多次听那位牧师自己提起过。但我还不知道它仅是残存的一点遗风，还是一项仍然有生机的传统。而且，如果说北部塞文山区的人们宗教意识狭隘，心中充满对宗教的热诚而甚于博爱之心，那么在这片充满宗教迫害和报复的土地上，我又能指望看到什么呢？——正是在这里，天主教会的暴政激起了卡米撒派的叛乱，而卡米撒派的恐怖政策又反过来逼得信仰天主教的农民走上了合法反抗之路，卡米撒派和弗洛朗帮于是就在这群山之间相互躲避，以求保命。

Just on the brow of the hill, where I paused to look before me, the series of stone pillars came abruptly to an end; and only a little below, a sort of track appeared and began to go down a break-neck slope, turning like a corkscrew as it went. It led into a valley between falling hills, stubbly with rocks like a reaped field of corn, and floored farther down with green meadows. I followed the track with precipitation; the steepness of the slope, the continual agile turning of the line of the descent, and the old unwearied hope of finding

something new in a new country, all conspired to lend me wings. Yet a little lower and a stream began, collecting itself together out of many fountains, and soon making a glad noise among the hills. Sometimes it would cross the track in a bit of waterfall, with a pool, in which Modestine refreshed her feet.

就在我驻步远望的山顶上，那排石柱陡然而止。往下一点，一条勉强可称之为路的小道顺着陡削的山坡螺旋而下。随着下降的山势，小路伸向一个山谷，地面上竖着粗短的石块，就像收割后的玉米地，继续往前，青草开始铺满山谷。我顺着小路疾步而下；急转而下的山势，还有路上一个个的急转弯，以及那从未磨灭的想在新的地方看到新鲜事物的愿望，都聚在一起，好像为我插上了双翅。再下面一点，出现了一道由几股山泉汇集而成的溪涧，欢快地在山间潺潺流淌。这山溪有时会变成小小的一道飞瀑，穿过小路，形成一个小潭，小乖就在里面清凉一下它疲倦的四蹄。

The whole descent is like a dream to me, so rapidly was it accomplished. I had scarcely left the summit ere the valley had closed round my path, and the sun beat upon me, walking in a stagnant lowland atmosphere. The track became a road, and went up and down in easy undulations. I passed cabin after cabin, but all seemed deserted; and I saw not a human creature, nor heard any sound except that of the stream. I was, however, in a different country from the day before. The stony skeleton of the world was here vigorously displayed to sun and air. The slopes were steep and changeful. Oak-trees clung along the hills, well grown, wealthy in leaf, and touched by the autumn with strong and luminous colours. Here and there another stream would fall in from the right or the left, down a gorge of snow-white and tumultuary boulders. The river in the bottom (for it was rapidly growing a river, collecting on all hands as it trotted on its way) here foamed a while in desperate rapids, and there lay in pools of the most enchanting sea-green shot with watery browns. As far as I have gone, I have never seen a river of so changeful and delicate a hue; crystal was not more clear, the meadows were not by half so green; and at every pool I saw I felt a thrill of longing to be out of these hot, dusty, and material garments, and bathe my naked body in the mountain air and water. All the time as I went on I never forgot it was the Sabbath; the stillness was a perpetual reminder; and I heard in spirit the church-bells clamouring all over Europe, and the psalms of a thousand churches.

整个下山的路程对我来说就像一场梦，很快就走完了。我才刚刚从山顶下来，山谷就围住了我的前路，阳光照在身上，我走在低地平静的空气里。小径变成了大路，平缓地起伏。我经过一个又一个茅舍，但似乎所有的茅屋都无人居住；看不到一个人影，也听不到人声，耳畔只有小河的淙淙流水之声。不管怎样，我现在已置身于和昨日完全不同的世

界了。这世界那布满岩石的轮廓充满生机地暴露在阳光和空气中。山坡峭拔而变化万千。一棵棵橡树紧紧攀着山岩，枝繁叶茂，让秋天染上了绚烂夺目的色彩。左右两侧不时可以看到一道流泉飞瀑，泻在布满巨石的雪白峡谷里。山溪向前涌流，一路从四面八方汇集泉水，很快成了一条小河。小河在尽头（由于这是一条迅速形成的河流，一路流淌过程中，汇聚了不少的溪流）时而湍浚奔流，溅起层层泡沫，时而聚成小潭，潭水漾着醉人的碧蓝色，中间还闪烁着浅浅的褐色。在我一生之中，还从未见到过如此变化莫测又美妙绝伦的色彩。水晶不比其莹澈，而草地不得其一半的碧绿。每看到一个小潭，我就不由得感到一阵渴望，想要脱下这沾满尘土的闷热的衣服，把赤裸的身子沉浸在这山间的空气和潭水中。我一路走来，从未忘记今天是安息日；空气中的寂静一直在提醒着我；我在冥冥中听到全欧洲教堂里的钟都敲响了，从千百个教堂中传出了赞美诗的吟唱声。

At length a human sound struck upon my ear—a cry strangely modulated between pathos and derision; and looking across the valley, I saw a little urchin sitting in a meadow, with his hands about his knees, and dwarfed to almost comical smallness by the distance. But the rogue had picked me out as I went down the road, from oak wood on to oak wood, driving Modestine; and he made me the compliments of the new country in this tremulous high-pitched salutation. And as all noises are lovely and natural at a sufficient distance, this also, coming through so much clean hill air and crossing all the green valley, sounded pleasant to my ear, and seemed a thing rustic, like the oaks or the river.

我终于听到了人类的声音——一种夹杂着痛苦和嘲笑的奇怪的叫声；我的目光越过山谷，看到一个小孩子坐在草地上，双手环膝，缩成小小的一团，因为距离很远，显得很是滑稽。但当我沿着山路，赶着小乖走过一棵棵橡树时，这捣蛋鬼已经看到了我。他用颤抖尖锐的嗓音向我发出这一地区的问候。正如相隔够远，又透过如此清新的空气和青翠的山谷，任何吵声都显得宜人而自然那样，这次也不例外，在我听来，他的嗓音非常悦耳，充满乡村风情，就像这些橡树和小河。

A little after, the stream that I was following fell into the Tarn at Pont de Montvert of bloody memory.

又走了一小段，伴我同行的小溪在充满血腥记忆的蒙瓦特桥边流进了塔恩河。

(1)“像刚勇的科尔特斯……”，选自英国诗人济慈（1795—1821）的十四行诗《初读查普曼译荷马史诗》。

(2)伟大的君主，法王路易十四（1638—1715）的别称。

(3)卡米撒派，18世纪初叶至下半叶法国南部因反对路易十四迫害曾组织武装起义的基督教新教徒。

(4)罗兰（1675—1704），卡米撒派的先知和领袖，“塞文山区”的

英雄。他自封为“上帝儿女的将军”，把他的故乡变成“永恒的营地”。他最终被人出卖，并于1704年8月14日遭到杀害，他的死标志着起义的结束。

(5)卡瓦利埃（1681—1740），另一位卡米撒派的年轻领袖。他在驻西班牙的英国军队中服役，后成为泽西岛的总督。于1726年出版了《塞文山区战争回忆录》。

(6)卡斯塔内（1674—1705），罗兰麾下将领，后投降，在日内瓦隐居。

(7)弗洛朗帮，指一个信仰罗马天主教的匪帮，因其最初在谢尔河边上的圣弗洛朗城活动而得名。

XII. Pont De Montvert

12.蒙瓦特桥

One of the first things I encountered in Pont de Montvert was, if I remember rightly, the Protestant temple; but this was but the type of other novelties. A subtle atmosphere distinguishes a town in England from a town in France, or even in Scotland. At Carlisle you can see you are in the one country; at Dumfries, thirty miles away, you are as sure that you are in the other. I should find it difficult to tell in what particulars Pont de Montvert differed from Monastier or Langogne, or even Bleymard; but the difference existed, and spoke eloquently to the eyes. The place, with its houses, its lanes, its glaring river-bed, wore an indescribable air of the South.

如果没有记错的话，我在蒙瓦特桥最先见到的事物中，有一座新教的教堂；这教堂正是这里其他新事物的代表。有一种微妙的气氛把英国和法国的城镇区分开来，甚至让它和苏格兰的城镇显得迥然不同。在卡莱尔你会发现自己身处一个国家；而在三十英里之外的邓弗里斯，你会很确定自己是在另一个国家。很难说清蒙瓦特桥和勒莫纳斯捷，或者朗戈涅，甚至和布莱马尔有什么具体的不同；但它们的不同是存在的，而且这些不同还非常鲜明地呈现在我们眼前。在这个地区，它的房屋、乡间小路、闪闪发光的河床，都给人一种难以言说的南方韵味。

All was Sunday bustle in the streets and in the public-house, as all had been Sabbath peace among the mountains. There must have been near a score of us at dinner by eleven before noon; and after I had eaten and drunken, and sat writing up my journal, I suppose as many more came dropping in one after another, or by twos and threes. In crossing the Lozére I had not only come among new natural features, but moved into the territory of a different race. These people, as they hurriedly despatched their viands in an intricate sword-play of knives, questioned and answered me with a degree of intelligence which excelled all that I had met, except among the railway folk at Chasseradés. They had open telling faces, and were lively both in speech and manner. They not only entered thoroughly into the spirit of my little trip, but more than one declared, if he were rich enough, he would like to set forth on such another.

不论是街道上还是酒馆里，到处都呈现出星期日的熙攘忙碌，就像在山间万物总是呈现出一派安息日的宁静一样。上午十一点钟的时候，酒馆里就有将近二十人来吃午饭；我吃饱喝足后坐在那里写我的日志，看到又有几乎同样多的人，或一个接一个，或三三两两地走了进来。翻越洛泽尔山时，我不仅身处全新的自然景色之中，同时也走进了一个不

同民族的地域。吃饭的人们一面用舞剑般精妙的刀法匆匆切割着食物，一面向我问长问短，也回答着我的问题，言辞间的才智超出我之前遇到的所有人，只有夏塞拉代的铁路工人才比得上。他们喜怒形于色，言行举止间洋溢着热情。他们不仅完全能够理解我的小小旅行，领略其中的意趣，而且，不只一个人宣称，如果有足够的钱，也要进行一番这样的旅行。

Even physically there was a pleasant change. I had not seen a pretty woman since I left Monastier, and there but one. Now of the three who sat down with me to dinner, one was certainly not beautiful—a poor timid thing of forty, quite troubled at this roaring table d'hote, whom I squired and helped to wine, and pledged and tried generally to encourage, with quite a contrary effect; but the other two, both married, were both more handsome than the average of women. And Clarisse? What shall I say of Clarisse? She waited the table with a heavy placable nonchalance, like a performing cow; her great grey eyes were steeped in amorous languor; her features, although fleshy, were of an original and accurate design; her mouth had a curl; her nostril spoke of dainty pride; her cheek fell into strange and interesting lines. It was a face capable of strong emotion, and, with training, it offered the promise of delicate sentiment. It seemed pitiful to see so good a model left to country admirers and a country way of thought. Beauty should at least have touched society; then, in a moment, it throws off a weight that lay upon it, it becomes conscious of itself, it puts on an elegance, learns a gait and a carriage of the head, and, in a moment, patet dea. Before I left I assured Clarisse of my hearty admiration. She took it like milk, without embarrassment or wonder, merely looking at me steadily with her great eyes; and I own the result upon myself was some confusion. If Clarisse could read English, I should not dare to add that her figure was unworthy of her face. Hers was a case for stays; but that may perhaps grow better as she gets up in years.

甚至在外貌方面，这儿的人们也令人耳目一新。自离开勒莫纳斯捷后，我还没有见过一个俊俏的女子，现在这里就有一个。和我同桌吃饭的三人中，其中一位绝对称不上美丽，她是一位四十岁左右、羞怯可怜的女子，被这顿嘈杂喧闹的酒席搅得心神不宁。我大献殷勤，为她倒酒，又为她祝酒，百般鼓励她喝，可结果却适得其反；但是另外两位已婚的女士，都要比一般女人长得漂亮。至于克拉丽丝？我该怎样形容克拉丽丝呢？她是个凝重、温厚、冷漠的女招待，好像一头耕地的母牛；她大大的灰眼睛里含着多情而倦怠的神色；她的容貌，虽说有些丰满，却清新精致；嘴唇微微翘起；鼻孔显出一种雅致的骄傲；脸颊的线条奇妙动人。这张脸可以表现出强烈的情感，经过训练，也可表达微妙的情意。看到这样一张美丽的脸庞只能留在乡间，被乡下人用乡下人的思维打量欣赏，真是可惜。美貌至少应和社会接触；然后立刻甩开覆在它之

上的重负，开始意识到自身的存在，开始做出文雅的举止，学会了优雅的步态和头部的仪态，于是，转瞬之间，美貌“就如女神般现身了”。离开之前，我再三向克拉丽丝表达我衷心的爱慕。她泰然自若地听着，既没有因此而局促不安，也不显得多么惊奇，只是用她的大眼睛沉静地看着我。我承认，这反而使我自己有些迷惑了。如果克拉丽丝看得懂英语的话，我是不敢接着说她的体态是配不上她的脸蛋的。她需要一个紧身衣来使身材完美；但随着年龄的增长，情况也许会有所改善。

Pont de Montvert, or Greenhill Bridge, as we might say at home, is a place memorable in the story of the Camisards. It was here that the war broke out; here that those southern Covenanters slew their Archbishop Sharpe[1]. The persecution on the one hand, the febrile enthusiasm on the other, are almost equally difficult to understand in these quiet modern days, and with our easy modern beliefs and disbeliefs. The Protestants were one and all beside their right minds with zeal and sorrow. They were all prophets and prophetesses. Children at the breast would exhort their parents to good works. "A child of fifteen months at Quissac spoke from its mother's arms, agitated and sobbing, distinctly and with a loud voice." Marshal Villars[2] has seen a town where all the women "seemed possessed by the devil," and had trembling fits, and uttered prophecies publicly upon the streets. A prophetess of Vivarais was hanged at Montpellier because blood flowed from her eyes and nose, and she declared that she was weeping tears of blood for the misfortunes of the Protestants. And it was not only women and children. Stalwart dangerous fellows, used to swing the sickle or to wield the forest axe, were likewise shaken with strange paroxysms, and spoke oracles with sobs and streaming tears. A persecution unsurpassed in violence had lasted near a score of years, and this was the result upon the persecuted; hanging, burning, breaking on the wheel, had been in vain; the dragoons had left their hoof-marks over all the countryside; there were men rowing in the galleys, and women pining in the prisons of the Church; and not a thought was changed in the heart of any upright Protestant.

蒙瓦特桥，或者像在国内那样被称为青山桥，是卡米撒派的历史故事中一个具有纪念意义的地方。战争是在此爆发的；也是在这里，那些法国南部地区的国民誓约派成员杀死了他们的大主教夏普。在当前平静的日子里，对于持有温和的现代信仰和怀疑的我们来说，无论是当时那些残酷的迫害，还是疯狂的热情，都是难以理解的。所有新教徒都因为狂热和悲伤而失去了理智。他们不论男女，都成了预言家。还在吃奶的婴儿会恳请他们的父母投身正义的事业。“基萨克一个十五个月大的婴儿，在他妈妈的怀里说起话来，神情激动，涕泪横飞，声音大而清晰。”维拉尔元帅曾见过这样一座城，那里满城的女人都“似乎被恶魔附了身”，她们浑身颤抖抽搐，在街上公开喊叫着预言。维瓦赖的一个女预言家在蒙比利埃被绞死了，因为鲜血从她的眼睛和鼻子里流出来，而她

宣称，她的血泪是为新教徒的不幸而流的。还不只是妇女和孩子。那些过去惯于挥舞镰刀或伐木斧头的强壮而危险的男人们，也会莫名其妙地发作，涕泗滂沱地诉说着神谕。前所未有的暴力迫害持续了将近二十年，而这就是它给受迫害者所带来的后果；绞刑、火刑、车裂，都徒劳无功；龙骑兵的铁蹄踏遍了整个乡村地区；许多男子被罚在船舰上划桨，许多女子在教会的监狱里憔悴消瘦；但是，所有正直的新教徒心中的信念却丝毫未变。

Now the head and forefront of the persecution—after Lamoignon de Bavile[3]—Francois de Langlade du Chayla[4] (pronounce Cheila), Archpriest of the Cévennes and Inspector of Missions in the same country, had a house in which he sometimes dwelt in the town of Pont de Montvert. He was a conscientious person, who seems to have been intended by nature for a pirate, and now fifty-five, an age by which a man has learned all the moderation of which he is capable. The Work of the Propagation of the Faith went roundly forward in his hands. His house in Pont de Montvert served him as a prison. There he closed the hands of his prisoners upon live coal, and plucked out the hairs of their beards, to convince them that they were deceived in their opinions.

在拉穆瓦尼翁.德巴维勒之后，迫害活动的头领和先锋，塞文地区的大司祭和传道督导弗朗索瓦.德朗格拉德.迪谢拉，在蒙瓦特桥镇有一所房子，他有时就住在那里。他是个一丝不苟的人，有着海盗的天性。他现在五十五岁，到了这个年龄，一个人早已学会了如何尽可能稳健行事。“信仰传播事业”在他这里得到了坚决彻底的执行。他在蒙瓦特的房子被他变成了一所监狱。在那里，他拿烧红了的煤块去烫囚犯的手，拔下他们的胡须，迫使他们承认在信仰方面受到了蒙蔽。

Not only was life made intolerable in Languedoc, but f light was rigidly forbidden. One Massip, a muleteer, and well acquainted with the mountain-paths, had already guided several troops of fugitives in safety to Geneva; and on him, with another convoy, consisting mostly of women dressed as men, Du Chayla, in an evil hour for himself, laid his hands. The Sunday following, there was a conventicle of Protestants in the woods of Altefage upon Mount Bouges; where there stood up one Séguier[5]—Spirit Séguier, as his companions called him—a wool-carder, tall, black-faced, and toothless, but a man full of prophecy. He declared, in the name of God, that the time for submission had gone by, and they must betake themselves to arms for the deliverance of their brethren and the destruction of the priests.

在朗格多克，不仅生活让人无法忍受，就连逃亡也是被严格禁止的。一位名叫马西普的赶骡人，熟知山间路径，曾带着几批逃亡者安全地抵达了日内瓦。有一次在他护送一群人——其中大部分是女扮男装的妇女——逃亡的时候，迪谢拉把魔掌伸向了他。不过这次倒霉的却是迪谢拉自己。随后的那个星期天，在布热山的阿尔特法树林里，新教徒们

秘密集会；在会上塞吉埃站了出来，他被同伴们称为“圣灵塞吉埃”。他是个梳毛工人，身材高大，脸色黝黑，牙齿都脱落了，但他却很有预言的天赋。他以上帝的名义宣称，屈服的时代已经过去了，他们必须拿起武器抗争，以换取教友的释放和牧师的毁灭。

The next night, 24th July 1702, a sound disturbed the Inspector of Missions as he sat in his prison-house at Pont de Montvert: the voices of many men upraised in psalmody drew nearer and nearer through the town. It was ten at night; he had his court about him, priests, soldiers, and servants, to the number of twelve or fifteen; and now dreading the insolence of a conventicle below his very windows, he ordered forth his soldiers to report. But the psalm-singers were already at his door, fifty strong, led by the inspired Séguier, and breathing death. To their summons, the archpriest made answer like a stout old persecutor, and bade his garrison fire upon the mob. One Camisard (for, according to some, it was in this night's work that they came by the name) fell at this discharge: his comrades burst in the door with hatchets and a beam of wood, overran the lower story of the house, set free the prisoners, and finding one of them in the vine, a sort of Scavenger's Daughter of the place and period, redoubled in fury against Du Chayla, and sought by repeated assaults to carry the upper floors. But he, on his side, had given absolution to his men, and they bravely held the staircase.

次日晚上，即1702年7月24日，正当传道督导坐在蒙瓦特桥镇他用作监狱的家中时，一个声音搅得他心神不宁。一群男人高唱赞美诗的声音穿过镇子传了过来，而且越来越近。那时是晚上10点钟，他的党羽都在身边，包括牧师、士兵和仆从，大概有十二到十五个人。这时，因为害怕那些逼近家门的秘密集会者会有什么无礼的举动，他派他的士兵去打探消息。但此时唱着赞美诗的人们已经来到他的门外了，五十名强健的男人，由被神感召的塞吉埃带领着，送来了死亡的气息。对于他们的召唤，大司祭以一位顽固的迫害老手的方式进行了回应，他下令卫士向“暴民”开枪。一名“卡米撒”（有人说，正是那晚之后才出现了卡米撒派这个名字）在枪声中倒下了。他的伙伴用短柄斧头和椽木撞开房门，冲进了房屋的较低一层，释放了那里的囚犯。人们还发现其中一个囚犯被锁在木枷里，那是那个地方当时使用的一种特殊刑具，它能夹紧受刑者的身体，鲜血会从受刑者的鼻子和耳朵中流出来。这一发现更加激起了人们对迪谢拉的愤怒，他们一次又一次地发起进攻想要冲上房子的上层。但是迪谢拉却给了他的人赦罪令，因此随从们奋力守住楼梯。

"Children of God," cried the prophet, "hold your hands. Let us burn the house, with the priest and the satellites of Baal[6].”

“上帝之子啊，”先知喊道，“暂且停下吧。让我们烧了这所房子，烧了邪神巴力的牧师和追随者吧。”

The fire caught readily. Out of an upper window Du Chayla and

his men lowered themselves into the garden by means of knotted sheets; some escaped across the river under the bullets of the insurgents; but the archpriest himself fell, broke his thigh, and could only crawl into the hedge. He found at least one telling word to say in his defence; for when the roof fell in and the upbursting flames discovered his retreat, and they came and dragged him to the public place of the town, raging and calling him damned—"If I be damned," said he, "why should you also damn yourselves?"

大火马上就烧起来了。迪谢拉和他的随从把床单接在一起，顺着床单从楼上的窗户下到花园里来；一些人冒着起义者的炮火逃到了河对面；但是大司祭本人却跌倒了，还摔断了大腿，于是只能爬进树篱里。当屋顶塌陷，熊熊燃烧的火焰暴露了他的藏身之地后，人们冲过来把他拖到城镇的公共场地，狂怒地称他有罪。他至少找到了一个有力的反击之词来为自己辩护——“如果我该入地狱，”他说，“那为什么你们又在做该下地狱的事情呢？”

Here was a good reason for the last; but in the course of his inspectorship he had given many stronger which all told in a contrary direction; and these he was now to hear. One by one, Séguier first, the Camisards drew near and stabbed him. "This," they said, "is for my father broken on the wheel. This for my brother in the galleys. That for my mother or my sister imprisoned in your cursed convents." Each gave his blow and his reason; and then all kneeled and sang psalms around the body till the dawn. With the dawn, still singing, they defiled away towards Frugeres, farther up the Tarn, to pursue the work of vengeance, leaving Du Chayla's prison-house in ruins, and his body pierced with two-and-fifty wounds upon the public place.

他垂死之际所说的这句话，确实是很有道理的；但是在他做传道督导期间给出了很多更加有力的理由，每一条都与此恰恰相反；现在他马上就要听到这些理由了。由塞吉埃打头，卡米撒派的人们一个接一个地走到前面去用刀刺他。“这一下，”他们说，“是为了我被车裂的父亲而刺的。这一下是为了我在军舰上服苦役的兄弟。那一刀是为了被关在你那该死的女修道院里的妈妈或姐妹。”每人都给他一击，还讲述了他们这样做的缘由；然后所有人跪在地上，围着尸体唱起了赞美诗，一直唱到了天亮。他们迎着晨曦，一边歌唱，一边列队走向塔恩河上游的弗吕热勒斯，继续他们的复仇大业。在他们身后，迪谢拉的监狱成了一片废墟，他那被戳了五十二处伤口的尸体则摊在公共场地上。

'Tis a wild night's work, with its accompaniment of psalms; and it seems as if a psalm must always have a sound of threatening in that town upon the Tarn. But the story does not end, even so far as concerns Pont de Montvert, with the departure of the Camisards. The career of Séguier was brief and bloody. Two more priests and a whole family at Ladeveze, from the father to the servants, fell by his hand or by his orders; and yet he was but a day or two at large, and restrained

all the time by the presence of the soldiery. Taken at length by a famous soldier of fortune, Captain Poul[7], he appeared unmoved before his judges.

这是一场发生在夜晚的疯狂复仇，一直伴随着赞美诗的吟唱；在塔恩河上游的那个城镇里，赞美诗似乎始终带着一种威胁的意味。但是，即使在蒙瓦特城，这个故事也并未随着卡米撒派的离去而终结。塞吉埃的生涯短暂而血腥。从那以后，又有两个牧师以及住在拉德韦兹的整整一家人，从父亲到奴仆，被他亲自或下令杀死；但他也只是肆意了一两天，由于军队开进，他的活动受到了永久的束缚。最后他被著名的军事冒险家普尔上尉所擒，在他的审判者面前，他表现得无动于衷。

"Your name?" they asked.

“你的名字？”他们问。

"Pierre Séguier.”

“皮埃尔.塞吉埃。”

"Why are you called Spirit?"

“你为何被称为圣灵？”

"Because the Spirit of the Lord is with me."

“因为上帝的圣灵与我同在。”

"Your domicile?"

“你的住址？”

"Lately in the desert, and soon in heaven."

“最近在荒漠中，不久将升入天国。”

"Have you no remorse for your crimes?"

“你不为你的罪过悔恨吗？”

"I have committed none. My soul is like a garden full of shelter and of fountains."

“我没有犯罪。我的灵魂像一个满是绿阴和泉水的花园。”

At Pont de Montvert, on the 12th of August, he had his right hand stricken from his body, and was burned alive. And his soul was like a garden? So perhaps was the soul of Du Chayla, the Christian martyr. And perhaps if you could read in my soul, or I could read in yours, our own composure might seem little less surprising.

在蒙瓦特，8月12日，他的右手被砍掉了，然后被活活烧死。他的灵魂像个花园吗？也许迪谢拉，那位基督教的殉道者的灵魂也是如此吧。也许如果你可以看到我的灵魂，或者我可以看到你的，我们表现出的镇定自若就不会那么令人吃惊吧。

Du Chayla's house still stands, with a new roof, beside one of the bridges of the town; and if you are curious you may see the terrace-garden into which he dropped.

在城中某一座桥边，迪谢拉的房子依然存在，现在有了一个新的屋顶。如果你有兴趣，还可以看到他失足坠入的那个台地式花园。

(1)大主教夏普，指詹姆斯.夏普（1613—1679），苏格兰圣安德鲁斯的大主教，被国民誓约派成员所杀。

(2)维拉尔元帅（1653—1732），路易十四时代法国著名的军事领袖，他镇压了卡米撒派的起义。

(3)拉穆瓦尼翁·德巴维勒（1648—1724），朗格多克地区的行政执行官，《南特赦令》取消前后对新教徒迫害最为残暴者之一。

(4)弗朗索瓦·德朗格拉特·迪谢拉（1647—1702年），曾与德巴维勒一起施行迫害政策。

(5)塞吉埃（1588—1672），传教士，先知。被称为“圣灵塞吉埃”，因为传说上帝的圣灵曾经降临到他身上，就像圣灵曾经降临到上帝的门徒身上一样。

(6)巴力，古代迦南人信奉的司生养化育之神。

(7)普尔，一名勇敢大胆的军人，曾在阿尔卑斯山地上参加多次战役。

XIII. In The Valley Of The Tarn

13.在塔恩河谷

A new road leads from Pont de Montvert to Florac by the valley of the Tarn; a smooth sandy ledge, it runs about half-way between the summit of the cliffs and the river in the bottom of the valley; and I went in and out, as I followed it, from bays of shadow into promontories of afternoon sun. This was a pass like that of Killiecrankie; a deep turning gully in the hills, with the Tarn making a wonderful hoarse uproar far below, and craggy summits standing in the sunshine high above. A thin fringe of ash-trees ran about the hill-tops, like ivy on a ruin; but on the lower slopes, and far up every glen, the Spanish chestnut-trees stood each four-square to heaven under its tented foliage. Some were planted, each on its own terrace no larger than a bed; some, trusting in their roots, found strength to grow and prosper and be straight and large upon the rapid slopes of the valley; others, where there was a margin to the river, stood marshalled in a line and mighty like cedars of Lebanon. Yet even where they grew most thickly they were not to be thought of as a wood, but as a herd of stalwart individuals; and the dome of each tree stood forth separate and large, and as it were a little hill, from among the domes of its companions. They gave forth a faint sweet perfume which pervaded the air of the afternoon; autumn had put tints of gold and tarnish in the green; and the sun so shone through and kindled the broad foliage, that each chestnut was relieved against another, not in shadow, but in light. A humble sketcher here laid down his pencil in despair.

一条新路，沿着塔恩河谷，从蒙瓦特桥通向弗洛拉克；这是半山腰一条平整的沙质岩架，悬在峭壁绝顶和谷底的河流之间。我沿着小路，一会儿走在绿树的浓阴里，一会儿又沐浴在午后的阳光中。这条狭路很像基利克兰基山口的那条路，是山间一条幽深曲折的隘谷，塔恩河美妙低沉的轰鸣声从下面远远传来，而上方嶙峋的山峰在阳光照耀下高耸入云。群山顶上，疏疏朗朗地立着一排水曲柳，好像废墟上爬着的常春藤；但在较低的山坡上，还有峡谷的高处，一棵棵欧洲栗亭亭如帷盖，屹立着，直指天空。有些是人工栽种的，每棵只在缓坡上占得不比一张床大的一方土地；有的攀在山坡的险峻之处，靠根部汲取着力量，长得枝叶繁茂，伟岸挺拔；还有一些，整齐地排成一排立在河边的空地上，苍劲宛如黎巴嫩的雪松。然而，即使是树木最繁密的地方，它们也绝不会被人想成是一片树林，而是被当作一群劲拔的个体。每棵树巨大的树冠都各自向外伸出，像一座座小山似的，独立于其他树冠之外。树木似有若无地送来阵阵清香，弥漫在午后的空气中。秋天在绿叶间染上了金

黄和褐色的痕迹。阳光透进来，照亮了浓密宽大的枝叶，栗子也不再隐在阴影里了，而是在光亮中一颗颗凸显了出来。面对此景，我这个浅陋的画者只能无望地放下画笔。

I wish I could convey a notion of the growth of these noble trees; of how they strike out boughs like the oak, and trail sprays of drooping foliage like the willow; of how they stand on upright fluted columns like the pillars of a church; or like the olive, from the most shattered bole can put out smooth and youthful shoots, and begin a new life upon the ruins of the old. Thus they partake of the nature of many different trees; and even their prickly top-knots, seen near at hand against the sky, have a certain palm-like air that impresses the imagination. But their individuality, although compounded of so many elements, is but the richer and the more original. And to look down upon a level filled with these knolls of foliage, or to see a clan of old unconquerable chestnuts cluster "like herded elephants" upon the spur of a mountain, is to rise to higher thoughts of the powers that are in Nature.

我希望我可以描绘出这些高贵树木的生长历程：它们是怎样像橡树那样伸展着它们的枝桠，又像柳树那样拖曳着低垂的枝条；它们是怎样像教堂里的柱子那样笔直挺立着长有凹槽的树干；或者像橄榄树，在损伤最严重的树干上也能发出柔嫩的新芽，从而在朽木上重新焕发出新的生机。它们就这样融合了众多不同树木的特点；甚至在近处看他们多刺的树顶，在天空的映衬下，也依稀带着些许棕榈树的丰姿，令人印象深刻。尽管综合了如此多的元素，他们自身的特点却显得更丰富、更独特。低头看到那被小山似的树冠覆盖着的平地，或是看见那一蔟蔟永不屈服的老栗树“像成群的大象一样”横在突出的山嘴上，人们会更深地体会到大自然的力量。

Between Modestine's laggard humour and the beauty of the scene, we made little progress all that afternoon; and at last finding the sun, although still far from setting, was already beginning to desert the narrow valley of the Tarn, I began to cast about for a place to camp in. This was not easy to find; the terraces were too narrow, and the ground, where it was unterraced, was usually too steep for a man to lie upon. I should have slipped all night, and awakened towards morning with my feet or my head in the river.

因为小乖慢吞吞的性子和沿途美丽的山景，我们整个下午都没走多少路；最后发现虽然离天黑还早，太阳却已经开始离开狭长的塔恩河谷，于是我开始寻找可以宿营的地方。要找到合适的地方并不容易，那些梯田都太窄了，而不是梯田的地面又往往过于陡峭，容不得人躺在上面。我可能会在夜里从山坡上滑下来，早上醒来时发现自己的脚或者头浸在河里。

After perhaps a mile, I saw, some sixty feet above the road, a little

plateau large enough to hold my sack, and securely parapeted by the trunk of an aged and enormous chestnut. Thither, with infinite trouble, I goaded and kicked the reluctant Modestine, and there I hastened to unload her. There was only room for myself upon the plateau, and I had to go nearly as high again before I found so much as standing-room for the ass. It was on a heap of rolling stones, on an artificial terrace, certainly not five feet square in all. Here I tied her to a chestnut, and having given her corn and bread and made a pile of chestnut-leaves, of which I found her greedy, I descended once more to my own encampment.

走了大概一英里后，我看到在离路大约六英尺高的地方，有一块小小的高地，足以放下我的睡袋，一根粗大的栗子树树干横在边上，成了安全的护栏。我对着不情不愿的小乖又刺又踢，费尽辛苦才把她赶到那里，然后匆匆卸下了她身上的行李。这块高地只容得下我一个人，我不得不又向上走了差不多同样长的距离，才给这头驴子也找到了可以歇脚的地方。那是一块建在一堆乱石之上的人工砌成的台地，总共还不足五平方英尺。我把她拴在一棵栗树上，喂了她谷子和面包，还摘了一堆她垂涎已久的栗树叶，然后又下行回到了我的宿营地。

The position was unpleasantly exposed. One or two carts went by upon the road; and as long as daylight lasted I concealed myself, for all the world like a hunted Camisard, behind my fortification of vast chestnut trunk; for I was passionately afraid of discovery and the visit of jocular persons in the night. Moreover, I saw that I must be early awake; for these chestnut gardens had been the scene of industry no further gone than on the day before. The slope was strewn with lopped branches, and here and there a great package of leaves was propped against a trunk; for even the leaves are serviceable, and the peasants use them in winter by way of fodder for their animals. I picked a meal in fear and trembling, half lying down to hide myself from the road; and I daresay I was as much concerned as if I had been a scout from Joani's[1] band above upon the Lozère, or from Salomon's[2] across the Tarn, in the old times of psalm-singing and blood. Or, indeed, perhaps more; for the Camisards had a remarkable confidence in God; and a tale comes back into my memory of how the Count of Gévaudan, riding with a party of dragoons and a notary at his saddlebow to enforce the oath of fidelity in all the country hamlets, entered a valley in the woods, and found Cavalier and his men at dinner, gaily seated on the grass, and their hats crowned with box-tree garlands, while fifteen women washed their linen in the stream. Such was a field festival in 170[3]; at that date Antony Watteau3 would be painting similar subjects.

可恼的是，这里不够隐蔽。路上有一两辆马车经过；在余晖落尽之前，我都像个被搜捕的卡米撒派教徒一样，躲在巨大的栗木树干围成的

堡垒后面，因为我非常害怕被人发现，害怕夜里会有些爱开玩笑的家伙来骚扰我。另外，我意识到我必须很早醒来，因为就在前一天，这些栗树园里还有人在辛苦地劳作。山坡上撒满了砍下的树枝，而且到处是一堆堆靠着树干堆放的树叶，因为就连树叶也是有用途的，冬天农夫们把它们当作牲口的草料。我半躺半坐地躲避着路人，胆战心惊地吃了一点儿晚饭。我敢说，我警觉得就像是一个探子，在那充满赞美诗和鲜血的古老年代里，被在洛泽尔山上活动的若阿尼，或是在塔恩河流域活动的萨洛蒙派出来刺探情报。或者，事实上，可能不仅仅是个探子，因为卡米撒派对上帝笃信不疑。这时我想到了一个故事，热沃当的伯爵带着一队龙骑兵，鞍前还跟着一个书记官，闯进每一个村庄，强迫村民们宣誓效忠。他们进入树林深处的一个山谷，发现卡瓦利埃和他的手下正在吃饭，他们欢乐地坐在草地上，帽子上戴着黄杨树花环，还有十五个女人在溪水中洗着他们的亚麻衣服。这是发生在1703年的一场野地狂欢。那时，安东尼.华托也在用类似的题材作画吧。

This was a very different camp from that of the night before in the cool and silent pine-woods. It was warm and even stifling in the valley. The shrill song of frogs, like the tremolo note of a whistle with a pea in it, rang up from the river-side before the sun was down. In the growing dusk, faint rustlings began to run to and fro among the fallen leaves; from time to time a faint chirping or cheeping noise would fall upon my ear; and from time to time I thought I could see the movement of something swift and indistinct between the chestnuts. A profusion of large ants swarmed upon the ground; bats whisked by, and mosquitoes droned overhead. The long boughs with their bunches of leaves hung against the sky like garlands; and those immediately above and around me had somewhat the air of a trellis which should have been wrecked and half overthrown in a gale of wind.

这次露营和昨晚在凉爽静谧的松林之中的露营大为不同。山谷中非常温暖，甚至有些闷热。太阳还没下山，就从河边传来了青蛙尖利的歌唱，歌声好似塞了一颗豌豆的哨子发出的颤音。在渐渐苍茫的暮色中，轻微的沙沙声在落叶间回荡；时不时地，一阵隐约的啁啁啾啾之声会传进我的耳中；而且我觉得可以看到栗子树间有迅捷模糊的影于不时地闪过。成群的大蚂蚁在地上爬着，蝙蝠飞掠而过，蚊子嗡嗡地在头顶盘旋。长长的树枝上垂下一簇簇树叶，在天空的映衬下，宛如一个个花环；而紧挨着我头顶和身边的那些枝叶，仿佛形成了一个棚架，大概是被一阵大风吹断耷拉下来的。

Sleep for a long time fled my eyelids; and just as I was beginning to feel quiet stealing over my limbs, and settling densely on my mind, a noise at my head startled me broad awake again, and, I will frankly confess it, brought my heart into my mouth. It was such a noise as a person would make scratching loudly with a finger-nail; it came from under the knapsack which served me for a pillow, and it was thrice

repeated before I had time to sit up and turn about. Nothing was to be seen, nothing more was to be heard, but a few of these mysterious rustlings far and near, and the ceaseless accompaniment of the river and the frogs. I learned next day that the chestnut gardens are infested by rats; rustling, chirping, and scraping were probably all due to these; but the puzzle, for the moment, was insoluble, and I had to compose myself for sleep, as best I could, in wondering uncertainty about my neighbours.

我很久都没有睡意；我刚刚开始感到安宁渐渐潜入我的四肢，并深深地进入我的意识的时候，头顶的一阵响动又惊得我睡意全无了，而且，我要坦率地承认，这让我的心都跳到嗓子眼里了。这声音好像是有人在用指甲刮擦着什么，发出很大的声响；它从被我当作枕头的背包下传来，我还没来得及坐起来查看四周，这声音已经响过三次了。我看不到有什么东西，也听不到其他的声音，只有这些神秘的沙沙声远远近近地传来，还和着河水和蛙声无休无止的伴奏。第二天我才知道，这片栗树园老鼠肆虐，这些沙沙声、啁啾声还有刮擦声应该都是这些老鼠造成的；但是这个谜题在当时那个时刻却是难以解开的，我只好尽量镇定下来继续睡觉，一边还在猜度着这些神秘的邻居。

I was awakened in the grey of the morning (Monday, 30th September) by the sound of foot-steps not far off upon the stones, and opening my eyes, I beheld a peasant going by among the chestnuts by a footpath that I had not hitherto observed. He turned his head neither to the right nor to the left, and disappeared in a few strides among the foliage. Here was an escape! But it was plainly more than time to be moving. The peasantry were abroad; scarce less terrible to me in my nondescript position than the soldiers of Captain Poul to an undaunted Camisard. I fed Modestine with what haste I could; but as I was returning to my sack, I saw a man and a boy come down the hillside in a direction crossing mine. They unintelligibly hailed me, and I replied with inarticulate but cheerful sounds, and hurried forward to get into my gaiters.

清晨（9月30日，礼拜一），天还灰蒙蒙的，我就被不远处石块上传来的脚步声惊醒了。睁开眼来，我看到一个农夫从我身旁经过，走在栗树间我之前没有看到的一条小路上。他目不斜视，几步就消失在枝叶间了。这里有条逃跑的小路！但是显然，逃离所需要的不仅仅是时间。到处都是农夫，他们对于无法解释清楚自己处境的我来说，所带来的恐惧完全不亚于普尔上尉带给一个无畏的卡米撒教徒的恐惧。我尽可能快地喂了小乖；但当我走回我的睡袋时，我看到一个男人和一个男孩从山坡上向我走了过来。他们嘟嘟囔囔地向我打了个招呼，我也用含混不清但很愉快的声音回应了他们，又匆匆系上绑腿。

The pair, who seemed to be father and son, came slowly up to the plateau, and stood close beside me for some time in silence. The bed was open, and I saw with regret my revolver lying patently disclosed

on the blue wool. At last, after they had looked me all over, and the silence had grown laughably embarrassing, the man demanded in what seemed unfriendly tones:

这两个人似乎是对父子，慢慢上到这块高地上，默默地在我身边站了一会儿。睡袋敞开着，我懊恼地看到我的左轮手枪公然暴露在蓝色的羊皮上。最终，在他们好好打量了我一番之后——而此时我们之间的沉默已经发展成为可笑的尴尬，男人用很不友好的语气问我：

"You have slept here?"

“你睡在这里？”

"Yes," said I. "As you see."

“是的，”我说，“正如你看到的这样。”

"Why?" he asked.

“为什么？”他问。

"My faith," I answered lightly, "I was tired."

“我保证，”我轻松地回答，“我当时累了。”

He next inquired where I was going and what I had had for dinner; and then, without the least transition, "C'est bien," he added, "come along." And he and his son, without another word, turned off to the next chestnut-tree but one, which they set to pruning. The thing had passed of more simply than I hoped. He was a grave, respectable man; and his unfriendly voice did not imply that he thought he was speaking to a criminal, but merely to an inferior.

他又问我要去哪里，晚饭都吃了些什么；然后，没有任何过渡地，“那好，”他说，“走吧。”之后，他和他儿子没有再说什么，转头走过我身旁的一棵栗树，来到下一棵栗树前，开始给它剪枝。事情就这么过去了，比我希望的还要简单。他是一位庄重可敬的人；他不友好的语气并不代表他认为自己在和一个罪犯说话，而只是觉得是在和一个下等人说话。

I was soon on the road, nibbling a cake of chocolate and seriously occupied with a case of conscience. Was I to pay for my night's lodging? I had slept ill, the bed was full of fleas in the shape of ants, there was no water in the room, the very dawn had neglected to call me in the morning. I might have missed a train, had there been any in the neighbourhood to catch. Clearly, I was dissatisfied with my entertainment; and I decided I should not pay unless I met a beggar.

我很快就上路了，一边啃着一块巧克力蛋糕，一边严肃地思考着一个关乎良心的问题。我要不要付晚间的住宿费呢？我睡得并不好，床上满是蚂蚁形状的跳蚤，卧室内没有水，破晓的第一缕晨光也没有在早晨把我叫醒。我很有可能会误了火车，如果附近有火车的话。很显然，我

对受到的接待很不满意，因此我决定，除非碰到乞丐，否则我就不付钱了。

The valley looked even lovelier by morning; and soon the road descended to the level of the river. Here, in a place where many straight and prosperous chestnuts stood together, making an aisle upon a swarded terrace, I made my morning toilette in the water of the Tarn. It was marvellously clear, thrillingly cool; the soap-suds disappeared as if by magic in the swift current, and the white boulders gave one a model for cleanliness. To wash in one of God's rivers in the open air seems to me a sort of cheerful solemnity or semi-pagan act of worship. To dabble among dishes in a bedroom may perhaps make clean the body; but the imagination takes no share in such a cleansing. I went on with a light and peaceful heart, and sang psalms to the spiritual ear as I advanced.

早晨的山谷看上去更加美丽；很快道路就降到和河流一般高度了。许多笔直茂盛的栗树站在一起，在长满青草的梯田上形成了一条走廊。在那里，我用塔恩河水洗漱了一番。河水极其清澈，而且冰凉沁骨。肥皂泡像变魔术般消失在湍急的河水里，白色的卵石让人明白了洁净的真正含义。在野外，在上帝众多河流中的一条里清洗自己，在我是种愉快而庄重的事，或是某种半异教徒的崇拜仪式。在卧室里的盆盆罐罐间洗浴可能可以洁净身体，但那种洗浴方式却无法获得精神上的洁净。我带着轻松宁静的心情又出发了，一边向前走，一边对上帝唱着赞美诗。

Suddenly up came an old woman, who point-blank demanded alms.

忽然走来了一位老妇人，她干脆直白地问我讨要施舍。

"Good," thought I; "here comes the waiter with the bill."

“很好，”我想，“侍者带着账单来了。”

And I paid for my night's lodging on the spot. Take it how you please, but this was the first and the last beggar that I met with during all my tour.

我马上付了我的房费。随你怎么想吧，但这是我在整个旅途中碰到的第一个也是最后一个乞丐。

A step or two farther I was overtaken by an old man in a brown nightcap, clear-eyed, weather-beaten, with a faint excited smile. A little girl followed him, driving two sheep and a goat; but she kept in our wake, while the old man walked beside me and talked about the morning and the valley. It was not much past six; and for healthy people who have slept enough, that is an hour of expansion and of open and trustful talk.

又走了一两步，一位老汉赶上了我。他戴着棕色的睡帽，眼神清

澈，饱经风霜，带着一丝激动的微笑。他身后跟着一个小姑娘，赶着两只绵羊和一只山羊；老汉和我并肩边走边聊着清晨和山谷的时候，她就一直紧紧跟着我们。现在六点刚过，对于刚刚睡饱的健康人来说，这是舒展身体的时刻，也是进行坦率诚恳的谈话的时刻。

"Connaissez-vous le seigneur?" he said at length.

“你和主相识吗？”他最后用法语问道。

I asked him what Seigneur he meant; but he only repeated the question with more emphasis and a look in his eyes denoting hope and interest.

我问他他指的是哪位主；但他只是加重语气重复了这个问题，眼睛里流露出希望和关注。

"Ah," said I, pointing upwards, "I understand you now. Yes, I know Him; He is the best of acquaintances."

“啊，”我说，往上指着，“我明白了。是的，我和主相识，主是我最熟识的人。”

The old man said he was delighted. "Hold," he added, striking his bosom; "it makes me happy here." There were a few who knew the Lord in these valleys, he went on to tell me; not many, but a few. "Many are called." he quoted, "and few chosen."[4]

老汉说他很欣慰。“保持吧，”他又说，拍打着他的胸膛，“它让我这里很高兴。”这些山谷里有一些人与主相识，他接着告诉我；不多，但是有一些。“被召的人多，”他引用了一句《圣经》上的话，“选上的人少。”

"My father," said I, "it is not easy to say who know the Lord; and it is none of our business. Protestants and Catholics, and even those who worship stones, may know Him and be known by Him; for He has made all."

“老爹啊，”我说，“很难说谁和主相识；而且这也不关我们的事。新教徒和天主教徒，甚至那些崇拜石头的人，可能认识主，主也可能认识他们；因为主创造了一切。”

I did not know I was so good a preacher.

我从不知道我还是一个这么好的传道者。

The old man assured me he thought as I did, and repeated his expressions of pleasure at meeting me. "We are so few," he said. "They call us Moravians[5] here; but down in the Department of Gard, where there are also a good number, they are called Derbists[6], after an English pastor.”

老汉向我保证说他也是这样想的，然后又一次表达了与我相遇的愉

悦之情。“我们是这样少，”他说，“这里的人叫我们摩拉维亚派；但在加尔地区，那儿也有很多我们的教徒，他们根据一位英国牧师的名字，把我们叫做达秘派。”

I began to understand that I was figuring, in questionable taste, as a member of some sect to me unknown; but I was more pleased with the pleasure of my companion than embarrassed by my own equivocal position. Indeed, I can see no dishonesty in not avowing a difference; and especially in these high matters, where we have all a sufficient assurance that, whoever may be in the wrong, we ourselves are not completely in the right. The truth is much talked about; but this old man in a brown nightcap showed himself so simple, sweet, and friendly, that I am not unwilling to profess myself his convert. He was, as a matter of fact, a Plymouth Brother[7]. Of what that involves in the way of doctrine I have no idea nor the time to inform myself; but I know right well that we are all embarked upon a troublesome world, the children of one Father, striving in many essential points to do and to become the same. And although it was somewhat in a mistake that he shook hands with me so often and showed himself so ready to receive my words, that was a mistake of the truth-finding sort. For charity begins blindfold; and only through a series of similar misapprehensions rises at length into a settled principle of love and patience, and a firm belief in all our fellow-men. If I deceived this good old man, in the like manner I would willingly go on to deceive others. And if ever at length, out of our separate and sad ways, we should all come together into one common house, I have a hope, to which I cling dearly, that my mountain Plymouth Brother will hasten to shake hands with me again.

我开始明白过来，这位老汉以他令人怀疑的鉴别力，把我当成一个我没听说过的教派的一员了。但是，尽管因为未能及时表明我自己的真实身份而有些尴尬，我却更享受我给这位同伴带来的快乐。的确，我看不出不坦率承认自己的不同有什么不诚实之处；特别是在这些重要的问题上，我们都十分肯定，不管谁可能是错的，我们自己也不是完全正确的。关于真理的争论太多了；但这个戴着棕色睡帽的老汉是如此淳朴、亲切和友善，以至于要我皈依他的教派，我也并非不情愿。事实上，他是普利茅斯兄弟会的成员。对于他们的教义，我没有想要了解的念头，也没有时间了解；但我清楚地知道，我们都生在同一个艰难坎坷的世界上，都是同一位天父的子女，在众多实质性问题上努力做到一致或变成一样。尽管多少是出于误解，老汉才这样频繁地和我握手，表现得这样愿意接受我说的话，但这种误解的产生也可以归为探寻真理的一类。因为仁爱始于盲目；只有经过很多相似的误解，才能最终上升为一个固定的关于爱与忍耐的原则，以及对我们所有同胞的坚定信心。如果说我欺骗了这位善良的老人，我愿意以同样的方式继续欺骗其他人。而且如果，在各个走过各自悲伤的人生道路之后，我们最终都能一起进入那唯

一的天堂，我衷心地希望，到那时我大山里的普利茅斯兄弟会跑过来跟我再次握手。

Thus, talking like Christian and Faithful[8] by the way, he and I came down upon a hamlet by the Tarn. It was but a humble place, called La Vernède, with less than a dozen houses, and a Protestant chapel on a knoll. Here he dwelt; and here, at the inn, I ordered my breakfast. The inn was kept by an agreeable young man, a stone-breaker on the road, and his sister, a pretty and engaging girl. The village schoolmaster dropped in to speak with the stranger. And these were all Protestants—a fact which pleased me more than I should have expected; and, what pleased me still more, they seemed all upright and simple people. The Plymouth Brother hung round me with a sort of yearning interest, and returned at least thrice to make sure I was enjoying my meal. His behaviour touched me deeply at the time, and even now moves me in recollection. He feared to intrude, but he would not willingly forego one moment of my society; and he seemed never weary of shaking me by the hand.

于是，我们就这样一路像基督徒和忠信那样交谈着走下山来，来到塔恩河边的一个村庄。这是个简陋的地方，叫做拉凡尔奈德，只有大概十所房屋左右和一座建在小山上的新教礼拜堂。他就住在这儿，我在这里的小客栈里点了我的早餐。开店的是一位随和的年轻人，他是一名筑路碎石工；还有他的妹妹，一位俊俏迷人的姑娘。乡村小学的校长顺道进来和异乡人聊天。他们都是新教徒，这一事实带给我意想不到的愉悦。更让我高兴的是，他们看来都是些正直淳朴的人。那位普利茅斯兄弟带着热切的关心围着我走来走去，至少三次返回来问我饭菜是否可口。他的举动在当时使我深为感动，即使现在回忆起来，也还让我感怀不已。他不敢打扰，可一刻也不愿放过和我相伴的机会，而且他似乎对和我握手从来也不感到厌倦。

When all the rest had drifted off to their day's work, I sat for near half an hour with the young mistress of the house, who talked pleasantly over her seam of the chestnut harvest, and the beauties of the Tarn, and old family affections, broken up when young folk go from home, yet still subsisting. Hers, I am sure, was a sweet nature, with a country plainness and much delicacy underneath; and he who takes her to his heart will doubtless be a fortunate young man.

当所有其他人都渐渐散去，开始他们一天的劳作之时，我坐着和这所房子的年轻女主人聊了近半个小时。她一边做着针线，一边愉快地和我谈起栗子丰收，塔恩河的美景，还有往日的家庭亲情，它因为年轻人离家外出而变淡了，但还维系着。我很肯定，她天性温柔，还有着乡村的朴实以及深藏其下的优雅；毫无疑问，能对她倾心相爱的人，一定是位幸运的小伙子。

The valley below La Vernéde pleased me more and more as I went

forward. Now the hills approached from either hand, naked and crumbling, and walled in the river between cliffs; and now the valley widened and became green. The road led me past the old castle of Miral on a steep; past a battlemented monastery, long since broken up and turned into a church and parsonage; and past a cluster of black roofs, the village of Cocurés, sitting among vineyards, and meadows, and orchards thick with red apples, and where, along the highway, they were knocking down walnuts from the roadside trees, and gathering them in sacks and baskets. The hills, however much the vale might open, were still tall and bare, with cliffy battlements and here and there a pointed summit; and the Tarn still rattled through the stones with a mountain noise. I had been led, by bagmen of a picturesque turn of mind, to expect a horrific country after the heart of Byron[9]; but to my Scottish eyes it seemed smiling and plentiful, as the weather still gave an impression of high summer to my Scottish body; although the chestnuts were already picked out by the autumn, and the poplars, that here began to mingle with them, had turned into pale gold against the approach of winter.

我越往前走，越陶醉于拉凡尔奈德下面山谷中的美景。时而是左右两边连绵拥来的山岭，光秃散乱，河流夹在两岸的绝壁中间；时而又是豁然开朗、绿草茵茵的山谷。顺着山路我经过峭壁上的米勒古堡；又经过一座筑有城垛的修道院，它很早之前就败落了，现在成了教堂和牧师住宅；还经过一片有着黑色房顶的房屋，那是科居勒斯村，坐落在众多葡萄园、草地和结满红苹果的果园之间。在靠近公路的地方，人们正在打落路边树上的胡桃，把它们装进袋子和篮子里面。不论河谷有多开阔，群山都是那么高峻荒凉，山上修着陡峭的城垛，不时还会耸出尖尖的山峰。塔恩河依旧从石间湍急地流过，发出轰鸣的声响。受那些思维古怪的行商们的影响，我以为将会看到一个拜伦所钟意的那种可怕村庄；但在我这双苏格兰人的眼睛看来，这里美好丰饶，正如这里的天气让我这个苏格兰人的身体感觉仍在盛夏；尽管栗子已在秋天被收完，而此地混杂于栗树之间的白杨，也因为冬天的临近而染上了淡金色。

There was something in this landscape, smiling although wild, that explained to me the spirit of the Southern Covenanters[10]. Those who took to the hills for conscience' sake in Scotland had all gloomy and bedevilled thoughts; for once that they received God's comfort they would be twice engaged with Satan; but the Camisards had only bright and supporting visions. They dealt much more in blood, both given and taken; yet I find no obsession of the Evil One in their records. With a light conscience, they pursued their life in these rough times and circumstances. The soul of Séguier, let us not forget, was like a garden. They knew they were on God's side, with a knowledge that has no parallel among the Scots; for the Scots, although they might be certain of the cause, could never rest confident of the person.

这片景色中有某种东西，尽管荒凉但却美好，为我诠释了南部国民誓约派成员的精神。那些受良心驱使而走入山间的苏格兰人思想阴郁痛苦，因为他们一旦接受了上帝的抚慰，就会加倍地投向撒旦的怀抱。而卡米撒派却只有欢快进取的幻想。他们多次浴血奋战，自己流血，也让敌人流血；但是在他们的历史记载中，我找不到对撒旦的迷恋。带着不是那么沉重的道德感，他们在那些艰难的时代和境遇下勇往直前。我们不能忘记，塞吉埃的灵魂就像花园一般。他们知道他们和上帝站在一边，怀着苏格兰人无法企及的见识；因为尽管苏格兰人对他们的理想非常坚定，却永远对人没信心。

"We flew," says one old Camisard, "when we heard the sound of psalm-singing, we flew as if with wings. We felt within us an animating ardour, a transporting desire. The feeling cannot be expressed in words. It is a thing that must have been experienced to be understood. However weary we might be, we thought no more of our weariness, and grew light so soon as the psalms fell upon our ears.”

“我们飞翔，”一位年老的卡米撒派成员说，“当我们听到赞美诗的吟唱声时，我们就好像在展翅飞翔。我们心中感觉到一种勃发的热情，一种激狂的渴望。这种感觉无以言表，只有经历过才能够理解。不管有多疲倦，一听到赞美诗的歌声，我们就忘记了疲倦，一下子就感觉轻快起来。”

The valley of the Tarn and the people whom I met at La Vernéde not only explain to me this passage, but the twenty years of suffering which those, who were so stiff and so bloody when once they betook themselves to war, endured with the meekness of children and the constancy of saints and peasants.

塔恩河谷和我在拉凡尔奈遇到的人们不只为我解释了这段话，也解释了这些一旦投入战斗就坚决嗜杀的人们在二十年来以孩子般的顺从以及圣人和农夫的坚毅所忍受的苦难。

(1)若阿尼，一名英勇无畏的军人，带领卡米撒派的队伍在洛泽尔山脉和塔恩河上游一带活动。

(2)萨洛蒙，与塞吉埃并肩作战的塔恩河畔的卡米撒派领袖。

(3)安东尼·华托（1684—1721），法国画家，以丰富华丽的场面著称。

(4)“被召的人多，选上的人少”，选自《马太福音》第二十二章。

(5)摩拉维亚派，摩拉维亚教会是基督教胡斯派后继者的组织，前身为波希米亚兄弟会。

(6)达秘派，由英国国教牧师约翰.达秘（1800—1882）和其他人创立的教派。

(7)普利茅斯兄弟会（一般作PlymouthBrethren），基督教新教的派

别之一，19世纪初由英国国教的教徒在英国的普利茅斯成立。

(8)基督徒和忠信，《天路历程》中的人物。

(9)拜伦（1788—1824），英国著名诗人，热爱大自然的旷野景色。

(10)南部国民誓约派，17世纪苏格兰具有较大影响力的派别，在政治和宗教方面都推行长老会式的教会政府。

XIV. Florac

14.弗洛拉克

On a branch of the Tarn stands Florac, the seat of a sub-prefecture, with an old castle, an alley of planes, many quaint street-corners, and a live fountain welling from the hill. It is notable, besides, for handsome women, and as one of the two capitals, Alais being the other, of the country of the Camisards.

弗洛拉克矗立在塔恩河的一条支流上，它是一个区的公署所在地，城里有一座古老的城堡，一条栽着悬铃木的小巷，很多古雅的街角，还有一股淙淙的泉水从山间流出。另外，此地还以美女闻名，同时还是卡米撒派活动的两个中心之一，另一个是阿莱斯。

The landlord of the inn took me, after I had eaten, to an adjoining café, where I, or rather my journey, became the topic of the afternoon. Every one had some suggestion for my guidance; and the sub-prefectorial map was fetched from the sub-prefecture itself, and much thumbed among coffee-cups and glasses of liqueur. Most of these kind advisers were Protestant, though I observed that Protestant and Catholic intermingled in a very easy manner; and it surprised me to see what a lively memory still subsisted of the religious war. Among the hills of the south-west, by Mauchline, Cumnock, or Carsphairn[1], in isolated farms or in the manse, serious Presbyterian people still recall the days of the great persecution, and the graves of local martyrs are still piously regarded. But in towns and among the so-called better classes, I fear that these old doings have become an idle tale. If you met a mixed company in the King's Arms at Wigton, it is not likely that the talk would run on Covenanters. Nay, at Muirkirk of Glenluce, I found the beadle's wife had not so much as heard of Prophet Peden Presbyterian[2]. But these Cévenols were proud of their ancestors in quite another sense; the war was their chosen topic; its exploits were their own patent of nobility; and where a man or a race has had but one adventure, and that heroic, we must expect and pardon some prolixity of reference. They told me the country was still full of legends hitherto uncollected; I heard from them about Cavalier's descendants—not direct descendants, be it understood, but only cousins or nephews—who were still prosperous people in the scene of the boy-general's exploits; and one farmer had seen the bones of old combatants dug up into the air of an afternoon in the nineteenth century, in a field where the ancestors had fought, and the great-grandchildren were peaceably ditching.

吃过饭后，旅店主人就把我带到了临近的咖啡馆。在那里，我，更确切地说，是我的旅行，成了下午话题的中心。每个人都会指点我几句；这个区的地图也被从公署里拿了过来，在咖啡杯和酒杯间传来传去。大部分热心人是新教徒，但我发现，新教徒和天主教徒之间相处得非常融洽；而且，看到过去宗教战争的记忆仍然鲜活地留在人们的记忆里，真让我吃惊不小。在苏格兰西南山区，在莫赫林、卡姆诺克和卡斯费恩附近，在荒僻的农场或牧师住宅里，严肃的长老会教友仍然记得那段残酷的宗教迫害的日子，当地殉教者的坟墓也还被虔诚地照看着。但是在城里，在那些所谓的上层阶级里，恐怕那些昔日的事迹已成了闲暇时的谈资了。如果你在威格顿的“皇家卫队”酒馆看到一伙混杂的人群，他们的聊天是不太可能涉及国民誓约派的。不仅如此，在格伦卢斯的缪尔柯克，我发现牧师助理的妻子竟然从未听说过先知佩登的名字。但是在赛文山区，人们以先辈为荣的方式却与之完全不同。战争是他们必谈的话题；战争中的英勇事迹代表了他们独有的高贵之处；如果一个人或一个民族曾有过哪怕一次冒险行为，而那冒险又是英勇无畏的，我们就能料想得到、并且还要容忍在提及此事时言语上的些许冗长。他们告诉我，这个地区至今仍有很多未被收集的传说；我从他们那里听说卡瓦利埃的后代——不是直系后代，要知道，而只是表亲、堂亲或侄儿侄女什么的——仍然生活在这位少年将军浴血战斗过的地方，日子过得很丰裕；19世纪的一个下午，在祖先们曾经战斗过的旷野里，一位农夫曾经看见昔日战士的尸骨被挖出来，暴露在空气中，而这些曾孙辈的人们还在平静地挖掘着沟渠。

Later in the day one of the Protestant pastors was so good as to visit me: a young man, intelligent and polite, with whom I passed an hour or two in talk. Florac, he told me, is part Protestant, part Catholic; and the difference in religion is usually doubled by a difference in politics. You may judge of my surprise, coming as I did from such a babbling purgatorial Poland of a place as Monastier, when I learned that the population lived together on very quiet terms; and there was even an exchange of hospitalities between households thus doubly separated. Black Camisard and White Camisard, militiaman and Miquelet and dragoon, Protestant prophet and Catholic cadet of the White Cross[3], they had all been sabring and shooting, burning, pillaging, and murdering, their hearts hot with indignant passion; and here, after a hundred and seventy years, Protestant is still Protestant, Catholic still Catholic, in mutual toleration and mild amity of life. But the race of man, like that indomitable nature whence it sprang, has medicating virtues of its own; the years and seasons bring various harvests; the sun returns after the rain; and mankind outlives secular animosities, as a single man awakens from the passions of a day. We judge our ancestors from a more divine position; and the dust being a little laid with several centuries, we can see both sides adorned with human virtues and fighting with a show of right.

那天晚些时候，一位新教牧师好意地拜访了我。他是一位聪明有礼的年轻人，我和他聊了一两个小时。他告诉我，弗洛拉克的教徒部分信仰新教，部分信仰天主教；而政治方面的分歧往往会使宗教方面的分歧成倍地加深。我从勒莫纳斯捷走来，那里纷争不休，好像炼狱般的波兰，现在却得知这里的人们平静地生活在一起，政治、宗教信仰都不同的家庭，居然还会热情相邀去彼此的家中作客，你可以想到我该有多惊讶吧。黑卡米撒派和白卡米撒派，民兵、非正规军战士和龙骑兵，新教先知和天主教白十字青年，他们都曾经历过马刀和火枪的搏斗，经历过焚烧、掠夺和杀戮，他们的心里曾满是愤慨；而在一百七十年后的这里，新教徒还是新教徒，天主教徒还是天主教徒，他们相互容忍，和睦地生活在一起。但是人类，就像养育了他的不屈不挠的大自然一样，有着自我疗伤的能力。岁月和四季带来各种收获；大雨过后，太阳重新升起；人类也从世俗的仇恨中一路走了出来，仿佛一个人从一天强烈的情感中醒了过来。我们从一个更加崇高的角度评判我们的祖先；现在，几个世纪的尘埃已经落下，我们也可以看到，当时的双方都拥有人类的德行，也都是为了正义而战。

I have never thought it easy to be just, and find it daily even harder than I thought. I own I met these Protestants with a delight and a sense of coming home. I was accustomed to speak their language, in another and deeper sense of the word than that which distinguishes between French and English; for the true Babel is a divergence upon morals. And hence I could hold more free communication with the Protestants, and judge them more justly, than the Catholics. Father Apollinaris may pair off with my mountain Plymouth Brother as two guileless and devout old men; yet I ask myself if I had as ready a feeling for the virtues of the Trappist; or, had I been a Catholic, if I should have felt so warmly to the dissenter of La Vernede. With the first I was on terms of mere forbearance; but with the other, although only on a misunderstanding and by keeping on selected points, it was still possible to hold converse and exchange some honest thoughts. In this world of imperfection we gladly welcome even partial intimacies. And if we find but one to whom we can speak out of our heart freely, with whom we can walk in love and simplicity without dissimulation, we have no ground of quarrel with the world or God.

我从不认为公正是件容易的事情，而且日益发觉它比我料想的还要困难。我承认，见到这些新教徒令我非常愉快，有一种回家的感觉。我习惯于用他们的语言交谈，相对于英语和法语的区别，这种语言在一种更高的层面上区别于其他语言；因为真正的巴别塔指的是道德方面的分歧。因此比之天主教徒，我可以与新教徒进行更为自由的交流，也能更公正地评价他们。阿波利纳里斯神父和我那位山里的普利茅斯兄弟可以结成一对，他们都是正直虔诚的老人。但我还是会问我自己，我是否真的能衷心接受特拉普派教徒的种种德行呢？或者，如果我是一名天主教

徒，我还会对拉凡尔奈德那些不赞成英国国教的新教徒感到如此亲切吗？对于前者，我仅仅抱着忍耐的态度，而对于后者，尽管是出于误解，谈的也是有选择的话题，我们之间还是可以进行交谈并交流一些诚实的想法的。在这个并非尽善尽美的世界上，即使是那些不完全的友爱之情，我们也应热诚地欢迎。而且，哪怕我们只能找到一个人让我们自由地倾吐心声，可以带着爱和单纯的心情结伴而行而毫无伪饰，我们就没有理由对这个世界或是上帝有什么怨言。

(1)莫赫林，卡姆诺克和卡斯费恩，苏格兰西南的城镇，与对国民誓约派的迫害有关。类似的还有威格顿和格伦卢斯的缪尔柯克。

(2)先知佩登（1626—1686），苏格兰国民誓约派传道者领袖，他曾受到残酷的迫害。

(3)天主教白十字青年，名字源于他们衣服上的白十字。

XV. In The Valley Of The Mimente

15.在米芒特河谷

On Tuesday, 1st October, we left Florac late in the afternoon, a tired donkey and tired donkey-driver. A little way up the Tarnon, a covered bridge of wood introduced us into the valley of the Mimente. Steep rocky red mountains overhung the stream; great oaks and chestnuts grew upon the slopes or in stony terraces; here and there was a red field of millet or a few apple-trees studded with red apples; and the road passed hard by two black hamlets, one with an old castle atop to please the heart of the tourist.

10月1日，礼拜二，我们，一头疲惫的驴子和一个疲惫的赶驴人，在下午晚些时候动身离开了弗洛拉克。朝塔尔农河上游走了不多久，一座木制棚桥把我们带进了米芒特山谷。陡峭多岩的红色山崖悬在河水上方；巨大的橡树和栗树长在山坡和多石的梯田上；环视四周，不时会有一片红色黍地或者几棵缀着红苹果的苹果树；道路紧挨着两个黑色的村落，其中一个村庄高处矗立着一座古堡，令旅人心情愉悦。

It was difficult here again to find a spot fit for my encampment. Even under the oaks and chestnuts the ground had not only a very rapid slope, but was heaped with loose stones; and where there was no timber the hills descended to the stream in a red precipice tufted with heather. The sun had left the highest peak in front of me, and the valley was full of the lowing sound of herdsmen's horns as they recalled the flocks into the stable, when I spied a bight of meadow some way below the roadway in an angle of the river. Thither I descended, and, tying Modestine provisionally to a tree, proceeded to investigate the neighbourhood. A grey pearly evening shadow filled the glen; objects at a little distance grew indistinct and melted bafflingly into each other; and the darkness was rising steadily like an exhalation. I approached a great oak which grew in the meadow, hard by the river's brink; when to my disgust the voices of children fell upon my ear, and I beheld a house round the angle on the other bank. I had half a mind to pack and be gone again, but the growing darkness moved me to remain. I had only to make no noise until the night was fairly come, and trust to the dawn to call me early in the morning. But it was hard to be annoyed by neighbours in such a great hotel.

要在这里找到一处适合宿营的地方也很困难。即使在那些橡树和栗树下面，地面不只很陡，还堆满了松动的石块；而没有树的地方，石南丛生的红色悬崖向下倾斜，延伸到河流回荡着。太阳已经落到我面前最高那座山峰的下面去了，山谷中回荡着牧人呼唤牛羊归圈的低沉号角

声。这时我看到路下方河流转弯处有一小块草地，就下到那里，把小乖暂且拴到树上，开始查看周围的环境。珍珠灰般的暮色弥漫在峡谷中；稍远处的景物变得模糊不清，在蒙眬中彼此融成一片；黑暗如雾气一般愈来愈浓。我走近草地上紧傍小河的一棵高大橡树，这时传来了一阵令我厌烦的孩子们的声音，于是发现对岸靠近转弯处有一所房屋。我颇有意整好行李离开此处，可是渐渐苍茫的暮色阻止了我。我只好静悄悄地呆在此处，等着夜色完全降临，同时指望晨光能早早把我唤醒。但在这样一个大客栈中，被邻居骚扰是不大可能的。

A hollow underneath the oak was my bed. Before I had fed Modestine and arranged my sack, three stars were already brightly shining, and the others were beginning dimly to appear. I slipped down to the river, which looked very black among its rocks, to fill my can; and dined with a good appetite in the dark, for I scrupled to light a lantern while so near a house. The moon, which I had seen , a pallid crescent, all afternoon, faintly illuminated the summit of the hills, but not a ray fell into the bottom of the glen where I was lying. The oak rose before me like a pillar of darkness; and overhead the heartsome stars were set in the face of the night. No one knows the stars who has not slept, as the French happily put it, à la belle étoile. He may know all their names and distances and magnitudes, and yet be ignorant of what alone concerns mankind—their serene and gladsome influence on the mind. The greater part of poetry is about the stars; and very justly, for they are themselves the most classical of poets. These same far-away worlds, sprinkled like tapers or shaken together like a diamond dust upon the sky, had looked not otherwise to Roland or Cavalier, when, in the words of the latter, they had "no other tent but the sky, and no other bed than my mother earth."

橡树下的一块洼地就是我的床榻。我还没有给小乖喂食，也没有整好我的睡袋，三颗星星就灿烂地亮起来了，其他星星也开始隐约出现。河水在礁石的映衬下显得黑沉沉的。我往下滑到河边，盛满我的水罐，在黑暗中津津有味地吃起了晚餐，因为我不敢在如此靠近房屋的地方点亮灯笼。整个下午我都看到的那弯苍白的新月，现在黯淡地照着群山山巅，但却没有一丝月光落到我栖身的峡谷深处。橡树在我面前肃立着，仿佛黑暗的支柱；头顶的群星在黑夜中欢快地闪烁着。法国人会快乐地说——没有“对着美丽的繁星”睡过的人，是不会了解这些星星的。他可能知道它们每一颗的名字、距离和亮度，却不会知晓那些独独与人类相关的好处——它们带给心灵的宁静与喜悦。诗歌中很大一部分是关于星星的；理应如此，因为它们本身就是第一流的诗人。这些同样遥远的世界，像点缀在夜空中的小蜡烛，又像遍撒空中的钻石粉尘，当时在罗兰或卡瓦利埃看来也并无二致，后者曾经写到，他们“只能以苍穹为篷，以大地为席。”

All night a strong wind blew up the valley, and the acorns fell pattering over me from the oak. Yet, on this first night of October, the

air was as mild as May, and I slept with the fur thrown back.

整晚大风吹遍了山谷，树上的橡子噼噼啪啪地砸落在我身上。但是，在这十月的第一个夜晚，空气像五月那样温暖，我睡觉时，还把睡袋的毛皮掀了开来。

I was much disturbed by the barking of a dog, an animal that I fear more than any wolf. A dog is vastly braver, and is besides supported by the sense of duty. If you kill a wolf, you meet with encouragement and praise; but if you kill a dog, the sacred rights of property and the domestic affections come clamouring round you for redress. At the end of a fagging day, the sharp cruel note of a dog's bark is in itself a keen annoyance; and to a tramp like myself, he represents the sedentary and respectable world in its most hostile form. There is something of the clergyman or the lawyer about this engaging animal; and if he were not amenable to stones, the boldest man would shrink from travelling afoot. I respect dogs much in the domestic circle; but on the highway, or sleeping afield, I both detest and fear them.

一只狗的叫声吵得我无法安眠，而我怕狗更甚于怕狼。狗比狼勇猛得多，此外，还有责任感在驱使着他。如果你杀了一头狼，迎接你的是鼓励和赞美；但如果你杀了一条狗，人们由于神圣的财产权和对家养动物的感情，就会围住你喧嚷不已，索要赔偿。经过了一天的疲累，尖厉凶猛的犬吠声本身就惹得人心烦意乱；而且对于我这样一个徒步旅行者来说，它将这个原本可敬的世界以最充满敌意的方式呈现了出来。这种迷人的动物身上有几分牧师或律师的气质；如果他面对石块的击打仍不顺服的话，最勇敢的旅行者也不敢徒步旅行了。我对家犬非常尊重，但如果是走在路上，或睡在田野中，我对它们真是又恨又怕。

I was wakened next morning (Wednesday, October 2nd) by the same dog—for I knew his bark—making a charge down the bank, and then, seeing me sit up, retreating again with great alacrity. The stars were not yet quite extinguished. The heaven was of that enchanting mild grey-blue of the early morn. A still clear light began to fall, and the trees on the hillside were outlined sharply against the sky. The wind had veered more to the north, and no longer reached me in the glen; but as I was going on with my preparations, it drove a white cloud very swiftly over the hill-top; and looking up, I was surprised to see the cloud dyed with gold. In these high regions of the air, the sun was already shining as at noon. If only the clouds travelled high enough, we should see the same thing all night long. For it is always daylight in the fields of space.

第二天早晨（10月2日，礼拜三），我被同一只狗的叫声吵醒了，我能认得他的声音。这狗冲到岸边，看到我坐起身来，又极其迅速地退了回去。群星还没有完全消失，清晨的天空呈现出微微的蓝灰色，极其

妩媚动人。一缕静谧明亮的晨光洒下来，山坡上的树木在天空的映衬下露出清晰的轮廓。风更多地转向北方吹着，已经吹不到山谷中我的身上。我正在准备行程的时候，一片白云被风飞快地吹过山巅。看到染成金色的云朵我感到讶异极了。在这一带高空地区，太阳已经像正午那样光芒四射了。只要这些云飘得足够高，我们会整晚都看到与此时同样的景象。因为在太空中，一直都是白昼。

As I began to go up the valley, a draught of wind came down it out of the seat of the sunrise, although the clouds continued to run overhead in an almost contrary direction. A few steps farther, and I saw a whole hillside gilded with the sun; and still a little beyond, between two peaks, a centre of dazzling brilliancy appeared floating in the sky, and I was once more face to face with the big bonfire that occupies the kernel of our system.

我开始向上走出山谷的时候，一阵风从日出的地方吹了下来，尽管头上的云彩还在朝着几乎相反的方向疾驰。又往上走了几步，我看到整片山坡都被阳光镀上了金色；继续往上一点儿，在两座山峰之间，是一片炫丽夺目的光辉，其中心在空中漂浮，我又一次与这个位于太阳系中心的大火球面对面了。

I met but one human being that forenoon, a dark military-looking wayfarer, who carried a game-bag on a baldric; but he made a remark that seems worthy of record. For when I asked him if he were Protestant or Catholic—

那天上午我只遇到了一个人，是一位黑黑的颇像军人的行人，肩头挂着一个猎物袋。但他说了一句话，颇值得一记。当我问他是新教徒还是天主教徒时——

"O," said he, "I make no shame of my religion. I am a Catholic."

“啊，”他说，“我从不以我的宗教为耻。我是天主教徒。”

He made no shame of it! The phrase is a piece of natural statistics; for it is the language of one in a minority. I thought with a smile of Bavile and his dragoons, and how you may ride rough-shod over a religion for a century, and leave it only the more lively for the friction. Ireland is still Catholic; the Cévennes still Protestant. It is not a basketful of law-papers, nor the hoofs and pistol-butts of a regiment of horse, that can change one tittle of a ploughman's thoughts. Outdoor rustic people have not many ideas, but such as they have are hardy plants, and thrive flourishingly in persecution. One who has grown a long while in the sweat of laborious noons, and under the stars at night, a frequenter of hills and forests, an old honest countryman, has, in the end, a sense of communion with the powers of the universe, and amicable relations towards his God. Like my mountain Plymouth Brother, he knows the Lord. His religion does not

repose upon a choice of logic; it is the poetry of the man's experience, the philosophy of the history of his life. God, like a great power, like a great shining sun, has appeared to this simple fellow in the course of years, and become the ground and essence of his least reflections; and you may change creeds and dogmas by authority, or proclaim a new religion with the sound of trumpets, if you will; but here is a man who has his own thoughts, and will stubbornly adhere to them in good and evil. He is a Catholic, a Protestant, or a Plymouth Brother, in the same indefeasible sense that a man is not a woman, or a woman not a man. For he could not vary from his faith, unless he could eradicate all memory of the past, and, in a strict and not a conventional meaning, change his mind.

他不以它为耻！这句话本身就是天然的数据资料，因为这是一位少数派的语言。我笑着，想起了巴维勒和他的龙骑兵，就算你用一个世纪来践踏一个地区的宗教，结果也只能让冲突更加严重。爱尔兰人依然信仰天主教；塞文山区的人们依然信仰新教。不论是满筐的法律文书，还是骑兵团的铁蹄和枪托，都无法改变庄稼汉一丁点儿的想法。野外耕作的乡下人没有多少思想，但是他们已经有的思想却是根深蒂固的，即使在遭到迫害时还是会茁壮地生长起来。一位长期在正午的辛勤汗水中和夜晚的星空下成长起来的人，一位山林的常客，一位诚实的乡下老人，最终会感到和宇宙万物的能量相通，并和他的上帝建立友好的联系。就像我那位山里的普利茅斯兄弟一样，他了解主。他的宗教并非建立在理性的选择之上；而是他人生阅历的诗歌，是他生活历史的哲学。上帝就像一股伟大的力量，一轮巨大而闪耀着的太阳，在这个单纯的人的一生中时时出现，成为他哪怕最细小思想的基础和精髓。如果你愿意，你可以通过权力改变宗教信条和教义，在号角声中宣称建立一种新的宗教；但在这里，这个人却有他自己的思想，而且不论是顺境还是逆境，都将坚定不移。他要么是天主教徒，要么是新教徒，或者普利茅斯兄弟会成员，这一事实就像男人不能是女人，或女人不能是男人那样不可更改。因为他不能变更他的信仰，除非他根除掉过去的全部记忆；并且按照严格而非传统的意义，他也不能改变思想。

XVI. The Heart Of The Country

16.地区中心

I was now drawing near to Cassagnas, a cluster of black roofs upon the hillside, in this wild valley, among chestnut gardens, and looked upon in the clear air by many rocky peaks. The road along the Mimente is yet new, nor have the mountaineers recovered their surprise when the first cart arrived at Cassagnas. But although it lay thus apart from the current of men's business, this hamlet had already made a figure in the history of France. Hard by, in caverns of the mountain, was one of the five arsenals of the Camisards; where they laid up clothes and corn and arms against necessity, forged bayonets and sabres, and made themselves gunpowder with willow charcoal and saltpetre boiled in kettles. To the same caves, amid this multifarious industry, the sick and wounded were brought up to heal; and there they were visited by the two surgeons, Chabrier and Tavan, and secretly nursed by women of the neighbourhood.

现在我离卡萨尼亚斯越来越近了。它坐落在一个荒凉的山谷里。山坡上，一片黑色的屋顶掩映在栗树园间，一片峭壁巉岩在清朗的蓝天下俯瞰着它。沿着米芒特河修建的山道依然很新，山里的人们还没有从看到此处第一辆马车的惊讶中恢复过来。尽管隔绝在世事之外，这个小村却早已在法国历史中占据了一席之地。在这附近，在山中的洞穴里，就有卡米撒派五个军火库中的一个；他们在那里贮存衣服、谷物和武器以备不时之需，还铸造刺刀和马刀，并把柳木炭和硝石放在锅里煮，自己制成火药。也是在这些山洞中，除了种种劳作，还有伤病员被带到这里养病疗伤；两位外科医生，夏布里埃和塔万，会来诊视，附近的妇女也会秘密前来照看他们。

Of the five legions into which the Camisards were divided, it was the oldest and the most obscure that had its magazines by Cassagnas. This was the band of Spirit Séguier; men who had joined their voices with his in the 68th Psalm as they marched down by night on the archpriest of the Cévennes. Séguier, promoted to heaven, was succeeded by Salomon Couderc, whom Cavalier treats in his memoirs as chaplain-general to the whole army of the Camisards. He was a prophet; a great reader of the heart, who admitted people to the sacrament or refused them, by "intensively viewing every man" between the eyes; and had the most of the Scriptures off by rote. And this was surely happy; since in a surprise in August 1703, he lost his mule, his portfolios, and his Bible. It is only strange that they were not surprised more often and more effectually; for this legion of Cassagnas was truly patriarchal in its theory of war, and camped without

sentries, leaving that duty to the angels of the God for whom they fought. This is a token, not only of their faith, but of the trackless country where they harboured. M. de Caladon, taking a stroll one fine day, walked without warning into their midst, as he might have walked into "a flock of sheep in a plain," and found some asleep and some awake and psalm-singing. A traitor had need of no recommendation to insinuate himself among their ranks, beyond "his faculty of singing psalms"; and even the prophet Salomon "took him into a particular friendship." Thus, among their intricate hills, the rustic troop subsisted; and history can attribute few exploits to them but sacraments and ecstasies.

在卡米撒派划分的五大军团中，设在卡萨尼亚斯附近的这个军火库是最古老，也是最隐蔽的。他们是圣灵塞吉埃的队伍；在前去夜袭赛文山区大司祭的途中，这些人曾和他一起高唱《诗篇》第六十八章。塞吉埃升入天堂后，继任者是萨洛蒙·库代克，卡瓦利埃在他的回忆录里称其为整个卡米撒派军队的随军牧师长。他是位先知，可以洞悉人们的内心，通过“仔细观察每个人”的眉心，就可以决定是否接受他们参加圣礼；他还可以背诵《圣经》的大部分经文。这一点确实很幸运，因为在1703年8月遭受的一次奇袭中，他丢失了他的骡子、公文包和《圣经》。他们没有经常被奇袭，而且奇袭的效果也并不显著，倒也真是奇怪；因为卡萨尼亚斯这个军团在战争理论方面实行的是绝对的男权制，他们露营时不设岗哨，而是把这一职责交给了他们为之战斗的上帝的天使。这是一个象征，不仅体现了他们的信仰，也说明他们栖居的山区人迹罕至。在一个天气晴朗的日子，M·德卡拉东先生闲步山间，无意间走进了这伙人中，就好像走进了“草原上的羊群”里，发现一些人在睡觉，一些醒着，醒着的人在唱赞美诗。一个奸细，只要“会唱赞美诗”，无需介绍就可以潜入到他们之中；甚至先知萨洛蒙也会“以特别的情谊相待”。就这样，在萦纡的山林中，这支乡间部队存活了下来；可是除了圣礼和宗教狂喜之外，他们也没有太多的丰功伟绩可供青史记载。

People of this tough and simple stock will not, as I have just been saying, prove variable in religion; nor will they get nearer to apostasy than a mere external conformity like that of Naaman[1] in the house of Rimmon[2]. When Louis XVI., in the words of the edict, "convinced by the uselessness of a century of persecutions, and rather from necessity than sympathy," granted at last a royal grace of toleration, Cassagnas was still Protestant; and to a man, it is so to this day. There is, indeed, one family that is not Protestant, but neither is it Catholic. It is that of a Catholic curé in revolt, who has taken to his bosom a schoolmistress. And his conduct, it is worth noting, is disapproved by the Protestant villagers.

这些性格坚韧而淳朴的居民，正如我刚刚所说的，是不会随意改变他们的宗教信仰的；就算背教，他们也不会像乃缦那样只在临门神庙前做表面的服从。到路易十六颁布法令说，“鉴于一个世纪之久的迫害俱无

效果，而且是出于必需而不是同情，”皇家终于赐予宗教宽容的时候，卡萨尼亚斯人仍然信仰新教；就个人而言，直至今日依然如此。固然，这儿有一户人家并非新教徒，但他们也不是天主教徒。那是一位反叛的天主教教区牧师，他与一位女教师倾心相爱。值得一提的是，他的行为受到了新教徒村民们的反对。

"It is a bad idea for a man," said one, "to go back from his engagements."

“背弃他自己的承诺，”有人说，“这可是种坏思想。”

The villagers whom I saw seemed intelligent after a countrified fashion, and were all plain and dignified in manner. As a Protestant myself, I was well looked upon, and my acquaintance with history gained me further respect. For we had something not unlike a religious controversy at table, a gendarme and a merchant with whom I dined being both strangers to the place, and Catholics. The young men of the house stood round and supported me; and the whole discussion was tolerantly conducted, and surprised a man brought up among the infinitesimal and contentious differences of Scotland. The merchant, indeed, grew a little warm, and was far less pleased than some others with my historical acquirements. But the gendarme was mighty easy over it all.

我所见到的这些村民，看起来都有着一种乡野化的智慧，而且举止质朴端庄。由于我是一名新教徒，大家都待我很亲切，而我对历史的熟知则更是为我赢得了尊重。因为我们在餐桌上展开了一场宗教辩论，和我一起用餐的那位警察和商人都不是本地人，而且都是天主教徒。店里的年轻人站在我们周围，并且支持我；辩论中人们的态度都很宽容，让我这个成长于充满琐细分歧和争执的苏格兰人大为惊诧。那位商人确实变得有点激动，而且远不像其他有些人那样欣赏我的历史知识。但那位警察，态度却非常从容平和。

"It's a bad idea for a man to change," said he; and the remark was generally applauded.

“改变信仰这种想法太糟糕了，”他说，这个观点得到了大家的赞声。

That was not the opinion of the priest and soldier at Our Lady of the Snows. But this is a different race; and perhaps the same great-heartedness that upheld them to resist, now enables them to differ in a kind spirit. For courage respects courage; but where a faith has been trodden out, we may look for a mean and narrow population. The true work of Bruce[3] and Wallace[4] was the union of the nations; not that they should stand apart a while longer, skirmishing upon their borders; but that, when the time came, they might unite with self-respect.

雪中圣母院的牧师和军人可不是这么想的。但在这里的是不同的一类人；也许当初促使他们奋起反抗的那份英勇豪迈，现在也能让他们以更加豁达的态度去对待分歧。因为勇士与勇士总是惺惺相惜的；而一旦信仰之光被扑灭，我们所看到的，就可能是一群卑劣狭隘的人了。布鲁斯和华莱士真正的功绩在于带来国家的统一；不是一直对立，双方在边界上冲突不断；而是当时机来临，他们可以带着自尊团结在一起。

The merchant was much interested in my journey, and thought it dangerous to sleep afield.

商人对我的旅行很感兴趣，认为睡在野地里太危险了。

"There are the wolves," said he; "and then it is known you are an Englishman. The English have always long purses, and it might very well enter into some one's head to deal you an ill blow some night."

“会有狼的，”他说，“还有，人们都知道你是个英国人。英国人的钱袋总是满满的，所以，很可能有人会想在某个晚上狠狠给你来上一下。”

I told him I was not much afraid of such accidents; and at any rate judged it unwise to dwell upon alarms or consider small perils in the arrangement of life. Life itself, I submitted, was a far too risky business as a whole to make each additional particular of danger worth regard. "Something," said I, "might burst in your inside any day of the week, and there would be an end of you, if you were locked into your room with three turns of the key."

我告诉他我不怎么怕这类事情；而且，不管怎么说，每天提心吊胆，老想着生活中的小灾小难，是不明智的。我承认，生活本身总体上就是一件过于危险的事情，因此，那些额外的危险是不值得顾虑的。“如果你把自己牢牢锁在房间里，你身体里的某个东西，”我说，“可能在一礼拜里的任何一天破裂，然后你的生命就完结了。”

"Cependant," said he, "Coucher dehors!"

“可是，”他说，“睡在野地里！”

"God," said I, "is everywhere."

“上帝无所不在。”我说。

"Cependant, coucher dehors!" he repeated, and his voice was eloquent of terror.

“可是睡在野地里！”他重复着，声音中充满了恐惧。

He was the only person, in all my voyage, who saw anything hardy in so simple a proceeding; although many considered it superfluous. Only one, on the other hand, professed much delight in the idea; and that was my Plymouth Brother, who cried out, when I told him I sometimes preferred sleeping under the stars to a close and noisy ale-house, "Now I see that you know the Lord!"

在我整个旅行中，他是唯一在如此简单的举动中看到艰险的人；尽管也有很多人认为这是没有必要的。而另一方面，也只有一个人，对这个念头欣喜不已；那人是我的普利茅斯兄弟，当我告诉他我有时更喜欢睡在星空下，而不是封闭吵闹的旅馆中，他大叫道：“现在我明白你与主相识了！”

The merchant asked me for one of my cards as I was leaving, for he said I should be something to talk of in the future, and desired me to make a note of his request and reason; a desire with which I have thus complied.

我要离开的时候，商人向我要一张名片，因为他说我将来会成为人们津津乐道的人物，还要我把他的请求和理由记录下来，我就遵从了他的愿望。

A little after two I struck across the Mimente, and took a rugged path southward up a hillside covered with loose stones and tufts of heather. At the top, as is the habit of the country, the path disappeared; and I left my she-ass munching heather, and went forward alone to seek a road.

两点刚过，我就跨过了米芒特河，顺着崎岖的山路向南攀上了一个山坡，山坡上到处是松动的石块和一簇簇的石南。就像在所有的乡村一样，小路在山顶处就消失了；我让母驴留在原处啃石南花，独自一人前去寻路。

I was now on the separation of two vast water-sheds; behind me all the streams were bound for the Garonne and the Western Ocean; before me was the basin of the Rhone. Hence, as from the Lozère, you can see in clear weather the shining of the Gulf of Lyons; and perhaps from here the soldiers of Salomon may have watched for the topsails of Sir Cloudesley Shovel[5], and the long-promised aid from England. You may take this ridge as lying in the heart of the country of the Camisards; four of the five legions camped all round it and almost within view—Salomon and Joani to the north, Castanet and Roland to the south; and when Julien had finished his famous work, the devastation of the High Cévennes, which lasted all through October and November 1703, and during which four hundred and sixty villages and hamlets were, with fire and pickaxe, utterly subverted, a man standing on this eminence would have looked forth upon a silent, smokeless, and dispeopled land. Time and man's activity have now repaired these ruins; Cassagnas is once more roofed and sending up domestic smoke; and in the chestnut gardens, in low and leafy corners, many a prosperous farmer returns, when the day's work is done, to his children and bright hearth. And still it was perhaps the wildest view of all my journey. Peak upon peak, chain upon chain of hills ran surging southward, channelled and sculptured by the winter

streams, feathered from head to foot with chestnuts, and here and there breaking out into a coronal of cliffs. The sun, which was still far from setting, sent a drift of misty gold across the hill-tops, but the valleys were already plunged in a profound and quiet shadow.

我现在正站在两大流域的分水岭上。在我身后，所有的河流都会流向加龙河和大西洋；我的前面是罗纳河流域。从这里，就像在洛泽尔一样，在晴朗的日子里，你可以看到闪闪发亮的里昂湾。说不定，萨洛蒙的士兵们就是在这里翘首盼望着克劳兹利·肖维尔爵士的船帆，以及早已承诺的英国援助物资。这道山脊可以看作是卡米撒派活动的中心地区，五大军团中的四个曾在这附近扎营，几乎可以彼此相望——萨洛蒙和若阿尼在北边，卡斯塔内和罗兰在南边。1703年，朱利安摧毁了整个塞文山区高地，十月和十一月整整两个月的时间里，四百六十个大小村庄被大火和铁镐夷为平地。在朱利安完成他的杰作之后，站在此处高地的人，看到的应该是一片死寂寥落、杳无人烟的土地。现在，时间和人类的活动已经重新修复了这片废墟；卡萨尼亚斯又建起了房屋，屋顶上又升起了炊烟；在栗树园里，在低矮的阴蔽角落里，富裕的农民们回家了，他们完成了一天的劳作，回到孩子们身边和明亮的炉火旁。尽管如此，这仍然可能是我在旅行中见过的最天然的景色。群山层峦叠嶂，一路绵延向南方，被冬天的溪流刻蚀出一道道沟壑，栗树漫山遍野，到处都是突兀的峭壁。太阳离落山还早，越过层层山巅，洒下淡淡的阳光，但是山谷早已陷入一片静寂无声的沉沉昏暗之中。

A very old shepherd, hobbling on a pair of sticks, and wearing a black cap of liberty, as if in honour of his nearness to the grave, directed me to the road for St. Germain de Calberte. There was something solemn in the isolation of this infirm and ancient creature. Where he dwelt, how he got upon this high ridge, or how he proposed to get down again, were more than I could fancy. Not far off upon my right was the famous Plan de Font Morte[6], where Poul with his Armenian sabre slashed down the Camisards of Séguier. This, methought, might be some Rip van Winkle[7] of the war, who had lost his comrades, fleeing before Poul, and wandered ever since upon the mountains. It might be news to him that Cavalier had surrendered, or Roland had fallen fighting with his back against an olive. And while I was thus working on my fancy, I heard him hailing in broken tones, and saw him waving me to come back with one of his two sticks. I had already got some way past him; but, leaving Modestine once more, retraced my steps.

一位老态龙钟的牧羊人，拄着一对拐杖一瘸一拐地走来。他戴着一顶黑色的自由帽，仿佛是为了宣扬自己即将走向墓地。老人向我指明了前往圣日耳曼·德卡尔伯特的路。在这位老态龙钟的孤独老人身上，有某种庄严的气息。他住在哪里，是怎样爬上这高高的山脊，又打算如何下山，这些都是我无法想象的。我右边不远处就是著名的普朗·德丰·莫尔特高地，在那里，普尔用他的亚美尼亚军刀打垮了塞吉埃带领的卡米撒

派。这位老人，在我看来，是一位战乱中的瑞普·凡·温克尔，失去了他的伙伴，在普尔的袭击中逃了出来，从那以后就在这山间游荡。卡瓦利埃已经投降了，而罗兰也已在一次战斗中背靠着一棵橄榄树倒下了。这些对他来说，都还是新闻吧。正当我任由思绪天马行空之际，我听到他结结巴巴地向我招呼，只见他挥舞着一根拐杖要我回去。这时我已经超过他往前走了一段了，但是，我还是又放开小乖，折了回去。

Alas, it was a very commonplace affair. The old gentleman had forgot to ask the pedlar what he sold, and wished to remedy this neglect.

唉，事情再普通不过了。这位老人忘记问小贩都是卖些什么，因此希望能弥补一下这个疏忽。

I told him sternly, "Nothing."

我严肃地对他说："什么都不卖。"

"Nothing?" cried he.

"什么都不卖？"他喊道。

I repeated "Nothing," and made off.

我重复道："什么都不卖。"然后就走开了。

It's odd to think of, but perhaps I thus became as inexplicable to the old man as he had been to me.

想来真是古怪，但是可能我就此成了老人的一个难解之谜，就像他之前给我的感觉一样。

The road lay under chestnuts, and though I saw a hamlet or two below me in the vale, and many lone houses of the chestnut farmers, it was a very solitary march all afternoon; and the evening began early underneath the trees. But I heard the voice of a woman singing some sad, old, endless ballad not far off. It seemed to be about love and a bel amoureux, her handsome sweetheart; and I wished I could have taken up the strain and answered her, as I went on upon my invisible woodland way, weaving, like Pippa[8] in the poem, my own thoughts with hers. What could I have told her? Little enough; and yet all the heart requires. How the world gives and takes away, and brings sweethearts near only to separate them again into distant and strange lands; but to love is the great amulet which makes the world a garden; and "hope, which comes to all," outwears the accidents of life, and reaches with tremulous hand beyond the grave and death. Easy to say: yea, but also, by God's mercy, both easy and grateful to believe!

山路掩在栗树的浓阴里，尽管我在下方的山谷里看到了一两个村落，还有栗农们许多单独的小屋，但是整个下午的旅程还是非常寂寞，而树阴下的夜晚也来得格外早。我听到不远处有一个女人的声音无休无

止地唱着一首古老而哀婉的民谣。歌曲似乎是关于爱情和一个好情人，她那英俊的恋人。我走在昏暗的林间小路上，很想和着她的曲调对唱一番，像诗中的皮帕那样，把我的思绪和她的交织在一起。我能告诉她些什么呢？实在是很少；然而我的心里却全是这样的念头。造物总是赐予又夺走，让恋人们相聚一时，却是为了把他们重新分隔在遥远的异乡；但是爱情却是伟大的护身符，让这个世界变成了一座花园；而且，“人人都能拥有的希望”使我们熬过生命中的种种磨难，超脱了坟墓和死亡，最终落入颤抖的手中。说起来很轻巧：的确如此，但同样地，由于上帝的怜悯，信仰也是同样容易和值得感激的！

We struck at last into a wide white high-road carpeted with noiseless dust. The night had come; the moon had been shining for a long while upon the opposite mountain; when on turning a corner my donkey and I issued ourselves into her light. I had emptied out my brandy at Florac, for I could bear the stuff no longer, and replaced it with some generous and scented Volnay; and now I drank to the moon's sacred majesty upon the road. It was but a couple of mouthfuls; yet I became thenceforth unconscious of my limbs, and my blood flowed with luxury. Even Modestine was inspired by this purified nocturnal sunshine, and bestirred her little hoofs as to a livelier measure. The road wound and descended swiftly among masses of chestnuts. Hot dust rose from our feet and flowed away. Our two shadows—mine deformed with the knapsack, hers comically bestridden by the pack—now lay before us clearly outlined on the road, and now, as we turned a corner, went off into the ghostly distance, and sailed along the mountain like clouds. From time to time a warm wind rustled down the valley, and set all the chestnuts dangling their bunches of foliage and fruit; the ear was filled with whispering music, and the shadows danced in tune. And next moment the breeze had gone by, and in all the valley nothing moved except our travelling feet. On the opposite slope, the monstrous ribs and gullies of the mountain were faintly designed in the moonshine; and high overhead, in some lone house, there burned one lighted window, one square spark of red in the huge field of sad nocturnal colouring.

我们最终踏上了一条宽阔的白色大路，上面覆着尘土，走上去悄无声响。夜晚来临了；月亮已经升起了很久，在对面的山上泛着银光；转过一个弯，驴子和我就走入她的光辉里了。早在弗洛拉克，我就喝光了白兰地，因为我实在是喝厌了它，然后换上了一些浓郁芬芳的沃尔内葡萄酒；此刻我就在路上，为月亮神圣的庄严而举杯。我只喝了几大口，然后就无法控制我的四肢，血液因为欢愉而快速涌动。就连小乖也被这纯洁的夜间光辉所感染，四个小蹄子迈得更加欢快了。山路在一片片栗树林间蜿蜒曲折，很快转为下坡。燥热的尘土自我们脚下扬起，又飘散开来。我们的影子——我的被背包压得变了形，她的却滑稽地驮着睡袋——一会儿清晰地映在道路的前方，一会儿又在转过弯后，突然变成远

远的模糊的黑影，像云朵一样，沿着高山轻快地前行。时不时地，一阵暖风簌簌吹向谷中，所有的栗树立刻摇动起一簇簇枝叶和其间的果实；我的耳中满是低语般的音乐声，那些影子也仿佛随着乐声翩翩起舞。不久后微风远去了，山谷中的一切静止不动，只有我们的脚步还在不停地移动着。对面的山坡上，月光朦朦胧胧地勾勒出山间丘壑奇诡的形态；高高的头顶上，一所孤零零的房子里，一扇窗子亮着灯，方形的红红火光闪烁在这广阔的凄迷月色中。

At a certain point, as I went downward, turning many acute angles, the moon disappeared behind the hill; and I pursued my way in great darkness, until another turning shot me without preparation into St. Germain de Calberte. The place was asleep and silent, and buried in opaque night. Only from a single open door, some lamplight escaped upon the road to show me that I was come among men's habitations. The two last gossips of the evening, still talking by a garden wall, directed me to the inn. The landlady was getting her chicks to bed; the fire was already out, and had, not without grumbling, to be rekindled; half an hour later, and I must have gone supperless to roost.

下山途中，转过几个急剧的弯，在某一个地方，月亮被山遮住了；我在一团漆黑中继续赶路，又转过一个弯，圣日耳曼·德卡尔伯特赫然出现在眼前。这地方已经陷入宁静的酣眠中了，朦胧的夜色笼罩着它。只从一扇开着的门中漏出一些灯光，映在路上，让我知道我已经来到人们聚居之处了。那天晚上的最后两个闲聊者还在花园的墙边聊天，他们为我指点了去旅馆的道路。女店主正打发孩子们上床睡觉；炉火已经熄灭了，店主人只好重新点着了它，嘴里少不了要抱怨几声；再晚上半个小时，我睡觉前就真的吃不上晚饭了。

(1)乃缦，《圣经·列王纪》中的人物。

(2)临门，《圣经·列王纪》中亚述人和巴比伦人崇拜的神。

(3)布鲁斯（1274—1329），苏格兰国王，击败英王爱德华二世所率英军，与英格兰缔结条约，使苏格兰摆脱了英格兰的统治，获得独立。

(4)华莱士（1270—1305），苏格兰爱国者和起义军首领，后被英格兰人捕获，以谋反罪处死。

(5)克劳兹利·肖维尔爵士（1650—1707），英国海军将领，当时掌管地中海地区的一支海军中队。

(6)普朗·德丰·莫尔特高地，塞吉埃驻扎的一块高地。后来普尔上尉率兵袭击了这里的驻地，亲手捉住了塞吉埃。

(7)瑞普·凡·温克尔，美国作家华盛顿·欧文（1783—1859）所著短篇小说中的人物。

(8)皮帕，罗伯特·勃朗宁（1812—1889）的诗作《皮帕走过了》中

的人物。

XVII. The Last Day

17.最后一日

When I awoke (Thursday, 2nd October), and, hearing a great flourishing of cocks and chuckling of contented hens, betook me to the window of the clean and comfortable room where I had slept the night, I looked forth on a sunshiny morning in a deep vale of chestnut gardens. It was still early, and the cockcrows, and the slanting lights, and the long shadows encouraged me to be out and look round me.

我在洁净舒适的卧室中醒来（10月2日，礼拜四），一阵高亢的鸡啼和母鸡心满意足的咯咯声，把我引到窗边，看到种满栗树的深谷中阳光灿烂。天色还早，拂晓的天色、斜照的阳光和长长的影子引得我走出房门，四处看看。

St. Germain de Calberte is a great parish nine leagues round about. At the period of the wars, and immediately before the devastation, it was inhabited by two hundred and seventy-five families, of which only nine were Catholic; and it took the curé seventeen September days to go from house to house on horseback for a census. But the place itself, although capital of a canton, is scarce larger than a hamlet. It lies terraced across a steep slope in the midst of mighty chestnuts. The Protestant chapel stands below upon a shoulder; in the midst of the town is the quaint old Catholic church.

圣日耳曼·德卡尔伯特是个大教区，方圆约九平方里格。战争期间，就在朱利安毁城之前，大概有二百七十五户人家定居于此，其中只有九家是天主教徒；为了做一次人口普查，教区牧师九月份要在马背上颠簸十七天去挨家挨户地查访。但是虽然是一个区的首府，这个地方本身并不比一个小村子大多少。它建在一个陡峭的山坡上，四周全是高大的栗树。新教礼拜堂在下面的山肩处，城中心有一个古雅的天主教堂。

It was here that poor Du Chayla, the Christian martyr, kept his library and held a court of missionaries; here he had built his tomb, thinking to lie among a grateful population whom he had redeemed from error; and hither on the morrow of his death they brought the body, pierced with two-and-fifty wounds, to be interred. Clad in his priestly robes, he was laid out in state in the church. The curé, taking his text from Second Samuel, twentieth chapter and twelfth verse, "And Amasa wallowed in his blood in the highway," preached a rousing sermon, and exhorted his brethren to die each at his post, like their unhappy and illustrious superior. In the midst of this eloquence there came a breeze that Spirit Séguier was near at hand; and behold! All the assembly took to their horses' heels, some east, some west, and

the curé himself as far as Alais.

就是在这里，可怜的迪谢拉，那位天主教的殉道者，修建了藏书室，还组织了一个传教士法庭；在这里，他建造了自己的坟墓，以为会躺在一群充满感恩的人中间，因为是他把这些人从错误中救赎出来；也是在这里，在他死去的第二天，他们抬着他被刺了五十二处的尸体去埋葬。人们为他穿上祭司的长袍，把他庄重地摆放在教堂里。教区牧师引用《撒母耳记》下篇第二十章第十二节，“亚玛撒在道路上滚在自己的血里”，作了一篇激动人心的布道，号召他的教友们死在自己的岗位上，正如他们这位不幸而伟大的上级一样。就在牧师滔滔不绝之际，谣言传来，圣灵塞吉埃已经近在咫尺了；看吧！所有人都奔向他们的马匹，东的东，西的西，而那位教区牧师，已经远在阿莱了。

Strange was the position of this little Catholic metropolis, a thimbleful of Rome, in such a wild and contrary neighbourhood. On the one hand, the legion of Salomon overlooked it from Cassagnas; on the other, it was cut off from assistance by the legion of Roland at Mialet. The curé, Louvrelenil, although he took a panic at the arch-priest's funeral, and so hurriedly decamped to Alais, stood well by his isolated pulpit, and thence uttered fulminations against the crimes of the Protestants. Salomon besieged the village for an hour and a half, but was beaten back. The militiamen, on guard before the curé's door, could be heard, in the black hours, singing Protestant psalms and holding friendly talk with the insurgents. And in the morning, although not a shot had been fired, there would not be a round of powder in their flasks. Where was it gone? All handed over to the Camisards for a consideration. Untrusty guardians for an isolated priest!

这个小小的天主教教区的选址非常奇怪。这样一个针尖大的小小“罗马”，却处于疯狂的对立教派的包围之中。一方面，萨洛蒙的军团在卡萨尼亚斯监视着它；另一方面，米亚莱的罗兰军团切断了他的援兵路径。虽然教区牧师卢弗勒莱尼尔在大司祭的葬礼上受到惊吓，急匆匆溜到了阿莱，却还是稳稳地站在他那孤立无援的讲道坛后面，从那里发出了一篇篇声讨新教徒所犯罪恶的檄文。萨洛蒙把这个村子围了一个半小时，却被打退了。在夜里，人们可以听到站在牧师门前守卫的民兵们唱着天主教的赞美诗，与造反者友好地聊天。早晨的时候，尽管一枪未发，他们的火药桶中却不见一发弹药。它们去哪儿了呢？都作为报酬给了卡米撒派的士兵了。对这位孤立无援的牧师来说，他们是多么不可信任的守卫啊！

That these continual stirs were once busy in St. Germain de Calberte, the imagination with difficulty receives; all is now so quiet, the pulse of human life now beats so low and still in this hamlet of the mountains. Boys followed me a great way off, like a timid sort of lion-hunters; and people turned round to have a second look, or came out of their houses, as I went by. My passage was the first event, you

would have fancied, since the Camisards. There was nothing rude or forward in this observation; it was but a pleased and wondering scrutiny, like that of oxen or the human infant; yet it wearied my spirits, and soon drove me from the street.

如今很难想象圣日耳曼·德卡尔伯特那些持续骚乱动荡的日子；现在所有的一切都是如此宁静，在这个小小的山村里，人们生活的脉搏跳得低沉而缓慢。一些男孩子跟着我走了好长一段路，就像那些胆怯的猎狮人；我经过的时候，人们会扭过头来，或者从屋子中跑出来仔细打量我。可以想象，我的旅行是卡米撒派叛乱之后这里的第一个大事件。这种注视绝不含任何无礼鲁莽之意；而是一种愉快而好奇的审视，仿佛牛或者婴儿的注视打量；但是我还是被这种注视搞得筋疲力尽，逃离了街道。

I took refuge on the terraces, which are here greenly carpeted with sward, and tried to imitate with a pencil the inimitable attitudes of the chestnuts as they bear up their canopy of leaves. Ever and again a little wind went by, and the nuts dropped all around me, with a light and dull sound, upon the sward. The noise was as of a thin fall of great hailstones; but there went with it a cheerful human sentiment of an approaching harvest and farmers rejoicing in their gains. Looking up, I could see the brown nut peering through the husk, which was already gaping; and between the stems the eye embraced an amphitheatre of hill, sunlit and green with leaves.

我逃到了绿草如茵的阶地上，试图用铅笔描绘出栗树撑起绿叶华盖时那独特的丰姿。轻风不时拂过，栗子就落在我的四周，砸在草地上，发出轻微而沉闷的响声。这声音仿佛是大颗大颗的冰雹稀稀疏疏地落下，却让人愉快地联想到即将到来的丰收和为之庆祝的农夫们。抬起头来，我可以看到褐色的栗子正透过裂开口的果壳向外窥望；视线越过树干，看到的是山间栗树围成的圆形剧场，里面阳光充沛，绿叶婆娑。

I have not often enjoyed a place more deeply. I moved in an atmosphere of pleasure, and felt light and quiet and content. But perhaps it was not the place alone that so disposed my spirit. Perhaps some one was thinking of me in another country; or perhaps some thought of my own had come and gone unnoticed, and yet done me good. For some thoughts, which sure would be the most beautiful, vanish before we can rightly scan their features; as though a god, travelling by our green highways, should but open the door, give one smiling look into the house, and go again for ever. Was it Apollo, or Mercury, or Love with folded wings? Who shall say? But we go the lighter about our business, and feel peace and pleasure in our hearts.

我很少像这样深切地喜爱一个地方。我进入到一种美妙的境界，感到轻快、宁静而满足。但也许使我心情愉悦的不只是这个地方。也许在另一个国度有人在思念着我；或者可能在我不经意间，某些思绪来了又

走了，但却使我受益匪浅。因为有些思绪，肯定是最美好的，但却在我们能够细细审视之前就溜走了；仿佛一位神祇，沿我们绿色的大路而来，却只是打开门，笑着往屋里瞧了一眼，然后又永远地离开了。它到底是阿波罗、墨丘利，还是折起翅膀的爱神？谁知道呢？但我们做起事情来心情却轻松了，心中也感到宁静安乐。

I dined with a pair of Catholics. They agreed in the condemnation of a young man, a Catholic, who had married a Protestant girl and gone over to the religion of his wife. A Protestant born they could understand and respect; indeed, they seemed to be of the mind of an old Catholic woman, who told me that same day there was no difference between the two sects, save that "wrong was more wrong for the Catholic," who had more light and guidance; but this of a man's desertion filled them with contempt.

我和两个天主教徒一起吃的晚餐。他们一致指责一位年轻的天主教徒，因为他娶了一位信仰新教的姑娘，还皈依了他妻子的宗教。他们能够理解和尊重一位天生的新教徒；没错，他们似乎和一位信仰天主教的老妇人拥有同样的观念。就在同一天，老妇人告诉我说两个教派之间是没有区别的，除了“天主教徒犯错比新教徒犯错更加严重，”因为他们享有更多的光明和指引；然而此人的叛教行为却令他们深深蔑视。

"It is a bad idea for a man to change," said one.

“改变宗教是个糟糕的念头。”一个人说。

It may have been accidental, but you see how this phrase pursued me; and for myself, I believe it is the current philosophy in these parts. I have some difficulty in imagining a better. It's not only a great flight of confidence for a man to change his creed and go out of his family for heaven's sake; but the odds are—nay, and the hope is—that, with all this great transition in the eyes of man, he has not changed himself a hairbreadth to the eyes of God. Honour to those who do so, for the wrench is sore. But it argues something narrow, whether of strength or weakness, whether of the prophet or the fool, in those who can take a sufficient interest in such infinitesimal and human operations, or who can quit a friendship for a doubtful process of the mind. And I think I should not leave my old creed for another, changing only words for other words; but by some brave reading, embrace it in spirit and truth, and find wrong as wrong for me as for the best of other communions.

这也许是巧合，但看看这句话是如何纠缠着我的吧；就我个人而言，我认为这是这些地区的普遍观点。我很难想出比这更好的观点。当一个人改变他的宗教，并以上帝的名义脱离他的家庭，不仅极大地伤害了人们对他的信任，而且其可能的结果会是——不仅如此，我们也希望——虽然在世人眼中他作了巨大的改变，但在上帝的眼中却没有一丁点儿的变化。让我们向那些作出此等改变的人致敬，因为这种转变极其痛

苦。但是它也暴露了这些人的狭隘之处，不论他们是强者还是弱者，是先知还是愚人，因为他们对这些细枝末节的人为活动居然表现出这样浓厚的兴趣，居然可以为了一种不太可靠的思想转变而放弃友谊。而且我认为，我不应该放弃我原有的信条去改信另外一个，这仅仅是字眼上的改变；而应该通过一些大胆的见解，在精神上真正地信奉它，发现我们所犯的过错，这些过错对我来说是错误的，而对于其他教派中最虔诚的信徒来说同样也是错误的。

The phylloxera[1] was in the neighbourhood; and instead of wine we drank at dinner a more economical juice of the grape—La Parisienne, they call it. It is made by putting the fruit whole into a cask with water; one by one the berries ferment and burst; what is drunk during the day is supplied at night in water: so, with ever another pitcher from the well, and ever another grape exploding and giving out its strength, one cask of Parisienne may last a family till spring. It is, as the reader will anticipate, a feeble beverage, but very pleasant to the taste.

周围地区正在害葡萄根瘤蚜病；午饭时我们没有喝葡萄酒，而是喝了一种更为经济的葡萄汁，他们叫它“巴黎姑娘”。酿制它时，人们把水果整个放入装着水的木桶里，然后这些浆果会一个个发酵、胀破。夜里在水中酿好的饮料，白天就可以喝了。所以，只需不断从井里打来一罐罐清水，然后一个个葡萄相继爆裂，释放出它的能量。一桶“巴黎姑娘”可以让一家人一直喝到春天。读者可以想见，这是一种味道非常淡的饮料，但是却很可口。

What with dinner and coffee, it was long past three before I left St. Germain de Calberte. I went down beside the Gardon of Mialet, a great glaring watercourse devoid of water, and through St. Etienne de Vallée Francaise, or Val Francesque, as they used to call it; and towards evening began to ascend the hill of St. Pierre. It was a long and steep ascent. Behind me an empty carriage returning to St. Jean du Gard kept hard upon my tracks, and near the summit overtook me. The driver, like the rest of the world, was sure I was a pedlar; but, unlike others, he was sure of what I had to sell. He had noticed the blue wool which hung out of my pack at either end; and from this he had decided, beyond my power to alter his decision, that I dealt in blue-wool collars, such as decorate the neck of the French draught-horse.

由于吃了午饭，喝了咖啡，我离开圣日耳曼·德卡尔伯特的时候，早已过了下午三点了。我沿着米亚莱的加尔东河下山，那是一条闪闪发光的无水河道，然后穿过法兰西谷的圣艾蒂安，或者像他们过去习惯的那样称它为弗朗西斯克谷；傍晚时开始攀登又高又陡的圣皮埃尔山。一辆要返回圣让迪加尔的空马车紧跟在我身后，在快到山顶的时候赶上了我。赶车人像其他所有人一样，确信我是一名小贩；但跟其他人不同的是，他很肯定我要卖的是什么。他注意到从我行李两边垂下来的蓝色羊

皮；从这一点上他就认定，我做的是蓝羊皮领圈的生意，比如用来装饰法国役马脖子的那些东西。我无论如何都没法改变他的这个判断。

I had hurried to the topmost powers of Modestine, for I dearly desired to see the view upon the other side before the day had faded. But it was night when I reached the summit; the moon was riding high and clear; and only a few grey streaks of twilight lingered in the west. A yawning valley, gulfed in blackness, lay like a hole in created nature at my feet; but the outline of the hills was sharp against the sky. There was Mount Aigoal, the stronghold of Castanet. And Castanet, not only as an active undertaking leader, deserves some mention among Camisards; for there is a spray of rose among his laurel; and he showed how, even in a public tragedy, love will have its way. In the high tide of war he married, in his mountain citadel, a young and pretty lass called Mariette. There were great rejoicings; and the bridegroom released five-and-twenty prisoners in honour of the glad event. Seven months afterwards, Mariette, the Princess of the Cévennes, as they called her in derision, fell into the hands of the authorities, where it was like to have gone hard with her. But Castanet was a man of execution, and loved his wife. He fell on Valleraugue, and got a lady there for a hostage; and for the first and last time in that war there was an exchange of prisoners. Their daughter, pledge of some starry night upon Mount Aigoal, has left descendants to this day.

我催赶着小乖让她尽可能地快走，因为我非常渴望能在日落前欣赏一下另一边的景色。但是我到达山顶时夜色已经降临了；明亮的月亮高高地悬在天边，只有西边还残留着几缕暗淡的暮光。山谷裂着大口，沉浸在黑暗中，像一个人造的坑洞躺在我的脚下；但群山的轮廓在天空的映衬下却格外清晰。那里有埃戈阿尔山，卡斯塔内的据点。而卡斯塔内在卡米撒派中值得一提，不只因为他是活跃的革命领袖，还因为他的桂冠上带着些玫瑰色彩。他证明了，即使是在一场公众悲剧中，爱情仍是不可阻止的。在战争高潮时期，他在山中的大本营里迎娶了一位年轻美丽的姑娘，玛丽埃特。人们为此大事欢宴；新郎还释放了二十五名战俘以庆祝他们的喜事。七个月后，人们戏称为“塞文山区公主”的玛丽埃特落入了当局者之手，可能遭到了严酷的折磨。但卡斯塔内也不是等闲之辈，而且非常爱他的妻子。他攻入了瓦勒罗格，从那里掠走了一位贵妇人当作人质。于是，在那场战争中，双方第一次也是最后一次彼此交换了俘虏。他们的女儿，埃戈阿尔山上某个星夜里的爱情结晶，至今仍有后代。

Modestine and I—it was our last meal together—had a snack upon the top of St. Pierre, I on a heap of stones, she standing by me in the moonlight and decorously eating bread out of my hand. The poor brute would eat more heartily in this manner; for she had a sort of affection for me, which I was soon to betray.

我和小乖在圣皮埃尔山顶上草草吃了些东西——这是我们在一起的

最后一餐。我坐在一堆石块上，她站在我旁边，在月光下文雅地吃着我手中的面包。这头可怜的牲口以这种方式会吃得香甜一些，因为她已经对我产生了一定的依恋之情，而我却很快就要背叛她的感情了。

It was a long descent upon St. Jean du Gard, and we met no one but a carter, visible afar off by the glint of the moon on his extinguished lantern.

到圣让迪加尔有一段很长的下山路，我们一路上一个人也没遇见，除了一位运货的马车夫。月光照在他熄灭了的灯笼上，闪闪发亮，离得很远了还看得到。

Before ten o'clock we had got in and were at supper; fifteen miles and a stiff hill in little beyond six hours!

不到十点我们就到了目的地，还吃上了晚餐。我们只花了六个小时多一点就走了十五英里的路程，还翻越了一座陡峭的小山！

(1)葡萄根瘤蚜，一种昆虫，对葡萄类作物极为有害。

XVIII. Farewell, Modestine!

18.再见，小乖！

On examination, on the morning of October 3rd, Modestine was pronounced unfit for travel. She would need at least two days' repose, according to the ostler; but I was now eager to reach Alais for my letters; and, being in a civilised country of stage-coaches, I determined to sell my lady friend and be off by the diligence that afternoon. Our yesterday's march, with the testimony of the driver who had pursued us up the long hill of St. Pierre, spread a favourable notion of my donkey's capabilities. Intending purchasers were aware of an unrivalled opportunity. Before ten I had an offer of twenty-five francs; and before noon, after a desperate engagement, I sold her, saddle and all, for five-and-thirty. The pecuniary gain is not obvious, but I had bought freedom into the bargain.

10月3日早晨，经过检查，有人告诉我，小乖不再适合继续旅行了。一位马夫说她至少需要休息两天；但我现在急着去阿莱取我的信件；而且因为身处拥有驿站马车的文明国家，我决定卖掉我的雌性朋友，当天下午乘驿站马车离开。我们昨天的旅行，加上在圣皮埃尔山追了好久才追上我们的马车夫的证词，使得关于我的驴子能力的有利消息流传开来。有意购买的人们意识到这是一个千载难逢的良机。十点没到，就有人出价二十五法郎；经过激烈的讨价还价，我在中午前以三十五法郎卖掉了小乖，包括驮鞍和所有的配件。金钱上的收益并不明显，但这场交易让我买回了自由。

St. Jean du Gard is a large place, and largely Protestant. The maire, a Protestant, asked me to help him in a small matter which is itself characteristic of the country. The young women of the Cévennes profit by the common religion and the difference of the language to go largely as governesses into England; and here was one, a native of Mialet, struggling with English circulars from two different agencies in London. I gave what help I could; and volunteered some advice, which struck me as being excellent.

圣让迪加尔是个大地方，大部分居民都是新教徒。那里的市长是一名新教徒，他请我在一件小事上帮个忙，而这件小事本身正体现了这个地区的特色。塞文山区的年轻姑娘们，得益于共同的宗教和不同的语言，很多都去了英国做家庭教师；现在这里就有一位米亚莱姑娘，正为来自伦敦两家不同机构的信件而苦恼。我尽自己所能帮了忙，还主动给了些我认为绝妙的建议。

One thing more I note. The phylloxera has ravaged the vineyards in this neighbourhood; and in the early morning, under some

chestnuts by the river, I found a party of men working with a cider-press. I could not at first make out what they were after, and asked one fellow to explain.

我还记下了一件事。在附近的葡萄园里葡萄根瘤蚜肆虐；大清早，我发现一群人在河边的栗子树下摆弄苹果压榨机。我一开始搞不明白他们在做些什么，就请其中一位为我解释一下。

"Making cider," he said. "Oui, c'est comme ca. Comme dans le Nord!"

“做苹果酒呀，”他说，“是的，就是这样，就像在北方那样。”

There was a ring of sarcasm in his voice: the country was going to the devil.

他的话里带着某种嘲讽：这个地方就要完蛋了。

It was not until I was fairly seated by the driver, and rattling through a rocky valley with dwarf olives, that I became aware of my bereavement. I had lost Modestine. Up to that moment I had thought I hated her; but now she was gone.

直到我稳稳地坐在车夫旁边，马车嘎嘎地驶过一个布满石块、长着低矮的橄榄树的山谷时，我才意识到我的失落。我失去了小乖。那一刻之前我一直以为自己恨她，但现在她不见了。

"And, O! The difference to me!" [1]

“啊！我的世界全变了！”

For twelve days we had been fast companions; we had travelled upwards of a hundred and twenty miles, crossed several respectable ridges, and jogged along with our six legs by many a rocky and many a boggy by-road. After the first day, although sometimes I was hurt and distant in manner, I still kept my patience; and as for her, poor soul! she had come to regard me as a god. She loved to eat out of my hand. She was patient, elegant in form, the colour of an ideal mouse, and inimitably small. Her faults were those of her race and sex; her virtues were her own. Farewell, and if for ever—

十二天以来，我们一直都是形影不离的同伴；我们攀登了一百二十英里的山路，越过了几座巍峨的山岭，我们的六条腿跋涉在许多布满岩石和沼泽的小道上。在第一天之后的时间里，尽管有时我感到伤心，对她很冷淡，但还是保持着耐心；而她呢，可怜的家伙！她已经把我当作她的神灵了。她喜欢在我的手里吃东西。她很乖，体态优雅，有着完美的老鼠般的毛色，而且小巧得无与伦比。她的缺点是她那个物种和性别所共有的，而她的优点却是她自己独有的。再见了，而且如果这是永别——

Father Adam wept when he sold her to me; after I had sold her in

my turn, I was tempted to follow his example; and being alone with a stage-driver and four or five agreeable young men, I did not hesitate to yield to my emotion.

把小乖卖给我的时候，亚当老爹流泪了；而我卖掉她之后，也忍不住要像他那样了；我和驿站的车夫以及四五个讨人喜欢的年轻人坐在一起，还是感到孤零零的，就不管不顾地流下泪来。

(1)“啊！我的世界全变了！”，引自华兹华斯（1770—1850）的诗《她住在无人迹的小路旁》。

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商业性质概论

（英）理查德·坎蒂隆

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FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 BEIJING

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu

Beijing, China 100089

http://www.fltrp.com

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

商业性质概论：英汉对照/（爱尔兰）坎蒂隆（Cantillon, R.）著；李桂芝，周莹译.— 北京：外语教学与研究出版社，2012.5

（外研社双语读库. 学·书系）

书名原文：Essay on the Nature of Commerce in General

ISBN 978-7-5135-2040-9

I. ①商… II. ①坎… ②李… ③周… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物 ②古典资产阶级政治经济学 IV. ①H319.4：F

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2012) 第107462号

出版人：蔡剑峰

责任编辑：邓 芳

版式设计：张苏梅

封面设计：袁 璐 刘 冬

出版发行：外语教学与研究出版社

社 址：北京市西三环北路19号（100089）

网 址：http://www.fltrp.com

版 次：2012年6月第1版 2012年6月第1次印刷

书 号：ISBN 978-7-5135-2040-9

* * *

制售盗版必究举报查实奖励

版权保护办公室举报电话：(010) 88817519

总序

外研社自创立之日起就一贯秉承“记载人类文明，沟通世界文化”的宗旨。上世纪90年代以来，我们陆续出版了“九十年代英语系列丛书”、“大师经典文库”、“英美文学文库”等系列经典图书，在最大限度满足国内英语学习者阅读需求的同时，也为中华民族引进和吸收海外优秀文化发挥了重要的桥梁纽带作用。

在多年出版实践中我们发现，对原版图书简单地以外语形式呈现，会使一些初级和中级外语学习者望而却步；而纯粹的译著，在翻译过程中又容易失掉原著中的某些精妙之笔，甚至丢失信息，因为每种语言都蕴含着其他语言无法精确对应的情致、智慧和对真善美的洞见。文化交流本身是一个双向互动的过程，因此在大量引入外文作品的同时，我们也不能忽略本民族文化在世界范围内的推广和传播，即把中国文化传递给世界。

基于上述考虑，我们应时推出“外研社双语读库”，立足经典，涵盖中外名家名作，涉及社会科学各个领域，以书系划分，采用双语编排，对文化背景附有注释。旨在积累世界各民族精粹文化的同时，向世界传递中国文化，为国内广大英语学习者提供题材广泛、质量过硬的双语经典读物，也为社科各领域学者了解西方学术经典提供优质的研究素材。

2010年1月，双语读库“文·书系”出版问世，该书系收录了20部西方经典著作，多出自19和20世纪著名作家、学者、思想家和哲学家笔下，作品的题材丰富，包括传记、小说、游记、杂文、回忆录等。该书系自问世以来，受到了广大英语爱好者的欢迎和好评。

2010年3月，外研社和中国外语教育研究中心联合设立“外汉翻译教学研究基金”项目，选取百余部国外经典学术著作，面向全国高校公开招募翻译项目组，参与投标者遍及全国近百所高校，在国内具有较大影响力。中标的译者多为全国重点高校的翻译专家、学者及中青年翻译人才，经过层层选拔脱颖而出；每个中标项目组还聘请相关领域的专家顾问，为其提供专业领域方面的支持和帮助，以确保译文的准确性和权威性。

此次推出的双语读库“学·书系”拟收录该“基金”项目中的优秀译作分批次进行出版，并细分为哲学辑、经济学辑、历史学辑、地理学辑、语言学辑、社会学辑、教育学辑等。“学·书系”依旧采用英汉对照编排，可作为社科各领域的学术研究读物以及中、高端英汉双语读物使用。

“学·书系”所选原作虽为经典名著，却也无法避免时间和空间上的局限性，希望读者朋友们能“取其精华，去其糟粕”。各篇译作均为译者倾尽全力、呕心沥血之作，不足之处，还请各位读者批评、指正。

译者 序

理查德·坎蒂隆（1680—1734）是资产阶级古典政治经济学产生时期的经济学家。他出生于爱尔兰的一个贵族家庭，后移居法国，在巴黎从事银行和贸易业务。他的经济理论带有浓厚的重农主义色彩，是法国重农主义的先驱。坎蒂隆一生唯一的经济学著作就是《商业性质概论》。

坎蒂隆的《商业性质概论》在经济学说史上占有重要地位。首先，它是在政治经济学形成过程中，对该学科各种理论和实践问题进行的第一次系统而全面的论述；其次，它对法国重农学派和英国经济学家影响极大。这本书被称为威廉·配第以后到亚当·斯密之前最重要的经济学著作，英国经济学家威廉姆·杰文斯将这本书评为“政治经济学的摇篮”。

该书包括三大部分。第一部分（共17章）论述财富，论述经济活动在村庄、集镇、城市和都市条件下的社会背景，同时还涉及阶级和人口、价值与价格等内容；第二部分（共10章）讨论价格、货币和利息；第三部分（共8章）论述国际贸易、外汇、银行与信用。本书为之后的经济学论著勾画了一幅蓝图，也是对其之前各种论述的一个总汇，所以，本书定位为“概论”可谓恰如其分。

原著属于论述文体，特点是用词比较端重、典雅、规范、严谨，倾向于用大词、长词、抽象词、外来词、专有名词等。翻译过程中，在正确理解原文意思的基础上，我们也选用庄重、规范、严谨的词，最大限度地保留原文的文体风格。本书的另外一个特点是句子结构与逻辑关系比较复杂。在处理这类逻辑关系复杂的长句时，首先是准确理解原句所表达的意思，然后充分考虑原文与汉语表达习惯和方式的不同，将一个长句拆译成几个分句，并适当调整分句顺序，以保证译文的可读性。汉语行文力求既不过俗，又不刻意求雅，保持译文的连贯性。

在翻译过程中，我们也遇到了一些貌似简单却很难找到合适的汉语词汇进行表达的例子。例如，在第一部分第十四和十五章标题中都出现了"fashions"，反复阅读这两章的内容发现，该词应该是指“土地所有者经营土地的方法”，而不是指“时尚”的意思，因此我们选择把该词的确切含义翻译出来。本书中还包含大量的专有名词和术语，大都可以通过查阅词典等找到固定的表达方式，但有些却无法找到相应的翻译，例如"muid"，"escalin"，对这类词我们大都采用了音译的方法。

翻译过程有苦亦有乐。通过翻译这本书，我们对政治经济学这一领域有了更深入的了解，而这要归功于坎蒂隆对其理论通俗的论述。他通过大量通俗易懂的例子来将高深的道理讲得浅显易懂。例如，在第一部分第十章论述物品的价格和固有价值通常是衡量生产该物品所需的土地和劳动的尺度时，他说：“一壶塞纳河水的价格为零，因为河水的供应量极大，不会干涸。但在巴黎街头，一壶水要一个苏才能买到，这一个苏

就是运水工劳动的价格或尺度。”从而让读者一目了然。有趣的是，坎蒂隆还在文中多次提到了中国，从客观的角度、全新的视角简要地评述了当时中国的农业状况，值得一读。

在整个翻译过程中，我们的翻译小组成员既有明确的分工，又有默契的合作。从前期的准备工作，包括对英文作品、作者的背景信息、译本信息等的考证，到初步制定供译者统一参考的人名表、地名表、其他专有名词表、术语表；从两名译者先试译第一和第二章，再互相审稿、统一风格，到具体分工，开始正式翻译；从每一章译稿的多轮校对到最后定稿，整个过程无不体现着团队的精诚合作。具体而言，李桂芝负责翻译第一部分第一至第三章、第六至第十二章、第十七章，第二部分第一至第六章，第三部分第一至第六章，并同时负责全书的审校和统稿；周莹负责翻译第一部分第四和第五章、第十三至第十六章，第二部分第七和第八章，第三部分第七和第八章；卢志宁负责全书校对工作。

虽然我们付出了百分之百的努力，但毕竟水平有限，译稿难免存在谬误，在此恳请读者指正。

译者

2011年夏

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Richard Cantillon

ESSAY ON THE NATURE OF COMMERCE IN GENERAL

Part I

Chapter 1 Of wealth

The land is the source or matter from whence all wealth is produced. The labour of man is the form which produces it: and wealth in itself is nothing but the maintenance, conveniencies, and superfluities of life.

Land produces herbage, roots, corn, flax, cotton, hemp, shrubs and timber of several kinds, with divers sorts of fruits, bark, and foliage like that of the mulberry-tree for silkworms; it supplies mines and minerals. To all this the labour of man gives the form of wealth.

Rivers and seas supply fish for the food of man, and many other things for his enjoyment. But these seas and rivers belong to the adjacent lands or are common to all, and the labour of man extracts from them the fish and other advantages.

Chapter 2 Of human societies

Which way soever a society of men is formed the ownership of the land they inhabit will necessarily belong to a small number among them.

In wandering societies like hordes of Tartars and camps of Indians who go from one place to another with their animals and families, it is necessary that the captain or king who is their leader should fix the boundaries of each head of a family and the quarters of an individual around the camp. Otherwise there would always be disputes over the quarters or conveniencies, woods, herbage, water, etc. but when the quarters and boundaries of each man are settled it is as good as ownership while they stay in that place.

In more settled societies: if a prince at the head of an army has conquered a country, he will distribute the lands among his officers or favourites according to their merit or his pleasure (as was originally the case in France): he will then establish laws to vest the property in them and their descendants: or he will reserve to himself the ownership of the land and employ his officers or favourites to cultivate it: or will grant the land to them on condition that they pay for it an annual quit rent or due: or he will grant it to them while reserving his freedom to tax them every year according to his needs and their capacity. In all these cases these officers or favourites, whether absolute owners or dependents, whether stewards or bailiffs of the produce of the land, will be few in number in proportion to all the inhabitants.

Even if the prince distributes the land equally among all the inhabitants it will ultimately be divided among a small number. One man will have several children and cannot leave to each of them a portion of land equal to his own; another will die without children, and will leave his portion to someone who has land already rather than to one who has none; a third will be lazy, prodigal, or sickly, and be obliged to sell his portion to another who is frugal and industrious, who will continually add to his estate by new purchases and will employ upon it the labour of those who having no land of their own are compelled to offer him their labour in order to live.

At the first settlement of Rome each citizen had two journaux[1] of land allotted to him. Yet there was soon after as great an inequality in the estates as that which we see today in all the countries of Europe. The land was divided among a few owners.

1 朱纳尔（journaux），古时土地面积单位，相当于一人一天的耕作面积。

Supposing then that the land of a new country belongs to a small number of persons, each owner will manage his land himself or let it to one or more farmers: in this case it is essential that the farmers and labourers should have a living whether they cultivate the land for the owner or for the farmer. The overplus of the land is at the disposition of the owner: he pays part of it to the prince or the government, or else the farmer does so directly at the owner's expense.

As for the use to which the land should be put, the first necessity is to employ part of it for the maintenance and food of those who work upon it and make it productive: the rest depends principally upon the humour and fashion of living of the prince, the lords, and the owner: if these are fond of drink, vines must be cultivated; if they are fond of silks, mulberry-trees must be planted and silkworms raised, and moreover part of the land must be employed to support those needed for these labours; if they delight in horses, pasture is needed, and so on.

If however we suppose that the land belongs to no one in particular, it is not easy to conceive how a society of men can be formed there: we see, for example, in the village commons a limit fixed to the number of animals that each of the commoners may put upon them; and if the land were left to the first occupier in a new conquest or discovery of a country it would always be necessary to fall back upon a law to settle ownership in order to establish a society, whether the law rested upon force or upon policy.

Chapter 3 Of villages

To whatever cultivation land is put, whether pasture, corn, vines, etc. the farmers or labourers who carry on the work must live near at hand; otherwise the time taken in going to their fields and returning to their houses would take up too much of the day. Hence the necessity for villages established in all the country and cultivated land, where there must also be enough farriers and wheelwrights for the instruments, ploughs, and carts which are needed; especially when the village is at a distance from the towns. The size of a village is naturally proportioned in number of inhabitants to what the land dependent on it requires for daily work, and to the artisans who find enough employment there in the service of the farmers and labourers: but these artisans are not quite so necessary in the neighbourhood of towns to which the labourers can resort without much loss of time.

If one or more of the owners of the land dependent on the village reside there the number of inhabitants will be greater in proportion to the domestic servants and artisans drawn thither, and the inns which will be established there for the convenience of the domestic servants and workmen who are maintained by the landlords.

If the lands are only proper for maintaining sheep, as in the sandy districts and moorlands, the villages will be fewer and smaller since only a few shepherds are required on the land.

If the lands only produce woods in sandy soils where there is no grass for beasts, and if they are distant from towns and rivers which makes the timber useless for consumption as one sees in many cases in Germany, there will be only so many houses and villages as are needed to gather acorns and feed pigs in season: but if the lands are altogether barren there will be neither villages nor inhabitants.

Chapter 4 Of market towns

There are some villages where markets have been established by the interest of some proprietor or gentleman at court. These markets, held once or twice a week, encourage several little undertakers and merchants to set themselves up there. They buy in the market the products brought from the surrounding villages in order to carry them to the large towns for sale. In the large towns they exchange them for iron, salt, sugar and other merchandise which they sell on market-days to the villagers. Many small artisans also, like locksmiths, cabinet makers and others, settle down for the service of the villagers who have none in their villages, and at length these villages become market towns. A market town being placed in the centre of the villages whose people come to market, it is more natural and easy that the villagers should bring their products thither for sale on market-days and buy the articles they need, than that the merchants and factors should transport them to the villages in exchange for their products. (1) For the merchants to go round the villages would unnecessarily increase the cost of carriage. (2) The merchants would perhaps be obliged to go to several villages before finding the quality and quantity of produce which they wished to buy. (3) The villagers would generally be in their fields when the merchants arrived and not knowing what produce these needed would have nothing prepared and fit for sale. (4) It would be almost impossible to fix the price of the produce and the merchandise in the villages, between the merchants and the villagers. In one village the merchant would refuse the price asked for produce, hoping to find it cheaper in another village, and the villager would refuse the price offered for his merchandise in the hope that another merchant would come along and take it on better terms.

All these difficulties are avoided when the villagers come to town on market-days to sell their produce and to buy the things they need. Prices are fixed by the proportion between the produce exposed for sale and the money offered for it; this takes place in the same spot, under the eyes of all the villagers of different villages and of the merchants or undertakers of the town. When the price has been settled between a few the others follow without difficulty and so the market-price of the day is determined. The peasant goes back to his village and resumes his work.

The size of the market town is naturally proportioned to the number of farmers and labourers needed to cultivate the lands dependent on it, and to the number of artisans and small merchants that the villages

bordering on the market town employ with their assistants and horses, and finally to the number of persons whom the landowners resident there support.

When the villages belonging to a market town (i.e. whose people ordinarily bring their produce to market there) are considerable and have a large output the market town will become considerable and large in proportion; but when the neighbouring villages have little produce the market town also is poor and insignificant.

Chapter 5 Of cities

The landlords who have only small estates usually reside in market towns and villages near their land and farmers. The transport of the produce they derive from them into distant cities would not enable them to live comfortably there. But the landlords who have several large estates have the means to go and live at a distance from them to enjoy agreeable society with other landowners and gentlemen of the same condition.

If a prince or nobleman who has received large grants of land on the conquest or discovery of a country fixes his residence in some pleasant spot, and several other noblemen come to live there to be within reach of seeing each other frequently and enjoying agreeable society, this place will become a city. Great houses will be built there for the noblemen in question, and an infinity of others for the merchants, artisans, and people of all sorts of professions whom the residence of these noblemen will attract thither. For the service of these noblemen, bakers, butchers, brewers, wine merchants, manufacturers of all kinds, will be needed. These will build houses in the locality or will rent houses built by others. There is no great nobleman whose expense upon his house, his retinue and servants, does not maintain merchants and artisans of all kinds, as may be seen from the detailed calculations which I have caused to be made in the supplement[2] of this essay.

[2] 附录部分的原稿已丢失。

As all these artisans and undertakers serve each other as well as the nobility it is overlooked that the upkeep of them all falls ultimately on the nobles and landowners. It is not perceived that all the little houses in a city such as we have described depend upon and subsist at the expense of the great houses. It will, however, be shown later that all the classes and inhabitants of a state live at the expense of the proprietors of land. The city in question will increase still further if the king or the government establishes in it law courts to which the people of the market towns and villages of the province must have recourse. An increase of undertakers and artisans of every sort will be needed for the service of the legal officials and lawyers.

If in this same city workshops and manufactories are set up apart from home consumption for export and sale abroad, the city will be large in proportion to the workmen and artisans who live there at the expense of the foreigner.

But if we put aside these considerations so as not to complicate our subject, we may say that the assemblage of several rich landowners living together in the same place suffices to form what is called a city, and that many cities in Europe, in the interior of the country, owe the number of their inhabitants to this assemblage: in which case the size of a city is naturally proportioned to the number of landlords who live there, or rather to the produce of the land which belongs to them after deduction of the cost of carriage to those whose land is the furthest removed, and the part which they are obliged to furnish to the king or the government, which is usually consumed in the capital.

Chapter 6 Of capital cities

A capital city is formed in the same way as a provincial city with this difference that the largest landowners in all the state reside in the capital, that the king or supreme government is fixed in it and spends there the government revenue, that the supreme courts of justice are fixed there, that it is the centre of the fashions which all the provinces take for a model, that the landowners who reside in the provinces do not fail to come occasionally to pass some time in the capital and to send their children thither to be polished. Thus all the lands in the state contribute more or less to maintain those who dwell in the capital.

If a sovereign quits a city to take up his abode in another the nobility will not fail to follow him and to make its residence with him in the new city which will become great and important at the expense of the first. We have seen quite a recent example of this in the city of Petersburg to the disadvantage of Moscow, and one sees many old cities which were important fall into ruin and others spring from their ashes. Great cities are usually built on the seacoast or on the banks of large rivers for the convenience of transport; because water-carriage of the produce and merchandise necessary for the subsistence and comfort of the inhabitants is much cheaper than carriages and land transport.

Chapter 7 The labour of the husbandman is of less value than that of the handicrafts-man

A labourer's son at seven or twelve years of age begins to help his father either in keeping the flocks, digging the ground, or in other sorts of country labour which require no art or skill.

If his father puts him to a trade he loses his assistance during the time of his apprenticeship and is necessitated to clothe him and to pay the expenses of his apprenticeship for some years. The son is thus an expense to this father and his labour brings in no advantage till the end of some years. The working life of a man is estimated but at 10 or 12 years, and as several are lost in learning a trade most of which in England require 7 years of apprenticeship, a husbandman would never be willing to have a trade taught to his son if the mechanics did not earn more than the husbandmen.

Those who employ artisans or craftsmen must need therefore pay for their labour at a higher rate than for that of a husbandman or common labourer; and their labour will necessarily be dear in proportion to the time lost in learning the trade and the cost and risk incurred in becoming proficient.

The craftsmen themselves do not make all their children learn their own mystery: there would be too many of them for the needs of a city or a state; many would not find enough work; the work, however, is naturally better paid than that of husbandmen.

Chapter 8 Some handicrafts-men earn more, others less, according to thedifferent cases and circumstances

Supposing two tailors make all the clothes of a village, one may have more customers than the other, whether from his mode of attracting business, or because he works better or more durably than the other, or follows the fashions better in the cut of the garments.

If one dies, the other finding himself more pressed with work will be able to raise the price of his labour, giving some customers a preference in point of expedition to others, till the villagers find it to their advantage to have their clothes made in another village, town or city losing the time spent in going and returning, or till some other tailor comes to live in their village and to share in the business of it.

The crafts which require the most time in training or most ingenuity and industry must necessarily be the best paid. A skillful cabinet-maker must receive a higher price for his work than an ordinary carpenter, and a good watchmaker more than a farrier.

The arts and crafts which are accompanied by risks and dangers like those of founders, mariners, silver miners, etc. ought to be paid in proportion to the risks. When over and above the dangers skill is needed they ought to be paid still more, e.g. pilots, divers, engineers, etc. When capacity and trustworthiness are needed the labour is paid still more highly, as in the case of jewellers, bookkeepers, cashiers and others.

By these examples and a hundred others drawn from ordinary experience it is easily seen that the difference of price paid for daily work is based upon natural and obvious reasons.

Chapter 9 The number of labourers, handicrafts-men and others, who work in a state is naturally proportioned to the demandfor them

If all the labourers in a village breed up several sons to the same work there will be too many labourers to cultivate the lands belonging to the village, and the surplus adults must go to seek a livelihood elsewhere, which they generally do in cities: if some remain with their fathers, as they will not all find sufficient employment they will live in great poverty and will not marry for lack of means to bring up children, or if they marry, the children who come will soon die of starvation with their parents, as we see every day in France.

Therefore if the village continues in the same situation as regards employment, and derives its living from cultivating the same portion of land, it will not increase in population in a thousand years.

The women and girls of this village can, it is true, when they are not working in the fields, busy themselves in spinning, knitting or other work which can be sold in the cities; but this rarely suffices to bring up the extra children, who leave the village to seek their fortune elsewhere.

The same may be said of the tradesmen of a village. If a tailor makes all the clothes there and breeds up three sons to the same trade, as there is but work enough for one successor to him the two others must go to seek their livelihood elsewhere: if they do not find enough employment in the neighbouring town they must go further afield or change their occupations to get a living and become lackeys, soldiers, sailors, etc.

By the same process of reasoning it is easy to conceive that the labourers, handicraftsmen and others who gain their living by work, must proportion themselves in number to the employment and demand for them in market towns and cities.

But if four tailors are enough to make all the clothes for a town and a fifth arrives he may attract some custom at the expense of the other four; so if the work is divided between the five tailors neither of them will have enough employment, and each one will live more poorly.

It often happens that labourers and handicraftsmen have not enough employment when there are too many of them to share the business. It happens also that they are deprived of work by accidents and by

variations in demand, or that they are overburdened with work according to circumstances. Be that as it may, when they have no work they quit the villages, towns or cities where they live in such numbers that those who remain are always proportioned to the employment which suffices to maintain them; when there is a continuous increase of work there is gain to be made and enough others arrive to share in it.

From this it is easy to understand that the charity-schools in England and the proposals in France to increase the number of handicraftsmen, are useless. If the King of France sent 100,000 of his subjects at his expense into Holland to learn seafaring, they would be of no use on their return if no more vessels were sent to sea than before. It is true that it would be a great advantage to a state to teach its subjects to produce the manufactures which are customarily drawn from abroad, and all the other articles bought there, but I am considering only at present a state in relation to itself.

As the handicraftsmen earn more than the labourers they are better able to bring up their children to crafts; and there will never be a lack of craftsmen in a state when there is enough work for their constant employment.

Chapter 10 The price and intrinsic value of a thing in general is the measure of the land and labour which enter into its production

One acre of land produces more corn or feeds more sheep than another. The work of one man is dearer than that of another, as I have already explained, according to the superior skill and occurrences of the times. If two acres of land are of equal goodness, one will feed as many sheep and produce as much wool as the other, supposing the labour to be the same, and the wool produced by one acre will be the same, and the wool produced by one acre will sell at the same price as that produced by the other.

If the wool of the one acre is made into a suit of coarse cloth and the wool of the other into a suit of fine cloth, as the latter will require more work and dearer workmanship it will be sometimes ten times dearer, though both contain the same quantity and quality of wool. The quantity of the produce of the land and the quantity as well as the quality of the labour, will of necessity enter into the price.

A pound of flax wrought into fine Brussels lace requires the labour of 14 persons for a year or of one person for 14 years, as may be seen from a calculation of the different processes in the supplement, where we also see that the price obtained for the lace suffices to pay for the maintenance of one person for 14 years as well as the profits of all the undertakers and merchants concerned.

The fine steel spring which regulates an English watch is generally sold at a price which makes the proportion of material to labour, or of steel to spring, one to one million so that in this case labour makes up nearly all the value of the spring. See the calculation in the supplement.

On the other hand the price of the hay in a field, on the spot, or a wood which it is proposed to cut down, is fixed by the matter or produce of the land, according to its goodness.

The price of a pitcher of Seine water is nothing, because there is an immense supply which does not dry up; but in the streets of Paris people give a sol for it—the price or measure of the labour of the water- carrier.

By these examples and inductions it will, I think, be understood that the price or intrinsic value of a thing is the measure of the quantity of

land and of labour entering into its production, having regard to the fertility or produce of the land and to the quality of the labour.

But it often happens that many things which have actually this intrinsic value are not sold in the market according to that value: that will depend on the humours and fancies of men and on their consumption.

If a gentleman cuts canals and erects terraces in his garden, their intrinsic value will be proportionable to the land and labour; but the price in reality will not always follow this proportion. If he offers to sell the garden possibly no one will give him half the expense he has incurred. It is also possible that if several persons desire it he may be given double the intrinsic value, that is twice the value of the land and the expense he has incurred.

If the farmers in a state sow more corn than usual, much more than is needed for the year's consumption, the real and intrinsic value of the corn will correspond to the land and labour which enter into its production; but as there is too great an abundance of it and there are more sellers than buyers the market price of the corn will necessarily fall below the intrinsic price or value. If on the contrary the farmers sow less corn than is needed for consumption there will be more buyers than sellers and the market price of corn will rise above its intrinsic value.

There is never a variation in intrinsic values, but the impossibility of proportioning the production of merchandise and produce in a state to their consumption causes a daily variation, and a perpetual ebb and flow in market prices. However in well organized societies the market prices of articles whose consumption is tolerably constant and uniform do not vary much from the intrinsic value; and when there are no years of too scanty or too abundant production the magistrates of the city are able to fix the market prices of many things, like bread and meat, without any one having cause to complain.

Land is the matter and labour the form of all produce and merchandise, and as those who labour must subsist on the produce of the land it seems that some relation might be found between the value of labour and that of the produce of the land: this will form the subject of the next chapter.

Chapter 11 Of the par or relation between the value of land and labour

It does not appear that Providence has given the right of the possession of land to one man preferably to another: the most ancient titles are founded on violence and conquest. The lands of Mexico now belong to the Spaniards and those at Jerusalem to the Turks. But howsoever people come to the property and possession of land we have already observed that it always falls into the hands of a few in proportion to the total inhabitants.

If the proprietor of a great estate keeps it in his own hands he will employ slaves or free men to work upon it. If he has many slaves he must have overseers to keep them at work: he must likewise have slave craftsmen to supply the needs and conveniencies of life for himself and his workers, and must have trades taught to others in order to carry on the work.

In this economy he must allow his labouring slaves their subsistence and wherewithal to bring up their children. The overseers must allow advantages proportionable to the confidence and authority which he gives them. The slaves who have been taught a craft must be maintained without any return during the time of their apprenticeship and the artisan slaves and their overseers who should be competent in the crafts must have a better subsistence than the labouring slaves, etc. since the loss of an artisan would be greater than that of a labourer and more care must be taken of him having regard to the expense of training another to take his place.

On this assumption the labour of an adult slave of the lowest class is worth at least as much as the quantity of land which the proprietor is obliged to allot for his food and necessaries and also to double the land which serves to breed a child up till he is of age fit for labour, seeing half the children that are born die before the age of 17, according to the calculations and observations of the celebrated Dr. Halley. So that two children must be reared up to keep one of them till working age and it would seem that even this would not be enough to ensure a continuance of labour since adult men die at all ages.

It is true that the one half of the children who die before 17 die faster in the first years after birth than in the following, since a good third of those who are born die in their first year. This seems to diminish the cost of raising a child to working age, but as the mothers lose much

time in nursing their children in illness and infancy and the daughters even when grown up are not the equals of the males in work and barely earn their living, it seems that to keep one of two children to manhood or working age as much land must be employed as for the subsistence of an adult salve, whether the proprietor raises them himself in his house or has the children raised there or that the father brings them up in a house or hamlet apart. Thus I conclude that the daily labour of the meanest slave corresponds in value to double the produce of the land required to maintain him, whether the proprietor gives it him for his subsistence and that of his family or provides him and his family subsistence in his own house. It does not admit of exact calculation, and exactitude is not very necessary; it suffices to be near enough to the truth.

If the proprietor employs the labour of vassals or free peasants he will probably maintain them upon a better foot than slaves according to the custom of the place he lives in, yet in this case also the labour of a free labourer ought to correspond in value to double the produce of land needed for his maintenance. But it will always be more profitable to the proprietor to keep slaves than to keep free peasants, because when he has brought up a number too large for his requirements he can sell the surplus slaves as he does his cattle and obtain for them a price proportionable to what he has spent in rearing them to manhood or working age, except in cases of old age or infirmity.

In the same way one may appraise the labour of slave craftsmen at twice the produce of the land which they consume. Overseers likewise, allowing for the favours and privileges given to them above those who work under them.

When the artisans or labourers have their double portion at their own disposal they employ one part of it for their own upkeep if they are married and the other for their children. If they are unmarried they set aside a little of their double portion to enable them to marry and to make a little store for housekeeping; but most of them will consume the double portion for their own maintenance.

For example, the married labourer will content himself with bread, cheese, vegetables, etc., will rarely eat meat, will drink little wine or beer, and will have only old and shabby clothes which he will wear as long as he can. The surplus of his double portion he will employ in raising and keeping his children, while the unmarried labourer will eat meat as often as he can, will treat himself to new clothes, etc. and employ his double portion on his own requirements. Thus he will consume twice as much personally of the produce of the land as the

married man.

I do not here take into account the expense of the wife. I suppose that her labour barely suffices to pay for her own living, and when one sees a large number of little children in one of these poor families I suppose that charitable persons contribute somewhat to their maintenance, otherwise the parents must deprive themselves of some of their necessaries to provide a living for their children.

For the better understanding of this it is to be observed that a poor labourer may maintain himself, at the lowest computation, upon the produce of an acre and a half of land if he lives on bread and vegetables, wears hempen garments, wooden shoes, etc., while if he can allow himself wine, meat, woolen clothes, etc. he may without drunkenness or gluttony or excess of any kind consume the produce of four to ten acres of land of ordinary goodness, such as most of the land in Europe taking one part with another. I have caused some figures to be drawn up which will be found in the supplement, to determine the amount of land of which one man can consume the produce under each head of food, clothing, and other necessaries of life in a single year, according to the mode of living in Europe where the peasants of divers countries are often nourished and maintained very differently.

For this reason I have not determined to how much land the labour of the meanest peasant corresponds in value when I laid down that it is worth double the produce of the land which serves to maintain him: because this varies according to the mode of living in different countries. In some southern provinces of France the peasant keeps himself on the produce of one acre and a half of land and the value of his labour may be reckoned equal to the product of three acres. But in the county of Middlesex[3] the peasant usually spends the produce of 5 to 8 acres of land and his labour may be valued at twice as much as this.

In the country of the Iroquois[4] where the inhabitants do not plough the land and live entirely by hunting, the meanest hunter may consume the produce of 50 acres of land since it probably requires so much to support the animals he eats in one year, especially as these savages have not the industry to grow grass by cutting down the trees but leave everything to nature. The labour of this hunter may then be reckoned equal in value to the product of 100 acres of land. In the southern provinces of China the land yields rice up to three crops in one year and a hundred times as much as is sown, owing to the great care which they have of agriculture and the fertility of the soil which

is never fallow. It is not surprising, therefore, that the population is prodigious in number. In any case it seems from these examples that nature is altogether indifferent whether that earth produces grass, trees, or grain, or maintains a large or small number of vegetables, animals, or men.

3 米德尔塞克斯郡（Middlesex），英格兰原郡名。

4 易洛魁人（Iroquois），北美印第安人。

Farmers in Europe seem to correspond to overseers of labouring slaves in other countries, and the master tradesmen who employ several journeymen to the overseers of artisan slaves. These masters know pretty well how much work a journeyman artisan can do in a day in each craft, and often pay them in proportion to the work they do, so that the journeymen work for their own interest as hard as they can without further inspection.

As the farmers and masters of crafts in Europe are all undertakers working at a risk, some get rich and gain more than a double subsistence, others are ruined and become bankrupt, as will be explained more in detail in treating of undertakers; but the majority support themselves and their families from day to day, and their labour or superintendence may be valued at about thrice the produce of the land which serves for their maintenance.

Evidently these farmers and master craftsmen, if they superintend the labour of ten labourers or journeymen, would be equally capable of superintending the labour of twenty, according to the size of their farms or the number of their customers, and this renders uncertain the value of their labour or superintendence.

By these examples and others which might be added in the same sense, it is seen that the value of the day's work has a relation to the produce of the soil, and that the intrinsic value of any thing may be measured by the quantity of land used in its production and the quantity of labour which enters into it, in other words by the quantity of land of which the produce is allotted to those who have worked upon it; and as all the land belongs to the prince and the landowners all things which have this intrinsic value have it only at their expense.

The money or coin which finds the proportion of values in exchange is the most certain measure for judging of the par between land and labour and the relation of one to the other in different countries where this par varies according to the greater or less produce of the land

allotted to those who labour.

If, for example, one man earns an ounce of silver every day by his work, and another in the same place earns only half an ounce, one can conclude that the first has as much again of the produce of the land to dispose of as the second.

Sir William Petty[5], in a little manuscript of the year 1685, considers this par, or equation between land and labour, as the most important consideration in political arithmetic, but the research which he has made into it in passing is fanciful and remote from natural laws, because he has attached himself not to causes and principles but only to effects, as Mr. Locke[6], Mr. D'avenant[7] and all the other English authors who have written on this subject have done after him.

5 威廉·佩蒂(Sir William Petty，1623—1687)，英国资产阶级古典经济学的创始人。

6 洛克（John Locke，1632—1704），英国唯物主义哲学家，著有《政府论》、《人类理解论》等。

7 戴夫南特（Sir William D'avenant，1606—1668），英国诗人、剧作家和剧院经理，有莎士比亚“精神之子”之称。

Chapter 12 All classes and individuals in a state subsist or are enriched at the expense of the proprietors of land

There are none but the prince and the proprietors of land who live independent; all other classes and inhabitants are hired or are undertakers. The proof and detail of this will be developed in the next chapter.

If the prince and proprietors of land close their estates and will not suffer them to be cultivated it is clear that there would be neither food nor payment for any of the inhabitants; consequently all the individuals are supported not only by the produce of the land which is cultivated for the benefit of the owners but also at the expense of these same owners from whose property they derive all that they have.

The farmers have generally two thirds of the produce of the land, one for their costs and the support of their assistants, the other for the profit of their undertaking: on these two thirds the farmer provides generally directly or indirectly subsistence for all those who live in the country, and also mechanics or undertakers in the city in respect of the merchandise of the city consumed in the country.

The proprietor has usually one third of the produce of his land and on this third he maintains all the mechanics and others whom he employs in the city as well, frequently, as the carriers who bring the produce of the country to the city.

It is generally calculated that one half of the inhabitants of a kingdom subsist and make their abode in cities, and the other half live in the country; on this supposition the farmer who has two thirds or four sixth of the produce of the land, pays either directly or indirectly one sixth to the citizens in exchange for the merchandise which he takes from them. This sixth with the one third or two sixths which the proprietor spends in the city makes three sixths or one half of the produce of the land. This calculation is only to convey a general idea of the proportion; but in fact, if half of the inhabitants live in the cities they consume more than half of the land's produce, as they live better than those who reside in the country and spend more of the produce of the land being all mechanics or dependents of the proprietors and consequently better maintained than the assistants and dependents of the farmers.

But let this matter be how it will, if we examine the means by which an inhabitant is supported it will always appear in returning back to the fountain-head, that these means arise from the land of the proprietor either in the two thirds reserved by the farmer, or the one third which remains to the landlord.

If a proprietor had only the amount of land which he lets out to one farmer the farmer would get a better living out of it than himself; but the nobles and large landowners in the cities have sometimes several hundreds of farmers and are themselves very few in number in proportion to all the inhabitants of a state.

True there are often in the cities several undertakers and mechanics who live by foreign trade, and therefore at the expense of foreign landowners: but at present I am considering only a state in regard to its own produce and industry, not to complicate my argument by accidental circumstances.

The land belongs to the proprietors but would be useless to them if it were not cultivated. The more labour is expended on it, other things being equal, the more it produces; and the more its products are worked up, other things being equal, the more value they have as merchandise. Hence the proprietors have need of the inhabitants as these have of the proprietors; but in this economy it is for the proprietors, who have the disposition and the direction of the landed capital, to give the most advantageous turn and movement to the whole. Also everything in a state depends on the fancy, methods, and fashions of life of the proprietors of land in especial, as I will endeavour to make clear later in this essay.

It is need and necessity which enable farmers, mechanics of every kind, merchants, officers, soldiers, sailors, domestic servants and all the other classes who work or are employed in the state, to exist. All these working people serve not only the prince and the landowners but each other, so that there are many of them who do not work directly for the landowners, and so it is not seen that they subsist on the capital of these proprietors and live at their expense. As for those who exercise professions which are not essential, like dancers, actors, painters, musicians, etc. they are only supported in the state for pleasure or for ornament, and their number is always very small in proportion to the other inhabitants.

Chapter 13 The circulation and exchange of goods and merchandise as well as their production are carried on in Europe by undertakers, and at a risk

The farmer is an undertaker who promises to pay to the landowner, for his farm or land, a fixed sum of money (generally supposed to be equal in value to the third of the produce) without assurance of the profit he will derive from this enterprise. He employs part of the land to feed flocks, produce corn, wine, hay, etc. according to his judgment without being able to foresee which of these will pay best. The price of these products will depend partly on the weather, partly on the demand; if corn is abundant relatively to consumption it will be dirt cheap, if there is scarcity it will be dear. Who can foresee the number of births and deaths of the people in a state in the course of the year? Who can foresee the increase or reduction of expense which may come about in the families? And yet the price of the farmer's produce depends naturally upon these unforeseen circumstances, and consequently he conducts the enterprise of his farm at an uncertainty.

The city consumes more than half the farmer's produce. He carries it to market there or sells it in the market of the nearest town, or perhaps a few individuals set up as carriers themselves. These bind themselves to pay the farmer a fixed price for his produce, that of the market price of the day, to get in the city an uncertain price which should however defray the cost of carriage and leave them a profit. But the daily variation in the price of produce in the city, though not considerable, makes their profit uncertain.

The undertaker or merchant who carries the products of the country to the city cannot stay there to sell retail as they are consumed. No city family will burden itself with the purchase all at once of the produce it may need, each family being susceptible of increase or decrease in number and in consumption or at least varying in the choice of produce it will consume. Wine is almost the only article of consumption stocked in a family. In any case the majority of citizens who live from day to day and yet are the largest consumers cannot lay in a stock of country produce.

For this reason many people set up in a city as merchants or undertakers, to buy the country produce from those who bring it or to order it to be brought on their account. They pay a certain price following that of the place where they purchase it, to resell wholesale or retail at an uncertain price.

Such undertakers are the wholesalers in wool and corn, bakers, butchers, manufacturers and merchants of all kinds who buy country produce and materials to work them up and resell them gradually as the inhabitants require them.

These undertakers can never know how great will be the demand in their city, nor how long their customers will buy of them since their rivals will try all sorts of means to attract customers from them. All this causes so much uncertainty among these undertakers that every day one sees some of them become bankrupt.

The manufacturer who has bought wool from the merchant or direct from the farmer cannot foretell the profit he will make in selling his cloths and stuffs to the merchant tailor. If the latter has not a reasonable sale he will not load himself with the cloths and stuffs of the manufacturer, especially if those stuffs cease to be in the fashion.

The draper is an undertaker who buys cloths and stuffs from the manufacturer at a certain price to sell them again at an uncertain price, because he cannot foresee the extent of the demand. He can of course fix a price and stand out against selling unless he gets it, but if his customers leave him to buy cheaper from another, he will be eaten up by expenses while waiting to sell at the price he demands, and that will ruin him as soon as or sooner than if he sold without profit.

Shopkeepers and retailers of every kind are undertakers who buy at a certain price and sell in their shops or the markets at an uncertain price. What encourages and maintains these undertakers in a state is that the consumers who are their customers prefer paying a little more to get what they want ready to hand in small quantities rather than lay in a stock and that most of them have not the means to lay in such a stock by buying at first hand.

All these undertakers become consumers and customers one in regard to the other, the draper of the wine merchant and vice versa. They proportion themselves in a state to the customers or consumption. If there are too many hatters in a city or in a street for the number of people who buy hats there, some who are least patronised must become bankrupt: if they are too few it will be a profitable undertaking which will encourage new hatters to open shops there and so it is that the undertakers of all kinds adjust themselves to risks in a state.

All the other undertakers like those who take charge of mines, theatres, buildings, etc., the merchants by sea and land, etc., cook-

shop keepers, pastry cooks, innkeepers, etc. as well as the undertakers of their own labour who need no capital to establish themselves, like journeymen artisans, copper-smiths, needle-women, chimney sweeps, water carriers, live at uncertainty and proportion themselves to their customers. Master craftsmen like shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, wigmakers, etc. who employ journeymen according to the work they have, live at the same uncertainty since their customers may foresake them from one day to another: the undertakers of their own labour in art and science, like painters, physicians, lawyers, etc. live in the like uncertainty. If one attorney or barrister earns 5000 pounds sterling yearly in the service of his clients or in his practice and another earns only 500 they may be considered as having so much uncertain wages from those who employ them.

It may perhaps be urged that undertakers seek to snatch all they can in their calling and to get the better of their customers, but this is outside my subject.

By all these inductions and many others which might be made in a topic relating to all the inhabitants of a state, it may be laid down that except the prince and the proprietors of land, all the inhabitants of a state are dependent; that they can be divided into two classes, undertakers and hired people; and that all the undertakers are as it were on unfixed wages and the others on wages fixed so long as they receive them though their functions and ranks may be very unequal. The general who has his pay, the courtier his pension and the domestic servant who has wages all fall into this last class. All the rest are undertakers, whether they set up with a capital to conduct their enterprise, or are undertakers of their own labour without capital, and they may be regarded as living at uncertainty; the beggars even and the robbers are undertakers of this class. Finally all the inhabitants of a state derive their living and their advantages from the property of the landowners and are dependent.

It is true, however, that if some person on high wages or some large undertaker has saved capital or wealth, that is if he has stores of corn, wool, copper, gold, silver or some produce or merchandise in constant use or vent in a state, having an intrinsic or a real value, he may be justly considered independent so far as this capital goes. He may dispose of it to acquire a mortgage, and interest from land and from public loans secured upon land: he may live still better than the small landowners and even buy the property of some of them.

But produce and merchandise, even gold and silver, are much more subject to accident and loss than the ownership of land; and however

one may have gained or saved them they are always derived from the land of actual proprietors either by gain or by saving of the wages destined for one's subsistence.

The number of proprietors of money in a large state is often considerable enough; and though the value of all the money which circulates in the state barely exceeds the ninth or tenth part of the value of the produce drawn from the soil yet, as the proprietors of money lend considerable amounts for which they receive interest either by mortgage or the produce and merchandise of the state, the sums due to them usually exceed all the money in the state, and they often become so powerful a body that they could in certain cases rival the proprietors of lands if these last were not often equally proprietors of money, and if the owners of large sums of money did not always seek to become landowners themselves.

It is nevertheless always true that all the sums gained or saved have been drawn from the land of the actual proprietors; but as many of these ruin themselves daily in a state and the others who acquire the property of their land take their place, the independence given by the ownership of land applies only to those who keep the possession of it; and as all land has always an actual master or owner, I presume always that it is from their property that all the inhabitants of the state derive their living and all their wealth. If these proprietors confined themselves to living on their rents it would be beyond question, and in that case it would be much more difficult for the other inhabitants to enrich themselves at their expense.

I will then lay it down as a principle that the proprietors of land alone are naturally independent in a state: that all the other classes are dependent whether undertakers or hired, and that all the exchange and circulation of the state is conducted by the medium of these undertakers.

Chapter 14 The fancies, the fashions, and the modes of living of the prince, and especially of the landowners, determine the use to which land is put in a state and cause the variations in the market prices of all things

If the owner of a large estate (which I wish to consider here as if there were no other in the world) has it cultivated himself he will follow his fancy in the use of which he will put it. (1) He will necessarily use part of it for corn to feed the labourers, mechanics and overseers who work for him, another part to feed the cattle, sheep and other animals necessary for their clothing and food or other commodities according to the way in which he wishes to maintain them. (2) He will turn part of the land into parks, gardens, fruit trees or vines as he feels inclined and into meadows for the horses he will use for his pleasure, etc.

Let us now suppose that to avoid so much care and trouble he makes a bargain with the overseers of the labourers, gives them farms or pieces of land and leaves to them the responsibility for maintaining in the usual manner all the labourers they supervise, so that the overseers, now become farmers or undertakers, give the labourers for working on the land or farm another third of the produce for their food, clothing and other requirements, such as they had when the owner employed them; suppose further that the owner makes a bargain with the overseers of the mechanics for the food and other things that he gave them, that he makes the overseers become master-craftsmen, fixes a common measure, like silver, to settle the price at which the farmers will supply them with wool and they will supply him with cloth, and that the prices are such as to give the master-craftsmen the same advantages and enjoyments as they had when overseers, and the journeymen mechanics will be settled by the day or by the piece: the merchandise which they have made, hats, stockings, shoes, clothes, etc. will be sold to the landowner, the farmers, the labourers, and the other mechanics reciprocally at a price which leaves to all of them the same advantages as before; and the farmers will sell, at a proportionate price, their produce and raw material.

It will then come to pass that the overseers become undertakers, will be the absolute masters of those who work under them, and will have more care and satisfaction in working on their own account. We suppose then that after this change all the people on this large estate live just as they did before, and so all the portions and farms of this great estate will be put to the same use as it formerly was.

For if some of the farmers sowed more corn than usual they must feed fewer sheep, and have less wool and mutton to sell. Then there will be too much corn and too little wool for the consumption of the inhabitants. Wool will therefore be dear, which will force the inhabitants to wear their clothes longer than usual, and there will be too much corn and a surplus for the next year. As we suppose that the landowner has stipulated for the payment in silver of the third of the produce of the farm to be paid to him, the farmers who have too much corn and too little wool, will not be able to pay him his rent. If he excuses them they will take care the next year to have less corn and more wool, for farmers always take care to use their land for the production of those things which they think will fetch the best price at market. If, however, next year they have too much wool and too little corn for the demand, they will not fail to change from year to year the use of the land till they arrive at proportioning their production pretty well to the consumption of the inhabitants. So a farmer who has arrived at about the proportion of consumption will have part of his farm in grass, for hay, another for corn, wool and so on, and he will not change his plan unless he sees some considerable change in the demand; but in this example we have supposed that all the people live in the same way as when the landowner cultivated the land for himself, and consequently the farmers will employ the land for the same purposes as before.

The owner, who has at his disposal the third of the produce of the land, is the principal agent in the changes which may occur in demand. Labourers and mechanics who live from day to day change their mode of living only from necessity. If a few farmers, master craftsmen or other undertakers in easy circumstances vary their expense and consumption they always take as their model the lords and owners of the land. They imitate them in their clothing, meals, and mode of life. If the landowners please to wear fine linen, silk, or lace, the demand for these merchandises will be greater than that of the proprietors for themselves.

If a lord or owner who has let out all his lands to farm, take the fancy to change considerably his mode of living; if for instance he decreases the number of his domestic servants and increases the number of his horses: not only will his servants be forced to leave the estate in question but also a proportionate number of artisans and of labourers who worked to maintain them. The portion of land which was used to maintain these inhabitants will be laid down to grass for the new horses, and if all landowners in the state did the like they would soon increase the number of horses and diminish the number of men.

When a landowner has dismissed a great number of domestic servants, and increased the number of his horses, there will be too much corn for the needs of the inhabitants, and so the corn will be cheap and the hay dear. In consequence the farmers will increase their grass land and diminish their corn to proportion it to the demand. In this way the fancies or fashions of landowners determine the use of the land and bring about the variations of demand which cause the variations of market prices. If all the landowners of a state cultivated their own estates they would use them to produce what they want; and as the variations of demand are chiefly caused by their mode of living the prices which they offer in the market decide the farmers to all the changes which they make in the employment and use of the land.

I do not consider here the variations in market prices which may arise from the good or bad harvest of the year, or the extraordinary consumption which may occur from foreign troops or other accidents, so as not to complicate my subject, considering only a state in its natural and uniform condition.

Chapter 15 The increase and decrease of the number of people in a state chiefly depend on the taste, the fashions, and the modes of living of the proprietors of land

Experience shows that trees, plants and other vegetables can be increased to any quantity which the extent of ground laid out for them can support.

The same experience shows that all kinds of the animal creation are to be multiplied to any quantity which the land allotted to them can support. Horses, cattle, sheep can easily be multiplied up to the number that the land will support. The fields which serve for this support may be improved by irrigation as in Milan. Hay may be saved and cattle fed in sheds and raised in larger numbers than if they were left in the fields. Sheep may be fed on turnips, as in England, by which means an acre of land will go further for their nourishment than if it were pasture. In a word, we can multiply all sorts of animals in such numbers as we wish to maintain even to infinity if we could find lands to infinity to nourish them; and the multiplication of animals has no other bounds than the greater or less means allotted for their subsistence. It is not to be doubted that if all land were devoted to the simple sustenance of man the race would increase up to the number that the land would support in the manner to be explained.

There is no country where population is carried to a greater height than in China. The common people are supported by rice and rice water; in the southern provinces they have three plentiful harvests of rice yearly, thanks to their great attention to agriculture. The land is never fallow and yields a hundredfold every year. Those who are clothed have generally clothing of cotton, which needs so little land for its production that an acre of land, it seems, is capable of producing a quantity full sufficient for the clothing of five hundred grown-up persons. The Chinese by their custom are obliged to marry, and bring up as many children as their means of subsistence will afford. They look upon it as a crime to lay land out in pleasure gardens or parks, defrauding the public of maintenance. They carry travellers in sedan chairs, and save the work of horses upon all tasks which can be performed by men. By hard and indefatigable labour they draw from the rivers an extraordinary quantity of fish and from the land all that is possible.

Nevertheless when bad years come they starve in thousands in spite of

the care of the emperor who stores rice for such contingencies. Numerous then as the people of China are, they are necessarily proportioned to their means of living and do not exceed the number the country can support according to their standard of life; and on this footing a single acre of land will support many of them.

On the other hand there is no country where the increase of population is more limited than among the Indians in the interior parts of America. They neglect agriculture, live in woods, and on the wild beasts they find there. As their forests destroy the sweetness and substance of the earth there is little pasture for animals, and since an Indian eats several animals in a year, 50 or 100 acres supply only enough food for a single Indian.

A small tribe of these Indians will have 40 square leagues[8] for its hunting ground. They wage regular and bitter wars over these boundaries, and always proportion their numbers to their means of support from the chase.

The Europeans cultivate the land and draw corn from it for their subsistence. The wool of their sheep provides them with clothing. Wheat is the grain on which most of them are fed, but some peasants make their bread of rye, and in the north of barley and oats. The food of the peasants and the people is not the same in all countries of Europe, and land is often different in quality and fertility.

Most of the land in Flanders[9] and part of that in Lombardy[10] yields 18 to 20 fold without lying idle; the Campagna of Naples yields still more. There are a few properties in France, Spain, England and Germany which yield the same amount. Cicero[11] tells us that the land of Sicily in his time yielded tenfold, and the Elder Pliny[12] says that the Leontine lands in Sicily yielded a hundred fold, those of Babylon a hundred and fifty, and some African lands a good deal more.

8 里格（league），旧时一种土地面积测量单位，约等于4400英亩。

9 弗兰德斯（Flanders），欧洲西部一地区，濒北海。

10 伦巴第区（Lombardy），意大利行政区名。

11 西塞罗（Cicero，前106—前43），古罗马政治家、演说家、哲学家。

12 老普林尼（the Elder Pliny，23—79），古罗马作家，共写作品7部，现仅存百科全书式著作《博物志》37卷。

Today land in Europe yields on the average six times what is sown, so that five times the seed remains for the consumption of the people. Land usually rests one year in three, producing wheat the first year

and barley the second.

In the supplement will be found estimates of the amount of land required for the support of a man according to the different assumptions of his manner of living. It will be seen that a man who lives on bread, garlic and roots, wears only hempen garments, coarse linen, wooden shoes, and drinks only water, like many peasants in the south of France, can live on the produce of an acre and a half of land of medium goodness, yielding a sixfold harvest and resting once in 3 years. On the other hand, a grown-up man who wears leather shoes, stockings, woollen cloth, who lives in a house and has a change of linen, a bed, chairs, table, and other necessaries, drinks moderately of beer or wine, eats every day meat, butter, cheese, bread, vegetables, etc. sufficiently and yet moderately needs for all that the produce of 4 to 5 acres of land of medium quality. It is true that in these estimates nothing is allowed for the food of horses except for the plough and carriage of produce for ten miles.

History records that the first Romans each maintained his family on two journaux of land, equal to one Paris acre and 330 square feet or thereabouts. They were almost naked, had no wine or oil, lay in the straw, and had hardly any comforts, but as they cultivated intensely the land, which is fairly good around Rome, they drew from it plenty of corn and of vegetables.

If the proprietors of land had at heart the increase of population, if they encouraged the peasants to marry young and bring up children by promising to provide them with subsistence, devoting their land entirely to that purpose, they would doubtless increase the population up to the point which the land could support, according to the produce they allotted for each person whether an acre and a half or four to five acres a head.

But if instead of that the prince, or the proprietors of land, cause the land to be used for other purposes than the upkeep of the people: if by the prices they offer in the market for produce and merchandise they determine the farmers to employ the land for other purposes than the maintenance of man (for we have seen that the prices they offer in the market and their consumption determine the use made of the land just as if they cultivated it themselves) the people will necessarily diminish in number. Some will be forced to leave the country for lack of employment, others not seeing the necessary means of raising children, will not marry or will only marry late, after having put aside somewhat for the support of the household.

If the proprietors of land who live in the country go to reside in the cities far away from their land, horses must be fed for the transport into the city both of their food and that of all the domestic servants, mechanics and others whom their residence in the city attracts thither.

The carriage of wine from Burgundy to Paris often costs more than the wine itself costs in Burgundy; and consequently the land employed for the upkeep of the cart horses and those who look after them is more considerable than the land which produces the wine and supports those who have taken part in its production. The more horses there are in a state the less food will remain for the people. The upkeep of carriage horses, hunters, or chargers, often takes three or four acres of land.

But when the nobility and proprietors of land draw from foreign manufactures their cloths, silks, laces, etc. and pay for them by sending to the foreigner their native produce they diminish extraordinarily the food of the people and increase that of foreigners who often become enemies of the state.

If a proprietor or nobleman in Poland, to whom his farmers pay yearly a rent equal to about one third of the produce of his land, pleases to use the cloths, linens, etc. of Holland, he will pay for these merchandises one half of the rent he receives and perhaps use the other half for the subsistence of his family on other products and rough manufactures of Poland: but half his rent, on our supposition, corresponds to the sixth part of the produce of his land, and this sixth part will be carried away by the Dutch to whom the farmers of Poland will deliver it in corn, wool, hemp and other produce. Here is then a sixth part of the land of Poland withdrawn from its people, to say nothing of the feeding of the cart horses, carriage horses and chargers in Poland, maintained by the manner of living of the nobility there. Further if out of the two thirds of the produce of the land allotted to the farmers these last imitating their masters consume foreign manufactures which they will also pay foreigners for in raw produce of Poland, there will be a good third of the produce of the land in Poland abstracted from the food of the people, and, what is worse, mostly sent to the foreigner and often serving to support the enemies of the state. If the proprietors of land and the nobility in Poland would consume only the manufactures of their own state, bad as they might be at the outset, they would soon become better, and would keep a great number of their own people to work there, instead of giving this advantage to foreigners: and if all states had the like care not to be the dupes of other states in matters of commerce, each state would be considerable only in proportion to its produce and the industry of its

people.

If the ladies of Paris are pleased to wear Brussels lace, and if France pays for this lace with Champagne wine, the product of a single acre of flax must be paid for with the product of 16,000 acres of land under vines, if my calculations are correct. This will be more fully explained elsewhere and the figures are shown in the supplement. Suffice to say here that in this transaction a great amount of produce of the land is withdrawn from the subsistence of the French, and that all the produce sent abroad, unless an equally considerable amount of produce be brought back in exchange, tends to diminish the number of people in the state.

When I said that the proprietors of land might multiply the population as far as the land would support them, I assumed that most men desire nothing better than to marry if they are set in a position to keep their families in the same style as they are content to live themselves. That is, if a man is satisfied with the produce of an acre and a half of land he will marry if he is sure of having enough to keep his family in the same way. But if he is only satisfied with the produce of five to ten acres he will be in no hurry to marry unless he thinks he can bring up his family in the same manner.

In Europe the children of the nobility are brought up in affluence; and as the largest share of the property is usually given to the eldest sons, the younger sons are in no hurry to marry. They usually live as bachelors, either in the army or in the cloisters, but will seldom be found unwilling to marry if they are offered heiresses and fortunes, or the means of supporting a family on the footing which they have in view and without which they would consider themselves to make their children wretched.

In the lower classes of the state also there are men who from pride and from reasons similar to those of the nobility, prefer to live in celibacy and to spend on themselves the little that they have rather than settle down in family life. But most of them would gladly set up a family if they could count upon keeping it up as they would wish: they would consider themselves to do an injustice to their children if they brought them up to fall into a lower class than themselves. Only a few men in a state avoid marriage from sheer flightiness. All the lower orders wish to live and bring up children who can live like themselves. When labourers and mechanics do not marry it is because they wait till they save something to enable them to set up a household or to find some young woman who brings a little capital for that purpose, since they see every day others like them who for lack of

such precaution start housekeeping and fall into the most frightful poverty, being obliged to deprive themselves of their own food to nourish their children.

From the observations of M. Halley, at Breslau in Silesia, it is found that of all the females capable of child bearing, from 16 to 45 years of age, not one in six actually bears a child every year, while, says M. Halley, there ought to be at least 4 or 6 who should have children every year, without including those who are barren or have still-births. The reason why four women out of six do not bear children every year is that they cannot marry because of the discouragements and difficulties in their way. A young woman takes care not to become a mother if she is not married; she cannot marry unless she finds a man who is ready to run the risk of it. Most of the people in a state are hired or are undertakers; most are dependent and live in uncertainty whether they will find by their labour or their undertakings the means of supporting their household on the footing they have in view. Therefore they do not all marry, or marry so late that of six women, or at least four, who should produce a child every year there is actually only one in six who becomes a mother.

If the proprietors of land help to support the families, a single generation suffices to push the increase of population as far as the produce of the land will supply means of subsistence. Children do not require so much of this produce as grown-up persons. Both can live on more or less according to their consumption. The northern people, where the land produces little, have been known to live on so little produce that they have sent out colonists and swarms of men to invade the lands of the south and destroy its inhabitants to appropriate their land. According to the different manner of living, 400,000 people might subsist on the same produce of the land which ordinarily supports but 100,000. A man who lives upon the produce of an acre and a half of land, may be stronger and stouter than he who spends the produce of five or ten acres; it therefore seems pretty clear that the number of inhabitants of a state depends on the means allotted them of obtaining their support; and as this means of subsistence arises from the method of cultivating the soil, and this method depends chiefly on the taste, humours and manner of living of the proprietors of land, the increase and decrease of population also stand on the same foundation.

The increase of population can be carried furthest in the countries where the people are content to live the most poorly and to consume the least produce of the soil. In countries where all the peasants and labourers are accustomed to eat meat and drink wine, beer, etc. so

many inhabitants cannot be supported.

Sir William Petty, and after him Mr. D'avenant, Inspector of the Customs in England, seem to depart from nature when they try to estimate the propagation of the race by progressive generations from Adam, the first father. Their calculations seem to be purely imaginary and drawn up at hazard. On the basis of what they have seen of the actual birth rate in certain districts, how could they explain the decrease of those innumerable people formerly found in Asia, Egypt, etc. and even in Europe? If seventeen centuries ago there were 26 millions of people in Italy, now reduced to 6 million at most, how can it be determined by the progressions of Mr. King that England which today contains 5 or 6 millions of inhabitants will probably have 13 millions in a certain number of years? We see daily that Englishmen, in general, consume more of the produce of the land than their fathers did, and this is the real reason why there are fewer inhabitants than in the past.

Men multiply like mice in a barn if they have unlimited means of subsistence; and the English in the colonies will become more numerous in proportion in three generations than they would be in thirty in England, because in the colonies they find for cultivation new tracts of land from which they drive the Indians.

In all countries at all times men have waged wars for the land and the means of subsistence. When wars have destroyed or diminished the population of a country, the savages and civilized nations soon repopulate it in times of peace; especially when the prince and the proprietors of land lend their encouragement.

A state which has conquered several provinces may, by tribute imposed on the vanquished, acquire an increase of subsistence for its own people. The Romans drew a great part of their subsistence from Egypt, Sicily and Africa and that is why Italy then contained so many inhabitants.

A state where mines are found, having manufactures which do not require much of the produce of the land to send them into foreign countries, and drawing from them in exchange plentiful merchandise and produce of the land, acquires an increased fund for the subsistence of its subjects.

The Dutch exchange their labour in navigation, fishing or manufactures principally with foreigners, for the products of their land. Otherwise Holland could not support of itself its population.

England buys from abroad considerable amounts of timber, hemp and other materials or products of the soil and consumes much wine for which she pays in minerals, manufactures, etc. That saves the English a great quantity of the products of their soil. Without these advantages the people of England, on the footing of the expense of living there, could not be so numerous as they are. The coal mines save them several millions of acres of land which would otherwise be needed to grow timber.

But all these advantages are refinements and exceptional cases which I mention only incidentally. The natural and constant way of increasing population in a state is to find employment for the people there, and to make the land serve for the production of their means of support.

It is also a question outside of my subject whether it is better to have a great multitude of inhabitants, poor and badly provided, than a smaller number, much more at their ease: a million who consume the produce of 6 acres per head or 4 million who live on the product of an acre and a half.

Chapter 16 The more labour there is in a state the more naturally rich the state is esteemed

In a long calculation worked out in the supplement it is shown that the labour of 25 grown persons suffices to provide 100 others, also grown up, with all the necessaries of life according to the European standard. In these estimates it is true the food, clothing, housing, etc. are coarse and rather elementary, but there is ease and plenty. It may be assumed that a good third of the people of a state are too young or too old for daily work and that another sixth are proprietors of land, sick, or undertakers of different sorts who do not by the labour of their hands, contribute to the different needs of men. That makes half the people without work, or at least without the work in question. So if 25 persons do all the work needed for the maintenance of a hundred others, there remain 25 persons out of the hundred who are capable of working but would have nothing to do.

The soldiers, and the domestic servants in well-to-do families, will form part of these 25; and if all the others are busied in working up by additional labour the things necessary for life, like making fine linen, fine cloth, etc. the state will be deemed rich in proportion to this increase of work, though it adds nothing to the quantity of things needed for the subsistence and maintenance of man.

Labour gives an additional relish to food and drink. A fork, a knife, etc. nicely wrought, are more esteemed than those roughly and hastily made. The same may be said of a house, a bed, a table and everything needed for the comfort of life.

It is true that it is of little difference in a state whether people are accustomed to wear coarse or fine clothes if both are equally lasting, and whether people eat nicely or coarsely if they have enough and are in good health, since drink, food, clothing, etc. are equally consumed whether fine or coarse, and that nothing is left in the state of this sort of wealth.

But it is always true to say that the states where fine cloths, fine linen, etc. are worn, and where the feeding is dainty and delicate, are richer and more esteemed than those where these things are ruder, and even that the states where one sees more people living in the manner of the first named are more highly esteemed than those where one sees fewer in proportion.

But if the 25 persons in a hundred of whom we have spoken were

employed to produce permanent commodities, to draw from the mines iron, lead, tin, copper, etc. and work them up into tools and instruments for the use of man, bowls, plates and other useful objects much more durable than earthenware, the state will not only appear to be richer for it but will be so in reality. It will be so especially if these people are employed in drawing from the earth gold and silver which metals are not only durable but so to speak permanent, which fire itself cannot destroy, which are generally accepted as the measure of value, and which can always be exchanged for any of the necessaries of life: and if these inhabitants work to draw gold and silver into a state in exchange for the manufactures and work which they produce and send abroad, their labour will be equally useful and will in reality improve the state.

The point which seems to determine the comparative greatness of states is their reserve stock above the yearly consumption, like magazines of cloth, linen, corn, etc. to answer in bad years, or war. And as gold and silver can always buy these things, even from the enemies of the state, gold and silver are the true reserve stock of a state, and the larger or smaller actual quantity of this stock necessarily determines the comparative greatness of kingdoms and states.

If it is the custom to draw gold and silver from abroad by exporting merchandises and produce of the state, such as corn, wine, wool, etc. this will not fail to enrich the state at the cost of a decrease of the population; but if gold and silver be attracted from abroad in exchange for the labour of the people, such as manufactures and articles which contain little of the produce of the soil, this will enrich the state in a useful and essential manner. In a great state, indeed, the 25 persons in a hundred of whom we have spoken, cannot be employed to make articles for foreign consumption. A million men will make more cloth, for example, than will be consumed annually in all the mercantile world, because the greater number of people in every country is always clothed from the raw material of the country, and there will seldom be found in any state 100,000 persons employed upon clothing for foreigners. This is shown in the supplement with regard to England, which of all the nations of Europe supplies most cloth to foreigners.

In order that the consumption of the manufactures of a state should become considerable in foreign parts, these manufactures must be made good and valuable by a large consumption in the interior of the state. It is needful to discourage all foreign manufactures and to give plenty of employment to the inhabitants.

If enough employment cannot be found to occupy the 25 persons in a hundred upon work useful and profitable to the state, I see no objection to encouraging employment which serves only for ornament or amusement. The state is not considered less rich for a thousand toys which serve to trick out the ladies or even men, or are used in games and diversions, than it is for useful and serviceable objects. Diogenes[13], at the siege of Corinth[14], is said to have rolled his barrel so that he might not seem idle while all others were at work; and we have today societies of men and women occupied in work and exercise as useless to the state as that of Diogenes. How little soever the labour of a man supplies ornament or even amusement in a state it is worth while to encourage it unless the man can find a way to employ himself usefully.

It is always the inspiration of the proprietors of land which encourages or discourages the different occupations of the people and the different kinds of labour which they invent.

13 第欧根尼（Diogenes，前400?—前325?），古希腊哲学家，强调自足自然的生活，犬儒派因其得名。

14 科林斯（Corinth），古希腊一奴隶制城邦，以淫靡奢华成风闻名。

The example of the prince, followed by his court, is generally capable of determining the inspiration and tastes of the other proprietors of land, and the example of these last naturally influences all the lower ranks. A prince, then, without doubt is able by his own example and without any constraint to give such a turn as he likes to the labour of his subjects.

If each proprietor in a state had only a little piece of land, like that which is usually leased to a single farmer, there would be hardly any cities. The people would be more numerous and the state very rich if every proprietor employed on some useful work the inhabitants supported on his land.

But when the nobles have great landed possessions, they of necessity bring about luxury and idleness. Whether an Abbot at the head of a hundred monks live on the produce of several fine estates, or a nobleman with 50 domestic servants, and horses kept only for his service, live on these estates, would be indifferent to the state if it could remain in constant peace.

But a nobleman with his retinue and his horses is useful to the state in time of war; he can always be useful in the magistracy and the keeping of order in the state in peace time; and in every case he is a

great ornament to the country.

Chapter 17 Of metals and money, and especially of gold and silver

As land produces more or less corn according to its fertility and the labour spent upon it, so the mines of iron, lead, tin, gold, silver, etc. produce more or less of these metals according to the richness of the mines and the quantity and quality of the labour spent upon them, in digging, draining, smelting, refining, etc. Work in silver mines is dear on account of the mortality it causes, since rarely more than five or six years are spent in that labour.

The real or intrinsic value of metals is like everything else proportionable to the land and labour that enters into their production. The outlay on the land for this production is considerable only so far as the owner of the mine can obtain a profit from the work of the miners when the veins are unusually rich. The land needed for the subsistence of the miners and workers, that is the mining labour, is often the principal expense and the ruin of the proprietor.

The market value of metals, as of other merchandise or produce, is sometimes above, sometimes below, the intrinsic value, and varies with their plenty or scarcity according to the demand.

If the proprietors of land and the lower orders in a state who imitate them, rejected the use of tin and copper, wrongly supposing that they are injurious to health, and if they all made use of dishes and utensils of earthenware, these metals would be at a very low price in the markets and the work that was carried on to extract them from the mine would be discontinued. But as these metals are found useful, and are employed in the service of life, they will always have a market value corresponding to their plenty or rarity and the demand for them; and they will always be mined to replace what is lost by daily use.

Iron is not merely serviceable for the daily use of common life but may be said to be in a certain sense necessarily; and if the Americans, who did not make use of it before the discovery of their continent, had found mines of it and known how to use it, they would doubtless have laboured to produce it at any cost.

Gold and silver are capable of serving not only the same purpose as tin and copper but most of the purposes of lead and iron. They have this further advantage over other metals that they are not consumed by fire and are so durable that they may be esteemed permanent

bodies. It is not surprising, therefore, that men who found the other metals useful should have esteemed gold and silver even before they were used in exchange. The Romans prized them from the foundation of Rome and yet only used them as money 500 years later. Perhaps all other nations did the like and only adopted these metals as money long after using them for other purposes. However we find from the oldest historians that from time immemorial gold and silver were used as money in Egypt and Asia, and we learn in the Book of Genesis that silver monies were made in the time of Abraham.

Let us suppose that silver was first found in a mine of Mount Niphates in Mesopotamia. It is natural to think that one or more proprietors of land, finding this metal beautiful and useful, were the first to use it, and willingly encouraged the miner or undertaker to extract more of it from the mine, giving him in return for his work and that of his assistants so much of the produce of the land as they needed for their maintenance. This metal becoming more and more esteemed in Mesopotamia, if the large landowners bought ewers of silver, the lower classes, according to their means or savings, might buy silver cups; and the undertaker of the mine, seeing a constant demand for his merchandise, gave it without doubt a value proportionable to its quality or weight against the other products or merchandise which he took in exchange. While everybody looked on this metal as a precious and durable object and strove to own a few pieces of it, the undertaker, who alone could supply it, was in a manner master to demand in exchange an arbitrary quantity of other produce and merchandise.

Suppose now that on the further side of the River Tigris, and therefore outside Mesopotamia, a new silver mine is discovered, of which the veins are incomparably richer and larger than those of Mount Niphates, and that the working of this new mine which was easily drained was less laborious than that of the first.

The undertaker of this new mine was naturally in a position to supply silver much cheaper than the undertaker of Mount Niphates, and the people of Mesopotamia who wished to have pieces and objects of silver would find it more advantageous to export their merchandise and give it to the undertaker of the new mine in exchange for silver than to take it from the original undertaker. This last, finding a smaller demand, would of necessity reduce his price; but the new undertaker lowering his price in proportion the first adventurer would be obliged to stop his output, and then the price of silver in exchange for other merchandise and produce would be necessarily fixed by that which was put upon it at the new mine. Silver then cost less to the

people beyond Tigris than to those of Mesopotamia who had to bear the cost of a long carriage of their merchandise and produce to obtain silver.

It is easy to perceive that when several silver mines were found and the proprietors of land had taken a fancy to this metal, they were imitated by the other classes, and that the pieces and fragments of silver, even when not worked up, were sought after eagerly, because nothing was easier than to make such articles from them as were desired, according to their quantity and weight. As this metal was esteemed at its cost value, at least, a few people who possessed some of it, finding themselves in need, could pawn it to borrow the things they wanted, and even to sell it later outright. Thence arose the custom of fixing its value in proportion to its quantity or weight as against all products and merchandise. But as silver can be combined with iron, lead, tin, copper, etc. which are not such scarce metals and are minded at less expense, the exchange of silver was subject to much fraud, and this caused several kingdoms to establish mints in order to certify by a public coinage the true quantity of silver that each coin contains and to return to individuals who bring bars or ingots of silver to it the same quantity in coins bearing a stamp or certificate of the true quantity of silver they contain.

The costs of these certificates or coinage are sometimes paid by the public, or by the prince, —the method followed in ancient times at Rome and today in England; sometimes those who take silver to be coined pay for minting as is the custom in France.

Pure silver is hardly ever found in the mines. The ancients did not know the art of refining to perfection. They always made their silver coins of fine silver, and yet those which remain to us of the Greeks, Romans, Jews and Asiatics are never perfectly pure. Today there is more skill, the secret of making silver pure has been discovered. The different methods of refining it are not part of my subject. Many authors have treated of it, M. Boizard among others. I will only observe that there is a good deal of expense in refining silver and for this reason an ounce of fine silver is generally preferred to two ounces which contain one half of copper or other alloy. It is expensive to separate the alloy and extract the one ounce of pure silver which is in these two ounces, while by simple melting any other metal can be combined with silver in any proportion desired. If copper is sometimes used as an alloy to fine silver it is only to render it more malleable and more suitable for the objects made of it. But in the valuation of all silver the copper or alloy is reckoned at nothing and only the amount of fine pure silver is considered. For this reason an assay is always

made to ascertain the amount of pure silver.

Assaying is merely refining a little piece of a bar of silver, for example, to find how much pure silver it contains and to judge the whole bar by this small sample. A small portion of the bar, 12 grains[15] for example, is cut off and nicely weighed in balances which are so accurate that a thousandth part of a grain will sometimes turn the scale. Then the sample is refined by aquafortis or by fire and the copper or alloy separated. When the silver is pure it is weighed again in the same balance and if it then weighs 11 grains instead of 12 the assayer says that the bar is 11 parts fine, i.e. it contains 11 parts of pure silver and 1 of copper or alloy. This will be more easily understood by those who have the curiosity to see assays carried out. There is nothing mysterious about it. Gold is assayed in the same way, with this difference only that the degrees of fineness of gold are divided into 24 parts called carats, since gold is more precious; and these carats are divided into 32 parts, while the degrees of fineness of silver are only divided into twelfths, called deniers[16], and these are divided into 24 grains apiece.

15 格令（grain），英美制最小重量单位，等于0.0648克。

16 丹尼尔（denier），旧时在法国及西欧使用的一种小硬币，原为银质。

Usage has conferred upon gold and silver the title intrinsic value, to designate and signify the quantity of true gold or silver contained in a bar; but in this essay I have always used the term intrinsic value to signify the amount of land and labour which enter into production, not having found any term more suitable to express my meaning. I mention this only to avoid misunderstanding. When gold and silver are not in question the term will always hold good without any confusion.

We have seen that the metals such as gold, silver, iron, etc. serve several purposes and have a value proportionable to the land and labour which enter into their production. We shall see in Part II of this essay that men have been forced of necessity to employ a common measure to find in their dealings the proportion and the value of the products and merchandise they wished to exchange. The only question is what product or merchandise would be most suitable for this common measure, and whether it has not been necessity rather than fancy which has given this preference to gold, silver and copper which are generally in use today for this purpose.

Ordinary products like corn, wine, meat, etc. have a real value and

serve the needs of life, but they are all perishable and difficult to be transported, and therefore hardly suitable to serve as a common measure.

Merchandise such as cloth, linen, leather, etc. is persistable also and cannot be subdivided without in some sort changing their value for the service of man. Like raw produce they cost a good deal for carriage; they even cause expense for storage, and consequently are unsuitable for a common measure.

Diamonds and other precious stones, even if they had no intrinsic value and were esteemed only from fancy, would be suitable for a common measure if they were not susceptible of imitation and if they could be divided without loss. With these defects and that of being unserviceable in use they cannot serve as a common measure.

Iron, which is always useful and fairly durable would not serve badly in default of a better. It is consumed by fire, and is too bulky owing to its quantity. It was used from the time of Lycurgus[17] till the Peloponnesian War[18]: but as its value was necessarily based instrinsically, or in proportion to the land and labour which entered into its production, a great quantity of it was needed for small value. It is curious that its quality was spoiled by vinegar to make it useless for service and to keep it for exchange only. Thus it could serve the austere Spartans alone, and could not continue to do so even with them as soon as they extended their communication with other countries. To ruin the Spartans it needed only to find rich iron mines, to make money like theirs, and to draw in exchange their products and merchandise whilst they could get nothing from abroad for their spoiled iron. At that time they did not concern themselves with any foreign trade, but only with war.

17 莱克格斯（Lycurgus），传说公元前9世纪斯巴达法典的制订者。

18 伯罗奔尼撒战争（Peloponnesian War），公元前431至404年以古希腊斯巴达为首的伯罗奔尼撒同盟与海上强国雅典之间的战争，以斯巴达获胜告终。

Lead and tin have the same disadvantage of bulk as iron and are consumable by fire, but in case of need they would not do badly for exchange if copper were not more suitable and durable.

Copper alone served as money to the Romans until 484 A.U.C., and in Sweden it is still used even in large payments: but it is too bulky for very considerable payments, and the Swedes themselves prefer payment in gold or silver rather than in copper.

In the American Colonies tobacco, sugar, and cocoa have been used as money: but these commodities are too bulky, perishable, and of unequal quality: they are therefore hardly suitable to serve as money or a common measure of value.

Gold and silver alone are of small volume, equal goodness, easily transported, divisible without loss, convenient to keep, beautiful and brilliant in the articles made of them and durable almost to eternity. All who have used other articles as money return to these as soon as they can get enough of them for exchange. It is only in the smallest purchases that gold and silver are unsuitable. Gold or even silver coins of the value of a liard[19] or a denier would be too small to be handled easily. It is said that the Chinese, in small transactions, cut off little pieces with scissors from their plates of silver, and weighed the pieces. But since their trade with Europe they have begun to use copper for such occasions.

19 利亚德（liard），15—18世纪法国和西欧诸国铸造的一种硬辅币。

It is then not surprising that all countries have arrived at using gold and silver as money or a common measure of value and copper for small payments. Utility and need have decided them, and not fancy or consent. Silver requires much labour and dear labour for its production. Silver miners are highly paid because they rarely live more than five or six years at this work, which causes a high mortality: and so a little silver coin corresponds to as much land and labour as a large copper coin.

Money or the common measure of value must correspond in fact and reality in terms of land and labour to the articles exchanged for it. Otherwise it would have only an imaginary value. If for example a prince or a republic gave currency in the state to something which had not such a real and instrinsic value, not only would the other states refuse to accept it on that footing but the inhabitants themselves would reject it when they perceived its lack of real value. When towards the end of the first Punic War[20] the Romans wished to give the copper as, weighing two ozs., the same value as the as of 1 lb. or 12 oz. had before, it could not long be maintained in exchange. The history of all times shows that when princes have debased their money, keeping it at the same nominal value, all raw produce and manufacturers have gone up in price in proportion to the debasement of the coinage.

20 布匿战争（Punic War），古罗马与迦太基争夺地中海西部统治权的战争，以迦太基覆灭告终。

Mr. Locke says that the consent of mankind has given its value to gold and silver. This cannot be doubted since absolute necessity had no share in it. It is the same consent which has given and does give every day a value to lace, line, fine cloths, copper, and other metals. Man could subsist without any of these things, but it must not be concluded that they have but an imaginary value. They have a value proportionable to the land and labour which enter into their production. Gold and silver, like other merchandise and raw produce, can only be produced at costs roughly proportionable to the value set upon them, and whatever man produces by labour, this labour must furnish his maintenance. It is the great principle that one hears every day from the mouths of the humble classes who have no part in our speculations, and who live by their labour or their undertakings. "Everybody must live."

Part II

Chapter 1 Of barter

In Part I an attempt was made to prove that the real value of everything used by man is proportionable to the quantity of land used for its production and for the upkeep of those who have fashioned it. In this second part, after summing up the different degrees of fertility of the land in several countries and the different kinds of produce it can bring forth with greater abundance according to its intrinsic quality, and assuming the establishment of towns and their markets to facilitate the sale of these products, it will be shown by comparing exchanges which may be made, wine for cloth, corn for shoes, hats, etc. and by the difficulty which the transport of these different products or merchandises would involve, that it was impossible to fix their respective intrinsic value, and there was absolute necessity for man to find a substance easily transportable, not perishable, and having by weight a proportion or value equal to the different products and merchandises, necessary or convenient. Thence arose the choice of gold and silver for large business and of copper for small traffic.

These metals are not only durable and easily transported but correspond to the employment of a large area of land for their production, which gives them the real value desirable in exchange.

Mr. Locke who, like all the English writers on this subject, has looked only to market prices, lays down that the value of all things is proportionable to their abundance or scarcity, and the abundance or scarcity of the silver for which they are exchanged. It is generally known that the prices of produce and merchandise have been raised in Europe since so great a quantity of silver has been brought thither from the West Indies.

But I consider that we must not suppose as a general rule that the market prices of things should be proportionable to their quantity and to that of the silver actually circulating in one place, because the products and merchandise sent away to be sold elsewhere do not influence the price of those which remain. If, for example, in a market town where there is twice as much corn as is consumed there, we compared the whole quantity of corn to that of silver, the corn would be more abundant of corn to that of silver, the corn would be more abundant in proportion than the silver destined for its purchase; the market-price, however, will be maintained just as if there were only half the quantity of corn, since the other half can be and even must be, sent into the city, and the cost of transport will be included in the city price which is always higher than that of the Town. But apart

from the case of hoping to sell in another market, I consider that Mr. Locke's idea is correct in the sense of the following chapter, and not otherwise.

Chapter 2 Of market prices

Suppose the butchers on one side and the buyers on the other. The price of meat will be settled after some altercations, and a pound of beef will be in value to a piece of silver pretty nearly as the whole beef offered for sale in the market is to all the silver brought there to buy beef.

This proportion is come at by bargaining. The butcher keeps up his price according to the number of buyers he sees; the buyers, on their side, offer less according as they think the butcher will have less sale: the price set by some is usually followed by others. Some are more clever in puffing up their wares, other in running them down. Though this method of fixing market prices has no exact or geometrical foundation, since it often depends upon the eagerness or easy temperament of a few buyers or sellers, it does not seem that it could be done in any more convenient way. It is clear that the quantity of produce or of merchandise offered for sale, in proportion to the demand or number of buyers, is the basis on which is fixed or always supposed to be fixed the actual market prices; and that in general these prices do not vary much from the intrinsic value.

Let us take another case. Several ma?tres d'h?tels (at Paris) have been told to buy green peas when they first come in. One master has ordered the purchase of 10 quarts for 60 livres[21], another 10 quarts[22] for 50 livres, a third 10 for 40 livres and a fourth 10 for 30 livres. If these orders are to be carried out there must be 40 quarts of green peas in the market. Suppose there are only 20. The vendors, seeing many buyers, will keep up their prices, and the buyers will come up to the prices prescribed to them: so that those who offer 60 livres for 10 quarts will be the first served. The sellers, seeing later that no one will go above 50, will let the other 10 quarts go at that price. Those who had orders not to exceed 40 and 30 livres will go away empty.

If instead of 40 quarts there were 400, not only would the ma?tres d'h?tels get the new peas much below the sums laid down for them, but the sellers in order to be preferred one to the other by the few buyers will lower their new peas almost to their intrinsic value, and in that case many ma?tres d'h?tels who had no orders will buy some.

21 里弗赫（liver），法国旧时流通的货币名，当时价值相当于1磅白银。

22夸脱（quart），干量单位，等于1/32蒲式耳或1/8配克或2干品脱。

It often happens that sellers who are too obstinate in keeping up their price in the market, miss the opportunity of selling their produce or merchandise to advantage and are losers thereby. It also happens that by sticking to their prices they may be able to sell more profitably another day.

Distant markets may always affect the prices of the market where one is: if corn is extremely dear in France it will go up in England and in other neighbouring countries.

Chapter 3 Of the circulation of money

It is the general opinion in England that a farmer must make three rents. The principal and true rent which he pays to the proprietor, supposed equal in value to the produce of one third of his farm, a second rent for his maintenance and that of the men and horses he employs to cultivate the farm, and a third which ought to remain with him to make his undertaking profitable.

The same idea obtains generally in the other countries of Europe, though in some, like the Milanese State, the farmer gives the landlord half the produce instead of a third, and many landlords in all countries try to let their farms at the highest rent they can; but when this is above a third of the produce the farmers are generally very poor. I doubt not that the Chinese landowner extracts from his farmer more than three fourths of the produce.

However when a farmer has some capital to carry on the management of his farm the proprietor who lets him the farm for a third of the produce will be sure of payment and will be better off by such a bargain than if he lets his land at a higher rate to a beggarly farmer at the risk of losing all his rent. The larger the farm the better off the farmer will be. This is seen in England where the farmers are generally more prosperous than in other countries where the farms are small.

The assumption I shall make in this enquiry as to the circulation of money is that farmers earn three rents and spend the third rent on living more comfortably instead of saving it. It is in fact the case with the greatest number of farmers in all countries.

All the produce of the country comes directly or indirectly from the hands of the farmers as well as all the materials from which commodities are made. It is the land which produces everything but fish, and even then the fishermen who catch the fish must be maintained on the produce of the land.

The three rents of the farmer must therefore be considered as the principal sources or so to speak the mainspring of circulation in the state. The first rent must be paid to the landowner in ready money: for the second and third rents ready money is needed for the iron, tin, copper, salt, sugar, cloth and generally all the merchandise of the city consumed in the country; but all that hardly exceeds the sixth part of the total or three rents. As for the food and drink of the country folk

ready money is not necessary to obtain it.

The farmer may brew his beer or make his wine without spending cash, he can make his bread, kill the oxen, sheep, pigs, etc. that are eaten in the country: he can pay in corn, meat and drink most of his assistants—not only labourers but country artisans, valuing the produce at the prices of the nearest markets and labour at the ordinary price of the locality.

The things necessary to life are food, cloths, and lodging. There is no need of cash to obtain food in the country, as I have just explained. If coarse linen and cloths are made there, if houses are built there, as is often done, the labour for all this may be paid in barter by valuation without cash being needed.

The only cash needed in the country is that for the principal rent of the landlord and for the manufactures which the country necessarily draws from the city, such as knives, scissors, pins, needles, cloths for some farmers or other well-to-do people, the kitchen utensils, plates, and generally all that is got from the city. I have already observed that it is reckoned that half the inhabitants of a state live in the cities, and consequently the citizens spend more than half the produce of the land. Cash is therefore necessary, not only for the rent of the landlord, corresponding to one third of the produce, but also for the city merchandise consumed in the country, which may amount to something more than one sixth of the produce of the soil. But one third and one sixth amount to half the produce. The cash circulating in the country must therefore be equal to at least one half the produce of the land, by which means the other half or somewhat less may be consumed in the country without need of cash.

The circulation of this money takes place when the landlords spend in detail in the city the rents which the farmers have paid them in lump sums, and when the undertakers of the cities, butchers, bakers, brewers, etc. collect little by little this same money to buy from the farmers in lump sums cattle, wheat, barley, etc. In this way all the large sums of money are distributed in small amounts, and all the small amounts are then collected to make payments in large amounts, directly or indirectly, to the farmers, and this money large or small always passes in return for services.

When I stated that for the country circulation there is needed a quantity of money often equal in value to half the produce of the land, this is the minimum; and in order that the country circulation should be easily conducted I will suppose that the ready cash which conducts

the circulation of the three rents, is equal in value to two of these rents, or two thirds of the produce of the land. It will be seen later that this supposition is not far from the truth.

Let us now imagine that the money which conducts the whole circulation of a little state is equal to 10,000 ounces of silver, and that all the payments made with this money, country to city, and city to country, are made once a year; and that these 10,000 ounces of silver are equal in value to two of the rents of the farmers or two thirds of the produce of the land. The rents of the landlords will correspond to 5000 ounces, and the whole circulation of the remaining silver between the country people and the citizens, made by annual payments, will correspond also to 5000 ounces.

But if the landlords stipulate with their farmers for half yearly instead of yearly payments, and if the debtors of the two other rents also make their payments every six months, this will alter the rapidity of circulation: and whereas 10,000 ounces were needed to make the annual payments, only 5000 will now be required, since 5000 ounces paid twice over will have the same effect as 10,000 ounces paid once.

Further if the landlords stipulate with their farmers for quarterly payments, or if they are satisfied to receive their rents from the farmers according as the four seasons of the year enable them to sell their produce, and if all other payments are made quarterly, only 2500 ounces will be needed for the same circulation which would have been conducted by 10,000 ounces paid once a year. Therefore, supposing all payments made quarterly in the little state in question, the proportion of the value of the money needed for the circulation is to the annual produce of the soil (or the three rents), as 2500 livres is to 15,000 livres, or as 1 to 6, so that the money would correspond to the sixth part of the annual produce.

But seeing that each branch of the circulation in the cities is carried out by undertakers, that the consumption of food is met by daily, weekly or monthly payments, and that payment for the clothing purchased once or twice a year by families is made at different times by different people; and whereas the expenditure on drink is usually made daily, that on small beer, coal, and a thousand other articles of consumption is very prompt, it would seem that the proportion we have established for quarterly payments would be too high and that the circulation of a land produce of 15,000 ounces of silver in value could be conducted with much less than 2500 ozs. of silver in ready money.

As however the farmers have to make large payments to the landlords at least every quarter and the taxes which the prince or the state collects upon consumption are accumulated by the collectors to make large payments to the Receivers-General, there must be enough ready cash in circulation to make these large payments without difficulty, without hindering the circulation of currency for the food and clothing of the people.

It will be seen from this that the proportion of the amount of money needed for circulation in a state is not incomprehensible, and that this amount may be greater or less in a state according to the mode of living and the rapidity of payments. But it is very difficult to lay down anything definite as regards this quantity in general, as the proportion may differ in different countries, and it is only conjectural when I say that "the real cash or money necessary to carry on the circulation and exchange in a state is about equal in value to one third of all the annual rents of the proprietors of the said state."

Whether money be scarce or plenty in a State this proportion will not change much because where money is abundant Land is let at higher Rents, and where money is scarce at lower Rents. This will be found to be the case at all times. But it usually happens in States where money is scarcer that there is more Barter than in those where Money is plentiful, and circulation is more prompt and less sluggish than in those where Money is not so scarce. Thus it is always necessary in estimating the amount of money in circulation to take into account the rapidity of its circulation.

Supposing the money in circulation equal to the third of all the rents of the landowners and these rents equal to the third of the annual produce of the land, it follows that "the money circulating in a state is equal in value to the ninth part of all the annual produce of the soil."

Sir Wm. Petty, in a manuscript of 1685, supposes frequently that the money in circulation is equal to one tenth of the produce of the soil. He gives no reason. I suppose it is an opinion which he formed from experience and from his practical knowledge both of the money then circulating in Ireland (a great part of the land of which country he had measured as a surveyor) and of the produce which he estimated roughly from observation. I am not far removed from his conclusion,but I have preferred to compare the money in circulation to the landlords' rents (ordinarily paid in money and easily ascertainable by a uniform land tax) rather than to the products of the soil, the prices of which vary daily in the markets, and a large part of which is consumed without entering into the market. In the next

chapter I shall give several reasons, supported by examples, to confirm my conclusion. I think it useful, even if not mathematically exact in each country. It is enough if it is near the truth and if it prevents the governors of states from forming extravagant ideas of the amount of money in circulation. There is no branch of knowledge in which one is more subject to error than statistics when they are left to imagination, and none more demonstrable when they are based upon detailed facts.

Some cities and states which have no land belonging to them subsist by exchanging their labour or manufactures for the produce of the land of others. Such are Hamburg, Danzig[23], several other cities of the Empire, and even a part of Holland. In these states it seems more difficult to estimate the circulation. But if we could estimate the amount of foreign land which furnishes their subsistence, the calculation would probably not differ from that I have made for the other states which live chiefly on their own produce and are the subject of this essay.

23 但泽市（Danzig），波兰北部港市格但斯克的旧称。

As to the cash needed to carry on foreign trade it seems that no more is required than what is in circulation in the state when the balance of foreign trade is equal, that is when the products and merchandise sent abroad are equal in value to those imported.

If France sends cloth to Holland and receives from her spices, of equal value, the landowner who consumes these spices pays the value of them to the grocer, who pays the same amount to the clothmaker, to whom it is due in Holland for the cloth he has sent there. This is done by bills of exchange which will be explained later. These two money payments take place in France apart from the rent of the landowner, and no money leaves France on that account. All other classes of society who consume Dutch spices, similarly pay the grocer, viz. those who live on the first rent, that is the landowners, pay from this rent, and those who live on the other two rents in country or in city pay the grocer directly or indirectly out of the money which conducts the circulation of these rents. The grocer again pays this money to the manufacturer for his bill upon Holland, and no increase of money is needed for circulation in the state because of foreign trade when the balance is equal. But if it is not equal, if more merchandise is sold to Holland than is bought back, or vice versa, money is needed for the surplus which Holland must send to France or France to Holland. This will increase or diminish the amount of money circulating in France.

It may even occur that when the balance with the foreigner is equal to

the trade with him may retard the circulation of ready money and therefore require a greater quantity of money by reason of this commerce.

For example, if the French ladies who wear French stuffs wish to wear Dutch velvets, which are paid for by the cloth sent to Holland, they will pay for these velvets to the merchants who imported them from Holland, and these Merchants will pay the manufacturers of cloth. The money thus passes through more hands than if these ladies took their money to the manufacturers of cloth and contented themselves with the fabrics of France. When the same money passes through the hands of several undertakers the rapidity of circulation is slowed down. But it is difficult to make an exact estimate of this sort of delay which depends upon various circumstances. Thus, in our present example, if the ladies pay the merchant for the velvet today, and the merchant pays the manufacturer tomorrow for his bill on Holland, if the manufacturer pays the wool merchant the next day and this last pays the farmer the day after, it is possible that the farmer will keep the money in hand more than two months to make up the quarter's rent which he must pay his landlord. This money might in two months have circulated through the hands of a hundred undertakers without locking up the circulating medium needed by the state.

After all, the principal rent of the landowner must be considered to be the most necessary and considerable branch of the money in regard to circulation. If he lives in the city and the farmer sells in the same city all his produce and buys there all the merchandise necessary for country use, the ready money may always remain in the city. The farmer will sell there produce exceeding half the output of his farm; he will pay his landlord in the same city the money value of one third of his produce and the rest to merchants or undertakers for merchandise to be consumed in the country. Even here, however, as the farmer sells his produce for lump sums, which are subsequently distributed in retail purchases, and are again collected to serve for lump payments to the farmers, the circulation has always the same effect (subject to its rapidity) as if the farmer took to the country the money received for his produce and sent it back again to the city.

The circulation consists always of this, that the large sums which the farmer receives on the sale of his produce are split up in detail and then brought together again to make large payments. Whether this money go partly out of the city or remain there entirely it may be regarded as the circulating medium between city and country. All the circulation takes place between the inhabitants of the state, and they are all fed and maintained in every way from the produce of the soil

and raw materials of the country.

It is true that the wool, for example, which is brought from the country, when made up into cloth in the city is worth four times its former value. But this increase of value, which is the price of the labour of the workmen and manufactures in the city, is exchanged for the country produce which serves for their maintenance.

Chapter 4 Further reflection on the rapidity or slowness of the circulation of money in exchange

Let us suppose that the farmer pays 1300 ounces of silver a quarter to his landlord, who pays out of it every week 100 ounces to the baker, butcher, etc. and that these every week pay the farmer these hundred ounces, so that the farmer collects every week as much money as the landlord spends. In this case there will be only 100 ounces in constant circulation, the other 1200 ounces will remain in hand partly with the landlord and partly with the farmer.

But it rarely happens that the landlords spend their rents in a fixed and regular proportion. In London as soon as a landlord receives his rent he puts most of it into the hands of a goldsmith or banker, who lends it at interest, so that this part is in circulation. Or else the landlord spends a good part of it upon various things needful for his household, and before he gets his next quarter's rent he will perhaps borrow money. Thus the money of the first quarter's rent will circulate in a thousand ways before it can be brought together again and replaced in the hands of the farmer to serve to pay his second quarter.

When the time for paying this second quarter has come the farmer will sell his produce in large amounts, and those who buy his cattle, corn, hay, etc. will already have collected in detail the price of them. The money of the first quarter will thus have circulated in the rivulets of small traffic for nearly three months, before being collected by the retail dealers, and these will give it to the farmer who will pay his second quarter therewith. It would seem from this that less ready money than we have supposed would suffice for the circulation of a state.

Barters made by evaluation do not all call for much ready cash. If a brewer supplies a clothier with the beer for his family, and if the clothier in turn supplies the brewer with the clothes he needs, both at the market price current on the day of delivery, the only ready money needed between these two traders is the amount of the difference between the two transactions.

If a merchant in a market town sends to a correspondent in the city country produce for sale, and if the latter sends back to the former the city merchandise consumed in the country, the business lasting the whole year between these two dealers, and mutual confidence leading them to place to their accounts their produce and merchandise at their respective market prices, the only real money needed for this

commerce will be the balance which one owes to the other at the end of the year. Even then this balance may be carried forward to the next year, without the actual payment of any money. All the undertakers of a city, who have continually business with each other, may practise this method. And these exchanges by valuation seem to economise much cash in circulation, or at least to accelerate its movement by making it unnecessary in several hands through which it would need to pass without this confidence and this method of exchange by valuation. It is not without reason that it is commonly said commercial credit makes money less scarce.

The goldsmiths and public bankers, whose notes pass current in payment like ready money, contribute also to the speed of circulation, which would be retarded if money were needed in all the payments for which these notes suffice: and although these goldsmiths and bankers always keep in hand a good part of the actual money they have received for their notes, they also put into circulation a considerable amount of this actual money as I shall explain later in dealing with public banks.

All these reflections seem to prove that the circulation of a state could be conducted with much less actual money than I have supposed necessary; but the following inductions appear to counterbalance them and to contribute to the slowing down of the circulation.

I will first observe that all country produce is furnished by labour which may possibly, as already often suggested, be carried on with little or no actual money. But all merchandise is made in cities or market towns by the labour of men who must be paid in actual money. If a house has cost 100,000 ounces of silver to build, all this sum or the greatest part of it, must have been paid every week in small amounts to the brick-maker, masons, carpenters, etc. directly or indirectly. The expense of the humble families, who are always the most in number in a city, is necessarily made with actual money. In these small exchanges credit, book debts, and bills cannot have a place. The merchants or retailers demand cash for the things they supply: or if they give credit to a family for a few days or months they require a substantial money payment. A carriage builder who sells a carriage for 400 ounces of silver in notes, will have to change them into actual money to pay for all the materials and the men who have worked on his carriage if they have worked on credit, or, if he has paid them already, to start a new one. The sale of the carriage will leave him his profit and he will spend this to maintain his family. He could not be satisfied with notes unless he can put something aside or lay it out at interest.

The consumption of the inhabitants of a state is, in a sense, entirely for food. lodging, clothing, furniture, etc. correspond to the food of the men who have worked upon them; and in the cities all drink and food are of necessity paid for in hard cash. In the families of landowners in the city food is paid for every day or every week: wine in their families is paid for every week or every month; hats, stockings, shoes, etc. are ordinarily paid for in actual money, at least the payments correspond to cash for the men who have worked upon them. All the sums which serve to pay large amounts are divided, distributed, and spread in small payments corresponding to the maintenance of the workmen, menservants, etc. and all these small sums are necessarily collected and reunited by the undertakers and retailers who are employed on the subsistence of the inhabitants to make large payments when they buy the products of the farmers. An alehouse keeper collects by sols[24] and livres the sums he pays to the brewer, who uses them to pay for all the grain and materials he buys from the country. One cannot imagine anything is bought for ready money in a state, like furniture, merchandise, etc. the value of which does not correspond to the maintenance of those who have worked upon it.

24 苏（sol），法国旧时的辅币名，相当于1/20里弗赫。

Circulation in the cities is carried out by undertakers and always corresponds directly or indirectly to the subsistance of the menservants, workmen, etc. It is not conceivable that it can be effected in small detail without cash. Notes may serve as counters in large payments for a certain time; but when the large sums come to be distributed and spread into small transactions, as is always the case sooner or later in the course of circulation in a city, notes cannot serve the purpose and cash is needed.

All this being presupposed, all the classes in a state who practice some economy, save and keep out of circulation small amounts of cash till they have enough to invest at interest or profit. Many miserly and timid people bury and hoard cash for considerable periods.

Many landowners, undertakers and others, always keep some cash in their pockets or safes against unforeseen emergencies and not to be run out of money. If a gentleman makes it his remark that he never had less than 20 louis[25] in his pocket throughout the whole year, it may be said that this pocket has kept 20 louis out of circulation for a year. One does not like to spend up to the last sou, one is glad not to be completely denuded, and to receive a new instalment before paying

even a debt with the money one has.

25 金路易（louis），法国古金币名，1640—1795年使用期间价值约相当于4-4.6美元。

The capital of minors and of suitors is often deposited in cash and kept out of circulation.

Beside the large payments which pass through the hands of the farmers in the quarterly terms of the year there are many others from one undertaker to another in the same terms, and others at different times from borrowers to lenders of money. All these sums are collected in retail trade, are spread abroad anew and come back sooner or later to the farmer: but they seem to require a more considerable amount of cash for circulation than if these large payments were made in different times from those when the farmers are paid for their produce.

In fine there is so great a variety in the different orders of the inhabitants of the state and in the corresponding circulation of actual money, that it seems impossible to lay down anything precise or exact as to the proportion of money sufficient for the circulation. I have adduced so many examples and inductions only to make it clear that I am not far out of the truth in my conclusion "that the actual money necessary for the circulation of the state corresponds nearly to the value of the third of all the annual rents of the landlords." When the landlords have a rent which amounts to half the produce or more than a third, a greater quantity of actual money is needed for circulation, other things being equal. When there is great confidence in the banks and in book credits less money will suffice, as also when the rapidity of circulation is accelerated in any other way. But I shall show later that public banks do not afford so many advantages as is usually supposed.

Chapter 5 Of the inequality of the circulation of hard money in a state

The city always supplies various merchandises to the country, and the landowners who reside in the city should always receive there about a third of the produce of their land. The country thus owes to the city more than half the produce of the land. This debt would always exceed one half if all landowners lived in the city, but as several of the least important live in the country I suppose that the balance or debt which continually returns from the country to the city is equal to half the produce of the land and is paid in the city by half the products of the country transported to it and sold to pay this debt.

But all the countryside of a state or kingdom owes a constant balance to the capital, as well for the rents of the more considerable landowners who reside there as for the taxes of the state or crown, most of which are spent in the capital. All the provincial cities also owe a constant balance to the capital, either for the state, upon houses or consumption, or for the different commodities which they draw from the capital. It happens also that several individuals and landowners who live in the provincial cities go to spend some time in the capital, for pleasure, or for the judgment of their lawsuits in final appeal, or because they send their children thither for a fashionable education. Consequently all these expenses incurred in the capital are drawn from the provincial cities.

It may therefore be said that all the countryside and all the cities of a state owe regularly and annually a balance or debt to the capital. But as it is all paid in money it is evident that the provinces always owe considerable sums to the capital; for the products and commodities which the provinces send to the capital are sold there for money, and with this money the debt or balance in question is paid.

Suppose now that the circulation of money in the provinces and in the capital is equal both in quantity of money and speed of circulation. The balance will be first sent to the capital in cash and this will diminish the quantity of money in the provinces and increase it in the capital, and consequently the raw material and commodities will be dearer in the capital than in the provinces, on account of the greater abundance of money in the capital. The difference of prices in the capital and in the provinces must pay for the costs and risks of transport, otherwise cash will be sent to the capital to pay the balance and this will go on till the prices in the capital and the provinces come

to the level of these costs and risks. Then the merchants or undertakers of the market towns will buy at a low price the products of the villages and will have them carried to the capital to be sold there at a higher price: and this difference of price will necessarily pay for the upkeep of the horses and menservants and the profit of the undertaker, or else he would cease his enterprise.

It will follow from this that the price of raw produce of equal quality will always be higher in the country places which are nearest the capital than in those more distant in proportion to the costs and risks of transport; and that the countries adjacent to seas and rivers flowing into the capital will get a better price for their produce in proportion than those which are distant (other things being equal) because water transport is less expensive than land transport. On the other hand the products and small wares which cannot be consumed in the capital, because they are not suitable or cannot be sent thither on account of their bulk, or because they would be spoiled on the way, will be infinitely cheaper in the country and distant provinces than in the capital, owing to the amount of money circulating for them which is much smaller in the distant provinces.

So it is that new laid eggs, game, fresh butter, wood fuel, etc. will generally be much cheaper in the district of Poitou than in Paris, whilst corn, cattle and horses will be dearer at Paris only by the difference of the cost and risk of carriage and the dues for entering the city.

It would be easy to make an infinite number of inductions of the same kind to justify by experience the necessity of an inequality in the circulation of money in the different provinces of a great state or kingdom, and to show that this inequality is always relative to the balance or debt which belongs to the capital.

If we suppose that the balance due to the capital amounts to one fourth of the produce of the land of all the provinces of the state the best use that can be made of the land would be to employ the country bordering on the capital to produce the kinds of produce which could not be drawn from distant provinces without much expense or deterioration. This is in fact what always takes place. The market prices of the capital serving as a standard for the farmers to employ the land for such or such a purpose they use the nearest, when suitable, for market gardens, pasture, etc.

So far as possible manufactures of cloth, linen, lace, etc. ought to be set up in the remote provinces; and, in the neighbourhood of coal

mines or forests, which are useless by their distance, manufactures of tools of iron, tin, copper, etc. In this way finished manufactures could be sent to the capital with much less cost of carriage than the raw materials to be worked up in the capital and the subsistence of the artisans who would work upon them there. This would save a quantity of horses and waggoners who would be better employed for the benefit of the state. The land would serve to maintain on the spot workmen and useful mechanics; and a multitude of horses would be saved who serve only upon unnecessary transport. In this way the distant lands would yield higher rents to the proprietors and the inequality of the circulation of the provinces and the capital would be better proportioned and less considerable.

Nevertheless to set up manufactures in this way would need not only much encouragement and capital but also some way to ensure a regular and constant demand, either in the capital itself or in foreign countries, whose exports in return may be of service to the capital, to pay for the merchandise which it draws from these foreign countries or for the return of silver in kind.

When these manufactures are set up perfection is not at once attained. If some other province has them better or cheaper or owing to the vicinity of the capital or the convenience of a sea or river communication has their transport considerably facilitated, the manufactures in question will have no success. All these circumstances have to be considered in setting up a manufactory. I have not proposed to treat of them in this essay, but only to suggest that so far as practicable manufactures should be set up in provinces distant from the capital, to render them more considerable and to bring about there a circulation of money less disproportionate to that of the capital.

For when a distant province has no manufactory and produces only ordinary raw materials without water communication with the capital or the ocean, it is astonishing how scarce money is there compared with that which circulates in the capital and how little the best lands produce to the prince and to the proprietors who reside in the capital.

The wines of Provence and of Languedoc sent to the north round the Straits of Gibraltar by long and difficult navigation, after having passed through the hands of several dealers yield very little to the Paris owners of the land.

It is however necessary that these distant provinces should send their produce, in spite of all the drawbacks of transport and distance to the capital or elsewhere either in the state or in foreign countries in order

that the returns should provide for payment of the balance due to the capital. But these products would be mostly consumed on the spot if there were works or factories to pay this balance, in which case the number of inhabitants would be much larger.

When the province pays the balance only with its produce which yields so little in the capital having regard to the expenses of distance, it is evident that the proprietor living in the capital pays the produce of much land in the country to receive little in the capital. This arises from the inequality of money, and this inequality is owing to the constant balance due from the province to the capital.

At present if a state or kingdom which supplies all foreign countries with work of its own manufacture does so much of this commerce that it draws every year a constant balance of money from abroad, the circulation will become more considerable there than in foreign countries, money will be more plentiful there, and consequently land and labour will gradually become dearer there. It will follow that in all the branches of commerce the state in question will exchange a smaller amount of land and labour with the foreigner for a larger amount, so long as these circumstances continue.

But if some foreigner resides in the state in question he will be in about the same situation and circumstances as the proprietor at Paris who has his land in distant provinces.

France, since the erection in 1646 of manufactories of cloth and other works since set up, appeared to trade, at least in part, in the way described. Since the decay of France, England has taken possession of this trade; and all states appear flourishing only by the larger or smaller part they have in it. The inequality of the circulation of money in the different states constitutes the inequality of their respective power, other things being equal; and this inequality of circulation is always respective to the balance of foreign trade.

It is easy to judge from what has been said in this chapter that the assessment by taxes of the Royal Tithe[26], made by M. de Vauban, would be neither advantageous nor practicable. If the taxes on land were levied in money proportionable to the rents of the proprietors, it would be fairer. But I must not wander from my subject to show the inconvenience and impossibility of Mr. de Vauban's proposal.

26 什一税(tithe)，欧洲基督教会向居民征收的一种宗教捐税。

Chapter 6 Of the increase and decrease in the quantity of hard money in a state

If mines of gold or silver be found in a state and considerable quantities of minerals drawn from them, the proprietors of these mines, the undertakers, and all those who work there, will not fail to increase their expenses in proportion to the wealth and profit they make: they will also lend at interest the sums of money which they have over and above what they need to spend.

All this money, whether lent or spent, will enter into circulation and will not fail to raise the price of products and merchandise in all the channels of circulation which it enters. Increased money will bring about increased expenditure and this will cause an increase of market prices in the highest years of exchange and gradually in the lowest.

Everybody agrees that the abundance of money or its increase in exchange, raises the price of everything. The quantity of money brought from America to Europe for the last two centuries justifies this truth by experience.

Mr. Locke lays it down as a fundamental maxim that the quantity of produce and merchandise in proportion to the quantity of money serves as the regulator of market price. I have tried to elucidate his idea in the preceding chapters: he has clearly seen that the abundance of money makes every thing dear, but he has not considered how it does so. The great difficulty of this question consists in knowing in what way and in what proportion the increase of money raises prices.

I have already remarked that an acceleration or greater rapidity in circulation of money in exchange, is equivalent to an increase of actual money up to a point. I have also observed that the increase or decrease of prices in a distant market, home or foreign, influences the actual market prices. On the other hand money flows in detail through so many channels that it seems impossible not to lose sight of it seeing that having been amassed to make large sums it is distributed in the little rills of exchange, and then gradually accumulated again to make large payments. For these operations it is constantly necessary to change coins of gold, silver and copper according to the activity of exchange. It is also usually the case that the increase or decrease of actual money in a state is not perceived because it flows abroad, or is brought into the state, by such imperceptible means and proportions that it is impossible to know exactly the quantity which enters or leaves the state.

However all these operations pass under our eyes and everybody takes part in them. I may therefore venture to offer a few observations on the subject, even though I may not be able to give an account which is exact and precise.

I consider in general that an increase of actual money causes in a state a corresponding increase of consumption which gradually brings about increased prices.

If the increase of actual money comes from mines of gold or silver in the state, the owner of these mines, the adventurers, the smelters, refiners, and all the other workers will increase their expenses in proportion to their gains. They will consume in their households more meat, wine, or beer than before, will accustom themselves to wear better cloths, finer linen, to have better furnished houses and other choicer commodities. They will consequently give employment to several mechanics who had not so much to do before and who for the same reason will increase their expenses: all this increase of expense in meat, wine, wool, etc. diminishes of necessity the share of the other inhabitants of the state who do not participate at first in the wealth of the mines in question. The altercations of the market, or the demand for meat, wine, wool, etc. being more intense than usual, will not fail to raise their prices. These high prices will determine the farmers to employ more land to produce them in another year: these same farmers will profit by this rise of prices and will increase the expenditure of their families like the others. Those then who will suffer from this dearness and increased consumption will be first of all the Landowners, during the term of their leases, then their domestic servants and all the workmen or fixed wage-earners who support their families on their wages. All these must diminish their expenditure in proportion to the new consumption, which will compel a large number of them to emigrate to seek a living elsewhere. The landowners will dismiss many of them, and the rest will demand an increase of wages to enable them to live as before. It is thus, approximately, that a considerable increase of money from the mines increases consumption, and by diminishing the number of inhabitants entails a greater expense among those who remain.

If more money continues to be drawn from the mines all prices will owing to this abundance rise to such a point that not only will the landowners raise their rents considerably when the leases expire and resume their old style of living, increasing proportionably the wages of their servants, but the mechanics and workmen will raise the prices of their articles so high that there will be a considerable profit in buying them from the foreigner who makes them much more cheaply.

This will naturally induce several people to import many manufactured articles made in foreign countries, where they will be found very cheap: this will gradually ruin the mechanics and manufacturers of the state who will not be able to maintain themselves there by working at such low prices owing to the dearness of living.

When the excessive abundance of money from the Mines has diminished the inhabitants of a state, accustomed those who remain to a too large expenditure, raised the produce of the land and the labour of workmen to excessive prices, ruined the manufactures of the state by the use of foreign productions on the part of landlords and mine workers, the money produced by the mines will necessarily go abroad to pay for the imports: this will gradually impoverish the state and render it in some sort dependent on the Foreigner to whom it is obliged to send money every year as it is drawn from the mines. The great circulation of money, which was general at the beginning, ceases: poverty and misery follow and the labour of the mines appears to be only to the advantage of those employed upon them and the foreigners who profit thereby.

This is approximately what has happened to Spain since the discovery of the Indies. As to the Portuguese, since the discovery of the gold mines of Brazil, they have nearly always made use of foreign articles and manufactures; and it seems that they work at the mines only for the account and advantage of foreigners. All the gold and silver which these two states extract from the mines does not supply them in circulation with more precious metal than others. England and France have even more as a rule.

Now if the increase of money in the state proceeds from a balance of foreign trade (i.e. from sending abroad articles and manufactures in greater value and quantity than is imported and consequently receiving the surplus in money) this annual increase of money will enrich a great number of merchants and Undertakers in the state, and will give employment to numerous mechanics and workmen who furnish the commodities sent to the foreigner from whom the money is drawn. This will increase gradually the consumption of these industrial inhabitants and will raise the price of land and labour. But the industrious who are eager to acquire property will not at first increase their expense: they will wait till they have accumulated a good sum from which they can draw an assured interest, independently of their trade. When a large number of the inhabitants have acquired considerable fortunes from this money, which enters the state regularly and annually, they will, without fail, increase their

consumption and raise the price of everything. Though this dearness involves them in a greater expense than they at first contemplated they will for the most part continue so long as their capital lasts; for nothing is easier or more agreeable than to increase the family expenses, nothing more difficult or disagreeable than to retrench them.

If an annual and continuous balance has brought about in a state a considerable increase of money it will not fail to increase consumption, to raise the price of everything and even to diminish the number of inhabitants unless additional produce is drawn from abroad proportionable to the increased consumption. Moreover it is usual in states which have acquired a considerable abundance of money to draw many things from neighbouring countries where money is rare and consequently everything is cheap: but as money must be sent for this the balance of trade will become smaller. The cheapness of land and labour in the foreign countries where money is rare will naturally cause the erection of manufactories and works similar to those of the state, but which will not at first be so perfect nor so highly valued.

In this situation the state may subsist in abundance of money, consume all its own produce and also much foreign produce and over and above all this maintain a small balance of trade against the foreigner or at least keep the balance level for many years, that is import in exchange for its work and manufactures as much money from these foreign countries as it has to send them for the commodities or products of the land it takes from them. If the state is a maritime state the facility and cheapness of its shipping for the transport of its work and manufactures into foreign countries may compensate in some sort the high price of labour caused by the too great abundance of money; so that the work and manufactures of this state, dear though they be, will sell in foreign countries cheaper sometimes than the manufactures of another state where labour is less highly paid.

The cost of transport increases a good deal the prices of things sent to distant countries; but these costs are very moderate in maritime states, where there is regular shipping to all foreign ports so that ships are nearly always found there ready to sail which take on board all cargoes confided to them at a very reasonable freight.

It is not so in states where navigation does not nourish. There it is necessary to build ships expressly for the carrying trade and this sometimes absorbs all the profit; and navigation there is always very expensive, which entirely discourages trade.

England today consumes not only the greatest part of its own small produce but also much foreign produce, such as silks, wines, fruit, linen in great quantity, etc. while she sends abroad only the produce of her mines, her work and manufactures for the most part, and dear though labour be owing to the abundance of money, she does not fail to sell her articles in distant countries, owing to the advantage of her shipping, at prices as reasonable as in France where these same articles are much cheaper.

The increased quantity of money in circulation in a state may also be caused, without balance of trade, by subsidies paid to this state by foreign powers, by the expenses of several ambassadors, or of travellers whom political reasons or curiosity or pleasure may induce to reside there for some time, by the transfer of the property and fortune of some families who from motives of religious liberty or other causes quit their own country to settle down in this state. In all these cases the sums which come into the state always cause an increased expense and consumption there and consequently raise the prices of all things in the channels of exchange into which money enters.

Suppose a quarter of the inhabitants of the state consume daily meat, wine, beer, etc. and supply themselves frequency with cloths, Linen, etc. before the increase in money, but that after the increase a third or half of the inhabitants consume these same things, the prices of them will not fail to rise, and the dearness of meat will induce several of those who formed a quarter of the state to consume less of it than usual. A man who eats three pounds of meat a day will manage with two pounds, but he feels the reduction, while the other half of the inhabitants who ate hardly any meat will not feel the reduction. Bread will in truth go up gradually because of this increased consumption, as I have often suggested, but it will be less dear in proportion than meat. The increased price of meat causes diminished consumption on the part of a small section of the people, and so is felt; but the increased price of bread diminishes the share of all the inhabitants, and so is less felt. If 100,000 extra people come to live in a state of 10 millions of inhabitants, their extra consumption of bread will amount to only 1 pound in 100 which must be subtracted from the old inhabitants; but when a man instead of 100 pounds of bread consumes 99 for his subsistence he hardly feels this reduction.

When the consumption of meat increases the farmers add to their pastures to get more meat, and this diminishes the arable land and consequently the amount of corn. But what generally causes meat to become dearer in proportion than bread is that ordinarily the free import of foreign corn is permitted while the import of cattle is

absolutely forbidden, as in England, or heavy import duties are imposed as in other states. This is the reason why the rents of meadows and pastures go up in England, in the abundance of money, to three times more than the rents of arable land.

There is no doubt that ambassadors, travellers, and families who come to settle in the state, increase consumption there and that prices rise in all the channels of exchange where money is introduced.

As to subsidies which the state has received from foreign powers, either they are hoarded for state necessities or are put into circulation. If we suppose them hoarded they do not concern my argument for I am considering only money in circulation. Hoarded money, plate, church treasures, etc. are wealth which the state turns to service in extremity, but are of no present utility. If the state puts into circulation the subsidies in question it can only be by spending them and this will very certainly increase consumption and send up all prices. Whoever receives this money will set it in motion in the principal affair of life, which is the food, either of himself or of some other, since to this everything corresponds directly or indirectly.

Chapter 7 Continuation of the same subject

As gold, silver, and copper have an intrinsic value proportionable to the land and labour which enter into their production at the mines added to the cost of their importation or introduction into states which have no mines, the quantity of money, as of all other commodities, determines its value in the bargaining of the market against other things.

If England begins for the first time to make use of gold, silver, and copper in exchanges money will be valued according to the quantity of it in circulation proportionably to its power of exchange against all other merchandise and produce, and their value will be arrived at roughly by the altercations of the markets. On the footing of this estimation the landowners and undertakers will fix the wages of their domestic servants and workmen at so much a day or a year, so that they and their families may be able to live on the wages they receive.

Suppose now that the residence of ambassadors and foreign travellers in England have introduced as much money into the circulation there as there was before; this money will at first pass into the hands of various mechanics, domestic servants, undertakers and others who have had a share in providing the equipages, amusements, etc. of these foreigners; the manufacturers, farmers, and other undertakers will feel the effect of this increase of money which will habituate a great number of people to a larger expense than before, and this will in consequence send up market prices. Even the children of these undertakers and mechanics will embark upon new expense: in this abundance of money their Fathers will give them a little money for their petty pleasures, and with this they will buy cakes and patties, and this new quantity of money will spread itself in such a way that many who lived without handling money will now have some. Many purchases which used to be made on credit will now be made for cash, and there will therefore be greater rapidity in the circulation of money in England than there was before.

From all this I conclude that by doubling the quantity of money in a state the prices of products and merchandise are not always doubled. A river which runs and winds about in its bed will not flow with double the speed when the amount of its water is doubled.

The proportion of the dearness which the increased quantity of money brings about in the state will depend on the turn which this money will impart to consumption and circulation. Through whatever hands

the money which is introduced may pass it will naturally increase the consumption; but this consumption will be more or less great according to circumstances. It will be directed more or less to certain kinds of products or merchandise according to the idea of those who acquire the money. Market prices will rise more for certain things than for others however abundant the money may be. In England the price of meat might be tripled while the price of corn went up only one fourth.

In England it is always permitted to bring in corn from foreign countries, but not cattle. For this reason however great the increase of hard money may be in England the price of corn can only be raised above the price in other countries where money is scarce by the cost and risks of importing corn from these foreign countries.

It is not the same with the price of cattle, which will necessarily be proportioned to the quantity of money offered for meat in proportion to the quantity of meat and the number of cattle bred there.

An ox weighing 800 pounds sells in Poland and Hungary for two or three ounces of silver, but commonly sells in the London market for more than 40. Yet the bushel[27] of flour does not sell in London for double the price in Poland and Hungary.

27 蒲式耳（bushel），谷物、水果、蔬菜等的容量单位，在英国等于36.368升，在美国等于35.238升。

Increase of money only increases the price of products and merchandise by the difference of the cost of transport, when this transport is allowed. But in many cases the carriage would cost more than the thing is worth, and so timber is useless in many places. This cost of carriage is the reason why milk, fresh butter, salads, game, etc. are almost given away in the provinces distant from the capital.

I conclude that an increase of money circulating in a state always causes there an increase of consumption and a higher standard of expense. But the dearness caused by this money does not affect equally all the kinds of products and merchandise, proportionably to the quantity of money, unless what is added continues in the same circulation as the money before, that is to say unless those who offer in the market one ounce of silver be the same and only ones who now offer two ounces when the amount of money in circulation is doubled in quantity, and that is hardly ever the case. I conceive that when a large surplus of money is brought into a state the new money gives a new turn to consumption and even a new speed to circulation. But it is

not possible to say exactly to what extent.

Chapter 8 Further reflection on the same subject

We have seen that the quantity of money circulating in a state may be increased by working the mines which are found in it, by subsidies from foreign powers, by the immigration of families of foreigners, by the residence of ambassadors and travellers, but above all by a regular and annual balance of trade from supplying merchandise to foreigners and drawing from them at least part of the price in gold and silver. It is by this last means that a state grows most substantially, especially when its trade is accompanied and supported by ample navigation and by a considerable raw produce at home supplying the material necessary for the goods and manufactures sent abroad.

As however the continuation of this commerce gradually introduces a great abundance of money and little by little increases consumption, and as to meet this much foreign produce must be brought in, part of the annual balance goes out to pay for it. On the other hand the habit of spending increasing the employment of labourers the prices of manufactured goods always go up. Without fail some foreign countries endeavour to set up for themselves the same kinds of manufactures, and so cease to buy those of the state in question; and though these new establishments of crafts and manufactures be not at first perfect they slacken and even prevent the exportation of those of the neighbouring state into their own country where they can be got cheaper.

Thus it is that the state begins to lose some branches of its profitable Trade: and many of its workmen and mechanics who see labour fallen off leave the state to find more work in the countries with the new manufacture. In spite of this diminution in the balance of trade the custom of importing various products will continue. The articles and manufactures of the state having a great reputation, and the facility of navigation affording the means of sending them at little cost into distant countries, the state will for many years keep the upper hand over the new manufactures of which we have spoken and will still maintain a small balance of trade, or at least will keep it even. If however some other maritime state tries to perfect the same articles and its navigation at the same time it will owing to the cheapness of its manufactures take away several branches of trade from the state in question. In consequence this state will begin to lose its balance of trade and will be forced to send every year a part of its money abroad to pay for its importations.

Moreover, even if the state in question could keep a balance of trade

in its greater abundance of money it is reasonable to suppose that this abundance will not arrive without many wealthy individuals springing up who will plunge into luxury. They will buy pictures and gems from the foreigner, will procure their silks and rare objects, and set such an example of luxury in the state that in spite of the advantage of its ordinary trade its money will flow abroad annually to pay for this luxury. This will gradually impoverish the state and cause it to pass from great power into great weakness.

When a state has arrived at the highest point of wealth (I assume always that the comparative wealth of states consists principally in the respective quantities of money which they possess) it will inevitably fall into poverty by the ordinary course of things. The too great abundance of money, which so long as it lasts forms the power of states, throws them back imperceptibly but naturally into poverty. Thus it would seem that when a state expands by trade and the abundance of money raises the price of land and labour, the prince or the legislator ought to withdraw money from circulation, keep it for emergencies, and try to retard its circulation by every means except compulsion and bad faith, so as to forestall the too great dearness of its articles and prevent the drawbacks of luxury.

But as it is not easy to discover the time opportune for this, nor to know when money has become more abundant than it ought to be for the good and preservation of the advantages of the state, the princes and heads of republics, who do not concern themselves much with this sort of knowledge, attach themselves only to make use of the facility which they find through the abundance of their state revenues, to extend their power and to insult other countries on the most frivolous pretexts. And all things considered they do not perhaps so badly in working to perpetuate the glory of their reigns and administrations, and to leave monuments of their power and wealth; for since, according to the natural course of humanity, the state must collapse of itself they do but accelerate its fall a little. Nevertheless it seems that they ought to endeavour to make their power last all the time of their own administration.

It does not need a great many years to raise abundance to the highest point in a state, still fewer are needed to bring it to poverty for lack of commerce and manufactures. Not to speak of the power and fall of the Republic of Venice, the Hanseatic towns, Flanders and Brabant[28], the Dutch Republic, etc. who have succeeded each other in the profitable branches of trade, one may say that the power of France has been on the increase only from 1646 (when manufactures of cloths were set up there, which were until then imported) to 1684 when a number of

protestant undertakers and artisans were driven out of it, and that kingdom has done nothing but recede since this last date.

28 布拉班特（Brabant），西欧昔时一公国，现分属荷兰和比利时。

To judge of the abundance and scarcity of money in circulation, I know no better measure than the leases and rents of landowners. When land is let at high rents it is a sign that there is plenty of money in the state; but when land has to be let much lower it shows, other things being equal, that money is scarce. I have read in an état de la France that the acre of vineyard which was let in 1660 near Mantes, and therefore not far from the capital of France, for 200 livres tournois in money of full weight, only let in 1700 for 100 livres tournois in lighter money, though the silver brought from the West Indies in the interval should naturally have sent up the price of land in Europe.

The author (of the état) attributes this fall in rent to defective consumption. And it seems that he had in fact observed that the consumption of wine had diminished. But I think he has mistaken the effect for the cause. The cause was a greater rarity of money in France, and the effect of this was naturally a falling off in consumption. In this essay I have always suggested, on the contrary, that abundant money naturally increases consumption and contributes above everything to the cultivation of land. When abundant money raises produce to respectable prices the inhabitants make haste to work to acquire it; but they are not in the same hurry to acquire produce or merchandise beyond what is needed for their maintenance.

It is clear that every state which has more money in circulation than its neighbours has an advantage over them so long as it maintains this abundance of money.

In the first place in all branches of trade it gives less land and labour than it receives: the price of land and labour being everywhere reckoned in money is higher in the state where money is most abundant. Thus the state in question receives sometimes the produce of two acres of land in exchange for that of one acre, and the work of two men for that of only one. It is because of this abundance of money in circulation in London that the work of one English embroiderer costs more than that of 10 Chinese embroiderers, though the Chinese embroider much better and turn out more work in a day. In Europe one is astonished how these Indians can live, working so cheap, and how the admirable stuffs which they send us cost so little.

In the second place, the revenues of the state where money abounds, are raised more easily and in comparatively much larger amount. This gives the state, in case of war or dispute, the means to gain all sorts of advantages over its adversaries with whom money is scarce.

If of two princes who war upon each other for the sovereignty or conquest of a state one has much money and the other little money but many estates which may be worth twice as much as all the money of his enemy, the first will be better able to attach to himself generals and officers by gifts of money than the second will be by giving twice the value in lands and estates. Grants of land are subject to challenge and revocation and cannot be relied upon so well as the money which is received. With money munitions of war and food are bought even from the enemies of the state. Money can be given without witnesses for secret service. Lands, produce, merchandise would not serve for these purposes, not even jewels or diamonds, because they are easily recognised. After all it seems to me that the comparative power and wealth of states consist, other things being equal, in the greater or less abundance of money circulating in them hic et nunc.

It remains to mention two other methods of increasing the amount of money in active circulation in a state. The first is when undertakers and private individuals borrow money from their foreign correspondents a interest, or individuals abroad send their money into the state to buy shares or government stocks there. This often amounts to very considerable sums upon which the state must annually pay interest to these foreigners. These methods of increasing the money in the state make it more abundant there and diminish the rate of interest. By means of this money the undertakers in the state find it possible to borrow more cheaply to set people on work and to establish manufactories in the hope of profit. The artisans and all those through whose hands this money passes, consume more than they would have done if they had not been employed by means of this money, which consequently increases prices just as if it belonged to the state, and through the increased consumption or expense thus caused the public revenues derived from taxes on consumption are augmented. Sums lent to the state in this way bring with them many present advantages, but the end of them is always burdensome and harmful. The state must pay the interest to the foreigners every year, and besides this is at the mercy of the foreigners who can always put it into difficulty when they take it into their heads to withdraw their capital. It will certainly arrive that they will want to withdraw it at the moment when the state has most need of it, as when preparations for war are in hand and a hitch is feared. The interest paid to the foreigner is always much more considerable than the increase of

public revenue which his money occasions. These loans of money are often seen to pass from one country to another according to the confidence of investors in the states to which they are sent. But to tell the truth it most commonly happens that states loaded with these loans, who have paid heavy interest on them for many years, fall at length by bankruptcy into inability to pay the capital. As soon as distrust is awakened the shares or public stocks fall, the foreign shareholders do not like to realise them at a loss and prefer to content themselves with the interest, hoping that confidence will revive. But sometimes it never revives. In states which decline into decay the principal object of ministers is usually to restore confidence and so attract foreign money by loans of this kind. For unless the ministry fails to keep faith and to observe its engagements the money of the subjects will circulate without interruption. It is the money of the foreigners which has the power of increasing the circulating currency in the state.

But the resource of these borrowings which gives a present ease comes to a bad end and is a fire of straw. To revive a state it is needful to have a care to bring about the influx of an annual, a constant and a real balance of trade, to make flourishing by navigation the articles and manufactures which can always be sent abroad cheaper when the state is in a low condition and has a shortage of money. Merchants are first to begin to make their fortunes, then the lawyers may get part of it, the Prince and the farmers of the revenue get a share at the expense of these, and distribute their graces as they please. When money becomes too plentiful in the state, luxury will instal itself and the state will fall into decay.

Such is approximately the circle which may be run by a considerable state which has both capital and industrious inhabitants. An able minister is always able to make it recommence this round. Not many years are needed to see it tried and succeed, at least at the beginning which is its most interesting position. The increased quantity of money in circulation will be perceived in several ways which my argument does not allow me to examine now.

As for states which have not much capital and can only increase by accidents and conjuncture it is difficult to find means to make them flourish by trade. No ministers can restore the Republics of Venice and Holland to the brilliant situation from which they have fallen. But as to Italy, Spain, France, and England, however low they may be fallen, they are always capable of being raised by good administration to a high degree of power by trade alone, provided it be undertaken separately, for if all these states were equally well administered they

would be great only in proportion to their respective capital and to the greater or less industry of their people.

The last method I can think of to increase the quantity of money actually circulating in a state is by violence and arms and this is often blended with the others, since in all Treaties of Peace it is generally provided to retain the trading rights and privileges which it has been possible to derive from them. When a state exacts contributions or makes several other states tributary to it, this is a very sure method of obtaining their money. I will not undertake to examine the methods of putting this device into practice, but will content myself with saying that all the nations who have flourished in this way have not failed to decline, like states who have nourished through their trade. The ancient Romans were more powerful in this wise than all the other peoples we know of. Yet these same Romans before losing an inch of the land of their vast estates fell into decline by luxury and brought themselves low by the diminution of the money which had circulated among them, but which luxury caused to pass from their great Empire into oriental countries.

So long as the luxury of the Romans (which did not begin till after the defeat of Antiochus[29], King of Asia about A.U.C. 564) was confined to the produce of the land and labour of all the vast estates of their dominion, the circulation of money increased instead of diminishing. The public was in possession of all the mines of gold, silver, and copper in the Empire. They had the gold mines of Asia, Macedonia, Aquilaea and the rich mines both of gold and silver of Spain and other countries. They had several mints where gold, silver and copper coins were struck. The consumption at Rome of all the articles and merchandise which they drew from their vast provinces did not diminish the circulation of the currency, any more than pictures, statues and jewels which they drew from them. Though the patricians laid out excessive amounts for their feasts and paid 15,000 ounces of silver for a single fish, all that did not diminish the quantity of money circulating in Rome, seeing that the tribute of the provinces regularly brought it back, to say nothing of what praetors and governors brought thither by their extortions. The amounts annually extracted from the mines merely increased the circulation at Rome during the whole reign of Augustus. Luxury was however already on a very great scale, and there was much eagerness not only for curiosities produced in the Empire but also for jewels from India, pepper and spices, and all the rarities of Arabia, and the silks which were not made with raw materials of the Empire began to be in demand there. The money drawn from the mines still exceeded however the sums sent out of the Empire to buy all these things. Nevertheless under Tiberius a scarcity

of money was felt. That Emperor had shut up in his treasury 2 milliards and 700 millions of sesterces[30]. To restore abundance of circulation he had only to borrow 300 millions on the mortgage of his estates. Caligula[31] in less than one year spent all this treasure of Tiberius after his death, and it was then that the abundance of money in circulation was at its highest in Rome. The fury of luxury kept on increasing. In the time of Pliny, the historian, there was exported from the Empire, as he estimated, at least 100 millions of sesterces annually. This was more than was drawn from the mines. Under Trajan[32] the price of land had fallen by one third or more, according to the younger Pliny[33], and money continued to decrease until the time of the Emperor Septimus Severus[34]. It was then so scarce at Rome that the Emperor made enormous granaries, being unable to collect large treasure for his enterprises. Thus the Roman Empire fell into decline through the loss of its money before losing any of its estates. Behold what luxury brought about and what it always will bring about in similar circumstances.

29 安条克三世（Antiochus，前242—前187），塞琉西王国的国王。

30 赛斯特斯（sesterce），古罗马的一种货币，初为银铸，后为铜铸。

31 卡拉古力（Caligula，12—42），古罗马皇帝（37—41），专横残暴，后被刺死。

32 图拉真（Trajan，53?—117），古罗马皇帝（98—117），推行改革，发动侵略战争，向东方扩张领土，直抵波斯湾。

33 小普林尼（the younger Pliny，61—112?），老普林尼的养子，罗马作家。

34 塞维鲁（Septimus Severus，146—221），古罗马皇帝（193—211），吞并美索不达米亚，征服不列颠。

Chapter 9 Of the interest of money and its causes

Just as the prices of things are fixed in the altercations of the market by the quantity of things offered for sale in proportion to the quantity of money offered for them, or, what comes to the same thing, by the proportionate number of sellers and buyers, so in the same way the interest of money in a state is settled by the proportionate number of lenders and borrowers.

Though money passes for a pledge in exchange it does not multiply itself or beget an interest in simple circulation. The needs of man seem to have introduced the usage of interest. A man who lends his money on good security or on mortgage runs at least the risk of the ill will of the borrower, or of expenses, lawsuits and losses. But when he lends without security he runs the risk of losing everything. For this reason needy men must in the beginning have tempted lenders by the bait of a profit. And this profit must have been proportionate to the needs of the borrowers and the fear and avarice of the lenders. This seems to me the origin of interest. But its constant usage in states seems based upon the profits which the undertakers can make out of it.

The land naturally produces, aided by human labour, 4, 10, 20, 50, 100, 150 times the amount of corn sown upon it, according to the fertility of the soil and the industry of the inhabitants. It multiplies fruits and cattle. The farmer who conducts the working of it has generally two thirds of the produce, one third pays his expenses and upkeep, the other remains for the profit of his enterprise.

If the farmer has enough capital to carry on his enterprise, if he has the needful tools and instruments, horses for ploughing, cattle to make the land pay, etc. he will take for himself after paying all expense a third of the produce of his farm. But if a competent labourer who lives from day to day on his wages and has no capital, can find some one willing to lend him land or money to buy some, he will be able to give the lender all the third rent, or third part of the produce of a farm of which he will become the farmer or undertaker. However he will think his position improved since he will find his upkeep in the second rent and will become master instead of man. If by great economy and pinching himself somewhat of his necessities he can gradually accumulate some little capital, he will have every year less to borrow, and will at last arrive at keeping the whole of his third rent.

If this new undertaker finds means to buy corn or cattle on credit, to be paid off at a long date when he can make money by the sale of his

farm produce, he will gladly pay more than the market price for ready money. The result will be the same as if he borrowed cash to buy corn for ready money, paying as interest the difference between the cash price and the price payable at a future date. But whether he borrows cash or goods there must be enough left to him for upkeep or he will become bankrupt. The risk of this is the reason why he will be required to pay 20 or 30 per cent profit or interest on the amount of money or value of the produce or merchandise lent to him.

Again, a master hatter who has capital to carry on his manufacture of hats, either to rent a house, buy beaver, wool, dye, etc. or to pay for the subsistence of his workmen every week, ought not only to find his upkeep in this enterprise, but also a profit like that of the farmer who has his third part for himself. This upkeep and the profit should come from the sale of the hats whose price ought to cover not only the materials but also the upkeep of the hatter and his workmen and also the profit in question.

But a capable journeyman hatter with no capital may undertake the same manufacture by borrowing money and materials and abandoning the profit to anybody who is willing to lend him the money or entrust him with the beaver, wool, etc. for which he will pay only some time later when he has sold his hats. If when his bills are due the lender requires his capital back, or if the wool-merchant and other lenders will not grant him further credit he must give up his business, in which case he may prefer to go bankrupt. But if he is prudent and industrious he may be able to prove to his creditors that he has in cash or in hats about the value of what he has borrowed and they will probably choose to continue to give him credit and be satisfied for the present with their interest or profit. In this way he will carry on and will perhaps gradually save some capital by retrenching a little upon his necessities. With the aid of this he will have every year less to borrow, and when he has collected a capital sufficient to conduct his manufacture, which will always be proportionable to his sales, the profit will remain to him entirely and he will grow rich if he does not increase his expenditure.

It is well to observe that the upkeep of such a manufacturer is small compared with the sums he borrows in his trade or with the materials entrusted to him, and therefore the lenders run no great risk of losing their capital if he is respectable and hard working: but as it is quite possible that he is not so the lenders always require from him a profit or interest of 20 to 30 per cent of the value of their loan. Even then only those who have a good opinion of him will trust him. The same inductions may be made with regard to all the masters, artisans,

manufacturers and other undertakers in the state who carry on enterprises in which the capital considerably exceeds the value of their annual upkeep.

But if a water-carrier in Paris sets up as the undertaker of his own work, all the capital he needs will be the price of two buckets which he can buy for an ounce of silver and then all his gains are profit. If by his labour he gains 50 ounces of silver a year, the amount of his capital or borrowing will be to that of his profit as 1 to 50. That is he will gain 5000 per cent while the hatter will gain only 50 per cent and will also have to pay 20 or 30 per cent to the lender.

Nevertheless a money lender will prefer to lend 1000 ounces of silver to a hatmaker at 20 per cent interest rather than to lend 1000 ounces to 1000 water-carriers at 500 per cent interest. The water-carriers will quickly spend on their maintenance not only the money they gain by their daily labour but all that which is lent to them. These capitals lent to them are small compared with what they need for their maintenance: whether they be much or little employed they can easily spend all they earn. Therefore it is hardly possible to arrive at the profits of these little undertakers. It might well be that a water-carrier gains 5000 per cent of the value of the buckets which serve as his capital, even 10,000 per cent if by hard work he gains 100 ounces of silver a year. But as he may spend on his living 100 ounces just as well as 50, it is only by knowing what he devotes to his upkeep that we can find how much he has of clear profit.

The subsistence and upkeep of undertakers must always be deducted before arriving at their profit. We have done this in the example of the farmer and of the hat-maker, but it can hardly be determined in the case of the petty undertakers, who are for the most part insolvent when they are in debt.

It is customary for the London brewers to lend a few barrels of beer to the keepers of ale-houses, and when these pay for the first barrels to continue to lend them more. If these ale-houses do a brisk business the Brewers sometimes make a profit of 500 per cent per annum; and I have heard that the big brewers grow rich when no more than half the ale-houses go bankrupt upon them in the course of the year.

All the merchants in a state are in the habit of lending merchandise or produce for a time to retailers, and proportion the rate of their profit or interest to that of their risk. This risk is always great because of the high proportion of the borrower's upkeep to the loan. For if the borrower or retailer has not a quick turnover in small business he will

quickly go to ruin and will spend all he has borrowed on his own subsistence and will therefore be forced into bankruptcy.

The fishwives, who buy Fish at Billingsgate in London to sell again in the other quarters of the city, generally pay under a contract made by an expert scrivener, one shilling[35] per guinea[36] or twenty-one shillings, interest per week, which amounts to 260 per cent per annum. The market- women at Paris, whose business is smaller, pay 5 sols for the week's interest on an écu[37] of 3 livres, which exceeds 430 per cent per annum. And yet there are few lenders who make a fortune from such high interest.

35 先令（shilling），1971年前原英格兰货币单位，20先令为1镑，12便士为1先令。

36 几尼（guinea），指1663年英格兰发行的一种金币，等于21先令，1813年停止流通；后仅指等于21先令，即1.05英镑的币值单位，常用于规定费用、价格等。

37 埃居（écu），法国13世纪以来铸造的各种金或银币，尤指5法郎银币。

These high rates of interest are not only permitted but are in a way useful and necessary in a state. Those who buy fish in the streets pay these high interest charges in the increased price. It suits them and they do not feel it. In like manner an artisan who drinks a pot of beer and pays for it a price which enables the brewer to get his 500 per cent profit, is satisfied with this convenience and does not feel the loss in so small a detail.

The casuists, who seem hardly suitable people to judge the nature of interest and of matters of trade, have invented a term, damnum emergens, by whose aid they consent to tolerate these high rates of interest; and rather than upset the custom and convenience of society, they have agreed and allowed to those who lend at great risk to exact in proportion a high rate of interest: and this without limit, for they would be hard put to it to find any certain limit since the business depends in reality on the fears of the lenders and the needs of the borrowers.

Maritime merchants are praised when they can make a profit on their adventures, even though it be 10,000 per cent; and whatever profit wholesale merchants may make or stipulate for in selling on long credit produce or merchandise to smaller retail merchants, I have not heard that the casuists make it a crime. They are or seem to be a little more scrupulous about loans in hard cash though it is essentially the same thing. Yet they tolerate even these loans by a distinction, lucrum cessans, which they have invented. I understand this to mean that a man who has been in the habit of making his money bring in 500 per

cent in his trade may demand this profit when he lends it to another. Nothing is more amusing than the multitude of laws and canons made in every age on the subject of the interest of money, always by wiseacres who were hardly acquainted with trade and always without effect.

From these examples and inductions it seems that there are in a state many classes and channels of interest or profit, that in the lowest classes interest is always highest in proportion to the greater risk, and that it diminishes from class to class up to the highest which is that of merchants who are rich and reputed solvent. The interest demanded in this class is called the current rate of interest in the state and differs little from interest on the mortgage of land. The bill of a solvent and solid merchant is as much esteemed, at least for a short date, as a lien upon land, because the possibility of a lawsuit or a dispute on this last makes up for the possibility of the bankruptcy of the merchant.

If there were in a state no undertakers who could make a profit on the money or goods which they borrow, the use of interest would probably be less frequent than it is. Only extravagant and prodigal people would contract loans. But accustomed as every one is to make use of undertakers there is a constant source for loans and therefore for interest. They are the undertakers who cultivate the land and supply bread, meat, clothes, etc. to all the inhabitants of a city. Those who work on wages for these undertakers seek also to set themselves up as undertakers, in emulation of each other. The multitude of undertakers is much greater among the Chinese, and as they all have lively intelligence, a genius for enterprise, and great perseverance in carrying it out, there are among them many undertakers who are among us people on fixed wages. They supply labourers with meals, even in the fields. It is perhaps this multitude of small undertakers and others, from class to class, who finding the means to gain a good deal by ministering to consumption without its being felt by the consumers, keep up the rate of interest in the highest class at 30 per cent while it hardly exceeds 5 per cent in our Europe. At Athens in the time of Solon[38] interest was at 18 per cent. In the Roman Republic it was most commonly 12 per cent, but has been known to be 48, 20, 8, 6, and at the lowest 4 per cent. It was never so low in the free market as towards the end of the Republic and under Augustus after the conquest of Egypt. The Emperor Antoninus and Alexander Severus only reduced interest to 4 per cent by lending public money on the mortgage of land.

38 梭伦（前630-前560），古雅典政治家、诗人，曾当选执政官，进行经济和政治体制改革。

Chapter 10 Of the causes of the increase and decrease of the interest of money in a state

It is a common idea, received of all those who have written on trade, that the increased quantity of currency in a state brings down the price of interest there, because when money is plentiful it is more easy to find some to borrow. This idea is not always true or accurate. For proof it needs only to be recalled that in 1720, nearly all the money in England was brought to London and over and above this the number of notes put out accelerated the movement of money extraordinarily. Yet this abundance of money and currency instead of lowering the current rate of interest which was before at 5 per cent and under, served only to increase the rate which was carried up to 50 and 60 per cent. It is easy to account for this increased rate of interest by the principles and the causes of interest laid down in the previous chapter. The reason is that everybody had become an undertaker in the South Sea scheme and wanted to borrow money to buy shares, expecting to make an immense profit out which it would be easy to pay this high rate of interest.

If the abundance of money in the state comes from the hands of money-lenders it will doubtless bring down the current rate of interest by increasing the number of moneylenders: but if it comes from the intervention of spenders it will have just the opposite effect and will raise the rate of interest by increasing the number of undertakers who will have employment from this increased expense, and will need to borrow to equip their business in all classes of interest.

Plenty or scarcity of money in a state always raises or lowers the price of everything in bargaining without any necessary connection with the rate of interest, which may very well be high in states where there is plenty of money and low in those where money is scarcer: high where everything is dear, and low where everything is cheap: high in London, low in Genoa.

The rate of interest rises and falls every day upon mere rumours which tend to diminish or increase the security of lenders, without the prices of things in exchange being affected thereby.

The most regular cause of a high rate of interest in a state is the great expense of nobles and landowners or other rich people. Undertakers and master-craftsmen are in the custom of supplying the great houses in all their branches of expenditure. These undertakers have nearly always need to borrow money in order to supply them: and when the

nobility consume their revenues in advance and borrow money they contribute doubly to raise the rate of interest.

On the contrary when the nobility of the state live economically and buy at first hand so far as they can, they get through their servants many things without their passing through the hands of dealers, they diminish the profits and numbers of the undertakers in the state and therefore of borrowers as well as the rate of interest, because this class of undertakers working on their own capital borrow the least they can, and contenting themselves with small profits prevent those who have no capital from embarking in these enterprises on borrowed money. Such is today the position of the Republics of Genoa and Holland, where interest is sometimes at 2 per cent or under in the highest class, whilst in Germany, Poland, France, Spain, England and other countries the easiness and expense of noblemen and landowners always keep the undertakers and master craftsmen of the country accustomed to large profits enabling them to pay a high rate of interest, which is higher still when they import everything from abroad with attendant risk.

When the prince or the state incurs heavy expense, such as making war, the rate of interest is raised for two reasons: the first is that this multiplies the number of undertakers by several new large enterprises for war supplies, and so increases borrowing. The second is because of the greater risk which war always involves.

On the contrary when the war is over risk diminishes, the number of undertakers is lessened and war-contractors ceasing to be so retrench their expenses and become lenders of the money they have gained. If now the prince or state offers to repay part of the debt it will considerably reduce the rate of interest, and this will have a more assured result if part of the debt can be really paid off without borrowing elsewhere, because the repayments increase the number of lenders in the highest class of interest which will affect all the other classes.

When the plentifulness of money in the state is due to a continuous balance of trade, this money first passes through the hands of undertakers, and although it increases consumption it does not fail to bring down the rate of interest, because most of the undertakers then acquire enough capital to carry on their business without money, and even become lenders of the sums they have gained beyond what they need to carry on their trade. If there are not in the state a great number of noblemen and rich people who spend heavily then the abundance of money will certainly bring down the rate of interest,

while increasing the price of goods and merchandise in exchange. This is what usually happens in republics which have neither much capital nor considerable landed property and grow rich merely by foreign trade. But in states which have a large capital and great landowners the money brought in by foreign trade increases their rents, and enables them to incur heavy expenditure which maintains several undertakers and mechanics besides those who trade with the foreigner. This always keeps interest at a high rate in spite of the abundance of money.

When the nobility and landowners ruin themselves by extravagances, the money lenders who have mortgages on their lands often acquire the absolute ownership of them, and it may well arrive in the state that the lenders are creditors for much more money than there is circulating there, in which case one may consider them as subaltern owners of the land and goods mortgaged for their security. If not their capital will be lost by bankruptcies.

In the same way one may consider the owners of shares and public funds as subaltern owners of the revenues of the state devoted to payment of their interest. But if the legislature were compelled by the necessities of the state to employ these revenues for other purposes, the shareholders or owners of public funds would lose everything without the money circulating in the state being diminished on that account by a single liard.

If the prince or administrators of the state wish to regulate the current rate of interest by law, the regulation must be fixed on the basis of the current market rate in the highest class, or thereabout. Otherwise the law will be futile, because the contracting parties, obedient to the force of competition or the current price settled by the proportion of lenders to borrowers, will make secret bargains, and this legal constraint will only embarrass trade and raise the rate of interest instead of settling it. The Romans of old, after several laws to restrict interest, passed one to forbid altogether the lending of money. This law had no more success than its predecessors. The law of Justinian[39] to restrain patricians from taking more than 4 per cent, those of a lower order 6 per cent, and traders 8 per cent was equally amusing and unjust, whilst it was not forbidden to make 50 and 100 per cent profit in all sorts of business.

39 查士丁尼一世（Justinian，483—565），拜占庭皇帝（527—565）主持编撰《查士丁尼法典》，征战波斯，征服北非及意大利等地。

If it is allowable and respectable for a landlord to let a farm to a poor

farmer at a high rental, risking the loss of the rent of a whole year, it seems that it should be permissible to a lender to advance his money to a needy borrower, at the risk of losing not only his interest or profit but also his capital, and to stipulate for so much interest as the borrower will freely consent to pay him. It is true that loans of this character make more people wretched. Making away with both capital and interest they are more impotent to recover themselves than the farmer who does not carry off the land. But the bankruptcy laws being favourable enough to debtors to allow them to start again it seems that usury laws should always be adjusted to market rates, as in Holland.

The current rate of interest in a state seems to serve as a basis and measure for the purchase price of Land. If the current interest is 5 per cent or one-twentieth part the price of land should be the same. But as the ownership of land gives a standing and a certain jurisdiction in the state it happens that when interest is one-twentieth part, the price of land is at a or A, though mortgages on the same land hardly pass the current rate of interest.

After all, the price of land, like all other prices, naturally settles itself by the proportion of sellers to buyers, etc.; and as there will be many more buyers in London, for example, than in the provinces, and as these buyers who live in the capital will prefer to buy land in their locality rather than in distant provinces, they will rather buy land in the vicinity at 1/30 or 1/35 than land at a distance at 1/25 or 1/22. There are often other reasons of expediency affecting the price of land, unnecessary to mention here, since they do not invalidate our explanations of the nature of interest.

Part III

Chapter 1 Of foreign trade

When a state exchanges a small product of land for a larger in foreign trade, it seems to have the advantage; and if current money is more abundant there than abroad it will always exchange a smaller product of land for a greater.

When the state exchanges its labour for the produce of foreign land it seems to have the advantage, since its inhabitants are fed at the foreigner's expense.

When a state exchanges its produce conjointly with its labour, for a larger produce of the foreigner conjointly with equal or greater labour, it seems again to have the advantage.

If the ladies of quality of Paris consume yearly Brussels lace to the value of 100,000 ounces of silver, a quarter of an acre of land in Brabant, which will grow 150 pounds weight of flax, to be made into fine lace in Brussels, will answer this value. This will require the yearly labour of about 2000 people in Brabant for the several parts of the work from the sowing of the flax to the final perfection of the lace. The lace merchant or undertaker at Brussels will advance the capital. He will directly or indirectly pay all the spinners and lace-women and the proportion of the labour of those who make their tools. All those who have taken part in the work will buy, directly or indirectly, their maintenance from the farmer in Brabant who pays in part the rent of his landlord. If in this economy the produce of the land attributed to these 2000 persons be put at 3 acres per head as well for the maintenance of themselves as for that of their families who subsist in part upon it, there will be 6000 acres of land in Brabant employed for the support of those who have worked on the lace, at the expense of the ladies of Paris who will pay for and wear the lace.

The ladies of Paris will pay the 100,000 ounces of silver, each according to the amount she has bought. All this silver must be sent to Brussels in specie, less only the cost of remittance, and the undertaker at Brussels must find in it not only payment of all his advances and the interest of the money which he has perhaps borrowed, but also a profit on his undertaking for the maintenance of his family. If the price which the ladies pay for the lace does not cover all the costs and profits there will be no encouragement for this manufacture, and the undertakers will cease to carry it on or become bankrupt; but as we have supposed this manufacture is continued, it is necessary that all costs be covered by the prices paid by the ladies of Paris, and the

100,000 ounces of silver sent to Brussels if the people of Brabant take no commodity from France to compensate this debt.

But if the inhabitants of Brabant are fond of Champagne wine and consume thereof annually the value of 100,000 ounces of silver, the heading under wine will answer that under lace,and the balance of trade with regard to these two branches will be level. The compensation and circulation will be effected through the agency of dealers and bankers taking a hand in it on each side.

The ladies of Paris will pay 100,000 ounces to him who sells and delivers to them the lace: he will pay them to the banker who will give him one or more bills of exchange on his Brussels correspondent. The banker will remit the money to the wine merchants in Champagne[40] who have 100,000 ounces of silver at Brussels and who will give him their bills of exchange of the same value drawn upon him by his Brussels correspondent. Thus the 100,000 ounces paid for the Champagne wine at Brussels will balance the 100,000 ounces paid for the lace at Paris, and in this way the trouble of sending to Brussels the money received at Brussels will be avoided. This balance is effected by bills of exchange, the nature of which I will try to explain in the next chapter.

40 香巴尼（Champagne），法国东北部一地区，旧译香槟，所产葡萄酒很著名，通称香槟酒。

Meanwhile this example shows that the 100,000 ounces which the ladies of Paris pay for the lace, come into the hands of the merchants who send Champagne wine to Brussels; and that the 100,000 ounces which the consumers of the Champagne pay for this wine at Brussels fall into the hands of the undertakers or lace merchants. The undertakers on each side distribute this money to those whose labour they employ, either on the wines or on the lace.

It is clear from this that the ladies of Paris support and maintain all those who work on the lace in Brabant and cause money to circulate there, and equally that the consumers of Champagne wine at Brussels support and maintain in Champagne not only the vineyard keepers and others who take part in the production of the wine, the cartwrights, farriers, carters, etc. who take part in the transport, and the horses engaged in it, but that they also pay the value of the produce of the land for the wine, and cause a circulation of money in Champagne.

Nevertheless this circulation or trade in Champagne, which makes so great a stir, which maintains the keeper of the vineyard, the farmer,

the cartwright, the farrier, the carter, etc. and which pays precisely as well the rent of the owner of the vineyard as that of the owner of the pastures which serve to feed the carthorses, is in the present case a burdensome and unprofitable trade to France considered in its results.

If the muid[41] of wine sells at Brussels for 60 ounces of silver and if we suppose one acres of vine land produces 4 muids there must be sent to Brussels the produce of 41661/2 acres of land to correspond to 100,000 ounces of silver, and about 2000 acres of pasture and arable for the hay and oats consumed by the cart horses if they are solely employed on this work all the year round. And so there will be about 6000 acres of land abstracted from the maintenance of Frenchmen, and that of the people of Brabant increased by over 4000 acres of produce, since the Champagne wine which they drink saves more than 4000 acres which they would probably use to produce beer for their drink if they did not drink wine. However the lace with which all that is paid for costs the people of Brabant only one quarter of an acre of flax. Thus with one acre of produce allied to their labour, the people of Brabant pay for more than 16,000 acres to the French, their conjoined labour being less. They obtain an increase of subsistence and give only an article of luxury which brings no real advantage to France, since the lace is worn and consumed there and cannot then be exchanged for anything useful. Following the rule of intrinsic values, the land used in Champagne for the production of the wine, the maintenance of the vineyard-keepers, the coopers, the cartwrights, farriers, carters, carthorses, etc., ought to be equal to the land used in Brabant for the production of the flax, the support of the spinners and lace makers, and all those who have taken part in the manufacture of this lace.

41 缪（muid），法国古代容量单位。在巴黎，1缪等于1872公升。

But if money is more abundant in circulation in Brabant than in Champagne land and labour will be dearer there and consequently, valuing in silver both sides, the French will lose still more considerably.

This is an example of a branch of trade which strengthens the foreigner, lessens the number of inhabitants of the state, and without causing any circulating money to leave it weakens the same state. I have chosen it to show more strikingly how one state may be the dupe of another in trade, and the method of judging the advantages and disadvantages of foreign trade.

It is by examining the results of each branch of commerce singly that

foreign trade can be usefully regulated. It cannot be distinctly apprehended by abstract reasons. It will always be found by examining particular cases that the exportation of all manufactured articles is advantageous to the state, because in this case the foreigner always pays and supports workmen useful to the state: that the best returns or payments imported are specie, and in default of specie the produce of foreign land into which there enters the least labour. By these methods of trading states which have very little raw produce are often seen to support inhabitants in great numbers at the expense of foreigners, and large states maintain their inhabitants in greater ease and abundance.

But as great states have no need to increase the number of their inhabitants it is enough to make those who are in it live there on the raw produce of the state with more comfort and ease and to increase the strength of the state for its defence and security. To do so by foreign trade it is needful to encourage as much as possible the export of goods and manufactures of the state in exchange so far as may be for gold and silver in kind. If by abundant harvest it happened that there was in the state much produce over and above the ordinary annual consumption it would be profitable to encourage the exportation of it in return for its value in gold and silver. These metals do not corrupt and disappear like the produce of the land, and with gold and silver one can always import into the state what is lacking there.

It would not however be profitable to put the state into the annual custom of sending abroad large quantities of its raw produce in return for foreign manufactures. It would be to weaken and diminish the inhabitants and the strength of the state at both ends.

But I have no intention of entering into detail as to the branches of trade which should be encouraged for the good of the state. Enough to say that it should always be endeavoured to import as much silver as possible.

The increase in the quantity of silver circulating in a state gives it great advantages in foreign trade so long as this abundance of money lasts. The state then exchanges a small quantity of produce and labour for a greater. It raises its taxes more easily and finds no difficulty in obtaining money in case of public need.

It is true that the continued increase of money will at length by its abundance cause a dearness of land and labour in the state. The goods and manufactures will in the long run cost so much that the foreigner

will gradually cease to buy them, and will accustom himself to get them cheaper elsewhere, and this will by imperceptible degrees ruin the work and manufactures of the state. The same cause which will raise the rents of landlords (which is the abundance of money) will draw them into the habit of importing many articles from foreign countries where they can be had cheap. Such are the natural consequences. The wealth acquired by a state through trade, labour and economy will plunge it gradually into luxury. States who rise by trade do not fail to sink afterwards. There are steps which might be, but are not, taken to arrest this decline. But it is always true that when the state is in actual possession of a balance of trade and abundant money it seems powerful, and it is so in reality so long as this abundance continues.

Infinite inductions might be added to justify these ideas of foreign trade and the advantages of abundant money. It is astonishing to observe the disproportion in the circulation of money in England and in China[42]. The manufactures of the Indies, like silks and printed calicoes, muslins, etc. in spite of a sea voyage of 18 months, are at a very low price in England, which would pay for them with the thirtieth part of her articles and manufactures if the Indians would buy them. But they are not so foolish as to pay extravagant prices for our work while work is done better and infinitely cheaper in their own country. So they sell us their manufactures only for ready cash, which we carry to them annually to increase their wealth and diminish our own. The Indian manufactures consumed in Europe only diminish our money and the work of our own manufactures.

42 原文如此，从上下文推测，此处的中国实际指的是印度。

An American who sells beaver skins to a European is rightly astonished to learn that woollen hats are as serviceable as those made of beaver, and that all the difference, which causes so long a sea journey, is in the fancy of those who think beaver hats lighter and more agreeable to the eye and the touch. However as these beaver skins are ordinarily paid for to the American in articles of iron, steel, etc. and not in silver, it is a trade which is not injurious to Europe, especially since it supports workmen and particularly sailors, who in the needs of the state are very useful, whilst the trade with the manufactures of the East Indies carries off the money and diminishes the workmen of Europe.

It must be admitted that the East India trade is profitable to the Dutch Republic and that she makes the loss of it fall on the rest of Europe by

selling the spices and manufactures in Germany, Italy, Spain and the New World[43], which return to her all the money which she sends to the Indies and much more. It is even useful to Holland to clothe her women and other folk with the manufactures of India rather than with English or French fabrics. It suits the Dutch better to enrich the Indians than their neighbours who might profit by it to oppress them. Moreover they sell to the other peoples of Europe the cloths and small manufactures of their own raw produce much dearer than they sell the Indian manufactures at home where they are consumed.

43 新大陆（New World），指西半球或南、北美洲及其附近岛屿。

England and France would be mistaken to imitate the Dutch in this respect. These kingdoms have at home the means of clothing their women with their own raw material, and though their fabrics are dearer than those of Indian manufacture they should prevent their people from wearing the foreign material. They ought not to permit the falling off of their own articles and manufactures nor become dependent on the foreigner, still less allow their money to be taken away for that purpose.

But as the Dutch find means to sell Indian merchandise in the other states of Europe, the English and French should do the same, whether to diminish the naval power of Holland or to increase their own, and above all to do without the aid of Holland in the branches of consumption which a bad habit has rendered necessary in these kingdoms. It is an evident disadvantage to allow the wearing of Indian fabrics in the kingdoms of Europe which have wherewith to clothe their people with their own products.

Just as it is disadvantageous to a state to encourage foreign manufactures so it is to encourage foreign navigation. When a state sends abroad its articles and manufactures it derives the full advantage if it sends them in its own ships. It then maintains a good number of sailors who are as useful to the state as workmen. But if it leaves the carriage of them to foreign vessels it strengthens the foreign shipping and weakens its own.

Navigation is an essential point in foreign trade. In the whole of Europe the Dutch are those who build ships the cheapest. Timber is floated down to them by river, and the proximity of the north supplies them at less expense with masts, wood, pitch, rope, etc. Their windmills for sawing wood facilitate the working of it. Also they navigate with smaller crews and their sailors live very cheaply. One of their windmills for sawing wood saves the labour of 80 men a day.

Owing to these advantages they would be the only sea carriers in Europe if cheapness only were followed. And if they had enough of their own raw material to form an extensive commerce they would doubtless have the most flourishing maritime service in Europe. But the greater number of their seamen does not suffice without the interior strength of the state, for the superiority of their naval power. They would never arm warships nor sailors if the state had large revenues to build the ships and pay the men: they would profit in everything from extended markets.

England, in order to prevent the Dutch from increasing at her expense their advantage on the sea by this cheapness, has forbidden any nation from bringing into England other merchandise than that of their own growth. In this way, the Dutch being unable to serve as carriers for England, the English have strengthened their own shipping. And though they sail at greater costs than the Dutch the wealth of their overseas cargoes renders these costs less considerable.

France and Spain are maritime states which have rich produce sent to the north, whence goods and merchandise are brought to them. It is not surprising that their shipping is inconsiderable in proportion to their produce and the extent of their seaboard, since they leave it to foreign vessels to bring them all they receive from the north and to take away from them the goods which the states of the north receive from them.These states, France and Spain, do not take into account in their policy the consideration of trade in the way in which it would be advantageous. Most merchants in France and Spain who have to do with the foreigner are rather agents or clerks of foreign merchants than adventurers carrying on the trade on their own account.

It is true that the states of the north are, by their situation and the vicinity of countries which produce all that is needed for building ships, in a position to carry everything cheaper than France and Spain could do. But if these two kingdoms took steps to strengthen their shipping, this obstacle would not prevent them. England has long since partly shown them the example. They have at home and in their colonies all that is needed for the construction of ships, or at least it would not be difficult to get them produced there, and there is an infinity of methods that might be used to make such a policy successful if the legislature or the ministry would concur in it. My subject does not allow me in this essay to examine these methods in detail. I will limit myself to saying that in countries where trade does not regularly support a considerable number of ships and sailors it is almost impossible for the prince to maintain a flourishing navy without such expense as would be capable by itself of ruining the

treasure of his state.

I will conclude then by observing that the trade most essential to a state for the increase or decrease of its power is foreign trade, that the home trade is not of equally great importance politically, that foreign trade is only half supported when no care is taken to increase and maintain large merchants who are natives of the country, ships, sailors, workmen and manufacturers, and above all that care must always be taken to maintain the balance against the foreigner.

Chapter 2 Of the exchanges and their nature

Inside the city of Paris the carriage of money from one house to another usually costs 5 sols per bag of 1000 livres. If it were necessary to carry it from the Fauxbourg St. Antoine to the invalides it would cost more than twice as much, and if there were not generally trustworthy porters of money it would cost still more. If there were often robbers on the road the money would be sent in large amounts, with an escort, at greater cost, and if some one charged himself with the transport at his own cost and risks he would require payment for it in proportion to these costs and risks. So it is that the expense of transport from Rouen to Paris and from Paris to Rouen amounts generally to 50 sols per bag of 1000 livres which in bank language is 1/4 percent. The bankers generally send the money in strong kegs which robbers can hardly carry off because of the iron and the weight, and as there are always mail coaches on this route the costs are not considerable on the large sums sent between these two places.

If the city of Chalons sur Marne every year pays the receiver of the king's taxes, 10,000 ounces of silver on the one hand, and on the other the wine merchants of Chalons and its neighbourhood sell to Paris, through their agents, Champagne wine of the value of 10,000 ounces of silver, if the ounce of silver in France passes in trade for 5 livres, the total of the 10,000 ounces in question will be 50,000 livres both in Paris and in Chalons.

The receiver of taxes in this example has 50,000 livres to send to Paris, and the agents of the Chalons wine-merchants have 50,000 livres to send to Chalons. This double transaction or transport may be avoided by a set-off or as they are called bills of exchange, if the parties get together and arrange it.

Let the agents of the Chalons wine-merchants take (each his own part) the 50,000 livres to the cashier of the Tax Office at Paris. Let him give them one or more cheques or bills of exchange on the receiver of taxes at Chalons, payable to their order. Let them endorse or transfer their order to the Chalons wine-merchants and these will obtain from the receiver at Chalons the 50,000 livres. In this way the 50,000 livres at Paris will be paid to the cashier of the Tax department at Paris, and the 50,000 livres at Chalons will be paid to the wine-merchants of that city, and by exchange or set-off there will be saved the trouble of sending this money from one city to the other. Or else let the wine-merchants at Chalons, who have 50,000 livres at Paris, go and offer their bills of exchange to the receiver of taxes, who will endorse them

to the cashier of the Tax Office at Paris who will collect the amount there, and let the receiver at Chalons pay the merchants for their bills of exchange the 50,000 livres which he has at Chalons. Whichever way this set-off is effected, whether the bills of exchange be drawn from Paris on Chalons or from Chalons on Paris, as in this example ounce for ounce is paid, and 50,000 livres for 50,000 livres, the exchange is said to be at par.

The same method might be adopted between these wine-merchants at Chalons and the agents of the nobility in Paris who have land in the Chalons district, and the wine-merchants or other merchants at Chalons who have sent goods or merchandise to Paris and have money there and other merchants who have drawn merchandise from Paris and sold it at Chalons. If there is a large trade between these two cities bankers will set up at Paris and Chalons who will enter into relations with the interested parties on both sides and will be the agents or intermediaries for the payments which would have to be sent from one of these cities to the other. Now if all the wine and other goods and merchandise which have been sent from Chalons to Paris and have actually been sold there for ready money exceed in value the total receipts of the taxes at Chalons, and the rents which the nobility of Paris have in the Chalons district as well as the value of the goods and merchandise sent from Paris to Chalons and sold there for ready money, by 5000 ounces of silver or 25,000 livres it will be necessary for the banker in Paris to send this amount to Chalons in money. This will be the excess or balance of trade between these two cities. It will, I say, be of necessity sent to Chalons in specie, and this operation will be carried out in the following way or in some similar fashion.

The agents or correspondents of the wine merchants of Chalons and of others who have sent goods or merchandise from Chalons to Paris have the money for these sales in hand at Paris. They are ordered to remit it to Chalons. They are not accustomed to risk it by carriage, they will apply to the cashier to the tax office who will give them cheques or bills of exchange on the receiver of taxes at Chalons up to the amount which he has at Chalons, and generally at par. But as they need to send further sums to Chalons they will apply to the banker who will have at his disposal the rents of the Paris nobility who have lands in that district. This banker will furnish them, like the cashier of the tax office, with bills of exchange on his correspondent at Chalons up to the amount of the funds which he has at his disposal at Chalons and had been ordered to bring to Paris. This set-off will also be made at par, unless the banker tries to make some little profit out of it for his trouble, as well from the agents who apply to him to send their

money to Chalons as from the nobility who have charged him with the transmission of their money from Chalons to Paris. If the banker has also at his disposal at Chalons the value of the merchandise sent thither from Paris and sold there for ready money he will also furnish letters of exchange for this value.

But in our case supposed the agents of the Chalons merchants have still in hand at Paris 25,000 livres which they are ordered to remit to Chalons above all the sums mentioned above. If they offer this money to the Cashier of the Tax Office he will reply that he has no more funds at Chalons, and cannot supply them with bills of exchange or cheques on that city. If they offer the money to the banker he will tell them that he has no more funds at Chalons and has no need to draw, but if they will pay him 3 per cent for exchange he will provide cheques. They will offer one or two per cent and at last 2?, not being able to do better. At this price the banker will decide to give them bills of exchange, that is if they pay to him at Paris 2 livres 10 sols he will supply a bill of exchange for 100 livres on his Chalons correspondent, payable at 10 or 15 days, so as to put his correspondent in a position to make the payment of the 25,000 livres for which he draws upon him. At this rate of exchange he will send him the money by mail or carriage in specie, gold or, in default of gold, silver. He will pay 10 livres for each bag of 1000 livres, or in bank parlance 1 per cent. He will pay his Chalons correspondent as commission 5 livres per bag of 1000 livres or ? per cent, and will keep one per cent for his own profit. On this footing the exchange at Paris for Chalons is at 2? per cent above par, because one pays 2 livres 10 sols for each 100 livres as the commission on exchange.

It is somewhat in this way that the balance of trade is transported from one city to the other through bankers, and generally on a large scale. All those who bear the name of bankers are not accustomed to these transactions and many of them deal only in commissions and bank speculations. I will include among bankers only those who remit money. It is they who always fix the exchange, the charge for which follows the cost and risks of the carriage of specie in the different cases.

The charge of exchange between Paris and Chalons is rarely fixed at more than 2? or 3 per cent over or under par. But from Paris to Amsterdam the charge will amount to 5 or 6 per cent when specie has to be sent. The journey is longer, the risk is greater, more correspondents and commission agents are involved. From India to England the charge for carriage will be 10 to 12 per cent. From London to Amsterdam it will hardly exceed 2 per cent in peace time.

In our present example it will be said that the exchange at Paris for Chalons will be 2? per cent above par, and at Chalons it will be said that the exchange for Paris is 2? per cent below par, because in these circumstances he who will give money at Chalons for a letter of exchange for Paris will give only 97 livres 10 sols to receive 100 livres at Paris. And it is evident that the city or place where exchange is above par is in debt to that where it is below par so long as the exchange continues on this basis. Exchange at Paris is 2? per cent above par for Chalons only because Paris is indebted to Chalons and that the money for this debt must be carried from Paris to Chalons. This is why when exchange is commonly seen to be below par in one city as compared with another it may be concluded that this first city owes a balance of trade to the other, and that when the exchange at Madrid or Lisbon is above par for all other countries it shows that these two Capitals must send specie to other countries.

In all places and cities which use the same money and the same gold and silver specie like Paris and Chalons sur Marne, London and Bristol, the charge for exchange is known and expressed by giving and taking so much per cent above or below par. When 98 livres are paid in one place to receive 100 livres in another it is said that exchange is about 2 per cent below par; when 102 livres are paid in one place to receive only 100 livres in another it is said that the exchange is exactly 2 per cent above par, when 100 livres are given in one place for 100 livres in another it is said that the exchange is at par. There is no difficulty or mystery in all this.

But when exchange is regulated between two cities or places where the money is quite different, where the coins are of different size, fineness, make, and names, the nature of exchange seems at first more difficult to explain, though at bottom this exchange differs from that between Paris and Chalons only in the jargon of bankers. At Paris one speaks of the Dutch exchange by reckoning the écu of three livres against so many deniers de gros of Holland, but the parity of exchange between Paris and Amsterdam is always 100 ounces of gold or silver against 100 ounces of gold or silver of the same weight and fineness. 102 ounces paid at Paris to receive 100 ounces at Amsterdam always comes to 2 per cent above par. The banker who effects the remittance of the balance of trade must always know how to calculate parity. But in the language of foreign exchange the price of exchange at London with Amsterdam is made by giving a pound sterling in London to receive 35 Dutch escalins at the bank: with Paris in giving at London 30 deniers or pence sterling to receive at Paris one écu or three livres tournois. These methods of speech do not say whether exchange is above or below par, but the banker who remits the balance of trade

reckons it up well and knows how much foreign money he will receive for the money of his own country which he despatches.

Whether we fix the exchange at London for English silver in Muscovy roubles, in mark lubs of Hamburg, in rixdollars[44] of Germany, in livres of Flanders, in ducats[45] of Venice, in Piastres[46] of Genoa or Leghorn, in millreis[47] or crusadoes[48] of Portugal, in pieces of eight[49] of Spain, or pistoles[50], etc. the parity of exchange for all these countries will be always 100 ounces of gold or silver against 100 ounces; and if in the language of exchange it happens that one gives more or less than this parity, it comes to the same in effect as if exchange is said to be so much above or below par, and we shall always know whether or not England owes a balance to the place with which the exchange is settled just as in our example of Paris and Chalons.

44 银币（rixdollar），旧时在荷兰、丹麦、德国等国通用。

45 达克特（ducat），旧时在在欧洲许多国家通用的金币或银币名。

46 皮阿斯特（piastre），埃及、黎巴嫩、叙利亚、苏丹等国的辅币名；100皮埃斯特＝1英镑。

47 密尔雷斯（millreis），1911年前的葡萄牙货币单位。

48 克鲁扎多（crusado），旧时葡萄牙发行的上有十字架图形的金、银币。

49 八里亚尔币披索（pieces of eight），旧时西班牙硬币名。

50 皮斯托尔（pistole），西班牙旧银币名，主要在美洲的西班牙殖民地和西印度群岛使用。

Chapter 3 Further explanations of the nature of the exchanges

We have seen that the exchanges are regulated by the intrinsic value of specie, that is at par, and their variation arises from the costs and risks of transport from one place to another when the balance of trade has to be sent in specie. Argument is unnecessary in a matter which we see in fact and practice. Bankers sometimes introduce refinements into this practice.

If England owes France 100,000 ounces of silver for the balance of trade, if France owes 100,000 ounces to Holland, and Holland 100,000 to England, all these three amounts may be set off by bills of exchange between the respective bankers of these three states without any need of sending silver on either side.

If Holland sends to England in January merchandise of the value of 100,000 ounces of silver and England only sends to Holland in the same month merchandise to the value of 50,000 ounces (I suppose the sale and payment made in January on both sides) there will be due to Holland in this month a balance of trade of 50,000 ounces, and the exchange on Amsterdam will be in London in January 2 or 3 per cent above par, or in the language of exchange, the exchange on Holland which was in December at par or at 35 escalins to the pound sterling in London will rise there in January to about 36 escalins. But when the bankers have sent this balance of 50,000 ounces to Holland the exchange on Amsterdam will naturally fall back to par or 35 escalins in London.

But if an English banker foresees in January, owing to the sending into Holland of an unusual quantity of merchandise, that at the time of payments and sales in March Holland will be indebted considerably to England, he may instead of sending the 50,000 écus or ounces due in January to Holland, furnish in that month bills of exchange on his Amsterdam correspondent payable at double usance or two months, the amount of the value to be paid on maturity, and by this method profit on the exchange which in January was above par and in March will be below par, and so gain doubly without sending a sol to Holland.

This is what bankers call speculation, which often causes variations in the exchanges for a short period independently of the balance of trade; but in the long run we must get back to this balance which fixes the constant and uniform rule of exchange. And though the

speculations and credits of bankers may sometimes delay the transport of the sums which one city or state owes to another, in the end it is always necessary to pay the debt and send the balance of trade in specie to the place where it is due.

If England gains regularly a balance of trade with Portugal and always loses a balance with Holland the rates of exchange with Holland and Portugal will make this evident: it will be seen that at London the exchange on Lisbon is below par and that Portugal is indebted to England. It will be seen also that the exchange on Amsterdam is above par and that England is indebted to Holland. But the quantity of the debt cannot be seen from the exchanges. It will not be seen whether the balance of silver drawn from Portugal will be greater or less than what has to be sent to Holland.

There is however one thing which will always show at London whether England gains or loses the general balance of her trade (by general balance is understood the difference of the individual balances with all the foreign states which trade with England), and that is the price of gold and silver metal but especially of gold (now that the proportion between gold and silver in coined money differs from the market rate, as will be explained in the next Chapter). If the price of gold metal in the London market, which is the centre of English trade, is lower than the price at the Tower where guineas or gold coins are minted, or at the same price as these coins intrinsically, and if gold metal is taken to the Tower in exchange for their value in guineas or minted coins, it is a certain proof that England is a gainer in the general balance of her trade. It proves that the gold taken from Portugal suffices not only to pay the balance which England sends into Holland, Sweden, Muscovy, and the other states where she is indebted, but that there remains some of the gold to be sent to the mint, and the quantity or sum of this general balance of trade is known from that of the specie coined at the Tower of London.

But if the gold metal is sold in the London market above the Tower price, which is usually £ 3.18.0 an ounce, the metal will no longer be taken to the mint, and this is a certain sign that so much gold is not drawn from abroad (from Portugal for instance) as must be sent into the other countries where England is indebted. It is a proof that the general balance of trade is against England. This would not be known but for the prohibition in England to send gold coin out of the country. But this prohibition is the reason why the timid London bankers prefer to buy gold metal (which they are allowed to send abroad) at £ 3.18.0 up to £ 4 an ounce for export rather than send out guineas or gold coins at £ 3.18.0 against the law and at the risk of

confiscation. Some of them take this risk, others melt the gold coins to send them out as bullion, and it is impossible to judge how much gold England loses when the general balance of trade is against her.

In France the cost of minting is deducted, usually 1? per cent, i.e. the price for coin is always higher than for uncoined metal. To know whether France loses in the general balance of her trade, it will suffice to know whether the bankers send French coins abroad. If they do so it is a proof that they do not find bullion to buy for export, since the bullion though at a lower price than coined money in France, is of greater value than these coins in foreign countries by at least 1? per cent.

Though the exchanges rarely vary apart from the balance of trade between one country and others, and though this balance is naturally the mere difference in value of the goods and merchandise which the state sends to other countries and receives from them, yet there are often circumstances and accidental causes which cause considerable sums to be conveyed from one state to another without any question of merchandise or trade, and these causes affect the exchanges just as the balance of trade would do.

Such are the sums of money which one state sends into another for its secret services and political aims, for subsidies to allies, for the upkeep of troops, Ambassadors, noblemen who travel, etc., Capital which the inhabitants of one state send to another to invest in public or private funds, the interest which these inhabitants receive annually from such investments, etc. The exchanges vary with all these accidental causes and follow the rule of the transport of silver required. In considering the balance of trade matters of this kind are not separated, and indeed it would be very difficult to separate them. They have very certainly an influence on the increase and decrease of circulating money in a state and on its comparative strength and power.

My subject does not allow me to enlarge on the effects of these accidental causes: I confine myself always to the simple views of commerce lest I should complicate my subject, which is too much encumbered by the multiplicity of the facts which relate to it.

Exchanges rise more or less above par in proportion to the great or small costs and risks of the transport of money and this being granted they naturally rise much more above par in the cities or states where it is forbidden to export money than in those where its export is free.

Suppose that Portugal consumes regularly every year considerable

quantities of woollen and other manufactures of England, as well for its own people as for those of Brazil, that it pays for them partly in wine, oils, etc., but for the surplus payment there is a regular balance of trade remitted from Lisbon to London. If the King of Portugal rigorously prohibits under penalty not only of confiscation but of life the transport of any gold or silver metal out of his states, the terror of this prohibition will in the first place stop the bankers from meddling about sending the balance. The price of the English manufactures will be kept in hand at Lisbon. The English merchants unable to receive their funds from Lisbon will send no more cloth thither. The result will be that cloth will become extraordinarily dear. Though their price has not gone up in England they cease to be sent to Lisbon because their value cannot be recovered. To have these cloths the Portuguese nobility and others who cannot do without them will offer twice the usual price, but as they cannot get enough of them without sending money out of Portugal, the increased price of cloth will become the profit of any one who in spite of the prohibition will export gold or silver. This will encourage various Jews and others to take gold and silver to English vessels in the port of Lisbon, even at the risk of their lives. They will gain at first 100 or 50 per cent in this traffic and this profit is paid by the Portuguese in the high price they give for the cloth. They will gradually familiarise themselves with this manoeuvre after having often practised it successfully, and at length money will be seen to be put on board English ships for a payment of 2 or 1 per cent.

The King of Portugal lays down the law or prohibition. His subjects, even his courtiers, pay the cost of the risk run to circumvent and elude it. No advantage then is gained by such a law, on the contrary it causes a real loss to Portugal since it causes more money of the state to go abroad than if there were no such law.

For those who gain by this manoeuvre, whether Jews or others, send their profits abroad, and when they have enough of them or when they take fright they often themselves follow their money.

If some of these lawbreakers were taken in the act, their goods confiscated and their lives forfeited, this circumstance and execution instead of stopping the export of money would only increase it, because those who formerly were satisfied with 1 or 2 per cent for exporting money will ask 20 or 50 per cent, and so the export must always go on to pay the balance.

I do not know whether I have succeeded in making these reasons clear to those who have no idea of trade. I know that for those who have

practical knowledge of it nothing is easier to understand, and that they are rightly astonished that those who govern states and administer the Finances of great kingdoms have so little knowledge of the nature of exchanges as to forbid the export of bullion and specie of gold and silver.

The only way to keep them in a state is so to conduct foreign trade that the balance is not adverse to the state.

Chapter 4 Of the variations in the proportion of values with regard to the metals which serve as money

If metals were as easily found as water commonly is everybody would take what he wanted of them and they would have hardly any value. The metals which are most plentiful and cost the least trouble to produce are also the cheapest. Iron seems the most necessary, but as it is commonly found in Europe with less trouble and labour than copper it is much cheaper.

Copper, silver, and gold are the three metals in general use for money. Copper mines are the most abundant and cost less in land and labour to work. The richest copper mines today are in Sweden. 80 ounces of copper are needed there to pay for an ounce of silver. It is also to be observed that the copper extracted from some mines is more perfect and lustrous than what is obtained from others. The copper of Japan and Sweden is brighter than that of England. That of Spain was, in the time of the Romans, better than that of Cyprus. But gold and silver, from whatever mine extracted, are always of the same perfection when refined.

The value of copper, as of everything else, is proportionable to the land and labour which enter into its production. Beside the ordinary uses to which it is put, like pots and pans, kitchen utensils, locks, etc. it is in nearly all states used as money in small purchases. In Sweden it is used even in large payments when silver is scarce there. During the first five centuries of Rome it was the only money. Silver only began to be employed in exchange in the year 484. The ratio of copper to silver was then rated in the mints at 72 to 1, in the coinage of 512 at 80 to 1 in 537, 64 to 1 in 586 at 48 to 1; in 663 by Drusus and 672 by Sulla at 53 1/3 to 1 in 712 by Marcus Antonius and 724 by Augustus 56 to 1 in A.D. 54 under Nero 60 to 1 in AD 160 A.D. under Antoninus 64 to 1; in the time of Constantine A.D. 330, 120 and 125 to 1: in the age of Justinian about A.D. 550 at 100 to 1. Since then it has always varied below the ratio of 100 to 1 in the European mints.

Today when copper money is only used in small dealings, whether alloyed with calamine to make yellow copper as in England, or with a small portion of silver as in France and Germany, it is generally rated in the proportion of 40 to 1, though the market price of copper is ordinarily to that of silver as 80 or 100 to 1. The reason is that the cost of coining is generally deducted from the weight of the copper.

When there is not too much of this small money for effecting the petty exchanges in the state, coins of copper or copper and alloy pass without difficulty in spite of their defect in intrinsic value. But when it is attempted to pass them in a foreign country they will only be taken at the weight of the copper and the silver alloy. Even in states where through the avarice or ignorance of the governors, currency is given to too great a quantity of this small cash for the transaction of small dealings, and it is ordered that it should be received up to a certain limit in large payments it is unwillingly accepted and small cash is at a discount in silver coin, as in the token money[51] and Ardites in Spain in large payments. Yet small coins always pass without difficulty in small purchases, the value of the payments being usually small in themselves the loss is still less. This is why they are accepted without difficulty, and that copper is exchanged for small silver coins above the weight and intrinsic value of copper in the state itself, but not in other states, each state having wherewith to carry on its small dealings with its own copper coins.

51 私铸币（token money），指商人自铸自用的货币，其内在价值较低，但可兑换标准货币。

Gold and silver, like copper, have a value proportionable to the land and labour necessary for their production; and if the public assumes the cost of minting these metals their value in bars and in coin is identical, their market value and their mint value is the same, their value in the state and in foreign countries is always alike, depending on the weight and fineness, that is on weight alone if the metals are pure and without alloy.

Silver mines have always been found more abundant than those of gold, but not equally in all countries or at all times. Several ounces of silver have always been needed to buy one ounce of gold, sometimes more sometimes less according to the abundance of these metals and the demand for them. In the year A.U.C. 310, 13 ounces of silver were needed in Greece to buy an ounce of gold, i.e. gold was to silver as 1 to 13: A.U.C. 400 or thereabouts 1 to 12, A.U.C. 460 1 to 10 in Greece, Italy and the whole of Europe. This ratio of 1 to 10 seems to have persisted for 3 centuries to the death of Augustus, A.U.C. 767 or A.D. 14. Under Tiberius gold became scarce or silver more plentiful, and the ratio gradually rose to 1 to 12, 12?, and 13. Under Constantine A.D. 330 and Justinian A.D. 550 it was 1 to 14 2/5. Later history is more obscure. Some authors think it was 1 to 18 under certain French kings. In A.D. 840 under Charles the Bald gold and silver coins were struck at 1 to 12. Under St. Louis, who died in 1270 the ratio was 1 to 10 in 1361, 1 to 12 in 1421 over 1 to 11 in 1500

under 1 to 12 about 1600, 1 to 12 in 1641, 1 to 14 in 1700, 1 to 15 in 1730, 1 to 14?.

The quantity of gold and silver brought from Mexico and Peru in the last century has not only made these metals more plentiful but has increased the value of gold compared with silver which has been more abundant, so that in the Spanish mints, following the market prices, the ratio is fixed at 1 to 16. The other states of Europe have followed pretty closely the Spanish price in their mints, some at 1 to 15 7/8, others at 15 3/4, 15 5/8, etc. following the ideas and views of the directors of the mints. But since Portugal has drawn great quantities of gold from Brazil the ratio has commenced to fall again if not in the mints at least in the markets, and this gives a greater value to silver than in the past. Moreover a good deal of gold is often brought from the East Indies in exchange for the silver taken thither from Europe, because the ratio is much lower in India.

In Japan where there are a good many silver mines the ratio of gold to silver is today 1 to 8 in China 1 to 10 in the other countries of the Indies on this side 1 to 11, 1 to 12, 1 to 13, and 1 to 14 as we get nearer to the West and to Europe. But if the mines of Brazil continue to supply so much gold the ratio may probably fall eventually to 1 to 10 even in Europe which seems to me the most natural if anything but chance is the guide to the ratio. It is quite certain that when all the gold and silver mines in Europe, Asia and Africa were the most exploited for the Roman republic the ratio of 1 to 10 was the most constant.

If all the gold mines regularly produced a tenth part of what the Silver mines produce, it could not be determined that for that reason the ratio between these two metals would be as 1 to 10. The ratio would always depend on the demand and on the market price. Possibly rich people might prefer to carry gold money in their pockets rather than silver and might develope a taste for gildings and gold ornaments rather than silver, thus increasing the market price of gold.

Neither could the ratio between these metals be arrived at by considering the quantity of them found in a state. Suppose the ratio 1 to 10 in England and that the quantity of gold and silver in circulation there were 20 million ounces of silver and 2 million ounces of gold, that would be equal to 40 million ounces of silver, and suppose that 1 million ounces of gold be exported from England out of the 2 millions, and 10 million ounces of silver brought in in exchange, there would then be 30 million ounces of silver and only 1 million ounces of gold, still equivalent in all to 40 million ounces of silver. If the quantity of

ounces be considered there are 30 millions of silver and 1 million of gold, and therefore if the quantity of the two metals decided the ratio it would be as 1 to 30, but that is impossible. The ratio in the neighbouring countries is 1 to 10, and it would therefore cost only 10 million ounces of silver with a trifle for the cost of carriage to bring back to the state 1 million ounces of gold in exchange for 10 million ounces of silver.

To judge then of the ratio between gold and silver the market price is alone decisive: the number of those who need one metal in exchange for the other, and of those who are willing to make such an exchange, determines the ratio. It often depends on the humour of men: the bargaining is done roughly and not geometrically. Still I do not think that one can imagine any rule but this to arrive at it. At least we know that in practice it is the one which decides, as in the price and value of everything else. Foreign markets affect the price of gold and silver more than they do the price of any other goods or merchandise because nothing is transported with greater ease and less injury. If there were a free and regular trade between England and Japan, if a number of ships were regularly employed in this trade and the balance of trade were in all respects equal, i.e. if as much merchandise were always sent from England to Japan, having regard to price and value, as was imported from Japan, it would end in drawing at last all the gold from Japan in exchange for silver, and the ratio between gold and silver in Japan would be made the same as it is in England, subject only to the risks of navigation; for in our hypothesis the costs of the voyage would be supported by the trade in merchandise.

Taking the ratio at 1 to 15 in England and 1 to 8 in Japan there would be more than 87 per cent to gain by carrying silver from England to Japan and bringing back gold. But this difference is not enough in the ordinary course to pay the costs of so long and difficult a voyage. It pays better to bring back merchandise from Japan rather than gold in exchange for silver. It is only the costs and risks of the transport of gold and silver which can leave a difference in the ratio between these metals in different states: in the nearest state the ratio will differ very little, there will be a difference from one state to another of 1, 2 or 3 per cent and from England to Japan the total of all these differences of ratio will amount to more than 87 per cent.

It is the market price which decides the ratio of the value of gold to that of silver. The market price is the base of this proportion in the value assigned to coins of gold and silver. If the market price varies considerably, that of the coinage must be reformed to follow the market rate. If this be not done confusion and disorder set in in the

circulation, and coins of one or the other metal will be taken above the mint value. There are an infinity of examples of this in antiquity. There is a quite recent one in England under the regulations made at the London Mint. The ounce of silver, eleven twelfths fine, is worth there 5s. 2d. sterling. Since the ratio of gold to silver (which had been fixed at 1 to 16 in imitation of Spain) has fallen to 1 to 15 and 1 to 14?, the ounce of silver sold at 5s. 6d. sterling, while the gold guinea continued to circulate at 21s. 6d. sterling, which caused the export from England of all the silver crowns[52], shillings and six-pences which were not worn by circulation, silver money became so scarce in 1728 (though only the most worn pieces remained) that people had to change a guinea at a loss of nearly 5 per cent. The trouble and confusion thus produced in trade and circulation obliged the Treasury to request the celebrated Sir Isaac Newton, master of the Tower Mint, to make a report on the measures he thought most suitable to remedy this disorder.

52 克朗（crown），英国旧币制的5先令硬币；挪威、丹麦等国货币单位的英语名。

There was nothing easier. It was only necessary to follow the market price of silver in coining silver at the Tower. And whereas the ratio of gold to silver was of old time by the laws and regulations of the Tower Mint 1 to 15?, it was only necessary to make the silver coins lighter in the proportion of the market price which had fallen below 1 to 15; and, to anticipate the variation which the gold of Brazil brings about annually in the ratio between these two metals, it might even have been possible to fix it on the footing of 1 to 14?, as was done in 1725 in France and as they will be forced later to do in England itself.

It is true that the coinage in England might equally have been adjusted to the market price and ratio by diminishing the nominal value of gold coins. This was the policy adopted by Sir Isaac Newton in his report, and by Parliament in consequence of this report. But, as I shall explain, it was the least natural and the most disadvantageous policy. Firstly it was more natural to raise the price of silver coins, because the public had already done so in the market, the ounce of silver which was worth only 62d. sterling at the mint being worth more than 65d. in the market, and all the silver money being exported except what the circulation had considerably reduced in weight. On the other hand it was less disadvantageous to the English nation to raise the silver money than to lower the gold money considering the sums which England owes the foreigner.

If it is supposed that England owes the foreigner 5 millions sterling of

capital, invested in the public funds, it may be equally supposed that the foreigner paid this amount in gold at the rate of 21s. 6d. a guinea or in silver at 65d. sterling the ounce, according to the market price.

These 5 millions have therefore cost the foreigner at 21s. 6d. the guinea 4,651,163 guineas; but now that the guinea is reduced to 21s. the capital to be repaid is 4,761,904 guineas, a loss to England of 110,741 guineas, without counting the loss on the interest annually paid.

Newton told me in answer to this objection that according to the fundamental laws of the kingdom silver was the true and only monetary standard and that as such it could not be altered.

It is easy to answer that the public having altered this Law by custom and the price of the market it had ceased to be a law, that in these circumstances there was no need to adhere scrupulously to it to the detriment of the nation and to pay to foreigners more than their due. If the gold coins were not considered true money, gold would have supported the variation, as in Holland and China where gold is looked upon rather as merchandise than money. If the silver coins had been raised to their market price without touching gold there would have been no loss to the foreigner, and there would have been plenty of silver coins in circulation. They would have been coined at the mint, whereas now no more will be coined until some new arrangement is made. By reducing the value of gold (brought about by Newton's Report from 21s. 6d. to 21s.) the ounce of silver which was sold in the London market before at 65 pence and 65? pence no longer sold in truth but at 64d. But as it was coined at the Tower the ounce was valued in the market at 64d. and if it was taken to the Tower to be coined it would be worth no more than 62d. So no more is taken. A few shillings or fifths of crowns have been struck at the expense of the South Sea Company, losing the difference of the market price; but they disappeared as soon as they were put into circulation. Today no silver coins can be seen in circulation if they are of full mint weight, only coins which are worn and do not exceed in weight the market price.

However the value of silver continues to rise imperceptibly in the market. The ounce which was worth only 64 after the reduction of which we have spoken has risen again to 65? and 66 in the market; and in order to have silver coin in circulation and coined at the Tower, it will be necessary again to reduce the value of the gold guinea from 21s. to 20s. and to lose to the foreigner double of what is lost already unless it is preferred to follow the natural course and to

adjust silver coin to the market price. Only the market price can find the ratio of the value of gold and silver as of all other values. Newton's reduction of the guinea to 21s. was devised only to prevent the disappearance of the light and worn coins which remain in circulation, and not to fix in gold and silver coins the true ratio of their price, I mean by their true ratio that which is fixed by market prices. This price is always the touchstone in these matters. Its variations are slow enough to allow time to regulate the mints and prevent disorders in the circulation.

In some centuries the value of silver rises slowly against gold, in others the value of gold rises against silver. This was the case in the age of Constantine who reduced all values to that of gold as the more permanent; but the value of silver is generally the more permanent and gold is more subject to variation.

Chapter 5 Of the augmentation anddiminution of coin in denomination

According to the principles we have established the quantity of money circulating in exchange fixes and determines the price of everything in a state taking into account the rapidity or sluggishness of circulation.

We often see however in the increases and decreases practised in France such strange variations that it might be supposed that market prices correspond rather to the nominal value of coin than to its quantity in exchange, the quantity of livres tournois in money of account rather than the quantity of marks[53] and ounces, which seems directly opposed to our principles.

Suppose, as happened in 1714, the ounce of silver or écu is current for 5 livres and the King publishes an Arrêt which orders the lowering of the écu every month for 20 months, viz. 1 per cent per month to reduce its nominal value to 4 livres instead of 5. Let us see what will be naturally the consequences of this having regard to the spirit of the nation.

53 马克(mark)，德国、芬兰等的货币单位。

All those who owe money will make haste to pay it during the diminutions so as not to lose by them. Undertakers and merchants find it easy to borrow money, which decides the least able and the least accredited to increase their enterprise. They borrow money, as they fancy, without interest and load themselves with merchandise at current prices. They even raise prices by the violence of their demands. Vendors have difficulty in getting rid of their merchandise for money which must diminish in their hands in nominal value. They turn towards foreign merchandise and import considerable quantities of it for the consumption of several years. All this causes money to circulate more rapidly and raises the price of everything. Then high prices prevent the foreigner from taking merchandise from France as usual. France keeps her own merchandise and at the same time imports great quantities. This double operation is the reason why considerable amounts of specie must be sent abroad to pay the balance.

The rate of exchange never fails to show this disadvantage. Exchange is commonly seen at 6 and 10 per cent against France during these diminutions. Enlightened people in France hoard their money in these

times. The King finds means to borrow much money on which he willingly loses the diminution, proposing to compensate himself by an augmentation at the end of the diminution.

With this object after several diminutions they begin to hoard money in the King's Treasury, to postpone the payments, pensions, and army pay. In these circumstances money becomes extremely rare at the end of the diminutions both by reason of the sums hoarded by the King and various individuals and by reason of the nominal value of the coin, which value is diminished. The amounts sent abroad also contribute greatly to the scarcity of money, and this scarcity gradually brings it about that the merchandise with which the undertakers are loaded up is offered at 50 or 60 per cent below the prices prevailing at the time of the first diminutions. Circulation falls into convulsions. Hardly enough money can be found to send to market. Many undertakers and merchants go bankrupt and their merchandise is sold at bargain prices.

Then the King augments anew the coinage, settles the new écu or ounce of silver of the new issue at 5 livres, begins with this new coinage to pay the troops and the pensions. The old coinage is demonetised and received at the mint at a lower nominal value. The King profits by the difference.

But all the sums of new coinage which come from the mint do not restore the abundance of money in circulation. The amounts kept hoarded by individuals and those sent abroad greatly exceed the nominal increase on the coinage which comes from the mint.

The cheapness of merchandise in France begins to draw thither the money of the foreigner, who finding it 50 or 60 or more per cent cheaper sends gold and silver metal to France to buy it. In this way the foreigner who sends his bullion to the mint recoups himself easily from the tax paid there on this bullion. He finds the double advantage of the low price of the merchandise he buys, and the loss of the mint charge falls really on the French in the sale of their merchandise to the foreigner. They have merchandise enough for several years' consumption. They resell to the Dutch, for example, the spices which they bought of them for two thirds of what they paid. All this takes place gradually, the foreigner decides to buy these merchandises from France only because of their cheapness. The balance of trade, which was against France at the time of the diminutions turns in her favour at the time of augmentation, and the King is able to profit by 20 per cent or more on all the bullion brought into France and taken to the mint. As foreigners now owe a trade balance to France and have not

in their country coins of the new issue they must take their bullion and coins of the old issue to the mint to obtain new coins for payment. But this trade balance which foreigners owe to France arises only from the merchandise which they import from it at low prices.

France is all round the dupe of these operations. She pays very high prices for foreign goods during the diminutions, sells them back at very low prices at the time of the augmentation to the same foreigners, sells her own merchandise at low prices which she had kept so high during the diminutions and so it would be difficult for all the money which left France during the diminutions to come back during the augmentation.

If coins of the new issue are counterfeited abroad, as is nearly always the case, France loses the 20 per cent which the king has established as the mint charge. This is so much gained for the foreigner who profits further by the low prices of merchandise in France.

The king makes a considerable profit by the mint tax, but it costs France three times as much to enable him to make this profit.

It is well understood that when there is a current balance of trade in favour of France against the foreigner the king is able to raise a tax of 20 per cent or more by a new coinage and an increase in the nominal value of coins. But if the trade balance was against France at the time of this new coinage and augmentation the operation would have no success and the King would not derive a great profit from it. The reason is that in this case it is necessary to send money continually abroad. But the old écu is as good in foreign countries as the new. That being so the Jews and bankers will give a premium or bonus in secret for the old coins and the individual who can sell them above the mint price will not take them thither. At the mint they give him only about 4 livres for his écu, but the banker will give him at first 4 livres 5 sols, and then 4 livres 10, and at last 4 livres 15. And this is how it may happen that an augmentation of the coinage may lack success. It can hardly happen when the raising is made after the lowerings indicated, because then the balance naturally turns in favour of France, as we have explained.

The experience of the augmentation of 1726 may serve to confirm all this. The diminutions which had preceded this augmentation were made suddenly without warning, which prevented the ordinary operations of diminutions. This prevented the trade balance from turning strongly in favour of France at the augmentation of 1726, few people took their old coin to the mint, and the profit of the mint tax

which was in view had to be abandoned.

It is not within my subject to explain the reasons of ministers for lowering the coinage suddenly nor the reasons which deceived them in their project of the augmentation of 1726. I have mentioned the increases and decreases in France only because their results seem sometimes to clash with the principles I have established that abundance or scarcity of money in a state raises or lowers all prices proportionably.

After explaining the effects of lowering and raising the coinage, as practised in France, I maintain that they neither destroy nor weaken my principles, for if I am told that what cost 20 livres or 5 ounces of silver before the lowering referred to does not even cost 4 ounces or 20 livres of the new money after the augmentation, I will assent to this without departing from my principles, because there is less money in circulation than there was before the diminutions, as I have explained. The difficulties of exchange in the times and operations of which we speak cause variations in the prices of things and in that of the interest of money which cannot be taken as a rule in the ordinary principles of circulation and dealing.

The change in the nominal value of money has at all times been the effect of some disaster or scarcity in the state, or of the ambition of some prince or individual. In the year A.U.C. 157 Solon increased the nominal value of the drachma[54] of Athens after a sedition and abolition of debt. Between A.U.C. 490 and 512 the Roman Republic several times increased the nominal value of its copper coins, so that their as[55] came to be worth six. The pretext was to provide for the needs of the state and to pay the debts incurred in the first Punic War. This did not fail to cause great confusion. In 663 Livius Drusus, Tribune of the people, increased the nominal value of silver coins by one eighth, lowering their fineness by that amount, and this gave occasion to counterfeiters to introduce confusion into exchange. In A.U.C. 712 Mark Antony in his Triumvirate[56] increased the nominal value of silver by 5 per cent, mixing iron with the silver, to meet the needs of the Triumvirate. Many Emperors subsequently debased or increased the nominal value of the coinage. The Kings of France at different times have done likewise. This is why the livre tournois, which was worth a pound weight of silver has sunk to so little value. These proceedings have never failed to cause disorder in states. It matters little or nothing what is the nominal value of coins provided it be permanent. The pistole of Spain is worth 9 livres or florins[57] in Holland, about 18 livres in France, 37 livres 10 sols at Venice, 50 livres at Parma. In the same proportion values are exchanged between

these different countries. The price of everything increases gradually when the nominal value of coins increases, and the actual quantity in weight and fineness of the coins, taking into account the rapidity of circulation, is the base and regulator of values. A state neither gains nor loses by the raising or lowering of these coins so long as it keeps the same quantity of them, though individuals may gain or lose by the variation according to their engagements. All people are full of false prejudice and false ideas as to the nominal value of their coinage. We have shown in the Chapter on exchanges that the invariable rule of them is the price and fineness of the current coins of different countries, marc for marc and ounce for ounce. If a raising or lowering of the nominal value changes this rule for a time in France it is only during a crisis and difficulty in trade. A return is always made little by little to intrinsic value, to which prices are necessarily brought both in the market and in the foreign exchanges.

54 德拉克马（drachma），古希腊银币，也是希腊在2002年采用欧元之前的货币单位。

55 阿斯（as），古罗马铜币。

56 三雄执政（Triumvirate），指公元前43年，古罗马第二次三头政治，包括马克·安东尼、渥大维和李必达。

57 弗罗林（florin），荷兰货币盾；1252年首先在佛罗伦萨铸造，后来被欧洲若干国家仿造。

Chapter 6 Of banks and their credit

If a hundred economical gentlemen or proprietors of land, who put by every year money from their savings to buy land on occasion, deposit each one 10,000 ounces of silver with a goldsmith or banker in London, to avoid the trouble of keeping this money in their houses and the thefts which might be made of it, they will take from them notes payable on demand. Often they will leave their money there a long time, and even when they have made some purchase they will give notice to the banker some time in advance to have their money ready when the formalities and legal documents are complete.

In these circumstances the banker will often be able to lend 90,000 ounces of the 100,000 he owes throughout the year and will only need to keep in hand 10,000 ounces to meet all the withdrawals. He has to do with wealthy and economical persons; as fast as one thousand ounces are demanded of him in one direction, a thousand are brought to him from another. It is enough as a rule for him to keep in hand the tenth part of his deposits. There have been examples and experiences of this in London. Instead of the individuals in question keeping in hand all the year round the greatest part of 100,000 ounces the custom of depositing it with a banker causes 90,000 ounces of the 100,000 to be put into circulation. This is primarily the idea one can form of the utility of banks of this sort. The bankers or goldsmiths contribute to accelerate the circulation of money. They lend it out at interest at their own risk and peril, and yet they are or ought to be always ready to cash their notes when desired on demand.

If an individual has 1000 ounces to pay to another, he will give him in payment the banker's note for that amount. This other will perhaps not go and demand the money of the banker. He will keep the note and give it on occasion to a third person in payment, and this note may pass through several hands in large payments without any one going for a long time to demand the money from the banker. It will be only some one who has not complete confidence or has several small sums to pay who will demand the amount of it. In this first example the cash of a banker is only the tenth part of his trade.

If 100 individuals or landowners deposit with a banker their income every six months as it is received, and then demand their money back as and when they have need to spend it, the banker will be in a position to lend much more of the money which he owes and receives at the beginning of the half years, for a short term of some months, than he will be towards the end of these periods. And his experience

of the conduct of his clients will teach him that he can hardly lend during the whole year more than about one half of the sums which he owes. bankers of this kind will be ruined in credit if they fail for one instant to pay their notes on their first presentation, and when they are short of cash in hand they will give anything to have money at once, that is to say a much higher interest than they receive on the sums they have lent. Hence they make it a rule based on their experience to keep always in hand enough to meet demands, and rather more than less. Many bankers of this kind (and they are the greatest number) always keep in hand half the amount deposited with them and lend the other half at interest and put it into circulation. In this second example the banker causes his notes of 100,000 ounces or écus to circulate with 50,000 écus.

If he has a great flow of deposits and great credit this increases confidence in his notes, and makes people less eager to cash them, but only delays his payments a few days or weeks when the notes fall into the hands of persons who are not accustomed to deal with him, and he ought always to guide himself by those who are accustomed to entrust their money to him. If his notes come into the hands of those of his own business they will have nothing more pressing than to withdraw the money from him. If those who deposit money with the banker are undertakers and merchants who pay in large sums daily and soon after draw them out it will often happen that if the banker diverts more than one third of his cash he will find himself in difficulty to meet the demands.

It is easy to understand by these examples that the sums of money which a goldsmith or a banker can lend at interest or divert from his cash are naturally proportionable to the practice and conduct of his clients; that while we have seen bankers who were safe with a cash reserve of one-tenth, others can hardly keep less than one half or two-thirds, though their credit be as high as that of the first.

Some trust one banker, some another. The most fortunate is the banker who has for clients rich gentlemen who are always looking out for safe employment for their money without wishing to invest it at interest while they wait.

A general national bank has this advantage over the bank of a single goldsmith that there is always more confidence in it. The largest deposits are willingly brought to it, even from the most remote quarters of the city, and it leaves generally to small bankers only the deposit of petty sums in their neighbourhood. Even the revenues of the state are paid in to it in countries where the prince is not absolute.

And this, far from injuring credit and confidence in it, serves only to increase them.

If payments in a national bank are made by transfers or clearings there will be this advantage, that they are not subject to forgeries, but if the bank gives notes false notes may be made and cause disorder. There will be also this disadvantage that those who are in the quarters of the city at a distance from the bank will rather pay and receive in money than go thither, especially those in the country. But if the bank notes are dispersed they can be used far and near. In the national banks of Venice and Amsterdam payment is made only in book credit, but in that of London it is made in credit, in notes, and in money at the choice of the individuals, and it is today the strongest bank.

It will then be understood that all the advantage of banks, public or private in a city, is to accelerate the circulation of money and to prevent so much of it from being hoarded as it would naturally be for several intervals.

Chapter 7 Further explanations and enquiries as to the utility of a national bank

It is of little importance to examine why the Bank of Venice and that of Amsterdam keep their books in moneys of account different from current money, and why there is always an agio on converting these book credits into currency. It is not a point of any service for circulation. The Bank of England has not followed it in this. Its accounts, its notes and its payments are made and are kept in current coin, which seems to me more uniform and more natural and no less useful.

I have not been able to obtain exact information of the quantity of sums ordinarily brought to these banks, nor the amount of their notes and accounts, loans, and sums kept as reserve. Some one who is better informed on these points will be better able to discuss them. As, however, I know fairly well that these sums are not so huge as commonly supposed I will not omit to give an idea of them.

If the bills and notes of the Bank of England which seems to me the most considerable, amount weekly on an average to 4,000,000 ounces of silver or about 1 million sterling, and if they are content to keep regularly in reserve a quarter or £250,000 sterling or 1 million ounces of silver in coin, the utility of this bank to circulation corresponds to an increase of the money of the state by 3 million ounces or £750,000 sterling which is without doubt a very large sum and of very great utility for the circulation when it has need to be speeded up: for I have remarked elsewhere that there are cases where it is better for the welfare of the state to retard the circulation than to accelerate it. I have heard that the notes and bills of the Bank of England have risen in some cases to 2 millions sterling, but it seems to me this can only have been by extraordinary accident. And I think the utility of this bank corresponds in general only to about one tenth part of all the money in circulation in England.

If the explanations given to me in round figures in 1719 on the receipts of the Bank of Venice are correct it may be said of national banks generally that their utility never corresponds to the tenth part of the current money circulating in a state. This is approximately what I ascertained there.

The revenues of the state of Venice may amount annually to 4 million ounces of silver, which must be paid in bank money, and the collectors set up for that purpose who receive at Bergamo and in the

most distant places taxes in money, are obliged to change them into bank money when they make payment of them to the republic.

All payments at Venice for negotiations, purchases and sales above a certain modest sum must by law be made in bank money. All the retailers who have collected current money in their dealings are compelled to buy bank money with it to make their payments for large amounts. And those who need for their expenses or for the detail of small circulation to get back current money have to sell their bank money to obtain it.

It is found that the sellers and buyers of the bank money are regularly equal when the total of all the credits or inscriptions on the books of the bank do not exceed the value of 800,000 ounces of silver or thereabout.

Time and experience (according to my informant) have given this knowledge to the Venetians. When the bank was first set up individuals brought their money to the bank to have credit in bank money of the same value. This money deposited at the bank was later on spent for the needs of the Republic and yet the bank money preserved its original value because there were as many people who had need to buy it as those who had need to sell it. Finally the state being pressed for money gave to the war contractors credits in bank money instead of silver and doubled the amount of its credits.

Then the number of sellers of bank money being much greater than the buyers bank money began to be at a discount against silver and fell 20 per cent below. By this discredit the revenue of the Republic fell off one fifth and the only remedy found for this disorder was to pledge part of the state revenue to borrow bank money at interest. By these borrowings of bank money half of them were cancelled and then the sellers and buyers being about equal the bank regained its original credit and the total of bank money was brought back to 800,000 ounces of silver.

It is thus that it has been ascertained that the utility of the Bank of Venice as regards circulation corresponds to about 800,000 ounces of silver: and if it is supposed that all the current money in the states of that Republic amount to 8 million ounces of silver the utility of the bank corresponds to one tenth of that silver.

A national bank in the capital of a great kingdom or state must, it seems, contribute less to the utility of circulation because of the distance of its provinces, than in a small state. And when money

circulates there in greater abundance than among its neighbours a national bank does more harm than good. An abundance of fictitious and imaginary money causes the same disadvantages as an increase of real money in circulation, by raising the price of land and labour, or by making works and manufactures more expensive at the risk of subsequent loss. But this furtive abundance vanishes at the first gust of discredit and precipitates disorder.

Towards the middle of the reign of Louis XIV there was more money in circulation in France than in neighbouring countries, and the king's revenue was collected there without the help of a bank, as easily and conveniently as it is collected today in England with the help of the Bank of England.

If the clearings at Lyons in one of its four fairs amount to 80 millions of livres, if they are begun and finished with a single million of ready money, they are doubtless of great convenience in saving the trouble of an infinity of transports of silver from one house to another. But with that exception it seems that with this same million of cash which began and ended these clearings it would be quite feasible to conduct in three months all the payments of 80 millions.

The Paris bankers have often observed that the same bag of money has come back to them 4 or 5 times in the same day when they had a good deal to pay out and receive.

I think pubic banks of very great utility in small states and those where silver is rather scarce, but of little service for the solid advantage of a great state.

The Emperor Tiberius, a prince strict and economical, had saved up in the imperial treasury 2700 millions of sesterces, equal to 25 millions sterling or 100 million ounces of silver, an enormous sum in coin for those times and even for today. It is true that in tying up so much money he embarrassed the circulation and that silver became scarcer at Rome than it had been.

Tiberius, who attributed this scarcity to the monopoly of contractors and financiers who farmed the imperial revenues, ordered by an edict that they should buy land up to at least two thirds of their capital. This edict, instead of animating the circulation threw it completely into disorder. All the financiers hoarded and called in their capital under the pretext of putting themselves into a position to obey the edict by buying land, which instead of rising in value sunk to a much lower price owing to the scarcity of silver in circulation. Tiberius

remedied this scarcity by lending to individuals on good security only 300 million sesterces, a ninth part of the money which he had in his treasury.

If the ninth part of the treasury sufficed at Rome to re-establish the circulation it would seem that the establishment of a general bank in a great kingdom where its utility would never correspond to the tenth part of the money in circulation when it is not hoarded, would be of no real and permanent advantage, and that considered in its intrinsic value it can only be regarded as an expedient for gaining time.

But a real increase in the quantity of circulating money is of a different nature. We have already spoken of it and the Treasure of Tiberius gives us again occasion to say a word of it here. This treasure of 2700 millions of sesterces, left at the death of Tiberius, was squandered by the Emperor Caligula his successor in less than a year. Money was never seen so abundant at Rome. What was the result? This mass of money plunged the Romans into luxury and into all sorts of crimes to pay for it. More than 60,000 pounds sterling left the Empire every year for the merchandise of the Indies, and in less than 30 years the empire grew poor and silver became very scarce there without any dismemberment or loss of a province.

Though I consider a general bank is in reality of very little solid service in a great state I allow that there are circumstances in which a bank may have effects which seem astonishing.

In a city where there are public debts for considerable amounts the facility of a bank enables one to buy and sell capital stock in a moment for enormous sums without causing any disturbance in the circulation. If at London a person sells his South Sea stock to buy stock in the bank or in the East India Company, or hoping that in a short time he will be able to buy at a lower price stock in the same South Sea Company, he always takes banknotes, and generally money is not asked for in respect of these notes but only for the interest on them. As one hardly spends one's capital there is no need to change it into coin, but one is always forced to ask the bank for money for subsistence since cash is needed for small dealings.

If a landowner who has 1000 ounces of silver pays 200 of them for the interest of public stock and spends 800 ounces of them himself, the thousand ounces will always require coinage. This proprietor will spend 800 and the owners of the funds will spend 200 of them. But when these proprietors are in the habit of speculation, selling and buying public stock, no ready silver is needed for these operations,

bank notes suffice. If it were necessary to draw hard cash out of circulation to serve in these purchases and sales it would amount to a great sum and would often impede the circulation, or rather it would happen in that case that the stocks could not be sold and bought so often.

It is doubtless the origin of these capitals or money deposited in the bank and drawn out only on rare occasions, such as when an owner of capital engages in some transaction or needs cash for small purchases, which explains why the bank keeps in reserve only the fourth or sixth part of the silver against which it issues notes. If the bank had not the funds of many of these capitals it would in the ordinary course of circulation find itself compelled like private banks to keep half its deposits in hand to be solvent. It is true that the bank books and its dealings do not distinguish those capitals which pass through several hands in the sales and purchases made in Change Alley. These notes are often renewed at the bank and changed against others in purchases. But the experience of purchases and sales of stock show clearly that the total of them is considerable, and without these purchases and sales the sums deposited at the bank would be certainly smaller.

This means that when a state is not in debt and has no need of purchases and sales of stock the help of a bank will be less necessary and less important.

In 1720 the capital of public stock and of Bubbles[58] which were snares and enterprises of private companies at London, rose to the value of 800 millions sterling, yet the purchases and sales of such pestilential stocks were carried on without difficulty through the quantity of notes of all kinds which were issued, while the same paper money was accepted in payment of interest. But as soon as the idea of great fortunes induced many individuals to increase their expenses, to buy carriages, foreign linen and silk, cash was needed for all that, I mean for the expenditure of the interest, and this broke up all the systems.

58泡沫（Bubbles），指“南海泡沫”事件（South Sea Bubble）。在1720年春天到秋天之间，英国殖民公司南海公司在南美进行股票投机的骗局，从而引发了一次经济泡沫；经济泡沫一语即源于南海泡沫事件。

This example shows that the paper and credit of public and private banks may cause surprising results in everything which does not concern ordinary expenditure for drink and food, clothing, and other family requirements, but that in the regular course of the circulation the help of banks and credit of this kind is much smaller and less solid

than is generally supposed. Silver alone is the true sinews of circulation.

Chapter 8 Of the refinements of credit of general banks

The National Bank of London is composed of a large number of shareholders who make choice of directors to govern its operations. Their primitive advantage consisted in making a yearly distribution of the profits made by interest on the money lent out of the bank deposits. Later the public debt was incorporated with it, on which the state pays an annual interest.

In spite of such a solid foundation when the bank had made large advances to the state and the holders of notes were apprehensive that the bank was in difficulties, a run on the bank has been seen and holders of notes went in crowds to the bank to draw out money. The same thing happened on the collapse of the South Sea Company in 1720.

The refinements introduced to support the bank and moderate its discredit were first to set up a number of clerks to count out the money to those bringing notes, to pay out large amounts in sixpences and shillings to gain time, to pay some part to individual holders who had been waiting whole days to take their turn; but the most considerable sums were paid to friends who took them away and brought them back secretly to the bank to repeat the same manoeuvre the next day. In this way the bank saved its appearance and gained time until the panic should abate. But when that did not suffice the bank opened a subscription engaging trusty and solvent people to join as guarantors of large amounts to maintain the credit and circulation of the bank notes.

It was by this last refinement that the credit of the bank was maintained in 1720 when the South Sea Company collapsed. As soon as it was publicly known that the subscription list was filled by wealthy and powerful people, the run on the bank ceased and deposits were brought in as usual.

If a minister of state in England, seeking to lower the rate of interest or for other reasons, forces up the price of public stock in London and if he has enough credit with the directors of the bank (under the obligation of indemnifying them in case of loss) to get them to issue a quantity of bank notes without backing, begging them to use these notes themselves to buy several blocks and capitals of the public stock, this stock will not fail to rise in price through these operations. And those who have sold stock, seeing the high price continue, will

perhaps decide (so as not to leave their bank notes idle and thinking from the rumours spread about that the rate of interest will fall and the stock go up further in price) to buy it back at a higher price than they sold it for. If several people seeing the agents of the banks buy this stock step in and do likewise thinking to profit like them, the public funds will increase in price to the point which the minister wishes. And it may happen that the bank will cleverly resell at a higher price all the stock it has purchased at the minister's request, and will not only make a large profit on it but will retire and cancel all the extraordinary banknotes which it had issued.

If the bank alone raises the price of public stock by buying it, it will by so much depress it when it resells to cancel its excess issue of notes. But it always happens that many people wishing to follow the agents of the bank in their operations help to keep up the price. Some of them get caught for want of understanding these operations, in which there enter infinite refinements or rather trickery which lie outside my subject.

It is then undoubted that a bank with the complicity of a minister is able to raise and support the price of public stock and to lower the rate of interest in the state at the pleasure of this minister when the steps are taken discreetly, and thus pay off the state debt. But these refinements which open the door to making large fortunes are rarely carried out for the sole advantage of the state, and those who take part in them are generally corrupted. The excess banknotes, made and issued on these occasions, do not upset the circulation, because being used for the buying and selling of stock they do not serve for household expenses and are not changed into silver. But if some panic or unforeseen crisis drove the holders to demand silver from the bank the bomb would burst and it would be seen that these are dangerous operations.

第一部分

第一章 论财富

土地是一切财富产生的源泉或物质基础。人类劳动是财富的产生形式：财富本身只不过是用来维持生活、方便生活和享受生活的物质。

土地上能生长草本植物、块根植物、谷物、亚麻、棉花、大麻、灌木以及长有各种果实、树皮和叶子的树木，如桑蚕树之类；土地还蕴含矿藏和矿物质，而人类劳动使这一切变成了财富。

河流和海洋提供鱼类供人食用，同时也提供许多别的东西供人享用，但这些海洋和河流为毗连的几块土地所共有，或者属于全人类，人只是通过劳动从中获取鱼类和其他利益。

第二章 论人类社会

无论人类社会以何种形式组成，他们所居住土地的所有权必将属于其中的少数人。

在游牧社会，如携带牲畜举家游走于各处的鞑靼部落和印第安人营地，作为领袖的首领或国王必须划定每个一家之长的地界以及个体在营地附近的营房，否则就会因争夺营房或各种便利设施、树林、牧草、水源等而引发争端。但是，当每个人的营房和地界一经划定，就意味着赋予了他们在那个地方停留期间的所有权。

在较为稳定的社会中，如果君主率领军队攻占了某个国家，他就会按照军官们的功绩或根据自己的喜好给自己的部下或宠信们分配土地（法国最初就是如此），然后再制定法律，将财产授予他们及他们的后代；或者他会自己保留土地的所有权，并雇佣部下或宠信去耕种；或者授予他们土地，条件是他们每年为此缴纳免役租或代役税；又或者授予他们土地，而保留按自己需要或他们的能力每年向他们征税的自由。在所有这些情形下，这些部下或宠信无论是作为绝对的主人还是扈从，是土地产物的管事还是管家，与所有居民的数量相比都只占少数。

即使君主将土地平均分配给所有居民，这些土地最终还是会被少数人分割。一个人会有好几个子女，也就无法留给每个子女与他自己所拥有的土地同样大小的土地；有的人死时根本没有子女，他会将土地留给已经拥有土地而不是没有土地的人；有的人懒惰无比、挥霍无度或体弱多病，于是被迫把自己那块土地卖给另一个勤俭又勤劳的人。后者又会购置别人的土地以不断扩大自己的土地，并雇佣那些没有土地的人为自己耕种，而这些人为了生存不得不为他劳动。

罗马刚建立时，每个公民拥有分配给他的两朱纳尔土地，但不久就在地产方面出现了极大的不均等，正如我们在欧洲国家所看到的那样，土地被少数所有者瓜分。

假定一个新国家的土地为一小部分人所有，每个所有者可能自己管理土地或把土地租给一个或几个农场主。在这种情况下，有一点是很重要的，即无论是为土地所有者耕种的租地农场主，还是为租地农场主耕种的劳动者，他们都需要维持生计。土地的剩余产品由土地所有者支配。他将一部分剩余产品缴纳给君主或政府，或由租地农场主直接上缴，费用由土地所有者承担。

至于土地如何利用，首先是必须要用部分土地为耕种土地并使其具有生产力的劳动者提供食物和其他生活资料。土地的其他用途则主要取决于君主、王公贵族和土地所有者的性情和生活方式：如果这些人酷爱饮酒，那就必须种植葡萄；如果他们喜欢丝绸，就必须种桑养蚕；此外，一部分土地还必须用来养活从事这些劳动的人；如果他们爱好骑

马，就要种植牧草，诸如此类。

然而，如果我们假定土地并不属于某个特定的人，就很难设想那里的人类社会将以何种形式存在。例如，我们发现，在村庄公有地里，每个村民能够放养的牲畜数量都有明确的限定。如果在一次新的土地占领或新发现的一个国家中，土地落到了第一个占领者手里，为了建立一个社会，总是要依靠法律去解决土地的所有权问题，不管这法律是通过武力还是通过政策来施行。

第三章 论村庄

无论土地上种植什么，是牧草、谷物，还是葡萄等等，租地农场主或者劳动者必须住在附近，否则他们去地里干活和回家将占去白天中太多的时间。因此，在所有农村地区和耕地上必须建立村庄，这些地方还必须有足够的蹄铁匠和车匠以修造所需的各种工具、犁和马车，如果村庄距离城镇较远，则尤为如此。从居民数量来看，村庄的规模自然与土地日常耕种所需的人力，以及能在农场主和劳动者那里找到活计的工匠数目成比例。但城镇周围就不太需要这些工匠，因为那里的劳动者进城用不了太多时间。

如果依附村庄的一个或几个土地所有者住在那里，那么那里的居民人数会更多，与随同居住的家仆和工匠数量成比例，还与小客栈的数量成比例。在那里建客栈是为了方便那些土地所有者供养的家仆和劳力。

如果土地仅适合养羊，比如沙地和高沼地，那么村庄的数量会比较少，规模也比较小，因为那里只要有几个牧羊人就够了。

如果土地上仅能生长适应沙性土质的树木，而不长可供牲畜食用的牧草，且又距离城镇和河流较远，致使木材无法运出供人使用（德国就有许多这样的例子），那里就只有为数不多的房舍和村庄，以供应季时节采集橡子和养猪之用，但是如果完全是不毛之地，那里就不会有村庄，也不会有居民。

第四章 论集镇

在一些村庄里面，建立集市是为了满足部分土地所有者和掌权的绅士的利益。这些集市每周开放一到两次，激励了许多小业主和商人前去经营。他们从集市上收购附近村庄的产品，然后再运到大的城镇售卖。在大的城镇中，他们把这些农产品换成铁器、盐、糖和其他商品，再在村庄的集市开放时卖给村民。许多小手工业者，诸如锁匠、细木工匠等，也会在那些尚无这类工匠的村庄里安顿下来，为村民干活，而这些村庄最终也便成了集镇。在几个村庄的中心区域出现一座集镇后，时间一长，这些村庄本身最终也成了集镇。由于集镇位于几个村庄的中心，村民都可以到镇上去，因此集市开放的时候，村民们把自家的产品带到集镇上出售，并买回所需的物品，这比等商人和代理商把货物运到各个村庄，再同他们交换产品更自然、更方便。这是因为：（1）商人奔走于各个村庄，将增加不必要的运输成本。（2）商人可能要被迫走过好几个村庄才能找到质量和数量都合意的产品购买。（3）商贩们到村庄的时候，村民们通常正在田地里劳作。由于不知道商贩需要什么样的农产品，他们也无法准备好适合出卖的产品。（4）在村庄里，村民和商人几乎不可能确定农产品和商品的价格。商人可能会拒绝该村村民对其农产品的要价，而希望能在另一个村庄买到价格更便宜的同类农产品；同样，村民们也可能拒绝商人对其商品的出价，而希望别的商人能给出更优惠的价格。

如果村民在集市开放时去集镇出售农产品并购买所需物品，所有这些困难就都能避免了。农产品的价格是由待售的农产品和用于购买这些农产品的货币之间的比例决定的；定价过程在同一地点完成，由不同村庄的所有村民、城镇商人或小业主共同见证。价格一旦由一些村民和商贩商定，别人就会效仿而无需再费周折，这样整个市场当日的价格就确定了。交易结束后，村民回到各自的村庄继续劳作。

集镇的大小自然与集镇周围所需的租地农场主以及耕种土地所需劳力的数量成正比，与集镇附近村庄里的工匠和小商人以及他们雇佣的伙计、使用的马匹数量成正比，最后还与居住在当地的土地所有者所供养的人的数量成正比。

如果属于某个集镇的几个村庄（即这几个村的村民们通常都把农产品带到该集镇上出售）规模很大，而且农产品产量较大，那么集镇的规模也会相应变大，地位也会相应提升；而如果附近村庄的产量很少，那么这个集镇也就会很贫穷，无足轻重。

第五章 论城市

仅拥有小庄园的地主通常会住在集镇和村庄里，紧挨他们的土地和租地农场主。这些地主很难安享城市生活的安逸，因为他们从土地和农场主那里获得农产品后，必须将这些农产品运往遥远的城市。但是那些拥有好几个大庄园的大地主则有能力居住在远离庄园的城市，在那里他们可以同与自己地位相当的土地所有者和士绅共享愉悦的社交生活。

如果因为占领土地或发现了新的国家，某个亲王或贵族被赐予了大量土地，并将官邸建在某个舒适的地方，而其他贵族为了能与其经常见面、享受愉悦的社交生活也到此居住，这个地方就成了一座城市。这些贵族们会在这里建造气势恢宏的府邸，而被这些贵族的住处吸引来的商人、工匠以及各行各业的人士也会建起无数的房屋。贵族们会需要面点师、屠夫、酿酒师、酒商和各类制造商为他们服务，而这些人会在当地自己建造房屋或租住别人的房屋。所有大贵族都是将自己在房屋、随从和仆役上面的支出用来养活各类商人和工匠了。这一点我们可以从本书附录的详细计算（附录是别人帮我完成的）中看到。

由于所有这些工匠和业主既为贵族服务，同时也互相服务，我们很容易忽略最终供养他们的还是贵族和土地所有者这一事实。我们没有意识到，在城市里，我们所描述的普通家庭都是依靠大户家庭的支出来维持生活的。然而，后面我们将证明，一个国家的各个阶层和全体居民都要靠土地所有者的开支得以生存。如果国王或政府在这个城市设立法庭，这样该区域内的所有集镇和村庄的人就都必须来此地打官司，那么该城市就会进一步扩展，而法官和律师又需要更多的各类业主和工匠来为他们提供服务。

如果在同一座城市里，作坊和工厂不仅面向国内消费市场，还生产出口、外销的商品，这座城市就会成为大城市，其大小与当地靠外国人开支为生的工人和工匠的数量成比例。

但是，如果我们把这些考虑的因素放到一边，不把问题复杂化，可以说，一些富有的土地所有者聚居在同一个地方就足以构成我们所说的城市。而且在欧洲的许多城市以及一国的内陆地区，城市的居民人数就是源自于这种聚居。在这种情况下，城市的规模自然就与生活在那里的地主的人数成正比，或者不如说，与他们所拥有土地的产出成正比。计算产出时要扣除将农产品运到土地距离城市最远的地主的运输费用以及必须上缴国王或政府的部分，而他们上缴的农产品通常会在首都消费。

第六章 论首都

首都的形成方式与省城大抵相同，其不同之处在于，一国最大的土地所有者们都住在首都；国王的宫邸或最高政府机构设在首都，而且政府的税收也在此消费；最高法院设在首都；首都是各省争相效仿的时尚中心，住在各省的土地所有者不会放过到首都住上一段时间，或把子女送到首都接受教育，提高修养的机会。因此，国家所有的土地为维持那些住在首都的人的生活或多或少都作出了贡献。

如果一位君主放弃了某个城市，而到另外一个城市居住，贵族们便会紧随其后，并在新城市里安家。这样，新城市就会变得强大、重要，而原来的城市则会衰落。我们看到的最近一个例子就是彼得堡市对莫斯科的不利影响。我们也看到许多一度重要的旧城变成废墟，而另外一些城市则从它们的废墟中拔地而起。为了运输便利，大城市通常建在沿海地区或大河两岸，因为要运送当地居民维持和享受生活所必需的产品和商品，水运要比火车和陆路运输便宜得多。

第七章 农工的劳动价值低于手工业者的劳动价值

农工的儿子在7到12岁时就开始帮助父亲看管畜群、翻土或做一些其他不需要技艺或技巧的农活。

如果父亲要让儿子学门手艺，那么在孩子学徒期间，他就失去了孩子的帮助，而且几年里都要为孩子提供衣物并支付他的学徒费用。这样儿子就成了父亲的负担，而且好几年都不会带来什么利益。据估计，人的工作年限只有10到12年。由于学一门手艺要用好几年时间——在英格兰大部分需要7年的学徒期——如果工匠挣的钱没有农工多，农工是绝不会愿意让儿子去学手艺的。

因此，那些雇佣工匠或手艺人的人必须为他们的劳动支付比农工或普通工人更高的报酬；他们的劳动必然昂贵，与学手艺所花费的时间和精通手艺所付出的成本以及所承担的风险成比例。

手艺人本身不会让所有的子女都学习自己的手艺。因为那样，手艺人的数量就会超出一个城市或一个国家的需要，许多人就会找不到足够的活计可做。然而，这种工作的劳动报酬自然要比农工的丰厚。

第八章 不同情况下，有些手工业者收入多，有些收入少

假定有两个裁缝承做一个村子里的所有衣服，其中一个裁缝的顾客可能会比另一个裁缝多一些。这或许是因为他更善于招揽顾客，或许是因为他做的衣服比另一个做得更好、更耐穿，又或许是因为他做的服装款式更时尚。

如果其中一个裁缝死了，另外一个发现自己活计成堆，那他就会提高自己的劳动价格，并在交活速度方面优先照顾某些顾客。这种情况会一直持续，直到村民们发现尽管来去的路上要花一些时间，但是去别的村庄、城镇或城市做衣服对自己更有利，或者直到有别的裁缝住到村里，与他分享裁缝生意。

报酬最高的必然是那些需要训练时间最长、对灵巧程度和勤勉精神要求最高的手艺。一个技艺娴熟的细木工匠的劳动必然比一个普通木匠的劳动报酬要高，一个优秀钟表匠的报酬也比蹄铁匠要高。

一些有风险和危险的职业，如铸工、海员、采银矿工等，应当按照风险的大小得到相应的报酬。除承担风险外还需要技艺的职业，如引航员、潜水员、工程师等，报酬应当更高。对资格和可信度有要求的职业，如宝石匠、簿记员、出纳等，劳动报酬还要更高一些。

通过这些例子，以及从日常经验中得来的上百个例子中，我们可以很容易看出，日常劳动的价格差异是基于一些自然的、显而易见的原因而形成的。

第九章 一个国家的农业劳动者、手工业者和其他劳动者的数量必然与对他们的需求成正比

如果一个村庄的所有劳动者都培养他们的几个儿子做同样的工作，那么这个村子耕种土地的劳动者就会过剩，过剩的成年人必须到别处谋生；通常，他们到城里去谋生。如果有些儿子与父辈留在村里，那么，由于找不到足够的工作可做，他们的生活将陷入极度贫困。而且，他们会因为没钱养活孩子而不结婚，或者即使结了婚，出生的孩子不久便会与其父母一同死于饥饿，这种情形在法国十分常见。

因此，如果这个村子的就业状况没有改变，一直都靠耕种相同数量的土地来维持生计，那么这个村子的人口一千年都不会有所增长。

诚然，这个村子的妇女和少女在不从事田间劳作的时候可以纺纱织布，或生产其他一些能在城市销售的物品，但这样也几乎不足以养活更多的子女，子女们只能离开村子，另谋生路。

村里的手工业者可以说也是如此。如果一个裁缝承做村里所有的衣服，然后培养他的三个儿子也都从事这一行当。但由于村里的活计仅够他的一个继任者来做，另外两个儿子必须到别处谋生。如果他们在附近的城镇找不到足够的工作，就必须去更远的地方，或者为了谋生而改行当仆人、士兵、水手等。

按照同样的推理过程，不难设想，农业劳动者、手工业者和其他靠手工劳动谋生的人，必须使他们自身所从事职业的人数与集镇和城市的就业机会以及对他们的需求相称。

但是，如果四个裁缝就足以承做一个城镇的所有衣服，这时来了第五个裁缝，他就会抢走其他四个裁缝的一些主顾。因此，如果五个裁缝分享这些活计，他们就都不会有足够的活计可做，而且他们每个人都会生活得更贫困。

当过多的农业劳动者和手工业者从事同一个行当时，他们就没有足够的工作可做，这种情况经常发生。而由于事故或者需求变化，他们失去了工作，或者由于某种情况使他们工作负担过重，这种情况也时有发生。无论如何，如果没有工作可做，他们便会离开自己生活的村庄、城镇或城市。这样，留下来的人的数量就总是会与足以维持他们生活的工作量相称；如果工作量不断增加，这里就会有钱可赚，也就会有足够的人从别处来到这里分一杯羹。

据此不难推断，法国增加手工业者数量的提议和英格兰的慈善学校一样都是毫无价值的。假如法国国王自己出钱把10万臣民送到荷兰学习航海，等他们学成归来时，如果没有更多的船舰入海，那么他们就毫无用武之地。的确，如果一个国家教会自己的臣民生产那些通常需要国外

进口的产品以及其他需在国外购买的物品，这个国家会得到很多好处。但是，现在我考虑的只是有关国家自身的问题。

由于手工业者赚的钱比农业劳动者多，他们也就更有条件培养自己的孩子们学门手艺。只要有足够的工作确保他们始终有工作机会，一个国家是绝不会缺少手工业者的。

第十章 物品的价格和内在价值通常是衡量生产该物品所需的土地和劳动的尺度

一英亩土地可能比另一英亩土地生产更多的谷物或喂养更多只羊。正如我已经说的，由于技艺高，劳动的耗时长，某个人的劳动要比另一个人昂贵。如果两英亩土地同样肥沃，那么其中一英亩土地喂养的羊和生产的羊毛将会与另一英亩同样多；假定投入的劳动也相同，那么其中一英亩土地与另一英亩土地出产的羊毛将以同样的价格出售。

如果其中一英亩土地出产的羊毛制成了粗毛料衣服，而另一英亩土地出产的羊毛制成了细毛料衣服，尽管两者包含的羊毛数量和质量都相同，但由于后者需要更多的劳动和更昂贵的做工，其价格往往要比前者贵10倍。土地产品的数量、劳动的数量和质量必将构成价格的一部分。

把一磅亚麻织成精美的布鲁塞尔花边需要14个人劳动一年或者一个人劳动14年，这个可以从附录中对不同生产过程的计算中看出来。我们还可以看到，花边的销售价格足以支付一个人14年的生活费用，并包含所有相关业主和商人的利润。

英国手表所用的优质发条的售价通常使原料与劳动，或钢材与发条的比例为一比一百万。因此，这种情况下，劳动几乎构成了发条的全部价值。请参看附录中的计算。

另一方面，田间现场堆放的干草或准备砍伐的树林的价格是根据其质量优劣由土地的情况或土地的产品所决定的。

一壶塞纳河水的价格为零，因为河水的供应量极大，不会干涸。但在巴黎街头，一壶水要一个苏才能买到。这一个苏就是运水工劳动的价格或尺度。

我想，通过这些例子和归纳可以得知，考虑到土地的肥力或农产品以及劳动的质量，物品的价格和内在价值是衡量生产该物品所需的土地和劳动数量的尺度。

但下列情况也经常发生，即许多物品确实具有一定的内在价值，但是在市场上并不是按照这个价值出售的。物品的售价将取决于人们的兴致、喜好及其消费量。

如果一位绅士要在自家花园开挖沟渠，建造露台，它们的内在价值将与所使用的土地和劳动成比例。但在现实中，价格却并不总是符合这个比例。如果这位绅士要卖掉花园，可能没有人愿意支付他已经支出费用的一半，也可能好几个人想要购买这个花园，这样他就可能得到两倍于花园内在价值的出价，即两倍于土地价值和所用开支的价格。

如果一个国家的农民种的谷物比往年多，远远超出该年的消费量，虽然谷物的真正价值和内在价值将与生产谷物所用的土地和劳动一致，但是，由于谷物过于丰裕，卖家多于买家，谷物的市场价格必将跌至其内在价格或价值以下。与之相反，如果农民种植的谷物少于该年所需的消费量，买家就会多于卖家，谷物的市场价格将升至其内在价值以上。

虽然内在价值永远不会改变，但是一国的商品和产品生产始终与消费成比例是不可能的，这就导致了市场价格的每日变动和无休止的上下波动。然而，在制度完善的社会中，物品的消费量相当稳定、统一，其市场价格也不会偏离内在价值太远。如果产品每年的产量不是太过稀少或太过充裕，城市的行政官员就能够规定诸如面包和肉类等许多物品的市场价格，而不会招致任何怨言。

土地是生产所有产品和商品的物质材料，劳动则是其生产形式。由于付出劳动的人必须靠土地产品维持生活，因此，似乎能找到劳动价值和土地产品价值之间的某种关系，这将构成下一章节讨论的主题。

第十一章 论土地价值和劳动价值之间的平价或关系

上帝似乎并没有偏爱某一个人，把土地的所有权赐给他而不给别人。最古老的土地所有权是建立在暴力和征服之上的，墨西哥的土地现在属于西班牙人，耶路撒冷的土地则属于土耳其人。但是无论人们用什么方法继承地产并占有土地，我们注意到，土地总是落到极少数人手中，他们只占居民总数的一小部分。

如果一个大庄园主自己管理庄园，他就要雇佣奴隶或自由民为其工作。如果他拥有很多奴隶，他就必须雇佣监工来监督奴隶们劳作。同样，他也必须有奴隶工匠为他以及他的劳工提供生活必需品，提供生活便利，还必须让其他奴隶也学会各种手艺，以便他们能继续前者的工作。

在这种经济制度下，庄园主必须为劳作的奴隶们提供赖以生存的生活资料和必要的资金，用以养活奴隶们的子女。他赋予了监工们信任和权力，也必须让他们享有相应的各种好处。他必须供养那些学手艺的奴隶，尽管在他们学徒期间庄园主得不到任何回报。那些称职的奴隶工匠和监工应当比做苦力的奴隶等享有更好的生活待遇，因为失去一个工匠的损失要比失去一个普通劳动力的损失更大，而且考虑到再培养一个接替他的工匠要付出的代价，也应当给予工匠更多的关照。

按照这种假设，一个最底层的成年奴隶的劳动价值，至少应等于庄园主不得不用来给他提供食物和生活必需品的土地的数量。另外，庄园主不得不用两倍于此的土地供养一个奴隶的孩子到能够劳动的年龄。因为，根据著名的哈利博士的计算和观察，这些孩子有一半不到17岁就会夭折。因此就必须供养两个孩子以保证其中一个孩子能够活到劳动年龄。但是，即便如此，似乎也不足以保证劳动力的连续性，因为成年劳动力在任何年龄段都有可能死亡。

确实，在17岁之前就死亡的孩子中，有一半更容易在刚出生后的头几年里死亡，因为足有1/3的孩子在出生后的第一年夭折。这似乎降低了将一个孩子供养到劳动年龄的成本，但是由于母亲照料婴儿和病儿会花费大量时间，而女孩即使长大了，在劳动方面也不能与男人相比，她们几乎养活不了自己。因此，无论庄园主是在庄园里自己抚养这些孩子，还是把孩子交给别人在庄园里抚养，还是由孩子的父亲单独在家里或村子里抚养，将两个孩子中的一个抚养成人或养到能够劳动的年龄，所用的土地似乎与维持一个成年奴隶的生活所用的土地一样多。因此，我得出结论：无论庄园主将这些土地产品给奴隶，让他维持自己和家人的生活，还是在自己的庄园里将这些生活必需品提供给奴隶及其家人，一个最下等的奴隶的日常劳动在价值上相当于维持他的生活所需的土地产品的两倍。这不能说是精确的计算，但是精确性也并非十分必要，只要能够接近事实就足够了。

如果庄园主雇佣家仆或自由民劳作，按照当地的习惯，他为供养他们所支付的费用可能会高于奴隶。但这种情况下，自由劳动者的劳动在价值上也应当等于维持其生活所需的土地产品的两倍。不过对庄园主而言，供养奴隶比供养自由农利润更高。因为如果他供养的奴隶数量太多，超出所需，他就可以像卖牲口那样卖掉过剩的奴隶，由此获得与供养他们长大成人或长到劳动年龄所支付费用相当的价格，除非这些奴隶年老或体弱。

我们也可以用同样的方式评估奴隶工匠的劳动价值是他们所消耗的土地产品的两倍。同样，考虑到他们得到的恩惠与特权，监工的劳动价值要高于在他手下工作的人。

当工匠或工人可以自由支配他们的两份土地产品时，如果他们已经结婚，就用一份维持自己的生活，另一份养活子女。如果他们还没有结婚，就会留出其中的一部分为结婚作准备，并为家庭用度做些储备，但是他们中的大部分人会为维持自己的生活消耗掉两份土地产品。

例如，已婚的工人只要吃些面包、奶酪和蔬菜之类的东西就会感到满足，他们很少会去吃肉、喝葡萄酒或啤酒，只穿破旧的衣服，而且能穿多久就穿多久。他们要将两份土地产品的剩余部分用于养育子女。然而，那些没有结婚的工人则能经常吃肉，还能给自己置办新衣物等，能将自己的两份土地产品完全用于满足自己的需求。因此，未婚工人个人消耗的土地产品是已婚工人的两倍。

在这里，我没有将妻子的开支考虑在内。我想她的劳动仅能勉强维持自己的生活，如果有人看到在这样贫苦的家庭里有很多小孩的话，我想那是因为有慈善人士在一定程度上资助了他们的生活。否则，为了养活这些孩子，父母就要舍弃一些自己的生活必需品。

为了更好地理解这一点，我们应当看到,如果一个贫穷的工人仅以面包和蔬菜为生，只穿麻布衣服和木鞋等，按照最低的估算结果，需要一英亩半土地的产品才能维持生计。但是，如果他准许自己喝酒、吃肉、穿毛料衣服等等，那么即使他不酗酒，不贪吃，也没有其他过度消费行为，他也要消耗掉4到10英亩土质中等的土地的产品。欧洲大部分的土地就是这种土质。我已经请人制作了图表（参见附录），用以确定按照欧洲的生活方式每人每年消耗的食物、衣物和其他生活必需品所需的土地数量。当然，欧洲不同国家的农民的养育方式和生活方式往往也相去甚远。

也正是由于这个原因，当我阐明一个最下等的农民的劳动在价值上相当于用于维持其生活的土地产品的两倍时，我并没有明确其劳动在价值上相当于多少土地，因为土地数量依不同国家的不同生活方式而变化。在法国南部的一些省份，农民需要一英亩半土地的产品维持生计，可以认为他的劳动价值等于3英亩土地的产品。但是在米德尔塞克斯郡，一个农民通常要消耗5到8英亩土地的产品，那么他的劳动价值可能

要两倍于这个数目。

在易洛魁人的乡村，居住者不耕种土地，而是完全靠打猎为生。一个最下等的猎户需要消耗50英亩土地的产品，因为可能需要这么多的土地来养活供他每年食用的动物。特别是这些未开化的人不会伐木植草，而是一切听任大自然安排。因此，可以认为该猎户的劳动在价值上等于100英亩土地的产品。在中国的南方各省，由于对农业高度重视，而且土地肥沃，从不闲置，每年土地能产出三季水稻，收获的粮食是所播种子的100倍。因此，那里人口众多便不足为奇了。通过这些例子似乎可以看出，大自然对于土地上生长的是草木还是谷物，其供养的植物、动物抑或人类的数量是多是少，根本毫无兴趣。

欧洲的租地农场主似乎相当于其他国家做苦力的奴隶的监工，而雇佣几个帮工的工匠师傅则相当于其他国家的奴隶工匠的监工。这些师傅非常了解各个行业的帮工工匠每天能做多少工作，而且通常按他们的工作量支付报酬。这样，不用过多监督，帮工们为了自己的利益就会全力工作。

由于欧洲的租地农场主和工匠师傅都是需要承担一定风险的业主，他们当中有些人会发财，得到两倍以上的生活资料，而有些则会破产，甚至倾家荡产。我会在专门探讨业主时详细解释这个问题。但是，他们当中的大多数人都能日复一日地养活自己及家人。因此，估计他们的劳动或者监督工作的价值可能是养活他们的土地产品的三倍。

显然，如果这些租地农场主和工匠师傅能够监督10个农业劳动者或者帮工的劳动，那么，根据他们农场的规模或主顾的数量，他们同样能够监督20个人的劳动。这就使得他们的劳动或者监督工作的价值具有了不确定性。

通过这些例子和其他一些同类的例子可以看出，一天的劳动价值与土地的产品有关；任何物品的内在价值都可以用生产该物品所用的土地数量和劳动数量来衡量。换句话说，土地产出的产品分配给了为此劳作的人，物品的内在价值由生产该产品的土地数量来衡量。由于所有土地都属于君主和地主，具有内在价值的所有物品之所以具有内在价值，仅仅是因为物品本身被消耗了。

货币或硬币在交换过程中可以确定物品的价值比例，因而是判断土地和劳动之间的平价及两者在不同国家的相互关系的最可靠的衡量尺度。在不同的国家中，这个平价根据分配给耕作者的土地产品数量的不同而有所不同。

例如，如果一个人每天通过劳动赚取1盎司银币，而另一个人在同一个地方仅能赚取半盎司银币，那么就可以得出结论：前者得到的可供自己支配的土地产品是后者的两倍。

威廉·佩蒂爵士在1685年写的一篇简短的手稿中，把这个平价或者说

土地和劳动之间的等式看作是政治经济学中要考虑的最重要因素。但是，他所作的研究则是充满空想、远离自然规律的，因为他不注重研究原因和原理，而只关注结果，就像洛克先生、戴夫南特先生，以及在他之后所有就这个题目写过文章的英国作家一样。

第十二章 一个国家的所有阶级和个人都要依靠土地所有者生存或致富

只有君主和土地所有者是独立生活的，其他所有阶级和居民都或被雇佣或是业主。对于这一点的论证和相关细节将在下一章节中加以阐述。

如果君主和土地所有者关闭他们的庄园，不让人们耕种他们的土地，那么显然任何居民都将得不到食物或报酬。因此，所有人不仅靠土地产品生活（土地是为了其所有者的利益而耕种的），而且也靠这些所有者牺牲一定的利益才得以生存。他们所拥有的一切也正是从这些所有者的财富中得来的。

租地农场主通常得到土地产品的2/3。其中的1/3用于补偿成本、供养帮工，另外1/3则作为自己的经营利润。通常，租地农场主用这2/3的土地产品直接或间接地养活了所有生活在农村的人们。同时，因为农村消费城市生产的某些商品，租地农场主也养活了生活在城市中的这部分工匠或业主。

土地所有者通常得到1/3的土地产品，用这1/3的产品他供养了从城里雇佣的所有工匠和其他工人，而且也经常供养那些把乡下产品运到城里的搬运工。

根据大体计算，一个国家往往有一半居民生活、居住在城市，另一半居民居住在农村。假定拥有土地产品2/3或4/6的租地农场主把其中的1/6直接或间接地支付给城市居民，用以交换从他们那里所获取的商品。这1/6再加上土地所有者在城里花费的1/3或2/6就构成了全部土地产品的3/6，或者说1/2。该计算只是大致体现了有关比例的概念。但事实上，如果有一半的居民生活在城市，他们要消耗掉一半以上的土地产品，因为他们的生活质量要比住在农村的人好些，而且作为土地所有者的工匠或扈从，他们要比租地农场主的帮工或扈从生活好些，消耗的土地产品也就多些。

但是，不管怎样，如果我们考察某个居民赖以生存的生活资料，那么经过一番溯本求源，总是会发现这些生活资料不是来自租地农场主留存的2/3，就是来自留给土地所有者的1/3，而这些都是出自土地所有者的土地。

如果土地所有者拥有的土地数量仅能租给一个租地农场主，那么依靠这块土地，这个租地农场主将会过上比土地所有者更好的生活。但是，城市里的贵族和大土地所有者往往拥有几百个租地农场主，而与这个国家全部居民总数相比，他们所占的比例是很小的。

当然，城市里也有一些靠对外贸易为生的业主和工匠，因此他们就

是靠外国的土地所有者为生。但是，目前我只考虑一个国家自己的产品和产业，不让偶然因素使我的论证复杂化。

土地属于土地所有者，但如果不耕种，这些土地对他们来说就毫无用处。在其他因素都相同的情况下，在土地上耗费的劳动愈多，土地的产出就愈多；在其他因素都相同的情况下，土地产品耗费的劳动愈多，其价值就愈高，这与商品相同。因此，土地所有者对居民的依赖程度不亚于居民对土地所有者的依赖程度。但是在这样一种经济制度下，有权处置和管理地产资本的是土地所有者，是他们推动着整个经济，使之向最有利的方向发展。同样，国家的一切尤其依赖于土地所有者的生活喜好和生活的方式方法。这一点我将在本书后面部分尽力阐述。

生活所需和必需的物品使租地农场主、各类工匠、商人、军官、士兵、水手、家仆和其他在国内工作或被雇佣的各个阶层得以生存。所有这些劳动人民不仅为君主和土地所有者服务，而且还彼此服务。因此，由于他们中有许多人并不直接为土地所有者工作，这些人未被视为是靠这些土地所有者的资本为生，靠这些土地所有者养活的。至于那些从事非重要职业的人，如舞蹈演员、演员、画家、音乐家等等，国家供养他们是为了娱乐大众或作为一种装饰。而且，与其他居民相比，这些人的数量始终很少。

第十三章 在欧洲，货物和商品的流通、交换以及生产均由业主进行，并承担一定风险

租地农场主是这样一种业主：他承诺每年付给土地所有者固定数额的租金（通常在价值上相当于土地产品的1/3）来租种农场或土地，却不能保证自己一定能从中获取利润。根据自己的判断，他把租到的土地用于饲养牲畜、种植谷物、酿酒或者种植牧草等等，但并不能预测哪种产品能够带来最高的利润。这些产品的价格一部分取决于天气，一部分取决于需求。如果谷物相对于其消费量十分充裕，其价格就会极其便宜；如果谷物稀缺，其价格就会非常昂贵。谁能预测一个国家一年之中出生和死亡的人口的数量呢？谁能预测每个家庭开支的增减呢？然而，租地农场主产品的价格就取决于这些不可预知的情况。因而，租地农场主经营农场的行为存在不确定性。

城市消费了租地农场主一半以上的产品。他把产品运到城里或者最近的城镇的市场上出售，或许有些人开始单独做起了运输者。他们承诺按照当天的市价为租地农场主的产品支付一个固定的价格，然后在城里得到一个虽然不确定，但足以支付运费，并能获取一定利润的价格。虽然在城里，产品价格的波动不是很大，但价格的变化还是让他们的利润不确定。

虽然这些产品是零星消费的，但把产品从农村运到城市的业主或商人不能呆在城里以零售的形式出售这些产品。没有一个城市家庭能承受一次购齐自己需要的所有产品，从而加重自己的负担。每个家庭的成员数量和消费量都会有增有减，至少他们选择消费的产品种类会发生变化。酒几乎是一个家庭要储备的唯一消费品。无论如何，大多数市民都靠每日的收入维持生活，但同时又是最大的消费者，他们无力储存乡下的产品。

正因如此，许多人便开始在城里经商，成了商人或业主。他们从产品运输者手中购买乡下产品，或要求这些人为他们把产品运来。他们按照交易场所的通行价为产品支付一定的价格，然后再以不确定的价格把这些产品批发或者零售出去。

这类业主包括羊毛和谷物批发商、面包师、屠户、各类制造商和商人。他们买进乡下产品和原材料进行加工，然后再按居民的需求逐步转卖出去。

这些业主无法知晓他们所在的城市需求会有多大，也不知道自己的主顾什么时候不再购买自己的产品，因为他们的竞争对手会千方百计地同他们争夺主顾。所有这些原因给业主们造成了极大的不确定性，以至于他们中每天都有人在破产。

从商人或者直接从租地农场主手里购买羊毛的制造商无法预知把布

料和毛料卖给兼售衣料的裁缝会得到多少利润。如果后者销售情况不佳，他就不会大量购买制造商的布料和毛料，特别是当那些毛料不再时兴的时候。

布商是这样的业主：他以一定的价格从制造商那里购买布料，然后再以不固定的价格卖出去，因为他们也无法预知需求的大小。当然，他可以确定一个价格，然后坚持达不到这个价格就不卖，但如果因此他的主顾转而购买别人较便宜的布料，他待价而沽的同时就会坐吃山空。与无利而售相比，他将以同样快或更快的速度破产。

商店店主和各类零售商是这样的业主：他们以固定的价格买进，然后以不固定的价格在自己店里或者市场上卖出。在一个国家里，能够鼓励这些业主，让他们维持下去的是消费者。这些消费者是他们的主顾，他们宁愿多花些钱随时少量购买所需的物品，也不愿意购买大量商品储存起来。而且，这些人大多也没有财力直接购买一大批商品并储存起来。

所有这些业主相对于其他人而言都是消费者和主顾。例如，布商是酒商的消费者和主顾，反之亦然。在一国之中，业主的数量同他们的顾客量或消费量成比例。在一个城市里或一条街道上，如果相对于买帽子的人数来说，帽商太多了，那么顾客光顾最少的一些帽店必然会破产。反之，如果帽商过少，这就会成为有利可图的行当，从而鼓励新帽商到那里开店。一国的各类业主就是这样根据风险来调整自己的经营的。

其他业主，诸如掌管矿山、剧院和建筑物等的业主，靠水路和陆路等的商人，饭店店主、糕点店店主、客栈店主等，以及那些依靠自己劳动的、无需资本也能营业的业主，例如做短工的工匠、铜匠、缝纫女工、清扫烟囱的工人和运水工，他们的生活也都具有不稳定性，他们的数量和顾客的需求成比例。例如，鞋匠、裁缝、木匠和假发匠等工匠师傅会根据手头的活计雇佣短工。他们的生活同样是不稳定的，因为他们的主顾不定哪天就会弃他们而去。那些在艺术和科学领域工作的业主，例如画家、医生、律师等的生活同样也是不稳定的。如果一个代理人或者出庭律师每年靠为当事人提供服务或行业可以赚到5000英镑的收入，而另外一个律师却只赚到了500英镑，那么或许可以认为，他们从雇主那里得来的报酬也是极不稳定的。

或许有人会极力主张，业主们在营业过程中不择手段，尽量从主顾那里捞取好处，但这个问题已超出了我的考查范围。

通过所有这些归纳，以及有关一国所有居民的话题所能给出的其他归纳，我们可以得出这样的结论：除了君主和土地所有者以外，一国中所有的居民都不是独立的。他们可以被分为两个阶层：业主和受雇者。所有业主可以说是靠不固定的工资为生，而其他人只要能够得到工资则靠固定的工资为生，尽管他们的职业和社会地位可能大不相同。领取薪金的将军、领取津贴的朝臣以及领取工资的家仆都属于后一类。其他所

有人都是业主，不论他们靠自己的资本开业经营，还是只靠自身的劳动而无需资本，都可以被看作是生活在不稳定的状态中，甚至乞丐和强盗也属于这个业主阶层。总之，一国的所有居民都靠土地所有者的地产为生，他们所得的各种好处也源于此。他们都不是独立的。

然而，如果某个工资很高的人或者是某个大业主积累了资本或财富，也就是说，如果他储存了大量的谷物、羊毛、铜、黄金、白银或某种具有内在或真正价值、能在一国长期使用或有销路的产品或商品，那么只要这一资本存在，他就有充分的理由被看作是独立的。他可以利用这一资本获取抵押借款，也可以从土地和以土地为担保的公共贷款中获取利息。他可以过着比小土地所有者更好的生活，甚至可以从其中一些小土地所有者手中购买地产。

但是，产品和商品，甚至是黄金和白银，要比土地所有权更易受到偶然事件的影响，更易遭受损失。但是，不管这些财物是如何得来或积累的，可能是领取的薪酬，也可能是通过节约用于维持生活的工资，它们总是从真正所有者的土地上取得的。

一个大国的货币所有者的数量往往相当可观。虽然一国中流通的所有货币的价值几乎超不过土地产出的产品价值的1/9或1/10，但是由于货币所有者把大量货币贷出，并通过取得抵押品或该国产品和商品的形式获取利息，应偿还给他们的货币数量通常会超过一国货币的总量。他们常常会变成一个极为强大的团体，以至于如果这些土地所有者本身不是货币所有者，如果大量货币的所有者自己不谋求成为土地所有者，那么货币所有者甚至能够和土地所有者相抗衡。

然而，下述说法总是正确的：所有获得的或者积攒下来的货币都来自真正的土地所有者的土地。但在一国中，有很多土地所有者每天都在破产，其他得到他们土地所有权的人则会取代他们的位置。独立性是由土地所有权所赋予的，因此只适用于那些拥有土地所有权的人。由于所有土地始终只有一个真正的主人或所有者，因此我认为该国所有的居民得以为生的生活资料和所有的财富都是从土地所有者的地产中获得的。如果这些所有者只是局限于靠租金来生活，那是不成问题的，但是别的居民要想靠他们的开支富裕起来就难上加难了。

因此，我将提出这样一个原理：在一国之中，只有土地所有者是天然独立的，其他所有阶层，无论是业主还是受雇者都不是独立的；一国之中的所有交换和流通都是以业主为媒介进行的。

第十四章 君主尤其是土地所有者的喜好、经营土地的方法和生活方式决定一国土地的使用方式，并导致各种物品市场价格的变化

如果一个大庄园主（在这里我想假设这个世界上没有其他庄园）自己耕种土地，他便可以根据自己的喜好来决定土地的使用。（1）他必定会用其中的一部分土地种植谷物，以便供养为他工作的工人、工匠和监工；用另外一部分土地按照自己希望的方式来饲养可以为其提供衣服、食物或其他物品的牛羊和其他牲畜。（2）他可以按照自己的意愿把部分土地变成公园、花园、果园或葡萄园，变成供他享乐的马匹的牧场等等。

现在让我们假设，为了避免过多的操劳和麻烦，他同工人的监工达成协议，把农场或几块土地交给他们，让他们负责按通常的标准供养所监管的所有工人。这样，这些监工就变成了租地农场主或业主。他们把另外1/3的土地产品给了在土地或农场上劳作的工人，以满足他们的食品、衣物和其他需求，就像他们受雇于土地所有者的时候一样。我们可以进一步假设，土地所有者与工匠监工达成协议，给他们提供食物和其他物品，这样就使监工变成了工匠师傅。土地所有者还确定一种共同的计价单位，例如用白银来确定租地农场主提供给他们的羊毛的价格，以及他们提供给租地农场主的衣料的价格。这一价格能给工匠师傅提供和以前做监工时一样多的好处和享受，而工匠帮工的劳动则按天或者按件计酬。这些人制作出的帽子、袜子、鞋子和衣服等卖给土地所有者、租地农场主、农业劳动者和其他工匠，互惠的价格使所有人都能保留和以前一样的好处，而租地农场主也以相称的价格出售他们的产品和原料。

接下来发生的事情是：监工变成了业主，成了在他手下工作的那些人的绝对主人，他们在为自己的利益工作时将更为尽心竭力，并从中得到更大的满足。因此，我们假设，经过这样的变化，这个大庄园中的所有人还过着和以前一样的生活，这个大庄园的各个部分和农场都将按照以前的方式被加以利用。

如果一些租地农场主种植的谷物比以往多，他们就必须减少饲养的羊的数量，那么能出售的羊毛和羊肉也会变少。这样，居民可消费的谷物就会太多，而羊毛则太少。因此，羊毛的价格就会很昂贵，从而迫使居民不得不把衣服比以往穿得更久一些。同时，谷物太多也会给第二年造成剩余。因为我们所作的假设是：土地所有者已规定租地农场主以白银的形式支付出自己农场产品的1/3。那么，那些有太多谷物而羊毛过少的租地农场主就无力向他缴纳地租。如果土地所有者放他们一马，他们就会留意在来年少种谷物、多产羊毛，因为租地农场主总是尽力将土地用于生产那些他们认为能在市场上卖得高价的东西。但是，如果在第二年，相对于需求，他们拥有的羊毛过多而谷物过少，那么以后，每年他们都会调整土地的利用状况，直至他们的生产能很好地满足居民的消

费需求。如此一来，生产和居民的消费比例大体相适应的租地农场主可以利用农场的一部分土地种草以收获牧草，用另一部分土地生产谷物和羊毛等等。除非他发现需求有很大的变化，否则不会改变用地计划。但在这个例子中，我们假设所有人都按照土地所有者自己耕种土地时的生活方式生活，因此，租地农场主会将土地用于同以前一样的用途。

拥有1/3土地产品支配权的土地所有者是需求可能发生变化的主要动因。农业劳动者和工匠们得过且过，他们只有在必要时才会改变自己的生活方式。如果一些租地农场主、工匠师傅或其他业主在经济宽裕的情况下可以改变自己的支出和消费，他们通常会去效仿贵族和土地所有者。他们会仿效贵族和土地所有者的衣着、饮食和生活方式。如果土地所有者喜欢穿精致的亚麻、丝绸或用花边做装饰，那么对这些商品的需求量就会超过这些所有者自己的需求量。

如果一位将所有土地全部出租的贵族或土地所有者一时兴起想大规模改变自己的生活方式，例如，如果他要减少家仆的数量而增加马匹的数量，那么，不仅他原来的仆人会被迫离开这个庄园，而且与之成比例的一批为养活这些仆人而工作的工匠和农业劳动者也必须离开。那部分原本用来养活这些居民的土地将被改为牧场以饲养新的马匹。如果一国所有的土地所有者都效仿这个做法，那么很快他们就会使马匹的数量增加而人的数量减少。

如果一个土地所有者遣散了大量的家仆而增加了马匹的数量，那么相对于居民的需求，谷物就会过剩。于是，谷物会变得廉价，而牧草则会变贵。因此，租地农场主会多种牧草，少种谷物，以适应相应的需求。土地所有者的生活喜好或经营土地的方法就是以这样的方式决定了土地的使用并导致需求的变化，进而导致了市场价格的变动。如果一国的所有土地所有者都自己耕种自己的庄园，他们就会利用土地去生产自己需要的东西。由于需求的变化主要由他们的生活方式所决定，他们在市场上所出的价格就决定了租地农场主在雇工和土地使用方面作出的一切变动。

为了不使问题复杂化，在这里我不考虑因某年收成的好坏所导致的市场价格的变化，也不考虑由于外国军队或其他突发事件所造成的异常消费。我考虑的只是一国处于自然的、一贯状态下的情况。

第十五章 一个国家人口数量的增减主要取决于该国土地所有者的喜好、经营土地的方法和生活方式

经验表明，树木、植物和其他蔬菜可以增加到任何数量，只要分配了足够的土地供它们生长。

同样的经验表明，世间的各种动物的数量也可以增加到任何数量，只要分配的土地能够养活它们。马匹、牛羊的数量也能很容易地增长到土地所能养育的数量上限。正如在米兰那样，通过灌溉可以改良用作该用途的土地。与在田野上放牛相比，在畜棚里养牛可以节省牧草，而且饲养的头数会更多。在英格兰就可以用芜菁养羊，用这种方法，一英亩土地可以比把它当作牧场时为羊群提供更多的营养。总之，如果我们能找到无限多的土地去饲养牲畜，我们便可以根据自己的意愿大量增加各类牲畜的数量，甚至能够把它们的数量增加到无限；除了分配给牲畜的生活资料的数量受限外，牲畜数量的增加不受任何其他限制。毋庸置疑，如果所有的土地都用来为人类提供简单的食物，那么人类的数量就会以某种方式增加到土地所能供养的限度。这种方式将在下面予以解释。

世界上没有任何一个国家的人口能堪比中国。中国的普通百姓靠吃米饭、喝米汤为生；在南方各省，由于农业特别受重视，每年会有三茬水稻大丰收。那里的土地从不休耕，每年的产量是种子的100倍。那些穿衣服的人一般也只穿棉布衣服。生产棉花所需的土地非常少，似乎一英亩地生产的棉花就足够做500件成年人的衣服。按照中国人的风俗习惯，他们必须结婚，而且只要负担得起就必须养活尽可能多的子女。他们把占用土地修建用来享乐的花园或公园视作一种罪行，认为那是在骗取公众的生活资料。他们用轿子抬游客，凡能由人完成的工作就不使用马匹。通过艰苦和不知疲倦的劳作，他们从江河中捕获了大量的鱼，也从土地上获得了可能得到的一切。

然而，如果遇到灾年，尽管有皇帝的关怀（他储备了稻米以应对此类紧急情况），成千上万的人还是要挨饿。尽管中国人口那样多，他们的数量也必然与他们的生活资料成比例，而不会超过按照他们的生活水平该国所能供养的人口数量。这样，在中国，一英亩土地就可以养活许多人。

另一方面，没有任何一个国家的人口像生活在美洲腹地的那些印第安人那样增长得如此缓慢。他们忽略农业，生活在丛林里，靠在那里捕获的野兽为生。由于他们的森林破坏了土质的香甜和坚实，因而那里几乎没有动物赖以生存的草地。而且，一个印第安人一年要吃掉好几只动物，所以50英亩或100英亩土地只能为一个印第安人提供足够的食物。

这些印第安人的一个小部落就需要40平方里格的土地作为狩猎场地。为了争夺狩猎的土地，他们经常发动激烈的战争，并且始终使自己

的人口数量同他们通过追猎所得的生活资料成比例。

欧洲人靠耕种土地、种植谷物来维持生活。他们养的羊为他们提供羊毛做衣服。大多数欧洲人食用的谷物是小麦，但也有些农民用黑麦做面包。在北部地区，人们还用大麦和燕麦做面包。在欧洲各国，农民和普通民众的食物都不尽相同，而且土地的质量和肥力往往也不同。

弗兰德斯的大多数土地和伦巴第的部分土地都没有闲置，土地的产量是种子的18倍到20倍，那不勒斯平原的产量甚至更高。在法国、西班牙、英格兰和德国的一些土地也能达到这样高的产量。西塞罗告诉我们，在他那个时候，西西里岛的土地产量是种子的10倍，而老普林尼则说，在西西里的莱昂蒂尼，土地产量是种子的100倍，在巴比伦是150倍，而一些非洲地区的土地产量还要高出很多。

现在，欧洲土地的平均产量是种子的6倍，因此，多出的这5倍于种子的产量是留给人们消费的。土地通常每3年休耕一次，第一年种小麦，第二年就种大麦。

根据对某个人生活方式的不同假设，我对养活一个人需要的土地数量作了估计，估计数字可以在附录中找到。从中可以看出：如果一个人靠面包、大蒜和根菜为生，只穿大麻外衣、粗亚麻布、木制的鞋，像法国南部的许多农民那样只喝水而不饮酒，那么一英亩半的中等肥沃程度的土地（每3年休耕一次，收成是种子的6倍）就能够维持他的生计。另一方面，如果一个成年人穿皮鞋、袜子和毛料衣服，有房屋居住，有换洗的亚麻衣服，有一张床、几把椅子、一张桌子和其他生活必需品，适度地喝啤酒或葡萄酒，每天充分但有节制地吃肉、黄油、奶酪、面包和各种蔬菜等，那么要满足所有这些需求，就需要4到5英亩质地中等的土地。的确，在这些估计中，除了用于犁地和把产品运到10英里以外的马匹外，完全没有考虑其他马匹所需的饲料。

历史记录表明，最早的罗马人每个人需要两朱纳尔的土地来养活他的家庭，即相当于1巴黎英亩又330平方英尺左右的土地。他们几乎赤身裸体，既不饮酒，也不吃油，睡在稻草堆里，几乎没有什么使生活舒适的东西。但是，由于他们辛勤地耕种土地（罗马周围的土质是相当好的），所以从这些土地上收获了大量谷物和蔬菜。

如果土地所有者内心想增加人口的数量，如果他们通过承诺给农民提供生活资料，鼓励他们及早结婚并生儿育女，并把土地完全用于此目的，他们无疑能使人口增加到土地所能供养的上限。根据他们分配给每个人的土地产品的数量，供养一个人所需的土地可能是一英亩半，也可能是4到5英亩。

但是，如果君主或土地所有者想把土地用作其他目的而不是用于供养人民，如果他们通过操纵市场上产品和商品的价格来驱使租地农场主把土地用于其他目的，而不是用于维持人的生活（我们已经看到，他们

在市场上的出价和他们自身的消费决定了土地的用途，就像他们自己耕种土地那样），那么人口的数量必然会减少。有些人由于找不到足够的活计被迫背井离乡；另外一些人由于没有必需的生活资料来养活子女，只好不结婚或者晚些结婚，直到有了一定的积蓄，能够养家糊口时再结婚。

如果住在乡下的土地所有者到远离他们土地的城市去居住，他们就必须饲养马匹来为他们运送食物，同时也要为他们的所有家仆、工匠以及其他因他们住在城里而被吸引过去的人们运送食物。

把葡萄酒从勃艮第运到巴黎的费用往往高于酒本身在勃艮第的成本。因此，用于供养拉车的马匹和马夫的土地的数量比用于生产酒的土地数量以及供养酒的生产者的土地数量要多得多。一个国家饲养的马匹越多，留给人食用的食物就越少。饲养马车用马、狩猎用马和战马通常需要3到4英亩的土地。

但是，如果贵族和土地所有者购买外国制造的布料、绸缎和花边等，并把本国的土产品运送给外国人作为交换，那么他们就大大减少了本国人民的食物，同时大大增加了外国人的食物，而这些外国人往往会成为本国的敌人。

如果波兰的某个土地所有者或贵族（他的租地农场主每年交纳给他相当于土地产品1/3的租金）喜欢使用荷兰的布料、亚麻制品等，他就会把他收到的租金的一半用于支付这些商品，而将另一半用于购买其他的波兰产品和粗制品以维持家人的生活。但是，按照我们的假设，他租金的一半相当于他土地产品的1/6，那么，这1/6将被荷兰人取走。它是由波兰的租地农场主以谷物、羊毛、大麻及其他产品的形式交给荷兰人的。就这样，波兰1/6的土地产品从波兰人民那里被取走，更不用说按照波兰贵族的生活方式饲养拉货的马匹、马车用马和战马所消耗的土地产品了。此外，如果租地农场主也效仿主人消费外国的制成品，他们就要用自己所分配到的土地产品的2/3以原产品的形式来支付这些制成品。这样，在波兰就至少有1/3的土地产品从人民的食物中被取走。更糟糕的是，这些产品中的大多数被运到外国人手中，而且往往被用于供养本国的敌人。如果波兰的土地所有者和贵族只消费自己国家的制成品，这些产品最初可能质量不高，但是很快就会有所改进，而且能使大批自己国家的人在那里工作，而不是把这种优势让给外国人。如果所有的国家都有这样的警惕性，就不至于在贸易方面被其他国家欺骗，那么每个国家的强盛程度就完全与自己国家的土地产出和人民的勤劳程度成正比。

如果巴黎的女士们喜欢佩戴布鲁塞尔花边，如果法国人用香巴尼地区的香槟酒来支付这种花边，那么，如果我的计算正确，一英亩亚麻生产的亚麻制品就要用16,000英亩葡萄园生产的产品来支付。我会在别处对这一点作更详尽的解释，相关的数据可以在附录中找到。这里只需指出，在这笔交易中，大量原本用来维持法国人生活的产品被取出。除非

通过交换将同样多的产品带回国内，否则所有这些运到国外的产品都会减少产品出产国人口的数量。

当我说土地所有者可以在土地所能供养的限度内使人口增加时，我认为，大多数人如果有条件以一种自己满意的方式供养自己的家庭，他们最渴望的是结婚。也就是说，如果一个人满足于一英亩半土地产品的生活标准，只要他确信自己有能力以同样的标准供养一个家庭，他就会结婚。但是，如果只有5英亩到10英亩的土地产品才能使他满足，除非他认为自己有能力以同样的标准供养一个家庭，否则他是不会急于结婚的。

在欧洲，贵族家庭的孩子都在富裕的环境中长大。由于绝大部分财产通常由长子来继承，其他的孩子就不会急于结婚。他们通常在军队或修道院过单身生活。但是，如果他们能够得到继承权和财产，或者得到一份使他们能如预期中的那样养活一个家庭的收入（如果没有这笔收入，他们可能认为自己会给子女带来不幸），他们很少有不愿意结婚的。

在一国的下层社会中，也有这样一些人，他们出于骄傲以及与贵族的考虑相似的原因，宁愿选择过独身生活，把自己拥有的微薄财产用在自己身上，而不愿安顿下来过家庭生活。如果依靠自己可以如希望中的那样维持一个家庭，他们之中的大多数人将乐于建立一个家庭。如果他们把孩子抚养成人而结果是让他们落入比自己更低的社会阶层，他们就会认为自己对孩子做了不公正的事。在一国之中，只有少数人纯粹由于怪异想法而逃避婚姻。所有处于下层社会中的人们都希望活下去，都希望生儿育女，并让他们像自己一样生活。如果工人和工匠不结婚，那是因为他们在等待自己有所积蓄，使他们能够组建家庭，或者在等待一个能带来一点儿财产的女子，帮助其组建家庭。因为他们每天都能看到一些与自己相似的人，这些人由于缺乏这类准备就成立了家庭，结果不得不省下自己的食物来养活孩子，从而陷入极度贫困的境地。

从哈利先生观察到的情况我们发现，在西里西亚的布雷斯劳，在所有16岁到45岁的育龄妇女中，实际上每6个人中每年生1个孩子的不到1人。而哈利先生说，如果不包括那些不能生育或生死胎的妇女，每6个人中至少应该有4到6个妇女每年都生孩子。之所以不是每6个育龄妇女中有4个每年都生孩子，是因为生活的艰难坎坷使他们不敢结婚。一个年轻女子如果不结婚就会注意不让自己做母亲。如果找不到一个准备冒险一试的男子，她就无法结婚。一个国家中的大多数人不是受雇于人就是自己经营。无论是通过自己劳动，还是通过自己经营得到像他们希望的那样供养家庭的收入，他们中的大多数都不是独立的，并且生活都不稳定。因此，他们并不全都结婚或者结婚很晚，以至于每6个或至少每4个本该每年生育一个小孩的妇女中，实际上只有1个人做了母亲。

如果土地所有者帮着供养这些家庭，那么只需一代人的时间，就足以推动人口增加到土地产品可以为人们提供生活资料的极限。孩子不像

成年人那样需要那么多的土地产品。成人和孩子都可以按照各自的消费水平，靠或多或少的产品为生。众所周知，北方的土地产出少，北方人赖以生存的产品极少，他们便派遣殖民者和大批士兵入侵南方地区，杀戮那里的居民，占用他们的土地。由于生活方式的不同，通常只能养活10万人的土地产品，可能用来养活40万人。一个靠一英亩半的土地产品生活的人可能比耗费掉5英亩或10英亩土地产品的人更强壮。因此，一个国家居民的数量取决于分配给他们用来维持生活的资料，这一点似乎显而易见。由于这些生活资料取决于土地耕种的方法，而这种方法又取决于土地所有者的兴趣、兴致和生活方式，因此，人口的增减也是建立在这个基础之上的。

如果某些国家的人们满足于过最贫困的生活，消费最少的土地产品，那么这些国家的人口就能最大限度地增加。如果某些国家的农民和工人习惯于吃肉，喝葡萄酒、啤酒等等，那么这些国家就无法养活更多的居民。

威廉·佩蒂爵士和继他之后的英格兰海关稽查员戴夫南特先生试图通过自第一位人类之父亚当以来的一代代人的发展来推演种族繁衍的过程，他们这样做似乎是背离自然的。他们的计算结果似乎纯粹出于想象，是随机得来的。根据他们所看到的某些地区的实际出生率，他们如何解释原本人口众多的亚洲、埃及等地，甚至是欧洲，人口下降的原因呢？如果17个世纪以前意大利有2600万人口，而现在它的人口减少到最多只有600万，他们怎么能够按照金先生的那种级数断定，目前有五六百万居民的英格兰，若干年后其人口可能将达到1300万呢？我们每天都能看到，总的来说，英国人比他们的父辈消耗的土地产品要多，这才是为什么该国居民比过去少的真正原因。

如果人类拥有无限的生活资料，他们就会像谷仓里的老鼠一样迅速繁殖。居住在殖民地的英国人，在三代之内增加的人口相应地比他们在英格兰生活三十代还要多，因为在殖民地，把印第安人赶走之后，他们发现了大片可以耕种的新土地。

一直以来，在所有国家，人们都为争夺土地和生活资料而发动过战争。如果战争消灭或减少了某个国家的人口，在和平时期，未开化的人和文明的民族很快就会使之恢复；如果君主和土地所有者对此加以鼓励，情况则尤为如此。

一个征服了许多殖民地的国家，通过强加于被征服者的贡赋，可以增加本国人民的生活资料。罗马人曾经从埃及、西西里岛和非洲取得大量的生活资料，这正是当时意大利有那么多居民的原因。

在发现了矿藏的国家，如果本国有制造业，而无需把大量的土地产品运往外国以交换大量商品和土地产品，那么，这个国家就能获得维持本国国民生活的更多资金。

荷兰人主要用他们在航海、捕鱼和制造业上的劳动交换别国的土地产品。否则，荷兰连本国的一半人口都养活不起。英格兰从外国购买大量木材、大麻和其他原材料或土地产品，而且消费大量葡萄酒。英格兰是用矿产和制成品支付这些的，从而就为英格兰节约了大量的土地产品。如果没有这些优势，按照那里的生活开支，英格兰是不会像现在这样人口众多的。煤矿为他们节约了几百万英亩的土地，否则这些土地本应用于种树取材。

但是，所有这些优势只是我顺便提及的经过加工的特例。要增加一个国家的人口，自然而且持久的方法是为那里的人们找到工作，让土地用于生产他们所需的生活资料。

是拥有众多居民，但他们生活困苦、不得温饱，还是拥有较少居民，但他们能更安逸的生活，换言之，是拥有每人消费6英亩土地产品的100万居民好些，还是拥有每人靠一英亩半的土地产品为生的400万居民好些，这也是超出我探讨范围的问题。

第十六章 一国的劳动越多，就越自然地被尊为富国

附录中所做的一长串的计算表明：按照欧洲的生活标准，25个成年人的劳动足以为100个成年人提供全部生活必需品。确实，在这些估算中，食物、衣服以及住房等都是粗糙的，相当基本的，但人们的生活却安逸、富足。可以假设，一国超过1/3的人口因太年轻或太年老而无法从事日常劳动，此外还有1/6的人口是土地所有者、病人和并不通过自己双手的直接劳动为人类的各种需要作出贡献的各类业主。这样，一国之中就有一半的人不从事劳动，或至少不从事我们所说的这种劳动。因此，如果25个人就能完成用来养活100个人的劳动，那么这100个人中就还有25个人虽然有劳动能力但无事可做。

这25个人中的一部分将成为士兵、富裕人家的家仆；如果这25个人中的其他人都通过额外劳动忙于改良生活必需品，例如，生产细亚麻和细布料等，那么尽管这部分劳动并未增加维持人们生活的必需品的数量，该国也会相应地由于这部分增加的劳动而被视为富国。

劳动能够使食物和酒更加美味。做工精细的刀叉比那些粗制滥造的刀叉更被人珍视。房屋、床、桌子以及使生活舒适所必需的所有东西也是如此。

诚然，一国的人民是习惯于穿粗糙的还是精致的衣服（假如二者能穿同样长的时间），是吃细粮还是粗粮（如果他们都有足够的食物而且身体健康），对于一个国家来说没有多大区别，因为酒、食物和衣服等物品无论是精制还是粗糙都同样地被消费掉了，这类财富在这个国家已不复存在。

但是下面的说法总是正确的：那些人们穿精细布料和细亚麻布料制的衣服，吃精致美味食物的国家比那些穿着和饮食比较粗糙的国家更富裕，也更受人尊重；甚至，如果在一个国家里，人们可以看到较多的人按照上述第一种方式生活，而另一些国家拥有较少的按照这种方式生活的人，那么前者会比后者更受尊敬。

但如果我们刚才所说的这100个人中的25个人都被雇佣来生产永久性物品，即从矿井中挖铁、铅、锡、铜等，并把它们加工成供人们使用的工具、器械、碗碟以及其他远比陶器更耐用的有用物品，那么这个国家不仅是在表面上更加富裕，而且事实上也将如此。如果这些人受雇从地下开采黄金和白银，情况就更是如此。因为这些金属不仅耐用，而且可以说是永久性的，即使火也不能将它们烧毁。它们是人们普遍接受的价值计量单位，永远可以用来交换任何生活必需品。如果这些居民把自己生产的制成品和产品运往国外，将金银作为交换带回到自己的国家，那么他们的劳动就同样有益，而且会在实际上让国家更富庶。

决定国家相对强弱的关键似乎在于这些国家在每年消费后剩余的储

备，例如布料、亚麻、谷物等的库存，这些是为了应对不好的年景或战争。由于黄金和白银永远可以购买上述物品，甚至可以从自己国家的敌人那里买到，因此黄金和白银就是一个国家真正的储备。这一储备的实际数量的多寡必然决定了各个王国和国家间的相对强弱。

如果某个国家习惯于通过出口本国的商品和农产品，如谷物、葡萄酒、羊毛等以从国外吸引黄金和白银，这种做法肯定会使该国变富，但要以人口的减少为代价。可如果以人民的劳动作为交换从国外吸引黄金和白银，例如用包含很少土地产品的制成品和商品来交换，那么这会使这个国家有效地从本质上变富。的确，在一个大国里，我们所说的这100个人中的25个人不能都受雇佣以生产供外国消费的物品。举例来说，100万人生产的布料就会超过整个商业世界的年消费量，因为在每个国家，更多的人总是穿用本国原料做的衣服，而且在任何国家都很难看到有10万人被雇来为外国人生产衣服。在附录里可以看到关于英格兰的情况，在欧洲的所有国家中，英格兰为外国人提供的布料最多。

要想使某国生产的制成品在国外的消费达到一定的规模，就必须通过在国内的大量消费改善制成品的质量并增加其价值。减少一切外国制成品的输入，从而为本国居民提供充足的就业机会是很有必要的。

如果无法为这100个人中的25个人找到足够的工作，从而无法让他们忙于对国家有用并且有利的工作，我并不反对鼓励他们从事某些纯属装饰性和娱乐性的工作。不能因为一个国家拥有1000个用于打扮女士甚至男士的或者用于玩乐的小装饰品，而不是拥有实用和耐用的物品，我们就认为这个国家不那么富有。据说，在科林斯被围期间，第欧根尼放倒一个水桶滚来滚去，以表示别人在工作的时候他也没有闲着。今天，社会上许多男女从事的工作和训练与第欧根尼所做的工作一样，对国家毫无用处。无论一个人的劳动为国家所提供的装饰甚至娱乐是多么小，只要这个人没能找到更有用的工作，就应该鼓励他这样做。

对于人们的不同职业以及他们创造的不同种类的劳动，是予以鼓励还是进行阻碍，总是取决于土地所有者的意愿。

朝臣以君主为榜样，他们的效仿通常能够决定其他土地所有者的意愿和兴趣，而土地所有者作为榜样自然也会影响所有比他们低的阶层。那么毫无疑问，一位君主能够通过自己的榜样作用，毫无限制地使他的臣民的劳动发生变化。

如果一国之中，每个土地所有者只拥有通常只能租给一个租地农场主的一小块土地，那么这个国家就很难有任何城市。如果每个土地所有者都雇佣居民从事某种有用的劳动，这些居民靠他的土地来供养，那么那里的人口会更多，国家也会非常富裕。

但是，如果贵族拥有了大量地产，就必然会导致奢侈和懒惰。如果这个国家能够维持长久和平，那么无论是某个管辖着100个僧侣、靠几

个上等庄园的产品为生的住持，还是某个拥有50名家仆以及专门为他服务的马匹、靠这些庄园为生的贵族，对这个国家来说没有任何差别。

但是，在战争时期，拥有随从和马匹的贵族对国家是有用的。在和平时期，他在地方行政管理和维持国家秩序方面也总是有用的。在任何情况下，他都是国家极好的装饰品。

第十七章 论金属和货币，特论黄金和白银

土地出产谷物的多少取决于土地的肥力和投入的劳动，同样，铁、铅、锡、金和银等矿藏出产这些金属的多少取决于矿藏的储量，以及在挖掘、排水、熔炼、精炼等过程中所耗费的劳动数量和质量。因为开采银矿造成的死亡率很高，所以在银矿的劳动很昂贵。从事这种劳动的时间很少能超过五六年。

与其他所有物品一样，金属的真实价值或内在价值与生产金属所用的土地和劳动成比例。只有当矿脉异常丰富，矿主能够从矿工的劳动中获取利润时，矿主才会为采矿对土地进行很大投入。矿工和工人维持生活所需的土地，即维持采矿劳工的生活所需的土地通常是矿主的主要开支，也是导致矿主破产的主要原因。

金属的市场价值与其他商品或产品一样，是根据需求状况，随金属的充裕或稀缺程度而变化，有时高于它们的内在价值，有时低于它们的内在价值。

如果一国的土地所有者和仿效他们的下层社会的人错误地认为锡和铜有害身体健康而拒绝使用锡和铜，如果他们都使用陶制的碗碟和用具，那么锡和铜在市场上的价格就会很低，在矿井进行的采掘工作也会停止。但是由于这些金属被发现有用，继而被用于服务生活，所以，它们总会有一个市场价值，这一价值与它们的充裕和稀缺程度以及市场对它们的需求成正例。而且，这些金属总是被采掘出来以补充日常损耗的。

铁不仅在日常生活中有用，在某种意义上，可以说铁是必不可少的。在美国人发现他们的新大陆之前没有使用过铁。如果他们在那时已经发现了铁矿，而且知道如何使用铁，那么毫无疑问，他们会不惜一切代价付出劳动去生产铁。

黄金和白银不仅具有与锡和铜相同的用途，而且具有铅和铁的大部分用途。它们还具有比其他金属更多的优势，既不怕火烧，又特别经久耐用，堪称是永恒的物质。因此，那些发现其他金属有用的人，早在黄金和白银用于交换之前就已非常珍视它们，这就不足为奇了。自罗马建立之日起，罗马人就珍视黄金，但是在五百年之后才将黄金用作货币。或许所有其他的国家也是这样，只有在将这些金属用作其他用途很久之后才将它们用作货币。但是，从最古老的历史学家那里我们发现：早在古代，黄金和白银在埃及和亚洲就被当作货币使用了，而且从《创世记》中我们可以了解到，银币是在亚伯拉罕时代铸造的。

让我们假设白银最初是在美索不达米亚的尼发特斯山的某个矿井中发现的。很自然地可以推想出，一个或多个土地所有者发现这种金属既漂亮又有用，便成了最早使用它的人，而且他们乐于鼓励矿工或业主从

矿井中采掘更多的白银。作为劳动报酬，他们会给矿工或者业主及其帮工们维持生活所需的一定数量的土地产品。这种金属在美索不达米亚变得愈发受到推崇，如果大土地所有者购买了银质水壶，那么下层社会的人们根据自己的财力或积蓄，就可能购买银质水杯；银矿业主看到他的商品有持续需求，无疑便会根据其商品的质量或重量，相对于他通过交换获得的其他产品或商品，给它确定一个价值。既然每个人都把这种金属当作珍贵耐用的东西，都力求能够拥有几块，那么业主作为白银的唯一供应者，在某种意义上就有权在交换过程中任意索要其他产品和商品的数量。

现在假设，在底格里斯河彼岸，即在美索不达米亚以外的地区发现了新银矿，新矿的矿脉比尼发特斯山的银矿丰富得多，也大得多，是后者无可比拟的。而且，由于排水容易，开采新矿耗费的劳动也比开采旧矿用得少。

这个新矿的业主自然就有条件以比尼发特斯山的业主低得多的价格供应白银，希望拥有银块和银器的美索不达米亚的人们会发现，将自己的商品输出给新矿的业主以交换白银，要比从旧矿主那里获取白银更有利。接着，旧矿主发现需求减少，就必然要降低价格，但新业主也会相应地降低价格，使得旧矿主不得不停止生产。这样，新矿确定的白银价格就决定了与其他商品和产品相交换的白银价格。因此，白银对于底格里斯河彼岸的人们而言比美索不达米亚的人们要便宜些，因为后者要承担将商品和产品长途运输到底格里斯河彼岸换取白银的费用。

不难想象，如果发现了几个银矿，并且土地所有者喜欢上这种金属，其他阶层的人们就会仿效他们。人们会热切地寻求甚至还未加工的银块和碎银，因为根据白银的数量和重量，将白银铸造成自己想要的物品是再容易不过的了。由于这种金属是按其成本价值估价的，那么，一部分拥有一些白银的人至少可以在生活拮据时拿它作抵押来借自己需要的东西，甚至可以在以后把它彻底卖掉。因此便形成了一种惯例，即根据白银的数量或重量来确定它相对于其他一切产品和商品的价值。但是，由于白银能与铁、铅、锡、铜等不是特别稀缺且开采成本较低的金属结合在一起，在白银交换时常常有许多人造假。这就促使一些国家建立了铸币厂，以便通过国家铸币确保每个银币的真正含银量，并且还给那些将银条或银锭交给铸币厂的个人同等含银量的铸币，铸币上印有标明其真正含银量的印章或凭证。

这些凭证或铸币的成本有时由公众或君主支付——这是古罗马和目前英格兰所采用的方法；有时则由那些把白银拿去铸币的人支付铸币的费用，法国就是这种惯例。

银矿里几乎找不到纯银。古人不知道提炼纯银的方法。他们总是用含银量高的银铸币，但是流传至今的希腊、罗马、犹太和亚洲的银币都不是特别纯。今天有了更多的技术，也发现了将白银提纯的秘诀，但是提炼白银的不同方法不属于我要讨论的话题。许多作者已经探讨过这个

问题，布瓦扎尔先生就是其中之一。我只想指出，提炼白银费用很高，鉴于此，人们更偏好1盎司的纯银，而不是2盎司含有一半铜或其他合金的银。要分离合金并提取这2盎司白银中所含的1盎司纯银十分费钱，然而，只需简单的熔化就能把其他任何金属按照想要的任何比例同银结合在一起。如果有时侯铜被用作纯银的合金，那么只是为了使银更具可塑性，更适合用它做东西。但是在对所有白银估价时，铜或合金不计入价值，只考虑纯银的含量。因此，通常需要进行化验分析才能确定纯银的含量。

举例来说，化验分析只不过是提炼银条的一小块，以确定它的纯银含量，并通过这一块小样品来判断整根银条的成色。将银条的一小部分，比如12格令切下来放在天平上精确称重（所用天平极为精确，1/1000格令之差有时就会使天平倾斜）。然后，用硝酸或火来提炼样品，直至将铜或合金分离出来。白银提纯后，再放到同一天平上进行称重，如果那时白银成了11格令而不是12格令，那么化验师会说，银条纯度是11/12，即银条包含11份纯银、1份铜或合金。对于那些出于好奇才观察这一试验过程的人来说，这更容易理解，没有什么神秘之处。可以用同样的方法对黄金进行化验分析，不同之处是，由于黄金更贵重，黄金的成色被分为24等，称为“开”，每开又分为32等；而白银的成色仅被分为12等，称为“丹尼尔”，每丹尼尔又分为24格令。

为了标明和表示一根金条或银条中的纯金或纯银含量，人们约定俗成地赋予黄金和白银“内在价值”这一称号。但是在这篇论文中我一直用“内在价值”这一术语表示生产产品所用的土地和劳动的数量，因为我没有找到更合适的词来表达我的意思。我提到这一点只是为了避免误解。不讨论黄金和白银的时候，这个词将继续有用而不至引起任何混淆。

我们已经看到，金、银、铁等金属有多种用途，并具有与生产该金属所用的土地和劳动相称的价值。在这篇论文的第二部分，我们将看到人们迫于需要，不得不使用一种共同的计价单位，以确定交易过程中他们想要交换的产品和商品的比例和价值。唯一的问题是：什么产品或商品最适于充当这种共同的计价单位；人们是不是并非出于必然而是由于一时的喜好而更偏爱用金、银、铜来充当共同的计价单位，为此，当今普遍使用的就是金、银、铜。

诸如谷物、酒、肉等普通产品具有真实价值，并能够满足生活需要，但它们都容易腐烂，并且不易运输，因此不大适于充当共同的计价单位。

诸如布匹、亚麻、皮革等商品同样易于腐烂，而且如果对它们进行再分割，就会不可避免地在某种程度上改变它们服务于人的价值。像未加工的产品一样，它们的运输费用很高，甚至产生储存费用，因此，也不适于充当共同的计价单位。

钻石和其他宝石，即使没有内在价值，即使人只是出于一时爱好而珍视它们，如果不是因为它们易于仿造，并且分割时会造成损失，那么它们也是适于充当共同的计价单位的。由于这些缺陷，加上在实际使用时不适用，它们不能充当共同的计价单位。

铁是永远有用且相当耐久的，在缺少更好的选择时，它将是一种不错的共同计价单位。但是，它能被火烧毁，而且一定价值量的铁体积会过于庞大。从莱克格斯时期到伯罗奔尼撒战争时期，铁被用来充当共同的计价单位，但由于其价值必然是固有的，或同生产它所使用的土地和劳动成比例，表示很小的价值就需要使用大量的铁。奇怪的是，醋能破坏铁的品质，使它除了用于交换之外别无他用。因此，铁只能为朴实的斯巴达人所用，但是一旦斯巴达人扩大了与其他国家的交流，铁即使对他们也变得不再有用了。要毁灭斯巴达人，只需找到储量丰富的铁矿，仿造出他们的货币，通过交换取得他们的产品和商品。与此同时，斯巴达人却无法用他们的废铁换取国外的任何东西。那个时候，他们并不关心对外贸易，而只关心战争。

铅和锡具有与铁一样的缺点——体积大，而且也能被火烧毁，但在必要的情况下，要不是因为铜的适用度和耐久性较差，用它进行交换也还是不错的。

铜作为罗马人的唯一货币一直使用到罗马纪元484年。瑞典甚至直到今天都仍在大额交易时使用铜作为支付手段。但是如果交易金额特别大，铜的体积就太大了。瑞典人自己也愿意用黄金或白银而不是铜作为支付手段。

在美洲殖民地，烟草、糖和可可曾被用作货币，但是这些物品体积太大、容易腐烂且质量不一。因此，很不适于充当货币或价值的共同计价单位。

只有黄金和白银具有体积小、质地均匀、易于运输、分割时不会受损、便于保存、用它们制成的物品美观明亮、几乎可以无限期使用等特性。所有使用其他物品充当货币的人们一旦拥有足够的金银可用于交换，就会转而使用金银。只有在极小规模的购买中，金和银才是不适用的。价值1利亚德或1丹尼尔的金币甚至银币，体积都太小，难以使用。据说，中国人在进行小额交易时，会用剪刀从银盘子上铰下散碎银子，然后称重。但是自从他们与欧洲进行交易以来，遇到这种情况，他们就开始使用铜了。

因此，所有国家都开始使用黄金和白银作为货币或价值的共同计价单位，并在小额支付时使用铜就不足为奇了。这是由效用和需要决定的，而不是出于一时的喜好或约定。生产白银需要大量高成本的劳动。银矿矿工的报酬很高，因为他们的工作会导致很高的死亡率，他们很少有人能够工作五六年以上。因此，生产一枚小银币相当于生产一枚大铜币所耗费的土地和劳动。

事实上，在现实中，货币或共同的计价单位所耗费的土地和劳动，必须与用它交换的物品相等，否则它就只有想象的价值。例如，如果一个君主或一个国家让没有真实价值和内在价值的东西充当该国的货币，那么不仅其他国家会以此为由拒绝接受它，而且本国居民意识到它缺乏真实价值后也会拒绝使用它。在第一次迦太基战争快要结束时，罗马人想赋予2盎司铜相当于以前1磅铜或12盎司铜的价值，但这种赋予价值在交换中是不能长期维持的。各个时代的历史表明，当君主降低货币的成色，而保持它的名义价值，所有未加工的产品和制成品的价格都会随着铸币的贬值成比例上涨。

洛克先生指出，人类的约定赋予了黄金和白银价值，这是毋庸置疑的，因为它并不是绝对必要的。正是这同一约定赋予了并且每天都在赋予花边、亚麻、细布、铜和其他金属某种价值。尽管人类缺少这些东西之中的任何一种照样可以生存，但是绝不能就此断定它们只有想象的价值。它们具有与生产它们所用的土地和劳动成比例的价值，就像其他商品和未加工产品一样，只有付出了与赋予它们的价值成比例的成本，金银才能被生产出来，并且无论人通过劳动生产什么，这种劳动必须为他提供生活资料。有一条重要的原则，一条我们每天都可以从那些下层社会百姓口中听到的原则，他们与我们的推断无关，他们靠自己的劳动或经营为生。这条原则就是：“每个人都得活下去。”

第二部分

第一章 论易货交易

在第一部分中，我试图证明：人们使用的一切物品的真正价值与生产这些物品以及维持生产这些物品的人的生活所使用的土地数量成比例。在第二部分中，我将先概述一些国家土地的不同肥沃程度，按照土地内在质量所能生产的各类更丰富的产品，并假定为了方便这些产品的销售而建起城镇和城镇集市；之后，我将比较可能进行的交换，如用酒换布、用谷物换鞋帽等，并说明运输这些不同的产品或商品会遇到的困难。通过以上两点是为了证明：要确定它们各自的内在价值是不可能的；对于人类来说，找到一种易于运输、不会腐烂、按照重量具有与不同产品和商品相同比例或价值的、在生活中必不可少或便于使用的物质是绝对必要的。因此，出现了大宗交易选择黄金和白银，小额交易选择铜的情况。

这些金属不仅耐久、易于运输，而且与生产它们所用的大量土地价值相当，从而使它们具有了人们希望在交换中得到的真正价值。

像探讨这个问题的其他英格兰作家一样，洛克先生只关注市场价格。他声称，所有物品的价值与其自身以及它们所交换的白银的充裕程度或稀缺程度成比例。众所周知，由于数量巨大的白银被从西印度群岛运到欧洲，欧洲的产品和商品价格已经上涨。

但是，我认为我们绝不能把这个当作普遍规律：即物体的市场价格应当与物品的数量和在某地实际流通的白银数量成正比。因为被运到别处销售的产品和商品并不会影响留在原地的产品和商品的价格。例如，假设在某集镇待售的谷物是其消费量的两倍，如果我们拿谷物总量同白银总量相比较，那么与用于购买谷物的白银相比，谷物的数量会充裕得多。但是，市场价格将保持不变，就如同这里只有一半数量的谷物时的情况相同。这是因为另一半谷物可以而且必须运到城市，而且运输成本将包括在城市价格之内，因而城市价格总是高于城镇价格。但除了产品可以在另一个市场上出售的情况，我认为洛克先生的思想在下章所述的意义上是正确的，在其他方面则并非如此。

第二章 论市场价格

假定一方为屠夫，另一方为买家，双方经过一番讨价还价，肉的价格会确定下来。一磅牛肉的价值与一定量的白银之比基本等同于市场上待售的所有牛肉与用于买牛肉的所有白银之比。

这个比例是通过讨价还价确定的。屠夫根据他所看到的买家数量尽量抬高价格，而买家一方则认为屠夫的销售量会减少而相应地尽量压低价格。由某些人先确定下来的价格通常会被其他人采用。有些人很擅长吹捧自己的物品，而另一些人在贬低别人物品时也毫不逊色。尽管这种确定市场价格的方法并无确切的或几何学的基础，因为它往往取决于少数买家或卖家希望成交的心情是否迫切、性情是否随和，但似乎也找不到比这更便利的定价方法了。显然，与需求或买家数量成比例的待售的产品或商品数量是（或通常被认为是）确定实际市场价格的基础，而且，通常来说，这些价格不会偏离物品的内在价值很远。

让我们来看另一个例子。据说一些巴黎的旅店店主会在嫩豌豆刚上市时购买一些。假设第一个店主以60里弗赫订购了10夸脱嫩豌豆，第二个店主、第三个店主、第四个店主也分别以50里弗赫、40里弗赫和30里弗赫订购了10夸脱嫩豌豆。如果要履行这些预定，市场上必须要有40夸脱的嫩豌豆。假定市场上只有20夸脱，商贩们看到有这么多买家，就会抬高价格，而买家也只好接受卖家规定的价格。因此，那些出价60里弗赫购买10夸脱嫩豌豆的人将首先买到。如果后来卖家看到没人愿意出高于50里弗赫的价钱，就会按50里弗赫的价格卖出另外10夸脱。而那些虽然订过货，但出价不超过40或30里弗赫的买家则会空手离开。

如果市场上有400夸脱而不是40夸脱嫩豌豆，不仅旅店店主会以比预先约定的价格低得多的价格买到嫩豌豆，而且卖家为了得到少数买家的垂青，会竞相将嫩豌豆的价格降到几乎等于其内在价值的水平。在这种情况下，许多之前没有订货的旅店店主也能买到一些嫩豌豆。

那些过于固执、不肯降低其市场价格的卖家，会错过卖掉自己产品或商品的有利机会，从而成了输家。这种情况时有发生。当然也存在这样的情况，即由于坚持不改变自己的价格，他们可能改日会以获利更多的价格卖掉自己的产品。

外地市场通常总能影响本地市场的价格。如果在法国，谷物极其昂贵，那么在英格兰和其他邻国，谷物的价格也会随之上涨。

第三章 论货币流通

在英格兰，人们普遍认为租地农场主必须创造三份地租：第一份是他付给土地所有者的主要的和真正的地租，假定其价值相当于他农场产出的1/3；第二份是用于维持他及他雇来耕种农场的人和马匹的生存的地租；第三份是应当归他所有从而使他的经营有利可图的地租。

其他欧洲国家也普遍存在同样的观念。虽然在有些国家，例如在米兰，租地农场主要缴给地主一半而不是1/3的产品。所有国家都有许多地主尽力以尽可能高的租金出租自己的农场，但如果租金高于产品的1/3，租地农场主通常会非常穷。中国土地所有者向租地农场主索取超出农场产出3/4的地租，对此我并不怀疑。

然而，如果租地农场主拥有一定的资本，可以用来继续经营他的农场，那么租给他农场的土地所有者就肯定能够得到他索要的1/3产品的地租。比起冒着失掉所有地租的危险，以更高的租金将土地租给赤贫的租地农场主，这种交易会使土地所有者的境况更好。农场的规模越大，租地农场主的境况会越好。这一点在英格兰可以看到，在那里，租地农场主通常比其他国家的租地农场主更富足，因为其他国家的农场规模比较小。

在关于货币流通的探究中，我将作出的假设是：租地农场主能获得三份地租，而且将第三份地租用于使生活变得更舒适，而不是将其储存起来。事实上，所有国家中绝大多数的租地农场主都是这样做的。

一个国家的所有产品以及用来制造商品的所有材料都直接或间接地出自租地农场主之手。除了鱼类，一切东西都是土地生产的。而且，即使是捕鱼的渔夫，也必须靠土地产品维持生活。

因此，租地农场主的三份地租必须被视作是一个国家货币流通的主要源泉或者主要动力。第一份地租必须以现金的形式支付给土地所有者。至于第二和第三份地租，其中用于购买铁、锡、铜、盐、糖和布料的部分需要使用现金，通常所有在乡村消费的城市商品也需要使用现金。至于乡下人的食物和酒水，得到它们并不需要使用现金。

租地农场主可以自己酿造啤酒或葡萄酒，而不用花钱购买；他可以自己做乡下吃的面包，可以自己宰杀牛、羊、猪等；他可以用谷物、肉和酒来支付大部分帮工的工资，这些帮工不仅有苦力，还有乡下工匠。上述这些产品是根据最近的市场价格定价的，而劳动价格则根据当地通行的价格来确定。

食物、衣物和住所是生活必需品。正如我刚刚解释过的，在乡下要获得食物并不需要现金。如果在乡下制造粗麻布和其他布料或者建造房屋（这是经常要做的），那么做这些事情所用的劳动可以在估价之后用

实物支付，而无需使用现金。

在乡下需要的唯一现金是用来交纳地主的主要地租，以及用于支付乡下人必须从城市获取的产品，例如，刀子、剪子、钉子、针、一些农场主或其他富裕的人使用的布料、厨房用具、盘碟等产品。总之，用于支付一切通常是从城市获得的产品。我已经指出：假设一个国家有一半居民生活在城市，那么，市民会消费一半以上的土地产品。因此，现金是必要的，不仅需要用于交纳相当于1/3土地产品的地租，而且需要用于支付在乡下消费的城市商品，这一部分可能多于土地产品的1/6。但是1/3加上1/6等于土地产品的一半。因此，在乡下流通的现金必须至少等于土地产品的一半。这就意味着另外一半或略少些的土地产品可以在乡下消费掉，而无需使用现金。

当地主在城里一部分一部分地花掉租地农场主一次总付给他们的地租时，当城市的各类业主，比如屠夫、面包师、酿酒师等一点点地收集这笔货币并一次总付给租地农场主以购买他们的牲畜、小麦、大麦等物品时，这笔货币便进入了流通领域。以这种方式，所有大笔货币金额被分成小笔货币金额，然后这些小笔货币金额又被收集起来，以大笔金额的形式直接或间接地支付给租地农场主。这笔货币，无论是大笔金额还是小笔金额，始终是作为支付他人所提供的服务而流通的。

当我指出，在乡下流通所需的货币数量在价值上通常等于土地产品的一半时，我指的是最低限度的货币量。为了乡下流通能够很容易地进行，我将假设充当三份地租的流通媒介的现金在价值上等于这些地租中的两份，或者说，等于土地产品的2/3。后面我们将会看到，这个假设并没有远离事实。

现在让我们设想：在某个小国，充当流通媒介的货币等于1万盎司白银；利用这些货币进行的所有支付，即乡下对城市和城市对乡下的支付，每年进行一次；这1万盎司白银在价值上等于租地农场主的三份地租中的两份，或土地产品的2/3。那么，地主得到的地租将等于5000盎司。通过一年一度进行的支付，在乡下人和市民之间流通的剩下的全部白银也将等于5000盎司。

但是，如果地主规定租地农场主半年而不是一年交纳一次地租，如果其他两份地租的借债人也是每6个月偿付一次债务，流通速度就会改变。而原来每年支付一次所需的1万盎司，现在只需5000盎司。因为每年支付两次的5000盎司白银同每年支付一次的1万盎司白银的效果是一样的。

进一步说，如果地主规定租地农场主每季度交纳一次地租，或者说如果他们满足于按一年四个季度接受租地农场主的地租，只要这样能使租地农场主卖掉他们的产品。如果所有其他支付都按季度进行，那么每年支付一次需要1万盎司白银的同一流通过程将只需2500盎司白银。因此，假定在上述小国所有支付都是按季度进行，流通所需货币的价值同

土地年产品（或者说三份地租）之比就将为2500里弗赫比1.5万里弗赫，即1:6。因此这笔货币将等于年产品的1/6。

但是我们看到，在城市，所有的流通都是由业主进行的：食品消费是按天、按周或按月进行支付的；家庭每年购买一两次的衣服是在不同的时间由不同的人进行支付的；用于酒水的支出通常是按日进行的；用于啤酒、煤和其他上千种消费品的支付则是非常及时的。因此，我们按每季度支付一次的假设而确定的比例似乎太高了。价值1.5万盎司白银的土地产品的流通所需的货币可能比现金形式的2500盎司白银要少得多。

然而，由于租地农场主至少要每个季度付给地主一大笔钱，而且由于君主或国家对消费所征的税款要先由收税员积累起来，待积累到大笔数额后再上缴税官，所以在流通中必须有足够的现金，以便使这种大笔数额的支付不会遇到困难，也不会妨碍人们吃饭、穿衣所需的货币的流通。

由此可以看出，一国流通所需的货币数量的大小并不是深不可测的。在不同国家，根据生活方式和支付速度的不同，这一数量可能会大一些，也可能会小一些。但是要就这一数量的一般情况做一个确切的规定却非常困难，因为这一数量在不同的国家可能不同。当我说“一国之中进行流通和交换所需的实际现金或货币大约在价值上等于所说的国家的土地所有者全部年地租的1/3”的时候，我只是凭推测得出的。

在一国之中，无论货币是稀缺还是充裕，这一比例都不会有太大变动。因为在货币充裕的国家，土地就会以较高的租金出租，而在货币稀缺的国家，租金则较低。我们会发现在各个时期都是这种情况。但是也经常有这种情况：即在货币比较稀缺的国家，物物交换会比在货币充裕的国家更频繁，货币流通也比在货币不是如此稀缺的国家更迅速，而不是更缓慢。因此，在估计流通中的货币数量时，必须把流通速度考虑在内。

假定流通中的货币等于土地所有者所有地租的1/3，而这些地租等于土地年产品的1/3，则由此可推断：“一国之中流通的货币，在价值上等于土地全部年产品的1/9”。

威廉·佩蒂爵士在1685年的手稿中一再假定流通中的货币等于土地产品的1/10，但他没有给出理由。我想这一观点是他根据经验和实际知识形成的。实际知识包括他对于爱尔兰（他曾作为调查员丈量过这个国家大部分的土地）流通的货币和通过观察粗略估计的产品数量的知识。关于地主地租的结论，我的观点（即地租通常用货币支付，而且很容易通过统一的土地税加以核实）同他的相差不远，但关于土地产品的结论，我们的看法却相差较远。因为这些产品的市场价格每天都有变化，而且一大部分产品并未进入市场就消费了。在下一章中，我将给出一些理由，并用例子证明我的结论。我认为这一结论是有用的，虽然就每个国家而言，它在数学上并不精确，但是如果能够接近事实，并且能阻止各

国的统治者对流通中的货币数量产生过分的想法，那就足够了。如果任由想象驰骋，那么统计学是所有知识的分支中最易出错的。但如果以翔实的事实为基础，统计学则是最可论证的。

一些没有土地的城市和国家，便用劳动或制造品交换其他城市和国家的土地产品来维持生存。这类城市和国家包括汉堡市、但泽市以及罗马帝国的其他一些城市，甚至包括荷兰的部分地区。要估算这些国家的货币流通量似乎更加困难，但是如果我们能够估量为它们提供生活资料的外国土地的数量，计算结果或许与我就其他国家所做的计算不会有什么不同；其他国家主要靠本国生产的产品维持生存，这是本文探讨的主题。

至于进行对外贸易所需的现金，似乎不会超过当外贸平衡时在一国之内处于流通中的货币量。所谓外贸平衡，是指输往国外的产品和商品在价值上等于从国外输入的产品和商品。

如果法国把布料运到荷兰并从荷兰输入同等价值的香料，那么消费这些香料的土地所有者按照香料的价值付钱给杂货商，杂货商又将同等数量的货币付给织布匠。由于织布匠把布料运往荷兰，荷兰也应付钱给他。这一支付过程是通过汇票完成的，对此我将在后面予以解释。除了土地所有者的地租，这两笔货币的支付发生在法国，没有货币因此而流出法国。所有消费荷兰香料的其他阶层都以类似的方式付钱给杂货商：那些靠第一份地租为生的人，即土地所有者，用这份地租来支付；而那些住在乡下或城市的靠另外两份地租为生的人则直接或间接地用充当这些地租流通媒介的货币来支付。杂货商再根据荷兰开出的汇票将钱支付给制造商。当外贸处于平衡状态时，一国所需的货币流通数量不会增加。但如果外贸处于不平衡状态，如果销往荷兰的商品比从荷兰买入的商品多，或反过来，荷兰或法国必须将弥补本国商品盈余的货币运往对方国家，这将增加或减少在法国流通的货币数量。

甚至也会发生这种情况：即使同外国的贸易处于平衡状态，这一贸易也可能会阻滞现金流通，从而增加货币需求量。

例如，如果穿本国呢绒的法国女士想穿荷兰天鹅绒，而天鹅绒是靠运到荷兰的布料支付的，那么她们首先要付钱给将天鹅绒从荷兰输入的商人，然后这些商人再付钱给布料制造商，这样，同这些女士直接付钱给布料制造商并满足于享用法国的织物相比，货币易手的次数更多。如果同一笔货币要经几个业主之手，那么流通速度就会放慢，但由于这种延误取决于多种情况，因此很难对此作出准确的估计。那么，在这个例子中，如果女士们在今天付款给天鹅绒商人，天鹅绒商人第二天根据荷兰开出的汇票付款给制造商，如果制造商在第三天付款给羊毛商，最后，羊毛商在第四天付款给租地农场主，为凑足该季度必须缴纳给地主的地租，租地农场主有可能滞留这笔钱两个多月。而在这两个月时间里，这笔货币本可以经成百个业主之手进行流通，而不会将国家所需的流通媒介封锁。

总之，土地所有者的主要地租必须被视作是流通货币中最必要、最重要的部分。如果土地所有者住在城市，而租地农场主在同一城市销售他的全部产品，并在那里购买全部必需的商品在乡下使用，那么现金可以始终留在城市。租地农场主会在那里卖掉他的农场一半以上的产品，他会在同一城市把三分之一产品的货币价值交给地主，并把其余的付给商人或业主，以获取在乡下消费的商品。但是，即使在这里，由于租地农场主通过出售其产品得到一笔一次总付的货币金额，这笔货币金额随后又被分配在零星购买上，然后又被收集起来作为给租地农场主的一次总付的支付金额，这种流通的效果（取决于流通速度）同租地农场主把出售产品所得的货币带回乡下，然后又使它流通回城市是一样的。

流通总是这样构成的，即租地农场主出售产品所得的大笔货币金额被一部分一部分地分割成小笔数额，然后这些小笔金额又被收集到一起用以进行大笔金额的支付。无论这些货币是部分流出城市还是完全留在城市，都可以被视为城市与乡下之间的流通媒介。所有的流通都发生在一国的居民之间，所有居民都以各种方式靠土地产品及乡下的原料维持生活。

的确，举例来说，从乡下买来的羊毛，在城市里被制成布料之后，它的价值是原来价值的四倍，但这里增加的价值是城市工人和制造商劳动的价格，是用以交换他们借以维持生活的乡下产品的。

第四章 对交换中货币流通速度快与慢的进一步思考

我们假定租地农场主每季度付给地主1300盎司白银，地主每周从中拿出100盎司付给面包师、屠夫等人，而这些人每周又把这100盎司付给租地农场主。这样，租地农场主每周收入的钱同地主支出的钱一样多。在这里，经常处于流通中的货币只有100盎司，而其余的1200盎司则一部分留在地主手中，一部分留在租地农场主手中。

但是地主很少按固定的、有规律的比例支出他们的地租。在伦敦，地主一收到地租，就将其中的大部分交给金器匠或银行家，金器匠或银行家再按一定的利息把它贷出，从而使这部分货币处于流通之中。或者，地主用相当大一部分的地租购买家庭需要的各种物品，那么在得到第二季度的地租之前地主可能会借钱。这样，第一季度地租的货币将以上千种方式流通，然后又被重新集中起来，再回到租地农场主的手中用以支付第二季度的地租。

当支付第二季度地租的期限到来时，租地农场主将大量出售自己的产品，而那些购买租地农场主牲畜、谷物、干草等产品的人则早已一笔一笔地凑足了购买它们的货币。这样，第一季度的货币就已经在小笔交易的细流中流通了近三个月，然后才被零售商收集起来，并将集中起来的货币付给租地农场主。租地农场主则随即用这笔钱支付第二季度的地租。这似乎表明，满足一国的流通所需的现金比我们原来预想的要少。

并不是所有借助估价进行的物物交换都需要太多现金。如果一个酿酒商为一个布商提供其家庭所需的啤酒，反过来布商为酿酒商提供他所需的衣料，如果双方都按交货当天的市场价格进行交换，那么这两个交易者之间需要的唯一现金就是两笔交易的差额。

如果某个集镇的商人把乡下产品运送给城市里的商人由后者出售，而后者把在乡下消费的城市商品运交给前者。如果两个商人之间的交易持续一整年，由此建立起的互相信任使他们按照各自的市场价格将产品和商品记账，那么这种贸易往来需要的唯一现金就是年终时一方欠另一方的货币差额。甚至在那个时候，这一差额也可以转账到下一年，而无需真正支付任何货币。一个城市的所有业主，如果互相之间有频繁的生意往来，都可以采用这种方法。这些通过估价进行的交换似乎可以节约流通中使用的现金，或者至少可以加快现金的流通速度。这是因为，以这种方式交换在几次易手时都不需要现金。如果没有这种信任，没有这种通过估价进行交换的方法，现金就要多次易手。人们常说商业信用使货币变得不那么稀缺，这种说法不无道理。

金器匠和公共银行家们也促成了流通速度的提高，因为他们的票据可以像现金一样在支付中流通。如果在用这些票据就足以应付的所有支付中仍要使用货币，就会阻碍流通速度的提高。虽然这些金器匠和银行家总是把他们通过票据所得的相当一部分真正货币留在手中，但正像我

将在后面探讨公共银行的时候要解释的那样，他们也把相当数量的这些真正货币投入流通。

所有这些考虑似乎证明：一国进行流通所需的真正货币比我原来预想的要少得多，但是下面的归纳似乎抵消了这些考虑，并导致了流通速度的放慢。

首先我要说明，所有乡下产品都是由劳动提供的。正如已经一再指出的那样，劳动的进行可能需要少量或根本不需要真正的货币。但是，所有的商品都是在城市或集镇由人的劳动生产的，而这些人的劳动必须用真正的货币支付。如果盖一栋房屋花费了10万盎司白银，那么这笔钱的全部或绝大部分肯定是每周以较小的数量直接或间接地付给了制砖匠、泥瓦匠和木匠等。收入微薄的家庭在城市里占大多数，他们的开支必须要使用真正的货币。在这些小额交换中，信用、账面债务和汇票都是没有用武之地的。商人或零售商提供商品，并要求用现金进行支付，或者如果他们允许某个家庭赊账数日或者数月，就会要求相当数额的货币报偿。如果一个马车制造商卖掉一辆马车获取的是400盎司白银的票据，那么他就要把票据兑换成真正的货币，以支付造车用的所有材料，并支付一部分钱给为他生产马车的工人。如果为他生产马车的人先提供了劳动而没有得到报酬，那么马车制造商要用货币支付这些工人的工资，而如果已经支付了这些工人，就要用货币开始生产新马车。卖掉马车，他就会得到一定的利润，他会将所得的利润用于维持家庭的生活。他对票据是不会满意的，除非他能因此留存一些东西或能将它贷出去以收取利息。

从某种意义上说，一国居民的消费完全是对食物的消费。住宅、衣物、家具等就相当于生产它们的人的食物。在城市，所有饮料和食物都必须用现金支付。在城市，土地所有者家庭消费的食物按日或按周结算；家庭消费的葡萄酒按周或按月结算；帽子、袜子、鞋子等通常用真正的货币支付，支付的金额至少要等于付给生产这些产品的人的现金。所有用于大额支付的货币金额都被分割、分配、分散成小笔金额，这些小笔金额等于维持工人、男仆等的生活开支。经营居民基本生活资料的业主和零售商必然会将上述所有金额收集、重聚起来，以便在购买租地农场主产品时用以大额支付。酒店的店主几个苏几个里弗赫地把钱收集起来，凑成他付给酿酒商的数额，而酿酒商则用这笔钱支付他从乡下购买的所有谷物和原料。人们很难想象，在一国之中，任何物品都像家具、商品等那样是用现金购买的，因为有些物品的价值并不等于维持生产这些物品的人的生活费用。

城市里的货币流通由业主进行，而且总是直接或间接地等于男仆、工人等人的生活费用。没有现金就不可能在细节上影响货币流通。在一定时期内，票据在大额支付中可以充当现金。但是当大笔金额被分配、分散成小额交易时——这种情况在城市的流通过程中迟早会发生——票据就不再起作用，现金就是必需的了。

我们预先假定，一国之中所有厉行节约的阶层都进行储蓄。他们使少量现金处于流通之外，直至他们有了足够的现金进行投资以获取利息或利润。许多吝啬、胆小的人则在相当长的时期内把现金埋在地下囤积。

许多土地所有者、业主和其他人总是把一些现金放在口袋或保险柜里，以备不时之需以及资金断流。如果某个绅士声称，在整个一年中，他的口袋里的钱从未少于20个金路易，那么可以说，在这整整一年里，这个口袋使20个金路易处于流通之外。人们不愿意把钱花到只剩最后一个苏，人们不愿意自己被剥夺得一个子不剩，而且，如果自己拥有的货币无力偿付哪怕是一笔债务，他也不愿意接受新的分期付款。

未成年人和求婚者的资金通常以现金的形式储存起来，从而被置于流通之外。

除了经租地农场主之手每年按季度支付的大笔金额外，还有许多其他形式的支付金额，如在同一期间内业主之间，以及在不同时期货币的借款人和放款人之间支付的金额。所有这些金额都通过零售贸易收集起来再分散出去，然后最终又回到租地农场主手中。但是，如果大笔金额的支付发生的时间与租地农场主因出售自己的产品需要得到支付的时间不同，那么大额支付似乎需要更大量的现金用于流通。

最后，由于在一个国家中，居民所处的阶层各有不同，与之相应的真正货币的流通也就多种多样。因此，要对满足流通所需的货币数量进行任何精准或确切的说明似乎是不可能的。我援引了这样多的例子和推论只是要表明，我得出的下面这个结论并没有太脱离事实，即“一国流通所需的真正货币的数量大致等于地主一年中全部地租价值的1/3”。若其他因素不变，如果地主拥有的地租相当于租地农场主土地产品的1/2或1/3以上，那么流通就需要更多数量的真正货币。如果人们对银行和账面余额有极大的信任，或者，如果流通速度因其他方式加快了，那么较少的货币就足够了，但是后面我要说明，公共银行并不像通常想象的那样可以提供那么多的好处。

第五章 论一国硬通货流通的不平衡

城市总是为乡下提供各类商品，居住在城市的土地所有者总是在那里接受他们土地的大约三分之一的产品。因此，乡下就欠下城市超过一半土地产品的债务。如果所有的土地所有者都住在城市，那么这笔债务将总是超过土地产品的一半。但是，由于一些无足轻重的土地所有者住在乡下，所以我认为不断由乡下归还给城市的差额或债务等于土地产品的一半，而且这一差额或债务是在城里由运往城市出售的以偿还这笔债务的那一半土地产品支付的。

但是，在一个国家或王国中，所有的农村都欠首都一笔固定的差额：除了要向住在首都的地位比较显赫的土地所有者交纳地租，还要向国家或君主交纳赋税。这些地租和赋税大部分是在首都消费的。所有的省城也都欠首都一笔固定的差额：或者是向国家支付的用于房屋或消费资料的费用，或者是为了支付其从首都购买的各种物品。有时，一些住在省城的个人和土地所有者会去首都住一段时间。他们去首都或是为了玩乐，或是为了等待最终上诉的案子的审判结果，或是因为他们把子女送到那里接受更上等的教育。因此，所有这些在首都发生的费用都来自省城。

可以说，一国的所有农村和城市都固定地每年欠首都一笔差额或债务。但是，由于这笔差额或债务是用货币支付的，所以显然，各省总是欠首都一大笔货币金额，因为各省运往首都的产品和物品在那里出售以换取货币，并用这笔货币偿还上述的债务或差额。

现在假定在各省和首都的货币流通中，货币数量和流通速度都相等。差额将首先以现金的形式被送往首都，这将减少各省的货币数量，增加首都的货币数量。由于首都的货币更充裕，所以首都的原材料和商品的价格要比各省昂贵。首都和各省的价格差别必须能够补偿运输成本和风险，否则现金就会被送往首都以支付这个差额。这一过程会一直持续，直到首都和各省的价格差别达到能够补偿运输成本和风险的水平。于是，集镇的商人或业主将以较低的价格买进村庄的产品，然后把产品运往首都以较高的价格卖出。这种价格差别必然会补偿饲养马匹、供养男仆的费用以及业主的利润。否则，业主就会停止营业。

由此得出结论：同等质量的粗制品的价格与成本和风险成比例，在距首都最近的农村地区要比距首都较远的地区高些。在邻近大海的农村和那些流经首都的河流附近的农村，产品的价格也会成比例地高于边远的农村（在其他条件相同的情况下），因为水路运输要比陆路运输便宜。另一方面，那些由于不适合在首都消费，或由于体积过大无法运到首都，或由于会在运往首都的途中变质，从而不能在首都消费的产品和小商品，在农村和偏远的省份比在首都便宜得多，这是因为用于购买它们而流通的货币量在偏远的省份要小得多。

因此，在普瓦图地区，鲜蛋、野味、鲜黄油、木柴等一般要比在巴黎便宜得多。与此同时，在巴黎，谷物、牛、马虽然较贵，但只是贵在多出的运输成本和风险以及进入首都而交的入城税上。

凭经验很容易再得出无数同类的结论，以证明在一个大国或王国的不同省份，货币流通的不平衡存在必然性。同时也表明，这种不平衡总是同应付给首都的差额或债务有关。

如果我们假定，应付给首都的差额相当于一国各个省份的土地产品的1/4，那么，对于土地最好的利用方式便是利用与首都邻近的农村来生产那些只有付出大量费用或损耗才能从偏远省份得到的产品。实际情况也总是如此。首都的市场价格是租地农场主使用土地以达到这种或那种目的的标准。如果价位合适，他们会将距首都最近的土地用作为市场提供产品的菜园和牧场等。

加工布料、亚麻、花边等制造业应尽可能建在边远省份。而以铁、锡、铜等为原料的工具制造业应建在因距离遥远而别无他用的煤矿或森林附近。这样，比起在首都加工原材料的费用和从事加工产品的工匠的生活费用，将这些制成品运到首都的费用要低得多。这将节约大量的马匹和马夫，使他们更好地为国家利益服务。土地将用于维持那里的工人和出色的工匠的生活。由于运输变得不再必要，一大批原本用于此目的的马匹将被节约下来。这样，偏远的土地将能为土地所有者带来更高的地租，各省和首都货币流通的不平衡也将得到更好的调整，从而变得不那么突出。

然而，以这种方式建立制造业不仅需要较多的赞助和资金，而且需要有办法确保在本国首都本身或外国有一种有规律的、恒定的需求。因为外国的出口反过来可能会对首都有用，首都可以利用这些出口来支付从这些国家取得的商品或实物白银。

这些制造业在刚刚建立的时候，不可能立即完善起来。如果其他某些省份的制成品质量更好或更便宜，这或者是由于靠近首都，或者是借助海洋或河流的交通，从而大大便利了它们的运输，总之，上述的新建制造业不会成功。在建立制造厂时，所有这些情况都要考虑到。我不准备在本文探讨这些问题。我仅提议，只要可行，制造业应建立在远离首都的省份。这样会使它们更加重要，并且可以促使当地的货币流通不像首都的货币流通那样不合比例。

因为，如果某个偏远的省份没有制造厂，而且只生产普通的原料，也没有通往首都或海洋的水路交通，那么与在首都流通的货币相比，那里的货币数量将少得惊人；那里最好的土地为住在首都的君主和土地所有者提供的产品也将少得惊人。

经过艰难的长途航运，又经过几个商人之手，绕过直布罗陀海峡把普罗旺斯和朗格多克出产的葡萄酒运到北方，给巴黎的土地所有者带来

的收益很少。

然而，尽管有运输和距离上的不利条件，这些偏远的省份仍需把他们的产品运到首都，或者国内、国外的其他地方，以便用由此获得的收入支付欠首都的差额。但是如果有工厂支付这一差额，这些产品将大部分在当地消费。在这种情况下，当地居民的人数就会多得多。

考虑到由于距离所产生的费用，边远省份的产品在首都所获得的收入非常少。如果该省份仅用它的产品来支付这笔差额，那么显然，住在首都的土地所有者要支付大量农产品才能在首都获得很少的收入，这是由货币数量的不平衡引起的。这种不平衡源于该省应向首都偿付的恒久差额。

目前，如果一个国家或王国为所有外国提供本国制造业的产品，如果这一贸易多到能使该国每年从国外获得一笔固定的货币差额，那么该国的货币流通规模将比外国大，货币也会更充裕，因而土地和劳动也将逐渐变得更昂贵。因此，只要这些情况不变，上述国家的所有贸易部门将以少量的土地和劳动换取外国较多的土地和劳动。

但是，如果某个外国人住在上述国家，他的情况和处境将与那些住在巴黎、所拥有的土地却在偏远省份的土地所有者大致相同。

法国自1646年建立纺织制造厂和其他工厂以来，似乎就按上述方式开始进行贸易了，至少在某种程度上是如此。自法国衰落以来，英格兰就控制了这一贸易，而且所有国家的繁荣似乎都取决于它们参与这一贸易的程度。在其他条件相同的情况下，不同国家货币流通的不平衡造成了他们各自国力的不平衡，而这种货币流通的不平衡总是与对外贸易顺差有关。

通过本章所述很容易判断出：由德沃邦先生提出的根据皇家什一税确定税款的办法既无益处也不可行。如果以货币形式，根据土地所有者的地租按比例征收土地税将更为公平。但在这里，我不会脱离主题去证明德沃邦先生的提议的不便之处和不可行性。

第六章 论一国硬通货数量的增减

如果在一个国家发现了金矿或银矿，而且从这些矿井中采到大量矿石，那么这些矿的所有者、业主以及所有在那里工作的人，他们的开支必将与其获得的财富和利润的增加成比例。他们还将把超出开支所需的那部分货币借出去以获取利息。

所有这些货币，无论是借出的还是花费的，都将进入流通，从而必将提高它所进入的所有流通渠道的产品和商品的价格。增加的货币会导致开支的增加，而这会使市场价格在交易量最高的年份提高，继而逐渐在交易量最低的年份提高。

众所周知，货币的充裕或者其在交易中的增加会提高一切物品的价格。在过去两个世纪里，由美洲运到欧洲的货币数量就从事实上证明了这一真理。

洛克先生认为，与货币数量成正比的产品和商品的数量起着市场价格调节器的作用，并将该命题视为一条基本准则。在前面几章我曾经试图阐明他的思想。他清楚地认识到货币使一切物品变得昂贵，但他没有考虑货币是如何做到这一点的。这一问题的极大困难之处在于，要了解货币的增加以什么方式、以多大比例提高了价格。

我已经指出，在交易中，货币流通的加速或更快的流通速度在一定程度上等于实际货币的增加。我还曾提到，国内或国外偏远市场上价格的提高或降低会影响实际的市场价格。另一方面，考虑到货币先是被积聚成大笔金额，再被分散到交易的细流之中，然后再次逐渐地被汇集起来以进行大笔金额的支付，货币一笔笔地通过那么多的渠道流通，似乎不可能追踪它的流向。要进行这些活动，需要不断地根据不同的交易活动换成金币、银币和铜币。通常也会发生这种情况，即一国实际货币的增加或减少没有被察觉，因为货币是以难以察觉的方式和数量流到国外或带到国内的，要准确掌握其进入或离开该国的货币数量是不可能的。

然而，所有这些活动都是在我们的共同见证下进行的，而且每个人都参与其中。因此，我可以冒昧地就这一问题发表几点看法，尽管我可能无法给出确切和精准的解释。

我认为，一般而言，实际货币的增加会导致一国消费的相应增加，而消费的增加又会引起价格的上涨。

如果实际货币的增加来自该国的金矿或银矿，那么这些矿的所有者、投机者、熔铸工人、提炼工人以及所有其他工人将会按照自己的收益相应地增加开支。他们将在家里消费比以前更多的肉、葡萄酒或啤酒；将使自己习惯于穿更好的布料、更精致的亚麻制品，住装饰更雅致的房屋，购买其他上等商品。因此，他们将为一些以前没有那么多活计

可做的工匠提供工作。基于同样的原因，这些工匠也将增加开支。所有这些在肉、葡萄酒、羊毛等方面增加的开支，必然会减少那些最初并未参与分享上述矿藏财富的其他居民在国家开支中的份额。同往常相比，市场上的讨价还价更加激烈了，或者说对肉、葡萄酒、羊毛等的需求更迫切了，从而必将提高这些商品的价格。较高的价格又将促使租地农场主在来年使用更多的土地去生产这些商品。这些租地农场主将因价格的上涨而获利，他们也会像其他人那样增加家庭开支。那么，那些因为昂贵的价格和增加的消费而受害的人将首先是租地契约仍在有效期内的土地所有者，其次是他们的家仆和所有其他工人或靠自己的工资供养家庭的固定工资收入者。所有这些人必须根据新消费量相应地减少他们的开支。这就迫使他们中的很大一批人移居别处谋生。土地所有者将辞退他们中的许多人，其他人则会要求增加工资以使自己能够维持原有的生活水平。因此，大致的情况是：来自矿井的大量增加的货币导致了消费的增加，同时，通过减少居民的人数，使留下来的那些人的开支增加。

如果能继续从矿井得到更多的货币，那么由于货币的充裕，所有的价格将上涨到很高的程度，从而使得不仅土地所有者会在契约到期后大幅度提高地租，以恢复原有的生活方式，并相应地提高他们的仆人的工资，而且工匠和工人也将他们物品的价格提高到很高的程度，从而使从外国人手中购买这些物品反而能得到更多好处，因为外国人生产这些物品要便宜得多。这自然会诱使一些人进口许多外国制造的物品，因为那里的物品非常便宜。这将逐渐使该国的一些工匠和制造商破产，因为他们过低的工作报酬无法支付昂贵的生活费用。

当来自矿井的过于充裕的货币使一国的居民人数减少，使那些留下来的人习惯于过大的开支，使土地产品和工人劳动的价格被过度抬高，并因地主和矿工使用外国的产品而使该国的制造商破产的时候，矿井提供的货币必将流到国外以支付进口的产品。这将逐渐使该国限于贫困，并使该国一定程度上依赖外国人，因为它每年不得不把从矿井得到的货币交给他们。起初那种很普通的货币的大量流通停止了，随之而来的是贫困和痛苦。矿井里的劳动似乎仅对那些受雇在矿井工作的人和那些因此获利的外国人有好处。

这大致便是自西印度群岛发现以来在西班牙发生的事情。至于葡萄牙人，自巴西的金矿发现以来，他们几乎总是使用外国物品和制成品，他们在矿井工作似乎仅仅是为了使外国人获得利益和好处。这两个国家从矿井中开采的所有黄金和白银并未给它们提供在流通中比其他国家更多的贵金属。一般而言，英格兰和法国拥有的贵金属甚至更多一些。

现在，如果某国货币的增加来自贸易顺差（即来自向国外输出的物品及制成品的价值和数量大于从国外输入的物品及制成品的价值和数量，因而获得了货币余额），那么每年货币的这种增加将使该国的大批商人和业主富裕起来，并将使为外国人提供商品的许多工匠和工人得到就业机会，而货币就是从外国人那里得来的。这将逐渐增加这些工业居民的消费，并将提高土地和劳动的价格。但是那些急于得到财产的勤勉

的人最初并不会增加自己的开支。他们会等待，直到积累了相当大的数额，从而不依赖贸易就可凭这笔货币获得有保证的利息。在大批居民从每年有规律地进入该国的货币中获取大量财富之后，他们必定会增加消费量，从而提高一切物品的价格。虽然价格的昂贵使他们的开支比最初预期的要大，但是，只要他们的资本还在，他们中的大多数就将继续如此。因为没有任何东西比增加家庭开支更容易、更令人愉悦，也没有任何东西比压缩开支更困难、更令人不快。

如果每年持续存在的顺差使一国货币显著增加，它就必然会使消费增加，从而提高一切物品的价格，甚至使居民的人数减少，除非能与增加了的消费量成比例地从国外输入额外的产品。此外，那些拥有相当充足货币的国家通常会从邻国输入许多东西，因为那里的货币稀缺，因而所有东西都很便宜。但是由于必须为此向邻国支付货币，该国的贸易顺差将缩小。由于土地和劳动便宜，那些货币稀缺的外国自然会建立起与顺差国相似的制造厂和工厂。但是在开始阶段，这些制造厂和工厂将不像顺差国的工厂那样完善，也不会像顺差国的工厂那样受到高度重视。

在这种情况下，顺差国可以在货币的充裕中生存下去，消费本国所有的产品以及大量的外国产品。除此之外，相对于外国人，顺差国还可以维持一个小小的贸易顺差，或者至少可以在许多年内保持贸易平衡，也就是说，顺差国可以通过输出本国的产品和制成品，从国外输入它为从国外购买商品或土地产品而输出的等量货币。如果该国是一个沿海国家，运输其产品和制成品比较便利和便宜，这多少能够补偿因货币过于充裕而导致的劳动价格较高的不利。因此，虽然该国的产品和制成品比较昂贵，但在国外，却会以比另一个劳动报酬相对较低的国家更便宜的价格出售。

运输费用大大增加了那些运往遥远国度的物品的价格，但是这些费用在沿海国家并不是很高，因为那里有船只定期开往所有的外国港口，因此，几乎总能看到装载各种托运的货物即将起航的船只，运费也十分合理。

但在航运不发达的国家，情况就不同了。在那里，必须为了运输行业特意造船，而这有时会耗尽全部的利润。而且那里的航运费用往往很高，从而完全阻碍了贸易的发展。

英格兰目前不仅消费本国制造的少量产品中的绝大部分，还大量消费诸如丝绸、葡萄酒、水果、亚麻制品等外国产品。与此同时，它只向国外输出矿产品，多半是加工品和制成品。虽然由于货币充裕，在英格兰劳动价格昂贵，但由于在航运方面的优势，它依然能以像在法国那样合理的价格在遥远的国家出售自己的物品。在法国，这些物品的价格比别的国家要便宜得多。

在没有贸易顺差的情况下，下列原因也可能引起一国流通中货币数量的增加：外国支付给该国的补贴；一些使节或旅游者的开支（后者出

于政治原因、好奇心或享乐而在该国居住一段时间）；一些家庭转移到该国的财产和财富（这些家庭为了追求宗教自由或出于其他原因离开自己的国家到该国定居）。在所有这些情况下，进入该国的货币金额总会引起该国开支和消费的增加，从而导致这些货币所进入的交换渠道中的所有物品价格上涨。

假设在货币量增加之前，该国有1/4的居民每天消费肉、葡萄酒、啤酒等，并且经常给自己添置衣料、亚麻制品等。但在货币量增加之后，该国会有1/3或1/2的居民消费这些物品，这必将导致这些物品价格的上涨。由于肉类很昂贵，造成该国那1/4的居民中的一些人会减少肉类的消费量。一个每天吃三磅肉的人将设法只吃两磅肉，他会感觉到这种减少，而另一半过去几乎不吃肉的居民则感觉不到这种减少。正如我经常指出的那样，面包的价格事实上会因为这种消费的增加而价格逐渐上涨，但与肉类相比，涨的幅度不会那么高。肉类价格的上涨造成了一小部分人的消费量的减少，人们也感觉到了这种减少，但面包价格的上涨造成了所有居民的消费份额减少，因此人们的感觉就不那么明显了。如果额外有10万人来到一个拥有1000万居民的国家生活，他们额外消费的面包仅占100磅中的1磅，这1磅必须从原有居民那里扣除，但如果一个人为维持生活消费了99磅而不是100磅面包，他几乎是感觉不到这种减少的。

当肉类消费增加时，租地农场主会扩大他们的牧场以获得更多的肉类，这就减少了可耕地，从而减少了谷物的数量。但是，一般而言，导致肉类价格相对面包的价格涨幅更高的原因是，一些国家通常准许外国谷物的自由输入，而牲畜的输入却是绝对禁止的（英格兰就是如此），或者与其他国家一样对牲畜的输入征收重税。这便是在货币充裕的英格兰，草场和牧场的租金比可耕地的租金高两倍多的原因。

毫无疑问的是，使节、旅游者以及在该国定居的家庭都增加了该国的消费量，于是在引入货币的所有交换渠道中，物价都上涨了。

至于该国从外国得到的补贴，或者是被该国储藏起来以备急用，或者被投入流通之中。如果我们假定这些补贴被储藏起来，那么它们便与我的论述无关，因为我现在考虑的只是处于流通中的货币。储藏起来的货币、金质或银质餐具、教会珍品等等是国家迫不得已才会动用的财富，但是不具备即时的用途。如果该国要把上述补贴投入流通就只有将它们花掉，而这无疑将增加消费量，并使全部物价上涨。无论是谁收到这笔货币，都会将它用于购买生活中最重要的物品，从而使之运转起来，这物品就是他自己或其他人的食物，因为任何物品都直接或间接地与食物相关。

第七章 续论同一问题

由于黄金、白银和铜具有内在价值，而这种内在价值同生产它们的费用成比例，这些费用包括：开采它们的矿山所占的土地、劳动力以及把它们出口或运到没有该类矿藏的国家的费用。同其他商品一样，一定数量的货币确定了其相对于其他商品的价值，这是在市场上的讨价还价中完成的。

如果英格兰首次在交换中使用黄金、白银和铜，货币的价值将根据其在流通中的数量和它相对于其他商品和产品的购买力来确定，而且它们的价值大体是通过市场上的讨价还价而确定的。土地所有者和业主将根据这种估价确定家仆和工人的日工资或年工资，使他们及其家人能靠他们获得的工资生活。

现在假设，外国使节和旅游者在英格兰的逗留使进入流通的货币数量增加了一倍。这部分货币将首先流到各类工匠、家仆、业主以及为这些外国人提供马车、娱乐等服务的其他人手中。制造商、租地农场主和其他业主将感觉到这种货币增加带来的影响。货币的增加将使一大批人习惯于比以前大的开支，从而抬高市场的物价，甚至这些业主和工匠的孩子们也会开始增加开支。由于货币充裕，他们的父亲将给他们一些零花钱使他们得到一些小小的快乐。他们可以用这些钱买蛋糕和小馅饼。这笔新增的货币将扩散开来，使许多原来没有跟钱打过交道的人现在手里也有了一些钱。许多过去靠赊账进行的购买现在也用现金进行了。因此，英格兰的货币流通就比以前更快了。

从所有这些事实中我得出的结论是：一个国家的货币数量增加一倍，其产品和商品的价格并不总是随之增加一倍，这就好比一条沿着河床蜿蜒流淌的河的水量增加一倍，它的流速并不会随之增加一倍一样。

该国由于货币数量增加而造成的物价上涨的程度取决于这一货币所带来的消费和流通状况的变化。新流入的货币不论经过谁的手都会自然而然地增加消费，但根据情况的不同，这一消费量可能多些或者少些。根据得到货币的那些人的想法，这一货币将或多或少地被用于购买某种产品或商品。不管货币多么充裕，某些物品的市场价格将比另一些物品上涨得更多。在英格兰，肉类的价格可能是原来的3倍，而谷物的价格只上涨了1/4。

英格兰总是允许从外国输入谷物，但不允许输入牲畜。因此，不管英格兰的金属货币量增加多少，其谷物的价格仅稍高于货币稀少的国家，高出的部分等于从这些国家输入谷物的费用和风险。

牲畜的价格则有所不同，它必然由用来购买肉类的货币数量与肉的数量以及在那里饲养的牲畜的数量之间的比例决定。

一头重800磅的公牛在波兰和匈牙利卖2到3盎司白银，但在伦敦市场上，通常要卖40多盎司。然而，1蒲式耳面粉在伦敦的价格比在波兰和匈牙利的价格高还不到一倍。

在允许输入的情况下，货币量的增加导致产品和商品的价格上涨，上涨的部分只是运输费用的差异。但在很多情况下，运费要远超过物品本身的价值，也正因如此，木材在很多地方是没有用处的。运费的昂贵也导致在远离首都的省份，人们几乎放弃了牛奶、鲜黄油、色拉和野味等。

我得出的结论是：一国流通中的货币量的增加通常会导致那里的消费量增加，也会使开支达到更高水平。但是这一新增货币导致的价格上涨并不会与货币的数量成比例，从而对所有种类的产品和商品产生同等的影响，除非新增加的货币进入到原有货币所处的流通之中，也就是说，当流通中的货币量翻倍的时候，现在提供2盎司白银的人就是（而且仅仅是）原来在市场上提供1盎司白银的人，而这种情况几乎不会出现。我认为，当大量剩余货币流入某国后，这笔新增货币会使该国的消费产生新的变化，甚至会使流通速度发生新的变化，但要确切地说出这些变化的程度是不可能的。

第八章 对同一问题的更深入思考

我们已经看到，一国流通的货币数量的增加可以通过下述方式实现：该国发现的矿山开采，外国的补贴，外国人家庭的移居，外国使节和旅游者的驻留，但最重要的是固定的年贸易顺差。这一差额是通过向外国人提供商品，并从他们那里得到至少相当于部分价格的黄金和白银来实现的。通过最后这种方式，一国的经济增长最为显著。如果一国的贸易有下列条件作为支撑，即充足的航运能力，国内能生产大量为出口货物和商品提供原材料的粗制品，那么情况尤为如此。

然而，由于这种贸易的持续进行会逐渐给顺差国带来大量的货币，并逐渐增加消费，因此，为了满足这种增加的消费，必须输入大量外国产品，因而部分年贸易顺差被用来偿付这种输入。另一方面，由于这种消费习惯增加了工人的就业机会，制成品的价格总是会上涨。其他一些国家必定会竭力建立本国的同类的制造业，从而停止购买上述国家的制成品。虽然这些新创建的手工业和制造业开始时并不完善，但却减缓甚至阻止从邻国输入制成品，因为人们在本国可以用更便宜的价格得到这些产品。

这样，顺差国便开始失去一些盈利的贸易部门，很多工人和工匠看到就业机会减少就会离开自己的国家，到建立了新的制造业的国家寻找更多的就业机会。尽管贸易顺差变小了，输入各类产品的习惯仍将继续存在。由于该国的物品和制成品声誉很高，而且航运的便利使该国能以低廉的费用把物品和制成品运到遥远的国家，在许多年内，在我们所谈到的新建制造业方面，该国仍将保持优势，而且仍将保持较小的贸易顺差，或至少能维持国际贸易平衡。然而，如果在同一时期，其他某个沿海国家也努力完善同类物品以及航运业，那么由于其生产的产品便宜，它将夺走该国的几类贸易。结果，该国将开始失去贸易顺差，而且被迫每年把一部分货币送往国外以支付进口的货物。

不仅如此，即便上述国家有更充裕的货币来保持贸易顺差，作以下假设也是合理的：货币的充裕必然导致在该国出现许多急于享受奢侈生活的富人。这些富人将从外国购买名画、宝石、丝绸和珍稀物品，还会给该国人民树立奢侈生活的榜样，以至于该国尽管在普通贸易中占有优势，但是它的货币每年都要流向国外以支付这类奢侈品，这将使该国逐渐贫穷，使它从一个非常强大的国家变成一个非常孱弱的国家。

根据事情的正常进程，当一国达到富足的顶点之后（我一直假设国家的相对富裕程度主要取决于它们各自拥有的货币数量），它将不可避免地陷入贫困。过于充裕的货币只要存在，就是国力强大的基础，但同时它也会难以察觉却又自然而然地把这些国家重新抛入贫困的境地。因而，当一个国家靠贸易发展起来，当货币的充裕提高了土地和劳动的价格时，君主或立法者似乎应该将货币从流通中撤回，保存起来作应急之用，还应该采取除强制和蒙骗以外的各种方法来阻滞它的流通，从而预

先阻止物价过高，并预防由奢侈带来的种种弊端。

但是，由于很难确定采取这种行动的适当时机，也很难知道什么时候货币数量已经超过为了国家利益和保持国家优势所应有的充裕程度。有些君主和共和国的元首们并不关心这类知识，他们只是利用国家充裕的收入所提供的便利来扩充自己的权力，并以最无足轻重的借口去侮辱其他国家。但从总体考虑，也许他们在致力于使自己的统治和管理下的辉煌永久化以及为自己的权力和财富树立丰碑方面做得没那么糟糕。因为根据人类发展的自然进程，任何国家都会自然而然地衰落，他们只是稍稍加速了这一衰落的进程。然而，他们似乎应该在自己的整个统治时期内，努力使自己的权力持久。

要使一国的货币充裕程度达到顶点用不了多少年，要使一国因缺乏商业和制造业而陷入贫困需要的时间则更短。不用说威尼斯共和国、汉萨同盟的城镇、弗兰德和布拉班特、荷兰共和国等国家的兴衰，这些国家曾相继在诸多赢利的贸易部门中取得成功。我们可以来说说法国，法国国力增强的时期只是从1646年（那年在法国创建了布料制造业，之前布料都是进口的）到1684年。自从1684年大量信奉新教的业主和工匠被驱逐出境，法兰西王国便一路衰退，毫无作为。

要判断流通中的货币量是充裕还是稀缺，我所知道的最好的衡量尺度就是土地所有者的租约和地租。如果土地以很高的价格出租，就表明该国有充足的货币；其他条件相同，如果地租必须降得很低，就说明该国的货币是稀缺的。我在《法兰西状况》中读到：在芒特附近，即在离法国首都不远的地方，1660年，每英亩葡萄园的租金是200足值的图尔里弗赫，而到了1700年，租金仅为100不足值的图尔里弗赫，尽管在这期间，从西印度群岛流入的白银已经很自然地抬高了欧洲的地价。

《法国状况》的作者把地租的下跌归因于消费量欠缺，而且看起来他实际上也观察到了葡萄酒消费量的减少，但我认为他错把结果当成了原因。真正的原因是法国货币稀缺，其结果自然是消费量的减少。在本概论中我一再表示，与此相反，充裕的货币自然会导致消费的增加，而且比其他任何因素更有助于土地的耕作。当充裕的货币使产品的价格提高到可观的水平，居民就会加紧工作以获取这种产品，但是，他们不会同样匆忙地去获取并非生活必需品的产品或商品。

显然，只要能保持这种货币的充裕，每一个流通货币比邻国多的国家都能比邻国更有优势。

首先，在所有贸易部门，它给予外国的土地和劳动少于它从外国得到的土地和劳动。在货币最充裕的国家，土地和劳动的价格（各地均以货币计量）更高。因而，上述国家有时可以用1英亩土地的产品换取别国2英亩土地的产品，仅用一个人的劳动便可换取别国两个人的劳动。由于在伦敦流通的货币充足，一个伦敦刺绣工的劳动价格比十个中国刺绣工的劳动价格还要高,尽管中国刺绣工手艺更好，每天生产的产品更

多。在欧洲，人们会感到惊讶，印度人的劳动如此低廉，他们是怎么活下去的，他们给我们提供的那些极好的物品为何那么便宜。

其次，在货币充裕的国家，税款比较容易征收，而且数量也相对大得多。这就使该国在同货币稀缺的国家发生战争或争端时，能够赢得各种优势。

假设有两位君主，他们因某国的主权或领土问题而发生征战。其中一个君主拥有大量货币，而另一个君主虽没有多少货币却拥有许多地产（其价值相当于敌人全部货币的两倍）。那么前者通过赏赐金钱比后者通过赏赐价值为前者两倍的土地和庄园更能笼络将军和军官。赏赐的土地易引起争议，易被收回，不像到手的货币那样可靠；有了货币，甚至可以从国家的敌人那里买到军火和粮食；用于秘密活动的金钱可以神不知鬼不觉地交给对方，土地、产品和商品就不能达到这些目的，甚至珠宝或钻石也不能，因为它们容易被认出来。总之，我认为在其他条件相同的情况下，国家的相对实力和富庶程度取决于当时当地在这些国家流通的货币的充裕程度。

另外，还需要提及两种增加一国中实际流通的货币量的方法。第一种是业主和私人从他们的国外代理行那里以一定的利息借款，或者国外的个人把货币送交该国以购买股票或政府公债。这些货币通常会达到非常可观的数额，国家每年要据此支付给这些外国人利息。这种增加货币的方法使该国的货币量更加充裕，并降低了利率。依靠这种货币，该国的业主会发现能够以更小的代价借钱，用于雇人工作和建立制造厂，以期获取利润。工匠和所有得到这种货币的人的消费比没有因这种货币而找到工作时要多。同货币属于该国时所发生的情况一样，消费的增加导致物价的上涨，由此导致的消费或开支的增加，使从消费税中取得的国家岁入增加。虽然以这种方式借给该国的款项给该国带来许多眼前的好处，但这笔款项最终总是累赘和有害的。该国必须每年向外国人支付利息，而且还要受外国人摆布，因为他们一旦想要撤回资本，往往会使该国陷入困境。当该国最需要钱的时候，如正在进行战争准备或生怕有何变故之时，外国人却想撤回资本的情况也必会发生。与外国人的借款所引起的国家岁入的增加相比，付给他们的利息总是多得多。人们经常看到，这些贷款根据投资者对所投资国家的信任程度的变化而从一国转到另一国。但说实话，最常发生的情况是：由于多年来要支付沉重的利息，那些背负这些贷款的国家最终会因破产而无力偿还资本。一旦产生不信任，股票或公债就会跌价。外国的持股人通常不甘心亏本而宁愿满足于获取利息，希望信任得到恢复，但有的时候，这种信任永远不会恢复。在那些日渐衰败的国家里，大臣们的主要目标通常是恢复这种信任，从而吸引以这种贷款形式提供的外国货币，因为只要政府信守承诺、遵守协定，本国的货币就能不间断地流通。外国人的货币确实具有增加本国流通货币的能力。

但是,这种借款办法虽然能带来暂时的安逸，却维持不了多久，而且通常会产生不好的后果。要使一个国家复兴，需要关注的是每年创造稳

定的、真正的贸易顺差；通过航运业的兴盛，当国家境况不佳，货币短缺时，物品和制成品总能以较低的价格输出国外。商人将首先从中获利，之后律师会得到其中的一部分，君主和租地农场主则在这些人利益受损的情况下获得一份收入，并根据自己的意愿分配赏赐。当该国的货币过于充裕时，便会滋生奢侈之风，该国也将陷入衰败。

这大致就是一个拥有资本和勤劳人民的大国可能经历的循环。有能力的大臣总能使这种循环重新开始。该国获得成功并不需要很多年的努力，至少在开始的时候是这样的，这也是它最有意思的时期。流通中增加的货币量可以通过许多方法来感知，但目前的论证不允许我现在加以考察。

至于那些没有多少资本并且只能靠偶然因素和紧急情况才能增加货币的国家，要找到通过贸易而繁荣起来的方法是很困难的。没有哪个大臣能使威尼斯和荷兰共和国恢复它们衰败前的辉煌地位。但至于意大利、西班牙、法国和英格兰，无论它们衰败到何种地步，通过出色的行政管理或仅凭贸易（如果它能单独进行的话）总能重新成为强国。因为如果所有这些国家的管理水平同样出色，那么它们的强大程度将仅与它们各自拥有的资本和人民的勤劳程度成正例。

我能想到增加一国实际货币流通量的最后一种方法是动用暴力和武器。这种方法通常是和其他方法相结合的。因为在所有的和平条约中，通常都规定了保留贸易权和可能从前者引申出来的各种特权。如果一个国家索要特别税或迫使其他几个国家向它纳贡，那么这是一个非常可靠的获得其他国家货币的方法。我不会去考察把这一手段付诸实践的方法，而是仅仅指出，所有通过这种方式繁荣起来的国家，与通过贸易繁荣起来的国家一样，最终难免也会衰落下去。古罗马人就是这样变得比我们所知的任何其他民族都要强大。然而，同样也是这些罗马人，在尚未丧失他们广袤地产的一英寸土地的时候，就因奢侈而衰败了。他们的奢侈使货币从他们的大帝国流入东方国家，他们之间流通的货币量的减少使这些罗马人每况愈下。

当罗马人的奢侈（这种奢侈直到在罗马纪元564年打败亚细亚国王安条克才开始）仅限于挥霍他们所支配的全部广袤地产中的土地和劳动产品的时候，流通中的货币非但没有减少，反而有所增加。这是因为公众拥有帝国中的所有金矿、银矿和铜矿；当时他们拥有亚细亚、马其顿和阿克维勒的金矿，以及西班牙和其他国家的富饶的金矿和银矿，他们还有许多生产金币、银币和铜币的造币厂。罗马人对他们从辽阔的行省得来的产品和商品，以及对他们从行省得到的名画、雕像和珠宝的消费，都未使在罗马流通的货币量减少。尽管贵族们为了宴饮而大肆铺张，为一条鱼就花掉1.5万盎司白银，但所有这些并未减少在罗马流通的货币数量，因为行省通过交纳贡赋又定期把支出的货币拿了回来，更不用说行政长官和总督们通过敲诈勒索带到那里的货币了。在奥古斯都的整个统治时期，每年从矿井中采出的贵金属数量只是增加了罗马流通的货币数量。但是，罗马人的奢侈已然达到了相当大的规模，他们不仅渴

望罗马帝国生产的各种稀奇之物，还渴望得到印度的珠宝、胡椒、香料和阿拉伯的所有珍品，连那些不是用帝国的原材料生产的丝绸在罗马都有需求。然而，从矿井中取得的货币仍然超过那些流出帝国用来购买这些物品的款项。不过，在提比略统治时期，人们开始感觉到货币的短缺。这位皇帝曾在他的国库里封存了27亿赛斯特斯。为了恢复流通中货币的充裕性，他不得不以自己的地产为抵押借了3亿。在提比略死后不到一年的时间里，卡利古拉就用光了他的所有财富。而那时正是罗马流通的货币最充裕的时期，猛烈的奢侈之风继续滋长。在历史学家普林尼在世时期，据他估算，罗马帝国每年至少输出1亿赛斯特斯。这一数目已经超过了从矿井中得到的贵金属量。根据小普林尼的记载，在图拉真统治时期，土地价格已降低了1/3，甚至更多。直至赛普蒂默斯·塞维鲁皇帝统治时期，货币量一直在减少。当时罗马的货币是如此稀缺，以至于皇帝因无法为他的事业征集大量财宝而建成了巨大的谷仓。这样，在还没有丧失任何土地之前，罗马帝国就由于货币的流失而陷于衰落了。请切记奢侈所带来的后果，以及在类似情况下总会带来的后果。

第九章 论货币利息及起因

正如物品的价格是通过市场上的讨价还价，由待售物品的数量与用于购买这些物品的货币数量的比例决定，或用实质相同的另一说法，由买家和卖家的比例决定。同样，一国货币的利息是由贷款人和借款人的比例决定的。

虽然货币在交换中充当的是一种抵押品，但在简单的流通中，不能自己增加或产生利息。似乎是人们的需要促使了利息的出现。一个人如果有良好保障或以抵押的方式把钱借出，他至少要冒借款人恶意赖账或承担各项开支、诉讼和损失的风险，但如果他在没有保障的情况下把钱借出，就要冒血本无归的风险。为此，急需用钱的人们一定在开始的时候以利润为诱饵诱惑贷款人，而这一利润一定同借款人的需要和贷款人的担心与贪欲成比例。在我看来，这似乎就是利息的起源，但是它在各国的不断运用似乎是以业主从中获取的利润为基础的。

在人类劳动的帮助下，根据土壤的肥力和居民的勤劳程度，土地自然能产出的谷物量是播种在该土地上的种子量的4倍、10倍、20倍、50倍、100倍、150倍。它还使水果和牲畜的数量倍增。经营土地的租地农场主一般可以得到产品的2/3，其中1/3用于支付各项开支和维持生活，另外余下的1/3是他的产业利润。

如果租地农场主有足够的资本继续他的产业，如果他有所需的工具和器具、犁地的马匹、使土地生利的牲畜等等，那么在支付了所有的开支后，他就能得到自己农场产品的1/3。如果一个日复一日靠工资为生的劳动者有能力却没有资本，能够找到某个愿意借给他土地或借钱给他购买土地的人，那么他作为农场的租地农场主或业主，将能够把全部第三份地租，即农场产品的第三部分交给贷款人。然而，他会认为自己的地位已经得到提升，因为他可以在第二份地租中得到维持生计的生活费，他已成为主人而不是劳工。如果依靠精打细算和省吃俭用，他能逐渐地积累起一些小小的资本，那么他每年需要借的钱会越来越少，最终将能够保留全部第三份地租。

如果这位新的业主找到办法赊购谷物或牲畜，而且可以长期赊欠，等到通过出售农场产品所得的钱再偿还，他就会乐于支付比要求付现金的市场价格更高的价钱。这一结果同他用借来的现金购买要求支付现金的谷物，并把现金支付价格和将来应付的价格差额作为利息进行支付是一样的。但是，无论是借现金还是货物，都必须使他能留下足够维持生计的生活费，否则他就会破产。正因为有这种风险，他需要支付相当于他所借钱款或所借产品或商品的价值20%或30%的利润或利息。

再举一例，如果一个帽商师傅拥有进行帽子制作的资本，能用这一资本租到房屋，购买海狸皮毛、羊毛、染料等原料，或用这一资本每周支付工人维持生计的工钱，那么，在这一经营中，他应该不仅能得到维

持自己生计的生活费，而且还应像得到第三份地租的租地农场主一样得到利润。这一维持生计的生活费和利润都来自帽子的销售，帽子的价格不仅应当补偿原材料的花费，维持帽商师傅和工人们的费用，还应包括上述利润。

但是，一位没有资本的能干的熟练制帽工匠也能从事同样的帽子制作，办法是通过借钱或赊原材料，并把利润转让给任何愿意借钱给他或愿意把海狸皮毛、羊毛等交给他，等他把帽子卖出后再进行支付的人。如果他的账单到期，贷款人要收回资本，或者如果羊毛商和其他赊销者不愿再给他提供信用，那么他必须放弃经营。在这种情况下，他可能宁愿破产。但是如果他谨慎而且勤勉，他也许能够向赊销者证明，他拥有的现金或帽子价值大约相当于他所借的东西，那么他们或许会选择继续给他提供货款，并满足于当前得到的利息或利润。这样，他就能继续经营，或许还能通过节衣缩食逐渐积累一些资本。借助于此，他每年需要借的财物越来越少。当他积攒的资本（永远与其销售额成正比）足以进行自己的帽子制作时，利润就会整个留给他。如果不增加开支，他就会变得富有。

应该看到，与他在贸易中借到的款项或信托给他的原料价值相比，这样一个制造商的生活费是很少的。因此，如果他是一个值得尊敬和勤劳的人，贷款人就不会冒太大的损失资本的风险。但是，很有可能借款人不是这样的人，因此贷款人要求他支付相当于贷款价值20%到30%的利润或利息。即便如此，也只有那些对他有好印象的人才会信任他。对该国所有的熟练技工、工匠、制造商和其他业主，都可以归纳出同样的结论。他们所经营的企业的资本大大超过了他们每年维持生活的费用的价值。

但是，如果一个巴黎的运水工要开业做自己劳动的业主，他所需要的全部资本就是他用1盎司银币就能买到的两个水桶的价格，那么，他的全部所得就是利润。如果他通过自己的劳动一年赚到50盎司白银，那么他投入的资本或借款数量与利润之比将是1:50，也就是说，他将得到5000%的利润，而帽商只能得到50%的利润，还要向贷款人支付20%或30%的利息。

然而，贷款人宁愿以20%的利息将1000盎司白银借给一位制帽商，也不愿意以500%的利息把1000盎司白银借给1000个运水工。这是因为运水工会把自己每日劳动所得的钱，以及把所有借给他们的钱都很快花费在维持生活上面。同他们维持生活的费用相比，借给运水工的资本是很小的。因此，不管受雇的机会是多还是少，他们都很容易将赚的钱全部花掉。所以，要确定这些小业主的利润几乎是不可能的。如果通过一年的辛苦劳动，一个运水工得到100盎司白银，那么他很有可能得到了相当于充当他资本的木桶价值的5000%甚至10000%的利润。但是，他也许会花费50或100盎司白银以维持生活，所以只有知道了他把多少白银用于维持生活，我们才能知道他所得的净利润是多少。

要确定业主的利润，总是必须首先扣除他们维持生活的费用。我们在租地农场主和制帽商的例子中已经这样做了，但是就小业主而言，利润几乎无法确定，而且他们一旦负债，多半都无力偿还。

按照惯例，伦敦的酿酒商会赊给酒店店主几桶啤酒，在这些店主支付了第一批酒钱之后，酿酒商会赊给他们更多的酒。如果这些酒店生意兴隆，酿酒商有时每年可以得到500%的利润。我曾听说，如果一年之中破产的酒店不超过半数，大酒商就能变得富有。

在一个国家，所有商人都习惯于把商品或产品赊给零售商一段时间，并使他们的利润或利息同他们所承担的风险成比例。由于借款人维持生活的费用同贷款之间的比例很高，这种风险通常会很大。因为，如果借款人或零售商在小本生意中不能使资金迅速周转，他就会很快走向没落。由于他把借来的钱物全部用在维持自己的生活上，因而将不得不陷入破产。

那些在伦敦比林斯门鱼市买鱼，再到城里其他地方转卖的卖鱼妇们，通常按照专业放债人订立的合同，每周以每几尼1先令，或每21先令支付利息1先令的比率，年息相当于260%。生意规模更小的巴黎女商贩每借来3里弗赫银币就要每周支付5个苏，年息相当于430%以上。然而，很少有贷款人因这样高的利息而发财。

在一国中，这样的高利率不仅是允许的，而且在某种程度上是有益而且必要的。那些在街上买鱼的人通过购买加价的鱼而支付了这些高昂的利息。他们觉得这一价格合适，也并不在意这一点。同样，一个工匠喝一大杯啤酒支付的价格能让酿酒商得到500%的利润。但他对酿酒商提供的这种便利感到满意，并不在意这一点小小的损失。

诡辩家们似乎并不是评判利息的性质及贸易问题的合适人选，但他们发明了“积极损失”这个词。借助这个词，他们表达了这样的看法：他们同意容忍高利率而不愿扰乱社会习俗和便利，他们同意并允许那些冒高风险放贷的人相应地索取高利率，而且这一利率没有限度，因为这种生意实际上依赖于贷款人的担忧和借款人的需要程度，他们很难找到某个特定的限度。

从事海上贸易的商人依靠冒险获得利润之后，即便利润高达10000%也会受到人们的赞扬。不管批发商通过长期赊售产品或商品给零售商可以获得多少利润或讲定要获得多少利润，我都没听过诡辩家把这看作是一种罪恶。他们对（或似乎对）金属货币贷款持更谨慎的态度，尽管两者本质上是一回事。但他们又发明了一个不同的词叫“消极损失”，借此表达他们甚至对这些贷款也能容忍。我对此的理解是：一个习惯于在贸易中赚取500%利润的人，在把钱借给别人的时候也会要求得到这样的利润。再也没有什么能比历代制定的众多有关货币利息的法律法规更有趣了，它们总是由一些几乎不了解贸易却自以为无所不知的人制定，而且它们一直也没有发挥过什么效力。

从这些例子和归纳的结论中似乎可以看到，在一国之中存在许多阶层和获取利息或利润的渠道。在最低的阶层中，与较高的风险相称，利息总是最高的；利息随着社会阶层的提高而降低，位于最高阶层的是商人。他们不但富有，而且在偿还债务方面声誉很好。要求这一阶层支付的利率称为该国的现行利率。这一利率同土地抵押贷款的利率相差无几。一个有偿还能力、可信赖的商人的票据同土地留置权一样受到尊崇，至少在短期内如此。因为，虽然商人可能破产，但土地也可能引起诉讼或纠纷。

如果在一国之中，没有业主能够利用借来的货币或货物赢利，那么利息的应用就可能不像现在这样频繁了，只有那些奢侈浪费的人才会借贷款，但是由于人人都习惯于利用业主所提供的便利，因此就存在着一个恒定的贷款和由此产生的利息来源。这些业主就是那些耕种土地并为城市所有居民提供面包、肉、衣物等的业主。那些为业主们工作赚取工资的人也互相竞争，设法自己做业主。在中国，业主的数目极大。由于他们机敏，有经营天分，从事经营时锲而不舍，很多在我们这里要靠固定工资为生的人在他们那里都成了业主，他们甚至会在田间为劳工提供饭菜。也许正是这些数目众多的小业主和来自各个阶层的其他人，由于他们在顾客没有觉察的情况下找到了通过满足消费需要获取大量利润的方法，才使利率保持在30%的最高水平。而在我们欧洲，利率几乎不超过5%。在梭伦时代，雅典的利率是18%；在罗马共和国，最普遍的利率为12%，但据我们所知也达到过48%、20%、8%和6%，最低的时候到过4%。在共和国末期和奥古斯都征服埃及以后的统治时期，自由市场上的利率跌到了前所未有的最低点。安东尼和亚历山大·塞维鲁皇帝以土地进行抵押出借公款，但也只是将利率降至4%。

第十章 论一国货币利息增加与减少的原因

所有就贸易问题有过论著的人都接受的一个共同观点是：一国增加的货币量会使那里的利息降低，因为在货币充裕时借钱比较容易。这一观点并非总是正确或精确的。要证明这一点，只需回忆一下下述事实：1720年，英格兰的所有货币几乎都被送到了伦敦。除此之外，开出的票据数量极大加速了货币的流动。然而，货币和通货的这种充裕不仅没有降低原本为5%甚至更低的现行利率，反而使利率提高到了50%和60%。用前面章节阐述的原理和起因很容易对增长的利率作出解释。其原因就是：由于南海计划，每个人都成了业主，都想借钱购买股份。因为大家都预期能获得极高的利润，从而可以由此很容易地支付这么高的利率。

如果该国货币的充裕源于贷款人，那么增加贷款人的数量无疑会拉低现行利率。但如果货币的充裕是由消费者的介入所产生，它就会产生相反的效果。消费量的增加会使更多业主有事可做，从而增加了业主的数量，他们需要以各级利率借钱为自己的生意提供装备，从而拉高了利率。

一国货币量的充裕或稀缺总会提高或者降低交易中一切物品的价格，而和利率没有什么必然联系。在货币充裕的国家，利率可能会很高，在货币稀缺的国家，利率可能会很低；在物品昂贵的国家利率很高，在物品便宜的国家则很低；在伦敦利率很高，在热那亚则很低。

利率每天可能仅仅因为谣言而上升或下降。因为这些谣言虽然不能影响交易中的物品价格，但是趋向于减少或增加贷款人的安全感。

造成一国高利率的原因通常是贵族、土地所有者或其他富人的巨大开支。业主和手工匠师傅习惯于给豪门大户提供各种消费品。为了供给他们，业主总是需要借钱。当贵族提前消费自己的收入并且负债，就会加倍导致利率的增加。

相反，如果该国的贵族生活节俭，尽可能进行直接购买，他们通过自己的仆人而不经中间商购买东西，这样他们就会减少该国业主的利润和数量，从而减少借款人的数量并使利率下降。这是由于这一类业主靠自己的资本经营，而尽可能少借钱；由于他们满足于不高的利润，从而阻止了那些没有资本的人靠借来的钱挤入这些行业。这就是今天热那亚共和国和荷兰共和国的情况，这两国的利率有时是2%，最高阶层的利率甚至还低于这个水平。而在德国、波兰、法国、西班牙、英格兰和其他国家，由于贵族和土地所有者的安逸生活和大量开支，这些国家的业主和手工匠师傅适应了高利润，从而使他们能够支付很高的利率。如果他们从国外进口所有的物品并甘冒相应风险，利率会更高。

当君主或国家由于发动战争而产生巨大开支时，利率会因两个原因而提高：其一，为了提供战争必需品，会新增一些大型企业，业主数量

也会大量增加，因而增加了借款；其二，战争总是意味着较大的风险。

与此相反，当战争结束、风险降低的时候，业主的数量也会减少，战争承包商也不再紧缩开支，转而成为自己所得货币的贷款人。如果此时君主或国家提出偿还部分债务，就会大幅降低利率。如果他们真能不通过从别处借款就能偿清债务，就更会出现这样的结果，因为债务的偿还增加了处于最高利息等级的贷款人的数量，而它又会影响所有其他等级。

如果该国货币的充裕是源于持续的贸易顺差，这笔货币将首先经过业主之手，虽然增加了消费，但也必将降低利率，因为大多数业主那时已得到了继续经营所需的足够资本，不再需要借钱；他们甚至会成为贷款人，将超出继续经营所需的那部分款项借出去。如果该国开支巨大的贵族和富人数量不多，那么货币的充裕必将降低利率，而提高交易中货物和商品的价格。这就是通常会在共和国发生的事情，这些共和国既没有很多资本，也没有大量地产，它们只是靠对外贸易致富。但是，在拥有大量资本和众多大土地所有者的国家里，对外贸易带来的货币会增加这些国家的地租，并使其能够承受巨大的开支。这些开支不仅养活了那些同外国人做生意的人，还养活了一些业主和工匠。尽管货币充裕，这也会使利率保持在很高的水平。

当贵族和土地所有者因奢侈浪费而破产的时候，以他们的土地作抵押的贷款人通常会获得土地的绝对所有权。很可能出现这样的情况，即该国的贷款人作为债权人所借出的货币量比那里流通的货币量要多得多。在这种情况下，可以把他们看作是那些作为担保而被抵押给他们的土地和货物的第二所有者。否则，一旦借款人破产，他们的资本就会损失殆尽。

同样，也可以把股份和公共基金的持有者看作是用来支付他们利息的那部分国家岁入的第二所有者。但是，如果由于国家需要立法机构而被迫把这些财政收入挪作他用，那么股份和公共基金的所有者就会丧失一切，但在该国流通的货币却不会因此而减少一个利亚德。

如果该国的君主或行政官员希望通过法律来调节现行利率，那么这种调节必须以当前最高等级或大致相当于此的现行市场利率为基础。否则，法律将会无效。因为缔约双方顺从竞争的力量或根据贷款人和借款人的比例所决定的现行价格会私下进行交易，而法律限制只能阻碍贸易，提高而不是降低利率水平。古罗马人在颁布了几部限制利息的法律后，通过了一部完全禁止放贷的法律，但这部法律和之前的法律一样，都没有成功。查士丁尼一世时期的法律对利润作了限制，规定贵族取得的利息不得高于4%，较低等级的贵族不得超过6%，贸易商不得超过8%。这一法律既可笑又不公正，因为它并不禁止在各种商业活动中获取50%和100%的利润。

如果允许土地所有者冒着损失全年地租的风险，以高租金把农场租

给一个贫穷的租地农场主，并且这样做是值得推崇的，那么，一个贷款人冒着损失利息或利润甚至资本的风险，把自己的货币借给贫困的借款人，并讲定在借款人自愿同意的情况下支付给他高利息，似乎也应该是被准许的。确实，这种性质的贷款使更多的人陷入不幸的境地。如果失去资本和利息，贷款人将比无土地可丧失的租地农场主更无力恢复。但是，有关破产的相关法律对借款人有利，以允许他们东山再起。有关高利贷的相关法律似乎也应像在荷兰那样，总是根据市场利率的变化进行调整。

一国的现行利率似乎充当的是土地购买价格的基础和尺度。如果现行利率是5%，即1/20，那么土地价格也应按此计算。但是，由于土地所有权在该国产生了一种地位和某种权限，当利率为1/20的时候，土地的价格可能上下略有浮动，但以同一块土地为抵押的贷款的利率几乎不超过现行利率。

总之，土地的价格，与其他一切物品的价格一样，自然而然地由卖家和买家之间的比例等因素决定。举例来说，由于伦敦的买家数量比外省的买家多很多，由于他们生活在首都的这些买家更喜欢在当地而不是在遥远的省份购买土地，他们宁愿以按1/30或1/35计算的价格在附近购买土地，也不愿以按1/25或1/22计算的价格在远处买地。通常还有其他一些正当理由影响土地价格，这里没必要一一提及，因为它们并不影响我们对利息本质解释的正确性。

第三部分

第一章 论对外贸易

当一国在对外贸易中以较少的土地产品换取较多的产品时，对该国似乎是有利的；如果该国流通的货币比外国充裕，那么，它就总是以较少的土地产品换取较多的产品。

当该国以本国的劳动换取外国的土地产品时，对该国似乎是有利的，因为该国居民靠外国人的支付维持了生活。

当一国以本国的产品连同劳动换取外国人较多的产品和等量或更多的劳动时，该国似乎又一次获利了。

如果巴黎的贵妇每年消费价值10万盎司白银的布鲁塞尔花边，那么在布拉班特，1/4英亩的土地（能生产150磅亚麻，以供在布鲁塞尔制成雅致的花边）就能达到这一价值。这就需要约2000个布拉班特人一年的劳动，进行从亚麻播种到花边的最终完善的几部分工作。布鲁塞尔的花边商人或业主要预先垫付资金。他要直接或间接地为所有纺纱工、花边女工及为这些工人制造工具的人的劳动部分支付报酬。所有那些参与这项工作的人将直接或间接地从布拉班特的土地农场主手中购买生活资料，而农场主用部分收入向地主缴纳租金。如果在这种经济制度中，要生产被认为属于这2000个人及他们的家人（他们在某种程度上以此为生）维持生活所需的土地产品，每人需要3英亩土地，那么在布拉班特就要用6000英亩土地来养活从事花边生产的人。这些费用由购买和佩戴花边的巴黎贵妇承担。

按照各自购买的花边数量，巴黎的贵妇将共同支付这10万盎司白银。所有这些白银必须照原样被运到布鲁塞尔，减去的只是汇款费用。从这些钱中，布鲁塞尔的业主不仅必须收回全部预付款，以及可能因借钱而需偿还的利息，而且还要获得自己经营的利润，以维持家人的生活。如果贵妇支付花边的价格不足以支付全部费用和利润，那么花边制造业就得不到鼓励，业主会停止继续生产或者破产。但是，因为我们已经假设这种制造业将继续，那么巴黎贵妇支付的价格必须能够涵盖全部费用，而且如果布拉班特人没有从法国购买商品以抵消这笔债务，那么，这10万盎司白银就必须送往布鲁塞尔。

但是，如果布拉班特居民喜欢喝香槟酒，而且每年为此消费价值10万盎司的白银，那么酒名下的款项就能抵消花边名下的款项，而且有关这两类贸易的差额也会平衡。补偿和流通将通过双方参与这一贸易的商人和银行家的作用来实现。

巴黎的贵妇把10万盎司白银支付给向她们出售和交付花边的商人；商人把这些白银交给银行家；银行家会给他一张或几张汇票，付款人为银行家在布鲁塞尔的代理行。同时，银行家把钱汇给香巴尼地区的酒商，这些商人在布鲁塞尔存有10万盎司白银，然后酒商把具有同等价值

的汇票交给银行家，这些汇票是由银行家在布鲁塞尔的代理行开出的，付款人为银行家。因此，在布鲁塞尔支付香槟酒的10万盎司白银就与在巴黎支付花边的10万盎司白银相抵消。这样就可以避免把在巴黎收到的这笔钱送往布鲁塞尔的麻烦。这种抵消是通过汇票来实现的，我将在下一章设法解释汇票的性质。

同时，这个例子表明，巴黎贵妇为花边支付的10万盎司白银到了把香槟酒运往布鲁塞尔的商人手中，而布鲁塞尔的香槟酒消费者支付酒的10万盎司白银则落到业主或花边商人手中。双方的业主又把这笔钱分配给他们所雇佣的为生产酒或花边而劳动的那些人。

从中可以看出，巴黎的贵妇养活了布拉班特所有从事花边工作的人，并促使那里的货币流通。同样，布鲁塞尔的香槟酒消费者不仅养活了香巴尼地区的葡萄园主和参与酒生产的其他人、参与运输的造车匠、蹄铁工、赶车工人等，还有从事运输的马匹，而且他们支付了用于酒生产的土地产品的价值，并促进了香巴尼地区的货币流通。

然而，在香巴尼地区如此兴师动众的这一流通或贸易虽然养活了葡萄园主、租地农场主、造车匠、蹄铁工、赶车工人等，并如数支付了葡萄园主和牧场主（其牧场用于饲养拉车的马匹）租金，但在这个例子中，从结果来看，它对法国而言是一种负担，而且无利可图。

如果在布鲁塞尔，1缪酒的售价为60盎司白银，我们假设1英亩葡萄园可产4繆酒，那就必须有4166.5英亩的土地产品送往布鲁塞尔才能相当于10万盎司白银，而且需要大约2000英亩的牧场和可耕地用来种植拉车的马匹消耗的干草和燕麦（如果这些马匹全年只被用来拉车）。因此，将会有6000英亩的土地被抽取出来，不能用于生产法国人的生活资料。而布拉班特人的生活资料将增加4000多英亩的土地产品，因为他们喝的香槟酒节省了4000多英亩土地。如果他们不喝香槟酒，他们可能将这些土地用于生产啤酒以供饮用。但是，支付花边以及有关的一切费用仅花去布拉班特人1/4英亩土地生产的亚麻。因此，布拉班特人用1英亩土地的产品连同他们的劳动，向法国人支付相当于1.6万多英亩土地的产品，而且他们付出的相关劳动更少。他们获得的是生活资料的增加，而给予的只是无法给法国带来真正利益的一件奢侈品。因为花边在法国穿戴和消耗之后无法再用来交换任何有用的东西。根据内在价值法则，在香巴尼地区用于生产酒和养活葡萄园主、箍筒匠、造车匠、蹄铁工、赶车工人、拉车的马匹等需要的土地数量应当等于在布拉班特用于生产亚麻、养活纺纱工和花边制造者，以及所有那些参与花边制造的人的土地数量。

但是，如果在布拉班特流通的货币比在香巴尼流通的货币更充裕，那么布拉班特的土地和劳动将更昂贵。因此，双方用白银计量价值时，法国人的损失还要大得多。

这是一类贸易的例子。这类贸易增加了外国人的数量，减少了本国

居民的数量，而且在没有引起流通的货币外流的情况下削弱了这个国家的国力。我选用这个例子是为了更突出地说明，在对外贸易中，一个国家可能受到另一个国家的蒙蔽欺骗，同时也由此说明判断对外贸易利弊的方法。

通过对各类贸易的结果逐一进行审查，可以使对外贸易得到有益的调整。这一点是无法通过抽象推理理解清楚的。通过考察特定的例子总是可以发现，输出任何制成品对一个国家都是有利的，因为在这种情况下，外国人总是支付和养活了对这个国家有用的工人，而且，输入的最好收益或支付是硬币，在缺乏硬币时，则是包含最少劳动的外国土地产品。人们经常可以看到，通过运用这些贸易方法，土地产品很少的国家可以用外国人支付的费用养活大批居民，而大国则可以使国民的生活更加安闲舒适，更加富足。

但是，由于大国无需增加居民的数量，只要能使国民依靠本国的土地产品在本国更加舒适安逸地生活，并为国防安全增强国家实力就足够了。要通过国外贸易做到这些，就需要鼓励该国尽可能多地输出商品和制成品，以便尽可能多地以实物换取黄金和白银。如果由于大丰收，与往年的一般消费相比，国家的土地产品恰好超出很多，那么鼓励输出土地产品以换取同等价值的黄金和白银便是有利可图的。这些金属不会像土地产品那样腐烂和消失，而且有了黄金和白银，人们总是可以输入国家缺乏的东西。

然而，如果这个国家每年都习惯于向国外输出大量原材料以换取外国的制成品，那就无利可图了，这会在收支两方面削减居民数量和国家实力。

但是，我无意详述为了国家利益应当鼓励哪类贸易，只要指出应当不遗余力地输入尽可能多的白银就足够了。增加在一国流通的白银数量，只要这种货币充裕的情况持续下去，就可使该国在对外贸易中占据很大的优势。从而，该国就能以少量的产品和劳动换取更多的产品和劳动；该国就能更加容易地增加税款，而且如有公共需要，筹款也不困难。

确实，货币的持续增加将因为其充裕而最终导致该国的土地和劳动价格昂贵。从长远来看，商品和制成品将特别昂贵，以致外国人会逐渐停止购买，并使自己习惯于在别处购买较便宜的商品和制成品，这将不知不觉地一步步摧毁该国的劳动成果和制造业。同样的原因（即货币充裕）会使地主提高租金，也会使地主习惯于从国外购买许多商品，因为在国外能得到更便宜的商品。这些都是自然而然的结果。一国通过贸易、劳动和节约获得的财富将逐渐使该国的人民陷入奢侈享乐。国家通过贸易崛起之后一定会衰退。虽可以采取一些措施来阻止这种衰落，但却并未采取。可有一点总是正确的，即当该国确实掌握贸易顺差，并拥有充足的货币，它看起来就是强大的，而且只要这种货币充裕的状况持续，事实上它也是强大的。

还可以作出无数的归纳来证明关于对外贸易的这些观点以及货币充裕的好处。在英格兰和中国，货币流通的不均衡程度令人惊讶。东印度群岛的制成品，如丝织品、印花棉布、平纹细布等，尽管经过18个月的海上航行，在英格兰的售价却非常低，如果印度人愿意购买英格兰的商品和制成品，英格兰只需用这些商品和制成品的1/30来支付印度的制成品。但是，在他们本国，工作可以做得更好，而且成本也极低的时候,他们不至于愚蠢到为我们的劳动支付过高的价格。因此，他们向我们出售制成品时只收取现金。我们每年向他们输送现金，从而使他们的财富增加，而我们自己的财富减少。在欧洲消费的印度制成品只会使我们的货币和我们自己的制造业的工作减少。

向欧洲人出售海狸皮的美国人自然会惊奇地发现：羊毛做的帽子与海狸皮做的帽子同样耐用，导致如此长途海运的一切不同之处仅在于一些人的喜好；他们认为海狸皮做的帽子更轻便，更好看，手感更好。但是，由于这些海狸皮一般是用钢铁等制品而非白银向美国人支付的，这一贸易对欧洲并无损害。特别是因为这种贸易养活了工人，尤其是水手，他们在国家需要的时候是非常有用的。然而，同东印度群岛的制造业贸易却使货币流失，使欧洲的工人数量减少。

必须承认，对荷兰共和国而言，与东印度的贸易是有利可图的。而且，通过向德国、意大利、西班牙和新大陆出售香料和制成品，它把这一贸易的损失转嫁给欧洲其他国家。这些国家把荷兰送给东印度人的所有钱都归还给荷兰，还有很多剩余。用印度而不是英格兰或法国的织物为本国的妇女和其他人提供衣物，对荷兰来说更为有益。让印度人富起来而不是自己的邻国富起来对荷兰人而言更有利，因为邻国从贸易中获益后可能会来压迫他们。另外，他们向欧洲其他民族出售用自己的原材料生产的衣料和小件的制成品时，比起他们在本国出售并在那里消费的印度制成品，其价格要昂贵得多。

英格兰和法国如果要在这方面模仿荷兰人，那就错了。这些国家在国内拥有用自己的原材料为妇女提供衣物的方法。尽管它们的织物比印度制造业的织物价格贵，它们也应该阻止本国人民穿外国的衣料。他们不应允许自己的商品和制成品减少,也不应变得依赖外国人,更不应该因此而使本国的货币流失。

但是，鉴于荷兰人找到了向欧洲其他国家出售印度商品的方法，英国人和法国人也应当这样做。无论是削弱荷兰的海军力量，还是增强本国的海军力量，首先要做到在各类消费中没有荷兰的援助也能应对。这些国家的不良习惯使得做到这一点很必要。在能够用本国产品为本国人民提供衣物的这些欧洲国家里，允许穿印度织物显然是不利的。

正如一国鼓励国外的制成品发展是不利的那样，鼓励外国的航运业发展也是不利的。如果一国要向国外运送自己的商品和制成品，只有使用自己的船只运输才能获取全部的利益。这样，它就可以养活一大批水手，他们同工人一样对国家有益。但是，如果让外国船只运输自己的商

品和制成品，就会增强外国的航运业而削弱本国的航运业。

航运业是对外贸易中一个基本的、必要的环节。在整个欧洲，荷兰人的造船费用最为低廉。木料顺着河流漂运给他们。而且由于靠近北方，他们能以较低的费用获得桅杆、木材、树脂、绳索等。他们用于锯木的风车使锯木工作变得简便。另外，他们航海时的船员较少，而且水手的生活费用非常低。一架锯木的风车每天可以节省80个人的劳动成本。

由于有了这些有利条件，只要费用一直低廉，他们将成为欧洲独一无二的海运商。如果他们自己有足够的原材料来开展多方面的贸易合作，那么毫无疑问，他们会拥有欧洲最繁荣的航运服务业。但是，如果没有国家的内在实力，较大的海员阵容亦不足以使他们取得海军强国的优势地位。如果国家过去有大量税收可用以建造船只、支付船员，那么他们永远也不会将战舰或水手武装起来，他们会从拓展的市场中获利。

英格兰为了阻止荷兰人凭借其低成本加强海上优势，从而牺牲英格兰的利益，现已禁止所有国家向英格兰输入除本国产品之外的其他商品。这样一来，荷兰人无法充当英格兰的运输商，英国人从而增强了本国的航运业。虽然他们的航运成本高于荷兰人的航运成本，但海外货物带来的财富使这些成本变得并不太高了。

法国和西班牙是海运国家，它们有丰富的产品运往北方，并有货物和商品从那里运回。但与丰富的产品和绵延的海岸线相比，这两个国家的航运业微不足道，这不足为奇，因为它们让外国船只运来它们从北方进口的一切货物，并运走北方国家从它们那里出口的货物。法国和西班牙这些国家的政策并未考虑以有利的方式开展贸易。在法国和西班牙，同外国人打交道的大部分商人与其说是为自己利益经商的冒险者，不如说是外国商人的代理商或办事员。

的确，北方国家凭借所处的有利位置，且又邻近生产建造船只所需全部材料的国家，所以能够以比法国和西班牙低的费用运输货物。但是如果这两个国家采取措施加强航运业，这一障碍就不会阻挡它们。英格兰早已在一定程度上为它们做了示范。这两国在国内和其殖民地拥有造船用的一切材料，或者至少就地生产这些材料并不困难，而且如果两国的立法机关或内阁赞成这一政策，会有无数种办法使这一政策取得成功。我探讨的主题不允许我在本概论中详细考察这些办法。我只想指出：在贸易无法定期养活大量船只和水手的国家，如果没有足以耗尽国家财富的那么一大笔款项，君主要维持一只强大的海军几乎是不可能的。

因此，通过观察，我得出结论：对于一国国力兴衰而言，最重要的贸易是对外贸易；国内贸易在政治上并不具备同样的重要性；如果不重视增加并维持大量本国的商人、船只、水手、工人和制造商，对外贸易就只能得到一半的支持；最重要的是，必须要时刻重视保持对外贸易的

顺差。

第二章 论汇票及其性质

在巴黎市内，将货币从一家运到另一家的费用通常为每袋（1000里弗赫）5个苏。如果有必要把货币从圣安托万运到荣军院，运费要多一倍以上。而且如果没有通常值得信赖的货币搬运工，那么运费还要高。如果路上经常有强盗出没，就要有护卫保护来大批量地运送货币，那么运费就会更高。如果有人甘冒风险自己付费运送货币，那么他会要求按照承担的费用和风险收取报酬。因此，从鲁昂到巴黎和从巴黎到鲁昂的运费通常为每袋（1000里弗赫）50苏，用银行的术语来说，就是0.25%。银行家一般用结实的小桶来运送货币。由于小桶用金属制造，而且笨重，强盗很难搬走，而且由于这条路线上总有邮递马车，这两地之间运送大量货币的费用并不很大。

如果一方面，马恩河畔沙隆市每年向为国王收税的税官缴纳1万盎司白银；另一方面，沙隆市和临近地区的酒商通过代理商向巴黎出售的香槟酒价值1万盎司白银；如果在法国每盎司白银在贸易中流动需交税5里弗赫，那么在巴黎和沙隆两地，上述1万盎司总额将各交5万里弗赫。

在本例中，税官有5万里弗赫要送往巴黎，而沙隆酒商的代理商有5万里弗赫要送往沙隆。如果双方联合起来进行安排，就可以通过抵消的办法或他们的所谓汇票的办法来避免这种双向交易，或者说双向运输。

让沙隆酒商的代理商将这5万里弗赫交给巴黎税务局的出纳员（各人交纳自己的部分）。让出纳员给代理商一张或多张支票或汇票，由沙隆的税官支付，见票即付。让代理商签署汇票或转交给沙隆的酒商，酒商将从沙隆的税官处获得这5万里弗赫。这样，在巴黎的5万里弗赫将缴纳给巴黎税务局的出纳员，在沙隆的5万里弗赫将付给该市的酒商。通过汇兑或相抵，可以省去将这笔货币从一个城市送往另一个城市的麻烦。或者，让在巴黎拥有5万里弗赫的沙隆的酒商，将他们的汇票交给税官。税官把他们签发给巴黎税务局的出纳员，出纳员就在那里收取这笔钱款，并让沙隆的税官根据他们的汇票，将他在沙隆拥有的5万里弗赫付给酒商。不管用哪种方式实现这种相抵，无论是从巴黎开出汇票由沙隆付款，还是从沙隆开出汇票由巴黎付款，在这个例子中，都是按1盎司对1盎司，5万里弗赫对5万里弗赫进行支付的，这种汇兑可谓与票面价值相等。

在沙隆的这些酒商与在沙隆地区拥有土地的巴黎贵族的代理商之间，在把货物或商品运往巴黎并在巴黎拥有钱款的沙隆酒商或其他商人与从巴黎取得商品在沙隆出售的其他商人之间，都可以采用同样的方法。如果这两个城市之间有大宗交易，银行家会在巴黎和沙隆开业，同双方的有关各方建立联系，为必须从一个城市运往另一个城市的支付款项充当代理人或中间人。这样，如果从沙隆运到巴黎并在那里出售以换取现金的所有酒和其他货物和商品，在价值上超过了在沙隆的税款总额、巴黎贵族在沙隆收取的租金以及从巴黎运到沙隆并在那里出售以换

取现金的货物和商品的价值，差额为5000盎司白银或2.5万里弗赫，那么巴黎的银行家必须将这笔数额以货币的形式送往沙隆。这就是这两个城市之间的贸易余额或贸易顺差。我认为，这一余额必须以铸币形式送交沙隆。这一工作将以下列方式或某种类似的方式进行。

沙隆的酒商和把货物或商品从沙隆运到巴黎的其他商人，销售所得的款项则到了巴黎的代理商或代理银行的手里。他们接到指令把这笔钱汇到沙隆，但是，他们不习惯于冒险将钱运过去，因此会求助于税务局的出纳员。出纳员会给他们支票或汇票，付款人是沙隆的税官，票额最多可以达到他在沙隆持有的款项。一般两者相等。但是，由于代理商还需要向沙隆运送钱款，他们会求助于银行家，因为银行家可以支配在那个地区拥有土地的巴黎贵族的租金。同税务局的出纳员一样，银行家会给他们提供汇票，付款人是他在沙隆的代理行，票额可高达由他支配的按照命令从沙隆送到巴黎的钱款数额。这种相抵也是根据票面价值相等作出的，除非银行家因为自己费了周折而想从中谋取一些小额利润，一方面是从请求他将他们的钱送往沙隆的代理商，另一方面是从请他负责将钱从沙隆转到巴黎的贵族这两方手里谋取些小额利润。如果银行家在沙隆也支配着从巴黎运到那里并在那里出售以换取现金的商品的价值，那么他也可以为这一价值提供汇票。

但是，在我们假设的例子中，沙隆商人的代理商在巴黎仍然拥有2.5万里弗赫。他们接到命令把超出上述所有款项的这笔钱汇到沙隆。如果他们把这笔钱交给税务局的出纳员，出纳员会答复说，他在沙隆已经没有更多的钱款，无法为他们提供由那个城市支付的汇票或支票；如果他们把钱交给银行家，银行家会告诉他们，他在沙隆已经没有更多的钱款，因而无法提取。但是，如果他们为了汇兑而支付他钱款的3%，他可以提供支票。代理商将拿出1%或2%，最多2.5%便无法再增加了。按照这一价格，银行家会决定给他们汇票，即：如果他们在巴黎支付给他2里弗赫10苏，他将提供一张100里弗赫的汇票，付款人是他的沙隆代理行，期限是10天或15天，以使代理行能够支付他要求代理行支付的2.5万里弗赫。按照这一兑换率，银行家将通过邮寄或运输的方式，将这笔钱以金币，或者没有金币以银币的形式送交代理行。他将为每袋1000里弗赫支付10里弗赫的费用，即1%。他还要给他的沙隆代理行支付佣金，每袋1000里弗赫为5里弗赫，即0.5%，自己保留1%作为利润。在这种情况下，巴黎同沙隆的汇兑高于票面价值2.5%，因为要为每100里弗赫支付2里弗赫10苏作为汇兑的佣金。

几乎就是用这种方法，贸易顺差通过银行家从一个城市运送到另一个城市，而且一般是大规模地运送。并非所有具有银行家名号的人都习惯于这些交易，其中许多人只做佣金和银行投机业务。我所说的银行家只是那些汇寄款项的人。正是他们一直决定着汇兑，汇兑费用则根据不同情况下运送铸币的费用和风险而定。

巴黎与沙隆之间所确定的汇兑费用，很少高于或低于票面价值超过2.5%或3%。但是如果铸币必须从巴黎运到阿姆斯特丹，收费将达5%或

6%，因为路程更长，风险更大，涉及的代理行和佣金更多。从印度运到英格兰的收费为10%到12%。从伦敦到阿姆斯特丹，在和平时期很少超过2%。

在我们当前的这个例子中，可以说，巴黎同沙隆的汇兑超出票面价值2.5%，而沙隆同巴黎的汇兑低于票面价值2.5%。因为在这些情况下，在沙隆交付钱款以换取由巴黎支付的汇票的人，只需交付97里弗赫10苏就可以在巴黎收到100里弗赫。显然，只要汇兑在此基础上进行，汇兑高于票面价值的城市或地方就负债于汇兑低于票面价值的城市或地方。巴黎同沙隆的汇兑高于票面价值2.5%，只是因为巴黎负债于沙隆，偿还债务的钱款必须从巴黎运到沙隆。这就是为什么当通常看到一个城市同另一个城市相比汇兑低于票面价值时，可以推断第一个城市欠另一个城市贸易顺差。同样，如果马德里或里斯本同其他国家的汇兑高于票面价值，就表明这两个首都城市必须向其他国家运送铸币。

在所有与巴黎、马恩河畔沙隆、伦敦和布里斯托尔使用同等货币和金银币的地方和城市，人们通过给出和收取高于或低于票面价值的百分数来了解和体现汇兑费用。当在一地支付98里弗赫，而在另一地获得100里弗赫时，人们就说汇兑大约低于票面价值2%；当在一地支付102里弗赫，而在另一地仅可获得100里弗赫时，人们说汇兑恰好高于票面价值2%；当在一地支付100里弗赫，而在另一地获得100里弗赫时，人们说汇兑与票面价值相等。这一切并不难理解，也无神秘之处。

但是，当两个城市或地方的货币差异很大，铸币的大小、成色、制造方法和名称都不相同，从而对汇兑进行调整时，起初似乎很难解释汇兑的本质。尽管实质上，这种汇兑与巴黎同沙隆之间汇兑的差别仅在于银行家的行话。在巴黎，人们谈论同荷兰的汇兑时，是计算1埃居（3里弗赫）兑换多少荷兰丹尼尔。但是巴黎与阿姆斯特丹之间的汇兑平价，一直是100盎司黄金或白银兑换同等重量和成色的100盎司黄金或白银。如果在巴黎支付102盎司，而在阿姆斯特丹收到100盎司，汇兑总是高于平价2%。从事贸易顺差汇寄的银行家必须总是了解如何计算平价，但是用国际汇兑的术语讲，在伦敦制定的与阿姆斯特丹的汇兑价格是根据在伦敦付出1英镑而在银行收到35荷兰埃斯克林而确定的。在伦敦制定的与巴黎的汇兑价格是根据在伦敦付出30丹尼尔或30便士英币，而在巴黎收到1埃居或3图尔里弗赫而确定的。这些谈论方法并未说明汇兑是高于还是低于平价，但是汇寄贸易顺差的银行家能计算得很清楚，而且知道他在自己国家发送的货币能换取多少外国货币。

我们在伦敦确定（其他货币）对英格兰白银的汇兑时，无论是用俄罗斯的卢布、汉堡市的马克卢布、德国的银币、佛兰德的里弗赫、威尼斯的达克特、热那亚或里窝那的皮阿斯特、葡萄牙的密尔雷斯或克鲁扎多、西班牙的八里亚尔币披索或皮斯托尔等等，同所有这些国家的汇兑平价总是100盎司金银兑换100盎司金银。如果用汇兑语言说，人们拿出的钱恰好或多于或少于这一平价，那么就等于说汇兑高于或低于票面价值多少，两者效果是一样的。而且，正如我们在巴黎和沙隆的例子中证

明的，在英格兰与某个地方的汇兑确定后，我们总是可以知道英格兰是否欠这一地方一定的差额。

第三章 对汇票性质的进一步解释

我们已经看到，汇兑是根据铸币的内在价值即与名义价值相等进行调整的，而且在贸易顺差必须以铸币的形式送交时，一地运到另一地的费用和风险引起汇兑的变化。我们在事实和惯例中所见的事情无需争辩。银行家有时会对这一惯例进行精妙的改进。

如果英格兰欠法国10万盎司白银的贸易顺差，而法国欠荷兰10万盎司，荷兰又欠英格兰10万盎司，那么所有这三笔款项可以由这三国各自的银行家通过汇票予以抵消，各方无需送交白银。

如果荷兰在1月份向英格兰发送了价值10万盎司白银的商品，而英格兰在同一月份仅向荷兰发送了价值5万盎司白银的商品（我假定双方的销售和支付均在1月进行），那么在这个月，荷兰将有5万盎司白银的贸易顺差，1月份在伦敦确定的同阿姆斯特丹的汇兑将高于名义价值2%或3%。用汇兑术语来说，12月份同荷兰的汇兑与名义价值相等，即在伦敦1英镑等于35埃斯克林，而在1月份则升至36埃斯克林。但当银行家已经将这5万盎司的贸易顺差送交荷兰时，在伦敦，同阿姆斯特丹的汇兑自然会降至与名义价值相等，即35埃斯克林。

但是，如果英格兰银行家在1月份预测到：由于向荷兰运送了超乎寻常的大量商品，因此在3月份进行支付和销售的时候，荷兰将欠英格兰一大笔债务。银行家就不会将1月份欠荷兰的5万埃居或盎司运送过去，而是在那个月提供汇票，付款人是他在阿姆斯特丹的代理行，期限增至两个月，到期支付这一数额价值。通过这种方法，通过汇兑所得的利润在1月份高于名义价值，在3月份低于名义价值，这样，不用把一个苏运到荷兰，银行家就加倍获利。

这就是银行家所谓的投机。这种投机经常在短期内，并在脱离贸易顺差制约的情况下引起汇兑的变化。但从长远来看，我们必定要回到贸易顺差上来，因为它决定着不变的、统一的汇兑规则。虽然银行家的投机和信用有时会拖延一个城市欠另一个城市的款项的运输，但是最终总需偿还债务，必须将贸易顺差以铸币形式运往所欠的地方。

如果英格兰在同葡萄牙的贸易中经常享有差额，而在同荷兰的贸易中总是丧失差额，那么同荷兰和葡萄牙的汇兑率将明显显示出这一点。人们将看到，在伦敦确定的对里斯本的汇兑低于名义价值，葡萄牙负债于英格兰。人们也将看到，对阿姆斯特丹的汇兑高于名义价值，英格兰负债于荷兰。但是，从这些汇兑中看不出债务的数额，也看不出葡萄牙以白银偿付的差额是多于还是少于应向荷兰送交的款项。

但是，有一点总会在伦敦显示出来，即英格兰是否享有或丧失总的贸易顺差（总的差额是指英格兰同所有外国贸易的个别差额的差额），也就是生金银，特别是金的价格（因为金币和银币之间的比例不同于市

场上金银的比例，下一章将作解释）。如果伦敦市场（英格兰的贸易中心）的黄金金属的价格低于伦敦塔（几尼或金币在那里铸造）的价格，或者在内在价值上与这些铸币的价格相同，而且如果人们把生金运到伦敦塔以换取同等价值的几尼或铸币，那么这就是确凿的证据，证明英格兰在总的贸易顺差上是得利者。这证明从葡萄牙取得的黄金，不仅足以偿付英格兰因负债而运往荷兰、俄罗斯和其他国家的差额，而且还可剩余一些黄金送往铸币厂。这一总的贸易顺差的数量或金额，可以由在伦敦塔铸造的铸币的数量或金额得知。

但是，如果生金在伦敦市场的售价高于在伦敦塔的售价（通常1盎司为3.18英镑），人们就不再把生金送到铸币厂。这种迹象确定地表明，英格兰从国外（例如从葡萄牙）取得的黄金不足以偿付英格兰因负债而需运到其他国家的黄金。这证明总的贸易顺差对英格兰不利。要不是英格兰禁止将金币运往国外，人们是无从知晓这一点的。但是这种禁令导致胆小的伦敦银行家宁愿以3.18英镑到4英镑的价格购买生金用以输出（将生金运往国外是允许的），而不愿违反法律和冒被没收的风险，以3.18英镑的价格将几尼或金币运往国外。他们中有些人冒此风险，其他人则把金币熔化，以金条的形式运往国外。因此，在总的贸易顺差不利于英格兰时，要判断英格兰流失了多少黄金是不可能的。

在法国，铸造硬币的成本是可扣除的，通常为1.5%，也就是说，硬币的价格总是高于未铸成硬币的金属。要知道法国在总的贸易顺差上是否失利，只要知道银行家是否将法国硬币运往国外就足够了。如果他们这样做了，就证明他们没有买到用以输出的金条，因为虽然金条的价格在法国低于硬币，其价值在外国却至少高于这些硬币1.5%。

虽然除了一国与其他国之间的贸易差额之外，汇兑很少变化，虽然这一差额自然只是一国运往其他国家以及从其他国家接受的货物和商品的价值之间的差额，但是，经常有一些情况和偶然原因导致一国向另一国送交大笔款项，从而不涉及商品或贸易问题。这些原因对汇兑的影响与贸易差额对汇兑的影响一样。

这类款项有：一国送往另一国的用于谍报活动和政治目的，补贴盟国，供养军队、大使和出行的贵族等的钱款；一国居民送往另一国的投入公共或私人基金的资金，以及这些居民每年从这些投资中得到的利息等等。汇兑随着所有这些偶然原因而变化，而且遵循运输所需白银的规则。考虑贸易顺差时不能脱离这类问题，也确实很难脱离。它们必然会影响一国流通中的货币的增减以及国家的相对实力和国力。

我的主题不允许我详述这些偶然原因的影响。我始终局限于表达有关贸易的简单看法，以免使我的主题复杂化，因为与此有关的各类事实已使主题深受牵累。

按照货币运输的成本及风险的大小，汇兑会在票面价值之上按比例或多或少地上升。承认了这一点，那么在禁止输出货币的城市或国家，

汇兑在票面价值之上的上升幅度同在可自由输出货币的城市或国家相比，自然要大得多。

假设葡萄牙每年固定地消费大量的英格兰羊毛和其他制成品，用于满足本国人民和巴西人民的需要；假设它用葡萄酒、油等支付这些商品的一部分，余额则用固定的贸易差额从里斯本汇往伦敦。如果葡萄牙国王严禁将生金银输出国外，违者严惩，不仅要被没收货物，而且要被处死，那么这一禁令将首先震慑银行家，阻止他们插手差额的运送事宜。在里斯本，英格兰制成品的价格将受到控制。英格兰商人无法从里斯本收到钱款，便不再向那里运送布料。结果是布料价格将变得异常昂贵。虽然在英格兰布料的价格没有上涨，但也不再运往里斯本，因为它们的价值得不到补偿。那些没有布料就无法度日的葡萄牙贵族和其他人，将以高出通常价格一倍的价钱来获取这些布料。但是，由于他们不把钱款输出葡萄牙就得不到足够的布料，因此布料价格上涨的部分会成为不顾禁令而输出金银的人的利润。这将鼓励形形色色的犹太人和其他人，甚至冒生命危险把金银送到停泊于里斯本港口的英格兰船只上。起初，在这种交易中他们可以获得100%或50%的利润，这一利润是由葡萄牙人所出的高昂的布料价格所支付的。做这种交易经常得手之后，他们便逐渐熟悉了这种运作。最后，人们就会看到，将钱款送到英格兰船上的费用是钱款的2%或1%。

葡萄牙国王制定了这项法律或禁令。他的国民，甚至是朝臣，却为规避和逃避这项法律所冒的风险付出代价。那么，这样的法律没有带来任何好处。相反，它给葡萄牙造成了真正的损失，因为它使国家货币流向国外，其数额比没有这样的法律时更多。

那些通过这种做法获利的人，无论是犹太人还是其他人，都把他们的利润送往了国外。在获得足够的利润或听到风声而受到惊吓后，他们通常逃到存钱的地方。

如果这些违法者中有一些被当场抓获，货物没收，还丢了性命，那么这种情形和这种处决非但不能阻止货币输出，反而会助长货币输出。因为为了输出货币，那些以前满足于1%或2%利润的人，现在却会索要20%或50%的利润。因此，为偿付差额，货币输出一定会一直持续下去。

对于那些完全不了解贸易的人，我不知道是否讲清了这些理由。对于有实际贸易知识的人，我知道要理解这一切也并不比前一种人更容易。他们完全有理由对这样的事情感到惊讶，即国家统治者和大国掌管财政的官员，对汇兑的性质了解如此之少，竟然禁止输出金条、金币和银币。

将金条、金币、银币留在一国的唯一办法就是进行对外贸易，差额要有利于国家。

第四章 论充当货币的金属的价值比率的变化

如果金属像水一样容易找到，人人可以随心所欲地取用，那么金属就几乎没有价值可言了。蕴藏最丰富、生产最不费力的金属最便宜。铁似乎是最必须的东西，但由于它在欧洲通常能够被找到，而且比找铜花费的周折和劳动要少，因此铁的价格要便宜得多。

铜、银和金是通常用来制造货币的三种金属。铜矿最为丰富，采矿所用的土地和劳动较少。现在最丰富的铜矿在瑞典。在那里偿付1盎司银需要80盎司铜。人们还能看到，有些矿采出的铜比其他矿采出的铜更完美、更有光泽。日本和瑞典的铜比英格兰的铜更明亮。在罗马时代，西班牙的铜比塞浦路斯的铜要好。但是，黄金和白银，无论是从什么样的矿里采出，精炼之后总是同样完美。

与其他任何东西一样，铜的价值与生产铜所用的土地和劳动成正例。铜普遍用于制造罐、锅、厨房用具、锁等，除此之外，几乎所有国家都在小额购买中把铜用作货币。在瑞典，当银缺乏时，甚至在大额支付中使用铜。在罗马最初的五个世纪里，铜是唯一的货币。直至484年，银才开始用于交换。当时在铸币厂，铜和银的比例定为72:1。在铸币中铜和银的比例，512年为80:1；537年为64:1；586年为48:1；在德鲁苏斯统治时期的663年和苏拉统治时期的672年为53 1/3:1；在马库斯·安东尼厄斯统治时期的712年和奥古斯都统治时期的724年为56:1；在尼禄统治时期的公元54年为60:1；在安东尼统治时期的公元160年为64:1；在君士坦丁大帝统治时期的公元330年为120:1和125:1；在查士丁尼一世统治时期的大约公元550年为100:1。自那以后，在欧洲铸币厂，铜和银的比例总是在100:1之下波动。

今天，当铜币仅用于小额交易时，无论是像在英格兰那样，把铜和锌铸成合金黄铜，还是像在法国和德国那样，把铜和少量白银铸成合金，比例一般都定为40:1。然而，铜和银的市场价格通常为80:1或100:1，原因是，铸币的费用一般从铜的重量中扣除。当一国中没有太多的这种小额货币，从而不足以实现小额交换时，尽管铜币或合金铜铸币的内在价值有不足之处，它们仍可毫无困难地流通。但是，如果想要让它们在外国流通，人们只能按铜和铜银合金的重量来接受它们。甚至在一些国家里，由于统治者的贪婪或无知，为了进行小额交易，把数量极大的这种小额货币投入流通，还下令在大额支付中，即使人们不愿意也要接受一定数额的小额货币，而且小额银币的价值打了折扣，就像西班牙大额支付中的私铸币和阿地特那样。然而，在小额购买中，小额货币总是可以毫无困难地流通。通常支付的款项本身的价值就小，损失就更少。这就是它们容易为人接受的原因，而且，铜在该国内部以高于自身的重量和内在价值来兑换小额银币，但在其他国家则并非如此，因为每个国家都有自己用以进行小额交易的铜币。

与铜一样，黄金和白银的价值与生产它们所需的土地和劳动成正

比。如果铸造这些金属的费用由公众承担，那么金（银）条和金（银）币的价值完全相等，它们在市场上的价值和在铸币厂的价值也相同，它们在该国和在外国的价值也总是相同。它们的价值取决于重量和成色，如果金属是纯的，没有合金，其价值则只取决于重量。

人们发现银矿通常比金矿丰富，但在各个国家或各个时期并不完全如此。要购买1盎司黄金通常需要几盎司白银，有时多些，有时少些，由这些金属的充裕程度和对它们的需求程度而定。在罗马纪元310年，在希腊购买1盎司黄金需要13盎司白银，也就是说，金银比价为1:13；在罗马纪元400年左右为1:12；在罗马纪元460年，在希腊、意大利和整个欧洲为1:10。1:10的比价似乎持续了三个世纪，到罗马纪元767年即公元14年奥古斯都去世时止。在提比略统治时期，黄金变得稀缺或者说白银变得更充裕，金银比价逐渐上升至1:12、1:12 1/2和1:13。在君士坦丁大帝统治时期的公元330年和查士丁尼一世统治时期的公元550年，金银比价是1:14 2/5。之后的情况比较模糊。一些作者认为在某些法国国王统治时期，金银比价为1:18。在秃头查理统治时期的公元840年，金银比价定为1:12。在死于1270年的圣路易统治时期，金银比价为1:10；在1361年为1:12；在1421年为1:11以上；在1500年为1:12以下；在1600年左右为1:12；在1641年为1:14；在1700年为1:15；在1730年为1:14 1/2。

从墨西哥和秘鲁运来的大量黄金和白银不仅使这些金属更充裕，而且由于白银的量更充裕，更是提高了黄金的价值。因此，在西班牙铸币厂，遵照市场价格，金银比价确定为1:16。欧洲其他国家的铸币厂也紧跟西班牙的价格，遵照铸币厂厂长的想法和观点，有的是1:15 7/8，有的是1:15 3/4、15 5/8等。但是，由于葡萄牙从巴西取得大量黄金，金银比价又开始下降，如果在铸币厂不是这样，至少在市场上是这样，这就使白银有了比过去更大的价值。此外，大量黄金经常被从东印度群岛运来，换取从欧洲再运回去的白银，因为在印度金银比价低得多。

现在，在拥有许多银矿的日本，金银比价为1:8，在中国为1:10，在东印度群岛的其他国家为1:11、1:12、1:13和1:14，更接近西方和欧洲的比价。但是，如果巴西的金矿继续提供那么多黄金，比价最终可能会降至1:10，甚至在欧洲也会如此。如果唯独不是偶然因素影响了这一比价，那么在我看来这是最自然的事情。十分确定的是，在欧洲、亚洲和非洲的金矿和银矿为罗马共和国开采最多的时候，1:10的比价是最稳定的。

即使所有金矿的固定产量是银矿产量的1/10，也不能因此而确定两种金属之间的比价将为1:10。这一比价始终取决于需求和市场价格。富人可能喜欢在口袋里装金币而不是银币，也可能养成使用镀金和黄金饰品而不是白银饰品的嗜好，从而使黄金的市场价格上涨。

也不能通过考虑一国中发现的黄金和白银的数量来确定这两种金属之间的比价。假设在英格兰这一比价为1:10，流通的金银数量为2000万

盎司白银和200万盎司黄金，这就相当于4000万盎司白银；假设从这200万盎司黄金中，英格兰向外输出100万盎司，换回1000万盎司白银，那么就会有3000万盎司白银，而只有100万盎司黄金，总额仍等于4000万盎司白银。如果考虑盎司的数量，那就有3000万盎司白银和100万盎司黄金。因此，如果两种金属的数量决定它们之间的比价，这一比价将为1:30，但那是不可能的。邻国的比价为1:10，因此只需1000万盎司白银加上少量运费，就能把原来用于交换1000万盎司白银的100万黄金收回国内。

因此，要判断黄金与白银之间的比价，只有市场价格是决定性的。那些需要用一种金属换取另一种金属的人的数量与那些愿意进行这种交换的人的数量决定了这一比价。它常常取决于人的性情：大致讨价还价一番，并没有什么几何学方面的考虑。但我认为，除了这一规则，人们想不出其他规则来确定这一比价。至少我们知道，在实践中，同其他一切东西的价格和价值的确定一样，这条规则是决定性的。国外市场对金银价格的影响超过对任何其他货物或商品的价格的影响，因为运输任何东西都不像运输金银那样比较容易，损毁较少。如果英格兰和日本之间有定期的自由贸易；如果在这一贸易中定期雇佣一批船只；如果在各方面的贸易差额都相等，即如果在价格和价值方面，英格兰向日本输出的商品与从日本输入的商品一样多，那么最终结果将是取得日本所有用以换取白银的黄金，从而使得日本的金银比价与英格兰的比价相同，只是受航运风险的影响，因为在我们的假设中，航运费用是靠商品贸易支付的。

假如英格兰的金银比价为1:15，日本为1:8，那么将白银从英格兰运到日本并运回黄金将获得87%以上的利润。但是，这一差额通常不足以偿付如此漫长和艰难的航运的费用。从日本运回商品比运回用以换取白银的黄金更为有利。造成不同国家金银比价差异的只是运输黄金和白银的费用和风险。在距离最近的国家之间，比价差异非常小，国与国之间的差额为1%、2%或3%。从英格兰到日本，所有这些差额的总额达87%以上。

是市场价格决定了黄金价值与白银价值之间的比例。市场价格是金币和银币所含价值的比例的基础。如果市场价格变化很大，铸币的市场价格就必须进行调整，以便跟上市场价格。如果不这样做，流通就会产生混乱和失调，金币或银币的价格就会高于它们在铸币厂的价值。在古代这样的例子不胜枚举。在英格兰就有一个近期发生的例子，是由伦敦铸币厂作出的规定造成的。在那里，纯度为11/12的1盎司白银值英币5先令2便士。由于金银比价（过去仿效西班牙定为1:16）降至1:15和1:14.5，1盎司白银的售价为英币5先令6便士，而几尼金币按英币21先令6便士的价格继续流通。这导致未因流通而磨损的所有白银克朗、先令和6便士硬币从英格兰输出。到1728年，银币变得相当稀缺（只剩下磨损最厉害的硬币），以致人们兑换1几尼金币不得不蒙受近5%的损失。由此在贸易和流通中产生的麻烦和混乱迫使财政部要求有名望的艾萨克·牛顿爵士——伦敦塔铸币厂的厂长，为纠正这种失调应采取的最为

适宜的措施作报告，阐明自己的想法。

这是再容易不过的事了，只需在伦敦塔铸造银币时遵循白银的市场价格即可。鉴于根据法律和伦敦铸币厂的规定，旧时的金银比价为1:15 3/4，只需按照已经降至1:15的市场价格的比例减少银币的重量即可。而且，预先考虑到每年巴西黄金引起的这两种金属之间的比率变化，甚至也有可能在1:14.5的基础上确定这一比率。在1725年，法国就是这样做的，英格兰以后也将被迫这样做。

确实，英格兰同样可以通过减少金币的名义价值，根据市场价格和比率对铸币进行调整。这是艾萨克·牛顿爵士在报告中所采纳的政策，这个报告促使议会通过了该政策。但是，正如我要解释的，这是最不自然、最不利的政策。首先，提高银币的价格更为自然，因为公众在市场上已经这样做了。在铸币厂仅值英币62便士的1盎司白银，在市场上则值65便士以上。而且，除了在流通中重量大量减少的银币之外，所有银币都已输出。另一方面，考虑到英格兰欠外国人的款项，提高银币价格比降低银币价格对英格兰更为有利。

假设英格兰欠外国人英币500万的资金（这笔资金被投资于公共基金），同样还可假设外国人根据市场价格用黄金支付这一数额，比率为1几尼合21先令6便士，或用白银进行支付，比率为1盎司白银合英币65便士。

那么，按1几尼合21先令6便士的比率，这500万将花掉外国人4,651,163几尼。但是，由于兑换率已降至1几尼合21先令，要偿付的资金将为4,761,904几尼，给英格兰造成了110,741几尼的损失，还不算每年支付的利息方面的损失。

牛顿在回应这种异议时告诉我，根据英国的基本法律，白银是真正和唯一的货币本位，这一地位不容更改。

对此很容易作出回应：由于公众通过习惯和市场价格已经更改了这一法律，它就不再是一项法律。在这种情况下，就无需一丝不苟地遵守它而有损于国家，使偿付给外国人的数额超过他们应得的数额。如果金币不被视为真正的货币，那么黄金早就会促进比率的变化，就像在荷兰和中国那样。在荷兰和中国，黄金被视为商品而不是货币。如果把银币的价格提高到市场价格，而不触动黄金，那么外国人就不会遭受损失，流通中的银币也会很充足。这些银币早应在铸币厂铸造出来，而现在除非有新的安排，否则不会铸造更多的银币。通过减少黄金的价值（牛顿的报告使它从21先令6便士降至21先令），1盎司白银在伦敦市场上的售价，实际上不再是原来的65便士和65.5便士，而是64便士。但是，由于它要在伦敦塔铸成硬币，1盎司白银在市场上的价值定为64先令。如果把白银送到伦敦塔铸成硬币，它的价值将不超过62先令。因此，白银不再送往那里。由南海公司付费铸造了几个先令或1/5克朗，而未考虑市场价格的差异，但它们一投入流通就消失了。今天，在流通中已看不到

充分保持铸币时重量的银币，见到的只是磨损了的在重量上不超过市场价格的银币。

但是，白银的价值继续在市场上不知不觉地上升。在我们谈到的贬值之后仅值64便士的白银，在市场上又上升至65.5和66。为做到有银币流通，有银币在伦敦塔铸造，如果不愿遵循自然的发展过程，不愿把银币调整到市场价格，就有必要再把几尼金币的价值从21先令降至20先令，并使偿付外国人时的损失达到已经损失的两倍。只有市场价格能形成黄金价值和白银价值之间的比率，正如形成一切其他价值之间的比率一样。牛顿把几尼的价值降至21先令，其意仅在于防止失去仍在流通的重量小和磨损的硬币，而不是为金币和银币确定它们价格的真正比率。所谓真正比率，我指的是由市场价格确定的比率。在这些事情上，市场价格始终是试金石。它的变化缓慢，使人们有足够的时间对铸币厂进行调整，防止流通中出现混乱。

在某几个世纪里，白银的价值同黄金的价值相比是缓慢上升的，在另外几个世纪里，黄金的价值同白银的价值相比是上升的。在君士坦丁大帝时期，情况就是这样。他认为黄金价值更有永久性，因而使其他一切价值都服从于它。但是，白银的价值通常更具永久性，而黄金的价值更易于变化。

第五章 论铸币面额的增减

根据我们已证实的原则，在交换中流通的货币数量（流通的快慢也考虑在内）确定和决定一国中一切物品的价格。

然而，在法国实行的货币增值和贬值策略中，我们常常看到如此奇怪的变化，以至于或许可以认为市场价格同铸币的名义价值相对应，而不是同交易中铸币的数量相对应，即同记账货币图尔里弗赫的数量，而不是同马克和盎司的数量相对应。这似乎与我们所证实的原则截然相反。

假定就像1714年所发生的那样，1盎司白银或埃居以5里弗赫的价值流通。国王发布诏令，在20个月内埃居需每月贬值1%，以使它的名义价值降至4里弗赫，而不是5里弗赫。考虑到国家的风气，让我们看看这种做法会自然而然地产生什么结果。

在贬值时期，所有欠钱的人会匆忙还钱，以免因贬值而遭受损失。业主和商人会发现借钱容易，这就使那些能力最差的、最不可信的人下决心扩大他们的经营。他们按照自己的想法无息货款，并按现行价格购进大量商品。由于他们的需求强烈，他们甚至会使物价上涨。小商贩要将自己的商品脱手换取货币则有困难。货币的名义价值在他们手中肯定会降低。因此他们转向外国商品，输入可消费几年的大量外国商品。所有这些促使货币更快速地流通，并导致一切物品价格上涨。于是，高昂的价格使外国人不再像以往那样从法国购买商品。法国一方面积压了本国的商品，一方面又输入了大量的外国商品。这种双重操作就是法国必须把大量铸币运到国外以支付贸易顺差的原因。

这种不利地位必定会在汇兑率上显示出来。通常可以看到，在贬值时期，汇兑率是6%和10%，不利于法国。在这段时期，受到启发的法国人会储藏货币。国王会找到办法借取许多货币，甘愿为此损失贬值的数额，计划在贬值结束时用增值的办法来补偿自己。

有了这一目标，在几次贬值之后，人们开始把钱存入国王的国库，以便推迟付款，推迟缴纳养老金和军饷。在这种情况下，在贬值结束时，由于国王和不同的个体储存起来的货币，以及铸币名义价值的贬值，货币变得极其稀缺。运到国外的货币数额也很大程度上造成了货币的缺乏，而这种缺乏逐渐导致业主大量购进的商品出售时的价格比第一次贬值时所通行的价格低50%或60%。流通陷入混乱状态。几乎无法找到足够的货币投入市场。许多业主和商人破产，他们的商品也廉价出售。

接着，国王重新增加铸币价值，把新发行的1埃居或1盎司白银定为5里弗赫，并开始用这种新的铸币支付军饷和养老金。旧的铸币则不再是货币，由铸币厂按低于其名义价值的价格回收，国王则利用这一差额

获利。

但由铸币厂铸造的新铸币的全部数额不能使流通中的货币恢复充裕状态。个人储存的数额及运到国外的数额大大超过了铸币厂铸造的铸币在名义价值上增加的数额。

法国的商品价格低廉，开始把外国人的钱吸引到那里。外国人发现法国的商品价格便宜50%或60%，甚至更多，于是就把生金银运到法国去购买商品。这样，把金条运到铸币厂的外国人，通过在那里为金条交税，可以使自己很容易地得到补偿。他发现了双重好处：他购买的商品价格低廉，而且铸币厂收费所造成的损失实际上由向外国人出售商品的法国人承担。法国人拥有的商品足够几年消费。他们把商品，例如香料，转卖给荷兰人。但荷兰人支付的价格只是法国人过去支付价格的2/3。这一切都是逐渐发生的。外国人之所以决定从法国购买这些商品，只是因为它们便宜。在贬值时期不利于法国的贸易顺差，在增值时期转而对法国有利。从运到法国并送到铸币厂的金条中，国王能获利20%或者更多。由于现在外国人欠法国一笔贸易顺差，并且在他们本国没有新发行的铸币，他们必须把金条和过去发行的铸币送到铸币厂，以获得新的铸币用来付款。但是外国人欠法国的这一贸易顺差，只是由他们以低价从法国输入的商品引起的。

在这些交易中，法国在各方面都被利用。在贬值时，它以很高的价格购买外国商品。在增值时，它又以非常低的价格把这些商品卖给过去把商品卖给它的外国人，并廉价出售在贬值时曾保持高价的本国商品。因此，在贬值时流出法国的货币很难全部在增值时流回法国。

如果新发行的铸币在国外被仿造（几乎常常如此），法国将损失20%，即国王确定的铸币厂收取的费用。外国人获取如此多的利润，并通过法国廉价的商品进一步获利。

国王通过铸币税获得大量利润，但为了使他能够获此利润，法国付出了三倍于此的费用。

不难理解，当现行贸易顺差有利于法国而不利于外国人时，国王就能通过发行新铸币和增加铸币的名义价值，征20%的税或者更多。但是，如果贸易顺差在发行新铸币和增值时不利于法国，那么这一举措就不会成功，国王也不会从中获取大量利润，原因是，在这种情况下，必须源源不断地把货币运到国外。但是，在外国，旧埃居与新埃居几乎一样。既然这样，犹太人和银行家就会暗地给予加价或奖励以购买旧铸币，从而，能够以高于铸币厂所出价格出售铸币的个人，就不会把旧铸币再送到铸币厂。在铸币厂，他们对他的1埃居只给约4里弗赫，但银行家给他的最初是4里弗赫5苏，然后是4里弗赫10苏，最后会给到4里弗赫15苏。铸币的增值可能无法成功就是这样发生的。当公布贬值之后再增值时，这种情况几乎不会发生，因为就像我们所解释的那样，那时贸易顺差自然地转为有利于法国。

1726年增值的经历就足以证实这一切。这次增值之前的贬值是在毫无预兆的情况下突然实行的，从而阻止了贬值前通常会进行的操作。这使贸易顺差没能在1726年贬值时强有力地转为有利于法国，很少有人把自己的旧铸币送到铸币厂，因而不得不放弃原本有望得到的铸币税。

至于大臣们突然降低铸币价值以及在1726年的增值计划中欺骗他们的原因，并不在我的主题范围内。我之所以谈到法国实行的铸币增值和贬值，只是因为实行结果有时似乎与我已证实的原则（即一国货币的充裕或稀缺会相应地提高或降低一切物品的价格）相冲突。

在解释了法国所实行的铸币贬值和增值策略的效果之后，我坚持认为它们既没有驳倒也没有动摇我的原则。因为，如果有人告诉我，在刚才所提到的贬值之前值20里弗赫或5盎司白银的东西，在增值之后甚至不值新铸币的4盎司或20里弗赫，那么我会赞成这一点，而不致违背我的原则，因为正如我已解释过的，流通中的货币数量比贬值之前少了。在我们谈及的时期和行动中，兑换的困难导致物品和货币利息的价格发生变化，但在流通和交易的普通原则中，这不能作为一条规则。

货币名义价值的变化始终都是一国中某些灾难或荒歉的结果，或者是某些国王或个人的野心的结果。罗马年份157年，在一次暴动和取消债务之后，索隆增加了雅典德拉克马的名义价值。在罗马年份490年和512年之间，罗马共和国几次增加铜币的名义价值，结果他们1阿斯的价值相当于过去的6阿斯。这样做的借口是满足国家的需要和偿付第一次布匿战争招致的债务。这必然引起极大的混乱。在663年，保民官利维乌斯·德鲁苏斯将银币的名义价值提高了1/8，即把银币纯度降低1/8。这种做法为在汇兑中制造混乱提供了机会。在罗马年份712年，马克·安东尼在三雄执政时期通过在白银中掺入铁，使白银的名义价值提高了5%，以满足三头政治的需要。随后，许多国王都贬低或增加了铸币的名义价值。不同时期的法国国王也曾这样做过。这就是过去价值相当于一磅重白银的图尔里弗赫降到价值特别低的原因。这些做法必然引起国家混乱。只要铸币的名义价值长期不变，它的名义价值是多少就不甚重要，甚至毫无关系了。西班牙的皮斯托尔，在荷兰值9里弗赫或弗罗林，在法国约值18里弗赫，在威尼斯值37里弗赫10苏，在帕尔马值50里弗赫。在这些不同的国家之间，价值是按照同样的比率进行兑换的。当铸币的名义价值增加时，一切物品的价格也逐渐上涨。铸币的实际重量和实际纯度（流通速度也考虑在内）是价值的基础和调节器。一国在增加或降低铸币价值时，只要保持同等的货币数量就不会有任何得失。但是，个人根据自己需要偿付的款项，可能会因这种变化而有得有失。关于铸币的名义价值，所有的人都怀有错误的偏见和观点。我们已经在探讨汇兑的一章中表明，确定汇兑比率的不变的准则是不同国家中的通行铸币在马克与马克、盎司与盎司进行兑换时的价格和纯度。即使说在法国，名义价值的增加或降低暂时改变了这一准则，那也只是在危机和贸易困难时期。名义价值总会逐渐地回归到内在价值。在市场上和对外汇兑中，价格必定回到内在价值。

第六章 论银行和银行信用

假如100位节俭的绅士或土地业主，有时每年从积蓄中拿出一定钱款以购买土地；假如他们每人把1万盎司白银存在伦敦的金器商或银行家那里，以免把这笔钱存放在家里的麻烦或可能招致的盗窃，他们将从金器商或银行家那里拿到见票即付的票据。他们通常让钱长期存在那里，即使购买东西时，他们也会提前一段时间告知银行家，以便银行家在手续和法律文件结束之时将钱准备好。

在这些情况下，银行家通常能把他一整年所收的10万盎司中的9万盎司贷出去，手中只需持有1万盎司来应对全部提款。他必须同富裕而又节俭的人打交道，以便在一方需要他支付1000盎司时，另一方能同样迅速地送来1000盎司。通常，他手中持有存款的1/10就足够了。在伦敦已有这样的例子和经历。是上述这些人把10万盎司中的绝大部分存在银行家那里的习惯（而不是把这笔钱整年留在手里的做法）使这10万盎司中的9万盎司进入流通领域。这就是起初人们对这种银行的作用所形成的看法。银行家或金器商对加速货币流通发挥了作用。他们把货币借出，收取利息，自己承担风险。然而，他们随时做好准备，或者说应当随时做好准备，一经要求就能兑现票据。

如果一个人要支付另一个人1000盎司，前者会给后者这一数额的银行家的票据作为付款。后者或许不会去要求银行家兑现这笔款项，而是保存票据，有时把票据给予第三个人作为付款。因此，这张票据可能在大额支付时几经转手，而在很长一段时间里没有人会去要求银行家兑现这笔款项。只有不完全信任银行家或者有几笔小额款项要支付的人才会要求兑现这笔款项。在这第一个例子中，银行家的现金只是他交易量的1/10。

假如有100个人或土地所有者，每6个月得到收入时就把它存到银行家那里，然后在需要花这笔钱时再要求取回。那么，与在每半年将近结束时相比，在每半年开始时，银行家将有条件短期贷出（几个月）更多的在他手中存放的钱款。他从客户行为中得出的经验使他知道，全年他能贷出的钱款很难超过他存放钱款的一半。如果这类银行家在持票人第一次出示票据时未能立刻兑现，那么他们的信用就会完全丧失。因此当他们手中缺乏现金时，他们会不惜一切代价立即得到货币。也就是说，他们为此付出的利息要比已经贷出的钱款收取的利息高得多。因此，他们根据经验形成了一种规定，即手中总是要有足够的钱款以应对取款要求，宁多勿少。这类银行家中有许多人（而且他们人数最多）手中总是持有在他们那里所存钱款的一半，而贷出另一半获取利息，使之进入流通。在这第二个例子中，银行家使他10万盎司或埃居的票据中的5万埃居进入流通。

如果他有很大的存款流量和很好的信用，这会增强人们对他的票据的信心，使人们不再那么急于兑现票据。但是，当票据落入不习惯与他

打交道的人手中的时候，这只会使他的付款推迟几天或几周。他应当总是以那些习惯于把钱委托给他的那些人的做法来指导自己的行动。如果他的票据到了同行的手中，那么他们最迫不及待要做的就是从他那里把钱取走。如果在银行家那里存钱的是业主和商人，他们每天存入大笔钱款，不久就要取出，那么通常会发生的情况是，如果银行家挪用的钱款超过其现金的1/3，他就会感到难以应对这些提款要求。

通过这些例子很容易理解，金器商或银行家能够贷出的用以收取利息的货币数额，或者说，能够挪作他用的现金数额，自然要与他的客户的习惯和做法相适应。虽然我们看到有些银行家持有相当于存款1/10的现金储备而安然无恙，但其他银行家，虽然信用同第一类银行家一样高，持有的现金储备却难以少于存款的1/2或2/3。

有些人信任这个银行家，有些人信任另一个银行家。最幸运的是这样的银行家，他的客户是富有的绅士，这些人总是为自己的钱款寻求稳妥的用途，而无意在等待时将这笔钱投资获取利息。

与单个金器商开设的银行相比，综合性国家银行有这样一种优势——人们对国家银行更有信心。即使是从城市最偏僻的地区运出最大数额的钱款，人们也愿意把它们存到国家银行。通常留给小银行家的只是他们临近地区的小额存款。在不是君主专制的国家，甚至连国家收入也存入国家银行，这非但不会损害，反而只会增加国家银行的信用和人们对它的信任。

如果国家银行通过转账或票据交换结算来进行支付，那么会有这样的优势，即支付不易受到伪造票据的危害。但如果银行开具票据，假票据就可能制造出来，从而引起混乱。还会有这样的不利情况，即那些住在城市里距银行较远地区的人们，尤其是那些住在乡下的人们，宁愿付出和收进货币，也不愿到银行去。但是，如果银行票据分散在各地，那么无论远近都可使用。威尼斯和阿姆斯特丹的国家银行只通过账面余额进行支付，但伦敦国家银行则可按照个人选择通过记账、票据或货币进行支付，因此它是当今实力最强的银行。

因此，可以理解，城市里的银行，无论是国家的还是私人的，总的优势是加速货币流通，使几段间歇中很自然会被储藏起来的那么多的货币不至于被储藏起来。

第七章 进一步解释和探究国家银行的效用

探究威尼斯银行和阿姆斯特丹银行为何在记账时采用不同于现行货币的记账货币，为何把这些账面余额兑换成货币时总会有贴水，没有什么价值。这对流通毫无用处。在这方面，英格兰银行并没有效仿这种做法。其账项、票据和支付都是以通行硬币来支出和记账的。在我看来，这种做法更统一、更自然，作用也相差无几。

对于这些银行通常的存款数额，以及它们的票据、账项、贷款和储备金数额的具体信息，我都未能得到确切的信息。在这些问题上掌握更多信息的人，更有能力探讨这些问题。然而，由于我相当清楚这些数额并不像一般设想的那样巨大，我一定要表明对它们的看法。

假如英格兰银行的汇票和票据（我认为是最多的）平均每周达400万盎司白银，约100万英磅，又假如它们满足于固定地保留其中的1/4，即25万英镑或100万盎司银币作为储备，那么对于流通而言，该银行的作用相当于为国家增加了300万盎司银币或75万英镑。毫无疑问，这是一大笔数额，而且在需要加快流通时会发挥相当大的作用。因为我曾在别处指出：在有些情况下，减缓流通比加速流通对国家的福利更有利。我听说，有时候英格兰银行的票据和汇票上升到了200万英镑，但在我看来，这只是由超乎寻常的意外事件造成的。我认为，通常来说，英格兰银行的作用仅相当于在英格兰流通的货币作用的大约1/10。

有人曾用1719年威尼斯银行进款的粗略数字向我作出过解释，如果这个解释是正确的话，那么可以笼统地说：国家银行的作用绝不会相当于一国中流通的通行货币作用的1/10。这就是我在那里查明的大致情况。

威尼斯的国家税收可能每年达400万盎司白银，而且必须用银行票据来支付。为此目的设置的收税员在贝加莫和最遥远的地方以货币征税，他们在把税款上交给共和国时，不得不把这些货币换成银行票据。

按照法律规定，在威尼斯，对谈判、购买和销售的一切支付款项如果高于某一不大的数额，必须用银行票据进行支付。所有在交易中收取通行货币的零售商，都被迫用通行货币来购买银行票据，以进行大额支付。而那些为了开销或者琐碎的小额流通需要取回通行货币的人，则不得不出售银行票据来获得通行货币。

人们发现，在银行账目上全部贷项或记名公债的总额不超过或大致等于80万盎司白银的价值时，银行票据的卖者和买者经常是相等的。

根据为我提供信息的人的说法，时间和经验已使威尼斯人认识到了这一点。银行最初开设的时候，人们把货币送到银行，使之变成具有同等价值的银行存款。而后，由于共和国的需要，这笔存在银行的货币被

消费掉。然而银行票据仍保持原始价值，因为需要购买银行票据和需要出售银行票据的人一样多。最后，国家由于货币紧张，把银行票据形式的存款，而不是白银，给了战争承包商，使国内的存款量增加一倍。

这样，由于出售银行票据的人数大大超过购买银行票据的人数，银行票据相对于白银的价值开始降低，而且降低了20%。这种信用的丧失使共和国的岁入减少了1/5。为补救这种失调而找到的唯一办法是，以部分国家岁入作为抵押来借取银行票据并支付利息。通过借取银行票据，取消了一半银行票据，这样银行票据的卖者和买者大致相等，银行恢复了原有的信用，银行票据的总量又回到80万盎司白银。

正是通过这一途径，人们才确定，威尼斯银行在货币流通方面的作用相当于80万盎司白银。如果假定该共和国的全部通行货币达800万盎司白银，那么银行的作用就相当于这白银量的1/10。

看来，设在大国或者国家首都的国家银行，由于同各省相距遥远，对货币流通的作用所作的贡献要小于设在小国的国家银行。而且，当流通于大国的货币比流通于邻国的货币更充裕时，大国的国家银行弊大于利。同流通中真实货币的增加相比，虚拟和假想货币的充裕所引起的不利之处是一样的。它会使土地和劳动力的价格上升，或者使产品和制成品更加昂贵，而且有产生随之而来的损失的风险。但这种隐蔽的充裕会在第一次信用丧失爆发时消失，从而使失调加剧。

在路易十四统治时期接近中期的时候，法国国内流通的货币比邻国充裕，而且国王岁入的收取也不借助银行，同今天英格兰借助英格兰银行收取岁入一样容易和方便。

假如在里昂的四个集市中有一个集市的票据交换结算总额达8000万里弗赫，又假如票据交换结算总额仅以100万里弗赫现金开始和结束，那么，毫无疑问，这笔钱将提供极大的便利，因为可以省去把白银从一家运到另一家的无尽麻烦。但是，除此之外，有了用以开始和结束票据交换结算的这笔100万现金，在三个月内支付8000万里弗赫的全部付款似乎是完全可以办到的。

巴黎的银行家经常发现，当他们有大量的进出款项的时候，同一袋子货币会在同一天回到他们手里四五次。

我认为，在小国或白银相当稀缺的国家，公共银行具有极大的作用，但对于大国的切实利益而言却用处很少。

提比略国王是一位严厉又节俭的君主。他的帝国国库中储藏了27亿赛斯特斯，相当于2500万英镑或1亿盎司白银。这在当时甚至在今天都是一笔数额巨大的钱币。事实上，由于他将大量货币囤积起来，他阻碍了货币流通，罗马流通的白银也比过去更加稀缺。

提比略把这种稀缺归咎于那些负责收取帝国岁入的承包商和金融家

的垄断，于是发布诏令，规定他们至少要用资本的2/3来购买土地。这一诏令不仅没有使流通活跃起来，反而使它陷入彻底失调。所有的金融家囤积并收回他们的资本，借口是使自己有能力购买土地从而执行诏令。由于流通中白银的稀缺，土地不仅没有升值，反而跌至极低的价格。提比略通过借款，给有良好担保的个人仅仅3亿赛斯特斯（相当于国库中货币的1/9），就解决了白银的稀缺问题。

如果在罗马，这1/9的国库储备就能使流通恢复，那么在一个大国建立一家综合性银行似乎就不会有真正和长久的好处，因为当货币未被囤积时，一家综合性银行的作用就不会相当于流通中货币的1/10。从货币的内在价值考虑，建立综合性银行只能被视为一种争取时间的权宜之计。

但是，流通中货币量的真正增加则性质不同。我们已经论述过这一点，但提比略的财富又使我们有理由在这里再说几句。提比略去世后留下的这27亿赛斯特斯的财富，不到一年就被他的继任者卡利古拉皇帝挥霍殆尽。当时的罗马，货币空前充裕。结果如何呢？这笔巨额货币使罗马人沉迷于奢华的生活，并使他们为支付由此产生的费用而犯下种种罪行。每年为了购买东印度群岛的商品而流出帝国的货币超过6万英镑。在不到30年的时间里，虽然没有割让土地或失去一个省份，帝国却变得越来越贫穷，白银也变得非常稀缺。

虽然我认为在大国里，一家综合性银行实际上没有什么切实作用，但我承认在有些情况下，银行可能会产生惊人的影响。

在公债数额很大的城市里，银行提供的便利能使人们在转瞬间买卖巨额股本，而不会对流通产生丝毫干扰。假如在伦敦有人卖出他南海公司的股票，以便买进银行或东印度公司的股票，或者希望不久能以更低的价格买进南海公司的股票，他就总是收取银行票据。通常，人们不会要求把这些票据兑现，只是要求支付这些票据的利息。由于人们几乎不会用自己的本金，所以无需把它换成金属货币。但是，人们总是不得不要求银行付出货币以支付生活费用，因为小额交易需要现金。

假如一个拥有1000盎司白银的土地所有者用其中的200盎司支付公债的利息，自己消费800盎司，那么这1000盎司白银就总要换成金属货币。这个土地所有者将花费800盎司，公债所有者将花费200盎司。但是如果这些土地所有者有买卖公债的投机习惯，就不需要真正的白银来进行这些操作，银行票据就足够了。如果必须要从流通中抽出现金来进行这些买卖，抽出的数额将会很大，因此会经常阻碍流通。更确切地说，在这种情况下，公债的买卖就不能如此频繁。

毫无疑问，这些资本或存入银行的货币，只有在极少数情况下才取出，诸如资本的拥有者从事某种交易，或者需要用现金进行小额购买。正是这些资本或存入银行的货币的来源，解释了为什么银行仅用1/4或1/6的白银储备作为发行票据的依据。如果该银行并未过多占有这些公

债资本，它在正常的流通过程中就会发现自己像私人银行那样，不得不在手中保留一半的存款以保障具备偿付能力。诚然，银行的账簿和交易并不对那些在“交易小巷”里进行的买卖中几次转手的那些资金加以区分。这些票据通常在银行里更新，并在购买中兑换其他票据。但是买卖债券的经验清楚地表明，它们的总额巨大，如果没有债券的买卖，银行的存款肯定会减少。

这意味着在一国没有负债和无需买卖债券时，银行提供帮助的必要性和重要性就会降低。

1720年，公共债券的本金和伦敦私人公司设置陷阱以及进行冒险的“泡沫”本金的价值上升到了8亿英镑。然而，通过发行的各种各样的票据，这种有害债券的买卖毫无阻碍地继续进行，人们也接受在支付利息时使用这种票据。但是，一旦自己拥有巨额财富的想法诱使许多个人增加开支，用以购买马车、外国的亚麻制品和丝织品，所有这些都需要现金（我指的是利息上的支出），这就打乱了所有的现行秩序。

这个例子表明，公共银行和私人银行的票据和信用，可能在任何事情上引起惊人的后果。这里的任何事情不包括用于饮料、食物、衣服和其他家庭需要的一般开支。但是在正常的流通过程中，银行和这种信用提供的帮助比通常设想的要小得多，实用意义也比通常设想的要小。只有白银才是流通中真正的中流砥柱。

第八章 论改善综合性银行信用的精妙安排

伦敦国家银行是由一大批股票持有人组成的，并由他们选择董事来管理银行的运作。他们最初的好处是每年可以分得由利息所赚取的利润，这些利息来自从银行存款中贷出的货币。后来，公债也纳入了银行，由国家每年支付利息。

尽管这家银行有如此坚实的基础，当它向国家提供大量贷款，而票据持有人担心银行遇到困难时，人们看到储户拥挤在银行提取存款，票据持有人也成群赶到银行提取现金。1720年，南海公司倒闭的时候，就曾发生过这样的事情。

为了维持这家银行和减缓其信用的丧失所作的精妙安排是：首先安排一批办事员，为把票据拿来兑现的人清点货币，然后用6便士硬币和1先令硬币来支付大笔款项以争取时间，部分支付给那些整日排队等候的个人持票者，但最大数额的货币则支付给朋友。他们把钱拿走后又悄悄地送回到银行，以便第二天故技重施。这样，银行既挽回了面子又争取了时间，一直维持到恐慌消退。但是，当这样安排仍不足以解决问题时，银行会开设认缴份额，让可靠的、有偿付能力的人加入进来作为大额款项的保证人，从而维持银行的信用和银行票据的流通。

正是通过这最后一个巧妙安排，1720年南海公司倒闭时，银行的信用才得以维持。认购名单列满富人和有权力的人，一经公诸于众，储户拥挤在银行提取存款的风潮停止，人们又像往常那样送来存款。

假如一位英格兰的国务大臣力图降低利率，或者出于其他原因强行提高伦敦的公共债券价格，又假如他在银行董事中有足够的信用（承担如有损失即予赔偿的义务），从而能让他们发行没有储备金做后盾的一些票据，并请求他们亲自使用这些票据买进几笔大宗公债和股本，那么通过这些操作，公债的价格就必然会上升。那些已经卖出公债的人，看到高价继续存在（为了不让他们的银行票据闲置，并根据流传的谣言，认为利率将会下降，而债券价格会进一步上升），也许会决定以高于自己卖出债券时的价格买回债券。如果几个人看到银行的代理人买入债券也加以效仿，以期可以像他们那样获利，公共债券的价格就会上升到那位大臣所希望的程度。而且，还可能发生这样的情况：银行把按照大臣要求而购买的债券以更高的价格巧妙地再卖出去，不仅可以由此赚取大量利润，而且可以赎回和取消它所发行的全部特别银行票据。

假如仅通过银行买进的方法来提高公债的价格，那么当银行重新卖出债券以取消过量发行的票据时，就会大幅压低债券的价格。但是，总会发生这样的情况，即许多人愿意在操作时跟随银行代理人，这会有助于保持债券价格稳定不降。其中一些人由于对这些操作不了解而误入圈套，这些操作中插入了无数的精妙安排，更准确地说，是诡计。不过，这些就不在我的论题范围内了。

那么，毋庸置疑，如果谨慎地实施步骤，银行和大臣的串通就能够按照大臣的心愿提高并维持公共债券的价格，同时降低该国的利率，从而还清国债。但是，这些为谋取巨额财富大开方便之门的精妙安排很少是仅为国家的利益而作出的，而且参与这些安排的人通常都会营私舞弊。在这种情况下，过量发行的银行票据并不会扰乱流通，因为它们仅用于买卖公债，并不用于家庭开支，因此也没有换成白银。但是，如果某种恐慌或不可预见的危机驱使票据持有人要求银行兑现白银，那么这颗炸弹就会爆炸，人们就会看到这些安排其实是危险之举。

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THE HIDDEN MASTERPIECE

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外语教学与研究出版社

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The Hidden Masterpiece

神秘的杰作

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外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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CHAPTER I

第一章

On a cold morning in December, towards the close of the year 1612, a young man, whose clothing betrayed his poverty, was standing before the door of a house in the Rue des Grands-Augustine, in Paris. After walking to and fro for some time with the hesitation of a lover who fears to approach his mistress, however complying she may be, he ended by crossing the threshold and asking if Maitre Francois Porbus were within. At the affirmative answer of an old woman who was sweeping out one of the lower rooms the young man slowly mounted the stairway, stopping from time to time and hesitating, like a newly fledged courier doubtful as to what sort of reception the king might grant him.

岁末将至。一六一二年十二月，在一个寒冷的清晨，一位衣着寒酸的年轻人站在巴黎大奥古斯丁街的一座房子门前。就像害怕接近情人一般——不管那情人是多么温顺——他徘徊良久，才跨进门槛，询问弗朗索瓦·波尔比斯先生是否在家。从一位正在打扫一间矮屋的老妇人那里得到肯定回答之后，年轻人就慢慢地走上楼梯。他犹犹豫豫，走走停停，就像一个初入朝廷，疑惑着国王将如何接待自己的臣子一样。

When he reached the upper landing of the spiral ascent, he paused a moment before laying hold of a grotesque knocker which ornamented the door of the atelier where the famous painter of Henry IV—neglected by Marie de Medicis for Rubens—was probably at work. The young man felt the strong sensation which vibrates in the soul of great artists when, in the flush of youth and of their ardor for art, they approach a man of genius or a masterpiece. In all human sentiments there are, as it were, primeval flowers bred of noble enthusiasms, which droop and fade from year to year, till joy is but a memory and glory a lie. Amid such fleeting emotions nothing so resembles love as the young passion of an artist who tastes the first delicious anguish of his destined fame and woe,—a passion daring yet timid, full of vague confidence and sure discouragement. Is there a man, slender in fortune, rich in his spring-time of genius, whose heart has not beaten loudly as he approached a master of his art? If there be, that man will forever lack some heart-string, some touch, I know not what, of his brush, some fibre in his creations, some sentiment in his poetry. When braggarts, self-satisfied and in love with themselves, step early into the fame which belongs rightly to their future achievements, they are men of genius only in the eyes of fools. If talent is to be measured by youthful shyness, by that indefinable

modesty which men born to glory lose in the practice of their art, as a pretty woman loses hers among the artifices of coquetry, then this unknown young man might claim to be possessed of genuine merit. The habit of success lessens doubt; and modesty, perhaps, is doubt.

他到了旋梯上侧的平台，犹豫了片刻，才握住装饰着画室大门的奇特门环。在这里，创作《亨利四世》的著名画家可能正在工作。这位画家因为吕本斯的缘故而被玛丽•德美第奇所冷落（注：吕本斯是17世纪著名的比利时画家；玛丽•德美第奇是法国国王亨利四世的王后）。这位年轻人深深地体会到那些风华正茂、钟情于艺术的伟大艺术家走近一位天才人物或者一幅杰作时的震撼心情。可以说，崇高的热情存在于人的一切情感中，这种热情所孕育的宛若初生的花朵。可是这花朵却会年复一年地凋零、褪色，直到快乐成为回忆，荣耀成为泡影。在这些转瞬即逝的情感当中，没有什么比得上艺术家年轻的激情。这些艺术家刚刚开始体验命中注定的荣耀和苦难，他们的激情大胆又羞怯，充满了懵懂的信心和必然的失落。哪一个财力微薄、才华初显的人在走近艺术大师时不会心跳加速？如果有这样一个人，那么这个人的画笔下将永远缺少某种扣人心弦、感人肺腑的，某种我无可名状的力量，他的创作里将永远缺少某种特质，诗作里将永远缺乏某种情感。当那些自鸣得意、自我欣赏的吹牛者预支着本属于未来成就的荣誉时，只有蠢人才把他们看作天才。如果才能是用涉世未深的羞怯，用难以描状的谦逊来衡量的话，这个不知名的青年应该算是具备了真正的价值。那些为荣耀而生的人在他们的艺术实践里失去了这种羞怯和谦逊，就像漂亮女人在卖弄风情的伎俩里失去了这些一样。习惯成功会增加信心，而谦逊或许就意味着信心不足。

Worn down with poverty and discouragement, and dismayed at this moment by his own presumption, the young neophyte might not have dared to enter the presence of the master to whom we owe our admirable portrait of Henry IV., if chance had not thrown an unexpected assistance in his way. An old man mounted the spiral stairway. The oddity of his dress, the magnificence of his lace ruffles, the solid assurance of his deliberate step, led the youth to assume that this remarkable personage must be the patron, or at least the intimate friend, of the painter. He drew back into a corner of the landing and made room for the new-comer; looking at him attentively and hoping to find either the frank good-nature of the artistic temperament, or the serviceable disposition of those who promote the arts. But on the contrary he fancied he saw something diabolical in the expression of the old man's face,—something, I know not what, which has the quality of alluring the artistic mind.

这位被贫穷和挫折折腾得精疲力竭的年轻人此刻正为自己的鲁莽而焦虑不安。如果他没有得到命运的意外帮助，这位新手或许还不敢走进我们景仰的《亨利四世》肖像画作者的画室。这时，一位老人走上了旋梯。老人那奇特的服装，华丽的褶裥蕾丝花边和那坚实的、从容不迫的

步伐使年轻人猜想这个不同寻常的人必定是画家的顾客,或者至少也是那个画家的密友。他退回到楼梯平台的一角，给这位后来者让路，并专注地看着他，希望从他身上看到直率的优秀艺术品质，或者看到艺术推崇者乐善好施的性情。可正相反，他从这位老人的脸上看到的是某种邪恶的表情——这种表情难以言状，其特征对艺术家很有诱惑力。

Imagine a bald head, the brow full and prominent and falling with deep projection over a little flattened nose turned up at the end like the noses of Rabelais and Socrates; a laughing, wrinkled mouth; a short chin boldly chiselled and garnished with a gray beard cut into a point; sea-green eyes, faded perhaps by age, but whose pupils, contrasting with the pearl-white balls on which they floated, cast at times magnetic glances of anger or enthusiasm. The face in other respects was singularly withered and worn by the weariness of old age, and still more, it would seem, by the action of thoughts which had undermined both soul and body. The eyes had lost their lashes, and the eyebrows were scarcely traced along the projecting arches where they belonged. Imagine such a head upon a lean and feeble body, surround it with lace of dazzling whiteness worked in meshes like a fish-slice, festoon the black velvet doublet of the old man with a heavy gold chain, and you will have a faint idea of the exterior of this strange individual, to whose appearance the dusky light of the landing lent fantastic coloring. You might have thought that a canvas of Rembrandt without its frame had walked silently up the stairway, bringing with it the dark atmosphere which was the sign-manual of the great master. The old man cast a look upon the youth which was full of sagacity; then he rapped three times upon the door, and said, when it was opened by a man in feeble health, apparently about forty years of age, "Good-morning, maitre.”

想象一下：一个秃头，饱满、前突的额头在扁平的小鼻子上投下深深的影子，鼻尖还像拉伯雷和苏格拉底的鼻尖那样向上翘着；皱巴巴的嘴巴带着笑容；短短的下巴上显眼地蓄着尖尖的灰白胡子；或许是因为年迈，海绿色的眼睛已经暗淡，可是在珍珠般洁白的眼球的衬托下，两只瞳孔却不时地射出很吸引人的目光，时而带着怒火，时而带着激情。他脸上其他部位因为年迈，或许更是因为劳神伤身的苦思冥想而显得格外干瘪、憔悴。他的睫毛已经掉光了，眉毛稀疏地分布在突出的眉骨上。想象一下，这样一个脑袋长在如此单薄而虚弱的身体上，嵌在雪白耀眼的煎鱼锅铲状的大翻领里，黑绒上衣上还挂着一条粗大的金链子。这样你对这个怪人的外形就有了模糊的印象。楼梯平台上昏暗的光线更给这个人物涂上了一层奇异的色彩。你可能会以为静静走上楼来的是伦布兰特创作的一幅没有边框的油画，周身带着一种诡秘的气氛，而这种诡秘的气氛正是这位大师的特色所在。老人用锐利的目光扫了一眼年轻人，然后在门上叩了三下。开门的是一个看似已过不惑之年、身体虚弱的男人。老人说道：“早上好，先生。”

Porbus bowed respectfully, and made way for his guest, allowing the youth to pass in at the same time, under the impression that he came with the old man, and taking no further notice of him; all the less perhaps because the neophyte stood still beneath the spell which holds a heaven-born painter as he sees for the first time an atelier filled with the materials and instruments of his art. Daylight came from a casement in the roof and fell, focused as it were, upon a canvas which rested on an easel in the middle of the room, and which bore, as yet, only three or four chalk lines. The light thus concentrated did not reach the dark angles of the vast atelier; but a few wandering reflections gleamed through the russet shadows on the silvered breastplate of a horseman's cuirass of the fourteenth century as it hung from the wall, or sent sharp lines of light upon the carved and polished cornice of a dresser which held specimens of rare pottery and porcelains, or touched with sparkling points the rough-grained texture of ancient gold-brocaded curtains, flung in broad folds about the room to serve the painter as models for his drapery. Anatomical casts in plaster, fragments and torsos of antique goddesses amorously polished by the kisses of centuries, jostled each other upon shelves and brackets. Innumerable sketches, studies in the three crayons, in ink, and in red chalk covered the walls from floor to ceiling; color-boxes, bottles of oil and turpentine, easels and stools upset or standing at right angles, left but a narrow pathway to the circle of light thrown from the window in the roof, which fell full on the pale face of Porbus and on the ivory skull of his singular visitor.

波尔比斯恭敬鞠了一躬，并为来客让路。他觉得年轻人是随老人来的，便将他也让进画室，就没再多留意。而这位天赋异禀的新手平生第一次置身于堆满绘画材料和工具的画室，就像着了魔似的定住了，这更让主人不再留意他了。日光从屋顶的天窗泻进来，仿佛聚焦在屋子中央一台画架的画布上,上面还只画了三四根白色的线条。聚焦的光线没有照到大画室那昏暗的角落。但是，几缕散开的反射光线还是透过褐色的阴影，照在挂在墙上的十四世纪银色骑士胸甲上，清晰地照亮了摆放着珍奇瓷器的古式上蜡雕花碗橱的顶沿，又星星点点地洒在几条老式的、质地粗糙的金丝锦缎大褶窗帘上，窗帘散放在屋子里，作画画时的衣饰用。人体石膏模型和古代女神完整或残缺的裸身雕像一起拥挤地堆放在隔板和架子上，几个世纪的风吹雨打已经将它们打磨得十分光滑。从地板到天花板的墙面上到处是三色铅笔、油墨和红粉笔画的画稿和习作，多得数不胜数；遍地是颜料盒、油画颜料瓶和松节油瓶，画架和凳子有的颠三倒四，有的互相垂直，只留下一条狭窄的通道通向天窗下的亮处，光线刚好投在波尔比斯苍白的面孔和古怪来访者象牙色的脑壳上。

The attention of the young man was taken exclusively by a picture destined to become famous after those days of tumult and revolution, and which even then was precious in the sight of certain

opinionated individuals to whom we owe the preservation of the divine afflatus through the dark days when the life of art was in jeopardy. This noble picture represents the Mary of Egypt as she prepares to pay for her passage by the ship. It is a masterpiece, painted for Marie de Medicis, and afterwards sold by her in the days of her distress.

年轻人全神贯注地盯着一幅画，这幅画在经历过那段动荡和革命的日子后，注定要闻名于世。而且即便在那时，某些顽固分子也认为它很珍贵。在那黑暗的日子里，艺术处于危险之中。多亏这些顽固分子的保存，这张神圣的灵感之作才得以流传至今。这幅珍贵的油画描绘了正准备付船费的埃及的玛利亚。这是一幅杰作，为玛丽·德美第奇而画，后来她在困难时期把它卖给了别人。

"I like your saint," said the old man to Porbus, "and I will give you ten golden crowns over and above the queen's offer; but as to entering into competition with her—the devil!”

“我喜欢你画的圣女像。”老人对波尔比斯说道，“我出的价比王后出的高出十个金克朗，但是要和她去竞争——去死吧！”

"You do like her, then?"

“那么，你真的喜欢这幅画？”

"As for that," said the old man, "yes, and no. The good woman is well set-up, but—she is not living. You young men think you have done all when you have drawn the form correctly, and put everything in place according to the laws of anatomy. You color the features with flesh-tones, mixed beforehand on your palette,—taking very good care to shade one side of the face darker than the other; and because you draw now and then from a nude woman standing on a table, you think you can copy nature; you fancy yourselves painters, and imagine that you have got at the secret of God's creations! Pr-r-r-r!—To be a great poet it is not enough to know the rules of syntax and write faultless grammar. Look at your saint, Porbus. At first sight she is admirable; but at the very next glance we perceive that she is glued to the canvas, and that we cannot walk round her. She is a silhouette with only one side, a semblance cut in outline, an image that can't turn nor change her position. I feel no air between this arm and the background of the picture; space and depth are wanting. All is in good perspective; the atmospheric gradations are carefully observed, and yet in spite of your conscientious labor I cannot believe that this beautiful body has the warm breath of life. If I put my hand on that firm, round throat I shall find it cold as marble. No, no, my friend, blood does not run beneath that ivory skin; the purple tide of life does not swell those veins, nor stir those fibres which interlace like network below the translucent amber of the brow and breast. This part palpitates with life, but that

other part is not living; life and death jostle each other in every detail. Here, you have a woman; there, a statue; here again, a dead body. Your creation is incomplete. You have breathed only a part of your soul into the well-beloved work. The torch of Prometheus went out in your hands over and over again; there are several parts of your painting on which the celestial flame never shone.”

“至于那个嘛，”老人说，“可以说喜欢，也可以说不喜欢。”这个好女人画得不错，但是——她不逼真。你们这些年轻人以为自己完全按照人的形体画，什么都符合解剖学原理就算好了。你们以为先在调色板上调好肌肤的颜色，小心翼翼地为脸部一侧打上阴影，时不时地看一下站在桌上的裸体模特，就算复制实物了，幻想自己就是画家了，就以为自己已经获得上帝造物的秘密了！不!——要成为一位伟大的诗人，仅知道句法规则、不犯语法错误是远远不够的。波尔比斯，看看你画的圣女。第一眼看上去令人赞叹，但紧接着再看一眼，我们就发现她是被粘在画布上的，没有立体感。她只是个剪影，只有一面和一个粗略的轮廓，既无法转动也无法移动位置。我感觉不到这条手臂和画面背景之间的空气。距离和景深也不够。只有远景不错，充分注意到了景色的渐变。可是，虽然你用心良苦，我还是不能从这美丽的身体上感受到温热的气息。如果我把手放在那坚实圆润的颈部，我只会觉得它如大理石般冰凉！不，不，我的朋友，那象牙色的皮肤下面没有血液在流动，也没有紫红色的血浆来把血管膨胀起来，像琥珀一样半透明的两鬓和胸脯下也没有网状的毛细血管在颤动。这部分鲜活，那部分却没有生气，处处都是生死交结。这儿看起来像个女人，那儿像座雕塑，再看这儿，又像具死尸。你的创作是不完整的。在你这部受人喜爱的作品里，你并没有倾注全部心力。普罗米修斯的火炬在你手中一次又一次地熄灭。你画中有几个部分从没有受过天火的照耀。”

"But why is it so, my dear master?" said Porbus humbly, while the young man could hardly restrain a strong desire to strike the critic.

“但是为什么会这样呢，我亲爱的大师？”波尔比斯恭敬地问道。然而，年轻人却难以抑制住一阵强烈的冲动，想揍这位批评者一顿。

"Ah! that is the question," said the little old man. "You are floating between two systems,—between drawing and color, between the patient phlegm and honest stiffness of the old Dutch masters and the dazzling warmth and abounding joy of the Italians. You have tried to follow, at one and the same time, Hans Holbein and Titian; Albrecht Durier and Paul Veronese. Well, well! it was a glorious ambition, but what is the result? You have neither the stern attraction of severity nor the deceptive magic of the chiaroscuro. See! at this place the rich, clear color of Titian has forced out the skeleton outline of Albrecht Durier, as molten bronze might burst and overflow a slender mould. Here and there the outline has resisted the flood, and holds back the magnificent torrent of Venetian color. Your figure is neither perfectly well painted nor perfectly well drawn; it bears throughout the signs of

this unfortunate indecision. If you did not feel that the fire of your genius was hot enough to weld into one the rival methods, you ought to have chosen honestly the one or the other, and thus attained the unity which conveys one aspect, at least, of life. As it is, you are true only on your middle plane. Your outlines are false; they do not round upon themselves; they suggest nothing behind them. There is truth here," said the old man, pointing to the bosom of the saint; "and here," showing the spot where the shoulder ended against the background; "but there," he added, returning to the throat, "it is all false. Do not inquire into the why and wherefore. I should fill you with despair."

“啊！就是这个问题。”这个小个子老人答道，“你在两种方法之间犹豫不决——是素描还是色彩？是荷兰古典大师们的恬淡细腻、真实刚劲，还是意大利画家的热情洋溢、欢欣喜悦？你一边想模仿汉斯·霍尔拜因和提香，同时又想模仿阿尔布雷希特·丢勒和保罗•韦罗内兹。好的，好的！你有雄心壮志！但是，结果又怎么样呢？你既没有写实手法那不苟言笑的魅力，也没有明暗法那以假乱真的魔法。看吧！在这部分，提香那丰富、清晰的色彩冲淡了阿尔布雷希特·丢勒的头骨轮廓，这就像铜水会在脆弱的铸模里爆裂，溢出一样。在画面各处，轮廓都在阻挡着色彩的狂潮，抑制着威尼斯色调的滔天洪流。你这幅画像的颜色和线条都不完美，充满了不该有的犹豫不决的痕迹。只要你没有感觉自己的天赋之火足够炽热，足以把两种对立的绘画技巧融为一体，你就应该老实地选择其中一种让风格保持一致，这样至少可以从一个方面描绘出生机。就现在这样而言，你的画只有中间面比较真实。你画的轮廓不真实。它们不会表达自我，也没有体现任何深意。这里比较真实。”老人说道，并指指圣女的胸部，“还有这里。”他指着肩端和背景相接处的一点。“但是那儿，”他又指回颈部，“完全没有真实感。不要追问为什么或怎么了。否则我会让你沮丧不已的。”

The old man sat down on a stool and held his head in his hands for some minutes in silence.

老人坐在凳子上，两手托腮，沉默了一会儿。

"Master," said Porbus at length, "I studied that throat from the nude; but, to our sorrow, there are effects in nature which become false or impossible when placed on canvas."

“大师，”波尔比斯终于说道，“我研究过裸体模特的颈部，但是很遗憾，自然中的某些效果放到画布上就变得不真实了，有的根本无法画出来。”

"The mission of art is not to copy nature, but to represent it. You are not an abject copyist, but a poet," cried the old man, hastily interrupting Porbus with a despotic gesture. "If it were not so, a sculptor could reach the height of his art by merely moulding a woman. Try to mould the hand of your mistress, and see what you will get,—ghastly articulations, without the slightest resemblance to

her living hand; you must have recourse to the chisel of a man who, without servilely copying that hand, can give it movement and life. It is our mission to seize the mind, soul, countenance of things and beings. Effects! Effects! what are they? the mere accidents of the life, and not the life itself. A hand,—since I have taken that as an example,—a hand is not merely a part of the body, it is far more; it expresses and carries on a thought which we must seize and render. Neither the painter nor the poet nor the sculptor should separate the effect from the cause, for they are indissolubly one. The true struggle of art lies there. Many a painter has triumphed through instinct without knowing this theory of art as a theory.

“艺术的使命不是复制自然而是再现自然。你不是一个可悲的复制者，而是一位诗人。”老人吼道，急忙做了个手势，打断了波尔比斯的话。“假若不是这样，雕塑家仅仅通过铸模女人就可以达到艺术的巅峰了。试着为你的情人铸一个手模，然后看看做出来的是什么？——是可怕的指节，跟她鲜活的手没有一点相似之处。你必须求助于这样一位雕塑家的雕刀，他不用刻意照搬手的样式就能赋予雕像动感和生气。抓住事物和人物的思想、灵魂和表情，是我们的使命。”效果！效果！效果是什么？只不过是生命的表现，而不是生命本身。一只手——我继续用它举例——一只手不仅仅是躯体的一部分，远远不是。它表达和承载了我们必须抓住和体现的思想。画家不能，诗人和雕塑家也不能把因果分开，因为因和果是不可分割的。艺术真正追求的也就是这一点。许多画家凭借天赋取得了成功，并未将这种艺术理论当作一种理论。

"Yes," continued the old man vehemently, "you draw a woman, but you do not SEE her. That is not the way to force an entrance into the arcana of Nature. Your hand reproduces, without an action of your mind, the model you copied under a master. You do not search out the secrets of form, nor follow its windings and evolutions with enough love and perseverance. Beauty is solemn and severe, and cannot be attained in that way; we must wait and watch its times and seasons, and clasp it firmly ere it yields to us. Form is a Proteus less easily captured, more skilful to double and escape, than the Proteus of fable; it is only at the cost of struggle that we compel it to come forth in its true aspects. You young men are content with the first glimpse you get of it; or, at any rate, with the second or the third. This is not the spirit of the great warriors of art,—invincible powers, not misled by will-o'-the-wisps, but advancing always until they force Nature to lie bare in her divine integrity. That was Raphael's method," said the old man, lifting his velvet cap in homage to the sovereign of art; "his superiority came from the inward essence which seems to break from the inner to the outer of his figures. Form with him was what it is with us,—a medium by which to communicate ideas, sensations, feelings; in short, the infinite poesy of being. Every figure is a world; a portrait, whose

original stands forth like a sublime vision, colored with the rainbow tints of light, drawn by the monitions of an inward voice, laid bare by a divine finger which points to the past of its whole existence as the source of its given expression. You clothe your women with delicate skins and glorious draperies of hair, but where is the blood which begets the passion or the peace of their souls, and is the cause of what you call 'effects'? Your saint is a dark woman; but this, my poor Porbus, belongs to a fair one. Your figures are pale, colored phantoms, which you present to our eyes; and you call that painting! art! Because you make something which looks more like a woman than a house, you think you have touched the goal; proud of not being obliged to write "currus venustus" or "pulcher homo" on the frame of your picture, you think yourselves majestic artists like our great forefathers. Ha, ha! you have not got there yet, my little men; you will use up many a crayon and spoil many a canvas before you reach that height. Undoubtedly a woman carries her head this way and her petticoats that way; her eyes soften and droop with just that look of resigned gentleness; the throbbing shadow of the eyelashes falls exactly thus upon her cheek. That is it, and—that is NOT IT. What lacks? A mere nothing; but that mere nothing is ALL. You have given the shadow of life, but you have not given its fulness, its being, its—I know not what—soul, perhaps, which floats vaporously about the tabernacle of flesh; in short, that flower of life which Raphael and Titian culled. Start from the point you have now attained, and perhaps you may yet paint a worthy picture; you grew weary too soon. Mediocrity will extol your work; but the true artist smiles. O Mabuse! O my master!" added this singular person, "you were a thief; you have robbed us of your life, your knowledge, your art! But at least," he resumed after a pause, "this picture is better than the paintings of that rascally Rubens, with his mountains of Flemish flesh daubed with vermilion, his cascades of red hair, and his hurly-burly of color. At any rate, you have got the elements of color, drawing, and sentiment,—the three essential parts of art.”

“是的，”老人激动地继续说道，“你画了一个女人，但却没有‘洞悉’她。这样是没法了解大自然的奥秘的。你们没有经过大脑思考，就下笔复制着大师的作品。你们既没有找到形式的奥妙，也没有投入足够的热情和毅力来遵循形体的发展和变化的规律。美是庄重而严肃的，而用那种方法是无法实现美的。在美屈服于我们之前，我们必须等待、留心时机并紧紧地把握它。形体比普罗蒂厄斯更加难以捕捉，比寓言中的普罗蒂厄斯更善于两面三刀，更善于逃避。只有付出艰苦的斗争，我们才能迫使它露出原形。你们年轻人只满足于获得的第一印象，或者，至多满足于第二或第三印象。这可不是杰出的艺术勇士的精神——他们拥有不可战胜的力量，不会被那些虚无的东西所误导，而是一如既往地前进，直到迫使大自然露出赤裸、真实的一面。那是拉斐尔的方法。”老人

边说边伸手摘下他的丝绒帽以示对艺术之尊的敬意。“拉斐尔之所以高超是因为画中人物的内涵似乎要打破它们外在的形态。形体之于我们就像形体之于他一样——是一种思想交流、情感交流、感受交流的媒介。简而言之，形体是生命的无尽诗篇。每个人物都是一个世界。对于一幅肖像画来说，画的原型就像高大的幻象浮现在我们面前，七彩的光线为它着色，内在的心声用告诫为它勾画形状，一只神圣的手指基于既定的形象指出这原型全部的经历，让它一览无遗。你们给画中的女人披上娇嫩的肌肤和漂亮的头发，但是，能让心灵激动或宁静的血液在哪儿？你们称之为‘效果’的原因又在哪儿？你画的圣女是位皮肤黝黑的女人。但是这幅画，我可怜的波尔比斯，却描绘了一位肤色白皙的女人。你呈现出来的人物苍白无力，就如上了颜色的幽灵。这就是你们所谓的绘画！就是你们所谓的艺术！由于你们画的东西看起来更像女人而不是房屋，你们就以为达到了绘画的顶峰。你们为不必在画框上标注“美丽的马车”或“漂亮的男子”而自豪，以为自己也是杰出的画家，可以和我们伟大的前辈比肩了。哈哈！你们还差得远呢，年轻人，你们还需要用掉许多画笔，画烂许多画布才能达到那个高度。毋庸置疑，女人的头是这种姿态，裙子也是那个样子。她眼睛低垂，流露出温顺的柔情，睫毛的阴影恰好落在脸颊上。是那样，但又不是那样。究竟缺了什么？就缺一丁点，但这缺的一丁点就是全部。你们画出了生命的影像，却没有画出生命的饱满、生命的存在、生命的——我不知道是什么——也许是灵魂，它虚幻地漂浮在肉体这个皮囊之上。简而言之，它就是提香和拉斐尔采摘的生命之花。从你们现在的高度出发，或许你们也能画出一幅有价值的画来，但是你们很快就会厌倦。平庸之人会赞美你们的画，真正的艺术家却只会付之一笑。哦，玛比斯！我的绘画大师！”这个怪人接着说：“你是贼，你的生命、你的知识、你的艺术都是从我们这儿偷走的！但至少，”他停顿了一下又说：“这幅画比那个无赖吕本斯的画好得多。他画里尽是一群群佛兰德人的朱红色肉体，尽是瀑布般的红发，尽是乱糟糟的颜色。不管怎样，你的画拥有构图、色彩和情感——这是艺术的三个基本要素。”

"But the saint is sublime, good sir!" cried the young man in a loud voice, waking from a deep reverie. "These figures, the saint and the boatman, have a subtile meaning which the Italian painters cannot give. I do not know one of them who could have invented that hesitation of the boatman."

“可是先生，这幅圣女像真是令人赞叹！”年轻人从沉思中回过神来，大声说道，“这些人物，这个圣女和这个船夫具有意大利画家所没有的精妙。我从未发现他们当中有谁能创作出船夫这种迟疑的神情。”

"Does the young fellow belong to you?" asked Porbus of the old man.

“这年轻小伙子是和您一起的吗？”波尔比斯问老人。

"Alas, maitre, forgive my boldness," said the neophyte, blushing. "I am all unknown; only a dauber by instinct. I have just come to

Paris, that fountain of art and science."

“哎呀，大师，请原谅我的冒失。”这个新手红着脸说，“我是个无名小卒，只是天生爱好涂涂画画。我刚来到巴黎这个艺术和科学的源泉。

"Let us see what you can do," said Porbus, giving him a red crayon and a piece of paper.

“让我们看看你会些什么。”说着，波尔比斯递给他一张纸和一支红蜡笔。

The unknown copied the saint with an easy turn of his hand.

这位不知名的画家用他娴熟的手法把圣女像临摹了下来。

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed the old man, "what is your name?"

“噢！”老人惊叫道，“你叫什么名字？”

The youth signed the drawing: Nicolas Poussin.

这个年轻人在画上写下自己的名字：尼古拉斯·普桑。

"Not bad for a beginner," said the strange being who had discoursed so wildly. "I see that it is worth while to talk art before you. I don't blame you for admiring Porbus's saint. It is a masterpiece for the world at large; only those who are behind the veil of the holy of holies can perceive its errors. But you are worthy of a lesson, and capable of understanding it. I will show you how little is needed to turn that picture into a true masterpiece. Give all your eyes and all your attention; such a chance of instruction may never fall in your way again. Your palette, Porbus."

“对于一个初学者来说这算不错了。”这个刚发表了一番狂烈批评的怪人说，“我看在你面前谈论艺术是值得的。我不怪你赞美波尔比斯的圣女画。一般而言，世人会认为它是一幅杰作，但只有那些揭开了至圣奥秘的面纱的人才能发觉它的不足之处。你值得我进行一番教诲，也有领悟的能力。我来给你演示怎么添上寥寥几笔就能使这幅画成为真正的杰作。你要目不转睛、全神贯注，得到我的指导可是千载难逢的好机会。波尔比斯，把你的调色板拿来。”

Porbus fetched his palette and brushes. The little old man turned up his cuffs with convulsive haste, slipped his thumb through the palette charged with prismatic colors, and snatched, rather than took, the handful of brushes which Porbus held out to him. As he did so his beard, cut to a point, seemed to quiver with the eagerness of an incontinent fancy; and while he filled his brush he muttered between his teeth:—

波尔比斯取来他的调色板和画笔。这个老人猛地卷起袖子，大拇指滑过五颜六色的调色板，拿过，不，是夺过波尔比斯递给他的一大把画笔。这么一来，他尖尖的山羊胡子仿佛随着他那无法抑制的激情颤动起

来。他一边把画笔蘸满颜料，一边小声咕哝：——

"Colors fit to fling out of the window with the man who ground them,—crude, false, revolting! who can paint with them?”

“这些颜料粗糙、伪劣、让人恶心，应该同研磨它们的人一块儿从窗户给扔出去！这怎么能用来画画！”

Then he dipped the point of his brush with feverish haste into the various tints, running through the whole scale with more rapidity than the organist of a cathedral runs up the gamut of the "O Filii" at Easter.

然后他飞快地把笔尖在各种颜料里蘸了一下，速度比复活节时大教堂里演奏整首《圣子颂》的风琴师的速度还要快。

Porbus and Poussin stood motionless on either side of the easel, plunged in passionate contemplation.

波尔比斯和普桑一动不动地站在画架两边，陷入了沉思。

"See, young man," said the old man without turning round, "see how with three or four touches and a faint bluish glaze you can make the air circulate round the head of the poor saint, who was suffocating in that thick atmosphere. Look how the drapery now floats, and you see that the breeze lifts it; just now it looked like heavy linen held out by pins. Observe that the satiny lustre I am putting on the bosom gives it the plump suppleness of the flesh of a young girl. See how this tone of mingled reddish-brown and ochre warms up the cold grayness of that large shadow where the blood seemed to stagnate rather than flow. Young man, young man! what I am showing you now no other master in the world can teach you. Mabuse alone knew the secret of giving life to form. Mabuse had but one pupil, and I am he. I never took a pupil, and I am an old man now. You are intelligent enough to guess at what should follow from the little that I shall show you today.”

“看，年轻人，”老人背对他们说道，“看我怎么用三四笔，再上点浅蓝色，就能使可怜的圣女头部周围的空气流动起来，她在这厚重的空气里一定闷坏了。看！她的衣服布料现在飘起来了，就像是微风在轻拂一样。而刚才它看起来还像是被大头针别着的厚亚麻布。注意看，我加在胸部的柔光，这让胸部变得像少女的肌肤那样丰满、柔软。原先这一大片阴影让血液看起来凝滞不动，看看红棕色和赭色混合起来是怎样让那种冷灰的色调变得热烈活泼的。年轻人啊，年轻人！我现在对你的指点是世界上其他任何大师都教不了你的。只有玛比斯才知道给形体赋予生命的秘密。但玛比斯只有一个学生，那就是我。我从来没有教过学生，而我现在已经是个老头了！你挺聪明，会知道在我今天给你少许指点之后应该怎么做。”

While he was speaking, the extraordinary old man was giving

touches here and there to all parts of the picture. Here two strokes of the brush, there one, but each so telling that together they brought out a new painting,—a painting steeped, as it were, in light. He worked with such passionate ardor that the sweat rolled in great drops from his bald brow; and his motions seemed to be jerked out of him with such rapidity and impatience that the young Poussin fancied a demon, encased with the body of this singular being, was working his hands fantastically like those of a puppet without, or even against, the will of their owner. The unnatural brightness of his eyes, the convulsive movements which seemed the result of some mental resistance, gave to this fancy of the youth a semblance of truth which reacted upon his lively imagination. The old man worked on, muttering half to himself, half to his neophyte:—

这位不同寻常的老人一边说着，一边往画上各处添上几笔。这儿两笔，那儿一笔，但是每一笔都是如此有效。这些笔画一起让这画改头换面——仿佛在熠熠生辉。他如此充满激情地画着，豆大的汗珠从光溜溜的前额上落下来。他的动作如此迅速急促，似乎已经不受身体控制，以致年轻的普桑幻想着这个古怪的人身上一定藏有一个技艺高超的精灵，就像玩偶一样操控着他的手，无需他来左右，甚至不听他使唤。他眼中那反常的光芒，还有那似乎因为精神叛逆而痉挛的动作，好像证实了年轻人的这种猜想，仿佛正是这才激发了他生动的想象力。老人继续画着，一边喃喃低语，不知道是自言自语还是说给新手听的：——

"Paf! paf! paf! that is how we butter it on, young man. Ah! my little pats, you are right; warm up that icy tone. Come, come!—pon, pon, pon,—" he continued, touching up the spots where he had complained of a lack of life, hiding under layers of color the conflicting methods, and regaining the unity of tone essential to an ardent Egyptian.

“啪！啪！啪！年轻人，看我是怎么上色的。啊！我轻轻的笔触，没错，让那块冰冷的色调温暖起来。来吧，来吧！——砰！砰！砰！”他继续画着，对几处他抱怨过缺少生机的地方进行润色修改，层层颜色掩盖了原先两种画法的不协调，色调也重归一致——这是塑造出热情的埃及圣女的关键。

"Now see, my little friend, it is only the last touches of the brush that count for anything. Porbus put on a hundred; I have only put on one or two. Nobody will thank us for what is underneath, remember that!"

“现在，看见了吧，我的年轻朋友，最后几笔才是点睛之笔。波尔比斯画了上百笔，而我只画了一两笔。如果没有展现背后的东西，就没人会感谢我们，记住这点吧！”

At last the demon paused; the old man turned to Porbus and Poussin, who stood mute with admiration, and said to them,—

技艺高超的精灵终于停了下来；老人转向佩服得哑口无言的波尔比斯和普桑，说道：

"It is not yet equal to my Beautiful Nut-girl; still, one can put one's name to such a work. Yes, I will sign it," he added, rising to fetch a mirror in which to look at what he had done. "Now let us go and breakfast. Come, both of you, to my house. I have some smoked ham and good wine. Hey! hey! in spite of the degenerate times we will talk painting; we are strong ourselves. Here is a little man," he continued, striking Nicolas Poussin on the shoulder, "who has the faculty."

“这幅画还没法和我《漂亮的裸女》相比。不过，也配得上署名了。”“对，我要署上名字。”他接着说，一边站起来抓过一面镜子，审视着自己的杰作。“现在我们去吃早饭。你们俩都到我家来吧。我有熏火腿和上好的葡萄酒。嘿！尽管时运不济，我们仍要谈论绘画，我们自身就是强者。”他拍着尼古拉斯•普桑的肩膀继续说道：“你这小伙子，是很有才华的。”

Observing the shabby cap of the youth, he pulled from his belt a leathern purse from which he took two gold pieces and offered them to him, saying,—

他注意到年轻人戴着破旧的帽子，便从腰间摘下皮钱夹，从里面掏出两枚金币递给普桑，说：——

"I buy your drawing."

“我把你的画买下来。”

"Take them," said Porbus to Poussin, seeing that the latter trembled and blushed with shame, for the young scholar had the pride of poverty; "take them, he has the ransom of two kings in his pouch."

年轻人怔了一下，脸羞得通红，浑身颤抖着，因为这位年轻画家有着穷人的自尊。波尔比斯见他这样便对他说：“拿着吧，拿着吧。在他包里还有两个国王的赎金呢！”

The three left the atelier and proceeded, talking all the way of art, to a handsome wooden house standing near the Pont Saint-Michel, whose window-casings and arabesque decoration amazed Poussin. The embryo painter soon found himself in one of the rooms on the ground floor seated, beside a good fire, at a table covered with appetizing dishes, and, by unexpected good fortune, in company with two great artists who treated him with kindly attention.

三人离开画室，一路上边走边谈艺术，一直走到座落在圣米迦桥附近的一幢漂亮的木房子前。房子的窗棂和阿拉伯式装饰让普桑惊讶不已。这位画家胚子很快就来到一楼的一间屋子里就座，旁边生着很旺的炉火，桌上摆放着诱人的菜肴。他感到自己有着出乎意料的好运，能和两位伟大的画家在一起，他们还这么关心他。

"Young man," said Porbus, observing that he was speechless, with his eyes fixed on a picture, "do not look at that too long, or you will fall into despair."

“年轻人，”波尔普斯注意到他默不作声地盯着一幅画，说道，“不要看这画太久，否则你会陷入绝望的。”

It was the Adam of Mabuse, painted by that wayward genius to enable him to get out of the prison where his creditors had kept him so long. The figure presented such fulness and force of reality that Nicolas Poussin began to comprehend the meaning of the bewildering talk of the old man. The latter looked at the picture with a satisfied but not enthusiastic manner, which seemed to say, "I have done better myself."

这幅画名为《亚当》，是玛比斯的作品。这位任性的天才画家被债主关在牢房里很长时间，直到创作了这幅画才被放了出去。这幅画展示出现实的饱满和力量，由此尼古拉斯•普桑开始明白老人那些晦涩难懂的话的含义了。老人看着这幅画，神情满足却并不激动，似乎在说：“我刚才画的比这还好一些。”

"There is life in the form," he remarked. "My poor master surpassed himself there; but observe the want of truth in the background. The man is living, certainly; he rises and is coming towards us; but the atmosphere, the sky, the air that we breathe, see, feel,—where are they? Besides, that is only a man; and the being who came first from the hand of God must needs have had something divine about him which is lacking here. Mabuse said so himself with vexation in his sober moments.”

“这幅画在形体上有生命力，”他评价道，“我可怜的老师在那点上超越了自我，但注意，这幅画的背景缺乏真实感。当然，人物很逼真。他似乎在起身走向我们，但我们呼吸的空气、仰望的天空、感到的环境——它们在哪儿？另外，这画仅仅塑造出了一个人的形象。而上帝亲手创造的第一个人所具有的一些神圣感并没有在这里体现出来。玛比斯头脑清醒的时候，自己也这么苦恼地说过。”

Poussin looked alternately at the old man and at Porbus with uneasy curiosity. He turned to the latter as if to ask the name of their host, but the painter laid a finger on his lips with an air of mystery, and the young man, keenly interested, kept silence, hoping that sooner or later some word of the conversation might enable him to guess the name of the old man, whose wealth and genius were sufficiently attested by the respect which Porbus showed him, and by the marvels of art heaped together in the picturesque apartment.

普桑怀着好奇，忐忑不安地轮番看着老人和波尔比斯。他转向波尔比斯，似乎想问主人的名字，但画家将一只手指抵在唇上，一副神秘的

样子。年轻人更好奇了，但他只能保持安静，希望什么时候能从他们谈话内容中猜出老人的名字。波尔比斯对老人的尊重，加上如画的厅堂里堆满的艺术奇珍都充分证明了老人的财富和才华。

Poussin, observing against the dark panelling of the wall a magnificent portrait of a woman, exclaimed aloud, "What a magnificent Giorgione!"

普桑仔细观察着墙上的暗格里挂着的一幅华丽的女人画像，大声惊叹道：“多么漂亮的乔尔乔涅画作！”

"No," remarked the old man, "that is only one of my early daubs."

“不，”老人回答道，“那是我早期的涂鸦之作！”

"Zounds!" cried Poussin naively; "are you the king of painters?"

“天啊！”普桑天真地惊呼道，“您是画家之王吗？”

The old man smiled, as if long accustomed to such homage. "Maitre Frenhofer," said Porbus, "could you order up a little of your good Rhine wine for me?"

老人笑了笑，似乎早已习惯了这种赞扬。“弗朗霍斐先生，”波尔比斯问道，“您能拿出您那上好的莱茵葡萄酒让我尝尝吗？”

"Two casks," answered the host; "one to pay for the pleasure of looking at your pretty sinner this morning, and the other as a mark of friendship."

“两桶，”主人答道，“一桶为感谢今天早上欣赏你美丽的罪女所带来的快乐，另一桶是友谊的象征。”

"Ah! if I were not so feeble," resumed Porbus, "and if you would consent to let me see your Beautiful Nut-girl, I too could paint some lofty picture, grand and yet profound, where the forms should have the living life.”

“啊！假如我的身体没有这么虚弱，”波尔比斯又说，“假如您答应让我看看您那幅《漂亮的裸女》，我也可能画出庄严、宏大而深刻的画像，让形体鲜活生动起来。”

"Show my work!" exclaimed the old man, with deep emotion. "No, no! I have still to bring it to perfection. Yesterday, towards evening, I thought it was finished. Her eyes were liquid, her flesh trembled, her tresses waved—she breathed! And yet, though I have grasped the secret of rendering on a flat canvas the relief and roundness of nature, this morning at dawn I saw many errors. Ah! to attain that glorious result, I have studied to their depths the masters of color. I have analyzed and lifted, layer by layer, the colors of Titian, king of light. Like him, great sovereign of art, I have sketched my figure in light clear tones of supple yet solid color; for shadow is but an accident,—

remember that, young man. Then I worked backward, as it were; and by means of half-tints, and glazings whose transparency I kept diminishing little by little, I was able to cast strong shadows deepening almost to blackness. The shadows of ordinary painters are not of the same texture as their tones of light. They are wood, brass, iron, anything you please except flesh in shadow. We feel that if the figures changed position the shady places would not be wiped off, and would remain dark spots which never could be made luminous. I have avoided that blunder, though many of our most illustrious painters have fallen into it. In my work you will see whiteness beneath the opacity of the broadest shadow. Unlike the crowd of ignoramuses, who fancy they draw correctly because they can paint one good vanishing line, I have not dryly outlined my figures, nor brought out superstitiously minute anatomical details; for, let me tell you, the human body does not end off with a line. In that respect sculptors get nearer to the truth of nature than we do. Nature is all curves, each wrapping or overlapping another. To speak rigorously, there is no such thing as drawing. Do not laugh, young man; no matter how strange that saying seems to you, you will understand the reasons for it one of these days. A line is a means by which man explains to himself the effect of light upon a given object; but there is no such thing as a line in nature, where all things are rounded and full. It is only in modelling that we really draw,—in other words, that we detach things from their surroundings and put them in their due relief. The proper distribution of light can alone reveal the whole body. For this reason I do not sharply define lineaments; I diffuse about their outline a haze of warm, light half-tints, so that I defy any one to place a finger on the exact spot where the parts join the groundwork of the picture. If seen near by this sort of work has a woolly effect, and is wanting in nicety and precision; but go a few steps off and the parts fall into place; they take their proper form and detach themselves,—the body turns, the limbs stand out, we feel the air circulating around them.

“给你们看我的作品？”老人情绪激动地说，“不可以，不可以！我还需要把它画得尽善尽美。昨天天快黑时，我本来以为完工了。她的眼睛清澈，肌肤颤动，长发飘飘——她在呼吸！我本以为我懂得了在平面画布上立体而饱满地展现实物的秘诀，可是今天清晨，我发现自己错误百出。啊！为了达到那种辉煌的效果，我还深入地研究过色彩大师们的作品。我逐层解剖并分析了‘光影之王’提香的色彩作品。像他这位伟大的艺术之王一样，我用柔和的纯色、轻快的色调快速勾勒出我的人物，因为阴影只能偶尔用用——记住，年轻人。接着，我可以说是反其道而行之，先不断降低釉色的透明度，再配以灰调子，画出几乎全黑的阴影。这和普通画家笔下阴影的质地和光线的色调是有差异的。他们笔下的阴影是木头、铜、铁，随便什么，就是没有生机。我们觉得如果人物变换

了位置，阴影部位就不能擦掉，而要继续保持阴暗，绝对不能加亮。许多杰出的画家都犯了这样的错误，我却没有陷入其中。在我的画作里，你可以在大片不透明的阴影中看出亮色。那些无知的人以为自己能把渐渐消失的界线画好就够了。而我却不同，我不会干瘪地描出人物的轮廓，也不会迷信人体解剖学来进行细节的刻画。我来告诉你吧，人体结构比线条要高深得多。在这方面，雕塑家比我们更能接近实物。实物是所有曲线的综合体，相互重叠交织。严格地讲，不存在绘画这回事。别笑，年轻人！无论你觉得这种说法有多古怪，总有一天你会明白其中的原因的。人用线条的方法来诠释光线作用于实物的效果，但是对于一切浑圆的物体来说，根本不存在线条这种东西。其实，我们画出来的不过是模型——换句话说，我们是把实物从背景里分离出来，用合适的立体效果来表现它们。只有把光线分布处理好才能展现整体。因为这个原因，我并没有将轮廓精确地界定出来，而是让淡淡的、温暖的灰调子像云雾般弥散在边缘周围。这就是为什么我懒得理会那些找不到轮廓与画面背景具体相交部位就大加指责的人。这种作品近看显得模糊，欠缺精细和准确。但是，走远几步看，各部分就井然有序了。它们形体自然，更为突出——身体在转动，肢体在伸展，我们能感觉到空气在他们周围流动。

"Nevertheless," he continued, sadly, "I am not satisfied; there are moments when I have my doubts. Perhaps it would be better not to sketch a single line. I ask myself if I ought not to grasp the figure first by its highest lights, and then work down to the darker portions. Is not that the method of the sun, divine painter of the universe? O Nature, Nature! who has ever caught thee in thy flights? Alas! the heights of knowledge, like the depths of ignorance, lead to unbelief. I doubt my work."

“不过，”他遗憾地继续说道，“我并不满意。我有时也会有些疑虑。或许一根线条也不画会更好。我问过自己画肖像时该不该从最亮处开始画，然后再画较暗的部分。这不正是宇宙中天赐的画家——太阳的绘画方式吗？噢，大自然，大自然！有谁曾在你的变幻中捕捉到你？哎呀！太过博学和太过无知一样都会导致怀疑。我怀疑我的作品了！”

The old man paused, then resumed. "For ten years I have worked, young man; but what are ten short years in the long struggle with Nature? We do not know the type it cost Pygmalion to make the only statue that ever walked—”

老人稍微停顿，然后继续道：“我已经画了十年，年轻人。但是，在和大自然漫长的较量中十年又算什么呢？我们不知道那个皮格玛利翁塑造世上唯一能走路的雕像花了多少时间——”

He fell into a reverie and remained, with fixed eyes, oblivious of all about him, playing mechanically with his knife.

他凝眸陷入沉思，完全不在意周围的一切，只是机械地玩着手里的刀子。

"See, he is talking to his own soul," said Porbus in a low voice.

“瞧，他正同自己的灵魂说话。”波尔比斯低声说。

The words acted like a spell on Nicolas Poussin, filling him with the inexplicable curiosity of a true artist. The strange old man, with his white eyes fixed in stupor, became to the wondering youth something more than a man; he seemed a fantastic spirit inhabiting an unknown sphere, and waking by its touch confused ideas within the soul. We can no more define the moral phenomena of this species of fascination than we can render in words the emotions excited in the heart of an exile by a song which recalls his fatherland. The contempt which the old man affected to pour upon the noblest efforts of art, his wealth, his manners, the respectful deference shown to him by Porbus, his work guarded so secretly,—a work of patient toil, a work no doubt of genius, judging by the head of the Virgin which Poussin had so naively admired, and which, beautiful beside even the Adam of Mabuse, betrayed the imperial touch of a great artist,—in short, everything about the strange old man seemed beyond the limits of human nature. The rich imagination of the youth fastened upon the one perceptible and clear clew to the mystery of this supernatural being,—the presence of the artistic nature, that wild impassioned nature to which such mighty powers have been confided, which too often abuses those powers, and drags cold reason and common souls, and even lovers of art, over stony and arid places, where for such there is neither pleasure nor instruction; while to the artistic soul itself,—that white-winged angel of sportive fancy,—epics, works of art, and visions rise along the way. It is a nature, an essence, mocking yet kind, fruitful though destitute. Thus, for the enthusiastic Poussin, the old man became by sudden transfiguration Art itself,—art with all its secrets, its transports, and its dreams.

这话像是给尼古拉斯·普桑施了魔咒，使他充满了真正的艺术家才有的无可名状的好奇心。这个眼珠洁白、凝神发呆的老人在这位惊讶的年轻人眼中已经不是凡人，而变得更像是一只住在未知之地的奇特精灵，刚刚被灵魂中稀奇古怪的想法唤醒。我们无法从精神上解释这种着魔的现象，就像我们不能用文字表达一个背井离乡的人听到一首思乡歌谣时心中的情感一样。老人对优秀艺术成果假装表现出来的轻蔑，他的财富，他的举止，波尔比斯对他恭敬的尊崇，他如此严密看管的作品——一幅苦心耕耘、毋庸置疑的天才之作（这从普桑对少女头像发自内心的崇拜中可以看出来），即使摆在玛比斯的《亚当》旁边也仍然很美。这些都彰显了伟大艺术家的神来之笔——简而言之，关于这位奇怪老人的一切都超出人性的界限。为了解开这位神人的谜团，年轻人将自己丰富的想象力集中在一条可感知的清晰线索上——艺术天性的存在。这狂放不羁的天性拥有着强大的能力。它常常会滥用这种能力，拽着冷静的理智者、普通的人，甚至还有艺术爱好者越过乱石丛生的不毛之地。对于

这些人来说，那里既没有欢乐，也没有人引导，而对于艺术之魂本身——那位调皮的白翼天使——来说，一路上都催生着史诗、艺术品和想象力。这就是一种天性，一种本质，是善意的嘲讽，贫穷的富有。所以，对于热情充沛的普桑而言，这位老人突然成了艺术的化身——秘密深邃、激情四溢、充满梦想的艺术。

"Yes, my dear Porbus," said Frenhofer, speaking half in reverie, "I have never yet beheld a perfect woman; a body whose outlines were faultless and whose flesh-tints—Ah! where lives she?" he cried, interrupting his own words; "where lives the lost Venus of the ancients, so long sought for, whose scattered beauty we snatch by glimpses? Oh! to see for a moment, a single moment, the divine completed nature,—the ideal,—I would give my all of fortune. Yes; I would search thee out, celestial Beauty! in thy farthest sphere. Like Orpheus, I would go down to hell to win back the life of art—"

“是的，我亲爱的波尔比斯，”弗朗霍斐还在沉思中似醒非醒，“我从未见过一个完美的女人——一个线条完美，肤色——啊！她在哪里？”他叫起来，打断了自己的话，“这个失落的古人眼中的维纳斯活在哪里,我们寻觅已久，却只能偶尔窥见她的芳容。哎！为了看一会儿，哪怕是片刻，看看这个完美的天赐尤物，我愿意放弃我所有的财富。是的，我愿不远万里把你找到，我的女神！像奥菲厄斯一样，为了赢回你这艺术的化身，就算下地狱我也在所不辞——”

"Let us go," said Porbus to Poussin; "he neither sees nor hears us any longer."

“我们走，”波尔比斯对普桑说道，“他现在既看不见我们也听不见我们说什么了。”

"Let us go to his atelier," said the wonder-struck young man.

“我们到他的画室去。”大为吃惊的年轻人说道。

"Oh! the old dragon has guarded the entrance. His treasure is out of our reach. I have not waited for your wish or urging to attempt an assault on the mystery."

“哎呀！这个狡猾的老家伙早已派人守在画室门口。他的宝贝我们是拿不到的。不用等你来提议或是督促，我都会试着探寻这个秘密。”

"Mystery! then there is a mystery?"

“秘密！那么，那儿有个秘密？”

"Yes," answered Porbus. "Frenhofer was the only pupil Mabuse was willing to teach. He became the friend, saviour, father of that unhappy man, and he sacrificed the greater part of his wealth to satisfy the mad passions of his master. In return, Mabuse bequeathed to him the secret of relief, the power of giving life to form,—that flower of nature, our perpetual despair, which Mabuse had seized so

well that once, having sold and drunk the value of a flowered damask which he should have worn at the entrance of Charles V., he made his appearance in a paper garment painted to resemble damask. The splendor of the stuff attracted the attention of the emperor, who, wishing to compliment the old drunkard, laid a hand upon his shoulder and discovered the deception. Frenhofer is a man carried away by the passion of his art; he sees above and beyond what other painters see. He has meditated deeply on color and the absolute truth of lines; but by dint of much research, much thought, much study, he has come to doubt the object for which he is searching. In his hours of despair he fancies that drawing does not exist, and that lines can render nothing but geometric figures. That, of course, is not true; because with a black line which has no color we can represent the human form. This proves that our art is made up, like nature, of an infinite number of elements. Drawing gives the skeleton, and color gives the life; but life without the skeleton is a far more incomplete thing than the skeleton without the life. But there is a higher truth still,—namely, that practice and observation are the essentials of a painter; and that if reason and poesy persist in wrangling with the tools, the brushes, we shall be brought to doubt, like Frenhofer, who is as much excited in brain as he is exalted in art. A sublime painter, indeed; but he had the misfortune to be born rich, and that enables him to stray into theory and conjecture. Do not imitate him. Work! work! painters should theorize with their brushes in their hands.”

“是的。”波尔比斯答道。“弗朗霍斐是玛比斯唯一一个关门弟子。他成为了那个不幸之人的朋友、救助者和父亲，他牺牲了自己大部分财富来满足他老师那疯狂的激情。作为回报，玛比斯传授给他画出立体感的秘密以及赋予形体以活力的力量——那是自然的精髓，是我们永远也无法企及的。玛比斯把这种精髓把握得极好，以至于有一次，他把本该在欢迎查理五世入城时穿的缀花锦缎衣服卖掉换酒喝了，出场时反而穿了一件画得极像锦缎的纸衣服。这件着装的华美吸引了皇帝的注意。皇帝想赞美这个老酒鬼，就把手放在他肩上，这才发现上当了。弗朗霍斐酷爱绘画艺术，几乎走火入魔。他比其他画家站得更高，看得更远。他对颜色和线条的绝对真实感进行过深刻的思考。但是经过大量的研究、丰富的思考和不断的学习，他最后对自己所探寻的事物突然产生了怀疑。在他绝望时，他设想着素描是不存在的，而线条只能呈现几何轮廓。那当然不正确，因为用没有色彩的黑线条我们也能再现人物的形体。这证明我们的艺术类似于自然，是由无穷多的元素构成的。素描勾勒出骨架，色彩赋予其生命。但是没有生命的骨架却比没有骨架的生命更完整。除此之外，还有一个更高的真理——就是说，实践和观察是一个画家必备的素质。假如画具和画笔始终无法表现理性和诗意，我们就会像钟情艺术、思想不羁的弗朗霍斐一样产生怀疑。的确，他是位令人敬仰的画家，但不幸的是他出身富贵，这让他在理论与猜想之间迷失。不要学他。画吧！画吧！只有手拿画笔的画家才有资格进行理论总结。”

"We will contrive to get in," cried Poussin, not listening to Porbus, and thinking only of the hidden masterpiece.

“我们要设法进入画室。”普桑大声喊道。他没听波尔比斯的话，只是想着那幅神秘的杰作。

Porbus smiled at the youth's enthusiasm, and bade him farewell with a kindly invitation to come and visit him.

波尔比斯对年轻人的热情报以微笑，对他挥手作别并诚挚地邀请他下次再来拜访。

Nicolas Poussin returned slowly towards the Rue de la Harpe and passed, without observing that he did so, the modest hostelry where he was lodging. Returning presently upon his steps, he ran up the miserable stairway with anxious rapidity until he reached an upper chamber nestling between the joists of a roof "en colombage,"—the plain, slight covering of the houses of old Paris. Near the single and gloomy window of the room sat a young girl, who rose quickly as the door opened, with a gesture of love; she had recognized the young man's touch upon the latch.

尼古拉斯·普桑慢慢地朝竖琴街往回走，走过了自己寄宿的廉价衩社也浑然不知。他很快便折回来，急匆匆地快步跑上简陋的楼梯，一直来到房子顶部的一个房间——房间处在木筋墙屋顶的托梁之间——这种不太结实的屋顶在以前的巴黎很常见。房间只有一扇昏暗的窗子，靠窗坐着一位年轻姑娘。门一开，她便迅速站起来，流露出浓情蜜意；她早已听出是年轻人在拨动门闩。

"What is the matter?" she asked.

“怎么啦？”她问道。

"It is—it is," he cried, choking with joy, "that I feel myself a painter! I have doubted it till now; but today I believe in myself. I can be a great man. Ah, Gillette, we shall be rich, happy! There is gold in these brushes!"

“是——是，”他抑制不住喜悦的心情，“我觉得自己是个画家了！之前我一直怀疑这个想法，但今天我开始相信自己了。我会成为一个伟大的人。啊！吉勒特，我们会富有的，我们会幸福的！这些画笔可以带来黄金！”

Suddenly he became silent. His grave and earnest face lost its expression of joy; he was comparing the immensity of his hopes with the mediocrity of his means. The walls of the garret were covered with bits of paper on which were crayon sketches; he possessed only four clean canvases. Colors were at that time costly, and the poor gentleman gazed at a palette that was well-nigh bare. In the midst of this poverty he felt within himself an indescribable wealth of heart

and the superabundant force of consuming genius. Brought to Paris by a gentleman of his acquaintance, and perhaps by the monition of his own talent, he had suddenly found a mistress,—one of those generous and noble souls who are ready to suffer by the side of a great man; espousing his poverty, studying to comprehend his caprices, strong to bear deprivation and bestow love, as others are daring in the display of luxury and in parading the insensibility of their hearts. The smile which flickered on her lips brightened as with gold the darkness of the garret and rivalled the effulgence of the skies; for the sun did not always shine in the heavens, but she was always here,—calm and collected in her passion, living in his happiness, his griefs; sustaining the genius which overflowed in love ere it found in art its destined expression.

突然，他又沉默了。当他把自己远大的理想和贫乏的收入相比较时，兴奋的表情便从他那严肃认真的脸上褪去了。阁楼的墙壁上贴了少许蜡笔素描，他只有四张干净画布。当时的颜料很贵，这位穷画家只有凝视几乎空空如也的画板。即使身陷穷困，他仍觉得内心充满难以形容的财富，洋溢着令人着迷的才华。他被一位熟识的绅士带到巴黎来，也可能是受自己才能的驱使而来的。他偶遇一位情人——一位有着善良和高贵灵魂的姑娘，她来到这位杰出画家的身边，随时准备着吃苦。她不嫌弃他的贫穷，学着理解他的反复无常，坚定地忍受着贫困，付出着爱情，而其他姑娘则在大胆地炫耀自己的奢华，显示自己的无知。她嘴唇上露出的微笑灿如金光，照亮了黑暗的阁楼，胜过天空的光芒。因为天空不会一直阳光灿烂，而她却永远守候在此——冷静、内敛，与他同甘共苦，用满心的爱守护他的天才，直到这份天才在艺术中找到归宿。

"Listen, Gillette; come!"

“听着，吉勒特，来！”

The obedient, happy girl sprang lightly on the painter's knee. She was all grace and beauty, pretty as the spring-time, decked with the wealth of feminine charm, and lighting all with the fire of a noble soul.

乖巧快乐的姑娘轻盈地跳到画家的膝盖上。她美丽优雅、风姿绰约，如春天般可爱。她高尚的心灵迸发出的火焰照亮了一切。

"O God!" he exclaimed, "I can never tell her!"

“噢，上帝呀！”他高喊着，“我不能对她讲啊！”

"A secret!" she cried; "then I must know it."

“一个秘密嘛！”她问，“那我必须知道。”

Poussin was lost in thought.

普桑陷入了沉思。

"Tell me."

“告诉我吧！”

"Gillette, poor, beloved heart!"

“吉勒特，可怜的人，我心爱的人！”

"Ah! do you want something of me?"

“啊！你是想要我做什么吗？”

"Yes."

“是的。”

"If you want me to pose as I did the other day," she said, with a little pouting air, "I will not do it. Your eyes say nothing to me, then. You look at me, but you do not think of me."

“如果你想我摆出前几天那样的姿势，”她轻轻地撅着嘴说，“我可不愿意。在那种场合，你的眼里根本没有我。你只是看着我，心里却没有想我。”

"Would you like me to copy another woman?"

“你愿意我去画另一个女人吗？”

"Perhaps," she answered, "if she were very ugly."

“也许吧，”她回答说，“如果她长得很丑的话。”

"Well," continued Poussin, in a grave tone, "if to make me a great painter it were necessary to pose to some one else—”

“对了，”普桑以严肃的口气继续问道，“如果为了我成为杰出的画家你必须去给其他人当模特呢？”

"You are testing me," she interrupted; "you know well that I would not do it."

“你这是在考验我。” 她打断他的话，“你非常清楚，我不会那样做的。”

Poussin bent his head upon his breast like a man succumbing to joy or grief too great for his spirit to bear.

普桑把头埋到胸前，像是无法忍受狂喜或大悲的人一样。

"Listen," she said, pulling him by the sleeve of his worn doublet, "I told you, Nick, that I would give my life for you; but I never said—never!—that I, a living woman, would renounce my love.”

“听着，”她拉着普桑那破旧的紧身上衣的袖子说，“我告诉过你，尼克，我愿为你献出我的生命，但是我从没说过——从来没有！——在我活着的时候就放弃我的爱情。”

"Renounce it?" cried Poussin.

“放弃爱情？”普桑大声喊道。

"If I showed myself thus to another you would love me no longer; and I myself, I should feel unworthy of your love. To obey your caprices, ah, that is simple and natural! in spite of myself, I am proud and happy in doing thy dear will; but to another, fy!"

“如果我用这样把自己展示给另一个人的话，你就不会再爱我了。而我自己也会觉得不值得你爱。啊！屈从于你的反复无常还不简单吗！满足你的愿望让我很快乐，也很骄傲。但是做别人的模特，那不可能！”

"Forgive me, my own Gillette," said the painter, throwing himself at her feet. "I would rather be loved than famous. To me thou art more precious than fortune and honors. Yes, away with these brushes! burn those sketches! I have been mistaken. My vocation is to love thee,—thee alone! I am not a painter, I am thy lover. Perish art and all its secrets!”

“原谅我，我的吉勒特。”画家跪在她面前说，“我只要你爱我，不要出名。对我而言，你比财富和荣誉更珍贵。是的，让这些画笔滚一边去吧！烧掉这些素描画稿！我错了。我的使命就是去爱你——只爱你！我不是画家，我是你的情人。让艺术和它所有的秘密去死吧！”

She looked at him admiringly, happy and captivated by his passion. She reigned; she felt instinctively that the arts were forgotten for her sake, and flung at her feet like grains of incense.

她仰慕地看着他，为他的激情而快乐，而入迷。她赢了；她的直觉告诉她，因为她，艺术已被他抛之脑后，像香烛的灰烬般飘落在她的脚下。

"Yet he is only an old man," resumed Poussin. "In you he would see only a woman. You are the perfect woman whom he seeks."

“但他只是个老头。”普桑又说到，“在他眼中你只是个女人。你是他寻找的完美的女人。”

"Love should grant all things!" she exclaimed, ready to sacrifice love's scruples to reward the lover who thus seemed to sacrifice his art to her. "And yet," she added, "it would be my ruin. Ah, to suffer for thy good! Yes, it is glorious! But thou wilt forget me. How came this cruel thought into thy mind?"

“爱会准许一切的！”她大声说道，准备打消对爱情的顾虑，去回报打算为了她而牺牲艺术的情人。“可是，”她补充说，“这种牺牲会毁掉我的。啊！为了你好而受苦！是啊，这多么荣耀！但是，你会忘记我。你怎么会冒出这么一个残忍的想法呀！”

"It came there, and yet I love thee," he said, with a sort of

contrition. "Am I, then, a wretch?"

“它自己蹦出来的，可是我仍然爱着你。”他略带悔恨地说，“那么，我是一个无耻的家伙吗？”

"Let us consult Pere Hardouin."

“我们问一下阿哈迪杜安老爹吧。”

"No, no! it must be a secret between us."

“不，不！这只能是我们两个人的秘密。”

"Well, I will go; but thou must not be present," she said. "Stay at the door, armed with thy dagger. If I cry out, enter and kill the man."

“好吧，我愿意去。但你一定不要在场。”她说，“呆在门口，准备好匕首。假如我喊叫，你就进去杀死那个人。”

Forgetting all but his art, Poussin clasped her in his arms.

脑子里只剩艺术的普桑把她紧紧地抱在怀里。

"He loves me no longer!" thought Gillette, when she was once more alone.

“他已经不爱我了！”吉勒特独自一人的时候会这样想。

She regretted her promise. But before long she fell a prey to an anguish far more cruel than her regret; and she struggled vainly to drive forth a terrible fear which forced its way into her mind. She felt that she loved him less as the suspicion rose in her heart that he was less worthy than she had thought him.

她后悔自己做出的承诺。但不久之后，她就陷入了比后悔更深的痛苦之中。一种担忧闯进了她心中，她拼命想把它赶走，却无能无力。当她开始怀疑他是否值得自己如此爱恋时，她觉得自己已经不那么爱他了。

CHAPTER II

第二章

Three months after the first meeting of Porbus and Poussin, the former went to see Maitre Frenhofer. He found the old man a prey to one of those deep, self-developed discouragements, whose cause, if we are to believe the mathematicians of health, lies in a bad digestion, in the wind, in the weather, in some swelling of the intestines, or else, according to casuists, in the imperfections of our moral nature; the fact being that the good man was simply worn out by the effort to complete his mysterious picture. He was seated languidly in a large oaken chair of vast dimensions covered with black leather; and without changing his melancholy attitude he cast on Porbus the distant glance of a man sunk in absolute dejection.

和普桑初次见面三个月之后，波尔比斯去探望了弗朗霍斐大师。他发觉这位老人变得自暴自弃、极度消沉起来。究其原因，按医生的说法，在于消化不良、受寒、气候不适、肠内部分肿胀，或是别的因素；按照诡辩者的说法，是因为我们人类的德性本身就有缺陷。事实上这位好人只是在竭力完成他那神秘的作品时疲劳过度了。他疲惫无力地坐在一张罩着黑皮的大橡木椅上。他保持着忧郁的姿势，用冷漠的眼神看了波尔比斯一眼，就像一个无比颓丧的人一样。

"Well, maitre," said Porbus, "was the distant ultra-marine, for which you journeyed to Brussels, worthless? Are you unable to grind a new white? Is the oil bad, or the brushes restive?”

“呃，大师，”波尔比斯说道，“是您专程前往布鲁塞尔买的青蓝色颜料没有用处吗？您不会研磨新的白颜料吗？是油画颜料不好，还是画笔不顺手？”

"Alas!" cried the old man, "I thought for one moment that my work was accomplished; but I must have deceived myself in some of the details. I shall have no peace until I clear up my doubts. I am about to travel; I go to Turkey, Asia, Greece, in search of models. I must compare my picture with various types of Nature. It may be that I have up THERE," he added, letting a smile of satisfaction flicker on his lip, "Nature herself. At times I am half afraid that a brush may wake this woman, and that she will disappear from sight."

“唉！”老人大声说，“我有阵子以为作品已经完工了，但我一定是在某些细节上自欺欺人了。不解除这疑惑，我就平静不下来。我打算去旅行，去土耳其，去亚洲，去希腊寻找模特。我一定要把我的画与各种类型的实物对比一下。或许我在楼上画的，”他补充道，唇边带着满意的微笑，“就是实物本身。有时我有些担心，害怕我的画笔会唤醒这女人，然

后她会从我眼前消失。”

He rose suddenly, as if to depart at once. "Wait," exclaimed Porbus. "I have come in time to spare you the costs and fatigues of such a journey."

他突然站起来，好像马上就要动身一样。“等等。”波尔比斯惊叫道。“我来得还算及时，省得你既花钱又费力地去旅行。”

"How so?" asked Frenhofer, surprised.

“怎么讲？”弗朗霍斐惊奇地问道。

"Young Poussin is beloved by a woman whose incomparable beauty is without imperfection. But, my dear master, if he consents to lend her to you, at least you must let us see your picture."

“年轻的普桑有一个恋人，那女子无比美丽、完美无暇。但是，我亲爱的大师，假如他同意把这女子借你一用，至少你得让我们看看你的画。”

The old man remained standing, motionless, in a state bordering on stupefaction. "What!" he at last exclaimed, mournfully. "Show my creature, my spouse?—tear off the veil with which I have chastely hidden my joy? It would be prostitution! For ten years I have lived with this woman; she is mine, mine alone! she loves me! Has she not smiled upon me as, touch by touch, I painted her? She has a soul,—the soul with which I endowed her. She would blush if other eyes than mine beheld her. Let her be seen?—where is the husband, the lover, so debased as to lend his wife to dishonor? When you paint a picture for the court you do not put your whole soul into it; you sell to courtiers your tricked-out lay-figures. My painting is not a picture; it is a sentiment, a passion! Born in my atelier, she must remain a virgin there. She shall not leave it unclothed. Poesy and women give themselves bare, like truth, to lovers only. Have we the model of Raphael, the Angelica of Ariosto, the Beatrice of Dante? No, we see but their semblance. Well, the work which I keep hidden behind bolts and bars is an exception to all other art. It is not a canvas; it is a woman,—a woman with whom I weep and laugh and think and talk. Would you have me resign the joy of ten years, as I might throw away a worn-out doublet? Shall I, in a moment, cease to be father, lover, creator? —this woman is not a creature; she is my creation. Bring your young man; I will give him my treasures,—paintings of Correggio, Michaelangelo, Titian; I will kiss the print of his feet in the dust,—but make him my rival? Shame upon me! Ha! I am more a lover than I am a painter. I shall have the strength to burn my Nut-girl ere I render my last sigh; but suffer her to endure the glance of a man, a young man, a painter?—No, no! I would kill on the morrow the man who polluted

her with a look! I would kill you,—you, my friend,—if you did not worship her on your knees; and think you I would submit my idol to the cold eyes and stupid criticisms of fools? Ah, love is a mystery! Its life is in the depths of the soul; it dies when a man says, even to his friend, Here is she whom I love.”

老人依旧站着，纹丝不动，处于近乎麻木的状态。“什么！”他终于悲伤地惊叫出来。“展示我的创作，我的妻子，我的快乐？——扯掉贞洁地护佑着她的面纱？那是作践自己！我和这个女人在一起生活了十年。她是我的，我一个人的！她爱我！我一笔一笔地绘制了她，她不是对我微笑了吗？她有灵魂——这灵魂是我赐予她的。如果是别人而不是我在注视着她，她会羞得满脸通红。让她抛头露面？——什么样的丈夫或情人会下贱到这种地步，连自己的妻子都借出去，让她蒙羞？在你为宫廷画一幅画的时候，你并不会全身心地投入其中。你卖给朝臣们的只是你修饰过的人体模型。而我的画作不是一幅画，而是一种感情，一种激情！她诞生于我的画室，就必须在那儿保持她的贞节。她不能赤身裸体地离开。就像真理一样，诗歌和女人只有在面对情人的时候，才能让自己赤裸身体。我们拥有拉斐尔的模特，阿里奥斯托的安杰莉卡，但丁的比阿特丽斯吗？没有！我们看到的仅仅是她们的外表。行了，我锁在屋里深藏起来的作品是不同于其他任何艺术作品的。那不是一幅油画，而是一个女人——一个与我一起哭泣、一起欢笑、一起思考、一起说话的女人。你是要我放弃这十年的欢乐，就像扔掉一件破旧的上衣一样吗？你要让我立刻停止做父亲，停止做情人，停止做造物者吗？——这个女人不是动物，她是我的创造。把你那位年轻人带来吧，我把我的珍藏给他——给他柯勒乔、米开朗琪罗、提香的画，我会亲吻地上他留下的足迹——但是，让他做我的情敌吗？羞死我了！嘿！与其说我是个画家，倒不如说我是个情人。在断气前，我会使出全身力气烧掉我的《裸女》。可是让她长时间被一个男人凝视，一个年轻男人，一个画家？——不，不行！谁敢亵渎她一眼，第二天我就会把他杀了！如果你不跪在她面前膜拜她的话——你，我的朋友——我会杀了你。你以为我会让我的偶像拿去忍受蠢人那冷漠的双眼和愚昧的批判吗？噢，爱是难以理解的！它的生命在灵魂的深处。当一个人，即便是对他的朋友说‘这就是我爱的女人’时，那生命就停止了。”

The old man seemed to renew his youth; his eyes had the brilliancy and fire of life, his pale cheeks blushed a vivid red, his hands trembled. Porbus, amazed by the passionate violence with which he uttered these words, knew not how to answer a feeling so novel and yet so profound. Was the old man under the thraldom of an artist's fancy? or did these ideas flow from the unspeakable fanaticism produced at times in every mind by the long gestation of a noble work? Was it possible to bargain with this strange and whimsical being?

老人仿佛重新获得了青春活力，他的眼里充满了生命的光辉和热情，苍白的脸颊溢满了生动的红润色彩，双手颤抖不已。他说这些话时

所带的激愤之情让波尔比斯无比惊讶，他不知道该如何回应这种既新奇又深切的情感。他产生这些念头是出于艺术家的奇思妙想还是源自一种狂热？人只要长期构思鸿篇巨著，就会时不时地陷入这种狂热。我们能与这个奇怪而反复无常的人讨价还价吗？

Filled with such thoughts, Porbus said to the old man, "Is it not woman for woman? Poussin lends his mistress to your eyes."

想着这些，波尔比斯对老人说：“这不就是用女人换女人吗？普桑要把他的情人借给你看。”

"What sort of mistress is that?" cried Frenhofer. "She will betray him sooner or later. Mine will be to me forever faithful."

“那算什么情人？”弗朗霍斐大声说，“她迟早会背叛他的。而我的情人会永远忠诚于我。”

"Well," returned Porbus, "then let us say no more. But before you find, even in Asia, a woman as beautiful, as perfect, as the one I speak of, you may be dead, and your picture forever unfinished."

“好吧。”波尔比斯回答说，“那我们就别说了。但是你恐怕到死也找不到像我所说的那样完美的女人。就算你一直找到亚洲也找不到。你的作品永远都是半成品。

"Oh, it is finished!" said Frenhofer. "Whoever sees it will find a woman lying on a velvet bed, beneath curtains; perfumes are exhaling from a golden tripod by her side: he will be tempted to take the tassels of the cord that holds back the curtain; he will think he sees the bosom of Catherine Lescaut,—a model called the Beautiful Nut-girl; he will see it rise and fall with the movement of her breathing. Yet—I wish I could be sure—"

“哦，它已经完成了！”弗朗霍斐说，“无论谁看见它，都能看见窗帘掩映着一张天鹅丝绒床，床上躺着一个女人，她身边的金色三脚香炉正在散发着香气。观看者会不禁想拉开系着窗帘的绳穗。他会以为看到了卡特琳•莱斯科——一位外号叫‘漂亮裸女’的模特。他会看见她的胸脯正随着呼吸上下起伏。可是——我想要弄清楚——”

"Go to Asia, then," said Porbus hastily, fancying he saw some hesitation in the old man's eye.

“那么，去亚洲吧。”波尔比斯赶紧说，想象着他从老人眼里看到了几丝犹豫。

Porbus made a few steps towards the door of the room. At this moment Gillette and Nicolas Poussin reached the entrance of the house. As the young girl was about to enter, she dropped the arm of her lover and shrank back as if overcome by a presentiment. "What am I doing here?" she said to Poussin, in a deep voice, looking at him fixedly.

波尔比斯朝房门走了几步。这时，吉勒特和尼古拉斯•普桑刚来到老人宅子的大门口。年轻姑娘正要进屋时，突然松开了情人的胳膊，缩了回来，好像被不祥的预感摄住了。“我来这儿干什么？”她注视着普桑，低声问他。

"Gillette, I leave you mistress of your actions; I will obey your will. You are my conscience, my glory. Come home; I shall be happy, perhaps, if you, yourself—”

“吉勒特，我的情人，我让你自己做主，我愿意遵从你的意愿。你是我的良心和荣耀。回家吧，也许我会高兴的，如果你，你自己——”

"Have I a self when you speak thus to me? Oh, no! I am but a child. Come," she continued, seeming to make a violent effort. "If our love perishes, if I put into my heart a long regret, thy fame shall be the guerdon of my obedience to thy will. Let us enter. I may yet live again,—a memory on thy palette.”

“当你这样对我说时，我还有什么主见？哎，不！我还是个小孩。来吧。”她继续说着，看起来是在竭力克制自己。“如果我们的爱情就此毁灭，如果我的心中长留遗憾，你的名望就是我顺从你意愿的最好回报。我们进去吧。我也可能仍然活着——作为回忆活在你的画板上。

Opening the door of the house the two lovers met Porbus coming out. Astonished at the beauty of the young girl, whose eyes were still wet with tears, he caught her all trembling by the hand and led her to the old master.

打开屋门，这对情人恰好碰见波尔比斯从里面出来。吉勒特的眼中含着泪水，浑身发抖。波尔比斯惊讶于年轻姑娘的美貌，拉住她的手，把她带到年迈的大师身边。

"There!" he cried; "is she not worth all the masterpieces in the world?"

“好啦！”他喊道，“她的价值难道比不上这世间所有的杰作吗？”

Frenhofer quivered. Gillette stood before him in the ingenuous, simple attitude of a young Georgian, innocent and timid, captured by brigands and offered to a slave-merchant. A modest blush suffused her cheeks, her eyes were lowered, her hands hung at her sides, strength seemed to abandon her, and her tears protested against the violence done to her purity. Poussin cursed himself, and repented of his folly in bringing this treasure from their peaceful garret. Once more he became a lover rather than an artist; scruples convulsed his heart as he saw the eye of the old painter regain its youth and, with the artist's habit, disrobe as it were the beauteous form of the young girl. He was seized with the jealous frenzy of a true lover.

弗朗霍斐怔了一下。吉勒特站在他面前，一派天真无邪的样子，宛

如一个被强盗抓来献给奴隶贩子的格鲁吉亚女孩，年轻、胆小而羞怯。一抹羞怯的绯红布满她的面颊。她眼帘低垂，双手垂在身体两侧，看起来浑身无力，眼泪像是在抗议着侵犯她纯洁的暴力。普桑咒骂着自己，后悔自己的愚蠢，竟然把这件宝贝从宁静的阁楼带到了这里。他再次成为情人而不是艺术家。当他看见老画家重新焕发青春活力的目光时，良心使他的心抽搐不安。出于画家的习惯，老画家的目光已经脱去了少女的衣衫，看见了她美丽的形体。真爱使他变得极度嫉妒起来。

"Gillette!" he cried; "let us go."

“吉勒特！”他喊道，“我们走。”

At this cry, with its accent of love, his mistress raised her eyes joyfully and looked at him; then she ran into his arms.

听见这充满爱意的呼喊声，他的情人高兴地抬眼看着他，接着奔向他的怀抱。

"Ah! you love me still?" she whispered, bursting into tears.

“啊！你还是爱我的？”她轻声说着，突然大哭起来。

Though she had had strength to hide her suffering, she had none to hide her joy.

虽然她刚才有力掩饰心中的痛苦，但她现在却无力隐藏心中的欢乐。

"Let me have her for one moment," exclaimed the old master, "and you shall compare her with my Catherine. Yes, yes; I consent!"

“让我占用她一会儿吧。”画家大声说，“你们可以把她和我的卡特琳比比。好的，好的，我同意了！”

There was love in the cry of Frenhofer as in that of Poussin, mingled with jealous coquetry on behalf of his semblance of a woman; he seemed to revel in the triumph which the beauty of his virgin was about to win over the beauty of the living woman.

就像普桑的叫喊一样，弗朗霍斐的喊声里充满了爱，还掺杂了他假装女里女气时表现出的妒人的媚态。他像是在为他那贞洁的女子必将在比美中胜过活生生的女人而欢庆。

"Do not let him retract," cried Porbus, striking Poussin on the shoulder. "The fruits of love wither in a day; those of art are immortal."

“别让他反悔。”波尔比斯拍着普桑的肩膀大声说，“爱情的果实一天就会枯萎，艺术的果实却会永久存留。”

"Can it be," said Gillette, looking steadily at Poussin and at Porbus, "that I am nothing more than a woman to him?"

“会不会，”吉勒特双目坚定地盯着普桑和波尔比斯，“对他而言，我

不过只是个女人？”

She raised her head proudly; and as she glanced at Frenhofer with flashing eyes she saw her lover gazing once more at the picture he had formerly taken for a Giorgione.

她骄傲地抬起头，忽闪忽闪的眼睛朝弗朗霍斐看了一眼，却发现她的情人又在端详那幅他以前误认为乔尔乔涅作品的画。

"Ah!" she cried, "let us go in; he never looked at me like that!"

“啊！”她喊道，“让我们进去吧，他从来没有那样看过我！”

"Old man!" said Poussin, roused from his meditation by Gillette's voice, "see this sword. I will plunge it into your heart at the first cry of that young girl. I will set fire to your house, and no one shall escape from it. Do you understand me?"

“老头子！”普桑的沉思被吉勒特的声音惊醒，说道，“看这柄剑。只要听到那位姑娘的喊叫，我就会把这把剑插进你的心脏。我会放火烧你的房子，不让一个人逃出去。你听懂了吗？”

His look was gloomy and the tones of his voice were terrible. His attitude, and above all the gesture with which he laid his hand upon the weapon, comforted the poor girl, who half forgave him for thus sacrificing her to his art and to his hopes of a glorious future.

他神情阴郁，说话的语气也很可怕。他的态度，最重要的是他手握武器的姿势，使那可怜的姑娘感到了安慰，她差不多已经原谅他了，原谅他这样为艺术，为锦绣前程的希望而牺牲她。

Porbus and Poussin remained outside the closed door of the atelier, looking at one another in silence. At first the painter of the Egyptian Mary uttered a few exclamations: "Ah, she unclothes herself!"—"He tells her to stand in the light!"—"He compares them!" but he grew silent as he watched the mournful face of the young man; for though old painters have none of such petty scruples in presence of their art, yet they admire them in others, when they are fresh and pleasing. The young man held his hand on his sword, and his ear seemed glued to the panel of the door. Both men, standing darkly in the shadow, looked like conspirators waiting the hour to strike a tyrant.

波尔比斯和普桑留在紧闭的画室门外，互相看着，一言不发。《埃及的玛利亚》的画者先发出了几声惊呼：“啊！她脱衣服了！”——“他叫她站在光亮处！”——“他在把她俩作比较了！”但他一看到年轻人的哀容，就沉默了下来。虽然老的画家们面对艺术时不会有这种狭隘的顾虑，但他们精神饱满、心情尚佳时会尊重其他有这种顾虑的人。年轻人手握利剑，耳朵似乎牢牢地贴在了门板上。两个人站在阴暗处，朦胧中看起来像是正在等待时机来袭击暴君的谋反者。

"Come in! come in!" cried the old man, beaming with happiness. "My work is perfect; I can show it now with pride. Never shall painter, brushes, colors, canvas, light, produce the rival of Catherine Lescaut, the Beautiful Nut-girl.”

“进来！进来吧！”老人笑容满面、喜气洋洋地说道。“我的作品是完美的，我现在可以骄傲地展示它了。永远不会有任何画家，任何画笔，任何色彩，任何画布，任何光线能与卡特琳•莱斯科这位《漂亮的裸女》相匹敌。”

Porbus and Poussin, seized with wild curiosity, rushed into the middle of a vast atelier filled with dust, where everything lay in disorder, and where they saw a few paintings hanging here and there upon the walls. They stopped before the figure of a woman, life-sized and half nude, which filled them with eager admiration.

波尔比斯和普桑在强烈的好奇心支配下冲进充满灰尘的大画室中。屋中杂乱地放着各种东西，墙上四处挂着油画。他们满怀热切的赞美之情，在一幅真人般大小的半裸女人像前停了下来。

"Do not look at that," said Frenhofer, "it is only a daub which I made to study a pose; it is worth nothing." "Those are my errors," he added, waving his hand towards the enchanting compositions on the walls around them.

“不要看那幅。”弗朗霍斐说，“那只是我在研究一种姿势时乱画的，不值钱。”“那些都是我画废的作品。”他朝四周墙上那些迷人的画作摇摇手补充说。

At these words Porbus and Poussin, amazed at the disdain which the master showed for such marvels of art, looked about them for the secret treasure, but could see it nowhere.

听了这些话，波尔比斯和普桑很吃惊大师会如此轻视这样的艺术佳作，便四下寻找那幅神秘的宝贝，却怎么也找不到。

"There it is!" said the old man, whose hair fell in disorder about his face, which was scarlet with supernatural excitement. His eyes sparkled, and his breast heaved like that of a young man beside himself with love.

“就在那儿！”老人说。他异常激动，脸涨得猩红，头发杂乱地垂在脸上。他的眼睛闪着光亮，胸部像为爱而疯狂的年轻人那样起伏着。

"Ah!" he cried, "did you not expect such perfection? You stand before a woman, and you are looking for a picture! There are such depths on that canvas, the air within it is so true, that you are unable to distinguish it from the air you breathe. Where is art? Departed, vanished! Here is the form itself of a young girl. Have I not caught the color, the very life of the line which seems to terminate the body? The

same phenomenon which we notice around fishes in the water is also about objects which float in air. See how these outlines spring forth from the background. Do you not feel that you could pass your hand behind those shoulders? For seven years have I studied these effects of light coupled with form. That hair,—is it not bathed in light? Why, she breathes! That bosom,—see! Ah! who would not worship it on bended knee? The flesh palpitates! Wait, she is about to rise; wait!”

“啊哈！”他大声喊道，“你从没想到会这么完美吧！你们站在一个女人面前，却在寻找一幅画！画的景深是如此出色，画中的空气是那么逼真，让你们无法将它和你们呼吸的空气区分开来。艺术哪里去了？死去了，消失了！这里的形体本身就是一个少女。我不正抓住了色彩，不正抓住了这个看似界定身体轮廓的线条的生命吗？我们在水里的游鱼周围观察到的现象对于在空气中飘浮的物体同样适用。看看这些轮廓是怎样从背景中凸显出来的。你们是不是感觉手可以越过这些肩膀，伸到它们后面？七年来，我一直在研究光线和形体相结合所能产生的这些效果。那头发——不正是沐浴在阳光里吗？看哪，她会呼吸！那胸脯——看啊！啊！谁不会屈膝拜倒在她面前？那颤动着的胴体！等一下，她就要站起来了，等一下！”

"Can you see anything?" whispered Poussin to Porbus.

“你看见什么了吗？”普桑低声问波尔比斯。

"Nothing. Can you?"

“什么也没有。你看见了吗？”

"No."

“没有。”

The two painters drew back, leaving the old man absorbed in ecstasy, and tried to see if the light, falling plumb upon the canvas at which he pointed, had neutralized all effects. They examined the picture, moving from right to left, standing directly before it, bending, swaying, rising by turns.

两位画家，留下沉醉在狂喜中的老人，退到一边，想看看是不是正射在老人指着的那张画布上的阳光让一切效果都失效了。他们从画的右侧向左走去，停在画的正前方，一会儿弯着腰，一会儿侧着头，一会儿又站起身来，想尽办法来仔细地看这幅画。

"Yes, yes; it is really a canvas," cried Frenhofer, mistaking the purpose of their examination. "See, here is the frame, the easel; these are my colors, my brushes." And he caught up a brush which he held out to them with a naive motion.

“好了，好了，这真是一张画布。”弗朗霍斐误会了他们仔细看画的用意，如此说道。“看，这是画框，这是画架，这些是颜料，还有我的画笔。”他迅速地抓起一支画笔，天真地递给他们看。

"The old rogue is making game of us," said Poussin, coming close to the pretended picture. "I can see nothing here but a mass of confused color, crossed by a multitude of eccentric lines, making a sort of painted wall."

“这个老流氓在捉弄我们。”普桑边说边走近那假想的画像。“我在这里只看见一大片混乱的色彩，其间交错着许多古怪的线条，像是一堵上了色的墙。”

"We are mistaken. See!" returned Porbus.

“我们错了。看！”波尔比斯回答道。

Coming nearer, they perceived in a corner of the canvas the point of a naked foot, which came forth from the chaos of colors, tones, shadows hazy and undefined, misty and without form,—an enchanting foot, a living foot. They stood lost in admiration before this glorious fragment breaking forth from the incredible, slow, progressive destruction around it. The foot seemed to them like the torso of some Grecian Venus, brought to light amid the ruins of a burned city.

他们又走近了点，在画布的角落里看到一只光脚。这只脚极其迷人、极其逼真，从各种颜色、各种色调、各种阴影中凸显出来。这些阴影朦胧如烟雾，模糊而无形。这块美丽的部位打破了四周无尽的毁灭，让站在前面的他们叹为观止。这种毁灭缓缓发展，日渐严重。在他们看来，看到这只脚就像是在烧毁的城市废墟中发现了古希腊维纳斯的裸身雕像一样。

"There is a woman beneath it all!" cried Porbus, calling Poussin's attention to the layers of color which the old painter had successively laid on, believing that he thus brought his work to perfection. The two men turned towards him with one accord, beginning to comprehend, though vaguely, the ecstasy in which he lived.

“整张画下面藏着一个女人。”波尔比斯喊道，并提醒普桑注意那层层的色彩。那是老画家相继加上的，他相信这样能使他的作品趋于完美。两个人一同朝弗朗霍斐转过身来，开始模糊地理解了他欣喜若狂的精神状态。

"He means it in good faith," said Porbus.

“他说的话是真心的。”波尔比斯说。

"Yes, my friend," answered the old man, rousing from his abstraction, "we need faith; faith in art. We must live with our work for years before we can produce a creation like that. Some of these shadows have cost me endless toil. See, there on her cheek, below the eyes, a faint half-shadow; if you observed it in Nature you might think it could hardly be rendered. Well, believe me, I took unheard-of pains to reproduce that effect. My dear Porbus, look attentively at my work,

and you will comprehend what I have told you about the manner of treating form and outline. Look at the light on the bosom, and see how by a series of touches and higher lights firmly laid on I have managed to grasp light itself, and combine it with the dazzling whiteness of the clearer tones; and then see how, by an opposite method,—smoothing off the sharp contrasts and the texture of the color,—I have been able, by caressing the outline of my figure and veiling it with cloudy half-tints, to do away with the very idea of drawing and all other artificial means, and give to the form the aspect and roundness of Nature itself. Come nearer, and you will see the work more distinctly; if too far off it disappears. See! there, at that point, it is, I think, most remarkable." And with the end of his brush he pointed to a spot of clear light color.

“是的，我的朋友。”老人从出神的状态中醒来说，“我们需要真心，真心对艺术。创作出这样的作品前，我们必须同我们的作品一起生活很多年。画面上的一些阴影花费了我无数的辛劳。瞧她面颊上眼睛下面有模糊的半影。如果你们在真人身上见过这种半影，你恐怕会认为这几乎没法用画表现出来。好啦，相信我！为了再现那种效果，我付出了闻所未闻的辛劳。我亲爱的波尔比斯，注意看我的作品，你会理解我告诉过你的处理形体和轮廓的方法。看看胸部的光线，看我是怎样将一系列高光和更亮的光线重重地打在这里来把握光线本身，并把光线和色调更清晰的耀眼白色结合起来；然后，看我怎样通过相反的方法——钝化油彩的高对比度和纹理——再通过润色画像的轮廓并罩以阴沉的灰调子，我才能摆脱素描这个概念本身的束缚和所有人为的东西的羁绊，才能让人物和真人本身有一样的外观，和真人一样饱满。再走近点，作品看起来就更清晰，太远就看不见了。看！那儿，我认为那个点画得最出色。”他用画笔的末端指着一小块明亮的浅色彩。

Porbus struck the old man on the shoulder, turning to Poussin as he did so, and said, "Do you know that he is one of our greatest painters?"

波尔比斯拍拍老人的肩膀，转向普桑说：“你知道他是最杰出的画家之一吗？”

"He is a poet even more than he is a painter," answered Poussin gravely.

“他不只是一位画家，更是一位诗人。”普桑认真地说。

"There," returned Porbus, touching the canvas, "is the ultimate end of our art on earth."

“那，”波尔比斯摸着那幅画接着说，“是我们人间艺术的极限。”

"And from thence," added Poussin, "it rises, to enter heaven."

“从那里，”普桑又说，“艺术得到了升华，超越了凡间。”

"How much happiness is there!—upon that canvas," said Porbus.

“那块画布上有多少乐趣啊！”波尔比斯说。

The absorbed old man gave no heed to their words; he was smiling at his visionary woman.

全神贯注的老人毫不留意他们的谈话，他正对着那个幻想出的女人微笑。

"But sooner or later, he will perceive that there is nothing there," cried Poussin.

“但迟早他会察觉画上什么也没有。”普桑大声说。

"Nothing there!—upon my canvas?" said Frenhofer, looking first at the two painters, and then at his imaginary picture.

“什么也没有！——我的画上？”弗朗霍斐说道。他看看两位画家，又看看自己想象中的画。

"What have you done?" cried Porbus, addressing Poussin.

“你刚刚说了什么？”弗朗霍斐转向普桑大喊道。

The old man seized the arm of the young man violently, and said to him, "You see nothing?—clown, infidel, scoundrel, dolt! Why did you come here? My good Porbus," he added, turning to his friend, "is it possible that you, too, are jesting with me? Answer; I am your friend. Tell me, can it be that I have spoiled my picture?"

老人猛地抓住年轻人的手臂，对他喊道：“你什么也没看见？——你这个小丑！怪胎！恶棍！蠢货！你为什么到这儿来？我的好波尔比斯，”他转向他的朋友，又说，“你也会取笑我吗？回答我，我是你的朋友。告诉我，难道我把自己的画搞砸了吗？”

Porbus hesitated, and feared to speak; but the anxiety painted on the white face of the old man was so cruel that he was constrained to point to the canvas and utter the word, "See!"

波尔比斯犹豫了，他不敢说。然而，他无法忍受老人苍白的脸上露出的焦虑之情，他不得不指着画说：“看！”

Frenhofer looked at his picture for a space of a moment, and staggered.

弗朗霍斐注视着自己的画看了半天，感到惊讶不已。

"Nothing! nothing! after toiling ten years!" He sat down and wept.

“什么也没有！什么也没有！我辛苦了十年！”他坐在那里哭了起来。

"Am I then a fool, an idiot? Have I neither talent nor capacity? Am I no better than a rich man who walks, and can only walk? Have I

indeed produced nothing?"

“那么，我是个傻瓜，是个白痴吗？我既没有天分也没有能力吗？我和那些行尸走肉般的有钱人一样差劲吗？我确实什么也没有创作出来吗？”

He gazed at the canvas through tears. Suddenly he raised himself proudly and flung a lightning glance upon the two painters.

透过泪水，他凝视着自己的油画。突然，他骄傲地直起身子，闪电般地瞥了两位画家一眼。

"By the blood, by the body, by the head of Christ, you are envious men who seek to make me think she is spoiled, that you may steal her from me. I—I see her!" he cried. "She is wondrously beautiful!"

“我以基督的宝血，基督的贵体，基督的圣首作证，你们满怀嫉妒，企图让我认为她被毁坏了，好从我这儿把她偷走。我——我看见她了！”他大喊道，“她极其的美！”

At this moment Poussin heard the weeping of Gillette as she stood, forgotten, in a corner.

此时，普桑听到吉勒特的哭泣声，她站在角落里，被人遗忘了。

"What troubles thee, my darling?" asked the painter, becoming once more a lover.

“亲爱的，你怎么啦？”年轻的画家问道，他又变成了情人。

"Kill me!" she answered. "I should be infamous if I still loved thee, for I despise thee. I admire thee; but thou hast filled me with horror. I love, and yet already I hate thee."

“杀了我吧！”她回答道，“假如我还爱你，我就太丢脸了，因为我鄙视你。我钦佩你，但你使我满怀憎恶。我爱你，可是，我已经开始恨你了。”

While Poussin listened to Gillette, Frenhofer drew a green curtain before his Catherine, with the grave composure of a jeweller locking his drawers when he thinks that thieves are near him. He cast at the two painters a look which was profoundly dissimulating, full of contempt and suspicion; then, with convulsive haste, he silently pushed them through the door of his atelier. When they reached the threshold of his house he said to them, "Adieu, my little friends."

当普桑在听吉勒特说话的时候，弗朗霍斐拉过绿窗帘遮在他的卡特琳前面。他脸上带着严肃、沉着的表情，像一个以为盗贼就在附近而锁上抽屉的珠宝商一般。他看了两位画家一眼，像在极力掩饰什么，目光充满轻视和猜疑。然后，他一言不发，急促地把他们推出了画室大门。当他们走到房子大门口时，弗朗霍斐对他们说道：“再见，我年轻的朋友们。”

The tone of this farewell chilled the two painters with fear.

他告别时的语气把两位画家吓得冰冷。

On the morrow Porbus, alarmed, went again to visit Frenhofer, and found that he had died during the night, after having burned his paintings.

第二天，波尔比斯有些担忧，就再次来探望弗朗霍斐，却发现他已经在夜里烧掉了所有的画作，与世长辞了。

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FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS

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外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 BEIJING

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu

Beijing, China 100089

http://www.fltrp.com

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

实用主义： 一些旧思想方法的新名称： 英汉对照/（美） 詹姆斯（James, W.） 著； 钱多秀，夏历译.— 北京： 外语教学与研究出版社， 2011.10

（外研社双语读库. 学·书系）

书名原文： Pragmatism: A New Name for Some Old Ways of Thinking

ISBN 978-7-5135-1414-9

I. ①实… II. ①詹… ②钱… ③夏… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物 ②实用主义 IV. ①H319.4: B

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2011) 第212969号

出版人： 蔡剑峰

责任编辑： 李文静 马 睿

封面设计： 袁 璐 刘 冬

出版发行： 外语教学与研究出版社

社 址： 北京市西三环北路19号（100089）

网 址： http://www.fltrp.com

版 次： 2011年12月第1版 2011年12月第1次印刷

书 号： ISBN 978-7-5135-1414-9

* * *

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总序

外研社自创立之日起就一贯秉承“记载人类文明，沟通世界文化”的宗旨。上世纪90年代以来，我们陆续出版了“九十年代英语系列丛书”、“大师经典文库”、“英美文学文库”等系列经典图书，在最大限度满足国内英语学习者阅读需求的同时，也为中华民族引进和吸收海外优秀文化发挥了重要的桥梁纽带作用。

在多年出版实践中我们发现，对原版图书简单地以外语形式呈现，会使一些初级和中级外语学习者望而却步；而纯粹的译著，在翻译过程中又容易失掉原著中的某些精妙之笔，甚至丢失信息，因为每种语言都蕴含着其他语言无法精确对应的情致、智慧和对真善美的洞见。文化交流本身是一个双向互动的过程，因此在大量引入外文作品的同时，我们也不能忽略本民族文化在世界范围内的推广和传播，即把中国文化传递给世界。

基于上述考虑，我们应时推出“外研社双语读库”，立足经典，涵盖中外名家名作，涉及社会科学各个领域，以书系划分，采用双语编排，对文化背景附有注释。旨在积累世界各民族精粹文化的同时，向世界传递中国文化，为国内广大英语学习者提供题材广泛、质量过硬的双语经典读物，也为社科各领域学者了解西方学术经典提供优质的研究素材。

2010年1月，双语读库“文·书系”出版问世，该书系收录了20部西方经典著作，多出自19和20世纪著名作家、学者、思想家和哲学家笔下，作品的题材丰富，包括传记、小说、游记、杂文、回忆录等。该书系自问世以来，受到了广大英语爱好者的欢迎和好评。

2010年3月，外研社和中国外语教育研究中心联合设立“外汉翻译教学研究基金”项目，选取百余部国外经典学术著作，面向全国高校公开招募翻译项目组，参与投标者遍及全国近百所高校，在国内具有较大影响力。中标的译者多为全国重点高校的翻译专家、学者及中青年翻译人才，经过层层选拔脱颖而出；每个中标项目组还聘请相关领域的专家顾问，为其提供专业领域方面的支持和帮助，以确保译文的准确性和权威性。

此次推出的双语读库“学·书系”拟收录该基金项目中的优秀译作分批次进行出版，并细分为哲学辑、经济学辑、历史学辑、地理学辑、语言学辑、社会学辑、教育学辑等。“学·书系”依旧采用英汉对照编排，可作为社科各领域的学术研究读物以及中、高端英汉双语读物使用。

“学·书系”所选原作虽为经典名著，却也无法避免时间和空间上的局限性，希望读者朋友们能“取其精华，去其糟粕”。各篇译作均为译者倾尽全力、呕心沥血之作，不足之处，还请各位读者批评、指正。

译者 序

威廉·詹姆斯（William James，1842—1910）是美国著名哲学家与心理学家，弟弟亨利·詹姆斯（Henry James，1843—1914）是美国著名小说家。威廉·詹姆斯1842年1月11日出生于美国纽约一个崇尚多元教育的神学家庭。他家境良好，自小就接触到世界大同的思想，在欧美两地受到正规教育，其后一直在哈佛大学教书，1876年为心理学助理教授，1881年为哲学助理教授，1885年为正教授，1889年为心理学终身讲座教授，1897年回归哲学系，1907年成为哲学系荣誉教授。他于1904年当选为美国心理学会主席，1906年当选为国家科学院院士。1910年8月26日威廉·詹姆斯在新罕布什尔州逝世。

詹姆斯在法国受过一段时间的教育，专业是心理学。当时心理学和哲学之间的分别还不很大。尽管他不相信利用实验可以研究人的心理，但还是在这方面作了不少尝试，是美国最早的实验心理学家之一。他也曾在德国学习，对德国哲学有浓厚兴趣。他于1869年在哈佛大学获医学博士学位，1876年到哈佛哲学系任教。期间，他参加“形而上学俱乐部”，认识了查尔斯·桑德斯·皮尔斯（Charles Sanders Peirce，1839—1914），接受其影响，并与其一起创立了实用主义哲学流派。1898年8月26日，詹姆斯在贝克莱发表题为“哲学概念和实际结果”的演讲，宣布实用主义作为一个哲学运动的开始。他创造了他称之为“彻底经验论”的学说；他是“实用主义”或“工具主义”的这种理论的三大倡导者之一。

詹姆斯著述丰富，主题包括心理学和哲学两大领域。其代表作包括：《心理学原理》（The Principles of Psychology，1878）、《信仰意志和通俗哲学论文集》（The Will to Believe，1897）、《人的不朽》（Human Immortality: Two Supposed Objections to the Doctrine，1898）、《宗教经验的类型》（The Varieties of Religious Experience，1902）、《实用主义：一些旧思想方式的新名称》（Pragmatism: A New Name for Some Old Ways of Thinking，1907）等。其中尤其值得一提的是《心理学原理》。该书几乎概括了整个19世纪的心理学，被翻译为法文、德文、意大利文以及俄文，既是当时实验心理学研究成果的基本总结，又是詹姆斯实用主义心理学思想的集中体现。

另外一本影响深远的就是在这里呈现的其代表作《实用主义：一些旧思想方法的新名称》（以下简称《实用主义》），于1907年由朗文公司出版。下面对《实用主义》的思想内容作简略介绍。

威廉·詹姆斯是美国实用主义的创始人之一。他认为，世间绝无真理，真理取决于实际效用；此外，真理会因为环境变化而发生相应的变化。所以，适应时代要求、具有实际效用的就等于真理。人总按自己的需求与愿望塑造现实的特点，因为思维的主要功能就是帮助人们与环境之间建立和谐的关系。

他还认为真理是人们在经验过程中形成的。他的观点是：如果有一概念，我们能用它很顺利地从一部分经验转移到另一部分经验，将事物美满地联系起来，从而很稳妥地工作起来，而且能够简化劳动，节省劳动，那么这个概念就是真的。他进而认为真理就是任何证明自己在实现信仰中有效的东西的名称。

他不仅把实际结果作为判断真理的经验的工具，认为有用就是真理，而且把它推广到说明善的道德领域中，用有利于道德行为的实际结果多元性给善下定义。他甚至用这种实用主义观点来为宗教信仰辩护。他的观点是：根据实用主义原则，只要关于“上帝”的假设在最广泛的意义上能令人满意地起作用，那么这个假设便是真的。

詹姆斯还把实用主义看作一种方法论，并把它归结为一句格言：不讲原则，只讲效果。他的观点是：实用主义的方法不是什么特别的结果，而不过是一种确定方向的态度。这个态度不是去看最先的东西——原则、范畴和必需的假定，而是去看最后的东西——收获、效果和事实。因此他认为：许多原则的争论，都不是效果争论，因而是多余的和没有意义的，并试图以此来消除唯物主义和唯心主义的原则争论。

总而言之，这本书是实用主义哲学的经典之作，清晰透彻地说明了实用主义，堪称实用主义运动的纲领性文献。实用主义甫一出现，就对美国思想界产生了深刻的影响，在很大程度上塑造了美国国民性。可以说，美国社会、经济与政治发展都受到了实用主义的极大影响。美国于20世纪的领先地位无疑与实用主义的作用密不可分。

一百多年后，对于今天的人们去认识实用主义哲学流派，该书仍具有非常高的学术价值和应用价值。

自《实用主义》出版以来，国内有多次引介，现有多个译本，在比较阅读中，可以发现这些译本对原文的有些内容掌握不够精准，语言表达不够流畅，对原文的评价或注解带有译文产生时的时代色彩，需要有进一步的修订，以提高准确度和可读性，适应当今的阅读需要。

除译者前言之外，本译本内容包括：原版序、原文八讲、术语及专有名词表等，涵盖了原文所有内容。

在翻译过程中，译者在独立完成的前提下，结合并借鉴前人的译本，力求准确完整地展现原文风貌，尽力贴近当今读者的阅读习惯，面向更多的读者群，不主张使用特别艰深的术语和冗长的句子，而代之以符合当今阅读习惯的表达方式，采用意义分明的词语和简单易懂的句子。其中，夏历负责第四、五、六章的翻译及其他各章的校对，钱多秀负责前言，第一、二、三、七、八章的翻译和第四、五、六章的校对以及术语表、专有名词表的整理，也负责整个译本的统筹规划。

译者希望，通过上述努力，译文将以浅显、明晰的语言，将原文表达的哲学思想展现出来；以双语对照形式，面向21世纪的读者，并辅以

中英文对照的术语表和专名表，既能满足一般读者的需要，又能提供翻译教学素材。

但由于译者学识有限，书中不足，在所难免，还敬请读者批评指正。

译者

2011年春

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William James

PRAGMATISM: A NEW NAME FOR SOME OLD WAYS OF THINKING

Preface

The lectures that follow were delivered at the Lowell Institute in Boston in November and December, 1906, and in January, 1907, at Columbia University, in New York. They are printed as delivered, without developments or notes. The pragmatic movement, so-called—I do not like the name, but apparently it is too late to change it—seems to have rather suddenly precipitated itself out of the air. A number of tendencies that have always existed in philosophy have all at once become conscious of themselves collectively, and of their combined mission; and this has occurred in so many countries, and from so many different points of view, that much unconcerted statement has resulted. I have sought to unify the picture as it presents itself to my own eyes, dealing in broad strokes, and avoiding minute controversy. Much futile controversy might have been avoided, I believe, if our critics had been willing to wait until we got our message fairly out.

If my lectures interest any reader in the general subject, he will doubtless wish to read farther. I therefore give him a few references.

In America, John Dewey's[1] "Studies in Logical Theory" are the foundation. Read also by Dewey the articles in the Philosophical Review, vol. xv, pp. 113 and 465, in Mind, vol. xv, p. 293, and in the Journal of Philosophy, vol. iv, p. 197.

Probably the best statements to begin with however, are F. C. S. Schiller's[2] in his "Studies in Humanism," especially the essays numbered i, v, vi, vii, xviii and xix. His previous essays and in general the polemic literature of the subject are fully referred to in his footnotes.

1 杜威（Dewey，1859—1952），美国哲学家和教育家，美国实用主义哲学的重要代表人物。

2 席勒（Schiller，1864—1937），英国实用主义哲学家、人本主义哲学家、逻辑学家、元哲学家。

Furthermore, see G. Milhaud:[1] le Rationnel, 1898, and the fine articles by Le Roy[2] in the Revue de Metaphysique, vols. 7, 8 and 9. Also articles by Blondel[3] and de Sailly[4] in the Annales de Philosophie Chretienne, 4me Serie, vols. 2 and 3. Papini[5] announces a book on Pragmatism, in the French language, to be published very soon.

1 G.米尔豪德（G. Milhaud，1858—1918），法国哲学家，用数学的方法讨论哲学问题。

2 勒瑞（Le Roy，1870—1954），法国哲学家、数学家。

3 布朗戴尔（Blondel，1863—1938），法国哲学家。

4 德塞利（De Sailly，1861—1949），法国哲学家、理学与唯灵术的代表人物。

5 帕皮尼（Papini，1881—1956），意大利记者、文学家、文学评论家。

To avoid one misunderstanding at least, let me say that there is no logical connexion between pragmatism, as I understand it, and a doctrine which I have recently set forth as "radical empiricism." The latter stands on its own feet. One may entirely reject it and still be a pragmatist.

Harvard University, April, 1907

Lecture I The Present Dilemma in Philosophy

CHESTERTON[1] QUOTED. EVERYONE HAS A PHILOSOPHY. TEMPERAMENT IS A FACTOR IN ALL PHILOSOPHIZING. RATIONALISTS AND EMPIRICISTS. THE TENDER-MINDED AND THE TOUGH-MINDED. MOST MEN WISH BOTH FACTS AND RELIGION. EMPIRICISM GIVES FACTS WITHOUT RELIGION. RATIONALISM GIVES RELIGION WITHOUT FACTS. THE LAYMAN'S DILEMMA. THE UNREALITY IN RATIONALISTIC SYSTEMS. LEIBNITZ[2] ON THE DAMNED, AS AN EXAMPLE. M. I. SWIFT[3] ON THE OPTIMISM OF IDEALISTS. PRAGMATISM AS A MEDIATING SYSTEM. AN OBJECTION. REPLY: PHILOSOPHIES HAVE CHARACTERS LIKE MEN, AND ARE LIABLE TO AS SUMMARY JUDGMENTS. SPENCER[4] AS AN EXAMPLE.

1 切斯特顿（Chesterton，1874—1936），英国作家。

2 莱布尼茨（Leibnitz，1646—1716），德国哲学家、数学家。

3 M.I.斯威夫特（M. I.Swift，1667—1745），美国哲学家，无政府主义者，记者，小说家。

4 斯宾塞（Spencer，1820—1903），英国哲学家，生物学家，社会学家。

In the preface to that admirable collection of essays of his called Heretics, Mr. Chesterton writes these words:

"There are some people—and I am one of them—who think that the most practical and important thing about a man is still his view of the universe. We think that for a landlady considering a lodger, it is important to know his income, but still more important to know his philosophy. We think that for a general about to fight an enemy, it is important to know the enemy's numbers, but still more important to know the enemy's philosophy. We think the question is not whether the theory of the cosmos affects matters, but whether, in the long run, anything else affects them."

I think with Mr. Chesterton in this matter. I know that you, ladies and gentlemen, have a philosophy, each and all of you, and that the most interesting and important thing about you is the way in which it determines the perspective in your several worlds. You know the same of me. And yet I confess to a certain tremor at the audacity of the enterprise which I am about to begin. For the philosophy which is so important in each of us is not a technical matter; it is our more or less dumb sense of what life honestly and deeply means. It is only partly got from books; it is our individual way of just seeing and feeling the

total push and pressure of the cosmos. I have no right to assume that many of you are students of the cosmos in the class-room sense, yet here I stand desirous of interesting you in a philosophy which to no small extent has to be technically treated. I wish to fill you with sympathy with a contemporaneous tendency in which I profoundly believe, and yet I have to talk like a professor to you who are not students. Whatever universe a professor believes in must at any rate be a universe that lends itself to lengthy discourse. A universe definable in two sentences is something for which the professorial intellect has no use. No faith in anything of that cheap kind! I have heard friends and colleagues try to popularize philosophy in this very hall, but they soon grew dry, and then technical, and the results were only partially encouraging. So my enterprise is a bold one. The founder of pragmatism[1] himself recently gave a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute with that very word in its title—aflashes of brilliant light relieved against Cimmerian darkness! None of us, I fancy, understood ALL that he said—yet here I stand, making a very similar venture.

1 皮尔斯（Pierce，1839—1914），美国科学家、美国实用主义创始人。

I risk it because the very lectures I speak of DREW—they brought good audiences. There is, it must be confessed, a curious fascination in hearing deep things talked about, even tho neither we nor the disputants understand them. We get the problematic thrill, we feel the presence of the vastness. Let a controversy begin in a smoking-room anywhere, about free-will or God's omniscience, or good and evil, and see how everyone in the place pricks up his ears. Philosophy's results concern us all most vitally, and philosophy's queerest arguments tickle agreeably our sense of subtlety and ingenuity.

Believing in philosophy myself devoutly, and believing also that a kind of new dawn is breaking upon us philosophers, I feel impelled, per fas aut nefas, to try to impart to you some news of the situation.

Philosophy is at once the most sublime and the most trivial of human pursuits. It works in the minutest crannies and it opens out the widest vistas. It "bakes no bread," as has been said, but it can inspire our souls with courage; and repugnant as its manners, its doubting and challenging, its quibbling and dialectics, often are to common people, no one of us can get along without the far-flashing beams of light it sends over the world's perspectives. These illuminations at least, and the contrast-effects of darkness and mystery that accompany them, give to what it says an interest that is much more than professional.

The history of philosophy is to a great extent that of a certain clash of human temperaments. Undignified as such a treatment may seem to some of my colleagues, I shall have to take account of this clash and explain a good many of the divergencies of philosophers by it. Of whatever temperament a professional philosopher is, he tries when philosophizing to sink the fact of his temperament. Temperament is no conventionally recognized reason, so he urges impersonal reasons only for his conclusions. Yet his temperament really gives him a stronger bias than any of his more strictly objective premises. It loads the evidence for him one way or the other, making for a more sentimental or a more hard-hearted view of the universe, just as this fact or that principle would. He trusts his temperament. Wanting a universe that suits it, he believes in any representation of the universe that does suit it. He feels men of opposite temper to be out of key with the world's character, and in his heart considers them incompetent and "not in it," in the philosophic business, even tho they may far excel him in dialectical ability.

Yet in the forum he can make no claim, on the bare ground of his temperament, to superior discernment or authority. There arises thus a certain insincerity in our philosophic discussions: the potentest of all our premises is never mentioned. I am sure it would contribute to clearness if in these lectures we should break this rule and mention it, and I accordingly feel free to do so.

Of course I am talking here of very positively marked men, men of radical idiosyncracy, who have set their stamp and likeness on philosophy and figure in its history. Plato[1], Locke[2], Hegel, Spencer[3], are such temperamental thinkers. Most of us have, of course, no very definite intellectual temperament, we are a mixture of opposite ingredients, each one present very moderately. We hardly know our own preferences in abstract matters; some of us are easily talked out of them, and end by following the fashion or taking up with the beliefs of the most impressive philosopher in our neighborhood, whoever he may be. But the one thing that has COUNTED so far in philosophy is that a man should see things, see them straight in his own peculiar way, and be dissatisfied with any opposite way of seeing them. There is no reason to suppose that this strong temperamental vision is from now onward to count no longer in the history of man's beliefs.

1 柏拉图（Plato，公元前428—前347），古希腊哲学家、数学家、苏格拉底的学生。

2 洛克（Locke，1632—1704），英国哲学家、物理学家、自由主义创始人。

3 黑格尔（Hegel，1770—1831），德国哲学家、德国唯心主义的创始人之一。

Now the particular difference of temperament that I have in mind in making these remarks is one that has counted in literature, art, government and manners as well as in philosophy. In manners we find formalists and free-and-easy persons. In government, authoritarians and anarchists. In literature, purists or academicals, and realists. In art, classics and romantics. You recognize these contrasts as familiar; well, in philosophy we have a very similar contrast expressed in the pair of terms "rationalist" and "empiricist," "empiricist" meaning your lover of facts in all their crude variety, "rationalist" meaning your devotee to abstract and eternal principles. No one can live an hour without both facts and principles, so it is a difference rather of emphasis; yet it breeds antipathies of the most pungent character between those who lay the emphasis differently; and we shall find it extraordinarily convenient to express a certain contrast in men's ways of taking their universe, by talking of the "empiricist" and of the "rationalist" temper. These terms make the contrast simple and massive.

More simple and massive than are usually the men of whom the terms are predicated. For every sort of permutation and combination is possible in human nature; and if I now proceed to define more fully what I have in mind when I speak of rationalists and empiricists, by adding to each of those titles some secondary qualifying characteristics, I beg you to regard my conduct as to a certain extent arbitrary. I select types of combination that nature offers very frequently, but by no means uniformly, and I select them solely for their convenience in helping me to my ulterior purpose of characterizing pragmatism. Historically we find the terms "intellectualism" and "sensationalism" used as synonyms of "rationalism" and "empiricism." Well, nature seems to combine most frequently with intellectualism an idealistic and optimistic tendency. Empiricists on the other hand are not uncommonly materialistic, and their optimism is apt to be decidedly conditional and tremulous. Rationalism is always monistic. It starts from wholes and universals, and makes much of the unity of things. Empiricism starts from the parts, and makes of the whole a collection—is not averse therefore to calling itself pluralistic. Rationalism usually considers itself more religious than empiricism, but there is much to say about this claim, so I merely mention it. It is a true claim when the individual rationalist is what is called a man of feeling, and when the individual empiricist prides himself on being hard-headed. In that case the rationalist will usually also be in favor of what is called free-will, and the empiricist will be a fatalist—I use the terms most popularly current. The rationalist finally will be of dogmatic temper in his

affirmations, while the empiricist may be more sceptical and open to discussion.

I will write these traits down in two columns. I think you will practically recognize the two types of mental make-up that I mean if I head the columns by the titles 'tender-minded' and 'tough-minded' respectively.

THE TENDER-MINDED	THE TOUGH-MINDED
Rationalistic (going by "principles"),	Empiricist (going by "facts"),
Intellectualistic,	Sensationalistic,
Idealistic,	Materialistic,
Optimistic,	Pessimistic,
Religious,	Irreligious,
Free-willist,	Fatalistic,
Monistic,	Pluralistic,
Dogmatical.	Sceptical.

Pray postpone for a moment the question whether the two contrasted mixtures which I have written down are each inwardly coherent and self-consistent or not—I shall very soon have a good deal to say on that point. It suffices for our immediate purpose that tender-minded and tough-minded people, characterized as I have written them down, do both exist. Each of you probably knows some well-marked example of each type, and you know what each example thinks of the example on the other side of the line. They have a low opinion of each other. Their antagonism, whenever as individuals their temperaments have been intense, has formed in all ages a part of the philosophic atmosphere of the time. It forms a part of the philosophic atmosphere to-day. The tough think of the tender as sentimentalists and soft-heads. The tender feel the tough to be unrefined, callous, or brutal. Their mutual reaction is very much like that that takes place when Bostonian tourists mingle with a population like that of Cripple Creek. Each type believes the other to be inferior to itself; but disdain in the one case is mingled with amusement, in the other it has a dash of fear.

Now, as I have already insisted, few of us are tender-foot Bostonians pure and simple, and few are typical Rocky Mountain toughs, in

philosophy. Most of us have a hankering for the good things on both sides of the line. Facts are good, of course—give us lots of facts. Principles are good—give us plenty of principles. The world is indubitably one if you look at it in one way, but as indubitably is it many, if you look at it in another. It is both one and many—let us adopt a sort of pluralistic monism. Everything of course is necessarily determined, and yet of course our wills are free: a sort of free-will determinism is the true philosophy. The evil of the parts is undeniable; but the whole can't be evil: so practical pessimism may be combined with metaphysical optimism. And so forth—your ordinary philosophic layman never being a radical, never straightening out his system, but living vaguely in one plausible compartment of it or another to suit the temptations of successive hours.

But some of us are more than mere laymen in philosophy. We are worthy of the name of amateur athletes, and are vexed by too much inconsistency and vacillation in our creed. We cannot preserve a good intellectual conscience so long as we keep mixing incompatibles from opposite sides of the line.

And now I come to the first positively important point which I wish to make. Never were as many men of a decidedly empiricist proclivity in existence as there are at the present day. Our children, one may say, are almost born scientific. But our esteem for facts has not neutralized in us all religiousness. It is itself almost religious. Our scientific temper is devout. Now take a man of this type, and let him be also a philosophic amateur, unwilling to mix a hodge-podge system after the fashion of a common layman, and what does he find his situation to be, in this blessed year of our Lord 1906? He wants facts; he wants science; but he also wants a religion. And being an amateur and not an independent originator in philosophy he naturally looks for guidance to the experts and professionals whom he finds already in the field. A very large number of you here present, possibly a majority of you, are amateurs of just this sort.

Now what kinds of philosophy do you find actually offered to meet your need? You find an empirical philosophy that is not religious enough, and a religious philosophy that is not empirical enough for your purpose. If you look to the quarter where facts are most considered you find the whole tough-minded program in operation, and the "conflict between science and religion" in full blast. Either it is that Rocky Mountain tough of a Haeckel with his materialistic monism, his ether-god and his jest at your God as a "gaseous vertebrate"; or it is Spencer treating the world's history as a redistribution of matter and motion solely, and bowing religion

politely out at the front door:—she may indeed continue to exist, but she must never show her face inside the temple. For a hundred and fifty years past the progress of science has seemed to mean the enlargement of the material universe and the diminution of man's importance. The result is what one may call the growth of naturalistic or positivistic feeling. Man is no law-giver to nature, he is an absorber. She it is who stands firm; he it is who must accommodate himself. Let him record truth, inhuman tho it be, and submit to it! The romantic spontaneity and courage are gone, the vision is materialistic and depressing. Ideals appear as inert by-products of physiology; what is higher is explained by what is lower and treated forever as a case of "nothing but"—nothing but something else of a quite inferior sort. You get, in short, a materialistic universe, in which only the tough-minded find themselves congenially at home.

If now, on the other hand, you turn to the religious quarter for consolation, and take counsel of the tender-minded philosophies, what do you find?

Religious philosophy in our day and generation is, among us English-reading people, of two main types. One of these is more radical and aggressive, the other has more the air of fighting a slow retreat. By the more radical wing of religious philosophy I mean the so-called transcendental idealism of the Anglo-Hegelian school, the philosophy of such men as Green, the Cairds[1], Bosanquet[2], and Royce[3]. This philosophy has greatly influenced the more studious members of our protestant ministry. It is pantheistic, and undoubtedly it has already blunted the edge of the traditional theism in protestantism at large.

1 凯尔德兄弟（the Cairds），英国神学家、人道主义者、圣经学家。

2 博攒克特（Bos-anquet，1848—1923），英国哲学家、政治神学家、社会改革家。

3 洛伊斯（Royce，1855—1916），美国客观唯心主义哲学家。

That theism remains, however. It is the lineal descendant, through one stage of concession after another, of the dogmatic scholastic theism still taught rigorously in the seminaries of the catholic church. For a long time it used to be called among us the philosophy of the Scottish school. It is what I meant by the philosophy that has the air of fighting a slow retreat. Between the encroachments of the hegelians and other philosophers of the "Absolute," on the one hand, and those of the scientific evolutionists and agnostics, on the other, the men that give us this kind of a philosophy, James Martineau[1], Professor Bowne[2], Professor Ladd[3] and others, must feel themselves rather tightly squeezed. Fair-minded and candid as you like, this philosophy is not

radical in temper. It is eclectic, a thing of compromises, that seeks a modus vivendi above all things. It accepts the facts of darwinism, the facts of cerebral physiology, but it does nothing active or enthusiastic with them. It lacks the victorious and aggressive note. It lacks prestige in consequence; whereas absolutism has a certain prestige due to the more radical style of it.

1 詹姆斯·马蒂诺（James Martineau，1805—1900），英国宗教哲学家、唯一神教派代表人物。

2 鲍恩教授（Professor Bowne，1847—1910），美国基督教哲学家、神学家。

3 拉德教授（Professor Ladd，1842—1921），美国哲学家、教育家、心理学家。

These two systems are what you have to choose between if you turn to the tender-minded school. And if you are the lovers of facts I have supposed you to be, you find the trail of the serpent of rationalism, of intellectualism, over everything that lies on that side of the line. You escape indeed the materialism that goes with the reigning empiricism; but you pay for your escape by losing contact with the concrete parts of life. The more absolutistic philosophers dwell on so high a level of abstraction that they never even try to come down. The absolute mind which they offer us, the mind that makes our universe by thinking it, might, for aught they show us to the contrary, have made any one of a million other universes just as well as this. You can deduce no single actual particular from the notion of it. It is compatible with any state of things whatever being true here below. And the theistic God is almost as sterile a principle. You have to go to the world which he has created to get any inkling of his actual character: he is the kind of god that has once for all made that kind of a world. The God of the theistic writers lives on as purely abstract heights as does the Absolute. Absolutism has a certain sweep and dash about it, while the usual theism is more insipid, but both are equally remote and vacuous. What you want is a philosophy that will not only exercise your powers of intellectual abstraction, but that will make some positive connexion with this actual world of finite human lives.

You want a system that will combine both things, the scientific loyalty to facts and willingness to take account of them, the spirit of adaptation and accommodation, in short, but also the old confidence in human values and the resultant spontaneity, whether of the religious or of the romantic type. And this is then your dilemma: you find the two parts of your quaesitum hopelessly separated. You find empiricism with inhumanism and irreligion; or else you find a rationalistic philosophy that indeed may call itself religious, but that keeps out of all definite touch with concrete facts and joys and

sorrows.

I am not sure how many of you live close enough to philosophy to realize fully what I mean by this last reproach, so I will dwell a little longer on that unreality in all rationalistic systems by which your serious believer in facts is so apt to feel repelled.

I wish that I had saved the first couple of pages of a thesis which a student handed me a year or two ago. They illustrated my point so clearly that I am sorry I cannot read them to you now. This young man, who was a graduate of some Western college, began by saying that he had always taken for granted that when you entered a philosophic class-room you had to open relations with a universe entirely distinct from the one you left behind you in the street. The two were supposed, he said, to have so little to do with each other, that you could not possibly occupy your mind with them at the same time. The world of concrete personal experiences to which the street belongs is multitudinous beyond imagination, tangled, muddy, painful and perplexed. The world to which your philosophy-professor introduces you is simple, clean and noble. The contradictions of real life are absent from it. Its architecture is classic. Principles of reason trace its outlines, logical necessities cement its parts. Purity and dignity are what it most expresses. It is a kind of marble temple shining on a hill.

In point of fact it is far less an account of this actual world than a clear addition built upon it, a classic sanctuary in which the rationalist fancy may take refuge from the intolerably confused and gothic character which mere facts present. It is no EXPLANATION of our concrete universe, it is another thing altogether, a substitute for it, a remedy, a way of escape.

Its temperament, if I may use the word temperament here, is utterly alien to the temperament of existence in the concrete. REFINEMENT is what characterizes our intellectualist philosophies. They exquisitely satisfy that craving for a refined object of contemplation which is so powerful an appetite of the mind. But I ask you in all seriousness to look abroad on this colossal universe of concrete facts, on their awful bewilderments, their surprises and cruelties, on the wildness which they show, and then to tell me whether 'refined' is the one inevitable descriptive adjective that springs to your lips.

Refinement has its place in things, true enough. But a philosophy that breathes out nothing but refinement will never satisfy the empiricist temper of mind. It will seem rather a monument of artificiality. So we

find men of science preferring to turn their backs on metaphysics as on something altogether cloistered and spectral, and practical men shaking philosophy's dust off their feet and following the call of the wild.

Truly there is something a little ghastly in the satisfaction with which a pure but unreal system will fill a rationalist mind. Leibnitz was a rationalist mind, with infinitely more interest in facts than most rationalist minds can show. Yet if you wish for superficiality incarnate, you have only to read that charmingly written Theodicee of his, in which he sought to justify the ways of God to man, and to prove that the world we live in is the best of possible worlds. Let me quote a specimen of what I mean.

Among other obstacles to his optimistic philosophy, it falls to Leibnitz to consider the number of the eternally damned. That it is infinitely greater, in our human case, than that of those saved he assumes as a premise from the theologians, and then proceeds to argue in this way. Even then, he says:

"The evil will appear as almost nothing in comparison with the good, if we once consider the real magnitude of the City of God. Coelius Secundus Curio has written a little book, De Amplitudine Regni Coelestis, which was reprinted not long ago. But he failed to compass the extent of the kingdom of the heavens. The ancients had small ideas of the works of God.... It seemed to them that only our earth had inhabitants, and even the notion of our antipodes gave them pause. The rest of the world for them consisted of some shining globes and a few crystalline spheres. But to-day, whatever be the limits that we may grant or refuse to the Universe we must recognize in it a countless number of globes, as big as ours or bigger, which have just as much right as it has to support rational inhabitants, tho it does not follow that these need all be men. Our earth is only one among the six principal satellites of our sun. As all the fixed stars are suns, one sees how small a place among visible things our earth takes up, since it is only a satellite of one among them. Now all these suns MAY be inhabited by none but happy creatures; and nothing obliges us to believe that the number of damned persons is very great; for a VERY FEW INSTANCES AND SAMPLES SUFFICE FOR THE UTILITY WHICH GOOD DRAWS FROM EVIL. Moreover, since there is no reason to suppose that there are stars everywhere, may there not be a great space beyond the region of the stars? And this immense space, surrounding all this region, ... may be replete with happiness and glory.... What now becomes of the consideration of our Earth and of its denizens? Does it not dwindle to something incomparably less than

a physical point, since our Earth is but a point compared with the distance of the fixed stars. Thus the part of the Universe which we know, being almost lost in nothingness compared with that which is unknown to us, but which we are yet obliged to admit; and all the evils that we know lying in this almost-nothing; it follows that the evils may be almost-nothing in comparison with the goods that the Universe contains."

Leibnitz continues elsewhere: "There is a kind of justice which aims neither at the amendment of the criminal, nor at furnishing an example to others, nor at the reparation of the injury. This justice is founded in pure fitness, which finds a certain satisfaction in the expiation of a wicked deed. The Socinians[1] and Hobbes[2] objected to this punitive justice, which is properly vindictive justice and which God has reserved for himself at many junctures.... It is always founded in the fitness of things, and satisfies not only the offended party, but all wise lookers-on, even as beautiful music or a fine piece of architecture satisfies a well-constituted mind. It is thus that the torments of the damned continue, even tho they serve no longer to turn anyone away from sin, and that the rewards of the blest continue, even tho they confirm no one in good ways. The damned draw to themselves ever new penalties by their continuing sins, and the blest attract ever fresh joys by their unceasing progress in good. Both facts are founded on the principle of fitness, ... for God has made all things harmonious in perfection as I have already said."

1 苏西尼派（The Socinians），16世纪意大利唯一神派教徒，否认耶稣的神性。

2 霍布斯（Hobbes，1588—1679），英国政治哲学家。

Leibnitz's feeble grasp of reality is too obvious to need comment from me. It is evident that no realistic image of the experience of a damned soul had ever approached the portals of his mind. Nor had it occurred to him that the smaller is the number of "samples" of the genus "lost-soul" whom God throws as a sop to the eternal fitness, the more unequitably grounded is the glory of the blest. What he gives us is a cold literary exercise, whose cheerful substance even hell-fire does not warm.

And do not tell me that to show the shallowness of rationalist philosophizing I have had to go back to a shallow wigpated age. The optimism of present-day rationalism sounds just as shallow to the fact-loving mind. The actual universe is a thing wide open, but rationalism makes systems, and systems must be closed. For men in practical life perfection is something far off and still in process of achievement. This

for rationalism is but the illusion of the finite and relative: the absolute ground of things is a perfection eternally complete.

I find a fine example of revolt against the airy and shallow optimism of current religious philosophy in a publication of that valiant anarchistic writer Morrison I. Swift. Mr. Swift's anarchism goes a little farther than mine does, but I confess that I sympathize a good deal, and some of you, I know, will sympathize heartily with his dissatisfaction with the idealistic optimisms now in vogue. He begins his pamphlet on Human Submission with a series of city reporter's items from newspapers (suicides, deaths from starvation and the like) as specimens of our civilized regime. For instance:

"'After trudging through the snow from one end of the city to the other in the vain hope of securing employment, and with his wife and six children without food and ordered to leave their home in an upper east side tenement house because of non-payment of rent, John Corcoran, a clerk, to-day ended his life by drinking carbolic acid. Corcoran lost his position three weeks ago through illness, and during the period of idleness his scanty savings disappeared. Yesterday he obtained work with a gang of city snow shovelers, but he was too weak from illness and was forced to quit after an hour's trial with the shovel. Then the weary task of looking for employment was again resumed. Thoroughly discouraged, Corcoran returned to his home late last night to find his wife and children without food and the notice of dispossession on the door.' On the following morning he drank the poison.

"The records of many more such cases lie before me (Mr. Swift goes on); an encyclopedia might easily be filled with their kind. These few I cite as an interpretation of the universe. 'We are aware of the presence of God in His world,' says a writer in a recent English Review. (The very presence of ill in the temporal order is the condition of the perfection of the eternal order, writes Professor Royce (The World and the Individual, II, 385).) 'The Absolute is the richer for every discord, and for all diversity which it embraces,' says F. H. Bradley (Appearance and Reality, 204). He means that these slain men make the universe richer, and that is Philosophy. But while Professors Royce and Bradley and a whole host of guileless thoroughfed thinkers are unveiling Reality and the Absolute and explaining away evil and pain, this is the condition of the only beings known to us anywhere in the universe with a developed consciousness of what the universe is. What these people experience IS Reality. It gives us an absolute phase of the universe. It is the personal experience of those most qualified in all our circle of knowledge to HAVE experience, to tell us WHAT is. Now,

what does THINKING ABOUT the experience of these persons come to compared with directly, personally feeling it, as they feel it? The philosophers are dealing in shades, while those who live and feel know truth. And the mind of mankind—not yet the mind of philosophers and of the proprietary class—but of the great mass of the silently thinking and feeling men, is coming to this view. They are judging the universe as they have heretofore permitted the hierophants of religion and learning to judge THEM....

"This Cleveland workingman, killing his children and himself (another of the cited cases), is one of the elemental, stupendous facts of this modern world and of this universe. It cannot be glozed over or minimized away by all the treatises on God, and Love, and Being, helplessly existing in their haughty monumental vacuity. This is one of the simple irreducible elements of this world's life after millions of years of divine opportunity and twenty centuries of Christ. It is in the moral world like atoms or sub-atoms in the physical, primary, indestructible. And what it blazons to man is the...imposture of all philosophy which does not see in such events the consummate factor of conscious experience. These facts invincibly prove religion a nullity. Man will not give religion two thousand centuries or twenty centuries more to try itself and waste human time; its time is up, its probation is ended. Its own record ends it. Mankind has not sons and eternities to spare for trying out discredited systems...." (Morrison I. Swift, Human Submission, Part Second, Philadelphia, Liberty Press, 1905, pp. 4-10.)

Such is the reaction of an empiricist mind upon the rationalist bill of fare. It is an absolute "No, I thank you." "Religion," says Mr. Swift, "is like a sleep-walker to whom actual things are blank." And such, tho possibly less tensely charged with feeling, is the verdict of every seriously inquiring amateur in philosophy to-day who turns to the philosophy-professors for the wherewithal to satisfy the fulness of his nature's needs. Empiricist writers give him a materialism, rationalists give him something religious, but to that religion "actual things are blank." He becomes thus the judge of us philosophers. Tender or tough, he finds us wanting. None of us may treat his verdicts disdainfully, for after all, his is the typically perfect mind, the mind the sum of whose demands is greatest, the mind whose criticisms and dissatisfactions are fatal in the long run.

It is at this point that my own solution begins to appear. I offer the oddly-named thing pragmatism as a philosophy that can satisfy both kinds of demand. It can remain religious like the rationalisms, but at the same time, like the empiricisms, it can preserve the richest intimacy with facts. I hope I may be able to leave many of you with as

favorable an opinion of it as I preserve myself. Yet, as I am near the end of my hour, I will not introduce pragmatism bodily now. I will begin with it on the stroke of the clock next time. I prefer at the present moment to return a little on what I have said.

If any of you here are professional philosophers, and some of you I know to be such, you will doubtless have felt my discourse so far to have been crude in an unpardonable, nay, in an almost incredible degree. Tender-minded and tough-minded, what a barbaric disjunction! And, in general, when philosophy is all compacted of delicate intellectualities and subtleties and scrupulosities, and when every possible sort of combination and transition obtains within its bounds, what a brutal caricature and reduction of highest things to the lowest possible expression is it to represent its field of conflict as a sort of rough-and-tumble fight between two hostile temperaments! What a childishly external view! And again, how stupid it is to treat the abstractness of rationalist systems as a crime, and to damn them because they offer themselves as sanctuaries and places of escape, rather than as prolongations of the world of facts. Are not all our theories just remedies and places of escape? And, if philosophy is to be religious, how can she be anything else than a place of escape from the crassness of reality's surface? What better thing can she do than raise us out of our animal senses and show us another and a nobler home for our minds in that great framework of ideal principles subtending all reality, which the intellect divines? How can principles and general views ever be anything but abstract outlines? Was Cologne Cathedral built without an architect's plan on paper? Is refinement in itself an abomination? Is concrete rudeness the only thing that's true?

Believe me, I feel the full force of the indictment. The picture I have given is indeed monstrously over-simplified and rude. But like all abstractions, it will prove to have its use. If philosophers can treat the life of the universe abstractly, they must not complain of an abstract treatment of the life of philosophy itself. In point of fact the picture I have given is, however coarse and sketchy, literally true. Temperaments with their cravings and refusals do determine men in their philosophies, and always will. The details of systems may be reasoned out piecemeal, and when the student is working at a system, he may often forget the forest for the single tree. But when the labor is accomplished, the mind always performs its big summarizing act, and the system forthwith stands over against one like a living thing, with that strange simple note of individuality which haunts our memory, like the wraith of the man, when a friend or enemy of ours is dead.

Not only Walt Whitman[1] could write "who touches this book touches a man." The books of all the great philosophers are like so many men. Our sense of an essential personal flavor in each one of them, typical but indescribable, is the finest fruit of our own accomplished philosophic education. What the system pretends to be is a picture of the great universe of God. What it is—and oh so flagrantly!—is the revelation of how intensely odd the personal flavor of some fellow creature is. Once reduced to these terms (and all our philosophies get reduced to them in minds made critical by learning) our commerce with the systems reverts to the informal, to the instinctive human reaction of satisfaction or dislike. We grow as peremptory in our rejection or admission, as when a person presents himself as a candidate for our favor; our verdicts are couched in as simple adjectives of praise or dispraise. We measure the total character of the universe as we feel it, against the flavor of the philosophy proffered us, and one word is enough.

1 沃尔特·惠特曼（Walt Whitman，1819—1892），美国诗人，代表作为《草叶集》。

"Statt der lebendigen Natur," we say, "da Gott die Menschen schuf hinein"—that nebulous concoction, that wooden, that straight-laced thing, that crabbed artificiality, that musty schoolroom product, that sick man's dream! Away with it. Away with all of them! Impossible! Impossible!

Our work over the details of his system is indeed what gives us our resultant impression of the philosopher, but it is on the resultant impression itself that we react. Expertness in philosophy is measured by the definiteness of our summarizing reactions, by the immediate perceptive epithet with which the expert hits such complex objects off. But great expertness is not necessary for the epithet to come. Few people have definitely articulated philosophies of their own. But almost everyone has his own peculiar sense of a certain total character in the universe, and of the inadequacy fully to match it of the peculiar systems that he knows. They don't just cover HIS world. One will be too dapper, another too pedantic, a third too much of a job-lot of opinions, a fourth too morbid, and a fifth too artificial, or what not. At any rate he and we know offhand that such philosophies are out of plumb and out of key and out of 'whack,' and have no business to speak up in the universe's name. Plato, Locke, Spinoza, Mill[1], Caird, Hegel—I prudently avoid names nearer home!—I am sure that to many of you, my hearers, these names are little more than reminders of as many curious personal ways of falling short. It would be an obvious absurdity if such ways of taking the universe were actually

true. We philosophers have to reckon with such feelings on your part. In the last resort, I repeat, it will be by them that all our philosophies shall ultimately be judged. The finally victorious way of looking at things will be the most completely IMPRESSIVE way to the normal run of minds.

One word more—namely about philosophies necessarily being abstract outlines. There are outlines and outlines, outlines of buildings that are FAT, conceived in the cube by their planner, and outlines of buildings invented flat on paper, with the aid of ruler and compass. These remain skinny and emaciated even when set up in stone and mortar, and the outline already suggests that result. An outline in itself is meagre, truly, but it does not necessarily suggest a meagre thing. It is the essential meagreness of WHAT IS SUGGESTED by the usual rationalistic philosophies that moves empiricists to their gesture of rejection. The case of Herbert Spencer's system is much to the point here. Rationalists feel his fearful array of insufficiencies. His dry schoolmaster temperament, the hurdy-gurdy monotony of him, his preference for cheap makeshifts in argument, his lack of education even in mechanical principles, and in general the vagueness of all his fundamental ideas, his whole system wooden, as if knocked together out of cracked hemlock boards—and yet the half of England wants to bury him in Westminster Abbey.

1 米尔（Mill，1806—1873），英国无神论哲学家、经济学家。

Why? Why does Spencer call out so much reverence in spite of his weakness in rationalistic eyes? Why should so many educated men who feel that weakness, you and I perhaps, wish to see him in the Abbey notwithstanding?

Simply because we feel his heart to be IN THE RIGHT PLACE philosophically. His principles may be all skin and bone, but at any rate his books try to mould themselves upon the particular shape of this, particular world's carcase. The noise of facts resounds through all his chapters, the citations of fact never cease, he emphasizes facts, turns his face towards their quarter; and that is enough. It means the right kind of thing for the empiricist mind.

The pragmatistic philosophy of which I hope to begin talking in my next lecture preserves as cordial a relation with facts, and, unlike Spencer's philosophy, it neither begins nor ends by turning positive religious constructions out of doors—it treats them cordially as well.

I hope I may lead you to find it just the mediating way of thinking

that you require.

Lecture II What Pragmatism Means

THE SQUIRREL. PRAGMATISM AS A METHOD. HISTORY OF THE METHOD. ITS CHARACTER AND AFFINITIES. HOW IT CONTRASTS WITH RATIONALISM AND INTELLECTUALISM. A "CORRIDOR THEORY." PRAGMATISM AS A THEORY OF TRUTH, EQUIVALENT TO "HUMANISM." EARLIER VIEWS OF MATHEMATICAL, LOGICAL, AND NATURAL TRUTH. MORE RECENT VIEWS. SCHILLER'S AND DEWEY'S "INSTRUMENTAL" VIEW. THE FORMATION OF NEW BELIEFS. OLDER TRUTH ALWAYS HAS TO BE KEPT ACCOUNT OF. OLDER TRUTH AROSE SIMILARLY. THE "HUMANISTIC" DOCTRINE. RATIONALISTIC CRITICISMS OF IT. PRAGMATISM AS MEDIATOR BETWEEN EMPIRICISM AND RELIGION. BARRENNESS OF TRANSCENDENTAL IDEALISM. HOW FAR THE CONCEPT OF THE ABSOLUTE MUST BE CALLED TRUE. THE TRUE IS THE GOOD IN THE WAY OF BELIEF. THE CLASH OF TRUTHS. PRAGMATISM UNSTIFFENS DISCUSSION.

Some years ago, being with a camping party in the mountains, I returned from a solitary ramble to find everyone engaged in a ferocious metaphysical dispute. The corpus of the dispute was a squirrel—a live squirrel supposed to be clinging to one side of a tree-trunk; while over against the tree's opposite side a human being was imagined to stand. This human witness tries to get sight of the squirrel by moving rapidly round the tree, but no matter how fast he goes, the squirrel moves as fast in the opposite direction, and always keeps the tree between himself and the man, so that never a glimpse of him is caught. The resultant metaphysical problem now is this: DOES THE MAN GO ROUND THE SQUIRREL OR NOT? He goes round the tree, sure enough, and the squirrel is on the tree; but does he go round the squirrel? In the unlimited leisure of the wilderness, discussion had been worn threadbare. Everyone had taken sides, and was obstinate; and the numbers on both sides were even. Each side, when I appeared, therefore appealed to me to make it a majority. Mindful of the scholastic adage that whenever you meet a contradiction you must make a distinction, I immediately sought and found one, as follows: "Which party is right," I said, "depends on what you PRACTICALLY MEAN by "going round" the squirrel. If you mean passing from the north of him to the east, then to the south, then to the west, and then to the north of him again, obviously the man does go round him, for he occupies these successive positions. But if on the contrary you mean being first in front of him, then on the right of him, then behind him, then on his left, and finally in front again, it is quite as obvious

that the man fails to go round him, for by the compensating movements the squirrel makes, he keeps his belly turned towards the man all the time, and his back turned away. Make the distinction, and there is no occasion for any farther dispute. You are both right and both wrong according as you conceive the verb 'to go round' in one practical fashion or the other."

Altho one or two of the hotter disputants called my speech a shuffling evasion, saying they wanted no quibbling or scholastic hair-splitting, but meant just plain honest English 'round,' the majority seemed to think that the distinction had assuaged the dispute.

I tell this trivial anecdote because it is a peculiarly simple example of what I wish now to speak of as THE PRAGMATIC METHOD. The pragmatic method is primarily a method of settling metaphysical disputes that otherwise might be interminable. Is the world one or many?—fated or free?—material or spiritual?—here are notions either of which may or may not hold good of the world; and disputes over such notions are unending. The pragmatic method in such cases is to try to interpret each notion by tracing its respective practical consequences. What difference would it practically make to anyone if this notion rather than that notion were true? If no practical difference whatever can be traced, then the alternatives mean practically the same thing, and all dispute is idle. Whenever a dispute is serious, we ought to be able to show some practical difference that must follow from one side or the other's being right.

A glance at the history of the idea will show you still better what pragmatism means. The term is derived from the same Greek word pi rho alpha gamma mu alpha, meaning action, from which our words "practice" and "practical" come. It was first introduced into philosophy by Mr. Charles Peirce in 1878. In an article entitled "How to Make Our Ideas Clear," in the Popular Science Monthly for January of that year (Translated in the Revue Philosophique for January, 1879 (vol. vii).) Mr. Peirce, after pointing out that our beliefs are really rules for action, said that to develope a thought's meaning, we need only determine what conduct it is fitted to produce: that conduct is for us its sole significance. And the tangible fact at the root of all our thought-distinctions, however subtle, is that there is no one of them so fine as to consist in anything but a possible difference of practice. To attain perfect clearness in our thoughts of an object, then, we need only consider what conceivable effects of a practical kind the object may involve—what sensations we are to expect from it, and what reactions we must prepare. Our conception of these effects, whether immediate or remote, is then for us the whole of our conception of the

object, so far as that conception has positive significance at all.

This is the principle of Peirce, the principle of pragmatism. It lay entirely unnoticed by anyone for twenty years, until I, in an address before Professor Howison's philosophical union at the university of California, brought it forward again and made a special application of it to religion. By that date (1898) the times seemed ripe for its reception. The word 'pragmatism' spread, and at present it fairly spots the pages of the philosophic journals. On all hands we find the 'pragmatic movement' spoken of, sometimes with respect, sometimes with contumely, seldom with clear understanding. It is evident that the term applies itself conveniently to a number of tendencies that hitherto have lacked a collective name, and that it has "come to stay."

To take in the importance of Peirce's principle, one must get accustomed to applying it to concrete cases. I found a few years ago that Ostwald, the illustrious Leipzig chemist, had been making perfectly distinct use of the principle of pragmatism in his lectures on the philosophy of science, tho he had not called it by that name.

"All realities influence our practice," he wrote me, "and that influence is their meaning for us. I am accustomed to put questions to my classes in this way: In what respects would the world be different if this alternative or that were true? If I can find nothing that would become different, then the alternative has no sense."

That is, the rival views mean practically the same thing, and meaning, other than practical, there is for us none. Ostwald in a published lecture gives this example of what he means. Chemists have long wrangled over the inner constitution of certain bodies called "tautomerous." Their properties seemed equally consistent with the notion that an instable hydrogen atom oscillates inside of them, or that they are instable mixtures of two bodies. Controversy raged; but never was decided. "It would never have begun," says Ostwald, "if the combatants had asked themselves what particular experimental fact could have been made different by one or the other view being correct. For it would then have appeared that no difference of fact could possibly ensue; and the quarrel was as unreal as if, theorizing in primitive times about the raising of dough by yeast, one party should have invoked a 'brownie,' while another insisted on an 'elf' as the true cause of the phenomenon." ("Theorie und Praxis," Zeitsch. des Oesterreichischen Ingenieur u. Architecten–Vereines, 1905, Nr. 4 u. 6. I find a still more radical pragmatism than Ostwald's[1] in an address by Professor W. S. Franklin: "I think that the sickliest notion of physics, even if a student gets it, is that it is 'the science of masses, molecules

and the ether.' And I think that the healthiest notion, even if a student does not wholly get it, is that physics is the science of the ways of taking hold of bodies and pushing them!" (Science, January 2, 1903.))

It is astonishing to see how many philosophical disputes collapse into insignificance the moment you subject them to this simple test of tracing a concrete consequence. There can BE no difference any-where that doesn't MAKE a difference elsewhere—no difference in abstract truth that doesn't express itself in a difference in concrete fact and in conduct consequent upon that fact, imposed on somebody, somehow, somewhere and somewhen. The whole function of philosophy ought to be to find out what definite difference it will make to you and me, at definite instants of our life, if this world-formula or that world-formula be the true one.

There is absolutely nothing new in the pragmatic method. Socrates[2] was an adept at it. Aristotle[3] used it methodically. Locke, Berkeley[4] and Hume[5] made momentous contributions to truth by its means. Shadworth Hodgson[6] keeps insisting that realities are only what they are "known-as." But these forerunners of pragmatism used it in fragments: they were preluders only. Not until in our time has it generalized itself, become conscious of a universal mission, pretended to a conquering destiny. I believe in that destiny, and I hope I may end by inspiring you with my belief.

1 奥斯特瓦尔德（Ostwald，1853—1932），德国物理化学家、1909年诺贝尔化学奖得主。

2 苏格拉底（Socrates，约公元前469—前399），古希腊雅典哲学家、西方哲学之父。

3 亚里士多德（Aristotle，公元前384—前322），古希腊哲学家、科学家。

4 贝克莱（Berkeley，1685—1753），旅居爱尔兰的英国哲学家。

5 休谟（Hume，1711—1776），苏格兰哲学家、经验主义与怀疑论大师。

6 沙德沃斯·霍奇森（Shadworth Hodgson，1832—1912），英国哲学家。

Pragmatism represents a perfectly familiar attitude in philosophy, the empiricist attitude, but it represents it, as it seems to me, both in a more radical and in a less objectionable form than it has ever yet assumed. A pragmatist turns his back resolutely and once for all upon a lot of inveterate habits dear to professional philosophers. He turns away from abstraction and insufficiency, from verbal solutions, from bad a priori reasons, from fixed principles, closed systems, and pretended absolutes and origins. He turns towards concreteness and adequacy, towards facts, towards action, and towards power. That means the empiricist temper regnant, and the rationalist temper sincerely given up. It means the open air and possibilities of nature, as

against dogma, artificiality and the pretence of finality in truth.

At the same time it does not stand for any special results. It is a method only. But the general triumph of that method would mean an enormous change in what I called in my last lecture the "temperament" of philosophy. Teachers of the ultra-rationalistic type would be frozen out, much as the courtier type is frozen out in republics, as the ultramontane type of priest is frozen out in protestant lands. Science and metaphysics would come much nearer together, would in fact work absolutely hand in hand.

Metaphysics has usually followed a very primitive kind of quest. You know how men have always hankered after unlawful magic, and you know what a great part, in magic, WORDS have always played. If you have his name, or the formula of incantation that binds him, you can control the spirit, genie, afrite, or whatever the power may be. Solomon knew the names of all the spirits, and having their names, he held them subject to his will. So the universe has always appeared to the natural mind as a kind of enigma, of which the key must be sought in the shape of some illuminating or power-bringing word or name. That word names the universe's PRINCIPLE, and to possess it is, after a fashion, to possess the universe itself. "God," "Matter," "Reason," "the Absolute," "Energy," are so many solving names. You can rest when you have them. You are at the end of your metaphysical quest.

But if you follow the pragmatic method, you cannot look on any such word as closing your quest. You must bring out of each word its practical cash-value, set it at work within the stream of your experience. It appears less as a solution, then, than as a program for more work, and more particularly as an indication of the ways in which existing realities may be CHANGED.

THEORIES THUS BECOME INSTRUMENTS, NOT ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, IN WHICH WE CAN REST. We don't lie back upon them, we move forward, and, on occasion, make nature over again by their aid. Pragmatism unstiffens all our theories, limbers them up and sets each one at work. Being nothing essentially new, it harmonizes with many ancient philosophic tendencies. It agrees with nominalism for instance, in always appealing to particulars; with utilitarianism in emphasizing practical aspects; with positivism in its disdain for verbal solutions, useless questions, and metaphysical abstractions.

All these, you see, are ANTI-INTELLECTUALIST tendencies. Against rationalism as a pretension and a method, pragmatism is fully armed and militant. But, at the outset, at least, it stands for no particular

results. It has no dogmas, and no doctrines save its method. As the young Italian pragmatist Papini has well said, it lies in the midst of our theories, like a corridor in a hotel. Innumerable chambers open out of it. In one you may find a man writing an atheistic volume; in the next someone on his knees praying for faith and strength; in a third a chemist investigating a body's properties. In a fourth a system of idealistic metaphysics is being excogitated; in a fifth the impossibility of metaphysics is being shown. But they all own the corridor, and all must pass through it if they want a practicable way of getting into or out of their respective rooms.

No particular results then, so far, but only an attitude of orientation, is what the pragmatic method means. THE ATTITUDE OF LOOKING AWAY FROM FIRST THINGS, PRINCIPLES, "CATEGORIES," SUPPOSED NECESSITIES; AND OF LOOKING TOWARDS LAST THINGS, FRUITS, CONSEQUENCES, FACTS.

So much for the pragmatic method! You may say that I have been praising it rather than explaining it to you, but I shall presently explain it abundantly enough by showing how it works on some familiar problems. Meanwhile the word pragmatism has come to be used in a still wider sense, as meaning also a certain theory of TRUTH. I mean to give a whole lecture to the statement of that theory, after first paving the way, so I can be very brief now. But brevity is hard to follow, so I ask for your redoubled attention for a quarter of an hour. If much remains obscure, I hope to make it clearer in the later lectures.

One of the most successfully cultivated branches of philosophy in our time is what is called inductive logic, the study of the conditions under which our sciences have evolved. Writers on this subject have begun to show a singular unanimity as to what the laws of nature and elements of fact mean, when formulated by mathematicians, physicists and chemists. When the first mathematical, logical and natural uniformities, the first LAWS, were discovered, men were so carried away by the clearness, beauty and simplification that resulted, that they believed themselves to have deciphered authentically the eternal thoughts of the Almighty. His mind also thundered and reverberated in syllogisms. He also thought in conic sections, squares and roots and ratios, and geometrized like Euclid[1]. He made Kepler's laws for the planets to follow; he made velocity increase proportionally to the time in falling bodies; he made the law of the sines for light to obey when refracted; he established the classes, orders, families and genera of plants and animals, and fixed the distances between them. He thought the archetypes of all things, and devised their variations; and when we

rediscover any one of these his wondrous institutions, we seize his mind in its very literal intention.

But as the sciences have developed farther, the notion has gained ground that most, perhaps all, of our laws are only approximations. The laws themselves, moreover, have grown so numerous that there is no counting them; and so many rival formulations are proposed in all the branches of science that investigators have become accustomed to the notion that no theory is absolutely a transcript of reality, but that any one of them may from some point of view be useful. Their great use is to summarize old facts and to lead to new ones. They are only a man-made language, a conceptual shorthand, as someone calls them, in which we write our reports of nature; and languages, as is well known, tolerate much choice of expression and many dialects.

Thus human arbitrariness has driven divine necessity from scientific logic. If I mention the names of Sigwart[2], Mach[3], Ostwald, Pearson[4], Milhaud[5], Poincare[6], Duhem[7], Ruyssen[8], those of you who are students will easily identify the tendency I speak of, and will think of additional names.

1 欧几里德（Euclid，生于约公元前300年），古希腊数学家、欧几里德几何学创始人。

2 西格瓦特（Sigwart，1830—1904），德国哲学家、逻辑学家。

3 马赫（Mach，1838—1916），奥地利物理学家与哲学家。

4 皮尔森（Pearson，1857—1936），英国数学家。

5 米约（Milhaud，1858—1918），法国哲学家与科学历史学家。

6 庞加莱（Poincare，1854—1912），法国数学家、物理学家与科学哲学家。

7 杜亨（Duhem，1861—1916），法国物理学家、数学家、科学哲学家。

8 罗易森（Ruyssen，1868—1967），法国历史学家、哲学家。

Riding now on the front of this wave of scientific logic Messrs. Schiller and Dewey appear with their pragmatistic account of what truth everywhere signifies. Everywhere, these teachers say, "truth" in our ideas and beliefs means the same thing that it means in science. It means, they say, nothing but this, THAT IDEAS (WHICH THEMSELVES ARE BUT PARTS OF OUR EXPERIENCE) BECOME TRUE JUST IN SO FAR AS THEY HELP US TO GET INTO SATISFACTORY RELATION WITH OTHER PARTS OF OUR EXPERIENCE, to summarize them and get about among them by conceptual short-cuts instead of following the interminable succession of particular phenomena. Any idea upon which we can ride, so to speak; any idea that will carry us prosperously from any one part of

our experience to any other part, linking things satisfactorily, working securely, simplifying, saving labor; is true for just so much, true in so far forth, true INSTRUMENTALLY. This is the 'instrumental' view of truth taught so successfully at Chicago, the view that truth in our ideas means their power to 'work,' promulgated so brilliantly at Oxford.

Messrs. Dewey, Schiller and their allies, in reaching this general conception of all truth, have only followed the example of geologists, biologists and philologists. In the establishment of these other sciences, the successful stroke was always to take some simple process actually observable in operation—as denudation by weather, say, or variation from parental type, or change of dialect by incorporation of new words and pronunciations—and then to generalize it, making it apply to all times, and produce great results by summating its effects through the ages.

The observable process which Schiller and Dewey particularly singled out for generalization is the familiar one by which any individual settles into NEW OPINIONS. The process here is always the same. The individual has a stock of old opinions already, but he meets a new experience that puts them to a strain. Somebody contradicts them; or in a reflective moment he discovers that they contradict each other; or he hears of facts with which they are incompatible; or desires arise in him which they cease to satisfy. The result is an inward trouble to which his mind till then had been a stranger, and from which he seeks to escape by modifying his previous mass of opinions. He saves as much of it as he can, for in this matter of belief we are all extreme conservatives. So he tries to change first this opinion, and then that (for they resist change very variously), until at last some new idea comes up which he can graft upon the ancient stock with a minimum of disturbance of the latter, some idea that mediates between the stock and the new experience and runs them into one another most felicitously and expediently.

This new idea is then adopted as the true one. It preserves the older stock of truths with a minimum of modification, stretching them just enough to make them admit the novelty, but conceiving that in ways as familiar as the case leaves possible. An outree explanation, violating all our preconceptions, would never pass for a true account of a novelty. We should scratch round industriously till we found something less excentric. The most violent revolutions in an individual's beliefs leave most of his old order standing. Time and space, cause and effect, nature and history, and one's own biography remain untouched. New truth is always a go-between, a smoother-over

of transitions. It marries old opinion to new fact so as ever to show a minimum of jolt, a maximum of continuity. We hold a theory true just in proportion to its success in solving this 'problem of maxima and minima.' But success in solving this problem is eminently a matter of approximation. We say this theory solves it on the whole more satisfactorily than that theory; but that means more satisfactorily to ourselves, and individuals will emphasize their points of satisfaction differently. To a certain degree, therefore, everything here is plastic.

The point I now urge you to observe particularly is the part played by the older truths. Failure to take account of it is the source of much of the unjust criticism leveled against pragmatism. Their influence is absolutely controlling. Loyalty to them is the first principle—in most cases it is the only principle; for by far the most usual way of handling phenomena so novel that they would make for a serious rearrangement of our preconceptions is to ignore them altogether, or to abuse those who bear witness for them.

You doubtless wish examples of this process of truth's growth, and the only trouble is their superabundance. The simplest case of new truth is of course the mere numerical addition of new kinds of facts, or of new single facts of old kinds, to our experience—an addition that involves no alteration in the old beliefs. Day follows day, and its contents are simply added. The new contents themselves are not true, they simply COME and ARE. Truth is what we say about them, and when we say that they have come, truth is satisfied by the plain additive formula.

But often the day's contents oblige a rearrangement. If I should now utter piercing shrieks and act like a maniac on this platform, it would make many of you revise your ideas as to the probable worth of my philosophy. "Radium" came the other day as part of the day's content, and seemed for a moment to contradict our ideas of the whole order of nature, that order having come to be identified with what is called the conservation of energy. The mere sight of radium paying heat away indefinitely out of its own pocket seemed to violate that conservation. What to think? If the radiations from it were nothing but an escape of unsuspected "potential" energy, pre-existent inside of the atoms, the principle of conservation would be saved. The discovery of "helium" as the radiation's outcome, opened a way to this belief. So Ramsay's[1] view is generally held to be true, because, altho it extends our old ideas of energy, it causes a minimum of alteration in their nature.

I need not multiply instances. A new opinion counts as "true" just in proportion as it gratifies the individual's desire to assimilate the novel

in his experience to his beliefs in stock. It must both lean on old truth and grasp new fact; and its success (as I said a moment ago) in doing this, is a matter for the individual's appreciation. When old truth grows, then, by new truth's addition, it is for subjective reasons. We are in the process and obey the reasons. That new idea is truest which performs most felicitously its function of satisfying our double urgency. It makes itself true, gets itself classed as true, by the way it works; grafting itself then upon the ancient body of truth, which thus grows much as a tree grows by the activity of a new layer of cambium.

1 拉姆齐（Ramsay，1852—1916），苏格兰科学家、氦的发现者。

Now Dewey and Schiller proceed to generalize this observation and to apply it to the most ancient parts of truth. They also once were plastic. They also were called true for human reasons. They also mediated between still earlier truths and what in those days were novel observations. Purely objective truth, truth in whose establishment the function of giving human satisfaction in marrying previous parts of experience with newer parts played no role whatever, is nowhere to be found. The reasons why we call things true is the reason why they ARE true, for "to be true" MEANS only to perform this marriage-function.

The trail of the human serpent is thus over everything. Truth independent; truth that we FIND merely; truth no longer malleable to human need; truth incorrigible, in a word; such truth exists indeed superabundantly—or is supposed to exist by rationalistically minded thinkers; but then it means only the dead heart of the living tree, and its being there means only that truth also has its paleontology and its "prescription," and may grow stiff with years of veteran service and petrified in men's regard by sheer antiquity. But how plastic even the oldest truths nevertheless really are has been vividly shown in our day by the transformation of logical and mathematical ideas, a transformation which seems even to be invading physics. The ancient formulas are reinterpreted as special expressions of much wider principles, principles that our ancestors never got a glimpse of in their present shape and formulation.

Mr. Schiller still gives to all this view of truth the name of "Humanism," but, for this doctrine too, the name of pragmatism seems fairly to be in the ascendant, so I will treat it under the name of pragmatism in these lectures.

Such then would be the scope of pragmatism—first, a method; and

second, a genetic theory of what is meant by truth. And these two things must be our future topics.

What I have said of the theory of truth will, I am sure, have appeared obscure and unsatisfactory to most of you by reason of us brevity. I shall make amends for that hereafter. In a lecture on "common sense" I shall try to show what I mean by truths grown petrified by antiquity. In another lecture I shall expatiate on the idea that our thoughts become true in proportion as they successfully exert their go-between function. In a third I shall show how hard it is to discriminate subjective from objective factors in Truth's development. You may not follow me wholly in these lectures; and if you do, you may not wholly agree with me. But you will, I know, regard me at least as serious, and treat my effort with respectful consideration.

You will probably be surprised to learn, then, that Messrs. Schiller's and Dewey's theories have suffered a hailstorm of contempt and ridicule. All rationalism has risen against them. In influential quarters Mr. Schiller, in particular, has been treated like an impudent schoolboy who deserves a spanking. I should not mention this, but for the fact that it throws so much sidelight upon that rationalistic temper to which I have opposed the temper of pragmatism. Pragmatism is uncomfortable away from facts. Rationalism is comfortable only in the presence of abstractions. This pragmatist talk about truths in the plural, about their utility and satisfactoriness, about the success with which they 'work,' etc., suggests to the typical intellectualist mind a sort of coarse lame second-rate makeshift article of truth. Such truths are not real truth. Such tests are merely subjective. As against this, objective truth must be something non-utilitarian, haughty, refined, remote, august, exalted. It must be an absolute correspondence of our thoughts with an equally absolute reality. It must be what we OUGHT to think, unconditionally. The conditioned ways in which we DO think are so much irrelevance and matter for psychology. Down with psychology, up with logic, in all this question!

See the exquisite contrast of the types of mind! The pragmatist clings to facts and concreteness, observes truth at its work in particular cases, and generalizes. Truth, for him, becomes a class-name for all sorts of definite working-values in experience. For the rationalist it remains a pure abstraction, to the bare name of which we must defer. When the pragmatist undertakes to show in detail just WHY we must defer, the rationalist is unable to recognize the concretes from which his own abstraction is taken. He accuses us of DENYING truth; whereas we have only sought to trace exactly why people follow it and always ought to follow it. Your typical ultra-abstractionist fairly

shudders at concreteness: other things equal, he positively prefers the pale and spectral. If the two universes were offered, he would always choose the skinny outline rather than the rich thicket of reality. It is so much purer, clearer, nobler.

I hope that as these lectures go on, the concreteness and closeness to facts of the pragmatism which they advocate may be what approves itself to you as its most satisfactory peculiarity. It only follows here the example of the sister-sciences, interpreting the unobserved by the observed. It brings old and new harmoniously together. It converts the absolutely empty notion of a static relation of "correspondence" (what that may mean we must ask later) between our minds and reality, into that of a rich and active commerce (that anyone may follow in detail and understand) between particular thoughts of ours, and the great universe of other experiences in which they play their parts and have their uses.

But enough of this at present? The justification of what I say must be postponed. I wish now to add a word in further explanation of the claim I made at our last meeting, that pragmatism may be a happy harmonizer of empiricist ways of thinking, with the more religious demands of human beings.

Men who are strongly of the fact-loving temperament, you may remember me to have said, are liable to be kept at a distance by the small sympathy with facts which that philosophy from the present-day fashion of idealism offers them. It is far too intellectualistic. Old fashioned theism was bad enough, with its notion of God as an exalted monarch, made up of a lot of unintelligible or preposterous "attributes"; but, so long as it held strongly by the argument from design, it kept some touch with concrete realities. Since, however, darwinism has once for all displaced design from the minds of the "scientific," theism has lost that foothold; and some kind of an immanent or pantheistic deity working IN things rather than above them is, if any, the kind recommended to our contemporary imagination. Aspirants to a philosophic religion turn, as a rule, more hopefully nowadays towards idealistic pantheism than towards the older dualistic theism, in spite of the fact that the latter still counts able defenders.

But, as I said in my first lecture, the brand of pantheism offered is hard for them to assimilate if they are lovers of facts, or empirically minded. It is the absolutistic brand, spurning the dust and reared upon pure logic. It keeps no connexion whatever with concreteness. Affirming the Absolute Mind, which is its substitute for God, to be the

rational presupposition of all particulars of fact, whatever they may be, it remains supremely indifferent to what the particular facts in our world actually are. Be they what they may, the Absolute will father them. Like the sick lion in Esop's fable, all footprints lead into his den, but nulla vestigia retrorsum. You cannot redescend into the world of particulars by the Absolute's aid, or deduce any necessary consequences of detail important for your life from your idea of his nature. He gives you indeed the assurance that all is well with Him, and for his eternal way of thinking; but thereupon he leaves you to be finitely saved by your own temporal devices.

Far be it from me to deny the majesty of this conception, or its capacity to yield religious comfort to a most respectable class of minds. But from the human point of view, no one can pretend that it doesn't suffer from the faults of remoteness and abstractness. It is eminently a product of what I have ventured to call the rationalistic temper. It disdains empiricism's needs. It substitutes a pallid outline for the real world's richness. It is dapper; it is noble in the bad sense, in the sense in which to be noble is to be inapt for humble service. In this real world of sweat and dirt, it seems to me that when a view of things is "noble," that ought to count as a presumption against its truth, and as a philosophic disqualification. The prince of darkness may be a gentleman, as we are told he is, but whatever the God of earth and heaven is, he can surely be no gentleman. His menial services are needed in the dust of our human trials, even more than his dignity is needed in the empyrean.

Now pragmatism, devoted tho she be to facts, has no such materialistic bias as ordinary empiricism labors under. Moreover, she has no objection whatever to the realizing of abstractions, so long as you get about among particulars with their aid and they actually carry you somewhere. Interested in no conclusions but those which our minds and our experiences work out together, she has no a priori prejudices against theology. IF THEOLOGICAL IDEAS PROVE TO HAVE A VALUE FOR CONCRETE LIFE, THEY WILL BE TRUE, FOR PRAGMATISM, IN THE SENSE OF BEING GOOD FOR SO MUCH. FOR HOW MUCH MORE THEY ARE TRUE, WILL DEPEND ENTIRELY ON THEIR RELATIONS TO THE OTHER TRUTHS THAT ALSO HAVE TO BE ACKNOWLEDGED.

What I said just now about the Absolute of transcendental idealism is a case in point. First, I called it majestic and said it yielded religious comfort to a class of minds, and then I accused it of remoteness and sterility. But so far as it affords such comfort, it surely is not sterile; it has that amount of value; it performs a concrete function. As a good

pragmatist, I myself ought to call the Absolute true "in so far forth," then; and I unhesitatingly now do so.

But what does TRUE IN SO FAR FORTH mean in this case? To answer, we need only apply the pragmatic method. What do believers in the Absolute mean by saying that their belief affords them comfort? They mean that since in the Absolute finite evil is 'overruled' already, we may, therefore, whenever we wish, treat the temporal as if it were potentially the eternal, be sure that we can trust its outcome, and, without sin, dismiss our fear and drop the worry of our finite responsibility. In short, they mean that we have a right ever and anon to take a moral holiday, to let the world wag in its own way, feeling that its issues are in better hands than ours and are none of our business.

The universe is a system of which the individual members may relax their anxieties occasionally, in which the don't-care mood is also right for men, and moral holidays in order—that, if I mistake not, is part, at least, of what the Absolute is "known-as," that is the great difference in our particular experiences which his being true makes for us, that is part of his cash-value when he is pragmatically interpreted. Farther than that the ordinary lay-reader in philosophy who thinks favorably of absolute idealism does not venture to sharpen his conceptions. He can use the Absolute for so much, and so much is very precious. He is pained at hearing you speak incredulously of the Absolute, therefore, and disregards your criticisms because they deal with aspects of the conception that he fails to follow.

If the Absolute means this, and means no more than this, who can possibly deny the truth of it? To deny it would be to insist that men should never relax, and that holidays are never in order. I am well aware how odd it must seem to some of you to hear me say that an idea is "true" so long as to believe it is profitable to our lives. That it is GOOD, for as much as it profits, you will gladly admit. If what we do by its aid is good, you will allow the idea itself to be good in so far forth, for we are the better for possessing it. But is it not a strange misuse of the word "truth," you will say, to call ideas also "true" for this reason?

To answer this difficulty fully is impossible at this stage of my account.

You touch here upon the very central point of Messrs. Schiller's, Dewey's and my own doctrine of truth, which I cannot discuss with detail until my sixth lecture. Let me now say only this, that truth is

ONE SPECIES OF GOOD, and not, as is usually supposed, a category distinct from good, and co-ordinate with it. THE TRUE IS THE NAME OF WHATEVER PROVES ITSELF TO BE GOOD IN THE WAY OF BELIEF, AND GOOD, TOO, FOR DEFINITE, ASSIGNABLE REASONS. Surely you must admit this, that if there were NO good for life in true ideas, or if the knowledge of them were positively disadvantageous and false ideas the only useful ones, then the current notion that truth is divine and precious, and its pursuit a duty, could never have grown up or become a dogma. In a world like that, our duty would be to SHUN truth, rather. But in this world, just as certain foods are not only agreeable to our taste, but good for our teeth, our stomach and our tissues; so certain ideas are not only agreeable to think about, or agreeable as supporting other ideas that we are fond of, but they are also helpful in life's practical struggles. If there be any life that it is really better we should lead, and if there be any idea which, if believed in, would help us to lead that life, then it would be really BETTER FOR US to believe in that idea, UNLESS, INDEED, BELIEF IN IT INCIDENTALLY CLASHED WITH OTHER GREATER VITAL BENEFITS.

"What would be better for us to believe"! This sounds very like a definition of truth. It comes very near to saying "what we OUGHT to believe": and in THAT definition none of you would find any oddity. Ought we ever not to believe what it is BETTER FOR US to believe? And can we then keep the notion of what is better for us, and what is true for us, permanently apart?

Pragmatism says no, and I fully agree with her. Probably you also agree, so far as the abstract statement goes, but with a suspicion that if we practically did believe everything that made for good in our own personal lives, we should be found indulging all kinds of fancies about this world's affairs, and all kinds of sentimental superstitions about a world hereafter. Your suspicion here is undoubtedly well founded, and it is evident that something happens when you pass from the abstract to the concrete, that complicates the situation.

I said just now that what is better for us to believe is true UNLESS THE BELIEF INCIDENTALLY CLASHES WITH SOME OTHER VITAL BENEFIT. Now in real life what vital benefits is any particular belief of ours most liable to clash with? What indeed except the vital benefits yielded by OTHER BELIEFS when these prove incompatible with the first ones? In other words, the greatest enemy of any one of our truths may be the rest of our truths. Truths have once for all this desperate instinct of self-preservation and of desire to extinguish whatever contradicts them. My belief in the Absolute, based on the good it does

me, must run the gauntlet of all my other beliefs. Grant that it may be true in giving me a moral holiday. Nevertheless, as I conceive it,—and let me speak now confidentially, as it were, and merely in my own private person,—it clashes with other truths of mine whose benefits I hate to give up on its account. It happens to be associated with a kind of logic of which I am the enemy, I find that it entangles me in metaphysical paradoxes that are inacceptable, etc., etc.. But as I have enough trouble in life already without adding the trouble of carrying these intellectual inconsistencies, I personally just give up the Absolute. I just TAKE my moral holidays; or else as a professional philosopher, I try to justify them by some other principle.

If I could restrict my notion of the Absolute to its bare holiday-giving value, it wouldn't clash with my other truths. But we cannot easily thus restrict our hypotheses. They carry supernumerary features, and these it is that clash so. My disbelief in the Absolute means then disbelief in those other supernumerary features, for I fully believe in the legitimacy of taking moral holidays.

You see by this what I meant when I called pragmatism a mediator and reconciler and said, borrowing the word from Papini, that he unstiffens our theories. She has in fact no prejudices whatever, no obstructive dogmas, no rigid canons of what shall count as proof. She is completely genial. She will entertain any hypothesis, she will consider any evidence. It follows that in the religious field she is at a great advantage both over positivistic empiricism, with its anti-theological bias, and over religious rationalism, with its exclusive interest in the remote, the noble, the simple, and the abstract in the way of conception.

In short, she widens the field of search for God. Rationalism sticks to logic and the empyrean. Empiricism sticks to the external senses. Pragmatism is willing to take anything, to follow either logic or the senses, and to count the humblest and most personal experiences. She will count mystical experiences if they have practical consequences. She will take a God who lives in the very dirt of private fact—if that should seem a likely place to find him.

Her only test of probable truth is what works best in the way of leading us, what fits every part of life best and combines with the collectivity of experience's demands, nothing being omitted. If theological ideas should do this, if the notion of God, in particular, should prove to do it, how could pragmatism possibly deny God's existence? She could see no meaning in treating as "not true" a notion that was pragmatically so successful. What other kind of truth could

there be, for her, than all this agreement with concrete reality?

In my last lecture I shall return again to the relations of pragmatism with religion. But you see already how democratic she is. Her manners are as various and flexible, her resources as rich and endless, and her conclusions as friendly as those of mother nature.

Lecture III Some Metaphysical Problems Pragmatically Considered

THE PROBLEM OF SUBSTANCE. THE EUCHARIST. BERKELEY'S PRAGMATIC TREATMENT OF MATERIAL SUBSTANCE. LOCKE'S OF PERSONAL IDENTITY. THE PROBLEM OF MATERIALISM. RATIONALISTIC TREATMENT OF IT. PRAGMATIC TREATMENT. "GOD" IS NO BETTER THAN "MATTER" AS A PRINCIPLE, UNLESS HE PROMISE MORE. PRAGMATIC COMPARISON OF THE TWO PRINCIPLES. THE PROBLEM OF DESIGN. "DESIGN" PER SE IS BARREN. THE QUESTION IS WHAT DESIGN. THE PROBLEM OF "FREE-WILL." ITS RELATIONS TO "ACCOUNTABILITY." FREE-WILL A COSMOLOGICAL THEORY. THE PRAGMATIC ISSUE AT STAKE IN ALL THESE PROBLEMS IS WHAT DO THE ALTERNATIVES PROMISE.

I am now to make the pragmatic method more familiar by giving you some illustrations of its application to particular problems. I will begin with what is driest, and the first thing I shall take will be the problem of Substance. Everyone uses the old distinction between substance and attribute, enshrined as it is in the very structure of human language, in the difference between grammatical subject and predicate. Here is a bit of blackboard crayon. Its modes, attributes, properties, accidents, or affections,—use which term you will,—are whiteness, friability, cylindrical shape, insolubility in water, etc., etc. But the bearer of these attributes is so much chalk, which thereupon is called the substance in which they inhere. So the attributes of this desk inhere in the substance "wood," those of my coat in the substance "wool," and so forth. Chalk, wood and wool, show again, in spite of their differences, common properties, and in so far forth they are themselves counted as modes of a still more primal substance, matter, the attributes of which are space occupancy and impenetrability. Similarly our thoughts and feelings are affections or properties of our several souls, which are substances, but again not wholly in their own right, for they are modes of the still deeper substance "spirit."

Now it was very early seen that all we know of the chalk is the whiteness, friability, etc., all WE KNOW of the wood is the combustibility and fibrous structure. A group of attributes is what each substance here is known-as, they form its sole cash-value for our actual experience. The substance is in every case revealed through THEM; if we were cut off from THEM we should never suspect its existence; and if God should keep sending them to us in an unchanged order, miraculously annihilating at a certain moment the substance

that supported them, we never could detect the moment, for our experiences themselves would be unaltered. Nominalists accordingly adopt the opinion that substance is a spurious idea due to our inveterate human trick of turning names into things.

Phenomena come in groups—the chalk-group, the wood-group, etc.—and each group gets its name. The name we then treat as in a way supporting the group of phenomena. The low thermometer to-day, for instance, is supposed to come from something called the "climate." Climate is really only the name for a certain group of days, but it is treated as if it lay BEHIND the day, and in general we place the name, as if it were a being, behind the facts it is the name of. But the phenomenal properties of things, nominalists say, surely do not really inhere in names, and if not in names then they do not inhere in anything. They ADhere, or COhere, rather, WITH EACH OTHER, and the notion of a substance inaccessible to us, which we think accounts for such cohesion by supporting it, as cement might support pieces of mosaic, must be abandoned. The fact of the bare cohesion itself is all that the notion of the substance signifies. Behind that fact is nothing.

Scholasticism has taken the notion of substance from common sense and made it very technical and articulate. Few things would seem to have fewer pragmatic consequences for us than substances, cut off as we are from every contact with them. Yet in one case scholasticism has proved the importance of the substance-idea by treating it pragmatically. I refer to certain disputes about the mystery of the Eucharist. Substance here would appear to have momentous pragmatic value. Since the accidents of the wafer don't change in the Lord's supper, and yet it has become the very body of Christ, it must be that the change is in the substance solely. The bread-substance must have been withdrawn, and the divine substance substituted miraculously without altering the immediate sensible properties. But tho these don't alter, a tremendous difference has been made, no less a one than this, that we who take the sacrament, now feed upon the very substance of divinity. The substance-notion breaks into life, then, with tremendous effect, if once you allow that substances can separate from their accidents, and exchange these latter.

This is the only pragmatic application of the substance-idea with which I am acquainted; and it is obvious that it will only be treated seriously by those who already believe in the "real presence" on independent grounds.

MATERIAL SUBSTANCE was criticized by Berkeley with such telling effect that his name has reverberated through all subsequent

philosophy. Berkeley's treatment of the notion of matter is so well known as to need hardly more than a mention. So far from denying the external world which we know, Berkeley corroborated it. It was the scholastic notion of a material substance unapproachable by us, BEHIND the external world, deeper and more real than it, and needed to support it, which Berkeley maintained to be the most effective of all reducers of the external world to unreality. Abolish that substance, he said, believe that God, whom you can understand and approach, sends you the sensible world directly, and you confirm the latter and back it up by his divine authority. Berkeley's criticism of 'matter' was consequently absolutely pragmatistic. Matter is known as our sensations of colour, figure, hardness and the like. They are the cash-value of the term. The difference matter makes to us by truly being is that we then get such sensations; by not being, is that we lack them. These sensations then are its sole meaning. Berkeley doesn't deny matter, then; he simply tells us what it consists of. It is a true name for just so much in the way of sensations.

Locke, and later Hume, applied a similar pragmatic criticism to the notion of SPIRITUAL SUBSTANCE. I will only mention Locke's treatment of our "personal identity." He immediately reduces this notion to its pragmatic value in terms of experience. It means, he says, so much "consciousness," namely the fact that at one moment of life we remember other moments, and feel them all as parts of one and the same personal history. Rationalism had explained this practical continuity in our life by the unity of our soul-substance. But Locke says: suppose that God should take away the consciousness, should WE be any the better for having still the soul-principle? Suppose he annexed the same consciousness to different souls, should we, as WE realize OURSELVES, be any the worse for that fact? In Locke's day the soul was chiefly a thing to be rewarded or punished. See how Locke, discussing it from this point of view, keeps the question pragmatic:

Suppose, he says, one to think himself to be the same soul that once was Nestor or Thersites. Can he think their actions his own any more than the actions of any other man that ever existed? But let him once find himself CONSCIOUS of any of the actions of Nestor, he then finds himself the same person with Nestor.... In this personal identity is founded all the right and justice of reward and punishment. It may be reasonable to think, no one shall be made to answer for what he knows nothing of, but shall receive his doom, his consciousness accusing or excusing. Supposing a man punished now for what he had done in another life, whereof he could be made to have no consciousness at all, what difference is there between that punishment and being created miserable?

Our personal identity, then, consists, for Locke, solely in pragmatically definable particulars. Whether, apart from these verifiable facts, it also inheres in a spiritual principle, is a merely curious speculation. Locke, compromiser that he was, passively tolerated the belief in a substantial soul behind our consciousness. But his successor Hume, and most empirical psychologists after him, have denied the soul, save as the name for verifiable cohesions in our inner life. They redescend into the stream of experience with it, and cash it into so much small-change value in the way of "ideas" and their peculiar connexions with each other. As I said of Berkeley's matter, the soul is good or "true" for just SO MUCH, but no more.

The mention of material substance naturally suggests the doctrine of "materialism," but philosophical materialism is not necessarily knit up with belief in "matter," as a metaphysical principle. One may deny matter in that sense, as strongly as Berkeley did, one may be a phenomenalist like Huxley, and yet one may still be a materialist in the wider sense, of explaining higher phenomena by lower ones, and leaving the destinies of the world at the mercy of its blinder parts and forces. It is in this wider sense of the word that materialism is opposed to spiritualism or theism. The laws of physical nature are what run things, materialism says. The highest productions of human genius might be ciphered by one who had complete acquaintance with the facts, out of their physiological conditions, regardless whether nature be there only for our minds, as idealists contend, or not. Our minds in any case would have to record the kind of nature it is, and write it down as operating through blind laws of physics. This is the complexion of present day materialism, which may better be called naturalism. Over against it stands "theism," or what in a wide sense may be termed "spiritualism." Spiritualism says that mind not only witnesses and records things, but also runs and operates them: the world being thus guided, not by its lower, but by its higher element.

Treated as it often is, this question becomes little more than a conflict between aesthetic preferences. Matter is gross, coarse, crass, muddy; spirit is pure, elevated, noble; and since it is more consonant with the dignity of the universe to give the primacy in it to what appears superior, spirit must be affirmed as the ruling principle. To treat abstract principles as finalities, before which our intellects may come to rest in a state of admiring contemplation, is the great rationalist failing. Spiritualism, as often held, may be simply a state of admiration for one kind, and of dislike for another kind, of abstraction. I remember a worthy spiritualist professor who always referred to materialism as the "mud-philosophy," and deemed it thereby refuted.

To such spiritualism as this there is an easy answer, and Mr. Spencer makes it effectively. In some well-written pages at the end of the first volume of his Psychology he shows us that a "matter" so infinitely subtle, and performing motions as inconceivably quick and fine as those which modern science postulates in her explanations, has no trace of grossness left. He shows that the conception of spirit, as we mortals hitherto have framed it, is itself too gross to cover the exquisite tenuity of nature's facts. Both terms, he says, are but symbols, pointing to that one unknowable reality in which their oppositions cease.

To an abstract objection an abstract rejoinder suffices; and so far as one's opposition to materialism springs from one's disdain of matter as something "crass," Mr. Spencer cuts the ground from under one. Matter is indeed infinitely and incredibly refined. To anyone who has ever looked on the face of a dead child or parent the mere fact that matter COULD have taken for a time that precious form, ought to make matter sacred ever after. It makes no difference what the PRINCIPLE of life may be, material or immaterial, matter at any rate co-operates, lends itself to all life's purposes. That beloved incarnation was among matter's possibilities.

But now, instead of resting in principles after this stagnant intellectualist fashion, let us apply the pragmatic method to the question. What do we MEAN by matter? What practical difference can it make NOW that the world should be run by matter or by spirit? I think we find that the problem takes with this a rather different character.

And first of all I call your attention to a curious fact. It makes not a single jot of difference so far as the PAST of the world goes, whether we deem it to have been the work of matter or whether we think a divine spirit was its author.

Imagine, in fact, the entire contents of the world to be once for all irrevocably given. Imagine it to end this very moment, and to have no future; and then let a theist and a materialist apply their rival explanations to its history. The theist shows how a God made it; the materialist shows, and we will suppose with equal success, how it resulted from blind physical forces. Then let the pragmatist be asked to choose between their theories. How can he apply his test if the world is already completed? Concepts for him are things to come back into experience with, things to make us look for differences. But by hypothesis there is to be no more experience and no possible differences can now be looked for. Both theories have shown all their

consequences and, by the hypothesis we are adopting, these are identical. The pragmatist must consequently say that the two theories, in spite of their different-sounding names, mean exactly the same thing, and that the dispute is purely verbal. (I am opposing, of course, that the theories HAVE been equally successful in their explanations of what is.)

For just consider the case sincerely, and say what would be the WORTH of a God if he WERE there, with his work accomplished and his world run down. He would be worth no more than just that world was worth. To that amount of result, with its mixed merits and defects, his creative power could attain, but go no farther. And since there is to be no future; since the whole value and meaning of the world has been already paid in and actualized in the feelings that went with it in the passing, and now go with it in the ending; since it draws no supplemental significance (such as our real world draws) from its function of preparing something yet to come; why then, by it we take God's measure, as it were. He is the Being who could once for all do THAT; and for that much we are thankful to him, but for nothing more. But now, on the contrary hypothesis, namely, that the bits of matter following their laws could make that world and do no less, should we not be just as thankful to them? Wherein should we suffer loss, then, if we dropped God as an hypothesis and made the matter alone responsible? Where would any special deadness, or crassness, come in? And how, experience being what is once for all, would God's presence in it make it any more living or richer?

Candidly, it is impossible to give any answer to this question. The actually experienced world is supposed to be the same in its details on either hypothesis, "the same, for our praise or blame," as Browning says. It stands there indefeasibly: a gift which can't be taken back. Calling matter the cause of it retracts no single one of the items that have made it up, nor does calling God the cause augment them. They are the God or the atoms, respectively, of just that and no other world. The God, if there, has been doing just what atoms could do—appearing in the character of atoms, so to speak—and earning such gratitude as is due to atoms, and no more. If his presence lends no different turn or issue to the performance, it surely can lend it no increase of dignity. Nor would indignity come to it were he absent, and did the atoms remain the only actors on the stage. When a play is once over, and the curtain down, you really make it no better by claiming an illustrious genius for its author, just as you make it no worse by calling him a common hack.

Thus if no future detail of experience or conduct is to be deduced from

our hypothesis, the debate between materialism and theism becomes quite idle and insignificant. Matter and God in that event mean exactly the same thing—the power, namely, neither more nor less, that could make just this completed world—and the wise man is he who in such a case would turn his back on such a supererogatory discussion. Accordingly, most men instinctively, and positivists and scientists deliberately, do turn their backs on philosophical disputes from which nothing in the line of definite future consequences can be seen to follow. The verbal and empty character of philosophy is surely a reproach with which we are, but too familiar. If pragmatism be true, it is a perfectly sound reproach unless the theories under fire can be shown to have alternative practical outcomes, however delicate and distant these may be. The common man and the scientist say they discover no such outcomes, and if the metaphysician can discern none either, the others certainly are in the right of it, as against him. His science is then but pompous trifling; and the endowment of a professorship for such a being would be silly.

Accordingly, in every genuine metaphysical debate some practical issue, however conjectural and remote, is involved. To realize this, revert with me to our question, and place yourselves this time in the world we live in, in the world that HAS a future, that is yet uncompleted whilst we speak. In this unfinished world the alternative of "materialism or theism?" is intensely practical; and it is worth while for us to spend some minutes of our hour in seeing that it is so.

How, indeed, does the program differ for us, according as we consider that the facts of experience up to date are purposeless configurations of blind atoms moving according to eternal laws, or that on the other hand they are due to the providence of God? As far as the past facts go, indeed there is no difference. Those facts are in, are bagged, are captured; and the good that's in them is gained, be the atoms or be the God their cause. There are accordingly many materialists about us to-day who, ignoring altogether the future and practical aspects of the question, seek to eliminate the odium attaching to the word materialism, and even to eliminate the word itself, by showing that, if matter could give birth to all these gains, why then matter, functionally considered, is just as divine an entity as God, in fact coalesces with God, is what you mean by God. Cease, these persons advise us, to use either of these terms, with their outgrown opposition. Use a term free of the clerical connotations, on the one hand; of the suggestion of gross-ness, coarseness, ignobility, on the other. Talk of the primal mystery, of the unknowable energy, of the one and only power, instead of saying either God or matter. This is the course to which Mr. Spencer urges us; and if philosophy were purely

retrospective, he would thereby proclaim himself an excellent pragmatist.

But philosophy is prospective also, and, after finding what the world has been and done and yielded, still asks the further question "what does the world PROMISE?" Give us a matter that promises SUCCESS, that is bound by its laws to lead our world ever nearer to perfection, and any rational man will worship that matter as readily as Mr. Spencer worships his own so-called unknowable power. It not only has made for righteousness up to date, but it will make for righteousness forever; and that is all we need. Doing practically all that a God can do, it is equivalent to God, its function is a God's function, and is exerted in a world in which a God would now be superfluous; from such a world a God could never lawfully be missed. "Cosmic emotion" would here be the right name for religion.

But is the matter by which Mr. Spencer's process of cosmic evolution is carried on any such principle of never-ending perfection as this? Indeed it is not, for the future end of every cosmically evolved thing or system of things is foretold by science to be death and tragedy; and Mr. Spencer, in confining himself to the aesthetic and ignoring the practical side of the controversy, has really contributed nothing serious to its relief. But apply now our principle of practical results, and see what a vital significance the question of materialism or theism immediately acquires.

Theism and materialism, so indifferent when taken retrospectively, point, when we take them prospectively, to wholly different outlooks of experience. For, according to the theory of mechanical evolution, the laws of redistribution of matter and motion, tho they are certainly to thank for all the good hours which our organisms have ever yielded us and for all the ideals which our minds now frame, are yet fatally certain to undo their work again, and to redissolve everything that they have once evolved. You all know the picture of the last state of the universe which evolutionary science foresees. I cannot state it better than in Mr. Balfour's words: "The energies of our system will decay, the glory of the sun will be dimmed, and the earth, tideless and inert, will no longer tolerate the race which has for a moment disturbed its solitude. Man will go down into the pit, and all his thoughts will perish. The uneasy, consciousness which in this obscure corner has for a brief space broken the contented silence of the universe, will be at rest. Matter will know itself no longer. 'Imperishable monuments' and 'immortal deeds,' death itself, and love stronger than death, will be as though they had never been. Nor will anything that is, be better or be worse for all that the labour, genius,

devotion, and suffering of man have striven through countless generations to effect." (The Foundations of Belief, p. 30.)

That is the sting of it, that in the vast driftings of the cosmic weather, tho many a jeweled shore appears, and many an enchanted cloud-bank floats away, long lingering ere it be dissolved—even as our world now lingers, for our joy-yet when these transient products are gone, nothing, absolutely NOTHING remains, of represent those particular qualities, those elements of preciousness which they may have enshrined. Dead and gone are they, gone utterly from the very sphere and room of being. Without an echo; without a memory; without an influence on aught that may come after, to make it care for similar ideals. This utter final wreck and tragedy is of the essence of scientific materialism as at present understood. The lower and not the higher forces are the eternal forces, or the last surviving forces within the only cycle of evolution which we can definitely see. Mr. Spencer believes this as much as anyone; so why should he argue with us as if we were making silly aesthetic objections to the "grossness" of "matter and motion," the principles of his philosophy, when what really dismays us is the disconsolateness of its ulterior practical results?

No the true objection to materialism is not positive but negative. It would be farcical at this day to make complaint of it for what it IS, for "grossness." Grossness is what grossness DOES—we now know THAT. We make complaint of it, on the contrary, for what it is NOT—not a permanent warrant for our more ideal interests, not a fulfiller of our remotest hopes.

The notion of God, on the other hand, however inferior it may be in clearness to those mathematical notions so current in mechanical philosophy, has at least this practical superiority over them, that it guarantees an ideal order that shall be permanently preserved. A world with a God in it to say the last word, may indeed burn up or freeze, but we then think of him as still mindful of the old ideals and sure to bring them elsewhere to fruition; so that, where he is, tragedy is only provisional and partial, and shipwreck and dissolution not the absolutely final things. This need of an eternal moral order is one of the deepest needs of our breast. And those poets, like Dante and Wordsworth[1], who live on the conviction of such an order, owe to that fact the extraordinary tonic and consoling power of their verse. Here then, in these different emotional and practical appeals, in these adjustments of our concrete attitudes of hope and expectation, and all the delicate consequences which their differences entail, lie the real meanings of materialism and spiritualism—not in hair-splitting abstractions about matter's inner essence, or about the metaphysical

attributes of God. Materialism means simply the denial that the moral order is eternal, and the cutting off of ultimate hopes; spiritualism means the affirmation of an eternal moral order and the letting loose of hope. Surely here is an issue genuine enough, for anyone who feels it; and, as long as men are men, it will yield matter for a serious philosophic debate.

1 华兹华斯（Words-worth，1770—1850），英国浪漫主义诗人。

But possibly some of you may still rally to their defence. Even whilst admitting that spiritualism and materialism make different prophecies of the world's future, you may yourselves pooh-pooh the difference as something so infinitely remote as to mean nothing for a sane mind. The essence of a sane mind, you may say, is to take shorter views, and to feel no concern about such chimaeras as the latter end of the world. Well, I can only say that if you say this, you do injustice to human nature. Religious melancholy is not disposed of by a simple flourish of the word insanity. The absolute things, the last things, the overlapping things, are the truly philosophic concerns; all superior minds feel seriously about them, and the mind with the shortest views is simply the mind of the more shallow man.

The issues of fact at stake in the debate are of course vaguely enough conceived by us at present. But spiritualistic faith in all its forms deals with a world of PROMISE, while materialism's sun sets in a sea of disappointment. Remember what I said of the Absolute: it grants us moral holidays. Any religious view does this. It not only incites our more strenuous moments, but it also takes our joyous, careless, trustful moments, and it justifies them. It paints the grounds of justification vaguely enough, to be sure. The exact features of the saving future facts that our belief in God insures, will have to be ciphered out by the interminable methods of science: we can STUDY our God only by studying his Creation. But we can ENJOY our God, if we have one, in advance of all that labor. I myself believe that the evidence for God lies primarily in inner personal experiences. When they have once given you your God, his name means at least the benefit of the holiday. You remember what I said yesterday about the way in which truths clash and try to 'down' each other. The truth of "God" has to run the gauntlet of all our other truths. It is on trial by them and they on trial by it. Our FINAL opinion about God can be settled only after all the truths have straightened themselves out together. Let us hope that they shall find a modus vivendi!

Let me pass to a very cognate philosophic problem, the QUESTION of

DESIGN IN NATURE. God's existence has from time immemorial been held to be proved by certain natural facts. Many facts appear as if expressly designed in view of one another. Thus the woodpecker's bill, tongue, feet, tail, etc., fit him wondrously for a world of trees with grubs hid in their bark to feed upon. The parts of our eye fit the laws of light to perfection, leading its rays to a sharp picture on our retina. Such mutual fitting of things diverse in origin argued design, it was held; and the designer was always treated as a man-loving deity.

The first step in these arguments was to prove that the design existed. Nature was ransacked for results obtained through separate things being co-adapted. Our eyes, for instance, originate in intra-uterine darkness, and the light originates in the sun, yet see how they fit each other. They are evidently made FOR each other. Vision is the end designed, light and eyes the separate means devised for its attainment.

It is strange, considering how unanimously our ancestors felt the force of this argument, to see how little it counts for since the triumph of the darwinian theory. Darwin opened our minds to the power of chance-happenings to bring forth "fit" results if only they have time to add themselves together. He showed the enormous waste of nature in producing results that get destroyed because of their unfitness. He also emphasized the number of adaptations which, if designed, would argue an evil rather than a good designer. Here all depends upon the point of view. To the grub under the bark the exquisite fitness of the woodpecker's organism to extract him would certainly argue a diabolical designer.

Theologians have by this time stretched their minds so as to embrace the darwinian facts, and yet to interpret them as still showing divine purpose. It used to be a question of purpose AGAINST mechanism, of one OR the other. It was as if one should say "My shoes are evidently designed to fit my feet, hence it is impossible that they should have been produced by machinery." We know that they are both: they are made by a machinery itself designed to fit the feet with shoes. Theology need only stretch similarly the designs of God. As the aim of a football-team is not merely to get the ball to a certain goal (if that were so, they would simply get up on some dark night and place it there), but to get it there by a fixed MACHINERY OF CONDITIONS—the game's rules and the opposing players; so the aim of God is not merely, let us say, to make men and to save them, but rather to get this done through the sole agency of nature's vast machinery. Without nature's stupendous laws and counterforces, man's creation and perfection, we might suppose, would be too insipid achievements for God to have designed them.

This saves the form of the design-argument at the expense of its old easy human content. The designer is no longer the old man-like deity. His designs have grown so vast as to be incomprehensible to us humans. The WHAT of them so overwhelms us that to establish the mere THAT of a designer for them becomes of very little consequence in comparison. We can with difficulty comprehend the character of a cosmic mind whose purposes are fully revealed by the strange mixture of goods and evils that we find in this actual world's particulars. Or rather we cannot by any possibility comprehend it. The mere word "design" by itself has, we see, no consequences and explains nothing. It is the barrenest of principles. The old question of WHETHER there is design is idle. The real question is WHAT is the world, whether or not it have a designer—and that can be revealed only by the study of all nature's particulars.

Remember that no matter what nature may have produced or may be producing, the means must necessarily have been adequate, must have been FITTED TO THAT PRODUCTION. The argument from fitness to design would consequently always apply, whatever were the product's character. The recent Mont-Pelee eruption, for example, required all previous history to produce that exact combination of ruined houses, human and animal corpses, sunken ships, volcanic ashes, etc., in just that one hideous configuration of positions. France had to be a nation and colonize Martinique[1]. Our country had to exist and send our ships there. IF God aimed at just that result, the means by which the centuries bent their influences towards it, showed exquisite intelligence. And so of any state of things whatever, either in nature or in history, which we find actually realized. For the parts of things must always make SOME definite resultant, be it chaotic or harmonious. When we look at what has actually come, the conditions must always appear perfectly designed to ensure it. We can always say, therefore, in any conceivable world, of any conceivable character, that the whole cosmic machinery MAY have been designed to produce it.

1 马丁尼克（Martinique）加勒比海岛屿，法国海外领地之一。

Pragmatically, then, the abstract word "design" is a blank cartridge. It carries no consequences, it does no execution. What sort of design? and what sort of a designer? are the only serious questions, and the study of facts is the only way of getting even approximate answers. Meanwhile, pending the slow answer from facts, anyone who insists that there is a designer and who is sure he is a divine one, gets a certain pragmatic benefit from the term—the same, in fact which we

saw that the terms God, Spirit, or the Absolute, yield us "Design," worthless tho it be as a mere rationalistic principle set above or behind things for our admiration, becomes, if our faith concretes it into something theistic, a term of PROMISE. Returning with it into experience, we gain a more confiding outlook on the future. If not a blind force but a seeing force runs things, we may reasonably expect better issues. This vague confidence in the future is the sole pragmatic meaning at present discernible in the terms design and designer. But if cosmic confidence is right not wrong, better not worse, that is a most important meaning. That much at least of possible "truth" the terms will then have in them.

Let me take up another well-worn controversy, THE FREE-WILL PROBLEM. Most persons who believe in what is called their free-will do so after the rationalistic fashion. It is a principle, a positive faculty or virtue added to man, by which his dignity is enigmatically augmented. He ought to believe it for this reason. Determinists, who deny it, who say that individual men originate nothing, but merely transmit to the future the whole push of the past cosmos of which they are so small an expression, diminish man. He is less admirable, stripped of this creative principle. I imagine that more than half of you share our instinctive belief in free-will, and that admiration of it as a principle of dignity has much to do with your fidelity.

But free-will has also been discussed pragmatically, and, strangely enough, the same pragmatic interpretation has been put upon it by both disputants. You know how large a part questions of ACCOUNTABILITY have played in ethical controversy. To hear some persons, one would suppose that all that ethics aims at is a code of merits and demerits. Thus does the old legal and theological leaven, the interest in crime and sin and punishment abide with us. "Who's to blame? whom can we punish? whom will God punish?" —these preoccupations hang like a bad dream over man's religious history.

So both free-will and determinism have been inveighed against and called absurd, because each, in the eyes of its enemies, has seemed to prevent the "imputability" of good or bad deeds to their authors. Queer antinomy this! Free-will means novelty, the grafting on to the past of something not involved therein. If our acts were predetermined, if we merely transmitted the push of the whole past, the free-willists say, how could we be praised or blamed for anything? We should be "agents" only, not "principals," and where then would be our precious imputability and responsibility?

But where would it be if we HAD free-will? rejoin the determinists. If

a "free" act be a sheer novelty, that comes not FROM me, the previous me, but ex nihilo, and simply tacks itself on to me, how can—I—, the previous I, be responsible? How can I have any permanent CHARACTER that will stand still long enough for praise or blame to be awarded? The chaplet of my days tumbles into a cast of disconnected beads as soon as the thread of inner necessity is drawn out by the preposterous indeterminist doctrine.

Messrs. Fullerton[1] and McTaggart[2] have recently laid about them doughtily with this argument.

1 富勒顿（Fullerton，1859—1925），美国哲学家与心理学家。

2 麦克塔格特（McTaggart，1866—1925），英国唯心主义玄学家。

It may be good ad hominem, but otherwise it is pitiful. For I ask you, quite apart from other reasons, whether any man, woman or child, with a sense for realities, ought not to be ashamed to plead such principles as either dignity or imputability. Instinct and utility between them can safely be trusted to carry on the social business of punishment and praise. If a man does good acts we shall praise him, if he does bad acts we shall punish him—anyhow, and quite apart from theories as to whether the acts result from what was previous in him or are novelties in a strict sense. To make our human ethics revolve about the question of "merit" is a piteous unreality—God alone can know our merits, if we have any. The real ground for supposing free-will is indeed pragmatic, but it has nothing to do with this contemptible right to punish which had made such a noise in past discussions of the subject.

Free-will pragmatically means NOVELTIES IN THE WORLD, the right to expect that in its deepest elements as well as in its surface phenomena, the future may not identically repeat and imitate the past. That imitation en masse is there, who can deny? The general "uniformity of nature" is presupposed by every lesser law. But nature may be only approximately uniform; and persons in whom knowledge of the world's past has bred pessimism (or doubts as to the world's good character, which become certainties if that character be supposed eternally fixed) may naturally welcome free-will as a MELIORISTIC doctrine. It holds up improvement as at least possible; whereas determinism assures us that our whole notion of possibility is born of human ignorance, and that necessity and impossibility between them rule the destinies of the world.

Free-will is thus a general cosmological theory of PROMISE, just like

the Absolute, God, Spirit or Design. Taken abstractly, no one of these terms has any inner content, none of them gives us any picture, and no one of them would retain the least pragmatic value in a world whose character was obviously perfect from the start. Elation at mere existence, pure cosmic emotion and delight, would, it seems to me, quench all interest in those speculations, if the world were nothing but a lubberland of happiness already. Our interest in religious metaphysics arises in the fact that our empirical future feels to us unsafe, and needs some higher guarantee. If the past and present were purely good, who could wish that the future might possibly not resemble them? Who could desire free-will? Who would not say, with Huxley, "let me be wound up every day like a watch, to go right fatally, and I ask no better freedom." "Freedom" in a world already perfect could only mean freedom to BE WORSE, and who could be so insane as to wish that? To be necessarily what it is, to be impossibly aught else, would put the last touch of perfection upon optimism's universe. Surely the only POSSIBILITY that one can rationally claim is the possibility that things may be BETTER. That possibility, I need hardly say, is one that, as the actual world goes, we have ample grounds for desiderating.

Free-will thus has no meaning unless it be a doctrine of RELIEF. As such, it takes its place with other religious doctrines. Between them, they build up the old wastes and repair the former desolations. Our spirit, shut within this courtyard of sense-experience, is always saying to the intellect upon the tower: "Watchman, tell us of the night, if it aught of promise bear," and the intellect gives it then these terms of promise.

Other than this practical significance, the words God, free-will, design, etc., have none. Yet dark tho they be in themselves, or intellectualistically taken, when we bear them into life's thicket with us the darkness THERE grows light about us. If you stop, in dealing with such words, with their definition, thinking that to be an intellectual finality, where are you? Stupidly staring at a pretentious sham! "Deus est Ens, a se, extra et supra omne genus, necessarium, unum, infinite perfectum, simplex, immutabile, immensum, aeternum, intelligens," etc.,—wherein is such a definition really instructive? It means less, than nothing, in its pompous robe of adjectives. Pragmatism alone can read a positive meaning into it, and for that she turns her back upon the intellectualist point of view altogether. "God's in his heaven; all's right with the world!" —THAT'S the heart of your theology, and for that you need no rationalist definitions.

Why shouldn't we all of us, rationalists as well as pragmatists, confess

this? Pragmatism, so far from keeping her eyes bent on the immediate practical foreground, as she is accused of doing, dwells just as much upon the world's remotest perspectives.

See then how all these ultimate questions turn, as it were, up their hinges; and from looking backwards upon principles, upon an erkenntnisstheoretische Ich, a God, a Kausalitaetsprinzip, a Design, a Free-will, taken in themselves, as something august and exalted above facts,—see, I say, how pragmatism shifts the emphasis and looks forward into facts themselves. The really vital question for us all is, What is this world going to be? What is life eventually to make of itself? The centre of gravity of philosophy must therefore alter its place. The earth of things, long thrown into shadow by the glories of the upper ether, must resume its rights. To shift the emphasis in this way means that philosophic questions will fall to be treated by minds of a less abstractionist type than heretofore, minds more scientific and individualistic in their tone yet not irreligious either. It will be an alteration in "the seat of authority" that reminds one almost of the protestant reformation. And as, to papal minds, protestantism has often seemed a mere mess of anarchy and confusion, such, no doubt, will pragmatism often seem to ultra-rationalist minds in philosophy. It will seem so much sheer trash, philosophically. But life wags on, all the same, and compasses its ends, in protestant countries. I venture to think that philosophic protestantism will compass a not dissimilar prosperity.

Lecture IV The One and the Many

TOTAL REFLECTION. PHILOSOPHY SEEKS NOT ONLY UNITY, BUT TOTALITY. RATIONALISTIC FEELING ABOUT UNITY. PRAGMATICALLY CONSIDERED, THE WORLD IS ONE IN MANY WAYS. ONE TIME AND SPACE. ONE SUBJECT OF DISCOURSE. ITS PARTS INTERACT. ITS ONENESS AND MANYNESS ARE CO-ORDINATE. QUESTION OF ONE ORIGIN. GENERIC ONENESS. ONE PURPOSE. ONE STORY. ONE KNOWER. VALUE OF PRAGMATIC METHOD. ABSOLUTE MONISM. VIVEKANANDA[1]. VARIOUS TYPES OF UNION DISCUSSED. CONCLUSION: WE MUST OPPOSE MONISTIC DOGMATISM AND FOLLOW EMPIRICAL FINDINGS.

1 维威克南达（Vive-knanda，1863—1902），19世纪印度传奇宗教领袖罗摩克里希纳（Ramakrishna）的门徒。

We saw in the last lecture that the pragmatic method, in its dealings with certain concepts, instead of ending with admiring contemplation, plunges forward into the river of experience with them and prolongs the perspective by their means. Design, free-will, the absolute mind, spirit instead of matter, have for their sole meaning a better promise as to this world's outcome. Be they false or be they true, the meaning of them is this meliorism. I have sometimes thought of the phenomenon called "total reflexion" in optics as a good symbol of the relation between abstract ideas and concrete realities, as pragmatism conceives it. Hold a tumbler of water a little above your eyes and look up through the water at its surface—or better still look similarly through the flat wall of an aquarium. You will then see an extraordinarily brilliant reflected image say of a candle-flame, or any other clear object, situated on the opposite side of the vessel. No candle-ray, under these circumstances gets beyond the water's surface: every ray is totally reflected back into the depths again. Now let the water represent the world of sensible facts, and let the air above it represent the world of abstract ideas. Both worlds are real, of course, and interact; but they interact only at their boundary, and the locus of everything that lives, and happens to us, so far as full experience goes, is the water. We are like fishes swimming in the sea of sense, bounded above by the superior element, but unable to breathe it pure or penetrate it. We get our oxygen from it, however, we touch it incessantly, now in this part, now in that, and every time we touch it we are reflected back into the water with our course re-determined and re-energized. The abstract ideas of which the air consists, indispensable for life, but irrespirable by themselves, as it were, and

only active in their re-directing function. All similes are halting but this one rather takes my fancy. It shows how something, not sufficient for life in itself, may nevertheless be an effective determinant of life elsewhere.

In this present hour I wish to illustrate the pragmatic method by one more application. I wish to turn its light upon the ancient problem of "the one and the many." I suspect that in but few of you has this problem occasioned sleepless nights, and I should not be astonished if some of you told me it had never vexed you. I myself have come, by long brooding over it, to consider it the most central of all philosophic problems, central because so pregnant. I mean by this that if you know whether a man is a decided monist or a decided pluralist, you perhaps know more about the rest of his opinions than if you give him any other name ending in IST. To believe in the one or in the many, that is the classification with the maximum number of consequences. So bear with me for an hour while I try to inspire you with my own interest in the problem.

Philosophy has often been defined as the quest or the vision of the world's unity. We never hear this definition challenged, and it is true as far as it goes, for philosophy has indeed manifested above all things its interest in unity. But how about the VARIETY in things? Is that such an irrelevant matter? If instead of using the term philosophy, we talk in general of our intellect and its needs we quickly see that unity is only one of these. Acquaintance with the details of fact is always reckoned, along with their reduction to system, as an indispensable mark of mental greatness. Your "scholarly" mind, of encyclopedic, philological type, your man essentially of learning, has never lacked for praise along with your philosopher. What our intellect really aims at is neither variety nor unity taken singly but totality.(Compare A. Bellanger: Les concepts de Cause, et l'activite intentionelle de l'Esprit. Paris, Alcan, 1905, p.79 ff.) In this, acquaintance with reality's diversities is as important as understanding their connexion. The human passion of curiosity runs on all fours with the systematizing passion.

In spite of this obvious fact the unity of things has always been considered more illustrious, as it were, than their variety. When a young man first conceives the notion that the whole world forms one great fact, with all its parts moving abreast, as it were, and interlocked, he feels as if he were enjoying a great insight, and looks superciliously on all who still fall short of this sublime conception. Taken thus abstractly as it first comes to one, the monistic insight is so vague as hardly to seem worth defending intellectually. Yet probably everyone in this audience in some way cherishes it. A certain abstract

monism, a certain emotional response to the character of oneness, as if it were a feature of the world not coordinate with its manyness, but vastly more excellent and eminent, is so prevalent in educated circles that we might almost call it a part of philosophic common sense. Of COURSE the world is one, we say. How else could it be a world at all? Empiricists as a rule, are as stout monists of this abstract kind as rationalists are.

The difference is that the empiricists are less dazzled. Unity doesn't blind them to everything else, doesn't quench their curiosity for special facts, whereas there is a kind of rationalist who is sure to interpret abstract unity mystically and to forget everything else, to treat it as a principle; to admire and worship it; and thereupon to come to a full stop intellectually.

"The world is One!"—the formula may become a sort of number-worship. "Three" and "seven" have, it is true, been reckoned sacred numbers; but, abstractly taken, why is "one" more excellent than "forty-three," or than "two million and ten"? In this first vague conviction of the world's unity, there is so little to take hold of that we hardly know what we mean by it.

The only way to get forward with our notion is to treat it pragmatically. Granting the oneness to exist, what facts will be different in consequence? What will the unity be known-as? The world is one—yes, but HOW one? What is the practical value of the oneness for US?

Asking such questions, we pass from the vague to the definite, from the abstract to the concrete. Many distinct ways in which oneness predicated of the universe might make a difference, come to view. I will note successively the more obvious of these ways.

1. First, the world is at least ONE SUBJECT OF DISCOURSE. If its manyness were so irremediable as to permit NO union whatever of its parts, not even our minds could 'mean' the whole of it at once: the world be like eyes trying to look in opposite directions. But in point of fact we mean to cover the whole of it by our abstract term "world" or "universe," which expressly intends that no part shall be left out. Such unity of discourse carries obviously no farther monistic specifications. A "chaos," once so named, has as much unity of discourse as a cosmos. It is an odd fact that many monists consider a great victory scored for their side when pluralists say "the universe is many." “'The universe'!" they chuckle—"his speech bewrayeth him. He stands confessed of monism out of his own mouth." Well, let things be one in that sense!

You can then fling such a word as universe at the whole collection of them, but what matters it? It still remains to be ascertained whether they are one in any other sense that is more valuable.

2. Are they, for example, CONTINUOUS? Can you pass from one to another, keeping always in your one universe without any danger of falling out? In other words, do the parts of our universe HANG together, instead of being like detached grains of sand?

Even grains of sand hang together through the space in which they are embedded, and if you can in any way move through such space, you can pass continuously from number one of them to number two. Space and time are thus vehicles of continuity, by which the world's parts hang together. The practical difference to us, resultant from these forms of union, is immense. Our whole motor life is based upon them.

3. There are innumerable other paths of practical continuity among things. Lines of INFLUENCE can be traced by which they together. Following any such line you pass from one thing to another till you may have covered a good part of the universe's extent. Gravity and heat-conduction are such all-uniting influences, so far as the physical world goes. Electric, luminous and chemical influences follow similar lines of influence. But opaque and inert bodies interrupt the continuity here, so that you have to step round them, or change your mode of progress if you wish to get farther on that day. Practically, you have then lost your universe's unity, SO FAR AS IT WAS CONSTITUTED BY THOSE FIRST LINES OF INFLUENCE. There are innumerable kinds of connexion that special things have with other special things; and the ENSEMBLE of any one of these connexions forms one sort of system by which things are conjoined. Thus men are conjoined in a vast network of ACQUAINTANCESHIP. Brown knows Jones, Jones knows Robinson, etc.; and BY CHOOSING YOUR FARTHER INTERMEDIARIES RIGHTLY you may carry a message from Jones to the Empress of China, or the Chief of the African Pigmies, or to anyone else in the inhabited world. But you are stopped short, as by a non-conductor, when you choose one man wrong in this experiment. What may be called love-systems are grafted on the acquaintance-system. A loves (or hates) B; B loves (or hates) C, etc. But these systems are smaller than the great acquaintance-system that they presuppose.

Human efforts are daily unifying the world more and more in definite systematic ways. We found colonial, postal, consular, commercial systems, all the parts of which obey definite influences that propagate themselves within the system but not to facts outside of it. The result

is innumerable little hangings-together of the world's parts within the larger hangings-together, little worlds, not only of discourse but of operation, within the wider universe. Each system exemplifies one type or grade of union, its parts being strung on that peculiar kind of relation, and the same part may figure in many different systems, as a man may hold several offices and belong to various clubs. From this "systematic" point of view, therefore, the pragmatic value of the world's unity is that all these definite networks actually and practically exist. Some are more enveloping and extensive, some less so; they are superposed upon each other; and between them all they let no individual elementary part of the universe escape. Enormous as is the amount of disconnexion among things (for these systematic influences and conjunctions follow rigidly exclusive paths), everything that exists is influenced in SOME way by something else, if you can only pick the way out rightly. Loosely speaking, and in general, it may be said that all things cohere and adhere to each other SOMEHOW, and that the universe exists practically in reticulated or concatenated forms which make of it a continuous or "integrated" affair. Any kind of influence whatever helps to make the world one, so far as you can follow it from next to next. You may then say that "the world IS One" —meaning in these respects, namely, and just so far as they obtain. But just as definitely is it NOT one, so far as they do not obtain; and there is no species of connexion which will not fail, if, instead of choosing conductors for it, you choose non-conductors. You are then arrested at your very first step and have to write the world down as a pure MANY from that particular point of view. If our intellect had been as much interested in disjunctive as it is in conjunctive relations, philosophy would have equally successfully celebrated the world's DISUNION.

The great point is to notice that the oneness and the manyness are absolutely co-ordinate here. Neither is primordial or more essential or excellent than the other. Just as with space, whose separating of things seems exactly on a par with its uniting of them, but sometimes one function and sometimes the other is what come home to us most, so, in our general dealings with the world of influences, we now need conductors and now need non-conductors, and wisdom lies in knowing which is which at the appropriate moment.

4. All these systems of influence or non-influence may be listed under the general problem of the world's CAUSAL UNITY. If the minor causal influences among things should converge towards one common causal origin of them in the past, one great first cause for all that is, one might then speak of the absolute causal unity of the world. God's fiat on creation's days has figured in traditional philosophy as such an

absolute cause and origin. Transcendental Idealism, translating "creation" into "thinking" (or willing to "think"), calls the divine act "eternal" rather than "first"; but the union of the many here is absolute, just the same—the many would not BE, save for the One. Against this notion of the unity of origin of all there has always stood the pluralistic notion of an eternal self-existing many in the shape of atoms or even of spiritual units of some sort. The alternative has doubtless a pragmatic meaning, but perhaps, as far as these lectures go, we had better leave the question of unity of origin unsettled.

5. The most important sort of union that obtains among things, pragmatically speaking, is their GENERIC UNITY. Things exist in kinds, there are many specimens in each kind, and what the "kind" implies for one specimen, it implies also for every other specimen of that kind. We can easily conceive that every fact in the world might be singular, that is, unlike any other fact and sole of its kind. In such a world of singulars our logic would be useless, for logic works by predicating of the single instance what is true of all its kind. With no two things alike in the world, we should be unable to reason from our past experiences to our future ones. The existence of so much generic unity in things is thus perhaps the most momentous pragmatic specification of what it may mean to say "the world is One." ABSOLUTE generic unity would obtain if there were one summum genus under which all things without exception could be eventually subsumed. "Beings," "thinkables," "experiences," would be candidates for this position. Whether the alternatives expressed by such words have any pragmatic significance or not, is another question which I prefer to leave unsettled just now.

6. Another specification of what the phrase "the world is One" may mean is UNITY OF PURPOSE. An enormous number of things in the world subserve a common purpose. All the man-made systems, administrative, industrial, military, or what not, exist each for its controlling purpose. Every living being pursues its own peculiar purposes. They co-operate, according to the degree of their development, in collective or tribal purposes, larger ends thus enveloping lesser ones, until an absolutely single, final and climacteric purpose subserved by all things without exception might conceivably be reached. It is needless to say that the appearances conflict with such a view. Any resultant, as I said in my third lecture, MAY have been purposed in advance, but none of the results we actually know in this world have in point of fact been purposed in advance in all their details. Men and nations start with a vague notion of being rich, or great, or good. Each step they make brings unforeseen chances into sight, and shuts out older vistas, and the specifications of the general

purpose have to be daily changed. What is reached in the end may be better or worse than what was proposed, but it is always more complex and different.

Our different purposes also are at war with each other. Where one can't crush the other out, they compromise; and the result is again different from what anyone distinctly proposed beforehand. Vaguely and generally, much of what was purposed may be gained; but everything makes strongly for the view that our world is incompletely unified teleologically and is still trying to get its unification better organized.

Whoever claims ABSOLUTE teleological unity, saying that there is one purpose that every detail of the universe subserves, dogmatizes at his own risk. Theologians who dogmalize thus find it more and more impossible, as our acquaintance with the warring interests of the world's parts grows more concrete, to imagine what the one climacteric purpose may possibly be like. We see indeed that certain evils minister to ulterior goods, that the bitter makes the cocktail better, and that a bit of danger or hardship puts us agreeably to our trumps. We can vaguely generalize this into the doctrine that all the evil in the universe is but instrumental to its greater perfection. But the scale of the evil actually in sight defies all human tolerance; and transcendental idealism, in the pages of a Bradley or a Royce, brings us no farther than the book of Job did—God's ways are not our ways, so let us put our hands upon our mouth. A God who can relish such superfluities of horror is no God for human beings to appeal to. His animal spirits are too high. In other words the "Absolute" with his one purpose, is not the man-like God of common people.

7. AESTHETIC UNION among things also obtains, and is very analogous to ideological union. Things tell a story. Their parts hang together so as to work out a climax. They play into each other's hands expressively. Retrospectively, we can see that altho no definite purpose presided over a chain of events, yet the events fell into a dramatic form, with a start, a middle, and a finish. In point of fact all stories end; and here again the point of view of a many is that more natural one to take. The world is full of partial stories that run parallel to one another, beginning and ending at odd times. They mutually interlace and interfere at points, but we cannot unify them completely in our minds. In following your life-history, I must temporarily turn my attention from my own. Even a biographer of twins would have to press them alternately upon his reader's attention.

It follows that whoever says that the whole world tells one story utters

another of those monistic dogmas that a man believes at his risk. It is easy to see the world's history pluralistically, as a rope of which each fibre tells a separate tale; but to conceive of each cross-section of the rope as an absolutely single fact, and to sum the whole longitudinal series into one being living an undivided life, is harder. We have indeed the analogy of embryology to help us. The microscopist makes a hundred flat cross-sections of a given embryo, and mentally unites them into one solid whole. But the great world's ingredients, so far as they are beings, seem, like the rope's fibres, to be discontinuous cross-wise, and to cohere only in the longitudinal direction. Followed in that direction they are many. Even the embryologist, when he follows the DEVELOPMENT of his object, has to treat the history of each single organ in turn. ABSOLUTE aesthetic union is thus another barely abstract ideal. The world appears as something more epic than dramatic.

So far, then, we see how the world is unified by its many systems, kinds, purposes, and dramas. That there is more union in all these ways than openly appears is certainly true. That there MAY be one sovereign purpose, system, kind, and story, is a legitimate hypothesis. All I say here is that it is rash to affirm this dogmatically without better evidence than we possess at present.

8. The GREAT monistic DENKMITTEL for a hundred years past has been the notion of THE ONE KNOWER. The many exist only as objects for his thought—exist in his dream, as it were; and AS HE KNOWS them, they have one purpose, form one system, tell one tale for him. This notion of an ALL-ENVELOPING NOETIC UNITY in things is the sublimest achievement of intellectualist philosophy. Those who believe in the Absolute, as the all-knower is termed, usually say that they do so for coercive reasons, which clear thinkers cannot evade. The Absolute has far-reaching practical consequences, some of which I drew attention in my second lecture. Many kinds of difference important to us would surely follow from its being true. I cannot here enter into all the logical proofs of such a Being's existence, farther than to say that none of them seem to me sound. I must therefore treat the notion of an All-Knower simply as an hypothesis, exactly on a par logically with the pluralist notion that there is no point of view, no focus of information extant, from which the entire content of the universe is visible at once. "God's consciousness," says Professor Royce, (The Conception of God, New York, 1897, p. 292.) "forms in its wholeness one luminously transparent conscious moment"—this is the type of noetic unity on which rationalism insists. Empiricism on the other hand is satisfied with the type of noetic unity that is humanly familiar. Everything gets known by SOME knower along with

something else; but the knowers may in the end be irreducibly many, and the greatest knower of them all may yet not know the whole of everything, or even know what he does know at one single stroke:—he may be liable to forget. Whichever type obtained, the world would still be a universe noetically. Its parts would be conjoined by knowledge, but in the one case the knowledge would be absolutely unified, in the other it would be strung along and overlapped.

The notion of one instantaneous or eternal Knower—either adjective here means the same thing—is, as I said, the great intellectualist achievement of our time. It has practically driven out that conception of "Substance" which earlier philosophers set such store by, and by which so much unifying work used to be done—universal substance which alone has being in and from itself, and of which all the particulars of experience are but forms to which it gives support. Substance has succumbed to the pragmatic criticisms of the English school. It appears now only as another name for the fact that phenomena as they come are actually grouped and given in coherent forms, the very forms in which we finite knowers experience or think them together. These forms of conjunction are as much parts of the tissue of experience as are the terms which they connect; and it is a great pragmatic achievement for recent idealism to have made the world hang together in these directly representable ways instead of drawing its unity from the 'inherence' of its parts—whatever that may mean—in an unimaginable principle behind the scenes.

"The world is one," therefore, just so far as we experience it to be concatenated, one by as many definite conjunctions as appear. But then also NOT one by just as many definite DISjunctions as we find. The oneness and the manyness of it thus obtain in respects which can be separately named. It is neither a universe pure and simple nor a multiverse pure and simple. And its various manners of being one suggest, for their accurate ascertainment, so many distinct programs of scientific work.

Thus the pragmatic question "What is the oneness known-as? What practical difference will it make?" saves us from all feverish excitement over it as a principle of sublimity and carries us forward into the stream of experience with a cool head. The stream may indeed reveal far more connexion and union than we now suspect, but we are not entitled on pragmatic principles to claim absolute oneness in any respect in advance.

It is so difficult to see definitely what absolute oneness can mean, that probably the majority of you are satisfied with the sober attitude

which we have reached. Nevertheless there are possibly some radically monistic souls among you who are not content to leave the one and the many on a par. Union of various grades, union of diverse types, union that stops at non-conductors, union that merely goes from next to next, and means in many cases outer nextness only, and not a more internal bond, union of concatenation, in short; all that sort of thing seems to you a halfway stage of thought. The oneness of things, superior to their manyness, you think must also be more deeply true, must be the more real aspect of the world. The pragmatic view, you are sure, gives us a universe imperfectly rational. The real universe must form an unconditional unit of being, something consolidated, with its parts co-implicated through and through. Only then could we consider our estate completely rational. There is no doubt whatever that this ultra-monistic way of thinking means a great deal to many minds. "One Life, One Truth, One Love, One Principle, One Good, One God"—I quote from a Christian Science leaflet which the day's mail brings into my hands—beyond doubt such a confession of faith has pragmatically an emotional value, and beyond doubt the word "one" contributes to the value quite as much as the other words. But if we try to realize INTELLECTUALLY what we can possibly MEAN by such a glut of oneness we are thrown right back upon our pragmatistic determinations again. It means either the mere name One, the universe of discourse; or it means the sum total of all the ascertainable particular conjunctions and concatenations; or, finally, it means some one vehicle of conjunction treated as all-inclusive, like one origin, one purpose, or one knower. In point of fact it always means one KNOWER to those who take it intellectually to-day. The one knower involves, they think, the other forms of conjunction. His world must have all its parts co-implicated in the one logical-aesthetical-teleological unit-picture which is his eternal dream.

The character of the absolute knower's picture is however so impossible for us to represent clearly, that we may fairly suppose that the authority which absolute monism undoubtedly possesses, and probably always will possess over some persons, draws its strength far less from intellectual than from mystical grounds. To interpret absolute monism worthily, be a mystic. Mystical states of mind in every degree are shown by history, usually tho not always, to make for the monistic view. This is no proper occasion to enter upon the general subject of mysticism, but I will quote one mystical pronouncement to show just what I mean. The paragon of all monistic systems is the Vedanta philosophy of Hindostan, and the paragon of Vedantist missionaries was the late Swami Vivekananda who visited our shores some years ago. The method of Vedantism is the mystical

method. You do not reason, but after going through a certain discipline YOU SEE, and having seen, you can report the truth. Vivekananda thus reports the truth in one of his lectures here:

"Where is any more misery for him who sees this Oneness in the Universe...this Oneness of life, Oneness of everything? ....This separation between man and man, man and woman, man and child, nation from nation, earth from moon, moon from sun, this separation between atom and atom is the cause really of all the misery, and the Vedanta says this separation does not exist, it is not real. It is merely apparent, on the surface. In the heart of things there is Unity still. If you go inside you find that Unity between man and man, women and children, races and races, high and low, rich and poor, the gods and men: all are One, and animals too, if you go deep enough, and he who has attained to that has no more delusion.... Where is any more delusion for him? What can delude him? He knows the reality of everything, the secret of everything. Where is there any more misery for him? What does he desire? He has traced the reality of everything unto the Lord, that centre, that Unity of everything, and that is Eternal Bliss, Eternal Knowledge, Eternal Existence. Neither death nor disease, nor sorrow nor misery, nor discontent is there ... in the centre, the reality, there is no one to be mourned for, no one to be sorry for. He has penetrated everything, the Pure One, the Formless, the Bodiless, the Stainless, He the Knower, He the Great Poet, the Self-Existent, He who is giving to everyone what he deserves."

Observe how radical the character of the monism here is. Separation is not simply overcome by the One, it is denied to exist. There is no many. We are not parts of the One; It has no parts; and since in a sense we undeniably ARE, it must be that each of us is the One, indivisibly and totally. AN ABSOLUTE ONE, AND I THAT ONE—surely we have here a religion which, emotionally considered, has a high pragmatic value; it imparts a perfect sumptuosity of security. As our Swami says in another place:

"When man has seen himself as one with the infinite Being of the universe, when all separateness has ceased, when all men, all women, all angels, all gods, all animals, all plants, the whole universe has been melted into that oneness, then all fear disappears. Whom to fear? Can I hurt myself? Can I kill myself? Can I injure myself? Do you fear yourself? Then will all sorrow disappear. What can cause me sorrow? I am the One Existence of the universe. Then all jealousies will disappear; of whom to be jealous? Of myself? Then all bad feelings disappear. Against whom will I have this bad feeling? Against myself? There is none in the universe but me.... Kill out this differentiation;

kill out this superstition that there are many. He who, in this world of many, sees that One; he who in this mass of insentiency sees that One Sentient Being; he who in this world of shadow catches that Reality, unto him belongs eternal peace, unto none else, unto none else."

We all have some ear for this monistic music: it elevates and reassures. We all have at least the germ of mysticism in us. And when our idealists recite their arguments for the Absolute, saying that the slightest union admitted anywhere carries logically absolute Oneness with it, and that the slightest separation admitted anywhere logically carries disunion remediless and complete, I cannot help suspecting that the palpable weak places in the intellectual reasonings they use are protected from their own criticism by a mystical feeling that, logic or no logic, absolute Oneness must somehow at any cost be true. Oneness overcomes MORAL separateness at any rate. In the passion of love we have the mystic germ of what might mean a total union of all sentient life. This mystical germ wakes up in us on hearing the monistic utterances, acknowledges their authority, and assigns to intellectual considerations a secondary place.

I will dwell no longer on these religious and moral aspects of the question in this lecture. When I come to my final lecture there will be something more to say.

Leave then out of consideration for the moment the authority which mystical insights may be conjectured eventually to possess; treat the problem of the One and the Many in a purely intellectual way; and we see clearly enough where pragmatism stands. With her criterion of the practical differences that theories make, we see that she must equally abjure absolute monism and absolute pluralism. The world is one just so far as its parts hang together by any definite connexion. It is many just so far as any definite connexion fails to obtain. And finally it is growing more and more unified by those systems of connexion at least which human energy keeps framing as time goes on.

It is possible to imagine alternative universes to the one we know, in which the most various grades and types of union should be embodied. Thus the lowest grade of universe would be a world of mere WITHNESS, of which the parts were only strung together by the conjunction "and." Such a universe is even now the collection of our several inner lives. The spaces and times of your imagination, the objects and events of your day-dreams are not only more or less incoherent inter se, but are wholly out of definite relation with the similar contents of anyone else's mind. Our various reveries now as we sit here compenetrate each other idly without influencing or

interfering. They coexist, but in no order and in no receptacle, being the nearest approach to an absolute 'many' that we can conceive. We cannot even imagine any reason why they SHOULD be known all together, and we can imagine even less, if they were known together, how they could be known as one systematic whole.

But add our sensations and bodily actions, and the union mounts to a much higher grade. Our audita et visa and our acts fall into those receptacles of time and space in which each event finds its date and place. They form "things" and are of "kinds" too, and can be classed. Yet we can imagine a world of things and of kinds in which the causal interactions with which we are so familiar should not exist. Everything there might be inert towards everything else, and refuse to propagate its influence. Or gross mechanical influences might pass, but no chemical action. Such worlds would be far less unified than ours. Again there might be complete physico-chemical interaction, but no minds; or minds, but altogether private ones, with no social life; or social life limited to acquaintance, but no love; or love, but no customs or institutions that should systematize it. No one of these grades of universe would be absolutely irrational or disintegrated, inferior tho it might appear when looked at from the higher grades. For instance, if our minds should ever become "telepathically" connected, so that we knew immediately, or could under certain conditions know immediately, each what the other was thinking, the world we now live in would appear to the thinkers in that world to have been of an inferior grade.

With the whole of past eternity open for our conjectures to range in, it may be lawful to wonder whether the various kinds of union now realized in the universe that we inhabit may not possibly have been successively evolved after the fashion in which we now see human systems evolving in consequence of human needs. If such a hypothesis were legitimate, total oneness would appear at the end of things rather than at their origin. In other words the notion of the "Absolute" would have to be replaced by that of the "Ultimate." The two notions would have the same content—the maximally unified content of fact, namely—but their time-relations would be positively reversed. (Compare on the Ultimate, Mr. Schiller's essay "Activity and Substance," in his book entitled Humanism, p. 204.)

After discussing the unity of the universe in this pragmatic way, you ought to see why I said in my second lecture, borrowing the word from my friend G. Papini, that pragmatism tends to UNSTIFFEN all our theories. The world's oneness has generally been affirmed abstractly only, and as if anyone who questioned it must be an idiot.

The temper of monists has been so vehement, as almost at times to be convulsive; and this way of holding a doctrine does not easily go with reasonable discussion and the drawing of distinctions. The theory of the Absolute, in particular, has had to be an article of faith, affirmed dogmatically and exclusively. The One and All, first in the order of being and of knowing, logically necessary itself, and uniting all lesser things in the bonds of mutual necessity, how could it allow of any mitigation of its inner rigidity? The slightest suspicion of pluralism, the minutest wiggle of independence of any one of its parts from the control of the totality, would ruin it. Absolute unity brooks no degrees —as well might you claim absolute purity for a glass of water because it contains but a single little cholera-germ. The independence, however infinitesimal, of a part, however small, would be to the Absolute as fatal as a cholera-germ.

Pluralism on the other hand has no need of this dogmatic rigoristic temper. Provided you grant SOME separation among things, some tremor of independence, some free play of parts on one another, some real novelty or chance, however minute, she is amply satisfied, and will allow you any amount, however great, of real union. How much of union there may be is a question that she thinks can only be decided empirically. The amount may be enormous, colossal; but absolute monism is shattered if, along with all the union, there has to be granted the slightest modicum, the most incipient nascency, or the most residual trace, of a separation that is not 'overcome.'

Pragmatism, pending the final empirical ascertainment of just what the balance of union and disunion among things may be, must obviously range herself upon the pluralistic side. Some day, she admits, even total union, with one knower, one origin, and a universe consolidated in every conceivable way, may turn out to be the most acceptable of all hypotheses. Meanwhile the opposite hypothesis, of a world imperfectly unified still, and perhaps always to remain so, must be sincerely entertained. This latter hypothesis is pluralism's doctrine. Since absolute monism forbids its being even considered seriously, branding it as irrational from the start, it is clear that pragmatism must turn its back on absolute monism, and follow pluralism's more empirical path.

This leaves us with the common-sense world, in which we find things partly joined and partly disjoined. "Things," then, and their "conjunctions"—what do such words mean, pragmatically handled? In my next lecture, I will apply the pragmatic method to the stage of philosophizing known as Common Sense.

Lecture V Pragmatism and Common Sense

NOETIC PLURALISM. HOW OUR KNOWLEDGE GROWS. EARLIER WAYS OF THINKING REMAIN. PREHISTORIC ANCESTORS DISCOVERED THE COMMON SENSE CONCEPTS. LIST OF THEM. THEY CAME GRADUALLY INTO USE. SPACE AND TIME. "THINGS." KINDS. "CAUSE" AND "LAW." COMMON SENSE ONE STAGE IN MENTAL EVOLUTION, DUE TO GENIUSES. THE "CRITICAL" STAGES: 1) SCIENTIFIC AND 2) PHILOSOPHIC, COMPARED WITH COMMON SENSE. IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY WHICH IS THE MORE "TRUE."

In the last lecture we turned ourselves from the usual way of talking of the universe's oneness as a principle, sublime in all its blankness, towards a study of the special kinds of union which the universe enfolds. We found many of these to coexist with kinds of separation equally real. "How far am I verified?" is the question which each kind of union and each kind of separation asks us here, so as good pragmatists we have to turn our face towards experience, towards "facts."

Absolute oneness remains, but only as an hypothesis, and that hypothesis is reduced nowadays to that of an omniscient knower who sees all things without exception as forming one single systematic fact. But the knower in question may still be conceived either as an Absolute or as an Ultimate; and over against the hypothesis of him in either form the counter-hypothesis that the widest field of knowledge that ever was or will be still contains some ignorance, may be legitimately held. Some bits of information always may escape.

This is the hypothesis of NOETIC PLURALISM, which monists consider so absurd. Since we are bound to treat it as respectfully as noetic monism, until the facts shall have tipped the beam, we find that our pragmatism, tho originally nothing but a method, has forced us to be friendly to the pluralistic view. It MAY be that some parts of the world are connected so loosely with some other parts as to be strung along by nothing but the copula AND. They might even come and go without those other parts suffering any internal change. This pluralistic view, of a world of ADDITIVE constitution, is one that pragmatism is unable to rule out from serious consideration. But this view leads one to the farther hypothesis that the actual world, instead of being complete "eternally," as the monists assure us, may be eternally incomplete, and at all times subject to addition or liable to loss.

It IS at any rate incomplete in one respect, and flagrantly so. The very fact that we debate this question shows that our KNOWLEDGE is incomplete at present and subject to addition. In respect of the knowledge it contains the world does genuinely change and grow. Some general remarks on the way in which our knowledge completes itself—when it does complete itself—will lead us very conveniently into our subject for this lecture, which is "Common Sense."

To begin with, our knowledge grows IN SPOTS. The spots may be large or small, but the knowledge never grows all over: some old knowledge always remains what it was. Your knowledge of pragmatism, let us suppose, is growing now. Later, its growth may involve considerable modification of opinions which you previously held to be true. But such modifications are apt to be gradual. To take the nearest possible example, consider these lectures of mine. What you first gain from them is probably a small amount of new information, a few new definitions, or distinctions, or points of view. But while these special ideas are being added, the rest of your knowledge stands still, and only gradually will you "line up" your previous opinions with the novelties I am trying to instil, and modify to some slight degree their mass.

You listen to me now, I suppose, with certain prepossessions as to my competency, and these affect your reception of what I say, but were I suddenly to break off lecturing, and to begin to sing "We won't go home till morning" in a rich baritone voice, not only would that new fact be added to your stock, but it would oblige you to define me differently, and that might alter your opinion of the pragmatic philosophy, and in general bring about a rearrangement of a number of your ideas. Your mind in such processes is strained, and sometimes painfully so, between its older beliefs and the novelties which experience brings along.

Our minds thus grow in spots; and like grease-spots, the spots spread. But we let them spread as little as possible: we keep unaltered as much of our old knowledge, as many of our old prejudices and beliefs, as we can. We patch and tinker more than we renew. The novelty soaks in; it stains the ancient mass; but it is also tinged by what absorbs it. Our past apperceives and co-operates; and in the new equilibrium in which each step forward in the process of learning terminates, it happens relatively seldom that the new fact is added RAW. More usually it is embedded cooked, as one might say, or stewed down in the sauce of the old.

New truths thus are resultants of new experiences and of old truths

combined and mutually modifying one another. And since this is the case in the changes of opinion of to-day, there is no reason to assume that it has not been so at all times. It follows that very ancient modes of thought may have survived through all the later changes in men's opinions. The most primitive ways of thinking may not yet be wholly expunged. Like our five fingers, our ear-bones, our rudimentary caudal appendage, or our other "vestigial" peculiarities, they may remain as indelible tokens of events in our race-history. Our ancestors may at certain moments have struck into ways of thinking which they might conceivably not have found. But once they did so, and after the fact, the inheritance continues. When you begin a piece of music in a certain key, you must keep the key to the end. You may alter your house ad libitum, but the ground-plan of the first architect persists—you can make great changes, but you cannot change a Gothic church into a Doric[1] temple. You may rinse and rinse the bottle, but you can't get the taste of the medicine or whiskey that first filled it wholly out.

1 多利克式（Doric），古希腊建筑五种柱式中最古老、最简单的。

My thesis now is this, that OUR FUNDAMENTAL WAYS OF THINKING ABOUT THINGS ARE DISCOVERIES OF EXCEEDINGLY REMOTE ANCESTORS, WHICH HAVE BEEN ABLE TO PRESERVE THEMSELVES THROUGHOUT THE EXPERIENCE OF ALL SUBSEQUENT TIME. They form one great stage of equilibrium in the human mind's development, the stage of common sense. Other stages have grafted themselves upon this stage, but have never succeeded in displacing it. Let us consider this common-sense stage first, as if it might be final.

In practical talk, a man's common sense means his good judgment, his freedom from excentricity, his GUMPTION, to use the vernacular word. In philosophy it means something entirely different, it means his use of certain intellectual forms or categories of thought. Were we lobsters, or bees, it might be that our organization would have led to our using quite different modes from these of apprehending our experiences. It MIGHT be too (we cannot dogmatically deny this) that such categories, unimaginable by us to-day, would have proved on the whole as serviceable for handling our experiences mentally as those which we actually use.

If this sounds paradoxical to anyone, let him think of analytical geometry. The identical figures which Euclid defined by intrinsic relations were defined by Descartes by the relations of their points to adventitious co-ordinates, the result being an absolutely different and vastly more potent way of handling curves. All our conceptions are

what the Germans call denkmittel, means by which we handle facts by thinking them. Experience merely as such doesn't come ticketed and labeled, we have first to discover what it is. Kant speaks of it as being in its first intention a gewuehl der erscheinungen, a rhapsodie der wahrnehmungen, a mere motley which we have to unify by our wits. What we usually do is first to frame some system of concepts mentally classified, serialized, or connected in some intellectual way, and then to use this as a tally by which we "keep tab" on the impressions that present themselves. When each is referred to some possible place in the conceptual system, it is thereby "understood." This notion of parallel "manifolds" with their elements standing reciprocally in "one-to-one relations," is proving so convenient nowadays in mathematics and logic as to supersede more and more the older classificatory conceptions. There are many conceptual systems of this sort; and the sense manifold is also such a system. Find a one-to-one relation for your sense-impressions ANYWHERE among the concepts, and in so far forth you rationalize the impressions. But obviously you can rationalize them by using various conceptual systems.

The old common-sense way of rationalizing them is by a set of concepts of which the most important are these:

Thing;

The same or different;

Kinds;

Minds;

Bodies;

One Time;

One Space;

Subjects and attributes;

Causal influences;

The fancied;

The real.

We are now so familiar with the order that these notions have woven for us out of the everlasting weather of our perceptions that we find it

hard to realize how little of a fixed routine the perceptions follow when taken by themselves. The word weather is a good one to use here. In Boston, for example, the weather has almost no routine, the only law being that if you have had any weather for two days, you will probably but not certainly have another weather on the third. Weather-experience as it thus comes to Boston, is discontinuous and chaotic. In point of temperature, of wind, rain or sunshine, it MAY change three times a day. But the Washington weather-bureau intellectualizes this disorder by making each successive bit of Boston weather EPISODIC. It refers it to its place and moment in a continental cyclone, on the history of which the local changes everywhere are strung as beads are strung upon a cord.

Now it seems almost certain that young children and the inferior animals take all their experiences very much as uninstructed Bostonians take their weather. They know no more of time or space as world-receptacles, or of permanent subjects and changing predicates, or of causes, or kinds, or thoughts, or things, than our common people know of continental cyclones. A baby's rattle drops out of his hand, but the baby looks not for it. It has "gone out" for him, as a candle-flame goes out; and it comes back, when you replace it in his hand, as the flame comes back when relit. The idea of its being a "thing," whose permanent existence by itself he might interpolate between its successive apparitions has evidently not occurred to him. It is the same with dogs. Out of sight, out of mind, with them. It is pretty evident that they have no GENERAL tendency to interpolate "things." Let me quote here a passage from my colleague G. Santayana's book.

"If a dog, while sniffing about contentedly, sees afar off his master arriving after long absence...the poor brute asks for no reason why his master went, why he has come again, why he should be loved, or why presently while lying at his feet you forget him and begin to grunt and dream of the chase—all that is an utter mystery, utterly unconsidered. Such experience has variety, scenery, and a certain vital rhythm; its story might be told in dithyrambic verse. It moves wholly by inspiration; every event is providential, every act unpremeditated. Absolute freedom and absolute helplessness have met together: you depend wholly on divine favour, yet that unfathomable agency is not distinguishable from your own life.... (But) the figures even of that disordered drama have their exits and their entrances; and their cues can be gradually discovered by a being capable of fixing his attention and retaining the order of events.... In proportion as such understanding advances each moment of experience becomes consequential and prophetic of the rest. The calm places in life are filled with power and its spasms with resource. No emotion can

overwhelm the mind, for of none is the basis or issue wholly hidden; no event can disconcert it altogether, because it sees beyond. Means can be looked for to escape from the worst predicament; and whereas each moment had been formerly filled with nothing but its own adventure and surprised emotion, each now makes room for the lesson of what went before and surmises what may be the plot of the whole."(The Life of Reason: Reason in Common Sense, 1905, p. 59.)

Even to-day science and philosophy are still laboriously trying to part fancies from realities in our experience; and in primitive times they made only the most incipient distinctions in this line. Men believed whatever they thought with any liveliness, and they mixed their dreams with their realities inextricably. The categories of "thought" and "things" are indispensable here—instead of being realities we now call certain experiences only "thoughts." There is not a category, among those enumerated, of which we may not imagine the use to have thus originated historically and only gradually spread.

That one Time which we all believe in and in which each event has its definite date, that one Space in which each thing has its position, these abstract notions unify the world incomparably; but in their finished shape as concepts how different they are from the loose unordered time-and-space experiences of natural men! Everything that happens to us brings its own duration and extension, and both are vaguely surrounded by a marginal "more" that runs into the duration and extension of the next thing that comes. But we soon lose all our definite bearings; and not only do our children make no distinction between yesterday and the day before yesterday, the whole past being churned up together, but we adults still do so whenever the times are large. It is the same with spaces. On a map I can distinctly see the relation of London, Constantinople, and Pekin to the place where I am; in reality I utterly fail to FEEL the facts which the map symbolizes. The directions and distances are vague, confused and mixed. Cosmic space and cosmic time, so far from being the intuitions that Kant said they were, are constructions as patently artificial as any that science can show. The great majority of the human race never use these notions, but live in plural times and spaces, interpenetrant and DURCHEINANDER.

Permanent "things" again; the "same" thing and its various "appearances" and "alterations"; the different 'kinds' of thing; with the "kind" used finally as a "predicate," of which the thing remains the "subject"—what a straightening of the tangle of our experience's immediate flux and sensible variety does this list of terms suggest! And it is only the smallest part of his experience's flux that anyone

actually does straighten out by applying to it these conceptual instruments. Out of them all our lowest ancestors probably used only, and then most vaguely and inaccurately, the notion of "the same again." But even then if you had asked them whether the same were a "thing" that had endured throughout the unseen interval, they would probably have been at a loss, and would have said that they had never asked that question, or considered matters in that light.

Kinds, and sameness of kind—what colossally useful DENKMITTEL for finding our way among the many! The manyness might conceivably have been absolute. Experiences might have all been singulars, no one of them occurring twice. In such a world logic would have had no application; for kind and sameness of kind are logic's only instruments. Once we know that whatever is of a kind is also of that kind's kind, we can travel through the universe as if with seven-league boots. Brutes surely never use these abstractions, and civilized men use them in most various amounts.

Causal influence, again! This, if anything, seems to have been an antediluvian conception; for we find primitive men thinking that almost everything is significant and can exert influence of some sort. The search for the more definite influences seems to have started in the question: "Who, or what, is to blame?"—for any illness, namely, or disaster, or untoward thing.

From this centre the search for causal influences has spread. Hume and "Science" together have tried to eliminate the whole notion of influence, substituting the entirely different DENKMITTEL of "law." But law is a comparatively recent invention, and influence reigns supreme in the older realm of common sense.

The "possible," as something less than the actual and more than the wholly unreal, is another of these magisterial notions of common sense. Criticize them as you may, they persist; and we fly back to them the moment critical pressure is relaxed. "Self," "body," in the substantial or metaphysical sense—no one escapes subjection to THOSE forms of thought. In practice, the common-sense DENKMITTEL are uniformly victorious. Everyone, however instructed, still thinks of a "thing" in the common-sense way, as a permanent unit-subject that "supports" its attributes interchangeably. No one stably or sincerely uses the more critical notion, of a group of sense-qualities united by a law. With these categories in our hand, we make our plans and plot together, and connect all the remoter parts of experience with what lies before our eyes. Our later and more critical philosophies are mere fads and fancies compared with this natural mother-tongue of

thought.

Common sense appears thus as a perfectly definite stage in our understanding of things, a stage that satisfies in an extraordinarily successful way the purposes for which we think. "Things" do exist, even when we do not see them. Their "kinds" also exist. Their "qualities" are what they act by, and are what we act on; and these also exist. These lamps shed their quality of light on every object in this room. We intercept IT on its way whenever we hold up an opaque screen. It is the very sound that my lips emit that travels into your ears. It is the sensible heat of the fire that migrates into the water in which we boil an egg; and we can change the heat into coolness by dropping in a lump of ice. At this stage of philosophy all non-European men without exception have remained. It suffices for all the necessary practical ends of life; and, among our own race even, it is only the highly sophisticated specimens, the minds debauched by learning, as Berkeley calls them, who have ever even suspected common sense of not being absolutely true.

But when we look back, and speculate as to how the common-sense categories may have achieved their wonderful supremacy, no reason appears why it may not have been by a process just like that by which the conceptions due to Democritus[1], Berkeley, or Darwin, achieved their similar triumphs in more recent times. In other words, they may have been successfully DISCOVERED by prehistoric geniuses whose names the night of antiquity has covered up; they may have been verified by the immediate facts of experience which they first fitted; and then from fact to fact and from man to man they may have SPREAD, until all language rested on them and we are now incapable of thinking naturally in any other terms. Such a view would only follow the rule that has proved elsewhere so fertile, of assuming the vast and remote to conform to the laws of formation that we can observe at work in the small and near.

For all utilitarian practical purposes these conceptions amply suffice; but that they began at special points of discovery and only gradually spread from one thing to another, seems proved by the exceedingly dubious limits of their application to-day. We assume for certain purposes one "objective" Time that AEQUABILITER FLUIT, but we don't livingly believe in or realize any such equally-flowing time. "Space" is a less vague notion; but "things," what are they? Is a constellation properly a thing? or an army? or is an ENS RATIONIS such as space or justice a thing? Is a knife whose handle and blade are changed the "same"? Is the "changeling," whom Locke so seriously discusses, of the human "kind"? Is "telepathy" a "fancy" or a "fact"? The

moment you pass beyond the practical use of these categories (a use usually suggested sufficiently by the circumstances of the special case) to a merely curious or speculative way of thinking, you find it impossible to say within just what limits of fact any one of them shall apply.

1 德谟克利特（Demo-critus，约公元前460—前370），古希腊哲学家。

The peripatetic philosophy, obeying rationalist propensities, has tried to eternalize the common-sense categories by treating them very technically and articulately. A "thing" for instance is a being, or ENS. An ENS is a subject in which qualities "inhere." A subject is a substance. Substances are of kinds, and kinds are definite in number, and discrete. These distinctions are fundamental and eternal. As terms of DISCOURSE they are indeed magnificently useful, but what they mean, apart from their use in steering our discourse to profitable issues, does not appear. If you ask a scholastic philosopher what a substance may be in itself, apart from its being the support of attributes, he simply says that your intellect knows perfectly what the word means.

But what the intellect knows clearly is only the word itself and its steering function. So it comes about that intellects SIBI PERMISSI, intellects only curious and idle, have forsaken the common-sense level for what in general terms may be called the "critical" level of thought. Not merely SUCH intellects either—your Humes and Berkeleys and Hegels; but practical observers of facts, your Galileos1, Daltons2, Faradays3, have found it impossible to treat the NAIFS sense-termini of common sense as ultimately real. As common sense interpolates her constant "things" between our intermittent sensations, so science EXTRApolates her world of 'primary' qualities, her atoms, her ether, her magnetic fields, and the like, beyond the common-sense world. The 'things' are now invisible impalpable things; and the old visible common-sense things are supposed to result from the mixture of these invisibles. Or else the whole NAIF conception of thing gets superseded, and a thing's name is interpreted as denoting only the law or REGEL DER VERBINDUNG by which certain of our sensations habitually succeed or coexist.

1 伽利略（Galileo，1564—1642），意大利天文学家、数学家、物理学家。

2 道尔顿（Dalto，1766—1844），英国化学家、气象学家、物理学家。

3 法拉弟（Faraday，1791—1867），英国化学家、物理学家、自然哲学家。

Science and critical philosophy thus burst the bounds of common

sense. With science NAIF realism ceases: "Secondary" qualities become unreal; primary ones alone remain. With critical philosophy, havoc is made of everything. The common-sense categories one and all cease to represent anything in the way of BEING; they are but sublime tricks of human thought, our ways of escaping bewilderment in the midst of sensation's irremediable flow.

But the scientific tendency in critical thought, tho inspired at first by purely intellectual motives, has opened an entirely unexpected range of practical utilities to our astonished view. Galileo gave us accurate clocks and accurate artillery-practice; the chemists flood us with new medicines and dye-stuffs; Ampere and Faraday have endowed us with the New York subway and with Marconi[1] telegrams. The hypothetical things that such men have invented, defined as they have defined them, are showing an extraordinary fertility in consequences verifiable by sense. Our logic can deduce from them a consequence due under certain conditions, we can then bring about the conditions, and presto, the consequence is there before our eyes. The scope of the practical control of nature newly put into our hand by scientific ways of thinking vastly exceeds the scope of the old control grounded on common sense. Its rate of increase accelerates so that no one can trace the limit; one may even fear that the BEING of man may be crushed by his own powers, that his fixed nature as an organism may not prove adequate to stand the strain of the ever increasingly tremendous functions, almost divine creative functions, which his intellect will more and more enable him to wield. He may drown in his wealth like a child in a bath-tub, who has turned on the water and who cannot turn it off.

1 马可尼（Marconi，1874—1937），意大利发明家、电报系统的发明人。

The philosophic stage of criticism, much more thorough in its negations than the scientific stage, so far gives us no new range of practical power. Locke, Hume, Berkeley, Kant, Hegel, have all been utterly sterile, so far as shedding any light on the details of nature goes, and I can think of no invention or discovery that can be directly traced to anything in their peculiar thought, for neither with Berkeley's tar-water nor with Kant's nebular hypothesis had their respective philosophic tenets anything to do. The satisfactions they yield to their disciples are intellectual, not practical; and even then we have to confess that there is a large minus-side to the account.

There are thus at least three well-characterized levels, stages or types of thought about the world we live in, and the notions of one stage

have one kind of merit, those of another stage another kind. It is impossible, however, to say that any stage as yet in sight is absolutely more TRUE than any other. Common sense is the more CONSOLIDATED stage, because it got its innings first, and made all language into its ally. Whether it or science be the more AUGUST stage may be left to private judgment. But neither consolidation nor augustness are decisive marks of truth. If common sense were true, why should science have had to brand the secondary qualities, to which our world owes all its living interest, as false, and to invent an invisible world of points and curves and mathematical equations instead? Why should it have needed to transform causes and activities into laws of "functional variation"? Vainly did scholasticism, common sense's college-trained younger sister, seek to stereotype the forms the human family had always talked with, to make them definite and fix them for eternity. Substantial forms (in other words our secondary qualities) hardly outlasted the year of our Lord 1600. People were already tired of them then; and Galileo, and Descartes[1], with his "new philosophy," gave them only a little later their coup de grace.

1 笛卡尔（Decartes，1596—1650），法国哲学家，被称为“现代哲学之父”。

But now if the new kinds of scientific "thing," the corpuscular and etheric world, were essentially more "true," why should they have excited so much criticism within the body of science itself? Scientific logicians are saying on every hand that these entities and their determinations, however definitely conceived, should not be held for literally real. It is AS IF they existed; but in reality they are like co-ordinates or logarithms, only artificial short-cuts for taking us from one part to another of experience's flux. We can cipher fruitfully with them; they serve us wonderfully; but we must not be their dupes.

There is no RINGING conclusion possible when we compare these types of thinking, with a view to telling which is the more absolutely true. Their naturalness, their intellectual economy, their fruitfulness for practice, all start up as distinct tests of their veracity, and as a result we get confused. Common sense is BETTER for one sphere of life, science for another, philosophic criticism for a third; but whether either be TRUER absolutely, Heaven only knows. Just now, if I understand the matter rightly, we are witnessing a curious reversion to the common-sense way of looking at physical nature, in the philosophy of science favored by such men as Mach, Ostwald and Duhem. According to these teachers no hypothesis is truer than any other in the sense of being a more literal copy of reality. They are all but ways of talking on our part, to be compared solely from the point

of view of their USE. The only literally true thing is REALITY; and the only reality we know is, for these logicians, sensible reality, the flux of our sensations and emotions as they pass. "Energy" is the collective name (according to Ostwald) for the sensations just as they present themselves (the movement, heat, magnetic pull, or light, or whatever it may be) when they are measured in certain ways. So measuring them, we are enabled to describe the correlated changes which they show us, in formulas matchless for their simplicity and fruitfulness for human use. They are sovereign triumphs of economy in thought.

No one can fail to admire the "energetic" philosophy. But the hypersensible entities, the corpuscles and vibrations, hold their own with most physicists and chemists, in spite of its appeal. It seems too economical to be all-sufficient. Profusion, not economy, may after all be reality's key-note.

I am dealing here with highly technical matters, hardly suitable for popular lecturing, and in which my own competence is small. All the better for my conclusion, however, which at this point is this. The whole notion of truth, which naturally and without reflexion we assume to mean the simple duplication by the mind of a ready-made and given reality, proves hard to understand clearly. There is no simple test available for adjudicating offhand between the divers types of thought that claim to possess it. Common sense, common science or corpuscular philosophy, ultra-critical science, or energetics, and critical or idealistic philosophy, all seem insufficiently true in some regard and leave some dissatisfaction. It is evident that the conflict of these so widely differing systems obliges us to overhaul the very idea of truth, for at present we have no definite notion of what the word may mean. I shall face that task in my next lecture, and will add but a few words, in finishing the present one.

There are only two points that I wish you to retain from the present lecture. The first one relates to common sense. We have seen reason to suspect it, to suspect that in spite of their being so venerable, of their being so universally used and built into the very structure of language, its categories may after all be only a collection of extraordinarily successful hypotheses (historically discovered or invented by single men, but gradually communicated, and used by everybody) by which our forefathers have from time immemorial unified and straightened the discontinuity of their immediate experiences, and put themselves into an equilibrium with the surface of nature so satisfactory for ordinary practical purposes that it certainly would have lasted forever, but for the excessive intellectual vivacity of Democritus, Archimedes, Galileo, Berkeley, and other excentric geniuses whom the example of

such men inflamed. Retain, I pray you, this suspicion about common sense.

The other point is this. Ought not the existence of the various types of thinking which we have reviewed, each so splendid for certain purposes, yet all conflicting still, and neither one of them able to support a claim of absolute veracity, to awaken a presumption favorable to the pragmatistic view that all our theories are INSTRUMENTAL, are mental modes of ADAPTATION to reality, rather than revelations or gnostic answers to some divinely instituted world-enigma? I expressed this view as clearly as I could in the second of these lectures. Certainly the restlessness of the actual theoretic situation, the value for some purposes of each thought-level, and the inability of either to expel the others decisively, suggest this pragmatistic view, which I hope that the next lectures may soon make entirely convincing. May there not after all be a possible ambiguity in truth?

Lecture VI Pragmatism's Conception of Truth

THE POLEMIC SITUATION. WHAT DOES AGREEMENT WITH REALITY MEAN? IT MEANS VERIFIABILITY. VERIFIABILITY MEANS ABILITY TO GUIDE US PROSPEROUSLY THROUGH EXPERIENCE. COMPLETED VERIFICATIONS SELDOM NEEDFUL. "ETERNAL" TRUTHS. CONSISTENCY, WITH LANGUAGE, WITH PREVIOUS TRUTHS. RATIONALIST OBJECTIONS. TRUTH IS A GOOD, LIKE HEALTH, WEALTH, ETC. IT IS EXPEDIENT THINKING. THE PAST. TRUTH GROWS. RATIONALIST OBJECTIONS. REPLY TO THEM.

When Clerk Maxwell[1] was a child it is written that he had a mania for having everything explained to him, and that when people put him off with vague verbal accounts of any phenomenon he would interrupt them impatiently by saying, "Yes; but I want you to tell me the PARTICULAR GO of it!" Had his question been about truth, only a pragmatist could have told him the particular go of it. I believe that our contemporary pragmatists, especially Messrs.Schiller and Dewey, have given the only tenable account of this subject. It is a very ticklish subject, sending subtle rootlets into all kinds of crannies, and hard to treat in the sketchy way that alone befits a public lecture. But the Schiller-Dewey view of truth has been so ferociously attacked by rationalistic philosophers, and so abominably misunderstood, that here, if anywhere, is the point where a clear and simple statement should be made.

1 克拉克·麦克斯韦尔（Clerk Maxwell），苏格兰物理学家与数学家。

I fully expect to see the pragmatist view of truth run through the classic stages of a theory's career. First, you know, a new theory is attacked as absurd; then it is admitted to be true, but obvious and insignificant; finally it is seen to be so important that its adversaries claim that they themselves discovered it. Our doctrine of truth is at present in the first of these three stages, with symptoms of the second stage having begun in certain quarters. I wish that this lecture might help it beyond the first stage in the eyes of many of you.

Truth, as any dictionary will tell you, is a property of certain of our ideas. It means their "agreement," as falsity means their disagreement, with "reality." Pragmatists and intellectualists both accept this definition as a matter of course. They begin to quarrel only after the question is raised as to what may precisely be meant by the term "agreement," and what by the term "reality," when reality is taken as something for our ideas to agree with.

In answering these questions the pragmatists are more analytic and painstaking, the intellectualists more offhand and irreflective. The popular notion is that a true idea must copy its reality. Like other popular views, this one follows the analogy of the most usual experience. Our true ideas of sensible things do indeed copy them. Shut your eyes and think of yonder clock on the wall, and you get just such a true picture or copy of its dial. But your idea of its "works" (unless you are a clock-maker) is much less of a copy, yet it passes muster, for it in no way clashes with the reality. Even tho it should shrink to the mere word "works," that word still serves you truly; and when you speak of the "time-keeping function" of the clock, or of its spring's "elasticity," it is hard to see exactly what your ideas can copy.

You perceive that there is a problem here. Where our ideas cannot copy definitely their object, what does agreement with that object mean? Some idealists seem to say that they are true whenever they are what God means that we ought to think about that object. Others hold the copy-view all through, and speak as if our ideas possessed truth just in proportion as they approach to being copies of the Absolute's eternal way of thinking.

These views, you see, invite pragmatistic discussion. But the great assumption of the intellectualists is that truth means essentially an inert static relation. When you've got your true idea of anything, there's an end of the matter. You're in possession; you KNOW; you have fulfilled your thinking destiny. You are where you ought to be mentally; you have obeyed your categorical imperative; and nothing more need follow on that climax of your rational destiny. Epistemologically you are in stable equilibrium.

Pragmatism, on the other hand, asks its usual question. "Grant an idea or belief to be true," it says, "what concrete difference will its being true make in anyone's actual life? How will the truth be realized? What experiences will be different from those which would obtain if the belief were false? What, in short, is the truth's cash-value in experiential terms?"

The moment pragmatism asks this question, it sees the answer: TRUE IDEAS ARE THOSE THAT WE CAN ASSIMILATE, VALIDATE, CORROBORATE AND VERIFY. FALSE IDEAS ARE THOSE THAT WE CANNOT. That is the practical difference it makes to us to have true ideas; that, therefore, is the meaning of truth, for it is all that truth is known-as.

This thesis is what I have to defend. The truth of an idea is not a

stagnant property inherent in it. Truth HAPPENS to an idea. It BECOMES true, is MADE true by events. Its verity is in fact an event, a process: the process namely of its verifying itself, its veri-FICATION. Its validity is the process of its valid-ATION.

But what do the words verification and validation themselves pragmatically mean? They again signify certain practical consequences of the verified and validated idea. It is hard to find any one phrase that characterizes these consequences better than the ordinary agreement-formula—just such consequences being what we have in mind whenever we say that our ideas "agree" with reality. They lead us, namely, through the acts and other ideas which they instigate, into or up to, or towards, other parts of experience with which we feel all the while-such feeling being among our potentialities—that the original ideas remain in agreement. The connexions and transitions come to us from point to point as being progressive, harmonious, satisfactory. This function of agreeable leading is what we mean by an idea's verification. Such an account is vague and it sounds at first quite trivial, but it has results which it will take the rest of my hour to explain.

Let me begin by reminding you of the fact that the possession of true thoughts means everywhere the possession of invaluable instruments of action; and that our duty to gain truth, so far from being a blank command from out of the blue, or a "stunt" self-imposed by our intellect, can account for itself by excellent practical reasons.

The importance to human life of having true beliefs about matters of fact is a thing too notorious. We live in a world of realities that can be infinitely useful or infinitely harmful. Ideas that tell us which of them to expect count as the true ideas in all this primary sphere of verification, and the pursuit of such ideas is a primary human duty. The possession of truth, so far from being here an end in itself, is only a preliminary means towards other vital satisfactions. If I am lost in the woods and starved, and find what looks like a cow-path, it is of the utmost importance that I should think of a human habitation at the end of it, for if I do so and follow it, I save myself. The true thought is useful here because the house which is its object is useful. The practical value of true ideas is thus primarily derived from the practical importance of their objects to us. Their objects are, indeed, not important at all times. I may on another occasion have no use for the house; and then my idea of it, however verifiable, will be practically irrelevant, and had better remain latent. Yet since almost any object may some day become temporarily important, the advantage of having a general stock of extra truths, of ideas that shall

be true of merely possible situations, is obvious. We store such extra truths away in our memories, and with the overflow we fill our books of reference. Whenever such an extra truth becomes practically relevant to one of our emergencies, it passes from cold-storage to do work in the world, and our belief in it grows active. You can say of it then either that "it is useful because it is true" or that "it is true because it is useful." Both these phrases mean exactly the same thing, namely that here is an idea that gets fulfilled and can be verified. True is the name for whatever idea starts the verification-process, useful is the name for its completed function in experience. True ideas would never have been singled out as such, would never have acquired a class-name, least of all a name suggesting value, unless they had been useful from the outset in this way.

From this simple cue pragmatism gets her general notion of truth as something essentially bound up with the way in which one moment in our experience may lead us towards other moments which it will be worth while to have been led to. Primarily, and on the common-sense level, the truth of a state of mind means this function of A LEADING THAT IS WORTH WHILE. When a moment in our experience, of any kind whatever, inspires us with a thought that is true, that means that sooner or later we dip by that thought's guidance into the particulars of experience again and make advantageous connexion with them. This is a vague enough statement, but I beg you to retain it, for it is essential.

Our experience meanwhile is all shot through with regularities. One bit of it can warn us to get ready for another bit, can "intend" or be "significant of" that remoter object. The object's advent is the significance's verification. Truth, in these cases, meaning nothing but eventual verification, is manifestly incompatible with waywardness on our part. Woe to him whose beliefs play fast and loose with the order which realities follow in his experience: they will lead him nowhere or else make false connexions.

By 'realities' or 'objects' here, we mean either things of common sense, sensibly present, or else common-sense relations, such as dates, places, distances, kinds, activities. Following our mental image of a house along the cow-path, we actually come to see the house; we get the image's full verification. SUCH SIMPLY AND FULLY VERIFIED LEADINGS ARE CERTAINLY THE ORIGINALS AND PROTOTYPES OF THE TRUTH-PROCESS. Experience offers indeed other forms of truth-process, but they are all conceivable as being primary verifications arrested, multiplied or substituted one for another.

Take, for instance, yonder object on the wall. You and I consider it to be a "clock," altho no one of us has seen the hidden works that make it one. We let our notion pass for true without attempting to verify. If truths mean verification-process essentially, ought we then to call such unverified truths as this abortive? No, for they form the overwhelmingly large number of the truths we live by. Indirect as well as direct verifications pass muster. Where circumstantial evidence is sufficient, we can go without eye-witnessing. Just as we here assume Japan to exist without ever having been there, because it WORKS to do so, everything we know conspiring with the belief, and nothing interfering, so we assume that thing to be a clock. We USE it as a clock, regulating the length of our lecture by it. The verification of the assumption here means its leading to no frustration or contradiction. VerifiABILITY of wheels and weights and pendulum is as good as verification. For one truth-process completed there are a million in our lives that function in this state of nascency. They turn us TOWARDS direct verification; lead us into the SURROUNDINGS of the objects they envisage; and then, if everything runs on harmoniously, we are so sure that verification is possible that we omit it, and are usually justified by all that happens.

Truth lives, in fact, for the most part on a credit system. Our thoughts and beliefs "pass," so long as nothing challenges them, just as bank-notes pass so long as nobody refuses them. But this all points to direct face-to-face verifications somewhere, without which the fabric of truth collapses like a financial system with no cash-basis whatever. You accept my verification of one thing, I yours of another. We trade on each other's truth. But beliefs verified concretely by SOMEBODY are the posts of the whole superstructure.

Another great reason—beside economy of time—for waiving complete verification in the usual business of life is that all things exist in kinds and not singly. Our world is found once for all to have that peculiarity. So that when we have once directly verified our ideas about one specimen of a kind, we consider ourselves free to apply them to other specimens without verification. A mind that habitually discerns the kind of thing before it, and acts by the law of the kind immediately, without pausing to verify, will be a "true" mind in ninety-nine out of a hundred emergencies, proved so by its conduct fitting everything it meets, and getting no refutation.

INDIRECTLY OR ONLY POTENTIALLY VERIFYING PROCESSES MAY THUS BE TRUE AS WELL AS FULL VERIFICATION-PROCESSES. They work as true processes would work, give us the same advantages, and claim our recognition for the same reasons. All this on the common-

sense level of, matters of fact, which we are alone considering.

But matters of fact are not our only stock in trade. RELATIONS AMONG PURELY MENTAL IDEAS form another sphere where true and false beliefs obtain, and here the beliefs are absolute, or unconditional. When they are true they bear the name either of definitions or of principles. It is either a principle or a definition that 1 and 1 make 2, that 2 and 1 make 3, and so on; that white differs less from gray than it does from black; that when the cause begins to act the effect also commences. Such propositions hold of all possible "ones," of all conceivable "whites" and "grays" and "causes." The objects here are mental objects. Their relations are perceptually obvious at a glance, and no sense-verification is necessary. Moreover, once true, always true, of those same mental objects. Truth here has an "eternal" character. If you can find a concrete thing anywhere that is "one" or "white" or "gray," or an "effect," then your principles will everlastingly apply to it. It is but a case of ascertaining the kind, and then applying the law of its kind to the particular object. You are sure to get truth if you can but name the kind rightly, for your mental relations hold good of everything of that kind without exception. If you then, nevertheless, failed to get truth concretely, you would say that you had classed your real objects wrongly.

In this realm of mental relations, truth again is an affair of leading. We relate one abstract idea with another, framing in the end great systems of logical and mathematical truth, under the respective terms of which the sensible facts of experience eventually arrange themselves, so that our eternal truths hold good of realities also. This marriage of fact and theory is endlessly fertile. What we say is here already true in advance of special verification, IF WE HAVE SUBSUMED OUR OBJECTS RIGHTLY. Our ready-made ideal framework for all sorts of possible objects follows from the very structure of our thinking. We can no more play fast and loose with these abstract relations than we can do so with our sense-experiences. They coerce us; we must treat them consistently, whether or not we like the results. The rules of addition apply to our debts as rigorously as to our assets. The hundredth decimal of pi, the ratio of the circumference to its diameter, is predetermined ideally now, tho no one may have computed it. If we should ever need the figure in our dealings with an actual circle we should need to have it given rightly, calculated by the usual rules; for it is the same kind of truth that those rules elsewhere calculate.

Between the coercions of the sensible order and those of the ideal order, our mind is thus wedged tightly. Our ideas must agree with

realities, be such realities concrete or abstract, be they facts or be they principles, under penalty of endless inconsistency and frustration. So far, intellectualists can raise no protest. They can only say that we have barely touched the skin of the matter.

Realities mean, then, either concrete facts, or abstract kinds of things and relations perceived intuitively between them. They furthermore and thirdly mean, as things that new ideas of ours must no less take account of, the whole body of other truths already in our possession. But what now does "agreement" with such three-fold realities mean?—to use again the definition that is current.

Here it is that pragmatism and intellectualism begin to part company. Primarily, no doubt, to agree means to copy, but we saw that the mere word "clock" would do instead of a mental picture of its works, and that of many realities our ideas can only be symbols and not copies. "Past time," "power," "spontaneity"—how can our mind copy such realities?

To "agree" in the widest sense with a reality, CAN ONLY MEAN TO BE GUIDED EITHER STRAIGHT UP TO IT OR INTO ITS SURROUNDINGS, OR TO BE PUT INTO SUCH WORKING TOUCH WITH IT AS TO HANDLE EITHER IT OR SOMETHING CONNECTED WITH IT BETTER THAN IF WE DISAGREED. Better either intellectually or practically! And often agreement will only mean the negative fact that nothing contradictory from the quarter of that reality comes to interfere with the way in which our ideas guide us elsewhere. To copy a reality is, indeed, one very important way of agreeing with it, but it is far from being essential. The essential thing is the process of being guided. Any idea that helps us to DEAL, whether practically or intellectually, with either the reality or its belongings, that doesn't entangle our progress in frustrations, that FITS, in fact, and adapts our life to the reality's whole setting, will agree sufficiently to meet the requirement. It will hold true of that reality.

Thus, NAMES are just as "true" or "false" as definite mental pictures are. They set up similar verification-processes, and lead to fully equivalent practical results.

All human thinking gets discursified; we exchange ideas; we lend and borrow verifications, get them from one another by means of social intercourse. All truth thus gets verbally built out, stored up, and made available for everyone. Hence, we must TALK consistently just as we must THINK consistently: for both in talk and thought we deal with kinds. Names are arbitrary, but once understood they must be kept to.

We mustn't now call Abel[1] "Cain"[2] or Cain "Abel." If we do, we ungear ourselves from the whole book of Genesis, and from all its connexions with the universe of speech and fact down to the present time. We throw ourselves out of whatever truth that entire system of speech and fact may embody.

1 亚伯（Abel），《圣经·旧约》中亚当的大儿子。

2 该隐（Cain），《圣经·旧约》中亚当的小儿子。

The overwhelming majority of our true ideas admit of no direct or face-to-face verification-those of past history, for example, as of Cain and Abel. The stream of time can be remounted only verbally, or verified indirectly by the present prolongations or effects of what the past harbored. Yet if they agree with these verbalities and effects, we can know that our ideas of the past are true. AS TRUE AS PAST TIME ITSELF WAS, so true was Julius Caesar, so true were antediluvian monsters, all in their proper dates and settings. That past time itself was, is guaranteed by its coherence with everything that's present. True as the present is, the past was also.

Agreement thus turns out to be essentially an affair of leading—leading that is useful because it is into quarters that contain objects that are important. True ideas lead us into useful verbal and conceptual quarters as well as directly up to useful sensible termini. They lead to consistency, stability and flowing human intercourse. They lead away from excentricity and isolation, from foiled and barren thinking. The untrammeled flowing of the leading-process, its general freedom from clash and contradiction, passes for its indirect verification; but all roads lead to Rome, and in the end and eventually, all true processes must lead to the face of directly verifying sensible experiences SOMEWHERE, which somebody's ideas have copied.

Such is the large loose way in which the pragmatist interprets the word agreement. He treats it altogether practically. He lets it cover any process of conduction from a present idea to a future terminus, provided only it run prosperously. It is only thus that "scientific" ideas, flying as they do beyond common sense, can be said to agree with their realities. It is, as I have already said, as if reality were made of ether, atoms or electrons, but we mustn't think so literally. The term "energy" doesn't even pretend to stand for anything "objective." It is only a way of measuring the surface of phenomena so as to string their changes on a simple formula.

Yet in the choice of these man-made formulas we cannot be capricious with impunity any more than we can be capricious on the common-sense practical level. We must find a theory that will WORK; and that means something extremely difficult; for our theory must mediate between all previous truths and certain new experiences. It must derange common sense and previous belief as little as possible, and it must lead to some sensible terminus or other that can be verified exactly. To "work" means both these things; and the squeeze is so tight that there is little loose play for any hypothesis. Our theories are wedged and controlled as nothing else is. Yet sometimes alternative theoretic formulas are equally compatible with all the truths we know, and then we choose between them for subjective reasons. We choose the kind of theory to which we are already partial; we follow "elegance" or "economy." Clerk Maxwell somewhere says it would be "poor scientific taste" to choose the more complicated of two equally well-evidenced conceptions; and you will all agree with him. Truth in science is what gives us the maximum possible sum of satisfactions, taste included, but consistency both with previous truth and with novel fact is always the most imperious claimant.

I have led you through a very sandy desert. But now, if I may be allowed so vulgar an expression, we begin to taste the milk in the cocoanut. Our rationalist critics here discharge their batteries upon us, and to reply to them will take us out from all this dryness into full sight of a momentous philosophical alternative.

Our account of truth is an account of truths in the plural, of processes of leading, realized in rebus, and having only this quality in common, that they PAY. They pay by guiding us into or towards some part of a system that dips at numerous points into sense-percepts, which we may copy mentally or not, but with which at any rate we are now in the kind of commerce vaguely designated as verification. Truth for us is simply a collective name for verification-processes, just as health, wealth, strength, etc., are names for other processes connected with life, and also pursued because it pays to pursue them. Truth is MADE, just as health, wealth and strength are made, in the course of experience.

Here rationalism is instantaneously up in arms against us. I can imagine a rationalist to talk as follows:

"Truth is not made," he will say; "it absolutely obtains, being a unique relation that does not wait upon any process, but shoots straight over the head of experience, and hits its reality every time. Our belief that yon thing on the wall is a clock is true already, altho no one in the

whole history of the world should verify it. The bare quality of standing in that transcendent relation is what makes any thought true that possesses it, whether or not there be verification. You pragmatists put the cart before the horse in making truth's being reside in verification-processes. These are merely signs of its being, merely our lame ways of ascertaining after the fact, which of our ideas already has possessed the wondrous quality. The quality itself is timeless, like all essences and natures. Thoughts partake of it directly, as they partake of falsity or of irrelevancy. It can't be analyzed away into pragmatic consequences."

The whole plausibility of this rationalist tirade is due to the fact to which we have already paid so much attention. In our world, namely, abounding as it does in things of similar kinds and similarly associated, one verification serves for others of its kind, and one great use of knowing things is to be led not so much to them as to their associates, especially to human talk about them. The quality of truth, obtaining ante rem, pragmatically means, then, the fact that in such a world innumerable ideas work better by their indirect or possible than by their direct and actual verification. Truth ante rem means only verifiability, then; or else it is a case of the stock rationalist trick of treating the NAME of a concrete phenomenal reality as an independent prior entity, and placing it behind the reality as its explanation. Professor Mach quotes somewhere an epigram of Lessing's:

Sagt Hanschen Schlau zu Vetter Fritz, "Wie kommt es, Vetter Fritzen, Dass grad die Reichsten in der Welt, Das meiste Geld besitzen?"

Hanschen Schlau here treats the principle "wealth" as something distinct from the facts denoted by the man's being rich. It antedates them; the facts become only a sort of secondary coincidence with the rich man's essential nature.

In the case of "wealth" we all see the fallacy. We know that wealth is but a name for concrete processes that certain men's lives play a part in, and not a natural excellence found in Messrs. Rockefeller and Carnegie, but not in the rest of us.

Like wealth, health also lives in rebus. It is a name for processes, as digestion, circulation, sleep, etc., that go on happily, tho in this instance we are more inclined to think of it as a principle and to say the man digests and sleeps so well BECAUSE he is so healthy.

With "strength" we are, I think, more rationalistic still, and decidedly

inclined to treat it as an excellence pre-existing in the man and explanatory of the herculean performances of his muscles.

With "truth" most people go over the border entirely, and treat the rationalistic account as self-evident. But really all these words in TH are exactly similar. Truth exists ante rem just as much and as little as the other things do.

The scholastics, following Aristotle, made much of the distinction between habit and act. Health in actual means, among other things, good sleeping and digesting. But a healthy man need not always be sleeping, or always digesting, any more than a wealthy man need be always handling money, or a strong man always lifting weights. All such qualities sink to the status of "habits" between their times of exercise; and similarly truth becomes a habit of certain of our ideas and beliefs in their intervals of rest from their verifying activities. But those activities are the root of the whole matter, and the condition of there being any habit to exist in the intervals.

"The true," to put it very briefly, is only the expedient in the way of our thinking, just as "the right" is only the expedient in the way of our behaving. Expedient in almost any fashion; and expedient in the long run and on the whole of course; for what meets expediently all the experience in sight won't necessarily meet all farther experiences equally satisfactorily. Experience, as we know, has ways of BOILING OVER, and making us correct our present formulas.

The "absolutely" true, meaning what no farther experience will ever alter, is that ideal vanishing-point towards which we imagine that all our temporary truths will some day converge. It runs on all fours with the perfectly wise man, and with the absolutely complete experience; and, if these ideals are ever realized, they will all be realized together. Meanwhile we have to live to-day by what truth we can get to-day, and be ready to-morrow to call it falsehood. Ptolemaic astronomy, euclidean space, aristotelian logic, scholastic metaphysics, were expedient for centuries, but human experience has boiled over those limits, and we now call these things only relatively true, or true within those borders of experience. "Absolutely" they are false; for we know that those limits were casual, and might have been transcended by past theorists just as they are by present thinkers.

When new experiences lead to retrospective judgments, using the past tense, what these judgments utter WAS true, even tho no past thinker had been led there. We live forwards, a Danish thinker has said, but we understand backwards. The present sheds a backward light on the

world's previous processes. They may have been truth-processes for the actors in them. They are not so for one who knows the later revelations of the story.

This regulative notion of a potential better truth to be established later, possibly to be established some day absolutely, and having powers of retroactive legislation, turns its face, like all pragmatist notions, towards concreteness of fact, and towards the future. Like the half-truths, the absolute truth will have to be MADE, made as a relation incidental to the growth of a mass of verification-experience, to which the half-true ideas are all along contributing their quota.

I have already insisted on the fact that truth is made largely out of previous truths. Men's beliefs at any time are so much experience funded. But the beliefs are themselves parts of the sum total of the world's experience, and become matter, therefore, for the next day's funding operations. So far as reality means experienceable reality, both it and the truths men gain about it are everlastingly in process of mutation--mutation towards a definite goal, it may be—but still mutation.

Mathematicians can solve problems with two variables. On the Newtonian theory, for instance, acceleration varies with distance, but distance also varies with acceleration. In the realm of truth-processes facts come independently and determine our beliefs provisionally. But these beliefs make us act, and as fast as they do so, they bring into sight or into existence new facts which re-determine the beliefs accordingly. So the whole coil and ball of truth, as it rolls up, is the product of a double influence. Truths emerge from facts; but they dip forward into facts again and add to them; which facts again create or reveal new truth (the word is indifferent) and so on indefinitely. The 'facts' themselves meanwhile are not TRUE. They simply ARE. Truth is the function of the beliefs that start and terminate among them.

The case is like a snowball's growth, due as it is to the distribution of the snow on the one hand, and to the successive pushes of the boys on the other, with these factors co-determining each other incessantly.

The most fateful point of difference between being a rationalist and being a pragmatist is now fully in sight. Experience is in mutation, and our psychological ascertainments of truth are in mutation—so much rationalism will allow; but never that either reality itself or truth itself is mutable. Reality stands complete and ready-made from all eternity, rationalism insists, and the agreement of our ideas with it is that unique unanalyzable virtue in them of which she has already told us.

As that intrinsic excellence, their truth has nothing to do with our experiences. It adds nothing to the content of experience. It makes no difference to reality itself; it is supervenient, inert, static, a reflexion merely. It doesn't EXIST, it HOLDS or OBTAINS, it belongs to another dimension from that of either facts or fact-relations, belongs, in short, to the epistemological dimension—and with that big word rationalism closes the discussion.

Thus, just as pragmatism faces forward to the future, so does rationalism here again face backward to a past eternity. True to her inveterate habit, rationalism reverts to "principles," and thinks that when an abstraction once is named, we own an oracular solution.

The tremendous pregnancy in the way of consequences for life of this radical difference of outlook will only become apparent in my later lectures. I wish meanwhile to close this lecture by showing that rationalism's sublimity does not save it from inanity.

When, namely, you ask rationalists, instead of accusing pragmatism of desecrating the notion of truth, to define it themselves by saying exactly what THEY understand by it, the only positive attempts I can think of are these two:

1. "Truth is just the system of propositions which have an unconditional claim to be recognized as valid." (A. E. Taylor, Philosophical Review, vol. xiv, p. 288.)

2. Truth is a name for all those judgments which we find ourselves under obligation to make by a kind of imperative duty. (H. Rickert, Der Gegenstand der Erkenntniss, chapter on 'Die Urtheilsnothwendigkeit.')

The first thing that strikes one in such definitions is their unutterable triviality. They are absolutely true, of course, but absolutely insignificant until you handle them pragmatically. What do you mean by "claim" here, and what do you mean by "duty"? As summary names for the concrete reasons why thinking in true ways is overwhelmingly expedient and good for mortal men, it is all right to talk of claims on reality's part to be agreed with, and of obligations on our part to agree. We feel both the claims and the obligations, and we feel them for just those reasons.

But the rationalists who talk of claim and obligation EXPRESSLY SAY THAT THEY HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH OUR PRACTICAL INTERESTS OR PERSONAL REASONS. Our reasons for agreeing are psychological facts, they say, relative to each thinker, and to the

accidents of his life. They are his evidence merely, they are no part of the life of truth itself. That life transacts itself in a purely logical or epistemological, as distinguished from a psychological, dimension, and its claims antedate and exceed all personal motivations whatsoever. Tho neither man nor God should ever ascertain truth, the word would still have to be defined as that which OUGHT to be ascertained and recognized.

There never was a more exquisite example of an idea abstracted from the concretes of experience and then used to oppose and negate what it was abstracted from.

Philosophy and common life abound in similar instances. The "sentimentalist fallacy" is to shed tears over abstract justice and generosity, beauty, etc., and never to know these qualities when you meet them in the street, because there the circumstances make them vulgar. Thus I read in the privately printed biography of an eminently rationalistic mind: "It was strange that with such admiration for beauty in the abstract, my brother had no enthusiasm for fine architecture, for beautiful painting, or for flowers." And in almost the last philosophic work I have read, I find such passages as the following: "Justice is ideal, solely ideal. Reason conceives that it ought to exist, but experience shows that it can-not.... Truth, which ought to be, cannot be.... Reason is deformed by experience. As soon as reason enters experience, it becomes contrary to reason."

The rationalist's fallacy here is exactly like the sentimentalist's. Both extract a quality from the muddy particulars of experience, and find it so pure when extracted that they contrast it with each and all its muddy instances as an opposite and higher nature. All the while it is THEIR nature. It is the nature of truths to be validated, verified. It pays for our ideas to be validated. Our obligation to seek truth is part of our general obligation to do what pays. The payments true ideas bring are the sole why of our duty to follow them.

Identical whys exist in the case of wealth and health. Truth makes no other kind of claim and imposes no other kind of ought than health and wealth do. All these claims are conditional; the concrete benefits we gain are what we mean by calling the pursuit a duty. In the case of truth, untrue beliefs work as perniciously in the long run as true beliefs work beneficially. Talking abstractly, the quality "true" may thus be said to grow absolutely precious, and the quality "untrue" absolutely damnable: the one may be called good, the other bad, unconditionally. We ought to think the true, we ought to shun the false, imperatively.

But if we treat all this abstraction literally and oppose it to its mother soil in experience, see what a preposterous position we work ourselves into.

We cannot then take a step forward in our actual thinking. When shall I acknowledge this truth and when that? Shall the acknowledgment be loud?—or silent? If sometimes loud, sometimes silent, which NOW? When may a truth go into cold-storage in the encyclopedia? and when shall it come out for battle? Must I constantly be repeating the truth "twice two are four" because of its eternal claim on recognition? or is it sometimes irrelevant? Must my thoughts dwell night and day on my personal sins and blemishes, because I truly have them?—or may I sink and ignore them in order to be a decent social unit, and not a mass of morbid melancholy and apology?

It is quite evident that our obligation to acknowledge truth, so far from being unconditional, is tremendously conditioned. Truth with a big T, and in the singular, claims abstractly to be recognized, of course; but concrete truths in the plural need be recognized only when their recognition is expedient. A truth must always be preferred to a falsehood when both relate to the situation; but when neither does, truth is as little of a duty as falsehood. If you ask me what o'clock it is and I tell you that I live at 95 Irving Street, my answer may indeed be true, but you don't see why it is my duty to give it. A false address would be as much to the purpose.

With this admission that there are conditions that limit the application of the abstract imperative, THE PRAGMATISTIC TREATMENT OF TRUTH SWEEPS BACK UPON US IN ITS FULNESS. Our duty to agree with reality is seen to be grounded in a perfect jungle of concrete expediencies.

When Berkeley had explained what people meant by matter, people thought that he denied matter's existence.

When Messrs. Schiller and Dewey now explain what people mean by truth, they are accused of denying ITS existence. These pragmatists destroy all objective standards, critics say, and put foolishness and wisdom on one level. A favorite formula for describing Mr. Schiller's doctrines and mine is that we are persons who think that by saying whatever you find it pleasant to say and calling it truth you fulfill every pragmatistic requirement.

I leave it to you to judge whether this be not an impudent slander. Pent in, as the pragmatist more than anyone else sees himself to be,

between the whole body of funded truths squeezed from the past and the coercions of the world of sense about him, who so well as he feels the immense pressure of objective control under which our minds perform their operations? If anyone imagines that this law is lax, let him keep its commandment one day, says Emerson. We have heard much of late of the uses of the imagination in science. It is high time to urge the use of a little imagination in philosophy. The unwillingness of some of our critics to read any but the silliest of possible meanings into our statements is as discreditable to their imaginations as anything I know in recent philosophic history. Schiller says the true is that which "works." Thereupon he is treated as one who limits verification to the lowest material utilities. Dewey says truth is what gives "satisfaction." He is treated as one who believes in calling everything true which, if it were true, would be pleasant.

Our critics certainly need more imagination of realities. I have honestly tried to stretch my own imagination and to read the best possible meaning into the rationalist conception, but I have to confess that it still completely baffles me. The notion of a reality calling on us to "agree" with it, and that for no reasons, but simply because its claim is "unconditional" or "transcendent," is one that I can make neither head nor tail of. I try to imagine myself as the sole reality in the world, and then to imagine what more I would "claim" if I were allowed to. If you suggest the possibility of my claiming that a mind should come into being from out of the void inane and stand and COPY me, I can indeed imagine what the copying might mean, but I can conjure up no motive. What good it would do me to be copied, or what good it would do that mind to copy me, if farther consequences are expressly and in principle ruled out as motives for the claim (as they are by our rationalist authorities) I cannot fathom. When the Irishman's admirers ran him along to the place of banquet in a sedan chair with no bottom, he said, "Faith, if it wasn't for the honor of the thing, I might as well have come on foot." So here: but for the honor of the thing, I might as well have remained uncopied. Copying is one genuine mode of knowing (which for some strange reason our contemporary transcendentalists seem to be tumbling over each other to repudiate); but when we get beyond copying, and fall back on unnamed forms of agreeing that are expressly denied to be either copyings or leadings or fittings, or any other processes pragmatically definable, the WHAT of the "agreement" claimed becomes as unintelligible as the why of it. Neither content nor motive can be imagined for it. It is an absolutely meaningless abstraction. (I am not forgetting that Professor Rickert[1] long ago gave up the whole notion of truth being founded on agreement with reality. Reality, according

to him, is whatever agrees with truth, and truth is founded solely on our primal duty. This fantastic flight, together with Mr. Joachim's[2] candid confession of failure in his book The Nature of Truth, seems to me to mark the bankruptcy of rationalism when dealing with this subject. Rickert deals with part of the pragmatistic position under the head of what he calls "Relativismus." I cannot discuss his text here. Suffice it to say that his argumentation in that chapter is so feeble as to seem almost incredible in so generally able a writer.)

1 里克特（Rickert，1863—1936），德国哲学家，开创新康德思潮巴登学派。

2 约阿希姆（Joachim，1587—1657），德国哲学家、数学教授。

Surely in this field of truth it is the pragmatists and not the rationalists who are the more genuine defenders of the universe's rationality.

Lecture VII Pragmatism and Humanism

THE NOTION OF THE TRUTH. SCHILLER ON "HUMANISM." THREE SORTS OF REALITY OF WHICH ANY NEW TRUTH MUST TAKE ACCOUNT. TO "TAKE ACCOUNT" IS AMBIGUOUS. ABSOLUTELY INDEPENDENT REALITY IS HARD TO FIND. THE HUMAN CONTRIBUTION IS UBIQUITOUS AND BUILDS OUT THE GIVEN. ESSENCE OF PRAGMATISM'S CONTRAST WITH RATIONALISM. RATIONALISM AFFIRMS A TRANSEMPIRICAL WORLD. MOTIVES FOR THIS. TOUGH-MINDEDNESS REJECTS THEM. A GENUINE ALTERNATIVE. PRAGMATISM MEDIATES.

What hardens the heart of everyone I approach with the view of truth sketched in my last lecture is that typical idol of the tribe, the notion of THE Truth, conceived as the one answer, determinate and complete, to the one fixed enigma which the world is believed to propound. For popular tradition, it is all the better if the answer be oracular, so as itself to awaken wonder as an enigma of the second order, veiling rather than revealing what its profundities are supposed to contain. All the great single-word answers to the world's riddle, such as God, the One, Reason, Law, Spirit, Matter, Nature, Polarity, the Dialectic Process, the Idea, the Self, the Oversoul, draw the admiration that men have lavished on them from this oracular role. By amateurs in philosophy and professionals alike, the universe is represented as a queer sort of petrified sphinx[1] whose appeal to man consists in a monotonous challenge to his divining powers. THE Truth: what a perfect idol of the rationalistic mind! I read in an old letter—from a gifted friend who died too young—these words: "In everything, in science, art, morals and religion, there MUST be one system that is right and EVERY other wrong." How characteristic of the enthusiasm of a certain stage of youth! At twenty-one we rise to such a challenge and expect to find the system. It never occurs to most of us even later that the question "what is THE truth?" is no real question (being irrelative to all conditions) and that the whole notion of THE truth is an abstraction from the fact of truths in the plural, a mere useful summarizing phrase like THE Latin Language or THE Law.

1 斯芬克斯（Spinx），埃及狮身人面像。

Common-law judges sometimes talk about the law, and school-masters talk about the latin tongue, in a way to make their hearers think they mean entities pre-existent to the decisions or to the words and syntax, determining them unequivocally and requiring them to obey. But the

slightest exercise of reflexion makes us see that, instead of being principles of this kind, both law and latin are results. Distinctions between the lawful and the unlawful in conduct, or between the correct and incorrect in speech, have grown up incidentally among the interactions of men's experiences in detail; and in no other way do distinctions between the true and the false in belief ever grow up. Truth grafts itself on previous truth, modifying it in the process, just as idiom grafts itself on previous idiom, and law on previous law. Given previous law and a novel case, and the judge will twist them into fresh law. Previous idiom; new slang or metaphor or oddity that hits the public taste:—and presto, a new idiom is made. Previous truth; fresh facts:—and our mind finds a new truth.

All the while, however, we pretend that the eternal is unrolling, that the one previous justice, grammar or truth is simply fulgurating, and not being made. But imagine a youth in the courtroom trying cases with his abstract notion of "the" law, or a censor of speech let loose among the theatres with his idea of "the" mother-tongue, or a professor setting up to lecture on the actual universe with his rationalistic notion of "the Truth" with a big T, and what progress do they make? Truth, law, and language fairly boil away from them at the least touch of novel fact. These things MAKE THEMSELVES as we go. Our rights, wrongs, prohibitions, penalties, words, forms, idioms, beliefs, are so many new creations that add themselves as fast as history proceeds. Far from being antecedent principles that animate the process, law, language, truth are but abstract names for its results.

Laws and languages at any rate are thus seen to be man-made: things. Mr. Schiller applies the analogy to beliefs, and proposes the name of "Humanism" for the doctrine that to an unascertainable extent our truths are man-made products too. Human motives sharpen all our questions, human satisfactions lurk in all our answers, all our formulas have a human twist. This element is so inextricable in the products that Mr. Schiller sometimes seems almost to leave it an open question whether there be anything else. "The world," he says, "is essentially (u lambda nu), it is what we make of it. It is fruitless to define it by what it originally was or by what it is apart from us; it IS what is made of it. Hence ... the world is PLASTIC." (Personal Idealism, p. 60.) He adds that we can learn the limits of the plasticity only by trying, and that we ought to start as if it were wholly plastic, acting methodically on that assumption, and stopping only when we are decisively rebuked.

This is Mr. Schiller's butt-end-foremost statement of the humanist position, and it has exposed him to severe attack. I mean to defend the humanist position in this lecture, so I will insinuate a few remarks at

this point.

Mr. Schiller admits as emphatically as anyone the presence of resisting factors in every actual experience of truth-making, of which the new-made special truth must take account, and with which it has perforce to "agree." All our truths are beliefs about "Reality"; and in any particular belief the reality acts as something independent, as a thing FOUND, not manufactured. Let me here recall a bit of my last lecture.

"REALITY" IS IN GENERAL WHAT TRUTHS HAVE TO TAKE ACCOUNT OF; (Mr. Taylor in his Elements of Metaphysics uses this excellent pragmatic definition.) and the FIRST part of reality from this point of view is the flux of our sensations. Sensations are forced upon us, coming we know not whence. Over their nature, order, and quantity we have as good as no control. THEY are neither true nor false; they simply ARE. It is only what we say about them, only the names we give them, our theories of their source and nature and remote relations, that may be true or not.

The SECOND part of reality, as something that our beliefs must also obediently take account of, is the RELATIONS that obtain between our sensations or between their copies in our minds. This part falls into two sub-parts: 1) the relations that are mutable and accidental, as those of date and place; and 2) those that are fixed and essential because they are grounded on the inner natures of their terms—such as likeness and unlikeness. Both sorts of relation are matters of immediate perception. Both are "facts." But it is the latter kind of fact that forms the more important sub-part of reality for our theories of knowledge. Inner relations namely are "eternal," are perceived whenever their sensible terms are compared; and of them our thought —mathematical and logical thought, so-called—must eternally take account.

The THIRD part of reality, additional to these perceptions (tho largely based upon them), is the PREVIOUS TRUTHS of which every new inquiry takes account. This third part is a much less obdurately resisting factor: it often ends by giving way. In speaking of these three portions of reality as at all times controlling our belief's formation, I am only reminding you of what we heard in our last hour.

Now however fixed these elements of reality may be, we still have a certain freedom in our dealings with them. Take our sensations. THAT they are is undoubtedly beyond our control; but WHICH we attend to, note, and make emphatic in our conclusions depends on our own interests; and, according as we lay the emphasis here or there, quite

different formulations of truth result. We read the same facts differently. "Waterloo," with the same fixed details, spells a "victory" for an englishman; for a frenchman it spells a "defeat." So, for an optimist philosopher the universe spells victory, for a pessimist, defeat.

What we say about reality thus depends on the perspective into which we throw it. The THAT of it is its own; but the WHAT depends on the WHICH; and the which depends on US. Both the sensational and the relational parts of reality are dumb: they say absolutely nothing about themselves. We it is who have to speak for them.

This dumbness of sensations has led such intellectualists as T. H. Green[1] and Edward Caird to shove them almost beyond the pale of philosophic recognition, but pragmatists refuse to go so far. A sensation is rather like a client who has given his case to a lawyer and then has passively to listen in the courtroom to whatever account of his affairs, pleasant or unpleasant, the lawyer finds it most expedient to give.

1 T. H. 格林（T. H. Green，1836—1882），英国哲学家，政治理念十分激进。

Hence, even in the field of sensation, our minds exert a certain arbitrary choice. By our inclusions and omissions we trace the field's extent; by our emphasis we mark its foreground and its background; by our order we read it in this direction or in that. We receive in short the block of marble, but we carve the statue ourselves.

This applies to the "eternal" parts of reality as well: we shuffle our perceptions of intrinsic relation and arrange them just as freely. We read them in one serial order or another, class them in this way or in that, treat one or the other as more fundamental, until our beliefs about them form those bodies of truth known as logics, geometries, or arithmetics, in each and all of which the form and order in which the whole is cast is flagrantly man-made.

Thus, to say nothing of the new FACTS which men add to the matter of reality by the acts of their own lives, they have already impressed their mental forms on that whole third of reality which I have called "previous truths." Every hour brings its new percepts, its own facts of sensation and relation, to be truly taken account of; but the whole of our PAST dealings with such facts is already funded in the previous truths. It is therefore only the smallest and recentest fraction of the first two parts of reality that comes to us without the human touch, and that fraction has immediately to become humanized in the sense

of being squared, assimilated, or in some way adapted, to the humanized mass already there. As a matter of fact we can hardly take in an impression at all, in the absence of a pre-conception of what impressions there may possibly be.

When we talk of reality "independent" of human thinking, then, it seems a thing very hard to find. It reduces to the notion of what is just entering into experience, and yet to be named, or else to some imagined aboriginal presence in experience, before any belief about the presence had arisen, before any human conception had been applied. It is what is absolutely dumb and evanescent, the merely ideal limit of our minds. We may glimpse it, but we never grasp it; what we grasp is always some substitute for it which previous human thinking has peptonized and cooked for our consumption. If so vulgar an expression were allowed us, we might say that wherever we find it, it has been already FAKED. This is what Mr. Schiller has in mind when he calls independent reality a mere unresisting (u lambda nu), which IS only to be made over by us.

That is Mr. Schiller's belief about the sensible core of reality. We "encounter" it (in Mr. Bradley's[1] words) but don't possess it. Superficially this sounds like Kant's view; but between categories fulminated before nature began, and categories gradually forming themselves in nature's presence, the whole chasm between rationalism and empiricism yawns. To the genuine "Kantianer" Schiller will always be to Kant as a satyr[2] to Hyperion[3].

Other pragmatists may reach more positive beliefs about the sensible core of reality. They may think to get at it in its independent nature, by peeling off the successive man-made wrappings. They may make theories that tell us where it comes from and all about it; and if these theories work satisfactorily they will be true. The transcendental idealists say there is no core, the finally completed wrapping being reality and truth in one. Scholasticism still teaches that the core is "matter." Professor Bergson[4], Heymans[5], Strong[6], and others, believe in the core and bravely try to define it.

1 布莱德利（Bradlley，1846—1924），英国新唯心主义哲学家。

2 萨梯（Satyr），希腊罗马神话中的森林之神，在此指“小鬼”。

3 许珀里翁（Hyperion），希腊神话泰坦神族的一员，在此指“巨人”。

4 伯格森（Bergson，1859—1941），20世纪上半叶法国哲学家。

5 海曼斯（Heymans，1857—1930），荷兰哲学家、心理学家。

6 斯特朗（Strong，1901—1990），美国教育家。

Messrs. Dewey and Schiller treat it as a "limit." Which is the truer of all these diverse accounts, or of others comparable with them, unless it be the one that finally proves the most satisfactory? On the one hand there will stand reality, on the other an account of it which proves impossible to better or to alter. If the impossibility prove permanent, the truth of the account will be absolute. Other content of truth than this I can find nowhere. If the anti-pragmatists have any other meaning, let them for heaven's sake reveal it, let them grant us access to it!

Not BEING reality, but only our belief ABOUT reality, it will contain human elements, but these will KNOW the non-human element, in the only sense in which there can be knowledge of anything. Does the river make its banks, or do the banks make the river? Does a man walk with his right leg or with his left leg more essentially? Just as impossible may it be to separate the real from the human factors in the growth of our cognitive experience.

Let this stand as a first brief indication of the humanistic position. Does it seem paradoxical? If so, I will try to make it plausible by a few illustrations, which will lead to a fuller acquaintance with the subject.

In many familiar objects everyone will recognize the human element. We conceive a given reality in this way or in that, to suit our purpose, and the reality passively submits to the conception. You can take the number 27 as the cube of 3, or as the product of 3 and 9, or as 26 PLUS 1, or 100 MINUS 73, or in countless other ways, of which one will be just as true as another. You can take a chessboard as black squares on a white ground, or as white squares on a black ground, and neither conception is a false one. You can treat the adjoined figure (Figure of a "Star of David") as a star, as two big triangles crossing each other, as a hexagon with legs set up on its angles, as six equal triangles hanging together by their tips, etc. All these treatments are true treatments—the sensible THAT upon the paper resists no one of them. You can say of a line that it runs east, or you can say that it runs west, and the line per se accepts both descriptions without rebelling at the inconsistency.

We carve out groups of stars in the heavens, and call them constellations, and the stars patiently suffer us to do so—tho if they knew what we were doing, some of them might feel much surprised at the partners we had given them. We name the same constellation diversely, as Charles's Wain, the Great Bear, or the Dipper[1]. None of the names will be false, and one will be as true as another, for all are

applicable.

1 长柄勺（Dipper），指北斗七星。

In all these cases we humanly make an addition to some sensible reality, and that reality tolerates the addition. All the additions "agree" with the reality; they fit it, while they build it out. No one of them is false. Which may be treated as the more true, depends altogether on the human use of it. If the 27 is a number of dollars which I find in a drawer where I had left 28, it is 28 minus 1. If it is the number of inches in a shelf which I wish to insert into a cupboard 26 inches wide, it is 26 plus 1. If I wish to ennoble the heavens by the constellations I see there, "Charles's Wain" would be more true than "Dipper." My friend Frederick Myers was humorously indignant that that prodigious star-group should remind us Americans of nothing but a culinary utensil.

What shall we call a THING anyhow? It seems quite arbitrary, for we carve out everything, just as we carve out constellations, to suit our human purposes. For me, this whole "audience" is one thing, which grows now restless, now attentive. I have no use at present for its individual units, so I don't consider them. So of an "army," of a "nation." But in your own eyes, ladies and gentlemen, to call you "audience" is an accidental way of taking you. The permanently real things for you are your individual persons. To an anatomist, again, those persons are but organisms, and the real things are the organs. Not the organs, so much as their constituent cells, say the histologists; not the cells, but their molecules, say in turn the chemists.

We break the flux of sensible reality into things, then, at our will. We create the subjects of our true as well as of our false propositions.

We create the predicates also. Many of the predicates of things express only the relations of the things to us and to our feelings. Such predicates of course are human additions. Caesar crossed the Rubicon, and was a menace to Rome's freedom. He is also an American school-room pest, made into one by the reaction of our schoolboys on his writings. The added predicate is as true of him as the earlier ones.

You see how naturally one comes to the humanistic principle: you can't weed out the human contribution. Our nouns and adjectives are all humanized heirlooms, and in the theories we build them into, the inner order and arrangement is wholly dictated by human considerations, intellectual consistency being one of them. Mathematics and logic themselves are fermenting with human

rearrangements; physics, astronomy and biology follow massive cues of preference. We plunge forward into the field of fresh experience with the beliefs our ancestors and we have made already; these determine what we notice; what we notice determines what we do; what we do again determines what we experience; so from one thing to another, altho the stubborn fact remains that there IS a sensible flux, what is true of it seems from first to last to be largely a matter of our own creation.

We build the flux out inevitably. The great question is: does it, with our additions, rise or fall in value? Are the additions WORTHY or UNWORTHY? Suppose a universe composed of seven stars, and nothing else but three human witnesses and their critic. One witness names the stars "Great Bear"; one calls them "Charles's Wain"; one calls them the "Dipper." Which human addition has made the best universe of the given stellar material? If Frederick Myers were the critic, he would have no hesitation in "turning-down" the American witness.

Lotze[1] has in several places made a deep suggestion. We naively assume, he says, a relation between reality and our minds which may be just the opposite of the true one. Reality, we naturally think, stands ready-made and complete, and our intellects supervene with the one simple duty of describing it as it is already. But may not our descriptions, Lotze asks, be themselves important additions to reality? And may not previous reality itself be there, far less for the purpose of reappearing unaltered in our knowledge, than for the very purpose of stimulating our minds to such additions as shall enhance the universe's total value. "Die erhohung des vorgefundenen daseins" is a phrase used by Professor Eucken somewhere, which reminds one of this suggestion by the great Lotze.

1 洛采（Lotze，1817—1881），德国哲学家、狭义价值哲学的创始人。

It is identically our pragmatistic conception. In our cognitive as well as in our active life we are creative. We ADD, both to the subject and to the predicate part of reality. The world stands really malleable, waiting to receive its final touches at our hands. Like the kingdom of heaven, it suffers human violence willingly. Man ENGENDERS truths upon it.

No one can deny that such a role would add both to our dignity and to our responsibility as thinkers. To some of us it proves a most inspiring notion. Signer Papini, the leader of italian pragmatism, grows fairly dithyrambic over the view that it opens, of man's divinely-creative

functions.

The import of the difference between pragmatism and rationalism is now in sight throughout its whole extent. The essential contrast is that for rationalism reality is ready-made and complete from all eternity, while for pragmatism it is still in the making, and awaits part of its complexion from the future. On the one side the universe is absolutely secure, on the other it is still pursuing its adventures.

We have got into rather deep water with this humanistic view, and it is no wonder that misunderstanding gathers round it. It is accused of being a doctrine of caprice. Mr. Bradley, for example, says that a humanist, if he understood his own doctrine, would have to "hold any end however perverted to be rational if I insist on it personally, and any idea however mad to be the truth if only some one is resolved that he will have it so." The humanist view of "reality," as something resisting, yet malleable, which controls our thinking as an energy that must be taken "account" of incessantly (tho not necessarily merely COPIED) is evidently a difficult one to introduce to novices. The situation reminds me of one that I have personally gone through. I once wrote an essay on our right to believe, which I unluckily called the WILL to Believe. All the critics, neglecting the essay, pounced upon the title. Psychologically it was impossible, morally it was iniquitous. The "will to deceive," the "will to make-believe," were wittily proposed as substitutes for it.

THE ALTERNATIVE BETWEEN PRAGMATISM AND RATIONALISM, IN THE SHAPE IN WHICH WE NOW HAVE IT BEFORE US, IS NO LONGER A QUESTION IN THE THEORY OF KNOWLEDGE, IT CONCERNS THE STRUCTURE OF THE UNIVERSE ITSELF.

On the pragmatist side we have only one edition of the universe, unfinished, growing in all sorts of places, especially in the places where thinking beings are at work.

On the rationalist side we have a universe in many editions, one real one, the infinite folio, or edition de luxe, eternally complete; and then the various finite editions, full of false readings, distorted and mutilated each in its own way.

So the rival metaphysical hypotheses of pluralism and monism here come back upon us. I will develop their differences during the remainder of our hour.

And first let me say that it is impossible not to see a temperamental

difference at work in the choice of sides. The rationalist mind, radically taken, is of a doctrinaire and authoritative complexion: the phrase "must be" is ever on its lips. The belly-band of its universe must be tight. A radical pragmatist on the other hand is a happy-go-lucky anarchistic sort of creature. If he had to live in a tub like Diogenes he wouldn't mind at all if the hoops were loose and the staves let in the sun.

Now the idea of this loose universe affects your typical rationalists in much the same way as "freedom of the press" might affect a veteran official in the russian bureau of censorship; or as "simplified spelling" might affect an elderly schoolmistress. It affects him as the swarm of protestant sects affects a papist onlooker. It appears as backboneless and devoid of principle as "opportunism" in politics appears to an old-fashioned french legitimist, or to a fanatical believer in the divine right of the people.

For pluralistic pragmatism, truth grows up inside of all the finite experiences. They lean on each other, but the whole of them, if such a whole there be, leans on nothing. All "homes" are in finite experience; finite experience as such is homeless. Nothing outside of the flux secures the issue of it. It can hope salvation only from its own intrinsic promises and potencies.

To rationalists this describes a tramp and vagrant world, adrift in space, with neither elephant nor tortoise to plant the sole of its foot upon. It is a set of stars hurled into heaven without even a centre of gravity to pull against. In other spheres of life it is true that we have got used to living in a state of relative insecurity. The authority of "the State," and that of an absolute "moral law," have resolved themselves into expediencies, and holy church has resolved itself into "meeting-houses." Not so as yet within the philosophic class-rooms. A universe with such as US contributing to create its truth, a world delivered to OUR opportunisms and OUR private judgments! Home-rule for Ireland would be a millennium in comparison. We're no more fit for such a part than the Filipinos are "fit for self-government." Such a world would not be RESPECTABLE, philosophically. It is a trunk without a tag, a dog without a collar, in the eyes of most professors of philosophy.

What then would tighten this loose universe, according to the professors?

Something to support the finite many, to tie it to, to unify and anchor it. Something unexposed to accident, something eternal and

unalterable. The mutable in experience must be founded on immutability. Behind our de facto world, our world in act, there must be a de jure duplicate fixed and previous, with all that can happen here already there in posse, every drop of blood, every smallest item, appointed and provided, stamped and branded, without chance of variation. The negatives that haunt our ideals here below must be themselves negated in the absolutely Real. This alone makes the universe solid. This is the resting deep. We live upon the stormy surface; but with this our anchor holds, for it grapples rocky bottom. This is Wordsworth's "central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation." This is Vivekananda's mystical One of which I read to you. This is Reality with the big R, reality that makes the timeless claim, reality to which defeat can't happen. This is what the men of principles, and in general all the men whom I called tender-minded in my first lecture, think themselves obliged to postulate.

And this, exactly this, is what the tough-minded of that lecture find themselves moved to call a piece of perverse abstraction-worship. The tough-minded are the men whose alpha and omega are FACTS. Behind the bare phenomenal facts, as my tough-minded old friend Chauncey Wright, the great Harvard empiricist of my youth, used to say, there is NOTHING. When a rationalist insists that behind the facts there is the GROUND of the facts, the POSSIBILITY of the facts, the tougher empiricists accuse him of taking the mere name and nature of a fact and clapping it behind the fact as a duplicate entity to make it possible. That such sham grounds are often invoked is notorious. At a surgical operation I heard a bystander ask a doctor why the patient breathed so deeply. "Because ether is a respiratory stimulant," the doctor answered. "Ah!" said the questioner, as if relieved by the explanation. But this is like saying that cyanide of potassium kills because it is a "poison," or that it is so cold to-night because it is "winter," or that we have five fingers because we are "pentadactyls." These are but names for the facts, taken from the facts, and then treated as previous and explanatory. The tender-minded notion of an absolute reality is, according to the radically tough-minded, framed on just this pattern. It is but our summarizing name for the whole spread-out and strung-along mass of phenomena, treated as if it were a different entity, both one and previous.

You see how differently people take things. The world we live in exists diffused and distributed, in the form of an indefinitely numerous lot of eaches, coherent in all sorts of ways and degrees; and the tough-minded are perfectly willing to keep them at that valuation. They can stand that kind of world, their temper being well adapted to its insecurity. Not so the tender-minded party. They must back the world

we find ourselves born into by "another and a better" world in which the eaches form an All and the All a One that logically presupposes, co-implicates, and secures each EACH without exception.

Must we as pragmatists be radically tough-minded? or can we treat the absolute edition of the world as a legitimate hypothesis? It is certainly legitimate, for it is thinkable, whether we take it in its abstract or in its concrete shape.

By taking it abstractly I mean placing it behind our finite life as we place the word "winter" behind to-night's cold weather. "Winter" is only the name for a certain number of days which we find generally characterized by cold weather, but it guarantees nothing in that line, for our thermometer to-morrow may soar into the 70's. Nevertheless the word is a useful one to plunge forward with into the stream of our experience. It cuts off certain probabilities and sets up others: you can put away your straw-hats; you can unpack your arctics. It is a summary of things to look for. It names a part of nature's habits, and gets you ready for their continuation. It is a definite instrument abstracted from experience, a conceptual reality that you must take account of, and which reflects you totally back into sensible realities. The pragmatist is the last person to deny the reality of such abstractions. They are so much past experience funded.

But taking the absolute edition of the world concretely means a different hypothesis. Rationalists take it concretely and OPPOSE it to the world's finite editions. They give it a particular nature. It is perfect, finished. Everything known there is known along with everything else; here, where ignorance reigns, far otherwise. If there is want there, there also is the satisfaction provided. Here all is process; that world is timeless. Possibilities obtain in our world; in the absolute world, where all that is NOT is from eternity impossible, and all that IS is necessary, the category of possibility has no application. In this world crimes and horrors are regrettable. In that totalized world regret obtains not, for "the existence of ill in the temporal order is the very condition of the perfection of the eternal order."

Once more, either hypothesis is legitimate in pragmatist eyes, for either has its uses. Abstractly, or taken like the word winter, as a memorandum of past experience that orients us towards the future, the notion of the absolute world is indispensable. Concretely taken, it is also indispensable, at least to certain minds, for it determines them religiously, being often a thing to change their lives by, and by changing their lives, to change whatever in the outer order depends on them.

We cannot therefore methodically join the tough minds in their rejection of the whole notion of a world beyond our finite experience. One misunderstanding of pragmatism is to identify it with positivistic tough-mindedness, to suppose that it scorns every rationalistic notion as so much jabber and gesticulation, that it loves intellectual anarchy as such and prefers a sort of wolf-world absolutely unpent and wild and without a master or a collar to any philosophic class-room product, whatsoever. I have said so much in these lectures against the over-tender forms of rationalism, that I am prepared for some misunderstanding here, but I confess that the amount of it that I have found in this very audience surprises me, for I have simultaneously defended rationalistic hypotheses so far as these re-direct you fruitfully into experience.

For instance I receive this morning this question on a post-card: "Is a pragmatist necessarily a complete materialist and agnostic?" One of my oldest friends, who ought to know me better, writes me a letter that accuses the pragmatism I am recommending, of shutting out all wider metaphysical views and condemning us to the most terre-a-terre naturalism. Let me read you some extracts from it.

"It seems to me," my friend writes, "that the pragmatic objection to pragmatism lies in the fact that it might accentuate the narrowness of narrow minds.

"Your call to the rejection of the namby-pamby and the wishy-washy is of course inspiring. But although it is salutary and stimulating to be told that one should be responsible for the immediate issues and bearings of his words and thoughts, I decline to be deprived of the pleasure and profit of dwelling also on remoter bearings and issues, and it is the TENDENCY of pragmatism to refuse this privilege.

"In short, it seems to me that the limitations, or rather the dangers, of the pragmatic tendency, are analogous to those which beset the unwary followers of the 'natural sciences.' Chemistry and physics are eminently pragmatic and many of their devotees, smugly content with the data that their weights and measures furnish, feel an infinite pity and disdain for all students of philosophy and meta-physics, whomsoever. And of course everything can be expressed—after a fashion, and 'theoretically'—in terms of chemistry and physics, that is, EVERYTHING EXCEPT THE VITAL PRINCIPLE OF THE WHOLE, and that, they say, there is no pragmatic use in trying to express; it has no bearings—FOR THEM. I for my part refuse to be persuaded that we cannot look beyond the obvious pluralism of the naturalist and the pragmatist to a logical unity in which they take no interest."

How is such a conception of the pragmatism I am advocating possible, after my first and second lectures? I have all along been offering it expressly as a mediator between tough-mindedness and tender-mindedness. If the notion of a world ante rem, whether taken abstractly like the word winter, or concretely as the hypothesis of an Absolute, can be shown to have any consequences whatever for our life, it has a meaning. If the meaning works, it will have SOME truth that ought to be held to through all possible reformulations, for pragmatism.

The absolutistic hypothesis, that perfection is eternal, aboriginal, and most real, has a perfectly definite meaning, and it works religiously. To examine how, will be the subject of my next and final lecture.

Lecture VIII Pragmatism and Religion

UTILITY OF THE ABSOLUTE. WHITMAN'S POEM TO YOU. TWO WAYS OF TAKING IT. MY FRIEND'S LETTER. NECESSITIES VERSUS POSSIBILITIES. "POSSIBILITY" DEFINED. THREE VIEWS OF THE WORLD'S SALVATION. PRAGMATISM IS MELIORISTIC. WE MAY CREATE REALITY. WHY SHOULD ANYTHING BE? SUPPOSED CHOICE BEFORE CREATION. THE HEALTHY AND THE MORBID REPLY. THE "TENDER" AND THE "TOUGH" TYPES OF RELIGION. PRAGMATISM MEDIATES.

At the close of the last lecture I reminded you of the first one, in which I had opposed tough-mindedness to tender-mindedness and recommended pragmatism as their mediator. Tough-mindedness positively rejects tender-mindedness's hypothesis of an eternal perfect edition of the universe coexisting with our finite experience.

On pragmatic principles we cannot reject any hypothesis if consequences useful to life flow from it. Universal conceptions, as things to take account of, may be as real for pragmatism as particular sensations are. They have indeed no meaning and no reality if they have no use. But if they have any use they have that amount of meaning. And the meaning will be true if the use squares well with life's other uses.

Well, the use of the Absolute is proved by the whole course of men's religious history. The eternal arms are then beneath. Remember Vivekananda's use of the Atman: it is indeed not a scientific use, for we can make no particular deductions from it. It is emotional and spiritual altogether.

It is always best to discuss things by the help of concrete examples. Let me read therefore some of those verses entitled To You by Walt Whitman—"You" of course meaning the reader or hearer of the poem whosoever he or she may be.

Whoever you are, now I place my hand upon you, that you be my poem; I whisper with my lips close to your ear, I have loved many women and men, but I love none better than you.

O I have been dilatory and dumb; I should have made my way straight to you long ago; I should have blabb'd nothing but you, I should have chanted nothing but you.

I will leave all, and come and make the hymns of you; None have understood you, but I understand you; None have done justice to you—you have not done justice to yourself; None but have found you imperfect—I only find no imperfection in you.

O I could sing such grandeurs and glories about you! You have not known what you are—you have slumber'd upon yourself all your life; What you have done returns already in mockeries.

But the mockeries are not you; Underneath them, and within them, I see you lurk; I pursue you where none else has pursued you; Silence, the desk, the flippant expression, the night, the accustom'd routine, if these conceal you from others, or from yourself, they do not conceal you from me; The shaved face, the unsteady eye, the impure complexion, if these balk others, they do not balk me, The pert apparel, the deform'd attitude, drunkenness, greed, premature death, all these I part aside.

There is no endowment in man or woman that is not tallied in you; There is no virtue, no beauty, in man or woman, but as good is in you; No pluck, no endurance in others, but as good is in you; No pleasure waiting for others, but an equal pleasure waits for you.

Whoever you are! claim your own at any hazard! These shows of the east and west are tame, compared to you; These immense meadows—these interminable rivers—you are immense and interminable as they; You are he or she who is master or mistress over them, Master or mistress in your own right over Nature, elements, pain, passion, dissolution.

The hopples fall from your ankles—you find an unfailing sufficiency; Old or young, male or female, rude, low, rejected by the rest, whatever you are promulges itself; Through birth, life, death, burial, the means are provided, nothing is scanted; Through angers, losses, ambition, ignorance, ennui, what you are picks its way.

Verily a fine and moving poem, in any case, but there are two ways of taking it, both useful.

One is the monistic way, the mystical way of pure cosmic emotion. The glories and grandeurs, they are yours absolutely, even in the midst of your defacements. Whatever may happen to you, whatever you may appear to be, inwardly you are safe. Look back, LIE back, on your true principle of being! This is the famous way of quietism, of indifferentism. Its enemies compare it to a spiritual opium. Yet

pragmatism must respect this way, for it has massive historic vindication.

But pragmatism sees another way to be respected also, the pluralistic way of interpreting the poem. The you so glorified, to which the hymn is sung, may mean your better possibilities phenomenally taken, or the specific redemptive effects even of your failures, upon yourself or others. It may mean your loyalty to the possibilities of others whom you admire and love so, that you are willing to accept your own poor life, for it is that glory's partner. You can at least appreciate, applaud, furnish the audience, of so brave a total world. Forget the low in yourself, then, think only of the high. Identify your life therewith; then, through angers, losses, ignorance, ennui, whatever you thus make yourself, whatever you thus most deeply are, picks its way.

In either way of taking the poem, it encourages fidelity to ourselves. Both ways satisfy; both sanctify the human flux. Both paint the portrait of the YOU on a gold-background. But the background of the first way is the static One, while in the second way it means possibles in the plural, genuine possibles, and it has all the restlessness of that conception.

Noble enough is either way of reading the poem; but plainly the pluralistic way agrees with the pragmatic temper best, for it immediately suggests an infinitely larger number of the details of future experience to our mind. It sets definite activities in us at work. Altho this second way seems prosaic and earthborn in comparison with the first way, yet no one can accuse it of tough-mindedness in any brutal sense of the term. Yet if, as pragmatists, you should positively set up the second way AGAINST the first way, you would very likely be misunderstood. You would be accused of denying nobler conceptions, and of being an ally of tough-mindedness in the worst sense.

You remember the letter from a member of this audience from which I read some extracts at our previous meeting. Let me read you an additional extract now. It shows a vagueness in realizing the alternatives before us which I think is very widespread.

"I believe," writes my friend and correspondent, "in pluralism; I believe that in our search for truth we leap from one floating cake of ice to another, on an infinite sea, and that by each of our acts we make new truths possible and old ones impossible; I believe that each man is responsible for making the universe better, and that if he does not do this it will be in so far left undone.

"Yet at the same time I am willing to endure that my children should be incurably sick and suffering (as they are not) and I myself stupid and yet with brains enough to see my stupidity, only on one condition, namely, that through the construction, in imagination and by reasoning, of a RATIONAL UNITY OF ALL THINGS, I can conceive my acts and my thoughts and my troubles as SUPPLEMENTED: BY ALL THE OTHER PHENOMENA OF THE WORLD, AND AS FORMING —WHEN THUS SUPPLEMENTED—A SCHEME WHICH I APPROVE AND ADOPT AS MY I OWN; and for my part I refuse to be persuaded that we cannot look beyond the obvious pluralism of the naturalist and pragmatist to a logical unity in which they take no interest or stock."

Such a fine expression of personal faith warms the heart of the hearer. But how much does it clear his philosophic head? Does the writer consistently favor the monistic, or the pluralistic, interpretation of the world's poem? His troubles become atoned for WHEN THUS SUPPLEMENTED, he says, supplemented, that is, by all the remedies that THE OTHER PHENOMENA may supply. Obviously here the writer faces forward into the particulars of experience, which he interprets in a pluralistic-melioristic way.

But he believes himself to face backward. He speaks of what he calls the rational UNITY of things, when all the while he really means their possible empirical UNIFICATION. He supposes at the same time that the pragmatist, because he criticizes rationalism's abstract One, is cut off from the consolation of believing in the saving possibilities of the concrete many. He fails in short to distinguish between taking the world's perfection as a necessary principle, and taking it only as a possible terminus ad quem.

I regard the writer of this letter as a genuine pragmatist, but as a pragmatist sans le savoir. He appears to me as one of that numerous class of philosophic amateurs whom I spoke of in my first lecture, as wishing to have all the good things going, without being too careful as to how they agree or disagree. "Rational unity of all things" is so inspiring a formula, that he brandishes it offhand, and abstractly accuses pluralism of conflicting with it (for the bare names do conflict), altho concretely he means by it just the pragmatistically unified and ameliorated world. Most of us remain in this essential vagueness, and it is well that we should; but in the interest of clear-headedness it is well that some of us should go farther, so I will try now to focus a little more discriminatingly on this particular religious point.

Is then this you of yous, this absolutely real world, this unity that yields the moral inspiration and has the religious value, to be taken monistically or pluralistically? Is it ante rem or in rebus? Is it a principle or an end, an absolute or an ultimate, a first or a last? Does it make you look forward or lie back? It is certainly worth while not to clump the two things together, for if discriminated, they have decidedly diverse meanings for life.

Please observe that the whole dilemma revolves pragmatically about the notion of the world's possibilities. Intellectually, rationalism invokes its absolute principle of unity as a ground of possibility for the many facts. Emotionally, it sees it as a container and limiter of possibilities, a guarantee that the upshot shall be good. Taken in this way, the Absolute makes all good things certain, and all bad things impossible (in the eternal, namely), and may be said to transmute the entire category of possibility into categories more secure. One sees at this point that the great religious difference lies between the men who insist that the world MUST AND SHALL BE, and those who are contented with believing that the world MAY BE, saved. The whole clash of rationalistic and empiricist religion is thus over the validity of possibility. It is necessary therefore to begin by focusing upon that word. What may the word 'possible' definitely mean?

To unreflecting men the possible means a sort of third estate of being, less real than existence, more real than non-existence, a twilight realm, a hybrid status, a limbo into which and out of which realities ever and anon are made to pass. Such a conception is of course too vague and nondescript to satisfy us. Here, as elsewhere, the only way to extract a term's meaning is to use the pragmatic method on it. When you say that a thing is possible, what difference does it make?

It makes at least this difference that if anyone calls it impossible you can contradict him, if anyone calls it actual you can contradict HIM, and if anyone calls it necessary you can contradict him too. But these privileges of contradiction don't amount to much. When you say a thing is possible, does not that make some farther difference in terms of actual fact?

It makes at least this negative difference that if the statement be true, it follows that there is nothing extant capable of preventing the possible thing. The absence of real grounds of interference may thus be said to make things not impossible, possible therefore in the bare or abstract sense.

But most possibles are not bare, they are concretely grounded, or well-

grounded, as we say. What does this mean pragmatically? It means, not only that there are no preventive conditions present, but that some of the conditions of production of the possible thing actually are here. Thus a concretely possible chicken means: (1) that the idea of chicken contains no essential self-contradiction; (2) that no boys, skunks, or other enemies are about; and (3) that at least an actual egg exists. Possible chicken means actual egg—plus actual sitting hen, or incubator, or what not. As the actual conditions approach completeness the chicken becomes a better-and-better-grounded possibility. When the conditions are entirely complete, it ceases to be a possibility, and turns into an actual fact.

Let us apply this notion to the salvation of the world. What does it pragmatically mean to say that this is possible? It means that some of the conditions of the world's deliverance do actually exist. The more of them there are existent, the fewer preventing conditions you can find, the better-grounded is the salvation's possibility, the more PROBABLE does the fact of the deliverance become.

So much for our preliminary look at possibility.

Now it would contradict the very spirit of life to say that our minds must be indifferent and neutral in questions like that of the world's salvation. Anyone who pretends to be neutral writes himself down here as a fool and a sham. We all do wish to minimize the insecurity of the universe; we are and ought to be unhappy when we regard it as exposed to every enemy and open to every life-destroying draft. Nevertheless there are unhappy men who think the salvation of the world impossible. Theirs is the doctrine known as pessimism.

Optimism in turn would be the doctrine that thinks the world's salvation inevitable.

Midway between the two there stands what may be called the doctrine of meliorism, tho it has hitherto figured less as a doctrine than as an attitude in human affairs. Optimism has always been the regnant DOCTRINE in european philosophy. Pessimism was only recently introduced by Schopenhauer and counts few systematic defenders as yet. Meliorism treats salvation as neither inevitable nor impossible. It treats it as a possibility, which becomes more and more of a probability the more numerous the actual conditions of salvation become.

It is clear that pragmatism must incline towards meliorism. Some conditions of the world's salvation are actually extant, and she cannot

possibly close her eyes to this fact: and should the residual conditions come, salvation would become an accomplished reality. Naturally the terms I use here are exceedingly summary. You may interpret the word "salvation" in any way you like, and make it as diffuse and distributive, or as climacteric and integral a phenomenon as you please.

Take, for example, any one of us in this room with the ideals which he cherishes, and is willing to live and work for. Every such ideal realized will be one moment in the world's salvation. But these particular ideals are not bare abstract possibilities. They are grounded, they are LIVE possibilities, for we are their live champions and pledges, and if the complementary conditions come and add themselves, our ideals will become actual things. What now are the complementary conditions? They are first such a mixture of things as will in the fulness of time give us a chance, a gap that we can spring into, and, finally, OUR ACT.

Does our act then CREATE the world's salvation so far as it makes room for itself, so far as it leaps into the gap? Does it create, not the whole world's salvation of course, but just so much of this as itself covers of the world's extent?

Here I take the bull by the horns, and in spite of the whole crew of rationalists and monists, of whatever brand they be, I ask WHY NOT? Our acts, our turning-places, where we seem to ourselves to make ourselves and grow, are the parts of the world to which we are closest, the parts of which our knowledge is the most intimate and complete. Why should we not take them at their face-value? Why may they not be the actual turning-places and growing-places which they seem to be, of the world—why not the workshop of being, where we catch fact in the making, so that nowhere may the world grow in any other kind of way than this?

Irrational! we are told. How can new being come in local spots and patches which add themselves or stay away at random, independently of the rest? There must be a reason for our acts, and where in the last resort can any reason be looked for save in the material pressure or the logical compulsion of the total nature of the world? There can be but one real agent of growth, or seeming growth, anywhere, and that agent is the integral world itself. It may grow all-over, if growth there be, but that single parts should grow per se is irrational.

But if one talks of rationality and of reasons for things, and insists that they can't just come in spots, what KIND of a reason can there

ultimately be why anything should come at all? Talk of logic and necessity and categories and the absolute and the contents of the whole philosophical machine-shop as you will, the only REAL reason I can think of why anything should ever come is that someone wishes it to be here. It is DEMANDED, demanded, it may be, to give relief to no matter how small a fraction of the world's mass. This is living reason, and compared with it material causes and logical necessities are spectral things.

In short the only fully rational world would be the world of wishing-caps, the world of telepathy, where every desire is fulfilled instanter, without having to consider or placate surrounding or intermediate powers. This is the Absolute's own world. He calls upon the phenomenal world to be, and it IS, exactly as he calls for it, no other condition being required. In our world, the wishes of the individual are only one condition. Other individuals are there with other wishes and they must be propitiated first. So Being grows under all sorts of resistances in this world of the many, and, from compromise to compromise, only gets organized gradually into what may be called secondarily rational shape. We approach the wishing-cap type of organization only in a few departments of life. We want water and we turn a faucet. We want a kodak-picture and we press a button. We want information and we telephone. We want to travel and we buy a ticket. In these and similar cases, we hardly need to do more than the wishing—the world is rationally organized to do the rest.

But this talk of rationality is a parenthesis and a digression. What we were discussing was the idea of a world growing not integrally but piecemeal by the contributions of its several parts. Take the hypothesis seriously and as a live one. Suppose that the world's author put the case to you before creation, saying: "I am going to make a world not certain to be saved, a world the perfection of which shall be conditional merely, the condition being that each several agent does its own 'level best.' I offer you the chance of taking part in such a world. Its safety, you see, is unwarranted. It is a real adventure, with real danger, yet it may win through. It is a social scheme of co-operative work genuinely to be done. Will you join the procession? Will you trust yourself and trust the other agents enough to face the risk?"

Should you in all seriousness, if participation in such a world were proposed to you, feel bound to reject it as not safe enough? Would you say that, rather than be part and parcel of so fundamentally pluralistic and irrational a universe, you preferred to relapse into the slumber of nonentity from which you had been momentarily aroused by the

tempter's voice?

Of course if you are normally constituted, you would do nothing of the sort. There is a healthy-minded buoyancy in most of us which such a universe would exactly fit. We would therefore accept the offer —"Top! und schlag auf schlag!" It would be just like the world we practically live in; and loyalty to our old nurse Nature would forbid us to say no. The world proposed would seem "rational" to us in the most living way.

Most of us, I say, would therefore welcome the proposition and add our fiat to the fiat of the creator. Yet perhaps some would not; for there are morbid minds in every human collection, and to them the prospect of a universe with only a fighting chance of safety would probably make no appeal. There are moments of discouragement in us all, when we are sick of self and tired of vainly striving. Our own life breaks down, and we fall into the attitude of the prodigal son. We mistrust the chances of things. We want a universe where we can just give up, fall on our father's neck, and be absorbed into the absolute life as a drop of water melts into the river or the sea.

The peace and rest, the security desiderated at such moments is security against the bewildering accidents of so much finite experience. Nirvana means safety from this everlasting round of adventures of which the world of sense consists. The hindoo and the buddhist, for this is essentially their attitude, are simply afraid, afraid of more experience, afraid of life.

And to men of this complexion, religious monism comes with its consoling words: "All is needed and essential—even you with your sick soul and heart. All are one with God, and with God all is well. The everlasting arms are beneath, whether in the world of finite appearances you seem to fail or to succeed." There can be no doubt that when men are reduced to their last sick extremity absolutism is the only saving scheme. Pluralistic moralism simply makes their teeth chatter, it refrigerates the very heart within their breast.

So we see concretely two types of religion in sharp contrast. Using our old terms of comparison, we may say that the absolutistic scheme appeals to the tender-minded while the pluralistic scheme appeals to the tough. Many persons would refuse to call the pluralistic scheme religious at all. They would call it moralistic, and would apply the word religious to the monistic scheme alone. Religion in the sense of self-surrender, and moralism in the sense of self-sufficingness, have been pitted against each other as incompatibles frequently enough in

the history of human thought.

We stand here before the final question of philosophy. I said in my fourth lecture that I believed the monistic-pluralistic alternative to be the deepest and most pregnant question that our minds can frame. Can it be that the disjunction is a final one? that only one side can be true? Are a pluralism and monism genuine incompatibles? So that, if the world were really pluralistically constituted, if it really existed distributively and were made up of a lot of eaches, it could only be saved piecemeal and de facto as the result of their behavior, and its epic history in no wise short-circuited by some essential oneness in which the severalness were already "taken up" beforehand and eternally "overcome"? If this were so, we should have to choose one philosophy or the other. We could not say "yes, yes" to both alternatives. There would have to be a "no" in our relations with the possible. We should confess an ultimate disappointment: we could not remain healthy-minded and sick-minded in one indivisible act.

Of course as human beings we can be healthy minds on one day and sick souls on the next; and as amateur dabblers in philosophy we may perhaps be allowed to call ourselves monistic pluralists, or free-will determinists, or whatever else may occur to us of a reconciling kind. But as philosophers aiming at clearness and consistency, and feeling the pragmatistic need of squaring truth with truth, the question is forced upon us of frankly adopting either the tender or the robustious type of thought. In particular THIS query has always come home to me: May not the claims of tender-mindedness go too far? May not the notion of a world already saved in toto anyhow, be too saccharine to stand? May not religious optimism be too idyllic? Must ALL be saved? Is NO price to be paid in the work of salvation? Is the last word sweet? Is all "yes, yes" in the universe? Doesn't the fact of "no" stand at the very core of life? Doesn't the very "seriousness" that we attribute to life mean that ineluctable noes and losses form a part of it, that there are genuine sacrifices somewhere, and that something permanently drastic and bitter always remains at the bottom of its cup?

I can not speak officially as a pragmatist here; all I can say is that my own pragmatism offers no objection to my taking sides with this more moralistic view, and giving up the claim of total reconciliation. The possibility of this is involved in the pragmatistic willingness to treat pluralism as a serious hypothesis. In the end it is our faith and not our logic that decides such questions, and I deny the right of any pretended logic to veto my own faith. I find myself willing to take the universe to be really dangerous and adventurous, without therefore backing out and crying "no play." I am willing to think that the

prodigal-son attitude, open to us as it is in many vicissitudes, is not the right and final attitude towards the whole of life. I am willing that there should be real losses and real losers, and no total preservation of all that is. I can believe in the ideal as an ultimate, not as an origin, and as an extract, not the whole. When the cup is poured off, the dregs are left behind forever, but the possibility of what is poured off is sweet enough to accept.

As a matter of fact countless human imaginations live in this moralistic and epic kind of a universe, and find its disseminated and strung-along successes sufficient for their rational needs. There is a finely translated epigram in the greek anthology which admirably expresses this state of mind, this acceptance of loss as unatoned for, even tho the lost element might be one's self:

"A shipwrecked sailor, buried on this coast, Bids you set sail. Full many a gallant bark, when we were lost, Weathered the gale."

Those puritans who answered "yes" to the question: "Are you willing to be damned for God's glory?" were in this objective and magnanimous condition of mind. The way of escape from evil on this system is NOT by getting it "aufgehoben," or preserved in the whole as an element essential but "overcome." It is by dropping it out altogether, throwing it overboard and getting beyond it, helping to make a universe that shall forget its very place and name.

It is then perfectly possible to accept sincerely a drastic kind of a universe from which the element of "seriousness" is not to be expelled. Whoso does so is, it seems to me, a genuine pragmatist. He is willing to live on a scheme of uncertified possibilities which he trusts; willing to pay with his own person, if need be, for the realization of the ideals which he frames.

What now actually ARE the other forces which he trusts to co-operate with him, in a universe of such a type? They are at least his fellow men, in the stage of being which our actual universe has reached. But are there not superhuman forces also, such as religious men of the pluralistic type we have been considering have always believed in? Their words may have sounded monistic when they said "there is no God but God"; but the original polytheism of mankind has only imperfectly and vaguely sublimated itself into monotheism, and monotheism itself, so far as it was religious and not a scheme of class-room instruction for the metaphysicians, has always viewed God as but one helper, primus inter pares, in the midst of all the shapers of the great world's fate.

I fear that my previous lectures, confined as they have been to human and humanistic aspects, may have left the impression on many of you that pragmatism means methodically to leave the superhuman out. I have shown small respect indeed for the Absolute, and I have until this moment spoken of no other superhuman hypothesis but that. But I trust that you see sufficiently that the Absolute has nothing but its superhumanness in common with the theistic God. On pragmatistic principles, if the hypothesis of God works satisfactorily in the widest sense of the word, it is true. Now whatever its residual difficulties may be, experience shows that it certainly does work, and that the problem is to build it out and determine it, so that it will combine satisfactorily with all the other working truths. I cannot start upon a whole theology at the end of this last lecture; but when I tell you that I have written a book on men's religious experience, which on the whole has been regarded as making for the reality of God, you will perhaps exempt my own pragmatism from the charge of being an atheistic system. I firmly disbelieve, myself, that our human experience is the highest form of experience extant in the universe. I believe rather that we stand in much the same relation to the whole of the universe as our canine and feline pets do to the whole of human life. They inhabit our drawing-rooms and libraries. They take part in scenes of whose significance they have no inkling. They are merely tangent to curves of history the beginnings and ends and forms of which pass wholly beyond their ken. So we are tangents to the wider life of things. But, just as many of the dog's and cat's ideals coincide with our ideals, and the dogs and cats have daily living proof of the fact, so we may well believe, on the proofs that religious experience affords, that higher powers exist and are at work to save the world on ideal lines similar to our own.

You see that pragmatism can be called religious, if you allow that religion can be pluralistic or merely melioristic in type. But whether you will finally put up with that type of religion or not is a question that only you yourself can decide. Pragmatism has to postpone dogmatic answer, for we do not yet know certainly which type of religion is going to work best in the long run. The various overbeliefs of men, their several faith-ventures, are in fact what are needed to bring the evidence in. You will probably make your own ventures severally. If radically tough, the hurly-burly of the sensible facts of nature will be enough for you, and you will need no religion at all. If radically tender, you will take up with the more monistic form of religion: the pluralistic form, with its reliance on possibilities that are not necessities, will not seem to afford you security enough.

But if you are neither tough nor tender in an extreme and radical

sense, but mixed as most of us are, it may seem to you that the type of pluralistic and moralistic religion that I have offered is as good a religious synthesis as you are likely to find. Between the two extremes of crude naturalism on the one hand and transcendental absolutism on the other, you may find that what I take the liberty of calling the pragmatistic or melioristic type of theism is exactly what you require.

作者序

以下内容是我于1906年11月和12月在波士顿洛威尔研究所和1907年1月在纽约哥伦比亚大学所做的讲座。此处印刷出版的只包括讲座内容，没有更多的补充或注解。实用主义运动似乎突然降临，尽管我不喜欢这个所谓的名称，但现在改之，显然为时已晚。哲学中久已存在的一些趋势突然之间集体意识到自身的存在，也意识到了共同使命；这个现象席卷各国，视角众多，导致出现众多不同的论述。我试着对眼前的形势有个整体认识，用粗略的线条来处理，避免出现细节上的争议。我相信，如果批评者愿意耐心等待我们大致说出自己的观点，也许可以避免一些无用的争论。

如果我的讲座能让读者对实用主义这个大的话题感兴趣，他们无疑会愿意进行进一步的阅读。因此，我将提供一些参考资料。

在美国，约翰·杜威的《逻辑理论研究》是基础。还可以阅读杜威发表在《哲学评论》（第15卷113页、465页），《思想》（第15卷293页）和《哲学期刊》（第4卷197页）上的文章。

但也许对初学者来说，最好的论述来自F.C.S.席勒。他的《人文主义研究》一书，尤其是书中标号为1、5、6、7、18和19的文章值得一读。他之前的文章和那些有关实用主义的辩论性著述基本都在他的脚注中提到了。

此外，也可以阅读G.米尔豪德1898年发表的《理性主义》，勒瑞在《形而上学评论》第7、8、9卷上发表的精彩文章。还有《基督教哲学年刊》第4辑第2、第3卷发表的布郎戴尔和德塞利的文章。帕皮尼宣布很快会用法语出版一本有关实用主义的书。

为了至少避免一大误解，请允许我声明，我所理解的实用主义和我最近提出的新学说“激进经验主义”之间没有任何逻辑关系。后者是独立的。你可以彻底否认后者，而不妨还是一个实用主义者。

1907年4月于哈佛大学

第一讲 哲学当前的困境

引用切斯特顿的话。每个人都有一种哲学。在所有哲学化过程中，气质是一种因素。理性主义者和经验主义者。空想派和实际派。大多数人既要事实，又要宗教。经验主义只有事实，没有宗教。理性主义只有宗教，没有事实。普通人的困境。理性主义体系不够真实。用莱布尼茨对那些被诅咒者的观点来当例子。M.I.斯威夫特对唯心主义者的乐观主义的看法。实用主义作为一种折衷体系。一种异议。回答：和人类一样，各哲学流派都有各自的特征，都容易得出笼统草率的结论。以斯宾塞为例。

切斯特顿先生有一本文集很让人敬佩，书名是《异教徒》，他在前言里写道：

“当前，有些人——我也是其中之一——认为，关于一个人，最实际也最重要的仍然是他的宇宙观。我们觉得，房东太太在考虑能否接受租房者的时候，了解他的收入当然重要，但更重要的是要了解他的思想哲学。我们觉得，将军在考虑与敌人作战的时候，了解敌人的数量当然重要，但更重要的是了解敌人的思想哲学。我们觉得，问题不是有关宇宙的理论是否影响万物，而是归根到底，是不是还有其他的因素能够影响万物。”

我赞同切斯特顿先生在这个问题上的观点。我知道，在座诸位，你们每个人都有自己的哲学。我也知道，最有趣、最重要的一点就是，你们的哲学如何决定了你们各自的世界观。你们知道，这对我来说也是一样。但是，我承认，对于我马上要讲到的重要问题，我心怀敬畏，惴惴不安。因为，对我们每个人都如此重要的哲学，并不是什么技术问题，而是我们对人生真谛的理解，我们对此都多少有些模糊的理解。书本上只能学到哲学的一部分；但哲学更是我们各自对宇宙的整体推动力和压制力的观察和感知。我无权假设，你们中间很多是在课堂学习宇宙的学生。但是，我站在这里，非常渴望让你们了解一种哲学，它在很大程度上必须被当成技术问题来处理。我希望你们能对我所坚信的一种新趋势充分表示认同，虽然你们不是学生，但我又不得不像个教授一样来跟你们讲这个问题。一个教授所坚信的宇宙，不管是什么样子的，必须是能够让他发表长篇大论的。如果宇宙用两句话就能定义，那它用不着教授所掌握的知识。任何信仰都不可能如此廉价！就在这同一个大厅里，我听过一些朋友和同事的演讲。他们努力普及哲学，但很快讲座就变得枯燥无味，越来越专业，结果也就不怎么令人鼓舞，也就收效甚微。因此，我今天要讲重要的哲学问题，实际上是相当冒险的。实用主义的创始人最近在洛威尔研究所有过几次演讲，讲的就是实用主义这个题目，这些演讲就像黑夜里的阵阵闪光，带给人希望和明亮。我想，我们谁也不能理解他演讲内容的全部。但是，今天，我站在这里，冒着同样的风险。

我冒此风险，是因为他的演讲吸引了很多听众。必须承认，听人讲高深的东西，尽管演讲者和争辩者都不是太明白，却还是有很大的吸引力的，很是奇妙。我们感受到问题带来的刺激，也体会到无限宇宙的存在。人们可以在吸烟室或者任何地方展开一场争论，探讨自由意志或上帝的无所不知，或者探讨善与恶。你可以看看，人们会是多么全神贯注。哲学的结论最深切地关系到我们所有人。哲学中最怪异的论点也能使我们愉悦，引起我们微妙、机敏的感觉。

我笃信哲学，也相信新的曙光正照在我们这些哲学家前进的路上。不管对与不对，我都感到必须要把这些新东西告诉你们。

哲学是人类追求中最崇高也最平凡的一种。它在最细微的地方发挥作用，却为人类展开了最广阔的前景。它不能“烤出面包”供人果腹，但可以鼓舞灵魂，给人勇气；尽管它的方式、它的怀疑、它的诘难，它的诡论、它的辩证性常令普通人反感；但是，如果没有它的光芒照耀全世界，我们就难以继续前行。这些光芒，加上与之相随的黑暗与蒙昧世界的反作用的映衬，至少能让非专业人士对它所讲述的道理产生兴趣，而不仅仅只是出于专业才产生的兴趣。

在很大程度上，哲学的历史就是人类各种气质的冲突。尽管有些同事认为我的方法不够严谨，但我还是要讲一讲这些冲突，用它来说明哲学家之间的很多分歧。职业哲学家进行哲学思考时，不管他气质如何，都会努力掩盖自己的气质。个人气质绝非传统所认可的理由，所以，他只能用客观的理由得出结论。但事实上，他的气质又确实让他怀有偏见，程度要强于其他更严格的客观前提。正如这个事实或那个原则一样，他的气质也会或多或少地引导他理解证据，让他对宇宙产生更感性或更理性的认识。他相信自己的气质。因为想要一个适合自己气质的宇宙，他就相信那些适合自己气质的对宇宙的解释。他觉得，那些气质与之相左的人与世界的性格是脱节的。即使这些人在辩术上比他强出许多，他心里也认为他们在哲学上不称职，是“门外汉”。

可是在公共场合，他不能仅凭个人气质，就自称拥有高人一等的洞察力或权威性。因此，在我们的哲学讨论中，会出现一种言不由衷的现象：所有前提中最重要的那一个，从来就无人提及。我肯定，如果我们在演讲中打破这个成规，讲到这个最重要的前提，就会让问题清晰许多。因此，我要大胆这么做了。

当然，我这里谈论的是那些确实非常突出的个人，他们性格独特，形象鲜明，地位崇高，名垂青史。柏拉图、洛克、黑格尔、斯宾塞，他们都是有这样气质的思想家。当然，我们大多数人，并没有非常分明的知性气质，我们是各种不同气质的混合体，每一种气质并不鲜明。我们几乎不知道自己在抽象事物上的倾向性；有些人很容易就被说服，最后随着大众，或者盲从身边那位最吸引人的哲学家的信条，而不管他是谁。但至今为止，哲学里最重要的一件事就是，一个人应该观察事物，以自己特有的方式去观察事物，并且不满于任何相反的观察事物的方

法。没有任何理由相信，从此以后，这种具有强烈气质色彩的观察视角在人类信仰史中会不再重要。

我一直所讲的气质特异性在诸多领域都很重要，包括文学、艺术、政府、举止，也包括哲学。举止，有呆板与随意之分；政府，有独裁主义与无政府主义之分；文学，有纯粹派或者学院派，与现实派之分；艺术，有古典派与浪漫派之分。这些差异耳熟能详；哲学中也有非常相似的差异，可由“理性主义者”和“经验主义者”这一对术语来表示。“经验主义者”热爱各种未经雕琢的事实，而“理性主义”致力于找寻各种抽象和永恒的原则。抛开事实和原则，无人能生存，哪怕一小时也不行。因此，差别不过是着重点不同罢了；但这确实助长了强调事实和强调原则两派人物之间最强烈的相互厌恶感；我们会发现，用“经验主义者”和“理性主义者”气质来表述人们对待宇宙的某种差异，非常方便。这两个术语让这些差异变得简单、有力。

用这两个名词来对人进行描述就使他们之间的对比往往比这两个名词所表述的人更加简单而有力量。因为，对人性而言，每一种排列组合类型都是可能的；如果我现在加上一些次要特征的描述，以更为全面地定义我所谓的理性主义者与经验主义者，我请求大家能够理解，在某种程度上，我的行为是武断的。我选择自然通常赋予我们的一些性格组合类型，但决不是一概而论，我选择它们，仅仅是因为它们能方便我来描述实用主义的特性，这是我的终极目的。历史上，我们发现“知性主义”和“感性主义”分别用作“理性主义”和“经验主义”的同义词。但自然似乎最经常把知性主义与唯心主义和乐观主义倾向结合起来。另一方面，经验主义者通常就是唯物的，其乐观性必然是有条件的，不稳定的。理性主义总是一元论的。它从整体性和普遍性出发，更注重事物的统一性。经验主义从局部出发，认为整体是各部分的集中，因此并不反对把自己称为多元论的。理性主义通常认为自己比经验主义更有宗教信仰，但这一点要说的话很多，所以，我就只提一下。如果说理性主义者充满情感，经验主义者头脑精明，也都说得过去。这时，理性主义者通常也会赞成自由意志，经验主义者则会相信宿命——我用的都是当下最流行的术语。理性主义的观点最终将带有教条主义的倾向，而经验主义者可能会更具有怀疑精神，愿意探讨各种可能性。

我要把这些特质分两栏列出来。我想，如果我用“空想”和“实际”分别作为这两栏的标题，你们都会明白事实上我指的是两类思维结构。

空想 实际

理性主义（崇尚“原则”） 经验主义（崇尚“事实”）

知性主义 感性主义

唯心主义 唯物主义

乐观主义 悲观主义

有宗教性 无宗教性

自由意志 宿命论

一元论 多元论

教条主义 怀疑主义

请暂时不要问，我所列出来的两两相对的这些特质是否具有内在统一性而不自相矛盾——我很快会就这一点进行详细的说明。就目前而言，我们有足够的理由相信，有上述特征的空想和实际这两类人群，确实都存在。或许你们每个人都知道，一些人具有鲜明的空想或实际特征，你们也知道他们对彼此的看法。他们互相看不起。每当个性强烈之时，他们的对立就形成了当时哲学问题的一部分。历来都是如此。它构成了当今哲学问题的一部分。实际派认为空想派感性、软弱。空想派认为实际派粗俗、无情或残忍。他们对彼此的反应，就像你把来自大城市波士顿的游客与来自小镇克瑞普里克的居民混在一起时会发生的情况一样。双方彼此都认为对方比自己低一等；但是这种蔑视的态度一方面带着取乐的性质，另一方面却含有点害怕的味道。

现在，我还是坚持认为，在哲学上，我们中间没有几个人是纯粹的未经磨炼的波士顿人那样的空想派，也没有几个人是典型的落基山脉硬汉式的实际派。我们大多数人两方面的好处都想要。事实当然是好的——那就给我们很多事实。原则是好的——那就给我们足够的原则。如果你从一个角度来看世界，世界无疑是单一的；但是，如果你从多个角度来看世界，世界无疑是多元的。它既是一，也是多，我们就采用多元的一元论吧。凡事一定有其必然性，但我们的意志一定是自由的：带有自由意志的决定论才是真正的哲学。部分邪恶是不可否认的；但整体不可能都邪恶：所以实际的悲观主义可以与形而上的乐观主义结合起来。以此类推——普通的哲学上的门外汉绝不会是个激进分子，他永远也理不清自己的哲学体系，而只是稀里糊涂地生活在某种貌似合理的小体系里，以适应各种不断出现的诱惑。

但我们有些人不是哲学的门外汉。我们配得上业余运动员的称号，经常因为信仰中出现的太多不一致性和摇摆性而感到烦恼。我们不能保持良好的知性良心，因为理念中总是混杂着对立双方那些格格不入的东西。

现在，我要说说我想讲的第一个重要观点。历史上，从来都没有像今天这样，有如此众多具有绝对经验主义倾向的人。可以这么说，我们的孩子天生就很讲科学。但我们对事实的尊重，并未抵消我们对宗教的信仰。尊重事实本身就接近信仰了。我们的科学气质是虔诚的。找一个这种类型的人，让他也成为一个业余的哲学家，不愿像普通的门外汉一样使自己的哲学体系五花八门，那么此时此刻，在这公元1906年，他会发现自己是个什么情形呢？他想要事实，他想要科学，他也想要宗教信

仰。作为一个业余爱好者，他在哲学上并无独立的原创见解，很自然，他会寻求哲学界那些专家和学者的指引。你们在座的很多人，也许大多数人，就是这一类业余哲学家。

你们发现实际上是什么样的哲学满足了需要呢？对你们的目的来说，你们发现经验主义哲学不够宗教性，而宗教哲学又不能提供足够的经验。如果留心一下最崇尚事实的地方，你就会发现整个讲究实际的计划正在运行，“科学与宗教间的交锋”正愈演愈烈。或许是像动物学家海克尔一样的那种落基山脉的硬汉子（实际派），持有唯物主义一元论的观点，尊以太为上帝，拿你们的上帝开玩笑，说你们的上帝是“气态的脊椎动物”；或许是像斯宾塞一样，认为世界的历史仅是物质和运动的重新分配，因而将宗教很有礼貌地拒之门外——宗教可以继续实际存在，但绝不能在殿堂里露脸。在过去的150年中，科学的进步似乎意味着物质宇宙的扩大和人类重要性的下降。结果可以说是所谓自然主义或实证主义感觉的增长。人类绝不是自然法则的制定者，人类是接受者。自然是坚定的；人类必须调整、适应。不管真理多么没有人性，就让人类记录真理，服从真理！浪漫的自发性和勇气都不见了，世界是唯物的，是让人压抑的。理想看起来是生理学上没有生命的副产品；高级的事物要由低级的事物来解释，低级的永远“没什么”——不过是一些较为低劣的东西。简而言之，你只有一个物质的宇宙，只有那些讲究实际的人会如鱼得水。

但是，如果你现在转向宗教寻求慰藉，转向对空想派哲学进行思考，会有什么发现呢？

在今天我们这一代英语读者看来，宗教哲学有两大类。一类更加激进，更加咄咄逼人，另一类正在慢慢退却。我所说的宗教哲学的激进派是盎格鲁—黑格尔学派的所谓先验性唯心主义，该学派的代表人物有格林、凯尔德兄弟、博攒克特和洛伊斯。这种哲学对我们新教牧师中那些好学之人影响巨大。这种哲学是泛神论的，无疑已经使传统新教的一神论失去了锋芒。

但一神论还在。虽经过一次次妥协，一神论仍是教条式、经院式一神论的嫡传，至今仍在天主教的各个神学院里严格传授。人们过去曾长期把它叫做哲学的“苏格兰学派”。它就是我所说的正在退却的哲学。它一方面受到黑格尔学派和其他“绝对”学派的侵蚀，另一方面受到科学进化论和不可知论学派的进攻，因此那些代表人物，如詹姆斯·马蒂诺、鲍恩教授、拉德教授等，一定感到了严重的两面夹攻。如你所想，这种哲学讲究公平正直，气质并不激进。它是折衷的，是妥协的产物，并以找到暂时妥协之道为最高目标。它接受达尔文主义的事实，承认脑生理学的事实，但对这些事实却并不积极或热情。它缺乏一种胜利者或进攻者的姿态。因此，它也缺乏权威色彩；而绝对主义则因为风格激进而具有某种权威性。

如果你转向“空想”派，就必须从这两种宗教哲学体系中作出选择。

如果像我设想的那样，你热爱事实，你就会首先发现，其实这一派带有理性主义和知性主义的蛛丝马迹。你实际上就脱离了占统治地位的经验主义所具有的唯物性；但代价是失去了与具体生活的接触。更具绝对色彩的哲学家则会呆在高度的抽象层面之上，甚至从来就不想走下来。他们给了我们带有绝对色彩的思想。那种通过思考就形成我们宇宙的思想，也能创造出其他百万个宇宙，就像创造了我们这个宇宙一样，而不管它们给我们提供了什么相反的事实。从这个概念中，你推断不出任何单独的、实际的具体事实。不管宇宙真实存在着什么，它与任何事物的状态都是符合的。有神论的上帝几乎是同样得不出结果的一种理论。你必须进入他所创造的宇宙，理解他的真实性格：他是一次性创造了那样一个宇宙的某种神。有神论作者笔下的上帝和绝对意志一样，高踞于纯粹抽象之上。绝对论还有一些威风和活力，而一般的有神论就比较枯燥。但二者都让人难以接近，空洞乏物。你想要的哲学，不仅要锻炼你的抽象思辨能力，还要能与有限的人类所生活的真实世界建立某些正面的关联。

你想要一个能将两者结合起来的体系，既能以科学的态度忠于事实，愿意记录事实，简而言之，具有调整及适应的精神，还能继续相信人类由来已久的，不管是宗教型的还是浪漫型的价值观，以及由此产生的自发性。那么，这就是你的困境所在：你发现你所追求的目标的两个方面不可救药地互相隔离着。要么你发现经验主义不够人道，不够宗教；要么你发现了某种理性主义哲学，也许事实上可以说带有宗教色彩，但又拒绝与具体事实、欢乐及悲伤发生任何联系。

我不知道你们有多少人对哲学足够了解，能够全面理解我上面那句批评的意思。因此，我还是要对一切理性主义体系中的不真实性多说几句，这种不真实性让笃信事实的人很容易产生反感情绪。

一两年前，有个学生交给我他论文的头几页，我当时要是把它保存下来了就好了。他这几页文章把我的观点阐述得非常清晰。很可惜，我现在没法把这几页文章念给你们听。这个学生毕业于西部某所大学。论文开始就说，他一直想当然地以为，一旦进入一间哲学教室，就必须与一种全新的宇宙开始一种新关系，这个宇宙与被遗弃在身后的世俗的宇宙迥然不同。他说，人们认为两种宇宙几乎没有什么关系，它们不太可能同时占据你的思维。个人具体经历的世俗世界纷繁复杂，超乎想象，是纠结、混浊、痛苦和迷茫的。而哲学教授引领你进入的世界是单纯、干净、高尚的。在这里，你看不到实际生活中的种种矛盾。它的结构是古典的。理性的原则勾勒出整体框架，逻辑必然性夯实了各个部件。纯洁和尊严是它表达最多的内容。它是山上熠熠闪耀的大理石殿堂。

事实上，这个世界与其说是对这个真实世界的记录，还不如说是建立在真实世界之上的一个显著的附加物，是一座古典的圣殿，理性主义者的幻想可以在那里避难，躲开单纯事实所展现出来的令人难以忍受的混乱与粗野的特性。它绝非对我们客观宇宙的解释，它完全是另一回事，它是客观宇宙的替代物，是一种补救方法、一种逃避的方式。

如果这里我可以用气质这个词的话，它的气质，与具体事物中存在的气质完全不同。精致是知性主义哲学的特色。知性主义哲学巧妙地满足了我们心中一种很强烈的渴望，即渴望要有一个精致的沉思对象。但我要非常认真地请求你们往外看，看看这个由具体事实组成的浩大的宇宙，看看这些事实有多么地混乱，看看它们的惊人之处与残忍之处，看看它们展现出来的荒蛮，然后再告诉我，到底“精致的”是不是你们嘴里不可不说出的一个描写性形容词。

确确实实，在各种事物中，精致自有它的地位。但是，一门哲学，假若带给我们的只有精致而无其他，将永远也不能满足思维的经验主义倾向。那种哲学，看起来更像是矫揉造作的纪念碑。于是我们发现科学家情愿背离形而上学，把它当作是某种完全封闭的幽灵似的东西，而讲究实际的人则把哲学的尘埃从他们的双脚上抖掉，去听从荒野的呼唤。

确实，理性主义者从一个纯粹但不真实的体系中获得满足感，多少有点让人感到可怕。莱布尼茨是个理性主义者，他对事实的兴趣，比其他理性主义者所表现出来的，要多得多。但如果你只要看肤浅的化身，只需读一读他那引人入胜的《神善论》。他在书里为上帝待人的方式进行辩护，想证明我们生活的这个世界是一切可能的世界中最好的一个。让我引用一段，来表达我的意思。

除去种种妨碍其乐观主义哲学的其他因素，莱布尼茨感到还有必要考虑被永世诅咒的人数。就人类而言，他从神学家所设的前提出发，假设说那些受到永世诅咒的人的数目要远远大于那些被拯救的人，然后以此进行辩论。即使是那个时候，他还是说：

“如果我们一旦考虑上帝之城的宏大，与善相比，恶简直微不足道。克里奥写过一本小书，叫《论宇宙的广阔》，不久前重新出版。但他没有计算出天堂之国到底有多大。古人对上帝的业绩认识不够……对他们来说，似乎只有我们的地球有人居住，甚至地球还有另一面这个观念都让他们犹豫不决。对他们来说，地球之外的世界就是几个发光的晶状球体。但是今天，不管我们承不承认宇宙有没有界限，我们必须认识到，它有无数的星球，跟地球一般大甚至更大。和地球一样，它们都有权供养理性的居民，尽管这些居民不一定都是人类。我们的地球只是太阳的六大卫星之一。所有恒星都是太阳，可以看出我们的地球在所有可见星球中所占的位置有多小，因为地球只是这众多可见星球中某一个星球的一个卫星而已。所有太阳上可能都住着幸福的生物。我们没有任何理由去相信会有很多该被诅咒的人；因为只需几个例证就足以说明善可以从恶那里得到的好处。而且，既然没有任何理由认为到处都存在星球，那么星界之外会不会存在一个巨大的空间呢？这个环绕着星界的巨大空间，也许充满幸福和荣耀……那现在该怎么想我们的地球及其居民呢？比起恒星之间的距离，地球只是一个点，那么它不就比物理学上的质点还要小许多许多吗？因此和我们未知但不得不承认其存在的宇宙相比，我们已知的宇宙，简直就微不足道。我们所知道的所有恶都存在于这微不足道之中。与宇宙所包含的善比起来，这恶也就更加微不足道了。”

莱布尼茨在其他地方还说："有一种正义，它的目的，不为改造罪犯，不为树立榜样，也不为弥补伤害。这种正义以纯粹的适当性为基础，而纯粹的适当性从赎罪中获得满足感。苏西尼派和霍布斯反对这种惩罚性正义，更恰当地讲，它是报复性正义，是上帝在关键时刻为自己保留的正义……它总是以事物的适当性为基础，不仅能让受害一方满足，也能让所有明智的旁观者满足，甚至就像一首美丽的曲子或一件精致的建筑物能让健全的头脑得到满足一样。因此，那些被诅咒的恶人，依旧受折磨，尽管他们所受的折磨不再起到使他人远离罪恶的作用；那些被祝福的善人，依旧得到奖赏，尽管他们所得到的奖赏没有让人坚定向善。被诅咒的人，因继续行恶而受到更多惩罚；被祝福的人，因不断行善而获得更多快乐。两种事实都建立在适当性原则之上……正如我所说的那样，上帝让万事万物完美共处。"

很显然，莱布尼茨对现实的了解太少，无需我评论。很明显，被诅咒的灵魂，其真实的形象，从未接近过莱布尼茨思想的大门。他也从来没有想到过，上帝把"堕落灵魂"的例证作为安慰物抛给永恒适当性，这些例证的数量越少，就越说明那些被祝福之人的荣耀是多么地不公平。他给我们的，是冰冷的文学作品，内容让人愉快，但即使地狱之火也不能将它暖化。

不要告诉我，为了说明理性主义哲学思维的浅薄，我得回溯到那浅薄的戴假发的年代。在热爱事实的头脑看来，当前理性主义的乐观性一样浅薄。真实的宇宙是开放的，但理性主义要创造出体系来，体系必须是封闭的。人在实际生活中，完美遥不可及，需要不断进步。在理性主义看来，这只是有限的和相对的幻象：万事万物的绝对依据却是一种永恒完美。

在那位勇敢的无政府主义作家斯威夫特的作品里，我找到一个很好的例子，可以用来反驳当前宗教哲学虚幻浅薄的乐观主义。斯威夫特先生的无政府主义倾向比我的还要严重，但我承认，我相当认同他对当前盛行的理想化乐观主义所表示出来的不满。我知道，你们有些人也衷心认同他的观点。他的《人类投降》一书，开始就是一系列城市记者的报道（内容是自杀、饿死以及类似的事件）。他把这些当作我们文明世界的标本。例如：

"'约翰·科科伦是一位职员，和妻子育有六个孩子，没有食物，也没钱付房租，被勒令从纽约上东区的公寓搬走。他在大雪天里，从城的这头跋涉到那头，没找到工作，于今天喝石碳酸自杀。科科伦三周前因为生病丢掉工作，之后，仅有的一点儿积蓄也花光了。昨天，他找了份扫雪的工作，但身体太虚弱，试着干完了一小时，就被迫放弃这份工作。然后又开始疲倦地寻找工作。但他彻底失望了。很晚回到家，看到妻子和孩子没有饭吃，门上还贴着要赶他们出去的通知。'第二天一早，他就服了毒。

（斯威夫特接着说：）"我面前还摆着很多类似的情况；他们的遭遇

可以很容易就填满整本百科全书。我引用这些话，是对宇宙的一种解释。‘我们意识到在他的世界里有上帝的存在。’一位作家最近在《英国评论》上这么说。（洛伊斯教授写道，时间秩序上邪恶的存在就是永恒秩序完美的前提。（《世界与个人》，第2卷第385页））F.H.布莱德利说：‘绝对意志因其所包含的每一种乱象及其多样性而更加丰富。’（《表象与现实》，第204页）他的意思是，这些被杀害的人使宇宙更丰富，而那就是哲学。洛伊斯教授、布莱德利教授，还有其他很多诚实富足的思想家都在揭示“真实”与绝对意志的真相，也为邪恶和痛苦辩解，而这正是宇宙里我们仅所认识的一些人的状况，他们对宇宙有着成熟的认识。这些人所经历的就是“真实”。真实为我们展示了宇宙绝对的一面。这是我们所知的最有资格的人所拥有的个人经验，只有他们能拥有这种经验，能告诉我们它是什么。如果思考这些人的个人经验，把它与他们的直接亲身感受比较，会有什么结果呢？哲学家思考那些看不见的事物，而那些感受生活的人知道真相。人类思想正向这种看法靠近。人类指的是那些默默思考和感受的大众，不是那些哲学家和有产阶级的思想——他们开始评判宇宙，就像他们一直以来允许宗教祭司和有学识之人来评判他们自己……

“这位克利夫兰的工人，杀死了自己的孩子并自杀（所引用的另一个案例），是现代社会和宇宙的重大基本事实之一。关于上帝、爱、存在的一切论述，在高傲、不朽的虚无缥缈中无能为力地存在，无法掩盖或缩小这样的事实。几百万年过去了，基督也存在了二十个世纪，这种事实是世界生活中一个简单得不能再简单的元素。它存在于道德世界中，就像原子或次原子存在于物质的、原始的、不可摧毁的世界中一样。它向人类表明……那些看不到此类事件中意识经验的至高因素的哲学，是骗人的哲学。这些事实无可辩驳地证明了宗教的无效性。人类不会再给宗教两千年或二十个世纪，让它再作尝试，浪费人类的时间；它的时间到了，它的试用期满了。它让自己的表现给毁了。人类没有子孙和用不完的时间让一个名誉扫地的体系来做实验……”(M.I.斯威夫特，《人类投降》第二部分，费城：自由出版社，1905，第4-10页。)

经验主义者对理性主义者开出的账目单，反应就是这样。就是一句决绝的“不，谢谢”。斯威夫特先生说：“宗教就像一个梦游者，对他来讲，实际事物是空白的。”这一见解，尽管也许没有那么强烈的情感，但它是今天每一个认真求知的哲学业余爱好者的意见，他们转向哲学教授，来寻求能充分满足他们的自然需求的必要手段。经验主义作家会告诉他唯物主义，理性主义者会给他一些宗教性的思想，但对那种宗教来说，“实际事物是空白的”。他因此成为我们哲学家的评判者。不管我们是实际派还是空想派，他发现我们都缺少一些什么。我们谁也不能轻视他的评判，因为，毕竟他的思维是典型的完美的思维，他的思维需求总量最大，他的批评和不满从长远来看是决定性的。

也就是在这一点上，我的解决方案开始出现。我提出的实用主义，在哲学上，这名字有点怪，但是能满足来自两方面的需求。它保留了理性主义的宗教性，同时，又和经验主义一样，能保持和事实最密切的接

触。我希望我能让大家跟我一样，赞成实用主义。但是，今天讲座的时间快到了，我就不具体讲实用主义了。下次讲课一开始就讲实用主义。现在，我还是回过头来再讲一讲刚才的话题。

如果你们中间有谁是专业哲学家，我知道有几位，你们肯定会感到，到目前为止，我的演讲非常粗浅，不可原谅，不，简直难以置信。空想派和实际派，多么粗野的分类！一般而言，哲学充满了细致的理性、精准和谨慎，里面有各种可能的结合与转换，如果把它的各种冲突领域表现成两种敌对气质之间的混战，这是多么无情的讽刺，竟然将最高级的事物用最低级的方法表达出来！多么幼稚肤浅的观点！将理性主义体系的抽象性看作一种罪恶，加以谴责，就因为他们把自己看作是圣殿，是避难所，而不是对事实世界的延续。这又是多么愚蠢！我们所有的哲学理论难道不就是补救方法和避难所吗？如果哲学应该有宗教性，除了作为逃避现实表面粗糙的避难所之外，它还能是什么呢？它能将我们提高，脱离动物的感觉，在理性所能预见的针对现实世界的种种理想原则框架内，为我们的思想指出另一个更高尚的家园。除此之外，哲学还能做什么呢？而原则和普遍性观点除了是抽象的纲领，还能是什么呢？如果没有建筑师的蓝图，科隆大教堂能建造起来吗？精准本身难道让人憎恶吗？只有具体的粗糙才是唯一的真实吗？

相信我，我感到了这种指责的全部分量。我所描述的画面实际上过于简单化，极其粗糙。但是，和所有的抽象说法一样，它会证明自己的用途的。如果哲学家能用抽象的方式对待宇宙的生命，他们就不应该抱怨别人以抽象的方式来对待哲学的生命。事实上，我所描述的画面，尽管粗糙简略，但却是真实的。气质有自己所热衷及排斥的东西，这些确实决定了人们的哲学观并将一直如此。体系的细节可以从片段中推断出来，学生们在研究一个体系的时候，可能常常会只见树木，不见森林。工作完成后，思想总是要进行大规模的总结，体系因此耸立眼前，就像一个生命体，以其简单奇妙的个性，正如我们的朋友或敌人死后的幽灵一样，萦绕在我们的记忆里。

不只是沃尔特·惠特曼能说出“谁接触到这本书，谁就接触到一个人”。所有伟大的哲学家，都书如其人。我们对每一本书都有基本的个人品味，这种个人品味虽然典型但却无法描述，是我们成功的哲学教育的最好结果。体系自以为描述了上帝所创的浩瀚宇宙。它其实——不过是极其明显地——揭示了某位同胞的个人品味是多么怪异。一旦这样归结起来（所有哲学，经过批判性学习，都可以如此归结），我们与体系之间的交流都还原成随意的交流、还原成人类本能的满意或者厌恶的反应。我们在取舍方面，变得很主断，好像对待一个争取别人青睐的候选人；我们的评判是用简单的褒贬来表达的。我们按照自己的感受，来衡量宇宙的全部特性，不管提供给我们的哲学品味如何，一个词就够了。

我们说：“上帝没有给人以活泼的天性，而是在人类内部创造了”——那模糊不清的谎言，那古板僵硬的东西，那难懂的矫揉造作，那发霉的课堂产物，那病人的梦呓。走开！全走开！不可能！不可能！

我们对哲学家体系细节的学习，就是哲学家给我们留下的最终印象。但就是这最终印象决定了我们的反应。对哲学的精通程度，由我们概括性的反应是否清晰来衡量，也由专家用来描述如此复杂的对象时脑海中立即出现的修饰语来衡量。想出这些形容词，并不需要对哲学非常精通。很少有人清晰说明过自己的哲学理念。但几乎每一个人都有自己特定的整体宇宙观，也完全意识到自己所了解的所有独特的哲学体系都不能够涵盖整个宇宙。这些哲学体系就是不能涵盖每个人的世界。这些体系，有的太时尚，有的太学究，有的太杂乱，有的太病态，有的太做作，有的太……反正他和我们都立即知道，这些哲学不正确，不协调，不“相称”，根本就不能以宇宙的名义来宣扬自己。柏拉图、洛克、斯宾诺莎、米尔、凯尔德、黑格尔——我尽量小心，不提那些离我们很近的哲学家！我确信,对你们中的很多人来说,这些名字代表的只是许多奇怪的不完整不合格的个人思想。很明显，如果他们的宇宙观是真实正确的话，那会很荒诞。我们哲学家必须预见到你们会有这些情感。最后，我重复一下，我们的哲学观最终是要由这些情感来评判的。最终胜利的将会是那个最能彻底打动普通人的观点。

我再说一句——关于哲学必须是抽象的纲领。纲领多种多样。庞大的建筑物有框架，是设计师用立体图形构思出来的；建筑物也有平面设计图，是用尺子和圆规画出来的。它们即使用石头灰泥堆建起来，也还是不丰满，因为他们的设计大纲就预示了这结果。是的，纲领本身是空洞的，但并不一定就预示一个空洞的东西。正是理性主义哲学通常预示出来的基本空洞性，才让经验主义者对它拒之千里。赫伯特·斯宾塞的体系最能说明这个问题。理性主义者认为他列举出的种种不足令人可怕。他枯燥的教师气质，声音单调，喜欢用没有价值的论据来支持自己的观点。他连机械原理方面的教育都缺乏，所有的基本观念都模糊不清，他的整个体系是僵硬的，好像是用破裂的铁杉木板造出来的。可是——一半的英国人竟然想让他入葬万人敬仰的威斯敏斯特教堂。

为什么？理性主义眼中的斯宾塞如此不堪一击，他为什么还能如此受人尊敬？为什么许多像你我这样受过教育的人，都知道他的缺点，却还希望他入葬教堂？

很简单，就是因为我们知道他的心在哲学上是正确的。他的原则可能只有骨和皮，但他的著作是以这个特定形状来构建的，以特定世界的框架来发展的。他的作品里，一直都有事实的声音在回荡，对事实的引用也从未停止，他强调事实，看到它们的存在，这就够了。经验主义者认为这种做法是对的。

我下次课要开始讲的实用主义哲学，也会保持与事实的密切联系。和斯宾塞的哲学不同，实用主义从头到尾都不会把积极的宗教建构拒之门外。它会对它们一视同仁的。

我希望能引导你们发现，实用主义正是你们所想要的一种折衷调和的思想方法。

第二讲 实用主义是什么？

松鼠。实用主义作为一种方法。这种方法的历史。实用主义的特征和属性。实用主义如何区别于理性主义和知性主义。“走廊理论”。实用主义作为一种有关真理的理论，与“人本主义”等同。数学、逻辑和自然真理的早期观点。近期观点。席勒和杜威的“工具主义”观点。新信仰的形成。旧的真理必须一直要考虑。旧的真理同样显现。“人本主义”的教义。理性主义对实用主义的批判。实用主义是经验主义和宗教的中介调解者。先验性唯心主义的无能。绝对意志的概念在多大程度上必须被当作真理。真理是善，以信仰的方式存在。真理之间的冲突。实用主义使讨论变得灵活。

几年前，我和一群人去山间宿营。一次独自漫步回来，我发现大家正在进行一场激烈的形而上学的争论。争论的中心是一只松鼠——假设一只活的松鼠正趴在树干的一侧，而想象有一个人站在树干的另一侧。这个人绕着树快跑，想看到松鼠，但不管他跑多快，松鼠在树干那面跑得一样快，人和松鼠之间总是隔着树，所以，他永远没能看到松鼠。从而产生的形而上学的问题是：人是否绕着松鼠走？没错，他确实是绕着树走，松鼠是在树上；但他是绕着松鼠走的吗？旷野上，大家无拘无束，讨论非常彻底。每个人的立场或正或反，但都坚持己见，正反两方人数相等。我一出现，双方都来争取我的支持，以便成为多数派。我记得经院哲学有一句格言，一旦遇到对立双方，一定要找出区别来。于是，我马上开始找区别，并找到了一个。“哪一方正确，”我说，“要看你们‘绕着’松鼠跑的实际意义是什么。如果你们指的是从它的北面跑到东面，然后跑到南面，然后跑到西面，然后又跑到它的北面，很明显，人的确是绕着松鼠跑的，因为他接连跑到了这些地方。但如果正好相反，你指的是先在它前面，后跑到它右面，然后跑到它后面，然后跑到它左面，后来又跑到它前面，很明显，人没有绕着它跑，因为，松鼠也在作相对运动，它的肚子一直对着人，它的背部朝后。找出差别，就不用再争论了。你们两边又对又不对，要看你们对‘绕着跑’这个动词实际上是怎么理解的。”

尽管他们中间争论比较激烈的一两个人认为我的说法是在逃避问题，说他们不想要什么诡辩或经院哲学的吹毛求疵，只想要“绕着”这个英语词的平实解释，但大多数的人似乎都认为我的区分已经缓和了争论。

我讲这件小事，因为它是我要讲的实用主义方法的一个特别简单的例子。实用主义方法主要是一种解决形而上学争论的方法，没有这种方法，这些争论就会没完没了。世界是一元还是多元的？其命运是注定的，还是自由的？是物质的还是精神的？这些概念都能解释又不能解释这个世界，有关它们的争论也无休无止。这种情况下，实用主义的方法就试图通过追踪各自的实用效果，来解释每一个概念。如果这个概念对，那个概念不对，对任何一个人来说，将会产生什么实际的区别呢？

如果任何实际差别都找不到，那么两种概念实际上都是一回事，所有的争论就没有意义了。一旦争论很激烈，我们就应该能指出，如有一方是正确的，一定会出现什么实际的区别。

看一下这个概念的历史，你就会更清楚实用主义的意义。它是希腊语pi rho alpha gamma mu alpha派生出来的，意思是行动，"practice"（实践）和"practical"（实践的）也是这个词派生出来的。查尔斯·皮尔斯在1878年第一次将它引入哲学。1878年一月份的《通俗科学月刊》（《哲学评论》1879年1月刊中译出（第7卷）。）有一篇他的文章，题目是《如何使观念清晰》。他先指出我们的信仰实际上是行动准则，然后说，要找到思想的意义，我们只需确定该思想适合产生什么行为：对我们来说，这种行为就是它的唯一意义。我们所有思想的差别，不管多么细微，都有一个根本事实，那就是不管这些差别有多么细微，都在实践上存在着可能的区别，而不是在其他方面存在区别。要在思想上获得对一件事物完全清晰的认识，我们就只需思考这个事物可能会产生什么可见的实际效果，我们希望能得到什么感觉，我们应该准备做出什么反应。这些效果，不管是直接的还是间接的，我们对它们的认识，就这个认识所具有的任何积极意义来说，就是我们对这个事物的认识。

这就是皮尔斯的原理，也就是实用主义的原理。有二十年的时间，完全没有任何人注意到它。直到我在加利福尼亚大学赫维森教授的哲学学会上发表演讲时，才把它重新提出来，把它特别用到宗教上。那是1898年，看来接受这个原理的时机成熟了。“实用主义”这个词普及开来，现在，它在哲学期刊里占有相当的位置。我们发现人们在谈论到“实用主义运动”的方方面面时，有时尊敬，有时谩骂，几乎没有人能清楚理解它。显然，用这个术语来指至今还缺乏一个统一名称的一些趋势很方便，这个词也“沿用下来”。

要理解皮尔斯原理的重要性，就必须经常把它用到具体事例上。几年前，我发现，莱比锡著名化学家奥斯特瓦尔德在自己的科学哲学课上，对实用主义原理一直都有非常明确的运用，不过他没有用这个名词。

他给我写信说：“所有现实都影响我们的实践，我们认为，那种影响就是现实的意义。我惯常这样向我班上的学生提问：如果这个选项或那个选项为真，世界将会在哪些方面发生变化？如果找不到任何变化，那个选项就没有任何意义。”

也就是说，对立的观点实际上是一回事，对我们来说，除了实践的意义，没有其他。奥斯特瓦尔德在他发表的演讲稿里，用一个例子来说明他的观点。长期以来，化学界都在为某种叫做“互变异构”的物体的内部构成而争论不已。这些物体的属性看起来都符合这样一个概念，即一个不稳定的氢原子在物体内部摇晃不定，或者它们是两种物体的不稳定混合物。争论愈演愈烈，但从无定论。奥斯特瓦尔德说：“假如争论各方问过自己，如果一个或其他观点成立的话，会带来什么特别的实验上的

事实呢？这样的话，争论本来可能永远都不会开始的。这样的话，就会发现事实可能没有发生任何变化。这场争论也就不真实，就像如果让原始社会的人们去思考酵母发面原理时产生的争论一样不真实，一方认为应该归功于‘棕仙’，而另一方坚持认为有‘精灵’。”（“理论与实践”一文，载于《奥地利工程师建筑师协会会刊》，1905年，第4期和第6期。我在W.S.弗兰克林教授的讲演中发现一种比奥斯特瓦尔德还要激进的实用主义。他说：“我认为，把物理学当成是‘质量、分子和以太的科学’的观点，即使学生掌握了，也是最病态的观点。我认为，把物理学当成如何掌控物体并推动他们前进的科学的观点，即使学生没有完全掌握，也是最健康的观点。”（《科学》，1903年1月2日））

许多哲学争论，一旦被放到这种追踪其具体后果的简单测试中来，就会变得无足轻重。这让人感到很震惊。任何地方的差异，都会在其他地方也带来差异——任何抽象真理的差异，一定会在具体事实上表现出差异，也一定会因为那个事实，在某时，某地，以某种方式迫使某人的行为表现出差异。哲学的全部功能应该是去发现，在我们生命的一定时刻，如果这个世界公式或那个世界公式为真，它将给你我带来某种确切的变化。

实用主义方法绝对没有任何新东西。苏格拉底对这个方法得心应手。亚里士多德系统地使用了这个方法。洛克、贝克莱和休谟利用这个方法，对真理做出了巨大贡献。沙德沃斯·霍奇森一直坚持认为，人们认为现实是什么，现实就是“什么”。但是这些实用主义的先驱们对实用主义的使用是零碎的：他们只是前奏曲。直到我们这个时代，实用主义才开始对自身进行归纳总结，意识到自己有一个普世的使命，自认为有一种征服一切的命运。我相信实用主义具有征服性，我希望最终能用自己的信仰来鼓舞你们。

实用主义代表了哲学上的一个人们非常熟悉的态度，就是实证态度，但对我来说，与之前的假设相比，它所代表的实证态度，形式更激进，令人更乐于接受。实用主义者坚决彻底地背弃了职业哲学家所倚重的许多固有习惯。它避开抽象与不充分，避开字面解决方案，避开站不住脚的先验理由，避开僵硬的原则和封闭的体系，也避开了虚妄的绝对和起源论。它转向具体与充分，转向事实和行动，转向权力。这意味着实证主义的气质占了支配地位，而理性主义的气质被实实在在地放弃了。它意味着开放的气氛和自然的种种可能性，反对教条、造作和自以为是最后定论的真理。

同时，它并不代表任何特别的结果。它只是一种方法。但这个方法的大胜利指的是我在上一讲中提到的哲学“气质”的重大变化。极端理性主义类型的学者会遭到排斥，就像宫廷朝臣在共和国遭到排斥，也像主张教皇绝对权力的神父在新教领地上遭到排斥。科学与形而上学就会走的更近，事实上，它们完全会携手并进。

形而上学通常追求的是非常原始的东西。你们都知道，人类一直多

么渴求不合法的法术，你们也知道，在魔法中，语言起了多么大的作用。如果你知道他的名字，或者降服他的咒语公式，你就可以控制那个精灵、鬼怪、恶魔，或者任何神奇的力量。所罗门知道所有精灵的名字，因为知道他们的名字，他就能让他们服从他的意志。对自然的头脑来说，宇宙总是显得像个谜，解开谜底的钥匙必须在某种闪亮的或者带给人力量的词语或名称的形式中寻找。词语给宇宙的原理命名，掌握了它，就仿佛掌握了宇宙本身。“上帝”，“物质”，“理性”，绝对意志，“能量”都是这类能解决问题的名字。一旦有了它们，你就可以安心。形而上学的追求也就到了终点。

但是如果你用的是实用主义的方法，你就不能把这些词语当作追求的终点。你必须把每个词语的实际价值表现出来，把它应用到你的经验里。它看起来不太像解决问题的方案，而更像下一步工作的计划，尤其更像是对改变现存事实的各类方式的说明。

理论因此成为我们可以依赖的工具，而不是谜语的谜底。我们并不就此裹足不前，我们继续前进，而且有时还借助工具重新塑造自然。实用主义使我们所有的理论灵活起来，让它们富有弹性，每一个都发挥作用。因为它本质上并没有什么新东西，所以它与许多古代的哲学倾向是一致的。比如，它与唯名论观点一致，因为都依赖特定细节；它与功利主义观点一致，因为都强调实际方面；它与实证哲学观点一致，因为都蔑视字面上的解决方案、无用的问题和形而上学的抽象性。

所有这些，你们可以看到，都具有反知性主义的倾向。针对理性主义自诩为一种主张和方法，实用主义全副武装，全力战斗。但至少一开始，它并不代表任何特定结果。它没有任何教条、任何主义，只有方法。意大利年轻的实用主义者帕皮尼说得好，它就像旅馆里的走廊一样，连接着我们的各种理论。无数的房间都通向它。一个房间里，有人在写无神论著作；隔壁房间里，有人跪在地上祈求信仰和力量；另外一间房里，有位化学家正在考察物体的属性。第四间房里，有人在思考理性主义形而上学的体系；第五间房里，有人在说明形而上学的不可能性。但是他们都拥有走廊，如果想找到从各自房间出入的可行方法，都必须经过走廊。

到目前为止，实用主义的方法，不是什么特别的结果，只是一种导向态度。这态度不是去看原初、原则、“类别”和假设的必须条件，而是要去看最终、成果、后果、事实。

实用主义方法就是这样！你们可能会说，我一直在表扬它，而没有解释它。但我会马上非常详细地解释它，说明它如何看待我们熟悉的一些问题。同时，实用主义这个词已经开始有更广泛的意义，也指关于真理的某种理论。在先做好铺垫后，我打算用一整节讲座，说明这种理论。所以，我现在可以非常简洁。但是，简洁不容易。我请大家在以下十五分钟里，精神要加倍集中。如果还有很多不清楚之处，我希望在以后的讲座里讲得更明白。

我们当代哲学最成功、最发达的一个分支就是所谓的归纳逻辑，它研究科学发展演变的条件。对于数学家、物理学家和化学家所制定的各种自然规律和事实要素的意义，归纳逻辑的众多作者已经开始表现出出奇的一致性。在发现数学、逻辑和自然科学最初表现出来的各种一致性，也就是第一批定律时，人们为由此而来的清晰明确、优美简单而欣喜，他们相信自己已经真正破解了上帝的永恒思想。上帝的思想，也在三段论中轰鸣回响。上帝也用圆锥截面、平方、平方根和比率来思考，也像欧几里德一样依据几何原理工作。他创造了开普勒定律，使行星据此运转；他使下落物体速度的增加和时间成正比；他制定了正弦律，使光据此折射；他确立了动植物的纲、目、科、属，使它们之间的远近关系固定。他想出万物的原型，并设计出它们的各种变种；我们再次发现上帝任何一种神奇创造之时，我们就抓住了他的思想很直接的意图。

但当科学有了更进一步的发展，有一种观念就开始占优势，那就是大多数，也许是全部的定律，只是一些近似的东西。这些定律本身也越来越多，不胜枚举；而且在科学的所有分支中，还提出了许多相反的观点，因此研究者已经习惯了这样一种观点，即没有一种理论是对现实的绝对描述，但从某个角度来看，任何一种理论都是有用的。它们的伟大用处在于总结原有事实，引导新的事物。它们只是人为的语言，有些人称其为概念的简洁表达方式，我们用它写出对自然的报告；而语言，众所周知，容许存在众多表达方式与乡土方言。

因此，人类的武断已经把神的必然性从科学逻辑中赶走。只要我提起西格瓦特、马赫、奥斯特瓦尔德、皮尔森、米约、庞加莱、杜亨、罗易森这些名字，你们中的学生就会很容易确定我要谈的倾向，也会想到别的名字来。

席勒和杜威两位先生站在在科学逻辑的前沿上，用实用主义来说明各种情况下真理的意义。这两位先生说，在各种情况下，我们观念和信仰中的“真理”，和科学上的真理是一个意思。他们说真理的意义就在于此，观念（本身就是我们经验的一部分），只要有助于使我们与我们经验的其他部分形成让人满意的关系，有助于我们通过概念的捷径，而不是遵循特定现象的无限连续性，来总结它，使用它，观念就变成了真理。比如，我们能驾驭的任何观念；让我们很顺利地从一部分经验过渡到另一部分经验，使事物完满地联系在一起，安全地运行，简化并节省劳动力的观念；任何这样的观念，都是真实的，真实到这么多，真实到这种地步，真实的有工具作用。真理的这种“工具”观，在芝加哥讲授得很成功，我们的观念中真理就意味着“起作用”的能力，在牛津宣传得也非常精彩。

杜威、席勒两位先生和他们的同派学者，在得出所有真理的这种普遍概念的过程中，仅仅是按照地质学家、生物学家和语文学家的样子去做。在建立这些别的科学时，成功之道总是去记录一些在运行中能观察到的简单过程——如气候对土地的剥蚀，或生物相对于父代的变异，或方言因为吸收了新词新音而发生的变化——然后对过程进行概括，使它

能在所有时间都适用，并通过总结其历年的效果得出重大的结论。

席勒和杜威两位先生特别选择能观察到的过程进行总结，任何一个想要到得出新观点的人对此都非常熟悉。这个过程总是一样的。一个人已经有一套旧观点，但是他遇到了新经验，使旧观点面临考验。有人反对旧观点；或者他反省时发现这些旧观点相互矛盾；或者他听到一些事实，与旧观点不符；或者他产生一些新要求，而旧观点不能满足。结果就会产生一种他至今尚未经历过的内心烦恼，要逃避这种烦恼，他需要修正之前的众多观点。他尽量保留之前的观点，因为在信仰问题上，我们都是极端保守分子。于是，他尝试先改变这个观点，然后那个观点（因为它们抗拒改变的方式十分不同），直到最后出现一些新观点，他把这些新观点加在旧观点上，让旧观点尽量不受干扰，新旧观点和经验调和在一起，使它们很巧妙、很方便地交织起来。

然后，这个新观点就被接纳为真的观点了。它保留了较旧的一套真理，对它的修订尽量少，只是将它们延伸到能够接受新观点的地步，但还是尽可能地用人们熟悉的方法来思想。违背所有我们旧有观念的怪异解释都不能被当作是对新事物的真实描述。我们应该努力到处寻找，直到发现不那么古怪的观点。个人信念发生的最猛烈的变革，还是会保留大多数的旧观点。时间和空间、原因和结果、自然和历史、还有个人的历史，都不会改变。新的真理总是一种媒介，是各种转变的缓和剂。它让旧观点结合新事实，使其表现出最小限度的撼动，最大限度的连续性。我们认为，一个理论的真实程度，跟它解决这种“最小限度和最大限度问题”的成功程度成正比。但是，要成功解决这个问题，明显是一个近似度的问题。我们说总体上这种理论比那种理论解决问题更让人满意；但意思是对我们来说更满意，而个人会以不同方式强调让他们满意的地方。因此，某种意义上说，这里的任何事物都是有弹性的。

现在，我强烈要求大家特别注意较旧的真理所起的作用。许多针对实用主义者不公正的批评，其根本原因就是没有将这一点考虑在内。旧真理的影响起绝对决定作用。忠实于旧真理是第一原则——大多数情况下，它是唯一原则；因为新现象如此之新，对旧观点要作大幅度的重新调整，处理新现象迄今最常用的方法就是完全忽视新现象，或者去辱骂那些见证了新现象的人。

毫无疑问，你们想要这种真理发展过程的实例，唯一的麻烦就是例子实在太多。新真理最简单的例子，当然就是我们经验中新事实种类或旧种类的新的个别事实在数字上的增加——这种增加不涉及对旧信仰的任何改变。一天又一天，它只是内容有所增加。新内容本身并不是真理，它们只是出现了，存在着。真理是我们关于新内容的说法，如果我们说新内容已经出现了，简单的加法就满足了真理。

但经常的情况是，一天下来的新内容就迫使我们对它们做一次重新调整。如果我现在站在这讲台上，发出尖叫，举动像个疯子，你们许多人对我的哲学可能的价值，就会改变看法。前些天发现的“镭”是一天发

生的事情的一部分，乍看之下，它与我们对自然界全部秩序的观点是矛盾的，人们已经认为该秩序就是能量是守恒的。能无限发热的镭，一旦被发现，好像违背了能量守恒。该怎么想呢？如果它发出的辐射，只是原子里面早先存在的未知“潜”能的外泄，那么守恒定律还能保留。发现“氦”是这种放射的结果，为这种信念开辟了道路。因此，人们一般认为，拉姆齐的观点是真实的，因为尽管它扩展了我们有关能量的旧观点，它对旧观念本质的改变是最小的。

我不必举太多的例子。同理，一个新观点的“真实”程度，跟它满足个人把新经验融入到旧信仰的愿望成正比。它必须依靠旧真理，把握新事实；它在这方面的成功（我刚刚讲过）是个人鉴别力的问题。当有了新真理的补充，旧真理有了发展，这是因为主观原因。我们在这个过程中，服从这些原因。新观念如果能最圆满地发挥作用并满足我们双重的迫切需要，就是最真实的。它用自己的工作方式，使自己真实，让自己被列入真实一类；然后把自己嫁接到旧真理之上，而旧真理的增长就像一棵树因为新生组织的活动而生长一样。

现在杜威和席勒两位先生开始概括这种现象，把它用到真理最古老的部分上。它们曾经也是弹性的。它们曾经也因为人为原因被叫做真实的。它们曾经也把更早的真理与当时的新现象调和起来。纯粹客观的真理在其建立过程中，如果将旧经验与新经验结合并给人带来满足感的功能没有发挥作用，那么这种真理是无处可寻的。我们之所以认为事物为真，其理由就是他们之所以为真的理由，因为“为真”就只意味着实现这种结合的功能。

因此，人类的足迹无处不在，如蛇行一般蜿蜒。独立的真理；我们仅能发现的真理；不能再进行锤炼以适应人类需要的真理；简而言之，不可改动的真理；这种真理实在超多——或者说，这是理性主义思想家认为存在的真理；但它只不过就是活树的枯心，它的存在，只不过就是说真理也有自己的化石期和“时效”，真理也会在多年长期使用后变得僵硬，因为时间古久，人们会认为它已经石化了。但是即使最古老的真理实际上也可以很灵活，今天逻辑和数学观念的转变就已生动地说明了这一点，这种转变好像正影响着物理学。古老的公式被重新拿来，当作是更为广泛原理的一种特别表达方式，而这些原理的当前形式和形成，是我们的祖先从来没有见过的。

席勒先生还是把所有这些真理观叫做“人本主义”，但是，用实用主义这个名称来称呼这一学说似乎日渐盛行，所以，我在这些讲座里，要用实用主义的名称来称呼它。

这些就会是实用主义的范围——首先是方法；其次是关于真理是什么的起源性理论。这两点必须是我们将要讨论的主题。

我相信，我已经讲到的真理论，因为太简短，你们中大多数人会觉得不清楚、不满意。随后我会做一些补充。在有关“常识”那一讲，对我

所说的古旧真理已经石化，我会试着说明是什么意思。另一讲，我会详细阐释，我们的思想变成真实的程度与它们完成中介作用的成功程度成正比。还有另外一讲，我会说明在“真理”发展过程中，区分主观和客观因素是多么困难。在这些讲座中，你们可能不能完全理解我；即使理解了，也不一定能完全同意我的观点。但是，我知道，你们至少会认为我是认真的，也会尊重我的努力。

听到下面的事情，你们也许会吃惊。那就是席勒先生和杜威先生的理论曾经遭到狂风暴雨般的蔑视与嘲笑。所有的理性主义都群起而攻之。尤其是席勒先生，他在那些有影响力的圈子里，被当成了一个鲁莽该打的孩子。要不是这件事从侧面充分说明了我用实用主义气质来比对的那种理性主义的气质，我本不该提到这些。离开事实，实用主义感到不舒服。而只有在抽象面前，理性主义才感到舒服。实用主义者谈到真理的多元性、用途和令人满意的程度，谈到真理成功地“起作用”等等，从而使典型的知性主义头脑认为，这些关于真理的谈论是粗糙的、不健全的、二流的权宜之计。这些真理不是真正的真理。这些考察不过是主观的。与此相反，客观真理必须是非功利的、高傲的、精致的、遥不可及的、神圣的、尊贵的。它必须是我们的头脑与一个同样绝对现实之间的绝对对应。它必须是我们应当无条件去思考的东西。我们实际上常常用那些有条件的方法去思考，而这些方法是十分不相干的，它们是心理学要考虑的问题。在所有这种问题中，我们不要心理学，我们需要逻辑学！

看看这些不同思想之间尖锐的对比！实用主义者紧抓事实与具体性，根据具体情况下真理的作用来观察真理，并加以概括。对实用主义者来说，真理成为经验中所有明确起作用的价值的类别名称。对理性主义者来说，真理仍旧是一种纯粹的抽象，单是它的名字，我们也必须敬重。实用主义者详细说明为什么我们必须敬重真理，而理性主义者却不能认识那产生他们的抽象概念的种种具体情况。他指责我们否认真理；然而，我们不过只是要探个究竟，为什么人们遵循真理，而且要一直遵循真理。你们中，典型的极端抽象主义者相当害怕具体性：在其他条件都相等的情况下，他肯定更愿意要那些苍白的幽灵般的一类。如果给他两个宇宙，他总是挑选那个皮包骨的轮廓，而不要丰富繁茂的现实。那轮廓更纯洁，更清晰，更高尚。

我希望在讲课过程中，讲座所提倡的实用主义的具体性和它与事实的密切程度，会是你们能看到的它最让人满意的特征。这里，实用主义只是仿照其他兄弟学科，用已经观察到的事物来解释还没有观察到的事物。它把新与旧和谐地结合起来。它改变了我们头脑与现实之间那种静止“对应”关系（稍后我们再追究对应的意义）的绝对而空洞的概念，将它变成我们个别的思想与其他各种经验组成的伟大宇宙之间的交往，这种交往是丰富的，积极的（任何人都能了解细节，领会意义）。在这个伟大宇宙中，我们的个别思想都发挥作用，施展用途。

但现在就说到这里，好吗？要证明我所讲的是合理的，必须要放到

后面了。现在，我想对上一讲里提到的说法再多说一句。在经验主义思想方法和人类更为宗教性的需求之间，实用主义可能是恰当的调和剂。

你们也许记得我曾经说过，当下唯心主义哲学对事实表现出的微小同情，让具有强烈的热爱事实气质的人，很容易与它保持一定距离。它太知性主义了。过时的有神论已经够糟糕了，它认为上帝是至高的君主，这种理论具有许多不可理解或者荒唐的“属性”；但是，只要它坚定信奉设计论的观点，它还是会与具体现实保持一定接触。但是，既然达尔文主义已经在“科学”的头脑里彻底取代了设计论观点，有神论就已经失去了那个立足点；而且如果有某种内在论的或泛神论的神在事物内部而不是事物之上起作用，这种神是人们希望我们当代想象中具有的。渴望具有哲学性质的宗教的人，现在通常会满怀希望转向唯心主义的泛神论，而不是较古老的二元论有神论，尽管后者至今还有许多有力的辩护者。

但是，如我第一讲所说，对热爱事实或具有经验主义头脑的人来说，他们是很难接受这种泛神论的。它属于绝对主义一派，藐视世间尘埃，建立在纯粹的逻辑之上。它与具体性毫无关联。它肯定绝对意志，也就是上帝的化身，认为它是事实全部细节的理性前提，而不管这些细节是什么，但它对世界各种具体事实的实际情况，仍然高度漠不关心。不管它们是什么，绝对意志都是它们的创造者。就像《伊索寓言》里那只生病的狮子一样，所有的脚印都是朝向狮子洞，没有一个朝外。你不能借助绝对意志重新回归到各种细节的世界，也不能根据你对绝对本质的理解，推断出任何对生活有重要意义的关于细节的必然结果。他实际上向你保证，有了他和他永恒的思维方式，一切都会安好；但他随即离开，就留下你自己，用各种暂时的方法来有限地拯救自己。

我绝不否认这个概念的权威，也不否认它能给那些最可尊敬的一类头脑带来宗教上的安慰。但从人的角度来看，没有人可以假装认为它没有渺茫和抽象的缺点。它很明显就是我所称作理性主义气质的结果。它蔑视经验主义的需要。它用一个苍白的轮廓去代替真实世界的丰富内容。它整齐精干；它高贵，但这个说法有不好的意义，因为要高尚，就不善于提供谦卑的服务。在真实世界的汗水和污垢中，我认为，如果某种关于事物的观点是“高贵”的，那应该算作是对真相的傲慢，是一种哲学上的不合格。如众人所说，魔鬼可能是绅士，但是无论统治天地的上帝是谁，他肯定不是绅士。比起苍天需要上帝的尊严，我们满是人类磨难的尘世中，更多地需要上帝仆人般的服务。

现在，实用主义虽致力于事实，但她并没有让普通经验主义苦恼的那些唯物主义偏见。而且，她绝不反对去实现抽象，只要你能利用抽象来处理各种具体事务，把你带到一定的地方。除了我们的思想和经验共同得出的结论之外，她对其他结论都不感兴趣，她对神学也没有任何先验的偏见。如果神学的各种观念证明对具体生活有价值，实用主义就认为它们在如此范围内是成立的，是真的。至于它们在此外多大范围内还继续为真，要完全取决于它们与其他也必须被承认的真理之间的关系。

我之前所说的先验唯心主义的绝对意志，就是一个恰当的例子。首先，我认为它有权威，能给某类头脑带来宗教上的安慰，然后我又指责它渺茫，没有结果。但只要它能给人如此安慰，它就肯定不是没有结果的；它有那么多的价值；它起到一种具体作用。那么，作为一个真正的实用主义者，我自己应该说“到如此地步”的时候，绝对意志为真；现在，我这么说，毫不犹豫。

但是这种情况下，真实到如此地步是什么意思呢？要回答这个问题，我们只需要采用实用主义的方法。信仰绝对意志的人说他们的信仰给了他们安慰，这是什么意思呢？他们的意思是，既然绝对意志有限的恶已经被“压制”住了，只要我们愿意，我们就可以把暂时的看成好像是潜在的永恒，肯定能够相信它的结果，可以毫无罪恶感地打消我们的有限责任带来的恐惧和担心。简而言之，他们的意思是，我们有权时常在道义上休假，让世界以自己的方式摆动，觉得世界的种种问题有比我们更高明的手来处理，与我们无关。

宇宙是一个体系，里面的单个成员可以偶尔缓解他们的焦虑，人们有不太在乎的心情也没有错，也可以有道义上的假期——如果我们没弄错的话，这至少是我们所“知道”的绝对意志的一部分；如果绝对意志是真的，那就是它在我们特定经验里给我们造成的巨大差异；如果用实用主义来解释的话，那就是它的部分现金价值。在此之外，那些赞成绝对唯心主义的普通非专业的哲学读者，不会尝试使自己的观念进一步清晰的。他只能把绝对意志用到这种地步，而这是非常珍贵的。他听到你们不相信绝对意志，会觉得很痛苦，而且因为不理解你们的批评里对概念各个方面的处理，他就不理会你们的批评。

如果绝对意志是这个意思，而且只有这个意思，谁能否认它的真实性呢？要否认它，就是坚持人们应该永不休息，永远没有假日。我很清楚，听到我说只要我们相信一个观念对我们生活有好处，它就是“真”的，你们有些人一定感到很奇怪。你们会很乐意承认，只要它给我们带来好处，它就是善的。如果我们借助它做出来的事是善的，你们就会同意，就此而言，这个观念本身是好的，因为有了它，我们就更好。但你们会说，就凭这个原因，就把这些观念叫做“真”的，难道不是对“真理”一词很奇怪的误用吗？

我在讲座的现阶段，不可能全面回答这个难题。

你们触及了席勒先生、杜威先生和我自己的有关真理论的中心问题。我要到第六讲才会详细讨论。我现在就只说一点，真理是善的一种，而不是通常人们所认为的那样与善不同，与善并列。任何从信仰上证明自己是善的，而且因为明确的、可指出的理由是善的东西，就叫做真理。你们肯定必须承认这一点，就是如果真的观念对生活没有任何好处，或者如果对真观念的认识确实没有好处，只有错误观念才有用，那么，目前认为真理神圣宝贵，追求真理是一种责任的观念，就永远不可能发展或成为一种信条。在那种世界里，我们的责任会是回避真理。但

在这个世界里，正如有些食物不仅合我们口味，还会对我们的牙齿、胃和身体组织有好处一样；因此某些观点不仅想起来就愉快，或者因为支持我们喜欢的观点而让我们愉快，而且它们也在生活的实际斗争中对我们有帮助。如果确实有一种我们应该过的更好的生活，如果有一种观点，我们信了它，就会帮助我们过上那种生活，那么，我们确实最好去相信那种观点，除非对它的信仰有时会和其他更重大的利益起冲突。

“我们最好去相信的东西！”听起来非常像真理的定义。差不多就是说“我们应该去相信的东西”：在这个定义里，你们谁都不会觉得有什么奇怪的。难道我们不应该去相信我们最好去相信的东西吗？对我们比较好的，对我们是真的，我们能把这两个概念永远分开吗？

实用主义说不能。我完全同意。就抽象的说法而言，大概你们也同意。但你们会有一个疑问，就是如果我们真去相信给我们生活带来好处的所有一切，我们就会沉溺于对世间万事的各种空想，沉溺于关于未来世界的各种伤感的迷信了。你们的怀疑，毫无疑问，是非常有根据的。而且，很明显，如果你从抽象到具体，就会出现一些使事态复杂的情况。

刚才，我说过，最好要去相信的观念就是真的，除非这种信仰有时与其他重大的利益有冲突。现在，实际生活中，我们什么特别的信仰最容易和什么重大利益起冲突呢？如果这些信仰证明与其他信仰相互不容，除了其他信仰所产生的重大利益之外，还能有什么呢？换句话说，任何一个真理的最大敌人可能就是所有其他真理。真理永远都有这种不顾一切的本能和愿望，去自我保存，消灭任何与它相反的对立面。我相信绝对意志，因为它带给我好处，这信仰也必须受到我其他所有信仰的考验。假设一下，这信仰真的能给我道义上的休假。然而，就我所想——让我现在说几句私密的话，就只当是以个人身份——它和我的其他信仰是有冲突的，而我不愿意为了它去舍弃其他真理带给我的利益。它碰巧和我所反对的一种逻辑有关联，我发现它使我纠缠在不可接受的形而上学的自相矛盾中，等等，等等。但是，即使不给自己增加这些思维前后不一致的烦恼，我在生活中的烦恼就已经够多了，所以我个人只有放弃这个绝对意志。我只是让自己有道义上的休假；要不然，作为一个职业哲学家，我就试图用其他原理来证明它们的合理性。

如果我认为绝对意志的价值就局限在它能给我带来假期，这不会与我的其他真理观有冲突。但是，我们不能如此轻易地限制我们的假设。它们有其他的特征，而正是这些特征产生冲突。我不相信绝对意志，就意味着我也不相信这些其他的特征，因为我完全相信在道义上休假是合理的。

这样你们就明白我的意思了。我之前把实用主义叫做中介和调解者，我也说过，借用帕皮尼的话，实用主义让我们的理论变得灵活。事实上，实用主义没有任何偏见，没有任何教条障碍，没有任何刻板准则来决定什么可以算作证据。它完全是友善的。它愿意考虑任何假设，任

何证据。因此，在宗教领域，它具有非常大的优势。它胜过实证经验主义，因为后者有反神学偏见；它胜过宗教理性主义，因为后者感兴趣的只是概念的遥不可及、崇高、简单和抽象。

简而言之，它拓宽了寻找上帝的路径。理性主义坚持逻辑和苍穹。经验主义坚持各种外在感觉。而实用主义愿意接受任何事物，遵循逻辑或感觉，把最粗陋、最个人的经验都考虑进来。如果神秘经验有任何实际后果的话，实用主义也会加以考虑。它愿意承认那生活在污浊的私人事务里的上帝——如果那儿确实是能找到他的地方。

它对可能真理的唯一测试，就是看什么能以最好的方式引领我们，什么能最适合我们的全部生活，什么能与全部的经验所需结合得最好，而没有省略掉任何东西。如果神学思想这么认为，尤其是有关上帝的观念能证明是这样的话，实用主义如何可能去否认上帝的存在呢？从实用主义的角度来看如此成功的概念，如果把它当作“不真实的”，它会认为这种做法毫无意义。除了这种与具体现实的一致性，对它来说，还存在其他什么真理呢？

在最后一讲里，我会再回到实用主义和宗教的关系问题上。但你们已经看到实用主义是多么民主。它和大自然母亲一样，有着多种灵活的方法，无限丰富的资源，以及平易近人的结论。

第三讲 从实用主义角度来思考几个形而上学问题

实体的问题。圣餐。贝克莱对物质实体进行的实用主义思考。洛克对个人身份同一性进行的思考。唯物主义的问题。理性主义的思考。实用主义的思考。就原则而言，“上帝”和“物质”一样，除非上帝给人带来更多希望。从实用主义的角度对两种原则进行对比。设计论的问题。“设计论”本身是空洞的。问题是什么样的设计。“自由意志”的问题。它与“义务”的关系。自由意志作为一种宇宙哲学理论。在所有这些问题中，实用主义关心的是其他论点能给人们带来什么希望。

我现在要给大家讲几例实用主义在具体问题中的应用，让大家对这个方法更熟悉。开始是最枯燥的部分，我首先要讲实体的问题。每个人都采用了实体与属性之间的传统区分方法。这种区分深藏于人类语言的结构中，也存在于语法上主语和谓语的差异中。这是一只粉笔，可以在黑板上书写。它的形态，属性，特征，偶然性或性质——不管你用哪一个术语——比如白色，易碎，圆柱形，水溶性，等等，等等。但这些属性的载体就是这么一根白垩，白垩就是包含这些属性的实体。这张桌子，包含其属性的实体是“木头”；我穿的大衣，包含其属性的实体是“羊毛”，如此类推。白垩，木头和羊毛，尽管它们有区别，但有一些共同属性。它们本身都被当作是一种能够更为本质的实体——物质——的几种形态，其属性就是空间占有性与封闭性。同样，我们的思想和情感是我们各个灵魂的性质或属性，灵魂也是实体，但又不能算完全独立的实体，因为它们是更为深奥的实体“精神”的形式。

我们早就明白，白垩的特性是白色、易碎等，我们也都知道，木头易燃，是纤维结构。一系列属性就是这里我们所了解的实体，这些属性形成了我们实际经验中该实体的唯一现金价值。实体在任何情况下都是通过这些属性得以显示；如果我们脱离了这些属性，就永远不会想到实体的存在；如果上帝以不变的顺序把这些属性不断传递给我们，在某一瞬间又神奇地将支撑这些属性的实体消灭，我们就永远也不会察觉到那一瞬间，因为我们的经验本身没有改变。唯名论者因此持有的观点是，因为我们人类根深蒂固的习惯是将名称变成实物,所以实体是一个伪概念。

现象是分类出现的——白垩类，木头类等，每一类现象都有自己的名称。于是我们认为一个名称某种程度上是支持某一类现象的。比如，今天气温计上显示的温度低，我们就认为是因为一种叫做“气候”的东西。气候实际上只是一组天气的名称，但人们似乎认为天气的后面存在气候。一般而言，我们把名称当成实物，将它放在这个名称所指的事实后面。但是唯名论者说，事物的现象属性，肯定不是名称所固有的，而如果这些属性不是名称所固有的，那它们就不是任何事物所固有的。相反，它们互相依附，相互结合。必须放弃这种观点，即认为存在一种我们看不见的实体，这个实体在我们看来能有助于事物属性之间的结合，就像水泥可以粘合一块块马赛克砖一样。仅仅结合本身的这一事实就是

实体所指的全部意义。事实背后什么都没有。

经院哲学派从常识中提取了实体的概念，把它变得非常技术化，很清晰。因为我们与实体没有任何接触，所以，似乎没有什么东西比实体看起来更缺少实用效果了。但经院哲学有一次却用实用主义的办法证明了实体概念的重要性。我指的是有关圣餐之谜的几种争论。实体在这里似乎具有重大的实用价值。既然上帝的晚餐中，圣饼的偶然性没有发生变化，但圣饼却又已转变为基督的肉身，那么就可以肯定，变化就只存在于实体中。面饼实体一定是被取消了，神圣实体奇迹般地取而代之，而未改变其直接可感知的属性。虽然这些属性没变，但却产生了巨大的差异，没有什么差别比这个差别更大了，那就是我们这些接受圣餐的人，现在吃的正是神圣的实体。一旦你同意实体可以与自身的偶然性分离，并与这些偶然性交换，实体-概念就闯入了生活，带来巨大影响。

这是我所熟悉的实体—概念唯一一次实用主义的应用；很明显，只有那些因为种种不同的原因已经相信“真在论”的人才会严肃对待它。

贝克莱对物质实体的批判影响巨大，所以他的名字在随后所有的哲学学说中如雷贯耳。贝克莱对物质概念的看法，众所周知，无需多说。对我们所知道的外部世界，他远没有否认，反而确证了它。经院哲学的观点是，物质实体是我们无从接近的，是隐藏在外部世界之后的，比外部世界更深奥，更真实，外部世界需要它的支持。贝克莱一直坚持认为，物质实体是把外部世界归结为非现实的所有方法中最有效的一种。他说，废除实体，相信上帝，上帝可以理解，可以接近，可以直接给你能够感知的世界。而你证实这个世界，并利用上帝的神圣权威来支持世界。贝克莱对“物质”的批判因此绝对是实用主义的。物质是我们对颜色、形状、硬度等的感觉。这些感觉是这个术语的价值。物质给我们带来的不同是：它们真实存在，我们就有这些感觉；它们不存在，我们就缺少这些感觉。这些感觉因此就是它的唯一意义。所以，贝克莱并没有否认物质；他只是告诉我们物质是由什么构成的。它就是我们所能感觉到的全部东西的真实名称。

洛克，以及后来的休谟，在精神实体的概念上，使用了类似的实用主义批评方法。我就只提一下洛克对我们“个人身份”的看法。他直接就用经验的形式把这个概念归结到它的实用主义价值上。他说，它指的就是这样的“意识”，也就是这样一个事实，即我们在生命中的某一刻会想起其他时刻，感到它们都是同一个人全部历史的各个组成部分。理性主义曾经通过我们灵魂实体的一致性来解释我们生活中的这种连续性。但洛克说：假设上帝把意识拿走，我们会不会因为还有灵魂原则而可能更好呢？假设他把同样的意识附加到各种不同的灵魂上，我们应不应该在意识自己的时候变得更糟糕呢？在洛克那个时代，灵魂主要是一种需要奖赏或惩罚的东西。看看洛克从这个角度进行的讨论，如何将问题保持的很实用主义：

他说，假设一个人认为自己的灵魂就是从前奈斯特或特塞特的同一

个灵魂。他可以把他们的行为想象成是他自己的行为，而不是任何曾经存在过的其他人的行为吗？但是，假设他一旦发现自己意识到了奈斯特的任何行为，他就发现自己和奈斯特是同一个人了……所有的赏罚，其正当性和公平性都是建立在这种个人身份的同一性上。也许可以有理由认为，谁也不应该为自己不知道的事情负责，但不管他的意识是责备他还是原谅他，他都必须接受自己的命运。假设一个人现在由于他世所做的事而受到惩罚，但可以让他对此一无所知，那么这种惩罚和生来受苦之间有什么区别呢？

因此，对洛克来说，我们的个人身份同一性只包含在可以用实用主义来定义的特定事物中。除去这些可以证明的事实，它是否还存在于某种精神原理中还只是一个让人好奇的猜测。他被动地接受了在我们的意识后面隐藏着某种实体性灵魂的观点。但他的继承者休谟以及他之后的大多数实证心理学家，都否认灵魂，只是把灵魂当作我们内在精神生活里可以证明的种种内聚力。他们带着它再次降临到经验之流中去，将它兑换成很多价值较小的“观念”及其相互之间的特殊关系。我之前提过贝克莱对物质的看法，灵魂只在这种程度上是好的或者是“真的”，别无其他。

提到物质实体，很自然就让人联想到“唯物主义”的观点，但哲学上的唯物主义作为一种形而上的原则并不一定要与“物质”信仰联系起来。一个人可以像贝克莱那样，坚决否认这种意义上的物质，也可以像赫胥黎一样，成为一个现象主义者，但一个人还可以在更广泛的意义上成为一个唯物者，用较低的现象来解释较高的现象，让世界的命运由更加未知的部分与力量来支配。正是在这个词更广泛的意义上，唯物主义与唯心论或有神论是相反的。唯物主义认为，自然规律支配万物。人类天才的最高成就，可以由一个完全熟知相关事实的人根据他们的生理状况来推算，不管自然是否像唯心主义者坚持的那样，只是为我们的思维而存在。我们的思维在任何情况下都不得不记载自然的真实状况，而且记录的是按照未知的自然规律运行的状况。这就是目前唯物主义的情况，把它叫做自然主义可能会更好。与其对立的是“有神论”，或者在更广泛的意义上，可以叫做“唯心论”。唯心论认为，思维不仅能够目睹和记录事物，还能支配和运行事物：因此导引世界的，不是它的较低元素，而是它的较高元素。

虽然这个问题经常被这样看待，但其实已经变成了各种审美偏好之间的冲突而已。物质是低劣、粗俗、愚笨和混沌的；精神是纯洁、高尚和尊贵的；既然将似乎更高尚的东西放在宇宙的首位更符合宇宙的尊严，就必须确定精神是主导原则。把抽象原则当作最终定论，认为我们的理智可以止步于对定论的欣赏、沉思上，这是理性主义者的一大缺点。唯心论，正如人们一般看来的那样，只是对一种抽象事物的欣赏，对另一种抽象事物的厌恶而已。我记得一个著名的唯心论教授，他总是把唯物主义叫做“泥浆哲学”，认为它已经因此而被驳倒了。

对这样的唯心论来说，只有一个轻而易举的答案，斯宾塞先生表达

的很有效果。在他的《心理学》第一卷最后写得很精彩的几页里，他让我们看到“物质”是无比的微妙，正像现代科学对运动的解释所指出的一样，物质的运动是难以想象地快速和精细，没有留下一点粗糙的痕迹。他指出,我们人类迄今所形成的精神概念,本身太粗糙,不能涵盖自然事实的无比细微之处。他说，两个术语都不过是符号，指向一个不可知的现实。在这不可知的现实之中，它们之间的对立不复存在。

对于抽象的反对意见，抽象的答复就足够了；但如果一个人反对唯物主义的原因来自于对物质的蔑视，认为物质是“粗糙的”，那斯宾塞就让他站不住脚了。物质的精致性事实上是无限的，令人不可思议的。一个人，只要他看过已去世的孩子或父母的脸，看到物质可以在某一段时间以那种珍贵的形式出现，这一简单事实就应该使物质从此变得神圣。生命的原理是物质的，还是非物质的，都没有区别，不管怎样，物质总是尽力配合生命的各种目的。那心爱的化身是物质的种种可能性之一。

现在，让我们不再以这种停滞不前的知性主义方式，停留在原理之中，让我们运用实用主义的方法来解决问题。我们所说的物质是什么意思呢？如果这个世界由物质或精神支配，这个问题会带来什么实际的差别呢？我想我们发现这个问题具有一个相当不同的性质。

首先我请大家注意一个奇怪的事实。就过往的世界而言，不管我们认为这世界是物质的作品，还是一个神圣精神的作品，都没有任何区别。事实上，想象一下，世界的全部内容都是一次性给出的，再也不能推翻。设想世界就在此时此刻终结，再也没有未来；然后让一个有神论者和一个唯物主义者把他们相互对立的解释应用到对历史的说明上。有神论者说明上帝是如何创造世界的；唯物主义者也会同样成功地说明世界是盲目的自然力量造就的。然后让实用主义者从这两个理论中做选择。如果世界已经终结，他如何进行测试呢？对他来说，概念是用来回归经验的东西，是让我们寻找差异的东西。但是根据设想，不再有什么经验了，现在找不到什么可能的差异了。两种理论都说明了它们的所有后果，根据我们采取的假设，它们是一样的。因此，实用主义者必须指出，两种理论尽管名字听起来不同，其实完全是一回事，争论纯粹是字面上的。（当然，我不认为这两种理论都已经同样成功地对世界做出了说明。）

只要认真想一想这种情况，并指出如果存在上帝，他的作品已经完成，但他的世界却终结了，那么，上帝存在的价值是什么。他的价值不会比那个世界的价值高。他的创造力只能获得那么多成果，优点与缺点共存，但不会有再多成就了。既然没有未来，既然世界的全部价值和意义都已经在情感中实现了，这种情感在其过往中得到付出和实现，现在又伴随着它的结束，既然它没有从为将来做准备的功能中获得任何有意义的补充（就像我们从现实世界中获得补充），那么，我们为什么用它的尺度来衡量上帝。上帝是能够一次性完成那么多创造的主。我们感谢上帝，也是因为他有那么多的创作，别无其他。但是现在，相反的假设是，如果点滴物质按照它们自己的规律也能创造出这个世界，一点也不

少，我们难道不应该一样对它们表示感谢吗？如果我们假设没有上帝，而只有物质单独负责创造世界，会在什么地方遭受损失呢？会在什么地方出现特别的死寂或粗劣呢？既然经验一旦出现就一成不变，那么上帝在经验之中的存在又如何会让它更有生气或者更为丰富呢？

坦率地讲，回答这个问题是不可能的。不管哪种假设成立，真实经历的世界应该在细节上是一样的。正如布朗宁所说："我们称赞也好，我们责备也好，都一样。"世界就那样，无法废止：一件不能收回的礼物。把物质说成是世界的原因，不会使构成世界的任何成分减少；把上帝说成是世界的原因，也不会使世界的那些成分增加。它们分别就是那个世界的上帝或原子，而不是别的世界。上帝如果存在，他所做的，也和原子能做的一样——可以说，以原子的特征出现——得到的感谢也和原子得到的一样，别无其他。如果他的存在不能使世界表现出什么不同的转变或结果，那肯定他的存在也不能给世界增加任何尊严。如果他不存在，而原子是舞台上唯一的演员，也不会增加任何尊严。戏终幕落，你再说剧作家是个杰出的天才，不会使这出戏变得更好，你说这个剧作家只是个普通的枪手，也不会使戏变得更糟。

因此，如果我们的假设不能让我们得出更多未来经验或行为的细节，唯物主义和有神论之间的辩论就变得很无聊，无关紧要了。在这件事上，物质与上帝甚至是一回事——不多不少，都是刚好能使这个世界终结的力量。对这种多余争论转身离去的人是聪明人。因此，对于那些将不能得出任何明确结论的哲学论争，大多数人会本能地转身离去，而实证主义者和科学家会有意避开。哲学因为字面性和空洞性而受到的指责，我们是太熟悉不过了。如果实用主义为真，这种指责是完全合理的，除非可以证明那些受攻击的理论有其他的实用结果，而不管这些结果有多么精妙遥远。普通人和科学家说他们找不到任何这样的结果，如果形而上学者也找不到这样的结果，那么，那些反对他的人，肯定是对的。他的科学不过是华而不实的琐碎，为这样一个人授予教授职位，是愚蠢的。

因此，每一个真正形而上学的辩论一定会涉及某个实际的问题，不管它是想象的，还是遥远的。要认识这一点，就跟我回到我们的问题上来，这一次，把你自己放到我们生活的这个世界里，这个世界有未来，在我们说话时，还没有终结。在这个未终结的世界里，"唯物主义还是有神论"的取舍是个十分实际的问题；值得我们花上几分钟，来看看是不是这样。

如果我们认为至今为止，经验的各种事实都是由按照永恒定律运动的原子盲目随意组合而成，或者相反认为它们是按照上帝的意愿形成的，那么，事实上选择"唯物主义还是有神论"对我们而言会有什么区别吗？就过去的事实而言，确实没有任何区别。那些事实涌现出来，装起来，抓住了；里面的善也得到了，不管它们是源于原子运动还是上帝。因此，今天我们周围有许多唯物主义者，完全忽略了这个问题的未来和实际层面，却试图消除人们对唯物主义一词的厌恶，甚至想把这个词都

消除掉。他们指出，如果物质能带来所有这些收获，那么，从功能上考虑，物质为什么只是和上帝一样神圣的实体，事实上，他们合二为一，就是人们所称的上帝。他们这些人建议，不要再用这两个过时的对立术语了。一方面，用一个没有宗教含义的术语；另一方面，用一个没有粗糙、低俗与不雅含义的词。不要说上帝，也不要说物质，就谈谈原始之谜，未知的能量，唯一的力量吧。这是斯宾塞督促我们要走的路；如果哲学完全是回顾性的，他会因此而宣称自己为杰出的实用主义者。

但哲学也是前瞻性的。它发现了世界是什么，做了什么，产出了什么，之后，它还要追问："世界还能带来什么？"给我们一种能带来成功的物质，它受自身规律的约束，引导我们的世界更进一步接近完美，那么任何一个理性的人都会欣然崇拜那物质，都会像斯宾塞先生崇拜他自己的所谓未知力量一样。它至今为止促进了正义，将来还会永远促进正义，这就是我们所需要的全部。上帝能做的，它实际上都能做，它就等于上帝，它的功能和上帝一样，在它施展功能的世界里，上帝现在是多余的；这样一个世界里，没有上帝也永远不会感到不合规律。这里，"宇宙的情绪"应该是宗教的正当名称。

但是，体现斯宾塞先生宇宙进化过程的物质，是否就是这种永不终止的完善过程的原则呢？事实上，不是的。因为按照科学预言，每个宇宙进化的事物或事物系统，其未来的结局都是死亡和悲剧；斯宾塞先生在争论中把自己局限在美学上，忽略了实际的一面，对解决争论并没有做出什么大的贡献。但是，现在运用我们实际效果的原则来看看唯物主义或有神论的问题立即会得到多么重大的意义。

如果回头看，有神论和唯物主义实在无关紧要，如果往前看，它们指向的却是完全不同的经验前景。因为，根据机械进化理论，尽管因为我们的有机体所带给我们的好时光以及我们头脑所能形成的所有理想，一定要感谢物质和运动的再分配规律，但是这些规律注定要再一次废除它们的劳动，再次分解已经演变成功的所有事物。你们都知道进化科学所预测的宇宙末日景象。巴尔佛先生比我说得好。他说："我们系统的各种能量将会衰退，太阳光芒要暗淡，没有潮汐、没有活动的地球会不再容忍这种一度打搅它寂静运行的人类。人类将会掉入深渊，其全部思想将毁灭。不安宁的思想，在这隐秘的角落里，曾经一度打乱宇宙所满足的沉静。这种意识也将平息下来。物质将不再了解自己。'不朽的纪念碑'和'不朽的事迹'，死亡本身和比死亡更强大的爱，都会像从来没存在过一样。人类世世代代通过勤劳、智慧、风险与艰辛，努力奋斗实现的所有东西，不管好坏，也都好像没有存在过一样。"(《信仰的基础》，第30页。)

这就是让人痛苦的地方，在宇宙风云漫无边际的动荡中，虽然出现了许多镶有珠宝的海岸，飘过了许多迷人的云端，它们逗留许久，然后散去，正如我们享乐的世界现在停留着一样，一旦这些短暂的东西消失，就绝对留不下任何东西来表示它们的特质和所可能铭记的那些珍贵元素。它们死了，消失了，从所存在的空间和范围里彻底离开了。没有

回声，没有记忆，对后来可能出现的任何事物没有任何影响，以使其能关注类似的理想。这种彻底最终的毁灭和悲剧，就是当今人们所理解的科学唯物主义的实质。较低的力量，而不是较高的力量，才是永恒的力量，或者是我们能确切看到的唯一进化周期里最后存活下来的力量。和大家一样，斯宾塞先生也相信这一点；那他为什么还要跟我们争论呢？就好像我们对他的哲学原则“物质和运动”的“粗糙”所提出的都是愚蠢的美学上的反对意见，其实，真正让我们感到不安的是它最终的实际效果让人郁闷。

其实不然，真正反对唯物主义的理由，不是正面的，而是负面的。今天，如果我们因为知道它是什么和它的“粗糙”而抱怨它，就会很滑稽。粗糙就是粗糙的所作所为——我们现在知道这一点。相反，我们抱怨的是它不是什么——它不是我们更为理想的利益的永久保障，也不能实现我们最遥远的希望。

另一方面，上帝的概念，尽管不如机械哲学中现在流行的数学概念那么清晰，但至少拥有这样一个实际的优势，那就是它会确保一个理想的秩序得以永久保存下去。一个有上帝来说出最后话语的世界，的确可能会烧毁或冻结，但是我们认为他还会记得原有的理想，肯定会在别的地方让理想实现；因此，他的所在之处，悲剧只是暂时和局部的，毁灭与解体不是最终的结局。这种对永恒道德秩序的需要是我们心中最深的渴望之一。像但丁和华兹华斯那样的诗人，确信存在这样一种秩序，并以此为其人生的信仰，正因为如此，他们的诗句才有了那种非凡的振奋和安慰的力量。这里，在这些不同的情感和实际渴求里，在这些对我们对希望和期待的实际态度的调整中，在它们的差异所带来的所有微妙后果中，是唯物主义和唯心主义的真正意义——不是对物质内在实质或上帝形而上学属性的细枝末节的抽象理论。唯物主义就是简单地意味着否认道德秩序的永恒存在，切断最终的希望；而唯心主义意味着承认永恒道德秩序的存在，到处充满希望。确实，对任何一个感受到永恒秩序的人，这是一个很真实的问题；只要人类还是人类，它都将给严肃的哲学争论提供话题。

但是可能你们有些人还要团结起来，为它们辩护。即使你们承认唯物主义和唯心主义对世界未来的预测不同，但是你们自己可能会看不上这些差别，因为它们无限遥远，对头脑正常的人来说毫无意义。你们会说，头脑正常的实质就是看到近的东西，不去关心诸如世界末日这样的一些怪问题。那么，我只能说，如果你们这么说，你们对人性是不公平的。宗教的忧郁不是简单挥动“疯了”一词就能排除掉。绝对的事物，最终的事物，彼此重合的事物，是哲学真正关心的问题；所有优秀的头脑都认真地对待这些问题，那些目光极短的头脑只是更为肤浅之人的头脑。

当然，现在我们对争论中有关事实的问题，认识还非常模糊。各种形式的唯心主义都认为世界充满希望，而唯物主义的日落之处是失望的大海。记住我之前对绝对意志的说法：它给了我们道德上的假期。任何

宗教观点都可以这么做。它不仅激励我们更加努力奋斗，也给我们带来欢欣鼓舞，无忧无虑，充满信心的时刻，而且它让这些时刻合情合理。当然，宗教为此辩护的理由是非常含糊的。由于我们相信上帝而保证具有的拯救未来事实的能力，将不得不用无数的科学方法计算出来：只有研究上帝的“创造”，我们才可以研究上帝。但是，如果在所有那些劳作之前，相信上帝存在的话，我们就可以享有我们的上帝。我自己相信，上帝存在的证据，主要在于个人的内在经验。如果经验一旦让你相信上帝的存在，他的名字就至少意味着你有假期的好处。你们记得我昨天所说的，各种真理冲突以及它们试图“压制”对方的方式。关于“上帝”的真理，不得不受到所有其他真理的攻击。它受到其他真理的考验，也考验它们。我们对上帝的最终观点，只有在所有真理都清楚之后，才能认定。让我们希望，他们能找到一个暂时的妥协方案！

让我转到一个非常类似的哲学问题，就是自然界的设计问题。自远古以来，上帝的存在就被认为可以由一些自然现象来证明。看起来，许多现象就好像非常明确地是为了相互对应而设计的。因此，啄木鸟的嘴、舌、脚、尾等，就非常奇妙，能让它适应各种树木，以树皮里藏着的虫子为食。我们眼睛的各个部分，完美符合光的定律，引导光线在视网膜上形成清晰的画面。各种来源的事物相互适应，说明有设计存在，而设计师过去一直被认为是一个热爱人类的神。

这些争论的第一步是证明设计是存在的。人们在自然界彻底搜索，找寻各个不同的事物相互适应的结果。比如，我们的眼睛起源于胚胎内的黑暗，而光来源于太阳，但是，看看它们彼此是多么适应。它们显然是为了彼此而创造的。视觉是设计的最终目的，光线和眼睛是为了获得视觉而各自设计的两个手段。

想到我们的祖先曾经如何一致地意识到这一观点的力量，就会很奇怪，自从达尔文主义理论胜利之后，为什么这个论证又不算什么了。达尔文开拓了我们的思想，让我们看到各种偶然性的力量，只要它们有机会聚和在一起，就能产生“适应”的结果。他指出，自然界产出结果的过程中有巨大浪费，有些结果因为不适应而遭到毁灭。他也强调了相互适应事物的数量，如果是设计的话，就会表明设计师是恶的，而不是善的。这全取决于看问题的角度。对树皮下的虫子来说，啄木鸟的机体神奇地适合它去吸食这些虫子，这正会说明设计师是残暴的。

此时，神学家们已经努力扩展自己的思维，以便于接受达尔文所提出的种种事实，但他们仍然认为这些事实体现了神的目的。过去，这常常是一个目的与机械结构对立的问题，二者不能并存。就好像一个人说：“我的鞋很显然是为了合我的脚而设计的，因此，它们不可能是机器做成的。”我们知道两种情况都有：它们是用机械做的，而机械本身就是为了使脚和鞋适应而设计的。神学只需同样地将上帝的设计扩大。足球队的目标不仅仅只是把球带到某个球门（如果是那样的话，他们只需要黑夜起来，把球放在那里就行了），而是通过种种条件限定的固定方法——足球游戏的规则和对抗双方的球员，把球带到那里；因此，我们

说，上帝的目标不仅仅只是创造人，拯救人，而是要单凭自然界的宏大机械方法来完成这个工作。我们可以设想，如果没有自然界的宏大规律和反作用力，对于设计人的上帝来说，人的创造和完善将成为很乏味的成就。

这保留了关于设计所产生争论的形式，但失去了它原先让人感到舒服的人性内容。设计者不再是原先那个像人一样的神。他的设计变得如此之大，我们人类难以理解了。它们是什么，我们解决不了这个问题，因此，相比之下，为它们确立一个设计者就显得无关紧要。我们很难去理解一个宇宙头脑的性格特征，我们在这个真实世界的种种细节中所发现的那些善与恶的奇怪混合完全可以说明他的目的。或者不如说，我们根本不可能理解他的性格特征。我们看到，仅仅“设计”一词本身没有什么后果，也解释不了什么。它是各种原理中最无能的。原先那个有没有设计的问题是无聊的。真正的问题是世界是什么，而不管它有没有设计者——只有对自然种种细节进行研究才能揭示这个问题。

记住，不管自然已经产生了什么，或者可能正在产生什么，方法必须是适当的，必须适合那种生产。因此，不管产品的性格特征如何，都可以用这个从适合到设计的观点。比如，最近加勒比地区的培雷火山爆发，就需要结合先前所有的历史，才能在仅仅这一次可怕的地质构造活动中，准确得出垮塌的房屋，人畜的尸体，沉没的船只，火山灰土等综合的画面。法国那时必须是一个国家，才能把马丁尼克开拓为殖民地。我们的国家那时必须存在，才能把船只开向那里。如果上帝只想要这种结果，各个世纪以来对这种结果施加种种影响的方法就表现出奇妙的智慧。自然界中或历史上，我们发现真正成为现实的任何事物，都是这样。因为事物的各个部分必须总是能产生某种确切的结果，不管这结果是无序的还是协调的。我们看真正出现的结果时，肯定总是会出现一些条件，完全是为了确保这个结果而设计的。因此，我们可以总是这么说，不管在任何可以想象的世界里，不管它有何种可以想象的性格，整个宇宙机器有可能都已经设计好，来产生这种结果。

从实用主义来看，“设计”这个抽象的词，是一个空弹筒。它既没带来任何后果，也没有执行任何任务。什么样的设计？什么样的设计者？这些才是严肃的问题，对现象的研究是得到哪怕近似答案的唯一途径。同时，因为从事实得到答案的过程漫长，任何人，如果他坚持认为有一个设计者，并且确信设计者是神，他就会从这个术语得到一些实用主义的好处。这跟我们实际上从上帝、神灵、绝对意志这些术语那里得到的好处一样。它们给我们提供了“设计”，尽管这个词只是事物之上或之后的理性主义原则，供人们敬仰。如果我们的信仰把它具体化成有神论的，它就成了表示希望的术语了。我们带着它回归经验，就对未来前景获得更大的信心。如果不是一种盲目的力量，而是有洞察力的力量在支配万物，我们会有理由期待更好的结果。目前，这种对未来的模糊信心，就是唯一能从设计和设计者这两个术语中看到的实用主义意义。但是，如果对宇宙的信心是正确的，而不是错误的，将来是更好，而不是更糟，那信心就是一个最重要的意义了。这些术语至少会含有那么多可

能的“真理”。

让我谈谈另一个老生常谈的争议性问题，自由意志问题。大多人按照理性主义的方式来相信他们所谓的自由意志。它是一个原则，是加在人身上的一种积极的能力或品德，有了它，人的尊严就莫名其妙地增加了。因为这个原因，人应该相信它。决定论者认为个人什么都不创造，只是宇宙微不足道的表现，个人只是把过去宇宙的全部推动力传递给未来，因此，决定论者否定自由意志，贬低人的作用。如果失去了这个创造性原则，人就没有那么让人敬仰了。我想你们中的大半都相信我们对自由意志的本能信仰，把它作为一种尊严的原则来敬仰，与你们的诚实很有关系。

但是自由意志也已经从实用主义的角度讨论过了，而且很奇怪，辩论双方都用同样的实用主义解释来对待这问题。你们知道，在伦理论争中，有关责任的种种问题起着多大的作用。听到有些人的说法，一个人可能会认为伦理学的所有目标就是一套优缺点的规则。因此，旧的法律和神学的影响，对犯罪、恶行与惩罚的兴趣，都与我们同在。“怪谁呢？我们能惩罚谁呢？上帝要惩罚谁呢？”——这些让我们专注的问题像噩梦一般笼罩着人类的宗教史。

自由意志和决定论都被猛烈抨击过，都被称为是荒诞的，因为在敌人眼里，它们似乎都阻止了行善者或行恶者对自己的行为“负责”。这是多么怪异的矛盾！自由意志意味着新事物，就是在旧东西上移植一些以前没有的东西。自由意志者说，如果我们的行为是预先决定的，如果我们只是传递过去的全部推动力，那怎么能因为任何事来表扬或者责备我们呢？我们应该是只是“代理人”，不是“主要当事人”，那么哪里有我们宝贵的责任和义务呢？

但决定论者反对说，如果我们有自由意志的话，它在哪里？如果“自由”的行为是完全的新东西，它不是来自我，那个以前的我，而是凭空出现，只不过把它附加到我身上，我，那个以前的我，如何能负责呢？我如何才能有任何永久的性格，它能够长期稳定，足以接受表扬或责备呢？我的人生是一串珠子，穿起它的内部必然之线，一旦被荒谬的非决定论教条把线给抽掉，它就会散落成为互不联系的珠子。

富勒顿和麦克塔格特先生最近用这种观点对它们进行了猛烈攻击。

它可能是很好的对人不对事的争论，不然，它就十分可怜了。我问大家，抛开其他原因，任何人，不论男女，或者不论长幼，如果对现实有感觉的话，去争辩这种尊严或责任的原则，难道不应该感到羞愧吗？可以很安全地利用它们之间的本能和功效来处理社会上有关奖惩的事情。不管怎么说，一个人做好事，我们就奖励他；如果他做坏事，我们就惩罚他——完全抛开争论是他之前内在的原因还是严格意义上的新因素造成了他的这些行为的那些理论。让我们的人类伦理围着“优点”绕圈子是可怜的虚幻。如果我们真有什么优点的话，只有上帝能知道。自由

意志假设的真正理由实际上是实用主义的，但是它与过去热烈讨论过的可鄙的惩罚权是无关的。

自由意志在实用主义上的意义，就是世界出现新事物，有权去期待在世界的最深刻和最表面的现象中，未来不会是对过去一成不变的重复和模仿。但谁能否认，总的来说，这种模仿确实存在？每一个较低的定律都是以具有普遍性的“自然界一致性”为前提。但自然可能只是近似一致；有些人，对世界过去的了解已经使他产生了悲观主义（或者对世界的善良性格产生怀疑，如果假设这种性格是永久不变的，它就变成了必然性）。这些人自然会欢迎自由意志，把它当作世界改良论的一种教义。它认为改进至少是可能的；而决定论让我们相信我们对可能性的全部概念来自于人类的无知，世界的命运由可能性和无知之间的必然性和不可能性支配。

因此，自由意志是关于希望的总体性宇宙理论，与绝对意志、上帝、神灵或设计是一样的。抽象来看，这些术语都没有任何内在的内容，都没有提供任何景象，都没能在世界中包含一点实用主义的价值，而这个世界从一开始就清楚展现了它的完美性格。如果世界已经全部都是幸福的乐土，在我看来，仅仅因为存在而兴高采烈，单纯的宇宙情感和快乐，会压制对种种猜测的所有兴趣。我们对宗教形而上学的兴趣，来自于我们以经验主义所感受的未来是不安全的，需要某种更高级的保障。如果过去和现在全都是好的，谁能希望将来可能会不一样呢？谁会需要自由意志？谁不想和赫胥黎一样，可以说：“让我每天都像钟表一样，把发条上紧，宿命地往前走，我就不会要更多自由”。在一个已经完美的世界里，“自由”只能意味着变坏的自由，谁能这么失去理智想要这种自由呢？要一定成为现在这个样子，而不可能是别的样子，就是给乐观主义的宇宙画龙点睛。当然，一个人所能理性提出的唯一可能性就是事情会向好发展。简直不用我说，那种可能性，就是像真实世界一样，我们有充分的理由去渴望它。

因此，除非自由意志是一种解救学说，它没有任何意义了。因为这样，它和其他宗教学说相提并论。它们在古老的废墟上重建，修复之前被荒废的地方。我们的精神，关闭在感官经验的院子里，总是对高塔上的知性说：“看护人啊，如果夜能带来什么希望，请告诉我们吧！”然后，知性便把这些带有希望的术语给了它。

除去这种实际意义，上帝、自由意志、设计等等这些术语，没有别的意义了。它们虽然晦涩难懂，或者被人从知性主义的角度来理解，但当我们把它们带到生命的树丛中时，那些晦涩难懂就会在那里发光。如果在处理这些术语时，你停留在它们的定义上，认为那就是知识的终点，你会是什么情况呢？你一定会正愚蠢地盯着一个自命不凡的假象！“上帝是实在的，是自身存在的，是在万有之上和之外的，是必然的，唯一的，无限完美的，是纯洁的，永不改变的，是无量的，是永恒的，是智慧的”等等——这样的定义，哪里具有指导性？在形容词堆砌起来的虚妄外衣里，它没有任何意义。只有实用主义能赋予它积极的意

义，正因为此，她完全背离了知性主义的观点。“上帝是在他的天堂里；世界一切都正常！”——那是你们神学的核心，因此，你们不需要任何理性主义的定义。

理性主义者，还有实用主义者，为什么我们大家不能承认这一点呢？实用主义远非人们所指责的那样，只是将眼光盯住眼前的实用之处，它同样关注世界最遥远的前景。

然后，让我们看看所有这些终极问题的关键之处如何；回顾那些原理，回顾认识论的自我、上帝，因果原则、设计和自由意志，就自身而言，它们是庄严和崇高的，在事实之上——看看吧，实用主义是如何将重点转移，直面事实本身。对我们所有人来说，真正重要的问题是：世界将会什么样？生命本身最终会是什么样？因此，哲学的重心点必须改变它的位置。地球万物长期以来被上层苍穹的壮丽所掩盖，必须恢复它们的权利。以这种方式转移重点就意味着哲学的问题将要降格，和从前相比，要由抽象主义色彩较少的头脑来处理，这些头脑在风格上更加科学，更加个人主义，但并非没有宗教性。这将是“权威性地位”的改变，这差不多会让我们想起新教改革。对天主教的头脑而言，新教常常好像只是无政府主义和混乱的一团乱麻；毫无疑问，对极端理性主义的头脑而言，实用主义看起来也是这样。从哲学的角度看，它好像全无用处。但是在新教国家里，生活照样，变迁依旧，到达终点。我冒昧设想，哲学上的新教教义也将拥有同样的繁荣。

第四讲 一元与多元

全反射现象。哲学所探寻的不仅仅是统一性，还包括整体性。有关统一性的纯理性思考。在实用主义看来，世界在许多方面是统一的。统一的时间与空间。统一的话语主题。世界各部分之间存在相互作用。世界的一元性与多元性并存。有关同一起源的问题。类属统一性。统一的目的。统一的故事。一个知者。实用主义方法的价值。绝对一元论。维威克南达。所论统一性的多种类型。结论：我们必须反对一元论教条主义，而接受经验主义的发现。

在上一讲中，我们看到，实用主义的方法在处理某些概念时，不是以充满敬仰的冥想结束，而是以经验为基础，并通过这些概念，拓展了实用主义的视角。最后的结果不是要让人顶礼膜拜，冥思苦想，而是携概念一同投入经验之流，并以这些概念为手段，拓展实用主义的视角。设计论、自由意志论、绝对精神论、精神而非物质，这些理论唯一的意义是使我们这个世界结果更加美好。这些理论，不论对错与否，其意义就是这个世界向善论。我有时想起光学里“全反射”的现象，认为它很形象地反映了实用主义所谓的抽象观念与具体实在之间的关系。举起一个盛了水的玻璃杯，高度略高于双眼，从下往上透过杯子里的水去看水面——或者更好的方法是通过平整的玻璃缸壁去看水面。你会在水杯的另一面看见特别明亮的物体映像，比如蜡烛火焰或其他清晰的可见物的映像。在这种情况下，光线绝不会透过水面，每道光线都会全部反射到杯子的水里面。现在，就由水来代表可感知事物所组成的世界，而水面上的空气代表抽象概念组成的世界。当然，这两个世界都是真实的，并且相互作用；但两者只在交界处存在相互作用，而且一切生命，以及我们所碰到的任何事物，其所在地，就我们的全部经验来说，就是水所代表的那个世界。我们就像在感觉的海洋里游泳的鱼儿一样，上界有较高级的元素空气，但我们无法只呼吸空气，也无法穿越它。可是，我们从空气中获得氧气，并时不时与空气进行接触，有时接触这一部分，有时接触那一部分；每次接触之后，我们仍旧回到水里，我们生命的进程得以重新确定，并再一次获得能量。构成空气的抽象观念，在我们生命中不可或缺，但抽象观念本身，可以说，不能供我们呼吸，而只能起到再指导的功用。一切比喻总是有缺陷的，不过，这一比喻我倒相当喜欢。该比喻说明，有些事物，就其本身而言，不足以维持生命，但在有些情况下，却是一个有力的决定性因素。

这次讲座，我想再通过一个应用实例，来说明实用主义的方法。我想用实用主义的方法来阐述“一元与多元”这一古老的问题。我估计你们中只有少数人会为了这个问题而失眠；如果你们有人跟我说，这个问题从未让你们烦恼，我也不会吃惊。这个问题，我思考很久了，觉得它是一切哲学问题的核心。说它是核心，因为它蕴含丰富的意义。我的意思是说，如果你知道某人是个坚定的一元论者，或是个坚定的多元论者，比起你知道他是个其他什么论者来说，你对他的观点的了解可能会更全面一些。是相信一元论者还是相信多元论者，这种分类影响最大。所以

在这一个小时里，我试着以自己对这个问题的兴趣来给你们一些启发，请你们耐心听我道来。

哲学通常被定义为对世界统一性的寻求或发现。我们从未听到有人对此定义表示质疑，就其本身而言，该定义是正确的，因为哲学对统一性的确表现出超乎一切的兴趣。但事物的多样性呢？难道事物的多样性问题就如此无关紧要吗？如果不用哲学这个名词，我们大概谈一谈我们的理智及其要求，我们就能很快明白统一性只不过是其中的一个要求而已。了解事实的细节，并把细节归结为系统知识，一直被认为是伟大智慧不可或缺的标志。一个百科全书、语言学类型的“博学者”，本来就是个有学问的人，从来都是与哲学家一起饱受人称颂。我们的理智所实际追求的目标，既不是单纯的多样性，也不是单纯的统一性，而是整体性。（参看贝伦格（A.Bellanger）《原因的概念及精神的有意识活动》，巴黎阿尔坎出版社，1905年版，第79页起。）这里，了解实在的多样性与了解其关联性同等重要。人类求知的欲望与对知识系统化的欲望并驾齐驱。

尽管这一事实非常明显，但人们似乎总认为事物的统一性比多样性更耀眼一些。当一个年轻人第一次意识到世界各部分似乎都一致行动并相互结合，整个世界从而形成为某一伟大的事实，这个时候，他就觉得好像拥有了什么真知灼见，并骄傲自大，轻视一切没有这样崇高见解的人。一个人初次拥有这样一种一元论观点的时候，他对此做出了如此抽象的理解，因此，这种一元论的观点是模糊不清的，几乎不值得我们为此进行理性的辩护。然而，也许在座的每一位都多少持有这样的观点。某种抽象的一元论，对于一元特性的某种情感反应，就好像一元乃是世界的一大特点，不仅与多元不能等同，而且一元论要更优秀、更突出，这样的观点在受教育的人群中非常流行，以至于我们几乎可以把它当成一部分哲学常识。我们说世界当然是统一的。否则，怎么还能是一个世界呢？经验主义者通常也像理性主义者一样，是这种抽象一元论坚定的拥护者。

不同之处在于经验主义者的头脑更清醒。统一性并未蒙蔽他们的眼睛，使他们看不见其他事物，也并未消除他们对特殊事实的好奇心；但是，有一类理性主义者却一定要对抽象的统一性进行神秘地诠释，他们忽视其他一切事物，把抽象的统一性当作一种原则，赞美、崇拜抽象的统一性，从而在理性上停滞不前。

“世界是统一的！”——这一准则有可能转变成一种数字崇拜。事实上，“三”与“七”这两个数字就曾经被当成神圣的数字；但抽象地来看，为什么数字“一”就要优于数字“四十三”或者“二百万零十”呢？在这种对世界统一性最初模糊的信仰过程中，我们能把握的东西很少，几乎都不了解我们所说的世界统一性指的是什么。

提高我们认识的唯一方法就是采取实用主义的方法来处理这个问题。假定存在着一元性，因此将会产生什么实际的不同呢？我们所了解

的统一性是什么呢？世界是一元的，是的，但世界又是如何具有一元性的呢？一元论对我们而言有什么实用价值呢？

随着这些问题的提出，我们的认识逐渐由模糊转向清晰，由抽象变为具体。一元论过去用来表述宇宙的方法，有许多很独特，可能会带来一些改变，让我们来看一看。我将逐一指出其中比较显著的一些方法。

一、首先，世界至少是一个话语主体。如果世界具有绝对的多元性，不允许世界各部分之间存在任何统一性，甚至我们的思想也不能同时“指向”整个世界：那么，这世界就好比一双要往相反的方向看东西的眼睛一样。但事实上，我们想要用抽象的名词“世界”或“宇宙”来指代整个世界，这两个名词清楚地表明不会有任何部分被遗漏。这种话语上的统一显然不包括任何进一步的有关一元论的详述。“混沌”一词，一旦被冠以这样的名称，就和“宇宙”一词一样具有同样的话语统一性。有一个奇怪的现象是：许多一元论者一听到多元论者说“宇宙是多元的”，就认为自己一方获得了巨大的胜利。“他说到‘宇宙’了！”他们偷偷笑着说：“他的话露出马脚了。他亲口承认一元论了。”好吧，那就让事物从这个角度上来说是一元的！那么，你就完全可以用诸如宇宙这样的词来指代事物总的集合，但这有什么用呢？我们还是要搞清楚，从任何其他更有意义的角度来看，事物是否是统一的。

二、例如，事物是连续不断的吗？你能从一个事物过渡到另一个事物，并始终保持在这个统一的宇宙之中，而没有脱离它的危险吗？换句话说，我们宇宙的各部分是粘连在一起的，而不是像一粒粒的散沙吗？

即便是沙粒，在所埋置的空间里，它们也是连在一起的，如果你能随意穿越这空间，你就可以不断地从一粒沙到另一粒沙。空间与时间是产生这样的连续性的工具，世界各部分通过时间与空间联系起来。时空的这种统一方式对我们的实际影响极大。我们全部的活动都以此为基础。

三、除时间与空间之外，实际上，还有无数种其他方式使得事物之间产生连续性。事物之间得以联系起来的感应线路是可以找到的。循着这些线路，你可以由一个事物过渡到另一事物，直至涵盖大部分宇宙。就物质世界而言，重力以及热传导就是这样能联合一切的感应力。电感应、光感应以及化学感应都遵循类似的感应线路。但是非透明体以及惰性物体却打断了这种连续性；因此，如果这一天你要前进，你就必须绕过它们，或改变你的前进方式。实际上，你当时就失去了你的宇宙统一性，在此之前，那些最初的感应线路构成了你的宇宙统一性。特殊事物与特殊事物之间存在无数种相互关系；其中任何一种关系的总体会形成事物得以相互结合的某种体系。这样，人们相互关联，形成一个庞大的熟人关系网。布朗认识琼斯，琼斯又认识罗宾逊，依此类推；只要你选择恰当的中间人，你就可以替琼斯捎个口信给中国的皇后，或非洲矮人族的酋长，或世界上任何人。但是，在这个试验里，一旦你选错了一个人，那就好比遇到了一个非传导体一样，你的传递路线就突告中断了。

各种所谓爱的体系也都嫁接在这个熟人关系网上。如甲爱（或恨）乙；乙爱（或恨）丙，等等。但是这些爱的体系都要小于庞大的熟人关系网，并以这个庞大的熟人关系网为前提。

人类正在不断努力，以确定且系统的方式日益统一世界。我们建立了殖民系统、邮政系统、领事系统、商业系统等等；这些系统的各个部分都遵循在系统内部传导的明确感应关系，但并不遵循系统以外的感应关系。其结果是：在大的统一体中存在无数的小统一体；在较广的世界之内有无数的小世界，不但有言论上的，而且也有行动上的。每一体系都代表某种形式或等级的统一性，该体系各部分之间都以这种特殊的关系相连接，而且同一个部分可以出现在多个不同的体系内，就好比一个人可以担任各种不同职务，或隶属于不同的团体一样。因此，从这个“系统化”的观点看来，世界统一性的实用价值在于：所有这些固定的网络实际和实用地存在着。有的网络内容较多，范围较广；有的则不那么多，不那么广；它们相互交错覆盖，中间绝不会遗漏宇宙的任何基本组成部分。尽管事物之间不存在关联性的成分很大（因为这些系统性的感应与联合，都严格遵循排他性的方式），但是，只要你能找到正确的方法，你就会发现每个存在的事物都会以某种方式与其他事物相感应。如果不那么严格，我们可以说，一切事物一般都多少互相依附，互相连结；宇宙实际上像一张织得密密的网，相互连接在一起而成为一个连续的或“统一”的事物。任何种类的感应都有助于使世界成为一个统一体，只要你能一个接一个地感应下去。然后，你才可以说“世界是统一的”——也就是说，从这些感应关系的角度，从所获得的感应关系的范围来看，世界是统一的。但是，只要不存在这些感应关系，世界就肯定不是统一的；而且假如你为此选择了非传导体，而不是导体，没有一种关系是不会中断的。那样，你还没迈出第一步就只好止步，而从这个特殊的角度来看，你将不得不说这是个纯粹多元的世界。如果我们的理智对于关联性与非关联性怀有同等兴趣的话，哲学就会同样成功地歌颂世界的非统一性了。

重要的一点是要注意到：在这里，一元与多元是绝对同等重要的。两种哲学观，无所谓先后，无所谓轻重，也无所谓优劣。就像空间一样，其分隔事物的功能似乎与其统一事物的功能同等重要，但我们最了解的有时是这项功能，有时却是另一项功能；因此，在我们与感应世界的一般接触过程中，我们有时需要传导体，有时需要非传导体；而智慧就在于在适当的时候把二者分清楚。

四、所有这些感应或非感应系统，都可列入世界的因果统一这一总题之下。如果事物中较小的因果感应都共同指向过去的某一个起因，也就是一切事物起初最大的原因，这样，我们就可能谈论到世界的绝对因果统一性了。上帝在创世之初的命令被传统哲学认为是这种绝对的原因及起源。先验唯心主义，把“创造”解释为“思考”（或愿意去“思考”），把神的行为说成是“永恒的”而不是“最初的”；但这里，多元的统一也还是绝对的，是一回事——如果没有一，也就不会存在多。与这种万物起源统一论的观念一直相对立的是多元论的观念，认为有某种以原子的形

式，或者甚至是以某种精神单位的形式而自我存在的永恒的多。这种多元论的见解无疑有其实用主义的意义，但是在本次系列讲座中，我们还是不讨论这个有关起源统一性的问题为好。

五、从实用主义的角度来说，事物间最重要的一体性是它们的类属统一性。事物分类别而存在，每一个类别都有多种实物，而且，“类别”对某一个实物意味着什么，也对同类别其他实物有同样的意义。我们很容易认为，世界万物的每一种可能都是独特的，也就是说，它不同于其他事物，并自成一类。在这样的一个事物都自成一类的世界里，我们的逻辑推理可能就没有用处了，因为逻辑推理的作用就在于：根据对同类所有事物都成立的情况来推断单个事物的情况。如果世上没有两件事物是类似的，我们就无法根据过去的经验来推断未来的经验。因此，事物中存在如此多的类属统一性，对于解释“世界是统一的”这句话，也许是从实用主义的角度予以的最重要的说明。如果存在一个总类，一切事物最终都可以无一例外地统摄在其下，那就可以得到绝对的类属统一性。“存在”，“可想象的事物”，“经验”等名词都有可能是这个总类的名称的备选词。至于这些词所表达的其他意义是否含有实用主义的意义，则是另外一个问题，这里我暂不解答。

六、对于“世界是统一的”这句话的另外一种解释，也许是目的的统一性。世界上许多事物都服从于某个共同的目的。一切人为的体系，行政的、工业的、军事的，或是其他体系，每一个体系都因为各自控制的目的而存在。每一个生物体都要找寻自身的特殊目的。他们根据自身发展的程度，为了集体或小群体的目的相互合作，因此大的目的涵盖了小的目的，也许直至达到某一个绝对独一的、最终的、以及关键性的目的，一切事物都无一例外地服从于该目的。毋庸质疑，表象与这种观点相冲突。我在第三讲中曾讲过，任何结果，也许事先都曾有过设想，但我们真正所了解的世界的结果，没有一个是在所有具体细节上都预先安排好的。个人以及国家一开始都有想要变得富庶、伟大或善良的模糊的想法。每前进一步，都会使他们发现意外的机会，从而屏弃旧有的想法，这样，其总体目标的具体内容，势必每日都有所更新。最终得到的结果可能会比设想的好一些或差一些，但总会更复杂一些，更加不同一些。

不同目的之间也会相互冲突。一个目的不能推翻另一个目的时，它们便互相妥协；结果就又有别于事先所明确设想的目的。大体上，预设的目的也许大部分尚能达到；不过，一切都强有力地表明：我们的世界从目的论的角度来说是不完全统一的，世界仍在试图更有序地表现其统一性。

无论是谁提出了绝对目的论的统一性主张，认为存在一个统一的目的，宇宙每个细节都服从于这个目的，那么这个人就要自行承担武断推理的风险。随着我们对世界各部分利益相冲突的情况越来越熟悉，武断教条的神学家因此会发现越来越难以想象，这个统一的关键性目的会是怎样的一种目的。我们的确看到，某一些恶有助于最终的善；苦的味道

会使鸡尾酒更美味，而少许危险或困难会使我们更愉快地接受胜利。我们可以把这些模糊地概括成这样一个理论，即宇宙中所有的恶只是为了使宇宙更加完善的工具。但是，我们所见到的恶的程度，事实上超出了所有人的容忍程度；在一位名叫布莱德利或者洛伊斯所写的著作里提到的先验唯心主义，对此的解释和《约伯记》一样，也没能使我们更明白一些——上帝的做法不是我们的做法，所以我们还是捂住我们的嘴，不要乱说。一个能喜欢如此多恐怖事物的上帝，不是人类所景仰的上帝。这样的上帝动物性的血气太盛。换言之，只有唯一目的的“上帝”不是普通人心目中类人的上帝。

七、事物之间也存在审美统一性，它与意识形态统一性非常相似。事物讲述一个故事。事物的各部分拼在一起，就形成为故事的高潮。它们明显地相互帮助。回顾一连串的事件，我们可以发现，虽然没有一个明确的目的统领这一连串事件，但事件却像一出戏，有开场，有过程，还有结局。事实上，所有的故事都会结束；这里还是如此，还是采取多元论的观点会更自然一些。世界充满着互相平行发展的、不完整的故事，每个故事开始与结束的时间都不一样。故事与故事之间会时不时地相互交织、相互冲突，但我们却不能把这些故事在思想里完全统一起来。在听你讲述生活经历的时候，我就必须暂时转移对自己生活经历的注意。就是为双胞胎写传记的作者，也必须根据读者的兴趣，交替讲述两人的经历。

因此，如果谁说这整个世界只讲述了一个故事，那他所说的不过又是一个一元论的教条，相信这一教条就要冒风险。从多元角度来看世界的历史比较容易，把历史看成是一根绳子，其中每股纤维都讲述了一个单独的故事；然而要把绳子的每个横断面看成是一个绝对孤立的事实，并把所有纵向的系列事实都综合为一个完整的生命，就要困难一些。事实上，我们可以借助胚胎学来进行类比。显微镜操作人员给某一个胚胎制作了一百个平面切片，并在思想上把它们统一成一个坚实的整体。但是这个大千世界的各种成分，只要是存在的物体，就好像绳子的纤维一样，似乎横向不连接，而只是纵向连接。顺着那横的方向来看，世界是多元的。即使是胚胎学家，在分析其研究对象的发展过程时，也必须对单个器官的发展逐一进行研究。这样说来，绝对的审美统一性，又只是一个抽象的理想。世界与其说像戏剧，不如说更像史诗。

那么，到此为止，我们分析了世界是如何通过其诸多的体系、类别、目的以及故事统一起来的。在所有这些方式中，统一性当然确实比我们表面看到的多一些。也许可能存在某一个最高的目的、系统、类别以及故事，这是一个正当的假设。这里我要说的是，在我们还没有得到比目前所掌握的更好的证据之前，便武断地对此进行肯定，是十分轻率的。

八、近百年来，一元论思想手段的伟大之处在于提出了唯一知者的概念。多元的概念只是作为这唯一知者的思维对象而存在——似乎只存在于他的梦中；根据他对多的了解，多元性拥有统一的目的，形成统一

的体系，并为其讲述了一个完整的故事。这种事物中存在无所不包的、纯粹理性的统一性的观念是知性论取得的最辉煌的成就。那些信奉绝对上帝（也就是所谓的全知者）的人常说，他们所以这样是出于不得已的理由，而思维清晰的人无法不注意这些理由。信奉“绝对上帝”所产生的实际后果非常深远，有些我在第二讲里已经提请大家注意了。如果绝对上帝真的存在，这肯定会给我们带来许多重大的影响。在此，我无法一一讨论所有有关这样一个绝对的神存在的逻辑证据，此外，所有证据在我看来似乎没有一项是成立的。因此，我只好把有关存在一个全知者的观点当成是某种假设，并在逻辑上把这种假设相提并论于多元论者的这样一个观点，即不存在某个视角，或者某个现有的信息中心，能使我们一眼看见宇宙的全部内容。洛伊斯教授（《关于上帝的概念》，纽约，1897年版，第292页。）说：“对上帝的感悟使得某个光亮透明、让人顿悟的时刻得以完全产生。”——这是理性主义所坚持的一种纯理性的统一性。但经验主义却满足于人类所熟知的那种理性统一性。每一事物一开始连同其他事物被某一个知者所了解；但最后会有很多人了解这一事物，而且人数只会增加，不会减少；而其中最伟大的知者也不可能全面了解每一件事物，甚至于不可能一下子就了解他现在所知道的事物——因为他有可能会忘记。不论是哪种形式的理性统一性，世界还是一个纯理性的宇宙。世界各部分可以由知识统一起来，不过，在一种情况下，知识有可能是绝对统一的，但在另一种情况下，知识却有可能是贯穿而重叠在一起的。

我曾说过，认为存在一个瞬间或永恒知者的观念——瞬间与永恒这两个形容词在这里指的是一回事——是我们这个时代的知性论者所取得的伟大成就。这种观念实际上把早期哲学家们如此重视的“实体”的概念一扫而空，过去，许多事物常常借助于实体这个概念得以统一——因为一般实体本身就有存在，并能衍生存在；其中，经验的各项细节只是实体所支持的形式。实体的概念现已向英国学派从实用主义角度对其进行的批判表示服从。现在，实体似乎只是这样一个事实的别名，即现象实际上是按类并以一致的形式出现的；我们这些有限的知者正是以一致的形式对现象进行统一体验或思考。这些统一的形式是经验的组成部分，同样也是它们统一起来的条件；近来唯心主义在实用主义方面取得的一个伟大成就，即是以这些直接、可表示的方法把世界统一起来，而不是秘密地按照某种不可思议的原则来寻找世界各部分“内在的统一性”——不管所谓的内在性指的是什么。

因此，“世界是一元的”，其统一的程度只不过是指我们经验所见到的统一而已，其一元性只不过是因为出现了这么多明确的统一现象。但是，这样我们也可以说世界不是一元的，仅仅因为我们发现还存在这么多明确的不统一现象。所以，世界的一元性抑或多元性，可根据不同的情况而分别命名。世界既不是纯粹的一元宇宙，也不是纯粹的多元宇宙。世界统一起来的方式多种多样，这表明，为了准确查明这些方式，我们有必要进行多种不同的科学研究工作。

因此，实用主义所提出的问题，即“我们所了解的一元性是什么？一

元性会产生怎样的实际影响？”能使我们不把一元性看作崇高的理论且狂热激动，并让我们以冷静的头脑走进经验的河流。经验之流确实可能会揭示更多的关联与统一性的存在，关联与统一性之多可能超出了我们目前的想象；但是，根据实用主义的原则，我们无权提前宣称任何方面具有绝对的统一性。

要明确了解绝对一元性的意义是如此困难，也许你们大多数人会对我们到目前为止的冷静态度感到满意。不过，你们当中可能有一些彻底的一元论者，不愿意同等看待一元性与多元性。不同程度的统一，不同类型的统一，在非导体前停止了的统一，只限于从一个事物过渡到另一个事物的统一，在许多情况下指的只是外围的统一，而不是更内在的统一，简而言之，就是一系列相互联系的事物的统一性；所有这些，在你们看来，只是一个思想中途站。你们认为，事物的一元性胜过其多元性，也一定更正确，一定是世界更真实的一面。你们确信，实用主义的观点只会给我们一个不完全合理的宇宙。真实的宇宙一定会形成一个无条件的存在单位，某个统一实体，其各部分之间紧密相关。只有这样，我们才会认为我们所处的宇宙是完全合理的。毫无疑问，这种极端一元论的思想，对许多人有很大的影响。“一个生命，一个真理，一种爱，一个原则，一个善，一个上帝”——我引用今天邮局送来的基督教科学派的一份传单中的一句话——这种信仰告白从实用主义的角度来说无疑具有某种感情价值，这里的“一”字对于表达这种情感的作用与其他字一样大。但是如果我们想要理性地了解这一大堆的“一”字究竟可能有什么意义，我们就马上又回归到实用主义的解决方法了。它可以只指“一”这个专门名词，也就是指论域；或可以指一切可确定的特殊统一性和连贯性的总体；或最后还可以指一个被当成是无所不包的统一性的媒介物，如一个起源，一个目的，或一个知者。事实上，在今天那些理性地看待这个问题的人们看来，“一”永远指的是一个知者。他们认为，这一个知者就包括其他一些统一形式。这个唯一知者的世界，其各部分一定互相交错在一个合乎逻辑的、美学的、目的论的单元图像里，这是他永恒的梦想。

但是，这绝对知者的图像特征，我们怎么也无法清楚地进行描绘，因此我们可以设想，绝对一元论对一些人之所以具有权威性，而且可能具有永久权威性，与其说是出于理性的原因，远不如说是出于神秘主义的原因。要恰当地诠释绝对一元论，那就得成为神秘主义者。历史表明，各种不同程度的神秘主义思想，常常——尽管并不总是如此——会导致一元论观点的产生。今天不是讨论神秘主义一般性问题的时候，但我还是想引用一段神秘主义的观点来说明我的意思。所有一元论哲学体系的典范是印度的吠檀多哲学，而吠檀多哲学追随者的典范则是已故的维威克南达大师，几年前他曾访问过我国。吠檀多哲学的方法就是神秘主义的方法。按这种方法，你可以不经思辨，只要经过一定修行，你就会有所见，而既然已经有所见，就能传达真理。维威克南达在我国所做的一次讲演中，这样传达了真理：

“一个人要是见到了这个宇宙中的统一体……这个生命的统一体，万

物的统一体，他哪里还会有什么苦痛呢？……这种人与人之间、男与女之间、成人与儿童之间、国与国之间、地球与月亮之间、月亮与太阳之间的隔离，这种原子与原子之间的隔离，是一切苦痛的真正原因，吠檀多哲学认为，这种隔离并不存在，并不真实。这种隔离只是外在的、表面的隔离。事物的内部仍然存在‘统一性’。如果你深入到事物的内部，你会发现人与人、妇女与儿童、种族与种族、高与低、贫与富、神与人之间的统一性：万物都是统一的，如果你足够深入，你会发现兽类也是如此。一个人如果到达了这般境地，就不再会有任何迷惑了……他还会有什么迷惑呢？什么还能迷惑他呢？他明白了万物存在的本质，万物存在的秘密。对他而言，还有什么苦痛呢？他还有什么欲望呢？他把万物存在的本质归结为上帝的存在，归结为那个中心，那个万物的统一体，上帝即是永恒的幸福，永恒的知识，永恒的存在。那里没有死亡、疾病、悲伤、痛苦，也没有不满……在那个中心，即终极实在，我们不需要为别人哀悼，也不需要为别人难过。他渗透在万事万物之中，是纯粹的统一体，无固定的形式，无固定的形体，一尘不染，他是知者，他是伟大的诗人，他独立存在，他给每个人所应得的东西。”

请看，这里一元论的性质是多么彻底。一体不仅仅只是克服了隔离问题，还否认了隔离的存在。多元性绝对不存在。我们不是统一体中的各个部分；统一体不可能分成各个部分；但既然在某种意义上我们都不可否认地属于这个统一体的各个部分，那么我们每个人一定就是这个统一体，不可分割并完全统一。一个绝对的统一体，而我就是那个统一体——当然，这就成了某种宗教，从情感上看，宗教具有高度的实用主义价值；它给我们一种奢侈而且彻底的安全感。正如我们的哲人维威克南达在另一处所说的一样：

“当一个人把自己当成是宇宙存在的无限统一体时，当一切的隔离都已停止，当所有的男人、所有的女人、所有的天使、所有的神灵、所有的动物、所有的植物、整个宇宙都融合成一体时，一切恐怖就都消失了。还害怕谁呢？我能让自己痛苦吗？我能杀死自己吗？我能伤害我自己吗？你害怕你自己吗？那么，一切悲伤都将消失。什么还能使我悲伤呢？我是宇宙的统一存在。那么，一切嫉妒都将消失；嫉妒谁呢？嫉妒我自己吗？那么，一切不满都将消失。我会对谁不满呢？对我自己不满吗？整个宇宙除了我自己，没有任何其他人……消除这种区别；消除对于多元性存在的迷信。在这个纷扰的世界里，谁看到了那个统一体；在这无情的人群中，谁看到了那个有情的统一体；在这个黑暗的世界里，谁抓住了那个终极实在，永远的安宁就将属于他，决不属于别人，决不属于别人。”

这种悦耳的一元论论调，我们都爱听：它不但鼓舞人心，还让人安心。至少，我们每个人心中都藏有神秘主义思想的种子。我们的唯心主义者为“绝对上帝”进行反复辩护的时候，说无论在何处，只要承认有一点点的统一性存在，便在逻辑上带有了绝对一元性的意义；无论在何处，只要承认有一点点的隔离存在，便在逻辑带有了不可挽救的、彻底的非统一性的意义。我不禁怀疑，唯心主义者使用的思维推理方法中所

具有的显而易见的弱点，是否因为有了一种神秘主义的感觉——绝对的一元性，即不论其合乎逻辑与否，无论如何总是真的——才使他们免于受到自我的批判。一元性总是能克服道义上的隔离。在这种敬慕上帝的激情里，就孕育了神秘主义的种子，可能意味着一切有情众生的完全统一。听到了一元论者的言论之后，我们心中这个神秘主义的种子就苏醒了，对一元论者的权威性表示认可，并把理性的考虑降到了次要的地位。

对于一元与多元这个问题的宗教以及道德方面，在这一讲里，我不再详谈了。这个问题，在最后一讲我还要谈。

接下来，且不考虑神秘主义观点可能最终具有的权威性，让我们用纯理性的方法来处理一元与多元的问题，我们就可以足够清楚地看到实用主义所处的位置。根据实用主义的标准，不同的理论应该产生实际的差别，我们可以看到实用主义一定会同时屏弃绝对一元论与绝对多元论。世界是一元的，但只限于指世界各个部分因为任何确定的关系而统一起来。世界是多元的，但只限于指世界各个部分不可能都存在确定的关系。最后，随着时间的推移，至少是借着人类不断努力而建立的关系网，世界正日益统一起来。

可以想象，除了我们所知道的这个宇宙，还存在另外的宇宙，在这些宇宙中所呈现的统一性，都应具有最复杂多样的等级及类型。这样，最低级的宇宙就可能由一个只存在与这种关系的世界组成，那里的各部分之间只用连词“和”来进行连接。这样一个宇宙，即便到现在，也还是我们个别内心精神世界的集合体。你们想象中的空间与时间，白日梦里的对象与发生的事件，不仅彼此之间多少有些不够连贯，而且与他人脑海里想象的相似内容也完全没有一定的关联。现在我们坐在这里，我们的多种幻想只是随意地交错，相互不影响或干涉。这些幻想同时共存，但绝不是有序的，也绝不在同一个空间，这种共存性是用来解释我们所能想象的绝对“多元性”的最佳方法。我们甚至想象不出任何理由来解释为什么必须把这些幻想当成一个整体来加以了解，我们更加不能想象，即便是把这些幻想当成了一个整体，那么又是如何把它当成一个系统的整体呢？

但是，加上我们的感觉和身体的动作，这种统一性的级别就高出了许多。我们的听觉、视觉，以及行动都归入到时间与空间这两个容器里，每一个事件都在那里找到了自己的日期与地点。它们成为“事物”，被归为“类别”，并能分成不同的等级。但是我们也能够想象一个事物和类别的世界，其中并不存在我们所熟知的因果关系。在那个世界里，任一事物对另一事物可能都不会产生作用，并且不产生影响。或者有可能会产生粗略的机械影响，但绝不会发生化学作用。这样的世界远不如我们的世界那样统一。同样地，也可能存在充分的理化反应，但绝不存在思想；或者即便存在思想，但都只是个人的思想，不具有社会影响力；或者即便这种思想具有一定的社会影响力，其社会影响力也只限于熟人之间，但没有爱；或者即便有了爱，也没有一定的习俗或制度来使其系

统化。所有这些不同等级的宇宙，自较高等级看来，虽看似较低一等，但没有一个是绝对不合理的或者支离破碎的世界。例如，如果我们的思想能够通过“心灵感应”而彼此联系起来，使我们每人能够立刻知道，或者在某些情形下立刻知道别人在想些什么，那么，我们现在所处的世界，对于那个世界的思想家们来说，就是个低级的世界。

既然一切的过往都可供我们的想象去驰骋，那也许对下面这个问题表示疑惑是合理的：我们今天所能看见的人类体系，都是根据人类需要以某种方式发展的，那么我们所处的宇宙里已实现的多种统一是否可能不是按照这种方式继续发展下去的呢？如果这种疑惑是合理的，那么完全的统一就可能出现在事物的终了，而不是事物的起源。换言之，“绝对”的概念必将由“终极”这个概念所替代。这两个概念就会有同样的内涵——即现象内容最大限度的统一——但它们的时间关系却恰恰相反。（参看席勒《人本主义》第204页“活动与本体”一文中“终极”的概念。）

用这种实用主义的方法对宇宙的统一性问题进行讨论之后，你们应当可以明白，为什么我要在第二讲里借用我的朋友G.帕皮尼的话，说实用主义倾向于使我们所有的理论变得灵活了。世界的统一性已经抽象地得到普遍认可，好像如果有人对此表示怀疑，那他一定是个傻子。一元论者的脾气很暴躁，时不时还要发一通脾气，以这样的态度持有一种理论，是很难与他就不同之处进行理性的探讨及分析的。尤其是有关绝对上帝的理论，居然不得不被当成一种信仰，得到武断的、排他性的肯定。“一”与“全”，居于存在及认识的首位，本身在逻辑上具有必要性，并把所有次要事物都统一在相互需要的关系网中，这个“一”与“全”怎能容许其内部的严密性有任何减损呢？多元论的丝毫怀疑，任何一个组成部分要摆脱总体的约束而产生最微小的摇摆，都会毁了这个“一”与“全”。绝对的统一是一丝不苟的——就好像一杯水，只要含有一个小小的霍乱病菌，就不能说它是绝对纯洁的了。一个部分，不论是多么小的一个部分，它的独立，不论是多么微乎其微的独立，对于绝对论来说，就好像霍乱病菌一样，是非常致命的。

但是，多元主义却不需要这种专断的、严峻的气质。只要你们允许事物中存在某种隔离，某种独立的颤动，某种部分与部分之间自由的活动，某种真正的创新或机缘，即使是很微小的，多元论便十分满足了，并将允许你们拥有真正的统一，而不管统一的程度有多大。至于究竟该有多大程度的统一，多元论者认为唯有用经验主义的方法才能解决。统一的程度也许非常大，异常大；但是，如果一切的统一都得允许有最少量的、最初期的、或者还残留一点痕迹的、未被完全“克服”的隔离，那么绝对一元论便被粉碎了。

事物的统一性与非统一性之间的平衡是什么，在未经最后的实证确定之前，实用主义显然肯定是站在多元论这一边的。实用主义承认，将来有一天，甚至完全的统一——一个知者，一种起源，以及一个千方百计联合成一体的宇宙——也许会成为所有假说中最能被人接受的一种假

设。同时，我们也必须真诚地接受那个相反的假设，世界还不是完全统一的，并可能永远保持这种不完全统一的状态。这后一种假设就是多元主义的理论。既然绝对一元论甚至禁止人们对多元性进行严肃的思考，从一开始就说多元论是不合理的，那么，实用主义显然必定会背弃绝对一元论，而走上多元论更具经验成分的道路。

这就使我们归于常识的世界，在那里我们看到，事物部分是一体的，部分是分离的。那么，“事物”，以及事物之间的“关联”——这样的名词，从实用主义的角度怎么把握其意义呢？在下一讲里，我要把实用主义的方法运用到哲学推理所谓的“常识”的阶段。

第五讲 实用主义与常识

纯理智多元论。我们的知识如何增长。早期的思维方式还在。史前的祖先发现了常识性概念。常识的列表。常识逐渐得到应用。时间与空间。“事物”。种类。“原因”与“规律”。常识是思维进化过程中的一个阶段，归因于天才人物的出现。与常识性阶段相比较，“批判性”阶段有：（1）科学性的，以及（2）哲学性的。不可能说出哪一种思维方式更“真实”。

在上一讲里，我们屏弃了通常把宇宙的一元性作为一种原则的说法（这一说法貌似崇高，但却极其空洞），转而研究宇宙所包含的种种特殊的统一现象。我们发现这些统一现象有许多，与同样真实存在的种种隔离现象并存。“我在多大程度上被证明属实？”这是每一种类型的统一以及每一种类型的隔离在此都会向我们提出的一个问题，因此，作为彻底的实用主义者，我们就得面向经验，面向“事实”。

绝对一元性依然存在，但仅仅作为一个假设而存在，而且这一假设现已简化为一个全能知者的假设，这位全能知者认为，一切事物无一例外都可形成为一个单一系统化的事实。但是，这里所论的全能知者仍然可能被理解为一个绝对的或终极的知者；针对这种全能知者的假设，不管是哪种形式的全能知者，我们可以合理地提出这样一个反假设：过去或将来最广阔的知识领域中，仍然还有一些人所不知的地方。总有些知识，人们未曾掌握。

这即是纯理性多元论的假设，而一元论者认为这种假设十分荒谬。既然在事实给出定论之前我们必须像尊重纯理性一元论一样尊重纯理性多元论，我们发现，原本只不过是一种方法的实用主义，已经迫使我们采取友善的态度来对待多元论的观点。可能的情况是世界某些部分和其他部分之间的关联非常松散，仅用和这个连接词就可表示其间的关联。这些部分甚至可以来去自由，而不使其他那些部分产生任何内部变化。这种多元论观点，即世界是叠加组成的观点，实用主义不能不认真予以考虑。不过，这种观点使我们做出更进一步的假设：真实的世界，并不像一元论者为我们保证的那样是“永远”完整的，真实的世界有可能永远不完整，并随时都可能有所增损。

真实的世界至少在某一个方面是不完整的，而且显然是不完整的。我们还在为这一问题而争论，这一事实恰恰就说明了我们的知识目前还不完整，有增加的可能。从所包含的知识这一方面来说，世界的确是在变化与增长。对于我们的知识是如何完备起来的问题——在知识的确获得了自身完备的时候——作一些概括性的论述会很顺利地引导我们进入这一讲的主题。这一讲的主题是“常识”。

首先，我们的知识增长是点点滴滴的。知识增长点或大或小，但知识决不会全面增长起来：有些旧知识总是保持不变。让我们设想一下，

你们关于实用主义的知识现在在不断增长。随后，这种知识的增长，可能会极大地改变你以前认为是真实的观点。但是这种改变往往比较缓慢。举个最现成的例子，想想我的这些讲座吧。你们最初从这些讲座中获得的，可能只是少量的新信息，几个新的定义、或者特征、或者观点。但是，当这些特殊的观点不断增加时，你们所拥有的其他知识仍然保持不变，你们只是逐渐把旧有的观点与我所努力灌输的新观点加以“整理”，并在总体上稍加变化而已。

我想，你们现在听我演讲的时候，对我的能力带有一些先入为主的偏见，这些偏见影响了你们对我的演讲的接受；但是，如果我忽然中断演讲，而开始用浑厚的男中音唱起了《我们不到天亮不回家》这首歌，这一新情况不仅会被加入你们已有的知识，而且可能会使你们对我进行不同的定义，这有可能会改变你们对实用主义哲学的观点，并大概会使你们对许多已有的观点重新进行整理。在这些过程中，你们的思想比较紧张，有时还非常痛苦，在旧有的信仰与从经验中得来的新观点之间进行挣扎。

我们的思想就是如此一点一点地增长；像油点一样，不断扩大。但我们却尽量限制其扩大的范围：我们尽一切可能保留旧有的知识、偏见及信仰。我们做的修修补补的工作要多于更新的工作。新思想渗入了，它玷污了所有的旧思想，但新思想也被吸收它的旧思想所玷污。我们过去的经验起着统觉与协调的作用；我们在学习过程中每向前迈进一步而所达到的新的稳定状态里，新事物很少是生着加进去的。可以说更常见的是，新事物是煮熟了之后嵌进去的，或者说是以旧事物为作料煮烂了的。

因此，新的真理是新经验与旧真理相结合，并相互影响的产物。既然今天的观点就是这样改变的，那就没有理由假定以往情况一向不是如此。由此可见，非常古老的思维方式，在经历了后来人们观点的所有变化之后，可能还是保留了下来。最原始的思维方式可能并未完全消除。就像我们的五指、耳骨、阑尾或其他“退化”器官一样，它们可能成为我们人类历史不可磨灭的标记。我们的祖先也许在某些时候突然发现了某些思维方式，这些思维方式他们原本可能发现不了。但是，一旦他们发现了这些思维方式，这些思维方式就会一直传承下来。一旦你按照某种调子开始弹奏一首曲子，你就得按照这个调子弹奏到底。你也许可以对你的房屋进行任意改建，但是最初的建筑师的平面设计会被保留下来——你可以大修大改，但却不可能把一座哥特式的教堂变成一座多利克式的寺院。你可以把一个瓶子洗了又洗，但却无法完全消除最初装在这个瓶子里的药品或威士忌酒的气味。

现在，我的观点是这样的，我们对待事物的基本思维方式是远古祖先的发现，这些思维方式在经历了此后所有时代的经验之后还能够保存下来。它们形成为人类思想发展过程中一个重要的稳定阶段，也就是常识性阶段。其他阶段都紧密结合在这个阶段之上，但绝不可能取而代之。让我们先来探讨一下这个常识性阶段，并假定其为最终阶段。

一般说来，一个人的常识是指他良好的判断力，指他没有反常之处——用俗话说，就是指他的精明之处。从哲学的角度来看，常识的意义完全不同，是指一个人对某种思维形式或者思维类型的运用。假如我们是龙虾或者蜜蜂，那么我们身体的构造可能会使我们采取与这个思维形式或类型十分不同的方式来理解我们的经验。此外也许有可能，这样一些思维类型，尽管今天我们觉得难以想象，但以这些思维类型来理解我们的经验，也许会被证明与我们现在实际所运用的思维类型大体上同样有用（这一点我们不能武断地加以否认）。

如果有人觉得这听起来有些自相矛盾，就请他想一想解析几何的情况。同样的图形，欧几里德利用内在关系加以界定，笛卡尔却利用图形的点与外加坐标之间的关系加以界定，其结果是他们处理曲线的方法绝对不同，但笛卡尔的方法却要有效得多。我们的一切概念，就是德国人所谓的denkmittel（思想方法），指的是我们通过思考它们来处理事实。这样的经验出现时，并未贴上标签，因此，我们首先要了解这样的经验是什么。康德说，最初的经验是一种现象的混杂，是一种知觉的散漫，完全是一个杂乱的东西，得通过我们的智慧才能将其统一。我们通常的做法是：首先建立起某个概念体系，我们在思想上以某种思维方式对这些概念进行分类、使之序列化，并相互关联，然后把这一概念体系当作一个计数器，通过这个计数器，我们“记录”下来我们对事物的印象和看法。如果每种印象和看法在这个概念体系里都可能对应有某个位置，这一看法就算是被“了解”了。这种并行的“集合体”与其互相之间存在“一对一关系”的各要素的概念，如今被证明在数学与逻辑学上十分方便，因而逐渐取代了较旧的分类概念。这种概念体系有很多，感觉的集合体也是这样的一个系统。在概念中间的任何一点上，给你的感觉-印象找出某种一对一的关系，这样你就能对这些印象看法进行合理化的解释了。但是，很明显，你可以利用各种概念体系使这些印象和看法合理化。

旧有的常识性方法是通过一套概念来使这些印象和看法合理化，其中最重要的概念如下：

事物；

同或异；

类别；

思想；

物体；

统一的时间；

统一的空间；

主体与属性；

因果影响；

幻想；

实在。

这些概念把我们像天气一样接连不断的众多感觉按照一定的顺序进行了排列。现在，我们对这个排序非常熟悉，因此就很难意识到，如果让感觉自己来排序，感觉几乎都不会遵照什么固定的排列顺序。在这里用天气这个词很好。例如，在波士顿，天气几乎没有什么规律，唯一的规律是：如果你已经连续两天遇上了某种天气，到了第三天你很有可能会，不过也不是一定会，遇上另外一种天气。这样出现在波士顿的天气经验是不连续的、混乱的。若论温度、风、雨、或者日照，一天可能有三次变化。但是华盛顿气象局却把波士顿天气连续片断中的每一段，都看成是戏剧中的一个片断，从而把无序的天气理性化了。把每段天气都指向它在大陆气旋中所处的位置与时间，在这个气旋的历史记录上，每个地方的局部天气变化都被串起来，就像穿在一根绳子上的一串珠子那样。

现在，似乎可以肯定地说，小孩子以及低等动物对待他们所有的经验，就好像没有听到天气预报的波士顿人对待天气那样。他们不知道作为世界容器的时间与空间，或永恒的主体与不断变化的属性，或原因、种类、思想、事物等等，正如普通人不知道大陆气旋一样。婴孩手上的拨浪鼓掉了下来，但孩子不会去找掉下来的拨浪鼓。对这个孩子来说，拨浪鼓“消失”了，就像烛光灭了一样；你把拨浪鼓又放回到他手里，玩具又回来了，就像又点燃蜡烛，烛光又重现了一样。拨浪鼓是一个“事物”，在其连续的显现之间他完全可能介入这个独立的恒定存在，这种想法，孩子显然是想不到的。狗也是一样。对狗来说，看不见的事物，他们想不到。很明显，狗一般不会认为“事物”永远独立存在。这里，让我引用我的同事乔治·桑塔亚纳书里的一段话：

“如果一只狗正在满足地四周嗅的时候，远远地看到他好久不见的主人来了……这可怜的畜生，绝不会问他的主人为什么离开，为什么又回来了，为什么应该爱它的主人，或者为什么现在躺在主人脚边的时候，又把主人给忘了，而开始哼哼起来，梦想着与别的狗嬉戏追逐了——所有这些对狗来说，完全是个谜，它完全没有考虑过。这样的经验有变化，有场景，还有一定生动的节奏；它的故事可用狂热的诗章讲述出来。这种经验全靠灵感演变；其中每件事都好像有神意，每个动作都并非预设。绝对自由遇上了绝对无助：你完全依靠神恩，但是，那个高深莫测的主体却又无法区别于你自己的生命……（但是）即使是那种杂乱的戏剧中的人物，也有他们上场及下场的时候；一个能够集中注意力，并记住剧情先后顺序的人，就能一步一步发见人物的线索……随着了解的增加，每一时刻的经验相应而生，并能预示其他时刻的经验。生活的平静之处积蓄着力量，而不平静之处则充满了智慧。没有任何情绪能够压倒理智，因为在理智看来，没有一种情绪的由来或情绪的流露会被完

全掩盖；没有任何事件能使理智完全困惑，因为理智具有预见性。最坏的窘境是可以设法躲避的；因此每一时刻，原来只不过被这个时刻所发生的惊险的故事以及惊奇的情绪所填满，现在却留出空间去考虑以往得出的教训并对全局情况进行推测。”（《理性的生活：常识中的理性》，1905,第59页。）

即便是在今天，自然科学以及哲学还在煞费苦心地试图把我们经验中的幻想与实在区分开来；在原始时代，它们仅对两者加以最初步的区分。过去，凡是人们能生动地想起的东西，人们就相信；人们把幻想与实在混淆在一起，难以区分。这里，“思想”与“事物”的分类就必不可少——现在我们把某些经验只称作“思想”而不是实在。在以上所列举的那些概念中，其中没有一项我们不可以想象出其应用在历史上就是如此起源，并逐步推广的。

那个我们大家都相信的统一的时间，其中，每件事情都有明确的日期；在那统一的空间里，每件事物都有其位置；这些抽象的概念具有无可比拟的统一世界的力量；但是，以概念这种最终形式出现的时间与空间，与自然人散漫无序的时空经验有多么大的差别啊！我们所碰到的每一件事都有其自身持续的时间与空间，而两者边缘又似乎有那么一点点“多”出来的部分，这多出来的部分便延续到下一个事物所持续的时间及空间里去了。不过，我们很快就失去了所有明确的时空感。不但小孩子区分不清昨天与前天的区别，把所有的过去都搅和在一起，就是我们成年人，时间一长，也一样分不清楚。我们对于空间也是如此。在地图上，我能清楚地看出伦敦、君士坦丁堡以及北京与我现在所在地的关系；但实际上，我完全感觉不到地图所表示的事实。方向与距离都是模糊的、混乱的、交织在一起的。宇宙空间与宇宙时间，远不是康德所说的直觉形式，而是像科学可以表明的任何结构形式一样，明显是人为的构造。人类绝大多数种族从未使用过“统一的时间”与“统一的空间”这些概念，他们生存于多个时间与多个空间之中，时间与空间相互贯穿，杂乱无章。

同样，永恒的“事物”，“同一”事物及其各种“表象”与“变化”，事物各种不同的“类别”，以及最终把“类别”作为“谓语”使用，而事物仍旧为其“主语”——这一系列的名词显然有助于把我们经验中纠结在一起的直接经验与明显不同的经验区分清楚。通过应用这些概念性工具，任何人事实上所区分清楚的，只不过是其经验之流中最小的一个部分而已。在这些概念中，我们最原始的祖先们，大概只能，而且是含糊而不准确地运用了“同一个”这个概念。但是即使在那个时候，如果你问他们，这同一个是否就是他们没有看到时仍持续存在的那个“事物”，他们一定会茫然不知所答，只能说他们从来没有问过这样的问题，也从来没有从那个角度来考虑事情。

类别，以及类别的同一性——它们在我们从多中寻找出路时，是多么有用的思想方法啊！多元性看来可能就是绝对的。一切经验可能都是单一的，没有一项经验会重复出现两次。在这样一个世界里，逻辑学可

能就派不上用场了；因为类别以及类别的同一性是逻辑学仅有的工具。一旦我们知道：属于某一类别的东西，同时也属于那个类别所归属的类别，我们就好像穿上了千里靴，可以周游世界了。畜牲当然绝对不会运用这些抽象的概念，而文明人或多或少都会用到它们。

再说一说因果影响吧！这种影响，如果有的话，似乎是一个上古时代的概念；因为我们发现原始人认为几乎每一件事物都非常重要，并多少都能产生些影响。对更确切的影响的探索似乎起源于这样一个问题：对于任何疾病、灾害，或意外事故，什么人，或者什么东西，原始人都会问："谁应当承担责任呢？"

对于因果影响的探索就是从这个中心点扩展开来的。休谟与"科学"都试图去除"影响"这整个概念，而代之以"规律"这一完全不同的思想方法。但规律还是一个相对近期提出的概念，在常识的旧领域里，影响这一概念还是占据着统治地位。

"可能的"事物，作为比实际要少一点，比完全虚构要多一点的东西，是常识另一个权威性的概念。你尽可以批评这些概念，但它们依旧存在；而且只要批评的压力稍有松懈，我们就会迅速回归这些概念。就实体的或形而上学的意义而言，谁也不能逃避"自我"与"身体"那样一些思维形式的束缚。事实上，常识性的思维方法取得了普遍的胜利。任何人，无论多有学问，他还是依照常识性方法，把某件"事物"当成一个"支持"其各种属性的"永恒的单位主体"，"事物"与"永恒的单位主体"这两个概念可相互替代。对于一组由某一规律统一起来的感觉特征，没有人会坚定地或真心地运用更富于批判性的概念。有了这些概念在我们手中，我们就可以一起制定方案与计划，把经验中所有间接的、较远的部分与我们眼前的直接经验联系起来。我们那些后来更富于批评性的哲学观念，与思维的这种天然语言比较起来，只不过是一时的流行物与幻想而已。

这样，常识在我们了解事物的过程中，似乎是一个完全明确的阶段，这个阶段能格外成功地满足我们思想的各种目的。"事物"的确存在，即使我们看不见它们。事物的"类别"也同样存在。事物的"特征"是事物行动的依据，还是我们行为的对象；事物的"特征"也同样存在。这些灯把它们的光照射到这间屋子里的每件物体上。只要我们举起一块不透明的幕布，我们就能挡住光的路线。传到你们耳朵里的正是我嘴唇里发出来的声音；传到我们煮鸡蛋的水里的，正是可以感受得到的火的热量；我们在水里放一块冰，就能变热为凉。所有非欧洲人的哲学，无一例外，至令还停留在这个阶段之上。为了一切必要的实际生活目的，常识就足够了；即便是我们欧洲人，只有极度钻牛角尖的人，正如贝克莱所谓的受学问毒害的人，才会怀疑常识不是绝对真实的。

但是，当我们回顾过去，思索有关常识性概念为什么可能会取得那样至高无上的地位的问题时，没有任何理由表明常识性概念取得胜利的过程可能有别于后来德谟克利特、贝克莱或达尔文等所提出的概念取得

同样的胜利的过程。换句话说，常识性概念可能是史前的天才人物所成功发现的，不过他们的姓名被久远的年代湮没了；这些常识性概念可能由其最初所适合的直接经验所证实；然后可能由一个事实延及另一个事实，从一个人传及另一个人，直到一切语言都以这些概念为依据，而我们现在也不能以任何别的概念术语进行自然地思考了。这样一种观点可能只遵循一条在别处被认为是十分有效的规则，该规则假定，在大范围且遥远的地方，事物的形成规律与我们在小范围近处所观察到的事物形成规律是一致的。

对于一切功利性的实用目的来说，这些概念就足够了；但这些概念是从其被发现的特定点开始，并只是逐步由一件事物延伸到另一件事物的——这些概念如今应用范围极其不确定，似乎可以说明这一点。为了某些目的，我们采用一个均衡流动的“客观”时间，但我们并不能自然地相信或体会到任何这样均衡流动的时间。“空间”的概念没有这么含混；但是“事物”，事物到底是什么呢？一个星座真的是一件事物吗？一支军队是吗？理性的存在，如空间、正义是事物吗？一把刀，换了刀柄和刀身以后，还是“同样”的刀吗？洛克认真讨论过的那个“丑孩子”还属于人“类”吗？“心灵感应”是“幻觉”还是“事实”呢？一旦你超越这些概念的实际用途（通常由特定情况所充分指明的一种用途），而过渡到一种仅仅只是好奇或推测的思维方式的时候，你会发现不可能说出任何一个概念到底在多大的事实范围内适用。

逍遥派哲学，服从理性主义倾向，试图用极专门化与明晰化的方法对待常识性分类，以使之永恒不变。例如，一件“事物”就是一个存在体，或者叫做ens（抽象的存在）。一个ens就是一个“内在具有”各种特性的主体。一个主体就是一种物质。物质有多种分类，类别的总数确定，但类别之间不相关联。这些区别都是根本的、永恒的区别。这些词作为推论的术语的确非常有用，但除了引导我们的推论得出有利的论点之外，这些词就显不出什么意义来了。要是你问一个经院哲学家，物质本身可能是什么，除了说它是属性所依附的东西之外，他只会说，你的理智完全明白这个词的意义。

但理智所清楚了解的，不过是这个词本身及其引导功能罢了。于是就出现了这样一种情况，即理智如果听凭其自身，就是好奇而闲散的，它已经放弃了常识性阶段，而转向一般称作“批判性”思维的阶段。不但像休谟、贝克莱、黑格尔这样的理性哲学家，就是像伽利略、道尔顿、法拉第这样一些务实的事实观察家，也发现将常识的朴素感觉境界当成终极的实在是不可能的。常识将其恒定的“事物”概念插入断断续续的各种感觉之间；同样地，科学将科学世界的“基本”特征、其原子、以太、磁场等概念，置于常识性世界以外进行推理。现在，“事物”是看不见的、无形的东西；原来看得见的、常识性的事物，被认为是由这些看不见的事物混合而成的。或者说，整个朴素的事物的概念被取而代之了，一件事物的名称被解释为仅仅表明了事物的某一项规律或关联法则，根据这项规律或法则，我们的某种感觉得以习惯性地继续存在或与其他感觉并存。

科学与批判哲学就这样突破了常识的界限。有了科学，朴素实在论就终结了：“第二”性质成为非真实性特征；只有第一性质保留了下来。有了批判哲学，一切事物都被颠覆。常识性分类一概不再指代任何实际存在的事物；它们不过是人类伟大的思维技巧而已，是使我们避免迷失在无可挽回的感觉之流中的方法。

尽管批判性思维中的科学化倾向一开始是在纯理性动力的激发下产生的，但这种倾向却使得一系列实用工具得以出现，完全出乎我们的意料，让人惊诧不已。伽利略为我们发明了精确的时钟，还提高了大炮的射击精度；化学家们为我们带来了无数的新药品与染料；安培与法拉第赐予我们纽约的地下铁路以及马可尼式无线电报。这些科学家发明了原本人们假想中的事物，这些事物就像科学家们所定义的那样，表现了极其丰富的创造力，其结果可以通过我们的感官来证实。在一定条件下，我们的逻辑能根据这些事物推导出相应的结果；因此，如果我们能得到条件和前提，结果就会呈现在我们眼前。我们新近运用科学的思维方法所实际掌控的自然范围，大大超过了过去基于常识所能控制的范围。这种范围扩展的速度如此之快，没有人知道其极限在哪里；有人甚至会担心，人类的存在可能会被自身的力量所粉碎。人们还担心，随着人类功能的不断增大，人类作为有机体的固有天性也许承受不了这种压力，人类的智慧使其越来越有能力来发挥这些功能，但这些创造性功能之巨大几乎只有神才具备。人类可能被淹没在其创造的财富里，就像一个小孩子拧开了水龙头却关不上水龙头，结果被淹死在澡盆里一样。

批判主义的哲学阶段在否定方面比科学阶段要彻底得多，但至令也未给我们带来任何真正有用的新方法。就阐明自然运行的种种细节而言，洛克、休谟、贝克莱、康德、黑格尔等哲学家都毫无贡献；我想不出有任何发明或发现可以直接追溯到任何属于他们的独特哲学思想的东西，因为无论是贝克莱发明的焦油水还是康德提出的星云假说，都和他们各自的哲学理念毫无关系。他们使其信徒们得到的满足，是理性上的满足，而不是实用性的满足；即便这样，我们还是不得不承认，这种理性上的满足还得大打折扣。

因此，对我们所生活的世界的思考，至少存在三种具有鲜明特征的水平、阶段或类型。一个阶段的观点有一种优点，另一个阶段的观点又具有另一种优点。但是，不可能说任何当前的阶段就绝对比其他阶段更真实些。常识是更稳固的阶段，因为它最早得到机会，所以使一切话语都与其结盟。常识与科学，哪一个阶段更有威信，可凭个人的判断。但是稳固性与威信都不是真理决定性的标志。如果常识为真，为什么科学要把决定我们现实世界一切生活兴趣的第二性质归为谬误，反而要发明一个由点、线及数学方程式所组成的无形世界呢？为什么科学必须把原因及活动转化成为“功能性变异”的定律呢？经院哲学是常识接受过经院训练的小妹妹，它寻求把人类家庭通常谈论的形式典型化、固定化，把这些形式永远明确下来，固定下来，但毫无结果。公元1600年之后，实体形式（换句话说也就是我们所说的第二性质）的概念就几乎消失了。当时，人们就已经对实体形式十分厌烦了；稍后，伽利略，还有笛卡

尔，就以其“新哲学”给了实体形式以致命的一击。

但是，如果新型科学“事物”，如微粒子世界以及以太世界，从本质上看要是更“真”的话，那么它们为什么又会在科学自身的范围内激起如此多的批评呢？数理逻辑学家们到处说，这些实体以及对这些实体存在的测定，无论构想得有多么明确，也不应被看成是完全真实的。它们似乎存在；但事实上，它们却像坐标或对数一样，不过是引导我们从经验之流的一个部分过渡到另一个部分的人为捷径而已。我们能利用它们进行卓有成效的计算；它们为我们提供了极佳的服务；但我们一定不能受它们的蒙蔽。

当我们对这些思维类型进行比较，想要指出哪一种更绝对真实一些的时候，却根本不可能得出明确的结论。其自然性，在理性上的经济性，以及实用效果，统统都拿来测试其真实性，但结果却把我们弄糊涂了。对生活的某一个范畴而言，常识性思维方式要更好一些，但对另一个范畴而言，科学性思维方式要好一些；而对第三种生活范畴，哲学批判主义则要好一些；但究竟哪一种要更真一些，只有天知道。如果我没弄错的话，我们刚刚目睹了一场奇特的回归到用常识性方法来观察现实自然界的过程，运用了马赫、奥斯特瓦尔德以及杜亨等人所青睐的科学哲学观。根据这些导师的理论，从更真实地模仿实在的角度上来看，没有一种观点会比另外一种观点更真实。它们不过是我们从其功用的角度上来进行比较的一些说法而已。唯一真实的事物就是实在；对于这些逻辑家们来说，我们所了解的唯一的实在就是可感知的实在，就是事物经过时，我们的感觉及情绪所形成的流。按照奥斯特瓦尔德的说法，对于刚刚表现出来的感觉（如，运动、热、磁力、或光，或者任何东西），用一定的方法来进行衡量，可以给它们一个总称，叫做“能量”。这样来衡量它们，我们就能够用对我们人类来说无比简单、无比有效的公式来描绘感觉向我们所呈现的错综复杂的变化。这些公式是思维经济原则的至高胜利。

没有人不赞赏这种“能量”学说。尽管这种“能量”学说有它的吸引力，但是超感觉的实体、微粒子以及震动，对于大多数物理学家与化学家来说，还是站得住脚的。“能量”学说似乎是太经济，不足以满足各方面的需要。毕竟，充足而非精简，才可能是实在的主旋律。

我这里谈论的是高度技术性的东西，不太合适面向大众的讲演，而且我对技术也不太在行。这样，反而更利于我得出结论。此时，我的结论是：我们很自然并且不假思索地假定，真理是在我们脑海中形成的对现成事实的简单复制，但这种真理的全部意义很难理解清楚。各种类型的思想都自称含有真理，对此还没有什么简单的测试方法来加以即时的判断。常识，普通科学或微粒子学说，超批判的科学或唯能论，批判的或唯心的哲学，所有这些学说，似乎多少都不够真实，都难以使人满意。显然，这些十分不同的系统之间的冲突，迫使我们来仔细考察真理这个概念，因为我们目前对于这个词的意义还不明确。我将在下一讲里谈论这一问题，现在这一讲，再说几句话就完了。

在这一讲里，只有两点我希望你们能记住。第一点与常识相关。尽管常识十分古老，尽管常识已被普遍应用并成为语言结构本身的一部分，我们却已有理由对其进行怀疑，怀疑常识性概念可能不过是一些非常成功的理论的集合体（这些理论历史上由个人发明或发现，但逐渐传播开来，并为大家所用）；我们的祖先从远古以来就通过这些理论来统一以及整理其不连贯的直接经验，并以此平衡自身与自然界的表象；从一般实际的用途来看，这种平衡令人非常满意，如果不是因为德谟克利特、阿基米德、伽利略、贝克莱以及在他们的榜样鼓舞下出现的其他一些天才人物所表现出来的聪明才智，此平衡本应该能永久保持下来。我请你们务必记住这种对于常识的怀疑。

第二点是这样的：我们已经讨论过的各种思维类型，对某些目的而言，每一种都十分辉煌，但所有这些思维类型仍然彼此相冲突，而且其中没有一个能称得上是绝对真实的。难道这些思维方式的存在都不能促成这样一种偏向实用主义的观点的诞生吗？这种观点即我们的一切理论都只是工具性的，都是适应现实实在的思维模式，而不是针对什么神所创造的宇宙之谜的启示或感悟性的答案。我在第二讲里已经把这个观点尽可能说清楚了。当然，实际的理论状况之不稳定，每一种思维方式针对某些目的而言的价值所在，以及每一种思维方式对其它思维方式不可能具有绝对排斥性，这都表明了这种实用主义的观点。我希望后面的讲座会很快证明实用主义的这些观点具有完全的说服力。真理究竟是否可能存在含糊之处呢？

第六讲 实用主义有关真理的概念

论争的情形。与实在一致是什么意思？它意味着能够被证实的可能性。可证实性意味着能引导我们从经验中得出丰富的结论。很少有必要去彻底证实。“永恒”的真理。与语言、以往真理的一致性。理性主义者的反对观点。真理是一个东西，像健康、财富以及其他东西一样。真理是便利的想法。过去。真理是发展的。理性主义者的反对观点。对理性主义者反对观点的回应。

据记载说，在克拉克·麦克斯韦尔还是个孩子的时候，他有一种怪癖，凡事都要人向他解释得清清楚楚，如果别人搪塞他，用含糊的话语来解释任何现象，他就会很不耐烦地打断人家的话，说：“是的，但是我想请你告诉我，这到底是怎么一回事！”如果他问的是有关真理的问题，那么只有实用主义者才能告诉他真理到底是怎么一回事。我相信当代的实用主义者，特别是席勒和杜威两位先生，对于这一问题给出的解释是仅有的站得住脚的解释。有关真理的问题是一个十分棘手的问题，其微妙的根须深入到各个角落，以这种只适合公开演讲的概略式的方式来对此进行解释，是很难解释清楚的。但是，席勒与杜威有关真理的观点受到了理性主义哲学家们猛烈的攻击以及恶毒的误解，因此，这里我必须对这个问题加以简单明了的说明。

我充分预料到实用主义者的真理观要经过一切理论发展必经的各个典型阶段。你们知道，一个新鲜的理论一开始总被斥为荒谬；后来才被承认是真理，但却是浅显而不重要的；最后才被认为是非常重要的，原先的反对者们这时竟然声称这一理论是他们自己发现的。我们的真理论目前正处于这三个阶段中的第一个阶段，在某些地方已带有第二个阶段的迹象。我希望本次讲座，有助于使你们许多人心目中的实用主义真理观超越这第一个阶段。

任何词典都会告诉你们，真理是我们某些观念的一个属性。它意味着与“实在”相“一致”，而谬误则意味着与“实在”不一致。实用主义者和知性论者都把这一定义当成是理所当然的事。只有在问到，“一致”这个词的准确含义是什么？如果我们认为实在是指我们的观念要与之保持一致的某种东西的话，那么，“实在”这个词的准确含义又是什么？在这些问题提出之后，实用主义者和知性论者才开始有了争执。

实用主义者在解答这些问题时，更善于分析，也更用心，而知性主义者则比较随意，有欠思考。比较普遍的观点是：一个真观念一定是对实在的模仿。与其他一些流行的观点一样，这一观点是对最平常的经验的类推。我们对于可感知事物的真观念，的确是对这些事物的模仿。闭上你的双眼，想一想那边墙上的挂钟，你所能想到的只是这样一个钟盘的真实的图像或摹本。可是你对钟的“机件”的观念（除非你是一个钟表匠）就不足以成为一个摹本了；但也还说得过去，因为它和实在毫不冲突。即使有关机件的观念可能缩小到仅仅是“机件”这个名词，这个词还

是真正为你服务的；在谈到钟的“计时功能”，或者谈到钟的发条的“弹性”时，要看出观念能模仿的东西具体是什么，那就很难了。

你们察觉到了这里有这么一个问题。如果我们的观念不能准确地模仿观念的对象，那观念与对象的一致又指的是什么呢？有些唯心主义者似乎是说，我们对那个对象的观念，只要是上帝要我们这样想的，那么这些观念就是真的。另外一些唯心主义者始终坚持模仿观，他们似乎认为，我们的观念越接近于对上帝的永恒思维方式的模仿，观念所拥有的真实性就越大。

你瞧，这些观点有必要从实用主义的角度进行探讨。但是，知性主义者的伟大假设是：真理本质上指的是一种惰性的静止关系。当你获得了任何事物的真观念，事情就终结了。你已经占有了，你已经懂得了，你已经实现了你的思想的宿命。在思想上，你已经站在你应该站的地方；你已经服从了你的绝对命令；而且在这个理性宿命的最高点上，再也不需要遵循任何东西了。从认识论的角度上来说，你处于一个稳定的平衡状态。

但是，实用主义却照例要问，它说：“假定一个观念或者一个信念是真的，那么其真实性会给我们的实际生活带来什么具体的差别呢？这种真实性怎样才能实现呢？如果这个信念是错误的，那么什么样的经验会有别于由这个错误的信念产生的经验呢？简而言之，从经验的角度来说，真理的现金价值是什么呢？”

实用主义在提出这个问题时，就已经找到了问题的答案：真观念是那些我们能够理解，查验，证实，并确认的观念。假观念是那些我们不能理解，查验，证实，或确认的观念。这就是掌握真观念给我们带来的实际差别；因此，这就是真理的意义，因为我们所了解的真理的全部就是这样。

这个论点就是我必须捍卫的论点。一个观念的真实性并不是其固有的、一成不变的属性。真理是针对观念而产生的。通过事件，真理成为，或者被变成为真的。其真实性实际上就是一个事件，一个过程：即真理对自身的证实过程，证实行为。其正确性就是对其进行确认的过程。

但是，从实用主义的角度来看，证实与确认这两个词本身又是什么意思呢？它们还是表示被证实以及被确认的观念的某些实际的后果。一致性原则是个很普通的词，但却很难再找出一个能更好地描述这些实际后果特征的词了——这些后果就是我们在说我们的观念与实在“一致”时，我们所想到的东西。也就是说，通过行动及其所激起的其他观念，这些后果把我们引进、引上或引向经验的其他部分，就是我们一向感到原来的观念与之一致的那些经验部分。这样的感觉是我们的一种潜能。其间的相互关联与转变一点一点发生时，都是渐进的、和谐的、令人满意的。这个愉快的引导作用，就是我们所谓的观念的证实过程。这

样的解释有些模糊，初听起来颇有些琐碎，但却很有成效，我接下来将对此加以解释。

首先让我提醒你们：掌握了真实的思想就意味着随处都掌握了极其宝贵的行动工具；另外，我们负有追求真理的责任，但这绝不是凭空出现的空头命令，也不是我们的理智私自强加的一个“创举”，而是可以通过极好的实际理由来进行自我诠释的。

对事实具有真实的信念，其重要性对于人类生活非常明显。我们生活在一个由实在组成的世界里，这些实在有可能极其有用，也可能极其有害。如果有一些观念能告诉我们可以预期的是有用的还是有害的实在，那么，在这整个基本的确认过程中，这些观念就可以算作真观念，而且追求这样的真观念是人类的一项首要职责。掌握真理本身决不是目的，而不过是一个初步的，迈向其他重要的满足的手段而已。如果我在森林里迷了路，快要饿死了，然后发现了一条牧牛小道，这时最重要的是我应当想到小路的尽头一定有人家，如果我想到了，而且顺着小路走了下去，我就得救了。这里，真思想是有用的，因为作为思想对象的房子是有用的。因此，真观念的实际价值基本上是由于观念的对象对于我们的实际重要性而产生的。的确，观念的对象并非始终都很重要。另外一种情况下，这座房子可能对我就没有任何用处；这样，我对这个房子的观念，尽管是可以证实的，却与实际不相关，还是让它保持潜伏状态比较好。但是，因为几乎任何思想的对象有一天都会变得一时重要起来，那么，建一个总库，把若干额外真理储备起来，把某些只在可能的情况下才会变成真理的观念储备起来，其好处显而易见。我们把这些额外真理储存在记忆里，遇到太多而记不住的时候，则记在我们的参考书中。某一个这样的额外真理，一旦与某些紧急事件实际相关时，它就会离开冷藏库，跑出来发挥作用，而我们对它的信念也就变得活跃起来。那么，你就可以这样解释这个额外真理说：“它是有用的，因为它是真的。”或者说：“它是真的，因为它是有用的。”这两句话的意思是一样的，也就是说，这里有一个观念变成了现实，而且是可以进行证实的。真，是任何观念在开始证实过程时的名称，有用，则是它在实际经验中所实现的功能的名称。真观念除非是一开始就这样有用，否则决不会像这样被单挑出来，决不会获得一个类名，更不会成为一个含有价值的名称。

由这个简单的线索，实用主义获得了其关于真理的一般观念：真理主要涉及到经验的一个瞬间是如何引导我们走向经验另外的瞬间的方式，这种引导将很有价值。从常识性阶段来说，思想状态的真理主要就是指这种有价值的引导功能。当我们经验的某个瞬间，不管是哪种类型的经验，使我们获得了某个真思想的时候，这就意味着我们迟早会由于这种思想的指导而重新投入到经验的各种细节之中，并与经验的细节发生有益的联系。这是一句够含混的话；但是我请你们记住这句话，因为它很重要。

同时，我们的经验始终贯穿着规律性。经验的某一点可以提醒我们

为另一点做好准备，可以“预示”或“表示”更遥远的对象的意义。对象的出现是对其意义的证实。在这些情况下，真理不过意味着对事实最终的证实，这显然不允许我们恣意行事。谁的信念要是将其经验中的各种实在所遵循的秩序当成儿戏，谁就要遭殃；其信念会将他引入迷路，或者给他造成假的关联。

这里的“实在”或者“对象”，指的是常识性事物，就是可现场感知的事物，否则就是指常识性关系，比如日期、地点、距离、种类、活动等等。根据我们脑海中有关牧牛小道边的房子的意象，我们走过去，真正看到了那座房子；这个意象完全得以证实。这样的引导过程，得到了如此简单充分的证实之后，无疑就是真理过程的原本或原型。经验的确还为我们提供了其他一些形式的真理过程，但可想而知，这些形式的真理过程，都是被阻断了的、复杂化的、并且是互相代替了的初步的证实过程。

就拿那边墙上的物体做例子。你我都认为它是一只“钟”，尽管我们谁都没有看见使之成为钟的隐藏在内部的机件。我们就把这个观念当成是真的，没有试图加以证实。如果真理主要是指证实的过程，那么我们是否应该说这些未经证实的真理是无效的真理呢？不，因为这些未经证实的真理构成了绝大多数我们赖以生存的真理。间接证实和直接证实都可以。要是有足够的间接证据，即使没有亲眼目睹，也行得通。就像我们未曾到过日本但我们在这里假设日本是存在的一样，因为这个钟也是这样，我们所知道的一切事物都符合这个信念，不会受到任何干扰，因此我们认为那个东西是一面钟。我们把它当作一个钟来用，用它来调节我们演讲时间的长短。这里，对这个观点进行证实，意味着该观点绝不会引导我们走向挫折或矛盾。那个钟的齿轮、重量以及钟摆等的可证实性实际上等同于证实的过程。要完成一个真理过程，在我们的生活中就要有百万个真理以这种初生态发挥作用。它们使我们趋向直接证实；引导我们进入它们所预想的对象的周围；这样，如果一切都很顺利的话，我们确信真理肯定会被证实，我们就会省略证实的过程；而所发生的一切也往往证明这样是对的。

事实上，真理多半是靠一种信用制度而存在的。我们的思想与信念，只要没有任何东西对它们表示质疑，它们就可以“成立”；就好像银行的钞票一样，只要没有人拒绝使用它们，它们就可以流通。但是，这全都指向某种直接的面对面的证实，没有了直接证实，真理的结构也就崩溃了，就好像一个没有任何现金基础的金融体系一样。你接受我对某种事物的证实，我接受你对另一事物的证实。我们利用彼此的真理。但是，被某个人具体证实过的信念才是整个上层建筑的支柱。

在处理日常事务时，我们之所以放弃进行完全证实，除了节省时间之外，还有一个重要的原因，就是一切事物都不是单独存在的，而是分类存在的。我们发现我们的世界总是具有这样一个特性。因此，我们只要曾经直接证实了一个种类里的某一个典型的观念，我们就认为可以自由地把这一观念应用到同类的其他实例上去，而不用再进行证实了。一

种思想，如果习惯于区分眼前事物的种类，并立刻依照事物种类的规律行事，而不用停下来对此进行证实，那么，这种思想在一百次的事变中将有九十九次为“真”——其所以被证明是真的，是因为其行为适合所遇到的每个事物，并从未遭到反对。

因此，间接的或者仅仅是潜在的证实过程可以像完全的证实过程一样，具有同样的真实性。间接证实的过程与真实的证实过程一样，给我们带来同样的益处，并以同样的理由要求我们予以承认。这一切都发生在事实的常识性阶段之上，我们来单独考虑一下事实。

不过，事实并非我们唯一的惯用手段。纯粹思想观念之间的关系形成另一个范畴，在这个范畴里可以得到真的或者假的信念，这里信念指的是绝对的或无条件的信念。如果这些信念是真的，它们就可以被称为定义或原则。例如，一加一等于二，二加一等于三，并依此类推；白色与灰色的差别小于白色与黑色的差别；原因开始起作用时，结果也开始出现——这些不是原则就是定义。对于所有可能的有关“一”的加法、所有可以想象的“白色”、“灰色”以及“原因”，这些命题都成立。这里的对象是指思想对象。它们之间的关系一目了然，无需感觉的证实。此外，同一思想对象，一旦是真的，也就永远是真的了。真理在此具有一种“永久性”特征。如果在任何地方你发现了一个具体的事物是“一个”，或是“白色的”，或是“灰色的”，或是一个“结果”，那么你的原则将对其永久适用。这不过是一个确定属于什么类别，然后把这一类别的原则应用到特别的对象上去的实例。只要你能正确说出事物的类别，你就一定会获得真理，因为你思想中事物对象的关系对于那个类别的一切事物一律适用，无一例外。那么，如果你却没有获得具体真理，你就可以说你把实际的对象归错了类。

在这种思想关系的领域里，真理还是一种具有引导作用的东西。我们把一个抽象观念与另一个抽象观念联系起来，最后形成为庞大的逻辑与数学真理体系，经验中可感知的事实终于秩序井然地分别列在各系统名目之下，这样，我们的永久真理对于实在也都适用。这种事实与理论的联姻，演变出的结果无穷无尽。如果我们把对象归对了类，那么在进行特别证实之前，我们所说的在此就已经是真实的了。我们现成的有关各种可能的事物对象的理想的框架体系源自于我们思想所特有的体系构造。就像对待我们的感官经验一样，我们也不能任意对待这些思想中抽象的关系。它们强迫我们，不管我们喜不喜欢其结果，都必须始终一致地对待它们。加法的规则严格适用于计算我们的债务，也同样严格地适用于计算我们的财产。圆周与直径的比π的小数点后一百位是什么数，虽然可能没有人对其进行过计算，但我们现在已经以理想的方式将其预先确定下来了。假如我们需要利用π对某个真实的圆周进行计算，我们必须得到正确的π，根据通常的规则进行计算；因为根据这些规则在别处进行计算，运用的就是同样的有关π的真理。

我们的思想就是如此紧紧地楔入在感官秩序与理想秩序的双重压力之间。我们的观念必须与实在一致，不管这些实在是具体的还是抽象

的，是事实还是原则，都要遭受无尽的矛盾与挫折的惩罚。至此，知性主义者还提不出什么反驳意见。他们只会反驳说，我们只接触到事情的表象。

因此，实在所指的要么是具体的事实，要么就是事物抽象的分类以及事物之间可以直观感受到的关系。实在还有的第三种含义，作为我们的新观念必须同样予以重视的事物，是指我们已掌握的全部其他真理。但是，与具有这三层含义的实在一致，现在，这“一致”指的是什么呢？——再次借用一下目前流行的定义。

正是在这里，实用主义与知性主义开始分道扬镳。首先，毫无疑问地，一致就是指模仿，但是我们已经看到，仅仅“钟”一个词就行了，我们无需在脑海里想象钟的机件构造，我们的观念只是诸多实在的符号而不是其复制品。“过去的时间”、“力量”、“自发性”——我们的大脑哪能对这些实在进行复制呢？

从最广义的角度来说，与某一实在的“一致”，只能表示我们被一直引向该实在本身或该实在的周边；否则就表示与该实在发生实际的接触。这样就能更好地处理该实在或与之相关的事物，好于实在如果与观念不一致的情况。不论从理智上或实际上来说都要更好一些！通常，一致指的将只是这样一种否定的事实，即实在方面没有任何矛盾的东西来干扰我们的观念引导我们走向别处的过程。对实在的模仿的确是与实在保持一致的一种重要方法，但决不是根本方法。基本的问题是被引导的过程。任何观念，只要有助于我们从理智或实际的角度来处理实在或者实在的附属物；只要不使我们的前进过程遭受挫折，只要能使我们的生活实际上适合并适应实在的整个环境，这种观念也就与实在足够一致，符合要求了。这种观念将适用于这种意义上的实在。

这样，名称有“真”或“假”之分，就好像头脑中的一些意象，尽管比较明确，但也有真假之分一样。它们建立了类似的证实过程，并指向完全相同的实际结果。

人类一切思想都经推理得来；我们交换观念，相互借鉴对观念进行证实的方法，彼此通过社交的方式得到它们。一切真理于是就这样在言语上建立起来，被保存下来，为每个人所用。因此，我们说话要前后一致，就像我们思考问题也要前后一致一样；因为我们在谈话与思考时都涉及到分类。名称是任意的，但一旦被人知道了，就必须一如既往地使用下去。就好比我们现在决不能把“亚伯”叫做“该隐”，或者把“该隐”称作“亚伯”一样。如果我们颠倒了这两个人的名字，我们就和整个《创世记》脱节了，也就脱离了其与自古至今的语言及事实范畴的所有相关性。我们就把自己置于整个语言及事实体系可能体现的任何真理之外了。

我们绝大多数的真观念都不可能进行直接的或面对面的证实——例如，以往的历史观念，就好像该隐与亚伯这样的观念一样。时光的流逝

只能通过言语来加以回溯，或者通过过去在现在的延续，或者说是过去对现在产生的效果，来予以间接的证实。如果它们与这些言语及效果相一致，我们就可以知道我们关于过去的观念是真的。就像过去的时间本身是真实的一样，恺撒大帝是真实的，上古的怪兽也是真实的，都存在于各自相应的时间与环境之中。过去的时间和现在一切事物的符合一致，保证了过去的时间本身的存在。现在是真实的，过去也是真实的。

这样，一致性基本上就演变成为有关引导的问题——而且是有益的引导的问题，因为重要的是要引导到包含事物对象的部分。真观念把我们引向有效的言语及概念部分，并把我们直接引向有效的可感知的目的地。它们指向一贯性、稳定性以及不间断的人际交往。它们引导我们离开反常与孤立的现象，离开虚假以及贫瘠的思想。引导过程没有障碍，一般不存在冲突与矛盾，就形成为间接的证实过程；但是，条条大道通罗马，最终，一切真实的过程都必将导向针对某一处可感知经验的直接证实，有人的观念曾经复制过这些经验。

这就是实用主义者对一致这个词非常宽松的解释。他完全从实际出发来处理这个词。他让这个名词包含任何从现在的某个观念导向未来某个事物对象终点的传导过程，只要这个传导还进行得比较顺利。只有这样，我们才能说，那些正远远超越了常识范畴的“科学”性观念与实在是一致的。实在似乎是由以太、原子或电子构成的，这一点我在前面已经说过了，但我们绝不能死抠字眼。“能量”这个名词甚至都不敢夸口说能代表任何“客观”的事物。能量不过是一种度量方法，是对现象表面的度量，从而把现象的系列变化拴在一个简单的公式之上。

但是，在选择这些人为的公式时，我们决不能反复无常，毫无顾忌，就好像在常识性的实际阶段，我们同样也不能反复无常，毫无顾忌。我们必须找到一个有效的理论；而这极其困难；因为我们的理论必须在以往一切真理与若干新经验之间进行调和。这个理论必须尽量不打乱常识及以往的信念，同时还必须引导我们到达某个可感知的事物对象终点，或其他能被确切证实的事物终点。理论要“有效”，指的是这两种情况都要满足；两种情况之间的空间很小，任何理论都不能对此疏忽大意。理论所受的压力与控制，其他任何东西都比不上。但是有时候，不同的理论公式，也都符合我们所知道的一切真理，这时候，我们就凭主观理由来对它们进行选择。我们偏爱哪种理论，我们就选择哪种理论；我们追求“优美性”或“经济性”。克拉克·麦克斯韦尔好像在哪儿说过：在两个经过同样充分证实的概念之中，选择较复杂的那一个会是“科学品味较差”；你们都会同意他的说法。科学真理是能给我们带来最大可能的满足的东西，包括品味在内；但既要与以往的真理，又要与新鲜事实保持一致，永远是最迫切的要求。

我已经引导你们穿越了一片多沙的沙漠。现在，请允许我用通俗的话语来表述：我们开始尝到椰子里的甜汁了。理性主义批评家们在此向我们开炮了，对他们的回击会使我们彻底走出这片沙漠，将另一个至关重要的哲学观点尽收眼底。

我们所说的真理是复数形式的真理，是多个引导过程的真理，是在事物中实现的真理，而且只有一个共同的特征，那就是，真理会给我们带来好处。真理会给我们带来好处，是由于它们能把我们引入或引向一个体系的某个部分，这一体系在许多点上已经深入到感性知觉，这些感性知觉，不管我们是否在思想里进行复制，至少都与我们有一种被笼统地称为证实的交易关系。对我们来说，真理只是证实过程的一个总称，就好比健康、富裕、强壮等词是表示与生活相关的其他过程的名称一样，我们追求真理也是因为追求真理会给我们带来的好处。真理是在经验过程中形成的，就好像健康、富裕与强壮也是在经验过程中形成的一样。

在此，理性主义会立刻武装起来反对我们。我可以想象，理性主义者会这样说：

“真理并非形成于经验；真理是绝对存在的，它表达一种独特的关系，与任何过程无关；但它站在经验之上瞄准射击，而且每次都击中实在。我们相信墙上的那个东西是一面钟，这种观念早已经是真的了，尽管在整个世界历史长河中没人会对此加以证实。无论什么思想，不管有没有证实的过程，只要处于那种超验的关系之中，这一特性就会使得这种思想成为真理。你们实用主义者对于真理存在于证实过程中的解释是本末倒置了。证实的过程只是真理存在的标记，只是一些蹩脚的方法，事后用来确定我们的哪种观念已经拥有这样奇妙的超验的特性。这一超验的特性本身不受时间的影响，就像一切本性与实质一样。思想直接带有这种特性，就好像思想也可能会带有谬误性或无关性一样。这一特性是无法用实际的结果来分析和界定的。”

理性主义者这样的长篇大论整体上貌似有理，原因在于这样一个事实，我们对此也十分关注。这个事实即是，在我们这样一个类似或相似的事物大量存在的世界里，一个证实过程可适用于同类其他事物；了解事物的一个最大用处，不只是为了引导到这些事物，而是为了引导到其相关事物，特别是引导到人们对于这些事物的说法上。那么，先于事物而存在的真理，其性质，从实用主义的角度来说，指的是在这样一个世界里，有无数观念，用间接的或可能的方法比用直接的或实际的方法进行证实要更有效些。这样，先于事实的真理仅仅意味着可证实性；否则就又是理性主义者那老一套的把戏：把一个具体能感知的实在的名称当作一个独立的、预先存在的实体，再把这名称放在这个实在之后，作为对其的解释。马赫教授曾引用莱辛的一首讽刺诗说：

“汉辛·施劳对他的表哥弗里茨说：‘弗里茨表哥，世上最富裕的人正好就是最有钱的人，这是怎么回事呢？’”

在此，汉辛·施劳所认为的“富裕”原则，不同于这个人有钱所表示的事实。“富裕”原则先于事实而存在；有钱之事实与富翁本质特征的一致只不过是某种次要的一致性。

在“富裕”这一问题上，我们都看出了谬误之所在。我们知道，富裕不过一种名称，指代某些人的人生所参与的具体过程，而不是一种只有在洛克菲勒和卡内基两位先生身上才能发现，而我们其他人身上都不能发现的天生的优点。

像富裕一样，健康也存在于事物之中。健康也只是一个名称，用来指代畅通进行的过程，如消化、血液循环、睡眠等过程，尽管在这种情况下，我们更倾向于把健康看作某种原则，说这个人之所以胃口好，睡得好，是因为他很健康。

我认为，我们对于“强壮”的看法还更理性主义一些，我们明显地倾向于把它当成早就存在于人身上的某种优点，并借以解释他的身体如何像大力士一样强健有力。

谈到“真理”，大多数人完全跨越了这个界限，认为理性主义者的论述是不言而喻的。但是，实际上这几个名词完全相似。真理不是先于事物而存在的，恰如上述其他事物一样。

经院哲学家遵循亚里士多德的学说，把习惯与行为分得很开。在行为上，健康的意思，除了别的方面，指的是良好的睡眠与消化。但是一个健康的人不必总是在睡觉，或者总是在消化，就像一个富人不必总是经手金钱，一个强壮的人不必总是举重一样。在活动的间歇时间里，所有这些性质都潜伏到“习惯”状态之中；同样地，在我们的某些观念以及信念无须进行证实的间歇里，真理就成为了这些观念以及信念的习惯。但是，这些证实活动是整个事情的根源，也是在间歇时间里任何习惯得以存在的条件。

用非常简单的话来说，“真理”只是使我们思维便利的方法，恰如“正确”是使我们行为便利的方法一样。几乎是各方面的便利，而且一定是长远性与整体性的便利，因为适合眼前一切经验的便利方法，未必能同样适合未来的一切经验。我们知道，经验有办法超越现有的规则，从而使我们改正现有的规则。

“绝对”真理，意味着以后的经验绝不会使其有所改变，它就是我们想象中一切暂时的真理有一天会汇聚在一起的理想终点。它和绝对智者，以及绝对完整的经验完全一致；而且，如果有一天这些理想会实现，它们就会一同实现。与此同时，我们今天只好依靠今天所获得的真理来生活，并要为明天会推翻今天的真理做好准备。托勒密的地心说、欧几里德空间说、亚里士多德的逻辑学以及经院哲学的形而上学曾经是长达几个世纪的便利方法，但是人类的经验已经超越了那些界限，我们现在只是说它们是相对真理，或者是经验范围之内的真理。“绝对”而言，这些学说却是错误的；因为我们知道这些学说的适用范围是暂时的，犹如现在的思想家一样，过去的理论家可能已经超越了其范围。

当新经验用过去时的时态指向以往的观点，这些观点所说的过去一

度曾经是真理，尽管以往从未有思想家被引导到这些观点。一个丹麦的思想家曾经说过，我们的生活是向前指向的，但我们对于事物的了解却是向后指向的。现在给我们以启发，使我们了解世界以往的过程。对于过程的参与者来说，以往的过程或者就是真理的过程。但是对于了解事情后来真相的人来说，却并非如此。

这种调整性的观点，认为潜在的更好的真理以后会成立，可能有一天会绝对成立，并且有追溯过去决定真伪的能力，这一观点与所有实用主义的观点一样，是面向事实的具体性，面向未来的。与相对真理一样，绝对真理也只是逐渐形成的，与大量证实性经验的增加偶然相关，相对真理始终在为绝对真理贡献力量。

我一直坚持认为真理在很大程度上产生于以往的真理。任何时候人们的观念都是这样以经验为基础。但是，这些观念本身又是世界经验总体中的部分，因此，也成为对未来产生影响的因素。只要实在指的是可体验的实在，那么，实在，以及人们所获得的有关实在的真理，就永远处于变化的过程当中——处于趋向于某种明确目标的变化当中，也许是这样的——但总归是在变化中。

数学家们能用两个变量来解决问题。例如，根据牛顿的理论，加速度随着距离而变化，但距离也随着加速度而变化。在真理过程中，事实都是独立出现的，并暂时决定我们的观念。但是，观念促使我们采取行动，而在它们在这样作用的同时，又使新的事实得以出现或存在，新的事实又相应地对这些观念重新加以判定。因此，这样绕起来的整个真理的线球，就是双重影响的产物。真理产生于事实，但又重新浸入到事实之中并加强事实；这些事实又产生或揭示新的真理（这里用什么样的词无关紧要），如此无限类推下去。其间“事实”本身并非真理。它们只是存在而已。真理是起于事实并终于事实的信念的作用。

这就像滚雪球一样，雪球变大一方面是因为有雪的分布，另一方面是男孩们不停地推动的缘故；这两个因素相互影响不止。

理性主义者与实用主义者最重要的区别，现在完全可以看得出来了。经验处于变化之中，我们从心理上对真理的确认也处于变化之中——这些观点，理性主义会承认，但它决不承认实在自身或者真理自身也处于变化之中。理性主义坚持认为，实在是完整的，现成的，直接来源于永恒；他们认为，观念与实在的一致是我们观念中唯一不可分析的特点，这一点理性主义者早已经告诉我们。由于这个内在的优点，理性主义的真理与经验无关。它不会使经验的内容有任何增加。它对实在本身不产生任何影响；它是附加的、惰性的、静止的，只是一个映像而已。它本身并不存在，只会占有或者获得；它属于与事实或事实关系无关的另一方面，简而言之，属于认识论的方面——理性主义便以认识论这样一个大词结束了这场论争。

因此，实用主义是面向将来的，而理性主义在这里还是面向过去的

永恒的。理性主义忠实于其固有的习惯，又回归到“原则”上来，认为只要给抽象的东西一个名称，我们便拥有了一个权威的解决办法。

两种真理观存在根本的差别，这种差别对我们的生活影响巨大，这在我后面的几讲里会交代清楚。同时，我想指出理性主义的崇高性并不能使其免于虚妄，我想以这一点作为本次演讲的结束。

这就是说，你若要求理性主义者不要指责实用主义糟蹋了真理的概念，而要求他们给真理下一个定义，明确说出他们所理解的真理是什么，我想只可能有如下两种肯定的答复：

一、“真理就是命题体系，其所包含命题的有效性要求得到无条件的承认。”（A.E.泰勒，《哲学评论》第14卷，第288页。）

二、真理是一种名称，用来表示所有那些我们自身觉得责无旁贷，有义务表达出来的观点。（见H.里克特，《认识的对象》（Der Gegenstand der Erkentniss）“判断的必要性”一章。）

这两个定义给人的第一印象是它们那说不出的琐碎性。它们是绝对正确的定义，这是当然的；但是，在你从实用主义的角度来考量它们之前，它们也是绝对不重要的定义。这里，“要求”指的是什么意思？“义务”又指的是什么意思呢？“要求”与“义务”都是概括性的名称，用来指为什么按照真方式进行思考对于凡人是极其便利的和有利的具体原因；从实在的方面谈到要被承认的要求，以及从我们自身的方面谈到要承认的义务，都是可以的。我们觉得既是要求，也是义务，我们这样认为也仅是因为这些具体的原因而已。

但是，谈到了要求及义务的理性主义者却明确表明，要求和义务与我们的实际利益或个人原因毫无关系。他们说，我们之所以认为既是要求又是义务是心理方面的原因，与每一位思想家相关，与其生活中的偶然因素相关。它们只是思想家的证据，绝不是真理本身生命的一部分。真理的生命在纯逻辑或认识论的范畴内活动，而不是在心理范畴内活动，其要求先于并超过一切个人动机。尽管人和上帝都不应对真理加以断定，但真理这个词仍须作为我们应加以断定以及承认的东西来进行定义。

说到某个观点，从经验的具体事实概括得来，又被用来反对及否定这些具体的事实，再也没有比这个更经典的例子了。

哲学以及平常生活中类似的例子很多。“感伤主义者的谬误”就是面对抽象的正义、慷慨与美等等会撒上大把的眼泪，但在大街上碰到它们时，因为环境使其显得很庸俗，所以就一点也认不出这些优良品质来了。我在一本私人出版的有关某位著名的理性主义者的传记里，曾经读到这样的话：“我的哥哥如此欣赏抽象的美，但他对于精巧的建筑、美妙的图画以及花卉却一点也不感兴趣，这真是很奇怪。”在差不多是最近所读到的一本哲学书里，我发现有这样几段话：“正义是理想化的，纯粹理

想化的。理性认为正义应当存在，但经验却表明正义不能存在……真理，应当存在，却又不能存在……理性因为经验而变形。理性一旦进入经验，就演变成了理性的对立面。”

这里，理性主义者的谬误与感伤主义者的谬误完全一样。两者都从经验之混乱的细节中提炼出某种特征，一经提炼出来之后，他们发现该特征是如此纯洁，于是就把它与所有混乱的细节相对比，认为它具有一种相反的并且更高级的本质特征。这一特征始终都是这些细节的本质特征。它是有待确认与证实的真理的本质特征。它有助于使我们的观念得以确认。我们一般有义务去做有利的事情，而寻求真理的义务就是其中的一部分。真理带给我们的好处，就是我们为什么有义务寻求真理的唯一理由。

富裕与健康也存在同样的道理。真理所提出的要求及义务无异于健康及富裕所提出的要求及义务。所有这些要求都是有条件的；我们得到的具体好处，就是把追求真理称作义务的意义所在。就真理而言，不真的信念终究会起到有害的作用，犹如真信念会起到有益的作用一样。抽象地说，“真”的性质可以说是绝对越来越可贵，“不真”的性质绝对越来越可恶：无条件地，一个可以称作是有益的，一个可以称作是有害的。无可异议，我们应当思考真理，远离谬误。

但是如果我们死板地对待这个抽象概念，并且把它和它在经验中的土壤对立起来，试想我们会把自己置于何等荒谬的地步。

这样一来，在实际的思想过程中，我们会寸步难行。我什么时候该承认这个真理，什么时候我该承认那个真理呢？要大声地承认呢？还是默默地承认呢？如果有时候要大声承认，有时候又要默认，那么此时此刻是应当大声地还是默默地承认呢？一个真理什么时候可能被收进百科全书的冷库里去呢？什么时候要把它拿出来作战呢？“二乘二等于四”这个真理要求我们永远承认，我们是否就必须不停地重复这个真理呢？或者是不是有时它也有些不相干呢？因为我的确有一些个人的罪恶与缺点，我就必须日夜凝思这些罪恶与缺点吗？或者为了充当一个体面的社会组成体，而不是一个充满了病态的忧郁与忏悔的人，我是否可以保持沉默而置这些罪恶与缺点于不顾呢？

很明显，我们有义务承认真理，但这绝不是无条件地承认，而是有很多条件限制的。以大写的T开头的单数形式的真理一词，既然是抽象名词，当然抽象地要求为我们所承认；但是，该词的复数形式所表示的具体的真理只有在便利的时候才需要我们加以承认。当某个真理与某个谬误都与具体情况相关联时，我们总是更喜欢真理；但是在两者都不与具体情况相关联时，真理以及谬误都与义务无关。你要是问我现在几点钟，而我答复你说，我住在欧文路95号，我的答复可能的确属实，但是你看不出我有什么义务要这样回答。即使我说的地址是错误的，效果也可能完全一样。

既然承认有许多条件限制了抽象真理的应用，那么实用主义对于真理的诠释就又全副武装地卷土重来了。实用主义认为，我们有义务与实在保持一致，这是以许多具体的便利条件为基础的。

从前，贝克莱在解释人们所谓的物质一词的意义时，人们认为他否认物质的存在。

现在，席勒和杜威两位先生在解释人们所谓真理的意义时，人们则指责他们否认了真理的存在。批评家们说，这些实用主义者们推翻了一切客观标准，把智慧与愚蠢相提并论。人们最喜欢这样来描述席勒先生和我的理论：席勒先生和我认为，通过说些人们感到一吐为快的话，并把所说的话称作真理，就能满足实用主义的一切要求了。

这话是不是一种无礼的诽谤，我留给你们大家去判断。实用主义者比谁都能更清楚地看到自己被包围在全部从过去所费力获得的固定真理以及周围感官世界的压迫之中；我们在进行思考时所受到的客观控制的压力之大，有谁还能比实用主义者感受得更深刻呢？爱默生说，如果有人认为这个律法太松，那就哪一天让他试行遵守这个律法的戒条吧。最近，我们常听人说起在科学中运用想象力的事情。现在也该是力劝人们在哲学中也运用些想象力的时候了。一些批评我们的人一味曲解我们的话，硬说其中只有最糊涂的含意，这种人，就我所知，在近来的哲学史上是最缺乏想象力不过的了。席勒说，凡是“有功用”的东西就是真理。因此，有人就说他把证实限制在最低级的物质功用上。杜威说，真理是使人“满足”的东西。有人就说，他相信一切事物凡是会使人感到愉悦的，就是真理。

我们的批评家的确需要对实在有更多的想象力。我曾经诚心想要极大地发挥自己的想象力，从最好的方面去理解理性主义的意义，但我必须承认我对理性主义的观点仍然十分困惑。理性主义认为，某个实在要求我们与其保持“一致”，不是因为任何别的原因，而只是因为它提出的要求是“无条件的”或“超验的”；我对此感到有点摸不着头脑。我试着设想自己是世界上唯一的实在，然后再设想如果允许的话，我还能“要求”些什么。假如你们建议，说我可以要求由空虚愚昧中产生一个思想来模仿我，我的确能够想象到这种模仿将会是怎么一回事——但我却想不出有什么模仿的动机来。对于这一我无法充分理解的要求，其动机是什么，如果显然能基本排除有更多的因素（正如理性主义的权威们所做的一样），那么，我被模仿对我会有什么好处，对那模仿我的思想又有什么好处呢。当爱尔兰人（贝克莱）的追随者们用一顶没底的轿子抬他去赴宴时，他说：“天哪，若不是为了去赴宴，我宁肯走着去。”这里也是如此：若不是为了被模仿，我宁肯不被模仿。模仿是一种真实的认知模式（因为一些很奇怪的原因，当代的先验论者们争先恐后地对此予以否认）；但是，当我们越过模仿，回头再说到未被命名的一致的方式时，这种方式被明确地认为既不是模仿的过程，也不是引导或适应的过程，或其他任何可从实用主义角度进行定义的过程，那么，要求与什么相“一致”，以及为什么要“一致”，都同样无法理解。“模仿”的内容与动机都难

以想象。这绝对是一种毫无意义的抽象过程。（我还记得里克特教授在很久从前就放弃了整个建立在与实在相一致的基础之上的真理观。在他看来，实在是任何与真理一致的东西，而真理只以我们的主要义务为基础。这种异想天开的思想飞跃，再加上约阿希姆先生在其所著的《真理的本性》一书里坦率承认了失败，在我看来都似乎标志着理性主义在处理这个问题上的彻底失败。里克特在他所谓的“相对论”的标题之下谈到了部分实用主义的观点。在此，我无法讨论他的文章，但我只想说，他在那一章节中所提出的观点是那样站不住脚，简直令人难以相信是出自他这样一个一般认为很有能力的作者之手。）

毫无疑问，在真理这个领域里，宇宙理性真正的辩护人是实用主义者，而不是理性主义者。

第七讲 实用主义与人本主义

唯一真理的概念。席勒对“人本主义”的阐述。任何新真理都必须考虑的三种现实。“考虑”是模棱两可的。很难发现绝对独立的现实。人的贡献无处不在并丰富了已知已有。实用主义与理性主义相对立的实质。理性主义确认世界是超经验的。这种认识的动机。实际头脑的人拒绝这种认识。真正的替代之法。实用主义有调节中介的作用。

在上一讲中我概要勾画出来的真理观，之所以让每一个人都感到冷酷无情，原因就在于这是那种典型的部落偶像，即唯一真理的概念，它被当作唯一的、决定性的、全面的答案，能解答世界所提出的那唯一固定不变的谜题。按一般的传统来说，如果答案玄妙深奥就更好了，这样，答案本身就能唤醒奇迹，使之成为一个第二级的谜，结果不是揭示而是掩盖了它所包含的种种奥秘。关于宇宙之谜所有的那些由单个词组成的答案，如上帝、一元、理智、规律、精神、物质、自然、极性、辩证过程、观点、自我、超灵等，都因为这种玄妙作用而引发人们的无限敬仰。业余哲学爱好者和职业哲学家一样，把宇宙描绘成一种石化的斯芬克斯的奇异形象，他之所以吸引人，就在于不断受到人们对其神力的挑战。唯一真理：这是理性主义思想多么完美的偶像！一位天才而早逝的朋友在他旧日给我的来信中写道：“在任何事物中，科学、艺术、伦理和宗教，必定有一个体系是正确的，而其他所有体系都是错的。”这是多么典型的年少狂热！我们21岁时，都愿意应对如此的挑战，期望发现这样的体系。多数人，即使在后来，也从来没有想过：“唯一真理是什么？”的问题，绝不是真正的问题（它无关所有条件），唯一真理的全部概念是从多数真理的事实中抽象出来的，它只是一个有用的概括性短语，就像唯一的拉丁语或唯一的法律一样。

普通法的法官有时谈论法律，学校老师谈论拉丁语，让他们的听众以为他们在做出决定或讲解单词和句法之前，就先期存在着一些法律和语言，使他们做出判决，或要求他们遵守。但稍微反思一下，我们就会看到，法律和拉丁语都是结果，不是这样的原则。行为合法与不合法，或者语言正确与错误，这些区别是人类具体经验在相互作用中偶然发展起来的；而信仰的真假之分，也就是这样发展起来的。就像成语接种在先前的成语之上，法律接种在先前的法律之上，真理也接种在先前的真理之上，在发展成长的过程中，对先前的真理进行修订。利用先前的法律和一个新案子，法官就能把它们融会贯通，形成新法律。对于先前的成语，新俚语或比喻或能迎合大众口味的妙用法——很快，新成语就出来了。对于先前的真理，找到新的事实——我们的头脑就发现了一个新真理。

然而，我们一直都自以为永恒的事物在不断展现，先前的法律、语法或真理就是闪现出来的，不是逐步创造出来的。但是想象一下，一个青年法官在法庭上用他这种抽象的法律观念来审理案件，或者一个语言审查者在剧场里大谈他的这种母语观念，或者一个教授用他理性主义

的“唯一真理”观来讲解实际的宇宙，而且真理要大写来表示强调，这样的话，他们会带来什么进步呢？他们的真理、法律、语言，只要一接触到新事实，就会蒸发不见了。这些东西，都是在我们发展过程中，自我创造出来的。我们的权利、错误、禁忌、惩罚、词语、形式、成语、信仰，都是不断自我添加的新的创造，其速度和历史进展的速度一样快。法律、语言、真理绝不是先期存在的原理，来推动发展这个过程，它们只不过是过程所产生的结果的抽象名称。

因此，无论如何，法律和语言都被看作是人造的事物。席勒先生把这个类比运用到信仰上，提出用“人本主义”来称呼那种认为我们的真理在某种程度上也是人造结果的学说。来自人的动机让我们的所有问题更尖锐，人的满足潜藏在我们所有的答案中，我们所有的原理都有人为的作用。各种结果中，都摆脱不了这个人为因素，以至于席勒先生有时候看起来几乎要把它当成一个开放式问题：还有没有其他因素呢？他说：“世界基本上是（一种原料），它就是我们创造的样子。如果从它原本是什么或者独立于我们它会是什么，来给它下定义，是没有结果的；它就是被创造出来的样子。因此……世界是可塑的。”（《个人理想主义》，第60页。）他补充道，我们只有尝试才能知道这种可塑性有多大，我们应该从认定它是完全可塑的开始，按照这种假设有条有理地去做，直到确实走不通了，才停下。

这是席勒先生对人本主义立场的开门见山的说法。这让他遭受猛烈的攻击。在这次讲座中，我打算为人本主义者的立场进行辩护，所以这里我会拐弯抹角多说几句。

同任何人一样，席勒先生着重承认在创造真理的每一次实际经验中都有抵制因素的存在，而新创造的特定真理必须考虑并“认同”这些因素。我们所有的真理都是关于“现实”的信仰；在任何特定信仰中，现实都是独立存在的，是一个被发现的东西，而不是被创造的。让我回顾一下上一讲的内容。

“现实”通常是真理必须考虑的对象；（泰勒先生在他的《形而上学基本要素》里，使用了这个极好的实用性的定义。）从这个角度来看，现实的第一部分就是我们的感觉流。感觉是强加给我们的，我们不知道它的来源。我们对它的性质、顺序及数量都基本上无法控制。它们既不真，也不假；它们就存在着。只有我们对它们的说法，我们给它们的名称，我们对它们来源、性质和各种远距离关系的理论，才有真或假。

现实的第二部分，作为我们的信仰也必须乖乖考虑的某种东西，指的是我们的感觉之间或这些感觉在我们头脑里的复制品之间获得的关系。这一部分分成两个次要部分：（1）可变的和偶然的关系，如日期和地点；（2）固定的和基本的关系，因为它们建立在其条件的内在性质上，如相似性和非相似性。两种关系都是直接知觉的问题。两种关系都是“事实”。但是后一种事实，对我们各种认识理论来说，是现实更为重要的次级部分。内在关系也就是“永恒的”关系，任何时候，只要比较

一下它们可感知的条件，就能感受到了。而我们的思想——所谓的数学和逻辑思想，必须永远考虑这些内在关系。

第三部分现实在这些知觉以外（尽管很大程度上以它们为基础），是旧有的真理，而对真理的每一次新探究都要考虑这些旧真理。第三部分的抵制没有那么顽强：它最终通常让步。这里谈到的现实的三个部分永远支配着我们信仰的形成，我只是想让大家想起我们上次讲座的内容。

然而，不管这些现实元素可能有多固定，我们在处理它们的时候，仍然有一定的自由度。以我们的感觉为例。它们存在着，我们无疑不能控制这个事实；但我们在结论中注意哪个，重视哪个，都取决于我们自身的利益；而且因为我们的重点不同，结果出现的真理构成就会大不一样。我们对同样的事实有不同的解读。“滑铁卢”有着同样固定的细节，对英国人来说是“胜利”；对法国人来说则是“失败”。因此，对乐观的哲学家来说，宇宙是胜利；对悲观的哲学家来说，宇宙是失败。

因此，我们对现实的说法，取决于我们放置它的角度。它的实际是它自己的；但它是什么取决于角度；而角度则取决于我们。现实的感觉部分和关系部分都是无声的：它们根本不能为自己说话。是我们必须为它们说话。

感觉的这种失声状态使知性主义者T.H.格林和爱德华·凯尔德把它们差一点就推出哲学的认知范围之外，但实用主义者拒绝做得这么过分。感觉更像是一个当事人，他把案子交给律师，然后在法庭上被动地听着对自己事件的陈述，好听或者不好听，反正是由着律师按其认为最方便的方式去做。

因此，即使在感觉领域，我们的头脑仍有一定的独断性。我们通过取舍，找到感觉领域的界限；通过我们的强调，标出它的显著之处及其背景；通过我们的排序，来从这个角度或那个角度解读。简而言之，我们拿到的是大理石块，但是我们要自己去刻出雕像。

这对现实的“永恒”部分也适用：我们对内在关系的知觉，可以随意摆放，也可以随意排序。我们按各种顺序解读它们，用各种方法对它们进行归类，认为某种知觉更为重要，直到我们对于它们的信仰形成了真理的各个体系，如逻辑学、几何学、算术等。在全部及每一个系统中，整体的形式和顺序都极其明显是人为的。

因此，我们不用说人类的生活行为给现实增加了新事实，他们已经把自己的思想方式印刻在现实的整个第三部分上，也就是我称为“旧有的真理”那一部分。每个小时都带来新知觉，有自己的感觉和关系事实，需要认真加以考虑；但是我们过去整体上对这些事实的处理已经是建立在旧有的真理之上。因此，没有经过人的处理而让我们感知到的只有现实前两部分中最细、最新的部分，而那一小部分也立即会经过人的处理，

与早已经人处理过的大部分相融合、相适应。事实上，如果没有一个对可能出现的印象预先存在的概念，我们几乎不可能得到任何印象。

如果我们说现实“独立”于人类思想之外，那么，这种现实看起来很难找到。它归结为刚刚进入经验的那个尚未定名的概念，或者归结为经验中某些想象的原始存在，而我们还没有对这些存在产生任何信仰，也没有对这些存在进行任何概念化。它是绝对失声的、短暂的，是我们思想的理想极限。我们能瞥见它，但永远抓不住它；我们抓住的总是它的一些替代物，先前的人类思想已经将其消化、烹调以促进我们的吸收。如果能用一个很粗俗的词语来表达，我们可以说，不管是在哪里发现了它，它都已经被造假了。席勒先生说独立的现实不过是一个不抵抗的（原料），只是让我们随意创造，就是这个意思。

这就是席勒先生对可感受到的现实核心的信仰。我们“遭遇”现实（用布莱德利的话），但不拥有它。表面上听起来，这像是康德的观点；但是，在自然开始之前就闪现的范畴，与在自然界里逐渐形成的范畴，这两者之间就彰显了理性主义和经验主义的巨大鸿沟。对真正的“康德派”来说，席勒先生与康德先生总是像萨梯与许珀里翁一样。

其他的实用主义者可能会对现实可感知的核心部分有更为积极的信仰。他们可能会认为，剥去层层人造的外在包装，就能够找到现实的独特本质。他们可以创造一些理论，告诉我们现实的起源及其所有情况；如果这些理论让人满意，它们就是真的。超验的理想主义者说，没有什么核心，最终完成的外在包装就是现实与真理的一体。经院哲学还在教导我们说，那个核心是“物质”。伯格森教授、海曼斯、斯特朗和一些其他人都相信有核心，并勇敢地尝试给核心下定义。

杜威先生和席勒先生把核心当作一种“界限”。所有这些不同的解释，或者其他类似的解释，除非有一个是能最终证明是最让人满意的，否则，哪一个更真呢？一方面是现实，一方面是对现实的解释，而已经证明这种解释不可能再改进或改变。如果这种不可能性证明是永久的，那么这种解释的真实性就是绝对的。除此之外，我找不到真理还有其他内容。如果那些反实用主义的人还有其他的解释，那就以上天的名义，请他们拿出来，请他们让我们看看吧！

因为它不是现实，而只是我们关于现实的信仰，它就包含人的因素，但是，只有在任何事物都可以认识的意义上，这些人的因素才会知道那些非人的因素。是河造就了岸，还是岸造就了河？人走路，是以右腿为主，还是以左腿为主？我们在认知经验的增长过程中，同样无法做到把现实与人的因素隔离开来。

我们就把这当作人本主义立场一开始的简单说明吧。它看起来自我矛盾吗？如果是的话，我会用几个例子来说明其可能性，让你们对这个主题有更全面的认识。

在许多熟悉的事物中，大家都能看出人的因素。我们以各种方式来认知特定的现实，来适应我们的目的，而现实被动地接受我们的认知。你可以认为27这个数字是3的立方，或者是3和9的乘积，或者是26加1的和，或者是100减去73的差，或者还有其他无数的方法来得到27，而这些方法都是真的。你也可以看一个棋盘，它是白底黑方块，或者是黑底白方块，两种认知都是对的。你可以把这个附图《大卫星》看作一颗星，或者是两个交叉的大三角形；或者是正六边形的各个补角线延长，或者是六个等边三角形的顶尖相接在一起，等等。所有这些都是真的看法——纸上的可感知的那个并不排斥其中任何一种看法。一条直线，你可以说它向东，或者向西，而直线本身对两种描述都能毫不拒绝地接受，并没有对这种不一致表示反对。

我们把天上的星划分成群，称之为星座，而这些星都耐心忍受我们这么做——尽管它们如果知道我们所做的事情，有些星也许会对我们给它们分配的伙伴感到很吃惊。同样一个星座，我们给它不同的名字，可以是“查理的战车”，“大熊星座”，或者是“长柄勺”。这些名称都没错，都一样真，因为它们都一样适用。

所有这些例子里，我们都给一些可感知的现实人为地添加了一些东西，而现实也都容忍了。所有的增加物也都与现实“相符”；它们适应现实，也丰富了现实。没有一个是错的。哪一个可以看作更为真实，完全取决于人怎么用它。如果27是抽屉里的美元数目，而之前放进去的是28元，那它就是28减1的结果。如果它是一个架子的英寸数，而我想往里插入一个26英寸宽的木板，那它就是26加1的结果。如果我想用所看到的星座来使上天更庄严，那“查理的战车”要比“长柄勺”更为真实。我的朋友弗里德里克·米尔斯曾幽默地表示气愤，说那个惊人的星群为什么让我们美国人只想起了一种烹调用具呢？

我们究竟把什么称作一个物呢？正像划分星座一样，我们划分所有的事物,来适应人类的需要，所以，这看起来很随意。就我而言，这里的整个“听众”就是一个物，一会儿专心，一会儿躁动。现在我不需要考虑听众中的每个个体，所以，我就不对个体进行考虑。一支“军队”、一个“国家”，也都如此。但是，女士们，先生们，在你们自己眼里，把你们叫做“听众”，是对你们的一种偶然称呼。对你们而言，永恒真正的物是你们每个人。但对一个解剖学家而言，那些人不过是许多机体，而真正的物是各种器官。而对组织学家而言，真正的物还不是器官，是组成器官的各种细胞；再从化学家的眼光来看，真正的物不是细胞，而是细胞的各种分子。

因此，我们就把可感知的现实流人为地分割成各种物。我们创造了我们各种真假命题的主语部分。

我们也创造了谓语部分。许多物的谓语部分只表示物与我们及我们情感之间的关系。当然，这些谓语部分是人给附加的。恺撒渡过卢比孔河，威胁到了罗马共和国的自由。恺撒也是让美国学生讨厌的人，学生

对他作品的反应使他成为让人生厌的人。对他来说，这些新增加的谓语部分和之前的谓语部分都是真的。

你看，一个人发现人本主义的原理是多么自然：你根本不可能排除人的贡献。我们的名词和形容词都是人为处理过后的产物，我们把它们形成理论，理论的内部顺序和排列全受人类思考的支配，理性知识的一致性也是其中之一。数学和逻辑本身，因为人为的重新排列而酝酿改变；物理学、天文学和生物学，也在很大程度上依赖人的喜好。我们带着我们先辈和自己已经建立起来的信仰，投入到新经验的领域之中；这些信仰决定我们注意什么；我们注意到什么，决定我们做什么；我们做了什么，又决定我们经历什么；因此，这些因果相互联系，尽管有一个可感知的现实流一直存在，但它从头至尾在很大程度上就是我们自创的。

我们不可避免地丰富了现实流。但重要的问题是：有了我们所添加的附加物，现实是升值还是贬值了？我们添加的这些附加物，有没有价值呢？假设一个宇宙有七颗星，除了还有三个观察者及其评论者，别无其他。一个观察者把这些星叫做“大熊”；一个把它们叫做“查理的战车”；第三个把它们叫做“长柄勺”。哪一个人所添加的附加物使这个七颗星星所在的宇宙空间变得最好呢？如果弗里德里克·米尔斯是那个评论者，他会毫不犹豫地“拒绝”那个美国的观察者。

洛采在几个地方已经做了深刻的暗示。他说，我们天真地以为我们的思想和现实之间有一种关系，而这种关系也许和真正的关系正好相反。我们自然地以为，现实是现成的、完整的，我们的理论只有一个简单的任务，就是如实描写已经存在的现实。但洛采问，我们的描写本身，难道不就是对现实的重要附加吗？先前现实的存在，其目的远远不是为了能在我们的知识中未加改变地重现它，而是为了激发我们的思维给出一些将提高宇宙整体价值的附加物，难道这样不可以吗？欧肯教授在什么地方曾经说过“提高已经被发现的存在”，让人想起伟大的洛采所提出的这个说法。

它和我们实用主义的概念完全一样。在我们认知世界和行为的生活中，我们具有创造性。我们对现实的主语部分和谓语部分都添加了“附加物”。世界其实是可塑造的，等着我们对它进行最后的修饰。和上帝之城一样，世界甘心情愿忍受人的破坏。人将各种真理降生到这个世界上。

无可否认，这样一种作用，使我们作为思想家的尊严和责任感都增加了。对我们某些人来说，它证明是一种最鼓舞人心的概念。意大利实用主义的领袖西格娜·帕皮尼，对这个概念带来的前景，对人类这种神圣的创造力，表现得非常狂热。

实用主义和理性主义之间差异的重要性，现在能够全部看到了。基本的差别是，理性主义的现实从来都是现成的、完整的，而实用主义的现实仍然还在创造中，它的一部分面貌需要未来去创造。一方认为宇宙

是绝对稳定的，另一方则认为宇宙还在进行各种冒险尝试。

这种人本主义观点，让我们陷入很大的麻烦，因此围绕它产生很多误解也毫不奇怪。人们指责它是一种善变的学说。比如，布莱德利先生说，一个人本主义者，如果了解他自己的学说，就一定“坚持认为，任何一个目的，不管有多么扭曲，只要我本人坚持，就一定是理性的；任何一个观点，不管有多么疯狂，只要有人坚决认为它是真理，那它就一定是真理。”人本主义者眼里的“现实”，是有抵抗力的，但还是可以改造的。这种现实像是一种能量，控制我们的思维，必须不断地加以考虑（尽管不一定是单纯去复制）。很明显，这种现实观很难介绍给初学者。这让我想起我个人曾经经历过的情况。我曾经写过一篇文章，有关我们信仰的权利，很不幸，我把它叫做信仰的意志。所有的批评家都不管文章内容，却抓住标题不放。他们认为，从心理学上讲，它不可能；从道德上讲，它不公正。他们还打趣地用“欺骗的意志”、“假装的意志”来给文章换名字。

在我们现在所有的实用主义和理性主义之间，到底选择哪一个，这不再是一个认识论的问题，而是关于宇宙本身结构的问题。

在实用主义一方，宇宙只有一个版本，没有完成，各个地方还在成长，尤其是那些有思想的人正在努力工作的地方。

在理性主义一方，一个宇宙有很多版本，一个是真实的、无限的，或者是精装的、永远完整的版本；然后还有许多有限的版本，各自充满了各种各样的误读、歪曲，和残缺。

因此，与其对立的形而上学的一元和多元假设又回到我们面前。剩下的时间，我会详细说明它们之间的区别。

首先我要说，在选择站在哪一边时，不可能看不到它们有一个气质上的差别。激进的理性主义者带有空谈及专断的色彩：“一定是”这个词从不离口。理性主义的宇宙的“脐带”一定是紧的。而激进的实用主义者则是逍遥自在的无政府主义派。如果他必须像第欧根尼那样住在木桶里，即使是桶箍得不紧，桶缝漏进阳光，他也根本不会介意。

现在这种松散的宇宙观震动了典型的理性主义者，正像“言论自由”会震动俄国出版审查局的资深官员，或者“简化拼写法”会震动一个老年女教师。这也像成群的新教教派会震动天主教旁观者一样。它看起来没有脊梁，没有原则，就像旧式法国正统派或人民神权论的狂热信奉者看待政治上的“机会主义”一样。

对多元实用主义来说，真理在一切有限经验里成长。它们相互依赖，但整体上来说，如果真有这么一个整体的话，却并不依赖什么。所有“家园”都存在于有限的经验里；有限经验本身无依无靠。除经验流之外，没有任何东西能保证获得真理。它只有从自身内在的希望和潜力中可以指望获得拯救。

对理性主义者来说，这描述了一个到处流浪、漂浮不定的世界，没有能给大象或乌龟落脚的地方。它就是抛向天空的一群星球，连个重心都没有。在生活的其他范围内，确实我们都已经习惯于生活在一种相对不稳定的状态。“国家”的权威，绝对“道德规范”的权威，都已经将自身转化成各种权宜之计，神圣的教堂也已经将自身转化成“聚会场所”。但在哲学的课堂上，还不是这样。宇宙要有我们这样的人来参与创造真理，世界要由我们这样的机会主义和我们这样的个人来判断！对比之下，爱尔兰自治将会是一个千禧年。就像菲律宾人“配得上自治”一样，我们也配得上管理我们这个地方。在哲学上，这样的世界将不会受人尊敬。在大多数哲学教授的眼里，它就是一个没有标签的箱子，没有项圈的狗。

那么，在这些教授看来，什么才能让松散的宇宙紧凑起来呢？

这个东西，能支撑那有限的多，能维系它，统一它，稳定它。某种不受意外因素影响的东西，某种永恒不变的东西。经验中可变的部分一定是建立在不变之上的。在我们现实世界、行为世界的背后，一定有一个法律上的复制版世界，是固定的、先前就存在的。现在能发生的，其实都已经潜藏在那里，每一滴血，每一个最微小的东西，都是已经指定的、准备好的、盖了章且加了印，绝对没有变化的机会。我们在这个下面世界里所不能实现的理想，其本身一定是在绝对现实中被否定的。单凭这个，就能让宇宙坚定稳固。这是让万物安息的大海深处。我们生活在波涛汹涌的海面上；但我们的锚就停靠这深处，因为它紧紧抓住了海底的岩石。这是华兹华斯所说的“在无穷躁动之中，安居着永恒的平静”。这是维威克南达所说的神秘的一，我之前给大家读过。这是大写的现实，永恒的现实，永远胜利的现实。这是那些提倡原则的人，以及那些我在第一讲里叫做空想派的所有人，他们认为自己应该做出的假设。

而这正是那一讲里那些实际派所称呼为荒诞的、抽象崇拜的东西。实际派认为自始自终都要事实。正如我青年时代哈佛大学的老朋友，实际派的经验主义者乔恩西·赖特过去常说的，在裸露的现象事实背后，什么都没有。理性主义者坚持说，事实背后有那些事实的依据和事实的可能性，而更为实际的经验主义者就指责他只是拿一个事实的名称和性质来当作一个复制的实体，贴在事实背后，来使它成为可能。那种用骗人的依据来说明道理，是众人皆知的。一次外科手术时，我听到一个旁观者问医生，为什么病人呼吸那么重。医生回答说：“因为乙醚是呼吸刺激剂。”那个旁观者“噢！”了一声，好像解释让他很欣慰。但这就像说，氰化钾杀人，因为它是“毒药”；或者说今晚很冷，因为现在是“冬天”；或者说，我们有五个指头，因为我们是“五指动物”。这些都不过只是事实的名称，从事实中来，然后被当作是事先存在的能解释事实的理由。在激进的实际派看来，空想派这种绝对现实的概念就是按这个模式套出来的。它不过是我们对全部铺开相连的现象整体的一个概括性名称，好像被当作是一个不同的实体，既是一体，又事先存在。

你们看，人们对事物的看法有多么不同。我们生活的世界分散存

在，以无限众多的个体形式而分布，以各种方式、各种程度相联系；实际派的人完全愿意就这么看待它们。他们可以忍受这样的世界，他们的气质非常适应这种不稳定性。但空想派就不是这样了。空想派必须要用“另一个更好”的世界来支持我们生活的这个世界。在那另一个更好的世界里，那些个体形成了一个整体，那个整体就是一个个体，它在逻辑上事先假设、相互关联、相互稳定，毫无例外。

我们作为实用主义者，就必须是实际派吗？或者，我们能够把世界的绝对版本看作是一种合理的假设吗？它当然合理，因为不管我们是抽象去看，还是具体去看，它都是可以想象的。

我说抽象去看，就是把它放到我们有限生活的背后，就像我们把“冬天”一词放到今晚的寒冷天气背后一样。“冬天”只是代表一段日子的名称，这些日子一般以寒冷为特征，但也并不保证一定就会寒冷，因为明天我们的温度计可能会猛升到华氏70度以上。然而，这个词还是有用的，可以让我们投入到我们的经验流程中去。它终止某些可能性，开始其他的可能性：你可以把草帽收起来；你可以拿出冬天用的橡胶套靴。它概括了你要寻找的种种东西。它是自然常态之一的名称，让你为它的后续状态做好准备。它是从经验中提取出来的一种功能明确的工具，是你必须加以考虑的概念化的现实，它把你完全反射回到那些可感知的现实中去。实用主义者最不可能否认这种抽象的现实。它们正是建立在过去经验的大量积累之上。

但是具体去看世界的绝对版本，就意味着一个不同的假设。理性主义者具体看待它，将它与世界的有限版本对立起来。他们赋予它一个特别的性质。它是完美的，有了结局的。在那个世界里，知一物，就知万物；而这个世界里，蒙昧无所不在，与那个世界完全相反。那里，如果缺少什么，也就一定能有什么让它满足。这里，一切都是过程；那里，世界是永恒的。我们的世界，凡事都讲可能性；在绝对的世界里，凡是没有的，那是因为它本来就永远不可能有，凡是有的，那是必然有的，可能性的范畴根本就不适用。在这个世界里，犯罪和恐惧是令人后悔的。而在那个一体化的世界里，没有什么可后悔的，因为“邪恶的暂时存在正是永恒秩序完美的条件”。

我再说一次，在实用主义者眼里，上面两个假设都是合理的，因为它们都有用处。抽象来看绝对世界的概念，或者就像看冬天这个词，它是对过去经验的一种记录，引导我们向未来看，绝对世界的概念是不可或缺的。具体来看，这个概念也是不可或缺的，至少对一些人来说，因为它决定了这些人的宗教，它经常能改变他们的生活，而且通过改变他们的生活，也改变一切依赖于他们生活的外界事物。

我们不能因此就加入了实际派，也从方法论上拒绝在我们有限经验之外有另一个世界的全部概念。对实用主义的一个误解，就是把它和实证的实际派思想等同起来，认为实用主义蔑视理性主义的每一个概念，认为这些概念含糊不清、装模作样，还认为实用主义热爱理智上的无政

府状态，愿意要一种狼性世界，绝对无法无天，野蛮疯狂，没有主人，没有项圈，而不是任何哲学课堂的产物。在这些讲座中，我已经说过很多话，反对过度空想的理性主义，我也对会产生的一些误解有思想准备，但是我承认，在座的听众竟然有这么多误解，还是让我很吃惊，因为我已经同时对理性主义的假设进行过辩护，就是那些能有效指引大家重新回到经验中去的理性主义假设。

比如，今天早上，我收到一张明信片，上面问我："一个实用主义者必定是一个彻底的唯物主义者和不可知论者吗？"我的一个老朋友，本来他应该更了解我，结果他给我写了一封信，指责我所推荐的实用主义，说它不能让大家看到所有更宽广的形而上学观点，迫使大家沦落为庸俗的自然主义者。让我选几段给大家读一下。

我的朋友写道："在我看来，对实用主义的实用式反驳，就在于它可能会使思想狭隘的人更加狭隘。

"你号召大家反对那些软弱空虚，当然是鼓舞人心的。但是，尽管知道一个人应该对他语言和思想的直接结果和影响负责，是有益的，让人激动，但我还是拒绝被剥夺享有那些较远结果和影响的乐趣，而实用主义的倾向正是要拒绝这种权利。

"简而言之，对我来说，实用主义倾向的局限性或者危险，和那些'自然科学'的盲目追随者面临的局限性和危险一样。化学和物理有非常显著的实用性，许多热爱它们的人，对它们从度量衡方面提供的数据沾沾自喜，而对一切哲学和形而上学的学习者是无比地怜悯和蔑视。当然，任何事物都——多少可以'从理论上'——用化学和物理方法来表达，也就是说，除了宇宙整体那至关重要的原则之外的万物都可以。他们还说，去表达这个原则并没有任何实用主义的用途；对他们而言，这个原则没有任何结果。就我个人而言，我不相信我们就不能超越自然主义者和实用主义者那个明显的多元论，而追求一个他们不感兴趣的逻辑统一。"

在我讲完第一讲和第二讲之后，对于我所提倡的实用主义，怎么还会有这样的看法呢？我一直都很明确地把实用主义当作空想派和实际派之间的一个中和调节者。如果"先于事物的世界"这个概念可以表明对我们的生活有任何结果的话，它就有意义，而不用管是像冬天一词那样抽象地去看它，还是像对一个"绝对"的假设那样具体去看它。对实用主义来说，如果这意义起作用，它就会有一些真理，这真理在所有可能的重新表述中就应该得到坚持。

绝对主义论的假设认为完美是永恒的、本来就有的、最真的，该假设有一种完全确定的意义，而且在宗教上起作用。要考察它如何在宗教上起作用，是我下一讲，也就是最后一讲的主题。

第八讲 实用主义与宗教

绝对意志的功用。惠特曼的诗《给您》。两种理解方式。我朋友的来信。必然性对可能性。定义“可能性”。有关拯救世界的三种观点。实用主义是世界向善论。我们可以创造现实。世界为什么是这样？创造之前假定的选择。健康和病态的回答。宗教的“空想”和“实际”类型。实用主义起调和中介的作用。

上一讲结束时，我曾提醒过大家，我在第一讲中对比了空想派和实际派，也建议把实用主义当作它们之间的调和中介。实际派断然拒绝空想派的假设，后者认为宇宙有一个永恒完美的版本与我们有限的经验并存。

按照实用主义原则，任何一个假设，如果其后果对生活有用，我们就不能拒绝它。普遍概念，作为要考虑的事物，对实用主义来说，可以跟具体的感觉一样真实。如果它们没有任何用处，就没有任何意义和任何真实性。但是如果它们有任何用处，它们就有那么多的意义。如果那用处与生活的其他用处能协调一致，它的意义就是真实的。

绝对意志的用处是由人类宗教史的全部过程来证明的。永恒的臂膀一直在护佑它。还记得维威克南达用过宇宙本质一词：这其实并不是一个科学的用法，因为我们从这里得不到任何具体的推论。它完全是感性的、精神的。

讨论事物，最好是借助具体例子。所以，让我读一下惠特曼的《给您》这首诗——“您”当然指的是这首诗的任何一个读者或听者。

不论您是谁，我现在，以您为诗；我贴近您的耳，向您低语，我爱过众多男女，但我还是最爱您。

噢！我一直沉默迟疑；我早就该直接找到您；我本不该乱谈别的，应该只谈您；我本不应该歌颂别的，应该只歌颂您。

我要抛弃一切，来赞歌您；谁也不曾了解您，惟我了解您；谁也不曾公正对待您——您也没有公正对待自己；谁都说您不完美——惟我发现您完美。

噢！我为您的光辉与荣耀歌唱！您不曾了解您自己——您一生对自己都如同在梦里；您所做的一切，换来的是嘲笑。

但那些嘲笑的并不是您；在嘲笑后面，在嘲笑之间，我隐约看到您；我追寻您，到无人追寻过您的地方；沉默、桌案、轻浮的表情、黑夜、循规蹈矩，如果这些使别人看不到您，或使您也看不到自己，但它们却不能让我看不到您；刮干净的面孔、不定的眼神、不纯的肤色，如果这些阻挡了别人，它们却阻挡不住我；穿戴无礼、态度不端、醉酒、

贪婪、早死，一切我都不管。

男女的一切天赋，您无一不有；男女的一切品德、美貌，您都能媲美；别人有的坚毅、勇敢，您同样具备；等候别人的快乐，也同样等候着您。

不管您是谁！您应该不顾一切表现您自己！与您比起来，那些东西方的景物都平淡；那些广袤的草原——那些无尽的江河——您和它们一样宏伟无限；您是它们的男女主人，您自己就是自然、要素、痛苦、激情、灭亡的男女主宰。

脚栓从您的脚踝掉落——您有始终不变的满足；不为众人接受的男女、老幼、粗鲁、卑微，不管您是什么，总是表明您自己；通过出世、生活、死亡、埋葬，一切方法都有，什么都不缺；通过愤怒、损失、雄心、愚昧、厌倦，人们会清楚您是谁。

真是一首优美动人的诗，但可以有两种方法来解读它，两种都有用。

一种是一元法，就是对纯粹宇宙情感的神秘看法。那些光辉与荣耀，即使您的外表污损了，它们还绝对是您的。不管您发生什么，不管您外表如何，就内在而言，您是安全的。回顾并依靠您存在的真正原则！这就是著名的寂静主义和冷淡主义的方法。其反对者把它比作精神鸦片。然而，实用主义者必须尊重这个方法，因为历史上有大量为之辩护的证据。

但是实用主义认为另一种方法也值得尊重，那就是对这首诗的多元论阐释。诗中的“您”有如此荣耀，被人赞颂，就表面上来说，可以指您有更好的可能性，或者甚至指您的失败给您自己或别人带来的特定赎罪效应。也可能指您对您所敬仰爱戴的其他人种种可能性的忠诚，您乐意接受自己贫苦的一生，因为这样的一生就是那荣耀的伙伴。对这样一个全新美妙的世界，您至少可以欣赏、喝彩、充当听众。忘掉您自己的卑微，只想自己的高尚。让您的生命与那高尚等同起来；这样，愤怒、损失、愚昧、厌倦，无论您因此成为什么，无论您因此内心最深处是什么，都会找到自己的道路。

不管用哪一种方法来解读这首诗，它都鼓励我们对自己忠诚。两种方法都让我们满足；都尊崇人性。两种方法都把您的肖像画在了金质背景上。但第一种方法的背景是静态的一，而第二种方法则意味着多种可能性、确实的可能性，它包含这一概念的所有不安定因素。

两种解读方法都很高尚；但明显多元法最符合实用主义的气质，因为它立刻让我们想起未来经验细节的数目是无限的。它使我们开始许多具体的活动。虽然跟第一种方法比起来，第二种方法看上去单调平凡，但没有人能指责说它属于实际派里的粗暴一类。但是，作为实用主义者，如果你一定要把第二种方法与第一种方法对立起来，你就很有可能

遭到误解。人们会指责你，说你否认更高尚的概念，说你是实际派最糟糕一类的同伙。

你们还记得，我在上次讲座里曾给大家念过几段某位听众的来信。这里，让我给大家读一读另外一部分。这封信表明，对我们面前的选择，人们的认识是模糊的，而这种现象我认为很普遍。

和我通信的朋友写道："我相信多元论；我相信在寻求真理的过程中，我们是在一片无边的大海上，从一块浮冰跳到另一块浮冰上，每一次行动，我们都使新真理成为可能，旧真理变成不可能；我相信每一个人都有责任让宇宙变得更加美好，而如果大家不这么做，宇宙就不会向着这一方向发展。

"但同时，我愿意忍受自己的孩子得了不治之症的痛苦（事实上他们没有），忍受我自己的愚蠢而且还有足够的智力知道自己愚蠢，只是必须有一个条件，就是我要能够在想象中用思维建构出一个所有事物的理性统一，使我能看到我的行为、思想和烦恼被世界上所有其他的现象所补充，而且补充之后，能形成一个我自己所赞成和采用的体系。对我来说，我不相信，在自然主义者和实用主义者的明显多元论之外，就找不到一个合乎逻辑的统一性。尽管对这个统一性，自然主义者和实用主义者都毫无兴趣。"

这样一种个人信仰的优美表达，温暖了听众的心。但它能在多大程度上让听众有清晰的哲学头脑呢？对这首有关世界的诗，来信者是始终赞成一元论的解释，或者始终赞成多元论的解释呢？他说，如果有其他现象提供的补救措施来进行补充，他的烦恼就得到了抵偿。很明显，这里来信者是向前看经验的具体内容，并是用多元的社会改善论的方法来尽心解读的。

但他认为自己是向后看的。他谈到自己所说的事物的理性统一，然而他实际上指的是它们可能在实证之上的统一化进程。他同时还假设，既然实用主义者批评理性主义抽象的一，就得不到因为相信具体众多能带来的拯救机会所给的安慰。简而言之，世界的完美是必然原理，还仅是一种可能的结果，他分不清楚。

我认为这封信的作者是一个真正的实用主义者，但他并不知道自己是个实用主义者。在我看来，他是我在第一讲中提到的众多哲学业余爱好者的一员，他希望所有好的事情继续进行，而不用太关心它们是否彼此一致。"所有事物的理性统一"是一个如此令人鼓舞的公式，他就随手拿来挥舞使用，而且抽象地指责多元论，说它与这个公式有冲突（光看名称，确实有冲突），尽管他的实际意思就是实用主义所指的统一且向善的世界。对此，我们大多数人基本上还是模糊的，这也很正常；但是，为了让头脑清晰，我们中的一些人再进一步也是应该的，所以，现在我要把重点更多一点地放在在这个特定的宗教问题上。

那么，对这些众多“您”中的“您”，这个绝对真实的世界，这个给我们提供道义上的鼓舞且具有宗教价值的统一性，我们应该是去一元地看待，还是多元地看待呢？它先于事物存在，还是在事物之中存在？它是原理还是目的？是绝对的还是最终的？是最初的还是最后的？它让你往前看，还是往后靠？不把这两件事混成一谈，肯定是有价值的，因为清楚二者的区分，将会发现它们对人生具有截然不同的意义。

请注意，用实用主义来看，整个困境都以有关世界的种种可能性的概念为核心。从理智上来讲，理性主义提出用其绝对统一性原则来解释许多事实之可能性的理由。从情感上来讲，它把这个绝对统一性原则作为可能性的容器和限制器，一个良好结局的保证。按照这个看法，绝对意志使所有的好事物变得确定，所有坏事物变得不可能（即在永恒意义上），也可以说它把整个可能性范畴变成了更有稳定性的多个范畴。这里，可以看到两类人之间巨大的宗教差异：一派坚持认为世界必定且将会得救，一派则愿意相信世界可能得救。因此，理性主义和实证主义宗教的整个冲突，就在这个可能性的有效性上。因此，有必要开始把注意力放到可能性这个词上。“可能的”这个词会有什么确切的意思呢？

对浅薄的人来说，“可能的”意味着存在的第三种状态，没有存在真实，但比不存在更真实，是一种黄昏世界，一个混合状态，一个临界边缘，现实经常由此出入。当然，这样的概念太模糊、太空洞，差强人意。这里，也和其他地方一样，提取一个术语的定义的唯一途径就是采用实用主义的方法。如果你说一个事物是可能的，会带来什么差异呢？

至少有这么一种差异：如果有人说它是不可能的，你可以反驳他；如果有人说它是真实的，你可以反驳他；如果有人说它是必然的，你也可以反驳他。但是，这些反驳的权利并没有什么太多的意义。如果你说一件事物是可能的，它难道不能在实际事实方面带来一些更进一步的差异吗？

它至少带来这个差异：如果这句话为真，那么就可以说，任何现存的东西都不能阻止这个可能的事物。因此可以说，不存在真正的干扰理由让事物变得不可能，也就是说在空洞的或抽象的意义上是可能的。

但是大多数的可能性不是空的，它们有具体的理由，或者如我们所说，它们的理由很充分。这在实用主义上又是什么意思呢？它的意思是，不但不存在妨碍的条件，事实上，还有一些产生这个可能事物的条件存在。因此，一个具体的、可能的小鸡就意味着：（1）鸡的概念不存在任何基本的自相矛盾；（2）周围没有任何男孩、黄鼠狼或其他敌人；（3）至少存在一个真正的鸡蛋。可能的小鸡意味着真正的蛋——加上真正的孵小鸡的母鸡，或孵化器，或其他什么东西。这些实际条件越接近完备，小鸡成为可能性的理由也就越来越充分。如果所有条件都完全具备，它就不再是可能性了，它成为一个真正的事实。

让我们把这个概念运用到拯救世界。在实用主义的意义上，如果说

世界得救是可能的是什么意思呢？它的意思是，世界得救的某些条件确实存在。这些得救的条件存在得越多，而阻碍条件越少，得救的可能性就越高，得救的事实就越很有可能出现。

我们对可能性的初步了解就先到这里。

现在，如果有人说我们的思想必须对世界得救一类的问题保持超然和中立，就会违背生活的精神本身。谁要假装中立，谁就表明自己是愚蠢的、虚伪的。我们都真的希望把宇宙的不稳定性降到最低；当我们认为宇宙面对各种敌人，接受各种摧毁生命的打击时，我们会，也应该会，感到不高兴。然而，有一些不快乐的人，他们认为世界不可能得救。他们的哲学就是所谓的悲观主义。

反过来，乐观主义则认为世界一定会得救。

在两者之间的是可以被称作世界向善论的观点，尽管直到现在，它更多地被认为是对人类事件的一种态度，而不是一个主义。乐观主义一向都是欧洲哲学的主流思想。悲观主义只是最近才由叔本华介绍给大家，还没有几个为之做系统辩护的拥护者。世界向善论认为，世界的得救，既非必然，也非不可能。它认为这是一种可能性，如果得救的实际条件越来越多，那得救成为事实就很有可能了。

很清楚，实用主义必然倾向于世界向善论。世界得救的一些条件确实已经存在，她不可能看不到这个事实：如果剩余条件也具备了，得救就会成为一个实现了的现实。自然，我在这里使用的这些术语都非常具有概括性。你可以用自己喜欢的各种方法来解释“得救”一词，把它当作散开的、分布的，或者是一个积变的、整体的现象。

比如，这间教室里的每个人都怀抱理想，愿意为之生活和奋斗。每一个实现的理想，都将是世界得救的一个时刻。但是这些具体的理想不是空洞而抽象的可能性。它们都有根据，他们都是鲜活的可能，因为我们就是它们活生生的成功者和保证。如果有了一些补足条件，我们的理想就会成为现实。那么，补足条件是什么呢？它们首先是事物的一个混合体，会在适当的时候给我们机会，一个我们可以利用的间隙，最终，就是我们的行为。

有了机会，有了可以利用的间隙，我们的行动就会使得世界得救吗？我们的行为，当然不能使整个世界得救，但是不是使它所涉及的那部分世界得救了呢？

现在我要不怕困难，也不管各种流派的众多理性主义者和一元论者，我要问：“为什么不呢？”我们的行为，我们自己看起来创造自己并成长的转身之处，是世界与我们最接近的地方，也是我们与世界最密切、最了解它的地方。为什么我们不应该按照它们的表面价值来看待它们？为什么它们并不像是看到的那样，是真正的世界的转身之处和成长之处呢？为什么它们不是存在的工场，能让我们在那里抓住正在形成之

中的事实，从而让世界不在别处按照其他方式成长？

人们说，这太荒谬！新的存在，怎么可能一点一点、一块一块，随意增删，而和其他部分没有任何关联呢？我们的行为必须有理由，而除了世界整体本质所带来的物质上的压力或逻辑上的强迫，我们还能找到什么最终的理由呢？任何地方的成长，或者似乎看起来像成长，只可能有一个真正的主体，那就是完整的世界本身。如果有成长，它可能是整个部分，但是如果说有个别部分单独成长，那是不合理的。

但是，如果一个人谈到理性以及事物存在的理由，并且坚持认为它们不可能是一点一点出现的，那任何事物的出现，还可能有哪一种的理由？你尽可以随意谈论逻辑、必然性、范畴、绝对以及整个哲学机器工场，但关于任何事物出现的原因，我能想到的唯一真正的理由就是有人希望它出现并存在。有人要求它存在，这要求，也许只能给世界众生哪怕很小的一部分提供救助。这就是生存的理由，而与此相比，物质原因和逻辑必然性都是幽灵一般虚无的事物。

简而言之，唯一完全理性的世界将会是那个有求必应、有心灵感应的世界，在这个世界里，每一个愿望立即就得到满足，而不用考虑或迁就周围或中间的力量。这就是绝对意志自己的世界。他要求有一个可感知的世界，于是就有了一个可感知的世界，不需要任何其他条件。在我们的世界里，个人的愿望只是一个条件。还有怀有其他愿望的其他人，它们也一定要首先得到满足。因此，在这个多的世界里，存在的成长遇到各种阻力，通过一次次妥协，它才渐渐有了组织，形成所谓的次级理性形态。我们只是在生活的少数范围内靠近有求必应的组织形式。我们需要水，就转水龙头。我们需要一张照片，就按下快门。我们需要信息，就打电话。我们需要旅行，就买票。在这些类似的情况中，我们只需要有个愿望，几乎不需要做其他什么——世界已经有合理的安排，来做其余的事情。

但是这个关于合理性的讨论，只是附带说说的题外话。我们一直讨论的观点是，世界的成长不是整体的，而是来自它各个部分的一点一滴的贡献。把这个假设认真想一想，把它当作真的。假设创世者在创世之前问你："我要创造一个世界，但不能确定它能否得救，这个世界的完美性只能是有条件的，这个条件是它的每一个成员都要'竭尽全力'。我给你机会，加入这样的一个世界。你知道，它的安全是没有保障的。这是真正的冒险，有真正的危险，但最后可能取得胜利。这是一个真正需要完成的社会合作计划。你愿意参加吗？你对你自己及其他参与者有足够的信心来面对这次风险吗？"

如果有人建议你加入这样的世界，你会确实因为感到不够安全，而不得不严肃地拒绝吗？你会说自己不愿意做一个根本上是多元的、非理性的宇宙的一分子，而更愿意回到那无名的睡梦中，时不时被试探者的声音唤醒吗？

当然，如果你的心智正常，你决不会这么做。我们大多数人都头脑健全、充满活力，与这样的宇宙正好匹配。因此，我们会接受这个建议——“好极了！一言为定！”它将与我们实际生活的世界一样；而且我们对大自然这个古老的养育者的忠诚，会禁止我们说不。对我们来说，这个设想的世界，看起来将是最“合理的”。

我认为，大多数的人会因此欢迎这个建议，愿意努力帮助创世者。然而，也许有些人就不愿意；因为在每一个人群里，都有一些病态的头脑，在他们看来，只有经过奋斗才能得到安全的宇宙的未来，没有任何吸引力。我们大家都有失落的时刻，那时，我们会厌恶自己，厌倦做徒劳无功的努力。我们自己的生活失败，就采取一种浪荡子的态度。我们不相信事物带来的机会。我们想要一个宇宙，它可以让我们放弃一切，靠在父亲的肩膀上，像一滴水融入河流成海洋一样，让自己被吸收到那绝对的生命中去。

这种时刻最需要安静，也就是能应对有限经验里种种让人困惑事件的安全感。涅磐指的是在这种感觉世界中进行持久冒险时的一种安全感。这是印度教徒和佛教徒的基本态度，他们就是害怕，害怕更多经验，害怕生活。

对这种人，宗教一元论有这种抚慰的说法：“一切都是需要的，一切都是重要的——即使是心灵不健全的你。人人都与上帝是一体的，与上帝一体则皆大欢喜。在有限形态的世界里，不论你看起来是成功还是失败，那永恒的臂膀都在护佑你。”毫无疑问，人们如果被逼到厌倦的极点，绝对主义就是唯一的解救方案。多元论的道德说教只能让他们牙齿打颤，内心冰冷。

所以，我们就具体看到宗教上大相径庭的两个类别。用我们原有的作比较的术语，我们可以说绝对主义的方案吸引空想派，而多元主义的方案吸引实际派。许多人可能会拒绝承认多元主义的方案有任何宗教性。他们把多元主义的方案称为道德主义的，而把宗教性一词只用到一元论方案上。自我放弃意义上的宗教与自我满足意义上的道德主义，被当作互不相容的东西对立起来，这在人类思想史上相当常见。

我们这里就面临着哲学的最后一个问题。在第四讲中我说过，我相信一元和多元的问题是我们头脑所能勾画出的最深刻、最有内涵的问题。它们之间的分离会是最终的吗？只有一方可能是真的吗？多元主义和一元主义真的互不相容吗？因此，如果世界是多元组成的话，如果它真的是由众多分散存在的个体组成的，它只能靠这些分散个体的真正行为结果而一点一点地得救。它的历史如诗如歌，绝没有被一些本质上的一元性所缩短，在这些一元性中，多已经被事先“接纳”且永远“克服”了。如果情况真是这样的话，我们就应该在这两种哲学中选择其一。我们不可能对两种哲学都说：“对，对”。在我们跟可能性之间的关系上，必定有一个“不”字。必须承认，我们最终会失望：在同一个不可分的行为里，我们的心理不可能既健全，又不健全。

当然，作为人，我们的心智可以一天健康，一天不健康；作为哲学的业余初学者，我们也许可以把自己叫做一元的多元论者，或者自由意志的决定论者，或者其他任何具有调和色彩的名称。但是作为哲学家，我们的宗旨是清晰性和一致性，也意识到要使真理与真理相一致的实用主义的必要性，我们就被迫面对这个问题：我们是要坦然接受空想派还是实际派的思想观点。这个问题总是尤其让我深思：空想派的主张，难道没有太过分吗？那个世界已经全部得救的概念，难道不是过分甜美了吗？宗教乐观主义难道不是太理想主义了吗？必须全部都得救吗？得救难道不需要付出任何代价吗？最后的定论真的甜美吗？宇宙中，难道只有“对，对”吗？在生活的核心，难道就没有“不”的事实存在吗？我们认为生活是“严肃的”，它的意思难道不是说生活的一部分是由“不”和“损失”构成的，某些地方一定有真正的牺牲，在事物的最深处一定有永远剧烈和痛苦的东西吗？

我在这里不能正式作为一个实用主义者来说话；我所能说的是，我自己的实用主义并不反对我赞成更倾向于道德主义的观点，并且放弃完全调和的主张。我这么做之所以有可能，与实用主义愿意把多元主义当成一个严肃的假设有关。最终，决定这些问题的，是我们的信仰，而不是我们的逻辑。我拒绝给任何假装的逻辑以权利来否定我自己的信仰。我发现自己乐于接受宇宙真的很危险和富有冒险性的看法，但我并没有因此就喊着“不玩了”，然后退出。我愿意认为，虽然我们在许多历史变迁中采取了那种浪荡子的态度，但这种态度并不是对待整个生活正确的、最终的态度。我愿意认为，应该存在真正的损失和真正的失败者，并不是所有的存在都被保留下来。我能相信这样的理想，它是最终的，而不是最初的，它是提炼出来的部分，而不是全部。把杯子倒空时，总会有残渣永远留下，但是，只要有可能把东西倒出来，也就足够甜美、可以接受。

事实上，人类的无数想象就寄托在这种道德主义的、史诗般的宇宙上，并且发现其众多分散且持续的成功足以满足他们的理性需求。在希腊文选里，有一首翻译得很好的短诗，精巧地表达了这种思想状况，表明接受这种没有得到补偿的损失，即使损失掉的可能就是人自己：

“一个失事的海员，葬身在此岸，他号召大家扬帆。我们虽遇难，但还有许多勇敢的帆船，经受住狂风的考验。”

对于“你愿意为上帝的荣耀而受到诅咒吗？”，那些回答“是”的清教徒就有这种客观、博大的胸怀。根据这种思想，逃避恶的方法不是放弃，也不是把它当成一个基本但“已被克服”的元素整体保留下来。而是要完全把它抛弃掉，扔到外面去，并且超越它，从而有助于创造一个将会忘记“恶”的地位和名字的宇宙。

现在就完全有可能真诚地接受一个猛烈的宇宙，那里不得排除“严肃”的元素。在我看来，不管是谁这么做了，他都是真正的实用主义者。他愿意依靠一种他信赖的、充满各种没有保障的可能性的方案生活；如

果需要，他愿意以自己的生命为代价，以实现他所勾画的理想。

那么，在这样一种宇宙里，他可以信赖并与之合作的其他力量究竟是什么呢？至少他还有和他一样的同胞，他们处在我们现实宇宙已经达到的境界。但是，难道没有一些超人的力量吗，比如那些多元主义类型的宗教人士所一直信仰的力量？他们说："除了上帝，再没有别的上帝。"这听起来像是一元论；但是人类原有的多神论，虽然进步得不完美、很模糊，也已经升华到了一神论。一神论本身，只要它还是宗教，而不是教室里形而上学学者使用的教案，它就永远把上帝只看作是一个帮助者，是伟大世界的命运的所有创造者中最首要的一位。

我担心我之前的讲座都限于人和人本主义方面，可能已经给你们许多人留下一个印象，就是实用主义故意不谈超人因素。我确实对绝对意志表现出的敬意不多。直到现在，我除了绝对意志之外，没有谈到任何其他有关超人的假设。但是，我相信大家都清楚地看到，绝对意志和有神论的上帝，除了都有超人性质以外，没有别的共同点。按照实用主义原则，有关上帝的假设，如果能够在这个词最广泛的意义上所起的作用让人满意，那它就是真的。现在，不管它还有其他什么困难，经验显示它肯定起作用，问题是将它建立起来，确立起来，以便它与其他所有起作用的真理以让人满意的方式结合起来。这次是最后一讲，也快要讲完了，我不能谈整套神学问题；但如果我告诉大家，我已经写过一本关于人类宗教经验的书，总体来说，人们认为这本书是赞同上帝的现实存在的，知道这些，你们也许就不会指责我自己的实用主义是一种无神论体系了。我自己坚决不相信我们人类的经验是宇宙现存经验的最高形式。但我相信，我们和整个宇宙的关系，就像我们的猫、狗类宠物和整个人类生活的关系一样。它们居住在我们的客厅和书房里。它们参与各种活动，但对活动的意义却全然不知。它们只是历史曲线的一根切线，而历史的起点、终点和形状，它们全都不理解。因此，我们也是事物更宏大生命的切线。但是，正像猫和狗的许多理想和我们的理想是吻合的，猫和狗的日常生活都能提供事实的证明，因此，根据宗教经验所提供的证明，我们大可以去相信，有更高的力量存在并发挥作用，按照与我们的理想相似的方向来拯救世界。

你看，你可以说实用主义有宗教性，如果你同意这种宗教是多元的或者只是属于向善的一类。但是，你最终能否容忍这种宗教，就只有你自己能决定了。最终哪一种宗教的作用最大，我们还不能确切知道，所以，实用主义的结论必须往后推。事实上，人类的各种过度信仰，他们的几次信仰尝试，都正是搜集证据所需要的。你们很可能会几个人各自去尝试。如果你是激进的实际派，自然界可感知的那些喧嚣的事物对你也就足够了，你根本就不需要任何宗教。如果你是激进的空想派，就会接受宗教更为一元论的形式：宗教的多元形式依赖的是非必然的可能性，它不能给你提供足够的安全感。

但是，如果你既非极端激进的实际派，也非极端激进的空想派，而是和我们大多数人一样，你的观点是这两种的混合体，那你可能发现，

我所提出的那种多元的、道德主义的宗教，是你们可能找到的最好的一种综合性宗教。一方是未经加工的自然主义，一方是先验的绝对主义，在这两个极端之间，你会发现我所冒昧称为实用主义的有神论或世界向善论的有神论，恰恰正是你所需要的。

Herbert Spencer

THE PHILOSOPHY
OF STYLE

式样哲学

（英）赫伯特·斯宾塞 著
何朝阳 亘亚娟 译

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北京 BEIJING

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu

Beijing, China 100089

http://www.fltrp.com

图书在版编目（CIP）数据

式样哲学 / （英）斯宾塞（Spencer, H.）著；何朝阳，豆亚娟译．—北京：外语教学与研究出版社，2015.10
ISBN 978-7-5135-6800-5

Ⅰ．①式…　Ⅱ．①斯…②何…③豆…　Ⅲ．①英语 - 写作 - 形式主义 - 研究　Ⅳ．①H315

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字（2015）第260605号

出版人　蔡剑峰
责任编辑　刘为华　马爱群
封面设计　孟耕宇
出版发行　外语教学与研究出版社
社　　址　北京市西三环北路19号（100089）
网　　址　http://www.fltrp.com
版　　次　2015年12月第1版
书　　号　ISBN 978-7-5135-6800-5

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举报电话：（010）88817519　电子邮箱：banquan@fltrp.com
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译者序

赫伯特·斯宾塞（1820-1903）是英国维多利亚时期著名的哲学家、生物学家、社会学家和杰出的古典自由政治理论家。他曾提出了囊括一切的进化论概念，亦因在《生物》提出“适者生存”（survival of the fittest）而享誉世界，被奉为“社会达尔文主义之父”。

斯宾塞博学多才，一生笔耕不辍，著作等身，其影响遍及伦理学、宗教学、人类学、经济学、政治学、哲学、生物学、社会学和心理学等领域，其代表作有《社会静力学》（1851）、《合成哲学系统》（1860）、《国家权力与个人自由》（1884）等等。

在他的诸多经典作品中，《式样哲学》（1852）是其为数不多的关于写作和修辞的论著，该书影响巨大，“开创了写作上形式主义的潮流”。该书仅仅一万多字，虽然名曰“哲学”，实际却并不深奥难解，加之作者文风简洁明快，犹如行云流水，用语庄重典雅，句式复杂多变，观点论证逻辑缜密，丝丝入扣，使得斯宾塞的这部作品仿佛有一种魔力，吸引着读者饶有兴味地读下去。

写作就其目的而言，在于表达思想，向读者传递信息。毋庸置疑，文章最重要的方面在于其所表达的思想和传递的信息，其他诸如写作的题材、式样之类则要服务于写作的内容。那么，在写作时应该以什么样的原则为指导来选择式样，以更好地服务于信息的传递和思想的表达呢？斯宾塞《式样哲学》一书，就此问题提出自己独到的见解。

斯宾塞在该书中把语言比作“思想的载体”，认为若要提高该载体的效率，就得尽可能地减少其“摩擦和惯性”。由此，斯宾塞提出，有效作文之道“以一贯之”，在于节省受众的注意力。具体而言，就是要节省受众的脑力和感知力。小到词语的选择，大到句子的排列，抑或整个篇章组织，倘要使语言有力以获得最佳表达效果，行文时无一不得遵守节省受众注意力这一普遍法则。

读到这里，读者或许会问，为什么节省受众受众注意力能增强写作的表达效果？又或者，在遣词造句谋篇时怎样做才能做到节省受众的注意力？亦或者，理想的作家是否就遵守这一法则，他们又是如何写作的？斯宾塞的《式样哲学》，对这些问题给予了完美的诠释。

对于前两个问题，为什么和如何做，斯宾塞首先从词语层面，以撒

克逊词语的简洁、有力为例，对节省受众的脑力而使语言有力这一见解进行阐释，进而概括性地提出，为了获得最佳表达效果，在单个词语的选择上，倘若要表达强烈的情感，就选用多音节词或拉丁词；而在一般情况下，则要尽可能选用单音节词或撒克逊英语词。此外，为了使受众能够更迅速地产生确切意象，还要注意选用具体词而非笼统词。

斯宾塞其次从句子排列层面，以形容词与名词性实词的搭配、副词与动词的搭配、谓语与主语的搭配等等为例，对节省受众的脑力而使语言有力这一见解进行深入阐释，进而提出，为了获得最佳表达效果，在排列句子时，最好采用“直接法”，即把修饰、限定成分置于被修饰、被限定的成分之前。他认为句子所有部分皆应如是排列，主要部分如此，次要部分亦如此。而且，当句子包含主、从两个论点时，应当把从属论点置于主要论点之前。在排列句子的更小划分单位时，应遵循先抽象后具体的顺序。此外，还要注意把思想上最为相关的词语和词组最紧密地排列在一起。而当“直接法”及与其相对的“间接法”均非最佳时，折中的中间结构则最为可取。

斯宾塞接着从修辞层面，以提喻、转喻、隐喻、明喻、复合隐喻（寓言）等等为例对节省受众的脑力而使语言有力这一见解进行进一步阐释。与此同时，他认为暗示亦是一种节省受众脑力的手段。因为借助暗示，可以以最简的笔墨来表达最丰富的思想。另外，为了节省受众的脑力以获得最佳表达效果，有时候还可以有意省略，但前提得是被省略的思想核心容易为受众所理解，若非如此，则会得不偿失。

基于以上论述，斯宾塞进而提出，较之散文，诗歌之所以在表达效果方面颇具优势，一方面是因为它“遵从所有语言效果法则”，另一方面是因为它“自然流露激情时所达到的境界”。与此同时，诗歌之所以令人印象深刻，还得益于它的韵律结构，因为这亦有助于节省受众的脑力从而使表达有力。

在论述了节省受众的脑力而使语言有力这一见解之后，斯宾塞继而对有效写作的另一项条件，即节省受众的感知力而使语言有力这一见解进行论述。他首先阐释了精神疲惫及修复法则。所谓精神疲惫法则，即指“任何官能（当它处于正常活动状态下）一开始总是最为活跃，不断动用后状况开始变化，直至最终我们称之的枯竭”，所谓修复法则，即指“启用的官能总是倾向于恢复原态”。

斯宾塞认为，“无论什么情况，只要动用官能，就会引起损耗，重获

全力需要一定的时间，损耗越大所需的时间就长”。获取感觉也好，理解概念也好，都会造成一些官能损耗，这损耗会暂时影响官能的效率进而导致能力的部分缺失，而这缺失“或许会影响到后面紧接着的感知与理解行为”。因此，在很多情况下，某一意象是否生动取决于它被呈现的先后顺序。如果读者觉得这一点不太容易理解，那么接着读到斯宾塞关于高潮、对照和反高潮的论述就会豁然开朗。

在了解了精神疲惫与修复法则之后，节省受众的感知力而使语言有力这一见解就不难理解了。那么，在行文时，如何才能节省受众的感知力呢？斯宾塞提出，这需要注意避免同类思想的长时延续，或类似效果的重复制造。换言之，就是要在行文时注意表达手法的多样性。

在了解了为什么和如何做之后，读者或许会问，那理想的作家是什么样的呢？他们是否就遵守以上言及的效果法则呢？答案是肯定的。在斯宾塞看来，理想的作家应该是这样的：“其表达方式极其自然地反映着自己的情感状态，其笔端流泻的文章随自己表达主题的不同而变化，其作品不是一系列类似片段的简单堆砌，而是相互依存的不同片段有机组合的完整体”。

《式样哲学》对于希望提高其写作表达效果的读者而言，是一本极好的理论指南。读者对于如何有效作文，抑或有自己的独到见解，但我们有理由相信，读完斯宾塞的《式样哲学》之后，对于写作式样的选择，读者一定会有更加全面、深刻的认识，这对于日后的写作将会大有裨益。

有幸参加中国外语教育研究中心和外语教学与研究出版社联合设立的“外汉翻译教学研究基金”学术翻译课题招标并中标翻译《式样哲学》一书，颇多收获，但由于译者能力水平有限，所译内容难免有疏漏、不妥之处，望广大读者多多批评指正。

译者

2012年5月25日

第一章　语言有力的原因在于节省脑力

第一节　节省原则

（1）特里斯特拉姆·项迪的父亲能言善辩却不懂形式逻辑。在评论这似乎矛盾的现象时，项迪说："对于我这位可敬的家庭教师，还有该学界的其他两三位同仁，这实在是奇迹——连自己使用的工具是什么都不知道，却能效仿着使用它。"斯坦恩的言下之意是，了解辩论规则未必造就优秀辩者；优秀辩者亦未必需要通晓辩论原则。语法同样如此。诚如莱瑟姆博士在批评林德利·默里的日常学校操练时，恰如其分地评论道："粗言鄙语是个应该预防的错误，但防治之法，在于培养习惯而非制定规则。"同样，美文佳作更多倚赖实践与天资，而非通晓写作法则。此念基本不会有人质疑。清晰的头脑、迅捷的想象、灵敏的耳朵，几乎让所有修辞手法显现蛇足。每天耳濡目染优美语句，自然会或多或少学着运用类似语句。倘若智力上有某种独癖，比如语言记忆有欠缺，又或逻辑思维不清晰，又或条理顺序性差，又或建设性才智缺乏，那么，再多教导也无法弥补这些缺陷。然而，熟悉诸多风格原则却有望产生一些实际效果。这一过程尽管漫长，努力遵从法则一定会显成效。如果润饰文章别无他法，那么，获取这明辨美丑的知识则大有裨益。

（2）关于表达，目前似乎尚未有已被阐明的通论。那些关于文章与修辞的著述虽蕴含箴言却不够系统。诸多散乱的论述，或为孤立的教义，或是经验主义的概括，不像从简单、基本的原则中演绎而出那样，既不为人们所清楚理解，亦未受到应有的重视。常言道，"言以简为贵。"常有文体被针砭为累赘繁冗或晦涩难懂。布莱尔说，句子的每项多余部分均"干扰描写、破坏意象"，而且，"冗长句子涣散读者的注意力。"凯姆斯勋爵有言："要使句号最为有力，倘若可能，就得用能产生最生动意象的词语结束全句。"不用括号，优先使用撒克逊词汇而非拉丁源词汇，实乃定规。然而，无论这些定规在教义上蕴含多么富有影响的真言，倘若它们精简为科学分类的形式，影响力则会更强。诚如在其他情形中一样，当我们知其所以然，信心便会倍增。我们或许可以确信，对衍生出作文规则的普遍原则加以了解，不仅会让我们更为熟稔这些规则，还将有助我们发现与之同源的其他规则。

（3）在探索目前这些箴言所蕴含的法则时，我们或许已经洞察到，这些准则中的诸多条款，暗示了节省读者（或听者）注意力的重要性。这样表达有助于读者动用最少的脑力去理解所表达的意蕴。这便是上文所引大多规则所渴求达到的目标。当我们批评一篇文章或冗长、或歧义、或难解时，当我们称赞这一文体流畅、批评那一文体晦涩时，已经有意无意在把这一渴求目标视作评判标准。倘若把语言视为思想表达的符号工具，可以说，就像在机械装置中一样，其各项部件组合得越简单、越协调，它产生的效果就越显著。在以上两种情况中，机器无论损耗什么样的力，均会影响最后的结果。读者和听者在视听过程中可动用的脑力是很有限的。辨别和解读呈现给他的符号需要耗费部分脑力；排列和组合那些符号所暗示的意象亦需耗费部分脑力。除此之外，剩下的能量才能被用来理解那些符号所传达的思想。因此，接受和理解每个句子所耗费的时间和注意力越多，能用来理解该句子所含思想的时间和注意力就越少，而且那思想理解起来也愈欠生动。

（4）尽管语言是思维不可或缺的工具，它诚然亦是思维的阻碍。回想一下手势传达简单思想的力度，就不难领会这一点。说“出去”远不及指着房门那样达意。用手指触唇，比悄声说“别说话”更有效。招手示意比说“过来”效果更佳。没有哪个词组比直瞪双眼、高扬双眉更能生动表现惊讶之情。一个耸肩，若转换成言语，定然丧失许多表现力。或许又有人会说，口语中最强烈的效果是由叹词表现出来的，它们把全句浓缩成几个音节。而且在习惯允许人们用单个词语表达思想的情况下，比如“当心”、“嗨”、“胡说”，若把这些词语扩展成详细描述，表现力也就丧失殆尽了。因此，在实现“语言是思想的载体”这个比喻时，我们似乎有理由认为，该载体在任何情况下产生的摩擦和惯性，都会降低其效率。因此，作文时的首要任务（倘若不是唯一任务），便是将这摩擦和惯性降到最低限度。现在，让我们来探究一下节省受众注意力为何能取得效果，就像探讨为节省注意力而进行恰当的措词搭配，安排主从论点的最佳顺序，运用巧妙的明喻、隐喻及其他修辞甚至是选取多音节韵律序列那样。

第二节　用词节省原则

（5）撒克逊英语（或更确切说是非拉丁系英语）更为强烈的表现

力，首先吸引了我们的注意。形成该现象原因颇多，归根结底，便是“节省”。最主要的原因是早期联想。孩童所掌握的词汇几乎均为撒克逊英语。他说“我有”而非“我拥有”；他说“我希望”而非“我渴求”；他“想”而非“反思”，他“玩”而非“祈悦”；他说物品“好”或“坏”而不是“赏心”或“令人不快”。他后来所学的同义词远没他孩童时所用的那些基本词汇更能贴近、自然地表意，因此，联想效果减弱。词语与思想二者之间，怎样算关联强怎样算关联弱？简而言之，就是暗示能否被简单、快速地领悟。除此之外，别无他因。两个词语如果绝对同义，它们最终唤起的意象是相同的。“it is acid”一语，最终产生的概念或许与“it is sour”相同，但“acid”这个词学得晚，而且它代表的思想常常并不紧随其后，因此，“acid”一词不像“sour”那样能迅速引起与酸的关联。倘若我们还记得领会那些陌生的外语词所表达的概念有多缓慢、多艰难，记得熟悉了这些词后理解变得多快、多容易；倘若考虑到自幼学习母语词汇经历的是同样的过程，我们就会清楚地明白，与后来学到的同义词相比，在其他条件相同的情况下，学得越早、使用越频繁的词，越能快速、形象地在我们脑中唤起意象。

（6）撒克逊英语所具备的相对简洁的深层优势，显然与这同一概括相吻合。假如用最少的词语表达思想是一种优势，那么，用最少的音节表达思想亦应是一种优势。倘若冗长词组和多余废话分散人的注意力、削弱表达意象，那么，多余的音节亦会如此。虽然不甚明显，但辨别每个元音、辅音均需耗费些许精力。众所周知，听口齿不清的人说话、翻阅书写潦草的手稿，令人精疲力竭。注意力全被耗在捕捉连续的音节上，岂有不累之理？注意力此时被每个音节消耗殆尽。难辨的音节如此，易辨的音节亦如此，只是程度低些罢了。撒克逊英语词语之所以有力，就在于它词语简短。但是，有一项限定条件不容忽视。一个单词，若它本身包含着所要表达的思想的最重要部分，尤其是这思想涉及情感时，那它最好是个多音节词。因此，说“it is magnificent”（宏伟）比说“it is grand”似乎更有力。“vast”一词不若“stupendous”（巨大）有威力。称某物“nasty”不如称它“disgusting”（令人生厌）更为有效。

（7）某些长词有这一特别优势，似乎有诸多原因。我们可以把它部分归结为，冗长形容词的块头显示出长度或力度，在需要暗示巨大力量或紧张氛围时目睹如此庞然大物，有助于这样的效果。另一深层原因，或许是一个多音节词容许更多着重强调的发音，正因强调的发音是

一种情感显示，所述之物非同寻常的印象也就包含其中了。还有一原因是，长词（听到其前部音节往往可推断出其后部音节）让听者有较长时间去揣摩自己预测的意义；诚如上述某些情况，正因所有注意力都放在了预测的意义之上，其好处在于，能将此预测意义在脑中保持较长时间。我们前面所列的倾向于选用简短词汇的原因，显然有违此例。因此，为使概括准确无误，我们应该这样说，在那些表达强烈情感的句子中，那些尤为体现情感的词语，最好选用多音节词或拉丁词。而在大多数情况下，那些构建句子意义的基础词语，则尽可能选用单音节词或撒克逊英语词。

（8）撒克逊英语和其他原始词语之所以有力，在于它们的模仿性特征，这个常见原因，再次吻合了前面较为广泛的概括。直接的模仿性词语，如“splash”（溅湿）、“bang”（砰然巨响）、“whiz”（沙沙作声）、“roar”（轰鸣），和类似的模仿性词语如“rough”（粗糙）、“smooth”（平滑）、“keen”（敏　锐）、“blunt”（迟钝）、“thin”（薄）、“hard”（硬）、“crag”（陡）等，与它们所表现的现象多少有些类似；它们为感官建立了与所唤起意义有关联的印象，节省了唤起这些意义需做的部分努力，让人能更多地关注意义本身。

（9）撒克逊英语之所以有力，就在于它节省受众的脑力，这也许同样可以从具体词较之笼统词的优势中追溯出来。具体词语给人的印象比抽象词语更为形象，倘若可能，应尽量多用具体词语、少用抽象词语，此乃作文之箴言。诚如坎贝尔博士所言，“词语越笼统，唤起的形象越模糊；词语越具体，唤起的形象越清晰。”应该避免这样的句子，“一个举止、风俗和娱乐野蛮、原始的民族，其刑法制度必然严厉。”取而代之的应是这样的描写，“好战、喜欢斗牛和角斗的族群，会用绞刑、火刑和肢解的方式实施惩罚。”

（10）显然，这番具体表述的优势，在于它节省了读者的脑力，读者不必费心审词度句。正因我们并非笼统思考而是具体思考，无论何时提及一类事物，我们大脑中唤起的是此类事物中的一个个个体形象。因此，使用抽象词语时，使用者或读者需从自己大脑储存的意象中选取一幅或多幅，以此来领会提及的彼类事物。这一过程中的延迟会涣散关注力，而运用具体词语则能立即唤起确切意象，此番节省，产生的是更为生动的印象。

第三节　应用于句子的节省原则

（11）现在我们从词的选择转向词的序列，会发现该概括性原则同样适用。我们有充分理由相信，每个句子都含有一种较其他方式更为有效的词序，它以连续形式表现议题要素，其组合或许最为流畅。叙事时应这样陈述事件：别让大脑为了正确联接事件而前瞻后顾；一组句子，其安排应该是，每句话一出现就应被理解，无需等待其后面的句子；因此，每个句子中，词的序列应以最为方便建立思想的顺序来表现思想的构成部分。为恰当实施这一原则并为这实施排除障碍，有必要简略探究一下人的思维活动，词语的意义通过这一活动得以被理解。

（12）做此探究，最简单莫过于斟酌一下名词性实词和形容词的恰当排列。是形容词置于名词性实词前好，还是名词性实词置于形容词前好？该用法语方式说“一匹马黑”，还是用我们的英语方式说“一匹黑马”？或许，大多有文化的人会觉得两种次序不分高下。他们对习惯导致的偏见很敏感，把自己喜爱的偏好归因为自己的表达方式。他们希望那些受过教育、采用相反表达方式的人也同样喜欢他们的表达方式。因此，他们认为，这两种直觉判断毫无价值。但偏好英式习惯有其哲学依据。如果按“一匹马黑”的顺序排列，听到“马”字，脑中马上唤起、或可能唤起回应“马”字的形象；由于未暗示是什么马，任何与马有关的意象都会显现。然而，最可能显现的意象是一匹棕色马，因为棕色马最为常见。结果，当“黑”字加入时，思维过程受限。要么是想象中的棕色马形象受阻，由此时唤起的黑色马形象取而代之；要么是建构棕色马形象的趋势受阻，倘若此时棕色马形象还未形成。无论以上何种情况，一定程度的阻碍都已产生。若用“一匹黑马”表达，则不会产生这样的错误。“黑”字提示了一种抽象特征，不唤起任何特定构想。它只预备思维去构建那种颜色的东西；这东西未知之前，注意力始终悬着。因此，倘若形容词前置所表达的构想不易出错而名词性实词前置容易造成误解，这就表明，一种表达比另一种表达更易被大脑所接受，因而也就更为有力。

（13）或许有人反对说，该形容词与名词性实词紧连在一起，人们其实会在听到后同时对它们作出反应。听“一匹马黑”时，听者在尚未听到“黑”字发音之前，还未来得及想象出其他颜色的马呢。我们得说，仅凭内省判断，很难断定情况是否如此。但有些事实间接暗示了情况并非

如此。事实之一，就是我们有预料尚未出口的词语的能力。按反对者的假定，听者的意象建构略滞后于说者的表述，听者不太可能在句子说到一半时就预料到句子的结尾，然而这样的情况却时有发生。如果反对者的假设正确，我们的大脑就不是在推测，而是陷入无休止的拖延。词意若未在表达的第一时间被理解，那么，消耗在每个词语上的时间最终会累积成延误，导致听者完全滞后。无论这些回应的力量是否被承认，有一点却不可否认，那就是，用人们所期望的顺序呈现图像所需的各个要素，有助于形成确切形象；即便大脑在接收到所有要素之前还无法处理和领会这些要素。

（14）这里讨论的是形容词和名词性实词的接续，若换成副词和动词，规则显然同样适用。而且不言自明的是，介词和其他小品词的用法，在大多语言中也或多或少遵从这一法则。

（15）将此分析推而广之，用于更大层面的句子划分，我们发现，该原则不仅适用，而且遵从优势越发显著。比如，我们在排列谓语和主语时会立即觉出，主语体的构建由谓语所决定，因此，将它前置，这样排列产生的强烈效果，不言而喻。试对比以下两个常被引用的例子："大哉以弗所人的亚底米阿"，和"以弗所人的亚底米阿大哉"。以"大哉"一词开篇的排列顺序所激起的模糊联想，与它通常蕴含的显著特性相关。听者已在自己的想象中准备迎接即将而至的崇高之物；待听到"以弗所人的亚底米阿"时，那一刻能被唤起的一切恰当意象，都在进行形象构建：大脑因此被分毫不差地直接引向所期望的印象。但若用与之相反的排列语序构建"以弗所人的亚底米阿"概念时，该排列语序与"伟大"概念无特别关联；"大哉"一词加入后得重新构建概念。脑力因此受损，效果也被相应削弱。下面节选的是柯勒律治《古舟子咏》中的诗节，尽管它结构不太规则，却很好地阐释了这同一真理：

"我孤孤单单，独自一人困守着茫茫大海，却没有一位天神可怜我，痛苦塞满了心怀。"

（16）当然，无论谓语是动词或是分词，该原则均同样适用。如果将所有提示主语的特征、行为和状况的词前置能获取效果，说明系词同样应该前置。的确，一般情况下，我们的语言习惯排斥这种"谓语、系词、主语"的排列语序，但我们却会轻易发现诸多因为遵循该原则而表现力增强的例子。请看《尤里乌斯·凯撒》中的诗行

"澎湃着他强大的心"，

这里着重强调的是既具有谓语功能又具有系词功能的词。《佛洛顿之战》中有一片段系统运用了这一语序，效果显著：

“边疆的口号响彻天空！家园！英雄！这样疾呼；咚咚锵锵的重击声震耳欲聋：前进—后退—一时低，一时高，旗子落下又升起；当轻舟的桅杆在狂风中弯曲当索具、支索和风帆被撕破它在敌人中间晃动。”

（17）进一步探究该原则，显而易见，为产生最显著的效果，不仅句子的主要部分须遵循这一序列，次要部分同样亦须这样排列。几乎所有例子中的谓语都伴有限制或限定条件，称为补语。通常，主语有补语时，这样的情形也需详细说明。因为这些限定条件和情形确定模式，而它们所属的行为和事物在此模式中产出，因此，应将其前置。凯姆斯勋爵发现了此序更为合意这一事实，但未给出理由。他说：“当一情形被置于句首或靠近句首时，由它转向主要主语很适宜：恰如是在不断上升或递进。”期望有某个句子的排列能说明该事实。此有一例：“无论理论上如何，实际情形显然是，法国概念的自由是，人人皆为他者之主。”

（18）此例中，倘若前两个限定主语的分句（包括‘实际情形显然是’），被置于句末而非句首，力量将会大大丧失。就像这样：“法国概念的自由是，人人皆为他者之主，至少实际如此，即便在理论上不成立。”

（19）预测事实时的一些情形亦如此。我们来观察一个例子，看看将它们后置的效果：“前进的刺激将会多么巨大，倘若把荣誉让与财富、把头衔完全让与卓越成就与内在价值！”

（20）再来观察一下将它们前置的更佳效果：“假如现在将荣誉让与财富，将头衔毫无保留地让与卓越成就与内在价值，前进的刺激将会多么巨大！”

（21）《海伯利安》的开篇完美体现了前置谓语补语及谓语本身所产生的效果：

“在山谷背阴的悲伤深处从黎明健康的呼吸中沉没，远离火热的正午，夜晚的一颗星悬着，白毛一般的土星静默得像块石头。”

我们看到，不仅做谓语的“悬”字出现在主语“土星”之前，修饰谓语的三句斜体诗行出现在谓语之前，做补语的结构亦同样遵循这一句序，每句诗行依此排列，限定词置于提示具体意象的词之前。

（22）句子主、从论点排列的正确顺序，显然也遵从这同一法则。诚如我们所发现，节省受众注意力的关键，在于完美安排主语、系词、

谓语及补语的顺序；在于当句子包含两个论点时，应将从属论点置于主要论点之前。从属论点有限定性或解释性概念时，将它前置能避免受众误解主要论点，因而节省了受众为纠正这误解所要付出的脑力。再看一个例子："议会制辩论中的保密问题，仍被认为在外交活动中不可或缺；这种秘密外交，随时可能让英国一不留神便被它的大臣们骗进夺去成千上万生命、耗损数亿巨额财富的战争之中：可英国人却夸耀自己是自治民族。"这两个分别以分号和冒号结尾的从属论点，几乎完全确定了它所概括的主要论点的意思；倘若将其后置而非前置，这样的效果将会遗失殆尽。

（23）我们探寻得出的句子划分中正确排列句子的普遍原则，同样可以用来决定更小划分单位的适当顺序。在任何复杂句子中，当主语的补语包含若干分句、修饰谓语的部分也包含若干分句时，排列这些分句一般应遵循易懂法则。当然，在这样以及更大的语言单位中，语序应遵循从不太具体到比较具体的顺序，即先抽象后具体。

（24）但我们要留意，恰当组织句子还应满足一个条件，该条件受规范其他因素的同一条普遍原则所制约，即思想上最为相关的词语和词组应当最紧密地排列在一起。单个词语、小分句和各主要排列部分显然应彼此相互限定。说到限定与被限定成分，这两者之间间隔越长，思维用来承接待用的限定成分的时间就越长。而且，同一时间要记住并正确运用的限定条件越多，耗费的脑力就越多，它们产生的效果当然就越弱。因此，在其他条件相同的情况下，尽量减少上述的悬疑次数、缩短上述的悬疑时间，这样排列成分构建出的句子，能产生巨大效果。以下是个组合不够完美的句子："一则现代新闻陈述，尽管可能真实，将会遭受讥讽，若它在书中被当作证言引用；然而，法庭上的流言记录却被视为很好的历史证据，倘若它成文于数世纪前。"这个句子若按前述原则重新排列，能增强效果。如是："尽管可能真实，在书中被当作证言引用的现代新闻陈述将会遭受讥讽；然而，记录下的法庭上的流言，若成文于数世纪前，却被视为很好的历史证据。"

（25）这样修改，悬疑次数减少、悬疑时间缩短，基本不会产生仓促预想。以下引自《失乐园》的篇章，是句子完美排列的极好例证，无论是在前置从属成分上、在避免悬疑次数与悬疑时间上，还是在各分句句序与所描述的现象序列之间的对应上。顺便提一下，分句句序与所述现象之间的对应，是让受众易解的另一先决条件，因此，能产生效果。

好比一只徘徊的狼，在饥饿驱使下去寻求新的猎场，看见牧羊人傍晚把羊群赶进田间槛护的羊圈中关得严严实实，便轻易地跳过栅栏进入圈内；又好比一个贼人，为要窃取富民的钱财，不管坚牢的门户，不管门闩严紧，也不怕侵袭，却从窗口或者屋顶椽瓦之间爬进去。这个最早的大盗闯进了神的羊圈：近来亵渎之神的雇佣者照例爬进神的教会。

（26）将所有或多数描述及限制成分置于被描述与被限制的成分之前，习惯性地这样建构句子，形成了所谓的倒装风格；此用法绝非只限于这一结构，它常用在不寻常的词序中。相较于另一种间接法风格，称其为直接法或许更为贴切：其特征首先在于它近乎完美、确切地将思想逐一传输到大脑中。其次，它借一系列相似意象让大脑正确感知它所传达的思想。

（27）然而，前文所暗示的直接法之于间接法的优势，并不能毫无保留地加以肯定。虽然在一定程度上把句子的限定性分句放在它所限定的成分前很恰当，但每前置一个限定分句便会耗费读者些许脑力，因此，当前置的数量增多、领会这些前置的时间加长，我们就会到达一个得不偿失的界限。在其他条件相同的情况之下，句子应当这样排列，即在还未呈现产生具体意象的材料之前，不要暗示任何具体意象。然而，诚如方才所述，在其他条件相同的情况下，每次呈现的材料越少，读者领会材料所需的时间越短，效果也就越好。因此，一些情况下的问题是，读者的大部分脑力是被耗在又多又长的悬疑上，还是被耗在不断纠错的努力上。

（28）判断这个问题有时需要考虑接受者的能力。领会用直接法表达的思想且句子又错综复杂时，需要有较强的理解力。对于一个将至未至的概念，先记住对它的一系列阐述并在它被提及时能动用这些阐述来形成概念，需要良好的记忆力和相当的注意力。对于具备这些条件的人，直接法几乎再好不过；而对于在这些方面都欠缺的人，直接法似乎糟糕透顶。就好比一个壮汉运石头，他一次性将一堆百斤石头从一地运往另一地，比每次只运一块石头更省力。因此，对于思维敏捷者，记住限定某个概念的所有限定条件并在该概念被提及时立刻对它加以正确建构，比先不完美地建构概念、然后再借助后述的细节和限定来逐步完善似乎更轻而易举。相反，一个小男孩搬运一堆百斤重物唯一可能的模式，便是分批搬运。因此，对于思维迟缓者，理解复杂概念的唯一可能模式，也许是通过分别理解构成该概念的各个组成部分来构建出整体概

念。

（29）间接法，即借一系列类似说法来传达意义的方法，对未受教育者最为合适，这或许的确可以从他们对该法的习惯性运用中推断出来。未受教育者的表达方式，如“水，给我”，乃是这类似排列的最简单类型。啰嗦也是未受教育者易犯的毛病，在其中可以发现同样的基本结构，如“那些男人，他们在那儿”。再者，那个古时所有格的例子——“国王，他的王冠”——都遵循这类思维规律。此外，间接法被称为自然法的事实，表明它是普通大众自然而然使用的方法，即对未受过训练的人而言，该法最为简单。

（30）但在很多情况下，直接结构、间接结构均非最佳，中间结构才最为可取。当句子包含的情形和限定条件很多时，最明智的做法，既非在引入概念前先罗列所有属于该概念的情形和条件；亦非先呈概念再作不断修正，以使它吻合后叙的种种情形和限定条件，而是两种方式兼而用之。举个例子。像以下这样极端的间接排列真需要避免：“我们到达旅途终点，最终，饱受艰难，极度疲惫，历经坎坷道路、恶劣天气。”但若变成完全直接的句子，效果亦不令人满意；请看，“最终，饱受艰难，极度疲惫，历经坎坷道路、恶劣天气，我们到达旅途终点。”

（31）从沃特利博士那里引用两种排列中的第一种，呈现如下：“最终，极度疲惫，历经坎坷道路、恶劣天气，我们到达旅途终点，饱受艰难。”我们看到，句中“我们到达”一语出现得早一些，读者便不必花精力携带过多的详情和限定条件，然后将“饱受艰难”这一后续限定加进前面比较容易理解的思想之中。但若再早一些引入“我们到达”一语，或许更能提升语言效果，尤其是如果与此同时，限定条件的安排遵循着上述原则，即阐述的思想抽象在前、具体在后。体会一下下面这两处修正之后获得的更佳效果：“最终，饱受艰难，极度疲惫，我们历经坎坷道路、恶劣天气，到达旅途终点。”这样读起来比较流畅，来自悬疑和重组思路的阻碍较少，即所耗的脑力较少。

（32）在结束我们讨论的话题的这一小点之前还须指出，即便是面向精力最充沛的知识分子，在交流复杂、抽象的思想时，使用直接风格也不合适。只要思维没有许多事情要做，它就能完美领会句子的所有先行分句并有效利用它们。可是当论述中的某处精妙吸引了注意力时，所有官能都被用在努力领会说话者或作者此时的含义了，人很难一心两用，思维这时就可能出现问题，造成思想混乱。

第四节　应用于修辞的节省原则

（33）现在我们来看种种修辞，也许会同样察觉出这同一普遍效果法则。在选择和正确运用修辞手法原则的背后，我们会发现同一基本要求——节省注意力。实际上，这主要是因为修辞非常贴切地推动了这一必要条件，因而它们得以被采用。让大脑比较轻松地领会所表达的观念，这是修辞手法多数情况下的唯一目标，所有情况下的主要目标。

让我们先从被称为提喻法的修辞开始。有时，通过用部分代整体而占优势，就在于比较省力或确切地表达了思想。比如，不说“一支十船的舰队”，而说“一支十帆的舰队”，这更容易使人联想到海上一队航船的景象。这是因为帆是此情形之下航船最明显的标志，而“船”字最可能让我们联想到的是停泊在码头的船只。再如，说“全船人手在抽水”比说“全体船员在抽水”更好，因为前者表现出了要描述的人的特定姿势，因而节省了读者的脑力。另一表达“悲伤把白发人带向坟墓”之所以形象，是因为同样的原因。

（35）转喻偶尔能增强效果也是因为这个原因。“混迹酒吧的低劣德行”一语比该措辞的表面意思更简明、更意味深长。智慧终将战胜暴力的信念，可以用更为具体、因而更易感知的形式来体现，如果我们用“笔”和“剑”来代替“智慧”和“暴力”这两个抽象术语的话。说“别喝多了”不如说“别贪杯”更形象，之所以如此，显然是因为前者唤起的意象不够具体。

（36）多数情况下明喻主要被用作修饰，但无论何时它使得篇章力量增强，均因其是一种节省。就好比“人们感觉古时伟人和大事件比现如今的伟人和大事件多，这一错觉，部分归因于历史视角。与观察由远而近等距排列的一列圆柱时的感觉一样，离得越远，显得越密，过往那些引人注目的事物，也是年代越久、集结越密。”

（37）若用字面意思进行诠释，若此表达的思想将会颇费笔墨，而且，当想象力在忙着添加其他要素时，前边描绘该意象的那些元素便变得模糊不清了。借助对比便不必如此费劲；意象马上就能实现，完整效果因而相应产生。

（38）至于明喻的位置，仅仅需要谈论的是，前面论述的形容词及名词性实词、谓语和主语以及主从论点的顺序规律，在此同样适用。任何修饰成分都应被置于被修饰成分前，因此，把明喻置于所喻事物之

前，一般都能获得效果。这种最佳排列，在下面选自《湖上夫人》的小节中可见一斑：

“就像白雪的花环，在大山的胸膛上从它休憩的岩石上滑落，可怜的艾伦从她呆的地方滑下落到了君主的脚旁。”

倒置这两个对句，效果则会大大削弱。但在某些情况下，当明喻非常简单时，将它后置或许效果更为突出，比如亚历山大·史密斯《生活戏剧》中的诗行：

“我看到未来延展黑暗、荒凉一片，就像落雨的海面。”

究其原因，可能是“未来”一词连带的概念过于抽象，未向大脑呈现任何确定形式，因此，后续的明喻让读者不必重组思想。

（39）然而，此种顺序最为有力，不仅只在这些情况中如此。把明喻置于所喻事物之前，其优势在于，它提前协助大脑对所喻事物形成意象，倘若句子冗长或复杂，必然地，不这样提前，优势也就无从获得。所附这首柯勒律治的十四行诗，正是因此而失之完美。就像小孩子，在漫长的冬夜，惊恐不安，紧搂着祖母的双膝，带着急切的渴盼、欣喜与不安，聆听那些可怕的黑色教令的奇异故事，对恶人念叨着妖术的咒语，或念叨巫女们的咒语，这些巫女在昏暗午夜的巫术时刻腾云驾雾把邪恶的拥抱和地狱的恶魔混在一起；冰冷的恐惧吸着这孩子的血！旋即眼泪缓慢流下，听到祖母讲述可爱的彼此深爱的婴儿，因残忍的叔父大权旁落而被谋杀：尽管你的言语讲述的是些令人战栗的欢喜，尽管如此，西登斯夫人，你柔化了我悲伤的心。”

（40）此处，类比的第一部分随时间和各种累积情形的流逝，在还没取得效果之前就被遗忘了，读者就得重新再读。如果先提主要概念，那么，记住并修饰这一概念，将其与相喻之物融为一体，较之记住喻体，再回头援引一系列特征来帮助形成最终意象，要轻松很多。

（41）沃特利博士把隐喻之于明喻的优势归因于这一事实，即“人们更满足于自己去发现相似之处，而非由别人代为指出。”这样讨论之后，隐喻能大大节省脑力之说，恐怕就更为可信了。李尔的怒吼：

“忘恩负义！你这铁石心肠的恶魔，”

若改成

“忘恩负义！你这恶魔，心肠像铁石一样”一定会失掉部分效果。

这损失一因明喻的位置，二因这样须多费笔墨。当类比较为复杂时，隐喻之简洁所蕴含的力量就更为明显了。将脑力现象与物理现象类

比时，说“诚如白光穿越水晶时折射出彩虹之色，无色的真理之光穿越诗人心灵，转化成绚烂的诗歌”；显然，要接收表达这一比喻的两个部分的两组词语、且进一步将此意象带入彼意象，要耗费大量注意力。但若用隐喻形式表达这个比较，脑力就节省多了：“真理的白光穿越诗人多棱透明的心灵，折射出多彩的诗歌。”

（42）借助隐喻，寥寥数语，表达得多么丰富，由此产生的效果多么生动！这样的例子也许不胜枚举。从《生活戏剧》中可引出此语，

“我用玩笑刺伤他”，

作为该诗众多丰富隐喻中极好的例证。雪莱的《解放了的普罗米修斯》中有一诗节淋漓尽致地展现了隐喻的力量：

“仿佛一同在那草地上

我们徜徉，淡灰色的曙光下，密层层羊群般的白云，正慢慢悠过，大队大队顺着群山，正由慢悠悠不情愿的风儿保驾护航。”最后一句表达形象，再现了该场景的特征，因而非同寻常，引领读者思维沿着预期思路前行。

（43）用隐喻有利但有局限，隐喻必须足够简洁，借暗示能让人容易理解。显然，倘若隐喻的意义或应用晦涩难懂，注意力便无从节省，反而适得其反。因此，当类比比较复杂时常采用明喻。有一类修辞有时被归在寓言门下，但称之为复合隐喻或许更为贴切，它让我们能在类比错综复杂时，仍保持隐喻形式的简洁。这就需要在一开始就暗示运用了这一修辞，然后让思维一直顺着这个思路继续下去。爱默生在其《关于时间的入门演讲》的前部用此修辞，效果显著：“时间让我们感兴趣的主要之处，在于它穿越时间的伟大灵魂；在于它启示这样的奇妙问题：我们是谁，我们向何处去？我们不愿受骗。我们漂浮着，就像浩瀚海洋上的白帆，忽而被推至浪尖，忽而又逐向海底；但我们驶自哪个港湾？有谁知道？我们又驶向什么口岸？有谁知道？能告诉我们的，唯有那些和我们一样卑微且饱经风霜的水手，或是当我们经过时与之攀谈、或是他们升起信号、籍漂流瓶从远方给我们传来讯息。但他们又比我们多了解多少？他们亦觉自己身处玄妙的大海。不；从老水手那里一无所获。咆哮的灰色海洋，呼号的狂烈大风，掩盖了他们的话语：答案不在我们这里，亦不在时间里。”

（44）明喻与隐喻间的界限并非泾渭分明。一个极端是详细叙述两相对比的要素并指明这个类比，另一极端是暗示而非明示两者之间的类

比，介于这两个极端之间的，是对类比做部分明示、部分暗示。比如，“英国耕犁的性能让印度人震惊不已，他们描绘、敬慕耕犁、朝拜耕犁，结果把工具变成了偶像。语言学家对待语言也是如此。”修辞留有空间，待读者或听众去补全，这样做有明显的好处。一般说来，用介于两个极端之间的中间式结构进行类比，效果会不错，当然前提是作者显然知道如何去补全这个修辞。

（45）还有夸张、拟人、省略符号等等，要说的还很多，此处暂且不论，我们用一个经典例子来结束关于建构的论述。我们已经阐明这个普遍原则，即其他条件相同情况之下，词语及语序耗费受众的脑力越少，就越有力量。源自这个普遍原则的种种推论已被数度阐述。下面这个观点我们也已阐明，即表达一个概念的任何两种模式，其相对优势也许可以通过观察哪一模式让人领会其意义所需要的思维过程最短来决定。这个观点尽管有很多例子可以佐证，但目前尚未找到完全遵循此论的实例。寻找这样的实例确实很难，因为英语俚语往往不遵循理论所要求的顺序。《奥西恩集》中有一些这样的例子。请看：“仿佛秋日暗处的风暴涌出两座回响的山谷，英雄们就是这般狂烈地奔向彼此。宛如两条咆哮着冲过平原的深色河流的汇集，洛克林和伊尼斯菲尔在战争中这样交锋……像大海掀起波涛时的狂啸；如天空最后一阵的雷鸣；战争就是这般喧嚣。”

（46）除了前两个明喻中动词的位置，两个句子从理论角度说语序非常完美。明喻出现在被限定的意象之前，形容词出现在名词性实词之前，谓语和系词出现在主语之前，补语出现在它们各自补充的成分之前。该片段很容易被指摘为言辞夸大，这不能说明什么；亦或更确切地说，这正好证明了我们的例证。因为，言辞对要表达的思想虽夸大但强烈，这有何不可？所有可以恰当推断出的是，只有在极少数情况下，只有在要产生高潮时，才需要如此强烈的表达。

第五节　暗示是一种节省手段

（47）读一下下面这个更为复杂的例证，看看我们建立的规则是如何运用的。我们不仅认为运用节省受众脑力的句子结构及修辞是增强语言力量的原因；我们还以同样的方式选择和排列构建重大思想的次要意象来增强效果。描述感伤、场景或事件时，选取带有很多其他因素的典

型因素；这样，只言明一些因素，却暗示了很多因素，因而节省了描述笔墨；这是创造生动印象的秘密。丁尼生《玛丽安娜》中的一则选段，充分揭示了这一秘密。

整日在空幻的屋中，门在合叶上嘎吱作响，蓝苍蝇在窗玻璃中吟唱；老鼠在发霉的壁板后尖叫，抑或透过裂缝四处张望。”

（48）此处被具体描述的若干情形带来的是无数恰适的联想。我们的注意力不会被窗上嗡闹的苍蝇所吸引，除非周围寂静一片。屋内有人走动时老鼠通常不会出声，它们只有在屋里极度安静时才会从深隐处窥探。这里提及的每一情境，预示着无数其他情境；唤起一些相对特别的情境；勾起我们经验中的孤寂感。这些情境若不是用这样的暗示而是被详祥细细地描述，读者的注意力就会被大大消耗，哪还能生出孤寂感呢？其他例证也大抵如此。无论要表达的思想核心是什么，成功的关键在于精选能暗示其他情形的特例。在传达思想时，其方式与选择表达方法一样，即尽可能以最简洁的笔墨来表达最丰富的思想。

这一原则有时还会被更深入地利用，即除句子已表达的思想之外，还间接暗示了一些完全独特的思想。比如这句话，“经典佳作的篇首常常满是古代神话，就如婢女们的脑中，总装着许多鬼魂故事”；此断言的隐含之意显然是小觑经典，也正因为此暗示读者一读便知，所以无需言明。其他一些例证也表明，有意省略能产生强烈效果；前提是省略的思想核心易于理解。《英雄与英雄崇拜》中有个极好的例子。攀结名流者来了，不是出于同情，只是为了见他，为了找乐，“用英雄的生命”换取自己的娱乐。描写完伯恩斯如何牺牲在攀结者无意义的好奇心下之后，卡莱尔打了这么一个比方，“里克特说，苏门答腊岛上有一种“萤火虫”，大块儿头萤火虫，人们用唾沫把它们粘连起来，夜间用来照路”。这样做的人，可以借着这适意的光行走，这让他们很是喜欢。这是萤火虫莫大的荣耀！但是——！——”

第六节　诠释诗歌的效果

（50）讨论至此，这条效果法则是否可以说明诗歌之于散文的优势？在探讨这个问题之前，有必要留意另外几个尚未被提及的产生表达力量的原因。确切来说，不是另外原因，而是附加原因，源于自已约定俗成的本能反应结果。首先，我们或许注意到，人激动时脱口而出的

话，往往是我们前面提到的最有效的语言形式。“滚出去！”“滚开！”愤怒的人们在混乱的会场上脱口狂吼。一位船员在描述自己亲眼目睹的可怕风暴时，会情绪激动，提高嗓门讲诸如这样的高潮——“啪的一声，绳索断了，桅杆应声倒下。”“从未有过这场面！”有人惊叹。也许有人注意到了，这样的句子是用直接法构建。而且，大家还知道，人激动时会情不自禁地使用修辞。粗口也多起来，似乎不如此便不能直抒胸臆。“畜生”、“禽兽”、“活该绞死的流氓”、“刀剐的家伙”，诸如此类不一而足的隐喻和隐喻性词语，立刻使人想起一场街头争吵。另外，我们或许还注意到，人激动时用语非常简洁。句子通常不完整，小品词被省略，关键词常常得从语境中收集。表达强烈赞美时，不是精确地说“这很漂亮！”而是简单赞叹“漂亮！”正在读律师信的人脱口大骂“混蛋！”，他这时会被认为怒气冲冲；“他是个混蛋”传达的信息则相对平和得多。因此，诚如与我们在词序上、在修辞的频繁应用上、在极度的简洁上所见一样，人激动时自然流露的语言，表达强烈，符合了有效表达的理论条件。

（51）较高一级的语言形式因而能从联想中获取附属力量。我们在实际生活中听到、在最具感染力的作品中读到这些自然流露的语言时，已经习以为常地在脑中产生生动联想，它们自身因此已经衍生出一种力量。用这些形式表现的强烈思想会不时触动情感，这种触动部分是由这些表达形式自身所激发的。这些形式创造出一定程度的活力，诱发了预备的同情，等到读者读到那些令人震撼的思想时，这些思想就更加生动形象了。

（52）这样的表达方式本身以及它们所产生的联想，同样形象有力，连续运用这样的表达方式所形成的极具感染力的文体，我们称之为诗歌。我们会发现，诗歌惯于采用那些思想符号以及那些使用思想符号的方法。在选择最有感染力的表达上，诗歌的直觉与分析极其一致，它也正因为此而成为诗歌。回头再看所引的各个例证，我们发现诗歌中满是直接或者倒装的句子。散文在某种程度上说是不接受这样的句子的。散文与诗歌的差别不仅在于倒装句用得少，还在于诗歌的倒装用得太剧烈。或许我们可以从大量的修辞运用中领会到这一本质。隐喻、明喻、夸张和拟人是诗人自由、恣意挥洒的颜料。散文中若频繁使用这种我们称为“诗话”的语言，肆意到只有诗歌才如此运用的程度，就要被批为“过于华丽”或“矫揉造作”了。还有，我们再评述一下简洁（简洁也是表达生

动有力的前提，这一点在理论上有明确阐述，人们自发情感的流露也表明了这一点），诗歌之简洁与普通文章的简洁，在措词上是完全不一样的。句子不完整，常常有省略。很多在散文中被看得很重要的小词，在诗歌中都被省略。

（53）因此，以思想的载体著称的诗歌之所以特别令人印象深刻，是因为它遵从所有语言效果法则，并且部分还因为它自然流露激情时所达到的境界。体现理想化的情感时，表现的载体就是理想化的情感语言。诚如曲作者表现喜悦、悲悯、忧伤和绝望时捕捉节律，用它们铺展开的旋律来暗示这些情感的更高层面。诗人如我亦是如此，依据人们传达激情与情绪时的典型表达选择言语组合，从而恰当地传达强烈的激情与情绪。

（54）诗歌有个特点成就了它的效果，那就是它的韵律结构。这一点的确常被认为是诗歌的独有特征，虽然对此仍有待探讨。诗歌的韵律结构和我们上述各条一样，也符合先前概括的同样结论，尽管这看起来似乎不大可能。与上述各条一样，诗歌的韵律结构同样在理想、自然地表达强烈情感，即便情感不十分强烈，也一定富有韵律。而且，与上述各条一样，它节省读者或听者的注意力。诗话语言所采用的特别语气与方式，可从它与情感的联系上加以识别；而且，它那字斟句酌后方呈现出的乐章带给我们的快感，正是因为其韵律化的词语让读者比较容易领会。

（55）这点可能不被立刻认同，但稍作解释，即显合理。因为，诚如我们之所见，听读或默读都会耗费脑力——当理解力官能得积极辨识每个音节时，而对于常规再现特征的组词方式，大脑常常会有预期，正是这预期，减轻了为理解完全不规则的散文而产生的注意力上的压力。就好比人体在遭受一系列冲击时必须要让肌肉作好迎接最猛烈冲击的准备，因为不知冲击何时降临。因此，在接受无序的语言声音时，大脑也得保持它足够活跃的理解力以辨识那些最不容易辨识的声音。诚如冲击若以特定顺序发生，身体为节省力气就可以调整抵抗力度；同样，音节若按韵律排列，大脑便可预测每个音节所需的注意力，从而节省脑力。

（56）尽管这观点会被认为是牵强附会，但稍作内省就能看到它的合理之处。我们的确在利用韵律语言调整我们的理解力官能，领会我们预期的言语力量。不完善的诗律妨碍领会，该事实无疑充分说明了这一点。就像我们站在台阶底部数台阶一样，多数了一级或少数了一级会让

我们吃惊。同样，错位的重音或多余的音节亦会如此。了解了一情形中的错误并作预先调整，待它出现在另一情形时就不再疑惑了。但是，假如我们惯于预先调整自己对韵律诗节的理解，上文那个有关身体的类比足以表明，这样做是一定能节省注意力的；因此，有韵律的语言之所以比散文更形象，是因为它能够让我们预作调整。

（57）若有篇幅，真该深究一下，从节奏及谐音中所获取的快感，是不是也部分归于这同一普遍原因。

第二章　语言有力的原因在于节省大脑感知力

第一节　精神疲惫与修复法则

（58）我们讨论的话题还有一个分支，在此用若干段落阐述即可。我们若像阐释大多作文特征那样，去详细阐释作文的效果法则，将会力不能及。但我们可以简要指出已经探得的这一普遍原则更深入的一个层面，以及它的一些更为广泛的用途。

我们至此一直在探讨节省脑力而让语言有力的原因，现在我们来谈谈那些节省大脑感知力而让语言有力的原因。该分支是否是一心理分支虽尚存疑，但仍可大致指针我们所探讨的问题的其余方面。它暗示我们除了要考虑某一或某些官能在接受词形、领会词意时所被消耗的程度，还要考虑它们被消耗后的状态，以及这状态对领会后面的句子和意象会有什么影响。官能的启用以及这启用产生的相应效果，是个很广的话题，对此我们即便不作深入讨论，也满可以认为，任何官能（当它处于正常活动状态下）一开始总是最为活跃，不断动用后状况开始变化，直至最终我们称之的枯竭。这一来自我们所熟悉的身体体验、且我们日常语言亦认定适用于整体思维的概括，同样适用于每一脑力，无论是最简单的感觉，还是最复杂的情感。将鲜花长时间置于鼻下，我们会久闻不知其香。太耀眼的电光会炫目，即让我们的眼睛一时失去感光能力。吃了太多蜂蜜后我们会感觉不出自己茶里放了糖。“震耳欲聋”一词表明巨响会让人一时失聪。手里长时间拎重物，换拎轻物时，会有轻若无重的感觉。以上事例让人立刻体味出的真理，其种种极端显现形式，或许比比皆是。诸如反思官能，想象，审美（感受美好、奢侈和庄严），感伤，直觉，一切脑力，无论如何分类，均是只要动用，便会枯竭。而且，动用越多，枯竭得就越厉害。

（60）启用的官能总是倾向于恢复原态，在大自然中我们同样能追踪到这样的法则。官能不但在持续休整后能重获全力或短暂中断后重获部分活力，即便正在动用，造成的疲惫也会同时被中和。损耗和修复过程齐头并进。因此，当官能（正如所有人的感觉，或强健者的筋肉）被惯常启用时，情况是这样的：适度启用时修复与损耗大致相等，减弱的能量因此常觉察不到；只有在启用持续过长或过于剧烈时，修复才会滞

后于折损，直至产生可以觉察出的精疲力竭。然而，无论什么情况，只要动用官能，就会引起损耗，重获全力需要一定的时间，损耗越大所需的时间就长。

第二节　解读高潮、对照与反高潮

（61）记住这些普遍真理，我们便能理解下面要探讨的作品产生感染力的某些原因了。我们每每获取感觉、理解概念，都会造成一些损耗，李比希则会说是造成大脑中物质的某种变化。官能的效率会因这一损耗而暂时削弱，这现象尽管常有发生但为时不久，它导致的能力的部分缺失，或许会影响到后面紧接着的感知与理解行为。因此，很多情况下我们会认为，意象是否生动，取决于它们被呈现的顺序，即便此顺序与彼顺序同样便于理解。

（62）印证此说同时又为此说所阐释的类似例证不胜枚举。高潮就是其中之一。任何一系列意象，把最突出的放在最后，效果显著，颠倒这次序就会产生缺陷，且常常是荒唐的缺陷。这吻合上面表明的普遍法则。正如看着日光不会马上感知到火光，但先看火光再看日光，二者往往均被感知。所以，我们在接受了绝妙的、有分量的、或者糟糕的思想之后，就容易忽略不那么绝妙、不那么有分量、或者不那么糟糕的思想了。但若颠倒一下次序，二者的妙处则均能被领会。我们还可从对照这一修辞中觉察出同样的普遍真理。两个对立思想按某一显著特性互为对峙地排在一起，定然效果显著。之所以如此，是因为它们给所涉及的官能以短暂缓和。对于一系列具有普通特征的意象，大脑因其不甚触动尊重、认可或审美情感，回应的也是无关紧要、不值或不佳的意象；或许，感受尊重、认可和审美的官能此时会因无事可做而恢复全力，进而迅速投入领会接下来的宏大、绝妙或者优美意象，其效甚优。反之，在要创造由于极度无关紧要而产生的荒谬印象时，如果把它置于极其显著的事物之后，这一荒谬印象也许会格外强烈：特别是当词组的形式暗示了更为显著的事物将接踵而至。在人的意识尚未从扣人心弦的震撼中恢复过来之前，由向他呈现一个微不足道的概念而产生的效果的例子，出现在巴尔扎克的一篇速写中：他的主人翁给已冷淡自己的情人写了如下一封信：

“夫人，你的举止令我惊讶不已，亦同样使我深感忧伤。不愿再因你

的轻蔑而心碎，你从不曾想过留下一把牙刷，我的收入容不得我再换一把，我的不动产已被超值抵押。

再见，多么可爱、多么忘恩负义的朋友！愿我们在一个更美好的世界里重逢。

查尔斯·爱德华”

（63）由此我们看到，高潮、对照及反高潮等诸多现象均源自这一普遍原则。尽管这些敏感性的瞬间变化很难察觉，但当我们仔细体察诸多感觉上细微可感的敏感性变化，我们定然不会怀疑其存在。再引视觉现象为例。众人皆知白色映衬之下的黑显得更黑，黑色映衬之下的白显得更白。这里的黑、白原本无异，造成上述现象唯一可归结的原因，在于它们因我们官能的不同状态而对我们产生的不同影响。这只是视觉对照。

第三节　多样性需求

（64）但是，节省这条普遍原则——有效写作的深层条件，即一定要不断节省官能的感知力，其涵盖内容还远不止以上所示。它不仅暗示了某些排列和并置关联概念的方式为最佳，还暗示一些划分和呈现主题的方式优于另一些方式，且不考虑它逻辑上的连贯。它表明文路发展为什么要先平淡后生动；为什么不仅文章整体而且文章每个连续部分都需趋向高潮。与此同时，它阻止同类思想的长时延续，或类似效果的重复制造。它告诫我们别犯蒲柏在其诗歌中和培根在其随笔中所犯的错误，即连续不断采用强有力的表达形式。它还指出，就如再舒适的姿势时间长了也会令人疲惫，换个不那么舒适的姿势反倒令人感觉轻松，同样，使用过多句法构造太完美的句子，让人看了很快就会生厌，用些次等句式反倒令人愉悦。

（65）由此我们可以进一步推断，不仅要避免普遍用一种方式遣词，无论这方式多么巧妙；或者是要避免用一种方法修辞和举例，无论这方法多么具有说服力；而且还要避免任何雷同的行文方式，即便这方式是为了更为广泛地获取效果。切勿把主题的每一部分都叙写得越来越生动；切勿让文章总朝着高潮发展。诚如我们之所见，单个句子罕能满足所有条件以达到某种气势。同样，文章这个更大的单元块也不应处处遵循写作法则。局部效果必须服从整体效果。

（66）在决定如何实际运用艺术创作的这些原则时，牢记上文提到的一个事实，将会大有裨益，即特定思想须以特定的语序排列。如何变化理论所要求的表达思想的方式？其原则很大程度上在于娴熟运用形式以服务内容。我们已发现人激动时不由自主使用直接句或倒装句，还发现他们的语言具有修辞丰富、极为简洁的特征。因此，在表达强烈情感的篇章中，这样的句子可能居多，且随情感升华而增加。但对于复杂思想而言，间接句似乎是最佳载体。在对话中，期待的结论即将实现而产生的激动情绪，常通过一系列短小、强烈的语句表现出来；而阐述已发表的观点时，我们常会通过堆积思想而使语句冗长。这自然流露之模式，或许可以充当写作指南。同样，敏锐的观察和娴熟的分析能探测出其他思想态度产生的更为特别的表达。对所有这些特征适当加以留意，有才华的作家或许便能构制完美作品。

第四节　理想的作家

此效果法则认定的佳作往往是杰出天才自然而然创作出的作品。诚如我们所发现，理论上的佳句，往往是高超者的精心创作、普通人激动时的自然流露。我们由此会发现，理想的诗篇、随笔或小说，是理想作家自发演化出的作品。表达力量完全顺应情感状态的作家在传达思想时，会不知不觉地自然运用这个艺术要求的模式，去顺应变幻。这种连续运用一类措词的方式，现在大家都得抵制，它表明语言官能的欠缺。持特定风格，即为语言贫乏。倘若记得在远古时代，人们只用名词和动词表达思想，记得从那时至今，表达思想的手段越来越多，因而组合形式越来越复杂、越多样，我们或许可据此推断，现在运用句子的方式类似古人运用词汇的方式；从那时至今这一直持续的过程使得我们的表达方式愈加丰富多彩。比如现在，在一部佳作中，特征的演绎、基调的抑扬和韵律，均与表达的每一思想相得益彰。因此，具有充分语言力量的佳作的每一个词语组合，同样会随情感的变化而变化且顺乎情感。

（68）颇具天赋的人定然不自觉地用各种风格写作，我们或许可以据讨论风格如何兴起而作此推断。为什么约翰逊风格浮华、哥尔德斯密斯风格简约？为什么此作家的作品突兀、彼作家的富有节律、而另一作家的简洁呢？显然，无论何种情况，语言表述的习惯模式，一定依赖惯常的天性上的协调。作家主要的感觉经过实践的熏陶得以再现。但是，

长时间、无意识的熏陶虽然让作家有效地进行了这种再现，但若缺乏实践，那些不甚活跃的感觉便难以以同样的方式再现。感觉被激发出来后，通常的语言形式并没有怎么改变。无论如何，让言语的力量充分发展吧！——让作家抒发情感的能力尽情发挥吧！这样，风格的一成不变就会烟消云散。好作家有朱尼厄斯的心绪时同样能像朱尼厄斯那样表达自己；有兰姆一样的感觉时同样会用类似兰姆的亲近语言；有卡莱尔般的情绪时会和卡莱尔一样粗野。他时而有节律时而无节律，语言时而平实时而华丽，句式时而对称时而多样；有时相差无几有时又迥然不同。他的表达方式极其自然地反映着自己的情感状态，笔端流泻的文章随自己表达主题的不同而变化。他因此会毫不费力地遵从我们所探讨的效果法则。他的作品向读者呈现必要的变化以避免他们不断动用同样的官能，与此同时，这作品一定符合所有结构严谨的作品的特点，无论这作品是描述人物还是描绘自然：它不是一系列类似片段的简单堆砌，而是相互依存的不同片段有机组合的完整体。

结束

Bilingual Classics
外研社双语读库

William Makepeace Thackeray

THE BOOK OF SNOBS
势利者集

威廉·梅克庇斯·萨克雷

Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
外语教学与研究出版社

William Makepeace Thackeray

The Book of Snobs

势利者集

威廉·梅克庇斯·萨克雷（英）著
李钊 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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CHAPTER I THE SNOB PLAYFULLY DEALT WITH

第一章 为人可笑的势利者

There are relative and positive Snobs. I mean by positive, such persons as are Snobs everywhere, in all companies, from morning till night, from youth to the grave, being by Nature endowed with Snobbishness—and others who are Snobs only in certain circumstances and relations of life.

势利者分相对和绝对两种。我所指的绝对势利者天赋秉性，他们无处不在、不分人群、从早到晚、从生至死——而另一类人则只在某些情况和某种社会关系中才变成势利者。

For instance: I once knew a man who committed before me an act as atrocious as that which I have indicated in the last chapter as performed by me for the purpose of disgusting Colonel Snobley; viz, the using the fork in the guise of a toothpick. I once, I say, knew a man who, dining in my company at the 'Europa Coffee-house,' (opposite the Grand Opera, and, as everybody knows, the only decent place for dining at Naples,) ate peas with the assistance of his knife. He was a person with whose society I was greatly pleased at first—indeed, we had met in the crater of Mount Vesuvius, and were subsequently robbed and held to ransom by brigands in Calabria, which is nothing to the purpose—a man of great powers, excellent heart, and varied information; but I had never before seen him with a dish of pease, and his conduct in regard to them caused me the deepest pain.

比如：我曾认识一个人，他在我面前表现出了令人反感的行为——就像我在前言中提到的我为了引起斯劳布勒上校的反感所做的那样，将餐叉用作牙签。比如，我曾认识一位男士，他和我同在“欧罗巴咖啡屋”（就是大剧院对面的那家，大家都知道，那是那不勒斯唯一一个体面的用餐地点）用餐，他用餐刀吃豌豆。最初跟他的接触是相当愉悦的——事实上，我们是在维苏威火山的火山口碰到的，后来我们在卡拉布里亚遭遇了抢劫，被歹徒敲诈了一笔赎金，当然这些都与这里所说的无关——他是个很有能力的人，心地善良、见多识广。但我之前从来没有见过他吃豌豆，而且他在吃豌豆时的举止也令我痛苦至极。

After having seen him thus publicly comport himself, but one course was open to me—to cut his acquaintance. I commissioned a mutual friend (the Honourable Poly Anthus) to break the matter to this gentleman as delicately as possible, and to say that painful circumstances—in nowise affecting Mr. Marrowfat's honour, or my esteem for him—had occurred, which obliged me to forego my

intimacy with him; and accordingly we met and gave each other the cut direct that night at the Duchess of Monte Fiasco's ball.

看到了他在公共场合的这种举动之后，我只有一条路可走了——与他绝交。我托我们共同的一个朋友（可敬的波利·安沙斯）尽量委婉地将这件事向这位绅士和盘托出，说既然这种难堪的局面已经出现——这绝不会影响马罗法特先生的荣誉，而我对他也会一如既往地尊敬——我不得不斩断与他的亲密关系。所以我们当晚在蒙特·菲斯科公爵夫人的舞会上会了面，并直接断了彼此间的联系。

Everybody at Naples remarked the separation of the Damon and Pythias—indeed, Marrowfat had saved my life more than once—but, as an English gentleman, what was I to do?

那不勒斯的每个人都谈到过戴蒙和皮西厄斯的分离——确实，马罗法特曾不止一次地搭救过我的性命——然而，作为一个英国绅士，我能怎么做呢？

My dear friend was, in this instance, the Snob RELATIVE. It is not snobbish of persons of rank of any other nation to employ their knife in the manner alluded to. I have seen Monte Fiasco clean his trencher with his knife, and every Principe in company doing likewise.

在这件事情上，我亲爱的朋友就是相对势利者。在其他任何国家，如果一些有地位的人也用刚才所说的那种方式使用餐刀，他们并不能算作势利之徒。我曾看见蒙特·菲斯科用餐刀来清理木餐盘，而与他同坐的每一个普林西比人都这样做。

I have seen, at the hospitable board of H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Stephanie of Baden—(who, if these humble lines should come under her Imperial eyes, is besought to remember graciously the most devoted of her servants)—I have seen, I say, the Hereditary Princess of Potztausend Donnerwetter (that serenely-beautiful woman) use her knife in lieu of a fork or spoon; I have seen her almost swallow it, by Jove! like Ramo Samee, the Indian juggler. And did I blench? Did my estimation for the Princess diminish? No, lovely Amalia! One of the truest passions that ever was inspired by woman was raised in this bosom by that lady. Beautiful one! long, long may the knife carry food to those lips! the reddest and loveliest in the world!

我曾看见，在巴登的斯蒂法妮大公爵夫人——（如果这些卑微的词句有幸被殿下看到，那么我恳求她仁慈地记住她这个最忠诚的仆人）好客的餐桌上——呐，我看见世袭公主波兹托森德·唐勒威特（那个沉稳而美丽的女人）用餐刀来代替餐叉和汤匙。啊，我看见她都快把它给吞下去了！像印度杂耍人拉莫·沙麦一样。难道我退缩了？难道我对公主的尊敬减少了？不，可爱的阿玛莉亚！那位女士激发了鄙人心中曾被女人激起的最真挚的情感。真是一位美人儿！愿餐刀足够长，长到可以将食物直接送到她的唇边！那世界上最红最可爱的嘴唇！

The cause of my quarrel with Marrowfat I never breathed to mortal soul for four years. We met in the halls of the aristocracy—our friends and relatives. We jostled each other in the dance or at the board; but the estrangement continued, and seemed irrevocable, until the fourth of June, last year.

四年来，我从未向世人提及我和马罗法特之间发生争吵的原因。我们在贵族亲友的厅堂里会了面。我们在舞池里或是饭桌旁擦肩而过，但是彼此间的隔阂仍在，而且似乎不可调和，直到去年六月四日。

We met at Sir George Golloper's. We were placed, he on the right, your humble servant on the left of the admirable Lady G.. Peas formed part of the banquet—ducks and green peas. I trembled as I saw Marrowfat helped, and turned away sickening, lest I should behold the weapon darting down his horrid jaws.

我们在乔治·戈洛普爵士家中见到了对方。我们的座位是这样安排的：他在尊敬的戈洛普夫人的右边，而鄙人则在她的左边。当时宴席的菜肴中用到了豌豆——有一道菜是用鸭肉和嫩豌豆做的。我一看见马罗法特吃东西就战栗，觉得阵阵恶心，于是转过身去，以免亲眼目睹餐具冲向他那可怕的嘴里。

What was my astonishment, what my delight, when I saw him use his fork like any other Christian! He did not administer the cold steel once. Old times rushed back upon me—the remembrance of old services—his rescuing me from the brigands—his gallant conduct in the affair with the Countess Dei Spinachi—his lending me the 1,700L. I almost burst into tears with joy—my voice trembled with emotion. 'George, my boy!' I exclaimed, 'George Marrowfat, my dear fellow! a glass of wine!'

看到他像其他基督教徒那样使用餐叉时，我是何等震惊、何等欣喜啊！他可是从没有使用过这种冷冰冰的钢制器皿。我一下子想起了以前的事——想起了他曾经提供给我的帮助——他将我从强盗手中救出——他在与德·斯宾纳奇女伯爵相好时的侠义行为——他借给了我一千七百镑。我差点喜极而泣了——我激动得声音都在颤抖。“乔治，好样的！”我惊呼，“乔治·马罗法特，我亲爱的朋友！我们干一杯！”

Blushing—deeply moved—almost as tremulous as I was myself, George answered, 'FRANK, SHALL IT BE HOCK OR MADEIRA?' I could have hugged him to my heart but for the presence of the company. Little did Lady Golloper know what was the cause of the emotion which sent the duckling I was carving into her ladyship's pink satin lap. The most good-natured of women pardoned the error, and the butler removed the bird.

乔治的脸红了——深受感动——颤抖得几乎和我一样厉害。他回答说：“弗兰克，喝霍克酒还是马德拉白葡萄酒？”当时要不是有人在场，

我就深深拥抱他了。戈洛普夫人几乎不知道我为什么如此激动，把切着的鸭肉都掉到了她粉红色的绸缎裙兜里。这位脾气极好的女士原谅了我的过失，男管家将这块肉弄走了。

We have been the closest friends over since, nor, of course, has George repeated his odious habit. He acquired it at a country school, where they cultivated peas and only used two-pronged forks, and it was only by living on the Continent where the usage of the four-prong is general, that he lost the horrible custom.

从那以后，我们成了亲密无间的朋友。当然，乔治再也没有了那样的恶习。他是在一所乡村学校养成那种习惯的，在那里，人们种植豌豆，而且只使用两分叉的餐叉，在欧洲大陆生活过之后，他发现人们普遍使用四分叉的餐叉，这才丢掉了那个可怕的习惯。

In this point—and in this only—I confess myself a member of the Silver-Fork School; and if this tale but induce one of my readers to pause, to examine in his own mind solemnly, and ask, 'Do I or do I not eat peas with a knife?'—to see the ruin which may fall upon himself by continuing the practice, or his family by beholding the example, these lines will not have been written in vain. And now, whatever other authors may be, I flatter myself, it will be allowed that I, at least, am a moral man.

在这一点上——也只有在这一点上——我承认自己是银叉族的一员。如果这个故事仅仅能使我的一个读者停下来，认真地清理一下思绪之后问："我是不是用餐刀吃豌豆呢？"——且意识到如果继续那样的行为就会把自己给毁了，或者他的家人若以此为榜样，也会给毁了，那么我上面的话就没有白写。现在，不管其他作家会是怎样，我自诩可以称得上一个懂得寓意的人。

By the way, as some readers are dull of comprehension, I may as well say what the moral of this history is. The moral is this—Society having ordained certain customs, men are bound to obey the law of society, and conform to its harmless orders.

顺便说一下，因为有的读者理解能力有限，那么我就谈谈这件旧事寓意何在。寓意在于——既然社会规定了某些习俗，人们就必须遵守社会的规则，遵照其无害的秩序。

If I should go to the British and Foreign Institute (and heaven forbid I should go under any pretext or in any costume whatever)—if I should go to one of the tea-parties in a dressing-gown and slippers, and not in the usual attire of a gentleman, viz, pumps, a gold waistcoat, a crush hat, a sham frill, and a white choker—I should be insulting society, and EATING PEASE WITH MY KNIFE. Let the porters of the Institute hustle out the individual who shall so offend. Such an offender is, as regards society, a most emphatical and refractory Snob.

It has its code and police as well as governments, and he must conform who would profit by the decrees set forth for their common comfort.

我要是去“英国与外国学会”（我绝不能找任何借口或是穿着随意的服饰去）——如果我穿着晨衣和拖鞋去参加一个茶会，而不穿一位绅士通常所穿的盛装，即无带轻软舞鞋、金色的马甲、软毡帽、仿荷叶边以及白色宽领带——我就是在侮辱社会，成了用餐刀吃豌豆的人。让这个学会的门卫将如此冒犯的人拒之门外吧。对社会而言，这样一个冒犯者是最顽固、最难对付的势利者。一个社会有着自己的政府，也有其相应的规范和治安力量，要是谁想从为了人们共同的舒适而制定的法令中获益，他就必须遵守这些规范。

I am naturally averse to egotism, and hate selflaudation consumedly; but I can't help relating here a circumstance illustrative of the point in question, in which I must think I acted with considerable prudence.

我天生反感以个人为中心，非常讨厌大肆自我称赞的行为。但是，在此我不由地联想到一个正好可以对这个问题进行解释的例子，我必须认为自己在其中的行为是谨慎的。

Being at Constantinople a few years since—(on a delicate mission),—the Russians were playing a double game, between ourselves, and it became necessary on our part to employ an EXTRA NEGOTIATOR—Leckerbiss Pasha of Roumelia, then Chief Galeongee of the Porte, gave a diplomatic banquet at his summer palace at Bujukdere. I was on the left of the Galeongee, and the Russian agent, Count de Diddloff, on his dexter side. Diddloff is a dandy who would die of a rose in aromatic pain: he had tried to have me assassinated three times in the course of the negotiation; but of course we were friends in public, and saluted each other in the most cordial and charming manner.

几年前我在君士坦丁堡（执行一个棘手的任务），那时俄国人在背地里玩双重花招，因此我方有必要雇佣一个“谈判高手”——罗麦里亚的莱克比斯·帕夏。帕夏时任土耳其宫廷的一名主要官员，在他于布朱克迪尔的避暑宫殿里举行了一个外交宴会。我就在这位官员的左边，而俄国代理迪德罗夫伯爵则在他的右边。迪德罗夫是一个纨绔子弟，他会为了一个美丽女子在芳香的痛苦中死去。在谈判的过程中，他有三次差点置我于死地。当然，我们在公众眼里是朋友，都用最热诚、最优雅的方式向彼此致意。

The Galeongee is—or was, alas! for a bow-string has done for him—a staunch supporter of the old school of Turkish politics. We dined with our fingers, and had flaps of bread for plates; the only innovation he admitted was the use of European liquors, in which he indulged with great gusto. He was an enormous eater. Amongst the dishes a

very large one was placed before him of a lamb dressed in its wool, stuffed with prunes, garlic, assafoetida, capsicums, and other condiments, the most abominable mixture that ever mortal smelt or tasted. The Galeongee ate of this hugely; and pursuing the Eastern fashion, insisted on helping his friends right and left, and when he came to a particularly spicy morsel, would push it with his own hands into his guests' very mouths.

这个官员是——或者说曾经是，哎！因为一根绳索就能把他给解决掉——土耳其政治老派的一个坚定的支持者。我们用手指吃饭，用面包片作盘子。他唯一喜欢的一个新点子就是喝欧洲烈性酒，他喝得非常痛快。他真是一个大胃王。在众多菜肴中，有一道很大的菜放在他面前，那是一只未去毛的羔羊，里面填塞着梅干、大蒜、阿魏胶、辣椒和其他调味品，简直是人能闻到或是尝到的最可恶的混杂物。那个官员却吃得很带劲，并按照东方的方式，不断地帮助左右的朋友，当他吃到一道特别辛辣的美食时，便会亲自用手将其塞进客人们的嘴里。

I never shall forget the look of poor Diddloff, when his Excellency, rolling up a large quantity of this into a ball and exclaiming, 'Buk Buk' (it is very good), administered the horrible bolus to Diddloff. The Russian's eyes rolled dreadfully as he received it: he swallowed it with a grimace that I thought must precede a convulsion, and seizing a bottle next him, which he thought was Sauterne, but which turned out to be French brandy, he drank off nearly a pint before he know his error. It finished him; he was carried away from the dining-room almost dead, and laid out to cool in a summer-house on the Bosphorus.

我永远也不会忘记，当大人将一大块羊肉卷成一团，吆喝着"Buk Buk"（好极了！）并把这个可怕的肉团递给他时，可怜的迪德罗夫的样子。接过这个肉团，这个俄国人害怕得眼睛直打转：他面露难色地吞下了那个肉团，我想随后一定痉挛了一下。他抓起旁边的一瓶酒就饮，他本以为是苏特恩白葡萄酒，没想到却是一瓶法国白兰地，他差不多喝完了一品脱才知道自己弄错了。这酒把他给灌翻了；他像死人一样被人从餐室里抬出去，放到了博斯普鲁斯的花园凉亭里让他醒酒。

When it came to my turn, I took down the condiment with a smile, said 'Bismillah,' licked my lips with easy gratification, and when the next dish was served, made up a ball myself so dexterously, and popped it down the old Galeongee's mouth with so much grace, that his heart was won. Russia was put out of court at once and THE TREATY of Kabobanople WAS SIGNED. As for Diddloff, all was over with HIM: he was recalled to St. Petersburg, and Sir Roderick Murchison saw him, under the No.3967, working in the Ural mines.

轮到我了，我笑着吃下了那辛辣的食物，嘴里说着“真主”，轻松满足地舔了舔嘴唇。等下一道菜上来时，我灵巧地卷起一个肉团，优雅地

将其放入老官员的嘴里，赢得了他的心。俄国立马出局，而我们则签订了“卡波巴罗普尔条约”。至于迪德罗夫，他一切都完了：他被召回到圣彼得堡，罗德里克·默奇森爵士曾看见过他，他身上标着“3967号”，在乌拉尔山的矿井中工作。

The moral of this tale, I need not say, is, that there are many disagreeable things in society which you are bound to take down, and to do so with a smiling face.

无需我讲，这个故事的寓意在于：社会上有许多不称心的事要你接受，并面带微笑去做。

CHAPTER II THE SNOB ROYAL

第二章 皇家势利者

Long since at the commencement of the reign of her present Gracious Majesty, it chanced 'on a fair summer evening,' as Mr. James would say, that three or four young cavaliers were drinking a cup of wine after dinner at the hostelry called the 'King's Arms,' kept by Mistress Anderson, in the royal village of Kensington. 'Twas a balmy evening, and the wayfarers looked out on a cheerful scene. The tall elms of the ancient gardens were in full leaf, and countless chariots of the nobility of England whirled by to the neighbouring palace, where princely Sussex (whose income latterly only allowed him to give tea-parties) entertained his royal niece at a state banquet. When the caroches of the nobles had set down their owners at the banquethall, their varlets and servitors came to quaff a flagon of nut-brown ale in the 'King's Arms' gardens hard by. We watched these fellows from our lattice. By Saint Boniface 'twas a rare sight!

在我们当下这位仁慈的陛下开始她的统治很久之后，正如詹姆斯先生所说的那样，“在一个美好的夏夜”，三四个年轻的骑士吃完晚饭后，正在一个叫做“国王之徽”的客店里喝酒，这家客店坐落在肯辛顿的一个皇家村庄里，是安德森小姐开的。那是一个舒适的夜晚，徒步旅行者看着外面令人愉悦的景色。在这个古老的院落中，高高的榆树枝繁叶茂，无数辆英格兰贵族马车正疾驰而过，奔向旁边的宫殿。在那里，高贵的苏塞克斯（近来他的收入仅仅够他举办一些茶会）正在举办一个正式的宴会来款待他的皇家侄女。待这些贵族的马车将主人送进宴会厅之后，他们的侍从便到旁边“国王之徽”的花园中畅饮装在大肚酒瓶里的栗色的麦芽啤酒。我们从窗格中看到了这些人。按圣卜尼法斯的标准，这也是一幕罕见的景象！

The tulips in Mynheer Van Dunck's gardens were not more gorgeous than the liveries of these pie-coated retainers. All the flowers of the field bloomed in their ruffled bosoms, all the hues of the rainbow gleamed in their plush breeches, and the long-caned ones walked up and down the garden with that charming solemnity, that delightful quivering swagger of the calves, which has always had a frantic fascination for us. The walk was not wide enough for them as the shoulder-knots strutted up and down it in canary, and crimson, and light blue.

就算是范·唐克先生花园里的郁金香，也不及侍从们五颜六色的制服光鲜。田野里所有的花儿都开放在他们打了褶裥的胸前，彩虹所有的颜色都闪烁在他们的毛绒裤上。那些高高瘦瘦的人在园子里庄严地走来走

去，风度翩翩。他们像笨拙的男人那样摇摆着，样子非常可笑，令我们无比着迷。这些穿着淡黄色、深红色和淡蓝色衣服，还戴着肩章的侍从们在这里昂首阔步，走道都显得不够宽阔。

Suddenly, in the midst of their pride, a little bell was rung, a side door opened, and (after setting down their Royal Mistress) her Majesty's own crimson footmen, with epaulets and black plushes, came in.

正当他们神气活现的时候，突然响起了一阵铃声，一扇侧门开了。皇家小姐下了马车之后，她那些穿着深红色制服、戴着肩章、穿着黑色毛绒裤的男仆们便走了进来。

It was pitiable to see the other poor Johns slink off at this arrival! Not one of the honest private Plushes could stand up before the Royal Flunkeys. They left the walk: they sneaked into dark holes and drank their beer in silence. The Royal Plush kept possession of the garden until the Royal Plush dinner was announced, when it retired, and we heard from the pavilion where they dined, conservative cheers, and speeches, and Kentish fires. The other Flunkeys we never saw more.

他们一到，其他那些可怜的无名小卒便灰溜溜地走了，真是可怜啊！在这些皇室仆人面前，没有一个忠实的私家仆人敢站出来。他们离开了走道，溜进了黑暗之中，悄无声息地喝起啤酒来。这些皇室仆人一直占着花园，直到宣布他们要开始吃晚餐了才走。我们在亭子里听见他们在哪里用餐，听见他们谨慎地干杯、谈话，还在那儿鼓噪拍掌。我们之后再也没有见到过其他的仆人。

My dear Flunkeys, so absurdly conceited at one moment and so abject at the next, are but the types of their masters in this world. HE WHO MEANLY ADMIRES MEAN THINGS IS A SNOB—perhaps that is a safe definition of the character.

我亲爱的男仆们真是荒唐，这一刻还自高自大，下一刻便卑贱至极了，他们在这个世界上只不过是他们主人的代表。卑贱地崇拜那些卑鄙之物的人就是势利者——对于这类人物，也许这就是一种较为稳妥的定义。

And this is why I have, with the utmost respect, ventured to place The Snob Royal at the head of my list, causing all others to give way before him, as the Flunkeys before the royal representative in Kensington Gardens. To say of such and such a Gracious Sovereign that he is a Snob, is but to say that his Majesty is a man. Kings, too, are men and Snobs. In a country where Snobs are in the majority, a prime one, surely, cannot be unfit to govern. With us they have succeeded to admiration.

这就是我为什么满怀敬意地冒昧将皇室势利者放在我名单的前面，让所有其他类型的势利者给他让道的原因，就像在肯辛顿花园，那些男

仆们要在皇室代表面前让道一样。要说某个宽厚仁慈的君主是个势利者，其实就像是在说陛下是个男人一样。国王们同样也是男人和势利者。在一个势利者占多数的国家，最势利的人当然不会不适合统治国家。在我们看来，这些人已经获到了大家的赞赏。

For instance, James I. was a Snob, and a Scotch Snob, than which the world contains no more offensive creature. He appears to have had not one of the good qualities of a man—neither courage, nor generosity, nor honesty, nor brains; but read what the great Divines and Doctors of England said about him! Charles II., his grandson, was a rogue, but not a Snob; whilst Louis XIV., his old squaretoes of a contemporary,—the great worshipper of Bigwiggery—has always struck me as a most undoubted Royal Snob.

例如，詹姆斯一世就是个势利者，一个苏格兰势利者，这世上找不到比他更无礼的人了。一个男人所应具备的好品质，他似乎一个都不具备——他没有勇气，欠缺大度，并不诚实，也没有智慧。但是读读英国那些伟大的神学人士和博士是怎么评价他的吧！他的孙子查理二世喜欢胡作非为，但他并不是一个势利者。而与他同时代的一个守旧人物路易十四——一个了不起的大亨崇拜者——始终给我的印象就是一个彻彻底底的皇室势利者。

I will not, however, take instances from our own country of Royal Snobs, but refer to a neighbouring kingdom, that of Brentford—and its monarch, the late great and lamented Gorgius IV. With the same humility with which the footmen at the 'King's Arms' gave way before the Plush Royal, the aristocracy of the Brentford nation bent down and truckled before Gorgius, and proclaimed him the first gentleman in Europe. And it's a wonder to think what is the gentlefolks' opinion of a gentleman, when they gave Gorgius such a title.

但是，我不会以我国的皇室势利者为例，而是以邻国，即布伦特福德——以及它的君主，也就是已故的、伟大而令人怀念的乔杰斯四世为例。就像在“国王之徽”的仆人要在皇家仆从面前让道一样，布伦特福德的贵族也谦卑地在乔杰斯面前卑躬屈膝、讨好拍马，称他是欧洲第一绅士。当他们给予乔杰斯这一称呼时，这些上流人士如何看待绅士，是一件令人好奇的事。

What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner? Ought a gentleman to be a loyal son, a true husband, and honest father? Ought his life to be decent—his bills to be paid—his tastes to be high and elegant—his aims in life lofty and noble? In a word, ought not the Biography of a First Gentleman in Europe to be of such a nature that it might be read in Young Ladies' Schools with advantage, and studied with profit in the Seminaries of Young Gentlemen? I put this question

to all instructors of youth—to Mrs. Ellis and the Women of England; to all schoolmasters, from Doctor Hawtrey down to Mr. Squeers. I conjure up before me an awful tribunal of youth and innocence, attended by its venerable instructors (like the ten thousand red-cheeked charity-children in Saint Paul's), sitting in judgment, and Gorgius pleading his cause in the midst. Out of Court, out of Court, fat old Florizel! Beadles, turn out that bloated, pimple-faced man!—If Gorgius MUST have a statue in the new Palace which the Brentford nation is building, it ought to be set up in the Flunkeys' Hall. He should be represented cutting out a coat, in which art he is said to have excelled. He also invented Maraschino punch, a shoe-buckle (this was in the vigour of his youth, and the prime force of his invention), and a Chinese pavilion, the most hideous building in the world. He could drive a four-in-hand very nearly as well as the Brighton coachman, could fence elegantly, and it is said, played the fiddle well. And he smiled with such irresistible fascination, that persons who were introduced into his august presence became his victims, body and soul, as a rabbit becomes the prey of a great big boa-constrictor.

要成为一名绅士应该具备什么条件呢？是不是拥有诚实、温柔、大方、英勇、聪慧所有这些特点，并将它们用最优雅的外在方式展现出来？绅士是不是应该是一个忠诚的儿子、一个真诚的丈夫和一个诚实的父亲呢？他是不是应该生活体面——没有负债——品味高雅——生活目标崇高呢？总之，难道欧洲第一绅士的传记不应该拥有此种本质，使年轻淑女学校的学生读到时获得益处，青年绅士研究院的学生们研究后也能从中受益吗？我向所有的青年教师提出这个问题——向埃利斯太太和全英国的女人们提出；向所有的校长们提出，上到霍特里博士，下至斯奎尔士先生。我想象着，面前出现了一个由年轻单纯的人组成的可怕的法庭，他们尊敬的老师也在场（就像圣保罗上万个脸颊通红的儿童慈善人士一样），年轻人坐着审案，而乔杰斯正在法庭上申辩。出去，滚出法庭去，又老又胖的弗洛里热尔！差役，把那个满脸脓疱的肥家伙弄出去！——如果必须为乔杰斯在布伦特福德正在修建的新宫殿里立一个雕塑的话，地点应该会选在仆从大厅。应该雕出他正剪裁衣服的样子，据说他在这项技术上是非常杰出的。他还发明了黑樱桃潘趣酒、一种鞋扣（青春活力之作，活力是他发明的主要动力），还有一个中式凉亭，那简直是世界上最丑陋的建筑。他驾驶四乘驾的技术好得可以和布赖顿的马车夫媲美，他的击剑姿势十分优雅，而且听说他小提琴也拉得不错。他微笑时，魅力不可抵挡。凡是被引荐到令人敬畏的他面前的人，其身心都会成为他的牺牲品，就像一只小兔成为一条大蟒蛇的猎物那样。

I would wager that if Mr. Widdicomb were, by a revolution, placed on the throne of Brentford, people would be equally fascinated by his irresistibly majestic smile and tremble as they knelt down to kiss his hand. If he went to Dublin they would erect an obelisk on the spot where he first landed, as the Paddylanders did when Gorgius

visited them. We have all of us read with delight that story of the King's voyage to Haggisland, where his presence inspired such a fury of loyalty and where the most famous man of the country—the Baron of Bradwardine—coming on board the royal yacht, and finding a glass out of which Gorgius had drunk, put it into his coatpocket as an inestimable relic, and went ashore in his boat again. But the Baron sat down upon the glass and broke it, and cut his coat-tails very much; and the inestimable relic was lost to the world for ever. O noble Bradwardine! what old-world superstition could set you on your knees before such an idol as that?

我打赌，要是威迪科布先生通过一次革命被推上布伦特福德的王位，人们同样会被他异常威严的笑容所吸引，跪下去吻他的手时也会瑟瑟发抖。如果他去都柏林，人们将会在他首次着陆的地方立一块碑，就像乔杰斯来访时爱尔兰人所做的那样。我们都十分愉悦地阅读过关于国王航行到哈杰斯岛的故事。他一驾临那儿，人们便疯狂地对其表示忠诚，就连全国最有名的人——布拉德沃丁男爵——都来到这艘皇家游艇上，找到乔杰斯曾用过的一个玻璃杯，将其当作一件无价的纪念品放入自己的上衣口袋，然后乘自己的小船上了岸。但男爵坐在了玻璃杯上，把它弄坏了，还划坏了他衣服的燕尾。那件无价的纪念品就此在这个世界上永远消失了。噢，高贵的布拉德沃丁！是怎样的旧时代迷信让你跪倒在那样的一个偶像面前？

If you want to moralise upon the mutability of human affairs, go and see the figure of Gorgius in his real, identical robes, at the waxwork.—Admittance one shilling. Children and flunkeys sixpence. Go, and pay sixpence.

如果你想对于世间人事的易变性进行一番说教，就去蜡像馆看看穿着本人的长袍、栩栩如生的乔杰斯雕像——需要一先令的入场费。小孩和仆人只需六便士。去吧，付六便士。

CHAPTER III THE INFLUENCE OF THE ARISTOCRACY ON SNOBS

第三章 贵族对势利者的影响

Last Sunday week, being at church in this city, and the service just ended, I heard two Snobs conversing about the Parson. One was asking the other who the clergyman was? 'He is Mr. So-and-so,' the second Snob answered, 'domestic chaplain to the Earl of What-d'ye-call'im." Oh, is he,' said the first Snob, with a tone of indescribable satisfaction.—The Parson's orthodoxy and identity were at once settled in this Snob's mind. He knew no more about the Earl than about the Chaplain, but he took the latter's character upon the authority of the former; and went home quite contented with his Reverence, like a little truckling Snob.

上周日，我在这个城市的教堂里做完礼拜后，听到了两个势利者关于牧师的谈话。其中一个问另一个那个牧师是何人。“他是某某先生，”另一个势利者答道，“是那个叫什么来着的伯爵的家庭牧师。” “噢，这样呀。” 前一个势利者带着无法描述的满意语气说道。牧师的正统信仰及身份便立刻定格在这个势利者的脑海中。他对这个伯爵的了解并不比对牧师的了解多，但他却根据前者的权威来判断后者的品质。然后，他对牧师感到非常满意，就像一个奉承谄媚的小势利者一样回家了。

This incident gave me more matter for reflection even than the sermon: and wonderment at the extent and prevalence of Lordolatory in this country. What could it matter to Snob whether his Reverence were chaplain to his Lordship or not? What Peerageworship there is all through this free country! How we are all implicated in it, and more or less down on our knees.—And with regard to the great subject on hand, I think that the influence of the Peerage upon Snobbishness has been more remarkable than that of any other institution. The increase, encouragement, and maintenance of Snobs are among the 'priceless services,' as Lord John Russell says, which we owe to the nobility.

这件事情比布道让我思考得更多：在这个国家，人们对于贵族的崇拜范围之广、程度之深令人惊叹。那位牧师是不是贵族的牧师，对势利者来说有何关系呢？在这整个自由的国度里，贵族崇拜是多么盛行！我们所有的人都被牵连到其中，多多少少地对其卑躬屈膝。就眼前这个重大话题来看，我认为贵族对于势利者的影响已经远远超过了其他任何机构。就像约翰·罗素勋爵所说，势利者数量增多、受到鼓励，得以维持都包含在“无价的服务”之中，而我们要将这些都归功于贵族。

It can't be otherwise. A man becomes enormously rich, or he jobs successfully in the aid of a Minister, or he wins a great battle, or executes a treaty, or is a clever lawyer who makes a multitude of fees and ascends the bench; and the country rewards him for ever with a gold coronet (with more or less balls or leaves) and a title, and a rank as legislator. 'Your merits are so great,' says the nation, 'that your children shall be allowed to reign over us, in a manner. It does not in the least matter that your eldest son be a fool: we think your services so remarkable, that he shall have the reversion of your honours when death vacates your noble shoes. If you are poor, we will give you such a sum of money as shall enable you and the eldest-born of your race for ever to live in fat and splendour. It is our wish that there should be a race set apart in this happy country, who shall hold the first rank, have the first prizes and chances in all government jobs and patronages. We cannot make all your dear children Peers—that would make Peerage common and crowd the House of Lords uncomfortably—but the young ones shall have everything a Government can give: they shall get the pick of all the places: they shall be Captains and Lieutenant-Colonels at nineteen, when hoary-headed old lieutenants are spending thirty years at drill: they shall command ships at one-and-twenty, and veterans who fought before they were born. And as we are eminently a free people, and in order to encourage all men to do their duty, we say to any man of any rank—get enormously rich, make immense fees as a lawyer, or great speeches, or distinguish yourself and win battles—and you, even you, shall come into the privileged class, and your children shall reign naturally over ours.'

事情只能是这样。如果一个人变得非常富有，或在某位大臣的帮助下工作做得十分成功，或打了一场大胜仗，或搞定了某个条约，或是一个聪明的律师，赚了大笔酬金，还坐上了法官席；国家用一顶金制冠冕（多多少少会有一些球状物或者叶子在上面）、一个头衔以及立法者的地位来给他永久的奖励。“你有此般丰功伟绩，”国家说，“所以你的孩子们可以以某种方式统治我们。即使你的长子是个傻瓜也一点都不要紧：我们认为你的功绩是如此卓越，所以死神将你带走之后，他可以继承你的荣誉。如果你很穷，我们会给你大量的钱财，足以让你和你的长子永远过上光鲜富足的生活。我们希望对这个幸福的国家里的某个家族进行区别对待，他们会在所有的政府工作和赞助中拥有一流的地位，享有头等奖赏和机会。我们不能让你所有的爱子都成为贵族——那样会让贵族阶级变得普通，而且会让上议院变得拥挤不堪，令人很不舒服——但那些年幼的孩子会拥有一切政府能够提供的东西：他们将获得最好的地位，十九岁时就能成为上尉和中校，这是那些头发花白的老中尉要花三十年的时间进行操练才能达到的。他们要在二十一岁时就指挥舰队，并统领那些在他们出生前就打过仗的老兵。又由于我们是一个十分自由的民族，为了鼓励所有人尽其职责，我们对任何阶层的任何人都说——努力变得非常富有，当律师赚大笔的佣金，或者发表伟大的演讲，或让自

己出类拔萃，赢取战争胜利——那么你，甚至是你，将会踏入特权阶级，你的孩子们自然而然地将会统治我们的孩子。”

How can we help Snobbishness, with such a prodigious national institution erected for its worship? How can we help cringing to Lords? Flesh and blood can't do otherwise. What man can withstand this prodigious temptation? Inspired by what is called a noble emulation, some people grasp at honours and win them; others, too weak or mean, blindly admire and grovel before those who have gained them; others, not being able to acquire them, furiously hate, abuse, and envy. There are only a few bland and not-in-the-least-conceited philosophers, who can behold the state of society, viz., Toadyism, organised:—base Man-and-Mammon worship, instituted by command of law:—Snobbishness, in a word, perpetuated,—and mark the phenomenon calmly. And of these calm moralists, is there one, I wonder, whose heart would not throb with pleasure if he could be seen walking arm-in-arm with a couple of dukes down Pall Mall? No it is impossible in our condition of society, not to be sometimes a Snob.

在这样一个因贵族崇拜而建立的庞大的国家体制面前，我们怎样才能阻止势利之风呢？我们怎样才能阻止人们在贵族面前卑躬屈膝呢？血肉之躯唯有如此。什么样的人能够抵制这么大的诱惑呢？有些人受到所谓的高尚竞争的鼓舞，竭尽全力赢得了荣誉；有些人弱小而普通，盲目地拜倒在那些拥有荣誉的人面前；其他一些人，由于没有能力获得荣誉，于是便满怀憎恨和嫉妒，加以谩骂诅咒。只有数量极少的哲学家对此满不在乎，也并不自高自大，他们能够看清这个社会的状态，那就是，阿谀奉承之风在有组织地盛行——在规则控制下卑鄙地对人和金钱进行崇拜。总之，势利之风在不断地延续——而他们只是冷静地注视着这一切的发生。我想知道，在这些冷静的道德家中，有哪一位在被人看见自己正和几位公爵手挽手地在蓓尔美尔街散步时，内心不会因喜悦而怦怦直跳呢？不，在我们这样的社会中，不偶尔做个势利者是不可能的。

On one hand it encourages the commoner to be snobbishly mean, and the noble to be snobbishly arrogant. When a noble marchioness writes in her travels about the hard necessity under which steam-boat travellers labour of being brought into contact 'with all sorts and conditions of people': implying that a fellowship with God's creatures is disagreeable to to her Ladyship, who is their superior:—when, I say , the Marchioness of —— writes in this fashion, we must consider that out of her natural heart it would have been impossible for any woman to have had such a sentiment; but that the habit of truckling and cringing, which all who surround her have adopted towards this beautiful and magnificent lady,—this proprietor of so many black and other diamonds,—has really induced her to believe that she is the superior of the world in general: and that people are not to associate

with her except awfully at a distance. I recollect being once at the city of Grand Cairo, through which a European Royal Prince was passing India-wards. One night at the inn there was a great disturbance: a man had drowned himself in the well hard by: all the inhabitants of the hotel came bustling into the Court, and amongst others your humble servant, who asked of a certain young man the reason of the disturbance. How was I to know that this young gent was a prince? He had not his crown and sceptre on: he was dressed in a white jacket and felt hat: but he looked surprised at anybody speaking to him: answered an unintelligible monosyllable, and—BECKONED HIS AID-DE-CAMP TO COME AND SPEAK TO ME. It is our fault, not that of the great, that they should fancy themselves so far above us. If you WILL fling yourself under the wheels, Juggernaut will go over you, depend upon it; and if you and I, my dear friend, had Kotow performed before us every day,—found people whenever we appeared grovelling in slavish adoration, we should drop into the airs of superiority quite naturally, and accept the greatness with which the world insisted upon endowing us.

一方面，这使得平民们因势利而变得卑贱，而贵族则因势利而变得傲慢。有一位高贵的女侯爵在她的游记中谈到了蒸汽船上的游客们不可避免与“各种类型、各种条件的人”打交道，暗示让上帝的那些平凡之辈与更加高贵的她交往让人很不愉快。这位叫什么来着的女侯爵用这样的方式进行描述时，我们一定要觉得她真心认为其他任何女人都不可能有这样的情感。但是，周围所有的人都有谄媚讨好这位漂亮华丽的女士的习惯——这个大量黑色金刚石与其他钻石的拥有者——这已经真正使她觉得自己是凌驾于所有世人之上的，因此人们便只能保持相当的距离与她交往。我回忆起自己曾经去到大开罗。那时，一位欧洲王子正在去印度的路上，路过此地。一天晚上，旅店里发生了一次大骚乱：一个男子在近旁的一口井里溺水而亡。住在旅店里的所有人都涌进了院子，鄙人也在那里，向一位年轻人打听骚乱的原因。我怎么知道那个年轻人就是王子呢？他没头戴皇冠，也没手拿权杖：他穿着一件白色的夹克，戴了一顶毡帽。但是，他却吃惊地看着任何一个同他讲话的人，不知所云地说出简单的几个词，而且——他招手让他的副官来同我讲话。大人物们觉得自己高高在上，错在我们，而不是他们。如果你愿意扑倒在车轮下，那些“世界主宰者”肯定会直接从你身上碾过去。我亲爱的朋友，如果每天有人在你我这些人面前叩头——不论我们出现在哪里都会有人奴颜婢膝地拜倒，我们会自然而然地觉得高人一等，并接受这个世界坚持要赋予我们的不凡地位。

Here is an instance, out of Lord L——’s travels, of that calm, good-natured, undoubting way in which a great man accepts the homage of his inferiors. After making some profound and ingenious remarks about the town of Brussells, his lordship says:‘Staying some day at the Hotel de Belle Vue, a greatly overrated establishment, and

not nearly as comfortable as the Hotel de France—I made acquaintance with Dr. L——, the physician of the Mission. He was desirous of doing the honours of the place to me, and he ordered for us a DINER EN GOURMAND at the chief restaurateur's, maintaining it surpassed the Rocher at Paris. Six or eight partook of the entertainment, and we all agreed it was infinitely inferior to the Paris display, and much more extravagant. So much for the copy.’

我们现在就以L 勋爵的游记为例，看看一个了不起的人怎样以一种平静温和而且不容怀疑的方式接受地位低于他的人的致敬。在对布鲁塞尔城作了一番深远而巧妙的评价之后，勋爵说：“有一天，我住在“美景酒店”，其实它名不副实，还不如在“法国酒店”住着舒适——我认识了L医生，他是这个教区的医生。他很想对我尽地主之谊，在大饭店为我们订了一桌美食，一直强调它比巴黎的罗切尔餐厅还要好。参加聚会的大约有六七个人，我们都觉得这里的味道比起巴黎的绝对差远了，而且更为浪费。这里的仿效也就仅此而已。”

And so much for the gentleman who gave the dinner. Dr. L——, desirous to do his lordship 'the honour of the place,' feasts him with the best victuals money can procure—and my lord finds the entertainment extravagant and inferior. Extravagant! it was not extravagant to HIM;—Inferior! Mr. L—— did his best to satisfy those noble jaws, and my lord receives the entertainment, and dismisses the giver with a rebuke. It is like a three-tailed Pasha grumbling about an unsatisfactory backsheesh.

提供晚宴的L医生也不过是仅此而已。L医生想要对这位贵族尽地主之谊，花钱用最好的美味来款待他，而这位勋爵却觉得这顿饭既浪费又缺乏档次。浪费！这对他来说不是浪费——而是低档！L先生尽最大的努力去满足这些贵族的胃口，这位勋爵接受了这次款待，然后训斥着将这位款待者赶走。这就像一个穿三尾服饰的高级官员在抱怨一份令人不满意的小费一样。

But how should it be otherwise in a country where Lordolatry is part of our creed, and where our children are brought up to respect the *Peerage* as the Englishman's second *Bible*?

但是，在这个以贵族崇拜为部分人生信条，将《贵族名册》当作英国人的第二《圣经》来教育孩子的国度，怎么可能不是这种情况呢？

CHAPTER IV THE *COURT CIRCULAR*, AND ITS INFLUENCE ON SNOBS

第四章 《宫廷公报》及其对势利者的影响

Example is the best of precepts; so let us begin with a true and authentic story, showing how young aristocratic snobs are reared, and how early their Snobbishness may be made to bloom. A beautiful and fashionable lady—(pardon, gracious madam, that your story should be made public; but it is so moral that it ought to be known to the universal world)—told me that in her early youth she had a little acquaintance, who is now indeed a beautiful and fashionable lady too. In mentioning Miss Snobky, daughter of Sir Snobby Snobky, whose presentation at Court caused such a sensation, need I say more?

实例是最好的箴言。所以，让我们从一个千真万确的故事开始，看看那些年轻的贵族势利者是怎样成长的，看看他们的势利行为多么早就已经盛行。有一个漂亮时髦的小姐（仁慈的女士，对不起，你的故事要公之于众了。因为它太具寓意了，我们应该将它昭告天下）告诉我她年轻的时候认识一个人，那个人现在真是一个漂亮时髦的小姐。一提到斯罗布比·斯罗布基爵士的女儿斯罗布基小姐——她在宫廷的出现曾引起了那么大的轰动——还需要我多说吗？

When Miss Snobky was so very young as to be in the nursery regions, and to walk off early mornings in St. James's Park, protected by a French governess and followed by a huge hirsute flunkey in the canary coloured livery of the Snobkys, she used occasionally in these promenades to meet with young Lord Claude Lollipop, the Marquis of Sillabub's younger son. In the very height of the season, from some unexplained cause, the Snobkys suddenly determined upon leaving town. Miss Snobky spoke to her female friend and confidante. 'What will poor Claude Lollipop say when he hears of my absence?' asked the tender-hearted child.

斯罗布基小姐很小还在上幼儿园时，每天清晨都要跟着法国家庭教师到圣詹姆斯公园去散步，有一个高大多毛、身着斯罗布基家淡黄色仆人制服的男仆跟随其后。在这儿散步时，她有时候会遇到斯拉巴布侯爵的小儿子，即年轻的克劳德·罗里波普勋爵。正当社交季节处在高峰时，不知是出于什么原因，斯罗布基一家突然决定离开这个小城。斯罗布基小姐跟她的闺中密友谈话。“可怜的克劳德·罗里波普听到我离开会说什么呢？”这个心善的小孩问道。

'Oh, perhaps he won't hear of it,' answers the confidante.

“哦，也许他根本就不会听说吧。”她的密友答道。

'MY DEAR, HE WILL READ IT IN THE PAPERS,' replied the dear little fashionable rogue of seven years old. She knew already her importance, and how all the world of England, how all the would-be-genteel people, how all the silver-fork worshippers, how all the tattle-mongers, how all the grocers' ladies, the tailors' ladies, the attorneys' and merchants' ladies, and the people living at Clapham and Brunswick Square,—who have no more chance of consorting with a Snobky than my beloved reader has of dining with the Emperor of China—yet watched the movements of the Snobkys with interest and were glad to know when they came to London and left it.

“亲爱的，他会在报纸上看到的。”这个可爱时髦的七岁小捣蛋鬼回答说。她已经知道自己的重要性，知道整个英国，所有即将成为上流社会的人、所有的银叉崇拜者、所有爱说闲话的人、所有杂货商、裁缝、律师和商人的太太们、住在克拉珀姆和不伦瑞克广场的人——虽然他们不可能结交斯罗布基家的某一个人，就像我亲爱的读者不可能和中国皇帝一起进餐一样——却饶有兴趣地注意斯诺罗基家的动向，而且很高兴知道他们何时到达和离开伦敦。

Here is the account of Miss Snobky's dress, and that of her mother, Lady Snobky, from the papers:—

报纸上关于斯罗布基小姐及其母亲的裙子的描述内容如下：

'MISS SNOBKY.

“斯罗布基小姐：

Habit de Cour, composed of a yellow nankeen illusion dress over a slip of rich pea-green corduroy, trimmed en tablier, with bouquets of Brussels sprouts: the body and sleeves handsomely trimmed with calimanco, and festooned with a pink train and white radishes. Head-dress, carrots and lappets.

她身穿一袭宫廷服饰，淡黄色的纱裙里面套着一片鲜艳的豌豆绿灯芯绒，围裙上有几束球芽甘蓝作为修饰，身上和袖子上则是漂亮的比利时毛呢，还有一段粉红色的裙裾和白萝卜图案作为点缀。头饰则是一些胡萝卜图案和垂饰。”

'LADY SNOBKY.

“斯罗布基夫人：

'Costume de Cour, composed of a train of the most superb Pekin bandannas, elegantly trimmed with spangles, tinfoil, and red-tape. Bodice and underdress of sky-blue velveteen, trimmed with bouffants and noeuds of bell-pulls. Stomacher a muffin. Head-dress a bird's nest, with a bird of paradise, over a rich brass knocker en ferroniere. This splendid costume, by Madame Crinoline, of Regent Street, was the object of universal admiration.’

身穿宫廷服饰，有最上乘的北京班丹纳印花绸，上面优雅地点缀着一些金属片、锡箔和红带。她的紧身胸衣和内衣都是天蓝色的平绒，并饰以一些蓬松的裙裾和复杂的铃扣作为装饰。V字形肚兜上面是一个松饼图案。头饰上有一个鸟巢的形状，上面是一个极乐鸟，下面是一个镶嵌着宝石垂额的富贵黄铜环。这套由里杰里特街的克莉罗琳夫人制作的华美服饰，让所有人都非常仰慕。”

This is what you read. Oh, Mrs. Ellis! Oh, mothers, daughters, aunts, grandmothers of England, this is the sort of writing which is put in the newspapers for you! How can you help being the mothers, daughters, &c. of Snobs, so long as this balderdash is set before you?

这是你读到的内容。噢，埃利斯夫人！噢，英国的母亲们、女儿们、阿姨们、祖母们，这就是你们能在报纸上读到的东西！只要这种梦呓般的东西出现在你面前，你怎能避免成为势利者的母亲或是女儿或是其他什么呢？

You stuff the little rosy foot of a Chinese young lady of fashion into a slipper that is about the size of a salt-cruet, and keep the poor little toes there imprisoned and twisted up so long that the dwarfishness becomes irremediable. Later, the foot would not expand to the natural size were you to give her a washing-tub for a shoe and for all her life she has little feet, and is a cripple. Oh, my dear Miss Wiggins, thank your stars that those beautiful feet of yours—though I declare when you walk they are so small as to be almost invisible—thank your stars that society never so practised upon them; but look around and see how many friends of ours in the highest circles have had their BRAINS so prematurely and hopelessly pinched and distorted.

要是你将一位时髦的中国小姐那红润的小脚塞进一个只有盐瓶那么大的鞋子里，让那可怜的小脚趾束缚在里面，扭曲变形，到最后那短小的脚再也无药可救了。之后，即使你给她一个洗衣盆让她放脚，她的脚再也不能舒展到正常大小了。她将一辈子有一双小脚，一辈子都是个跛子。噢，我亲爱的威金斯小姐，谢天谢地，你拥有这样漂亮的一双脚——虽然我敢说你走路时，你的脚小得几乎看不见了——谢天谢地，这个社会并没有那样对待你的脚。但是看看我们的周围，那些上流社会圈子里，有多少朋友让自己的大脑过早地、毫无希望地遭到挤压和扭曲啊。

How can you expect that those poor creatures are to move naturally when the world and their parents have mutilated them so cruelly? As long as a *COURT CIRCULAR* exists, how the deuce are people whose names are chronicled in it ever to believe themselves the equals of the cringing race which daily reads that abominable trash? I believe that ours is the only country in the world now where the *COURT CIRCULAR* remains in full flourish—where you read, 'This

day his Royal Highness Prince Pattypan was taken an airing in his go-cart.' 'The Princess Pimminy was taken a drive, attended by her ladies of honour, and accompanied by her doll,' &c. We laugh at the solemnity with which Saint Simon announces that SA MAJESTE SE MEDICAMENTE AUJOURD'HUI. Under our very noses the same folly is daily going on. That wonderful and mysterious man, the author of the *COURT CIRCULAR*, drops in with his budget at the newspaper offices every night. I once asked the editor of a paper to allow me to lie in wait and see him.

当整个世界甚至是他们自己的父母都在残忍地损毁他们时，你怎么能期望他们这些可怜虫可以自然前行呢？只要《宫廷公报》还在，那些名字出现在报上的人怎么会相信自己与那些每天读可恶的垃圾、奴颜婢膝的人平等呢？我认为我国是世界上唯一一个《宫廷公报》仍在盛行的国家——在那上面你会读到，“今天，尊贵的帕蒂潘王子乘坐他的轻便马车外出兜风。”“皮米尼公主坐着车出去了，由她那些尊贵的小姐以及她的玩具陪伴。”如此这般。在圣西蒙宣布“国王陛下今天要吃药了”的时候，我们便嘲笑起他那一本正经的样子来。相同的蠢事每天都在我们的眼皮底下继续着。那个优秀而神秘的男人，即《宫廷公报》的作者，每天晚上都要带上他的新闻稿到各个报社去。我曾经请求一家报纸的编辑允许我排队等候去见他一面。

I am told that in a kingdom where there is a German King-Consort (Portugal it must be, for the Queen of that country married a German Prince, who is greatly admired and respected by the natives), whenever the Consort takes the diversion of shooting among the rabbit-warrens of Cintra, or the pheasant-preserve of Mafra, he has a keeper to load his guns, as a matter of course, and then they are handed to the nobleman, his equerry, and the nobleman hands them to the Prince who blazes away—gives back the discharged gun to the nobleman, who gives it to the keeper, and so on. But the Prince WON'T TAKE THE GUN FROM THE HANDS OF THE LOADER.

我听人说，某一个王国里的女王有一个德国丈夫（一定是葡萄牙，因为葡萄牙的女王嫁给了一个德国王子，他深受当地人的爱戴与尊重），王夫不管何时去辛特拉兔场或是马夫拉野鸡保护区打猎消遣，都会理所当然地要求猎场看守人为他把弹药装进枪内，然后把枪递给他的贵族掌马官，贵族掌马官又递给王子让他连续射击——接着，王子会把射击完毕的枪支交给贵族掌马官，他又把它传给猎场看守人，如此这般。但是，这个王子是不会从装弹药的人手里接过枪支的。

As long as this unnatural and monstrous etiquette continues, Snobs there must be. The three persons engaged in this transaction are, for the time being, Snobs.

只要这种怪异而可怕的礼仪还在继续，势利者就一定会存在。这个事件中涉及到的三个人在当时的情况下都是势利者。

1 The keeper—the least Snob of all, because he is discharging his daily duty; but he appears here as a Snob, that is to say, in a position of debasement before another human being (the Prince), with whom he is allowed to communicate through another party. A free Portuguese gamekeeper, who professes himself to be unworthy to communicate directly with any person, confesses himself to be a Snob.

1猎场看守人——他是其中势利气最轻的一个人，因为他只是在履行自己的日常职责。但是，他是以势利者的面貌出现在这里的，也就是说，他在别人（王夫）面前处于一种卑微的地位，只有通过第三方才能同其交流。他是一个自由的葡萄牙猎场看守人，自称自己不配直接与别人交流，便自认是一个势利者。

2 The nobleman in waiting is a Snob. If it degrades the Prince to receive the gun from the gamekeeper, it is degrading to the nobleman in waiting to execute that service. He acts as a Snob towards the keeper, whom he keeps from communication with the Prince—a Snob to the Prince, to whom he pays a degrading homage.

2等候差遣的那位贵族是一个势利者。如果说王子接过猎场看守人递来的枪是自降身段的话，这个贵族要等候着服侍也有失体面。他不让猎场看守人同王子交流，他在猎场看守人面前就是一个势利者——一个对于王子的势利者，低声下气表示效忠。

3 The King-Consort of Portugal is a Snob for insulting fellow-men in this way. There's no harm in his accepting the services of the keeper directly; but indirectly he insults the service performed, and the servants who perform it; and therefore, I say, respectfully, is a most undoubted, though royal Snob.

3葡萄牙的王夫这样侮辱国人，也是个势利者。直接接受猎场看守人的服务并没有什么坏处。但是，他间接地侮辱了提供的服务以及提供服务的侍者。因此，我不无尊敬地说，他真是一个不折不扣的势利者，虽然是王室势力者。

And then you read in the *DIARIO DO GOBERNO*—'Yesterday his Majesty the King took the diversion of shooting the woods off Cintra, attended by Colonel the honourable Whiskerando Sombrero. His Majesty returned to the Necessidades to lunch, at,' &c.&c..

然后你会在《迪亚沃多—哥贝尔罗》报上读到："昨天，国王陛下在尊敬的维斯克兰罗·索姆布雷罗上校的陪同下，到辛特拉旁的树林里去打猎消遣。陛下回到勒塞斯达德士午餐，在……"诸如此类。

Oh!

噢！

that *COURT CIRCULAR*! once more, I exclaim.

《宫廷公报》啊！我又一次发出惊叹。

Down with the *COURT CIRCULAR*—that engine and propagator of Snobbishness! I promise to subscribe for a year to any daily paper that shall come out without a *COURT CIRCULAR*—were it the *MORNING HERALD* itself. When I read that trash, I rise in my wrath; I feel myself disloyal, a regicide, a member of the Calf's Head Club. The only *COURT CIRCULAR* story which ever pleased me, was that of the King of Spain, who in great part was roasted, because there was not time for the Prime Minister to command the Lord Chamberlain to desire the Grand Gold Stick to order the first page in waiting to bid the chief of the flunkeys to request the House-maid of Honour to bring up a pail of water to put his Majesty out.

打倒《宫廷公报》——打倒那个势利之风的发动机和传播者！任何一种日报只要上面不刊登《宫廷公报》的内容，我都保证会订一年——哪怕它就是《黎明先驱报》。我读到那些垃圾时，便会愤怒地跳起来。我觉得自己不忠，是个弑君之徒，是“牛头俱乐部”的一个成员。《宫廷公报》上唯一一个令我觉得有趣的故事是关于西班牙国王的。由于首相没来得及命令内侍大臣让大金杖官命令第一侍从吩咐仆从领班要求尊敬的女仆去提一桶水来为陛下消暑，国王几乎被烤熟了。

I am like the Pasha of three tails, to whom the Sultan sends HIS *COURT CIRCULAR*, the bowstring.

我就像穿着三尾服的高级官员一样，苏丹送来了我的《宫廷公报》——绞索。

It CHOKES me. May its usage be abolished for ever.

它使我窒息。希望这种做法被永远废除。

CHAPTER V WHAT SNOBS ADMIRE

第五章 势利者们崇拜什么

Now let us consider how difficult it is even for great men to escape from being Snobs. It is very well for the reader, whose fine feelings are disgusted by the assertion that Kings, Princes, Lords, are Snobs, to say 'You are confessedly a Snob yourself. In professing to depict Snobs, it is only your own ugly mug which you are copying with a Narcissus-like conceit and fatuity.' But I shall pardon this explosion of ill-temper on the part of my constant reader, reflecting upon the misfortune of his birth and country. It is impossible for ANY Briton, perhaps, not to be a Snob in some degree. If people can be convinced of this fact, an immense point is gained, surely. If I have pointed out the disease, let us hope that other scientific characters may discover the remedy.

现在我们来看看，即使是大人物，要想避免成为势利者有多么困难。国王、王子以及贵族们都是势利者的论断把读者美好的心情都破坏了。他自然要说："你公开承认自己是一个势利者。你把描写势利者当作职业，你只不过带着希神般的自负与昏庸，在复写自己的丑恶嘴脸。"但是，一想到我忠实的读者不幸地出生在这个国度，我就会原谅他如此发脾气了。也许，任何一个英国人都不可能不在某种程度上成为势利者。如果大家相信这个事实，那我无疑已经完成了一大步。如果我已经指出了顽疾，那就让我们期待其他的科学家能够发现治愈的办法。

If you, who are a person of the middle ranks of life, are a Snob,—you whom nobody flatters particularly; you who have no toadies; you whom no cringing flunkeys or shopmen bow out of doors; you whom the policeman tells to move on; you who are jostled in the crowd of this world, and amongst the Snobs our brethren: consider how much harder it is for a man to escape who has not your advantages, and is all his life long subject to adulation; the butt of meanness; consider how difficult it is for the Snobs' idol not to be a Snob.

如果你是一个生活在中等阶层的势利者——并没有什么人来特意地拍你的马屁，你没有谄媚者，没有哪个奴颜婢膝的仆从或是店员会在门外朝你点头哈腰，警察命令你快点走开，你在这个世界拥挤的人群里、在我们的势利者兄弟中跌跌撞撞：想一想，一个没有你这样优越条件的人要穷其一生去奉承讨好他人，成为卑鄙者的靶子，要让他逃离势利之风该有多难啊；想一想，要让势利者们的偶像不成为一个势利者多么困难。

As I was discoursing with my friend Eugenio in this impressive way, Lord Buckram passed us, the son of the Marquis of Bagwig, and

knocked at the door of the family mansion in Red Lion Square. His noble father and mother occupied, as everybody knows, distinguished posts in the Courts of late Sovereigns. The Marquis was Lord of the Pantry, and her Ladyship, Lady of the Powder Closet to Queen Charlotte. Buck (as I call him, for we are very familiar) gave me a nod as he passed, and I proceeded to show Eugenio how it was impossible that this nobleman should not be one of ourselves, having been practised upon by Snobs all his life.

我正同我的朋友欧亨利奥以这种令人印象深刻的方式交谈时，巴格威格侯爵之子巴克兰勋爵从我们面前走过去，敲响了红狮广场那座住宅的门。正如大家所知，他高贵的父亲和母亲在最近历朝的宫廷中身居要职。侯爵曾是餐具室的主管，他的夫人则是夏洛特女王脂粉间的女主管。巴克（我们很熟，所以我这么叫他）经过时朝我点了点头，我继续向欧亨利奥展示想不让这个贵族成为我们中的一员是多么地不可能，因为他一生都被势利者们训练着。

His parents resolved to give him a public education, and sent him to school at the earliest possible period. The Reverend Otto Rose, D.D., Principal of the Preparatory Academy for young noblemen and gentlemen, Richmond Lodge, took this little Lord in hand, and fell down and worshipped him. He always introduced him to fathers and mothers who came to visit their children at the school. He referred with pride and pleasure to the most noble the Marquis of Bagwig, as one of the kind friends and patrons of his Seminary. He made Lord Buckram a bait for such a multiplicity of pupils, that a new wing was built to Richmond Lodge, and thirty-five new little white dimity beds were added to the establishment. Mm. Rose used to take out the little Lord in the one-horse chaise with her when she paid visits, until the Rector's lady and the Surgeon's wife almost died with envy. His own son and Lord Buckram having been discovered robbing an orchard together, the Doctor flogged his own flesh and blood most unmercifully for leading the young Lord astray. He parted from him with tears. There was always a letter directed to the Most Noble the Marquis of Bagwig, on the Doctor's study table, when any visitors were received by him.

他的父母决定让他接受公共教育，还尽早把他送到了学校。培训年轻贵族与绅士的“里奇蒙 - 洛吉预备学校”的校长、可敬的神学博士奥托·罗斯拉着这个小勋爵的手，下跪向他致敬。他总是把他介绍给来学校看孩子的家长们。他无比自豪而喜悦地将最高贵的巴格威格侯爵说成是他一个善良的朋友、该校的一个赞助人。他将巴克兰勋爵作为吸引众多学生的诱饵，使得“里奇蒙—洛吉学校”新建了一座侧楼，并新增了三十五个有白色麻纱的小床。罗斯夫人过去外出拜访时，常常带着这个小勋爵和她一起坐单马双轮马车，让教区长家的小姐和外科医生的太太嫉妒得要命。博士的儿子和巴克兰勋爵被人发现一起在果园里偷了东西时，他

无情地把自己的骨肉痛打了一顿，说他把小勋爵引入歧途。他和小勋爵道别时，眼里还噙着热泪。每当有客人到访，博士的书桌上总是摆着一封写给最高贵的巴格威格侯爵的信。

At Eton, a great deal of Snobbishness was thrashed out of Lord Buckram, and he was birched with perfect impartiality. Even there, however, a select band of sucking tuft-hunters followed him. Young Croesus lent him three-and-twenty bran-new sovereigns out of his father's bank. Young Snaily did his exercises for him, and tried 'to know him at home;' but Young Bull licked him in a fight of fifty-five minutes, and he was caned several times with great advantage for not sufficiently polishing his master Smith's shoes. Boys are not ALL toadies in the morning of life.

在伊顿，一大批势利行为因为巴克兰勋爵而遭到了铲除，他自己也受到了非常公正的惩罚。但是，即使在这儿，也有一群千挑万选、乳臭未干的势利小人跟随他。年轻的克罗苏斯从他父亲的银行里借给了他二十三镑崭新的金币。年轻的斯勒里替他做作业，试着“深入了解他”。但是年轻的布尔揍了他一顿，他俩打架打了五十五分钟，而他因为没有把其主人史密斯的皮鞋擦得足够亮而遭了几次毒打。看来男孩子们年轻时并不都是拍马屁的人。

But when he went to the University, crowds of toadies sprawled over him. The tutors toadied him. The fellows in hall paid him great clumsy compliments. The Dean never remarked his absence from Chapel, or heard any noise issuing from his rooms. A number of respectable young fellows, (it is among the respectable, the Baker Street class, that Snobbishness flourishes, more than among any set of people in England)—a number of these clung to him like leeches. There was no end now to Croesus's loans of money; and Buckram couldn't ride out with the hounds, but Snaily (a timid creature by nature) was in the field, and would take any leap at which his friend chose to ride. Young Rose came up to the same College, having been kept back for that express purpose by his father. He spent a quarter's allowance in giving Buckram a single dinner; but he knew there was always pardon for him for extravagance in such a cause; and a ten-pound note always came to him from home when he mentioned Buckram's name in a letter. What wild visions entered the brains of Mrs. Podge and Miss Podge, the wife and daughter of the Principal of Lord Buckram's College, I don't know, but that reverend old gentleman was too profound a flunkey by nature ever for one minute to think that a child of his could marry a nobleman. He therefore hastened on his daughter's union with Professor Crab.

但等他一进入大学，一大群马屁精总是围着他转。老师讨好他，食堂里的人也极力地说些笨拙的恭维之词。系主任从没注意到他没去教堂，也听不到从他房间里传出来的杂音。一大批体面的年轻人（势利之

风在贝克街那些体面人之中比在英国的其他任何人群中都更盛行）——这一大批人就像水蛭一样地依附着他。克罗苏斯目前正无休止地借钱给他。巴克兰不能带着猎犬越过某些地方，但是斯勒里（一个天性怯懦之徒）会在场上替他的朋友越过任何一个他选择的地方。年轻的罗斯也到了这所学院，尽管由于那个明确的原因，他父亲曾阻止过他。他花了一个季度的津贴请巴克兰吃了一顿饭，但是他知道家人会原谅他出于这种原因的奢侈。只要他在信中提到巴克兰的名字，家里就会给他寄来一张十英镑的钞票。巴克兰勋爵所在学院的校长的妻子波奇夫人和女儿波奇小姐到底有些什么奇怪的想法，我不知道，但那位尊敬的老绅士真是天生一副奴才相，他从来也没有想过他的孩子会嫁给一个贵族。因此他加速女儿与克拉比教授的结合。

When Lord Buckram, after taking his honorary degree, (for Alma Mater is a Snob, too, and truckles to a Lord like the rest,)—when Lord Buckram went abroad to finish his education, you all know what dangers he ran, and what numbers of caps were set at him. Lady Leach and her daughters followed him from Paris to Rome, and from Rome to Baden-Baden; Miss Leggitt burst into tears before his face when he announced his determination to quit Naples, and fainted on the neck of her mamma: Captain Macdragon, of Macdragonstown, County Tipperary, called upon him to 'explene his intintions with respect to his sisther, Miss Amalia Macdragon, of Macdragonstown,' and proposed to shoot him unless he married that spotless and beautiful young creature, who was afterwards led to the altar by Mr. Muff, at Cheltenham. If perseverance and forty thousand pounds down could have tempted him, Miss Lydia Croesus would certainly have been Lady Buckram. Count Towrowski was glad to take her with half the money, as all the genteel world knows.

在巴克兰勋爵拿到他的荣誉学位之后（因为他的母校也是一个势利者，同其他人一样讨好贵族）——当巴克兰勋爵去国外完成学业时，你们都知道他冒着怎样的危险，有多少女人在追随于他。利奇夫人和她的女儿们从巴黎到罗马、从罗马到巴登巴登一直追随于他；当他宣布说决心要离开那不勒斯时，莱吉特小姐立即就在他的面前哭了出来，昏厥在她母亲的肩膀上；蒂珀雷里郡马克拉冈斯镇的马克拉冈上尉拜访过他，说“他是为了他在马克拉冈斯镇的妹妹阿玛莉亚·马克拉冈来的”，并放话说要是巴克兰不娶他那纯洁无暇、年轻漂亮的妹妹，他就会开枪杀了他。而后来，她在切尔藤纳姆被穆夫先生领着走向了婚礼的圣坛。如果坚持不懈和四万英镑能够吸引住他，那么莉迪娅·克罗苏斯一定能成为巴克兰夫人。正如上流社会的人所知，只要有那一半的钱，托罗斯基伯爵就很高兴娶她了。

And now, perhaps, the reader is anxious to know what sort of a man this is who wounded so many ladies' hearts, and who has been such a prodigious favourite with men. If we were to describe him it would be personal. Besides, it really does not matter in the least what

sort of a man he is, or what his personal qualities are.

也许，现在读者急于知道这是一个什么样的人，伤了这么多女人的心，还在男人堆里大受欢迎。要是我们想对他进行描述，那将是私人的事情。而且，他到底是什么样的人或他的人品到底如何一点都没关系。

Suppose he is a young nobleman of a literary turn, and that he published poems ever so foolish and feeble, the Snobs would purchase thousands of his volumes: the publishers (who refused my *Passion-Flowers*, and my grand Epic at any price) would give him his own. Suppose he is a nobleman of a jovial turn, and has a fancy for wrenching off knockers, frequenting ginshops, and half murdering policemen: the public will sympathize good-naturedly with his amusements, and say he is a hearty, honest fellow. Suppose he is fond of play and the turf; and has a fancy to be a blackleg, and occasionally condescends to pluck a pigeon at cards; the public will pardon him, and many honest people will court him, as they would court a housebreaker if he happened to be a Lord. Suppose he is an idiot; yet, by the glorious constitution, he is good enough to govern US. Suppose he is an honest, high-minded gentleman; so much the better for himself. But he may be an ass, and yet respected; or a ruffian, and yet be exceedingly popular; or a rogue, and yet excuses will be found for him. Snobs will still worship him. Male Snobs will do him honour, and females look kindly upon him, however hideous he may be.

假设他是一个爱好文学的年轻贵族，还发表过一些非常愚蠢幼稚的诗，势利者们肯定会购买成千上万本他的集子。出版商们（那些不论何种价格都拒绝出版我的《西番莲》和宏大的《史诗》的人）会把稿费支付给他。假设他是一个爱说笑的贵族，喜欢扭掉门环，频繁出入酒馆，还把警察弄个半死，大家会好心地同情他的有趣，会说他是一个热诚、诚实的人。假设他喜欢赌博和赛马，喜欢当赌场骗子，有时在赌博中骗一骗傻瓜的钱，公众会原谅他，很多老实的人会朝他喝彩，正如他们会向一个入室抢劫者喝彩一样，如果他碰巧是个贵族的话。假设他是个白痴，但是，根据荣耀的宪法，他都好得足以治理美国了。假设他是一个诚实而又思想崇高的绅士，这样对他更好。但是他可能是个傻瓜却受人尊敬；要么是个流氓，却大受欢迎；或者是一个无赖，却总是能够得到原谅。势利者们会向他致敬。男势利者向他表示敬意，女势利者则善良地崇拜他，不论他有多么可怕。

CHAPTER VI ON SOME RESPECTABLE SNOBS

第六章 一些体面的势利者

Having received a great deal of obloquy for dragging monarchs, princes, and the respected nobility into the Snob category, I trust to please everybody in the present chapter, by stating my firm opinion that it is among the RESPECTABLE classes of this vast and happy empire that the greatest profusion of Snobs is to be found.

我因为将君主、亲王和受人尊敬的贵族纳入势利者的范畴而饱受责难，本章中，我希望博大家一乐，说出自己坚定的看法，即在这个庞大而幸福的国度里，体面的阶层中存在势利者最多。

I pace down my beloved Baker Street, (I am engaged on a life of Baker, founder of this celebrated street,) I walk in Harley Street (where every other house has a hatchment), Wimpole Street, that is as cheerful as the Catacombs—a dingy Mausoleum of the genteel:—I rove round Regent's Park, where the plaster is patching off the house walls; where Methodist preachers are holding forth to three little children in the green inclosures, and puffy valetudinarians are cantering in the solitary mud: —I thread the doubtful ZIG-ZAGS of May Fair, where Mrs. Kitty Lorimer's Brougham may be seen drawn up next door to old Lady Lollipop's belozenged family coach;—I roam through Belgravia, that pale and polite district, where all the inhabitants look prim and correct, and the mansions are painted a faint whity-brown: I lose myself in the new squares and terraces of the brilliant brand-new Bayswater-and-Tyburn-Junction line; and in one and all of these districts the same truth comes across me. I stop before any house at hazard, and said:‘O house, you are inhabited— O knocker, you are knocked at — O undressed flunkey, sunning your lazy calves as you lean against the iron railings, you are paid — by Snobs.' it is a tremendous thought ; and it is almost sufficient to drive a benevolent mind to madness to think that perhaps there is not one in ten of the houses where the *Peerage* doesn't lie on the drawing-table. Considering the harm that foolish lying book does, I would have all the copies of it burned, as the barber burned all Quixote's books of humbugging chivalry.

我走在深爱着的贝克街上（我进入了这条著名街道的创始人贝克的生活）；我漫步于哈利街（在那儿，每隔一栋房子就会有一个挂在亡者门前的菱形纹章匾）和威姆普尔街，它就像地下墓地——上流社会阴暗的陵寝——一样使人兴奋；我在“摄政王公园”里游荡，在那里，房墙上的灰泥正在往下脱落，卫理公会教派的牧师们正在绿色护栏里向三个小

孩子布道，而那些过分为自己的健康状况担心的人正气喘吁吁地在这片孤寂的泥地上慢跑；我穿过梅费尔那弯弯曲曲、令人迷惑的道路，在那里，你可能会看见姬蒂·洛里默夫人的布鲁厄姆车停在邻居洛利波普老夫人那辆菱形家庭式马车旁边；我慢慢地走过暗淡而文雅的贝尔格里维亚，那儿所有的居民看起来都端正得体，一所所宅第都染成了淡淡的白褐色；我迷失于崭新漂亮的贝斯沃特—泰伯恩交汇线上的那些新广场和新露台。而在所有这些地区，我都认识到了同样一个事实。我随意地在一所房子前停了下来，说道："噢，房子，人们将你居住——噢，门环，人们将你叩响——噢，半裸的仆人，你倚在栏杆上，阳光照着你慵懒的小腿，你获得薪水——从势力者那里。"这个想法是强大的，几乎足以把一个善良的心灵逼疯，想想也许这里十分之九还要多的房子里，客厅的桌子上都放着《贵族名册》。考虑到那本愚昧而且谎话连篇的书籍给人带来的危害，我会将其全部烧掉，就像那位理发师烧掉所有堂吉诃德那些满是骗人的骑士精神的书籍一样。

Look at this grand house in the middle of the square. The Earl of Loughcorrib lives there: he has fifty thousand a year. A DEJEUNER DANSANT given at his house last week cost, who knows how much? The mere flowers for the room and bouquets for the ladies cost four hundred pounds. That man in drab trousers, coming crying down the stops, is a dun: Lord Loughcorrib has ruined him, and won't see him: that is his lordship peeping through the blind of his study at him now. Go thy ways, Loughcorrib, thou art a Snob, a heartless pretender, a hypocrite of hospitality; a rogue who passes forged notes upon society;—but I am growing too eloquent.

看看广场中央这所大房子。洛格克里布伯爵住在那儿，他的年薪高达五万。上个星期他才在房子里举办了一次伴有舞曲的午宴，谁知道又花了多少钱？仅仅是房间里的鲜花和女士们的花束就花了四百英镑。那个穿褐色裤子，沿车站边走边叫喊的男人，是个讨债鬼：洛格克里布勋爵毁了他，不愿再看见他。而这个时候，大人正透过书房的窗帘偷偷地看着他呢。滚吧，洛格克里布，你个势利者，你个没良心的伪君子，你个伪善的家伙，你这个使假钞流入社会的劣种——我说得有点多了。

You see that nice house, No. 23, where a butcher's boy is ringing the area-bell.

你看看这所漂亮的房子，23号，一个屠夫的儿子正在按房区的铃。

He has three muttonchops in his tray. They are for the dinner of a very different and very respectable family; for Lady Susan Scraper, and her daughters, Miss Scraper and Miss Emily Scraper. The domestics, luckily for them, are on board wages—two huge footmen in light blue and canary, a fat steady coachman who is a Methodist, and a butler who would never have stayed in the family but that he was orderly to General Scraper when the General distinguished himself at Walcheren. His widow sent his portrait to the United

Service Club, and it is hung up in one of the back dressing-closets there. He is represented at a parlour window with red curtains; in the distance is a whirlwind, in which cannon are firing off; and he is pointing to a chart, on which are written the words 'Walcheren, Tobago.'

他的餐盘中有三只羊排。那是为一个与众不同又非常体面的家庭准备的晚餐——是为苏珊·斯克拉帕夫人，以及她的女儿斯克拉帕小姐、埃米莉·斯克拉帕小姐准备的。幸运的是，这些仆人有伙食费——两个穿淡蓝色与黄色相间衣服的魁梧男仆：一个是镇静的胖马车夫，他是卫理公会派教徒；还有一个仆役长，要不是因为斯克拉帕将军在瓦尔赫伦岛征战沙场时，他当过将军的勤务兵，他也不会留在这个家里。他的遗孀将他的画像送到“联合士兵俱乐部”，挂在后面的一个衣帽间内。画里，他在客厅里的红色窗帘旁边。远方有一阵旋风，大炮正迎风开火，他正指向一张写着“多巴哥瓦尔赫伦岛”字样的海图。

Lady Susan is, as everybody knows by referring to the *British Bible*, a daughter of the great and good Earl Bagwig before mentioned. She thinks everything belonging to her the greatest and best in the world. The first of men naturally are the Buckrams, her own race: then follow in rank the Scrapers. The General was the greatest general: his eldest son, Scraper Buckram Scraper, is at present the greatest and best; his second son the next greatest and best; and herself the paragon of women.

大家一查《英国圣经》，就都知道苏珊夫人是前面我们已经提到过的伟大而仁慈的巴格威格伯爵的一个女儿。她认为只要是她的东西，都是这个世界上最好最优秀的。一流的男人自然要数她家的巴克兰们，其次是斯克拉帕家的那些人。将军是最了不起的将军；现在，他的大儿子斯克拉帕·巴克兰·斯克拉帕是最好、最伟大的，他的二儿子其次；而她自己则是女人中的典范。

Indeed, she is a most respectable and honourable lady. She goes to church of course: she would fancy the Church in danger if she did not. She subscribes to Church and parish charities; and is a directress of meritorious charitable institutions—of Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital, the Washerwomen's Asylum, the British Drummers' Daughters' Home, &c.. She is a model of a matron.

事实上，她真是一位最可敬、高尚的女士。她当然要去教堂——她担心要是自己不去的话，教堂会有危险。她捐款给教堂和教区的慈善机构，是一些卓有成效的慈善机构的领导人——如“夏洛特女王产科医院”、“洗衣女工庇护所”、“英国鼓手女儿之家”，等等。她是妇女的典范。

The tradesman never lived who could say that he was not paid on the quarter-day. The beggars of her neighbourhood avoid her like a pestilence; for while she walks out, protected by John, that domestic

has always two or three mendicity tickets ready for deserving objects. Ten guineas a year will pay all her charities. There is no respectable lady in all London who gets her name more often printed for such a sum of money.

工匠们从来没有碰到在季度结账日拿不到工资的情况。附近的乞丐像躲避瘟疫一样地躲开她，因为她走出来时，总是有约翰保护，那个家仆总是只准备两三张行乞券给应得的对象。她每年的施舍总数只有十几尼。整个伦敦再也没有哪个体面的女士像她这样，捐这么一点钱还总能让自己的名字频频见报。

Those three mutton-chops which you see entering at the kitchen-door will be served on the family-plate at seven o'clock this evening, the huge footman being present, and the butler in black, and the crest and coat-of-arms of the Scrapers blazing everywhere. I pity Miss Emily Scraper—she is still young—young and hungry. Is it a fact that she spends her pocket-money in buns? Malicious tongues say so; but she has very little to spare for buns, the poor little hungry soul! For the fact is, that when the footmen, and the ladies' maids, and the fat coach-horses, which are jobbed, and the six dinner-parties in the season, and the two great solemn evening-parties, and the rent of the big house, and the journey to an English or foreign watering-place for the autumn, are paid, my lady's income has dwindled away to a very small sum, and she is as poor as you or I.

你们看见的那三块拿到厨房的羊排，今晚七点将会被放在家用餐盘里端上来，那个高大的男仆会在一旁侍候，还有那个穿着黑色衣服的管家。斯克拉帕家的饰章和盾徽正在房间的每个角落熠熠生辉。我真同情埃米莉·斯克拉帕小姐——她还很小——年小却还要挨饿。难道她真的把零花钱拿去买面包了？那些心怀恶意的人是这么说的。但是她根本没有什么钱去买面包，这个可怜的小饿鬼！事实上，家里要雇佣男仆、女士的女佣和用于短期包租的拉马车的壮马，这个社交季节里要举办六次宴会和两个大型而隆重的晚会，要交一所大房子的租金，秋天的时候还要去英国或是其他国家某个海滨胜地旅行，当所有这一切支付过后，夫人手上的钱就用得差不多了，她穷得跟你我这些人一样。

You would not think it when you saw her big carriage rattling up to the drawing-room, and caught a glimpse of her plumes, lappets, and diamonds, waving over her ladyship's sandy hair and majestical hooked nose;—you would not think it when you hear 'Lady Susan Scraper's carriage' bawled out at midnight so as to disturb all Belgravia:—you would not think it when she comes rustling into church, the obsequious John behind with the bag of Prayer-books. Is it possible, you would say, that so grand and awful a personage as that can be hard-up for money? Alas! So it is.

你看到她那辆大马车咔嗒咔嗒地驶到客厅前，看到那些羽饰、垂片

和钻石在她浅棕色的头发和高贵的鹰钩鼻上飘扬时，你不会想到会是这样；你听到“苏珊·斯克拉帕夫人的马车”在午夜外出时发出巨大声响，吵醒了所有贝尔格里维亚的人时，你不会想到会是这样；她沙沙作响地走进教堂，卑躬屈膝的约翰还拿着一袋祈祷书跟在后面时，你不会想到会是这样的情形。你可能会说，如此高贵而令人敬畏的名流，手头会那么紧吗？唉！确实就是这样。

She never heard such a word as Snob, I will engage, in this wicked and vulgar world.

我敢保证，在这个恶俗的世界上，她从来没有听说过势利者这个词。

And, O stars and garters! how she would start if she heard that she—she, as solemn as Minerva—she, as chaste as Diana (without that heathen goddess's unladylike propensity for field-sports)—that she too was a Snob!

哎呀！天啊！她这样一个庄严得像智慧女神密涅瓦，纯洁得像月亮女神狄安娜的人（但她不像这位异教女神那样喜欢野外运动，那是非贵妇所为的），要是听别人说她也是一个势利者，该有多么吃惊啊！

A Snob she is, as long as she sets that prodigious value upon herself, upon her name, upon her outward appearance, and indulges in that intolerable pomposity; as long as she goes parading abroad, like Solomon in all his glory; as long as she goes to bed—as I believe she does—with a turban and a bird of paradise in it, and a court train to her night-gown; as long as she is so insufferably virtuous and condescending; as long as she does not cut at least one of those footmen down into mutton-chops for the benefit of the young ladies.

只要她还看重自己、自己的名声、自己的外表，还沉溺于那种让人难以忍受的排场；只要她出门的时候还像极其风光的所罗门那样招摇过市；只要她睡觉时还戴着有极乐鸟图案的头巾，穿着有宫廷裙裾的睡袍——我相信她是这样的；只要她还表现出令人难以忍受的正直态度和强烈的优越感；只要她不为了年轻小姐们的利益至少把一名男仆砍成羊排，那么，她就是一个势利者。

I had my notions of her from my old schoolfellow,—her son Sydney Scraper—a Chancery barrister without any practice—the most placid, polite, and genteel of Snobs, who never exceeded his allowance of two hundred a year, and who may be seen any evening at the 'Oxford and Cambridge Club,' simpering over the *QUARTERLY REVIEW*, in the blameless enjoyment of his half-pint of port.

我是从我的老校友——她的儿子悉尼·斯克拉帕——那里得出这些看法的，他是一个没有任何实战经验的高级律师，也是最平和、最有礼貌、最文雅的势利者。他每年的开销用度从不会超过自己两百镑的津贴，几乎每个晚上你都可以在“牛津剑桥俱乐部”里看见他，在那里读着

《季度评论》，一边傻笑，还一边无可厚非地享用那半品脱波尔图葡萄酒。

CHAPTER VII ON SOME RESPECTABLE SNOBS

第七章 一些体面的势利者

Look at the next house to Lady Susan Scraper's. The first mansion with the awning over the door: that canopy will be let down this evening for the comfort of the friends of Sir Alured and Lady S. de Mogyns, whose parties are so much admired by the public, and the givers themselves.

看看苏珊·斯克拉帕夫人家旁边的那所房子。第一座房子的门上有一个遮阳蓬。为了让阿留雷德爵士和德莫金斯爵士夫人的朋友们过得舒适些，今晚会把它放下来。他们的聚会让公众和举办者自己都仰慕不已。

Peach-coloured liveries laced with silver, and pea-green plush inexpressibles, render the De Mogyns' flunkeys the pride of the ring when they appear in Hyde Park where Lady de Mogyns, as she sits upon her satin cushions, with her dwarf spaniel in her arms, bows to the very selectest of the genteel. Times are altered now with Mary Anne, or, as she calls herself, Marian de Mogyns.

饰有银色蕾丝的桃色制服和难以形容的黄绿色毛绒裤使得德莫金斯家的仆从们出现在海德公园时格外引人注目。德莫金斯夫人坐在缎垫上，小狗躺在她的臂弯里。她在那儿向上流人士中的精英们弯腰致意。玛丽·安妮现在已经不同往日了，或正如她自称的那样，是玛丽安·德莫金斯。

She was the daughter of Captain Flack of the Rathdrum Fencibles, who crossed with his regiment over from Ireland to Caermarthenshire ever so many years ago, and defended Wales from the Corsican invader. The Rathdrums were quartered at Pontydwdlm, where Marian wooed and won her De Mogyns, a young banker in the place. His attentions to Miss Flack at a race ball were such that her father said De Mogyns must either die on the field of honour, or become his son-in-law. He preferred marriage. His name was Muggins then, and his father—a flourishing banker, army-contractor, smuggler, and general jobber—almost disinherited him on account of this connection.

她是拉斯德拉姆国防兵弗拉克上尉的女儿。他多年前曾经带团穿越爱尔兰到达卡那郡，使威尔士免于遭受科西嘉人的入侵。当时，拉斯德拉姆国防兵驻扎在庞蒂德德姆。在那儿，玛丽安追到了一个当地的年轻银行家德莫金斯。在一次竞赛舞会上，他对弗拉克小姐极为关注，她的父亲说，德莫金斯要么会牺牲在光荣的战场上，要么会成为他的女婿。他更愿意选择婚姻。那时，他叫马杰斯。他的父亲是一个事业兴旺的银行家、军队承包商、走私犯和大批发商——这次联姻几乎让他丧失了继

承权。

There is a story that Muggins the Elder was made a baronet for having lent money to a R-y-l p-rs-n-ge. I do not believe it. The R-y-l Family always paid their debts, from the Prince of Wales downwards.

传言说，老马杰斯因借钱给一位王室成员而成为准男爵。我不相信。这个王室家庭，从威尔士亲王到下面，从来都会偿还债务的。

Howbeit, to his life's end he remained simple Sir Thomas Muggins, representing Pontydwdlm in Parliament for many years after the war. The old banker died in course of time, and to use the affectionate phrase common on such occasions, 'cut up' prodigiously well. His son, Alfred Smith Mogyns, succeeded to the main portion of his wealth, and to his titles and the bloody hand of his scutcheon. It was not for many years after that he appeared as Sir Alured Mogyns Smyth de Mogyns, with a genealogy found out for him by the Editor of *Fluke's Peerage*, and which appears as follows in that work:—'De Mogyns.—Sir Alured Mogyns Smyth, Second Baronet. This gentleman is a representative of one of the most ancient families of Wales, who trace their descent until it is lost in the mists of antiquity. A genealogical tree beginning with Shem is in the possession of the family, and is stated by a legend of many thousand years' date to have been drawn on papyrus by a grandson of the patriarch himself. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt of the immense antiquity of the race of Mogyns.

然而，直到生命的尽头，他都一直只是托马斯·马杰斯爵士，战后很多年在议会中代表庞蒂德德姆。老银行家最后离世了，用人们在这种场合通常用到的充满感情的话说，“留下”一大笔遗产。他的儿子艾尔弗雷德·史密斯·莫金斯继承了他的大部分财产、他的头衔以及他那盾饰上的血色手纹。没过几年，他的身份就变成了阿留雷德·莫金斯·史密斯·德莫金斯爵士。《弗卢克贵族》的编辑为他找到了一份族谱，并在那本刊物中这样写道：“德莫金斯——阿留雷德·莫金斯·史密斯爵士，第二准男爵。这位绅士代表着威尔士最古老的家庭之一，他们将自己的家族世系一直追溯到了模糊不清的远古时代。这个家庭的族谱图是从闪（闪米特人的祖先）开始的，一个几千年来流传的传说称这是族长的一个孙子在纸莎草纸上画下来的。事情也许真是这样，但莫金斯家族的古老是毋庸置疑的。

'In the time of Boadicea, Hogyn Mogyn, of the hundred Beeves, was a suitor and a rival of Caractacus for the hand of that Princess. He was a person gigantic in stature, and was slain by Suetonius in the battle which terminated the liberties of Britain. From him descended directly the Princes of Pontydwdlm, Mogyn of the Golden Harp (see the Mabinogion of Lady Charlotte Guest,) Bogyn-Merodac-ap-Mogyn, (the black fiend son of Mogyn,) and a long list of bards and warriors,

celebrated both in Wales and Armorica. The independent Princes of Mogyn long held out against the ruthless Kings of England, until finally Gam Mogyns made his submission to Prince Henry, son of Henry IV., and under the name of Sir David Gam de Mogyns, was distinguished at the battle of Agincourt.

“在包迪西亚时代，霍金·莫金于上百个健壮男子中向那位公主求婚，成了卡拉克塔克斯的情敌。他体型高大，在那场使英国失去自由的战争中被苏埃托尼乌斯杀害了。不论是在威尔士还是在阿摩里卡，他的直系后裔都是名门望族，包括庞蒂德德姆的王子、‘金竖琴的莫金’（见夏洛特·格斯特夫人的马比诺吉昂）、波金—麦罗达克—亚普—莫金（莫金的邪恶之子），以及许多吟游诗人和武士。莫金家族那些独立的王子们对历代无情的英格兰国王都持强烈的抵抗态度，直到最终加姆·莫金斯拜倒在亨利四世之子亨利王子的麾下。他的名字变为大卫·加姆·德莫金斯爵士，后来在阿金库尔战役中成名。

From him the present Baronet is descended. (And here the descent follows in order until it comes to) Thomas Muggins, first Baronet of Pontydwdlm Castle, for 23 years Member of Parliament for that borough, who had issue, Alured Mogyns Smyth, the present Baronet, who married Marian, daughter of the late general P. Flack, of Ballyflack, in the Kingdom of Ireland of the Counts Flack of the H. R. Empire. Sir Alured has issue, Alured Caradoc, born 1819, Marian, 1811, Blanche Adeliza, Emily Doria, Adelaide Obleans, Katinka Rostopchin, Patrick Flack, died 1809.

现任准男爵是他的直系后代。（世系便代代传了下去）庞蒂德德姆城堡的第一位准男爵托马斯·马杰斯，他担任该地区议员长达二十三年；他的后代是现任准男爵艾尔弗雷德·史密斯·莫金斯，他的妻子玛丽安是H.R.帝国的弗拉克伯爵，爱尔兰王国巴利弗拉克已故的P.弗拉克将军之女。阿留雷德爵士的后嗣包括：生于1819年的阿留雷德·卡拉多克、生于1811年的玛丽安、布兰奇·阿德里扎、埃米莉·多里亚、阿德莱德·欧布林斯、卡蒂卡·罗斯托芹，以及死于1809年的帕特里克·弗拉克。

'Arms—a mullion garbled, gules on a saltire reversed of the second. Crest—a tom-tit rampant regardant. Motto—UNG ROY UNG MOGYNS.’

他的盾形纹章是一个精致的直棂图案，以及一个红色的倒转X形十字。饰章是一个大山雀图案，后腿直立，头还在朝后看。铭词：UNG ROYUNG MOGYNS（皇室莫金斯）。”

It was long before Lady de Mogyns shone as a star in the fashionable world. At first, poor Muggins was the in the hands of the Flacks, the Clancys, the Tooles, the Shanahans, his wife's Irish relations; and whilst he was yet but heir-apparent, his house overflowed with claret and the national nectar, for the benefit of Hibernian relatives. Tom Tufto absolutely left the street in which they

lived in London, because he said 'it was infected with such a confounded smell of whisky from the house of those IWISH people.'

德莫金斯夫人过了很久才作为一颗耀眼的星星出现在上流社会。起初，可怜的马杰斯受控于弗拉克、克兰西、图尔和沙纳汉家族，以及妻子的爱尔兰亲戚。但是，他一确定成为家族的继承人，便在家里准备了很多红葡萄酒和其他各种国内酒来款待这些爱尔兰亲戚。汤姆·吐弗托义无反顾地离开了他们在伦敦居住的那条街道，因为他说“家里已经充斥着威士忌酒气，而那是从那些爱尔兰人家里发出的”。

It was abroad that they learned to be genteel. They pushed into all foreign courts, and elbowed their way into the halls of Ambassadors. They pounced upon the stray nobility, and seized young lords travelling with their bear-leaders. They gave parties at Naples, Rome, and Paris. They got a Royal Prince to attend their SOIREES at the latter place, and it was here that they first appeared under the name of De Mogyns, which they bear with such splendour to this day.

正是到了国外之后，他们才学会变得有绅士风度。他们钻进了各国的王宫，在大使们的大厅里拥挤着前行。他们要是偶然遇上一个由家庭教师陪着一同旅行的年轻贵族，便猛扑过去抓住他不放。那不勒斯、罗马和巴黎都有他们举办的聚会。后来，他们邀请了一位王子去参加他们的晚会。也就是在那儿，他们第一次以德莫金斯的名字出现，而且引以为荣地将这个名字享用至今。

All sorts of stories are told of the desperate efforts made by the indomitable Lady de Mogyns to gain the place she now occupies, and those of my beloved readers who live in middle life, and are unacquainted with the frantic struggles, the wicked feuds, the intrigues, cabals, and disappointments which, as I am given to understand, reign in the fashionable world, may bless their stars that they at least are not FASHIONABLE Snobs. The intrigues set afoot by the De Mogyns to get the Duchess of Buckskin to her parties, would strike a Talleyrand with admiration. She had a brain fever after being disappointed of an invitation to Lady Aldermanbury's THE DANSANT, and would have committed suicide but for a ball at Windsor. I have the following story from my noble friend Lady Clapperclaw herself,—Lady Kathleen O'Shaughnessy that was, and daughter of the Earl of Turfanthunder:—

关于不屈不挠的德莫金斯夫人为了获得如今的地位不惜一切代价的故事有很多个版本，我那些生活在中等阶层的亲爱的读者并不熟悉我所了解的上流社会流行的疯狂的争斗、邪恶的世仇、阴谋诡计和沮丧失望。因此，他们可能会感谢星宿，至少没有让他们成为时髦的势利者。为了让巴克斯金女公爵参加自己举办的聚会，德莫金斯曾玩过让塔列朗之类的人物都加以称赞的诡计花招。由于没有接到阿德曼贝里夫人的舞会邀请，她失望得犯了脑炎。要是参加不了温莎的一次舞会的话，她会

自杀的。下面这个故事是我从贵族朋友克拉帕科罗夫人——特凡桑德伯爵的女儿凯思琳·欧莎勒斯夫人那里听说的：

'When that odious disguised Irishwoman, Lady Muggins, was struggling to take her place in the world, and was bringing out her hidjous daughter Blanche,' said old Lady Clapperclaw—(Marian has a hump-back and doesn't show, but she's the only lady in the family)—‘when that wretched Polly Muggins was bringing out Blanche, with her radish of a nose, and her carrots of ringlets, and her turnip for a face, she was most anxious—as her father had been a cowboy on my father's land—to be patronized by us, and asked me point-blank, in the midst of a silence at Count Volauvent's, the French Ambassador's dinner, why I had not sent her a card for my ball?

“当那个虚伪可憎的爱尔兰女人马杰斯夫人正竭力争取在世界上占有一席之地，并把自己丑陋的女儿布兰奇首次带入社交界时，”克拉帕科罗老夫人说（驼背的玛丽安没有露面，不过她是那个家里唯一像样的女人），“那个可恶的波莉·马杰斯带出那个长着萝卜般的鼻子、胡萝卜般的卷发、芜菁甘蓝般的脸蛋的布兰奇介绍给我们，因为他父亲曾在我父亲的土地上当过牛仔，她非常急切地希望得到我们的关照，并在法国大使沃罗维特伯爵家举办宴会时趁着片刻的安静，直接问我为什么没有给她送去一张我的舞会的邀请卡？

‘"Because my rooms are already too full, and your ladyship would be crowded inconveniently," says I; indeed she takes up as much room as an elephant: besides I wouldn't have her, and that was flat.

“‘因为我的房间都已经很挤了，夫人您会觉得不方便的。’我说。确实，她所占的空间差不多赶上一头大象了，而且我也并不想请她，就是这样。

'I thought my answer was a settler to her: but the next day she comes weeping to my arms—"Dear Lady Clapperclaw," says she, "it's not for ME; I ask it for my blessed Blanche! a young creature in her first season, and not at your ball! My tender child will pine and die of vexation. I don't want to come. I will stay at home to nurse Sir Alured in the gout. Mrs. Bolster is going, I know; she will be Blanche's chaperon.”

“我以为这个回答已经解决了她的问题，但是第二天她又过来抱着我胳膊哭——‘亲爱的克拉帕科罗夫人，’她说，‘我不是为了自己，我是为了我亲爱的布兰奇！她还是刚刚接触到社交活动的年轻人，可是她却参加不了你的舞会！我那柔弱的孩子会因此消瘦并忧虑而亡的。我倒不想来参加。我要留在家里，照顾患了痛风症的阿留雷德爵士。我知道博尔斯特夫人要来，她可以做布兰奇的年长女伴。’

‘"You wouldn't subscribe for the Rathdrum blanket and potato fund; you, who come out of the parish," says I, "and whose

grandfather, honest man, kept cows there."

“‘你不愿意为拉斯德拉姆毛毯和土豆基金捐款。你可是这个教区出去的，’我说，‘你那个老实的祖父曾经在那里养过奶牛呢。’

‘"Will twenty guineas be enough, dearest Lady Clapperclaw?"

“‘最亲爱的克拉帕科罗夫人，二十几尼够不够呢?'

‘"Twenty guineas is sufficient," says I, and she paid them; so I said, "Blanche may come, but not you, mind:” and she left me with a world of thanks.

“‘二十几尼已经足够了。’我说完，她便付了钱。于是，我说：‘布兰奇可以来，但是你不行，注意一下。’她万分感激地离开了。

'Would you believe it?—when my ball came, the horrid woman made her appearance with her daughter!

“但是你相信吗？等我的舞会开始的时候，这个可怕的女人竟然跟着她的女儿一起出现了！

‘"Didn't I tell you not to come?" said I, in a mighty passion. "What would the world have said?" cries my Lady Muggins: "my carriage is gone for Sir Alured to the Club; let me stay only ten minutes, dearest Lady Clapperclaw."

“‘难道我没有告诉你不要来？’我无比激动地说道。‘可是世人会说什么呢？’马杰斯夫人大喊道，‘我的马车到俱乐部去接阿留雷德爵士了。最亲爱的克拉帕科罗夫人，就让我呆十分钟吧。’

‘"Well as you are here, madam, you may stay and get your supper," I answered, and so left her, and never spoke a word more to her all night.

“‘呐，夫人，既然你来都来了，那就留下来吃晚饭吧。’我说完就走开了，那天晚上就再也没有跟她说过一句话。

'And now,' screamed out old Lady Clapperclaw, clapping her hands, and speaking with more brogue than ever, 'what do you think, after all my kindness to her, the wicked, vulgar, odious, impudent upstart of s cowboy's granddaughter, has done?—she cut me yesterday in Hy' Park, and hasn't sent me a ticket for her ball to-night, though they say Prince George is to be there.’

“可是，”克拉帕科罗老夫人拍手尖叫了起来，用更土的口音说，“我对她那么好，你们知道那个可恶、庸俗、讨厌、无礼的牛仔之暴发户孙女都做了些什么吗？昨天她在海德公园的时候竟然假装不认识我。虽然听人说今晚乔治王子会光临她家的舞会，但是她一张票也没有送给我。”

Yes, such is the fact. In the race of fashion the resolute and active De Mogyns has passed the poor old Clapperclaw. Her progress in

gentility may be traced by the sets of friends whom she has courted, and made, and cut, and left behind her. She has struggled so gallantly for polite reputation that she has won it: pitilessly kicking down the ladder as she advanced degree by degree.

是的，事实就是这样。在时尚竞赛中，坚决而活跃的德莫金斯超过了可怜的克拉帕科罗老夫人。她在文雅举止方面的进步从她追求、交往、断绝以及抛弃的那一帮朋友身上就可以看得出来。她勇敢地斗争，才赢得了今日文雅的声誉：她一级一级地上升，然后还无情地将自己踩着上来的梯子踢倒。

Irish relations were first sacrificed; she made her father dine in the steward's room, to his perfect contentment: and would send Sir Alured thither like-wise but that he is a peg on which she hopes to hang her future honours; and is, after all, paymaster of her daughter's fortunes. He is meek and content. He has been so long a gentleman that he is used to it, and acts the part of governor very well. In the day-time he goes from the 'Union' to 'Arthur's,' and from 'Arthur's' to the 'Union.' He is a dead hand at piquet, and loses a very comfortable maintenance to some young fellows, at whist, at the 'Travellers'.’

最先牺牲的是爱尔兰亲戚。她让自己的父亲在管家室内用餐，他满意极了——要不是阿留雷德爵士是一颗可以挂住她未来荣誉的挂钉，他也会受到同样的待遇——毕竟，他还是她女儿的财富出纳员。他温顺而感到满足。长期以来作为一名绅士，他已经习惯这样了，而且将一家之主这个角色扮演得非常出色。白天的时候他就在“联合俱乐部”和“阿瑟俱乐部”之间来回穿梭。他经常玩皮克牌，但是玩惠斯特和“旅行者”时常常又赶不上一些年轻人，但还是玩得很开心。

His son has taken his father's seat in Parliament, and has of course joined Young England. He is the only man in the country who believes in the De Mogynses, and sighs for the days when a De Mogyns led the van of battle. He has written a little volume of spoony puny poems. He wears a lock of the hair of Laud, the Confessor and Martyr, and fainted when he kissed the Pope's toe at Rome. He sleeps in white kid-gloves, and commits dangerous excesses upon green tea.

他儿子继承了自己在议会中的席位，而且理所当然地加入了“年轻的英格兰”。他是这个国家唯一一个相信德莫金斯家族的人，并慨叹某个德莫金斯一员在战场上冲锋陷阵的时光。他已经撰写了一小卷不大起眼又很伤感的诗集。他留着一绺像不畏受难的基督徒和殉难者劳德那样的发式，而且在罗马亲吻教皇的脚趾时昏了过去。他睡觉的时候戴着白色的山羊皮手套，而且过度饮用绿茶到了致人危险的地步。

CHAPTER VIII GREAT CITY SNOBS

第八章 了不起的城市势利者

There is no disguising the fact that this series of papers is making a prodigious sensation among all classes in this Empire.

事实无需掩饰，这一系列文章在帝国的所有阶层中正在引起巨大的轰动。

Notes of admiration(!), of interrogation(?), of remonstrance, approval, or abuse, come pouring into MR.PUNCH'S box.

表示赞赏的（！）、疑问的（？）、抗议、赞成或是辱骂的纸条一张张投递到笨拙先生的邮箱。

We have been called to task for betraying the secrets of three different families of De Mogyns; no less than four Lady Scrapers have been discovered; and young gentlemen are quite shy of ordering half-a-pint of port and simpering over the *QUARTERLY REVIEW* at the Club, lest they should be mistaken for Sydney Scraper, Esq. 'What CAN be your antipathy to Baker Street?' asks some fair remonstrant, evidently writing from that quarter.

我们已经经受责难，因为泄露了三个不同的德莫金斯家庭的秘密，并揭露了不少于四位斯克雷珀夫人的隐情。年轻的绅士们不好意思在俱乐部要半品脱波尔图干葡萄酒，读着《季度评论》边傻笑，唯恐自己被错误地当成是悉尼·斯克雷珀先生。”你怎么如此反感贝克街呢？”某个公道的抗议者问道。很明显，他是那个区的人。

'Why only attack the aristocratic Snobs?' says one 'estimable correspondent', 'are not the snobbish Snobs to have their turn?'—'Pitch into the University Snobs!'writes an indignant gentleman (who spelt ELEGANT with two I's)—'Show up the Clerical Snob,' suggests another.—'Being at "Meurice's Hotel", Paris, some time since,' some wag hints, 'I saw Lord B. leaning out of the window with his boots in his hand, and bawling out "GARCON, CIREZ-MOI CES BOTTES." Oughtn't he to be brought in among the Snobs?’

“为什么只抨击贵族势利者？”某位“值得尊敬的通信者”问道，“这些势利的势利者难道不是轮流着来吗？”“猛烈攻击大学势利者吧！”一位义愤填膺的绅士写道（他在信中拼写"ELEGANT"一词时写了两个I）。“去揭露神职势利者吧。”另一个人建议道。“前一段时间，在巴黎的‘默赖斯酒店’，”某个爱说笑的人暗示说，“我看见B勋爵把身子探出窗户来，手里拿着自己的靴子，嘴里喊着‘服务生，把我的靴子拿去清理干净’。难道他不应该是势利者之一吗？”

No; far from it.

不，绝对不是这样。

If his lordship's boots are dirty, it is because he is Lord B., and walks. There is nothing snobbish in having only one pair of boots, or a favourite pair; and certainly nothing snobbish in desiring to have them cleaned. Lord B., in so doing, performed a perfectly natural and gentlemanlike action; for which I am so pleased with him that I have had him designed in a favourable and elegant attitude, and put at the head of this Chapter in the place of honour. No, we are not personal in these candid remarks. As Phidias took the pick of a score of beauties before he completed a Venus, so have we to examine, perhaps, a thousand Snobs, before one is expressed upon paper.

要是勋爵大人的靴子脏了，那是因为他是B勋爵，他要走路。要是某人只有一双靴子，或是只有一双最喜欢的靴子，那绝对不能算作势利。当然，想要把它们弄干净也绝对谈不上势利。B勋爵这么做，其实是一个非常自然、非常绅士的举动，我因此而十分喜欢他，对他抱着一种支持而优雅的态度，并且把他的故事放在本章开篇以示敬意。不，我们这些坦率的言论并不是要针对某一个人。就像菲迪亚斯在完成雕塑维纳斯之前从十二位美女中挑选出最美的一个，我们也许需要考察上千个势利者，然后才能把其中一个写下来。

Great City Snobs are the next in the hierarchy, and ought to be considered. But here is a difficulty. The great City Snob is commonly most difficult of access. Unless you are a capitalist, you cannot visit him in the recesses of his bank parlour in Lombard Street. Unless you are a sprig of nobility there is little hope of seeing him at home. In a great City Snob firm there is generally one partner whose name is down for charities, and who frequents Exeter Hall; you may catch a glimpse of another (a scientific City Snob) at my Lord N——'s SOIREES, or the lectures of the London Institution; of a third (a City Snob of taste) at picture-auctions, at private views of exhibitions, or at the Opera or the Philharmonic. But intimacy is impossible, in most cases, with this grave, pompous, and awful being.

接下来我们将要——而且应该——谈论一下了不起的城市势利者。但是现在有个难题。了不起的城市势利者往往是最难接近的一类。除非你是一个资本家，否则你不可能到朗伯德街的银行大厅密室里拜访他。除非你是贵族的子孙，否则你几乎没希望在家里看见他。在一个了不起的城市势利者的公司，通常有一个合伙人的名字被列入慈善机构名单，还经常光顾埃克塞特大厅；你可能会在我那位N勋爵的晚会上或是伦敦学院的讲座上看见另一位势利者（一个懂科学的城市势利者）；在画作拍卖、私人风景画展、歌剧院或是音乐会上，你可能会看见第三个势利者（一个有品味的城市势利者）。但是，在大多数情况下，要想与这种严肃、浮夸而又可怕的人建立亲密的关系是不可能的。

A mere gentleman may hope to sit at almost anybody's table—to take his place at my lord duke's in the country—to dance a quadrille at Buckingham Palace itself—(beloved Lady Wilhelmina Wagglewiggle! do you recollect the sensation we made at the ball of our late adored Sovereign Queen Caroline, at Brandenburg House, Hammersmith?) but the City Snob's doors are, for the most part, closed to him; and hence all that one knows of this great class is mostly from hearsay.

一个纯粹的绅士可能会希望坐在任何人的桌前——在我那乡下的公爵家有一席之地——到白金汉宫去跳方阵舞——（亲爱的威廉明娜·瓦格威格夫人！你还记得我们在哈默史密斯的勃兰登堡大宅，由已故的尊敬的卡罗琳皇后举办的舞会上引起的轰动吗？）但是城市势利者的门大多数都是对他紧闭的。因此人们对于这个庞大阶层的了解，大多都是道听途说。

In other countries of Europe, the Banking Snob is more expansive and communicative than with us, and receives all the world into his circle. For instance, everybody knows the princely hospitalities of the Scharlaschild family at Paris, Naples, Frankfort, &c.. They entertain all the world, even the poor, at their FETES. Prince Polonia, at Rome, and his brother, the Duke of Strachino, are also remarkable for their hospitalities. I like the spirit of the first-named nobleman. Titles not costing much in the Roman territory, he has had the head clerk of the banking-house made a Marquis, and his Lordship will screw a BAJOCCO out of you in exchange as dexterously as any commoner could do. It is a comfort to be able to gratify such grandees with a farthing or two; it makes the poorest man feel that he can do good. 'The Polonias have intermarried with the greatest and most ancient families of Rome, and you see their heraldic cognizance (a mushroom or on an azure field) quartered in a hundred places in the city with the arms of the Colonnas and Dorias.

在欧洲其他一些国家，银行势利者心胸更为开阔，更乐于与人交往，想要把整个世界都纳入他的圈子中去。例如，人人都知道沙尔勒斯蔡尔德家族在巴黎、那不勒斯、法兰克福等地都表现出高贵的好客之道。他们在节日期间款待所有的人，甚至包括穷人。在罗马，波罗尼亚王子和他的兄弟斯特拉奇诺公爵也以好客著称。我喜欢对贵族直呼其名的风气。因为头衔在罗马这片土地上并不是很值钱，银行主职员都封为侯爵，勋爵会像任何平民那样机灵地在交易中将一块巴乔科从你那里弄到手。只需一两个法寻就可以使显贵要人们满意，这真是一件让人安慰的事；它让最穷的人都觉得他可以有所作为。波罗尼亚一家已经和罗马最大、最古老的家庭结成了姻亲关系。在城里，你可以在上百个地方看见科隆纳家族和多里亚家族的盾形纹章之上的标识（一朵蘑菇或是一片天蓝色的原野）。

City Snobs have the same mania for aristocratic marriages. I like

to see such. I am of a savage and envious nature,—I like to see these two humbugs which, dividing, as they do, the social empire of this kingdom between them, hate each other naturally, making truce and uniting, for the sordid interests of either. I like to see an old aristocrat, swelling with pride of race, the descendant of illustrious Norman robbers, whose blood has been pure for centuries, and who looks down upon common Englishmen as a free American does on a nigger,—I like to see old Stiffneck obliged to bow down his head and swallow his infernal pride, and drink the cup of humiliation poured out by Pump and Aldgate's butler. 'Pump and Aldgate, says he, 'your grandfather was a bricklayer, and his hod is still kept in the bank. Your pedigree begins in a workhouse; mine can be dated from all the royal palaces of Europe. I came over with the Conqueror; I am own cousin to Charles Martel, Orlando Furioso, Philip Augustus, Peter the Cruel, and Frederick Barbarossa. I quarter the Royal Arms of Brentford in my coat. I despise you, but I want money; and I will sell you my beloved daughter, Blanche Stiffneck, for a hundred thousand pounds, to pay off my mortgages. Let your son marry her, and she shall become Lady Blanche Pump and Aldgate.'

城市势利者对于贵族化的婚姻有着同样的狂热。我喜欢看到这种情况。我是一个生性粗鲁又嫉妒心强的人——我喜欢这样两类骗子，他们将这个国家的社交帝国分成两个领域，自然要彼此憎恨，但是为了彼此卑鄙的利益而停战求和，并彼此联姻。我喜欢看到一个老贵族，对自己的祖系感到骄傲而自我膨胀，觉得自己是鼎鼎有名的诺曼强盗的后裔，血统在这几个世纪以来都十分纯正。他根本看不起那些普通的英国人，就像自由的美国人看不起黑鬼一样——我喜欢看到老斯蒂夫内克被迫低下头，收起他那可恶的骄傲，饮下庞普 - 阿德格特的男管家倒出的羞辱酒。“庞普 - 阿德格特，”他说，“你的祖父是一个砖瓦工，他的砖斗还存在库房里呢。你的世系起源于济贫院，我的则可以追溯到欧洲所有的皇家宫殿之中。我跟随“征服者”来到这里，查理·马特尔、奥兰多·富廖索、菲利普·奥古斯塔斯、残忍的彼得，以及腓特烈一世都是我的堂兄弟。我把布伦特福德的皇家遁形纹章放在我的大衣里面。我看不起你，但是我需要钱。我可以以十万英镑的价格把我亲爱的女儿布兰奇·斯蒂夫内克卖给你，以还清我的按揭。让你的儿子同她结婚吧，这样她就成为布兰奇·庞普 - 阿德格特夫人了。”

Old Pump and Aldgate clutches at the bargain. And a comfortable thing it is to think that birth can be bought for money. So you learn to value it. Why should we, who don't possess it, set a higher store on it than those who do? Perhaps the best use of that book, the *Peerage*, is to look down the list, and see how many have bought and sold birth,—how poor sprigs of nobility somehow sell themselves to rich City Snobs' daughters, how rich City Snobs purchase noble ladies—and so to admire the double baseness of the bargain.

老庞普—阿德格特牢牢地抓住了这次交易的机会。一想到用钱可以买到出身，就让人觉得舒服。所以人们学会了看重它。我们这些没钱的人为什么要比有钱的人更加重视它呢？也许《贵族名册》那本书的最好用途就是查阅名单，看看有多少人已经买卖了出身——看看贵族的穷子孙们是怎样将他们自己卖给有钱的城市势利者的女儿，有钱的城市势利者又是怎样买来贵族小姐的——并对这种双重卑鄙的交易加以羡慕。

Old Pump and Aldgate buys the article and pays the money. The sale of the girl's person is blessed by a Bishop at St. George's, Hanover Square, and next year you read, 'At Roehampton, on Saturday, the Lady Blanche Pump, of a son and heir.'

老庞普—阿德格特买下商品并付了款。汉诺威广场圣乔治教堂的主教赐福于该女孩的人身出卖。第二年你便会读到："星期六在罗汉普登，布兰奇·庞普夫人，即某人的儿子和继承人的夫人…"

After this interesting event, some old acquaintance, who saw young Pump in the parlour at the bank in the City, said to him, familiarly, 'How's your wife, Pump, my boy?'

这次有趣的事情发生之后，一个老熟人在城市里的银行大厅见到了小庞普，于是很熟地跟他打招呼，"庞普，好孩子，你的太太好吗？"

Mr. Pump looked exceedingly puzzled and disgusted, and, after a pause, said, 'LADY BLANCHE PUMP' is pretty well, I thank you.'

庞普先生显得特别迷惑与反感，他停顿了一下，然后说："布兰奇·庞普夫人很好，我十分感谢您的好意。"

'OH, I THOUGHT SHE WAS YOUR WIFE!' said the familiar brute, Snooks, wishing him good-bye; and ten minutes after, the story was all over the Stock Exchange, where it is told, when young Pump appears, to this very day.

"噢，我本以为她是你的太太！"粗鲁的熟人斯努克斯说道，并跟他说再见。十分钟后，这个故事传遍了整个证券交易所。直到今天，年轻的庞普出现时，人们还在谈论着这件事。

We can imagine the weary life this poor Pump, this martyr to Mammon, is compelled to undergo. Fancy the domestic enjoyments of a man who has a wife who scorns him; who cannot see his own friends in his own house; who having deserted the middle rank of life, is not yet admitted to the higher; but who is resigned to rebuffs and delay and humiliation, contented to think that his son will be more fortunate.

我们可以想象可怜的、受财富之苦的庞普，过着怎样一种疲倦的生活，可他不得不忍受。想象一下，一个被妻子轻视的人在家里能享受什么乐趣呢？他不能在自己的房子里会见朋友，放弃了中等阶层的生活，却又进入不了更高的阶层。但是他一直顺从于遭受的种种拒绝、推延和

羞辱的命运，满心想着他的儿子可能会幸运一些。

It used to be the custom of some very old-fashioned clubs in this city, when a gentleman asked for change a guinea, always to bring it to him in WASHED SILVER: that which had passed immediately out of the hands of vulgar being considered 'as too coarse to soil a gentleman's fingers.' So, when the City Snob's money has been washed during a generation or so; has been washed into estates, and woods, and castles, and town-mansions, it is allowed to pass current as real aristocratic coin. Old Pump sweeps a shop, runs of messages, becomes a confidential clerk and partner. Pump the Second becomes chief of the house, spins more and more money, marries his son to an Earl's daughter. Pump Tertius goes on with the bank; but his chief business in life is to become the father of Pump Quartus, who comes out a full-blown aristocrat, and takes his seat as Baron Pumpington, and his race rules hereditarily over this nation of Snobs.

这个城市的一些非常旧式的俱乐部过去有这样一种习俗，即当某位绅士想要换零钱时，总是换来一些洗过的银币，因为那些刚刚经过俗人之手的银币被认为“太粗糙了，会弄脏绅士的手指”。 因此，当城市势利者的钱被这样洗过大约一代后，当它们被洗成房产、林地、城堡和府邸后，它便作为真正的贵族货币流通起来。老庞普打扫铺子，送信，成了一个极为可靠的职员和合伙人。庞普的儿子成了银行的主人，赚的钱越来越多，还让自己的儿子娶了一位伯爵的女儿。庞普家的第三代继续经营这家银行，但是他生命中的主要任务就是做庞普家第四代的父亲。庞普家的第四代后来成了一位十足的贵族，当上了庞平顿男爵，于是他的家族便以世系的方式控制着这个势利者之国了。

CHAPTER IX ON SOME MILITARY SNOBS

第九章 军队里的势利者

As no society in the world is more agreeable than that of well-bred and well-informed military gentlemen, so, likewise, none is more insufferable than that of Military Snobs. They are to be found of all grades, from the General Officer, whose padded old breast twinkles over with a score of stars, clasps, and decorations, to the budding cornet, who is shaving for a beard, and has just been appointed to the Saxe-Coburg Lancers.

世界上没有什么人群能比教养好、见识广的军官绅士更让人愉悦了。同样，军队中的势利者也是最让人难以忍受的。这样的人存在于军中的各个级别——从穿着带有衬垫的老式制服，胸前别着一排闪闪发亮的星章、银扣和饰物的大将，到初出茅庐，刚刚开始蓄胡子的骑兵掌骑官，他刚刚被任命为萨克森—科堡的长矛轻骑兵。

I have always admired that dispensation of rank in our country, which sets up this last-named little creature (who was flogged only last week because he could not spell) to command great whiskered warriors, who have faced all dangers of climate and battle; which, because he has money, to lodge at the agent's, will place him over the heads of men who have a thousand times more experience and desert: and which, in the course of time, will bring him all the honours of his profession, when the veteran soldier he commanded has got no other reward for his bravery than a berth in Chelsea Hospital, and the veteran officer he superseded has slunk into shabby retirement, and ends his disappointed life on a threadbare half-pay.

我总是崇拜我们国家的等级分配制度，在这样的制度下，连前面最后提到的小家伙（上个周，他因为不会写字而挨了一顿揍）也可以指挥那些身经百战、历尽万险，留着胡子的大兵；在这样的制度下，因为他有钱，他便可以寄居在执法官家里，从而凌驾于无数有着比他多一千倍经验和功劳的人之上；在这样的制度下，假以时日，他总是会得到该职业的全部荣誉，而受他指挥的那些老兵除了能在伦敦切尔西残废军人院谋取一个职位之外，是不会因自己的英勇而得到任何奖赏的。他所取代的那些老军官只能寒酸地退伍，然后靠微薄的折扣薪饷度过无望的余生。

When I read in the GAZETTE such announcements as 'Lieutenant and Captain Grig, from the Bombardier Guards, to be Captain, vice Grizzle, who retires,' I know what becomes of the Peninsular Grizzle; I follow him in spirit to the humble country town, where he takes up his quarters, and occupies himself with the most desperate attempts to

live like a gentleman, on the stipend of half a tailor's foreman; and I picture to myself little Grig rising from rank to rank, skipping from one regiment to another, with an increased grade in each, avoiding disagreeable foreign service, and ranking as a colonel at thirty;—all because he has money, and Lord Grigsby is his father, who had the same luck before him. Grig must blush at first to give his orders to old men in every way his betters. And as it is very difficult for a spoiled child to escape being selfish and arrogant, so it is a very hard task indeed for this spoiled child of fortune not to be a Snob.

我曾在公报上读到过这样一则公告："炮兵卫队的格里格中尉将取代退役的格里兹尔成为上尉。"此时我便知道伊比利亚半岛的格里兹尔的结局了。我在精神上跟随他到了他住下的一个简陋的乡村小镇。在那儿，他极力让自己过得像个绅士，其实他的津贴只有裁缝工头的一半。我想象着小格里格从这个军团调到那个军团，一级接一级地晋升。他不用经历到国外服役的不快时期，而且在三十岁的时候就当上了上校——所有的这一切都是因为他有钱，还有一个曾经同他一样幸运的父亲格里格斯比勋爵。格里格起初向那些哪方面都比他强的老兵发号施令时一定觉得脸红。就像很难让一个被宠坏的孩子不自私、不自傲一样，要想让这个被宠坏的幸运小子不成为一个势利者，真是一件难事。

It must have often been a matter of wonder to the candid reader, that the army, the most enormous job of all our political institutions, should yet work so well in the field; and we must cheerfully give Grig, and his like, the credit for courage which they display whenever occasion calls for it. The Duke's dandy regiments fought as well as any (they said better than any, but that is absurd). The great Duke himself was a dandy once, and jobbed on, as Marlborough did before him. But this only proves that dandies are brave as well as other Britons—as all Britons. Let us concede that the high-born Grig rode into the entrenchments at Sobraon as gallantly as Corporal Wallop, the ex-ploughboy.

坦率的读者对于这种情况一定很好奇，即作为所有政治机构中工作量最大的军队，在战场上竟有出色的表现。我们必须对格里格以及像他这样一旦得到召唤便英勇上前的人进行赞扬。公爵的花花公子团把仗打得和别的团一样出色（他们说他们比别的军团表现得还要好，但那是胡说八道）。伟大的公爵自己曾经也是个花花公子，也像他之前的马尔伯勒那样打零工。但是这仅仅证明花花公子跟其他的英国人一样英勇——像所有的英国人那样。我们要承认，出身高贵的格里格在索尔拉翁驱马进入堑壕时，和农夫出身的沃洛普下士表现得一样英勇。

The times of war are more favourable to him than the periods of peace. Think of Grig's life in the Bombardier Guards, or the Jack-boot Guards; his marches from Windsor to London, from London to Windsor, from Knightsbridge to Regent's Park; the idiotic services he has to perform, which consist in inspecting the pipeclay of his

company, or the horses in the stable, or bellowing out 'Shoulder humps! Carry humps!' all which duties the very smallest intellect that ever belonged to mortal man would suffice to comprehend. The professional duties of a footman are quite as difficult and various. The red-jackets who hold gentlemen's horses in St. James's Street could do the work just as well as those vacuous, good-natured, gentlemanlike, rickety little lieutenants, who may be seen sauntering about Pall Mall, in high-heeled little boots, or rallying round the standard of their regiment in the Palace Court, at eleven o'clock, when the band plays. Did the beloved reader ever see one of the young fellows staggering under the flag, or, above all, going through the operation of saluting it? It is worth a walk to the Palace to witness that magnificent piece of tomfoolery.

对他来说，战争时代比和平时代更好。想想格里格在炮兵卫队或是长靴卫队里的生活；想想他从温莎到伦敦、从伦敦到温莎、从骑士桥到“摄政王公园”的行军；想想那些他不得不做的白痴事务，包括检查他这个连队的服装、马厩里的马匹，或是大声吼着“兄弟们，加紧扛啊！加紧背啊！”所有的这一切差事，即使是最弱智的人也能够理解。男仆的份内之事与这个差事的难度和变化性差不多。圣詹姆斯街上那些穿着红色夹克、为绅士们牵马的人，也能够把工作做得跟那些无所事事、脾气温顺、绅士风度、摇摇晃晃的小中尉一样好。这些中尉们要么穿着高跟小靴子在蓓尔美尔街附近闲溜达，要么在晚上十一点乐队演奏时，聚集在宫殿大厅里他们所在军团的军旗周围。亲爱的读者，你可曾看见这群年轻人中有一位在旗帜下面蹒跚而行，或者，更重要的是，你可曾看见他们向旗帜敬礼呢？为了亲眼目睹那个盛大的愚蠢之举，你真值得到宫殿去走上一趟。

I have had the honour of meeting once or twice an old gentleman, whom I look upon to be a specimen of army-training, and who has served in crack regiments, or commanded them, all his life. I allude to Lieutenant-General the Honourable Sir George Granby Tufto, K.C.B., K.T.S., K.H., K.S.W., &c.&c.. His manners are irreproachable generally; in society he is a perfect gentleman, and a most thorough Snob.

我有一两次曾有幸碰到一位老绅士，我把他看作是军队训练的标准，他曾服役于那些一流的军团，或者说，他一生都在指挥着那样的军团。我在陆军中将面前隐约提到可敬的乔治·格兰比·吐弗托爵士，也是K.C.B.、K.T.S.、K.H.、K.S.W.等等。他的言行举止总的来说无可挑的。在社会上，他是一个完美的绅士，而且是一个彻头彻尾的势利者。

A man can't help being a fool, be he ever so old, and Sir George is a greater ass at sixty-eight than he was when he first entered the army at fifteen. He distinguished himself everywhere: his name is mentioned with praise in a score of Gazettes: he is the man, in fact, whose padded breast, twinkling over with innumerable decorations, has already been introduced to the reader. It is difficult to say what

virtues this prosperous gentleman possesses. He never read a book in his life, and, with his purple, old gouty fingers, still writes a schoolboy hand. He has reached old age and grey hairs without being the least venerable. He dresses like an outrageously young man to the present moment, and laces and pads his old carcass as if he were still handsome George Tufto of 1800. He is selfish, brutal, passionate, and a glutton. It is curious to mark him at table, and see him heaving in his waistband, his little bloodshot eyes gloating over his meal. He swears considerably in his talk, and tells filthy garrison stories after dinner. On account of his rank and his services, people pay the bestarred and betitled old brute a sort of reverence; and he looks down upon you and me, and exhibits his contempt for us, with a stupid and artless candour which is quite amusing to watch. Perhaps, had he been bred to another profession, he would not have been the disreputable old creature he now is. But what other? He was fit for none; too incorrigibly idle and dull for any trade but this, in which he has distinguished himself publicly as a good and gallant officer, and privately for riding races, drinking port, fighting duels, and seducing women. He believes himself to be one of the most honourable and deserving beings in the world. About Waterloo Place, of afternoons, you may see him tottering in his varnished boots, and leering under the bonnets of the women who pass by. When he dies of apoplexy, *THE TIMES* will have a quarter of a column about his services and battles—four lines of print will be wanted to describe his titles and orders alone—and the earth will cover one of the wickedest and dullest old wretches that ever strutted over it.

人难免变傻，更不要说上了年纪。乔治先生六十八岁时就变得比他十五岁刚参军时还要愚钝。不论在哪里，他总是出众的，十几份公报都提到他的名字，并加以赞赏。事实上，他就是那个胸前配了衬垫、戴着许多闪闪发亮的饰物的人，我之前已经给读者们介绍过了。很难说清这个成功的绅士身上到底有着怎样的美德。这一生中，他从没读过一本书。而且，他那紫色并患有痛风症的老手，写出的字就像是小学生写的。他年事已高，头发已经灰白，可他却根本不值得敬重。他至今还穿得像个让人无法容忍的小青年，苍老的身躯还用些蕾丝和衬垫来点缀，好像他还是1800年时英俊的乔治·吐弗托。他为人自私、性格粗鲁、爱发脾气、十分贪吃。要注意到他在餐桌旁的样子，你就会觉得不可思议：身子被腰带扎得鼓鼓的，那充血的眼睛满足地盯着那些饭菜。他谈话时总是赌咒发誓，饭后又讲起军队里那些卑劣之事。考虑到他的军衔以及服役情况，大家对这个顶着种种头衔、被人像明星一样捧着的老家伙还怀着某种敬畏之情。他看不起你我之辈，在我们面前表现出轻蔑之意，其坦率显得既愚蠢又拙劣，看起来真是非常搞笑。也许，要是当初让他从事另外一种职业，他就不可能成为现在这个名声败坏的老家伙。但是让他从事其他什么职业呢？他什么工作都不适合，他总是无所事事，又笨拙愚钝得只能干这行。在军队里，他公开以一个英勇的好军官的形象

出名，私底下却因骑马比赛、喝波尔图葡萄酒、与人决斗和勾引女人而臭名远扬。他觉得自己是这个世界上最值得尊敬、最应得到承认的一个人。下午时分，你可能会在滑铁卢广场四周看见他穿着锃亮的靴子在那里晃荡，还偷偷地往那些来来去去的女人们圆帽下瞟。要是他死于中风，《泰晤士报》会用四分之一个专栏来报道他的服役状况和参加的战役——仅仅为了描述他的头衔和勋章，就需要四行铅字——泥土会将这个趾高气扬地行走于它之上、无比邪恶而迟钝的老可怜虫掩埋。

Lest it should be imagined that I am of so obstinate a misanthropic nature as to be satisfied with nothing, I beg (for the comfort of the forces) to state my belief that the army is not composed of such persons as the above. He has only been selected for the study of civilians and the military, as a specimen of a prosperous and bloated Army Snob. No: when epaulets are not sold; when corporal punishments are abolished, and Corporal Smith has a chance to have his gallantry rewarded as well as that of Lieutenant Grig; when there is no such rank as ensign and lieutenant (the existence of which rank is an absurd anomaly, and an insult upon all the rest of the army), and should there be no war, I should not be disinclined to be a major-general myself.

为了避免别人把我想象成一个对什么事都不满意的顽固厌世的家伙，我请求（为了给军队安慰）让我表明自己的信念，即军队并不是由上述这种类型的人组成。他只不过作为一个成功而自我膨胀的军队势利者的典型，才被选入这次对平民和军人的研究。不，当肩章不再出售；体罚被废除；史密斯下士也有机会因自己的英勇而得到像格里格中尉那样的奖赏；当军中再也没有掌旗官和中尉这样的等级（这些等级的存在异常荒谬，简直是对军中其他人的一种侮辱），也没有战争，我不会拒绝想去争取做个少将。

I have a little sheaf of Army Snobs in my portfolio, but shall pause in my attack upon the forces till next week.

我的公文包里还有一小捆军队势利者的资料，但我得暂停一下对军队的抨击，下周再说。

CHAPTER X MILITARY SNOBS

第十章 军队势利者

Walking in the Park yesterday with my young friend Tagg, and discoursing with him upon the next number of the Snob, at the very nick of time who should pass us but two very good specimens of Military Snobs,—the Sporting Military Snob, Capt.Rag, and the 'lurking' or raffish Military Snob, Ensign Famish.

昨天，我和我年轻的朋友塔格在公园散步时，谈起了下一批势利者。偏偏就在那时，正好有两个军队势利者的极好典范从我们身边经过——放荡的军队势力者拉格上尉和“鬼鬼祟祟的”或轻浮卑鄙的法米什掌旗官。

Indeed you are fully sure to meet them lounging on horseback, about five o'clock, under the trees by the Serpentine, examining critically the inmates of the flashy broughams which parade up and down 'the Lady's Mile’.

事实上，下午五点左右你肯定能看见他们骑着马，在瑟彭泰恩附近的林子里溜达，还带着批判的眼光审视着那些在“女士大道”上高调行进的浮华的布鲁厄姆车内的人。

Tagg and Rag are very well acquainted, and so the former, with that candour inseparable from intimate friendship, told me his dear friend's history. Captain Rag is a small dapper north-country man. He went when quite a boy into a crack light cavalry regiment, and by the time he got his troop, had cheated all his brother officers so completely, selling them lame horses for sound ones, and winning their money by all manner of strange and ingenious contrivances, that his Colonel advised him to retire; which he did without much reluctance, accommodating a youngster, who had just entered the regiment, with a glandered charger at an uncommonly stiff figure.

塔格和拉格两人很熟，所以，塔格就以与亲密友谊不可分割的坦诚，把他亲爱的朋友的事告诉了我。拉格上尉是北方人，短小而利落。他在孩提时期就进了一流的轻骑兵军团。他赢得了这个部队的信任之后，竟然彻底地把他的兄弟军官们给骗了：他以次充好地把跛足马卖给了他们，而且还采用各种奇怪而巧妙的伎俩把他们的钱搞到了手。之后，上校建议他退役时，他毫不犹豫地就照办了，为一个年轻人腾出了空间。那个人刚刚进入军团，带去了一匹异常僵硬、患有鼻疽病的战马。

He has since devoted his time to billiards, steeple-chasing, and the turf. His head-quarters are 'Rummer's,' in Conduit Street, where he

keeps his kit; but he is ever on the move in the exercise of his vocation as a gentleman-jockey and gentleman-leg.

自此以后，他就泡在了台球、越野赛和赛马上。他的总部就是喷泉街的“拉麦尔”，他的装备都存放在那儿。但是，作为一名“绅士赛马骑师”和“绅士骗子”，他总是忙于锻炼自己在这方面的技能。

According to BELL'S LIFE, he is an invariable attendant at all races, and an actor in most of them. He rode the winner at Leamington; he was left for dead in a ditch a fortnight ago at Harrow; and yet there he was, last week, at the Croix de Berny, pale and determined as ever, astonishing the BADAUDS of Paris by the elegance of his seat and the neatness of his rig, as he took a preliminary gallop on that vicious brute 'The Disowned,' before starting for 'the French Grand National.'

根据《贝尔的生活》描述，每一场比赛他都会作为一名随员出现，还参加了其中大多数比赛。在利明顿，他骑马获得了第一名；两个星期前在哈罗，他在比赛中惨败；然而就在上周，他在伯尔尼十字街的比赛中像往常一样苍白而坚决。在前往参加“法国全国赛马盛会”之前，他骑着那匹凶恶的名叫“迪斯欧德”的畜生预跑时，那坐姿的优雅和装备的整洁，让巴黎那些在马路上看热闹的人都惊呆了。

He is a regular attendant at the Corner, where he compiles a limited but comfortable libretto. During season he rides often in the Park, mounted on a clever well-bred pony. He is to be seen escorting celebrated horsewoman, Fanny Highflyer, or in confidential converse with Lord Thimblerig, the eminent handicapper.

他是“角落区域”一个惯常的随员，在那里写出了一个水平有限却又令人轻松愉悦的剧本。在活动旺季，他经常骑着一匹灵活的良种马出现在公园里。人们看见他要么是陪着著名的女骑师范妮·海弗莱尔，要么是和优秀的裁判员斯姆勒里格勋爵进行秘密交谈。

He carefully avoids decent society, and would rather dine off a steak at the 'One Tun' with Sam Snaffle the jockey, Captain O'Rourke, and two or three other notorious turf robbers, than with the choicest company in London. He likes to announce at 'Rummer's' that he is going to run down and spend his Saturday and Sunday in a friendly way with Hocus, the leg, at his little box near Epsom; where, if report speak true, many 'rummish plants' are concocted.

他小心地避开体面的社交圈，他情愿在“一桶店”跟职业赛马骑师萨姆·斯拉弗尔、奥鲁尔克上尉以及其他两三个臭名昭著的赛马强盗一起吃牛排，也不愿意和伦敦的精英人士一起用餐。他喜欢在“拉麦尔” 宣布他将要到埃普瑟姆附近他的那所小房子里去和骗子霍库斯一起友好地度过一个周末。要是报道符实的话，很多骗局都是在那儿炮制出来的。

He does not play billiards often, and never in public: but when he

does play, he always contrives to get hold of a good flat, and never leaves him till he has done him uncommonly brown. He has lately been playing a good deal with Famish.

他不常打台球，而且从来不在公众场合打。但是当他真正打起台球时，他总是想方设法将对方摆平，不把对方彻底击败他绝不离开。他最近就和法米什好好打了几场。

When he makes his appearance in the drawing-room, which occasionally happens at a hunt-meeting or a race-ball, he enjoys himself extremely.

他出现在会客厅时——常常发生在狩猎集会或舞会比赛上——他玩得可尽兴了。

His young friend is Ensign Famish, who is not a little pleased to be seen with such a smart fellow as Rag, who bows to the best turf company in the Park. Rag lets Famish accompany him to Tattersall's, and sells him bargains in horse-flesh, and uses Famish's cab. That young gentleman's regiment is in India, and he is at home on sick leave. He recruits his health by being intoxicated every night, and fortifies his lungs, which are weak, by smoking cigars all day. The policemen about the Haymarket know the little creature, and the early cabmen salute him. The closed doors of fish and lobster shops open after service, and vomit out little Famish, who is either tipsy and quarrelsome—when he wants to fight the cabmen; or drunk and helpless—when some kind friend (in yellow satin) takes care of him. All the neighbourhood, the cabmen, the police, the early potato-men, and the friends in yellow satin, know the young fellow, and he is called Little Bobby by some of the very worst reprobates in Europe.

他那个年轻的朋友就是掌旗官法米什。他为能和拉格那样的精明小伙一起出现在人们的视线里感到异常高兴，他会向公园里最出色的赛马伙伴鞠躬。拉格让法米什陪他到伦敦赛马拍卖行去，把马肉便宜地卖给他，还用了法米什的出租马车。那个年轻绅士法米什的军团在印度，他是请病假才回家来的。他每晚都以醉酒的方式恢复体力，还整天抽着雪茄，以增强他那虚弱的肺。秣市附近的警察都认识这个小家伙，早起的出租马车车夫还向他问好呢。卖鱼和龙虾的商店打烊之后又把门打开了，把小法米什放出来，他要么醉醺醺地又吵又闹——那时他真想跟出租马车车夫干上一架；要么就是醉得一塌糊涂难以自助——那时会有某个朋友（穿黄绸缎的）过来照顾他。街坊邻居，出租马车车夫、警察、早起卖土豆的人以及穿黄绸缎的朋友们，都认识这个年轻人，欧洲有些最可恶的恶棍把他叫做“小博比”。

His mother, Lady Fanny Famish, believes devoutly that Robert is in London solely for the benefit of consulting the physician; is going to have him exchanged into a dragoon regiment, which doesn't go to that odious India; and has an idea that his chest is delicate, and that he

takes gruel every evening, when he puts his feet in hot water. Her Ladyship resides at Cheltenham, and is of a serious turn.

他的母亲范妮·法米什夫人虔诚地以为罗伯特回伦敦来仅仅是为了看病。她打算找人把他调到骑兵团，这样一来，他就可以不再去可恶的印度。她还想着，既然他的胸腔虚弱，那就让他每晚一边用热水泡脚，一边喝稀粥。夫人住在切尔藤纳姆，是个严肃的人。

Bobby frequents the 'Union Jack Club' of course; where he breakfasts on pale ale and devilled kidneys at three o'clock; where beardless young heroes of his own sort congregate, and make merry, and give each other dinners; where you may see half-a-dozen of young rakes of the fourth or fifth order lounging and smoking on the steps; where you behold Slapper's long-tailed leggy mare in the custody of a red-jacket until the Captain is primed for the Park with a glass of curacoa; and where you see Hobby, of the Highland Buffs, driving up with Dobby, of the Madras Fusiliers, in the great banging, swinging cab, which the latter hires from Rumble of Bond Street.

当然，博比经常出入于“英国国旗俱乐部”。在那儿，他早餐喝淡啤酒，三点的时候还要吃蘸了芥末的腰子。他和一些尚无胡须、志趣相投的年轻人聚集在这里，互相请客，寻欢作乐；在那儿，你可能会看到五六个不入流的年轻浪荡公子在台阶上抽烟溜达；在那儿，你会看到一个穿着红夹克的人照看着斯拉帕尔那匹尾巴和腿都很长的母马，直到上尉准备好带着一杯桂香酒到公园去；在那儿，你会看到穿着高地黄皮制服的霍比正和“马德拉斯燧发枪团”士兵多比一起，驾着摇摇晃晃的大马车砰砰砰地驶过来，那辆马车是多比从邦德街的“拉姆布尔”租来的。

In fact, Military Snobs are of such number and variety, that a hundred weeks of *PUNCH* would not suffice to give an audience to them. There is, besides the disreputable old Military Snob, who has seen service, the respectable old Military Snob, who has seen none, and gives himself the most prodigious Martinet airs. There is the Medical-Military Snob, who is generally more outrageously military in his conversation than the greatest SABREUR in the army. There is the Heavy-Dragoon Snob, whom young ladies, admire with his great stupid pink face and yellow moustaches—a vacuous, solemn, foolish, but brave and honourable Snob. There is the Amateur-Military Snob who writes Captain on his card because he is a Lieutenant in the Bungay Militia. There is the Lady-killing Military Snob; and more, who need not be named.

实际上，军队势利者数量之大、类型之多，就算是一百期的《笨拙周刊》也不足以完全展示他们。除了这种参加过战斗、臭名远扬的老军队势利者，还有一种没有参加过战斗却深受尊敬的老军队势利者，这种人总是显得颇为纪律严明的神气。还有一种军医势利者，他与人谈话时总是显得比军队里最了不起的佩马刀的骑士还要更懂军事。有一种重骑

兵势利者，那张愚蠢的大脸上泛着粉红色，长着些黄色的胡须，虽说显得空虚、严肃、愚蠢，却也算是勇敢而值得尊敬的势利者，受到了年轻女士们的青睐。民兵势利者总是在自己的名片上印着“上尉”的字样，因为他在邦格民兵团是一个中尉。还有一种勾引女人的军队势利者，当然还有更多类型，这里就不一一列出了。

But let no man, we repreat, charge Mr. PUNCH with disrespect for the Army in general—that gallant and judicious Army, every man of which, from F.M. the Duke of Wellington, &c., downwards—(with the exception of H.R.H. Field-Marshal Prince Albert, who, however, can hardly count as a military man.)—reads *PUNCH* in every quarter of the globe.

但是我们重申，任何人都不要指控笨拙先生，说他不尊重整个军队——那是一支英勇明断的军队，军队里的每一个成员，从陆军元帅威灵顿公爵等到下面的人——但是，陆军元帅艾伯特王子殿下不包括在内，他几乎不算军人——在地球的每一个角落都能读到《笨拙周刊》。

Let those civilians who sneer at the acquirements of the army read Sir Harry Smith's account of the Battle of Aliwal.

让那些嘲笑军队战绩的普通民众读一读哈里·史密斯爵士写的关于阿利瓦尔战役的报道吧。

A noble deed was never told in nobler language. And you who doubt if chivalry exists, or the age of heroism has passed by, think of Sir Henry Hardinge, with his son, 'dear little Arthur,' riding in front of the lines at Ferozeshah. I hope no English painter will endeavour to illustrate that scene; for who is there to do justice to it? The history of the world contains no more brilliant and heroic picture. No, no; the men who perform these deeds with such brilliant valour, and describe them with such modest manliness—SUCH are not Snobs. Their country admires them, their Sovereign rewards them, and *PUNCH*, the universal railer, takes off his hat and, says, Heaven save them!

再也没有更高贵的语言来形容这一高贵行为了。你要是怀疑骑士精神是否存在，或是怀疑英雄的时代是否已经过去，就想想亨利·哈丁爵士和他的儿子“亲爱的小阿瑟”吧，他们在弗罗热莎可是骑马冲在最前线的。我希望英国画家们都不要试图描绘那样的场景，因为，有谁会公公正正地描绘它呢？世界历史中，再也没有比这个场景更为精彩、更加富有英雄气概的了。不，不，那些做出如此卓越英勇行为的人，那些如此谦虚而富有男子气概地描述这些行为的人——他们都不是势利者。国家对他们进行赞扬，君主对他们进行奖赏，而《笨拙周刊》这个斥责世间万物的刊物也要脱下帽来，说一声：“愿上帝保佑他们！”

CHAPTER XI ON CLERICAL SNOBS

第十一章 神职势利者

After Snobs-Military, Snobs-Clerical suggest themselves quite naturally, and it is clear that, with every respect for the cloth, yet having a regard for truth, humanity, and the British public, such a vast and influential class must not be omitted from our notices of the great Snob world.

谈论了军队势利者之后，神职势利者就自然而然地显现出来。很明显，尽管我们十分尊重教士，我们也尊重真理、人性以及英国大众，因此这样一个庞大而有影响力的阶层不可能在我们对势利者大世界的关注中被忽略。

Of these Clerics there are some whose claim to snobbishness is undoubted, and yet it cannot be discussed here; for the same reason that *PUNCH* would not set up his show in a Cathedral, out of respect for the solemn service celebrated within. There are some places where he acknowledges himself not privileged to make a noise, and puts away his show, and silences his drum, and takes off his hat, and holds his peace.

这些神职人员中，有些人毋庸置疑地带着势利之风，但是这里不便谈论。出于同样的原因，《笨拙周报》不会在教堂里作秀，它得对在那里举行的庄重仪式予以尊重。《笨拙周报》认为，自己没有在某些地方发表高见的特权，于是把作秀一事搁置，停止了击鼓，也不说话，还脱帽致敬。

And I know this, that if there are some Clerics who do wrong, there are straightway a thousand newspapers to haul up those unfortunates, and cry, 'Fie upon them, fie upon them!' while, though the press is always ready to yell and bellow excommunication against these stray delinquent parsons, it somehow takes very little count of the many good ones—of the tens of thousands of honest men, who lead Christian lives, who give to the poor generously, who deny themselves rigidly, and live and die in their duty, without ever a newspaper paragraph in their favour. My beloved friend and reader, I wish you and I could do the same: and let me whisper my belief, ENTRE NOUS that of those eminent philosophers who cry out against parsons the loudest, there are not many who have got their knowledge of the church by going thither often.

我知道，要是某些牧师犯了错，立即就会有一千家报纸去责问这些不幸的家伙，大声说：“去他们的！去他们的！”虽然新闻媒体随时都准备着大叫起来，将这些失职的牧师们赶出教会，但是不知为何也并不看

重很多优秀的牧师——这些诚实的牧师有成千上万，他们过着基督徒的生活，慷慨地救济穷人、严格地克制自己、一生尽职尽责。可是，报上却没有一段赞扬他们的文字。我亲爱的朋友和读者，我希望我们能够达成一致：让我悄悄告诉你我的想法吧——不可外传——反对牧师呼声最高的著名哲学家之中，通过常去教堂从而获得对其的了解的人并不太多。

But you who have ever listened to village bells, or walked to church as children on sunny Sabbath mornings; you who have ever seen the parson's wife tending the poor man's bedside; or the town clergyman threading the dirty stairs of noxious alleys upon his business;—do not raise a shout when one falls away, or yell with the mob that howls after him.

但是，只要你曾听到过村里的钟声，或是孩提时期在阳关灿烂的安息日早晨步行去教堂；只要你曾经看到牧师的妻子走向穷人床边，或是看见镇上的牧师为了履行公职行走于令人生厌的小巷里那些脏脏的楼梯上——有人背弃教义时，不要大呼小叫，或和他们身后的暴民们一起起哄。

Every man can do that. When old Father Noah was overtaken in his cups, there was only one of his sons that dared to make merry at his disaster, and he was not the most virtuous of the family. Let us too turn away silently, nor huzza like a parcel of school-boys, because some big young rebel suddenly starts up and whops the schoolmaster.

每个人都能那样做。当诺亚老祖先喝多了酒，只有一个儿子敢拿他的不幸事来作乐，而这个儿子在家中并不是品行最端正的那一个。让我们悄悄走开吧，不要像一群小学男生一样哇哇地叫好，因为某个年轻的大反叛者会突然出现，把校长猛打一顿。

I confess, though, if I had by me the names of those seven or eight Irish bishops, the probates of whose wills were mentioned in last year's journals, and who died leaving behind them some two hundred thousand a-piece—I would like to put THEM up as patrons of my Clerical Snobs, and operate upon them as successfully as I see from the newspapers Mr. Eisenberg, Chiropodist, has lately done upon 'His Grace the Reverend Lord Bishop of Tapioca.'

但是我承认，如果我手里有那七八个爱尔兰大主教的名单——去年的刊物中提到过他们的遗嘱的核实情况，他们死后每个人会留下大约二十万英镑——我想推选他们成为这些神职势利者的赞助人，成功地对他们施以手术，就像我在报纸上看到足病诊疗师艾森伯格先生最近成功地在“尊敬的塔皮欧卡主教大人”身上进行了手术一样。

I confess that when those Right Reverend Prelates come up to the gates of Paradise with their probates of wills in their hands, I think that their chance is...But the gates of Paradise is a far way to follow

their Lordships; so let us trip down again lest awkward questions be asked there about our own favourite vices too.

我承认，那些德高望重的神职人员拿遗嘱验证文件来到天堂之门时，我觉得他们可能会……但是天堂之门很难合大人们的意，因此，我们还是折回吧，要不我们在那儿，又会被问到一些尴尬的问题，比如我们最喜欢干的坏事是什么。

And don't let us give way to the vulgar prejudice, that clergymen are an over-paid and luxurious body of men. When that eminent ascetic, the late Sydney Smith—(by the way, by what law of nature is it that so many Smiths in this world are called Sydney Smith?)—lauded the system of great prizes in the Church,—without which he said gentlemen would not be induced to follow the clerical profession, he admitted most pathetically that the clergy in general were by no means to be envied for their worldly prosperity.

让我们不要相信那些世俗偏见，认为牧师们收入颇高、生活奢侈。当那个著名的禁欲者，也就是已故的悉尼·史密斯（顺便提一下，到底是什么样的自然规律，使得这个世界上那么多姓史密斯的人都叫悉尼·史密斯？）称赞教堂里的重大奖赏制度，他说要是没有这样的制度，就不能吸引绅士们来从事牧师的职业时，他就是非常可悲地承认了，总体来看，牧师绝不会因其世俗繁荣为世人羡慕。

From reading the works of some modern writers of repute, you would fancy that a parson's life was passed in gorging himself with plum-pudding and port-wine; and that his Reverence's fat chaps were always greasy with the crackling of tithe pigs. Caricaturists delight to represent him so: round, short-necked, pimple-faced, apoplectic, bursting out of waistcoat, like a black-pudding, a shovel-hatted fuzz-wigged Silenus. Whereas, if you take the real man, the poor fellow's flesh-pots are very scantily furnished with meat. He labours commonly for a wage that a tailor's foreman would despise: he has, too, such claims upon his dismal income as most philosophers would rather grumble to meet; many tithes are levied upon HIS pocket, let it be remembered, by those who grudge him his means of livelihood. He has to dine with the Squire: and his wife must dress neatly; and he must 'look like a gentleman,' as they call it, and bring up six great hungry sons as such. Add to this, if he does his duty, he has such temptations to spend his money as no mortal man could withstand. Yes; you who can't resist purchasing a chest of cigars, because they are so good; or an ormolu clock at Howell and James's, because it is such a bargain; or a box at the Opera, because Lablache and Grisi are divine in the PURITANI; fancy how difficult it is for a parson to resist spending a half-crown when John Breakstone's family are without a loaf; or 'standing' a bottle of port for poor old Polly Rabbits, who has her thirteenth child; or treating himself to a suit of corduroys for little

Bob Scarecrow, whose breeches are sadly out at elbows. Think of these temptations, brother moralists and philosophers, and don't be too hard on the parson.

读了一些有名的现代作家的作品后，你会以为牧师整天就大吃李子布丁，大喝波尔图葡萄酒来度日，以为他那高贵的、肥肥的颌上总是沾满油腻的猪油渣，而那些猪是用什一税换来的。漫画家喜欢把牧师画成这样：圆头圆脑，脖子很短，脸上长满疙瘩，人就像中了风一样，腰上的肉都快撑破马甲了，活像一根黑色的灌肠，全然一个戴着铲形帽和绒毛假发的西勒诺斯（森林诸神的领袖）。但要是你见到了真人，你会发现这个可怜的家伙的肉锅里根本就没有几块肉。通常情况下，他工作挣来的那点工资连一个裁缝工头都看不上。就像大多数哲学家会抱怨工资少一样，牧师也有权对自己那点微薄的收入提出要求。那些嫉妒牧师生活方式的人请记住，很多十一税来自他们的腰包。他必须和大乡绅一起吃饭，他的妻子必须穿戴得体，他必须向他们说的那样“看起来像个绅士”，还要把六个非常饥饿的儿子带大。另外，要是他做好了自己的工作，身边便会有很多事物诱惑他去花钱，那样的诱惑是任何人都抵挡不了的。对，你不能控制自己不去买一盒雪茄，因为那烟太好了；或是买豪厄尔—詹姆斯店里的一口金色铜钟，因为它卖得很便宜；或是到剧院去订包厢，因为拉布拉凯和格里西在普里坦尼剧院的表演太好了。想象一下，要让一个牧师不做以下事情有多难：在约翰·布雷克斯通家连一片面包都没有了的时候，不为他们花半克朗钱；或是不为带着十三个孩子的可怜的老波莉·拉比兹买一瓶波尔图葡萄酒；或者是当小鲍勃·斯盖尔克罗的马裤膝盖处已经破了时，不为他买一条灯芯绒裤。一想到这些诱惑，道德家和哲学家兄弟们，对牧师别太苛刻了。

But what is this? Instead of 'showing up' the parsons, are we indulging in maudlin praises of that monstrous black-coated race? O saintly Francis, lying at rest under the turf; O Jimmy, and Johnny, and Willy, friends of my youth!

但是这到底是什么样的一种情况呢？我们没有“揭穿”牧师们，反而在满心伤感地对那类穿黑衣服的怪人进行表扬？噢，神圣的弗朗西斯，你在地下安息吧！噢，吉米、约翰尼和威利，我这些年轻时的朋友们啊！

O noble and dear old Elias! how should he who knows you not respect you and your calling? May this pen never write a pennyworth again, if it ever casts ridicule upon either!

噢，高尚可爱的老伊莱亚斯！认识你的人怎么会不尊重你和你的职业呢？要是我这支钢笔嘲笑任何一个人的话，但愿它再也不要写出任何东西！

CHAPTER XII ON CLERICAL SNOBS AND SNOBBISHNESS

第十二章 神职势利者及其势利之风

'Dear Mr. Snob,' an amiable young correspondent writes, who signs himself Snobling, 'ought the clergyman who, at the request of a noble Duke, lately interrupted a marriage ceremony between two persons perfectly authorised to marry, to be ranked or not among the Clerical Snobs?'

“亲爱的势利者先生，”一个和蔼可亲的年轻记者这样写道，他自称斯劳布林，“如果一位牧师最近应一位高贵的公爵要求，中断了两个完全有权结婚的人的婚礼，那么他是不是应该被算作神职势利者呢？”

This, my dear young friend, is not a fair question. One of the illustrated weekly papers has already seized hold of the clergyman, and blackened him most unmercifully, by representing him in his cassock performing the marriage service. Let that be sufficient punishment; and, if you please, do not press the query.

我亲爱的年轻朋友，这个问题问得不好。有一家配插图的周报已经抓住牧师的这件事不放，无情地抹黑他，将他穿着黑色法衣主持婚礼的样子画在了报纸上。对他的惩罚就到此为止吧，请您别再继续问下去了。

It is very likely that if Miss Smith had come with a licence to marry Jones, the parson in question, not seeing old Smith present, would have sent off the beadle in a cab to let the old gentleman know what was going on; and would have delayed the service until the arrival of Smith senior. He very likely thinks it his duty to ask all marriageable young ladies, who come without their papa, why their parent is absent; and, no doubt, ALWAYS sends off the beadle for that missing governor.

要是史密斯小姐带着证件去和琼斯结婚，所说的那位牧师并没有看见老史密斯在场，他很有可能会让婚礼执事坐着出租车去通知那位老绅士，而且他可能会把婚礼延迟到老史密斯到来时才开始举行。他很可能觉得自己有义务去询问每一位没有带父亲一起来的适婚小姐，为什么他们的父亲没有在场。毋庸置疑，他总是会让执事去把那位缺席的家长请来。

Or, it is very possible that the Duke of Coeurdelion was Mr. What-d'ye-call'im's most intimate friend, and has often said to him, 'What-d'ye-call'im, my boy, my daughter must never marry the Capting. If ever they try at your church, I beseech you, considering the terms of

intimacy on which we are, to send off Rattan in a hack cab to fetch me.’

或者，狮心王公爵很有可能是那个你所说先生的密友，还常常对他说：“那谁，我亲爱的，我的女儿绝对不能和那个上尉结婚。要是他们企图在你的教堂里举行婚礼，就看在我们俩人关系很亲密的份儿上，我恳请你让拉坦坐着出租车来接我。”

In either of which cases, you see, dear Snobling, that though the parson would not have been authorised, yet he might have been excused for interfering. He has no more right to stop my marriage than to stop my dinner, to both of which, as a free-born Briton, I am entitled by law, if I can pay for them. But, consider pastoral solicitude, a deep sense of the duties of his office, and pardon this inconvenient, but genuine zeal.

亲爱的斯劳布林，你看看，不管是哪种情况，虽然牧师可能并没有那样的权利，可他的干预可能还是会被原谅。他根本无权阻止我的婚姻，就像他无权阻止我吃饭一样。作为一个生而自由的英国人，只要我有支付能力，法律就会赋予我权利。但是，考虑一下牧师的关心吧，那是一种深深的责任感，所以你就原谅这种虽然引起不便却真诚的热情吧。

But if the clergyman did in the Duke's case what he would NOT do in Smith's; if he has no more acquaintance with the Coeurdelion family than I have with the Royal and Serene House of Saxe-Coburg Gotha,—THEN, I confess, my dear Snobling, your question might elicit a disagreeable reply, and one which I respectfully decline to give. I wonder what Sir George Tufto would say, if a sentry left his post because a noble lord (not the least connected with the service) begged the sentinel not to do his duty!

但是，要是牧师在处理公爵这件事和史密斯这件事的方式不一样，要是他和狮心王公爵一家并不熟悉，就像我并不认识萨克森—克堡—哥达王族一样，那么，亲爱的斯劳布林，我承认，你的问题会引出一个让人不悦的回答，为了表示尊重，我不愿给出答案。要是一个哨兵擅离职守是因为某个贵族（与站岗放哨一点儿关系也没有）请求他不要履行职责，我很想知道乔治·吐弗托爵士会怎么说！

Alas! that the beadle who canes little boys and drives them out, cannot drive worldliness out too; what is worldliness but snobbishness?

天啊！执事可以鞭笞小男孩，把他们撵出教堂，不过他并不能把世俗也驱逐出去。除了势利，世俗还能是什么呢？

When, for instance, I read in the newspapers that the Right Reverend the Lord Charles James administered the rite of confirmation to a PARTY OF THE JUVENILE NOBILITY at the Chapel

Royal,—as if the Chapel Royal were a sort of ecclesiastical Almack's, and young people were to get ready for the next world in little exclusive genteel knots of the aristocracy, who were not to be disturbed in their journey thither by the company of the vulgar:—when I read such a paragraph as that (and one or two such generally appear during the present fashionable season), it seems to me to be the most odious, mean and disgusting part of that odious, mean, and disgusting publication, the *COURT CIRCULAR*; and that snobbishness is therein carried to quite an awful pitch. What, gentlemen, can't we even in the Church acknowledge a republic? There, at least, the Heralds' College itself might allow that we all of us have the same pedigree, and are direct descendants of Eve and Adam, whose inheritance is divided amongst us.

例如，我曾经在报纸上读到，查尔斯·詹姆斯主教大人在皇家教堂里为一群青少年贵族施坚信礼——好像皇家教堂是教会式的奥尔马克，年轻人为了为自己的来世做好准备，便组成一些排外的上流社会贵族小团体。这样，他们在去往来世的途中就不会受到庸人的干扰。当我读到这样的文章时（一般来说，目前这样的流行时期，会出现一两篇这样的文章），我仿佛觉得那简直是这个可恶、卑鄙、恶心的公共刊物《宫廷公报》中最可恶、最卑鄙、最恶心的东西。势利行为也在此到达了及其可怕的地步。绅士们，我们为什么即使在教堂都不能承认共和体制呢？至少在那里，“宗谱纹章学院”本身可能会承认我们所有人拥有共同的祖先，是夏娃和亚当的直接后代，共同继承其遗产。

I hereby call upon all Dukes, Earls, Baronets, and other potentates, not to lend themselves to this shameful scandal and error, and beseech all Bishops who read this publication to take the matter into consideration, and to protest against the continuance of the practice, and to declare, 'We WON'T confirm or christen Lord Tomnoddy, or Sir Carnaby Jenks, to the exclusion of any other young Christian;' the which declaration if their Lordships are induced to make, a great LAPIS OFFENSIONIS will be removed, and the Snob Papers will not have been written in vain.

我在此呼吁所有的公爵、伯爵、准男爵和其他一些有权势的人，别犯此种可耻的丑事和错误，恳求所有读过这本刊物的主教考虑一下这个问题，坚决反对这种行为继续进行，并且宣布说：“我们不会将其他任何年轻的基督教徒排除在外，而仅对汤姆罗迪勋爵或是卡纳比·詹克斯爵士施行坚信礼。”要是我们能劝导这些贵族这样宣布的话，一块巨大的石头就会被移开，而这些有关势利者的文章也就没有白写了。

A story is current of a celebrated NOUVEAU-RICHE, who having had occasion to oblige that excellent prelate the Bishop of Bullocksmithy, asked his Lordship, in return, to confirm his children privately in his Lordship's own chapel; which ceremony the grateful prelate accordingly performed. Can satire go farther than this? Is there

even in this most amusing of prints, any more NAIVE absurdity? It is as if a man wouldn't go to heaven unless he went in a special train, or as if he thought (as some people think about vaccination) Confirmation more effectual when administered at first hand. When that eminent person, the Begum Sumroo, died, it is said she left ten thousand pounds to the Pope, and ten thousand to the Archbishop of Canterbury,—so that there should be no mistake,—so as to make sure of having the ecclesiastical authorities on her side. This is only a little more openly and undisguisedly snobbish than the cases before alluded to. A well-bred Snob is just as secretly proud of his riches and honours as a PARVENU Snob who makes the most ludicrous exhibition of them; and a high-born Marchioness or Duchess just as vain of herself and her diamonds, as Queen Quashyboo, who sews a pair of epaulets on to her skirt, and turns out in state in a cocked hat and feathers.

时下有这样一个故事：一个著名的暴发户曾经帮助过地位显赫的布劳克斯米士主教。为了得到回报，他请求勋爵在自己的小教堂里私下给他的孩子们施以坚信礼。知恩图报的主教照做了。还有比这更具讽刺意义的吗？甚至是在那些最有趣的书里，还有比这更加荒唐、更加无知的吗？这就好比一个人必须要坐上专用火车才会到达天堂，或者说好像他认为（正如某些人对于疫苗的态度一样）坚信礼由第一手的人施行的话，效果便会好得多。 那位著名的人物贝加·莎姆罗去世时，听人说她留了一万英镑给罗马教皇，一万英镑给坎特伯雷大主教——这样就可以避免出差错——这样就可以确保教会当权者们站在她那一边。这种势利比之前提到的那些更加公开、更加直率一点。一个有教养的势利者像一个对自己的财富和荣誉大肆炫耀的暴发户势利者一样，对个人财富和荣誉暗自得意。一个出身高贵的女侯爵或女公爵对自己本身及自己的钻石的虚荣，就像夸斯波女王将一对肩章缝到裙子上，戴着有羽饰的三角帽堂而皇之地出现在人们眼前一样。

It is not out of disrespect to my 'Peerage,' which I love and honour, (indeed, have I not said before, that I should be ready to jump out of my skin if two Dukes would walk down Pall Mall with me?) —it is not out of disrespect for the individuals, that I wish these titles had never been invented; but, consider, if there were no tree, there would be no shadow; and how much more honest society would be, and how much more serviceable the clergy would be (which is our present consideration), if these temptations of rank and continual baits of worldliness were not in existence, and perpetually thrown out to lead them astray.

我对自己喜爱和引以为荣的贵族头衔并没有不尊重。（实际上，要是两位公爵要和我一起在蓓尔美尔街散步，我会得意忘形的，难道我没有这么说过吗？）我也并不是因为不尊重某个人，才希望这样的头衔从来就不曾发明。但是，你想想，没有树哪来树阴；要是没有这些身份和世俗中持续存在的诱惑把他们引入歧途，那么整个社会该有多么诚实，

神职人员们该有多么有益于社会啊（这就是我们现在的考虑）。

I have seen many examples of their falling away. When, for instance, Tom Sniffle first went into the country as Curate for Mr. Fuddleston (Sir Huddleston Fuddleston's brother), who resided on some other living, there could not be a more kind, hardworking, and excellent creature than Tom. He had his aunt to live with him. His conduct to his poor was admirable. He wrote annually reams of the best-intentioned and vapid sermons. When Lord Brandyball's family came down into the country, and invited him to dine at Brandyball Park, Sniffle was so agitated that he almost forgot how to say grace, and upset a bowl of currant-jelly sauce in Lady Fanny Toffy's lap.

关于他们堕落的例子，我倒是见过不少。比如，当汤姆·斯里弗尔第一次以法德勒斯顿先生（赫德尔斯顿·法德勒斯顿爵士的弟弟）的助理牧师的身份出现在乡下，而法德勒斯顿先生住在别处时，世界上再也找不出第二个像汤姆那么善良、努力和优秀的人来。他同自己的姑妈住在一起。他对待那些可怜之人的行为令人称赞。他每年都要写出很多用意很好却枯燥乏味的说教性东西来。当白兰地波尔勋爵一家来到乡下，并邀请斯里弗尔去“白兰地波尔庄园”进餐时，他激动得差点忘了应该怎样去感谢，还把一碗醋栗调味酱倒在了范妮·托菲女士的大腿上。

What was the consequence of his intimacy with that noble family? He quarrelled with his aunt for dining out every night. The wretch forgot his poor altogether, and killed his old nag by always riding over to Brandyball; where he revelled in the maddest passion for Lady Fanny. He ordered the neatest new clothes and ecclesiastical waistcoats from London; he appeared with corazza-shirts, lackered boots, and perfumery; he bought a blood-horse from Bob Toffy: was seen at archery meetings, public breakfasts,—actually at cover; and, I blush to say, that I saw him in a stall at the Opera; and afterwards riding by Lady Fanny's side in Rotten Row. He DOUBLE-BARRELLED his name, (as many poor Snobs do,) and instead of T. Sniffle, as formerly, came out, in a porcelain card, as Rev.T.D'Arcy Sniffle, Burlington Hotel.

他与那个贵族家庭的关系那么亲密，结果如何呢？他和他的姑妈因为每晚外出就餐的问题发生了争执。这个可怜的家伙已经全然忘记他那些不幸的人了，他老是骑着那匹老马到白兰地波尔庄园，结果把它活活累死了。在那里，他非常痴狂地爱上了范妮女士。他从伦敦订了最漂亮的新衣服和牧师穿的背心；他身穿科拉扎衬衣和锃亮的靴子，满身香水味地在众人面前出现；他从鲍勃·托菲那儿买了一匹良种马；人们看见他在箭术集会和公共早餐上出现——事实上，他都有所伪装。我曾经在歌剧院正厅的前排座位上看见过他，这事我说起来就有些脸红。后来，他又在罗腾街和范妮女士并排骑着马。他（也像其他很多势利者那样）把自己的名字弄成了两部分，从之前的汤姆·斯里弗尔，变成了后来印在精美名片上的“汤姆·达西·斯里弗尔教士，伯灵顿旅店”。

The end of all this may be imagined: when the Earl of Brandyball was made acquainted with the curate's love for Lady Fanny, he had that fit of the gout which so nearly carried him off (to the inexpressible grief of his son, Lord Alicompayne), and uttered that remarkable speech to Sniffle, which disposed of the claims of the latter:—' If I didn't respect the Church, Sir,' his Lordship said, 'by Jove, I'd kick you downstairs:' his Lordship then fell back into the fit aforesaid; and Lady Fanny, as we all know, married General Podager.

事情的结果可想而知：白兰地波尔伯爵知道助理牧师爱上了范妮女士后，立马就犯了痛风症，险些送了性命（他的儿子阿里康帕尼勋爵悲痛得难以形容）。他对斯里弗尔说了一些意味深长的话，那些话让斯里弗尔打消了念头。伯爵说：“先生，要是我不尊重教会，唉，我会把你踢到楼下去的。”然后，大人的痛风症又发作了。我们都知道，范妮女士后来跟波达戈尔将军结了婚。

As for poor Tom, he was over head and ears in debt as well as in love: his creditors came down upon him. Mr. Hemp, of Portugal Street, proclaimed his name lately as a reverend outlaw; and he has been seen at various foreign watering-places; sometimes doing duty; sometimes 'coaching' a stray gentleman's son at Carlsruhe or Kissingen; sometimes—must we say it?—lurking about the roulette-tables with a tuft to his chin.

可怜的汤姆不仅感情失败，而且负债累累——他的债权人都追过来了。葡萄牙街的亨普先生最近把他称为是牧师逃犯。人们在很多外国的海滨胜地看见过他：有时候在做礼拜，有时候在卡尔斯鲁厄或基森根“指导”某位迷失的绅士的儿子，有时候，不需要我说了吧，下巴满是髭须地悄悄守候在旋转餐桌旁。

If temptation had not come upon this unhappy fellow in the shape of a Lord Brandyball, he might still have been following his profession, humbly and worthily. He might have married his cousin with four thousand pounds, the wine-merchant's daughter (the old gentleman quarrelled with his nephew for not soliciting wine-orders from Lord B. for him): he might have had seven children, and taken private pupils, and eked out his income, and lived and died a country parson.

要是在白兰地波尔勋爵那里，这个不幸的家伙没有受到诱惑，他可能仍然在从事之前的职业，虽然卑微，却也值得尊敬。他可能会花四千英镑娶了自己的表妹，也就是那个酒商的女儿（这个老绅士曾因为他没有从白兰地波尔勋爵那里招揽到卖酒订单而和侄子大吵一架）。他可能已经有了七个孩子，还在私下教着一些学生来补贴家用，生时为乡村牧师，死去亦如此。

Could he have done better? You who want to know how great, and good, and noble such a character may be, read Stanley's Life of

Doctor Arnold.

他是不是可以做得更好？要是你想要知道这个伟大、善良、高贵的人可能会是什么样子，请阅读斯坦利的《阿诺德博士的一生》。

CHAPTER XIII ON CLERICAL SNOBS

第十三章 神职势利者

Among the varieties of the Snob Clerical, the University Snob and the Scholastic Snob ought never to be forgotten; they form a very strong battalion in the black-coated army.

在各种各样的神职势利者中，绝不应该忘记大学势利者和经院势利者。他们在黑衣队伍中已经形成了一个庞大的队伍。

The wisdom of our ancestors (which I admire more and more every day) seemed to have determined that education of youth was so paltry and unimportant a matter, that almost any man, armed with a birch and regulation cassock and degree, might undertake the charge: and many an honest country gentleman may be found to the present day, who takes very good care to have a character with his butler when he engages him and will not purchase a horse without the warranty and the closest inspection; but sends off his son, young John Thomas, to school without asking any questions about the Schoolmaster, and places the lad at Switchester College, under Doctor Block, because he (the good old English gentleman) had been at Switchester, under Doctor Buzwig, forty years ago.

我们祖先的智慧（我是一天比一天更佩服了）似乎已经决定，对青年的教育是一件微不足道、毫不重要的事，所以，只要有惩罚用的桦木条和一般的教士职位和学位，差不多任何人都可以胜任那样的工作。到现在为止，你可以看到很多诚实的乡村绅士在找管家时，还是要很小心地看这位人选品质如何；买马时，若没有对马匹进行担保和做最仔细的检查，他们是不会买的；他们把儿子约翰·托马斯送到学校，但却不过问校长的任何信息，还把孩子送到由布洛克博士领导下的斯威切斯特学院去，因为他（善良的英国老绅士）四十年前也在布兹威格博士任校长的那所学院就读。

We have a love for all little boys at school; for many scores of thousands of them read and love *PUNCH*:—may he never write a word that shall not be honest and fit for them to read! He will not have his young friends to be Snobs in the future, or to be bullied by Snobs, or given over to such to be educated. Our connexion with the youth at the Universities is very close and affectionate. The candid undergraduate is our friend. The pompous old College Don trembles in his common room, lest we should attack him and show him up as a Snob.

我们很爱学校里的每一个学生，因为这里成千上万的学生都阅读而且很喜欢《笨拙周报》——所以但愿作者不要写出任何一个不诚实或是

不适合孩子们读的词来！作者不想让他的这些年轻的读者朋友们以后成为势利者，或是被势利者欺负，或是成为势利者学生。我们和大学里的年轻人关系紧密、感情不错。坦率的大学生是我们的朋友。自命不凡的大学老教师却在公共休息室里瑟瑟发抖，生怕我们会攻击他，揭穿他势利者的面目。

When railroads were threatening to invade the land which they have since conquered, it may be recollected what a shrieking and outcry the authorities of Oxford and Eton made, lest the iron abominations should come near those seats of pure learning, and tempt the British youth astray. The supplications were in vain; the railroad is in upon them, and the old-world institutions are doomed. I felt charmed to read in the papers the other day a most veracious puffing advertisement headed, 'To College and back for Five Shillings.' 'The College Gardens (it said) will be thrown open on this occasion; the College youths will perform a regatta; the Chapel of King's College will have its celebrated music;'—and all for five shillings! The Goths have got into Rome; Napoleon Stephenson draws his republican lines round the sacred old cities and the ecclesiastical big-wigs who garrison them must prepare to lay down key and crosier before the iron conqueror.

当铁路威胁着要侵占他们已征服的那片土地时，人们可能还记得牛津大学和伊顿公学当局当时是怎样尖叫呐喊，生怕那可憎的铁会靠近那些纯粹的学习之地，引诱英国的青年踏上歧途。可恳请是徒劳的，铁路正向他们靠近，旧世界的制度注定要灭亡。有一天，我被报纸上一则大肆吹嘘的广告吸引住了，广告的题目叫“五先令往返学校”。“学校花园（据说）将因此而开放，学院里的青年们要进行划船比赛，王室学院的小教堂里还要演奏名曲。”所有的这些都只需五先令！哥特人已经进了罗马；拿破仑·斯蒂芬森将那些神圣的古城用他那共和主义的线圈起来，驻扎于此的教会要员们必须准备在钢铁征服者面前放下钥匙和权杖。

If you consider, dear reader, what profound snobbishness the University System produced, you will allow that it is time to attack some of those feudal middle-age superstitions. If you go down for five shillings to look at the 'College Youths,' you may see one sneaking down the court without a tassel to his cap; another with a gold or silver fringe to his velvet trencher; a third lad with a master's gown and hat, walking at ease over the sacred College grass-plats, which common men must not tread on.

亲爱的读者，要是你在考虑大学制度到底引起了多么浓厚的势利之风，你就会认为现在是时候打击那些中世纪的封建迷信思想了。你要是花五先令去看那些“学院青年”，你可能会看到某个帽子上没有帽缨的青年正在院子里悄悄地走来走去；另一个则戴着天鹅绒的方顶帽，上面还镶着或金或银的边；还有一个小伙子，身着少爷长袍和帽子，悠闲地在神圣的学院草坪上散步，那儿可不是普通人能够走的。

He may do it because he is a nobleman. Because a lad is a lord, the University gives him a degree at the end of two years which another is seven in acquiring. Because he is a lord, he has no call to go through an examination. Any man who has not been to College and back for five shillings, would not believe in such distinctions in a place of education, so absurd and monstrous do they seem to be.

他可以在上面走是因为他是一个贵族。因为他是贵族，一个孩子在大学第二学年结束时就会被授予学位，而别人要花七年才能获得。因为他是贵族，所以他不需要参加考试。那些从未花五先令的往返费到过学院的人，一定不会相信在教育届会有这种区别对待存在，看起来真是荒谬又怪诞。

The lads with gold and silver lace are sons of rich gentlemen and called Fellow Commoners; they are privileged to feed better than the pensioners, and to have wine with their victuals, which the latter can only get in their rooms.

那些穿戴金银蕾丝的青年是富家子弟，他们被称为“可与研究员同桌吃饭的大学生”，有特权吃得比自费生更好，还能边吃饭边喝酒，而那些自费生只有在自己的房间里才能喝。

The unlucky boys who have no tassels to their caps, are called sizars—SERVITORS at Oxford—(a very pretty and gentlemanlike title). A distinction is made in their clothes because they are poor; for which reason they wear a badge of poverty, and are not allowed to take their meals with their fellow students.

那些帽子上没有饰针的不幸青年，叫做减费生——在牛津大学叫做工读生——这可是一个高贵的不错称谓。因为贫穷，他们的服饰和别人也有所差别。也正是因此，他们戴上了贫穷的徽章，不能和其他的同学一起用餐。

When this wicked and shameful distinction was set up, it was of a piece with all the rest—a part of the brutal, unchristian, blundering feudal system. Distinctions of rank were then so strongly insisted upon, that it would have been thought blasphemy to doubt them, as blasphemous as it is in parts of the United States now for a nigger to set up as the equal of a white man. A ruffian like Henry VIII. A ruffian like Henry VIII. talked as gravely about the divine powers vested in him, as if he had been an inspired prophet. A wretch like James I. not only believed that there was in himself a particular sanctity, but other people believed him. Government regulated the length of a merchant's shoes as well as meddled with his trade, prices, exports, machinery. It thought itself justified in roasting a man for his religion, or pulling a Jew's teeth out if he did not pay a contribution, or ordered him to dress in a yellow gabardine, and locked him in a particular quarter.

这种邪恶可耻的差别一旦形成，其余所有的方面都遵循了这一准则——成为残暴、野蛮、愚昧的封建制度的一部分。于是，等级差别得到了大力提倡，对其的怀疑会被认为是亵渎神灵，就像现在在美国一些地方，黑人想要取得与白人平等的地位会被认为是亵渎神灵一样。一个像亨利八世那样的恶棍一个像亨利八世那样的恶棍庄严地谈起他被赋予的神圣权力，好像他是一个受到感召的先知。一个像詹姆斯一世那样的可耻之徒，不仅自认为十分圣洁，还觉得别人也是这么认为的。政府不仅要干涉商人的交易、货物的价格、货物出口以及机械设备，还要对他的鞋子长度做出规定。政府自认为以下这些做法合情合理：比如，因为某人的宗教信仰而对其施以烙刑；要是某个犹太人不捐款，就把他的牙给拔掉，或是让他穿上黄色的粗布结实衣服，把他锁在某个特殊的街区。

Now a merchant may wear what boots he pleases, and has pretty nearly acquired the privilege of buying and selling without the Government laying its paws upon the bargain. The stake for heretics is gone; the pillory is taken down; Bishops are even found lifting up their voices against the remains of persecution, and ready to do away with the last Catholic Disabilities. Sir Robert Peel, though he wished it ever so much, has no power over Mr. Benjamin Disraeli's grinders, or any means of violently handling that gentleman's jaw. Jews are not called upon to wear badges: on the contrary, they may live in Piccadilly, or the Minories, according to fancy; they may dress like Christians, and do sometimes in a most elegant and fashionable manner.

现在，商人可以想穿什么靴子就穿什么靴子，差不多已经有了不受政府干预而进行买卖交易的特权。惩罚宗教异端的火刑柱已经没有了；颈手枷也被拆了；人们甚至发现主教为了反对宗教迫害的残余而提高了嗓门，还准备取消天主教最后的限制条款。罗伯特·皮尔先生虽然很想这样做，可他管不了本杰明·迪斯雷利先生的牙，也无法强行控制那位先生的嘴。犹太人不需要佩带徽章，相反地，他们可以根据自己的爱好，要么住在皮卡迪利大街，要么住在米诺里斯街；可以穿得像个基督教徒，举手投足有时候还显得十分高雅时髦。

Why is the poor College servitor to wear that name and that badge still? Because Universities are the last places into which Reform penetrates. But now that she can go to College and back for five shillings, let her travel down thither.

为什么还要让那些可怜的学院工读生使用那样的称谓，佩带着那样的徽章？因为大学是改革最后进入的地方。但既然现在只需五先令就可以往返于学院，那就让她到那里去转转吧。

CHAPTER XIV ON UNIVERSITY SNOBS

第十四章 大学势利者

All the men of Saint Boniface will recognize Hugby and Crump in these two pictures. They were tutors in our time, and Crump is since advanced to be President of the College. He was formerly, and is now, a rich specimen of a University Snob.

圣卜尼法斯学院所有的人都能从这两幅图中认出休格比和克罗普来。他们是我们那时的老师，克罗普后来晋升为学院的院长。他以前和现在都是一个非常典型的大学势利者。

At five-and-twenty, Crump invented three new metres, and published an edition of an exceedingly improper *Greek Comedy*, with no less than twenty emendations upon the German text of Schnupfenius and Schnapsius. These Services to religion instantly pointed him out for advancement in the Church, and he is now President of Saint Boniface, and very narrowly escaped the bench.

克罗普二十五岁时，发明了三种诗的韵律，出版了一本极不恰当的《希腊喜剧》，里面对德文版“施努普菲纽斯和施奈普休斯”的修改不下二十处。他对于宗教的这些贡献，立即为他提供了在教会中高升的机会，他现在已经是圣卜尼法斯学院的院长了，还差一点就当上了法官。

Crump thinks Saint Boniface the centre of the world, and his position as President the highest in England. He expects the fellows and tutors to pay him the same sort of service that Cardinals pay to the Pope. I am sure Crawler would have no objection to carry his trencher, or Page to hold up the skirts of his gown as he stalks into chapel. He roars out the responses there as if it were an honour to heaven that the President of Saint Boniface should take a part in the service, and in his own lodge and college acknowledges the Sovereign only as his superior.

克罗普把圣卜尼法斯看成是世界的中心，而作为院长的他，就成了英国地位最高的人。他希望学院的董事和老师们都能像红衣主教效忠于罗马教皇那样效忠于他。我敢肯定，他趾高气扬地走进教堂时，马屁精一定会非常积极地为他端上木餐盘，或者，侍者会为他提起长袍的下摆。他在那里大声唱着应答圣歌，就好像上帝也为他这个圣卜尼法斯的院长来做礼拜感到荣幸。在他自己的院长住宅和学院里，他只承认君主是他的上级。

When the allied monarchs came down, and were made Doctors of the University, a breakfast was given at Saint Boniface; on which occasion Crump allowed the Emperor Alexander to walk before him,

but took the PAS himself of the King of Prussia and Prince Blucher. He was going to put the Hetman Platoff to breakfast at a side-table with the under college tutors; but he was induced to relent, and merely entertained that distinguished Cossack with a discourse on his own language, in which he showed that the Hetman knew nothing about it.

当盟友国的君主们来到圣卜尼法斯并取得该校的博士学位时，学院提供了一次早餐。当时，克罗普让亚历山大皇帝走在他前面，不过普鲁士国王和布卢彻王子还得跟在他后面。他本想让哥萨克首领普拉托夫和大学低级教师们一起在旁边桌上共进早餐，不过有人劝他仁慈一点，他便仅仅同这位尊贵的哥萨克人做了一次关于哥萨克语的交谈。在谈话中他向大家展现出这个哥萨克首领对谈话内容一无所知。

As for us undergraduates, we scarcely knew more about Crump than about the Grand Llama. A few favoured youths are asked occasionally to tea at the lodge; but they do not speak unless first addressed by the Doctor; and if they venture to sit down, Crump's follower, Mr. Toady, whispers, 'Gentlemen, will you have the kindness to get up?—The President is passing;' or 'Gentlemen, the President prefers that undergraduates should not sit down;' or words to a similar effect.

我们大学生对克罗普的了解并不比我们对大美洲驼的了解多。有时候，几个他喜欢的青年会被叫到院长住宅去喝茶，但是博士不开口，他们是不会说话的。要是他们冒昧坐下，克罗普的随从马屁精先生便会低声说："先生们，你们可以站起来一下吗？院长要过去呢。"要不他就会说："先生们，院长更喜欢大学生们不要坐着。"或者其他一些类似的话。

To do Crump justice, he does not cringe now to great people. He rather patronizes them than otherwise; and, in London, speaks quite affably to a Duke who has been brought up at his college, or holds out a finger to a Marquis. He does not disguise his own origin, but brags of it with considerable self-gratulation:—'I was a Charity-boy,' says he; 'see what I am now; the greatest Greek scholar of the greatest College of the greatest University of the greatest Empire in the world.' The argument being, that this is a capital world, for beggars, because he, being a beggar, has managed to get on horseback.

说句公道话，克罗普现在在大人物面前并不卑躬屈膝了。他在他们面前摆出一副高人一等的派头，而不是显出卑躬屈膝的样子。在伦敦，他和蔼地跟一个在他的学院里长大的公爵讲话，要不就是向某位侯爵伸手指。他不掩饰自己的出身，而会非常自满地大肆吹嘘说："我是一个靠慈善长大的孩子，看看我现在是什么样吧。我是世界上最伟大的帝国里最伟大的大学中最伟大的学院里最伟大的希腊学者。"他想要论证，对于乞丐们来说，这是一个顶好的世界，因为他曾经就做过乞丐，他通过努力，已经成功地骑到了马背上。

Hugby owes his eminence to patient merit and agreeable perseverance. He is a meek, mild, inoffensive creature, with just enough of scholarship to fit him to hold a lecture, or set an examination paper. He rose by kindness to the aristocracy. It was wonderful to see the way in which that poor creature grovelled before a nobleman or a lord's nephew, or even some noisy and disreputable commoner, the friend of a lord. He used to give the young noblemen the most painful and elaborate breakfasts, and adopt a jaunty genteel air, and talk with them (although he was decidedly serious) about the opera, or the last run with the hounds. It was good to watch him in the midst of a circle of young tufts, with his mean, smiling, eager, uneasy familiarity. He used to write home confidential letters to their parents, and made it his duty to call upon them when in town, to condole or rejoice with them when a death, birth, or marriage took place in their family; and to feast them whenever they came to the University. I recollect a letter lying on a desk in his lecture-room for a whole term, beginning, 'My Lord Duke.' It was to show us that he corresponded with such dignities.

休格比将自己的显赫归因于坚韧不拔的品质和长久坚持的顽强毅力。他是个温顺、和善又不冒犯别人的人，他所掌握的学问能够让他举办一个讲座，或是出一套考试试卷。他凭着善良上升为贵族。要看到那个可怜的家伙在贵族，或是贵族的侄子面前，甚至是某个唧唧喳喳、臭名远扬却是某个贵族的朋友的自费生面前卑躬屈膝的样子，那就有意思了。他过去常常请年轻的贵族们吃精心准备的精致早餐；带着愉悦的温文尔雅之气，和他们（虽然他的表情肯定严肃）谈论戏剧；或是上次带着猎犬去打猎的情形。看到他站在一群年轻贵族中间真有意思，他面带微笑，与贵族们的亲密举动里还透着一股卑微、急切和不安。他过去常常给他们的父母写密信，一进城便去拜访他们；家中一旦有人去世、出生或是结婚，他就会和父母一起伤心或高兴；父母来到这所大学，他便会宴请他们。他把这些看作自己的职责所在。我记得有封信在他的演讲室的桌子上躺了整整一个学期，信的开头是“公爵大人”。他这样做是为了让我们看到他在和这类尊贵之人通信。

When the late lamented Lord Glenlivat, who broke his neck at a hurdle-race, at the premature age of twenty-four, was at the University, the amiable young fellow, passing to his rooms in the early morning, and seeing Hugby's boots at his door, on the same staircase, playfully wadded the insides of the boots with cobbler's wax, which caused excruciating pains to the Rev.Mr. Hugby, when he came to take them off the same evening, before dining with the Master of St. Crispin's. Mr. Hugby, when he came to take them off the same evening, before dining with the Master of St. Crispin's.

二十四岁那年在跨栏比赛中摔断脖子，已经辞世的格伦利瓦特勋爵曾经在这所大学。这位可爱的年轻人早晨去自己房间经过时，看见休格

比的靴子就放在门口的同一段楼梯上，于是开玩笑地在靴子里面塞上鞋匠的蜡。休格比教士先生当晚去与圣克里斯平学院的院长共进晚餐，把鞋子穿走时可经受了极大的痛苦。

Everybody gave the credit of this admirable piece of fun to Lord Glenlivat's friend, Bob Tizzy, who was famous for such feats, and who had already made away with the college pump-handle; filed St. Boniface's nose smooth with his face; carried off four images of nigger-boys from the tobacconists; painted the senior proctor's horse pea-green, &c. &c.; and Bob (who was of the party certainly, and would not peach,) was just on the point of incurring expulsion, and so losing the family living which was in store for him, when Glenlivat nobly stepped forward, owned himself to be the author of the delightful JEU-D'ESPRIT, apologized to the tutor, and accepted the rustication.

每个人都觉得格伦利瓦特勋爵的朋友鲍勃·蒂兹是这个极好的玩笑的始作俑者，他在这种事上已经很出名了，曾经偷过学院的泵杆，曾用自己的脸把圣卜尼法斯的鼻子磨得很光，曾把四张黑人孩子的画像从烟草店拿走，还曾把高级学监的马染成了黄绿色，等等。正当鲍勃（当然是肇事者之一，而且不会告密）快要被开除，并且因此而失去将要继承的家产时，格伦利瓦特竟然高风亮节地站出来，承认说是自己制造的这个玩笑，还向老师道歉，并接受了暂时停学的处罚。

Hugby cried when Glenlivat apologized; if the young nobleman had kicked him round the court, I believe the tutor would have been happy, so that an apology and a reconciliation might subsequently ensue. 'My lord,' said he, 'in your conduct on this and all other occasions, you have acted as becomes a gentleman; you have been an honour to the University, as you will be to the peerage, I am sure, when the amiable vivacity of youth is calmed down, and you are called upon to take your proper share in the government of the nation.' And when his lordship took leave of the University, Hugby presented him with a copy of his *Sermons to a Nobleman's Family* (Hugby was once private tutor to the Sons of the Earl of Muffborough), which Glenlivat presented in return to Mr. William Ramm, known to the fancy as the Tutbury Pet, and the sermons now figure on the boudoir-table of Mrs. Ramm, behind the bar of her house of entertainment, 'The Game Cock and Spurs,' near Woodstock, Oxon.

格伦利瓦特道歉时休格比都哭了，要是这个年轻的贵族在院子里踢了他，我相信这个老师会高兴的，因为道歉与和解会随之而来。“阁下，”他说，“您在这件事和其他事情中的所作所为都是符合您绅士的身份的。您一直是我们大学的光荣，我肯定，等您可爱的青春朝气再褪去一点，本国的政府召唤您参与到适当的事务中时，您也会成为贵族阶层的光荣。” 格伦利瓦特离开大学时，休格比把自己的《给一个贵族家庭的布道》送给了他（休格比曾经是马佛波罗伯爵之子的私人教师），而格伦利瓦特又把它转赠给了以作为“吐特伯里的宠物”而出名的威廉·拉姆

先生作为回报。现在，在牛津郡伍德斯托克附近拉姆夫人的那所名为“斗鸡与鞠铁”的娱乐房中，这本书正躺在那里的化妆桌上。

At the beginning of the long vacation, Hugby comes to town, and puts up in handsome lodgings near St. James's Square; rides in the Park in the afternoon; and is delighted to read his name in the morning papers among the list of persons present at Muffborough House, and the Marquis of Farintosh's evening-parties. He is a member of Sydney Scraper's Club, where, however, he drinks his pint of claret.

这个悠长假期开始时，休格比来到城里，在圣詹姆斯广场附近找了个漂亮的住处。下午，他在公园里骑马。他很高兴在晨报上读到自己的名字，那上面列出了到马佛波罗官邸和法里吐斯侯爵家参加晚会的人员名单上。他是悉尼·斯克拉帕俱乐部的会员，在那里他怎么也能喝上一品脱干红葡萄酒。

Sometimes you may see him on Sundays, at the hour when tavern doors open, whence issue little girls with great jugs of porter; when charity-boys walk the streets, bearing brown dishes of smoking shoulders of mutton and baked 'taturs; when Sheeny and Moses are seen smoking their pipes before their lazy shutters in Seven Dials; when a crowd of smiling persons in clean outlandish dresses, in monstrous bonnets and flaring printed gowns, or in crumpled glossy coats and silks that bear the creases of the drawers where they have lain all the week, file down High Street,—sometimes, I say, you may see Hugby coming out of the Church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, with a stout gentlewoman leaning on his arm, whose old face bears an expression of supreme pride and happiness as she glances round at all the neighbours, and who faces the curate himself and marches into Holborn, where she pulls the bell of a house over which is inscribed, 'Hugby, Haberdasher.' It is the mother of the Rev. It is the mother of the Rev. F. Hugby, as proud of her son in his white choker as Cornelia of her jewels at Rome. That is old Hugby bringing up the rear with the Prayer-books, and Betsy Hugby the old maid, his daughter,—old Hugby, Haberdasher and Church-warden.

有时候，你可能会在星期天的时候看见他。酒店的门敞开着，一些小姑娘提着装黑啤酒的大壶走出来，而慈善机构里的男孩子正在街上走着，手里端着一盘盘冒着热气的褐色连肩羊肉和烤塔吐尔斯。这个时候，你可以看见那些犹太人正在“七转盘”那里松松的百叶窗前抽着烟。一群人穿着干净而奇异的衣服，微笑着在街上行进。他们头戴奇异的圆帽，长袍花哨醒目，或者穿着皱巴巴却有光泽的外套或丝绸，衣服一周都放在抽屉里，所以皱了。有时，你可以看到休格比从圣伊莱斯户外教堂走出来，一位身材矮胖的女士依偎着他，看着周围的人，老脸上带着一种幸福和骄傲的神情。她看着助理牧师，朝霍尔本走去，在一个写着“休格比，男子服饰经销商”的门前拉响了门铃。这位女士是F.休格比牧师的母亲。她把那打着白色宽领带的儿子当成自己的骄傲，就像罗马

的科妮莉亚将自己的珠宝当作骄傲一样。后面那位拿着祈祷书的就是老休格比，以及他的老处女女儿贝齐·休格比——老休格比是男子服饰经销商和教区区长。

In the front room upstairs, where the dinner is laid out, there is a picture of Muffborough Castle; of the Earl of Muffborough, K.X., Lord-Lieutenant for Diddlesex; an engraving, from an almanac, of Saint Boniface College, Oxon; and a sticking-plaster portrait of Hugby when young, in a cap and gown. A copy of his *Sermons to a Nobleman's Family* is on the bookshelf, by the *Whole Duty of Man*, the Reports of the Missionary Societies, and the *Oxford University Calendar*. Old Hugby knows part of this by heart; every living belonging to Saint Boniface, and the name of every tutor, fellow, nobleman, and undergraduate.

楼上靠前的那个房间，也就是摆晚餐的房间里，有一幅马佛波罗城堡的画，一副马佛波罗伯爵在迪德塞克斯郡做治安长官时的画像，一幅年鉴上关于牛津郡的圣卜尼法斯学院的版画，还有一幅休格比年轻时穿着长袍、戴着帽子的橡皮膏肖像。他那本《给一个贵族家庭的布道》在书架上，旁边还有《人的所有职责》，有关“传教士协会”的报道以及《牛津大学校历》。老休格比对其中的一部分了然于心：圣卜尼法斯里所有的人，以及每一位老师、同事、贵族和大学生的名字。

He used to go to meeting and preach himself, until his son took orders; but of late the old gentleman has been accused of Puseyism, and is quite pitiless against the Dissenters.

他过去常常去参加集会并亲自布道，直到他儿子接了他的班。但是最近，这位老绅士被人指控参加了皮由兹运动会，还无情地反对新教徒。

CHAPTER XV ON UNIVERSITY SNOBS

第十五章 大学势利者

I should like to fill several volumes with accounts of various University Snobs; so fond are my reminiscences of them, and so numerous are they. I should like to speak, above all, of the wives and daughters of some of the Professor-Snobs; their amusements, habits, jealousies; their innocent artifices to entrap young men; their picnics, concerts, and evening-parties. I wonder what has become of Emily Blades, daughter of Blades, the Professor of the Mandingo language? I remember her shoulders to this day, as she sat in the midst of a crowd of about seventy young gentlemen, from Corpus and Catherine Hall, entertaining them with ogles and French songs on the guitar. Are you married, fair Emily of the shoulders? What beautiful ringlets those were that used to dribble over them!—what a waist!—what a killing sea-green shot-silk gown!—what a cameo, the size of a muffin! There were thirty-six young men of the University in love at one time with Emily Blades: and no words are sufficient to describe the pity, the sorrow, the deep, deep commiseration—the rage, fury, and uncharitableness, in other words—with which the Miss Trumps (daughter of Trumps, the Professor of Phlebotomy) regarded her, because she DIDN'T squint, and because she WASN'T marked with the small-pox.

我想写几本书来描述各种各样的大学势利者。我是多么喜欢忆起他们啊，对于他们的记忆太多了。最重要的是，我想要说说一些教授势利者的妻子和女儿——看看她们的娱乐方式、生活习惯以及嫉妒所在；她们用以俘获年轻男人的天真手段；她们的野餐、音乐会和晚会。我想知道教曼丁哥语的布莱兹教授的女儿埃米莉·布莱兹怎么样了？时至今日，我都还记得她的肩膀。当时她坐在大约七十名来自科尔普斯和凯瑟琳霍尔的年轻绅士中间，向他们抛着媚眼，还用吉他弹法国歌曲给他们听以供娱乐。有着一副香肩的漂亮的埃米莉，你结婚了吗？那披散在肩头的卷发是多么漂亮啊！那小腰多么纤细啊！那件海绿色的轻纱长袍多么迷人啊！那些跟松饼一般大小的浮雕珠宝多美啊！这所大学里有三十六位男青年同时爱上了埃米莉·布莱兹：什么样的语言也不足以形容当时特朗普斯小姐（放血术教授特朗普斯的女儿）的遗憾、悲伤以及深深的同情——换句话说就是对她怀有的生气、狂怒与无情，因为她的眼睛不会瞟来瞟去，因为她脸上没有天花疤痕。

As for the young University Snobs, I am getting too old, now, to speak of such very familiarly. My recollections of them lie in the far, far past—almost as far back as Pelham's time.

至于年轻的大学势利者，我现在已经老了，谈论他们时感到有些陌生了。我对于他们的记忆要追溯到很久很久以前——差不多要到佩勒姆的时代了。

We THEN used to consider Snobs raw-looking lads, who never missed chapel; who wore highlows and no straps; who walked two hours on the Trumpington road every day of their lives; who carried off the college scholarships, and who overrated themselves in hall. We were premature in pronouncing our verdict of youthful Snobbishness the man without straps fulfilled his destiny and duty. He eased his old governor, the curate in Westmoreland, or helped his sisters to set up the Ladies' School. He wrote a Dictionary, or a Treatise on Conic Sections, as his nature and genius prompted. He got a fellowship: and then took to himself a wife, and a living. He presides over a parish now, and thinks it rather a dashing thing to belong to the 'Oxford and Cambridge Club;' and his parishioners love him, and snore under his sermons. No, no, HE is not a Snob. It is not straps that make the gentleman, or highlows that unmake him, be they ever so thick. My son, it is you who are the Snob if you lightly despise a man for doing his duty, and refuse to shake an honest man's hand because it wears a Berlin glove.

那时候我们常常认为势利者就是看起来青涩的毛头小伙子，他们从不错过一次礼拜；他们穿着缚带鞋，从来不系鞋带；他们一生每天都要在特拉彭唐路上走上两个小时；他们领走了学院的奖学金，在礼堂里又对自己评价过高。我们过早地断言说，不系鞋带却完成了使命职责的人是年轻的势利者之特征。他让自己的老爸和威斯特摩兰的助理牧师放心，或帮助他的姐妹们创办了一所女子学校。他写了《字典》、《关于锥形的专题论文》，那是性格和天赋促成的。他获得一份奖学金，然后娶了妻，还有个职业可以维持生计。现在他负责了一个教区，认为成为“牛津剑桥俱乐部”的会员很时髦。他那个堂区的居民爱戴他，在他布道的时候鼾声四起。不，不，他不是一个势利者。并不是鞋带让人成为一个绅士，或是缚带鞋就让人不是绅士了，不管鞋带有多粗。孩子，你要是鄙视一个尽职尽责的人，因为某个老实人戴了一双柏林手套就拒绝和他握手，那么，你才是一个势利者。

We then used to consider it not the least vulgar for a parcel of lads who had been whipped three months previous, and were not allowed more than three glasses of port at home, to sit down to pineapples and ices at each other's rooms, and fuddle themselves with champagne and claret.

一群小伙子三个月前还被鞭打了一顿，在家里喝波尔图葡萄酒不许超过三杯。现在又到彼此的房间里坐下来，一边吃菠萝和冰冻食品，还一边狂饮香槟和葡萄酒。我们那时觉得这样的行为一点儿也不庸俗。

One looks back to what was called a 'wine-party' with a sort of

wonder. Thirty lads round a table covered with bad sweetmeats, drinking bad wines, telling bad stories, singing bad songs over and over again. Milk punch—smoking—ghastly headache—frightful spectacle of dessert-table next morning, and smell of tobacco—your guardian, the clergyman, dropping in, in the midst of this—expecting to find you deep in Algebra, and discovering the Gyp administering soda-water.

要回想起那时所谓的“酒会”，你还是会有点惊叹的。三十个小伙子围着一张摆满了劣质糖果的桌子，喝着劣质的葡萄酒、讲着坏坏的故事，还一遍又一遍地唱着坏坏的歌。喝牛奶潘趣酒——抽烟——头剧烈地痛——第二天早上甜食桌上一派可怕的景象，还有满屋子的烟味——就这样，那位牧师监护人走了进来，满心以为会见到你们在潜心钻研代数，却发现校役正拿苏打水给他们喝。

There were young men who despised the lads who indulged in the coarse hospitalities of wine-parties, who prided themselves in giving RECHERCHE little French dinners. Both wine-party-givers and dinner-givers were Snobs.

有些年轻人瞧不起这些小伙子沉溺于粗俗的殷勤待客的酒会，他们因请人吃些异国风味的法国小餐就沾沾自喜。这些举办酒会和请人吃饭的人都是势利者。

There were what used to be called 'dressy' Snobs:—Jimmy, who might be seen at five o'clock elaborately rigged out, with a camellia in his button-hole, glazed boots, and fresh kid-gloves twice a day;—Jessamy, who was conspicuous for his 'jewellery,'—a young donkey, glittering all over with chains, rings, and shirt-studs;—Jacky, who rode every day solemnly on the Blenheim Road, in pumps and white silk stockings, with his hair curled,—all three of whom flattered themselves they gave laws to the University about dress—all three most odious varieties of Snobs.

过去有那些常常被叫做“穿着讲究”的势利者：你可能会在五点钟看见已经精心打扮好的吉米，一枝山茶花插在他的纽扣孔里，靴子擦得锃亮，山羊皮手套每天要换两双；因他的“珠宝”出名的杰萨米是个小傻瓜，他全身上下都是闪闪发光的链子、戒指和衬衣纽扣；头发卷曲的杰基每天都要穿着轻软舞鞋、白色的丝质长筒袜，庄严肃穆地骑马穿过布莱尼姆路。这三个人都因为引领了大学里的服饰风潮而自负——这三个人都是最可恶的势利者。

Sporting Snobs of course there were, and are always—those happy beings in whom Nature has implanted a love of slang: who loitered about the horsekeeper's stables, and drove the London coaches—a stage in and out—and might be seen swaggering through the courts in pink of early mornings, and indulged in dice and blind-hookey at nights, and never missed a race or a boxing-match; and

rode flat-races, and kept bull-terriers. Worse Snobs even than these were poor miserable wretches who did not like hunting at all, and could not afford it, and were in mortal fear at a two-foot ditch; but who hunted because Glenlivat and Cinqbars hunted. The Billiard Snob and the Boating Snob were varieties of these, and are to be found elsewhere than in universities.

当然，爱运动的势利者不但过去有，而且会一直存在——那些快乐的人总爱说些俚语，那是天性使然。他们游荡于看马人的马厩，驾驶着伦敦的马车，一个驿站接一个驿站地跑。你可能会看见他们大清早穿着粉红色的猎狐服大摇大摆地穿过院子，晚上就沉迷于掷骰游戏和赌牌。他们从不错过任何一场赛马或是拳击赛，还参加平地赛马、养叭喇狗。还有些卑鄙、可怜的势利者甚至还不如这些，他们根本不喜欢狩猎，也付不起费用。他们在一个两英尺深的沟渠边就害怕极了，但是他们还是去狩猎了，因为格伦利瓦特和森巴斯要狩猎。在各种类型的势利者中，还有台球势利者和划船势利者，可以在大学以外的其他地方看到他们的身影。

Then there were Philosophical Snobs, who used to ape statesmen at the spouting-clubs, and who believed as a fact that Government always had an eye on the University for the selection of orators for the House of Commons. There were audacious young free-thinkers, who adored nobody or nothing, except perhaps Robespierre and the *Koran*, and panted for the day when the pale name of priest should shrink and dwindle away before the indignation of an enlightened world.

然后还有哲学势利者，他们过去常常在充满夸夸其谈的俱乐部里模仿政治家，还相信政府一直都密切注意着大学，想要从那儿选出下议院的雄辩家来。有些年轻大胆的自由思想者，也许除了罗伯斯比尔和《古兰经》外不崇拜任何人和任何事。他们就渴望有一天，牧师那苍白的名字会在开明的世界动怒之前，就退缩消失。

But the worst of all University Snobs are those unfortunates who go to rack and ruin from their desire to ape their betters. Smith becomes acquainted with great people at college, and is ashamed of his father the tradesman. Jones has fine acquaintances, and lives after their fashion like a gay free-hearted fellow as he is, and ruins his father, and robs his sister's portion, and cripples his younger brother's outset in life, for the pleasure of entertaining my lord, and riding by the side of Sir John. And though it may be very good fun for Robinson to fuddle himself at home as he does at College, and to be brought home by the policeman he has just been trying to knock down—think what fun it is for the poor old soul his mother!—the half-pay captain's widow, who has been pinching herself all her life long, in order that that jolly young fellow might have a University education.

但是，最糟糕的大学势利者要数那些想要模仿比他们更优秀的人却

陷于毁灭的不幸者。史密斯认识了学院里的大人物之后，就因自己的父亲是个零售商而觉得羞耻。琼斯认识一些杰出的人，于是像个快乐自由的人那样跟风模仿他们的生活方式，害自己的父亲破了产，抢了姐姐的嫁妆，还把他弟弟的生活在一开始就给毁了。他做这些都是为了讨得贵族的欢喜，为了和约翰爵士并排骑马。虽然对鲁宾逊来说，在家里也能像在学院那样酗酒，被他刚刚试图击倒的警察带回家来，也许是很有趣的事。可是，想想他那可怜的老母亲又有什么意思呢！这个只能领到折扣薪饷的上尉寡妇，为了让那个快活的年轻家伙能够上大学，一辈子都节衣缩食。

CHAPTER XVI ON LITERARY SNOBS

第十六章 文学势利者

What will he say about Literary Snobs? What will he say about Literary Snobs? has been a question, I make no doubt, often asked by the public. How can he let off his own profession? Will that truculent and unsparing monster who attacks the nobility, the clergy, the army, and the ladies, indiscriminately, hesitate when the turn comes to EGORGER his own flesh and blood?

对于文学势利者，他有什么要说的呢？对于文学势力者，他有什么要说的呢？毫无疑问，这是一个常常被公众问起的问题。他怎么能抛开自己的职业呢？那个恣意攻击贵族、牧师、军队和女性的冷酷无情的怪人，轮到割自己的血肉时会迟疑不决吗？

My dear and excellent querist, whom does the schoolmaster flog so resolutely as his own son? Didn't Brutus chop his offspring's head off? You have a very bad opinion indeed of the present state of literature and of literary men, if you fancy that any one of us would hesitate to stick a knife into his neighbour penman, if the latter's death could do the State any service.

我亲爱而优秀的提问者，校长对谁的鞭打会如同对自己儿子的鞭打那样坚决而严厉呢？布鲁图没有砍下他后代的头颅吗？如果你幻想我们中的任何人会犹豫将刀子捅向他的朋友作家，前提是后者的死会对国家做出一定贡献，你对文学和文人当前状况的认识就大错特错了。

But the fact is, that in the literary profession THERE ARE NO SNOBS. Look round at the whole body of British men of letters; and I defy you to point out among them a single instance of vulgarity, or envy, or assumption.

但事实上，文学界并没有势利者。看看英国的所有文人们，我保证你找不到一个粗俗、嫉妒或是自负的文人。

Men and women, as far as I have known them, they are all modest in their demeanour, elegant in their manners, spotless in their lives, and honourable in their conduct to the world and to each other. You MAY, occasionally, it is true, hear one literary man abusing his brother; but why? Not in the least out of malice; not at all from envy; merely from a sense of truth and public duty. Suppose, for instance, I, good-naturedly point out a blemish in my friend MR. PUNCH'S person,

据我所知，这些男女态度谦和、举止文雅、洁身自好，对待世界和彼此的行为方式都是值得尊敬的。是的，有时候你也许会听到有的文人

在辱骂他的兄弟，但这是为什么呢？这绝非出于恶意，也根本谈不上是嫉恨，仅仅是出于其真理感和社会责任感。

Suppose, for instance, I, good-naturedly point out a blemish in my friend MR.PUNCH'S person, say, Mr.P. has a hump-back, and his nose and chin are more crooked than those features in the Apollo or Antinous, which we are accustomed to consider as our standards of beauty; does this argue malice on my part towards MR.PUNCH? Not in the least.

比如，假设我好意地指出我的朋友“笨拙先生”的身体缺陷，说他驼背，他的鼻子和下巴比我们通常作为审美标准的阿波罗和安提诺乌斯的还要弯，我这样算是对“笨拙先生”的攻击吗？绝对不是。

It is the critic's duty to point out defects as well as merits, and he invariably does his duty with utmost gentleness and candour.

指出优点和缺点是评论家所该做的，他们总是尽量温和坦诚地履行他们的责任。

An intelligent foreigner's testimony about our manners is always worth having, and I think, in this respect the work of an eminent American, Mr. N. P. Willis is eminently valuable and impartial. In his History of Ernest Clay, a crack magazine-writer, the reader will get an exact account of the life of a popular man of letters in England. He is always the lion of society.

一个聪明的外国人对于我们行为方式的声明总是有价值的，而且我认为，在这方面，一个杰出的美国人N. P. 威利斯先生的作品十分可贵，不偏不倚。在他那篇关于一个优秀的杂志撰稿人的《欧内斯特·克莱的故事》中，读者会读到对一个很受欢迎的英国文人生活的确切描述。他一直是社会名流。

He takes the PAS of dukes and earls; all the nobility crowd to see him: I forget how many baronesses and duchesses fall in love with him. But on this subject let us hold our tongues. Modesty forbids that we should reveal the names of the heart-broken countesses and dear marchionesses who are pining for every one of the contributors in *PUNCH*.

他走在公爵和伯爵们前面，所有的贵族都挤着去见他，我记不清到底有多少男爵夫人和公爵夫人爱上了他。但是在这个问题上，我们还是闭嘴吧。那些心碎的伯爵夫人和亲爱的侯爵夫人多么想念《笨拙周报》的每一个撰稿人，但谨慎起见，我们不便透露她们的名字。

If anybody wants to know how intimately authors are connected with the fashionable world, they have but to read the genteel novels. What refinement and delicacy pervades the works of Mrs. Barnaby! What delightful good company do you meet with in Mrs. Armytage!

She seldom introduces you to anybody under a marquis! I don't know anything more delicious than the pictures of genteel life in Ten Thousand a Year, except perhaps the Young Duke, and Coningsby. There's a modest grace about THEM, and an air of easy high fashion, which only belongs to blood, my dear Sir—to true blood.

要是有人想知道作家们和上流社会的关系有多亲密，他们只要去读一读上流社会的小说就知道了。巴纳比夫人的作品中真是随处可见精炼与巧妙啊！在阿米蒂奇夫人身上你会看到多么可喜的友好关系啊！她很少会把你介绍给身份低于侯爵的人！我不知道还有什么比《一年十万》中展现的优雅生活的画卷更加美妙了，也许《年轻的公爵》和《科宁斯比》要除外。他们身上透着儒雅，一副潇洒、时髦的样子，而这只与气质有关，亲爱的先生——真正的气质。

And what linguists many of our writers are! Lady Bulwer, Lady Londonderry, Sir Edward himself—they write the French language with a luxurious elegance and ease which sets them far above their continental rivals, of whom not one (except Paul de Kock) knows a word of English.

我们的作家有多少是语言学者呀！布尔沃女士、伦敦德里女士以及爱德华爵士自己——他们用贵气高雅的法语得心应手地写作，这让他们远远高于欧洲大陆的那些对手，那些人中没有人（除了保罗·德·科克）认识一个英文单词。

And what Briton can read without enjoyment the works of James, so admirable for terseness; and the playful humour and dazzling offhand lightness of Ainsworth? Among other humourists, one might glance at a Jerrold, the chivalrous advocate of Toryism and Church and State; and a Beckett, with a lightsome pen, but a savage earnestness of purpose; a Jeames, whose pure style, and wit unmingled with buffoonery, was relished by a congenial public.

詹姆斯的作品用词简洁，令人称道。安斯沃思的作品以幽默风趣、轻松明快而引人注目，有哪个英国人在读这些作品时不怀有高兴之情呢？在其他的幽默家中，你可以看看杰罗德，他充满骑士精神地赞扬英国保守党、教会和政府；还有一个叫贝克特，他的文字轻快，但写作目的却特别认真；还有一个叫做杰姆斯，他那纯朴的文风和机智又不乏诙谐的语言，受到意气相投的大众的喜爱。

Speaking of critics, perhaps there never was a review that has done so much for literature as the admirable *QUARTERLY*. It has its prejudices, to be sure, as which of us has not? It goes out of its way to abuse a great man, or lays mercilessly on to such pretenders as Keats and Tennyson; but, on the other hand, it is the friend of all young authors, and has marked and nurtured all the rising talent of the country. It is loved by everybody. There, again, is *BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE*—conspicuous for modest elegance and amiable satire; that

review never passes the bounds of politeness in a joke. It is the arbiter of manners; and, while gently exposing the foibles of Londoners (for whom the *BEAUX ESPRITS* of Edinburgh entertain a justifiable contempt), it is never coarse in its fun. The fiery enthusiasm of the *ATHENAEUM* is well known; and the bitter wit of the too difficult *LITERARY GAZETTE*. The *EXAMINER* is perhaps too timid, and the *SPECTATOR* too boisterous in its praise—but who can carp at these minor faults? No, no; the critics of England and the authors of England are unrivalled as a body; and hence it becomes impossible for us to find fault with them.

说到评论家，《季度评论》对文学做出的贡献可能是别的评论杂志无法超越的。它会故意辱骂某个伟人，或是无情地中伤济慈和田纳西这样的妄想者。但是，另一方面，它是所有年轻作家的朋友，找出并培养了本国所有崭露头角的有才之人。每一个人都喜欢它。还有一本《黑檀杂志》——以适当的高雅和友好的讽刺著称，这本杂志中的评论从来不会越过“玩笑”的礼貌界限。它是行为举止的裁决者，会温和地暴露出伦敦人的弱点（爱丁堡的《才子》对他们的蔑视是合乎情理的），但即使开玩笑，它也绝不会显得粗鲁。众所周知，《雅典娜神殿》总是充满火一般的热情。《文学报》又表现得太机智，让人难以接受。《主考人》也许显得太胆小，而《旁观者》赞扬时又显得过分热闹——但是谁会挑剔地去找出这些小毛病呢？不，不，英国的评论家和作家们作为一个整体是无可匹敌的。因此，要挑出他们的毛病是不可能的。

Above all, I never knew a man of letters ASHAMED OF HIS PROFESSION. Those who know us, know what an affectionate and brotherly spirit there is among us all. Sometimes one of us rises in the world: we never attack him or sneer at him under those circumstances, but rejoice to a man at his success. If Jones dines with a lord, Smith never says Jones is a courtier and cringer. Nor, on the other hand, does Jones, who is in the habit of frequenting the society of great people, give himself any airs on account of the company he keeps; but will leave a duke's arm in Pall Mall to come over and speak to poor Brown, the young penny-a-liner.

最重要的是，我从不认识任何一个把自己的职业当成耻辱的文人。认识我们的人都知道我们所有人之间有着一种怎样的兄弟般的情谊。有时候，我们中的某一个人地位会得到提高，我们从不在这样的情况下攻击他或是嘲笑他，而是为他的成功感到高兴。要是琼斯和某个贵族吃饭，史密斯绝不会说琼斯是个谄媚者，是个奴颜婢膝的人。另一方面，习惯于频繁地在大人物的社交圈子出入的琼斯，也不会因为自己所结交的那些人而显得不可一世。他会在蓓尔美尔街放开某位公爵的手臂，走过去和可怜的布朗讲话，一个穷困的青年文人。

That sense of equality and fraternity amongst authors has always struck me as one of the most amiable characteristics of the class. It is because we know and respect each other, that the world respects us so

much; that we hold such a good position in society, and demean ourselves so irreproachably when there.

我总是觉得，作家们的平等博爱意识是这个阶层最可爱的特征之一。因为我们彼此了解、彼此尊重，这个世界才如此地尊重我们，我们才能在社会中有很好的地位，这个时候我们又无可厚非地贬低起自己。

Literary persons are held in such esteem by the nation that about two of them have been absolutely invited to court during the present reign; and it is probable that towards the end of the season, one or two will be asked to dinner by Sir Robert Peel.

文人在这个国家里深受重视，在这个王朝统治期间，大约有两个文人已经被无条件地邀请到王宫受觐。这个季度末，很可能还有一两个人会被罗伯特·皮尔爵士叫去共进晚餐。

They are such favourites with the public, that they are continually obliged to have their pictures taken and published; and one or two could be pointed out, of whom the nation insists upon having a fresh portrait every year. Nothing can be more gratifying than this proof of the affectionate regard which the people has for its instructors.

公众是很喜欢他们的，不断地要求他们照些照片出来发表。国家还坚持要求公众指出的一两个人物每年都要有一幅新画像。这是人们对于自己导师深情厚谊的最好证明。

Literature is held in such honour in England, that there is a sum of near twelve hundred pounds per annum set apart to pension deserving persons following that profession. And a great compliment this is, too, to the professors, and a proof of their generally prosperous and flourishing condition. They are generally so rich and thrifty, that scarcely any money is wanted to help them.

在英国，文学有着如此大的荣誉，每年会有大约一千二百英镑用于奖励从事那个职业的有功之臣。这对文人们来说也是一种很大的赞美，证明他们大体上处于一种繁荣兴盛的状况。他们大多比较富有、节俭，所以几乎不需要资金援助。

If every word of this is true, how, I should like to know am I to write about Literary Snobs?

要是我这里所说的每一句话都是真的，我想知道，我应该怎样来描写文学势利者呢？

CHAPTER XVII A LITTLE ABOUT IRISH SNOBS

第十七章 爱尔兰势利者略记

You do not, to be sure, imagine that there are no other Snobs in Ireland than those of the amiable party who wish to make pikes of iron railroads (it's a fine Irish economy), and to cut the throats of the Saxon invaders. These are of the venomous sort; and had they been invented in his time, St. Patrick would have banished them out of the kingdom along with the other dangerous reptiles.

你一定想象不到，除了那群希望对铁路征税（这是一种很好的爱尔兰经济）以及斩断撒克逊入侵者的咽喉的可爱的人，爱尔兰再没有别的什么势利者了。这种类型的人是很恶毒的，要是在圣帕特里克时代被发现，恐怕已经同其他危险的卑鄙之人一起被驱逐出这个王国了。

I think it is the Four Masters, or else it's Olaus Magnus, or else it's certainly O'Neill Daunt, in the *Catechism of Irish History*, who relates that when Richard the Second came to Ireland, and the Irish chiefs did homage to him, going down on their knees—the poor simple creatures!—and worshipping and wondering before the English king and the dandies of his court, my lords the English noblemen mocked and jeered at their uncouth Irish admirers, mimicked their talk and gestures, pulled their poor old beards, and laughed at the strange fashion of their garments.

在《爱尔兰历史教理问答》中，我觉得是四个主人，或是欧劳斯·马格努斯，或一定是奥尼尔·当特描述道，理查德二世来到爱尔兰时，爱尔兰的首领们下跪表示效忠——真是些可怜愚钝之人！在英国国王和朝廷里的花花公子们面前表现出崇拜和惊异之情时，英国的贵族们则讥讽取笑起这些粗鲁的爱尔兰崇拜者，模仿他们的谈话和姿势，拉扯他们那可怜的老胡须，还嘲笑起他们怪异的着装来。

The English Snob rampant always does this to the present day. There is no Snob in existence, perhaps, that has such an indomitable belief in himself: that sneers you down all the rest of the world besides, and has such an insufferable, admirable, stupid contempt for all people but his own—nay, for all sets but his own. 'Gwacious Gad' what stories about 'the Iwish' these young dandies accompanying King Richard must have had to tell, when they returned to Pall Mall, and smoked their cigars upon the steps of 'White's.'

猖獗的英国势利者到今天还是这样。也许，没有哪个势利者像他们这样对自己抱有坚定信念：他们会对你和其他所有世人加以嘲笑，对于除了自己的亲人外——不，除了自己的阶层外的所有人都抱有令人难以忍受、令人叫绝、极端愚蠢的蔑视。当这些陪同理查德国王的年轻的纨

绔子弟回到蓓尔美尔街，在“怀特店”的台阶上抽烟时，他们一定会时不时说着“天啊”，讲起那些关于爱尔兰人的故事。

The Irish snobbishness developes itself not in pride so much as in servility and mean admirations, and trumpery imitations of their neighbours. And I wonder De Tocqueville and De Beaumont, and *THE TIMES*' Commissioner, did not explain the Snobbishness of Ireland as contrasted with our own. Ours is that of Richard's Norman Knights,—haughty, brutal stupid, and perfectly self-confident;—theirs, of the poor, wondering, kneeling, simple chieftains. They are on their knees still before English fashion—these simple, wild people; and indeed it is hard not to grin at some of their NAIVE exhibitions.

爱尔兰人的势利行为在傲慢方面发展得不如其在对邻国奴颜婢膝、卑鄙赞美和徒劳模仿上好。让我惊讶的是，德托克维尔、德博蒙和《泰晤士报》的委员并没有通过与我们进行对比的方式来解释爱尔兰的势利行为。我们的是理查德时期诺曼骑士的那种势利——高傲、蛮横、愚蠢而且相当自信，而他们的是可怜、惊讶、卑躬屈膝的、愚蠢的首领们的势利。他们至今还跪拜在英国名流面前——这些卑微而狂热的人。要不对他们天真无知的表现发笑，真的很难。

Some years since, when a certain great orator was Lord Mayor of Dublin, he used to wear a red gown and a cocked hat, the splendour of which delighted him as much as a new curtain-ring in her nose or a string of glass-beads round her neck charms Queen Quasheeneboo. He used to pay visits to people in this dress; to appear at meetings hundreds of miles off, in the red velvet gown. And to hear the people crying 'Yes, me Lard!' and 'No, me Lard!' and to read the prodigious accounts of his Lordship in the papers: it seemed as if the people and he liked to be taken in by this twopenny splendour. Twopenny magnificence, indeed, exists all over Ireland, and may be considered as the great characteristic of the Snobbishness of that country.

几年前，某位伟大的演说家成为都柏林市市长时，他常常身穿一件红色的长袍，头戴一顶三角帽，这样的服饰散发出来的光彩使他非常高兴，就像鼻子上新戴了一只鼻环，或是脖子上新戴了一串玻璃珠子的夸塞勒波女王那样欢喜。他过去常常穿着这套服装去看望民众，穿着红色天鹅绒长袍去几百英里外的地方开会。穿着这身衣服听人们喊“是的，阁下”和“不，阁下”！去读报纸上关于阁下他的大量报道——看起来好像他和民众都很喜欢被这种廉价的光彩欺骗。确实，廉价的华丽存在于爱尔兰的每个角落，而且可以看作是那个国家势利行为的一个重大特征。

When Mrs. Mulholligan, the grocer's lady, retires to Kingstown, she has Mulholliganville' painted over the gate of her villa; and receives you at a door that won't shut or gazes at you out of a window that is glazed with an old petticoat.

杂货商的妻子莫霍里干夫人归隐到金斯敦，她在自己别墅的大门上

画上“莫霍里干屋”的字样。她会在一扇关不上的门边接待你，或是从一个用旧衬裙擦得透亮的窗口注视你。

Be it ever so shabby and dismal, nobody ever owns to keeping a shop. A fellow whose stock in trade is a penny roll or a tumbler of lollipops, calls his cabin the 'American Flour Stores,' or the 'Depository for Colonial Produce,' or some such name.

若店铺太破旧阴暗，谁也不会承认自己开了一家店铺。有人在生意上的投入不过是一块廉价的卷饼，或是一杯冰棍，却把自己的小屋称作是“美式面点店”，或“殖民地产品店”，或这类名字。

As for Inns, there are none in the country; Hotels abound as well furnished as Mulholliganville; but again there are no such people as landlords and land-ladies; the landlord is out with the hounds, and my lady in the parlour talking with the Captain or playing the piano.

这个国家是没有小旅馆的。这儿有很多的酒店，布置得跟“莫霍里干屋”一样好。但是，这儿没有男女房东，男房东带着猎狗出去了，而女房东则在客厅里跟上尉谈话或是在弹钢琴。

If a gentleman has a hundred a year to leave to his family they all become gentlemen, all keep a nag, ride to hounds, and swagger about in the 'Phaynix,' and grow tufts to their chins like so many real aristocrats.

要是某一位绅士每年给自己的家里留一百英镑，那他们就都变成绅士了，都要养匹马，然后骑着马、带着猎犬去打猎。他们在“法尼克斯”昂首阔步，还要像很多真正的贵族那样在下巴上留着胡子。

A friend of mine has taken to be a painter, and lives out of Ireland, where he is considered to have disgraced the family by choosing such a profession. His father is a wine-merchant; and his elder brother an apothecary.

我的一个朋友选择了画家这个行当，他现在不在爱尔兰生活，因为在爱尔兰选择这样的职业会让家人蒙羞。他的父亲是个葡萄酒商，哥哥是个药剂师。

The number of men one meets in London and on the Continent who have a pretty little property of five-and-twenty hundred a year in Ireland is prodigious: those who WILL have nine thousand a year in land when somebody dies are still more numerous. I myself have met as many descendants from Irish kings as would form a brigade.

你会在伦敦和欧洲大陆遇到很多每年在爱尔兰能获得二千五百英镑微薄财产的人，而每年能够从去世之人的土地上获得九千英镑的人则更多。我自己遇到的爱尔兰国王的后裔已经多得能组成一个旅了。

And who has not met the Irishman who apes the Englishman, and who forgets his country and tries to forget his accent, or to smother

the taste of it, as it were? 'Come, dine with me, my boy,' says O'Dowd, of O'Dowdstown: 'you'll FIND US ALL ENGLISH THERE;' which he tells you with a brogue as broad as from here to Kingstown Pier. And did you never hear Mrs. Captain Macmanus talk about 'I-ah-land,' and her account of her 'fawther's esteet?' Very few men have rubbed through the world without hearing and witnessing some of these Hibernian phenomena—these twopenny splendours.

谁没有遇到过那种模仿英国人，忘记了自己的祖国，试图忘记自己的口音，或是掩饰说话味儿的爱尔兰人呢？“来，朋友，跟我一起吃饭吧。”奥多兹唐家的奥多说，“你会发现在那儿全部都是我们英国人。”他说这些话时带着明显的土腔，宽得就像从这儿到金斯敦码头。你有没有听过麦克马纳斯上尉夫人谈起“爱尔兰”，讲述她“父亲的财产”？那些经历过世事的人，很少有谁没有听到和看到过一些这样的爱尔兰现象——这种廉价的光彩。

And what say you to the summit of society—the Castle—with a sham king, and sham lords-in-waiting, and sham loyalty, and a sham Haroun Alraschid, to go about in a sham disguise, making believe to be affable and splendid? That Castle is the pink and pride of Snobbishness. A COURT CIRCULAR is bad enough, with two columns of print about a little baby that's christened—but think of people liking a sham *COURT CIRCULAR*!

你想要对这个社会的顶点——总督府——说点儿什么呢？那里有虚伪掩饰下的虚假的国王、虚假的侍从、虚假的忠诚，以及虚假的哈伦·赖世德，他们假装成和蔼可亲、光彩四溢的样子。势利行为在那座总督府里到了登峰造极的程度。一份用两个专栏来描述一个婴儿受洗的事的《宫廷公报》已经够糟糕了——但是想想人们喜欢这虚假的《宫廷公报》！

I think the shams of Ireland are more outrageous than those of any country. A fellow shows you a hill and says, 'That's the highest mountain in all Ireland;' a gentleman tells you he is descended from Brian Boroo and has his five-and-thirty hundred a year; or Mrs. Macmanus describes her fawther's esteet; or old Dan rises and says the Irish women are the loveliest, the Irish men the bravest, the Irish land the most fertile in the world: and nobody believes anybody—the latter does not believe his story nor the hearer:—but they make-believe to believe, and solemnly do honour to humbug.

我认为爱尔兰的伪善行为比其他任何地方都更加猖獗。某人向你展示一座小山时会说：“那是整个爱尔兰最高的山。”某位绅士告诉你说他是布赖恩·波罗的后人，每年的收入达到了三千五百英镑；或者麦克马纳斯夫人会描述起她父亲的财产；或者老丹站起来说爱尔兰女人是最可爱的，爱尔兰男人是最英勇的，而爱尔兰这片土地是世界上最肥沃的土地。谁也不相信谁的话，听者不信，说者也不信——但是他们假装成相

信的样子，还严肃地尊重起骗人的空话来。

O Ireland! O my country! (for I make little doubt I am descended from Brian Boroo too) when will you acknowledge that two and two make four, and call a pikestaff a pikestaff?—that is the very best use you can make of the latter. Irish snobs will dwindle away then and we shall never hear tell of Hereditary bondsmen.

噢，爱尔兰啊！哦，我的祖国！（因为我差不多已经相信我也是布赖恩·波罗的后裔）你什么时候才承认二加二等于四，称长矛柄长矛柄呢？那才是长矛柄最充分的用处。那时，爱尔兰势利者将会消失，而我们将再也不会听到世袭的农奴这样的说法了。

CHAPTER XVIII PARTY-GIVING SNOBS

第十八章 举办聚会的势利者

Our selection of Snobs has lately been too exclusively of a political character. 'Give us private Snobs,' cry the dear ladies. (I have before me the letter of one fair correspondent of the fishing village of Brighthelmstone in Sussex, and could her commands ever be disobeyed?) 'Tell us more, dear Mr. Snob, about your experience of Snobs in society.' Heaven bless the dear souls!—they are accustomed to the word now—the odious, vulgar, horrid, unpronounceable word slips out of their lips with the prettiest glibness possible. I should not wonder if it were used at Court amongst the Maids of Honour. In the very best society I know it is. And why not? Snobbishness is vulgar—the mere words are not: that which we call a Snob, by any other name would still be Snobbish.

我们最近选择的势利者都太偏向于政治人物了。“给我们讲讲私人性的势利者吧。”亲爱的女士们叫道。（我面前就放着瑟塞克斯郡布赖塞姆士唐的渔村的一个漂亮记者的来信，她的要求我能不答应吗？）“亲爱的势利者先生，多给我们谈谈你对于社会上势利者的感受吧。”愿上天保佑这些可爱的人！现在他们已经习惯这个词了——这个可恶、通俗、可怕，还很拗口的词竟然能够从他们嘴里流利地脱口而出。即使这个词从王宫中国王的侍女口中说出，我也不会惊讶。我知道它在精英人士的圈子里流行。为什么不流行呢？势利的行为是庸俗的——但这词本身并不庸俗，那是我们用来称呼势利者的词，用任何其他称谓代替都是势利。

Well, then. As the season is drawing to a close: as many hundreds of kind souls, snobbish or otherwise, have quitted London; as many hospitable carpets are taken up; and window-blinds are pitilessly papered with the *MORNING HERALD*; and mansions once inhabited by cheerful owners are now consigned to the care of the housekeeper's dreary LOCUM TENENS—some mouldy old woman, who, in reply to the hopeless clanging of the bell, peers at you for a moment from the area, and then slowly unbolting the great hall-door, informs you my lady has left town, or that 'the family's in the country,'or 'gone up the Rind,'—or what not; as the season and parties are over; why not consider Party-giving Snobs for a while, and review the conduct of some of those individuals who have quitted the town for six months? as the season and parties are over; why not consider Party-giving Snobs for a while, and review the conduct of some of those individuals who have quitted the town for six months?

哦，瞧瞧。这个季节就要接近尾声了。成百上千的善良之人，势利

的或者不势利的，都已经离开了伦敦；那些待客的地毯已经被收起来了；窗户都被无情地贴上了《黎明先驱报》；那些曾住着欢乐房东的房子已经交给了那个沉闷的临时代理看管——某个讨厌的老太婆。每当听到有人在无望地按着门铃，她会先从那里窥视你一下，然后再慢慢地打开大厅的门，告诉你夫人不在城里，或者“全家人都在乡下”，要不就说“到里德去了”，或是其他的情况。社交季节和聚会已经结束，既然如此，为什么不花一会儿功夫考虑一下举办聚会的势力者，评论一下那些已经离城半年的人呢？

Some of those worthy Snobs are making-believe to go yachting, and, dressed in telescopes and pea-jackets, are passing their time between Cherbourg and Cowes; some living higgledy-piggledy in dismal little huts in Scotland, provisioned with canisters of portable soup, and fricandeaux hermetically sealed in tin, are passing their days slaughtering grouse upon the moors; some are dozing and bathing away the effects of the season at Kissingen, or watching the ingenious game of TRENTE ET QUARANTE at Homburg and Ems. We can afford to be very bitter upon them now they are all gone. Now there are no more parties, let us have at the Party-giving Snobs. The dinner-giving, the ball-giving, the DEJEUNER-giving, the CONVERSAZIONE-GIVING Snobs—Lord! Lord! what havoc might have been made amongst them had we attacked them during the plethora of the season! I should have been obliged to have a guard to defend me from fiddlers and pastrycooks, indignant at the abuse of their patrons. Already I'm told that, from some flippant and unguarded expressions considered derogatory to Baker Street and Harley Street, rents have fallen in these respectable quarters; and orders have been issued that at least Mr. Snob shall be asked to parties there no more. Well, then—now they are ALL away, let us frisk at our ease, and have at everything like the bull in the china-shop. They mayn't hear of what is going on in their absence, and, if they do they can't bear malice for six months. We will begin to make it up with them about next February, and let next year take care of itself. We shall have no dinners from the dinner-giving Snobs: no more from the ball-givers: no more CONVERSAZIONES (thank Mussy! as Jeames says,) from the Conversaziones Snob: and what is to prevent us from telling the truth? as Jeames says,) from the Conversaziones Snob: and what is to prevent us from telling the truth?

有些值得尊敬的势利者正假装要去玩快艇，还带上望远镜、穿上水手服到瑟堡和考斯之间两地跑；有一些人则住在苏格兰那些杂乱无章的阴暗小房子里，喝着便携式灌装汤，吃着密封的牛肉罐头，在沼泽地上打松鸡消磨时日；有些人则为了消除社交忙季带来的影响，正在基森根打瞌睡、洗澡呢，要不就是在洪堡和埃姆斯观看“30比40”的创意性比赛。既然他们都已经走了，我们就可以把他们说得狠一些。现在这儿没

有聚会了，让我们讲讲这些举办聚会的势利者吧。这些举办晚宴、舞会、早餐会和交流会的势利者——天啊！天啊！要是我们在这个繁忙的社交季节里就攻击他们，那该会引起多么大的混乱啊！那我就必须得请一支护卫队来保护我，以免我受到为自己的赞助人受到辱骂而义愤填膺的小提琴手和面点师的攻击。我已经听人说，由于一些被认为有损贝克街和哈利街的轻率言论，这些体面街区的租金已经下跌，已经有命令宣称至少再也不会邀请势利者先生来参加聚会了。哦，瞧瞧——现在他们都走了，让我们无拘无束地欢呼雀跃吧，对所有的事物发起进攻，就像公牛进了瓷器店一样。他们既然不在这里，可能就不会听到这儿发生的事情了。如果他们听到了，他们也不会怀恨半年。我们将会在大约明年二月份的时候跟他们修补关系，接下来的一年就顺其自然吧。我们不会参加举办宴会的势利者们提供的晚宴，不参加举办舞会的势利者举办的舞会，不参加举办交流会的势力者举办的交流会（谢谢玛塞！正如杰姆斯所说的那样）。有什么能阻止我们说真话呢？

The snobbishness of Conversazione Snobs is very soon disposed of: as soon as that cup of washy bohea is handed to you in the tea-room; or the muddy remnant of ice that you grasp in the suffocating scuffle of the assembly upstairs.

举办交流会的势利者的势利行为很快就表现出来：在饮茶室，一旦那杯淡淡的武夷茶递到你手中；或者当你在楼上聚集，在令人窒息的混乱中抓到浑浊的残余冰冻食品时。

Good heavens! What do people mean by going there? What is done there, that everybody throngs into those three little rooms? Was the Black Hole considered to be an agreeable REUNION, that Britons in the dog-days here seek to imitate it? After being rammed to a jelly in a door-way (where you feel your feet going through Lady Barbara Macbeth's lace flounces, and get a look from that haggard and painted old harpy, compared to which the gaze of Ugolino is quite cheerful); after withdrawing your elbow out of poor gasping Bob Guttleton's white waistcoat, from which cushion it was impossible to remove it, though you knew you were squeezing poor Bob into an apoplexy—you find yourself at last in the reception-room, and try to catch the eye of Mrs. Botibol, the CONVERSAZIONE-giver. When you catch her eye, you are expected to grin, and she smiles too, for the four hundredth time that night; and, if she's very glad to see you, waggles her little hand before her face as if to blow you a kiss, as the phrase is.

我的上帝啊！人们到哪儿去是要干什么？所有人都挤在那三间小屋子，他们在那儿到底是干什么啊？难道加尔各答黑牢被人们看作一个令人愉悦的聚会场所，所以英国人在淡季里要去效仿它？你在门口快被挤成肉饼（在那里，你会感觉到你的脚正踩着芭芭拉·麦克白的蕾丝衣裙，再让那个面容憔悴还涂脂抹粉的老妖妇盯上一眼，相比之下，乌哥利诺的凝视是令人愉悦的），想把手肘从可怜的气喘吁吁的鲍勃·加特唐的白色背心里抽出来，从那个无法移动的衬垫中抽出来，尽管你知道你把可

怜的鲍勃挤得都快中风了——最后，你会发现自己终于来到了接待室，并且试图引起波蒂波尔夫人的注意，她是这个交流会的举办者。你引起了她的注意时，你就该笑一笑，她也笑一笑，那是她那个晚上的第四百次微笑。如果她很高兴看到你，就会在脸庞前面摆动一下小手，就像是给了你一个所谓的飞吻。

Why the deuce should Mrs. Botibol blow me a kiss? I wouldn't kiss her for the world. Why do I grin when I see her, as if I was delighted? Am I? I don't care a straw for Mrs. Botibol. I know what she thinks about me. I know what she said about my last volume of poems (I had it from a dear mutual friend). Why, I say in a word, are we going on ogling and telegraphing each other in this insane way?—Because we are both performing the ceremonies demanded by the Great Snob Society; whose dictates we all of us obey.

波蒂波尔夫人为什么要给我一个飞吻呢？无论怎样我都不会亲吻她的。我为什么要在看见她的时候笑一笑，好像我很高兴似的？我高兴吗？我根本就不在乎波蒂波尔夫人。我知道她对我的看法。我知道她关于我最近的那本诗集的看法（我是从一个我们共同拥有的亲爱的朋友那里听到的）。总之，我们为什么要以这种疯狂的方式跟对方眉来眼去呢？因为我们都在遵循势利者大圈子要求的种种礼节，我们所有人都要遵从其命令。

Well; the recognition is over—my jaws have returned to their usual English expression of subdued agony and intense gloom, and the Botibol is grinning and kissing her fingers to somebody else, who is squeezing through the aperture by which we have just entered. It is Lady Ann Clutterbuck, who has her Friday evenings, as Botibol (Botty, we call her,) has Wednesdays. That is Miss Clementina Clutterbuck the cadaverous young woman in green, with florid auburn hair, who has published her volume of poems (The Death-Shriek; Damiens; The Faggot of Joan of Arc; and Translations from the German of course). The conversazione-women salute each other calling each other 'My dear Lady Ann' and 'My dear good Eliza,' and hating each other, as women hate who give parties on Wednesdays and Fridays. With inexpressible pain dear good Eliza sees Ann go up and coax and wheedle Abou Gosh, who has just arrived from Syria, and beg him to patronize her Fridays.

呐，招呼打过了——我的下巴又回到了英国人常有的那种克制痛苦和极端忧郁的表情，波蒂波尔正对着另一个人笑，并发出飞吻，那个人正在从我们刚才进来时的窄窄的通道挤进来。那是安·克拉特巴克夫人，她在星期五举办晚会，就像波蒂波尔（我们都叫她波蒂）在每个星期三举办一样。那个穿着绿色衣服、形容憔悴的年轻女人是克莱门蒂娜·克拉特巴克小姐，她已经出版了一部诗集（有《死亡尖叫》、《达米安》和《贞德的柴束》，当然还有《德国译诗》）。这些举办交流会的女人们向彼此致意，称呼对方“我亲爱的安夫人”和“我亲爱的好伊丽莎”，心中

却彼此憎恨，就像女人讨厌那些在星期三和星期五举办聚会的人一样。“亲爱的好伊丽莎”带着无以言表的痛苦，看着安走上去，对刚从叙利亚回来的阿布·戈什连哄带骗，并请求他光临自己星期五的聚会。

All this while, amidst the crowd and the scuffle, and a perpetual buzz and chatter, and the flare of the wax-candles, and an intolerable smell of musk—what the poor Snobs who write fashionable romances call 'the gleam of gems, the odour of perfumes, the blaze of countless lamps'—a scrubby-looking, yellow-faced foreigner, with cleaned gloves, is warbling inaudibly in a corner, to the accompaniment of another. 'The Great Cacafogo,' Mrs. Botibol whispers, as she passes you by. 'A great creature, Thumpenstrumpff, is at the instrument—the Hetman Platoff's pianist, you know.'

在拥挤混乱的人群中，始终夹杂着嗡嗡的声音和喋喋不休的说话声，烛光闪烁不定，还有一股难闻的麝香味道——那些写时尚浪漫文章的可怜的势利者们却把它描写成“珠宝散发着微光，香水的气味扑鼻而来，还有无数灯光熠熠生辉”。这时，一个显得矮小面黄的外国人戴着干净的手套，和着另一个人的伴奏，正在角落里低低地吟唱着。“了不起的卡卡弗哥，”波蒂波尔夫人从你身边走过时小声说道，“演奏乐器的莎彭斯特鲁普夫是个了不起的人——他是哥萨克首领普拉托夫的钢琴师，你知道的。”

To hear this Cacafogo and Thumpenstrumpff, a hundred people are gathered together—a bevy of dowagers, stout or scraggy; a faint sprinkling of misses; six moody-looking lords, perfectly meek and solemn; wonderful foreign Counts, with bushy whiskers and yellow faces, and a great deal of dubious jewellery; young dandies with slim waists and open necks, and self-satisfied simpers, and flowers in their buttons; the old, stiff, stout, bald-headed CONVERSAZIONE ROUES, whom You meet everywhere—who never miss a night of this delicious enjoyment; the three last-caught lions of the season—Higgs, the traveller, Biggs, the novelist, and Toffey, who has come out so on the sugar question; Captain Flash, who is invited on account of his pretty wife and Lord Ogleby, who goes wherever she goes.

百来号人聚在一起来听卡卡弗哥和莎彭斯特鲁普夫的演唱和伴奏——包括一群或胖或瘦的继承亡夫爵位的遗孀、稀稀拉拉几个小姐、六个谦恭庄重却又有些忧郁的贵族、还有一些令人惊奇的外国伯爵，他们胡须浓密、面容偏黄，还戴着令人生疑的珠宝。年轻女人们个个腰身苗条，脖子亮得很开，纽扣上别上了花儿，还露出了自我满足的假笑；有一些在别处也能看见的年老僵硬、肥胖秃头的交流会享乐者——他们从来不错过任何一次寻欢作乐的机会；有三个这个季节里最引人注目的社交名流——旅行家希格斯、小说家比格斯，以及专为奉承而来的托菲；还有弗拉西上尉，因为他美丽的妻子和欧格勒比大人（她走到哪里他都跟着）的缘故，他也受到了邀请。

QUE SCAIS-JE?

可我知道什么呢？

Who are the owners of all those showy scarfs and white neckcloths?—Ask little Tom Prig, who is there in all his glory, knows everybody, has a story about every one; and, as he trips home to his lodgings in Jermyn Street, with his gibus-hat and his little glazed pumps, thinks he is the fashionablest young fellow in town, and that he really has passed a night of exquisite enjoyment.

谁拥有着那些艳丽的披肩和洁白的围巾呢？问问小汤姆·普里格，他在那儿多么得意啊，他认识所有的人，知道每一个人的故事。当他戴着折叠礼帽，穿着他那双小巧轻软的舞鞋，回到杰姆恩街的住处时，他觉得自己是城里最时髦的年轻人，并觉得自己度过了一个精致快乐的夜晚。

You go up (with our usual easy elegance of manner) and talk to Miss Smith in a corner. 'Oh, Mr. Snob, I'm afraid you're sadly satirical.'

你走上去（带着我们以往的自如和优雅）跟角落里的史密斯小姐谈话。“噢，势利者先生，你说话也太讽刺人了吧。”

That's all she says. If you say it's fine weather, she bursts out laughing; or hint that it's very hot, she vows you are the drollest wretch! Meanwhile Mrs. Botibol is simpering on fresh arrivals; the individual at the door is roaring out their names; poor Cacafogo is quavering away in the music-room, under the impression that he will be LANCE in the world by singing inaudibly here. And what a blessing it is to squeeze out of the door, and into the street, where a half-hundred of carriages are in waiting; and where the link-boy, with that unnecessary lantern of his, pounces upon all who issue out, and will insist upon getting your noble honour's lordship's cab.

她就说了这一句。如果你说天气真好，她会突然大笑；如果你又暗示说天气太热了，她就会发誓说你是最滑稽可笑的卑鄙之人！这个时候波蒂波尔夫人正对着新的来访者假笑呢，门口那个人大声地叫着他们的名字。可怜的卡卡弗哥正在音乐室里颤颤地唱着，就好像他用这种几乎听不见的方式唱歌就会成为闻名全世界的兰西似的。要能挤出这道门，到街上去，是一件多么大的幸事啊！街上有五十辆马车正候着呢，那些夜晚的引路人提着并不是必须要有的灯，一有人出来就扑上去，坚持要为尊贵的大人找到马车。

And to think that there are people who, after having been to Botibol on Wednesday, will go to Clutterbuck on Friday!

想想看，有些人参加完波蒂波尔在星期三举行的聚会后，还要去参加克拉特巴克在星期五举行的聚会呢！

CHAPTER XIX DINING-OUT SNOBS

第十九章 外出就餐的势利者

In England Dinner-giving Snobs occupy a very important place in society, and the task of describing them is tremendous. There was a time in my life when the consciousness of having eaten a man's salt rendered me dumb regarding his demerits, and I thought it a wicked act and a breach of hospitality to speak ill of him.

在英国，请人用餐的势利者在社会上地位很高，因此要对他们进行描述不是易事。曾经有段时间，我意识到吃了别人的饭之后就应该闭口不谈他的缺点了，觉得要是说了他的坏话，就会显得可恶，还破坏了别人的盛情。

But why should a saddle-of-mutton blind you, or a turbot and lobster-sauce shut your mouth for ever? With advancing age, men see their duties more clearly. I am not to be hoodwinked any longer by a slice of venison, be it ever so fat; and as for being dumb on account of turbot and lobster-sauce——of course I am; good manners ordain that I should be so, until I have swallowed the compound—but not afterwards; directly the victuals are discussed, and John takes away the plate, my tongue begins to wag. Does not yours, if you have a pleasant neighbour?—a lovely creature, say, of some five-and-thirty, whose daughters have not yet quite come out—they are the best talkers. As for your young misses, they are only put about the table to look at—like the flowers in the centre-piece. Their blushing youth and natural modesty preclude them from easy, confidential, conversational ABANDON which forms the delight of the intercourse with their dear mothers. It is to these, if he would prosper in his profession, that the Dining-out Snob should address himself. Suppose you sit next to one of these, how pleasant it is, in the intervals of the banquet, actually to abuse the victuals and the giver of the entertainment! It's twice as PIQUANT to make fun of a man under his very nose.

但是为什么一块羊里脊就蒙蔽了你的双眼，一条比目鱼和一点龙虾酱就让你永远沉默了呢？随着年龄的增长，人们越来越清晰地意识到自己的责任。我再也不会因一块野味肉而受蒙蔽了，即使它再肥。至于因为比目鱼和龙虾酱就沉默——我当然会。出于礼貌，我应该这么做，直到我吞下那一堆东西——但是吃完之后就不会了。只要大家一谈起那些食物，约翰把盘子端走，我就开始说话了。假如你有一个令人愉悦的邻居——比方说一个三十五岁的可爱之人，其女儿并不常出来，但十分健谈，难道你不会喋喋不休吗？至于你那些年轻的小姐，她们只能坐在桌子边看着——就像中央的那些花儿。由于年幼腼腆、天生端庄，她们并

不能自如地进行亲密交谈。而正是无拘无束使她们能够从与自己亲爱的母亲的交谈中得到快乐。要是一个外出就餐的势利者想在自己的行业里取得成功，就应该与她们讲话。假设你的旁边就坐着这样一个人，席间你居然对这些食物和提供款待的人进行辱骂，那该是多么令人愉悦啊！就在某人的眼皮底下取笑他，你会加倍开胃的。

'What IS a Dinner-giving Snob?' some innocent youth, who is not REPANDU in the world, may ask—or some simple reader who has not the benefits of London experience.

“什么是请人吃饭的势利者？”某个天真无邪、涉世未深的青年可能会发问——或是某个还没有在伦敦生活经历的单纯的读者会这么问。

My dear sir, I will show you—not all, for that is impossible—but several kinds of Dinner-giving Snobs. For instance, suppose you, in the middle rank of life, accustomed to Mutton, roast on Tuesday, cold on Wednesday, hashed on Thursday, &c., with small means and a small establishment, choose to waste the former and set the latter topsy-turvy by giving entertainments unnaturally costly—you come into the Dinner-giving Snob class at once. Suppose you get in cheap-made dishes from the pastrycook's, and hire a couple of greengrocers, or carpet-beaters, to figure as footmen, dismissing honest Molly, who waits on common days, and bedizening your table (ordinarily ornamented with willow-pattern crockery) with twopenny-halfpenny Birmingham plate. Suppose you pretend to be richer and grander than you ought to be—you are a Dinner-giving Snob. And oh, I tremble to think how many and many a one will read this!

亲爱的先生，我会给你展示——不是全部，因为那是不可能的——几种类型的请人吃饭的势利者。例如，设想你自己处于社会的中层，习惯吃羊肉，星期二吃烤羊肉，星期三吃冷羊肉，星期四吃碎羊肉等。你收入不多，房子很小，但是却大肆挥霍，在房子里招待客人，把那里弄得一团糟——这样你就立刻进入了请人吃饭的势利者之列。设想一下，你从糕点制作工那里取来了一些廉价的盘子，雇了几个蔬果商或拍地毯的人来充当仆人，却解雇了日常侍候你的诚实的莫莉，还用二便士半的伯明翰盘子来装点你的餐桌（平时是用上面有柳树图案的陶器装点的）。假设你假装成比实际更加富有显要的样子——那你就是一个请人吃饭的势利者了。噢，一想到会有很多很多人读到这些，我就会颤抖！

A man who entertains in this way—and, alas, how few do not!—is like a fellow who would borrow his neighbour's coat to make a show in, or a lady who flaunts in the diamonds from next door—a humbug, in a word, and amongst the Snobs he must be set down.

一个用这种方式提供款待的人——天呀，不这么做的人很少呢！——就像一个借邻居的外套来炫耀的家伙，或是一个从隔壁借钻石来炫耀的小姐一样。总之，这样的人就是个骗子，必须要被列入势利者之列。

A man who goes out of his natural sphere of society to ask Lords, Generals, Aldermen, and other persons of fashion, but is niggardly of his hospitality towards his own equals, is a Dinner-giving Snob. My dear friend, Jack Tufthunt, for example, knows ONE Lord whom he met at a watering-place: old Lord Mumble, who is as toothless as a three-months-old baby, and as mum as an undertaker, and as dull as—well, we will not particularise. Tufthunt never has a dinner now but you see this solemn old toothless patrician at the right-hand of Mrs. Tufthunt—Tufthunt is a Dinner-giving Snob.

一个人脱离自己本身的社交圈子，而去邀请那些贵族、将军、高级市政管，以及其他名流，但是招待同阶层的人时却非常吝啬，那他就是一个请人吃饭的势利者。例如，我亲爱的朋友杰克·吐夫桑特在一个海滨胜地认识了一位贵族——年老的马姆布尔勋爵。他的牙齿掉得像三个月大的婴儿，像殡仪员一样沉默寡言，呆笨得就像——好了，我们还是不要说得太具体了。现在只要吐夫桑特吃饭，你就会看见那个板着脸、牙齿掉光的贵族坐在他的右手边——吐夫桑特是一个请人吃饭的势利者。

Old Livermore, old Soy, old Chutney, the East Indian Director, old Cutler, the Surgeon, &c.,—that society of old fogies, in fine, who give each other dinners round and round, and dine for the mere purpose of guttling—these, again, are Dinner-giving Snobs.

老利弗莫尔、老索伊、东印度公司的董事老查特勒，以及外科医生老卡特勒等——总之是那帮老顽固，他们一轮接一轮地请彼此吃饭，而吃饭的唯一目的就是狼吞虎咽——同样，这些人也是请人吃饭的势利者。

Again, my friend Lady MacScrew, who has three grenadier flunkeys in lace round the table, and serves up a scrag-of-mutton on silver, and dribbles you out bad sherry and port by thimblefuls, is a Dinner-giving Snob of the other sort; and I confess, for my part, I would rather dine with old Livermore or old Soy than with her Ladyship.

又比如，我的朋友玛克斯克罗女士请了三个身穿蕾丝的掷弹兵坐在餐桌边，叫人端上放在银餐具里的羊颈肉，并斟上一丁点儿劣质的雪利酒和波尔图葡萄酒。她是另一种类型的请人吃饭的势利者。我承认，就我来说，我情愿和老利弗莫尔或是老索伊吃饭，也不愿和这位女士一起用餐。

Stinginess is snobbish. Ostentation is snobbish. Too great profusion is snobbish. Tuft-hunting is snobbish. But I own there are people more snobbish than all those whose defects are above mentioned: viz., those individuals who can, and don't give dinners at all. The man without hospitality shall never sit SUB IISDEM TRABIBUS with ME. Let the sordid wretch go mumble his bone alone!

吝啬是势利的。摆阔是势利的。大肆铺张是势利的。趋炎附势是势利的。但是我承认，还有些人比上述那些缺点明显的人更加势利——那些有能力请人吃饭，却根本不请的人。不好客者永远都别想和我一起坐着吃饭。让那种卑鄙之人独自去啃骨头吧！

What, again, is true hospitality? Alas, my dear friends and brother Snobs! how little do we meet of it after all! Are the motives PURE which induce your friends to ask you to dinner? This has often come across me. Does your entertainer want something from you? For instance, I am not of a suspicious turn; but it IS a fact that when Hookey is bringing out a new work, he asks the critics all round to dinner; that when Walker has got his picture ready for the Exhibition, he somehow grows exceedingly hospitable, and has his friends of the press to a quiet cutlet and a glass of Sillery. Old Hunks, the miser, who died lately (leaving his money to his housekeeper) lived many years on the fat of the land, by simply taking down, at all his friends', the names and Christian names OF ALL THE CHILDREN. But though you may have your own opinion about the hospitality of your acquaintances; and though men who ask you from sordid motives are most decidedly Dinner-giving Snobs, it is best not to inquire into their motives too keenly. Be not too curious about the mouth of a gift-horse. After all, a man does not intend to insult you by asking you to dinner.

那么，到底什么是真正的好客呢？天呀，我亲爱的朋友和势利者兄弟们！毕竟，这种情形我们碰到的太少了！你的朋友们请你吃饭的动机纯吗？我经常在思考这一问题。款待你的人是不是想从你这儿得到什么？例如，我本不是一个多疑的人，但是事实上，只要胡克一发表新文章，他就会邀请所有的评论家吃饭。沃克准备好图片去展览时，不知为何就会变得非常热情好客，邀请他在媒体界的朋友们去吃炸肉排、喝一杯塞勒雷酒。最近去世的吝啬鬼老洪克斯（他把钱都留给了他的管家）过去多年来都过得很奢侈，他采取的办法仅仅是在他所有的朋友家里，记下所有孩子们的姓名和教名。但是，虽然你可能对你所认识的人的好客有自己的看法。虽然那些怀着卑鄙动机请你吃饭的人无疑是请人吃饭的势利者，但你最好还是别刨根问底地追问他们的动机了。别对送上门的礼物太挑剔了。毕竟，请你吃饭的人没有想要侮辱你的意思。

Though, for that matter, I know some characters about town who actually consider themselves injured and insulted if the dinner or the company is not to their liking. There is Guttleton, who dines at home off a shilling's-worth of beef from the cookshop, but if he is asked to dine at a house where there are not pease at the end of May, or cucumbers in March along with the turbot, thinks himself insulted by being invited. 'Good Ged!' says he, 'what the deuce do the Forkers mean by asking ME to a family dinner? I can get mutton at home;' or 'What infernal impertinence it is of the Spooners to get ENTREES from

the pastrycook's, and fancy that I am to be deceived with their stories about their French cook!' Then, again, there is Jack Puddington—I saw that honest fellow t'other day quite in a rage, because, as chance would have it, Sir John Carver asked him to meet the very same party he had met at Colonel Cramley's the day before, and he had not got up a new set of stories to entertain them. Poor Dinner-giving Snobs! you don't know what small thanks you get for all your pains and money! How we Dining-out Snobs sneer at your cookery, and pooh-pooh your old hock, and are incredulous about your four-and-six-penny champagne, and know that the side-dishes of to-day are RECHAUFFES from the dinner of yesterday, and mark how certain dishes are whisked off the table untasted, so that they may figure at the banquet tomorrow. Whenever, for my part, I see the head man particularly anxious to ESCAMOTER a fricandeau or a blanc-mange, I always call out, and insist upon massacring it with a spoon. All this sort of conduct makes one popular with the Dinner-giving Snob. One friend of mine, I know, has made a prodigious sensation in good society, by announcing apropos of certain dishes when offered to him, that he never eats aspic except at Lord Tittup's, and that Lady Jimmy's CHEF is the only man in London who knows how to dress—FILET EN SERPENTEAU—or SUPREME DE VOLAILLE AUX TRUFFES.

然而，就此而言，我知道这个城市有些人因为饭菜或是一同进餐的人不合自己胃口，就会真的觉得自己受了伤害和侮辱。有一个名叫加特勒唐的人，在家的时候只吃从小餐馆买来的价值一先令的牛肉，但要是有人请他去家里吃饭，如果五月末吃不上豌豆，三月份吃不上黄瓜就比目鱼，那他就会觉得自己受邀请是受到了侮辱。“天哪！”他说，“福克斯一家请我去吃家宴到底是为了什么呀？我在家可以吃上羊肉。”或者说：“斯普纳斯一家人无礼得多么可恶啊，从糕点制作工那里买几道小菜，还以为我会受骗，相信他们有法国厨师的故事！”又比如，有个叫杰克·普丁唐的人——我几天前才看见那个老实的家伙发怒了，因为太巧了，约翰·卡弗爵士邀请他去见他前一天刚刚在克兰勒上校家见到的那群人，他招待他们时还是编了同样的故事。可怜的请人吃饭的势利者啊！你不知道，你所有的辛苦和花费并没有换来多少感谢！我们这些外出就餐的势利者是多么瞧不起你们的烹饪技术，对你们做得那么老的腿肉呸呸呸地不屑，对你们花四点六个便士买来的香槟表示怀疑，也知道当天的配菜其实是前一天晚餐的剩菜，并且注意到有些菜还没有尝就被迅速地撤走了，这样它们就可以出现在第二天的宴席上。就我而言，不论什么时候我看到领班急于要把炖牛肉或是牛奶冻拿走，总是大叫一声，然后坚持要用汤匙把它们彻底破坏。所有的这类行为会使你受到请人吃饭的势利者的欢迎。我就知道有一个朋友已经在上流社会引起了很大的轰动，因为只要有什么菜给他端去，他就会宣称自己除了在提塔普勋爵家外从来不吃肉冻，还说吉米女士家的厨师是伦敦唯一一个知道怎样做蛇肉片或是块菰烧家禽胸脯肉冻的人。

CHAPTER XX DINNER-GIVING SNOBS FURTHER CONSIDERED

第二十章 对请人吃饭的势利者的进一步思考

If my friends would but follow the present prevailing fashion, I think they ought to give me a testimonial for the paper on Dinner-giving Snobs, which I am now writing. What do you say now to a handsome comfortable dinner-service of plate (NOT including plates, for I hold silver plates to be sheer wantonness, and would almost as soon think of silver teacups), a couple of neat teapots, a coffeepot, trays, &c., with a little inscription to my wife, Mrs. Snob; and a half-score of silver tankards for the little Snoblings, to glitter on the homely table where they partake of their quotidian mutton?

如果我的朋友们要跟风于目前盛行的时尚，我认为他们应该对于我正在写的这篇关于请人吃饭的势利者的文章给予认可。美观舒适的餐盘（不包括盘子，因为我觉得银制盘子太奢侈了，几乎马上就会想到银茶杯）、一对整洁的茶壶、一个咖啡壶，以及一些托盘——上面有一些给我的太太，即势利者夫人的题词，等等。另外还有给小斯劳布林准备的十个银制大啤酒杯，使其在他们日常吃羊肉的家常餐桌上闪闪发光。你现在如何看待这些？

If I had my way, and my plans could be carried out, dinner-giving would increase as much on the one hand as dinner-giving Snobbishness would diminish:—to my mind the most amiable part of the work lately published by my esteemed friend (if upon a very brief acquaintance he will allow me to call him so), Alexis Soyer, the regenerator—what he (in his noble style) would call the most succulent, savoury, and elegant passages—are those which relate, not to the grand banquets and ceremonial dinners, but to his 'dinners at home.'

假如按照我的方式，假如我的计划能够施行，一方面，宴请会增多；另一方面，其中的势利行为则会减少。在我看来，我尊贵的朋友（要是他允许我在简短的认识之后这么称呼他的话），改革者亚历克西斯·索伊，最近发表的作品中最可爱的部分——他（以他高贵的作风）会说最引人入胜、最风趣、最高雅的章节——并不是那些关于盛大宴会和正式晚餐的，而是关于“家庭宴会”的部分。

The 'dinner at home' ought to be the centre of the whole system of dinner-giving. Your usual style of meal—that is, plenteous, comfortable, and in its perfection—should be that to which you welcome your friends, as it is that of which you partake yourself.

“家庭宴会”应该是整个请人吃饭体系的中心。你通常的用餐方式——丰盛、舒适、完美无缺——应该是你用来欢迎你的朋友的方式，而你自己也享受着这种用餐方式。

For, towards what woman in the world do I entertain a higher regard than towards the beloved partner of my existence, Mrs. Snob? Who should have a greater place in my affections than her six brothers (three or four of whom we are pretty sure will favour us with their company at seven o'clock), or her angelic mother, my own valued mother-in-law?—for whom, finally, would I wish to cater more generously than for your very humble servant, the present writer? Now, nobody supposes that the Birmingham plate is had out, the disguised carpet-beaters introduced to the exclusion of the neat parlour-maid, the miserable ENTREES from the pastrycook's ordered in, and the children packed off (as it is supposed) to the nursery, but really only to the staircase, down which they slide during the dinner-time, waylaying the dishes as they come out, and fingering the round bumps on the jellies, and the forced-meat balls in the soup,—nobody, I say, supposes that a dinner at home is characterized by the horrible ceremony, the foolish makeshifts, the mean pomp and ostentation which distinguish our banquets on grand field-days.

因为，我对天底下哪个女人的敬意能够超过对我亲爱的人生伴侣，势利者夫人的敬意呢？谁在我的情感世界中所占的地位能够胜过她的六个兄弟（我很确定他们中的三、四个会在七点钟的时候来陪伴我们），或是她那天使般的母亲，也就是我自己尊贵的岳母大人呢？最终，我会为了他们而非你们面前的作者，即鄙人自己，而慷慨宴请他人。现在，没人会认为需要摆上伯明翰餐盘，使用伪装的地毯拍打人——而非整洁的大厅女仆，从点心制作工那里订粗劣的餐饭，把孩子打发到托儿所去（理应是这样），事实上只让他们到楼梯上，大人用餐期间还会滑下来，抢吃退下的饭菜，还用手指蘸果酱上的泡泡和汤里的肉丸——我觉得没有人会认为家里的晚饭上会出现这种可怕的仪式、愚蠢的凑合和低劣的炫耀卖弄，这些正是我们盛大节日上晚宴的特点。

Such a notion is monstrous.

这样的念头真是怪诞。

I would as soon think of having my dearest Bessy sitting opposite me in a turban and bird of paradise, and showing her jolly mottled arms out of blond sleeves in her famous red satin gown: ay, or of having Mr. Toole every day, in a white waistcoat, at my back, shouting, 'Silence FAW the chair!'

我会很快想起让我最亲爱的贝西坐在我对面，戴上有极乐鸟图案的头巾，从高级的红缎长袍金黄色的袖口露出她那漂亮的白里透红的胳膊。唉，或是想起让图尔先生每天穿着洁白的背心，在我背后大喊：“主席，让法沃保持安静！”

Now, if this be the case; if the Brummagem-plate pomp and the processions of disguised footmen are odious and foolish in everyday life, why not always? Why should Jones and I, who are in the middle rank, alter the modes of our being to assume an ECLAT which does not belong to us—to entertain our friends, who (if we are worth anything and honest fellows at bottom,) are men of the middle rank too, who are not in the least deceived by our temporary splendour, and who play off exactly the same absurd trick upon us when they ask us to dine?

现在，要是情况如此——要是用俗丽的廉价盘子来炫耀，并让伪装的仆从组成一个队列——这样在日常生活中是愚蠢而令人讨厌的行为，为什么总是这样呢？为什么处于中等阶层的琼斯和我要改变我们的生活方式，从而呈现出那种并不属于我们的光彩——为了款待我们的朋友，他们（如果我们还有价值，本质上都是诚实的人）也是中等阶层，根本不会为我们一时的荣耀所蒙蔽，请我们吃饭时用同样荒谬的鬼把戏来嘲弄我们？

If it be pleasant to dine with your friends, as all persons with good stomachs and kindly hearts will, I presume, allow it to be, it is better to dine twice than to dine once. It is impossible for men of small means to be continually spending five-and-twenty or thirty shillings on each friend who sits down to their table. People dine for less. I myself have seen, at my favourite Club (the Senior United Service), His Grace the Duke of Wellington quite contented with the joint, one-and-three, and half-pint of sherry, nine; and if his Grace, why not you and I?

要是你同朋友们吃饭感到很高兴，就像所有胃口很好、心地善良的人一样，我认为最好是共餐两次而并非一次。要想让收入很少的人持续地为坐在他餐桌边的每一个朋友花费二十五或是三十先令是不可能的。人们会吃花销更少的东西。我自己已经在我最喜欢的俱乐部（高级联合士兵俱乐部）里看到优雅的威灵顿公爵对一点三先令的带骨动物腿肉和九先令的半品脱雪利酒还很满意。既然公爵大人都可以如此，为什么你我这些人不行呢？

This rule I have made, and found the benefit of. Whenever I ask a couple of Dukes and a Marquis or so to dine with me, I set them down to a piece of beef, or a leg-of-mutton and trimmings. The grandees thank you for this simplicity, and appreciate the same. My dear Jones, ask any of those whom you have the honour of knowing, if such be not the case.

我已经制定了这个规则，而且已经发现了其中的好处。不论什么时候我请几位公爵和某位侯爵之辈吃饭，都会让他们坐下吃牛肉，或是羊腿肉和配菜。贵族们会感谢你这种简朴的招待，并且表示赞赏。我亲爱的琼斯，问问你有幸认识的人这是否属实吧。

I am far from wishing that their Graces should treat me in a similar fashion. Splendour is a part of their station, as decent comfort (let us trust), of yours and mine. Fate has comfortably appointed gold plate for some, and has bidden others contentedly to wear the willow-pattern. And being perfectly contented (indeed humbly thankful—for look around, O Jones, and see the myriads who are not so fortunate,) to wear honest linen, while magnificos of the world are adorned with cambric and point-lace, surely we ought to hold as miserable, envious fools, those wretched Beaux Tibbs's of society, who sport a lace dickey, and nothing besides,—the poor silly jays, who trail a peacock's feather behind them, and think to simulate the gorgeous bird whose nature it is to strut on palace-terraces, and to flaunt his magnificent fan-tail in the sunshine!

我却远远不希望那些贵族用类似的方式来对我。显赫是他们身份的一部分，就像体面舒适（让我们相信）是你我身份的一部分一样。命运已经轻松地让一些人得到了金盘子，还心安理得地吩咐另一些人穿上柳树图案的衣服。一方面非常满意地（的确要充满谦卑的谢意——因为看看周围，哦，琼斯，看看那数不清的还不如我们幸运的人）穿着亚麻制品，同时，世界上的显贵要人们穿着细纺织品和针绣花边。很显然，我们应该认为社会上博·蒂布斯之辈喜欢修饰的可怜虫是些既可怜又心存嫉妒的笨家伙，他们只能炫耀有花边的衬衫假前胸，除此之外别无其他。这些可怜而愚蠢的花花公子们，身后拖着孔雀羽毛，想要模仿那种天生大摇大摆地走在宫殿的台阶上、在阳光下炫耀它那绝美扇形尾巴的美丽鸟儿！

The jays with peacocks' feathers are the Snobs of this world: and never, since the days of Aesop, were they more numerous in any land than they are at present in this free country.

带着孔雀羽毛的花花公子们是这个世界上的势利者。自从伊索的时代以来，不论在什么地方，他们的数量都没有今天在这个自由的国度里那么多。

How does this most ancient apologue apply to the subject in hand?—the Dinner-giving Snob. The imitation of the great is universal in this city, from the palaces of Kensingtonia and Belgravia, even to the remotest corner of Brunswick Square.

这个最古老的寓言怎样才能应用到眼前的这个话题——请人吃饭的势利者上面来呢？在这个城市，模仿伟人是很普遍的，从肯辛顿和贝尔格里维亚的宫殿，甚至到不伦瑞克广场最远的角落。

Peacocks' feathers are stuck in the tails of most families. Scarce one of us domestic birds but imitates the lanky, pavonine strut, and shrill, genteel scream. O you misguided dinner-giving Snobs, think how much pleasure you lose, and how much mischief you do with your absurd grandeurs and hypocrisies! You stuff each other with

unnatural forced-meats, and entertain each other to the ruin of friendship (let alone health) and the destruction of hospitality and good-fellowship—you, who but for the peacock's tail might chatter away so much at your ease, and be so jovial and happy!

大多数家庭的尾巴上都插着孔雀羽毛。恐怕我们的国人中总有一个要去学孔雀那样趾高气扬地蹒跚而行，还发出假斯文的尖叫声。噢，你们这些被误导的请人吃饭的势利者，想想看你们失去了多少快乐，遭到了多少伤害啊，而这仅仅是为了显示你那荒唐的显赫和虚伪！你们让彼此吃下一些不得不吃的不正常的肉食，款待对方却毁掉了友谊（更不用说健康了），破坏了好客之情和情谊——你们要不是为了孔雀的尾巴，可能还在轻松自如、开心快乐地聊天呢！

When a man goes into a great set company of dinner-giving and dinner-receiving Snobs, if he has a philosophical turn of mind, he will consider what a huge humbug the whole affair is: the dishes, and the drink, and the servants, and the plate, and the host and hostess, and the conversation, and the company,—the philosopher included.

当某一个人加入一大帮请人吃饭和被人请吃饭的势利者之列，要是他有哲学思维的话，他会认识到整件事是一个多么大的骗局：菜、酒、侍者、盘子、男主人和女主人、言谈，以及众人——包括哲学家在内。

The host is smiling, and hob-nobbing, and talking up and down the table; but a prey to secret terrors and anxieties, lest the wines he has brought up from the cellar should prove insufficient; lest a corked bottle should destroy his calculations; or our friend the carpet-beater, by making some BEVUE, should disclose his real quality of greengrocer, and show that he is not the family butler.

男主人微笑着，亲切地在餐桌旁上上下下与人交谈着。但是他心里却暗自充满了恐惧与焦虑，唯恐他从酒窖里拿上来的酒不够，唯恐带着瓶塞味的酒会坏了他的打算。我们那个专门拍打地毯的朋友，要是某个方面出了差错，就会泄露自己蔬果商的真实身份，让人们知道他并不是这个家里的男管家。

The hostess is smiling resolutely through all the courses, smiling through her agony; though her heart is in the kitchen, and she is speculating with terror lest there be any disaster there. If the SOUFFLE should collapse, or if Wiggins does not send the ices in time—she feels as if she would commit suicide—that smiling, jolly woman!

女主人对着所有的菜都面带坚毅的微笑，尽管她心里很痛苦，但她的心思在厨房里，正心生恐惧地盘算着，唯恐那儿会出什么差错。要是蛋奶酥掉了，或者要是威金斯没有及时送上冰冻食物——她就会觉得自己彷佛就要自杀了——那个微笑快乐的女人！

The children upstairs are yelling, as their maid is crimping their miserable ringlets with hot tongs, tearing Miss Emmy's hair out by the

roots, or scrubbing Miss Polly's dumpy nose with mottled soap till the little wretch screams herself into fits. The young males of the family are employed, as we have stated, in piratical exploits upon the landing-place.

孩子们在楼上尖叫，因为她们的女佣正在用烫发钳卷着她们可怜的卷发，把埃米小姐的头发都连根拔起了，或是用杂色的肥皂擦洗波莉小姐的短鼻子，直到那个可怜的小家伙撕心裂肺地叫起来。正如我们所说过的，这个家里的小男孩正在楼梯平台上玩着海盗探险。

The servants are not servants, but the before-mentioned retail tradesmen.

仆人不是仆人，而是之前提到的零售商。

The plate is not plate, but a mere shiny Birmingham lacquer; and so is the hospitality, and everything else.

盘子不是盘子，而仅仅是闪闪发光的伯明翰漆器，热情好客以及所有其他都是这样。

The talk is Birmingham talk. The wag of the party, with bitterness in his heart, having just quitted his laundress, who is dunning him for her bill, is firing off good stories; and the opposition wag is furious that he cannot get an innings. Jawkins, the great conversationalist, is scornful and indignant with the pair of them, because he is kept out of court. Young Muscadel, that cheap dandy, is talking Fashion and Almack's out of the *MORNING POST*, and disgusting his neighbour, Mrs. Fox, who reflects that she has never been there. The widow is vexed out of patience, because her daughter Maria has got a place beside young Cambric, the penniless curate, and not by Colonel Goldmore, the rich widower from India. The Doctor's wife is sulky, because she has not been led out before the barrister's lady; old Doctor Cork is grumbling at the wine, and Guttleton sneering at the cookery.

交谈是伯明翰式的交谈。聚会中那个风趣的人，尽管他因为刚刚辞退了向他讨账的洗衣女工心中苦恼，却还在大讲美妙的故事。坐在他对面的那个同样爱说笑的人则因为不能大显身手而愤怒不已。那个非常健谈的乔金斯对他们这一对既表示蔑视又充满愤怒，因为大家对他不理不睬。那个卑贱的花花公子，即年轻的马斯凯德尔正在谈论《晨报》上提到的时尚和奥尔马克剧院。他的邻居福克斯夫人感到很厌恶，想到自己从来没有去过那里。这个寡妇已经烦得失去耐心了，因为她的女儿玛丽亚站到了不名一文的副牧师、年轻的坎布里克身边，而不是来自印度的那个富有的鳏夫哥尔德莫上校身边。博士的太太很生气，因为她没有在律师夫人的前面被引出去；年老的科克博士正在抱怨酒；加特勒唐在嘲笑这里的烹饪技术。

And to think that all these people might be so happy, and easy, and friendly, were they brought together in a natural unpretentious

way, and but for an unhappy passion for peacocks' feathers in England. Gentle shades of Marat and Robespierre! when I see how all the honesty of society is corrupted among us by the miserable fashion-worship, I feel as angry as Mrs. Fox just mentioned, and ready to order a general BATTUE of peacocks.

想一想，要是他们以一种自然而不需伪装的方式聚会，要不是在英国有这样一种不幸的对于孔雀羽毛的热衷，所有的这些人将会多么快乐、随和而友好啊!他们都是马拉特和罗伯斯比尔温柔的影子！当我看见这个社会上所有的诚实正直在我们中间因为糟糕的时尚崇拜而腐化，我愤怒得跟刚刚提到的福克斯夫人一样，准备下令对孔雀进行一场大屠杀。

CHAPTER XXI SOME CONTINENTAL SNOBS

第二十一章 一些欧洲大陆势利者

Now that September has come, and all our Parliamentary duties are over, perhaps no class of Snobs are in such high feather as the Continental Snobs. I watch these daily as they commence their migrations from the beach at Folkestone. I see shoals of them depart (not perhaps without an innate longing too to quit the Island along with those happy Snobs). Farewell, dear friends, I say: you little know that the individual who regards you from the beach is your friend and historiographer and brother.

既然已经到了九月，我们所有的议会事务都已经完毕，也许没有哪种势利者能有欧洲大陆的势利者这么精神饱满。他们开始从福克斯通的海滩出发时，我每天都注意到这些。我看见他们一群一群地离开（可能有一种内在想要同那些快乐的势利者离开此岛的渴望）。我要说的是：再见了，亲爱的朋友们，你们几乎不知道在海滩上注视你们的人其实是你们的朋友、撰史人和兄弟。

I went to-day to see our excellent friend Snooks, on board the 'Queen of the French;' many scores of Snobs were there, on the deck of that fine ship, marching forth in their pride and bravery. They will be at Ostend in four hours; they will inundate the Continent next week; they will carry into far lands the famous image of the British Snob. I shall not see them—but am with them in spirit: and indeed there is hardly a country in the known and civilized world in which these eyes have not beheld them.

当天我送我们优秀的朋友斯罗克士上了“法国女王号”。几十个势利者都在那儿，就在那艘豪华轮船的甲板上自豪而英勇地向前走。他们四小时后将到达奥斯坦德；下周他们就将遍布欧洲大陆了；他们要把英国势利者的闻名形象带到很远的地方去。我将不会再看到他们——但是我在精神上是和他们一起的。事实上，在这个已知的文明世界上，几乎没有哪个国家的人没有看见过他们。

I have seen Snobs, in pink coats and hunting-boots, scouring over the Campagna of Rome; and have heard their oaths and their well-known slang in the galleries of the Vatican, and under the shadowy arches of the Colosseum. I have met a Snob on a dromedary in the desert, and picnicking under the Pyramid of Cheops. I like to think how many gallant British Snobs there are, at this minute of writing, pushing their heads out of every window in the courtyard of 'Meurice's' in the Rue de Rivoli; or roaring out, 'Garsong, du pang,' 'Garsong, du Yang;' or swaggering down the Toledo at Naples; or even

how many will be on the look-out for Snooks on Ostend Pier,—for Snooks, and the rest of the Snobs on board the 'Queen of the French.'

我见到过一些势利者，穿着粉红色的上衣和猎靴，走遍了罗马平原。我也在梵蒂冈的画廊里、古罗马圆形剧场幽暗的拱门下听到过他们宣誓和讲知名的俚语。我在沙漠里碰到过一个骑在单峰驼上的势利者，他在基奥普斯的金字塔下野炊。我乐于认为，在我写作的此刻，那儿就有多少英勇的英国势利者啊。他们在里沃利街的莫赖斯的院子里，把头从每一扇窗户伸出来，或者大声喊叫着："庞家的那个小子！"、"杨家的那个小子！"；要么大摇大摆地走过那不勒斯的托莱多；或者甚至有很多人会在奥斯坦德码头的瞭望台上等候斯罗克士——等候斯罗克士，以及"法国女王号"上面的其他势利者。

Look at the Marquis of Carabas and his two carriages. My Lady Marchioness comes on board, looks round with that happy air of mingled terror and impertinence which distinguishes her ladyship, and rushes to her carriage, for it is impossible that she should mingle with the other Snobs on deck. There she sits, and will be ill in private. The strawberry leaves on her chariot-panels are engraved on her ladyship's heart. If she were going to heaven instead of to Ostend, I rather think she would expect to have DES PLACES RESERVEES for her, and would send to order the best rooms. A courier, with his money-bag of office round his shoulders—a huge scowling footman, whose dark pepper-and-salt livery glistens with the heraldic insignia of the Carabases—a brazen-looking, tawdry French FEMME-DE-CHAMBRE (none but a female pen can do justice to that wonderful tawdry toilette of the lady's-maid EN VOYAGE)—and a miserable DAME DE COMPAGNIE, are ministering to the wants of her ladyship and her King Charles's spaniel. They are rushing to and fro with eau-de-Cologne, pocket-handkerchiefs, which are all fringe and cipher, and popping mysterious cushions behind and before, and in every available corner of the carriage.

看看卡拉巴斯侯爵和他的两辆马车。侯爵夫人来到船上，欣喜地看着周围，神情中带着能够显示其贵夫人身份的威严与傲慢。她冲向自己的马车，因为要让她和甲板上的其他势利者混在一起是不可能的。她就坐在那儿，私底下感到难过。她那马车鞍垫上的草莓叶饰刻在了夫人的心上。要是她要去的是天堂而不是奥斯坦德，我真的认为她会期待预留一些位置，并且订到最好的房间。一个旅行仆从把他工作用的钱袋绕在肩头；一个愁眉苦脸的男仆，身材高大，戴着卡拉巴斯家族的徽章，使暗沉的黑白相间的制服闪闪发光；一个皮肤呈黄铜色的俗丽的法国贴身女佣（只有女性作家才能写出那个旅行贴身女佣奇妙俗丽的打扮）；还有一个可怜的女伴。她们都伺候着夫人和她的玳瑁猫。他们拿着有边饰和拼合文字的手帕，带着科隆香水味跑来跑去，并在马车每一个可以触及的角落前前后后地拍打着神秘的垫子。

The little Marquis, her husband is walking about the deck in a

bewildered manner, with a lean daughter on each arm: the carroty-tufted hope of the family is already smoking on the foredeck in a travelling costume checked all over, and in little lacquer-tip pod jean boots, and a shirt embroidered with pink boa-constrictors. What is it that gives travelling Snobs such a marvellous propensity to rush into a costume? Why should a man not travel in a coat, &c. Why should a man not travel in a coat, &c.but think proper to dress himself like a harlequin in morning? but think proper to dress himself like a harlequin in mourning? See, even young Aldermanbury, the tallow-merchant, who has just stepped on board, has got a travelling-dress gaping all over with pockets; and little Tom Tapeworm, the lawyer's clerk out of the City, who has but three weeks' leave, turns out in gaiters and a bran-new shooting-jacket, and must let the moustaches grow on his little sniffy upper lip, forsooth!

她的丈夫，小个子侯爵正不知所措地在甲板上踱着步，两个瘦瘦的女儿靠在他的左右手臂上。这个承担家庭希望的人戴着橘红色丛毛装饰，已经在前甲板上抽着烟。他穿着旅行服，浑身上下都是花纹，脚穿一双不大的漆头牛仔靴，衬衫上绣着粉红色的王蛇图案。到底是什么让这些旅行势利者们有这种神奇的癖好，如此迫切地想要把自己打扮成那样？为什么不能穿着大衣之类的衣服去旅行？为什么不能穿着大衣之类的衣服去旅行，却觉得把自己打扮得像一个穿着丧服的小丑才合适呢？觉得要把自己打扮得像一个穿着丧服的小丑才合适？瞧，连刚刚走到船上来的年轻的油脂商奥尔德曼伯里，都已经穿上了一套全身都是口袋的旅行服。那个仅仅出城三周的律师行职员小汤姆·特普沃姆，也换上了护腿和崭新的狩猎服，而且他一定会在自己小巧而傲慢的上嘴唇上留着胡须，真的！

Pompey Hicks is giving elaborate directions to his servant, and asking loudly, 'Davis, where's the dwessing-case?' and 'Davis, you'd best take the pistol-case into the cabin.' Little Pompey travels with a dressing-case, and without a beard: whom he is going to shoot with his pistols, who on earth can tell? and what he is to do with his servant but wait upon him, I am at a loss to conjecture.

庞培·希克斯正事无巨细地使唤着他的仆人，高声问道：“戴维斯，梳妆盒呢？”又说道：“戴维斯，你最好把手枪套拿去船舱。”小庞培旅行时带着梳妆盒，却没有留胡子。有谁知道他要用手枪打谁呢？我真猜不出他除了让仆人伺候他，还能用仆人来干什么。

Look at honest Nathan Houndsditch and his lady, and their little son. What a noble air of blazing contentment illuminates the features of those Snobs of Eastern race! What a toilette Houndsditch's is! What rings and chains, what gold-headed canes and diamonds, what a tuft the rogue has got to his chin (the rogue! he will never spare himself any cheap enjoyment!) he will never spare himself any cheap enjoyment!) Little Houndsditch has a little cane with a gilt head and

little mosaic ornaments—altogether an extra air. As for the lady, she is all the colours of the rainbow! she has a pink parasol, with a white lining, and a yellow bonnet, and an emerald green shawl, and a shot-silk pelisse; and drab boots and rhubarb-coloured gloves; and parti-coloured glass buttons, expanding from the size of a fourpenny-piece to a crown, glitter and twiddle all down the front of her gorgeous costume. I have said before, I like to look at 'the Peoples' on their gala days, they are so picturesquely and outrageously splendid and happy.

看看诚实的内森·霍兹迪奇，以及他的太太和小儿子吧。闪耀着满足的贵族气，这多么能够展现那几个来自东方民族的势利者的特征啊！霍兹迪奇的打扮多么神奇啊！这个无赖戴着怎样的戒指和项链、拿着怎样的金头手杖、佩着怎样的钻石、下巴上留着怎样的胡须啊！（这个无赖！不管多么廉价的享受他都从来不会错过！）小霍兹迪奇有一个镀金头的小手杖和一些镶嵌小饰物——整体感觉很非同寻常的样子。至于这位夫人，她简直就像是七色的彩虹！她拿着一把白色内衬的粉红色太阳伞，戴着一顶黄色的女帽，围着鲜绿色的方形披巾，披着闪色绸的毛衣披风。她穿着褐色的靴子，戴着大黄色的手套，从四便士到一克朗不等的杂色玻璃纽扣在她华丽的服饰前轻轻转动，闪闪发光。我之前说过，我喜欢看到节日里的“各族人群”，他们是如此惊人地兴高采烈、光彩照人。

Yonder comes Captain Bull; spick and span, tight and trim; who travels for four or six months every year of his life; who does not commit himself by luxury of raiment or insolence of demeanour, but I think is as great a Snob as any man on board. Bull passes the season in London, sponging for dinners, and sleeping in a garret near his Club. Abroad, he has been everywhere; he knows the best wine at every inn in every capital in Europe; lives with the best English company there; has seen every palace and picture-gallery from Madrid to Stockholm; speaks an abominable little jargon of half-a-dozen languages—and knows nothing—nothing. Bull hunts tufts on the Continent, and is a sort of amateur courier. He will scrape acquaintance with old Carabas before they make Ostend; and will remind his lordship that he met him at Vienna twenty years ago, or gave him a glass of Schnapps up the Righi. We have said Bull knows nothing: he knows the birth, arms, and pedigree of all the peerage, has poked his little eyes into every one of the carriages on board—their panels noted and their crests surveyed; he knows all the Continental stories of English scandal—how Count Towrowski ran off with Miss Baggs at Naples—how VERY thick Lady Smigsmag was with young Cornichon of the French Legation at Florence—the exact amount which Jack Deuceace won of Bob Greengoose at Baden—what it is that made the Staggs settle on the Continent: the sum for which the O'Goggarty estates are mortgaged, &c. If he can't catch a lord he will hook on to a baronet, or

else the old wretch will catch hold of some beardless young stripling of fashion, and show him 'life' in various and amiable and inaccessible quarters. Faugh! the old brute! If he has every one of the vices of the most boisterous youth, at least he is comforted by having no conscience. He is utterly stupid, but of a jovial turn, He believes himself to be quite a respectable member of society: but perhaps the only good action he ever did in his life is the involuntary one of giving an example to be avoided, and showing what an odious thing in the social picture is that figure of the debauched old man who passes through life rather a decorous Silenus, and dies some day in his garret, alone, unrepenting, and unnoted, save by his astonished heirs, who find that the dissolute old miser has left money behind him. See! he is up to old Carabas already! I told you he would.

布尔上尉在远处出现了。他穿戴得干净整洁，又十分紧凑。他每年花四个月或是半年去旅行；不穿奢华的服装，也并不显得傲慢，但是我认为他和船上的所有人一样，是个了不起的势利者。布尔在伦敦度过社交季，他骗吃骗喝，就在离他的俱乐部不远的一个阁楼里安寝。在国外，他简直无处不在；他知道欧洲每一个首都的每一个小旅馆里最好的酒是什么，和那里地位最高的英国人住在一起；看过从马德里到斯德哥尔摩的每一个宫殿和画廊；用数种语言讲着一丁点儿令人讨厌的行话——但是他什么都不知道——什么都不知道。布尔在欧洲大陆追随贵族人物，是一个业余导游。他要在老卡拉巴斯他们到达奥斯坦德之前同他认识，还要提醒大人说他二十年前在维也纳遇到过他，或者在里吉请他喝过一杯荷兰杜松子酒。我们之前说过，布尔什么都不懂，但是他知道所有贵族的出身、纹章和家谱，那双小眼睛还逐一窥探过船上的那些马车。他注意观察了那些马车的面板以及顶饰。他知道在欧洲大陆上流传着的所有的关于英国人的丑闻——如，托罗斯基伯爵在那不勒斯怎样和巴格斯小姐私奔，史密格士玛夫人在佛罗伦萨怎样对法国公使馆的年轻人科尔尼怀着深深的情意，杰克·多塞士在巴登具体赢了鲍勃·格林哥斯多少钱，斯塔格斯一家人在欧洲大陆定居是为了什么，以及奥格加蒂的财产抵押了具体多少金额，等等。要是他不能攀上一位勋爵，那么他也会钓上一个准男爵，要不这个老恶棍就会抓住某个涉世未深的时髦年轻人，给他展示出“生活”的多样、可爱而又难以接近的方方面面。呸！这个人面兽心的老家伙！要是吵吵嚷嚷的青年身上的每一个缺点他都有，那么他至少会因为没有良心而觉得安慰。他太蠢了，但是他生性乐观，相信自己是这个社会上很受尊敬的一个人。但是也许他做过的仅有的善举，就是无意中树立了一个应该避免的榜样，展示了在这个社会画面里一个丑恶堕落的老人的形象——他一辈子就像彬彬有礼的赛利纳斯，某一天会在阁楼里无怨无悔地独自死去，除了他那些吃惊的继承人外，无人知晓。那些人会发现这个放荡的老吝啬鬼死后竟然留下了钱财。瞧瞧！他已经到老卡拉巴斯那儿去了！我告诉过你他会这么做的。

Yonder you see the old Lady Mary MacScrew, and those middle-aged young women her daughters; they are going to cheapen and

haggle in Belgium and up the Rhine until they meet with a boarding-house where they can live upon less board-wages than her ladyship pays her footmen. But she will exact and receive considerable respect from the British Snobs located in the watering place which she selects for her summer residence, being the daughter of the Earl of Haggistoun. That broad-shouldered buck, with the great whiskers and the cleaned white kid-gloves, is Mr. Phelim Clancy of Poldoodystown: he calls himself Mr. De Clancy; he endeavours to disguise his native brogue with the richest superposition of English; and if you play at billiards or ECARTE with him, the chances are that you will win the first game, and he the seven or eight games ensuing.

你看那边是玛丽·马克斯库老夫人和她那些人到中年的年轻女儿们。她们要去比利时的莱茵河一带讨价还价，直到碰到一个寄宿之处，费用比夫人付给她的男仆们的伙食费还低。但她一定会受到海滨胜地的英国势利者的很大关注，那个海滨胜地是她挑选来作为避暑之处的。她是哈杰斯唐伯爵的女儿。那个宽肩头、大胡子、戴着洁白的山羊皮手套的男人是波多迪斯镇的费利姆·克兰西先生，但是他自称德克兰西先生。他尽力使用最丰富的英语叠音掩饰自己的土音。你要是和他玩台球或是埃卡泰牌，你第一局的时候可能会赢他，而接下来的七八局都是他赢了。

That overgrown lady with the four daughters, and the young dandy from the University, her son, is Mrs. Kewsy, the eminent barrister's lady, who would rather die than not be in the fashion. She has the 'Peerage' in her carpet-bag, you may be sure; but she is altogether cut out by Mrs. Quod, the attorney's wife, whose carriage, with the apparatus of rumbles, dickeys, and imperials, scarcely yields in splendour to the Marquis of Carabas's own travelling-chariot, and whose courier has even bigger whiskers and a larger morocco money-bag than the Marquis's own travelling gentleman. Remark her well: she is talking to Mr. Spout, the new Member for Jawborough, who is going out to inspect the operations of the Zollverein, and will put some very severe questions to Lord Palmerston next session upon England and her relations with the Prussian-blue trade, the Naples-soap trade, the German-tinder trade, &c. Spout will patronize King Leopold at Brussels; will write letters from abroad to the JAWBOROUGH INDEPENDENT; and in his quality of MEMBER DU PARLIAMONG BRITANNIQUE, will expect to be invited to a family dinner with every sovereign whose dominions he honours with a visit during his tour.

那位带着四个女儿和一个大学里的花花公子儿子的过于肥胖的女士是丘斯夫人，她是著名律师的太太，宁死也不会放弃赶时髦。她的毯制旅行包上有“贵族”的字样，这个你可以确定。但是，她完全被代理人的太太科德夫人超越了，后者的马车上有尾座、驾驶人座和车顶，其华丽程度几乎不输给卡拉巴斯侯爵自己的轻便四轮游览马车。而且，她的旅

行仆从的胡须甚至比侯爵的私人旅游侍从更为浓密，摩洛哥革的钱包也更大。好好地看看她吧：这时她正和“乔波罗”的新成员斯波特先生谈话，他即将去视察关税同盟的运作，而且会在下一次会议上向帕默斯顿勋爵提出几个尖锐的问题，比如英国及其与普鲁士蓝的贸易、那不勒斯肥皂贸易、德国火绒贸易的关系等。斯波特会资助布鲁塞尔的利奥波德国王；从国外写信寄给“乔波罗独立联盟”；他期待自己凭着英国议员的身份能被每位君主邀请参加家宴；而他在旅行期间访问他们的领地，对他们来说也是一种荣幸。

The next person is—but hark! the bell for shore is ringing, and, shaking Snooks' hand cordially, we rush on to the pier, waving him a farewell as the noble black ship cuts keenly through the sunny azure waters, bearing away that cargo of Snobs outward bound.

接下来一个人是——但是你听！上岸的铃声响了，我们同斯罗克士热情地握过手之后，便冲向码头，朝他挥手作别。这时，这艘高贵的黑船灵敏地穿过阳光灿烂的蔚蓝色大海，把一船势利者带出海去。

CHAPTER XXII CONTINENTAL SNOBBERY CONTINUED

第二十二章 欧洲大陆势利者(续)

We are accustomed to laugh at the French for their braggadocio propensities, and intolerable vanity about La France, la gloire, l'Empereur, and the like; and yet I think in my heart that the British Snob, for conceit and self-sufficiency and braggartism in his way, is without a parallel. There is always something uneasy in a Frenchman's conceit. He brags with so much fury, shrieking, and gesticulation; yells out so loudly that the Francais is at the head of civilization, the centre of thought, &c.; that one can't but see the poor fellow has a lurking doubt in his own mind that he is not the wonder he professes to be.

我们习惯于嘲笑法国人的自夸癖好，以及他们对于法国、荣耀和皇帝之类的让人无法忍受的虚荣心。但是，我真心觉得英国势利者自负、自满和吹嘘的方式是无可匹敌的。法国人的自负总是有些不安的成分。他吹牛自夸的同时又带着愤怒和尖叫，还做着手势，大声叫嚷法国引领着文明，处于思想的中心，等等。他的声音大得人们都能看出这个可怜的家伙自己都起了疑心，觉得他自己并不是他所称的那种奇才。

About the British Snob, on the contrary, there is commonly no noise, no bluster, but the calmness of profound conviction. We are better than all the world; we don't question the opinion at all; it's an axiom. And when a Frenchman bellows out, 'LA FRANCE, MONSIEUR, LA FRANCE EST A LA TETE DU MONDE CIVILISE!' we laugh good-naturedly at the frantic poor devil. WE are the first chop of the world: we know the fact so well in our secret hearts that a claim set up elsewhere is simply ludicrous. My dear brother reader, say, as a man of honour, if you are not of this opinion? Do you think a Frenchman your equal? You don't—you gallant British Snob—you know you don't: no more, perhaps, does the Snob your humble servant, brother.

相反，英国势利者通常不会发出噪音，不会咆哮着说话，而是显示出有着深厚信念的平静。我们比世界上所有的人都优等，我们对这一观点没有任何疑问——这是一条公理。当一个法国人大声喝道“先生，法国，法国引领着文明！”的时候，我们好意地对这个狂暴可怜的家伙嘲笑一番。我们是世界一流的。我们内心对这一事实认识得非常清楚，其他的主张都简直是滑稽可笑。瞧，我亲爱的读者兄弟，作为一个正派的人，你难道不同意这个观点吗？你觉得法国人可以跟你相提并论吗？你不会的——你这个英勇的英国势利者——你知道你不会认同，也许，你卑下的势利者兄弟也不会这么认为。

And I am inclined to think it is this conviction, and the

consequent bearing of the Englishman towards the foreigner whom he condescends to visit, this confidence of superiority which holds up the head of the owner of every English hat-box from Sicily to St. Petersburg, that makes us so magnificently hated throughout Europe as we are; this—more than all our little victories, and of which many Frenchmen and Spaniards have never heard—this amazing and indomitable insular pride, which animates my lord in his travelling-carriage as well as John in the rumble.

而我更倾向于认为，正是这种自信，和英国人因此对他屈尊拜访的外国人表现出的举止，这种使从西西里岛到圣彼得堡的每个拥有英国帽盒的英国人都有的优越感，使我们像现在这样遭到来自整个欧洲的憎恨。而这简直超越了我们那些很多法国人和西班牙人还闻所未闻的小小胜利——这种令人惊异、不屈不挠、狭隘的自豪感让不论是旅行马车里的贵族还是尾座上的约翰，都精神高涨起来。

If you read the old Chronicles of the French wars, you find precisely the same character of the Englishman, and Henry V.'s people behaved with just the cool domineering manner of our gallant veterans of France and the Peninsula. Did you never hear Colonel Cutler and Major Slasher talking over the war after dinner? or Captain Boarder describing his action with the 'Indomptable?' 'Hang the fellows,' says Boarder, 'their practice was very good. I was beat off three times before I took her.' 'Cuss those carabineers of Milhaud's,' says Slasher, 'what work they made of our light cavalry!' implying a sort of surprise that the Frenchman should stand up against Britons at all: a good-natured wonder that the blind, mad, vain-glorious, brave poor devils should actually have the courage to resist an Englishman. Legions of such Englishmen are patronizing Europe at this moment, being kind to the Pope, or good-natured to the King of Holland, or condescending to inspect the Prussian reviews. When Nicholas came here, who reviews a quarter of a million of pairs of moustaches to his breakfast every morning, we took him off to Windsor and showed him two whole regiments of six or eight hundred Britons a-piece, with an air as much as to say,—'There, my boy, look at THAT. Those are ENGLISHMEN, those are, and your master whenever you please,' as the nursery song says. The British Snob is long, long past scepticism, and can afford to laugh quite good-humouredly at those conceited Yankees, or besotted little Frenchmen, who set up as models of mankind. THEY forsooth!

要是你读到法国战争的历史，你就会从中发现与英国人完全一样的特性。亨利五世的臣民们也有着像法国和半岛上英勇的老兵一样冷酷霸道的行为方式。你从来没有听到过卡特勒上校和斯拉谢尔少校在饭后关于战争的谈论吗？或是波德尔上尉描述他和那个“不屈不挠的人”之间的交锋？“该死的家伙，”波德尔说道，“他们的练习太好了。我在摆平她之

前被击退了三次。”“那些米洛德的卡宾枪手真该死。”斯拉谢尔说道，“看看他们对我们轻骑兵都做了些什么啊！”其中隐约带着些惊讶，觉得法国人竟然会站起来反击英国人——温和中带着惊讶，那些盲目、疯狂、虚荣、勇猛而又可怜的邪恶之辈竟然胆敢抵抗英国人。此时此刻，大批这样的英国人正在光顾欧洲呢，他们很善意地对待罗马教皇，很温和地对待荷兰国王，或是屈尊视察普鲁士人。当每天早餐时都要检阅二十五万留着一对八字须的军队的尼古拉斯走过来时，我们带他去了温莎，向他展示了整整两个军团的英国人，每个军团有六百或八百人，那神情彷佛在说：“嘿，我的朋友，看看那个。那是英国人，那些都是，任何时候他们都是你的主人。” 就像童谣里所唱的那样。英国势利者已经很久都没有怀疑态度了，他们很有心情嘲笑那些自负的美国佬，或是那些一味糊涂地想要树立人类榜样的法国人。他们真的就是这样！

I have been led into these remarks by listening to an old fellow at the Hotel du Nord, at Boulogne, and who is evidently of the Slasher sort. He came down and seated himself at the breakfast-table, with a surly scowl on his salmon-coloured bloodshot face, strangling in a tight, cross-barred cravat; his linen and his appointments so perfectly stiff and spotless that everybody at once recognized him as a dear countryman. Only our port-wine and other admirable institutions could have produced a figure so insolent, so stupid, so gentleman-like. After a while our attention was called to him by his roaring out, in a voice of plethoric fury, 'O!'

我的这些言论都是我在布洛涅的诺德酒店听到一个老人谈话之后得出的，他明显是斯拉谢尔那类人。他走下来坐在早餐桌旁，脖子上紧紧地系着一个横色条的领结，脸上因充血而显得通红，愁容满面。他的亚麻服以及一整套装束都非常笔挺，一尘不染，这样人人都会立刻认出他是一位亲爱的本国同胞。只有我们的波尔图葡萄酒和其他值得称颂的机构才能培育出这样一个无礼、愚蠢而又装得像绅士一样的人物。不一会儿，他带着极端的愤怒发出了“噢”的一声咆哮，这使我们的注意力都集中到他身上来。

Everybody turned round at the 'O,' conceiving the Colonel to be, as his countenance denoted him, in intense pain; but the waiters knew better, and instead of being alarmed, brought the Colonel the kettle. 'O,' it appears, is the French for hot-water. The Colonel (though he despises it heartily) thinks he speaks the language remarkably well. Whilst he was inhausting his smoking tea, which went rolling and gurgling down his throat, and hissing over the 'hot coppers' of that respectable veteran, a friend joined him, with a wizened face and very black wig, evidently a Colonel too.

听见那一声“噢”，大家都转过去，看到他的面部表情，还以为上校极端痛苦。但侍者们更明白是怎么回事，所以并不惊讶，而是把水壶给上校拿来。好像法国人的一声“噢”就是想要热水一样。上校（虽然他打心眼儿里鄙视它）觉得自己把这种语言说得好极了。他喝着冒着热气的

茶，茶水从他的喉咙汩汩地滚下去，在那个受尊敬的老兵的“热锅”里发出嘶嘶的响声。正在这时，一个朋友坐了过来，他形容枯槁，带着很黑的假发，很明显也是一个上校。

The two warriors, waggling their old heads at each other, presently joined breakfast, and fell into conversation, and we had the advantage of hearing about the old war, and some pleasant conjectures as to the next, which they considered imminent. They psha'd the French fleet; they pooh-pooh'd the French commercial marine; they showed how, in a war, there would be a cordon (‘a cordong, by—’) of steamers along our coast, and 'by —,' ready at a minute to land anywhere on the other shore, to give the French as good a thrashing as they got in the last war, 'by —’. In fact, a rumbling cannonade of oaths was fired by the two veterans during the whole of their conversation.

这两个老战士朝彼此摇摇头，一会儿便一起吃早餐，还彼此交谈着。我们便听到他们关于过去那场战争的谈论，以及对下一场战争的一些悦人的推测——他们认为下一场战争就在眼前。他们对法国舰队不屑一顾，对法国的商用船只发出”呸呸“的声音。他们表明，在战争中，会有轮船沿着我们的海岸排成一条警戒线，准备随时在对岸的任何地方登陆，以便像上一场战争那样给法国一次沉重的打击。事实上，在他们的整个谈话期间，两个老兵就这样轰隆隆地赌咒发誓起来。

There was a Frenchman in the room, but as he had not been above ten years in London, of course he did not speak the language, and lost the benefit of the conversation. 'But, O my country!' said I to myself, 'it's no wonder that you are so beloved! If I were a Frenchman, how I would hate you!’

这个房间里有一个法国人，但由于他在伦敦呆的时间还不到十年，当然他还不会讲这种语言，因而未从谈话中获得益处。“但是，噢，我的祖国！”我这样对自己说，”难怪你会受到此般热爱！要是我是一个法国人，我该有多么恨你啊！”

That brutal, ignorant, peevish bully of an Englishman is showing himself in every city of Europe. One of the dullest creatures under heaven, he goes travelling Europe under foot, shouldering his way into galleries and cathedrals, and bustling into palaces with his buck-ram uniform. At church or theatre, gala or picture-gallery, HIS face never varies. A thousand delightful sights pass before his bloodshot eyes, and don't affect him. Countless brilliant scenes of life and manners are shown him, but never move him. He goes to church, and calls the practices there degrading and superstitious: as if HIS altar was the only one that was acceptable. He goes to picture-galleries, and is more ignorant about Art than a French shoeblack. Art, Nature pass, and there is no dot of admiration in his stupid eyes: nothing moves

him, except when a very great man comes his way, and then the rigid, proud, self-confident, inflexible British Snob can be as humble as a flunkey and as supple as a harlequin.

在欧洲的每一个城市，你都能看见这种残暴、无知、性格乖戾的英国暴徒。他是天底下最愚钝的一个人，穿着僵硬的制服游览了欧洲的画廊、大教堂和宫殿，足迹简直遍及欧洲。不论是在教堂还是剧院，不论是在节日盛会还是在画廊里，他的面部表情始终不会改变。即使有上千个令人高兴的场景出现在他充血的眼前，也不能影响到他。即使有数不清的灿烂的生活场景和风俗出现在他面前，也从来不能让他感动。他去教堂，指出那里的宗教活动既低劣又迷信——好像只有他的祭坛才是唯一可接受的。他去画廊，却对艺术一无所知，还不如一个法国的擦鞋匠。艺术与自然出现在他眼前，可是他那愚蠢的眼里没有显露出任何的欣赏之意——没有什么能够打动他，除非某个伟大的人物来到他跟前，那么这个刻板、骄傲、自负而又顽固的英国势利者就能表现得像仆人一样卑微，像小丑一般顺从。

CHAPTER XXIII ENGLISH SNOBS ON THE CONTINENT

第二十三章 欧洲大陆的英国势利者

'WHAT is the use of Lord Rome's telescope?' my friend Panwiski exclaimed the other day. 'It only enables you to see a few hundred thousands of miles farther. What were thought to be mere nebulae, turn out to be most perceivable starry systems; and beyond these, you see other nebulae, which a more powerful glass will show to be stars, again; and so they go on glittering and winking away into eternity.' With which my friend Pan, heaving a great sigh, as if confessing his inability to look Infinity in the face, sank back resigned, and swallowed a large bumper of claret.

“罗马君王的望远镜是做什么用的呢？”几天前，我的朋友潘威斯基这样感叹。“它只不过能让你看到几十万英里以外的地方而已。本来以为仅仅是星云，结果却是可以看到的星系。在这些星系的更远处，你会看到其他的星云，用更强大的高倍数望远镜，你会发现它们还是星星。所以它们继续不停地闪烁着，直到永远。”说完之后，我的朋友潘长长地叹了一口气，好像是在承认自己没有能力直接看到无穷远的空间。接着，他坐回去，吞下了一大杯红酒。

I (who, like other great men, have but one idea), thought to myself, that as the stars are, so are the Snobs:—the more you gaze upon those luminaries, the more you behold—now nebulously congregated—now faintly distinguishable—now brightly defined—until they twinkle off in endless blazes, and fade into the immeasurable darkness. I am but as a child playing on the sea-shore. Some telescopic philosopher will arise one day, some great Snobonomer, to find the laws of the great science which we are now merely playing with, and to define, and settle, and classify that which is at present but vague theory, and loose though elegant assertion.

我（像其他的大人物那样，只有一个念头）自己心想，既然星星是这样，那势利者也是如此——你越是注意看那些发光体，你就越会发现它们时而模糊不清地聚集到一起，时而隐约可见，时而又明亮可辨，直到它们在无尽的光辉里闪烁，然后消失在无边无际的黑暗中。我不过像是一个在海边玩耍的孩子。有一天会出现某个高瞻远瞩的哲学家，某个伟大的势利者学家，发现我们现在不过是在玩玩的伟大的科学规律，并且对现在还很模糊的理论和高雅却松散的论断进行定义、确定和分类。

Yes: a single eye can but trace a very few and simple varieties of the enormous universe of Snobs. I sometimes think of appealing to the public, and calling together a congress of SAVANS, such as met at

Southampton—each to bring his contributions and read his paper on the Great Subject. For what can a single poor few do, even with the subject at present in hand? English Snobs on the Continent—though they are a hundred thousand times less numerous than on their native island, yet even these few are too many. One can only fix a stray one here and there. The individuals are caught—the thousands escape. I have noted down but three whom I have met with in my walk this morning through this pleasant marine city of Boulogne.

是的，一只眼睛只能在庞大的势利者世界中找出很少很简单的几个类型。有时候，我想到向公众求助，把学者们召集起来开一个大会，比如说在南安普敦——每人都带着他们关于这个重大课题的稿件在大会上宣读。因为即使是眼前这一课题，仅仅几个可怜的家伙能够做成什么呢？欧洲大陆的英国势利者——虽然比起本土岛国上的势利者来说，他们的数量要少十万倍，但也仍然为数众多。一个人在各处只能发现一些零星的个体。那些单个的被发现了——成千上万的却逃脱了。我今天早上步行穿过这个令人愉快的海滨城市布洛涅时，只记下了所见到的三个势利者。

There is the English Raff Snob, that frequents ESTAMINETS and CABARETS; who is heard yelling, 'We won't go home till morning!' and startling the midnight echoes of quiet Continental towns with shrieks of English slang. The boozy unshorn wretch is seen hovering round quays as packets arrive, and tippling drains in inn bars where he gets credit. He talks French with slang familiarity: he and his like quite people the debt-prisons on the Continent. He plays pool at the billiard-houses, and may be seen engaged at cards and dominoes of forenoons. His signature is to be seen on countless bills of exchange: it belonged to an honourable family once, very likely; for the English Raff most probably began by being a gentleman, and has a father over the water who is ashamed to hear his name. He has cheated the old 'governor' repeatedly in better days, and swindled his sisters of their portions, and robbed his younger brothers. Now he is living on his wife's jointure: she is hidden away in some dismal garret, patching shabby finery and cobbling up old clothes for her children—the most miserable and slatternly of women.

有一个叫拉夫的英国势利者经常出入于小咖啡馆和有歌舞表演的夜总会。人们会听到他大声喊着“我们要明天早上才回家！”他说着英国俚语大声尖叫，让那些安静的欧洲大陆小镇在午夜时分还被尖叫的回声所惊动。邮船到达的时候，人们看见这个胡子拉碴的醉鬼在码头游荡，还在他赊了账的小酒吧里不停地喝酒。他讲法语时熟练地使用着俚语——他和欧洲大陆上那些跟他一样因为欠债而锒铛入狱的人。他在台球室里玩赌注，人们可能会看见他上午在玩纸牌和多米诺骨牌。无数的汇票上都有他的签名，这个签名很可能曾经属于某个尊贵家庭，因为这个英国人拉夫很有可能最开始是一个绅士，他在海峡彼岸的父亲已经羞于听到

他的名字了。日子过得还不错的时候，他就多次欺骗他的老爸，骗取了姐妹们的嫁妆，抢走了他弟弟们的东西。现在，他靠妻子的寡妇所得财产生活。她被藏在某个阴暗的阁楼里，缝一缝自己那些已经破烂的华服，也为孩子们补一补旧衣服——她真是个悲惨又邋遢的女人。

Or sometimes the poor woman and her daughters go about timidly, giving lessons in English and music, or do embroidery and work under-hand, to purchase the means for the POT-AU-FEU; while Raff is swaggering on the quay, or tossing off glasses of cognac at the CAFE. The unfortunate creature has a child still every year, and her constant hypocrisy is to try and make her girls believe that their father is a respectable man, and to huddle him out of the way when the brute comes home drunk.

有时候，这个可怜的女人和她的女儿们会羞怯地出来走走，教授些英语和音乐课，或是悄悄地做些刺绣或是其他活儿用来买炖牛肉。这些时候，拉夫却大摇大摆地游荡在码头上，或是在酒吧里把一杯又一杯的干邑白兰地一饮而尽。这个不幸的女人现在每年还要生一个孩子，她总是伪善地试图让她的女儿们相信她们的父亲是个值得尊敬的人。尽管这个畜生喝醉酒回家时，她会把他推到一边去。

Those poor ruined souls get together and have a society of their own, the which it is very affecting to watch—those tawdry pretences at gentility, those flimsy attempts at gaiety: those woful sallies: that jingling old piano; oh, it makes the heart sick to see and hear them. As Mrs. Raff, with her company of pale daughters, gives a penny tea to Mrs. Diddler, they talk about bygone times and the fine society they kept; and they sing feeble songs out of tattered old music-books; and while engaged in this sort of entertainment, in comes Captain Raff with his greasy hat on one side, and straightway the whole of the dismal room reeks with a mingled odour of smoke and spirits.

这些已被毁掉的可怜人聚到一起，组成了一个她们自己的社交圈子，看到这些人真是太让人同情了——那些俗气的假装斯文、那些想要表现出快乐的无谓尝试、那些痛苦的俏皮话、那架叮当作响的旧钢琴。噢，看到和听到这些，真让人伤心啊。拉夫夫人在她那群脸色苍白的女儿的陪同下，请迪德勒夫人喝了廉价的茶，她们一起谈论着过去的时光和她们美好的社交圈子，唱着旧音乐书里那些无力的歌曲。当她们以这样的方式来娱乐的时候，拉夫上尉把油腻的帽子斜着戴在一边走了进来，于是整个阴暗的房间立即混杂着烟酒味。

Has not everybody who has lived abroad met Captain Raff? His name is proclaimed, every now and then, by Mr. Sheriff's Officer Hemp; and about Boulogne, and Paris, and Brussels, there are so many of his sort that I will lay a wager that I shall be accused of gross personality for showing him up. Many a less irreclaimable villain is transported; many a more honourable man is at present at the

treadmill; and although we are the noblest, greatest, most religious, and most moral people in the world, I would still like to know where, except in the United Kingdom, debts are a matter of joke, and making tradesmen 'suffer' a sport that gentlemen own to? It is dishonourable to owe money in France. You never hear people in other parts of Europe brag of their swindling; or see a prison in a large Continental town which is not more or less peopled with English rogues.

在国外住过的人谁没有碰到过拉夫上尉？他的名字总是时不时地被郡长先生的下属官员亨普提及。他这种人在布洛涅、巴黎、布鲁塞尔这些地方可多了，我敢打赌，我要把他揭露出来，肯定会受到他粗暴的人身攻击。很多无可改造的无赖都被流放了，很多值得尊敬的人此刻正做着苦力。虽然在这个世界上，我们是最高贵、最伟大、最虔诚、最道德的人们，但我还是想知道，除去英国之外，哪些国家还把债务当做玩笑，而且让商人来忍受绅士开的玩笑呢？在法国，欠债真是件丢脸的事。你不会在欧洲其他地方听到人们对自己的诈骗行为进行吹嘘。欧洲每个大城市的监狱都会或多或少地有些英国无赖之徒。

A still more loathsome and dangerous Snob than the above transparent and passive scamp, is frequent on the continent of Europe, and my young Snob friends who are travelling thither should be especially warned against him. Captain Legg is a gentleman, like Raff, though perhaps of a better degree. He has robbed his family too, but of a great deal more, and has boldly dishonoured bills for thousands, where Raff has been boggling over the clumsy conveyance of a ten-pound note. Legg is always at the best inn, with the finest waistcoats and moustaches, or tearing about in the flashest of britzkas, while poor Raff is tipsifying himself with spirits, and smoking cheap tobacco. It is amazing to think that Legg, so often shown up, and known everywhere, is flourishing yet. He would sink into utter ruin, but for the constant and ardent love of gentility that distinguishes the English Snob. There is many a young fellow of the middle classes who must know Legg to be a rogue and a cheat; and yet from his desire to be in the fashion, and his admiration of tip-top swells, and from his ambition to air himself by the side of a Lord's son, will let Legg make an income out of him; content to pay, so long as he can enjoy that society. Many a worthy father of a family, when he hears that his son is riding about with Captain Legg, Lord Levant's son, is rather pleased that young Hopeful should be in such good company.

还有一个比上面所说的那种明显而消极的捣乱鬼更加令人讨厌、更加危险的势利者，他经常在欧洲大陆出现。我应该特别地提醒我那些在那里旅游的年轻的势利者朋友们提防着他。莱格上尉像拉夫一样，也是一位绅士，虽然他的档次也许更高一些。他也劫取了家里的钱财，只是他带走的更多，而且胆敢拒绝支付数千英镑的账单，而拉夫竟然笨到犹豫是否要支付一张十英镑的票据。莱格总是在最好的酒馆消费，穿着最

精良的背心，留着最漂亮的胡子，或是乘着最威风的那种车篷可以折叠的长马车狂奔，而可怜的拉夫正在用烈酒把自己灌醉，还抽着廉价的香烟。莱格还经常露面，到哪儿人都认识他，竟然还混得不错，想到这些真是令人称奇。英国势利者的一个特点便是始终热衷于假斯文，若非如此，他可能就彻底被毁了。很多中产阶级的年轻人一定知道莱格是一个无赖、一个骗子，但是因为他想要追求时尚，仰慕那些一流的时髦人物，想要在某位勋爵的儿子身边炫耀自己，他们因此愿意让他从自己身上获利。只要他乐于在那样的圈子里，就高兴为他付钱。很多家庭里值得敬重的父亲一听说自己的儿子和勒瓦特勋爵的儿子莱格上尉在一起骑马，一定会非常高兴，觉得自己年轻、有前途的孩子就应该与这样的人为伴。

Legg and his friend, Major Macer, make professional tours through Europe, and are to be found at the right places at the right time. Last year I heard how my young acquaintance, Mr. Muff, from Oxford, going to see a little life at a Carnival ball at Paris, was accosted by an Englishman who did not know a word of the d——language, and hearing Muff speak it so admirably, begged him to interpret to a waiter with whom there was a dispute about refreshments. It was quite a comfort, the stranger said, to see an honest English face; and did Muff know where there was a good place for supper? So those two went to supper, and who should come in, of all men in the world, but Major Macer? And so Legg introduced Macer, and so there came on a little intimacy, and three-card loo, &c.&c.. Year after year scores of Muffs, in various places in the world, are victimised by Legg and Macer. The story is so stale, the trick of seduction so entirely old and clumsy, that it is only a wonder people can be taken in any more: but the temptations of vice and gentility together are too much for young English Snobs, and those simple young victims are caught fresh every day. Though it is only to be kicked and cheated by men of fashion, your true British Snob will present himself for the honour.

莱格和他的朋友梅瑟少校因为工作关系在欧洲旅行，你会在适当的时间、适当的地点找到他们。去年，我听说我的一个熟人，即来自牛津的年轻的穆夫先生，去巴黎观看一个嘉年华舞会上的小小演出，一个语言完全不通的英国人突然走上前来跟他搭话，听到穆夫讲法语讲得那么好，就请求他把话翻译给侍者，当时他正为了饮料和侍者发生了争吵。那个陌生人说，看到一张诚实的英国面孔真是令人安慰。还问穆夫知道在哪个地方吃晚饭比较好吗？于是那两个人就去吃晚饭了，除了梅瑟少校，这个世界上还有谁会在这个时候进来呢？莱格便介绍了梅瑟，于是大家变得有点亲近起来，玩着三牌卢牌戏，等等。年复一年地，这个世界上各个地方很多像穆夫那样的人，都成了莱格和梅瑟的牺牲品。这个故事已经不那么新鲜了，骗人的伎俩简直是愚蠢又老套，要是还有人中招，那可真是奇怪。但是，恶习与斯文对年轻的英国势利者的诱惑太大

了，所以每天都有些头脑简单的年轻人上当。虽然只是被上层人士踢来踢去地欺骗，但那个真正的英国势利者也会为了面子而到场的。

I need not allude here to that very common British Snob, who makes desperate efforts at becoming intimate with the great Continental aristocracy, such as old Rolls, the baker, who has set up his quarters in the Faubourg Saint Germain, and will receive none but Carlists, and no French gentleman under the rank of a Marquis. We can all of us laugh at THAT fellow's pretensions well enough—we who tremble before a great man of our own nation. But, as you say, my brave and honest John Bull of a Snob, a French Marquis of twenty descents is very different from an English Peer; and a pack of beggarly German and Italian Fuersten and Principi awaken the scorn of an honest-minded Briton. But our aristocracy!—that's a very different matter. They are the real leaders of the world—the real old original and-no-mistake nobility.

我不需要再在这里提到那位非常普通的英国势利者，他可是不顾一切地想要努力和欧洲大陆了不起的贵族建立亲密关系，比如面包师老罗尔斯，他已经住在了圣热尔曼郊区，而且除了西班牙王室的正统成员以及侯爵以上头衔的法国绅士，他谁也不接待。我们大家都可以好好地嘲笑一下那个家伙的矫揉造作——我们这些人在本国了不起的人物面前可是要瑟瑟发抖的。但是，诚实勇敢的势利者约翰·布尔，正如你所说，一个二十代的法国侯爵和一个英国贵族是有很大区别的，一群像乞丐一样的德国和意大利的弗尔斯藤和普里西皮会让一个诚实的英国人瞧不起的。但是我们的贵族！——那又完全是另外一种情形了。他们是这个世界真正的领袖——是真真正正、历史最为悠久而且完美无瑕的贵族。

Off with your cap, Snob; down on your knees, Snob, and truckle.

放下你的帽子吧，势利者。双膝跪地谄媚吧，势利者。

CHAPTER XXIV ON SOME COUNTRY SNOBS

第二十四章 某些乡村势利者

Tired of the town, where the sight of the closed shutters of the nobility, my friends, makes my heart sick in my walks; afraid almost to sit in those vast Pall Mall solitudes, the Clubs, and of annoying the Club waiters, who might, I thought, be going to shoot in the country, but for me, I determined on a brief tour in the provinces, and paying some visits in the country which were long due.

在城市呆烦了，我的朋友，在这儿散步时看到的都是贵族们紧闭的百叶窗，让我心里很不舒服。我简直害怕坐在蓓尔美尔街那些巨大的、让人倍感孤独的俱乐部里，害怕惹怒那些侍者们，我想，要不是因为我，他们也许会去乡村打猎。于是，我决定到外省去走走，去早就该去的乡村看看。

My first visit was to my friend Major Ponto (H.P.of the Horse Marines), in Mangelwurzelshire. (H.P.of the Horse Marines), in Mangelwurzelshire. The Major, in his little phaeton, was in waiting to take me up at the station. The vehicle was not certainly splendid, but such a carriage as would accommodate a plain man (as Ponto said he was) and a numerous family. We drove by beautiful fresh fields and green hedges, through a cheerful English landscape; the high-road, as smooth and trim as the way in a nobleman's park, was charmingly chequered with cool shade and golden sunshine. Rustics in snowy smock-frocks jerked their hats off smiling as we passed. Children, with cheeks as red as the apples in the orchards, bobbed curtsies to us at the cottage-doors. Blue church spires rose here and there in the distance: and as the buxom gardener's wife opened the white gate at the Major's little ivy-covered lodge, and we drove through the neat plantations of firs and evergreens, up to the house, my bosom felt a joy and elation which I thought it was impossible to experience in the smoky atmosphere of a town. 'Here,' I mentally exclaimed, 'is all peace, plenty, happiness. Here, I shall be rid of Snobs. There can be none in this charming Arcadian spot.'

我首先要拜访的是我的朋友庞特少校（薪水相当于水兵骑手的一半），他住在甜菜郡。（薪水相当于水兵骑手的一半），他住在甜菜郡。少校已经坐着他的小四轮敞篷轻便马车在站上等着接我了。当然，这马车算不上豪华，但它可以容纳一个中等身材的人（庞特说自己就是）和一个多口之家。我们驶过清新美丽的田野和绿色的篱笆，从一派令人愉快的英国风光中穿过。大路像贵族公园里的道路一样平坦整洁，一会儿在凉爽的阴凉处，一会儿又在金灿灿的阳光下，十分惬意。我们

经过时，穿着雪白的长罩衣的乡下人立刻微笑着脱帽致意。脸蛋儿红得像果园里的苹果一般的孩子们在屋舍门前向我们行屈膝礼。远方，蓝色的教堂尖顶到处耸立着。园丁那体形丰满的妻子打开少校那隐于常春藤之下的小屋的白色大门时，我们穿过满是冷杉和常青树的干净庄园，来到了房前。我心里感到一阵阵欣喜，觉得这种愉快的心情在烟雾笼罩的城区是无法体会的。“这儿，”我在心里欢呼，“满是和平、丰饶和快乐。在这里，我不会见到势利者。这个田园牧歌式的令人神往之地，是不可能有势利者的。”

Stripes, the Major's man (formerly corporal in his gallant corps), received my portmanteau, and an elegant little present, which I had brought from town as a peace-offering to Mrs. Ponto; viz., a cod and oysters from Grove's, in a hamper about the size of a coffin.

少校的随从斯特里普士（之前是他那个英勇军团里的下士）接过我的旅行箱，以及一份雅致的小礼物——是我从城里带给庞特夫人的谢罪之礼——产自格罗韦的一只鳕鱼和一些牡蛎，装在一个棺材大小的有盖大篮里。

Ponto's house ('The Evergreens' Mrs. P. has christened it) is a perfect Paradise of a place. has christened it) is a perfect Paradise of a place. It is all over creepers, and bow-windows, and verandahs. A wavy lawn tumbles up and down all round it, with flower-beds of wonderful shapes, and zigzag gravel walks, and beautiful but damp shrubberies of myrtles and glistening laurustines, which have procured it its change of name. It was called Little Bullock's Pound in old Doctor Ponto's time. I had a view of the pretty grounds, and the stable, and the adjoining village and church, and a great park beyond, from the windows of the bedroom whither Ponto conducted me. It was the yellow bedroom, the freshest and pleasantest of bed-chambers; the air was fragrant with a large bouquet that was placed on the writing-table; the linen was fragrant with the lavender in which it had been laid; the chintz hangings of the bed and the big sofa were, if not fragrant with flowers, at least painted all over with them; the pen-wiper on the table was the imitation of a double dahlia; and there was accommodation for my watch in a sun-flower on the mantelpiece. A scarlet-leaved creeper came curling over the windows, through which the setting sun was pouring a flood of golden light. It was all flowers and freshness. Oh, how unlike those black chimney-pots in St. Alban's Place, London, on which these weary eyes are accustomed to look.

庞特的房子（“常青之家”是庞特夫人给它取的名字）是一个天堂般的完美之地。是庞特夫人给它取的名字）是一个天堂般的完美之地。到处都是匍匐植物，有圆肚窗，还有阳台。一个波浪般高高低低的草坪环绕在房子周围，里面有形状美丽的花圃、弯弯曲曲的砾石路，还有一片美丽而湿润的灌木丛，长满了长春花和闪闪发亮的棉毛荚蒾，正是由于

这些才改了这所房子的名称。在庞特老博士的时代，这所房子被称为“小公牛栏”。庞特把我领到了一间卧室，从窗口望出去，我可以看到这片美丽的土地，看到牲口棚，看到附近的村庄和教堂，更远处还有一个大公园。这是一个黄色的卧室，无比清新宜人：写字台上放着很大的一束鲜花，空气中充满了芳香；亚麻布放在薰衣草里，满是薰衣草的香味；如果说印花布床幔和大沙发上没有花香的味道，也至少是处处都印了花儿在上面的；桌子上的擦笔布是仿效一朵重瓣的大丽花制成的；壁炉架上有一朵向日葵可供观赏。一株长满了鲜红叶子的匍匐植物伸了过来，绕在窗户上方，透过它，可以看到落日正洒下一大片金黄色的光。到处都是花儿和清新的感觉。噢，它们和伦敦的圣阿尔班寓所里的黑色烟囱管帽多么不一样啊！我疲倦的双眼已经习惯看到那些了。

'It must be all happiness here, Ponto,' said I, flinging myself down into the snug BERGERE, and inhaling such a delicious draught of country air as all the MILLEFLEURS of Mr. Atkinson's shop cannot impart to any the most expensive pocket-handkerchief.

“在这儿一定非常快乐，庞特。”我边说边突然坐进舒适的围手椅中，猛地吸了一大口这怡人的乡村空气，即使把阿特金森先生店里所有的百花精香料加起来，恐怕都不能让最昂贵的手帕散发出这种气味来。

'Nice place, isn't it?' said Ponto. 'Quiet and unpretending. I like everything quiet. You've not brought your valet with you? Stripes will arrange your dressing things;' and that functionary, entering at the same time, proceeded to gut my portmanteau, and to lay out the black kerseymeres, 'the rich cut velvet Genoa waistcoat,' the white choker, and other polite articles of evening costume, with great gravity and despatch. 'A great dinner-party,' thinks I to myself, seeing these preparations (and not, perhaps, displeased at the idea that some of the best people in the neighbourhood were coming to see me). 'Hark, theres the first bell ringing!' 'Hark, there's the first bell ringing!'said Ponto, moving away; and, in fact, a clamorous harbinger of victuals began clanging from the stable turret, and announced the agreeable fact that dinner would appear in half-an-hour. 'If the dinner is as grand as the dinner-bell,' thought I, 'faith, I'm in good quarters!' and had leisure, during the half-hour's interval, not only to advance my own person to the utmost polish of elegance which it is capable of receiving, to admire the pedigree of the Pontos hanging over the chimney, and the Ponto crest and arms emblazoned on the wash-hand basin and jug, but to make a thousand reflections on the happiness of a country life—upon the innocent friendliness and cordiality of rustic intercourse; and to sigh for an opportunity of retiring, like Ponto, to my own fields, to my own vine and fig-tree, with a placens uxor in my domus, and a half-score of sweet young pledges of affection sporting round my paternal knee.

“这个地方真漂亮，不是吗？”庞特说，“宁静而又自然。我喜欢一切

安静的事物。你没有带仆从吗？斯特里普士会安排好你的衣物。”正在这个时候，那个人走了进来，开始取出我手提箱里的东西，快速认真地把黑色的克尔塞梅尔短绒大衣呢、“华丽型的丝绒热那亚背心”、白色的领带以及其他上等的晚礼服放好。“有一个重大的晚宴吧。”看到准备的这些东西，我心里想着。（一想到附近一些最上层的人士就要过来看我，也许我不会不高兴的。）“听吧，第一道铃响了。”“听吧，第一道铃响了。”庞特说完就离开了。事实上，这是从那个稳固的塔楼里发出的喧闹的铃声，向人们通报了一件令人愉快的事，即晚宴将在半小时之后开始。“要是晚宴也像这预告晚宴的铃声一样盛大，”我想，“那么我相信我到了一个好地方！”在这半个小时的闲暇时间里，我不仅为了受人欢迎把自己打扮得尽可能优雅，欣赏着挂在烟囱上的庞特家的家谱，以及装饰在洗手盆和水壶上面的那些庞特家的饰章和纹章，而且对乡村生活的幸福光景思绪万千——想着乡下人交往时表现出来的纯洁友谊和热诚的举动。我慨叹着，希望有机会能够像庞特那样归隐田园，回到自己的葡萄架下，回到自己的无花果树旁，家里有我的好妻子，还有五六个可爱的我们爱情的结晶在我这个父亲的膝边玩耍嬉戏。

Clang! At the end of thirty minutes, dinner-bell number two pealed from the adjacent turret. I hastened downstairs, expecting to find a score of healthy country folk in the drawing-room. There was only one person there; a tall and Roman-nosed lady, glistering over with bugles, in deep mourning. She rose, advanced two steps, made a majestic curtsey, during which all the bugles in her awful head-dress began to twiddle and quiver—and then said, 'Mr. Snob, we are very happy to see you at the Evergreens,' and heaved a great sigh.

叮当！半个小时过去了，第二道晚宴铃声从旁边的塔楼里洪亮地传了出来。我快速地下楼，期待着在会客室里见到很多健康的乡下人。但是，那儿只有一个人。那是一位高个子、高鼻梁的女士，身上的圆形玻璃珠子闪着微光，还穿着深色的孝服。她站起来往前走了两步，行了一个庄严的屈膝礼。这时候，她那可怕的头饰上所有的珠子都开始轻轻地打起转来。然后，她说：“势利者先生，我们很高兴能够在’常青之家‘见到你。”接着长长地叹了一口气。

This, then, was Mrs. Major Ponto; to whom making my very best bow, I replied, that I was very proud to make her acquaintance, as also that of so charming a place as the Evergreens.

那么这位就是庞特少校夫人了。我向她深深地鞠了一躬，回答说我为能够认识她，并能见到“常青之家”这样漂亮的地方感到非常光荣。

Another sigh. 'We are distantly related, Mr. Snob,' said she, shaking her melancholy head. 'Poor dear Lord Rubadub!'

又是一声叹息。“我们是远亲，势利者先生。”她边说边忧郁地摇摇头，“可怜的亲爱的罗巴都布勋爵！”

'Oh!' said I; not knowing what the deuce Mrs. Major Ponto meant.

“哦！”我说，不知道庞特少校夫人到底是什么意思。

'Major Ponto told me that you were of the Leicestershire Snobs: a very old family, and related to Lord Snobbington, who married Laura Rubadub, who is a cousin of mine, as was her poor dear father, for whom we are mourning. What a seizure! only sixty-three, and apoplexy quite unknown until now in our family! In life we are in death, Mr. Snob. Does Lady Snobbington bear the deprivation well?’

“庞特少校告诉我说你是莱斯特郡的势利者家族的一员。那是一个很古老的家族，和我的表妹劳拉·罗巴都布的丈夫斯罗宾唐勋爵有亲戚关系，我们正在哀悼的正是她可怜的父亲。他的病发作得多厉害啊！只有六十三岁，患了中风，这种病之前在我们的家族里是从未听说过的！我们伤心得生不如此，势利者先生。斯罗宾唐夫人还承受得住这样的打击吧？”

'Why, really, ma'am, I—I don't know,' I replied, more and more confused.

“噢，太太，我真的——我真的不知道。”我答道，越来越感到茫然了。

As she was speaking I heard a sort of CLOOP, by which well-known sound I was aware that somebody was opening a bottle of wine, and Ponto entered, in a huge white neckcloth, and a rather shabby black suit.

她正说着，我听到了一阵“扑哧声”，那个熟悉的声音让我意识到有人正在开酒瓶，庞特穿着一套非常破旧的黑色衣服，打着一条宽大的白色领带，走了进来。

'My love,' Mrs. Major Ponto said to her husband, 'we were talking of our cousin—poor dear Lord Rubadub. His death has placed some of the first families in England in mourning. Does Lady Rubadub keep the house in Hill Street, do you know?’

“亲爱的，”庞特少校夫人对她的丈夫说，“我们正在谈起表妹——可怜的亲爱的罗巴都布勋爵。他的去世让英国一些上流的家庭都感到悲痛。你知不知道罗巴都布夫人有没有留着她在希尔街的房子？”

I didn't know, but I said, 'I believe she does,' at a venture; and, looking down to the drawing-room table, saw the inevitable, abominable, maniacal, absurd, disgusting *Peerage* open on the table, interleaved with annotations, and open at the article 'Snobbington.'

我不知道，但是冒昧地说了一句：“我想她还留着吧。”接着我低下头去看会客室里的桌子，看见那本必有的、可恶的、疯狂的、荒谬的、令人作呕的《贵族名册》正打开放在桌上，中间夹杂着一些注释，正翻到“斯罗宾唐”那一条。

'Dinner is served,' says Stripes, flinging open the door; and I gave

Mrs. Major Ponto my arm.

“晚餐准备好了。“斯特里普士突然推开门说道。于是，我将手臂伸给了庞特少校夫人。

CHAPTER XXV A VISIT TO SOME COUNTRY SNOBS

第二十五章 拜访某些乡村势利者

Of the dinner to which we now sat down, I am not going to be a severe critic. The mahogany I hold to be inviolable; but this I will say, that I prefer sherry to marsala when I can get it, and the latter was the wine of which I have no doubt I heard the 'cloop' just before dinner. Nor was it particularly good of its kind; however, Mrs. Major Ponto did not evidently know the difference, for she called the liquor Amontillado during the whole of the repast, and drank but half a glass of it, leaving the rest for the Major and his guest.

我不准备对我们坐下来即将享用的这顿晚餐批评得太严厉。我觉得那一红木桌子菜是不可亵渎的，但是我还要说的是，如果可能的话，我更喜欢雪利酒而不是马沙拉白葡萄酒，而刚刚在开饭前我听到“扑哧”一声时，无疑打开的是后一种酒。它也不是这种酒中的极品。但是，庞特少校夫人似乎不懂这其间的差别，因为她在整个席间都将这种酒称作阿蒙提拉多酒。她自己只喝了不过半杯，剩下的都留给少校和他的客人喝了。

Stripes was in the livery of the Ponto family—a thought shabby, but gorgeous in the extreme—lots of magnificent worsted lace, and livery buttons of a very notable size. The honest fellow's hands, I remarked, were very large and black; and a fine odour of the stable was wafted about the room as he moved to and fro in his ministration. I should have preferred a clean maidservant, but the sensations of Londoners are too acute perhaps on these subjects; and a faithful John, after all, IS more genteel.

斯特里普士穿着庞特家的制服——虽然有些褴褛，可还是非常华美的——上面有很多华丽的精纺蕾丝，制服的纽扣也大得引人注意。我注意到，这老实人的手又大又黑。他在屋子里进进出出服侍我们时，房间里总是飘散着从他的衣服中散发出来的马厩的气味。我本来是期待一个干净的女仆，可是伦敦人似乎对这些话题太敏感。毕竟，一个忠诚的约翰更为绅士。

From the circumstance of the dinner being composed of pig's-head mock-turtle soup, of pig's fry and roast ribs of pork, I am led to imagine that one of Ponto's black Hampshires had been sacrificed a short time previous to my visit. It was an excellent and comfortable repast; only there WAS rather a sameness in it, certainly. I made a similar remark the next day.

我们在这顿晚餐上吃的是用猪头熬成的假甲鱼汤和煎炸红烧猪肘。于是我想到，在我到访前不久，庞特家的一头黑色汉普郡猪又牺牲了。

晚餐很丰盛，用餐的过程也相当愉悦——当然，只不过略显单调了些。第二天我发表了类似的看法。

During the dinner Mrs. Ponto asked me many questions regarding the nobility, my relatives. 'When Lady Angelina Skeggs would come out; and if the countess her mamma' (this was said with much archness and he-he-ing) 'still wore that extraordinary purple hair-dye?' 'Whether my Lord Guttlebury kept, besides his French chef, and an English cordonbleu for the roasts, an Italian for the confectionery?'

席间，庞特夫人问了我很多关于我的贵族亲戚的问题。“安杰利娜·斯克格斯女士何时出来？她的母亲伯爵夫人（她俏皮地说道，并且乐呵呵的）仍然使用那种特别的紫色染发剂吗？除了雇佣了一位法国主厨和一位英国烘烤厨师外，加特勒伯雷勋爵还有没有雇佣一个意大利人负责甜食？”

'Who attended at Lady Clapperclaw's conversazioni?' and 'whether Sir John Champignon's "Thursday Mornings" were pleasant?' 'Was it true that Lady Carabas, wanting to pawn her diamonds, found that they were paste, and that the Marquis had disposed of them beforehand?' 'How was it that Snuffin, the great tobacco-merchant, broke off the marriage which was on the tapis between him and their second daughter; and was it true that a mulatto lady came over from the Havanna and forbade the match?'

“有哪些人参加了克拉帕科罗女士的学术座谈会？”以及“约翰·尚皮尼翁爵士的‘周四早餐会’进行得是否愉快？”“想要典当钻石的卡拉巴斯小姐是不是真的发现那些首饰是假的，而侯爵早已经将它们提前处理了呢？”“那个大烟草商斯纳芬是怎么中断了他和他们的二女儿正在商议的婚事？ 是不是真的有一个混血女人从哈瓦那赶来阻止这场较量？”

'Upon my word, Madam,' I had begun, and was going on to say that I didn't know one word about all these matters which seemed so to interest Mrs. Major Ponto, when the Major, giving me a tread or stamp with his large foot under the table, said—'Come, come, Snob my boy, we are all tiled, you know. We KNOW you're one of the fashionable people about town: we saw your name at Lady Clapperclaw's SOIREES, and the Champignon breakfasts; and as for the Rubadubs, of course, as relations —'

“夫人，说实在话。”我开始讲话，正准备说我其实对于庞特少校夫人似乎很感兴趣的这些事一无所知，少校用他那只大脚在桌子下面踩了我一脚，说：“说吧，说吧，势利者朋友，我们这里消息闭塞，你知道的。我们知道你是城里的一个时髦人物。我们在克拉帕科罗的晚会、尚皮尼翁的早餐会上都看到过你的名字。至于罗巴都布一家，当然，作为亲戚……"

'Oh, of course, I dine there twice a-week,' I said; and then I

remembered that my cousin, Humphry Snob, of the Middle Temple, IS a great frequenter of genteel societies, and to have seen his name in the *MORNING POST* at the tag-end of several party lists. So, taking the hint, I am ashamed to say I indulged Mrs. Major Ponto with a deal of information about the first families in England, such as would astonish those great personages if they knew it. I described to her most accurately the three reigning beauties of last season at Almack's: told her in confidence that his Grace the D— of W— was going to be married the day after his Statue was put up; that his Grace the D— of D— was also about to lead the fourth daughter of the Archduke Stephen to the hymeneal altar:—and talked to her, in a word, just in the style of Mrs. Gore's last fashionable novel.

“哦，当然，我每周会在那儿吃两次饭。”我说。接着，我忆起中殿律师学院的表兄汉弗莱·势利者，他经常在上流社会出入，我在《晨报》上几个聚会名单的末尾看见过他的名字。所以，有了这个线索之后，我便有点惭愧地向庞特少校夫人讲了很多关于英格兰一流家庭的情况，要是那些了不起的要人们知道了，他们都会对这些感到吃惊的。我极为准确地向她描述了上个季节在奥尔马克剧院的三位艳压群芳的美女；我悄悄地告诉她某个家族的某位贵人在竖立起自己雕像后第二天就要结婚；另外一个家族的某位贵人将要把斯蒂芬大公的四女儿领向婚姻的圣坛——总之，我正是用了戈尔夫人最近那部时髦小说的风格对她讲了这些。

Mrs. Major was quite fascinated by this brilliant conversation. She began to trot out scraps of French, just for all the world as they do in the novels; and kissed her hand to me quite graciously, telling me to come soon to caffy, UNG PU DE MUSICK O SALONG—with which she tripped off like an elderly fairy.

少校夫人十分喜欢这次美妙的交谈。就像小说里所写的那样，她开始说一些零星的法语，然后十分优雅地在她的手上对我做了一个飞吻，让我日后去咖啡馆听听音乐或参加沙龙——然后像个老仙女般轻快地离去了。

'Shall I open a bottle of port, or do you ever drink such a thing as Hollands and water?' says Ponto, looking ruefully at me. This was a very different style of thing to what I had been led to expect from him at our smoking-room at the Club: where he swaggers about his horses and his cellar: and slapping me on the shoulder used to say, 'Come down to Mangelwurzelshire, Snob my boy, and I'll give you as good a day's shooting and as good a glass of claret as any in the county.’—'Well,'I said, 'I like Hollands much better than port, and gin even better than Hollands.' This was lucky. It WAS gin; and Stripes brought in hot water on a splendid plated tray.

“我要不要开一瓶波尔图葡萄酒？或是要不要来点儿荷兰酒或是白

水？”庞特边说边悲伤地看着我。情况有所不同，根据过去我们在俱乐部吸烟室里的情形，我期待他会有不一样的表现：在俱乐部，他大侃自己的马匹和地窖，还常常拍拍我的肩膀说：“势利者朋友，到甜菜郡来吧，我会带着你好好打上一天的猎，然后喝上一杯红酒，带你度过美好的一天，绝不比这个国家的其他地方逊色。”“好，”我说道，“比起波尔图葡萄酒，我更喜欢荷兰酒，要是有杜松子酒就更好了。”这样还挺幸运的。我们喝的就是杜松子酒。斯特里普士用一个华丽的托盘端出一些热水。

The jingling of a harp and piano soon announced that Mrs. Ponto's ung PU DE MUSICK had commenced, and the smell of the stable again entering the dining-room, in the person of Stripes, summoned us to CAFFY and the little concert. She beckoned me with a winning smile to the sofa, on which she made room for me, and where we could command a fine view of the backs of the young ladies who were performing the musical entertainment. Very broad backs they were too, strictly according to the present mode, for crinoline or its substitutes is not an expensive luxury, and young people in the country can afford to be in the fashion at very trifling charges. Miss Emily Ponto at the piano, and her sister Maria at that somewhat exploded instrument, the harp, were in light blue dresses that looked all flounce, and spread out like Mr. Green's balloon when inflated.

不一会儿，响起了竖琴和钢琴的声音，宣布庞特夫人的音乐会正式开始，那股马厩的味道这个时候又飘进餐室里来，是从斯特里普士身上散出来的，他来叫我们去咖啡室听小音乐会。她带着胜利的笑容朝我招手，示意我在沙发上坐下，她特意留了一块地方给我。在那里我们可以很清楚地看到正在进行音乐演奏的年轻小姐们的背。要是严格按照现在的时尚来看，她们的背都太宽了，因为裙衬或是其代替物都不算是昂贵奢侈，所以乡下的年轻人只需花很少的钱就可以赶时髦。埃米莉·庞特小姐在弹钢琴，她的妹妹玛丽亚在弹那个有点儿破旧的竖琴，她们都穿着淡蓝色的连衣裙，看上去满是荷叶边，裙子向外展开，活像格林先生充了气的气球。

'Brilliant touch Emily has—what a fine arm Maria's is,' Mrs. Ponto remarked good-naturedly, pointing out the merits of her daughters, and waving her own arm in such a way as to show that she was not a little satisfied with the beauty of that member. I observed she had about nine bracelets and bangles, consisting of chains and padlocks, the Major's miniature, and a variety of brass serpents with fiery ruby or tender turquoise eyes, writhing up to her elbow almost, in the most profuse contortions.

“埃米莉弹得可真好——玛丽亚的胳膊也漂亮极了。”庞特夫人温和地说道，一边指出她女儿们的优点，一边挥动着手臂，似乎要用这种方式表明她对那个女儿的漂亮非常满意。我观察到她有大概九个手镯和脚镯，包括一些链子和挂锁，少校的微型像以及几种眼睛是火红的红宝石或是柔和的绿宝石的黄铜蛇，差不多都快盘绕到她的肘部了，歪歪曲

曲，形态各异。

'You recognize those polkas? They were played at Devonshire House on the 23rd of July, the day of the grand fete.' So I said yes—I knew 'em quite intimately; and began wagging my head as if in acknowledgment of those old friends.

“你认出那些波尔卡舞了吗？七月二十三日那个盛大节日上，人们在德文郡剧场跳过的。”我说认出来了——我很熟悉这种舞，开始点头，好像认出了我的老朋友一般。

When the performance was concluded, I had the felicity of a presentation and conversation with the two tall and scraggy Miss Pontos; and Miss Wirt, the governess, sat down to entertain us with variations on Sich a gettin'up Stairs. They were determined to be in the fashion.

表演结束之后，我有幸被介绍给那两个又高又瘦的庞特家的小姐，并和她们进行了交谈。家庭教师沃特小姐坐下来，为我们演奏了《上楼》的变奏曲。她们下定决心要跟上时尚。

For the performance of the Gettin' up Stairs, I have no other name but that it was a STUNNER. First Miss Wirt, with great deliberation, played the original and beautiful melody, cutting it, as it were, out of the instrument, and firing off each note so loud, clear, and sharp, that I am sure Stripes must have heard it in the stable.

关于演奏的《上楼》，除了觉得它好极了之外，别无他言。首先，沃特小姐极其谨慎地演奏了这段具有独创性的优美旋律，就好像是从乐器里蹦出来的一样，每一个音符都很响亮、清晰、干脆，我敢肯定斯特里普士在马厩里一定能够听到。

'What a finger!' says Mrs. Ponto; and indeed it WAS a finger, as knotted as a turkey's drumstick, and splaying all over the piano. When she had banged out the tune slowly, she began a different manner of Gettin' up Stairs, and did so with a fury and swiftness quite incredible. She spun up stairs; she whirled up stairs: she galloped up stairs; she rattled up stairs; and then having got the tune to the top landing, as it were, she hurled it down again shrieking to the bottom floor, where it sank in a crash as if exhausted by the breathless rapidity of the descent. Then Miss Wirt played the Getting' up Stairs with the most pathetic and ravishing solemnity: plaintive moans and sobs issued from the keys—you wept and trembled as you were gettin' up stairs. Miss Wirt's hands seemed to faint and wail and die in variations: again, and she went up with a savage clang and rush of trumpets, as if Miss Wirt was storming a breach; and although I knew nothing of music, as I sat and listened with my mouth open to this wonderful display, my CAFFY grew cold, and I wondered the windows did not

crack and the chandelier start out of the beam at the sound of this earthquake of a piece of music.

“多么漂亮的手指啊！”庞特夫人说道。确实，那是怎样的手指啊，像火鸡腿的下半段那样纠结在一起，在钢琴上大幅度地伸展开来。她慢慢地敲出这首曲子之后，开始用一种不同的风格演奏起《上楼》来，演奏的猛烈和快速程度简直令人难以相信。她仿佛飞奔着上楼，旋转着上楼，疾驰着上楼，飞驰着上楼。然后，演奏出的旋律让人觉得好像已经到了楼顶平台，她又猛地冲下去，尖叫着到了底楼，在那里发出砰的一声，似乎由于下楼下得太快，连气都喘不过来，于是累倒了。然后，沃特小姐又带着最哀婉动人、最引人入胜的庄重演奏了《上楼》，从琴键间发出哀怨的低吟和呜咽来——就好像你上楼的时候在哭泣和颤抖一般。沃特小姐的双手似乎在变奏曲中昏厥、恸哭、死去了，接着她又弹出猛烈的巨响声和一阵喇叭似的声音，好像沃特小姐要猛烈地冲出一个缺口来。虽然我对音乐一窍不通，但是当我坐下来听着这样出色的演奏时，我的嘴吃惊地张开来，咖啡都变冷了。我想知道，这样如地震一般响亮的曲子怎么没有把窗户震裂，把枝形吊灯从梁上震下来。

'Glorious creature! Isn't she?' said Mrs. Ponto. 'Squirtz's favourite pupil—inestimable to have such a creature. Lady Carabas would give her eyes for her! A prodigy of accomplishments! Thank you, Miss Wirt’—and the young ladies gave a heave and a gasp of admiration—a deep-breathing gushing sound, such as you hear at church when the sermon comes to a full stop.

“真是个了不起的人儿！不是吗？”庞特夫人说道，“她是斯奎尔兹最喜欢的学生——真是个无价之宝。卡拉巴斯夫人都会看她几眼的！真是一个颇有造诣的天才！谢谢你，沃特小姐。”年轻的小姐们气喘吁吁地发出赞美之声——一种深呼吸、热情洋溢的声音，就像教堂里布道结束时你听到的声音一样。

Miss Wirt put her two great double-knuckled hands round a waist of her two pupils, and said, 'My dear children, I hope you will be able to play it soon as well as your poor little governess. When I lived with the Dunsinanes, it was the dear Duchess's favourite, and Lady Barbara and Lady Jane McBeth learned it. It was while hearing Jane play that, I remember, that dear Lord Castletoddy first fell in love with her; and though he is but an Irish Peer, with not more than fifteen thousand a year, I persuaded Jane to have him. Do you know Castletoddy, Mr. Snob?—round towers—sweet place-County Mayo. Old Lord Castletoddy (the present Lord was then Lord Inishowan) was a most eccentric old man—they say he was mad. I heard his Royal Highness the poor dear Duke of Sussex—(SUCH a man, my dears, but alas! addicted to smoking!)

沃特小姐关节颇大的双手环绕在她那两个学生的腰上，说道：“亲爱的孩子们，我希望你们能够很快弹得像你们可怜的小老师一样好。我和

邓斯纳勒士一家住在一起时，那可是尊贵的公爵夫人的最爱，芭芭拉女士和简·麦克白女士都学过。我记得，当初亲爱的卡斯特泰迪勋爵听到简演奏，一下子就爱上了她。虽然他只不过是一个爱尔兰贵族，每年的收入不超过一万五千英镑，但我还是劝服简嫁给他。你知道卡斯特泰迪吧，势利者先生？圆形的高楼——在梅奥郡是个可爱的地方。老卡斯特泰迪勋爵（现在的勋爵那个时候叫艾里休瓦勋爵）是一个非常古怪的老头——他们说他疯了。我听说可怜的尊贵的瑟塞克斯公爵殿下——（这样的一个人啊，我亲爱的朋友，但是，唉！他竟然有很大的烟瘾！）

—I heard his Royal Highness say to the Marquis of Anglesey, "I am sure Castletoddy is mad!" but Inishowan wasn't in marrying my sweet Jane, though the dear child had but her ten thousand pounds POUR TOUT POTAGE!’

我听到殿下对安格尔西侯爵说：‘我敢说卡斯特泰迪一定是疯了！’虽然这个可怜的孩子一共只有一万英镑，但是艾尼休瓦并不打算和可爱的简结婚！”

'Most invaluable person,' whispered Mrs. Major Ponto to me. 'Has lived in the very highest society:’ and I, who have been accustomed to see governesses bullied in the world, was delighted to find this one ruling the roast, and to think that even the majestic Mrs. Ponto bent before her.

“真是个非常可贵的人，”庞特少校夫人悄声对我说，“她曾生活在最上层的社交圈子里。”而我已经习惯看到女家庭教师在这个世界上受欺负，所以发现这个女教师在支配着别人，而且甚至是尊贵的庞特夫人都要屈从于她时，感到非常高兴。

As for my pipe, so to speak, it went out at once. I hadn't a word to say against a woman who was intimate with every Duchess in the Red Book. She wasn't the rosebud, but she had been near it. She had rubbed shoulders with the great, and about these we talked all the evening incessantly, and about the fashions, and about the Court, until bed-time came.

至于我的烟斗，可以说随即熄灭了。对于一个跟《贵族名册》中的每一位公爵夫人都很亲密的人来说，我不想说任何一个字。她不是初入社交的少女，但是她已经很接近了。她同那些要人们擦肩而过，我们整个晚上都在没有间断地谈论这些，谈论时尚和宫廷，一直谈到睡觉的时间。

'And are there Snobs in this Elysium?' I exclaimed, jumping into the lavender-perfumed bed. Ponto's snoring boomed from the neighbouring bed-room in reply.

“这片理想的乐土上有没有势利者？”我大声说着跳到充满了薰衣草味道的床上。庞特的鼾声从隔壁卧室里传了过来，算作回答。

CHAPTER XXVI ON SOME COUNTRY SNOBS

第二十六章 某些乡村势利者

Something like a journal of the proceedings at the Evergreens may be interesting to those foreign readers of *PUNCH* who want to know the customs of an English gentleman's family and household. There's plenty of time to keep the Journal. Piano-strumming begins at six o'clock in the morning; it lasts till breakfast, with but a minute's intermission, when the instrument changes hands, and Miss Emily practises in place of her sister Miss Maria.

《笨拙周报》的外国读者们可能会对关于“常青之家”日常活动的杂志比较感兴趣，因为他们很想知道一个英国绅士家庭的日常生活习俗。现在有大量的时间可以编这样一本杂志。早上六点钟开始弹钢琴，一直弹到早餐时间，中间只有片刻的间断，即钢琴由玛丽亚小姐转手给她的姐姐埃米莉小姐弹的时候。

In fact, the confounded instrument never stops when the young ladies are at their lessons, Miss Wirt hammers away at those stunning variations, and keeps her magnificent finger in exercise.

事实上，两位年轻小姐上课时，那架讨厌的乐器一直没有片刻安宁，因为沃特小姐会重重地敲打出震耳欲聋的变奏曲，让自己美丽的手指弹奏起来。

I asked this great creature in what other branches of education she instructed her pupils? 'The modern languages,' says she modestly: 'French, German, Spanish, and Italian, Latin and the rudiments of Greek if desired. English of course; the practice of Elocution, Geography, and Astronomy, and the Use of the Globes, Algebra (but only as far as quadratic equations); for a poor ignorant female, you know, Mr. Snob, cannot be expected to know everything. Ancient and Modern History no young woman can be without; and of these I make my beloved pupils PERFECT MISTRESSES. Botany, Geology, and Mineralogy, I consider as amusements. And with these I assure you we manage to pass the days at the Evergreens not unpleasantly.’

我问了一下这个了不起的人，问她另外还给学生们上什么课程。“现代语言，”她谦和地说道，“法语、德语、西班牙语和意大利语，如果想学的话，还会教拉丁语以及希腊语的基础知识。英语肯定是有的，还要练习演说术、教授地理和天文学，以及地球仪的应用和代数（仅仅限于二次方程式）。因为你知道，势利者先生，你是不能期望一个可怜无知的女人什么都懂的。没有哪个年轻的女性可以不知道古代和现代的历史，我把我亲爱的学生变成这方面完美的女性。我觉得植物学、地质学和矿物学只是用来消遣的。有了这些，我可以确定地说，我们可以成功

地让自己在‘常青之家’过得很愉快。”

Only these, thought I—what an education! But I looked in one of Miss Ponto's manuscript song-books and found five faults of French in four words; and in a waggish mood asking Miss Wirt whether Dante Algiery was so called because he was born at Algiers, received a smiling answer in the affirmative, which made me rather doubt about the accuracy of Miss Wirt's knowledge.

仅仅是这些，我想——这是怎样的一种教育啊！但是，我翻阅了庞特小姐的一本歌曲稿时，发现她写的四个词里就有五处法语错误。于是，我便以开玩笑的口吻问沃特小姐，但丁·阿尔及尔之所以取名如此是不是因为他出生在阿尔及尔。她微笑着给了我一个肯定的回答，这让我严重怀疑起沃特小姐知识的准确性来。

When the above little morning occupations are concluded, these unfortunate young women perform what they call Calisthenic Exercises in the garden. I saw them to-day, without any crinoline, pulling the garden-roller.

上述这样小规模的早晨活动结束之后，这些不幸的年轻小姐们便在花园里做起所谓的健美体操来。这一天我看见她们没有穿衬裙，在拉着花园滚压机。

Dear Mrs. Ponto was in the garden too, and as limp as her daughters; in a faded bandeau of hair, in a battered bonnet, in a holland pinafore, in pattens, on a broken chair, snipping leaves off a vine. Mrs. Ponto measures many yards about in an evening. Ye heavens! what a guy she is in that skeleton morning-costume!

亲爱的庞特夫人也在花园里，像她的女儿们一样没有生气。她系着一根褪了色的束发带，戴着一顶破旧不堪的圆帽，穿着洁白的亚麻细布围裙和木套鞋。她坐在一张破旧的椅子上修剪着藤蔓上的叶子。庞特夫人的身板在晚上量起来有好几码宽呢。但是我的天啊！她穿上那件很有轮廓的晨衣变得多么苗条漂亮啊！

Besides Stripes, they keep a boy called Thomas or Tummus. Tummus works in the garden or about the pigsty and stable; Thomas wears a page's costume of eruptive buttons.

除了斯特里普士，他们还雇了另外一个男孩，叫托马斯，或是吐木斯。吐木斯要么在花园里工作，要么就在猪圈或是马厩里。托马斯穿着一套纽扣非常突出的侍从服。

When anybody calls, and Stripes is out of the way, Tummus flings himself like mad into Thomas's clothes, and comes out metamorphosed like Harlequin in the pantomime. To-day, as Mrs. P. was cutting the grapevine, as the young ladies were at the roller, down comes Tummus like a roaring whirlwind, with 'Missus, Missus,

there's company coomin'!’Away skurry the young ladies from the roller, down comes Mrs. P. from the old chair, off flies Tummus to change his clothes, and in an incredibly short space of time Sir John Hawbuck, my Lady Hawbuck, and Master Hugh Hawbuck are introduced into the garden with brazen effrontery by Thomas, who says, 'Please Sir Jan and my Lady to walk this way: I KNOW Missus is in the rose-garden.’

若有人来访，而斯特里普士又不在跟前，吐木斯就会立即疯一样地穿上托马斯的衣服，变得像个哑剧中的小丑。这一天，庞特夫人正在剪葡萄叶，年轻的小姐们正在拉滚压机，吐木斯就像一阵咆哮的旋风般冲了下来，喊着：“太太，太太，有客人来了！”于是年轻小姐们马上离开了滚压机，庞特夫人也从旧椅子上下来，吐木斯飞快地跑过去换衣服。顷刻间，约翰·霍巴克爵士、霍巴克夫人以及休·霍巴克少爷便被托马斯厚颜无耻地引进了花园里来，还说：“约翰爵士和夫人请走这边，我知道太太在玫瑰园里。”

And there, sure enough, she was!

呐，确实如此，她确实在那里！

In a pretty little garden bonnet, with beautiful curling ringlets, with the smartest of aprons and the freshest of pearl-coloured gloves, this amazing woman was in the arms of her dearest Lady Hawbuck. 'Dearest Lady Hawbuck, how good of you! Always among my flowers! can't live away from them!’

这个美丽惊人的女人有一头美丽的长卷发，头戴一顶小巧漂亮的花园帽，身穿最好看的围裙，手戴最清新的珍珠色手套，依偎在她最亲爱的霍巴克夫人的怀中。“我最亲爱的霍巴克太太，你太好了！我总是呆在花园子里！离开了花儿，我简直就不能活了！”

'Sweets to the sweet! hum—a-ha—haw!' says Sir John Hawbuck, who piques himself on his gallantry, and says nothing without 'a-hum—a-ha—a-haw!’

“这些花儿真可爱！嗯——哦——哈哈！”约翰·霍巴克爵士说道，他为自己这样的殷勤行为而感到沾沾自喜呢，说什么都带着“嗯——哦——哈哈！”

'Whereth yaw pinnafaw?' cries Master Hugh. 'WE thaw you in it, over the wall, didn't we, Pa?’

“你的围裙在哪儿？”休少爷大声地说道，“我们在墙边的时候看见你穿着围裙呢，不是吗，爸爸？”

'Hum—a-ha—a-haw!' burst out Sir John, dreadfully alarmed. 'Where's Ponto? Why wasn't he at Quarter Sessions? How are his birds this year, Mrs. Ponto—have those Carabas pheasants done any harm to your wheat? a-hum—a-ha—a-haw!' and all this while he was

making the most ferocious and desperate signals to his youthful heir.

“嗯——哦——哈哈！”约翰先生非常吃惊地蹦出了这么一句，“庞特在哪儿？他为什么不到季审法院去呢？今年他的那些鸟儿好吗，庞特太太——那些卡拉巴斯野鸡损害了你们的小麦没有？嗯——哦——哈哈！”在此期间，他一直在向他年轻的继承人发出极端强烈的暗号。

'Well, she WATH in her pinnafaw, wathn't she, Ma?' says Hugh, quite unabashed; which question Lady Hawbuck turned away with a sudden query regarding her dear darling daughters, and the ENFANT TERRIBLE was removed by his father.

“呐，她刚才确实是穿着围裙的，不是吗，妈妈？”休厚着脸皮问道。听到这个问题，霍巴克夫人立即转过去，带着疑问的眼神看着她亲爱的女儿们，而那个让人尴尬的孩子则被他的父亲领开了。

'I hope you weren't disturbed by the music?' Ponto says. 'My girls, you know, practise four hours a day, you know—must do it, you know—absolutely necessary. As for me, you know I'm an early man, and in my farm every morning at five—no, no laziness for ME.’

“但愿音乐没有打扰你们吧？”庞特说道，“你知道，我的女儿们每天要练四个小时，你知道——她们必须得这样做，你知道——绝对非常必要。就我而言，你知道我是个喜欢早起的人，每天早上五点就已经在我的农场里了——不，我绝对不懒惰。”

The facts are these. Ponto goes to sleep directly after dinner on entering the drawing-room, and wakes up when the ladies leave off practice at ten. From seven till ten, from ten till five, is a very fair allowance of slumber for a man who says he's NOT a lazy man. It is my private opinion that when Ponto retires to what is called his 'Study,' he sleeps too. He locks himself up there daily two hours with the newspaper.

事实其实是这样的。庞特吃完晚饭就直接走进起居室去睡了，直到第二天早上十点钟小姐们停止练琴了他才醒来。白天从七点到十点，夜晚从十点到五点，这对于一个自称不是懒汉的人来说已经是很长的睡眠时间了。我个人觉得，庞特回到他所谓的“书房”的时候，可能也在睡觉。他每天带着报纸，要把自己在那儿锁上两个小时。

I saw the HAWBUCK scene out of the Study, which commands the garden. It's a curious object, that Study. Ponto's library mostly consists of boots. He and Stripes have important interviews here of mornings, when the potatoes are discussed, or the fate of the calf ordained, or sentence passed on the pig, &c.. All the Major's bills are docketed on the Study table and displayed like a lawyer's briefs. Here, too, lie displayed his hooks, knives, and other gardening irons, his whistles, and strings of spare buttons. He has a drawer of endless brown paper for parcels, and another containing a prodigious and never-failing

supply of string. What a man can want with so many gig-whips I can never conceive. These, and fishing-rods, and landing-nets, and spurs, and boot-trees, and balls for horses, and surgical implements for the same, and favourite pots of shiny blacking, with which he paints his own shoes in the most elegant manner, and buckskin gloves stretched out on their trees, and his gorget, sash, and sabre of the Horse Marines, with his boot-hooks underneath in atrophy; and the family medicine-chest, and in a corner the very rod with which he used to whip his son, Wellesley Ponto, when a boy (Wellesley never entered the 'Study'but for that awful purpose)—all these, with *Mogg's Road Book*, the *GARDENERS' CHRONICLE*, and a backgammon-board, form the Major's library. Under the trophy there's a picture of Mrs. Ponto, in a light blue dress and train, and no waist, when she was first married; a fox's brush lies over the frame, and serves to keep the dust off that work of art.

我从书房中看到了霍巴克一家到来时的场景，从那儿正好可以俯瞰花园。那真是个奇特的地方，那个书房。庞特的图书室里主要放着靴子。他和斯特里普士每天早上要在这里进行重要的会谈，谈论些关于土豆的问题，或是决定小牛的命运，或是裁决关于猪的问题，等等。这位少校所有的账单都贴上标签放在书房的桌子上，摆得就像律师的辩护状一样。这儿也摆着他的吊钩、小刀和其他在花园里用的铁具，以及他的口哨和一串串闲置的纽扣。他的一个抽屉里装着不计其数的褐色包装纸，另一个抽屉里则有一大把永远用不完的绳子。我根本不能想象一个人要用这么多的马鞭来干什么。这些东西，还有钓鱼竿、捕捞抄网、靴刺、靴楦、马服用的大丸剂、给马用的手术工具、讨人喜欢的有光泽的黑色漆罐（他还把这种漆料以最优雅的方式涂在了自己的靴子上）、展开来放在树上的鹿皮手套、护喉甲胄、饰带、靴钩已经退化的骑马水兵用的马刀、家庭医药箱，角落里还有他过去用来抽打儿子韦尔斯利·庞特的柳条（韦尔斯利因为害怕挨打，从来没有进过这个书房）——所有的这些东西，加上《莫格道路指南》、《园丁史》和一个棋盘，便构成了少校的图书室。在那些战利品下面，还有一张庞特夫人刚刚结婚时的照片。她穿着淡蓝色的连衣裙和裙裾，没有系腰带。相框上方放了一只狐狸尾巴，为那件艺术品遮挡灰尘。

'My library's small,' says Ponto, with the most amazing impudence, 'but well selected, my boy—well selected. I have been reading the *History of England* all the morning.'

“我的图书室很小，”庞特非常厚颜无耻地说道，“但是都是些精选，朋友——精选之物。我整个上午都在读《英国史》。”

CHAPTER XXVII A VISIT TO SOME COUNTRY SNOBS

第二十七章 拜访某些乡村势利者

We had the fish, which, as the kind reader may remember, I had brought down in a delicate attention to Mrs. Ponto, to variegate the repast of next day; and cod and oyster-sauce, twice laid, salt cod and scolloped oysters, formed parts of the bill of fare until I began to fancy that the Ponto family, like our late revered monarch George II., had a fancy for stale fish. And about this time, the pig being consumed, we began upon a sheep.

第二天，为了换个花样，我们吃了鱼。好心的读者可能还记得，那可是我特意给庞特夫人带去的。菜中有一部分是弄了两层鳕鱼和牡蛎汁、咸鳕鱼和涂上酱汁之后烘烤过的牡蛎。到那时，我才开始认为庞特一家就像已故的尊敬的君主乔治二世一样，喜欢吃腐鱼。到了这个时候，猪肉差不多已经吃光了，我们开始吃起羊肉来。

But how shall I forget the solemn splendour of a second course, which was served up in great state by Stripes in a silver dish and cove; a napkin round his dirty thumbs; and consisted of a landrail, not much bigger than a corpulent sparrow.

但是我怎能忘记斯特里普士把装在银盘和凹形器具里的第二道菜端上来时庄重而壮观的场景。他脏脏的手指上缠着一块餐巾，这道菜里有一只比肥麻雀大不了多少的长脚秧鸡。

'My love, will you take any game?' says Ponto, with prodigious gravity; and stuck his fork into that little mouthful of an island in the silver sea. Stripes, too, at intervals, dribbled out the Marsala with a solemnity which would have done honour to a Duke's butler. The Bamnecide's dinner to Shacabac was only one degree removed from these solemn banquets.

“亲爱的，你要不要来点野味？”庞特非常庄重地说道，然后把自己的餐叉插到秧鸡上，那秧鸡活像银色海水里的一个小岛，一口就能吃完。斯特里普士也不时地喝一点点马沙拉白葡萄酒，那严肃的样子都能给公爵的男管家带来荣誉。这些庄重宴会的级别都快赶上巴米塞德招待沙卡巴克的宴席了。

As there were plenty of pretty country places close by; a comfortable country town, with good houses of gentlefolks; a beautiful old parsonage, close to the church whither we went (and where the Carabas family have their ancestral carved and monumented Gothic pew), and every appearance of good society in the neighbourhood, I

rather wondered we were not enlivened by the appearance of some of the neighbours at the Evergreens, and asked about them.

附近有很多美丽的乡下地方。有一个很舒适的乡村小镇，那儿有很多有教养的人居住的好房子。我们经过的那座教堂旁边（那儿有卡拉巴斯家族祖传的哥特式风格雕刻的教堂长凳），有一个漂亮古老的牧师住所。附近一切都显得很和谐，所以我就奇怪为什么我们看到“常青之家”的一些邻居时没有愉悦之意呢，于是就问起了他们的情况。

'We can't in our position of life—we can't well associate with the attorney's family, as I leave you to suppose,' says Mrs. Ponto, confidentially. 'Of course not,' I answered, though I didn't know why. 'And the Doctor?' said I.

“向我们这样生活的人——我们不可能跟律师一家相处得很好，你想想是不是这样。”庞特夫人悄悄地跟我说。“当然不能。”我答道，虽然我并不知道为什么。“那么医生呢？”我说。

'A most excellent worthy creature,' says Mrs. P. saved Maria's life—really a learned man; but what can one do in one's position? One may ask one's medical man to one's table certainly: but his family, my dear Mr. Snob!'

“他是个非常优秀而值得敬重的人。”庞特夫人说，“他救过玛丽亚的命——是个真真正正有学问的人。但是处在自己的位置上能做什么呢？我们当然可以请医生吃饭，但是他的家人呢，我亲爱的势利者先生！”

'Half-a-dozen little gallipots,' interposed Miss Wirt, the governess: 'he, he, he!' and the young ladies laughed in chorus.

“半打小药罐，”家庭女教师沃特小姐插了一句，“他，他， 他！” 年轻的小姐们一起大笑起来。

'We only live with the county families,' Miss Wirt [1] continued, tossing up her head. 'The Duke is abroad: we are at feud with the Carabases; the Ringwoods don't come down till Christmas: in fact, nobody's here till the hunting season—positively nobody.'

“我们只同郡中的家庭一起生活。”沃特小姐把头甩到一边，接着说道，“公爵出国了。我们和卡拉巴斯一家人又长期不和。林沃德一家要圣诞节的时候才过来。事实上，在狩猎季节之前这儿都没有什么人——确实没有什么人。”

'Whose is the large red house just outside of the town?'

“小镇边上那所红色的大房子是谁的呢？”

'What! the CHATEAU-CALICOT? he, he, he! the CHATEAU-CALICOT? he, he, he! That purse-proud ex-linendraper, Mr. Yardley, with the yellow liveries, and the wife in red velvet? How CAN you, my dear Mr. Snob, be so satirical? The impertinence of those people is

really something quite overwhelming.’

“什么！那个卡利科特大庄园吗？他，他，他！是仆人穿黄色制服、妻子穿着红色天鹅绒的那个以前做亚麻织品零售生意的富商亚德利先生吧？我亲爱的势利者先生，你怎么能够这样讽刺人呢？那些人傲慢无礼的态度真是太让人受不了了。”

'Well, then, there is the parson, Doctor Chrysostom. He's a gentleman, at any rate.' At this Mrs. Ponto looked at Miss Wirt. After their eyes had met and they had wagged their heads at each other. They looked up to the ceiling. So did the young ladies. They thrilled. It was evident I had said something terrible. Another black sheep in the Church? Another black sheep in the Church? thought I with a little sorrow; for I don't care to own that I have a respect for the cloth. 'I—hope there's nothing wrong?’

“哦，那么，还有牧师克里索斯托姆博士。不管怎么说，他都算个绅士。”听到这句话，庞特夫人看着沃特小姐。两人目光相对之后，向彼此摇了摇头。她们看着上面的天花板。年轻的小姐们也这么做了。她们在颤抖。很显然，我说到了什么可怕的东西。难道是教会中的另一个害群之马？想到这点，我有些悲哀，因为我不介意承认我自己尊重教士。“我——希望没有出什么差错吧？”

'Wrong?' says Mrs. P., clasping her hands with a tragic air.

“差错？”庞特夫人说道，她带着悲哀的神情，紧紧地扣住了自己的双手。

'Oh!' says Miss Wirt, and the two girls, gasping in chorus.

“噢！”沃特小姐说，两个女孩子也啊了一声，一同喘息。

'Well,' says I, 'I'm very sorry for it. I never saw a nicer-looking old gentleman, or a better school, or heard a better sermon.’

“呐，”我说，“我对此感到非常抱歉。我从来没有见到过那么帅气的老绅士和那么好的一些人，从没听到过那么好的布道。”

'He used to preach those sermons in a surplice,' hissed out Mrs. Ponto. 'He's a Puseyite, Mr. Snob.’

“他过去常常穿着白色罩衣进行布道。”庞特夫人嘶嘶地说道，“他是一个信仰皮由兹的人，势利者先生。”

'Heavenly powers!' says I, admiring the pure ardour of these female theologians; and Stripes came in with the tea. It's so weak that no wonder Ponto's sleep isn't disturbed by it.

“天大的权力啊！”我说道，羡慕这些女神学家们有这样纯洁的热忱。随后，斯特里普士端着茶走了进来。茶水太淡了，难怪庞特先生没有因为它而睡不安稳。

Of mornings we used to go out shooting. We had Ponto's own fields to sport over (where we got the landrail), and the non-preserved part of the Hawbuck property: and one evening in a stubble of Ponto's skirting the Carabas woods, we got among some pheasants, and had some real sport. I shot a hen, I know, greatly to my delight. 'Bag it,' says Ponto, in rather a hurried manner: 'here's somebody coming.' So I pocketed the bird.

早晨，我们常常出去打猎。我们就在庞特自己的田野里狩猎（我们就是在那儿打到了那只长脚秧鸡），以及霍巴克的那片未受保护的地区。有一天傍晚，在卡拉巴斯林区周围庞特的领地里，我们到了野鸡出没的地方，好好地打了一阵子。我知道自己打到了一只雌野鸡，高兴得不得了。“把它装起来，”庞特说着，显得非常惊慌，“有人来了。”于是，我把鸡装到袋子里。

'You infernal poaching thieves!' roars out a man from the hedge in the garb of a gamekeeper. 'I wish I could catch you on this side of the hedge. I'd put a brace of barrels into you, that I would.’

“你们这些穷凶极恶的偷猎者！”一个穿着猎场看守人服装的男人在树篱那边咆哮道，“要是能够在树篱的这一边抓住你们就好了。我会把两个大桶砸到你们身上，我一定会的。”

'Curse that Snapper,' says Ponto, moving off; 'he's always watching me like a spy.’

“该死的斯纳珀，”庞特边说边走开，“他总是像个间谍一样地盯着我。”

'Carry off the birds, you sneaks, and sell 'em in London,' roars the individual, who it appears was a keeper of Lord Carabas. 'You'll get six shillings a brace for 'em.’

“你们这些小偷，就把那些鸡弄走吧，卖到伦敦去。”那个人大声地吼道，他看上去是卡拉巴斯勋爵的管家，“你们能卖六先令一对。”

'YOU know the price of 'em well enough, and so does your master too, you scoundrel,' says Ponto, still retreating.

“你，还有你的主人对它们的价格了解得很清楚啊，你这个无赖。”庞特说着，还在继续走开。

'We kill 'em on our ground,'cries Mr. Snapper. 'WE don't set traps for other people's birds. We're no decoy ducks. We're no sneaking poachers. We don't shoot 'ens, like that 'ere Cockney, who's got the tail of one a-sticking out of his pocket. Only just come across the hedge, that's all.’

“我们杀自己猎场上的。”斯纳珀先生大声叫道，“我们对别人的鸡从来不下套。我们不是诱捕动物的家伙。我们绝不是偷鸡摸狗的偷猎者。我们不会像那个伦敦佬那样去打它们，一只鸡的尾巴都已经从他的口袋

里露出来了。你只要敢翻过树篱来。”

'I tell you what,' says Stripes, who was out with us as keeper this day, (in fact he's keeper, coachman, gardener, valet, and bailiff, with Tummus under him,) 'if YOU'LL come across, John Snapper, and take your coat off, I'll give you such a whopping as you've never had since the last time I did it at Guttlebury Fair.'

“我告诉你，”斯特里普士说——当天他是作为看守人同我们一起出去的（事实上，他既是看守人，又是马车夫、园丁、贴身男仆和地主代理人，手下管着吐木斯）——“约翰·斯纳珀，要是你翻过来，把衣服脱掉，我会狠狠地揍你一顿，因为自从我上次在加特勒伯雷市场上揍了你之后，你就再也没有挨过我的揍了。”

'Whop one of your own weight,' Mr. Snapper said, whistling his dogs and disappearing into the wood. And so we came out of this controversy rather victoriously; but I began to alter my preconceived ideas of rural felicity.

“去揍与你相当的人吧。”斯纳珀先生说着，对自己的那些狗吹着口哨，消失在丛林里。因此，我们便从这场较量中获得胜利。但是，我开始改变了自己之前对于乡村幸福的看法。

Notes.

注释：

(1) I have since heard that this aristocratic lady's father was a livery-button maker in St. Martin's Lane: where he met with misfortunes, and his daughter acquired her taste for heraldry. But it may be told to her credit, that out of her earnings she has kept the bed-ridden old bankrupt in great comfort and secrecy at Pentonville; and furnished her brother's outfit for the Cadetship which her patron, Lord Swigglebiggle, gave her when he was at the Board of Control. I have this information from a friend. To hear Miss Wirt herself, you would fancy that her Papa was a Rothschild, and that the markets of Europe were convulsed when he went into the *GAZETTE*.

我后来听说这位贵族女士的父亲曾经是圣马丁巷一个制作制服纽扣的人。在那里，他遭遇了不幸，他的女儿则形成了对于纹章图案的品位。但是以下这些都可归功于她：她用自己赚来的钱秘密地把自己卧床不起的破产的老父亲在蓬特维尔照顾得非常好。她还为上了军校的弟弟置办了一整套装备，他成为军校学员的机会是她的赞助人斯威格比格勋爵在“控制委员会”的时候给她的。我是从一个朋友那儿听到这些的。要听沃特小姐本人说，你可能会以为她的爸爸是罗斯柴尔德家族的后代，而当他出现在《大公报》上的时候，整个欧洲市场都震动了。

CHAPTER XXVIII ON SOME COUNTRY SNOBS

第二十八章 关于某些乡村势利者

'Be hanged to your aristocrats!' Ponto said, in some conversation we had regarding the family at Carabas, between whom and the Evergreens there was a feud. 'When I first came into the county—it was the year before Sir John Buff contested in the Blue interest—the Marquis, then Lord St. Michaels, who, of course, was Orange to the core, paid me and Mrs. Ponto such attentions, that I fairly confess I was taken in by the old humbug, and thought that I'd met with a rare neighbour. Gad, Sir, we used to get pines from Carabas, and pheasants from Carabas, and it was—"Ponto, when will you come over and shoot?"—and—"Ponto, our pheasants want thinning,"—and my Lady would insist upon her dear Mrs. Ponto coming over to Carabas to sleep, and put me I don't know to what expense for turbans and velvet gowns for my wife's toilette. Well, Sir, the election takes place, and though I was always a Liberal, personal friendship of course induces me to plump for St. Michaels, who comes in at the head of the poll. Next year, Mrs. P. insists upon going to town—with lodgings in Clarges Street at ten pounds a week, with a hired brougham, and new dresses for herself and the girls, and the deuce and all to pay. Our first cards were to Carabas House; my Lady's are returned by a great big flunkey; and I leave you to fancy my poor Betsy's discomfiture as the lodging-house maid took in the cards, and Lady St. Michaels drives away, though she actually saw us at the drawing-room window. Would you believe it, Sir, that though we called four times afterwards, those infernal aristocrats never returned our visit; that though Lady St. Michaels gave nine dinner-parties and four DEJEUNERS that season, she never asked us to one; and that she cut us dead at the Opera, though Betsy was nodding to her the whole night? We wrote to her for tickets for Almack's; she writes to say that all hers were promised; and said, in the presence of Wiggins, her lady's-maid, who told it to Diggs, my wife's woman, that she couldn't conceive how people in our station of life could so far forget themselves as to wish to appear in any such place! Go to Castle Carabas! I'd sooner die than set my foot in the house of that impertinent, insolvent, insolent jackanapes—and I hold him in scorn!' After this, Ponto gave me some private information regarding Lord Carabas's pecuniary affairs; how he owed money all over the county; how Jukes the carpenter was utterly ruined and couldn't get a shilling of his bill; how Biggs the butcher hanged himself for the same reason; how the six big footmen never received a guinea of wages, and Snaffle, the state coachman, actually took off his

blown-glass wig of ceremony and flung it at Lady Carabas's feet on the terrace before the Castle; all which stories, as they are private, I do not think proper to divulge. But these details did not stifle my desire to see the famous mansion of Castle Carabas, nay, possibly excited my interest to know more about that lordly house and its owners.

“你们那些贵族真该被绞死！”我们谈论卡拉巴斯的家庭时，庞特说道。“常青之家”和那个家族是宿敌。“我第一次来到这个郡时——那是约翰·巴夫爵士代表保守党参选的前一年——有一个当时叫作圣迈克尔斯大人的侯爵，当然，他在骨子里就是奥兰治世家的一员。他对我和庞特夫人极为关注，我完全承认我当时是被那个老家伙给骗了，还以为遇到了一位难得的邻居呢。天啊，先生，我们过去常常从卡拉巴斯弄到松木和野鸡。他说：‘庞特，你何时才过来打猎呢?' 还说：‘庞特，我们想要把野鸡变少一些呢。’ 他的夫人还坚持要求她亲爱的庞特夫人到卡拉巴斯去睡觉，使得我为了我妻子的装扮不知道花了多少钱，让她去买穆斯林头巾和丝绒长袍。呐，先生，选举开始了。虽然我一直是一个自由党人，但是，出于个人友谊我当然坚决主张选圣迈克尔斯，他得了最多的选票。接下来的那年，庞特夫人坚持要到城里去——在克拉杰斯街每周的寄宿费是十英镑，她租了一辆布鲁厄姆式小马车，给自己和女儿们买了一些新裙子，到底还是花了不少钱。我们首先把名片送到卡拉巴斯家里，一个高大的男仆却把我夫人的名片给退了回来；寄宿处的女佣把名片拿进去时，圣迈克尔斯夫人却坐着马车离开了，但是她其实已经从会客室的窗口看见了我们。你想想那时我可怜的贝奇会有多么为难啊。你相信吗，先生？尽管后来我们又去拜访了四次，那些可恶的贵族却从来没有回访过我们。尽管圣迈克尔斯夫人在那个季节里举办了九次晚宴和四次早餐会，她却一次都没有邀请过我们。在剧院里，尽管贝齐整个晚上都在朝她点头示意，她却对我们毫不理睬。我们给她写信，希望能够弄到奥尔马克剧院的票，她却回信说她所有的票都已经答应给其他人了，还当着她的女佣威金斯的面，说她根本不能想象我们这种地位的人怎么能够忘了自己的身份而想要出现在任何一个那样的地方！后来，她的女佣又把这些告诉给了我妻子的女佣迪格斯。要去卡拉巴斯的城堡！我宁可死掉也不愿意踏进那个傲慢、破产而又厚颜无耻的自负之人的家里——我鄙视他！” 说过这些之后，庞特又给我讲了一些关于卡拉巴斯勋爵那些与金钱有关的私密信息：他如何欠了整个郡的人的钱；木匠朱克斯是如何从他那里一先令的账都收不到，就那样被毁了；屠夫比格斯是如何因为同样的原因去上吊；六个高大的男仆如何从来没有得到过一几尼的工资；而高贵的马夫斯纳福尔又是如何果真脱下了自己那高贵的，吹制而成的玻璃假发，然后把它扔到了城堡前台阶上卡拉巴斯夫人的脚边。因为所有的这些故事都很私密，所以我觉得不适合把它们泄露出来。但是，这些细节并没有遏制我想要看看那座著名的卡拉巴斯城堡的想法。不，它还可能激发了我想要知道更多关于那所颇有贵族气派的房子和它主人的兴趣。

At the entrance of the park, there are a pair of great gaunt mildewed lodges—mouldy Doric temples with black chimney-pots, in

the finest classic taste, and the gates of course are surmounted by the CHATS BOTTES, the well-known supporters of the Carabas family. 'Give the lodge-keeper a shilling,' says Ponto, (who drove me near to it in his four-wheeled cruelty-chaise). 'I warrant it's the first piece of ready money he has received for some time.' I don't know whether there was any foundation for this sneer, but the gratuity was received with a curtsey, and the gate opened for me to enter. 'Poor old porteress!' says I, inwardly. 'You little know that it is the Historian of Snobs whom you let in!' The gates were passed. A damp green stretch of park spread right and left immeasurably, confined by a chilly grey wall, and a damp long straight road between two huge rows of moist, dismal lime-trees, leads up to the Castle. In the midst of the park is a great black tank or lake, bristling over with rushes, and here and there covered over with patches of pea-soup. A shabby temple rises on an island in this delectable lake, which is approached by a rotten barge that lies at roost in a dilapidated boat house. Clumps of elms and oaks dot over the huge green flat. Every one of them would have been down long since, but that the Marquis is not allowed to cut the timber.

庭园的入口处有两座荒凉得发霉的大门房——那种有着黑色烟囱管帽、陈旧的多利斯式寺庙，是很精美的那种古典式风格。大门的上方当然是“查兹·波斯特”的字样，他们是卡拉巴斯家族很有名的支持者。“给门房看守人一先令。”庞特（他用四轮马车把我拉到了门房旁）说，“我保证，那肯定是他很久以来收到的第一份现钱。”我不知道这样的歧视是否有任何根据，但是他行着礼接下了小费，之后便打开大门让我进去。“可怜的老门房啊！”我在心里说，“你不知道你放进去的那个人是势利者的史学家！”我已经穿过了大门。庭院里有一块潮湿的绿地向左右两边无限地延伸，由一堵阴冷灰暗的墙围着，一条笔直潮湿的道路通向城堡，长长的道路两旁是两排阴沉潮湿的高大欧椴树。庭院中央是一个巨大的黑色贮水池，或是湖，里面长满了灯芯草，到处都是一片又一片黄色的浓雾。一座年久失修的寺庙在这个怡人的湖泊中的小岛上耸立着，一只生锈的驳船停放在破旧的船房中，人们可以坐着这只船到小岛上去。一簇簇榆树和橡树星罗棋布地散落在这片巨大的绿色平地上。要不是不准侯爵砍掉这些树木，它们可能在很久以前就已经倒下了。

Up that long avenue the Snobographer walked in solitude. At the seventy-ninth tree on the left-hand side, the insolvent butcher hanged himself. I scarcely wondered at the dismal deed, so woful and sad were the impressions connected with the place. So, for a mile and a half I walked—alone and thinking of death.

我这个势利者描绘家孤独地在那条长长的大道上行走。走到第七十九棵树左边，那个不能清偿债务的屠夫便是在这里上吊的。我对这样凄惨的行为一点儿也不感到奇怪，这个地方给人一种痛苦哀伤的印象。就这样，我走了一英里半的路程——独自走着，思考着死亡。

I forgot to say the house is in full view all the way—except when

intercepted by the trees on the miserable island in the lake—an enormous red-brick mansion, square, vast, and dingy. It is flanked by four stone towers with weathercocks. In the midst of the grand facade is a huge Ionic portico, approached by a vast, lonely, ghastly staircase. Rows of black windows, framed in stone, stretch on either side, right and left—three storeys and eighteen windows of a row. You may see a picture of the palace and staircase, in the Views of England and Wales, with four carved and gilt carriages waiting at the gravel walk, and several parties of ladies and gentlemen in wigs and hoops, dotting the fatiguing lines of stairs.

我忘了说一下，这一路上都能够看见这座房子的全景——除了有时候，视线会被那些生长在湖中可怜的岛上的树给挡住——那是一座巨大的红砖墙宅邸，四四方方，大而阴暗。房子的侧面是四座装了风标的石塔。宏伟立面的中间有一个爱奥尼亚柱式的门廊，通过一段宽阔、人迹稀少、阴森森的楼梯可以到达那里。一排排黑压压的窗户嵌在石框中，向左右两边延伸——每排有三层十八个窗户。你可能在《英格兰和威尔士风光》中看到过这座宫殿和楼梯的图片，上面有四辆带有雕饰的镀金马车在砾石路边候着，几群戴着假发和戒指的淑女绅士稀稀落落地站在那些令人疲乏的楼梯上。

But these stairs are made in great houses for people NOT to ascend. The first Lady Carabas (they are but eighty years in the peerage), if she got out of her gilt coach in a shower, would be wet to the skin before she got half-way to the carved Ionic portico, where four dreary statues of Peace, Plenty, Piety and Patriotism, are the only sentinels. You enter these palaces by back-doors. 'That was the way the Carabases got their peerage,' the misanthropic Ponto said after dinner.

但是这些大房子中的楼梯并不是用来供人们登高的。如果第一位卡拉巴斯夫人（这个家族只是在八十年前才成为贵族）在阵雨中从镀金马车上下去，那么她还没跑到从马车到雕刻过的爱奥尼亚柱式门廊一半的距离就要全身湿透。门廊处有四尊阴郁的雕塑，分别象征着和平、富足、虔诚和爱国，它们是那儿仅有的守卫。你要从后门进入这些豪华住宅。“卡拉巴斯家族的人就是从后门获得他们贵族身份的。”庞特在饭后愤世嫉俗地说道。

Well—I rang the bell at a little low side-door; it clanged and jingled and echoed for a long, long while, till at length a face, as of a housekeeper, peered through the door, and, as she saw my hand in my waistcoat pocket, opened it. Unhappy, lonely housekeeper, I thought. Is Miss Crusoe in her island more solitary? The door clapped to, and I was in Castle Carabas.

呐——我按响了低低的小侧门旁边的门铃。它叮叮当当地回响了好一会儿，最后终于有一张脸从门缝里往外看，似乎是女管家。她看见我

的手放在背心口袋里时，把门打开了。这是一个孤独忧郁的女管家，我心想。克鲁索小姐在她的岛上会不会更加孤独呢？门又啪的一声关上了，我已经置身于卡拉巴斯城堡了。

'The side entrance and All,' says the housekeeper. 'The halligator hover the mantelpiece was brought home by Hadmiral St. Michaels, when a Capting with Lord Hanson. The harms on the cheers is the harms of the Carabas family.' The hall was rather comfortable. We went clapping up a clean stone backstair, and then into a back passage cheerfully decorated with ragged light-green Kidderminster, and issued upon

“侧门和大厅。”女管家说道，“壁炉架上方的鳄鱼皮是圣迈克尔斯海军上将带回来的，那时他还是一个跟着汉森勋爵的上尉。椅子上的那些纹章是卡拉巴斯家族的。”大厅相当舒适。我们匆匆走上了一段干净的石质后楼梯，然后进入了后面的一个通道，那里铺了一层粗糙的、浅绿色的基德明斯特地毯，装饰得赏心悦目，接着来到了

'THE GREAT ALL.

“大厅。

'The great all is seventy-two feet in lenth, fifty-six in breath, and thirty-eight feet 'igh. The carvings of the chimlies, representing the birth of Venus, and Ercules, and Eyelash, is by Van Chislum, the most famous sculpture of his hage and country. The ceiling, by Calimanco, represents Painting, Harchitecture and Music (the naked female figure with the barrel horgan) introducing George, fust Lord Carabas, to the Temple of the Muses. The winder ornaments is by Vanderputty. The floor is Patagonian marble; and the chandelier in the centre was presented to Lionel, second Marquis, by Lewy the Sixteenth, whose 'ead was cut hoff in the French Revelation. We now henter

“大厅长七十二英尺，宽五十六英尺，高三十八英尺。烟囱上的雕刻代表着维纳斯、埃尔库勒斯和埃纳什的诞生，这些是范切斯勒姆雕的作品，是他那个时代和他的国家里最著名的雕刻作品。天花板是卡里曼科制作的，代表了绘画、建筑和音乐（拿着手摇风琴的裸体女像），把第一位卡拉巴斯勋爵乔治引领到了缪斯神庙。螺旋形阶梯上的装饰出于范德普蒂之手。地板是巴塔哥尼亚大理石制成的。中间的枝形吊灯是路易十六送给第二位侯爵莱昂内尔的礼物，前者在法国大革命中被砍了头。

We now henter THE SOUTH GALLERY.

现在我们进入了南部走廊。

'One 'undred and forty-eight in lenth by thirty-two in breath; it is profusely hornaminted by the choicest works of Hart. Sir Andrew Katz, founder of the Carabas family and banker of the Prince of Horange, Kneller. Her present Ladyship, by Lawrence. Lord St.

Michaels, by the same—he is represented sittin' on a rock in velvit pantaloons. Moses in the bullrushes—the bull very fine, by Paul Potter. The Toilet of Venus, Fantaski. Flemish Bores Drinking, Van Ginnums. Jupiter and Europia, de Horn. The Grandjunction Canal, Venis, by Candleetty; and Italian Bandix, by Slavata Rosa.'—And so this worthy woman went on, from one room into another, from the blue room to the green, and the green to the grand saloon, and the grand saloon to the tapestry closet, cackling her list of pictures and wonders: and furtively turning up a corner of brown holland to show the colour of the old, faded, seedy, mouldy, dismal hangings.

“它有一百四十八英尺长，三十二英尺宽。哈特的大量精品之作把这儿装饰起来。这是卡拉巴斯家族的创始人、霍兰杰王子银行的老板安德鲁·卡茨爵士的画像，出自凯勒尔之手。劳伦斯画的他现任太太的画像。圣迈克尔斯勋爵的画像，同样出自劳伦斯之手——画上的他穿着丝绒的大灯笼裤坐在石头上。这是保罗·波特画的穿着纸莎草的摩西——非常精美的纸莎草。这是《维纳斯的梳妆台》，凡塔斯基画的。《弗勒米什·博雷斯在饮酒》，范杰纳姆斯画的。这是德霍恩画的《丘比特与欧罗巴》。这是凯德勒蒂创作的《大运河威尼斯》，以及斯拉瓦塔·罗莎所画的《意大利班迪克斯》。”就这样，这个值得尊敬的女人继续讲着，从一个房间到另一个房间，从阴郁的房间到草坪，从草坪到大客厅，从大客厅到有挂毯的小房间，一直呱啦呱啦地讲着那些画作和珍品。她还神神秘秘地翻开褐色的亚麻细布的一角，让我看那些年代久远、早已褪色、破破烂烂、发霉暗淡的挂饰物的颜色。

At last we came to her Ladyship's bed-room. In the centre of this dreary apartment there is a bed about the size of one of those whizgig temples in which the Genius appears in a pantomime. The huge gilt edifice is approached by steps, and so tall, that it might be let off in floors, for sleeping-rooms for all the Carabas family. An awful bed! A murder might be done at one end of that bed, and people sleeping at the other end be ignorant of it. Gracious powers! Gracious powers! fancy little Lord Carabas in a nightcap ascending those steps after putting out the candle!

最后，我们来到了夫人的卧室。这个沉闷的房间中央是一张床，跟哑剧中守护神所在的圣庙的其中一间大小差不多。走过一段梯级可以到那个很大的镀金建筑上面去。它太高了，高得都可以分隔成好几层，作为卧室的话都可以供卡拉巴斯家里所有的人睡。真是一张大得可怕的床！要是床的一头发生了谋杀的话，睡在另一头的人会没有任何察觉。仁慈的神灵啊！想想看，戴着睡帽的小卡拉巴斯勋爵会在吹灭蜡烛之后爬上那些梯级呢！

The sight of that seedy and solitary splendour was too much for me. I should go mad were I that lonely housekeeper—in those enormous galleries—in that lonely library, filled up with ghastly folios that nobody dares read, with an inkstand on the centre table like the

coffin of a baby, and sad portraits staring at you from the bleak walls with their solemn Mouldy eyes. No wonder that Carabas does not come down here often.

看到那个富丽堂皇的房子破烂孤寂的景象，我简直看不下去了。我要是那个孤独的管家，肯定会发疯——在那些巨大的长廊里；那个孤寂的图书室里装满了恐怖的对开本，没人敢去翻阅；桌子中间放着一个墨水瓶，活像一口婴儿棺材；阴暗的墙上那些悲伤的人像用肃穆陈腐的眼睛死死地盯着你看。难怪卡拉巴斯的人并不常到这儿来。

It would require two thousand footmen to make the place cheerful. No wonder the coachman resigned his wig, that the masters are insolvent, and the servants perish in this huge dreary out-at-elbow place.

要有两千个仆从才能让这个地方欢愉起来。难怪那个马车夫会扔掉他的假发，主人们会破产，仆人们会在这个巨大沉闷而又破破烂烂的地方灰飞烟灭。

A single family has no more right to build itself a temple of that sort than to erect a Tower of Babel. Such a habitation is not decent for a mere mortal man. But, after all, I suppose poor Carabas had no choice. Fate put him there as it sent Napoleon to St. Helena. Suppose it had been decreed by Nature that you and I should be Marquises? We wouldn't refuse, I suppose, but take Castle Carabas and all, with debts, duns, and mean makeshifts, and shabby pride, and swindling magnificence.

单单一个家庭是无权为自己修建一座那样的庙宇的，就像他们无权修建一座通天塔一样。这样的住所不适合纯粹的凡人。不过，我想可怜的卡拉巴斯毕竟没什么选择。命运把他安排到那儿去，就像命运让拿破仑到圣赫勒拿岛去一样。设想一下，要是大自然已经颁布命令，让你我成为侯爵呢？我想我们不能拒绝，只能接受卡拉巴斯城堡和一切，包括负债、被追债、卑鄙的权宜之计、可怜的骄傲，以及虚假的辉煌。

Next season, when I read of Lady Carabas's splendid entertainments in the *MORNING POST*, and see the poor old insolvent cantering through the Park—I shall have a much tenderer interest in these great people than I have had heretofore. Poor old shabby Snob! Ride on and fancy the world is still on its knees before the house of Carabas! Give yourself airs, poor old bankrupt Magnifico, who are under money-obligations to your flunkeys; and must stoop so as to swindle poor tradesmen! And for us, O my brother Snobs, oughtn't we to feel happy if our walk through life is more even, and that we are out of the reach of that surprising arrogance and that astounding meanness to which this wretched old victim is obliged to mount and descend.

下个季节，当我在《晨报》上读到有关卡拉巴斯夫人壮观的招待会的报道，看到这位年老可怜的破产者在公园里驱马慢跑时——我会对这些大人物进行比之前更为审慎的关注。可怜卑鄙的老势利者！还骑在马上幻想着整个世界都跪拜在卡拉巴斯的房子面前！可怜、破产的老权贵，你还在摆架子，你可得付给仆人们钱呢。你必须得弯下腰来，才骗得了那些可怜的商人！至于我们，噢，我的势利者兄弟啊，要是我们在生活的道路上走得更安稳，要是我们与那种惊人的傲慢和惊人的卑鄙毫不沾边，不像这个不幸的老牺牲品那样不得不在其中爬上爬下，难道我们不应该感到幸福吗？

CHAPTER XXIX A VISIT TO SOME COUNTRY SNOBS

第二十九章 拜访某些乡村势利者

Notable as my reception had been (under that unfortunate mistake of Mrs. Ponto that I was related to Lord Snobbington, which I was not permitted to correct), it was nothing compared to the bowing and kotooing, the raptures and flurry which preceded and welcomed the visit of a real live lord and lord's son, a brother officer of Cornet Wellesley Ponto, in the 120th Hussars, who came over with the young Cornet from Guttlebury, where their distinguished regiment was quartered. This was my Lord Gules, Lord Saltire's grandson and heir: a very young, short, sandy-haired and tobacco-smoking nobleman, who cannot have left the nursery very long, and who, though he accepted the honest Major's invitation to the Evergreens in a letter written in a school-boy handwriting, with a number of faults of spelling, may yet be a very fine classical scholar for what I know: having had his education at Eton, where he and young Ponto were inseparable.

我受到的接待还算不错（庞特夫人犯了一个不幸的错误，认为我与斯诺宾唐勋爵有亲戚关系，我却不能更正），但是当有某位真正的贵族和贵族之子来访时，她点头又叩头，显得欣喜若狂、无比激动，我所受到的接待与这样的欢迎完全没有可比性。那位贵族和科尼特·韦尔斯利·庞特都是第一百二十号轻骑兵团的军官，他从他们著名军团的驻地加特勒伯雷与小科尼特一同前来。这就是索泰尔勋爵的孙子和继承人加尔斯阁下：一个非常年轻矮小的贵族，头发呈棕色，喜欢抽烟。他离开托儿所也不可能有太长时间。尽管他已经用小学生的笔迹给诚实的少校写了一封信，夹杂着许多拼写错误，告诉少校他接受去“常青之家”做客的邀请，但是据我所知，他可能已经是一个非常不错的古典主义学者。他在伊顿读过书，在那里，他和小庞特关系好得密不可分。

At any rate, if he can't write, he has mastered a number of other accomplishments wonderful for one of his age and size. He is one of the best shots and riders in England. He rode his horse Abracadabra, and won the famous Guttlebury steeple-chase. He has horses entered at half the races in the country (under other people's names; for the old lord is a strict hand, and will not hear of betting or gambling). He has lost and won such sums of money as my Lord George himself might be proud of. He knows all the stables, and all the jockeys, and has all the 'information,' and is a match for the best Leg at Newmarket. Nobody was ever known to be 'too much' for him at play or in the stable.

不管怎么说，要是他不会写，他也已经掌握了其他一些技巧，那些对于他这个年龄和身材大小的人来说已经非常不错了。他是英国最棒的射击手和骑马者之一。他骑着自己那匹名叫阿布拉卡答布拉的马，赢得了著名的加特勒伯雷越野赛马。他的马参加了乡村举行的半数的赛马（都是以其他人的名义参赛的，因为这个老贵族是个严厉的家伙，从不愿意听到任何有关打赌或是赌博的事）。他或输或赢一大笔钱，乔治勋爵自己也会为之感到自豪。他知道所有的马厩，认识所有的职业赛马骑师，拥有一切“信息”，简直可以跟纽马基特最好的骑手相媲美。不管是在比赛中还是在马厩里，还没有哪一个人“超过他能对付的范围”。

Although his grandfather makes him a moderate allowance, by the aid of POST-OBITS and convenient friends he can live in a splendour becoming his rank. He has not distinguished himself in the knocking down of policemen much; he is not big enough for that. But, as a light-weight, his skill is of the very highest order. At billiards he is said to be first-rate. He drinks and smokes as much as any two of the biggest officers in his regiment. With such high talents, who can say how far he may not go? He may take to politics as a DELASSEMENT, and be Prime Minister after Lord George Bentinck.

尽管他祖父给他提供的生活费一般，但是在死后清偿的协约和近便的朋友的帮助下，他也能够过着于自己身份相称的灿烂的日子。他不能以打倒警察的方式使自己与众不同，因为他的体型还不够大。但是，作为一个体重偏轻的人，他的技能是最高超的。据说他打台球的技术是一流的。他抽烟喝酒的量比得上他们军团里任何两个体型最大的军官。既然有如此高的天赋，谁还能说他有什么做不成呢？他开始从政可能是出于一种消遣，并且继乔治·本廷克勋爵之后成为一位首相。

My young friend Wellesley Ponto is a gaunt and bony youth, with a pale face profusely blotched. From his continually pulling something on his chin, I am led to fancy that he believes he has what is called an Imperial growing there. That is not the only tuft that is hunted in the family, by the way. He can't, of course, indulge in those expensive amusements which render his aristocratic comrade so respected: he bets pretty freely when he is in cash, and rides when somebody mounts him (for he can't afford more than his regulation chargers). At drinking he is by no means inferior; and why do you think he brought his noble friend, Lord Gules, to the Evergreens? — Why? because he intended to ask his mother to order his father to pay his debts, which she couldn't refuse before such an exalted presence. Young Ponto gave me all this information with the most engaging frankness. We are old friends. I used to tip him when he was at school.

我年轻的朋友韦尔斯利·庞特是一个有些瘦削的青年，苍白的脸上长了很多斑点。由于他总是不断地扯着下巴上的什么东西，我还以为他觉得自己那儿长着所谓的帝髯呢。顺便提一下，在这个家族中， 那可不是他们唯一追求的髭须。当然，他不能沉溺于那些让他的贵族朋友大受尊

敬的花费昂贵的娱乐活动：有现金的时候，他赌钱赌得相当大方。要是有人为他备好了马，那他也会去骑一骑（因为，他就跟他那些普通的战马一样，承担不起更多）。在喝酒方面，他不在谁的水平之下；但是你觉得他为什么要把自己的贵族朋友加尔斯勋爵带到“常青之家”来呢 ？为什么呢？因为他想让他的母亲要求他的父亲替他还债，当着这样一个高贵的人的面，她是不可能拒绝这个要求的。小庞特带着非常可爱的坦诚，告诉了我所有的这些情况。我们俩是老朋友了。上学的时候，我曾经常给他小费。

'Gad!': says he, 'our wedgment's so DOOTHID exthpenthif. Must hunt, you know. A man couldn't live in the wedgment if he didn't. Mess expenses enawmuth. Must dine at mess. Must drink champagne and claret. Ours ain't a port and sherry light-infantry mess. Uniform's awful. Fitzstultz, our Colonel, will have 'em so. Must be a distinction you know. At his own expense Fitzstultz altered the plumes in the men's caps (you called them shaving-brushes, Snob, my boy: most absurd and unjust that attack of yours, by the way); that altewation alone cotht him five hundred pound. The year befaw latht he horthed the wegiment at an immenthe expenthe, and we're called the Queen'th Own Pyebalds from that day. Ever theen uth on pawade? The Empewar Nicolath burtht into tearth of envy when he thaw uth at Windthor. And you see,' continued my young friend, 'I brought Gules down with me, as the Governor is very sulky about shelling out, just to talk my mother over, who can do anything with him. Gules told her that I was Fitzstultz's favourite of the whole regiment; and, Gad! she thinks the Horse Guards will give me my troop for nothing, and he humbugged the Governor that I was the greatest screw in the army. Ain't it a good dodge?’

“天啊！”他说，“我们军团的开支太大了。你知道，我们必须要打猎了。要是不打猎的话，就无法在军团里生活下去了。伙食费太高了。还必须得在食堂吃。必须得喝香槟和红酒。而我们喝的又不是轻骑兵喝的那种波尔图葡萄酒和雪利酒。制服也太可怕了。是我们的上校菲兹吐兹要这种样式的。你知道，一定得有特色。菲兹吐兹自己出资把男式军帽上的羽饰给改了（你管它们叫修面刷，势利者朋友。顺便提一下，你对它进行这样的攻击是最荒谬、最不公正的），光是那样的更改，就花了他五百英镑。前年他花了一大笔钱给军团配置马匹，从那天起，我们就被叫做“女王的花马队”了。你之前看见过马队吗？尼古拉斯皇帝在温莎看见它们时，羡慕得都流泪了。你看，”我年轻的朋友接着说，“我把加尔斯也一起带来了，因为一谈到掏钱的事，父亲就会非常生气，我带加尔斯来就是为了说服母亲，她能够让他做任何事。加尔斯告诉她说菲兹吐兹在整个军团中最喜欢的就是我。噢，天啊！她还以为骑兵卫队会平白无故地把骑兵连交给我呢。他还骗我父亲说我是军队里最优秀的一员。这难道不是一个很好的诡计吗？”

With this Wellesley left me to go and smoke a cigar in the stables

with Lord Gules, and make merry over the cattle there, under Stripes's superintendence. Young Ponto laughed with his friend, at the venerable four-wheeled cruelty-chaise; but seemed amazed that the latter should ridicule still more an ancient chariot of the build of 1824, emblazoned immensely with the arme of the Pontos and the Snaileys, from which latter distinguished family Mrs. Ponto issued.

之后韦尔斯利便走开跟加尔斯勋爵到马厩里一起抽烟去了，在斯特里普士的监管下，他们在牲口那儿寻开心。小庞特和他的朋友一起嘲笑起那辆古老的四轮大马车来，但是当他看到自己的朋友对着一辆1824年制造的古老双轮战车嘲笑得更厉害的时候，他似乎惊呆了，那辆马车上面有很多庞特家族和斯勒利家族的纹章作为装饰，庞特夫人就出生于著名的斯勒利家族。

I found poor Pon in his study among his boots, in such a rueful attitude of despondency, that I could not but remark it. 'Look at that!' says the poor fellow, handing me over a document. 'It's the second change in uniform since he's been in the army, and yet there's no extravagance about the lad. Lord Gules tells me he is the most careful youngster in the regiment, God bless him! But look at that! by heaven, Snob, look at that and say how can a man of nine hundred keep out of the Bench?' He gave a sob as he handed me the paper across the table; and his old face, and his old corduroys, and his shrunk shooting-jacket, and his lean shanks, looked, as he spoke, more miserably haggard, bankrupt, and threadbare.

我发现可怜的庞特在书房里他的那些靴子中间，神情沮丧得我都不得不注意到底是怎么回事了。“看看那个！”这个可怜的家伙一边说着一边递给我一份文件，“自他参军以来，这是第二次更改制服，这个小伙子从不浪费。加尔斯勋爵告诉我说他是军团里最认真的年轻人，愿上帝保佑他！但是看看那个！我的天啊，势利者，看看那个，你说说看一个收入只有九百英镑的人怎能不遭到控告？”他从桌子对面抽泣着把那份材料递给了我。他说话的时候，那张苍老的脸、陈旧的灯芯绒裤、缩成一团的狩猎服，以及瘦削的小腿，看起来更加悲惨、憔悴、破败、衣衫褴褛。

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中尉寄：伦敦，管道街，克诺夫和斯特克纳德尔，第一百二十号女王花马队轻骑兵团，韦尔斯利·庞特镑，先令，便士 有大量金色花边的礼服夹克3500 饰有黑貂皮的同色毛皮披风6000 饰有金边的便装夹克15150 同料同色的毛皮披风3000 礼服灯笼裤 1200 两侧饰有金色花边的同色紧身制服裤660 同料同色的便装550 有边带的蓝色礼服大衣14140 军便帽330 礼服帽、金线、羽饰及链子..2500 金色桶状腰带11180 剑11110 同色的腰带和马刀挂套 16160 弹药袋和饰带15150 剑柄缎带 140 披风 13130 手提箱 3136普通马鞍 7176同样的整套马笼头10100 一整套礼服马饰 3000 两只手枪10100 一件带边的黑色羊皮袄..6180 共计英镑：34790

That evening Mrs. Ponto and her family made their darling Wellesley give a full, true, and particular account of everything that had taken place at Lord Fitzstultz's; how many servants waited at dinner; and how the Ladies Schneider dressed; and what his Royal Highness said when he came down to shoot; and who was there? "What a blessing that boy is to me!" said she, as my pimple-faced young friend moved off to resume smoking operations with Gules in the now vacant kitchen;—and poor Ponto's dreary and desperate look, shall I ever forget that?

那天晚上，庞特夫人和她的家人们让他们亲爱的韦尔斯利对发生在菲兹吐兹勋爵军团里的所有事进行了一次全面、真实、详尽的描述：吃饭的时候旁边有多少仆人侍候；施奈德家的小姐们是怎么着装的；殿下来打猎的时候都说了什么，当时有谁在那儿。“这小子真是上帝对我的恩赐！”她说，当时我那个脸上长满丘疹的年轻朋友走开了，又和加尔斯拿着烟到当时没人的厨房里去——可怜的庞特那忧郁而绝望的表情，我怎么会忘记呢？

O you parents and guardians! O you men and women of sense in England! O you legislators about to assemble in Parliament! read over that tailor's bill above printed, read over that absurd catalogue of insane gimcracks and madman's tomfoolery—and say how are you ever to get rid of Snobbishness when society does so much for its education?

噢，你们这些父母和监护人啊！噢，你们这些通情达理的英国的男男女女啊！噢，你们这些将要在议会聚集的立法者啊！看看上面印的那份裁缝的账单吧，读读那个荒谬、记录着疯狂而又华而不实的东西和疯子的愚蠢之举的目录吧——你说说看，若社会对于势利的宣扬如此之多，你怎样才能摆脱势利之风呢？

Three hundred and forty pounds for a young chap's saddle and breeches! Before George, I would rather be a Hottentot or a Highlander. We laugh at poor Jocko, the monkey, dancing in uniform; or at poor Jeames, the flunkey, with his quivering calves and plush

tights; or at the nigger Marquis of Marmalade, dressed out with sabre and epaulets, and giving himself the airs of a field-marshal. Lo! is not one of the Queen's Pyebalds, in full fig, as great and foolish a monster?

一个小家伙的马鞍和马裤就要三百四十英镑！我宁可当一个霍屯督人或是苏格兰高地人，也不愿当乔治。我们嘲笑那只穿着制服跳舞的猴子乔科；我们嘲笑那个穿着紧身毛绒衣裤，腿肚儿还在颤抖，奴颜婢膝的可怜之人杰姆斯；嘲笑马尔马拉德黑鬼侯爵，他戴着佩剑和肩章，还显出一副陆军元帅的样子。看啊！女王花马队那个身着盛装的一员不就像一个愚蠢的大怪物吗？

CHAPTER XXX ON SOME COUNTRY SNOBS

第三十章 一些乡村势利者

At last came that fortunate day at the Evergreens, when I was to be made acquainted with some of the 'county families' with whom only people of Ponto's rank condescended to associate. And now, although poor Ponto had just been so cruelly made to bleed on occasion of his son's new uniform, and though he was in the direst and most cut-throat spirits with an overdrawn account at the banker's, and other pressing evils of poverty; although a tenpenny bottle of Marsala and an awful parsimony presided generally at his table, yet the poor fellow was obliged to assume the most frank and jovial air of cordiality; and all the covers being removed from the hangings, and new dresses being procured for the young ladies, and the family plate being unlocked and displayed, the house and all within assumed a benevolent and festive appearance. The kitchen fires began to blaze, the good wine ascended from the cellar, a professed cook actually came over from Guttlebury to compile culinary abominations. Stripes was in a new coat, and so was Ponto, for a wonder, and Tummus's button-suit was worn EN PERMANENCE.

幸运的日子终于降临到了“常青之家”，那天，我被介绍给了只有庞特那种级别的人才会屈尊去结识的“郡中之家”的人。现在，虽然可怜的庞特刚刚被他儿子的新制服搞得头疼不已；虽然他因为银行账户透支及其他种种不幸而贫困得走投无路；虽然他在桌子上面摆十便士一瓶的马沙拉白葡萄酒，饭菜通常很简单，但是这个可怜的家伙还是不得不装出最坦诚快乐的样子。帘布上所有的遮盖物都被取走了，年轻的小姐们也都穿上了新衣服，平日里锁起来的家庭餐具也展示了出来，家里一切都一派祥和的节日景象。厨房里的炉火燃得正旺，好酒也从酒窖里拿了上来，一个实际上来自加特勒伯雷的所谓专业厨师正在安排厨房里那些烦心的事。斯特里普士穿了一件新衣服，庞特也是这样，有点意想不到。而吐木斯却还是穿着那件奴仆制服。

And all this to show off the little lord, thinks I. All this in honour of a stupid little cigarrified Cornet of dragoons, who can barely write his name,—while an eminent and profound moralist like—somebody—is fobbed off with cold mutton and relays of pig. Well, well: a martyrdom of cold mutton is just bearable. I pardon Mrs. Ponto, from my heart I do, especially as I wouldn't turn out of the best bed-room, in spite of all her hints; but held my ground in the chintz tester, vowing that Lord Gules, as a young man, was quite small and hardy enough to make himself comfortable elsewhere.

我想，所有这些都是为了炫耀这个小贵族。都是为了这个蠢得连自己名字都写不好、嘴上叼着一根烟的科尼特年轻骑兵——而一个像某人一样杰出而有深度的道德家，却被冷羊肉和猪肉随意地打发掉了。好，算了，牺牲一些冷羊肉还勉强可以忍受。我发自内心地体谅庞特夫人，特别是由于我不会搬出这间最好的卧室，虽然她已经给了我很多的暗示。但我守住了印花棉布华盖，郑重其事地说加尔斯勋爵作为一个身材矮小、吃苦耐劳的年轻人，可以在其他地方安身。

The great Ponto party was a very august one. The Hawbucks came in their family coach, with the blood-red band emblazoned all over it: and their man in yellow livery waited in country fashion at table, only to be exceeded in splendour by the Hipsleys, the opposition baronet, in light blue. The old Ladies Fitzague drove over in their little old chariot with the fat black horses, the fat coachman, the fat footman—(why are dowagers' horses and footmen always fat?) And soon after these personages had arrived, with their auburn fronts and red beaks and turbans, came the Honourable and Reverend Lionel Pettipois, who with General and Mrs. Sago formed the rest of the party. 'Lord and Lady Frederick Howlet were asked, but they have friends at Ivybush,' Mrs. Ponto told me; and that very morning, the Castlehaggards sent an excuse, as her ladyship had a return of the quinsy. Between ourselves, Lady Castlehaggard's quinsy always comes on when there is dinner at the Evergreens.

庞特家的这场聚会办得十分庄严。霍巴克一家坐着他们的家用大马车来了，上面挂满了血红色的饰带。按照乡村风俗，他们那些穿着黄色制服的仆从要在桌子旁边伺候着，这阵势差不多要赶上与之作对的希普斯利准男爵家那些穿着淡蓝色制服的仆从了。菲扎格家的老夫人们坐在古老的小马车里赶来了，拉车的黑马很肥壮，马夫和男仆也肥壮的（为什么寡妇的马和男仆通常都很肥壮呢？）这些面色赤褐、鼻子通红、戴着头巾的名人到达不久，声名显赫的莱昂内尔·佩蒂波斯也到了，他、莎戈将军及其夫人是最后到达聚会的人。“我们本来邀请了弗雷德里克·豪利特勋爵夫妇，但是他们在艾维布什有朋友。”庞特夫人告诉我。就在那天早上，卡斯特哈加兹也捎信说不能来了，因为他的夫人又犯了扁桃体炎。私下里说说：只要“常青之家”有宴会，卡斯特哈加兹夫人的扁桃体炎就会发作。

If the keeping of polite company could make a woman happy, surely my kind hostess Mrs. Ponto was on that day a happy woman. Every person present (except the unlucky impostor who pretended to a connexion with the Snobbington Family, and General Sago, who had brought home I don't know how many lacs of rupees from India,) was related to the Peerage or the Baronetage. Mrs. P. had her heart's desire. If she had been an Earl's daughter herself could she have expected better company?—and her family were in the oil-trade at Bristol, as all her friends very well know.

如果说拥有一群高雅的同伴能让一个女人快乐，那么我善良的女主人庞特夫人在那天一定是个快乐的女人。到场的每一个人（除了那个冒充跟斯诺宾唐家族以及莎戈将军有亲戚关系的倒霉蛋，我不知道莎戈将军到底从印度带回了多少卢比）都与贵族或是男爵有关。庞特夫人已经心满意足了。如果她自己本身就是一个伯爵的女儿，那么她还会期望拥有更好的同伴吗？正如她所有的朋友都知道的那样，她的家人在布里斯托尔做石油生意。

What I complained of in my heart was not the dining—which, for this once, was plentiful and comfortable enough—but the prodigious dulness of the talking part of the entertainment. O my beloved brother Snobs of the City, if we love each other no better than our country brethren, at least we amuse each other more; if we bore ourselves, we are not called upon to go ten miles to do it!

我心里抱怨的倒不是用餐——这次的食物非常丰盛，吃得让人很畅快——而是在这个娱乐过程中无比单调乏味的谈话。噢，我亲爱的城市势利者兄弟们，如果我们对彼此的喜欢程度不超过乡下的那些兄弟们，至少我们还能互相娱乐。如果我们让自己都感到厌烦，那么我们就不会走上十英里的路程去自找厌烦了。

For instance, the Hipsleys came ten miles from the south, and the Hawbucks ten miles from the north, of the Evergreens; and were magnates in two different divisions of the county of Mangelwurzelshire. Hipsley, who is an old baronet, with a bothered estate, did not care to show his contempt for Hawbuck, who is a new creation, and rich. Hawbuck, on his part, gives himself patronizing airs to General Sago, who looks upon the Pontos as little better than paupers. 'Old Lady Blanche,' says Ponto, 'I hope will leave something to her god-daughter—my second girl—we've all of us half-poisoned ourselves with taking her physic.’

例如，希普斯利家的人从“常青之家”南边十英里外的地方赶了过来，而霍巴克一家则从北边离这里十英里的地方赶了过来。他们是甜菜郡两个不同区域的大人物。准男爵老希普斯利的资产状况出了些麻烦，但是他一点不掩饰对霍巴克的蔑视，后者是个有钱的新贵族。就霍巴克来说，他又在莎戈将军面前以赞助人的态度自居，而莎戈将军认为庞特一家比乞丐好不到哪儿去。“布兰奇老夫人，”庞特说，“我希望她能给她的教女留点什么——也就是我的二女儿——我们差点被她的药毒得半死。”

Lady Blanche and Lady Rose Fitzague have, the first, a medical, and the second a literary turn. I am inclined to believe the former had a wet COMPRESSE around her body, on the occasion when I had the happiness of meeting her. She doctors everybody in the neighbourhood of which she is the ornament; and has tried everything on her own person. She went into Court, and testified publicly her

faith in St. John Long: she swore by Doctor Buchan, she took quantities of Gambouge's Universal Medicine, and whole boxfuls of Parr's Life Pills. She has cured a multiplicity of headaches by Squinstone's Eye-snuff; she wears a picture of Hahnemann in her bracelet and a lock of Priessnitz's hair in a brooch. She talked about her own complaints and those of her CONFIDANTE for the time being, to every lady in the room successively, from our hostess down to Miss Wirt, taking them into corners, and whispering about bronchitis, hepatitis, St. Vitus, neuralgia, cephalalgia, and so forth. I observed poor fat Lady Hawbuck in a dreadful alarm after some communication regarding the state of her daughter Miss Lucy Hawbuck's health, and Mrs. Sago turned quite yellow, and put down her third glass of Madeira, at a warning glance from Lady Blanche.

布兰奇夫人喜欢医学，而罗斯·菲扎格夫人则酷爱文学。我有幸见到布兰奇夫人时，总是觉得她身上一定是缠了一块湿湿的外科敷布。她是附近所有人的医生，为这里增光添彩。而且，她总是喜欢在自己身上进行所有的试验。她去了法庭，在那里公开证明了自己对圣约翰·朗的坚信。她非常信任巴肯医生，服用了很多“加姆伯格万应药”，还有整箱整箱的“帕尔生命丸”。她曾经用“斯昆士托眼药”治好了各种头痛症。她在自己的手镯内附上了哈恩曼的照片，并在胸针中放了一缕普雷森兹的头发。她相继向屋子里的每一位太太谈了眼下自己以及她那些密友所患的病，从我们的女主人到沃特小姐。她把她们带到角落里，在那儿低声谈论着支气管炎、肝炎、圣维斯特舞蹈病、神经痛，以及头痛，等等。我观察发现，听到了有关自己女儿露西·霍巴克小姐的健康状况后，可怜的、胖胖的霍巴克夫人显得非常不安。莎戈夫人的脸也变黄了，她看到布兰奇夫人警告性的眼神之后，就放下了她的第三杯马德拉酒。

Lady Rose talked literature, and about the book-club at Guttlebury, and is very strong in voyages and travels. She has a prodigious interest in Borneo, and displayed a knowledge of the history of the Punjaub and Kaffirland that does credit to her memory. Old General Sago, who sat perfectly silent and plethoric, roused up as from a lethargy when the former country was mentioned, and gave the company his story about a hog-hunt at Ramjugger. I observed her ladyship treated with something like contempt her neighbour the Reverend Lionel Pettipois, a young divine whom you may track through the country by little *Awakening* books at half-a-crown a hundred, which dribble out of his pockets wherever he goes. I saw him give Miss Wirt a sheaf of *The Little Washer-woman on Putney Common*, and to Miss Hawbuck a couple of dozen of *Meat in the Tray*; or the *Young Butcher-boy Rescued*; and on paying a visit to Guttlebury gaol, I saw two notorious fellows waiting their trial there (and temporarily occupied with a game of cribbage), to whom his Reverence offered a tract as he was walking over Crackshins Common,

and who robbed him of his purse, umbrella, and cambric handkerchief, leaving him the tracts to distribute elsewhere.

罗斯夫人谈及文学和加特勒伯雷的读书俱乐部，说自己在航海和游记方面特别强。她对婆罗洲有着极大的兴趣，还讲述了旁遮普和卡菲尔的历史，显示了自己的记忆力。老莎戈将军之前坐在那里一声不吭，像患了多血症一样。但是一听提到前一个国家时，好像从梦中惊醒了一般，倏地站了起来，然后跟大家讲起他在拉姆贾格尔猎猪的故事。我看出了夫人对邻居莱昂内尔·佩蒂波斯牧师的轻蔑态度。他是一位年轻的神职人员，只要通过半克朗一百本的《警醒》小书就能在乡下找到他的踪迹。无论他走到哪里，你都能看见那些从他衣服口袋里散落出来的小书。我看见他给了沃特小姐一捆《洗衣小女工谈普特尼科曼》，给了霍巴克小姐几十份《盘中肉》，或是《得救的小屠夫》。我在参观加特勒伯雷监狱时，看到有两个臭名昭著的家伙在那里等着判决（暂时还玩着克里比奇游戏）。这位牧师路过克拉克森 - 科曼，递给他们一份册子，他们却抢走了他的钱包、雨伞和细纺手帕，让他到其他地方去散发那些小册子。

CHAPTER XXXI A VISIT TO SOME COUNTRY SNOBS

第三十一章 拜访某些乡村势利者

'Why, dear Mr. Snob,' said a young lady of rank and fashion (to whom I present my best compliments), 'if you found everything so SNOBBISH at the Evergreens, if the pig bored you and the mutton was not to your liking, and Mrs. Ponto was a humbug, and Miss Wirt a nuisance, with her abominable piano practice,—why did you stay so long?'

一个有地位又很时髦的年轻女士（我向她致以最高的敬意）说："亲爱的势利者先生，既然你发现'常青之家'的一切都很势利；既然你既不喜欢猪肉，又不喜欢羊肉；既然庞特夫人是个骗子，沃特小姐是个钢琴弹得极烂的讨厌鬼，那么，你为什么还要在那里呆那么久呢？"

Ah, Miss, what a question! Have you never heard of gallant British soldiers storming batteries, of doctors passing nights in plague wards of lazarettos, and other instances of martyrdom? What do you suppose induced gentlemen to walk two miles up to the batteries of Sabroan, with a hundred and fifty thundering guns bowling them down by hundreds?—not pleasure, surely. What causes your respected father to quit his comfortable home for his chambers, after dinner, and pore over the most dreary law papers until long past midnight?, Mademoiselle; duty, which must be done alike by military, or legal, or literary gents. There's a power of martyrdom in our profession.

啊，小姐，这是个什么问题啊！难道你从来没听过英勇的英国士兵征战沙场，医生在瘟疫蔓延的传染病院值夜班，以及他们以身殉职的事情？那么在你看来，是什么让那些绅士步行两英里到位于莎布罗恩的战场，而成百的人都会被那一百五十架大炮击倒？一定不是为了乐趣。是什么让你可敬的父亲晚饭后还要离开自己舒适的家，到法官议事室去，去那儿对着那些枯燥的法律文件，冥思苦想到后半夜呢？小姐，是责任，无论军人、法官，或是文学家都必须要履行的责任。我们这个职业领域内存在着一种献身的精神。

You won't believe it? Your rosy lips assume a smile of incredulity—a most naughty and odious expression in a young lady's face. Well, then, the fact is, that my chambers, No. Well, then, the fact is, that my chambers, No. 24, Pump Court, Temple, were being painted by the Honourable Society, and Mrs. Slamkin, my laundress, having occasion to go into Durham to see her daughter, who is married, and has presented her with the sweetest little grandson—a few weeks could not be better spent than in rusticating. But ah, how delightful Pump

Court looked when I revisited its well-known chimney-pots! CARI LUOGHI. Welcome, welcome, O fog and smut!

你难道不相信？你的红唇微微一笑，带着一丝怀疑——这是一种出现在年轻女士的脸上，非常淘气，却也非常讨厌的表情。呐，那好吧，事实是这样的，我的房间在坦普尔庞普法院街二十四号。我那些体面的朋友们正在装修我那几个房间，而我的洗衣女工斯拉姆金夫人碰巧要去达勒姆看望她的女儿——她的女儿已经结婚，还给她生了个可爱无比的小外孙——所以没有什么比在乡下度过这几周更好的了。但是，啊，我到庞普法院街再次去参观那些著名的烟囱管帽时，它看起来是多么令人愉快啊！一个宁静的地方。噢，欢迎，欢迎，烟雾与粉尘！

But if you think there is no moral in the foregoing account of the Pontine family, you are, Madam, most painfully mistaken. In this very chapter we are going to have the moral—why, the whole of the papers are nothing BUT the moral, setting forth as they do the folly of being a Snob.

但是，夫人，要是你觉得以上所说的庞特家的事一点寓意也没有的话，你就大错特错了。而就是在这一章中，我们将要谈到它的寓意——呐，所有的文章都只谈寓意，要向大家展示势利者们愚蠢的行径。

You will remark that in the Country Snobography my poor friend Ponto has been held up almost exclusively for the public gaze—and why? Because we went to no other house? Because other families did not welcome us to their mahogany? No, no. Sir John Hawbuck of the Haws, Sir John Hipsley of Briary Hall, don't shut the gates of hospitality: of General Sago's mulligatawny I could speak from experience. And the two old ladies at Guttlebury, were they nothing? Do you suppose that an agreeable young dog, who shall be nameless, would not be made welcome? Don't you know that people are too glad to see ANYBODY in the country?

你可能会说，在对乡村势利者的描述中，大家把所有的目光都只放在我可怜的朋友庞特一个人身上——为什么呢？因为我们没有到其他人的家里去？还是因为其他家庭根本就不欢迎我们去做客？不，不是的。霍斯的约翰·霍巴克爵士和布莱尔里庄园的约翰·希普斯利爵士都没有关上自己热情好客的大门。关于莎戈将军的咖喱肉汤，我还能给你们讲讲亲身经历呢。还有加特勒伯雷的那两位老夫人，难道她们就什么都不算吗？在你看来，一个无名和善的年轻人不会受到欢迎吗？难道你不知道，在乡下，人们非常高兴能见到任何人？

But those dignified personages do not enter into the scheme of the present work, and are but minor characters of our Snob drama; just as, in the play, kings and emperors are not half so important as many humble persons. The DOGE OF VENICE, for instance, gives way to OTHELLO, who is but a nigger; and the KING OF FRANCE to FALCONBRIDGE, who is a gentleman of positively no birth at all. So

with the exalted characters above mentioned. I perfectly well recollect that the claret at Hawbuck's was not by any means so good as that of Hipsley's, while, on the contrary, some white hermitage at the Haws (by the way, the butler only gave me half a glass each time) was supernacular. And I remember the conversations. O Madam, Madam, how stupid they were! The subsoil ploughing; the pheasants and poaching; the row about the representation of the county; the Earl of Mangelwurzelshire being at variance with his relative and nominee, the Honourable Marmaduke Tomnoddy; all these I could put down, had I a mind to violate the confidence of private life; and a great deal of conversation about the weather, the Mangelwurzelshire Hunt, new manures, and eating and drinking, of course.

但是，这些尊贵的人物并不在我当前作品的计划之内。在我们这出势利者戏剧中，他们只不过是一些小角色，正如国王和皇帝在戏里还没有那些卑微的人一半重要一样。例如，威尼斯的总督就没有奥赛罗重要，虽然奥赛罗不过是个黑鬼。法国国王也没有福尔肯布里奇重要，而后者不过是个出身极其卑微的人。所以刚刚上面提到的那些高贵的人也是这样。我还清楚地记得，霍巴克家的红酒不论怎样都不及希普斯利家的。而与此相反的是，霍斯有一种白酒（顺便说一下，那个管家每次都只给我倒半杯），却又是极好极妙的。我还记得那些谈话。噢，夫人，夫人，他们当时是多么地愚笨啊！都是些什么深耕犁啊、野鸡与偷猎啊、郡代表的争论啊，甜菜郡伯爵与他的亲戚和候选人马默杜克·汤姆罗迪的冲突，等等。如果我想侵犯别人的隐私，我可以把所有的一切都记录下来。还有许多关于天气的谈话，以及甜菜郡的狩猎情况和新肥料，当然还谈到了吃喝。

But CUI BONO? In these perfectly stupid and honourable families there is not that Snobbishness which it is our purpose to expose. An ox is an ox—a great hulking, fat-sided, bellowing, munching Beef. He ruminates according to his nature, and consumes his destined portion of turnips or oilcake, until the time comes for his disappearance from the pastures, to be succeeded by other deep-lunged and fat-ribbed animals. Perhaps we do not respect an ox. We rather acquiesce in him. The Snob, my dear Madam, is the Frog that tries to swell himself to ox size. Let us pelt the silly brute out of his folly.

但是为什么呢？这些极度愚蠢却又可敬的家庭中，并没有我们要揭露的那种势利存在。公牛就是公牛——就是庞大笨重、两侧肥胖、咆哮大叫而又大吃大嚼的牛。它根据自己的天性不断反刍，大口大口地嚼着分给它的那份芜菁或是油炸饼，直到某一刻它从牧场上销声匿迹，又有别的声音洪亮、肋骨肥大的动物接替它。对于一只公牛，也许我们并没有尊敬之意。我们对它只是默许。亲爱的夫人，势利者就是想要极力让自己膨胀壮大成公牛大小的青蛙。让我们从它的愚蠢行为中，赶走它那愚笨的兽性吧！

Look, I pray you, at the case of my unfortunate friend Ponto, a

good-natured, kindly English gentleman—not over-wise, but quite passable—fond of port-wine, of his family, of country sports and agriculture, hospitably minded, with as pretty a little patrimonial country-house as heart can desire, and a thousand pounds a year. It is not much; but, ENTRE NOUS, people can live for less, and not uncomfortably.

我请你看看我这位不幸的朋友庞特的遭遇。他是一个脾气温和、充满仁爱的英国绅士——虽然不是聪明绝顶，但也还过得去——他喜欢波特葡萄酒，喜欢自己的家庭，喜欢野外运动和农艺，他有一栋称心如意、漂亮可爱的家传乡村小宅，是个热情好客之人，有一千英镑的年薪。这也算不上多，但是，私下里说，钱少一点也能生活，而且并不是就不会过得好。

For instance, there is the doctor, whom Mrs. P. does not condescend to visit: that man educates a mirific family, and is loved by the poor for miles round: and gives them port-wine for physic and medicine, gratis. And how those people can get on with their pittance, as Mrs. Ponto says, is a wonder to HER.

例如，有一个庞特夫人从来不会屈尊去拜访的医生，培养出了一个很好的家庭。方圆数英里的穷人都很喜欢他，他免费把波尔图葡萄酒给他们当药品。就像庞特夫人所说的那样，她都觉得奇怪：那群只有一点点微薄收入的人怎么能够生活下去。

Again, there is the clergyman, Doctor Chrysostom,—Mrs. P. says they quarrelled about Puseyism, but I am given to understand it was because Mrs. C. had the PAS of her at the Haws—you may see what the value of his living is any day in the *Clerical Guide*; but you don't know what he gives away.

又比如，有一个叫克里索斯托姆博士的牧师——庞特夫人说他们因为皮由兹运动发生过争执，不过我倒觉得那是因为在霍斯家时，克里索斯托姆夫人显得比她更为优越——任何时候，你都可能在《牧师指南》中读到他的生活价值观，但是至于他放弃了什么，我们无从知晓。

Even Pettipois allows that, in whose eyes the Doctor's surplice is a scarlet abomination; and so does Pettipois do his duty in his way, and administer not only his tracts and his talk, but his money and his means to his people. As a lord's son, by the way, Mrs. Ponto is uncommonly anxious that he should marry EITHER of the girls whom Lord Gules does not intend to choose.

甚至连佩蒂波斯都承认这一点，在他看来，博士的白色法衣就是一件罪孽深重、令人厌烦的东西。佩蒂波斯也按照自己的方式履行着他的责任，不仅散发小册子、发表演讲，还把他的那些钱财收入分给人们。顺便说一下，作为贵族的儿子，他竟然娶了一个加尔斯勋爵连瞧都不想瞧一眼的女子为妻，这让庞特夫人非常焦虑。

Well, although Pon's income would make up almost as much as that of these three worthies put together—oh, my dear Madam, see in what hopeless penury the poor fellow lives! What tenant can look to HIS forbearance? What poor man can hope for HIS charity? 'Master's the best of men,' honest Stripes says, 'and when we was in the ridgment a more free-handed chap didn't live. But the way in which Missus DU scryou, I wonder the young ladies is alive, that I du!'

呐，虽然庞特的收入差不多都赶上了这三位知名人士收入的总和——但亲爱的夫人，看看这个可怜的家伙过的是多么绝望而贫困的生活啊！有哪一个佃户能指望他去延长还债期呢？有哪一个穷人能够指望从他那里得到施舍呢？“主人是最好的男人。”忠诚的斯特里普士说，“当年我们在军团的时候，世界上可是没有比他更慷慨大方的人了。但是夫人的待人方式太让人难受了，我真好奇小姐们是怎么活下去的！”

They live upon a fine governess and fine masters, and have clothes made by Lady Carabas's own milliner; and their brother rides with earls to cover; and only the best people in the county visit at the Evergreens, and Mrs. Ponto thinks herself a paragon of wives and mothers, and a wonder of the world, for doing all this misery and humbug, and snobbishness, on a thousand a year.

她们依靠一位好的家庭女教师和好的主人们生活，衣服是卡拉巴斯夫人自己的女裁缝缝制的，她们的兄弟骑马时，有伯爵们的保护。而且，只有郡中最好的人才可以去拜访“常青之家”。庞特夫人自认为是妻子和母亲们的榜样，是世界的奇迹，因为为了应对所有一切悲惨的状况，应对那些欺骗和势利行为，她每年居然只需花上一千英镑。

What an inexpressible comfort it was, my dear Madam, when Stripes put my portmanteau in the four-wheeled chaise, and (poor P on being touched with sciatica) drove me over to 'Carabas Arms' at Guttlebury, where we took leave. There were some bagmen there in the Commercial Room, and one talked about the house he represented; and another about his dinner, and a third about the Inns on the road, and so forth—a talk, not very wise, but honest and to the purpose—about as good as that of the country gentlemen: and oh, how much pleasanter than listening to Miss Wirt's show-pieces on the piano, and Mrs. Ponto's genteel cackle about the fashion and the county families!

亲爱的夫人，当斯特里普士把我的旅行箱放进四轮马车，驾着马车驶往加特勒伯雷的“卡拉巴斯纹章”（可怜的庞特坐骨神经痛），我们就要分别时，我得到的安慰是多么难以言表啊！在那儿的商务房中有些旅行推销员，其中一个谈论着他代表的公司，另一个谈论着他的晚餐，还有一个在谈论途中的客店，诸如此类。这样的谈话虽然并不睿智，但却是可靠中肯的——丝毫不逊于那些乡村绅士们的谈话。再说，噢，比起沃特小姐在钢琴上的卖弄以及庞特夫人关于时尚和郡中家族的高雅的闲

谈来，这要令人畅快得多啊！

CHAPTER XXXII SNOBBIUM GATHERUM

第三十二章 势利者集合

WHEN I see the great effect which these papers are producing on an intelligent public, I have a strong hope that before long we shall have a regular Snob department in the newspapers, just as we have the Police Courts and the Court News at present. When a flagrant case of bone-crushing or Poor-law abuse occurs in the world, who so eloquent as *THE TIMES* to point it out? When a gross instance of Snobbishness happens, why should not the indignant journalist call the public attention to that delinquency too?

我看到这些文章在聪慧的大众中产生了巨大影响时，希望能很快在报纸上开辟一个定期的势利者专栏，就像我们现在已有的“警察法庭”和“法庭新闻”那样。当世界上发生了臭名远扬的毁灭性破坏或者滥用《贫困法》的事件时，谁能像《泰晤士报》那样犀利地指出来呢？当一种粗野的势利行为发生时，义愤填膺的新闻记者为什么不吸引公众的注意力来关注这种不良行为呢？

How, for instance, could that wonderful case of the Earl of Mangelwurzel and his brother be examined in the Snobbish point of view? Let alone the hectoring, the bullying, the vapouring, the bad grammar, the mutual recriminations, lie-givings, challenges, retractations, which abound in the fraternal dispute—put out of the question these points as concerning the individual nobleman and his relative, with whose personal affairs we have nothing to do—and consider how intimately corrupt, how habitually grovelling and mean, how entirely Snobbish in a word, a whole county must be which can find no better chiefs or leaders than these two gentlemen. 'We don't want,' the great county of Mangelwurzelshire seems to say, 'that a man should be able to write good grammar; or that he should keep a Christian tongue in his head; or that he should have the commonest decency of temper, or even a fair share of good sense, in order to represent us in Parliament.

例如，从势利的角度来看，如何审查甜菜郡的那位伯爵及其兄弟的奇特案例呢？更别说他们兄弟纠纷中存在的大量虚张声势、恃强凌弱、自我吹嘘、乱用语法、相互指责、欺骗挑衅、不守合约这些行为了——避开这些问题，因为这涉及到个别贵族及他的亲戚，而他们的私事与我们没有任何关系——想想看，要是整个郡除了这两个绅士之外，找不到更好的长官或领导，它肯定腐败得非常隐秘，习惯于卑躬屈膝和卑鄙无耻、完全势利。伟大的甜菜郡的人似乎在说：“我们不期望一个人能写出好的语法，或者他头脑中应保留一种基督教徒的语言，或者他应该拥有

最普通的体面性格，甚至仅仅是一点理性，这样才能在议会中代表我们。

All we require is, that a man should be recommended to us by the Earl of Mangelwurzelshire. And all that we require of the Earl of Mangelwurzelshire is that he should have fifty thousand a year and hunt the country.' O you pride of all Snobland! O you crawling, truckling, self-confessed lackeys and parasites!

我们只不过要求甜菜郡伯爵推荐一个人给我们。我们对甜菜郡伯爵的所有要求也只是他每年的收入能达到五万，能去乡下狩猎。”噢，你们这些势利之乡的自傲之徒！噢，你们这些谄媚巴结、阿谀奉承、自以为是的马屁精和寄生虫！

But this is growing too savage: don't let us forget our usual amenity, and that tone of playfulness and sentiment with which the beloved reader and writer have pursued their mutual reflections hitherto. Well, Snobbishness pervades the little Social Farce as well as the great State Comedy; and the self-same moral is tacked to either.

但是，这样太野蛮了：我们不要忘了自己平常的礼仪，以及我们可爱的读者和作者用来追求共同反省的那种幽默和情感。呐，势利行为已经普遍地存在于小小的社会闹剧和重大的政府喜剧之中，并且都具有相同的寓意。

There was, for instance, an account in the papers of a young lady who, misled by a fortune-teller, actually went part of the way to India (as far as Bagnigge Wells, I think,) in search of a husband who was promised her there. Do you suppose this poor deluded little soul would have left her shop for a man below her in rank, or for anything but a darling of a Captain in epaulets and a red coat. It was her Snobbish sentiment that misled her, and made her vanities a prey to the swindling fortune-teller.

比如，报纸上有这样一篇报道，说一位年轻的女士被一个算命的误导，竟踏上了去印度的路（我觉得已经到达了巴格里格-韦尔斯），去寻找许诺她在那里的丈夫。你认为这个可怜、受人迷惑的弱小女子，能够为了一个地位比她低的男人离开她的商店，或者只是为了寻找一个戴着肩章、穿着红色制服的上尉作爱人而别无他求吗？她被势利情感误导了，于是虚荣的她便沦为那个算命人的牺牲品。

Case 2 was that of Mademoiselle de Saugrenue, 'the interesting young Frenchwoman with a profusion of jetty ringlets,' who lived for nothing at a boardinghouse at Gosport, was then conveyed to Fareham gratis: and being there, and lying on the bed of the good old lady her entertainer, the dear girl took occasion to rip open the mattress, and steal a cash-box, with which she fled to London. How would you account for the prodigious benevolence exercised towards the

interesting young French lady? Was it her jetty ringlets or her charming face?—Bah! Do ladies love others for having faces and black hair?—she said SHE WAS A RELATION OF de Saugrenue: talked of her ladyship her aunt, and of herself as a De Saugrenue. The honest boarding-house people were at her feet at once. Good, honest, simple, lord-loving children of Snobland.

第二个例子是关于德莎格雷勒小姐的，“这个有趣的年轻法国女人，拥有一头乌黑浓密的卷发”，闲住在戈斯波特的寄宿公寓里，后来又被免费移送到费勒姆。到了那里后，她躺在款待她的那位善良老夫人的床上，这个可爱的女孩趁机撕开了床垫，偷走了一个现金盒子，带着它逃到了伦敦。这个有趣的年轻法国小姐受到如此仁慈的待遇，你怎么来解释呢？到底是因为她有一头乌黑发亮的卷发，还是因为她有一张迷人的脸？呸！女士们会因为漂亮的脸蛋和乌黑的头发就喜欢别人吗？她说她是德莎格雷勒的一个亲戚，还谈起了她的贵夫人姑妈和作为德莎格雷勒家族一员的她自己。寄宿公寓里那些老实人马上就拜倒在她的脚下。这些来自势利之乡的善良、实在、单纯、热爱贵族的孩子们啊！

Finally, there was the case of 'the Right Honourable Mr. Vernon,' at York. The Right Honourable was the son of a nobleman, and practised on an old lady. He procured from her dinners, money, wearing-apparel, spoons, implicit credence, and an entire refit of linen. Then he cast his nets over a family of father, mother, and daughters, one of whom he proposed to marry. The father lent him money, the mother made jams and pickles for him, the daughters vied with each other in cooking dinners for the Right Honourable—and what was the end? One day the traitor fled, with a teapot and a basketful of cold victuals. It was the 'Right Honourable' which baited the hook which gorged all these greedy, simple Snobs. Would they have been taken in by a commoner? What old lady is there, my dear sir, who would take in you and me, were we ever so ill to do, and comfort us, and clothe us, and give us her money, and her silver forks? Alas and alas! what mortal man that speaks the truth can hope for such a landlady? And yet, all these instances of fond and credulous Snobbishness have occurred in the same week's paper, with who knows how many score more?

最后是关于约克的“尊敬的弗农先生”的例子。作为一个贵族之子，这位阁下利用了一个老夫人。从她那儿，他得到了正餐、金钱、衣服、调羹、绝对的信任，以及一整套亚麻纺织品。随后，他把网撒向了一个有父亲、母亲和几个女儿的家庭，还打算跟其中一个女儿结婚。这家的父亲借给他钱，母亲为他做短裤睡衣和泡菜，而几个女儿则相互抢着为这位阁下做饭——结果怎么样呢？有一天，这个背信弃义之徒带着一只茶壶和一篮子冷食物逃跑了。“阁下”二字成了钓这些人上钩的诱饵，而这些贪婪而天真的势利者狼吞虎咽地把鱼钩吞了下去。难道他们会被一个普通人欺骗吗？亲爱的先生，如果我们的情况很糟糕，有哪位老夫人

会收留我们，安慰我们，给我们衣服，还给我们金钱和银制餐具呢？唉，唉！哪个说真话的凡人能指望遇到这样的女主人呢？但是，这些虚荣轻信的势利例子都出现在同一周的报纸上，谁知道还有多少倍类似的事件呢？

Just as we had concluded the above remarks comes a pretty little note sealed with a pretty little butterfly—bearing a northern postmark—and to the following effect:—

正当我们总结上述评论时，有人送来了一张密封处有一只漂亮小蝴蝶的纸条，上面盖了个北部的邮戳——其大意如下：

19th November.

11月19日。

'Mr. Punch,—Taking great interest in your Snob Papers, we are very anxious to know under what class of that respectable fraternity you would designate us.

“笨拙先生，我们对你的《势利者随笔》非常感兴趣，非常急于想要知道你会把我们划入那个著名团体的哪一类。

'We are three sisters, from seventeen to twenty-two. Our father is HONESTLY AND TRULY of a very good family (you will say it is Snobbish to mention that, but I wish to state the plain fact); our maternal grandfather was an Earl.' 1

“我们是三姐妹，最小的十七岁，最大的二十二岁。我们的父亲的的确确出生于一个很好的家庭（你会说这样讲就是势利，但是我希望陈述事实），我们的外公是一位伯爵。”1

'We CAN afford to take in a stamped edition of YOU, and all Dickens' works as fast as they come out, but we do NOT keep such a thing as a *PEERAGE* or even a *BARONETAGE* in the house.

“你的插图版书及狄更斯所有的作品，只要它们一出版我们就买得起。但是家中还没有一本《贵族名册》或甚至一本《从男爵名录》。

'We live with every comfort, excellent cellar, &c. &c.; but as we cannot well afford a butler, we have a neat table-maid (though our father was a military man, has travelled much, been in the best society, &c.) We HAVE a coachman and helper, but we don't put the latter into buttons, nor make them wait at table, like Stripes and Tummus. 2

“我们生活非常舒服、有很好的酒窖……但是我们请不起男管家，只有一个整洁的女仆服侍我们就餐。（虽然我们的军人父亲去过很多地方，曾经置身于最上流的社会……）我们有一个马夫和一个助手，但是我们没让助手穿上仆役制服，也没让他们像斯特里普士和吐木斯那样在餐桌边伺候着我们。2

'We are just the same to persons with a handle to their name as to those without it. We wear a moderate modicum of crinoline, [3]and are never limp [4] in the morning. We have good and abundant dinners on CHINA though we have plate [5], and just as good when alone as with company.

“我们对有头衔和没头衔的人态度都一样。我们穿着普通的衬裙[3]，早上也从不显得没有精神。[4]虽然我们有餐盘，我们用瓷器吃丰盛美味的正餐，不管有没有客人都吃得一样好。[5]

Now, my dear MR. 'Now, my dear MR. PUNCH, will you PLEASE give us a short answer in your next number, and I will be SO much obliged to you. Nobody knows we are writing to you, not even our father; nor will we ever tease [6] you again if you will only give us an answer—just for FUN, now do!

“呐，亲爱的笨拙先生，请在下一期给我们一个简短的回复好吗，我们将会非常感谢你的。没有人知道我们写信给你，甚至我们的父亲也不知道。只要给我们一个答复，我们就再也不会取笑[6]你了——只是个玩笑，现在就开始吧！

'If you get as far as this, which is doubtful, you will probably fling it into the fire. If you do, I cannot help it; but I am of a sanguine disposition, and entertain a lingering hope. At all events, I shall be impatient for next Sunday, for you reach us on that day, and I am ashamed to confess, we CANNOT resist opening you in the carriage driving home from church.[7]

“如果你不同意——这不太可能——你可能会把信扔进火里。如果你这样做了，我也没办法。但是，我是个乐观主义者，抱有一个持续的愿望。不管怎么样，我急切盼望下个周日，等你在那天联系我们。我很惭愧地承认，从教堂开车回家时，我们会忍不住在马车上打开你的文章。[7]

'I remain, &c. &c., for myself and sisters.

“为了我自己和我的姐妹们，我会一直等待。

'Excuse this scrawl, but I always write headlong.[8]

“原谅我写得这么潦草吧，但是我总是写得很仓促。[8]

P.S. —You were rather stupid last week, don't you think?[9] We keep no gamekeeper, and yet have always abundant game for friends to shoot, in spite of the poachers. We never write on perfumed paper—in short, I can't help thinking that if you knew us you would not think us Snobs.’

附：你不认为上周你太愚蠢了吗？[9]我们没有猎场看守人，尽管有些偷猎者，我们也总是让朋友们猎到大量的猎物。我们从不在香水纸上写字——简而言之，我禁不住认为，如果你认识我们的话，你是不会把我们当作势利者的。”

To this I reply in the following manner:—‘My dear young ladies, I know your post-town: and shall be at church there the Sunday AFTER next; when, will you please to wear a tulip or some little trifle in your bonnets, so that I may know you? You will recognize me and my dress—a quiet-looking young fellow, in a white top-coat, a crimson satin neckcloth, light blue trousers, with glossy tipped boots, and an emerald breast-pin. I shall have a black crape round my white hat; and my usual bamboo cane with the richly-gilt knob. I am sorry there will be no time to get up moustaches between now and next week.

我对这封信的回复如下——“亲爱的小姐们，我知道你们那个有邮局的镇，我下下个星期天会去那里的教堂。希望你们那天在你们的帽子上戴一朵郁金香或某些小东西，好吗？那样的话，我就能认出你们了。你们会根据以下描述认出我的——一个看起来文静的小伙子，穿着一件白色轻外套，打着一个深红色的绸缎领带，穿着一条浅蓝色裤子，脚上穿着一双鞋尖光滑的靴子，而且别着一支翡翠胸针。我会缠一条黑绉纱在我的白色帽子上，拿着我通常用的那根柄上镀金的竹杖。很抱歉从现在到下周我都没有时间打理我的胡子。

'From seventeen to two-and-twenty! Ye gods! what ages! Dear young creatures, I can see you all three. Seventeen suits me, as nearest my own time of life; but mind, I don't say two-and-twenty is too old. No, no. And that pretty, roguish, demure, middle one. Peace, peace, thou silly little fluttering heart!

“从十七岁到二十二岁！哦，上帝啊！多好的年龄啊！亲爱的小姐们，我可以在那里见你们三姐妹了。十七岁的那个跟我最相配，因为和我自己的年龄最相近。但是，注意，我没有说二十二岁太老了。不，没有说。还有中间那个漂亮调皮、端庄优雅的小姐。安静一点，你这个愚蠢躁动的小家伙。

'YOU Snobs, dear young ladies! I will pull any man's nose who says so. There is no harm in being of a good family. You can't help it, poor dears. What's in a name? What is in a handle to it? I confess openly that I should not object to being a Duke myself; and between ourselves you might see a worse leg for a garter.

“亲爱的小姐们，你们都是势利者！谁这么说我就会扯他的鼻子。出身于一个好的家庭又没有什么坏处。可怜的宝贝们，你们也无能为力。名字是什么东西呢？它所具有的头衔又是什么东西呢？我公开承认我不反对自己成为一位公爵。私下说说，你也许会看到一个连我都不如的人获得嘉德勋章。

'YOU Snobs, dear little good-natured things, no that is, I hope not—I think not—I won't be too confident—none of us should be—that we are not Snobs. That very confidence savours of arrogance, and to be arrogant is to be a Snob. In all the social gradations from sneak to tyrant, nature has placed a most wondrous and various progeny of

Snobs. But are there no kindly natures, no tender hearts, no souls humble, simple, and truth-loving? Ponder well on this question, sweet young ladies. And if you can answer it, as no doubt you can—lucky are you—and lucky the respected Herr Papa, and lucky the three handsome young gentlemen who are about to become each others' brothers-in-law.'

“你们这些势利者，亲爱的脾气温和的家伙们，不是那样的，我希望不是——我不那样认为——我不会太自信——我们都不应该——我们不是势利者。正是那种自信具有傲慢的特性，而傲慢就是势利。从告密者到暴君，在所有的社会等级中，大自然都创造了一种最奇妙且多样的势利者后代。但是，这里就没有善良的本性；没有温柔的心灵；没有谦卑、单纯、热爱真理的人了吗？可爱的小姐们，好好想想这个问题吧。如果你们能回答这个问题，毫无疑问你们可以回答——你们真幸运——你们那可敬的爸爸先生也很幸运，那三位年轻帅气、即将相互成为内兄内弟的绅士也算得上幸运。”

(1) The introduction of Grandpapa, is I fear, Snobbish.

(1)恐怕对祖父的介绍就是势利。

(2) That is, as you like. I don't object to buttons in moderation.

(2)随你怎么想。我不反对适当地穿上仆役制服。

(3) Quite right.

(3)非常正确。

(4) Bless you!

(4)保佑你！

(5) Snobbish; and I doubt whether you ought to dine as well alone as with company. You will be getting too good dinners.

(5)势利。我怀疑你们独自用餐时是否应该像有客人一起用餐时吃得一样好。你会享用太多美食。

(6) We like to be teased; but tell Papa.

(6)我们喜欢被取笑，但是要告诉爸爸。

(7) O garters and stars! what will Captain Gordon and Exeter Hall say to this?

(7)噢，天啊！戈登上尉和埃克塞特·霍尔对此会说些什么呢？

(8) Dear little enthusiast!

(8)亲爱的小狂热者！

(9) You were never more mistaken, miss, in your life.

(9)小姐，这是你一生中犯下的最大错误。

CHAPTER XXXIII SNOBS AND MARRIAGE

第三十三章 势利者与婚姻

Everybody of the middle rank who walks through this life with a sympathy for his companions on the same journey—at any rate, every man who has been jostling in the world for some three or four lustres—must make no end of melancholy reflections upon the fate of those victims whom Society, that is, Snobbishness, is immolating every day. With love and simplicity and natural kindness Snobbishness is perpetually at war. People dare not be happy for fear of Snobs. People dare not love for fear of Snobs. People pine away lonely under the tyranny of Snobs. Honest kindly hearts dry up and die. Gallant generous lads, blooming with hearty youth, swell into bloated old-bachelorhood, and burst and tumble over. Tender girls wither into shrunken decay, and perish solitary, from whom Snobbishness has cut off the common claim to happiness and affection with which Nature endowed us all. My heart grows sad as I see the blundering tyrant's handiwork. As I behold it I swell with cheap rage, and glow with fury against the Snob. Come down, I say, thou skulking dulness! Come down, thou stupid bully, and give up thy brutal ghost! And I arm myself with the sword and spear, and taking leave of my family, go forth to do battle with that hideous ogre and giant, that brutal despot in Snob Castle, who holds so many gentle hearts in torture and thrall.

每一位行走在生命之路上的中产阶级都同情他同路的伙伴——起码，每一位都为了三四次荣誉在世上争夺着——一定对上流社会，即势利，每天献祭的受害者的命运充满了无尽的忧伤。伴随着爱情、单纯及善良的本性，势利总是不断斗争。由于害怕势利者，人们不敢追求幸福；由于害怕势利者，人们不敢追求爱情。人们在势利者暴君的统治下孤独地衰弱下去。诚实善良之心会干涸、死去。焕发着青春活力、英勇慷慨的小伙子变成了身体发胖的老单身汉，并崩溃、倒下。温柔的姑娘们枯萎衰败，孤独地毁灭，势利从她们身上剥夺了大自然赋予每个人追求幸福和情感的共同权利。我看见那个愚蠢的暴君的所作所为时，心里变得越来越痛苦。我看到它时，我对势利者充满了愤慨，胸中燃烧着怒火。我说，停下来吧，你这个偷偷摸摸的蠢货！停下来吧，你这个恃强凌弱的笨蛋，放弃你那残忍的鬼魂！我用剑和矛武装自己，离开我的家人，去同那个可怕的怪物和巨人，势利者城堡中那个残忍的暴君战斗，他让如此多的善良心灵受到折磨与奴役。

When *PUNCH* is king, I declare there shall be no such thing as old maids and old bachelors. The Reverend Mr. Malthus shall be burned annually, instead of Guy Fawkes. Those who don't marry shall go into the workhouse. It shall be a sin for the poorest not to have a pretty

girl to love him.

当《笨拙周报》成为了国王，我肯定不会再存在诸如老处女和老单身汉之类的事情。每年被烧死的不是盖伊·福克斯那样的人，而是尊敬的马尔萨斯先生。那些不结婚的人将会被送去济贫院。对于最贫穷的人来说，如果没有一个漂亮的姑娘爱他，那将会是一种罪过。

The above reflections came to mind after taking a walk with an old comrade, Jack Spiggot by name, who is just passing into the state of old-bachelorhood, after the manly and blooming youth in which I remember him. Jack was one of the handsomest fellows in England when we entered together in the Highland Buffs; but I quitted the Cuttykilts early, and lost sight of him for many years.

与一位名叫杰克·斯皮哥特的老伙伴散步回来后，我便有了上述想法。我记得他是一个充满男子汉气概、朝气蓬勃的年轻人，现在却变成了一名老单身汉。我们一起进入布弗斯高地时，杰克是英国最帅气的小伙子之一。但是，我很早就离开了卡蒂基兹，而且多年没有见过他。

Ah! how changed he is from those days! He wears a waistband now, and has begun to dye his whiskers. His cheeks, which were red, are now mottled; his eyes, once so bright and steadfast, are the colour of peeled plovers' eggs.

啊！那些日子以来，他的变化也太大了！现在，他系了一根腰带，并且开始染胡须了。他那原本红润的脸颊如今已长满了斑点，原本明亮坚定的眼睛如今也变成了去了壳的凤头麦鸡蛋的颜色。

'Are you married, Jack?' says I, remembering how consumedly in love he was with his cousin Letty Lovelace, when the Cuttykilts were quartered at Strathbungo some twenty years ago.

“杰克，你结婚了吗？”我问道。记得大约二十年前，卡蒂基兹驻扎在斯特拉士波哥时，他与他的表妹莱蒂·洛夫莱斯爱得那么深。

'Married? no.'says he,'Not money enough. Hard enough to keep myself, much more a family, on five hundred a year. Come to Dickinson's; there's some of the best Madeira in London there, my boy.' So we went and talked over old times. The bill for dinner and wine consumed was prodigious, and the quantity of brandy-and-water that Jack took showed what a regular boozer he was. 'A guinea or two guineas. What the devil do I care what I spend for my dinner?' says he.

“结婚？没有。”他说道，“钱不够。一年五百镑养活我自己都很难，更别说养活一个家了。去迪金森酒店吧，那里有伦敦最好的一些马德拉酒，朋友。”于是我们去了那里，谈起旧时的那段日子。饭钱和酒钱数额巨大，杰克喝了大量的低度白兰地，说明他是个经常豪饮的人。“一几尼亦或是两几尼。我干嘛关心吃饭花了多少钱呢？” 他说。

'And Letty Lovelace?' says I.

”莱蒂·洛夫莱斯现在怎么样了？”我说。

Jack's countenance fell. However, he burst into a loud laugh presently. 'Letty Lovelace!' says he. 'She's Letty Lovelace still; but Gad, such a wizened old woman! She's as thin as a thread-paper; (you remember what a figure she had:) her nose has got red, and her teeth blue. She's always ill; always quarrelling with the rest of the family; always psalm-singing, and always taking pills. Gad, I had a rare escape THERE. Push round the grog, old boy.’

杰克的面容阴了下来。但是，他又马上哈哈大笑起来。“莱蒂·洛夫莱斯！”他说，“她依旧是莱蒂·洛夫莱斯，但是上帝啊，她已经变成了一个干皱的老女人了！她瘦得像一张裹线的薄软纸（你记得她以前身材多好吧），她的鼻子变红了，牙齿也变蓝了。她总是生病，一直和家人吵架，总是唱圣歌，还老是服用药丸。上帝啊，我好不容易才逃离了那里。老伙计，把酒推过来一下吧。”

Straightway memory went back to the days when Letty was the loveliest of blooming young creatures: when to hear her sing was to make the heart jump into your throat; when to see her dance, was better than Montessu or Noblet (they were the Ballet Queens of those days); when Jack used to wear a locket of her hair, with a little gold chain round his neck, and, exhilarated with toddy, after a sederunt of the Cuttykilt mess, used to pull out this token, and kiss it, and howl about it, to the great amusement of the bottle-nosed old Major and the rest of the table.

我马上回想起过去的日子，那时莱蒂是充满活力的小伙子们的最爱：那时，听到她唱歌，你的心都会跳到嗓子眼里。她的舞跳得比芒特苏或诺布利特都好（她们是那个年代的芭蕾舞皇后）。那时，杰克常常带着一个装有她头发的小盒子，用一根小金链子挂在脖子上，喝棕榈酒喝得高兴了，对卡蒂基兹军团的食堂议论一番之后，他常常拿出那个纪念物，亲吻它，对着它嚎啕大哭，把长着瓶状鼻子的老少校和餐桌上其余的人逗乐了。

'My father and hers couldn't put their horses together,' Jack said. 'The General wouldn't come down with more than six thousand. My governor said it shouldn't be done under eight. Lovelace told him to go and be hanged, and so we parted company. They said she was in a decline. Gammon! She's forty, and as tough and as sour as this bit of lemon-peel. Don't put much into your punch, Snob my boy. No man CAN stand punch after wine.’

“我父亲和她父亲没法统一意见。”杰克说，“她的将军父亲不愿意拿出超过六千镑。而我的父亲说至少不得低于八千。洛夫莱斯说让他去死，我们因此也分手了。大家说她在走下坡路。乱说！她才四十，像这点柠檬皮一样结实且酸酸的。别放太多柠檬皮到你的潘趣酒中，势利者朋友。没人能喝了葡萄酒之后再喝潘趣酒。”

'And what are your pursuits, Jack?' says I.

我说：“那你的消遣是什么呢，杰克？”

'Sold out when the governor died. Mother lives at Bath. Go down there once a year for a week. Dreadful slow. Shilling whist. Four sisters—all unmarried except the youngest—awful work. Scotland in August. Italy in the winter. Cursed rheumatism. Come to London in March, and toddle about at the Club, old boy; and we won't go home till maw-aw-rning till daylight does appear.

“我父亲去世时就卖掉了。我母亲住在巴斯。我每年去那里住上一周。太无聊了。先令惠斯特。四个姐妹——除了最小的，都还没有结婚——糟糕透了。八月在苏格兰。冬季则在意大利。该死的风湿啊。三月份来伦敦，在俱乐部晃荡。老伙计，我们不到次日早晨天亮是不会回家的。”

'And here's the wreck of two lives!' mused the present Snobographer, after taking leave of Jack Spiggot. 'Pretty merry Letty Lovelace's rudder lost and she cast away, and handsome Jack Spiggot stranded on the shore like a drunken Trinculo.'

眼前这个势利者专家离开杰克·斯皮哥特后沉思，“这不是两个受到伤害的人吗？”“漂亮快乐的莱蒂·洛夫莱斯失去了船舵，到处漂荡，而帅气的杰克·斯皮哥特也像酒醉的特林鸠罗一样搁浅在岸边。”

What was it that insulted Nature (to use no higher name), and perverted her kindly intentions towards them? What cursed frost was it that nipped the love that both were bearing, and condemned the girl to sour sterility, and the lad to selfish old-bachelorhood? It was the infernal Snob tyrant who governs us all, who says, 'Thou shalt not love without a lady's maid; thou shalt not marry without a carriage and horses; thou shalt have no wife in thy heart, and no children on thy knee, without a page in buttons and a French BONNE; thou shalt go to the devil unless thou hast a brougham; marry poor, and society shall forsake thee; thy kinsmen shall avoid thee as a criminal; thy aunts and uncles shall turn up their eyes and bemoan the sad, sad manner in which Tom or Harry has thrown himself away.' You, young woman, may sell yourself without shame, and marry old Croesus; you, young man, may lie away your heart and your life for a jointure. But if you are poor, woe be to you! Society, the brutal Snob autocrat, consigns you to solitary perdition. Wither, poor girl, in your garret; rot, poor bachelor, in your Club.

是什么玷污了本性（不使用更高级的称谓了），歪曲了她对他们的好意？是什么该死的霜冻摧残了两个人之间的爱情，使得女孩不能生儿育女，小伙子成为自私的老单身汉？正是那个统治我们所有人的可恶的势利者暴君，他说：“汝没有贴身女仆就不要恋爱；汝没有马车和马匹就

不要结婚；汝没有穿制服的仆从和法国女佣就不要想着要妻子，汝也不会有孩子膝下承欢；除非有一辆布鲁厄姆马车，汝就见鬼去吧；如果和穷人结婚，社会会抛弃汝；汝之亲戚会像躲避罪犯一样躲避汝；汝之伯父母会不屑一顾，为汝这个吃喝的浪子那糟糕的行为感到悲伤。”你，年轻的女人，可以不知羞耻地把自己卖了，与老富豪结婚；你，年轻的小伙子，可以为了得到寡妇的那点财产就放弃自己的感情和生命。但是，如果你贫穷，那你就惨了！社会，这个残忍势利的独裁者，会让你在孤独中走向灭亡。可怜的姑娘会在你的阁楼中枯萎；可怜的单身汉会在你的俱乐部中腐坏。

When I see those graceless recluses—those unnatural monks and nuns of the order of St. Beelzebub, my hatred for Snobs, and their worship, and their idols, passes all continence. Let us hew down that man-eating Juggernaut, I say, that hideous Dagon; and I glow with the heroic courage of Tom Thumb, and join battle with the giant Snob.

我看到那些粗俗的隐士们——那些像圣别卜西一样毫不近人情的修道士和修女，我对势利者及其崇拜和偶像的敌意就无法停止。那么，让我们砍掉那个吃人的世界主宰，那丑恶的大衮吧。带着汤姆大拇指将军那样的英雄胆量，我要参与对势利者巨人的斗争。

This, of course, is understood to apply only to those unmarried persons whom a mean and Snobbish fear about money has kept from fulfilling their natural destiny. Many persons there are devoted to celibacy because they cannot help it. Of these a man would be a brute who spoke roughly. Indeed, after Miss O'Toole's conduct to the writer, he would be the last to condemn. But never mind, these are personal matters.

当然，众所周知，这只对那些未婚的人适用——因为他们对金钱怀有某种卑鄙势利的担忧，而不能实现他们天生的命数。那儿很多人不得不过着单身的生活。如果其中一人说话粗俗，那他就是畜生。真的，有了奥图尔小姐对笔者的那种行为之后，他就成了最不会被谴责的人。但是不要紧，这些都是私事。

CHAPTER XXXIV SNOBS AND MARRIAGE

第三十四章 势利者与婚姻

In that noble romance called Ten Thousand a Year, I remember a profoundly pathetic description of the Christian manner in which the hero, Mr. Aubrey, bore his misfortunes. After making a display of the most florid and grandiloquent resignation, and quitting his country mansion, the writer supposes Aubrey to come to town in a post-chaise and pair, sitting bodkin probably between his wife and sister. It is about seven o'clock, carriages are rattling about, knockers are thundering, and tears bedim the fine eyes of Kate and Mrs. Aubrey as they think that in happier times at this hour—their Aubrey used formerly to go out to dinner to the houses of the aristocracy his friends. This is the gist of the passage—the elegant words I forget. But the noble, noble sentiment I shall always cherish and remember. What can be more sublime than the notion of a great man's relatives in tears about—his dinner? With a few touches, what author ever more happily described a Snob?

我记得在那个名叫《一年一万》的贵族浪漫故事中，有一段关于主人公奥布里先生经历不幸时所表现出的基督教精神的描述，极为可悲。奥布里辞职时以最为浮华的方式大肆炫耀了一番，然后离开了他的乡村住宅。笔者猜想奥布里进城时坐着一辆驿地马车和双马马车，大概被他的妻子和妹妹挤在中间。大约七点钟，马车咔嗒咔嗒地驶过，门敲得砰砰响。凯特和奥布里夫人想到过去幸福的日子，泪水模糊了她们漂亮的眼睛——他们的奥布里过去经常在这个时候去贵族朋友们的家里吃饭。这就是这篇故事的大意——我忘记了优雅的词汇。但是我会永远珍惜并记住那种极其高尚的情感。还有什么比一个要人的亲人——为了他的正餐——而含泪怀有的想法更加高尚呢？哪个作家用短短数句话就把一个势利者描述得更加贴切呢？

We were reading the passage lately at the house of my friend, Raymond Gray, Esquire, Barrister-at-Law, an ingenuous youth without the least practice, but who has luckily a great share of good spirits, which enables him to bide his time, and bear laughingly his humble position in the world. Meanwhile, until it is altered, the stern laws of necessity and the expenses of the Northern Circuit oblige Mr. Gray to live in a very tiny mansion in a very queer small square in the airy neighbourhood of Gray's Inn Lane.

我们最近在我朋友雷蒙德·格雷先生家中读到这篇文章，他是一位律师，一位没有任何经验的朴实的小伙子，但所幸的是他性情非常开朗乐观。这使得他能等待他的机会，并笑着忍受他在这个世界上卑微的位

置。与此同时，在处境改变之前，生活所需及“北方巡回旅行”的费用使得格雷先生只得住在格雷客栈巷子附近的一个小屋子里，位于一个四处通风、非常奇怪的小广场上。

What is the more remarkable is, that Gray has a wife there. Mrs. Gray was a Miss Harley Baker: and I suppose I need not say THAT is a respectable family. Allied to the Cavendishes, the Oxfords, the Marrybones, they still, though rather DECHUS from their original splendour, hold their heads as high as any. Mrs. Harley Baker, I know, never goes to church without John behind to carry her prayer-book; nor will Miss Welbeck, her sister, walk twenty yards a-shopping without the protection of Figby, her sugar-loaf page; though the old lady is as ugly as any woman in the parish and as tall and whiskery as a grenadier. The astonishment is, how Emily Harley Baker could have stooped to marry Raymond Gray. She, who was the prettiest and proudest of the family; she, who refused Sir Cockle Byles, of the Bengal Service; she, who turned up her little nose at Essex Temple, Q.C., and connected with the noble house of Albyn; she, who had but 4,000L. POUR TOUT POTAGE, to marry a man who had scarcely as much more. A scream of wrath and indignation was uttered by the whole family when they heard of this MESALLIANCE. Mrs. Harley Baker never speaks of her daughter now but with tears in her eyes, and as a ruined creature. Miss Welbeck says, 'I consider that man a villain;' and has denounced poor good-natured Mrs. Perkins as a swindler, at whose ball the young people met for the first time.

更不同寻常的是，格雷在那里有个妻子。格雷夫人以前是哈莉·贝克小姐——我想我没必要说那是一个体面的家庭。他们与卡文迪什家族、牛津家族及马雷波勒家族同属一个系，虽然已经丧失了最初的辉煌地位，但是仍然像所有人那样高高地昂起头。我知道，哈莉·贝克夫人如果没有约翰跟在后面拿着她的祈祷书，绝不会去教堂。她妹妹维尔贝克小姐如果没有让他那个塔糖般的保镖菲格比保护着，也绝不会走二十码的路去购物——虽然这位老小姐像教区内的所有女人一样丑陋，而且像掷弹兵一样高大，还长着胡子。令人惊讶的是，埃米莉·哈莉·贝克居然屈尊嫁给了雷蒙德·格雷。她是家中最漂亮最自豪的人，她拒绝过“孟加拉部队”的科克尔·拜尔斯爵士。她对军需官埃塞克斯·坦普尔也嗤之以鼻，还与阿尔宾那个贵族家庭有亲戚关系。她的收入也不过四千英镑。她却要和一个收入不会更多的男人结婚。听到这不相配的婚姻时，整个家庭都发出了一阵极度愤怒的尖叫声音。现在哈莉·贝克夫人一说到她的女儿，眼中就含满了眼泪，并认为她是被毁掉的人。维尔贝克小姐说：“我觉得那个男人是个无赖。” 她还公开抨击那可怜却善良的珀金斯夫人是个骗子，因为这对年轻人是在她举办的舞会上才第一次见面的。

Mr. and Mrs. Gray, meanwhile, live in Gray's Inn Lane aforesaid, with a maid-servant and a nurse, whose hands are very full, and in a most provoking and unnatural state of happiness. They have never

once thought of crying about their dinner, like the wretchedly puling and Snobbish womankind of my favourite Snob Aubrey, of Ten Thousand a Year; but, on the contrary, accept such humble victuals as fate awards them with a most perfect and thankful good grace—nay, actually have a portion for a hungry friend at times—as the present writer can gratefully testify.

同时，格雷先生及其夫人居住在前面提到的格雷客栈巷子里，有一名女仆和一名保姆——他们总是非常忙，并处于一种令人愤怒且不寻常的快乐状态。他们从来没有想过为自己的食物而哭泣——就像《一年一万》中我分外喜欢的势利者奥布里的那些沮丧地哭泣的势利女人那样。相反，他们满怀感激地接受了命运赋予的粗茶淡饭——不仅如此，事实上，他们还不时施舍一个饥饿的朋友——笔者能感激地证明这一点。

I was mentioning these dinners, and some admirable lemon puddings which Mrs. Gray makes, to our mutual friend the great Mr. Goldmore, the East India Director, when that gentleman's face assumed an expression of almost apoplectic terror, and he gasped out, 'What! Do they give dinners?' He seemed to think it a crime and a wonder that such people should dine at all, and that it was their custom to huddle round their kitchen-fire over a bone and a crust. Whenever he meets them in society, it is a matter of wonder to him (and he always expresses his surprise very loud) how the lady can appear decently dressed, and the man have an unpatched coat to his back. I have heard him enlarge upon this poverty before the whole room at the 'Conflagrative Club,' to which he and I and Gray have the honour to belong.

我正说到格雷夫人为我们共同的朋友——那位了不起的哥尔德莫先生，东印度公司的董事——所做的食物以及一些令人称赞的柠檬布丁，这时候，那位绅士的脸上表现出一种几乎像中风一样恐惧的表情，他喘着气说："什么！他们还要请客吃饭？"看来他认为这样的人用餐简直就是犯罪、奇迹。他认为他们的习惯应该是围着灶火挤成一团，啃点骨头，吃点面包渣就可以了。他在社交界遇到他们时，无论什么时候，都觉得很惊讶（并总是大声表达出他的惊奇），夫人的穿着怎么能如此体面，她丈夫身上的衣服怎么会没有补丁。我曾听见他在"燃烧俱乐部"一屋子的人面前大谈格雷的贫穷，我、他以及格雷有幸成为这里的成员。

We meet at the Club on most days. At half-past four, Goldmore arrives in St. James's Street, from the City, and you may see him reading the evening papers in the bow-window of the Club, which enfilades Pall Mall—a large plethoric man, with a bunch of seals in a large bow-windowed light waistcoat. He has large coat-tails, stuffed with agents' letters and papers about companies of which he is a Director. His seals jingle as he walks. I wish I had such a man for an uncle, and that he himself were childless. I would love and cherish him, and be kind to him.

我们大多数时候在俱乐部见面。四点半，哥尔德莫从市区来到了圣詹姆斯街，你可能会看到他在俱乐部的凸肚窗里读晚报，就在蓓尔美尔街对面——他是一个有多血症的高大男人，穿着一件也像凸肚窗的宽大的浅色背心，里面放了一串印章。他燕尾服的燕尾较大，塞满了代理商们寄来的他作为董事的公司的信件和文件。他一走路，那些印章便叮叮当当地响。我希望我有这样一个叔叔，而他自己也没有孩子。我会爱他，珍惜他，好好对他。

At six o'clock in the full season, when all the world is in St. James's Street, and the carriages are cutting in and out among the cabs on the stand, and the tufted dandies are showing their listless faces out of 'White's,'and you see respectable grey-headed gentlemen waggling their heads to each other through the plate-glass windows of 'Arthur's:' and the red-coats wish to be Briareian, so as to hold all the gentlemen's horses; and that wonderful red-coated royal porter is sunning himself before Marlborough House; —at the noon of London time, you see a light-yellow carriage with black horses, and a coachman in a tight floss-silk wig, and two footmen in powder and white and yellow liveries, and a large woman inside in shot-silk, a poodle, and a pink parasol, which drives up to the gate of the Conflagrative, and the page goes and says to Mr. Goldmore (who is perfectly aware of the fact, as he is looking out of the windows with about forty other 'Conflagrative'bucks), 'Your carriage, Sir.' G. wags his head. 'Remember, eight o'clock precisely,' says he to Mulligatawney, the other East India Director; and, ascending the carriage, plumps down by the side of Mrs. Goldmore for a drive in the Park, and then home to Portland Place. As the carriage whirls off, all the young bucks in the Club feel a secret elation. It is a part of their establishment, as it were. That carriage belongs to their Club, and their Club belongs to them. They follow the equipage with interest; they eye it knowingly as they see it in the Park. But halt! we are not come to the Club Snobs yet. O my brave Snobs, what a flurry there will be among you when those papers appear!

在最忙的季节的六点钟，所有的人都赶到了圣詹姆斯街，四轮马车在停下的轻便马车之间穿进穿出，带着羽饰帽子的花花公子们从“怀特俱乐部”出来，露出他们毫无生气的脸庞。你看那些令人尊敬的、头发花白的绅士们透过“亚瑟俱乐部”的平板玻璃窗，相互摇摇头；穿红外套的人希望成为“百手巨人”，这样的话就可以抓住所有绅士们的马；那个奇妙的穿着红色外套的皇室守门人正在马尔伯勒宫殿前晒着太阳。在伦敦的中午，你能看见一辆由黑色马匹拉着的浅黄色四轮马车，一个带着绷紧了的丝线假发的车夫，两个穿着粉白黄色衣服的男仆，车里坐着一个穿着闪光丝绸、带着一只狮子狗和一把粉红色太阳伞的高大女人。马车驶到了“燃烧俱乐部”的大门口，男仆走过去对哥尔德莫先生（因为他同另外四十名“燃烧俱乐部”的人向窗外望去，所以他完全明白眼前的状况）

说："先生，你的车到了。"哥尔德莫摇了摇头。他对东印度公司另一位董事马里格特尼说："记住，八点整。"然后上了马车，一屁股坐到哥尔德莫夫人旁边，去公园兜兜风，然后驶回在"波特兰宅邸"的家。马车飞驰而过，俱乐部所有的年轻人都暗自高兴不已。好像马车是他们俱乐部的一部分一样。那辆马车属于他们的俱乐部，而他们的俱乐部属于他们。他们饶有兴趣地目送马车离去，心照不宣地看着它驶向公园。但是打住！我们还没有说到俱乐部的势利者们。哦，勇敢的势利者们，当那样的文章出现时，你们当中会出现怎样的骚动呢！

Well, you may judge, from the above description, what sort of a man Goldmore is. A dull and pompous Leadenhall Street Croesus, good-natured withal, and affable—cruelly affable. 'Mr. Goldmore can never forget,' his lady used to say, 'that it was Mrs. Gray's Grandfather who sent him to India; and though that young woman has made the most imprudent marriage in the world, and has left her station in society, her husband seems an ingenious and laborious young man, and we shall do everything in our power to be of use to him.' So they used to ask the Grays to dinner twice or thrice in a season, when, by way of increasing the kindness, Buff, the butler, is ordered to hire a fly to convey them to and from Portland Place.

好吧，你可能会从上面的描述中判断哥尔德莫是个什么样的男人。一个没有生气、华而不实的里登霍尔街道的大富豪，性格温和而且和蔼可亲——非常和蔼可亲。他的夫人曾经说："哥尔德莫先生永远不会忘记是格雷夫人的祖父送他去的印度。尽管那个年轻的女人拥有世界上最不谨慎的婚姻，而且放弃了她在社会上的地位，但她的丈夫看起来还是一个机灵勤劳的年轻人，我们会尽力帮助他。"因此，他们曾邀请格雷夫妇每个季度去吃两三次饭，为了增进友好，还让男管家巴夫租了一辆马车专门接送他们来往于"波特兰宅邸"。

Of course I am much too good-natured a friend of both parties not to tell Gray of Goldmore's opinion in him, and the nabob's astonishment at the of the briefless barrister having any dinner at all. Indeed, Goldmore's saying became a joke against Gray amongst us wags at the Club, and we used to ask him when he tasted meat last? whether we should bring him home something from dinner? and cut a thousand other mad pranks with him in our facetious way.

当然，我对于双方都是一位相当和蔼可亲的朋友，所以不会告诉格雷哥尔德莫对他的看法，也不会告诉他那个富翁惊奇于他这个无人委聘的律师居然要用餐。确实，哥尔德莫的话成了俱乐部我们这些诙谐的人取笑格雷的笑话，我们经常问他最后一次尝到肉味是什么时候。我们是否应该带点什么东西回去给他吃。我们就以自己诙谐的方式对他百般地恶作剧。

One day, then, coming home from the Club, Mr. Gray conveyed to his wife the astounding information that he had asked Goldmore to

dinner.

然后，有一天，格雷先生从俱乐部回到家时，告诉了他妻子一个令人惊异万分的消息——他已经邀请了哥尔德莫来吃饭。

'My love,' says Mrs. Gray, in a tremor, 'how could you be so cruel? Why, the dining-room won't hold Mrs. Goldmore.'

格雷夫人战栗地说："亲爱的，你怎么能如此残忍呢？唉，我们的餐室容不下哥尔德莫夫人。"

'Make your mind easy, Mrs. Gray; her ladyship is in Paris. It is only Croesus that's coming, and we are going to the play afterwards—to Sadler's Wells. Goldmore said at the Club that he thought Shakspeare was a great dramatic poet, and ought to be patronized; whereupon, fired with enthusiasm, I invited him to our banquet.'

"放轻松些，亲爱的，哥尔德莫夫人在巴黎。只有那位大富翁来，我们随后还要去看戏——到'萨德勒的韦尔斯剧院'。哥尔德莫在俱乐部说他认为莎士比亚是一位引人注目的、伟大的诗人，应该受到光顾，因此，出于热情，我邀请他来我们家吃饭。"

'Goodness gracious! what CAN we give him for dinner? He has two French cooks; you know Mrs. Goldmore is always telling us about them; and he dines with Aldermen every day.'

"天啊！我们能请他们吃什么呢？他有两个法国厨师，你知道哥尔德莫夫人总是对我们说起他们，而且他还每天都和议员们吃饭。"

'A plain leg of mutton, my Lucy, I prythee get ready at three; Have it tender, and smoking, and juicy, And what better meat can there be?' says Gray, quoting my favourite poet.

"一个普通的羊腿，我的露西，我希望能在三点钟准备好。弄得软一点，冒着热气，充满汁水，还有什么肉更好呢？" 格雷说，引用我最喜欢的诗人的诗句。

says Gray, quoting my favourite poet.

'But the cook is ill; and you know that horrible Pattypan the pastrycook's—'

"但是厨师病了，你知道那个糕点师傅的面饼锅有多可怕....."

'Silence, Frau!' says Gray, in a deep tragedy voice. 'I will have the ordering of this repast. Do all things as I bid thee. Invite our friend Snob here to partake of the feast. Be mine the task of procuring it.'

"安静，夫人！"格雷悲哀地说，"我会去定这顿饭的。都按照我吩咐的做吧。把我们的朋友势利者也请来吃饭。这事就让我去办吧。"

'Don't be expensive, Raymond,' says his wife.

"不要太贵了，雷蒙德。"他的妻子说，

'Peace, thou timid partner of the briefless one. Goldmore's dinner shall be suited to our narrow means. Only do thou in all things my commands.' And seeing by the peculiar expression of the rogue's countenance, that some mad waggery was in preparation, I awaited the morrow with anxiety.

“镇静，你这个无人委托的律师的懦弱妻子。请哥尔德莫吃饭不会超过我们有限的财力。你只要一切按照我说的去办就行了。”看着这个流氓脸上奇怪的表情，我明白他准备了某种疯狂的恶作剧，所以焦急地等待着第二天的到来。

CHAPTER XXXV SNOBS AND MARRIAGE

第三十五章 势利者与婚姻

Punctual to the hour—(by the way, I cannot omit to mark down my hatred, scorn, and indignation towards those miserable Snobs who come to dinner at nine when they are asked at eight, in order to make a sensation in the company. May the loathing of honest folks, the backbiting of others, the curses of cooks, pursue these wretches, and avenge the society on which they trample!) —Punctual, I say, to the hour of five, which Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Gray had appointed, a youth of an elegant appearance, in a neat evening-dress, whose trim whiskers indicated neatness, whose light step denoted activity (for in sooth he was hungry, and always is at the dinner hour, whatsoever that hour may be), and whose rich golden hair, curling down his shoulders, was set off by a perfectly new four-and-ninepenny silk hat, was seen wending his way down Bittlestone Street, Bittlestone Square, Gray's Inn. The person in question, I need not say, was Mr. Snob. HE was never late when invited to dine. But to proceed my narrative:—

很准时——顺便提一下，我不能不记下对于那些本来受邀八点钟去吃饭却在九点钟才到，借此在众人中引起轰动的可悲势利者的憎恨、鄙视和愤慨。接下来，这些可耻之徒可能会厌恶诚实的人、诽谤别人、诅咒厨师，并对他们践踏的社会进行报复！瞧，在雷蒙德·格雷先生和夫人约定的五点钟准时到达，这个外表优雅的青年穿着一身整洁的晚礼服，胡须修得很干净，轻快的步伐中透着活力（事实上他饿了，而且总是在就餐时间，不管是几点），一头浓密的金色卷发披在肩头，被一顶价值四十九便士的崭新丝帽衬托得更美丽。人们看到他沿着比特斯通街、比特斯通广场、格雷旅店一路走来。无需我说，正被谈论的这个人就是势利者先生。只要有人邀请他吃饭，他从来不会迟到。但我还是继续描述吧——

Mr. Snob may have flattered himself that he made a sensation as he strutted down Bittlestone with his richly gilt knobbed cane (and indeed I vow I saw heads looking at me from Miss Squilsby's, the brass-plated milliner opposite Raymond Gray's, who has three silver-paper bonnets, and two fly-blown prints of fashion in the window), yet what was the emotion produced by my arrival, compared to that which the little street thrilled, when at five minutes past five the floss-wigged coachman, the yellow hammer-cloth and flunkeys, the black horses and blazing silver harness of Mr. Goldmore whirled down the street!

势利者先生或许认为他拄着富贵的镀金圆头手杖走过比特斯通街时

引起了一阵子轰动，并为之自鸣得意。（确实，我发誓，我看见有几个人从雷蒙德·格雷家对面女帽商斯奎斯比小姐家的窗户里探出头来看我，她家有个黄铜门牌，窗台上放着三个银箔圆帽，还有两件很时尚却被污染过的印花布制品。）但是比起五点过五分哥尔德莫先生那戴着丝线假发的马车夫、黄色布篷的马车、仆人、黑色的马匹和闪闪发光的银制马具旋风般地沿街而来时在小街上引起的兴奋景象，我到达时引起的激动又算什么呢！

It is a very little street, of very little houses, most of them with very large brass plates like Miss Squilsby's. Coal-merchants, architects and surveyors, two surgeons, a solicitor, a dancing-master, and of course several house-agents, occupy the houses—little two-storeyed edifices with little stucco porticoes. Goldmore's carriage overtopped the roofs almost; the first floors might shake hands with Croesus as he lolled inside; all the windows of those first floors thronged with children and women in a twinkling. There was Mrs. Hammerly in curl-papers; Mrs. Saxby with her front awry; Mr. Wriggles peering through the gauze curtains, holding the while his hot glass of rum-and-water—in fine, a tremendous commotion in Bittlestone Street, as the Goldmore carriage drove up to Mr. Raymond Gray's door.

那是一条很小的街道，街上的房子很小，大多数都挂着很大的黄铜门牌，就像斯奎斯比家的那样。这些房子里住着煤炭商、建筑师、调查员、两个外科医生、一位律师、一位舞蹈家，当然还有好几个房屋代理人——一些有灰泥小门廊的三层小建筑。哥尔德莫的马车几乎高过了房顶，这个富翁悠闲地踏入房间时，二楼的人可以跟他握手呢。一眨眼的功夫，二楼所有的窗户都挤满了女人和小孩。其中有戴着卷发垫纸的哈默利夫人，有前额歪斜的萨克斯比夫人，有透过薄纱窗幔向外窥视的里格尔斯先生，当时他还端着一杯热的加水朗姆酒——总而言之，哥尔德莫的马车驶向雷蒙德·格雷先生的房门时，比特斯通街上出现了一阵很大的骚动。

'How kind it is of him to come with BOTH the footmen!' says little Mrs. Gray, peeping at the vehicle too. The huge domestic, descending from his perch, gave a rap at the door which almost drove in the building. All the heads were out; the sun was shining; the very organ-boy paused; the footman, the coach, and Goldmore's red face and white waistcoat were blazing in splendour. The herculean plushed one went back to open the carriage-door.

“他真是太好了，还带了两个男仆过来！”小格雷夫人边说边同样窥视着那辆马车。从座位上走下来之后，那个高大的家仆敲了敲差不多已经镶嵌在这座建筑里的门。所有的人都探出头来看。阳光普照，那个风琴手也暂停了演奏。男仆、马车以及哥尔德莫红色的面孔和白色的背心都光彩夺目。那个衣着奢华的高个子回过身来，打开马车的门。

Raymond Gray opened his—in his shirt-sleeves. He ran up to the

carriage. 'Come in, Goldmore,' says he; 'just in time, my boy. Open the door, What-d'ye-call'um, and let your master out,'—and What-d'ye-call'um obeyed mechanically, with a face of wonder and horror, only to be equalled by the look of stupefied astonishment which ornamented the purple countenance of his master.

雷蒙德·格雷——只穿了一件衬衣——打开了房门。他跑到了马车旁。“哥尔德莫，请进，”他说道，“时间刚刚好，我的朋友。把门打开——你叫什么名字来着——让你的主人出来。”那个“叫什么名字来着”的人机械地遵从了指令，显出了一脸的惊奇与恐惧，而这刚好与他那惊得目瞪口呆的主人发紫的面部表情差不多。

'Wawt taim will you please have the CAGE, sir?' says What-d'ye-call'um, in that peculiar, unspellable, inimitable, flunkefied pronunciation which forms one of the chief charms of existence.

“先生，你什么时候要车呢？”那个“叫什么名字来着”的人带着奇特、难以拼写、难以模仿而卑躬屈膝的发音说道，这种发音构成了生活主要魅力的一个方面。

'Best have it to the theatre at night,' Gray exclaims; 'it is but a step from here to the Wells, and we can walk there. I've got tickets for all. Be at Sadler's Wells at eleven.'

“最好晚上的时候把它驾到剧院去。”格雷大声说道，“这里离韦尔斯很近，我们可以走过去。我给所有的人都弄了票。十一点的时候到萨德勒—韦尔斯来吧。”

'Yes, at eleven,' exclaims Goldmore, perturbedly, and walks with a flurried step into the house, as if he were going to execution (as indeed he was, with that wicked Gray as a Jack Ketch over him). The carriage drove away, followed by numberless eyes from doorsteps and balconies; its appearance is still a wonder in Bittlestone Street.

“好的，十一点。”哥尔德莫有些心烦地大声说着，慌慌张张地走进房子，好像他就要被处决了似的。（事实上确实是这样，因为可恶的格雷就像一个绞刑吏一样地凌驾于他之上。）马车离开了，门口和阳台上有无数双眼睛注视着它离开。在比特斯通街，它的出现至今仍是个奇迹。

'Go in there, and amuse yourself with Snob,' says Gray, opening the little drawing-room door. 'I'll call out as soon as the chops are ready. Fanny's below, seeing to the pudding.'

“进去吧，去和势利者先生玩一会儿。”格雷说着话，打开了会客厅的小门，“羊排一准备好我就立即叫你们。范妮在下面负责做布丁呢。”

'Gracious mercy!' says Goldmore to me, quite confidentially, 'how could he ask us? I really had no idea of this—this utter destitution.'

“我的天啊！”哥尔德莫悄悄地对我说，“他怎么会邀请我们呢？我真

是一点儿都没想到——这个彻彻底底的赤贫者。”

'Dinner, dinner!' roars out Gray, from the diningroom, whence issued a great smoking and frying; and entering that apartment we find Mrs. Gray ready to receive us, and looking perfectly like a Princess who, by some accident, had a bowl of potatoes in her hand, which vegetables she placed on the table. Her husband was meanwhile cooking mutton-chops on a gridiron over the fire.

“开饭了，开饭了！“格雷在餐室里大声地喊道，那里散发出很大的烟雾和油炸的味道。进了房间之后，我们发现格雷夫人已经准备好了要接待我们，看起来像极了某位王妃，碰巧她手里正端着一碗土豆，她把这份菜放到了桌上。同时，她的丈夫正在烤架上烤着羊排。

'Fanny has made the roly-poly pudding,' says he; 'the chops are my part. Here's a fine one; try this, Goldmore.' And he popped a fizzing cutlet on that gentleman's plate. What words, what notes of exclamation can describe the nabob's astonishment?

“范妮已经做好卷布丁了。”他说，“羊排该我来做。这一块很不错，哥尔德莫，你尝尝看。” 接着他迅速地把一块还在嘶嘶作响的炸羊排放到那位绅士的盘子里。什么样的词语、什么样的惊呼声能够用来描述这位富豪的震惊呢？

The tablecloth was a very old one, darned in a score places. There was mustard in a teacup, a silver fork for Goldmore—all ours were iron.

桌布非常陈旧，还有很多补丁。芥末装在了一个茶杯里，还有一只供哥尔德莫使用的银叉——而我们所有人的叉子都是铁的。

'I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth,' says Gray, gravely. 'That fork is the only one we have. Fanny has it generally.'

“我可不是生而富贵的人。”格雷严肃认真地说道，“那是我们仅有的一只银叉。一般是范妮用它。”

'Raymond!'—cries Mrs. Gray, with an imploring face. 'She was used to better things, you know: and I hope one day to get her a dinner-service. I'm told the electro-plate is uncommonly good. Where the deuce IS that boy with the beer? And now,' said he, springing up, 'I'll be a gentleman.' And so he put on his coat, and sat down quite gravely, with four fresh mutton-chops which he had by this time broiled.

“雷蒙德！” 格雷夫人带着恳求的神情尖叫道。“你知道，她习惯用更好的东西，我希望有一天我能给她买一套餐具。我听说电镀餐盘好得不得了。那个拿啤酒的家伙到底跑到哪儿去了？好了，”他说着，一下子站了起来，“我要表现得绅士一点。”于是他穿上外套，然后非常严肃地坐了下来，吃着他刚刚烤好的四块新鲜羊排。

'We don't have meat every day, Mr. Goldmore,' he continued, 'and it's a treat to me to get a dinner like this. You little know, you gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, what hardships briefless barristers endure.'

“哥尔德莫先生，我们并不是每天都吃肉的。”他接着说，“对我来说，能吃上像这样的一顿晚餐真是难得。你们这种英国绅士，在家里生活得逍遥自在，所以不会明白没有人委聘的律师所承受的艰辛。”

'Gracious mercy!' says Mr. Goldmore.

“我的天啊！”哥尔德莫先生说道。

'Where's the half-and-half? Fanny, go over to the 'Keys' and get the beer. Here's sixpence.' And what was our astonishment when Fanny got up as if to go!

“成分各半的酒在哪儿？范妮，去‘基斯’买点啤酒回来。这是六便士。”当范妮起来，看样子就要出去的时候，我们是多么震惊啊！

'Gracious mercy! let ME,' cries Goldmore.

“我的天啊！让我去吧。”哥尔德莫大声叫道。

'Not for worlds, my dear sir. She's used to it. They wouldn't serve you as well as they serve her. Leave her alone. Law bless you!' Raymond said, with astounding composure. And Mrs. Gray left the room, and actually came back with a tray on which there was a pewter flagon of beer. Little Polly (to whom, at her christening, I had the honour of presenting a silver mug EX OFFICIO) followed with a couple of tobacco-pipes, and the queerest roguish look in her round little chubby face.

“我亲爱的先生，这绝对不行。她都已经习惯了。他们对你的服侍不会像对她的服侍那么好。让她自己去吧。法律保佑你！”雷蒙德说着，表现出惊人的镇静。接着，格雷夫人离开了这个房间，回来的时候竟带着一个托盘，上面放着一个装啤酒的合金大肚短颈瓶。小波莉（她受洗的时候，我有幸依照自己的职权送给了她一个银色大杯）拿着两支烟管跟随其后，她那圆圆的小胖脸上显出最奇怪的调皮表情。

'Did you speak to Tapling about the gin, Fanny, my dear?' Gray asked, after bidding Polly put the pipes on the chimney-piece, which that little person had some difficulty in reaching. 'The last was turpentine, and even your brewing didn't make good punch of it.'

“亲爱的范妮，你有没有跟塔普林提到杜松子酒？”格雷让波莉把烟管放到壁炉台上后问道，而那个小不点还有点儿够不着。“最后的都是松节油，即使是由你来酿造，你也做不出可口的潘趣酒来。”

'You would hardly suspect, Goldmore, that my wife, a Harley Baker, would ever make gin-punch? I think my mother-in-law would

commit suicide if she saw her.’

“哥尔德莫，我的妻子来自哈莉·贝克家，你可能很难想到她竟然会做杜松子—潘趣酒吧？我想要是我的岳母看到她那样的话，肯定会自杀的。”

'Don't be always laughing at mamma, Raymond,' says Mrs. Gray.

“雷蒙德，不要总是嘲笑妈妈。”格雷夫人说道。

'Well, well, she wouldn't die, and I DON'T wish she would. And you don't make gin-punch, and you don't like it either and—Goldmore do you drink your beer out of the glass, or out of the pewter?’

“好好好，她是不会死的，我也并不希望她死。你并不做杜松子—潘趣酒，你也不喜欢——哥尔德莫，你是用玻璃杯喝啤酒呢，还是用这个合金器皿？”

'Gracious mercy!' ejaculates Croesus once more, as little Polly, taking the pot with both her little bunches of hands, offers it, smiling, to that astonished Director.

“我的天啊！”大富豪突然再次喊道，这时小波莉用自己那双胖乎乎的小手端起一壶酒，笑眯眯地把它递给了那个瞠目结舌的董事。

And so, in a word, the dinner commenced, and was presently ended in a similar fashion. Gray pursued his unfortunate guest with the most queer and outrageous description of his struggles, misery, and poverty. He described how he cleaned the knives when they were first married; and how he used to drag the children in a little cart; how his wife could toss pancakes; and what parts of his dress she made. He told Tibbits, his clerk (who was in fact the functionary who had brought the beer from the public-house, which Mrs. Fanny had fetched from the neighbouring apartment)—to fetch 'the bottle of port-wine,' when the dinner was over; and told Goldmore as wonderful a history about the way in which that bottle of wine had come into his hands as any of his former stories had been. When the repast was all over, and it was near time to move to the play, and Mrs. Gray had retired, and we were sitting ruminating rather silently over the last glasses of the port, Gray suddenly breaks the silence by slapping Goldmore on the shoulder, and saying, 'Now, Goldmore, tell me something.'

总之，晚餐就这样开始了，过了不久，也以差不多的方式结束。格雷紧逼着他那位不幸的客人，把他的挣扎、苦难和贫穷用一种最奇怪最无礼的方式描述给对方。他描述他们刚刚结婚时他是怎样清洗刀具；怎样用一辆小推车拉着孩子们；他的妻子怎样翻着薄饼；他礼服的哪些部分是由妻子做的。晚餐结束后，他让自己的办事员蒂比茨（事实上，他就是那个从酒馆把啤酒带过来的职员，范妮夫人再从附近的公寓把酒取

走）去取“那瓶波尔图葡萄酒”。然后，他又用之前讲述故事的方法，给哥尔德莫讲述了他怎样把那瓶葡萄酒搞到手的精彩故事。整个晚餐结束，也就差不多到了要去看戏的时间，而格雷夫人已经睡去了，我们则非常安静地坐在那里，反复地回味着最后的那几杯波尔图葡萄酒。这时，格雷突然打破宁静，拍了拍哥尔德莫的肩膀说：“那么，哥尔德莫，你给我说点儿什么吧。”

'What?' asks Croesus.

“什么？”大富豪问道。

'Haven't you had a good dinner?'

“这顿晚餐你吃得不好吗？”

Goldmore started, as if a sudden truth had just dawned upon him. He HAD had a good dinner; and didn't know it until then. The three mutton-chops consumed by him were best of the mutton kind; the potatoes were perfect of their order; as for the rolypoly, it was too good. The porter was frothy and cool, and the port-wine was worthy of the gills of a bishop. I speak with ulterior views; for there is more in Gray's cellar.

哥尔德莫吓了一跳，好像突然明白了事情的真相。这顿饭他是吃得不错，不过也是到那个时候他才知道。他吃的三只羊排都是最好的；土豆也是最好的；至于卷布丁，那可真是太好了。黑啤酒多泡且凉爽，而波尔图葡萄酒都快赶上主教喝的档次了。我说得较为隐秘，因为格雷的酒窖里还有更多的酒呢。

'Well,' says Goldmore, after a pause, during which he took time to consider the momentous question Gray put to him—' Pon my word—now you say so—I—I have—I really have had a monsous good dinnah—monsous good, upon my ward! Here's your health, Gray my boy, and your amiable lady; and when Mrs. Goldmore comes back, I hope we shall see you more in Portland Place.' And with this the time came for the play, and we went to see Mr. Phelps at Sadler's Wells. The best of this story (for the truth of every word of which I pledge my honour) is, that after this banquet, which Goldmore enjoyed so, the honest fellow felt a prodigious compassion and regard for the starving and miserable giver of the feast, and determined to help him in his profession. And being a Director of the newly-established Antibilious Life Assurance Company, he has had Gray appointed Standing Counsel, with a pretty annual fee; and only yesterday, in an appeal from Bombay (Buckmuckjee Bobbachee v. Ramchowder-Bahawder) in the Privy Council, Lord Brougham complimented Mr. Gray, who was in the case, on his curious and exact knowledge of the Sanscrit language.

“哦，”哥尔德莫暂停顿片刻，抓紧时间去考虑格雷提出的那个重要

问题，然后说道：“就我看来——刚刚你都说过——我——嗯——我真真正正地享用了一次非常不错的晚餐——非常不错，我说实话！格雷，我的朋友，以及你友好的太太，我为你们的健康干杯。等哥尔德莫夫人回来之后，我希望我们能在‘波特兰宅邸’再次相见。”这时该是时候去看戏了，于是我们到萨德勒—韦尔斯剧院去看了场“费尔普斯先生”。这个故事最好的部分（我以自己的荣誉发誓，我说的每一句话都是真的）就在于，哥尔德莫享用了这顿不错的晚宴之后，诚实的他对那个极端贫困和可怜的美食提供者施以了极大的同情和关心，决定在工作上对他进行帮助。作为新成立的“抗胆道疾病人寿保险公司”的董事之一，他设法让格雷被任命为常任顾问，年薪颇丰。就在昨天，在孟买枢密院的一桩上诉案中（巴克马克杰·包巴奇对拉姆乔德—巴哈德），布鲁厄姆勋爵还称赞了参与此案的格雷先生，说他的梵语知识非常精准，好得不可思议。

Whether he knows Sanscrit or not, I can't say; but Goldmore got him the business; and so I cannot help having a lurking regard for that pompous old Bigwig.

他是不是懂梵语，我说不准。但是哥尔德莫已经给他提供了工作，因此，我不得不对那位年老浮华的大人物暗生敬意。

CHAPTER XXXVI SNOBS AND MARRIAGE

第三十六章 势利者与婚姻

'We Bachelors in Clubs are very much obliged to you,' says my old school and college companion, Essex Temple, 'for the opinion which you hold of us. You call us selfish, purple-faced, bloated, and other pretty names. You state, in the simplest possible terms, that we shall go to the deuce. You bid us rot in loneliness, and deny us all claims to honesty, conduct, decent Christian life. Who are you, Mr. Snob, to judge us. Who are you, with your infernal benevolent smirk and grin, that laugh at all our generation?

“俱乐部里我们这些单身男士都非常感激你，”我在中学和大学时的伙伴埃塞克斯·坦普尔说道，“感激你对我们有那样的看法。你给我们冠以了为人自私、脸色发紫、体态臃肿，以及其他的一些美名。你用尽可能简单的话断定我们会走向堕落。你祝愿我们在孤独中腐化，拒绝我们的所有要求，包括想要追求诚实、端正、体面的基督徒生活。势利者先生，你是谁啊，还来评价我们？你是谁啊，竟然带着假和善、真阴险的假笑来嘲笑我们这一代人？”

'I will tell you my case,' says Essex Temple; 'mine and my sister Polly's, and you may make what you like of it; and sneer at old maids, and bully old bachelors, if you will.

“我会告诉你我的情况，”埃塞克斯·坦普尔说，“以及我妹妹波莉的情况，你愿意怎么做都可以。如果你愿意，你可以嘲笑老处女，还可以欺侮老单身汉。

'I will whisper to you confidentially that my sister was engaged to Serjeant Shirker—a fellow whose talents one cannot deny, and be hanged to them, but whom I have always known to be mean, selfish, and a prig. However, women don't see these faults in the men whom Love throws in their way. Shirker, who has about as much warmth as an eel, made up to Polly years and years ago, and was no bad match for a briefless barrister, as he was then.

“我会悄悄告诉你，我的妹妹曾和萨金特·舍克订过婚——那个家伙的才华不可否认，该死的，但是我一直知道他是一个吝啬自私、自命不凡的家伙。但是，女人们看不到爱神让她们遇上的那些男人的缺点。舍克的热情就像鳗鲡一样，他多年前就向波莉求过爱。那个时候他是个无人委聘的律师，所以他们还算是般配。

Have you ever read *Lord Eldon's Life*? Do you remember how the sordid old Snob narrates his going out to purchase twopence-worth of sprats, which he and Mrs. Scott fried between them? And how he

parades his humility, and exhibits his miserable poverty—he who, at that time, must have been making a thousand pounds a year? Well, Shirker was just as proud of his prudence—just as thankful for his own meanness, and of course would not marry without a competency. Who so honourable? Polly waited, and waited faintly, from year to year. HE wasn't sick at heart; HIS passion never disturbed his six hours' sleep, or kept his ambition out of mind. He would rather have hugged an attorney any day than have kissed Polly, though she was one of the prettiest creatures in the world; and while she was pining alone upstairs, reading over the stock of half-a-dozen frigid letters that the confounded prig had condescended to write to her, HE, be sure, was never busy with anything but his briefs in chambers—always frigid, rigid, self-satisfied, and at his duty. The marriage trailed on year after year, while Mr. Serjeant Shirker grew to be the famous lawyer he is.

你读过《伊登勋爵的生活》那本书吗？你还记不记得那个卑鄙的老势利者怎样说他要出去买些两便士的西鲱，然后拿回来炸了之后和斯科特夫人一起吃？还记得他是怎样夸耀着自己的谦卑，展示着他可怜的贫困——那个时候，他每年的收入一定有一千英镑吧？噢，舍克也为自己的审慎而自鸣得意——就像他对自己的吝啬充满感激一样，当然，他没有律师作证资格前是不会结婚的。谁有他那么可敬呢？波莉等啊等，一年又一年地等得没有了气力。他在内心里并不难过。他的感情从来不会打扰他六个小时的睡眠，或是让他忘记自己的抱负。他每天宁可拥抱一下代理人，也不去亲一亲波莉，虽然她是这个世界上最漂亮的人之一。她独自在楼上变得憔悴，读着半打那个该死的自以为是的家伙屈尊写给她的冷冰冰的半打信时，他一定在办公室里忙着弄他的辩护状——他总是一副冰冷刻板、自以为是的样子，总是只关注自己的事务。婚事拖了一年又一年，在这期间，萨金特·舍克先生成长为一位有名的大律师。

'Meanwhile, my younger brother, Pump Temple, who was in the 120th Hussars, and had the same little patrimony which fell to the lot of myself and Polly, must fall in love with our cousin, Fanny Figtree, and marry her out of hand. You should have seen the wedding! Six bridesmaids in pink, to hold the fan, bouquet, gloves, scent-bottle, and pocket-handkerchief of the bride; basketfuls of white favours in the vestry, to be pinned on to the footmen and horses; a genteel congregation of curious acquaintance in the pews, a shabby one of poor on the steps; all the carriages of all our acquaintance, whom Aunt Figtree had levied for the occasion; and of course four horses for Mr. Pump's bridal vehicle.

“同时，我的弟弟庞普·坦普尔曾在第一百二十号轻骑兵团，当时得到的遗产跟我和波莉得到的一样少。他一定是爱上了我们的表妹范妮·菲格特雷，很快就跟她结了婚。你应该去看看那场婚礼的！六个穿着粉红色衣服的伴娘拿着新娘的扇子、花束、手套、香水瓶和手帕。一篮篮白色的礼品放在教堂的附属室里，等着别在男仆们和马匹的身上。一群好

奇的朋友高雅地聚集在教堂包厢里，而有一个衣衫褴褛的穷人则站在台阶上。菲格特雷姑妈为了这个场合召集来的所有熟人的所有马车，当然，还有四匹马是专为庞普先生的婚礼马车准备的。

'Then comes the breakfast, or DEJEUNER, if you please, with a brass band in the street, and policemen to keep order. The happy bridegroom spends about a year's income in dresses for the bridesmaids and pretty presents; and the bride must have a TROUSSEAU of laces, satins, jewel-boxes and tomfoolery, to make her fit to be a lieutenant's wife. There was no hesitation about Pump. He flung about his money as if it had been dross; and Mrs. P. Temple, on the horse Tom Tiddler, which her husband gave her, was the most dashing of military women at Brighton or Dublin.

“然后是早餐，你要是高兴叫它Dejeuner（法语里的早餐）也可以。街上有一支铜管乐队，警察在那里维持秩序。幸福的新郎花了大约一年的收入在伴娘的礼服和漂亮礼品上。新娘一定要有蕾丝、缎带、珠宝盒以及首饰等嫁妆，这样也才符合她作为一个中尉的妻子的身份。庞普在这上面花钱是毫不犹豫的。他大肆地花钱，好像钱就是一堆废物似的。庞普·坦普尔夫人骑在丈夫送给她的那匹名叫汤姆·蒂德勒的马上，成了布赖顿或是都柏林最耀眼的一名军人妻子。

How old Mrs. Figtree used to bore me and Polly with stories of Pump's grandeur and the noble company he kept! Polly lives with the Figtrees, as I am not rich enough to keep a home for her.

菲格特雷老夫人过去常常跟我和波莉讲起庞普是怎样辉煌、他的朋友又是怎样高贵的故事！波莉同菲格特雷一家生活在一起，因为我还没有富裕到可以让她住在家里的程度。

'Pump and I have always been rather distant. Not having the slightest notions about horseflesh, he has a natural contempt for me; and in our mother's lifetime, when the good old lady was always paying his debts and petting him, I'm not sure there was not a little jealousy. It used to be Polly that kept the peace between us.

“庞普和我之间的关系总是十分生疏。我对马没有任何概念，所以他自然瞧不起我。我们的母亲在世时，那个善良的老妇人总是为他还债并且很爱护他，我不能说我就没有一丝嫉妒心理。过去常常是波莉在维护着我们之间的和平。

'She went to Dublin to visit Pump, and brought backgrand accounts of his doings—gayest man about town—Aide-de-Camp to the Lord-Lieutenant—Fanny admired everywhere—Her Excellency godmother to the second boy: the eldest with a string of aristocratic Christian-names that made the grandmother wild with delight. Presently Fanny and Pump obligingly came to London, where the third was born.

“她到都柏林去看庞普，回来之后讲了很多他的为人处事——他是城里最快乐的人——是总督的助手——范妮处处都受到夸奖——尊贵的总督夫人成了他们二儿子的教母，大儿子有一大串贵族基督名，把祖母给高兴坏了。不久以后，范妮和庞普一起来到伦敦，第三个儿子在那里出世了。

Polly was godmother to this, and who so loving as she and Pump now? 'Oh, Essex,' says she to me, 'he is so good, so generous, so fond of his family; so handsome; who can help loving him, and pardoning his little errors?' One day, while Mrs. Pump was yet in the upper regions, and Doctor Fingerfee's brougham at her door every day, having business at Guildhall, whom should I meet in Cheapside but Pump and Polly? The poor girl looked more happy and rosy than I have seen her these twelve years. Pump, on the contrary, was rather blushing and embarrassed.

波莉是这第三个儿子的教母，现在有谁像她和庞普这么可爱呢？‘噢，埃塞克斯，’她对我说，‘他太好了，太大方了，太爱这个家了。他人长得也太帅了，有谁能不爱他，不去原谅他所犯下的那些小错误呢?' 庞普夫人还在北部地区时，芬格弗医生的布鲁厄姆式马车每天在她家门口。有一天，我要到伦敦市政厅去办点事，我在齐普赛遇见的人除了庞普和波莉，还会是谁呢？我过去十二年来都没有见到那个可怜的女孩如此快乐漂亮。相反的是，庞普倒是很脸红，显得相当尴尬。

'I couldn't be mistaken in her face and its look of mischief and triumph. She had been committing some act of sacrifice. I went to the family stockbroker. She had sold out two thousand pounds that morning and given them to Pump. Quarrelling was useless—Pump had the money; he was off to Dublin by the time I reached his mother's, and Polly radiant still. He was going to make his fortune; he was going to embark the money in the Bog of Allen—I don't know what. The fact is, he was going to pay his losses upon the last Manchester steeple-chase, and I leave you to imagine how much principal or interest poor Polly ever saw back again.

“从她的脸部表情和调皮喜悦的神态来看，我是不会弄错的。她过去一直在做出牺牲。我去找过那个家庭股票经纪人。那天早上，她卖掉了两千英镑的股票，然后把钱交给了庞普。争吵是无济于事的——庞普已经拿到钱了。我到他母亲家里去时，他就要离开去都柏林了，波莉仍然光彩照人。他要发财去了，他要到艾伦的沼泽地区去投资——我不知道那是什么项目。事实上，他是要把钱拿去支付上次在曼彻斯特的越野赛马中输掉的钱。至于可怜的波莉后来收回了多少本金或利息，我就留给你去想象吧。

'It was more than half her fortune, and he has had another thousand since from her. Then came efforts to stave off ruin and prevent exposure; struggles on all our parts, and sacrifices, that' (here

Mr. Essex Temple began to hesitate)—'that needn't be talked of; but they are of no more use than such sacrifices ever are. Pump and his wife are abroad—I don't like to ask where; Polly has the three children, and Mr. Serjeant Shirker has formally written to break off an engagement, on the conclusion of which Miss Temple must herself have speculated, when she alienated the greater part of her fortune.

“那可是她一大半的财产，而他后来又从她那里弄到了一千英镑。接着便是费尽努力避免破产、息事宁人，我们大家都经历了挣扎和牺牲，而”（说到这里，埃塞克斯·坦普尔先生开始有点犹豫）“那些都无需谈及了，但是那些牺牲的作用像以往一样只是杯水车薪。庞普和他的妻子现在在国外——我不想问到底去了哪里。波莉有三个孩子，萨金特·舍克先生已经正式写信解除婚约。坦普尔小姐把她大部分的财产都进行转移的时候，自己一定是已经设想到了这样的结局。

And here's your famous theory of poor marriages!' Essex Temple cries, concluding the above history. 'How do you know that I don't want to marry myself? How do you dare sneer at my poor sister? What are we but martyrs of the reckless marriage system which Mr. Snob, forsooth, chooses to advocate?' And he thought he had the better of the argument, which, strange to say, is not my opinion.

这就是你关于不幸婚姻的著名理论！”埃塞克斯·坦普尔尖叫起来，结束了上述的故事。“你怎么就知道我并不想结婚？你怎么敢看不起我那可怜的妹妹？真的，我们除了是势利者先生你所鼓吹的那种草率婚姻制度的牺牲品，还能是什么？”他以为他在这次争论中已经占了优势，不过奇怪的是，我并不这么认为。

But for the infernal Snob-worship, might not every one of these people be happy? If poor Polly's happiness lay in linking her tender arms round such a heartless prig as the sneak who has deceived her, she might have been happy now—as happy as Raymond Raymond in the ballad, with the stone statue by his side. She is wretched because Mr. Serjeant Shirker worships money and ambition, and is a Snob and a coward.

要不是这可恶的势利者崇拜，这些人中的每一个不都可能幸福吗？要是可怜的波莉的幸福，要依靠用自己温柔的手臂去搂住那个没心没肺、自以为是、曾经欺骗她的人来获得，她现在或许已经很幸福了——就像民谣里的雷蒙德·雷蒙德那样幸福，旁边还竖着一尊石像。她现在很悲惨，因为萨金特·舍克先生崇拜的是金钱和野心，因为他是一个势利者，一个懦夫。

If the unfortunate Pump Temple and his giddy hussy of a wife have ruined themselves, and dragged down others into their calamity, it is because they loved rank, and horses, and plate, and carriages, and *COURT GUIDES*, and millinery, and would sacrifice all to attain those objects.

要是不幸的庞普·坦普尔和他轻佻的妻子已经把他们自己毁了，还把别人拖进了他们的灾难，那是因为他们喜欢地位、马匹、餐具、马车、《上流社会人名录》以及女帽，他们愿意牺牲一切去获得这些东西。

And who misguides them? If the world were more simple, would not those foolish people follow the fashion? Does not the world love *COURT GUIDES*, and millinery, and plate, and carriages? Mercy on us! Read the fashionable intelligence; read the *COURT CIRCULAR*; read the genteel novels; survey mankind, from Pimlico to Red Lion Square, and see how the Poor Snob is aping the Rich Snob; how the Mean Snob is grovelling at the feet of the Proud Snob; and the Great Snob is lording it over his humble brother. Does the idea of equality ever enter Dives' head? Will it ever? Will the Duchess of Fitzbattleaxe (I like a good name) ever believe that Lady Croesus, her next-door neighbour in Belgrave Square, is as good a lady as her Grace? Will Lady Croesus ever leave off pining the Duchess's parties, and cease patronizing Mrs. Broadcloth whose husband has not got his Baronetcy yet? Will Mrs. Broadcloth ever heartily shake hands with Mrs. Seedy, and give up those odious calculations about poor dear Mrs. Seedy's income? Will Mrs. Seedy who is starving in her great house, go and live comfortably in a little one, or in lodgings? Will her landlady, Miss Letsam, ever stop wondering at the familiarity of tradespeople, or rebuking the insolence of Suky, the maid, who wears flowers under her bonnet like a lady?

那么是谁误导了他们呢？要是世界更简单一点，那些愚蠢的家伙就不会追求时髦了吗？这个世界难道不喜欢《上流社会人名录》，不喜欢女帽、餐具和马车？我的天啊！读读这些时尚信息吧；读读《上流社会人名录》吧；读读高雅的小说吧；调查一下人类吧，从皮姆利科到红狮广场，去看看那些贫穷的势利者怎样去模仿富有的势利者，低贱的势利者是怎样趴倒在骄傲的势利者脚边，了不起的势利者是怎样支配卑贱的势利者。富豪的脑子里有过平等的念头吗？以后会不会有？菲兹巴特勒克斯公爵夫人（我喜欢一个好名字）会相信贝尔格里维广场上她的邻居克罗瑟斯夫人是一个和高贵的自己一样好的妇人吗？克罗瑟斯夫人会不再渴望公爵夫人的聚会，并且不因为布罗德克洛斯夫人的丈夫还没有获得准男爵爵位，就对她摆出屈尊俯就的样子了吗？布罗德克洛斯夫人会真心地同赛迪夫人握手，停止对可怜的赛迪夫人的收入进行讨厌的计算吗？住在大房子里忍饥挨饿的赛迪夫人，会舒服地住到一所小房子里去，或是住到出租房里去吗？她的女房东勒莎姆小姐会停止对商人之间的熟悉关系感到好奇，或是不再指责那个像小姐一样戴着女帽、佩着花儿的女佣的无礼了吗？

But why hope, why wish for such times? Do I wish all Snobs to perish? Do I wish these Snob papers to determine? Suicidal fool, art not thou, too, a Snob and a brother?

但是为什么要希望，盼望着这种时刻的到来？难道我希望所有的势

利者都灭亡？难道我希望这些势利者文章都终止？自取灭亡的傻家伙，你自己，还有你的兄弟，不也是势利者么？

CHAPTER XXXVII CLUB SNOBS

第三十七章 俱乐部势利者

As I wish to be particularly agreeable to the ladies (to whom I make my most humble obeisance), we will now, if you please, commence maligning a class of Snobs against whom, I believe, most female minds are embittered—I mean Club Snobs. I have very seldom heard even the most gentle and placable woman speak without a little feeling of bitterness against those social institutions, those palaces swaggering in St. James's, which are open to the men; while the ladies have but their dingy three-windowed brick boxes in Belgravia or in Paddingtonia, or in the region between the road of Edgware and that of Gray's Inn.

因为我希望能够在女士中间特别地受欢迎（我向她们致以最谦卑的敬意），要是你愿意的话，我们现在就开始中伤另外一种势利者，我相信大多数女性都对他们心存怨恨——我说的就是俱乐部势利者。即使是最温和宽容的女人，我也极少听到有谁会不对那些社交机构心存些许怨恨，那些机构设立在圣詹姆斯街那些耀武扬威的大厦里，只对男人开放，而女士们只能去贝尔格里维亚，或是帕丁顿亚，或是埃奇韦尔路和格雷客栈路之间的那片区域里那些昏暗的、只有三个窗户的砖式包厢。

In my grandfather's time it used to be Freemasonry that roused their anger. It was my grand-aunt (whose portrait we still have in the family) who got into the clock-case at the Royal Rosicrucian Lodge at Bungay, Suffolk, to spy the proceedings of the Society, of which her husband was a member, and being frightened by the sudden whirring and striking eleven of the clock (just as the Deputy-Grand-Master was bringing in the mystic gridiron for the reception of a neophyte), rushed out into the midst of the lodge assembled; and was elected, by a desperate unanimity, Deputy-Grand-Mistress for life. Though that admirable and courageous female never subsequently breathed a word with regard to the secrets of the initiation, yet she inspired all our family with such a terror regarding the mysteries of Jachin and Boaz, that none of our family have ever since joined the Society, or worn the dreadful Masonic insignia.

在我祖父那个时代，共济会曾经激起他们怒火。走进萨福克郡邦吉的“皇家玫瑰十字会地方分会”的钟箱中的人是我的姨婆（我们家里到现在都还有她的肖像），她去那儿侦查那个社团的活动情况，她丈夫是那里的一个会员。钟敲响十一点时（为了接收一名新会员，副头领正把那个神秘的烤架带进来）突如其来的呼呼声把她吓了一大跳，她冲进这个集会之地的中间，后来竟被大家绝对一致地选为终身女副头领。虽然这

位令人称赞、勇气可嘉的女性之后再也没有对入会仪式的秘密说一个字，但是她还是引起了我们全家人对贾切恩和博阿兹神秘事件的恐惧。于是，自此我们家再也没有人加入过那个社团，或是佩戴那个可怕的共济会的徽章。

It is known that Orpheus was torn to pieces by some justly indignant Thracian ladies for belonging to an Harmonic Lodge. 'Let him go back to Eurydice,' they said,'whom he is pretending to regret so.' But the history is given in Dr. Lempriere's elegant dictionary in a manner much more forcible than any this feeble pen can attempt. At once, then, and without verbiage, let us take up this subject-matter of Clubs.

大家都知道，俄耳甫斯因为从属于某个音乐分会而被一些公正而愤怒的色雷斯女士扯成了碎片。“让他滚回妻子殴里狄克身边去。”她们说，“他在她面前假装悔恨。”但是，伦普里尔博士在他那本高雅的字典中对这个故事的有力描述，是我这支软弱无力的笔无法企及的。那么，废话少说，让我们立即开始讨论俱乐部这个话题吧。

Clubs ought not, in my mind, to be permitted to bachelors. If my friend of the Cuttykilts had not our club, the 'Union Jack,' to go to (I belong to the 'U.J. and nine other similar institutions), who knows but he never would be a bachelor at this present moment? and nine other similar institutions), who knows but he never would be a bachelor at this present moment? Instead of being made comfortable, and cockered up with every luxury, as they are at Clubs, bachelors ought to be rendered profoundly miserable, in my opinion. Every encouragement should be given to the rendering their spare time disagreeable. There can be no more odious object, according to my sentiments, than young Smith in the pride of health, commanding his dinner of three courses; than middle-aged Jones wallowing (as I may say) in an easy padded arm-chair, over the delicious novel or brilliant magazine; or than old Brown, that selfish old reprobate for whom mere literature has no charms, stretched on the best sofa, sitting on the second edition of *THE TIMES*, having the *MORNING CHRONICLE* between his knees, the *HERALD* pushed in between his coat and waistcoat, the *STANDARD* under his arm, the *GLOBE* under the other pinion, and the *DAILY NEWS* in perusal. 'I'll trouble you for *PUNCH*, Mr. Wiggins' says the unconscionable old gormandiser, interrupting our friend, who is laughing over the periodical in question.

依我看，俱乐部不应该让单身男士进入。要是我卡蒂基兹的朋友没有我们的名叫“英国国旗”的俱乐部可去（我是“英国国旗”和其他九个类似机构的会员），说不定此时此刻他已经不是一个单身汉了，谁知道呢？和其他九个类似机构的会员），说不定此时此刻他已经不是一个单身汉了，谁知道呢？在我看来，单身汉应该过得非常悲惨，而不能让他们过着俱乐部里那种奢侈、放纵、舒坦的生活。应尽量鼓励他们使空闲

时间变得糟糕。我感觉，再也没有比以下这些人更为可恶的了：身强力壮、年纪轻轻的史密斯，他的晚餐有三道菜；人到中年的琼斯，总是窝在（我也许可以这样说）带有衬垫的舒适的扶手椅里，津津有味地读着小说或是精美的杂志；那个自私的老恶棍布朗，纯文学对他来说没有丝毫吸引力，他躺在最好的沙发上，坐在《泰晤士报》第二版上，双膝间夹着《纪事晨报》，外套和背心间塞着《黎明先驱报》，一个手臂下夹着《旗报》，另一个手臂下夹着《世界报》，而他正在翻阅的是《每日新闻》。“威金斯先生，我可以麻烦你把《笨拙周刊》递给我吗？”这个恣意妄为、狼吞虎咽的老家伙打断我们的朋友说道，那个朋友当时正在笑话提到的那本周刊。

This kind of selfishness ought not to be. No, no. Young Smith, instead of his dinner and his wine, ought to be, where?—at the festive tea-table, to be sure, by the side of Miss Higgs, sipping the bohea, or tasting the harmless muffin; while old Mrs. Higgs looks on, pleased at their innocent dalliance, and my friend Miss Wirt, the governess, is performing Thalberg's last sonata in treble X., totally unheeded, at the piano.

这种自私自利的现象是不应该存在的。不，不。既然不去喝酒赴宴，那么年轻的史密斯应该出现在哪里呢？——当然应该在气氛欢愉的茶桌旁，在希格斯小姐身边，小口地喝着武夷茶，或是尝着不伤身的松饼。希格斯老夫人在旁边看着，为他们单纯的玩乐感到欣慰。而大家完全没有注意到，我的朋友沃特小姐，即家庭女教师，正在钢琴上用X高音弹奏着塔尔贝格最后的奏鸣曲。

Where should the middle-aged Jones be? At his time of life, he ought to be the father of a family. At such an hour—say, at nine o'clock at night—the nursery-bell should have just rung the children to bed. He and Mrs. J. ought to be, by rights, seated on each side of the fire by the dining-room table, a bottle of port-wine between them, not so full as it was an hour since. Mrs. J. Mrs. J. has had two glasses; Mrs. Grumble (Jones's mother-in-law) has had three; Jones himself has finished the rest, and dozes comfortably until bed-time.

那个中年的琼斯应该在哪儿呢？处于他这样的人生阶段，他应该在家里当父亲。在这样的时间——比如说，晚上九点钟——育婴室的铃声应该已经让孩子们上床睡觉了。按理说，他和琼斯夫人应该坐在餐室桌旁的炉火两边，俩人中间放着一瓶波尔图葡萄酒，已经没有一小时前那么满了。琼斯夫人已经喝了两杯。格拉姆伯夫人（琼斯的岳母）已经喝了三杯。而琼斯自己把剩余的都喝完了，舒舒服服地打着盹儿，直到睡觉时间。

And Brown, that old newspaper-devouring miscreant, what right has HE at a club at a decent hour of night? He ought to be playing his rubber with Miss MacWhirter, his wife, and the family apothecary. His candle ought to be brought to him at ten o'clock, and he should retire

to rest just as the young people were thinking of a dance. How much finer, simpler, nobler are the several employments I have sketched out for these gentlemen than their present nightly orgies at the horrid Club.

那个“嗜报纸”的老恶棍布朗，他有什么权利要在晚上这样一个美好的时刻去俱乐部呢？他应该和麦克沃特小姐、他的太太以及家庭药剂师呆在一起，玩着他的“一盘胜局”的牌戏。十点钟的时候就应该把蜡烛给他拿过去。年轻人想要跳舞时，他就应该就寝休息了。比起这些绅士们现在每晚在可怕的俱乐部里的狂欢，我为他们描绘的几种活动显得多么美妙、简单和高尚啊。

And, ladies, think of men who do not merely frequent the dining-room and library, but who use other apartments of those horrible dens which it is my purpose to batter down; think of Cannon, the wretch, with his coat off, at his age and size, clattering the balls over the billiard-table all night, and making bets with that odious Captain Spot!—think of Pam in a dark room with Bob Trumper, Jack Deuceace, and Charley Vole, playing, the poor dear misguided wretch, guinea points and five pounds on the rubber!—above all, think—oh, think of that den of abomination, which, I am told, has been established in SOME clubs, called THE SMOKING-ROOM,—think of the debauchees who congregate there, the quantities of reeking whisky-punch or more dangerous sherry-cobbler which they consume; —think of them coming home at cock-crow and letting themselves into the quiet house with the Chubb key;—think of them, the hypocrites, taking off their insidious boots before they slink upstairs, the children sleeping overhead, the wife of their bosom alone with the waning rushlight in the two-pair front—that chamber so soon to be rendered hateful by the smell of their stale cigars: I am not an advocate of violence; I am not, by nature, of an incendiary turn of mind: but if, my dear ladies, you are for assassinating Mr. Chubb and burning down Club-houses in St.James's, there is ONE Snob at who will not think the worse of you. The only men who, as I opine, ought to be allowed the use of Clubs, are married men without a profession. The continual presence of these in a house cannot be thought, even by the most loving of wives, desirable. Say the girls are beginning to practise their music, which in an honourable English family, ought to occupy every young gentlewoman three hours; it would be rather hard to call upon poor papa to sit in the drawing-room all that time, and listen to the interminable discords and shrieks which are elicited from the miserable piano during the above necessary operation. A man with a good ear, especially, would go mad, if compelled daily to submit to this horror.

女士们，想想那些男人，他们不但经常出入于餐厅和图书室，还常

呆在那些简陋污秽的恐怖小房间里，我真想把那些房间给砸了；想想可怜的坎农，他那样的年纪，那样的身型，竟然脱掉衣服，整个晚上都在台球桌上把球打得啪啪响，还和那个讨厌的斯波特上尉打赌！想想那个可怜的、误入歧途的帕姆，同鲍勃·特朗普、杰克·多塞斯还有查利·沃尔一起呆在一间黑屋子里玩着“一盘胜局”的赌钱游戏！尤其是要想一想那个——哦，想想那个可恶的简陋污秽的小房间，我听说，有些俱乐部里已经设有这样的小房间了，它们被称作“吸烟室”——想想那些聚集在那里的浪荡之徒，那里充斥着他们喝的味道浓烈的威士忌—潘趣酒或是更加危险的雪利酒加冰镇酒味果汁饮料；想想他们在鸡叫时分才带着丘伯钥匙回到安静的家里；想想他们这些伪君子，要先脱掉暗藏危险的靴子，然后再偷偷摸摸地溜上楼，孩子们睡在上面，心中的妻子独自在起居室里，火光越来越暗——很快，这个房间就会因为充斥着难闻的烟味而变得可憎。我不是一个暴力提倡者，也天生不爱惹是生非，但，如果，我亲爱的女士们，你们要暗杀丘伯先生，并把圣詹姆士街上的所有俱乐部房屋都烧毁，有一个势力者不会把你们想得更坏。依我看，唯一应该被允许进入俱乐部的人，就是没有工作的已婚男人。即使是最爱他们的妻子，也不能想象这些人长年累月地呆在家里的情形。比如说，女儿们要开始练习音乐了，这在一个体面的英国家庭里应该会占用每一个年轻淑女三个小时的时间。但是，在上述必要练习进行的过程中，要让可怜的爸爸一直坐在客厅里，听着她们弹着可怜的钢琴时发出的没完没了的杂音和尖叫声，将是一件很难以忍受的事。特别是一个很懂音乐的人，要是被迫每天都要经受这样的恐惧，他肯定会疯掉的。

Or suppose you have a fancy to go to the milliner's, or to Howell and James's, it is manifest, my dear Madam, that your husband is much better at the Club during these operations than by your side in the carriage, or perched in wonder upon one of the stools at Shawl and Gimcrack's, whilst young counter-dandies are displaying their wares.

或是假设你喜欢逛女帽店，或是“豪厄尔—詹姆斯”店，亲爱的女士，很显然你的丈夫这个时候最好是呆在俱乐部，而不是在马车里坐在你的旁边，或好奇地坐在“披肩和小饰品”店里的一张凳子上，而这个时候衣着华丽的柜台小姐正在展示着她们的商品。

This sort of husbands should be sent out after breakfast, and if not Members of Parliament, or Directors of a Railroad, or an Insurance Company, should be put into their clubs, and told to remain there until dinner-time. No sight is more agreeable to my truly regulated mind than to see the noble characters so worthily employed. Whenever I pass by St. James's Street, having the privilege, like the rest of the world, of looking in at the windows of 'Blight's,' or 'Foodle's,' or 'Snook's,'or the great bay at the 'Contemplative Club,' I behold with respectful appreciation the figures within—the honest rosy old fogies, the mouldy old dandies, the waist-belts and glossy wigs and tight cravats of those most vacuous and respectable men.

Such men are best there during the day-time surely. When you part with them, dear ladies, think of the rapture consequent on their return. You have transacted your household affairs; you have made your purchases; you have paid your visits; you have aired your poodle in the Park; your French maid has completed the toilette which renders you so ravishingly beautiful by candlelight, and you are fit to make home pleasant to him who has been absent all day.

早饭后，女士们就应该让这种类型的丈夫出去，假如他们不是议会成员，或是某个铁路公司或保险公司的董事，那就应该让他们到俱乐部去，叫他们一直在那儿呆到晚饭时间再回来。就我这样真正有节制的人来说，没有什么比看到高贵的人有事可做更让人愉悦的了。不论什么时候我经过圣詹姆斯街，我跟世界上所有其他人一样可以有幸看看“布莱特俱乐部”、或是“弗德尔俱乐部”、或是“斯洛克斯俱乐部”的窗户，要不就是看看“沉思俱乐部”的那个大侧厅。我带着敬重欣赏的心情看着里面的那些人——那些为人诚实、脸色红润的老顽固；那些迂腐的老花花公子；那些拴着腰带、戴着闪闪发光的假发、领带系得紧紧的、最无所事事的体面男人。很显然，这样的男人最好白天的时候都呆在那儿。亲爱的太太，当你与他们分别时，想想他们回来的时候带着的喜悦吧。你已经处理好了家务，你已经买好了东西，你已经拜访了朋友，你已经带着你的狮子狗到公园里去散过步，你的法国女佣已经完成了对你的装扮，让你在烛光中异常楚楚动人，而且你还能够为整日在外的丈夫把家布置得十分舒适。

Such men surely ought to have their Clubs, and we will not class them among Club Snobs therefore:—on whom let us reserve our attack for the next chapter.

这种类型的男人当然应该有他们自己的俱乐部，所以我们不会把他们列入俱乐部势利者之列——至于那些俱乐部势利者，我们就把对他们的抨击留到下一章吧。

CHAPTER XXXVIII CLUB SNOBS

第三十八章 俱乐部势利者

Such a Sensation has been created in the Clubs by the appearance of the last paper on Club Snobs, as can't but be complimentary to me who am one of their number.

上一篇关于俱乐部势利者的文章面世之后，在各个俱乐部里引起了很大的轰动。对于我这个其中的一员来讲，这不能不算作一种称赞。

I belong to many Clubs. The 'Union Jack,' the 'Sash and Marlin-spike'—Military Clubs. 'The True Blue,' the 'No Surrender,' the 'Blue and Buff,' the 'Guy Fawkes,' and the 'Cato Street'—Political Clubs. 'The Brummel' and the 'Regent'—Dandy Clubs. The 'Acropolis,' the 'Palladium,' the 'Areopagus,' the 'Pnyx' the 'Pentelicus,' the 'Ilissus' and the 'Poluphloisboio Thalasses'—Literary Clubs. I never could make out how the latter set of Clubs got their names; I don't know Greek for one, and I wonder how many other members of those institutions do? Ever since the Club Snobs have been announced, I observe a sensation created on my entrance into any one of these places. Members get up and hustle together; they nod, they scowl, as they glance towards the present Snob. 'Infernal impudent jackanapes! If he shows me up,' says Colonel Bludyer, 'I'll break every bone in his skin.”I told you what would come of admitting literary men into the Club,' says Ranville Ranville to his colleague, Spooney, of the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office. 'These people are very well in their proper places, and as a public man, I make a point of shaking hands with them, and that sort of thing; but to have one's privacy obtruded upon by such people is really too much. Come along, Spooney,' and the pair of prigs retire superciliously.

我是很多个俱乐部的会员。“英国国旗”、“莎斯—马林斯派克”——军队俱乐部；“忠实保守派”、“永不妥协”、“蓝色与暗黄”、“盖伊·福克斯”以及“凯托街”——政治俱乐部；“布鲁梅尔”和“摄政王”——花花公子俱乐部；“雅典卫城”、“守护神”、“最高法院”、“尼克斯”、“彭特里克斯”、“伊利苏斯”、以及“波鲁菲罗斯波沃—塔拉塞斯”——文学俱乐部。我从来都弄不明白后一批俱乐部是怎么命名的。我不懂希腊语，我想，那些机构里其他的成员中又有多少人懂呢？自从宣布了俱乐部势利者，我注意到我走进任何一个这样的地方，就会引起一阵轰动。会员们站立起来，挤作一团。他们看到面前我这个势利者时，会点点头，或是皱皱眉。“可恶、无耻、傲慢自负的家伙！要是他把我给揭露出来，”布拉迪尔上校说，“我会打断他身上所有的骨头。”“我告诉过你，允许文人进入俱乐部会有什么样的结果。”兰维尔·兰维尔对他的同事斯伯尼说道，

他们都在“胶带与封蜡公司”工作。“这些人要呆在他们该呆的位置上就非常好。作为一位公众人士，我重视做与他们握手或是类似的事。但是，被这样的人强行侵入隐私，就真的是太过分了。斯伯尼，走吧。”这两个自以为是的家伙便高傲地离开了。

As I came into the coffee-room at the 'No Surrender,' old Jawkins was holding out to a knot of men, who were yawning, as usual. There he stood, waving the *STANDARD*, and swaggering before the fire. 'What,' says he, 'did I tell Peel last year? If you touch the Corn Laws, you touch the Sugar Question; if you touch the Sugar, you touch the Tea. I am no monopolist. I am a liberal man, but I cannot forget that I stand on the brink of a precipice; and if were to have Free Trade, give me reciprocity. And what was Sir Robert Peel's answer to me? "Mr. Jawkins," he said—’

我走进“永不妥协俱乐部”的咖啡室时，老贾肯斯正与一群人争论着，而他们还像往常一样在打着呵欠呢。他就站在那儿，手里挥舞着《旗报》，在炉火前大摇大摆地走着。他说道：“去年我告诉过皮尔什么？你们若是触及《谷物法》，就会涉及到糖的问题。要是涉及到糖，就会涉及到茶叶。我并不是一个垄断论者。我是一个 自由主义者，但是我不能忘记我站在了悬崖边上。假如实行自由贸易，那就给我一些互惠条件吧。罗伯特·皮尔勋爵给我的回答是什么呢？‘贾肯斯先生，’他说——”

Here Jawkins's eye suddenly turning on your humble servant, he stopped his sentence, with a guilty look—his stale old stupid sentence, which every one of us at the Club has heard over and over again.

贾肯斯的目光突然转向了鄙人，他停止了说话，表情有些心虚——他那句愚蠢、毫无新鲜感的老句子，我们俱乐部的每一个人都听过一遍又一遍了。

Jawkins is a most pertinacious Club Snob. Every day he is at that fireplace, holding that *STANDARD*, of which he reads up the leading-article, and pours it out ORE ROTUNDO, with the most astonishing composure, in the face of his neighbour, who has just read every word of it in the paper. Jawkins has money, as you may see by the tie of his neckcloth. He passes the morning swaggering about the City, in bankers' and brokers parlours, and says:—‘I spoke with Peel yesterday, and his intentions are so and so. Graham and I were talking over the matter, and I pledge you my word of honour, his opinion coincides with mine; and that What-d'ye-call-um is the only measure Government will venture on trying.' By evening-paper time he is at the Club: 'I can tell you the opinion of the City, my lord,' says he, 'and the way in which Jones Loyd looks at it is briefly this: Rothschilds told me so themselves. In Mark Lane, people's minds are QUITE made up.' He is considered rather a well-informed man.

贾肯斯是一个十分顽固的俱乐部势利者。他每天都在炉火旁，手里拿着那张《旗报》，读完那上面的社论之后，便用洪亮的声音、脸上带着最令人吃惊的表情，对着旁边的朋友讲出来。而后者刚刚才把那张报纸上的每一个字读完。贾肯斯很有钱，从他的领带上你就可以看出来。他上午大摇大摆地行走于市区，在银行家或是经纪人的会客室里说："我昨天跟皮尔谈过，他的打算是怎样怎样。格雷厄姆和我谈论过这件事，我以自己的名誉向你保证，他的观点和我的不谋而合。那个叫什么来着的措施是政府唯一想要冒险尝试的措施。"晚报发行时他在俱乐部，说："阁下，我能告诉你全市人民的看法。"他说道，"琼斯·劳埃德看待这件事的方式简单来说是这样的：罗斯柴尔德家的人自己亲口告诉我的。在马克巷，人们基本下定决心了。"他被看作是一个信息相当灵通的人。

He lives in Belgravia, of course; in a drab-coloured genteel house, and has everything about him that is properly grave, dismal, and comfortable. His dinners are in the *MORNING HERALD*, among the parties for the week; and his wife and daughters make a very handsome appearance at the Drawing-Room, once a year, when he comes down to the Club in his Deputy-Lieutenant's uniform.

当然，他住在贝尔格里维亚。那是一栋淡褐色的、非常气派的房子，而他的一切东西都庄严、暗沉与舒适得恰到好处。他的正餐都会在《黎明先驱报》的一周晚宴里报道。每年都有一次，他的妻子和女儿们打扮得非常漂亮地出现在客厅，而他自己则穿着副职官员的制服屈尊来到俱乐部。

He is fond of beginning a speech to you by saying, 'When I was in the House, I &c.'—in fact he sat for Skittlebury for three weeks in the first Reformed Parliament, and was unseated for bribery; since which he has three times unsuccessfully contested that honourable borough.

他同你讲话时喜欢这样开始："我在议院时，如何如何。"事实上，他在第一次"议会改革"时，在议会中当了三周的斯基特勒伯雷代表，后来由于受贿而被撤了职。从那以后，他三次竞选那个光荣的选区的议员，都没有成功。

Another sort of Political Snob I have seen at most Clubs and that is the man who does not care so much for home politics, but is great upon foreign affairs. I think this sort of man is scarcely found anywhere BUT in Clubs. It is for him the papers provide their foreign articles, at the expense of some ten thousand a-year each. He is the man who is really seriously uncomfortable about the designs of Russia, and the atrocious treachery of Louis Philippe. He it is who expects a French fleet in the Thames, and has a constant eye upon the American President, every word of whose speech he reads. (goodness help him!)

我在大多数俱乐部里都看见过另一种类型的政治势利者，他们对国

内政治并没有多少关注，但却非常关心外交事务。我想除了俱乐部以外，在其他地方也很少会碰到这种人了。报纸上的外国文章就是给这种人看的，每份报纸每年大概要花掉一万英镑。正是他们会对俄国的计划和路易斯·菲利普恶劣的背叛行为真真正正感到不安。他们希望泰晤士河上出现法国战舰，始终关注着美国总统，把总统演讲的每一个字都读完。（愿上帝保佑他！）

He knows the names of the contending leaders in Portugal, and what they are fighting about: and it is he who says that Lord Aberdeen ought to be impeached, and Lord Palmerston hanged, or VICE VERSA.

他们知道葡萄牙那些相互竞争的领导者的名字，并且知道他们争夺的是什么。阿伯丁勋爵应该被控告，帕默斯顿勋爵应该被绞死——或者是相反——都正是出自他们之口。

Lord Palmerston's being sold to Russia, the exact number of roubles paid, by what house in the City, is a favourite theme with this kind of Snob. I once overheard him—it was Captain Spitfire, R.N., (who had been refused a ship by the Whigs, by the way)—indulging in the following conversation with Mr. Minns after dinner.

帕默斯顿勋爵是被城里的哪家机构出卖给了俄国，所得卢布的确切数额是多少——这都是这种势利者非常喜欢的话题。我曾经偶然听到他——皇家海军的斯皮特福尔上尉（顺便提一下，辉格党曾经拒绝给他一艘船）——和明斯先生在饭后进行了如下的谈话。

'Why wasn't the Princess Scragamoffsky at Lady Palmerston's party, Minns? Because SHE CAN'T SHOW—why can't she show? Shall I tell you, Minns, why she can't show? The Princess Scragainoffsky's back is flayed alive, Minns—I tell you it's raw, sir! On Tuesday last, at twelve o'clock, three drummers of the Preobajinski Regiment arrived at Ashburnham House, and at half-past twelve, in the yellow drawing-room at the Russian Embassy, before the ambassadress and four ladies'-maids, the Greek Papa, and the Secretary of Embassy, Madame de Scragamoffsky received thirteen dozen. She was knouted, sir, knouted in the midst of England—in Berkeley Square, for having said that the Grand Duchess Olga's hair was red. And now, sir, will you tell me Lord Palmerston ought to continue Minister?'

“明斯，斯科拉加莫福斯基公主为什么不去参加帕默斯顿夫人的聚会？因为她不能露面——她为什么不能露面呢？明斯，要不要我告诉你为什么她不能露面？明斯，斯科拉加莫福斯基公主的背被活生生地打了一顿——先生，我告诉你，肉都露出来了！上个星期二的十二点，普罗巴金斯基军团的三个鼓手到了阿斯布汉姆剧院。十二点半的时候，在俄国大使馆那个黄色的会客室里，当着大使夫人、四个贴身女佣、那个希腊人爸爸以及大使馆秘书的面，斯科拉加莫福斯基女士挨了好几十下鞭打。她被鞭打了，先生，她在英国的中心被鞭打了——在伯克利广场，因为她说奥尔佳大公爵夫人的头发是红色的。而现在，先生，你可以告

诉我帕默斯顿勋爵是不是应该继续当大臣呢？”

Minns: 'Good Ged!'

明斯说道：“我的天啊！”

Minns follows Spitfire about, and thinks him the greatest and wisest of human beings.

明斯处处都跟着斯皮特福尔，觉得他是最伟大、最聪明的人。

CHAPTER XXXIX CLUB SNOBS

第三十九章 俱乐部势利者

Why does not some great author write The Mysteries of the Club-Houses; or St. James's Street Unveiled? It would be a fine subject for an imaginative writer. We must all, as boys, remember when we went to the fair, and had spent all our money—the sort of awe and anxiety with which we loitered round the outside of the show, speculating upon the nature of the entertainment going on within.

为什么某位大作家不写《俱乐部之谜》或《揭秘圣詹姆斯街》？对于想象力丰富的作家来说，这会是一个不错的题目。我们一定还记得自己年幼时去集市，花光了所有的钱后，怀着那种畏惧与不安的心情，在表演场外面来回游荡，猜想着里面到底在进行什么娱乐活动。

Man is a Drama—of Wonder and Passion, and Mystery and Meanness, and Beauty and Truthfulness, and Etcetera. Each Bosom is a Booth in Vanity Fair. But let us stop this capital style, I should die if I kept it up for a column (a pretty thing a column all capitals would be, by the way). In a Club, though there mayn't be a soul of your acquaintance in the room, you have always the chance of watching strangers, and speculating on what is going on within those tents and curtains of their souls, their coats and waistcoats. This is a never-failing sport. Indeed I am told there are some Clubs in the town where nobody ever speaks to anybody. They sit in the coffee-room, quite silent, and watching each other.

人如戏剧——充满了惊奇与激情，充满了神秘与平庸，充满了美丽与真实，等等。每一个人的心都是名利场上的一个小隔间。但是我们还是别用这种大写体吧，要是我在这一整个专栏里都用大写体的话，我就活不成了。（顺便说一句，要是一个专栏里全部都是大写体，一定很不错。）在俱乐部里，虽然房间里你可能谁也不认识，但你总有机会观察那些陌生人，猜想着隐藏在犹如帐篷和窗帘内的内心里、在外套与马甲下进行着怎样的活动。这是一个无穷无尽的活动。我确实听人说过，这个城市的某些俱乐部里，会员彼此并不交谈。他们就坐在咖啡室里，非常安静地观察着彼此。

Yet how little you can tell from a man's outward demeanour! There's a man at our Club—large, heavy, middle-aged—gorgeously dressed—rather bald—with lacquered boots—and a boa when he goes out; quiet in demeanour, always ordering and consuming a RECHERCHE little dinner: whom I have mistaken for Sir John Pocklington any time these five years, and respected as a man with five hundred pounds PER DIEM; and I find he is but a clerk in an

office in the City, with not two hundred pounds income, and his name is Jubber. Sir John Pocklington was, on the contrary, the dirty little snuffy man who cried out so about the bad quality of the beer, and grumbled at being overcharged three-half pence for a herring, seated at the next table to Jubber on the day when some one pointed the Baronet out to me.

但是你从一个人的外在举止能判断的东西微乎其微！我们的俱乐部里有这么一个人——高大魁梧的中年人——衣着华美——几乎没有什么头发——刷得发亮的靴子——出去的时候还戴着围巾。他举止安静，总是点一些精美的小菜。这五年来，我一直错误地把他当成约翰·波克林顿爵士，把他当成一个日薪五百英镑的人来尊敬。可我发现他不过是市里某个办事处的小职员，收入还不到两百英镑，名叫朱贝尔。相反地，约翰·波克林顿爵士是一个身材矮小、肮脏讨厌的人。他大声地嚷嚷着啤酒质量很差，抱怨着一条青鱼多收了他三点五便士。那天，他就坐在朱贝尔的邻桌，有人把这个从男爵指给我看。

Take a different sort of mystery. I see, for instance, old Fawney stealing round the rooms of the Club, with glassy, meaningless eyes, and an endless greasy simper—he fawns on everybody he meets, and shakes hands with you, and blesses you, and betrays the most tender and astonishing interest in your welfare. You know him to be a quack and a rogue, and he knows you know it. But he wriggles on his way, and leaves a track of slimy flattery after him wherever he goes. Who can penetrate that man's mystery? What earthly good can he get from you or me? You don't know what is working under that leering tranquil mask. You have only the dim instinctive repulsion that warns you, you are in the presence of a knave—beyond which fact all Fawney's soul is a secret to you.

另外举个神秘的例子吧。比如说，我看见老法纳在俱乐部的房间周围溜来溜去，呆滞的眼睛里没有传达出任何讯息，还永远谄媚地假笑着——他每碰到一个人，都要去巴结讨好。他同你握手，给你祝福，并且对你的福祉表现出最温柔、最惊人的关注。你知道他是一个骗子、一个恶棍，他也知道你知道这些。但是，他还是继续着这样的方式，在所到之处都留下他令人生厌的谄媚奉承的痕迹。谁能猜透那个男人的神秘行为？他究竟能够从你我这里得到什么实际的好处呢？你不知道那狡猾平静的面具下到底潜藏着什么。你只是本能地隐约感觉到反感，在警告你现在面临的是一个恶棍——除了这一事实之外，法纳的内心对你来说都是一个秘密。

I think I like to speculate on the young men best. Their play is opener. You know the cards in their hand, as it were. Take, for example, Messrs.Spavin and Cockspur.

我觉得我最喜欢的就是推测年轻人的想法。他们的游戏更加开放。你好像知道他们手里拿的是什么牌。以斯帕文先生和考克斯普尔先生为

例。

A specimen or two of the above sort of young fellows may be found, I believe, at most Clubs. They know nobody. They bring a fine smell of cigars into the room with them, and they growl together, in a corner, about sporting matters. They recollect the history of that short period in which they have been ornaments of the world by the names of winning horses. As political men talk about 'the Reform year,' 'the year the Whigs went out,' and so forth, these young sporting bucks speak of TARNATION'S year, or OPODELDOC'S year, or the year when CATAWAMPUS ran second for the Chester Cup. They play at billiards in the morning, they absorb pale ale for breakfast, and 'top up' with glasses of strong waters. They read BELL'S LIFE (and a very pleasant paper too, with a great deal of erudition in the answers to correspondents). They go down to Tattersall's, and swagger in the Park, with their hands plunged in the pockets of their paletots.

我相信，在大多数俱乐部里，都能找到一两个上述这种类型的年轻人。他们谁也不认识。他们把好闻的雪茄味带进房间，一起在角落里愤愤不平地抱怨与运动有关的事件。他们回忆起自己被称为“获胜之马”的那段短暂的历史。那时，他们是为世界增光添彩的人。当关心政治的人谈论起“改革年”、“辉格党出局之年”等等时，这些爱运动的年轻人便说起“塔马新年”、“欧普德多克年”或是卡塔瓦普斯在“切斯特杯”中获得第二名的那一年。他们早上打台球，早餐喝淡麦芽酒，还把烈酒在酒杯里“斟得满满的”。他们阅读着《贝尔的生活》（那也是一份令人非常愉悦的报刊，给来信者的回答里蕴含着很多学问)。他们去塔特索尔街，两手插进外衣口袋，大摇大摆地在公园里走着。

What strikes me especially in the outward demeanour of sporting youth is their amazing gravity, their conciseness of speech, and careworn and moody air. In the smoking-room at the 'Regent,' when Joe Millerson will be setting the whole room in a roar with laughter, you hear young Messrs. Spavin and Cockspur grumbling together in a corner. Spavin and Cockspur grumbling together in a corner. 'I'll take your five-and-twenty to one about Brother to Bluenose,' whispers Spavin. 'Can't do it at the price,' Cockspur says, wagging his head ominously. The betting-book is always present in the minds of those unfortunate youngsters. I think I hate that work even more than the *Peerage*. There is some good in the latter—though, generally speaking, a vain record: though De Mogyns is not descended from the giant Hogyn Mogyn; though half the other genealogies are equally false and foolish; yet the mottoes are good reading—some of them; and the book itself a sort of gold-laced and livened lackey to History, and in so far serviceable. But what good ever came out of, or went into, a betting-book? If I could be Caliph Omar for a week, I would pitch every one of those despicable manuscripts into the flames; from my

Lord's, who is 'in' with Jack Snaffle's stable, and is over-reaching worse-informed rogues and swindling greenhorns, down to Sam's, the butcher-boy's, who books eighteen penny odds in the tap-room, and 'stands to win five-and-twenty bob.'

这些喜爱运动的青年在外在行为举止上令我印象特别深的是他们惊人的严肃、简洁的言语，以及郁郁寡欢的神情。在“摄政王俱乐部”的吸烟室里，当乔·米勒尔桑使得整个屋子的人哄堂大笑时，你会听到两位年轻的先生——斯帕文和考克斯普尔正在角落里嘟嘟囔囔地说话。斯帕文和考克斯普尔正在角落里嘟嘟囔囔地说话。“关于‘兄弟队’对‘蓝鼻子’，我愿意接受你说的二十五比一的差额。”斯帕文悄声说道。“这种差额不行。”考克斯普尔边说边不祥地摇摇头。那本赌书总是浮现在那些不幸的年轻人的脑海中。我认为我对那本书的讨厌程度甚至超过了《贵族名册》。后者还有些益处——虽然总体来讲，那些记录都是徒劳；虽然德莫金斯并不是了不起的霍金·莫金的后人；虽然其他一半的家谱都虚假而愚蠢，但那些格言读起来还是很不错——其中的一些不错；并且就英国历史来说，这本书本身就像是一个饰有金色蕾丝、活跃的仆人，就此来说，它还是有些用处的。但是一本赌书能够有什么可取之处呢？要是我能当一周哈里发·奥马尔，我会把那些可鄙的手稿扔到火里去烧掉——从那位贵族的手稿和萨姆的。前者在杰克·斯纳福尔那伙人中“受欢迎”，是个消息不太灵通的恶棍和诈骗生手；后者是一个屠夫伙计，在酒吧间下了十八便士的赔率，还“一直赢到了二十五先令”。

In a turf transaction, either Spavin or Cockspur would try to get the better of his father, and, to gain a point in the odds, victimise his best friends. One day we shall hear of one or other levanting; an event at which, not being sporting men, we shall not break our hearts. See—Mr. Spavin is settling his toilette previous to departure; giving a curl in the glass to his side-wisps of hair. Look at him! It is only at the hulks, or among turf-men, that you ever see a face so mean, so knowing, and so gloomy.

若是在赛马交易中，斯帕文和考克斯普尔都会尽力占自己父亲的上风，而且为了在投注的差额中赢一个点，会牺牲自己最好的朋友。某天，我们会听说这个或者那个人在躲债。但由于我们不是喜爱运动的人，我们不会为这样的事伤心。看看——斯帕文先生正在进行出门之前的打扮，他在镜子里把自己两边的头发弄成了卷。你看看他！也就只有在囚船上，或是在赛马迷中，你才会看到如此卑劣世故、阴郁的一张脸。

A much more humane being among the youthful Clubbists is the Lady-killing Snob. I saw Wiggle just now in the dressing-room, talking to Waggle, his inseparable.

年轻的俱乐部会员中有一种更加有人情味的势利者，那就是“女性杀手”（让女人着迷的）势利者。刚刚，我看见威格尔跟与他形影不离的瓦格尔在更衣室里谈话。

WAGGLE.—'Pon my honour, Wiggle, she did.'

瓦格尔说：“威格尔，我以自己的名誉担保，她那样做了。”

WIGGLE.—‘Well, Waggle, as you say—I own I think she DID look at me rather kindly. We'll see to-night at the French play.’

威格尔说：“好，瓦格尔，就像你说的——我承认我自己觉得她当时确实是非常友善地在看着我。我们今晚看法国戏的时候看看吧。”

And having arrayed their little persons, these two harmless young bucks go upstairs to dinner.

打扮完毕之后，这两个无害小青年便上楼吃饭去了。

CHAPTER XL CLUB SNOBS

第四十章 俱乐部势利者

Both sorts of young men, mentioned in my last under the flippant names of Wiggle and Waggle, may be found in tolerable plenty, I think, in Clubs. Wiggle and Waggle are both idle. They come of the middle classes. One of them very likely makes believe to be a barrister, and the other has smart apartments about Piccadilly. They are a sort of second-chop dandies; they cannot imitate that superb listlessness of demeanour, and that admirable vacuous folly which distinguish the noble and high-born chiefs of the race; but they lead lives almost as bad (were it but for the example), and are personally quite as useless. I am not going to arm a thunderbolt, and launch it at the beads of these little Pall Mall butterflies. They don't commit much public harm, or private extravagance. They don't spend a thousand pounds for diamond earrings for an Opera-dancer, as Lord Tarquin can: neither of them ever set up a public-house or broke the bank of a gambling-club, like the young Earl of Martingale. They have good points, kind feelings, and deal honourably in money-transactions—only in their characters of men of second-rate pleasure about town, they and their like are so utterly mean, self-contented, and absurd, that they must not be omitted in a work treating on Snobs.

上一章中我提到的名叫威格尔和瓦格尔的两类轻浮的年轻人，我认为在俱乐部中都能找到很多。威格尔和瓦格尔都是无所事事的人。他们来自中产阶级。他们俩其中之一很可能会假扮成一名律师，另一个则声称在皮卡迪利大街附近有漂亮的公寓。他们是那种二流的花花公子。他们不能模仿贵族和出身高贵的要人特有的那种萎靡颓丧的举止，以及那种令人羡慕的茫然若失之蠢样。但是他们的生活几乎是一样糟糕（假设只是为了这样一个例子），作为个人也是一样地没有价值。我并不会突然对蓓尔美尔街的这些小蝴蝶们发动一场意外攻击。他们对公众没有太大危害，自己私底下也不是很奢侈。他们不会花一千英镑为一个歌剧舞女买一对钻石耳环，而塔奎恩勋爵就可以。他们都不会开一个酒吧，或是让一个赌场破产，就像年轻的马汀格尔伯爵所做的那样。他们有优点，为人友善，金钱交易中令人尊敬——只是以自己的身份角色在城里寻求二等的快乐。他们以及跟他们类似的人都非常小气、自以为是、荒谬无比，所以在谈论势利者的书里不应该把他们抹去。

Wiggle has been abroad, where he gives you to understand that his success among the German countesses and Italian princesses, whom he met at the TABLES-D'HOTE, was perfectly terrific. His rooms are hung round with pictures of actresses and ballet-dancers. He passes his mornings in a fine dressing-gown, burning pastilles, and

reading *Don Juan* and French novels (by the way, the life of the author of 'Don Juan,' as described by himself, was the model of the life of a Snob). He has twopenny-halfpenny French prints of women with languishing eyes, dressed in dominoes,—guitars, gondolas, and so forth,—and tells you stories about them.

威格尔到过国外，他会让你明白，他在“桌子旅店”遇到了一些德国伯爵夫人和意大利公主，而当时他在她们中取得了极大的成功。他的房间里到处都挂着女演员和芭蕾舞女们的照片。他会穿一件高贵的晨衣，一边点着芳香熏剂，一边读着《唐璜》和法国小说（顺便提一下，《唐璜》的作者的生活，据他自己描述，也是一个典型的势利者的生活），就这样度过一个上午。他有一些花二点五便士印的法国女人照片，她们的眼睛含情脉脉，穿着连帽化装斗篷——抱着吉他，坐在凤尾船上，等等——他会给你讲起她们的故事。

'It's a bad print,' says he, 'I know, but I've a reason for liking it. It reminds me of somebody—somebody I knew in other climes. You have heard of the Principessa di Monte Pulciano? I met her at Rimini. Dear, dear Francesca! That fair-haired, bright-eyed thing in the Bird of Paradise and the Turkish Simar with the love-bird on her finger, I'm sure must have been taken from—from somebody perhaps whom you don't know—but she's known at Munich, Waggle my boy,—everybody knows the Countess Ottilia de Eulenschreckenstein. Gad, sir, what a beautiful creature she was when I danced with her on the birthday of Prince Attila of Bavaria, in ’44. Prince Carloman was our vis-a-vis, and Prince Pepin danced the same CONTREDANSE. She had a Polyanthus in her bouquet. Waggle, I HAVE IT NOW.' His countenance assumes an agonized and mysterious expression, and he buries his head in the sofa cushions, as if plunging into a whirlpool of passionate recollections.

“这个印得不好。”他说，“我知道，但是我有喜欢它的理由。它会让我想起某个人来——某个我曾在其他地方认识的人。你有没有听说过普林皮莎·迪蒙特普尔查诺？我在里米尼遇见了她。亲爱的，亲爱的弗朗西丝卡！那个头发金黄、眼睛明亮的人，身穿有极乐鸟图案的土耳其宽松女服，手指上有情侣鹦鹉——我确信那一定是从——从某个也许你也不认识的人那里拿去的——但是亲爱的瓦格尔，她在慕尼黑很知名，人人都知道奥蒂莉娅·德雷肯斯特恩的伯爵夫人。哎呀，先生，我1844年同她在巴伐利亚的阿蒂拉王子生日那天一起跳舞时，她那时多么漂亮啊。卡罗曼王子同我们面对面地跳，佩平王子也跳了同样的对舞。她的花束中有一株西洋樱草。瓦格尔，我现在有这花。”他的面部表情显得有点烦躁不安与捉摸不定，他把头埋进沙发垫里，好像是跌入了满是激情的回忆漩涡。

Last year he made a considerable sensation by having on his table a morocco miniature-case locked by a gold key, which he always wore round his neck, and on which was stamped a serpent—emblem of

eternity—with the letter M in the circle. Sometimes he laid this upon his little morocco writing-table, as if it were on an altar—generally he had flowers upon it; in the middle of a conversation he would start up and kiss it. He would call out from his bed-room to his valet, 'Hicks, bring me my casket!'

去年，他引起了一阵很大的轰动：他在桌子上放了一个摩洛哥革制的微型盒，用一把金钥匙锁着，这把金钥匙总是戴在他脖子上，上面印了象征永恒的蟒蛇图案，圈上有一个字母M。有时候，他把这把金钥匙放在他那张摩洛哥革的小书桌上，就好像放在祭坛上一样——他通常会放些花儿在上面。与人交谈的过程中，他会突然站起来去吻它一下。他会在自己的卧室里大声叫着他的仆从：“希克斯，把我那个匣子拿过来！”

'I don't know who it is,' Waggle would say. 'Who DOES know that fellow's intrigues! Desborough Wiggle, sir, is the slave of passion. I suppose you have heard the story of the Italian princess locked up in the Convent of Saint Barbara, at Rimini? He hasn't told you? Then I'm not at liberty to speak. Or the countess, about whom he nearly had the duel with Prince Witikind of Bavaria? Perhaps you haven't even heard about that beautiful girl at Pentonville, daughter of a most respectable Dissenting clergyman. She broke her heart when she found he was engaged (to a most lovely creature of high family, who afterwards proved false to him), and she's now in Hanwell.’

“我不知道他是怎样一个人。”瓦格尔会说，“谁知道那家伙的阴谋呢！先生，德斯伯勒·威格尔是感情的奴隶。我想你已经听说过那位意大利公主被锁在里米尼的‘圣芭芭拉女隐修院’的故事了吧？他没有告诉你吗？那我也不好说什么了。或者，你有没有听说过那个女伯爵的事？为了她，他几乎跟巴伐利亚的威蒂肯德王子决斗。也许你还没有听说过关于本顿维尔那位美女的故事，她是一位非常可敬的异教牧师的女儿。她发现他订婚了的时候（跟一个来自于上流社会家庭的非常可爱的女孩，后来证明那对他来说是个错误），她的心都碎了，她现在在汉威尔。”

Waggle's belief in his friend amounts to frantic adoration. 'What a genius he is, if he would but apply himself!' he whispers to me. 'He could be anything, sir, but for his passions. His poems are the most beautiful things you ever saw. He's written a continuation of *Don Juan*, from his own adventures. Did you ever read his lines to Mary? They're superior to Byron, sir—superior to Byron.’

瓦格尔对朋友的信任简直就是疯狂的崇拜。“只要他把自己的才能都发挥出来，他该会是一个怎样的天才啊！”他悄声对我说道，“先生，要不是他的感情问题，他什么事情都能做成。他的诗是你见过的最美好的东西。他根据自己的历险经历，给《唐璜》写了一部续集。你有没有读过他写给玛丽的那些诗行？先生，那些诗行简直比拜伦写的还要好——比拜伦写的还要好。”

I was glad to hear this from so accomplished a critic as Waggle; for the fact is, I had composed the verses myself for honest Wiggle one day, whom I found at his chambers plunged in thought over a very dirty old-fashioned album, in which he had not as yet written a single word.

能够从像瓦格尔这样有成就的评论家嘴里听到这些，我觉得很高兴。因为事实上，那些诗句是我某日为诚实的威格尔作的——我发现他在自己的房间里对着一本非常脏的旧式集子陷入了沉思，但是还未在上面写下过一个字。

'I can't,' says he. 'Sometimes I can write whole cantos, and to-day not a line. Oh, Snob! such an opportunity! Such a divine creature! She's asked me to write verses for her album, and I can't.'

“我写不出。”他说道，“有时我能写出整整一个诗章，但是今天，我一行也写不出来。噢，势利者啊！如此一个机会！如此非凡的一个人！她让我为她的集子写一些诗篇，但是我写不出来。”

'Is she rich?' said I. 'I thought you would never marry any but an heiress.'

“她富有吗？”我问道，“我原以为你只会和女继承人结婚。”

'Oh, Snob! she's the most accomplished, highly-connected creature!—and I can't get out a line.'

“噢，势利者！她最有才华，而且又有高贵的血统！——但是我一行诗句都写不出来。”

'How will you have it?' says I. 'Hot, with sugar?'

“你要怎样去写？”我说，“热情澎湃，再加上甜言蜜语？”

'Don't, don't! You trample on the most sacred feelings, Snob. I want something wild and tender,—like Byron. I want to tell her that amongst the festive balls, and that sort of thing, you know—I only think about her, you know—that I scorn the world, and am weary of it, you know, and—something about a gazelle, and a bulbul, you know.'

“不，不会！势利者，你是在践踏最神圣的感情。我想要写一些既狂野又温柔的诗句——就像拜伦那样。我想告诉她，在那些欢快的舞会以及类似的活动中，你知道——我想的只有她，你知道——我鄙视这个世界，我已经厌倦了这个世界，你知道，以及——一些关于瞪羚、歌鸲的东西，你知道。”

'And a yataghan to finish off with,' the present writer observed, and we began:—

“然后以穆斯林弯刀来结束。”我说，然后我们就开始了：

'TO MARY

“致玛丽

'I seem, in the midst of the crowd, The lightest of all; My laughter rings cheery and loud, In banquet and ball. My lip hath its smiles and its sneers, For all men to see; But my soul, and my truth, and my tears, Are for thee, are for thee!'

“于芸芸众生中，我似乎是最快乐的那一个。于舞会宴会上，我的笑声像银铃般悠扬洪亮。我嘴唇上的欢笑与嘲讽，世人都看得到；但我的灵魂、我的真理、我的眼泪，都只为你，为你！”

'Do you call THAT neat, Wiggle?' says I. 'I declare it almost makes me cry myself.'

“威格尔，你觉得这首诗美吗？”我说，“我告诉你它差点把我弄哭了。”

'Now suppose,' says Wiggle, 'we say that all the world is at my feet—make her jealous, you know, and that sort of thing—and that—that I'm going to TRAVEL, you know? That perhaps may work upon her feelings.’

“现在设想一下，”威格尔说，“我们说全世界的人都跪在我的脚边——让她嫉妒，你知道，或是这之类的事——说——说我要去旅行，你知道吗？那也许会影响她的情感。”

So WE (as this wretched prig said) began again:—

所以我们（正如这个自命不凡的可怜之人所说）又开始了：

'Around me they flatter and fawn—The young and the old, The fairest are ready to pawn their hearts for my gold. They sue me—I laugh as I spurn The slaves at my knee, But in faith and in fondness I turn unto thee, unto thee!’

“周遭有无尽的谄媚者——风华正茂或是垂垂老矣，极美之人早已挖空心思，瞄准了我的钱财。她们向我求爱——我笑着踢开膝下之奴才。但是，我带着信念和喜爱投身于你，投身于你！”

'Now for the travelling, Wiggle my boy!' And I began, in a voice choked with emotion—

“我亲爱的威格尔，现在该说说旅行了！”我用激动得哽咽起来的声音开始说：

'Away! for my heart knows no rest since you taught it to feel; The secret must die in my breast I burn to reveal; The passion I may not. . . ...'

“走吧！自你教会我的心灵如何感觉，它就再不知疲倦。这个秘密在我心里灼烧着要显现，却只能逝于兹，而我的激情永远不朽。.....”

'I say, Snob!' Wiggle here interrupted the excited bard (just as I was about to break out into four lines so pathetic that they would drive you into hysterics). 'I say—ahem—couldn't you say that I was—a—military man, and that there was some danger of my life?'

“我说啊，势利者！”威格尔这时打断了我这个激动的吟游诗人（正当我要脱口而出四行哀怨得让你发狂的诗句之时）。“我说啊——嗯——难道你不能说我曾是——一个——军人，说我的生活中曾出现过某种危险吗？”

'You a military man?—danger of your life? What the deuce do you mean?'

“你是一个军人？你生活里的危险？你到底是什么意思？”

'Why,' said Wiggle, blushing a great deal, 'I told her I was going out—on—the—Ecuador—expedition.'

“啊，”满脸通红的威格尔说，“我曾告诉她我要出去——去——到——厄瓜多尔——进行一次探险。”

'You abominable young impostor,' I exclaimed. 'Finish the poem for yourself!' And so he did, and entirely out of all metre, and bragged about the work at the Club as his own performance.

“你真是个可恶的年轻骗子。”我大叫起来，“你自己去完成这首诗吧！”他于是照做了，完全不管诗的韵律，还在俱乐部里吹嘘说那是他自己一个人的作品。

Poor Waggle fully believed in his friend's genius, until one day last week he came with a grin on his countenance to the Club, and said, 'Oh, Snob, I've made SUCH a discovery! Going down to the skating to-day, whom should I see but Wiggle walking with that splendid woman—that lady of illustrious family and immense fortune, Mary, you know, whom he wrote the beautiful verses about. She's five-and-forty. She's red hair. She's a nose like a pump-handle. Her father made his fortune by keeping a ham-and-beef shop, and Wiggle's going to marry her next week.'

可怜的瓦格尔还完全相信他这个朋友的才华，直到上周的某一天，他满脸堆笑地来到俱乐部，说：“噢，势利者，看我有了一个怎样的发现啊！今天我下去滑冰，竟然看见威格尔和那个光彩照人的女人在一起散步——就是那个家族显赫又很有钱的女人玛丽，你知道，他写的那些美丽的诗篇就是关于她的。她四十五岁。她的头发是红的。她的鼻子就像一根泵杆。她的父亲是靠经营一家火腿牛肉店发的财，下一周，威格尔就要跟她结婚了。”

'So much the better, Waggle, my young friend,' I exclaimed. 'Better for the sake of womankind that this dangerous dog should leave off lady-killing—this Blue-Beard give up practice. Or, better

rather for his own sake. For as there is not a word of truth in any of those prodigious love-stories which you used to swallow, nobody has been hurt except Wiggle himself, whose affections will now centre in the ham-and-beef shop. There ARE people, Mr. Waggle, who do these things in earnest, and hold a good rank in the world too. But these are not subjects for ridicule, and though certainly Snobs, are scoundrels likewise. Their cases go up to a higher Court.’

“瓦格尔，我年轻的朋友，到此为止会更好。”我喊道，“这样对于女性来说更好，因为这个危险的家伙应该会停止‘杀伤女性’了——这个蓝胡子的家伙将不再做坏事。或者说，这样对他自己来说更好。因为你过去常常轻信的那些奇妙的爱情故事全是谎话，除了威格尔自己，没有任何人曾经受到伤害。而现在，他的感情将集中到这个火腿牛肉店上去。瓦格尔先生，确实有一些人很认真地做着这些事，也在世界上有一个好的地位。但是这些人不是用来嘲笑的话题，虽然他们肯定是势利者，但他们也是些混蛋。他们的案子会被送到更高一级法庭去。”

CHAPTER XLI CLUB SNOBS

第四十一章 俱乐部势利者

Bacchus is the divinity to whom Waggle devotes his especial worship. 'Give me wine, my boy,' says he to his friend Wiggle, who is prating about lovely woman; and holds up his glass full of the rosy fluid, and winks at it portentously, and sips it, and smacks his lips after it, and meditates on it, as if he were the greatest of connoisseurs.

巴克斯是瓦格尔特别崇拜的神。他对正在瞎扯着可爱女人的朋友威格尔说："给我拿点酒，朋友。"他举起一满杯红色的液体，预示性地朝它眨眨眼，小口抿着，咂着嘴，陷入沉思，好像他是最伟大的鉴定家一样。

I have remarked this excessive wine-amateurship especially in youth. Snoblings from college, Fledglings from the army, Goslings from the public schools, who ornament our Clubs, are frequently to be heard in great force upon wine questions. 'This bottle's corked,' says Snobling; and Mr. Sly, the butler, taking it away, returns presently with the same wine in another jug, which the young amateur pronounces excellent. 'Hang champagne!' says Fledgling, 'it's only fit for gals and children. Give me pale sherry at dinner, and my twenty-three claret afterwards.' 'What's port now?' says Gosling; 'disgusting thick sweet stuff—where's the old dry wine one USED to get?' Until the last twelvemonth, Fledgling drank small-beer at Doctor Swishtail's; and Gosling used to get his dry old port at a gin-shop in Westminster—till he quitted that seminary, in 1844.

我曾经提到过，这种对于酒有着过度爱好的现象尤其发生在年轻人身上。刚从大学里走出来的年轻势利者，从军队出来的初出茅庐之人，公立学校出来的新手——这些人装饰着我们的俱乐部，人们经常听说他们在酒的问题上颇有影响。"这瓶还没开瓶塞呢。"年轻的势利者说。于是男管家斯莱先生拿走了它，不多时便把酒装在了另一只酒壶里拿了回来，那个喜欢酒的青年声称这酒壶很不错。"这该死的香槟！"从军队中出来的初出茅庐之人大叫，"它只适合给女人和小孩喝。晚餐的时候给我淡的雪利酒吧，然后给我拿1823年的红酒。""现在喝点儿波尔图葡萄酒怎么样？"公立学校出来的新手说。"那种浓浓甜甜的东西真恶心——过去常喝的年代久远的干葡萄酒在哪里？"直到去年，军队里出来的初出茅庐之人一直在斯威希特尔博士家喝淡啤酒。公立学校出来的新手常常在威斯敏斯特一家杜松子酒店喝陈年的波尔图干葡萄酒——直到1844年他离开那所神学院。

Anybody who has looked at the caricatures of thirty years ago, must remember how frequently bottle-noses, pimpled faces, and other

Bardolphian features are introduced by the designer. They are much more rare now (in nature, and in pictures, therefore,) than in those good old times; but there are still to be found amongst the youth of our Clubs lads who glory in drinking-bouts, and whose faces, quite sickly and yellow, for the most part are decorated with those marks which Rowland's Kalydor is said to efface. 'I was SO cut last night—old boy!' Hopkins says to Tomkins (with amiable confidence). 'I tell you what we did. We breakfasted with Jack Herring at twelve, and kept up with brandy and soda-water and weeds till four; then we toddled into the Park for an hour; then we dined and drank mulled port till half-price; then we looked in for an hour at the Haymarket; then we came back to the Club, and had grills and whisky punch till all was blue—Hullo, waiter! Get me a glass of cherry-brandy.' Club waiters, the civilest, the kindest, the patientest of men, die under the infliction of these cruel young topers. But if the reader wishes to see a perfect picture on the stage of this class of young fellows, I would recommend him to witness the ingenious comedy of LONDON ASSURANCE—the amiable heroes of which are represented, not only as drunkards and five-o'clock-in-the-morning men, but as showing a hundred other delightful traits of swindling, lying, and general debauchery, quite edifying to witness.

看过三十年前的讽刺漫画的人一定都还记得作图者多么频繁地使用大鼻子、长满丘疹的脸以及巴多菲人其他的一些面部特征。和过去那些美好的时代相比，它们现在很少见了（自然生活中如此，所以绘画中也是这样）。但是，我们还是可以在我们俱乐部的年轻人身上找到，他们以痛饮为骄傲，脸部显着病态的黄色，因为脸有一大部分都长着斑点，据说只有罗兰的卡利多才能将其消除。“昨晚我喝得太醉了——老朋友！”霍普金斯对汤姆金斯说（充满了友好与自信）。“我告诉你我们做了些什么事。十二点的时候，我们和杰克·赫林一起吃了早饭，然后喝白兰地和苏打水，抽着烟，一直到了下午四点；然后我们在公园里溜达了一小时；然后我们吃饭，喝着香甜的波尔图葡萄酒，一直喝到它降为半价；然后，我们在秣市逗留了一个小时；之后，我们回到俱乐部，吃了些烧烤，喝了些威士忌潘趣酒，直到我们所有的人都醉醺醺的——嗨，服务生！给我一杯樱桃白兰地。”俱乐部里的服务生是最文明、最善良、最有耐心的男人，他们在这些残忍的青年酒徒的折磨下都消瘦了。但如果读者希望看到这群年轻人在舞台上的完美画面，我要推荐他去看那部制作精妙的喜剧《伦敦保险》——那些亲切的主角们不但会以醉鬼和凌晨五点（才回家）的人物形象出现，还会展示上百个其他令人发笑的特征，如诈骗、撒谎、总体堕落，相当发人深省。

How different is the conduct of these outrageous youths to the decent behaviour of my friend, Mr. Papworthy; who says to Poppins, the butler at the Club:—

这些蛮横的年轻人的行为跟我的朋友帕普沃思先生得体的行为多么

地不同啊。他对俱乐部的男管家波拼斯这么说——

PAPWORTHY.—'Poppins, I'm thinking of dining early; is there any cold game in the house?'

帕普沃思："波拼斯，我想要早一点吃晚饭，这里有冷野味吗？"

POPPINS.—'There's a game pie, sir; there's cold grouse, sir; there's cold pheasant, sir; there's cold peacock, sir; cold swan, sir; cold ostrich, sir,' &c. &c. (as the case may be).

波拼斯："先生，这儿有一个野味馅饼。先生，有冷松鸡。有冷野鸡，先生。有冷孔雀，先生。有冷天鹅，先生。有冷鸵鸟，先生"（等等，依具体情况而定）。

PAPWORTHY.—'Hem! What's your best claret now, Poppins?—in pints, I mean.'

帕普沃斯："嗯！波拼斯，你现在有的最好的红酒是什么？我的意思是以品脱为单位。"

POPPINS.—'There's Cooper and Magnum's Lafitte, sir: there's Lath and Sawdust's St. Julien, sir; Bung's Leoville is considered remarkably fine; and I think you'd like Jugger's Chateau-Margaux.'

波拼斯："这儿有混合黑啤酒和玛格鲁姆 - 拉菲特酒，有拉斯酒和索达斯特 - 圣朱利安酒，先生。大家认为邦 - 罗维尔酒非常好喝，而我觉得你会喜欢贾格尔查托 - 马格科斯酒。"

PAPWORTHY.—'Hum!—hah!—well—give me a crust of bread and a glass of beer. I'll only LUNCH, Poppins.'

帕普沃思："嗯！哈！嗯，给我来点干面包片和一杯啤酒。波拼斯，我只吃午饭就行了。"

Captain Shindy is another sort of Club bore. He has been known to throw all the Club in an uproar about the quality of his mutton-chop.

森迪上尉是俱乐部里另一种令人生厌的人。人们知道他曾因为羊排的质量问题使整个俱乐部陷入一阵骚乱之中。

'Look at it, sir! Is it cooked, sir? Smell it, sir! Is it meat fit for a gentleman?' he roars out to the steward, who stands trembling before him, and who in vain tells him that the Bishop of Bullocksmithy has just had three from the same loin. All the waiters in the Club are huddled round the captain's mutton-chop. He roars out the most horrible curses at John for not bringing the pickles; he utters the most dreadful oaths because Thomas has not arrived with the Harvey Sauce; Peter comes tumbling with the water-jug over Jeames, who is bringing 'the glittering canisters with bread.' Whenever Shindy enters the room (such is the force of character), every table is deserted, every

gentleman must dine as he best may, and all those big footmen are in terror.

“你看看，先生！这个是做好了的吗，先生？你闻闻，先生！这种肉能让绅士吃吗？”他对着一个服务员咆哮着，服务员在他面前瑟瑟发抖，还徒劳地告诉他布洛克史密森主教刚刚才吃了三份从同一块腰肉上割下的羊排。俱乐部里所有的服务生都聚集在这个上尉的羊排周围。约翰没有把盐卤拿给他，他就用最可怕的方式大声咒骂着约翰。托马斯没有把“哈维酱”带过去，他就发出最恐怖的诅咒。彼得提着水壶过来时，绊倒在杰姆斯身上，杰姆斯正带来“装着面包的闪闪发光的小盒子”。不管森迪什么时候进到房间（这就是知名人物的力量），每一张餐桌都见不到人影，每一个绅士都必须吃得尽可能好，所有那些体型高大的男仆都显得十分恐惧。

He makes his account of it. He scolds, and is better waited upon in consequence. At the Club he has ten servants scudding about to do his bidding.

他很重视服务。他责骂着，因此他能够得到比别人好的服务。在俱乐部，他有十个仆从在他的吩咐下飞快地跑来跑去。

Poor Mrs. Shindy and the children are, meanwhile, in dingy lodgings somewhere, waited upon by a charity-girl in pattens.

同时，可怜的森迪夫人和孩子们正住在某个阴暗的出租房里，被一个穿木底鞋的做慈善的女孩侍奉着。

CHAPTER XLII CLUB SNOBS

第四十二章 俱乐部势利者

Every well-bred English female will sympathize with the subject of the harrowing tale, the history of Sackville Maine, I am now about to recount. The pleasures of Clubs have been spoken of: let us now glance for a moment at the dangers of those institutions, and for this purpose I must introduce you to my young acquaintance, Sackville Maine.

每一个有教养的英国女性都会同情萨克维尔·梅因的故事的主角，下面我就要讲讲这个悲惨的故事。俱乐部的趣事已经讲过了，现在让我们来看看那些机构的危险之处。为此，我必须要把我认识的一个年轻人萨克维尔·梅因介绍给你。

It was at a ball at the house of my respected friend, Mrs. Perkins, that I was introduced to this gentleman and his charming lady. Seeing a young creature before me in a white dress, with white satin shoes; with a pink ribbon, about a yard in breadth, flaming out as she twirled in a polka in the arms of Monsieur de Springbock, the German diplomatist; with a green wreath on her head, and the blackest hair this individual set eyes on—seeing, I say, before me a charming young woman whisking beautifully in a beautiful dance, and presenting, as she wound and wound round the room, now a full face, then a three-quarter face, then a profile—a face, in fine, which in every way you saw it, looked pretty, and rosy, and happy, I felt (as I trust) a not unbecoming curiosity regarding the owner of this pleasant countenance, and asked Wagley (who was standing by, in conversation with an acquaintance) who was the lady in question?

在我尊敬的朋友珀金斯夫人家里举办的舞会上，我被介绍给了这位绅士和他漂亮的太太。看着站在我面前的这位年轻女子，一袭洁白的裙子，配着一双白色的绸缎鞋，系着的那根粉红色缎带有大约一码宽。她挽着德国外交家德斯普林波克先生的胳膊跳起波尔卡舞时，那根缎带几乎要燃烧起来。她头上戴着绿色的花环，那头黑发是我见过最黑的了——啊，看着我面前这位漂亮的年轻女子正在轻盈优美地舞着，在屋子里旋转，我时而看见她整个面容，时而看见大部分，时而只看到侧脸——总之，不管角度如何，这张脸看上去总是那么美丽、红润、快乐，我觉得（就如我相信）这样好奇地看着这个长着漂亮脸蛋的人不算是不妥，于是我问瓦格勒（他正在站在旁边跟熟人交谈）这个女子到底是谁。

'Which?' says Wagley.

“哪一个 ？”瓦格勒说。

'That one with the coal-black eyes,' I replied.

“眼睛长得像煤一样黑的那一个。”我回答道。

'Hush!' says he; and the gentleman with whom he was talking moved off, with rather a discomfited air.

“嘘！”他说。这时与他谈话的那位绅士带着非常不安的神情走开了。

When he was gone Wagley burst out laughing. 'COAL-BLACK eyes!' said he; 'you've just hit it. That's Mrs. Sackville Maine, and that was her husband who just went away. He's a coal-merchant, Snob my boy, and I have no doubt Mr. Perkins's Wallsends are supplied from his wharf. He is in a flaming furnace when he hears coals mentioned. He and his wife and his mother are very proud of Mrs. Sackville's family; she was a Miss Chuff, daughter of Captain Chuff, R.N. That is the widow; that stout woman in crimson tabinet, battling about the odd trick with old Mr. Dumps, at the card-table.’

等他走了之后，瓦格勒便大笑起来。“煤一样黑的眼睛！”他说，“你说到点子上了。那是萨克维尔·梅因夫人，刚刚走开的那个人是她的丈夫。势利者朋友，他是一个煤炭商人，我确信珀金斯先生的瓦尔森兹船货就是由他的码头供应而来的。他只要听到有人提到煤，就会像进了熊熊燃烧的火炉一样。他、他的妻子以及他的母亲都为萨克维尔夫人的家族感到非常骄傲。她过去是丘夫小姐，皇家海军丘夫上尉的女儿。那位就是那个寡妇，也就是那个穿着深红色波纹塔夫绸衣服的矮胖女人，她正在牌桌旁跟邓普斯老先生玩着奇特的牌。”

And so, in fact, it was. Sackville Maine (whose name is a hundred times more elegant, surely, than that of Chuff) was blest with a pretty wife, and a genteel mother-in-law, both of whom some people may envy him.

而事实上就真的是这样。萨克维尔·梅因（当然，他的名字跟丘夫比起来要优雅一百倍）为有一个漂亮的妻子和一个出身高贵的岳母而感到幸福满足，某些人会因为这两个女人而对他产生嫉妒。

Soon after his marriage the old lady was good enough to come and pay him a visit—just for a fortnight—at his pretty little cottage, Kennington Oval; and, such is her affection for the place, has never quitted it these four years. She has also brought her son, Nelson Collingwood Chuff, to live with her; but he is not so much at home as his mamma, going as a day-boy to Merchant Taylors' School, where he is getting a sound classical education.

他结婚不久，这位老妇人就好心地去看望他，打算在他漂亮的小别墅“肯宁顿 - 欧瓦尔”里住上两周。而她是多么地喜欢这个地方啊，于是这四年来她一步也未曾离开过那里。她把她的儿子纳尔逊·科林伍德·丘夫

也带去跟她一起住。但他并不像他妈妈那样常呆在家里，而是作为一名走读生去“麦钱特 - 泰勒学校”上学。在那里，他得到很好的经典教育。

If these beings, so closely allied to his wife, and so justly dear to her, may be considered as drawbacks to Maine's happiness, what man is there that has not some things in life to complain of? And when I first knew Mr. Maine, no man seemed more comfortable than he. His cottage was a picture of elegance and comfort; his table and cellar were excellently and neatly supplied. There was every enjoyment, but no ostentation. The omnibus took him to business of a morning; the boat brought him back to the happiest of homes, where he would while away the long evenings by reading out the fashionable novels to the ladies as they worked; or accompany his wife on the flute (which he played elegantly); or in any one of the hundred pleasing and innocent amusements of the domestic circle. Mrs. Chuff covered the drawing-rooms with prodigious tapestries, the work of her hands. Mrs. Sackville had a particular genius for making covers of tape or network for these tapestried cushions. She could make home-made wines. She could make preserves and pickles. She had an album, into which, during the time of his courtship, Sackville Maine had written choice scraps of Byron's and Moore's poetry, analogous to his own situation, and in a fine mercantile hand. She had a large manuscript receipt-book—every quality, in a word, which indicated a virtuous and well-bred English female mind.

这些人跟他的妻子相处得很亲密，而且对她来说是珍贵的，要是他们被看作是梅因幸福生活的障碍，那么还有谁在生活中没有任何怨言呢？我第一次认识梅因先生时，没有谁看上去能够比他更自在了。他的小别墅就是一幅优雅舒适的画，餐桌上和酒窖里都储备丰盛，干净而整洁。那里处处透着欢愉，但是绝没有讲排场的痕迹。早上，他乘公共马车去上班，之后又坐着小船回到他那最幸福的家。为了消磨漫长的夜晚时光，他会在那些女士们干活的时候给她们读读流行小说；或是吹起长笛（他吹得非常好）来伴着他的妻子；或是在上百种快乐而单纯的家庭娱乐方式中任选一种。丘夫夫人在客厅里挂起她自己手工制作的精美挂毯。萨克维尔夫人有种特殊的本领，能够为这些挂毯软垫制作出带状或是网状的外罩。她能自己在家酿造葡萄酒。她会做蜜饯和腌制食品。她有一个小集子，萨克维尔·梅因追求她的时候，曾在集子里抄了一些拜伦和穆尔的诗的精选。这些诗中描写的情境和自己的处境相似，而且字写得实实在在。她有一个很大的食谱手稿——总而言之，每一种品质都展现出这个有德行、有教养的英国女性的心灵。

'And as for Nelson Collingwood,' Sackville would say, laughing, 'we couldn't do without him in the house. If he didn't spoil the tapestry we should be over-cushioned in a few months; and whom could we get but him to drink Laura's home-made wine?'The truth is, the guents who came from the City to dine at the 'Oval' could not be

induced to drink it—in which fastidiousness, I myself, when I grew to be intimate with the family, confess that I shared.

“至于纳尔逊·科林伍德，”萨克维尔会笑着说，“我们在家里没他不行。要是他没有弄坏挂毯，那么过几个月我们家的软垫就会显得太多了。我们中间除了他还会有谁去喝劳拉在自家酿的酒？”事实上，凡是从城里到“欧瓦尔”去吃饭的绅士们，都不会受诱惑去喝这种酒——我承认，我跟这个家庭逐渐变得亲近起来时，我自己在这个方面也变得有点苛求。

'And yet, sir, that green ginger has been drunk by some of England's proudest heroes,' Mrs. Chuff would exclaim. 'Admiral Lord Exmouth tasted and praised it, sir, on board Captain Chuff's ship, the "Nebuchadnezzar," 74, at Algiers; and he had three dozen with turn in the "Pitchfork" frigate, a part of which was served out to the men before he went into his immortal action with the "Furibonde," Captain Choufleur, in the Gulf of Panama.’

“先生，但是英国有一些非常得意的人物也喝过那种姜黄色液体。”丘夫夫人会大声说道，“先生，1874年在阿尔及尔，在丘夫上尉那艘名叫‘尼布甲尼撒二世号’的船上，尊敬的埃克斯茅斯勋爵就尝过那种酒，并且给予了赞扬。他还在‘草叉号’护卫舰上先后弄到了三打那种酒，同乔夫楼尔船长所在的‘弗里邦德号’在巴拿马海湾进行那场不朽的战斗之前，他还拿出一部分给大家分享。”

All this, though the old dowager told us the story every day when the wine was produced, never served to get rid of any quantity of it—and the green ginger, though it had fired British tars for combat and victory, was not to the taste of us peaceful and degenerate gents of modern times.

虽然制作这种酒时，这个继承了亡夫遗产的老贵妇每天都要给我们讲这个故事，但是从来没有让酒的数量减少——虽然这种姜黄色液体曾经点燃了英国人战斗和胜利的勇气，但是它却不合我们这些平和且退化了的现代人的胃口。

I see Sackville now, as on the occasion when, presented by Wagley, I paid my first visit to him. It was in July—a Sunday afternoon—Sackville Maine was coming from church, with his wife on one arm, and his mother-ill-law (in red tabinet, as usual,) on the other. A half-grown, or hobbadehoyish footman, so to speak, walked after them, carrying their shining golden prayer-books—the ladies had splendid parasols with tags and fringes. Mrs. Chuff's great gold watch, fastened to her stomach, gleamed there like a ball of fire. Nelson Collingwood was in the distance, shying stones at an old horse on Kennington Common. Twas on that verdant spot we met—nor can I ever forget the majestic courtesy of Mrs. Chuff, as she remembered having had the pleasure of seeing me at Mrs. Perkins's—nor the glance

of scorn which she threw at an unfortunate gentleman who was preaching an exceedingly desultory discourse to a sceptical audience of omnibus-cads and nurse-maids, on a tub, as we passed by. 'I cannot help it, sir,'says she; 'I am the widow of an officer of Britain's Navy: I was taught to honour my Church and my King: and I cannot bear a Radical or a Dissenter.'

这下子我见到了萨克维尔，我通过瓦格勒的引荐第一次拜访了他。那是七月的一个星期天下午，萨克维尔·梅因刚刚从教堂回来，一边挽着他的妻子，另一边挽着他的岳母（像往常一样，她穿着红色的波纹塔夫绸衣服）。一个半大的，或者说有点愚钝的男仆跟在他们后面，拿着他们那些闪着金光的祈祷书——两位女士都撑着有小垂饰和缘饰的漂亮太阳伞。丘夫夫人那块系在胸口的大金表像一个火球一样闪闪发光。纳尔逊·科林伍德还在远处，用石头惊退了肯宁顿公地上的一匹老马。就在那片青翠的草地上，我们见了面——我永远也不会忘记，丘夫夫人回忆起她曾有幸在珀金斯夫人家里见到过我时表现出来的庄重礼节；我也不会忘记，我们路过一个不幸的绅士旁边，他正站在一个木桶上，对着一群满怀疑虑的公共马车上的恶棍和女佣进行极其散漫的鼓动性讲话时，她投去了轻蔑的一瞥。“先生，我无能为力，”她说，“作为一名英国海军军官的遗孀，我受到的教育是尊敬我的教会和我的国王，我不能忍受一个激进分子或是异教徒。”

With these fine principles I found Sackville Maine impressed. 'Wagley,' said he, to my introducer, 'if no better engagement, why shouldn't self and friend dine at the "Oval?" Mr. Snob, sir, the mutton's coming off the spit at this very minute. Laura and Mrs. Chuff (he said LAURAR and Mrs. Chuff; but I hate people who make remarks on these peculiarities of pronunciation,) will be most happy to see you; and I can promise you a hearty welcome, and as good a glass of port-wine as any in England.'

我发现这些良好的准则在萨克维尔·梅因心中留下了很深的印象。“瓦格勒，”他对我的引荐者说，“要是没有更好的约会，你为什么不和你的朋友在‘欧尼尔’一起用餐呢？先生，势利者先生，羊肉现在正从烤肉叉上拿下来。劳拉和丘夫夫人（他特意强调是劳拉和丘夫夫人，但我讨厌有人在发音上弄得很特别）见到你会非常高兴的。我保证你会受到热烈的欢迎，并且会在那里喝上一杯跟英国其他地方一样好的波尔图葡萄酒。”

'This is better than dining at the "Sarcophagus,"' thinks I to myself, at which Club Wagley and I had intended to take our meal; and so we accepted the kindly invitation, whence arose afterwards a considerable intimacy.

“这比在‘石棺俱乐部’吃饭要好得多。”我心想，瓦格勒和我之前想要去那个俱乐部吃饭。于是，我们接受了好心的邀请。自此以后，我们的关系就变得相当亲密了。

Everything about this family and house was so good-natured, comfortable, and well-conditioned, that a cynic would have ceased to growl there. Mrs. Laura was all graciousness and smiles, and looked to as great advantage in her pretty morning-gown as in her dress-robe at Mrs. Perkins's. Mrs. Chuff fired off her stories about the 'Nebuchadnezzar,' 74, the action between the 'Pitchfork' and the 'Furibonde'—the heroic resistance of Captain Choufleur, and the quantity of snuff he took, &c. &c.; which, as they were heard for the first time, were pleasanter than I have subsequently found them. Sackville Maine was the best of hosts. He agreed in everything everybody said, altering his opinions without the slightest reservation upon the slightest possible contradiction. He was not one of those beings who would emulate a Schonbein or Friar Bacon, or act the part of an incendiary towards the Thames, his neighbour—but a good, kind, simple, honest, easy fellow—in love with his wife—well disposed to all the world—content with himself, content even with his mother-in-law. Nelson Collingwood, I remember, in the course of the evening, when whisky-and-water was for some reason produced, grew a little tipsy. This did not in the least move Sackville's equanimity. 'Take him upstairs, Joseph,' said he to the hobbadehoy, 'and—Joseph—don't tell his mamma.'

有关这个家庭和这所房子的一切都是那么地温和、令人舒畅和环境宜人，所以即使是一个愤世嫉俗之人在那里也会停止他愤愤不平的抱怨。劳拉夫人总是彬彬有礼、面带微笑，穿着她漂亮的晨衣就像穿着在珀金斯夫人家穿过的礼服一样看上去美丽大方。丘夫夫人像机关枪一样讲着1874年在“尼布甲尼撒二世号”上的故事，讲着“草叉号"和”弗里邦德号”之间的战斗——乔夫楼尔船长进行的英勇抵抗和他的气愤，等等。我第一次听到这些故事时比后来再次听到的时候觉得有趣多了。萨克维尔·梅因是最棒的主人。每个人说的每一件事他都表示赞同，哪怕遇到最小的反驳，他也会毫无保留地改变主意。他不是那种会模仿舍恩拜因或是培根修道士的人，也不会煽动他的邻居泰晤士——他是一个友好、善良、简单、诚实、平易近人的人。他爱他的妻子，他对全世界都心怀好意。他对自己很满意，甚至对他的岳母也感到满意。我记得那天晚上，有人出于某种原因做了威士忌加水之后，纳尔逊·科林伍德喝得都有点醉了。但是这丝毫影响不了萨克维尔尔的平静。“约瑟夫，把他带到楼上去。”他对那个有点愚钝的男仆说，“另外——约瑟夫——不要告诉他的妈妈。”

What could make a man so happily disposed, unhappy? What could cause discomfort, bickering, and estrangement in a family so friendly and united? Ladies, it was not my fault—it was Mrs. Chuff's doing—but the rest of the tale you shall have on a future day.

是什么能让一个男人如此快乐地向善，是不快乐吗？什么能够在这样一个友好团结的家庭里引起不悦、争吵和隔阂呢？女士们，这不是我

的错——是丘夫夫人的所作所为——但是，你将在以后听到这个故事剩余的部分。

CHAPTER XLIII CLUB SNOBS

第四十三章 俱乐部势利者

The misfortune which befell the simple and good-natured young Sackville, arose entirely from that abominable 'Sarcophagus Club;' and that he ever entered it was partly the fault of the present writer.

这样的不幸之所以会落在单纯、脾气温和、年经的萨克维尔身上，完全是由于那个可恶的“石棺俱乐部”。而他之所以会进入那个俱乐部，部分过错在笔者身上。

For seeing Mrs. Chuff, his mother-in-law, had a taste for the genteel—(indeed, her talk was all about Lord Collingwood, Lord Gambier, Sir Jahaleel Brenton, and the Gosport and Plymouth balls)—Wagley and I, according to our wont, trumped her conversation, and talked about Lords, Dukes, Marquises, and Baronets, as if those dignitaries were our familiar friends.

因为看到他的岳母丘夫夫人喜欢上流社会——确实，她的谈话都是关于科林伍德勋爵、甘比尔勋爵、贾哈勒尔·布伦顿爵士以及戈斯波特和普利茅斯的舞会——瓦格勒和我便根据我们的习惯，对她的谈话大肆吹捧，谈起了君主、公爵、侯爵夫人和准男爵，好像那些显贵是我们熟悉的朋友一样。

'Lord Sextonbury,' says I, 'seems to have recovered her ladyship's death. He and the Duke were very jolly over their wine at the "Sarcophagus" last night; weren't they, Wagley?’

“赛克斯顿伯里勋爵，”我说，“好像已经从他太太过世这件事中恢复了。昨晚，他和公爵在‘石棺’喝酒喝得非常高兴。难道他们不是那样吗，瓦格勒？”

'Good fellow, the Duke,' Wagley replied. 'Pray, ma'am' (to Mrs. Chuff), 'you who know the world and etiquette, will you tell me what a man ought to do in my case? Last June, his Grace, his son Lord Castlerampant, Tom Smith, and myself were dining at the Club, when I offered the odds against DADDYLONGLEGS for the Derby—forty to one, in sovereigns only. His Grace took the bet, and of course I won. He has never paid me. Now, can I ask such a great man for a sovereign?—One more lump of sugar, if you please, my dear madam.’

“公爵是好样的。”瓦格勒回答道。“夫人，”（对丘夫夫人说）“您明世事、懂礼节，请问您可不可以告诉我处于我这样境况的人应该做什么？去年六月，大人、大人的儿子卡斯特拉潘特勋爵、汤姆·史密斯和我在俱乐部吃饭，当时我提出在德比马赛上对抗‘大蚊’的投注赔率为四十比一，只用沙弗林。大人同意与我打赌，当然后来我赢了。但是他并没

有付钱给我。瞧，我能向这样一个了不起的人要一沙弗林吗？我亲爱的夫人，要是你喜欢的话，再来一块糖吧。”

It was lucky Wagley gave her this opportunity to elude the question, for it prostrated the whole worthy family among whom we were. They telegraphed each other with wondering eyes. Mrs. Chuff's stories about the naval nobility grew quite faint and kind little Mrs. Sackville became uneasy, and went upstairs to look at the children—not at that young monster, Nelson Collingwood, who was sleeping off the whisky-and-water—but at a couple of little ones who had made their appearance at dessert, and of whom she and Sackville were the happy parents.

幸运的是，瓦格勒给了她这个机会回避这个问题，因为这个问题会让我们所处的这个可敬的家庭整体沮丧起来。他们用惊讶的眼神向对方传达出讯息。丘夫夫人那些关于海军贵族的故事变得苍白无力，年轻善良的萨克维尔夫人也变得不安起来，她上楼去看了看孩子们——不是看那个小怪物纳尔逊·科林伍德，他喝了加水的威士忌之后还在睡觉——去看那几个小家伙，他们在吃甜点的时候出现过，她自己和萨克维尔则是这些孩子们幸福的父母。

The end of this and subsequent meetings with Mr. Maine was, that we proposed and got him elected as a member of the 'Sarcophagus Club.’

这一次以及后来几次与梅因先生的会面后，梅因先生在我们的提议下被选举为“石棺俱乐部”的一员。

It was not done without a deal of opposition—the secret having been whispered that the candidate was a coal-merchant. You may be sure some of the proud people and most of the parvenus of the Club were ready to blackball him. We combated this opposition successfully, however. We pointed out to the parvenus that the Lambtons and the Stuarts sold coals: we mollified the proud by accounts of his good birth, good nature, and good behaviour; and Wagley went about on the day of election, describing with great eloquence, the action between the 'Pitchfork' and the 'Furibonde,' and the valour of Captain Maine, our friend's father. There was a slight mistake in the narrative; but we carried our man, with only a trifling sprinkling of black beans in the boxes: Byles's, of course, who blackballs everybody: and Bung's, who looks down upon a coal-merchant, having himself lately retired from the wine-trade.

这一做法遭到了大量的发对——有人悄悄议论这个候选人是个煤炭商人的秘密。你也许可以肯定俱乐部的一些高傲之人和大多数暴发户都想要投票反对他。但是，我们成功地与这种反对进行了斗争。我们向那些暴发户指出，兰布顿和斯图尔特家族都卖过煤。我们为了安抚那些高傲之人，就讲起他良好的出身、善良的品性以及优雅的举止。选举当

天，瓦格勒以非常好的口才描述了“草叉号”和“弗里邦德号”之间的战斗，描述了我们的朋友的的父亲梅因上尉的英勇事迹。叙述中有一个非常小的错误，但是我们还是让我们的朋友当选了，盒子里只有稀稀拉拉的少数几张反对票：当然有拜尔斯投的，他给任何人都投反对票；还有邦，他看不起煤炭商人，而他自己最近刚刚才从酒类行业中退下来。

Some fortnight afterwards I saw Sackville Maine under the following circumstances:—

大约两周后，我在以下几种情况下看到了萨克维尔·梅因：

He was showing the Club to his family. He had brought them thither in the light-blue fly, waiting at the Club door; with Mrs. Chuff's hobbadehoy footboy on the box, by the side of the flyman, in a sham livery. Nelson Collingwood; pretty Mrs. Sackville; Mrs. Captain Chuff (Mrs. Commodore Chuff we call her), were all there; the latter, of course, in the vermilion tabinet, which, splendid as it is, is nothing in comparison to the splendour of the 'Sarcophagus'. The delighted Sackville Maine was pointing out the beauties of the place to them. It seemed as beautiful as Paradise to that little party.

他在向全家人展示这个俱乐部。他用一辆淡蓝色的单马出租马车把他们带到那儿，让马车等候在俱乐部门口。丘夫夫人那个有点儿愚钝的小男仆坐在马车上，旁边是穿着劣等制服的马车夫。纳尔逊·科林伍德、漂亮的萨克维尔夫人、丘夫上尉夫人（我们称呼她为丘夫海军准将夫人）都在那儿。当然，夫人还是穿着和以前一样光彩照人的鲜红色波纹塔夫绸衣服，但是比起“石棺俱乐部”的光彩来，它算不了什么。高兴的萨克维尔·梅因正向他们指出这个地方的美丽之处。对于那几个人来说，它仿佛美得就像天堂。

The 'Sarcophagus' displays every known variety of architecture and decoration. The great library is Elizabethan; the small library is pointed Gothic; the dining-room is severe Doric; the strangers' room has an Egyptian look; the drawing-rooms are Louis Quatorze (so called because the hideous ornaments displayed were used in the time of Louis Quinze); the CORTILE, or hall, is Morisco-Italian. It is all over marble, maplewood, looking-glasses, arabesques, ormolu, and scagliola. Scrolls, ciphers, dragons, Cupids, polyanthuses, and other flowers writhe up the walls in every kind of cornucopiosity. Fancy every gentleman in Jullien's band playing with all his might, and each performing a different tune; the ornaments at our Club, the 'Sarcophagus,' so bewilder and affect me. Dazzled with emotions which I cannot describe, and which she dared not reveal, Mrs. Chuff, followed by her children and son-in-law, walked wondering amongst these blundering splendours.

“石棺俱乐部”展示出每一种有名的建筑和装饰类型。这个巨大的图书室是伊丽莎白女王时代的风格；小的图书室则是尖顶的哥特式；餐厅

完全是多利安式风格；来宾室是埃及式风格；会客室则是路易·夸托尔热式风格（之所以这样叫是因为展出的这种可怕的装饰物曾经用在路易·昆热时代）；而中庭，或者说大厅，则是摩里斯科—意大利式风格。到处都是大理石、槭木、镜子、阿拉伯式图案、仿金箔和仿云石。卷形物、拼合文字、龙根天南星、丘比特、西洋樱草以及其他花儿都以各种各样丰富的形式展现在墙上。想象一下，朱利安乐队的每一个人都竭尽所能地演奏着，曲调各自不同。我们“石棺俱乐部”的饰物是如此地让我迷惑，影响我。这种我无法描述的感情令丘夫夫人有些目眩，但她又不敢显露出来，于是便领着孩子们和女婿，满是惊奇地走在这些浮躁的华丽之物中。

In the great library (225 feet long by 150) the only man Mrs. Chuff saw, was Tiggs. He was lying on a crimson-velvet sofa, reading a French novel of Paul de Kock. It was a very little book. He is a very little man. In that enormous hall he looked like a mere speck. As the ladies passed breathless and trembling in the vastness of the magnificent solitude, he threw a knowing, killing glance at the fair strangers, as much as to say, 'Ain't I a fine fellow?' They thought so, I am sure.

在大图书室里（长225英尺，宽150英尺），丘夫夫人看见的唯一一个人是蒂格斯。他躺在一个深红色的丝绒沙发上，正读着保罗·德科克写的一本法国小说。那是一本非常小的书。而他也是一个非常小的人。在那个巨大的厅里，他看起来像只是一颗微粒。当女士们屏住呼吸经过这里，在这个庞大幽寂的大房间里瑟瑟发抖时，他向这些漂亮的来访者投去了会意而令人倾倒的一瞥，好像在说：“难道我不是一个漂亮的小伙子吗？”我肯定她们也觉得是这样。

'WHO IS THAT?' hisses out Mrs. Chuff, when we were about fifty yards off him at the other end of the room.

“那个人是谁？”我们走到房间另一头，离他大概有五十码远时，丘夫夫人嘶嘶地说道。

'Tiggs!' says I, in a similar whisper.

“蒂格斯！”我也像她一样悄声说道。

'Pretty comfortable this, isn't it, my dear?' says Maine in a free-and-easy way to Mrs. Sackville; 'all the magazines, you see—writing materials—new works—choice library, containing every work of importance—what have we here?—*Dugdale's Monasticon*, a most valuable and, I believe, entertaining book.'

“亲爱的，这真令人愉悦，不是吗？”梅因轻松自在地向萨克维尔夫人问道，“看，所有的杂志——写作材料——新的作品——精选的图书，包含着每一部重要的作品——有些什么呢？——《达格代尔论修道》，我相信这是一本非常有价值、有趣味的书籍。”

And proposing to take down one of the books for Mrs. Maine's inspection, he selected Volume VII., to which he was attracted by the singular fact that a brass door-handle grew out of the back. Instead of pulling out a book, however, he pulled open a cupboard, only inhabited by a lazy housemaid's broom and duster, at which he looked exceedingly discomfited; while Nelson Collingwood, losing all respect, burst into a roar of laughter.

他想要为梅因夫人取一本书来看，于是选取了第七卷。但是一件奇事引起了他的注意，即一只黄铜门手柄竟然从背后伸了出来。他并没有拉出来一本书，而是拉开了一个橱柜，里面只有某个懒女佣的扫帚和掸子。他非常困惑地望着它们，而纳尔逊·科林伍德则毫无敬意地突然发出了一阵狂笑。

'That's the rummest book I ever saw,' says Nelson. 'I wish we'd no others at Merchant Taylors'.'

“那是我见过的最离奇的书。”纳尔逊说，“我希望我们在‘麦钱特 - 泰勒’学校只有这样的书。”

'Hush, Nelson!' cries Mrs. Chuff, and we went into the other magnificent apartments.

“纳尔逊，别出声！”丘夫夫人喊道。随后我们便进入了其他华丽的房间。

How they did admire the drawing-room hangings, (pink and silver brocade, most excellent wear for London,) and calculated the price per yard; and revelled on the luxurious sofas; and gazed on the immeasurable looking-glasses.

他们多么地赞赏会客室里的帐幔（那是粉红色和银色的锦缎，是伦敦最好的衣服面料）啊，还计算了每一码的价钱。他们陶醉于那些奢华的沙发，还盯着那些巨大无比的镜子看。

'Pretty well to shave by, eh?' says Maine to his mother-in-law. (He was getting more abominably conceited every minute.) 'Get away, Sackville,' says she, quite delighted, and threw a glance over her shoulder, and spread out the wings of the red tabinet, and took a good look at herself; so did Mrs. Sackville—just one, and I thought the glass reflected a very smiling, pretty creature.

“要是照着这面镜子修面该有多好啊，是吧？”梅因跟他的岳母说。（他变得越来越令人讨厌地自负起来。）“萨克维尔，走开吧。”她高兴地说道，朝自己的肩后瞟了一眼，然后扬起了那件红色波纹塔夫绸衣服的袖子，好好地看了看自己，萨克维尔夫人也这么做了——只看了一下，我认为镜子里出现的是一个面带微笑、非常漂亮的人。

But what's a woman at a looking-glass? Bless the little dears, it's their place. They fly to it naturally. It pleases them, and they adorn it.

What I like to see, and watch with increasing joy and adoration, is the Club MEN at the great looking-glasses. Old Gills pushing up his collars and grinning at his own mottled face. Hulker looking solemnly at his great person, and tightening his coat to give himself a waist. Fred Minchin simpering by as he is going out to dine, and casting upon the reflection of his white neckcloth a pleased moony smile. What a deal of vanity that Club mirror has reflected, to be sure!

但是女人照镜子有什么可说的呢？愿上帝保佑这些小巧可爱的人，那是她们的地盘。她们很自然地就会飞奔到那里去。镜子让她们快乐，而她们也让镜子有了光彩。我想要看到的，并且是带着越来越多的喜悦与崇拜之情看到的，是俱乐部的男人们在巨大的镜子前的样子。老吉尔斯把自己的领子往上推了推，然后朝自己长着斑点的脸咧嘴笑起来。哈克尔非常肃穆地看着自己魁梧的身躯，紧了紧外套以显示自己的身材。弗雷德·明钦外出就餐时会对着镜子傻笑一下，向镜子里自己的白色领带投以恍惚快乐的微笑。俱乐部的那面镜子一定照出了多少虚荣啊！

Well, the ladies went through the whole establishment with perfect pleasure. They beheld the coffee-rooms, and the little tables laid for dinner, and the gentlemen who were taking their lunch, and old Jawkins thundering away as usual; they saw the reading-rooms, and the rush for the evening papers; they saw the kitchens—those wonders of art—where the CHEF was presiding over twenty pretty kitchen-maids, and ten thousand shining saucepans: and they got into the light-blue fly perfectly bewildered with pleasure.

瞧，女士们非常高兴地穿过了整座房子。她们看见了咖啡室，看见那些摆来用餐的小桌子，看见那些正在吃午饭的绅士，还看见老贾肯斯像往常一样轰隆隆地走开来；她们看见了阅读室，看见了人们冲过去抢晚报。她们看见了厨房——那些神奇的艺术品——在那儿，大厨正掌管着二十个漂亮的厨房女佣和上万个闪闪发亮的平底锅。然后，她们非常高兴又有些迷惑地走进那辆淡蓝色的单马出租马车。

Sackville did not enter it, though little Laura took the back seat on purpose, and left him the front place alongside of Mrs. Chuff's red tabinet.

虽然小劳拉特意坐到了后排的座位上，把前排丘夫夫人红色绸服旁边的位置留给了他，但是萨克维尔并没有进去。

'We have your favourite dinner,' says she, in a timid voice; 'won't you come, Sackville?’

“我们要做你最爱的晚餐呢。”她怯怯地说，“萨克维尔，你不来吗？”

'I shall take a chop here to-day, my dear,' Sackville replied. 'Home, James.' And he went up the steps of the 'Sarcophagus,' and the pretty face looked very sad out of the carriage, as the blue fly drove

away.

“亲爱的，我今天要在这里吃肉排。”萨克维尔回答道，“詹姆斯，回家去吧。”他走上了“石棺俱乐部”的台阶。那辆蓝色的马车驾走时，那张漂亮的脸蛋在车厢里显得非常难过。

CHAPTER XLIV CLUB SNOBS

第四十四章 俱乐部势利者

Why—Why did I and Wagley ever do so cruel an action as to introduce young Sackville Maine into that odious 'Sarcophagus'? Let our imprudence and his example be a warning to other gents; let his fate and that of his poor wife be remembered by every British female. The consequences of his entering the Club were as follows:—

为什么——为什么我和瓦格勒要做出如此残忍的举动，把年轻的萨克维尔·梅因介绍到那个可恶的“石棺俱乐部”？让我们的不谨慎和他的例子为其他绅士提个醒吧，让每一个英国女性都记住他的命运和他可怜的妻子的命运。他进入俱乐部的后果如下所示：

One of the first vices the unhappy wretch acquired in this abode of frivolity was that of SMOKING. Some of the dandies of the Club, such as the Marquis of Macabaw, Lord Doodeen, and fellows of that high order, are in the habit of indulging in this propensity upstairs in the billiard-rooms of the 'Sarcophagus'—and, partly to make their acquaintance, partly from a natural aptitude for crime, Sackville Maine followed them, and became an adept in the odious custom. Where it is introduced into a family I need not say how sad the consequences are, both to the furniture and the morals. Sackville smoked in his dining-room at home, and caused an agony to his wife and mother-in-law which I do not venture to describe.

这个忧郁的可怜虫在这个浮华场所里首先染上的恶习之一就是抽烟。俱乐部的一些花花公子习惯于在“石棺”楼上的台球室里沉溺于这种癖好，如马卡巴侯爵、多迪恩勋爵以及一些地位如此高的人——一部分原因是为了交朋友，另一部分原因是对于不良行为的一种自然倾向。萨克维尔·梅因跟他们学，于是就成了有这一恶习的老手。这种恶习被带入某个家庭时，其悲惨后果我无需提及，不论是在物质层面还是在精神层面。萨克维尔在家里的餐室里抽烟，这给他的妻子和岳母带来的痛苦我就不冒昧描述了。

He then became a professed BILLIARD-PLAYER, wasting hours upon hours at that amusement; betting freely, playing tolerably, losing awfully to Captain Spot and Col. Cannon. He played matches of a hundred games with these gentlemen, and would not only continue until four or five o'clock in the morning at this work, but would be found at the Club of a forenoon, indulging himself to the detriment of his business, the ruin of his health, and the neglect of his wife.

然后他公然承认自己是一名台球手，在那项娱乐活动中浪费了大把大把的时间。他毫无顾忌地打着赌，球技还可以忍受，但是他输了很多

钱给斯波特上尉和坎农上校。他和这些绅士进行很多种游戏的比赛，不但要玩到凌晨四五点钟，而且上午也在俱乐部里自我放纵。他损害了自己的生意，毁了自己的健康，还忽视了自己的妻子。

From billiards to whist is but a step—and when a man gets to whist and five pounds on a rubber, my opinion is, that it is all up with him. How was the coal business to go on, and the connection of the firm to be kept up, and the senior partner always at the card-table?

从台球到惠斯特其实只需跨出一步——一个人沾上惠斯特并且每局以五英镑为赌注时，我认为他就这样玩完了。要是高级合伙人总是呆在牌桌旁，那煤炭生意要怎样继续，公司的业务联系应该怎样去保持？

Consorting now with genteel persons and Pall Mall bucks, Sackville became ashamed of his snug little residence in Kennington Oval, and transported his family to Pimlico, where, though Mrs. Chuff, his mother-in-law, was at first happy, as the quarter was elegant and near her Sovereign, poor little Laura and the children found a woful difference. Where were her friends who came in with their work of a morning?—At Kennington and in the vicinity of Clapham. Where were her children's little playmates?—On Kennington Common. The great thundering carriages that roared up and down the drab-coloured streets of the new quarter, contained no friends for the sociable little Laura. The children that paced the squares, attended by a BONNE or a prim governess, were not like those happy ones that flew kites, or played hop-scotch, on the well-beloved old Common. And ah! what a difference at Church too!—between St. Benedict's of Pimlico, with open seats, service in sing-song—tapers—albs—surplices—garlands and processions, and the honest old ways of Kennington! The footmen, too, attending St. Benedict's were so splendid and enormous, that James, Mrs. Chuff's boy, trembled amongst them, and said he would give warning rather than carry the books to that church any more.

现在，萨克维尔与上流社会人士和蓓尔美尔街的花花公子们混在一起。他对自己在“肯宁顿 - 欧瓦尔”那个舒适的小住宅感到羞愧。于是，他把全家人都迁到了皮姆利科。在那里，虽然他的岳母丘夫夫人最开始很快乐，因为那个区域很优雅，而且离自己主宰般的丈夫很近，但是可怜的劳拉和孩子们发现情况发生了一些令人悲伤的改变。那些上午带着活儿来找她的朋友们在哪儿呢？在肯宁顿和克拉珀姆附近的地方。孩子们的那些小玩伴在哪儿呢？在肯宁顿的公地上。在这个新地区，发出雷鸣般声响的大马车在那些褐色的街道上来回奔驰着，里面坐的却没有爱交往的小劳拉的任何一个朋友。在广场上走着的孩子们由保姆或是拘谨的家庭女教师照顾着，却不像那些在众人喜爱的老公地上放着风筝，或是玩着跳房子游戏的快乐的孩子们。哎呀！教堂里的境况也多么地不同啊！皮姆利科的圣贝内迪克特教堂里，座位敞开着，礼拜式上唱着曲子——细支的小蜡烛——牧师的白长袍——法衣——花环和行进的队列，等等。相比之下，肯宁顿的方式古老却真诚！出现在圣贝内迪克特教堂

的男仆们如此地光彩夺目而穷凶极恶，丘夫夫人的侍从詹姆斯在他们中间都要瑟瑟发抖，说他情愿递交辞职的预先通知，也不愿意再把祈祷书送去教堂。

The furnishing of the house was not done without expense.

这所房子的家具摆设需要用钱才能添置起来。

And, ye gods! what a difference there was between Sackville's dreary French banquets in Pimlico, and the jolly dinners at the Oval! No more legs-of-mutton, no more of 'the best port-wine in England;' but ENTREES on plate, and dismal twopenny champagne, and waiters in gloves, and the Club bucks for company—among whom Mrs. Chuff was uneasy and Mrs. Sackville quite silent.

哦，天啊！萨克维尔在皮姆利科举办的沉闷的法式宴会和以前在欧瓦尔的那些快乐的晚餐多么不同啊！这里再也没有羊腿，再也没有“英国最好的波尔图葡萄酒”了，有的只是装在盘子里的菜肴、令人郁闷的价值两便士的香槟、带着手套的服务生，以及聚在一起的俱乐部的花花公子——在这群人中，丘夫夫人心神不宁，萨克维尔夫人也十分沉默寡言。

Not that he dined at home often. The wretch had become a perfect epicure, and dined commonly at the Club with the gormandising clique there; with old Doctor Maw, Colonel Cramley (who is as lean as a greyhound and has jaws like a jack), and the rest of them. Here you might see the wretch tippling Sillery champagne and gorging himself with French viands; and I often looked with sorrow from my table, (on which cold meat, the Club small-beer, and a half-pint of Marsala form the modest banquet,) and sighed to think it was my work.

他倒并不是常常在家里用餐。这个可怜虫已经变成了一个十足的美食家，一般都在俱乐部里同喜欢大吃大喝的那伙人一起吃饭，例如马莫博士、卡姆利上校（他瘦得就像一只灰狗，下巴像烤肉叉）以及其他一些人。你可能会在这儿看见这个可怜虫猛喝着西勒里香槟，狼吞虎咽地吃着法国食物。我经常满怀悲伤地从自己的餐桌旁看过去——餐桌上的冷肉、俱乐部淡啤酒、半品脱马沙拉白葡萄酒构成了这个最朴素的宴会——唉声叹气，觉得是我一手造成了这一切。

And there were other beings present to my repentant thoughts. Where's his wife, thought I? Where's poor, good, kind little Laura? At this very moment—it's about the nursery bed-time, and while yonder good-for-nothing is swilling his wine—the little ones are at Laura's knees lisping their prayers: and she is teaching them to say—'Pray God bless Papa.'

我暗自忏悔，脑海中还出现了其他人。我想，他的妻子在哪儿呢？那个友好、善良、可怜的小劳拉在哪里？此时此刻——大约是孩子就寝的时间，那边那个没用的人还在喝着酒——小家伙们正在劳拉的膝边口

齿不清地祷告，她在教孩子们说“请上帝保佑爸爸”。

When she has put them to bed, her day's occupation is gone; and she is utterly lonely all night, and sad, and waiting for him.

她把他们哄去睡觉之后，这一天的工作就完成了。而这一整个晚上，她都要在万般的寂寞与伤心中度过，等待着他。

Oh, for shame! Oh, for shame! Go home, thou idle tippler.

噢，太丢脸了！噢，太丢脸了！回家去吧，你这个无所事事的酒鬼。

How Sackville lost his health: how he lost his business; how he got into scrapes; how he got into debt; how he became a railroad director; how the Pimlico house was shut up; how he went to Boulogne,—all this I could tell, only I am too much ashamed of my part of the transaction. They returned to England, because, to the surprise of everybody, Mrs. Chuff came down with a great sum of money (which nobody knew she had saved), and paid his liabilities. He is in England; but at Kennington. His name is taken off the books of the 'Sarcophagus' long ago. When we meet, he crosses over to the other side of the street; I don't call, as I should be sorry to see a look of reproach or sadness in Laura's sweet face.

萨克维尔是怎样失去健康，怎样丢掉生意，怎样陷入绝境，怎样负债累累，怎样成为一名铁路理事，他在皮姆利科的房子是怎样被关闭，以及他是怎样去了布洛涅的——这所有的一切我都可以告诉大家，只是我为自己在当中起到的作用感到太羞愧了。让大家吃惊的是，他们之所以回到了英国，是因为丘夫夫人带来了一大笔钱（没有人知道她存了这笔钱），付清了他的债务。他现在在英国，只不过是在肯宁顿。他的名字早已从“石棺俱乐部“的册子里删掉了。我们碰面时，他正要到街道的另一边去。我没有叫他，因为我要是看见劳拉那张甜美的脸上露出责备或是悲伤的表情，会非常难过的。

Not, however, all evil, as I am proud to think, has been the influence of the Snob of England upon Clubs in general:—Captain Shindy is afraid to bully the waiters any more, and eats his mutton-chop without moving Acheron. Gobemouche does not take more than two papers at a time for his private reading. Tiggs does not ring the bell and cause the library-waiter to walk about a quarter of a mile in order to give him Vol.II, which lies on the next table. II., which lies on the next table. Growler has ceased to walk from table to table in the coffee-room, and inspect what people are having for dinner. Trotty Veck takes his own umbrella from the hall—the cotton one; and Sydney Scraper's paletot lined with silk has been brought back by Jobbins, who entirely mistook it for his own. Wiggle has discontinued telling stories about the ladies he has killed. Snooks does not any more

think it gentlemanlike to blackball attorneys. Snuffler no longer publicly spreads out his great red cotton pocket-handkerchief before the fire, for the admiration of two hundred gentlemen; and if one Club Snob has been brought back to the paths of rectitude, and if one poor John has been spared a journey or a scolding—say, friends and brethren if these sketches of Club Snobs have been in vain?

但是，我可以自豪地认为，从总体上说，并不是所有的邪恶都是由英国势利者对俱乐部的影响引起的——森迪上尉再也不敢欺负服务生，他吃羊排时也不会惊动冥河了。哥贝莫切不会一次拿两份以上报纸一个人读了。蒂格斯不会按响铃铛，让图书室的侍者走上四分之一英里给他拿放在旁边桌子上的第二卷了。格罗勒已经不再在咖啡室里的桌子间走来走去，去查看人们晚餐吃什么。特罗蒂·维克把自己的伞从大厅带走了——棉质的那一把；而悉尼·斯克拉帕那件被乔宾斯错拿的丝绸衬里外套，乔宾斯已经带回来了。威格尔不再继续讲述被他迷住的那些女人的故事了。斯罗克士不再觉得投律师的反对票是有绅士风度的行为。斯纳弗勒再也不会为了赢得两百位绅士的仰慕，就当众在炉火前展开他那张红色的棉质大手帕。要是某一个俱乐部势利者已经回归正途，要是某一个可怜的约翰不用再赶路或是受到责骂——看，朋友们，兄弟们，这些关于俱乐部势利者的文章都白写了吗？

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS ON SNOBS

对势利者的最终言论

How it is that we have come to No.45 of this present series of papers, my dear friends and brother Snobs, I hardly know—but for a whole mortal year have we been together, prattling, and abusing the human race; and were we to live for a hundred years more, I believe there is plenty of subject for conversation in the enormous theme of Snobs.

我亲爱的朋友们、势利者兄弟们，我不知道我们是怎样写到这一系列文章的第四十五章的——但是在这漫长的整整一年里，我们都在一起唠叨、谩骂人类。要是我们能够再活一百年，那么我相信在势利者这个庞大的主题上，我们还有很多可以谈论的话题。

The national mind is awakened to the subject.

国民们被唤醒到这个话题上来。

Letters pour in every day, conveying marks of sympathy; directing the attention of the Snob of England to races of Snobs yet undescribed. 'Where are your Theatrical Snobs; your Commercial Snobs; your Medical and Chirurgical Snobs; your Official Snobs; your Legal Snobs; your Artistical Snobs; your Musical Snobs; your Sporting Snobs?' write my esteemed correspondents. 'Surely you are not going to miss the Cambridge Chancellor election, and omit showing up your Don Snobs, who are coming, cap in hand, to a young Prince of six-and-twenty,

and to implore him to be the chief of their renowned University?' writes a friend who seals with the signet of the Cam and Isis Club. 'Pray, pray,' cries another, 'now the Operas are opening, give us a lecture about Omnibus Snobs.' Indeed, I should like to write a chapter about the Snobbish Dons very much, and another about the Snobbish Dandies. Of my dear Theatrical Snobs I think with a pang; and I can hardly break away from some Snobbish artists, with whom I have long, long intended to have a palaver.

每天我都会收到潮水般涌进来的信件，表达着同情之意。他们把我这个英国势利者的注意力转移到还未描述的其他类别的势利者身上去。“你那些戏剧势利者、商业势利者、内科和外科势利者、官员势利者、法律势利者、音乐势利者和体育势利者呢？”我可敬的通信者写道。“你一定不会错过剑桥大学的校长选举吧，不会不去揭露你的那些教师势利者吧，那些人把帽子拿在手上，向二十六岁的年轻王子走去，目的是想要恳求他当这所知名学府的领袖？”一个朋友这样写道，他的来信上面盖了“卡姆 - 伊斯士俱乐部”的图章。“请求你，请求你，”另一位朋友叫道，“现在歌剧就要开演了，给我们讲讲公共马车上的势利者吧。”确实，我非常愿意写一章谈谈教师势利者，另外写一章谈谈势利的花花公子。一想起我那些亲爱的戏剧势利者，我就头痛不已。我也不能不说说有些势利的艺术家们，我很久很久以前就想跟他们谈谈了。

But what's the use of delaying? When these were done there would be fresh Snobs to pourtray. The labour is endless. No single man could complete it. Here are but fifty-two bricks—and a pyramid to build. It is best to stop. As Jones always quits the room as soon as he has said his good thing,—as Cincinnatus and General Washington both retired into private life in the height of their popularity,—as Prince Albert, when he laid the first stone of the Exchange, left the bricklayers to complete that edifice and went home to his royal dinner,—as the poet Bunn comes forward at the end of the season, and with feelings too tumultuous to describe, blesses his KYIND friends over the footlights: so, friends, in the flush of conquest and the splendour of victory, amid the shouts and the plaudits of a people—triumphant yet modest—the Snob of England bids ye farewell.

但为什么迟迟未做呢？一旦做了这些，就会有新的势利者需要去描绘了。这项工作永远没有尽头。没有哪一个人能够完成这项工作。这里只有五十二块砖——但是我们需要建造一座金字塔。最好还是停止这项工作。就像琼斯一说完自己美好的事便总是离开房间——就像辛辛纳特斯和华盛顿将军在名望顶峰时便隐退——就像艾伯特王子砌下交易所的第一块砖之后，便让砌砖工们去完成那座大厦，而自己则回到自己的皇室家庭用餐去了——就像诗人邦恩在这个季度末带着难以描述的激动感情站了出来，在脚灯前祝福他好心的朋友们。因此，朋友们，在征服的荣耀与胜利的绚烂下，在人们的呐喊与喝彩声中，我这个获得了胜利且谦卑的英国势利者要跟你们说再见了。

But only for a season. Not for ever. No, no. There is one celebrated author whom I admire very much—who has been taking leave of the public any time these ten years in his prefaces, and always comes back again when everybody is glad to see him. How can he have the heart to be saying good-bye so often? I believe that Bunn is affected when he blesses the people. Parting is always painful. Even the familiar bore is dear to you. I should be sorry to shake hands even with Jawkins for the last time. I think a well-constituted convict, on coming home from transportation, ought to be rather sad when he takes leave of Van Diemen's Land. When the curtain goes down on the last night of a pantomime, poor old clown must be very dismal, depend on it. Ha! with what joy he rushes forward on the evening of the 26th of December next, and says—'How are you?—Here we are!' But I am growing too sentimental:—to return to the theme.

但我仅仅会离开一个季度。而不是永远地离开。不是的，不是的。有一个我很仰慕的名作家——这十年来，他在自己的序言中随时都在向公众告别，但总是在大家乐于见到他时又回来了。他怎么能忍心如此频繁地说再见呢？我相信，邦恩祝福人们时，一定是被感动了。离别总是令人悲痛。对你来说，即使是最熟悉的讨厌之人，也会是可贵的。我最后一次同贾肯斯握手都会感到遗憾。我认为，一个被安置得很好的罪犯流放结束，要离开范迪门地区回家时，也会非常悲伤。昨晚的一出哑剧要落下帷幕时，毫无疑问，可怜的、年老的小丑也一定非常郁闷。呵！在接下来的十二月二十六日那天晚上，他该会怀着怎样的喜悦冲上前去，说："大家好吗？我们来了！"但是我变得太感性了，还是回到我们的主题上来吧。

THE NATIONAL MIND IS AWAKENED TO THE SUBJECT OF SNOBS. The word Snob has taken a place in our honest English vocabulary. We can't define it, perhaps. We can't say what it is, any more than we can define wit, or humour, or humbug; but we KNOW what it is. Some weeks since, happening to have the felicity to sit next to a young lady at a hospitable table, where poor old Jawkins was holding forth in a very absurd pompous manner, I wrote upon the spotless damask 'S—B,' and called my neighbour's attention to the little remark.

国民被唤醒到了势利者这个话题上来。"势利者"一词已经在我们诚实的英语词汇中占据了一席之地。也许我们无法定义它。就像我们无法定义"智慧"、"幽默"、或是"汉堡"一样，我们说不出势力者到底是什么，但是我们知道它是什么。几周前，有热情好客的人请吃饭，碰巧我有幸坐到了一位年轻女士的旁边。可怜的老贾肯斯正在那儿荒谬自负地发表言论，我便在一个一尘不染的缎子上写下"S—B"，并且让邻座的女士注意到这个小小的评论。

That young lady smiled. She knew it at once. Her mind straightway filled up the two letters concealed by apostrophic reserve,

and I read in her assenting eyes that she knew Jawkins was a Snob. You seldom get them to make use of the word as yet, it is true; but it is inconceivable how pretty an expression their little smiling mouths assume when they speak it out. If any young lady doubts, just let her go up to her own room, look at herself steadily in the glass, and say 'Snob.' If she tries this simple experiment, my life for it, she will smile, and own that the word becomes her mouth amazingly. A pretty little round word, all composed of soft letters, with a hiss at the beginning, just to make it piquant, as it were.

那位年轻的女士微笑起来。她立刻就明白了它的含义。她直接就想到了破折号掩饰起来的中间那两个字母。我从她赞同的目光中看出，她也知道贾肯斯是个势利者。的确，你至今很少能让她们使用这个词。但是，一旦她们说出口的时候，那带着微笑的小嘴展现出的可爱表情是让人难以相信的。要是哪个年轻的女士对此表示怀疑，那就让她走到自己的房间，镇定地看看镜子中的自己，然后说声“势利者”。假如她尝试这个简单的实验，我敢用自己的生命打赌，她会微笑的，她会承认那个词与自己的嘴惊人地相称。这是一个可爱圆润的小词，全部由浊音字母组成，开头的时候还有嘶嘶的音，就好像只是为了让它听起来更为有趣。

Jawkins, meanwhile, went on blundering, and bragging and boring, quite unconsciously. And so he will, no doubt, go on roaring and braying, to the end of time or at least so long as people will hear him. You cannot alter the nature of men and Snobs by any force of satire; as, by laying ever so many stripes on a donkey's back, you can't turn him into a zebra.

同时，贾肯斯还在继续愚蠢地说着话，不断地吹牛，十分无聊，但是他竟然完全没有意识到。毫无疑问，他会继续咆哮，粗声粗气地说话，直到时间结束，或是至少直到没有人在听他说话。你不能通过讽刺的力量来改变男人和势利者的本性，就好像不管你在一只驴背上画多少条纹，你也不能使它变成斑马。

But we can warn the neighbourhood that the person whom they and Jawkins admire is an impostor. We apply the Snob test to him, and try whether he is conceited and a quack, whether pompous and lacking humility—whether uncharitable and proud of his narrow soul? How does he treat a great man—how regard a small one? How does he comport himself in the presence of His Grace the Duke; and how in that of Smith the tradesman?

但是，我们可以提醒身边的人，让他们知道自己和贾肯斯崇拜的人是一个骗子。我们对他进行势利者测试，试试看他是不是一个自以为是的骗子，是不是一个自高自大、毫不谦虚的人——看看他是不是没有同情心，并且以自己狭小的灵魂为荣？他怎样对待一位大人物——又怎样看待一个小人物？他在公爵大人面前怎样表现自己，而在商人史密斯面前又是什么样的呢？

And it seems to me that all English society is cursed by this mammoniacal superstition; and that we are sneaking and bowing and cringing on the one hand, or bullying and scorning on the other, from the lowest to the highest. My wife speaks with great circumspection —'proper pride,' she calls it—to our neighbour the tradesman's lady: and she, I mean Mrs. Snob,—Eliza—would give one of her eyes to go to Court, as her cousin, the Captain's wife, did. She, again, is a good soul, but it costs her agonies to be obliged to confess that we live in Upper Thompson Street, Somers Town. And though I believe in her heart Mrs. Whiskerington is fonder of us than of her cousins, the Smigsmags, you should hear how she goes on prattling about Lady Smigsmag,—and 'I said to Sir John, my dear John;' and about the Smigsmags' house and parties in Hyde Park Terrace.

在我看来，整个英国社会似乎都受到了这种拜金主义迷信的诅咒。而从社会的最底层到社会的最高层的人，都是一方面鬼鬼祟祟、点头哈腰、阿谀奉承；另一方面又欺凌别人，蔑视别人。我的妻子非常慎重地——她称其为“适当的骄傲”——跟我们的邻居，即商人的太太讲话。她——我指的是势利者夫人伊丽莎——会像那个上尉的妻子，即她的表妹那样，把部分注意力放在宫廷上。她又是一个好人，但是要强迫她承认我们住在萨默斯镇汤普森上层街道的话，会让她非常痛苦。虽然我相信打心里惠斯可林唐夫人更喜欢我们而不是她的表妹什米格斯马格一家，你会听到她怎样不停地唠叨着什米格斯马格夫人的事——“我向约翰爵士说过，我亲爱的约翰”，还有关于什米格斯马格一家在海德公园街的房子和聚会的唠叨。

Lady Smigsmag, when she meets Eliza,—who is a sort of a kind of a species of a connection of the family, pokes out one finger, which my wife is at liberty to embrace in the most cordial manner she can devise. But oh, you should see her ladyship's behaviour on her first-chop dinner-party days, when Lord and Lady Longears come!

什米格斯马格夫人遇到伊丽莎——这个与他们家有着这样或那样关系的人时，她伸出一个手指，我妻子用她能想到的最热情友好的方式自由地拥抱它。但是，噢，当朗格斯勋爵和夫人过来时，你应该看看那位尊贵的夫人在她的一流晚宴的日子里的表现！

I can bear it no longer—this diabolical invention of gentility which kills natural kindliness and honest friendship. Proper pride, indeed! Rank and precedence, forsooth! The table of ranks and degrees is a lie, and should be flung into the fire. Organize rank and precedence! that was well for the masters of ceremonies of former ages. Come forward, some great marshal, and organize Equality in society, and your rod shall swallow up all the juggling old court goldsticks. If this is not gospel-truth—if the world does not tend to this —if hereditary-great-man worship is not a humbug and an idolatry— let us have the Stuarts back again, and crop the Free Press's ears in the

pillory.

我再也忍受不了了——这种恶魔般的假斯文扼杀了自然的善良与真诚的友谊。适当的骄傲，确实！等级与地位，确实！那个等级与地位的表格就是一个谎言，我们应该把它扔到火里去。协调等级与地位！这对于旧时代举办各种仪式的主人们来说非常不错。某位了不起的司仪，站出来吧，在社会中协调平等。你的权杖将会吞噬掉旧日宫廷里所有那些骗人的金杖。如果这不是绝对的真理——如果这个世界也不想这样——如果对世袭伟人的崇拜不是欺骗和盲目——那就让斯图亚特王室回来吧，在颈手枷中剪去“出版自由”的耳朵。

If ever our cousins, the Smigsmags, asked me to meet Lord Longears, I would like to take an opportunity after dinner and say, in the most good-natured way in the world:—Sir, Fortune makes you a present of a number of thousand pounds every year. The ineffable wisdom of our ancestors has placed you as a chief and hereditary legislator over me. Our admirable Constitution (the pride of Britons and envy of surrounding nations) obliges me to receive you as my senator, superior, and guardian. Your eldest son, Fitz-Heehaw, is sure of a place in Parliament; your younger sons, the De Brays, will kindly condescend to be post-captains and lieutenants-colonels, and to represent us in foreign courts or to take a good living when it falls convenient. These prizes our admirable Constitution (the pride and envy of, &c.) pronounces to be your due: without count of your dulness, your vices, your selfishness; or your entire incapacity and folly. Dull as you may be (and we have as good a right to assume that my lord is an ass, as the other proposition, that he is an enlightened patriot);—dull, I say, as you may be, no one will accuse you of such monstrous folly, as to suppose that you are indifferent to the good luck which you possess, or have any inclination to part with it.’ No—and patriots as we are, under happier circumstances, Smith and I, I have no doubt, were we dukes ourselves, would stand by our order.

要是什米格斯马格家里我们的表姐妹邀请我去见朗格斯勋爵，我会在晚饭后找个机会，用世界上最温和的口吻说：“先生，命运给了你一份礼物，使得你每年有好几千英镑的收入。我们祖先这种妙不可言的智慧已经使你成了我的上司和世袭的立法者。我们那令人钦佩的宪法（英国人的骄傲，邻国都很羡慕）使我不得不接受你成为我的议员、我的上级以及我的保护人。你的长子菲茨 - 赫瓦肯定会在议会中谋得职位，你的两个小儿子德布雷们将会很友善地屈尊成为上校舰长和陆军中校，在外国宫廷里代表我们，或是在方便的时候过上很好的生活。我们那部令人钦佩的宪法（谁谁谁的骄傲，谁谁谁又羡慕，等等）宣布这些奖励应该是你们的，根本不去考虑你们的愚钝、你们的邪恶以及你们的自私，或是你们多么地无能和愚蠢。虽然你们可能很愚钝（我们完全有权认为大人是头笨驴，而另一种可能，他也会是一个开明的爱国者），我说，尽管你们可能是愚钝的，没有谁会指责你们可怕的愚蠢，以为你们漠视所

拥有的好运，或是有想要离弃它的倾向。不——我们也是爱国者，在更好的状况下，要是史密斯和我都是公爵，毫无疑问，我们定会支持我们的阶层。

We would submit good-naturedly to sit in a high place. We would acquiesce in that admirable Constitution (pride and envy of, &c.) which made us chiefs and the world our inferiors; we would not cavil particularly at that notion of hereditary superiority which brought many simple people cringing to our knees. May be we would rally round the Corn-Laws; we would make a stand against the Reform Bill; we would die rather than repeal the Acts Against Catholics and Dissenters; we would, by our noble system of class-legislation, bring Ireland to its present admirable condition.

我们会温顺地坐在自己的高位上。我们会默许那令人钦佩的宪法（谁谁谁的骄傲以及谁谁谁又羡慕，等等），它令我们成为上级，而全世界都是我们的下属。我们不会特意去挑剔世袭的优越性那个概念，它会让很多普通人在我们的膝边卑躬屈膝。我们可能会支持《谷物法》；我们会反对《选举法修正案》；我们宁死也不会废除《反对天主教徒与异教徒法案》；我们会依靠我们崇高的等级立法制，把爱尔兰带入目前这样极妙的境况中。

But Smith and I are not Earls as yet. We don't believe that it is for the interest of Smith's army that De Bray should be a Colonel at five-and-twenty, of Smith's diplomatic relations that Lord Longears should go Ambassador to Constantinople,—of our politics, that Longears should put his hereditary foot into them.

但是史密斯和我还不是伯爵。我们不相信，为了史密斯所在军队的利益，德布雷就应该在二十五岁时当上上校；为了史密斯的外交关系，朗格斯勋爵就应该到君士坦丁堡去做大使；为了我们的政治，朗格斯就应该以世袭的方式涉足这个领域。

This bowing and cringing Smith believes to be the act of Snobs; and he will do all in his might and main to be a Snob and to submit to Snobs no longer. To Longears he says, 'We can't help seeing, Longears, that we are as good as you. We can spell even better; can think quite as rightly; we will not have you for our master, or black your shoes any more. Your footmen do it, but they are paid; and the fellow who comes to get a list of the company when you give a banquet or a dancing breakfast at Longueoreille House, gets money from the newspapers for performing that service. But for us, thank you for nothing, Longears my boy, and we don't wish to pay you any more than we owe. We will take off our hats to Wellington because he is Wellington; but to you—who are you?’

史密斯把这种点头哈腰、阿谀奉承的行为看作是势利者的行为，他会竭尽所能，不再去做一个势利者，不再屈从于势利者。他对朗格斯

说："朗格斯，我们并不比你差，我们不得不明白这一点。我们的拼写比你好，我们也能够正确地思考，我们不会让你做我们的主人，不会再为你擦鞋了。你的男仆们可以为你擦鞋，但是他们得到了酬金。你在朗格雷尔酒店举办宴会或是有舞蹈表演的早餐会时，有一个人过来拿客人的名单，他也因为从事那样的服务而从报社拿到了钱。但是我们呢，我亲爱的朋友朗格斯，我们没有什么要感谢你的，我们既不想对你有所亏欠，也不想偿还你什么。我们将向韦林顿脱帽致意，因为他是韦林顿，但是你呢——你是什么人？"

I am sick of *COURT CIRCULARS*. I loathe HAUT-TON intelligence. I believe such words as Fashionable, Exclusive, Aristocratic, and the like, to be wicked, unchristian epithets, that ought to be banished from honest vocabularies. A Court system that sends men of genius to the second table, I hold to be a Snobbish system. A society that sets up to be polite, and ignores Arts and Letters, I hold to be a Snobbish society. You, who despise your neighbour, are a Snob; you, who forget your own friends, meanly to follow after those of a higher degree, are a Snob; you, who are ashamed of your poverty, and blush for your calling, are a Snob; as are you who boast of your pedigree, or are proud of your wealth.

我很讨厌《宫廷公报》。我厌恶那种带有上流社会格调的消息。我觉得像"时髦、专有、贵族"以及类似的词都是邪恶、野蛮的表述词语，应该把它们从纯正的词汇里消除。一种让有天赋的人成为二等公民的宫廷制度，我觉得是一种势利制度。一个提倡文雅却忽视文学与艺术的社会，我觉得是一个势利的社会。你要是看不起你的邻居，你就是一个势利者；你要是忘记了你自己的朋友，却卑鄙地追随着那些地位更高的人，你就是一个势利者；你要是为自己的贫穷感到可耻，为自己的职业感到脸红，你就是一个势利者；要是你吹嘘自己的出身，或是为自己的财富感到骄傲的话，你也是一个势利者。

To laugh at such is MR.PUNCH'S business.

嘲笑这样的人是笨拙先生的职责。

May he laugh honestly, hit no foul blow, and tell the truth when at his very broadest grin—never forgetting that if Fun is good, Truth is still better, and Love best of all.

愿他笑得真诚，没有造成不公正的抨击，愿他在笑得最畅快时，讲的都是事实——绝不要忘记，如果乐趣不错，事实就更好，爱心则最佳。

George Gissing
(英)乔治·吉辛/著
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外语教学与研究出版社

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乔治·吉辛（英） 著
外研社编译组 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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Preface

序

The name of Henry Ryecroft never became familiar to what is called the reading public. A year ago obituary paragraphs in the literary papers gave such account of him as was thought needful: the date and place of his birth, the names of certain books he had written, an allusion to his work in the periodicals, the manner of his death. At the time it sufficed. Even those few who knew the man, and in a measure understood him, must have felt that his name called for no further celebration; like other mortals, he had lived and laboured; like other mortals, he had entered into his rest. To me, however, fell the duty of examining Ryecroft's papers; and having, in the exercise of my discretion, decided to print this little volume, I feel that it requires a word or two of biographical complement, just so much personal detail as may point the significance of the self-revelation here made.

亨利·赖克罗夫特（HenryRyecroft）的名字不曾为所谓的读者大众熟知。一年前，文学报纸上登出一则讣告，对他的生平做了简要回顾，包括他的出生日期和地点，几部作品的书名，期刊中提及他作品的话，以及他死亡的情形。这在当时已经够了。即使是不多的几个认识并多少了解他的人，一定也觉得他的声名不需更多溢美之词；他和普通人一样，生活过，辛苦过；和普通人一样，他已经长眠地下。然而，整理赖克罗夫特遗稿的责任落在了我身上。在决定将这本小书付梓之时，为慎重起见，我觉得有必要补充一两句介绍作者的话，希望这些私人细节有助于彰显书中心灵独白的意义。

When first I knew him, Ryecroft had reached his fortieth year; for twenty years he had lived by the pen. He was a struggling man, beset by poverty and other circumstances very unpropitious to mental work. Many forms of literature had he tried; in none had he been conspicuously successful; yet now and then he had managed to earn a little more money than his actual needs demanded, and thus was enabled to see something of foreign countries. Naturally a man of independent and rather scornful outlook, he had suffered much from defeated ambition, from disillusions of many kinds, from subjection to grim necessity; the result of it, at the time of which I am speaking, was certainly not a broken spirit, but a mind and temper so sternly disciplined that in ordinary intercourse with him one did not know but that he led a calm, contented life. Only after several years of friendship was I able to form a just idea of what the man had gone through, or of his actual existence. Little by little Ryecroft had subdued himself to a modestly industrious routine. He did a great deal

of mere hack-work; he reviewed, he translated, he wrote articles; at long intervals a volume appeared under his name. There were times, I have no doubt, when bitterness took hold upon him; not seldom he suffered in health, and probably as much from moral as from physical overstrain; but, on the whole, he earned his living very much as other men do, taking the day's toil as a matter of course and rarely grumbling over it.

初识赖克罗夫特时，他四十岁。其时，他卖文谋生已二十年。他生活艰难，常身陷贫困和与脑力工作很不适宜的恶劣境遇中。他尝试过许多文学形式的创作，但都没取得瞩目的成就；不过，他有时也能挣些裹腹蔽体之外的钱，可以到国外游历一番。这个生来崇尚独立、自视甚高的人吃足了苦头，他雄心受挫，幻想破灭，不得不向严酷的现实低头；然而—在我所说的那些日子—他并没有变得意志消沉，反而练就了一副严格自律的心志和性情，在日常交往中，我只知道他私下里过着平静满足的生活。和他相交几年后，我才对他的遭遇或实际的生活状态有了确切的了解。逐渐地，他养成了比较勤奋的工作习惯。他的作品很多都只是为卖文而作；他写评论，翻译，创作；隔很久，会出版一本署有他名字的书。他有些时候会痛苦愤懑，这一点我毫不怀疑；他还经常生病，比起操劳过度可能更多的是精神上遭受的折磨。但总体上说，他和常人一样谋生，将终日的辛苦劳累视为理所当然，很少为此抱怨。

Time went on; things happened; but Ryecroft was still laborious and poor. In moments of depression he spoke of his declining energies, and evidently suffered under a haunting fear of the future. The thought of dependence had always been intolerable to him; perhaps the only boast I at any time heard from his lips was that he had never incurred debt. It was a bitter thought that after so long and hard a struggle with unkindly circumstance he might end his life as one of the defeated.

时光流逝，世事变迁；而赖克罗夫特依然辛苦并贫穷着。心情抑郁时，他会谈起自己的精气神一日不如一日，心头显然萦绕着对未来的恐惧。依赖别人的想法一直是他不能容忍的；也许至今我从他嘴里听过的唯一自诩就是他不曾欠过债。他在困境中艰难挣扎了这么久，生命走到尽头也许只是一个失败者，这种想法让他郁闷。

A happier lot was in store for him. At the age of fifty, just when his health had begun to fall and his energies to show abatement, Ryecroft had the rare good fortune to find himself suddenly released from toil and to enter upon a period of such tranquility of mind and condition as he had never dared to hope. On the death of an acquaintance, more his friend than he imagined, the wayworn man of letters learned with astonishment that there was bequeathed to him a life annuity of three hundred pounds. Having only himself to support (he had been a widower for several years, and his daughter, an only child, was married), Ryecroft saw in this income something more than

a competency. In a few weeks he quitted the London suburb where of late he had been living, and turning to the part of England which he loved best, he presently established himself in a cottage near Exeter, where, with a rustic housekeeper to look after him, he was soon thoroughly at home. Now and then some friend went down into Devon to see him; those who had that pleasure will not forget the plain little house amid its half-wild garden, the cosy book-room with its fine view across the valley of the Exe to Haldon, the host's cordial, gleeful hospitality, rambles with him in lanes and meadows, long talks amid the stillness of the rural night. We hoped it would all last for many a year; it seemed, indeed, as though Ryecroft had only need of rest and calm to become a hale man. But already, though he did not know it, he was suffering from a disease of the heart, which cut short his life after little more than a lustrum of quiet contentment. It had always been his wish to die suddenly; he dreaded the thought of illness, chiefly because of the trouble it gave to others. On a summer evening, after a long walk in very hot weather, he lay down upon the sofa in his study, and there—as his calm face declared—passed from slumber into the great silence.

他终于等来了命运的眷顾。50岁时，他的健康状况开始走下坡路，精力也在衰减，此时他却突然交了好运，不必再受劳碌之苦，而过上了一段宁静恬淡、衣食无忧的生活，这在之前他是做梦都不敢想的。一个相识去世时，遗赠给他每年300镑的终身年金，让这位潦倒的文人吃惊不已，这位相识比他想象中更够朋友。由于他孑然一身（他鳏居多年，膝下唯有一女，已嫁为人妇），他认为这笔钱足以让他过上舒适的生活，还绰绰有余。几周后，他离开了当时居住的伦敦郊区，来到他在英格兰最爱的一处地方，很快便在埃克塞特市附近找到一处房舍，雇了一个乡下管家照顾自己，不久就完全适应了那里的生活。不时会有朋友到德文郡去探望他；有幸去过的人不会忘记那所掩映在花园蔓生荒草下的朴素房舍，那间将埃克斯河谷到哈尔登山的美景尽收眼底的舒适书房，主人热情殷勤的招待，一同在小径和草地上的漫步，和乡间静谧夜晚下的长谈。我们希望这种生活可以继续很多年，当时赖克罗夫特确实看来只需休息和平静就能保持健康。然而，他不知道自己已罹患心脏病，在享受了五年多安足的生活后，便与世长辞了。他一直希望能突然死去，他惧怕疾病的主要原因是怕给别人添麻烦。一个夏天的傍晚，在炎热天气下长时间散步后，他躺在书房的沙发上，面容安详，在睡梦中陷入了永远的沉默。

When he left London, Ryecroft bade farewell to authorship. He told me that he hoped never to write another line for publication. But, among the papers which I looked through after his death, I came upon three manuscript books which at first glance seemed to be a diary; a date on the opening page of one of them showed that it had been begun not very long after the writer's settling in Devon. When I had

read a little in these pages, I saw that they were no mere record of day-today life; evidently finding himself unable to forego altogether the use of the pen, the veteran had set down, as humour bade him, a thought, a reminiscence, a bit of reverie, a description of his state of mind, and so on, dating such passage merely with the month in which it was written. Sitting in the room where I had often been his companion, I turned page after page, and at moments it was as though my friend's voice sounded to me once more. I saw his worn visage, grave or smiling; recalled his familiar pose or gesture. But in this written gossip he revealed himself more intimately than in our conversation of the days gone by. Ryecroft had never erred by lack of reticence; as was natural in a sensitive man who had suffered much, he inclined to gentle acquiescence, shrank from argument, from self-assertion. Here he spoke to me without restraint, and when I had read it all through, I knew the man better than before.

离开伦敦后，他便告别了写作生涯。他曾跟我说过，不愿再写一行字来发表了。但是，他去世后，我在他的遗稿中发现了三本手稿，初看以为是日记。一本手稿扉页上的日期显示这是作者在德文郡定居不久后开始写的。我读了几页，发现它并不单是对日常生活的记录。显然这个老家伙不能彻底舍弃笔杆子，便随兴所至地记录下自己的随想、回忆、一点思考，还有对自己心态的描述，这些段落只是按照写作的月份来标记。坐在这间我经常陪伴他的屋子里，我一页一页地翻看这些手稿，有时似乎听见他的声音再次响在耳畔。我看见他憔悴的面孔，有时严肃，有时微笑，我忆起他那熟悉的姿态或手势。然而，他在这本闲谈式的书中，比在往日谈话间，显露出一个更为真实的自己。赖克罗夫特不曾犯过饶舌的错误；他通常会随和地默认别人的意见，不好辩论，不事张扬。对于一个备受煎熬的敏感的人来说，这是很自然的。而在这本日记里，他对我毫无保留。在读完整本书后，我对他比以前有了更深的了解。

Assuredly this writing was not intended for the public, and yet in many a passage I seemed to perceive the literary purpose—something more than the turn of phrase, and so on, which results from long habit of composition. Certain of his reminiscences, in particular, Ryecroft could hardly have troubled to write down had he not, however vaguely, entertained the thought of putting them to some use. I suspect that in his happy leisure there grew upon him a desire to write one more book, a book which should be written merely for his own satisfaction. Plainly, it would have been the best he had it in him to do. But he seems never to have attempted the arrangement of these fragmentary pieces, and probably because he could not decide upon the form they should take. I imagine him shrinking from the thought of a first-person volume; he would feel it too pretentious; he would bid himself wait for the day of riper wisdom. And so the pen fell from

his hand.

这本书确实并不是为了读者而创作的。然而，在许多段落间—不只是措词等的改变—我好像感觉到一种文学目的，这是长久以来养成的创作习惯所致。尤其是一些回忆的文字，如果他没有隐隐约约地想过出版它们，就根本不会费心记下。我揣测，在他愉快的休闲时刻，内心可能酝酿着再写一本书的愿望，这本书只为自娱自乐而写。显然，如果他真有此想法，那最好不过了。但是他似乎从没尝试整理这些零碎的片段，很可能是因为还没决定采用什么形式。我猜想他一定不愿使用第一人称，那会感觉太自命不凡；他想等到智慧更成熟的那一天。就这样，笔杆从他指间永远地滑落了。

Conjecturing thus, I wondered whether the irregular diary might not have wider interest than at first appeared. To me its personal appeal was very strong; might it not be possible to cull from it the substance of a small volume which at least for its sincerity's sake would not be without value for those who read, not with the eye alone, but with the mind? I turned the pages again. Here was a man who, having his desire, and that a very modest one, not only felt satisfied, but enjoyed great happiness. He talked of many different things, saying exactly what he thought; he spoke of himself, and told the truth as far as mortal can tell it. It seemed to me that the thing had human interest. I decided to print.

在许多猜想之下，我也在思忖这本“不规范”的日记是否比初看上去有更大的意义。我对这本日记有很强烈的个人感情。如果从中选取一些段落汇集成小书，对那些不仅用眼睛，而且用心灵阅读的读者来说，应该会有一定价值，至少能受益于作者的诚挚。我再次翻开了这些书稿，这里面有一个人，他有欲望，但丝毫不过分；他不仅知足，而且过得非常快乐。他谈到许多事情，叙述着自己的确切感受；他谈到自己，用世间最诚实的笔触展示一个真实的自己。在我看来，这些文字有人性的光芒。因此，我决定将它公开出版。

The question of arrangement had to be considered; I did not like to offer a mere incondite miscellany. To supply each of the disconnected passages with a title, or even to group them under subject headings, would have interfered with the spontaneity which above all I wished to preserve. In reading through the matter I had selected, it struck me how often the aspects of nature were referred to, and how suitable many of the reflections were to the month with which they were dated. Ryecroft, I knew, had ever been much influenced by the mood of the sky and by the procession of the year. So I hit upon the thought of dividing the little book into four chapters, named after the seasons. Like all classifications, it is imperfect, but 'twill serve.

关于谋篇布局还需要考虑，我不愿向读者提供一锅东拼西凑的大杂

烩。如果给每个分散的段落加一个标题，或者以不同的标题将其分类，都会破坏文章情感的自然流露，而这种自然的感觉正是我希望保留的。在阅读我挑选的段落的过程中，我发现其中频繁提到了关于大自然的各方面，许多随想与标注的月份之间非常合拍。我知道，赖克罗夫特是一个心情易受天气和四季变化影响的人。所以，我突发灵感，将这本小书分成四章，分别以四季命名。如所有分类法一样，它并不完美，但还差强人意。

G.G

乔治·吉辛

Spring

春

I

1

For more than a week my pen has lain untouched. I have written nothing for seven whole days, not even a letter. Except during one or two bouts of illness, such a thing never happened in my life before. In my life; the life, that is, which had to be supported by anxious toil; the life which was not lived for living's sake, as all life should be, but under the goad of fear. The earning of money should be a means to an end; for more than thirty years—I began to support myself at sixteen—I had to regard it as the end itself.

已经一个多星期没提笔了。整整七天，我什么也没写，连封信都没有写。除了一两次发病时，这样的事从没在我的生活中发生过。我的生活，是怎样的生活啊，靠着焦虑的劳作才得以维持；我的生活不像本来应该的那样—为了生活本身，而总要受着恐惧的驱策。挣钱应该是达到目的的手段，而三十多年来—我十六岁开始自立—我却不得不将挣钱当作终极目标。

I could imagine that my old penholder feels reproachfully towards me. Has it not served me well? Why do I, in my happiness, let it lie there neglected, gathering dust? The same penholder that has lain against my forefinger day after day, for—how many years? Twenty, at least; I remember buying it at a shop in Tottenham Court Road. By the same token I bought that day a paper-weight, which cost me a whole shilling—an extravagance which made me tremble. The penholder shone with its new varnish, now it is plain brown wood from end to end. On my forefinger it has made a callosity.

我可以想象旧笔杆对我心怀怨气。它待我不够好吗？我怎么可以只顾自己享乐，把它冷落在角落里蒙尘。这个曾经日复一日倚在我食指上的笔杆陪伴我多久了？至少二十年了吧。记得我是在托特纳姆法院路上的一家商店买到它的。那天我还买了一个镇纸，花了一个先令，如此的奢侈让我自己都有些发抖。刚买的时候笔杆闪着清漆的亮光，现在它浑身上下只剩下朴素的棕黑木色了。我的食指上还留有它磨起的一层老茧。

Old companion, yet old enemy! How many a time have I taken it up, loathing the necessity, heavy in head and heart, my hand shaking, my eyes sick-dazzled! How I dreaded the white page I had to foul with

ink! Above all, on days such as this, when the blue eyes of Spring laughed from between rosy clouds, when the sunlight shimmered upon my table and made me long, long all but to madness, for the scent of the flowering earth, for the green of hillside larches, for the singing of the skylark above the downs. There was a time—it seems further away than childhood—when I took up my pen with eagerness; if my hand trembled it was with hope. But a hope that fooled me, for never a page of my writing deserved to live. I can say that now without bitterness. It was youthful error, and only the force of circumstance prolonged it. The world has done me no injustice; thank Heaven I have grown wise enough not to rail at it for this! And why should any man who writes, even if he writes things immortal, nurse anger at the world's neglect? Who asked him to publish? Who promised him a hearing? Who has broken faith with him? If my shoemaker turns me out an excellent pair of boots, and I, in some mood of cantankerous unreason, throw them back upon his hands, the man has just cause of complaint. But your poem, your novel, who bargained with you for it? If it is honest journeywork, yet lacks purchasers, at most you may call yourself a hapless tradesman. If it comes from on high, with what decency do you fret and fume because it is not paid for in heavy cash? For the work of man's mind there is one test, and one alone, the judgment of generations yet unborn. If you have written a great book, the world to come will know of it. But you don't care for posthumous glory. You want to enjoy fame in a comfortable armchair. Ah, that is quite another thing. Have the courage of your desire. Admit yourself a merchant, and protest to gods and men that the merchandise you offer is of better quality than much which sells for a high price. You may be right, and indeed it is hard upon you that Fashion does not turn to your stall.

老伙计，也是老对头！多少次我拿起它，那种写作的紧迫感令我憎恶，感觉心情沉重，头昏目眩，手不住地颤抖。我多么惧怕那张摆在面前等着我用墨水来玷污的白纸！尤其像今天这样的天气，春天的碧眼在玫瑰色的云朵间笑意盈盈，阳光在我的书桌上闪烁，我渴望大地上鲜花盛开的芬芳，山坡落叶松的翠绿，和高地上空歌唱的云雀，我心旌神荡，几欲癫狂。曾几何时，似乎是比童年更早的时候，我提起笔时，还存着一颗热切的心。如果我的手颤抖，那是因为心中充满了希望。但这希望愚弄了我，因为我写的东西没有一页值得留存世间。我现在这样说，心中毫无愤懑之感。它是年少轻狂的错误，而际遇所迫又让这错误延续下去。世界待我不可谓不厚，感谢老天，我现在已经足够睿智，不会为此问责世界。一个写作的人，即使是不朽作品的著者，又有什么理由因为世界的冷落而恼怒？谁要你出版了？谁向你允诺会有读者？谁又对你食言了？如果鞋匠给我做了一双不错的靴子，而我仅仅因为心情暴躁，无缘无故把靴子扔回他的手上，那他就有正当的理由抱怨。但你的诗，你的小说，谁和你讨价还价说要买下了？如果你的作品果然是认真

创作的成果，却没有买家问津，那你顶多算是个不走运的商贩。如果作品来自上天赐予的灵感，你又怎好因为没人出天价购买而恼怒发火呢？要知道，人类的智力成果有且只有一个检验标准，那就是未出生的后来人的评价。如果你确实创作了一部伟大的著作，将来世界会知道它。然而你对身后荣誉根本不感兴趣，你只想坐在舒服的沙发上享受现世名誉加身。哈，这就完全是另外一回事了。鼓起欲望带给你的勇气，承认自己是一名商人，向上帝和人们大声疾呼，你的货物比那些高价商品质量更好。你也许是对的，但如果潮流不照顾你的货摊，那你的日子可不会好过。

II

2

The exquisite quiet of this room! I have been sitting in utter idleness, watching the sky, viewing the shape of golden sunlight upon the carpet, which changes as the minutes pass, letting my eye wander from one framed print to another, and along the ranks of my beloved books. Within the house nothing stirs. In the garden I can hear singing of birds, I can hear the rustle of their wings. And thus, if it pleases me, I may sit all day long, and into the profounder quiet of the night.

多么恬静雅致的房间啊！我完全无所事事地坐着，仰望天空，看着金色阳光洒在地毯上，光影随时间的推移变化着，我的目光从墙上的一幅幅画作，游移到我钟爱的一排排书上。房间里没有一丝动静，我听见鸟儿在花园里唱歌，听到它们拍打翅膀的沙沙声。如果我乐意的话，我可以这样坐上一整天，一直坐到万籁俱寂，夜幕深沉。

My house is perfect. By great good fortune I have found a housekeeper no less to my mind, a low-voiced, light-footed woman of discreet age, strong and deft enough to render me all the service I require, and not afraid of solitude. She rises very early. By my breakfast-time there remains little to be done under the roof save dressing of meals. Very rarely do I hear even a clink of crockery; never the closing of a door or window. Oh, blessed silence!

我的房子真是完美。非常幸运的是，我还找到了很中意的管家—一位声音柔和、脚步很轻的中年女人。她健壮能干，服务周到，并且安于寂寞。她起床很早，除了准备各餐饭的调味品，早饭后她就没什么家务事了。我很少听见锅碗的叮当声，更是从没听到过门窗关闭的声音。哦，这宁静真令人愉快！

There is not the remotest possibility of any one's calling upon me, and that I should call upon any one else is a thing undreamt of. I owe a letter to a friend; perhaps I shall write it before bedtime; perhaps I shall leave it till to-morrow morning. A letter of friendship should never be written save when the spirit prompts. I have not yet looked

at the newspaper. Generally I leave it till I come back tired from my walk; it amuses me then to see what the noisy world is doing, what new self torments men have discovered, what new forms of vain toil, what new occasions of peril and of strife. I grudge to give the first freshness of the morning mind to things so sad and foolish.

有人来访的可能性微乎其微，我去拜访别人更是做梦都不会想的事。我还欠朋友一封信，也许会在睡觉前写，也许要等到明天一早。给友人的信一定要待到兴致来时再写。报纸我还没有看，通常我会等到散步回来累了的时候才看。那时来看这个嘈杂世界的众生百态，看人们发现了什么自我折磨的新法子，什么徒劳无功的新形式，什么犯险争斗的新机会，会让我觉得有趣。我可不愿让清新的头脑一大早就接触这些悲哀和愚蠢的事情。

My house is perfect. Just large enough to allow the grace of order in domestic circumstance; just that superfluity of intramural space, to lack which is to be less than at one's ease. The fabric is sound; the work in wood and plaster tells of a more leisurely and a more honest age than ours. The stairs do not creak under my step; I am waylaid by no unkindly draught; I can open or close a window without muscle-ache. As to such trifles as the tint and device of wall-paper, I confess my indifference; be the walls only unobtrusive, and I am satisfied. The first thing in one's home is comfort; let beauty of detail be added if one has the means, the patience, the eye.

我的房子真是完美。大小正好可以让家里的物什一应俱全、井井有条；屋内多出的空间也刚刚好，缺了它感觉就不那么舒服。房子建得很牢固，木工和泥工的手艺表明那个年代比我们现在更闲适、诚实。我踩在楼梯上不会有嗄吱作响的声音，也没有穿堂风出其不意地来袭击我，我开关窗户也不会感觉肌肉酸痛。至于其他一些琐事，比如墙纸的色彩和图案，我承认自己并不关心；只要不碍眼，我就心满意足了。家的第一要义是舒服，如果有财资、耐心和鉴赏力，还可以增添些美丽的细节。

To me, this little book-room is beautiful, and chiefly because it is home. Through the greater part of life I was homeless. Many places have I inhabited, some which my soul loathed, and some which pleased me well; but never till now with that sense of security which makes a home. At any moment I might have been driven forth by evil hap, by nagging necessity. For all that time did I say within myself: Some day, perchance, I shall have a home; yet the "perchance" had more and more of emphasis as life went on, and at the moment when fate was secretly smiling on me, I had all but abandoned hope. I have my home at last. When I place a new volume on my shelves, I say: Stand there whilst I have eyes to see you; and a joyous tremor thrills me. This house is mine on a lease of a score of years. So long I certainly shall not live; but, if I did, even so long should I have the

wherewithal to pay my rent and buy my food.

在我眼里，这间小小的书屋美丽极了，主要因为它是家的缘故。我大半生都无家可归，虽然住过很多地方，有些让我从心底里厌恶，有些还算舒服，但直到现在我才找到那种家之为家的安全感。以前我随时会被厄运或穷困驱使着四处漂泊。那时我曾对自己说，有一天，也许，我会有一个家；但是日长年久，“也许”这两个字的分量越来越重了。在命运偷偷向我微笑的那个时刻，我差不多都要放弃希望了。现在，我终于有了属于自己的家。当我把一卷新书放在书架上时，我对它说“呆在这儿永远别动，一直到我闭眼的时候”，这话让我兴奋得颤栗了。这座房屋的租期是二十年，我一定活不了那么长时间；不过，即使能活那么久，我也有钱来付租金和填饱肚子。

I think with compassion of the unhappy mortals for whom no such sun will ever rise. I should like to add to the Litany[1] a new petition: "For all inhabitants of great towns, and especially for all such as dwell in lodgings, boarding-houses, flats, or any other sordid substitute for Home which need or foolishness may have contrived." In vain I have pondered the Stoic virtues. I know that it is folly to fret about the spot of one's abode on this little earth.

我满怀同情地想到那些不幸的人们，那些生命中永远不会再有太阳升起的人。我想在连祷文里加上一句祈祷：“为了大城市的所有居民，尤其为了那些因为窘迫或愚蠢而住在寄宿舍、家庭旅馆、公寓或其他‘家’的可怜替代品里的人们。”我苦苦思索斯多葛派的美德却不得其要。我知道一个人为自己在这小小地球上的住所而烦恼是愚蠢的。

All places that the eye of heaven visits

天堂之眼眷顾的所有地方

Are to the wise man ports and happy havens.

对于智者都是避风港和幸福地。

But I have always worshipped wisdom afar off. In the sonorous period of the philosopher, in the golden measure of the poet, I find it of all things lovely. To its possession I shall never attain. What will it serve me to pretend a virtue of which I am incapable? To me the place and manner of my abode is of supreme import; let it be confessed, and there an end of it. I am no cosmopolite. Were I to think that I should die away from England, the thought would be dreadful to me. And in England, this is the dwelling of my choice; this is my home.

然而，我对智慧从来都是遥遥相拜的。在哲学家洪亮的句读中，在诗人耀目的诗节间，我发现智慧在所有的事物中是最可爱的。我永远不会想要占有它，假装有智慧对我有什么好处呢？对我来说，住所的位置

和样式是最重要的；我承认了，就此打住。我也不是四海为家的人，只要一想到客死异国他乡，我便感到恐惧。英格兰是我心仪的栖身之处，这里是我的家。

III

3

I am no botanist, but I have long found pleasure in herb-gathering. I love to come upon a plant which is unknown to me, to identify it with the help of my book, to greet it by name when next it shines beside my path. If the plant be rare, its discovery gives me joy. Nature, the great Artist, makes her common f lowers in the common view; no word in human language can express the marvel and the loveliness even of what we call the vulgarest weed, but these are fashioned under the gaze of every passer-by. The rare flower is shaped apart, in places secret, in the Artist's subtler mood; to find it is to enjoy the sense of admission to a holier precinct. Even in my gladness I am awed.

我虽然不是植物专家，但长久以来一直以收集花草为乐。偶然遇见一株陌生植物，遍查书本得其名，小径重逢之际以名呼之，这在我是一件乐事。若这植物是稀有品种，那就更令我欢喜。大自然这伟大的艺术家赋予普通花草普通的外表。然而即使是最寻常的野草，人类也无法找到语言来描述其神奇和可爱，它们还都是路人皆见的。稀有的花草则不然，它们是大自然这位艺术家更精巧构思的作品，并将它们隐于偏僻之处，遇之则有受允步入神圣疆域的欢欣之感。然而在这欢欣中我不能不心存敬畏。

Today I have walked far, and at the end of my walk I found the little whiteflowered wood-ruff. It grew in a copse of young ash. When I had looked long at the flower, I delighted myself with the grace of the slim trees about it—their shining smoothness, their olive hue. Hard by stood a bush of wychelm; its tettered bark, overlined as if with the character of some unknown tongue, made the young ashes yet more beautiful.

今天散步走得很远，最后我在幼嫩的树丛中，发现了开着小白花的车叶草，我凝视了它许久。花的周围是一株株纤细的树，它们长得油亮光滑，呈橄榄色，让我心里好不欢喜。近旁有一丛坚挺的山榆树，树皮坑坑洼洼，似乎横七竖八地刻着某种未知的文字，将幼嫩的树衬托得愈发美丽了。

It matters not how long I wander. There is no task to bring me back; no one will be vexed or uneasy, linger I ever so late. Spring is shining upon these lanes and meadows; I feel as if I must follow every

winding track that opens by my way. Spring has restored to me something of the longforgotten vigour of youth; I walk without weariness; I sing to myself like a boy, and the song is one I knew in boyhood.

我漫游多久都无所谓。没什么等待处理的事务，也没有什么人会因为我在外耽搁太久而恼怒或不安。美好春光在这些小径和草地上闪耀，我感觉自己好像不由自主地想走一走每一条延伸至脚下的蜿蜒小路。春天复苏了我体内沉酣许久的年轻活力；我不知疲倦地散着步，哼着小曲，像小男孩一样，曲子也正是儿时学来的。

That reminds me of an incident. Near a hamlet, in a lonely spot by a woodside, I came upon a little lad of perhaps ten years old, who, his head hidden in his arms against a tree trunk, was crying bitterly. I asked him what was the matter, and, after a little trouble—he was better than a mere bumpkin—I learnt that, having been sent with sixpence to pay a debt, he had lost the money. The poor little fellow was in a state of mind which in a grave man would be called the anguish of despair; he must have been crying for a long time; every muscle in his face quivered as if under torture, his limbs shook; his eyes, his voice, uttered such misery as only the vilest criminal should be made to suffer. And it was because he had lost sixpence!

这勾起了我一件往事。在一个小村庄附近，树林旁一个偏僻的地方，我碰见一个约莫十岁的小男孩。当时他正靠着一棵树，抱头痛哭。我上前询问，费了一番功夫，才从这个愣头愣脑的乡下小子嘴里得知，原来他被差去还六个便士的债，结果把钱丢了。这个可怜的小家伙那时的心境，对于一个严肃的成年人来说，可以称之为“绝望的痛苦”。他一定哭了好一阵子，脸上的每一块肌肉都在颤动，好像在遭受折磨一样，他的四肢在发抖；他的眼睛和声音里流露出的是只有最十恶不赦的罪犯才该承受的痛楚。而一切只是因为他丢了六个便士！

I could have shed tears with him—tears of pity and of rage at all this spectacle implied. On a day of indescribable glory, when earth and heaven shed benedictions upon the soul of man, a child, whose nature would have bidden him rejoice as only childhood may, wept his heart out because his hand had dropped a sixpenny piece! The loss was a very serious one, and he knew it; he was less afraid to face his parents, than overcome by misery at the thought of the harm he had done them. Sixpence dropped by the wayside, and a whole family made wretched! What are the due descriptive terms for a state of "civilization" in which such a thing as this is possible?

我几乎要和他一起流泪—为这一幕情景流下同情和愤怒的眼泪。那天，阳光灿烂得无法用言语描绘，天地向人的灵魂播洒祝福，一个本该纵情欢乐的孩子却哭得死去活来，仅仅是因为他弄丢了六便士！这件事情非常严重，他清楚这一点。比起父母的责难，他更无法忍受的是自己

的过失给他们带来的痛苦。真是“路上丢了六便士，一大家子都遭罪”！一个容许这种事情发生的“文明”，我们该用什么合适的词汇来描述它呢？

I put my hand into my pocket, and wrought sixpenny worth of miracle.

我把手伸进口袋，变出了六个便士的“魔法”。

It took me half an hour to recover my quiet mind. After all, it is as idle to rage against man's fatuity as to hope that he will ever be less a fool. For me, the great thing was my sixpenny miracle. Why, I have known the day when it would have been beyond my power altogether, or else would have cost me a meal. Wherefore, let me again be glad and thankful.

半个小时后，我的心情才平静下来。毕竟，为人们的愚蠢发火，和希望他能少做蠢事，都是徒然的。对于我，最可自豪的是那六个便士的魔法。是这样的，我也经历过那样的日子，我根本爱莫能助，或者说，我要付出一顿饭钱的代价。为此，请容许我再次感到喜悦并且感恩。

IV

4

There was a time in my life when, if I had suddenly been set in the position I now enjoy, conscience would have lain in ambush for me. What! An income sufficient to support three or four working-class families—a house all to myself—things beautiful wherever I turn—and absolutely nothing to do for it all! I should have been hard put to it to defend myself. In those days I was feelingly reminded, hour by hour, with what a struggle the obscure multitudes manage to keep alive. Nobody knows better than I do quam parvo liceat producere vitam. I have hungered in the streets; I have laid my head in the poorest shelter; I know what it is to feel the heart burn with wrath and envy of "the privileged classes." Yes, but all that time I was one of "the privileged" myself, and now I can accept a recognized standing among them without shadow of self-reproach.

我的生命中曾有一个时期，如果我突然置于现在的舒适环境，良心会暗中谴责我。什么！足够养活三四户工人阶级家庭的收入—完全属于自己的房子—满眼都是漂亮的东西—而且绝对地坐享其成！我应该很难为自己辩护。那时候，我常常由衷地想到，无名小卒们要维持生存是多么艰难。没有人比我更了解“用多么少的东西，就可以维持生命”。我曾在街头忍饥挨饿，也曾在最龌龊的寓所栖身；我了解对“特权阶层”的愤怒和妒忌在心中燃烧时火辣辣的感觉。然而，那时候我已是“特权阶层”的一员，但现在我可以接受这个阶层的一席之地，而心中全无自责的

阴影。

It does not mean that my larger sympathies are blunted. By going to certain places, looking upon certain scenes, I could most effectually destroy all the calm that life has brought me. If I hold apart and purposely refuse to look that way, it is because I believe that the world is better, not worse, for having one more inhabitant who lives as becomes a civilized being. Let him whose soul prompts him to assail the iniquity of things, cry and spare not; let him who has the vocation go forth and combat. In me it would be to err from Nature's guidance. I know, if I know anything, that I am made for the life of tranquility and meditation. I know that only thus can such virtue as I possess find scope. More than half a century of existence has taught me that most of the wrong and folly which darken earth is due to those who cannot possess their souls in quiet; that most of the good which saves mankind from destruction comes of life that is led in thoughtful stillness. Every day the world grows noisier; I, for one, will have no part in that increasing clamour, and, were it only by my silence, I confer a boon on all.

这并不代表我的大众同情心迟钝了。去到某些地方，看到某些场景，我就能把生活带给我的平静破坏无遗。如果我保持距离，有意不往那个方向看，那是因为我觉得，多一个过上文明生活的人，世界会变得更加美好，而不是更糟。让那些受灵魂驱策的人去抨击世间所有的不公，大声疾呼，毫不留情吧；让那些专司此职的人走上前去斗争吧。我如果那样做，便是有悖本性的引导了。如果我有所知的话，我知道自己是为平静和冥思的生活而生的。我知道，只有过这样的生活，我身上的优点才有发挥的空间。在世上活了大半个世纪，我认识到，玷污人间的大多数错误和蠢事都是那些不肯让灵魂宁静的人搞出来的；大多数挽救人类免受灭顶之灾的善举都是那些在沉思和宁静中生活的人做出的。每一天，世界都变得更加喧闹，而在这片愈演愈烈的喧嚷声中我是没份的。虽然我做的只是保持沉默，但这对所有人都是一份恩惠。

How well would the revenues of a country be expended, if, by mere pensioning, one-fifth of its population could be induced to live as I do!

如果仅仅靠提供养老金，能使一个国家五分之一的人口都过上我这样的优裕生活，那会是使用国家税收岁入多么好的方法啊！

V

5

"Sir," said Johnson, "all the arguments which are brought to represent poverty as no evil, show it to be evidently a great evil. You

never find people labouring to convince you that you may live very happily upon a plentiful fortune."

“先生，”约翰逊说，“所有那些用来证明贫穷无害的论点明明白白地显示贫穷是一个极大的恶魔。因为从来不会有人费力说服你相信丰厚的资产可以让人过上幸福生活。”

He knew what he was talking of, that rugged old master of common sense. Poverty is of course a relative thing; the term has reference, above all, to one's standing as an intellectual being. If I am to believe the newspapers, there are title-bearing men and women in England who, had they an assured income of five-and-twenty shillings per week, would have no right to call themselves poor, for their intellectual needs are those of a stable-boy or scullery wench. Give me the same income and I can live, but I am poor indeed.

这个世事洞明而率直的老先生明白自己在说什么。贫穷当然是相对来说的，这个词首先和一个人的知识境界相关。如果我可以相信报纸的话，英格兰那些有头衔的绅士贵妇们，假使每周的固定收入只有二十五先令，也没有权利说自己贫穷，因为他们的知识需求和马童或洗碗女工无异。给我同样的收入，我可以维持生活，但我确实贫穷。

You tell me that money cannot buy the things most precious. Your commonplace proves that you have never known the lack of it. When I think of all the sorrow and the barrenness that has been wrought in my life by want of a few more pounds per annum than I was able to earn, I stand aghast at money's significance. What kindly joys have I lost, those simple forms of happiness to which every heart has claim, because of poverty! Meetings with those I loved made impossible year after year; sadness, misunderstanding, nay, cruel alienation, arising from inability to do the things I wished, and which I might have done had a little money helped me; endless instances of homely pleasure and contentment curtailed or forbidden by narrow means. I have lost friends merely through the constraints of my position; friends I might have made have remained strangers to me; solitude of the bitter kind, the solitude which is enforced at times when mind or heart longs for companionship, often cursed my life solely because I was poor. I think it would scarce be an exaggeration to say that there is no moral good which has not to be paid for in coin of the realm.

你告诉我金钱买不到最珍贵的东西，这种陈词滥调证明了你从来不知道缺钱的滋味。当我想到因为每年少挣几英磅而导致生活变得哀痛不堪、毫无生气，我便惊骇于钱的重大意义。因为贫穷，许多温情的快乐—每颗心原本都有份的简单的快乐—都与我失之交臂。年复一年，不能与亲戚至爱重逢；那些因为不能随心所欲而产生的悲伤、误解、拒绝和残酷的疏远，如果有一点钱的帮助，本来都可以避免；因为捉襟见肘，

那么多家常的乐趣都被削减或被剥夺。因为我的处境所限，我失去了一些朋友；一些本可以成为朋友的人现在还是陌生人；那种痛苦的孤独感，心灵渴望陪伴时加倍的孤独感，常常折磨着我，就因为我的贫穷。我想这样说不算夸张：没有金钱的代价便不会有道德的闪光。

"Poverty," said Johnson again, "is so great an evil, and pregnant with so much temptation, so much misery, that I cannot but earnestly enjoin you to avoid it."

约翰逊又说："贫穷真是一个大恶魔，孕育着许多诱惑，许多痛苦，我只能郑重地告诫你千万避开它。"

For my own part, I needed no injunction to that effort of avoidance. Many a London garret knows how I struggled with the unwelcomechamber-fellow. I marvel she did not abide with me to the end; it is a sort of inconsequence in Nature, and sometimes makes me vaguely uneasy through nights of broken sleep.

对我来说，我根本不需要他那逃避贫穷的告诫。伦敦的许多阁楼见证过我是如何与这位讨厌的管家争吵的。我感到惊讶的是，她居然没有一直和我闹下去。这种不符合自然规律的情况，有时让我在梦醒失眠的夜晚还模糊地感到不安。

VI

6

How many more springs can I hope to see? A sanguine temper would say ten or twelve; let me dare to hope humbly for five or six. That is a great many. Five or six spring-times, welcomed joyously, lovingly watched from the first celandine to the budding of the rose; who shall dare to call it a stinted boon? Five or six times the miracle of earth reclad, the vision of splendour and loveliness which tongue has never yet described, set before my gazing. To think of it is to fear that I ask too much.

我还能希望看到几个春天呢？乐观一点，可以说还有十或十二个。我斗胆奢望五六个吧，这已经很多了。五六个春天，满怀喜悦地迎接它们的到来，深情注视着初生的白屈菜和玫瑰初绽的新芽，谁又能说这是吝啬的恩惠呢？大地奇迹般地五六次重披绿装，难以形容的烂漫可爱的景象在我眼前呈现。想到这些，我都不免要担心自己的要求会不会有些过分。

VII

7

"Homo animal querulum cupide suis incumbens miseriis." I wonder where that comes from. I found it once in Charron2, quoted without reference, and it has often been in my mind—a dreary truth, well worded. At least, it was a truth for me during many a long year. Life, I fancy, would very often be insupportable, but for the luxury of self compassion; in cases numberless, this it must be that saves from suicide. For some there is great relief in talking about their miseries, but such gossips lack the profound solace of misery nursed in silent brooding. Happily, the trick with me has never been retrospective; indeed, it was never, even with regard to instant suffering, a habit so deeply rooted as to become a mastering vice. I knew my own weakness when I yielded to it; I despised myself when it brought me comfort; I could laugh scornfully, even "cupide meis incumbens miseriis." And now, thanks be to the unknown power which rules us, my past has buried its dead. More than that; I can accept with sober cheerfulness the necessity of all I lived through. So it was to be; so it was. For this did Nature shape me; with what purpose, I shall never know; but, in the sequence of things eternal, this was my place.

“人是爱抱怨的动物，总爱想着自己的烦恼，”不知道这句话出自何处。我曾在沙朗的著作中看见过，但出处没有标明，从此它便萦绕在我的脑海—道出一个令人不快的事实，措词精当。至少，很多年里，它对我都是一个事实。如果没有对自我的同情，我想生活常常会难以承受，它也一定让许多人打消了自杀的念头。对一些人来说，谈论自己的痛苦是很大的解脱，但这种闲聊缺少在冥思中才能获得的深沉慰藉。可喜的是，回顾既往从来不是我的癖好。事实上，即便对于眼下的痛苦，回顾也绝不是我根深蒂固的习惯，以至于变成主宰我的一大恶习。当我沉湎于这种回顾时，我知道自身有弱点；而当这种回顾给我带来安慰时，我会鄙视自己，甚至连“于逆流之来，处之泰然”，我都可以轻蔑地嘲笑。感谢掌控我们的未知力量，我已经埋葬自己的过去。更重要的是，我现在可以清醒愉快地接受过去一切经历的必要性了。注定要发生的已经发生。“自然”为这些而塑造了我，至于有何目的，我永远不会知道。但是在永恒事物的秩序中，这是我的位置。

Could I have achieved so much philosophy if, as I ever feared, the closing years of my life had passed in helpless indigence? Should I not have sunk into lowest depths of querulous self-pity, groveling there with eyes obstinately averted from the light above?

如果像我一直恐惧的那样，晚年在无助的贫穷中度过，我还能悟出这许多人生哲学来吗？我难道不会陷入牢骚满腹的自哀自怜中不能自拔，匍匐爬行，眼睛固执地躲避着阳光吗？

VIII

8

The early coming of spring in this happy Devon gladdens my heart. I think with chill discomfort of those parts of England where the primrose shivers beneath a sky of threat rather than of solace. Honest winter, snow-clad and with the frosted beard, I can welcome not uncordially; but that long deferment of the calendar's promise, that weeping gloom of March and April, that bitter blast outraging the honour of May—how often has it robbed me of heart and hope. Here, scarce have I assured myself that the last leaf has fallen, scarce have I watched the glistening of hoar-frost upon the evergreens, when a breath from the west thrills me with anticipation of bud and bloom. Even under this grey-billowing sky, which tells that February is still in rule:

春天早早地来到了德文郡，我的心情好不欢畅。一想到在英格兰的某些地方，迎春花在阴云密布的天空下瑟缩发抖，我便感到浑身发凉，很不舒服。冬天是真诚的，银装素裹，胡须结霜，我并非不欢迎它；但是日历上的承诺一再被推迟，三、四月份阴雨连绵令人郁闷，五月份寒风凛冽又蹂躏春天的荣光—屡屡让我失望,心情不佳。这里，我自己刚刚确信最后一片叶子已经落下，也刚刚看到常青树上挂着晶莹白霜时，一缕西风就悠然而至，让我对春暖花开充满期待。即使在今天这个仍是二月掌管的乌云翻滚的天空下—

Mild winds shake the elder brake,

和风摇动着接骨木丛，

And the wandering herdsmen know

漫游的牧人晓得

That the whitethorn soon will blow.3

山楂花快要开放了。

I have been thinking of those early years of mine in London, when the seasons passed over me unobserved, when I seldom turned a glance towards the heavens, and felt no hardship in the imprisonment of boundless streets. It is strange now to remember that for some six or seven years I never looked upon a meadow, never travelled even so far as to the tree-bordered suburbs. I was battling for dear life; on most days I could not feel certain that in a week's time I should have food and shelter. It would happen, to be sure, that in hot noons of August my thoughts wandered to the sea; but so impossible was the gratification of such desire that it never greatly troubled me. At times, indeed, I seem all but to have forgotten that people went away for

holiday. In those poor parts of the town where I dwelt, season made no perceptible difference; there were no luggage-laden cabs to remind me of joyous journeys; the folk about me went daily to their toil as usual, and so did I. I remember afternoons of languor, when books were a weariness, and no thought could be squeezed out of the drowsy brain; then would I betake myself to one of the parks, and find refreshment without any enjoyable sense of change. Heavens, how I laboured in those days! And how far I was from thinking of myself as a subject for compassion! That came later, when my health had begun to suffer from excess of toil, from bad air, bad food and many miseries; then awoke the maddening desire for countryside and sea-beach—and for other things yet more remote. But in the years when I toiled hardest and underwent what now appear to me hideous privations, of a truth I could not be said to suffer at all. I did not suffer, for I had no sense of weakness. My health was proof against everything, and my energies defied all malice of circumstance. With however little encouragement, I had infinite hope. Sound sleep (often in places I now dread to think of) sent me fresh to the battle each morning, my breakfast, sometimes, no more than a slice of bread and a cup of water. As human happiness goes, I am not sure that I was not then happy.

我回想起早年在伦敦度过的岁月，那时，我几乎从没在意过四季变迁，也很少抬头仰望天空，身处无边无际的街道的围困中也不觉得痛苦。现在，回想到我居然有六七年的时间没看过草地一眼，甚至连绿树环绕的郊区都不曾去过，便会感到奇怪。我当时在为宝贵的生活而打拼，大多数时间，我都不能确定一周后我还能否有吃有住。当然，在八月炎热的午后，我的思绪可能会飘到大海上；这种愿望实现的希望太渺茫，所以并没有让我太烦恼。有时，我似乎已经忘记世人还有度假这种消遣。在我栖身的伦敦的贫穷区域，四季没有明显的分别，也没有载着行李的马车让我想起愉快的旅途。我身边的人们都在日复一日地奔波劳碌，我也是如此。记得在倦怠的下午，书本让人昏昏欲睡，困乏的脑子里挤不出任何思想。这时我会到公园去恢复一下精神，但不会享受到季节变化带来的愉悦。天哪，我那时多么辛苦啊！当时的我却根本不觉得自己是值得同情的对象！直到后来，因为过度劳累，糟糕的空气，粗劣的食物和许多磨难，我的健康开始受损。那时，我对乡村、海滩还有更遥远事物的疯狂渴望开始在心底苏醒。然而，在最辛苦的那些岁月，现在看来简直是可怕的穷困潦倒，但事实上我却不能说自己那时候在受苦。我没有受苦，原因是我没有软弱的感觉。我的健康是抵御一切遭遇的屏障，我的精神抗阻着一切厄境的进攻。不管受到的鼓励多么微不足道，我心里都存着无限的希望。美美睡上一觉后（通常在我至今都怕想起的地方），第二天一早我就能重整旗鼓投入战斗，而我的早餐有时只是一片面包一杯水。如人类幸福所言，我不能说自己当时就不快活。

Most men who go through a hard time in their youth are

supported by companionship. London has no pays latin[4], but hungry beginners in literature have generally their suitable comrades, garreteers in the Tottenham Court Road district, or in unredeemed Chelsea; they make their little vie de Boheme, and are consciously proud of it. Of my position, the peculiarity was that I never belonged to any cluster; I shrank from casual acquaintance, and, through the grim years, had but one friend with whom I held converse. It was never my instinct to look for help, to seek favour for advancement; whatever step I gained was gained by my own strength. Even as I disregarded favour so did I scorn advice; no counsel would I ever take but that of my own brain and heart. More than once I was driven by necessity to beg from strangers the means of earning bread, and this of all my experiences was the bitterest; yet I think I should have found it worse still to incur a debt to some friend or comrade. The truth is that I have never learnt to regard myself as a "member of society." For me, there have always been two entities—myself and the world, and the normal relation between these two has been hostile. Am I not still a lonely man, as far as ever from forming part of the social order?

许多年轻时吃苦头的人都有朋友的支持。伦敦没有拉丁区，但是如饥似渴的文学新手们通常都有相处融洽的同伴，大都是托特纳姆法院路或破败的切尔西区阁楼房客。他们创造着自己的“波希米亚人的生活”，并且心下为之自豪。而我的特殊之处在于不是任何圈子的成员，我有意避免滥交朋友，在那段阴暗的岁月中，只有一个时常谈心的朋友。我本能地不愿求人帮忙，或者寻求晋升的机会，我的任何一点进步都是凭自己的力量取得的。我对外界的帮助不屑一顾，也藐视别人的建议；我从不会采纳除自己头脑和心灵之外任何人的建议。曾经不止一次，我迫不得已向陌生人乞讨谋生的机会，这在我所有经历中是最苦涩的，但可能让我更无法忍受的是欠某个朋友或同事的债。事实上，我从没学会将自己视作“社会成员”。对我来说，永远只有两个实体存在—我自己和世界，两者的正常关系是敌对的。就组成社会秩序之一部分这个意义上来讲，现在的我不仍然是一个孤独的人吗？

This, of which I once was scornfully proud, seems to me now, if not a calamity, something I would not choose if life were to live again.

曾经我对此还有一种居高临下的自豪感，而现在，即使这不算什么灾难，如果生活能重新来过，我想我也不会作出同样的选择了。

IX

9

For more than six years I trod the pavement, never stepping once upon mother earth—for the parks are but pavement disguised with a growth of grass. Then the worst was over. Say I the worst? No, no;

things far worse were to come; the struggle against starvation has its cheery side when one is young and vigorous. But at all events I had begun to earn a living; I held assurance of food and clothing for half a year at a time; granted health, I might hope to draw my not insufficient wages for many a twelvemonth. And they were the wages of work done independently, when and where I would. I thought with horror of lives spent in an office, with an employer to obey. The glory of the career of letters was its freedom, its dignity!

六年多以来，我都行走于人行道上，从未踏足大地母亲—公园也不过是用一些用草伪装的人行道罢了。那么说，最坏的时候已经过去了。我说最坏了吗？不，更糟的还在后面。年轻力壮的时候，与饥饿斗争还有阳光的一面。不管怎样，我已经开始谋生了，一次拿到的钱就足够维持半年的衣食。身体不出状况的话，在将来好多年里还能指望领取那点还算可观的薪金。这些工资都是独立工作的回报，是我按自己的心意选择时间和地点工作的。想到办公室里的生活，要对上司唯唯诺诺，我就会不寒而栗。文学生涯的光荣就在于它的自由，它的尊严！

The fact of the matter was, of course, that I served, not one master, but a whole crowd of them. Independence, forsooth! If my writing failed to please editor, publisher, public, where was my daily bread? The greater my success, the more numerous my employers. I was the slave of a multitude. By heaven's grace I had succeeded in pleasing (that is to say, in making myself a source of profit to) certain persons who represented this vague throng; for the time, they were gracious to me; but what justified me in the faith that I should hold the ground I had gained? Could the position of any toiling man be more precarious than mine? I tremble now as I think of it, tremble as I should in watching someone who walked carelessly on the edge of an abyss. I marvel at the recollection that for a good score of years this pen and a scrap of paper clothed and fed me and my household, kept me in physical comfort, held at bay all those hostile forces of the world ranged against one who has no resource save in his own right hand.

当然事实上，我服务的不是一个主人，而是一群。这又谈何独立!如果我的文章不能让编辑、出版商和读者们满意，那我每天的面包又从何而来？我越成功，雇主就越多，我就是大众的奴隶。蒙上天眷顾，我的文字还能让代表这个模糊群体的几个人感到满意（也就是说，自己成为了他们获取利润的来源）。目前，他们对我相当殷勤，但我有什么理由相信自己能守住已经占领的文学地位呢？还有哪一个劳碌人的地位比我的更岌岌可危吗？想到这里，我都会发抖，就像看到一个人在悬崖边上漫不经心地走动。回忆几十年来，我和家人能衣食不愁，物质生活也算舒适，还抵御了一切世间的不幸遭遇和打击，身无所长的一介文人仅靠着一支笔和一片纸就做到了这些，我不免惊异。

But I was thinking of the year which saw my first exodus from

London. On an irresistible impulse, I suddenly made up my mind to go into Devon, a part of England I had never seen. At the end of March I escaped from my grim lodgings, and, before I had time to reflect on the details of my undertaking, I found myself sitting in sunshine at a spot very near to where I now dwell—before me the green valley of the broadening Exe and the pine-clad ridge of Haldon. That was one of the moments of my life when I have tasted exquisite joy. My state of mind was very strange. Though as boy and youth I had been familiar with the country, had seen much of England's beauties, it was as though I found myself for the first time before a natural landscape. Those years of London had obscured all my earlier life; I was like a man town-born and bred, who scarce knows anything but street vistas. The light, the air, had for me something of the supernatural—affected me, indeed, only less than at a later time did the atmosphere of Italy. It was glorious spring weather; a few white clouds floated amid the blue, and the earth had an intoxicating fragrance. Then first did I know myself for a sunworshipper. How had I lived so long without asking whether there was a sun in the heavens or not? Under that radiant firmament, I could have thrown myself upon my knees in adoration. As I walked, I found myself avoiding every strip of shadow; were it but that of a birch trunk, I felt as if it robbed me of the day's delight. I went bare-headed, that the golden beams might shed upon me their unstinted blessing. That day I must have walked some thirty miles, yet I knew not fatigue. Could I but have once more the strength which then supported me!

我的思绪回到第一次出走伦敦的那一年。因为一股不可抑制的冲动，我突然决定要到德文郡去，我之前从没去过那里。三月底的时候，我从阴暗的寓所逃离，还没有来得及细想旅行的细节，就发现自己已经坐在阳光之下，坐在离现在住处很近的一个地方—面前是渐次开阔的绿油油的埃克斯河谷和青松覆盖的哈尔登山脊。那一刻是我人生少有的，我感受到一种奇妙无比的快乐。当时的心态很奇怪。虽然从小在乡村长大，看到过英格兰乡间的许多美景，但那一刻似乎是我第一次意识到自己面对的是自然景色。伦敦的岁月把我儿时的记忆变模糊了，我就像一个在城里出生长大，除街景外一无所知的孩子。那时的阳光和空气似乎蕴含着一种超自然的东西—深深地感染了我，这种感觉仅次于我后来在意大利氛围中的陶醉。那个春日绚烂美丽，白云朵朵在蓝天上飘浮，大地散发出醉人的芬芳。那是我第一次知道原来自己是个崇拜太阳的人。我怎么可以在世上活了这么久，却从没问过天上是否有个太阳？在华彩的天穹下，我几乎要跪下来表达我的仰慕之情。当我行走时，我发现自己躲避着每一方阴影；就连桦树的阴影，我都感觉它会抢走我这一天的快乐。我光着头，全身心地接受金色光线的慷慨爱抚。那天我可能走了三十英里，却毫无倦意。如果能再次拥有到那一天支撑我的无穷力量该有多好！

I had stepped into a new life. Between the man I had been and that which I now became there was a very notable difference. In a single day I had matured astonishingly; which means, no doubt, that I suddenly entered into conscious enjoyment of powers and sensibilities which had been developing unknown to me. To instance only one point: till then I had cared very little about plants and flowers, but now I found myself eagerly interested in every blossom, in every growth of the wayside. As I walked I gathered a quantity of plants, promising myself to buy a book on the morrow and identify them all. Nor was it a passing humour; never since have I lost my pleasure in the flowers of the field, and my desire to know them all. My ignorance at the time of which I speak seems to me now very shameful; but I was merely in the case of ordinary people, whether living in town or country. How many could give the familiar name of half a dozen plants plucked at random from beneath the hedge in springtime? To me the flowers became symbolical of a great release, of a wonderful awakening. My eyes had all at once been opened; till then I had walked in darkness, yet knew it not.

我步入了一个全新的生活中。过去的我和现在的我之间有了显著的区别。一天之内，我奇迹般地成熟了。毫无疑问，这意味着我突然开始有意识地享受那些在我不知情时不停生长起来的力量和感情。举一个例子来说：在那之前，我对花草几乎是漠不关心，但现在我对路边的每一朵花和每一株植物都充满了浓厚的兴趣。我一路走来，采集了一大把花草，决定第二天就买本书，把它们的名字都查出来。我并不是一时兴起，因为从那以后，我再没有失去对花朵的兴趣，也没有失去了解它们的愿望。我那时的无知现在提起来真是非常羞愧，但当时我和任何一个生活在城里或乡下的普通人并无二致。有多少人能够说出从春天的树篱下随手采撷的六七种花草的名字呢？对我而言，这些花朵象征着一次伟大的渲泄，一次奇妙的觉醒。我的眼睛就在那一瞬间睁开了；在那之前我一直行走在黑暗中，但却无所察觉。

Well do I remember the rambles of that springtide. I had a lodging in one of those outer streets of Exeter which savour more of country than of town, and every morning I set forth to make discoveries. The weather could not have been more kindly; I felt the influences of a climate I had never known; there was a balm in the air which soothed no less than it exhilarated me. Now inland, now seaward, I followed the windings of the Exe. One day I wandered in rich, warm valleys, by orchards bursting into bloom, from farmhouse to farmhouse, each more beautiful than the other, and from hamlet to hamlet bowered amid dark evergreens; the next, I was on pine-clad heights, gazing over moorland brown with last year's heather, feeling upon my face a wind from the white-flecked Channel. So intense was my delight in the beautiful world about me that I forgot even myself; I

enjoyed without retrospect or forecast; I, the egoist in grain, forgot to scrutinize my own emotions, or to trouble my happiness by comparison with others' happier fortune. It was a healthful time; it gave me a new lease of life, and taught me—in so far as I was teachable—how to make use of it.

我还清楚地记得那次春天的漫游。我住在埃克塞特城边一条街上的一间寓所，那里感觉更像乡村，而非城市，每天早晨，我都会出发探险。天气好到不能更好，我深刻感受到自己不曾了解的气候的作用。空气中的芬芳既振奋着我，又安抚着我。埃克塞特河一会儿流向内陆，一会儿奔向海洋，我顺着它的蜿蜒流向散步。一天，我在肥沃温暖的山谷间漫游，看到繁花盛开的果园，一间比一间漂亮的农舍，一个个掩映在翠绿的常青树林里的村庄。接着我走上了青松覆盖的高地，凝视着棕色的经年石南花覆盖的沼泽地，脸上感受到波光粼粼的海峡吹来的微风。周围这个美好的世界让我如此快乐，竟然到了忘我的境地；我没有回顾过去，也没有预见将来，只享受现在；我—这个彻底的自我主义者—竟忘了细细体察自己的感受，也忘了拿自己现时的快乐跟其他更幸运的人比较。这真是有益健康的时光，它赐予我生命全新的意义，并教会了我怎样尽己所能充分利用它。

X

10

Mentally and physically, I must be much older than my years. At three and-fifty a man ought not to be brooding constantly on his vanished youth. These days of spring which I should be enjoying for their own sake, do but turn me to reminiscence, and my memories are of the springs that were lost.

在心态和体力两个方面，我一定是比实际年龄老迈。一个五十三岁的人按理不应该总去缅怀逝去的青春。这个春天，我本该尽力享受当下的日子，却常常陷入怀旧的情绪中，回忆里尽是生命中无暇欣赏的那些春天。

Some day I will go to London and revisit all the places where I housed in the time of my greatest poverty. I have not seen them for a quarter of a century or so. Not long ago, had any one asked me how I felt about these memories, I should have said that there were certain street names, certain mental images of obscure London, which made me wretched as often as they came before me; but, in truth, it is a very long time since I was moved to any sort of bitterness by that retrospect of things hard and squalid. Now, owning all the misery of it in comparison with what should have been, I find that part of life interesting and pleasant to look back upon—greatly more so than many subsequent times, when I lived amid decencies and had enough

to eat. Some day I will go to London, and spend a day or two amid the dear old horrors. Some of the places, I know, have disappeared. I see the winding way by which I went from Oxford Street, at the foot of Tottenham Court Road, to Leicester Square, and, somewhere in the labyrinth (I think of it as always foggy and gas-lit) was a shop which had pies and puddings in the window, puddings and pies kept hot by steam rising through perforated metal. How many a time have I stood there, raging with hunger, unable to purchase even one pennyworth of food! The shop and the street have long since vanished; does any man remember them so feelingly as I? But I think most of my haunts are still in existence: to tread again those pavements, to look at those grimy doorways and purblind windows, would affect me strangely.

有朝一日，我会到伦敦去，重游贫困潦倒时住过的地方。我和它们分别差不多有四分之一个世纪那么久了吧。如果不久前有人问起我对那段日子的感受，我应该会回答说，有一些街道的名字，还有伦敦的模糊印象，每次回想起来，都会让我感到沮丧。而事实上，我已经好久没有因为回忆那些艰难可怜的日子而感到辛酸了。现在，尽管我承认那段生活是比一般人艰苦，但我发现那段日子有一部分回忆起来是有趣且令人愉快的—比起后来生活体面、衣食无忧的日子更是如此。总有一天，我会到伦敦去，在那里呆上一两天，重温一下旧时亲切的噩梦。有一些地方，我知道已经不存在了。我看到一条曲折的道路，从牛津街，到托特纳姆法院路，再到莱斯特广场，在这个迷宫的某处（在我的记忆里，它总在迷雾笼罩中和昏暗的煤油灯光下），有一家店铺，橱窗里摆着派和布丁，从下面网状金属板升腾上来的蒸汽给它们保温。有多少次，我饥肠辘辘地站在那里，却拿不出一个便士来购买食物！这家店铺和那条街道都早已消失，还有谁像我这样充满感情地回忆起它们吗？不过，我想我过去经常光顾的地方大部分应该还在，重新踏上那些街道，看看那些肮脏的门道和阴暗的窗户，我应该会有一种别样的感觉。

I see that alley hidden on the west side of Tottenham Court Road, where, after living in a back bedroom on the top floor, I had to exchange for the front cellar; there was a difference, if I remember rightly, of sixpence a week, and sixpence, in those days, was a very great consideration—why, it meant a couple of meals. (I once FOUND sixpence in the street, and had an exultation which is vivid in me at this moment.) The front cellar was stone-floored; its furniture was a table, a chair, a wash-stand, and a bed; the window, which of course had never been cleaned since it was put in, received light through a flat grating in the alley above. Here I lived; here I WROTE. Yes, "literary work" was done at that filthy deal table, on which, by the bye, lay my Homer, my Shakespeare, and the few other books I then possessed. At night, as I lay in bed, I used to hear the tramp, tramp of a posse of policemen who passed along the alley on their way to relieve guard; their heavy feet sometimes sounded on the grating

above my window.

我看到那条隐藏在托特纳姆法院路西边的巷子，我曾经住在顶楼后部的一个卧室里，后来不得不换到了前面的地下室。两个地方房价不同，如果我没记错的话，一周能省下六个便士。在那些日子里，六个便士可非同小可—因为它意味着好几顿饭钱。（我曾在街上捡到六便士，当时欣喜若狂，至今记忆犹新）。地下室铺着石地板；家具是一张桌子，一把椅子，一个洗脸架和一张床；窗子从装上后就没有擦过，光线透过窗格栅从上面的巷子照进来。我就在这样的环境中生活和写作。是的，“文学作品”是在一张肮脏的牌桌上写就的，顺便提一句，桌上还摆着荷马、莎士比亚的作品和几本我当时仅有的书。夜里，躺在床上，我常常听到一队换岗的警察穿过巷子，他们沉重的脚步有时会震响我窗子上方的栅板。

I recall a tragi-comical incident of life at the British Museum. Once, on going down into the lavatory to wash my hands, I became aware of a notice newly set up above the row of basins. It ran somehow thus: "Readers are requested to bear in mind that these basins are to be used only for casual ablutions." Oh, the significance of that inscription! Had I not myself, more than once, been glad to use this soap and water more largely than the sense of the authorities contemplated? And there were poor fellows working under the great dome whose need, in this respect, was greater than mine. I laughed heartily at the notice, but it meant so much.

我忆起在大英博物馆发生的一件悲喜交加之事。一次，我去盥洗室洗手，发现一排洗涤盆上方贴着一张新告示。内容大体如下：“请各位读者注意，这些洗涤盆仅供偶尔使用。”噢，这告示多么意味深长啊！我自己不是曾经不止一次愉快地使用过这里的香皂和水么，按照发布告示者的预想，我肯定很过分吧？当时还有那些在这个圆顶建筑下劳作的可怜人，他们在这方面的需求比我还要大得多。这个告示让我开怀大笑，但它对那时的我意义非凡

Some of my abodes I have utterly forgotten; for one reason or another, I was always moving—an easy matter when all my possessions lay in one small trunk. Sometimes the people of the house were intolerable. In those days I was not fastidious, and I seldom had any but the slightest intercourse with those who dwelt under the same roof, yet it happened now and then that I was driven away by human proximity which passed my endurance. In other cases I had to flee from pestilential conditions. How I escaped mortal illness in some of those places (miserably fed as I always was, and always over-working myself) is a great mystery. The worst that befell me was a slight attack of diphtheria—traceable, I imagine, to the existence of a dust-bin UNDER THE STAIRCASE. When I spoke of the matter to my landlady, she was at first astonished, then wrathful, and my departure was expedited with many insults.

曾经的一些住处我已完全遗忘。出于种种原因，我一直在搬家—因为所有的家当一个小箱子便可应付，所以并不费事。有些时候，同住的人让我无法忍受。在那些日子，我并不挑剔，我和同住一个屋檐下的人几乎没有交往。但时不时的，我还是会因为不堪忍受邻居而搬走。还有些时候，我不得不逃离瘟疫的威胁。在那些地方我竟然没有罹患致命疾病，还真是奇迹（我一直营养不良，总是劳累过度）。我得过最重的病是轻微的白喉—我猜想可能是因为楼梯下的一个垃圾桶。我把这件事向女房东说了，她的第一反应是吃惊，继而愤怒，然后是辱骂，她几度出言不逊，我很快便搬离了那里。

On the whole, however, I had nothing much to complain of except my poverty. You cannot expect great comfort in London for four-and six pence a week—the most I ever could pay for a "furnished room with attendance" in those days of pretty stern apprenticeship. And I was easily satisfied; I wanted only a little walled space in which I could seclude myself, free from external annoyance. Certain comforts of civilized life I ceased even to regret; a stair-carpet I regarded as rather extravagant, and a carpet on the floor of my room was luxury undreamt of. My sleep was sound; I have passed nights of dreamless repose on beds which it would now make my bones ache only to look at. A door that locked, a fire in winter, a pipe of tobacco—these were things essential; and, granted these, I have been often richly contented in the squalidest garret. One such lodging is often in my memory; it was at Islington, not far from the City Road; my window looked upon the Regent's Canal. As often as I think of it, I recall what was perhaps the worst London fog I ever knew; for three successive days, at least, my lamp had to be kept burning; when I looked through the window, I saw, at moments, a few blurred lights in the street beyond the Canal, but for the most part nothing but a yellowish darkness, which caused the glass to reflect the firelight and my own face. Did I feel miserable? Not a bit of it. The enveloping gloom seemed to make my chimney-corner only the more cosy. I had coals, oil, tobacco in sufficient quantity; I had a book to read; I had work which interested me; so I went forth only to get my meals at a City Road coffee-shop, and hastened back to the fireside. Oh, my ambitions, my hopes! How surprised and indignant I should have felt had I known of any one who pitied me!

不过，大体上说，我除了贫穷外没什么可抱怨的。在伦敦一周花销四到六个便士，不要指望生活得太舒适—在当穷学徒的那段艰难时光，我能负担起的是“有家具并有人照料的房间”。而我很容易满足，我需要的仅是一个封闭的小空间，不被外界干扰。文明生活的舒适，我虽然欠缺但并不引以为憾。楼梯上的地毯在我看来相当奢侈，在我的房间地板上铺地毯是做梦都没想过的事。我睡得很香甜，我曾经使用过的那些床铺，现在只要看看就会感觉骨头酸痛，而在当时，我休息得很好，连梦

都不会做。一扇锁上的门，冬天里的一炉火，一支装满烟草的烟杆—这是必需的。有了这三样东西，即使在最肮脏的顶楼，我也经常感觉心满意足。我经常回忆起这样一个住处，它位于伊斯灵顿区，离城市大街不远，房间的窗户对着摄政王运河。想起这间陋室，我就会想到我见过的可能是伦敦最大的一场雾。在接下来至少三天的时间里，我的灯不得不一直亮着；透过窗户，间或能看见运河那边的一条街上几点模糊的灯光，但是多数时候，什么都没有，只有一片有些发黄的黑暗，这使得在窗户的玻璃上，我能看见炉火和自己的脸。我感到悲惨吗？一点都不。这笼罩一切的阴暗似乎使壁炉边的暖和处所更加舒适了。我有足量的煤、油和烟草储备，我有一本书可读，我有喜欢的工作可做，所以我只需要到城市路的咖啡店用餐，然后赶快回到炉火旁。噢，我的雄心，我的希望！要是知道谁可怜我，我当时一定感觉惊讶和愤怒！

Nature took revenge now and then. In winter time I had fierce sore throats, sometimes accompanied by long and savage headaches. Doctoring, of course, never occurred to me; I just locked my door, and, if I felt very bad indeed, went to bed—to lie there, without food or drink, till I was able to look after myself again. I could never ask from a landlady anything which was not in our bond, and only once or twice did I receive spontaneous offer of help. Oh, it is wonderful to think of all that youth can endure! What a poor feeble wretch I now seem to myself, when I remember thirty years ago!

大自然时不时会进行报复。冬天的时候，我患上很严重的喉炎，有时还伴有持久难忍的头痛。当然，我从来没考虑过看医生。我只是把自己锁在屋内，如果感觉确实很糟，我就爬上床—躺在那里，不吃不喝，直到能照料自己时再起床。我从来不向女房东索要房契中不包括的任何东西，只在一两次，我接受了主动提供的帮助。噢，想到年轻时能扛过那么多苦难，真是神奇啊！相比三十年前，现在的我是一个多么可怜虚弱的家伙呀！

XI

11

Would I live it over again, that life of the garret and the cellar? Not with the assurance of fifty years' contentment such as I now enjoy to follow upon it! With man's infinitely pathetic power of resignation, one sees the thing on its better side, forgets all the worst of it, makes out a case for the resolute optimist. Oh, but the waste of energy, of zeal, of youth! In another mood, I could shed tears over that spectacle of rare vitality condemned to sordid strife. The pity of it! And—if our conscience mean anything at all—the bitter wrong!

阁楼和地下室的生活，我还愿意重新来过吗？不，即使给我五十年现在这样优裕生活的保证，我也不干！凭借着极为可悲的逆来顺受的忍

耐力，人们总能够在困境中看到光明的一面，忘记所有糟糕的，最后成为一个坚定的乐观主义者。但这是对精力、热情和青春多大的浪费！在另一种心境下，看到人们在贫穷中挣扎却一派生机勃勃的情景，我也许会流下眼泪。多可怜的景象！良心会告诉我们这是让人心痛的错事！

Without seeking for Utopia, think what a man's youth might be. I suppose not one in every thousand uses half the possibilities of natural joy and delightful effort which lie in those years between seventeen and seven-and-twenty. All but all men have to look back upon beginnings of life deformed and discoloured by necessity, accident, wantonness. If a young man avoid the grosser pitfalls, if he keep his eye fixed steadily on what is called the main chance, if, without flagrant selfishness, he prudently subdue every interest to his own (by "interest" understanding only material good), he is putting his youth to profit, he is an exemplar and a subject of pride. I doubt whether, in our civilization, any other ideal is easy of pursuit by the youngster face to face with life. It is the only course altogether safe. Yet compare it with what might be, if men respected manhood, if human reason were at the service of human happiness. Some few there are who can look back upon a boyhood of natural delights, followed by a decade or so of fine energies honourably put to use, blended therewith, perhaps, a memory of joy so exquisite that it tunes all life unto the end; they are almost as rare as poets. The vast majority think not of their youth at all, or, glancing backward, are unconscious of lost opportunity, unaware of degradation suffered. Only by contrast with this thick-witted multitude can I pride myself upon my youth of endurance and of combat. I had a goal before me, and not the goal of the average man. Even when pinched with hunger, I did not abandon my purposes, which were of the mind. But contrast that starved lad in his slum lodging with any fair conception of intelligent and zealous youth, and one feels that a dose of swift poison would have been the right remedy for such squalid ills.

如果不考虑对乌托邦理想的追求，想想青春可能会是什么模样。我想，在十七到二十七岁之间，一千个人中也许都挑不出一个人能够享用一半生就的快乐和劳动的愉悦。回首过去，所有人看到的都是早年生活因为窘迫、不幸或是放荡而变形和褪色。如果一个年轻人能避免犯下愚蠢的错误，如果他把目光始终盯住所谓的重大机会，如果他能审慎地将所有物质利益都置于自己的兴趣之下而不让别人觉得他极端自私（“利益”这里指物质利益），他就是在最有效益地享用青春，他就是一个榜样，值得骄傲。我怀疑，在我们的文明中，对于面对生活的年轻人，还有其他更容易追寻的人生理想，这也是唯一安全的道路。但是如果人们尊重人性，如果人们的理智是为幸福服务的，那么请将这样的青春与它可能的模样比一比。有很少的人，在他们的回忆中，少年时光是天真愉快的，接下来的十来年，有一份体面的工作可以发挥青春活力，还伴着

一段欢乐的回忆，就这样享受美好人生直到终点，这样的人几乎和诗人一样稀有。大多数人从不回忆青春时代，或者即使回忆起来，也意识不到那些失去的机会和惨遭挥霍的青春。只有在与这些愚钝之众相比时，我才对自己年轻时的忍耐和奋斗感到骄傲。当时的我面前有一个目标，不同于普通人的目标。即使在饥肠辘辘时，我也没有放弃过它，这目标是思想层面上的。但是，将破旧寓所中忍饥挨饿的青年与正常观念中那种聪颖和热情的青春相比，你便会觉得一剂见效快的毒药可能会是对这种卑贱生活的合理救赎。

XII

12

As often as I survey my bookshelves I am reminded of Lamb's "ragged veterans." [5] Not that all my volumes came from the second-hand stall; many of them were neat enough in new covers, some were even stately in fragrant bindings, when they passed into my hands. But so often have I removed, so rough has been the treatment of my little library at each change of place, and, to tell the truth, so little care have I given to its well-being at normal times (for in all practical matters I am idle and inept), that even the comeliest of my books show the results of unfair usage. More than one has been foully injured by a great nail driven into a packing-case—this but the extreme instance of the wrongs they have undergone. Now that I have leisure and peace of mind, I find myself growing more careful—an illustration of the great truth that virtue is made easy by circumstance. But I confess that, so long as a volume hold together, I am not much troubled as to its outer appearance.

每当目光扫过书架，我便会想起兰姆所谓的“衣衫褴褛的老兵”，当然不是说我所有的藏书都来自二手书摊。在它们落入我手时，许多书都是很干净的，连封皮还是崭新的，有一些装订甚至很考究，还散发着芳香。但是我搬家太频繁，每换一次地方，我的小图书馆都要受到残酷的虐待，而且老实说，平时我对它的照顾也很不周到（在一切实际事务中我都是懒惰和无能的），所以连最漂亮的书都显出破损的模样。由于在装箱的时候需要钉钉子，好几本书就这样受了重伤—而这不过是它们受损的极端例子。现在，我有空闲并且心情平静，对待书细心多了—这是美德在顺境下更容易践行的又一例证。但是我得承认，只要一本书还能连在一起，它的外表我是不太在意的。

I know men who say they had as lief read any book in a library copy as in one from their own shelf. To me that is unintelligible. For one thing, I know every book of mine by its SCENT, and I have but to put my nose between the pages to be reminded of all sorts of things. My Gibbon[6], for example, my well-bound eight-volume Milman[7]

edition, which I have read and read and read again for more than thirty years—never do I open it but the scent of the noble page restores to me all the exultant happiness of that moment when I received it as a prize. Or my Shakespeare, the great Cambridge Shakespeare—it has an odour which carries me yet further back in life; for these volumes belonged to my father, and before I was old enough to read them with understanding, it was often permitted me, as a treat, to take down one of them from the bookcase, and reverently to turn the leaves. The volumes smell exactly as they did in that old time, and what a strange tenderness comes upon me when I hold one of them in hand. For that reason I do not often read Shakespeare in this edition. My eyes being good as ever, I take the Globe volume, which I bought in days when such a purchase was something more than an extravagance; wherefore I regard the book with that peculiar affection which results from sacrifice.

我知道有些人觉得读图书馆的书和自己书架上的书没什么分别。对此我无法理解。首先，我了解我的每一本书都有自己独特的“味道”。只要把鼻子伸到书页间，就会联想起各种事情。比如，我的吉本文集，这套装帧精良的米尔曼版八卷本，三十多年来我不知读过多少遍—每次打开它，嗅到高贵的书页散发的味道，就会忆起作为奖品初得此书时的狂喜。还有我剑桥版的莎士比亚文集—它有一股味道，总把我带回久远的岁月；这套藏书是父亲的，小时候还读不懂它时，我经常获准从书架上取下一本，恭敬地翻看那些书页。这些书的味道一点都没变，每次取一本捧在手里，心里都会升起一种奇异的亲切感。因为这个原因，我读莎士比亚通常不用这个版本。因为视力和从前一样好，我会用环球版本，当时买它的时候我可是大出血。为此我对这本书有一种特殊的感情，因为牺牲太大的缘故吧。

Sacrifice—in no drawing-room sense of the word. Dozens of my books were purchased with money which ought to have been spent upon what are called the necessaries of life. Many a time I have stood before a stall, or a bookseller's window, torn by conflict of intellectual desire and bodily need. At the very hour of dinner, when my stomach clamoured for food, I have been stopped by sight of a volume so long coveted, and marked at so advantageous a price, that I COULD not let it go; yet to buy it meant pangs of famine. My Heyne's Tibullus[8] was grasped at such a moment. It lay on the stall of the old book-shop in Goodge Street—a stall where now and then one found an excellent thing among quantities of rubbish. Sixpence was the price—sixpence! At that time I used to eat my midday meal (of course my dinner) at a coffee-shop in Oxford Street, one of the real old coffee-shops, such as now, I suppose, can hardly be found. Sixpence was all I had—yes, all I had in the world; it would purchase a plate of meat and vegetables. But I did not dare to hope that the Tibullus would wait until the

morrow, when a certain small sum fell due to me. I paced the pavement, fingering the coppers in my pocket, eyeing the stall, two appetites at combat within me. The book was bought and I went home with it, and as I made a dinner of bread and butter I gloated over the pages.

这里的“牺牲”不是交际用语中的那层含义。我有几十本书，当时购买它们的钱本应花在所谓的生活必需品上。好多次我站在书摊或书店橱窗前，对知识的渴望和身体的需要在心里作着激烈的斗争。到了晚饭时间，肚子饿得咕咕叫，而我却拔不动腿，因为看到一本觊觎已久的书，而且价钱实惠，无论如何不能错过；但是买书就意味着饿肚子。我那本海尼编辑的《提布卢斯诗集》就是在这种情况下买到手的。它躺在古德格街一家老店的书摊上—这里你偶尔能在一堆垃圾中找到一本好书。标价是六便士—六便士！那时，我的午餐（当然也算晚餐）通常在牛津街上一家咖啡店解决，那是一家非常古老的咖啡店，我想现在应该找不到了。我身上就只有六便士—没错，六便士是我的全部资产，它可以买到一盘肉和一些蔬菜。虽然第二天我能拿到一点小钱，但我不敢奢望提布卢斯会等我到明天。我在街上踱来踱去，手在衣袋中捻着那几个硬币，眼睛盯着书摊，内心里的两种欲望不停地交锋着。最后我买下书带着它回家了，那天的晚饭是面包抹黄油，我边吃边在书里流连忘返。

In this Tibullus I found pencilled on the last page: "Perlegi, Oct. 4, 1792." Who was that possessor of the book, nearly a hundred years ago? There was no other inscription. I like to imagine some poor scholar, poor and eager as I myself, who bought the volume with drops of his blood, and enjoyed the reading of it even as I did. How much THAT was I could not easily say. Gentle-hearted Tibullus!—of whom there remains to us a poet's portrait9 more delightful, I think, than anything of the kind in Roman literature.

在《提布卢斯诗集》的最后一页，我看到一行铅笔字：“读毕，1792年10月4日”。距今约一百年前的当时，这本书的主人是谁？除了那行铅笔字，再也找不到其他的标记了。我愿意把他想象成一个穷文人—和我一样贫穷但爱书的文人—他用血汗钱买下这本书，并和我一样享受阅读它的乐趣。具体程度如何不好说。心地仁慈的提布卢斯—在他的作品中可以看到一位诗人的自画像，在我眼里，这要比罗马文学中的所有事物都令人愉快。

An tacitum silvas inter reptare salubres,

或是在茂林中默然潜行，

Curantem quidquid dignum sapiente bonoque est?

对适于聪明善良人的事加以深思？

So with many another book on the thronged shelves. To take

them down is to recall, how vividly, a struggle and a triumph. In those days money represented nothing to me, nothing I cared to think about, but the acquisition of books. There were books of which I had passionate need, books more necessary to me than bodily nourishment. I could see them, of course, at the British Museum, but that was not at all the same thing as having and holding them, my own property, on my own shelf. Now and then I have bought a volume of the raggedest and wretchedest aspect, dishonoured with foolish scribbling, torn, blotted—no matter, I liked better to read out of that than out of a copy that was not mine. But I was guilty at times of mere self-indulgence; a book tempted me, a book which was not one of those for which I really craved, a luxury which prudence might bid me forego. As, for instance, my Jung-Stilling. It caught my eye in Holywell Street; the name was familiar to me in Wahrheit und Dichtung[10], and curiosity grew as I glanced over the pages. But that day I resisted; in truth, I could not afford the eighteenpence, which means that just then I was poor indeed. Twice again did I pass, each time assuring myself that Jung-Stilling had found no purchaser. There came a day when I was in funds. I see myself hastening to Holywell Street (in those days my habitual pace was five miles an hour), I see the little grey old man with whom I transacted my business—what was his name?—the bookseller who had been, I believe, a Catholic priest, and still had a certain priestly dignity about him. He took the volume, opened it, mused for a moment, then, with a glance at me, said, as if thinking aloud: "Yes, I wish I had time to read it."

在拥挤的书架上，许多书都有相似的经历。把它们取下来,我的脑海里就会生动再现一场挣扎和一次胜利。在那些日子，对我来说，钱的唯一意义就在于能买到书，其他的我根本不在意。有些书让我爱不释手，比起营养丰富的食品，它们对我更是必需品。当然，在大英博物馆也可以看书，但这和把它们变成私有财产放在自己的书架上完全不是一回事。偶尔我会买一本破旧不堪的书，里面有愚蠢的涂鸦，扯烂的书页，墨水渍—这些我都不在意，比起读一本不是自己的书，我更愿意读这样的书。然而，有时我也会因为放纵自己而有负罪感。一本书吸引了我，一本我并不迫切需要而且价钱昂贵、慎重考虑之下可能就会放弃的书，比如那本《容-施蒂林集》。我在霍利韦尔街看到了它，在《文与质》上我经常看到这个书名，随手翻看时我的好奇心也增长了。但那一天我克制住了自己，老实说，我根本拿不出十八便士来，这也说明当时的我的确穷得叮当响。我两次经过书摊，每次都会确定一下《容-施蒂林集》是否已找到买主。有一天，我忽然得了些钱，便匆匆赶到霍利韦尔街（那时候我的正常步速是每小时五英里），和那位身材矮小的白发老头进行了交易—他叫什么名字来着？—我想这位书铺老板应该做过天主教神父，他的气质中还保留着某种神父的尊严。他拿起书来打开，沉思了一会儿后看了我一眼，好似自言自语地说道：“是啊，如果我有时间把它读完就好了。”

Sometimes I added the labour of a porter to my fasting endured for the sake of books. At the little shop near Portland Road Station I came upon a first edition of Gibbon, the price an absurdity—I think it was a shilling a volume. To possess those clean-paged quartos I would have sold my coat. As it happened, I had not money enough with me, but sufficient at home. I was living at Islington. Having spoken with the bookseller, I walked home, took the cash, walked back again, and —carried the tomes from the west end of Euston Road to a street in Islington far beyond the Angel. I did it in two journeys—this being the only time in my life when I thought of Gibbon in avoirdupois. Twice—three times, reckoning the walk for the money—did I descend Euston Road and climb Pentonville on that occasion. Of the season and the weather I have no recollection; my joy in the purchase I had made drove out every other thought. Except, indeed, of the weight. I had infinite energy, but not much muscular strength, and the end of the last journey saw me upon a chair, perspiring, flaccid, aching—exultant!

有时，为了书我除了饿肚子外，还会当一把搬运工。在波特兰街车站附近的一家小书店，我看到了第一版的吉本文集，价钱贵得离谱—我记得是一个先令一本。要买这套干净的四开本书籍，我得卖大衣才行。我当时身上带的钱不够，但家里还有足够的钱。那时候我住在伊斯灵顿。和店主打了招呼，我便步行回到家，取钱后又步行返回，搬着这些大部头的书从尤斯顿路西头一直走到距离天使酒店很远的伊斯灵顿的一条街上。这样来回了两趟才搬完—这是我生命中唯一一次将吉本与重量联想在一起。那一天，为了这套书，我两次—算上取钱那趟是三次—走下尤斯顿路又爬上本顿维尔街。我记不清那是什么季节什么天气的事情了，买书的乐趣将其他想法都从头脑中驱逐了出去，当然，除了想着书的重量。我当时有无穷的精力，但肌肉力量有限，把书搬回家后，我累得瘫倒在椅子上，大汗淋漓，四肢发软，肌肉酸痛—但内心着实高兴不已。

The well-to-do person would hear this story with astonishment. Why did I not get the bookseller to send me the volumes? Or, if I could not wait, was there no omnibus along that London highway? How could I make the well-to-do person understand that I did not feel able to afford, that day, one penny more than I had spent on the book? No, no, such labour-saving expenditure did not come within my scope; whatever I enjoyed I earned it, literally, by the sweat of my brow. In those days I hardly knew what it was to travel by omnibus. I have walked London streets for twelve and fifteen hours together without ever a thought of saving my legs, or my time, by paying for waftage. Being poor as poor can be, there were certain things I had to renounce, and this was one of them.

有钱人听到这个故事可能会感到诧异。为什么我不让店主送书上门

呢？或者，假使我等不及，伦敦的街上不是有马车吗？我怎么才能让有钱人们理解，那天在付完书款后，我感觉再花不起哪怕一个便士了？不，这种省力的花费不是我能负担的。我享受到的都是我用汗水挣来的，这里的“汗水”可不是比喻。那时候，我几乎不知道乘马车赶路是怎么样的。我在伦敦的街道上一连走了十二到十五个小时，根本没想过花钱乘车来节省腿力和时间。因为贫穷不堪，我必须要放弃一些东西，这就是其中之一。

Years after, I sold my first edition of Gibbon for even less than it cost me; it went with a great many other fine books in folio and quarto, which I could not drag about with me in my constant removals; the man who bought them spoke of them as "tomb-stones." Why has Gibbon no market value? Often has my heart ached with regret for those quartos. The joy of reading the Decline and Fall in that fine type! The page was appropriate to the dignity of the subject; the mere sight of it tuned one's mind. I suppose I could easily get another copy now; but it would not be to me what that other was, with its memory of dust and toil.

多年以后，我把第一版的吉本文集卖掉了，价钱比我买进的时候还便宜。同时卖掉的还有许多对开本和四开本的好书，因为经常搬家，我无法带着它们四处奔波。买书的人把它们叫做“墓碑”。为什么吉本没有市场价值呢？我经常为这些四开本书籍惋惜心痛。阅读那种优美字体印刷的《罗马帝国衰亡史》曾给我带来多大的快乐！书页也很切合主题的庄严，看到它心情就会变得肃然。我想现在买一套应该很容易，但先前那一套带着灰尘和辛苦的记忆，这新的又怎能和它相比？

XIII

13

There must be several men of spirit and experiences akin to mine who remember that little book-shop opposite Portland Road Station. It had a peculiar character; the books were of a solid kind—chiefly theology and classics—and for the most part those old editions which are called worthless, which have no bibliopolic value, and have been supplanted for practical use by modern issues. The bookseller was very much a gentleman, and this singular fact, together with the extremely low prices at which his volumes were marked, sometimes inclined me to think that he kept the shop for mere love of letters. Things in my eyes inestimable I have purchased there for a few pence, and I don't think I ever gave more than a shilling for any volume. As I once had the opportunity of perceiving, a young man fresh from class-rooms could only look with wondering contempt on the antiquated stuff which it rejoiced me to gather from that kindly stall, or from the

richer shelves within. My Cicero's Letters[11] for instance: podgy volumes in parchment, with all the notes of Graevius[12], Gronovius[13], and I know not how many other old scholars. Pooh! Hopelessly out of date. But I could never feel that. I have a deep affection for Graevius and Gronovius and the rest, and if I knew as much as they did, I should be well satisfied to rest under the young man's disdain. The zeal of learning is never out of date; the example—were there no more—burns before one as a sacred fire, forever unquenchable. In what modern editor shall I find such love and enthusiasm as glows in the annotations of old scholars?

一定还有几个和我志趣经历相同的人，还记得波特兰街车站对面的那家小书店。这家书店独树一帜，卖的都是有充实内容的书—主要是神学和经典书籍—大都是些老版本，被认为不值一钱，没有珍藏价值，为了实用的缘故已经被现代的版本替换掉了。店主很有绅士风范，店里的书标价极低，这些奇特的情形让我觉得他经营这家店完全是出于对文学的热爱。我眼中的“无价之宝”在这里花几个便士就可以买到，回想起来，我在这里买的书价钱从没有超过一个先令。有一次，我注意到店里有一个刚下课的年轻人，他看着书架上那些老古董，眼神里满是疑惑和不屑。而就是这些老古董，每次我从摊位上拿起它们或者从店内藏书甚丰的架上将它们取下时，心里满是欢喜。比如，我的《西塞罗书信集》，这是一本羊皮纸制成的臃肿的书，里面包括了格雷菲乌斯和赫罗诺维厄斯以及很多我不认识的学者们的注释。唉！真是无可救药的过时。但是我从没有这种感觉。我对格雷菲乌斯和赫罗诺维厄斯还有其他学者怀有一种深沉的感情，如果能和他们一样博学，那么即使受到那个年轻人的鄙夷，我也可以满足地安息了。求知的热情从不会过时，榜样的光辉在你的面前如一团圣火，永不熄灭。现在这些编辑，我在哪一个身上能找到旧时学者们注解中映射出的对学问的爱和热情？

Even the best editions of our day have so much of the mere schoolbook; you feel so often that the man does not regard his author as literature, but simply as text. Pedant for pedant, the old is better than the new.

在当今时代，就连最好的版本都只能说是教科书。你经常会感觉到，编者们没有将作品视为文学，而仅仅看作是文本。以学究对学究来言，老的总胜过新的。

XIV

14

To-day's newspaper contains a yard or so of reading about a spring horse-race. The sight of it fills me with loathing. It brings to my mind that placard I saw at a station in Surrey a year or two ago, advertising certain races in the neighbourhood. Here is the poster, as I

copied it into my note-book:

今天，报纸上刊登了一则关于春季赛马的长篇报道，看到它我就觉得很反感。这让我想起一两年前在萨里郡某车站看到的一张布告，是为附近举办的赛马活动做宣传的。下面是布告原文，我当时把它抄在了笔记本上：

"Engaged by the Executive to ensure order and comfort to the public attending this meeting:

“为维持本次大会的秩序，保证公众顺利观看比赛，特以行政命令安排以下人员：

14 detectives (racing),

十四名侦探（比赛专用），

15 detectives (Scotland Yard[14]),

十五名侦探（来自苏格兰场），

7 police inspectors,

七名督察，

9 police sergeants,

九名巡佐，

76 police, and a supernumerary contingent of specially selected men from the Army Reserve and the Corps of Commissionaires.

七十六名警官，以及一支由陆军预备役部队和退伍士兵之精英组成的分遣队。

The above force will be employed solely for the purpose of maintaining order and excluding bad characters, etc. They will have the assistance also of a strong force of the Surrey Constabulary."

上述人员力量仅用于维持秩序、驱逐破坏分子等目的。另外，萨里郡警察将提供有力支援。”

I remember, once, when I let fall a remark on the subject of horseracing among friends chatting together, I was voted "morose." Is it really morose to object to public gatherings which their own promoters declare to be dangerous for all decent folk? Every one knows that horseracing is carried on mainly for the delight and profit of fools, ruffians, and thieves. That intelligent men allow themselves to take part in the affair, and defend their conduct by declaring that their presence "maintains the character of a sport essentially noble," merely shows that intelligence can easily enough divest itself of sense and decency.

我记得有一次，在友人相聚闲谈之际，我对赛马发表了一句评论，

结果被众人贴上“孤僻不合群”的标签。反对一场连倡导者都承认会给所有体面人士带来威胁的集会真的就是孤僻不合群吗？人人都知道，举办赛马主要是让愚人、暴徒和小偷高兴并有利可图。智慧的人参加这样的集会时，宣称自己的到场“维护了一场本质上高贵运动的品质”，以此来进行自我辩护，而这也正显示了智慧要脱去理智和体面的外衣是多么容易！

XV

15

Midway in my long walk yesterday, I lunched at a wayside inn. On the table lay a copy of a popular magazine. Glancing over this miscellany, I found an article, by a woman, on "Lion Hunting," and in this article I came upon a passage which seemed worth copying.

昨天散步中途，我到路旁一家小酒馆吃午餐。餐桌上放着一本流行杂志，粗粗翻看之下，我发现一篇文章，作者是位女士，题目是“猎狮记”，我读到其中有一段似乎值得抄录的文字：

"As I woke my husband, the lion—which was then about forty yards off—charged straight towards us, and with my .303 I hit him full in the chest, as we afterwards discovered, tearing his windpipe to pieces and breaking his spine. He charged a second time, and the next shot hit him through the shoulder, tearing his heart to ribbons."

“我把丈夫摇醒，当时那头狮子离我们大约40码远，它向我们直扑过来。我拿起.303步枪射击，正中它的胸膛。我们后来发现，子弹撕碎了它的气管，打断了它的脊柱。它又一次扑上来，第二颗子弹穿透了它的肩膀，扯烂了它的心脏。”

It would interest me to look upon this heroine of gun and pen. She is presumably quite a young woman; probably, when at home, a graceful figure in drawing-rooms. I should like to hear her talk, to exchange thoughts with her. She would give one a very good idea of the matron of old Rome who had her seat in the amphitheatre. Many of those ladies, in private life, must have been bright and gracious, high-bred and full of agreeable sentiment; they talked of art and of letters; they could drop a tear over Lesbia's sparrow[15]; at the same time, they were connoisseurs in torn windpipes, shattered spines and viscera rent open. It is not likely that many of them would have cared to turn their own hands to butchery, and, for the matter of that, I must suppose that our Lion Huntress of the popular magazine is rather an exceptional dame; but no doubt she and the Roman ladies would get on very well together, finding only a few superficial differences. The fact that her gory reminiscences are welcomed by an editor with the

popular taste in view is perhaps more significant than appears either to editor or public. Were this lady to write a novel (the chances are she will) it would have the true note of modern vigour. Of course her style has been formed by her favourite reading; more than probably, her ways of thinking and feeling owe much to the same source. If not so already, this will soon, I daresay, be the typical Englishwoman. Certainly, there is "no nonsense about her." Such women should breed a remarkable race.

我很有兴趣见见这位枪法文笔俱佳的女主人公。推想起来，她应该是位不一般的年轻女士。在家里，她很可能是位上得厅堂的优雅女主人。我愿意听她谈话，和她交流思想。她会让我联想起在古罗马圆形露天剧场中就座的贵妇。许多这样的女士在私生活中一定都聪慧俊秀，和蔼亲切，举止文雅，讨人欢喜。她们谈论艺术和文学，她们会为莉丝比娅的爱雀落泪。同时，她们还是懂得鉴赏撕碎的气管、断裂的脊椎和破裂的内脏的行家。她们中许多人不大可能会愿意屠杀动物而手沾血腥。从这一点考虑，我推断这本流行杂志上的“猎狮女英雄”一定是位非同寻常的女士。但毫无疑问，她和其他罗马贵妇们一定能够相处融洽，只有一些肤浅的分歧。她血腥的回忆文章受到一位迎合流行趣味的编辑青睐，这一事实本身要比编辑或读者的阅读感受更有重要意义。这位女士如果写小说（可能性很大），一定会表现出现代活力的真实韵律。当然，她的写作风格会受到她钟爱读物的影响，很可能她思维和感觉的方式大抵也出自同一个源头。如果还没有成为现实，那么我敢说，她很快将是英国妇女的典型代表。当然，她为人“认真实在，不讲废话”。这样的女士养育的后代应该会很出众。

I left the inn in rather a turbid humour. Moving homeward by a new way, I presently found myself on the side of a little valley, in which lay a farm and an orchard. The apple trees were in full bloom, and, as I stood gazing, the sun, which had all that day been niggard of its beams, burst forth gloriously. For what I then saw, I have no words; I can but dream of the still loveliness of that blossomed valley. Near me, a bee was humming; not far away, a cuckoo called; from the pasture of the farm below came a bleating of lambs.

我离开酒馆时，思绪纷乱。我沿着一条从没走过的路回家，一会儿就发现自己站在一个小山谷边，那里有一处农场和一片果园。苹果花开得正盛，我站在那里，凝视着这片美景，此时，一整天都暗淡无光的太阳突然射出万道光芒。当时我面前的景色，美得无法用言语描述，我只能在梦中再见那片宁静可爱、鲜花盛开的山谷。在我近旁，一只蜜蜂嗡嗡作响；不远处，有布谷鸟在歌唱；从谷底的牧场上，传来羊羔的咩咩声。

XVI

16

I am no friend of the people. As a force, by which the tenor of the time is conditioned, they inspire me with distrust, with fear; as a visible multitude, they make me shrink aloof, and often move me to abhorrence. For the greater part of my life, the people signified to me the London crowd, and no phrase of temperate meaning would utter my thoughts of them under that aspect. The people as country-folk are little known to me; such glimpses as I have had of them do not invite to nearer acquaintance. Every instinct of my being is anti-democratic, and I dread to think of what our England may become when Demos rules irresistibly.

我不是人民的朋友。作为一种决定时代进程的力量，他们使我感到怀疑和恐惧；作为一个随处可见的群体，他们让我畏而远之，甚至时常感到憎恶。在我的大半生中，人民指的就是伦敦人民，我对他们的感想无法用任何温和的词汇来表达。而作为乡下人的人民对我来说是不熟悉的，我曾瞥见过他们，但这没有引起我和他们进一步熟识的愿望。我身体里的每一种本能都是敌视民主的，我根本不敢想象如果人民当家作主，无人可挡，我们的英格兰将会变成什么样子。

Right or wrong, this is my temper. But he who should argue from it that I am intolerant of all persons belonging to a lower social rank than my own would go far astray. Nothing is more rooted in my mind than the vast distinction between the individual and the class. Take a man by himself, and there is generally some reason to be found in him, some disposition for good; mass him with his fellows in the social organism, and ten to one he becomes a blatant creature, without a thought of his own, ready for any evil to which contagion prompts him. It is because nations tend to stupidity and baseness that mankind moves so slowly; it is because individuals have a capacity for better things that it moves at all.

不管对错，这就是我的真实想法。但是如果谁以此推论，说我对所有社会地位比我低的人都无法容忍，他就大错特错了。我心中最根深蒂固的思想，莫过于个体和阶级有天渊之别。一个人作为个体来说，通常还可以发现他多少有些理智，有些向善的性情；而如果把他和同伴们一起放入社会组织中，他有九成可能变成一个喧哗之徒，没有自己的思想，一旦受到某种思想的蛊惑，便会无恶不作。正因为国民容易做愚蠢和卑鄙的事情，人类的进步才如此缓慢；正因为人人有做善事的能力，人类才可以向前发展。

In my youth, looking at this man and that, I marvelled that humanity had made so little progress. Now, looking at men in the multitude, I marvel that they have advanced so far.

年轻时的我，看到这个人那个人，曾感叹人类几乎没有什么进步。现在，看到群体中的这些人，我惊叹人类竟然能取得这么大的进步。

Foolishly arrogant as I was, I used to judge the worth of a person

by his intellectual power and attainment. I could see no good where there was no logic, no charm where there was no learning. Now I think that one has to distinguish between two forms of intelligence, that of the brain, and that of the heart, and I have come to regard the second as by far the more important. I guard myself against saying that intelligence does not matter; the fool is ever as noxious as he is wearisome. But assuredly the best people I have known were saved from folly not by the intellect but by the heart.

曾经的我愚蠢傲慢，判断一个人的价值常以他的智力和成就作为衡量标准。在我看来，没有逻辑便没什么值得赞扬的，没有学识便没什么吸引力。而现在我认为要区分两种不同的智慧，一种是头脑的，一种是心灵的。现在的我将后者看得更加重要。我并不是说头脑的智慧无关紧要，一个愚蠢的人不仅可憎也让人厌倦。但可以确定的是，我所认识的最优秀的人，都是心灵而不是头脑拯救了他们。他们来到我面前，显得极其无知，有很深的偏见，甚至会作出最荒诞不经的错误推理；但是他们的脸上闪耀着最极致的美德、善良、和蔼、谦逊和慷慨。在拥有这些品质的同时，他们也知道如何运用它们。他们具有心灵的智慧。

They come before me, and I see them greatly ignorant, strongly prejudiced, capable of the absurdest mis-reasoning; yet their faces shine with the supreme virtues, kindness, sweetness, modesty, generosity. Possessing these qualities, they at the same time understand how to use them; they have the intelligence of the heart. This poor woman who labours for me in my house is even such a one. From the first I thought her an unusually good servant; after three years of acquaintance, I find her one of the few women I have known who merit the term of excellent. She can read and write—that is all. More instruction would, I am sure, have harmed her, for it would have confused her natural motives, without supplying any clear ray of mental guidance. She is fulfilling the offices for which she was born, and that with a grace of contentment, a joy of conscientiousness, which puts her high among civilized beings. Her delight is in order and in peace; what greater praise can be given to any of the children of men?

为我打理家务的贫穷女人正是这样的一个人。起初我只觉得她是个难得的好仆人，经过三年的相处，我发现她是我认识的女人中少数几个可以用“卓越”来形容的。她能读能写—这就足够了。再多的教育，我敢说一定对她有害，因为那将会迷惑她的自然本性，而又不能提供任何清晰的心智指导。她尽力做好她天生注定要做的这份工作，同时，她还满足感恩，勤勉乐天，这让她在文明人中站在了比较高的地位。她喜欢一切井井有条，喜欢和平安静。对于人类之子，我们还能给予比这更高的褒扬吗？

The other day she told me a story of the days gone by. Her mother, at the age of twelve, went into domestic service; but on what

conditions, think you? The girl's father, an honest labouring man, PAID the person whose house she entered one shilling a week for her instruction in the duties she wished to undertake. What a grinning stare would come to the face of any labourer nowadays, who should be asked to do the like! I no longer wonder that my housekeeper so little resembles the average of her kind.

那天，她给我讲述了一件家族旧事。她的母亲在十二岁时开始从事家政服务，但是你能想到以什么条件吗？这个女孩的父亲，一个淳朴的农民，为了让她在服务工作中得到教导，向雇主的家庭每周付一个先令的费用。现在如果让任何一个劳动者做同样的事，那他的脸上会现出怎样的目瞪口呆和裂口冷笑的表情啊！我也终于恍然大悟，明白为什么我的管家如此卓尔不群了。

XVII

17

A day of almost continuous rain, yet for me a day of delight. I had breakfasted, and was poring over the map of Devon (how I love a good map!) to trace an expedition that I have in view, when a knock came at my door, and Mrs. M. bore in a great brown-paper parcel, which I saw at a glance must contain books. The order was sent to London a few days ago; I had not expected to have my books so soon. With throbbing heart I set the parcel on a clear table; eyed it whilst I mended the fire; then took my pen-knife, and gravely, deliberately, though with hand that trembled, began to unpack.

今天，雨淅淅沥沥下个不停，而我的心情却是愉快的。吃过早饭，我俯身研究德文郡地图（一幅好地图真是我的心头宝贝啊！），想找出一条探险路线，这时传来敲门声，M夫人拿进来一个棕色纸包裹，我一眼看去便知道里面装的是书。订单是几天前发到伦敦的，我没想到这么快书就送到了。我怀着激动的心情，把包裹放在一张干净的桌子上，一面拨弄炉火一面看着它。然后我拿起一把小刀，手微微有些颤抖，郑重其事地开始拆封。

It is a joy to go through booksellers' catalogues, ticking here and there a possible purchase. Formerly, when I could seldom spare money, I kept catalogues as much as possible out of sight; now I savour them page by page, and make a pleasant virtue of the discretion I must need impose upon myself. But greater still is the happiness of unpacking volumes which one has bought without seeing them. I am no hunter of rarities; I care nothing for first editions and for tall copies; what I buy is literature, food for the soul of man. The first glimpse of bindings when the inmost protective wrapper has been folded back! The first scent of BOOKS! The first gleam of a gilded title!

Here is a work the name of which has been known to me for half a lifetime, but which I never yet saw; I take it reverently in my hand, gently I open it; my eyes are dim with excitement as I glance over chapter-headings, and anticipate the treat which awaits me. Who, more than I, has taken to heart that sentence of the Imitatio[16]—”In omnibus requiem quaesivi, et nusquam inveni nisi in angulo cum libro"?

浏览书商的目录，在想买的商品上画勾，这真是一件乐事。从前囊中羞涩时，我总尽量把目录放在眼睛看不到的地方；而现在，我可以一页一页地细细翻看，并提醒自己选购时一定要保持克制的美德，真是愉快啊。而更大的快乐在于，拆开那些你已购买但还没有看到的书。我不是珍本善本的猎奇者，对第一版和精装版也毫不在意。我买的是文学，是人类灵魂的食粮。拆开最里面的包装纸，第一眼看到书的装订！第一次闻到书香！看到那烫金的书名发出的第一缕光亮！这里面有一本书，我知道它的名字有大半辈子那么久了，但还从没拜读过。我恭恭敬敬地将它捧在手心，轻轻打开。目光扫过那些章节和题目，预想到等待我的是怎样的盛宴，我的眼睛因为兴奋而有些模糊了。谁比我更能心领神会《效法基督》里那句“在一切事物中我追求安静，但是我得不到它，除非在一个角落里手执着一卷书？”

I had in me the making of a scholar. With leisure and tranquility of mind, I should have amassed learning. Within the walls of a college, I should have lived so happily, so harmlessly, my imagination ever busy with the old world. In the introduction to his History of France, Michelet[17] says: "J'ai passe e cote du monde, et j'ai pris l'histoire pour la vie." That, as I can see now, was my true ideal; through all my battlings and miseries I have always lived more in the past than in the present. At the time when I was literally starving in London, when it seemed impossible that I should ever gain a living by my pen, how many days have I spent at the British Museum, reading as disinterestedly as if I had been without a care! It astounds me to remember that, having breakfasted on dry bread, and carrying in my pocket another piece of bread to serve for dinner, I settled myself at a desk in the great Reading-Room with books before me which by no possibility could be a source of immediate profit. At such a time, I worked through German tomes on Ancient Philosophy. At such a time, I read Appuleius[18] and Lucian[19], Petronius[20] and the Greek Anthology, Diogenes Laertius[21] and—heaven knows what! My hunger was forgotten; the garret to which I must return to pass the night never perturbed my thoughts. On the whole, it seems to me something to be rather proud of; I smile approvingly at that thin, white-faced youth. Me? My very self? No, no! He has been dead these thirty years.

我是有做学者的资质的。如果有闲暇和安宁的心境，我应该可以积累学识。在大学的象牙塔中，我应该可以生活得快快乐乐，与世无争，

永远流连在对古老世界的想象中。在那本《法国历史》的序言中，米什莱说道："我从世界的边缘上经过，我以历史为生活。"现在看来，那是我真正的理想。在经历所有的艰辛和苦难时，我总是生活在过去而不是现在。当我在伦敦忍饥挨饿，靠卖文谋生似乎是天方夜谭的时候，在大英博物馆我手不释卷地度过了多少个日子，不带任何功利性，似乎没任何烦恼。想到当时我早餐吃一片干面包，兜里再放上一片作为晚餐，而安坐在大阅览室里，桌上摆着一些不会立刻给我带来好处的书，就让我感到吃惊。在那时候，我读了论述古代哲学的大部头德国书籍。在那时候，我读了阿普列尤斯、琉善、佩特罗尼乌斯、《希腊诗文选》、第欧根尼·拉尔修以及……天知道还有哪些！我忘却了饥饿，就连晚上必须回去过夜的阁楼也从没扰乱我的思绪。总的说来，在我看来，这是非常值得骄傲的事情，我向那个瘦削苍白的年轻人投以赞许的微笑。那是我吗？真的是我吗？不，不！他已经死了三十年了。

Scholarship in the high sense was denied me, and now it is too late. Yet here am I gloating over Pausanias, and promising myself to read every word of him. Who that has any tincture of old letters would not like to read Pausanias, instead of mere quotations from him and references to him? Here are the volumes of Dahn's Die Konige der Germanen[22]: who would not like to know all he can about the Teutonic conquerors of Rome? And so on, and so on. To the end I shall be reading—and forgetting. Ah, that's the worst of it! Had I at command all the knowledge I have at any time possessed, I might call myself a learned man. Nothing surely is so bad for the memory as long-enduring worry, agitation, fear. I cannot preserve more than a few fragments of what I read, yet read I shall, persistently, rejoicingly. Would I gather erudition for a future life? Indeed, it no longer troubles me that I forget. I have the happiness of the passing moment, and what more can mortal ask?

高层次的学术成就，我过去没有取得，现在也为时太晚。而我现在还贪婪地读着佩特罗尼乌斯，下决心细细研读他的著作。对古典文学有兴趣的人哪一个不愿研读佩特罗尼乌斯的原著，而只满足于对他作品的引用和评述啊？这里还有达恩的《日耳曼国王》多卷本，谁不想尽可能多地了解罗马的条顿征服者啊？当然还远不止这些。而到最后，我会边读—边忘。啊！这是最糟糕的事情！如果能把拥有过的知识全部掌握，我可能会称自己为博学之士。无疑，对记忆最有害的莫过于长期的忧虑、不安和恐惧。我虽然只能记住书中的几个片段，但我还会坚持不懈、满怀喜悦地阅读。我还需要为以后的生活积累艰深的学问吗？的确，现在遗忘已经不再让我烦恼了。我可以享受每一个转瞬即逝的快乐时刻，试问一个凡人还能有更高的要求吗？

XVIII

18

Is it I, Henry Ryecroft, who, after a night of untroubled rest, rise unhurriedly, dress with the deliberation of an oldish man, and go downstairs happy in the thought that I can sit reading, quietly reading, all day long? Is it I, Henry Ryecroft, the harassed toiler of so many a long year?

安稳地休息一夜后，不慌不忙地起床，带着上了年纪的人的从容穿上衣服，想到自己能坐下安静地读上一整天的书，心情愉快地下楼，这个人不正是我亨利·赖克罗夫特吗？是那个辛苦煎熬了半辈子的亨利·赖克罗夫特吗？

I dare not think of those I have left behind me, there in the ink-stained world. It would make me miserable, and to what purpose? Yet, having once looked that way, think of them I must. Oh, you heavy-laden, who at this hour sit down to the cursed travail of the pen; writing, not because there is something in your mind, in your heart, which must needs be uttered, but because the pen is the only tool you can handle, your only means of earning bread! Year after year the number of you is multiplied; you crowd the doors of publishers and editors, hustling, grappling, exchanging maledictions. Oh, sorry spectacle, grotesque and heart-breaking!

我不敢去想身后那些还在笔墨世界里摸爬滚打的人们。那会让我痛心疾首，又有何用呢？但是，既然已经回首了，那我必须要想想他们了。唉，你们这些负担沉重、正坐在书桌前绞尽脑汁的人，你们写作，不是因为所思所感不吐不快，而是因为这笔是你们能驾驭的唯一工具，是你们挣面包的唯一手段！年复一年，你们的数量翻倍增长，你们拥挤在出版商和编辑的门前，推推搡搡，骂骂咧咧。唉，这丑陋的一幕真让人心碎！

Innumerable are the men and women now writing for bread, who have not the least chance of finding in such work a permanent livelihood. They took to writing because they knew not what else to do, or because the literary calling tempted them by its independence and its dazzling prizes. They will hang on to the squalid profession, their earnings eked out by begging and borrowing, until it is too late for them to do anything else—and then? With a lifetime of dread experience behind me, I say that he who encourages any young man or woman to look for his living to "literature," commits no less than a crime. If my voice had any authority, I would cry this truth aloud wherever men could hear. Hateful as is the struggle for life in every form, this rough-and-tumble of the literary arena seems to me sordid and degrading beyond all others. Oh, your prices per thousand words! Oh, your paragraphings and your interviewings! And oh, the black despair that awaits those down-trodden in the fray.

现在卖文谋生的人不计其数，但靠着它永远衣食不愁几乎没有可

能。他们选择写作是因为别无所长，不然就是受到文学职业的独立性和各种令人炫目的奖项的诱引。他们将依附这一惨淡的职业，靠着乞讨和借债勉强度日，等到想改行已为时过晚—以后怎么办呢？凭着一生的痛苦经验，我要说，任何人鼓励年轻人靠“文学”谋生，他的行为与犯罪无异。如果我的声音有任何权威力，我将大声疾呼，让各地的所有人都能听到这个事实真相。虽然为了生存任何形式的挣扎都令人憎恶，但对我来说，文坛的这种摸爬滚打比其他任何谋生手段都更卑贱和屈辱。噢，你们一千字的标价！噢，你们的分章列目和访谈录！噢，那些穷途潦倒的文人，等待他们的是黑暗的绝望！

Last midsummer I received a circular from a typewriting person, soliciting my custom; some one who had somehow got hold of my name, and fancied me to be still in purgatory. This person wrote: "If you should be in need of any extra assistance in the pressure of your Christmas work, I hope," etc.

去年仲夏，我收到一个打印商寄来的传单，请我照顾他的生意。不知道他怎么得到了我的名字，以为我还在炼狱里挣扎。这个人写道：“在圣诞节的工作压力下，如果您需要任何帮助，请与我联系”等等。

How otherwise could one write if addressing a shopkeeper? "The pressure of your Christmas work"! Nay, I am too sick to laugh.

给一个店老板写信，措辞也不过如此吧？“圣诞节的工作压力！”，我已经厌恶得笑不出来了。

XIX

19

Some one, I see, is lifting up his sweet voice in praise of Conscription. It is only at long intervals that one reads this kind of thing in our reviews or newspapers, and I am happy in believing that most English people are affected by it even as I am, with the sickness of dread and of disgust. That the thing is impossible in England, who would venture to say? Every one who can think at all sees how slight are our safeguards against that barbaric force in man which the privileged races have so slowly and painfully brought into check. Democracy is full of menace to all the finer hopes of civilization, and the revival, in not unnatural companionship with it, of monarchic power based on militarism, makes the prospect dubious enough. There has but to arise some Lord of Slaughter, and the nations will be tearing at each other's throats. Let England be imperilled, and Englishmen will fight; in such extremity there is no choice. But what a dreary change must come upon our islanders if, without instant danger, they bend beneath the curse of universal soldiering! I like to

think that they will guard the liberty of their manhood even beyond the point of prudence.

我听到有人在用美妙的声音为征兵大唱赞歌了。隔很长时间后，人们才能在评论或报纸上读到这种东西，我愉快地以为大多数英国人和我一样，对这种征兵赞歌感到忧惧和憎恶。而谁敢打包票这种事不可能在英格兰发生呢？任何一个有头脑的人都能看到，我们抵制人类体内野蛮力量的努力是多么脆弱，优势种族驯服这种力量的过程是多么缓慢艰难。民主对于人类文明所有更美好的希望都充满了威胁，通常还自然地伴有以军国主义为基础的君主权力的复活，让文明的前景更加黯淡。最后势必出现一个“嗜血暴君”，招致各国混战。如果英格兰受到威胁，英国人会奋起反抗，在这种极端情形下别无选择。但是如果没有迫在眉睫的危险，而我们却被迫接受全民皆兵的厄运，那么我们这个岛国居民的生活将会迎来怎样让人担忧的变化啊！我愿意相信他们会万分谨慎地捍卫成年人这方面的自由。

A lettered German, speaking to me once of his year of military service, told me that, had it lasted but a month or two longer, he must have sought release in suicide. I know very well that my own courage would not have borne me to the end of the twelvemonth; humiliation, resentment, loathing, would have goaded me to madness. At school we used to be "drilled" in the playground once a week; I have but to think of it, even after forty years, and there comes back upon me that tremor of passionate misery which, at the time, often made me ill. The senseless routine of mechanic exercise was in itself all but unendurable to me; I hated the standing in line, the thrusting-out of arms and legs at a signal, the thud of feet stamping in constrained unison. The loss of individuality seemed to me sheer disgrace. And when, as often happened, the drill-sergeant rebuked me for some inefficiency as I stood in line, when he addressed me as "Number Seven!" I burned with shame and rage. I was no longer a human being; I had become part of a machine, and my name was "Number Seven." It used to astonish me when I had a neighbour who went through the drill with amusement, with zealous energy; I would gaze at the boy, and ask myself how it was possible that he and I should feel so differently. To be sure, nearly all my schoolfellows either enjoyed the thing, or at all events went through it with indifference; they made friends with the sergeant, and some were proud of walking with him "out of bounds." Left, right! Left, right! For my own part, I think I have never hated man as I hated that broad-shouldered, hard-visaged, brassy-voiced fellow. Every word he spoke to me, I felt as an insult. Seeing him in the distance, I have turned and f led, to escape the necessity of saluting, and, still more, a quiver of the nerves which affected me so painfully. If ever a man did me harm, it was he; harm physical and moral. In all seriousness I believe that something of the

nervous instability from which I have suffered since boyhood is traceable to those accursed hours of drill, and I am very sure that I can date from the same wretched moments a fierceness of personal pride which has been one of my most troublesome characteristics. The disposition, of course, was there; it should have been modified, not exacerbated.

一位德国的文人，曾和我谈起他在军队服役的岁月。他告诉我，如果服役时间再延长一两个月，他肯定会自杀以寻求解脱。而我很明白，依我自己的勇气，可能连十二个月也撑不下去，屈辱、忿恨和厌恶会把我逼疯的。在学校，我们曾经每周一次在操场上进行“军训”，虽然已经过了四十年，但每每回想起来，我还能感觉到那种强烈的痛苦引起的战栗，当时，我常常因此病倒。那套无意义的机械式训练本身就让我无法忍受，我憎恨站队列，讨厌在一声口令下伸出胳膊和腿，脚步被迫齐声踏地作响。那种个性的丧失在我看来简直是一种屈辱。站在队列中的我经常因为动作不过关遭到教官的训斥，每当他叫我“七号”时，都让我感觉羞辱和气愤，怒火中烧。我不再是一个人，而成了机器的一部分，我的名字是“七号”。而让我吃惊的是站在我旁边的一个男孩，他兴致勃勃地接受军训，还热情洋溢、活力十足。我时常盯着他，自问我们的感受怎么可能会差别那么大。可以肯定的是，我所有的同学对军训的态度大致分为两派，要么觉得很有趣，要么逆来顺受，觉得无所谓。他们跟教官成为朋友，一些人还和教官在军训场外同行，并以此为荣。左右左，左右左！而对我来说，我一生中最憎恶的人就是那个肩膀宽阔、面色严厉、声如铜铃的家伙。他对我说的每一句话，我都觉得是一种侮辱。远远地看到他，我会转身逃掉，避免向他行军礼，更要避免让我的神经遭受一次痛苦的颤栗。如果说有人伤害过我，那就是他，这伤害是肉体和心灵两方面的。严肃地说，我觉得自己打小就深受其苦的神经系统紊乱可以追本溯源到那段该诅咒的军训岁月，我也非常肯定自己太过强烈的自尊心也是那段悲惨的时光造成的，这是我性格中最让人不安的特点之一。当然，性情本就如此，它应该改良，而不是恶化。

In younger manhood it would have flattered me to think that I alone on the school drill-ground had sensibility enough to suffer acutely. Now I had much rather feel assured that many of my schoolfellows were in the same mind of subdued revolt. Even of those who, boylike, enjoyed their drill, scarce one or two, I trust, would have welcomed in their prime of life the imposition of military servitude upon them and their countrymen. From a certain point of view, it would be better far that England should bleed under conquest than that she should be saved by eager, or careless, acceptance of Conscription. That view will not be held by the English people; but it would be a sorry thing for England if the day came when no one of those who love her harboured such a thought.

年轻时，想到唯独我在学校军训场上还有足够的理智来敏锐地感受痛苦，还会觉得自鸣得意。现在我宁愿自己能确信当时许多同学都如我

一样心里暗暗地藏着反叛。即使是那些少年时喜欢军训的，我相信他们到了壮年只有一两个人可能会赞成国家强迫自己和同胞入伍服役。从某个特定角度来看，英格兰与其在对征兵热切或草率的认同下得到救赎，还不如在征服者的铁蹄下流血。这个观点不会被英国人民认同；但是如果有一天，没有一个热爱这个国家的人怀有这种想法，这对英格兰将是一件遗憾的事情。

XX

20

It has occurred to me that one might define Art as: an expression, satisfying and abiding, of the zest of life. This is applicable to every form of Art devised by man, for, in his creative moment, whether he produce a great drama or carve a piece of foliage in wood, the artist is moved and inspired by supreme enjoyment of some aspect of the world about him; an enjoyment in itself keener than that experienced by another man, and intensified, prolonged, by the power—which comes to him we know not how—of recording in visible or audible form that emotion of rare vitality. Art, in some degree, is within the scope of every human being, were he but the ploughman who utters a few would-be melodious notes, the mere outcome of health and strength, in the field at sunrise; he sings, or tries to, prompted by an unusual gusto in being, and the rude stave is all his own. Another was he[23], who also at the plough, sang of the daisy, of the field-mouse, or shaped the rhythmic tale of Tam O' Shanter[24]. Not only had life a zest for him incalculably stronger and subtler than that which stirs the soul of Hodge[25], but he uttered it in word and music such as go to the heart of mankind, and hold a magic power for ages.

我想到我们可以将艺术定义为：一种对生命之热情令人满足和持久的表达。这一定义适用于人们创造的每一种艺术形式。因为在那创造性的一刻，不管艺术家创作了一出伟大戏剧还是在树林里刻了一片树叶，艺术家都是在欣赏周围世界某个方面的极乐中获得了启发和灵感，这种快乐比他人感受到的更强烈，而艺术家拥有一种神秘力量，能够将自己对那种罕见生命力的感受，用可见或可闻的形式记录下来，使之更加深沉和持久。在某种程度上，艺术是人皆能为的，哪怕是一个日出而作的田间农夫，完全是他身体健康有活力的结果，哼出了几句或许称得上悦耳的小调。他唱歌或者试图歌唱，是受到对生命中少有的热情的激发，那粗朴的调子完全是属于他自己的。另外一个这样的农夫，他歌颂雏菊，咏唱田鼠，还写就了《汤姆·奥桑特》这首抑扬顿挫的叙事诗。比之触动霍奇灵魂的热情，生活给予了他一种更加强烈和微妙的热情，而他诉诸文字和音乐，并感动人们的心灵，几百年来始终保有一种神奇的力量。

For some years there has been a great deal of talk about Art in our country. It began, I suspect, when the veritable artistic impulse of the Victorian time had flagged, when the energy of a great time was all but exhausted. Principles always become a matter of vehement discussion when practice is at ebb. Not by taking thought does one become an artist, or grow even an inch in that direction—which is not at all the same as saying that he who is an artist cannot profit by conscious effort. Goethe (the example so often urged by imitators unlike him in every feature of humanity) took thought enough about his Faust; but what of those youth time lyrics, not the least precious of his achievements, which were scribbled as fast as pen could go, thwartwise on the paper, because he could not stop to set it straight? Dare I pen, even for my own eyes, the venerable truth that an artist is born and not made? It seems not superfluous, in times which have heard disdainful criticism of Scott[26], on the ground that he had no artistic conscience, that he scribbled without a thought of style, that he never elaborated his scheme before beginning—as Flaubert, of course you know, invariably did. Why, after all, has one not heard that a certain William Shakespeare turned out his so-called works of art with something like criminal carelessness? Is it not a fact that a bungler named Cervantes was so little in earnest about his Art that, having in one chapter described the stealing of Sancho's donkey, he presently, in mere forgetfulness, shows us Sancho riding on Dapple[27], as if nothing had happened? Does not one Thackeray[28] shamelessly avow on the last page of a grossly "subjective" novel that he had killed Lord Farintosh[29]'s mother at one page and brought her to life again at another? These sinners against Art are none the less among the world's supreme artists, for they LIVED, in a sense, in a degree, unintelligible to these critics of theirs, and their work is an expression, satisfying and abiding, of the zest of life.

在我们国家，对艺术的讨论已经进行了很多年。我猜想它始于维多利亚时代真正的艺术灵感行将枯竭之际，那个大时代的活力几乎耗尽之时。基本原则总会在实践处于低潮时成为大众热议的焦点。一个人靠苦思冥想成不了艺术家，亦无法朝那个方向前进一寸—这并不是说自觉的努力不能让艺术家有所增益。歌德（他的例子经常被那些和他没有任何相似之处的模仿者援引）对《浮士德》确实费尽心思，但他年轻时的诗作也算有很了不起的成就吧，由于文思泉涌无法停笔，那些诗句都是飞快潦草地写下，歪歪斜斜地横在纸上，这又怎么说呢？“艺术家是天生的而不是后天造就的”，这一神圣真理—即便只是给自己看—我敢诉诸笔端吗？我们不时能听到轻蔑批评司各特的声音，这并非系风捕影，根据是司各特没有艺术良心，他草草写作并不考虑风格，在小说开头从不精心构思—这一点就像福楼拜，你当然知道，他写作也一贯如此。难道我们没听说有个威廉·莎士比亚在创作他所谓的艺术作品时，态度草率得简直像犯罪？还有一个拙笨的叫塞万提斯的人，他对待自己的艺术如此不认

真，在一章中描写桑科的驴被偷走，接下来他就忘了，很快又写道桑科骑在达普尔身上，就像前面的情节根本没发生过，这不是事实么？那个叫萨克雷的不是也恬不知耻地在小说最后一页承认自己创作了一部非常“主观”的小说，在某一页他杀死了法林托什爵士的母亲，在另一页又让她复活？尽管如此，这些艺术上的罪人都是世界上最顶尖的艺术家，因为他们在某个意义、某种程度上，以他们的批评者无法理解的方式“生活过”，他们的作品是对生命之热情的一种令人满足和持久的表达。

Some one, no doubt, hit upon this definition of mine long ago. It doesn't matter; is it the less original with me? Not long since I should have fretted over the possibility, for my living depended on an avoidance of even seeming plagiarism. Now I am at one with Lord Foppington[30], and much disposed to take pleasure in the natural sprouts of my own wit—without troubling whether the same idea has occurred to others. Suppose me, in total ignorance of Euclid[31], to have discovered even the simplest of his geometrical demonstrations, shall I be crestfallen when some one draws attention to the book? These natural sprouts are, after all, the best products of our life; it is a mere accident that they may have no value in the world's market. One of my conscious efforts, in these days of freedom, is to live intellectually for myself. Formerly, when in reading I came upon anything that impressed or delighted me, down it went in my note-book, for "use." I could not read a striking verse, or sentence of prose, without thinking of it as an apt quotation in something I might write—one of the evil results of a literary life. Now that I strive to repel this habit of thought, I find myself asking: To what end, then, do I read and remember? Surely as foolish a question as ever man put to himself. You read for your own pleasure, for your solace and strengthening. Pleasure, then, purely selfish? Solace which endures for an hour, and strengthening for no combat? Ay, but I know, I know. With what heart should I live here in my cottage, waiting for life's end, were it not for those hours of seeming idle reading?

毫无疑问，我对艺术的这个定义一定有人想到过。没有关系，这是否意味着我的原创性会打折扣？如果在不久前，我也许会因为这种可能性而烦恼，因为我的谋生手段就在于避免哪怕是貌似的剽窃。现在，我和浮平顿爵士看法一样，很容易为自己头脑自然萌生的智慧而自得其乐了—无需在意别人是否有同样的想法。试想一下，假使我对欧几里得一无所知，却发现了他的几何证明中哪怕是最简单的一种，那么在有人关注他的书时，我应该垂头丧气吗？这些自然萌发的智慧是我们生命的最好结晶，只不过它们凑巧在世界市场上没有价值。在我享受自由的这些日子，我有意识地努力让自己过一种精神的生活。以前在读书时，看到一句让我印象深刻或开心的话，我都会抄在笔记本上以备“应用”。每读到一行精彩的诗，或者散文中的句子，我就情不自禁地想在自己的文章中作为点睛之笔加以引用—这是文学生活养成的恶习。现在我努力摒弃

这种思维习惯，但又扪心自问，那现在我读书记诵的目的何在呢？这一定是人类向自己提出的最愚蠢的问题之一。读书是为了让自己心情愉快，得到安慰和力量。那么，这种愉快是纯粹自私的吗？安慰不过只能持续一小时，而没有争斗要力量何用呢？唉，但是我明白，我清楚。如果不是能靠貌似无用的读书来打发时光，那么我住在这个小村舍里，等待生命的尽头，情何以堪？

I think sometimes, how good it were had I some one by me to listen when I am tempted to read a passage aloud. Yes, but is there any mortal in the whole world upon whom I could invariably depend for sympathetic understanding?—nay, who would even generally be at one with me in my appreciation. Such harmony of intelligences is the rarest thing. All through life we long for it: the desire drives us, like a demon, into waste places; too often ends by plunging us into mud and morass. And, after all, we learn that the vision was illusory. To every man is it decreed: thou shalt live alone. Happy they who imagine that they have escaped the common lot; happy, whilst they imagine it. Those to whom no such happiness has ever been granted at least avoid the bitterest of disillusions. And is it not always good to face a truth, however discomfortable? The mind which renounces, once and for ever, a futile hope, has its compensation in ever-growing calm.

有时我会想，当我有兴致大声念出一段文章时，如果有人在身边聆听，那该多好。是啊，但是在整个世界上哪能找到一个人和我始终心有戚戚焉呢？—不能，即使找一个和我阅读欣赏情趣大致相同的人也难。这种思想上的琴瑟和鸣是最难求的。整个一生我们都渴望得到：这种欲望像魔鬼一样，驱使我们到荒凉之地，很多时候将我们拖入了泥潭和沼泽。然而毕竟我们了解到这种想法是虚幻的，每个人生来都注定“将孤独而活”。那些以为自己摆脱宿命的人是幸福的，在他们的想象中他们是幸福的。而没有得到这种幸福的人，起码避免了幻想破灭时的万分痛苦。不管真相让人多么不舒服，面对它的感觉不是很好吗？头脑彻底放弃虚妄的希望，会得到与日俱增的平静作为补偿。

XXI

21

All about my garden today the birds are loud. To say that the air is filled with their song gives no idea of the ceaseless piping, whistling, trilling, which at moments rings to heaven in a triumphant unison, a wild accord. Now and then I notice one of the smaller songsters who seems to strain his throat in a madly joyous endeavour to out-carol all the rest. It is a chorus of praise such as none other of earth's children have the voice or the heart to utter. As I listen, I am carried away by its glorious rapture; my being melts in the tenderness

of an impassioned joy; my eyes are dim with I know not what profound humility.

今天花园里处处闻啼鸟。如果说空气中充满了它们的歌唱，还是无法让你了解那无休止的欢叫、啁啾和啭鸣，不时地，鸟儿会齐声发出胜利的高喊，汇合成一首自然和谐的乐曲，直达天际。我不时会注意到一只较小的鸟儿，它扯着嗓门快乐地高声啼叫，似乎努力地要其他鸟儿甘拜下风。这种表达赞颂的合唱，大地的儿女们都没有心情或声音来抒发。我悉心聆听，陶醉在这华彩的欢乐颂中；我全身心地融入了这种激昂的快乐情绪里，一种无比深沉的谦卑让我的眼睛模糊了。

XXII

22

Were one to look at the literary journals only, and thereafter judge of the time, it would be easy to persuade oneself that civilization had indeed made great and solid progress, and that the world stood at a very hopeful stage of enlightenment. Week after week, I glance over these pages of crowded advertisement; I see a great many publishing houses zealously active in putting forth every kind of book, new and old; I see names innumerable of workers in every branch of literature. Much that is announced declares itself at once of merely ephemeral import, or even of no import at all; but what masses of print which invite the attention of thoughtful or studious folk! To the multitude is offered a long succession of classic authors, in beautiful form, at a minimum cost; never were such treasures so cheaply and so gracefully set before all who can prize them. For the wealthy, there are volumes magnificent; lordly editions; works of art whereon have been lavished care and skill and expense incalculable. Here is exhibited the learning of the whole world and of all the ages; be a man's study what it will, in these columns, at one time or another he shall find that which appeals to him. Here are labours of the erudite, exercised on every subject that falls within learning's scope. Science brings forth its newest discoveries in earth and heaven; it speaks to the philosopher in his solitude, and to the crowd in the market-place. Curious pursuits of the mind at leisure are represented in publications numberless; trifles and oddities of intellectual savour; gatherings from every byway of human interest. For other moods there are the fabulists; to tell truth, they commonly hold the place of honour in these varied lists. Who shall count them? Who shall calculate their readers? Builders of verse are many; yet the observer will note that contemporary poets have but an inconspicuous standing in this index of the public taste. Travel, on the other hand, is largely represented; the general appetite for information about lands

remote would appear to be only less keen than for the adventures of romance.

如果只看文学报纸，并据此对时代进行评判，便很容易相信文明的确已取得长足坚实的进步，世界很有希望步入一个开明时代。周复一周，我浏览报纸时满眼都是广告。我看到许多出版社热忱积极地出版各种新旧书籍。看到各类文学工作者数不清的名字。宣传的作品大都要么只有短暂的意义，要么没有丝毫意义。不过，值得勤思好学者注意的印刷品真是堆积如山！一册册装帧精美、价格低廉的经典作品呈现在读者大众面前，这些宝贝对于珍视它们的人从来没有像现在这样实惠和体面。对于有钱人，可选择的有华丽的书卷，气派的版本，以及保养细致、制作精良、价格不菲的艺术品。这里呈现的是全世界古往今来的所有学问，不管一个人的研究领域是什么，在这里的浩繁卷帙中，他总能找到自己感兴趣的。这里陈列的是治学之人在学问各个领域苦心孤诣的研究成果。科学带来了它在天上和地下的最新发现，它既启迪孤独中的哲学家，又教育市井里的百姓。闲暇时刻在精神世界寻幽探胜的文字在许多出版物里都能找到；学问领域的奇闻轶事，以及人们感兴趣的旁门左道的知识荟萃，也都俯拾即是。对于其他的阅读心境，还有寓言家的作品，说实话，它们在名目繁多的书目中通常占据比较尊崇的地位。谁去计算它们呢？谁又去计算它们的读者数量呢？写诗的不乏其人，但观察一下就会发现，当代诗人在以大众趣味为尺度的排名榜上的位置并不显眼。另一方面，旅游图书为数众多，介绍遥远国度的书籍似乎很符合大众趣味，走红程度仅次于浪漫爱情作品。

With these pages before one's eyes, must one not needs believe that things of the mind are a prime concern of our day? Who are the purchasers of these volumes ever pouring from the press? How is it possible for so great a commerce to flourish save as a consequence of national eagerness in this intellectual domain? Surely one must take for granted that throughout the land, in town and country, private libraries are growing apace; that by the people at large a great deal of time is devoted to reading; that literary ambition is one of the commonest spurs to effort?

把这些书放在你面前，岂不是要相信思想求索已成为我们这个时代的首要关切？是谁在购买从印刷厂源源流出的书籍？规模宏大的图书产业如此繁荣，岂能不是举国上下热心向学的结果？举国上下，不管城市还是乡村，私人图书馆的数量激增，大多数人都将很多时间用在阅读上，文学上的雄心是催人奋进的最寻常的动力之一。这些你都可以视为理所当然吗？

It is the truth. All this may be said of contemporary England. But is it enough to set one's mind at ease regarding the outlook of our civilization?

以上都是事实。在当代英国确实如此，但这就足以让人们对文明的未来有信心了吗？

Two things must be remembered. However considerable this literary traffic, regarded by itself, it is relatively of small extent. And, in the second place, literary activity is by no means an invariable proof of that mental attitude which marks the truly civilized man.

必须要记住两件事。尽管我们看到文学事业本身很繁荣，但相对来说它的规模不大。另外，文学活动绝不是代表真正文明社会思想态度的最可靠证据。

Lay aside the "literary organ," which appears once a week, and take up the newspaper, which comes forth every day, morning and evening. Here you get the true proportion of things. Read your daily newssheet—that which costs three pence or that which costs a halfpenny—and muse upon the impression it leaves. It may be that a few books are "noticed"; granting that the "notice" is in any way noticeable, compare the space it occupies with that devoted to the material interests of life: you have a gauge of the real importance of intellectual endeavour to the people at large. No, the public which reads, in any sense of the word worth considering, is very, very small; the public which would feel no lack if all book-printing ceased tomorrow, is enormous. These announcements of learned works which strike one as so encouraging, are addressed, as a matter of fact, to a few thousand persons, scattered all over the English-speaking world. Many of the most valuable books slowly achieve the sale of a few hundred copies. Gather from all the ends of the British Empire the men and women who purchase grave literature as a matter of course, who habitually seek it in public libraries, in short who regard it as a necessity of life, and I am much mistaken if they could not comfortably assemble in the Albert Hall.

将每周一期的“文学机关报”放在一边，拿起每天早晚都会出版的报纸，你便会看到事情的真正情形。阅读一份标价三便士或半便士的日报，然后回想它留给你的印象，你可能会记得有几本书受到“关注”；而这种“关注”几乎让人注意不到。对比一下它占据的空间和讨论生活中物质利益的版面，你就能计算出思想求索对大多数人的重要性到底几何了。真正阅读的人凤毛麟角，而在所有书停印后不会感到任何缺憾的却大有人在。那些对博学之作让人鼓舞的宣传，实际上针对的只是散落在英语国家的几千个人而已。许多最有价值的书，销量以蜗牛的速度爬升，最后能卖掉几百本。习惯购买严肃文学书籍并经常在公共图书馆借阅的人—也就是将严肃文学视为生活必需品的人，从大英帝国的各个角落聚拢起来，并舒服自在地在阿尔伯特纪念堂集会，我相信我不会估计错的。

But even granting this, is it not an obvious fact that our age tends to the civilized habit of mind, as displayed in a love for intellectual things? Was there ever a time which saw the literature of knowledge and of the emotions so widely distributed? Does not the minority of

the truly intelligent exercise a vast and profound influence? Does it not in truth lead the way, however slowly and irregularly the multitude may follow?

即便如此，我们的时代确实在向文明的思维习惯靠拢，对学问的热爱正表明了这一点，这一点不是显而易见的吗？传递知识和情感的文学最广泛地得到传播，哪个时代能与现代比肩？真正智慧的少数人不是发挥了广泛深刻的影响力吗？不管大众的脚步多么缓慢杂乱，实际上不还是在追随着精英们的指引吗？

I should like to believe it. When gloomy evidence is thrust upon me, I often say to myself: Think of the frequency of the reasonable man; think of him everywhere labouring to spread the light; how is it possible that such efforts should be overborne by forces of blind brutality, now that the human race has got so far?—Yes, yes; but this mortal whom I caress as reasonable, as enlightened and enlightening, this author, investigator, lecturer, or studious gentleman, to whose coat tails I cling, does he always represent justice and peace, sweetness of manners, purity of life—all the things which makes for true civilization? Here is a fallacy of bookish thought. Experience offers proof on every hand that vigorous mental life may be but one side of a personality, of which the other is moral barbarism. A man may be a fine archaeologist, and yet have no sympathy with human ideals. The historian, the biographer, even the poet, may be a money-market gambler, a social toady, a clamorous Chauvinist, or an unscrupulous wire-puller. As for "leaders of science," what optimist will dare to proclaim them on the side of the gentle virtues? And if one must needs think in this way of those who stand forth, professed instructors and inspirers, what of those who merely listen? The reading-public—oh, the reading-public! Hardly will a prudent statistician venture to declare that one in every score of those who actually read sterling books do so with comprehension of their author. These dainty series of noble and delightful works, which have so seemingly wide an acceptance, think you they vouch for true appreciation in all who buy them? Remember those who purchase to follow the fashion, to impose upon their neighbour, or even to flatter themselves; think of those who wish to make cheap presents, and those who are merely pleased by the outer aspect of the volume. Above all, bear in mind that busy throng whose zeal is according neither to knowledge nor to conviction, the host of the half-educated, characteristic and peril of our time. They, indeed, purchase and purchase largely. Heaven forbid that I should not recognize the few among them whose bent of brain and of conscience justifies their fervour; to such—the ten in ten thousand—be all aid and brotherly solace! But the glib many, the perky mispronouncers of titles and of

authors' names, the twanging murderers of rhythm, the maulers of the uncut edge at sixpence extra, the ready-reckoners of bibliopolic discount—am I to see in these a witness of my hope for the century to come?

我愿意相信这一点。当令人沮丧的证据摆在面前时，我常对自己说：想想那些频频出现的理智的人们，想想他在到处努力地播洒光明，人类现在已经进步到这个阶段，这种努力怎会被盲目的野蛮力量征服呢？是的，没错。但是这个我想象中理智、开明、给人启迪的人，这位作者、调查者、演讲者或是勤学的绅士，这个令我马首是瞻的人，他是否会一直代表正义与和平、温文尔雅的举止、纯洁的生活等真正文明必不可少的所有事物呢？这是一个学究式思想的谬误。人生的各方面经验证明，丰富多彩的精神生活可能只是性格的一面，另一面则是道德上的野蛮。一个人或许是一名优秀的考古学家，但却并不认同人类的理想。而历史学家、传记作家，甚至诗人，也许是一个金融市场的赌徒，一个社交马屁精，一个叫嚣的沙文主义者，或是一个恬不知耻的幕后操纵者。至于“科学的领军人物”，哪个乐观主义者敢为他们的优良品德打保票呢？如果连这些杰出的人，这些公认的教导者和激励者，都要受到这样的质疑，那些只知道言听计从的人，他们又怎样呢？读者大众—对，读者大众！谨慎的统计学家几乎没人敢说，二十个确实阅读过那些精装书籍的读者中能有一个真正理解了作者的意图。这些装帧精美的书，气派十足，赏心悦目，似乎买者甚众，你以为所有买书的人都能真正欣赏它们吗？别忘了，有人买书是跟风，或是向邻居炫耀，又或者只是为了抬高自己；有人买书是想把它们作为便宜的礼物，还有的只是喜欢书籍的外观。最要记住的是那些攘攘众生，他们的热情既非源于知识亦非信仰，他们是些受教育不多的人，是我们时代的特征和威胁。他们的确买书，而且买得很多。凭天地良心，我必须承认，他们中确有几个人的头脑或觉悟可以解释对书的热情，对这样的人—在一万个人中可能有十个—要不吝帮助和亲切慰藉。然而，对于那些油嘴滑舌的多数人，那些将书名和作者名字念错的装腔作势之徒，那些谋杀韵律的朗读者，那些多花六个便士将未裁切书页糟蹋了的人，那些在书的折扣上精打细算的人—在他们身上焉能看到下个世纪的希望？

I am told that their semi-education will be integrated. We are in a transition stage, between the bad old time when only a few had academic privileges, and that happy future which will see all men liberally instructed. Unfortunately for this argument, education is a thing of which only the few are capable; teach as you will, only a small percentage will profit by your most zealous energy. On an ungenerous soil it is vain to look for rich crops. Your average mortal will be your average mortal still: and if he grows conscious of power, if he becomes vocal and self-assertive, if he gets into his hands all the material resources of the country, why, you have a state of things such as at present looms menacingly before every Englishman blessed—or cursed—with an unpopular spirit.

我听说，他们残缺的教育最终会完整。我们正处在一个过渡阶段，身后是一个糟糕的旧时代，只有少数人有受教育的权利，面前是所有人都能自由接受教育的美好未来。不幸的是，这个论点并不成立，因为教育只有少数人才能获得。你可以教授所有人，但只有少数人能从你热情的授业中获益。贫瘠的土地上长不出好庄稼，平庸的人最终仍归于平庸：如果他有了权利意识，如果他学会宣传自己并专断独行，如果他掌握了这个国家的物质资源，那么，每个幸运的或不幸的并且怀抱不得人心思想的英国人都会面对目前这种悄悄逼近的险恶事态。

XXIII

23

Every morning when I awake, I thank heaven for silence. This is my orison. I remember the London days when sleep was broken by clash and clang, by roar and shriek, and when my first sense on returning to consciousness was hatred of the life about me. Noises of wood and metal, clattering of wheels, banging of implements, jangling of bells—all such things are bad enough, but worse still is the clamorous human voice. Nothing on earth is more irritating to me than a bellow or scream of idiot mirth, nothing more hateful than a shout or yell of brutal anger. Were it possible, I would never again hear the utterance of a human tongue, save from those few who are dear to me.

每天早晨醒来，我都要为这宁静感谢上苍，这是我的祈祷。还记得在伦敦的日子，睡梦被丁零当啷的噪音和人们的咆哮尖叫打断，我意识恢复后的第一感觉便是对周围生活的憎恶。木头和金属发出的噪音，车轮的嘎嘎声，工具的梆梆声，还有钟铃的当当声—这些就已经够烦了，更糟的是嘈杂的人声。对我来说，世上没有什么比愚人欢快的叫嚷和粗人愤怒的咆哮更让人憎恶的了。如果可以，除了几个我亲近的人外，我愿永远听不见人声。

Here, wake at what hour I may, early or late, I lie amid gracious stillness. Perchance a horse's hoof rings rhythmically upon the road; perhaps a dog barks from a neighbour farm; it may be that there comes the far, soft murmur of a train from the other side of Exe; but these are almost the only sounds that could force themselves upon my ear. A voice, at any time of the day, is the rarest thing.

在这里，不管我何时醒来，四周都是一片舒适的宁静。有时会有一串得得的马蹄声有节奏地响在路上，或许有狗吠声从附近农场传来，也许会听到埃克斯河谷对面火车遥远柔和的低语，但这些几乎是进入我耳朵的仅有的声音。而在一天里，最罕有的便是人声。

But there is the rustle of branches in the morning breeze; there is

the music of a sunny shower against the window; there is the matin song

不过，在清晨的微风中，树枝会沙沙作响；晴天阵雨忽至，雨点敲窗的音乐便会响起；还有鸟儿晨起的歌声。

of birds. Several times lately I have lain wakeful when there sounded the first note of the earliest lark; it makes me almost glad of my restless nights. The only trouble that touches me in these moments is the thought of my long life wasted amid the senseless noises of man's world. Year after year this spot has known the same tranquility; with ever so little of good fortune, with ever so little wisdom, beyond what was granted me, I might have blessed my manhood with calm, might have made for myself in later life a long retrospect of bowered peace. As it is, I enjoy with something of sadness, remembering that this melodious silence is but the prelude of that deeper stillness which waits to enfold us all.

最近有几天，我醒来躺在床上，听到起床最早的云雀发出的第一声啼叫，我几乎要对那些不眠之夜感到欢喜了。这些时候，唯一让我不安的是想到我曾在人类世界的愚蠢噪音中浪费了那么漫长的人生。年复一年，这个地方都有着同样的宁静；如果我的财富和智慧比上苍的赐予多一点，我也许就能让自己的成长过程多一些平静，也能在晚年有幸拥有一段漫长平静的回忆时光。而现在，我的享受是带着一丝感伤的，想到这悦耳的宁静不过是等待吞噬我们所有人更深沉的死寂的序曲。

XXIV

24

Morning after morning, of late, I have taken my walk in the same direction, my purpose being to look at a plantation of young larches. There is no lovelier colour on earth than that in which they are now clad; it seems to refresh as well as gladden my eyes, and its influence sinks deep into my heart. Too soon it will change; already I think the first radiant verdure has begun to pass into summer's soberness. The larch has its moment of unmatched beauty—and well for him whose chance permits him to enjoy it, spring after spring.

最近，每天早晨我都会往同一个方向散步，目的是看看一片幼嫩的落叶松。世上再没有比它们现在的新装更可爱的颜色了；这颜色让我的眼睛感觉清新又愉悦，它的影响也已渗入我的内心。它变化得太快，我甚至觉得起初的青翠欲滴已经开始向夏天的深沉过渡了。这些落叶松有过美丽无比的时刻—那些每个春天都有机会欣赏它们的人真是幸运。

Could anything be more wonderful than the fact that here am I, day by day, not only at leisure to walk forth and gaze at the larches,

but blessed with the tranquility of mind needful for such enjoyment? On any morning of spring sunshine, how many mortals find themselves so much at peace that they are able to give themselves wholly to delight in the glory of heaven and of earth? Is it the case with one man in every fifty thousand? Consider what extraordinary kindness of fate must tend upon one, that not a care, not a preoccupation, should interfere with his contemplative thought for five or six days successively! So rooted in the human mind (and so reasonably rooted) is the belief in an Envious Power, that I ask myself whether I shall not have to pay, by some disaster, for this period of sacred calm. For a week or so I have been one of a small number, chosen out of the whole human race by fate's supreme benediction. It may be that this comes to every one in turn; to most, it can only be once in a lifetime, and so briefly. That my own lot seems so much better than that of ordinary men, sometimes makes me fearful.

日复一日，我都有闲暇来这里散步，怀着享受此刻必要的宁静心绪，凝视这片落叶松，世上还有比这更美好的事吗？在一个春光灿烂的早晨，有多少人能有我这样的平静心态，可以全身心地享受天与地的美景？五万人中恐怕只有一个吧？想想命运给了这个人多大的恩惠，竟然让他可以在连续五六天中没有一丝忧虑、一点烦恼来打扰他的沉思！人类头脑中“嫉妒之力”的信念如此根深蒂固（也合情合理），让我自问是否会遭遇什么灾难，作为这段神赐的平静生活的代价。有一个星期左右，我是从全人类中挑出的少数幸运儿中的一个，享受命运的无上福泽。也许这种好运每个人都会轮到，但对大多数人而言，一生可能只有一次，而且转瞬即逝。而我的命运看起来比普通人好这么多，想到这一点，我经常感觉惶恐。

XXV

25

Walking in a favourite lane to-day, I found it covered with shed blossoms of the hawthorn. Creamy white, fragrant even in ruin, lay scattered the glory of the May. It told me that spring is over.

今天，在喜爱的一条小路上漫步，我发现上面铺满了山楂的落英。乳白色的花瓣，零落成泥而芳香如故，五月的绚烂就这样散落一地。它也告诉我：春天已经结束了。

Have I enjoyed it as I should? Since the day that brought me freedom, four times have I seen the year's new birth, and always, as the violet yielded to the rose, I have known a fear that I had not sufficiently prized this boon of heaven whilst it was with me. Many hours I have spent shut up among my books, when I might have been in the meadows. Was the gain equivalent? Doubtfully, diffidently, I

hearken what the mind can plead.

我问心无愧地享受了这个春天吗？从得到解脱的那一天起，这已经是我第四次看到一年的新生了。每当紫罗兰凋谢，玫瑰花开的时节，我总会感到一种恐惧，担心春天还在的时候，自己没有充分珍惜上天的赐福。很多时间我都埋头在书本中，而这些时候我本该到草地上去的。这两种收获是相等的吗？我怀疑又胆怯地倾听着心灵的辩解。

I recall my moments of delight, the recognition of each flower that unfolded, the surprise of budding branches clothed in a night with green. The first snowy gleam upon the blackthorn did not escape me. By its familiar bank, I watched for the earliest primrose, and in its copse I found the anemone. Meadows shining with buttercups, hollows sunned with the marsh marigold held me long at gaze. I saw the sallow glistening with its cones of silvery fur, and splendid with dust of gold. These common things touch me with more of admiration and of wonder each time I behold them. They are once more gone. As I turn to summer, a misgiving mingles with my joy.

我想起那些愉快时刻，忆起自己辨认每朵绽放花儿的快乐，还有看到抽芽树枝一夜之间披上绿装的惊喜。黑刺李树上的第一缕雪白花色没有逃脱我的眼睛。在迎春花常生的河岸，我欣赏了最早绽放的一朵；在灌木丛中，我发现了银莲花。闪耀着毛茛花的草地，金盏花照亮的溪谷，都让我的目光长久地流连。我看到阔叶柳的枝条上银色绒毛球果闪闪发亮，金粉辉煌夺目。这些寻常事物每次映入眼帘，都会在我心中触发更多仰慕和惊奇的感受。它们都又一次消逝了。转身面对夏天时，我的心情是惴惴不安混杂着快乐。

(1) 英国国教祈祷书中的连祷文

(2) 沙朗(1541-1603)，文艺复兴时期法国哲学家。

(3) 选自雪莱的《解放了的普罗米修斯》

(4) 拉丁区，巴黎著名的学府区，是文人汇聚之地。

(5) 兰姆（1775-1834），英国随笔作家。“衣衫褴褛的老兵”指破旧的书，出自他的《读书漫谈》一文

(6) 吉本（1737-1794），英国历史学家，著有《罗马帝国衰亡史》。

(7) 米尔曼，伦敦出版家，于1891-1893年曾出版《罗马帝国衰亡史》注释本。

(8) 提布卢斯，古罗马抒情诗人。海尼（1729-1812），德国语言学者，曾编《提布卢斯诗集》。

(9) 指古罗马诗人贺拉斯（公元前65-前8），下面两行诗引自他的《书信集》。

(10)《文与质》，一译《诗与真》，是德国诗人歌德的自传，描写

自己年轻时的生活。

(11) 西塞罗（公元前106-前45?），古罗马作家、政治家，尤以演说著名。

(12) 格雷菲乌斯（1632-1703），德国古典学者。

(13) 赫罗诺维厄斯（1694-1775），荷兰古典学者。

(14) 指英国首都伦敦警察厅，负责整个大伦敦地区的治安及维持交通等工作（伦敦城除外）。

(15) 古罗马诗人卡图卢斯，在诗中称其所爱的女子为莉丝比娅，有诗咏她的爱雀之死。

(16)《效法基督》，作者是德国哲学家托马斯。

(17) 米什莱（1798-1874），法国历史学家。

(18) 阿普列尤斯，古罗马讽刺作家、哲学家，著《变形记》（又名《金驴记》）

(19) 琉善，古希腊讽刺作家，著《冥间的对话》《真实的故事》等。

(20) 佩特罗尼乌斯，一世纪罗马讽刺作家，相传著有《萨蒂里孔》。

(21) 第欧根尼·拉尔修，古希腊作家，著《哲人言行录》十卷。

(22) 达恩（1834-1912），德国历史学家和诗人。所著《日耳曼国王》，有11卷之多。

(23) 指英国诗人罗伯特·彭斯（1759-1796），1786年出版了主要用苏格兰方言写的诗集，收有《致田鼠》《致山中雏菊》等优秀的苏格兰比兴诗。

(24)《塔姆•奥桑特》，彭斯的一首以民间传说为基础的叙事诗。

(25) 霍奇，英国喜剧《夏·玛·戈乔之针》里的人物。

(26) 司各特（1771-1832），英国作家、历史小说家，欧洲历史小说的创始者。

(27) 达普尔，《堂吉·诃德》中桑科驴子的名字。

(28) 萨克雷（1811-1863），英国小说家，代表作为《名利场》。

(29) 法林托什爵士，萨克雷长篇小说《纽克姆一家》中的人物。

(30) 浮平顿爵士，英国十七世纪剧作家范布勒《旧病复发》中一个愚蠢的花花大少，他说过一句有趣的话："读书乃是拿别人脑筋制造出的东西来自娱。我以为有风度有身份的人可以凭自己头脑流露出来的东西而自得其乐。"引自梁实秋《影响我的几本书》。

(31) 欧几里得，古希腊数学家，以其所著的《几何原本》13卷闻名

于世。

Summer

夏

I

1

Today, as I was reading in the garden, a waft of summer perfume—some hidden link of association in what I read—I know not what it may have been—took me back to schoolboy holidays; I recovered with strange intensity that lightsome mood of long release from tasks, of going away to the seaside, which is one of childhood's blessings. I was in the train; no rushing express, such as bears you great distances; the sober train which goes to no place of importance, which lets you see the white steam of the engine float and fall upon a meadow ere you pass. Thanks to a good and wise father, we youngsters saw nothing of seaside places where crowds assemble; I am speaking, too, of a time more than forty years ago, when it was still possible to find on the coasts of northern England, east or west, spots known only to those who loved the shore for its beauty and its solitude. At every station the train stopped; little stations, decked with beds of flowers, smelling warm in the sunshine where country-folk got in with baskets, and talked in an unfamiliar dialect, an English which to us sounded almost like a foreign tongue. Then the first glimpse of the sea; the excitement of noting whether tide was high or low—stretches of sand and weedy pools, or halcyon wavelets frothing at their furthest reach, under the sea-banks starred with convolvulus. Of a sudden, OUR station!

今天，我在花园读书，一缕夏日的香气悠然而至—和读的书有某种潜在联系，是什么我也说不清—恍惚我被带回到了学生时代的假期。那真是童年的一桩乐事，从课业中长时间地解脱出来，到海边肆意玩耍，我好像重温了那种轻松愉快的心情，奇异而强烈。我坐在火车上，不是那种长途旅行乘坐的高速快车，而是慢车，去的都是一些小地方，能看到火车头冒出的白色蒸汽在草地上飘起又沉下，慢慢从眼前掠过。感谢慈爱睿智的父亲，我们小时候没有看过人潮汹涌的海滩。我说的是四十多年前，那时候，在英格兰北部的海岸上，热爱美丽、僻静海滩的人们还能找到几处清静的去处。火车逢站必停，那些小站，装饰着几方花坛，阳光下散发着温暖的气息，乡下人挎着篮子上车来，用我们不熟悉的方言交谈着，他们的英语听起来简直像外语。接下来，大海闯进了视线。好兴奋，终于看见了潮涨潮落—远处有几段沙滩和几个长满水草的水塘，白色小浪花欢快地向沙滩最远处奔去，上方是缀着点点旋花的海岸。忽然间，我们到站了！

Ah, that taste of the brine on a child's lips! Nowadays, I can take holiday when I will, and go whithersoever it pleases me; but that salt kiss of the sea air I shall never know again. My senses are dulled; I cannot get so near to Nature; I have a sorry dread of her clouds, her winds, and must walk with tedious circumspection where once I ran and leapt exultingly. Were it possible, but for one half-hour, to plunge and bask in the sunny surf, to roll on the silvery sand-hills, to leap from rock to rock on shining sea-ferns, laughing if I slipped into the shallows among starfish and anemones! I am much older in body than in mind; I can but look at what I once enjoyed.

啊，孩子嘴唇上海水的那种味道呀！现在，我可以随时去度假，想去哪里都随心所欲；但是大海印在唇上的咸咸的吻我再也感受不到了。我的感官都已经麻木，我已不能像当年那样亲近自然，我甚至害怕云朵和风吹，真是无可奈何。在曾经欢呼雀跃的地方，现在我必须小心地移动着单调的步子。如果可能，哪怕只有半小时，让我纵身跃入阳光下的波涛之中，在银光点点的沙岗上打滚，踩着闪闪发亮的蕨从一块岩石跃到另一块，在不慎滑倒在海星和海葵包围着的浅滩上时纵声欢笑！现在我心有余而力不足，曾经可以尽情玩耍的地方现在只能饱饱眼福了。

II

2

I have been spending a week in Somerset. The right June weather put me in the mind for rambling, and my thoughts turned to the Severn Sea. I went to Glastonbury and Wells, and on to Cheddar, and so to the shore of the Channel at Clevedon, remembering my holiday of fifteen years ago, and too often losing myself in a contrast of the man I was then and what I am now. Beautiful beyond all words of description that nook of oldest England; but that I feared the moist and misty winter climate, I should have chosen some spot below the Mendips for my home and resting-place. Unspeakable the charm to my ear of those old names; exquisite the quiet of those little towns, lost amid tilth and pasture, untouched as yet by the fury of modern life, their ancient sanctuaries guarded, as it were, by noble trees and hedges overrun with f lowers. In all England there is no sweeter and more varied prospect than that from the hill of the Holy Thorn at Glastonbury; in all England there is no lovelier musing place than the leafy walk beside the Palace Moat at Wells. As I think of the golden hours I spent there, a passion to which I can give no name takes hold upon me; my heart trembles with an indefinable ecstasy.

我曾在萨默塞特郡度过了一周的时光。当时是六月，美好的天气让我有漫游的心情，思绪于是飞到了塞汶河。我先去了格拉斯顿伯里和威

尔斯，又到了切达，接着来到克利夫登的英吉利海峡岸边。一路上我都沉浸在十五年前那个假期的回忆里，常常不自觉地把那时的自己和现在的自己进行对比。那古老的英格兰岬角真是美丽得无法形容，要不是因为对冬天潮湿多雾气候的畏惧，我会选择门迪普斯山下的一个地方安家并作为长眠之地。那些古老的名字在我听来有一种无法言说的魅力，这里的小镇是那么令人心醉的静谧，它们坐落在耕地和草地之间，还未及受到现代喧嚣生活的污染，秀颀的树木和爬满鲜花的树篱守卫着这块古老的庇护地。在英格兰，没有比格拉斯顿伯里的圣荆山上看到的景色更优美多姿的了；在英格兰，没有哪里比威尔斯宫壕边上那条铺满落叶的人行道更适合沉思了。每每想起在那里度过的金色时光，一种莫名的激情便紧紧攫住我，我的心因为一种难以言说的狂喜而战栗。

There was a time of my life when I was consumed with a desire for foreign travel; an impatience of everything familiar fretted me through all the changing year. If I had not at length found the opportunity to escape, if I had not seen the landscapes for which my soul longed, I think I must have moped to death. Few men, assuredly, have enjoyed such wanderings more than I, and few men revive them in memory with a richer delight or deeper longing. But—whatever temptation comes to me in mellow autumn, when I think of the grape and of the olive—I do not believe I shall ever again cross the sea. What remains to me of life and of energy is far too little for the enjoyment of all I know, and all I wish to know, of this dear island.

生命里曾有一个时期，我对海外旅行充满了热望，一年四季，司空见惯的一切让我感到厌烦焦躁。要不是最后找到机会逃离，要不是终于看到了向往的景色，我想我一定会郁郁而终。可以肯定，没有谁比我更享受这样的旅行，没有谁在回忆中能比我感受到更饱满的愉悦和更深沉的向往。但是—当富饶的秋天来临，我想起葡萄和橄榄时，不管这种诱惑有多大—我相信自己都不会再远渡重洋了。我所剩下的生命和精力太过有限，用来享受这块亲爱的岛屿上我知道和希望知道的一切还嫌不够呢。

As a child I used to sleep in a room hung round with prints after English landscape painters—those steel engravings so common half a century ago, which bore the legend, "From the picture in the Vernon[1] Gallery." Far more than I knew at the time, these pictures impressed me; I gazed and gazed at them, with that fixed attention of a child which is half curiosity, half reverie, till every line of them was fixed in my mind; at this moment I see the black-and-white landscapes as if they were hanging on the wall before me, and I have often thought that this early training of the imagination—for such it was—has much to do with the passionate love of rural scenery which lurked within me even when I did not recognize it, and which now for many a year has been one of the emotions directing my life. Perhaps, too, that early memory explains why I love a good black-and-white print even

more than a good painting. And—to draw yet another inference—here may be a reason for the fact that, through my youth and early manhood, I found more pleasure in Nature as represented by art than in Nature herself. Even during that strange time when hardships and passions held me captive far from any glimpse of the flowering earth, I could be moved, and moved deeply, by a picture of the simplest rustic scene. At rare moments, when a happy chance led me into the National Gallery, I used to stand long before such pictures as "The Valley Farm," "The Cornfield," [2] "Mousehold Heath." [3] In the murk confusion of my heart these visions of the world of peace and beauty from which I was excluded—to which, indeed, I hardly ever gave a thought—touched me to deep emotion. But it did not need—nor does it now—the magic of a master to awake that mood in me. Let me but come upon the poorest little woodcut, the cheapest "process" illustration, representing a thatched cottage, a lane, a field, and I hear that music begin to murmur. It is a passion—Heaven be thanked—that grows with my advancing years. The last thought of my brain as I lie dying will be that of sunshine upon an English meadow.

小时候，我的卧室挂满了英国风景画家的作品—这些钢版画在半个世纪前司空见惯，上面刻着题跋曰：弗农画廊展品仿作。它们给我留下了难以磨灭的印象，虽然当时我并没有意识到。我目不转睛地凝视着它们，带着孩子般半好奇半幻想的眼光，直到每一个线条都镌刻在脑海中。此时，我彷佛能看到那些黑白风景画就挂在面前的墙上，我常常想，这种早期想象力的训练是否和我对乡村景色的热爱有很大关系，这种热爱在我还没认识到之前就暗藏着，并在许多年里成为主导我生活的感情之一。也许，儿时的这些记忆也是我喜欢黑白版画胜于油画的原因。进一步推想，这也许就是为什么在少年和青年时，我更喜欢艺术表现出的自然，甚至胜过自然景色本身。即使在那段不可思议的时期，我被苦难和激情所禁锢着，没看过一眼繁花盛开的大地，一幅最淳朴的乡村风景画作也能深深地打动我。难得有那么几次，我有幸来到国家美术馆，常常在一些诸如《山谷田庄》、《麦田》和《鼠穴荒原》的画作前伫立许久。在我晦暗混乱的心中，这些画境—一个把我排除在外的和平美丽的世界，而我也确实很少期望这样的世界—深深触动了我。然而，要唤醒我心底的情绪，在过去并不需要绘画大师的高超技法，现在也不需要。只要面前放上一幅最拙劣的小木版画或是最廉价的“程式化”插图，描绘一间茅草屋，一条小路，一块田地，我就能听到音乐声响起。感谢老天，这种激情随着我年岁渐长愈加浓烈。在我临终时，头脑里最后一个画面将会是洒在英格兰的草地上的阳光。

III

3

Sitting in my garden amid the evening scent of roses, I have read

through Walton[4] 's Life of Hooker[5]; could any place and time have been more appropriate? Almost within sight is the tower of Heavitree church—Heavitree, which was Hooker's birthplace. In other parts of England he must often have thought of these meadows falling to the green valley of the Exe, and of the sun setting behind the pines of Haldon. Hooker loved the country. Delightful to me, and infinitely touching, is that request of his to be transferred from London to a rural living—"where I can see God's blessing spring out of the earth." And that glimpse of him where he was found tending sheep, with a Horace[6] in his hand. It was in rural solitudes that he conceived the rhythm of mighty prose. What music of the spheres sang to that poor, vixenhaunted, pimply-faced man!

傍晚，空气里有玫瑰的芬芳，我坐在花园里，通读了一遍艾萨克·沃尔顿的《胡克传》，读这本书还能有更合适的时间和地点吗？从这里远眺，几乎能看见希维特里教堂的钟楼—希维特里是胡克出生的地方。住在英格兰其他地方时，他一定经常想起向下延伸到埃克斯绿色河谷的草地，还有沉落在哈尔登山松林后的夕阳。胡克热爱乡村，让我高兴又无限感动的是，他曾请求从伦敦调到乡下任职—“在那里，我能看到上帝的恩典从大地喷薄而出”。我恍惚看到他在牧羊，手里拿着一本贺拉斯的作品。正是在乡村的孤独生活中，他构思了韵律优美的伟大散文作品。世界对着这位被悍妇纠缠、丘疹满面的清贫寒士唱出了怎样的乐曲啊！

The last few pages I read by the light of the full moon, that of afterglow having till then sufficed me. Oh, why has it not been granted me in all my long years of pen-labour to write something small and perfect, even as one of these lives of honest Izaak! Here is literature, look you—not "literary work." Let me be thankful that I have the mind to enjoy it; not only to understand, but to savour, its great goodness.

书的最后几页我是借着满月的光辉读的，之前，夕照的光线就足够我阅读之用。噢，在辛苦笔耕的漫长年月里，我为什么没能写出一篇短小精悍的佳作呢，就算只有一部老实人艾萨克的传记作品也好！这是文学，注意了—不是“文字作品”。让我感恩，现在我有心情来享受它；不仅仅是理解，而是品味它伟大的妙处。

IV

4

It is Sunday morning, and above earth's beauty shines the purest, softest sky this summer has yet gladdened us withal. My window is thrown open; I see the sunny gleam upon garden leaves and flowers; I hear the birds whose wont it is to sing to me; ever and anon the martins that have their home beneath my eaves sweep past in silence.

Church bells have begun to chime; I know the music of their voices, near and far.

这是礼拜天的早晨，大地上景色美不胜收，头上是今夏最纯净最温柔的天空，让人心情愉快。我的窗户大开，阳光在花园的树叶和花朵上闪耀；鸟儿对我唱歌，这是它们的习惯；屋檐下不时有燕子悄悄掠过，它们把家安在了那里。教堂的钟声开始响起，远近各个教堂的钟声，都是我所熟悉的。

There was a time when it delighted me to flash my satire on the English Sunday; I could see nothing but antiquated foolishness and modern hypocrisy in this weekly pause from labour and from bustle. Now I prize it as an inestimable boon, and dread every encroachment upon its restful stillness. Scoff as I might at "Sabbatarianism," was I not always glad when Sunday came? The bells of London churches and chapels are not soothing to the ear, but when I remember their sound—even that of the most aggressively pharisaic conventicle, with its one dire clapper—I find it associated with a sense of repose, of liberty. This day of the seven I granted to my better genius; work was put aside, and, when Heaven permitted, trouble forgotten.

曾几何时，嘲讽英国的礼拜天在我是一桩乐事。这每周暂时摆脱劳累和喧嚷的日子，我从中看到的只有过时的愚蠢和现代的虚伪。而现在，我将它视为无限的恩惠，憎恶任何对这种悠闲宁静气氛的侵犯。我也许会嘲笑“严守安息日主义”，然而，当这一天来临，我总是很高兴，不是吗？伦敦大小教堂的钟声并不悦耳怡神，然而，回忆起它们的声音—即便是最伪善的非国教教堂的钟锤发出的沉闷刺耳的声音—我都会联想到安详和自由。每周的第七天，我会用来做更有价值的事情，将工作撇在一边，如蒙上苍庇佑，烦恼也抛诸脑后。

When out of England I have always missed this Sunday quietude, this difference from ordinary days which seems to affect the very atmosphere. It is not enough that people should go to church, that shops should be closed and workyards silent; these holiday notes do not make a Sunday. Think as one may of its significance, our Day of Rest has a peculiar sanctity, felt, I imagine, in a more or less vague way, even by those who wish to see the village lads at cricket and theatres open in the town. The idea is surely as good a one as ever came to heavy-laden mortals; let one whole day in every week be removed from the common life of the world, lifted above common pleasures as above common cares. With all the abuses of fanaticism, this thought remained rich in blessings; Sunday has always brought large good to the generality, and to a chosen number has been the very life of the soul, however heretically some of them understood the words. If its ancient use perish from among us, so much the worse for our country. And perish no doubt it will; only here in rustic solitude can one forget the changes that have already made the day less sacred

to multitudes. With it will vanish that habit of periodic calm, which, even when it has become so largely void of conscious meaning, is, one may safely say, the best spiritual boon ever bestowed upon a people. The most difficult of all things to attain, the most difficult of all to preserve, the supreme benediction of the noblest mind, this calm was once breathed over the whole land as often as sounded the last stroke of weekly toil; on Saturday at seven began the quiet and the solace. With the decline of old faith, Sunday cannot but lose its sanction, and no loss among the innumerable that we are suffering will work so effectually for popular vulgarization. What hope is there of guarding the moral beauty of the day when the authority which set it apart is no longer recognized?—Imagine a bank-holiday once a week!

身在国外时，我总是会怀念英格兰安息日的静谧，它与平日的不同之处似乎影响了这一天的气氛。这一天，人们到教堂做礼拜，店铺歇业，工厂也安静下来，但这是不够的，这些节日的音符并不能成就一个安息日。想想它的意义吧，我们的“休息之日”有一种独特的神圣感，我想，即使是那些希望看乡下孩子打板球和城里剧院开业的人们，也能模糊地感觉到。对所有不堪负累的人们，这个主意当然是再好不过了。每周拿出一天，让它有别于普通的日子，在这一天，平凡的欢乐可以得到升华，平日的烦恼可以置之不理。虽然它遭到宗教狂热分子的滥用，但还是带着很大的安慰。安息日总是给大多数人带来快乐，但对少数人，它意味着灵魂的生活，尽管其中有些人对灵魂的生活有着离经叛道的理解。如果它的古老作用不复存在，那对我们国家是多大的损失。但是毫无疑问它终会消失，只有在这乡下的僻静中，你才能忘记逐渐消弭安息日神圣感的那些变化。随之消失的，是定期享受平静的习惯，尽管这一习惯的自觉性多半已经消失，但还可以肯定地说，它是赐予一个民族最好的精神恩惠。这种平静是所有事物中最难获得、最难保存的，是最高尚头脑的终极祝福。以前，每当一周劳作结束的钟声响起，这种平静便弥漫整个国土；在周六的七点钟，静谧和安慰便开始扩散。随着古老信仰的衰落，安息日只能丧失它的神圣感；在我们遭受的无数损失中，这种损失对大众生活的庸俗化起到了无可比拟的效用。如果将这一天与平日区别开来的权威不被承认，那还有什么希望来捍卫它的道德之美？—想象每周有一天法定休假日吧！

V

5

On Sunday I come down later than usual; I make a change of dress, for it is fitting that the day of spiritual rest should lay aside the livery of the laborious week. For me, indeed, there is no labour at any time, but nevertheless does Sunday bring me repose. I share in the common tranquility; my thought escapes the workaday world more completely than on other days.

礼拜日，我下楼比平时要晚一些。我换了身衣服，在这个灵魂休憩的日子，将平日劳动时穿的衣服换下是适宜的。其实，我并没有劳动的时候，但礼拜日还是带给我休息的感觉。我分享着那份共同的平静，思绪比其他日子更彻底地逃避了这个忙碌劳作的世界。

It is not easy to see how this house of mine can make to itself a Sunday quiet, for at all times it is well-nigh soundless; yet I find a difference. My housekeeper comes into the room with her Sunday smile; she is happier for the day, and the sight of her happiness gives me pleasure. She speaks, if possible, in a softer voice; she wears a garment which reminds me that there is only the lightest and cleanest housework to be done. She will go to church, morning and evening, and I know that she is better for it. During her absence I sometimes look into rooms which on other days I never enter; it is merely to gladden my eyes with the shining cleanliness, the perfect order, I am sure to find in the good woman's domain. But for that spotless and sweet-smelling kitchen, what would it avail me to range my books and hang my pictures? All the tranquility of my life depends upon the honest care of this woman who lives and works unseen. And I am sure that the money I pay her is the least part of her reward. She is such an old-fashioned person that the mere discharge of what she deems a duty is in itself an end to her, and the work of her hands in itself a satisfaction, a pride.

在我的房子里，要营造一种礼拜日的安谧并不容易，因为它在任何时候都几乎是悄无声息的。但我发现在这一天，它也有所不同。我的管家走了进来，脸上挂着她礼拜日的微笑；她因为这一天而显得更高兴，而看到她高兴，我的心情也愉快起来。如果可能，她的声音要比平日更加温和。看到她身上的衣服，我知道只有最轻松干净的家务活需要做。她今天会去教堂，早晚各一次，我知道她会因此变得更好。她出门的时候，我有时会到平常从不进去的房间瞧一瞧，只是为了让我的眼睛欣赏一下那种闪亮的窗明几净，那种完美的井井有条，我可以肯定只有善良女人的管辖地才会如此。如果没有这间一尘不染、气息怡人的厨房，理书挂画对我有什么意义呢？我生活全部的平静都仰仗这位女士的精心照料，而她的工作和起居很少让我看到。我肯定自己付给她的钱是她的酬劳中最微不足道的部分。她是一个很老派的人，履行责任本身在她看来就是目的，工作本身就是一种满足、一种骄傲。

When a child, I was permitted to handle on Sunday certain books which could not be exposed to the more careless usage of common days; volumes finely illustrated, or the more handsome editions of familiar authors, or works which, merely by their bulk, demanded special care. Happily, these books were all of the higher rank in literature, and so there came to be established in my mind an association between the day of rest and names which are the greatest in verse and prose. Through my life this habit has remained with me; I

have always wished to spend some part of the Sunday quiet with books which, at most times, it is fatally easy to leave aside, one's very knowledge and love of them serving as an excuse for their neglect in favour of print which has the attraction of newness. Homer and Virgil, Milton and Shakespeare; not many Sundays have gone by without my opening one or other of these. Not many Sundays? Nay, that is to exaggerate, as one has the habit of doing. Let me say rather that, on many a rest-day I have found mind and opportunity for such reading. Nowadays mind and opportunity fail me never. I may take down my Homer or my Shakespeare when I choose, but it is still on Sunday that I feel it most becoming to seek the privilege of their companionship. For these great ones, crowned with immortality, do not respond to him who approaches them as though hurried by temporal care. There befits the garment of solemn leisure, the thought attuned to peace. I open the volume somewhat formally; is it not sacred, if the word has any meaning at all? And, as I read, no interruption can befall me. The note of a linnet, the humming of a bee, these are the sounds about my sanctuary. The page scarce rustles as it turns.

儿时，在礼拜日这一天，我会获准翻看一些平日不能随便乱动的书，比如，有精美插图的书，名家的精装本，还有一些单凭块头就需要特别关照的书。令人高兴的是，这些书全部都是文学中的精品，所以在我的头脑中，休息日便和最伟大的诗歌散文之间建立了一种联系。我在多年的生活中一直保持着这一习惯：在星期天，我总希望和一些平日极容易丢在一旁的书安静地度过一些时光，对它们的熟识和热爱往往成为冷落它们而选择新书的借口。荷马和维吉尔，弥尔顿和莎士比亚，多少个星期天过去了，我没有一个星期天不打开它们中的一本书。很多星期天吗？不，这是夸张，我们都习惯这么说而已。这样说吧，在许多个星期天，我都有心情和机会来读这些书。现在，我随时都有这样的心情和机会。只要愿意，我可以随手取下荷马或莎士比亚，但我依然觉得在礼拜日享受它们的陪伴最适宜。因为这些被冠以不朽之名的伟大作品不会回报那些似乎被世俗杂务所扰而匆忙阅读它们的人。读这些作品，要换上一件端庄休闲的衣服，让思绪平静下来。我郑重其事地打开一本书，难道不是神圣的吗，如果这个形容词还有任何意义的话？而在我读书时，也没有任何干扰。朱顶雀的歌声，蜜蜂的嗡鸣，这些是我的“圣殿”周围的声音。书页翻动时，连沙沙声都少有。

VI

6

Of how many dwellings can it be said that no word of anger is ever heard beneath its roof, and that no unkindly feeling ever exists between the inmates? Most men's experience would seem to justify them in declaring that, throughout the inhabited world, no such house

exists. I, knowing at all events of one, admit the possibility that there may be more; yet I feel that it is to hazard a conjecture; I cannot point with certainty to any other instance, nor in all my secular life (I speak as one who has quitted the world) could I have named a single example.

天底下能有几户人家，屋檐下从没传出过吵嘴的声音，里面居住的人之间从没有过不和睦？依多数人的经验，或许可以说，在有人居住的世界里，这样的人家是不存在的。而我知道无论如何都有那么一户存在，所以也承认或许还可能有更多家。但我感觉这是在冒险臆测，我不能肯定地举出其他例子，在我全部的世俗生活中（我是以一个遁世之人的身份来说这句话的），也找不出一个这样的范例。

It is so difficult for human beings to live together; nay, it is so difficult for them to associate, however transitorily, and even under the most favourable conditions, without some shadow of mutual offence. Consider the differences of task and of habit, the conflict of prejudices, the divergence of opinions (though that is probably the same thing), which quickly reveal themselves between any two persons brought into more than casual contact, and think how much self-subdual is implicit whenever, for more than an hour or two, they co-exist in seeming harmony. Man is not made for peaceful intercourse with his fellows; he is by nature self-assertive, commonly aggressive, always critical in a more or less hostile spirit of any characteristic which seems strange to him. That he is capable of profound affections merely modifies here and there his natural contentiousness, and subdues its expression. Even love, in the largest and purest sense of the word, is no safeguard against perilous irritation and sensibilities inborn. And what were the durability of love without the powerful alliance of habit?

对人们来说，在一起生活是困难的；不，应该说，人与人之间交往是困难的，不管时间多么短暂，甚至在最有利的境遇下，都不可避免地要蒙上相互冒犯的阴影。想想人们工作和习惯的不同，偏见上的冲突，观点上的分歧（尽管那可能是一回事），如果两个人的接触有些密切，这些问题很快会出现。试想一下，让两个人维持一个或两个多小时表面上的和谐，这其中将隐含多少自我克制。人生来就不是要与同类和平共处的，他天性独断专行，通常还咄咄逼人，总怀着多少有些敌意的心态批评自己不熟悉的任何特性。他拥有的深沉情感，只是在某些地方缓和了他好斗的天性，遏制了它的表达。即便是最博大最纯粹意义上的爱心，也不能抵御人们天性里充满危险的怒气和情感。而如果没有习性的强力支撑，又何来爱情的天长地久？

Suppose yourself endowed with such power of hearing that all the talk going on at any moment beneath the domestic roofs of any town became clearly audible to you; the dominant note would be that of moods, tempers, opinions at jar. Who but the most amiable dreamer

can doubt it? This, mind you, is not the same thing as saying that angry emotion is the ruling force in human life; the facts of our civilization prove the contrary. Just because, and only because, the natural spirit of conflict finds such frequent scope, does human society hold together, and, on the whole, present a pacific aspect. In the course of ages (one would like to know how many) man has attained a remarkable degree of self-control; dire experience has forced upon him the necessity of compromise, and habit has inclined him (the individual) to prefer a quiet, orderly life. But by instinct he is still a quarrelsome creature, and he gives vent to the impulse as far as it is compatible with his reasoned interests—often, to be sure, without regard for that limit. The average man or woman is always at open discord with some one; the great majority could not live without oft-recurrent squabble. Speak in confidence with any one you like, and get him to tell you how many cases of coldness, alienation, or downright enmity, between friends and kinsfolk, his memory registers; the number will be considerable, and what a vastly greater number of everyday "misunderstandings" may be thence inferred! Verbal contention is, of course, commoner among the poor and the vulgar than in the class of well-bred people living at their ease, but I doubt whether the lower ranks of society find personal association much more difficult than the refined minority above them.

想象一下，如果你天赋异禀，能随时清晰地听到任何城镇中所有人家屋里的所有谈话；那其中的主旋律可能是情绪、脾气和观点的互相冲突。除了性情最随和的空想家，谁还会怀疑这一点？但是，注意了，这不等于说怒气是人类生活的主导力量，我们的文明证明了事实恰恰相反。正是因为，也仅仅因为人类冲突的自然性情能常常得到宣泄，人类社会才能凝聚在一起，并且在总体上呈现出和平的一面。多少个世纪以来（也许你想知道到底多少个），人们获得了一种高度的自制力。悲惨的经验迫使他认识到妥协的必要性，习惯也让他（单个人）更喜欢过一种安静、有条理的生活。但是，他天性仍旧是一个动辄争吵的生灵，只要他认为符合自己合理的利益，那么他便会发泄这种冲动—当然，他常常忽视这种限制。普通男女总会和他人公开发生冲突，大多数人在生活中难免经常发生争吵。私下里和你喜欢的任何一个人谈谈，让他告诉你，在他的记忆中，朋友和亲人之间有过多少次冷战、疏远或是彻底闹翻。这个数量会很惊人，你由此可以推测出日常“误会”的次数会多么庞大！当然，穷人和俗人中发生口角的机会要多于生活舒适的教养好的人们，但是，社会底层人们的人际交往是否就比上流社会的少数人更困难呢，这一点我表示怀疑。

High cultivation may help to self-command, but it multiplies the chances of irritative contact. In mansion, as in hovel, the strain of life is perpetually felt—between the married, between parents and children, between relatives of every degree, between employers and

employed. They debate, they dispute, they wrangle, they explode—then nerves are relieved, and they are ready to begin over again. Quit the home and quarrelling is less obvious, but it goes on all about one. What proportion of the letters delivered any morning would be found to be written in displeasure, in petulance, in wrath? The postbag shrieks insults or bursts with suppressed malice. Is it not wonderful—nay, is it not the marvel of marvels—that human life has reached such a high point of public and private organization?

优良的教养也许有助于增强自制力，但也大大增加了交往中激发怒气的机会。不管在豪门大户，还是寒舍陋室，生活的压力总是永恒存在的—在夫妇之间，在父母和孩子之间，在三亲六戚之间，在雇主和雇员之间。他们辩论，争执，吵架，最后战争爆发—然后怒气消退，他们又能够重新开始。离开家后，吵架的机会减少了，但它仍在你的周围继续。早晨送抵的信件中，其中有多少封是在不快、暴躁和发怒的情绪下写就的呢？邮包好像扯着嗓子骂着脏话，或者是压抑的恶意将它撑破。人类生活在公共和私人组织上居然达到这样一个高度—这难道不是很好吗—不，应该说，这不是奇迹中的奇迹吗？

And gentle idealists utter their indignant wonder at the continuance of war! Why, it passes the wit of man to explain how it is that nations are ever at peace! For, if only by the rarest good fortune do individuals associate harmoniously, there would seem to be much less likelihood of mutual understanding and good-will between the peoples of alien lands. As a matter of fact, no two nations are ever friendly, in the sense of truly liking each other; with the reciprocal criticism of countries there always mingles a sentiment of animosity. The original meaning of hostis is merely stranger, and a stranger who is likewise a foreigner will only by curious exception fail to stir antipathy in the average human being. Add to this that a great number of persons in every country find their delight and their business in exasperating international disrelish, and with what vestige of common sense can one feel surprise that war is ceaselessly talked of, often enough declared. In days gone by, distance and rarity of communication assured peace between many realms. Now that every country is in proximity to every other, what need is there to elaborate explanations of the distrust, the fear, the hatred, which are a perpetual theme of journalists and statesmen? By approximation, all countries have entered the sphere of natural quarrel. That they f nd plenty of things to quarrel about is no cause for astonishment. A hundred years hence there will be some possibility of perceiving whether international relations are likely to obey the law which has acted with such beneficence in the life of each civilized people; whether this country and that will be content to ease their tempers with bloodless squabbling, subduing the more violent promptings for the common

good. Yet I suspect that a century is a very short time to allow for even justifiable surmise of such an outcome. If by any chance newspapers ceased to exist... Talk of war, and one gets involved in such utopian musings!

而温和的理想家们对战争的连绵不断却表示讶异和愤怒！唉，其实国与国之间相安无事倒是人类智慧无法解释的！因为如果人和人之间只有在罕有的境遇里才能和谐相处，那么不同国家的人们之间更不可能有多少机会互相理解和善意相待了。事实上，就真正喜欢对方的意义而言，国家之间从来不是友好的；在国与国的互相抨击中，总是掺杂着一种敌对的情愫。hostis原本的意思只是陌生人，一个陌生人同时又是外国人，如果不引起普通人的反感，那就是奇怪的例外了。加之每个国家都有很多人专司挑起国际社会敌对情绪，并以此为乐，所以如果你还有一丝常识，就不该对人们无休止讨论战争和频繁宣战表示惊讶。以前，由于距离和通讯手段的匮乏，许多领土间维持了和平。现在各国之间距离如此接近，还需要解释为什么不信任、恐惧、厌恶会成为记者和政治家口中永远的主题吗？由于相互接近，所有国家都进入了必然争吵的领域。他们能找到许多争吵的缘由，这并不让人感到惊奇。一百年后，我们有可能会看到：国际关系能否遵从文明人生活中相得益彰的法则；国家间是否会满足于只用不流血的口角来平息怒火，并为了人们的整体利益而抑制暴力冲动。但是，我怀疑一个世纪的时间太短，甚至不能为这样的结果提供一个合理的猜测。万一报纸停印……一谈起战争，我就会陷入这种乌托邦式的冥想！

VII

7

I have been reading one of those prognostic articles on international politics which every now and then appear in the reviews. Why I should so waste my time it would be hard to say; I suppose the fascination of disgust and fear gets the better of me in a moment's idleness. This writer, who is horribly perspicacious and vigorous, demonstrates the certainty of a great European war, and regards it with the peculiar satisfaction excited by such things in a certain order of mind. His phrases about "dire calamity" and so on mean nothing; the whole tenor of his writing proves that he represents, and consciously, one of the forces which go to bring war about; his part in the business is a fluent irresponsibility, which casts scorn on all who reluct at the "inevitable." Persistent prophecy is a familiar way of assuring the event.

我读了一篇偶尔会在评论上出现的关于国际政治的预言性文章。很难说我为什么要这样浪费时间，我想是因为在百无聊赖中，厌恶和恐惧的情绪忽然对我充满了吸引力。这个作者的敏锐和狂热简直可怖，他在

文中论证了爆发一场大规模欧洲战争的必然性，不知他怀着怎样的心态，他的观点竟带着一种奇特的满足感。他的诸如“灭顶之灾”等措词没有任何意义。整篇文章的基调都证明了他代表着，并且是自觉地代表着一种引发战争的力量，他在其中扮演的是一个文笔流畅但不负责任的角色，对怀疑“战争不可避免论”的人们进行嘲弄。而固执的预言正是保证事件发生的一种常见方式。

But I will read no more such writing. This resolution I make and will keep. Why set my nerves quivering with rage, and spoil the calm of a whole day, when no good of any sort can come of it? What is it to me if nations fall a-slaughtering each other? Let the fools go to it! Why should they not please themselves? Peace, after all, is the aspiration of the few; so it always; was, and ever will be. But have done with the nauseous cant about "dire calamity." The leaders and the multitude hold no such view; either they see in war a direct and tangible profit, or they are driven to it, with heads down, by the brute that is in them. Let them rend and be rent; let them paddle in blood and viscera till—if that would ever happen—their stomachs turn. Let them blast the cornfield and the orchard, fire the home. For all that, there will yet be found some silent few, who go their way amid the still meadows, who bend to the flower and watch the sunset; and these alone are worth a thought.

我不会再读这类文章了。我下了这个决心，并会一直遵守。为什么要让自己气得发抖，破坏一整天的平静，而且也得不到任何益处？就算国家间开始互相屠戮，又干我何事？让蠢人们上战场去吧！为什么他们不能让自己开心呢？和平毕竟只是少数人的愿望，过去一直如此，将来也将如此。但是别再抛出诸如“灭顶之灾”这种令人作呕的伪善之词了。领导者们和多数人都不会持这样的观点，他们或者在战争中看到直接有形的利益，或者是受了体内蛮性的驱使，低头冲上战场。让他们杀戮和被杀吧；让他们在血肉中跋涉吧，直到—如果真有这么一刻—他们感到恶心作呕了。让他们炸毁玉米田和果园，焚毁家园吧。尽管如此，还是能找到几个沉默的人，他们从安静的草地上走过，俯身弄花香，回眸醉夕阳；只有这些人才值得我们关注。

VIII

8

In this hot weather I like to walk at times amid the full glow of the sun. Our island sun is never hot beyond endurance, and there is a magnificence in the triumph of high summer which exalts one's mind. Among streets it is hard to bear, yet even there, for those who have eyes to see it, the splendour of the sky lends beauty to things in themselves mean or hideous. I remember an August bank-holiday,

when, having for some reason to walk all across London, I unexpectedly found myself enjoying the strange desertion of great streets, and from that passed to surprise in the sense of something beautiful, a charm in the vulgar vista, in the dull architecture, which I had never known. Deep and clear-marked shadows, such as one only sees on a few days of summer, are in themselves very impressive, and become more so when they fall upon highways devoid of folk. I remember observing, as something new, the shape of familiar edifices, of spires, monuments. And when at length I sat down, somewhere on the Embankment, it was rather to gaze at leisure than to rest, for I felt no weariness, and the sun, still pouring upon me its noontide radiance, seemed to fill my veins with life.

在炎热的天气里，我有时喜欢在灼热的阳光下散步。我们这个岛屿的阳光，从来不会热得让人无法忍受；而盛夏的炎炎烈日，自有一种让人心情振奋的胜利般的辉煌。走在街上会很难受，但即便如此，有心的人会注意到，天空的光辉给那些本来破旧丑陋的事物平添了一层美感。我记得，在八月的一个法定假日，我有事要步行穿越伦敦城，却意外地发现大街上空无一人，而我惊奇地欣赏着一种从粗俗街景和单调建筑中透出来的我从未了解的美丽和魅力。深邃而清晰的阴影，是只有在夏日里才能看到的那种，它们给人印象非常深刻，尤其是投影在空无一人的公路上时。我记得自己带着新鲜的眼光，观察那些熟悉的建筑物轮廓，还有尖塔和博物馆。最后，我坐在泰晤士河河堤上休息，不，应该说悠闲地眺望更恰当，因为我没有一丝疲倦，太阳正午的光辉倾泻在我的身上，似乎让我的血脉充满了生命力。

That sense I shall never know again. For me Nature has comforts, raptures, but no more invigoration. The sun keeps me alive, but cannot, as in the old days, renew my being. I would fain learn to enjoy without reflecting.

这种感觉我再不会有了。大自然可以给我安慰，让我狂喜，但不会再赐予我活力。太阳能维持我的生命，但再不会像从前那样，让我整个焕然一新。我很愿意学会心无挂碍地享受阳光。

My walk in the golden hours leads me to a great horse-chestnut, whose root offers a convenient seat in the shadow of its foliage. At that resting-place I have no wide view before me, but what I see is enough—a corner of waste land, over-flowered with poppies and charlock, on the edge of a field of corn. The brilliant red and yellow harmonize with the glory of the day. Near by, too, is a hedge covered with great white blooms of the bindweed. My eyes do not soon grow weary.

在太阳底下，我散步到了一棵巨大的七叶树前，树阴下，它的根为我提供了舒适的座椅。在这里休息，视野并不开阔，但是眼前的景色就足够我欣赏了—荒地的一角，开满了罂粟和田芥菜花，紧挨着的是一块

玉米田。鲜艳的红色和黄色，与天空的壮丽交相辉映。近旁还有一个树篱，覆满了硕大洁白的旋花。我的眼睛久久都没有感到疲倦。

A little plant of which I am very fond is the rest-harrow. When the sun is hot upon it, the f lower gives forth a strangely aromatic scent, very delightful to me. I know the cause of this peculiar pleasure. The rest-harrow sometimes grows in sandy ground above the seashore. In my childhood I have many a time lain in such a spot under the glowing sky, and, though I scarce thought of it, perceived the odour of the little rose-pink flower when it touched my face. Now I have but to smell it, and those hours come back again. I see the shore of Cumberland, running north to St. Bee's Head; on the sea horizon a faint shape which is the Isle of Man; inland, the mountains, which for me at that time guarded a region of unknown wonder. Ah, how long ago!

有一小株植物我非常喜欢，那就是芒柄花。火辣的阳光照耀时，它会散发出一种奇异的芳香，让我心神愉悦。我知道这种奇妙快感的缘由。芒柄花有时会生长在海岸的沙地里。儿时的我常常在明朗的天空下躺在那样的地方，尽管我几乎没注意过它，但当那小小的淡粉色花朵触到我的脸庞，我就会嗅到它的香味。现在只要闻到这花香，我就会忆起那些年少时光。我似乎看到坎伯兰郡的海滩，向北一直延伸到圣比头；海平线上有一个模糊的影子，那是人岛；当时，在我的眼里，内地的群山环抱中，藏着一块神秘的领地。啊，那是多少年以前的事了！

IX

9

I read much less than I used to do; I think much more. Yet what is the use of thought which can no longer serve to direct life? Better, perhaps, to read and read incessantly, losing one's futile self in the activity of other minds.

我书读得比以前少，想的却比以前多得多了。然而若不能用来引导生活，那思想有什么用处？也许还不如一直不停地读啊读，把庸碌的自己湮没在他人的思想中。

This summer I have taken up no new book, but have renewed my acquaintance with several old ones which I had not opened for many a year. One or two have been books such as mature men rarely read at all—books which it is one's habit to "take as read"; to presume sufficiently known to speak of, but never to open. Thus, one day my hand fell upon the Anabasis[7], the little Oxford edition which I used at school, with its boyish sign-manual on the fly-leaf, its blots and underlinings and marginal scrawls. To my shame I possess no other

edition; yet this is a book one would like to have in beautiful form. I opened it, I began to read—a ghost of boyhood stirring in my heart—and from chapter to chapter was led on, until after a few days I had read the whole.

这个夏天，我没有读任何新书，只是重温了几本许多年不曾翻开的旧书。其中有一两本是成年人很少读的—是人们习惯上“以为读过”的书，觉得对其熟悉到可以谈论的地步，但其实从未打开过。一天，我的手落在了《远征记》上，这本牛津袖珍版的书，我上学时用过，它的扉页上还有我孩子气的签名，里面有污迹和下划线，书页边缘有潦草的字迹。惭愧的是，这本书我没有其他版本，而这是一本人们认为应该精美装潢的书。我打开它，开始阅读—童年的一个精灵在心里翻腾—我一章一章地读下去，几天后便读完了整本书。

I am glad this happened in the summer-time, I like to link childhood with these latter days, and no better way could I have found than this return to a school-book, which, even as a school-book, was my great delight.

我很高兴读这本书是在夏天。我喜欢把童年和夏日联系起来，而没有比重温学校读物更好的联结两者的方式了，是啊，即使只是学校读物，也给了我极大的欢乐。

By some trick of memory I always associate school-boy work on the classics with a sense of warm and sunny days; rain and gloom and a chilly atmosphere must have been far the more frequent conditions, but these things are forgotten. My old Liddell and Scott[8] still serves me, and if, in opening it, I bend close enough to catch the SCENT of the leaves, I am back again at that day of boyhood (noted on the flyleaf by the hand of one long dead) when the book was new and I used it for the first time. It was a day of summer, and perhaps there fell upon the unfamiliar page, viewed with childish tremor, half apprehension and half delight, a mellow sunshine, which was to linger for ever in my mind.

也许是回忆作祟的缘故，我总是将学童时阅读经典作品与温暖清朗日子的感觉联系在一起；阴雨冰冷的天气一定是常有的，但我已经遗忘了。我的旧《希英字典》依然可用，打开它，俯身细嗅书页的味道，就好像又回到童年第一次用它的那一天（日期由一个已故很久的人写在了扉页上），这本字典还是崭新的。那是一个夏日，带着孩子气的激动，我忧喜参半地翻着那陌生的书页，或许有一缕和煦的阳光落在上面，也永远留在我的脑海中。

But I am thinking of the Anabasis. Were this the sole book existing in Greek, it would be abundantly worthwhile to learn the language in order to read it. The Anabasis is an admirable work of art, unique in its combination of concise and rapid narrative with colour and picturesqueness. Herodotus[9] wrote a prose epic, in which the

author's personality is ever before us. Xenophon, with curiosity and love of adventure which mark him of the same race, but self-forgetful in the pursuit of a new artistic virtue, created the historical romance. What a world of wonders in this little book, all aglow with ambitions and conflicts, with marvels of strange lands; full of perils and rescues, fresh with the air of mountain and of sea! Think of it for a moment by the side of Caesar's Commentaries[10]; not to compare things incomparable, but in order to appreciate the perfect art which shines through Xenophon's mastery of language, his brevity achieving a result so different from that of the like characteristic in the Roman writer. Caesar's conciseness comes of strength and pride; Xenophon's, of a vivid imagination. Many a single line of the Anabasis presents a picture which deeply stirs the emotions. A good instance occurs in the fourth book, where a delightful passage of unsurpassable narrative tells how the Greeks rewarded and dismissed a guide who had led them through dangerous country. The man himself was in peril of his life; laden with valuable things which the soldiers had given him in their gratitude, he turned to make his way through the hostile region.

我又想起了《远征记》。如果它是唯一幸存的希腊文书籍，那也有充足的理由来学习希腊语以便阅读原著。《远征记》是一本令人钦佩的艺术品，它的独特之处在于叙事之简练迅疾，并且有丰富的色彩和画面感。希罗多德创作了一部抒情史诗，作者的人格镌刻在作品中，永远呈现在我们面前。与他同属一类人物，色诺芬对冒险有同样的好奇和热爱，但在追求新的艺术价值上却是忘我的，他创作了一部历史传奇。这本小书中蕴藏了一个奇妙的世界，其中有熠熠生辉的雄心、冲突和异域风物；充满了危险和拯救的故事，散发出大山和海洋的清新气息！把它和恺撒的《内战记》放到一起来思量，并非要试图比较无相比基础的事物，而是为了欣赏色诺芬在文字驾驭上表现出来的完美艺术。和那位与他风格相似的罗马作家相比，他的简洁达到的效果截然不同。恺撒的简练是源自一种力量和骄傲，而色诺芬则是源自他鲜活的想象力。《远征记》里的许多单句描绘了一幅感人至深的图画。第四本书中有一个很好的例子：这是一段让人愉悦的文字，用无与伦比的叙事手法，讲述了希腊人犒赏并送别一个将他们带出危险地域的引路人。这个引路人自己也是命悬一线，他带着士兵们出于感激赠予他的贵重物品，转身横穿敌占区而去。

[Greek text which cannot be reproduced].

[原为希腊文，恕难提供。]

"When evening came he took leave of us, and went his way by night."

“当夜晚来临，他与我们告别，消失在茫茫夜色中”。

To my mind, words of wonderful suggestiveness. You see the wild, eastern landscape, upon which the sun has set. There are the

Hellenes, safe for the moment on their long march, and there the mountain tribesman, the serviceable barbarian, going away, alone, with his tempting guerdon, into the hazards of the darkness.

在我的脑海中，这是饶有意味的妙句。你似乎看到血色夕阳落入东方的荒野。有一些在长途跋涉中暂时安全了的希腊人，还有一个山地部落族人，也就是那个引路的没有开化的人，他带着令人垂涎的酬劳独自离开，消失在险象环生的黑暗中。

Also in the fourth book, another picture moves one in another way. Among the Carduchian Hills two men were seized, and information was sought from them about the track to be followed. "One of them would say nothing, and kept silence in spite of every threat; so, in the presence of his companion, he was slain. Thereupon that other made known the man's reason for refusing to point out the way; in the direction the Greeks must take there dwelt a daughter of his, who was married."

也是在第四本书里，有一幅画面让人生出另一种感动。在卡迪克亚山里，他们抓住两个人盘问方向。“其中一个在百般威胁下，始终不发一言，结果他在同伴面前被杀死。后来他的同伴道出了他拒绝指路的原因，原来在希腊人的必经之路上，住着他已经出嫁的女儿。”

It would not be easy to express more pathos than is conveyed in these few words. Xenophon himself, one may be sure, did not feel it quite as we do, but he preserved the incident for its own sake, and there, in a line or two, shines something of human love and sacrifice, significant for all time.

以寥寥数语传达出这样深沉的悲伤，是不易超越的。也许可以肯定，连色诺芬自己都没有我们感受得深刻，但是他把事件的原貌描摹了下来，在这几行文字间，闪耀着的人类爱和牺牲的光芒，这在所有时代都是有意义的。

X

10

I sometimes think I will go and spend the sunny half of a twelvemonth in wandering about the British Isles. There is so much of beauty and interest that I have not seen, and I grudge to close my eyes on this beloved home of ours, leaving any corner of it unvisited. Often I wander in fancy over all the parts I know, and grow restless with desire at familiar names which bring no picture to memory. My array of county guide-books (they have always been irresistible to me on the stalls) sets me roaming; the only dull pages in them are those that treat of manufacturing towns. Yet I shall never start on that

pilgrimage. I am too old, too fixed in habits. I dislike the railway; I dislike hotels. I should grow homesick for my library, my garden, the view from my windows. And then—I have such a fear of dying anywhere but under my own roof.

有时我想，要用一年中晴朗的六个月，来周游不列颠群岛。许多美景名胜我都没有看过，面对这美丽的家园，如果我没有去过它的任何一个角落，我就会死不瞑目。我经常在想象中到我知道的所有地方漫游，如果听到熟悉的地名，而记忆里没有一幅画面，就会坐立不安，渴望出游。那一本本英格兰各郡旅游指南（这些书摆在货摊上，对我总有无法抵挡的诱惑）让我神游，其中唯一乏味的内容是对工业城镇的介绍。但是我永远不会出发走上那个朝圣之旅了，我太老了，习惯已经根深蒂固了。我不喜欢铁路，不喜欢旅馆。我会想念我的图书馆，我的花园，我窗外的景色，而且—我非常害怕自己会死在家以外的任何地方。

As a rule, it is better to re-visit only in imagination the places which have greatly charmed us, or which, in the retrospect, seem to have done so. Seem to have charmed us, I say; for the memory we form, after a certain lapse of time, of places where we lingered, often bears but a faint resemblance to the impression received at the time; what in truth may have been very moderate enjoyment, or enjoyment greatly disturbed by inner or outer circumstances, shows in the distance as a keen delight, or as deep, still happiness. On the other hand, if memory creates no illusion, and the name of a certain place is associated with one of the golden moments of life, it were rash to hope that another visit would repeat the experience of a by-gone day. For it was not merely the sights that one beheld which were the cause of joy and peace; however lovely the spot, however gracious the sky, these things external would not have availed, but for contributory movements of mind and heart and blood, the essentials of the man as then he was.

通常，对于曾经让我们着迷的地方，或者说，在回忆里似乎让我们着迷的地方，最好只是在想象中重温。之所以说“似乎”，是因为我们对曾经逗留过的地方的回忆，经过一段时间后，和当时形成的印象之间几无相似之处。其实当时感受到的可能只是很一般的快乐，或者是受到内在外在原因纷扰的快乐。隔上一段时间来看，就会变成高度的愉悦，或者深沉宁静的快乐。另一方面，如果记忆不曾制造幻象，某个地名和生命中某个金色时刻联系在一起，而你希望故地重游能够让你重温过往的经历，那就轻率了。因为让人感觉快乐和平静的原因，不仅仅是你看到的景色。不管那个地方多么可爱，天空多么灿烂，如果没有当时你的头脑、心情和热血这些人类重要元素的共同作用，这些外在的东西不会产生美感。

Whilst I was reading this afternoon my thoughts strayed, and I found myself recalling a hillside in Suffolk, where, after a long walk I rested drowsily one midsummer day twenty years ago. A great longing

seized me; I was tempted to set off at once, and find again that spot under the high elm trees, where, as I smoked a delicious pipe, I heard about me the crack, crack, crack of broom-pods bursting in the glorious heat of the noontide sun. Had I acted upon the impulse, what chance was there of my enjoying such another hour as that which my memory cherished? No, no; it is not the PLACE that I remember; it is the time of life, the circumstances, the mood, which at that moment fell so happily together. Can I dream that a pipe smoked on that same hillside, under the same glowing sky, would taste as it then did, or bring me the same solace? Would the turf be so soft beneath me? Would the great elmbranches temper so delightfully the noontide rays beating upon them? And, when the hour of rest was over, should I spring to my feet as then I did, eager to put forth my strength again? No, no; what I remember is just one moment of my earlier life, linked by accident with that picture of the Suffolk landscape. The place no longer exists; it never existed save for me. For it is the mind which creates the world about us, and, even though we stand side by side in the same meadow, my eyes will never see what is beheld by yours, my heart will never stir to the emotions with which yours is touched.

今天下午读书时我走神了，回忆起二十年前，一个仲夏日，散了很长时间的步后，在萨福克郡的一个山腰，我坐下休息，昏昏欲睡。一种巨大的渴望攫住了我的心，我有一种马上动身的冲动，想再次找到那个地方。那里有许多高大的榆树，我坐在树下，美美地抽着雪茄，听到了皂角在正午阳光的曝晒下发出“啪啪啪”的爆裂声。如果我果真在冲动之下去那里，有多大可能再次感受到记忆中的那份快乐？不，不，留在我记忆中的不是那个地方，而是生命的那个时间，那个环境，那种情绪，在那一刻它们快乐地交汇了。如果在同一个山腰抽上一根雪茄，天空是一样的晴朗，我能够奢望雪茄的滋味和当初一样，抑或给我带来同样的抚慰吗？我身下的草地会是一样的柔软吗？正午的阳光击打在榆树的枝叶上时，它们会跟当初一样愉悦地接受吗？休息够了，我能和当时一样跳起来，热切地再次踏上旅途吗？不，不，我记住的只是早年生活的一个瞬间，只是碰巧和萨福克郡的景色联系在一起而已。那个地方已经不复存在，如果没有我，它也许从来没有存在过。因为是我们的思想创造了周围的世界，即使我们并排站在同一片草地上，我的眼睛也不会看到你眼里的景色，触动你心灵的情感也永不会拨动我的心弦。

XI

11

I awoke a little after four o'clock. There was sunlight upon the blind, that pure gold of the earliest beam which always makes me think of Dante's angels. I had slept unusually well, without a dream, and felt the blessing of rest through all my frame; my head was clear,

my pulse beat temperately. And, when I had lain thus for a few minutes, asking myself what book I should reach from the shelf that hangs near my pillow, there came upon me a desire to rise and go forth into the early morning. On the moment I bestirred myself. The drawing up of the blind, the opening of the window, only increased my zeal, and I was soon in the garden, then out in the road, walking light-heartedly I cared not whither.

我清晨四点多钟醒来，一缕阳光照在窗帘上，这最早的金色光线，总是让我想起但丁的天使。我睡得非常安稳，一夜没有做梦，整个身体都感受到充分休息的裨益；我的头脑清醒，脉搏跳动平稳。我就这样躺了几分钟，自问要从枕头边的架子上取下哪本书。这时，我忽然有了一种欲望，要起床出外享受清晨，于是便起身下床。卷起窗帘，打开窗子后，我热情更浓，于是很快便来到花园，接着走到外面的路上，开始心情轻松地散步，也不在意往哪儿走。

How long is it since I went forth at the hour of summer sunrise? It is one of the greatest pleasures, physical and mental, that any man in moderate health can grant himself; yet hardly once in a year do mood and circumstance combine to put it within one's reach. The habit of lying in bed hours after broad daylight is strange enough, if one thinks of it; a habit entirely evil; one of the most foolish changes made by modern system in the healthier life of the old time. But that my energies are not equal to such great innovation, I would begin going to bed at sunset and rising with the beam of day; ten to one, it would vastly improve my health, and undoubtedly it would add to the pleasures of my existence.

上次在夏天日出时分出外散步是多久以前的事了？这对每个身体状况良好的人来说，在身心上都是极大的享受；但是一年中难得有一次，情景会如此交融。请想一想吧，天光大亮后还在床上躺几个小时，这个习惯非常奇怪，完全是一个罪恶的习惯，是现代社会制度导致昔日健康生活发生的最愚蠢的变化之一。要不是现在我的精力不适合这种起居方式的革新，我会在日落时就上床睡觉，随着朝阳的第一缕光线起床。十之有九，这将大大地改善我的健康状况，并且无疑也会平添许多生活的乐趣。

When travelling, I have now and then watched the sunrise, and always with an exultation unlike anything produced in me by other aspects of nature. I remember daybreak on the Mediterranean; the shapes of islands growing in hue after hue of tenderest light, until they floated amid a sea of glory. And among the mountains—that crowning height, one moment a cold pallor, the next soft-glowing under the touch of the rosy-fingered goddess. These are the things I shall never see again; things, indeed, so perfect in memory that I should dread to blur them by a newer experience. My senses are so much duller; they do not show me what once they did.

旅行时，偶尔观看日出，心里总会有一种别样的欢欣，不同于自然带给我的任何一种感觉。我还记得地中海上的破晓，隐约的岛屿在最柔和的晨光中染上一层又一层色彩，直到它们在一片金光灿烂的海洋中漂浮起来。在群山中—那巍峨的高山，这一刻还是冰冷的苍白，下一刻便在女神玫瑰色手指的触碰下闪耀着柔和的晨曦。这些景象我再也见不到了，它们在回忆中那么完美，我害怕再次亲历其境会污损原有的印象。我的感官已经麻木了很多，它们不像以前那样敏锐了。

How far away is that school-boy time, when I found a pleasure in getting up and escaping from the dormitory whilst all the others were still asleep. My purpose was innocent enough; I got up early only to do my lessons. I can see the long school-room, lighted by the early sun; I can smell the school-room odour—a blend of books and slates and wall-maps and I know not what. It was a mental peculiarity of mine that at five o'clock in the morning I could apply myself with gusto to mathematics, a subject loathsome to me at any other time of the day. Opening the book at some section which was wont to scare me, I used to say to myself: "Come now, I'm going to tackle this this morning! If other boys can understand it, why shouldn't I?" And in a measure I succeeded. In a measure only; there was always a limit at which my powers failed me, strive as I would.

还记得在遥远的学生时代，常常在别人睡梦正酣时，我便起床离开宿舍，这在我是一桩乐事！我的目的非常单纯，早起就是为了做功课。我能看到清晨阳光下长长的教室，我能闻到教室的味道—是书本、石板、墙上的地图和其他东西混合在一起的味道。我有一个怪癖，只有在早晨五点钟，才能专心致志地学习数学，而在一天的其他时间，这个科目都是讨厌的。打开书里平常让我望而生畏的一章，我常常对自己说：“来吧，今天早晨我要搞定这一部分！如果其他人能理解，我为什么不能？”在一定程度上我成功了。但只是在一定程度上，不管怎样努力，我的能力总有一个限度。

In my garret-days it was seldom that I rose early: with the exception of one year—or the greater part of a twelvemonth—during which I was regularly up at half-past five for a special reason. I had undertaken to "coach" a man for the London matriculation; he was in business, and the only time he could conveniently give to his studies was before breakfast. I, just then, had my lodgings near Hampstead Road; my pupil lived at Knightsbridge; I engaged to be with him every morning at half-past six, and the walk, at a brisk pace, took me just about an hour. At that time I saw no severity in the arrangement, and I was delighted to earn the modest fee which enabled me to write all day long without fear of hunger; but one inconvenience attached to it. I had no watch, and my only means of knowing the time was to hear the striking of a clock in the neighbourhood. As a rule, I awoke just when I should have done; the clock struck five, and up I sprang. But

occasionally—and this when the mornings had grown dark—my punctual habit failed me; I would hear the clock chime some fraction of the hour, and could not know whether I had awoke too soon or slept too long. The horror of unpunctuality, which has always been a craze with me, made it impossible to lie waiting; more than once I dressed and went out into the street to discover as best I could what time it was, and one such expedition, I well remember, took place between two and three o'clock on a morning of foggy rain.

住阁楼的那些年月，我很少早起，除了有一年—或者说大半年—那段时间，出于特殊的原因，我常常在五点半起床。我给一个准备通过伦敦大学考试的人“做家教”；他是个生意人，他唯一方便用来学习的时间是早饭前。当时我住在汉普斯特路，我的学生住在骑士桥；我答应每天早晨六点半开始给他辅导，而从我的住处到他家，步行速度快的话，需要大约一个小时。那时候，这样的安排对我根本不困难，我很乐意挣那点微薄的酬劳，起码可以让我一整天安心写作，而不必担心挨饿；但这也顺带有一种不便之处。我没有表，唯一知道时间的方法是听附近的钟声报时。通常，我会在应该起床的钟点醒来；钟敲了五下，我便一骨碌爬起来。但是偶尔—当早晨天光变暗的时候—我准时的习惯便不起作用了；听到钟敲一刻或半点钟，我不知道是自己醒得太早还是睡得太久。害怕迟到一向是我的怪癖，我不可能躺在床上等待起床时间，好几次我都穿上衣服跑到街上去尽力弄清到底几点。有一次，我记得很清楚，凌晨两三点钟我跑到了街上，那天大雾弥漫，还下着雨。

It happened now and then that, on reaching the house at Knightsbridge, I was informed that Mr.—felt too tired to rise. This concerned me little, for it meant no deduction of fee; I had the two hours' walk, and was all the better for it. Then the appetite with which I sat down to breakfast, whether I had done my coaching or not! Bread and butter and coffee—such coffee!—made the meal, and I ate like a navvy. I was in magnificent spirits. All the way home I had been thinking of my day's work, and the morning brain, clarified and whipped to vigour by that brisk exercise, by that wholesome hunger, wrought its best. The last mouthful swallowed, I was seated at my

有几次，我到了骑士桥的学生家里，却被告知某某先生感觉太累起不来床。这让我一点也不担忧，因为他不会扣减我的酬劳；我一来一回步行了两个小时，反而感觉很好。不管我是不是做了家教，我坐下来享用早餐时，胃口大开！面包、黄油和咖啡—多美味的咖啡！—这就是我的早餐，我像一个苦工一样狼吞虎咽。我感觉神清气爽，精神焕发。回家的一路上，我都在想着当天的工作。早晨健步的锻炼加上健康的饥饿感，让我的头脑异常清醒，思维活跃，处于最佳工作状态。吃完最后一口早餐，我便坐在书桌前。啊，我能在那里坐上七八个小时，除了

writing-table; aye, and there I sat for seven or eight hours, with a short munching interval, working as only few men worked in all London, with pleasure, zeal, hope. ...

短暂的午饭时间，整个伦敦像我这样带着乐趣、热情、希望等工作的人没有几个。

Yes, yes, those were the good days. They did not last long; before and after them were cares, miseries, endurance multiform. I have always felt grateful to Mr.—of Knightsbridge; he gave me a year of health, and almost of peace.

是的，是的，那真是美好的日子。这样的日子没有持续多久，在那之前和之后尽是各种各样的忧虑、痛苦和磨难。我总是对骑士桥的某某先生心怀感激，是他给了我健康的一年，几乎也是安宁的一年。

XII

12

A whole day's walk yesterday with no plan; just a long ramble of hour after hour, entirely enjoyable. It ended at Topsham, where I sat on the little churchyard terrace, and watched the evening tide come up the broad estuary. I have a great liking for Topsham, and that churchyard, overlooking what is not quite sea, yet more than river, is one of the most restful spots I know. Of course the association with old Chaucer[11], who speaks of Topsham sailors, helps my mood. I came home very tired; but I am not yet decrepit, and for that I must be thankful.

昨天，我漫无目的地散了一整天步；只是漫游而已，一个小时又一个小时，完全自得其乐。最后来到托普瑟姆，坐在教堂墓地的小小露台上，注视着薄暮中潮水涌上宽阔的河口。我很喜欢托普瑟姆，这块墓地是我知道的最安宁的地方之一，它俯视着的安静水面，虽不能称为大海，但远胜于河流。当然，联想到老乔叟曾写过托普瑟姆水手，也助长了我的兴致。回到家的时候，我感觉很疲惫，但还没有筋疲力竭，凭这个我就一定要感恩。

The unspeakable blessedness of having a HOME! Much as my imagination has dwelt upon it for thirty years, I never knew how deep and exquisite a joy could lie in the assurance that one is AT HOME for ever. Again and again I come back upon this thought; nothing but Death can oust me from my abiding place. And Death I would fain learn to regard as a friend, who will but intensify the peace I now relish.

有家的幸福真是一言难尽！我在想象中思量了三十年，却从不知道这种永远在家的安心感觉里，蕴藏了多么深沉细腻的快乐！我一次又一次地回到这个想法，除了死神，什么也不能把我从我的永久居留地里驱逐出去。而死亡，我更愿意把它当作一个朋友，因为它只会加深我现在享受着的平静的感觉。

When one is at home, how one's affections grow about everything in the neighbourhood! I always thought with fondness of this corner of Devon, but what was that compared with the love which now strengthens in me day by day! Beginning with my house, every stick and stone of it is dear to me as my heart's blood; I find myself laying an affectionate hand on the door-post, giving a pat, as I go by, to the garden gate. Every tree and shrub in the garden is my beloved friend; I touch them, when need is, very tenderly, as though carelessness might pain, or roughness injure them. If I pull up a weed in the walk, I look at it with a certain sadness before throwing it away; it belongs to my home.

在家的时候，一个人对附近所有事物的感情都会变得愈来愈深！每每想到德文郡的这一角，我心里就倍觉亲切。然而，跟我心中一日炽似一日的热爱比起来，这又算得了什么！从我的房子开始，每一根木条，每一块石头，对我都犹如自己的心肝那样宝贵。走过时，我会不自觉地把手放在门柱上，慈爱地轻拍一下花园的门。花园里的每棵树、每丛灌木都是我亲爱的朋友，必要的时候，我会非常温柔地触摸它们，好像不小心就会把它们弄疼，用力一点则会让它们受伤。如果在人行道上拔起一根杂草，在扔掉之前，我会怀着一丝悲伤看着它，它是我家的一部分。周围所有的田野也都是我家的一部分。

And all the country round about. These villages, how delightful are their names to my ear! I find myself reading with interest all the local news in the Exeter paper. Not that I care about the people; with barely one or two exceptions, the people are nothing to me, and the less I see of them the better I am pleased. But the PLACES grow ever more dear to me. I like to know of anything that has happened at Heavitree, or Brampford Speke, or Newton St. Cyres. I begin to pride myself on knowing every road and lane, every bridle path and foot-way for miles about. I like to learn the names of farms and of fields. And all this because here is my abiding place, because I am home for ever.

那些村庄，它们的名字可真是悦耳！我饶有兴趣地阅读埃克塞特报纸上所有的本地新闻。我并不关心这里的人，除了一两个例外，对我来说，人没有任何意义，越少看到他们，我就越开心。只是这些地方实在让我感到愈加亲切。我想要知道希维特里或是布拉姆福德斯皮克或是牛顿圣西雷斯发生的任何事。方圆几英里，每条大道小巷，每条马道和人行道的名字我都知道，并开始引以自豪，我想知道那些农场和田地的名字。这一切都是因为这里是我永久的居留地，这里是我永远的家。

It seems to me that the very clouds that pass above my house are more interesting and beautiful than clouds elsewhere.

在我眼里，就连飘过我家屋顶的云朵，都要比别处的更为有趣和美丽。

And to think that at one time I called myself a socialist, communist, anything you like of the revolutionary kind! Not for long, to be sure, and I suspect that there was always something in me that scoffed when my lips uttered such things. Why, no man living has a more profound sense of property than I; no man ever lived, who was, in every fibre, more vehemently an individualist.

想到有一段时期，我自称是社会主义者、共产主义者诸如此类有革命性质的称谓。这种情况当然没有持续多少时间，我怀疑当我口中说出这些名词时，内心总有什么东西在嘲弄我。原因嘛，世上没有谁比我有更强的对私有财产的占有欲，没有谁是比我更狂热的彻头彻尾的个人主义者。

XIII

13

In this high summertide, I remember with a strange feeling that there are people who, of their free choice, spend day and night in cities, who throng to the gabble of drawing-rooms, make festival in public eatinghouses, sweat in the glare of the theatre. They call it life; they call it enjoyment. Why, so it is, for them; they are so made. The folly is mine, to wonder that they fulfill their destiny.

在这盛夏时节，我想起那些自愿选择在城市生活的人们，心下感觉有些奇怪。他们蜂拥到喧嚷的交际场所，到公共餐馆大肆庆祝，在剧院炫目的灯光下大汗淋漓。他们称之为生活，他们称之为享受。为什么他们会有这样的想法，也许是天生如此。而我如果置疑他们是否实现了生命的价值，那就愚蠢了。

But with what deep and quiet thanksgiving do I remind myself that never shall I mingle with that well-millinered and tailored herd! Happily, I never saw much of them. Certain occasions I recall when a supposed necessity took me into their dismal precincts; a sick buzzing in the brain, a languor as of exhausted limbs, comes upon me with the memory. The relief with which I stepped out into the street again, when all was over! Dear to me then was poverty, which for the moment seemed to make me a free man. Dear to me was the labour at my desk, which, by comparison, enabled me to respect myself.

一想到再不用和那些衣冠楚楚的人打交道，我心里便生出一种多么深沉宁静的感恩之情！幸好这种人我见的从来不多。记得有几次，因为不得已我来到他们沉闷的街区。回想起当时的情形，我的脑袋嗡嗡作响，感到眩晕，无精打采，四肢乏力。当我再次步上大街离开时，浑身顿感解脱！当时，连贫穷都让我珍视，它似乎能使我成为一个自由人。书桌边的笔耕也让我热爱，相比之下，它能让我尊重自己。

Never again shall I shake hands with man or woman who is not in truth my friend. Never again shall I go to see acquaintances with whom I have no acquaintance. All men my brothers? Nay, thank Heaven, that they are not! I will do harm, if I can help it, to no one; I will wish good to all; but I will make no pretence of personal kindliness where, in the nature of things, it cannot be felt. I have grimaced a smile and pattered unmeaning words to many a person whom I despised or from whom in heart I shrank; I did so because I had not courage to do otherwise. For a man conscious of such weakness, the best is to live apart from the world. Brave Samuel Johnson[12]! One such truth-teller is worth all the moralists and preachers who ever laboured to humanise mankind. Had HE withdrawn into solitude, it would have been a national loss. Every one of his blunt, fearless words had more value than a whole evangel on the lips of a timidly good man. It is thus that the commonalty, however well clad, should be treated. So seldom does the fool or the ruffian in broadcloth hear his just designation; so seldom is the man found who has a right to address him by it. By the bandying of insults we profit nothing; there can be no useful rebuke which is exposed to a tuquoque. But, as the world is, an honest and wise man should have a rough tongue. Let him speak and spare not!

那些并非我真正朋友的男男女女，我再不会和他们握手了。我也不会再和陌生人结交了。世人皆我兄弟？不，老天保佑，他们不是！如果能自我克制，我不会伤害任何人，我会祝福所有人，但是如果心无好感，我也不会伪装亲切友善了。有许多让我鄙视或打心眼里排斥的人，我曾经挤出笑容，随口应酬他们，因为我没有勇气采取别的方式。对于一个意识到自己这方面缺陷的人，最好的方法是离群索居。塞缪尔·约翰逊真是勇气可嘉！这样一个敢说真话的人，抵得上所有致力于教化人类的道德家和布道家。如果他选择遁世，那真是整个国家的损失。他嘴里任何一个犀利无畏的词汇，都比一个怯懦善良之人念诵的整部福音书有价值。对待民众就应该这样直言不讳，不论他们衣着多么考究。华衣美服的愚人和恶棍很少听到他们应得的称呼，也很难找到一个有权如此称呼他们的人。恶语相向对我们没任何益处，如果对方回上一句“你也是”，那你的任何指责便失去了意义。但是，在这个世界上，一个诚实睿智的人应该有一张尖刻的嘴。请让他畅所欲言，毫不留情吧！

XIV

14

Vituperation of the English climate is foolish. A better climate does not exist—for healthy people; and it is always as regards the average native in sound health that a climate must be judged. Invalids have no right whatever to talk petulantly of the natural changes of the

sky; Nature has not THEM in view; let them (if they can) seek exceptional conditions for their exceptional state, leaving behind them many a million of sound, hearty men and women who take the seasons as they come, and profit by each in turn. In its freedom from extremes, in its common clemency, even in its caprice, which at the worst time holds out hope, our island weather compares well with that of other lands. Who enjoys the fine day of spring, summer, autumn, or winter so much as an Englishman? His perpetual talk of the weather is testimony to his keen relish for most of what it offers him; in lands of blue monotony, even as where climatic conditions are plainly evil, such talk does not go on. So, granting that we have bad days not a few, that the east wind takes us by the throat, that the mists get at our joints, that the sun hides his glory too often and too long, it is plain that the result of all comes to good, that it engenders a mood of zest under the most various aspects of heaven, keeps an edge on our appetite for open-air life.

咒骂英国的气候是愚蠢的。对于健康人而言，没有比这里更好的气候了，而对天气的评价应该总是站在健康的当地普通人的角度上。病弱者无权恼怒地谈论天空的自然变化，他们不在大自然的考虑范围内。让他们（如果他们有能力的话）为自己的特殊状况找寻特殊的气候条件吧，留下成千上万健康强壮的男男女女，坦然迎接四季更迭，并依次从中获益。我们岛屿的天气从来不走极端，通常都是温和的，甚至在它反复无常的最坏时候，都依然让人存有希望，它和别处相比毫不逊色。有谁能像英国人这样，享受着春夏秋冬里良辰佳日呢？总把天气的话题挂在嘴边，正表明了他大多数时候都非常享受这里的天气。在终年只有单调蓝天的地方，甚至是气候极端恶劣的地方，天气的话题都不是很多。所以，尽管我们的坏天气不少，东风会扼住我们的咽喉，大雾让我们关节隐隐作痛，太阳太频繁太长久地藏匿了自己的光辉，但这一切明显都产生了一个好的结果，在变化多端的苍穹下，人们因此生发出一种热情的心境，对户外生活总保持着浓厚的兴趣。

I, of course, am one of the weaklings who, in grumbling at the weather, merely invite compassion. July, this year, is clouded and windy, very cheerless even here in Devon; I fret and shiver and mutter to myself something about southern skies. Pshaw! Were I the average man of my years, I should be striding over Haldon, caring not a jot for the heavy sky, finding a score of compensations for the lack of sun. Can I not have patience? Do I not know that, some morning, the east will open like a bursting bud into warmth and splendour, and the azure depths above will have only the more solace for my starved anatomy because of this protracted disappointment?

我嘛，当然是那些抱怨天气只是为博取同情的弱者之一。今年的七月多云又多风，即便在德文郡，天气也让人不快。我心情焦躁，浑身哆嗦，喃喃自语着南方的天空有多美好。唉！如果我是这个年岁的普通健

康人，我一定会跨过哈尔登山，毫不在意阴沉的天空，为长期不见阳光找到许多种补偿。我怎能没有耐心呢？我难道不知道，某天早晨，东方会豁然开朗犹如百花绽放，天空会既温暖又辉煌，深蓝的苍穹因为这迟到的约会，将为我形销骨立的身躯带来更大的慰藉？

XV

15

I have been at the seaside—enjoying it, yes, but in what a doddering, senile sort of way! Is it I who used to drink the strong wind like wine, who ran exultingly along the wet sands and leapt from rock to rock, barefoot, on the slippery seaweed, who breasted the swelling breaker, and shouted with joy as it buried me in gleaming foam? At the seaside I knew no such thing as bad weather; there were but changes of eager mood and full-blooded life. Now, if the breeze blows too roughly, if there comes a pelting shower, I must look for shelter, and sit with my cloak about me. It is but a new reminder that I do best to stay at home, travelling only in reminiscence.

我来到了海边—感觉很愉快，不错，但是瞧我步履蹒跚、老态龙钟的模样！曾经的我不是大风灌喉权当酒，在湿润沙滩上快乐奔跑，在岩石上跳跃嬉戏，赤脚踩在滑溜的海草上，迎着奔涌而来的浪花冲去，被吞没后快乐大叫吗？在海边，我从来不觉得有坏天气，只有热切情绪和旺盛精神的变化。现在，如果微风稍劲，或者阵雨忽至，我必须找到一处庇护所，紧裹斗篷坐在那里。这又一次提醒我最好呆在家里，只在回忆中旅行就好。

At Weymouth I enjoyed a hearty laugh, one of the good things not easy to get after middle age. There was a notice of steamboats which ply along the coast, steamboats recommended to the public as being "REPLETE WITH LAVATORIES AND A LADIES' SALOON." Think how many people read this without a chuckle!

在韦茅斯时，我开怀大笑了一次，这在中年以后就难能可贵了。有一则告示，是为沿海岸来往的汽船做广告的，上面向公众推荐汽船理由是，“有充足的盥洗室和女士交谊厅”。想想有谁读了这个不会莞尔！

XVI

16

In the last ten years I have seen a good deal of English inns in many parts of the country, and it astonishes me to find how bad they are. Only once or twice have I chanced upon an inn (or, if you like, hotel) where I enjoyed any sort of comfort. More often than not, even

the beds are unsatisfactory—either pretentiously huge and choked with drapery, or hard and thinly accoutred. Furnishing is uniformly hideous, and there is either no attempt at ornament (the safest thing) or a villainous taste thrusts itself upon one at every turn. The meals, in general, are coarse and poor in quality, and served with gross slovenliness.

过去的十年里，我在全国许多地方看到了不少英国客栈，我很吃惊地发现它们的服务质量如此之差。只有一两次，我在客栈（或者你也可以叫它旅馆)享受到某种舒适感。大多数时候，连床都不能让人满意—不是大的离谱而帷帐又密不透气，就是床板太硬铺盖单薄。家具是毫无例外的丑陋，要么根本看不出装修的意图（这是最安全的做法），要么就是品味低劣，处处恶心人。通常，饭菜本身的质量就粗糙差劲，上菜时还一副懒散邋遢的态度。

I have often heard it said that the touring cyclist has caused the revival of wayside inns. It may be so, but the touring cyclist seems to be very easily satisfied. Unless we are greatly deceived by the old writers, an English inn used to be a delightful resort, abounding in comfort, and supplied with the best of food; a place, too, where one was sure of welcome at once hearty and courteous. The inns of to-day, in country towns and villages, are not in that good old sense inns at all; they are merely public-houses. The landlord's chief interest is the sale of liquor. Under his roof you may, if you choose, eat and sleep, but what you are expected to do is to drink. Yet, even for drinking, there is no decent accommodation. You will find what is called a bar-parlour, a stuffy and dirty room, with crazy chairs, where only the sodden dramgulper could imagine himself at ease. Should you wish to write a letter, only the worst pen and the vilest ink is forthcoming; this, even in the "commercial room" of many an inn which seems to depend upon the custom of travelling tradesmen. Indeed, this whole business of innkeeping is incredibly mismanaged. Most of all does the common ineptitude or brutality enrage one when it has possession of an old and picturesque house, such as reminds you of the best tradition, a house which might be made as comfortable as house can be, a place of rest and mirth.

我常听说，是骑自行车周游的旅客带动了路边小客栈的复兴。可能如此吧，但这些人也显得太容易满足了。除非以前的作家大大地欺骗了我们，英国从前的小客栈可是个快乐的好住处，环境舒适，并提供最好的食物，客人们在这里总会受到礼貌热心的款待。而今天城镇乡村的小客栈已经不是那种古道热情的客栈了，它们只不过是酒馆而已。店主的主要生意是卖酒，在他的客栈里，如果你愿意可以吃饭住宿，但是人家期待你做的是喝酒。可即便是喝酒，你在这里也找不到一个体面的场所。你会发现一个叫做“吧台”的地方，就是一间闷热脏乱的屋子，摆着怪样的椅子，只有麻木的醉汉才能想象出这是个舒服的地方。如果你要

写封信，那只有最差的笔和最糟糕的墨可用。即使在许多客栈的“商务间”，笔墨似乎也是从沿街叫卖的货郎那里买到的。整个客栈业经营的混乱无序确实令人难以置信。绝大多数都管理不善或者服务态度粗鲁，令人愤慨，因为它们拥有古雅美丽的房屋，让人忆起旧时的优秀传统，很可能经营成一个舒适的客栈和一个可供休息和玩乐的好住所。

At a public-house you expect public-house manners, and nothing better will meet you at most of the so-called inns or hotels. It surprises me to think in how few instances I have found even the pretence of civility. As a rule, the landlord and landlady are either contemptuously superior or boorishly familiar; the waiters and chambermaids do their work with an indifference which only softens to a condescending interest at the moment of your departure, when, if the tip be thought insufficient, a sneer or a muttered insult speeds you on your way. One inn I remember, where, having to go in and out two or three times in a morning, I always found the front door blocked by the portly forms of two women, the landlady and the barmaid, who stood there chatting and surveying the street. Coming from within the house, I had to call out a request for passage; it was granted with all deliberation, and with not a syllable of apology. This was the best "hotel" in a Sussex market town.

在酒馆你只能期待酒馆的服务，在多数所谓的“客栈”或“旅馆”，你也别指望能享受到更好的服务。想到甚至连伪装的礼貌都很少见到，我感觉很惊讶。一般来说，老板和老板娘的态度要么颐指气使、居高临下，要么就粗俗随便；侍者和女佣的服务态度冷漠，在得知你要离开时，他们的态度会缓和为一种屈尊俯就的殷勤，但当你的小费让他们觉得不够丰厚，便会有一声冷笑或是低声叫骂将你送出门去。我还记得一家客栈，有天早晨，我需要进出门两三次，而每次我都看到老板娘和一个女佣，两个身形肥胖的女人挡在门口，她们站在那里浏览街景和闲聊。我要出客栈，所以不得不请她们让道；她们让开时显得极为勉强，更是连一个道歉的字都没说。而这还是苏塞克斯郡商业区最好的一家“旅馆”呢。

And the food. Here, beyond doubt, there is grave degeneracy. It is impossible to suppose that the old travellers by coach were contented with entertainment such as one gets nowadays at the table of a country hotel. The cooking is wont to be wretched; the quality of the meat and vegetables worse than mediocre. What! Shall one ask in vain at an English inn for an honest chop or steak? Again and again has my appetite been frustrated with an offer of mere sinew and scrag. At a hotel where the charge for lunch was five shillings, I have been sickened with pulpy potatoes and stringy cabbage. The very joint—ribs or sirloin, leg or shoulder—is commonly a poor, underfed, sapless thing, scorched in an oven; and as for the round of beef, it has as good as disappeared—probably because it asks too much skill in the salting.

Then again one's breakfast bacon; what intolerable stuff, smelling of saltpetre, has been set before me when I paid the price of the best smoked Wiltshire! It would be mere indulgence of the spirit of grumbling to talk about poisonous tea and washy coffee; every one knows that these drinks cannot be had at public tables; but what if there be real reason for discontent with one's pint of ale? Often, still, that draught from the local brewery is sound and invigorating, but there are grievous exceptions, and no doubt the tendency is here, as in other things—a falling off, a carelessness, if not a calculating dishonesty. I foresee the day when Englishmen will have forgotten how to brew beer; when one's only safety will lie in the draught imported from Munich.

再说说食物。在这里，毫无疑问，你会发现严重的退步。昔日那些坐马车的旅人，我想他们绝不可能会对摆在今天客栈餐桌上的菜肴感到满意。烹调常常是极为糟糕的，肉和蔬菜的口味差得不如嚼蜡。天哪！难道在英国的客栈点一份真正的猪排或牛排是痴心妄想吗？端上来的都是一坨腱子肉或颈骨，一次又一次令我大倒胃口。在一家旅馆，午餐的价钱是五先令，我厌透了他们绵软的土豆和多筋的老白菜。排骨—不管是肋骨还是腰肉、腿还是肩膀—总是是一块干巴巴、营养不良且无汁无味的东西，还在炉里烤焦了；至于牛大腿肉呢，瘦得都看不见了—也许把它腌咸需要很高的技术吧。还有端到我面前的早餐腌肉，这东西真让人无法忍受，闻起来有硝石的味道，而我付的钱足以买最好的威尔特郡熏肉了!抱怨这里令人作呕的茶和寡淡乏味的咖啡，只是发泄牢骚让自己痛快一下。大家都知道这些饮品不能在公共酒馆里享用，但是如果我有理由觉得连淡啤酒都不能让人满意呢？通常本地酒厂的生酒是醇厚劲足的，但也有可悲的例外，毫无疑问这种可能性存在，就像其他东西一样—这是一种退步，一种漫不经心，如果不是故意作假的话。我可以预见，有一天英国人将忘记怎样酿造真正的啤酒。那时我们唯一的安全选择，就只有从慕尼黑进口来的生啤了。

XVII

17

I was taking a meal once at a London restaurant—not one of the great eating-places to which men most resort, but a small establishment on the same model in a quiet neighbourhood—when there entered, and sat down at the next table, a young man of the working class, whose dress betokened holiday. A glance told me that he felt anything but at ease; his mind misgave him as he looked about the long room and at the table before him; and when a waiter came to offer him the card, he stared blankly in sheepish confusion. Some strange windfall, no doubt, had emboldened him to enter for the first time such a place as this, and now that he was here, he heartily

wished himself out in the street again. However, aided by the waiter's suggestions, he gave an order for a beefsteak and vegetables. When the dish was served, the poor fellow simply could not make a start upon it; he was embarrassed by the display of knives and forks, by the arrangement of the dishes, by the sauce bottles and the cruet-stand, above all, no doubt, by the assembly of people not of his class, and the unwonted experience of being waited upon by a man with a long shirt-front.

有一次，我在伦敦的一家餐厅吃饭—不是那种宾客满座的大饭店，而是一个安静社区的雅致小餐馆—这时走进来一个年轻的工人，坐在我旁边的桌子前，他穿的衣服有节日的气氛。我瞥了一眼，看出他非常不自在。他先是环顾这个长长的房间，又盯着面前的餐桌，心里似乎很不安。侍者过来给他看菜单，他只是呆呆地看着，神情羞怯又无所适从。无疑他得了一笔意外收入，所以鼓起勇气第一次踏进这样的地方，而现在进来了，他又真心希望自己离开回到街上。然而，在侍者的引导下，他点了一份牛排和蔬菜。菜上来后，这个可怜人简直不知从何下手；他窘迫地看着摆在面前的刀叉、菜肴、调味瓶和五味瓶架，当然最让他尴尬的是周围有一群和他不属于同一阶层的人，还有一个穿高领衬衫的人为自己服务，这都是陌生的体验。

He grew red; he made the clumsiest and most futile efforts to transport the meat to his plate; food was there before him, but, like a very Tantalus[13], he was forbidden to enjoy it. Observing with all discretion, I at length saw him pull out his pocket handkerchief, spread it on the table, and, with a sudden effort, fork the meat off the dish into this receptacle. The waiter, aware by this time of the customer's difficulty, came up and spoke a word to him. Abashed into anger, the young man roughly asked what he had to pay. It ended in the waiter's bringing a newspaper, wherein he helped to wrap up meat and vegetables. Money was flung down, and the victim of a mistaken ambition hurriedly departed, to satisfy his hunger amid less unfamiliar surroundings.

他的脸红了；他极为笨拙地试图把肉移到自己的盘子里，但没有成功；食物就摆在面前，而他就像坦塔罗斯一样，被禁止享用。我小心观察着，最后看到他从兜里掏出手绢，摊开在餐桌上，用叉子一下子将肉从盘子转移到手绢上。这时，侍者发现了这位顾客的难处，他走过来对他说了一句话。这位年轻人恼羞成怒，粗鲁地质问要付多少钱。最后侍者拿来一张报纸，帮他把蔬菜和肉包起来，事情才算结束。这位雄心受挫的年轻人扔下钱，仓皇离开，回到一个感觉自在的环境去大快朵颐了。

It was a striking and unpleasant illustration of social differences. Could such a thing happen in any country but England? I doubt it. The sufferer was of decent appearance, and, with ordinary self-command, might have taken his meal in the restaurant like any one else, quite

unnoticed. But he belonged to a class which, among all classes in the world, is distinguished by native clownishness and by unpliability to novel circumstance. The English lower ranks had need be marked by certain peculiar virtues to atone for their deficiencies in other respects.

这是一个让人不快的表现社会差别的突出事例。这种事情会在英格兰之外的地方发生吗？我表示怀疑。那个受窘的年轻人长相体面，如果有正常的自控力，很可以像其他人一样在那里用餐，而不会受到注意。但是他所属的社会阶层，在世界上的所有阶层中，是以乡下人的粗俗和对新环境的不适应而著称的。英国的下层人民必须具备某些特殊的美德，以弥补他们在其他方面的不足。

XVIII

18

It is easy to understand that common judgment of foreigners regarding the English people. Go about in England as a stranger, travel by rail, live at hotels, see nothing but the broadly public aspect of things, and the impression left upon you will be one of hard egoism, of gruffness and sullenness; in a word, of everything that contrasts most strongly with the ideal of social and civic life. And yet, as a matter of fact, no nation possesses in so high a degree the social and civic virtues. The unsociable Englishman, quotha? Why, what country in the world can show such multifarious, vigorous and cordial co-operation, in all ranks, but especially, of course, among the intelligent, for ends which concern the common good? Unsociable! Why, go where you will in England you can hardly find a man—nowadays, indeed, scarce an educated woman—who does not belong to some alliance, for study or sport, for municipal or national benefit, and who will not be seen, in leisure time, doing his best as a social being. Take the so-called sleepy market-town; it is bubbling with all manner of associated activities, and these of the quite voluntary kind, forms of zealously united effort such as are never dreamt of in the countries supposed to be eminently "social." Sociability does not consist in a readiness to talk at large with the first comer. It is not dependent upon natural grace and suavity; it is compatible, indeed, with thoroughly awkward and all but brutal manners. The English have never (at all events, for some two centuries past) inclined to the purely ceremonial or mirthful forms of sociability; but as regards every prime interest of the community—health and comfort, well-being of body and of soul—their social instinct is supreme.

外国人对英国人的一般评价很容易理解。一个外国人，在英国四处

走走，坐坐火车，住住旅馆，泛泛地看一下公共层面的东西，英国留给你的印象会是冷酷自我、粗鲁阴郁。总而言之，所有的一切显得与社会和公民理想相去甚远。而实际上，在人民拥有社会和公民美德方面，没有一个国家比得上英国这么高的程度。英国人不爱交际，真的吗？为达到涉及共同利益的目标，社会各个阶层尤其是有才智的人之间进行多层面和积极热情的合作，从这一点上说，世界哪个国家能比得上英国？什么不爱交际！随便你到英国哪个地方，你会很难找到一个男人—或是一个受过教育的女人，就现在来说—不是某个团体的成员，也许是学习团体，或是运动团体，又或是为了地方或国家利益组成的团体。而在闲暇时间里，他们每个人都在尽全力承担着服务社会的角色。就拿所谓的不活跃的市镇来说，其中组织着各式各样的团体活动，都是一些自愿性质的，有些形式的热忱社团的组成，恐怕在那些貌似极其“喜欢交际”的国家是做梦都想不到的。喜欢交际不是指第一次见面便无所不谈。它并不依赖于人们的自然风度和温文尔雅，其实，它与极其笨拙和彻底野蛮的举止是可以相容的。英国人从来都不喜欢纯粹仪式性或娱乐性的社交形式（至少在过去两个世纪如此），然而一旦涉及到社区的任何重要利益—比如健康舒适、身体和精神的福利等—他们便会表现出极强的社交能力。

Yet it is so difficult to reconcile this indisputable fact with that other fact, no less obvious, that your common Englishman seems to have no geniality. From the one point of view, I admire and laud my fellow countryman; from the other, I heartily dislike him and wish to see as little of him as possible. One is wont to think of the English as a genial folk. Have they lost in this respect? Has the century of science and money-making sensibly affected the national character? I think always of my experience at the English inn, where it is impossible not to feel a brutal indifference to the humane features of life; where food is bolted without attention, liquor swallowed out of mere habit, where even good-natured accost is a thing so rare as to be remarkable.

但是，还是很难调和这个无可辩驳的事实和另一个同样显而易见的事实，即你见过的普通英国人似乎并不友好。从一个角度来说，我欣赏并赞美我的同胞；从另一角度，我打心眼里不喜欢他，希望见他越少越好。人们习惯上认为英国人是友好的。他们什么时候丧失了这个品质？难道这个科学昌明和财富积累的世纪明显影响了国民的性格？我总会想起在英国客栈的经历，在那里，你不可能感受不到一种对生活中人情味的野蛮漠视；在那里，人们狼吞虎咽，对食物毫不在意，喝酒也只是习惯使然，好意的搭讪非常稀罕，会很引人注意。

Two things have to be borne in mind: the extraordinary difference of demeanour which exists between the refined and the vulgar English, and the natural difficulty of an Englishman in revealing his true self save under the most favourable circumstances.

但要记住两件事：第一，有教养的和粗俗的英国人之间，举止风度有天壤之别；第二，除非在极为适宜的环境下，英国人天生地很难将真

正的自我显露出来。

So striking is the difference of manner between class and class that the hasty observer might well imagine a corresponding and radical difference of mind and character. In Russia, I suppose, the social extremities are seen to be pretty far apart, but, with that possible exception, I should think no European country can show such a gap as yawns to the eye between the English gentleman and the English boor. The boor, of course, is the multitude; the boor impresses himself upon the traveller. When relieved from his presence, one can be just to him; one can remember that his virtues—though elementary, and strictly in need of direction—are the same, to a great extent, as those of the well-bred man. He does not represent—though seeming to do so a nation apart. To understand this multitude, you must get below its insufferable manners, and learn that very fine civic qualities can consist with a personal bearing almost wholly repellent.

阶级之间在行为举止上有如此显著的差别，仓促的观察者可能得出结论认为，英国人在思想和性格上也相应地存在巨大差异。在俄国，我想，社会两极分化应该是相当严重的。但是除了这一个可能的例外，我想欧洲没有一个国家存在像英国的绅士和乡野鄙夫之间那样巨大的鸿沟。当然，乡下人是大多数，所以也容易给旅行者留下印象。等离开他时，我们便能公正地看待他，我们可以记起他的美德—虽然粗糙并需严格引导—和那些有教养的人在很大程度上是一样的。他并不代表—尽管表面如此—一个完全不同的国家。要了解这大多数人，你必须看透过他们俗不可耐的举止，才会发现那几乎令人厌恶的个人举止下掩藏着很好的公民品质。

Then, as to the dogged reserve of the educated man, why, I have only to look into myself. I, it is true, am not quite a representative Englishman; my self-consciousness, my meditative habit of mind, rather dim my national and social characteristics; but set me among a few specimens of the multitude, and am I not at once aware of that instinctive antipathy, that shrinking into myself, that something like unto scorn, of which the Englishman is accused by foreigners who casually meet him? Peculiar to me is the effort to overcome this first impulse—an effort which often enough succeeds. If I know myself at all, I am not an ungenial man; and yet I am quite sure that many people who have known me casually would say that my fault is a lack of geniality. To show my true self, I must be in the right mood and the right circumstances—which, after all, is merely as much as saying that I am decidedly English.

那么，说到有教养的人那份固执的内敛，我只要看看自己就知道了。我真的不算是一个典型的英国人，我拘谨腼腆，有沉思的习惯，这淡化了我身上民族和社会的特性。但是，把我和英国民众的几个代表放在一起，我会立刻感到本能的疏远，变得沉默内敛，几乎生出一种轻

蔑，这不正是外国人对他们只有泛泛之交的英国人的指责吗？我有些与众不同，一直在努力克服这种第一反应—这种努力通常还很成功。如果我了解自己，那我不是一个不友好的人，但我肯定许多跟我交情浅的人都会认为我的缺点是缺乏友好的态度。要展现真正的自己，我需要恰当的情绪和适宜的环境—这也就几乎等于说，我是一个地地道道的英国人。

XIX

19

On my breakfast table there is a pot of honey. Not the manufactured stuff sold under that name in shops, but honey of the hive, brought to me by a neighbouring cottager whose bees often hum in my garden. It gives, I confess, more pleasure to my eye than to my palate; but I like to taste of it, because it is honey.

我的早餐桌上有一罐蜂蜜。不是商店里卖的那种加工品，而是蜂箱里的蜂蜜，一个邻居送来的，他的蜜蜂经常光顾我的花园。得承认，我的眼睛从这罐蜂蜜中得到的愉悦感要超过味蕾；但我还是喜欢尝一尝，因为它毕竟是蜂蜜。

There is as much difference, said Johnson, between a lettered and an unlettered man as between the living and the dead; and, in a way, it was no extravagance. Think merely how one's view of common things is affected by literary association. What were honey to me if I knew nothing of Hymettus[14] and Hybla[15]?—if my mind had no stores of poetry, no memories of romance? Suppose me town-pent, the name might bring with it some pleasantness of rustic odour; but of what poor significance even that, if the country were to me mere grass and corn and vegetables, as to the man who has never read nor wished to read. For the Poet is indeed a Maker: above the world of sense, trodden by hidebound humanity, he builds that world of his own whereto is summoned the unfettered spirit. Why does it delight me to see the bat flitting at dusk before my window, or to hear the hoot of the owl when all the ways are dark? I might regard the bat with disgust, and the owl either with vague superstition or not heed it at all. But these have their place in the poet's world, and carry me above this idle present.

约翰逊说过，饱读诗书者与目不识丁者之间的差别，犹如生死之间的不同。从某个角度讲，这并不是夸张，只要想想人们看待平常事物怎样受到文学联想的影响。如果我对伊米托斯山和海布拉一无所知—如果我的头脑中没有诗歌的积累，没有传奇故事的记忆，那么蜂蜜对我来说有什么意味？如果我是一个久居城市的人，蜂蜜这个名字也许能让我想到令人愉悦的乡野风情；而假如我是一个从没读过书也不愿读书的人，

这一联想意义会是多么贫乏，乡下对我来说不过是青草、玉米和蔬菜而已。因为诗人的确是一个“创造者”：他在感官的世界之上，偏狭人性的践踏之下，构建起自己的世界，将无拘无束的灵魂召集来。看到薄暮中蝙蝠在我窗前飞来飞去，听到暗夜中猫头鹰咕咕的叫声，我为什么会感到愉快？我也许会对蝙蝠感觉厌恶，对猫头鹰有迷信的含糊联想，或者根本注意不到它。但它们在诗人的世界里占据着一席之地，所以它们让我从无意义的现实中超脱出来。

I once passed a night in a little market-town where I had arrived tired and went to bed early. I slept forthwith, but was presently awakened by I knew not what; in the darkness there sounded a sort of music, and, as my brain cleared, I was aware of the soft chiming of church bells. Why, what hour could it be? I struck a light and looked at my watch. Midnight. Then a glow came over me. "We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow[16]!" Never till then had I heard them. And the town in which I slept was Evesham, but a few miles from Stratford-on-Avon[17]. What if those midnight bells had been to me but as any other, and I had reviled them for breaking my sleep?—Johnson did not much exaggerate.

有一次，我在一个小集镇上过夜。到达的时候已经筋疲力尽，便早早上了床，我很快地入睡了，但没有多久就被不知是什么弄醒了。我听到黑暗中传来某种音乐，等脑袋清醒后，我意识到那是教堂柔和的钟声。怎么回事，几点钟了？我擦亮一根火柴，看看手表，时针指向午夜。我心头灵光一闪，“我们曾听见午夜的钟声，谢洛老爷！”这午夜的钟声我之前从没听到过。那一天，我过夜的小镇是离埃文河畔斯特拉特福只有几英里远的伊夫舍姆。试想一下，如果我和其他人一样，对这午夜钟声毫无感觉，还咒骂它打搅了我的好梦，那会怎样？—约翰逊确实没有夸张。

XX

20

It is the second Jubilee. Bonfires blaze upon the hills, making one think of the watchman on Agamemnon's citadel. (It were more germane to the matter to think of Queen Elizabeth and the Armada.) Though wishing the uproar happily over, I can see the good in it as well as another man. English monarchy, as we know it, is a triumph of English common sense. Grant that men cannot do without an overlord; how to make that over-lordship consist with the largest practical measure of national and individual liberty? We, at all events, have for a time solved the question. For a time only, of course; but consider the history of Europe, and our jubilation is perhaps justified.

女皇登基六十周年纪念日到了。山上燃起了熊熊篝火，让人想起了

阿伽门农堡垒上的值夜人（也许更贴切的联想应该是伊丽莎白女王和西班牙舰队）。我愿这次喧闹的庆典胜利结束，我也和其他英国人一样能看到它的好处。我们知道，英国君主制是英国人民常识的一个胜利。我们得承认，没有一个最高统治者不行；怎样才能使君主与保障国家和个人享有最大限度自由的实用制度共存呢？无论如何，我们暂时解决了这个问题。当然，仅仅是暂时，但如果想想欧洲的历史，我们的庆祝也许便有了正当的理由。

For sixty years has the British Republic held on its way under one President. It is wide of the mark to object that other Republics, which change their President more frequently, support the semblance of overlordship at considerably less cost to the people. Britons are minded for the present that the Head of their State shall be called King or Queen; the name is pleasant to them; it corresponds to a popular sentiment, vaguely understood, but still operative, which is called loyalty. The majority thinking thus, and the system being found to work more than tolerably well, what purpose could be served by an attempt at novasres? The nation is content to pay the price; it is the nation's affair. Moreover, who can feel the least assurance that a change to one of the common forms of Republicanism would be for the general advantage? Do we find that countries which have made the experiment are so very much better off than our own in point of stable, quiet government and of national welfare? The theorist scoffs at forms which have survived their meaning, at privilege which will bear no examination, at compromises which sound ludicrous, at submissions which seem contemptible; but let him put forward his practical scheme for making all men rational, consistent, just. Englishmen, I imagine, are not endowed with these qualities in any extraordinary degree. Their strength, politically speaking, lies in a recognition of expediency, complemented by respect for the established fact. One of the facts particularly clear to them is the suitability to their minds, their tempers, their habits, of a system of polity which has been established by the slow effort of generations within this sea-girt realm.

六十年来，大英共和国在一个元首的看护下正常发展。而元首更替频繁的其他共和国，以人民付出的更低的代价维持着一种类似君主制的政体，对此有异议是完全错误的。英国人现在已经习惯地认为，国家元首应该称为国王或女王；这个称谓他们乐意接受，它顺应了一种民意，虽有点难理解，但仍然行得通，它叫做“忠诚”。多数人都抱此想法：依此建立的制度也运转相当良好，那还有什么必要进行改革呢？这个国家乐意付出代价，这是它自己的内政。更何况，谁又敢保证，将英国改成一种普通的共和制度，会符合国家的整体利益呢？那些改革社会制度的国家，在政府稳定和社会福利上比我们国家好很多吗？理论家们嘲笑那些已经失去本来意义的形式，经不起审查的特权，听起来荒谬的妥协，

显得可鄙的屈服；那就让他提出一个切实的方案，让所有人变得理性、坚定和正义。我想，上天赐予英国人的这些品质并不是特别多。他们的优势，从政治上讲，来自于对权宜之计的认可，并辅以对既定事实的尊重。他们尤其清楚的一点是，一种经过世世代代的缓慢努力在这个四面环海的领土上建立起来的政体，应该适合他们的思想、性情和习惯。

They have nothing to do with ideals: they never trouble themselves to think about the Rights of Man. If you talk to them (long enough) about the rights of the shopman, or the ploughman, or the cat'smeat-man, they will lend ear, and, when the facts of any such case have been examined, they will find a way of dealing with them. This characteristic of theirs they call Common Sense. To them, all things considered, it has been of vast service; one may even say that the rest of the world has profited by it not a little. That Uncommon Sense might now and then have stood them even in better stead is nothing to the point. The Englishman deals with things as they are, and first and foremost accepts his own being.

他们不关心理想，也不会费心去想什么“人权”。如果你和他们谈店员或者庄稼汉或者卖猫食者的权利（时间要足够长），他们会倾听，细细分析完该案例的所有事实，他们会找出解决方法。他们的这个特征就是所谓的“常识”，对他们来说，全面考虑，广泛应用，你甚至可以说它让全世界都受益匪浅。非常识也许有时候对他们更有用，但无关紧要。英国人按照事情的本来面目来对待它们，最主要是首先接受他自己。

This Jubilee declares a legitimate triumph of the average man. Look back for threescore years, and who shall affect to doubt that the time has been marked by many improvements in the material life of the English people? Often have they been at loggerheads among themselves, but they have never fl own at each other's throats, and from every grave dispute has resulted some substantial gain. They are a cleaner people and a more sober; in every class there is a diminution of brutality; education—stand for what it may—has notably extended; certain forms of tyranny have been abolished; certain forms of suffering, due to heedlessness or ignorance, have been abated. True, these are mere details; whether they indicate a solid advance in civilization cannot yet be determined. But assuredly the average Briton has cause to jubilate; for the progressive features of the epoch are such as he can understand and approve, whereas the doubt which may be cast upon its ethical complexion is for him either non-existent or unintelligible. So let cressets flare into the night from all the hills! It is no purchased exultation, no servile flattery. The People acclaims itself, yet not without genuine gratitude and affection towards the Representative of its glory and its power. The Constitutional Compact has been well preserved. Review the record of kingdoms, and say how often it has come to pass that sovereign and people rejoiced together

over bloodless victories.

这次庆典活动宣告了普通人的合法胜利。回首六十年来，谁能矫情地怀疑这个时期英国人民的物质生活没有多次得到明显的改善？虽然他们经常发生内部不和，但是从没有彼此为敌，相互拆台，而每次严重的争端都会带来某种重大进步。他们现在更诚实，也更清醒；各个社会阶层的蛮性都有所消减；教育—不管它代表什么—已经明显地普及；某些形式的暴政已经废除；某些因为草率和无知而遭受苦难的情况也已经减少。确实，这些只是细节；它们是否代表文明的长足进步还无法判定。然而英国人民确实有理由欢庆；因为这个时代的进步特色是他能理解和赞同的，而对这个时代道德风貌的疑问，对他来说，要么是不存在的，要么是他不能理解的。所以，让彩灯在所有的山头亮起，照彻这个夜晚！这不是花钱买来的狂欢，不是奴颜婢膝的奉承。整个民族为自己欢呼喝彩，对民族荣耀和权力的君主代表，他们也不乏真诚的感激和爱戴。宪法条文得到了很好的遵守。回顾一下这个王国的历史，你可以看到有多少次君主和人民一起为不流血的胜利欢呼庆祝。

XXI

21

At an inn in the north I once heard three men talking at their breakfast on the question of diet. They agreed that most people ate too much meat, and one of them went so far as to declare that, for his part, he rather preferred vegetables and fruit. "Why," he said, "will you believe me that I sometimes make a breakfast of apples?" This announcement was received in silence; evidently the two listeners didn't quite know what to think of it. Thereupon the speaker, in rather a blustering tone, cried out, "Yes, I can make a very good breakfast on TWO OR THREE POUNDS OF APPLES."

在北边一家小客栈里，我曾听到三个人在早餐桌上谈论饮食。他们一致认为大多数人肉吃得太多，其中一个干脆就宣称，他本人更喜欢蔬菜和水果。“嗨”，他说，“你们相信吗，我早餐有时候只吃苹果？”其他两个人听后默不作声，显然他们不知道该作何感想。那个人随即以夸张的语调大声说道，“是真的，我早餐饱食一顿要两三磅苹果”。

Wasn't it amusing? And wasn't it characteristic? This honest Briton had gone too far in frankness. 'This all very well to like vegetables and fruits up to a certain point; but to breakfast on apples! His companions' silence proved that they were just a little ashamed of him; his confession savoured of poverty or meanness; to right himself in their opinion, nothing better occurred to the man than to protest that he ate apples, yes, but not merely one or two; he ate them largely, BY THE POUND! I laughed at the fellow, but I thoroughly understood him; so would every Englishman; for at the root of our

being is a hatred of parsimony.

这难道不是很好笑吗？这不是也很典型吗？这位诚实的英国人有些过于坦率了。在一定限度内喜欢蔬菜水果是不错的；但是拿苹果当早餐就过头了！同伴的沉默，正表明他们为他感到有点害臊，他的话听来有穷酸或吝啬的意味。为了向同伴纠正自己的观点，他最佳的辩护就是承认自己吃苹果，不是一两个，而是多到可以用磅来计量！我虽然觉得这个家伙很可笑，但是也完全理解他，每一个英国人也都会理解他，因为我们骨子里有种对吝啬的憎恶。这一点通过各种可笑或可鄙的形式表现出来，但它无愧是我们最好品质的源泉。

This manifests itself in all sorts of ludicrous or contemptible forms, but no less is it the source of our finest qualities. An Englishman desires, above all, to live largely; on that account he not only dreads, but hates and despises, poverty. His virtues are those of the free-handed and warm-hearted opulent man; his weaknesses come of the sense of inferiority (intensely painful and humiliating) which attaches in his mind to one who cannot spend and give; his vices, for the most part, originate in loss of self-respect due to loss of secure position.

一个英国人所希望的，首先是生活优裕，所以他不仅害怕贫穷，而且憎恨和鄙视贫穷。他的美德，属于那些花钱慷慨、心肠热情的富人；他的弱点，来自一种附着在无力花费和给予的人身上的自卑感（让人感觉极为痛苦和耻辱）；他的恶习，从很大程度上说，源于自尊随着安稳地位的不保而丧失。

XXII

22

For a nation of this temper, the movement towards democracy is fraught with peculiar dangers. Profoundly aristocratic in his sympathies, the Englishman has always seen in the patrician class not merely a social, but a moral, superiority; the man of blue blood was to him a living representative of those potencies and virtues which made his ideal of the worthy life. Very significant is the cordial alliance from old time between nobles and people; free, proud homage on one side answering to gallant championship on the other; both classes working together in the cause of liberty. However great the sacrifices of the common folk for the maintenance of aristocratic power and splendour, they were gladly made; this was the Englishman's religion, his inborn pietas; in the depths of the dullest soul moved a perception of the ethic meaning attached to lordship. Your Lord was the privileged being endowed by descent with generous instincts, and possessed of means to show them forth in act. A poor noble was a

contradiction in terms; if such a person existed, he could only be spoken of with wondering sadness, as though he were the victim of some freak of nature. The Lord was Honourable, Right Honourable; his acts, his words virtually constituted the code of honour whereby the nation lived.

对于这种性情的国家来说，通往民主的道路上潜藏着各种特别的危险。英国人具有很深厚的贵族情结，在他们眼里，贵族阶层不仅在社会地位上，也在道德上高人一等；拥有高贵血统的人士是能力和美德活生生的代表，而获得能力和美德则是他有价值的人生理想。自古以来贵族和平民之间和谐的关系具有重要意义：一方自由骄傲地致敬，另一方慷慨地提供支持；两个阶层为自由的事业共同奋斗。不管平民为贵族的权力和荣耀作出了多少牺牲，他们都是心甘情愿的，这就是英国人的宗教，这就是他内心的虔诚。在他们最单调的灵魂深处，涌动着一种与贵族相关的伦理意识。贵族的特权是生来就有的，并天赋慷慨的本能，并有财力才能付诸行动。贫穷的贵族是一个自相矛盾的词；如果存在这种人，人们谈起他时，不免要带着疑惑和悲伤的口吻，似乎他是自然无常的受害者。贵族是光荣的，本身就是荣誉；他的行为，他的言语，构成了国民遵守的光荣的行为准则。

In a new world, beyond the ocean, there grew up a new race, a scion of England, which shaped its life without regard to the principle of hereditary lordship; and in course of time this triumphant Republic began to shake the ideals of the Motherland. Its civilization, spite of superficial resemblances, is not English; let him who will think it superior; all one cares to say is that it has already shown in a broad picture the natural tendencies of English blood when emancipated from the old cult. Easy to understand that some there are who see nothing but evil in the influence of that vast commonwealth. If it has done us good, assuredly the fact is not yet demonstrable. In old England, democracy is a thing so alien to our traditions and rooted sentiment that the line of its progress seems hitherto a mere track of ruin. In the very word is something from which we shrink; it seems to signify nothing less than a national apostasy, a denial of the faith in which we won our glory. The democratic Englishman is, by the laws of his own nature, in parlous case; he has lost the ideal by which he guided his rude, prodigal, domineering instincts; in place of the Right Honourable, born to noble things, he has set up the mere Plebs, born, more likely than not, for all manner of baseness. And, amid all his show of loud self-confidence, the man is haunted with misgiving.

在一个新世界，在大洋彼岸，一个新民族成长起来，那是英格兰的子孙，他们的生活不遵守世代相传的贵族传统；时间流逝，这个胜利的共和国开始动摇祖国的理想。它的文明，虽然有表面的相似，却不是英国的，那些认为它更高级的人们,由他们去吧。我们要说的只有一句，这种文明以大广角镜显示了英国人从古老贵族崇拜中解放后的自然发展倾

向。有些人在这个大联邦共和国的影响中看到的只有罪恶，这容易理解。就算它确实对我们有好处，也肯定还没有得到证实。在古老的英格兰，民主与我们的传统和根深蒂固的民族情感是那么格格不入，它的发展道路迄今似乎只有一处处失败的遗迹。这个词所蕴含的就是我们本能躲避的东西，它代表的似乎比一种民族的变节更坏，一种对我们藉以赢得荣耀的信仰的否决。民主的英国人依本性来讲是处于危险境地的，他丧失了那种用以引导他粗野无度和跋扈本能的理想；为取代生来要从事高尚事业的荣耀贵族阶级，他建立了很可能生来就是做各种卑下事情的无产阶级。在他自信的华丽外表下，其实常常受着疑惧的困扰。

The task before us is no light one. Can we, whilst losing the class, retain the idea it embodied? Can we English, ever so subject to the material, liberate ourselves from that old association, yet guard its meaning in the sphere of spiritual life? Can we, with eyes which have ceased to look reverently on worn-out symbols, learn to select from among the grey-coated multitude, and place in reverence even higher him who "holds his patent of nobility straight from Almighty God"? Upon that depends the future of England. In days gone by, our very Snob bore testimony after his fashion to our scorn of meanness; he at all events imagined himself to be imitating those who were incapable of a sordid transaction, of a plebeian compliance. But the Snob, one notes, is in the way of degeneracy; he has new exemplars; he speaks a ruder language. Him, be sure, in one form or another, we shall have always with us, and to observe his habits is to note the tenor of the time. If he has at the back of his dim mind no living ideal which lends his foolishness a generous significance, then indeed—videant consules[18].

摆在我们面前的任务并不轻松。在阶级丧失的情况下我们还能够维持它蕴含的理想吗？我们这些利欲熏心的英国人能够将自己从旧日对财富与荣誉的联想中解放出来，同时在精神领域保住财富的本义吗？当我们已不再用尊崇的眼神看着破旧的荣誉徽章时，我们还能从灰扑扑的民众中挑选出那些“万能上帝赋予高贵品质”的人，并将他置于尊崇的地位吗？英格兰的未来系于此。在过去，我们民族特有的“势利者”，用自己的方式表明了对我们对吝啬的蔑视，他们总是想象自己的行为是模仿了那些不屑卑鄙交易也不带有贱民卑谦的贵族。但是人们注意到“势利者”也正走向退化，他们有了新的榜样，他的语言变得粗野。可以肯定的是，他会以这样那样的方式永远活在我们之中，观察他的习惯便可以看出时代的趋势。如果在他混沌的头脑中没有一个活生生的理想，能够赋予他的愚蠢言行以慷慨的意义，那么真是要—“请执政官留意了”。

XXIII

A visit from N-. He stayed with me two days, and I wish he could have stayed a third. (Beyond the third day, I am not sure that any man would be wholly welcome. My strength will bear but a certain amount of conversation, even the pleasantest, and before long I desire solitude, which is rest.)

N先生来做客。他在我这里住了两天，我希望他还能多呆一天（过了第三天，任何人我都不敢保证能受到十分的欢迎。即使对于最愉快的谈话，我身体的承受能力也有限，我不久就会想要独处，也就是休息）。

The mere sight of N-, to say nothing of his talk, did me good. If appearances can ever be trusted, there are few men who get more enjoyment out of life. His hardships were never excessive; they did not affect his health or touch his spirits; probably he is in every way a better man for having—as he says—"gone through the mill." His recollection of the time when he had to work hard for a five-pound note, and was not always sure of getting it, obviously lends gusto to his present state of ease. I persuaded him to talk about his successes, and to give me a glimpse of their meaning in solid cash. Last Midsummer day, his receipts for the twelvemonth were more than two thousand pounds. Nothing wonderful, of course, bearing in mind what some men are making by their pen; but very good for a writer who does not address the baser throng. Two thousand pounds in a year! I gazed at him with wonder and admiration.

光看到N先生就让我心情愉快，更不用说跟他聊天了。如果外表可以信任的话，那几乎没有谁比他更享受生活了。他受过的苦难从来算不上深重，不足以损害他的健康，或者影响他的精神；现在的他各方面都很优秀，可能是因为曾经—他的原话是—“历经沧桑”。他还记得为了赚五英镑而努力工作，并且还不确定能否拿到钱，显然这些记忆让他更加热爱现在的舒适生活。我让他谈谈自己的成功之路，让我大概了解一下成功的物质意义。去年仲夏日，他一年的收入是两千多英镑。想想有些人用笔杆子能挣到的钱，这当然没什么可大惊小怪的，但是对于一个不迎合下流趣味的作家来说，这已经很好了。一年两千英镑啊！我的眼光里充满了惊奇和艳羡。

I have known very few prosperous men of letters; N- represents for me the best and brightest side of literary success. Say what one will after a lifetime of disillusion, the author who earns largely by honest and capable work is among the few enviable mortals. Think of N-'s existence. No other man could do what he is doing, and he does it with ease. Two, or at most three, hours' work a day—and that by no means every day—suffices to him. Like all who write, he has his unfruitful times, his mental worries, his disappointments, but these bear no proportion to the hours of happy and effective labour. Every time I see him he looks in better health, for of late years he has taken

much more exercise, and he is often travelling. He is happy in his wife and children; the thought of all the comforts and pleasures he is able to give them must be a constant joy to him; were he to die, his family is safe from want. He has friends and acquaintances as many as he desires; congenial folk gather at his table; he is welcome in pleasant houses near and far; his praise is upon the lips of all whose praise is worth having. With all this, he has the good sense to avoid manifest dangers; he has not abandoned his privacy, and he seems to be in no danger of being spoilt by good fortune. His work is more to him than a means of earning money; he talks about a book he has in hand almost as freshly and keenly as in the old days, when his annual income was barely a couple of hundred. I note, too, that his leisure is not swamped with the publications of the day; he reads as many old books as new, and keeps many of his early enthusiasms.

成功的作家我认识的不多。在我眼里，N先生就代表了成功文学家最美好和最光明的一面。一生失意的人说什么话都随他去，而一个靠诚实和专业文学创作取得不菲收入的作家，是为数不多的令人羡慕的人。想想N先生的生活吧。他做的事情无人能替代，在他却得心应手。一天工作两小时，最多三小时，对他就足够了，而且不是每天都要工作。如所有写作的人一样，他也有歉收期，有精神烦恼和失意的时候，但和那些愉快而高效工作的时间相比，是不值一提的。近年来他很注重锻炼，而且经常旅行，所以每次见到他，都会觉得他看起来身体状况更好了。他和妻儿一家人其乐融融，想到能给他们提供舒适愉悦的生活条件，他一定常常感到快乐；假如他去世了，家人的生活也不会陷入困顿。他随心所欲结交了很多朋友和熟人；意气相投的人在他家聚餐；在远近四邻友善的人家里，他都是受欢迎的人；所有评价值得一听的人都对他交口称赞。即使拥有这些，他还是能明智地避开显见的危险；他没有放弃自己的隐私，似乎也并没有任何被好运惯坏的迹象。工作对他来讲不只是一种挣钱的手段，他谈起手头的一本书时，带着和年收入不过几百磅的时候一样的热情和新鲜感。我还注意到，他没有将闲暇时间全部用来阅读时髦的出版物。他阅读很多的经典古籍，也保持着早年的很多兴趣。

He is one of the men I heartily like. That he greatly cares for me I do not suppose, but this has nothing to do with the matter; enough that he likes my society well enough to make a special journey down into Devon. I represent to him, of course, the days gone by, and for their sake he will always feel an interest in me. Being ten years my junior, he must naturally regard me as an old buffer; I notice, indeed, that he is just a little too deferential at moments. He feels a certain respect for some of my work, but thinks, I am sure, that I ceased writing none too soon—which is very true. If I had not been such a lucky fellow—if at this moment I were still toiling for bread—it is probable that he and I would see each other very seldom; for N- has delicacy, and would shrink from bringing his high-spirited affluence

face to face with Grub Street squalor and gloom; whilst I, on the other hand, should hate to think that he kept up my acquaintance from a sense of decency. As it is we are very good friends, quite unembarrassed, and—for a couple of days—really enjoy the sight and hearing of each other. That I am able to give him a comfortable bedroom, and set before him an eatable dinner, flatters my pride. If I chose at any time to accept his hearty invitation, I can do so without moral twinges.

他是我打心眼里喜欢的人。他是否喜欢我就不得而知了，不过也无关紧要。他能专程跑到德文郡来探访我，说明他还是很喜欢与我相处，这就够了。当然，我对他而言代表的是过去的时光，因为这个原因，他会对我一直有种兴趣。他比我小十岁，他自然而然肯定会把我看做一个老古板；我确实注意到，他有时对我会有点过于恭敬。他尊重我的一些作品，但是认为我停笔太早—这是真的。如果我不是这么幸运—如果我至今还在为糊口而劳碌—那我和他很可能会很少见面。N先生是很照顾别人感受的，他不会把自己的欢乐富足，带到我居住的龌龊阴郁的文丐街；而另一方面，想到他与我结交只是出于礼貌，我也会觉得反感。现在，我们是很好的朋友，没什么尴尬之处，甚至一连几天都很愿意看到对方，乐意听对方谈话。我能为他提供一间舒适的卧房，在他面前摆上可口食物，这让我的虚荣心得到满足。如果他衷心邀请我去做客，我也可以坦然接受。

Two thousand pounds! If, at N-'s age, I had achieved that income, what would have been the result upon me? Nothing but good, I know; but what form would the good have taken? Should I have become a social man, a giver of dinners, a member of clubs? Or should I merely have begun, ten years sooner, the life I am living now? That is more likely.

两千磅！如果我在N先生的年纪能取得这样的收入，那对自己会有什么影响呢？我知道肯定只有好的影响，但是具体怎样好呢？我会变得喜欢交际，举办宴会，成为俱乐部会员？或者只是会早十年开始过现在的生活。后一种是比较可能的情形。

In my twenties I used to say to myself: what a splendid thing it will be WHEN I am the possessor of a thousand pounds! Well, I have never possessed that sum—never anything like it—and now never shall. Yet it was not an extravagant ambition, methinks, however primitive. As we sat in the garden dusk, the scent of our pipes mingling with that of roses, N- said to me in a laughing tone: "Come now, tell me how you felt when you first heard of your legacy?" And I could not tell him; I had nothing to say; no vivid recollection of the moment would come back to me. I am afraid N- thought he had been indiscreet, for he passed quickly to another subject. Thinking it over now, I see, of course, that it would be impossible to put into words the feeling of that supreme moment of life. It was not joy that possessed

me; I did not exult; I did not lose control of myself in any way. But I remember drawing one or two deep sighs, as if all at once relieved of some distressing burden or constraint. Only some hours after did I begin to feel any kind of agitation. That night I did not close my eyes; the night after I slept longer and more soundly than I remember to have done for a score of years. Once or twice in the first week I had a hysterical feeling; I scarce kept myself from shedding tears. And the strange thing is that it seems to have happened so long ago; I seem to have been a free man for many a twelvemonth, instead of only for two. Indeed, that is what I have often thought about forms of true happiness; the brief are quite as satisfying as those that last long. I wanted, before my death, to enjoy liberty from care, and repose in a place I love. That was granted me; and, had I known it only for one whole year, the sum of my enjoyment would have been no whit less than if I live to savour it for a decade.

二十多岁的时候，我常对自己说：如果我能拥有一千英磅该多好！不过，我从来也没有过那么多钱—甚至连影子都没有—现在也永远不会有了。然而我想，这理想也许幼稚，但并非不切实际。我们坐在薄暮中的花园里，烟斗和玫瑰的香味混合在一起，N先生笑着对我说："来吧，跟我讲讲你刚听到自己获赠那笔遗产时的感觉！"而我不能告诉他，我没什么可说的，对于那个时刻我没有什么鲜明的记忆。我想N先生一定觉得他有些冒昧，因为他很快就转移了话题。现在细想想，我知道自己当然还是不能用言语表达出那一个重要人生转折时刻的感受。当时我的心情不是快乐，也没有欣喜若狂，我一点儿也没有情不自禁。但是我记得深深地吸了一两口气，似乎一下子从某种令人压抑的重负和约束下解脱出来。几小时后，我开始感到一种兴奋。当晚我一夜没有合眼，而第二天晚上，是我记忆中二十年来睡得最长和最香的一夜。第一个星期里有一两次，我忽然异常兴奋，我几乎不能控制地掉眼泪。奇怪的是，现在我感觉好像事情已经发生了很久，似乎我已经做自由人好多年了，而不仅仅是两年。这确实就是我以前常想到过的真正幸福的表现形式；不管是短短一瞬，还是经年累月，幸福感会让人获得同样的满足。我曾希望能在有生之年摆脱烦恼，享受自由，在我热爱的地方平静生活。这个愿望实现了，即使这种日子我只过上一年，那我获得的所有快乐比十年幸福生活中享受的丝毫也不会少。

XXIV

24

The honest fellow who comes to dig in my garden is puzzled to account for my peculiarities; I often catch a look of wondering speculation in his eye when it turns upon me. It is all because I will not let him lay out flower-beds in the usual way, and make the bit of ground in front of the house really neat and ornamental. At first he

put it down to meanness, but he knows by now that that cannot be the explanation. That I really prefer a garden so poor and plain that every cottager would be ashamed of it, he cannot bring himself to believe, and of course I have long since given up trying to explain myself. The good man probably concludes that too many books and the habit of solitude have somewhat affected what he would call my "reasons."

为我打理花园的那个老实人对我的某些怪癖很是大惑不解，他看我的眼光里经常有一丝疑惑和猜测。这都是因为我不让他按一般方式布置花圃，也不让他把房子前面的一块地弄得非常平整漂亮。起初他以为我是图省钱，现在他知道不会是这个原因。难不成我就是喜欢花园寒碜普通，足以令任何屋主蒙羞，这一点他无法说服自己相信；当然，我早就放弃为自己辩护了。那位老实人可能得出结论，饱读诗书和离群索居的习惯也许在某种程度上影响了我的“理智”（他可能会用这个词）。

The only garden f lowers I care for are the quite old-fashioned roses, sunflowers, hollyhocks, lilies and so on, and these I like to see growing as much as possible as if they were wild. Trim and symmetrical beds are my abhorrence, and most of the flowers which are put into them—hybrids with some grotesque name—Jonesia, Snooksia—hurt my eyes. On the other hand, a garden is a garden, and I would not try to introduce into it the flowers which are my solace in lanes and fields. Foxgloves, for instance—it would pain me to see them thus transplanted.

我喜欢在花园里种一些很老派的花，如玫瑰、向日葵、蜀葵、百合等，我喜欢看它们野花一样样地肆意蔓生。整齐对称的花圃是我憎恶的，这种花圃里有的大多是些名字古怪的杂交品种，比如乔尼西亚和斯诺克西亚，看到它们我眼睛都会痛。另外，花园就是花园，我不会把小路和田间给我安慰的花草移植到花园中来。比如，毛地黄—如果看到它移进花园，我会感觉难受。

I think of foxgloves, for it is the moment of their glory. Yesterday I went to the lane which I visit every year at this time, the deep, rutty carttrack, descending between banks covered with giant fronds of the polypodium, and overhung with wych-elm and hazel, to that cool, grassy nook where the noble flowers hang on stems all but of my own height. Nowhere have I seen finer foxgloves. I suppose they rejoice me so because of early memories—to a child it is the most impressive of wild flowers; I would walk miles any day to see a fine cluster, as I would to see the shining of purple loosestrife by the water edge, or white lilies floating upon the still depth.

提起毛地黄是因为此时正是它的绚烂时节。昨天，我去了那条小路，每年这时候我都要到那儿走一走，路上有深深的车辙印，两旁长着叶子宽大的水龙骨，高处低垂着山榆和榛树的枝叶，顺路向下会走到一块清凉的芳草地，在那里，绽放的花朵坠满和我一样高的枝头。我从没

在别处见过这么漂亮的毛地黄。我之所以如此喜欢它，想来是因为儿时的记忆—在孩子的眼中，它是野花里最引人注目的。不管在哪天，为了看到一丛漂亮的毛地黄，我都不惜走上几英里的路，就像为了一睹水边紫色黄连花的绚烂丰姿，或浮动在幽静池塘上的白色睡莲一样。

But the gardener and I understand each other as soon as we go to the back of the house, and get among the vegetables. On that ground he finds me perfectly sane. And indeed I am not sure that the kitchen garden does not give me more pleasure than the domain of f lowers. Every morning I step round before breakfast to see how things are "coming on." It is happiness to note the swelling of pods, the healthy vigour of potato plants, aye, even the shooting up of radishes and cress. This year I have a grove of Jerusalem artichokes; they are seven or eight feet high, and I seem to get vigour as I look at the stems which are all but trunks, at the great beautiful leaves. Delightful, too, are the scarlet runners, which have to be propped again and again, or they would break down under the abundance of their yield. It is a treat to me to go among them with a basket, gathering; I feel as though Nature herself showed kindness to me, in giving me such abundant food. How fresh and wholesome are the odours—especially if a shower has fallen not long ago!

不过，当园丁跟我来到屋后的菜园时，我们就能互相理解了。在菜园的安排上，他觉得我很理智、很正常。而菜园给我的愉悦是否超过花园，我其实自己也不能肯定。每天早晨，我在早饭前都会走到菜园，四处视察一下蔬菜的长势。看到膨胀的豆荚，健壮精神的土豆秧子，甚至萝卜和水芹在抽芽，我都会开怀不已。今年，我还种了一丛菊芋，有七八英尺高，看着它粗壮的干茎和美丽宽大的叶子，我的体内似乎注满了活力。还有红花菜豆，也让我心情愉快，我们得一次又一次地用东西支撑它，否则它就会不堪果实的重压而倒塌在地。对我来说，挎着篮子在园子里采摘蔬果真是其乐无穷；自然赐予了我如此丰盛的食物，让我觉得似乎得到了它的厚爱。菜园里的气息多么清新健康啊—尤其在骤雨初歇的时候！

I have some magnificent carrots this year—straight, clean, tapering, the colour a joy to look upon.

今年，我收获了一些很诱人的胡萝卜—笔直干净，头尖肚圆，颜色悦目可爱。

XXV

25

For two things do my thoughts turn now and then to London. I should like to hear the long note of a master's violin, or the faultless

cadence of an exquisite voice, and I should like to see pictures. Music and painting have always meant much to me; here I can enjoy them only in memory.

因为两件事，我时常会想起伦敦。第一件，我想听听大师手中小提琴的悠扬旋律，或者优美嗓音演绎的完美曲调；第二件，我想欣赏绘画。音乐和绘画对我一直意义重大，而在这里，我只能从回忆里欣赏它们。

Of course there is the discomfort of concert-hall and exhibition-rooms. My pleasure in the finest music would be greatly spoilt by having to sit amid a crowd, with some idiot audible on right hand or left, and the show of pictures would give me a headache in the first quarter of an hour. Non sum qualiseram when I waited several hours at the gallery door to hear Patti[19], and knew not a moment's fatigue to the end of the concert; or when, at the Academy, I was astonished to find that it was four o'clock, and I had forgotten food since breakfast. The truth is, I do not much enjoy anything nowadays which I cannot enjoy ALONE. It sounds morose; I imagine the comment of good people if they overheard such a confession. Ought I, in truth, to be ashamed of it?

当然，音乐厅和展览室会让人感到不舒适。坐在一大群人中间，听得见旁边某个蠢材的说话声，最优美的音乐给我的愉悦感也会大打折扣；而画展呢，十五分钟就足以让我头痛了。“今我非昔我”，当年，为了听帕蒂演唱，我在剧院门口等上好几个小时，直到音乐会结束也没有一丝倦意；又或者在美术学院，我吃惊地发现已经下午四点，而我从早餐后一点东西都没吃。事实上，如果不能独自欣赏的东西，我现在都不大喜欢了。这听起来有些乖僻，我能想象一般人碰巧听到我这番自白会有什么评论。我难道真得要为此羞愧吗？

I always read the newspaper articles on exhibitions of pictures, and with most pleasure when the pictures are landscapes. The mere names of paintings often gladden me for a whole day—those names which bring before the mind a bit of seashore, a riverside, a glimpse of moorland or of woods. However feeble his criticism, the journalist generally writes with appreciation of these subjects; his descriptions carry me away to all sorts of places which I shall never see again with the bodily eye, and I thank him for his unconscious magic. Much better this, after all, than really going to London and seeing the pictures themselves. They would not disappoint me; I love and honour even the least of English landscape painters; but I should not try to see too many at once, and fall back into my old mood of tired grumbling at the conditions of modern life. For a year or two I have grumbled little—all the better for me.

我一直在读报纸上关于画展的文章，如果是风景画，那我更会愉快

非常。单是这些画作的名字，就常能让我快乐一整天—这些名字让我的脑海中浮现出海滨一角、河畔一景、沼泽地或树林的掠影。不管新闻记者的批评多么无力，他在写这些主题时大都怀着欣赏的态度；他的描述把我带到了各种我再也无法亲眼看到的地方，为了这无意识的魔法文笔，我要感谢他。这毕竟要比亲身前往伦敦欣赏那些画作好得多。报纸上的画作不会让我失望，我热爱并尊敬甚至最不起眼的英国风景画家；但是如果一次欣赏太多，我就会对现代生活环境大发牢骚,陷入昔日那种疲乏厌世的情绪。这一两年，我几乎没发什么牢骚—这对我是件好事。

XXVI

26

Of late, I have been wishing for music. An odd chance gratified my desire.

近来，我一直有听音乐的欲望，一个偶然的机会让我得偿所愿。

I had to go into Exeter yesterday. I got there about sunset, transacted my business, and turned to walk home again through the warm twilight. In Southernhay, as I was passing a house of which the ground-floor windows stood open, there sounded the notes of a piano—chords touched by a skilful hand. I checked my step, hoping, and in a minute or two the musician began to play that nocturne of Chopin which I love best—I don't know how to name it. My heart leapt. There I stood in the thickening dusk, the glorious sounds floating about me; and I trembled with very ecstasy of enjoyment. When silence came, I waited in the hope of another piece, but nothing followed, and so I went my way.

昨天，我有事到埃克塞特去。日落时分到达那里，事情办完后，我在暖融融的黄昏中步行回家。途经萨瑟海的一户人家，他们一楼的窗子敞开着，里面飘出了钢琴的旋律—音乐演奏得很娴熟。我放慢脚步，希望听到更多，一两分钟后，那位乐手开始弹奏我最爱的肖邦的夜曲—我并不知道那首曲子的名字。我心跳加速。我站在那儿渐浓渐深的暮色中，周围漂浮着优美的乐曲；这种享受让我欣喜若狂并颤抖不已。当音乐停止，我等在那里，希望再听一曲，然而乐声再没有响起，于是我便上路了。

It is well for me that I cannot hear music when I will; assuredly I should not have such intense pleasure as comes to me now and then by haphazard. As I walked on, forgetting all about the distance, and reaching home before I knew I was half way there, I felt gratitude to my unknown benefactor—a state of mind I have often experienced in the days long gone by. It happened at times—not in my barest days, but in those of decent poverty—that some one in the house where I

lodged played the piano—and how it rejoiced me when this came to pass! I say "played the piano"—a phrase that covers much. For my own part, I was very tolerant; anything that could by the largest interpretation be called music, I welcomed and was thankful; for even "five-finger exercises" I found, at moments, better than nothing. For it was when I was labouring at my desk that the notes of the instrument were grateful and helpful to me. Some men, I believe, would have been driven frantic under the circumstances; to me, anything like a musical sound always came as a godsend; it tuned my thoughts; it made the words f low. Even the street organs put me in a happy mood; I owe many a page to them—written when I should else have been sunk in bilious gloom.

我并不在意能否随心所愿地欣赏音乐，这反而让我能感受偶尔听到音乐带来的强烈喜悦。一路上，我心里充满了对那位不知名乐手的感激，以至忘掉了距离，到家的时候，还以为有一半的路程要赶呢—这种心境我在过去经常感受得到。有的时候—不是在我最困窘的日子，而是在还能勉强度日时—我寄住的公寓里会有人弹钢琴—这种时候我多兴奋啊！我说“弹钢琴”—这个词覆盖面很广。我本人是很宽容的，任何在最广泛的意义上可以称为音乐的，我都欢迎并心怀感激；即使只是“五指练习”，我有时也觉得比什么都没有要好。当我在书桌上爬格子的时候，乐器的声音总让我充满感激，下笔如有神助。我相信有些人在这种环境下会被逼疯；但对我来说，任何音乐之声都是天赐之物，它让我文思通畅，笔翰如流。即使是街头的管风琴也让我心情愉快，我曾在琴声的陪伴下写过不少文章—而那些时候我原本会陷入暴躁沮丧的情绪之中。

More than once, too, when I was walking London streets by night, penniless and miserable, music from an open window has stayed my step, even as yesterday. Very well can I remember such a moment in Eaton Square, one night when I was going back to Chelsea, tired, hungry, racked by frustrate passions. I had tramped miles and miles, in the hope of wearying myself so that I could sleep and forget. Then came the piano notes—I saw that there was festival in the house—and for an hour or so I revelled as none of the bidden guests could possibly be doing. And when I reached my poor lodgings, I was no longer envious nor mad with desires, but as I fell asleep I thanked the unknown mortal who had played for me, and given me peace.

有好几次，我夜里走在伦敦街上，身无分文，内心凄苦，一阵乐声从敞开的窗户飘出来，让我停下脚步，就像昨天一样。我还清楚地记得在伊顿广场有这样的一刻。那天晚上我正要赶回切尔西,一路上疲惫不堪，饥饿难耐，因为热情受挫而备受折磨。我不停地走了好几英里路，希望把自己累瘫，一觉醒来忘掉一切。这时，耳边传来一阵钢琴声—我看到一户人家正举行宴会—大约有一个小时，我沉醉在音乐里，房子里可能没有一个受邀的客人像我这样享受吧。等回到破旧的寓所，我不再感到嫉妒或因为欲望而愤怒，当我沉入梦乡时，我感谢那位不知名的为

我演奏的人，感谢他的乐声带给了我安宁。

XXVII

27

Today I have read The Tempest[20]. It is perhaps the play that I love best, and, because I seem to myself to know it so well, I commonly pass it over in opening the book. Yet, as always in regard to Shakespeare, having read it once more, I find that my knowledge was less complete than I supposed. So it would be, live as long as one might; so it would ever be, whilst one had strength to turn the pages and a mind left to read them.

今天，我读了《暴风雨》。这可能是我最喜欢的一部戏剧作品，一直以来，我自认为对它非常熟悉，所以常常不会打开书来看。但是，正如莎士比亚的所有作品一样，每读上一遍，我就发现我对这部戏剧的了解并非我自以为的那样完整。不管一个人活到多久都是这样的，只要他还有翻动书页的力气和阅读的心思，这一点都永远不会改变。

I like to believe that this was the poet's last work, that he wrote it in his home at Stratford, walking day by day in the fields which had taught his boyhood to love rural England. It is ripe fruit of the supreme imagination, perfect craft of the master hand. For a man whose life's business it has been to study the English tongue, what joy can equal that of marking the happy ease wherewith Shakespeare surpasses, in mere command of words, every achievement of those even who, apart from him, are great? I could fancy that, in The Tempest, he wrought with a peculiar consciousness of this power, smiling as the word of inimitable felicity, the phrase of incomparable cadence, was whispered to him by the Ariel[21] that was his genius. He seems to sport with language, to amuse himself with new discovery of its resources. From king to beggar, men of every rank and every order of mind have spoken with his lips; he has uttered the lore of fairyland; now it pleases him to create a being neither man nor fairy, a something between brute and human nature, and to endow its purposes with words. These words, how they smack of the moist and spawning earth, of the life of creatures that cannot rise above the soil! We do not think of it enough; we stint our wonder because we fall short in appreciation. A miracle is worked before us, and we scarce give heed; it has become familiar to our minds as any other of nature's marvels, which we rarely pause to reflect upon.

我愿意相信这是诗人最后的作品，是他在斯特拉特福的家中创作的，那时他每天在原野上散步，这里的原野景色也培养了他从小对英国乡村的热爱。这部作品是高超想象力的成熟果实，是文坛巨擘的完美作

品。对于一个终身致力于研究英语语言的英国人，能够体会到莎士比亚仅仅在文字的驾驭上，便轻松怡然地超越了所有可称为伟大作家的成就，试问有什么能与这种快乐相比？我能想象，在创作《暴风雨》时，他对这种力量一定有强烈的感受，他面带笑容倾听埃里厄尔—他的天才精灵—将那巧妙无双的词汇和节奏优美无比的短语轻声告诉他。他似乎在和文字做游戏，靠发现文字的新妙用来取悦自己。从国王到乞丐，每个阶层每种心性的人，都通过他来说话；他将仙境的传说娓娓道来；现在他怀着快乐的心情，创造出一个非人非神的生物，一个介于兽和人之间的东西，并赋予它语言表达的能力。这些语言带着孕育生机的温润泥土的味道，带着未能超越大地的生灵的味道。我们对它的思索还不够，因为欣赏能力不够，我们的惊叹还显得吝啬。一个奇迹在我们面前再现，而我们几乎没有留意；它像大自然的奇迹一样，我们已经司空见惯，很少会停下来仔细考虑。

The Tempest contains the noblest meditative passage in all the plays; that which embodies Shakespeare's final view of life, and is the inevitable quotation of all who would sum the teachings of philosophy. It contains his most exquisite lyrics, his tenderest love passages, and one glimpse of fairyland which—I cannot but think—outshines the utmost beauty of A Midsummer Night's Dream[22]: Prospero's farewell to the "elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves." Again a miracle; these are things which cannot be staled by repetition. Come to them often as you will, they are ever fresh as though new minted from the brain of the poet. Being perfect, they can never droop under that satiety which arises from the perception of fault; their virtue can never be so entirely savoured as to leave no pungency of gusto for the next approach.

在《暴风雨》中，能找到所有戏剧里最高贵的沉思段落：它表达了莎翁对生命的终极思考，是所有想总结哲学教育精义的人不可避免都会引用的。这部作品里还有莎翁最优美的诗行，有关于爱情最温柔的段落，有对仙境的惊鸿一瞥—我不得不认为—《仲夏夜之梦》最美的文字在它面前也会黯然失色，那就是普洛斯彼罗对“小山、溪流、静湖和丛林的精灵们”的告别词。这又是一个奇迹，这些东西是无论如何重复都不会变味的。不管你看多少遍，这些文字都好像刚从诗人头脑中产生时那样新鲜。它们是完美的，不会让你发现瑕疵而心生厌腻。它们的好处永远无法完全品味殆尽，让你总是心存再次探究它的热情。

Among the many reasons which make me glad to have been born in England, one of the first is that I read Shakespeare in my mother tongue. If I try to imagine myself as one who cannot know him face to face, who hears him only speaking from afar, and that in accents which only through the labouring intelligence can touch the living soul, there comes upon me a sense of chill discouragement, of dreary deprivation. I am wont to think that I can read Homer, and, assuredly, if any man enjoys him, it is I; but can I for a moment dream that

Homer yields me all his music, that his word is to me as to him who walked by the Hellenic shore when Hellas lived? I know that there reaches me across the vast of time no more than a faint and broken echo; I know that it would be fainter still, but for its blending with those memories of youth which are as a glimmer of the world's primeval glory. Let every land have joy of its poet; for the poet is the land itself, all its greatness and its sweetness, all that incommunicable heritage for which men live and die. As I close the book, love and reverence possess me. Whether does my full heart turn to the great Enchanter, or to the Island upon which he has laid his spell? I know not. I cannot think of them apart. In the love and reverence awakened by that voice of voices, Shakespeare and England are but one.

有许多原因让我为自己生在英国而高兴，其中最重要的便是我能够用母语阅读莎翁的作品。试想一下，如果我不能面对面地认识他，只能在遥远的地方听到他的声音，并且还是方言，需要费尽心思才能触摸到鲜活的灵魂，那我会感到多么冷落沮丧，多么忧郁失落。我总自以为能读懂荷马，如果只有一个人能欣赏他，那就是我；但是我怎能梦想荷马把他全部的音乐献给我，而我听到的和在昔日古希腊海滩上散步的人听到的是一样的话？我知道，穿过漫长岁月的阻隔，现在传入我耳中的不过是若有若无时断时续的回声罢了；如果不和幼时的记忆相融合，这回声会变得更加微弱，因为幼时的记忆犹如世界远古时代辉煌的一丝微光。让每块土地都享受它的诗人带来的快乐吧；因为诗人代表着土地本身，代表着它所有的伟大与可爱，代表着人们为之生为之死的无以言传的传统。我合上这本书，心中充满着热爱和崇敬。我的心是属于这位伟大的“魔术师”，还是属于那座被他施了魔法的“岛屿”呢？我不知道。我无法将两者分开考虑。当我的热爱与崇敬之情被他那个最优美的诗音唤醒时，莎士比亚和英格兰已经融为一体了。

(1) 弗农（1774-1849），著名艺术品收藏家。

(2)《山谷田庄》和《麦田》是英国风景画家康斯特布尔（1776-1837）的作品。

(3)《鼠穴荒原》是英国风景画家克罗姆（1768-1821）的作品。

(4) 艾萨克·沃尔顿，17世纪英国著名传记作家，出身于自耕农家庭，尽管受教育不多，但博览群书，结交甚广，其中不少是学问高深之人。一生著有多种传记，包括《多恩传》（1640年）、《沃顿传》（1651年）等。1653年出版《垂钓大全》。

(5) 胡克（1553？-1600），英格兰基督教神学家，创立安立甘宗神学，著有《论教会法制的法则》一书，主张政教合一。

(6) 贺拉斯（公元前65-前8），古罗马诗人、批评家，其美学思想见于写给皮索父子的诗体长信《诗艺》。

(7)《远征记》，古希腊历史学家色诺芬（公元前430 - 前354）最出色、流传最广泛的著作，根据他率领希腊雇佣军历尽艰辛从波斯回到

希腊的悲壮经历写成。

(8)《希英字典》，利德尔（1811-1898）与斯科特（1811-1887）合编，前者为英国学者和神学家，所著《古罗马史》风行一时。后者是十九世纪英国语文学家。

(9) 希罗多德，伟大的古希腊历史学家，被誉为“历史之父”，因所著《历史》一书受到人们无比的崇敬

(10)《内战记》，凯撒著，既是古罗马历史名著、拉丁语黄金时期的散文代表作，又是富有战略战术的兵书，对西方史学界、文坛和兵家都产生了巨大的影响。书中坚持和谈为先、争取社会舆论的方针，深为古今有识之士所称道。

(11) 乔叟（1340-1400），率先采用伦敦方言写作，并创作“英雄双行体”，对英国民族语言和文学的发展影响极大，被誉为“英国诗歌之父”。代表作品为《坎特伯雷故事集》。

(12) 塞缪尔·约翰逊(1709 - 1784)，英国作家，英国文学史上重要的诗人、散文家、传记家和健谈家，编纂的《词典》对英语发展作出了重大贡献。

(13) 坦塔罗斯，宙斯的儿子,众神的朋友，因杀死儿子宴请天神,被罚永受饥渴之苦。

(14) 伊米托斯山，希腊雅典东南部的石灰岩山，盛产上等蜂蜜。有一则神话：有只蜂后从伊米托斯山飞往奥林匹斯山，向朱庇特神献上新采的蜂蜜。朱庇特非常高兴，就答应蜂后，满足她提出的要求。蜂后请求说：“神啊，请你赐予我一根能蜇人的刺，要是有谁敢走近我的蜂房，拿走我的蜂蜜，我就杀死他。”仁爱的朱庇特听到这话非常不开心，不过他已经承诺，无法拒绝蜂后的要求，所以就回答说：“你可以获得你想要的刺，不过得拿你自己的生命来担负其后果。要是你用刺蜇人，刺便会留在被你蜇的伤口中，没有了刺，你也会死去。”心怀歹意的人终究会自食恶果。

(15) 海布拉，传说中西西里的一个古镇，以蜂蜜闻名。文学作品中常用“海布拉”指代西西里的拉古萨省，比如英国散文家和诗人利·亨特（1784-1859）的《来自海布拉山的一罐蜂蜜》。

(16) 谢洛老爷，莎士比亚作品《亨利四世》中的人物，这句台词出现在剧本下篇的第三幕第二场中。

(17) 埃文河畔斯特拉特福，为莎士比亚出生和安葬之地。

(18) 这是罗马演说家西塞罗演说词中的一句话。下面的话是：不要让共和国受到损害。

(19) 帕蒂（1843 - 1919），公认为声乐史上1861 - 1906年近50年间世界上最伟大的女高音歌唱家。

(20)《暴风雨》，莎士比亚最后一部传奇剧，描写了米兰公爵普洛斯彼罗被弟弟安东尼奥夺去爵位，带着女儿米兰达流亡到一座孤岛，在

那里调遣精灵，呼风唤雨。一次，普洛斯彼罗唤来风暴，将安东尼奥、那不勒斯国王和王子乘的船刮上孤岛，凭借魔法，让恶人受到惩罚。待安东尼奥痛改前非后，普洛斯彼罗饶恕了他，兄弟和解，最终普洛斯彼罗恢复爵位，米兰达与王子结婚，一同回到意大利。

(21) 埃里厄尔，《暴风雨》中会飞的精灵。

(22)《仲夏夜之梦》，莎士比亚最著名的戏剧之一。

Autumn

秋

I

1

This has been a year of long sunshine. Month has followed upon month with little unkindness of the sky; I scarcely marked when July passed into August, August into September. I should think it summer still, but that I see the lanes yellow-purfled with flowers of autumn.

这一年日照的时间特别长。月复一月，天气很少有不好的时候。当七月变成八月，八月进入九月时，我几乎都没有察觉。要不是看到小径边上点缀着的黄色秋花，我还觉得现在是夏天呢。

I am busy with the hawkweeds; that is to say, I am learning to distinguish and to name as many as I can. For scientific classification I have little mind; it does not happen to fall in with my habits of thought; but I like to be able to give its name (the "trivial" by choice) to every flower I meet in my walks. Why should I be content to say, "Oh, it's a hawkweed"? That is but one degree less ungracious than if I dismissed all the yellow-rayed as "dandelions." I feel as if the flower were pleased by my recognition of its personality. Seeing how much I owe them, one and all, the least I can do is to greet them severally. For the same reason I had rather say "hawkweed" than "hieracium"; the homelier word has more of kindly friendship.

我正忙着结交山柳菊属植物呢；也就是说，我正学着区分辨认这些植物，熟悉他们的各种名称呢。对于科学分类我是不关心的，它不符合我的思维习惯；但是我喜欢在散步时能够叫出路上遇到的任何一朵花的名字（我愿意叫它们的“俗名”）。我怎能满足于只是说：“哦，这是一种山柳菊”呢？这和将一切有黄色放射状花冠的植物都轻率地叫做“蒲公英”几乎一样无礼。我感觉，花儿们似乎会因为我认出它们的身份而高兴。想到我亏欠它们那么许多，我至少应该与它们一一打招呼。出于同样的原因，我宁愿说它们的英文名字“山柳菊”，也不愿称呼它们的拉丁语名字；因为家常一点的名字听起来更加友好亲切。

II

2

How the mood for a book sometimes rushes upon one, either one

knows not why, or in consequence, perhaps, of some most trifling suggestion. Yesterday I was walking at dusk. I came to an old farmhouse; at the garden gate a vehicle stood waiting, and I saw it was our doctor's gig. Having passed, I turned to look back. There was a faint afterglow in the sky beyond the chimneys; a light twinkled at one of the upper windows. I said to myself, "Tristram Shandy," [1] and hurried home to plunge into a book which I have not opened for I dare say twenty years.

有时，阅读一本书的冲动会突然袭上心头，要么你根本不知所以然，要么可能是因为很不足道的缘由。昨天，我在暮色中散步，来到一间旧农舍前。花园门口等候着一辆车，我认出那是我们医生的马车。路过之后，我转身回望。晚霞还在烟囱后的天空留连，房屋高处的一扇窗子上，有一缕光在闪烁。我自言自语地说了声“《项狄传》”，便匆匆忙忙赶回家，一头扎进了那本我敢说已经二十年没翻开的书中。

Not long ago, I awoke one morning and suddenly thought of the Correspondence between Goethe[2] and Schiller[3]; and so impatient did I become to open the book that I got up an hour earlier than usual. A book worth rising for; much better worth than old Burton[4], who pulled Johnson out of bed. A book which helps one to forget the idle or venomous chatter going on everywhere about us, and bids us cherish hope for a world "which has such people in't."

不久前的一个早晨，我醒来后突然想起《歌德席勒通信集》；因为急不可耐地要翻开那本书，我竟然比平常早起了一个小时。这是一本值得为之早起的书，比起将约翰逊从被窝里拽起来的老伯顿要好得多。这本书让人忘却了我们周围无处不在的无聊或恶意的闲聊，让我们对一个“有这样的人生活其中”的世界还抱有希望。

These volumes I had at hand; I could reach them down from my shelves at the moment when I hungered for them. But it often happens that the book which comes into my mind could only be procured with trouble and delay; I breathe regretfully and put aside the thought. Ah! the books that one will never read again. They gave delight, perchance something more; they left a perfume in the memory; but life has passed them by for ever. I have but to muse, and one after another they rise before me. Books gentle and quieting; books noble and inspiring; books that well merit to be pored over, not once but many a time. Yet never again shall I hold them in my hand; the years fl y too quickly, and are too few. Perhaps when I lie waiting for the end, some of those lost books will come into my wandering thoughts, and I shall remember them as friends to whom I owed a kindness — friends passed upon the way. What regret in that last farewell!

这些都是我手头有的书，我在渴望阅读它们的时候可以随手从书架上取下来。但很多时候，我想起的某本书总是要费劲周折苦等几日才能

得到，我只好懊恼地长出一口气，将这个思绪抛在一边。哦！那些我再也不会读的书。它们给人带来欢乐，也许还有其他；它们在记忆中留下芬芳；但是生活已经永远地将它们抛下了。只有在冥想中，它们才会一一浮现在我的脑海中。那些温和让人平静的书，那些高贵给人灵感的书，那些值得一遍遍潜心细读的书。然而，我再也不会将它们捧在手中了。时间飞逝太快，又有限得可怜。也许，当我躺下等着生命终结时，一些已然忘却的书会来到我游移不定的思绪中，我会记起它们，就像记起那些在人生路上我受惠未报但失去联系的老朋友一样。在那最后的告别中该有多大的遗憾啊！

III

3

Every one, I suppose, is subject to a trick of mind which often puzzles me. I am reading or thinking, and at a moment, without any association or suggestion that I can discover, there rises before me the vision of a place I know. Impossible to explain why that particular spot should show itself to my mind's eye; the cerebral impulse is so subtle that no search may trace its origin. If I am reading, doubtless a thought, a phrase, possibly a mere word, on the page before me serves to awaken memory. If I am otherwise occupied, it must be an object seen, an odour, a touch; perhaps even a posture of the body suffices to recall something in the past. Sometimes the vision passes, and there an end; sometimes, however, it has successors, the memory working quite independently of my will, and no link appearing between one scene and the next.

思维经常让我们产生一种幻觉，这让我莫名其妙。比如，我正在读书或者思考，在没有任何联想或暗示的情况下，眼前突然显现一个我认识的地方。根本无法解释这个特定的地方为什么会浮现在我的脑海中；大脑的活动太难以捉摸，让人无法追本溯源。如果我在阅读，无疑书中出现的一个观点、一个短语，可能只是一个单词就可以唤醒记忆。如果我在忙别的，那肯定是看到一个东西，闻到一种味道，一种触觉；可能甚至是身体的一个姿势，就足以唤起过去的某个回忆。有时，幻影只是一闪而过，如此而已；有时，还会有后续画面，而记忆的运作完全不受我的意志控制，一个场景和下一个场景之间也没有关联。

Ten minutes ago I was talking with my gardener. Our topic was the nature of the soil, whether or not it would suit a certain kind of vegetable. Of a sudden I found myself gazing at--the Bay of Avlona. Quite certainly my thoughts had not strayed in that direction. The picture that came before me caused me a shock of surprise, and I am still vainly trying to discover how I came to behold it.

十分钟前，我还在跟园丁谈话。我们的话题是土质，它是否适合某

种蔬菜生长。突然，我发现自己正凝视着——阿弗洛纳湾。我十分肯定自己的思绪根本没转到那个方向。眼前出现的画面让我着实吃了一惊，而我还在徒然地探寻着自己看到这个画面的原因。

A happy chance that I ever saw Avlona. I was on my way from Corfu[5] to Brindisi[6]. The steamer sailed late in the afternoon; there was a little wind, and as the December night became chilly, I soon turned in. With the first daylight I was on deck, expecting to find that we were near the Italian port; to my surprise, I saw a mountainous shore, towards which the ship was making at full speed. On inquiry, I learnt that this was the coast of Albania; our vessel not being very seaworthy, and the wind still blowing a little (though not enough to make any passenger uncomfortable), the captain had turned back when nearly half across the Adriatic, and was seeking a haven in the shelter of the snow-topped hills. Presently we steamed into a great bay, in the narrow mouth of which lay an island. My map showed me where we were, and with no small interest I discovered that the long line of heights guarding the bay on its southern side formed the Acroceraunian[7] Promontory. A little town visible high up on the inner shore was the ancient Aulon[8].

我曾有幸看见过阿弗洛纳湾。那是在从希腊科孚岛到意大利布林迪西市的路上。时近傍晚，轮船才扬帆出航，有一点风，十二月的夜晚变得有些寒冷，我便很快上床睡觉了。第二天刚破晓，我来到甲板上，原以为船已驶近那个意大利港口。让我吃惊的是，眼前出现了一个山峦起伏的海岸，我们的船正全速朝那里驶去。询问之下，我才知道那是阿尔巴尼亚海岸。由于我们的船有些经受不住惊涛骇浪，而海上还有一点风（虽然并没大到让任何乘客感觉不适），当船在亚得里亚海行驶过半后，船长决定掉头，在山顶积雪的山峦屏障之间寻找一个避风港。我们很快驶进了一个大海湾，窄窄的入口处坐落着一个岛屿。我在地图上找到了我们所处的位置，同时饶有兴趣地发现，护卫着海湾南部连绵不断的高大山脉，原来正是阿克劳瑟拉尼海角。从船上能看到一个小镇坐落在海湾岸边的上方，那便是古代的奥隆。

Here we anchored, and lay all day long. Provisions running short, a boat had to be sent to land, and the sailors purchased, among other things, some peculiarly detestable bread—according to them, cotto al sole. There was not a cloud in the sky; till evening, the wind whistled above our heads, but the sea about us was blue and smooth. I sat in hot sunshine, feasting my eyes on the beautiful cliffs and valleys of the thickly-wooded shore. Then came a noble sunset; then night crept gently into the hollows of the hills, which now were coloured the deepest, richest green. A little lighthouse began to shine. In the perfect calm that had fallen, I heard breakers murmuring softly upon the beach.

我们的船泊在这里，停了一整天。船上的供应出现了短缺，水手们

乘一只小船上岸采购，买回的东西中有一种非常难吃的面包——据他们说，是在日光下烘制的。天空中没有一丝云彩，直到傍晚，头顶上一直有海风打着唿哨吹过，但周围的大海是蔚蓝平静的。我坐在温暖的阳光下，尽情欣赏着郁郁葱葱的海岸上美丽的悬崖和山谷。之后是夕阳西下的壮丽景象，最后夜幕悄然笼罩了山谷，当时满山都染上了最深沉最饱满的绿色。一个小小的灯塔亮起来了，四围渐渐变得寂静无比，我听到浪花在沙滩上的喁喁低语。

At sunrise we entered the port of Brindisi.

日出时，我们驶入了布林迪西港。

IV

4

The characteristic motive of English poetry is love of nature, especially of nature as seen in the English rural landscape. From the "Cuckoo Song" of our language in its beginnings to the perfect loveliness of Tennyson's[9] best verse, this note is ever sounding. It is persistent even amid the triumph of the drama. Take away from Shakespeare all his bits of natural description, all his casual allusions to the life and aspects of the country, and what a loss were there! The reign of the iambic couplet confined, but could not suppress, this native music; Pope[10] notwithstanding, there came the "Ode to Evening" [11] and that "Elegy"[12] which, unsurpassed for beauty of thought and nobility of utterance in all the treasury of our lyrics, remains perhaps the most essentially English poem ever written.

英国诗歌的主要原动力是对自然的热爱，特别是对英国乡村景色中的自然。从我们语言早期的“布谷鸟之歌”到丁尼生最好诗歌中的那份秀美绮丽，这个调子是贯穿始终的。即使在戏剧的鼎盛时期，也是持续不断的。如果从莎士比亚的作品中，取走所有对自然的描绘以及所有信手拈来的对乡村生活和场景的描写，这将会是多大的损失啊！五音步抑扬格诗体的流行，虽然限制但并没有抑制这种本土的音乐；虽然有蒲伯，但依然出现了《黄昏颂》和《墓园挽歌》，其思想之瑰丽和用词之高贵在我们的诗歌宝库中无可匹敌，至今依然可能是英国现存最本土化的诗歌。

This attribute of our national mind availed even to give rise to an English school of painting. It came late; that it ever came at all is remarkable enough. A people apparently less apt for that kind of achievement never existed. So profound is the English joy in meadow and stream and hill, that, unsatisfied at last with vocal expression, it took up the brush, the pencil, the etching tool, and created a new form of art. The National Gallery represents only in a very imperfect

way the richness and variety of our landscape work. Were it possible to collect, and suitably to display, the very best of such work in every vehicle, I know not which would be the stronger emotion in an English heart, pride or rapture.

这种特有的民族性情甚至促生了一个英国画派。它兴起的时间比较晚，但是它总归是兴起了，这一点的意义就足够重大。没有一个民族，比英国人民更不适于取得这种艺术成就。英国人对草原、河流、山川的热爱是如此深沉，他们最终不满足止于口头表达，而是拿起了毛刷、铅笔和蚀刻工具，创造出一种新的艺术形式。国家美术馆中陈列的英国风景画，只是以一种并不完美的方式展示着它的丰富和多样。如果能将各个形式流派最好的风景作品收集起来并进行展览，我不知道国人心中哪种感情会更强烈一些，骄傲抑或是狂喜？

One obvious reason for the long neglect of Turner[13] lies in the fact that his genius does not seem to be truly English. Turner's landscape, even when it presents familiar scenes, does not show them in the familiar light. Neither the artist nor the intelligent layman is satisfied. He gives us glorious visions; we admit the glory—but we miss something which we deem essential. I doubt whether Turner tasted rural England; I doubt whether the spirit of English poetry was in him; I doubt whether the essential significance of the common things which we call beautiful was revealed to his soul. Such doubt does not affect his greatness as a poet in colour and in form, but I suspect that it has always been the cause why England could not love him. If any man whom I knew to be a man of brains confessed to me that he preferred Birket Foster[14], I should smile—but I should understand.

透纳长期受到冷落的一个显见的原因是，他的才华似乎不具有真正的英国特色。透纳的风景画，即使选取的都是寻常景物，也表现出一种不寻常的情状。结果，艺术家和有见识的外行都不满意。他呈现出的是绚丽的幻像；我们接受那份绚丽——但是感觉它缺少了我们认为至关重要的东西。我怀疑透纳是否欣赏过英国的乡村景色，我怀疑他是否具备英国诗歌的灵性，我怀疑他的灵魂是否洞悉了我们称为“美丽”的寻常事物的那种本质意义。这种怀疑并不影响他作为颜色和形状之诗人的伟大，但是我想这一直都是他无法赢得英格兰爱慕的原因。如果我认识的任何有智慧的人告诉我，他更喜欢伯基特·福斯特的作品，我会微笑——但是我会理解。

V

5

A long time since I wrote in this book. In September I caught a cold, which meant three weeks' illness.

好久没提笔在这本书里写点什么了。九月份，我感冒了，病了整整三个星期。

I have not been suffering; merely feverish and weak and unable to use my mind for anything but a daily hour or two of the lightest reading. The weather has not favoured my recovery, wet winds often blowing, and not much sun. Lying in bed, I have watched the sky, studied the clouds, which—so long as they are clouds indeed, and not a mere waste of grey vapour—always have their beauty. Inability to read has always been my horror; once, a trouble of the eyes all but drove me mad with fear of blindness; but I find that in my present circumstances, in my own still house, with no intrusion to be dreaded, with no task or care to worry me, I can fleet the time not unpleasantly even without help of books. Reverie, unknown to me in the days of bondage, has brought me solace; I hope it has a little advanced me in wisdom.

我并不难受，就是有些发烧，身体虚弱，每天只能看一两个小时的闲书，此外头脑再无力承受任何活动。天气对我的康复没有帮助，潮湿的风常常刮起，阳光也很少。我躺在床上，凝视天空，观察云彩——只要它们还是云彩，不变成一坨灰色水汽——就总是有其美丽之处。无法读书一直是我恐惧的事情，曾有一次，我患了眼疾，对失明的恐惧几乎把我逼疯了。但我发现，就我现在的情形，在安静的房间里，不虞侵扰，没有什么工作和烦心事让我担忧，即使没有书的帮助，我也可以愉快地消磨时间。在为生计所困的昔日我没有幻想，如今它给我带来了安慰，但愿它能使我略为聪明一些。

For not, surely, by deliberate effort of thought does a man grow wise. The truths of life are not discovered by us. At moments unforeseen, some gracious influence descends upon the soul, touching it to an emotion which, we know not how, the mind transmutes into thought. This can happen only in a calm of the senses, a surrender of the whole being to passionless contemplation. I understand, now, the intellectual mood of the quietist.

当然，一个人不是靠刻意的苦思冥想才变得睿智，生活的真相不是被我们发现的。在无法预见的时刻，某种高尚的灵感降临至灵魂，使之激动，不知怎么地，头脑就将它变成了思想。这只有在所有感官都平静下来，整个人完全陷入一种忘情的冥思中时，才会发生。现在我了解寂静主义者的精神境界是怎样的了。

Of course my good housekeeper has tended me perfectly, with the minimum of needless talk. Wonderful woman!

当然，我的好管家把我照顾得无微不至，把无用的谈话减至最少。多好的女人！

If the evidence of a well-spent life is necessarily seen in "honour,

love, obedience, troops of friends," mine, it is clear, has fallen short of a moderate ideal. Friends I have had, and have; but very few. Honour and obedience—why, by a stretch, Mrs. M-may perchance represent these blessings. As for love—?

如果完满人生必须要体现在“荣耀、爱、服从和许多朋友”中，那我的生活显然连中等理想都够不上。朋友我曾经有过，现在也还有，但是数量很少。荣耀和服从，也许M夫人勉强可以代表这些吧。但是爱呢？

Let me tell myself the truth. Do I really believe that at any time of my life I have been the kind of man who merits affection? I think not. I have always been much too self-absorbed; too critical of all about me; too unreasonably proud. Such men as I live and die alone, however much in appearance accompanied. I do not repine at it; nay, lying day after day in solitude and silence, I have felt glad that it was so. At least I give no one trouble, and that is much. Most solemnly do I hope that in the latter days no long illness awaits me. May I pass quickly from this life of quiet enjoyment to the final peace. So shall no one think of me with pained sympathy or with weariness. One—two—even three may possibly feel regret, come the end how it may, but I do not flatter myself that to them I am more than an object of kindly thought at long intervals. It is enough; it signifies that I have not erred wholly. And when I think that my daily life testifies to an act of kindness such as I could never have dreamt of meriting from the man who performed it, may I not be much more than content?

让我对自己坦白吧。我一生中何曾相信过自己是那种值得爱情眷顾的人？我对此不以为然。我一直都太专注于自身，对周围的一切太苛刻，又过分自负。像我这样的人，不管表面上有多少同伴，都将寂寞地生，孤独地死。我并不感到悲哀；不，日复一日地在孤独和寂静中躺着，我感到高兴。至少我没给任何人找麻烦，这就足够了。我无比郑重地祈望自己在以后的日子里不会受到疾病的长期困扰。希望我能够很快地从目前这种安静愉快的生活过渡到最终的平静。这样，没有人会在想起我时带了痛苦的同情或者是厌烦。一个——两个——甚至三个人可能会感到遗憾，不管怎样罢，我都会清楚地认识到，对于他们来说，我很清楚自己不过是间隔很长时间后他们好意想起的对象罢了。这就足够了，它表示我没有全盘犯错。然而，我目前的生活即是一种慈善行为的见证，而我做梦都想不到自己配接受那位施主的善举，想到这些，我不是要大感满足吗？

VI

6

How I envy those who become prudent without thwackings of experience! Such men seem to be not uncommon. I don't mean cold-

blooded calculators of profit and loss in life's possibilities; nor yet the plodding dull, who never have imagination enough to quit the beaten track of security; but bright-witted and large-hearted fellows who seem always to be led by common sense, who go steadily from stage to stage of life, doing the right, the prudent things, guilty of no vagaries, winning respect by natural progress, seldom needing aid themselves, often helpful to others, and, through all, good-tempered, deliberate, happy. How I envy them!

我多么羡慕那些没有经过现实中的频频碰壁，就变得谨慎的人啊！这种人似乎并不少见。但我不是指那些对生活中可能的盈利和亏损斤斤计较的冷血者；也不是那些终日劳作的愚钝者，他们从没有足够的想象力可以离开久经风雨的安全老路；我指的是那些智慧而慷慨的人，他们似乎一直凭常识引导，从生命的一个阶段稳步跨入另一个阶段，行事合宜谨慎，从不异想天开，自然而然地赢得尊重，很少需要帮助，经常对别人施以援手，始终都是待人和蔼，行事周全，生活幸福。我多么羡慕他们啊！

For of myself it might be said that whatever folly is possible to a moneyless man, that folly I have at one time or another committed. Within my nature there seemed to be no faculty of rational self-guidance. Boy and man, I blundered into every ditch and bog which lay within sight of my way. Never did silly mortal reap such harvest of experience; never had any one so many bruises to show for it. Thwack, thwack! No sooner had I recovered from one sound drubbing than I put myself in the way of another. "Unpractical" I was called by those who spoke mildly; "idiot"—I am sure—by many a ruder tongue. And idiot I see myself, whenever I glance back over the long, devious road. Something, obviously, I lacked from the beginning, some balancing principle granted to most men in one or another degree. I had brains, but they were no help to me in the common circumstances of life. But for the good fortune which plucked me out of my mazes and set me in paradise, I should no doubt have blundered on to the end. The last thwack of experience would have laid me low just when I was becoming really a prudent man.

因为就我自己来说，一个没钱的人可能做的任何蠢事，我在不同的时期都做过了。我天性似乎就没有理性的自我引导的能力。从少年到成年，我错误地踏入了所有道路上出现的沟渠和泥沼。从来没有一个愚人像我收获了这许多的经验，从来没有人有我这么多的伤疤。哐！哐！我从来都是刚吃一堑，又摔进一沟。“不现实”，措词委婉的人这样评价我；“蠢材”，说话粗鲁的人一定会这样说。每每回首漫长曲折的人生道路，我发现自己的确是一个蠢材。显然从一开始我身上就缺少某种东西，某种大多数人或多或少都天生具备的平衡原则。我有智慧，但是它在生活的寻常境况下对我没有什么帮助。要不是好运将我从生活的迷宫中救出，放在天堂里，我毫无疑问会一直犯错，跌跌撞撞直至生命尽

头。生活中最后一次碰壁可能会最终让我一蹶不振，而当时我正要变成一个非常谨慎的人。

VII

7

This morning's sunshine faded amid slow-gathering clouds, but something of its light seems still to linger in the air, and to touch the rain which is falling softly. I hear a pattering upon the still leafage of the garden; it is a sound which lulls, and tunes the mind to calm thoughtfulness.

今天早晨，太阳逐渐消逝在慢慢聚集的乌云后面，但它的光芒似乎还逗留在空气中，爱抚着轻轻落下的雨滴。我听到雨点啪啪地打在花园中静静的枝叶上；这声音让人感到安慰，引人进入一种宁静沉思的心境。

I have a letter to-day from my old friend in Germany, E. B.[15] For many and many a year these letters have made a pleasant incident in my life; more than that, they have often brought me help and comfort. It must be a rare thing for friendly correspondence to go on during the greater part of a lifetime between men of different nationalities who see each other not twice in two decades. We were young men when we first met in London, poor, struggling, full of hopes and ideals; now we look back upon those far memories from the autumn of life. B. writes to-day in a vein of quiet contentment, which does me good. He quotes Goethe: "Was man in der Jugend begehrt hat man im Alter die Fulle."

今天我收到一封信，是德国的老朋友E.B.寄来的。许多年来，这些信是我生命中的乐事；它们不只让我愉快，还给我带来帮助和慰藉。两个不同国籍的人，二十年来不曾见过第二面，却保持友好通信大半辈子，这种事肯定很少见。我们第一次在伦敦见面的时候，两个人都还年轻，贫穷，在艰难奋斗中，充满了希望和理想；现在我们都处在生命的秋天了，回首之下，那已经是遥远的记忆了。今天B的来信传递出宁静满足的情调，让我心情愉快。他还引用歌德的话：“人在青年之时希望的事，在老年成就”。

These words of Goethe's were once a hope to me; later, they made me shake my head incredulously; now I smile to think how true they have proved in my own case. But what, exactly, do they mean? Are they merely an expression of the optimistic spirit? If so, optimism has to content itself with rather doubtful generalities. Can it truly be said that most men find the wishes of their youth satisfied in later life? Ten years ago, I should have utterly denied it, and could have brought

what seemed to me abundant evidence in its disproof. And as regards myself, is it not by mere happy accident that I pass my latter years in such enjoyment of all I most desired? Accident—but there is no such thing. I might just as well have called it an accident had I succeeded in earning the money on which now I live.

歌德的这句话曾经给予我希望，后来我对它摇头表示怀疑；如今我微笑地想到，就我个人的境遇而言，这句话是多么正确啊。但是它究竟是什么意思呢？只是一种乐观精神的表达吗？如果确实如此，乐观主义恐怕不是放之四海而皆准的。对大多数人来说，他们年轻时的愿望在以后的日子都会实现，真的可以这样说吗？十年前，我会对它全盘否定，也许还会拿出看似充足的证据予以反驳。就我自己来说，还不是因为幸运的偶然事件，如今才过上自己一直渴望的安乐生活。偶然事件——但它根本是不存在的。假使我挣到了得以维持现在生活的钱，我也一定会称之为偶然事件。

From the beginning of my manhood, it is true, I longed for bookish leisure; that, assuredly, is seldom even one of the desires in a young man's heart, but perhaps it is one of those which may most reasonably look for gratification later on. What, however, of the multitudes who aim only at wealth, for the power and the pride and the material pleasures which it represents? We know very well that few indeed are successful in that aim; and, missing it, do they not miss everything? For them, are not Goethe's words mere mockery?

从我成年伊始，在探求学问中撷取闲情逸致，就一直是我的愿望；这种愿望很少存在于年轻人的心中，但也许是最有理由期望在日后得到满足的一个愿望。但是，那些一心追逐财富并渴望获得它所代表的权利、骄傲和物质享受的芸芸众生呢？我们非常清楚在这条道路上成功的人不多；如果达不到这个目标，他们岂不是失去了一切？对于他们来说，歌德的话不就只是嘲讽吗？

Apply them to mankind at large, and perhaps, after all, they are true. The fact of national prosperity and contentment implies, necessarily, the prosperity and contentment of the greater number of the individuals of which the nation consists. In other words, the average man who is past middle life has obtained what he strove for—success in his calling. As a young man, he would not, perhaps, have set forth his aspirations so moderately, but do they not, as a fact, amount to this? In defence of the optimistic view, one may urge how rare it is to meet with an elderly man who harbours a repining spirit. True; but I have always regarded as a fact of infinite pathos the ability men have to subdue themselves to the conditions of life. Contentment so often means resignation, abandonment of the hope seen to be forbidden.

把歌德的话放在全体人类身上，它也许终究还是事实。国家的繁荣

富足，也必然意味着组成这个国家的大多数人的富裕满足。换句话说，过了中年的普通人实现了他的奋斗目标——他期望的“成功”。年轻时，他或许不会把抱负定位得这么庸俗，但最终不就等于是这样了吗？为这个乐观的观点辩护一句，你可以指出我们很少看见一个老人壮志未酬心怀悔恨。不错，但是一直以来，我都为人们屈服于生活现实的这种能力感到无限悲哀。满足通常都意味着屈从，也就是放弃了被人视为妄想的希望。

I cannot resolve this doubt.

这个疑惑我无法消除。

VIII

8

I have been reading Sainte-Beuve's[16] Port-Royal, a book I have often thought of reading, but its length, and my slight interest in that period, always held me aloof. Happily, chance and mood came together, and I am richer by a bit of knowledge well worth acquiring. It is the kind of book which, one may reasonably say, tends to edification. One is better for having lived a while with "Messieurs de Port-Royal”; the best of them were, surely, not far from the Kingdom of Heaven.

我近来在读圣伯夫的《波尔-罗亚尔》，其实早就想读这本书了，但是它的长度让人望而生畏，加上我对那段历史缺乏兴趣，所以一直对它敬而远之。令人开心的是，机会和心情终于凑在了一起，而我获得了一点有价值的知识，觉得学问更深了。我有足够理由说这是一本给人教育启迪的书。与“波尔-罗亚尔修道院的先生们”相处一段时间，会让人受益良多，他们中最好的实在离天国不远。

Theirs is not, indeed, the Christianity of the first age; we are among theologians, and the shadow of dogma has dimmed those divine hues of the early morning, yet ever and anon there comes a cool, sweet air, which seems not to have blown across man's common world, which bears no taint of mortality.

他们信仰的确实已不是初世纪的基督教，我们处在神学者之中，教条的阴影黯淡了督教那种清晨的神圣光彩，然而不时吹来的一阵凉爽甜美的风，似乎并非来自寻常人间，因为它不带一丝死亡的气息。

A gallery of impressive and touching portraits. The great-souled M. de Saint-Cyran[17], with his vision of Christ restored; M. Le Maitre, who, at the summit of a brilliant career, turned from the world to meditation and penitence; Pascal, with his genius and his triumphs, his conflicts of soul and fleshly martyrdom; Lancelot, the good Lancelot, ideal schoolmaster, who wrote grammar and edited classical

books; the vigorous Arnauld, doctoral rather than saintly, but long-suffering for the faith that was in him; and all the smaller names—Walon de Beaupuis, Nicole, Hamon—spirits of exquisite humility and sweetness—a perfume rises from the page as one reads about them. But best of all I like M. de Tillemont; I could have wished for myself even such a life as his; wrapped in silence and calm, a life of gentle devotion and zealous study. From the age of fourteen, he said, his intellect had occupied itself with but one subject, that of ecclesiastical history. Rising at four o'clock, he read and wrote until half-past nine in the evening, interrupting his work only to say the Offices of the Church, and for a couple of hours'breathing at mid-day. Few were his absences. When he had to make a journey, he set forth on foot, staff in hand, and lightened the way by singing to himself a psalm or canticle. This man of profound erudition had as pure and simple a heart as ever dwelt in mortal. He loved to stop by the road and talk with children, and knew how to hold their attention whilst teaching them a lesson. Seeing boy or girl in charge of a cow, he would ask: "How is it that you, a little child, are able to control that animal, so much bigger and stronger?" And he would show the reason, speaking of the human soul. All this about Tillemont is new to me; well as I knew his name (from the pages of Gibbon), I thought of him merely as the laborious and accurate compiler of historical materials. Admirable as was his work, the spirit in which he performed it is the thing to dwell upon; he studied for study's sake, and with no aim but truth; to him it was a matter of indifference whether his learning ever became known among men, and at any moment he would have given the fruits of his labour to any one capable of making use of them.

这本书就像一个美术馆，里面陈列着一幅幅让人印象深刻、感人至深的肖像画。心灵伟大的圣昔朗先生，恢复了重见耶稣基督的想象力；勒迈特先生，在辉煌事业的巅峰时刻，遁世绝俗，在沉思和赎罪中度过余生；帕斯卡尔，才华过人，成就斐然，却在灵魂和肉体的殉道之间挣扎；朗瑟洛，善良的朗瑟洛，他著有法语语法书，还编辑典籍，是一名完美的老师；精力充沛的阿尔诺，与其说是圣徒，不如说是饱学之士，他为了心中的信仰长期遭受煎熬；还有那些不太有名的人物——瓦隆·德博皮、妮科尔、哈莫——这些心思细腻、天性恭谦纯良的人们——读到这些人的时候，一缕芬芳便从书页上散发出来。但是我最喜欢的是蒂耶芒先生，我希望自己能拥有他那样的生活，在沉默和安宁的怀抱中，过着诚心奉教和潜心向学的生活。他说，从十四岁起，他的智慧便专注于一个主题，即教会历史的研究。他凌晨四点钟起床，一直读写到晚上九点半，只有在做祷告和中午外出透气的几小时，才中断工作。他很少出门不在家。如果必须外出，他会步行，手里拿一根杖，一路上唱赞美诗或圣歌来减轻劳顿。这个学识精深的人，有着世间最纯净和质朴的心灵。他喜欢在路上停下和孩子们谈话，教授知识时，知道怎样抓住他们的注意力。看到男孩或女孩在放牛，他会问道：“你这样一个小孩子，为

什么能够控制这头身体和力气都比你大得多的牲畜呢？”然后，他会谈起人类的灵魂，将原因揭示出来。所有这些关于蒂耶蒙的故事，我都是第一次听到。我虽然熟知他的名字（从吉本的作品中），却一直只将他视为一个勤勉严谨的历史资料编纂者。他的作品让人仰慕，而他的治学精神更值得人们称道；他为研究而研究，目标只有一个，就是真理；他不在乎自己的学识是否会名誉四海，随时准备将自己的学术成果交给任何有能力利用它们的人。

Think of the world in which the Jansenists[18] were living; the world of the Fronde[19], of Richelieu[20] and Mazarin[21], of his refulgent Majesty Louis XIV. Contrast Port-Royal with Versailles, and—whatever one's judgment of their religious and ecclesiastical aims—one must needs say that these men lived with dignity. The Great Monarch is, in comparison, a poor, sordid creature. One thinks of Moliere[22] refused burial—the king's contemptuous indifference for one who could do no more to amuse him being a true measure of the royal greatness. Face to face with even the least of these grave and pious men, how paltry and unclean are all those courtly figures; not THERE was dignity, in the palace chambers and the stately gardens, but in the poor rooms where the solitaries of Port-Royal prayed and studied and taught. Whether or not the ideal for mankind, their life was worthy of man. And what is rarer than a life to which that praise can be given?

想想詹森教派生活的那个世界，那是投石党、黎塞留和马萨林，还有伟大的路易十四陛下生活的世界。将波尔-罗亚尔和凡尔赛相比照——不管我们对前者的宗教和教会宗旨的评价如何——我们都必须承认，这些人是带着尊严活着的。相形之下，伟大的君主不过是一个可怜卑下的人物。人们会想起莫里哀的葬礼受阻挠的事——国王对一个再也无法取悦他的人的那份蔑视和漠然，是衡量君主之伟大的真正尺度。即使与这些庄重虔诚的人中最没有名气的一位面对面，那些宫廷人物都会显得那么可鄙和肮脏。尊严并不存在于巍峨宫闱、尊贵花园之中，而在波尔-罗亚尔修道院的那些独居之士祈祷、钻研和授业解惑的陋室里。他们的生活也许称不上是人类的理想，但总归是没有虚度的。有什么比值得褒扬的人生更珍贵呢？

IX

9

It is amusing to note the superficial forms of reaction against scientific positivism. The triumph of Darwin was signalized by the invention of that happy word Agnostic, which had great vogue. But agnosticism, as a fashion, was far too reasonable to endure. There came a rumour of Oriental magic, (how the world repeats itself!) and presently every one who had nothing better to do gossipped about

"esoteric Buddhism"— the saving adjective sounded well in a drawing-room. It did not hold very long, even with the novelists; for the English taste this esotericism was too exotic. Somebody suggested that the old table-turning and spirit-rapping, which had homely associations, might be re-considered in a scientific light, and the idea was seized upon. Superstition pranked in the professor's spectacles, it set up a laboratory, and printed grave reports. Day by day its sphere widened. Hypnotism brought matter for the marvel-mongers, and there followed a long procession of words in limping Greek—a little difficult till practice had made perfect. Another fortunate terminologist hit upon the word "psychical"—the P might be sounded or not, according to the taste and fancy of the pronouncer—and the fashionable children of a scientific age were thoroughly at ease. "There MUST be something, you know; one always felt that there MUST be something." And now, if one may judge from what one reads, psychical "science" is comfortably joining hands with the sorcery of the Middle Ages. It is said to be a lucrative moment for wizards that peep and that mutter. If the law against fortune-telling were as strictly enforced in the polite world as it occasionally is in slums and hamlets, we should have a merry time. But it is difficult to prosecute a Professor of Telepathy—and how he would welcome the advertisement!

看到旨在颠覆科学实证主义的种种肤浅形式，我们可能会忍俊不禁。达尔文的胜利，是以“不可知”这个妙词的发明为标志的，它现在大行其道。但作为时尚的不可知论太过理性，让人无法忍受。关于东方巫术（历史总是重复自己啊！）的谣言一传来，“诡秘佛教”立刻就成了街头巷尾无聊人士的谈资——“诡秘”这个增色的形容词在客厅里听起来很不错。它的寿命不长，连小说家也很快受不了它；因为对于英国人的品味，“诡秘主义”听起来有太重的异域感。有人建议，对让人产生亲切联想的古老的桌灵转和招魂术，从科学角度进行再思考，这个主意很快付诸实施了。迷信在教授的眼镜里胡闹，它建立了实验室，印出了严肃的报告，它的疆域一日日拓展。催眠术给那些猎奇者提供了素材，随之便出现了一长串蹩脚的希腊词——起初有点难，后来则熟能生巧。另一个幸运的术语学家碰上了psychical（灵）这个词，根据个人的口味和喜好，p发不发音两可——于是，科学时代的时髦孩子们完全安然自处了。“你知道，肯定有某种东西，我一直觉得肯定有某种东西”。现在，如果从我们所读到的来判断，通灵的“科学”已经和中世纪的巫术愉快地联手了。据说这正是嘴里念念有词眼睛偷瞅人的巫师们的发财时代。如果禁止算命的法律在上流社会中和偶然在陋巷寒村一样严格地加以执行，那我们便可以获得一段开心时光。然而，起诉一个传心术教授并不容易——而他将多么欢迎这种免费广告！

Of course I know very well that all that make use of these words are not in one and the same category. There is a study of the human

mind, in health and in disease, which calls for as much respect as any other study conscientiously and capably pursued; that it lends occasion to fribbles and knaves is no argument against any honest tendency of thought. Men whom one cannot but esteem are deeply engaged in psychical investigations, and have convinced themselves that they are brought into touch with phenomena inexplicable by the commonly accepted laws of life. Be it so. They may be on the point of making discoveries in the world beyond sense. For my own part, everything of this kind not only does not interest me; I turn from it with the strongest distaste. If every wonder-story examined by the Psychical Society were set before me with irresistible evidence of its truth, my feeling (call it my prejudice) would undergo no change whatever. No whit the less should I yawn over the next batch, and lay the narratives aside with—yes, with a sort of disgust. "An ounce of civet, good apothecary!"[23] Why it should be so with me I cannot say. I am as indifferent to the facts or fancies of spiritualism as I am, for instance, to the latest mechanical application of electricity. Edisons and Marconis[24] may thrill the world with astounding novelties; they astound me, as every one else, but straightway I forget my astonishment, and am in every respect the man I was before. The thing has simply no concern for me, and I care not a volt if to-morrow the proclaimed discovery be proved a journalist's mistake or invention.

当然，我非常清楚，利用这些词的人不是一丘之貉。确实有一门学问专门研究人类在健康或疾病状况下头脑的情况，和其他专心从事的研究一样值得受到尊重；它会被无聊和无赖的人利用，这并不能作为抵制任何诚实思想倾向的理由。有些我们应该敬重的人，全身心致力于通灵的研究，并深信自己触到了一些不能用公认的生命规律来解释的现象。就由他们去吧！也许他们正要在超越感官外的世界里面有所发现。就我自己来说，所有这类事情我都不感兴趣，甚至带着最强烈的厌恶回避它们。即使将通灵协会研究过的每一桩奇闻异事都放在我面前，用最无可辩驳的证据来证明它的真实性，我的感觉（或者说，我的偏见）也不会有一星半点的改变。再来一堆故事，我会一样哈欠连天，将奇闻异事搁置一边——对，很反感地。“来一盎司灵猫香，好药剂师！”为什么有这种心态，我自己也说不清楚。我对招魂说，就像对电的最新机械应用一样不感兴趣。爱迪生和马可尼之辈可以用惊人的新奇事物让世界兴奋不已；如所有人一样，我也被他们震惊了，但很快我会忘掉自己的惊异，在各方面都和过去一般无二。这种事与我根本没有关系，我也不在乎明天这个所谓的发现是否会是一个新闻记者的错误或杜撰。

Am I, then, a hidebound materialist? If I know myself, hardly that. Once, in conversation with G. A., I referred to his position as that of the agnostic. He corrected me. "The agnostic grants that there MAY be something beyond the sphere of man's knowledge; I can make no

such admission. For me, what is called the unknowable is simply the non-existent. We see what is, and we see all." Now this gave me a sort of shock; it seemed incredible to me that a man of so much intelligence could hold such a view.

那么，我是一个保守的唯物主义者吗？如果我了解自己的话，那并不是如此。曾经在和G.A.的谈话中，我将他的立场指认为不可知论。他纠正了我,“不可知论认为，在人们的认识领域之外可能存在某些东西，我可不同意这种看法。在我看来，所谓的不可知事物根本是不存在的。我们感知到的，它就存在，我们能感知到所有存在的事物。”我听完后大吃一惊，一个如此智慧的人竟然持这种观点，显得令人难以置信。

So far am I from feeling satisfied with any explanation, scientific or other, of myself and of the world about me, that not a day goes by but I fall a-marvelling before the mystery of the universe. To trumpet the triumphs of human knowledge seems to me worse than childishness; now, as of old, we know but one thing—that we know nothing. What! Can I pluck the f lower by the wayside, and, as I gaze at it, feel that, if I knew all the teachings of histology, morphology, and so on, with regard to it, I should have exhausted its meanings? What is all this but words, words, words? Interesting, yes, as observation; but, the more interesting, so much the more provocative of wonder and of hopeless questioning. One may gaze and think till the brain whirls—till the little blossom in one's hand becomes as overwhelming a miracle as the very sun in heaven. Nothing to be known? The flower simply a flower, and there an end on't? The man simply a product of evolutionary law, his senses and his intellect merely availing him to take account of the natural mechanism of which he forms a part? I find it very hard to believe that this is the conviction of any human mind. Rather I would think that despair at an insoluble problem, and perhaps impatience with those who pretend to solve it, bring about a resolute disregard of everything beyond the physical fact, and so at length a self-deception which seems obtuseness.

对于我自身和周围的世界，任何科学的或是其他的解释，都远不能让我感到满意，以致于每一天我都惊异于宇宙的奇迹。鼓吹人类知识的胜利，在我看来比幼稚还要不如。现在和过去一样，我们知道的只有一件事——那就是，我们一无所知。什么！我在路边摘了一朵花，凝视着它，我会想到：假如我对生物组织学、生物形态学等相关知识都了如指掌，我就能奢望穷尽这朵花的含义吗？所有这些除了词、词、词，还有什么呢？有趣，是的，站在观察的角度；然而，越有趣，就越能勾起人们的兴趣和无望的探询。我们可以凝视并思考，直到头晕脑胀——直到手中的小花变成像太阳一样炫目的奇迹。无可探求吗？花不过是一朵花，仅此而已？人类不过是进化规律的一个产物，他的感官和智慧只是帮助他来理解自己作为其中一部分的自然机制？我很难相信这是每个人

心中的想法。我宁愿这样想，因为对一个无法解决的难题的绝望，或许还对假装已经解决这难题的人缺乏耐心，导致了人们彻底忽视了超越物质形态存在的一切事物，最后造成了一种看似愚蠢的自我欺骗。

X

10

It may well be that what we call the unknowable will be for ever the unknown. In that thought is there not a pathos beyond words? It may be that the human race will live and pass away; all mankind, from him who in the world's dawn first shaped to his fearful mind an image of the Lord of Life, to him who, in the dusking twilight of the last age, shall crouch before a deity of stone or wood; and never one of that long lineage have learnt the wherefore of his being. The prophets, the martyrs, their noble anguish vain and meaningless; the wise whose thought strove to eternity, and was but an idle dream; the pure in heart whose life was a vision of the living God, the suffering and the mourners whose solace was in a world to come, the victims of injustice who cried to the Judge Supreme—all gone down into silence, and the globe that bare them circling dead and cold through soundless space. The most tragic aspect of such a tragedy is that it is not unthinkable. The soul revolts, but dare not see in this revolt the assurance of its higher destiny. Viewing our life thus, is it not easier to believe that the tragedy is played with no spectator? And of a truth, of a truth, what spectator can there be? The day may come when, to all who live, the Name of Names will be but an empty symbol, rejected by reason and by faith. Yet the tragedy will be played on.

我们称为未知的东西可能将永远不为我们所知。这样想来岂不是有一种言语无法尽述的惆怅？也许人类生存万代，终将灭绝；从世界熹微之时在他敬畏的头脑中塑造出“生命之神”形象的第一人，到那个在末世纪的幽暗暮色中最后一人，都会蜷缩在石质或木质神像前；而在长长的人类谱系里，没有一个人能够了解自己存在的原因。那些预言家和殉道者，他们高贵的悲痛是虚妄、没有意义的；睿智的人，他们的思想苦苦探求永恒的意义，却不过是一场虚幻的梦；心灵纯净的人，他们的生活是神灵活在现世的幻像；那受苦的和哀悼的人，他们的慰藉寄托在来世；那些社会公正的受害者，他们向最高法官哭诉——所有这些人都将归入沉默，地球将带着他们冰冷的尸体在死寂的太空中盘旋。这一悲剧的最可悲之处在于，它并非是不可想象的。灵魂奋起反抗，但在这反抗中却不敢保证有更高的神灵。这样看待我们的生活，是不是更容易相信悲剧上演时没有观众？而就真相来说，在真相面前又有什么观众呢？那一天会到来，对于所有活着的人，“神明之名”不过是一个被理智和信仰摒弃的空虚符号。悲剧将继续上演。

It is not, I say, unthinkable; but that is not the same thing as to declare that life has no meaning beyond the sense it bears to human intelligence. The intelligence itself rejects such a supposition; in my case, with impatience and scorn. No theory of the world which ever came to my knowledge is to me for one moment acceptable; the possibility of an explanation which would set my mind at rest is to me inconceivable; no whit the less am I convinced that there is a Reason of the All; one which transcends my understanding, one no glimmer of which will ever touch my apprehension; a Reason which must imply a creative power, and therefore, even whilst a necessity of my thought, is by the same criticized into nothing. A like antinomy with that which affects our conception of the infinite in time and space. Whether the rational processes have reached their final development, who shall say? Perhaps what seem to us the impassable limits of thought are but the conditions of a yet early stage in the history of man. Those who make them a proof of a "future state" must necessarily suppose gradations in that futurity; does the savage, scarce risen above the brute, enter upon the same "new life" as the man of highest civilization? Such gropings of the mind certify our ignorance; the strange thing is that they can be held by any one to demonstrate that our ignorance is final knowledge.

我说过，它并非是不可想象的；但这并不等同于说，生活在人类智慧所能洞悉的意义外，就是空虚了。智慧本身就无法接受这一推测，而我自己对这一看法是不耐烦和蔑视的。我获知的关于世界的理论，没有一个是可接受的；我无法想象存在一个让我心安的解释，我还是相信存在所谓的“万有理性”。它超越我的理解范畴，不能给我的理解带来一点光亮；这种理性肯定包含一种创造力，就在它成为我思想必不可少的一部分时，还被我的思想批驳得一无是处。同样的自相矛盾也影响着我们对时间和空间无限的观念。理性思维是否已达到最终的发展阶段，谁能这么说呢？也许在我们看来无法跨越的思维极限，不过是人类历史早期阶段的情形罢了。那些将之作为“未来状态”之证据的人，一定是将未来划定了层次；那些与畜生无异的野蛮人，能说进入了和更高级文明的人一样的“新生活”吗？头脑的这种探索证实了我们的无知；奇怪的是，它们可以被任何人拿来证明，我们的无知是最后的知识。

XI

11

Yet that, perhaps, will be the mind of coming man; if not the final attainment of his intellectual progress, at all events a long period of self-satisfaction, assumed as finality. We talk of the "ever aspiring soul"; we take for granted that if one religion passes away, another must arise. But what if man presently finds himself without spiritual

needs? Such modification of his being cannot be deemed impossible; many signs of our life to-day seem to point towards it. If the habits of thought favoured by physical science do but sink deep enough, and no vast calamity come to check mankind in its advance to material contentment, the age of true positivism may arise. Then it will be the common privilege, "rerum cognoscere causas"; the word supernatural will have no sense; superstition will be a dimly understood trait of the early race; and where now we perceive an appalling Mystery, everything will be lucid and serene as a geometric demonstration. Such an epoch of Reason might be the happiest the world could know. Indeed, it would either be that, or it would never come about at all. For suffering and sorrow are the great Doctors of Metaphysic; and, remembering this, one cannot count very surely upon the rationalist millennium.

这，也许将是未来之人的心智，若不是智力发展的最后成就，无论如何也是人类沾沾自喜的很长的一个时期，被假定为终结。我们谈论着“永远向上的灵魂”；我们想当然地认为，一种宗教消失，另一种宗教必会兴起。但是，万一人们发现自己没有精神需求了呢？这种改变不能视为不可能，今天我们生活的许多迹象似乎都表明了这一趋势。如果自然科学青睐的思维习惯影响足够深远，又没有重大灾难发生，来遏制人类追求物质满足的步伐，那么真正的实证主义时代可能会崛起。接着“追寻事物的原因”将会是公众享受的特权，“超自然”一词将失去意义；迷信则将被懵懂地理解为早期人类的一种特征；一切我们现在视为骇人的“谜团”，都将如同几何证明一样明白清晰。这种理智的时代可能是世人所知最快乐的时代了。确实，它要么是这样，要么将永远不会发生。苦难和悲伤是“形而上学之大师”；记着这一点，人们便不能非常确信地指望理性主义新千年了。

XII

12

The free man, says Spinoza, thinks of nothing less often than of death. Free, in his sense of the word, I may not call myself. I think of death very often; the thought, indeed, is ever in the background of my mind; yet free in another sense I assuredly am, for death inspires me with no fear. There was a time when I dreaded it; but that, merely because it meant disaster to others who depended upon my labour; the cessation of being has never in itself had power to afflict me. Pain I cannot well endure, and I do indeed think with apprehension of being subjected to the trial of long deathbed torments. It is a sorry thing that the man who has fronted destiny with something of manly calm throughout a life of stress and of striving, may, when he nears the end, be dishonoured by a weakness which is mere disease. But

happily I am not often troubled by that dark anticipation.

一个自由的人几乎很少思考死亡，斯宾诺莎如是说。从他阐释的意义上说，我不能说自己“自由”。我经常会思考死亡，这想法确实一直都存在于我的头脑中；然而从另外一个意义上说，我当然是自由的，因为死亡并没有让我心生恐惧。曾有一个时候，我对它感到害怕；但只是因为它对于那些仰赖我生存的人，意味着灾难，肉体的消灭本身不能让我感到痛苦。我对痛苦的忍耐力不强，想到临死前在病床上长久地受煎熬，我会感到忧虑。一个人终其一生在重压下努力奋斗，勇敢平静地与命运抗争，在生命即将终结时，竟因为疾病这个弱点而蒙受耻辱，真让人扼腕。但是，幸好我并没有经常受到这种黑暗预测的困扰。

I always turn out of my way to walk through a country churchyard; these rural resting-places are as attractive to me as a town cemetery is repugnant. I read the names upon the stones, and find a deep solace in thinking that for all these the fret and the fear of life are over. There comes to me no touch of sadness; whether it be a little child or an aged man, I have the same sense of happy accomplishment; the end having come, and with it the eternal peace, what matter if it came late or soon? There is no such gratulation as Hic jacet. There is no such dignity as that of death. In the path trodden by the noblest of mankind these have followed; that which of all who live is the utmost thing demanded, these have achieved. I cannot sorrow for them, but the thought of their vanished life moves me to a brotherly tenderness. The dead, amid this leafy silence, seem to whisper encouragement to him whose fate yet lingers: As we are, so shalt thou be; and behold our quiet!

我常常会在散步时绕道穿过一个乡村墓地，这些乡村安息地对我充满吸引力，就像城镇的公墓令我感觉厌恶一样。我读着刻在石头上的那些名字，想到对他们来说，生活中所有的烦恼和恐惧都已经结束，便会感到一种深沉的慰藉。我没有感觉一丝悲伤的情绪，不管那是一个小孩子还是耄耋老翁，我都有同样的快乐的成就感；生命已走到尽头，随之而来的是永恒的平静，既然如此，时间的早或晚又有什么关系呢？没有比“长眠于此”更让人满足的事，没有比死亡更体面的事。在人类最高贵之士走过的道路上，这些人追随而去；活着的人的终极要求，这些人也都达到了。我不能为他们感到悲伤，但是想到他们消逝的生命，我对他们萌发出了兄弟般的温情。那些在枯叶覆盖的沉默中安息的死者，似乎在轻声鼓励着生命尚存的人们：我们的今天，就是你的明天，看看我们的宁静吧！

XIII

13

Many a time, when life went hard with me, I have betaken myself

to the Stoics, and not all in vain. Marcus Aurelius[25] has often been one of my bedside books; I have read him in the night watches, when I could not sleep for misery, and when assuredly I could have read nothing else. He did not remove my burden; his proofs of the vanity of earthly troubles availed me nothing; but there was a soothing harmony in his thought which partly lulled my mind, and the mere wish that I could find strength to emulate that high example (though I knew that I never should) was in itself a safeguard against the baser impulses of wretchedness. I read him still, but with no turbid emotion, thinking rather of the man than of the philosophy, and holding his image dear in my heart of hearts.

在生活艰难的许多时候，我会向斯多葛教派寻求慰藉，结果并非无益。马可·奥勒利乌斯的作品经常是我的枕边书，我曾在因为痛苦无法入眠而守着漫漫长夜时阅读他，那时别的书根本无法读进去。他并没有解除我的负担，他对尘世一切烦扰皆虚妄的证明，对我也没有任何帮助；但是他的思想中有一种令人宽心的和谐，让我的头脑得以休息，我希望获得力量努力赶上那些高尚的榜样（尽管我知道我永远不可能），这希望本身就让我能够抵御悲惨境遇下的卑下冲动。现在我依然读他的作品，但已没有那种混乱的感情了，我思考的不是书中的哲学，而是作者其人，他的形象在我的心中也非常亲切了。

Of course the intellectual assumption which makes his system untenable by the thinker of our time is: that we possess a knowledge of the absolute. Noble is the belief that by exercise of his reason a man may enter into communion with that Rational Essence which is the soul of the world; but precisely because of our inability to find within ourselves any such sure and certain guidance do we of today accept the barren doom of scepticism. Otherwise, the Stoic's sense of man's subordination in the universal scheme, and of the all-ruling destiny, brings him into touch with our own philosophical views, and his doctrine concerning the "sociable" nature of man, of the reciprocal obligations which exist between all who live, are entirely congenial to the better spirit of our day. His fatalism is not mere resignation; one has not only to accept one's lot, whatever it is, as inevitable, but to accept it with joy, with praises. Why are we here? For the same reason that has brought about the existence of a horse, or of a vine, to play the part allotted to us by Nature. As it is within our power to understand the order of things, so are we capable of guiding ourselves in accordance therewith; the will, powerless over circumstance, is free to determine the habits of the soul. The first duty is self-discipline; its correspondent first privilege is an inborn knowledge of the law of life.

当然，我们这个时代的思想家攻击他的思想体系站不住脚时，持有一种学术假设，即我们拥有关于“绝对”的知识。认为一个人靠自己理性的力量即可与世界之灵魂的“理性本质”交流，这真是崇高的信念；但恰

恰因为我们无法在自身找到这么一种确定无疑的引导力量，所以今天的我们才接受了怀疑论的无益判决。另外，斯多葛派认为人们在宇宙体系中处于从属地位，认为命运有至高的统治地位，这和我们自己的哲学观点接轨，他们关于人们“社交”本性，以及一切活着的人对彼此负有责任的学说，与我们时代的优秀精神完全不谋而合。他的宿命论不仅仅是屈从；人们不仅要将自己的命运，无论好歹，视为必然的，而且要快乐和感恩地接受。我们为什么会来到世上？和一匹马或一株植物存在的原因是一样的，都是要扮演自然赋予我们的角色。因为我们有能力来理解自然规律，所以我们也能依据规律引导自身的行为；意志虽然对改变境遇无能为力，但却能自由决定灵魂的习惯。首要的责任是自律，与之相应的第一个特权则是对生活规律的先天认识。

But we are fronted by that persistent questioner who will accept no a priori assumption, however noble in its character and beneficent in its tendency. How do we know that the reason of the Stoic is at harmony with the world's law? I, perhaps, may see life from a very different point of view; to me reason may dictate, not self-subdual, but self-indulgence; I may find in the free exercise of all my passions an existence far more consonant with what seems to me the dictate of Nature. I am proud; Nature has made me so; let my pride assert itself to justification. I am strong; let me put forth my strength, it is the destiny of the feeble to fall before me. On the other hand, I am weak and I suffer; what avails a mere assertion that fate is just, to bring about my calm and glad acceptance of this down-trodden doom? Nay, for there is that within my soul which bids me revolt, and cry against the iniquity of some power I know not. Granting that I am compelled to acknowledge a scheme of things which constrains me to this or that, whether I will or no, how can I be sure that wisdom or moral duty lies in acquiescence? Thus the unceasing questioner; to whom, indeed, there is no reply. For our philosophy sees no longer a supreme sanction, and no longer hears a harmony of the universe.

但是我们面对的是一个穷追不舍的质问者，他不接受任何“演绎的”假定，不管它的品质多么高尚，倾向多么有益。我们怎么知道斯多葛派的理性与世界的规律合拍呢？也许，我看待生命是从一个完全不同的角度；对我来说，理性需要的可能不是自制，而是自我放纵；我在所有激情的自由释放中找到了一种活法，这在我看来更加符合大自然的要求。我是骄傲的，天性使我如此，就让我的骄傲明明白白而有根有据。我是孔武有力的，就让我使出全部力量，虚弱的人命该倒在我的脚下。而反过来说，我是软弱的，遭受重重磨难；那么仅仅宣称命运是公平的，能帮助我平静愉快地接受这种受践踏的运命吗？不，因为我的灵魂中有某种东西让我奋起反抗，让我大声怒斥某种未知力量的不公平。假使不管我愿不愿意，我被迫接受一个限定自身的事物格局，我又怎能肯定我的默许是一种智慧或道德责任呢？所以就有了那位无休无止的质问者，对他的问题，确实没有答案。因为我们的哲学再也看不到至高的认

可，再也听不到宇宙的和谐之声。

"He that is unjust is also impious. For the Nature of the Universe, having made all reasonable creatures one for another, to the end that they should do one another good; more or less, according to the several persons and occasions; but in no wise hurt one another; it is manifest that he that doth transgress against her will, is guilty of impiety towards the most ancient and venerable of all the Deities." How gladly would I believe this! That injustice is impiety, and indeed the supreme impiety, I will hold with my last breath; but it were the merest affectation of a noble sentiment if I supported my faith by such a reasoning. I see no single piece of strong testimony that justice is the law of the universe; I see suggestions incalculable tending to prove that it is not. Rather must I apprehend that man, in some inconceivable way, may at his best moments represent a Principle darkly at strife with that which prevails throughout the world as known to us. If the just man be in truth a worshipper of the most ancient of Deities, he must needs suppose, either that the object of his worship belongs to a fallen dynasty, or—what from of old has been his refuge—that the sacred fire which burns within him is an "evidence of things not seen." What if I am incapable of either supposition? There remains the dignity of a hopeless cause— "sed victa Catoni." [26] But how can there sound the hymn of praise?

“不公平之人亦不虔诚。因为宇宙制造出所有合理的生物，目的是为了让它们互相造福，因各人和场合而稍有差异，但是绝不应该伤害彼此；很明显，违背了宇宙这一意愿的人，也就是对最古老神圣的神明犯了不虔诚的罪过。”我是多么愿意相信这话啊！不公平即不虔诚，事实上是极端的不虔诚，这一点我至死都要主张；但如果我只是用这样一个推理来支持我的信仰，那它不过是一种高尚情感的最纯粹的伪装罢了。我没有看到过一条强有力的证据，可以证明公平是宇宙的法则；我倒是看到难以计数的迹象倾向来证明事实并非如此。我宁愿这样想，人们在自己最好的时刻，以一种不可思议的方式，可能表现着一种原则，这原则在黑暗中与我们知道的统治世界的力量作斗争。如果主持正义的人真的是最古老神明的崇拜者，那他要么将自己崇拜的对象视为属于一个灭亡的朝代，或者认为在他体内燃烧的圣火是“无法看到的事物的证据”，因为从古到今这就是他的避难所。如果这两种设想我都无法作出呢？那还剩下一种坚持无望的事业而虽败犹荣的尊严——“但是失败的方面使加图高兴”。不过那里怎么还能回响着赞颂的歌声呢？

"That is best for everyone, which the common Nature of all doth send unto everyone, and then is it best, when she doth send it." The optimism of Necessity, and perhaps, the highest wisdom man can attain unto. "Remember that unto reasonable creatures only is it granted that they may willingly and freely submit." No one could be more sensible than I of the persuasiveness of this high theme. The

words sing to me, and life is illumined with soft glory, like that of the autumn sunset yonder. "Consider how man's life is but for a very moment of time, and so depart meek and contented: even as if a ripe olive falling should praise the ground that bare her, and give thanks to the tree that begat her." So would I fain think, when the moment comes. It is the mood of strenuous endeavour, but also the mood of rest. Better than the calm of achieved indifference (if that, indeed, is possible to man); better than the ecstasy which contemns the travail of earth in contemplation of bliss to come. But, by no effort attainable. An influence of the unknown powers; a peace that falleth upon the soul like dew at evening.

“大自然送给每个人的东西，对于每个人来说是最好的，而最好的事情是大自然确实把东西送给了每个人”。这种对必然性的乐观，也许是人们所能获得的最高智慧吧。“记住了，上天只赋予理性的生物这种能力，让他们可以自愿自由地屈服。”没有人比我更能明白这一高尚主旨的说服力。这些词汇向我歌唱，生命被温柔的光辉照亮了，犹如远处秋天的落日。“想想吧，人的生命不过短短一瞬，所以请温顺满足地逝世吧：就像成熟的橄榄坠落枝头时，要歌颂孕育它的大地，还要感谢养育它的树。”在生命终结之时，我愿意抱着这样的想法。这是奋发努力的情境，也是安息的情境。它比修成的淡漠所生的平静（如果人真的可能获得的话）要好，也比冥想未来之幸福而蔑视人间之劳苦而激发的狂喜要好，但这不是靠努力可以得到的。它是一种未知力量的影响，一种降落人类灵魂上的安宁，就像露水降临于夜晚。

XIV

14

I have had one of my savage headaches. For a day and a night I was in blind torment. Have at it, now, with the stoic remedy. Sickness of the body is no evil. With a little resolution and considering it as a natural issue of certain natural processes, pain may well be borne. One's solace is, to remember that it cannot affect the soul, which partakes of the eternal nature. This body is but as "the clothing, or the cottage, of the mind." Let flesh be racked; I, the very I, will stand apart, lord of myself.

我那可怕的头疼又发作了一次，整整一天一夜，我被折磨得昏天黑地。现在，我拿斯多葛学派的哲学作药方来对付它。身体的病痛其实不是坏事，怀着一点决心，将之视为多种自然进程的一个自然事件，疼痛便容易忍受了。只要想到它并不影响具有永恒自然性质的灵魂，就可以得到一种安慰。这具躯体不过是“思想的衣服或住所”。尽管让肉体受折磨吧；我，真正的我，会作为自己的统治者冷眼旁观。

Meanwhile, memory, reason, every faculty of my intellectual part,

is being whelmed in muddy oblivion. Is the soul something other than the mind? If so, I have lost all consciousness of its existence. For me, mind and soul are one, and, as I am too feelingly reminded, that element of my being is HERE, where the brain throbs and anguishes. A little more of such suffering, and I were myself no longer; the body representing me would gesticulate and rave, but I should know nothing of its motives, its fantasies. The very I, it is too plain, consists but with a certain balance of my physical elements, which we call health. Even in the light beginnings of my headache, I was already not myself; my thoughts followed no normal course, and I was aware of the abnormality. A few hours later, I was but a walking disease; my mind— if one could use the word—had become a barrel-organ, grinding in endless repetition a bar or two of idle music.

与此同时，我心智的每个功能，如记忆、理智等，湮没在无知无觉的混沌状态中。灵魂是思想之外的东西吗？如果是，那我完全意识不到它的存在。对我来说，思想和灵魂是一体的，我真真切切地感受着，自己的身体在这里，在我脑脉悸动而疼痛不止的地方。这种痛苦再剧烈一些，我就不再是自己了；我的身体还能乱动，会狂语，至于它的动机和幻想，我就不得而知了。很明显，真正的我依赖于身体各部分的某种平衡，我们称之为健康。即使在我头痛的初期，我就已经不是我自己了；我的思维走向不正常，我也意识到了它的不正常。几小时后，我不过是行走着的疾病罢了；我的思想——如果还能用这个词的话——已经变成了一架手摇风琴，无休止地重复着一两节单调的音乐。

What trust shall I repose in the soul that serves me thus? Just as much, one would say, as in the senses, through which I know all that I can know of the world in which I live, and which, for all I can tell, may deceive me even more grossly in their common use than they do on certain occasions where I have power to test them; just as much, and no more—if I am right in concluding that mind and soul are merely subtle functions of body. If I chance to become deranged in certain parts of my physical mechanism, I shall straightway be deranged in my wits; and behold that Something in me which "partakes of the eternal" prompting me to pranks which savour little of the infinite wisdom. Even in its normal condition (if I can determine what that is) my mind is obviously the slave of trivial accidents; I eat something that disagrees with me, and of a sudden the whole aspect of life is changed; this impulse has lost its force, and another which before I should not for a moment have entertained, is all-powerful over me. In short, I know just as little about myself as I do about the Eternal Essence, and I have a haunting suspicion that I may be a mere automaton, my every thought and act due to some power which uses and deceives me.

对于如此对待我的灵魂，我还能给予信任吗？有人会说，信任它，

就像我信任所有的感官一样，我通过感官了解我生活的这个世界上的一切事物。而就我所知，感官在平常，可能比某些我有能力检验它们的时刻，要更严重地欺骗我；给灵魂的信任同样多就好，不要超过——假使我对头脑和灵魂都不过是身体微妙功能的结论是正确的话。如果我身体机制的某些部分偶然出现紊乱，我的头脑也会马上跟着混乱；而我身体内那个“有永恒性质”的某物会让我胡闹，这胡闹和无限智慧可没什么关系。即使在正常的情况下（如果我能判定它是怎样情况的话），我的头脑明显像是各种琐屑事故的奴隶。我吃了一些不合脾胃的东西，突然整个生活都发生了变化；一种冲动丧失了力量，另外一种我之前从没意识到的冲动则完全控制了我。简言之，我对自身的了解就像对“永恒本质”一样知之甚少，我总怀疑自己可能只是一个机器人，我的每个思想和行为都受到某种力量的利用和欺骗。

Why am I meditating thus, instead of enjoying the life of the natural man, at peace with himself and the world, as I was a day or two ago? Merely, it is evident, because my health has suffered a temporary disorder. It has passed; I have thought enough about the unthinkable; I feel my quiet returning. Is it any merit of mine that I begin to be in health once more? Could I, by any effort of the will, have shunned this pitfall?

我为什么要如此思考，为什么不和一两天前一样，享受正常人的生活，与自身以及世界都和平共处呢？很明显，只是因为我的身体经历了暂时的紊乱。它已经过去了，我也对不可思议的事情想得够多了，我感到自己在回归宁静。我对自己健康的恢复有什么功劳吗？难道说我凭借意志的力量就能避开疾病的圈套吗？

XV

15

Blackberries hanging thick upon the hedge bring to my memory something of long ago. I had somehow escaped into the country, and on a long walk began to feel mid-day hunger. The wayside brambles were fruiting; I picked and ate, and ate on, until I had come within sight of an inn where I might have made a meal. But my hunger was satisfied; I had no need of anything more, and, as I thought of it, a strange feeling of surprise, a sort of bewilderment, came upon me. What! Could it be that I had eaten, and eaten sufficiently, WITHOUT PAYING? It struck me as an extraordinary thing. At that time, my ceaseless preoccupation was how to obtain money to keep myself alive. Many a day I had suffered hunger because I durst not spend the few coins I possessed; the food I could buy was in any case unsatisfactory, unvaried. But here Nature had given me a feast, which seemed delicious, and I had eaten all I wanted. The wonder held me

for a long time, and to this day I can recall it, understand it.

看到树篱上挂满了累累的黑莓果，我不由想起了很久之前的一件事。我不知怎么地躲到了乡下，有一次外出散步走了很远，时近正午，感觉饥饿难耐。路旁的野生黑莓正在结实，我摘下它的果子就吃，一直不停地吃，直到看见一家可以就餐的小饭馆。可那时我已经完全饱了，我不需要再吃什么了，意识到这一点，我忽然感到一种惊讶，一种困惑。什么！难道我不用付钱，就已经吃饱了吗？这真是一件惊人的事。那个时候，我无时无刻不在发愁如何挣钱以维持生存。有许多天我都忍饥挨饿，就是因为不敢花掉手头的几个硬币；我能买的食物根本谈不上美味，而且种类单调。然而在这里，大自然以一顿盛宴款待我，美味可口，我可以尽情享受。这一奇遇让我思索了很长时间，直到今天，我还能忆起，还能理解。

I think there could be no better illustration of what it means to be very poor in a great town. And I am glad to have been through it. To those days of misery I owe much of the contentment which I now enjoy; not by mere force of contrast, but because I have been better taught than most men the facts which condition our day to day existence. To the ordinary educated person, freedom from anxiety as to how he shall merely be fed and clothed is a matter of course; questioned, he would admit it to be an agreeable state of things, but it is no more a source of conscious joy to him than physical health to the thoroughly sound man. For me, were I to live another fifty years, this security would be a delightful surprise renewed with every renewal of day. I know, as only one with my experience can, all that is involved in the possession of means to live. The average educated man has never stood alone, utterly alone, just clad and nothing more than that, with the problem before him of wresting his next meal from a world that cares not whether he live or die. There is no such school of political economy. Go through that course of lectures, and you will never again become confused as to the meaning of elementary terms in that sorry science.

我想，这件事最好地说明了生活在大城市对穷人意味着什么。我很高兴自己捱过了那段苦难日子，拜它所赐，我才能充分享受今天这份满足感。不是出于今昔对比的力量，而是因为我比大多数人都更了解决定日常生存的客观条件。对于受过教育的普通人，衣食无忧是自然而然的事情，如果受到询问，他会承认这是一种愉快的状态。然而，这状态对他来讲，就如同健康对于一个身体强壮的人，不过是有意识之快乐的一个源头而已。而对我来说，如果还能再活五十年，这份安全感将会是一份历久弥新的愉快惊喜。只有和我有相同经历的人能够理解，拥有生存资本需要投入的一切。受过教育的普通人从没有孤单过，完全的孤单，即除了身上的衣物外一无所有，还面临着从一个不关心他死活的世界挣得下一餐饭的难题。这种政治经济学学校是绝无仅有的，如果挨过这几节课，你永远不会混淆这门可悲的科学的那些基本术语的含义。

I understand, far better than most men, what I owe to the labour of others. This money which I "draw" at the four quarters of the year, in a sense falls to me from heaven; but I know very well that every drachm is sweated from human pores. Not, thank goodness, with the declared tyranny of basest capitalism; I mean only that it is the product of human labour; perhaps wholesome, but none the less compulsory. Look far enough, and it means muscular toil, that swinking of the ruder man which supports all the complex structure of our life. When I think of him thus, the man of the people earns my gratitude. That it is gratitude from afar, that I never was, and never shall be, capable of democratic fervour, is a characteristic of my mind which I long ago accepted as final. I have known revolt against the privilege of wealth (can I not remember spots in London where I have stood, savage with misery, looking at the prosperous folk who passed?), but I could never feel myself at one with the native poor among whom I dwelt. And for the simplest reason; I came to know them too well. He who cultivates his enthusiasm amid graces and comforts may nourish an illusion with regard to the world below him all his life long, and I do not deny that he may be the better for it; for me, no illusion was possible. I knew the poor, and I knew that their aims were not mine. I knew that the kind of life (such a modest life!) which I should have accepted as little short of the ideal, would have been to them—if they could have been made to understand it—a weariness and a contempt. To ally myself with them against the "upper world" would have been mere dishonesty, or sheer despair. What they at heart desired, was to me barren; what I coveted, was to them for ever incomprehensible.

我比大多数人都明白，自己应该感激他人的劳动。我一年四季“领取”的钱，从某个意义上说，是从天而降的；但是，我很清楚每个硬币都是人们汗水的结晶。感谢老天，它与卑下至极的资本主义公开的暴政不沾边。我的意思只是说，它是人类劳动的成果；这种劳动或许有益健康，但依然是受到强制的。追本溯源的话，它意味着体力的劳作，正是粗人的勤劳支撑起了我们生活的复杂结构。这样想时，我便对广大体力劳动者心怀感激。但这是一种遥遥表达的感激，我从来没有也永远不会有民主的热情，这就是我思想的特点，很久以前我就这样下了定论。我确实厌恶有钱阶级享有的特权（我怎能忘记站在伦敦的街上，看着那些来来往往的体面人，痛苦得几乎疯狂），但却从未感觉和我居所周围的穷人是一体的。原因非常简单，我对他们太了解了。一个在优雅舒适的环境中培育起生活热情的人，可能终生都会对底层世界抱有一种幻想，我不否认他这样也许更好；但对我来说，是不可能有任何幻想的。我了解穷人，我知道他们的目标和我自己的不一样。我知道，那种我觉得非常接近理想的生活（很普通的生活！），他们如果能够理解的话，就会感到厌倦和鄙视。要我和他们联手对抗“上层世界”，不过是一种不诚实或完全绝望的做法。他们内心渴望的，在我眼里是贫乏空虚的；而我所

觊觎的，则是他们永远不能理解的。

That my own aim indicated an ideal which is the best for all to pursue, I am far from maintaining. It may be so, or not; I have long known the idleness of advocating reform on a basis of personal predilection. Enough to set my own thoughts in order, without seeking to devise a new economy for the world. But it is much to see clearly from one's point of view, and therein the evil days I have treasured are of no little help to me. If my knowledge be only subjective, why, it only concerns myself; I preach to no one. Upon another man, of origin and education like to mine, a like experience of hardship might have a totally different effect; he might identify himself with the poor, burn to the end of his life with the noblest humanitarianism. I should no further criticize him than to say that he saw with other eyes than mine. A vision, perhaps, larger and more just. But in one respect he resembles me. If ever such a man arises, let him be questioned; it will be found that he once made a meal of blackberries—and mused upon it.

我自己的目标中，蕴藏了一个理想，我不会坚持它是所有人应该追求的最好理想。它可能是，也可能不是。我很久之前就知道，依据个人喜好来宣传变革是多么无聊。我只是整理好自己的思想就够了，不用试图为世界设计出一种新经济体系。但是，从自己的角度能获得透彻认识就很重要，在这一点上，我所珍视的那些苦难的日子对我帮助不小。如果我的认识是主观的，那它也只与我有关，我没有向任何人说教。如果换一个人，和我的出身和教育一样，那么同样苦难的经历可能会对他产生完全不同的影响；他可能会和穷人站在一起，终其一生为高尚的人道主义事业服务。我不会去抨击他，只会说他和我看待世界的角度不同。他的视野也许更广阔，更正义，但是他会和我在一个方面相似。如果确实有这样一个人，请你询问他，你会发现他曾经吃过一顿黑莓餐——并由此思索了一番。

XVI

16

I stood to-day watching harvesters at work, and a foolish envy took hold upon me. To be one of those brawny, brown-necked men, who can string their muscles from dawn to sundown, and go home without an ache to the sound slumber which will make them fresh again for to-morrow's toil! I am a man in the middle years, with limbs shaped as those of another, and subject to no prostrating malady, yet I doubt whether I could endure the lightest part of this field labour even for half an hour. Is that indeed to be a man? Could I feel surprised if one of these stalwart fellows turned upon me a look of good-natured

contempt? Yet he would never dream that I envied him; he would think it as probable, no doubt, that I should compare myself unfavourably with one of the farm horses.

今天，我看到农夫在收割庄稼，心上感到一种愚蠢的妒忌。如果能成为像他们一样肌肉结实、脖子晒得黝黑的人该多好，每天日出而作，日落而息，回家时身体不带一点酸痛，美美地休息一晚，第二天又精神抖擞地下地劳动。我现在已步入中年，四肢和常人无异，没有什么疾病缠身，但即使只是最轻松的农活，我都怀疑自己能否坚持半个小时。这样能算是一个男人吗？如果田里的一个壮汉对我善意地抛来一个轻视的眼神，我会感到惊讶吗？但是他做梦都想不到我会妒忌他；他很可能想，我无疑会把自己和田里的一匹马比较，并自愧不如。

There comes the old idle dream: balance of mind and body, perfect physical health combined with the fullness of intellectual vigour. Why should I not be there in the harvest field, if so it pleased me, yet none the less live for thought? Many a theorist holds the thing possible, and looks to its coming in a better time. If so, two changes must needs come before it; there will no longer exist a profession of literature, and all but the whole of every library will be destroyed, leaving only the few books which are universally recognized as national treasures. Thus, and thus only, can mental and physical equilibrium ever be brought about.

我又产生那个虚妄的老梦想了：头脑和身体的平衡，健康体魄和健全心智的结合。如果喜欢的话，我为什么不能在农田里收割劳作，同时还为思想而活？许多理论家都认为这是可能的，并且等待着它在一个更好的时代实现。如果是这样，事先必须发生两个变化：文学作为一个职业将不复存在；所有图书馆都被毁掉，只留下几本举世公认为国宝的书籍。这样，也只有这样，头脑和身体的平衡才能实现。

It is idle to talk to us of "the Greeks." The people we mean when so naming them were a few little communities, living under very peculiar conditions, and endowed by Nature with most exceptional characteristics. The sporadic civilization which we are too much in the habit of regarding as if it had been no less stable than brilliant, was a succession of the briefest splendours, gleaming here and there from the coasts of the Aegean to those of the western Mediterranean. Our heritage of Greek literature and art is priceless; the example of Greek life possesses for us not the slightest value. The Greeks had nothing alien to study—not even a foreign or a dead language. They read hardly at all, preferring to listen. They were a slave-holding people, much given to social amusement, and hardly knowing what we call industry. Their ignorance was vast, their wisdom a grace of the gods. Together with their fair intelligence, they had grave moral weaknesses. If we could see and speak with an average Athenian of the Periclean age[27], he would cause no little disappointment—there

would be so much more of the barbarian in him, and at the same time of the decadent, than we had anticipated. More than possibly, even his physique would be a disillusion. Leave him in that old world, which is precious to the imagination of a few, but to the business and bosoms of the modern multitude irrelevant as Memphis[28] or Babylon.

跟我们谈“希腊人”是无益的。我们给他们这样命名时，指的不过是几个小社区的居民，生活在非常特殊的环境，获得最优越的天赋。我们习惯上认为辉煌又稳固的希腊文明，不过是一连串极为短暂的光辉岁月，零散分布在爱琴海到西地中海沿岸，此起彼伏地闪耀着光芒。希腊文学和艺术的遗产是无价的，但希腊人树立的生活榜样对我们没有什么价值。希腊人不用学习任何外来的事物——甚至都不用学习一门外语或已经废弃的语言。他们几乎不读书，更愿意倾听。他们是一个蓄奴的民族，热衷于社交娱乐，对我们所谓的工业几乎一无所知。他们可以说非常无知，而他们的智慧是神明的恩赐。他们拥有不错的智慧，同时也有严重的道德缺陷。如果能看见一个培里克里斯时代的雅典人，和他交谈后，你会大失所望——他身上的蛮性和堕落会远远超出我们的预想。很可能连他的体格也会让你失望。把他留在那个古老的世界吧，这世界对少数人的想象力来说是弥足珍贵的，但对现代多数人的所思所想和日常事务来说，它和古埃及孟斐斯或巴比伦一样无关紧要。

The man of thought, as we understand him, is all but necessarily the man of impaired health. The rare exception will be found to come of a stock which may, indeed, have been distinguished by intelligence, but represented in all its members the active rather than the studious or contemplative life; whilst the children of such fortunate thinkers are sure either to revert to the active type or to exhibit the familiar sacrifice of body to mind. I am not denying the possibility of mens sana in corpore sano; that is another thing. Nor do I speak of the healthy people (happily still numerous) who are at the same time bright-witted and fond of books. The man I have in view is he who pursues the things of the mind with passion, who turns impatiently from all common interests or cares which encroach upon his sacred time, who is haunted by a sense of the infinity of thought and learning, who, sadly aware of the conditions on which he holds his mental vitality, cannot resist the hourly temptation to ignore them. Add to these native characteristics the frequent fact that such a man must make merchandise of his attainments, must toil under the perpetual menace of destitution; and what hope remains that his blood will keep the true rhythm, that his nerves will play as Nature bade them, that his sinews will bide the strain of exceptional task? Such a man may gaze with envy at those who "sweat in the eye of Phoebus," [29] but he knows that no choice was offered him. And if life has so far been benignant as to grant him frequent tranquillity of studious hours, let him look from the reapers to the golden harvest,

and fare on in thankfulness.

有思想的人，在我们的理解中，差不多都是健康受损的人。也有少数例外，他们往往智慧出众，生活积极，而非沉迷于学问和沉思。这些幸运的思想者的儿女肯定要么成为积极的类型，要么会像常见的那样，为头脑牺牲了身体。我并不否认“健全之心寓于健全之身”的可能性；但那又是另外一回事。我谈的也不是那些才思敏捷、酷爱读书的健康人（让人高兴的是，这类人还有很多）。我考虑的是这样的人，他充满激情地探索思想领域，不耐烦地避免任何普通爱好和琐事去侵蚀他神圣的时间，心里始终感到思维和学问的无限，他意识到思想所寄身的现实条件，虽然感觉忧伤，却又忍不住要忽视现实生活。在这些天然的特征外，还有一个普遍的事实，即他必须把成就作为商品出卖，因为面临穷困的不断威胁而必须辛苦工作。我们还能指望他的血流会保持正常的节奏，他的神经会根据自然规律活动，他的肌肉会承受超常工作的压力？这种人可能会妒忌地望着那些“在日神的眼里流汗”的人们，但他知道自己别无选择。如果生活待他不薄，经常赐予他许多安静时光来读书的话，那么让他把视线从收割的农夫身上转到金灿灿的稻谷上，怀着一颗感恩的心继续生活吧。

XVII

17

That a labourer in the fields should stand very much on the level of the beast that toils with him, can be neither desirable nor necessary. He does so, as a matter of fact, and one hears that only the dullest-witted peasant will nowadays consent to the peasant life; his children, taught to read the newspaper, make what haste they can to the land of promise—where newspapers are printed. That here is something altogether wrong it needs no evangelist to tell us; the remedy no prophet has as yet even indicated. Husbandry has in our time been glorified in eloquence which for the most part is vain, endeavouring, as it does, to prove a falsity—that the agricultural life is, in itself, favourable to gentle emotions, to sweet thoughtfulness, and to all the human virtues. Agriculture is one of the most exhausting forms of toil, and, in itself, by no means conducive to spiritual development; that it played a civilizing part in the history of the world is merely due to the fact that, by creating wealth, it freed a portion of mankind from the labour of the plough. Enthusiasts have tried the experiment of turning husbandman; one of them writes of his experience in notable phrase.

在田间辛苦劳作的农夫和他的牲畜基本站在同一水平线上，这一看法既不可取也不必要。但事实确实如此，我们听说，今天只有最愚钝的农夫才会安于农民生活；他的受过教育能读报纸的孩子们，都急匆匆地

来到希望之乡——报纸印刷的地方。这其中有些不对劲，不需要福音传道士的指点我们也清楚；关于补救的方法，预言家还未给出一点线索。在我们的时代，有很多赞美农耕的词句，这在很大程度上是虚饰的，因为它试图证实一个伪命题，即农耕生活本身对温柔的情感、殷勤的体贴以及人类所有的美德都有帮助。农业是最令人疲惫不堪的劳作形式之一，就其本身来讲，对精神发展绝无益处；它在世界历史上起了开化的作用，只是因为它创造了财富，使一部分人从农耕劳作中解放出来。农耕的推崇者曾尝试过农夫的生活，其中一人在下面这段著名的话中描述了自己的经验：

"Oh, labour is the curse of the world, and nobody can meddle with it without becoming proportionately brutified. Is it a praiseworthy matter that I have spent five golden months in providing food for cows and horses? It is not so."

“噢，劳动是世界的诅咒，任何从事农业的人都不可避免沾染相应的兽性。我曾在黄金般的五个月里饲牛喂马，这值得嘉许吗？不，不是的。”

Thus Nathaniel Hawthorne[30], at Brook Farm. In the bitterness of his disillusion he went too far. Labour may be, and very often is, an accursed and a brutalizing thing, but assuredly, it is not the curse of the world; nay, it is the world's supreme blessing. Hawthorne had committed a folly, and he paid for it in loss of mental balance. For him, plainly, it was no suitable task to feed cows and horses; yet many a man would perceive the nobler side of such occupation, for it signifies, of course, providing food for mankind. The interest of this quotation lies in the fact that, all unconsciously, so intelligent a man as Hawthorne had been reduced to the mental state of our agricultural labourers in revolt against the country life. Not only is his intellect in abeyance, but his emotions have ceased to be a true guide. The worst feature of the rustic mind in our day, is not its ignorance or grossness, but its rebellious discontent. Like all other evils, this is seen to be an inevitable outcome of the condition of things; one understands it only too well. The bucolic wants to "better" himself. He is sick of feeding cows and horses; he imagines that, on the pavement of London, he would walk with a manlier tread.

这就是纳撒尼尔·霍桑在布鲁克农场的感受。由于品尝了幻想破灭的苦果，他有些言过其实。劳动也许是，也常常是一件可憎的野蛮的事情，但可以肯定，它绝不是世界的诅咒；不对，它是世界至上的福泽。霍桑做下一桩蠢事，他付出了心理失衡的代价。对他来说，饲养牛马显然不是一件合宜的工作，但是许多人会看到这种工作更高贵的方面，因为它意味着为人类提供食物。引用的这段话，它的有趣之处在于，像霍桑这样一个智慧的人，在完全不知不觉中，他的心态也沦落到和那些对农村生活不满的农夫一样。其中不仅看不到他的智慧，他的情感也不复作为可靠的向导。在我们的时代，农民思想中最坏的方面，不是它的无

知或迟钝，而是它怀有反叛的不满。和其他所有罪恶一样，这被视为现实条件的必然后果，我们对此再了解不过了。农夫想要“改善”自我，他厌烦了饲牛喂马，他幻想自己能够昂首挺胸地走在伦敦的人行道上。

There is no help in visions of Arcadia[31]; yet it is plain fact that in days gone by the peasantry found life more than endurable, and yet were more intelligent than our clod-hoppers who still hold by the plough. They had their folk-songs, now utterly forgotten. They had romances and fairy lore, which their descendants could no more appreciate than an idyll of Theocritus[32]. Ah, but let it be remembered that they had also a HOME, and this is the illumining word. If your peasant love the fields which give him bread, he will not think it hard to labour in them; his toil will no longer be as that of the beast, but upward-looking and touched with a light from other than the visible heavens. No use to blink the hard and dull features of rustic existence; let them rather be insisted upon, that those who own and derive profit from the land may be constant in human care for the lives which make it fruitful. Such care may perchance avail, in some degree, to counteract the restless tendency of the time; the dweller in a pleasant cottage is not so likely to wish to wander from it as he who shelters himself in a hovel. Wellmeaning folk talk about reawakening love of the country by means of deliberate instruction. Lies any hope that way? Does it seem to promise a return of the time when the old English names of all our flowers were common on rustic lips—by which, indeed, they were first uttered? The fact that flowers and birds are well-nigh forgotten, together with the songs and the elves, shows how advanced is the process of rural degeneration. Most likely it is foolishness to hope for the revival of any bygone social virtue. The husbandman of the future will be, I daresay, a well-paid mechanic, of the engine-driver species; as he goes about his work he will sing the last refrain of the music-hall, and his oft-recurring holidays will be spent in the nearest great town. For him, I fancy, there will be little attraction in ever such melodious talk about "common objects of the country." Flowers, perhaps, at all events those of tilth and pasture, will have been all but improved away. And, as likely as not, the word Home will have only a special significance, indicating the common abode of retired labourers who are drawing old-age pensions.

阿卡狄亚的美景不会有什么帮助，而事实上，在过去，农夫们觉得自己的生活没有那么难熬，他们也比现在仍在驾驭铁犁的乡巴佬更有智慧。他们有自己的歌谣，现在已被完全遗忘。他们有浪漫故事和民间传说，但他们的后代已无法欣赏，就像无法欣赏忒奥克里托斯的田园诗一样。啊，但是别忘了他们还有一个“家”，这是一个很有启发性的词。如果农夫热爱给他提供面包的土地，他就不会觉得在田里劳作是件苦差事；他的劳作也将有别于牲畜的苦役，是积极向上的，并受到遥不可见

的天堂之光的眷顾。无视农村生活的艰难单调是没用的，还是让我们强调这一点吧，以便让那些拥有田地并从中获利的人们，可以经常关心为田地收成而劳作的人们的生活。这种关心可能会在一定程度上有助于抵制时代躁动不安的趋势。住在舒适农舍里的人，是不大会和住茅草屋的人一样，想要逃离的。善意的人建议，通过刻意的教导来重新唤醒对乡村的热爱。这样做有什么希望吗？曾几何时，农夫口中所有花卉的旧时英国名字不绝于耳——而且也确实是他们首先叫出的——那个时代还能回归吗？如今，花朵和鸟儿，还有歌声和小精灵都几乎被遗忘，这显示了乡村衰退已经到了多么严重的地步。奢望复兴任何旧时的社会美德，很可能是一种愚蠢行径。将来的农民，我敢说，将是一个工资高的技工，像火车司机一类的人。他干活时，嘴里哼唱的是音乐厅里最后一段副歌，他还会定期到最近的大城市里休假。我想，对他来说，兴致勃勃地谈论“乡村平常事物”没什么吸引力。耕地和牧场上的花朵，也许将随着时代进步而最终消失。另外，“家”这个词可能将只剩下一个特殊含义，即领取养老金的退休农夫们的公共居所。

XVIII

18

I cannot close my eyes upon this day without setting down some record of it; yet the foolish insufficiency of words! At sunrise I looked forth; nowhere could I discern a cloud the size of a man's hand; the leaves quivered gently, as if with joy in the divine morning which glistened upon their dew. At sunset I stood in the meadow above my house, and watched the red orb sink into purple mist, whilst in the violet heaven behind me rose the perfect moon. All between, through the soft circling of the dial's shadow, was loveliness and quiet unutterable. Never, I could fancy, did autumn clothe in such magnificence the elms and beeches; never, I should think, did the leafage on my walls blaze in such royal crimson. It was no day for wandering; under a canopy of blue or gold, where the eye could fall on nothing that was not beautiful, enough to be at one with Nature in dreamy rest. From stubble fields sounded the long caw of rooks; a sleepy crowing ever and anon told of the neighbour farm; my doves cooed above their cot. Was it for five minutes, or was it for an hour, that I watched the yellow butterfly wafted as by an insensible tremor of the air amid the garden glintings? In every autumn there comes one such flawless day. None that I have known brought me a mind so touched to the fitting mood of welcome, and so fulfilled the promise of its peace.

在今天这样的日子，我不能不写点什么来记录它；但我的词汇是多么笨拙贫乏啊！日出时，我向外张望，竟连一朵巴掌那么大的云彩都看不到；树叶微微颤动，似乎是为闪耀在露珠上的圣洁晨光而快乐。日落

时分，我站在房子外面的一片草地上，望着那个红色圆球坠入紫色迷雾中，此时，我身后紫罗兰色的天穹，升起一轮皎洁的明月。在这早晚之间，在日晷的身影轻轻移动的时光里，是一片无法言说的可爱和寂静。我从未想过，秋天能给榆树和山毛榉穿上过如此华丽的衣裳；我也从没有想过我墙上的叶子会燃烧成这样的宝石红。这样的日子不适合漫步，在蓝色或说是金色的苍穹下，目之所及，无处不美，在梦幻般的憩息中就足以和大自然合二为一了。收割完毕的田地上，传来白嘴鸦长长的叫声；附近的农场，不时传来公鸡昏昏欲睡的啼鸣；我养的鸽子在它们的巢上咕咕呢喃。我凝视着一只黄色蝴蝶，它在繁花闪烁的花园中翩飞，似乎伴随着一丝不易察觉的气流的颤动，应该有五分钟，还是一小时了呢？在每个秋天，都会有这样完美的一天。在我的经验中，没有哪天能像今天这个日子让我心中充满欢迎的情绪，并为它承诺的安静而心满意足。

XIX

19

I was at ramble in the lanes, when, from somewhere at a distance, there sounded the voice of a countryman—strange to say—singing. The notes were indistinct, but they rose, to my ear, with a moment's musical sadness, and of a sudden my heart was stricken with a memory so keen that I knew not whether it was pain or delight. For the sound seemed to me that of a peasant's song which I once heard whilst sitting among the ruins of Paestum[33]. The English landscape faded before my eyes. I saw great Doric columns of honey-golden travertine; between them, as I looked one way, a deep strip of sea; when I turned, the purple gorges of the Apennine; and all about the temple, where I sat in solitude, a wilderness dead and still but for that long note of wailing melody. I had not thought it possible that here, in my beloved home, where regret and desire are all but unknown to me, I could have been so deeply troubled by a thought of things far off. I returned with head bent, that voice singing in my memory. All the delight I have known in Italian travel burned again within my heart. The old spell has not lost its power. Never, I know, will it again draw me away from England; but the Southern sunlight cannot fade from my imagination, and to dream of its glow upon the ruins of old time wakes in me the voiceless desire which once was anguish.

今天，我在小径间漫步，这时远处传来一个农夫的声音——说来也怪——他似乎是在唱歌。那音调不甚清晰，但传到我耳中，一时竟有种音乐的悲伤，忽然一段回忆回到心间，那种强烈的感觉真说不清是痛苦还是喜悦。这声音让我想起在帕埃斯图姆废墟里独坐时听到的一个农夫的歌声。英国的景色逐渐在我眼前消失。我看到了金色石灰华的多利斯型大立柱；在立柱之间，我看到一侧是一片大海；转身便是亚平宁山脉

的紫色峡谷；我孤身一人坐着，庙宇周围是一片死寂的荒野，响在耳畔的只有那长长的哀泣的曲调。我从未想到，在这里，在我可爱的家，我几乎不知什么是悔恨和渴望，而那段遥远的回忆却能让我如此烦恼。回家的路上我低着头，那歌声还在记忆中回响着。意大利之行带给我的所有快乐又一次在心中灼烧，意大利那旧时的魔咒还未失去威力。但我知道，它永远不会让我再离开英格兰了。然而我无法将南方的阳光从想象中驱除，梦到它的光芒闪耀在那古老的废墟之上，我心中那一度曾是苦恼的无声渴望便再度被唤醒。

In his Italienische Reise, Goethe tells that at one moment of his life the desire for Italy became to him a scarce endurable suffering; at length he could not bear to hear or to read of things Italian, even the sight of a Latin book so tortured him that he turned away from it; and the day arrived when, in spite of every obstacle, he yielded to the sickness of longing, and in secret stole away southward. When first I read that passage, it represented exactly the state of my own mind; to think of Italy was to feel myself goaded by a longing which, at times, made me literally ill; I, too, had put aside my Latin books, simply because I could not endure the torment of imagination they caused me. And I had so little hope (nay, for years no shadow of reasonable hope) that I should ever be able to appease my desire. I taught myself to read Italian; that was something. I worked (half-heartedly) at a colloquial phrase-book. But my sickness only grew towards despair.

歌德在他的《意大利游记》中提到，在生命的某一时间，他对意大利的渴望成了一种几乎无法忍受的痛苦；最后竟不能忍受听到或读到任何和意大利有关的东西，甚至看到一本拉丁语的书对他也是一种折磨，他不得不避开。终于有一天，他冲破重重阻碍，屈从于这一病态的渴望，秘密地潜往南方。第一次读到这个段落时，它描述的正是我当时的心态。想到意大利，就感觉自己被一种渴望诱惑着，有时，这种渴望还真的让我生病了。我也将拉丁书收了起来，只是因为无法忍受它们引发的想象带给我的折磨。对于这一渴望是否能够满足，我几乎不抱什么希望（不，多年来连希望的影子都没有）。我自学意大利语，这倒是好事。我（三心二意地）按照一本口语书练习，然而，这只是让我的渴望愈加变成一种绝望。

Then came into my hands a sum of money (such a poor little sum) for a book I had written. It was early autumn. I chanced to hear some one speak of Naples—and only death would have held me back.

后来我写了一本书，到手了一笔钱（数目少的可怜），当时正值早秋时节。我偶然听到有人谈起那不勒斯——只有死亡才能阻止我去那里。

XX

Truly, I grow aged. I have no longer much delight in wine.

我确实上年纪了，不再那么享受喝葡萄酒的乐趣了。

But then, no wine ever much rejoiced me save that of Italy. Winedrinking in England is, after all, only make-believe, a mere playing with an exotic inspiration. Tennyson had his port[34], whereto clings a good old tradition; sherris[35] sack belongs to a nobler age; these drinks are not for us. Let him who will, toy with dubious Bordeaux[36] or Burgundy[37]; to get good of them, soul's good, you must be on the green side of thirty. Once or twice they have plucked me from despair; I would not speak unkindly of anything in cask or bottle which bears the great name of wine. But for me it is a thing of days gone by. Never again shall I know the mellow hour "cum regnat rosa, cum madent capilli"[38]. Yet how it lives in memory!

从前，我最喜爱的莫过于意大利酒。毕竟，在英格兰，喝葡萄酒只是一种矫饰，只不过是一场激发异域风情的游戏罢了。丁尼生有他的波尔图葡萄酒，那是有古老优良传统的，雪利酒属于一个更高贵的时代，这些酒都不适合我们。如果谁要喝味道可疑的波尔多和勃艮第，就随他去吧；要品出它们的好处，它们灵魂的妙处，得在三十岁之前。有一两次，它们把我从绝望的谷底救出，我决不会对装在木桶或瓶子里的任何冠以酒名的液体有不敬的言辞。但对我而言，酒已是属于逝去岁月的事物。“当玫瑰花称王，头发被香水滋润的时候”，这种甜美的日子我再也不能体味了，但在记忆中它是多么鲜活啊！

"What call you this wine?" I asked of the temple-guardian at Paestum, when he ministered to my thirst. "Vino di Calabria," he answered, and what a glow in the name! There I drank it, seated against the column of Poseidon's temple. There I drank it, my feet resting on acanthus, my eyes wandering from sea to mountain, or peering at little shells niched in the crumbling surface of the sacred stone. The autumn day declined; a breeze of evening whispered about the forsaken shore; on the far summit lay a long, still cloud, and its hue was that of my Calabrian wine.

“你把这种酒叫什么？”我向一个庙祝问道，那是在帕埃斯图姆，他给我喝解渴的葡萄酒。“来自卡拉布里亚的酒”，他答道，啊，这名字里就像有一道光芒！我靠着海神庙的柱子坐下，喝着酒。脚放在叶形装饰板上，视线从大海移到高山，或又凝视着圣石皴裂表面嵌着的小贝壳。那个秋日逐渐走到尽头，傍晚的微风悄声诉说着孤独海岸的故事；远处的山巅之上，躺着一朵长长的安静的云彩，颜色就像我喝的卡拉布里亚酒。

How many such moments come back to me as my thoughts wander! Dim little trattorie in city byways, inns smelling of the sun in

forgotten valleys, on the mountain side, or by the tideless shore, where the grape has given me of its blood, and made life a rapture. Who but the veriest fanatic of teetotalism would grudge me those hours so gloriously redeemed? No draught of wine amid the old tombs under the violet sky but made me for the time a better man, larger of brain, more courageous, more gentle. 'Twas a revelry whereon came no repentance. Could I but live for ever in thoughts and feelings such as those born to me in the shadow of the Italian vine! There I listened to the sacred poets; there I walked with the wise of old; there did the gods reveal to me the secret of their eternal calm. I hear the red rillet as it flows into the rustic glass; I see the purple light upon the hills. Fill to me again, thou of the Roman visage and all but Roman speech! Is not yonder the long gleaming of the Appian Way[39]? Chant in the old measure, the song imperishable

在我的思绪飘荡之时，多少这样的时刻都回归心间！在城市僻路上阴暗的小酒馆，人迹罕至的山谷中散发着阳光味道的小客栈，山腰上，或者风平浪静的海岸，葡萄赐给了我它的汁液，让我的生命迸发狂喜。除了禁酒令的绝对支持者，谁会不愿意让我享受这些快乐时光呢？在紫罗兰色天穹下的古老墓穴间，正是这些酒，让我当时成为一个更好的人，更豁达，更勇敢，也更温和。这是一场无须任何忏悔的欢宴。当时在意大利葡萄藤的阴凉下生出的那些思想和感觉，如果我能永远带着它们生活，那该多好！在那里，我聆听神圣的诗人讲话；在那里，我和古代的智者一起散步；在那里，神们向我吐露了他们永恒的平静的秘密。我听到红色小溪流入乡村酒杯时的潺潺声，我看到紫色阳光洒在重重山峦之上。请再次为我把酒杯斟满，你这有着罗马人的面孔，说着罗马语言的人！远方那不是长长的闪烁的亚壁古道吗？请用古老的调子，唱起这首不朽的歌谣吧

"dum Capitolium Scandet cum tacita virgine pontifex—”

“大祭司与缄默无言的贞女，还登丘比特神堂的时候”

aye, and for how many an age when Pontiff and Vestal sleep in the eternal silence. Let the slave of the iron gods chatter what he will; for him flows no Falernian, for him the Muses have no smile, no melody. Ere the sun set, and the darkness fall about us, fill again!

是啊，大祭司和贞女已经在永恒的寂静中沉睡了无数个世纪。让铁神们的奴隶随心所欲地唠叨吧，对他来说，不会有流淌的法勒纳斯白葡萄酒，对他来说，缪斯女神没有笑容，没有音乐。在夕阳西下，黑暗到来之前，请再次把酒杯斟满！

XXI

21

Is there, at this moment, any boy of twenty, fairly educated, but without means, without help, with nothing but the glow in his brain and steadfast courage in his heart, who sits in a London garret, and writes for dear life? There must be, I suppose; yet all that I have read and heard of late years about young writers, shows them in a very different aspect. No garretteers, these novelists and journalists awaiting their promotion. They eat—and entertain their critics—at fashionable restaurants; they are seen in expensive seats at the theatre; they inhabit handsome flats—photographed for an illustrated paper on the first excuse. At the worst, they belong to a reputable club, and have garments which permit them to attend a garden party or an evening "at home" without attracting unpleasant notice. Many biographical sketches have I read, during the last decade, making personal introduction of young Mr. This or young Miss That, whose book was—as the sweet language of the day will have it—”booming”; but never one in which there was a hint of stern struggle, of the pinched stomach and frozen fingers. I surmise that the path of "literature" is being made too easy. Doubtless it is a rare thing nowadays for a lad whose education ranks him with the upper middle class to find himself utterly without resources, should he wish to devote himself to the profession of letters. And there is the root of the matter; writing has come to be recognized as a profession, almost as cut-and-dried as church or law; a lad may go into it with full parental approval, with ready avuncular support. I heard not long ago of an eminent lawyer, who had paid a couple of hundred per annum for his son's instruction in the art of fiction—yea, the art of fiction—by a not very brilliant professor of that art. Really, when one comes to think of it, an astonishing fact, a fact vastly significant. Starvation, it is true, does not necessarily produce fine literature; but one feels uneasy about these carpet-authors. To the two or three who have a measure of conscience and vision, I could wish, as the best thing, some calamity which would leave them friendless in the streets. They would perish, perhaps. But set that possibility against the all but certainty of their present prospect—fatty degeneration of the soul; and is it not acceptable?

此时此刻，有没有一个二十岁的年轻人，受过良好的教育，然而身无分文，无人提携，除了头脑中闪光的智慧和心中坚定的勇气外一无所有，他正坐在伦敦的某个阁楼上，拼命地奋笔疾书？我想一定是有的。但是近几年来，我读到的和听说的关于年轻作家的事情，与此截然不同。没有谁还住在阁楼上，这些小说家和新闻记者都在等着青云直上。他们选择豪华饭店就餐——和招待批评家；剧院昂贵的座位上，可以看见他们；他们住高级公寓——一有机会便拍照刊登在某画报上。最不济的也是某知名俱乐部的成员，有参加园会或家庭晚会的得体礼服，不致招人侧目。在过去十年中，我读过许多传记式文章，对年轻的X先生和Y

小姐进行介绍，他们的作品——按当今时髦的好话来说——“销量正节节攀升”；而其中却找不出一丁点艰难挣扎的痕迹，没有饥肠辘辘，也没有冻僵的手指。我猜想，“文学”的道路变得太容易了。如今，如果一个年轻人受到的教育让他跻身中上阶层，他要想投身文学事业，完全没有资源无疑是不大可能的。这也就是事情的根源所在，写作已经被看成一种职业，一种几乎和宗教或法律一样的常规职业；年轻人进入这一行业时，可能获得了家长的完全赞成和前辈的鼎力支持。不久前，我听说一个赫赫有名的律师，每年拿出几百英镑供儿子学习小说技巧——没错，小说技巧——而老师是一个在这方面并不出色的教授。细想的话，这还真是一个令人吃惊又极富意味的事实。当然，饥饿并不一定就能产生杰出的文学，但是这些地毯上走出的作家让我感到不安。对于其中两三个有一定道德良心和想象力的人，我愿他们遭遇某种灾难，身边不剩下一个朋友。他们也许会失去生命，但是拿这个可能性对比他们现有的必然前景——脂肪过多造成的灵魂堕落，这难道是不可接受的吗？

I thought of this as I stood yesterday watching a noble sunset, which brought back to my memory the sunsets of a London autumn, thirty years ago; more glorious, it seems to me, than any I have since beheld. It happened that, on one such evening, I was by the river at Chelsea, with nothing to do except to feel that I was hungry, and to reflect that, before morning, I should be hungrier still. I loitered upon Battersea Bridge—the old picturesque wooden bridge, and there the western sky took hold upon me. Half an hour later, I was speeding home. I sat down, and wrote a description of what I had seen, and straightway sent it to an evening newspaper, which, to my astonishment, published the thing next day—"On Battersea Bridge." How proud I was of that little bit of writing! I should not much like to see it again, for I thought it then so good that I am sure it would give me an unpleasant sensation now. Still, I wrote it because I enjoyed doing so, quite as much as because I was hungry; and the couple of guineas it brought me had as pleasant a ring as any money I ever earned.

我是昨天想到这些的，当时我伫立在夕阳西下的辉煌景色之中，回忆起了三十年前伦敦秋天的几次日落的情景；那似乎比我后来看过的所有落日都要壮丽。曾经在这样一个傍晚，我来到切尔西河畔，无所事事，只感觉腹中饥饿，并想到，次日黎明来临之前，我会更加饥饿。我在巴特西桥上闲荡——这是一座风景如画的古老木桥——就在那里，西方的天空让我驻目良久。半小时后，我匆忙赶回家，坐在书桌前，写文章描述我看到的景象，写毕便立刻投稿给一家晚报，让我吃惊的是，这篇文章第二天就刊登了出来，题目是“在巴特西桥上”。当时我为那篇短小的文章感到多么的骄傲！但是我并不希望再看到它，因为我当时觉得它那样好，现在来看一定会让我有不愉快的感觉。然而，我当时写下这篇文章，不仅是因为需要填饱肚子，也是因为我喜欢这样做；而它给我带来的几个硬币，响声和我挣得的所有钱一样悦耳。

XXII

22

I wonder whether it be really true, as I have more than once seen suggested, that the publication of Anthony Trollope[40]'s autobiography in some degree accounts for the neglect into which he and his works fell so soon after his death. I should like to believe it, for such a fact would be, from one point of view, a credit to "the great big stupid public." Only, of course, from one point of view; the notable merits of Trollope's work are unaffected by one's knowledge of how that work was produced; at his best he is an admirable writer of the pedestrian school, and this disappearance of his name does not mean final oblivion. Like every other novelist of note, he had two classes of admirers—those who read him for the sake of that excellence which here and there he achieved, and the undistinguishing crowd which found in him a level entertainment. But it would be a satisfaction to think that "the great big stupid" was really, somewhere in its secret economy, offended by that revelation of mechanical methods which made the autobiography either a disgusting or an amusing book to those who read it more intelligently. A man with a watch before his eyes, penning exactly so many words every quarter of an hour—one imagines that this picture might haunt disagreeably the thoughts even of Mudie[41]'s steadiest subscriber, that it might come between him or her and any Trollopean work that lay upon the counter.

我曾不止一次听到别人说，安东尼·特罗洛普出版的自传，多少解释了在他去世后，他本人及作品便很快受到冷落的原因，我不知道这是不是真的。我愿意相信它，因为从一个角度来说，它是对“愚蠢大众”的赞许。当然了，只是从一个角度来说；特罗洛普作品的显著优点，不会因为读者知道了它的创作过程而受到影响；他是通俗派一位值得钦佩的作家，如今他名声的消逝并不意味着最终的湮没无闻。和所有知名小说家一样，他有两类仰慕者——一类人因为他作品随处可见的卓越而成为他的读者，另一类没有多少辨别力的人则从他的作品中得到某种娱乐。然而，想到特罗洛普自传中披露的秘而不宣却很经济的机械创作手法让“愚蠢大众”真的受到某种冒犯，还是让人有种满足感，对于那些用智慧来阅读这本自传的人来说，他们或许会感到厌恶，又或许会觉得有趣。一个人眼前放着一只手表，十五分钟写出不多不少的字数——可以想象，这个画面也许会时时萦绕在穆迪图书馆最忠实的借阅者心头，让他感觉不舒服，它也许还会在读者与柜台上摆放的特罗洛普作品之间造成隔阂。

The surprise was so cynically sprung upon a yet innocent public. At that happy time (already it seems so long ago) the literary news set before ordinary readers mostly had reference to literary work, in a reputable sense of the term, and not, as now, to the processes of

"literary" manufacture and the ups and downs of the "literary" market. Trollope himself tells how he surprised the editor of a periodical, who wanted a serial from him, by asking how many thousand words it should run to; an anecdote savouring indeed of good old days. Since then, readers have grown accustomed to revelations of "literary" method, and nothing in that kind can shock them. There has come into existence a school of journalism which would seem to have deliberately set itself the task of degrading authorship and everything connected with it; and these pernicious scribblers (or typists, to be more accurate) have found the authors of a fretful age only too receptive of their mercantile suggestions. Yes, yes; I know as well as any man that reforms were needed in the relations between author and publisher. Who knows better than I that your representative author face to face with your representative publisher was, is, and ever will be, at a ludicrous disadvantage? And there is no reason in the nature and the decency of things why this wrong should not by some contrivance be remedied. A big, blusterous, genial brute of a Trollope could very fairly hold his own, and exact at all events an acceptable share in the profits of his work. A shrewd and vigorous man of business such as Dickens, aided by a lawyer who was his devoted friend, could do even better, and, in reaping sometimes more than his publisher, redress the ancient injustice. But pray, what of Charlotte Bronte? Think of that grey, pinched life, the latter years of which would have been so brightened had Charlotte Bronte received but, let us say, one third of what, in the same space of time, the publisher gained by her books. I know all about this; alas! no man better. None the less do I loathe and sicken at the manifold baseness, the vulgarity unutterable, which, as a result of the new order, is blighting our literary life. It is not easy to see how, in such an atmosphere, great and noble books can ever again come into being. May it, perhaps, be hoped that once again the multitude will be somehow touched with disgust?—that the market for "literary" news of this costermonger sort will some day fail?

这种让人吃惊的真相，被冷笑着抛到了还很天真的大众面前。在那个快乐年代（似乎已经是很久以前了），普通读者面前的文学消息大多和文学作品（在让人肃然起敬的意义上）相关，不像现在，都是关于“文学”的生产过程，以及“文学”市场的沉浮。特罗洛普自己告诉我们，一个杂志编辑向他约连载文稿，他问稿子应该写多少字，让这位编辑大为惊诧，这件轶事真有昔日好时光的味道。从那以后，读者们开始习惯于“文学”手法的披露，这方面已经没什么能让他们惊讶了。接着一个新闻流派产生，它的任务似乎就是刻意贬损作家身份及与之相关的一切；这些充当害群之马的三流作家（或者称为打字员更为精确）发现，这个浮躁时代的作家，极易接纳他们关于获利的建议。是的，是的，我和所有人都清楚，作者和出版商之间的关系需要改革。谁能比我更清楚，当代表性

的作者和代表性的出版商面对面坐在一起，前者在过去、现在以及将来都在获利方面处于劣势？从事情的本质和体面上讲，都没有理由不对这个错误设法进行补救。像特罗洛普这样一个人高马大、气势汹汹而擅长交际的厉害人，满可以维护自己的权益，在任何情况下都从他作品的利润中取得合理的份额。像狄更斯那样头脑精明、精力旺盛的生意人，又有身为律师的忠诚好友帮忙，能做得更好，有时拿到的比出版商还多，纠正了长久以来的不公平。但是，夏洛特·勃朗特又怎么样呢？想想她昏暗拮据的生活吧，如果能取得三分之一出版商当时从她的作品得到的利润，那她的晚年生活该多么快活。我了解这些，唉，没人比我更清楚了。然而，我仍然对新秩序的建立而导致的种种卑贱和无法言说的粗俗，感到厌恶和憎恨,它们正在腐蚀我们的文学生活。在这样的氛围中，是不容易看到伟大高尚的作品产生的。也许，我们可以希望大众再次对此感到厌恶？——希望有一天这种小贩式的“文学”新闻的市场会垮台？

Dickens. Why, there too was a disclosure of literary methods. Did not Forster[42] make known to all and sundry exactly how Dickens' work was done, and how the bargains for its production were made? The multitudinous public saw him at his desk, learnt how long he sat there, were told that he could not get on without having certain little ornaments before his eyes, and that blue ink and a quill pen were indispensable to his writing; and did all this information ever chill the loyalty of a single reader? There was a difference, in truth, between the picture of Charles Dickens sitting down to a chapter of his current novel, and that of the broad-based Trollope doing his so many words to the fifteen minutes. Trollope, we know, wronged himself by the tone and manner of his reminiscences; but that tone and manner indicated an inferiority of mind, of nature. Dickens—though he died in the endeavour to increase (not for himself) an already ample fortune, disastrous influence of his time and class—wrought with an artistic ingenuousness and fervour such as Trollope could not even conceive. Methodical, of course, he was; no long work of prose fiction was ever brought into existence save by methodical labour; but we know that there was no measuring of so many words to the hour. The picture of him at work which is seen in his own letters is one of the most bracing and inspiring in the history of literature. It has had, and will always have, a great part in maintaining Dickens' place in the love and reverence of those who understand.

狄更斯，他的文学创作技巧也受到过披露。福斯特不是让所有人都确切知道了狄更斯作品的创作过程，以及他作品的出版进行过怎样的交易吗？人们看到他坐在书桌前，知道他坐了多久，也了解到他眼前如果没有某些小装饰物，便无法工作。他写作时，蓝色墨水和羽毛笔是不可或缺的。这些信息让任何一个忠实读者感到心灰意冷了吗？查尔斯·狄更斯坐下创作最新小说的一章，和高大的特罗洛普十五分钟写多少字数，两个画面之间确实还是有区别的。我们知道，特罗洛普的形象大跌，是

因为他在写回忆录时使用的语气和方式，它们显示了一种比较低级的思想和性情。狄更斯——虽然他受到所处时代和阶级的破坏性影响，为努力增加（不是为自己）一笔已经很丰厚的财富而死——他的创作有一种艺术上的率真和热情，这是特罗洛普无法望其项背的。当然，他也讲求条理，如果缺少有条不紊的笔耕，没有一部长篇小说能够创作出来；但是我们知道，他的创作不是用时间来计字数的。从他的书信中能窥见他伏案工作的情景，这是文学历史上最鼓舞人心的一个画面。它对维护狄更斯在那些热爱和尊崇他的知音们心目中的地位，曾经起到重要作用，将来也将如此。

XXIII

As I walked to-day in the golden sunlight—this warm, still day on the far verge of autumn—there suddenly came to me a thought which checked my step, and for the moment half bewildered me. I said to myself: My life is over. Surely I ought to have been aware of that simple fact; certainly it has made part of my meditation, has often coloured my mood; but the thing had never definitely shaped itself, ready in words for the tongue. My life is over. I uttered the sentence once or twice, that my ear might test its truth. Truth undeniable, however strange; undeniable as the figure of my age last birthday.

23

今天，我在金色的阳光下散步——这是晚秋时节温暖宁静的一天——忽然脑海中冒出一个想法，我停下脚步，有些不知所措。我自言自语地说：我的生活结束了。这个简单的事实我早该意识到，它当然已是我沉思的一部分，并经常感染我的情绪；但是这个想法却从没有确定地成形，没有形诸话语。我的生活结束了。这句话我念了一两遍，让耳朵来检验它的真实性。不管有多陌生，这是一个不可否认的事实，就像我过完生日的年龄一样不可否认。

My age? At this time of life, many a man is bracing himself for new efforts, is calculating on a decade or two of pursuit and attainment. I, too, may perhaps live for some years; but for me there is no more activity, no ambition. I have had my chance—and I see what I made of it.

我的年龄？在人生的这个时候，许多人正在振作精神开拓新事业，计划着未来一二十年的奋斗和成就。我也许还会活一些年头，但不会有什么行动和雄心了。我有过机会——也看到了自己所能达到的高度。

The thought was for an instant all but dreadful. What! I, who only yesterday was a young man, planning, hoping, looking forward to life as to a practically endless career, I, who was so vigorous and scornful, have come to this day of definite retrospect? How is it possible? But, I

have done nothing; I have had no time; I have only been preparing myself—a mere apprentice to life. My brain is at some prank; I am suffering a momentary delusion; I shall shake myself, and return to common sense—to my schemes and activities and eager enjoyments.

有一刻，这个想法显得那么可怕。什么！昨天，我还是一个年经人，踌躇满志，充满希望，为一个几乎前途无量的事业对生活充满期待。我曾经是那么干劲十足、傲视一切，而今天却只能来回首往事？这怎么可能呢？但是，我一无所成，我没有时间，我一直只是在做准备——只是生活的一个学徒而已。一定是我的头脑在恶作剧，这只是我暂时的错觉。我要摇醒自己，恢复理智——让我觉得自己还有计划，可以行动，对生活还有殷切的期待。

Nevertheless, my life is over.

尽管如此，我的生活结束了！

What a little thing! I knew how the philosophers had spoken; I repeated their musical phrases about the mortal span—yet never till now believed them. And this is all? A man's life can be so brief and so vain? Idly would I persuade myself that life, in the true sense, is only now beginning; that the time of sweat and fear was not life at all, and that it now only depends upon my will to lead a worthy existence. That may be a sort of consolation, but it does not obscure the truth that I shall never again see possibilities and promises opening before me. I have "retired," and for me as truly as for the retired tradesman, life is over. I can look back upon its completed course, and what a little thing! I am tempted to laugh; I hold myself within the limit of a smile.

它是多么微不足道啊！我知道哲学家们是怎么说的；我曾重复过他们关于寿命的音乐般的语句——但直到现在我才相信了他们。这就结束了吗？一个人的生命可以这样短暂和无用吗？我自欺欺人地劝自己说，真正意义上的生命才刚刚开始，那些浸泡在汗水和恐惧的日子根本不算生活，而现在我可以依自己的意愿过有价值的生活。也许它可以带来些许慰藉，但不能掩盖一个事实，那就是我的面前再没有生活的各种可能性和希望了。我已经“退休了”，就和退休的工匠一样，我的生活结束了。回首结束了的生活旅程，我看到它是那么地微不足道！我忍不住想要大笑；但我抑制住自己，只是微微一笑。

And that is best, to smile, not in scorn, but in all forbearance, without too much self-compassion. After all, that dreadful aspect of the thing never really took hold of me; I could put it by without much effort. Life is done—and what matter? Whether it has been, in sum, painful or enjoyable, even now I cannot say—a fact which in itself should prevent me from taking the loss too seriously. What does it matter? Destiny with the hidden face decreed that I should come into being, play my little part, and pass again into silence; is it mine either

to approve or to rebel? Let me be grateful that I have suffered no intolerable wrong, no terrible woe of flesh or spirit, such as others—alas! alas!—have found in their lot. Is it not much to have accomplished so large a part of the mortal journey with so much ease? If I find myself astonished at its brevity and small significance, why, that is my own fault; the voices of those gone before had sufficiently warned me. Better to see the truth now, and accept it, than to fall into dread surprise on some day of weakness, and foolishly to cry against fate. I will be glad rather than sorry, and think of the thing no more.

这样最好，微微一笑，并非蔑视而是隐忍，没有包含太多的自我怜悯。毕竟，我从未受制于它可怕的一面，可以不费气力地弃诸一侧。生活结束了——有什么关系呢？总体来说，它是痛苦还是愉快呢，我现在也不能肯定——这一点本身就不能让我严肃地看待这个损失。这有什么关系？那个遮蔽了面目的命运，令我生而为人，扮演自己的小角色，并再度归于沉默。这哪里是我能赞成和反对的？就让我感恩吧，因为我从没像其他人一样命中遭受过无法容忍的不公，以及肉体或精神的严重苦难。如此轻松地完成了人生旅程的大半，不是应该知足吗？如果我吃惊于它的短暂和微不足道，那是我的错，那些先我故去的声音不是已经给了我足够的警告？现在看到真相并接受它，总好于在感觉无助的某一天，堕入恐惧惊愕之中，愚蠢地向命运大声抗议。我会感觉高兴而不是悲伤，并且再不会想这件事了。

XXIV

24

Waking at early dawn used to be one of the things I most dreaded. The night which made me capable of resuming labour had brought no such calm as should follow upon repose; I woke to a vision of the darkest miseries and lay through the hours of daybreak—too often—in very anguish. But that is past. Sometimes, ere yet I know myself, the mind struggles as with an evil spirit on the confines of sleep; then the light at my window, the pictures on my walls, restore me to happy consciousness, happier for the miserable dream. Now, when I lie thinking, my worst trouble is wonder at the common life of man. I see it as a thing so incredible that it oppresses the mind like a haunting illusion. Is it the truth that men are fretting, raving, killing each other, for matters so trivial that I, even I, so far from saint or philosopher, must needs fall into amazement when I consider them? I could imagine a man who, by living alone and at peace, came to regard the everyday world as not really existent, but a creation of his own fancy in unsound moments. What lunatic ever dreamt of things less consonant with the calm reason than those which are thought and done every minute in every community of men called sane? But I put

aside this reflection as soon as may be; it perturbs me fruitlessly. Then I listen to the sounds about my cottage, always soft, soothing, such as lead the mind to gentle thoughts. Sometimes I can hear nothing; not the rustle of a leaf, not the buzz of a fl y, and then I think that utter silence is best of all.

在拂晓醒来曾经是我最惧怕的事情之一。那让我为重新工作养精蓄锐的夜晚，并没有带给我休息后本该有的平静；我醒来，看到是最黑暗苦难的景象，破晓之前，我还得在床上躺几个小时——时常感到十分的痛苦。但这已成为过去了。有时，在意识清醒之前，我的头脑会奋力挣扎，好像是在跟梦境里的恶魔斗争。然后窗户射进的一道光，墙上的几幅画，会让我愉快起来，刚才的噩梦反而使我心情更加愉快。现在我躺在床上思考时，最折磨我的是对普通人生活的惊异，它在我眼里那么不可思议，就像萦绕不去的幻象一样压迫着我的思想。人们发怒吼叫互相杀戮，真的就因为如此琐屑的小事，即使在我这样一个远非圣人或哲学家的人看来，都会不胜惊异。我可以想象，一个过着宁静独居生活的人，会逐渐将尘世看作并非真的存在，而视为他感觉不适时幻想的一种产物。什么样的疯子会梦到比所谓正常人组成的每个社区每一分钟的所思所为更不可理喻的事呢？但是我很快地把这个想法搁置起来；它让我心神不宁，又徒劳无益。接着我会倾听我房子周围的声音，它总是那么柔和，让人平静，让头脑能有一些温和的想法。有时，我什么也听不到，即使是一片树叶的沙沙声，一只苍蝇的嗡嗡声，然后我会想，完全的寂静是最好的了。

This morning I was awakened by a continuous sound which presently shaped itself to my ear as a multitudinous shrilling of bird voices. I knew what it meant. For the last few days I have seen the swallows gathering, now they were ranged upon my roof, perhaps in the last council before their setting forth upon the great journey. I know better than to talk about animal instinct, and to wonder in a pitying way at its resemblance to reason. I know that these birds show to us a life far more reasonable, and infinitely more beautiful, than that of the masses of mankind. They talk with each other, and in their talk is neither malice nor folly. Could one but interpret the converse in which they make their plans for the long and perilous f light--and then compare it with that of numberless respectable persons who even now are projecting their winter in the South!

今天早晨，一阵持续不断的声音把我吵醒，随之在我耳朵里变成无数鸟儿的尖叫声。我知道那意味着什么。过去几天里，我看到燕群聚集：此时它们就在我的屋顶上，也许正在召开大迁徙前的最后一次会议。我还不至于愚蠢到谈论动物的本能，也不会为它与理智的相似而表现出可怜的惊讶。我知道，这些鸟儿让我们看到的生活，与人类的大众生活相比，要更加合理和无限美丽。它们彼此交谈，谈话中没有恶意或是愚蠢。如果有人能够破译它们为漫长危险的旅行制定计划时的谈话——那么请与现在仍计划在南方过冬的无数体面人的谈话比上一比！

XXV

25

Yesterday I passed by an elm avenue, leading to a beautiful old house. The road between the trees was covered in all its length and breadth with fallen leaves—a carpet of pale gold. Further on, I came to a plantation, mostly of larches; it shone in the richest aureate hue, with here and there a splash of blood-red, which was a young beech in its moment of autumnal glory.

昨天，我走过一条榆树夹道的林阴路，它通向一座古老美丽的房子。路上铺满了落叶——织就了一条淡金色的地毯。我继续走，来到一片树林前，这里最多的是落叶松，整个树林闪耀着饱满的金色光泽，间或有一抹血红色，那是山毛榉幼树到了秋日辉煌的时刻。

I looked at an alder, laden with brown catkins, its blunt foliage stained with innumerable shades of lovely colour. Near it was a horse-chestnut, with but a few leaves hanging on its branches, and those a deep orange. The limes, I see, are already bare.

我看到一棵桤木，缀满了棕色的柔荑，坚实的叶子染上了无数层可爱的颜色。它的旁边是一棵七叶树，树枝上只剩下几片叶子，都是深橘红色。而酸橙树呢，它已经是光秃秃的了。

To-night the wind is loud, and rain dashes against my casement; tomorrow I shall awake to a sky of winter.

今晚，风声很大，雨点撞击着我的窗扉；明天早晨醒来，我看到的将是冬日的天空了。

(1)《项狄传》，作者劳伦斯·斯特恩（LaurenceSterne，1713-1768）。出生在爱尔兰，毕业于剑桥大学。后来成了约克地区的一位牧师，但他依然不改风流快活的本性。在朋友的怂恿下，他开始写小说，于是有了两部奇异的作品《项狄传》（未完）和《多情客游记》。

(2)歌德（1749-1832），18世纪中叶到19世纪初德国和欧洲最重要的剧作家、诗人、思想家。主要作品有剧本《葛兹·冯·伯里欣根》、中篇小说《少年维特的烦恼》、未完成的诗剧《普罗米修斯》和诗剧《浮士德》。

(3)席勒（1759-1805），通常被称为弗里德里希·席勒，德国18世纪著名诗人、哲学家、历史学家和剧作家，德国启蒙文学的代表人物之一。席勒是德国文学史上著名的“狂飙突进运动”的代表人物，也被公认为德国文学史上地位仅次于歌德的伟大作家。他是歌德的挚友，死后和歌德葬在一起。他还是《欢乐颂》的词作者。主要作品有《强盗》《阴谋与爱情》等。

(4)伯顿（1577-1640），英国传教士、哲学家和作家。让约翰逊为之起床的书是他的名作《忧郁的解剖》。

(5)科孚岛，即克基拉岛，希腊西部岛屿，在爱奥尼亚海中，东接埃皮鲁斯海岸。

(6)布林迪西，意大利东南部港市，濒临亚得里亚海的奥特朗托海峡。

(7)阿克劳瑟拉尼，古希腊埃庇尔境内山脉，今称基马拉。

(8)古代的奥隆，指阿弗洛纳湾。

(9)丁尼生（1809-1892），维多利亚时期代表诗人，主要作品有诗集《悼念集》、独白诗剧《莫德》、长诗《国王叙事诗》等。其诗作题材广泛，想象丰富，形式完美，词藻绮丽，音调铿锵。

(10)蒲伯（1688-1744），新古典主义诗歌的代表，被公认为18世纪最伟大的诗人。他模仿罗马诗人，诗风精巧隽俏，内容以说教与讽刺为主，形式多用英雄双韵体。

(11)《黄昏颂》，威廉·柯林斯（WilliamCollins，1721-1759）的诗作。

(12)《墓园挽歌》，托马斯·格雷（ThomasGray，1716-1771）的诗作。

(13)透纳（1775-1851），著名的英国风景画家，是19世纪上半叶英国学院派画家的代表，与约翰·康斯特布尔并称为“真正使英国风景画摆脱荷兰、法国或意大利绘画影响而走上自己独立道路的两个人”。透纳以善于描绘光与空气的微妙关系而闻名于世，他在艺术史上的特殊贡献是把风景画与历史画和肖像画摆到了同等的地位。

(14)伯基特·福斯特（1825-1890），英国画家、雕刻家，代表作品有《坐在耙上捡柴的孩子》。

(15) E.B.的全名是EdwardBeetz，与吉辛通信甚多，信现收藏于耶鲁大学图书馆。

(16)圣伯夫（1804-1869），法国文学批评家。

(17)圣昔朗，波尔-罗亚尔修道院院长。

(18)詹森教派，信奉17世纪荷兰神学家詹森思想的教派。

(19)投石党，1648-1653年法国反对封建专制制度的政治运动。

(20)黎塞留（1585-1642），法国枢机主教、政治家，曾任路易十三时期的宰相。

(21)马萨林（1602-1661），法国外交家、政治家，路易十四时期的宰相及红衣主教。

(22)莫里哀（1622-1673），法国戏剧作家、演员、戏剧活动家。他同情劳动人民，作品从各个侧面勾画出了剥削阶级的丑恶形象，因而

触怒了贵族势力。1673年，在演完《没病找病》最后一幕以后，莫里哀咯血倒下，当晚就逝世了，终年51岁。由于教会的阻挠，他的葬礼冷冷清清。

(23)出自莎士比亚的《李尔王》第四幕第六场，李尔王在这段台词中咒骂他不孝的女儿们。

(24)马可尼（1874-1937），意大利电气工程师和发明家。

(25)马可·奥勒利乌斯（121-180），罗马帝国最伟大的皇帝之一。他还是一位很有造就的思想家，著有《自省录》12篇。

(26)古罗马诗人卢坎（Lucan）语，全句是“战胜的方面使诸神欢喜，但是战败的方面使加图高兴”。加图帮助庞培反恺撒，庞培失败后，加图去了非洲。后闻恺撒屡屡得胜，遂自杀。

(27)伯里克利时代（约公元前495年至前429年），古雅典文化鼎盛时期。

(28)孟斐斯，古埃及王国（公元前二十七至前二十二世纪）的都城，公元七世纪被毁，现在只留下一个迷你博物馆以及花园中残破的石雕供人凭吊。

(29)引自莎士比亚的《亨利五世》第四幕第一场。

(30)纳撒尼尔·霍桑（1804 - 1864），美国19世纪影响最大的浪漫主义小说家和心理小说家。

(31)阿卡狄亚，古希腊一山地牧区,以其居民生活淳朴宁静著称，寓指世外桃源。

(32)忒奥克里托斯，古希腊诗人，田园诗的创始人。

(33)帕埃斯图姆，坎帕尼亚境内最重要的古希腊建筑群。希腊人于公元前6世纪建立的殖民地，原名Poseidonia，为的是纪念希腊神话中的海神波塞冬。公元前273年被古罗马人同化时，便改名为今天的Paestum。

(34)波尔图葡萄酒，原产葡萄牙的一种高精度葡萄酒，常为深红色。

(35)雪利酒，原产于西班牙南部的一种烈性白葡萄酒。

(36)波尔多，法国波尔多产的红、白葡萄酒。

(37)勃艮第，法国勃艮第地区出产的红、白葡萄酒。

(38)引自罗马讽刺诗人马提雅尔（Martial）的警句诗（Epigrams(10).20.20）。希腊人宴饮时头上戴玫瑰花环。

(39)亚壁古道，罗马城外一条连接罗马和意大利东南港口布林迪西和阿普利亚很重要的古道，为罗马帝国的扩张发挥了重要作用。

(40)安东尼·特罗洛普（1815-1882），英国作家，创作长篇小说47部和大量短篇小说、游记、传记及一部自传。他采用写实手法揭露讥讽

英国维多利亚女王时代中、上层社会，并自觉灌注道德教育意图。他的小说情节发展自然流畅，文笔犀利幽默，人物形象生动，心理刻画逼真深刻。生前未给予充分评价，近半个世纪以来文名重振，成为英国19世纪经典作家之一。

(41)穆迪图书馆，19世纪是小说极盛的世纪，因小说售价偏高，主要是贩售给流通图书馆，供人付年费借阅。当时流通图书馆最大的经营者穆迪掌握了小说出版的市场，要求作家必须遵循固定的篇幅长度才能出版。

(42)福斯特，狄更斯的亲密朋友和他的传记作者。

Winter

冬

I

1

Blasts from the Channel, with raining scud, and spume of mist breaking upon the hills, have kept me indoors all day. Yet not for a moment have I been dull or idle, and now, by the latter end of a seacoal fire, I feel such enjoyment of my ease and tranquility that I must needs word it before going up to bed.

从海峡吹来寒风，夹杂着冰冷的雨点，群山上大雾弥漫，这种天气让我整整一天都呆在家里。但是我没有感到片刻的空虚和无聊，现在，炉膛里的煤将要燃尽，我感觉舒适平静，心情愉快，在睡觉之前，必须要将此时的感受记下来。

Of course one ought to be able to breast weather such as this of today, and to find one's pleasure in the strife with it. For the man sound in body and serene of mind there is no such thing as bad weather; every sky has its beauty, and storms which whip the blood do but make it pulse more vigorously. I remember the time when I would have set out with gusto for a tramp along the wind-swept and rain-beaten roads; nowadays, I should perhaps pay for the experiment with my life. All the more do I prize the shelter of these good walls, the honest workmanship which makes my doors and windows proof against the assailing blast. In all England, the land of comfort, there is no room more comfortable than this in which I sit. Comfortable in the good old sense of the word, giving solace to the mind no less than ease to the body. And never does it look more homely, more a refuge and a sanctuary, than on winter nights.

当然，人应该能够勇敢面对今天这样的天气，并在与它的斗争中找到快乐。对于身体健康思想平静的人，坏天气是不存在的；每种天气自有它的美丽之处，鞭笞血脉的暴风雨只是让它搏动得更加有力而已。还记得当初，我会满怀兴致地顶风冒雨出门走走；而如今，这样做可能会要了我的老命。我因此也更加珍惜这个坚实墙壁围成的庇护所，我的门窗制作得非常牢固，能够抵御狂风暴雨的袭击。在英格兰这块舒适的土地上，没有哪间屋子比现在我住的这间更加舒服了。我所谓的舒服是就标准的古老含义而言，既给心灵以慰藉，又让身体感觉安逸。而在冬夜，是它看起来最像安乐之家，也最像一个庇护所或避难所。

In my first winter here, I tried fires of wood, having had my

hearth arranged for the purpose; but that was a mistake. One cannot burn logs successfully in a small room; either the fire, being kept moderate, needs constant attention, or its triumphant blaze makes the room too hot. A fire is a delightful thing, a companion and an inspiration. If my room were kept warm by some wretched modern contrivance of water-pipes or heated air, would it be the same to me as that beautiful core of glowing fuel, which, if I sit and gaze into it, becomes a world of wonders? Let science warm the heaven-forsaken inhabitants of flats and hotels as effectually and economically as it may; if the choice were forced upon me, I had rather sit, like an Italian, wrapped in my mantle, softly stirring with a key the silver-grey surface of the brasier's charcoal. They tell me we are burning all our coal, and with wicked wastefulness. I am sorry for it, but I cannot on that account make cheerless perhaps the last winter of my life. There may be waste on domestic hearths, but the wickedness is elsewhere—too blatant to call for indication. Use common sense, by all means, in the construction of grates; that more than half the heat of the kindly coal should be blown up the chimney is desired by no one; but hold by the open fire as you hold by whatever else is best in England. Because, in the course of nature, it will be some day a thing of the past (like most other things that are worth living for), is that a reason why it should not be enjoyed as long as possible? Human beings may ere long take their nourishment in the form of pills; the prevision of that happy economy causes me no reproach when I sit down to a joint of meat.

在这里的第一个冬天，我尝试燃烧木头取暖，还为此修整了壁炉，但这是一个错误。在一个小房间里，木头是无法成功燃烧的；要么火势太小，需要一直照看，要么火势太旺，使房间温度过高。火是让人愉快的事物，是伴侣和灵感。如果我的房间依靠暖气管或空调这种讨厌的现代设施保持温暖，那和跳动着熊熊燃烧的美丽火苗会是一样的吗？如果我坐下来凝视着那火苗，它会变成一个奇异的世界。住在公寓和旅馆里的上帝的弃儿们，就让科学来有效而经济地温暖他们吧。如果必须作出选择，我宁愿像意大利人那样坐下来，裹着外套，用棍子轻轻拨动火盆里银灰色的木炭。人们说，我们将所有的煤拿来燃烧，是一种罪恶的浪费。我对此感到遗憾，但是我不能因此就让我生命中可能是最后的一个冬天过得不开心。家庭壁炉也许会造成浪费，但更大更无耻的罪恶还在别处，到处可见。在壁炉的建造上，一定要运用节能常识；没人愿意看到煤燃烧产生的一大半热量由烟囱向外散发；但是请坚守在炉火旁吧，就像坚守英国最好的那些事物一样。因为，按照自然的发展规律，它终有一天会成为过去的事物（像生活中值得珍惜的大多数事物一样），这难道能成为妨碍我们尽量长时间享受它的一个理由吗？人类也许不久以后会吞食药丸来摄取营养，即使能预见这种幸福的经济，在我坐下来大块吃肉时，也不会让我感到任何自责。

See how friendly together are the fire and the shaded lamp; both have their part alike in the illumining and warming of the room. As the fire purrs and softly crackles, so does my lamp at intervals utter a little gurgling sound when the oil flows to the wick, and custom has made this a pleasure to me. Another sound, blending with both, is the gentle ticking of the clock. I could not endure one of those bustling little clocks which tick like a fever pulse, and are only fit for a stockbroker's office; mine hums very slowly, as though it savoured the minutes no less than I do; and when it strikes, the little voice is silver-sweet, telling me without sadness that another hour of life is reckoned, another of the priceless hours—

看炉火和油灯在一起多么相益得彰，它们都有相似的照明和温暖房间的作用。呜呜的炉火发出温柔的噼啪声，油流向灯芯时，油灯不时也会发出轻微的滋滋声，我习惯了这些声音，并视之为一件乐事。另外一个和它们汇合在一起的声音，是钟表轻轻地滴答声。我无法忍受那些走得急匆匆像发烧的脉博的小钟表，它们只适合挂在股票经纪人的办公室里；我的钟表响起来不慌不忙，似乎和我一样在用心品味着分分秒秒；报点时，它会发出银铃般清脆的声音，不带一丝悲伤地告知我，生命中又一个小时的到来，又一个无价的小时——

"Quae nobis pereunt et imputantur."[1]

“它永远不属于我们了，却还视为我们所有。”

After extinguishing the lamp, and when I have reached the door, I always turn to look back; my room is so cosily alluring in the light of the last gleeds, that I do not easily move away. The warm glow is reflected on shining wood, on my chair, my writing-table, on the bookcases, and from the gilt title of some stately volume; it illumes this picture, it half disperses the gloom on that. I could imagine that, as in a fairy tale, the books do but await my departure to begin talking among themselves. A little tongue of flame shoots up from a dying ember; shadows shift upon the ceiling and the walls. With a sigh of utter contentment, I go forth, and shut the door softly.

熄灯后走向门口时，我总是会回头看看；在壁炉最后的微光中，我的房间是那样舒适诱人，让我舍不得离开。一种温暖的光芒从大部头烫金的书籍折射回来，映在闪亮的木头、座椅、书桌和书架上；它照亮了这幅画，驱散了笼罩其上的阴暗。我可以想象，就像在童话中一样，这些书等我一离开就会开始交谈了。从余烬中忽然跳出一簇小火苗，天花板和墙上的阴影跟着跳动了一下。我十分满足地叹了一口气，往前走去，并轻轻地带上了房间的门。

II

2

I came home this afternoon just at twilight, and, feeling tired after my walk, a little cold too, I first crouched before the fire, then let myself drop lazily upon the hearthrug. I had a book in my hand, and began to read it by the firelight. Rising in a few minutes, I found the open page still legible by the pale glimmer of day. This sudden change of illumination had an odd effect upon me; it was so unexpected, for I had forgotten that dark had not yet fallen. And I saw in the queer little experience an intellectual symbol. The book was verse. Might not the warm rays from the fire exhibit the page as it appears to an imaginative and kindred mind, whilst that cold, dull light from the window showed it as it is beheld by eyes to which poetry has but a poor, literal meaning, or none at all?

我今天下午外出散步，回到家时已是黄昏，我觉得疲倦，还有点冷，便蜷缩在火炉前，接着懒懒地躺在炉旁的地毯上。我手里拿着一本书，开始借着炉火的光阅读。几分钟后，我站起来，发现借着昏暗的天光，书本上的字还清晰可辨。这种照明的突然变化，让我产生一种奇特的感觉；这真有些出乎意料，因为我忘记了夜幕还没有降临。我从这个奇妙的小经验里看到一种智慧的象征。我手上这本书是一本诗集，火光发出的温暖光线照亮书页，就像诗句呈现在一个富有想象力和理解力的头脑面前，而窗户透进来的寒冷阴暗的光照在书上，就如同它在那些认为诗歌只有贫乏的字面意义或是全无意义的读者眼里一样。

III

3

It is a pleasant thing enough to be able to spend a little money without fear when the desire for some indulgence is strong upon one; but how much pleasanter the ability to give money away! Greatly as I relish the comforts of my wonderful new life, no joy it has brought me equals that of coming in aid to another's necessity. The man for ever pinched in circumstances can live only for himself. It is all very well to talk about doing moral good; in practice, there is little scope or hope for anything of that kind in a state of material hardship. To-day I have sent S- a cheque for fifty pounds; it will come as a very boon of heaven, and assuredly blesseth him that gives as much as him that takes. A poor fifty pounds, which the wealthy fool throws away upon some idle or base fantasy, and never thinks of it; yet to S- it will mean life and light. And I, to whom this power of benefaction is such a new thing, sign the cheque with a hand trembling, so glad and proud I am. In the days gone by, I have sometimes given money, but with trembling of another kind; it was as likely as not that I myself, some black foggy morning, might have to go begging for my own dire needs. That is one of the bitter curses of poverty; it leaves no right to

be generous. Of my abundance—abundance to me, though starveling pittance in the view of everyday prosperity—I can give with happiest freedom; I feel myself a man, and no crouching slave with his back ever ready for the lash of circumstance. There are those, I know, who thank the gods amiss, and most easily does this happen in the matter of wealth. But oh, how good it is to desire little, and to have a little more than enough!

当内心有一种强烈的放纵自己的愿望时，能够没有任何顾虑地花一点小钱，真是一件让人愉快的事；但是相比之下，有散财的能力又让人愉快得多。我非常享受现在的新生活带给我的舒适，但它带给我的快乐，无法与在某人困窘之时可以施以援手相比。一直受贫困境遇压迫的人只能为自己生活，谈论做善事是不错的，但实际上，在物质生活困苦时，几乎没有能力或希望来做这种事情。今天，我给S先生寄了一张五十英镑的支票；它像上天的恩泽，一定会给施与者和受施者带来同样的福祉。区区五十英镑，富裕的蠢人也许会为某个无聊低俗的愿望而轻易挥霍掉，并且不作二想；但是对S先生来说，这意味生命和光明。而对我，这种施人恩惠的能力是这样新鲜，我签支票时手都有些颤抖，因为我是多么高兴和骄傲。在过去，我有时也给人钱财，但那是另外一种颤抖；想到在某个黑暗的雾蒙蒙的早晨，我自己可能要出门，为生活所需而乞讨。这是贫穷的一大可恶的诅咒，它让人没有慷慨的权利。当我富足的时候——在我看来是富足，而在那些富人眼里是可怜巴巴的收入——我可以最快乐自由地给予；我感觉自己像一个真正的人，而不是一个缩手缩脚的奴隶，时刻准备着受现实的鞭笞。我知道有些人错误地感谢神灵，很多人致富后很容易这样做。噢，不奢望获得很多，而拥有比足够多那么一点，是多好的事情啊！

IV

4

After two or three days of unseasonable and depressing warmth, with lowering but not rainy sky, I woke this morning to find the land covered with a dense mist. There was no daybreak, and, till long after the due hour, no light save a pale, sad glimmer at the window; now, at mid-day, I begin dimly to descry gaunt shapes of trees, whilst a haunting drip, drip on the garden soil tells me that the vapour has begun to condense, and will pass in rain. But for my fire, I should be in indifferent spirits on such a day as this; the flame sings and leaps, and its red beauty is reflected in the window-glass. I cannot give my thoughts to reading; if I sat unoccupied, they would brood with melancholy fixedness on I know not what. Better to betake myself to the old mechanic exercise of the pen, which cheats my sense of time wasted.

接连两三天，天气都是不合季节的闷热，天空低沉但没有雨意。我今天早晨醒来，发现地上覆盖着浓雾。黎明始终没有到来，过了日出时分好久，窗外才透进一丝昏暗悲伤的光亮；现在已是正午，我开始能模糊分辨出树木憔悴的轮廓，我听到水珠不断滴在花园地上的声音，我知道，水蒸气已经开始凝结，要聚集成雨了。如果没有炉火，在今天这样的日子，我的情绪该是冷淡的；火焰歌唱着，跳跃着，它红火的美丽模样映在窗户玻璃上。我没有读书的心情，要是无所事事地坐下来，我的思绪会哀伤地固定在某个自己也不知道的东西上。不如拿起笔杆子，重复以前的机械笔耕，哄哄自己而不感到浪费了时间。

I think of fogs in London, fogs of murky yellow or of sheer black, such as have often made all work impossible to me, and held me, a sort of dyspeptic owl, in moping and blinking idleness. On such a day, I remember, I once found myself at an end both of coal and of lampoil, with no money to purchase either; all I could do was to go to bed, meaning to lie there till the sky once more became visible. But a second day found the fog dense as ever. I rose in darkness; I stood at the window of my garret, and saw that the street was illumined as at night, lamps and shop-fronts perfectly visible, with folk going about their business. The fog, in fact, had risen, but still hung above the house-tops, impermeable by any heavenly beam. My solitude being no longer endurable, I went out, and walked the town for hours. When I returned, it was with a few coins which permitted me to buy warmth and light. I had sold to a second-hand bookseller a volume which I prized, and was so much the poorer for the money in my pocket.

我想起伦敦的雾，要么是昏黄的，要么是完全黑暗的，让我不可能做任何工作，让我像消化不良的猫头鹰似的，陷入一种无精打采百无聊赖状态中。我记得，曾经在这样一天，我发现煤和灯油都燃尽了，而我又没钱买；我只能爬上床，想一直躺到再次看见天亮。但是第二天，雾气还像昨天那样浓。我在黑暗中起身，站在阁楼的窗前，看见街道像在晚上一样被灯光照亮，路灯和商铺都清晰可见，人们都在忙着自己的事情。雾气其实已经升起，但是还盘踞在屋顶上，任何天光都无法穿透。我无法再忍受孤独，便出门在城中走了几个小时。回来时，兜里多了几个硬币，可以供我购买一些温暖和光明。我把自己珍视的一本书卖给了一个二手书贩，而兜里的钱让我变得更加贫穷了。

Years after that, I recall another black morning. As usual at such times, I was suffering from a bad cold. After a sleepless night, I fell into a torpor, which held me unconscious for an hour or two. Hideous cries aroused me; sitting up in the dark, I heard men going along the street, roaring news of a hanging that had just taken place. "Execution of Mrs."—I forget the name of the murderess. "Scene on the scaffold!" It was a little after nine o'clock; the enterprising paper had promptly got out its gibbet edition. A morning of midwinter, roofs and ways covered with soot-grimed snow under the ghastly fog-pall; and, whilst

I lay there in my bed, that woman had been led out and hanged—hanged. I thought with horror of the possibility that I might sicken and die in that wilderness of houses, nothing above me but "a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours." Overcome with dread, I rose and bestirred myself. Blinds drawn, lamp lit, and by a blazing fire, I tried to make believe that it was kindly night.

我又记起多年之后一个黑暗的早晨。这种时候，我通常会患重感冒，那年也不例外。在一夜无眠之后，我陷入了麻痹状态，不省人事有一两个小时。一阵讨厌的叫喊声将我惊醒，我在黑暗中坐起身，听到人们走在街上大声叫卖刚刚发生的一起绞刑的新闻。“处决某某夫人”——我已经忘记那个被绞死的凶手的名字。“绞刑架上的一幕！”当时是九点刚过，尽职的报纸已经立刻为这次绞刑发表了一则消息。冬天此时刚过一半，这个早晨，房顶和道路上都覆盖着被煤灰弄脏的雪，上面覆盖着可怖的雾做成的棺材；在我躺在床上的时候，那个女人被拉出去绞死了——绞死了。我想到自己可能会在这个城市的荒原里病死，身上只盖有“肮脏的致命的水蒸气”，吓得够呛。在极度恐惧之下，我起身活动了一下。我拉上百叶窗，点上油灯，在熊熊燃烧的炉火旁，我努力欺骗自己这是一个温暖的夜晚。

V

5

Walking along the road after nightfall, I thought all at once of London streets, and, by a freak of mind, wished I were there. I saw the shining of shop-fronts, the yellow glistening of a wet pavement, the hurrying people, the cabs, the omnibuses—and I wished I were amid it all.

夜幕降临的时候，我还在路上走着，忽然，我想起伦敦的街道，并突发异想，希望自己能在那里。我看到街道两旁店面发出的亮光，潮湿的人行道上黄色的反光，行色匆匆的路人、出租车、马车——我希望自己身在其中。

What did it mean, but that I wished I were young again? Not seldom I have a sudden vision of a London street, perhaps the dreariest and ugliest, which for a moment gives me a feeling of home-sickness. Often it is the High Street of Islington, which I have not seen for a quarter of a century, at least; no thoroughfare in all London less attractive to the imagination, one would say; but I see myself walking there—walking with the quick, light step of youth, and there, of course, is the charm. I see myself, after a long day of work and loneliness, setting forth from my lodging. For the weather I care nothing; rain, wind, fog—what does it matter! The fresh air fills my lungs; my blood circles rapidly; I feel my muscles, and have a pleasure

in the hardness of the stone I tread upon. Perhaps I have money in my pocket; I am going to the theatre, and, afterwards, I shall treat myself to supper—sausage and mashed potatoes, with a pint of foaming ale. The gusto with which I look forward to each and every enjoyment! At the pit-door, I shall roll and hustle amid the throng, and find it amusing. Nothing tires me. Late at night, I shall walk all the way back to Islington, most likely singing as I go. Not because I am happy—nay, I am anything but that; but my age is something and twenty; I am strong and well.

我希望自己再次年轻,这意味着什么呢？我经常会在想象中见到伦敦的某条街道，可能是最阴郁丑陋的，片刻间它还是让我有一种想家的感觉。通常那会是伊斯灵顿区的大街，我已经至少有四分之一个世纪那么久没看见它了。在想象中，全伦敦没有一条大道比它更普通，更缺乏想象的空间，你会这么说；但是我却看到自己在那条街道上走——用年轻人轻快的步伐走着，当然，这就是它的诱人之处。我看到自己，在漫长一天的工作和寂寞之后，离开寓所出门。天气我是毫不在意的，下雨、刮风、大雾——有什么关系！新鲜的空气充满了我的肺；血液快速地循环着；我触摸自己的肌肉，在脚踏上坚硬的地面之时获得一种快感。也许兜里会有点钱，我会到戏院去，之后会享受一顿晚餐——香肠、土豆泥加上一品脱溢满泡沫的浓啤酒。我对这每一个乐趣都满怀着怎样热切的期待啊！在戏院的后门口，我在人群中推推搡搡，觉得很是有趣。没有什么能让我感觉疲惫。夜深了，我会径直走回伊斯灵顿区，可能还一路哼着小曲。不是因为我高兴——不，我的生活根本不算幸福。不过，我当时才二十几岁，身体强壮又健康。

Put me in a London street this chill, damp night, and I should be lost in barren discomfort. But in those old days, if I am not mistaken, I rather preferred the seasons of bad weather; I had, in fact, the true instinct of townsfolk, which finds pleasure in the triumph of artificial circumstance over natural conditions, delighting in a glare and tumult of busy life under hostile heavens which, elsewhere, would mean shivering ill-content. The theatre, at such a time, is doubly warm and bright; every shop is a happy harbour of refuge—there, behind the counter, stand persons quite at their ease, ready to chat as they serve you; the supper bars make tempting display under their many gas-jets; the public houses are full of people who all have money to spend. Then clangs out the piano-organ—and what could be cheerier!

在今天这个寒冷潮湿的夜晚，把我放在伦敦任何一条街道上，我都会在极度不适中迷失方向。但在那些日子，如果没记错的话，我倒是更喜欢天气糟糕的季节。事实上，我有城里人的真正本能，就是能从人造环境战胜自然条件中找到快乐，在恶劣的天气下能从繁忙生活的喧嚷中感受愉悦，而在别处，这天气会意味着瑟瑟发抖的不幸境遇。在这种时候，剧院是份外的温暖明亮；每家店铺都是一个快乐的避风港——在那儿，柜台后站着的人们是那么悠哉乐哉，在服务时随时准备与你攀谈；

在一盏盏煤气灯火的照耀下，饭馆展示着诱人的晚餐；酒吧里满是有钱可花的人们。接着会响起钢琴的声音——有什么会更让人愉快呢！

I have much ado to believe that I really felt so. But then, if life had not somehow made itself tolerable to me, how should I have lived through those many years? Human creatures have a marvellous power of adapting themselves to necessity. Were I, even now, thrown back into squalid London, with no choice but to abide and work there—should I not abide and work? Notwithstanding thoughts of the chemist's shop, I suppose I should.

我努力让自己相信当时确实曾有这样的感觉，否则，如果生活不是用某种方式变得让我觉得可以忍受，我怎么能熬过那么些年呢？人类有一种神奇的适应自然环境的力量。即使现在，如果我被扔回肮脏的伦敦，没有任何选择，只能忍受并工作——我难道不会忍受和工作吗？虽然会想到药店的问题，我想我还是会的。

VI

6

One of the shining moments of my day is that when, having returned a little weary from an afternoon walk, I exchange boots for slippers, outof-doors coat for easy, familiar, shabby jacket, and, in my deep, softelbowed chair, await the tea-tray. Perhaps it is while drinking tea that I most of all enjoy the sense of leisure. In days gone by, I could but gulp down the refreshment, hurried, often harassed, by the thought of the work I had before me; often I was quite insensible of the aroma, the flavour, of what I drank. Now, how delicious is the soft yet penetrating odour which fl oats into my study, with the appearance of the teapot! What solace in the first cup, what deliberate sipping of that which follows! What a glow does it bring after a walk in chilly rain! The while, I look around at my books and pictures, tasting the happiness of their tranquil possession. I cast an eye towards my pipe; perhaps I prepare it, with seeming thoughtfulness, for the reception of tobacco. And never, surely, is tobacco more soothing, more suggestive of humane thoughts, than when it comes just after tea—itself a bland inspirer.

我一天中最轻松的时刻之一，是下午散步略带一丝疲惫地回来，脱下靴子和外出时穿的外套，换上拖鞋和轻便破旧的家居服，坐在扶手柔软的大座椅中，等着茶盘送来。我也许是在喝茶的时候，最能享受悠闲的感觉了。在过去，我会将茶一口吞下，常常是因为想到面前的工作而感到紧迫和焦虑；我对所喝饮料的香气和味道常常是没有察觉的。现在，随着茶壶的出现飘进我书房里的那种柔软而沁人心脾的味道是多么美妙啊！那第一杯茶里有多大的慰藉，之后更要细细品味个中滋味啊！

在冷雨中散步后，这茶会怎样地让人精神一振啊！与此同时，我环顾四周，看着我的书和画，品味着和平拥有这一切的幸福感。我的目光落在烟斗上，也许我用心地准备它是为了放置烟草的。平时享用烟草总不如在茶后用那么使人宽心和富有人情味——它本身只是一个平淡无奇的给人灵感的东西。

In nothing is the English genius for domesticity more notably declared than in the institution of this festival—almost one may call it so—of afternoon tea. Beneath simple roofs, the hour of tea has something in it of sacred; for it marks the end of domestic work and worry, the beginning of restful, sociable evening. The mere chink of cups and saucers tunes the mind to happy repose. I care nothing for your five o'clock tea of modish drawing-rooms, idle and wearisome like all else in which that world has part; I speak of tea where one is at home in quite another than the worldly sense. To admit mere strangers to your teatable is profanation; on the other hand, English hospitality has here its kindliest aspect; never is friend more welcome than when he drops in for a cup of tea. Where tea is really a meal, with nothing between it and nine o'clock supper, it is—again in the true sense—the homeliest meal of the day. Is it believable that the Chinese, in who knows how many centuries, have derived from tea a millionth part of the pleasure or the good which it has brought to England in the past one hundred years?

英国人家庭生活中的天赋，在下午茶的仪式（人们几乎可以如此来称呼它）上可以最明显地得到体现。在简朴的寒舍中，品茶时间蕴含着某种神圣的东西；因为它标志着家务活和烦恼的结束，和一个宁静和谐夜晚的开始。杯碟叮当作响，让头脑也变得愉快宁静。我对时髦客厅里的五点钟茶不感兴趣，它单调乏味如同世俗皆有份的所有事物一样；我说的是与平常意义完全不同的在家里饮茶。让陌生人上你的茶桌是一种亵渎；但是，英国人的好客在这里也体现出最和善的一面，一个朋友在喝茶的时间来访是最受欢迎的。如果下午茶真正成为一顿饭，在它和九点钟晚饭之间什么都不吃，它就是真正意义上最家常的一顿饭。中国人在不知道多少个世纪中从品茶得到的乐趣和好处，还不及它在过去一百年中带给英格兰的百万分之一，这令人置信吗？

I like to look at my housekeeper when she carries in the tray. Her mien is festal, yet in her smile there is a certain gravity, as though she performed an office which honoured her. She has dressed for the evening; that is to say, her clean and seemly attire of working hours is exchanged for garments suitable to fireside leisure; her cheeks are warm, for she has been making fragrant toast. Quickly her eye glances about my room, but only to have the pleasure of noting that all is in order; inconceivable that anything serious should need doing at this hour of the day. She brings the little table within the glow of the hearth, so that I can help myself without changing my easy position. If

she speaks, it will only be a pleasant word or two; should she have anything important to say, the moment will be AFTER tea, not before it; this she knows by instinct. Perchance she may just stoop to sweep back a cinder which has fallen since, in my absence, she looked after the fire; it is done quickly and silently. Then, still smiling, she withdraws, and I know that she is going to enjoy her own tea, her own toast, in the warm, comfortable, sweet-smelling kitchen.

我喜欢看我的管家端茶盘进来的样子。她的表情带着节日气氛，但是在她的笑容中有一种庄重，似乎她在做一件荣耀的工作。她已经换上了晚装，就是说，她换下了工作时穿得干净得体的衣服，穿上了适合炉火旁悠闲时刻的服装；她的脸颊是温暖的，因为她一直在烤香喷喷的面包。她的眼睛很快扫视了一下我的屋子，看到一切井井有条，眼神里有了一丝愉悦；在今天的这个时候，想不出还有什么重要的事情需要做。她把小桌搬到壁炉的火光可以照到的地方，这样我不用改变舒适的姿势就能享用茶点了。如果她说话，那也只会是令人愉快的一两句话；如果有什么重要的事要说，她会等到茶后，而不是之前，这一点她本能地知道。偶尔她会俯身把一块煤渣扫回壁炉中，那是在我外出她照看炉火时掉落的；这件事她会迅速而安静地完成。然后，她会微笑着走出去，我知道她要到温暖舒适、香味弥漫的厨房里享受自己的茶、自己的面包了。

VII

7

One has heard much condemnation of the English kitchen. Our typical cook is spoken of as a gross, unimaginative creature, capable only of roasting or seething. Our table is said to be such as would weary or revolt any but gobbet-bolting carnivores. We are told that our bread is the worst in Europe, an indigestible paste; that our vegetables are diet rather for the hungry animal than for discriminative man; that our warm beverages, called coffee and tea, are so carelessly or ignorantly brewed that they preserve no simple virtue of the drink as it is known in other lands. To be sure, there is no lack of evidence to explain such censure. The class which provides our servants is undeniably coarse and stupid, and its handiwork of every kind too often bears the native stamp. For all that, English victuals are, in quality, the best in the world, and English cookery is the wholesomest and the most appetizing known to any temperate clime.

我们听过很多人们对英国烹饪的指责。我们的代表厨师被说成是粗野而缺乏想象力的，只会烤和煮两种烹饪方法。我们的餐桌被说成是除了囫囵进食的食肉动物外，让任何人都感到厌倦和反胃的。有人说，我们的面包是全欧洲最糟糕的，就是一块难消化的面团；我们的蔬菜与其

说是给有判别力的人吃的，还不如说是喂给饥饿动物的；我们称之为咖啡或茶的热饮料，在冲泡时如此粗心和无知，以至于留不下在其他国家饮料里的那种自然味道。当然，也不乏支持这些指责的证据。提供仆人的那个阶级，不可否认是粗鲁和愚蠢的，他们的各种手艺经常贴着本地的标签。尽管如此，英国食物，在质量上，仍是世界上最好的，英国的烹调术在所有气候温和之地也是最健康和开胃的。

As in so many other of our good points, we have achieved this thing unconsciously. Your ordinary Englishwoman engaged in cooking probably has no other thought than to make the food masticable; but reflect on the results, when the thing is well done, and there appears a culinary principle. Nothing could be simpler, yet nothing more right and reasonable. The aim of English cooking is so to deal with the raw material of man's nourishment as to bring out, for the healthy palate, all its natural juices and savours. And in this, when the cook has any measure of natural or acquired skill, we most notably succeed. Our beef is veritably beef; at its best, such beef as can be eaten in no other country under the sun; our mutton is mutton in its purest essence--think of a shoulder of Southdown at the moment when the first jet of gravy starts under the carving knife! Each of our vegetables yields its separate and characteristic sweetness. It never occurs to us to disguise the genuine flavour of food; if such a process be necessary, then something is wrong with the food itself. Some wiseacre scoffed at us as the people with only one sauce. The fact is, we have as many sauces as we have kinds of meat; each, in the process of cookery, yields its native sap, and this is the best of all sauces conceivable. Only English folk know what is meant by GRAVY; consequently, the English alone are competent to speak on the question of sauce.

和我们的许多优点一样，这一成就是无意中取得的。普通英国女人在烹饪时，很可能不作他想，只是要把食物弄得可以咀嚼而已；但是从结果上考虑，如果饭菜烹得好，那么一项烹饪原则便出现了。没有什么比它更简单，但也没有什么比它更正确合理。英国烹饪的宗旨就是，把人们营养所需的原材料进行处理，为健康的味觉引导出它们所有的自然汁液和味道。如果我们的厨子有任何天生或后天的技巧，我们在这方面的成功就会是引人注目的。我们的牛肉是真正的牛肉，其中的顶级牛肉，在别的国家是吃不到的；我们的羊肉是最纯粹最精细的羊肉——想想英格兰南丘羊的肩肉，一刀切下溢出的第一股肉汁！我们的每一种蔬菜，都有各自特有的甜美味道。我们从没想过要掩盖食物原本的味道，如果有必要这样做，那么一定是食物本身有问题。一些自以为是的人嘲笑我们是只有一种调味品的民族，实际上，我们的调味品和肉的种类一样多；每一种在烹饪过程中都会贡献出自己的味道，这便是所有想象得到的调味品中最好的。只有英国人知道“肉汤”的真正含意，因此，也只有英国人有资格对调味品发表评论。

To be sure, this culinary principle presupposes food of the finest

quality. If your beef and your mutton have flavours scarcely distinguishable, whilst both this and that might conceivably be veal, you will go to work in quite a different way; your object must then be to disguise, to counterfeit, to add an alien relish—in short, to do anything EXCEPT insist upon the natural quality of the viand. Happily, the English have never been driven to these expedients. Be it flesh, fowl, or fish, each comes to table so distinctly and eminently itself that by no possibility could it be confused with anything else. Give your average cook a bit of cod, and tell her to dress it in her own way. The good creature will carefully boil it, and there an end of the matter; and by no exercise of art could she have so treated the fish as to make more manifest and enjoyable that special savour which heaven has bestowed upon cod. Think of our array of joints; how royal is each in its own way, and how utterly unlike any of the others. Picture a boiled leg of mutton. It is mutton, yes, and mutton of the best; nature has bestowed upon man no sweeter morsel; but the same joint roasted is mutton too, and how divinely different! The point is that these differences are natural; that, in eliciting them, we obey the eternal law of things, and no human caprice. Your artificial relish is here not only needless, but offensive.

当然，这种烹饪原则的前提是，食材必须用最好的。如果你的牛肉和羊肉的味道很难区分，而这个和那个都有可能是小牛肉，那你烹调时就要采取完全不同的做法了；你的目标就是要掩盖，抵消，并添加另外的味道——简言之，就是采取任何方式改变食物原本的自然味道。值得高兴的是，英国人还从没有被迫采取这种权宜之计。不管是走兽、飞禽还是游鱼，每一种摆在餐桌上都有自己明显独特的味道，不可能与其他食物混淆。给普通的厨子一条鳕鱼，让她按自己的方法来做。这个好厨子会悉心将它煮熟，如此而已；她不可能使用任何方法，让上天赐给这条鱼的特有味道变得更多样和美味。想象我们那些带骨腿肉吧，它们本身那样尊贵，和其他任何一个都截然不同。想象一只煮羊腿，它是羊肉，对，是最上乘的羊肉，大自然赐予人们的没有比它更美味的了。同样一块肉烘烤后还是羊肉，但它们有着多么奇妙的不同啊！必须注意的是，这些差异是自然的。在引出它们的味道时，我们遵循的是事物的永恒法则，而不是人类的怪想。人工的味道在这里不仅不必要，而且令人生厌。

In the case of veal, we demand "stuffing." Yes, for veal is a somewhat insipid meat, and by experience we have discovered the best method of throwing into relief such inherent goodness as it has. The stuffing does not disguise, nor seek to disguise; it accentuates. Good veal stuffing—reflect!—is in itself a triumph of culinary instinct; so bland it is, and yet so powerful upon the gastric juices.

在烹调小牛肉时，我们需要“填料”。是的，因为小牛肉是一种比较淡而无味的肉，但我们凭经验已经找到一种最好的方法，将它内在的鲜

美凸显出来。填料并不是要掩盖，也不是试图掩盖，而是强调肉原本的味道。小牛肉的好填料——想想吧！——其本身就是烹饪本能的一种胜利。虽然肉本身乏味，但下肚后与胃液混合却令人折服。

Did I call veal insipid? I must add that it is only so in comparison with English beef and mutton. When I think of the "brown" on the edge of a really fine cut of veal—!

我说过小牛肉淡而无味是吧？我必须加上一句，只是跟英国牛肉和羊肉比起来，它才显得如此。当我想起一块切得非常齐整的小牛肉烤得焦黄时，噢——！

VIII

8

As so often when my thought has gone forth in praise of things English, I find myself tormented by an after-thought—the reflection that I have praised a time gone by. Now, in this matter of English meat. A newspaper tells me that English beef is non-existent; that the best meat bearing that name has merely been fed up in England for a short time before killing. Well, well; we can only be thankful that the quality is still so good. Real English mutton still exists, I suppose. It would surprise me if any other country could produce the shoulder I had yesterday.

在我的思想为种种英国事物大唱赞歌时，我经常会为一种事后的想法所折磨，那就是考虑到自己歌颂的是一个逝去的时代。现在来谈谈英国的肉食吧。报纸上写道，所谓的英国牛肉已经不存在，冠以其名的最好的肉，不过是宰杀之前在英国短暂地饲养过一段时间而已。好吧，好吧，我们只能庆幸它的质量仍然这么好。真正的英国羊肉还存在吧，我想。如果其他国家能生产出我昨天吃的那块羊肩肉，那我真会大吃一惊呢。

Who knows? Perhaps even our own cookery has seen its best days. It is a lamentable fact that the multitude of English people nowadays never taste roasted meat; what they call by that name is baked in the oven—a totally different thing, though it may, I admit, be inferior only to the right roast. Oh, the sirloin of old times, the sirloin which I can remember, thirty or forty years ago! That was English, and no mistake, and all the history of civilization could show nothing on the table of mankind to equal it. To clap that joint into a steamy oven would have been a crime unpardonable by gods and man. Have I not with my own eyes seen it turning, turning on the spit? The scent it diffused was in itself a cure for dyspepsia.

谁知道呢？也许连我们自己的烹饪都在走下坡路了。如今大多数英

国人都从没有吃过烤肉，真是可悲；他们称之为烤肉的食物都是从烤箱中出来的——那是完全不同的东西，尽管我承认它的味道可能只是比不上正宗的烤肉而已。噢，以前的牛腰肉，我能记得的牛腰肉，已经是三四十年以前！那是纯正的英国风味，没错，在人类的餐桌上，文明的全部历史都拿不出什么与它相比。将一块带骨腿肉放到蒸汽腾腾的烤箱里简直是一桩人神共愤的罪行。我不是曾亲眼看见它在烤肉铁钎上转来转去吗？它散发出的气味本身就能治疗消化不良了。

It is very long since I tasted a slice of boiled beef; I have a suspicion that the thing is becoming rare. In a household such as mine, the "round" is impracticable; of necessity it must be large, altogether too large for our requirements. But what exquisite memories does my mind preserve! The very colouring of a round, how rich it is, yet how delicate, and how subtly varied! The odour is totally distinct from that of roast beef, and yet it is beef incontestable. Hot, of course with carrots, it is a dish for a king; but cold it is nobler. Oh, the thin broad slice, with just its fringe of consistent fat!

我很久没有吃上一块煮牛肉了，我怀疑这种东西越来越少了。在我这样的家庭里，牛股肉是行不通的；因为它一定是大的，大到超出我们的需要。然而我的脑海中保存了怎样美好的记忆！牛股肉的色泽，多么浓郁，多么娇嫩，多么微妙多姿！它的味道和烤牛肉截然不同，但却无可置疑是牛肉。热腾腾的端上桌，当然要佐以胡萝卜，它可以成为国王的美食；但如果是冷的，那它会更加尊贵。噢，那薄薄的一大片，只在边沿上有一圈肥肉！

We are sparing of condiments, but such as we use are the best that man has invented. And we know HOW to use them. I have heard an impatient innovator scoff at the English law on the subject of mustard, and demand why, in the nature of things, mustard should not be eaten with mutton. The answer is very simple; this law has been made by the English palate—which is impeccable. I maintain it is impeccable! Your educated Englishman is an infallible guide in all that relates to the table. "The man of superior intellect," said Tennyson—justifying his love of boiled beef and new potatoes—”knows what is good to eat”; and I would extend it to all civilized natives of our country. We are content with nothing but the finest savours, the truest combinations; our wealth, and happy natural circumstances, have allowed us an education of the palate of which our natural aptitude was worthy. Think, by the bye, of those new potatoes, just mentioned. Our cook, when dressing them, puts into the saucepan a sprig of mint. This is genius. No otherwise could the flavour of the vegetable be so perfectly, yet so delicately, emphasized. The mint is there, and we know it; yet our palate knows only the young potato.

我们很少用调味品，但凡是我们用的，都是人类发明的最好的，我们知道怎样来使用它们。我曾听到一个缺乏耐心的改革者借芥末的话题

嘲弄英国的法律，他问道，究竟为何芥末一定不能和羊肉一起食用呢？答案非常简单；这条法律是由英国人的味觉制定的——它是无可挑剔的。我强调一遍，它是无可挑剔的！受过教育的英国人，在所有与餐桌有关的事情上，都是绝对可靠的向导。“有卓异智慧的人知道什么好吃”，丁尼生说——为自己爱吃煮牛肉和新土豆这样辩护，我则将它扩展至所有文明的国人。我们只满足于最好的味道和最合理的搭配；我们的财富和幸福的自然环境，都让我们的味觉受到很好的教育，与我们的天生才智相辅相成。顺便想一想刚才提到的新土豆，我们的厨子在烹调时会在菜锅里放上一点薄荷，这就是天才。如果不这样，土豆的味道不会如此完美精致地得到提升。我们知道薄荷在菜里，但是我们的味觉只知道这就是小土豆。

IX

9

There is to me an odd pathos in the literature of vegetarianism. I remember the day when I read these periodicals and pamphlets with all the zest of hunger and poverty, vigorously seeking to persuade myself that flesh was an altogether superfluous, and even a repulsive, food. If ever such things fall under my eyes nowadays, I am touched with a half humorous compassion for the people whose necessity, not their will, consents to this chemical view of diet. There comes before me a vision of certain vegetarian restaurants, where, at a minim outlay, I have often enough made believe to satisfy my craving stomach; where I have swallowed "savoury cutlet," "vegetable steak," and I know not what windy insufficiencies tricked up under specious names. One place do I recall where you had a complete dinner for sixpence—I dare not try to remember the items. But well indeed do I see the faces of the guests—poor clerks and shopboys, bloodless girls and women of many sorts—all endeavouring to find a relish in lentil soup and haricot something-orother. It was a grotesquely heart-breaking sight.

素食主义的文献，让我感受到一种奇特的悲哀情绪。记得那个时候，我带着饥饿和贫穷生活的全部热情，阅读这些期刊和宣传册，极力劝说自己相信，肉完全是一种多余的甚至令人厌恶的食物。如果今天这种读物再出现在我眼前，我会对那些因为困窘而非自愿认同这种饮食的化学观点的人，怀有一种半是幽默的同情。我眼前出现了一些素食饭店，曾经，我常到那里自以为可以花最少的钱让饥饿的肚皮满意；我在那儿吃过“美味肉排”，“素牛排”，和其他一些华而不实的似是而非的东西。我还记得一个地方，花六个便士你就能享受一顿正餐——我不敢去回忆那里的食谱。但是我看清楚了那些顾客的面孔——贫穷的职员和伙计，各种各样的脸色苍白的女孩和妇人——所有人都试图从扁豆汤和菜豆中寻找美味。这真是极其让人伤心的怪异景象。

I hate with a bitter hatred the names of lentils and haricots—those pretentious cheats of the appetite, those tabulated humbugs, those certificated aridities calling themselves human food! An ounce of either, we are told, is equivalent to—how many pounds?—of the best rump-steak. There are not many ounces of common sense in the brain of him who proves it, or of him who believes it. In some countries, this stuff is eaten by choice; in England only dire need can compel to its consumption. Lentils and haricots are not merely insipid; frequent use of them causes something like nausea. Preach and tabulate as you will, the English palate—which is the supreme judge—rejects this farinaceous makeshift. Even as it rejects vegetables without the natural concomitant of meat; as it rejects oatmeal-porridge and griddle-cakes for a mid-day meal; as it rejects lemonade and ginger-ale offered as substitutes for honest beer.

我对扁豆和菜豆的名字深恶痛绝——这些自命不凡的食欲的骗子，这些被定格的欺诈之徒，这些已被证明乏味的自称为人类食物的东西！他们告诉我们，一盎司的扁豆或菜豆，相当于——记不得多少磅——最好的牛臀肉。证明这一点的人，或者相信这一点的人，他的头脑里恐怕没有多少常识吧。在有些国家，这种东西都是人们自愿食用的；在英格兰，只有在最窘迫的情况下，人们迫于无奈才会食用。扁豆和菜豆不仅仅乏味，经常食用还会导致反胃恶心。你自管鼓吹宣传，英国人的味觉——也是最高的法官——拒绝这种含淀粉的临时替代品。就像它拒绝没有自然搭配着肉的蔬菜，拒绝用燕麦粥和薄饼一起充当午餐，也拒绝用柠檬水和姜汁饮料替代真正的啤酒。

What is the intellectual and moral state of that man who really believes that chemical analysis can be an equivalent for natural gusto?—I will get more nourishment out of an inch of right Cambridge sausage; aye, out of a couple of ounces of honest tripe; than can be yielded me by half a hundredweight of the best lentils ever grown.

真正相信化学分析能够和自然风味相当的人，他的智力和精神状态是怎样的呢？我从一英寸正宗剑桥香肠或是几盎司牛肚中摄取到的营养，要远多于五六十磅最好的扁豆所能给予的。

X

10

Talking of vegetables, can the inhabited globe offer anything to vie with the English potato justly steamed? I do not say that it is always—or often—to be seen on our tables, for the steaming of a potato is one of the great achievements of culinary art; but, when it IS set before you, how flesh and spirit exult! A modest palate will find more than simple comfort in your boiled potato of every day, as

served in the decent household. New or old, it is beyond challenge delectable. Try to think that civilized nations exist to whom this food is unknown—nay, who speak of it, on hearsay, with contempt! Such critics, little as they suspect it, never ate a potato in their lives. What they have swallowed under that name was the vegetable with all its exquisite characteristics vulgarized or destroyed. Picture the "ball of f lour" (as old-fashioned housewives call it) lying in the dish, diffusing the softest, subtlest aroma, ready to crumble, all but to melt, as soon as it is touched; recall its gust and its after-gust, blending so consummately with that of the joint, hot or cold. Then think of the same potato cooked in any other way, and what sadness will come upon you!

谈起蔬菜，全世界还能拿出什么东西与蒸得恰到好处的英国土豆相比呢？我并不是说，因为蒸土豆是烹调艺术的一大成就，它就总是或经常出现在我们的餐桌上。但是当它放在你面前时，肉体和精神会怎样地欢呼雀跃！一户体面人家餐桌上的煮土豆会给口味不高的人带来不俗的享受。土豆不管新老，都无疑是十分美味的。试着想想那些对这种食物还一无所知的文明国家吧——他们在道听途说中谈起它还带着轻蔑的语气！这些很少怀疑自己弄错了的批评家们，在生活中可能从来没吃过土豆。他们吞食的冠以土豆之名的食物，不过是一种鲜美特色被庸俗化或破坏掉的蔬菜。想象一下“面球”（老派的家庭主妇会这么叫）躺在盘子里，散发着最柔和、最微妙的香味，一触碰就碎掉，几乎要融化。回忆它的味道和余味，和肉一起食用，不管冷热，都是完美的搭配。再想想同一个土豆，用其他任何方法来烹食，会让人感到怎样的悲伤啊！

XI

11

It angers me to pass a grocer's shop, and see in the window a display of foreign butter. This is the kind of thing that makes one gloom over the prospects of England. The deterioration of English butter is one of the worst signs of the moral state of our people. Naturally, this article of food would at once betray a decline in the virtues of its maker; butter must be a subject of the dairyman's honest pride, or there is no hope of its goodness. Begin to save your labour, to aim at dishonest profits, to feel disgust or contempt for your work—and the churn declares every one of these vices. They must be very prevalent, for it is getting to be a rare thing to eat English butter which is even tolerable. What! England dependent for dairy-produce upon France, Denmark, America? Had we but one true statesman—but one genuine leader of the people—the ears of English landowners and farmers would ring and tingle with this proof of their imbecility.

经过食品店，看到橱窗里面陈列着外国黄油，我感到一阵愤怒。正是这种事情让人担忧英格兰的未来，英国黄油的衰退是我们民族道德状态最糟糕的象征之一。自然，这种食品也同时反映出它的制造者美德上的堕落；黄油一定要是乳牛场主的骄傲，否则不能指望它的品质优良。如果他开始节省劳力，依靠不诚实手段获利，厌恶或鄙视自己的工作，那搅乳器会将这些恶习一一反映出来。这种行为一定是非常普遍的，因为仅仅是让人可以容忍的英国黄油，现在也越来越难以吃到了。什么！英格兰食用的乳制品竟然要依赖从法国、丹麦和美国进口？假使我们有一个真正的政治家——一个真正的人民领袖——英国的地主和农场主的耳朵，就会听到对他们愚蠢低能的指证而隐隐作痛了。

Nobody cares. Who cares for anything but the show and bluster which are threatening our ruin? English food, not long ago the best in the world, is falling off in quality, and even our national genius for cooking shows a decline; to anyone who knows England, these are facts significant enough. Foolish persons have prated about "our insular cuisine," demanding its reform on Continental models, and they have found too many like unto themselves who were ready to listen; the result will be, before long, that our excellence will be forgotten, and paltry methods be universally introduced, together with the indifferent viands to which they are suited. Yet, if any generality at all be true, it is a plain fact that English diet and English virtue—in the largest sense of the word—are inseparably bound together.

没有人在意这个，除了预示我们毁灭的迹象和恐吓外，谁还在乎其他呢？不久前还是世界顶级的英国食物，质量正在退步，甚至我们国家烹饪天才的水平也显示出退步；对任何了解英格兰的人来说，这些都是意义重大的情况。愚蠢的人们空谈“我们岛国的烹饪术”，要求它按照欧洲大陆模式进行改革，而且还找到了许多和他们一样的人愿意听；结果是，我们的优良传统不久之后会被遗忘，不高明的烹调方法和与之搭配的平庸食品，会被广泛引进。但是，如果确实有任何正确的普遍结论，那这个事实是很明显的，英国饮食和英国美德——在这个词最广泛的意义上——是不可分割地结合在一起的。

Our supremacy in this matter of the table came with little taking of thought; what we should now do is to reflect upon the things which used to be instinctive, perceive the reasons of our excellence, and set to work to re-establish it. Of course the vilest cooking in the kingdom is found in London; is it not with the exorbitant growth of London that many an ill has spread over the land? London is the antithesis of the domestic ideal; a social reformer would not even glance in that direction, but would turn all his zeal upon small towns and country districts, where blight may perhaps be arrested, and whence, some day, a reconstituted national life may act upon the great centre of corruption. I had far rather see England covered with schools of cookery than with schools of the ordinary kind; the issue would be

infinitely more hopeful. Little girls should be taught cooking and baking more assiduously than they are taught to read. But with ever in view the great English principle—that food is only cooked aright when it yields the utmost of its native and characteristic savour. Let sauces be utterly forbidden—save the natural sauce made of gravy. In the same way with sweets; keep in view the insurpassable English ideals of baked tarts (or pies, if so you call them), and boiled puddings; as they are the wholesomest, so are they the most delicious of sweet cakes yet invented; it is merely a question of having them well made and cooked. Bread, again; we are getting used to bread of poor quality, and ill-made, but the English loaf at its best—such as you were once sure of getting in every village—is the faultless form of the staff of life. Think of the glorious revolution that could be wrought in our troubled England if it could be ordained that no maid, of whatever rank, might become a wife unless she had proved her ability to make and bake a perfect loaf of bread.

我们在餐桌上的霸权，得来没费什么思量。现在我们要做的，就是思考那些过去曾是本能的东西，体会我们优秀的原因，并着手重建它。当然，这个王国最糟糕的烹饪在伦敦可以找到，许多恶习不正是由于伦敦的过度扩张，才在这块国土蔓延吗？伦敦是家庭理想的对立面，社会改革者甚至都不愿朝那个方向扫上一眼，而把所有的热情放在小镇和乡村地区，社会病害在那里或许会得到抑制，从那里重建的国民生活，有一天可能会影响到腐败中心。比起普通学校，我更愿意看到英国遍地都是烹调学校，这样一来，这件事成功的希望就大大增加了。比起读书，我们应该教授女孩子更用心地学习烹煮烘焙。但要根据伟大的英国原则——只有调出食物最天然的特有味道，才算正确的烹饪方法。彻底禁用调味料吧——除了肉汤做成的天然调味料。同样也禁用糖果吧，请牢记烤果馅饼（或派，如果你这么叫的话）和煮布丁这些无法超越的英国理想食物吧，它们是最健康的，也是迄今发明出的甜蛋糕中最美味的，问题只在于正确地准备和制作它们。再来说说面包，我们正习惯于吃粗制滥造的劣质面包，而最好的英国面包——就是你曾经在每一个村庄都能吃到的那种——它是生活中最完美无缺的主食。如果规定每个未婚女子，不管属于哪个社会阶层，必须证明自己能够制作并烤出一块完美的面包，然后才能嫁作人妇，那想想在我们堪忧的英格兰会发生怎样一场光荣的革命吧！

XII

12

The good S- writes me a kindly letter. He is troubled by the thought of my loneliness. That I should choose to live in such a place as this through the summer, he can understand; but surely I should do better to come to town for the winter? How on earth do I spend the

dark days and the long evenings?

善良的S先生给我写来一封亲切的信，想到我孤身一人，让他很是忧虑。他能理解我选择这样一个地方度夏，但是冬天到城里住不是更好一些吗？我究竟要怎样捱过那些阴郁的白天和漫长的夜晚呢？

I chuckle over the good S-'s sympathy. Dark days are few in happy Devon, and such as befall have never brought me a moment's tedium. The long, wild winter of the north would try my spirits; but here, the season that follows autumn is merely one of rest, Nature's annual slumber. And I share in the restful influence. Often enough I pass an hour in mere drowsing by the fireside; frequently I let my book drop, satisfied to muse. But more often than not the winter day is blest with sunshine—the soft beam which is Nature's smile in dreaming. I go forth, and wander far. It pleases me to note changes of landscape when the leaves have fallen; I see streams and ponds which during summer were hidden; my favourite lanes have an unfamiliar aspect, and I become better acquainted with them. Then, there is a rare beauty in the structure of trees ungarmented; and if perchance snow or frost have silvered their tracery against the sober sky, it becomes a marvel which never tires.

善良的S先生的同情让我轻声笑了。在快乐的德文郡，阴郁的白天几乎是没有的，就算有那么几天，我也没感到一刻的乏味。在北方，漫长严酷的冬天会摧残我的精神；但在这里，跟随秋天到来的只是一个休憩的季节，是大自然每年一度的睡眠期。这种安歇的气氛也影响到我，我经常会在壁炉旁打瞌睡，不知不觉一小时就过去了。我常常任由手中的书掉在地上，在冥思中感到满足。很多时候，这里的冬日都是阳光普照的——那温和的阳光是大自然在睡梦中的微笑。我走出门去，漫步到很远的地方。在树叶纷纷落下时，我欣赏着景色的变化，很开心。我看到了夏天隐蔽起来的河流和池塘，我最喜欢的小路也呈现出新奇的景致，让我对它更加熟悉了。还有，那些褪去衣装的树木也有了一种少见的美丽，如果雪或霜给它披上一层银装，在清凉的天空下，那真是百看不厌的奇景。

Day by day I look at the coral buds on the lime-tree. Something of regret will mingle with my joy when they begin to break.

我每天都会观察酸橙树上的珊瑚状花蕾，在它们开始绽开时，我会感到一种怅惘和快乐掺杂的情绪。

In the middle years of my life—those years that were the worst of all—I used to dread the sound of a winter storm which woke me in the night. Wind and rain lashing the house filled me with miserable memories and apprehensions; I lay thinking of the savage struggle of man with man, and often saw before me no better fate than to be trampled down into the mud of life. The wind's wail seemed to me the voice of a world in anguish; rain was the weeping of the feeble and

the oppressed. But nowadays I can lie and listen to a night-storm with no intolerable thoughts; at worst, I fall into a compassionate sadness as I remember those I loved and whom I shall see no more. For myself, there is even comfort in the roaring dark; for I feel the strength of the good walls about me, and my safety from squalid peril such as pursued me through all my labouring life. "Blow, blow, thou winter wind!" Thou canst not blow away the modest wealth which makes my security. Nor can any "rain upon the roof" put my soul to question; for life has given me all I ever asked—infinitely more than I ever hoped—and in no corner of my mind does there lurk a coward fear of death.

在中年时候——那是最糟糕的岁月——我常常会憎恶在冬夜把我惊醒的暴风雨声。狂风暴雨摇撼着屋子，让我的脑海忽然涌上很多痛苦的回忆和忧惧的情绪；我躺在床上，想到人与人之间野蛮的争斗，看到摆在我面前的只有被践踏到生活的泥泞中的命运。风的哀号在我听来就像世界痛苦的声音，雨就像是脆弱和受压迫的人的哭泣。但现在，我躺着听暴风雨的声音时，心里已经没有那些无法忍受的想法了；最坏的情况，想起那些我爱的但再也看不到的人，我会感到一种同情和悲伤。就我自己来说，听着黑暗中的呼啸声，我甚至会感到一种安慰；并且我感觉到周围坚实的墙壁的力量，获得一种安全感，因为我不必再受多年来如影随形的困窘的威胁了。“吹吧，吹吧，你这冬日的风！”你不能吹走带给我安全感的少量财富。任何“打在屋顶上的雨”也不会让我质疑自己的灵魂；因为生活已经赐予了我所有我要求的——比我希望的要多得多——在我脑海的任何一个角落也不会藏着一个害怕死亡的胆小鬼。

XIII

13

If some stranger from abroad asked me to point out to him the most noteworthy things in England, I should first of all consider his intellect. Were he a man of everyday level, I might indicate for his wonder and admiration Greater London[2], the Black Country[3], South Lancashire, and other features of our civilization which, despite eager rivalry, still maintain our modern pre-eminence in the creation of ugliness. If, on the other hand, he seemed a man of brains, it would be my pleasure to take him to one of those old villages, in the midlands or the west, which lie at some distance from a railway station, and in aspect are still untouched by the baser tendencies of the time. Here, I would tell my traveller, he saw something which England alone can show. The simple beauty of the architecture, its perfect adaptation to the natural surroundings, the neatness of everything though without formality, the general cleanness and good repair, the grace of cottage gardens, that tranquillity and security which make a music in the mind of him who gazes—these are what a man must see and feel if he

would appreciate the worth and the power of England. The people which has made for itself such homes as these is distinguished, above all things, by its love of order; it has understood, as no other people, the truth that "order is heaven's first law." With order it is natural to find stability, and the combination of these qualities, as seen in domestic life, results in that peculiarly English product, our name for which—though but a pale shadow of the thing itself—has been borrowed by other countries: comfort.

如果国外的某个陌生人央我为他指出英国最有特色的事物，我会首先考虑他的智慧。如果他只是个普通人，为博得他的惊异和钦羡，我可能会举出大伦敦、黑乡、南兰开夏郡和我们文明的其他特色，虽然面临激烈的竞争，这些地方在制造丑陋上还保持着现代的领先地位。而如果他是一个有智慧的人，那我会很乐意把他带到中部或西部的一座古老村庄，这些村庄远离火车站，还未受到时代卑劣趋势的影响。我会告诉这位旅行者，他在这里看到的是英格兰独有的东西。这里的建筑有一种与自然环境浑然天成的简约美，整齐而不拘谨，处处干净完好。村舍花园雅致秀丽，那种平静和安全感会让人脑海中浮现一曲音乐——这些是一个想要体会英格兰价值和力量的人必须看见和感受的事物。一个为自己建造出这样家园的民族是卓越不群的，首先因为它对秩序的热爱；它比其他任何民族都懂得“秩序是上天的第一法则”这一真理。有了秩序，自然可以找到稳定，这些特点的结合，就像在家庭生活中看到的那样，造就了一件独特的英国产品，它的名字——尽管不过是事物本身一个苍白的影子——被许多国家借用，那就是“舒适”。

Then Englishman's need of "comfort" is one of his best characteristics; the possibility that he may change in this respect, and become indifferent to his old ideal of physical and mental ease, is the gravest danger manifest in our day. For "comfort," mind you, does not concern the body alone; the beauty and orderliness of an Englishman's home derive their value, nay, their very existence, from the spirit which directs his whole life. Walk from the village to the noble's mansion. It, too, is perfect of its kind; it has the dignity of age, its walls are beautiful, the gardens, the park about are such as can be found only in England, lovely beyond compare; and all this represents the same moral characteristics as the English cottage, but with greater activities and responsibilities. If the noble grows tired of his mansion, and, letting it to some rude owner of millions, goes to live in hotels and hired villas; if the cottager sickens of his village roof, and transports himself to the sixth floor of a "block" in Shoreditch[4]; one sees but too well that the one and the other have lost the old English sense of comfort, and, in losing it, have suffered degradation alike as men and as citizens. It is not a question of exchanging one form of comfort for another; the instinct which made an Englishman has in these cases perished. Perhaps it is perishing from among us altogether,

killed by new social and political conditions; one who looks at villages of the new type, at the workingclass quarters of towns, at the rising of "flats" among the dwellings of the wealthy, has little choice but to think so. There may soon come a day when, though the word "comfort" continues to be used in many languages, the thing it signifies will be discoverable nowhere at all.

英国人对“舒适”的需求是他最好的品质之一；而他有可能在这方面发生改变，也许会淡漠了那种身心舒适的旧时理想，这种可能性是我们这个时代最严重的威胁。注意了，“舒适”并不只针对身体而言；英国人家的美丽和秩序获得其价值，不，获得其本身存在的来源，就是引导他整个生活的这种精神。从村庄步行到贵族的府邸，那儿也是舒适的完美典型：红墙绿瓦，古朴庄严，周围的花园无比可爱，只有在英格兰才能看到。所有这些和英国的村舍一样，代表了同样的精神品质，只不过这里容纳着更多社会活动和更重要的责任。如果贵族厌倦了他的府邸，将它租给某个粗俗的百万富翁，自己住到旅馆和租来的别墅里；如果村民厌倦了村庄的房舍，住到肖尔迪奇一个“街区”公寓的第六层；人们可以清楚地看到，这两者都丢失了英国旧时意义上的“舒适”，因此，他们在作为人和公民的双重身份上都遭到了降格。这并非两种舒适的居住方式之间互换的问题；使英国人成之为英国人的本能在这两种情形下都消灭了。也许它正在我们之中逐渐消亡，被新的社会和政治条件扼杀；看到新型的村庄、城里工人们聚集的社区、富人区拔地而起的“公寓”，人们只能这么想。可能很快会有一天，虽然“舒适”一词仍然在很多语言中使用，但它指代的事物将彻底无处可觅了。

XIV

14

If the ingenious foreigner found himself in some village of manufacturing Lancashire, he would be otherwise impressed. Here something of the power of England might be revealed to him, but of England's worth, little enough. Hard ugliness would everywhere assail his eyes; the visages and voices of the people would seem to him thoroughly akin to their surroundings. Scarcely could one find, in any civilized nation, a more notable contrast than that between these two English villages and their inhabitants.

如果一个聪敏的外国人置身于制造业重地兰开夏郡的某个村庄，他会形成另一种印象。在这里，他也许会感受到英格兰力量的某个方面，但只能感受到一点点英格兰的价值。粗硬的丑陋事物从四面八方袭击他的眼睛，人们的面孔和声音在他看来和周围的环境十分相配。在任何一个文明国家，很少能发现比两个英国村庄及其居民之间更显著的差别了。

Yet Lancashire is English, and there among the mill chimneys, in

the hideous little street, folk are living whose domestic thoughts claim undeniable kindred with those of the villagers of the kinder south. But to understand how "comfort," and the virtues it implies, can exist amid such conditions, one must penetrate to the hearthside; the door must be shut, the curtain drawn; here "home" does not extend beyond the threshold. After all, this grimy row of houses, ugliest that man ever conceived, is more representative of England to-day than the lovely village among the trees and meadows. More than a hundred years ago, power passed from the south of England to the north. The vigorous race on the other side of Trent[5] only found its opportunity when the age of machinery began; its civilization, long delayed, differs in obvious respects from that of older England. In Sussex or in Somerset, however dull and clownish the typical inhabitant, he plainly belongs to an ancient order of things, represents an immemorial subordination. The rude man of the north is—by comparison—but just emerged from barbarism, and under any circumstances would show less smooth a front. By great misfortune, he has fallen under the harshest lordship the modern world has known—that of scientific industrialism, and all his vigorous qualities are subdued to a scheme of life based upon the harsh, the ugly, the sordid. His racial heritage, of course, marks him to the eye; even as ploughman or shepherd, he differs notably from him of the same calling in the weald or on the downs. But the frank brutality of the man in all externals has been encouraged, rather than mitigated, by the course his civilization has taken, and hence it is that, unless one knows him well enough to respect him, he seems even yet stamped with the half-savagery of his folk as they were a century and a half ago. His fierce shyness, his arrogant self-regard, are notes of a primitive state. Naturally, he never learnt to house himself as did the Southerner, for climate, as well as social circumstance, was unfavourable to all the graces of life. And now one can only watch the encroachment of his rule upon that old, that true England whose strength and virtue were so differently manifested. This fair broad land of the lovely villages signifies little save to the antiquary, the poet, the painter. Vainly, indeed, should I show its beauty and its peace to the observant foreigner; he would but smile, and, with a glance at the traction-engine just coming along the road, indicate the direction of his thoughts.

但兰开夏郡是英国的，在林立的工厂烟囱之间，在丑陋的狭窄街巷里，这里居民们的家庭观念却和更友善的南方村庄居民的不可否认地一脉相承。但要理解这种环境怎会存在“舒适”和它所隐含的优点，你要深入探查到他们的炉火旁；关上门，拉上窗帘，这里的“家”不会延伸到门槛之外。毕竟，这一排排肮脏的房子，虽是人们所能想到的最丑陋的，却比起掩映在树木和草地间的可爱村庄，它们更能代表今天的英格兰。一个多世纪以前，权力从英格兰南部转移到北部。特伦特河另一边的强

壮民族在机器时代到来时才找到自己的机会；它的文明延迟了很长时间才来临，与早期的英格兰文明有着明显区别。在苏塞克斯郡或萨默塞特郡，不管那里的典型居民多么无趣和滑稽，都显然属于一种古老的秩序，代表着一种久远的屈从。北方的粗人——相形之下——不过是刚刚脱离了野蛮时代，在任何环境下都会露出不温和的面目。非常不幸，他还沦落成为现代世界迄今最严酷的暴君——即科学工业主义的属下——他所有活跃的品质都要屈服于一种基于严酷、丑陋和肮脏的生活秩序。当然，他的种族遗传基因给他全身都打上了烙印；就算是做农夫或牧羊人，他和在旷野或南部高地上的同行也有显著区别。但是这种人外在的赤裸裸的野蛮性，受到他所经历的文明进程的鼓励而非遏制。因此，除非人们对他非常了解从而尊重他，他身上似乎还打着一个半世纪前他的祖先半开化状态的烙印。他的凶残和胆怯，他的傲慢自大，都是原始状态的痕迹，他自然也从未学会像南方人那样建造房屋。那里的气候和社会环境，都不利于培育生活所有的优雅。现在，人们只能看着他的统治蚕食着古老的真正的英格兰，而它的力量和美德都以如此不同的方式得到体现。除了文物工作者、诗人和画家，这些可爱村庄的美丽广阔的土地对其他人没多少意义。将它的美丽与和平展示给那个锐敏的外国人，实在是徒劳；他只会微笑，把目光转向路上驶来的一辆牵引机车，表明了他思想的方向。

XV

15

Nothing in all Homer pleases me more than the bedstead of Odysseus. I have tried to turn the passage describing it into English verse, thus:-

在荷马所有的文字中，我最喜欢的莫过于对奥德修斯床架的描写了。我试着将这段描述性文字翻译成英语诗歌的形式，译文如下：

Here in my garth a goodly olive grew; Thick was the noble leafage of its prime, And like a carven column rose the trunk. This tree about I built my chamber walls, Laying great stone on stone, and roofed them well, And in the portal set a comely door, Stout-hinged and tightly closing. Then with axe I lopped the leafy olive's branching head, And hewed the bole to four-square shapeliness, And smoothed it, craftsmanlike, and grooved and pierced, Making the rooted timber, where it grew, A corner of my couch. Labouring on, I fashioned all the bed-frame; which complete, The wood I overlaid with shining gear Of gold, of silver, and of ivory. And last, between the endlong beams I stretched Stout thongs of ox-hide, dipped in purple dye. Odyssey, xxiii. 190-201.

我的花园里，长着一棵壮硕的橄榄树，它正值盛年，枝繁叶茂，拔地而起像一根雕刻的石柱。围着它我修起房屋的墙壁，大石头一块块垒

起来，仔细加个顶，再安上一扇漂亮的门，牢固结实，密不透风。然后我拿起斧头，斫掉橄榄树枝叶繁茂的树冠，将树干砍成四四方方的模样，像木匠一样，刨光树身，开槽穿孔，在树生长之地，让这扎根地下的木头，变成我床的一角。我继续苦干，做出整个床架；完成之后，给木头镶上华丽的装饰，有金，有银，还有象牙。最后，在直立的木架间，我拉上一张在紫色颜料中浸过的厚实牛皮。《奥德赛》第二十三卷，190-201页

Did anyone ever imitate the admirable precedent? Were I a young man, and an owner of land, assuredly I would do so. Choose some goodly tree, straight-soaring; cut away head and branches; leave just the clean trunk and build your house about it in such manner that the top of the rooted timber rises a couple of feet above your bedroom floor. The trunk need not be manifest in the lower part of the house, but I should prefer to have it so; I am a tree-worshipper; it should be as the visible presence of a household god. And how could one more nobly symbolize the sacredness of Home? There can be no home without the sense of permanence, and without home there is no civilization—as England will discover when the greater part of her population have become flat-inhabiting nomads. In some ideal commonwealth, one can imagine the Odyssean bed a normal institution, every head of a household, cottager or lord (for the commonwealth must have its lords, go to!), lying down to rest, as did his fathers, in the Chamber of the Tree. This, one fancies, were a somewhat more fitting nuptial chamber than the chance bedroom of a hotel. Odysseus building his home is man performing a supreme act of piety; through all the ages that picture must retain its profound significance. Note the tree he chose, the olive, sacred to Athena, emblem of peace. When he and the wise goddess meet together to scheme destruction of the princes, they sit [Greek text]. Their talk is of bloodshed, true; but in punishment of those who have outraged the sanctity of the hearth, and to re-establish, after purifi cation, domestic calm and security. It is one of the dreary aspects of modern life that natural symbolism has all but perished. We have no consecrated tree. The oak once held a place in English hearts, but who now reveres it?—our trust is in gods of iron. Money is made at Christmas out of holly and mistletoe, but who save the vendors would greatly care if no green branch were procurable? One symbol, indeed, has obscured all others—the minted round of metal. And one may safely say that, of all the ages since a coin first became the symbol of power, ours is that in which it yields to the majority of its possessors the poorest return in heart's contentment.

这令人羡慕的前例可曾有人模仿过？如果我还年轻，且拥有一块土地，那我肯定会这样做。选一棵高大挺拔的好树，将树冠枝叶全部砍

掉，只留下树干，然后围着它来修建房屋，让这木头的顶端，高出你卧室地板几英尺。房屋的下半部分不必露出树干，但我喜欢让它露出来。我是一个树的崇拜者，它应该是家神的具体可见的形象。家的神圣还能找到更尊贵的象征吗？没有永久的感觉，便不成其为家；没有家，也便没有文明——当英格兰大半人口变成栖身公寓的流浪者之时便会发现这个道理。在某个理想的共和国，你可以想象奥德修斯的床是普遍的风俗，每个一家之主，不管是村民还是贵族（因为共和国一定有自己的贵族），都像他的祖先一样，在“树屋”里躺下休息。人们会想，比起饭店房间，这里不是更适合做婚房吗？奥德修斯建造自己的房屋，表现出一个人至高的虔诚行为；多少个世纪过去了，这个画面一定还保存着它深刻的意义。注意他选的那棵树，那棵橄榄树，对雅典娜来说它是神圣的，是和平的象征。当他和智慧女神一起筹划如何打垮王子们时，他们“靠着橄榄树干坐下”。他们谈的是流血杀戮，没错；但这是为了惩罚那些亵渎了神圣壁炉的人，是为了在净化之后，重建家庭的平静和安全。自然象征主义的消亡，是现代生活沉闷的一个方面。我们没有奉为神圣的树，橡树曾经在英国人的心中占有一席之地，但现在还有谁会尊崇它呢？——我们现在信任的是掌管铁的神灵们。圣诞节期间，人们靠冬青树和槲寄生小枝挣钱，但是除了商贩外，谁还那么在意是否能获得绿色树枝？事实上，有一种象征已经遮蔽了所有的一切，这就是铸造的金属圆片。我们可以肯定地说，在硬币开始成为权力象征后的几世纪中，在我们时代，对大多数的钱币所有者而言，它能给予的让人心满意足的回报是最贫乏的。

XVI

16

I have been dull to-day, haunted by the thought of how much there is that I would fain know, and how little I can hope to learn. The scope of knowledge has become so vast. I put aside nearly all physical investigation; to me it is naught, or only, at moments, a matter of idle curiosity. This would seem to be a considerable clearing of the field; but it leaves what is practically the infinite. To run over a list of only my favourite subjects, those to which, all my life long, I have more or less applied myself, studies which hold in my mind the place of hobbies, is to open vistas of intellectual despair. In an old note-book I jotted down such a list—"things I hope to know, and to know well." I was then four and twenty. Reading it with the eyes of fifty-four, I must needs laugh. There appear such modest items as "The history of the Christian Church up to the Reformation"—"all Greek poetry"—"The field of Mediaeval Romance"—“German literature from Lessing[6] to Heine”—"Dante!" Not one of these shall I ever "know, and know well"; not any one of them. Yet here I am buying books which lead me into endless paths of new temptation. What have I to do with Egypt? Yet I

have been beguiled by Flinders Petrie[7] and by Maspero[8]. How can I pretend to meddle with the ancient geography of Asia Minor? Yet here have I bought Prof. Ramsay[9]'s astonishing book, and have even read with a sort of troubled enjoyment a good many pages of it; troubled, because I have but to reflect a moment, and I see that all this kind of thing is mere futile effort of the intellect when the time for serious intellectual effort is over.

今天我情绪低落，一直被一个想法所折磨，那就是，我想知道的东西那么多，而有望学到的却那么少。知识的领地已变得如此广阔，我放弃了几乎所有身体力行的探索。对我来说，它无足轻重，有时只是一种无聊的好奇。这样似乎清出了相当大的一块空地，而留下的却几乎是无限。仅来盘点一下我最爱的研究题目——它们是我一生中多多少少曾研究过的，在我的心目中占据着爱好的地位——我便看到了绝望的学海无涯的远景。在一本旧笔记上，我草草记下了一个清单——“我希望了解，并且是非常了解的事物”。当时我二十四岁。用现在五十四岁的眼睛看来，我忍不住要大笑。清单里有一些较小的项目，如“从基督教会到宗教改革的历史”、“所有希腊诗歌”、“中世纪的传奇”、“从莱辛到海涅的德国文学”，“但丁！”。其中没有一个我会“了解，而且非常了解”，没有任何一个。但是我又在买一些书把自己引领到新知诱惑的无尽道路。埃及跟我有什么关系呢？但我却被弗林德斯·皮特里和马伯乐深深吸引住了。我怎能逞强过问古代小亚细亚的地理呢？但是我买了拉姆齐教授让人啧啧惊奇的书，我带着一种不安的享受阅读了其中许多页；不安是因为只要略一思索，我就会明白，在我郑重努力探究学问的时代结束以后，所有这些都不过是智力所做的无用功而已。

It all means, of course, that, owing to defective opportunity, owing, still more perhaps, to lack of method and persistence, a possibility that was in me has been wasted, lost. My life has been merely tentative, a broken series of false starts and hopeless new beginnings. If I allowed myself to indulge that mood, I could revolt against the ordinance which allows me no second chance. O mihi praeteritos referat si Jupiter annos! If I could but start again, with only the experience there gained! I mean, make a new beginning of my intellectual life; nothing else, O heaven! Nothing else. Even amid poverty, I could do so much better; keeping before my eyes some definite, some not unattainable, good; sternly dismissing the impracticable, the wasteful.

当然，它也意味着：因为时机不佳，也许更因为方法和恒心的缺乏，我身上一种可能性被浪费掉了，丢失了。我的生活一直以来都只是尝试性的，一连串失败的开始和无望的新开端。如果放纵自己沉浸在那种情绪中，我会反抗那不给我第二次机会的自然法则。“唉，如果朱庇特能将过去的岁月带回给我！”如果我能够带着从那里获得的经验再次开始！我是说，让我的学术生活有一个崭新的开端；别得什么都不要，噢，上天哪，别得都不要。即使身陷贫穷，我也可以取得大得多的成

就；在我面前设立某个确定的、并非遥不可及的目标，坚决摒弃不可行的和浪费时光的事情。

And, in doing so, become perhaps an owl-eyed pedant, to whom would be for ever dead the possibility of such enjoyment as I know in these final years. Who can say? Perhaps the sole condition of my progress to this state of mind and heart which make my happiness was that very stumbling and erring which I so regret.

这样做，我也许会成为一位有猫头鹰般眼睛的书呆子，也就永远不可能得到我在晚年的这些享受。谁能说得准呢？也许正是因为我现在如此懊悔的跌跌撞撞和屡屡犯错，我才能进步并取得今天这样一种愉快的身心状态。

XVII

17

Why do I give so much of my time to the reading of history? Is it in any sense profitable to me? What new light can I hope for on the nature of man? What new guidance for the direction of my own life through the few years that may remain to me? But it is with no such purpose that I read these voluminous books; they gratify—or seem to gratify—a mere curiosity; and scarcely have I closed a volume, when the greater part of what I have read in it is forgotten.

为什么我要花那么多时间来阅读历史呢？我从中还会有任何收获吗？我还指望从新的角度去认识人性吗？我的人生方向在余下的岁月中还需要新的指导吗？然而，我并没有抱着这些目的，来阅读这些大部头书籍；它们满足了——或是似乎满足了——一种单纯的好奇心，我一合上书，就忘了刚刚读过的大部分内容。

Heaven forbid that I should remember all! Many a time I have said to myself that I would close the dreadful record of human life, lay it for ever aside, and try to forget it. Somebody declares that history is a manifestation of the triumph of good over evil. The good prevails now and then, no doubt, but how local and transitory is such triumph. If historic tomes had a voice, it would sound as one long moan of anguish. Think steadfastly of the past, and one sees that only by defect of imaginative power can any man endure to dwell with it. History is a nightmare of horrors; we relish it, because we love pictures, and because all that man has suffered is to man rich in interest. But make real to yourself the vision of every blood-stained page—stand in the presence of the ravening conqueror, the savage tyrant—tread the stones of the dungeon and of the torture-room—feel the fire of the stake—hear the cries of that multitude which no man can number, the

victims of calamity, of oppression, of fierce injustice in its myriad forms, in every land, in every age—and what joy have you of your historic reading? One would need to be a devil to understand it thus, and yet to delight in it.

天可怜我，不必记住所有的内容！有许多次，我对自己说，我要合上这些人类生命的可怕记载，把它们永远丢在一边，并努力忘却。有人宣称，历史显示的正是善对恶的胜利。毫无疑问，善有时是占了上风，但是这种胜利是局部的、短暂的。如果大部头的历史书籍能发出声音，那会是经久不息的痛苦呻吟声。认认真真地回顾过去，我们便能看到，除非缺乏想象力，否则任何人都无法忍受长久停留其中。历史是一场恐怖的噩梦，我们欣赏它，是因为我们热爱画面，因为人类遭受过的所有苦难都让我们深感兴趣。但若让那些血迹斑斑的书页里的景象在你眼前复活——面对烧杀抢掠的征服者和残忍的暴君——走走地牢和刑堂的石板地面——感受火刑柱的烈火——听听那在每块土地每个时代里遭受多重灾难、压迫和野蛮不公的不可计数的受害者的哭喊——试问你在阅读历史中还能有什么快乐？只有魔鬼才能在理解这些后，还可以从中获得乐趣。

Injustice—there is the loathed crime which curses the memory of the world. The slave doomed by his lord's caprice to perish under tortures—one feels it a dreadful and intolerable thing; but it is merely the crude presentment of what has been done and endured a million times in every stage of civilization. Oh, the last thoughts of those who have agonized unto death amid wrongs to which no man would give ear! That appeal of innocence in anguish to the hard, mute heavens! Were there only one such instance in all the chronicles of time, it should doom the past to abhorred oblivion. Yet injustice, the basest, the most ferocious, is inextricable from warp and woof in the tissue of things gone by. And if anyone soothes himself with the reflection that such outrages can happen no more, that mankind has passed beyond such hideous possibility, he is better acquainted with books than with human nature.

不公——这是令人憎恶的罪行，是对世界历史记载的一种诅咒。奴隶注定要因为主人一时的怪想被折磨致死——人们觉得这是一桩可怕的无法容忍的事情；而在人类文明的每一阶段，这种事发生和被容忍了一百万次，它不过是一个粗糙的表现形式罢了。噢，那些在无人倾听的种种不公中受难而死的人们，他们最后有着怎样的想法啊！那无辜的处在痛苦中的人们向冷酷沉默的苍天发出的求救声！就算在时间的编年史上只有这样一例，时间就应该将历史厌恶地抛到脑后。但是，不公，这个最卑劣和最残忍的东西，无法从过去事物的经纬中分离出来。如果有人安慰自己说，这种暴行不会再发生，人类已经超越了这种丑恶的可能性，那他可能更熟悉书本而非人性。

It were wiser to spend my hours with the books which bring no aftertaste of bitterness—with the great poets whom I love, with the

thinkers, with the gentle writers of pages that soothe and tranquillize. Many a volume regards me from the shelf as though reproachfully; shall I never again take it in my hands? Yet the words are golden, and I would fain treasure them all in my heart's memory. Perhaps the last fault of which I shall cure myself is that habit of mind which urges me to seek knowledge. Was I not yesterday on the point of ordering a huge work of erudition, which I should certainly never have read through, and which would only have served to waste precious days? It is the Puritan in my blood, I suppose, which forbids me to recognise frankly that all I have now to do is to ENJOY. This is wisdom. The time for acquisition has gone by. I am not foolish enough to set myself learning a new language; why should I try to store my memory with useless knowledge of the past?

明智一点，我应该花时间阅读那些读完不会留下苦涩回味的书——比如我喜爱的伟大诗人、思想家，以及文字让人感觉安慰和平静的作家。书架上的许多书似乎都在谴责地看着我，我再也不会把它们拿在手里了吗？但那些文字都是极好的，我愿意在心灵的回忆中珍视它们，也许我该改掉的最后一个毛病是渴求知识的思想习惯。昨天我不是还差点订购了一本我肯定不会从头至尾读完、只会用来浪费宝贵时间的深奥巨著吗？我想，也许是血液中的清教徒思想让我不能坦率地承认，现在我要做的就只是“享受”而已，这是明智的。获取知识的时间已经过去，我不会愚蠢到现在开始学习一门新语言。我为什么要在记忆里存储一些属于过去的无用知识呢？

Come, once more before I die I will read Don Quixote.

好啦，在死之前，我会再读一遍《堂吉诃德》。

XVIII

18

Somebody has been making a speech, reported at a couple of columns' length in the paper. As I glance down the waste of print, one word catches my eye again and again. It's all about "science"—and therefore doesn't concern me.

某人做了一次演讲，报纸用了几个栏目的篇幅来进行报道。我扫视这文章时，一个词频繁跳入我的眼帘，通篇都是关于“科学”的——所以与我无关。

I wonder whether there are many men who have the same feeling with regard to "science" as I have? It is something more than a prejudice; often it takes the form of a dread, almost a terror. Even those branches of science which are concerned with things that interest me—which deal with plants and animals and the heaven of

stars—even these I cannot contemplate without uneasiness, a spiritual disaffection; new discoveries, new theories, however they engage my intelligence, soon weary me, and in some way depress. When it comes to other kinds of science—the sciences blatant and ubiquitous—the science by which men become millionaires—I am possessed with an angry hostility, a resentful apprehension. This was born in me, no doubt; I cannot trace it to circumstances of my life, or to any particular moment of my mental growth. My boyish delight in Carlyle[10] doubtless nourished the temper, but did not Carlyle so delight me because of what was already in my mind? I remember, as a lad, looking at complicated machinery with a shrinking uneasiness which, of course, I did not understand; I remember the sort of disturbed contemptuousness with which, in my time of "examinations," I dismissed "science papers." It is intelligible enough to me, now, that unformed fear: the ground of my antipathy has grown clear enough. I hate and fear "science" because of my conviction that, for long to come if not for ever, it will be the remorseless enemy of mankind. I see it destroying all simplicity and gentleness of life, all the beauty of the world; I see it restoring barbarism under a mask of civilization; I see it darkening men's minds and hardening their hearts; I see it bringing a time of vast conflicts, which will pale into insignificance "the thousand wars of old,"[11] and, as likely as not, will whelm all the laborious advances of mankind in blood-drenched chaos.

我不知道有许多人对“科学”抱有和我相同的感觉。这不只是偏见，还经常会表现为一种害怕，几乎就是恐惧。即使是以我感兴趣的事物为研究对象的科学分支——如研究植物、动物和天体的科学——即使是那些我想起来内心也会感到不安和反感；新发现，新理论，不管它们如何吸引我的智慧，我很快就会厌倦，并感到某种沮丧。而对于其他种类的科学——那种喧嚣和无所不在的科学——那种人们借以成为百万富翁的科学——我都有一种愤怒的敌意，一种厌恶的忧惧。无疑，这是与生俱来的。我不能将之归因于我的生活环境，或者思想成熟的某个特定时刻。无疑，少年时期对卡莱尔的喜爱助长了这一性情，但是我喜欢卡莱尔，不正是由于头脑中原本就有的东西吗？还记得在孩提时，看到复杂的机器，我不安地退缩，当时自己不理解这一点；我还记得，在应付“考试”的时候，我对待“科学试卷”的态度是慌乱和轻蔑。那种莫可名状的恐惧现在我足可以理解了，我反感的原因已经变得足够清晰。我痛恨和恐惧“科学”，因为我确信，在未来很长时间，如果不是永远的话，科学将是人类冷酷的敌人。我看到它毁灭了生活中所有的简朴和亲切，和世界所有的美丽；我看到它复苏了文明面具掩饰下的野蛮行径；我看到它让人们的思想变得黑暗，心灵变得冷酷；我看到它引领人类进入了一个充满争斗的时代，让“昔日的千年战争”变得不值一提，并且可能让人类辛苦取得的进步成果淹没在鲜血淋漓的混乱里。

Yet to rail against it is as idle as to quarrel with any other force of nature. For myself, I can hold apart, and see as little as possible of the thing I deem accursed. But I think of some who are dear to me, whose life will be lived in the hard and fierce new age. The roaring "Jubilee" of last summer was for me an occasion of sadness; it meant that so much was over and gone—so much of good and noble, the like of which the world will not see again, and that a new time of which only the perils are clearly visible, is rushing upon us. Oh, the generous hopes and aspirations of forty years ago! Science, then, was seen as the deliverer; only a few could prophesy its tyranny, could foresee that it would revive old evils and trample on the promises of its beginning. This is the course of things; we must accept it. But it is some comfort to me that I—poor little mortal—have had no part in bringing the tyrant to his throne.

但是对它进行严厉指责，就像与其他任何自然力量争吵，一样的无益。就我自己来说，我可以离得远远地，尽可能不看我厌恶的事物。但我想到我爱的那些人，他们将生活在一个冷酷狂热的新时代里。对我来说，这个夏天热闹的“六十周年纪念日”是一个悲伤的场合；它意味着许多已经结束并成为历史——许多美好和高尚的东西，世界再也看不到它们了，一个带着明显危险的崭新时代正向我们滚滚驶来。噢，四十年前那些慷慨的希望和抱负！那时候，科学被视为一个拯救者；几乎没人能预料到它的暴政，预见到它会让古老的邪恶复活，践踏它萌动的期待。这是事物的发展历程，我们必须接受。但我还有一丝安慰，那便是我——一个可怜而渺小的人——没有为这位暴君的登基提供任何帮助。

XIX

19

The Christmas bells drew me forth this morning. With but half-formed purpose, I walked through soft, hazy sunshine towards the city, and came into the Cathedral Close, and, after lingering awhile, heard the first notes of the organ, and so entered. I believe it is more than thirty years since I was in an English church on Christmas Day. The old time and the old faces lived again for me; I saw myself on the far side of the abyss of years—that self which is not myself at all, though I mark points of kindred between the beings of then and now. He who in that other world sat to hear the Christmas gospel, either heeded it not at all—rapt in his own visions—or listened only as one in whose blood was heresy. He loved the notes of the organ, but, even in his childish mind, distinguished clearly between the music and its local motive. More than that, he could separate the melody of word and of thought from their dogmatic significance, enjoying the one whilst wholly rejecting the other. "On earth peace, goodwill to men"—

already that line was among the treasures of his intellect, but only, no doubt, because of its rhythm, its sonority. Life, to him, was a half-conscious striving for the harmonic in thought and speech—and through what a tumult of unmelodious circumstance was he beginning to fight his way!

今天早晨，圣诞钟声引我前行。我穿过柔和朦胧的阳光，走向市区，心里并没有明确的目的，到了教堂的院子，稍作停留，听到管风琴响起来，我便走了进去。我相信自己已经三十多年没有在圣诞节来过英国教堂了。昔日时光和旧时面孔重新在心头复活，我看到自己在岁月鸿沟的另一边——那个我根本不是我，尽管我注意到昔日和今时的我之间有很多相似之处。他坐在另一个世界，聆听着圣诞福音，也许根本没听进去——沉浸在自己的思绪中——或者在聆听时满怀异端邪说。他喜欢管风琴的乐声，然而在他幼稚的头脑中，他便将音乐与它的狭隘动机区分得很清楚。不仅如此，他能够将话语及思想的音乐性与它们的教条意义分开，享受前者，而完全摒弃后者。“世上有和平，善意在人间”——这句话已经成为他智慧的珍宝之一，但无疑只是因为它的节奏、它的响亮。生活对他而言，是一种半自觉的对思想和言语和谐的追求——而在怎样刺耳的喧嚣境况中，他开始为自己辟出一条路来！

To-day, I listen with no heretical promptings. The music, whether of organ or of word, is more to me than ever; the literal meaning causes me no restiveness. I felt only glad that I had yielded to the summons of the Christmas bells. I sat among a congregation of shadows, not in the great cathedral, but in a little parish church far from here. When I came forth, it astonished me to see the softly radiant sky, and to tread on the moist earth; my dream expected a wind-swept canopy of cold grey, and all beneath it the gleam of new-fallen snow. It is a piety to turn awhile and live with the dead, and who can so well indulge it as he whose Christmas is passed in no unhappy solitude? I would not now, if I might, be one of a joyous company; it is better to hear the long-silent voices, and to smile at happy things which I alone can remember. When I was scarce old enough to understand, I heard read by the fireside the Christmas stanzas of "In Memoriam."[12] To-night I have taken down the volume, and the voice of so long ago has read to me once again—read as no other ever did, that voice which taught me to know poetry, the voice which never spoke to me but of good and noble things. Would I have those accents overborne by a living tongue, however welcome its sound at another time? Jealously I guard my Christmas solitude.

今天，我在聆听教堂音乐时没有任何异端想法。无论是管风琴的乐声，还是语言的韵律，对我都有比以往更大的意义，歌词的意义也没有让我不耐烦。这样接受了圣诞钟声的召唤，我感到的只是愉快。我在教众的影子里坐着，不是在大教堂，而是在离这里很远的一个小教区的教堂。我走出来时，看见柔和灿烂的天空，踩在湿润的泥土上，感觉很惊

讶，因为我本来梦想看到的会是冷风席卷灰色寒冷的天空，大地上闪耀着新降的白雪。离开人世和死者相处一会儿是一种虔诚，有谁能像那个在愉快的孤独中度过圣诞节的人一样，充分地放纵这种心情？就算可以，我也不愿成为欢乐人群中的一员。听听那久已沉默的声音，微笑面对那些只有我自己能记住的快乐事物，我觉得更好。在年纪尚轻还无法理解的时候，我听到有人在壁炉旁念《纪念诗》中关于圣诞节的章节。今晚，我取下了这本书，很久以前的那个声音又响在我的耳畔——这阅读的声音是独一无二的，这声音教我理解诗歌，这声音跟我谈起的只是美好高尚的事物。不管在世的人发出的声音在其他时候听来多么地悦耳，我能愿意它压过这种诗音吗？我小心翼翼地守护着自己圣诞节的孤独。

XX

20

Is it true that the English are deeply branded with the vice of hypocrisy? The accusation, of course, dates from the time of the Round-heads[13]; before that, nothing in the national character could have suggested it. The England of Chaucer, the England of Shakespeare, assuredly was not hypocrite. The change wrought by Puritanism introduced into the life of the people that new element which ever since, more or less notably, has suggested to the observer a habit of double-dealing in morality and religion. The scorn of the Cavalier[14] is easily understood; it created a traditional Cromwell[15], who, till Carlyle arose, figured before the world as our arch-dissembler. With the decline of genuine Puritanism came that peculiarly English manifestation of piety and virtue which is represented by Mr. Pecksniff[16]—a being so utterly different from Tartufe[17], and perhaps impossible to be understood save by Englishmen themselves. But it is in our own time that the familiar reproach has been persistently levelled at us. It often sounds upon the lips of our emancipated youth; it is stereotyped for daily impression in the offices of Continental newspapers. And for the reason one has not far to look. When Napoleon called us a "nation of shop-keepers," we were nothing of the kind; since his day we have become so, in the strictest sense of the word; and consider the spectacle of a flourishing tradesman, anything but scrupulous in his methods of business, who loses no opportunity of bidding all mankind to regard him as a religious and moral exemplar. This is the actual show of things with us; this is the England seen by our bitterest censors. There is an excuse for those who charge us with "hypocrisy."

英国人骨子里有虚伪的恶习，这是真的吗？这种指责当然是始于圆颅党的时代，在那之前，国民性格中没有任何东西暗示了这一点。乔叟

的英格兰，莎士比亚的英格兰，都肯定不是虚伪的。清教主义带来的变化，在人们生活中引入了一种新要素，从此以后，它明显地或多或少向观察者暗示了一种道德和宗教上的两面派习惯。对骑士党的嘲讽很容易理解；它造就了一个传统的克伦威尔，在卡莱尔出现之前，他作为我们的头号伪君子在世界上出了名。在真正的清教主义衰落后，到来的是英国特有的虔敬和美德的表现，其代表人物是佩克斯列夫先生——他与达尔杜弗完全不同，也许除了英国人，没有人能理解他。但直到我们这个时代，这种常见的虚伪指责才不断地朝我们飞来。在英国自由的年轻人嘴里，也经常能听到它；在欧洲大陆的报馆里，它已经每天都成为对英国人固定的印象了，其原因是不难探求的。当拿破仑把我们称为“小商店主之国”时，我们和虚伪还沾不上边；在他倒台之后，我们才变成了最严格意义上的这样的国家了。想想一个生意兴隆的商人的那个样子吧，他在做生意的方法上不择手段，同时不肯错过一个机会让所有人将他视为宗教和道德的楷模。这就是我们的实际情形，这就是我们最刻薄的责难者眼中的英格兰。这就是那些给我们安上“虚伪”罪名的人们的口实。

But the word is ill-chosen, and indicates a misconception. The characteristic of your true hypocrite is the assumption of a virtue which not only he has not, but which he is incapable of possessing, and in which he does not believe. The hypocrite may have, most likely has, (for he is a man of brains,) a conscious rule of life, but it is never that of the person to whom his hypocrisy is directed. Tartufe incarnates him once for all. Tartufe is by conviction an atheist and a sensualist; he despises all who regard life from the contrasted point of view. But among Englishmen such an attitude of mind has always been extremely rare; to presume it in our typical money-maker who has edifying sentiments on his lips is to fall into a grotesque error of judgment. No doubt that error is committed by the ordinary foreign journalist, a man who knows less than little of English civilization. More enlightened critics, if they use the word at all, do so carelessly; when speaking with more precision, they call the English "pharisaic"—and come nearer the truth.

但是这个词选得并不恰当，显示出一种误解。真正的虚伪，其特点是假装有一种美德，而他不仅本身不具有，而且无力拥有，同时自己也不相信。伪君子也许有，也极可能有（因为他是聪明人）一套自觉的生活准则，但这准则绝不属于其伪善所针对的人。达尔杜弗是这种人的最典型代表，他是一个坚定的无神论者和享乐主义者，他鄙视所有从对立角度看待人生的人，但这种思想态度在英国人中一向是极少的。如果假定我们一位口头带着善意说教的典型商人持有这种态度，那便是犯了荒唐的判断错误。无疑，对英国文明几乎一无所知的普通外国记者会犯这个错误。开明一点的批评家如果使用了这个词，那是不经心；在严谨的交谈中，他们会说英国人是“法利赛人式的”——这个词更贴近事实。

Our vice is self-righteousness. We are essentially an Old Testament people; Christianity has never entered into our soul, we see

ourselves as the Chosen, and by no effort of spiritual aspiration can attain unto humility. In this there is nothing hypocritic. The blatant upstart who builds a church, lays out his money in that way not merely to win social consideration; in his curious little soul he believes (so far as he can believe anything) that what he has done is pleasing to God and beneficial to mankind. He may have lied and cheated for every sovereign he possesses; he may have polluted his life with uncleanness; he may have perpetrated many kinds of cruelty and baseness—but all these things has he done against his conscience, and, as soon as the opportunity comes, he will make atonement for them in the way suggested by such faith as he has, the way approved by public opinion. His religion, strictly defined, is AN INER ADICABLE BELIEF IN HIS OWN RELIGIOUSNESS. As an Englishman, he holds as birthright the true Piety, the true Morals. That he has "gone wrong is, alas, undeniable, but never—even when leering most satirically—did he deny his creed. When, at public dinners and elsewhere, he tuned his voice to the note of edification, this man did not utter the lie of the hypocrite he MEANT EVERY WORD HE SAID. Uttering high sentiments, he spoke, not as an individual, but as an Englishman, and most thoroughly did he believe that all who heard him owed in their hearts allegiance to the same faith. He is, if you like, a Pharisee—but do not misunderstand; his Pharisaism has nothing personal. That would be quite another kind of man; existing, to be sure, in England, but not as a national type. No; he is a Pharisee in the minor degree with regard to those of his countrymen who differ from him in dogma; he is Pharisee absolute with regard to the foreigner. And there he stands, representing an Empire.

我们的恶习是自以为是。我们在本质上还是旧约时代的人，基督教从来没有渗透我们的灵魂，我们自视为上帝的选民，精神上怎样努力也学不会谦卑。这里没有任何虚伪。张扬的暴发户拿出钱修建教堂，不仅仅是为了赢得社会的尊重；在他古怪的渺小灵魂中，他确实相信（只要他真的能相信任何东西）他所做的事是取悦上帝和有益人类的。他手中的每一个金币也许都是靠撒谎和欺骗得来的；他的不洁行为也许污染了自己的生活；他也许做过许多冷酷卑贱的坏事——但这些坏事都是他昧着良心做的，只要机会一来临，他就会依照自身信仰的指引，用舆论认可的方式来弥补过失。他的宗教严格定义来讲是“对自身虔诚的一种根深蒂固的信仰”。作为一名英国人，他将真正的虔敬和真正的道德视为与生俱来的权利。他“走上歧路”是不可否认的，但他从没否认自己的信仰——即使他极为嘲讽地睥睨一切时。在公共宴会或其他场合，当他的语气带着教诲意味时，他没有像伪君子那样撒谎，他“说出的每个字都是真心的”。他在唱这些高调时，不是作为个人，而是作为一名英国人，他也彻头彻尾地相信所有聆听他讲话的人内心都忠于同一个信仰。你可以说，他是一个自以为是的法利赛人——但不要误解，他的自以为是和个人没有关系，那样就会是另外一种人了。这种人当然在英国也存在，但

不是这个民族的典型代表。不，对于其他持不同信条的同胞，他自以为是的程度并不深；对于外国人而言，他则是绝对的自以为是的法利赛人。他站在那里，代表的是一个帝国。

The word hypocrisy is perhaps most of all applied to our behavior in matters of sexual morality, and here with specially flagrant misuse. Multitudes of Englishmen have thrown aside the national religious dogma, but very few indeed have abandoned the conviction that the rules of morality publicly upheld in England are the best known in the world. Any one interested in doing so can but too easily demonstrate that English social life is no purer than that of most other countries. Scandals of peculiar grossness, at no long intervals, give rich opportunity to the scoffer. The streets of our great towns nightly present an exhibition the like of which cannot be seen elsewhere in the world. Despite all this, your average Englishman takes for granted his country's moral superiority, and loses no chance of proclaiming it at the expense of other peoples. To call him hypocrite, is simply not to know the man. He may, for his own part, be gross-minded and lax of life; that has nothing to do with the matter; HE BELIEVES IN VIRTUE. Tell him that English morality is mere lip-service, and he will blaze with as honest anger as man ever felt. He is a monument of self-righteousness, again not personal but national.

虚伪这个词用在我们性行为和道德上的时候可能最多，但这里它的误用也最离谱。许多英国人已将民族宗教信条抛在一边，但是几乎没有人真正放弃这一信念，即英格兰普遍奉行的道德法则是世界上最好的。任何人有兴趣一试都能轻而易举地证明，英国社会生活并不比大多数国家更纯洁。间隔不长时间便会出现异常粗俗的丑闻，给嘲笑者提供了丰富的口实。我们大城市在夜晚上演的街景，是在世界其他地方看不到的。尽管如此，普通的英国人对本国在道德上的优越视为理所当然，从不放过一个机会来贬斥其他民族以表明这一点。说他虚伪，是根本不了解这个人。他本身也许思想粗俗，生活不羁，但和这件事毫无关系，他信仰道德。如果跟他说英国道德只是口惠而实不至，他真的就会勃然大怒。他是自以为是的一座纪念碑，再次重申，这不是个人的而是民族的。

XXI

21

I make use of the present tense, but am I speaking truly of present England? Such powerful agencies of change have been at work during the last thirty years; and it is difficult, nay impossible, to ascertain in what degree they have affected the national character, thus far. One notes the obvious: decline of conventional religion, free discussion of

the old moral standards; therewith, a growth of materialism which favours every anarchic tendency. Is it to be feared that self-righteousness may be degenerating into the darker vice of true hypocrisy? For the English to lose belief in themselves—not merely in their potential goodness, but in their pre-eminence as examples and agents of good—would mean as hopeless a national corruption as any recorded in history. To doubt their genuine worship, in the past, of a very high (though not, of course, the highest) ethical ideal, is impossible for any one born and bred in England; no less impossible to deny that those who are rightly deemed "best" among us, the men and women of gentle or humble birth who are not infected by the evils of the new spirit, still lead, in a very true sense, "honest, sober, and godly" lives. Such folk, one knows, were never in a majority, but of old they had a power which made them veritable representatives of the English ETHOS. If they thought highly of themselves, why, the fact justified them; if they spoke, at times, as Pharisees, it was a fault of temper which carried with it no grave condemnation. Hypocrisy was, of all forms of baseness, that which they most abhorred. So is it still with their descendants. Whether these continue to speak among us with authority, no man can certainly say. If their power is lost, and those who talk of English hypocrisy no longer use the word amiss, we shall soon know it.

我用的是现在时，但我谈的果真是现在的英格兰吗？在过去三十年中，很多强大的代表变革的组织一直活动着。要确定它们迄今对民族性格造成多少影响是困难的，不，简直是不可能的。我们注意到一些明显的事实：传统宗教的衰落，旧道德标准的自由讨论；同时，还有赞成各种无政府主义倾向的唯物主义的发展。我们是否应该担心自以为是的品性会堕落成真正伪善的恶习呢？因为如果英国人丧失对自身的信仰——不仅不相信自身潜在的善良，而且怀疑他们作为善良之模范和代表的崇高地位——那便预示着有史可查的那种绝望的全民族堕落。每一个生长在英格兰的人，都不可能怀疑他们过去对高尚（尽管肯定不是最高尚）道德理想的真诚膜拜；就像不可能怀疑那些被视为我们之中“最好的”，那些没有受到新时代精神邪恶影响的出身高贵或低微的男男女女，仍然过着真正意义上“诚实、清醒和正直”的生活。我们知道，这种人从来为数不多，但自古以来他们就拥有一种力量，使他们成为英国“气质”的真正代表。如果他们自视甚高，那也有充分的理由；如果他们的谈话有时自以为是，那是脾性上的瑕疵，不应招致严厉的谴责。在卑鄙人性的许多表现形式中，虚伪是他们最憎恶的，他们的后代亦是如此。这些人的话在我们之中是否还有威信，没有人能肯定。是否他们丧失了力量，是否虚伪这个词来形容英国人不再是误用，这我们很快就能知道了。

XXII

It is time that we gave a second thought to Puritanism. In the heyday of release from forms which had lost their meaning, it was natural to look back on that period of our history with eyes that saw in it nothing but fanatical excess; we approved the picturesque phrase which showed the English mind going into prison and having the key turned upon it. Now, when the peril of emancipation becomes as manifest as was the hardship of restraint, we shall do well to remember all the good that lay in that stern Puritan discipline, how it renewed the spiritual vitality of our race, and made for the civic freedom which is our highest national privilege. An age of intellectual glory is wont to be paid for in the general decline of that which follows. Imagine England under Stuart rule, with no faith but the Protestantism of the Tudor. Imagine (not to think of worse) English literature represented by Cowley[18], and the name of Milton unknown. The Puritan came as the physician; he brought his tonic at the moment when lassitude and supineness would naturally have followed upon a supreme display of racial vitality. Regret, if you will, that England turned for her religion to the books of Israel; this suddenly revealed sympathy of our race with a fierce Oriental theocracy is perhaps not difficult to explain, but one cannot help wishing that its piety had taken another form; later, there had to come the "exodus from Houndsditch[19]," with how much conflict and misery! Such, however, was the price of the soul's health; we must accept the fact, and be content to see its better meaning. Health, of course, in speaking of mankind, is always a relative term. From the point of view of a conceivable civilization, Puritan England was lamentably ailing; but we must always ask, not how much better off a people might be, but how much worse. Of all theological systems, the most convincing is Manicheism[20], which, of course, under another name, was held by the Puritans themselves. What we call Restoration morality—the morality, that is to say, of a king and court—might well have become that of the nation at large under a Stuart dynasty safe from religious revolution.

是时候重新审视清教主义了。在英国从那些丧失意义的形式束缚中解脱出来的全盛期，我们回顾那段历史时，自然只会看到狂热过度，别的什么也看不到。我们赞许“解脱”那样的生动词语，它表明英国人思想进入牢笼，但已有开启牢门的钥匙。在今天，思想解放的危险变得和克制的痛苦一样明显时，我们最好去记住严苛的清教徒信条蕴含着的所有好处，它怎样恢复我们民族的精神活力，促进了作为我们最高国民权利的公民自由。一个知识繁荣的时代，通常是以接下来那个时代的衰落为代价的。想想斯图亚特王室统治下的英格兰，除了都铎王室的新教教义外没有其他信仰。想想（就不想更坏的了）以考利为代表的英国文学，弥尔顿的大名还不为人知。清教徒像医生一样出现了，在民族生命力发展到最高峰后，疲乏和懒散自然地随之而来，就在此时，清教徒带来了

他们的补药。如果你愿意，对英格兰从以色列人的书籍中寻求宗教感到遗憾吧。我们民族突然表现出的对凶暴东方神权政治的同情，也许并不难解释，但我们忍不住希望它的虔敬能采取另一种形式。随后到来的应是带来无数争斗和苦难的“霍恩德斯迪奇大迁徒”！然而，这就是灵魂保持健康的代价，我们必须接受这个事实，满足于看到它更好的意义。当然，对于全人类而言，健康总是一个相对的词。从一个文明发展的假设中来看，清教徒的英格兰是令人哀伤的病态文明；但我们必须追问的不是一个民族可能有多好，而是它可能有多糟。在所有神学派别中，最令人信服的是摩尼教，它也被清教徒奉为信仰，当然是在另一个名义下。我们所谓的复辟时期的道德——即国王和王室的道德——很可能会在斯图亚特王朝统治下成为整个国家的道德准则，要是没有经历宗教革命的话。

The political services of Puritanism were inestimable; they will be more feelingly remembered when England has once more to face the danger of political tyranny. I am thinking now of its effects upon social life. To it we owe the characteristic which, in some other countries, is expressed by the term English prudery, the accusation implied being part of the general charge of hypocrisy. It is said by observers among ourselves that the prudish habit of mind is dying out, and this is looked upon as a satisfactory thing, as a sign of healthy emancipation. If by prude be meant a secretly vicious person who affects an excessive decorum, by all means let the prude disappear, even at the cost of some shamelessness. If, on the other hand, a prude is one who, living a decent life, cultivates, either by bent or principle, a somewhat extreme delicacy of thought and speech with regard to elementary facts of human nature, then I say that this is most emphatically a fault in the right direction, and I have no desire to see its prevalence diminish. On the whole, it is the latter meaning which certain foreigners have in mind when they speak of English prudery—at all events, as exhibited by women; it being, not so much an imputation on chastity, as a charge of conceited foolishness. An English woman who typifies the begueule may be spotless as snow; but she is presumed to have snow's other quality, and at the same time to be a thoroughly absurd and intolerable creature. Well, here is the point of difference. Fastidiousness of speech is not a direct outcome of Puritanism, as our literature sufficiently proves; it is a refinement of civilization following upon absorption into the national life of all the best things which Puritanism had to teach. We who know English women by the experience of a lifetime are well aware that their careful choice of language betokens, far more often than not, a corresponding delicacy of mind. Landor[21] saw it as a ridiculous trait that English people were so mealy-mouthed in speaking of their bodies; De Quincey[22], taking him to task for this remark, declared it a proof of blunted sensibility due to long residence in Italy; and,

whether the particular explanation held good or not, as regards the question at issue, De Quincey was perfectly right. It is very good to be mealymouthed with respect to everything that reminds us of the animal in man. Verbal delicacy in itself will not prove an advanced civilization, but civilization, as it advances, assuredly tends that way.

清教主义的政治影响是不可估量的，在英格兰再次面对政治暴政的威胁时，人们会更加充满感情地想起它来。我现在思考的是它对社会生活的影响。它赋予了我们民族一个特征，在其他国家，会用“英国式拘谨”这个词来表达，其中隐含的指责是构成我们虚伪之罪名的一部分。我们的观察家说，拘谨的思维习惯正在消亡，这被视为一件让人满意的事情，视为健康的天性解放的一个标志。如果拘谨指一个人私下里邪恶，而表面上装得十分得体有礼，那就务必让拘谨消失吧，即使代价是大家变得有些无耻。但是另一方面，如果拘谨指一个生活正派的人，出于天性或是原则，在谈及人类性情的基本事实时，思想和言谈中表现得有点过份细腻敏感，那么我要强调这只是在正确方向上出现的一点偏差，我不想看到它不受欢迎而消失。总体上说，某些外国人在谈起英国式拘谨时——至少就女人的表现来说——他们想到的都是后一种意义；与其说是对贞洁的诋毁，不如说是对傲慢和愚蠢的责难。一个作为“假正经”代表的英国妇女，也许和白雪一样纯洁无瑕；但她也被认为有白雪的另外一种品质，同时又十分荒谬可笑，让人无法忍受。好了，这就是不同点。过分讲究措词并不是清教主义造成的直接后果，我们的文学已经充分证明了这一点；它是国民生活吸收了清教主义可教授的所有最好的东西之后，英国文明的一种自我改良。凭着毕生对英国女人的了解和体验，我们清楚地知道，她们谨慎的遣词用语，常常反映了她们思想的细腻敏感。英国人在谈起自己的身体时总是拐弯抹角，可兰多却视之为滑稽可笑。德昆西对他的评语进行谴责，称这是兰多长期寓居意大利使感情变得迟钝的佐证；不管他这种奇特的解释是否正确，德昆西在这个问题上是完全正确的。对于让我们联想起身上兽性的一切事物，拐弯抹角是很好的。言辞的文雅本身不是文明进步的证明，但文明在进步中一定是朝这个方向前进的。

XXIII

23

All through the morning, the air was held in an ominous stillness. Sitting over my books, I seemed to feel the silence; when I turned my look to the window, I saw nothing but the broad, grey sky, a featureless expanse, cold, melancholy. Later, just as I was bestirring myself to go out for an afternoon walk, something white fell softly across my vision. A few minutes more, and all was hidden with a descending veil of silent snow.

整个早晨，空气中酝酿着一种令人不安的寂静。坐着看书的我，似

乎也感到了这种沉默；我把目光投向窗外，看到的只是一片广阔的灰色天空，空旷而没有特色，寒冷，忧郁。后来到下午，正当我要起身出门散步时，某个白色的东西轻轻地落入我的视线。几分钟后，一切都隐藏在静静落下的雪花的面纱中了。

It is a disappointment. Yesterday I half believed that the winter drew to its end; the breath of the hills was soft; spaces of limpid azure shone amid slow-drifting clouds, and seemed the promise of spring. Idle by the fireside, in the gathering dusk, I began to long for the days of light and warmth. My fancy wandered, leading me far and wide in a dream of summer England. ...

这真叫人失望。昨天，我还以为冬天要走到尽头了，山峦的气息是柔和的，清澈如洗的碧空在缓慢飘游的白云间闪闪发亮，似乎预示着春天的来临。我在炉火旁无所事事，暮色渐浓，我开始渴望那些光明温暖的日子。我的思绪开始飘荡，带着我梦里遨游夏天的英格兰……

This is the valley of the Blythe. The stream ripples and glances over its brown bed warmed with sunbeams; by its bank the green f lags wave and rustle, and, all about, the meadows shine in pure gold of buttercups. The hawthorn hedges are a mass of gleaming blossom, which scents the breeze. There above rises the heath, yellow-mantled with gorse, and beyond, if I walk for an hour or two, I shall come out upon the sandy cliffs of Suffolk, and look over the northern sea. ...

这是布莱斯的河谷。溪流泛起阵阵涟漪，流过被阳光晒得暖洋洋的棕色河床；岸上，绿色水草像旗帜迎风飘扬，沙沙作响，四周芳草萋萋，中间闪耀着金色的毛茛花。山楂树组成的树篱，简直是一道道灿烂的花墙，让微风也芳香醉人了。那高处是石南，荫庇在黄色的金雀花下，再远处，走上一两个小时，便会来到萨福克郡的砂岩峭壁，俯视着北方的大海……

I am in Wensleydale, climbing from the rocky river that leaps amid broad pastures up to the rolling moor. Up and up, till my feet brush through heather, and the grouse whirrs away before me. Under a glowing sky of summer, this air of the uplands has still a life which spurs to movement, which makes the heart bound. The dale is hidden; I see only the brown and purple wilderness, cutting against the blue with great round shoulders, and, far away to the west, an horizon of sombre heights. ...

我在文斯利代尔，沿着宽阔草场间多礁的小河，爬到了地势起伏的荒野。我继续往上爬，直到脚边全都是石南花，松鸡在我前面呼呼地逃走。在夏日闪亮的天空下，这高地的空气中蕴藏着一种生命力，催人奋进，让人心跳。溪谷隐没不见，我只看到一片棕色和紫色相间的荒野，像一对宽阔圆实的肩膀倚接远处的蓝天，在遥远的西边，是幽暗的高地连成的一条地平线……

I ramble through a village in Gloucestershire, a village which seems forsaken in this drowsy warmth of the afternoon. The houses of grey stone are old and beautiful, telling of a time when Englishmen knew how to build whether for rich or poor; the gardens glow with flowers, and the air is delicately sweet. At the village end, I come into a lane, which winds upwards between grassy slopes, to turf and bracken and woods of noble beech. Here I am upon a spur of the Cotswolds[23], and before me spreads the wide vale of Evesham, with its ripening crops, its fruiting orchards, watered by sacred Avon. Beyond, softly blue, the hills of Malvern. On the branch hard by warbles a little bird, glad in his leafy solitude. A rabbit jumps through the fern. There sounds the laugh of a woodpecker from the copse in yonder hollow. ...

我漫步在格洛斯特郡的一座村庄，在温暖的令人恹恹欲睡的午后，它似乎是废弃了的。灰色石头建成的房舍古老而美丽，诉说着一个英国人无论贫富都还懂得修建房屋的时代。花园中的鲜花流光溢彩，空气有微妙的甜美气息。在村子尽头，我走到一条小路上，它顺着绿草茵茵的斜坡蜿蜒向上，延伸到草坡、欧洲蕨和高贵的山毛榉树林中。我又来到了科茨沃尔德丘陵的一个支脉上，面前横亘着伊夫舍姆宽阔的山谷，那里的庄稼就要成熟，果树正在结实，都享受着神圣的埃文河水的灌溉。在远方，那一抹淡蓝色，是马尔文丘陵。附近的树枝上传来了一只小鸟婉转的啼鸣，在树阴下它是寂寞而快乐的；一只兔子跳着跑过那片蕨草；远处山谷的树林里传来了一只啄木鸟的笑声……

In the falling of a summer night, I walk by Ullswater. The sky is still warm with the afterglow of sunset, a dusky crimson smouldering above the dark mountain line. Below me spreads a long reach of the lake, steel-grey between its dim colourless shores. In the profound stillness, the trotting of a horse beyond the water sounds strangely near; it serves only to make more sensible the repose of Nature in this her sanctuary. I feel a solitude unutterable, yet nothing akin to desolation; the heart of the land I love seems to beat in the silent night gathering around me; amid things eternal, I touch the familiar and the kindly earth. Moving, I step softly, as though my footfall were an irreverence. A turn in the road, and there is wafted to me a faint perfume, that of meadow-sweet. Then I see a light glimmering in the farmhouse window—a little ray against the blackness of the great hillside, below which the water sleeps. ...

夏夜将至时，我行走在阿尔斯沃特湖畔。天空在落日的余晖中依然温暖，黑色群山的轮廓上方，闷燃着一缕黯淡的深红色云霞。我的下方，延伸着一片青灰色的湖水，两边是灰暗乏味的河岸。在这深沉的寂静中，湖水远处的一阵马蹄声听起来出奇地清楚，似乎就在附近，更让人感受到大自然在这块庇护地上安憩是很明智的。我感到一种无法言说的孤独，但它与荒凉感毫不相同；我热爱的这块土地的心脏，似乎在聚集于我周围的静夜中跳动；在永恒事物中，我触摸着这块熟悉亲切的土

地。我行走时把步伐放得很轻，似乎脚步声是一种不敬。转过一个弯，我嗅到一股淡淡的香气，那是草地的甜美气息。接着，我看到农舍窗户上闪烁着一点灯光——这点光线映衬着黑魆魆的山坡，下面是沉睡着的河水……

A pathway leads me by the winding of the river Ouse. Far on every side stretches a homely landscape, tilth and pasture, hedgerow and clustered trees, to where the sky rests upon the gentle hills. Slow, silent, the river lapses between its daisied banks, its grey-green osier beds. Yonder is the little town of St. Neots. In all England no simpler bit of rural scenery; in all the world nothing of its kind more beautiful. Cattle are lowing amid the rich meadows. Here one may loiter and dream in utter restfulness, whilst the great white clouds mirror themselves in the water as they pass above. ...

我顺着乌斯河蜿蜒的河畔小路前行。河两旁是广阔乡村景色，有田地和草场，灌木篱墙和树林，最远处天空慵懒地靠着温柔的山峦。河水缓慢安静地在雏菊点缀的河岸间流淌，河床上翠柳轻拂。那边是圣尼茨小镇。在整个英格兰，找不到比它更简朴的乡村景色；在全世界，也没有比它更美的风景。牛羊在丰美的草地上低沉哞叫。这里，你可以在完全的宁静中闲荡做梦，天上大块的白色云朵飘过时，在水中可以看到它们的倒影……

I am walking upon the South Downs. In the valleys, the sun lies hot, but here sings a breeze which freshens the forehead and fills the heart with gladness. My foot upon the short, soft turf has an unwearied lightness; I feel capable of walking on and on, even to that farthest horizon where the white cloud casts its floating shadow. Below me, but far off, is the summer sea, still, silent, its ever-changing blue and green dimmed at the long limit with luminous noontide mist. Inland spreads the undulant vastness of the sheep-spotted downs, beyond them the tillage and the woods of Sussex weald, coloured like to the pure sky above them, but in deeper tint. Near by, all but hidden among trees in yon lovely hollow, lies an old, old hamlet, its brown roofs decked with golden lichen; I see the low church-tower, and the little graveyard about it. Meanwhile, high in the heaven, a lark is singing. It descends; it drops to its nest, and I could dream that half the happiness of its exultant song was love of England. ...

我在南岗上散步。山谷中，阳光热辣辣照着，但这里有吟唱的微风轻拂额头，让人精神一振，心里充满喜悦。踩在低矮柔软的草地上，我的步伐轻快，不知疲惫；我觉得自己可以一直走啊走，走到远处的地平线，那里有白色浮云投下的阴影。我下面的远处，是夏天的海，静寂，沉默，在正午明亮的薄雾中，它不断变幻的蓝色和绿色因为遥远而模糊了。向内陆延伸的是开阔起伏的高地，上面点缀着白色的绵羊，高地的尽头，是苏塞克斯郡原野的田地和树林，它们的颜色点染得像上方的蓝天，不过更深浓。附近可爱山谷的树丛间，掩映着一座古老的小村落，

棕色的房顶装饰着金色的苔藓；我看见教堂低矮的钟楼，还有它周围小小的墓地。此时，在天空高处，有一只云雀在歌唱。它飞回巢中，我可以想象，它欢愉歌声中一半的快乐是对英格兰的热爱……

It is all but dark. For a quarter of an hour I must have been writing by a glow of firelight reflected on to my desk; it seemed to me the sun of summer. Snow is still falling. I see its ghostly glimmer against the vanishing sky. To-morrow it will be thick upon my garden, and perchance for several days. But when it melts, when it melts, it will leave the snowdrop. The crocus, too, is waiting, down there under the white mantle which warms the earth.

夜幕完全降临了。我一定是借着映到书桌上的一缕炉火的光亮，写作了一刻钟，它在我眼里就像是夏天的艳阳。雪还在下着，我看到在逐渐变黑的天空中，落雪带着一丝惨淡的微光。明天，我的花园会覆上厚厚一层雪，也许要持续几天吧，但是当雪融化时，会留下雪滴莲。还有藏红花，它也在暖热大地的雪毯下面等待开放呢。

XXIV

24

Time is money—says the vulgarest known to any age or people. Turn it round about, and you get a precious truth—money is time. I think of it on these dark, mist-blinded mornings, as I come down to find a glorious fire crackling and leaping in my study. Suppose I were so poor that I could not afford that heartsome blaze, how different the whole day would be! Have I not lost many and many a day of my life for lack of the material comfort which was necessary to put my mind in tune? Money is time. With money I buy for cheerful use the hours which otherwise would not in any sense be mine; nay, which would make me their miserable bondsman. Money is time, and, heaven be thanked, there needs so little of it for this sort of purchase. He who has overmuch is wont to be as badly off in regard to the true use of money, as he who has not enough. What are we doing all our lives but purchasing, or trying to purchase, time? And most of us, having grasped it with one hand, throw it away with the other.

时间就是金钱——这句最俗的话是所有时代所有人都耳熟能详的。把它倒过来，你就得到了一个宝贵的真理——金钱就是时间。我是在黑暗的雾气漫天的早晨想到这句话的，当时我下楼来，看到书房里炉火烧得正欢，噼啪作响。想想吧，如果我很穷，根本没钱来享受这样欢快的炉火，我这一整天将会是另一番景象！物质上的舒适是我思想正常运作的必要条件，而我不正是因为物质上的匮乏，失去了生命中的许多时光吗？金钱就是时间。有了钱，我可以购买到可以愉快支配的时间，否则，这时间怎么都不能说是我的。不，那样我会成为时间悲惨的奴隶。

金钱就是时间，感谢老天，这宗买卖只需要很少的一点钱。太有钱的人和钱不够的人，在对金钱的真正使用上，往往是一样地糟糕。我们的一生不就是在购买或者试图购买时间吗？而我们中大多数人，都是一只手抓住它，另一只手又将它扔掉了。

XXV

25

The dark days are drawing to an end. Soon it will be spring once more; I shall go out into the fields, and shake away these thoughts of discouragement and fear which have lately too much haunted my fireside. For me, it is a virtue to be self-centred; I am much better employed, from every point of view, when I live solely for my own satisfaction, than when I begin to worry about the world. The world frightens me, and a frightened man is no good for anything. I know only one way in which I could have played a meritorious part as an active citizen—by becoming a schoolmaster in some little country town, and teaching half a dozen teachable boys to love study for its own sake. That I could have done, I daresay. Yet, no; for I must have had as a young man the same mind that I have in age, devoid of idle ambitions, undisturbed by unattainable ideals. Living as I do now, I deserve better of my country than at any time in my working life; better, I suspect, than most of those who are praised for busy patriotism.

黑暗的日子就要结束了。很快就又是春天，我要走到田野中去，将沮丧和恐惧的情绪统统甩掉，近来在炉火旁，它们常常萦绕在我的心头。对我来说，以自我为中心是一种美德；从各方面来看，完全为满足自己而生活，比起开始为世界担忧，能更好地体现我的价值。世界让我感到恐惧，一个吓坏了的人是一无是处的。我只知道一种方式，可以让我作为一名公民对世界作出积极的贡献——就是成为某个乡村小镇的教师，为五六个可教的男孩子授业，教他们为学习本身而热爱学习。这我敢说自己是可以做到的，但是，不。我肯定年轻时的心态就和现在差不多，没有虚无缥缈的雄心，也不会因为无法实现理想而烦忧。我现在这样生活，比起当初疲于奔命的任何时候，都更对得起国家；我甚至觉得，比大多数为爱国主义而奔忙并受到颂扬的人们做得也更好。

Not that I regard my life as an example for any one else; all I say is, that it is good for me, and in so far an advantage to the world. To live in quiet content is surely a piece of good citizenship. If you can do more, do it, and God-speed! I know myself for an exception. And I ever find it a good antidote to gloomy thoughts to bring before my imagination the lives of men, utterly unlike me in their minds and circumstances, who give themselves with glad and hopeful energy to

the plain duties that lie before them. However one's heart may fail in thinking of the folly and baseness which make so great a part of to-day's world, remember how many bright souls are living courageously, seeing the good wherever it may be discovered, undismayed by portents, doing what they have to do with all their strength. In every land there are such, no few of them, a great brotherhood, without distinction of race or faith; for they, indeed, constitute the race of man, rightly designated, and their faith is one, the cult of reason and of justice. Whether the future is to them or to the talking anthropoid, no one can say. But they live and labour, guarding the fire of sacred hope.

我并没有把自己的生活看作任何人的榜样，我只是说，它对我有好处，迄今对社会也有益。能够平静满足地生活当然是好公民的行为。如果你能做得更多，那就做吧，上帝保佑你！我知道自己是个例外。我发现排解沮丧情绪的一个好方法，就是想象那些和我思想境遇完全不同的人们的生活，他们兴致勃勃充满希望地从事着面前的平常事务。不管人们在想到今天世界广泛存在的愚蠢和卑鄙时多么灰心丧气，请不要忘记还有许多聪明的灵魂在勇敢地生活着，尽力发现事物美好的方面，不为恶兆而灰心，竭尽全力地做着必须要做的事情。在每块土地上都有这样的人，为数不少，不分种族，不分信仰，像个大规模的兄弟会；他们真正构成了名副其实的人类，他们有同样的信仰，即对理智和正义的膜拜。未来是属于他们，或是属于能说话的类人猿，没有人能说定。但是他们生存并努力着，捍卫着神圣希望之火。

In my own country, dare I think that they are fewer than of old? Some I have known; they give me assurance of the many, near and far. Hearts of noble strain, intrepid, generous; the clear head, the keen eye; a spirit equal alike to good fortune and to ill. I see the true-born son of England, his vigour and his virtues yet unimpaired. In his blood is the instinct of honour, the scorn of meanness; he cannot suffer his word to be doubted, and his hand will give away all he has rather than profit by a plebeian parsimony. He is frugal only of needless speech. A friend staunch to the death; tender with a grave sweetness to those who claim his love; passionate, beneath stoic seeming, for the causes he holds sacred. A hater of confusion and of idle noise, his place is not where the mob presses; he makes no vaunt of what he has done, no boastful promise of what he will do; when the insensate cry is loud, the counsel of wisdom overborne, he will hold apart, content with plain work that lies nearest to his hand, building, strengthening, whilst others riot in destruction. He was ever hopeful, and deems it a crime to despair of his country. "Non, si male nunc, et olim sic erit."[24] Fallen on whatever evil days and evil tongues, he remembers that Englishman of old, who, under every menace, bore right onwards; and like him, if so it must be, can make it his duty and his service to stand

and wait.

在我自己的国家，我敢设想这样的人比以前少了吗？有一些人我是认识的，他们让我确信在远近各处还有很多这样的人。他们心灵高尚，无畏而慷慨，头脑清醒，目光犀利，不管好运噩运都同样的精神焕发。我看到英格兰真正的儿子，他的活力和美德还没有受到损害。他的血液中涌动着追求荣誉的本能和对卑鄙的蔑视；他无法忍受自己的话遭到质疑，他宁可抛弃所有一切也不愿靠卑俗的节俭获利。他所吝啬的只有不必要的废话。他是一位忠实不渝的朋友；对所爱的人，他是温柔甜蜜的；对奉为神圣的事业，他在克制的表面下满怀着一腔热情。他憎恶混乱和无聊的噪音，他从不在人群汹涌的地方出现；对做过的事情，他不事夸耀，对将要做的事情，也不作自夸的允诺；在失去理性的喧嚷声中，在智慧的意见被压制时，他会远远躲开，安心从事手边最近的工作；在其他人暴乱搞破坏时，他在建造，在加固。他从来都是充满希望的，把对自己的国家绝望视为一种罪行。“不，如果现在不好，未来不一定不好”。不管遭遇怎样的恶劣境遇或恶语中伤，他会记得，从前的英国人不管面临任何威胁，都会勇往直前；如果有必要，他会效仿前人，把站稳脚跟等待作为自己的责任和义务。

XXVI

26

Impatient for the light of spring, I have slept lately with my blind drawn up, so that at waking, I have the sky in view. This morning, I awoke just before sunrise. The air was still; a faint flush of rose to westward told me that the east made fair promise. I could see no cloud, and there before me, dropping to the horizon, glistened the horned moon.

我急不可耐地等着春光的到来，最近睡觉时我总将窗帘卷起，这样一觉醒来就能看到天空了。今天早晨，我在日出前醒来。空气是安静的，西方天空微微泛起玫瑰红，告诉我今天会是一个好天气。我看不到一丝云彩，在我面前，一钩月牙闪着微光，就要沉到地平线上。

The promise held good. After breakfast, I could not sit down by the fireside; indeed, a fire was scarce necessary; the sun drew me forth, and I walked all the morning about the moist lanes, delighting myself with the scent of earth.

兆头不错。早饭后，我在炉火旁坐不住了，事实上，炉火几乎是不必要的。阳光引我出了门，我在露水润湿的小路上散了一个早晨的步，嗅着土地的芬芳，心情愉快。

On my way home, I saw the first celandine.

在回家的路上，我看到了第一棵白屈菜。

So, once more, the year has come full circle. And how quickly; alas, how quickly! Can it be a whole twelvemonth since the last spring? Because I am so content with life, must life slip away, as though it grudged me my happiness? Time was when a year drew its slow length of toil and anxiety and ever frustrates waiting. Further away, the year of childhood seemed endless. It is familiarity with life that makes time speed quickly. When every day is a step in the unknown, as for children, the days are long with gathering of experience; the week gone by is already far in retrospect of things learnt, and that to come, especially if it foretells some joy, lingers in remoteness. Past mid-life, one learns little and expects little. To-day is like unto yesterday, and to that which shall be the morrow. Only torment of mind or body serves to delay the indistinguishable hours. Enjoy the day, and, behold, it shrinks to a moment.

一年又转完了一整圈。时间可过得真快，真是白驹过隙啊！从去年春天到现在十二个月已经这样过去了吗？就因为我对生活感到满足，生命就要这样飞逝吗，好像它不愿让我快乐似的？在辛苦焦虑的时候，一年的时间总过得很慢，让人们等待得不耐烦了。时间再往前推移，童年的岁月似乎是没有尽头的。正是对生活的熟悉让时间流逝得飞快。如果像孩子那样，每天都是迈向未知的一步，每天会因为经验积累而显得漫长；回想学到的那些东西，一周的时间过去，在感觉中已经是很遥远了，而将要到来的一周，特别是当预示着快乐时，它就好像在远处徘徊，不肯早来。中年以后，人们几乎不学什么，也没什么期待了。今天和昨天没什么不同，明天和今天也大致一样。只有在精神和身体遭受折磨时，才能拖住那不易察觉的时间。要好好享受这一天，看吧，它会缩为短短一瞬。

I could wish for many another year; yet, if I knew that not one more awaited me, I should not grumble. When I was ill at ease in the world, it would have been hard to die; I had lived to no purpose, that I could discover; the end would have seemed abrupt and meaningless. Now, my life is rounded; it began with the natural irreflective happiness of childhood, it will close in the reasoned tranquility of the mature mind. How many a time, after long labour on some piece of writing, brought at length to its conclusion, have I laid down the pen with a sigh of thankfulness; the work was full of faults, but I had wrought sincerely, had done what time and circumstance and my own nature permitted. Even so may it be with me in my last hour. May I look back on life as a long task duly completed—a piece of biography; faulty enough, but good as I could make it—and, with no thought but one of contentment, welcome the repose to follow when I have breathed the word "Finis."

我还有希望活很多年，但是，如果知道大限就在今年，我不会抱怨。当我在世界上感觉不自在时，死可能是件难事；如果我发觉自己一

直没有目的地活着，生命的终止也许会显得突然和没有意义。而现在，我的生命圆满了；它开始于童年时期自然而无忧无虑的欢乐，终结于成熟思想的缜密和平静。有许多次，在费了许多心力完成一篇文章后，我放下笔，感激地吐出一口气；作品中纰漏很多，但我创作时是真诚的，在时间、环境和我的性情允许的范围内，我做到了最好。愿我在生命最后一刻也还是如此。愿我在回首一生时，看到的是一项适时完成的艰巨任务——一本传记；虽然有缺陷，但我尽我所能做到了最好——现在我只有满足的感觉，在吐出那个“终”字时，我欢迎随之而来的安息。

(1)引自古罗马诗人马提雅尔的警句诗（Epigrams(5).20.13）。

(2)大伦敦，指伦敦与其周围卫星城镇所组成的都会区。

(3)黑乡，英国中心的产煤铁地区。

(4)肖尔迪奇，东伦敦的新兴文艺区,

(5)特伦特河，英格兰中部河流。

(6)莱辛(1729-1781）,德国文艺理论家、剧作家。

(7)弗林德斯·皮特里（1853-1942），英国埃及学家、考古学家。埃及前王朝文化的发掘主持者之一。

(8)马伯乐（1846-1916），法国埃及学家。

(9)拉姆齐（1851-1939），苏格兰考古学家。

(10)卡莱尔（1795-1881），苏格兰评论家、讽刺作家、历史学家。他的作品在维多利亚时代极具影响力，代表作品有《法国革命》《过去与现在》等。

(11)引自丁尼生的《纪念诗》，这是纪念他友人的连续诗篇。

(12)《纪念诗》，丁尼生作品。

(13)圆颅党，17世纪中期英国国会中的知名党派。该党发迹与最盛时期约为1642-1651年的英国内战时期。身为清教徒的这些议会成员，皆将头发理短，在外貌上与当时权贵极为不同。圆颅党是议会政治中首次以形象来达到政治目的的党派。

(14)骑士党，是英国资产阶级革命中支持和保护国王的“保王党集团”，形成于17世纪。其主要成员系贵族和官僚，他们都戴假发，身佩长剑，仿效中世纪的骑士，因此得名。其反对派为“圆颅党”。

(15)克伦威尔（1599-1658），英国17世纪资产阶级革命的领袖、政治家和军事家。

(16)佩克斯涅夫先生，是狄更斯小说《马丁·图兹列维特》中的一个人物。此公是一个无可救药的伪君子，平时嘴上总是挂着正直、友善的道德哲学，实际上却是一个无比虚伪的两面派。

(17)达尔杜弗，莫里哀喜剧《达尔杜弗》中的主人公，是伪君子的典型形象，因而剧本的名称也可译作《伪君子》。

(18)考利（1618-1667），英国诗人、散文家。

(19)霍恩德斯迪奇，伦敦东端犹太人住区。

(20)摩尼教，又称作牟尼教或明教，为公元3世纪中叶波斯人摩尼（Mani）所创立。

(21)沃尔特·萨维奇·兰多（1775-1864），英国诗人、散文家，以其《想象的对话》闻名于世。

(22)德昆西（1785-1859），英国散文家、文学批评家。代表作品是《一个英国鸦片吸食者的自白》。

(23)科茨沃尔德，位于英国西南部，曾是羊毛主要产地。

(24)原文出自贺拉斯的诗（Carmina2.10.17）。

琐事集

ALL TRIVIA

洛根·皮尔索尔·史密斯

外语教学与研究出版社

Logan Pearsall Smith

All Trivia

琐事集

洛根·皮尔索尔·史密斯（英） 著
外研社编译组 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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Trivia Book I

琐事集 第一卷

"How blest my lot, in these sweet fields assign'd

“我何其幸运，来到这些上帝赐予的甜美的田野，

Where Peace and Leisure soothe the tuneful mind.”

在这里，宁静和闲适抚慰了和谐的心灵。”

Scott, of Amwell, Moral Eclogues 1773.

——安威尔的斯科特《道德的牧歌》（1773）

Happiness

幸福

Cricketers on village greens, hay-makers in the evening sunshine, small boats that sail before the wind—all these create in me the illusion of Happiness, as if a land of cloudless pleasure, a piece of the old Golden World, were hidden, not (as poets have fancied) in far seas or beyond inaccessible mountains, but here close at hand, if one could find it, in some undiscovered valley. Certain grassy lanes seem to lead through the copses thither; the wild pigeons talk of it behind the woods.

在乡村的草地上打打板球，在傍晚的余晖下翻晒干草，迎着风浪泛一叶扁舟——所有这些都让我有幸福的幻觉，仿佛没有阴云覆盖的快乐之地，古老金色世界的一角，并非（诗人们幻想的那样）隐藏在遥远的海上或者难以企及的山巅，而就在我们伸手可及的地方，在某个无人涉足的山谷，等待我们去发现。某些青草掩映下的小路似乎穿过灌木丛通向那里；野鸽子在树林后谈论着它。

To-Day

今日

I woke this morning out of dreams into what we call Reality, into the daylight, the furniture of my familiar bedroom—in fact into the well- known, often-discussed, but, to my mind, as yet unexplained Universe.

今晨我自梦中醒来，回到我们所谓的现实中，回到晨光中，看到熟悉的卧房里的家具——实际上我回到的是这个尽人皆知、众人常谈的宇

宙，但是在我看来，还没人能解释清楚它到底是什么。

Then I, who came out of Eternity and seem to be on my way thither, got up and spent the day as I usually spend it. I read, I pottered, I complained, and took exercise; and I sat punctually down to eat the cooked meals that appeared at regular intervals.

然后我—来自永恒似乎也终将归于永恒—起床，与往常无二般地度过一日。我读书，闲逛，抱怨，锻炼；每隔一定时间，我就准时坐在饭桌前享用准备好的饭食。

The Afternoon Post

午后的邮件

The village Post Office, with its clock and letter-box, its postmistress lost in the heartless seductions of the Aristocracy and tales of coroneted woe, and the sallow-faced grocer watching from his window opposite, is the scene of a daily crisis in my life, when every afternoon I walk there through the country lanes and ask that well-read young lady for my letters. I always expect good news and cheques; and then, of course, there is the magical Fortune which is coming, and word of it may reach me any day. What it is, this strange Felicity, or whence it shall arrive, I have no notion; but I hurry down in the morning to find the news on the breakfast table, open telegrams in delighted panic, and cry "Here it comes!" when in the night-silence I hear wheels approaching along the road. So, happy in the hope of Happiness, and not greatly concerned with any other interest or ambition, I live on in my quiet, ordered house; and so I shall live perhaps until the end. Is it merely the last great summons and revelation for which I am waiting?

乡村的邮局里，挂着的钟表和邮箱，沉湎于贵族的无情诱拐和王子的悲苦故事中的女邮政局长，以及从对面的窗户里向外张望的脸色腊黄的杂货商，构成了我每日生活中最恐慌的画面。每天下午我穿过乡间小路走到邮局，问那位博学的年轻女士要我的信。我总是希望有好消息和支票寄来；当然，还有即将来临的奇妙的幸福，关于它的信息任何一天都可能传到我这儿来。它会是什么，这份奇特的幸福，或者它从哪里来，我一无所知；但是每天早上我都冲下楼去寻找早餐桌上的消息，愉快又紧张地打开电报，晚上万籁俱寂的时候听到沿街驶来的车轮声，便大叫“它来了！”就这样，我因对幸福怀有希望而快乐，不把别的利益或野心放在心上，继续住在我那安静整洁的家里；也许就这样一直住到生命的尽头。我等待的是否只是上帝最后的伟大召唤和启示呢？

The Busy Bees

忙碌的蜜蜂

Sitting for hours idle in the shade of an apple tree, near the garden- hives, and under the aerial thoroughfares of those honey-merchants,—sometimes when the noonday heat is loud with their minute industry, or when they fall in crowds out of the late sun to their night-long labours,—I have sought instruction from the Bees, and tried to appropriate to myself the old industrious lesson.

无所事事地坐在苹果树阴下好几个小时，旁边是花园里的蜂房，那些贩蜜者在我头顶上方的空气通道里飞舞，——有时看到它们在正午的热气中为那小生意吵吵嚷嚷地奔忙，或者在余晖退去时仍然成群结队地彻夜劳动，——我一直试图从蜜蜂身上学到那关于勤劳的古老教义。

And yet, hang it all, who by rights should be the teacher and who the learners? For those peevish, over-toiled, utilitarian insects, was there no lesson to be derived from the spectacle of Me? Gazing out at me with myriad eyes from their joyless factories, might they not learn at last—could I not finally teach them—a wiser and more generous-hearted way to improve the shining hours?

但是，管它呢，谁就一定是老师，谁就一定是学生？那些性格暴躁、操劳过度、急功近利的昆虫们难道就不能从奇妙的我身上学点儿东西吗？从它们了无生趣的工厂里用复眼盯着我，难道这些蜜蜂最后也学不会——我最后也教不会它们——以一种更明智、更放松的方式来更好地度过这美好的时光吗？

The Wheat

小麦

The Vicar, whom I met once or twice in my walks about the fields, told me that he was glad that I was taking an interest in farming. Only my feeling about wheat, he said, puzzled him.

我在田边散步时遇到过牧师先生一两次，他说他很高兴我对农业感兴趣，只是我对小麦的感觉让他不解。

Now the feeling in regard to wheat which I had not been able to make clear to the Vicar, was simply one of amazement. Walking one day into a field that I had watched yellowing beyond the trees, I was dazzled by the glow and great expanse of gold. I bathed myself in the intense yellow under the intense blue sky; how it dimmed the oak trees and copses and all the rest of the English landscape! I had not remembered the glory of the Wheat; nor imagined in my reading that in a country so far from the Sun, there could be anything so rich, so prodigal, so reckless, as this opulence of ruddy gold, bursting out from

the cracked earth as from some fiery vein beneath. I remembered how for thousands of years Wheat had been the staple of wealth, the hoarded wealth of famous cities and empires; I thought of the processes of corn-growing, the white oxen ploughing, the great barns, the winnowing fans, the mills with the splash of their wheels, or arms slow-turning in the wind; of cornfields at harvest-time, with shocks and sheaves in the glow of sunset, or under the sickle moon; what beauty it brought into the northern landscape, the antique, passionate, Biblical beauty of the South!

我没能向牧师先生解释清楚，其实这种对小麦的感觉只是一种惊叹而已。树林那边有一片麦田，我亲眼看着那里的庄稼逐渐成熟。有一天我走了进去，那广袤无垠的金色光芒让我目眩神迷。我沐浴在蔚蓝的天空下金灿灿的麦田中；在它面前，橡树林、灌木丛以及英格兰其他所有美景全都黯然失色！我从不记得小麦有如此的光辉；也从没在书中看到过在离太阳如此遥远的国度，竟然会有如此浓烈、蓬勃、无畏的事物，好像这从地缝里喷射出的丰饶的红彤彤的金色是从地表下炙热的大地脉络里喷涌而出一般。我记得几千年来小麦一直是财富的主要形式，著名的城市和王国都囤积了大量的小麦；我想到种植小麦的过程，耕地的白牛、大谷仓、扬谷风扇、还有磨坊，里面有溅着水花的轮子、在风的吹动下缓缓转动的摇杆；我想到收获时节的麦田，日落的余晖中，或一轮弯月下，那一捆捆、一堆堆的小麦。它给北方的景色增添了怎样的美丽，又给南方带去了多少古朴、热情而又圣洁的美景啊！

The Coming Of Fate

命运的来临

When I seek out the sources of my thoughts, I find they had their beginning in fragile Chance; were born of little moments that shine for me curiously in the past. Slight the impulse that made me take this turning at the cross-roads, trivial and fortuitous the meeting, and light as gossamer the thread that first knit me to my friend. These are full of wonder; more mysterious are the moments that must have brushed me with their wings and passed me by: when Fate beckoned and I did not see it, when new Life trembled for a second on the threshold; but the word was not spoken, the hand was not held out, and the Might-have-been shivered and vanished, dim as a dream, into the waste realms of non-existence.

我追寻自己思想的源泉，发现它们始于脆弱易逝的机缘巧合，源于我生命过往中闪耀着奇异光芒的瞬间。左右我在十字路口向左转还是向右转的是小小的冲动，相遇是小小的偶然，第一次将我和我的朋友牵引到一起的是轻如蛛网的细线。一切都充满了神奇；而更神秘的是那些用翅膀触碰到我、与我擦身而过的瞬间：当命运向我招手，我却没有看

到，当新生活在门前短暂驻足，我却一无所知；但是话没说出口，手没伸出去，这些可能性一闪即逝，如梦境般模糊不清，终究化为乌有。

So I never lose a sense of the whimsical and perilous charm of daily life, with its meetings and words and accidents. Why, to-day, perhaps, or next week, I may hear a voice, and, packing up my Gladstone bag, follow it to the ends of the world.

所以我从未停止去体会日常生活那反复无常、充满危险的魅力，以及其中的种种邂逅、言谈和意外。也许就在今天，或者下星期，我会听到一个声音，然后就收拾好我的格莱斯顿旅行包，追随它到天涯海角。

My Speech

我的演讲

"Ladies and Gentlemen," I began—

“女士们先生们，”我开始演讲——

The Vicar was in the chair; Mrs. La Mountain and her daughters sat facing us; and in the little schoolroom, with its maps and large Scripture prints, its blackboard with the day's sums still visible on it, were assembled the labourers of the village, the old family coachman and his wife, the one-eyed postman, and the gardeners and boys from the Hall. Having culled from the newspapers a few phrases, I had composed a speech which I delivered with a spirit and eloquence surprising even to myself. The Vicar cried "Hear, Hear!" the Vicar's wife pounded her umbrella with such emphasis, and the villagers cheered so heartily, that my heart was warmed. I began to feel the meaning of my own words; I beamed on the audience, felt that they were all my brothers, all wished well to the Republic; and it seemed to me an occasion to divulge my real ideas and hopes for the Commonwealth.

牧师先生坐在椅子上；拉蒙坦夫人和她的女儿们坐在我们对面；这个小教室的墙上挂着地图和大幅的圣经篇章，黑板上还能看见当天的算术题。大家齐聚一堂，村里的工人们、年迈的马车夫和他的妻子、独眼的邮递员、寄宿学校的园丁和男学生们。我从报纸上摘抄了几句话，写了一篇演讲稿，现在我如此激昂、口若悬河地宣讲出来，震惊了在场的每一个人，甚至把我自己都给震住了。牧师先生大声叫着“听啊，听啊！”他的妻子用伞如此用力敲击着地面，村民们如此衷心地喝彩，让我心里升起一股暖意。我开始感觉到了我自己的话语的意义；我朝听众微笑着，觉得他们都是我的兄弟，都愿共和国拥有美好的未来；我觉得似乎在这里我可以吐露我自己对联邦的真实看法和希望。

Brushing therefore to one side, and indeed quite forgetting my safe principles, I began to refashion and new-model the State. Most

existing institutions were soon abolished; and then, on their ruins, I proceeded to build up the bright walls and palaces of the City within me—the City I had read of in Plato. With enthusiasm, and, I flatter myself, with eloquence, I described it all—the Warriors, that race of golden youth bred from the State-ordered embraces of the brave and fair; those philosophic Guardians, who, being ever accustomed to the highest and most extensive views, and thence contracting an habitual greatness, possessed the truest fortitude, looking down indeed with a kind of disregard on human life and death. And then, declaring that the pattern of this City was laid up in Heaven, I sat down, amid the cheers of the uncomprehending little audience.

我忘乎所以了，把安全原则完全抛诸脑后，我开始重塑我们的国家。大多数现有的机构不久即被废止；然后在它们的废墟上，我建立起我心目中的城市那明亮围墙和宫殿—我在柏拉图的书中读到的城市。我带着巨大的热情，以我自以为是的口才，滔滔不绝地把它全部描述出来—那些战士们，那群正值黄金年华的青年们是由国家选中的勇士和美女交欢诞下的；那些精通哲学的卫国者们，身居高位，视野广阔，因此养成了一种惯常的伟大气质，他们的意志无比坚毅，居高临下而对人类的生死漠然处之。然后我宣称这座城市的格局是在天堂里构建好的。听众已所剩无几且一头雾水，在他们的欢呼声中我坐了下来。

And afterward, in my rides about the country, when I saw on walls and the doors of barns, among advertisements of sales, or regulations about birds' eggs or the movements of swine, little weather-beaten, old-looking notices on which it was stated that I would address the meeting, I remembered how the walls and towers of the City I built up in that little schoolroom had shone with no heavenly light in the eyes of the Vicar's party.

在那之后，我在乡间骑马时，曾在那些贴在墙上和谷仓门上的促销广告、对鸟蛋的规定、迁移猪的告示中间，看到有几张经过风吹日晒、看起来破旧不堪的小告示，上面写着我将在会上发言。这时，我就会想起我在那间小教室里搭建起的城市的围墙和塔楼在牧师先生等众人的眼中又是怎样丝毫没有闪耀出天堂般的光芒。

Stonehenge[1]

巨石阵

There they sit for ever around the horizon of my mind, that Stonehenge circle of elderly disapproving Faces—Faces of the Uncles, and Schoolmasters and the Tutors who frowned on my youth.

他们一直端坐在我心的地平线上，围成一个巨石阵,长辈们带着不赞同表情的脸——叔父辈们的、校长们的、老师们的脸，他们都对着年轻

的我皱眉头。

In the bright centre and sunlight I leap, I caper, I dance my dance; but when I look up, I see they are not deceived. For nothing ever placates them, nothing ever moves to a look of approval that ring of bleak, old, contemptuous Faces.

在巨石阵光明的中央，在阳光下，我蹦跳，我雀跃，我舞蹈；但当我抬起头，却看到他们并没有受骗。从来没什么能够平息他们的怒气，从来没什么能让他们阴郁苍老、充满不屑的脸上露出赞许的表情。

My Portrait

我的画像

But after all I am no amoeba, no mere sack and stomach; I am capable of discourse, can ride a bicycle, look up trains in Bradshaw, in fact I am and calmly boast myself a Human Being—that Masterpiece of Nature, and noblest fruit of time—I am a rational, polite, meat-eating Man.

但我毕竟不是一条变形虫，只有一个皮囊和一个胃；我能够交谈、会骑自行车、查列车时刻表；实际上我是、并能够厚着脸皮吹嘘我是人类—即自然的杰作，时光最高贵的果实—我是一个有理性、有礼貌、食肉的人。

What stellar collisions and conflagrations, what floods and slaughters and enormous efforts has it not cost the Universe to make me—of what astral periods and cosmic processes am I not the crown, the wonder?

怎样的星体相撞和漫天大火，怎样的洪水泛滥和杀戮，宇宙付出了多么巨大的努力才造就了我—我难道不是星体运行和宇宙过程中的王者和奇迹吗？

Where, then, is the Esplanade or world-dominating Terrace for my sublime Statue; the landscape of palaces and triumphal arches for the background or my Portrait; stairs of marble, flung against the sunset, not too narrow and ignoble for me to pause with ample gesture on their balus-traded flights?

那么，我伟大的雕像应该安放在哪里的海滨广场或者主宰世界的阶地上；哪里的宫殿和凯旋门的景色能作我画像的背景；哪里的大理石台阶向着日出的地方延伸，且足够宽敞高贵，能让我靠着围栏尽情伸展四肢，舒服地休息？

Complex Questions

复杂的问题

The Age, the Vicar would remark, was a serious one; Englishmen were met face to face with complex questions. But the questions that had an interest for me at that time, would no doubt have seemed to the Vicar, many of them, old and imaginary. I was too often occupied, I am afraid, with the complexities of my own thoughts; their odd travels and changes; their way of peopling English forests with wood-nymphs, or transforming English orchards—seen perhaps at dawn or in the late sunshine—into Hesperian gardens. Sometimes it was merely names that filled my mind: "Magalat, Galgalat, Saraim," I syllabled to myself; were these the names of the Magi of the East[2]; or Atos, Satos, Paratoras? What were the names of the nymphs Actaeon[3] surprised bathing with Diana? The names of the hounds that hunted to his death that rash intruder; Ladon, Harpyia, Laelaps, Oresitrophos, as some call them; or, as they are given in other authentic books, Boreas, Omelampus, Agreus, Aretusa, Gorgo?

这个时代，牧师先生总是这样评价，形势严峻；英国人正面对着许多复杂的问题。但是许多当时吸引我的问题，在牧师先生看来无疑都是些老生常谈、天马行空的念头。恐怕我太过频繁地陷入自己复杂的想法中；这些想法古怪地发展和变化着；它们怎么想象出英格兰的森林中住着森林仙子，或者如何将英格兰果园—在破晓时，或夕阳中—变成西方之国的花园。有时我脑海中萦绕的不过是一些名字：“玛格拉特、格尔拉特、萨拉依姆，”我暗自念着这几个名字；东方三博士的名字是这样的吗，还是爱托斯、萨托斯、帕拉托拉斯？那些与戴安娜一起沐浴时受到亚克托安惊吓的仙女们叫什么名字？那些追捕亚克托安并最终杀死这个鲁莽的闯入者的猎犬们都叫什么名字？有人叫它们拉冬、哈耳庇厄、雷拉普斯、奥瑞思特洛弗斯；还是，像其他可靠的书籍上写的：玻瑞阿斯、奥莫拉姆普斯、阿格柔斯、阿瑞图撒、戈尔格斯？

Silvia Doria

西尔维娅·多里亚

Beyond the blue hills, within riding distance, there is a country of parks and beeches, with views of the faded, far-off sea. I remember in one of my rides coming on the place which was the scene of the pretty, old-fashioned story of Silvia Doria. Through the gates, with fine gate-posts, on which heraldic beasts, fierce and fastidious, were upholding coroneted shields, I could see, at the end of the avenue, the faéade of the House, with its stone pilasters, and its balustrade on the steep roof.

越过青色群山，骑马能够到达一个满是花园和山毛榉的国度，那里

能看到遥远的海消失在天际。我记得一次骑马到那里，看到西尔维娅.多里亚那个美丽古老的故事里的景色。大门两边立着华美的门柱，上面的纹章图像绘着举着贵族盾牌的野兽，凶猛、难以取悦。透过大门我能看到，在大道的尽头，有一幢房子正对着我，房子有石头壁柱，陡峭的屋顶上有栏杆。

More than one hundred years ago, in that Park, with its Italianized house, and level gardens adorned with statues and garden temples, there lived, they say, an old Lord with his two handsome sons. The old Lord had never ceased mourning for his Lady, though she had died a good many years before; there were no neighbours he visited, and few strangers came inside the great Park walls. One day in Spring, however, just when the apple trees had burst into blossom, the gilded gates were thrown open, and a London chariot with prancing horses drove up the Avenue. And in the chariot, smiling and gay, and indeed very beautiful in her dress of yellow silk, and her great Spanish hat with drooping feathers, sat Silvia Doria, come on a visit to her cousin, the old Lord.

这座公园中坐落着一幢意大利风格的房子，还有平整的花园，里面点缀着许多雕像和庭园式寺庙。据说一百多年前，那里住着一位老勋爵和他的两个英俊的儿子。老勋爵的妻子早已过世，但他一直伤心不已；他从不拜访邻居，也极少有陌生人走进这座华美花园的围墙之内。然而，春季里的一天，在苹果花怒放的时节，那扇镀金的大门被推开了，腾跃的大马拉着一辆伦敦的马车沿着大道驶来。马车里坐着一位女子，正愉快地微笑着，她身穿黄色丝绸裙，头戴一顶宽大的西班牙帽，上面垂下几根羽毛，美丽非凡。这就是西尔维娅·多里亚，她来拜访他的表哥—老勋爵。

It was her father who had sent her—that he might be more free, some said, to pursue his own wicked courses,—while others declared that he intended her to marry the old Lord's eldest son.

是她父亲派她来的—有人说这样他就能更自由地进行他那些卑鄙的勾当—也有人说他想让女儿嫁给老勋爵的大儿子。

However this might be, Silvia Doria came like the Spring, like the sunlight, into the lonely place. Even the old Lord felt himself curiously happy when he heard her voice singing about the house; as for Henry and Francis, it was heaven for them just to walk by her side down the garden alleys.

不管他的企图是什么，西尔维娅像春天一样，似阳光一般，来到这个孤独的地方。就连老勋爵，只要一听到她悦耳的声音在房子里响起，也感到莫名的快乐；至于亨利和弗朗西斯，只要与她并肩走在花园小径上，就犹如身在天堂了。

And Silvia Doria, though hitherto she had been but cold toward

the London gallants who had courted her, found, little by little, that her heart was not untouched.

虽然迄今为止，西尔维娅一直对伦敦那些向她大献殷勤的追求者不理不睬；但是在这里，她发现自己的心渐渐地不再无动于衷。

But, in spite of her father, and her own girlish love of gold and rank, it was not for Henry that she cared, not for the old Lord, but for Francis, the younger son. Did Francis know of this? They were secretly lovers, the old scandal reported; and the scandal, it may be, had reached her father's ears.

尽管她的父亲热衷于追名逐利，她自己也对金钱和地位有种少女虚荣的喜爱，她的心上人却不是亨利，也不是老勋爵，而是小儿子弗朗西斯。弗朗西斯知道她的心意吗？丑闻传开了，他们是秘密的爱人。这个丑闻可能传到了她父亲的耳朵里。

For one day a coach with foaming horses, and the wicked face of an old man at its window, galloped up the avenue; and soon afterwards, when the coach drove away, Silvia Doria was sitting by the old man's side, sobbing bitterly.

有一天一辆马车沿大道疾驰而来，车前的马匹口吐白沫，窗口露出一张邪恶的老脸；不久马车驶走了，而车厢里那个老头的旁边，坐着西尔维娅，她痛苦地抽泣着。

And after she had gone, a long time, many of the eighteenth-century years went by without change. And then Henry, the elder son, was killed in hunting; and the old Lord dying a few years later, the titles and the great house and all the land and gold came to Francis, the younger son. But after his father's death he was but seldom there; having, as it seemed, no love for the place, and living for the most part abroad and alone, for he never married.

在她离开很久以后，18世纪里的许多岁月逐渐逝去，但是一切都没有变化。后来，大儿子亨利在打猎时丧生了；几年后老勋爵也死了，小儿子弗朗西斯继承了爵位、这所大房子还有所有的土地和财产。但是他父亲死后，弗朗西斯就很少呆在那幢房子里，好像对那个地方完全没有感情。他大多数时间住在国外，独自一人，一直没有结婚。

And again, many years went by. The trees grew taller and darker about the house; the yew hedges, unclipped now, hung their branches over the shadowy paths; ivy almost smothered the statues; and the plaster fell away in great patches from the discoloured garden temples.

又过去了许多年，房子周围的树木愈发高大，郁郁葱葱；无人修剪的紫杉树篱的枝叶已经遮住了小路；常春藤几乎要把那些雕像闷死；大片大片的石膏从花园里那些褪色的寺庙墙壁上剥落。

But at last one day a chariot drove up to the gates; a footman pulled at the crazy bell, telling the gate-keeper that his mistress wished to visit the Park. So the gates creaked open, the chariot glittered up the avenue to the deserted place; and a lady stepped out, went into the garden, and walked among its moss-grown paths and statues. As the chariot drove out again, "Tell your Lord," the lady said, smiling, to the lodge-keeper, "that Silvia Doria came back."

但是最终有一天，一辆马车驶到大门前，一个男仆摇动着那摇摇欲坠的门铃，告诉看门人他的女主人想要看看这个花园。大门吱吱嘎嘎地开了，马车沿着大道驶向那被废弃了的地方，大道上顿时闪耀出金色的光芒。一位女士下了车，走进花园，走过长满苔藓的小径和雕像。当马车驶离时，这位女士微笑着对看门人说："告诉勋爵，西尔维娅.多里亚回来过。"

Bligh House

布莱的房子

To the West, in riding past the walls of Bligh, I remembered an incident in the well-known siege of that house, during the Civil Wars: How, among Waller's invading Roundhead troops, there happened to be a young scholar, a poet, and lover of the Muses, fighting for the cause, as he thought, of ancient Freedom, who, one day, when the siege was being more hotly urged, pressing forward and climbing a wall, suddenly found himself in a quiet garden by the house. And here, for a time forgetting, as it would seem, the battle, and heedless of the bullets that now and then flew past him like peevish wasps, the young Officer stayed, gathering roses—old-fashioned damask roses, streaked with red and white—which, for the sake of a Court Beauty, there besieged with her father, he carried to the house; falling, however, struck by a chance bullet, or shot perhaps by one of his own party. A few of the young Officer's verses, written in the stilted fashion of the time, and almost unreadable now, have been preserved. The lady's portrait hangs in the white drawing-room at Bligh; a simpering, faded figure, with ringlets and drop-pearls, and a dress of amber-coloured silk.

我骑马西行经过布莱的围墙，想起内战期间，在对那所房子的那次著名围攻中发生的一件事：沃勒的圆颅党军队里有一个年轻的学者，他是诗人，热爱给予诗人灵感的缪斯女神，他认为自己是为了古老的自由而战。围攻愈发激烈，战事愈发紧张，有一天，他快步向前，爬上了墙，忽然发现自己身处房子旁边一座安静的花园里。在这里，他仿佛一时间忘记了战争，全然不顾那些像狂躁的黄蜂一样不时与他擦身而过的子弹。这位年轻的军官停留下来，采摘蔷薇花—老式的大马士革蔷薇，

红白相间—想献给一位和她父亲一起被围困的宫廷美人。他拿着花走向房子，然而中途却倒下了，他不巧被流弹击中了，也许是被自己的人射杀了。这位年轻军官的一些诗句被保存下来了，不过那是以当时矫饰的风格写成的，现在的人几乎已经读不懂了。那位女士的画像挂在布莱白色的客厅里。画像已经褪色，画中傻傻笑着的人儿留着卷发，戴着长形珍珠首饰，穿着一件琥珀色的丝绸裙。

The Stars

星星

Battling my way homeward one dark night against the wind and rain, a sudden gust, stronger than the others, drove me back into the shelter of a tree. But soon the Western sky broke open; the illumination of the Stars poured down from behind the dispersing clouds.

一个黑夜，我顶着风雨跌跌撞撞地往家赶，突然一阵狂风袭来，比之前的风势都要强劲，我只好退回到一棵树下躲避。但是不久西方的天空裂开了，群星的光芒自逐渐散去的乌云后倾泻而出。

I was astonished at their brightness, to see how they filled the night with their lustre. So I went my way accompanied by them; Arcturus followed me, and becoming entangled in a leafy tree, shone by glimpses, and then emerged triumphant, Lord of the Western sky. Moving along the road in my waterproof and goloshes, my thoughts were among the Constellations. I too was one of the Princes of the starry Universe; in me also there was something that blazed, that glittered.

看到它们的璀璨，看到它们的光芒映亮了黑夜，我赞叹不已。在星辉的陪伴下，我再度启程。大角星跟随着我，不知怎的跟一棵大树茂密的枝叶纠缠在一起，断断续续地在枝叶的缝隙中探出头来，最后终于以胜利者的姿态出现，它是西方天空中的王者。我继续赶路，身体裹在雨衣和雨鞋里，思绪却停留在星座上。我也是星光灿烂的宇宙中的一位王子，我的身上也有东西在发光，在闪烁。

In Church

教堂礼拜

"For the Pen," said the Vicar, and in the sententious pause which followed I felt that I would offer any gifts of gold to avert or postpone the solemn, inevitable, and yet, as it seemed to me, perfectly appalling statement that "the Pen is mightier than the Sword."

“说到笔，”牧师先生说，接下来是警示般的停顿，这时我情愿献上任何黄金的礼物，只要能够阻止或推迟他说出那庄严的、不可避免的、在我看来完全耸人听闻的声明：“笔比剑更有力。”

Parsons

教区牧师

All the same I like Parsons; they think nobly of the Universe, and believe in Souls and Eternal Happiness. And some of them, I am told, believe in Angels—that there are Angels who guide our footsteps, and flit to and fro unseen on errands in the air about us.

我一直喜欢教区牧师；他们视宇宙为高尚的，信仰灵魂和永恒的幸福。据说他们中一些人还相信天使——有天使指引我们的脚步，他们不为肉眼所见，在我们身边的空中飞来飞去，忙忙碌碌。

The Sound Of A Voice

嗓音

As the thoughtful Baronet talked, as his voice went on sawing in my ears, all the light of desire, and of the sun, faded from the Earth; I saw the vast landscape of the world, dim, as in an eclipse; its populations eating their bread with tears, its rich men sitting listless in their palaces, and aged Kings crying "Vanity, Vanity, all is Vanity!" lugubriously from their thrones.

当深思熟虑的准男爵开口说话，当他拉锯一样的声音不断摧残着我的耳朵，所有渴望的光辉、太阳的光芒都从地球上退去；我看到辽阔的世界，暗淡无光，如同日食降临；地球的子民就着泪水吞咽着面包，富人无精打采地坐在宫殿中，年迈的国王们在宝座上大喊着：“浮华，浮华，万事皆浮华！”

What Happens

发生的事情

"Yes," said Sir Thomas, speaking of a modern novel, "it certainly does seem strange; but the novelist was right. Such things do happen."

“是的，”托马斯爵士谈到一本现代小说，“的确，小说情节看起来好像很奇怪；但是作者没错。这种事情确实会发生。”

"But, my dear Sir," I burst out, in the rudest manner, "think what

life is—just think what really happens! Why people suddenly swell up and turn dark purple; they hang themselves on meat-hooks; they are drowned in horse ponds, are run over by butchers' carts, and are burnt alive—cooked like mutton chops!”

“但是，我亲爱的爵士，”我很粗鲁无礼地脱口而出，“想想生活是什么样子吧——只要想想什么会真的发生！人们怎么会突然肿胀起来，变成深紫色；他们怎么会把自己挂在挂肉的钩子上；怎么会淹死在马池里，被屠夫的货车碾过，然后被活活烧死——像羊排骨一样被煮熟！”

Luton[4]

卢顿

In a field of that distant, half-neglected farm, I found an avenue of great elms leading to nothing. But I could see where the wheat-bearing earth had been levelled into a terrace; and in one corner there were broken, overgrown, gateposts, almost hid among great straggling trees of box.

那片遥远的农场几近荒废。在那儿的一片田野里，我发现一条林阴大道，两边长满高大的榆树，不知通往何方。但我能看到种植小麦的土地变成了平坦的梯田；一个角落里躺着破碎的门柱，上面爬满植物，几棵零零落落的高大的黄杨几乎把它完全遮住。

This, then, was the place I had come to see. Here had stood the great house or palace, with its terraces, and gardens, and artificial waters; this field had once been the favourite resort of Eighteenth-century Fashion; the Duchesses and Beauties had driven hither in their gilt coaches, and the Beaux and Wits of that golden time of English Society. And although the house had long since vanished, and the plough had gone over its pleasant places, yet for a moment I seemed to see this fine company under the green and gold of that great avenue; seemed to hear the gossip of their uncharitable voices as they passed on into the shadows.

这就是我要来看的地方。这里曾经耸立着宏伟的房子或宫殿，周围建有露台、花园、人造池塘；这片田野曾经是18世纪风靡一时的度假胜地；公爵夫人和如云的美女们乘着镀金马车来到这里，同行的还有英国社会黄金时代的花花公子和智慧之士。虽然房子早已被夷为平地，耕犁也耕过了这片可爱的土地，但是一瞬间我仿佛看到那群妙人儿徜徉在这条大道的绿色和金色之下；仿佛听到他们用苛刻的声音窃窃私语着，一直走到阴影里。

A Precaution

预防

The folio gave at length philosophic consolations for all the misadventures said by the author to be inseparable from human existence—Poverty, Shipwrecks, Plagues, Famines, Flights of Locusts, Love-Deceptions, Inundations.

这本书的作者认为所有的不幸都是与人类的存在不可分离的—贫穷、海难、瘟疫、饥荒、蝗灾、爱情欺骗和洪水；他充分地以哲学的观点来安慰读者。

Against these antique Disasters I armed my soul; and I thought it as well to prepare myself against the calamity called "Cornutation," or by other less learned names.

我武装起自己的灵魂，对抗这些古老的灾难；也想到要准备好去应对被称作“妻子出轨”或者其他有着更生僻的名字的灾难。

How Philosophy taught that after all it was but a pain founded on conceit, a blow that hurt not; the reply of the Cynic philosopher to one who reproached him, "Is it my fault or hers?" how Nevisanus advises the sufferer to ask himself if he have not offended; Jerome declares it impossible to prevent; how few or none are safe, and the inhabitants of some countries, especially parts of Africa, consider it the usual and natural thing, how Caesar, Pompey, Augustus, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Marcus Aurelius[5], and many other great Kings and Princes had all worn Actaeon's badge; and how Philip[6] turned it to a jest, Pertinax the Emperor made no reckoning of it; Erasmus declared it was best winked at, there being no remedy but patience, Dies dolorem minuit; Time, Age must mend it; and how, according to the authorities, bars, bolts, oaken doors, and towers of brass, are all in vain. "She is a woman," as the old Pedant wrote to a fellow Philosopher....

哲学教导我们，这终究不过是由自负引起的痛苦，一记不会造成创伤的重击；犬儒主义哲学家这样回答别人的谴责：“错的是我还是她？”奈威萨那斯建议受苦者扪心自问有没有犯过错；哲罗姆宣称这是无法阻止的；极少有人或者根本没人是安全的，某些国家，尤其是非洲某些地区的人们认为这是很正常、自然的事情；恺撒、庞贝、奥古斯都、阿伽门农、梅内莱厄斯、马可.奥勒利乌斯，以及许多其他伟大的国王和王子都戴着阿克特翁的标志；腓力把这变成一个笑话，罗马皇帝佩蒂纳克斯根本没考虑到它；伊拉斯谟说最好假装没看见它，除了耐心等待没有补救方法，像午夜那样黑暗阴森的日子；时间、岁月会修好它；权威观点认为，铁窗、门闩、橡木门还有铜塔，统统没用。“她是个女人。”正像这位年迈的空谈家在写给一位哲学同行的信中所说……

The Great Work

伟大的作品

Sitting, pen in hand, alone in the stillness of the library, with flies droning behind the sunny blinds, I considered in my thoughts what should be the subject of my great Work. Should I complain against the mutability of Fortune, and impugn Fate and the Stars; or should I reprehend the never- satisfied heart of querulous Man, drawing elegant contrasts between the unsullied snow of mountains, the serene shining of the planets, and our hot, feverish lives and foolish repinings? Or should I confine myself to denouncing, like Juvenal[7] or Jeremiah[8], contemporary Vices, crying "Fie!" on the Age with Hamlet, sternly unmasking its hypocrisies, and riddling through and through its too-comfortable Optimisms?

我手里握着笔，独自一人坐在安静的图书馆里，苍蝇在洒满阳光的百叶窗外嗡嗡作响。我在心中考虑应该以什么作为我伟大作品的主题。我应该抱怨命运的无常，抨击造化和星辰？应该谴责易怒的人类永不知足的心，用山间无暇的白雪、行星平和的光辉来优雅地反衬人类炙烈的生活和心中愚蠢的埋怨？应该像尤维纳利斯和耶利米一样，仅仅抨击当下的恶行，随着哈姆雷特一起向着时代大叫一声“咄！”，无情地揭下它虚伪的面具，彻底戳穿它过于舒适的乐观主义？

Or with Job[9], should I question the Universe, and puzzle my sad brains about Life—the meaning of Life on this apple-shaped Planet?

或者我应该与约伯一起质疑这个宇宙，苦思冥想在这个苹果状的星球上生活的意义？

My Mission

我的使命

But when in modern books, reviews, and thoughtful magazines I read about the Needs of the Age, its Complex Questions, its Dismays, Doubts, and Spiritual Agonies, I feel an impulse to go out and comfort that bewildered Epoch, to wipe away its tears, still its cries, and speak edifying words of Consolation to it.

当我在现代书籍、评论和有深度的杂志上读到关于这个时代的需求、它的复杂问题、它的沮丧、怀疑和精神上的苦闷时，我感到一股冲动，想要到外面去抚慰这个晕头转向的时代，擦去它的泪水，止住它的喊叫，对它说些有益的话来劝慰它。

The Birds

鸟

But how can one toil at the great task with this hurry and tumult of birds just outside the open window? I hear the Thrush, and the Blackbird, that romantic liar; then the delicate cadence, the wiry descending scale of the Willow-wren, or the Blackcap's stave of mellow music. All these are familiar;—but what is that unknown voice, that thrilling note? I hurry out; the voice flees and I follow; and when I return and sit down again to my task, the Yellow-hammer trills his sleepy song in the noonday heat; the drone of the Greenfinch lulls me into dreamy meditations. Then suddenly from his tree-trunks and forest recesses comes the Green Woodpecker, and mocks at me with an impudent voice full of liberty and laughter.

敞开的窗户外面鸟儿啁啾鸣啼，让我怎能埋头于这项重大的工作？我听到了画眉，还有黑鸟那个浪漫的骗子的叫声；然后是柳莺唱出的婉转旋律，那尖细的下行音阶，或者黑顶莺柔曼的小调。所有这些都很熟悉；——但是那个不知名的声音，那个颤抖的音符是什么？我快步走出去；这声音在逃走，我跟随着它；当我回到房间，重新坐下开始工作，黄在闷热的正午颤抖地唱着昏昏欲睡的歌；金翅鸟低沉枯燥的歌声引我陷入如梦般的冥想。然后突然从树干和树林里的栖息地传来绿色啄木鸟的声音，他用饱含自由和笑声的粗鲁音调嘲笑我。

Why should all the birds of the air conspire against me? My concern is with our own sad Species, with lapsed and erroneous Humanity; not with that inconsiderate, wandering, feather-headed race.

为什么空中所有的飞鸟都要密谋与我作对？我所关心的是我们这个悲伤物种自身，以及堕落错误的人性，而不是那个不顾及别人的、流浪的、头上长羽毛的愚蠢种族。

High Life

高级生活

Although that immense Country House was empty and for sale, and I had got an order to view it, I needed all my courage to walk through the lordly gates, and up the avenue, and then to ring the door-bell. And when I was ushered in, and the shutters were removed to let the daylight into those vast apartments, I sneaked through them, cursing the dishonest curiosity which had brought me into a place where I had no business. But I was treated with such deference, and so plainly regarded as a possible purchaser, that I soon began to believe in the opulence imputed to me. From all the novels describing the mysterious and glittering life of the Great which I had read (and I have read thousands), there came to me the vision of my own existence in this palace. I filled those vast halls with the shine of

jewels and stir of voices; I saw a vision of ladies sweeping in their tiaras down the splendid stairs.

虽然那所乡间豪宅已经空了，正在出售，而且我已拿到许可证去看它，但是我还是需要鼓起我所有的勇气才能走进那扇宏伟的大门，沿着大道走到门口，然后按响门铃。我被引进门内，百叶窗收拢起来，好让阳光照进那些大房间，我悄悄地走过它们，咒骂着不诚实的好奇心，是它把我带到这个与我无关的地方。但是我受到如此礼遇，他们显然认为我可能会买下这里，我于是很快就开始相信强加在我身上的这种财富。我从读过的所有描述有钱人神秘光彩的生活的小说中（我读了上千本），幻想自己在这个宫殿中的生活。我让那些宽敞的大厅堆满闪亮的珠宝，充满喧嚣的声响；我看到女士们戴着头冠，曳地长裙擦过华丽的台阶。

But my Soul, in her swell of pride, soon outgrew these paltry limits. Oh no! Never could I box up and house under that roof the Pomp, the Ostentation of which I was capable.

但是我的灵魂，随着骄傲的膨胀，很快超过了那微不足道的界限。哦不！我绝对不能住到那个奢华的别墅里，我会大肆炫耀的。

Then for one thing there was stabling for only forty horses; and this, of course, as I told them, would never do.

于是我借机推托说，有一件事我无法接受，这里的马厩只能养四十匹马；这一点，当然，就像我告诉他们的，绝对不行。

Empty Shells

空壳

They lie like empty sea-shells on the shores of Time, the old worlds which the spirit of man once built for his habitation, and then abandoned. Those little earth-centred, heaven-encrusted universes of the Greeks and Hebrews seem quaint enough to us, who have formed, thought by thought from within, the immense modern Cosmos in which we live—the great Creation of granite, planned in such immeasurable proportions, and moved by so pitiless a mechanism, that it sometimes appals even its own creators. The rush of the great rotating Sun daunts us; to think to the distance of the fixed stars cracks our brains.

它们像空的贝壳一样躺在时间的海滩上。人类的精神曾经为了自己的居所建造了这些古老的世界，然后又把它们抛弃。希腊人和希伯来人心中那些以地球为中心、苍穹为外壳的小宇宙，在我们看来相当古怪有趣。我们经过不断思索，构造出我们居于其中的这个无边无际的现代宇宙体系——这个巨大的花岗岩构成的物体，按照无法衡量的比例构建出来，由如此无情的机制驱动，它有时甚至吓到它的创造者们。巨大太阳

的快速旋转震慑住我们；计算恒星间距离的问题令我们绞尽脑汁。

But if the ephemeral Being who has imagined these eternal spheres and spaces must dwell almost as an alien in their icy vastness, yet what a splendour lights up for him and dazzles in those great halls! Anything less limitless would be now a prison; and he even dares to think beyond their boundaries, to surmise that he may one day outgrow this Mausoleum, and cast from him the material Creation as an integument too narrow for his insolent Mind.

但若想象出这些永恒领域和空间的那些朝生暮死的生命不得不像外星人一样生活在这片冰冻的广阔天地之中，那么在那些宏伟的大厅里会有怎样辉煌的景象为他展开，发出炫目的光芒！任何稍有界限的东西现在都将变成监牢；他甚至敢于越过自己的界限去思考，妄想有一天他会膨胀到这个陵墓之外，并丢弃这个物质产物，因为它不足以容纳他桀骜不驯的头脑。

At The Window

窗前

But then I drew up the curtain and looked out of the window. Yes, there it still was, the old External World, still apparently quite unaware of its own non-existence. I felt helpless, small-boyish before it: I couldn't pooh-pooh it away.

但随后我拉开窗帘，看向窗外。是的，外面还是，那个古老的外在世界，显然它还是没怎么意识到自己并不存在。我在它面前像小男孩一样无助：我没法发出嘘声把它赶走。

How It Happened

这是如何发生的

This vision or blur bubbled up, the Buddhists believe, from some unaccountable agitation beneath the eternal serene of Nirvana; but the naked Thinkers of the Ganges look upon it as optical allusion of Brahma's[10], when he slipped up and grew giddy a moment, and put his foot, so to speak, into this Misapprehension.

佛教徒们相信，这幅模糊的景象，是从隐藏在永恒平和的涅磐之下的某种无法解释的焦虑中冒出来的；但是恒河河畔赤身裸体的思想者们把它看作梵天视觉上的暗示：当梵天脚下一滑，感到一阵晕眩，他的一只脚，可以说就这样踏入了这片误解之中。

But we in the West believe that God created the world in the pure caprice of his superabundant omnipotence; that he clapped his hands

when he finished it, and declared that it was very good, and just what he wanted.

但是身处西方的我们相信，上帝纯粹是一时兴起才用他无所不能的力量创造了这个世界；完工时他拍拍手，宣布这样很好，就是他想要的样子。

Vertigo

晕眩

No! I don't like it; I can't approve of it; I have always thought it most regrettable that serious and ethical Thinkers like ourselves should go scuttling through space in this undignified manner. Is it seemly that I, at my age, should be hurled with my books of reference, and bed- clothes, and hot-water bottle, across the sky at the unthinkable rate of nineteen miles a second? As I say, I don't at all like it. This universe of astronomical whirligigs makes me a little giddy.

不！我不喜欢；我不认可；我一直认为，像我们这样严肃又有道德感的思想者竟然这样有失体面地在空间之中匆忙奔跑，是一件非常遗憾的事情。到了这样的年纪，我竟然跟我的参考书、被褥和热水瓶一起，以每秒19英里的不可思议的速度被扔过天际？正如我所说的，我一点都不喜欢它。这个似巨大陀螺般旋转的宇宙让我有点头晕脑胀。

That God should spend His eternity—which might be so much better employed—in spinning countless Solar Systems, and skylarking, like a great child, with tops and teetotums—is not this a serious scandal? I wonder what all our circumgyrating Monotheists really do think of it?

上帝竟然把他不朽的时间花在让无数个太阳系保持旋转上，他本来该做些更有意义的事情。但他却嬉笑着，像个大孩子般，手里拿着各色陀螺玩具—这难道不是个严重的丑闻吗？我想知道我们所有旋转着的一神论者们对此到底作何感想？

The Evil Eye

邪恶的眼睛

Drawn by the unfelt wind in my little sail over the shallow estuary, I lay in my boat, lost in the dream of mere existence. The cool water glided through my trailing fingers; and leaning over, I watched the sands that slid beneath me, the weeds that languidly swayed with the boat's motion. I was the cool water, I was the gliding sand and the swaying weed, I was the sea and sky and sun, I was the whole vast

Universe.

微弱到感觉不出的风带着我的小船驶过河口的浅水，我躺在船上，陷入关于纯粹的存在的梦境。冰凉的河水穿过我垂下的手指；我俯下身，看着沙子在身下滑过，水草随着小船的晃动而无力地摇摆。我是冰凉的河水，我是滑动的沙子和摇摆的水草，我是大海、天空、太阳，我是整个广阔的宇宙。

Suddenly between my eyes and the sandy bottom a mirrored face looked up at me, floating on the smooth film of water over which I glided. At one look from that too familiar, and yet how sinister and goblin a face, my immeasurable soul collapsed like a wrecked balloon; I shrank sadly back into my named personality, and sat there, shabby, hot, and very much bored with myself in my little boat.

突然在我的眼睛和布满沙子的河底之间，一张脸的倒影向上看着我，漂浮在我滑过的那片没有波纹的水面上。那张不怀好意、恶鬼般的一张脸，我再熟悉不过了；他只朝我看了一眼，我那深不可测的灵魂就像一只被扎破的气球般土崩瓦解。我伤心地缩回我那被确定的人格中，坐在我的小船上，邋遢、燥热、对自己非常不耐烦。

Dissatisfaction

不满足

For one thing I hate spiders: I hate most kinds of insects. Their cold intelligence, their stereotyped, unremitting industry repel me. And I am not altogether happy about the future of the human race. When I think of the earth's refrigeration, and the ultimate collapse of our Solar System, I have grave misgivings. And all the books I have read and Forgotten—the thought that my mind is really nothing but an empty sieve—often this, too, disconcerts Me.

我厌恶蜘蛛，就一个原因：我厌恶大多数昆虫。它们冷冰冰的智力，它们老套的、孜孜不倦的劳作让我恶心。而我对人类的未来也不乐观。当我想到地球的冷冻、太阳系的最终崩溃，心中便充满了沉重的忧虑。所有我读过又忘掉的书——想到我的头脑真的像筛子一样空空如也——这也常常让我心烦意乱。

Self-Control

自控

Still I am not a pessimist, nor misanthrope, nor grumbler; I bear it all, the burden of Public Affairs, the immensity of Space, the brevity of Life, and the thought of the all-swallowing Grave;—all this I put up

with without impatience. I accept the common lot. And if now and then for a moment it seems too much; if I get my feet wet, or have to wait too long for tea, and my soul in these wanes of the moon cries out in French C'est fini! I always answer Pazienza! In Italian—abbia la santa Pazienza!

但我也不是悲观主义者，不厌世，也不牢骚满腹；我忍受一切，公共事务的负担、空间的无限、生命的短暂、以及对吞噬一切的坟墓的想象；—所有这一切我都忍受下来，没有不耐烦。我接受这些普通的琐事。如果有时超过了我忍受的限度；如果我的双脚被打湿，或者等待很长时间茶还没上，我的灵魂就会在这些月缺之夜用法语呼喊“完了！”我总是用意大利语回答：“忍耐!——要忍耐！”

A Fancy

幻想

More than once, too, I have pleased myself with the notion that somewhere there is good Company which will like this small uncontemporaneous Book—these Thoughts (if I may call them so) dipped up from that phantasmagoria or phosphorescence which, by some unexplained process of combustion, flickers over the large lump of gray soft matter in the bowl of my skull.

另外，不止一次，我想到某些地方有我的知己会喜欢这本非同时代的小书，就会高兴起来。这些思想（如果我可以这样叫它们）提炼自一连串的幻想，或者来自某种无法解释的燃烧过程中产生的荧光。它们在我头骨里那一大团柔软的灰色物质上闪烁。

They

他们

Their taste is exquisite; They live in Palladian houses, in a world of ivory and precious china, of old brickwork and stone pilasters. In white drawing- rooms I see Them, or on blue, bird-haunted lawns. They talk pleasantly of me, and Their eyes watch me. From the diminished, ridiculous picture of myself which the glass of the world gives me, I turn for comfort, for happiness to my image in the kindly mirror of those eyes.

他们品味高雅；他们住在帕拉弟奥风格的房子里，一个有着象牙和珍贵瓷器、古老的砌砖和石头壁柱的世界。我在白色的客厅里或者常有鸟儿飞落的蓝色草坪上见到他们。他们愉快地谈到我，眼睛看着我。我不再看这个世界映照出的那个被贬低的、可笑的自我，为了舒适、为了幸福，我转向那些亲切的眼睛中映出的我的形象。

Who are They? Where, in what paradise or palace, shall I ever find Them? I may walk all the streets, ring all the door-bells of the World, but I shall never find Them. Yet nothing has value for me save in the crown of Their approval; for Their coming—which will never be—I build and plant, and for Them alone I secretly write this Book, which They will never read.

他们是谁？在哪里，在什么样的天堂或宫殿里我能找到他们？可能我走过世界上所有的街道，按响所有的门铃，也永远找不到他们。但是对我有价值的只有他们赞许的王冠；为了他们的到来——这永远也不会发生——我建造、种植，只是为了他们，我悄悄写出这本书，然而他们永远都不会读到。

In The Pulpit

布道坛上

The Vicar had certain literary tastes; in his youth he had written an "Ode to the Moon"; and he would speak of the difficulty he found in composing his sermons, week after week.

牧师先生对文学有一定的品味；青春年少时，他写过一首《月亮颂》；而且周复一周，他总是提到撰写布道辞时的困难。

Now I felt that if I composed and preached sermons, I would by no means confine myself to the Vicar's threadbare subjects—I would preach the wrath of God, and sound the Last Trump in the ears of my Hell- doomed congregation, cracking the heavens and dissolving the earth with the thunders and eclipses of the great Day of Judgement. Then I might refresh them with high and incomprehensible doctrines, beyond the reach of Reason—Predestination, Election, Reprobation, the Co-existences and Co-eternities of the undemonstrable Triad. And with what a holy vehemence would I exclaim and cry out against all forms of doctrinal Error—all the execrable hypotheses of the great Heresiarchs! Then there would be many ancient, learned and out of the way Iniquities to denounce, and splendid, neglected Virtues to inculcate—Apostolic Poverty, and Virginity, that precious jewel, that fair garland, so prized in Heaven, but so rare, it is said, on earth.

我觉得如果要我撰写布道辞并传道，我绝不会受限于牧师先生那些陈腐的主题——我要讲上帝的愤怒，在我那些注定下地狱的听众耳边吹响最后审判日的号声，用伟大的审判日的雷电和月食摧毁天堂，消融土地。然后我会向他们灌输理性解释不了的高深难懂的教义，让他们精神一振—宿命论、上帝选择而获永生、天罚、无法证明的三位一体的共同存在、共同不朽。我要怎样虔诚而热烈地大声疾呼，反对教义所有形式的错误——所有对伟大的异教首领的可憎的假定！然后会公开指责许多

古老的、学究的、错误的邪恶，还会反复教诲那些美好的、被忽视的美德——比如使徒般的贫穷、贞洁，那珍贵的宝石，美丽的花环，天堂里如此珍视的品质，据说在人间却难得一见。

For in the range of creeds and morals it is the highest peaks that shine for me with a certain splendour: Ah! It's towards those radiant Alps, that, if I were a Clergyman, I would lead my flocks to pasture.

因为这是教义和道德范畴内的巅峰，在我心中闪耀着特殊的光彩：啊！如果我是一个牧师，我会带领我的羊群到那明亮的阿尔卑斯山上去放牧。

Caravans

商队

Always over the horizon of the Sahara move those soundless caravans of camels, swaying with their padded feet across the desert, till in the remoteness of my mind they fade away, and vanish.

在撒哈拉的地平线上总有骆驼商队在无声无息地行进，骆驼拖着长着肉垫的脚缓慢地穿越沙漠，直到我思绪的尽头，渐行渐远，终于消失不见。

Human Ends

人类的目标

I really was impressed, as we paced up and down the avenue, by the Vicar's words, and weighty, weighed advice. He spoke of the various professions; mentioned contemporaries of his own who had achieved success: how one had a Seat in Parliament, would be given a Seat in the Cabinet when his party next came in; another was a Bishop with a seat in the House of Lords; a third was a Barrister who was soon, it was said, to be raised to the Bench.

当我们在大道上走来走去时，我对牧师先生斟酌后提出的重要建议，印象深刻。他谈到各种各样的职业；提到他获得成功的同辈：有一个人在议院获得了席位，还将在他的政党竞选成功后加入内阁；另一个人是位主教，在上议院拥有席位；还有一个人是高级律师，据说不久会得到提升，成为法官。

But in spite of my good intentions, my real wish to find, before it is too late, some career or other for myself (and the question is getting serious), I am far too much at the mercy of ludicrous images, Front Seats, Episcopal, Judicial, Parliamentary Benches—were all the ends then, I asked myself, of serious, middle-aged ambition only things to

sit on?

但是尽管我有美好的愿望，真的希望趁着还来得及，为我自己找到一个这样或那样的职业（这个问题变得严肃起来了），我却受那些荒谬的形象影响太深。前座议席、主教、法官、议员——难道这就是，我问我自己，中年人真心想要实现的雄心壮志的全部内容吗？

Where?

在哪里？

I, who move and breathe and place one foot before the other, who watch the Moon wax and wane, and put off answering my letters, where shall I find the Bliss which dreams and blackbirds' voices promise, of which the waves whisper, and hand-organs in streets near Paddington[11] faintly sing?

我，运动、呼吸、把一只脚放到另一只脚前面，观察月亮盈亏，拖延着不写回信。我到哪里去找那种幸福，那种梦境和画眉歌声中许诺的，波涛轻声诉说的，帕丁顿附近街上手风琴轻柔地演奏出的幸福？

Does it dwell in some island of the South Seas, or far oasis among deserts and gaunt mountains; or only in those immortal gardens pictured by Chinese poets beyond the great, cold palaces of the Moon?

它是在南太平洋的某个岛屿上，还是在沙漠和荒山中遥远的绿洲上；又或只在中国诗人描绘的、那宏伟而又冷清的月宫之外那些不朽的花园里？

Lord Arden

阿登勋爵

"If I were Lord Arden," said the Vicar, "I would shut up that great House; it's too big—what can a young unmarried man...?”

“如果我是阿登勋爵，”牧师先生说，“我要关闭那所大房子；它太大了——一个年轻的单身汉要它做什么……?"

"If I were Lord Arden," said the Vicar's wife (and Mrs. La Mountain's tone showed how much she disapproved of that young nobleman), "if I were Lord Arden, I would live there, and do my duty to my tenants and neighbours."

“如果我是阿登勋爵，”牧师先生的妻子说（而且从拉蒙坦夫人的声调就能听出她有多看不惯那位年轻的贵族），“如果我是阿登勋爵，我会住在那儿，为我的佃户和邻居尽些义务。”

"If I were Lord Arden," I said; but then it flashed vividly into my

mind, suppose I really were this Sardanapalian[12] young Lord? I quite forgot to whom I was talking; the Moralist within ceased to function; my memory was full with the names of people who had been famous for their enormous pleasures; who had filled their palaces with guilty revels, and built Pyramids, Obelisks, and half-acre Tombs, to soothe their Pride. My mind kindled at the thought of these Audacities. "If I were Lord Arden!" I shouted....

“如果我是阿登勋爵，”我说；但是就在那时，我头脑里突然清晰地闪过一个念头，假设我真的是这位身为萨丹纳帕路斯后裔的年轻勋爵？我差不多忘了自己在和谁说话；我内心的道德学家罢工了；我的记忆中充满了那些因寻欢作乐而臭名昭著的名字；他们的宫殿中充斥着罪恶的享乐，他们修建金字塔、方尖碑和占地半英亩的坟墓，以平抚自己的骄傲。想到这些厚颜无耻的人我就怒火中烧。“如果我是阿登勋爵！”我喊道……

The Starry Heaven

星光璀璨的天空

"But what are they really? What do they say they are?" The small young lady asked me. We were looking up at the Stars, which were quivering that night in splendid hierarchies above the lawns and trees.

“但是它们到底是什么？人们说它们是什么？”这位瘦小的年轻女士问我。我们正抬头看着满天星斗，它们笼罩着草坪和树木，在夜里微微瑟缩。

So I tried to explain some of the views that have been held about the stars. How people first of all had thought them mere candles set in the sky, to guide their own footsteps when the Sun was gone; till wise men, sitting on the Chaldean plains[13], and watching them with aged eyes, became impressed with the solemn view that those still and shining lights were the executioners of God's decrees, and irresistible instruments of His Wrath; and that they moved fatally among their celestial Houses to ordain and set out the fortunes and misfortunes of each race of newborn mortals. And so it was believed that every man or woman had, from the cradle, fighting for or against him or her, some great Star, Formalhaut, perhaps, Aldebaran, Altair: while great Heroes and Princes were more splendidly attended, and marched out to their forgotten battles with troops and armies of heavenly Constellations.

我尝试向她解释一些人们持有的关于星的说法。人们最初不过是把它们当作插在天空中的蜡烛，在太阳落山后指引他们的脚步。后来智者坐在迦勒底平原上，用饱经风霜的双眼观察星辰，震惊并庄严地指出，

那些寂静的闪烁的光是上帝旨意的执行者，是上帝盛怒不可抵挡的工具；它们在天上的居所之间按照命定的轨迹运行，规定和安排每个种族新生的个体的幸与不幸。所以那时人们相信，每个男人或女人，从襁褓时起，就有某颗伟大的星星，支持或者阻碍他或她，可能是南鱼座，也可能是雄牛座、牵牛星。而伟大的英雄和王子则与更辉煌的星有关，他们带领着天上的星座军队出兵，去进行那些已被世人遗忘的战斗。

But this noble old view was not believed in now, the Stars were no longer regarded as malignant or beneficent Powers; and I explained how most serious people thought that somewhere—though just where they could not say—above the vault of Sky, was to be found the final home of earnest men and women, where, as a reward for their right views and conduct, they were to rejoice forever, wearing those diamonds of the starry night arranged in glorious crowns. This notion, however, had been disputed by Poets and Lovers: it was Love, according to these young astronomers, that moved the Sun and other Stars; the Constellations being heavenly palaces, where people who had adored each other were to meet and live always together after Death.

但是现在人们已经不再相信这个古老而高贵的观点了；人们不再把星看作恶意或善意的力量。我解释道，很多严肃的人认为在苍穹之上某个地方—虽然他们说不出这个地方到底在哪里—会找到真诚的男人和女人的最终归宿。在那里，作为对他们正确观点和行为的奖赏，他们会戴着华丽的皇冠，上面镶嵌着夜空中星光璀璨的钻石，永远幸福快乐。然而，这个说法受到诗人们和爱侣们的质疑：这些年轻的天文学家认为，是爱情驱动着太阳和其他星球；星座是天上的宫殿，相互倾心的人死后会在那里相遇并永远生活在一起。

Then I spoke of the modern immensity of the unimaginable Skies. But suddenly the vast meaning of my words rushed into my mind; I felt myself dwindling, falling through the blue. And yet, in that pause of acquiescence in the universal scheme of things there thrilled through me no chill of death or nothingness, but the taste and joy of this Earth, this orchard-plot of earth, floating unknown, and very far away with her Moon and her meadows.

然后我谈到现代对广袤无垠的无法想象的天空的看法。但是突然之间我话语中那广阔的意义冲入脑海；我感到自己逐渐缩小，从这片碧蓝中坠落。然而，顺从宇宙对万物的安排，在那个时刻，我没有感到对死亡和虚无的恐惧，只有对这个世界的感受和喜悦，这个果园般的地球，不知飘向哪里，带着她的月球和草地逐渐远离。

My Map

我的地图

The "Known World" I called the map, which I amused myself making for the children's schoolroom. It included France, England, Italy, Greece, and all the old shores of the Mediterranean; but the rest I ; marked "Unknown" sketching into the East the doubtful realms of Ninus[14] and Semiramis[15]; changing back Germany into the Hyrcinian Forest; and drawing pictures of the supposed inhabitants of these unexploited regions, Dog-Apes, Satyrs, Cannibals and Misanthropes, Cimmerians[16] involved in darkness, Amazons, and Headless Men. And all around the Map I coiled the coils, and curled the curling waves of the great Sea Oceanus, with the bursting cheeks of the four Winds, blowing from the four hinges of the World.

作为消遣，我给儿童教室绘制地图，我把它叫做“已知的世界”。地图上有法国、英国、意大利、希腊，以及地中海的所有古老海岸；但是其他部分我都标上了“未知”；这样一路勾勒到东方，进入尼努斯和塞米勒米斯可疑的领地；再回到德国，进入赫卡尼亚森林；我还画了未开发地区的假想的居民：半狗半猿、半人半兽、食人族、厌世者、黑暗中的辛梅里安族、亚马孙女战士和无头人。我在地图四周画上螺旋线，代表着在来自世界四方的四种风的狂烈吹拂下，大海奥西纳斯掀起的滚滚巨浪。

The Full Moon

满月

And then one night, low above the trees, we saw the great, amorous, unabashed face of the full Moon. It was an exhibition that made me blush, feel that I had no right to be there. "After all these millions of years, she ought to be ashamed of herself!" I cried.

一天晚上，我们看到满月多情的、毫不羞怯的面庞低悬在树梢上。这个景象让我脸红，觉得我没有权利呆在那里。“经过了数百万年，她该为自己感到羞愧！”我叫道。

The Snob

洋洋自得

As I paced in fine company on that terrace, I felt chosen, exempt, and curiously happy. There was glamour in the air, a something in the special flavour of that moment that was like the consciousness of Salvation, or the smell of ripe peaches on a sunny wall.

我与称心的同伴在露台上漫步时，感觉自己是上帝的选民，受到优待，一种奇异的喜悦油然而生。空气中飘荡着一种魅力，那一刻有种特别的味道，这其中有种东西像是救赎的意识，又像是洒满阳光的墙头上

成熟的桃子的清香。

I know what you're going to call me, Reader; but I am not to be bullied by words. And, after all, why not let oneself be dazzled and enchanted? Are not illusions pleasant, and is this a world in which Romance hangs, so to speak, on every tree?

读者们，我知道你们要怎么叫我；但是我不会因为你们的评价而退却。说到底，何不让自己目眩神迷呢？幻想不令人愉快吗？在这个世界上，浪漫难道不是挂在每棵树的枝头吗？

And how about your own life? Is that, then, so full of golden visions?

你自己的生活又如何呢？是否也充满了美好的景象？

Companions

伙伴

Dearest, prettiest, and sweetest of my retinue, who gather with delicate industry bits of silk and down from the bleak world to make the soft nest of my fatuous repose; who ever whisper honeyed words in my ear, or trip before me holding up deceiving mirrors—is it Hope, or is it not rather Vanity, that I love the best?

我最亲爱、最漂亮、最甜美的随从，你细心而勤劳地收集片片丝绸，从寒冷阴郁的世界赶来，为昏睡的我铺设舒适的栖息之所；你在我耳边甜言蜜语，或是举着骗人的镜子轻快地从我面前走过——我最爱的到底是希望，还是虚荣呢？

Desires

欲望

These exquisite and absurd fancies of mine—little curiosities, and greedinesses, and impulses to kiss and touch and snatch, and all the vanities and artless desires that nest and sing in my heart like birds in a bush—all these, we are now told, are an inheritance from our pre-human past, and were hatched long ago in very ancient swamps and forests. But what of that? I like to share in the dumb delights of birds and animals, to feel my life drawing its sap from roots deep in the soil of Nature. I am proud of those bright-eyed, furry, four-footed or scaly progenitors, and not at all ashamed of my cousins, the Apes and Peacocks and streaked Tigers.

我的这些细腻可笑的幻想——一点好奇，一点贪婪，一点想要亲吻、触碰、抢夺的冲动，还有像灌木丛中的鸟儿一样在我心中筑巢和歌

唱的所有虚荣和不加掩饰的欲望——所有这些，我们现在被告知，是从人类出现之前的过去继承来的，是很久以前在远古的沼泽和森林中孵化出来的。但是这又怎么样呢?我喜欢分享飞禽走兽无言的快乐，感受我的生活从深植在自然的土壤的根部吸取汁液。我为那些眼睛明亮、皮毛覆身、四脚的或者披着鳞片的祖先骄傲，完全不为我的表亲——猿猴、孔雀和身披斑纹的老虎感到羞耻。

Edification

提升自我

"I must really improve my mind," I tell myself, and once more begin to patch and repair that crazy structure. So I toil and toil on at the vain task of edification, though the wind tears off the tiles, the floors give way, the ceilings fall, strange birds build untidy nests in the rafters, and owls hoot and laugh in the tumbling chimneys.

“我真的必须改进我的头脑，”我告诉自己，并且再次开始修补那个疯狂的结构。所以我一直埋头工作，致力于这项徒劳的提升自我的任务，不去管狂风掀起瓦片，地面塌陷，房顶坍塌，奇怪的鸟在屋椽上筑起杂乱的窝，猫头鹰在歪斜的烟囱里尖叫大笑。

The Rose

玫瑰

The old lady had always been proud of the great rose-tree in her garden, and was fond of telling how it had grown from a cutting she had brought years before from Italy when she was first married. She and her husband had been travelling back in their carriage from Naples (it was before the time of railways), and on a bad piece of road south of Sienna they had broken down, and had been forced to pass the night in a little house by the roadside. The accommodation was wretched of course; she had spent a sleepless night, and rising early had stood, wrapped up, at her window, with the cool air blowing on her face, to watch the dawn. She could still, after all these years, remember the blue mountains with the bright moon above them, and how a far-off town on one of the peaks had gradually grown whiter and whiter, till the moon faded, the mountains were touched with the pink of the rising sun, and suddenly the town was lit as by an illumination, one window after another catching and reflecting the sun's beams, till at last the whole little city twinkled and sparkled up in the sky like a nest of stars.

那位老妇人总是为她花园里的玫瑰树感到骄傲，而且总喜欢讲它是

怎样从剪下的一条小枝长成现在的样子，那是多年前她刚结婚时从意大利带回来的。那时她和她的丈夫乘马车从那不勒斯（那是在有火车之前）回英国，在锡耶纳南边的一条颠簸的小路上马车坏了，他们只好在路边的一间小房子里过夜。住宿条件当然很恶劣；她一夜没合眼，早早起床，披上衣服站在窗边看着破晓的景色，凉爽的微风吹拂着她的脸颊。这么多年过去了，她仍然记得那皎洁的月亮悬在青山之上，远处山峰上的一座小镇逐渐变得越来越白，直到月亮完全隐去，山峰被初升的太阳抹上一抹粉红；突然一束亮光照亮了村庄，一扇又一扇窗户捕捉到、反射出太阳的光芒，直到最后整个小城在空中闪烁，像是星星的巢穴。

Finding they would have to wait while their carriage was being repaired, they had driven that morning, in a local conveyance, up to the city on the mountain, where they had been told they would find better quarters; and there they had stayed two or three days. It was one of the miniature Italian cities with a high church, a pretentious piazza, a few narrow streets and little palaces, perched, all compact and complete, on the top of a mountain, within an enclosure of walls hardly larger than an English kitchen garden. But it was full of life and noise, echoing all day and all night with the sounds of feet and voices.

他们发现要等马车修好了才能重新上路，于是那天早晨，他们乘坐当地的公共马车去了那座山上的小城，别人告诉他们那里的住宿条件要好些。他们在那儿呆了两三天。这是意大利许多小城里的一座。这座小城有高耸的教堂、一个名不副实的广场、几条狭窄的街道、几座小城堡，紧凑而又完整地坐落在山顶上，周围是一圈围墙，整个空间比一个英国的菜园大不了多少。但是这里生机勃勃、熙熙攘攘，日日夜夜回响着人们的脚步声和说话声。

The Café of the simple inn where they stayed was the meeting-place of the notabilities of the little city; the Sindaco, the avvocato, the doctor, and a few others; and among them they noticed a beautiful, slim, talkative old man, with bright black eyes and snow-white hair—tall and straight and still with the figure of a youth, although the waiter told them with pride that the Conte was molto vecchio—would in fact be eighty in the following year. He was the last of his family, the waiter added—they had once been great and rich people—but he had no descendants; in fact the waiter mentioned with complacency, as if it were a story on which the locality prided itself, that the Conte had been unfortunate in love, and had never married.

他们投宿在一家简陋的客栈，那里的咖啡厅是这座小城里身份重要的人物聚会的地方；市长、高级律师、医生，还有其他一些人；他们注意到当中有一位英俊、清瘦、健谈的老人，眼睛又黑又亮，头发雪白——身材高大挺拔，还保持着年轻人的样子，而侍者骄傲地告诉他们伯爵年纪很大了——实际上明年就八十岁了。他是他们家族的最后一个

人，侍者又说——他们曾经是地位显赫的家族，非常富有——但是他没有子嗣；实际上，这位侍者很得意地提到，伯爵的爱情之路相当坎坷，终身未婚，好像当地人很为这个故事感到骄傲。

The old gentleman, however, seemed cheerful enough; and it was plain that he took an interest in the strangers, and wished to make their acquaintance. This was soon effected by the friendly waiter; and after a little talk the old man invited them to visit his villa and garden which were just outside the walls of the town. So the next afternoon, when the sun began to descend, and they saw in glimpses through doorways and windows blue shadows spreading over the brown mountains, they went to pay their visit. It was not much of a place, a small, modernized, stucco villa, with a hot pebbly garden, and in it a stone basin with torpid gold fish, and a statue of Diana and her hounds against the wall. But what gave a glory to it was a gigantic rose-tree which clambered over the house, almost smothering the windows, and filling the air with the perfume of its sweetness. Yes, it was a fine rose, the Conte said proudly when they praised it, and he would tell the signora about it. And as they sat there, drinking the wine he offered them, he alluded with the cheerful indifference of old age to his love affair, as though he took for granted that they had heard of it already.

然而，这位老绅士看起来很开心；很明显，他对这对陌生人产生了兴趣，希望能够结识他们。那位友好的侍者马上为他们做了引见；他们聊了一会儿，老人邀请他们参观他就在小镇城墙外的别墅和花园。于是，第二天下午，当太阳开始落山，他们透过门窗瞥见青色的阴影逐渐覆盖了棕色的山峰时，他们就出发去往老人的家了。老人的家地方不大，是一幢现代风格的灰泥小别墅，有一座铺满砾石的花园，热气腾腾的花园里面，石头水池里养着几条懒洋洋的金鱼，靠墙立着戴安娜和她的猎犬的雕像。但是赋予这里光彩的是一棵巨大的玫瑰树，它爬到了屋顶上，几乎完全挡住了窗户，空气里弥漫着玫瑰甜美的香气。是的，这棵玫瑰树很不错，他们称赞它时伯爵骄傲地说，而且他还要告诉夫人关于这棵树的故事。当他们坐下来品尝伯爵提供的葡萄酒时，他以老者惯有的毫不在乎的愉快口吻略微提及了他的恋爱经历，好像理所当然地认为他们已经听说过这个故事了。

"The lady lived across the valley there beyond that hill. I was a young man then, for it was many years ago. I used to ride over to see her, it was a long way, but I rode fast, for young men, as no doubt the signora knows, are impatient. But the lady was not kind, she would keep me waiting, oh, for hours; and one day when I had waited very long I grew very angry, and as I walked up and down in the garden where she had told me she would see me, I broke one of her roses, broke a branch from it; and when I saw what I had done, I hid it inside my coat—so—; and when I came home I planted it, and the

signora sees how it has grown. If the signora admires it, I must give her a cutting to plant also in her garden; I am told the English have beautiful gardens that are green, and not burnt with the sun like ours.”

“那位女士住在那座山背后峡谷的另一边。我那时很年轻，因为那是许多年以前了。我曾经骑马翻山去看她；路途漫长，但我骑得飞快，因为年轻人，这点夫人肯定知道，没什么耐心。但是那位女士对我很冷淡，她常常让我一等就是几个小时。一天，她告诉我她在花园见我，但我等了很久她也没出现，于是我大为光火。我在花园里走来走去，折断了一朵玫瑰，折下了一个枝条，当我看到自己做了什么时，就把它藏在了大衣里；我回到家后，把它种了起来。夫人看到它长成什么样了。如果夫人喜欢，我一定要给她剪一根枝条，让她种在自己的花园里。我听说英国人有美丽的绿色花园，而不像我们这儿的被太阳烤焦了。”

The next day, when their mended carriage had come up to fetch them, and they were just starting to drive away from the inn, the Conte's old servant appeared with the rose-cutting neatly wrapped up, and the compliments and wishes for a buon viaggio from her master. The town collected to see them depart, and the children ran after their carriage through the gate of the little city. They heard a rush of feet behind them for a few moments, but soon they were far down toward the valley; the little town with all its noise and life was high above them on its mountain peak.

转天，马车修好了，来接他们回去。当他们正要离开旅店时，伯爵的老仆人带着一枝整齐包好的玫瑰枝条来到旅店，代他的主人祝他们一路顺风。镇上的人聚在一起为他们送行，孩子跟在马车后面跑，一直把他们送出小城的大门。好一会儿，他们还能听到车后的脚步声，但是不久马车就向着峡谷驶出了很远；那座充满着喧嚣声和生命力的小城高耸在他们头上的山巅。

She had planted the rose at home, where it had grown and flourished in a wonderful manner; and every June the great mass of leaves and shoots still broke out into a passionate splendour of scent and crimson colour, as if in its root and fibres there still burnt the anger and thwarted desire of that Italian lover. Of course, said the old lady (who had outlived sixty generations of these roses), the old Conte must have died long ago; she had forgotten his name, and had even forgotten the name of the mountain city that she had stayed in, after first seeing it twinkling at dawn in the sky, like a nest of stars.

她把那株玫瑰枝种在家里，它枝繁叶茂、生机勃勃；每年六月，繁茂的树叶和枝芽生发出来，散发出浓烈的香气，绽开深红的花朵，仿佛它的根茎依然燃烧着那位意大利情人的愤怒和未能实现的渴望。当然，这位老妇人说（这些玫瑰已经伴她度过了六十个春秋），老伯爵肯定过世很久了；她忘了他的名字，忘了她住过的那个小山城的名字，第一次

见到它是在黎明时分，它在天空中闪烁，像是星星的巢穴。

Tu Quoque Fontium—

你是另一个源头—

Just to sit in the Sun, to bask like an animal in its heat—this is one of my country recreations. And often I reflect what a thing after all it is, still to be alive and sitting here, above all the buried people of the world, in the kind and famous sunshine.

坐在阳光里，像一只动物一样接受着太阳高温的炙烤——这是我在乡间的一种消遣。这时我总是反思：世上这么多人已归于尘土，而我还能活着坐在这里，还能享受这和煦的、极好的阳光，这是多么美好的事啊。

Beyond the orchard there is a place where the stream, hurrying out from under a bridge, makes for itself a quiet pool. A beech-tree upholds its green light over the blue water; and there, when I have grown weary of the Sun, the great glaring undiscriminating Sun, I can shade myself and read my book. And listening to this water's pretty voices I invent for it exquisite epithets, calling it Silver-Clean or Moss-Margined or Nymph-Frequented, and idly promise to place it among the learned fountains and pools of the world, making of it a cool green thought for English exiles in the glare of Eastern deserts.

果园的那一边有一条小溪，溪水急匆匆地从桥下流过，汇成了一个安静的水潭。潭边山毛榉树的绿色身影映在碧蓝的池水中；当我厌倦了太阳，这个伟大的、闪耀的、对万物一视同仁的太阳，我可以退到树阴下，读一本书。我听着溪水美妙的歌声，为它起了各种别致的名字：银色小清泉、苔藓镶边儿溪、小仙女出没地；还随口许下诺言，要让它在世界闻名的喷泉和水潭中占有一席之地，让它成为被放逐到阳光灼射下的东方沙漠中的英国人心中一抹清凉的绿色。

The Spider

蜘蛛

What shall I compare it to, this fantastic thing I call my Mind? To a waste-paper basket, to a sieve choked with sediment, or to a barrel full of floating froth and refuse?

我要将它比作什么呢，这个我称之为我的头脑的奇妙的东西？把它比作废纸篓、被渣滓堵塞的筛子，还是漂浮着泡沫和废物的木桶？

No, what it is really most like is a spider's web, insecurely hung on leaves and twigs, quivering in every wind, and sprinkled with

dewdrops and dead flies. And at its geometric centre, pondering for ever the Problem of Existence, sits motionless and spider-like the uncanny Soul.

不，它其实最像一张蜘蛛网，岌岌可危地挂在枝叶上，风一吹过就会颤抖，上面沾着露珠和死苍蝇。在它的几何中心，一动不动地坐着蜘蛛般神秘的灵魂，永远思考着存在的问题。

The Age

时代

Again, as the train drew out of the station, the old gentleman pulled out of his pocket his great shining watch; and for the fifth, or as it seemed to me, the five hundredth, time, he said (we were in the carriage alone together), "To the minute, to the very minute! It's a marvellous thing, the railway; a wonderful age!"

当火车再次驶出车站，这位老绅士从口袋里掏出他闪闪发亮的怀表；然后第五次，在我看来是第五百次，说道（当时车厢里只有我们两个人）：“一秒不差，一秒都不差！火车真是个了不起的东西；多么神奇的时代！”

Now I had been long annoyed by the old gentleman's smiling face, platitudes, and piles of newspapers; I had no love for the Age, and Satan put it into my heart to denounce it.

那位老绅士微笑的脸、不断重复的话、还有一大堆报纸都让我感到厌烦；我并不热爱这个时代，在魔鬼的驱使下我开口批驳。

"Allow me to tell you," I said, "that I consider it a wretched, an ignoble age. Where's the greatness of Life, where's dignity, leisure, stateliness; where's Art and Eloquence? Where are your great scholars, statesmen? Let me ask you, Sir," I cried, glaring at him, "where's your Gibbon[17], your Burke[18] or Chatham[19]?”

“请允许我告诉你，”我说，“我认为这是一个不幸的、可耻的时代。生命伟大在哪里？尊严、安逸、威严在哪里？艺术和雄辩呢？你们伟大的学者和政治家呢？请问你，先生，”我对他怒目而视，叫道，“你们的吉本、伯克和查塔姆在哪里？”

(1)巨石阵，英国南部索尔兹伯里附近的一处史前巨石建筑遗址。

(2)东方三博士，由东方来朝见初生耶稣的三贤人。

(3)亚克托安，希腊神话中的猎人，因偷看狩猎女神戴安娜洗澡被变为牡鹿，最后被自己的狗群撕成碎片。

(4)卢顿，英格兰东部城镇。

(5)恺撒和庞贝是古罗马统帅、政治家；奥古斯都是罗马帝国第一代

皇帝；阿伽门农是古希腊迈锡尼的国王，特洛伊战争中希腊联军的统帅；梅内莱厄斯是古希腊斯巴达的国王；马可·奥勒利乌斯是古罗马皇帝。

(6)腓力，《圣经》中的人物，耶稣十二使徒之一。

(7)尤维纳利斯，古罗马讽刺诗人。

(8)耶利米，《圣经》中人物，希伯来先知。

(9)约伯，《圣经》中人物，几经磨难，仍坚信上帝。

(10)梵天，印度教中的创造神。

(11)帕丁顿,位于伦敦西区的一个区。

(12)萨丹纳帕路斯，传奇中亚述王朝末代国王，在位时挥霍无度。

(13)迦勒底平原，古巴比伦王国南部的一片地区。

(14)尼努斯，古代亚述的首都尼尼微的创始人。

(15)塞米勒米斯，古代传说中的亚述女王。

(16)辛梅里安族，荷马史诗中描写的、生活在阴暗潮湿的土地上的一族人。

(17)吉本（1737—1794），英国历史学家，著有《罗马帝国衰亡史》。

(18)伯克（1729—1797），英国政治家、政治理论家。

(19)查塔姆（1708—1778），英国政治家，曾任首相。

Trivia Book II

琐事集 第二卷

"Thou, Trivia[1], Goddess, aid my song,

“你，特里维亚，女神，助我歌唱，

Thro' spacious streets conduct thy bard along."

引导你的游吟诗人穿过宽阔的街道。”

—Mr. Gay[2]. Trivia: or, the Art of Walking the Streets of London.

——盖伊《琐事：或者，漫游伦敦街头的艺术》

L'oiseau Bleu

青鸟

What is it, I have more than once asked myself, what is it that I'm looking for in my walks about London? Sometimes it seems to me as if I were following a Bird, a bright Bird which sings divinely as it floats about from one place to another.

是什么，我不止一次问自己，我在伦敦游走时找寻的是什么？有时我好像追寻着一只飞鸟，一只羽毛艳丽的飞鸟，它唱着神圣的曲调，从一处飞到另一处。

When I find myself, however, among persons of middle age and steady principles, see them moving regularly to their offices—what keeps them going? I wonder. And then I feel ashamed of myself and my Bird.

然而，当我混杂在信仰坚定的中年人中间，看着他们按时去上班—是什么让他们保持这种状态？我很好奇。然后我为自己和我的飞鸟感到羞愧。

There is though a Philosophic Doctrine—I studied it at College, and I know that many serious people believe it—which maintains that all men, in spite of appearances and pretensions, all live alike for Pleasure. This theory certainly brings portly, respected persons very near to me. Indeed, sometimes with a sense of low complicity I have watched a Bishop. Was that Divine, too, on the hunt for Pleasure, solemnly pursuing his Bird?

然而有一种哲学学说—我上大学的时候研究过，而且我知道许多严肃的人相信它——坚信所有人，无论看起来怎样，无论如何自诩，都是为了享乐而活。这个理论无疑拉近了我和权威的、可敬的人之间的距

离。的确，我有时带着一种低劣的同谋意识注视着一位主教。这是否也是神圣的呢，在追求享乐的过程中郑重其事地追求他的飞鸟？

At The Bank

在银行

Entering the Bank in a composed manner, I drew a cheque and handed it to the cashier through the grating. Then I eyed him narrowly. Would not that astute official see that I was posing as a Real Person? No; he calmly opened a little drawer, took out some real sovereigns, counted them carefully, and handed them to me in a brass shovel. I went away feeling I had perpetrated a delightful fraud. I had got some of the gold of the actual world!

我镇定自若地走进银行，取出一张支票，从小窗口把它递给出纳员。然后我密切地观察着他。那个精明的人难道看不出我正在冒充一个真正的人吗？不，他平静地打开一个小抽屉，拿出一些真正的金币，仔细点了一遍，把它们放在一把黄铜铲子里递给我。我离开柜台，感觉好像刚刚进行了一场诈骗，心情愉快。我得到了这个真实世界上的一些黄金！

Yet now and then, at the sight of my name on a visiting card, or of my face photographed in a group among other faces, or when I see a letter addressed in my hand, or catch the sound of my own voice, I grow shy in the presence of a mysterious Person who is myself, is known by my name, and who apparently does exist. Can it be possible that I am as real as any one, and that all of us—the cashier and banker at the Bank, the King on his throne all feel ourselves ghosts and goblins in this authentic world?

然而不时地，我看到自己的名字出现在访客卡上，我的脸与其他面孔一起出现在照片上，或是看到我亲手写下姓名地址的信，听到我自己的声音；在这个神秘人士的面前我变得很害羞。而这个神秘人士就是我自己，他拥有我的名字，而且显然存在于世上。我是否能像所有人一样真实，是否所有人——银行里的出纳员和银行家，王位上的国王——都觉得自己是这个可靠的世界上的鬼魂和精灵？

Mammon[3]

金钱

Moralists and Church Fathers have named it the root of all Evil, the begetter of hate and bloodshed, the sure cause of the soul's damnation. It has been called "trash," "muck," "dunghill excrement," by grave authors. The love of it is denounced in all Sacred Writings; we

find it reprehended on Chaldean bricks, and in the earliest papyri. Buddha, Confucius, Christ, set their faces against it; and they have been followed in more modern times by beneficed Clergymen, Sunday School[4] Teachers, and the leaders of the Higher Thought. But have all the condemnations of all the Saints and Sages done anything to tarnish that bright lustre? Men dig ever deeper into the earth's intestines, travel in search of it farther and farther to arctic and unpleasant regions.

道德学家和神父都把它叫做万恶之源，仇恨和杀戮的制造者，灵魂被罚下地狱无疑的原因。严肃的作家称之为“垃圾”、“粪肥”、“粪堆”。所有宗教作品都抨击对它的热爱；我们在迦勒底的砖块和最早期的纸莎草纸上都发现了对它的谴责。佛祖、孔子、基督都坚决反对它；而他们在现代社会却有众多追随者：享有圣奉的神职人员、主日学校的老师以及高级思想的领袖。但是，来自所有圣人和智者的指责削损金钱明亮的光彩了吗？人类对地球内部挖掘得越来越深，为了寻找它，走得越来越远，甚至到达了那些天寒地冻和环境恶劣的地方。

In spite of all my moral reading, I must say I do like to have some of this gaudy substance in my pocket. Its presence cheers and comforts me, diffuses a genial warmth through my body. My eyes rejoice in the shine of it; its clinquant sound is musical in my ears. Since I then am in his paid service, and reject none of the doles of his bounty, I too dwell in the House of Mammon. I bow before the Idol, and taste the unhallowed ecstasy.

虽然我读过许多有关道德的书籍，我必须说，我确实希望口袋里能有点这种俗气的东西。它的存在让我振奋，给我安慰，使一股宜人的温暖涌遍我全身。一看到它的光芒我就眉开眼笑；它的声响在我听来仿佛乐音飘飘。既然这样一来我就在为它服务，收取它的酬金，并对它的慷慨施舍来者不拒，那么我便也居住在玛门的宅邸里了。我在偶像面前折腰，品尝世俗的狂喜滋味。

How many Altars have been thrown down, and how many Theologies and heavenly Dreams have had their bottoms knocked out of them, while He has sat there, a great God, golden and adorned, secure on His unmoved throne?

多少神坛被推翻，多少宗教信仰和神圣的梦想被扫地出门，而他一直坐在那儿，一个伟大的神，金灿灿的，满是装饰，安稳地坐在他那坚固的宝座上。

Appearance And Reality

表象和事实

It is pleasant to saunter out in the morning sun and idle along the

summer streets with no purpose.

毫无目的地在清晨的阳光下漫步，在夏日的街头闲逛，是非常惬意的事情。

But is it Right?

但是真的是这样吗？

I am not really bothered by these Questions—the hoary old puzzles of Ethics and Philosophy, which lurk around the London corners to waylay me. I have got used to them; and the most formidable of all, the biggest bug of Metaphysics, the Problem which nonplusses the wisest heads on this Planet, has become quite a familiar companion of mine. What is Reality? I ask myself almost daily: how does the External World exist, materialized in mid-air, apart from my perceptions? This show of streets and skies, of policemen and perambulators and hard pavements, is it nothing more than a mere hypothesis and figment of the Mind, or does it remain there, permanent and imposing, when I stop looking at it?

我并不真的为这些问题烦心—这些道德和哲学的古老谜题埋伏在伦敦街角处，突然袭击我。我已经习惯了；这个所有问题中最难以解决的，形而上学最大的缺陷，地球上最聪明的头脑也感到困惑的问题，已经是我的老朋友了。什么是现实？我几乎每天都问自己：客观世界如何存在，不受我的认识的摆布，在半空中呈现出实体？街道和天空，警察和漫步者还有坚硬的人行道，它们不过是头脑中的假设和虚构，还是当我不再看它们的时候，依然永恒地、庄严地存在在那里？

Often, as I saunter along Piccadilly or Bond Street, I please myself with the Berkeleian[5] notion that Matter has no existence, that this so solid-seeming World is all idea, all appearance—that I am carried soft through space inside an immense Thought-Bubble, a floating, diaphanous, opal-tinted Dream.

我漫步在皮卡迪利大街或邦德大街上时，经常愉快地想到贝克莱的观念，他认为物质并不存在，这个看似坚固的世界只是观念，只是表象—我在一个巨大的思想泡沫里，一个漂浮的、透明的、乳白色的梦里，轻轻穿越空间。

In The Street

大街上

These eye-encounters in the street, little touches of loveliking; faces that ask, as they pass, "Are you my new lover?" Shall I one day—in Park Lane or Oxford Street perhaps—see the unknown Face I dread and look for?

大街上的目光相接，带着恋爱感觉的小触碰；他们擦肩而过时脸上的表情在问：“你是我新的爱人吗？”会不会有一天—可能在花园路或者牛津大街—看见我惧怕却又追寻的那张未曾相识的脸？

I See The World

我看到世界

"But you go nowhere, see nothing of the world," my cousins said.

“但是你哪儿都不去，什么也看不见。”我的表兄说。

Now though I do go sometimes to the parties to which I am now and then invited, I find, as a matter of fact, that I get really much more pleasure by looking in at windows, and have a way of my own of seeing the World. And of summer evenings, when motors hurry through the late twilight, and the great houses take on airs of inscrutable expectation, I go owling out through the dusk; and wandering toward the West, lose my way in unknown streets—an unknown City of revels. And when a door opens and a bediamonded Lady moves to her motor over carpets unrolled by powdered footmen, I can easily think her some great Courtezan, or some half-believed-in Duchess, hurrying to card-tables and candelabra and strange scenes of joy. I like to see that there are still splendid people on this flat earth; and at dances, standing in the street with the crowd, and stirred by the music, the lights, the rushing sound of voices, I think the Ladies as beautiful as Stars who move up lanes of light into those Palaces; the young men look like Lords in novels; and if (it has once or twice happened) people I know go by me, they strike me as changed and rapt beyond my sphere. And when on hot nights windows are left open, and I can look in at Dinner Parties, as I peer through lace curtains and window-flowers at the silver, the women's shoulders, the shimmer of their jewels, and the divine attitudes of their heads as they lean and listen, I imagine extraordinary intrigues and unheard-of wines and passions.

虽然我不时会接到聚会的邀请，有时也会去参加，但我发现，事实上，还是在窗户边看向里面让我更快乐，我自己有一种看待世界的方式。夏日的夜晚，当疾驰的汽车穿越暮色，一栋栋房子浮现出神秘莫测的期待的气质，我在黄昏中出发，向着西边闲逛，在不熟悉的街道上迷了路—陌生的狂欢作乐的城市。每当大门打开，一位佩戴钻石的女士踩着脸上铺粉的男仆铺好的地毯走向她的轿车时，我很容易想到她是一位有名的交际花，或是某个令人将信将疑的公爵夫人，正匆匆赶赴牌桌、烛台以及奇特的欢乐场合。我喜欢看到仍然有光彩照人的人存在于这片沉闷的土地上；开舞会时，我站在街道上的人群之中，音乐、灯光、匆匆过往的人声，都在我心中荡起涟漪。在我眼中，女士们就像星星一样

美丽动人，她们走上灯光灿烂的道路，进入那些宫殿；年轻男士看起来像小说里的王侯；如果（这样的事发生过一两次）我认识的人经过我身旁，他们的变化和专注的神态让我如此吃惊，完全超出了我的想象。在炎热的夜晚，我可以透过打开的窗户，看到晚宴的情况。我透过蕾丝窗帘和窗口的花朵，看到银器、女人的肩膀、她们佩戴的宝石的光芒、她们俯身倾听时动人的姿态，这时我会想象出离奇的密谋、闻所未闻的美酒和激情。

Social Success

社交的成功

The servant gave me my coat and hat, and in a glow of self-satisfaction I walked out into the night. "A delightful evening," I reflected, "the nicest kind of people. What I said about finance and philosophy impressed them; and how they laughed when I imitated a pig squealing."

我从侍者手中接过我的大衣和帽子，洋洋自得、容光焕发地走出大门，融入黑夜中。“今天晚上过得不错，”我想，“这些人真是太好了。我说的经济和哲学问题让他们印象深刻；我学猪叫的时候他们笑得多么开心啊。”

But soon after, "God, it's awful," I muttered, "I wish I was dead."

但是不久之后，“上帝啊，太糟糕了，”我低声说，“我不如死了算了。”

Apotheosis

神化

But oh, those heavenly moments when I feel this three-dimensional universe too small to contain my Attributes; when a sense of the divine Ipseity invades me; when I know that my voice is the voice of Truth, and my umbrella God's umbrella!

哦，那些神圣的时刻，我感到这个小小的三维宇宙容纳不下我的特质；一种神圣的自我感侵入了我；我知道我的声音就是真理的声音；我的雨伞就是上帝的雨伞！

The Goat

山羊

In the midst of my anecdote a sudden misgiving chilled me—had

I told them about this Goat before? And then as I talked there gaped upon me—abyss opening beneath abyss—a darker speculation: when goats are mentioned, do I automatically and always tell this story about the Goat at Portsmouth?

我在讲述轶事时，突然心头一凛，闪过一阵疑虑——我之前告诉过他们有关这只山羊的事吗？然后当我说话时一个更黑暗的推测瞪着我——深渊之下还有深渊大张着口：我每次提到山羊时，是否总不由自主地重复这个朴次茅斯山羊的故事？

Longevity

长寿

"But when you are as old as I am!" I said to the young lady in pink satin.

“等你到了我这把年纪！”我对身穿粉色绸缎的年轻女士说。

"But I don't know how old you are," the young lady in pink answered almost archly. We were getting on quite nicely.

“但是我并不知道你的年龄。”身穿粉色绸缎的年轻女士狡黠地回答。我们相处得还不错。

"Oh, I'm endlessly old my memory goes back almost for ever. I come out of the Middle Ages. I am the primitive savage we are all descended from; I believe in Devil-worship and the power of the Stars; I dance under the new Moon, naked and tattooed and holy. I am a Cave-dweller, a contemporary of Mastodons and Mammoths; I am pleistocene and eolithic, and full of the lusts and terrors of the great pre-glacial forests. But that's nothing; I am millions of years older; I am an arboreal Ape, an aged Baboon, with all its instincts; I am a pre-simian quadruped, I have great claws, eyes that see in the dark, and a long prehensile tail.”

“喔，我已经很老很老了；我的记忆几乎可以一直往回追溯。我来自中世纪。我是原始野人，我们都是由其进化而来；我信仰魔鬼崇拜和星星的力量；我在新月下面神圣地跳舞，赤身裸体，露出纹身。我是穴居人，与乳齿象和猛犸象生活在同一个时期；我是更新世和始石器时代的人，心中充满对前冰川期森林的欲望和恐惧。但是那不算什么；我还要老上几百万年；我是树栖类人猿，一只老狒狒，拥有它所有的本能；我是类人猿之前的四足兽，爪子锋利，眼睛能在黑暗里看见东西，长长的尾巴能够捉握。”

"Good gracious!" said the terrified young lady in pink satin. Then she turned and talked in a hushed voice with her other neighbour.

“我的天啊！”身穿粉色绸缎的年轻女士吓坏了。她转过身去与旁边

的人低声交谈。

In The Bus

公共汽车上

As I sat inside that crowded bus, so sad, so incredible and sordid seemed the fat face of the woman opposite me, that I interposed the thought of Kilimanjaro, that highest mountain of Africa, between us; the grassy slopes and green Arcadian realms of negro kings from which its dark cone rises; the immense, dim, elephant-haunted forests which clothe its flanks, and above, the white crown of snow, freezing in eternal isolation over the palm trees and deserts of the African Equator.

我坐在那辆拥挤的公共汽车上，对面妇人的胖脸看起来如此难过，如此不可思议，如此肮脏不堪，所以我在我们中间插进对非洲最高峰乞立马扎罗山的思考；芳草茵茵的斜坡，黑人国王的绿色田园，黑色球果在这里长高；山腰上是无边无际的、阴暗的森林，有大象出没；再往上，山顶上白雪覆盖，终年不化，隔绝着非洲赤道的棕榈树和沙漠。

Daydream

白日梦

In the cold and malicious society in which I live, I must never mention the Soul, nor speak of my aspirations. If I ever once let these people get a glimpse of the higher side of my nature, they would tear me in pieces.

在我所生活的这个冷漠恶毒的社会中，我必须缄口不提灵魂或是我的热望。哪怕只有一次让这些人窥见我本性中高尚的一面，他们就会把我撕成碎片。

I wish I had soulful friends—refined Maiden Ladies with ideals and long noses, who live at Hampstead or Putney, and play Chopin with passion. On sad autumn afternoons I would go and have tea with them, and talk of the spiritual meaning of Beethoven's late Sonatas; or discuss in the twilight the pathos of life and the Larger Hope.

我希望拥有内心丰富的朋友—有教养的未婚女士，心怀理想，长着高鼻子，住在汉普斯特得或者帕特尼，能激情四溢地演奏肖邦的曲子。在令人悲伤的秋日午后，我会去找她们喝茶，谈论贝多芬最后的奏鸣曲的精神意义；或者在暮色中谈论生命的感伤和更大的希望。

Providence

天意

But God sees me; He knows my beautiful nature, and how pure I keep amid all sorts of quite horrible temptations. And that is why, as I feel in my bones, there is a special Providence watching over me, an Angel sent expressly from heaven to guide my footsteps from harm. For I never trip up or fall downstairs like other people; I am not run over by cabs and buses at street-crossings; in the worst wind my hat never blows off.

上帝看见我；他知道我美好的本质，知道我面对各种可怕的诱惑而保持着怎样的纯净。这就是为什么我深信不疑，有种特殊的天意在保佑我；上天特意派来天使指引我的脚步，使我免受伤害。因为我从来没像其他人那样被绊倒或是从楼梯上滚下来；我过马路时没被出租车和公共汽车轧到过；风再大，也吹不掉我的帽子。

And if ever any of the great cosmic processes or powers threaten me, I believe that God sees it: "Stop it!" He shouts from His ineffable Throne, "Don't you touch my Chosen One, my Pet Lamb, my Beloved. Leave him alone, I tell you!"

即使有重大的宇宙运程或力量威胁到我，我相信上帝会看见："停下！"他在至高无上的宝座上大声叫道，"别碰我选中的人，我心爱的小羊羔，我的宠儿。我告诉你，别烦他！"

The Saying Of A Persian Poet

一个波斯诗人的话

All this hurry to dress and go out, these journeys in taxicabs, or in trains with my packed bag from big railway stations—what keeps me going, I sometimes ask myself; and I remember how, in his "Masnavi I Ma'navi" or "Spiritual Couplets," Jalalu'D-Din Muhammad Rumi[6] tells us that the swarm of gaudy Thoughts we pursue and follow are short-lived like summer insects, and must all be killed before long by the winter of age.

总是这样急急忙忙地穿戴好出门，带着满满当当的行李，坐上出租车或从大火车站出发坐上火车去旅行—是什么让我一直如此，有时我问自己；我记得贾拉鲁丁·穆罕默德·鲁米在"精神对句"中告诉我们，我们追求和遵从的大量看似光彩照人实则俗不可耐的想法像夏天的昆虫一样短命，而且必定不久就会被岁月的冬天消磨掉。

Monotony

一成不变

Oh to be becalmed on a sea of glass all day; to listen all day to rain on the roof, or the wind in pine trees; to sit all day by a waterfall reading the "Faerie Queene"[7], or exquisite, artificial, monotonous Persian poems about an oasis garden where it is always spring—where roses bloom, and lovers sigh, and nightingales lament without ceasing, and groups of white-robed figures sit by the running water and discuss all day, and day after day, the Meaning of Life.

喔，整天平静地呆在玻璃般的海面上；整天听雨落在屋顶上，或风吹过松林间；整天坐在瀑布边上读《仙后》，或是阅读精致而又造作单调的波斯诗歌，诗歌描述的是一座春天常驻的绿洲花园——那里玫瑰盛开，恋人叹息，夜莺一刻不停地悲鸣，一群人穿着白色宽松长袍坐在流水旁边，日复一日，从早到晚地讨论，生命的意义。

The Spring In London

伦敦的春天

London seemed last winter like an underground city; as if its low sky were the roof of a cave, and its murky day a light such as one reads of in countries beneath the earth.

去年冬天，伦敦看起来像一个地下城市；低沉的天空像一个洞穴的顶，蒙阴郁的天色像我们读到的地下国度。

And yet the natural sunlight sometimes shone there; unenduring clouds whitened the blue sky; the interminable multitudes of roofs were washed with silver by the Moon, or mantled in snow. And the coming of Spring to London was not unlike the descent of the maiden-goddess into Death's Kingdoms, when pink almond blossoms blew about her in the gloom, and those shadowy people were stirred with faint longings for meadows and the shepherd's life. Nor is there anything more virginal and fresh in wood or orchard, than the shimmer of young foliage, which, in May, dims with delicate green all the smoke-blackened London trees.

有时自然的阳光也会照耀到那里；不久就消散的云让蓝色的天空显得发白；无穷无尽的屋顶沐浴在银色的月辉中或是被白雪覆盖。春天来到伦敦，就像少女女神降临到死神的王国，粉红的杏花绽放、萦绕在她身边；那些冬天生活在阴影当中的人们心神荡漾，开始隐隐期盼草地和牧羊人的生活。树林或果园中最新鲜无瑕的便是那些微微闪着亮光的新叶子，到了五月，它们娇嫩的绿色使得伦敦所有被烟雾熏黑的树木黯然失色。

Fashion Plates

时装图样

I like loitering at the bookstalls, looking in at the windows of print-shops, and romancing over the pictures I see of shepherdesses and old-fashioned Beauties. Tall and slim and crowned with plumes in one period, in another these Ladies become as wide-winged as butterflies, or float, large, balloon-like visions, down summer streets. And yet in all shapes they have always (I tell myself) created thrilling effects of beauty, and wakened in the breasts of modish young men ever the same charming Emotion.

我喜欢在书报亭驻足，观看书店橱窗，对着牧羊女和旧式美女的图片编造浪漫故事。一个时期内女士们高挑苗条，帽子上插着羽毛装饰；另一个时期，她们穿着袖口宽大的衣服，像蝴蝶或者大气球一样，飘过夏日的街头。然而不管穿着什么样的衣服，她们总能（我告诉自己）创造出激动人心的美感，唤醒时尚的年轻男子心中同样的迷恋情绪。

But then I have questioned this. Is the emotion always precisely the same? Can one truly say that the human heart remains quite unchanged beneath all the ever-changing fashions of frills and ruffles? In this elegant and cruel Sentiment, I rather fancy that colour and shape do make a difference. I have a notion that about 1840 was the Zenith, the Meridian Hour, the Golden Age of the Passion. Those tight-waisted, whiskered Beaux, those crinolined Beauties, must have adored one another, I believe, with a leisure, a refinement, and dismay not quite attainable at other dates.

但是我对此有所疑问。这种情绪总是一模一样的吗？我们真的能说，在那些不断变化的绉褶式样之下，人心却依然如故吗？怀着这种优雅又残酷的感情，我宁愿猜想颜色和样式确实会造成不同的效果。我认为1840年前后是这种热情的鼎盛时期、正午时刻、黄金时代。我相信，那些身穿紧身服、蓄须的美貌男子，那些身着大摆裙的美貌女子，一定彼此爱慕，而这种爱慕带着其他时代所无法企及的闲情逸趣、彬彬有礼和沮丧灰心。

Mental Vice

思想的恶行

There are certain hackneyed Thoughts that will force themselves on me; I find my mind, especially in hot weather, buzzed about by moral Platitudes. "That shows—" I say to myself, or, "How true it is—"or, "I really ought to have known!" The sight of a large clock sets me off into musings on the flight of Time; a steamer on the Thames or lines of telegraph inevitably suggest the benefits of Civilization, man's triumph over Nature, the heroism of Inventors, the courage amid

ridicule and poverty, of Stephenson[8] and Watt[9]. Like faint, rather unpleasant smells, these thoughts lurk about railway stations. I can hardly post a letter without marvelling at the excellence and accuracy of the Postal System.

我会不可自抑地想到某些陈腐的念头；我发现我的头脑，尤其在炎热的天气里，会塞满道德的陈词滥调。我对自己说："这显示出——"或者"这是多么真切啊——"或者"我真应该想到！"我看到一个大钟，就开始思考时间的飞逝；泰晤士河上的汽轮或电报线不可避免地让我想起文明的益处和人类是如何战胜了自然、发明家的英雄事迹、面对愚弄和贫穷的勇气，比如史蒂芬森和瓦特。这些念头，好像淡淡的难闻气味，潜伏在火车站周围。我每次寄信都忍不住赞叹邮政系统的优越性和准确性。

Then the pride in the British Constitution and British Freedom, which comes over me when I see, even in the distance, the Towers of Westminster Palace—it is not much comfort that this should be chastened, as I walk down the Embankment, by the sight of Cleopatra's Needle, and the Thought that it will no doubt witness the Fall of the British, as it has that of other Empires, remaining to point its Moral, as old as Egypt, to Antipodeans musing on the dilapidated bridges.

每当我看见威斯敏斯特宫的钟塔，即便隔着很远的距离，我心中都会充满对英国宪法和自由的骄傲——当我走在维多利亚堤区，看到克娄巴特拉方尖碑，这种骄傲就会受到打击，这可不怎么让人舒服；因为想到有朝一日它无疑将见证英国的衰落，如同它见证了其他帝国的衰落：最后只剩它矗立在那里，向那些在破旧不堪的桥上陷入沉思的澳洲人揭示它那像埃及一样古老的寓意。

I am sometimes afraid of finding that there is a moral for everything; that the whole great frame of the Universe has a key, like a box; has been contrived and set going by a well-meaning but humdrum Eighteenth-Century Creator. It would be a kind of Hell, surely, a world in which everything could be at once explained, shown to be obvious and useful. I am sated with Lesson and Allegory; weary of monitory ants, industrious bees, and preaching animals. The benefits of Civilization cloy me. I have seen enough shining of the didactic Sun.

有时我很怕发现每件事情都有寓意；很怕发现宇宙的整个宏大架构有一把钥匙，就像一个盒子那样；它由一个善意却乏味的18世纪造物主设计并启动。那无疑会是一个地狱，在这个世界里的一切事物都可以立刻得到解释，用途明确。我受够了教诲和寓言，对告诫的蚂蚁、勤劳的蜜蜂，所有用来说教的动物都感到厌烦。我腻烦了文明的益处。我看够了教诲的太阳的光芒。

So gazing up on hot summer nights at the London stars, I cool my

thoughts with a vision of the giddy, infinite, meaningless waste of Creation, the blazing Suns, the Planets and frozen Moons, all crashing blindly for ever across the void of space.

于是，炎热的夏夜里我注视着伦敦上空的星星，让那景象冷却我的思绪——一片令人晕眩的、无穷无尽的、毫无意义的天地万物，闪耀的恒星、行星和冰冻的卫星，全都在这片虚空中永远盲目地冲撞着。

Loneliness

孤独

Is there, then, no friend? No one who hates Ibsen[10] and problem plays, and the Supernatural, and Switzerland and Adultery as much as I do? Must I live all my life as mute as a mackerel, companionless and uninvited, and never tell anyone what I think of my famous contemporaries? Must I plough always a solitary furrow, and tread the winepress alone?

难道没有一个人能做我的朋友吗？没人像我一样痛恨易卜生和问题剧、超自然现象、瑞士和通奸吗？难道我的一生都要缄默得像只鲭鱼一样，没有伙伴，没人邀请，从不与人说起我对那些同时代的名人们的看法吗？我必定要永远独自一人耕一条犁沟、独自一人踏着榨酒机吗？

The Organ Of Life

生活的风琴

Almost always in London—in the congregated uproar of streets, or in the noise that drifts through walls and windows—you can hear the hackneyed melancholy of street-music; a music which sounds like the actual voice of the human Heart, singing the lost joys, the regrets, the loveless lives of the people who blacken the pavements, or jolt along on the buses.

伦敦总是如此——在街上聚集的人们大声的喧哗声中，及穿透围墙和窗户的噪声中——你能听到街头音乐平凡忧郁的旋律；好像人类心灵真正的乐音，唱着遗失的快乐、悔恨和人行道上熙熙攘攘的人群或者公共汽车上一路颠簸的乘客们无爱的生活。

"Speak to me kindly," the hand-organ implores; "I'm all alone!" it screams amid the throng; "Thy Vows are all broken," it laments in dingy courtyards, "And light is thy Fame." And of hot summer afternoons, the Cry for Courage to Remember, or Calmness to Forget, floats in with the smell of paint and asphalt through open office windows.

“请亲切地和我说话，”手风琴哀求道；“我孤单一人！”它在人群中呐喊；“你打破了所有誓言，”它在昏暗的庭院里悲恸不已，“你的声誉轻浮不堪。”炎热的夏日午后，漂浮着这样一种呼唤，让人们鼓起勇气去铭记，或保持平静去淡忘，这种呼唤随着油漆和沥青的味道从敞开的窗户飘进办公室。

Humiliation

耻辱

"My own view is," I began, but no one listened. At the next pause, "I always say," I remarked, but again the loud talk went on. Someone told a story. When the laughter had ended, "I often think—"; but looking around the table I could catch no friendly, no attentive eye. It was humiliating, but more humiliating the thought that Sophocles[11] and Goethe[12] would have always commanded attention, while the lack of it would not have troubled Spinoza[13] nor Abraham Lincoln[14].

“我自己的观点是，”我开始说话，但是没人在听。下次停顿时，我评论道：“我总是说，”但是人们继续大声交谈。有人讲了个故事。当笑声停下时，“我经常想——”，但是环顾整张桌子，我捕捉不到一丝友好的、关注的眼神。这令人感到耻辱，但是更让我觉得耻辱的是，想到索福克勒斯和歌德总能赢得别人的关注，而斯宾诺莎和亚伯拉罕·林肯也不会因为不受瞩目而烦恼。

Green Ivory

绿色的象牙

What a bore it is, waking up in the morning always the same person. I wish I were unflinching and emphatic, and had big, bushy eyebrows and a Message for the Age. I wish I were a deep Thinker, or a great Ventriloquist.

真是无聊，每天早晨醒来，发现自己还是同一个人。我希望我能够勇往直前、坚持己见，有又粗又浓的眉毛，能给这个时代带来一个启示。我希望我是一个深邃的思想者，或者一个伟大的腹语者。

I should like to be refined-looking and melancholy, the victim of a hopeless passion; to love in the old, stilted way, with impossible Adoration and Despair under the pale-faced Moon.

我希望自己长得更英俊，充满忧郁的气质，为无望的激情备受折磨；以古老而矫饰的方式去爱，在苍白的月光下受着得不到回应的爱慕和绝望的煎熬。

I wish I could get up; I wish I were the world's greatest living

Violinist. I wish I had lots of silver, and first Editions, and green ivory.

我希望我能一步登天；我希望我是当今世上最伟大的小提琴家。我希望我拥有很多银器、初版图书和绿色的象牙。

The Correct

正确与否

I am sometimes visited by a suspicion that everything isn't quite all right with the Righteous; that the Moral Law speaks in equivocal tones to those who listen most scrupulously for its dictates. I feel sure I have detected a look of misgiving in the eyes of its earnest upholders.

我有时会怀疑，所谓的正义并不一定是完全正确的；道德律条言语暧昧不明，听者只能小心翼翼地聆听它的命令。我可以肯定，我在那些它最衷心的拥护者们眼中觉察到了一丝疑虑。

But there is no such shadow or cloud on the faces in Club windows, or in the eyes of drivers of four-in-hands, or of fashionable young men walking down Piccadilly. For these live by a Rule which has not been drawn down from questionable skies, and needs no sanction. What they do is Correct, and that is all. Correctly dressed from head to foot, they pass, with correct thought and gestures, exchanging correct remarks, across the roundness of the Earth.

但是这种阴影或疑云不会出现在俱乐部里的人们脸上，不会出现在四马马车夫的眼睛里，或是在皮卡迪利逛街的时髦青年眼中。因为这些人生活的规则不是从值得怀疑的上天那里得来的，因此也就无需获得上天的许可。他们所做的就是正确的，就是这样。他们从头到脚穿戴得体，想着正确的事情，打着正确的手势，交流着正确的评论，正确地围绕地球行走。

"Where Do I Come In?"

“我该做些什么？”

When I read in the Times about India and all its problems and populations; when I look at the letters in large type of important personages, and find myself face to face with the Questions, Movements, and great Activities of the Age, "Where do I come in?" I ask uneasily.

当我读到《泰晤士报》上关于印度和那里所有的问题和人口的文章时；当我看着大号字印刷的重要人物的名字时，发现自己直面着这个时代的各种疑问、运动和重大行动时，“我该做些什么？”我不安地问。

Then in the great Times-reflected world I find the corner where I play my humble but necessary part. For I am one of the unpraised, unrewarded millions without whom Statistics would be a bankrupt science. It is we who are born, who marry, who die, in constant ratios; who regularly lose so many umbrellas, post just so many unaddressed letters every year. And there are enthusiasts among us, Heroes who, without the least thought of their own convenience, allow omnibuses to run over them, or throw themselves month by month, in fixed numbers, from the London bridges.

然后在《泰晤士报》反映出的大世界里，我找到了属于我的角落，在那里我扮演着卑微却不可或缺的角色。我是不受赞扬、没有奖赏的众人中的一员，但离开我们，统计学就要破产。我们的出生、结婚、死亡有着稳定的比例；是我们每年固定地弄丢这么多的雨伞，寄出这么多没写地址的信。我们中有一些充满热情的人，所谓的英雄，他们不把自己的利益放在心上，让公共汽车从他们身上轧过，或者月复一月，以固定的人数，从伦敦的那些大桥上纵身跳下。

Microbes

微生物

But how is one to keep free from those mental microbes that worm- eat people's brains—those Theories and Diets and Enthusiasms and infectious Doctrines that we catch from what seem the most innocuous contacts? People go about laden with germs; they breathe creeds and convictions on you whenever they open their mouths. Books and newspapers are simply creeping with them—the monthly Reviews seem to have room for little else. Wherewithal then shall a young man cleanse his way; how shall he keep his mind immune to Theosophical speculations, and novel schemes of Salvation? Can he ever be sure that he won't be suddenly struck down by the fever of Funeral or of Spelling Reform, or take to his bed with a new Sex Theory?

一个人怎样才能避免感染思想微生物，那些吞噬人类头脑的虫子——那些理论、饮食、狂热、具有传染性的学说，都是我们通过看似最无害的接触感染上的？人们带着满身的细菌到处走；他们一开口，就把教条和信仰喷到你的脸上。书籍和报纸里到处是它们的身影——每月评论看似除此之外，几乎别无他物。年轻人用什么才能扫除这些障碍；他怎样才能对神智学的猜想和救赎的新奇计策具有免疫力？他能否确定自己不会突然被丧礼或者拼写改革的热潮击倒，或者带着一个新的性爱理论上床睡觉？

But is this struggle for a healthy mind in a maggoty world really after all worth it? Are there not soporific dreams and sweet deliriums

more soothing than Reason? If Transmigration can make clear the dark Problem of Evil; if Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy[15] can free us from Death; if the belief that Bacon[16] wrote Shakespeare gives a peace which the world cannot give, why pedantically reject such solace? Why not be led with the others by still waters, be made to lie down in green pastures?

但是，在一个充满奇思怪想的世界上为保持头脑的健康而挣扎，这究竟值不值得呢？难道催眠的梦境和甜蜜的妄想不比理性更能抚慰人心？如果灵魂附体能够解释清楚邪恶这个黑暗的问题；如果玛丽·贝克·艾娣夫人能够让我们摆脱死亡；如果相信莎士比亚作品的真正作者是培根这个说法能够给予这个世界给予不了的平和，为何要迂腐地拒绝这样的慰藉呢？为何不随波逐流，躺在绿色的草地上休息呢？

The Quest

寻觅

"We walk alone in the world," the Moralist writes in his essay on Ideal Friendship, somewhat sadly. "Friends such as we desire are dreams and fables." Yet we never quite give up the hope of finding them. But what awful things happen to us, what snubs, what set-downs we experience, what shames and disillusions. We can never really tell what these new unknown persons may do to us. Sometimes they seem nice, and then begin to talk like gramophones. Sometimes they grab at us with moist hands, or breathe hotly on our necks, or make awful confidences, or drench us from sentimental slop-pails. And too often, among the thoughts in the loveliest heads, we come on nests of woolly caterpillars.

“我们独自在世间行走，”道德学家在论理想的友谊的短文中略带忧伤地写道，“我们所渴望的那种朋友只有在梦境和寓言中才会出现。”然而我们从未彻底放弃找到他们的希望。但是我们遇到了多么糟糕的事情，受到了怎样的冷遇和拒绝，经历了怎样的耻辱和幻灭啊。我们永远无法真正地预料到这些新结识的陌生人可能会怎样对待我们。他们有时看来和善，然后却开始像留声机一样说话。他们有时用湿漉漉的手抓住我们，或者把热气喷在我们脖子上，或者说些不合时宜的私密话，或者用感情用事的脏水把我们泼湿。我们十分频繁地，在那些最可爱的头脑里蕴藏的想法中间，遇到成群的毛毛虫。

And yet we brush our hats, pull on our gloves, and go out and ring door-bells.

不过我们还是把帽子掸干净，戴上手套，走出门，按响门铃。

The Kaleidoscope

万花筒

I find in my mind, in its miscellany of ideas and musings, a curious collection of little landscapes, shining and fading for no reason. Sometimes they are views in no way remarkable—the corner of a road, a heap of stones, an old gate. But there are many charming pictures too: as I read, between my eyes and book, the Moon washes the harvest- fields with her chill of silver; I see autumnal avenues, with the leaves falling, or swept in heaps; and storms blow among my thoughts, with the rain beating for ever on the fields. Then Winter's upward glare of snow brightens; or the pink and delicate green of Spring in the windy sunshine; or cornfields and green waters, and youths bathing in Summer's golden heats.

我发现在我脑海里，在纷乱复杂的思绪中，总是莫名其妙地出现很多奇特的小小的画面，而后又无缘无故地消失不见。有时，它们是些再普通不过的景象——一处街角、一堆石块、一扇古老的大门；但也有很多迷人的画面：我读书时，在双眼和书籍之间，月亮在收获的田野上洒下清冷的银色光辉；我看见秋日的大道，树叶纷纷落下，或被扫成堆；风暴在我的思想中肆虐，雨点不断砸在田野上。然后冬季闪耀的白雪照亮了天空；春季的微风和阳光下，粉红和浅绿的色彩绽放；夏日的麦田和绿水之间，年轻人沐浴在金色的热浪里。

And as I walk about, places haunt me; a cathedral rises above a dark blue foreign town, the colour of ivory in the sunset light; now I find myself in a French garden, full of lilacs and bees, and shut-in sunshine, with the Mediterranean lounging outside its walls; now in a little college library, with busts, and the green reflected light of Oxford lawns;—and again I hear the bells, reminding me of the Oxford hours.

我信步游走时，常常想起许多地方：一座大教堂矗立在一个暗蓝色的外国小镇上方，在夕阳的余辉下闪着象牙色的光泽；接着我发现自己来到一个法式花园，紫丁香满园，蜜蜂到处飞舞，阳光无处不在，地中海在围墙外懒洋洋地荡漾；我又来到大学的小图书馆里，那里立着一些半身雕像，牛津的草坪映出绿光——我又一次听到了铃声，这让我想起在牛津的时光。

The Abbey At Night

晚间的大教堂

And as at night I went past the Abbey, saw its walls towering high and solemn among the Autumn stars, I pictured to myself the white population in the vast darkness of its interior—all that hushed people of Heroes—; not dead, I would think them, but animated with a still

kind of life, and at last, after all their intolerable toils, the sounding tumult of battle, and perilous sea-paths, resting there, tranquil and satisfied and glorious, amid the epitaphs and allegorical figures of their tombs;— those high-piled, trophied, shapeless Abbey tombs, that long ago they toiled for, and laid down their gallant lives to win.

夜晚，我经过大教堂，看到它周围竖着高高的围墙，庄严肃穆，直耸入秋夜的星辰当中。我脑中构想着大教堂里无尽黑暗中的白人——所有缄默的英雄的人们——他们没有死，我总会想，只是被赋予了一种静止的生命，最后，在经历了所有难以忍受的苦难之后——战争的喧嚣、危险的航道——长眠在那里，平静、满足且荣耀；墓碑上刻着墓志铭和饱含深意的数字；——那些大教堂里形状不规则的坟墓，堆得很高，上面装饰着纪念品。这是他们在很久以前受苦受难的原因，是他们勇敢地献出了自己的生命才赢得的。

Oxford Street

牛津街

One late winter afternoon in Oxford Street, amid the noise of vehicles and voices that filled that dusky thoroughfare, as I was borne onward with the crowd past the great electric-lighted shops, a holy Indifference filled my thoughts. Illusion had faded from me; I was not touched by any desire for the goods displayed in those golden windows, nor had I the smallest share in the appetites and fears of all those moving faces. And as I listened with Asiatic detachment to the London traffic, its sound changed into something ancient and dissonant and sad—into the turbid flow of that stream of Craving which sweeps men onward through the meaningless cycles of Existence, blind and enslaved for ever. But I had reached the farther shore, the Harbour of Deliverance, the Holy City; the Great Peace beyond all this turmoil and fret compassed me around. Om Mani padme hum[17]—I murmured the sacred syllables, smiling with the pitying smile of the Enlightened One on his heavenly lotus.

深冬傍晚的牛津街，这条微暗的大道上充斥着车辆的噪音和人声，我挤在人群中走过那些亮着电灯的大商铺，心中突然升起一种神圣的冷漠感。所有的幻象从我身边退去；我对那些金色橱窗里陈列的商品没有任何占有欲，所有那些移动着的面孔带着的欲望和恐惧也丝毫没有感染我。我仿佛来自亚洲，带着疏离感听着伦敦的车来人往，这声音变得古老、刺耳而又悲伤——变成混浊的渴望之流，把人们卷入毫无意义的存在的循环，人们永远盲目地受着奴役。但是我已经抵达了彼岸，那救赎的海港，那座圣城；巨大的安宁超越了所有的喧嚣和烦躁，环绕在我四周。 嘛呢叭咪哞——我低喃着这些神圣的音节，脸上挂着悲悯的微笑，像是神圣的莲花座上的神佛。

Then, in a shop-window, I saw a neatly fitted suit-case. I liked that suit- case; I wanted it. Immediately I was enveloped by the mists of Illusion, chained once more to the Wheel of Existence, whirled onward along Oxford Street in that turbid stream of wrong-belief, and lust, and sorrow, and anger.

然后，在一个橱窗里，我看到一只简洁的手提箱。我喜欢那只手提箱；我想要它。幻象的迷雾在一瞬间笼罩住我，我再一次被锁在存在之轮上，在那条充满错误信仰、欲望、悲伤和愤怒的混浊溪流中打转，沿着牛津街往前走。

Beauty

美丽

Among all the ugly mugs of the world we see now and then a face made after the divine pattern. Then, a wonderful thing happens to us; the Blue Bird sings, the golden Splendour shines, and for a queer moment everything seems meaningless save our impulse to follow those fair forms, to follow them to the clear Paradises they promise.

在世间所有丑陋的脸孔中间，我们不时看见一张天神般的面孔。然后，一件神奇的事情发生在我们身上；青鸟歌唱，金光闪耀，在一个奇怪的瞬间，所有事情似乎都失去了意义，只剩下我们追随那些美好形式的冲动，追随它们去它们所许诺的洁净的天堂。

Plato assures us that these moments are not (as we are apt to think them) mere blurs and delusions of the senses, but divine revelations; that in a lovely face we see imaged, as in a mirror, the Absolute Beauty—; it is Reality, flashing on us in the cave where we dwell amid shadows and darkness. Therefore we should follow these fair forms, he says, and their shining footsteps will lead us upward to the highest heaven of Wisdom. The Poets, too, keep chanting this doctrine of Beauty in grave notes to their golden strings. The music floats up through the skies so sweet, so strange, that the very Angels seem to lean from their stars to listen.

柏拉图告诉我们，这些时刻不只是（我们很容易认为它们是）感官上模糊的错觉，而是神的启示；在一张可爱的面孔上我们看到绝对的美丽，就像在镜面上的倒影一样——这是事实，闪现在我们眼前，照亮我们所居住的到处是阴影和黑暗的洞穴。因此我们应该追随这些美好的形式，他说，它们闪亮的步伐将指引我们到达智慧的最高天堂。诗人们也应该不停拨动金色的琴弦，用庄严的曲调吟诵这个有关美丽的学说。这甜美而奇特的乐曲飘向天际，就连天使们好像也从他们的星星上俯下身来聆听。

But, O Plato, O Shelley, O Angels of Heaven, what scrapes, what

scrapes you do get us into!

喔，柏拉图，喔，雪莱，喔，天堂的天使们，你们让我们陷入了怎样的境地！

The Power Of Words

语言的力量

I thanked the club porter who helped me into my coat, and stepped out gayly into the vastness of the Night. And as I walked along my eyes were dazzling with the glare behind me; I heard the sound of my speech, the applause and laughter.

俱乐部的守门人帮我穿上外套，我谢过他之后，愉快地走入无边的黑夜中。我向前走去，身后的亮光晃花了我的眼睛，我听到我演讲的声音、掌声和笑声。

And when I looked up at the Stars, the great Stars that bore me company, streaming over the dark houses as I moved, I felt that I was the Lord of Life; the mystery and disquieting meaninglessness of existence—the existence of other people, and of my own, were solved for me now. As for the Earth, hurrying beneath my feet, how bright was its journey; how shining the goal toward which it went swinging—you might really say leaping—through the sky.

我抬头仰望星空，那些伟大的星星陪伴着我，路过一所所漆黑的房子，我觉得自己是生命的主人；这份神秘，这让人不安的没有意义的存在——他人的存在，自己的存在，对我而言都得到了解决。至于地球，在我脚下快速运转，它的旅程是多么光明；它摇摆着——你其实可能要说跳跃着——穿过天空，奔向多么耀眼的目标。

"I must tell the Human Race of this!" I heard my voice; saw my prophetic gestures, as I expounded the ultimate meaning of existence to the white, rapt faces of Humanity. Only to find the words—that troubled me; were there then no words to describe this Vision—divine—intoxicating?

“我一定要告诉人类这件事！”我听到我的声音这样说；看到我预示性的手势，那时我正对着人类苍白、入迷的面孔阐释存在的终极意义。只要找到合适的话语就行——但那让我发愁；难道没有言语能够描绘这个景象吗——神圣——令人陶醉的景象？

And then the Word struck me; the Word people would use. I stopped in the street; my Soul was silenced like a bell that snarls at a jarring touch. I stood there awhile and meditated on language, its perfidious meanness, the inadequacy, the ignominy of our vocabulary, and how Moralists have spoiled our words by distilling into them, as

into little vials of poison, all their hatred of human joy.

然后我突然想到一个字眼，一个人们会使用的字眼。我在街上停住脚步；我的灵魂如一口大钟般缄默不语，但不合时宜的触碰会让它发出怒吼。我在那里站了一会儿，思考着关于语言的问题，想着它的不可靠和吝啬、我们词汇的贫乏和耻辱，以及道德学家怎样破坏了我们的语言——他们将自己所有对人类欢乐的憎恨的毒液滴入我们的语言中。

Away with that police-force of brutal words which bursts in on our best moments and arrests our finest feelings! This music within me, large, like the song of the stars—like a Glory of Angels singing, —"No one has any right to say I am drunk!" I shouted.

滚开，那些警察！他们说着不堪入耳的话，在我们最快乐的时刻闯到我们面前，逮捕我们最美妙的感觉。我体内的音乐，像星星的歌一般洪亮——像是天使的荣光的歌唱——“没人有权说我醉了！”我喊道。

Self-Analysis

自我分析

"Yes, aren't they odd, the thoughts that float through one's mind for no reason? But why not be frank?—I suppose the best of us are shocked at times by the things we find ourselves thinking. Don't you agree," I went on, not noticing (until it was too late) that all other conversation had ceased, and the whole dinner-party was listening, "don't you agree that the oddest of all are the bawdy thoughts that come into one's head—the unspeakable words, I mean, and Obscenities?”

“这难道不古怪吗？有些想法会莫名其妙地出现在人的头脑中。但是，为什么不坦白些呢？——我想我们中最优秀的那些人有时也会被自己所想的事情吓到。你不觉得，”我一直说，没有注意到（注意到的时候已经太晚了）晚宴上其他所有的人都停止了交谈，在听我说话，“你不觉得最古怪的是进入到头脑里的那些下流的想法——我是说那些说不出口的话，还有淫秽的东西？”

When I remember this occasion, I immediately think of Space, and the unimportance in its unmeasured vastness of our toy solar system; I lose myself in speculations on Eternity, reflecting how, at the best, human life on this minute and perishable planet is but a mock episode, as brief as a dream.

每当我记起这个场景，我会立刻想到宇宙空间，想到在这广袤无边的宇宙中，我们玩具般的太阳系中是无关紧要的；我沉浸在对不朽的思考中，反思人类的生命在这个微小的、易腐坏的星球上充其量不过是个虚拟的片段，像梦一样短暂。

The Voice Of The World

世界的声音

"And what are you doing now?" The question of these school contemporaries of mine, and their greeting the other day in Piccadilly (I remember how shabby I felt as I stood talking to them)—for a day or two that question haunted me. And behind their well-bred voices I seemed to hear the voice of Schoolmasters and Tutors, of the Professional Classes, and indeed of all the World.

“你现在在做什么？”那天在皮卡迪利大街遇到我的同学时，他们这样跟我打招呼（我记得站在他们面前说话时我感觉有多落魄）——这个问题困扰了我一两天。在他们彬彬有礼的声音后面，我仿佛听到了校长和导师的声音，职业阶层的声音，实际上是整个世界的声音。

What, as a plain matter of fact, was I doing? How did I spend my days? The life-days which I knew were numbered, and which were described in sermons and on tombstones as so irrevocable, so melancholy-brief.

我到底在做什么？我是怎样度日的？我知道人的一生不过寥寥数年，布道词里和墓碑上都说人生是不能倒退的，它如此短暂，真叫人悲伤。

I decided to change my life. I too would be somebody in my time and age; the world should hear of me; my contemporaries should treat me as an important person. I began thinking of my endeavours, my studies by the midnight lamp, my risings at dawn for stolen hours of self-improvement.

我决定改变我的生活。我也要成为这个时代的名人；世界要聆听我的话语；同时代的人要把我当作一个重要的人对待。我开始考虑发愤图强、挑灯夜读、晚睡早起，挤出时间学习、提升自己。

But alas, the Day, the little Day, was enough just then. It somehow seemed enough, just to be alive in the Spring, with the young green of the trees, the smell of smoke in the sunshine; I loved the old shops and books, the uproar darkening and brightening in the shabby daylight. Just a run of good-looking faces—for I was always looking for faces—would keep me amused. And London was but a dim-lit stage on which I played the part I liked. I would wake up in the morning like Byron to find myself famous; be drawn like Chatham to St. Paul's, amid the cheers of the Nation, and exclaim with Cromwell[18], "Take away that bauble!" as I stalked past the Houses of Parliament.

但是，啊，这日子，这短暂的日子，刚好够长了。只要活在春天，

活在树木的嫩绿里，阳光下的烟味里，似乎就已经足够了；我热爱那些古老的店铺和书籍，暗淡的日光下喧闹声起起伏伏。只要连续几张好看的脸——我总是在寻找各种各样的脸——就能让我心情愉快。伦敦不过是个灯光昏暗的舞台，我在上面扮演我所喜欢的角色。清晨我像拜伦一样醒来，发现自己一夜成名；像查塔姆一样在国人的欢呼声中被带到圣保罗大教堂，昂首阔步走过议会两院时，跟克伦威尔一起大喊："把那玩意拿走！"

And Anyhow

不管怎样

And anyhow, soon, so soon (in only two thousand million years or thereabouts, the Encyclopaedia said) this Earth would grow cold, all human activities end, and the last wretched mortals close their eyes on the rays of the dying Sun.

不管怎样，很快，非常之快（百科全书上说只要大约二十亿年之后），地球会变得很寒冷，人类所有的活动都将停止，最后一批悲惨的凡人在垂死的太阳的光辉下闭上眼睛。

Drawbacks

借口

I should be all right....

我应该没问题……

If it weren't for these sudden visitations of Happiness, these downpourings of Heaven's blue, little invasions of Paradise, or waftings to the Happy Islands, or whatever you may call these disconcerting Moments, I should be like everybody else; as blameless a ratepayer as any in our Row.

要不是幸福突然造访，蓝色天际大雨倾泻，对天堂的短暂入侵，或者漂荡到幸福岛，或者其他你随便叫做什么的令人烦乱的时刻，我会像其他任何人一样，像我们街区的其他人一样做个无可指摘的纳税人。

Talk

谈话

Once in a while, when doors are closed and curtains drawn on a group of free spirits, the miracle happens, and Good Talk begins. 'Tis a sudden illumination—the glow, it may be, of sanctified tapers, or

more likely, the blaze around a cauldron of wicked gossip.

偶尔，当门关上，窗帘拉上，一群无拘无束的人在一起时，奇迹发生了，畅快的谈话开始了。屋子里突然有光亮起——这光亮，可能是些神化的小蜡烛发出的，又更像是一个煮着邪恶八卦的大锅周围的火光。

Is there an ecstasy or any intoxication like it? Oh, to talk, to talk people into monsters, and carve them as dishes for the Gods; to talk one's self out of one's clothes, to talk Jehovah from His heaven, to say everything, and turn everything in the world into a bright tissue of phrases!

还有什么事情能让人狂喜、陶醉至此？噢，谈话，在谈话中将人变成怪物，把他们切成片供众神食用；通过谈话将人的自我从衣服中解脱出来，把耶和华从天堂谈下来，什么都说，把世界上的所有东西都变成一派绝妙的废话！

These Pentecosts[19] and outpourings of the spirit can only occur very rarely, or the Universe itself would be soon talked out of existence.

这种圣灵降临和精灵倾巢而出的事情鲜有发生，不然宇宙本身不久就会在谈话中化为乌有。

The Church Of England

英国国教会

I have my Anglican moments; and as I sat there that Sunday afternoon, in the eighteenth-century interior of the London Church, and listened to the unexpressive voices chanting the correct service, I felt a comfortable assurance that we were in no danger of being betrayed into any unseemly manifestations of religious fervour. We had not gathered together at that performance to abase ourselves with furious hosannas before any dark Creator of an untamed Universe, no Deity of freaks and miracles and sinister hocus-pocus; but to pay our duty to a highly respected Anglican First Cause—distinguished, undemonstrative, gentlemanly—whom, without loss of self-respect, we could decorously praise.

我有信仰国教的时刻。那个星期天下午，我坐在18世纪风格的伦敦教堂里面，听着那些平铺直叙的声音吟诵着循规蹈矩的仪式颂歌，我感到很舒适，并且确信，我们不会被人出卖，说我们表现出过分狂热的宗教情感。我们没有聚集在那场演出上，臣服在任何一个未经驯服的宇宙的黑暗造物主面前并狂热地赞美他，没有去信仰怪异、奇迹和邪恶的神；我们只对那位备受尊敬的英国国教造物主——卓越不凡、不露声色、有绅士风度——履行我们的职责，我们不必丧失自尊，就可以有礼貌地赞美他。

Misgiving

疑虑

We were talking of people, and a name familiar to us all was mentioned. We paused and looked at each other; then soon, by means of anecdotes and clever touches, that Personality was reconstructed, and seemed to appear before us, large, pink, and life-like, and give a comic sketch of itself with characteristic poses.

我们正在谈论别人，有人提起一个大家都熟悉的名字。我们停下谈话，彼此对视；不久，通过几件轶事和一些巧妙的细节，那个人的性格就被重新塑造出来了，他仿佛出现在我们面前，体型庞大、面色红润、栩栩如生，摆了几个有特点的姿势，滑稽地勾勒出自己的样子。

What fun it was! "But of course," I said to myself, "this sort of thing never happens to me." For the notion was quite unthinkable, the notion, I mean, of my own dear image, called up like this without my knowledge, to turn my discreet way of life into a cake-walk[20].

多有意思！“但是当然，”我对自己说，“这种事情绝不会发生在我身上。”因为这个想法是不可想象的。这个想法，我是指，我自己的宝贵形象，像这样在我不知情的情况下被召唤出来，把我谨慎的生活方式变成了一场走步竞赛。

Sanctuaries

圣殿

She said, "How small the world is, after all!"

她说：“毕竟世界这么小！”

I thought of China, of a holy mountain in the West of China, full of legends and sacred groves and demon-haunted caves. It is always enveloped in mountain mists; through that white thick air the faint sound of bells reached me, the muff led footsteps of innumerable pilgrims, and the reiterated mantra, Nam-Mo, O-mi-to-Fo, which they murmured as they climbed its slopes. High up among its temples and monasteries marched processions of monks, with chants and services, and many prostrations, and lighted candles that glimmered through the fog. There in their solemn shrines stood the statues of the Arahats, and there, seated on his white elephant, loomed immense and dim, the image of Amitabha, the Lord of the Western Heavens.

我想到中国，想到中国西部一座神圣的山峰，那里充满了传说、神圣的树林和闹鬼的山洞。那里终年山雾缭绕，透过浓厚的白雾传来微弱的钟声，还有数不胜数的朝圣者隐约的脚步声，他们在爬山时反复低声

吟诵“南无阿弥陀佛”。高处耸立着一些寺庙，里面一列列的和尚，念着佛经，进行着仪式。许多人跪倒在地，周围点了很多蜡烛，烛光从雾里透出来。庄严的圣殿里，安放着一些阿罗汉的雕塑，隐约可见阿弥陀佛坐在白象上的模糊而又巨大的塑像，他是西天的主人。

She said, "Life is so complicated!"

她说：“生活如此复杂！”

Climbing inaccessible cliffs of rock and ice, I shut myself within a Tibetan monastery beyond the Himalayan ramparts. I joined with choirs of monks, intoning their deep sonorous dirges and unintelligible prayers; I beat drums, I clashed cymbals, and blew at dawn from the Lamasery roofs conches, and loud discordant trumpets. And wandering through those vast and shadowy halls, as I tended the butter-lamps of the golden Buddhas, and watched the storms that swept across the barren mountains, I tasted an imaginary bliss, and then passed on to other scenes and incarnations along the endless road that leads me to Nirvana.

我攀上那些难以企及的冰石悬崖，把自己关在喜马拉雅山峭壁之上的一座西藏寺庙里。我和僧侣们一起诵经，用低沉洪亮的声音吟诵着听不懂的经文和祷文；清晨，我在喇嘛寺的屋顶上敲鼓、撞钹、吹海螺、吹响刺耳的喇叭。我在那些宽敞幽暗的大殿里游荡。当我照看镀金佛像前的油灯，注视着席卷荒山的风暴时，我尝到一种幻想中的幸福的滋味，然后沿着引我到极乐世界的无尽道路继续走向其他景象和化身。

"But I do wish you would tell me what you really think?"

“但是我真的希望你告诉我你真实的想法。”

I fled to Africa, into the depths of the dark Ashanti forest. There, in its gloomiest recesses, where the soil is stained with the blood of the negroes He has eaten, dwells that monstrous Deity of human shape and red colour, the great Fetish God, Sasabonsum. I like Sasabonsum: other Gods are sometimes moved to pity, to forgiveness, but to Him this weakness is unknown. He is utterly and absolutely implacable; no prayers, no human sacrifices can ever for one moment appease His cold, malignant rage.

我逃到非洲，进入黑暗的阿善堤森林深处。在那里，在它最阴暗的栖息地，住着拥有人形和红色皮肤的那位野兽般的神，伟大的物神，撒撒彭逊。他吞食的黑人的鲜血染红了那里的土壤。我喜欢撒撒彭逊：其他的神有时会怜悯、宽恕，但是在他身上找不到这些弱点。他绝对地、完全地没有怜悯之心；没有祈祷、或者人祭能够平息他冰冷、恶毒的愤怒，哪怕只有一会儿。

Symptoms

症状

"But there are certain people I simply cannot stand. A dreariness and sense of death come over me when I meet them—I really find it difficult to breathe when they are in the room, as if they had pumped all the air out of it. Wouldn't it be dreadful to produce that effect on people! But they never seem to be aware of it. I remember once meeting a famous Bore; I really must tell you about it, it shows the unbelievable obtuseness of such people."

“我就是无法忍受某些人。我一遇到他们就闷得想死—他们在屋里时我真的觉得难以呼吸，好像他们把屋里所有的空气都抽走了。对别人造成这种效果难道不可怕吗！但是他们好像从来意识不到。我记得有一次遇到一个出名的无聊之人；我真的必须告诉你，这种人迟钝到令人难以置信的程度。”

I told this and another story or two with great gusto, and talked on of my experiences and sensations, till suddenly I noticed, in the appearance of my charming neighbour, something—a slightly glazed look in her eyes, a just perceptible irregularity in her breathing—which turned that occasion for me into a kind of Nightmare.

我兴致勃勃地说完这个和其他一两个故事，然后继续说着我的经历和感受，直到我突然注意到邻座那迷人的脸上的变化——她的眼神有些呆滞，呼吸有些不规律——这个发现使那个时刻变成了我的一场噩梦。

Shadowed

被跟踪的人

I sometimes feel a little uneasy about that imagined self of mine—the Me of my daydreams—who leads a melodramatic life of his own, out of all relation with my real existence. So one day I shadowed him down the street. He loitered along for a while, and then stood at a shop- window and dressed himself out in a gaudy tie and yellow waistcoat. Then he bought a great sponge and two stuffed birds and took them to lodgings, where he led a shady existence. Next he moved to a big house in Mayfair, and gave grand dinner-parties, with splendid service and costly wines. His amorous adventures among the High-up Ones of this Earth I pass over. He soon sold his house and horses, gave up his motors, dismissed his retinue of servants, and went—saving two young ladies from being run over on the way—to live a life of heroic self- sacrifice among the poor.

有时我对自己想象出的自己感到有些不安——我的白日梦中的自己——他过着自己戏剧化的生活，与真正存在的我毫无关联。因此有一天

我跟在他后面走在大街上。他闲逛了一会儿，然后在一扇橱窗前站住，打上一条俗艳的领带，穿上一件黄色的马甲。然后他买了一块大海绵和两只鸟标本，带着它们回到住处，他在那里过着低调的生活。接着他搬去了一所位于伦敦贵族住宅区的大房子，在那里举办了几次盛大的晚会，有很棒的服务和昂贵的葡萄酒。他在上流社会的恋爱冒险我就不讲了。不久他卖掉了房子和马匹，放弃了汽车，遣散了仆人和随从，然后去——在路上从车轮下救出了两位年轻女士——穷人中间过一种英雄般的自我牺牲的生活。

I was beginning to feel encouraged about him, when in passing a fishmonger's, he pointed at a great salmon and said, "I caught that fish."

我开始受到他的鼓励，当经过一家卖鱼的店铺时，他指着一条肥硕的大麻哈鱼说："这是我抓住的。"

The Incredible

不可思议

"Yes, but they were afraid of you."

"是的，他们怕你。"

"Afraid of Me?"

"怕我？"

"Yes, so one of them told me afterwards."

"对，后来他们中有个人告诉我的。"

I was fairly jiggered. If my personality can inspire fear or respect, the world must be a simpler place than I had thought it. Afraid of a twittering shadow, a make-believe like me? Are children more absurdly terrified by a candle in a hollow turnip? Was Bedlam at full moon ever scared by anything half so silly?

我相当震惊。如果我的性格能够让人恐惧或尊敬，这个世界肯定比我原本想象的要简单些。害怕我这样一个喃喃自语的影子，一个想入非非的人？孩子们是不是更害怕插在空心萝卜里的蜡烛呢？这太荒谬了。疯子在月圆之夜有没有害怕过只及这一半愚蠢的事情？

Terror

恐惧

A pause suddenly fell on our conversation—one of those uncomfortable lapses when we sit with fixed smiles, searching our

minds for some remark with which to fill up the unseasonable silence. It was only a moment—"But suppose," I said to myself with horrible curiosity, "suppose none of us had found a word to say?"

我们的对话中突然出现了一阵停顿——那种尴尬的停顿，我们脸上保持着僵硬的微笑坐在那里，脑子里搜索着话题来填补这不合时宜的沉默。不过一会儿时间——“但是假设，”我满心好奇地对自己说，“假设我们都没找到能说的话呢？”

It is the dread of Something happening, Something unknown and awful, that makes us do anything to keep the flicker of talk from dying out. So travellers at night in an unknown forest keep their fire ablaze, in fear of Wild Beasts lurking in the darkness ready to leap upon them.

我们恐惧的是会有什么事情发生，未知的、糟糕的事情，这种恐惧让我们愿意做任何事来避免谈话的火花熄灭。所以旅行者在未知的森林里过夜时，要让火堆一直燃烧，因为害怕潜伏在黑暗里的野兽跳出来扑向他们。

Pathos

惆怅

When winter twilight falls in my street with the rain, a sense of the horrible sadness of life descends upon me. I think of drunken old women who drown themselves because nobody loves them; I think of Napoleon at St. Helena[21], and of Byron, growing irritable and fat in the enervating climate of Italy.

当冬季的暮色夹着雨点落在我的街道上，我突然深切地感受到生活的悲伤。我想到醉醺醺的老女人，她们投河自尽，因为没有人爱她们；我想到在圣赫勒拿的拿破仑，想到拜伦，他在意大利令人无精打采的气候下变得脾气暴躁，身材臃肿。

Inconstancy

善变

The rose that one wears and throws away, the friend one forgets, the music that passes;—out of the well-known transitoriness of mortal things I have made myself a maxim or precept to the effect that it is foolish to look for one face, or to listen long for one voice, in a world that is, after all, as I know, full of enchanting voices.

戴过然后丢弃的玫瑰，被遗忘的朋友，从耳边飘过的音乐；——凡尘俗世这众所周知的转瞬即逝的特质使我为自己定下了箴言，或者说告诫：不要愚蠢地寻找一张面孔或者长久倾听一个声音，因为这个世界毕

竟，就我所知，充满了迷人的声音。

But all the same, I can never quite forget the enthusiasm with which, as a boy, I read the praises of Constancy, of True Love and the unchanged Northern Star.

但是我仍然难以忘怀，小时候读到对坚定不移、真挚的爱和不变的北极星的歌颂时的那份热情。

The Poplar

白杨

There is a great tree in Sussex[22], whose cloud of thin foliage floats high in the summer air. The thrush sings in that umbrage, and blackbirds, who fill the late, decorative sunshine with a shimmer of golden sound. There the nightingale finds her green cloister; and on those branches sometimes, like a great fruit, hangs the lemon-coloured Moon.

苏塞克斯有一棵大树，它薄薄的树叶层层叠叠，在夏季的微风中轻轻浮动。画眉在那片树阴下歌唱，黑鸟金色的嗓音充盈着夕阳那装点着大地的余辉。夜莺在那里找到了自己绿色的隐居地，柠檬色的月亮有时像一个硕大的水果挂在枝头。

In the glare of August, when all the world is faint with heat, there is always a breeze in those cool recesses; always a noise, like the noise of water, among their lightly-hung leaves.

在八月的耀眼的光芒中，当整个世界都因炎热而晕眩，那些阴凉之处却总有微风拂过；树上轻盈的叶片间总有声响，像流水的声音。

But the owner of this Tree lives in London, reading books.

但是这棵树的主人却住在伦敦，正在读着书。

On The Doorstep

门阶上

I rang the bell as of old; as of old I gazed at the great shining Door and waited. But, alas! That flutter and beat of the wild heart, that delicious Doorstep Terror—it was gone; and with it dear, fantastic, panic-stricken Youth had rung the bell, flitted around the corner and vanished for ever.

我像往常一样摇响门铃，像往常一样盯着闪亮的大门，等待着。但是，哎呀！心脏扑扑地狂跳，甜美的门阶恐惧症——都不见了；紧接着，亲爱的、美妙的、惊慌的青春按响门铃，在转角处一闪，永远消失

了。

The Moon

月亮

I went in and shook hands with my hostess, but no one else took any special notice; no one screamed or left the room; the quiet murmur of talk went on. I suppose I seemed like the others; observed from outside no doubt I looked like them.

我走进去，和女主人握手，但是其他人都没怎么注意；没有人尖叫或者离开房间；小声的谈话还在继续。我猜我看起来像其他人一样；从外表看起来毫无疑问我就像他们一样。

But inside, seen from within...? Or was it a conceivable hypothesis that we were all really alike inside also,—that all these quietly-talking people had got the Moon too, in their heads?

但是内心里，从内心看呢……？或者假设：我们在内心里其实也都是相似的，——所有这些悄声交谈的人头脑里都能想得到月亮，这可信吗？

Consolation

慰藉

The other day, depressed on the Underground, I tried to cheer myself by thinking over the joys of our human lot. But there wasn't one of them for which I seemed to care a Button—not Wine, nor Fame, nor Friendship, nor Eating, nor Making Love, nor the Consciousness of Virtue. Was it worth while then going way up in a lift into a world that had nothing less trite to offer?

某天，我在地铁里感到很压抑，想借着思考人类的各种快乐，让自己高兴起来。但是那些快乐中好像没有什么是我在意的——酒、名誉、友谊、吃、做爱，或者美德的意识，我全不放在心上。既然这个世界不能提供更精彩的东西，乘着电梯上升到这样一个世界有什么意义呢？

Then I thought of reading—the nice and subtle happiness of reading. This was enough, this joy not dulled by Age, this polite and unpunished vice, this selfish, serene, life-long intoxication.

然后我想到了阅读——阅读带来的美好且微妙的幸福。这就足够了，这个不会随着岁月的流逝而变得无趣的快乐，这个礼貌且不会受到惩罚的恶习，自私、安静、使人一生陶醉。

The Lord Mayor

市长老爷

An arctic wind was blowing; it cut through me as I stood there. The boot-black was finishing his work and complaints.

空中刮着寒风；我站在那儿，风切割着我的身体。擦鞋匠正要收工，开始抱怨起来。

"But I should be 'appy, sir, if only I could make four bob a day," he said.

“我会很幸福的，先生，只要我一天能赚四先令。”他说。

I looked down at him; it seemed absurd, the belief of this crippled, half-frozen creature. Happiness! The fabled treasure of some far-away heaven I thought it that afternoon; not to be bought with gold, not of this earth!

我低下头看着他；这好像很可笑，这个冻得半死的跛子的信仰。幸福！这个只在遥远的天堂才存在的虚构的宝藏，我在那天下午思考这个问题；它不是金子能买到的，它不属于这个地球！

I said something to this effect. But four shillings a day was enough for the boot-black.

我说了点儿什么，大概表达了我上述的想法。但是一天四先令对这个擦鞋匠来说足够了。

"Why," he said, "I should be as 'appy as the Lord Mayor!"

“怎么会呢，”他说，“我会像市长老爷一样幸福！”

The Burden

负担

I know too much; I have stuffed too many of the facts of History and Science into my intellectuals. My eyes have grown dim over books; believing in geological periods, cave-dwellers, Chinese Dynasties, and the fixed Stars has prematurely aged me.

我知道的太多；脑子里塞了太多历史和科学的事实。我的双眼因读书而变得混浊；相信地质时代、穴居者、中国朝代还有位置不变的星星，这些东西让我提前变得苍老。

Why am I to blame for all that is wrong in the world? I didn't invent Sin and Hate and Slaughter. Who made it my duty anyhow to administer the Universe, and keep the planets to their courses? My Atlantean shoulders are bent by the load of the Firmament; I grow weary of bearing the weight of the whole World.

我为什么要为这世界上所有的错误而受到责备？我没有发明罪恶、仇恨和屠杀。不管怎样，是谁让我负责管理宇宙，让我负责使行星按照自己的轨道运行？苍穹的重担压弯了我力大无比的肩膀；我已经厌烦了承担整个世界的重量。

Under An Umbrella

在雨伞下

From under the roof of my umbrella I saw the washed pavement lapsing beneath my feet, the news-posters lying smeared with dirt at the crossings, the tracks of the busses in the liquid mud. On I went through this world of wetness. And through what long perspectives of the years shall I still hurry down wet streets—middle-aged, and then, perhaps, very old? And on what errands?

我从撑开的雨伞下看见雨水冲刷着的人行道在我脚下消逝，新闻海报沾满了泥土，躺在十字路口的地上，公共汽车轧过泥浆，留下车辙。我继续穿越这个潮湿的世界。经过多长的岁月我仍然会快步走过潮湿的街道——到中年，然后，或许直到老年？忙着去做什么呢？

Asking myself this question I fade from your vision, Reader, into the distance, sloping my umbrella against the wind.

我问着自己这个问题，从你们的视野里隐去，读者，退到千里之外，顶着风斜撑着我的雨伞。

The Epithet

形容词

"Occult, night-wandering, enormous, honey-pale—or blanc, as Milton[23] called her—”

“超自然的、夜间漫步的、巨大无比的、浅黄色的——或者像弥尔顿那样叫她，白——”

The morning paper lay there unopened; I knew I ought to look at the news, for the crash was awful, but I was too busy just then trying to find an adjective for the Moon—the magical, moony epithet, which could I only find or invent, what then would matter the quakes and sublunary conflicts of this negligible earth?

晨报放在那里还没打开；我知道我应该读读那则新闻，因为那场车祸很严重。但是当时我没有时间，因为我忙着为月亮找一个形容词——一个神秘的、月亮的形容词，若是我能找到或创造出来，那么这微不足道的地球上发生的震动和月亮下的冲突又有什么重要的呢？

Reassurance

安心

I look at my overcoat and my hat hanging in the hall with reassurance; for although I go out of doors with one individuality to-day, when yesterday I had quite another, yet my clothes keep my various selves buttoned up together, and enable all these otherwise irreconcilable aggregates of psychological phenomena to pass themselves off as one person.

我看着我的外套和帽子挂在大厅里，感到很安心；虽然我今天出门时是这样一个个体，而昨天是一个完全不同的个体，但是我的衣服把各种各样的我扣在一起，使这些本来不可调和的精神现象聚合在一起，成了一个人。

The Great Adventure

伟大的冒险

I paused, before opening the front-door, for a moment of deep consideration.

我在打开前门之前，停了一下，沉思了片刻。

Dim-lit, shadowy, full of menace and unimaginable chances, stretched all around my door the many-peopled streets. I could hear, ominous and muffled, the tides of multitudinous traffic, sounding along their ways. Was I equipped for the navigation of those waters, armed and ready to adventure out into that dangerous world again?

人来人往的大街，在我房门外延伸，街上忽明忽暗，蒙不清，充满危险和难以想象的机缘巧合。我能够隐约听见沿路驶过的不祥的、低沉的车流声。我是否装备好去那些水流中航行，带好武器准备好再次到那个危险的世界中探险？

Gloves? Money? Cigarettes? Matches? Yes; and I had an umbrella for its tempests, and a latchkey for my safe return.

手套？钱？香烟？火柴？都有；我还有一把雨伞抵御暴风雨，还有一把钥匙，以便能安全地回家。

The Beatific Vision[24]

至福直观

Shoving and pushing, and pushed and shoved, a dishonoured bag

of bones about London, or carted like a herring in a box through tunnels in the clay beneath it, as I bump my head in an omnibus, or hang, half- suffocated, from a greasy strap in the Underground, I dream, like other Idealists and Saints and Social Thinkers, of a better world than this, a world that might be, a City of Heaven brought down at last to earth.

推推挤挤之中，一个生活在伦敦瘦骨嶙峋的不怎么光彩的家伙，像装在盒子里的鲱鱼一样，被车载着穿过地下隧道。我在一辆公共汽车上撞到头，或者在地铁里拉着一根油乎乎的皮带，喘不过气来，这时，我像其他理想主义者、圣人、社会思想家一样，梦想一个比这更美好的世界，梦想最终可能是天堂之城从天而降。

One footman f lings open the portals of my palace in that New Jerusalem for me, another unrolls a red path of velvet to the enormous motor which floats me through the city traffic—I leaning back like Edward VII, or like God, on hallowed cushions, smoking a big cigar.

一个男仆推开我在新耶路撒冷的宫殿的大门；另一个男仆在门前展开红丝绒地毯，一直铺到一辆超大的汽车前面；那辆车载着我穿过城市里的车水马龙——我像爱德华七世，或者上帝一样向后靠在神圣的靠垫上，抽着一支大雪茄。

Faces

脸

Almost always the streets are full of dingy people; sometimes for weeks on end the poor face-hunter returns unblest from his expeditions, with no provision with which to replenish his daydream-larder.

街上总是充满了衣衫褴褛的人；有时一连几个星期，那个寻找美丽面孔的可怜人都不幸地从他的征途空手而归，找不到资源补给他做白日梦的养料。

Then one day the plenty is all too great; there are Princesses at the street- crossings, Queens in the taxi-cabs, Beings fair as the dayspring on the tops of busses, and the Gods themselves promenade up and down Piccadilly.

然而某一天，资源突然变得异常充足；公主们站在十字路口，女王们坐在出租车里，晨曦般的美人们在公共汽车顶层；天神们徜徉在皮卡迪利大街上。

The Observer

观察者

Talk of ants! It's the precise habits, the incredible proceedings of human insects I like to note and study.

谈蚂蚁！人类这种昆虫的精确习性和不可思议的活动才是我想注意和研究的。

Walking to-day, a stranger dropped upon this planet, towards Victoria, a funny thing happened to me. I chanced to see a female of this species, a certain Mrs. Jones of my acquaintance, approaching from the opposite direction, and immediately I found myself performing the oddest set of movements. I straightened my back and simpered, I lifted my hat in the air; and then, seizing the cinquedigitated paw of this female, I moved it up and down several times, giving utterance to a set formula of articulated sounds.

今天我走着去维多利亚火车站时，遇到一件好笑的事，当时我正像一个刚降临在这个星球上的陌生人一样走着，突然碰到了人类种族中的一位女性，一个我认识的人，她从对面向我走来，我发现自己立刻表演了一套非常古怪的动作。我挺直脊背，傻笑着，把帽子举到空中；然后，抓住这位女性五指的爪子，上下晃动了好几次，口齿清晰地发出一组公式化的声音。

These anthropological gestures and vocalizations, and my automatic performance of them, reminded me that it was from inside one of them I was observing those Bipeds.

这些人类学上的动作和发声，还有我习惯性地把它们表现出来的做法，让我意识到我也是他们中的一员，我是从他们内部来观察这些两足动物的。

Chaos

混乱

Punctual, commonplace, keeping all appointments, as I go my round in the obvious world, a bit of Chaos and old Night lingers on inside me; a dark bewilderment of mind, a nebulous sea of meditation; a looming of speculative universes out of nothing, and their collapse, as in a dream.

准时、老生常谈、赴所有的约会，当我在这个明明白白的世界上做着自己的事情时，一丝混乱和古老的夜色滞留在我心中；头脑昏胀的晕眩、冥想中蒙的海；思索的宇宙从虚无中渐渐显现，然后崩溃，像是一场梦。

The Ghost

鬼魂

When people talk of Ghosts I don't mention the Apparition by which I am haunted, the Phantom that shadows me about the streets, the image or spectre, so familiar, so like myself, which lurks in the plate-glass of shop-windows, or leaps out of mirrors to waylay me.

当人们谈起鬼魂时，我不会提到经常在我身边出没的幻影，在街上跟在我身后的幽灵，这个影像或者鬼怪，如此熟悉，如此像我自己，它潜伏在橱窗的平板玻璃里，或者从镜子里跳出来拦住我。

The Suburbs

郊区

What are the beliefs about God in Grosvenor Gardens, the surmises of South Kensington concerning our fate beyond the Grave? On what ground does life seem worth living in Pimlico[25]; and how far in the Cromwell Road do they follow, or think they follow, the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount[26]?

信仰上帝住在格罗夫纳花园，推测南肯辛顿与我们死后的命运有关，这些都是什么？有什么理由认为生活在平利科似乎更有意义；他们在克伦威尔路上遵循，或者自认为他们遵循“山上宝训”的教诲到什么地步？

If I can but dimly discern the ideals of these familiar regions, how much more am I in the dark about the inner life of the great outer suburbs. In what works of local introspection can I study the daydreams of Hoxton, the curiosities and discouragements of Clapham or Ealing?[27]

如果我对这些熟悉地区的理想尚且只能大概地了解，那么对于那一大片远郊的内部生活我就更加无从得知了。在哪部当地自省的作品中我能研究霍克斯顿的白日梦，坎伯韦尔或者伊林的好奇和沮丧？

More than once I have paused before a suburban villa, telling myself that I had after all but to ring the bell, and go in and ask them. But alas, they would not tell me; they could not tell me, even if they would.

不止一次，我停在一幢郊区别墅前面，告诉自己我只要按响门铃，走进去问问他们就行了。但是，哎，他们不会告诉我的；即使他们想告诉我，也不能那么做。

The Latchkey

前门钥匙

I was astonished, I was almost horror-struck by the sight of the New Moon at the end of the street. In Blake[28]-like wonder I stood and gazed at it on my doorstep. For what was I doing there? I, a wanderer, a pilgrim, a nomad of the desert, with no home save where the evening found me; —what was my business on that doorstep? At what commonplace had the Moon caught me with a latchkey in my hand?

我看到街道尽头的新月，感到很惊讶，甚至恐惧。我站在我家门阶上注视着它，心中的惊奇有如布莱克的诗中表达的一样。我站在那里干什么？我，一个漫游者，一个朝圣者，一个沙漠里的游牧者，没有家，天黑时我走到哪里，哪里就是我的家；——我站在那个门阶上干什么呢？看到我手里握着一把前门钥匙，月亮又是何等的处事不惊？

Good Practice

有益的练习

We met in an omnibus last evening. "And where are you going now?" she asked, as she looked at me with amusement.

我们昨晚在一辆公共汽车上相遇。“你现在要去哪儿？”她问，同时兴致勃勃地看着我。

"I am going, if the awful truth must be told, to dine in Grosvenor Square."

“我要去——如果这个糟糕的事实一定要讲出来——格罗夫纳广场吃晚饭。”

"Lord!" she colloquially replied, "and what do you do that for?"

“天啊！”她说了句大白话，“为什么？”

"I do it because I am invited. And besides," I went on, "let me remind you of what the Persian Mystics say of the Saints—that the Saints are sometimes rich, that God sometimes endows Those Holy Ones with an outward show of wealth to hide them from the profane.”

“我这样做是因为我受到邀请了。而且，”我接着说，“让我提醒你波斯的神秘主义者说过的关于圣人的话——圣人们有时很富有，上帝有时赋予那些神圣的人们一种显露在外的财富，以便把他们藏起来，不受到世俗的玷污。”

"Oh, does He?—Hides them in Grosvenor Square?”

“哦，是吗？——把他们藏在格罗夫纳广场？”

"Very well then, I shall tell you the real truth; I shall tell you my real reason for going to dine there. Do you remember what Diogenes[29] replied when they wanted to know why he had asked for a statue to be erected at the public expense in his honour?”

“好的，我要告诉你真正的真相；我要告诉你我去那里吃晚餐的真正原因。你还记得当人们问第欧根尼为什么会要求用公款为他竖立一座雕像时，他是怎么回答的吗？”

"No; what did he say?"

“不记得了；他说了什么？”

"He said—but I must explain another time. I have to get off here. Good-night.”

“他说——我只能下次再解释了。我得在这儿下车了。再见。”

I paused, however, at the door of the bus. "He said," I called back, "I am practising Disappointment."

然而，我在汽车门口停住了。“他说，”我转过头大声说道，“我在练习失望。”

Evasion

回避

"And what do you think of the International Situation?" asked that foreign Countess, with her foreign, fascinating smile.

“你怎样看待国际形势？”那位外国公爵夫人问道，脸上带着异域的迷人微笑。

Was she a Spy? I felt I must be careful.

她是不是间谍？我觉得我一定要小心。

"What do I think?" I evasively echoed; and then, carried away by the profound and melancholy interest of this question, "Think?" I queried, "do I ever really think? Is there anything inside my head but cotton- wool? How can I, with a mind full of grey monkeys with blue faces, call myself a Thinker? What am I anyhow?" I pursued the sad inquiry: "A noodle, a pigwidgeon, a ninny-hammer—a bubble on the wave, Madame, a leaf in the wind!”

“我怎样看待？”我为了回避这个问题而重复道；然后，我对这个问题产生了深厚而忧郁的兴趣，使自己有些迷乱。“看待？”我质疑道，“我曾经真正思考过吗？我的脑袋里除了棉花还有别的东西吗？我，一个满脑子都充斥着长着蓝脸的灰猴子的人，怎么能够称自己为一个思想者？我到底算是什么？”我继续探究这个令人悲伤的疑问：“一个笨蛋，一个

蠢货，一个傻瓜——海浪上的一个泡沫，夫人，风里的一片树叶！”

Dining Out

外出晚餐

When I think of Etiquette and Funerals; when I consider the euphemisms and conventions and various costumes with which we invest the acts of our animal existence; when I bear in mind how elegantly we eat our victuals, and remember all the ablutions and preparations and salutations and exclamations and manipulations I performed when I dined out last evening, I reflect what creatures we are of ceremony; how elaborate, and polite a simian Species.

当我想到礼节和葬礼；当我想到委婉语、惯例和各式各样的衣服，我们以此来遮掩自己动物性的行为；当我想起我们多么优雅地食用我们的食物，想起昨晚我出去吃饭时进行的所有那些沐浴、准备、寒暄、感叹和手势时，我意识到我们是多么注重仪式的生物；是一种多么用心、礼貌的猿类。

What's Wrong

怎么了

From their corner of the half-empty drawing-room they could see in a great mirror the other dinner-guests linger and depart. But none of them were going on—what was the good?—to that evening party. They talked of satiety and disenchantment, of the wintry weather, of illness, of age and death.

客厅已经空了一半，他们坐在角落里，从一面大镜子里能看到其他参加晚宴的客人稍作逗留然后离去。但是没有人想继续参加那场晚宴——那有什么意思呢？他们谈论着满足和失望、冬天的天气、疾病、衰老和死亡。

"But what really frightens me most in life," said one of them, "what gives me a kind of vertigo or shiver, is—it sounds absurd, but it's simply the horror of space, l'épouvante sidérale—the dismay of Infinity, the black abysses in the Milky Way, the silence of those eternal spaces.”

“生命中真正最让我害怕的，”其中一人说道，“让我晕眩和颤抖的，是——听起来很可笑，但确实就是对空间的恐惧，对星星的焦虑——无限所带来的沮丧，银河系的黑洞，那些永恒空间的寂静。”

"But Time," said another of the group, "surely Time is a worse nightmare. Think of it! The Past with never a beginning, the Future

going on for ever and ever, and the little Present in which we live, twinkling for a second, between these black abysses."

“但是时间，”这群人中的另外一个说，“时间肯定是一个更可怕的噩梦。想一想！过去没有起点，将来不见尽头，我们所生活的短暂的现在，在那些黑洞之间，不过只是一眨眼。”

"What's wrong with me," mused the third speaker, "is that even the Present eludes me. I don't know what it really is, I can never catch the moment as it passes; I am always far ahead or far away behind, and always somewhere else. I am not really here now with you. And why should I go to the party? I shouldn't be there, either, if I went. My life is all reminiscence and anticipation—if you can call it life, if I am not rather a kind of ghost, haunting a past that has ceased to exist, or a future that is still more shadowy and unreal. It's ghastly in a way, this exile and isolation. But why speak of it, after all?"

“我的问题在于，”第三个人沉思着开口了，“就连现在也逃避我。我不知道它到底是什么；我从来没能在它经过时抓住它；我总是太超前或者太落后，总是在别处。我现在不是真的在这里跟你们在一起。我为什么要来这个晚宴呢？即使我去了，我也不应该在那里。我的生命都是回忆和期望——如果你们能够把它叫做生命，如果我不是一种鬼魂，不断出现在已经不存在的过去，或者更加模糊不真实的未来。从某种程度上来说，这种放逐和孤立有些可怕。但是话说回来，为什么要谈这些呢？”

They rose, and their figures too were reflected in the great mirror, as they passed out of the drawing-room, and dispersed, each on his or her way, into the winter night.

他们站起身，走出客厅，身影也在那面大镜子里映出来。他们散开，各自走各自的路，走入冬夜中。

Sir Eustace Carr

尤斯塔斯·卡尔爵士

When I read the news about Sir Eustace Carr in the morning paper, I was startled, like everyone else who knew, if only by name, this young man, whose wealth and good looks, whose adventurous travels and whose brilliant and happy marriage, had made of him an almost romantic figure.

当在晨报上读到关于尤斯塔斯.卡尔爵士的消息时，像其他认识这位年轻人的人一样，我十分震惊，即使我们只听过他的名字。他的财富和英俊相貌、冒险经历，还有明智、美满的婚姻，几乎使他成了一个传奇人物。

Every now and then one hears of some strange happening of this

kind. But they are acts so anomalous, in such startling contradiction to all our usual ways and accepted notions of life and its value, that most of us are willing enough to accept the familiar explanation of insanity, or any other commonplace cause which may be alleged—financial trouble, or some passionate entanglement, and the fear of scandal and exposure. And then the Suicide is forgotten as soon as possible, and his memory shuffled out of the way as something unpleasant to think of. But I sometimes wonder about these cases, asking myself whether the dead man may not have carried to the grave with him the secret of some strange perplexity, some passion or craving or irresistible impulse, of which perhaps his intimates, and certainly the coroner's jury, can have had no inkling.

人们不时地听说一些类似的怪事发生。但是这些行为如此反常，与我们一贯的方式和已接受的生活理念和价值观格格不入，我们大多数人很愿意接受这个熟悉的解释：这些人不正常，或者任何其他惯用的、可能靠不住的理由——经济困难、某种激情的纠缠、对丑闻暴露的恐惧。然后这场自杀事件尽可能快地被人遗忘了，关于他的记忆被挤出人们的脑海，因为想起它会使人不快。但是我有时对这些事件感到好奇，问自己这个死去的人是否把某个奇怪的使人困惑的秘密、某种激情、渴望或者难以抗拒的冲动一起带进坟墓里，而他亲近的人可能对此一无所知，验尸陪审团肯定更是无从知晓。

I had never met or spoken to Sir Eustace Carr—the worlds we lived in were very different—but I had read of his explorations in the East, and of the curious tombs he had discovered—somewhere, was it not?—in the Nile Valley. Then, too, it happened (and this was the main cause of my interest) that at one time I had seen him more than once, under circumstances that were rather unusual. And now I began to think of this incident. In a way it was nothing, and yet the impression haunted me that it was somehow connected with this final act, for which no explanation, beyond that of sudden mental derangement, had been offered. This explanation did not seem to me wholly adequate, although it had been accepted, I believe, both by his friends and the general public—and with the more apparent reason on account of a strain of eccentricity, amounting in some cases almost to insanity which could be traced, it was said, in his mother's family.

我从未遇见过尤斯塔斯.卡尔爵士，也未曾与他交谈——我们所生活的世界完全不同——但是我读到过他在东方的探险、他发现的那些奇特的坟墓——在尼罗河河谷的某个地方，是不是？还有，碰巧（这是我感兴趣的主要原因所在）我一度在很反常的情况下不只一次见到他。现在我开始想这件事情。从某种意义上来讲，这不算什么大事，但是这个想法总是萦绕在我心头，认为它不知怎的，与这个最后的行为有着某种联系。除了那个突然精神错乱的说法，对于他最后的行为，并没有任何其他解释。而突然精神错乱这个解释在我看来并不完全充分，虽然我相信

他的朋友和普通大众都接受了这个说法——还有更明显的原因，因为据说在他母亲的家族中有行为怪异的遗传，在某些情况下几乎等同于精神病。

I found it not difficult to revive with a certain vividness the memory of those cold and rainy November weeks that I had happened to spend alone, some years ago, in Venice, and of the churches which I had so frequently haunted. Especially I remembered the great dreary church in the campo near my lodgings, into which I would often go on my way to my rooms in the twilight. It was the season when all the Venice churches are draped in black, and services for the dead are held in them at dawn and twilight; and when I entered this Baroque interior, with its twisted columns and volutes and high-piled, hideous tombs, adorned with skeletons and allegorical figures and angels blowing trumpets—all so agitated, and yet all so dead and empty and frigid—I would find the fantastic darkness filled with glimmering candles, and kneeling figures, and the discordant noise of chanting. There I would sit, while outside night fell with the rain on Venice; the palaces and green canals faded into darkness, and the great bells, swinging against the low sky, sent the melancholy sound of their voices far over the lagoons.

我发现清晰地记起那段时间的事情并不困难。几年前的十一月，我在威尼斯独自度过了那些寒冷、多雨的日子，而且非常频繁地拜访了一些教堂。我尤其对我住所附近那个小广场上沉闷的大教堂印象深刻，我经常在傍晚回家路过那座教堂时走进去。那个季节里，威尼斯所有的教堂都挂着黑色的帷幔，在拂晓和黄昏时为死者举行仪式；我走进这座巴洛克建筑，里面有扭曲的圆柱、漩涡形的装饰、堆得很高的可怕的坟墓，上面装饰着骷髅、有寓意的人物和吹喇叭的天使——一切都如此令人不安，而又如此死气沉沉、空虚、冷冰冰的——我发现这神奇的黑暗中到处是摇曳的烛光、下跪的人影、还有不协调的祷告声。我会坐在那里，而外面的黑夜夹着雨滴一起降临威尼斯；那些宫殿和绿色的运河在黑暗中隐去，大钟在低沉的天空下摇摆，把忧郁的钟声送过遥远的环礁湖。

It was here, in this church, that I used to see Sir Eustace Carr; would generally find him in the same corner when I entered, and would sometimes watch his face, until the ceremonious extinguishing of the candles, one by one, left us in shadowy night. It was a handsome and thoughtful face, and I remember more than once wondering what had brought him to Venice in that unseasonable month, and why he came so regularly to this monotonous service. It was as if some spell had drawn him, and now, with my curiosity newly wakened, I asked myself what had been that spell? I also must have been affected by it, for I had been there also in his uncommunicating company. Here, I felt, was perhaps the answer to

my question, the secret of the enigma that puzzled me, and as I went over my memories of that time, and revived its sombre and almost sinister fascination, I seemed to see an answer looming before my imagination. But it was an answer, an hypothesis or supposition, so fantastic, that my common-sense could hardly accept it. For I now saw that the spell which had been on us both at that time in Venice had been nothing but the spell and tremendous incantation of the Thought of Death. The dreary city with its decaying palaces and great tomb-encumbered churches had really seemed, in those dark and desolate weeks, to be the home and metropolis of the King of Terrors; and the services at dawn and twilight, with their prayers for the Dead, and funereal candles, had been the chanted ritual of his worship. Now suppose (such was the notion that held my imagination) suppose this spell, which I had felt but for a time and dimly, should become to someone a real obsession, casting its shadow more and more completely over a life otherwise prosperous and happy, might not this be the clue to a history like that of Sir Eustace Carr's— not only his interest in the buried East, his presence at that time in Venice, but also his unexplained and mysterious end?

就是在这里，在这个教堂里，我曾经见到尤斯塔斯·卡尔爵士。我渐渐发现每次我进去时他都在同一个角落，有时我会观察他的脸，直到仪式的蜡烛一根一根熄灭，把我们留在模糊的夜色中。那是一张沉思中的英俊面孔，我记得不止一次想知道，是什么让他在那个不合时宜的月份来到威尼斯，为什么他如此规律地参加这个单调枯燥的仪式。他好像被施了咒语。现在，我的好奇心又被唤醒，我问自己那个咒语是什么？我一定也受到了它的影响，因为我也和他一起默默无语地坐在那里。我感到，这也许就是我问题的答案，就是那个让我困惑的谜一样的秘密；当我回忆起当时之事，唤醒那阴郁、甚至邪恶的迷恋，我仿佛看到一个答案在我的想象面前慢慢显现。但是这是一个答案、一个假设或者猜想，如此不可思议，以至于我的常识几乎不能接受它。因为我现在看到，那时在威尼斯施在我们两人身上的咒语不是别的，而就是死亡的想法这一可怕的魔咒。那个可怖的城市和它日趋腐朽的宫殿和布满坟墓的教堂，在那几个黑暗、孤寂的星期里，真的仿佛是死神这个恐怖之王的故乡和首府；拂晓和黄昏时举行的礼拜、为死者祈祷的人、葬礼上的蜡烛，是为了崇拜他而举行的吟唱着圣歌的仪式。现在假设（这是我想象出的解释），假设这个咒语，这个我只在短暂的时间里隐约感觉到的咒语，真的会使某人深陷其中，向一个原本充满生机和快乐的生命投下越来越浓重的阴影，直至完全把它覆盖，那么这难道不能为尤斯塔斯·卡尔爵士身上发生的事情提供一丝线索吗——不光是他对被埋葬的东方的兴趣，他在那个时候现身威尼斯，还有他那无法解释的神秘的终结，难道不能提供一些线索吗？

Musing on this half-believed notion, I thought of the great personages and great nations we read of in ancient history, who have

seemed to live with a kind of morbid pleasure in the shadow of this great Thought; who have surrounded themselves with mementoes of Death, and hideous symbols of its power, and who, like the Egyptians, have found their main interest, not in the present, but in imaginary explorations of the unknown future; not on the sunlit surface of this earth, but in the vaults and dwelling-places of the Dead beneath it.

我对这个想法半信半疑，思考着它，我想到我们在古代历史中读到的那些伟大的人物和伟大的国家，他们好像生活在一种在这个伟大想法的阴影笼罩下的病态的快乐中；他们在自己周围摆满死亡的纪念品和死亡力量的可怕象征物；他们，比如埃及人，主要的兴趣不是在现在，而是在对未知的未来的虚幻探索中；不是在太阳照耀的地表，而是在地下死人的墓穴里。

Since this preoccupation, this curiosity, this nostalgia, has exercised so enormous a fascination in the past, I found it not impossible to imagine some modern favourite of fortune falling a victim to this malady of the soul; until at last, growing weary of other satisfactions, he might be drawn to open for himself the dark portal and join the inhabitants of that dim region. This, as I say, was the notion that haunted me, the link my imagination forged between Sir Eustace Carr's presence in that dark Venetian church, and his death some years later. But whether it is really a clue to that unexplained mystery, or whether it is nothing more than a somewhat sinister fancy, of course I cannot say.

既然这种心无旁骛、这份好奇心、这种留恋，使得古代的人们如此痴迷，我觉得一个生活在现代的命运的宠儿成为这种心灵疾病的受害者并不是不可能；直到最后，他厌烦了其他享受，可能为自己打开了那扇黑暗的大门，成为那个暗淡领域中的一员。这，正如我所说的，就是萦绕在我心头的想法，是我的想象在尤斯塔斯·卡尔爵士出现在威尼斯那座幽暗的教堂和几年之后他的死亡之间制造的联系。但这是不是那个无法解释的谜的一条线索，或者这只不过是一个有些邪恶的幻想，我当然说不出来。

At A Solemn Music

在庄严的音乐会上

I sat there, hating the exuberance of her bust, and her high-coloured wig. And how could I listen to hushed music in the close proximity of those loud stockings?

我坐在那里，厌恶她丰满的胸部和色彩艳丽的假发。离那些花里胡哨的长筒袜那么近，我怎么能倾听轻柔的音乐？

Then our eyes met: in both of us the enchanted chord was

touched; we both looked through the same window into Heaven. In that moment of musical, shared delight, my soul and the unembodied soul of that large lady joined hands and sang like the Morning Stars together.

然后我们的眼神交汇在一起：两人心中着了魔的琴弦被触动；我们透过同一扇窗户看到了天堂。在那一刻的音乐里、在分享的喜悦中，我的灵魂和那位高大的女士那没有实体的灵魂牵起手，像晨星般一起歌唱。

The Communion Of Souls

灵魂共享

"So of course I bought it! How could I help buying it?" Then, lifting the conversation, as with Lady Hyslop one always lifts it, to a higher level, "this motion of Free Will," I went on, "the notion for instance, that I was free to buy or not to buy that rare edition, seems, when you think of it—at least to me it seems—a wretched notion really. I like to feel that I must follow the things I desire as—how shall I put it?—as the tide follows the Moon; that my actions are due to necessary causes; that the world inside me isn't a meaningless chaos, but a world of order, like the world outside, governed by beautiful laws, as the Stars are governed."

“我当然买下它了！我怎么能忍住不买呢？”接着，我把这个对话提升到一个更高的层次，人们跟希斯洛普夫人在一起时总是这样做。“自由意志的行动，”我继续说，“这个概念，比如我有自由买那个珍藏本，也有自由不买，当你想到它时好像，至少对我来说好像——真的很悲惨。我喜欢感觉到我必须追随我所渴望的事物，就像——该怎么说呢？——就像潮水追随月亮；我喜欢感到我的行动是由某种必要的原因引起的；我的内心世界不是一片毫无意义的混沌，而是一个有秩序的世界，就像外部的世界一样，由美好的法律支配，就像斗转星移背后的规律。”

"Ah, how I love the Stars!" murmured Lady Hyslop. "What things they say to me! They are the pledges of lost recognitions; the promise of ineffable mitigations."

“啊，我多么喜欢星星啊！”希斯洛普夫人喃喃道，“它们对我说的是些什么事情啊！它们是对失去认可感的担保，是对无法言喻的慰藉的承诺。”

"Mitigations?" I gasped, feeling a little giddy. But it didn't matter: always when we meet Lady Hyslop and I have the most sublime conversations.

“慰藉？”我深呼了一口气，感到有些眩晕。但是没关系：当我们遇到希斯洛普夫人时，我总是与她进行一些最为高深的对话。

Waxworks

蜡像

"But one really never knows the Age one lives in. How interesting it would be," I said to the lady next me, "how I wish we could see ourselves as Posterity will see us!"

“但是我们真的永远不会明白我们所生活的这个时代。那会多有意思，”我对身旁的一位女士说，“要是我们能像后代审视我们那样认清自己！”

I have said it before; but on this occasion I was struck—almost thunder- struck—by my own remark. Like a rash exorcist, I was appalled by the spirit I had raised. For a queer second I did see us all in that inevitable mirror, but cadaverous, palsied, out-of-date,—a dusty set of old waxworks, simpering in the lumber-room of Time inanely.

我以前说过这话；但是在这个场合下我为自己的话感到震撼——几乎像遭到雷击一般。像一个鲁莽的招魂者一样，我被自己召唤出来的精灵吓到了。在一个奇异的瞬间，我确实在那面无法避免的镜子里看到我们所有人，形容枯槁、肢体僵硬、着装过时——一套落满灰尘的古老蜡像，在时间的储藏室里愚蠢地傻笑着。

"Better to be forgotten at once!" I exclaimed, with an emphasis that seemed somewhat to surprise the lady next me.

“最好立刻就被忘记！”我惊叫道。我的反应如此强烈，似乎使旁边的女士有点惊讶。

Adjectives

形容词

But why wasn't I born, alas, in an age of Adjectives; why can one no longer write of silver-shedding Tears and moon-tailed Peacocks, of eloquent Death, of star-enamelled Night?

但是为什么我没有出生在，唉，一个形容词的时代；为什么人们不能再写如银般流泄的眼泪，有着月亮尾巴的孔雀，意味深长的死亡，还有涂满星光的夜？

Desperance

绝望

"Yes, as you say, life is so full of disappointment, disillusion! More and more I ask myself, as I grow older, what is the good of it all? We dress, we go out to dinner," I went on, "but surely we walk in a vain show, as the Bible puts it, and are crushed before the moth. How good this asparagus is! I often say asparagus is the most delicious vegetable of all. And yet, I don't know—when one thinks of fresh green peas. One can get tired of asparagus, as one can of strawberries—but I could eat tender peas for ever. Then peaches, and melons;—and there are certain pears, too, that taste like heaven. One of my favourite daydreams for the long evening of my life is to live alone, a formal, greedy, selfish old gentleman, in a square house, say, in Devonshire, with a square garden, whose walls are covered with apricots and figs and peaches: and there are precious pears, too, of my own planting, on espaliers along the paths. I shall walk out with a gold-headed cane in the autumn sunshine, and just at the ripe moment pick another pear. However, that isn't at all what I was going to say—"

“是的，正如你所说，生活充满了这么多的失望、幻灭！年纪越大，我就越来越多地问自己，这一切有什么意义？我们穿戴好，我们出去吃饭，”我继续说，“但是可以肯定的是，我们在一场浮华的表演里行走，就像《圣经》里讲的，然后在那只蛾子面前粉身碎骨。这芦笋多好吃啊！我经常说芦笋是所有蔬菜中最美味的。但是，我也说不准——当人们想到新鲜嫩绿的豆子的时候呢。人们可能会吃腻芦笋，就像会吃腻草莓一样——但是我可以一直吃嫩豆子。还有桃子和瓜——还有几种梨，味道美似天堂。在人生这一个漫长夜晚里，我最喜欢的白日梦之一就是独自一人过一种拘谨、贪婪、自私的老式绅士般的生活，住在一栋方方正正的房子里，假定就坐落在德文郡吧。这栋房子有一个方形的花园，花园的围墙被杏、无花果和桃覆盖，还有珍贵的梨。这些梨树都是我沿着小路在树墙上亲手种的。我会在秋季的阳光下走出去，手持一根金头的手杖，在梨成熟的时候摘下一只。然而，这完全不是我接下来要说的——”

Chairs

椅子

In the streets of London there are door-bells I ring (I see myself ringing them); in certain houses there are chairs covered with chintz or cretonne in which I sit and talk about life, explaining often after tea what I think of it.

在伦敦的大街上有我经常按响的门铃（我看到自己按响门铃）；在某些房子里有铺着光面和暗面印花布的椅子，我坐在那里，谈论生活，经常在喝完茶之后解释我的观点。

A Grievance

不满

They are all persons of elegant manners and spotless reputations; they seem to welcome my visits, and they listen to my anecdotes with unflinching attention. I have only one grievance against them; they will keep in their houses books full of stale epithets, which, when I only seem to smell their mawkish proximity, produce in me a slight feeling of nausea.

他们都有高雅的举止和无瑕的名誉；他们看来很欢迎我的来访，都聚精会神地听着我讲的轶事。只有一件事我对他们感到不满：他们在房子里摆放了许多充满陈腐的表述词语的书，我似乎只要一闻到它们令人作呕的味道就在近旁，就会产生轻微的反胃的感觉。

There are people, I believe, who are affected in this way by the presence of cats.

有些人，我相信，在看到猫时会产生这种反应。

Misquotation

错误的引用

Some "precious phrase by all the Muses trimmed," he quoted.

有些“宝贵的句子是九位缪斯女神修饰过的”，他引用道。

I knew that the word was "filed"—"by all the Muses filed"—but I said nothing.

我知道那个词是“打磨”——“是九位缪斯女神打磨过的”——但是我什么都没说。

That I should permit a misquotation like this to pass made me doubt my own identity. Or, it occurred to me, perhaps my personality was changing; I was undergoing, perhaps, like an insect in the silence of its cocoon, some curious metamorphosis? I waited to see what I might be turning into—a Low Church[30] Curate? a Major with a big moustache? or a Licensed Victualler, perhaps?

我竟然放过这样一个错误的引用，这让我怀疑自己的个性。或者，我想到，也许我的个性正在变化；我也许，像一只安静地呆在茧里的昆虫，正在经历某种奇特的蜕变？我等着看我可能会变成什么样子——一个低教会派的助理牧师？长着大胡子的少校？或许是一个注册的食品供应商？

Victoria Street

维多利亚大街

We were talking of the state of the world as we walked towards Westminster—as we walked and were sad. The outlook, my companion said, was black beyond description.

我们一边向威斯敏斯特大教堂走去，一边谈论着人生百态——我们走着，感到很难过。前景，我的同伴说，黑暗得难以描述。

Just then a gleam of sun gilded the Abbey Towers above the roofs of Victoria Street before us. "But why," I asked, as my eyes drank in this shining picture, "why do we live for anything but Beauty? What is there that gives a meaning to the world but Beauty;—these splendours," I said, "that seem to fall upon us from the empyrean, from climes of bliss beyond the Constellations?"

就在那时，一道阳光为我们面前的维多利亚大街的顶棚上方的教堂塔楼镀上了一层金色。“但是为什么，”我问，双眼沉醉在这幅灿烂的画面里，“我们为什么不是为了美，而是为了其他事情而活呢？除了美，还有什么赋予这个世界意义——是这些光彩吗，”我说，“仿佛从天神居处，从星辰之上福佑的地方，降落到我们身上？”

Justification

正当理由

Well, what if I did put it on a little at that luncheon party? Don't I owe it to my friends to assert now and then my claims to consideration; ought I always to allow myself to be juggernauted, trampled on and treated as dirt? And how about the Saints and Patriarchs of the Bible? Didn't Joseph tell of the dream in which his wheatsheaf was exalted; Deborah sing without blame how she arose a mother in Israel, and David boast of his triumph over the paw of the lion and the bear's paw[31]? Nay, in His confabulations with His chosen people, does not the Creator of the Universe Himself make the most astounding efforts to impress upon those Hebrews His importance, His power, His glory?

好吧，就算我在午餐会上确实有些装腔作势，那又怎样？难道我不该不时向我的朋友们声明我是值得重视的吗？难道我应该总是让自己被摧毁，被践踏，像尘土一样被对待吗？圣经中的那些圣人和主教又怎样呢？约瑟不是讲到他梦到他的麦捆站起来吗；底波拉不是不受指摘地歌颂她怎样成为以色列之母的吗；大卫不是夸耀自己战胜了狮爪和熊掌吗？不仅如此，宇宙的创造者自己不是也在和他的选民交谈时，做出惊人的努力向那些希伯来人表现他的重要、他的力量、他的光辉的吗？

Wasn't I made in His image?

我不是按照他的样子被创造出来的吗？

The Hour-Glass

更漏

At the corner of Oakley Street I stopped for a moment's chat with my neighbour, Mrs. Wheble, who was waiting there for a bus.

在橡树街的街角，我停下跟我的邻居韦伯尔夫人聊了一会儿，她正在等公共汽车。

"Do tell me," she asked, "what you have got in that odd looking parcel?"

“告诉我，”她说，“那个模样奇怪的包裹里装了什么东西？”

"It's an hour-glass," I said, taking it out of its paper wrapping. "I've always wanted an hour-glass to measure time by. What a mystery Time really is, when you think of it! See, the sands are running out now while we are talking. I've got here in my hand the most potent, the most enigmatic, the most fleeting of all essences—Time, the sad cure for all our sorrows;—but I say! There's your bus just starting. You'll miss it if you don't look out!"

“这是一只更漏，”我说，便把它从包装纸里拿出来。“我一直想要一只更漏来计算时间的流逝。一想到时间，你会觉得它真的很神秘！看，我们说话时沙子正在往外流。我手里拿着的是所有要素中最有力、最不可思议、消逝地最快的一种——时间，这个可悲的解药可以治愈我们所有的悲伤——但是我说！你的公共汽车就要开了。你要是不小心就会错过它了！”

Action

行动

I am no mere thinker, no mere creature of dreams and imagination. I pay bills, post letters; I buy new bootlaces and put them in my boots. And when I set out to get my hair cut, it is with the iron face of those men of empire and unconquerable will, those Caesars and Napoleons, whose footsteps shake the earth.

我不只是一个思想家，不是只会做梦和想象的生物。我付账单、寄信；我买新鞋带，把它们系在我的靴子上。我出发去理发时，带着钢铁般坚毅的表情，它属于那些拥有君权和不可征服的意志的男人，属于那些步伐撼动大地的恺撒们和拿破仑们。

Waiting

等待

We met at Waterloo; as we were paying the same visit, we travelled in the train together; but when we got out at that country station, she found that her boxes had not arrived. They might have gone on to the next station; I waited with her while enquiries were telephoned down the line. It was a mild spring evening: side by side we sat in silence on a wooden bench facing the platform; the bustle caused by the passing train ebbed away; the dusk deepened, and one by one the stars twinkled out in the serene sky.

我们在滑铁卢相遇；因为我们要游览同一个地方，所以我们一起坐火车去；但是当我们在那个乡村火车站下了车，她发现她的行李没运到。它们可能被运到下一站了；当工作人员打电话询问情况时，我陪她一起等待。这是一个温暖宜人的春季夜晚：肩并肩，我们安静地坐在长木凳上，面对着月台；火车开过引起的喧闹逐渐退去；天色越来越暗，静谧的天空中亮起一颗一颗的星星。

"How peaceful it is!" I said. "Is there not a certain charm," I went on after another pause, "in waiting like this in silence under the stars? It's after all a little adventure, is it not? a moment with a certain mood and colour and atmosphere of its own."

“多么平和啊！”我说。“这难道没有一种魅力吗，”我又停顿了一下，继续说，“在星空下像这样安静地等待？这毕竟是一次小小的历险，不是吗？这一刻带着一种它自身特有的心情、色调和气氛。”

"I often think," I once more mused aloud, "I often think that it is in moments like this of waiting and hushed suspense that one tastes most fully the savour of life, the uncertainty, and yet the sweetness of our frail mortal condition, so capable of fear and hope, so dependent on a million accidents."

“我经常想，”我再次大声说出我的想法，“我经常想就是在这样的等待和无声停顿的时刻，你才能最充分地体验生活的滋味，还有我们不堪一击的凡间的甜美和不确定，我们能如此轻易落入恐惧和希望之中，如此依赖于无数意外事件。”

"Luggage!" I said, after another silence, "is it not after all absurd that minds that voyage through strange seas should carry about with them brushes and drapery in leather boxes? Suppose all this paltry junk," I said, giving my stat-case a poke with my umbrella, "Suppose all this junk should disappear, what after all would it matter?"

“行李！”一阵沉默后，我说，“人们的思想穿越陌生的海域时，竟然随身带着装着刷子和布料的皮箱子，这难道不可笑吗？假设所有这些琐碎的垃圾，”我说，用我的伞捅了一下我的手提箱，“假设所有这些垃圾都消失了，究竟有什么关系呢？”

At last she spoke. "But it's my luggage," she said, "which is lost."

最后她开口说话了。“但丢的是我的行李。”她说。

Ions32

以ION结尾的词

"Self-determination," one of them insisted. "Arbitration!" cried another.

“自我决断，”其中一人坚持道。“仲裁！”另一个人叫道。

"Co-operation?" suggested the mildest of the party.

“合作？”最温和的那个人提出建议。

"Confiscation!" answered an uncompromising female.

“没收！”一位女士不肯妥协。

I, too, became slightly intoxicated by the sound of these vocables. And were they not the cure for all our ills?

我也在这些词的声音里微醺。它们难道不是治愈我们所有疾病的灵丹妙药吗？

"Inebriation!" I chimed in, "Inundation, Afforestation, Flagellation, Transubstantiation, Co-education!”

“陶醉！”我插话，“洪水、造林、鞭打、变质、男女同校！”

The Wrong Word

错误的词

We were talking of the Universe at tea, and one of our company declared that he at least was entirely without illusions. He had long since faced the fact that Nature had no sympathy with our hopes and fears, and was completely indifferent to our fate. The Universe, he said, was a great meaningless machine; Man, with his reason and moral judgements, was the product of blind forces, which, though they would so soon destroy him, he must yet despise. To endure this tragedy of our fate with passionless despair, never to wince or bow the head, to confront the hostile powers with high disdain, to fix with eyes of scorn the Gorgon face of Destiny, to stand on the brink of the abyss, clenching his fist at the death-pale stars—this, he said, was his attitude, and it produced, as you can imagine, a powerful impression on the company. As for me, I was carried away completely.

我们喝茶时谈论起宇宙。其中一人宣称至少他完全没有幻想。他很久以前就面对这个事实了：自然对我们的希望和恐惧毫无怜悯之心，对我们的命运毫不在意。宇宙，他说，是一个巨大的无意义的机器；人类，拥有理性和道德判断力的人类，是盲目力量的产物，虽然这种力量会很快摧毁人类，但是人类必须轻视它。要毫无热情地、绝望地忍受我们命运的悲剧，永远不要退缩或低头，极其轻蔑地对抗这敌对的力量，蔑视命运丑陋的面孔，站在深渊的边缘，冲着死灰色的星星攥紧拳头——这，他说，就是他的态度，而且你能想象出，这给其他人留下了强烈的印象。而我，则兴奋得不能自已。

"By Jove, that is a stunt!" I cried.

“天啊，太绝了！”我大叫。

Becalmed

静止

Half-way along the street I stopped; I had forgotten the errand which had brought me out. What was it I wanted? There was nothing on earth I wanted; I stood there, motionless, without desire, like a ship at sea, deserted of all winds, it seemed as if I might stand there for ever.

我在街上走到半路，停了下来；我忘了出来要做什么事了。我想要的是什么？世界上没有什么是我想要的；我站在那里，一动不动，无欲无求，像海上的一艘船，被所有的风遗弃。我好像会站在那里直至天荒地老。

Then, as with the shadow of a cloud, or ripple of the returning breeze, the wind of impulse darkened across the waters and filled my sails again. Life was again momentous, full of meaning; and radiant to my imagination the stamps I had hurried out to buy.

然后，一片云彩投下阴影，微风再度吹起涟漪，风的推动使水面变暗，重新带我启航。生活再度变得重要，充满意义；我的想象力突然被照亮，想起我急匆匆地出来是要买邮票。

A Slander

中伤

"But I'm told you don't believe in love—”

“我听说你不相信爱情——”

"Now who on earth could have told you that?" I cried indignantly. "Of course I believe in it;—there is no one more enthusiastic about Love than I am. I believe in it at all times and seasons, but especially in the Spring. Why, just think of it! True-love amid the apple-blossoms, lovers who outwake the nightingales of April, the touch of hands and lips, and the clinging of flower-soft limbs together; and all this with, for a background, the gay, musical, perfumed landscape of the Spring. Why, nothing could be more genial, Miss Tomkins, more appropriate and pretty!

“到底是谁这么跟你说的？”我愤慨地大叫。“我当然相信爱情；——没有人比我对爱情更有热情。我在所有时间、所有季节都相信它，在春天尤甚。呵，只要想一想！苹果花间的真爱，恋人们唤醒四月的夜莺，双手和双唇的触碰，花朵般柔软的肢体交缠在一起；而所有这一切的背景是春天快乐、充满音乐和香气的景色。啊，没有什么能比这更亲切，汤姆金斯小姐，比这更适宜、更漂亮！

"Haven't I said so again and again, haven't I published it more than once in the weekly papers?"

“我不是一遍又一遍地说过，我不是在周报上不止一次地发表过这个看法吗？”

Synthesis

合成

"It's awful," I said, "I think it simply wicked, the way you tear your friends to pieces."

“太糟糕了，”我说，“我觉得这简直是邪恶的，你这样把你的朋友们撕成碎片。”

"But you do it yourself, you know you do! You analyse and analyse people, and then you make them up again into creatures larger than life—”

“但是你自己也这样做，你知道的！你对人们分析，再分析，然后你把他们重新拼成不现实的生物——”

"That's exactly it," I answered gravely. "If I take people to pieces, I do it in order to put them together again better than they were before; I make them more real, so to speak, more significant, more essentially themselves. But to cut them up, as you do, and leave the fragments anyhow on the floor—I can't tell you how cruel and heartless and wrong I think it! "

“的确是这样，”我郑重地回答。“如果我把人们拆成碎片，那是为了把他们重新拼成比从前更好的样子；我使他们变得更加真实，可以这样说，更加重要，从本质上更接近他们自己。但是把他们切碎，就像你所做的，然后把碎片随意散在地板上——在我看来，这是多么的残忍无情而且大错特错！我简直找不到语言来形容。”

Shrinkage

收缩

Sometimes my soul floats out beyond the constellations; then all the vast life of the Universe is mine. Then again it evaporates, it shrinks, it dwindles; and of that flood which over-brimmed the bowl of the great Cosmos there is hardly enough now left to fill a teaspoon.

有些时候我的灵魂漂浮在星群之外；那时宇宙中所有的生命都属于我。然后它再度蒸发、收缩、减小；洪水从浩瀚的宇宙之碗中溢出，剩下的不够盛满一只茶匙。

Comfort

安慰

People often said that there was nothing sadder, she mourned, than the remembrance of past happiness; but to her it seemed that not the way we remembered, but the way we forgot, was the real tragedy of life. Everything faded from us; our joys and sorrows vanished alike in the irrevocable flux; we could not stay their fleeting. Did I not feel, she moaned, the sadness of this forgetting, this outliving all the things we care for; this constant dying, so to speak, in the midst of life?

人们常说，她哀叹道，世上没有什么事情比追忆过去的快乐更令人感伤了；但是对她来说，似乎不是我们记住的方式，而是我们忘却的方式，才是生活真正的悲剧。一切都从我们身边褪去；我们的欢乐悲伤如一去不返的潮水般消失不见；我们无法阻止它们的流逝。她悲叹道，这种遗忘带来的悲伤，比我们在乎的所有事情都活得更长久；这种可以说是生命中持续不断的死亡，难道我感觉不到吗？

I felt its sadness very much; I felt quite lugubrious about it. "And yet," I said (for I did really want to think of something that might console this lamentable lady) "and yet can't we find, in this fading of recollection, some recompense, after all? Think, for instance—."But what, alas, could I suggest?

我深切地感受到这种悲伤；我对此感到十分悲痛。“但是，”我说（因为我真的很想找些也许能够安慰这位伤感的女士的话）“但是难道我们不能，在渐渐褪去的记忆中找到些补偿吗？想想，比如——”但是，唉，我能提出什么建议呢？

"Think," I began once more after a pause of deep consideration, "think of forgetting, and reading, and re-forgetting and re-reading Jane Austen's[33] novels!”

“想想，”我停下来沉思了一会儿后，又说道，“想想遗忘、阅读，再遗忘、再阅读简·奥斯汀的小说！”

Ebury Street[34]

伊伯里大街

"Do you mean to cut me? How odd you look! What are you doing in Ebury Street?" she asked.

“你想绕过我吗？你看起来多古怪啊！你在伊伯里大街做什么？”她问。

I felt a large, healthy blush suffuse my features. "There's a lady

who lives here—no, I don't mean what you think—a lady," I said desperately, "a Mrs. Whigham, who hates the way I write, and threw my last book out of her window. I walk by her house now and then to practise humility, and learn—as we all should learn—to endure the world's contempt."

我感到一大片健康的红晕漫上了我的脸。“有位女士住在这里——不，我的意思不是你想的那样——一位女士，”我绝望地说，“惠格姆夫人，她痛恨我写作的方式，把我的上一本书扔出了窗户。我不时走过她家以练习谦虚，并且学习——我们都应该学习——去忍受这个世界的蔑视。”

This Mrs. Whigham was, however, an invented being; I had really come to Ebury Street for another look, in the window of a shop there, at an old Venetian mirror, in whose depths of dusky glass I had seen a dim, romantic, well-dressed figure, as I went by one day.

然而，这位惠格姆夫人是虚构出来的人物；我去伊伯里大街其实是为了看别的东西。在那儿的一家商店的橱窗里，有一面古老的威尼斯镜子。有一天我经过时，在那微暗深遂的镜子里，看到过一个富有浪漫气息、衣着得体的模糊身影。

The Welsh Harp

威尔士竖琴茶馆

What charming corners one can find in the immense dinginess of London, and what curious encounters become a part of the London-lover's experience! The other day, when I walked a long way out of the Edgware Road, and stopped for tea at the Welsh Harp, on the banks of the Brent Reservoir, I found, beyond the modern frontage of this inn, a garden adorned with sham ruins and statues, and full of autumn flowers and the shimmer of clear water. Sitting there and drinking my tea—alone, as I thought at first, in the twilight—I became aware that the garden had another occupant; that at another table, not far from me, a vague woman in a shabby bonnet was sitting, with her reticule lying by her, also drinking tea and gazing at the after-glow of the sunset. An elderly spinster I thought her, a dressmaker perhaps, or a retired governess, one of those maiden ladies who live alone in quiet lodgings, and are fond of romantic fiction and solitary excursions.

我们在异常肮脏的伦敦能找到怎样迷人的角落！又有怎样奇妙的相遇会成为喜爱伦敦的人们经历中的一部分！有一天，当我从艾芝威尔路出来，走了很远的路，在布伦特水库岸边的威尔士竖琴茶馆停下来喝了杯茶，我发现在这家客栈具有现代感的正门后面，有一个花园，里面装饰着人造遗迹和雕像，开满了秋天的花朵，清澈的池水泛着波光。坐在

那里喝着茶——我起初以为我是独自一人身处在暮色中，然后——然后我注意到花园里还有另一个人；在离我不远处的另一张桌子边，坐着一个身影模糊的女人，她戴着破旧的圆帽，旁边放着手提包，她也一边喝着茶一边注视着落日的余辉。我猜她是一个老处女、或许一个裁缝、又或许是一个退休的家庭教师，她是那一类女人中的一个：终身未嫁，独居在安静的住所，爱看爱情小说，喜欢一个人旅行。

More than once, as we sat there, we two alone in the growing dusk, our glances met, and a curious relation of sympathy and understanding established itself between us; we seemed to carry on a dialogue full of tacit avowals. "Yes," we seemed to say, as our eyes met over our suspended tea-cups, "yes, Beauty, Romance, the Blue Bird that sings of Happiness—these are the things we care for;—the only things that, in spite of everything, we still care for. But where can we find them in the dingy London streets? ”

我们坐在那里，在渐渐暗去的天色中，只有我们两人。不止一次，我们视线相交，一种含有赞同和理解的奇特联系在我们之间建立起来；我们仿佛正在进行一场充满无声宣言的对话。“是的，”当我们的视线越过举起的茶杯交汇在一起时，我们好像在说，“是的，美丽、浪漫、歌唱幸福的青鸟——这些是我们在乎的事情——这是我们不顾一切仍然在乎的唯一的事情。但是在肮脏的伦敦街头我们在哪里才能找到它们？”

"And yet," our eyes seemed to ask each other, "isn't this garden, in its shabby, pretentious way, romantic; isn't it like something in a poem of Verlaine's[35]; hasn't it now, in the dim light, a curious beauty? And this mood of meditation after our excellent tea, what name, if we are honest, can we call it by, if we don't call it Happiness? "

“然而，”我们的目光似乎在询问彼此，“这个花园，简陋又故作姿态，难道不浪漫吗；这难道不像魏尔伦的一首诗里所描写的景色吗；在昏暗的光线下，它难道不正呈现着一种奇特的美吗？我们喝完这杯香茗之后所产生的这种冥想的情绪，如果我们诚实的话，如果我们不叫它幸福，还能叫它什么呢？”

Misapprehension

误解

People often seem to take me for some one else; they talk to me as if I were a person of earnest views and unalterable convictions. "What is your opinion of Democracy?" they ask. "Are you in favour of the Channel Tunnel?" "Do you believe in existence after Death?"

人们似乎常把我错认作另一个人；他们和我说话时好像我是一个情真意切、信念坚定的人。“你对民主有什么看法？”他们问。“你支持在英吉利海峡修建一条隧道吗？”“你相信死后的存在吗？”

I assume a thoughtful attitude, and by means of grave looks and evasive answers, I conceal—or at least I hope I conceal—my discreditable secret.

我摆出一副沉思的神态。通过凝重的表情和闪烁其词的回答，我掩盖住了——或者说至少我希望自己掩盖住了——我的有损名誉的秘密。

The Lift

升降机

What on earth had I come up for? I stood out of breath in my bedroom; I had completely forgotten the errand which had carried me upstairs, leaping two steps at a time.

我上来到底是要做什么？我气喘吁吁地站在我的卧室里，已经完全忘了我一步两个台阶地奔上楼来要做的事情。

Gloves! Of course it was my gloves which I had left there. But what did 1 gloves matter, I asked myself, in a world, as Dr. Johnson[36] describes it, bursting with Sin and Misery?

手套！当然是我落在那里的手套。但手套有什么重要的？我自问，在一个如约翰逊博士所描述的充满罪恶与痛苦的世界里。

O stars and garters! How bored I am by this trite, moralizing way of regarding natural phenomena—this crying of vanity on the beautiful manifestations of mechanical forces. This desire of mine to appear out of doors in appropriate apparel, if it can thus overcome the law of gravitation; if it can lift twelve stone of matter thirty or forty feet above the earth's surface; if it can do this every day, and several times a day, is it not quite as remarkable and convenient in the house as a hydraulic lift?

噢，天啊！我是多么厌倦这些解释自然现象的陈腐说教——这些对着机械力的美好表现大喊虚空的行为！我那想要衣冠楚楚地出门的渴望，如果它能摆脱地心引力，如果它能把七十多公斤的物件从地面举起十几米，如果它能每天都这样做，而且一天做好几次，那么它在房子里岂不是像液压升降机一样方便、了不起吗？

Sloane Street[37]

斯隆街

When I walk out, middle-aged, but still sprightly, and still, if the truth must be told, with an idiot dream in my heart of some romantic encounter, I look at the passers-by, say in Sloane Street, and then I begin to imagine moonfaces more alluring than any I see in that

thoroughfare. But then again vaster thoughts visit me, remote metaphysical musings; those faces like moons I imagined begin to wane as moons wane, the passers-by vanish; and immortal Reason, disdaining the daymoth she dwells with, turns away to her crystalline sphere of contemplation. I am lost out of Time, I walk on to Sloane Square in a world of white silence.

我虽已步入中年，却仍然精力充沛，外出漫步的时候，如果一定要说实话，我的心中还怀着痴想，希望能有一次浪漫的邂逅。例如我走在斯隆街上，看着来往的行人，然后开始想象比我在这条大道上看到的任何面孔都要迷人的圆月般的脸蛋儿。但是接着，我产生了一些更不着边际的想法，那是不切实际的玄思冥想；我想象到的那些月亮般的面孔，好似月缺一般变得残缺，路上的行人消失无踪。不朽的理性瞧不起那只与她同处一躯之中的白日飞蛾，转向她水晶般透明的冥想的领域。我迷失于时间之外，在一片白色的静默中继续走向斯隆广场。

Regent's Park38

摄政王公园

I wondered, as I passed Regent's Park on my way to Hampstead, what kind of people live in those great stuccoed terraces and crescents, with their solemn facades and friezes and pediments and statues. People larger than life I picture the inhabitants of those august, unfashionable houses, people with a dignity of port, an amplitude of back, an emphasis of vocabulary and conviction unknown in other regions; Dowagers and Dignitaries who have retired from a world no longer worthy of them, ex- Governors of Dominions, unavailing Viceroys, superannuated Bishops and valetudinarian Generals, who wear top-hats and drive around the Park in old-fashioned barouches;—a society, I imagine it, not frivolous, not flippant, entirely devoid of double meanings; a society in which the memory of Queen Victoria is still revered, and regrets are still felt, perhaps, for the death of the Prince Consort.

我在去汉普斯特德的路上，途经摄政王公园，当时我很好奇，是些什么样的人住在那些灰泥粉刷的宏大排屋和新月形房屋中呢，这些房屋有着庄严的外观、横楣、墙饰和塑像。我心里想，那些住在这些威严的旧式宅子里的必定是些了不起的人物，举止端庄，脊背宽阔，注重当地特有的用词和信仰的人；或是从那个已经无法和他们相称的世界隐退的王公遗孀和显贵；又或是属地的前统治者、无所作为的总督、年迈的主教、身体孱弱的将军，他们头戴高顶礼帽，乘坐老式四轮四座大马车在公园里兜圈——在我的想象中，那应当是一个稳重、谨慎、意图明确的群体，一个依然缅怀维多利亚女王，或许仍对亲王的逝世感到遗憾的群体。

Or, as I have sometimes fancied, are those commodious mansions the homes of the Victorian Statesmen and Royal Ladies and distinguished- looking Murderers who, in the nearby wax-work Exhibition, gaze on the shallow, modern generation which chatters and pushes all day before the glassy disapprobation of their eyes?

或者，就像我时常幻想的那样，这些宽敞的公馆会不会是维多利亚时代的政治家、皇室名媛和仪表堂堂的杀人犯的宅邸？这些人在附近的蜡像展览上，注视着整日喋喋不休、互相推搡的肤浅的新生代，呆滞的双眼里显示出对他们的不满。

The Aviary

鸟舍

Peacock Vanities, great, crested Cockatoos of Glory, gay Infatuations and painted Daydreams;—what a pity it is all the Blue Birds of impossible Paradises have such beaks and sharp claws, that one really has to keep them shut up in their not too-cleanly cages!

孔雀般的虚荣、骄傲的、五彩斑谰的有冠凤头鹦鹉，愉悦的迷恋、粉饰的空想——真是遗憾！这些来自不可能存在的天堂中的青鸟，都长了如此的尖喙利爪，让人只得将它们关进不怎么干净的笼子里。

St. John's Wood[39]

圣约翰森林

As I walked on, the air soon lightened; the Throne, the Altar and the Top-Hat cast fainter shadows, the figures of John Bright[40] and Gladstone[41] and Queen Victoria faded from my mind. I had entered the precincts of St. John's Wood; and as I went past its villas of coquettish aspect, with gay Swiss gables, with frivolously Gothic or Italian or almost Oriental faces, their lighter outlook on existence, the air they have of not taking life too earnestly, began to exert an influence.

我继续前行，气氛很快变得轻快起来。王座、神坛和高顶礼帽投下的阴影渐渐淡去，约翰·布莱特、格莱斯顿和维多利亚女王的身影从我的脑海中退去。我走入了圣约翰森林的领地，路过那里外观妖艳的别墅、欢快的瑞士山墙和轻佻的哥特式或者意大利式甚至东方风格的正面，它们对于存在漫不经心的展望，那种玩世不恭的氛围，开始产生了影响。

St. John's Wood is the home in fiction of adventuresses and profligacy and outrageous supper-parties; often have I read about those foreign Countesses of unknown history and unbelievable

fascination, who decoy handsome young officials of the Foreign Office to these villas, and rob them, in dim-lit, scented bedrooms, of important documents. But I at least have never too severely blamed these young diplomatists. Silent is the street as the mysterious brougham pauses, lovely the eyes that flash, and graceful the white-gloved hand that beckons from the carriage-window; and how can they resist (for they are only human) the lure of so adventurous, so enchanting an invitation?

圣约翰森林是小说中女冒险家们放纵声色、举行奢华晚宴的地方；我经常读到那些来历不明、拥有难以置信的魅力的外国女伯爵，她们引诱年轻英俊的外事官员们来到这些别墅，在灯光昏暗、香气怡人的卧室里从他们身上窃取重要文件。但我至少从来不过分严厉地谴责这些年轻的外交官。静谧的街道上，神秘的有盖马车停下，有着动人光彩的眼眸轻闪，戴着白色手套的手透过车窗，优雅地发出召唤；他们不过是凡夫俗子，又怎么能抵御住诱惑，拒绝这充满危险又让人着迷的邀请呢？、

The Garden Suburb

花园郊区

I had often heard of the Hampstead Garden Suburb, and the attempt of its inhabitants to create an atmosphere of the Higher Culture, to recreate, as it were, the Golden Age in that region. But I must now confess that it was in a spirit of profane curiosity that I walked up towards its courts and closes. And when I saw the notices of the Societies for Mothercraft and Handicraft and Child Study, the lectures on Reincarnation, the Holy Grail, and the Teaching of the Holy Zoroaster[42], I am afraid I laughed. But how thin this laughter sounded amid the quiet amenity, the beautiful distinction of this Utopia! It was an afternoon of daydreams; the autumnal light under the low clouds was propitious to inner recollection; and as I walked the streets of this transcendental city, soothed by the sense of order and beautiful architecture all around me, I began to feel that I too was an Idealist, that here was my spiritual home, and that it would be a seemly thing to give up the cinemas and come and make my abode on this hill-top. Pictures floated before my eyes of tranquil days, days of gardening and handicrafts and lectures, evenings spent in perusing the world's masterpieces.

我时常听人谈起汉普斯特德公园郊区，那里的居民试图营造一种高雅文化的氛围，也可以说，在那里重现黄金时代。但现在我必须坦白，我之所以走向那里的庭院和窄巷，完全是世俗的猎奇心理作祟。当我看到育儿法、手工艺、儿童研究协会的通知和关于轮回转世、圣杯和神圣的琐罗亚斯德的教诲的讲座通知时，恐怕当时的我哑然失笑了。但这笑

声听起来多么单薄啊，在这安静的宜人之处，这美好独特的乌托邦之中！这是个充满幻想的午后，秋日的阳光在低低的云彩之下，这样的天气适合内心冥想。我沿街徒步于这座超凡脱俗的城市，感受着井井有条的秩序，看着四周漂亮的建筑，心绪平静下来。我开始觉得自己也是个理想主义者，这里就是我的精神家园。放弃电影院来这个山顶安家，似乎是个合理的计划。眼前浮现出我如何度过安逸的日子的画面，白天打理花园、做手工、听讲座，晚上细细研读世界名著。

Although I still frequent the cinemas, and spend too much time gazing in at the windows of expensive shops, and the reverie of that afternoon has come to no fruition, yet I feel myself a better person for it: I feel that it marks me off from the merely cynical and worldly. For I at least have had a Pisgah[43] sight of the Promised City; I have made its ideal my own, if but for an afternoon, and only in a daydream.

虽然我还是频繁出入电影院，花过多的时间流连于高档商店的橱窗，那个午后的幻想也终未实现，但我觉得自己因此有所长进：我觉得自己脱离了纯粹的玩世不恭、市侩粗俗的群体。因为至少，我在毗斯迦山上看到了那座天赐之城，把它的理想当作我的理想，虽然仅仅是在那个午后，仅仅是在一个虚幻的梦中。

Sunday Calls

星期天的拜访

"Well, I must say!" Reason exclaimed, when we found ourselves in the street again.

“好吧，我必须要说！”当我们发现自己又一次在街上时，理性大声感叹。

"What's the matter now?" I asked uneasily.

“现在又怎么了？”我惴惴不安地问。

"Why are you always trying to be some one else? Why not be what you really are? "

“为什么你总是想成为另外一个人？为什么不做真正的自己呢？”

"But what am I really? Again I ask you! "

“但是真正的我是什么样的？我再问你一遍！”

"I do hate to see you playing the ass; and think how they laugh at you!"

“我真讨厌看到你装傻充愣的样子；想想他们是怎么笑话你的！”

The glossy and respected image of myself I had left in the house behind us began to tarnish.

我把自己那个受人尊敬的光鲜形象留在了我们身后的房子里，它已经开始失去光泽。

"And what next?" my querulous companion went on. "What will you be in South Kensington, I wonder? A sad, subtle, solitary Satan, disillusioned and distinguished; or a bluff, breezy sailor, fond of his bottle and boon companions? "

“然后呢？”我那个牢骚满腹的同伴继续发问。“你要是到了南肯辛顿会变成什么样，我倒想看看。一个伤心、敏感、孑然一身的魔王，幡然醒悟，声名显赫；还是一个直率、风趣的水手，喜欢喝酒和结交挚友？”

An Anomaly

反常

When people embellish their conversation with a glitter of titles, and drag into it self-aggrandizing anecdotes, though I laugh at this peacock vein in them, I do not harshly condemn it. Nay, since I too am human, since I too belong to the great household, would it be surprising if—say once or twice in my life—I also should have yielded to this tickling relish of the tongue?

当人们用光鲜的名号装点他们的谈话，用各种轶事来烘托出自己高大光辉的形象时，虽然我笑话他们这种孔雀般的肤浅表现，却从不苛责这一点。不，我也不过是凡夫俗子，也属于这个大家庭，要是——一生中有一两次——我也放纵我蠢蠢欲动的舌头，会不会让人惊讶不已呢？

No;—but what is surprising is the way that I alone always escape detection, always throw dust in other people's eyes.

不；——让人惊讶不已的是每每只有我在无人察觉的情况下，蒙蔽大家。

The Listener

倾听者

The topic was one of my favourite topics, but I didn't at all feel on this occasion that it was I who was speaking. No, it was the Truth shining through me; the light of the Revelation which I had been chosen to proclaim and blazon to the world. No wonder they were all impressed by my tones and gestures; no wonder even the fastidious lady whom it was most difficult to please kept watching me with an almost ecstatic attention.

这是我最喜欢的话题之一，但是这次我丝毫感觉不到是我在讲话。不，是真理通过我在闪耀；我被选中将启示的光芒宣告于世。难怪他们

对我的声调和手势印象深刻；难怪甚至那位最难以取悦、吹毛求疵的女士也一直用几乎入迷的神情注视着我。

As a cloud may obscure the sun in his glory, so from the morass of memory arose a tiny mist of words to darken my mind for a moment. I brushed them aside; they had no meaning. Sunning myself in the mirror of those eyes, never, for a moment, could I credit that devil- suggested explanation of their gaze.

就像云会遮掩太阳的光辉，从记忆的沼泽中升起一层言语的薄雾，使我的思想一时间陷入了黑暗。我置之不理；它们毫无意义。在那些眼睛的注视下我如同沐浴在阳光之中，完全不相信他们的注视暗示着邪恶。

Oh, no! That phrase I had heard, I had heard, the phrase, "She mimics you to perfection," was nothing but a scrap of unintelligible jabber.

哦，不！那个句子我听过，我听过，那个句子，“她将你模仿得分毫不差”不过是莫名其妙的废话。

Caviare

鱼子酱

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" asked my hostess, when she found me alone in the supper-room, after all the other guests had gone.

“你难道没有不好意思吗？”女主人发现其他所有客人都已经离开，只有我一人还留在餐厅里时，这样问道。

"Ashamed? Why should I be ashamed?" I asked, as I went on eating. "I am simply following the precepts of Aristippus[44] of Cyrene[45], who maintains that we should live wholly in the present moment, which alone exists, and in which alone the absolute Good of life is before us. It is only by regarding each Moment as an eternity, with no before or after, and by calmly and resolutely culling, without fear, or passion, or prejudice, the Good it offers—it is only thus, he says, that Wisdom is made manifest; only thus," I explained, as I took another caviare-sandwich, "that mortals may participate in the felicity of the Gods— the bright Gods, who feed on happiness for ever.”

“不好意思？为什么我要不好意思？”我一边问一边继续吃。“我只是遵从昔兰尼的亚里士提卜的教诲罢了。他认为我们应该完全活在当下，因为只有当下是存在着的，只有在当下生命的绝对益处才在我们眼前展现。只有把每一个时刻都看成是永恒的，没有以前也没有以后；只有通过摒弃恐惧、激情、或是偏见，冷静决绝地筛选生活提供的益处——他

说只有这样，智慧才能显露；只有这样，”我解释道，同时又拿起一块鱼子酱三明治，“凡人才有可能与天神共享幸福——这些光明的天神，永远汲取着幸福。”

Above The Clouds

云端之上

"I do so hate gossip," she murmured.

“我真的非常讨厌流言蜚语。”她喃喃地说。

"How I hate it too!" I heard myself exclaim.

“我也非常讨厌！”我听到自己大声附和道。

"There is so much that is good and noble in human nature; why not talk of that?"

“人性中有这么多美好和高尚的方面，为什么不谈谈那些？”

"Why not indeed?" I sighed.

“就是啊，为什么不呢？”我叹息道。

"I always feel that it is one's own fault if one dislikes people, or finds them boring."

“我总是觉得，如果一个人不喜欢别人或者觉得别人无聊，那一定是他自己有问题。”

"How I agree with you!" I cried, as Virtue crept like a guilty thing into my heart.

“你说得太对了！”我大叫，美德惭愧地偷偷潜入我的心中。

"But people are nowadays so cynical—they sneer at everything that makes life worth living—Love, Faith, Friendships—"

“但是如今人们这样的愤世嫉俗——他们讥笑一切令人生值得活下去的东西——爱情、信仰、友谊——”

"And yet those very names are so lovely that even when used in mockery they shine like stars." (I should have died then; never again shall I be so fit for Heaven.)

“但是即使用于嘲讽，那些名字还是如此可爱，像星星般闪耀。”（我要是那时死了就好了；因为我以后再也不会如此适合上天堂了。）

"How beautifully you put it! I have so enjoyed our talk." I had enjoyed it too, and felt all the better for it; only a little giddy and out of breath, as if I had been up in a balloon.

“你说得多好啊！和你谈话真是种享受。”我也很享受，而且感觉好多了；只是稍微有些晕眩、喘不过气来，就像自己在一只气球里被升到了空中。

The Bubble

泡沫

Walking home at night, troubled by the world's affairs, and with its weight of Wrong crushing down my poor shoulders, I sometimes allow my Thoughts an interlude of solace. From the jar in which I keep my Vanity bottled, I remove the cork; out rushes that friendly Jinn and swells up and fills the sky. I walk on lightly through another world, a world in which I cut a very different figure.

晚上走在回家的路上，我烦恼着世界的事务，罪行的重担压垮了我可怜的肩膀，我有时允许自己的思想休息片刻。我把我的虚荣封在一只瓶子里。我拔掉瓶口的软木塞，那个友好的精灵从里面冲出来，身形膨胀开来，遮住了天空。我轻盈地走过另一个世界，在那里我有着截然不同的风采。

I shall not describe that exquisite, evanescent universe; I soon snuff it out, or it melts of itself in thin air.

我不会去描述那个转瞬即逝的绝妙宇宙；不久我就把它掐灭了，或者是它自己消融在稀薄的空气里。

Paradise Regained

复乐园

The fields and old farms, the little river, the village church among its elms, the formal gates of the park with the roofs of the great house beyond, all made, in the evening air, a dream-like picture. I was strangely happy; and how familiar was every detail of the scene before me! There was the trout-stream I had fished in, there were the meadows I had galloped over;—through how many countless, quiet English years had I not lived in this landscape, and loved and hunted, courting innumerable vicars' daughters from cover to cover of all the countless, mild, old-fashioned novels of English country life which I have dreamed away my own life in reading?

田野和老农场、小河、榆树围绕的乡村教堂、远处大房子的屋檐下的公园正门，一起在夜晚的空气里构成了一副如梦的图画。我感到奇妙的快乐；对眼前这幅景象的每一个细节我都如此熟悉！我曾在小溪里捕鳟鱼，在草地上飞奔——有多少数不清的安静的英国岁月，我不是在这

片景色中度过的，而是生活在一本又一本数不清的描写英国乡村生活的轻松老式小说中？在那里我受人爱慕、被人追逐，追求无数牧师的女儿。我把时间都花在读这些小说上了，荒废了自己的生活。

Moments

时刻

"Awful moments? Why, yes, of course," I said, "life is full of them—let me think—”

“糟糕的时刻？是的，当然有，”我说，“生活中比比皆是——让我想想——”

"To find other people's unposted letters in an old pocket; to be seen looking at oneself in a street-mirror, or over-heard talking of the Idea to a Duchess; to refuse Nuns who come to the door to ask for subscriptions, or to be lent by a beautiful new acquaintance a book she has written full of mystical slip-slop, and dreadful musings in an old-world garden—”

“在旧口袋里发现别人没寄出的信；有人看到你对着街上的镜子看自己的样子，或者有人无意中听到你对着一个女公爵谈论理想；拒绝登门的修女认捐的请求，或者一位新结识的漂亮女人借给你一本她自己写的书，里面充满神秘的废话和在一个旧世界的花园里可怕的沉思冥想——”

Interruption

打断

"Life," said a gaunt widow, with a reputation for being clever—"life is a perpetual toothache."

“生活，”一位憔悴的寡妇说，她因聪慧而出名，“生活是一场无休无止的牙痛。”

In this vein the conversation went on: the familiar topics were discussed of labour-troubles, epidemics, cancer, tuberculosis, and taxation.

谈话沿着这条脉络进行下去：许多耳熟能详的话题都被谈到了：劳工问题、传染病、癌症、肺结核和税收。

Near me there sat a little old lady who was placidly drinking her tea, and taking no part in the melancholy chorus. "Well, I must say," she remarked, turning to me, and speaking in an undertone, "I must say I enjoy life."

离我很近的地方坐着一位瘦小的老妇人，她镇定自若地喝着茶，置

身事外于这场忧郁的合唱。“好吧，我必须说，”她评论道，同时转向我，低声说，“我必须说我很享受生活。”

"So do I," I whispered.

“我也是。”我悄声回答。

"When I enjoy things," she went on, "I know it. Eating, for instance, the sunshine, my hot-water bottle at night. Other people are always thinking of unpleasant things.”

“当我享受事物的时候，”她继续说，“我知道我在享受。比如说，吃东西、晒太阳、夜晚用热水瓶取暖。而其他人总是在想烦心事。”

"It makes a difference," she added, as she got up to go with the others.

“这还是有点儿差别的。”她站起来和别人一起离开时又说。

"All the difference in the world!" I answered.

“简直是天壤之别！”我回答。

Alchemy

炼金术

It's too bad that I had no chance for a longer colloquy with this old lady. I felt that we were congenial spirits, and had a lot to tell each other.

我很遗憾没能跟那位老妇人多聊一会儿。我觉得我们志趣相投，有许多话可以对彼此讲。

For she and I are not among those who fill the mind with garbage; we make a better use of that divine and adorable endowment. We invite Thought to share, and by sharing to enhance, the pleasures of the delicate senses; we distil, as it were, an elixir from our goldenest moments, keeping out of the shining crucible of consciousness everything that tastes sour.

因为她和我都不是那种满脑子垃圾的家伙；我们更好地运用了那个上天神圣而可爱的赐予。我们邀请别人和我们分享思想，通过分享来提升这种微妙感觉带来的乐趣；我们通过蒸馏从我们最美好的时刻提炼出，可以说，一种神丹妙药，不让任何酸臭的东西留在意识闪亮的坩埚内。

I do wish that we could have discussed at greater length, like two Alchemists, the theory and practice of our art.

我真希望我们能够更深入地讨论，像两个炼金师那样，讨论我们技艺的理论和实践。

The Ear-Trumpet

助听器

They were talking of people I did not know. "How do they spend their time there?" someone asked.

他们在谈论我不认识的人。“他们在那里是如何消磨时间的？”有人问。

Then I, who had been sitting too long silent, lifted up my voice. "Ah, that's a mysterious question, when you think of it, how people spend their time. We only see them after all in glimpses; but what, I often wonder, do they do in their hushed and shrouded hours—in all the mysterious interstices of their lives?”

然后我抬高声音——我沉默地坐在那里太久了。“啊，真是个神秘的问题，想想看，人们是如何消磨时间。毕竟，我们只瞥过他们几眼；但是，我常常好奇，在他们静默的私密的时间里——在他们生命所有神秘的间隙里——他们在做什么呢？”

"In the what?"

“在哪儿？”

"In the times, I mean, when no one sees them. In the intervals."

“在时间里，我的意思是，当没有人看见他们的时候。在间歇里。”

"But that isn't the word you used?"

“但你刚才用的不是这个词啊？”

"It's the same thing—the interstices—”

“一回事——间隙——”

Of course there was a deaf lady present. "What did you say?" she inquired, holding out her ear-trumpet for my answer.

当然，此时会有一位耳聋的女士在场。“你说什么？”她问道，同时把助听器拿出来，等我回答。

Guilt

内疚

What should I think of? I asked myself as I opened my umbrella. How should I occupy my imagination that harsh, dusky, sloshy, winter afternoon, as I walked to Bedford Square? Should I think of Arabia or of exotic birds; of Albatrosses, or of those great Condors who sleep on their outspread wings in the high blue air above the Andes?

我该想什么？我撑开伞的时候这样问自己。在这个严酷肃杀、尘土飞扬、泥泞不堪的冬日午后，当我走向贝德福德广场时，我应该如何使用我的想象力呢？我是不是应该想想阿拉伯或者异域的鸟儿；想想信天翁，或者那些大秃鹰？在安第斯山上湛蓝的高空中那些秃鹰安睡在展开的翅膀上。

But a sense of guilt oppressed me. What had I done, or left undone? And the shadowy figures that seemed to menace and pursue me? Yes, I had wronged them; it was again those Polish Poets, it was Mickiewicz, Slowacki, Szymonowicz, Krasicki, Kochanowski;—and I had never read one word of all their works!

但是有一种内疚感压抑着我。我做了什么，或者还有什么没做？还有那似乎在威胁我、追赶我的模糊身影？是的，我错怪他们了；又是那些波兰诗人，是米茨凯维奇、斯洛伐茨基、西莫诺维茨兹、克拉西茨基、科哈诺夫斯基——这些人的作品我连一个字也没读过！

Cadogan Gardens[46]

卡多根花园

Out of the fog a dim figure accosted me. "I beg your pardon, Sir, but could you tell me how to get to Cadogan Gardens?"

一个模糊的身影从迷雾中走出，向我搭话："不好意思，先生，您能告诉我去卡多根花园怎么走吗？"

"Cadogan Gardens? I am afraid I am lost myself. Perhaps, Sir," I added (we two seemed oddly intimate in that white world of mystery together), "perhaps, Sir, you can tell me where I can find the Gardens I am looking for?" I breathed their name.

"卡多根花园？恐怕我也迷路了。或许，先生，"我补充说（在那个白色的神秘世界中我们俩似乎出奇地亲密），"或许，先生，您可以告诉我在哪儿能找到我要找的花园？"我轻轻说出它们的名字。

"Hesperian Gardens[47]?" the voice repeated. "I don't think I have ever heard of Hesperian Gardens."

"海斯帕利亚花园？"那个声音重复道，"我想我从没听说过海斯帕利亚花园。"

"Oh, surely!" I cried, "the Gardens of the Sunset and the singing Maidens!"

"噢，当然啦！"我大叫，"就是那个有落日和一些唱歌的少女的花园！"

The Rescue

拯救

As I sat there, hopeless, with my coat and hat on in my bedroom, I felt I had no hold on life, no longer the slightest interest in it. To gain all that the world can give I would not have raised a listless finger; and it was entirely without intention that I took a cigarette, and felt for matches in my pocket. It was the act of an automaton, of a corpse that twitches a little after life has left it.

我绝望地坐在卧室里，穿着大衣，戴着帽子，感觉自己把握不住生活，对生活不再有丝毫的兴趣。我无精打采，不愿抬起一根手指，去收获世界可以给予的全部；我掏出一根香烟，然后在口袋里摸索着火柴，这完全是无心的举动，是一种自动的行为，是一具尸体在生命离开它之后的轻微抽搐。

But when I found that I hadn't any matches, that—hang it!—there wasn't a box of matches anywhere, then, with this vexation, life came flooding back—the warm, familiar sense of my own existence, with all its exasperation, its irrevocable charm.

但当我发现我没有火柴，发现——该死！——哪儿都找不到一盒火柴，然后，随着这种愤怒，生命如洪水般汹涌归来——温暖熟悉的自我存在感，带着它所有的愤怒和不变的魅力，一起汹涌归来。

The Epitaph

墓志铭

"But perhaps he is a friend of yours?" said my lips: "Is it safe?" my eyes asked. "Dare I tell you how awful I think him?"

“但是，或许他是你的朋友？”我的唇这样说；“这样安全吗？”我的眼这样问。“我能不能斗胆告诉你，我认为他糟糕透了？”

It was safe; only silence fell upon them, those Sad Ones, who at my decease should murmur, "He never said an unkind word of any one."

这很安全；只有沉默笼罩在他们身上，那些哀伤的人们，他们在我死去时低声说：“他从没说过任何人半句坏话。”

"Alas, Farewell!" breathed, as it faded, that boyish day-dream of my Funeral.

“啊，再见！”当我那带着孩子气的关于自己葬礼的白日梦慢慢消逝时，它低声轻诉。

The Popes Of Rome

罗马教皇

I love to lie in bed and read the lives of the Popes of Rome. I think I could read for ever the biographies of those Pontiffs. For while I am absorbed in the goings-on of one Innocent or Pius[48], the Pope before him fades away; the earlier Vicars of Christ have all vanished from my failing memory; I am ready to read anew, with ever-renewed astonishment, the outrageous doings of those holy and obstinate old men.

我喜欢躺在床上，阅读那些罗马教皇的生平。我想我可以一直读那些教皇的传记。当我沉浸于英诺森某世或庇护某世的所作所为时，他之前的教皇就渐渐退去了；早先的基督牧师们也都从我日渐衰退的记忆中消失了；我准备好带着不断更新的惊奇，去重新阅读那些神圣而顽固的老人们暴虐的举动。

Charm

魅力

"Speaking of Charm," I said, "there is one quality which I find very attractive, though most people don't notice it, and rather dislike it if they do. That quality is Observation. You read of it in eighteenth-century books—'a Man of much Observation,' they say. So few people," I went on, "really notice anything—they live in theories and thin dreams, and look at you with unseeing eyes. They take no real interest in the real world; but the Observers I speak of find it a source of inexhaustible fascination. Nothing escapes them; they can tell at once what the people they meet are like, where they belong, their profession, the kind of houses they live in. The slightest thing is enough for them to judge by—a tone of voice, a gesture, the way they put their hats on."

“说到魅力，”我说，“我觉得有种品质非常吸引人，尽管大多数人没注意到，即使注意到也相当不喜欢。这个品质就是观察力。你在18世纪的书里读到过——‘一个观察力敏锐的男人’，他们说。很少有人，”我接着说，“真正注意到什么东西——他们活在理论和浅薄的梦里，用漠不关心的眼神看着你。他们对真实世界没有真正的兴趣；但我所提到的观察家们却觉得这世界是无穷的魅力之源。什么也逃不过他们的眼睛；他们可以一眼看出他们遇到的是怎样的人，这些人属于哪里，他们的职业，他们住什么样房子。最微小的事情都足够让他们用来判断——声调、手势、戴帽子的方式。”

"I always judge people," one of the company remarked, "by their shoes. It's people's feet I look at first. And shoe-laces now—what an awful lot shoe-laces can tell you!"

“我判断人时，”一个同伴评论道，“总是看他们的鞋子。我看人首先看脚。现在还看鞋带——鞋带可以告诉你多少事情啊！”

As I slipped my feet back under my chair, I subjected to a rapid reconsideration my notion of Charm.

我一边暗自把脚收回到椅子下面，一边迅速重新考虑我对魅力的观点。

The Concerto

协奏曲

"What a beautiful movement!" she murmured, as the music paused.

“多么美的乐章！”音乐暂停的时候她小声说。

"Lovely!" I roused myself to echo, though I hadn't heard a note.

“美极了！”我强打起精神附和道，尽管我一个音符都没听进去。

Immediately I found myself again in the dock; and again the trial began, that ever-recurring criminal Action in which I am both Judge and culprit, all the jury, and the advocate on either side.

我立即发现自己又在被告席上了；审判又开始了，这不断重复的刑事诉讼案件里，我既是法官又是罪犯，既是整个陪审团又是双方的辩护律师。

I now pleaded my other respectable attainments and general good character; and then dropped back into my dream, letting the violins wail unheard through the other movements, and the Grand Piano tinkle.

现在我以我其他值得尊敬的造诣和大体上优秀的品质作为辩护的理由；然后跌回我的梦里，让小提琴在其他乐章里发出无人理会的悲叹，让大钢琴叮咚作响。

Somewhere

某地

Somewhere, far below the horizon, there is a City; some day I shall sail to find its harbour; by what star I shall steer, or where that seaport lies, I do not know; but somehow or other through calms and storms and the sea-noises I shall voyage, until at last some mountain peak shall rise, telling me I am near my destination; or I shall see, at dusk, a lighthouse, twinkling at its port.

某地，远在地平线以下，有一座城市；有一天我会启航去寻找它的港口；要根据哪颗星来航行，或者海港在何处，我不知道；但不管怎样，穿越平静和风暴，穿越海上的喧嚣，我将一直航行，直到终于有某座山峰升起，告诉我目的地就在不远处；或者我会在黄昏中看到，一座灯塔，在港口闪闪发光。

The Miracle

奇迹

After lighting the spirit-lamp in preparation for tea, she turned with her earnest eyes and gave me all her attention.

她点燃了酒精灯准备烧茶，然后带着无比真诚的眼神转过身来，全部注意力都集中在我身上。

"But we have never had a real talk about serious things," she said.

“但我们从没有真正谈论过严肃的话题。”她说。

As she said it, I saw my danger; I was alone with that enthusiast, and she was going to talk to me about my Soul.

她说这话时，我发现自己处境危险；我和那个热切的人独处一室，她要开始跟我讨论我的灵魂了。

"Now help me, O ye Guardian Powers!" Thus did I invoke those more than mortal combatants who succour heroic minds in their worst extremities, aiding the pure Knight to defend his honour and life, and struggling Damsels to preserve that which is dearer to them than life itself.

“快来救救我，噢，你们这些守护神！”我这样召唤那些不朽的战士，他们挽救那些英勇的智者于最艰难的困境，帮助真正的骑士守护他的荣誉和生命，帮助挣扎的少女保卫对她们来说比生命本身还珍贵的东西。

Not too long was I forced to emulate those ladies; for, at the very crisis of my peril, the spirit-lamp flared up and almost exploded; the kettle was upset, and I found myself soon after in the safe street, with soul as inviolate as the mountain snow.

但很快我就不必被迫效仿那些女士了；因为，在危险快降临到我身上的紧急时刻，酒精灯突然蹿起火舌，差点爆炸；水壶也打翻了。我很快到了安全的街上，灵魂就像山顶的白雪一样没有受到亵渎。

The Platitude

陈辞滥调

"It's after all the little things in life that really matter!"

“毕竟，生活中的小事才是真正重要的！”、

I was as much chagrined as they were flabbergasted by this involuntary outbreak; but I have become an expert in that Taoist art of disintegration which Yen Hui described to Confucius as "the art of sitting and forgetting." I have learnt to lay aside my personality in awkward moments, to dissolve this self of mine into the All Pervading; to fall back, in fact, into the universal flux, and sit, as I now sat there, a blameless lump of matter, rolled on according to the heavens' rolling, with rocks and trees.

我不由自主的突然爆发让他们大吃一惊，而我也懊恼不已；但我已经成为了一位道家化解之术的专家。颜回向孔子描述化解之术，称之为“坐忘之术”。我已经学会了在尴尬的时刻把自己的个性放在一边，把自我溶解到这充斥一切的气氛中；事实上，是重新回到宇宙的变动不居中，就像此刻我坐在那里，成为一团无可指摘的物质，和岩石和树木一起，根据天体的运行不停转动。

The Fetish

物神

Enshrined in a box of white paste-board I keep upstairs a black ceremonial object: it's my last link with Christendom and grave Custom: only on sacred occasions does it make its appearance, only at some great tribal dance of my race. To pageants of Woe I march with it, or of the hugest Felicity: at great Hallelujahs of Wedlock, or at last Valedictions, I hold it bare-headed as I bow before altars and tombs.

我在楼上一个白纸板盒子里供奉着一件黑色的礼器，这是我与基督教世界和庄严习俗之间最后的联系：只有在神圣的场合，只有在我的种族举行某些盛大的部落舞蹈时它才露面。我带着它进行极度悲痛或无限幸福的游行：在盛大的婚礼庆典上，或是最后的告别式上，我脱帽捧着它，在圣坛和坟墓前鞠躬。

Things To Say

要说的话

"How did you get on with Mrs. Hearse? You didn't seem to have much to say!"

“你和赫斯太太相处得怎样？你们好像没什么话说！”

"Have you ever noticed," I asked, "how, when you are trying to talk to people, all sorts of inappropriate things to say float by with

appealing faces?"

“你有没有注意过，”我问，“当你试图跟人交谈时，各种各样不合时宜的话都飘了出来，而且极具诱惑力？”

"With me," I went on, "these ghosts of the unspoken are sometimes platitudes; sometimes dreadful facts; or I am deafened, as I was just now, by wicked, funny stories, which clamour like wild beasts behind the grating of my teeth."

“对我来说，”我继续说，“这些未曾说出口的幽灵有时是陈辞滥调，有时是可怕的事实；或者是那些像刚才那样把我震聋了的邪恶、滑稽的故事，它们像野兽一般在我紧咬的牙关后面叫嚣。”

The Echo

回声

Now and then, from the other end of the table, words and phrases reached us as we talked.

在我们交谈时，不时地，从餐桌另一端传来只言片语。

"What do they mean by Complexes?" she asked.

“他们说的情结是什么意思？”她问。

"Oh, it's only one of the catchwords of the day," I answered. "Everything's a Complex just now."

“哦，只不过是一个当下流行的词，”我回答说。“如今什么都是情结了。”

"The talk of most people," I went on, "is simply—how shall I put it?—simply the ticking of clocks; it marks the hour, but it has no other interest. But I like to think for myself, to be something more than a mere mouthpiece of the age I live in—a mere sounding-board and echo of contemporary chatter.”

“大多数人说的话，”我继续说着，“只不过是——我该怎么说呢？——只不过是时钟的嘀嗒声；它记录时间，但没有其他意义。但我喜欢为自己思考，而不仅仅是一个我所生活的时代的喉舌——一个共鸣板和当代喋喋不休的闲谈的回声。”

"Just listen!" I said, as again their voices reached our ears.

“听吧！”当他们的声音又传到我们的耳朵里时，我说。

"It's simply one of the catchwords of the day," someone was shouting, "the merest echo of contemporary chatter!"

“只不过是一个当下流行的词，”有人在大喊，“仅仅是当代喋喋不休

的闲谈的回声！”

Routine

惯例

I live by the clock; all my activities, my exits and entrances, my times for smoking cigarettes and reading murder-stories, are synchronized and set in harmony with the earth's motion and the sun's. Much more than happiness I love my habits, the timely routine and oscillation of the hours which carry me on through months and seasons.

我按照时钟生活；我所有的活动，我的出入，我抽烟和读犯罪故事的时间都设置好了，与地球和太阳的运转和谐一致。与幸福相比，我更爱我的习惯、准时的惯例、钟摆的摆动，它们伴我度过月月年年。

Thus my life spins silent on its axle; but at the least dislocation or jar—if the Post is late, or the Morning Paper doesn't turn up—I am giddy, I am undone; the ground rocks beneath my feet.

就这样，我的生活在它的轴上默默旋转；但如若有丝毫的错位或失调——比如邮件送晚了，或者早报没送到——我就会眩晕，就会颓废，感觉大地在我脚下摇晃。

The Scavenger

清道夫

"The parlour-maid and cook both gave notice—”

“客厅侍女和厨师都要辞职——”

"My stomach is not at all what it should be—”

“我的胃一点都不对劲——”

"Of course the telephone was out of order—”

“当然，电话是坏了——”

"The coal they sent was all stones and coal-dust—”

“他们送来的煤都是石头和煤灰——”

"All the electric wiring has had to be renewed—”

“所有的电线都要换新的——”

"I find it impossible to digest potatoes—”

“我觉得土豆很难消化——”

"My aunt has had to have eighteen of her teeth extracted—”

“我的姑姑得拔掉十八颗牙齿——”

Am I nothing but a dust-bin or kitchen sink for other people's troubles?

我难道只是一个供别人倾倒烦恼的垃圾桶或者厨房水槽吗？

Have I no agonies, no indigestions of my own?

我自己难道没有痛苦，不会消化不良吗？

The Hot-Bed

温床

It was too much; the news in the paper was appalling; Central Europe and the Continent of Asia in a state of chaos; no comfort anywhere; tempests in the Channel, earthquakes, famines, strikes, insurrections. The burden of the mystery, the weight of all this incorrigible world— this theatre of man's baseness—was really more than I could cope with.

这真是太过分了；报纸上的消息骇人听闻；中欧和亚洲大陆陷入一片混乱；哪里都没有令人心慰之事；英吉利海峡的暴风雨，世界各地的地震、饥荒、罢工、起义。谜题的负累，这个不可救药的世界——这个上演人类低贱的剧院——的全部重担，实在让我难以应付。

"To prepare a hot-bed for early vegetables, equal quantities are taken of horse-manure and fallen leaves; a large heap is built in alternate layers," I read with passionate interest, "of these materials; it is left for several days, and then turned over. The site of the hot-bed must be sheltered from cold winds, but open to the sunshine. Early and dwarf varieties of potatoes should be chosen; asparagus plants may be dug up from the open garden—”

“要给早熟的蔬菜准备温床，需要等量的马粪和落叶。把这些东西分层垒成一大堆，”我带着浓厚的兴趣读道，“放置若干天，然后翻一翻。温床必须放在冷风吹不到，但是太阳能照到的地方。应该选择那些早熟、矮小的土豆品种；可以从开放的花园里挖出芦笋——”

Aphasia

失语症

"But you haven't spoken a word— you ought to tell us what you think.”

“但是你一个字都没说——你应该告诉我们你怎么想。”

"The truth is," I whispered in her unaverted ear, "the truth is, I talk too much. Think of all the years I have been wagging my tongue; think how I shall go on wagging it, till it is smothered in dust!"

“事实是，”我在她耳边（她没有避闪）小声说，“事实是，我说得太多了。想想这么多年来我一直喋喋不休；想想我还要怎样继续喋喋不休，直到舌头在灰尘中窒息！”

"And the worst of it is," I went on hoarsely whispering, "the horror is that no one understands me; I can never make clear to any one my view of things. I may talk till I am black in the face, and no one will ever know—I shall go down to the grave—and no one will know what I mean.”

“而最糟糕的是，”我继续嘶哑着小声说，“可怕的是没有人理解我；我永远无法向任何人解释清楚我对事情的观点。我可能会说到自己脸色发黑，而没有人知道——我应该进坟墓——而没有人会知道我的话是什么意思。”

Mrs. Backe

巴克夫人

Mrs. Backe would be down in a few minutes, so I waited in the drawing-room of this new acquaintance who had so kindly invited me to tea.

巴克夫人一会儿就会下楼来，所以我呆在客厅里等她。我刚认识她没多久，她便热情地邀我来她家喝茶。

It is indiscreet, but I cannot help it; if I am left alone in a room, I cannot help peering about at the ornaments and books. The habitations people make for their souls interest me like sea-shells, or the nests of birds.

我知道这么做会显得不稳重，但总是控制不住自己。如果被单独留在一间屋子里，我总忍不住要窥探屋子里的装饰品和藏书。人们为自己的精神世界打造的居所像贝壳或鸟巢一样，这总是让我很感兴趣。

"A lover of Switzerland," I inferred, "has travelled in the East—the complete works of Canon Farrar[49];—that big bust with whiskers is Mendelssohn[50], no doubt. Good heavens! A stuffed cat! And that Moorish[51] plaque is rather awful. Still, many of the nicest people have no taste—”

“这是个瑞士迷，”我猜想，“曾经去过东方——一套法勒牧师全集——至于那个留胡子的半身像是门德尔松，毫无疑问。天啊！一只猫标

本！那个摩尔风格的饰板挺难看的。就是这样，很多非常善良的人却毫无品位——”

Then I saw the clock—the pink China clock with the face of a monkey. Softly I stole from the room and down-stairs, and closed the front-door softly behind me.

接着我看到了那座钟——那个粉色的中式座钟，上面画着一张猴脸。我蹑手蹑脚地走出房间，下了楼，又轻轻关上了身后的大门。

Magic

魔法

"Do you think there are Ghosts?" she foamed, her eyes ablaze, "do you believe in Magic?"

“你认为世上有鬼吗？”她眼睛似乎在冒火,唾沫四溅地说：“你相信魔法吗？”

"Are you interested in etymology?" I asked. "To my mind there is nothing more fascinating than the derivations of words; I could spend my life just looking them up in the dictionary. That's the way to learn the wonder of real life and history. Think of Magic, for instance, it comes, as no doubt you know, from the Magi, or ancient priests of Persia."

我问：“你对词源学感兴趣吗？对我来说，没有什么比词源更让人着迷了。我可以一辈子都花在从词典里查词源上。这样才能了解真实的生活和历史的神奇之处。比如说魔法这个词，你肯定知道，源于Magi这个词，也就是古代波斯的教士的意思。”

"Don't you love our deposit of Persian words in English? To me they glitter like jewels in our northern speech. Magic and Paradise, for instance; and the names of flowers and gems and rich fruits and tissues—Tulip and Lilac and Jasmin and Peach and Lapis Lazuli," I chanted, "and Azure and Taffeta and Scarlet."

“难道你不热爱英语中沉淀下来的波斯词汇吗？对我而言，它们在我们的北方语言中就像宝石一般闪闪发光。比如魔法和天堂；还有那些花、宝石、昂贵的水果和绸缎的名称。郁金香、丁香、茉莉、桃花、青金石，”我不断说着，“还有天蓝、塔夫绸、绯红。”

Fame

声望

Somewhat furtively I bowed in Knightsbridge[52] to the new Moon;

the little ceremony was no doubt a survival of prehistoric superstition, but the wish that I breathed was an inheritance from a later epoch. It was an echo of Greece and Rome, the ideal ambition of their poets and heroes; the thought of it seemed to float through the air in star-light and music; I saw in a bright constellation those stately Immortals, their names rang in my ears.

我在骑士桥路上有点鬼鬼祟祟地向着新月鞠躬；这个小仪式无疑是一种史前时代遗留下来的迷信，但是我悄声说出的愿望传承自一个较晚的时代。那是希腊罗马时期的回声，是那时的诗人和英雄的理想抱负；对它的记忆仿佛在星光和音乐中划过天空；我在璀璨的群星中看到那些仪容高贵的不朽的人物，耳朵里响起他们的名字。

"May I, too,—" I whispered incredulous, as I lifted my hat to the Moon.

“我能不能，也——”我难以置信地低声说，向着月亮举起帽子。

News-Items

新闻

In spite of the delicacy of my moral feelings, and my un-relaxed solicitude for the maintenance of the right principles of conduct, I find I can read without tears of the retired Colonels who forge cheques, and the ladies of unexceptionable position who are caught pilfering furs in shops. Somehow the sudden lapses of respected people, odd indecorums, backbitings, bigamies, embezzlements, and attempted chastities—the surprising leaps they make now and then out of propriety into the police-courts—somehow news-items of this kind do not altogether—how shall I put it?—well, they don't absolutely blacken the sunshine for me.

尽管我的道德感很敏锐，而且总在担忧人们是否能够坚守正确的行为原则，但我发现在读到退役的陆军上校伪造支票，身份高贵的女士因在商店盗窃皮草被抓这类新闻的时候，我不会落泪。不知为何，受人尊敬的人突然犯错，做出有失体统的古怪举动，诸如诽谤、重婚、贪污、强奸未遂——他们不时做出惊人的转变，坏了规矩，上了治安法庭——我要怎么说呢？——好吧，他们绝对没有遮住我的阳光。

And Clergymen? If a Clergymen slips up, do not, I pray you, gentle Reader, grieve, on my account, too much—

那么牧师呢？要是有位牧师犯了错，我请求你，温柔的读者，为了我，请不要太过悲伤——

Whiskers

络腮胡子

There was once a young man who thought he saw Life as it really is; who prided himself on looking at it grimly in the face without illusions. And he went on looking at it grimly, as he thought, for a good many years. This was his notion of himself; but one day, meeting some very young people, he saw, reflected as it were in their eyes, a bland old gentleman with a white waistcoat and Victorian whiskers, a lover of souls and sunsets, and noble solutions for all problems—

从前有一个年轻人认为自己看到了生活真实的样子。他为自己能够不抱幻想冷酷地直面这个世界而感到自豪。这么多年以来，他继续冷酷地看待这个世界，正如他所认为的那样。这是他对自己的认识；但是一天，他遇到一些十分年轻的家伙，他看见，可以说是在他们眼中映出的，是一个随和的老绅士，穿着白马甲，蓄着维多利亚时期的络腮胡子，热爱灵魂和日落以及对所有问题都有得体的解决方法—

That was what he saw in the eyes of those atrocious young men.

那就是他在那些令人讨厌的年轻人眼中看到的形象。

The Spelling Lesson

拼写课

The anecdote which had caused the laughter of those youngsters was not a thing to joke about. I expressed my conviction briefly; but the time-honoured word I made use of seemed unfamiliar to them;—they looked at each other and began whispering together. Then one of them asked in a hushed voice, "It's What, did you say?"

引得那些年轻人大笑的那件事并不是一件可以拿来开玩笑的事。我言简意赅地阐述了我的信念；但是他们好像没怎么听过我所使用的那个经久不衰的单词——他们互相看看，开始交头接耳。然后一个人悄声问道：“您刚才说的是什么？”

I repeated my monosyllable loudly.

我大声重复了一遍那个单音节的词。

Again they whispered together, and again their spokesman came forward.

他们又开始小声说话，然后他们的发言人又一次站了出来。

"Do you mind telling us how you spell it?"

“请您告诉我们您怎么拼写这个单词，好吗？”

"I spell it, I spell it with a W!" I shouted. "W-R-O-N-G—WRONG!”

“它的拼写，它的拼写里有一个W!”我大声喊道，“W-R-O-N-G—WRONG!"

At The Club

在俱乐部

"It's the result of Board School Education —”

“这是寄宿学校教育的结果——”

"It's the popular Press—”

“是流行报刊——”

"It's the selfishness of the Working Classes—”

“是工人阶级的自私自利——”

"It's the Cinema—”

“是电影——”

"It's the Jews—”

“是犹太人——”

"Paid Agitators!—”

“受雇的煽动者——”

"The decay of Faith—”

“信念的腐朽——”

"The disintegration of Family Life—”

“家庭生活的分裂——”

"I put it down," I said, "to Sun-Spots. If you want to know," I went inexorably on, "if you ask me the cause of all this modern Unrest—”

“我把它归咎于，”我说，“太阳黑子。要是你想知道，”我继续无情地说，“要是你问我所有现在社会动乱的起因——”

Delay

耽搁

I was late for breakfast this morning, for I had been delayed in my heavenly hot bath by the thought of all the other Earnest Thinkers, who, at that very moment—I had good reason to believe it—were soaking the time away in hot baths all over London.

今天早上我早饭吃得晚了，因为我在舒舒服服泡热水澡时想到其他

所有热切的思想家的思想，结果泡的时间太长了。就在那一刻—我有充分的理由相信—他们正在伦敦各处泡着热水澡，任时间流逝。

Smiles

微笑

When people smile to themselves in the street, when I see the face of an ugly man or uninteresting woman light up (faces, it would seem, not exactly made for happy smiling), I wonder from what visions within those smiles are reflected; from what footlights, what gay and incredible scenes, do they gleam of vain glory?

当人们在街上兀自微笑起来时，当我看到一个丑陋的男人或一个无趣的女人脸上浮现出快乐的表情（那些脸孔，看起来不太适合快乐的微笑）时，我想知道他们心中出现了怎样的画面，才能反射出那些微笑；怎样的脚灯，怎样欢乐而不可思议的场景，才能让他们泛起虚荣的光彩？

The Pear

梨子

"But every one in Bloomsbury[53] is enthusiastic about the book!" I protested.

“但是在布卢姆斯伯里，每个人都极其热爱这本书！”我抗议道。

"Well, what if they are?" was the answer.

“好吧，即便如此又怎样呢？”别人这样回答。

I too am a Superior Person, but the predicament was awkward. To appear the dupe of a vulgar admiration, to be caught crying stale fish at a choice luncheon party!

我也是一号大人物，但是正处于尴尬的境地中。表现得像个带着庸俗崇拜的蠢人，在一场自助午餐会上被人看到大叫鱼不新鲜。

"Oh, of course!" I hit back, "I know it's considered the thing just now to despise the taste of the age one lives in. No one, even in Balham[54], will admit that they have read the books of the day. But my attitude has always been—" (what had it been? I had to think in a hurry) "I have always felt that it was more interesting, after all, to belong to one's own epoch: to share its dated and unique vision, that flying glimpse of the great panorama which no subsequent generation can ever recapture. To be Elizabethan in the age of Elizabeth; romantic at the height of the Romantic Movement—"

“哦，当然！”我反击道，“我知道现在流行鄙视我们所生活的年代的品味。即使在波尔汉姆，也没有人会承认他们读过当代的书。但是我的态度一向如此—”（一向是什么？我得赶快想想）“我一向觉得，说到底，属于自己所在的时代会更有意思：分享当下特有的景象，那些辽阔的全景中飞逝的瞬间，那是后代人永远无法捕捉到的。在伊丽莎白时代做个伊丽莎白时代的人，在浪漫主义运动鼎盛时期做个浪漫主义者——”

But it was no good: I saw it was no good, so I took a large pear and ate it in silence.

但是这样做没用：我看出来这样做没用，所以我拿起一个大梨，默默地品尝。

I know a good deal about pears, and am particularly fond of them. This one was a Doyenné du Comice[55], the most delicious of all.

我对梨了解颇多，而且特别喜欢吃。这是一只Doyenné du Comice，是最美味的一种。

The Dawn

黎明

My imagination has its dancing-places, like the Dawn in Homer; there are terraces, with balustrades and marble fountains on them, where Ideal Beings smile as I draw near; there are ilex-groves and beech trees and under them I hold forth for ever; gardens fairer than most earthly gardens where groups of ladies never grow weary of listening to my voice.

我的想象力会在一些地方翩翩起舞，比如荷马史诗里的黎明；那里有露台，上面有栏杆和大理石喷泉，当我慢慢走近时，理想化的人物露出笑容；还有冬青树丛和山毛榉，我在树下喋喋不休地大发议论；那里的花园比大多数尘世间的花园都要怡人，成群的女士对我的声音百听不厌。

Insomnia

失眠

Sometimes, when I am cross and cannot sleep, I engage in angry contests with the Opinions I object to. Into the room they flop, those bat-like monsters of Wrong-Belief and Darkness; and though they glare at me with the daylight faces of bullying talkers, and their voices are the voices that shout me down in argument, yet, in these nocturnal controversies, it is always my assertions which admit no answer.

有时，在我生气睡不着觉的时候，我就愤怒地与我所反对的观点进

行辩论。错误信念和黑暗那些蝙蝠一样的怪物，闯进屋里；尽管他们带着光天化日之下气势汹汹的谈话者的那副面孔怒视着我，而且在辩论时用大喊大叫的声音盖过我，但是，在这些夜间的论战中，总是我的主张让对方无话可说。

I do not spare them; it is now their turn to be lashed to fury; made to eat their words.

我不会放过他们，现在轮到他们被鞭笞得恼羞成怒，被迫承认说错了话。

Reading Philosophy

阅读哲学

"The abstractedness of the relation brings to consciousness no less strongly the foreignness of the idea to natural phenomena. In its widest formulation—"; mechanically I turned the page, but what on earth was it all about? Some Fancy must have been fluttering between my spectacles and book.

“关系中的心不在焉对意识的影响，其强烈程度不亚于概念的外来性对自然现象的影响。在其最广义的公式中——”我机械地翻过那一页，但是这到底是在讲什么？一定有某种幻想在我的眼镜和书本之间扇动翅膀。

I turned and caught that pretty Daydream. To be a Wit—yes, while my eyes were reading Hegel[56], I had stolen out myself to amaze the world with my epigrams. Each conversation at its most breathless moment I had crowned with words of double meaning which had echoed all through Chelsea[57]. Feared all my life-time for my repartees, when my ashes had been swept at last into an urn of moderate dimensions, I had still lived on the lips of men; still my plays on words had been laughed at, my sayings handed down in memoirs to ensuing ages.

我转身抓住了那美妙的白日梦。做一个智者——是的，当我的眼睛在看黑格尔的作品时，思想却偷跑出来，用我的警句让世界赞叹。每次谈话到了它最让人窒息的时刻，我总是说些具有双重意义的语句，这些语句回荡在整个切尔西。我一生都因为机智幽默的话语让人害怕，当我的骨灰最终被扫入一个大小适中的骨灰盒中，我仍然活在人们的嘴边；我玩的文字游戏还是受到嘲笑，我的言论也通过回忆录传递给后代。

Moral Triumph

道德上的胜利

When I see motors gliding up at night to great houses in the fashionable squares, I journey in them: I ascend the stairways of those palaces; and, ushered with éclat into drawing-rooms of splendour, I sun myself in the painted smiles of the Mayfair[58] Jezebels, and in that world of rouge and diamonds, glitter like a star. There I quaff the elixir and sweet essence of mundane triumph, eating truffles to the sound of trumpets, and feasting at sunrise on lobster-salad and champagne.

当我看见汽车在夜色中沿街而上，驶向那些位于时髦广场的豪宅时，我好像就坐在车里：我登上那些宫殿里的楼梯；啧啧赞叹着走进金碧辉煌的客厅，我沐浴在梅费尔区放荡的女人们那虚伪的笑容中，在那个脂粉与钻石的世界里，如明星般闪耀。在那里，我畅饮着俗世间盛宴上的琼浆玉液和甜美精华，合着小号的节拍品尝块菌，在日出时享用龙虾沙拉和香槟。

But it's all dust, it's all emptiness and ashes. Ah! Far away from there I retire into the desert or the cloister to contend with Demons; to overcome in holy combats unspeakable Temptations, and purify, by prodigious purges, my heart of base desire.

不过这都是尘土，都是虚无和灰烬。啊！我远离那里，退入沙漠或修道院与恶魔辩论；去战胜神圣的战斗中难以言喻的诱惑，并且通过惊人的清洗来净化我心中粗鄙的欲望。

The Springs Of Action

行为的弹簧

What am I? What is Man?

我是什么？人是什么？

I had looked into a number of books for an answer to this problem, before I came on Jeremy Benthams'[59] simple and satisfactory solution: Man is a mechanism, moved by just so many springs of Action. These springs he enumerates in elaborate tables; and glancing over them this morning before getting up, I began with Charity, All-Embracing Benevolence, Love Of Knowledge, Laudable Ambition, Godly Zeal. Then I waited, but there was no buzz of any wheel beginning to move in my inner mechanism. I looked again: I saw Arrogance, Ostentation, Vainglory, Abomination, Rage, Fury, Revenge; and I was about to leap out of bed in a paroxysm of dreadful passions, when fortunately my eye fell on another set of motives: Love Of Ease, Indolence, Procrastination, Sloth.

我为了寻找这个问题的答案，查看了很多书，最后看到了杰里米·边沁简单而令人满意的答案：人是一种机器，由很多行为的弹簧驱动。他

以表格的形式详细列举了这些弹簧。今早我在起床之前浏览这些表格，首先看到仁慈、包容一切的慈悲、对知识的热爱、值得赞美的抱负、虔诚的热忱；然后我等了一会儿，但是我内部的机器没有齿轮开始运转的声音。我接着看，看到了傲慢、炫耀、虚荣、痛恨、愤怒、暴怒、报复；我在一阵突然而又可怕的强烈情感中，差点跳下床。所幸这时我的目光又落到了另一系列动机上：热爱舒适、懒散、拖延、懒惰。

In The Cage

在笼中

"What I say is, what I say!" I vociferate, as—a Parrot in the great cage of the World—I hop screeching, "What I say is!" from perch to perch.

“我所说的就是我所说的！”我大声叫嚷，像是在世界这只大笼子里的一只鹦鹉——一边蹦蹦跳跳，从一根栖木跳到另一根栖木，一边尖声叫道：“我所说的是！”

Voices

声音

"You smoke too much!" whispers the still small voice of Conscience.

“你抽烟抽得太多啦！”良心用那依然微弱的声音悄声说。

"You are a failure, nobody likes you," Self-Contempt keeps muttering.

“你是个失败者，没人喜欢你。”自我轻视一直在低声抱怨。

"What's the good of it all?" sighs Disillusion, arid as a breath from the Sahara.

“这一切有什么用呢？”幻灭叹息道，声音干瘪得如同来自撒哈拉的微弱的风。

I can't tell you how these Voices bore me; but I can listen all day with grave attention to that suave bosom-Jesuit who keeps on unweariedly proving that all my acts and appetites and inclinations are in the most amazing harmony with the dictates of the Moral Law.

我说不出这些声音是多么令我厌烦；不过我能一整天庄重而聚精会神地倾听那温和贴心的耶稣会信徒，听他不厌其烦地证明，我所有的行为、欲望和爱好都与道德法则的要求惊人地和谐一致。

Complacency

自满

Dove-grey and harmless as a dove, full of piety and innocence and pure thoughts, my Soul brooded unaffectedly within me;—I was only half listening to that shrill conversation. And I began to wonder, as more than once in little moments like this I have wondered, whether I might not be something more, after all, than a mere echo or compilation— might not claim, in fact, to possess a personality of my own.

我那鸽子灰的灵魂像鸽子般无害，充满虔诚、纯真、纯洁的想法，不受干扰地在我内心孵化——我只是在漫不经心地听着那刺耳的谈话。我开始好奇，我不只一次在这种短暂时刻感到好奇：说到底，我是否可能只不过是一个回声或者汇编物——实际上可能不会声称拥有自己的个性。

Might it not be worth while, I now asked myself, to follow up this pleasing conjecture; to retire like Descartes[60] from the world, and spend the rest of life, as he spent it, trying to prove my own existence?

我现在问自己，追随这个令人愉快的猜想，像笛卡尔一样从这个世界隐退，也像他一样用余生来设法证实自己是否存在。

The Rationalist

理性主义者

Occultisms, incantations, glimpses of the Beyond, intimations from another world—all kinds of supernaturalisms are most distasteful to me; I cling to the known world of common-sense and explicable phenomena; and I was much put out to find this morning a cabalistic inscription written in letters of large menace on my bath-room floor. TAM HTAB—what could be the meaning of these awful words, and how on earth had they got there? Like Belshazzar[61], my thoughts were troubled by this writing, and my knees smote one against the other; till majestic Reason, deigning to look downward from her contemplation of eternal causes, spelt backwards for me, with a pitying smile, the homely inscription on the BATH MAT, which was lying there, wrong side up.

神秘主义、咒语、对来生的窥探、来自另一个世界的暗示——所有这些超自然主义都使我极为反感；我笃信由常识和可解释的现象组成的已知世界。今天早上，我非常不安地发现几个极具威胁性的神秘字母赫然写在我家浴室地板上。ＴＡＭ　ＨＴＡB——这些可怕的词会是什么意思呢？它们到底是怎么出现在那儿的？像伯沙撒一样，我的思绪被这些字母搅乱了，双膝筛糠般地打战；直到高贵的理性，屈尊从她对不朽

原因的沉思中往下一看，带着同情的微笑，为我倒着拼了一遍ＢＡＴＨ　ＭＡＴ上稀松平常的字，原来是防滑垫放反了。

Phrases

语言

Is there, after all, any solace like the solace and consolation of Language? When I am disconcerted by the unpleasing aspects of existence, when to me, as to Hamlet, this earth seems a sterile promontory, it is not in Metaphysics nor in Religion that I seek for reassurance, but in fine phrases. The thought of gazing on life's Evening Star makes of ugly old age a pleasing prospect; if I call Death mighty and un-persuaded, it has no terrors for me; I am perfectly content to be cut down as a flower, to flee as a shadow, to be swallowed like a snowflake on the sea. These similes soothe and effectually console me. I am sad only at the thought that Words must perish like all things mortal; that the most perfect Metaphors must be forgotten when the human race is dust.

究竟，有没有任何一种慰藉，堪比语言所带来的抚慰？当我因为存在之中那些令人不快的方面而惊慌不安时，当我感到，如同哈姆雷特所感到的，地球仿佛是一座荒凉的海岬时，我在其中寻求慰藉的，不是玄学，也不是宗教，而是优美的语言。若将年华老去想象成凝望生命的晚星，那么丑陋的垂暮之年也会成为令人愉悦的前景；如果我把死亡看作是万能的和一意孤行的，那么它对我来说一点都不可怕；我心甘情愿地像一朵花那样被摘下，像一个影子迅速消失，像海上的一片雪花那样被吞噬。这些比喻使我内心平静，有效地安慰了我。如同凡间其他一切事物一样，语言也会消亡，唯思及此，我倍感伤悲；当人类化为尘土时，这些最完美的比喻必然被遗忘。

"But the iniquity of Oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy."

“但是遗忘的邪恶和不公盲目地四处散播罂粟之花。

Athanasius[62]

亚大纳西

Since I have reason to believe that the age I live in is not an Age of Gold, and am quite disenchanted of all hope that the earth will turn to Paradise at present, I have abandoned the supervision of public occurrences, and given over the helm and pilotage of the Ship of State to other hands. Concerned no longer with the fate of the Empire and the Universe, and quite undistracted by the supposed onrush of all things to darkness and the dogs, I sit at home and ruminate on the

qualities of certain little books like this one—little elixirs of perfection, full of subtlety and sadness—which I can read and read again.

既然我有理由相信我所生活的年代并非黄金年代，也不抱任何幻想认为现在的世界会变成天堂，于是我放弃了对公共事件进行监督，也将为国家之舟的掌舵和引航之责交付他人。我不再关心帝国和宇宙的命运，也完全不会为了一切事物都会冲向黑暗和毁灭的假想而分心。我端坐家中，冥思苦想一些小书写得怎样，比如这本——关于完美的小秘籍——文笔细腻，充满伤感——我可以一遍遍反复阅读。

Although my taste in letters is by now, I must believe, almost absolutely flawless, yet conceivably, in some minute particulars, I may polish and improve it, that thus—zealous, like all the elect to narrow the privilege of Salvation—I may promulgate and if necessary maintain alone against the world, an Athanasian creed of literary judgements, which whosoever shall not keep pure and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly.

虽然到目前为止我对文字的品位，我必须相信，几近完美，然而可以想象，对于某些微妙的细节，我仍可以加以雕琢和改进。因此——狂热地，如同那些试图限制救世特权的所有选民——我可以发表一部亚大纳西信经般的文学评判，而且如果必要的话，可以在全世界的反对下坚持它。任何不能保持这种批判纯净无瑕的人，无疑将永远消失。不要再问我去年的雪到哪里去了？

Ask Me No More

不要再问我

Where are the snows of yesteryear? Ask me no more the fate of Roses, or of Nightingales, or where the old Moons go, or what becomes of last year's Oxford poets.

玫瑰或夜莺的命运，或者原来的月亮到哪里去了，也别问我去年牛津的诗人们怎样了。

Joy

快乐

Sometimes at breakfast, sometimes in a train or empty bus, or on the moving stairs at Charing Cross[63], I am happy; the earth turns to gold, and life becomes a magical adventure. Only yesterday, travelling alone to Sussex, I became lightheaded with this sudden joy. The train seemed to rush to its adorable destination through a world new-born

in splendour, bathed in a beautiful element, fresh and clear as on the morning of Creation. Even the coloured photographs of South Coast watering-places in the railway carriage shone with the light of Paradise upon them. Brighton faced me; next to it divine Southsea beckoned; and oh, the esplanade at Ryde! Then I saw the beach at Sidmouth, the Tilly Whim caves near Swanage;—was it in those unhaunted caves, or amid the tumult of life which hums about the Worthing bandstand, that I should find Bliss in its quintessence?

有时在早餐时，有时在火车或者空荡荡的公共汽车上，又或者在查林十字街的活动楼梯上，我是快乐的。土地变成了黄金，生活变成了一场魔幻的历险。就在昨天，我独自去苏塞克斯旅行，突然降临的快乐让我晕眩。火车仿佛穿过一个光辉的新生世界，驶向可爱的目的地，它沐浴在美景之中，这美景清新澄澈如同天地初创时的清晨。甚至火车车厢里南海岸海滨的彩色照片也披上了来自天堂的光芒。布赖顿在我面前，旁边宛如神造的南海在召唤。啊，赖德的草地！接着，我看到了西德茅斯的海滩，紧邻斯沃尼奇的蒂利山洞——我可以寻到极乐的典范吗，在那些人迹罕至的山洞里，还是从沃星的演奏台周围的喧嚣中？

Or on the pier at St. Peter Port perhaps, in the Channel Islands, amid that crowd who watch in eternal ecstasy the ever-arriving, never- disembarking Weymouth steamer?

抑或是在海峡群岛圣彼得堡港的码头上，在那永远欣喜地望着接踵而来却不会靠岸的威茅斯汽轮的人群当中？

In Arcady[64]

在阿卡迪亚

When I retire from London to my rural solitudes, and taste once more, as always, those pure delights of Nature which the Poets celebrate—walks in the unambitious meadows, and the ever-satisfying companionship of vegetables and flowers—I am nevertheless haunted now and then (but tell it not to Shelley's[65] Skylark, nor whisper to Wordsworth's[66] Daffodils, the disconcerting secret)—I am incongruously beset by longings of which the Lake Poets never sang. Echoes and images of the abandoned City discompose my arcadizings; I hear, in the babbling of brooks, the delicious sound of London gossip, and newsboys' voices in the cries of birds. Sometimes the gold-splashed distance of a country lane seems to gleam at sunset with the posters of the evening papers; I dream at dawn of dinner-invitations, when like a telephone-call, I hear the Greenfinch trill his electric bell.

当我从伦敦隐退回到乡下独居，如以往一样，再度品尝到自然带来的那些纯粹的欢乐。诗人们总是赞美那种欢乐——无欲无求地漫步在牧

场，心满意足地享受蔬菜和鲜花的陪伴。但我仍会不时地受到烦扰（但是不要告诉雪莱的云雀，也别和华兹华斯的水仙轻声低语，这个我羞于启齿的秘密）——一种湖畔派诗人从未歌颂过的渴望不合时宜地降临在我心中。废城的回声和影像打乱了我的田园生活；在潺潺的溪流声中，我听到了伦敦流言蜚语的甜美声音，在鸟鸣啾啼中，我听到报童的叫卖。有时，远处洒满金色的乡间小巷仿佛和晚报上的广告一起在夕阳下闪闪发光。我在黎明时分梦到晚宴的邀请，因为那时金翅雀发出电铃般的声音，像电话铃似的。

Worries

忧虑

In the woods about my garden and familiar precincts lurk the fears of life; all threaten me, some I may escape, of others I am the destined and devoted victim. Sooner or later—and yet in any case how soon!—I shall fall, as I have seen others fall, touched by an unseen hand.

我花园周围的树丛和熟悉的庭院中潜藏着生活的恐惧。这一切威胁着我，有些我可以躲避，而另一些我则注定成为其受害者。或早或晚——但是通常非常之快！——我将被一只看不见的手碰到，而后倒下，就像我所看到的其他人那样倒下。

But I do not think of these Terrors often, though I seem to hear them sometimes moving in the thickets, it is the little transitory worries that bite and annoy me, querulous insects, born of the moment, and perishing with the day.

但是我不经常想起这些恐惧，虽然仿佛偶尔听到它们在灌木丛中移动。啮咬和烦扰着我的，是那转瞬即逝的小忧虑，像是当下出生、当天就死去的充满怨气的昆虫。

Property

财产

I should be very sorry to think that there was anything fishy or fraudulent about the time-honoured institution of Private Property. It is endorsed by Society, defended by the Church, maintained by the Law, and the slightest tamperings with it are severely punished by elderly Judges in large horsehair wigs. Oh, certainly it must be all right; I have a feeling that it is all right; and one of these days I shall get some one to explain why the world keeps on putting adequate sums of its currency into my pocket.

对那个保护私人财产的历史悠久而享有盛誉的机构心存任何怀疑，觉得它可能有什么欺诈行为，都会让我很抱歉。它是社会承认的，由教堂捍卫，受法律维护。对私人财产最微不足道的侵犯也会受到由带着大大的马毛假发的资深法官做出的严厉惩罚。哦，当然这一定没问题；我有一种感觉这没问题。总有一天我会找个人来解释，为什么这个世界会不断地将足够数量的钱币装进我的口袋。

But of course it's all right—

不过当然，这是没有问题的——

Mrs. Braye

布雷夫人

"Mrs. Braye is so sorry she couldn't come. She longs to see your garden; but she is shut up with an awful cold."

“布雷夫人不能来了，她非常遗憾。她很想来看看你的花园，但是却患了重感冒，出不了门。”

"Thank God!" I exclaimed.

“谢天谢地！”我欢呼道。

"But I thought you liked Mrs. Braye?"

“可是我以为你还挺喜欢布雷夫人的，不是吗？”

"Indeed I do—I do like her immensely! Who could help liking her? Her generous nature, her gift for appreciation, her wholehearted, fervid enthusiasm?”

“我的确喜欢她——我非常喜欢她！谁能不喜欢她呢？她慷慨的个性，她鉴赏的天赋，她真诚的、炽烈的热情？”

"It's only that I am afraid—I am awfully afraid, to tell you the truth— of her adjectives.”

“我只是害怕——相当害怕，说实话——她用的形容词。”

The Danger Of Going To Church

去教堂的危险

As I came away from the Evening Service, walking home from that Sabbath adventure, some neighbours of mine met and passed me in their motor, laughing. Were they laughing at me? I wondered uneasily; and as I sauntered across the fields I vaguely cursed those misbelievers. Yes, yes, their eyes should be darkened, and their

mocking lips put to silence. They should be smitten with the botch of Egypt, and a sore botch in the legs that cannot be healed. All the teeth should be broken in the mouths of those bloody men and daughters of backsliding; their faces should become as flames, and their heads be made utterly bald. Their little ones should be dashed to pieces before their eyes, and brimstone scattered upon their habitations. They should be led away with their buttocks uncovered; they should stagger to and fro as a drunken man staggereth in his vomit.

我做完晚祷，结束了那个安息日的历险，走回家去。路上，我的一些邻居开着车从我身边经过，大声笑着。他们是在嘲笑我吗？我不安地自忖着。悠闲地行走在田间，我暗暗地诅咒那些异教徒。是的，是的，应该让他们的眼睛瞎掉，让他们发出嘲讽的嘴闭上。他们应该染上那种埃及的脓疮，腿上长出无法治愈的溃痛的脓疮。应该打碎那些残忍的堕落男女满口的牙齿。他们的脸应该被火烤，头发全掉光。他们应该亲眼目睹自己的孩子被撕成碎片，还应该在他们住的地方撒满硫磺。他们应该光着屁股被人带走；应该像呕吐的醉汉一样跌跌撞撞。

But as for the Godly Man who kept his Sabbaths, his should be the blessings of those who walk in the right way. "These blessings"—the words came back to me from the Evening Service—"these blessings shall come upon thee, and overtake thee." And suddenly, in the mild summer air it seemed as if, like a swarm of bees inadvertently wakened, the blessings of the Old Testament were actually rushing after me. From the hot, remote, passionate past of Hebrew history, out of the Oriental climate and unctuous lives of that infuriate people, gross good things were coming to overwhelm me with benedictions for which I had not bargained. Great oxen and camels and concubines were panting close behind me, he-goats and she-goats and rams of the breed of Bashan. My barns should burst their doors with plenty, and all my paths drop fatness. My face should be smeared with the oil of rejoicing; all my household and the beasts of my household should beget and bear increase; and as for the fruit of my own loins, it should be for multitude as the sands of the sea, and as the stars of heaven. My little ones should be as olive plants about my table; sons and daughters, and their sons and daughters to the third and fourth generation, should rise up and call me blessed. My feet should be dipped in butter; I should sit under my fig-tree with my heel on the neck of my enemy, and my eyes stand out with fatness; I should flourish as the Cedar of Lebanon that bringeth forth fruit in old age.

但是，那些遵循安息日习惯的上帝的子民，他们应该因选择了正途而得到赐福。“赐福”——晚祷时听到的措词重新响起——“上帝的赐福将赐予你，降临于你。”忽然之间，在夏日的和风里，就如一群不经意地醒来的蜜蜂，《旧约》的赐福真的向我涌来。从炎热、遥远、热情的希伯来历史中，从那个东方国度和那个易怒民族谄媚的生活中，无比美好的

事物在我未曾讨要的情况下向我袭来，赐福于我。成群的牛、骆驼和姬妾气喘吁吁地在我身后紧随，公山羊、母山羊，还有巴山种的公羊。我的谷仓满得关不上门，车上东西多得直往下掉，铺了一路。我的脸因喜悦而油光满面，我的家族不断壮大，我的牲畜不断繁殖增加。我的子孙成群，如海边的细沙、天空的星辰那般。他们像繁盛的油橄榄般围绕在我的桌边。我的子女，然后是子女的子女，还有第三代、第四代，都站起来称我为被赐福的人。我的双脚浸在黄油里，我坐在无花果树下，把脚架在敌人的脖子上，因为肥胖我的双眼突了出来。我像黎巴嫩雪松般繁荣茂盛，在老年时结出果实。

Things To Write

可写的东西

What things there are to write, if one could only write them! My mind is full of gleaming thoughts; gay moods and mysterious, moth-like meditations hover in my imagination, fanning their painted wings. They would make my fortune if I could catch them; but always the rarest, those freaked with azure and the deepest crimson, flutter away beyond my reach.

如果能够写下来，会有多少东西可以写啊！我的脑海中充满闪亮的想法；欢乐的情绪和飞蛾般的神秘冥想在我想象中盘旋，扇动着缤纷的翅膀。如果我能够捕捉住它们，它们会使我发财；然而通常那些最罕见的，那些湛蓝或深红色的怪念头，拍拍翅膀飞到我够不到的地方。

The ever-baffled chase of these filmy nothings often seems, for one of sober years in a sad world, a trifling occupation. But have I not read of the great Kings of Persia who used to ride out to hawk for butterflies, nor deemed this pastime beneath their royal dignity?

对于一个生活在悲惨世界里、头脑尚且清醒的人，对模糊的虚无之物的追逐令人费解，仿佛显得微不足道。然而，我难道没有读过伟大的波斯国王骑马出去追逐蝴蝶的故事吗？这种消遣不是也不会折损他们的尊严吗？

The Vicar Of Lynch

林奇的牧师

When I heard through country gossip of the strange happening at Lynch which had caused so great a scandal, and had led to the disappearance of the deaf old Vicar of that remote village, I collected all the reports I could about it, for I felt that at the centre of this uncomprehending talk and wild anecdote, there was something with more meaning than a mere sudden outbreak of blasphemy and

madness.

我透过乡间传言听说林奇发生了奇怪的事，造成了巨大的丑闻，以至于那个偏远乡村里的那个耳聋的老牧师失踪了。我尽可能地搜集一切关于这件事的消息，因为我感到在这种不明所以的谈论和夸张的传言背后，隐藏着更多的意义，而并非仅仅是一种突然爆发的亵渎神灵和疯狂。

It appeared that the old Vicar, after some years spent in the quiet discharge of his parochial duties, had been noticed to become more and more odd in his appearance and behaviour; and it was also said that he had gradually introduced certain alterations into the Church services. These had been vaguely supposed at the time to be of a High Church character, but afterward they were put down to a growing mental derangement, which had finally culminated at that notorious Harvest Festival, when his career as a clergyman of the Church of England had ended. On this painful occasion the old man had come into church outlandishly dressed, and had gone through a service with chanted gibberish and unaccustomed gestures, and prayers which were unfamiliar to his congregation. There was also talk of a woman's figure on the altar, which the Vicar had unveiled at a solemn moment in this performance; and I also heard echo of other gossip—gossip that was, however, authoritatively contradicted and suppressed as much as possible—about the use of certain other symbols of a most unsuitable kind. Then a few days after the old man had disappeared—some of the neighbours believed that he was dead; some, that he was now shut up in an asylum for the insane.

在那位老牧师悄无声息地履行了几年他在教区的任职之后，人们注意到他的言行似乎越来越古怪；而且据说他逐渐地在教堂礼拜仪式上进行一些改变。人们当时隐约猜测这些是高教会派的特征，但后来认为这是由于他日益严重的精神错乱导致的；他精神状态的恶化在那次出名的收获感恩节上达到顶峰，他在英国国教中的牧师生涯也就此结束了。在那个令人痛心的时刻，那个老牧师穿着奇异的衣服走进教堂，做礼拜时含糊不清地吟唱着，做出不合常规的手势，并且念着会众们所不熟悉的祷辞。还有人说神坛上摆了一个女人的像，老牧师在这场仪式的一个庄严时刻掀开了她上面的覆盖物。我还听到其他的流言，它们在我耳边回响——然而这种流言是被官方尽可能地反驳和压制的——关于他使用了其他某些极为不恰当的标志。然后，在老牧师失踪多天后——邻居中有些人相信他已经死了，也有人认为他被关进了精神病院。

Such was the fantastic and almost incredible talk I listened to, but in which, as I say, I found much more meaning than my neighbours. For one thing, although they knew that the Vicar had come from Oxford to this remote College living, they knew nothing of his work and scholarly reputation in that University, and none of them had probably ever heard of—much less read—an important book which he

had written, and which was the standard work on his special subject. To them he was simply a deaf, eccentric, and solitary clergyman, and I think I was the only person in the neighbourhood who had conversed with him on the subject concerning which he was the greatest living authority in England.

这就是我所听到的神奇而又难以置信的传言，但是正如我所说，在这些传言中，我比我的邻居发现了更多的意义。比如，虽然他们都知道那位牧师是从牛津搬到这偏远的村庄居住的，他们却对他在那所大学的工作和学术地位一无所知，他们中大概根本没有人听说过——更别说读过——他所著的一本重要书籍，那是一本关于他所研究的课题的必读著作。对邻居们来说，他仅仅是一个聋子，一个怪异的、孤僻的牧师。我想，我是邻居中唯一一个与他谈论过他的研究课题的人，在那个课题方面，他是全英国健在的最伟大的权威。

For I had seen the old man once—curiously enough at the time of a Harvest Festival, though it was some years before the one which had led to his disappearance. Bicycling one day over the hills, I had ridden down into a valley of cornfields, and then, passing along an unfenced road that ran across a wide expanse of stubble, I came, after getting off to open three or four gates, upon a group of thatched cottages, with a little, unrestored Norman church standing among great elms. I left my bicycle and walked through the churchyard, and as I went into the church, through its deeply- recessed Norman doorway, a surprisingly pretty sight met my eyes. The dim, cool, little interior was set out and richly adorned with an abundance of fruit and vegetables, yellow gourds, apples and plums and golden wheat- sheaves, great loaves of bread, and garlands of September flowers. A shabby-looking old clergyman was standing on the top of a step-ladder, finishing the decorations, when I entered. As soon as he saw me he came down, and I spoke to him, praising the decorations, and raising my voice a little, for I noticed that he was deaf. We spoke of the Harvest Festival; and as I soon perceived that I was talking with a man of books and University education, I ventured to hint at what had vividly impressed me in that old, gaudily-decorated church—its pagan character, as if it were a rude archaic temple in some corner of the antique world, which had been adorned, two thousand years ago, by pious country folk for some local festival. The old clergyman was not in the least shocked by my remark; it seemed indeed rather to please him; there was, he agreed, something of a pagan character in the modern Harvest Festival—it was no doubt a bit of the old primitive Vegetation Ritual, the old Religion of the soil; a Festival which, like so many others, had not been destroyed by Christianity, but absorbed into it, and given a new meaning. "Indeed," he added, talking on as if the subject interested him, and expressing himself with a certain donnish

carefulness of speech that I found pleasant to listen to, "the Harvest Festival is undoubtedly a survival of the prehistoric worship of that Corn Goddess who, in classical times, was called Demeter and Ioulo and Ceres, but whose cult as an Earth-Mother and Corn-Spirit is of much greater antiquity. For there is no doubt that this Vegetation Spirit has been worshipped from the earliest times by agricultural peoples; the wheat fields and ripe harvest being naturally suggestive of the presence amid the corn of a kindly Being, who, in return for due rites and offerings, will vouchsafe nourishing rains and golden harvests." He mentioned the references in Virgil[67], and the description in Theocritus[68] of a Sicilian Harvest Festival—these were no doubt familiar to me, but if I was interested in the subject, I should find, he said, much more information collected in a book which he had written, but of which I had probably never heard, about the Vegetation Deities in Greek Religion. As it happened I knew the book, and felt now much interested in my chance in meeting with the distinguished scholar; and after expressing this as best I could, I rode off, promising to visit him again. This promise I was never able to fulfil; but when afterward, on my return to the neighbourhood, I heard of that unhappy scandal, my memory of this meeting and our talk enabled me to form a theory as to what had really happened.

因为我见过那位老牧师一次，奇怪的是那也是在一次收获感恩节上，不过是在导致他消失的那次收获感恩节的几年之前。那天我骑着自行车翻山越岭，进入一个满是麦田的山谷，然后骑上一条没有围栏遮挡的小路，两边是大片杂乱的麦茬。我下了车，打开三四道门后，看到几间茅草屋顶的小屋，一座未经修缮的诺曼式小教堂掩映在巨大的榆树间。我把车停在外面，步行穿过庭院。当我穿过深陷在内的诺曼式大门走进教堂，一幅美丽得惊人的景象展现在我眼前。阴冷狭小的教堂内部被整理过，装饰着大量的水果和蔬菜、黄澄澄的葫芦、苹果和李子、金黄的麦捆、成堆的面包、九月鲜花扎成的花环。我走进去时，一个衣衫褴褛的老牧师正站在活梯的最高处，完成最后的装饰。他一看到我就下来了。我跟他说话，称赞这里的装饰，并且稍稍提高了音量，因为我注意到他听不见。我们谈论起收获感恩节，我很快意识到我正与一位受过高等教育的博学之士交谈。我冒昧地暗示这座装饰艳丽的古老教堂让我印象深刻的地方——它的异教特征，它仿佛藏在古老世界一隅的一座古老简易的庙宇，两千多年前虔诚的村民为迎接某种当地节日而对它进行了装饰。那位老牧师对我的评价毫不惊讶，看来反倒挺高兴。他同意，当代的收获感恩节确实有某种异教的特征——它无疑带有某些古老原始的植物祭祀仪式、一种关于土地的古老宗教的色彩；收获感恩节，像许多其他节日一样，并没有被基督教所破坏，反而被其吸收，并被赋予了新的内涵。“的确如此，”他补充道，接着说下去，仿佛这个话题引起了他的兴趣，他以一种学者般的字斟句酌的方式表达自己的观点，这使我很乐于倾听，“收获感恩节无疑是由史前对谷物女神的崇拜遗传下来的，她在古希腊罗马时代被称作得墨忒耳、爱奥罗和刻瑞斯。但她作为大地

之母和谷物之神受人膜拜的历史要更久远。因为无疑这位植物之神在最早的时候就受到农业民族的膜拜，麦田和成熟的作物很自然地让人联想到在谷物中间有一位善良的神灵。她在接受了适当的祭祀仪式和祭品之后，会赐予人类滋养的雨水和金色的丰收。”他说维吉尔的作品中出现过，忒奥克里托斯也描述过西西里的收获感恩节——对此我无疑是很熟悉的。但是如果我对此感兴趣，他说，我可以在他写的一本书里找到更多内容，只是恐怕我从没听说过那本书，它是关于希腊宗教里的植物之神的。我恰好知道那本书，此刻我对有机会遇到这位卓越的学者产生了更大的兴趣。在极力表达了这种想法之后，我骑车离开了，并承诺再来拜访他。我一直未能兑现这个承诺。但是后来，我回到这一带时，听说了那件令人不快的丑闻，那次见面和我们谈话的记忆让我能够对真实的情况形成自己的看法。

It seemed plain to me that the change had been too violent for this elderly student, taken from his books and college rooms and set down in the solitude of this remote valley, amid the richness, and living sap of Nature. The gay spectacle, right under his old eyes, of growing shoots and budding foliage, of blossoming and flowering, and the ripening of fruits and crops, the pairing of birds and the mating of cattle, had little by little (such was my theory) unhinged his brains. More and more his thoughts had come to dwell, not on the doctrines of the Church in which he had long ago taken orders, but on the pagan rites which had formed his life-long study, and which had been the expression of a life not unlike the agricultural life amid which he now found himself living. So as his derangement grew upon him in his isolation, he had gradually transformed, with a maniac's cunning, the Christian services, and led his little congregation, all unknown to themselves, back toward their ancestral worship of the Corn- Goddess. At last he had thrown away all disguise, and had appeared as a hierophant of Demeter, dressed in a fawn skin, with a crown of poplar leaves, and pedantically carrying the mystic basket and the winnowing fan appropriate to these mysteries. The wheaten posset he offered the shocked communicants belonged to these also, and the figure of a woman on the altar was of course the holy Wheatsheaf, whose unveiling was the culminating point in that famous ritual.

这在我看来显而易见：这位年迈的信徒，被迫离开他的书籍和学院的教室，置身于这偏远山谷的孤寂之中，被大自然丰富、生动的活力所包围，这变化太过剧烈，以致他无法承受。那副令人愉悦的景致，就在他老迈的双眼底下，初生的嫩苗，抽芽的枝叶，鲜花盛开，水果和作物渐渐成熟，鸟儿成双和牛儿交配，这一切一点一点地（我是这样认为的）搅乱了他的思维。他的思想越来越多地停留的地方，不是他很久以前就成为其牧师的国教的教义，而是成为他终生研究对象的异教仪式，这种异教仪式一直以来展现了一种类似农耕生活的生活状态，而这样的生活他正深处其中。所以随着他的精神错乱在孤寂中愈发严重，他开

始，带着一种疯子特有的狡猾，逐渐转变基督教礼拜仪式，而且带领他为数不多的会众，在他们不知情的情况下，回归到他们祖先的对谷物女神的崇拜之中。最后，他抛掉了所有伪装，以得墨忒耳祭祀的形象出现，身披鹿皮，头戴白杨叶头冠，严格按照这些神秘仪式的规定提着神秘的篮子，摇着扇子。他给那些震惊的接受圣餐的人提供的麦芽牛奶甜酒也是符合这种仪式的规定的，在圣坛上出现的女人的肖像当然就是神圣的麦捆，掀开她上面的覆盖物是这个著名的仪式上的最高潮。

It is much to be regretted that I could not recover full and more exact details of that celebration, in which this great scholar had probably embodied his mature knowledge concerning a subject which has puzzled generations of students. But what powers of careful observation could one expect from a group of labourers and small farmers? Some of the things that reached my ears I refused to believe—the mention of pig's blood, for instance, and especially the talk of certain grosser symbols, which the choir boys, it was whispered, had carried in their hands about the church in ceremonious procession. Village people have strange imaginations; and to this event, growing more and more monstrous as they talked it over, they must themselves have added this grotesque detail. However, I have written to consult an Oxford authority on this interesting point, and he has been kind enough to explain at length that although at the Haloa, or winter festival of the Corn-Goddess, and also at the Chloeia, or festival in early spring, some symbolization of the reproductive powers of Nature would be proper and appropriate, such ritualism would have been quite out of place at the Thalysia, or autumn festival of thanksgiving. I feel certain that a solecism of this kind—the introduction into a particular rite of features not sanctioned by the texts—would have seemed a shocking thing to one who had always been so accurate a scholar.

非常遗憾我无法详尽、更精确地复述那场典礼的细节，这位伟大的学者大概在那场典礼中体现了他在这个困扰了几代学者的课题方面所拥有的成熟的知识。但是，怎能奢望一群劳工和小农拥有什么细致的观察力呢？我拒绝相信听到的某些传言—比如有人提到猪血，尤其是某些更恶心的象征，有人悄悄说，唱诗班的孩子们把它们拿在手里绕着教堂列队祷告。村民有各种各样奇怪的想象，随着他们口口相传，这件事变得越来越可怕，他们一定是自己在其中加上了这个怪诞的细节。不过，我就这个有意思的细节写信咨询了一位牛津的权威人物，他十分亲切地详细解释道，虽然在哈洛阿，即谷物女神的冬季节日，和克罗雅，即早春的节日中，使用某些大自然繁衍能力的象征物是合适且适宜的，但是在塔利西亚，即秋季的感恩节举行这种仪式是不合适的。我很肯定，这种失礼—在一场特别的仪式上引入没有经过经文认可的元素—在如此精准的一位学者看来，似乎是不可思议的。

In A Fix

进退两难

To go, or not to go? Did I want or not want to bicycle over to the Hanbury-Belchers at Pokemore? Wouldn't it be pleasanter to stay at home?

去，还是不去？我是想还是不想骑车到伯克摩尔的汉伯里 - 贝尔彻家去？呆在家里会不会更开心呢？

I liked the Hanbury-Belchers—

我喜欢汉伯里 - 贝尔彻一家—

Or did I really like them?

或者我真的喜欢他们吗？

Still, it might be pleasant?

不过，去了会开心？

But how beforehand can one ever tell? Experience? I was still, I felt, as ignorant of life as a newborn infant; experience has taught me nothing; what I needed was some definite, a priori principle, some clear conception of the meaning of existence, in the light of which problems of this kind would solve themselves at once.

但是去之前谁又能知道呢？靠经验吗？我仍然，我觉得，像个初生的婴儿般对生活一无所知；我从经验中没学到任何东西；我需要的是某个确切的、先验的原则，关于生存的意义的清晰概念，根据它，这种问题能够立刻自行解决。我

I leant my bicycle against the gate, and sat down to think the matter out. Calling to mind the moral debates of the old philosophers, I meditated on that Summum Bonum, or Sovereign Felicity of which they argued; but from their disputes and cogitations what came back most vividly—what seemed to fall upon me almost in a hush of terror—was that paralysis or dread balance of desire which they wrote of; the predicament, in fact, of that philosophic quadruped, who, because he found in each of them precisely the same attraction, stood between two bundles of hay, unable to move, until he perished of hunger.

把自行车靠在门上，坐下来把这个问题想清楚。我想起古时哲人关于道德的辩论，我沉思着他们辩论的Summum Bonum，即最大的幸福。他们的争论和思考中最让我印象深刻的——我想到它时几乎感到一阵静默的恐慌——是他们写到的欲望的瘫痪或是其可怕的平衡。人类这种拥有哲学思想的四足动物所面临的困扰，事实上要归因于他们发现每一种选择都有完全同等的吸引力，他们站在两捆稻草中间，无法移动，

直到饿死。

The Garden Party

花园聚会

"Yes, I suppose it is rather a dull Garden Party," I agreed, though my local pride was a little hurt by the disdain of that visiting young woman for our rural society. "Still we have some interesting neighbours, when you get to know them. Now that fat lady over there in purple—do you see her? Mrs. Turnbull—she believes in Eternal Torment. And that old gentleman with whiskers and white spats, Colonel Bosco, is convinced that England is tottering on the very brink of the Abyss. He expects to hear at any moment the final crash of Empire, Church, and Throne; and it gives him, he says, a kind of giddy feeling. And the pie-faced lady he is talking to, Miss Stuart-Frisby, was, she says, Mary Queen of Scots in a previous existence. And our Curate—we're proud of our Curate, he's a great cricketer, and a kind of saint as well. They say he goes out in Winter at three o'clock in the morning, and stands up to his neck in a pond, to cool and overcome his appetites."

“是的，我认为这是一场相当无聊的花园聚会，”我表示同意，虽然那位来访的年轻女人对我们乡村社交界的轻蔑有点伤害我对本地的自豪感。“不过当你认识他们之后，你会发现我们还是有一些很有意思的邻居的。那边穿紫衣服的那个胖女人，看到她没有？那是特恩布尔夫人——她信奉永久的磨难。那个留着络腮胡子穿白鞋罩的老绅士，是博斯科上校，他坚信英国正在深渊的边缘摇摇欲坠，随时期望听到帝国、教会和王权最终崩溃的消息；他说这让他有一种头晕目眩的感觉。而和他交谈的那个扁圆面孔的女士，斯图亚特 - 弗里斯比小姐，她说自己前世是苏格兰玛丽女王。还有我们的助理牧师——我们为我们的助理牧师感到骄傲。他是个伟大的板球选手，也算是位圣人。人们说他会在冬天凌晨三点钟出去，站到池塘里，让水没过他的脖子，以此来冷却和克服自己的欲望。”

Weltschmerz

厌世

"How depressed you look! What on earth's the matter?"

“你看起来很抑郁！究竟怎么了？”

"Central Europe," I said, "and the chaos in China is something awful. There's a threatened shortage, too, of beer in Copenhagen."

“欧洲中部，”我说，“还有中国的骚乱，都很糟糕。还有哥本哈根也面临啤酒短缺。”

"But why should that worry you?"

“可是你为什么会为那些事操心呢？”

"It doesn't. It's what I said to Mrs. Rumbal—I do say such idiotic things! She asked me to come to see them. 'I shall be delighted,' I said, 'as delighted—'"

“并不是因为那些事。是我对朗波尔夫人所说的话——我确实说了这种蠢话！她让我去看看那些人。‘我会很高兴的，’我说，‘就像——’”

"But it's your fault for making me read that book of Siamese translations!"—

“但是是你的错，你不该让我看那本暹罗语翻译的书！”——

“'As delighted,' I said, 'Mrs. Rumbal, as a royal flamingo, when he alights upon a cluster of lotuses.'"

“‘就像，’我说，‘朗波尔夫人，就像落在一簇荷花间的一只高贵的火烈鸟那般高兴。’”

Life-Enhancement

生命的提升

I was simply telling them at tea the details of my journey—how late the train had been in starting, how crowded the railway carriage, how I had mislaid my umbrella, and nearly lost my Gladstone bag.

我只是在喝茶时告诉他们我这次旅行的详情——火车出发得有多晚，车厢有多挤，我如何弄丢了雨伞，还差点丢了我的格莱斯顿旅行包。

But how I enjoyed making them listen, what a sense of enhanced existence I found it gave me (and to think that I have pitied bores!) to force my doings, my interests, my bag and umbrella, down their throats!

但是我多么享受让他们听我说话，把我的行为、我的兴趣、我的旅行包、我的雨伞统统强行塞进他们的喉咙里，我发现这带给我怎样一种生存得到提升的感觉（想想我同情过那些使人厌烦的人！）！

The Pyramid

金字塔

"To read Gibbon," I said, as we paced that terrace in the sunshine, "to peruse his metallic, melancholy pages, and then forget them; to re-read and re-forget the Decline and Fall; to fill the mind with that great, sad, splendid, meaningless panorama of History, and then to watch those Kings and Conquerors, those Heresiarchs and monks and Patriarchs and Councils, all fade away from our memory, as they have faded from the glass of Time—"

“去读吉本，”我们在阳光下的那座露台上闲逛时，我说，“品味他金属般忧郁的文字，然后再忘却它们，再重读《衰亡史》，再忘记。在脑海中装满那伟大的、悲伤的、精彩的、毫无意义的历史的全景，然后再看着那些王者和征服者，那些异教创始人、僧侣、元老和议会，全都从我们的记忆中消逝，如同他们从时光的沙漏中消逝一样——”

As she turned to me with a glance full of enthusiasm, "What is so enchanting," I reflected, "as the dawn of an acquaintance with a clever woman with whom one can share one's thoughts?"

她转过头，注视的目光中充满了热切。“结识一位聪慧的女性，并且可以与之交流思想，”我想，“还有什么能够如此让人陶醉？”

It was her remark about History, how she believed that the builders of the Great Pyramid had foreseen and foretold many events of Modern History, which made a gigantic shadow, Egyptian darkness, loom between us on that terrace.

她对历史的评价，即她是如何认为大金字塔的建造者们预见到和预言了许多现代历史中的事件，在我们之间形成了一片巨大的阴影，埃及式的阴影，在那座露台上若隐若现。

Eclipse

黯然失色

A mild radiance and the scent of flowers filled the drawing room, whose windows stood open to the summer night. I thought our talk delightful; the topic was one of my favourite topics; I had much that was illuminating to say about it, and I was a little put out when we were called to the window to look at the planet Jupiter, which was shining in the sky just then, we were told, with great brilliance.

柔和的月光和沁人的花香充满了客厅，客厅的窗户向着夏夜敞开着。我认为我们的谈话很愉快，话题是我最喜欢的话题之一；关于那个话题我有很多发人深思的话可说。所以当我们被叫到窗前看木星时，我有点沮丧。别人告诉我，那颗当时正在夜空中闪耀出耀眼光芒的就是木星。

In turns through a telescope we gazed at the Planet. I thought the

spectacle over-rated. However I said nothing. Not for the world, not for any number of worlds would I have wished them to guess why I was displeased with that star.

我们轮流透过望远镜遥望那颗行星。我认为那个景象被高估了，然而我什么都没有说。无论如何，我不愿让他们猜出我为什么不喜欢那颗星。

Reflections

沉思

When I walk to the side of the thought-suggesting sea, when I sit on the sand not far from the margin of the incoming or retreating tide, I often gaze on that waste of undulating water until it assumes in my eyes a moral meaning—seems to lie there on the page of Nature's book as an immense and shining metaphor, re-presenting the instability and transience of all things in the stream of Time. And the waves, as they hasten towards the pebbled shore, remind me, as they have reminded others, of our own moments hastening to their end.

当我走向那引人遐想的海边，当我坐在距离涨潮或落潮边缘不远的地方，我常常注视着那片波澜的海水，直到它在我眼中似乎具有了某种道德上的意义——似乎是躺在那儿，躺在大自然的书页上的一个宏大而闪耀的比喻，象征着时间的溪流中万物的倏忽无常。当海浪匆匆冲向满是鹅卵石的岸边时，它们提醒着我，也提醒着别人，我们的时光短暂，匆匆冲向生命的尽头。

But as they keep on reiterating this monotonous lesson, and my thoughts ebb and flow to their melancholy music, they seem to efface and wash away their own monitions: my sense of the transience of things proves itself but a transient reflection; and reclining there in the shade of my white cotton sun-umbrella, I float agreeably off into an oblivion of Time, the Sea, and Mortality.

但是因为它们不断重复这种单调的警示，而我的思绪也随着那伤感的音乐涨落，它们似乎抹去和冲刷掉它们自己的警示：事实证明，我对于世事无常的感悟也不过是一种变化无常的想法。我靠在那里，在我的白色棉布遮阳伞的阴影下，惬意地漂了起来,湮没在时光、大海、死亡之中。

The Ideal

理想

Bright shone the morning, and as I waited (they had promised to

call for me in their motor) I made for myself an enchanting picture of the day before me, our drive to that forest beyond the dove-blue hills, the ideal beings I should meet there, feasting with them in the shade of immemorial trees.

清晨阳光普照，我一边等待（他们答应开车来接我），一边为眼前这一天勾画出一幅醉人的画面，我们开车来到青灰色小山那边的那片树林，在那里我会遇到理想的人物，和他们一起在那些古树的树影下野餐。

And when, in the rainy twilight, I was deposited, soaked, and half-dead with fatigue, out of that open motor, was there nothing inside me but chill and disillusion? If I had dreamed a dream incompatible with the climate and social conditions of these Islands, had I not, out of that very dream and disenchantment, created, like the Platonic Lover, a Platonic and imperishable vision—the ideal Picnic, the Picnic as it might be—the wonderful windless weather, the Watteauish[69] landscape, where a group of mortals talk and feast as they talked and feasted in the Golden Age?

然而，在那个阴雨的黄昏，我从那辆敞篷车上下来时，浑身湿透，累得半死，除了寒冷和幻灭之外我还会有别的感觉吗？如果我做了一个与这片岛屿的气候和社会状况不相符的梦，我岂不是从这场梦和觉醒中，像柏拉图式的恋人般，创造出一场柏拉图式不灭的幻象？这幻象即是一次理想的野餐，是这次野餐本可以有的样子——晴朗无风的天气，华托式的风景中，一群凡人像在黄金时代那样聊天和欢宴。

Bogeys

鬼怪

I remember how charmed I was with these new acquaintances, to whose house I had been taken that afternoon to call. I remember the gardens through which we sauntered, with peaches ripening on the sunny walls; I remember the mellow light on the old portraits in the drawing-room, the friendly atmosphere and tranquil voices; and how, as the quiet stream of talk flowed on, one subject after another was pleasantly mirrored on its surface;—till, at a chance remark, there was a sudden change and darkening, an angry swirl, as if a monster were raising its head above the waters.

我还记得这些初识的人有多么吸引我，那个下午我跟着别人一起到他们家里去拜访。我记得我们漫步其中的花园，半熟的桃子挂在阳光斑驳的墙上。我记得客厅古画上的柔和光亮、友好的氛围与平和的声音，以及当谈话的溪流平静地流淌下去时，一个接一个的话题如何令人愉悦地映射在溪流的表面——直到，因一句不经意的评论，气氛突变，阴沉

下去，出现一个愤怒的漩涡，好像一只野兽从水中抬起头来。

What was it about, the disputation into which we plunged, in spite of our desperate efforts to clutch at other subjects? Was it Tariff Reform or Table-Rapping[70]—Bacon and Shakespeare, Disestablishment, perhaps—or Anti-Vivisectton? What did any of us know or really care about it? What force, what fury drove us into saying the stupid, intolerant, denunciatory things we said; that made us feel we would rather die than not say them? How could a group of humane, polite, and intelligent people be so suddenly transformed into barking animals?

尽管我们绝望地想要抓住别的话题，却还是陷入的这个争论是关于什么呢？是关税改革还是桌灵击——培根和莎士比亚，或许是废除国教制——又或者是抵制活体解剖？对于这些，我们当中有谁真正了解或真正在意呢？是什么力量、怎样的怒气，驱使我们说出那些愚蠢、偏执、责难的话，还让我们觉得宁死也非说不可？一群仁慈又知书达理的人怎么会一下子就变成了狂吠的畜牲呢？

Why do we let these Abstractions and implacable Dogmatisms take possession of us, glare at each other through our eyes, and fight their futile, frenzied conflicts in our persons? Life without the rancours and ever-recurring battles of these Bogeys might be so simple, friendly, affectionate, and pleasant!

我们为什么让这些抽象的观念和顽固不化的教条主义占据了内心，彼此怒目而视，在我们身上实践它们那些无谓、疯狂的争吵？如果没有这些鬼怪的仇恨和无休的争斗，生活会是多么简单、友善，充满爱意和令人愉悦啊！

Weltanschauung

世界观

When, now and then, on a calm night I look up at the Stars, I reflect on the wonders of Creation, the unimportance of this Planet, and the possible existence of other worlds like ours. Sometimes it is the self-poised and passionless shining of those serene orbs which I think of; sometimes Kant's[71] phrase comes into my mind about the majesty of the Starry Heavens and the Moral Law; or I remember Xenophanes[72] gazing up at the broad firmament, and crying, "The All is One!" and thus, in that sublime assertion, enunciating for the first time the great doctrine of the Unity of Being.

不时地，当我在静谧的夜里仰望星空，会想到造物主创造的奇迹，这颗星球的无足轻重，以及可能有像我们的世界一样的其他世界存在。有时候我想到的是那些沉静的天体的镇定自若、毫无激情的光芒，有时

候我的脑海里会浮现出康德关于星光璀璨的天空和道德律令的庄严那句话，或者我会想起色诺芬尼仰望广袤的苍穹，大喊“万物即一！”从而，以这一庄严的断言，第一次宣告了万物归一这个重大的学说。

But these Thoughts are not my thoughts; they eddy through my mind like scraps of old paper, or withered leaves in the wind. What I really feel is the survival of a much more primitive mood—a view of the world which dates indeed from before the invention of language. It has never been put into literature; no poet has sung of it, no historian of human thought has so much as alluded to it; astronomers in their glazed observatories, with their eyes glued to the ends of telescopes, seem to have had no notion of it.

但是这些思想并非我的思想。它们像风中的旧纸片或枯叶般在我的脑海中旋转着飞过。我真正感觉到的是一种更原始的情绪的延续——一种确实追溯到语言出现之前的世界观。它从来没有出现在文学作品中，没有诗人吟诵过它，没有研究人类思想的历史学家提到过它，天文学家在镶着玻璃的天文台里，眼睛紧贴着望远镜的一端，似乎也从来没有想到过它。

But sometimes, far off at night, I have heard a dog howling at the Moon.

但是有时，在深夜里，我曾听到一只狗对着月亮狂吠。

The Alien

外来者

The older I grow, the more of an alien I find myself in the world; I cannot get used to it, cannot believe that it is real. I think I must have been made to live on some other Star. Or perhaps I am subject to hallucinations and hear voices; perhaps what I seem to see is delusion and doesn't happen; perhaps people don't really say the things I think I hear them saying.

随着年龄的增长，我越来越发现自己在这个世界上是个外来者；我无法习惯它，无法相信它是真实的。我想我一定是生来就该生活在别的星球上。或者也许我受到幻觉的支配，还产生了幻听；也许我隐约看到的只是错觉，并未发生。也许人们从未真的说过那些我认为自己听到他们说的话。

Ah, some one ought to have told me when I was young, I should certainly have been told of the songs that are sung in drawing-rooms; they ought to have warned me about the fat women who suddenly get up and bellow out incredible recitations.

啊！我年轻的时候本该有人告诉我，他们当然本该告诉我那些在客

厅里唱的歌；他们本该警告我会有些胖女人突然站起来吼出些令人不可思议的诗文里的句子。

Achievement

成就

"Yes, as you say, one certainly ought to try to make something of one's life. It's an experience after all, full of exasperation of course, but full of interest. And love, and the warmth of the sun are pleasant, and money, and the taste of food. And how pleasant it is, too, to shine in conversation!"

“是的，正如你所说，一个人一生中当然应该尝试取得一些成就。那毕竟是一种经历，当然充满了烦闷，但也充满了乐趣。爱和太阳的温暖都是令人愉悦的，还有钱财和食物的味道。另外，能够侃侃而谈是多么令人愉悦啊！”

"What I think would be perfectly charming," I confided to our Vicar's wife, "what above all things I should like, would be to make out of my life—how shall I put it?—something delicate and durable, something privileged to win the approbation of the high authorities of the Universe. To live on, in fact, after my funeral in a perfect phrase.”

“我的想法非常诱人，”我向牧师的妻子坦言道，“所有一切里面我最喜欢的，是在我的一生中实现一些——怎么说呢——精致而持久的东西，能够获得宇宙中最高权威认可的东西。事实上，是在我的葬礼后，我还能在完美的评价中继续存在下去。”

(1)特里维亚， 罗马神话中的女神。

(2)盖伊（1685—1732），英国诗人、剧作家。

(3)玛门，在宗教中指被视作偶像或罪恶的物质财富。

(4)主日学校，星期日对儿童进行宗教教育的学校。

(5)贝克莱（1685—1753），爱尔兰哲学家。

(6)贾拉鲁丁·穆罕默德·鲁米（1207—1273），波斯诗人，在波斯文学史上享有盛誉，是“诗坛四柱”之一。

(7)《仙后》，英国诗人斯宾塞（1552—1599）的一部重要作品。

(8)史蒂芬森（1781—1848），英国机械工程师，新型蒸汽机的发明者。

(9)瓦特（1736—1819），英国发明家，改良了蒸汽机。

(10)易卜生（1828—1906），挪威戏剧家、诗人，创造问题剧，揭露社会问题，代表作有《玩偶之家》、《群鬼》等。

(11)索福克勒斯（公元前496？—前406），古希腊悲剧诗人。

(12)歌德（1749—1832），德国作家、诗人。

(13)斯宾诺莎（1632—1677），荷兰哲学家。

(14)亚伯拉罕·林肯（1809—1865），美国第十六任总统。

(15)玛丽·贝克·艾娣（1821—1910），《基督教科学箴言报》的创始人。

(16)培根(1561—1626)，英国散文作家、哲学家、政治家。有种说法认为他是莎士比亚作品的真正作者。

(17)唵嘛呢叭咪哞，佛教箴言。

(18)克伦威尔（1599—1658），英国17世纪资产阶级革命的领袖、政治家和军事家。

(19)圣灵降临，基督复活后第五十天差遣圣灵降临，这一天被定为圣灵降临节。

(20)走步竞赛，19世纪美国南部地区黑人的一种公共娱乐比赛，考较的是参赛者步法的熟练及姿势的优美程度，因对获胜者奖以蛋糕而得名。

(21)圣赫勒拿，南大西洋的一个小岛，拿破仑1821年死于此岛并被就地安葬。

(22)苏塞克斯，英格兰东南部的一个郡。

(23)弥尔顿（1608—1674），英国诗人，主要作品有长诗《失乐园》、《复乐园》及诗剧《力士参孙》。

(24)至福直观，天主教中指在天堂里圣徒对上帝永恒、直观的认识。

(25)平利科，伦敦的一片住宅区，白金汉宫所在地。

(26)山上宝训，《圣经·马太福音》第五章到第七章里，耶稣基督在山上所说的话。

(27)伊林（Ealing）、坎伯韦尔（Clapham）、霍克斯顿（Hoxton），是伦敦的三个地区。

(28)布莱克（1757—1827），英国诗人。

(29)第欧根尼（公元前400？—前325？），希腊哲学家，犬儒主义者。

(30)低教会派，英国教会的一派。

(31)约瑟、底波拉、大卫，皆为《圣经》中人物。

(32)在本段谈话中出现的名词均以-ion结尾。

(33)简·奥斯汀（1775—1817），英国女作家，代表作为《傲慢与

偏见》。

(34)伊伯里大街，位于伦敦上流住宅区。

(35)魏尔伦（1844—1896），法国诗人。

(36)约翰逊博士（1709—1784），英国文学家、词典编纂家。

(37)斯隆街，伦敦的一条南北向大街，是一条著名购物街。

(38)摄政王公园，伦敦的皇家公园之一。

(39)圣约翰森林，伦敦北部一个地区，位于摄政王公园西北端。

(40)约翰·布莱特（1811—1889），英国激进自由派政治家。

(41)格莱斯顿（1809—1898），英国自由党政治家，四度当选首相。

(42)琐罗亚斯德（公元前628—前551），古代波斯帝国的国教琐罗亚斯德教的创始人。

(43)毗斯迦山，在约旦河东,《圣经》中摩西从此山眺望上帝赐给亚伯拉罕的迦南。

(44)亚里士提卜（约公元前435—前356），昔兰尼学派创始人，快乐主义昌导者之一。

(45)昔兰尼，古希腊在北非的一个殖民地。

(46)卡多根花园，位于伦敦切尔西。

(47)海斯帕利亚花园，希腊神话中仙女海斯佩丽德丝守护的金苹果园。

(48)英诺森和庇护，都是教皇的名字。

(49)法勒牧师（1831—1903），英国神职人员、作家，曾任坎特伯雷教长，著有小说、语言学和神学著作。

(50)门德尔松（1809—1847），德国作曲家、指挥家。

(51)摩尔人，中世纪时西欧西班牙人和葡萄牙人对北非穆斯林的贬称。

(52)骑士桥路，伦敦西部的一条大路。

(53)布卢姆斯伯里，伦敦中部的一个地区，20世纪初的文化艺术中心，汇聚了一批英国年轻的艺术家、批评家、作家、经济学家。

(54)波尔汉姆，伦敦的一个地区。

(55)法语。指一种又甜又酥的梨子。

(56)黑格尔（1770—1831），德国古典唯心主义哲学家。

(57)切尔西，伦敦西部的一个地区，处于泰晤士河北岸，作家和艺术家的聚居地。

(58)梅费尔区，伦敦的上流住宅区。

(59)杰里米·边沁（1748—1832），英国法学家及哲学家，最早支持功利主义的人之一。

(60)笛卡儿（1596—1650），法国哲学家、自然科学家、解析几何的创始人。

(61)伯沙撒，巴比伦的最后一位国王。巴比伦灭亡之夜，在他举行的宴会上，墙上出现预告他将失败的文字。

(62)亚大纳西（约293—373），基督教希腊教父，埃及亚历山大城主教。

(63)查林十字街，伦敦威斯敏斯特的一个地区，斯川德、白厅和科克斯普尔街的交汇处。

(64)阿卡迪亚，也作阿卡狄亚，伯罗奔尼撒半岛古希腊一个地区，当地居民过着一种简单的田园生活，与外界来往不多。

(65)雪莱（1792—1822），英国著名抒情诗人，《云雀》是他的名篇之一。

(66)华兹华斯（1770—1850），英国浪漫主义诗人，《水仙》为其名篇之一。他和柯尔律治、骚塞同为以诗赞美湖光山色闻名的湖畔诗人的代表人物。

(67)维吉尔（公元前70—前19），古罗马诗人。

(68)忒奥克里托斯（约公元前310—前250），西方田园牧歌创始人。

(69)华托（1684—1721），法国画家。

(70)桌灵击，灵媒通灵时，不借助有实际形态的物体敲击桌子发出声音。

(71)康德（1724—1804），德国哲学家。

(72)色诺芬尼（约公元前570—前480），古希腊哲学家、诗人。

After Thoughts

再思录

"Little fish are sweet."

“小鱼是甜美的。”

I. Life And Human Nature

1. 生活和人性

We are the children of our age, but children who can never know their mother.

我们是我们时代的孩子，不过是永远无法知道自己的母亲是谁的孩子。

It is just as well to be a little giddy-pated, if you are to feel at home on this turning earth.

如果想在这个旋转的地球上感到舒适的话，还不如有点晕头晕脑的。

The future looms a dark fog before us, but through it we see the eyes of Posterity, gazing at us coldly.

未来在我们面前隐现出一片黑雾，但透过这黑雾，我们看见了后代的眼睛，冷冷地注视着我们。

How furious it makes people to tell them of the things which belong to their peace!

把属于人们安宁的事情告诉他们，这让他们多么愤怒啊！

All mirrors are magical mirrors, never can we see our faces in them.

所有的镜子都是魔镜；在里面我们从来看不见自己的脸。

Our lives within may be mysteries and marvels; but our names and noses are familiar to the world.

我们内心的生活可能是神秘而神奇的；但我们的姓名和鼻子却为世界所熟悉。

There are two things to aim at in life: first, to get what you want; and, after that, to enjoy it. Only the wisest of mankind achieve the second.

生命中要瞄准两件事情：首先，得到你想要的；在那之后，享受它。只有人类中最聪明的才能实现第二件。

Happiness is a wine of the rarest vintage, and seems insipid to a vulgar taste.

幸福是最罕见的好年份里酿的葡萄美酒，而它在鉴赏力庸俗之人看来却淡而无味。

That amusing stories are told about us does not amuse the Soul.

有人讲述的关于我们的趣事并不能让灵魂发笑。

How awful to reflect that what people say of us is true!

想到别人说的关于我们的话都是真的，这多么可怕啊！

Our names are labels, plainly printed on the bottled essence of our past behaviour.

我们的姓名是标签，明明白白地印在装有我们过去行为的瓶装精华液上面。

As oysters secrete scale by scale the shells which overcrust their pearly seclusion, so our souls exude act by act the rough personage which hides softly away from the world our irrelevant dream of existence.

就像牡蛎一片一片地分泌出包裹起珍珠内核的壳，我们的灵魂一个行为一个行为地流渗出粗笨的躯体，把我们不切实际的存在之梦轻柔地藏在世界看不到的地方。

My festival is a festival of imagination on the way to the palace.

我的节日是在前往宫殿路上的想象力的节日。

How exquisitely ironic is the entertainment we can derive from our disillusions!

我们能够从幻灭中得到的娱乐是多么精妙的讽刺啊！

For souls in growth, great quarrels are great emancipations.

对于成长中的灵魂而言，激烈的争吵是最好的释放。

The actual is egregious and disconcerting, and never more so than when the Ideal becomes real, and Heaven touches earth for a moment.

现实是恶名昭彰、扰乱人心的，而在理想成真，天堂触及大地的那一瞬间，更是如此。

How many of our daydreams would darken into nightmares, were there a danger of their coming true!

如果有实现的危险的话，我们的白日梦有多少会变暗成为梦魇！

What happens in life is mere litter; but from this wastepaper of perishable events Thought can unpack imperishable meanings.

生命中发生的事情只是丢弃物，但从这堆易腐朽的事件的废纸堆里，思想能够发掘出不腐朽的意义。

Amid the vast unimportance of all things, how beyond all calculation important we find it each morning to have at hand, as we sit facing Time and Eternity, and adequate supply of thin paper!

在众多无足轻重的事情当中，每天早上当我们坐着面对时间和永恒

的时候，发现手边有充足的薄纸，这具有不可估量的重要性。

Solvency is entirely a matter of temperament and not of income.

清偿能力完全是性格问题，而非收入问题。

All-glorious within us are our gay pretensions; but when they fly from our lips, how are their wings bereft of their glory!

我们内心的所有荣耀是我们快乐的借口；但当它们从我们的唇间飞出时，它们的翅膀便丧失了荣耀！

That we should practise what we preach is generally admitted; but anyone who preaches what he and his hearers practise must incur the gravest moral disapprobation.

我们应该实践我们所宣扬的，这一点受到广泛认可；但任何人如果宣扬他和他的听众所实践的，必然招致最严苛的道德上的责难。

It is only those who can declare without guile that they are doing the very opposite of what they are really doing—meat-eating vegetarians for instance, and snob-hating snobs—who keep stainless their serene ideals, and walk the earth in white, like angels.

只有那些能够坦荡地宣称他们正在做的事情与他们实际所做的完全相反的人——例如吃肉的素食主义者，讨厌势利小人的势利小人——才能保持他们平静的理想一尘不染，才能一身洁白地行走于世，如同天使一般。

Self-respecting people do not care to peep at their ref lections in unexpected mirrors, or to see themselves as others see them.

有自尊心的人不喜欢在不期而至的镜子里窥视自己的映像，或者看到别人眼中的自己。

Are we all alike, all pleased alike and troubled by that wanton eye so reprobated by the Founder of our Faith?

我们是否都一样，都一样对我们信仰的创立者所谴责的那只放荡的眼睛感到高兴和烦忧？

Only those who get into scrapes with their eyes open can find the safe way out.

只有那些陷入窘境时睁着眼睛的人，才能找到安全的脱身之路。

The lusts of the Body scandalize the Soul; but it has to come to heel.

身体的欲念使灵魂震惊；但灵魂却不得不服从欲念。

We are told by Moralists with the plainest faces that immorality will spoil our looks.

容貌极为平庸的道学家们告诉我们，道德败坏会损坏我们的容貌。

Money and sex are forces too unruly for our reason; they can only be controlled by taboos with which we tamper at our peril.

金钱和性是我们的理性难以控制的力量；只有禁忌能够控制它们，而我们则冒险篡改这些禁忌。

If you eradicate a fault, you leave room for a worse one to take root and flourish.

如果你根除了一个错误，你就留出空间供一个更严重的错误生根发芽。

There are few sorrows, however poignant, in which a good income is of no avail.

没有什么悲伤，不管多么强烈，是一笔丰厚的收入无法治疗的。

What is more mortifying than to feel that you have missed the plum for want of courage to shake the tree?

感到由于自己没有勇气摇树而失去了李子，还有什么比这更让人羞愧呢？

Great felicities are often great misfortunes.

大幸往往是大不幸。

Little superstitions are the spiders of the mind; we must keep brushing them away, or they will choke it with their dusky webs.

小迷信是思想的蜘蛛；我们必须不断把他们扫走，否则他们会用落满灰尘的蛛网使思想窒息。

We need bogeys and awful apprehensions to keep us from being dull.

我们需要鬼怪和极度的忧虑来使我们不至于变得乏味。

"On the hill at Bomma, at the mouth of the Congo River," Frazer[1] tells us, in a sentence which seems to solve all the problems, "dwells Namvulu Vulu, king of the rain and storm."

“在刚果河口，博马的小山上，”弗雷泽的这句话似乎解决了所有的问题，“住着纳姆乌鲁·乌鲁，雨和风暴之王。”

Sound is more than sense.

声音比感觉更重要。

That we are all lost in a world of vain illusion; and what somewhere, somehow, we must all seek Salvation and a more Abiding City—this is what old-fashioned parsons keep droning from their pulpits: and the worst of it is—what they say is true.

我们全都迷失在一个充满空虚幻想的世界里；无论何地、无论如

何，我们都必须寻求救赎和一座更为永久的城市——这是旧式的牧师在布道坛上不停说着的话，而最糟的是——他们所言不虚。

"Seven great poplars, and amid those poplars, a golden well."

“七株大杨树，在这些杨树中间有一口金井。”

It is through the cracks in our brains that ecstasy creeps in.

透过我们头脑的裂缝，欣喜悄悄潜入。

An echo of music, a face in the street, the wafer of the new moon, a wanton thought;—only in the iridescence of things the vagabond soul is happy.

音乐的回声，街上的脸孔，薄薄的新月，随意的念头；——只有在事物的虹彩中，流浪的灵魂才能快乐。

An act of folly ceases to be foolish, when you know it for the folly that it is.

当你知道其愚蠢时，愚蠢之举就不再愚蠢。

Look at the Moon! You may not know it, but there is something wrong about the Moon. She will not keep her appointments, nor conform to the programme laid down for her by the lunar theorists. At the end of the nineteenth century she arrived ten seconds late: was fourteen seconds ahead of time a hundred years before.

看那月亮！你可能不知道，但月亮是有问题的。她不按时赴约，也不遵守阴历学家给她订下的计划。19世纪末，她迟到了十秒钟：一百年前提早了十四秒。

There are tens of thousands, we are told, who are capable of achieving success in the ordinary walks of life; hundreds there are who can rule their fellow-men and wield empires, to one who can even understand the problem presented by the retardations and accelerations of this incalculable orb. But even these aristocracies in the scale of being, and including Ernest W. Brown[2] and G. W. Hill[3] among their most illustrious members, have never been able to calculate the motion of the moon: still she laughs at their attempts to account for her behaviour.

人们说，有成千上万的人有能力在各种各样平凡的职业中获得成功；有上百人可以统治他们的同胞并支配帝国，有一个人甚至能够理解这个难以测算的星球减速和加速所产生的问题。但即使这些智慧的贵族——有人说在人类的范畴中他们凌驾于所有其他贵族之上，他们最杰出的成员包括欧内斯特·W. 布朗和G.W.希尔在内——也始终没能计算出月亮的运动：她仍在嘲笑他们想要解释她的行为的企图。

(1)弗雷泽（1854—1941），英国人类学家、民俗学家和古典学者。

(2)欧内斯特·W. 布朗（1866—1938），英国天文学家、数学家。

(3)G. W. 希尔（1838—1914），美国天文学家、数学家。

II. Age And Death

2．衰老和死亡

It seemed so simple when one was young, and new ideas were mentioned, not to grow red in the face and gobble!

当一个人年轻时，听到有人提出新想法，不脸红也不乱叫，这似乎很容易！

But we are forced like the insects, and cannot help it, to undergo all the metamorphoses preordained for our species.

但是我们被迫像昆虫一样，无能为力地经历为我们这个物种预先设定的所有变形。

We grow with years more fragile in body, but morally stouter, and can throw off the chill of a bad conscience almost at once.

我们的身体随着年岁的增长变得愈发脆弱，但道德上却愈发坚定，几乎能够立即摆脱做了亏心事的内疚之感带来的寒意。

At evil name, which is a drawback at first, sheds a kind of lustre on old age.

恶名最初是不利的，在老年却成为一种光芒。

There are people who are beautiful in dilapidation, like houses that were hideous when new.

有的人破落时才显美丽，就像有的房子崭新之时甚为丑陋。

What is more enchanting than the voices of young people, when you can't hear what they say?

还有什么比年轻人的声音更迷人呢，当你听不到他们在说什么的时候？

Don't laugh at a youth for his affections; he is only trying on one face after another to find his own.

不要嘲笑年轻人的装模作样；他只是在试戴一张又一张的面孔以期找到属于自己的那张。

Youth is at war with Time; but why should a youth of high fancy quarrel with that Abstraction which can ripen his talent, and mellow his portrait with the varnish of years?

青春在和时间作战；但是一个拥有丰富想象力的年轻人为什么要和那抽象之物争吵呢？它可以催熟他的才能，用岁月的清漆让他的肖像显得成熟柔和。

If we shake hands with icy fingers, it is because we have burnt them so horribly before.

如果我们和冰冷的手指握手，那是因为我们曾狠狠地灼伤过它们。

Just when they sit down to enjoy in peace their evening meal of existence, the tables of most people are pounced upon as by harpies[1], and pillaged by their children.

正当他们坐下来静享晚餐时，大多数人的餐桌就像突然受到哈比袭击一样，遭受他们孩子的抢夺。

Parents used to care more for their money than their family; now they pay for their children's friendship through the nose.

父母们曾经关心钱财甚过关心家庭；现在他们只能高价收买孩子的友谊。

The fiery thought of a social slip which makes us feel hot all over, may mellow into a glow to warm our ageing bones.

一次社交上的失手，这个让我们浑身发热的炽烈念头，可能化作一道光芒温暖我们衰老的骨头。

I cannot forgive my friends for dying; I do not find these vanishing acts of theirs at all amusing.

我不能原谅我的朋友死去；我一点都不觉得他们这些消失的把戏有意思。

We all do ugly things, and our last great act is the ugliest of all.

我们都会做一些丑恶的事情，而我们最后的举动是最丑恶的。

Why are happy people not afraid of Death, while the insatiable and the unhappy so abhor that grim feature?

为什么快乐的人不惧怕死亡，而那些贪得无厌的人和不快乐的人却如此痛恨死亡狰狞的相貌呢？

(1)哈比（单数为harpy），希腊、罗马神话中一种性格残忍贪婪的怪物。

III. Other People

3．他人

There are men and women born into the world to do its work and win its prizes; others, simply to look on and see what happens. These two kinds of people are apt to feel ashamed when they meet each other.

有些男女降生到这个世界上就是要从事工作、赢得奖项的；而其他人只是为了观望，看看发生的事情。这两类人相遇时，都会感到羞赧。

It's an odd thing about this universe that though we all disagree with each other, we are all of us always in the right.

这个世界有一点很古怪，尽管我们彼此意见不同，我们所有人却都总是正确的。

If with an excess of interest you peer into the lives of others, what you will probably find is that you have to pay their debts.

如果你过于兴致盎然地窥视他人的生活，你很可能会发现，最后你得替他们偿还债务。

Those who set out to serve both God and Mammon soon discover that there is no God.

那些打算同时为上帝和金钱服务的人很快会发现上帝并不存在。

How much of our disparagement is the talk of foxes who have lost their tails!

我们轻蔑的指责中有多少不过是断尾狐狸的说辞啊！

There are people of whose lives I know such horrid details, that I feel ashamed of myself when I meet them in drawing-rooms, making a good impression.

有这么一些人，我知道他们生活中可怕的细节，所以当我在客厅里与他们见面并努力给他们留下美好印象的时候，我自感羞愧难当。

When we say we are certain so-and-so could not have done it, what we mean is that we think he very likely did.

当我们说，我们肯定某某人不可能做了某件事的时候，我们的意思是，我们认为他很可能做了。

If we disregard what the world says of someone, we live to repent it.

如果我们不理会世人对某人的评价，我们在有生之年会因此而后悔

的。

The world is not unkind, and reprobates are worse than their reputations.

这世界并非不仁慈，而堕落的人实际上比他们的声名更恶劣。

If you set out to fight the battles of discredited people, don't be too much surprised when they snipe you from the rear.

如果你打算为丧失名誉的人而战，那么当他们从背后向你放冷枪的时候，不要太惊讶。

Most people sell their souls, and live with a good conscience on the proceeds.

大多数人出卖自己的灵魂，然后靠着收入、问心无愧地生活。

To sell one's soul and not be paid for it, and do the Devil's work without his wages, is perhaps in Heaven's eyes a less flagitious bargain.

出卖灵魂却不收取报酬，为魔鬼做事却不赚取工资，这在上帝眼中，或许是不那么罪大恶极的交易。

It is almost always worth while to be cheated; people's little frauds have an interest which more than repays what they cost us.

受骗几乎总是值得的；人们为他们小小的欺骗之举支付的利息用来偿还他们带给我们的损失后还绰绰有余。

When people come and talk to you of their aspirations, before they leave you had better count your spoons.

当人们前来告诉你他们的志向，最好在他们离开你之前数数你的羹匙。

All Reformers, however strict their social conscience, live in houses just as big as they can pay for.

所有的改革家，无论他们的社会良知有多严格，都住在他们能支付得起的最大的房子里。

When they come downstairs from their Ivory Towers, Idealists are apt to walk straight into the gutter.

当理想主义者走下他们的象牙塔，容易径直走到阴沟里去。

The tone of people with low ideas is always a high one: the talk of those who live purely for the Good is appalling.

思想卑劣的人们论调总是很高：单纯为善而活的人，说起话来却总是令人惊骇。

People before the public live an imagined life in the thought of

others, and flourish or feel faint as they grow bright or dwindle in that mirror.

公众人物在别人的想象中过着一种幻想出来的生活，他们随着自己在镜中影像的明亮或缩小而活跃或暗淡。

A virtuous king is a king who has shirked his proper function—to embody for his subjects an ideal of illustrious misbehaviour beyond their reach.

一个有德行的国王是逃避了他的正当职责的国王—去为其臣民体现一种他们无法企及的、卓越的不当行为的理想。

Some human roles are so fixed that it is too great a strain to act them in any but the accepted manner. Fathers should be tyrannical, and sons ungrateful; grandmothers ought to demoralize their children's children, and mothers-in-law make all the bad mischief they can.

有些人类的角色已是如此固定，以至于他们只能按被认可的方式行事，否则就太过劳心费力。父亲应该专横，儿子应该忘恩负义；祖母和外祖母应该使孙子孙女意志消沉，岳母和婆婆应该竭尽所能惹是生非。

Moralists who tell you that Envy is the only vice without a pleasure, have never known the pleasure of seeing bright reflections of themselves in the eyes of envy.

那些告诉你嫉妒是唯一没有快感的罪恶的道德家，从来没体会过在嫉妒的眼睛里看到自己明亮的映象时的快感。

The Saints see men and women through the golden haze of their own goodness; and too nice a discrimination of the characters of others is a sign that you are not too nice a character yourself.

圣人透过他们自己善良的金色迷雾看待世间的男女；而太过仔细地鉴别他人性格表明你自己不是很良善的人。

Only among people who think no Evil can Evil flourish without fear.

只有在没有恶念的人中间，邪恶才能肆意猖獗。

Goodness is not enough; but what a lustre it gives and delicate glaze to people who are good as well as charming!

善良是不够的；但它给了既善良又迷人的人们怎样的光彩和精致光滑的外表啊！

Uncultivated minds are not full of wild flowers, like uncultivated fields. Villainous weeds grow in them, and they are the haunt of toads.

未经教化的思想并非如未开垦的田地那样长满野花。卑劣的杂草生长于其中，蛤蟆也经常出没。

How it infuriates a bigot, when he is forced to drag into the light his dark convictions!

强迫一个偏执的人把他阴暗的信念拖拽出来暴露在阳光下，这会让他多么愤怒啊！

Intolerable to us is the thought that people we detest must be delightful, if delightful people like them.

我们不能容忍的是这样一种想法：我们痛恨的人肯定是讨人喜欢的，如果讨人喜欢的人们喜欢他们的话。

"Well, for my part," they say, "I cannot see the charm of Mrs. Jones."

“唔，就我而言，”他们说，“我看不出琼斯太太有什么迷人的地方。”

"Is it not just conceivable," I feel inclined to answer, "that Mrs. Jones hasn't tried to charm you?"

“你难道没有想过，”我想要这样回答，“琼斯太太并没有试图迷住你？”

Charming people live up to the very edge of their charm, and behave just as outrageously as the world will let them.

有魅力的人充分挥洒自己的魅力，在世人容许的范围内肆意妄为。

Those who are contemptuous of everyone are more than anyone terrified of contempt.

那些轻视所有人的人比任何人都更害怕受到轻视。

Never be sorry when fine creatures snap at you; it is a sign that they hunt with another pack.

优秀的人扑食般咬住你时，不要难过；这表明他们在和另一群人一起打猎。

Don't tell your friends their social faults; they will cure the fault and never forgive you.

不要告诉你的朋友他们的社交错误；他们会改正这个错误，然后永远不原谅你。

Dark and distorting are the minds of people who dislike us, and when we meet them, we make dismal reflections.

讨厌我们的人的思想是黑暗扭曲的；当我们遇到他们时，我们会忧郁地沉思。

I find a fascination, like the fascination for the moth of a star, in those who hold aloof and disdain me.

我对疏远我、轻视我的人产生了一种迷恋，就像飞蛾对星星的那种迷恋。

What a joy to find suddenly among strangers a fish from our little swarm of fishes, a bee from our hive!

能突然在陌生人当中发现我们鱼群里的一条鱼、我们蜂巢里的一只蜜蜂是多么令人欣喜啊！

We need new friends; some of us are cannibals who have eaten their old friends up; others must have ever-renewed audiences before whom to re-enact an ideal version of their lives.

我们需要新朋友；我们当中有些人是食人族，他们吃光了自己的老朋友；另外一些人必须不断有新的观众，以便在他们面前重新上演自己生命的理想版本。

Don't give to lovers you will replace, irreplaceable presents.

不要给予你将换掉的情人无可取代的礼物。

All our lives we are putting pennies—our most golden pennies—into penny-in-the-slot machines that are almost always empty.

我们一生中都在不停的把硬币—我们最贵重的零头—放到几乎总是空空如也的自动贩卖机里。

We live in a world of monkeys; and are victims for ever of the illusion which makes monkeys, at a distance, look like men.

我们生活在一个猴子的世界里；远远看去猴子似乎像人，我们是这种幻觉永远的受害者。

But it is not always easy to treat men and women as apes, and not baboon oneself in the process.

但是把男男女女当作猿猴对待，而在此过程中不把自己也变成狒狒，这并不总是容易的。

It is a great mistake to talk to one set of people about another set they do not know. We should return as taciturn as cats from their nocturnal outings.

和一群人谈论他们不知道的另一群人，这是个巨大的错误。我们应该像夜游归来的猫那样沉默而回。

What impossible company we keep in the kind thought of those who think kindly of us!

那些对我们抱有好意的人们好心地认为，我们结交的是些多么糟糕的伙伴啊！

A friend who loved perfection would be the perfect friend, if that love of his didn't shut his door on me.

一个热爱完美的朋友会是完美的朋友，只要他对完美的热爱不把我拒之门外。

"But we have the right," people protest sometimes, "of entertaining our friends!"

“但我们有权，”人们有时候这样抗议，“招待我们的朋友们！”

"But have you the right," we are too polite to answer, "of compelling us to meet them?"

“但你是否有权，”我们太过礼貌，不愿这样回答，“强迫我们去见他们呢？”

If we treat people too long with that pretended liking called politeness, we shall find it hard not to like them in the end.

如果我们太长时间地用叫做礼貌的那种装出来的喜爱之情去对待他人，我们会发现最后很难不喜欢他们。

Since few things—as we know—more annoy other people, why do we delight in crabbing their friends?

既然没多少事情——如我们所知——更让他人厌烦，为什么我们还乐于抱怨他们的朋友呢？

Those who say everything is pleasant and everyone delightful, suffer the awful fate of believing what they say.

那些说所有事都令人愉快、所有人都讨人喜欢的人，遭受着相信自己所说的话的悲惨命运。

How many woes when you marry, how many ancient calamities you invite to the Wedding!

当你结婚时，你把多少苦恼、多少古老的灾祸邀请到了婚礼上！

It is a matter of life and death for married people to try to tell each other's stories; if they didn't, they would burst.

对已婚的人们来说，尝试讲述彼此的故事是一件生死攸关的事；如果他们不这样做，他们就会爆炸。

If they lost the incredible conviction that they can change their wives or their husbands, marriage would collapse at once.

如果他们不坚信自己可以改变自己的妻子或丈夫，婚姻会立即崩溃。

The act of flesh is an unsteady basis on which to build the house of life.

肉体的行为是建造生命之屋不稳固的基础。

It is interesting to peep through most keyholes, but not into the

bedrooms of married people.

透过大多数锁孔偷窥都很有趣，除了对已婚人士的卧室的窥视。

Married women are kept women, and they are beginning to find it out.

已婚的女人是情妇，而她们也开始发现这一点。

Eunuchs are no longer procurable to guard the chastity of females; but there are gentlemen who can be absolutely trusted.

再找不到阉人来守卫女人们的贞洁，但有可以被完全信任的绅士。

People have a right to be shocked; the mention of unmentionable things is a kind of participation in them.

人们有受到震惊的权利；提到那些不可提及的事情，也是一种参与到那些事情中的方式。

What are the Queens of Sodom[1] to do when their sons come from school?

当所多玛女王们的儿子们放学回来，她们会做什么呢？

Statisticians tell us that in Russia before the war six Christs came to save St. Petersburg every year, and were every year seduced by six great ladies of that capital.

统计学家告诉我们，在战前的俄国，每年有六位基督前去拯救圣彼得堡，每年都被那个首都的六位高贵的女士所诱惑。

What is more disheartening to think of than the unremitting monogamy of grim couples?

有什么比想到一对冷酷的夫妇不懈地坚持着一夫一妻制更让人沮丧呢？

How many human types have fallen out of fashion!

多少种类型的人都过时了！

Where can we find the Black Sheep, the Angel Child, and the Permanent Invalid on her sofa? Into what suburb or sad limbo have departed the dear Old Lady with her cap and laces, the Seducer, the Fop, the Aesthete and the Fallen Daughter?

我们在哪里能找到害群之马、天使般的孩子和躺在她的沙发上的久病之人？那位戴着帽子身着蕾丝的亲爱的老妇人、引诱者、纨绔子弟、唯美主义者和堕落的女儿都启程去了哪里的郊外或悲伤的边缘地带了？

(1)所多玛，《圣经·旧约》的w创世纪》中记载的罪恶之城。

IV. In The World

4. 在世上

People not born on the top of the social tree must have climbed to get there.

不是出生在社会之树顶端的人们，肯定是攀爬到那里去的。

The flavour of social success is delicious, though it is scorned by those to whose lips the cup has not been proffered.

在社会上获得成功的滋味很美妙，尽管那些嘴唇未曾触碰过成功之杯的人们鄙视它。

You should wear in the Great World your heart on your sleeve, but it must be a sham one.

在这个伟大的世界上你应该袒露感情，不过那必然是虚假的感情。

The romantic impulse of our nature to people the world with Gods seems to us pretty in lovers: in Snobs we dislike it.

我们天性中想要让世界住满天神的浪漫冲动，出现在恋人身上，我们觉得很美好：出现在势利小人身上，我们就不喜欢了。

The hallucinations of sex are not to be trusted, but we can count on our worldly illusions to keep us company to the grave.

性爱的幻觉是不可信赖的，但我们可以指望我们世俗的幻想陪伴我们直到坟墓。

And yet to be worldly, to hold to the world's simple creed and believe in its heaven, must surely stagger the faith of the firmest believer.

但是，为人世俗，坚持世间的简单信条并信仰它的天堂，必定会动摇最坚定的信仰者的信念。

The spread of atheism among the young is something awful; I give no credit, however, to the report that some of them do not believe in Mammon.

无神论在年轻人中的扩散很可怕；然而我也不相信，他们当中有些人不信仰金钱的这种说法。

It is the wretchedness of being rich that you have to live with rich people. Eat with the rich, but go to the play with the poor, who are capable of joy.

成为有钱人的不幸就是你不得不与有钱人一起生活。和富人一起吃

饭，但和穷人一起去看戏，因为只有穷人才知道如何快乐。

You cannot be both fashionable and first-rate.

你不能既时髦又有品味。

All worldly goods are good; why otherwise should the world pursue them? And yet the old indictment stands; and crowns and vainglories are best as baubles for our thoughts to play with, like those diadems which drunken Kalenders take and give each other at the doors of Persian wine-shops, a brick beneath their heads, their feet resting on the Seven Stars.

所有世俗的商品都是好的；不然世人为什么要追逐它们？但是古老的指控依然成立，光环和虚荣最多不过是我们的思想把玩的小玩意儿，就像醉醺醺的托钵僧在波斯酒铺门口互相赠来送去的王冠一样，他们头下枕着一块砖头，他们的双脚搁在七星上面。

I love money; just to be in the room with a millionaire makes me less forlorn.

我热爱金钱；仅仅是与一个百万富翁共处一室，就能让我不那么孤苦伶仃。

Wealth is a kind of leprosy, and wealthy people should be segregated like lepers to keep them from contaminating others.

财富是一种麻风病，富人应该像麻风病人那样被隔离，以免他们传染他人。

To suppose, as we all suppose, that we could be rich and not behave as the rich behave, is like supposing that we could drink all day and keep completely sober.

假设——我们都这样假设——我们能够变得富有，却不表现得像个富人，就好像假设我们能够整天喝酒还保持完全清醒一样。

Rich people would not so enjoy their little meannesses if they knew how much their friends enjoy them.

有钱人不会那么喜欢自己小小的吝啬，如果他们知道自己的朋友们是多么喜欢它的话。

Every situation in life provides us ready-made with the outfit of thoughts and ways of behaving which perfectly fit it.

生活中的每个场景都提供给我们完全与之匹配的现成的思维套路和行为方式。

Quality-folk are seldom at their ease with intellectuals, among whom they make a great deal of mischief.

上流人士和知识分子相处时很少会觉得舒服，他们总是在知识分子中间惹出许多事非。

And when in their azure veins they dip their pens of gold, how vapid, and (but hush!) how vulgar are the books they write!

当他们在自己蓝色的静脉里浸入金笔之时，他们写的书是多么乏味，（可是，嘘！）多么庸俗啊！

The ladies who try to keep their Beauty are the ladies who lose it.

试图保持美丽的女人是失去美丽的女人。

There is a toad in every social dish, however well they cook it.

每道社交佳肴里都有一只癞蛤蟆，不管他们将其烹饪得有多好。

I rather like singing for my supper; what grates on my ears is the song of the other singers.

我颇喜欢为晚餐而歌；刺耳的是其他歌手的歌声。

"I have eaten from the timbrel," I chant, "I have drunk from the cymbal, I have carried the sacred vessel, I have crept beneath the bridal chamber."

“我从手鼓里吃过东西，”我唱道，“我从钹里喝过酒，我搬过神圣的器皿，我钻到过洞房底下。”

More fascinating, at a party, than any other music is the rushing sound of fashionable voices; the vociferation of all those fairies, each faintly blowing its own trumpet.

在聚会上，比任何其他音乐都动听的是时髦人士发出的噪声；那些精灵喧嚷着，各自微弱地吹着各自的喇叭。

There are people whose society I find delicious; but when I sit alone and think of them, I shudder.

对于有些人的社交圈子我觉得很美妙；但当我独自坐下想到它们时我会颤抖。

Ladies there are who know too much of London, and stand petrified, like Lot's[1] wife, when she looked back on Sodom.

有的女人对伦敦了解太多，石化般地站在那里，就像罗得之妻回头看所多玛城时，变成了一尊石像。

"When people say they hate gossip, remember," the son of a celebrated upholsterer once warned me, "that some of them do really hate it."

“当人们说他们讨厌流言蜚语时，记住，”一个有名的家具饰品商的儿子曾经提醒过我，“他们当中有些人是真的讨厌它。”

There are such astonishing things to be told about men and women, and hardly a man or a woman to whom one dares to tell them.

关于男人和女人有如此多令人震惊的事情可说，但几乎没有一个男人或女人能让你敢去告诉他们。

If you want to be thought a liar, always tell the truth.

如果你想要别人认为你是个骗子，那就一直说实话。

To say what you think will certainly damage you in society; but—why should I refrain my mouth?—a free tongue is worth a thousand invitations.

想什么就说什么当然会损坏你在社会上的地位；但——我为什么要克制自己的嘴巴呢？——一条自由的舌头抵得上一千次邀请。

When we find it amusing to shock people, we forget how shocking the experience it is.

当我们觉得吓人很有趣的时候，我们忘记了这经历到底有多吓人。

Hearts that are delicate and kind and tongues that are neither,—these make the finest company in the world.

细腻而善良的内心，既不细腻也不善良的舌头——这两者是世界上的最佳拍档。

Nice men are not nice-minded, but—with a few sublime Exceptions— nice women are.

好男人心地并不好，但——也有杰出的例外——好女人人好心地也好。

Those who talk on the razor-edge of double-meanings pluck the rarest blooms from the precipices on either side.

那些在双重意义的刀锋上说话的人，从峭壁两边都采下了最罕见的花朵。

How full is the world of Fallen Angels!

世界是怎样地遍布着堕落天使啊！

Beware of the execrable talk to be heard in certain drawing-rooms of this stony-hearted city. You may when too late find that you cannot live without it.

当心在这座铁石心肠的城市中的某些客厅里听到的可恨的谈话。可能当你发现生活中不能没有它们时，已经太晚了。

How pleasant, with the impunity of years, to sip those cups of enchantment which would have poisoned our youth!

多么愉快啊，免于岁月的惩罚，啜饮着原本会毒害我们青春的有魔力的饮料！

Friendship in the middle-classes is founded on respect; in the

world of fashion they simply adore men and women whom not one of them would dream of trusting around the corner.

中产阶级的友谊建立在尊敬的基础上；但在时尚界，他们却只崇拜那些他们旋即便不再信任的男男女女。

The fundamental distinction between the good and bad eggs of the world is one which people of the World find convenient to ignore.

世界上好蛋和坏蛋的根本区别却是世俗的人们很容易忽略的。

The charitable attempt not to smell the smell of a bad egg only makes it worse.

不去闻坏蛋的臭味，这种好心的做法只会让味道更难闻。

To win a friend is success; but if you can snatch the friend of a friend, then blow your trumpet!

赢得朋友是种成功；但如果你可以抢到一个朋友的朋友，那么你就可以大吹胜利的号角！

We need two kinds of acquaintances, one to complain to, while we boast to the others.

我们需要两种熟人，一种用来发泄抱怨，另一种用来向其吹嘘。

One can be bored until boredom becomes a mystical experience.

一个人可能感到无聊，直到无聊变成一种神秘的体验。

When we talk politely of new books with a new acquaintance, what abysses may yawn in drawing-rooms between us!

当我们礼貌地和一位新朋友谈论新书时，客厅内，我们之间会裂开多大的深渊啊！

But what festivals of unanimity we celebrate when we meet what I call a "Milver"—a fellow-fanatic whose thoughts chime in a sweet ecstasy of execration with our own!

但是当我们遇到我所谓的“米尔维尔”——一个同样狂热的人，他的思想和我们的思想在厌恶的甜美狂喜中奏出和谐的旋律，我们应该怎样庆祝这种一致啊！

Those who like the same thing find it the hardest thing in the world not to like one another. "O Joy!" sings a bird in the heart,

喜欢同样事物的那些人发现世上最难的事就是不喜欢彼此。

"O Joy!" another bird answers; while the world, like a large, thoughtful cat, sits by and watches.

“哦，欢乐！”心头的一只小鸟唱道，“哦，欢乐！”另一只小鸟回答；而世界，像一只沉思的大猫，坐在一旁观望。

Words are not always mere words: a few almost inaudible articulations may fetter two people together for life.

语言不总只是语言：一些几乎听不到的声音可能会将两人终身捆绑在一起。

(1)罗得，《圣经》中人物。上帝决定摧毁所多玛城，提前通知好人罗得，让他赶快携家人离开，中途千万不能回头。罗得的妻子忍不住回头看了一眼，结果变成了石头。

V. Art And Letters

5. 艺术和文学

Thy indefatigable pursuit of an unattainable Perfection, even though it consists in nothing more than in the pounding of an old piano, is what alone gives a meaning to our life on this unavailing star.

你那对一种无法企及的完美的不懈追求，即使只不过是用力弹一架旧钢琴，仅此就赋予了我们在这个无用的星球上的生活以意义。

The test of a vocation is the love of the drudgery it involves.

对一项职业的考验就是要热爱其中包含的繁重乏味的工作。

Artists who do not love their art are more numerous, and more unhappy, than we think.

不热爱自己的艺术的艺术家要比我们想象得要多、也更不开心。

The Muses are vindictive virgins, and avenge themselves without mercy on those who weary of their charms.

缪斯女神们是报复心很强的处女，毫不留情地向那些厌倦了她们魅力的人施加报复。

We should nourish our souls on the dew of Poesy, and manure them as well.

我们应该用诗的露珠滋养我们的灵魂，同时还要给它们施肥。

Slavery and Infamy are the merited chastisements of Success.

苦役和狼藉的声名是成功理所当然的责罚。

Walk in the gutter if you can.

如果可以的话，在阴沟中行走。

The great art of writing is the art of making people real to themselves with words.

写作是用语言使人们对自我坦诚的一门伟大艺术。

Style is a magic wand, and turns everything to gold it touches.

风格是一根魔法棒，点物成金。

Poets' words have wings: they float up the stairs of palaces on them.

诗人的语言生着翅膀：他们乘着翅膀飘上宫殿的阶梯。

What a paradise for poets the great world would be, if any sort of discrimination were made in those palaces between fine gold and brass!

这个辽阔的世界将会成为一个怎样的诗人的天堂啊！如果在那些宫殿里，人们能够略微去辨别一下纯金和铜的区别！

Fine writers should split hairs together, and sit side by side, like friendly apes, to pick the fleas from each other's fur.

优秀的作家应该聚在一起，吹毛求疵，肩并肩坐着，像友好的猿猴那样，互相从彼此的皮毛上抓跳蚤。

Authors know that the age of miracles is not over; how otherwise explain the transfiguration of asses who praise their writings into exquisite arbiters of taste?

作家们知道充满奇迹的年代并没有结束；不然怎么解释赞扬他们作品的傻瓜们是如何被美化成有着高雅的品味的仲裁人的呢？

Desperate writers, who once, by their cries of agony wrung tears from tender-hearted readers, come to prefer the glittering smiles of hostesses with hearts as hard as the marble mantel-pieces in their drawing-rooms.

绝望的作家们，曾经凭借他们痛苦的哭喊，从心软的读者们那里赚取过几滴眼泪，却开始偏爱起心肠像她们的客厅里的大理石壁炉架一样坚硬的女主人灿烂的微笑。

A best-seller is the gilded tomb of a mediocre talent.

一本畅销书是一个庸才的镀金坟墓。

If you are losing your leisure, look out! You may be losing your soul.

如果你正失去自己空闲的时间，当心！你可能会失去你的灵魂。

Poverty and her sister Solitude, to whom princely talents used to look for their tuition—how these two shabby Maids of Honour are now hooted at by the young!

对于贫困和她的姐妹孤独，高贵的才子们曾向她们讨教——如今这两个寒酸的宫女受到了年轻人怎样的蔑视啊！

Writers who write for money don't write for me.

为金钱写作的作家不是为我写作的。

The notion of making money by popular work, and then retiring to do good work on the proceeds, is the most familiar of all the devil's traps for artists.

用通俗的作品赚钱，然后隐退用这笔钱创造优秀的作品，这种想法

是魔鬼为艺术家设下的所有圈套中最常见的一种。

What I like in a good author is not what he says, but what he whispers.

对于一个好的作家我所欣赏的不是他的言语表述，而是他的轻声低吟。

Nothing is perfect in this world; and in spite of the noise they make and their big incomes, the complacency of our full-blown authors is not untroubled at odd moments, I am told, by the thought of that little group, just around the corner, of unimpressed, jeering, sneering people.

这个世上没有完美的东西；尽管成熟的作家们大声聒噪、收入丰厚，我听说，一想到附近那一小群对他们不以为意、揶揄嘲笑的人时，他们的自满还是会不时地遭受侵扰。

How gay it would be to glitter, with no fellow-performers, alone in the limelight!

身边没有同台表演的人，独自在聚光灯下闪闪发光，那会多么愉快啊！

Every author, however modest, keeps a most outrageous vanity chained like a madman in the padded cell of his breast.

每个作家，不管有多谦虚，都会像锁住一个疯子一样，用链子把一种极端的虚荣锁在他胸口中的一个软壁小室里。

When we see what people we like will do for money, best it is to be sad and say nothing.

当我们看到我们喜欢的人会为了钱而去做一些事时，最好暗自悲伤，什么也不说。

After all, a little good taste does no harm, and the fever of Perfection is not catching.

毕竟，一点好的品味没什么危害，而追求完美的热病也不会传染。

The most heart-breaking of all people are those who bow with us before our Gods, and then trip off to the shrines of false ones.

所有人中最让人心碎的是那些和我们一同在我们的神明面前鞠躬、然后又跳到虚假的神明的神龛那里的人。

What humbugs we are, who pretend to live for Beauty, and never see the dawn!

我们是怎样的骗子啊，假装为美而活，却永远看不到黎明！

The vitality of a new movement in art or letters can be gauged by the fury it arouses.

一场新的艺术运动或文学运动的生命力可以用它所激起的愤怒来衡量。

If you try hard enough to seem to like pictures, you will like them in the end.

如果你非常努力地做出喜欢图画的样子，你最终会真的喜欢上它们。

What sight in the world is sadder than the sight of a lady we admire admiring a nauseating picture?

一位我们欣赏的女士欣赏一幅令人作呕的图画，世上还有什么景象比这更令人悲伤？

If you are up to date to-day, how dismally out of date you will look to- morrow!

如果你今天很入时，那么明天你过时的时候将会是多么的凄凉！

He who goes against the fashion is himself its slave.

与时尚背道而驰的人，本身就是时尚的奴隶。

All our affirmations are mere matters of chronology; and our bad taste nothing more than the bad taste of the age we live in.

我们所有的断言都只是针对现时的年代；我们粗鄙的品味也不过是我们所生活的年代的粗鄙品味。

If we are told that an odd piece of our china is worth a hundred pounds, how rare will be its beauty!

如果我们得知，我们拥有的一件古怪的瓷器价值一百英镑，它的美丽将是多么珍稀！

How amazing are those moments when we really possess our possessions!

我们真正拥有自己所拥有的那些时刻是多么令人惊喜！

We who travel thousands of miles to gaze on beauty, are rather put out by the flaming at home of unfashionable sunsets over fashionable shops.

我们千里迢迢来一睹美景，家乡过时的落日在时尚的店铺上方燃烧的景象却让我们兴致全无。

VI. Myself

6. 自我

The extreme oddness of existence is what reconciles me to it.

存在的极端怪异让我能够接受它。

Our personal affairs are not really worthy, as Plato said of our consideration; the fact that we are forced to take them seriously (as I was forced to run after my hat when it did blow off to-day), being, as he said, the ignoble part of our condition.

我们的私事，如柏拉图所说，并不真的值得我们思考；我们被迫严肃地对待它们这一事实（就像我今天被迫去追我那被风吹跑的帽子），如他所说，是我们状态中可耻的部分。

My life is a bubble; but how much solid cash it costs to keep that bubble floating!

我的生命是个气泡；不过，得花多少实实在在的现金，才能让这个气泡一直浮着！

I like to walk down Bond Street, thinking of all the things I don't desire.

我喜欢走在邦德街上，想着所有我不渴望的事物。

Why should my Soul so rejoice in the crimes placarded by the evening papers, and never weary, in the streets of this cathedral city, of dallying with images of wrong?

为何我的灵魂竟对晚报上公布的罪恶感到如此欣喜，而且从不厌倦在这座教堂城市的街道上和错误的形象嬉戏？

"Let me cease," I pray, "O thou Perfectly Awakened, to remain as an ape in the great world-forest, perpetually ascending and descending in search of the fruits of folly.”

“不要让我，”我祈祷，“哦，清醒的主，继续在这个世界大森林里做一只猿猴，永远爬上爬下，寻找愚蠢的果实。”

To count all things as vanity and yet nothing as vain; to wander through the show of things without illusion, or hope, or desire, or disappointment; is not this (for why art thou proud O Dust and Ashes?) the way to walk the London streets?

认为一切皆虚荣，但同时又认为没什么是毫无价值的；漫步穿过陈列的事物，没有空想、希望、欲望、失望；难道不是这样（你为什么骄傲，为了尘与土？）走在伦敦的街道上吗？

How my reason totters in her contemplative tower, when people say that they have seen me in the street!

当人们说在街上看到过我时，我的理性在她沉思的塔楼里踉踉跄跄！

But how hard it is, as Pyrrho[1] of Elis[2] said, to discard our human nature!

但正如埃利斯的皮朗所说，要摒弃我们的人性是多么艰难啊！

I like my universe as immense, grim, icy and pitiless as possible.

我喜欢我的宇宙尽可能地广袤、残酷、冰冷和无情。

When to the lady I met at luncheon I tried to explain that there is no enchantment in life like that of disenchantment with it, she looked at me as if I were a cloud or a steeple on the horizon, and her answer was as cold as the moon.

我在午宴上遇到一位女士，我试着向她解释，生活中没有什么魅力比得上从生活的魅力中清醒过来的魅力，她看着我，好像我是一片云或地平线上的一座尖塔，而她的回答像月亮一样冰冷。

When I look at those beautiful and mysterious apparitions we call people, I like to think of their adorations one for another; how they love to gaze in the mirrors of each other's eyes.

当我看着那些我们称之为人的美丽而神秘的幽灵，我喜欢想到他们对彼此的喜爱；他们多么喜欢凝视彼此镜子般的眼睛。

"O, for an axe!" my soul cries out in railway stations, "to hew limb from limb all the fiends and Jezebels between me and the ticket-office!”

“哦，要是有把斧子！”我的灵魂在火车站里大声叫嚣，“就把我和售票处之间所有恶棍和荡妇的四肢一个一个砍掉！”

When I come in talk on a blank wall of stupidity facing me, why do I go and break my bald head against it?

我走进去后，靠着一面面对我的愚蠢的、空白的墙说话，为什么我要在它上面撞破我的秃头？

"Isn't it odd," I said as we were looking at the roses with those ladies, "to think that flowers are the reproductive organs of the plants they grow on?"

“这难道不怪异吗，”我说，当时我们正和那些女士一起看着玫瑰花，“想到花朵是开花的植物的生殖器官？”

People who live among photographs of their friends are not friends for me.

生活在朋友们照片中的人，不是我的朋友。

I might give my life for my friend, but he had better not ask me to do up a parcel.

我可能为我的朋友献出生命，但他最好不要让我去包一个包裹。

Like other Moralists, I like to poke about in that dark cabinet, the human heart, and expose its shady corners.

像其他道德学家一样，我喜欢在人心这个黑匣子里摸索，揭露它阴暗的角落。

And what pursuit is more elegant than that of collecting the ignominies of our nature and transfixing them for show, each on the bright pin of a polished phrase?

收集我们天性中的耻辱，把每一个都用一句精炼的格言这样闪亮的别针别起来炫耀，有什么追求比这更高雅呢？

Aphorisms are salted and not sugared almonds at Reason's feast.

箴言是理性的盛宴上的椒盐杏仁，而不是糖衣杏仁。

On scenes of worldly splendour I gaze with eyes more mild than those of Moses[3] when, at the sight of the Golden Calf[4] and the dancing, his heart waxed wrath within him.

我注视着人间的壮观景象，眼神温和，比摩西看到金牛犊和舞蹈、内心充满愤怒时的眼神还要温和。

And the tremendous enigma which so troubled King David[5]—the prosperity of the Wicked, and the Righteous as withered grass—this moral paradox does not spoil my appetite in the least.

如此困扰大卫王的巨大谜题——恶人发迹，正直之人如枯草——这个道德的悖论一点也没有破坏我的食欲。

I like diaphanous illusions, with the shapes of things as they are showing not too faintly through them.

我喜欢透明的幻象，幻象中事物的形状透过它们不会太模糊。

When people tinkle coronets in the conversation I am inordinately solaced.

当人们在交谈中叮叮当当敲打冠冕时，我感到无比快慰。

I don't hate the Aristocracy; but I do wish they wouldn't publish slip- slop with their photographs in the penny papers.

我不痛恨贵族；但我的确希望他们不要在小报上发表一些空话并附上他们的照片。

People say that life is the thing, but I prefer reading.

人们说生命是最重要的，但我更喜欢阅读。

It is the misery of young people that they have to read each other's books.

年轻人的不幸在于他们得去读彼此的书。

I hate having new books forced upon me, but how I love cramming them down the throats of other people!

我痛恨别人把新书硬塞给我，但我多么喜欢把它们塞进其他人的喉咙！

From the bright, unbookish constellations my thoughts float back to the dim-lit reading-room of this circulating library, the earth.

我的思想从不热衷阅读的明亮星座，飘回地球这个流动图书馆中灯光昏暗的阅读室。

The world, as I know from my books, is full of abominable evil; even some of these books have never been returned.

这个世界，正如我从我的书中得知的那样，充满了可恶的邪恶；甚至这些书中有几本别人借走后从未归还。

Of all the themes of sentimental novels most of all I love a marriage, loveless in appearance, between a high-souled hero and heroine who really do adore each other, but are too proud—ah, far too proud!—to avow it;

在言情小说的所有主题中，我最喜欢的是灵魂高尚的男女主人公之间的婚姻，表面看来没有爱情，实际上他们却相互爱慕，只是他们太骄傲——唉，实在太过骄傲！——所以不肯承认；

Till suddenly,

直到突然之间，

After years of icily polite relations,

冰冷而礼貌地相处了许多年之后，

The flame of their mutual ardour blazes out,

他们对彼此的激情的火焰燃起来，

And they fall at last

他们终于扑进

(While I almost swoon away with bliss),

（我几乎高兴地晕过去），

Into the heaven of each other's arms.

彼此怀抱的天堂。

I cannot claim to be a dainty feeder; I like to read of frantic passions, and am not at all reluctant to wade ankle-deep in blood.

我不能自称是美食家；我喜欢读到狂热的激情，并且一点也不反感在齐脚踝的血泊中跋涉。

Amid the mirrored corridors, the fountains and gardens of the Versailles within me, struts his bewigged majesty, my Soul.

镶着镜子的走廊，喷泉和花园——在我内心的凡尔赛宫中，戴着假发的陛下——我的灵魂，趾高气昂地走着。

I love to take a romantic view of my life, and I hate it.

我喜欢对我的生活抱有浪漫的想法，同时我又讨厌这样。

How often my soul visits the National Gallery, and how seldom I go there myself!

我的灵魂多么经常地参观国家美术馆，而我本人又多么难得亲自前去！

Just as remorse at feeling no remorse is a form of the holiest contrition, so my coldness, when beauty leaves me cold, I take as the proof of how warmly I love it.

正如因不觉悔恨而悔恨是最神圣的悔悟的一种形式，当美丽离开，留下冰冷的我，我用这冰冷来证明我多么热切地热爱它。

I make no immoderate demands; my hopes for my declining years are not greedy. In January—like an old French unbeliever I have read of—I begin to think of the strawberry season; and I look forward, when that is over, to the ripening of peaches in August.

我不作过分的要求；我对自己的晚年并不心存奢望。在一月——像我读到过的一个无宗教信仰的法国老人一样——我开始想到草莓成熟的季节；当夏季结束，我开始期盼八月桃子的成熟。

I shouldn't mind, though, living to my hundredth year, like Fontenelle[6], who never wept or laughed, never ran or interrupted anyone, and never lost his temper; to whom all the science of his day was known, but who all his life adored three things—music, painting and women—about which he said he understood absolutely nothing.

然而，我不会介意，像丰特奈尔那样，活到一百岁。他从不哭泣或大笑，从不奔跑或妨碍他人，也从不发脾气；他了解当代所有的科学，但终生只喜欢三件事——音乐、绘画和女人——而他说他对这三件事完全不懂。

Or like Huet[7], that gay old Bishop of Avranches[8]("flos Episcoporum " a German scholar called him), who lived to be ninety-one, and read Theocritus[9] every year in his favourite month of May.

或者像于埃，阿弗朗什那位快乐的老主教那样，他活到九十一岁，每年在他最喜欢的月份——五月里阅读忒奥克里托斯。

Or again I think with envy of the octogenarian Firdausi[10], who realized the dream he had dreamed in his childhood when, gazing into the irrigation canal which flowed by his father's garden, the Persian boy had reflected that it would be a fine thing to leave an image of himself in the world that passes.

或者，我带着妒意再次想到八十多岁的菲尔多斯，他实现了童年的梦想。当他凝视从父亲花园流过的灌溉渠时，这个波斯男孩想到，在这个路过的世界上留下自己的形象，该是多么美妙的事情。

Or the learned old Baron Walckenaer[11], who wrote important books on spiders, solitary bees and Madame de Sévigné[12]; who established on a sound historical basis the chronology of Ninon de Lenclos'[13] lovers, and published a romance called l'Ile de Wight, in which island he located his dream of bliss and his ideal habitation.

或者那位博学的老男爵瓦尔肯内尔，他写了关于蜘蛛、孤独的蜜蜂和德塞维涅夫人的重要书籍；他在可靠的历史基础上确立了尼农·德·朗克洛的情人编年史，并出版了一本叫做《怀特岛》的小说，他把自己幸福的梦想和理想居所寄予在这座岛上。

It would have been a disillusion for the Baron had he known how, standing on a little platform at the top of his house at Farringford, and gazing up through a telescope at the icy constellations which hung in a horror of bottomless space above that island, Tennyson[14] would sometimes shiver, and, for a moment, almost doubt the existence of his benevolent Creator.

站在法林福德宅邸的屋顶小平台上，透过望远镜仰望那冰冷的星群，它们悬浮在这座小岛令人恐惧的无底空间里，丁尼生有时会战栗，有一瞬间，几乎怀疑他仁慈的造物主的存在。如果男爵知道了，对他而言那将是一场幻想的破灭。

But most of all I envy the octogenarian poet who joined three words—

但我最妒忌的是那位八十多岁的诗人，他把三个词——

"Go, lovely Rose"—

“走吧，可爱的玫瑰”——

so happily together, that he left his name to float down through Time on the wings of a phrase and a flower.

如此开心地组合起来，所以他的名字就这样乘着一句话和一朵花的翅膀穿过时光飘荡下去。

When I look at the ocean, which seemed so inadequate an object

of contemplation to Coleridge[15];—he and Wordsworth were sailing in 1798 on their memorable visit to Germany from Yarmouth in the Hamburg packet, and on Monday, the 17th of September, when the ship was out of sight of land and Coleridge came on deck and gazed at the objectless waters, he was exceedingly disappointed, he tells us, by the narrowness and nearness of the horizon, and was aware of none of that immensity which he had expected to find in such an unimpeded sea-prospect; —so poorly indeed can objects directly before our senses satisfy the Imagination, that "awful Power," as his fellow-tourist was afterwards to call it;—when, as I say, I look at the Ocean, I remedy the defect which Coleridge noted by contemplating it through the magnifying glass of our poetic vocabulary; and by calling it "unpathed," "unfathomed," "insatiate," and "outrageous," I arrive at a more adequate concept of the view of flat water before me.

当我看着海洋，它似乎不足以成为柯尔律治的思考对象——1798年，他和华兹华斯一起乘坐汉堡定期邮船从雅茅斯驶向德国，那是一次难忘的旅行。9月17日星期一，当船远离陆地，柯尔律治来到甲板上，凝望空无一物的海面，他告诉我们：他对狭窄而贴近的地平线非常失望；全然感受不到他期待在如此一望无际的海景中找到的那种无边无际——的确，直接呈现在我们感官面前的物体如此难以满足想象力那种“可怕的力量”，他的旅伴后来这样称呼想象力——如我所说，当我看着海洋，我通过诗的辞藻这个放大镜思考它，挽救了柯尔律治所看到的缺陷；我称之为“没有路的”、“深不可测的”、“贪得无厌的”和“汹涌的”，从而对面前这平坦的水面有了更充分的理解。

There are great youths too, whose achievements one may envy; the boy David who slew Goliath and Bishop Berkeley[16] who annihilated, at the age of twenty-five, the external world in an octavo volume; and the young David Hume[17], who by sweeping away all the props of the human understanding, destroyed for ever the possibility of knowledge.

也有杰出的青年，他们的成就让人艳羡。杀死巨人歌利亚的少年大卫；二十五岁时写成八开本大部头，从而消灭了客观世界的贝克莱主教；还有年轻的大卫·休谟，他清扫了人类理解的所有支架，永远摧毁了认识的可能性。

To be an elegant and acrimonious scholar, and make emendations in Greek texts that shall fill the world with wonder;

做一个优雅而刻薄的学者，校订让世界惊奇的希腊文本；

Or an illustrious Egyptologist, with spectacles and a white beard;

或者做一个杰出的埃及学家，戴着眼镜，蓄着白胡须；

Or a Lord of Thought, and sum up the universe in a single phrase;

或者做一位思想家，用一个短语总结宇宙的奥秘；

And know all about it, whatever it is, and break the teeth of the young lions, break their great teeth in their mouths;

知道关于宇宙的一切，不管它是什么，敲碎幼狮的牙齿，敲碎它们嘴里巨大的牙齿；

Or to lie in bed day after day like Joubert[18], in a pink dressing-gown, trying to think nothing and feel no emotion?

或者日复一日躺在床上，像儒贝尔那样，穿着粉色长袍，试着什么都不想，什么情绪都感觉不到？

How hard it is for the good to go wrong! I seem to find all the pleasant paths of Transgression barricaded against me.

好人犯错是多么难啊！我似乎发现所有通向犯罪的愉快道路我都走不通。

Around and around the world, on the storms that blow always about the Southern Pole, abatrosses float for ever; and only once a year they land to lay their eggs on some Antarctic island of the South Pacific. So from the circumgyrations of its skiey wheelings my soul descends to hatch once in a great while its Meditations.

环绕世界一圈又一圈，在南极总是刮着的暴风雪中，信天翁永远翱翔；每年只有一次，它们降落在南太平洋某个南极小岛上下蛋。我的灵魂也这样偶尔从高空的盘旋中降落，久久地孵化它的冥想。

How I should like to distil my disesteem of my contemporaries into prose so perfect that all of them would have to read it!

我多么想要蒸馏我对同时代人的轻视，写成完美的散文，他们所有人都要拜读！

But good style depends, the Persian critics tell us, upon freedom from monetary troubles. Only thus, they say, can one arrive at perfect diction.

但是，波斯批评家们告诉我们，高雅的风格取决于没有金钱的烦恼。只有这样，他们说，一个人才能创造出完美的措辞。

When by sips of champagne and a few oysters they can no longer keep me from fading away into the infinite azure, "you cannot," I shall whisper my last faint message to the world, "be too fastidious."

当他们再也不能凭着几口香槟和几只牡蛎，阻止我逐渐消逝，融入无尽的碧空里时，我会向这个世界轻声吐出我最后的微弱信息：“你不能，太过挑剔。”

(1)皮朗，（公元前365？—前275？）古希腊哲学家。

(2)埃利斯，古希腊的一个城邦。

(3)摩西，《圣经》中犹太人的领袖，率领在埃及为奴的以色列人离开埃及。

(4)金牛犊，摩西上西乃山领受十诫时，以色列人担心摩西不回来，铸造了一尊金牛犊像，还围着金牛犊守节，违反了上帝不允许建造神像的旨意；摩西下山后看到这个景象，十分生气。

(5)大卫王，犹太以色列国王。

(6)丰特奈尔（1657—1757），法国哲学家、诗人。

(7)于埃（1630—1721），法国圣职人员和学者。

(8)阿弗朗什，法国西北部下诺曼底地区的一个公社。

(9)忒奥克里托斯（约公元前310—前240），古希腊诗人。

(10)菲尔多斯（935?—1020），波斯诗人。

(11)瓦尔肯内尔（1771—1852），法国学者。

(12)塞维涅夫人（1626—1696），法国书信作家。

(13)尼农·德·朗克洛（1620—1705），17世纪巴黎的交际花，姿色才华出众，是当时巴黎社交界的领袖。

(14)丁尼生（1809—1892），英国桂冠诗人。

(15)柯尔律治（1772—1834），英国诗人、批评家。

(16)贝克莱（1685—1753），英国唯心主义哲学家，英国爱尔兰克罗尼地区主教。

(17)大卫·休谟（1711—1776），英国哲学家、历史学家、经济学家。

(18)儒贝尔（1754—1824），法国哲学家和评论家。

Last Words

最后的话

Growing old is no gradual decline, but a series of falls, full of sorrow, from one ledge to another. Yet when we pick ourselves up we find that our bones are not broken; while not unpleasing is the new terrace which lies unexplored before us.

变老不是逐渐的衰落，而是一连串的跌倒，充满悲伤，从一座暗礁走向另一座。但当我们爬起来后，发现自己的骨头并没有摔断，而且令人愉快的是出现在我们面前的那片未经探索的新阶地。

And far below we may pluck from the Tree of Life its mellowest fruit, that joy of Survival, which can only ripen there.

在下面很深的地方，我们可以采摘生命之树最成熟的果实——生存的欢乐，它只能在那里成熟。

"Yes," I said one afternoon in the Park, as I looked rather contemptuously at the people of Fashion, moving slow and well-dressed in the sunshine, "but how about the others, the Courtiers and Beauties and Dandies of the past? They wore fine costumes, and glittered for their hour in the summer air. What has become of them?" I somewhat rhetorically asked. They were all dead now. Their day was over. They were cold in their graves.

“是的，”一天下午在公园里，我十分不屑地看着时髦的人衣着光鲜地在阳光下缓缓而行，说道：“但是其他人呢，以前的廷臣、美女和纨绔子弟呢？他们穿着精美的服装，在当时夏日的暖风中闪耀一时。他们怎么样了？”我反问。他们现在都死了。他们的时代终结了。他们冷冰冰地躺在坟墓里。

And I thought of those austere spirits who, in garrets far from the Park and Fashion, had scorned the fumes and tinsel of the loud World.

我想到那些简朴节制的灵魂，他们在远离公园和上流社会的阁楼里，嘲笑喧嚣世界的烟雾和浮华。

But, good Heavens! These severe spirits were, it occurred to me, all, as a matter of fact, quite as dead as the others.

但是，老天哪！这些简朴节制的灵魂，我突然想到，实际上，他们和其他人一样已经死了。

If it didn't all depend on me; if I wasn't bound to vindicate the Truth on all occasions, and shout down every falsehood, standing alone in arms against a sea of Error, and holding desperately in place the hook from which Truth and Righteousness and Good Taste hang as

by a thread and tremble over the unspeakable abyss; if but for a day or two;—it cannot be. I cannot let art and civilization go crashing into chaos. Suppose the skies should fall in while I was napping and the round world collapse into stardust again?

要不是全部靠我的话；要不是我随时都要为真理辩护，大声争辩，盖过谬误的声音，独自手握武器对抗错误的海洋，拼命把那根钩子固定在原位，真理、正义和高尚的品味都好像由一根线吊着挂在上面，对着不可言说的深渊瑟瑟发抖；要不是只有一两天；——这不可能。我不能让艺术和文明崩溃，陷入混乱。假如我打盹的时候天塌了下来，这个球状的世界再度崩溃，化作星尘，那可怎么办？

"What an intolerable young person!" I exclaimed, the moment he had left the room. "How can one sit and listen to such folly? The arrogance and ignorance of these young men! And the things they write, and their pictures!"

“真是个让人忍无可忍的年轻人！”他一离开房间我就感叹。“怎么有人能坐着听这种蠢话？这些年轻人真是傲慢无知！还有他们写的东西，他们画的画！”

"It's all pose and self-advertisement I tell you—”

“我告诉你这些都是装模作样和自我吹嘘——”

"They have no reverence!" I gobbled.

“他们不知敬畏！”我大叫着。

Now why do I do it? I know it unhairs my head and makes my joints rigid;—why then do I go on talking myself into a toothless old fogey?

我为什么要这样？我知道这让我头发脱落，关节僵硬；——那么为什么我还不停地说，直到自己变成没牙的老古董？

Shabby old waistcoat, what made the heart beat that you used to cover? Funny-shaped hat, where are the hopes that once nested beneath you? Old shoes, hurrying along what dim paths of the Past did I wear out your soles?

破烂的旧背心，是什么让你曾遮挡住的那颗心跳动？形状滑稽的帽子，曾经巢居你身下的希望在哪里？旧鞋子，我在怎样的过往的昏暗小路上匆匆而行，把你的鞋底磨穿？

Oh dear, this living and eating and growing old, these doubts and aches in the back, and want of interest in Nightingales and Roses....

天啊，就这样活着、吃着和变老；这些怀疑和后背的疼痛，对夜莺与玫瑰兴致的缺乏。……

Am I the person who used to wake in the middle of the night and

laugh with the joy of living? Who worried about the existence of God, and danced with young ladies till long after daybreak? Who sang "Auld Lang Syne" and howled with sentiment, and more than once gazed at the full moon through a blur of great, romantic tears?

我还是那个曾经在半夜醒来、为活着的欢乐而笑出声的人吗？那个担心上帝的存在、和年轻女士们跳舞直到破晓之后很久的人吗？那个高歌《友谊地久天长》、伤感而嚎、不止一次透过浪漫的滂沱的泪水蒙地凝视满月的人吗？

Mind you, I don't say that their eyes aren't bigger than ours, their eyelashes longer, their faces more pink and plump;—and they can skip about with an agility of limb which we cannot equal. But all the same a great deal too much is made of these painted dolls.

听着，我不是说他们的眼睛不如我们大，睫毛不如我们长，脸不如我们红润丰盈；——他们可以手脚灵活地跳来跳去，这是我们无法比拟的。但对这些涂脂抹粉的洋娃娃还是太高估了。

Think of the thinness of their conversation!

想想他们的谈话多么肤浅！

Depicted in gaudy tints on the covers of paper novels they look well enough; and they make a better appearance, I daresay, in punts, than we do. But is that a reason why they should be allowed to disturb the decorum of tables, and interrupt with their anecdotes and giggles our grave consultations?

他们画在平装小说色彩俗丽的封面上，看上去还不错；而且我敢说，他们在平底船里看上去也比我们好。但是难道因为这样，就允许他们扰乱餐桌的礼仪，用他们的轶闻趣事和傻笑打断我们严肃的讨论吗？

One Autumn, a good many years ago—I forget the exact date, but it was a considerable time before the War—I spent a few weeks in Venice in lodgings that looked out on an old Venetian garden. There was a rustic temple at the end of the garden, and on its pediment stood some naked, decayed, gesticulating statues—heathen gods and goddesses I vaguely thought them; —and above, among the yellowing trees, I could see the belfry of a small convent—a convent of Nuns vowed to contemplation, who were immured there for life and never went outside the convent walls.

很多年前的一个秋天——我忘记了确切的日期，不过离战争开始还有很长时间——我在威尼斯住过几个星期，我住的房子外面是一座古老的威尼斯花园。花园尽头有一座锈迹斑斑的庙宇，在它的三角墙上伫立着几个破落的、摆出手势的裸体雕像——我模糊地认为它们是异教的男女诸神；——上面，在发黄的树木中间我可以看到一座小修道院的钟楼——修道院里的修女们发誓潜心冥想，在那里蛰居终身，从来不曾踏出

修道院的院墙半步。

The belfry was so near that when, towards dusk, the convent bell began to ring against the sky, I could see its bell-rope and clapper moving; and sometimes, as I sat there at my window, I would think about the mysterious existence, so near me, of those life-renouncing virgins.

那钟楼如此之近，每当黄昏时分，修道院的大钟敲响，钟声响彻天空，我就可以看到钟绳和钟锤在晃动；有时，我坐在窗前，总会思考这些近在咫尺的、遁世的处女们神秘的存在。

Very clearly it comes back to me, the look of that untidy garden, of those gesticulating statues, and of that convent bell swinging against the sky; but the thoughts that I thought about those Nuns I have completely forgotten. They were probably not of any especial interest.

那个凌乱花园的样子、那些做出手势的雕像、那口在天空下摇摆的修道院大钟，现在想来还历历在目；但当时关于那些修女的念头，我已经安全忘记了。大概那些念头没什么特别的意思。

It came back to me this rainy afternoon for no reason, the memory of an afternoon long ago alone in the country, when, at the end of an autumn day, I had stood at the rain-dashed window and gazed out at the dim landscape; and as I watched the yellowing leaves blown about the garden, I had seen a flock of birds rise above the half-denuded poplars and wheel in the darkening sky. I had felt there was a mysterious meaning in that moment, and in that flight of dim-seen birds an augury of ill-omen for my life. It was a mood of autumnal, minor-poet melancholy, a mood with which, it had occurred to me, I might fill out the rhymes of a lugubrious sonnet.

在这个下雨的午后，往事无端地涌上心头，我记起很久以前一个秋日的下午，白日将尽，我独自一人在乡下，站在雨点敲击的窗前，注视着外面晦暗的景色；当我看着渐渐变黄的树叶在花园里四处飞散时，我看到一群鸟儿飞到那片树叶稀疏的杨树林上空，在渐渐暗沉的天空中盘旋。我感到那一刻有种神秘的意义，感到那群在昏暗中若隐若现的鸟儿的飞翔，蕴含着我生命的不祥预兆。那是一种秋日的、小诗人的忧郁情绪，我想到，它是一种可以让我填出一首哀伤的十四行诗的情绪。

But my Sonnet about those birds—those Starlings, or whatever they were—will, I fear, never be written now. For how can I now recapture the sadness, the self-pity of youth?

但我关于那些鸟儿（那些椋鸟，或者不管是什么鸟）的十四行诗，恐怕现在怎么也写不出来了。因为我现在如何能重新捕捉青春的哀伤和自怜自艾？

Alas! What do the compensations of age after all amount to? What joy can the years bring half so sweet as the unhappiness they take away?

啊！上了年纪究竟有什么好呢？岁月会带来怎样的欢乐，怎能抵上它所带走的不快的一半的甜美？

How the years pass and life changes, how all things float down the stream of Time and vanish; how friendships fade, and illusions crumble, and hopes dissolve, and piece after solid piece of soap melts away in our hands as we wash them!

岁月如何流逝，生活如何改变，万物如何在时间的溪流中顺流而下，然后消逝；友谊如何褪色，幻想如何破碎，希望如何消融，一块又一块实心的肥皂如何在我们用它们搓洗时融化在我们手中！

Life, I often thought, would be so different if only I had one; but in the meantime I went on fastening scraps of paper together with pins.

我常想，生活会是如此不同，只要我拥有生命；但同时，我继续用别针把纸片紧紧钉在一起。

Opalescent, infinitely desirable, in the window of a stationer's shop around the corner, gleamed the paste-pot of my day-dreams. Every day I passed it, but every day my thoughts were distracted by some hope, some disillusion, some metaphysical perplexity, or giant preoccupation with the world's Woe.

在转角处文具店的橱窗里，我白日梦中的浆糊桶闪耀着乳白色的、令人无限向往的光芒。每天我都从那里经过，但是每天都有某种希望、某种幻灭、某种形而上的困惑或是对世界不幸的专注思索，分散我的思想。

And then one morning my pins gave out. I met this crisis with manly resolution; putting on my hat, I went around the corner and bought three paste-pots and took them home. At last the spell was broken. But Oh, at what a cost!

然后有一天早上我的别针用光了。我果断地处理这个危机；我戴上帽子，转过街角，买了三瓶浆糊，把它们带回家。咒语终于被打破了。但是，哦，付出了多大的代价！

Unnerved and disenchanted, I sat facing those pots of nauseating paste, with nothing now to wait for but death.

灰心丧气、不再着迷，我面对着那些令人作呕的浆糊坐着，现在什么也不用等了，只有死亡。

Like the Aztec Emperors of ancient Mexico who each year took a solemn oath to make the Sun pursue his wonted journey, I too have

vowed to corroborate and help sustain the Solar System; vowed that by no vexed thoughts of mine, no attenuating doubts, nor malicious scepticism, nor hypercritical analysis, shall the great frame of things be compromised or shaken.

古墨西哥的阿兹特克皇帝们每年许下庄重的誓言，让太阳遵循它一贯的旅程，像他们一样，我也发誓要支持和帮助维持太阳系；发誓绝不让我的任何烦恼、些许的怀疑、恶意的揣测、或是吹毛求疵的分析，危及或动摇万物的伟大框架。

No one last month but myself seems to have seen it; there was apparently no notice taken of the unwonted, superabundant flourish of the Blackthorn under the black skies of March all over England, when the hedges shone like walls of moonlight in the fields, and all those gnarled little miserly trees showed themselves off in their pale, silvery wealth.

上个月，除了我自己似乎没有人看到它；显然没有人注意到整个英格兰三月黑色的天空下，黑刺李反常的、过于茂盛的生长，那时，树篱如同月光之墙一般在田野里闪耀，所有那些多节、吝啬的小树都在炫耀它们苍白的、银色的财富。

In all our flower-coloured Poesy I find no mention of this aftershadow of the February snow, this forecast of the white splendour of May. Not one of our purblind poets seems ever to have gone afield to gaze at this ghost.

在我们所有的花朵般华丽的诗歌里，我找不到一个地方提到这二月雪的影子，这五月白色美景的预告。我们半盲的诗人中似乎没有一人曾走到田间凝视这幽灵。

Like the late Dr. Johnson, when at the age of seventy-two he retired to that summer-house at Streatham to plan a life of greater diligence, I too sometimes go off by myself and resolve to spend eight hours of all my remaining days in some grave employment.

已故的约翰逊博士，在七十二岁时退休，他来到斯特里塔姆的避暑别墅，计划过一种更加勤奋的生活。像他一样，我有时也独自一人走开，决心在我剩下的所有日子里，每天花八个小时做一些严肃的事情。

But with all that I know about life, all this cynical and sad knowledge of what happens and must happen, all the experience and caution and disillusion stored and packed in the uncanny grey matter of my cerebrum—with all this inside my bald head, how can I ever dream of banging it against the Stars?

但是以我所知道的关于生活的一切，对发生的事和必然发生的事的所有愤世嫉俗和悲伤的认知，以贮存、堆积在我大脑不可思议的灰色物质里的一切经验、谨慎和醒悟——以我这颗秃头里面所有的一切，我怎

能幻想把它撞到星星上去？

How can they say my life is not a success? Have I not for more than sixty years got enough to eat and escaped being eaten?

他们怎么能说我的生活不成功呢？我难道不是活了六十多岁，一直都能吃饱，而且没被吃掉？

The old know what they want; the young are sad and bewildered.

老年人知道他们想要什么；年轻人则哀伤彷徨。

Don't let young people confide in you their aspirations; when they drop them they will drop you.

不要让年轻人过于信赖你而向你倾诉他们的抱负；当他们丢弃那些抱负时，他们也会丢弃你。

There is more felicity on the far side of baldness than young men can possibly imagine.

在遥远的未来头顶变秃时，年轻人会发现比他们能想象得到的更多的幸福。

The denunciation of the young is a necessary part of the hygiene of older people, and greatly assists the circulation of their blood.

训斥年轻人是老年人保健的一个必要部分，它极大地促进了老年人的血液循环。

But what if we can find no freshly-kindled fires for our wet blankets to put out?

但是，要是我们找不到刚刚点燃的火，好让我们用湿毯子去扑灭，那该怎么办？

To deprive elderly people of their bogeys is as brutal as snatching from babies their big stuffed bears.

从年迈的人那里夺走他们的鬼怪，就像从婴儿手中抢走大绒布玩具熊一样残忍。

Moonshine is all moonshine to me.

对我来说，蠢话就是蠢话。

Thank heavens, the sun has gone in, and I don't have to go out and enjoy it.

感谢上天，太阳照进来了，我不必走出去享受阳光了。

Give me a bed and a book and I am happy.

给我一张床一本书，我就很开心了。

The mere process of growing old together will make the slightest

acquaintance seem a bosom-friend.

单是一起变老的过程就会让点头之交成为心腹之交。

What with its crude awakenings can youth know of the rich returns of awareness to elderly people from their afternoon naps; of their ironic thoughts and long retrospections, and the sweetness they taste of not being dead?

年轻人凭着他们粗浅的领悟，怎能懂得老年人自午觉中清醒过来时感到的富足；懂得他们讽刺的念头和长久的反思，懂得他们因自己尚在人间而感到的甜蜜？

When elderly invalids meet with fellow-victims of their own ailments, then at last real conversation begins, and life is delicious.

当身患疾病的老人遇到和他们同病相怜的伙伴，这时真正的对话终于开始了，生活变得有滋有味。

Because once, in the unbelievable past, they underwent that amazing mutation, there are elderly people who will tell you that they know what Love is.

因为曾经，在令人不可置信的过去，他们经历了那场惊人的转变，所以有些上了年纪的人会告诉你他们知道爱情是什么。

The follies we could not see through in our youth are what make us play the fool when we are old.

是我们在年轻时看不透的愚蠢，让我们年老时干傻事。

Unrequited affections are in youth unmitigated woes; only later on in life do we learn to appreciate the charm of these bogus heart-breaks.

得不到回报的爱恋是青春无法消减的痛苦；只有在后面的岁月里，我们才学会欣赏这些子虚乌有的心伤的魅力。

"Go to the ruins," whispers the excavated voice of Babylonian disillusion, "and behold the skulls of the former and the later; who was the evil-doer, and who the benefactor?”

“到废墟去，”那被挖掘出的巴比伦觉醒的声音轻轻说道，“看那些前人和后来者的头骨；谁是歹人，谁是好人？”

All my life, as down an abyss without a bottom, I have been pouring van-loads of information into that vacancy of oblivion I call my mind.

我的一生，就像倒入无底深渊那样，我不断把几大卡车的信息倾倒进我遗忘的空隙——我称之为我的头脑。

Pins, penknives, spectacles, scissors, great paper-cutters, umbrellas, and friends as large as life—the things I lose grow bigger

and bigger every day, and one day soon I shall lose the big world itself.

别针、削笔刀、眼镜、剪刀、大裁纸刀、雨伞以及如生命般重要的朋友——这些我每日都在越来越多地失去,很快，有一天我将会失去这个大世界本身。

The Universe is becoming a bore.

这个宇宙变得无聊。

"Since you're going straight back to Chelsea, would you mind taking these plovers' eggs to poor Gertrude? She's so ill; but she eats plovers' eggs, and these have just come up fresh from Norfolk."

“既然你直接回切尔西，你是否介意把这些珩鸟蛋带给可怜的格特鲁德？她病得厉害；但她能吃珩鸟蛋，这些是刚从诺福克送来的新鲜鸟蛋。”

"Of course, you won't do it," whispered a voice in my ear, as I carried that little mossy basket of eggs on the Underground; "You won't do it; you're too white-livered a milksop. But a real Lord of Life with a zest for experience, who wanted to know what it feels like to snap his fingers at decent behaviour, would take those eggs home and eat them himself. But you," from his realm underground Satan sneered, "haven't the guts to do it."

“当然了，你不会这么做。”我拎着那只装着珩鸟蛋的老式的小篮子走在地道里，耳边有个声音轻轻地这样说；“你不会这么做；你太胆小懦弱。但一个真正的生命的主人充满对体验的激情，若想知道对体面的行为打个响指是什么感觉，他会把这些蛋带回家自己吃了。但是你，”撒旦在他地下的王国里嘲笑说，“你没胆量这样做。”

When hope fades away and belief and craving, and we come to contemplate in temporal things only their eternal meanings, then our life ceases at last to be a sham and a failure; and when we die, dainty will be our death.

当希望、信仰和渴望都慢慢消失，我们开始只思索短暂事物的永恒意义，这样我们的生命终于不再是一场骗局、一个失败；当我们死去时，我们将死得优雅。

I got up with Stoic[1] fortitude of mind in the cold this morning; but afterwards, in my hot bath, I joined the school of Epicurus[2]. I was a Materialist at breakfast; after it an Idealist, as I smoked my first cigarette and turned the world to transcendental vapour. But when I began to read the Times I had no doubt of the existence of an external world.

今晨在寒冷的天气中，我以斯多葛哲学坚忍不拔的意志起床；但后来泡热水澡的时候，我又加入了伊壁鸠鲁学派。吃早餐时我是个唯物主

义者；之后我抽第一支烟，把世界变成超越经验的烟雾时，我又成了理想主义者。但当我开始阅读《泰晤士报》时，我毫不怀疑客观世界的存在。

So all the morning and all the afternoon opinions kept flowing into and out of the receptacle of my mind; till by the time the enormous day was over, it had been filled by most of the widely-known Theories of Existence, and emptied of them.

因此整个上午和整个下午，各种各样的观点不停在我思维的容器里流进流出；直到这漫长的一天结束之前，我的大脑塞进了大多数广为人知的关于存在的理论，然后又清空。

This long speculation of life, this thinking and syllogizing that always goes on inside me, this running over and over of hypothesis and surmise and supposition—one day this infinite Argument will have ended, the debate will be for ever over, I shall have come to an indisputable conclusion, and my brain will be at rest.

对生活的漫长思索、我脑中总在进行的思考和三段论的演绎推理，反复不断的假设、推测和假定——终有一天，这无尽的争论将会终结，辩论将永远结束，我将得出一个无可辩驳的结论，我的头脑将会安息。

(1)斯多葛哲学，古代哲学派系，公元4世纪由古希腊哲学家芝诺创立于雅典。

(2)伊壁鸠鲁（公元前341—前270），古希腊哲学家、无神论者，强调远离责任和社会活动，主张人生的目的是追求快乐。

Epilogue

跋

"What funny coats you wear, dear Readers! And your hats! The thought of your hats does make me laugh."

“你穿的外衣多么滑稽，亲爱的读者！还有你的帽子！一想到你的帽子，我就忍俊不禁。”

Thus across the great gulf of Time I send, with a wave of my hand, a greeting to that quaint people we call Posterity, whom I, like other great writers, claim as my readers,—urging them to hurry up and get born, that they may have the pleasure of reading TRIVIA.

因此，跨过时间的鸿沟，我挥一挥手，向那些我们称之为后代的怪人送去一声问候，我像其他伟大的作家一样，把这些人称作我的读者——催促他们加快速度，赶快出生，这样他们才可能享受到阅读这本《琐事集》的快乐。

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Rene Descartes

DISCOURSE ON THE METHOD OF RIGHTLY CONDUCTING THE REASON AND SEEKING THE TRUTH IN THE SCIENCES

谈谈方法

（法）勒内·笛卡尔

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石春让　王江超 译
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FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京　BEIJING

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu

Beijing, China 100089

http://www.fltrp.com

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

谈谈方法：英汉对照/（法）笛卡尔（Descartes, R.）著；石春让，王江超译.— 北京：外语教学与研究出版社，2011.8

（外研社双语读库. 学·书系）

书名原文：Discourse on the Method of Rightly Conducting the Reason and Seeking the Truth in the Sciences

ISBN 978-7-5135-1119-3

I. ①谈… II. ①笛… ②石… ③王… III. ①英语—汉语—对照读物 ②哲学理论—法国—近代 IV. ①H319.4：B

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字 (2011) 第199897号

出版人：蔡剑峰

责任编辑：邓 芳

版式设计：张苏梅

封面设计：袁 璐

出版发行：外语教学与研究出版社

社 址：北京市西三环北路19号（100089）

网 址：http://www.fltrp.com

版 次：2011年8月第1版 2011年8月第1次印刷

书 号：ISBN 978-7-5135-1119-3

* * *

制售盗版必究举报查实奖励

版权保护办公室举报电话：(010) 88817519

总序

外研社自创立之日起就一贯秉承“记载人类文明，沟通世界文化”的宗旨。上世纪90年代以来，我们陆续出版了“九十年代英语系列丛书”、“大师经典文库”、“英美文学文库”等系列经典图书，在最大限度满足国内英语学习者阅读需求的同时，也为中华民族引进和吸收海外优秀文化发挥了重要的桥梁纽带作用。

在多年出版实践中我们发现，对原版图书简单地以外语形式呈现，会使一些初级和中级外语学习者望而却步；而纯粹的译著，在翻译过程中又容易失掉原著中的某些精妙之笔，甚至丢失信息，因为每种语言都蕴含着其他语言无法精确对应的情致、智慧和对真善美的洞见。文化交流本身是一个双向互动的过程，因此在大量引入外文作品的同时，我们也不能忽略本民族文化在世界范围内的推广和传播，即把中国文化传递给世界。

基于上述考虑，我们应时推出“外研社双语读库”，立足经典，涵盖中外名家名作，涉及社会科学各个领域，以书系划分，采用双语编排，对文化背景附有注释。旨在积累世界各民族精粹文化的同时，向世界传递中国文化，为国内广大英语学习者提供题材广泛、质量过硬的双语经典读物，也为社科各领域学者了解西方学术经典提供优质的研究素材。

2010年1月，双语读库“文·书系”出版问世，该书系收录了20部西方经典著作，多出自19和20世纪著名作家、学者、思想家和哲学家笔下，作品的题材丰富，包括传记、小说、游记、杂文、回忆录等。该书系自问世以来，受到了广大英语爱好者的欢迎和好评。

2010年3月，外研社和中国外语教育研究中心联合设立“外汉翻译教学研究基金”项目，选取百余部国外经典学术著作，面向全国高校公开招募翻译项目组，参与投标者遍及全国近百所高校，在国内具有较大影响力。中标的译者多为全国重点高校的翻译专家、学者及中青年翻译人才，经过层层选拔脱颖而出；每个中标项目组还聘请相关领域的专家顾问，为其提供专业领域方面的支持和帮助，以确保译文的准确性和权威性。

此次推出的双语读库“学·书系”拟收录该“基金”项目中的优秀译作分批次进行出版，并细分为哲学辑、经济学辑、历史学辑、地理学辑、语言学辑、社会学辑、教育学辑等。“学·书系”依旧采用英汉对照编排，可作为社科各领域的学术研究读物以及中、高端英汉双语读物使用。

“学·书系”所选原作虽为经典名著，却也无法避免时间和空间上的局限性，希望读者朋友们能“取其精华，去其糟粕”。各篇译作均为译者倾尽全力、呕心沥血之作，不足之处，还请各位读者批评、指正。

译者 序

翻译缘起

本书是中国外语教育研究中心和外语教学与研究出版社网上在线公布的招标项目“外汉翻译教学研究基金”的研究成果之一。

这个项目的获得令我们感到既偶然又欣喜。得到消息后，我们项目组的全体人员几天都欣欣然，非常愉悦，因为这是我们全体人员第一次有缘与中国外语界最权威出版社亲密接触。

与外研社的第一次亲密接触使我们受益良多。首先，我们能够以一种轻松平常的心态与权威出版社合作，完成一件有意义的事情。其次，中国外语教育研究中心的专家们对试译稿的修改也给予了我们很多教益和启示，使我们深刻地认识到：做翻译必须有严谨的态度，汉语的习得和使用是永无止境的，必须时时察习。同时，这些修改意见也给我们完成后面的翻译提供了指针，规范了具体的操作方法，犹如深夜在茫茫大海上行船，突然看到了灯塔，便有了航行的目标，知道如何采取行动。

翻译的预期目标

翻译之初，我们讨论制订了翻译目标。翻译的目标读者设定为高端读者为主，兼顾其他读者。这里的高端读者主要是指两类人群：学习、研究哲学的读者和学习、研究英汉翻译的读者。这样可以帮助前者从另一版本（法语译成的英语版本）研读哲学名著，也可以帮助后者从哲学文体的视角研习英汉翻译之奥妙。当然，我们欢迎更多的读者阅读，各取所需。

拟定目标读者群有助于我们把握译文文体，用适当的方法来遣词造句，润饰文字。因此，译文的翻译标准拟尽量追求忠实、通顺；文体方面，尽量保持原文风貌，即哲学严谨的思辨逻辑，文风的简洁和流畅；文字方面，尽量做到通俗词语中带些文言表述，句式长短相间，繁复简约搭配。

中国传统哲学著作的风格就是简约，辞简而意丰。因此，中国人（尤其是人文社科领域的学者们）的阅读习惯和思维能力应该具有这样的风格趋向。所以，本译文尽量追求这样的风格，更通俗地说，就是准确、不生涩的风格。希望这样的风格能够契合潜在读者的阅读习惯和思维能力。

另一方面，对许多读者而言，现在的许多哲学译本都是枯燥而且玄奥的。原因在于他们感到哲学译本文字较枯涩，句式冗长复杂，所表达的意思晦涩难懂，不能体现出现代汉语的简约美和流畅美。本译文试图挖掘现代汉语的简约美，用简约、流畅的现代汉语来表达西方哲学名著

的魅力。

翻译难点的突破

翻译的难点是准确理解原文，并通顺地用译语表达出来。因为原文是哲学名著，本身具有哲学思辨的抽象性，所以理解起来有一定的难度，另外，原文的遣词造句与普通英语不同，词义较难准确把握，句子、段落的意群转接需要仔细推敲才能确定，这也增加了理解的难度。表达方面的难度是如何寻找并确定最合适的、最准确的现代汉语对应词及表达句式。

面对理解方面的困难，我们以“奇文共欣赏，疑异相与析”的方法来攻克。具体而言，就是遇到疑难句子，大家互相讨论，各抒己见，最后达成共识。

在表达方面，严复的观点给了我们很大的启示。他说：“窃以谓文辞者，载理想之羽翼，而以达情感之音声也。是故理之精者不能载以粗犷之词，而情之正者不可达以鄙倍之气。中国文之美者，莫若司马迁、韩愈。而迁之言曰：‘其志洁者，其称物芳。’愈之言曰：‘文无难易，惟其是。’仆之于文，非务渊雅也，务其是耳。”这指导我们以创作精品的态度来翻译，在尽量忠实原文的基础上，尽量做到每一句译文都字斟句酌。

具体而言，单字成词、词组搭配不仅考虑每个词音的长短、抑扬顿挫，还考虑该词组在句子中是否相称、和谐；句子方面，则力图做到句式长短相间，繁复简约搭配；同时，我们还考虑到了段落中句子的流畅衔接问题。

总而言之，译者之所以这样译，首先是求能将原文意义表达清楚，在此基础上，修饰文笔，以求文章通顺、富有意味。古人云：诗无达诂。对译文而言，更是难以达到至善至美。但是，翻译中的拣字炼句、联句成篇就是一种苦心经营的快乐。如果我们苦心经营的拣字炼句、联句成篇能让读者快乐阅读，并从阅读中收获知识、品味快乐，则是我们最大的快乐。

《谈谈方法》内容简介

《谈谈方法》是笛卡尔的处女作，也是他的代表作之一，影响巨大。全书包括六部分：1）作者对各门学问的看法；2）作者寻求方法的几条原则；3）从方法中引导出的几项行为准则；4）作者用来证明神的存在、人的灵魂存在的理由；5）作者研究过的一系列物理问题；6）作者认为一定要做哪些事情才能使自然研究更进一步，以及促使其撰写此书的理由。

这本薄薄的书之所以举世闻名、历久弥新，乃是因为这本书真正指出了研究问题的具体方法，也就是给出了四个具体的步骤：

1）对自己不清楚的问题要持怀疑态度，尽量避免盲从、鲁莽和偏见，要根据自己非常清楚和确定的知识来判断别人的观点；

2）将复杂的问题尽量分解为多个简单的小问题，然后一个一个地分开来解决；

3）将这些小问题从简单到复杂排列，先解决容易的问题，然后再循序渐进，依次解决较难的问题；

4）将所有问题解决后，再综合起来检验，看是否完全，是否将问题彻底解决了。

笛卡尔的《谈谈方法》对人类科学发展具有划时代的意义，被公认为近代哲学的宣言书，树起了理性主义认识论的大旗。自其诞生起，西方科学研究的方法，从机械到人体解剖的研究，基本都是按照笛卡尔的《谈谈方法》进行的，对西方近代科学的飞速发展起了相当大的促进作用。

有人甚至说，直到20世纪60年代，人们才发现《谈谈方法》有一定的缺陷，如人体功能只是各部位机械的综合，而对其互相之间的作用则研究不透。直到阿波罗1号登月工程的出现，科学家才发现，有的复杂问题无法分解，必须以复杂的方法来对待，因此导致系统工程的出现，笛卡尔的方法才第一次被综合性的方法所取代。但是，不可否认的是，任何综合性的方法都是和笛卡尔首倡的分析方法相辅相成的。

结束语

本项目是由西安外国语大学一群志同道合的成员群策群力、精诚合作完成的。原著英文仅有23,130词，所以项目组成员一鼓作气，两个月完成翻译。具体分工如下：石春让、王江超两人共同翻译，互相校对，并整理出术语表和专用名词表。师媛、吴耀武、牛小龙通读译文，勘校谬误，并审核术语表和专用名词表。最后，石春让、迟延萍、魏在江通读译文、术语表和专用名词表，审校并定稿。

另外，本译本还得到中国外语教育研究中心和外语教学与研究出版社各位专家和编辑的大力帮助，他们认真、严格、严谨的审校工作和编辑工作使译本大为增色。在此谨向他们表示深深的敬意和感谢。另外，本译本的诞生还要感谢西安外国语大学学报编辑部、科研处等相关部门的大力支持，在此也向他们表示深深的敬意和感谢。

俗语云：十月怀胎，一朝分娩。看着即将付梓的稿件，正如看着刚刚呱呱落地的孩子。欣喜之情，溢于言表。同时，惶恐之情也相伴而生。因水平有限，虽倾尽全力仍不免有不足之处，在此敬请各位读者指正。

译者

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Rene Descartes

DISCOURSE ON THE METHOD OF RIGHTLY CONDUCTING THE REASON AND SEEKING THE TRUTH IN THE SCIENCES

Part I

Good sense is, of all things among men, the most equally distributed; for every one thinks himself so abundantly provided with it, that even those who are the most difficult to satisfy in everything else, do not usually desire a larger measure of this quality than they already possess. And in this it is not likely that all are mistaken; the conviction is rather to be held as testifying that the power of judging aright and of distinguishing truth from error, which is properly what is called good sense or reason, is by nature equal in all men; and that the diversity of our opinions, consequently, does not arise from some being endowed with a larger share of reason than others, but solely from this, that we conduct our thoughts along different ways, and do not fix our attention on the same objects. For to be possessed of a vigorous mind is not enough; the prime requisite is rightly to apply it. The greatest minds, as they are capable of the highest excellences, are open likewise to the greatest aberrations; and those who travel very slowly may yet make far greater progress, provided they keep always to the straight road, than those who, while they run, forsake it.

For myself, I have never fancied my mind to be in any respect more perfect than those of the generality; on the contrary, I have often wished that I were equal to some others in promptitude of thought, or in clearness and distinctness of imagination, or in fullness and readiness of memory. And besides these, I know of no other qualities that contribute to the perfection of the mind; for as to the reason or sense, inasmuch as it is that alone which constitutes us men, and distinguishes us from the brutes, I am disposed to believe that it is to be found complete in each individual; and on this point to adopt the common opinion of philosophers, who say that the difference of greater and less holds only among the accidents[1], and not among the forms or natures of individuals of the same species.

I will not hesitate, however, to avow my belief that it has been my singular good fortune to have very early in life fallen in with certain tracks which have conducted me to considerations and maxims, of which I have formed a method that gives me the means, as I think, of gradually augmenting my knowledge, and of raising it by little and little to the highest point which the mediocrity of my talents and the brief duration of my life will permit me to reach. For I have already reaped from it such fruits that, although I have been accustomed to think lowly enough of myself, and although when I look with the eye of a philosopher at the varied courses and pursuits of mankind at

large, I find scarcely one which does not appear in vain and useless, I nevertheless derive the highest satisfaction from the progress I conceive myself to have already made in the search after truth, and cannot help entertaining such expectations of the future as to believe that if, among the occupations of men as men, there is any one really excellent and important, it is that which I have chosen.

After all, it is possible I may be mistaken; and it is but a little copper and glass, perhaps, that I take for gold and diamonds. I know how very liable we are to delusion in what relates to ourselves, and also how much the judgments of our friends are to be suspected when given in our favor. But I shall endeavor in this discourse to describe the paths I have followed, and to delineate my life as in a picture, in order that each one may also be able to judge of them for himself, and that in the general opinion entertained of them, as gathered from current report, I myself may have a new help towards instruction to be added to those I have been in the habit of employing.

My present design, then, is not to teach the method which each ought to follow for the right conduct of his reason, but solely to describe the way in which I have endeavored to conduct my own. They who set themselves to give precepts must of course regard themselves as possessed of greater skill than those to whom they prescribe; and if they err in the slightest particular, they subject themselves to censure. But as this tract is put forth merely as a history, or, if you will, as a tale, in which, amid some examples worthy of imitation, there will be found, perhaps, as many more which it were advisable not to follow, I hope it will prove useful to some without being hurtful to any, and that my openness will find some favor with all.

From my childhood, I have been familiar with letters; and as I was given to believe that by their help a clear and certain knowledge of all that is useful in life might be acquired, I was ardently desirous of instruction. But as soon as I had finished the entire course of study, at the close of which it is customary to be admitted into the order of the learned, I completely changed my opinion. For I found myself involved in so many doubts and errors, that I was convinced I had advanced no farther in all my attempts at learning, than the discovery at every turn of my own ignorance. And yet I was studying in one of the most celebrated schools in Europe, in which I thought there must be learned men, if such were anywhere to be found. I had been taught all that others learned there; and not contented with the sciences actually taught us, I had, in addition, read all the books that had fallen into my hands, treating of such branches as are esteemed the most curious and rare. I knew the judgment which others had formed

of me; and I did not find that I was considered inferior to my fellows, although there were among them some who were already marked out to fill the places of our instructors. And, in fine, our age appeared to me as flourishing, and as fertile in powerful minds as any preceding one. I was thus led to take the liberty of judging of all other men by myself, and of concluding that there was no science in existence that was of such a nature as I had previously been given to believe.

I still continued, however, to hold in esteem the studies of the schools. I was aware that the languages taught in them are necessary to the understanding of the writings of the ancients; that the grace of fable stirs the mind; that the memorable deeds of history elevate it, and, if read with discretion, aid in forming the judgment; that the perusal of all excellent books is, as it were, to interview with the noblest men of past ages, who have written them, and even a studied interview, in which are discovered to us only their choicest thoughts; that eloquence has incomparable force and beauty; that poesy has its ravishing graces and delights; that in the mathematics there are many refined discoveries eminently suited to gratify the inquisitive, as well as further all the arts and lessen the labour of man; that numerous highly useful precepts and exhortations to virtue are contained in treatises on morals; that theology points out the path to heaven; that philosophy affords the means of discoursing with an appearance of truth on all matters, and commands the admiration of the more simple; that jurisprudence, medicine, and the other sciences, secure for their cultivators honors and riches; and, in fine, that it is useful to bestow some attention upon all, even upon those abounding the most in superstition and error, that we may be in a position to determine their real value, and guard against being deceived.

But I believed that I had already given sufficient time to languages, and likewise to the reading of the writings of the ancients, to their histories and fables. For to hold converse with those of other ages and to travel, are almost the same thing. It is useful to know something of the manners of different nations, that we may be enabled to form a more correct judgment regarding our own, and be prevented from thinking that everything contrary to our customs is ridiculous and irrational, a conclusion usually come to by those whose experience has been limited to their own country. On the other hand, when too much time is occupied in traveling, we become strangers to our native country; and the over curious in the customs of the past are generally ignorant of those of the present. Besides, fictitious narratives lead us to imagine the possibility of many events that are impossible; and even the most faithful histories, if they do not wholly misrepresent matters, or exaggerate their importance to render the account of them

more worthy of perusal, omit, at least, almost always the meanest and least striking of the attendant circumstances; hence it happens that the remainder does not represent the truth, and that such as regulate their conduct by examples drawn from this source, are apt to fall into the extravagances of the knight-errants of romance, and to entertain projects that exceed their powers.

I esteemed eloquence highly, and was in raptures with poesy; but I thought that both were gifts of nature rather than fruits of study. Those in whom the faculty of reason is predominant, and who most skillfully dispose their thoughts with a view to render them clear and intelligible, are always the best able to persuade others of the truth of what they lay down, though they should speak only in the language of Lower Brittany[2], and be wholly ignorant of the rules of rhetoric; and those whose minds are stored with the most agreeable fancies, and who can give expression to them with the greatest embellishment and harmony, are still the best poets, though unacquainted with the art of poetry.

I was especially delighted with the mathematics, on account of the certitude and evidence of their reasonings; but I had not as yet a precise knowledge of their true use; and thinking that they but contributed to the advancement of the mechanical arts, I was astonished that foundations, so strong and solid, should have had no loftier superstructure reared on them. On the other hand, I compared the disquisitions of the ancient moralists to very towering and magnificent palaces with no better foundation than sand and mud: they laud the virtues very highly, and exhibit them as estimable far above anything on earth; but they give us no adequate criterion of virtue, and frequently that which they designate with so fine a name is but apathy, or pride, or despair, or parricide.

I revered our theology, and aspired as much as any one to reach heaven: but being given assuredly to understand that the way is not less open to the most ignorant than to the most learned, and that the revealed truths which lead to heaven are above our comprehension, I did not presume to subject them to the impotency of my reason; and I thought that in order competently to undertake their examination, there was need of some special help from heaven, and of being more than man.

Of philosophy I will say nothing, except that when I saw that it had been cultivated for many ages by the most distinguished men, and that yet there is not a single matter within its sphere which is not still in dispute, and nothing, therefore, which is above doubt, I did not

presume to anticipate that my success would be greater in it than that of others; and further, when I considered the number of conflicting opinions touching a single matter that may be upheld by learned men, while there can be but one true, I reckoned as well-nigh false all that was only probable.

As to the other sciences, inasmuch as these borrow their principles from philosophy, I judged that no solid superstructures could be reared on foundations so infirm; and neither the honor nor the gain held out by them was sufficient to determine me to their cultivation: for I was not, thank Heaven, in a condition which compelled me to make merchandise of science for the bettering of my fortune; and though I might not profess to scorn glory as a cynic, I yet made very slight account of that honor which I hoped to acquire only through fictitious titles. And, in fine, of false sciences I thought I knew the worth sufficiently to escape being deceived by the professions of an alchemist, the predictions of an astrologer, the impostures of a magician, or by the artifices and boasting of any of those who profess to know things of which they are ignorant.

For these reasons, as soon as my age permitted me to pass from under the control of my instructors, I entirely abandoned the study of letters, and resolved no longer to seek any other science than the knowledge of myself, or of the great book of the world. I spent the remainder of my youth in traveling, in visiting courts and armies, in holding intercourse with men of different dispositions and ranks, in collecting varied experience, in proving myself in the different situations into which fortune threw me, and, above all, in making such reflection on the matter of my experience as to secure my improvement. For it occurred to me that I should find much more truth in the reasonings of each individual with reference to the affairs in which he is personally interested, and the issue of which must presently punish him if he has judged amiss, than in those conducted by a man of letters in his study, regarding speculative matters that are of no practical moment, and followed by no consequences to himself, farther, perhaps, than that they foster his vanity the better the more remote they are from common sense; requiring, as they must in this case, the exercise of greater ingenuity and art to render them probable. In addition, I had always a most earnest desire to know how to distinguish the true from the false, in order that I might be able clearly to discriminate the right path in life, and proceed in it with confidence.

It is true that, while busied only in considering the manners of other men, I found here, too, scarce any ground for settled conviction, and

remarked hardly less contradiction among them than in the opinions of the philosophers. So that the greatest advantage I derived from the study consisted in this, that, observing many things which, however extravagant and ridiculous to our apprehension, are yet by common consent received and approved by other great nations, I learned to entertain too decided a belief in regard to nothing of the truth of which I had been persuaded merely by example and custom; and thus I gradually extricated myself from many errors powerful enough to darken our natural intelligence, and incapacitate us in great measure from listening to reason. But after I had been occupied several years in thus studying the book of the world, and in essaying to gather some experience, I at length resolved to make myself an object of study, and to employ all the powers of my mind in choosing the paths I ought to follow, an undertaking which was accompanied with greater success than it would have been had I never quitted my country or my books.

[1] 偶有属性（accident），指非本质属性。

[2] 布列塔尼半岛（Brittany），位于法国西北部。

Part II

I was then in Germany, attracted thither by the wars in that country, which have not yet been brought to a termination; and as I was returning to the army from the coronation of the emperor, the setting in of winter arrested me in a locality where, as I found no society to interest me, and was besides fortunately undisturbed by any cares or passions, I remained the whole day in seclusion, with full opportunity to occupy my attention with my own thoughts. Of these one of the very first that occurred to me was, that there is seldom so much perfection in works composed of many separate parts, upon which different hands had been employed, as in those completed by a single master. Thus it is observable that the buildings which a single architect has planned and executed, are generally more elegant and commodious than those which several have attempted to improve, by making old walls serve for purposes for which they were not originally built. Thus also, those ancient cities which, from being at first only villages, have become, in course of time, large towns, are usually but ill laid out compared with the regularity constructed towns which a professional architect has freely planned on an open plain; so that although the several buildings of the former may often equal or surpass in beauty those of the latter, yet when one observes their indiscriminate juxtaposition, there a large one and here a small, and the consequent crookedness and irregularity of the streets, one is disposed to allege that chance rather than any human will guided by reason must have led to such an arrangement. And if we consider that nevertheless there have been at all times certain officers whose duty it was to see that private buildings contributed to public ornament, the difficulty of reaching high perfection with but the materials of others to operate on, will be readily acknowledged. In the same way I fancied that those nations which, starting from a semi-barbarous state and advancing to civilization by slow degrees, have had their laws successively determined, and, as it were, forced upon them simply by experience of the hurtfulness of particular crimes and disputes, would by this process come to be possessed of less perfect institutions than those which, from the commencement of their association as communities, have followed the appointments of some wise legislator. It is thus quite certain that the constitution of the true religion, the ordinances of which are derived from God, must be incomparably superior to that of every other. And, to speak of human affairs, I believe that the pre-eminence of Sparta was due not to the goodness of each of its laws in particular, for many of these were very strange, and even opposed to good morals, but to the circumstance that,

originated by a single individual, they all tended to a single end. In the same way I thought that the sciences contained in books (such of them at least as are made up of probable reasonings, without demonstrations), composed as they are of the opinions of many different individuals massed together, are farther removed from truth than the simple inferences which a man of good sense using his natural and unprejudiced judgment draws respecting the matters of his experience. And because we have all to pass through a state of infancy to manhood, and have been of necessity, for a length of time, governed by our desires and preceptors (whose dictates were frequently conflicting, while neither perhaps always counseled us for the best), I farther concluded that it is almost impossible that our judgments can be so correct or solid as they would have been, had our reason been mature from the moment of our birth, and had we always been guided by it alone.

It is true, however, that it is not customary to pull down all the houses of a town with the single design of rebuilding them differently, and thereby rendering the streets more handsome; but it often happens that a private individual takes down his own with the view of erecting it anew, and that people are even sometimes constrained to this when their houses are in danger of falling from age, or when the foundations are insecure. With this before me by way of example, I was persuaded that it would indeed be preposterous for a private individual to think of reforming a state by fundamentally changing it throughout, and overturning it in order to set it up amended; and the same I thought was true of any similar project for reforming the body of the sciences, or the order of teaching them established in the schools: but as for the opinions which up to that time I had embraced, I thought that I could not do better than resolve at once to sweep them wholly away, that I might afterwards be in a position to admit either others more correct, or even perhaps the same when they had undergone the scrutiny of reason. I firmly believed that in this way I should much better succeed in the conduct of my life, than if I built only upon old foundations, and leaned upon principles which, in my youth, I had taken upon trust. For although I recognized various difficulties in this undertaking, these were not, however, without remedy, nor once to be compared with such as attend the slightest reformation in public affairs. Large bodies, if once overthrown, are with great difficulty set up again, or even kept erect when once seriously shaken, and the fall of such is always disastrous. Then if there are any imperfections in the constitutions of states (and that many such exist the diversity of constitutions is alone sufficient to assure us), custom has without doubt materially smoothed their

inconveniences, and has even managed to steer altogether clear of, or insensibly corrected a number which sagacity could not have provided against with equal effect; and, in fine, the defects are almost always more tolerable than the change necessary for their removal; in the same manner that highways which wind among mountains, by being much frequented, become gradually so smooth and commodious, that it is much better to follow them than to seek a straighter path by climbing over the tops of rocks and descending to the bottoms of precipices.

Hence it is that I cannot in any degree approve of those restless and busy meddlers who, called neither by birth nor fortune to take part in the management of public affairs, are yet always projecting reforms; and if I thought that this tract contained aught which might justify the suspicion that I was a victim of such folly, I would by no means permit its publication. I have never contemplated anything higher than the reformation of my own opinions, and basing them on a foundation wholly my own. And although my own satisfaction with my work has led me to present here a draft of it, I do not by any means therefore recommend to every one else to make a similar attempt. Those whom God has endowed with a larger measure of genius will entertain, perhaps, designs still more exalted; but for the many I am much afraid lest even the present undertaking be more than they can safely venture to imitate. The single design to strip one's self of all past beliefs is one that ought not to be taken by every one. The majority of men is composed of two classes, for neither of which would this be at all a befitting resolution: in the first place, of those who with more than a due confidence in their own powers, are precipitate in their judgments and want the patience requisite for orderly and circumspect thinking; whence it happens, that if men of this class once take the liberty to doubt of their accustomed opinions, and quit the beaten highway, they will never be able to thread the byway that would lead them by a shorter course, and will lose themselves and continue to wander for life; in the second place, of those who, possessed of sufficient sense or modesty to determine that there are others who excel them in the power of discriminating between truth and error, and by whom they may be instructed, ought rather to content themselves with the opinions of such than trust for more correct to their own reason.

For my own part, I should doubtless have belonged to the latter class, had I received instruction from but one master, or had I never known the diversities of opinion that from time immemorial have prevailed among men of the greatest learning. But I had become aware, even so early as during my college life, that no opinion, however absurd and

incredible, can be imagined, which has not been maintained by some one of the philosophers; and afterwards in the course of my travels I remarked that all those whose opinions are decidedly repugnant to ours are not in that account barbarians and savages, but on the contrary that many of these nations make an equally good, if not better, use of their reason than we do. I took into account also the very different character which a person brought up from infancy in France or Germany exhibits, from that which, with the same mind originally, this individual would have possessed had he lived always with savages, and the circumstance that in dress itself the fashion which pleased us ten years ago, and which may again, perhaps, be received into favor before ten years have gone, appears to us at this moment extravagant and ridiculous. I was thus led to infer that the ground of our opinions is far more custom and example than any certain knowledge. And, finally, although such be the ground of our opinions, I remarked that a plurality of suffrages is no guarantee of truth where it is at all of difficult discovery, as in such cases it is much more likely that it will be found by one than by many. I could, however, select from the crowd no one whose opinions seemed worthy of preference, and thus I found myself constrained, as it were, to use my own reason in the conduct of my life.

But like one walking alone and in the dark, I resolved to proceed so slowly and with such circumspection, that if I did not advance far, I would at least guard against falling. I did not even choose to dismiss summarily any of the opinions that had crept into my belief without having been introduced by reason, but first of all took sufficient time carefully to satisfy myself of the general nature of the task I was setting myself, and ascertain the true method by which to arrive at the knowledge of whatever lay within the compass of my powers.

Among the branches of philosophy, I had, at an earlier period, given some attention to logic, and among those of the mathematics to geometrical analysis and algebra—three arts or sciences which ought, as I conceived, to contribute something to my design. But, on examination, I found that, as for logic, its syllogisms and the majority of its other precepts are of avail—rather in the communication of what we already know, or even as the art of Lully[1], in speaking without judgment of things of which we are ignorant, than in the investigation of the unknown; and although this science contains indeed a number of correct and very excellent precepts, there are, nevertheless, so many others, and these either injurious or superfluous, mingled with the former, that it is almost quite as difficult to effect a severance of the true from the false as it is to extract a Diana[2] or a Minerva[3] from a rough block of marble. Then as

to the analysis of the ancients and the algebra of the moderns, besides that they embrace only matters highly abstract, and, to appearance, of no use, the former is so exclusively restricted to the consideration of figures, that it can exercise the understanding only on condition of greatly fatiguing the imagination; and, in the latter, there is so complete a subjection to certain rules and formulas, that there results an art full of confusion and obscurity calculated to embarrass, instead of a science fitted to cultivate the mind. By these considerations I was induced to seek some other method which would comprise the advantages of the three and be exempt from their defects. And as a multitude of laws often only hampers justice, so that a state is best governed when, with few laws, these are rigidly administered; in like manner, instead of the great number of precepts of which logic is composed, I believed that the four following would prove perfectly sufficient for me, provided I took the firm and unwavering resolution never in a single instance to fail in observing them.

The first was never to accept anything for true which I did not clearly know to be such; that is to say, carefully to avoid precipitancy and prejudice, and to comprise nothing more in my judgement than what was presented to my mind so clearly and distinctly as to exclude all ground of doubt.

The second, to divide each of the difficulties under examination into as many parts as possible, and as might be necessary for its adequate solution.

The third, to conduct my thoughts in such order that, by commencing with objects the simplest and easiest to know, I might ascend by little and little, and, as it were, step by step, to the knowledge of the more complex; assigning in thought a certain order even to those objects which in their own nature do not stand in a relation of antecedence and sequence.

And the last, in every case to make enumerations so complete, and reviews so general that I might be assured that nothing was omitted.

The long chains of simple and easy reasonings by means of which geometers are accustomed to reach the conclusions of their most difficult demonstrations, had led me to imagine that all things, to the knowledge of which man is competent, are mutually connected in the same way, and that there is nothing so far removed from us as to be beyond our reach, or so hidden that we cannot discover it, provided only we abstain from accepting the false for the true, and always preserve in our thoughts the order necessary for the deduction of one

truth from another. And I had little difficulty in determining the objects with which it was necessary to commence, for I was already persuaded that it must be with the simplest and easiest to know, and, considering that of all those who have hitherto sought truth in the sciences, the mathematicians alone have been able to find any demonstrations, that is, any certain and evident reasons, I did not doubt but that such must have been the rule of their investigations. I resolved to commence, therefore, with the examination of the simplest objects, not anticipating, however, from this any other advantage than that to be found in accustoming my mind to the love and nourishment of truth, and to a distaste for all such reasonings as were unsound. But I had no intention on that account of attempting to master all the particular sciences commonly denominated mathematics: but observing that, however different their objects, they all agree in considering only the various relations or proportions subsisting among those objects, I thought it best for my purpose to consider these proportions in the most general form possible, without referring them to any objects in particular, except such as would most facilitate the knowledge of them, and without by any means restricting them to these, that afterwards I might thus be the better able to apply them to every other class of objects to which they are legitimately applicable. Perceiving further, that in order to understand these relations I should sometimes have to consider them one by one and sometimes only to bear them in mind, or embrace them in the aggregate, I thought that, in order the better to consider them individually, I should view them as subsisting between straight lines, than which I could find no objects more simple, or capable of being more distinctly represented to my imagination and senses; and on the other hand, that in order to retain them in the memory or embrace an aggregate of many, I should express them by certain characters the briefest possible. In this way I believed that I could borrow all that was best both in geometrical analysis and in algebra, and correct all the defects of the one by help of the other.

And, in point of fact, the accurate observance of these few precepts gave me, I take the liberty of saying, such ease in unraveling all the questions embraced in these two sciences, that in the two or three months I devoted to their examination, not only did I reach solutions of questions I had formerly deemed exceedingly difficult but even as regards questions of the solution of which I continued ignorant, I was enabled, as it appeared to me, to determine the means whereby, and the extent to which a solution was possible; results attributable to the circumstance that I commenced with the simplest and most general truths, and that thus each truth discovered was a rule available in the

discovery of subsequent ones. Nor in this perhaps shall I appear too vain, if it be considered that, as the truth on any particular point is one whoever apprehends the truth, knows all that on that point can be known. The child, for example, who has been instructed in the elements of arithmetic, and has made a particular addition, according to rule, may be assured that he has found, with respect to the sum of the numbers before him, and that in this instance is within the reach of human genius. Now, in conclusion, the method which teaches adherence to the true order, and an exact enumeration of all the conditions of the thing.sought includes all that gives certitude to the rules of arithmetic.

But the chief ground of my satisfaction with thus method, was the assurance I had of thereby exercising my reason in all matters, if not with absolute perfection, at least with the greatest attainable by me: besides, I was conscious that by its use my mind was becoming gradually habituated to clearer and more distinct conceptions of its objects; and I hoped also, from not having restricted this method to any particular matter, to apply it to the difficulties of the other sciences, with not less success than to those of algebra. I should not, however, on this account have ventured at once on the examination of all the difficulties of the sciences which presented themselves to me, for this would have been contrary to the order prescribed in the method, but observing that the knowledge of such is dependent on principles borrowed from philosophy, in which I found nothing certain, I thought it necessary first of all to endeavor to establish its principles. And because I observed, besides, that an inquiry of this kind was of all others of the greatest moment, and one in which precipitancy and anticipation in judgment were most to be dreaded, I thought that I ought not to approach it till I had reached a more mature age (being at that time but twenty-three), and had first of all employed much of my time in preparation for the work, as well by eradicating from my mind all the erroneous opinions I had up to that moment accepted, as by amassing variety of experience to afford materials for my reasonings, and by continually exercising myself in my chosen method with a view to increased skill in its application.

[1] 吕里（Lully，1632—1687），法国作曲家和宫廷乐师，作有大量舞剧及歌剧，创“法国序曲”形式，作品有歌剧《阿尔且斯特》、《黛赛》等。

[2] 狄安娜（Diana），罗马神话中的月亮和狩猎女神。

[3] 密涅瓦（Minerva），罗马神话中司智慧、艺术、发明和武艺的

女神，相当于希腊神话中的雅典娜。

Part III

And finally, as it is not enough, before commencing to rebuild the house in which we live, that it be pulled down, and materials and builders provided, or that we engage in the work ourselves, according to a plan which we have beforehand carefully drawn out, but as it is likewise necessary that we be furnished with some other house in which we may live commodiously during the operations, so that I might not remain irresolute in my actions, while my reason compelled me to suspend my judgement, and that I might not be prevented from living thenceforward in the greatest possible felicity, I formed a provisory code of morals, composed of three or four maxims, with which I am desirous to make you acquainted.

The first was to obey the laws and customs of my country, adhering firmly to the faith in which, by the grace of God, I had been educated from my childhood and regulating my conduct in every other matter according to the most moderate opinions, and the farthest removed from extremes, which should happen to be adopted in practice with general consent of the most judicious of those among whom I might be living. For as I had from that time begun to hold my own opinions for nought because I wished to subject them all to examination, I was convinced that I could not do better than follow in the meantime the opinions of the most judicious; and although there are some perhaps among the Persians as judicious as among ourselves, expediency seemed to dictate that I should regulate my practice conformably to the opinions of those with whom I should have to live; and it appeared to me that, in order to ascertain the real opinions of such, I ought rather to take cognizance of what they practised than of what they said, not only because, in the corruption of our manners, there are few disposed to speak exactly as they believe, but also because very many are not aware of what it is that they really believe; for, as the act of mind by which a thing is believed is different from that by which we know that we believe it, the one act is often found without the other. Also, amid many opinions held in equal repute, I chose always the most moderate, as much for the reason that these are always the most convenient for practice, and probably the best (for all excess is generally vicious), as that, in the event of my falling into error, I might be at less distance from the truth than if, having chosen one of the extremes, it should turn out to be the other which I ought to have adopted. And I placed in the class of extremes especially all promises by which somewhat of our freedom is abridged; not that I disapproved of the laws which, to provide against the instability of

men of feeble resolution, when what is sought to be accomplished is some good, permit engagements by vows and contracts binding the parties to persevere in it, or even, for the security of commerce, sanction similar engagements where the purpose sought to be realized is indifferent: but because I did not find anything on earth which was wholly superior to change, and because, for myself in particular, I hoped gradually to perfect my judgments, and not to suffer them to deteriorate, I would have deemed it a grave sin against good sense, if, for the reason that I approved of something at a particular time, I therefore bound myself to hold it for good at a subsequent time, when perhaps it had ceased to be so, or I had ceased to esteem it such.

My second maxim was to be as firm and resolute in my actions as I was able, and not to adhere less steadfastly to the most doubtful opinions, when once adopted, than if they had been highly certain; imitating in this the example of travelers who, when they have lost their way in a forest, ought not to wander from side to side, far less remain in one place, but proceed constantly towards the same side in as straight a line as possible, without changing their direction for slight reasons, although perhaps it might be chance alone which at first determined the selection; for in this way, if they do not exactly reach the point they desire, they will come at least in the end to some place that will probably be preferable to the middle of a forest. In the same way, since in action it frequently happens that no delay is permissible, it is very certain that, when it is not in our power to determine what is true, we ought to act according to what is most probable; and even although we should not remark a greater probability in one opinion than in another, we ought notwithstanding to choose one or the other, and afterwards consider it, in so far as it relates to practice, as no longer dubious, but manifestly true and certain, since the reason by which our choice has been determined is itself possessed of these qualities. This principle was sufficient thenceforward to rid me of all those repentings and pangs of remorse that usually disturb the consciences of such feeble and uncertain minds as, destitute of any clear and determinate principle of choice, allow themselves one day to adopt a course of action as the best, which they abandon the next, as the opposite.

My third maxim was to endeavor always to conquer myself rather than fortune, and change my desires rather than the order of the world, and in general, accustom myself to the persuasion that, except our own thoughts, there is nothing absolutely in our power; so that when we have done our best in things external to us, all wherein we fail of success is to be held, as regards us, absolutely impossible: and this single principle seemed to me sufficient to prevent me from

desiring for the future anything which I could not obtain, and thus render me contented; for since our will naturally seeks those objects alone which the understanding represents as in some way possible of attainment, it is plain, that if we consider all external goods as equally beyond our power, we shall no more regret the absence of such goods as seem due to our birth, when deprived of them without any fault of ours, than our not possessing the kingdoms of China or Mexico, and thus making, so to speak, a virtue of necessity, we shall no more desire health in disease, or freedom in imprisonment, than we now do bodies incorruptible as diamonds, or the wings of birds to fly with. But I confess there is need of prolonged discipline and frequently repeated meditation to accustom the mind to view all objects in this light; and I believe that in this chiefly consisted the secret of the power of such philosophers as in former times were enabled to rise superior to the influence of fortune, and, amid suffering and poverty, enjoy a happiness which their gods might have envied. For, occupied incessantly with the consideration of the limits prescribed to their power by nature, they became so entirely convinced that nothing was at their disposal except their own thoughts, that this conviction was of itself sufficient to prevent their entertaining any desire of other objects; and over their thoughts they acquired a sway so absolute, that they had some ground on this account for esteeming themselves more rich and more powerful, more free and more happy, than other men who, whatever be the favors heaped on them by nature and fortune, if destitute of this philosophy, can never command the realization of all their desires.

In fine, to conclude this code of morals, I thought of reviewing the different occupations of men in this life, with the view of making choice of the best. And, without wishing to offer any remarks on the employments of others, I may state that it was my conviction that I could not do better than continue in that in which I was engaged, viz., in devoting my whole life to the culture of my reason, and in making the greatest progress I was able in the knowledge of truth, on the principles of the method which I had prescribed to myself. This method, from the time I had begun to apply it, had been to me the source of satisfaction so intense as to lead me to believe that more perfect or more innocent could not be enjoyed in this life; and as by its means I daily discovered truths that appeared to me of some importance, and of which other men were generally ignorant, the gratification thence arising so occupied my mind that I was wholly indifferent to every other object. Besides, the three preceding maxims were founded singly on the design of continuing the work of self-instruction. For since God has endowed each of us with some light of

reason by which to distinguish truth from error, I could not have believed that I ought for a single moment to rest satisfied with the opinions of another, unless I had resolved to exercise my own judgment in examining these whenever I should be duly qualified for the task. Nor could I have proceeded on such opinions without scruple, had I supposed that I should thereby forfeit any advantage for attaining still more accurate, should such exist. And, in fine, I could not have restrained my desires, nor remained satisfied had I not followed a path in which I thought myself certain of attaining all the knowledge to the acquisition of which I was competent, as well as the largest amount of what is truly good which I could ever hope to secure. Inasmuch as we neither seek nor shun any object except in so far as our understanding represents it as good or bad, all that is necessary to right action is right judgment, and to the best action the most correct judgment, that is, to the acquisition of all the virtues with all else that is truly valuable and within our reach; and the assurance of such an acquisition cannot fail to render us contented.

Having thus provided myself with these maxims, and having placed them in reserve along with the truths of faith, which have ever occupied the first place in my belief, I came to the conclusion that I might with freedom set about ridding myself of what remained of my opinions. And, inasmuch as I hoped to be better able successfully to accomplish this work by holding intercourse with mankind, than by remaining longer shut up in the retirement where these thoughts had occurred to me, I betook me again to traveling before the winter was well ended. And, during the nine subsequent years, I did nothing but roam from one place to another, desirous of being a spectator rather than an actor in the plays exhibited on the theater of the world; and, as I made it my business in each matter to reflect particularly upon what might fairly be doubted and prove a source of error, I gradually rooted out from my mind all the errors which had hitherto crept into it. Not that in this I imitated the sceptics who doubt only that they may doubt, and seek nothing beyond uncertainty itself; for, on the contrary, my design was singly to find ground of assurance, and cast aside the loose earth and sand, that I might reach the rock or the clay. In this, as appears to me, I was successful enough; for, since I endeavored to discover the falsehood or incertitude of the propositions I examined, not by feeble conjectures, but by clear and certain reasonings, I met with nothing so doubtful as not to yield some conclusion of adequate certainty, although this were merely the inference, that the matter in question contained nothing certain. And, just as in pulling down an old house, we usually reserve the ruins to contribute towards the erection, so, in destroying such of my opinions

as I judged to be ill-founded, I made a variety of observations and acquired an amount of experience of which I availed myself in the establishment of more certain. And further, I continued to exercise myself in the method I had prescribed; for, besides taking care in general to conduct all my thoughts according to its rules, I reserved some hours from time to time which I expressly devoted to the employment of the method in the solution of mathematical difficulties, or even in the solution likewise of some questions belonging to other sciences, but which, by my having detached them from such principles of these sciences as were of inadequate certainty, were rendered almost mathematical: the truth of this will be manifest from the numerous examples contained in this volume. And thus, without in appearance living otherwise than those who, with no other occupation than that of spending their lives agreeably and innocently, study to sever pleasure from vice, and who, that they may enjoy their leisure without ennui, have recourse to such pursuits as are honorable, I was nevertheless prosecuting my design, and making greater progress in the knowledge of truth, than I might, perhaps, have made had I been engaged in the perusal of books merely, or in holding converse with men of letters.

These nine years passed away, however, before I had come to any determinate judgment respecting the difficulties which form matter of dispute among the learned, or had commenced to seek the principles of any philosophy more certain than the vulgar. And the examples of many men of the highest genius, who had, in former times, engaged in this inquiry, but, as appeared to me, without success, led me to imagine it to be a work of so much difficulty, that I would not perhaps have ventured on it so soon had I not heard it currently rumored that I had already completed the inquiry. I know not what were the grounds of this opinion; and, if my conversation contributed in any measure to its rise, this must have happened rather from my having confessed my ignorance with greater freedom than those are accustomed to do who have studied a little, and expounded perhaps, the reasons that led me to doubt of many of those things that by others are esteemed certain, than from my having boasted of any system of philosophy. But, as I am of a disposition that makes me unwilling to be esteemed different from what I really am, I thought it necessary to endeavor by all means to render myself worthy of the reputation accorded to me; and it is now exactly eight years since this desire constrained me to remove from all those places where interruption from any of my acquaintances was possible, and betake myself to this country, in which the long duration of the war has led to the establishment of such discipline, that the armies maintained seem to be of use only in

enabling the inhabitants to enjoy more securely the blessings of peace and where, in the midst of a great crowd actively engaged in business, and more careful of their own affairs than curious about those of others, I have been enabled to live without being deprived of any of the conveniences to be had in the most populous cities, and yet as solitary and as retired as in the midst of the most remote deserts.

Part IV

I am in doubt as to the propriety of making my first meditations in the place above mentioned matter of discourse; for these are so metaphysical, and so uncommon, as not, perhaps, to be acceptable to every one. And yet, that it may be determined whether the foundations that I have laid are sufficiently secure, I find myself in a measure constrained to advert to them. I had long before remarked that, in relation to practice, it is sometimes necessary to adopt, as if above doubt, opinions which we discern to be highly uncertain, as has been already said; but as I then desired to give my attention solely to the search after truth, I thought that a procedure exactly the opposite was called for, and that I ought to reject as absolutely false all opinions in regard to which I could suppose the least ground for doubt, in order to ascertain whether after that there remained aught in my belief that was wholly indubitable. Accordingly, seeing that our senses sometimes deceive us, I was willing to suppose that there existed nothing really such as they presented to us; and because some men err in reasoning, and fall into paralogisms, even on the simplest matters of geometry, I, convinced that I was as open to error as any other, rejected as false all the reasonings I had hitherto taken for demonstrations; and finally, when I considered that the very same thoughts (presentations) which we experience when awake may also be experienced when we are asleep, while there is at that time not one of them true, I supposed that all the objects (presentations) that had ever entered into my mind when awake, had in them no more truth than the illusions of my dreams. But immediately upon this I observed that, whilst I thus wished to think that all was false, it was absolutely necessary that I, who thus thought, should be somewhat; and as I observed that this truth, I think, therefore I am (COGITO ERGO SUM), was so certain and of such evidence that no ground of doubt, however extravagant, could be alleged by the sceptics capable of shaking it, I concluded that I might, without scruple, accept it as the first principle of the philosophy of which I was in search.

In the next place, I attentively examined what I was and as I observed that I could suppose that I had no body, and that there was no world nor any place in which I might be; but that I could not therefore suppose that I was not; and that, on the contrary, from the very circumstance that I thought to doubt of the truth of other things, it most clearly and certainly followed that I was; while, on the other hand, if I had only ceased to think, although all the other objects which I had ever imagined had been in reality existent, I would have

had no reason to believe that I existed; I thence concluded that I was a substance whose whole essence or nature consists only in thinking, and which, that it may exist, has need of no place, nor is dependent on any material thing; so that " I," that is to say, the mind by which I am what I am, is wholly distinct from the body, and is even more easily known than the latter, and is such, that although the latter were not, it would still continue to be all that it is.

After this I inquired in general into what is essential I to the truth and certainty of a proposition; for since I had discovered one which I knew to be true, I thought that I must likewise be able to discover the ground of this certitude. And as I observed that in the words I think, therefore I am, there is nothing at all which gives me assurance of their truth beyond this, that I see very clearly that in order to think it is necessary to exist, I concluded that I might take, as a general rule, the principle, that all the things which we very clearly and distinctly conceive are true, only observing, however, that there is some difficulty in rightly determining the objects which we distinctly conceive.

In the next place, from reflecting on the circumstance that I doubted, and that consequently my being was not wholly perfect (for I clearly saw that it was a greater perfection to know than to doubt), I was led to inquire whence I had learned to think of something more perfect than myself; and I clearly recognized that I must hold this notion from some nature which in reality was more perfect. As for the thoughts of many other objects external to me, as of the sky, the earth, light, heat, and a thousand more, I was less at a loss to know whence these came; for since I remarked in them nothing which seemed to render them superior to myself, I could believe that, if these were true, they were dependencies on my own nature, in so far as it possessed a certain perfection, and, if they were false, that I held them from nothing, that is to say, that they were in me because of a certain imperfection of my nature. But this could not be the case with the idea of a nature more perfect than myself; for to receive it from nothing was a thing manifestly impossible; and, because it is not less repugnant that the more perfect should be an effect of, and dependence on the less perfect, than that something should proceed from nothing, it was equally impossible that I could hold it from myself: accordingly, it but remained that it had been placed in me by a nature which was in reality more perfect than mine, and which even possessed within itself all the perfections of which I could form any idea; that is to say, in a single word, which was God. And to this I added that, since I knew some perfections which I did not possess, I was not the only being in existence (I will here, with your permission, freely use the terms of the

schools); but, on the contrary, that there was of necessity some other more perfect Being upon whom I was dependent, and from whom I had received all that I possessed; for if I had existed alone, and independently of every other being, so as to have had from myself all the perfection, however little, which I actually possessed, I should have been able, for the same reason, to have had from myself the whole remainder of perfection, of the want of which I was conscious, and thus could of myself have become infinite, eternal, immutable, omniscient, all-powerful, and, in fine, have possessed all the perfections which I could recognize in God. For in order to know the nature of God (whose existence has been established by the preceding reasonings), as far as my own nature permitted, I had only to consider in reference to all the properties of which I found in my mind some idea, whether their possession was a mark of perfection; and I was assured that no one which indicated any imperfection was in him, and that none of the rest was awanting. Thus I perceived that doubt, inconstancy, sadness, and such like, could not be found in God, since I myself would have been happy to be free from them. Besides, I had ideas of many sensible and corporeal things; for although I might suppose that I was dreaming, and that all which I saw or imagined was false, I could not, nevertheless, deny that the ideas were in reality in my thoughts. But, because I had already very clearly recognized in myself that the intelligent nature is distinct from the corporeal, and as I observed that all composition is an evidence of dependency, and that a state of dependency is manifestly a state of imperfection, I therefore determined that it could not be a perfection in God to be compounded of these two natures and that consequently he was not so compounded; but that if there were any bodies in the world, or even any intelligences, or other natures that were not wholly perfect, their existence depended on his power in such a way that they could not subsist without him for a single moment.

I was disposed straightway to search for other truths and when I had represented to myself the object of the geometers, which I conceived to be a continuous body or a space indefinitely extended in length, breadth, and height or depth, divisible into divers parts which admit of different figures and sizes, and of being moved or transposed in all manner of ways (for all this the geometers suppose to be in the object they contemplate), I went over some of their simplest demonstrations. And, in the first place, I observed, that the great certitude which by common consent is accorded to these demonstrations, is founded solely upon this, that they are clearly conceived in accordance with the rules I have already laid down. In the next place, I perceived that there was nothing at all in these demonstrations which could assure

me of the existence of their object: thus, for example, supposing a triangle to be given, I distinctly perceived that its three angles were necessarily equal to two right angles, but I did not on that account perceive anything which could assure me that any triangle existed: while, on the contrary, recurring to the examination of the idea of a Perfect Being, I found that the existence of the Being was comprised in the idea in the same way that the equality of its three angles to two right angles is comprised in the idea of a triangle, or as in the idea of a sphere, the equidistance of all points on its surface from the center, or even still more clearly; and that consequently it is at least as certain that God, who is this Perfect Being, is, or exists, as any demonstration of geometry can be.

But the reason which leads many to persuade them selves that there is a difficulty in knowing this truth, and even also in knowing what their mind really is, is that they never raise their thoughts above sensible objects, and are so accustomed to consider nothing except by way of imagination, which is a mode of thinking limited to material objects, that all that is not imaginable seems to them not intelligible. The truth of this is sufficiently manifest from the single circumstance, that the philosophers of the schools accept as a maxim that there is nothing in the understanding which was not previously in the senses, in which however it is certain that the ideas of God and of the soul have never been; and it appears to me that they who make use of their imagination to comprehend these ideas do exactly the same thing as if, in order to hear sounds or smell odors, they strove to avail themselves of their eyes; unless indeed that there is this difference, that the sense of sight does not afford us an inferior assurance to those of smell or hearing; in place of which, neither our imagination nor our senses can give us assurance of anything unless our understanding intervene.

Finally, if there be still persons who are not sufficiently persuaded of the existence of God and of the soul, by the reasons I have adduced, I am desirous that they should know that all the other propositions, of the truth of which they deem themselves perhaps more assured, as that we have a body, and that there exist stars and an earth, and such like, are less certain; for, although we have a moral assurance of these things, which is so strong that there is an appearance of extravagance in doubting of their existence, yet at the same time no one, unless his intellect is impaired, can deny, when the question relates to a metaphysical certitude, that there is sufficient reason to exclude entire assurance, in the observation that when asleep we can in the same way imagine ourselves possessed of another body and that we see other stars and another earth, when there is nothing of the kind. For

how do we know that the thoughts which occur in dreaming are false rather than those other which we experience when awake, since the former are often not less vivid and distinct than the latter? And though men of the highest genius study this question as long as they please, I do not believe that they will be able to give any reason which can be sufficient to remove this doubt, unless they presuppose the existence of God. For, in the first place even the principle which I have already taken as a rule, viz., that all the things which we clearly and distinctly conceive are true, is certain only because God is or exists and because he is a Perfect Being, and because all that we possess is derived from him: whence it follows that our ideas or notions, which to the extent of their clearness and distinctness are real, and proceed from God, must to that extent be true. Accordingly, whereas we not infrequently have ideas or notions in which some falsity is contained, this can only be the case with such as are to some extent confused and obscure, and in this proceed from nothing (participate of negation), that is, exist in us thus confused because we are not wholly perfect. And it is evident that it is not less repugnant that falsity or imperfection, in so far as it is imperfection, should proceed from God, than that truth or perfection should proceed from nothing. But if we did not know that all which we possess of real and true proceeds from a Perfect and Infinite Being, however clear and distinct our ideas might be, we should have no ground on that account for the assurance that they possessed the perfection of being true.

But after the knowledge of God and of the soul has rendered us certain of this rule, we can easily understand that the truth of the thoughts we experience when awake, ought not in the slightest degree to be called in question on account of the illusions of our dreams. For if it happened that an individual, even when asleep, had some very distinct idea, as, for example, if a geometer should discover some new demonstration, the circumstance of his being asleep would not militate against its truth; and as for the most ordinary error of our dreams, which consists in their representing to us various objects in the same way as our external senses, this is not prejudicial, since it leads us very properly to suspect the truth of the ideas of sense; for we are not infrequently deceived in the same manner when awake; as when persons in the jaundice see all objects yellow, or when the stars or bodies at a great distance appear to us much smaller than they are. For, in fine, whether awake or asleep, we ought never to allow ourselves to be persuaded of the truth of anything unless on the evidence of our reason. And it must be noted that I say of our reason, and not of our imagination or of our senses: thus, for example, although we very clearly see the sun, we ought not therefore to

determine that it is only of the size which our sense of sight presents; and we may very distinctly imagine the head of a lion joined to the body of a goat, without being therefore shut up to the conclusion that a chimaera exists; for it is not a dictate of reason that what we thus see or imagine is in reality existent; but it plainly tells us that all our ideas or notions contain in them some truth; for otherwise it could not be that God, who is wholly perfect and veracious, should have placed them in us. And because our reasonings are never so clear or so complete during sleep as when we are awake, although sometimes the acts of our imagination are then as lively and distinct, if not more so than in our waking moments, reason further dictates that, since all our thoughts cannot be true because of our partial imperfection, those possessing truth must infallibly be found in the experience of our waking moments rather than in that of our dreams.

Part V

I would here willingly have proceeded to exhibit the whole chain of truths which I deduced from these primary but as with a view to this it would have been necessary now to treat of many questions in dispute among the learned, with whom I do not wish to be embroiled, I believe that it will be better for me to refrain from this exposition, and only mention in general what these truths are, that the more judicious may be able to determine whether a more special account of them would conduce to the public advantage. I have ever remained firm in my original resolution to suppose no other principle than that of which I have recently availed myself in demonstrating the existence of God and of the soul, and to accept as true nothing that did not appear to me more clear and certain than the demonstrations of the geometers had formerly appeared; and yet I venture to state that not only have I found means to satisfy myself in a short time on all the principal difficulties which are usually treated of in philosophy, but I have also observed certain laws established in nature by God in such a manner, and of which he has impressed on our minds such notions, that after we have reflected sufficiently upon these, we cannot doubt that they are accurately observed in all that exists or takes place in the world and farther, by considering the concatenation of these laws, it appears to me that I have discovered many truths more useful and more important than all I had before learned, or even had expected to learn.

But because I have essayed to expound the chief of these discoveries in a treatise which certain considerations prevent me from publishing, I cannot make the results known more conveniently than by here giving a summary of the contents of this treatise. It was my design to comprise in it all that, before I set myself to write it, I thought I knew of the nature of material objects. But like the painters who, finding themselves unable to represent equally well on a plain surface all the different faces of a solid body, select one of the chief, on which alone they make the light fall, and throwing the rest into the shade, allow them to appear only in so far as they can be seen while looking at the principal one; so, fearing lest I should not be able to compense in my discourse all that was in my mind, I resolved to expound singly, though at considerable length, my opinions regarding light; then to take the opportunity of adding something on the sun and the fixed stars, since light almost wholly proceeds from them; on the heavens since they transmit it; on the planets, comets, and earth, since they reflect it; and particularly on all the bodies that are upon the earth,

since they are either colored, or transparent, or luminous; and finally on man, since he is the spectator of these objects. Further, to enable me to cast this variety of subjects somewhat into the shade, and to express my judgment regarding them with greater freedom, without being necessitated to adopt or refute the opinions of the learned, I resolved to leave all the people here to their disputes, and to speak only of what would happen in a new world, if God were now to create somewhere in the imaginary spaces matter sufficient to compose one, and were to agitate variously and confusedly the different parts of this matter, so that there resulted a chaos as disordered as the poets ever feigned, and after that did nothing more than lend his ordinary concurrence to nature, and allow her to act in accordance with the laws which he had established. On this supposition, I, in the first place, described this matter, and essayed to represent it in such a manner that to my mind there can be nothing clearer and more intelligible, except what has been recently said regarding God and the soul; for I even expressly supposed that it possessed none of those forms or qualities which are so debated in the schools, nor in general anything the knowledge of which is not so natural to our minds that no one can so much as imagine himself ignorant of it. Besides, I have pointed out what are the laws of nature; and, with no other principle upon which to found my reasonings except the infinite perfection of God, I endeavored to demonstrate all those about which there could be any room for doubt, and to prove that they are such, that even if God had created more worlds, there could have been none in which these laws were not observed. Thereafter, I showed how the greatest part of the matter of this chaos must, in accordance with these laws, dispose and arrange itself in such a way as to present the appearance of heavens; how in the meantime some of its parts must compose an earth and some planets and comets, and others a sun and fixed stars. And, making a digression at this stage on the subject of light, I expounded at considerable length what the nature of that light must be which is found in the sun and the stars, and how thence in an instant of time it traverses the immense spaces of the heavens, and how from the planets and comets it is reflected towards the earth. To this I likewise added much respecting the substance, the situation, the motions, and all the different qualities of these heavens and stars; so that I thought I had said enough respecting them to show that there is nothing observable in the heavens or stars of our system that must not, or at least may not appear precisely alike in those of the system which I described. I came next to speak of the earth in particular, and to show how, even though I had expressly supposed that God had given no weight to the matter of which it is composed, this should not prevent all its parts from tending exactly to its center; how with water

and air on its surface, the disposition of the heavens and heavenly bodies, more especially of the moon, must cause a flow and ebb, like in all its circumstances to that observed in our seas, as also a certain current both of water and air from east to west, such as is likewise observed between the tropics; how the mountains, seas, fountains, and rivers might naturally be formed in it, and the metals produced in the mines, and the plants grow in the fields and in general, how all the bodies which are commonly denominated mixed or composite might be generated and, among other things in the discoveries alluded to inasmuch as besides the stars, I knew nothing except fire which produces light, I spared no pains to set forth all that pertains to its nature,—the manner of its production and support, and to explain how heat is sometimes found without light, and light without heat; to show how it can induce various colors upon different bodies and other diverse qualities; how it reduces some to a liquid state and hardens others; how it can consume almost all bodies, or convert them into ashes and smoke; and finally, how from these ashes, by the mere intensity of its action, it forms glass: for as this transmutation of ashes into glass appeared to me as wonderful as any other in nature, I took a special pleasure in describing it. I was not, however, disposed, from these circumstances, to conclude that this world had been created in the manner I described; for it is much more likely that God made it at the first such as it was to be. But this is certain, and an opinion commonly received among theologians, that the action by which he now sustains it is the same with that by which he originally created it; so that even although he had from the beginning given it no other form than that of chaos, provided only he had established certain laws of nature, and had lent it his concurrence to enable it to act as it is wont to do, it may be believed, without discredit to the miracle of creation, that, in this way alone, things purely material might, in course of time, have become such as we observe them at present; and their nature is much more easily conceived when they are beheld coming in this manner gradually into existence, than when they are only considered as produced at once in a finished and perfect state.

From the description of inanimate bodies and plants, I passed to animals, and particularly to man. But since I had not as yet sufficient knowledge to enable me to treat of these in the same manner as of the rest, that is to say, by deducing effects from their causes, and by showing from what elements and in what manner nature must produce them, I remained satisfied with the supposition that God formed the body of man wholly like to one of ours, as well in the external shape of the members as in the internal conformation of the organs, of the same matter with that I had described, and at first

placed in it no rational soul, nor any other principle, in room of the vegetative or sensitive soul, beyond kindling in the heart one of those fires without light, such as I had already described, and which I thought was not different from the heat in hay that has been heaped together before it is dry, or that which causes fermentation in new wines before they are run clear of the fruit. For, when I examined the kind of functions which might, as consequences of this supposition, exist in this body, I found precisely all those which may exist in us independently of all power of thinking, and consequently without being in any measure owing to the soul; in other words, to that part of us which is distinct from the body, and of which it has been said above that the nature distinctively consists in thinking, functions in which the animals void of reason may be said wholly to resemble us; but among which I could not discover any of those that, as dependent on thought alone, belong to us as men, while, on the other hand, I did afterwards discover these as soon as I supposed God to have created a rational soul, and to have annexed it to this body in a particular manner which I described.

But, in order to show how I there handled this matter, I mean here to give the explication of the motion of the heart and arteries, which, as the first and most general motion observed in animals, will afford the means of readily determining what should be thought of all the rest. And that there may be less difficulty in understanding what I am about to say on this subject, I advise those who are not versed in anatomy, before they commence the perusal of these observations, to take the trouble of getting dissected in their presence the heart of some large animal possessed of lungs (for this is throughout sufficiently like the human), and to have shown to them its two ventricles or cavities: in the first place, that in the right side, with which correspond two very ample tubes, viz., the hollow vein (vena cava), which is the principal receptacle of the blood, and the trunk of the tree, as it were, of which all the other veins in the body are branches; and the arterial vein (vena arteriosa), inappropriately so denominated, since it is in truth only an artery, which, taking its rise in the heart, is divided, after passing out from it, into many branches which presently disperse themselves all over the lungs; in the second place, the cavity in the left side, with which correspond in the same manner two canals in size equal to or larger than the preceding, viz., the venous artery (arteria venosa), likewise inappropriately thus designated, because it is simply a vein which comes from the lungs, where it is divided into many branches, interlaced with those of the arterial vein, and those of the tube called the windpipe, through which the air we breathe enters; and the great artery which, issuing

from the heart, sends its branches all over the body. I should wish also that such persons were carefully shown the eleven pellicles which, like so many small valves, open and shut the four orifices that are in these two cavities, viz., three at the entrance of the hollow veins where they are disposed in such a manner as by no means to prevent the blood which it contains from flowing into the right ventricle of the heart, and yet exactly to prevent its flowing out; three at the entrance to the arterial vein, which, arranged in a manner exactly the opposite of the former, readily permit the blood contained in this cavity to pass into the lungs, but hinder that contained in the lungs from returning to this cavity; and, in like manner, two others at the mouth of the venous artery, which allow the blood from the lungs to flow into the left cavity of the heart, but preclude its return; and three at the mouth of the great artery, which suffer the blood to flow from the heart, but prevent its reflux. Nor do we need to seek any other reason for the number of these pellicles beyond this that the orifice of the venous artery being of an oval shape from the nature of its situation, can be adequately closed with two, whereas the others being round are more conveniently closed with three. Besides, I wish such persons to observe that the grand artery and the arterial vein are of much harder and firmer texture than the venous artery and the hollow vein; and that the two last expand before entering the heart, and there form, as it were, two pouches denominated the auricles of the heart, which are composed of a substance similar to that of the heart itself; and that there is always more warmth in the heart than in any other part of the body—and finally, that this heat is capable of causing any drop of blood that passes into the cavities rapidly to expand and dilate, just as all liquors do when allowed to fall drop by drop into a highly heated vessel.

For, after these things, it is not necessary for me to say anything more with a view to explain the motion of the heart, except that when its cavities are not full of blood, into these the blood of necessity flows—from the hollow vein into the right, and from the venous artery into the left; because these two vessels are always full of blood, and their orifices, which are turned towards the heart, cannot then be closed. But as soon as two drops of blood have thus passed, one into each of the cavities, these drops which cannot but be very large, because the orifices through which they pass are wide, and the vessels from which they come full of blood, are immediately rarefied, and dilated by the heat they meet with. In this way they cause the whole heart to expand, and at the same time press home and shut the five small valves that are at the entrances of the two vessels from which they flow, and thus prevent any more blood from coming down into the

heart, and becoming more and more rarefied, they push open the six small valves that are in the orifices of the other two vessels, through which they pass out, causing in this way all the branches of the arterial vein and of the grand artery to expand almost simultaneously with the heart which immediately thereafter begins to contract, as do also the arteries, because the blood that has entered them has cooled, and the six small valves close, and the five of the hollow vein and of the venous artery open anew and allow a passage to other two drops of blood, which cause the heart and the arteries again to expand as before. And, because the blood which thus enters into the heart passes through these two pouches called auricles, it thence happens that their motion is the contrary of that of the heart, and that when it expands they contract. But lest those who are ignorant of the force of mathematical demonstrations and who are not accustomed to distinguish true reasons from mere verisimilitudes, should venture without examination, to deny what has been said, I wish it to be considered that the motion which I have now explained follows as necessarily from the very arrangement of the parts, which may be observed in the heart by the eye alone, and from the heat which may be felt with the fingers, and from the nature of the blood as learned from experience, as does the motion of a clock from the power, the situation, and shape of its counterweights and wheels.

But if it be asked how it happens that the blood in the veins, flowing in this way continually into the heart, is not exhausted, and why the arteries do not become too full, since all the blood which passes through the heart flows into them, I need only mention in reply what has been written by a physician of England, who has the honor of having broken the ice on this subject, and of having been the first to teach that there are many small passages at the extremities of the arteries, through which the blood received by them from the heart passes into the small branches of the veins, whence it again returns to the heart; so that its course amounts precisely to a perpetual circulation. Of this we have abundant proof in the ordinary experience of surgeons, who, by binding the arm with a tie of moderate straitness above the part where they open the vein, cause the blood to flow more copiously than it would have done without any ligature; whereas quite the contrary would happen were they to bind it below; that is, between the hand and the opening, or were to make the ligature above the opening very tight. For it is manifest that the tie, moderately straightened, while adequate to hinder the blood already in the arm from returning towards the heart by the veins, cannot on that account prevent new blood from coming forward through the arteries, because these are situated below the veins, and their

coverings, from their greater consistency, are more difficult to compress; and also that the blood which comes from the heart tends to pass through them to the hand with greater force than it does to return from the hand to the heart through the veins. And since the latter current escapes from the arm by the opening made in one of the veins, there must of necessity be certain passages below the ligature, that is, towards the extremities of the arm through which it can come thither from the arteries. This physician likewise abundantly establishes what he has advanced respecting the motion of the blood, from the existence of certain pellicles, so disposed in various places along the course of the veins, in the manner of small valves, as not to permit the blood to pass from the middle of the body towards the extremities, but only to return from the extremities to the heart; and farther, from experience which shows that all the blood which is in the body may flow out of it in a very short time through a single artery that has been cut, even although this had been closely tied in the immediate neighborhood of the heart and cut between the heart and the ligature, so as to prevent the supposition that the blood flowing out of it could come from any other quarter than the heart.

But there are many other circumstances which evince that what I have alleged is the true cause of the motion of the blood: thus, in the first place, the difference that is observed between the blood which flows from the veins, and that from the arteries, can only arise from this, that being rarefied, and, as it were, distilled by passing through the heart, it is thinner, and more vivid, and warmer immediately after leaving the heart, in other words, when in the arteries, than it was a short time before passing into either, in other words, when it was in the veins; and if attention be given, it will be found that this difference is very marked only in the neighborhood of the heart; and is not so evident in parts more remote from it. In the next place, the consistency of the coats of which the arterial vein and the great artery are composed, sufficiently shows that the blood is impelled against them with more force than against the veins. And why should the left cavity of the heart and the great artery be wider and larger than the right cavity and the arterial vein, were it not that the blood of the venous artery, having only been in the lungs after it has passed through the heart, is thinner, and rarefies more readily, and in a higher degree, than the blood which proceeds immediately from the hollow vein? And what can physicians conjecture from feeling the pulse unless they know that according as the blood changes its nature it can be rarefied by the warmth of the heart, in a higher or lower degree, and more or less quickly than before? And if it be inquired how this heat is communicated to the other members, must it not be

admitted that this is effected by means of the blood, which, passing through the heart, is there heated anew, and thence diffused over all the body? Whence it happens, that if the blood be withdrawn from any part, the heat is likewise withdrawn by the same means; and although the heart were as hot as glowing iron, it would not be capable of warming the feet and hands as at present, unless it continually sent thither new blood. We likewise perceive from this, that the true use of respiration is to bring sufficient fresh air into the lungs, to cause the blood which flows into them from the right ventricle of the heart, where it has been rarefied and, as it were, changed into vapors, to become thick, and to convert it anew into blood, before it flows into the left cavity, without which process it would be unfit for the nourishment of the fire that is there. This receives confirmation from the circumstance, that it is observed of animals destitute of lungs that they have also but one cavity in the heart, and that in children who cannot use them while in the womb, there is a hole through which the blood flows from the hollow vein into the left cavity of the heart, and a tube through which it passes from the arterial vein into the grand artery without passing through the lung. In the next place, how could digestion be carried on in the stomach unless the heart communicated heat to it through the arteries, and along with this certain of the more fluid parts of the blood, which assist in the dissolution of the food that has been taken in? Is not also the operation which converts the juice of food into blood easily comprehended, when it is considered that it is distilled by passing and repassing through the heart perhaps more than one or two hundred times in a day? And what more need be adduced to explain nutrition, and the production of the different humors of the body, beyond saying, that the force with which the blood, in being rarefied, passes from the heart towards the extremities of the arteries, causes certain of its parts to remain in the members at which they arrive, and there occupy the place of some others expelled by them; and that according to the situation, shape, or smallness of the pores with which they meet, some rather than others flow into certain parts, in the same way that some sieves are observed to act, which, by being variously perforated, serve to separate different species of grain? And, in the last place, what above all is here worthy of observation, is the generation of the animal spirits, which are like a very subtle wind, or rather a very pure and vivid flame which, continually ascending in great abundance from the heart to the brain, thence penetrates through the nerves into the muscles, and gives motion to all the members; so that to account for other parts of the blood which, as most agitated and penetrating, are the fittest to compose these spirits, proceeding towards the brain, it is not necessary to suppose any other cause, than

simply, that the arteries which carry them thither proceed from the heart in the most direct lines, and that, according to the rules of mechanics which are the same with those of nature, when many objects tend at once to the same point where there is not sufficient room for all (as is the case with the parts of the blood which flow forth from the left cavity of the heart and tend towards the brain), the weaker and less agitated parts must necessarily be driven aside from that point by the stronger which alone in this way reach it I had expounded all these matters with sufficient minuteness in the treatise which I formerly thought of publishing. And after these, I had shown what must be the fabric of the nerves and muscles of the human body to give the animal spirits contained in it the power to move the members, as when we see heads shortly after they have been struck off still move and bite the earth, although no longer animated; what changes must take place in the brain to produce waking, sleep, and dreams; how light, sounds, odors, tastes, heat, and all the other qualities of external objects impress it with different ideas by means of the senses; how hunger, thirst, and the other internal affections can likewise impress upon it divers ideas; what must be understood by the common sense (sensus communis) in which these ideas are received, by the memory which retains them, by the fantasy which can change them in various ways, and out of them compose new ideas, and which, by the same means, distributing the animal spirits through the muscles, can cause the members of such a body to move in as many different ways, and in a manner as suited, whether to the objects that are presented to its senses or to its internal affections, as can take place in our own case apart from the guidance of the will. Nor will this appear at all strange to those who are acquainted with the variety of movements performed by the different automata, or moving machines fabricated by human industry, and that with help of but few pieces compared with the great multitude of bones, muscles, nerves, arteries, veins, and other parts that are found in the body of each animal. Such persons will look upon this body as a machine made by the hands of God, which is incomparably better arranged, and adequate to movements more admirable than is any machine of human invention. And here I specially stayed to show that, were there such machines exactly resembling organs and outward form an ape or any other irrational animal, we could have no means of knowing that they were in any respect of a different nature from these animals; but if there were machines bearing the image of our bodies, and capable of imitating our actions as far as it is morally possible, there would still remain two most certain tests whereby to know that they were not therefore really men. Of these the first is that they could never use words or other signs arranged in such a manner as is competent to us

in order to declare our thoughts to others: for we may easily conceive a machine to be so constructed that it emits vocables, and even that it emits some correspondent to the action upon it of external objects which cause a change in its organs; for example, if touched in a particular place it may demand what we wish to say to it; if in another it may cry out that it is hurt, and such like; but not that it should arrange them variously so as appositely to reply to what is said in its presence, as men of the lowest grade of intellect can do. The second test is, that although such machines might execute many things with equal or perhaps greater perfection than any of us, they would, without doubt, fail in certain others from which it could be discovered that they did not act from knowledge, but solely from the disposition of their organs: for while reason is an universal instrument that is alike available on every occasion, these organs, on the contrary, need a particular arrangement for each particular action; whence it must be morally impossible that there should exist in any machine a diversity of organs sufficient to enable it to act in all the occurrences of life, in the way in which our reason enables us to act. Again, by means of these two tests we may likewise know the difference between men and brutes. For it is highly deserving of remark, that there are no men so dull and stupid, not even idiots, as to be incapable of joining together different words, and thereby constructing a declaration by which to make their thoughts understood; and that on the other hand, there is no other animal, however perfect or happily circumstanced, which can do the like. Nor does this inability arise from want of organs: for we observe that magpies and parrots can utter words like ourselves, and are yet unable to speak as we do, that is, so as to show that they understand what they say; in place of which men born deaf and dumb, and thus not less, but rather more than the brutes, destitute of the organs which others use in speaking, are in the habit of spontaneously inventing certain signs by which they discover their thoughts to those who, being usually in their company, have leisure to learn their language. And this proves not only that the brutes have less reason than man, but that they have none at all: for we see that very little is required to enable a person to speak; and since a certain inequality of capacity is observable among animals of the same species, as well as among men, and since some are more capable of being instructed than others, it is incredible that the most perfect ape or parrot of its species, should not in this be equal to the most stupid infant of its kind or at least to one that was crack-brained, unless the soul of brutes were of a nature wholly different from ours. And we ought not to confound speech with the natural movements which indicate the passions, and can be imitated by machines as well as manifested by animals; nor must it be thought with certain of the ancients, that the

brutes speak, although we do not understand their language. For if such were the case, since they are endowed with many organs analogous to ours, they could as easily communicate their thoughts to us as to their fellows. It is also very worthy of remark, that, though there are many animals which manifest more industry than we in certain of their actions, the same animals are yet observed to show none at all in many others: so that the circumstance that they do better than we does not prove that they are endowed with mind, for it would thence follow that they possessed greater reason than any of us, and could surpass us in all things; on the contrary, it rather proves that they are destitute of reason, and that it is nature which acts in them according to the disposition of their organs: thus it is seen, that a clock composed only of wheels and weights can number the hours and measure time more exactly than we with all our skin.

I had after this described the reasonable soul, and shown that it could by no means be educed from the power of matter, as the other things of which I had spoken, but that it must be expressly created; and that it is not sufficient that it be lodged in the human body exactly like a pilot in a ship, unless perhaps to move its members, but that it is necessary for it to be joined and united more closely to the body, in order to have sensations and appetites similar to ours, and thus constitute a real man. I here entered, in conclusion, upon the subject of the soul at considerable length, because it is of the greatest moment: for after the error of those who deny the existence of God, an error which I think I have already sufficiently refuted, there is none that is more powerful in leading feeble minds astray from the straight path of virtue than the supposition that the soul of the brutes is of the same nature with our own; and consequently that after this life we have nothing to hope for or fear, more than flies and ants; in place of which, when we know how far they differ we much better comprehend the reasons which establish that the soul is of a nature wholly independent of the body, and that consequently it is not liable to die with the latter and, finally, because no other causes are observed capable of destroying it, we are naturally led thence to judge that it is immortal.

Part VI

Three years have now elapsed since I finished the treatise containing all these matters; and I was beginning to revise it, with the view to put it into the hands of a printer, when I learned that persons to whom I greatly defer, and whose authority over my actions is hardly less influential than is my own reason over my thoughts, had condemned a certain doctrine in physics,[1] published a short time previously by another individual to which I will not say that I adhered, but only that, previously to their censure I had observed in it nothing which I could imagine to be prejudicial either to religion or to the state, and nothing therefore which would have prevented me from giving expression to it in writing, if reason had persuaded me of its truth; and this led me to fear lest among my own doctrines likewise some one might be found in which I had departed from the truth, notwithstanding the great care I have always taken not to accord belief to new opinions of which I had not the most certain demonstrations, and not to give expression to aught that might tend to the hurt of any one. This has been sufficient to make me alter my purpose of publishing them; for although the reasons by which I had been induced to take this resolution were very strong, yet my inclination, which has always been hostile to writing books, enabled me immediately to discover other considerations sufficient to excuse me for not undertaking the task. And these reasons, on one side and the other, are such, that not only is it in some measure my interest here to state them, but that of the public, perhaps, to know them.

I have never made much account of what has proceeded from my own mind; and so long as I gathered no other advantage from the method I employ beyond satisfying myself on some difficulties belonging to the speculative sciences, or endeavoring to regulate my actions according to the principles it taught me, I never thought myself bound to publish anything respecting it. For in what regards manners, every one is so full of his own wisdom, that there might be found as many reformers as heads, if any were allowed to take upon themselves the task of mending them, except those whom God has constituted the supreme rulers of his people or to whom he has given sufficient grace and zeal to be prophets; and although my speculations greatly pleased myself, I believed that others had theirs, which perhaps pleased them still more. But as soon as I had acquired some general notions respecting physics, and beginning to make trial of them in various particular difficulties, had observed how far they can carry us, and how much they differ from the principles that have been employed up to the

present time, I believed that I could not keep them concealed without sinning grievously against the law by which we are bound to promote, as far as in us lies, the general good of mankind. For by them I perceived it to be possible to arrive at knowledge highly useful in life; and in room of the speculative philosophy usually taught in the schools, to discover a practical, by means of which, knowing the force and action of fire, water, air, the stars, the heavens, and all the other bodies that surround us, as distinctly as we know the various crafts of our artisans, we might also apply them in the same way to all the uses to which they are adapted, and thus render ourselves the lords and possessors of nature. And this is a result to be desired, not only in order to the invention of an infinity of arts, by which we might be enabled to enjoy without any trouble the fruits of the earth, and all its comforts, but also and especially for the preservation of health, which is without doubt, of all the blessings of this life, the first and fundamental one; for the mind is so intimately dependent upon the condition and relation of the organs of the body, that if any means can ever be found to render men wiser and more ingenious than hitherto, I believe that it is in medicine they must be sought for. It is true that the science of medicine, as it now exists, contains few things whose utility is very remarkable: but without any wish to depreciate it, I am confident that there is no one, even among those whose profession it is, who does not admit that all at present known in it is almost nothing in comparison of what remains to be discovered; and that we could free ourselves from an infinity of maladies of body as well as of mind, and perhaps also even from the debility of age, if we had sufficiently ample knowledge of their causes, and of all the remedies provided for us by nature. But since I designed to employ my whole life in the search after so necessary a science, and since I had fallen in with a path which seems to me such, that if any one follow it he must inevitably reach the end desired, unless he be hindered either by the shortness of life or the want of experiments, I judged that there could be no more effectual provision against these two impediments than if I were faithfully to communicate to the public all the little I might myself have found, and incite men of superior genius to strive to proceed farther, by contributing, each according to his inclination and ability, to the experiments which it would be necessary to make, and also by informing the public of all they might discover, so that, by the last beginning where those before them had left off, and thus connecting the lives and labours of many, we might collectively proceed much farther than each by himself could do.

I remarked, moreover, with respect to experiments, that they become always more necessary the more one is advanced in knowledge; for, at

the commencement, it is better to make use only of what is spontaneously presented to our senses, and of which we cannot remain ignorant, provided we bestow on it any reflection, however slight, than to concern ourselves about more uncommon and recondite phenomena: the reason of which is, that the more uncommon often only mislead us so long as the causes of the more ordinary are still unknown; and the circumstances upon which they depend are almost always so special and minute as to be highly difficult to detect. But in this I have adopted the following order: first, I have essayed to find in general the principles, or first causes of all that is or can be in the world, without taking into consideration for this end anything but God himself who has created it, and without educing them from any other source than from certain germs of truths naturally existing in our minds. In the second place, I examined what were the first and most ordinary effects that could be deduced from these causes; and it appears to me that, in this way, I have found heavens, stars, an earth, and even on the earth water, air, fire, minerals, and some other things of this kind, which of all others are the most common and simple, and hence the easiest to know. Afterwards when I wished to descend to the more particular, so many diverse objects presented themselves to me, that I believed it to be impossible for the human mind to distinguish the forms or species of bodies that are upon the earth, from an infinity of others which might have been, if it had pleased God to place them there, or consequently to apply them to our use, unless we rise to causes through their effects, and avail ourselves of many particular experiments. Thereupon, turning over in my mind I the objects that had ever been presented to my senses I freely venture to state that I have never observed any which I could not satisfactorily explain by the principles had discovered. But it is necessary also to confess that the power of nature is so ample and vast, and these principles so simple and general, that I have hardly observed a single particular effect which I cannot at once recognize as capable of being deduced in man different modes from the principles, and that my greatest difficulty usually is to discover in which of these modes the effect is dependent upon them; for out of this difficulty cannot otherwise extricate myself than by again seeking certain experiments, which may be such that their result is not the same, if it is in the one of these modes at we must explain it, as it would be if it were to be explained in the other. As to what remains, I am now in a position to discern, as I think, with sufficient clearness what course must be taken to make the majority those experiments which may conduce to this end: but I perceive likewise that they are such and so numerous, that neither my hands nor my income, though it were a thousand times larger than it is, would be sufficient for them all; so that according as

henceforward I shall have the means of making more or fewer experiments, I shall in the same proportion make greater or less progress in the knowledge of nature. This was what I had hoped to make known by the treatise I had written, and so clearly to exhibit the advantage that would thence accrue to the public, as to induce all who have the common good of man at heart, that is, all who are virtuous in truth, and not merely in appearance, or according to opinion, as well to communicate to me the experiments they had already made, as to assist me in those that remain to be made.

But since that time other reasons have occurred to me, by which I have been led to change my opinion, and to think that I ought indeed to go on committing to writing all the results which I deemed of any moment, as soon as I should have tested their truth, and to bestow the same care upon them as I would have done had it been my design to publish them. This course commended itself to me, as well because I thus afforded myself more ample inducement to examine them thoroughly, for doubtless that is always more narrowly scrutinized which we believe will be read by many, than that which is written merely for our private use (and frequently what has seemed to me true when I first conceived it, has appeared false when I have set about committing it to writing), as because I thus lost no opportunity of advancing the interests of the public, as far as in me lay, and since thus likewise, if my writings possess any value, those into whose hands they may fall after my death may be able to put them to what use they deem proper. But I resolved by no means to consent to their publication during my lifetime, lest either the oppositions or the controversies to which they might give rise, or even the reputation, such as it might be, which they would acquire for me, should be any occasion of my losing the time that I had set apart for my own improvement. For though it be true that every one is bound to promote to the extent of his ability the good of others, and that to be useful to no one is really to be worthless, yet it is likewise true that our cares ought to extend beyond the present, and it is good to omit doing what might perhaps bring some profit to the living, when we have in view the accomplishment of other ends that will be of much greater advantage to posterity. And in truth, I am quite willing it should be known that the little I have hitherto learned is almost nothing in comparison with that of which I am ignorant, and to the knowledge of which I do not despair of being able to attain; for it is much the same with those who gradually discover truth in the sciences, as with those who when growing rich find less difficulty in making great acquisitions, than they formerly experienced when poor in making acquisitions of much smaller amount. Or they may be

compared to the commanders of armies, whose forces usually increase in proportion to their victories, and who need greater prudence to keep together the residue of their troops after a defeat than after a victory to take towns and provinces. For he truly engages in battle who endeavors to surmount all the difficulties and errors which prevent him from reaching the knowledge of truth, and he is overcome in fight who admits a false opinion touching a matter of any generality and importance, and he requires thereafter much more skill to recover his former position than to make great advances when once in possession of thoroughly ascertained principles. As for myself, if I have succeeded in discovering any truths in the sciences (and I trust that what is contained in this volume 1 will show that I have found some), I can declare that they are but the consequences and results of five or six principal difficulties which I have surmounted, and my encounters with which I reckoned as battles in which victory declared for me. I will not hesitate even to avow my belief that nothing further is wanting to enable me fully to realize my designs than to gain two or three similar victories; and that I am not so far advanced in years but that, according to the ordinary course of nature, I may still have sufficient leisure for this end. But I conceive myself the more bound to husband the time that remains the greater my expectation of being able to employ it aright, and I should doubtless have much to rob me of it, were I to publish the principles of my physics: for although they are almost all so evident that to assent to them no more is needed than simply to understand them, and although there is not one of them of which I do not expect to be able to give demonstration, yet, as it is impossible that they can be in accordance with all the diverse opinions of others, I foresee that I should frequently be turned aside from my grand design, on occasion of the opposition which they would be sure to awaken.

It may be said, that these oppositions would be useful both in making me aware of my errors, and, if my speculations contain anything of value, in bringing others to a fuller understanding of it; and still farther, as many can see better than one, in leading others who are now beginning to avail themselves of my principles, to assist me in turn with their discoveries. But though I recognize my extreme liability to error, and scarce ever trust to the first thoughts which occur to me, yet the experience I have had of possible objections to my views prevents me from anticipating any profit from them. For I have already had frequent proof of the judgments, as well of those I esteemed friends, as of some others to whom I thought I was an object of indifference, and even of some whose malignancy and envy would, I knew, determine them to endeavor to discover what partiality

concealed from the eyes of my friends. But it has rarely happened that anything has been objected to me which I had myself altogether overlooked, unless it were something far removed from the subject: so that I have never met with a single critic of my opinions who did not appear to me either less rigorous or less equitable than myself. And further, I have never observed that any truth before unknown has been brought to light by the disputations that are practised in the schools; for while each strives for the victory, each is much more occupied in making the best of mere verisimilitude, than in weighing the reasons on both sides of the question; and those who have been long good advocates are not afterwards on that account the better judges.

As for the advantage that others would derive from the communication of my thoughts, it could not be very great; because I have not yet so far prosecuted them as that much does not remain to be added before they can be applied to practice. And I think I may say without vanity, that if there is any one who can carry them out that length, it must be myself rather than another: not that there may not be in the world many minds incomparably superior to mine, but because one cannot so well seize a thing and make it one's own, when it has been learned from another, as when one has himself discovered it. And so true is this of the present subject that, though I have often explained some of my opinions to persons of much acuteness, who, whilst I was speaking, appeared to understand them very distinctly, yet, when they repeated them, I have observed that they almost always changed them to such an extent that I could no longer acknowledge them as mine. I am glad, by the way, to take this opportunity of requesting posterity never to believe on hearsay that anything has proceeded from me which has not been published by myself; and I am not at all astonished at the extravagances attributed to those ancient philosophers whose own writings we do not possess; whose thoughts, however, I do not on that account suppose to have been really absurd, seeing they were among the ablest men of their times, but only that these have been falsely represented to us. It is observable, accordingly, that scarcely in a single instance has any one of their disciples surpassed them; and I am quite sure that the most devoted of the present followers of Aristotle would think themselves happy if they had as much knowledge of nature as he possessed, were it even under the condition that they should never afterwards attain to higher. In this respect they are like the ivy which never strives to rise above the tree that sustains it, and which frequently even returns downwards when it has reached the top; for it seems to me that they also sink, in other words, render themselves less wise than they would

be if they gave up study, who, not contented with knowing all that is intelligibly explained in their author, desire in addition to find in him the solution of many difficulties of which he says not a word, and never perhaps so much as thought. Their fashion of philosophizing, however, is well suited to persons whose abilities fall below mediocrity; for the obscurity of the distinctions and principles of which they make use enables them to speak of all things with as much confidence as if they really knew them, and to defend all that they say on any subject against the most subtle and skillful, without its being possible for any one to convict them of error. In this they seem to me to be like a blind man, who, in order to fight on equal terms with a person that sees, should have made him descend to the bottom of an intensely dark cave: and I may say that such persons have an interest in my refraining from publishing the principles of the philosophy of which I make use; for, since these are of a kind the simplest and most evident, I should, by publishing them, do much the same as if I were to throw open the windows, and allow the light of day to enter the cave into which the combatants had descended. But even superior men have no reason for any great anxiety to know these principles, for if what they desire is to be able to speak of all things, and to acquire a reputation for learning, they will gain their end more easily by remaining satisfied with the appearance of truth, which can be found without much difficulty in all sorts of matters, than by seeking the truth itself which unfolds itself but slowly and that only in some departments, while it obliges us, when we have to speak of others, freely to confess our ignorance. If, however, they prefer the knowledge of some few truths to the vanity of appearing ignorant of none, as such knowledge is undoubtedly much to be preferred, and, if they choose to follow a course similar to mine, they do not require for this that I should say anything more than I have already said in this discourse. For if they are capable of making greater advancement than I have made, they will much more be able of themselves to discover all that I believe myself to have found; since as I have never examined aught except in order, it is certain that what yet remains to be discovered is in itself more difficult and recondite, than that which I have already been enabled to find, and the gratification would be much less in learning it from me than in discovering it for themselves. Besides this, the habit which they will acquire, by seeking first what is easy, and then passing onward slowly and step by step to the more difficult, will benefit them more than all my instructions. Thus, in my own case, I am persuaded that if I had been taught from my youth all the truths of which I have since sought out demonstrations, and had thus learned them without labour, I should never, perhaps, have known any beyond these; at least, I should never have acquired the

habit and the facility which I think I possess in always discovering new truths in proportion as I give myself to the search. And, in a single word, if there is any work in the world which cannot be so well finished by another as by him who has commenced it, it is that at which I labour.

It is true, indeed, as regards the experiments which may conduce to this end, that one man is not equal to the task of making them all; but yet he can advantageously avail himself, in this work, of no hands besides his own, unless those of artisans, or parties of the same kind, whom he could pay, and whom the hope of gain (a means of great efficacy) might stimulate to accuracy in the performance of what was prescribed to them. For as to those who, through curiosity or a desire of learning, of their own accord, perhaps, offer him their services, besides that in general their promises exceed their performance, and that they sketch out fine designs of which not one is ever realized, they will, without doubt, expect to be compensated for their trouble by the explication of some difficulties, or, at least, by compliments and useless speeches, in which he cannot spend any portion of his time without loss to himself. And as for the experiments that others have already made, even although these parties should be willing of themselves to communicate them to him (which is what those who esteem them secrets will never do), the experiments are, for the most part, accompanied with so many circumstances and superfluous elements, as to make it exceedingly difficult to disentangle the truth from its adjuncts—besides, he will find almost all of them so ill described, or even so false (because those who made them have wished to see in them only such facts as they deemed conformable to their principles), that, if in the entire number there should be some of a nature suited to his purpose, still their value could not compensate for the time what would be necessary to make the selection. So that if there existed any one whom we assuredly knew to be capable of making discoveries of the highest kind, and of the greatest possible utility to the public; and if all other men were therefore eager by all means to assist him in successfully prosecuting his designs, I do not see that they could do aught else for him beyond contributing to defray the expenses of the experiments that might be necessary; and for the rest, prevent his being deprived of his leisure by the unseasonable interruptions of any one. But besides that I neither have so high an opinion of myself as to be willing to make promise of anything extraordinary, nor feed on imaginations so vain as to fancy that the public must be much interested in my designs; I do not, on the other hand, own a soul so mean as to be capable of accepting from any one a favor of which it could be supposed that I was unworthy.

These considerations taken together were the reason why, for the last three years, I have been unwilling to publish the treatise I had on hand, and why I even resolved to give publicity during my life to no other that was so general, or by which the principles of my physics might be understood. But since then, two other reasons have come into operation that have determined me here to subjoin some particular specimens[2], and give the public some account of my doings and designs. Of these considerations, the first is, that if I failed to do so, many who were cognizant of my previous intention to publish some writings, might have imagined that the reasons which induced me to refrain from so doing, were less to my credit than they really are; for although I am not immoderately desirous of glory, or even, if I may venture so to say, although I am averse from it in so far as I deem it hostile to repose which I hold in greater account than aught else, yet, at the same time, I have never sought to conceal my actions as if they were crimes, nor made use of many precautions that I might remain unknown; and this partly because I should have thought such a course of conduct a wrong against myself, and partly because it would have occasioned me some sort of uneasiness which would again have been contrary to the perfect mental tranquillity which I court. And forasmuch as, while thus indifferent to the thought alike of fame or of forgetfulness, I have yet been unable to prevent myself from acquiring some sort of reputation, I have thought it incumbent on me to do my best to save myself at least from being ill-spoken of. The other reason that has determined me to commit to writing these specimens of philosophy is, that I am becoming daily more and more alive to the delay which my design of self-instruction suffers, for want of the infinity of experiments I require, and which it is impossible for me to make without the assistance of others: and, without flattering myself so much as to expect the public to take a large share in my interests, I am yet unwilling to be found so far wanting in the duty I owe to myself, as to give occasion to those who shall survive me to make it matter of reproach against me some day, that I might have left them many things in a much more perfect state than I have done, had I not too much neglected to make them aware of the ways in which they could have promoted the accomplishment of my designs.

And I thought that it was easy for me to select some matters which should neither be obnoxious to much controversy, nor should compel me to expound more of my principles than I desired, and which should yet be sufficient clearly to exhibit what I can or cannot accomplish in the sciences. Whether or not I have succeeded in this it is not for me to say; and I do not wish to forestall the judgments of others by speaking myself of my writings; but it will gratify me if they

be examined, and, to afford the greater inducement to this I request all who may have any objections to make to them, to take the trouble of forwarding these to my publisher, who will give me notice of them, that I may endeavor to subjoin at the same time my reply; and in this way readers seeing both at once will more easily determine where the truth lies; for I do not engage in any case to make prolix replies, but only with perfect frankness to avow my errors if I am convinced of them, or if I cannot perceive them, simply to state what I think is required for defense of the matters I have written, adding thereto no explication of any new matter that it may not be necessary to pass without end from one thing to another.

If some of the matters of which I have spoken in the beginning of the "Dioptrics" and "Meteorics" should offend at first sight, because I call them hypotheses and seem indifferent about giving proof of them, I request a patient and attentive reading of the whole, from which I hope those hesitating will derive satisfaction; for it appears to me that the reasonings are so mutually connected in these treatises, that, as the last are demonstrated by the first which are their causes, the first are in their turn demonstrated by the last which are their effects. Nor must it be imagined that I here commit the fallacy which the logicians call a circle; for since experience renders the majority of these effects most certain, the causes from which I deduce them do not serve so much to establish their reality as to explain their existence; but on the contrary, the reality of the causes is established by the reality of the effects. Nor have I called them hypotheses with any other end in view except that it may be known that I think I am able to deduce them from those first truths which I have already expounded; and yet that I have expressly determined not to do so, to prevent a certain class of minds from thence taking occasion to build some extravagant philosophy upon what they may take to be my principles, and my being blamed for it. I refer to those who imagine that they can master in a day all that another has taken twenty years to think out, as soon as he has spoken two or three words to them on the subject; or who are the more liable to error and the less capable of perceiving truth in very proportion as they are more subtle and lively. As to the opinions which are truly and wholly mine, I offer no apology for them as new —persuaded as I am that if their reasons be well considered they will be found to be so simple and so conformed, to common sense as to appear less extraordinary and less paradoxical than any others which can be held on the same subjects; nor do I even boast of being the earliest discoverer of any of them, but only of having adopted them, neither because they had nor because they had not been held by others, but solely because reason has convinced me of their truth.

Though artisans may not be able at once to execute the invention which is explained in the "Dioptrics," I do not think that any one on that account is entitled to condemn it; for since address and practice are required in order so to make and adjust the machines described by me as not to overlook the smallest particular, I should not be less astonished if they succeeded on the first attempt than if a person were in one day to become an accomplished performer on the guitar, by merely having excellent sheets of music set up before him. And if I write in French, which is the language of my country, in preference to Latin, which is that of my preceptors, it is because I expect that those who make use of their unprejudiced natural reason will be better judges of my opinions than those who give heed to the writings of the ancients only; and as for those who unite good sense with habits of study, whom alone I desire for judges, they will not, I feel assured, be so partial to Latin as to refuse to listen to my reasonings merely because I expound them in the vulgar tongue.

In conclusion, I am unwilling here to say anything very specific of the progress which I expect to make for the future in the sciences, or to bind myself to the public by any promise which I am not certain of being able to fulfill; but this only will I say, that I have resolved to devote what time I may still have to live to no other occupation than that of endeavoring to acquire some knowledge of Nature, which shall be of such a kind as to enable us therefrom to deduce rules in medicine of greater certainty than those at present in use; and that my inclination is so much opposed to all other pursuits, especially to such as cannot be useful to some without being hurtful to others, that if, by any circumstances, I had been constrained to engage in such, I do not believe that I should have been able to succeed. Of this I here make a public declaration, though well aware that it cannot serve to procure for me any consideration in the world, which, however, I do not in the least affect; and I shall always hold myself more obliged to those through whose favor I am permitted to enjoy my retirement without interruption than to any who might offer me the highest earthly preferments.

[1] 这里指伽利略的地球运行说。

[2] 样文（specimen），此处指与本文一起发表的另外三篇论文：《折光学》、《气象学》、《几何学》。

第一部分

理智可谓是世间分配最为均匀的东西了。世人都自以为具有足够的理智，就连那些对其他一切都极难满意之人也从不会觉得自己理智不够而想要多得一点。在这一点上，不大可能所有人都错了，此种信念反倒证明那正确判断、辨别真伪之能力，即我们所说的理智或理性，乃是人类生来就均等的，没有差别可言；而彼此意见之不同，并非理性之多寡导致，只是我们各自的思维运用途径不同，所关注对象有别罢了。因此，单有聪明才智远远不够，会合理运用才是首要前提。大智者能为大善，亦能为大恶；行缓而遵循正道者，比之行疾而偏离正道者，进步不可同日而语。

至于我自己，我从未奢想自己才智胜于常人。相反，我常常希望自己能与其他一些人一样，思维敏锐而果断，想象清晰而明了，记忆充盈而持久。除此之外，我再想不到别的什么可以使才智趋于完美了。因为只有理性或理智才使我们之所以成为人，之所以异于禽兽，因而我相信理性或者理智在每个人身上都是完整无缺的。在这一点上，我也赞同哲学家们的惯常观点，即同一种属的个体之间只是偶有属性上存在多与少的区别，而形式与本质上并无多寡的差异。

然而，我可以毫不犹豫地说，我非常幸运，在早年便摸索出几条门径，促使我思索，得出一些准则，并由这些准则形成了一种思维方法。我想，凭借这种方法，我的知识会不断增长，逐步提高到我的平凡才智和短暂生命能够允许我达到的最高点。我已经由此获益良多，尽管我一贯贬抑自己，尽管我从哲学家的角度观察人间万象，发现世人皆在营营役役，但一切几乎尽归虚无、一无是处。因而我还是为在寻求真理的道路上所取得的进步感到无上满足，更觉得前途无量。在世上的所有行业中，如果说有一种是确实有益而重要的话，我相信那正是我所选择的这个行业。

当然，我也可能错了；也许只得到了些破铜烂铁，而我却当成黄金钻石了。我知道，身在局中，难免迷惘；也知道，友朋的褒奖之词，非常值得怀疑。不过在这篇谈话中，我还是将向大家详细讲述我所依循的方法和途径，并将我的生平加以描述，以使大家人人都可各抒己见，给予评判。这样，我可从众人的意见中获得启示，为我自己惯常使用的学习方法提供新的帮助。

在此，我并不打算教给大家某种方法，使大家只要遵循该法就能正确地运用自己的理性；我只是要告诉大家，我自己是怎样运用我的理性的。大凡以人师自居者，当然势必认定自己比别人高明，而一旦稍有差错，便自己遭受谴责。可是我这本小册子所写的只是一些传记性的东西，或许也可称为故事吧。其中除某些例子值得效仿之外，多半是不建议采用的。我希望，在对任何人都无害的情况下，能对一些人有益，也希望我的坦率能得到大家的些许赞同。

我自幼与书本为伍，经人教诲，相信“书中自有颜如玉，书中自有黄金屋”，因而我如饥似渴地学习。可等到我学业完成，按例毕业，继而跻身学者之林时，我的看法却完全改变了。因为我发现自己陷入了疑惑和谬误的漩涡之中，而于学问上毫无进步，只不过越来越发现自己的无知。而我当时就读的学校是欧洲最著名的学校之一，我认为，如果世界上真有博学之士的话，我所在的学校肯定是会有的。别人在那所学校里学习的课程，我悉数学完，而且我还不满足于实际所授的课程。那些被视为最稀奇古怪的学问之书，只要能找到的，我都尽数读完。我也知道别人对我的评价。我发现，没人觉得我不如其他同学，虽然有几个同学已经被选为我们老师的接班人了。总而言之，我觉得我们的时代人才辈出、俊杰如云，不亚于以往任何一个时代。这就使我毫无拘束地开始对其他所有人给出我自己的评判，并且得出结论：以前人们让我相信的那些十足可靠的学问，一个都不存在。

尽管如此，对学校的功课我依然十分崇敬。我深知，学校所开设的语言课程是通晓古书的必备工具；而寓言的优雅，可激发心灵；不朽的历史事迹，可提升素养，若能加以研习，则有助于明辨是非、英明善断；研习古今名著，犹如与历代著书先贤促膝畅谈，甚至探讨，从中所得皆为他们思想之精髓；而雄辩之术，气势磅礴，无与伦比；诗词歌赋，婉转缠绵，动人心弦；算术一科奥妙无比，缜密之发现满足了不少好奇之心，于其他诸学亦有推波助澜之功，于世人亦有减轻人力之效；伦理一科则著述甚丰，箴言、教训兼而有之，教人向上为善；神学一科指出人们入天堂之道；哲学给人秘籍——用浅显的真理谈论一切事情，并能令肤浅之人多生羡慕；法律医学以及其他学科给人盛名厚利。总而言之，博学旁通，不无好处，甚至对那些迷信虚妄之物，我们亦能判定其真正价值，避免上当受骗。

但是，我相信自己在语言学习上下的功夫已然足够，而且在阅读先贤著作以及探索先贤的历史事迹上也花费了足够多的时间。因为我发现，与不同时代的古人交流，就几乎如同旅行一样。知道一些异国风俗是有用的，如此能使我们对本国风俗作出更为恰当的评价，不至于像那些经历仅限于本国国内的人一样得出这样的结论：任何与本国风俗相反的事情都是可笑的、不合理的。另一方面，若旅行过久则会对我们本土生疏；对古人的风俗过于关注，则每每对当下的风俗无知。此外，虚构的故事使人想入非非，把许多不可能的事情想象成可能；而即使是最忠实的史书，如果没有完全歪曲、夸张史实，以求动听，至少也几乎总是删去了某些细枝末节，而不能尽如原貌。倘若以此为榜样亦步亦趋，每每会像传奇里的游侠骑士一样陷于浮夸，自恃能力无边、自我陶醉。

我非常崇拜雄辩之术，也挚爱诗词歌赋，但我总觉得这两者乃天赐之物，而非后天学习所能得来。那些推理能力极强，又最善于明晰敏巧地表达其思想的人，即使只会说下布列塔尼半岛地区的土话，且完全不懂修辞规则，也往往能说服别人，使人相信他们所说的是真理；而那些头脑中富有奇思妙想，又能用最妙辞藻表达之人，纵使不谙熟诗词韵律，也仍不失为一流诗人。

我特别喜爱数学，因为它推理确切明了，但我对它的真正用途却不甚明了。我以为它只用于机械技术，于是不禁惊叹：数学有如此牢固、如此坚实之基础，人类本应从其中孕育出更为骄傲之建树。相反，古之卫道士的长篇宏论，貌似高耸入云、富丽堂皇之宫殿，其实基石比泥沙还差。他们把美德捧得极高，说它们世上无物可比，却没有为我们给出一个确切的道德标准。而他们常常给这个美好的名字赋予的美德，不过是冷漠无情、骄傲自满、灰心丧气、弑父弑母罢了。

我也敬仰我们的神学，并同别人一样向往天堂。然而有人却肯定地告诉我，人不论无知还是博学，同样都能进天堂，而指引人升天的真理却不是我们所能理解的。于是我也不敢妄加推理，我认为唯有自天而降的特殊帮助和非凡资质，才能在神学研究方面有所成。

关于哲学，我只有以下要说的：据我观察，千百年来哲学问题经过无数仁人志士的探索，时至今日，依然没有一个是不存在争论的，也没有一个能免遭怀疑。因此，在哲学研究上，我当时并不希冀自己能比别人成功多少。此外，既然同一个问题只能有一个正确的看法，而往往又有若干意见彼此矛盾，还有博学之人支持，于是我把仅仅貌似正确的一概看成是错误的。

至于其他学科，既然它们的本原皆来自于哲学，我断定，基础如此不稳，必建不出什么坚实的屋宇来。所以，能由这些学问获得的名和利不足以促使我去研究。感谢上苍，我当时并非穷困潦倒，要靠学问去牟利，以求过上好日子。我虽不像犬儒派那样藐视荣誉，但对于那些只靠虚假头衔得来的名声却看得十分轻淡。总而言之，想到那些骗人的学说，徒令我对炼丹术者的包票、占星卜士的预言、魔术师的鬼把戏退避三舍，以防上当。对于那些自称内行，其实一无所知之人的装腔作势，我更是望而却步，以免受骗。

基于这些缘由，随着年龄渐长，我不再受师长的束缚，完全抛开了对书本的研究，并且立志，除自我或者大千世界这本大书之外，不再进行其他研究。于是趁着年轻，我就四处游历，走访宫廷和军队，与不同气质、不同身份的人交往，积累各种经验。在命运驱使我遇到的各种不同环境中考验自我。尤其是随时随地思考我所经历的事情，以保从中受益，不断进步。因为我发现，较之研究某位学者在其书房里的研究成果所获得的真理，对现实个体进行推理研究所获得的真理要多得多。因为，对于后一种情况，我们不仅会参考个体自身感兴趣的事件，还会参考如果个体判断失误，不久便会遭受惩罚的问题。学者研究的往往是些无关实际的思辨哲学，对自己毫无影响，而且，也许研究离常识越远，由此产生的虚荣心就越大，因为必须要花费更多心思，才能使那些空论变得更像真理。除此之外，我渴想学会辨别真假，以便可以认清人生正道，并且满怀自信，迈步向前。

诚然，在我专门考察其他国家的风俗习惯时，也没有发现使我确信的东西。他们自己也常常自相矛盾，一如一些哲学家对自己的观点不能

自圆其说。我从研究中所得的最大好处就是眼界大开、见多识广。尽管有些风俗我们觉得离奇可笑，但却为其他伟大民族一致赞同、共同采纳。因此，我懂得了，不能一味听从那些成规惯例，只对它们坚信不移。就这样，我渐渐摒弃了许多错误观念。这些错误观念的力量非常大，足以蒙蔽我们天生的灵明，在很大程度上使我们无力听从理性。但在经过数年对大千世界这本书的研究并努力得到若干经验之后，我终于下定决心，把我自己作为研究对象，集中一切精力选择我应遵循的道路。这样做，比之不出国门或死抠书本，我觉得会更有成就。

第二部分

那时，德国战乱尚未结束，我随部队驻扎在那里。观看完皇帝加冕仪式后，我回到部队。时令已入冬季，我便只好留在驻地。那里没有什么朋友和社交活动引起我的兴致，万幸又不受任何忧虑或激情的搅扰，我便整日深居简出，借此良机，独自思索。我首先想到的是，众人合力拼凑之作，比之一人独自完成之作，难得有非常完美之处。例如，通过观察可以发现，房屋楼宇的设计修造若是出自同一人之手，往往美观宽敞。若是经由多人修改，利用旧墙故壁以作他用，这样得来之建筑，往往要逊色很多。同样，一些原来只是村庄，经过长期发展逐渐变成大都会的古城，通常显得不够规整。与之相比，由某位专业建筑师自由设计，在开阔平原上建起的现代城镇则显得整齐规范。虽然，古城有一些建筑常常可以与现代城市的建筑相媲美，甚至美而过之，然而人们见到的古城往往房屋布局横七竖八、大小不一，街道弯弯曲曲、凹凸不平。人们由此就会觉得，这一切都是出于偶然，而非源自理性引导的人类意愿。若能想到这些，我们就很容易明白，各城历来都有专门官员来管理私人建筑，以便使其给城市增加美感，但结果都不够理想。可见,单单加工别人的东西是很难达到非常完美的。同样,我也常想到，一些民族原来处于半野蛮状态，以缓慢的速度渐渐进入文明，由于只是被一些特殊犯罪和争吵所累，不得已而不断地制定法律。他们的治理，与自始就遵奉贤明者立法之民族相比，稍欠完美。如此，可以非常肯定，真宗教之清规，乃由上帝得来之法令，相较于其他宗教，其优越性可说是无可比拟。进而说到人事，我认为，古代斯巴达之兴盛，并非因为其每一条法律都特别完善，因其法律实有许多极其古怪之条目，甚至有与良德相违背之处。其兴盛应归因于其法律全都出于一人之手，全都为了一个目的。我同时又想到，书本上之学问（至少那些貌似真理却无证据之学问），乃是由多人之不同意见拼凑而成。有天赋理智之人，以其自然无偏见之判断能力，根据自己之经验得出简单推论。相比而言，前者偏离真理很远。再者，我们全都经历过从幼儿到成人的过程，而且势必在很长一段时期，受个人欲望和师长之支配（而老师之指示常常相互矛盾，并且不见得每个师长的意见总是正确）。那么，我可以进一步得出结论，判断能总是正确可靠几乎不可能，除非我们生来就有成熟之理智，并且能一直仅被它所引导。

诚然，仅为街道美观而将全城房屋一概拆毁，依新设计重建，这样的事不太常见。但是，私人把自己的房屋拆毁，重新建造，也有时为了避免房屋因日久坍塌，或者恐怕根基不稳，不得不将房屋拆而重建，这样的事却是常见的。以此为例，我明白了，个人想要用彻底改变、推翻重建的方法来改造国家，的确是荒唐妄想。我以为，任何与此相似的意在改造各门学科的实体或者在学校讲授这些学问固有规则的计划，同样是荒谬无比的。但是，说到多年来我所信奉之观点，我认为，倒不如立刻把他们扫除殆尽，以便采纳更好之见解，抑或将原有之观念经过理性思考后收回重用。我坚信，用这种方法引导生活，比之仅仅固守陈旧基

础，一味依赖年轻时轻信的那些原则的方法，一定会取得更大的成功。因为，我知道，如此行事虽然困难重重，但也并非无法克服，也不像改革公众事务那样，哪怕细枝末节也是困难无比。庞然大物，一旦坍塌，想再扶起，极其困难；抑或连经历一次剧烈抖动都很难再被扶直。因而，如此之物，一旦坍塌，往往十分可怕。如果国家的法律法规存有缺陷的话（单凭很多国家的法律中都存在差异性这一点就可断定），毫无疑问，习惯法可以极大地消除这些缺陷所带来的弊端，甚至可以完全避免或于不知不觉中改正一些连精明理智都无法完全避免的毛病。简言之，较之根除缺陷所带来的变化而言，人们通常更能容忍这些缺陷本身。犹如山间曲径，走的多了，也就逐渐平坦宽阔了，比之寻找笔直小径，攀登岩石顶峰，下探悬崖谷底要好得多。

因此，那些虽不是靠出身和钱财混入官场，却躁动不安、忙忙碌碌，总是叫嚣着改革的爱管闲事之人，我是极不喜欢的。如果这个小册子里，有任何东西能证明我受过这些愚蠢行径的毒害，那么我想我是断然不会让它出版的。一直以来，我都在想着如何更好地革新自己的思想，以求其能完全建立在我自己的思想基础之上，除此之外，再没想过别的。尽管对自己的工作较为满意，在此呈现给大家一个草稿，但我并非要建议其他人也做类似的尝试。那些天生聪慧、倍受上帝眷顾的人或许有更崇高的构思。但是我非常担心，对很多人来说，眼前所要求的会超过他们能够有把握大胆去效仿的。就拿推翻自己以往的所有信仰来说，单单这一点，就不是人人都应效仿的。世人中大致有两种不宜以此为榜样。其中一种人，自诩高明，实则不然。他们常不能自抑，判断仓促又耐心不足，难以做有序且审慎之思考。此种人，一旦被允许自由怀疑自己之固有观点，放弃人们常走的大道，则永远都无法穿越那条以捷径引领他们前行的旁道，进而迷失自己，彷徨终生；而另一种人则足够理智，且相当谦虚，能认识到在辨别真伪时尚有很多人高于自己，应多多学习。既然如此，那就可以满足于听取他人之意见，而不必自己苦苦寻找自身的原因了。

至于我自己，倘若自始至终只求学于一人，或倘若我不知古圣先贤之思想也是有分歧的，那么毫无疑问，我应是属于第二种人的。然而，早在大学期间，我就意识到，任何想法，不管多么荒诞怪离，多么难以置信，都是由某个哲学家提出过的。在我游历期间，我也认识到，所有与我们意见完全相左之人，并不因此就是野蛮不开化之人。相反，他们中的许多人跟我们一样运用理性，甚至比我们更善用理性。我还注意到，同样一个人，起初具有同样的心灵，即使自幼在法国或德国成长，那么，如果这个人后来和野蛮人生活在一起，所养成的品性就会大相径庭。正如同衣服一样，十年前流行的样式，也许十年后可能再次流行，而我们现在看来就觉得奢华夸张、怪诞可笑。因此我推想，我们固有的观念只是些成规惯例，称不上什么特定的知识。最后，尽管拥有这样的固有观念，我还要指出，多数人赞成的并不能保证就是真理，因为在这种情况下根本就不容易发现真理。此类真理很可能出自个人之发现，而非众人之发现。然而，在茫茫人海中，我竟然挑不出一个人，其观点似乎还值得汲取，由此我发现自己无可奈何，我只好用自己的理性来指导

自己的生活了。

然而，如同在黑暗中独行一般，我决心谨小慎微、缓慢前行。如此一来，虽然进步不大，但至少可以谨防摔跤。甚至，有些观点未经理性之引导就慢慢地成为我信念的一部分，但是我并不会大刀阔斧将之摈弃，而是首先花费充足时间仔细考察，为自己所要从事的工作拟出总体计划，确保用正确的方法，以己之力，获得知识。

在哲学的各个分支中，我早年学过一点逻辑学；在数学方面，我也学过解析几何和代数。在我看来，这三门艺术或学问应该对我的计划有所裨益。但经过观察，我发现，逻辑学的三段论和大部分其他法则只是用来说明我们已知的东西。就连吕里的艺术也只是不加判断地说些我们不知道的东西，并没有对未知之事物加以研究。虽然逻辑学确实包含有很多正确而且非常卓越之法则，但其中也混杂着许多有害或者多余的东西，要想辨别真伪，其困难几乎不亚于从一块未经雕琢的大理石中撷取出狄安娜或者密涅瓦的雕像来。至于古代的解析几何和现代的代数，都只是研究一些高度抽象而看起来又毫无用处的东西。此外，前者只限于考察图形，因而只能令人疲于想象之后才有所理解，而后者则完全使人陷于种种定律和方程式中，使人感觉是一种纷乱晦涩、迷惑难解之艺术，而非适合培养心智之科学。出于这些考虑，我才决心另辟蹊径，剔除这三门学问之短，而能积聚三家之长。法令繁多，每每会执行不力，一个国家律法不多却能执法甚严，往往国泰民安。同样，逻辑之学无需大量条规构成。我相信，如果我能下决心坚定不移、从一而终，无论何种情况都能坚决遵循以下四条，对我来说也就足够了。

其一，凡是我未明确弄清楚之物，我决不可信以为真。换言之，我要小心避免轻率之判断和一己之偏见。而且，除了清晰可辨地呈现在我心里，使我根本无法怀疑之物以外，在我的判断里不包容其他任何东西。

其二，将审查的各个难题尽可能细化，从而逐个妥善解决。

其三，依次思考，从最简单的对象和最容易认识的对象开始，按部就班，逐步上升，直至最复杂之对象。甚至将那些本质上无先后次序之物，也在思想中给出特定之顺序。

最后，无论任何情况都要进行全面周到之考察，复查也要周全，确保毫无遗漏。

几何学家常常运用一长串简单容易之推理，即可完成最艰难之证明。由此，我认为，人类所能认识的一切事物皆是用相同的方式相互联系的，只要不把假的当成真的接受，并永远遵守由一个真理推导出另一个真理之必然顺序，如此，则世上无远得不可达到之目标，亦无什么真理隐蔽得我们不能发现。而且，从何入手，对我来说并不很难决定。因为我早已知道，从最简单、最容易的事物着手。考虑到古今多少不同学

科领域探索真理的学者当中，唯有数学家掌握了证明之法，即一些确切而有证据的推理，我就毫不迟疑地依循他们调查问题的规则。于是，我决定从考察最简单的对象开始做起。然而，我并不期望由此得到什么好处，只希望心灵得以熏陶，养成热爱真理、摒弃虚妄之论的习惯罢了。但是，我并未因此就打算去研究众人俗称的数学范围内的一切具体学问。据我观察，这些学问虽然研究对象不同，却有一致之处：即全都仅仅研究那些对象之间的各种关系或比例。因此我认为，我的目标最好还是尽可能用最一般的形式来研究这些比例，而不论及任何具体事物，除非是极有用之物，更不要使其受制于某些事物，如此才能将其恰当地应用于其他任何一个对象。为将这些关系弄明白而做进一步深入观察，有时我应该对它们一一研究，有时则只要把它们牢记于心，进行综合分析。因此我想，为便于逐个研究它们，我可以把它们视为线性的关系。我发现，这样的话，研究对象就简单多了，或者更能清晰明确地在我的想象和感官中呈现出来；另一方面，为了能够对它们牢记不忘，或把许多东西放在一起综合研究，我应当尽可能用一些最简短的字符来阐释它们。采用此种方法，我相信，我就可以提取解析几何和代数之精华，并能够取长补短，更正彼此的全部缺点。

实际上，我可以斗胆说，因为我严格遵守了这几条规则，便可以毫不费力地将这两门学问的所有问题弄得清清楚楚。在从事研究的两三个月里，我不但解决了过去难以解决的问题，而且对尚未解决的问题，我也很有把握，能看出可用什么方法解决，以及可能解决到哪个地步。这样的结果归因于我从最简单、最一般的真理着手，所发现的每一条真理都是一条规则，这条规则又可以用来发现其他真理。在这一方面，我并非夸大其词，因为大家可以想想，如果一条真理在任何一个特殊的点上是一条真理，那么无论是谁，理解了这一真理，他就知道了那一点上人们能够知道的一切。比如，一个小孩在学了算术之后，按照规则做完一道加法题，那么人们可以确信，在这道题的数字之和方面，他已经发现了人类才智所能发现的一切。总而言之，因为这种方法教人遵照事物的正当次序，确切地列举事物的所有条件，所以本身就包含了算术规则之所以可靠的全部条件。

不过，这种方法最令我满意之处在于，我确实感到它可以使我很有把握地在各个方面运用我的理性，虽不至于尽善尽美，至少也将我的能力发挥到了极致。此外，我还感到，因为运用这种方法，我的心灵逐渐习惯于把研究对象看得更明确、更清晰了。我并未将这种方法固定在某种对象上，我还希望能用其解决其他学科的难题，如同成功地解决代数难题一样。不过，我并没有因此就贸然去研究我在所有学科中遇到的难题，因为这样本身就可能违反了这种方法规定的规律。但我注意到，这些规律的知识都要依靠从哲学那里借来的原理，而在哲学中我从未发现任何准确的原理，所以我的第一要务是努力建立哲学的原理。另外，因为我观察到，为哲学创建原理一事最为重大，而且最怕轻率判断，也最怕坠入成见之中，所以，我想应该等我到了更为成熟的年纪时（我当时才23岁）才去做这个工作。我应首先用更多的时间为这个工作做准备，一方面要完全抛弃我心里以前所接受的一切错误的观点，另一方面要积

累各种不同的经验，以便得到我推理的材料，同时在运用我所选择的方法上不断地训练自己，以求更能纯熟地运用它。

第三部分

最后，正如我们在着手重建住宅之前，若只是把旧房拆掉、材料备好、建筑师请好，或者我们亲自设计，并仔细绘出图纸，这些是不够的。我们同时必须另外准备一所房子，以便在施工期间住得宽敞些。这样，当我受理性驱使而变得举棋不定时，才不至于在行动上犹疑不决。为了能够以尽可能幸福的方式活着，我制定了一套临时性的道德规范，共有三四条准则，在此我愿介绍给大家，以便周知。

第一，遵守国家的法律，遵从国家的风俗习惯，笃守信仰，因为这信仰乃上帝所赐，我从小就受教于它。在其他任何事情上，以身边贤达为榜样，在实践中依据最恰当的观点，最大可能不走极端来规范自己的行为。因为我希望对自己所有的观点进行审查，所以从那时起，我已经将自己的观点视为虚空无用，但是，我深信在过渡时期，最好是遵从贤达的观点。虽然在波斯，也许有些人与我们这里的人同样贤达，但是为方便起见，我认为效仿自己周围的人似乎更好。而且，对我而言，要想查明这些人真正的观点，我必须观察他们的行动，而不能只听其口说。这不仅仅是因为如今世风日下，很少有人愿意完全吐露自己真实的心声，还因为太多的人并不知道自己真正所信为何物。因为相信一件事和知道一件事本是不同的心理活动，两者不一定时常结伴而行。而且，许多观点在众人那里享有同样声誉，我总是从中选择最恰当的，多是因为这些观点最便于用于实践，而且也许是最好的（所有极端之意见一般都有弊端）。再者，一旦出错，我也许不会偏离真理太远。如果我选择了一个极端，而本该选定另一个极端，那就会犯错误了。我所认为极端者，尤其包括所有限制我们某项自由的种种承诺。我并非反对法律允许以发誓作为约定，以及通过订立约束双方的合同进行约定，其目的是谨防意志不坚之人摇摆不定、反复无常，保证达到某种正当目的，甚至为了商业安全，制订与约定相类似的法令，却对如何实现目标漠不关心；而是因为我发现世间万物都处在变化之中，特别是对我个人而言，我希望自己的判断越来越完善，而不是越来越差。倘若由于我在某个特定时间赞同某事，而在以后的时间里，也许它已不是原来那样了，或者我已停止像原来那样遵从它了，可我还必须在以后的时间里也要说它是好的，我认为那是违背理智的一项重罪。

我的第二条准则是：在行动时尽可能坚定不移，一旦选定某些观点，哪怕它们是最可怀疑的，也要将之当作十分可靠的观点，毫不动摇地遵循。在这一点上，我效仿森林中迷路的旅行者，当其在森林中迷路时，不应当东西乱撞，更不可停留一处，应当尽可能始终朝一个方向直线前进，纵然最开始的时候这个方向是偶然选定的，但是也不要因一些微不足道的理由就改变方向。这样，即使不能准确地达到期望的目的地，至少最终也会到达某个地方，那里可能比森林中央要好。同样，在行动中常常是不许有任何耽搁的。有一点是千真万确的，就是当我们无法辨别真伪时，就应当遵奉最可能的意见来行事。即便无法评判一个意

见可能比另一个意见更好，我们也必须选择一个出来，然后在实践中去遵奉它，认定它是最真实可靠的，不再怀疑它。因为决定我们选择的理由本身就具有这些特质。此后，有了这条原则，我足以摆脱所有悔恨和懊恼，不像意志薄弱且摇摆不定之人那样，没有丝毫清晰明确的选择原则，总是随风而动、反复无常，今天选定这个行动为最好的，第二天就认为是最坏的，将其抛弃。

我的第三条准则是：永远努力征服自己，而非征服命运；改变自己的欲望，而非改变世界的秩序。一般而言，我要劝说自己相信，除自己的思想外，我们根本无力支配任何东西。自身以外的事情，尽全力之后却没有完成，那么对我们来说，这是绝对办不成的事情了。单单这一个原则似乎就足以阻止我的奢望，任何得不到的东西，将来也就别想再得手，如此，我也就心满意足了。因为我们所要寻求的，本来就是某种能力范围内之物。显而易见，若将身外之物皆看成是在自己能力之上，那么对于那些生来似乎当有之物，若并非由于我们的过失而导致其缺失，我们也就不会再因此而感到懊恼了，就如同我们不会因为中国或墨西哥的山河不属于我们而懊恼一样。这样一来，我们就把去做非做不可之事假装成出于好心才做。容许我打个譬喻，我们就不必在病中妄想健康，在牢中奢望自由了；犹如我们现在不希求有钻石般不易败坏的躯体，或者有鸟儿那飞翔的翅膀。不过我承认，要使我的心灵习惯于用此种方法认识所有对象则需要长期训练、反复沉思。我相信，古代哲学家能摆脱命运的纠缠，漠视痛苦和贫困，享受快乐，令鬼神羡慕，其秘诀就在于此。因为在他们夜以继日、专心致志地思考过自然给予他们的权限之后，他们相信除自己的思想外，再别无他物可以支配。认清这一点就足以使他们心无挂碍，对其他事物不再抱任何奢望。对自己的思想取得绝对支配后，他们就比其他人更富裕、更强大、更自由、更幸福。因为其他人不懂这个哲学，无论自然和命运怎样眷顾他们，他们也不能支配一切、事事如愿。

最后，为了总结这个道德准则，我曾想到回顾人们一生中不同的职业，以便选择其中最优者。对于别人的职业，我无意给出任何评论，至于我自己，我深信最好是一如既往坚持我的职业，也就是穷尽一生之力，以我已经给自己制定的原则为方法，培养理性，争取最大进步，认识真理。自从应用这种方法以来，我找到了满足的源泉。我快慰人生，相信在一生中没有什么比这种满足更完美、更纯真了。凭借这种方法，我日日都能发现他人一般会忽视的重要真理，因此满心欢喜，对别的事情皆提不起什么兴趣了。此外，上述三条准则之目的只有一个，就是继续自我教育。既然上帝赐给我们每个人一些理性之光，可使我们辨别真理与谬误，我就相信我一时一刻也不该只满足于他人之意见，除非我已下定决心，每当对任务有了相当的准备之后便用我自己的判断来检验他人之意见。当然也不能毫无顾忌地依着他人之意见向前走，我想这样会丧失任何去获取世上可能存在的更好意见的良机。总之，如果我不沿着一条路走下去，就无法抑制住我的欲望，也无法保持心满意足的状态。因为照这条路走下去，我敢肯定，一切知识我都可以获得，我也可以获得我所希望最大量取得的真正的好东西。我们是追求还是回避一样东

西，只取决于我们是把它看成是好的还是坏的。有正确的判断，势必有正确的行动。判断越正确，则行动越正确，即可得到一切美德以及我们能力范围之内其他一切真正有价值的东西。倘若我们确定能有这样的收获，那么我们自然会心满意足了。

有了这些准则，并把它们和我对真理的信仰（永远在我心中占首要地位）放在一起，我得出结论，我可以自由地将我所固有的观点统统抛弃。这些思想是我在很长的退役时间里独处时产生的。因为我希望能够成功地完成这个工作，所以与人交流会更好一些。于是，冬天还没结束时，我又开始四处游历了。之后的九年中，我到处游荡，别无他事。在世界大舞台上，我只想做个旁观者，不想参与其中。对每一件事情，特别是非常可疑以及很可能引发错误的事情，我都仔细思考一番。渐渐地，我将从前潜入思想中的错误统统根除了。我并不是效仿那些怀疑论者，他们仅仅怀疑可怀疑之物，为了怀疑而怀疑。相反，我只为找到确切证据，抛弃松散的沙土，以便觅寻到岩石或黏土。在我看来，这样做是非常成功的。因为我努力找出被考察命题的谬误或不确定之处，靠的不是软弱无力的猜测，而是清晰确定的推理。任何命题，不管多么可疑，总能推导出一些足够可靠的结论，哪怕命题本身不包含任何可靠内容，而仅仅是推理。正如拆毁一所旧房屋，我们通常将拆除的旧物留下，以备盖新房之用。同样，我在摧毁一些我判断根基不牢靠之观点时，我就多多观察，取得许多经验，以备我建立更为正确之观点。此外，我继续运用我已制定的方法训练自己。在一般情况下，除了按照其规则督导我的一切思想外，间或也会留些时间，特意用这种方法解决数学难题，甚至一些与其相似的其他学科的难题。但是有些问题所依据的学科原则不够牢靠，在剔除这些原则之后，就跟数学问题差不多了。这个真理会从本书中的大量实例中显现出来。如此，表面看来，我的生活与那些讨人喜欢、头脑简单之徒没有什么差别：他们只想快乐，拒绝邪恶，享受清闲，不知疲倦，认为这些追求是高尚荣耀的。但是，我从未放弃我的计划，而是不断进益、认识真理。这样做，比之仅仅埋头苦读，或者仅仅与文人交往，也许进步要大一些。

然而，九年时间过去了，对于饱学之士争论不休的难题，我依然没有作出任何判断。寻求比庸俗哲学更可靠的哲学原理也尚未着手。过去曾有许多最了不起的天才都尝试过这个计划，但我觉得他们似乎都没有成功，这就令我认识到这是一项非常艰巨的工作。要不是现在听到有谣言说我已经完成了这项工作，我也许还不会贸然这么快就着手干呢。谣言之根据何在，我尚不知道。若是与我的言论有关，定是因为我比那些按习惯办事、有点儿学问之人更勇于承认自己的无知，也可能是因为我给出了种种理由来质疑许多被其他人判断为千真万确的事情，而不是因为我吹嘘哲学的某种学说。但是，天性使然，我不愿被人评价为有名无实。我想我必须尽己所能，不负众望。整整八年，这种愿望使我决意避开任何可能遇到熟人的场合，于是来到这个国度。这里，连年战火之后，现已秩序井然，驻军也仅用于保障居民安享和平；这里人口众多，大家积极肯干，忙于商业，更关心自己之业务，不太过问他人之事。居于这些人中间，我既能享受最繁华大城市的各种便利，又能一人独处、

远离尘寰，如同置身于最荒芜的沙漠深处。

第四部分

在上述方面对事情最初的一些想法，我不知道是否应该跟大家谈谈，因为那些想法过于玄妙，并不常见，也许未必人人都能接受。但是，为使大家能够评判我所建立的根基是否足够坚实，我觉得必须要谈一下。很久以前我就发现，正像前面说过的，在实践过程中，有时需要采纳一些我们明知非常不可靠的观点，就好像它们是铁定无疑的。然而，因为那时我的目的是唯求真理，所以我想我需要一种完全相反的做法：凡我认为有丝毫可疑之处，我皆应视为绝对谬误，不予采纳，以便查实此后我的信念中是否会留有完全不容置疑之物。如此，既然感官有时欺骗我们，我就认定，任何东西其实质和其呈现给我们的都是不一样的。再者，因为有些人推理时出错，会作出似是而非的推理，就连最简单的几何问题也会这样，我相信，我跟别人一样难免不犯错误，所以我就把曾经用于证明的理由皆认为是假的，统统予以抛弃。最后，我想到清醒时的思想（图像）在睡梦中也会完全相同地袭上心头，而梦中之物皆不是真的，于是我假设在我清醒时进入我心中的所有事物（图像）必同梦中幻影一样，都是不真实的。但我很快注意到，既然我有意将一切视为虚假，那么执此思想之我绝对应该是某种真实存在的。由于我认为“我思故我在”（COGITO ERGO SUM）这一真理十分可靠且显而易见，怀疑主义者不管多猖狂都不能将之动摇，所以我断定我可以毫不犹豫地接受它，视它为我所寻求的哲学之第一条原则。

然后，我谨慎地研究我是什么。我发现，我可以假设我没有肉体，也可以假设世界不存在，我立足的地方也不存在，但却无法假设我之不存在。相反，正因为我有意怀疑其他事物之真实性，因而更明显而确切地证明了我之存在。另一方面，如果我只是停止思想，即令我过去想象的一切其他事物都真实存在，我却没有理由相信自己之存在。所以我总结出，我是一个实体，其全部本性或本质仅是以思考之形式而存在，而且，其存在无需空间，亦无需依赖于任何物质的东西。因此，此“思想之我”，即我之所以为我的心灵之我，与肉体之我是完全不同的，甚至更易为人认识。即使肉体之我不存在，心灵之我仍然不停止它本来的一切。

紧接着，我就做了总体上的考察，看看一个命题之真实性和确切性的基本条件是什么。既然我已发现了一个命题，知道它是真实的，我想同样我应该能够弄清楚它何以真实。我注意到，在“我思故我在”这一命题中，根本没有什么东西可以给我保证它们的真实性。除此之外，我明显地看出，只有存在才能思考。因此我得出结论，我可以以此原则作为一个总的规则：凡能为我们所非常清晰、非常明确地认识到的事物都是真实存在的。不过，我也注意到，要正确地判断什么是我们能清楚认识的东西，还是有些困难的。

此后，我对我怀疑的情形进行了反省，结果发现，我之存在并不是十分完美的（因为我清楚地认识到，知道比怀疑更为完美），这引导我去研究世上有比我自己更完美之物这一想法是从何而来的。而且我清楚

地认识到，我必须持此理念，因为它源自于比现实中更为完美的某些本性。至于对许许多多身外之物—诸如天、地、光、热等等世间万物—的思考，要想知其根源，我是不用费很大力气的。因为既然从这些事物中看不出有任何似乎优于我的地方，我就可以相信，若它们是真实的，那么它们是隶属于我之本性的，这样我之本性才趋于某种特定的完美。若它们是错误的，那么它们就是我凭空捏造的。换言之，它们之所以在我心中存在，乃是由于我之本性还不完美。但是，在想到比我自己更完美的本质观点时，情形就不同了，因为凭空捏造它明显是不可能的。如果说更完美者来源于不完美者，并且依赖于它，这实在是令人反感，不亚于无中生有的说法。同样，我是不可能自己捏造这个本质观点的。因此剩下的便是，这个本质观点能置于我心实是因为现实中有比我更完美之本质，其本身具有我能想出的任何观点所需要的一切完美的东西。简言之，那就是上帝。在此，我还要补充一点，既然我知道在一些方面自己并不完美，我就不会是世间唯一之存在（请原谅我在此自由地使用经院名词），但是相反，世间必定有比我更完美之存在为我所依赖，而且我所拥有的一切也由它而获得。若世间只有我存在，并且不依赖于任何其他事物，则我现在已有的所有完美，不管多么微小，皆我实际所拥有。同理，我应该能够从我自身得到余下的全部完美属性，我意识到这是我所欠缺的。如此一来，我自然而然就能够变得无穷无尽、永恒不变、万古不移、无所不知、无所不能。总而言之，凡我能够从上帝那里识解的所有完美，我都能拥有。尽我自己最大之力去了解上帝之本质(其存在已由前述之推理得到确认），我只需参照我在心灵中发现的一些观念的所有特质，看其属性是否达于完美。我坚信，凡完美之物，上帝尽皆有之；凡缺憾之物，在上帝身上踪迹皆无。这样，我就明白了，迟疑不定、反复无常、哀愁苦怨等等诸如此类之事，在上帝那里是找不到的，因为我自己都以能摆脱这样的事为欢娱。除此之外，我还有许多有关可感知之物和有形之物的观念。因为，虽然我可以假定梦中之物以及我之全部所见、所想皆为假象，然而，我却不能否认，这些观念确确实实存在于我的思想之中。不过，因为我自己已非常清楚地认识到，人之悟性本质与形体本质截然不同；同时我也观察到，所有组合乃彼此依赖之证据，而彼此依赖之状态明显是一种不完美状态，所以，我断定这两种本质之结合绝非上帝之完美所在，而且上帝也绝非两者之结合。若世上有任何完全不完美的实体，甚至智力或者其他本质，那么，它们之存在则完全依赖于上帝之力量，且须臾也离不开他。

我打算径直去寻求其他真理。我自己一直以几何学家的研究对象为例，我将其视为一个连续不断的实体或者一个空间，其长、宽、高或深延伸得无边无际，亦可分为种种不同部分，其大小不一、形状各异，并且可以随意移动或更换位置（因为这一切皆为几何学家假定的研究对象应有的特质），为此我研究了其中几个最简单的证明。首先，我注意到，众人公认的这些证明之所以十分正确，是因为它们只是基于我已列出的规则，它们才被世人完全理解。其次，我发现，在这些证明中根本没有迹象表明其对象之存在。试举例，假设有一个三角形，我明确地领会到，其三个内角之和必定等于两个直角之和，但是，仅仅依此领会并

不能使我完全相信三角形之存在。相反，当我回头审查完美存在的观点时，我发现那个完美存在已经包含在那个观点中了，正如三角形的观念中包含了三个内角等于两个直角，或者正如球形的观念中包含了球面任何一点与球心之距离相等，或者甚至更明晰。由此可见，至善至美的上帝之有或存在这一命题至少同几何学中的任何命题一样可靠。

但是，很多人觉得，要认识这条真理是件困难的事情，甚至认识自己的心灵真正为何物也是很困难的。原因在于，他们的思想常囿于感官能及之物，并且他们非常习惯于用想象的方法观察事物，而想象是一种仅限于对实在物质的思维方式。这样，对他们而言，凡不可想象之物似乎就变得难以理解了。这一真理在单一情况下是非常明显的—经院哲学家们把它当成一条格言信奉，他们认为，凡理性之物必先存在于感官中。然而，可以肯定的是，上帝之观念和灵魂之观念从来不在感官之中。我以为，经院哲学家们靠他们的想象来理解这些观念，恰恰好比他们努力用眼睛来闻声嗅味，只是事实上还有这样一种区别—视觉比嗅觉和听觉更能使我们感觉可靠罢了。若无理智之介入，无论是我们的想象还是我们的感官，都不能使我们确切相信任何东西。

最后，在我给出种种理由之后，可能仍然还有人对上帝和灵魂之存在不很信服，那么我真切地请他们想想其他所有的假设，想想那些他们也许更能相信的真实的东西，比如人有身体，世间有星星和地球存在，诸如此类，其实它们并不很确切。因为，尽管我们对这些东西不但相信，而且对它们的存在坚信不疑——除非谁智力有缺陷，否则没有人能够否定这些事物的存在，可是，问题一旦涉及到形而上学之真切性时，就没有充足的理由来保证完全的可靠性了。试想在梦中，我们不也能想象我们自己有另外一个身体，看见不同的星星和另外一个地球，而实际上，什么东西也没有。那么，我们怎样才能知道，梦中的思想不如清醒时的思想真实呢？况且前者之生动惟肖、清晰易辨常常不亚于后者。纵使最高明的天才，以他们最喜爱的方式研究这个问题，除非他们假定上帝之存在，否则我都不相信他们能找出足够的理由来消除这个疑团。因为首先，连我之前当作规则提出的原则—“凡能为我们所清晰明确地认识到的事物都是真实存在的。”—之所以可靠，也只是因为上帝是有的或存在的，而且，上帝是至善至美的。因为我们所有的一切皆来自于上帝：我们的观念或看法来自于上帝，它们是真实的，其清晰可见、明确可辨也是真实的，是来自于上帝的，这样它们一定是真实的。所以，尽管我们常常有一些观点或理念含有错误成分，但那只是在某些混乱不清、隐晦难辨的情况下才有的，并且这种情况来自于虚无（否定的参与）。换言之，其之所以能这样混乱模糊地存在于我们心中，是因为我们自己不够完美。很明显，说谬误或缺陷之所以是缺陷应该归因于它来自上帝，其荒谬程度不亚于说真理或完美应该来自于虚无。但是，如果我们不知道我们所拥有的一切真实和真理皆来自至善至美、无所不能的上帝，那么，无论我们的观点多么清晰、多么明确，我们也应该没有任何理由确信其拥有真实的完美。

但是，在认识了上帝和灵魂，并确定这条规则之后，我们就不难明

白，哪怕是在最轻微的程度上，梦中之幻觉也绝对不应该使我们怀疑清醒时思想的真实性。因为即使在梦中，一个人也可能会有一些非常清晰的想法，就如几何学家发现一些新的证明，他的酣睡亦不能阻止这些证明的真实性。至于我们梦境中最常犯的错误，也常存在于我们的外感官以相同的方式给我们表现各种客体的过程中。这样并无坏处，因为这样可以促使我们非常恰当地怀疑由感官得来的观念的真实性。因为，我们在醒时也常被这类相同的方法所欺骗，比如黄疸病人看任何东西都是黄的，再比如星星或天体离我们很远，我们就会觉得它们比实际的小很多。总而言之，无论是在梦中或是清醒，除非有理性为证，否则我们绝不应该允许我们自己轻信任何事物的真实性。还需要注意的是，我说的是我们的理性，而不是我们的想象或感官。例如，虽然我们能非常清楚地看见太阳，我们却不能就此断定它就仅仅只有我们看见的那样小。我们可以非常明确地想象狮头长在山羊身上，却不能就此得出结论说世上有这样的怪物存在。因为理性并没有任何指示，说看到的或想象的就是存在的真相。但是，它却明白无误地告知我们，我们的一切观念或理念都包含一些真理，否则，至善至美、真实真诚之上帝是不会将它们置于我们的头脑之中的。尽管有时候，梦中之想象或许跟清醒时的一样，甚至更为活泼、鲜明，但是梦中之推理却不然，绝对不如清醒时那么清楚、完备。于是理性进一步指示我们，既然我们所有的思想不可能都真实，因为我们不完美，那么那些思想中拥有的真理必定不能从梦中寻得，只能在清醒时的真实体验中获取。

第五部分

由上述根本原理推衍出的一系列真理，我本想在此一一展示。可是要想这样，就有必要先谈谈众多学者还在争论的许多问题。我不想跟他们发生纠葛，所以，我相信还是不要一一叙述更好些，我只从大体上来说说这些真理。至于详细叙述对大众的好处，就由高明人士来判断吧。最初之决心，我现在仍然毫不动摇地坚持——除了之前为证明上帝和灵魂的存在所定之原则，不再假定其他原则；任何看法，只要没有几何学家以前的证明更清晰、更明白，我也就不当作真的来接受。这样，我敢大胆地说，我不但在短时间内找到了令我满意的方法来解决在哲学中通常遇到的种种重要难题，而且还发现上帝用这样的方法在自然界中确立的特定规律，并将这样的概念铭刻在我们的心上。我们在对这些理念充分反省之后，就会毫无疑义地相信，世上存在的万物或发生的万事无不严格遵守这些规律。进一步观察过后，我发现这些规律一气呵成、吻合无间，因此我认为，我发现了许多真理，这些真理与我从前学到的，甚至期盼学到的一切真理相比都更为有用、更为重要。

我曾写过一篇专题论文，尝试阐述这些发现的主要部分，不过基于种种顾虑，没有出版。因此我想，如果在此将其内容略加说明，使人知晓，那真是再方便不过了。在动笔之前，本想将我所知道的有关有形客体的本质东西统统包括进去，不过，正如画家一样，要想在一个平面上把一个立体的不同面都表现出来是不可能的，他们只能选择主要的一面朝向光线，其他方面则处于阴面，以便在作画时能看到主要一面，也能最大限度地看到其他各面。同样，我也怕论述中不能包括我头脑中的全部内容，所以我决定只单独阐述对光的理解，尽管这样，篇幅依然很长；然后借机附带谈了谈有关太阳和恒星的一些内容，因为光几乎全部来自于它们；再谈谈天空，因为天空传播光；又谈到行星、彗星和地球，因为它们反射光；还特别谈到了地球上的各种生物，因为它们有的带颜色，有的透明，有的能发光；最后谈到了人，因为人是这一切对象的观察者。为了能把这些物质的多样形态更多地置于阴面，也为了便于我能有更大自由判断它们，无需对学者之意见表示赞成或反对，我决定任凭大家辩论，我只是想说新世界会发生的事。试想上帝现在在某个想象的空间里创造足够的物质来建立一个新世界，把这些物质各个部分都搅得形态各异、复杂纷乱，这样就会出现一个混沌状态，杂乱无序，如同诗人曾经捏造的那样。此后，除提供一些寻常的协力外，上帝不再赐予自然丝毫力量，而是让其按照上帝已建立的规则自行发展，看看这样会发生什么。基于这个假设，我首先就描述了这些物质，并试图用这种方式阐明，在我看来，除之前所说之上帝和灵魂外，其他一切都不如物质的本性那样清晰明了、易于理解。因为，我甚至假设，这些物质并没有经院哲学家们常常辩论的那些形式或性质，一切都是我们心灵所熟知的，谁都不能装作不知道。此外，我还对何为自然法则加以说明。我并不依靠别的原理，只根据上帝之无限完美进行推理，力求对一切可疑之规律作出证明，并力求证明其确为自然规律。而且，即便在上帝创造的

其他世界里，也无一不遵守这些规律。接着，我又指出，这混沌中的大部分物质必然按照这些规律，以一定方式自行排布，形成天空之象。与此同时，其中有的部分必然形成地球、行星和彗星，其他的则形成太阳和恒星。说到这里，我转而谈论光这个主题。我以相当大的篇幅说明，光之本质为何必定存在于太阳和星星上，以及它是如何在瞬间穿过浩瀚长空，从行星和彗星反射到地球的。同样，对诸天体和星星的实质、位置、运动，以及这些天体和星星的所有不同性质，我又做了许多补充。我想这样一来，我所说的足以告诉大家，我们这个世界的天体和星球跟我所描述的那个世界应该没有丝毫差别，或者至少可以清晰地显得没有丝毫差别。接下来，我又特别说到了地球，并展示给大家，虽然我已明确假设上帝并未给组成地球的物质任何重量，但是仍不妨碍地球各部分精确地向地心集中。既然地表有水，有空气，那么天空和天体的构造，尤其是月球的构造如何一定会引起潮汐，而且在各方面都跟我们在海洋里见到的一样，还引起一种从东到西的洋流和气流，同我们在热带地区见到的也是一样，何以山脉、海洋、泉水、河流能在地球上自然形成，矿石如何能在矿区产出，植物如何能够在田野里生长，各种常见的所谓混合物或组合物如何能够产生。之前所述的新东西中，除了星星之外，我知道只有火能发光，因此我不辞辛苦，详详细细地说明与火有关之事——指出火是怎么产生的，又是怎么维持的，为何时而有热无光，时而有光无热；火如何能在不同物体上产生不同颜色和不同的属性；火如何能够熔化某些物体，又能够将另一些物体烧硬；火如何能够烧毁几乎所有的东西，将其烧成灰和烟；最后，如何根据灰的密度再将它们烧制成玻璃。因为，在我看来，这一过程跟自然界其他各种转化一样奇妙，所以，我描述起它来别有一番乐趣。尽管如此，我不想就此得出结论，说这个世界就是照我所描述的方式创造的，因为很有可能上帝最初是瞬间就把它创造完成了。不过，可以肯定，神学家也一致公认，上帝现在维持世界之行动，正如最初他创造世界之行动。因此，纵然上帝最初给予世界的只是一个混沌状态，不过只要他确立了特定的自然规律，并给世界以协助，使其能照常活动，我们仍可相信，单单照此途径，一切纯物质的东西，经过一段时间，都能逐渐变成现在我们所见之情形。这与创世之奇迹并不冲突。而且，将其看成以这种方式逐渐形成，比之只将它们看成一次成形便呈现完结、完美之状态，更容易了解其本质。

在描述了无生命之物体和植物之后，我进而论及动物，尤其是人类。可是，因为我这方面的知识还不够，不能以之前的那种方式来应对这类事物，也就是说，不能用原因来推断结果，说不明白自然是从什么元素中把他们产生出来的，以什么方式产生的。所以，我姑且假设，上帝所造之人，不论是外形还是内部器官之构造，跟我们每个人都是一样的。造人所用之物质，也同我所描述的一样，而且一开始这人并无理性之灵魂，也无任何别的原则可用来代替植物性的或感觉性的灵魂，只不过在他心里点了一把正如上面所说的无光之火。我以为，此火之本质无异于使湿草堆发热之火，或者使水果汁发酵变成新酒所需之火。正因为基于这个假设，我仔细考察了人的身体可能拥有的功能，我清晰地发现，所有那些我们可以拥有的功能恰恰可以不依靠我们所有的思维能

力，并且丝毫不假借于灵魂。换言之，那些功能不必假借我们身体的哪一部分。如前所述，本质以特别的方式包含在思维之中，这完全可以说，无理性之动物的功能跟我们是一样的，只是我从中找不到人类的那种只依靠思想的功能，那种只属于我们人类的功能。另一方面，只有当我假设上帝创造了一个理性的灵魂，并按我所描述的特殊方法将灵魂加装到那个身体上之后，我才能真正发现这些功能。

但是，为了向大家展示我在那篇文章里是怎样处理这类问题的，我打算在此说明一下心脏和动脉的运动，因为这是人们观察到的动物最基本、最普遍的运动，这将给人们提供一种方法，可以很容易地确定应该怎样看待其余器官的运动。为了使大家能比较容易地明白我对这个问题接下来要进行的讨论，我建议请那些不熟悉解剖学的人费点力气，在阅读这些观察说明之前，先找一个有肺的大动物解剖开来，取出心脏摆在面前（因为它的各部分跟人都很相像），看看其中的那两个心室或心房。先看右心房，有两条粗血管与之连接：一条是空腔静脉（腔静脉），是主要的储血器，好像树干一样，体内其他静脉都是其分支；一条是肺静脉（动静脉），这个名字其实不太合适，因为它其实只是一根动脉，以心脏为出发点，经过心脏后，分为许多分支，布满两肺。再看左心房，也同样连接着两条大血管，大小跟右心房的相同或稍大一点。一条是肺动脉（静动脉），这个名字也不太合适，因为它其实只是一条静脉，来自两肺，也有很多分支，同肺静脉的分支相互交织。那些分支叫做气管，我们就是通过气管吸进空气的。另一条是大动脉，由心脏出发，分支遍布全身。我还希望这些人能仔细观察一下那十一片瓣膜，它们像十一道小的阀门一样，启闭两个心房的四条血管。三片在大静脉口，不妨碍血液流入心脏的右心房，然而又刚好阻止血液从心脏流出；三片在肺静脉口，其排布与前者恰恰相反，只允许右心房里的血液流入肺中，但是阻止肺中的血液回流进这个心房；另有两片在肺动脉口，能以同样的方式使血液从肺流入心脏的左心房，并能阻止血液回流；还有三片位于大动脉口，能使血液流出，但能阻止血液回流。瓣膜为什么会是十一个，除了肺动脉位置的本质特点外，我们无需寻找别的理由，其口是椭圆的，两片瓣膜足以使其闭拢，而其他三条都是圆形的，需要三片瓣膜才能更方便地将其闭拢。此外，我还要请这些人注意，大动脉和肺静脉的组织结构比大静脉和脉动脉要坚硬得多，结实得多。大静脉和脉动脉在进入心脏前，扩大成两个囊形物，称为心耳，跟心脏本身一样是由肌肉构成的。心脏的温度总高于身体的其他部分。最终，这种热度能够使流入心房的血滴迅速扩张、膨胀，正如同将各种液体一滴滴地滴入高温容器中所展示的那样。

明白了这些以后，对于心脏的运动，我就不用再费周折解释了。当两心房没有充满血液时，血液必然就会从大静脉流入右心房，从肺动脉流入左心房，因为这两条血管是一直充满血液的。其开口又是向着心房，所以是不能关闭的。可是，一旦有两滴血液通过，一滴进入一个心房，因为通过两滴血液的进口很大，后面的血管又充满血液，两滴血液必然非常大，所以遇到高温会立刻变得稀薄，并且膨胀开来。这样一来，就导致整个心脏开始膨胀，同时将两条血管入口处的五片小瓣膜推

至闭拢，这样就堵死了进入心脏的任何血液。这两滴血变得越来越稀薄，继而把另外两条血管切口上的六片瓣膜推开，血液会流出去，这样导致肺静脉和大动脉的所有分支血管就会跟心脏几乎一起扩张起来。随后，因为进入这些血管的血液冷却，心脏和动脉会立刻开始收缩，六片瓣膜就关闭起来，大静脉和肺动脉的五片瓣膜便会重新打开，又会允许两滴血液流进来，而使心脏和动脉再次像前面叙述的那样膨胀。由于流入心脏的血液先经过了两个称为心耳的囊，所以心耳的运动跟心脏的运动是刚好相反的。心脏舒张时心耳则收缩。由于一些人不了解数学论证的力量，不习惯于辨别真正的推理和似是而非的推理，所以很可能不加考察就否定我上述的说法。我愿意提醒他们，我刚才解释的心脏运动是器官结构必然引起的，是只有用眼睛才可以观察到的，其热量是可以用手指感觉到的，是可以根据经验从血液的本质了解到的，正如时钟的运动是由其钟摆和齿轮的力量、位置及形状引起的一样。

不过，如果有人要问，既然静脉中的血液不停地流入心脏，心脏中的血液又不停地注入动脉，为什么静脉中的血液不会枯竭，而动脉中的血液又不会太满呢？对于这个问题，我只需引用一位英国医生的解释就能予以答复。他有幸在这方面有破天荒的论述，首次指出：动脉末梢有许多细小的通道，因为有这些通道，从心脏流出的血液就能进入静脉的微小分支，重新流回心脏。这样，它的行程就是一个精确而且永不停息的循环。关于这个说法，我们在外科医生的日常经验中可以找到大量证据。外科医生切开手臂静脉时，如果在切口上方用绑带把手臂不松不紧地捆住，这样的出血量比之不捆要多。如果捆在切口下方，也就是捆在手和切口之间，或是在上方捆得太紧，情况就会完全相反。原因很明显，在上方不松不紧地捆住可以阻止手臂里已有的血液通过静脉流回心脏，但并不会因此妨碍新的血液通过动脉不断地从心脏流出。因为这些动脉位于静脉下面，血管壁比较坚韧，不易挤压，而且，从心脏流出、通过动脉流到手的血，其力量要比从手通过静脉流回心脏的血量大。从手通过静脉流回心脏的血液既然由一根静脉上的切口从手臂里流出，那么必定有一些通道位于捆扎处下方，也就是说，在靠近手臂的末端，血液可以从动脉通过那些通道流到切口处。这个医生还对他研究的血液流动做了非常充分的说明。他提出，沿着静脉有某些细小的皮膜装配在不同的地方，像小瓣膜那样使静脉中的血不能从身体中枢流向末端，而只能从末端流回心脏。此外，还有实验表明，只要切开一根动脉，体内的全部血液会在很短的时间内流光，即使这根动脉是在心脏很近处紧扎且切口在心脏和绷带之间，所以也不难设想，这些血液只能是从心脏中流出的，不可能来自别处。

不过，还有许多其他情况可以证明我所说的话确实是血液运动的真正原因。首先，我们可以观察到，静脉血和动脉血是有差别的，这只能是因为血液在经过心脏时变得稀薄了，被汽化了。所以血液刚刚从心脏流出，也就是刚刚流入动脉时，比血液进入心脏以前，即处在静脉中时要更稀薄、更活泼、更温热。如果仔细观察还可以发现，这种差别只是在靠近心脏的地方表现得非常显著，在离心脏较远的地方则没那么显著了。其次，可以看到，肺静脉和大动脉的血管壁较为坚韧，这足以表

明，血液对其冲击比对静脉的冲击更为有力。若不是肺动脉中的血液从心脏流出后，只经过了肺，而变得比大静脉里的血液更精细，更容易变得稀薄，并且在更高的温度下，与刚刚从空的静脉中流出的血液相比，也会发生这样的变化，那么，左心房和大动脉为什么会比右心房和动静脉更宽、更大呢？医生若是不知道，随着血液性质的改变，心脏温度可以使血液的黏稠度变得更高或更低，变化速度也会或快或慢，他又怎么能切脉诊断呢？若要问这种热量是如何传遍全身的，我们只能够说，那是因为血液经过心脏时重新变热，所以可以传遍全身。所以，不管是身体的哪一部分，若是把血液去除，热度也同样会被去除。虽然心脏烫得跟烧红的铁块一样，如果没有把新的血液不断地送进手和脚，那手和脚是不会有温度的。我们从这一点可以看出，呼吸的真正作用就是要往肺里运送足够的新鲜空气。血液在心脏中已经稀化，变成蒸汽，从右心房进入两肺，遇到空气就变得黏稠，重新转化成血液，然后流回左心房。唯有这样才能给心脏中的火提供燃料，这一点可以从各方面得以确认。我们可以看到，没有肺的动物，其心脏也是有心房的，但只有一个心房；腹中之胎儿不能用肺，它们腹中就有一个孔，血液可以从大静脉流到左心房，又有一个管可以使血液从肺静脉一直流到大动脉，而不用经过肺。其次，消化之所以能在胃中进行，是因为心脏通过动脉把热量传送到了胃里，同时还送去了一些流动性更强的血液，帮助分解吃进的食物。如果能想到，血液反复经过心脏，化为蒸汽，一天之内也许超过一两百次，那么不也就很容易理解食物浆汁转化成血液的过程了吗？也没有更多必要解释营养是怎么回事，体内各种体液的产生是怎么回事。只需要说，血液在稀化时带有一股力量，从心脏流向动脉末端，到达各个器官时，血液中某些成分会在那里停留下来，驱逐一些原有成分，占据它们的位置。由于遇到的空隙在位置、形状、大小等方面各有不同，所以有的成分能驻留在一些空隙里，有的则无法驻留。这难道不像一些筛子吗？这些筛子被打上各式各样的漏孔，可以将不同种类的谷物筛选开来。最后，最值得注意的就是动物元气的产生。元气好比一阵非常微妙的风，更像是一团无比纯净且活跃的火焰，持续不断地、大量地从心脏向大脑上升，继而大脑通过神经渗透到肌肉，使全身所有部分能够运动。如此就无需再假设别的原因来解释为什么最活跃、最具渗透力的血液成分最适宜构成元气，为什么它们只流向大脑，而不是别处。这只是因为，从心脏输送到大脑的动脉是最直的，而且，按照机械力学定律（自然规律也是如此），若许多物质全都同时挤向一个点，而这个点又没有足够空间容纳所有物质（血液成分从左心房流到大脑的情况正是如此），那么较弱的和不活跃的物质就一定会被强有力地挤到一边，强有力的物质会以这种方式独自到达那个点。在原来打算出版的那篇专题论文里，我已经把上述一切解释得十分详细了。随后，我又指出，人身上的神经和肌肉一定要如何组织体内的元气才能使身体运动。正如我们看到的那样，刚被砍下的头颅，尽管已经不再是活的了，但仍然还能滚来滚去，甚至啃咬泥土。大脑里一定发生了什么变化才能使人清醒、睡去和做梦；光亮、声音、气味、味觉、温度以及外界事物的所有其他属性怎样能够通过感官在脑海之中留下不同的观念；饥、渴以及其他内心的多种多样的感觉又是怎样在脑海中产生的呢？这些必须要用一般常理

（共通感）来解释怎样接纳这些观念，记忆怎样保存这些观念，幻想怎样用不同的方法改变这些观念，进而组成新的观念，并且用同样的方法将动物元气分发到肌肉中，如此方能使身体各部分用不同的方法运动，动作各式各样，合适相宜，既有关于感官对象方面的，又有关于内心感受方面的，正如我们的身体，没有意志导引也能运动。这对一些人来说，一点儿也不奇怪。这些人熟悉各式各样、千差万别的人类编造出来的自动机或者运动机产生的运动。但是，这些机器用的只是几个零部件，这些零部件与每个动物身上大量的骨骼、肌肉、神经、动脉、静脉以及其他部件相比是少之又少的。因此这些人觉得人体也不过是上帝之手造出的机器。不过，比起任何人类发明的机器，人体组织更精致，运动更灵活罢了。说到这里，我特意停下来，我要指出，假如确实有这样的机器，其外形和器官跟猴子或其他无理性动物一样，那么我们根本无法知道，其本性与这些动物有什么区别。可是如果一些机器拥有我们身体的外形，并能尽可能正常地模仿我们的行为举止，我们仍然有两种非常可靠的检验标准来判断其并不因此就是真正的人。第一条标准是：它们永远不会像我们这样使用语言或其他由语言的形态构成的符号向别人表达自己的思想。因为，我们纵然可以容易地想象出这样一台机器，可以发声，甚至有外力碰触改变其部件时，可以有一些相应的回应。例如，如果被触碰某一个特殊地方，它就会问我们要它干什么，如果你触碰另外的地方，它就会喊疼，诸如此类。但是，它绝不能将这些字句进行适当地、多样地排列来回复相应的问题，而这是最笨的人都能办到的。第二条标准是：那些机器虽然可以做许多事情，做得跟我们中的任何人一样好，也许更好，但是，毋庸置疑，仍有一些事情是它们做不了的。由此可以看出，它们的活动所依靠的不是知识，而只是零部件的排列。因为理性是万能工具，适用于各种场合。相反，这些零部件则不然，一举一动都需要有特殊的安排。要想有一台机器，其零部件复杂多样，足以使它模仿人类生活中的一切情景，并能像我们一样依循理性行事，这样的机器肯定是不可能存在的。而且，靠这两条标准，我们同样可以了解人与兽类之间的差别。因为特别值得提出的是，世人无论多么愚昧、多么鲁钝，甚至天生拙笨，总能把不同的字词组织成话语来表达自己的思想。而与此相反，其他的动物不管多么完美，多么得天独厚，都做不到这一点。这一切并不是缺少器官所致，因为我们观察到，八哥和鹦鹉都能像我们人类一样发声，然而却不能像我们人类一样说话。也就是说，不能证明它们理解它们所发出的声音。说到人类，天生聋哑的人跟兽类一样缺少说话所用的发声器官，但是他们却习惯于自发地创造特定的手势，用这些手势向与他们经常在一起并且有空闲时间学习他们“语言”的人们来表达他们的思想。这就证明，兽类并非理性比人少，而是根本没有理性，因为我们明白，一个人学说话并不需要太多理性。我们可以看到，同种的动物，跟人一样，相互间能力不一致，一些比另一些更容易训练。可是，最完美的猴子和鹦鹉，在学说话这一点上，都比不上最笨的小孩，就连精神失常的小孩也比不上。所以简直无法想象，兽类的灵魂在本质上会跟我们的灵魂完全一样。我们不能把语言同动物表达感情的自然动作混为一谈，因为这些动作机器可以模仿，动物也可以模仿。我们也不能像某些古人那样，认为兽类也有语言，只是我

们不懂它们的语言罢了。如果真是如此，既然它们有许多跟我们相似的器官，那么它们就应该可以容易地向我们表达它们的思想，就像它们同类之间的交流一样。还有一点非常值得注意的是，虽然许多动物在某些动作上表现得比我们灵巧，然而我们可以看到，它们在其他许多事情上却一点儿也不灵巧。它们做得比我们好并不证明它们就用心灵努力做事，因为，如果它们比我们中的任何人拥有更多的理性，它们会在一切事情上都比我们做得好。这一点反而证明它们并没有理性，它们的一切动作都是身体器官结构的自然反应而已。这正如我们看到的时钟一样，它只有齿轮和发条，却能打点计时，比我们任何人都要精准。

此后，我又把理性灵魂加以描述，指出它绝对不可能跟我说过的其他事情一样也来自于物质的力量。但是，它显然应该是上帝创造出来的。理性灵魂之于身体，并不仅仅是舵手之于船舶那样的关系，否则也许身体的各种器官是不会动的。它必须和身体紧密地合二为一，才能有与我们相似的感觉和嗜好，构成一个真正的人。在结论中，我对灵魂问题稍微多作一些讨论，因为这个问题最重要。无神论者的错误，我在上面已经充分地予以了驳斥。可是，此外还有一种错误最能使不坚定的人离开道德正道，那就是假设兽类的灵魂同我们的灵魂本质相同，因而以为我们跟苍蝇、蚂蚁一样，对身后事既无希望亦无恐惧。相反，如果我们知道，我们与动物的差别有多大，我们就会更好地理解为何我们的灵魂本性可以完全独立于身体之外，因而不会与身体同归于尽了。最后，既然看不到别的原因可以毁灭灵魂，我们自然可以断定，灵魂是不朽的。

第六部分

那篇专题论文包含了所有这些问题，从完成到现在已经有三年之久了。正当我要着手修改、准备付印时，却听说一些我非常尊重的权威人士抨击了某人新近发表的一种物理学方面的见解。这些权威人士的权威对我行为的影响很大，不亚于我的理性对我思想的影响。某人的那种见解，虽说我不一定坚持，但在他们提出批评之前，我确实没能想到该见解有什么不利于宗教和国家的。因此，倘若我的理性能够证明其真实性，我是不会拒绝把它写进我的书里的。此事不免使我惶恐，因为虽然我一向谨慎小心，但我自己的见解也同某人的见解一样难免会有偏离真理的地方。任何新的见解，只要我没有最可靠之证明，则不予置信。任何见解，只要有可能对他人不利，我总不肯下笔。这足以使我改变原来的决定，不再发表我的那些见解了。因为之前我想发表的理由虽然非常有力，但是依我本就不乐于写书的性格，我立即找到了不少理由，为不付印此书辩解。这些理由，无论从哪方面说都颇有一些意味。因此，不光是我自己有兴趣在这里说一说，而且或许公众也有兴趣想了解一下。

我自己脑中所产之物，我向来不是很看重。靠这种方法，我只是彻底弄明白了一些思辨科学的难题，或者按其教给我的原则，努力规范自己的行为，此外再无所获，因此我从来没有想过一定要出版有关这种方法的某些东西。说到为人处世，人人都是智慧满满，若能自我完善，则个个都是改革能手。那些上帝所赐的万民最高统治者，或者得天独厚、满腔热忱的先知先觉者除外。因此，我的思想，虽然使我自已觉得欣喜，然而我相信他人亦有他人之思想，或许能令其更为欣喜。但是，当我从物理学上获得了一些普遍观念，并将之用于解决各种难题时，我发现其对我们的作用非常大，与时下的应用原则大相径庭。因此我认为，若藏而不露，不免严重违反我们必须促进的法律体系，甚至与我们仰赖的人类的整体利益相背离了。因为我看到，凭借这些理念，我们可能得到一些对人生非常有益的知识，也可能发现一种实用哲学来代替经院中的思辨哲学，进而知道火、水、空气、星星、天空，以及环绕我们的其他所有物体的力量和作用。正如同我们明了匠人的各种技术一样，而后我们可以因势利导，充分利用，进而使我们成为自然的主人和所属者。我们期待这样的结果，不仅是为了发明数不清的技术，使我们能够毫不费力地享受地球的各种资源，尤其是为了保持健康。因为，毋庸质疑，健康是人生最为重要的幸福，也是其他幸福之基础。因为人之精神在很大程度上取决于身体器官的状况和关系，倘若能找到一种方法可以使人变得比现在更聪明、更能干，我认为这只能在医学中探求了。现有之医学鲜有显著之疗效，这是千真万确的。如此说毫无轻视医学之意。我相信，任何一个人，包括医学业内人士在内，都不会不承认，医学上目前所有已知的东西，与尚待发现的东西相比，几乎等于零。如果我们对于无数的身心疾病及衰老的原因能有充分的了解，并能充分认识自然所提供的一切药物，我想我们是可以免除疾病的，甚至也许可以延长寿命。所以我打定主意，愿穷毕生精力来寻求此极其必要之科学，而且我已经

找到了一种途径。在我看来，任何人只要照着走，必定可以万无一失地达到目的，除非他因生命短促或是经验不足而受阻。因此我认为，要排除这两重障碍，最好把自己的发现忠实地、毫无保留地与大家交流，激发优秀的天才们进一步研究。依各人的倾向和能力，从事必要的实验，把自己可能发现的所有东西告诉大众，薪火相传，通力合作，从而把许许多多人的生命和劳动汇合在一起，群策群力，我们所得之成绩比之单干，可能要卓著得多。

关于实验，我还说过，一个人所学的知识越是高深，就越是需要实验。因为刚开始研究的时候，我们宁可只采用那些能自然地呈现到我们感官中的实验，以及我们不可能忽略的实验（这样的实验，我们略加思考便可得到），而不是关注非同寻常和深奥晦涩的现象。原因在于：只要普通常见现象的原因尚未知晓，非同寻常现象常常只会误导我们。现象所依靠之条件几乎总是很特殊、很细微，非常不易觉察的。但关于这一点，我采取了下列步骤：首先，找出万物的普遍原则，只把上帝作为万物之根源，而不考虑其他概念。只发掘灵魂深处固有之真理萌芽，从中找出原因。其次，我仔细观察从这些普遍原则能引申出什么最为常见的结果。我发现天体、星宿、地球，以及地球上的水、气、火、矿等等都是最常见、最简单的，也是最容易了解的。后来，我又想用这些普遍原理进而研究更特殊的事物。然而，此时许许多多森罗万象的事物呈现眼前，使我发现，若非我们自己利用各种特殊实验据果寻因，仅以人之心灵来分辨世界上的各种物类是绝不可能造出来的。因为除了地球上的物种以外，上帝所造的东西或者所要供人用的东西还有其他数不清的物种。因此，我把感官所得的印象在心中辗转思索后敢大胆申说，我所碰到的事物，无不可用我所发现的原则圆满解答。然而还必须承认，自然之力量虽然巨大无比、广袤无边，但这些原则也非常简易、非常笼统。因此我注意到，几乎没有一个单一的特殊原则可以从这些原则中由各种途径推衍出来。我最大的困难是，通常难以判定这些结果究竟依靠哪种方式得来。为了克服这种困难，我认为没有别的办法，只能再次求之于特定的实验，依实验结果的不同来决定改用哪种方式。关于其他的事情，我现在觉得我非常清楚地认识到，应该采取什么方法来做大部分实验以证明我的理论。不过，同时我也意识到，这些实验是如此纷繁杂多，而我只有两只手，收入也少，纵使再多出几千倍也无法把一切实验做完。因此，我在获取自然知识方面能有多大进展，就要看我今后有多少条件来做实验了。这就是我写那篇专题论文希望大家了解的，并且我明确指出大家由此所能得到的益处。所以，我要求一切从内心深处关心人类福利的人，也就是所有真正品德高尚的人，而不是那些沽名钓誉、表里不一的人，希望他们能将已经做过的实验跟我交流一下，以便对我将要做的实验给予帮助。

但从那以后，我又不断发现别的理由使我改变了自己的看法。我觉得应当实实在在地继续写下去。凡我认为重要之物，任何时刻，只要我能证明其真实性，就要原原本本将之写出来，而且力求字斟句酌，如同打算出版一样。我喜欢这个过程，因为这样做我可以反复推敲，彻底考察。因为，毫无疑问，我们相信，准备给许多人看的书总是会处处检

查，而只给我们自己写的书则不免马虎（惯常遇到的情况是，我第一次认识时觉得是对的，动笔时又发现了错误）。还因为，如果一味为自己写作，我便没有机会给公众提供益处。同样，若我的东西有什么价值的话，在我身后，有机会读我书的人也许会将之用于正当途径。但是，我已下定决心，决不同意在有生之年将之出版，以免引来反驳或争论，甚至给我招来无可奈何的毁誉，耽误我预留出来准备使自己进步的时光。因为尽管人人都应当竭力为他人谋福利，而若对他人无益，则真真正正是毫无用处可言，这是千真万确的。然而，同样千真万确的是，我们应该高瞻远瞩，放眼未来，着眼于完成能对后人带来更大幸福之工作，而将也许对今人有益之事暂付阙如，亦无不可。其实，我很乐于告知大家，我至今所知之物，比之未知世界，可谓是冰山一角。但是对我能够获得的知识，我并没有绝望。在各门学科里渐渐发现真理的人，简直就如同已经开始致富的人一样，不费力气就能获得很大收益，不像以前贫困时那样，费了很大力气，稍营微利亦觉困难；亦可将在各门学科中寻求真理的人们比作军队的将军，通常他们军队打的胜仗越多，则军队愈加强大。将军们在军队遭惨败时，比之攻城占省得胜时，则需要更大智慧才能把军队统领在一起。寻求真理的人们努力克服妨碍他们认识真理的种种困难，纠正种种错误。如同在战场上一样，在任何有些许普遍性和重要性的事情上，若接受错误看法就如同打了败仗，要恢复原来的阵地委实不易，比之有可靠原则指导前进需要更多的技巧。至于我自己，若说我已经发现一些学科上的真理的话（我相信此书中的内容可以证明，我已经发现了一些），我可以声明说，这些真理是在克服了五六个重大困难后得到的结果，也可以说是打了五六场胜仗后取得的胜利果实吧。我甚至还可以毫不犹豫地说，只要再有两三场类似的胜仗，我的计划就可全部实现。我年龄还不算大，按照常理，我还有足够的时间可以完成这个计划。可是，我自己觉得，越是想好好利用时间，越是觉得剩下的时间应该好好珍惜。若是将我的物理学原理发表，势必会惹出事端，不免耽搁时间。尽管这些原理几乎全都十分明了，只要理解它们就会予以赞同。虽然每一原理我都可以给予证明，可是别人的意见多种多样，我的原理不可能都与之相契合，所以我预料定会引起各种反驳，使我会经常偏离我的宏伟计划。

当然也可以说这些反驳并非无益，一则可以使我意识到自己的错误；二则若我的思想含有某些价值，也可以使他人能更充分地理解。更重要的是，人众知识就广博，这可引导他人从现在起就开始利用我的原则，反过来，我也可以从他们的发现中得到帮助。但是，尽管我承认自己极易犯错，且心里第一次产生想法时几乎从来不敢自信。然而，基于经验，由于旁人对我的见解可能会给予反驳，所以我不期望从他们那里得到益处。因为我已经多次验证他们的批评，有的来自朋友，有的来自不相干的人，甚至有些人心怀恶意和嫉妒。我知道，我的朋友因偏袒而忽略的问题，他们都不遗余力加以揭露。可是，他们的反驳，鲜有为我所忽略。即或有，也是一些细枝末节，离题很远。因此，在我看来，我所遇到的对我观点提出反驳的批评家，没有一个比我更严格、更公正。此外，我从未发现经院式辩论会把从前未知晓的真理阐述明白，因为争

辩之时人人都竭力求胜，都想将似是而非之理论说得极其中听，很少权衡双方针对问题提出的理由。而且，那些长期从事辩护的优秀律师，并不一定因此后来就会成为更优秀的法官。

至于我的思想能给旁人带去多少益处，我想不会太多。因为我的思想还不完全成熟，还需添加很多东西才能用于实践。我想我可以毫不虚夸地说，如果有谁能将我的思想长久贯彻，那么这个人应该是我自己，而不会是别人。并不是说世上没有比我更聪明之人，而是因为从别人那里学来的某个东西，比之自己发现的某个东西，是无法很好把握、运用自如的。这层道理用到这里很贴切，因为我曾将自己的思想解释给一些非常聪明的人。在我讲时，他们似乎理解得很清楚，然而，若让他们复述，我就注意到他们几乎把原来的东西改得面目全非了，连我自己都不敢相信那是我的思想。我很高兴借此机会顺便请求后人注意，凡未经我自己发表之作，切勿道听途说，以为是我所作。那些古代哲学家，其著作不传于世，而后人往往将一些荒诞不经之作强加在其名下，对此我丝毫不觉得奇怪。然而，我并不因此就以为他们的思想真的荒诞不经，因为我明白，他们是当时他们那个时代最有智慧的人，只不过那些著作传给我们时已经走样了。因此，我们都能注意到，先哲们的弟子竟无一人能超越他们。我非常相信，现在那些最狂热地遵奉亚里士多德的信徒，若能得到与亚里士多德一样多的自然知识，也会觉得他们自己很幸福，纵使在以后永远都不能得到更高水平知识的情况下也会觉得他们自己很幸福。从这一点看来，那些信徒就像常春藤一样，从不企图爬过自己依附的大树，而是爬到树的顶端之后，常常会转头往下爬。因为在我看来，那些信徒也在走下坡路。换句话说，如果他们放弃学习，那么本来明智的他们也会变得不明智了。这些人对原著者已经明白解释过的道理已经全部知道了，却还不满足，还要拿难题向原著者求答案。其实这些难题的答案，不但原著者没说过一个词，而且也许从未想过那么多。不过他们那种研究哲学的方法倒是很适合才智平庸的人。因为他们使用的范畴和原理都晦涩难懂，使他们能信心十足，评说一切，仿佛真懂一切事情，而且能为他们所说的任何主题辩护，对抗最巧妙、最有技巧的说法，不让任何人指出他们的错误来。他们这样做，在我看来就好像一个盲人一样，为了与能看得见的人地位平等地交战，就先要将对方拖入漆黑的山洞底部。因此，我若不把我使用的哲学原理发表出来，这些人倒是占了便宜，因为我的原理非常简单、非常明确，要是发表出来，正无异于把窗子打开，将阳光送到了他们跑下去交战的山洞里了。就连那些最聪明之人，也大可不必急于知道我的这些原理，如果他们所要的只是能够高谈阔论，赢得博学之美誉，那是很容易达到目的的，只要满足于真理的表象就可以了。这些表象的东西在各种事情中都能找到，无需多大困难。相比之下，要寻求真理本身则只能层层剥笋，慢慢展开，并且只能在某些领域探索，所以就没那么容易了。因此，这就要求我们在说到其他领域时就得坦白地承认自己的无知了。然而，如果他们并不做出无所不知的样子，而是想知道那么几条真理，这点知识毋庸质疑是值得知道的，并且如果他们打算选择类似我的方法行事，那么看看我在这篇谈话中已经说过的就行了，并不需要我再多说什么。如果他们能力比我

强，可以取得比我更大的成就，他们自己一定更有能力去发现我认为自己已经发现的一切。因为我研究事物一向是按部就班，所以尚待发现之物，比之我已能够发现之物本身一定更困难、更深奥。因此从我这里学习那些尚待发现之物，倒不如自己去发现来得痛快。除此之外，他们若能从探索简单问题入手，慢慢地逐步入难，养成循序渐进的习惯，那比接受我的教诲还要有益得多。就拿我自己来说，我现在所证明的一切真理，如果自幼就有人教我，并且我也毫不费力地学会它们，那么我相信，也许除这些之外，我再也不会知道什么。至少可以说，我永远不会养成现在拥有的习惯和能力，让我在致力于探索时，能够一直得心应手地发现新的真理。总之，如果世上有一种工作，除了创始人之外他人无法尽善尽美地完成，那便是我所做的工作了。

为了完成这项工作需要进行种种实验，单凭一个人的力量确实无法完成。但是，一个人在这项工作中能很好利用的也只有自己的双手而已，此外就只有借助于匠人或者诸如此类的人，给他们付钱，满足他们希望得到的回报（这是一种非常有效的方法），这样可以激励他们按规定完成分派给他们的任务。还会有一些人，他们出于好奇或某种欲望想学点知识，自愿出力帮忙。可是，一般而言，这类人承诺多于行动，他们会提出很好的构想，可是没有一个能实现。毫无疑问，他们期望解释一些难题来减少他们的麻烦，或者至少通过几句恭维话和无用的演讲来证明他们耗费了不少时间。至于别人已经做过的实验（将之视为瑰宝者是永远不会公开的），即便那些人愿意告知你，那些实验多半也是内容繁杂，有大量无用枝节和多余成分，要想从其附加物中辨别出真理来非常困难。而且，你会发现，几乎所有实验都描述得很糟糕，甚至错误百出（因为做实验者希望从实验中只看见那些一定能符合自己原则的实验结果），即便是在大量实验结果中确实有一些符合你目的的东西，也需耗费时间筛选，结果不免得不偿失。因此，世上若真有那么一个人，我们很确定地知道他能有最伟大之发现，并且最有可能为大众谋利，而且如果其他所有人都尽心竭力帮他，使其能成功地完成计划,那么依我看，能帮得上他的也仅限于提供经费以资助他进行必要的实验，或者是阻止任何人无缘无故突然打扰他，浪费他的时间罢了。除此之外，其他人无能为力。此外，我个人并不敢十分自负，愿意向世人承诺将来会有什么非同寻常的成绩，也不愿异想天开，以为大众必定会对我的计划多么感兴趣。不过，从另一方面讲，我的灵魂也并没有低贱到被人认为一文不值，只能接受别人帮助的地步。

这些顾虑加在一起便是使我三年来都不愿将手上的论文发表的原因。也是这个原因，我甚至下定决心，在有生之年，凡涉及普遍原理的论文，或者能使人理解我的物理学原则的论文，都一概不发表。可是从那时起，我发现两个理由使我不得不在此赘述一些特殊的样文，向大家叙述一下我所做之事和构思计划。第一条理由是：假如我没有发表，许多人知道我以前曾有意出版几部作品，他们或许会认为，我之所以放弃出版是因为我觉得这些东西带给我的荣誉比实际应得的少。因为虽然我不会过分地希冀名利，或者，如果我可以放开胆量说的话，尽管因为与其他东西相比，我已拥有了太多的荣誉，所以只要我认定荣誉是极端令

人讨厌的，我甚至就厌恶荣誉，但同时，我也从不尽力隐藏自己的行为，如同犯了罪似的，也没有采取许多防范，不让人了解我。我认为那样做，一方面对不起自己，另一方面也给自己带来不安，还会再次违反我所追求的精神的绝对宁静。而且，尽管我始终采取漠然态度，不求名也不求无名，然而还是不能阻止自己获得某种荣誉，因此我想还是应当尽力而为，至少不被别人说三道四，以免受挖苦。我之所以写这些哲学样文的另一个理由是：由于我需要做的实验太多，不胜枚举，我逐渐感觉我的自修计划不得不活生生地一天天推迟。若无他人帮助，我是不太可能完成的。虽然我不敢自诩大众会对我的工作有大力赞助，但是，我也不愿让后人发现我如此不负责任，因为我本来可以把我已经完成的工作以更完美的状态留给他们，但是如果因为我的太过疏忽而没使他们明白他们能够用什么方法帮助我完成计划，这样就会使那些比我活得长久的人某一天在某个场合拿这事来指责我。

我认为选几件事情来加以说明并非难事，这些事既不至于引起很大争论，也不应该违背我的意愿，过多地解释我的原理。但是，这些事应该可以清楚地说明我在各门学科中能完成什么，不能完成什么。这项工作成功与否不该由我评说。我也不能抢在别人的判断之前，自己先对自己的作品评论一番。但是我很乐意大家能来审查我的作品。为了鼓励大家有更多的兴趣来审查，我请求不管什么人，若对我的著述有任何反驳，还请费神将意见交给我的出版商。待出版商转达我之后，我好立刻将答复附到书里。如此读者可以同时看到两家之言，便更容易辨别真理在哪里了。因为我不喜欢任何冗长答词，所以只要认识到了错误，我便会痛快承认。若我看不出错误之处，就只会把我以为必需说明之事加以申说，为自己写的东西辩护，同时不牵涉新问题，以免从一件事说到另一件事，越说越远，没完没了。

我在《折光学》和《气象学》两文开头所谈的一些东西，初看可能有些奇怪，因为我称它们为假设，似乎无意为它们提供证据。不过我请求读者耐着性子仔细通读全文，这样我希望那些有疑虑者或可得到满意的答案。因为在我看来，这些论文中的推理是相互联系的，前者与后者互为因果，反过来也互为果因，可以互相证明。大家可不要以为，我这是犯了逻辑学家的所谓循环论证的毛病。经验告诉我们，这些结果大多数是非常可靠的，我根据某些原因将之推衍出来，并非是要证明其实际存在，恰恰相反，结果之真实倒足以证明原因之真实。我之所以称它们为假设也无别的用意，只不过想让大家明白，根据之前我已经详加解释的那些首要的真理是能把它们推衍出来的。可是我决意不那么做，以防止某些聪明人利用此机会，说他们是在我的原则上建立起浮泛的哲学，从而陷害我因此承担责任。我指的是那样的人，他们以为，旁人费了20年工夫所想出的东西，只要向他们略道一二，他们便可以在一日之内精通无余。这类人越是伶俐机灵就越容易犯错误，越不能非常正确地认识真理。至于那些真正完全属于我的见解，我并不辩解说它们确实是新的。因为我知道，如果大家把我那些见解好好考量一番，就会发现这些见解是非常简单且合乎一般常理的，比之他人对于同样问题所持的意见，并无什么特别和奇怪之处。我也并不自诩为这些真理的最初发明

者，只想声明，我之所以采取这些意见并不是由于别人这样说过，也并不是由于别人没有这样说过，只是因为理性向我证明了它们的真实性罢了。

我在《折光学》里完成的发明创造，纵然匠人们不能立刻就制造出来，我也不认为什么人能因此就鄙视这种发明。因为一定要有熟练的技巧才能把我所描述的那些机器制造出来，调准好。如果匠人们第一次实验就能成功，我倒觉得非常惊奇了。这不亚于说，一个人光凭一本极好的乐谱，学了一天就能成为一个娴熟的吉他表演者。我用本国语言法语，而没有用导师们的雅言拉丁文来写这本书，是因为我希望那些能无偏见地运用天赋理智的人，比之那些只看重古代著述的人，更能判断出我的意见是否合理。至于那些能把好的理性和学习习惯结合起来的人是我唯独向往的评判者，我相信他们绝不会只是因为偏好拉丁文，而我用本国语法语来写，他们就会掩耳不听我的推理。

总而言之，关于我将来希望在各门学科方面作出哪些特别贡献，在此我不愿细谈，也不愿拿自己没有把握完成的事情贸然向大家承诺。我要说的只是：我已经下定决心，在有生之年，我愿将所有时间用于获得一些自然知识，这些知识能够使我们推衍出一些规则供医学使用，让这些规则比目前使用的规则更为准确。其他追求一概置之度外，尤其是那些对一些人有利，却对另外一些人有害的事情。假如迫于形势我不得不为之，我想也一定不会成功的。这一点是我要在这里向大众声明的，虽然我非常明白，声明过后，世人也不会因此看得起我。老实说，我压根也不想要世人如此看重我。我不希望任何人赐给我俗世的高官厚禄。我永远感谢那些宽宏大量的人，允许我安享退隐生活，免受打扰。

童年

CHILDHOOD

列夫·托尔斯泰/著
Lev Tolstoy

外语教学与研究出版社

Lyev Tolstoy

Childhood

童年

列夫·托尔斯泰（俄） 著
石玥 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

Chinese translation copyright © Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press 2010

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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CHAPTER I THE TUTOR, KARL IVANITCH

第一章 家庭教师卡尔·伊万内奇

On the 12th of August, 18—(just three days after my tenth birthday, when I had been given such wonderful presents), I was awakened at seven o'clock in the morning by Karl Ivanitch slapping the wall close to my head with a fly-flap made of sugar paper and a stick. He did this so roughly that he hit the image of my patron saint suspended to the oaken back of my bed, and the dead fly fell down on my curls. I peeped out from under the coverlet, steadied the still shaking image with my hand, flicked the dead fly on to the floor, and gazed at Karl Ivanitch with sleepy, wrathful eyes. He, in a parti-coloured wadded dressing-gown fastened about the waist with a wide belt of the same material, a red knitted cap adorned with a tassel, and soft slippers of goat skin, went on walking round the walls and taking aim at, and slapping, flies.

一八ＸＸ年八月十二日——（就是在我得到了精美礼物的十岁生日后的第三天），早上七点，我被卡尔·伊万内奇吵醒了，他拿着用棍子和糖纸做成的苍蝇拍在我脑袋边的墙上拍打。他动作很粗暴，还打到了我挂在橡木床架上的守护神像，死苍蝇都落到了我的卷发上。我从被子里往外窥视，用手扶稳了摇晃着的神像，把死苍蝇弹到地板上，然后用困倦的眼睛怒气冲冲地盯着卡尔·伊万内奇。他，身穿花布棉袍，腰上系着根同样材料的宽腰带，头上戴着一顶带帽缨的红色针织帽，脚上穿着柔软的羊皮拖鞋，还在绕着墙边走来走去，瞄准苍蝇，然后拍下去。

"Suppose," I thought to myself, "that I am only a small boy, yet why should he disturb me? Why does he not go killing flies around Woloda's bed? No; Woloda is older than I, and I am the youngest of the family, so he torments me. That is what he thinks of all day long—how to tease me. He knows very well that he has woken me up and frightened me, but he pretends not to notice it. Disgusting brute! And his dressing-gown and cap and tassel too—they are all of them disgusting.”

“就算，”我暗暗想，“我只是个小孩，但他为什么偏偏来打扰我呢？他怎么不去沃洛达的床边打苍蝇？不会的，沃洛达比我大，我是家中最小的，所以他才来折磨我。这就是他整天想的东西——怎么欺负我。他很清楚自己把我吵醒了，吓到了我，但还是假装不知道。讨厌的混蛋！他的长袍、帽子、帽缨统统都很讨厌！”

While I was thus inwardly venting my wrath upon Karl Ivanitch, he had passed to his own bedstead, looked at his watch (which hung suspended in a little shoe sewn with bugles), and deposited the fly-

flap on a nail, then, evidently in the most cheerful mood possible, he turned round to us.

我正暗自发泄着对卡尔·伊万内奇的怒气，他已经走到了自己床边，看了下他挂在镶了小玻璃珠的座子里的表。他把苍蝇拍挂回一颗钉子上，然后转向我们，很显然心情不错，大概是前所未有地好。

"Get up, children! It is quite time, and your mother is already in the drawing-room," he exclaimed in his strong German accent. Then he crossed over to me, sat down at my feet, and took his snuff-box out of his pocket. I pretended to be asleep. Karl Ivanitch sneezed, wiped his nose, flicked his fingers, and began amusing himself by teasing me and tickling my toes as he said with a smile, "Well, well, little lazy one!"

“起床了，孩子们！是时候了，你们的母亲已经在客厅里了。”他用很重的德国口音喊道。然后他向我走来，在我的脚边坐下，从口袋里掏出他的鼻烟壶。我假装睡着的样子。卡尔·伊万内奇打了个喷嚏，擦了擦鼻子，弹了弹手指，然后就开始捉弄我、挠我的脚趾取乐，一边挠还一边笑着说：“起来啦，起来啦，小懒虫！”

For all my dread of being tickled, I determined not to get out of bed or to answer him, but hid my head deeper in the pillow, kicked out with all my strength, and strained every nerve to keep from laughing.

尽管我很怕痒，我还是决定不起床也不理他。只是把脑袋深深地埋进枕头里，拼命乱踢，并且绷紧了神经不笑出来。

"How kind he is, and how fond of us!" I thought to myself. "Yet to think that I could be hating him so just now!"

“他真好，而且真喜欢我们！”我想，“但我刚刚还那么讨厌他！”

I felt angry, both with myself and with Karl Ivanitch, I wanted to laugh and to cry at the same time, for my nerves were all on edge.

我生气，既生自己的气，也生卡尔·伊万内奇的气；我又想哭又想笑，神经已经绷到极限。

"Leave me alone, Karl!" I exclaimed at length, with tears in my eyes, as I raised my head from beneath the bed-clothes.

“别管我了，卡尔！”我终于忍不住叫出来，从床单下探出头，眼泪汪汪的。

Karl Ivanitch was taken aback. He left off tickling my feet, and asked me kindly what the matter was. Had I had a disagreeable dream? His good German face and the sympathy with which he sought to know the cause of my tears made them flow the faster. I felt conscience-stricken, and could not understand how, only a minute

ago, I had been hating Karl, and thinking his dressing-gown and cap and tassel disgusting. On the contrary, they looked eminently lovable now. Even the tassel seemed another token of his goodness. I replied that I was crying because I had had a bad dream, and had seen Mamma dead and being buried. Of course it was a mere invention, since I did not remember having dreamt anything at all that night, but the truth was that Karl's sympathy as he tried to comfort and reassure me had gradually made me believe that I had dreamt such a horrible dream, and so weep the more—though from a different cause to the one he imagined.

卡尔·伊万内吃了一惊。他也不挠我脚底了；他亲切地问我怎么了。是不是我做噩梦了？他善良的德国面容和他脸上试图得知我为何流泪的关切神情，反而使我的眼泪流得更快了。我感到良心不安，无法理解为什么一分钟前我会讨厌卡尔，并连同讨厌他的长袍、帽子和帽纓。现在它们看起来却可爱极了。帽纓甚至成了他善良的证明。我回答说我哭是因为我做了个噩梦，我梦到母亲死了，正在下葬。当然这只是我编出来的，我根本不记得那天晚上都梦到了些什么。但事实是，卡尔试图抚慰我、让我安心时的神情渐渐让我开始相信我是真的做了这样一个噩梦。于是我的眼泪流得更凶了——但这另有原因，跟他想象的不同。

When Karl Ivanitch had left me, I sat up in bed and proceeded to draw my stockings over my little feet. The tears had quite dried now, yet the mournful thought of the invented dream was still haunting me a little. Presently Uncle (This term is often applied by children to old servants in Russia) Nicola came in—a neat little man who was always grave, methodical, and respectful, as well as a great friend of Karl's. He brought with him our clothes and boots—at least, boots for Woloda, and for myself the old detestable, be-ribanded shoes. In his presence I felt ashamed to cry, and, moreover, the morning sun was shining so gaily through the window, and Woloda, standing at the washstand as he mimicked Maria Ivanovna (my sister's governess), was laughing so loud and so long, that even the serious Nicola—a towel over his shoulder, the soap in one hand, and the basin in the other—could not help smiling as he said, "Will you please let me wash you, Vladimir Petrovitch?" I had cheered up completely.

卡尔·伊万内奇离开我后，我从床上坐起来，开始往我的小脚上套袜子。我的眼泪已经干得差不多了，但是因为那个编出来的梦所产生的悲伤还未散去。这时，照顾孩子们的尼科拉叔叔（在俄罗斯这个称呼是孩子们用来称呼老仆的）进来了——他是一个整洁、矮小的男人，总是严肃、谦恭而有条理，也是卡尔的好朋友。他带来了我们的衣服和靴子——至少，有给沃洛达的靴子和给我的那双破旧的、让人讨厌的、打着花结的鞋子。在他面前我不好意思哭了，而且，早晨的阳光已经欢快地透过了窗子，沃洛达正站在洗漱架前模仿着玛利亚·伊万诺芙娜（姐姐的家庭教师），笑得又大声又持久，连严肃的尼科拉——肩上挂着毛巾，

一手拿着肥皂，一手拿着盆——也忍不住笑起来说道：“能让我给你洗了吗，费拉基米尔·彼得洛维奇？”这下我彻底开心起来。

"Are you nearly ready?" came Karl's voice from the schoolroom. The tone of that voice sounded stern now, and had nothing in it of the kindness which had just touched me so much. In fact, in the schoolroom Karl was altogether a different man from what he was at other times. There he was the tutor. I washed and dressed myself hurriedly, and, a brush still in my hand as I smoothed my wet hair, answered to his call. Karl, with spectacles on nose and a book in his hand, was sitting, as usual, between the door and one of the windows. To the left of the door were two shelves—one of them the children's (that is to say, ours), and the other one Karl's own. Upon ours were heaped all sorts of books—lesson books and play books—some standing up and some lying down. The only two standing decorously against the wall were two large volumes of a Histoire des Voyages, in red binding. On that shelf could be seen books thick and thin and books large and small, as well as covers without books and books without covers, since everything got crammed up together anyhow when play time arrived and we were told to put the "library" (as Karl called these shelves) in order. The collection of books on his own shelf was, if not so numerous as ours, at least more varied. Three of them in particular I remember, namely, a German pamphlet (minus a cover) on Manuring Cabbages in Kitchen-Gardens, a History of the Seven Years' War (bound in parchment and burnt at one corner), and a Course of Hydrostatics. Though Karl passed so much of his time in reading that he had injured his sight by doing so, he never read anything beyond these books and *The Northern Bee*.

“你们准备好了吗？”卡尔的声音从教室传来。那声音的语气现在听起来十分严厉，完全没了他刚刚让我深深感动的亲切。事实上，一到教室里卡尔就完全变成了另外一个人，和其他的时候不一样。在那里他是家庭教师。我匆匆洗漱好，穿好衣服，手里还拿着刷子，一边梳理我湿湿的头发，一边回应他。卡尔戴着眼镜，手里拿着一本书，像往常一样，坐在门和一扇窗户之间。门的左边有两个小书架——一个是孩子们的（也就是我们的），另一个是卡尔自己的。我们的架子上堆了各种各样的书——有课本也有课外书——有的立着，有的平放着。只有两大本装订成红色的游记规规矩矩地靠墙放着。书架上还有很多书，厚的，薄的，大的，小的，有皮无书的，有书没皮的，因为每当课间休息卡尔让我们整理“图书馆”（卡尔这样称呼那些书架）时，我们就会把东西都胡乱塞到那里。而卡尔自己的书架上的书，虽然没有我们书架上这么多，种类却是更丰富。我还记得其中三本：一本没了封皮的德文小册子，讲的是在菜园里给白菜地施肥；一本是七年战争史（用羊皮纸装订着，烧掉了一角）；还有一本流体静力学教程。虽然卡尔花了大量的时间在阅读上，并因此损伤了视力，但他从不看除了这些书和《北方蜜蜂》之外

的书。

Another article on Karl's shelf I remember well. This was a round piece of cardboard fastened by a screw to a wooden stand, with a sort of comic picture of a lady and a hairdresser glued to the cardboard. Karl was very clever at fixing pieces of cardboard together, and had devised this contrivance for shielding his weak eyes from any very strong light.

卡尔的书架上还有一件物品让我印象深刻。那是一个卡片做的圆盘，用一个螺丝固定在木架子上。圆盘上贴着一张图画，画着一位女士和一个理发师。对于做这个圆盘卡尔很在行，他发明这个就是为了保护他脆弱的眼睛不再受到强光的伤害。

I can see him before me now—the tall figure in its wadded dressing-gown and red cap (a few grey hairs visible beneath the latter) sitting beside the table; the screen with the hairdresser shading his face; one hand holding a book, and the other one resting on the arm of the chair. Before him lie his watch, with a huntsman painted on the dial, a check cotton handkerchief, a round black snuff-box, and a green spectacle-case, The neatness and orderliness of all these articles show clearly that Karl Ivanitch has a clear conscience and a quiet mind.

直到现在，我的眼前还能浮现出他的样子来——那个高高的身影穿着棉布长袍，戴着小红帽，帽子下还露出些许白发。他就坐在桌子边，圆盘上的理发师的阴影投射到他脸上。他一手捧着一本书，另一只手放在椅子的扶手上。他的面前放着表，表盘上画着一个猎人，还有一块方格棉手帕，一个圆形的黑鼻烟壶，一个绿色的眼镜盒。这些物品摆放得整洁而有序，清楚地反映出卡尔·伊万内奇有着纯净的心灵和安静的灵魂。

Sometimes, when tired of running about the salon downstairs, I would steal on tiptoe to the schoolroom and find Karl sitting alone in his armchair as, with a grave and quiet expression on his face, he perused one of his favourite books. Yet sometimes, also, there were moments when he was not reading, and when the spectacles had slipped down his large aquiline nose, and the blue, half-closed eyes and faintly smiling lips seemed to be gazing before them with a curious expression. All would be quiet in the room—not a sound being audible save his regular breathing and the ticking of the watch with the hunter painted on the dial. He would not see me, and I would stand at the door and think: "Poor, poor old man! There are many of us, and we can play together and be happy, but he sits there all alone, and has nobody to be fond of him. Surely he speaks truth when he says that he is an orphan. And the story of his life, too—how terrible it is! I remember him telling it to Nicola, How dreadful to be in his

position!” Then I would feel so sorry for him that I would go to him, and take his hand, and say, "Dear Karl Ivanitch!" and he would be visibly delighted whenever I spoke to him like this, and would look much brighter.

有时候，当我在楼下大厅跑够了的时候，我就会踮着脚尖偷偷溜进教室，发现卡尔独自坐在他的扶手椅上，神情庄重而安详地研读着一本他最喜欢的书。也有些时候，他不在看书，眼镜低低地滑到他的鹰钩鼻上，他的蓝眼睛微合，唇边带着淡淡的微笑，带着一种奇特的表情，似乎正在凝视着什么。房间里很安静——没有任何声音，除了他均匀的呼吸声和那块盘上画着猎人的表的滴答声。他看不到我，而我会站在门边想着：“可怜啊，可怜的老人！我们有很多人，可以一起开心地玩耍，而他只能这样孤独地坐着，没人喜欢他。他说自己是孤儿，那一定是真的。他的一生实在是太悲惨了！我记得他跟尼科拉讲过他的身世，他的处境实在是太可怕了！”然后，我会为他感到难过，于是我便走过去，拉起他的手说道：“亲爱的卡尔·伊万内奇！”而当我这样说的时候，他明显愉悦起来，看起来有精神多了。

On the second wall of the schoolroom hung some maps—mostly torn, but glued together again by Karl's hand. On the third wall (in the middle of which stood the door) hung, on one side of the door, a couple of rulers (one of them ours—much bescratched, and the other one his—quite a new one), with, on the further side of the door, a blackboard on which our more serious faults were marked by circles and our lesser faults by crosses. To the left of the blackboard was the corner in which we had to kneel when naughty. How well I remember that corner—the shutter on the stove, the ventilator above it, and the noise which it made when turned! Sometimes I would be made to stay in that corner till my back and knees were aching all over, and I would think to myself. "Has Karl Ivanitch forgotten me? He goes on sitting quietly in his armchair and reading his Hydrostatics, while I—!” Then, to remind him of my presence, I would begin gently turning the ventilator round. Or scratching some plaster off the wall; but if by chance an extra large piece fell upon the floor, the fright of it was worse than any punishment. I would glance round at Karl, but he would still be sitting there quietly, book in hand, and pretending that he had noticed nothing.

在教室的第二面墙上挂着一些地图——大多数都破损了，但卡尔的巧手还是将它们粘好了。第三面墙上（其中间是门），在门的一面挂着几把尺（一把是我们的——，上面都是划痕，另一把是他的——相当新）；门的另一边挂着一块黑板，上面记录着我们所犯的错误，严重的用圆圈，轻一点的用十字。黑板左边，是我们淘气时罚跪的角落。我清楚地记得那个角落——我记得那个炉门、炉门上的通风扇、以及当它们旋转时发出的噪声！有时，我得在那个角落里跪到后背和双膝都酸痛，于是我就会想：“卡尔·伊万内奇忘了我吗？他舒舒服服地坐在扶手椅上

看流体静力学，可是我——”接着，为了让他想起我，我便会轻轻地拨弄通风扇。或者刮刮墙上的石灰；但是如果一块大石灰恰好掉到地上，会比任何惩罚都叫人害怕。我会回头望一望卡尔，但他还是安静地坐着，捧着书，好像他什么都没觉察到。

In the middle of the room stood a table, covered with a torn black oilcloth so much cut about with penknives that the edge of the table showed through. Round the table stood unpainted chairs which, through use, had attained a high degree of polish. The fourth and last wall contained three windows, from the first of which the view was as follows. Immediately beneath it there ran a high road on which every irregularity, every pebble, every rut was known and dear to me. Beside the road stretched a row of lime trees, through which glimpses could be caught of a wattled fence, with a meadow with farm buildings on one side of it and a wood on the other—the whole bounded by the keeper's hut at the further end of the meadow. The next window to the right overlooked the part of the terrace where the "grownups" of the family used to sit before luncheon. Sometimes, when Karl was correcting our exercises, I would look out of that window and see Mamma's dark hair and the backs of some persons with her, and hear the murmur of their talking and laughter. Then I would feel vexed that I could not be there too, and think to myself, "When am I going to be grown up, and to have no more lessons, but sit with the people whom I love instead of with these horrid dialogues in my hand?" Then my anger would change to sadness, and I would fall into such a reverie that I never heard Karl when he scolded me for my mistakes.

教室的中间有张桌子，用一块黑色的破油布罩着，油布被铅笔刀划了很多道道，已经能透过它看到桌子的边沿。桌子旁放着没有漆过的椅子，因为长期使用，已经被磨得很光亮了。第四面也是最后一面墙上有三扇窗户，从第一扇看出去景色是这样的。窗子正下方是一条路，路上的每一处坑洼、每一块卵石、每一道车辙，对我来说都十分熟悉和亲切。路边是一排酸橙树，透过这些树能看到一个树枝编成的篱笆和一片牧场；牧场的一边是一些农场建筑，另一边是树林——牧场深处，有守林人的小木屋，那是这一切的界限。右边的第二扇窗可以俯瞰到一部分平台，家里的“大人们”常常在那里吃午饭。有时候，当卡尔在批改我们的测试时，我便会向那扇窗外看，可以看到母亲的黑发和她旁边一些人的背部，还能听到他们低低的谈笑声。这时我便会为自己不能也在那里感到生气，我会想：“什么时候我才能长大呢？那样我就不用上课，就可以跟我喜欢的人们坐在一起，而不是背诵这些讨厌的对话了。”然后我的怒气便会转化为悲伤，我陷入那样的幻想中，连卡尔责备我犯错误的话也听不到了。

At last, on the morning of which I am speaking, Karl Ivanitch took off his dressing-gown, put on his blue frockcoat with its creased and

crumpled shoulders, adjusted his tie before the looking-glass, and took us down to greet Mamma.

总之，在我所说的这样一个早晨，卡尔脱下他的长袍，穿上那件肩头都是褶皱的蓝色上衣，对着镜子整一整领带，就领着我们下楼去向母亲问安了。

CHAPTER II MAMMA

第二章 母亲

Mamma was sitting in the drawing-room and making tea. In one hand she was holding the tea-pot, while with the other one she was drawing water from the urn and letting it drip into the tray. Yet though she appeared to be noticing what she doing, in reality she noted neither this fact nor our entry.

母亲正坐在客厅里沏茶。她一手扶着茶壶，另一手正从茶壶里往外倒水，让水溢到了托盘里。虽然她似乎正专注于手上的活，但她并没注意到水溢出来了，也没注意到我们进来。

However vivid be one's recollection of the past, any attempt to recall the features of a beloved being shows them to one's vision as through a mist of tears—dim and blurred. Those tears are the tears of the imagination. When I try to recall Mamma as she was then, I see, true, her brown eyes, expressive always of love and kindness, the small mole on her neck below where the small hairs grow, her white embroidered collar, and the delicate, fresh hand which so often caressed me, and which I so often kissed; but her general appearance escapes me altogether.

不管一个人对于过去的回忆多么鲜活，对于至亲的回忆却像透过眼泪看到的景象一样——暗淡而模糊。那些是想象的眼泪。我试着去回忆那时候的母亲，棕色的眼睛总是流露出关爱和慈善，脖子上、短短的发髻下有颗小痣，白色的绣花领，还有那双纤细柔软的双手，那双常常爱抚我、我也常常亲吻的手。但是，我总是无法记起母亲的整体形象。

To the left of the sofa stood an English piano, at which my dark-haired sister Lubotshka was sitting and playing with manifest effort (for her hands were rosy from a recent washing in cold water) Clementi's "Etudes." Then eleven years old, she was dressed in a short cotton frock and white lace-frilled trousers, and could take her octaves only in arpeggio. Beside her was sitting Maria Ivanovna, in a cap adorned with pink ribbons and a blue shawl. Her face was red and cross, and it assumed an expression even more severe when Karl Ivanitch entered the room. Looking angrily at him without answering his bow, she went on beating time with her foot and counting, "One, two, three—one, two, three," more loudly and commandingly than ever.

在沙发的右边有一架英国钢琴，我那黑头发的姐姐露博奇卡坐在那里，很努力地弹奏着“克莱门蒂”的练习曲（因为她的手刚在凉水中浸过，所以呈现出玫瑰红色）。她那时十一岁，穿着一件短的棉罩衫和带

蕾丝花边的白裤子，只能用琵音弹奏八度音。她旁边坐着玛利亚·伊万诺芙娜，戴着装饰有粉色缎带的帽子，围着蓝色的围巾。她的脸色通红，满是怒气。卡尔·伊万内奇进来后，她脸上的表情就更严肃了。她生气地看着他，也不理会他的鞠躬，而是继续用脚打着拍子，一边数着："一、二、三——一、二、三。"声音比以往更响亮，更专横。

Karl Ivanitch paid no attention to this rudeness, but went, as usual, with German politeness to kiss Mamma's hand. She drew herself up, shook her head as though by the movement to chase away sad thoughts from her, and gave Karl her hand, kissing him on his wrinkled temple as he bent his head in salutation. "I thank you, dear Karl Ivanitch," she said in German, and then, still using the same language asked him how we (the children) had slept. Karl Ivanitch was deaf in one ear, and the added noise of the piano now prevented him from hearing anything at all. He moved nearer to the sofa, and, leaning one hand upon the table and lifting his cap above his head, said with, a smile which in those days always seemed to me the perfection of politeness: "You, will excuse me, will you not, Natalia Nicolaevna?"

卡尔·伊万内奇并不理会她的粗鲁，而是照常用德国式的礼节去亲吻母亲的手。母亲站起身，摇了摇头，似乎这样就能驱走那些忧伤的想法，她向卡尔·伊万内奇伸出手，在卡尔弯下腰的时候吻了吻他布满皱纹的额角。"谢谢你，亲爱的卡尔·伊万内奇。"母亲用德语说。然后，她又用同一种语言询问我们（孩子们）睡得如何。卡尔·伊万内奇一只耳朵不灵光，而钢琴的声音更是让他什么都听不见了。他走近沙发，一手扶着桌子，一手举起头上的帽子，带着一种那些日子里我一直觉得礼貌得无懈可击的微笑说道："纳塔莉娅·尼古拉耶芙娜，你会原谅我吧，对吗？"

The reason for this was that, to avoid catching cold, Karl never took off his red cap, but invariably asked permission, on entering the drawing-room, to retain it on his head.

他这样说是因为，为了避免感冒，卡尔从不拿掉他的红帽子，所以他每次进客厅都会毫无例外地请求允许他戴着帽子。

"Yes, pray replace it, Karl Ivanitch," said Mamma, bending towards him and raising her voice, "But I asked you whether the children had slept well?"

"没事，戴着吧，卡尔·伊万内奇。"母亲说着，向他弯下腰，并提高了声音，"不过我问你孩子们睡得好不好？"

Still he did not hear, but, covering his bald head again with the red cap, went on smiling more than ever.

但他还是没听见，而是重新在秃头上戴上了帽子，笑容更加灿烂了。

"Stop a moment, Mimi." said Mamma (now smiling also) to Maria Ivanovna. "It is impossible to hear anything."

“停一下，米米。”母亲仍然笑着，对玛利亚·伊万诺芙娜说道，“这样根本什么都听不清。”

How beautiful Mamma's face was when she smiled! It made her so infinitely more charming, and everything around her seemed to grow brighter! If in the more painful moments of my life I could have seen that smile before my eyes, I should never have known what grief is. In my opinion, it is in the smile of a face that the essence of what we call beauty lies. If the smile heightens the charm of the face, then the face is a beautiful one. If the smile does not alter the face, then the face is an ordinary one. But if the smile spoils the face, then the face is an ugly one indeed.

母亲微笑着的时候，她的脸庞是那么美丽！她的笑容使得她更加迷人了，她身边的一切也似乎更加明亮！如果我在生命中那些痛苦的时刻能看到这样的笑容，大概就不会知道什么是悲伤了。我想，我们常说的美丽就在于人们的笑容。如果笑容使得这张脸更有魅力，那么这就是一张美丽的脸。如果笑容并没有使脸发生变化，那么这就是一张普通的脸。但如果笑容破坏了这张脸，那么这的确是张丑陋的脸了。

Mamma took my head between her hands, bent it gently backwards, looked at me gravely, and said: "You have been crying this morning?"

母亲双手捧起我的头，温柔地将其后仰，她仔细地看了看我，问：“今天早上你哭过了吗？”

I did not answer. She kissed my eyes, and said again in German: "Why did you cry?"

我没有回答。她吻了吻我的眼睛，又用德语说道：“你为什么哭呢？”

When talking to us with particular intimacy she always used this language, which she knew to perfection.

当她跟我们亲密交谈的时候，就会用这门她十分精通的语言。

"I cried about a dream, Mamma" I replied, remembering the invented vision, and trembling involuntarily at the recollection.

“我为了一个梦而哭，母亲。”我回答道。想起今天早上想象出的场景，不由地颤抖起来。

Karl Ivanitch confirmed my words, but said nothing as to the subject of the dream. Then, after a little conversation on the weather, in which Mimi also took part, Mamma laid some lumps of sugar on the tray for one or two of the more privileged servants, and crossed

over to her embroidery frame, which stood near one of the windows.

卡尔·伊万内奇证实了我的话，但对于梦的内容什么都没说。然后，大家又谈了会儿天气，米米也参与了。母亲在托盘上放了几块糖给那一两个受到优待的仆人，接着穿过客厅走向她那立在窗边的刺绣架。

"Go to Papa now, children," she said, "and ask him to come to me before he goes to the home farm."

“去父亲那里吧，孩子们。”她说，“让他在去家庭农场前来我这里一趟。”

Then the music, the counting, and the wrathful looks from Mimi began again, and we went off to see Papa. Passing through the room which had been known ever since Grandpapa's time as "the pantry," we entered the study.

接着音乐、拍子，以及米米严厉的目光又回来了，我们离开了这里，去见父亲。穿过那个自爷爷那时起就作为“储藏室”的房间，我们进了书房。

CHAPTER III PAPA

第三章 父亲

He was standing near his writing-table, and pointing angrily to some envelopes, papers, and little piles of coin upon it as he addressed some observations to the bailiff, Jakoff Michaelovitch, who was standing in his usual place (that is to say, between the door and the barometer) and rapidly closing and unclosing the fingers of the hand which he held behind his back. The more angry Papa grew, the more rapidly did those fingers twirl, and when Papa ceased speaking they came to rest also. Yet, as soon as ever Jakoff himself began to talk, they flew here, there, and everywhere with lightning rapidity. These movements always appeared to me an index of Jakoff's secret thoughts, though his face was invariably placid, and expressive alike of dignity and submissiveness, as who should say, "I am right, yet let it be as you wish." On seeing us, Papa said, "Directly—wait a moment," and looked towards the door as a hint for it to be shut.

他正站在书桌旁，生气地指着桌子上的一堆信封、文件，还有上面的一小堆硬币，对站在老地方（就是门和晴雨表之间）的管家雅科夫·米哈伊洛夫说着什么；管家此时正背着双手，手指一会儿握起，一会儿松开。父亲越是生气，他的手指就扭动得越快，父亲不说了，他也不扭了。而雅科夫自己开始说话时，他的手便这儿那儿地到处飞舞，速度简直快如闪电。那些动作在我看来可以反映出雅科夫内心私密的想法，但他的脸还是一如既往地平静。他既意识到自己的尊严，也意识到自己是受人管的。好像在说：“我是对的，但就按照你的意愿做吧。”一看到我们，父亲便说：“马上就好——再等等。”然后他看向房门，示意谁去关上。

"Gracious heavens! What can be the matter with you today, Jakoff?" he went on with a hitch of one shoulder (a habit of his). "This envelope here with the 800 roubles enclosed,”—Jacob took out a set of tablets, put down “800” and remained looking at the figures while he waited for what was to come next—”is for expenses during my absence. Do you understand? From the mill you ought to receive 1000 roubles. Is not that so? And from the Treasury mortgage you ought to receive some 8000 roubles. From the hay—of which, according to your calculations, we shall be able to sell 7000 poods (The pood = 40 lbs.) at 45 copecks a piece there should come in 3000. Consequently the sum-total that you ought to have in hand soon is—how much?—12,000 roubles. Is that right?” "Precisely," answered Jakoff. Yet by the extreme rapidity with which his fingers were twitching I could see that he had an objection to make. Papa went on: "Well, of this money

you will send 10,000 roubles to the Petrovskoe local council, As for the money already at the office, you will remit it to me, and enter it as spent on this present date.”

“慈悲的上帝啊！你今天是怎么回事，雅科夫？”他耸了耸一边的肩膀（这是他的一个习惯）。“这信封装着800卢布，”——雅科夫拿出算盘，写下“800”，眼睛盯着着数字，等待着下文——“是用于我不在时的开销。你明白吗？从磨坊那里，你应该拿到1000卢布。不对吗？然后从国库那里你应该收到8000卢布的押金。干草那儿——按你的估计，应该能卖到7000普特（1普特 = 40磅），按45戈比1普特算，能进账3000卢布。这样算下来你手头一共能有多少？——12000卢布。对吧？”“是的。”雅科夫回答道。但他的手指飞快地扭动着，我想他会提出异议。父亲继续说道：“那么，你从这些钱里取10000卢布寄给彼得洛夫斯科耶当地的委员会。至于帐房里那些钱，你去拿给我，就当是今天的支出吧。”

Jakoff turned over the tablet marked “12,000," and put down “21,000”—seeming, by his action, to imply that 12,000 roubles had been turned over in the same fashion as he had turned the tablet. "And this envelope with the enclosed money," concluded Papa, "you will deliver for me to the person to whom it is addressed."

雅科夫把他在算盘上拨出的12000抹掉，打上21000，他这样做，像是表示那12000卢布就像是算珠一样被抹掉了。“这个装着钱的信封，”父亲最后说，“你就给我按照这上面的地址转交给那个人吧。”

I was standing close to the table, and could see the address. It was "To Karl Ivanitch Mayer." Perhaps Papa had an idea that I had read something which I ought not, for he touched my shoulder with his hand and made me aware, by a slight movement, that I must withdraw from the table. Not sure whether the movement was meant for a caress or a command, I kissed the large, sinewy hand which rested upon my shoulder.

我站得离书桌很近，可以看见那个地址。上面写着“给卡尔·伊万内奇·马叶尔。”父亲似乎是觉察到了我看了一些不该看的东西，于是他把手搭在我的肩上，轻轻地动了一下，示意我离开书桌。我不是很清楚那样的动作是爱抚还是命令，但我还是亲吻了我肩上那只宽大有力的手。

"Very well," said Jakoff. "And what are your orders about the accounts for the money from Chabarovska?" (Chabarovska was Mamma's village.)

“是，”雅科夫说，“现在您对哈巴洛夫卡那边的账目还有什么吩咐吗？”哈巴洛夫卡是母亲的庄园。

"Only that they are to remain in my office, and not to be taken thence without my express instructions."

“存在我的账房里，没有我的指示不许挪用。”

For a minute or two Jakoff was silent. Then his fingers began to twitch with extraordinary rapidity, and, changing the expression of deferential vacancy with which he had listened to his orders for one of shrewd intelligence, he turned his tablets back and spoke.

有那么一会儿雅科夫很沉默。然后他的手指动得更快了。他不再是那副聆听命令时毕恭毕敬的呆模样，而是显出了精明的本性，他拉近算盘，开口说道：

"Will you allow me to inform you, Peter Alexandritch," he said, with frequent pauses between his words, "that, however much you wish it, it is out of the question to repay the local council now. You enumerated some items, I think, as to what ought to come in from the mortgage, the mill, and the hay (he jotted down each of these items on his tablets again as he spoke). Yet I fear that we must have made a mistake somewhere in the accounts." Here he paused a while, and looked gravely at Papa.

“请允许我报告，彼得·亚力山德雷奇，”他说道，不时地停顿一下，“不管你怎么想，但当地委员会那笔钱现在无法偿还。你列举了一些款项，我们能有所进账，比如押金、磨坊和干草（他一边说一边在算盘上记录了每一个项目）。但恐怕我们什么地方算错了。”说到这里他停了一会儿，严肃地看着父亲。

"How so?"

“怎么会这样？”

"Well, will you be good enough to look for yourself? There is the account for the mill. The miller has been to me twice to ask for time, and I am afraid that he has no money whatever in hand. He is here now. Would you like to speak to him?"

“那么，你自己看看，好吗？这是磨坊的账目。磨坊老板来找过我两次，请求延期付款，我猜想他手头儿根本没钱。他现在就在这儿。你要跟他谈谈吗？”

"No. Tell me what he says," replied Papa, showing by a movement of his head that he had no desire to have speech with the miller.

“不了。告诉我他是怎么说的。”父亲回答说。他的头动了一下，表示他不想跟磨坊老板说话。

"Well, it is easy enough to guess what he says. He declares that there is no grinding to be got now, and that his last remaining money has gone to pay for the dam. What good would it do for us to turn him out? As to what you were pleased to say about the mortgage, you yourself are aware that your money there is locked up and cannot be recovered at a moment's notice. I was sending a load of flour to Ivan Afanovitch today, and sent him a letter as well, to which he replies

that he would have been glad to oblige you, Peter Alexandritch, were it not that the matter is out of his hands now, and that all the circumstances show that it would take you at least two months to withdraw the money. From the hay I understood you to estimate a return of 3000 roubles?" (Here Jakoff jotted down "3000" on his tablets, and then looked for a moment from the figures to Papa with a peculiar expression on his face.) "Well, surely you see for yourself how little that is? And even then we should lose if we were to sell the stuff now, for you must know that—"

"好，其实很容易猜到他说了什么。他说现在根本没什么磨坊生意，而他最后的钱都用在大坝上了。如果我们把他赶走，又能得到什么好处呢？至于您说的押金，您自己也清楚您的钱被冻结了，短时间内收不回来。今天我给伊万·阿凡纳西奇运去一车面粉，还附了一封信。他回复说，如果现在事情都在他的控制之中，他很高兴为您，彼得·亚力山德雷奇效劳；但所有的情况都表明您至少要等两个月才能拿回这笔钱。然后干草上您说能收到3000卢布？"雅科夫又在记事本上写出"3000"，他看看数字，又看看父亲，脸上带着奇特的表情。"那么，您也清楚这是多么少的数目。再说，如果我们现在就卖出去，还会赔本，因为您一定也知道——"

It was clear that he would have had many other arguments to adduce had not Papa interrupted him.

显然，如果不是父亲打断他的话，他还会列举出许多理由来。

"I cannot make any change in my arrangements," said Papa. "Yet if there should REALLY have to be any delay in the recovery of these sums, we could borrow what we wanted from the Chabarovska funds."

"我不会改变我的安排的。"父亲说，"即使收回这些账目真的会有什么延误，我们还能用哈巴洛夫卡那笔钱。"

"Very well, sir." The expression of Jakoff's face and the way in which he twitched his fingers showed that this order had given him great satisfaction. He was a serf, and a most zealous, devoted one, but, like all good bailiffs, exacting and parsimonious to a degree in the interests of his master. Moreover, he had some queer notions of his own. He was forever endeavouring to increase his master's property at the expense of his mistress's, and to prove that it would be impossible to avoid using the rents from her estates for the benefit of Petrovskoe (my father's village, and the place where we lived). This point he had now gained and was delighted in consequence.

"是，先生。"雅科夫脸上的表情和他扭动手指的方式表明他对于这样的安排很满意。他本来是个农奴，而且非常热情忠诚。不过，跟所有的好管家一样，他会为了主人的利益，变得十分苛刻而节俭。而且他还

有着一些奇怪的想法。他总是竭力以牺牲女主人的财产为代价来增加男主人的财产。所以他极力证明，不得不用母亲的地产来补贴彼得洛夫斯科耶的开销（也就是我们现在居住着的父亲的庄园）。这个目的他已经达到了，并且很满意这样的结果。

Papa then greeted ourselves, and said that if we stayed much longer in the country we should become lazy boys; that we were growing quite big now, and must set about doing lessons in earnest,

父亲问候了我们，还说如果我们再在乡下呆着会变懒散的；他说我们现在已经长大了，必须开始认真学习了。

"I suppose you know that I am starting for Moscow tonight?" he went on, "and that I am going to take you with me? You will live with Grandmamma, but Mamma and the girls will remain here. You know, too, I am sure, that Mamma's one consolation will be to hear that you are doing your lessons well and pleasing every one around you."

“我想你们知道今晚我要出发去莫斯科了吧？”他说道，“并且会带上你们。到时候你们跟外祖母住在一起，不过母亲和女孩子们会留在这里。我肯定你们也知道，你们优秀的成绩和让人满意的表现对于母亲来说将是一种安慰。”

The preparations which had been in progress for some days past had made us expect some unusual event, but this news left us thunderstruck, Woloda turned red, and, with a shaking voice, delivered Mamma's message to Papa.

这些天来的准备已经渐渐令我们察觉到有什么不寻常的事要发生，但这个消息还是使沃恩震惊不已，沃洛达的脸变得通红，然后用颤抖的声音转达了母亲让捎的口信。

"So this was what my dream foreboded!" I thought to myself. "God send that there come nothing worse!" I felt terribly sorry to have to leave Mamma, but at the same rejoiced to think that I should soon be grown up, "If we are going today, we shall probably have no lessons to do, and that will be splendid. However, I am sorry for Karl Ivanitch, for he will certainly be dismissed now. That was why that envelope had been prepared for him. I think I would almost rather stay and do lessons here than leave Mamma or hurt poor Karl. He is miserable enough already."

“原来我那个梦就预示着这个！”我暗暗地想，“上帝保佑千万别有什么更糟糕的事情了！”我十分不愿意离开母亲，但同时又高兴我很快就能长大了。“如果我们今天走的话，我们就不用做功课了，那简直太棒了。但是，我为卡尔·伊万内奇感到难过，因为他一定会被辞退的。所以才会准备那个信封给他。我想我简直宁愿留在这儿一直学下去，而不是离开母亲，或是伤害可怜的卡尔。他已经够悲惨的了。”

As these thoughts crossed my mind, I stood looking sadly at the black ribbons on my shoes. After a few words to Karl Ivanitch about the depression of the barometer and an injunction to Jakoff not to feed the hounds, since a farewell meet was to be held after luncheon, Papa disappointed my hopes by sending us off to lessons—though he also consoled us by promising to take us out hunting later. On my way upstairs I made a digression to the terrace. Near the door leading on to it Papa's favourite hound, Milka, was lying in the sun and blinking her eyes.

这些思绪掠过我的脑海，我悲伤地站着，看着鞋带。父亲又跟卡尔·伊万内奇说了几句晴雨表下降的事，吩咐雅科夫不要去喂猎犬，因为午宴过后我们要去向它们辞行。然后，父亲打消了我的希望，他让我们去上课——不过也安慰我们说会带我们出去打猎。上楼的时候，我顺便跑到平台上。在通向平台的门边，父亲最喜欢的那只猎狗米尔卡正躺在那儿眨着眼睛晒太阳。

"Miloshka," I cried as I caressed her and kissed her nose, "we are going away today. Goodbye. Perhaps we shall never see each other again." I was crying and laughing at the same time.

“米尔卡，”我抚摸着它，吻着它的鼻子喊道，“我们今天就要离开这里了。再见。也许我们再也不会见面了。”一时间，我又哭又笑。

CHAPTER IV LESSONS

第四章 上课

Karl Ivanitch was in a bad temper. This was clear from his contracted brows, and from the way in which he flung his frockcoat into a drawer, angrily donned his old dressing-gown again, and made deep dints with his nails to mark the place in the book of dialogues to which we were to learn by heart. Woloda began working diligently, but I was too distracted to do anything at all. For a long while I stared vacantly at the book; but tears at the thought of the impending separation kept rushing to my eyes and preventing me from reading a single word. When at length the time came to repeat the dialogues to Karl (who listened to us with blinking eyes—a very bad sign), I had no sooner reached the place where some one asks, "Wo kommen Sie her?" ("Where do you come from?") and some one else answers him, "Ich komme vom Kaffeehaus" (“I come from the coffee-house”), than I burst into tears and, for sobbing, could not pronounce, "Haben Sie die Zeitung nicht gelesen?" ("Have you not read the newspaper?") at all.

卡尔·伊万内奇现在心情显然很不好。这不仅可以从他紧锁的眉头和把大衣扔进柜子里的方式看出来。而且他还怒气冲冲地穿上长袍，用指甲在会话课本上画出深深的痕迹，标示出要求我们熟记的地方。沃洛达开始勤奋地学习，但我根本没法集中精神做事。很长一段时间我盯着书，脑子里一片空白，想到即将到来的离别，眼泪便不停地往下流，一个字也看不进去。当最后轮到我向卡尔复述那段对话的时候，他眨着眼睛听着（这是个不好的预兆），我还没找到地方，就听到有人问道："Wo kommen Sie her? "（“你从哪里来？”）另一个人回答："Ich komme wom Kaffeehaus"（“从咖啡馆来。”）这时，我的眼泪就夺眶而出，我抽泣着，根本没法说出"Haben Sie die Zeitung nicht gelesen？"(“你还没看报纸吗？”)

Next, when we came to our writing lesson, the tears kept falling from my eyes and, making a mess on the paper, as though some one had written on blotting-paper with water, Karl was very angry. He ordered me to go down upon my knees, declared that it was all obstinacy and "puppet-comedy playing" (a favourite expression of his) on my part, threatened me with the ruler, and commanded me to say that I was sorry. Yet for sobbing and crying I could not get a word out. At last—conscious, perhaps, that he was unjust—he departed to Nicola's pantry, and slammed the door behind him. Nevertheless their conversation there carried to the schoolroom.

接着，在我们开始上写字课的时候，我的泪水止不住地流，弄得满

纸字迹斑驳，好像是有人用水在吸墨纸上写字一样。卡尔十分生气。他罚我去跪着，说我太固执，太装腔作势（这是他的口头禅）。他用戒尺威吓我，要我道歉。但是我哽咽着，一个字也说不出来。最后——大概是意识到自己的不公平——他走进尼科拉的房间，砰地关上了门。不过在教室里还是能听到他们的谈话。

"Have you heard that the children are going to Moscow, Nicola?" said Karl.

“你听说孩子们要去莫斯科了吗，尼科拉？”卡尔问。

"Yes. How could I help hearing it?"

“是的，我怎么可能没听说呢？”

At this point Nicola seemed to get up for Karl said, "Sit down, Nicola," and then locked the door. However, I came out of my corner and crept to the door to listen.

这时，尼科拉好像站起来了，因为卡尔说：“坐下，尼科拉。”然后他们锁上了门。不过我从跪着的角落爬到门口继续听着。

"However much you may do for people, and however fond of them you may be, never expect any gratitude, Nicola," said Karl warmly. Nicola, who was shoe-cobbling by the window, nodded his head in assent.

“不管你为他们做了多少，不管你多么忠于他们，也别指望得到一点感激，尼科拉。”卡尔温和地说道。正在窗边补鞋子的尼科拉，赞同地点了点头。

"Twelve years have I lived in this house," went on Karl, lifting his eyes and his snuff-box towards the ceiling, "and before God I can say that I have loved them, and worked for them, even more than if they had been my own children. You recollect, Nicola, when Woloda had the fever? You recollect how, for nine days and nights, I never closed my eyes as I sat beside his bed? Yes, at that time I was 'the dear, good Karl Ivanitch'—I was wanted then; but now”—and he smiled ironically—” the children are growing up, and must go to study in earnest. Perhaps they never learnt anything with me, Nicola? Eh?”

“我在这里生活了十二年了，”卡尔抬起眼睛望着天花板，拿起鼻烟壶，继续说道，“我可以在上帝面前起誓我爱他们，照顾他们，甚至超过了自己的孩子。你还记得吧，尼科拉，当沃洛达发高烧的时候？你应该记得，那九天九夜，我是怎样守在他的床前没有合眼的。是的，那个时候我是‘亲爱的善良的卡尔·伊万内奇’——那个时候我是被需要的；但是现在”——他自嘲地笑了笑——“孩子们长大了，必须认真学习了。似乎他们跟着我从没学到任何东西，尼科拉，是吗？”

"I am sure they did," replied Nicola, laying his awl down and straightening a piece of thread with his hands.

“我确定他们一定学到了东西。”尼科拉放下了锥子，双手拉着麻绳说道。

"No, I am wanted no longer, and am to be turned out. What good are promises and gratitude? Natalia Nicolaevna"—here he laid his hand upon his heart— I love and revere, but what can SHE I do here? Her will is powerless in this house.”

“不，我不再被需要了，我会被赶出去的。承诺和感激有什么用呢？纳塔莉娅·尼古拉耶芙娜，”说到这儿他把手放在胸前，“我爱她敬她，但是她又能怎么样呢？她的意愿在这座房子里无足轻重。”

He flung a strip of leather on the floor with an angry gesture. "Yet I know who has been playing tricks here, and why I am no longer wanted. It is because I do not flatter and toady as certain people do. I am in the habit of speaking the truth in all places and to all persons," he continued proudly, "God be with these children, for my leaving them will benefit them little, whereas I—well, by God's help I may be able to earn a crust of bread somewhere. Nicola, eh?"

他用一个愤怒的动作把一小片碎皮扔到了地上。“不过我知道是谁在玩花招，使我不再被需要。因为我不像某些人那样会逢迎拍马。不管在哪儿，我总是对人们讲真话。”他骄傲地继续说道，“上帝跟这些孩子同在，我的离开对他们没什么好处，而我呢——上帝也许能帮我在哪儿谋到一块面包的。尼科拉，是不是？”

Nicola raised his head and looked at Karl as though to consider whether he would indeed be able to earn a crust of bread, but he said nothing. Karl said a great deal more of the same kind—in particular how much better his services had been appreciated at a certain general's where he had formerly lived (I regretted to hear that). Likewise he spoke of Saxony, his parents, his friend the tailor, Schonheit (beauty), and so on.

尼科拉抬起头看着卡尔，似乎在考虑他是不是真的能挣到一块面包，但他什么都没说。卡尔还说了很多其他类似的话，还特别提到他曾经在某位将军家里干活，他的服务是怎样被赏识（听到这个，我很难过）。然后他还说到了萨克森、他的父母、他的裁缝朋友会恩海特（是个美女），等等。

I sympathised with his distress, and felt dreadfully sorry that he and Papa (both of whom I loved about equally) had had a difference. Then I returned to my corner, crouched down upon my heels, and fell to thinking how a reconciliation between them might be effected.

我对他的悲伤感到同情，并且为父亲和卡尔的分歧感到难过。他们是我同样敬爱的人。然后我又回到了我的角落里跪下，开始考虑什么样的调解可能会起作用。

Returning to the study, Karl ordered me to get up and prepare to write from dictation. When I was ready he sat down with a dignified air in his armchair, and in a voice which seemed to come from a profound abyss began to dictate: "Von al-len Lei-den-shaf-ten die grau-samste ist. Have you written that?" He paused, took a pinch of snuff, and began again: "Die grausamste ist die Un-dank-bar-keit (The most cruel of all passions is ingratitude.) a capital U, mind."

卡尔回到了教室，让我起身准备好做听写练习。我准备好后，他便威严地坐在扶手椅上，以一种似乎是发自内心深处的声音开始说道："Von al-len Lei-den-shaf-ten die grau-samste ist.写下来了吗？"他停了一下，吸了一点鼻烟，又说道："Die grausamste ist die Un-dank-bar-keit(最可怕的是忘恩负义。)记得U要大写。"

The last word written, I looked at him, for him to go on.

我写下最后一个单词，看着他，等他继续。

"Punctum" (stop), he concluded, with a faintly perceptible smile, as he signed to us to hand him our copy-books.

"Punctum(句号）。"他结束了听写，带着一丝不易察觉的微笑，示意我们交上练习本。

Several times, and in several different tones, and always with an expression of the greatest satisfaction, did he read out that sentence, which expressed his predominant thought at the moment. Then he set us to learn a lesson in history, and sat down near the window. His face did not look so depressed now, but, on the contrary, expressed eloquently the satisfaction of a man who had avenged himself for an injury dealt him.

他把那句话用不同的声调读了好几遍，一直带着极其满足的表情。这句话表达了他当时主要的想法。然后他便坐在窗边，开始给我们上历史课。他的脸色不像刚才那么沮丧了，而是流露出一个受到伤害的、给自己出了气的人的得意神情。

By this time it was a quarter to one o'clock, but Karl Ivanitch never thought of releasing us. He merely set us a new lesson to learn. My fatigue and hunger were increasing in equal proportions, so that I eagerly followed every sign of the approach of luncheon. First came the housemaid with a cloth to wipe the plates. Next, the sound of crockery resounded in the dining room, as the table was moved and chairs placed round it. After that, Mimi, Lubotshka, and Katenka (Katenka was Mimi's daughter, and twelve years old) came in from the garden, but Foka (the servant who always used to come and announce luncheon) was not yet to be seen. Only when he entered was it lawful to throw one's books aside and run downstairs.

现在是十二点四十五分，但卡尔根本不想让我们下课。他又开始讲新的一课。我的疲惫和饥饿一同增长着，所以我迫切地追寻着一切午餐即将开始的迹象。先是一个女仆拿着一块布去擦盘子。然后餐具的声音就在餐厅里响起来，接着是桌子移动的声音，和在周围布置椅子的声音。之后，米米、露博奇卡和卡简卡（米米十二岁的女儿）从花园里走了出来。但是福加（一向来宣布午餐开始的仆人）却迟迟不出现。只有他来了我们才能扔了书本，跑下楼去。

Hark! Steps resounded on the staircase, but they were not Foka's. Foka's I had learnt to study, and knew the creaking of his boots well. The door opened, and a figure unknown to me made its appearance.

听！楼梯上响起了脚步声，但不是福加。我十分熟悉福加的脚步，能听得出他靴子发出的嘎吱嘎吱的声音。教室的门开了，一个我从没见过的人出现了。

CHAPTER V THE IDIOT

第五章 愚者

The man who now entered the room was about fifty years old, with a pale, attenuated face pitted with smallpox, long grey hair, and a scanty beard of a reddish hue. Likewise he was so tall that, on coming through the doorway, he was forced not only to bend his head, but to incline his whole body forward. He was dressed in a sort of smock that was much torn, and held in his hand a stout staff. As he entered he smote this staff upon the floor, and, contracting his brows and opening his mouth to its fullest extent, laughed in a dreadful, unnatural way. He had lost the sight of one eye, and its colourless pupil kept rolling about and imparting to his hideous face an even more repellent expression than it otherwise bore.

进入房间的这个男人大约五十岁，一张苍白瘦长的脸上有天花留下的疤痕；他留着长长的灰白头发和略略发红的稀疏胡子。他很高，所以进门的时候，不仅要低下头，连整个身子都要弯下来。他穿着一件破布衫，手里拄着一根结实的拐杖。他用拐杖敲打着地板走进屋子，皱起眉毛，嘴咧得特别大，发出非常可怕，非常不自然的哈哈大笑声。他一只眼睛瞎了，只剩下白色的瞳孔不停地转来转去，使那张原本就很丑陋的脸变得更让人讨厌了。

"Hullo, you are caught!" he exclaimed as he ran to Woloda with little short steps and, seizing him round the head, looked at it searchingly. Next he left him, went to the table, and, with a perfectly serious expression on his face, began to blow under the oil-cloth, and to make the sign of the cross over it, "O-oh, what a pity! O-oh, how it hurts! They are angry! They fly from me!" he exclaimed in a tearful choking voice as he glared at Woloda and wiped away the streaming tears with his sleeve. His voice was harsh and rough, all his movements hysterical and spasmodic, and his words devoid of sense or connection (for he used no conjunctions). Yet the tone of that voice was so heartrending, and his yellow, deformed face at times so sincere and pitiful in its expression, that, as one listened to him, it was impossible to repress a mingled sensation of pity, grief, and fear.

“哈，抓到你了！”他大叫着，小步跑向沃洛达，抓住他的圆脑袋，仔细地看他的头顶。之后他带着无比严肃的表情离开了沃洛达，走向桌子，开始向油布底下吹气，还在油布上画十字。“哦，太可怜了！哦，真痛苦！它们生气了！它们从我这儿飞走了！”他怒视着沃洛达，一边大声哭喊着，一边用袖子擦去涌出的眼泪。他的嗓音粗重而刺耳，他的动作激动而狂乱，他的话语毫无意义又缺乏逻辑（他不用连词）。只是，那

样的嗓音如此让人心碎，他枯黄丑陋的脸庞不时显示出如此诚挚又悲哀的神情，所以当听他讲话的时候，没有谁能克制住那种遗憾、悲伤而又恐惧的复杂心情。

This was the idiot Grisha. Whence he had come, or who were his parents, or what had induced him to choose the strange life which he led, no one ever knew. All that I myself knew was that from his fifteenth year upwards he had been known as an imbecile who went barefooted both in winter and summer, visited convents, gave little images to any one who cared to take them, and spoke meaningless words which some people took for prophecies; that nobody remembered him as being different; that at, rare intervals he used to call at Grandmamma's house; and that by some people he was said to be the outcast son of rich parents and a pure, saintly soul, while others averred that he was a mere peasant and an idler.

这就是愚者格里沙。没有人知道他从哪里来，他的父母是谁，是什么让他过上了现在这种奇怪的生活。我只知道，从十五岁起，他就是大家所说的低能。不管冬夏他都赤着脚去修道院，把小圣像送给想要的人们，并说一些难懂的话，还被一些人当作预言。从来没有人见过他是另外的样子。有几次他曾去拜访外祖母家。有些人说他是被遗弃的富家子，有着纯净圣洁的灵魂；还有些人说他只是个懒惰的农夫。

At last the punctual and wished-for Foka arrived, and we went downstairs. Grisha followed us sobbing and continuing to talk nonsense, and knocking his staff on each step of the staircase. When we entered the drawing-room we found Papa and Mamma walking up and down there, with their hands clasped in each other's, and talking in low tones. Maria Ivanovna was sitting bolt upright in an armchair placed at tight angles to the sofa, and giving some sort of a lesson to the two girls sitting beside her. When Karl Ivanitch entered the room she looked at him for a moment, and then turned her eyes away with an expression which seemed to say, "You are beneath my notice, Karl Ivanitch." It was easy to see from the girls' eyes that they had important news to communicate to us as soon as an opportunity occurred (for to leave their seats and approach us first was contrary to Mimi's rules). It was for us to go to her and say, "Bon jour, Mimi," and then make her a low bow; after which we should possibly be permitted to enter into conversation with the girls.

终于，一向守时的福卡在我们的苦苦等待中出现了，我们奔下楼去。格里沙跟着我们，还在抽泣着说着什么，用拐杖敲打着每一层台阶。我们走进客厅时看到父亲母亲正在走来走去，他们彼此握着手，低声交谈着。玛利亚·伊万诺芙娜直直地坐在与沙发呈直角的一张扶手椅上，给身边的两个女孩子讲着课。卡尔·伊万内奇进来的时候，她看了他一会儿，然后又把目光移开了，那神情似乎在说：“你根本不值得我注意，卡尔·伊万内奇。”女孩们的眼神显然在告诉我们，她们一有机会便

会有重要的消息要跟我们讲（因为离开她们的座位，到我们这来，会违反米米的规定）。我们得先走到米米面前说："您好，米米。"接着向她浅浅地鞠躬；然后才有可能被允许跟女孩子们说话。

What an intolerable creature that Mimi was! One could hardly say a word in her presence without being found fault with. Also whenever we wanted to speak in Russian, she would say, "Parlez, donc, francais," as though on purpose to annoy us, while, if there was any particularly nice dish at luncheon which we wished to enjoy in peace, she would keep on ejaculating, "Mangez, donc, avec du pain!" or, "Comment est-ce que vous tenez votre fourchette?" "What has SHE got to do with us?" I used to think to myself."Let her teach the girls. WE have our Karl Ivanitch." I shared to the full his dislike of "certain people."

米米实在是个让人无法忍受的女人！每个人在她面前说话，都能被她挑出错来。而且我们想用俄语说话时，她就会说："说法语。"似乎有意要惹我们生气。午餐时，当我们想要安静地享用某道精美菜肴时，她仍会继续喋喋不休地说："就着面包吃吧！"或者"你这叉子是怎么拿的？""她跟我们到底有什么关系呢？"我常常想，"让她教女孩子们吧。我们有卡尔·伊万内奇。"我跟他在厌恶"某些人"方面十分地相似。

"Ask Mamma to let us go hunting too," Katenka whispered to me, as she caught me by the sleeve just when the elders of the family were making a move towards the dining room.

"去跟母亲说说也让我们去打猎吧。"当家里的大人们朝餐厅走去时，卡简卡拉着我的袖子悄悄地对我说道。

"Very well. I will try."

"好的，我试试。"

Grisha likewise took a seat in the dining room, but at a little table apart from the rest. He never lifted his eyes from his plate, but kept on sighing and making horrible grimaces, as he muttered to himself: "What a pity! It has flown away! The dove is flying to heaven! The stone lies on the tomb!" and so forth.

格里沙也在餐厅里有一席之地，不过他用的是一张单独的小桌子。他的眼睛一直盯着自己的盘子，不停地叹气并做出痛苦的表情，喃喃自语道："太可惜了！它飞走了！鸽子飞向天堂了！坟墓上有一块石头！"诸如此类。

Ever since the morning Mamma had been absent-minded, and Grisha's presence, words, and actions seemed to make her more so.

从那天早上起，母亲就心不在焉的，而格里沙的出现和他的话语行动更使得母亲心烦意乱。

"By the way, there is something I forgot to ask you," she said, as she handed Papa a plate of soup.

“对了，有件事我忘了问你。”她说着，递给父亲一盘汤。

"What is it?"

“什么事？”

"That you will have those dreadful dogs of yours tied up, They nearly worried poor Grisha to death when he entered the courtyard, and I am sure they will bite the children some day."

“你得把你那些可怕的狗拴好。格里沙走进院子时差点被它们吓个半死，而且我想它们可能会咬到孩子们。”

No sooner did Grisha hear himself mentioned that he turned towards our table and showed us his torn clothes. Then, as he went on with his meal, he said: "He would have let them tear me in pieces, but God would not allow it! What a sin to let the dogs loose—a great sin! But do not beat him, master; do not beat him! It is for God to forgive! It is past now!”

格里沙一听到这边提到自己，就立刻转向我们的桌子，给我们看他被撕破的衣服。然后他接着吃饭，说道：“他想让它们把我咬死，但上帝是不允许的！不把狗拴起来是多么严重的罪孽啊——十分严重！但别打他，主人；别打他！上帝原谅他了！都过去了！”

"What does he say?" said Papa, looking at him gravely and sternly. "I cannot understand him at all."

“他在说什么？”父亲严厉地看着他问道，“我根本听不懂。”

"I think he is saying," replied Mamma, "that one of the huntsmen set the dogs on him, but that God would not allow him to be torn in pieces. Therefore he begs you not to punish the man."

“我想他是在说，”母亲回答道，“某个猎人放狗咬他，但上帝没让他被撕碎，因此他请求你别惩罚那个人。”

"Oh, is that it?" said Papa, "How does he know that I intended to punish the huntsman? You know, I am not very fond of fellows like this," he added in French, "and this one offends me particularly. Should it ever happen that—”

“哦，是这样吗？”父亲说，“他怎么知道我想要惩罚那个猎人的？你知道，我并不很喜欢这样的家伙。”他用法语补充道，“而这一个，尤其让我恼火。如果碰巧——”

"Oh, don't say so," interrupted Mamma, as if frightened by some thought. "How can you know what he is?"

“哦，别这样说。”父亲打断了他的话，似乎被什么想法吓到了，“你怎么知道他是谁？”

"I think I have plenty of opportunities for doing so, since no lack

of them come to see you—all of them the same sort, and probably all with the same story.”

“我想我有足够多的机会这样做，既然他们全都来看你——他们都是同一类的人，几乎都有同样的经历。”

I could see that Mamma's opinion differed from his, but that she did not mean to quarrel about it.

我能看出来母亲对此持有不同看法，但她并不打算继续争吵下去。

"Please hand me the cakes," she said to him, "Are they good today or not?"

“请把蛋糕递给我。”她对他说，“今天的蛋糕好吃吗？”

"Yes, I AM angry," he went on as he took the cakes and put them where Mamma could not reach them, "very angry at seeing supposedly reasonable and educated people let themselves be deceived," and he struck the table with his fork.

“是的，我生气了。”他拿起蛋糕放到母亲根本够不到的地方，继续说道，“看到本应该是理智、有教养的人却让他们自己上了当，我很生气。”他用叉子敲着桌子。

"I asked you to hand me the cakes," she repeated with outstretched hand.

“我让你把蛋糕给我。”母亲伸出手重复着。

"And it is a good thing," Papa continued as he put the hand aside, "that the police run such vagabonds in. All they are good for is to play upon the nerves of certain people who are already not over-strong in that respect," and he smiled, observing that Mamma did not like the conversation at all. However, he handed her the cakes.

“这是件好事。”父亲不理会母亲伸出的手，“警察把那些流浪汉抓起来，真是好事。他们能做的只是让一些人本来就不强壮的神经变得更加脆弱。”他笑了笑，意识到母亲并不喜欢这个话题。不过，他还是把蛋糕递给了她。

"All that I have to say," she replied, "is that one can hardly believe that a man who, though sixty years of age, goes barefooted winter and summer, and always wears chains of two pounds' weight, and never accepts the offers made to him to live a quiet, comfortable life—it is difficult to believe that such a man should act thus out of laziness.” Pausing a moment, she added with a sigh, "As to predictions, je suis payee pour y croire, I told you, I think, that Grisha prophesied the very day and hour of poor Papa's death?"

“我想说的就是，”她回答道，“很少有人能相信，一个年逾花甲的人，会不论冬夏都赤着脚走路，还戴着两磅重的链子，而且他从不接受

那些能使他生活得平静舒适的援助——很难相信这样的一个人是因为懒惰才这样生活的。”停了一会，她又叹息着补充道：“至于预言，我是吃过苦头才相信的。我记得我跟你说过，格里沙准确地预言了父亲去世的日期和时间。”

"Oh, what have you gone and done?" said Papa, laughing and putting his hand to his cheek (whenever he did this I used to look for something particularly comical from him). "Why did you call my attention to his feet? I looked at them, and now can eat nothing more."

“哦，你都做了些什么？”父亲说，大笑着用一只手支撑着脸颊（每当他这么做的时候，我都想从他那里等到一些笑料）。“你为什么要让我注意到他的脚呢？我看到了它们，现在根本吃不下饭了。”

Luncheon was over now, and Lubotshka and Katenka were winking at us, fidgeting about in their chairs, and showing great restlessness. The winking, of course, signified, "Why don't you ask whether we too may go to the hunt?" I nudged Woloda, and Woloda nudged me back, until at last I took heart of grace, and began (at first shyly, but gradually with more assurance) to ask if it would matter much if the girls too were allowed to enjoy the sport. Thereupon a consultation was held among the elder folks, and eventually leave was granted—Mamma, to make things still more delightful, saying that she would come too.

午餐结束了，露博奇卡和卡简卡都朝我们使眼色，她们在自己的座位上不安分地动来动去。那眼色当然是在说：“你们怎么不问母亲我们是不是也能去打猎呢？”我用胳膊肘轻轻推了推沃洛达，沃洛达也轻轻推了推我，最后我鼓起勇气问道（刚开始比较羞涩，后来渐渐坚定起来）是否能让女孩子们也跟我们一起去打猎。于是大人们讨论了一下，最后同意了——而更令人高兴的是，母亲说她也要一起去。

CHAPTER VI PREPARATIONS FOR THE CHASE

第六章 准备打猎

During dessert Jakoff had been sent for, and orders given him to have ready the carriage, the hounds, and the saddle-horses—every detail being minutely specified, and every horse called by its own particular name. As Woloda's usual mount was lame, Papa ordered a "hunter" to be saddled for him; which term, "hunter" so horrified Mamma's ears, that she imagined it to be some kind of an animal which would at once run away and bring about Woloda's death. Consequently, in spite of all Papa's and Woloda's assurances (the latter glibly affirming that it was nothing, and that he liked his horse to go fast), poor Mamma continued to exclaim that her pleasure would be quite spoilt for her.

吃甜点的时候，雅科夫被唤来了，让他准备好车辆、猎狗和套好的马匹——每个细节都做了详细的说明，连马也是一匹一匹点了名的。由于沃洛达常用的马瘸了，父亲点了一匹叫“猎手”的马给他。而母亲觉得“猎手”这个词有点可怕，总让她联想到某种会马上跑掉的野兽，她担心沃洛达会被摔死。结果，尽管父亲和沃洛达都保证不会有事（沃洛达还伶牙俐齿地保证说那不算什么，而且他喜欢跑得快的马），可怜的母亲却说她出游的心情都会为此遭到破坏。

When luncheon was over, the grown-ups had coffee in the study, while we younger ones ran into the garden and went chattering along the undulating paths with their carpet of yellow leaves. We talked about Woloda's riding a hunter and said what a shame it was that Lubotshka, could not run as fast as Katenka, and what fun it would be if we could see Grisha's chains, and so forth; but of the impending separation we said not a word. Our chatter was interrupted by the sound of the carriage driving up, with a village urchin perched on each of its springs. Behind the carriage rode the huntsmen with the hounds, and they, again, were followed by the groom Ignat on the steed intended for Woloda, with my old horse trotting alongside. After running to the garden fence to get a sight of all these interesting objects, and indulging in a chorus of whistling and hallooing, we rushed upstairs to dress—our one aim being to make ourselves look as like the huntsmen as possible. The obvious way to do this was to tuck one's breeches inside one's boots. We lost no time over it all, for we were in a hurry to run to the entrance steps again there to feast our eyes upon the horses and hounds, and to have a chat with the huntsmen. The day was exceedingly warm while, though clouds of fantastic shape had been gathering on the horizon since morning and

driving before a light breeze across the sun, it was clear that, for all their menacing blackness, they did not really intend to form a thunderstorm and spoil our last day's pleasure. Moreover, towards afternoon some of them broke, grew pale and elongated, and sank to the horizon again, while others of them changed to the likeness of white transparent fish-scales. In the east, over Maslovska, a single lurid mass was louring, but Karl Ivanitch (who always seemed to know the ways of the heavens) said that the weather would still continue to be fair and dry.

午餐结束后，大人们在书房里喝咖啡，我们小孩子便跑到花园里，踏着落满黄叶的蜿蜒小径，絮絮叨叨地说话。我们谈到了有关沃洛达要骑“猎手”的事，说露博奇卡没有卡简卡跑得快，是一件很丢人的事，还说如果能看到格里沙的链子就会是一件有趣的事等等。但是对于即将到来的离别，我们什么都没说。不过我们的谈话被马车到来的声音打断了，马车的每个弹簧座位上都坐着一个小农奴。马车的后面是骑着马的猎人们和猎狗，他们的后面是车夫伊格纳特，正骑着要给沃洛达的坐骑，而我的马在一边小跑着。我们跑到花园的栅栏边看到了这些有趣的场景，并沉浸在一片呼哨声和高喊声中。然后我们跑上楼去换衣服——目标就是要跟那些猎人们穿得越像越好。最好的方法就是把马裤塞进靴子里。我们立刻行动起来，因为我们都急着跑去门口看那些马和猎狗，好大饱眼福，并且还能跟猎人们聊聊天。那天非常温暖，从早晨起，形状奇特的云就在地平线上不断聚积，又在微风的吹拂下掠过太阳。很显然，虽然它们显示出可怕的黑色，但并不会带来暴风雨，也不会毁掉我们最后一天的快乐。到了午后，一些云开始消散，变成了白色的长条状，又沉到了地平线以下，而其他的则形成了透明的鳞片状。在东边的马斯洛夫卡上端，有一大块阴沉的乌云，但卡尔·伊万内奇（他似乎总能知道天上的状况）说天气会保持晴好和干燥。

In spite of his advanced years, it was in quite a sprightly manner that Foka came out to the entrance steps, to give the order "Drive up." In fact, as he planted his legs firmly apart and took up his station between the lowest step and the spot where the coachman was to halt, his mien was that of a man who knew his duties and had no need to be reminded of them by anybody. Presently the ladies, also came out, and after a little discussions as to seats and the safety of the girls (all of which seemed to me wholly superfluous), they settled themselves in the vehicle, opened their parasols, and started. As the carriage was, driving away, Mamma pointed to the hunter and asked nervously "Is that the horse intended for Vladimir Petrovitch?" On the groom answering in the affirmative, she raised her hands in horror and turned her head away. As for myself, I was burning with impatience. Clambering on to the back of my steed (I was just tall enough to see between its ears), I proceeded to perform evolutions in the courtyard.

虽然福卡上了年纪，却还是十分轻快地跑到门口喊道：“赶过

来。”他叉开腿稳稳地站在最低的一个台阶和车夫们要停靠的地方之间，完全一副恪尽职守的样子，根本不需要任何人来提醒他。不久女孩子们也出来了，经过一番关于座位问题和女孩们安全问题的讨论后（我觉得这些完全是多余的），她们坐上了马车，打开遮阳伞出发了。马车启动后，母亲指着那匹叫“猎手”的马紧张地问：“这是给弗拉基米尔·彼得洛维奇准备的马吗？”在得到车夫肯定的回答后，她恐惧地举起手，转过头去。而我却越来越没有耐心。爬上我的马背（我的个子正好能够从它的耳朵之间看东西），我就开始在院子里表演起马术来。

"Mind you don't ride over the hounds, sir," said one of the huntsmen.

“请您不要踩到猎狗，先生。”一个猎人说道。

"Hold your tongue. It is not the first time I have been one of the party." I retorted with dignity.

“闭嘴，这又不是我第一次出行。”我骄傲地反驳。

Although Woloda had plenty of pluck, he was not altogether free from apprehensions as he sat on the hunter. Indeed, he more than once asked as he patted it, "Is he quiet?" He looked very well on horseback—almost a grown-up young man, and held himself so upright in the saddle that I envied him since my shadow seemed to show that I could not compare with him in looks.

虽然沃洛达有足够的勇气，但在他骑上“猎手”的时候也不是一点儿都不害怕。事实上，他不止一次地摸着马问：“他老实吗？”他骑马的姿势很好看——简直就像一个成年的男子。他在马鞍上挺得笔直，让我有点羡慕，因为从我的影子来看，我的姿势跟他不能比。

Presently Papa's footsteps sounded on the flagstones, the whip collected the hounds, and the huntsmen mounted their steeds. Papa's horse came up in charge of a groom, the hounds of his particular leash sprang up from their picturesque attitudes to fawn upon him, and Milka, in a collar studded with beads, came bounding joyfully from behind his heels to greet and sport with the other dogs. Finally, as soon as Papa had mounted we rode away.

这时父亲的脚步声从台阶上传来，于是鞭子挥舞，集中了猎狗，猎人们也骑上了马。父亲的马被一个马夫牵过来，他的那些猎狗本来都以优美的身形卧着，现在都弹起来讨好他。戴着镶珠项圈的米尔卡从父亲的身后愉快地跳出来，和其他猎狗一起玩耍起来。终于，父亲一骑上马后，我们便出发了。

CHAPTER VII THE HUNT

第七章 打猎

AT the head of the cavalcade rode Turka, on a hog-backed roan. On his head he wore a shaggy cap, while, with a magnificent horn slung across his shoulders and a knife at his belt, he looked so cruel and inexorable that one would have thought he was going to engage in bloody strife with his fellow men rather than to hunt a small animal. Around the hind legs of his horse the hounds gambolled like a cluster of checkered, restless balls. If one of them wished to stop, it was only with the greatest difficulty that it could do so, since not only had its leash-fellow also to be induced to halt, but at once one of the huntsmen would wheel round, crack his whip, and shout to the delinquent, "Back to the pack, there!"

队伍的最前面的是一个叫图卡的猎人，骑着一匹高背的枣红马。他头上戴着一顶毛茸茸的帽子，肩上背着一只大号角，腰间别着一把刀，看起来冷酷无情，很容易让人觉得他是跟同伙一起去决一死战，而不是去猎捕小动物。在他那匹马的后腿周围，猎狗们嬉戏着，像一群不安分的圆球。它们中如果有谁想停下来，那几乎是不可能的，除非它能让拴在一起的同伴也停下来，而且它们一旦停下来，猎人就会折回来，甩动鞭子，冲那只犯了错的家伙大吼。“归队！”

Arrived at a gate, Papa told us and the huntsmen to continue our way along the road, and then rode off across a cornfield. The harvest was at its height. On the further side of a large, shining, yellow stretch of cornland lay a high purple belt of forest which always figured in my eyes as a distant, mysterious region behind which either the world ended or an uninhabited waste began. This expanse of cornland was dotted with swathes and reapers, while along the lanes where the sickle had passed could be seen the backs of women as they stooped among the tall, thick grain or lifted armfuls of corn and rested them against the shocks. In one corner a woman was bending over a cradle, and the whole stubble was studded with sheaves and cornflowers. In another direction shirt-sleeved men were standing on waggons, shaking the soil from the stalks of sheaves, and stacking them for carrying. As soon as the foreman (dressed in a blouse and high boots, and carrying a tally-stick) caught sight of Papa, he hastened to take off his lamb's-wool cap and, wiping his red head, told the women to get up. Papa's chestnut horse went trotting along with a prancing gait as it tossed its head and swished its tail to and fro to drive away the gadflies and countless other insects which tormented its flanks, while his two greyhounds—their tails curved like sickles—went springing

gracefully over the stubble. Milka was always first, but every now and then she would halt with a shake of her head to await the whipper-in. The chatter of the peasants; the rumbling of horses and waggons; the joyous cries of quails; the hum of insects as they hung suspended in the motionless air; the smell of the soil and grain and steam from our horses; the thousand different lights and shadows which the burning sun cast upon the yellowish-white cornland; the purple forest in the distance; the white gossamer threads which were floating in the air or resting on the soil-all these things I observed and heard and felt to the core.

来到大门口，父亲让我们和猎人们继续沿着这条路走，而他却骑着马穿过了一片庄稼地。正是忙碌的秋收季节。一望无际的、金光闪闪的田野只有一面同呈紫色的高高的森林相接。当时在我看来，那是一片遥远的神秘之地，在它的后面不是世界尽头，就是荒无人烟的国度。广阔的田野上分别着麦垛和农民，在已经收割完的小径边，透过高大茂密的谷物可以看到农妇佝偻的脊背，她们捧起一把谷物，然后直起身做短暂的休息。在一个角落里，一个农妇向一个摇篮俯下身去。而在收割后的麦茬上，散布着一束束裸麦和矢车菊。在另一边，穿着衬衫的男人们站在马车上，抖落麦束里的泥土，然后把它们扎成捆以便搬运。穿着衬衫和高靴、拿着计数筹码的领班看到父亲过来，急忙脱下他的羊毛帽，擦了擦通红的脸，嚷着让农妇们动作快点。父亲那匹栗色的马迈着轻快的步伐一路小跑，不停地甩动尾巴驱赶着牛虻和无数骚扰它的其他虫子。而那两条灰色的猎狗——尾巴像镰刀一样挥动着——在麦茬上欢快地跳跃着。米尔卡总是走在前面，不过它会时不时停下来，转过头等着它的主人。农民们的交谈声，马蹄声，车轮声，鹌鹑让人欢愉的叫声，在凝固的空气中悬停着的小昆虫的嗡嗡声，泥土、谷物和马汗的气味，阳光在黄白色的田野里撒下的明明暗暗的影子，远处的紫色树林，或漂浮在空中或停在地上的蜘蛛丝——这一切我都能看到、听到、并深切地感受到。

Arrived at the Kalinovo wood, we found the carriage awaiting us there, with, beside it, a one-horse waggonette driven by the butler—a waggonette in which were a tea-urn, some apparatus for making ices, and many other attractive boxes and bundles, all packed in straw! There was no mistaking these signs, for they meant that we were going to have tea, fruit, and ices in the open air. This afforded us intense delight, since to drink tea in a wood and on the grass and where none else had ever drunk tea before seemed to us a treat beyond expressing.

我们来到卡利诺夫树林，发现马车已经在等我们了，而在它旁边，还有一辆四轮马车，上面坐着一个司膳总管——那辆马车上还放着一个茶炊，和一些制冰的设备，还有一些吸引人的盒子和包裹，都用干草打包着。绝对错不了，这些都意味着我们会在野外喝茶、吃水果和冰淇凌。这给了我们巨大的快乐。我们都觉得在这片从来没有人喝过茶的地

方，在这样的树林里和草地上喝茶实在是难以言表的享受。

When Turka arrived at the little clearing where the carriage was halted he took Papa's detailed instructions as to how we were to divide ourselves and where each of us was to go (though, as a matter of fact, he never acted according to such instructions, but always followed his own devices). Then he unleashed the hounds, fastened the leashes to his saddle, whistled to the pack, and disappeared among the young birch trees the liberated hounds jumping about him in high delight, wagging their tails, and sniffing and gambolling with one another as they dispersed themselves in different directions.

图卡走到了马车停着的空地，听着父亲吩咐怎样分别行动、以及每个人要去哪里（不过事实上，他从不按照父亲的指示来，而是按他自己的想法行事）。然后他解开了猎犬，把猎犬的皮带栓到自己的马鞍上，向它们吹了吹口哨，之后消失在小白桦树后面。那些自由了的猎狗们围着他欢快地跳来跳去，摇着尾巴，相互嗅着，然后雀跃地散开了。

"Has anyone a pocket-handkerchief to spare?" asked Papa. I took mine from my pocket and offered it to him.

“谁有手帕？”父亲问。我拿出我的手帕递给他。

"Very well, Fasten it to this greyhound here."

“很好，用手帕绑住那条灰狗。”

"Gizana?" I asked, with the air of a connoisseur.

“吉扎娜？”我内行地问。

"Yes. Then run him along the road with you. When you come to a little clearing in the wood stop and look about you, and don't come back to me without a hare."

“是的。然后带着它沿着这条路走。走到树林里那块空地后，就停下来，四处找找，没打到兔子，就别回来见我。”

Accordingly I tied my handkerchief round Gizana's soft neck, and set off running at full speed towards the appointed spot, Papa laughing as he shouted after me, "Hurry up, hurry up or you'll be late!"

于是我将手帕系在吉扎娜柔软的脖子上，然后便向指定的地点全速出发了。父亲在后面笑着冲我喊：“快点，快点，不然你就迟了！”

Every now and then Gizana kept stopping, pricking up his ears, and listening to the hallooing of the beaters. Whenever he did this I was not strong enough to move him, and could do no more than shout, "Come on, come on!" Presently he set off so fast that I could not restrain him, and I encountered more than one fall before we reached our destination. Selecting there a level, shady spot near the roots of a

great oak-tree, I lay down on the turf, made Gizana crouch beside me, and waited. As usual, my imagination far outstripped reality. I fancied that I was pursuing at least my third hare when, as a matter of fact, the first hound was only just giving tongue. Presently, however, Turka's voice began to sound through the wood in louder and more excited tones, the baying of a hound came nearer and nearer, and then another, and then a third, and then a fourth, deep throat joined in the rising and falling cadences of a chorus, until the whole had united their voices in one continuous, tumultuous burst of melody. As the Russian proverb expresses it, "The forest had found a tongue, and the hounds were burning as with fire."

吉扎娜时不时地停下来，竖起耳朵聆听猎人们的呼喊。每当这时，我的力气总是不够大，没有办法让它继续前进，只能喊着："快点！快点！"于是它就撒了欢地跑起来，我拉也拉不住。在我摔了几次之后，我们终于到达了目的地。在一棵高大的橡树下，我选了一个平坦阴凉的位置，在草地上躺下，让吉扎娜蜷在我的身边，等待着。跟往常一样，我又开始天马行空地幻想了。我想象我现在正在追捕至少第三只野兔了，而事实上，第一只猎狗刚刚开始叫唤。这时，图卡响亮而激动的声音在树林里响起，一只猎狗的吠声也越来越近，然后是第二只、第三只、第四只……这些声音时高时低，夹杂着低沉的声音，最后汇成一片响亮的、喧闹的嘈杂声。正如一句俄国谚语所说：树林一有动静，猎狗们便燃起如火般的激情。"

My excitement was so great that I nearly swooned where I stood. My lips parted themselves as though smiling, the perspiration poured from me in streams, and, in spite of the tickling sensation caused by the drops as they trickled over my chin, I never thought of wiping them away. I felt that a crisis was approaching. Yet the tension was too unnatural to last. Soon the hounds came tearing along the edge of the wood, and then—behold, they were racing away from me again, and of hares there was not a sign to be seen! I looked in every direction and Gizana did the same—pulling at his leash at first and whining. Then he lay down again by my side, rested his muzzle on my knees, and resigned himself to disappointment. Among the naked roots of the oak-tree under which I was sitting. I could see countless ants swarming over the parched grey earth and winding among the acorns, withered oak-leaves, dry twigs, russet moss, and slender, scanty blades of grass. In serried files they kept pressing forward on the level track they had made for themselves—some carrying burdens, some not. I took a piece of twig and barred their way. Instantly it was curious to see how they made light of the obstacle. Some got past it by creeping underneath, and some by climbing over it. A few, however, there were (especially those weighted with loads) who were nonplussed what to do. They either halted and searched for a way

round, or returned whence they had come, or climbed the adjacent herbage, with the evident intention of reaching my hand and going up the sleeve of my jacket. From this interesting spectacle my attention was distracted by the yellow wings of a butterfly which was fluttering alluringly before me. Yet I had scarcely noticed it before it flew away to a little distance and, circling over some half-faded blossoms of white clover, settled on one of them. Whether it was the sun's warmth that delighted it, or whether it was busy sucking nectar from the flower, at all events it seemed thoroughly comfortable. It scarcely moved its wings at all, and pressed itself down into the clover until I could hardly see its body. I sat with my chin on my hands and watched it with intense interest.

我兴奋不已，简直入了迷。我张着嘴，似乎是在微笑，而脸上却汗如雨下；尽管汗水流过脸颊时弄得我痒痒的，但我根本没想到要去擦一下。我感到危机临近了。这样的紧张状况如果持续下去，就太不正常了。很快猎狗就嘶叫着来到了林边，然后又很快地跑掉了，而兔子根本还没见着一只！我四处看了看，吉扎娜也看了看，吼叫着想要挣脱皮带。然后它在我的身边躺下，把嘴枕到我的膝盖上，失望地安静下来。在我休息的那棵橡树裸露的树根间，有成群的蚂蚁爬过灰色的干土地，在掉落的橡果、枯萎的树叶、干枯的树枝、褐色的苔藓和细长稀疏的草叶间蜿蜒前行。它们相互紧跟着，在自己开辟的小径上前进，有的背着东西，有的没有。我捡起根小树枝挡住它们的路。立刻可以看到那些小东西是怎样不畏困难障碍地忙着。有的从小树枝下边爬了过去，有的则是从上面爬过去。但是有些蚂蚁（特别是搬着东西的蚂蚁）显得不知所措。它们要么停下来另寻出路，要么返回去，要么爬上了旁边的草叶，好像想要爬到我的手上，再钻到我的短上衣袖子里去。我正看着这有趣的场景，一只翩然起舞的黄翅膀蝴蝶飞到我的面前，吸引了我的注意力。我刚注意到它，它就飞远了一些，绕着一些半凋零的白色苜蓿花打转，然后落在了其中一朵上面。使它愉悦的是太阳的温度呢，还是因为它正吮吸着花液呢？但不管怎样，这只蝴蝶看起来很舒服。它偶尔扇一扇翅膀，紧紧地靠着苜蓿花，我几乎看不到它的身子。我双手托着下巴，坐在那里绕有兴趣地观察起这只蝴蝶来。

Suddenly Gizana sprang up and gave me such a violent jerk that I nearly rolled over. I looked round. At the edge of the wood a hare had just come into view, with one ear bent down and the other one sharply pricked. The blood rushed to my head, and I forgot everything else as I shouted, slipped the dog, and rushed towards the spot. Yet all was in vain. The hare stopped, made a rush, and was lost to view.

突然吉扎娜一下子弹了起来，猛地拉了我一下，使我几乎滚了出去。我看了看周围。在林子的边缘，一只兔子出现在视野里，它一只耳朵耷拉着，另一只敏锐地竖着。我一下子热血沸腾，把其他的事情都抛到了脑后。我叫起来，松开了狗，向着目标跑去。但是没有用。兔子愣了一下，然后一纵身不见了。

How confused I felt when at that moment Turka stepped from the undergrowth (he had been following the hounds as they ran along the edges of the wood)! He had seen my mistake (which had consisted in my not biding my time), and now threw me a contemptuous look as he said, "Ah, master!" And you should have heard the tone in which he said it! It would have been a relief to me if he had then and there suspended me to his saddle instead of the hare. For a while I could only stand miserably where I was, without attempting to recall the dog, and ejaculate as I slapped my knees, "Good heavens! What a fool I was!" I could hear the hounds retreating into the distance, and baying along the further side of the wood as they pursued the hare, while Turka rallied them with blasts on his gorgeous horn: yet I did not stir.

图卡从灌木丛里走出来（他一直跟着猎狗在林子边儿跑），我感到羞愧极了。他目睹了我的失误（那就是我没有能很好地把握时机），轻蔑地瞪了我一眼说道：“哈，主人！”你真该听听他说那话时的腔调！当时，他要是把我像兔子一样栓在马鞍上，我还会轻松些。有那么一会儿，我只能难过地站着，也不想叫回猎狗，只是敲着膝盖喊道：“老天！我真是个笨蛋！”我能听到猎狗们跑远了，在树林的另一边追上了兔子，吠叫着。于是图卡吹起大号角把它们召集起来。我还是一动不动地站着。

CHAPTER VIII WE PLAY GAMES

第八章 做游戏

THE hunt was over, a cloth had been spread in the shade of some young birch-trees, and the whole party was disposed around it. The butler, Gabriel, had stamped down the surrounding grass, wiped the plates in readiness, and unpacked from a basket a quantity of plums and peaches wrapped in leaves.

打猎结束了，我们在小白桦树的树阴下铺了一块布，聚会就围绕着它展开了。司膳主管加布里埃尔把周围的草踩平，把盘子都擦拭干净备用，又从一个篮子里拿出许多用叶子包着的李子和桃子。

Through the green branches of the young birch-trees the sun glittered and threw little glancing balls of light upon the pattern of my napkin, my legs, and the bald moist head of Gabriel. A soft breeze played in the leaves of the trees above us, and, breathing softly upon my hair and heated face, refreshed me beyond measure, When we had finished the fruit and ices, nothing remained to be done around the empty cloth, so, despite the oblique, scorching rays of the sun, we rose and proceeded to play.

阳光透过小白桦树的枝丫闪烁着，在我的餐巾上、腿上、还在加布里埃尔汗淋淋的光头上投下闪耀的小光斑。微风吹拂着树叶，轻柔地拂过我的头发和发烫的脸庞，我感到神清气爽。我们吃完了水果和冰淇凌，坐在餐布的周围没事可做。于是我们站起身开始玩游戏，尽管投射下来的阳光还很灼热。

"Well, what shall it be?" said Lubotshka, blinking in the sunlight and skipping about the grass, "Suppose we play Robinson?"

“那么我们玩什么呢？”露博奇卡问，在阳光下眯起眼睛在草地上跳来跳去，“玩鲁滨孙的游戏？”

"No, that's a tiresome game," objected Woloda, stretching himself lazily on the turf and gnawing some leaves, "Always Robinson! If you want to play at something, play at building a summerhouse."

“不，那个太没劲了。”沃洛达反对。他懒洋洋地躺在草地上嚼着叶子，“每次都玩鲁滨孙！如果要玩的话，就玩建小亭子吧。”

Woloda was giving himself tremendous airs. Probably he was proud of having ridden the hunter, and so pretended to be very tired. Perhaps, also, he had too much hard-headedness and too little imagination fully to enjoy the game of Robinson. It was a game which consisted of performing various scenes from *The Swiss Family Robinson*,

a book which we had recently been reading.

沃洛达端起了架子。他也许是在得意自己是骑着“猎手”过来的，所以装出十分疲惫的样子。不过也可能是因为他太过理智而缺乏想象力，玩不来鲁滨孙。鲁滨孙这个游戏，需要表演《瑞士家庭鲁滨孙》的各种场景，我们最近常看这本书。

"Well, but be a good boy. Why not try and please us this time?" the girls answered. "You may be Charles or Ernest or the father, whichever you like best," added Katenka as she tried to raise him from the ground by pulling at his sleeve.

“哦，表现好一点吧。为什么不试试，让我们高兴高兴呢？”女孩们答道。“你可以扮演查尔斯或者欧内斯特或者父亲这个角色，随便你挑自己喜欢的。”卡简卡说着，想要拉着他的袖子把他从草地上拉起来。

"No, I'm not going to; it's a tiresome game," said Woloda again, though smiling as if secretly pleased.

“不，我才不要；那游戏太无聊了。”沃洛达又说了一遍，不过他笑了，好像心里很高兴。

"It would be better to sit at home than not to play at anything," murmured Lubotshka, with tears in her eyes. She was a great weeper.

“如果不玩游戏的话，还不如坐在家里呢。”露博奇卡嘟囔着，眼泪已经到了眼眶里。她特别爱哭。

"Well, go on, then. Only, don't cry; I can't stand that sort of thing."

“好吧，来吧来吧。不过可别哭了；我可受不了这个。”

Woloda's condescension did not please us much. On the contrary, his lazy, tired expression took away all the fun of the game. When we sat on the ground and imagined that we were sitting in a boat and either fishing or rowing with all our might, Woloda persisted in sitting with folded hands or in anything but a fisherman's posture. I made a remark about it, but he replied that, whether we moved our hands or not, we should neither gain nor lose ground—certainly not advance at all, and I was forced to agree with him. Again, when I pretended to go out hunting, and, with a stick over my shoulder, set off into the wood, Woloda only lay down on his back with his hands under his head, and said that he supposed it was all the same whether he went or not. Such behaviour and speeches cooled our ardour for the game and were very disagreeable—the more so since it was impossible not to confess to oneself that Woloda was right, I myself knew that it was not only impossible to kill birds with a stick, but to shoot at all with such a weapon. Still, it was the game, and if we were once to begin reasoning thus, it would become equally impossible for us to go for

drives on chairs. I think that even Woloda himself cannot at that moment have forgotten how, in the long winter evenings, we had been used to cover an arm-chair with a shawl and make a carriage of it—one of us being the coachman, another one the footman, the two girls the passengers, and three other chairs the trio of horses abreast. With what ceremony we used to set out, and with what adventures we used to meet on the way! How gaily and quickly those long winter evenings used to pass! If we were always to judge from reality, games would be nonsense; but if games were nonsense, what else would there be left to do?

沃洛达屈尊迁就的态度并没有让我们高兴多少。相反，他那副懒散的表情让游戏的乐趣全没了。当我们坐在地上，想象着我们正坐在船里，在钓鱼或者在全力划船时，沃洛达双手叠着，总之一点都没有渔夫的样子。我说了他几句，但他回答说，不管我们的手动不动，我们始终是在地面上，根本不可能前进。这一点我不得不同意他。后来，当我扛了根棍子、进入森林假装去打猎的时候，沃洛达只是用手枕着头躺在地上，说反正不管他去不去都没区别。他这样的行为和言语浇灭了我们对游戏的热情，让大家十分不快。特别是我们不得不暗暗承认沃洛达说得没错。我自己也清楚，用这样一根棍子别说是打死鸟了，连射击都不可能。不过，这只是游戏啊。如果我们还要继续这样探讨的话，那么也同样不可能把椅子当马骑了。我想那时沃洛达也不会忘记，在漫长的冬夜里，我们曾经把围巾铺在扶手椅上，把它弄成马车的样子——我们一个装成车夫，另一个装成仆人走在后面，那两个女孩子就是乘客，而其余三张椅子就是三匹马。我们出发时是多么地隆重庄严，一路上我们经历过多少次冒险啊！那些漫长的冬夜过得那么愉快，又那样飞快！如果我们总是要根据现实来思考的话，游戏就失去了意义；如果游戏失去了意义，还剩下什么可做的呢？

CHAPTER IX A FIRST ESSAY IN LOVE

第九章 初恋

Pretending to gather some "American fruit" from a tree, Lubotshka suddenly plucked a leaf upon which was a huge caterpillar, and throwing the insect with horror to the ground, lifted her hands and sprang away as though afraid it would spit at her. The game stopped, and we crowded our heads together as we stooped to look at the curiosity.

在露博奇卡假装从一棵树上摘“美国果子”的时候，突然揪下一片叶子，上面有一条大毛虫，她害怕地把虫子扔到地上，然后举起手跳到一旁，似乎害怕它会向她喷什么东西。于是游戏停止了。我们都弯下身来，脑袋挤到一块看这个稀奇的东西。

I peeped over Katenka's shoulder as she was trying to lift the caterpillar by placing another leaf in its way. I had observed before that the girls had a way of shrugging their shoulders whenever they were trying to put a loose garment straight on their bare necks, as well as that Mimi always grew angry on witnessing this manoeuvre and declared it to be a chambermaid's trick. As Katenka bent over the caterpillar she made that very movement, while at the same instant the breeze lifted the fichu on her white neck. Her shoulder was close to my lips, I looked at it and kissed it. She did not turn round, but Woloda remarked without raising his head, "What spooniness!" I felt the tears rising to my eyes, and could not take my gaze from Katenka. I had long been used to her fair, fresh face, and had always been fond of her, but now I looked at her more closely, and felt more fond of her, than I had ever done or felt before.

我越过卡简卡的肩头看到她正把另一片叶子放到毛毛虫爬行的路线上，试图用这种方式把它捡起来。我以前曾注意到，女孩子们在想要让脖子处松垮的衣服收紧一点时，总喜欢耸一耸肩。而米米看到这样的行为总是很生气，说这是女仆的习惯。当卡简卡弯下腰去弄毛虫时，她就做了那个耸肩的动作；而就在这时，一阵微风吹起了她白皙的脖子上的小围巾。她的肩膀离我的嘴唇很近，我看着它便吻了它。卡简卡没有回头，但沃洛达却头也不抬地评论道：“多么轻佻！”我感到我的眼眶湿了，目不转睛地看着卡简卡。我对她那白皙清新的小脸蛋已经太熟悉了，也一直都很喜欢她。但是现在我更靠近地看着她，觉得自己更加喜欢她了，前所未有地喜欢。

When we returned to the grown-ups, Papa informed us, to our great joy, that, at Mamma's entreaties, our departure was to be postponed until the following morning. We rode home beside the

carriage—Woloda and I galloping near it, and vieing with one another in our exhibition of horsemanship and daring. My shadow looked longer now than it had done before, and from that I judged that I had grown into a fine rider. Yet my complacency was soon marred by an unfortunate occurrence, Desiring to outdo Woloda before the audience in the carriage, I dropped a little behind. Then with whip and spur I urged my steed forward, and at the same time assumed a natural, graceful attitude, with the intention of whooting past the carriage on the side on which Katenka was seated. My only doubt was whether to halloo or not as I did so. In the event, my infernal horse stopped so abruptly when just level with the carriage horses that I was pitched forward on to its neck and cut a very sorry figure!

当我们回到大人们身边时，父亲通知我们，由于母亲一再地请求，我们推迟到明天早晨再出发。这让我们十分开心。回家的路上，我们在马车边骑行——沃洛达和我骑得飞快，想在骑术和胆量上一较高下。我的影子比之前长了些，我便就此判断我已经成为了一个优秀的骑手。但我自满的心情很快被一件倒霉的事破坏了。因为想在马车里的观众面前超过沃洛达，所以我先落后了一些。然后我挥鞭策马前进，同时摆出一副自然而优雅的神态，想要从卡简卡坐着的马车旁飞速驰过。我只是在考虑这么做的时候要不要喊上几声。结果，我那匹可恶的马在恰好跑到与拉车的马平行的位置时，突然停了下来，我一下子失去平衡，使我从马鞍上滑到马颈上，险些摔下去，姿势很难看。

CHAPTER X THE SORT OF MAN MY FATHER WAS

第十章 父亲那样的男人

Papa was a gentleman of the last century, with all the chivalrous character, self-reliance, and gallantry of the youth of that time. Upon the men of the present day he looked with a contempt arising partly from inborn pride and partly from a secret feeling of vexation that, in this age of ours, he could no longer enjoy the influence and success which had been his in his youth. His two principal failings were gambling and gallantry, and he had won or lost, in the course of his career, several millions of roubles.

父亲是上个世纪的绅士，有着那个时代年轻人所共有的侠士精神、自立更生、年少风流。他以一种轻视的眼光看待当今的年轻人，这不仅是出于他天生的骄傲，还可能是出于一种说不出口的苦恼，因为在我们这样的时代，他再也无法享受到他年轻时的轰动和成功。他的两大缺点是赌博和风流。他一生中赌博进进出出的钱，有数百万卢布。

Tall and of imposing figure, he walked with a curiously quick, mincing gait, as well as had a habit of hitching one of his shoulders. His eyes were small and perpetually twinkling, his nose large and aquiline, his lips irregular and rather oddly (though pleasantly) compressed, his articulation slightly defective and lisping, and his head quite bald. Such was my father's exterior from the days of my earliest recollection. It was an exterior which not only brought him success and made him a man a bonnes fortunes but one which pleased people of all ranks and stations. Especially did it please those whom he desired to please.

他高大威严，走路时迈着急速而造作的奇特步伐，还习惯性地耸动一边的肩膀。他的眼睛很小，总是眨个不停，他有个大鹰钩鼻子，他的嘴唇不太规整，而且总是古怪地抿着（但很惬意），他的发音有轻微的缺陷，不甚清晰，他的头秃得厉害。这就是我最初印象中父亲的外表。就是这样的外表，不仅带给了他成功，使他成为一个幸运儿，而且还使得各行各业的人都对他喜爱有加。特别是那些他想取悦的人。

At all junctures he knew how to take the lead, for, though not deriving from the highest circles of society, he had always mixed with them, and knew how to win their respect. He possessed in the highest degree that measure of pride and self-confidence which, without giving offence, maintains a man in the opinion of the world. He had much originality, as well as the ability to use it in such a way that it benefited him as much as actual worldly position or fortune could have done. Nothing in the universe could surprise him, and though

not of eminent attainments in life, he seemed born to have acquired them. He understood so perfectly how to make both himself and others forget and keep at a distance the seamy side of life, with all its petty troubles and vicissitudes, that it was impossible not to envy him. He was a connoisseur in everything which could give ease and pleasure, as well as knew how to make use of such knowledge. Likewise he prided himself on the brilliant connections which he had formed through my mother's family or through friends of his youth, and was secretly jealous of any one of a higher rank than himself—any one, that is to say, of a rank higher than a retired lieutenant of the Guards. Moreover, like all ex-officers, he refused to dress himself in the prevailing fashion, though he attired himself both originally and artistically—his invariable wear being light, loose-fitting suits, very fine shirts, and large collars and cuffs. Everything seemed to suit his upright figure and quiet, assured air. He was sensitive to the pitch of sentimentality, and, when reading a pathetic passage, his voice would begin to tremble and the tears to come into his eyes, until he had to lay the book aside. Likewise he was fond of music, and could accompany himself on the piano as he sang the love songs of his friend A—or gipsy songs or themes from operas; but he had no love for serious music, and would frankly flout received opinion by declaring that, whereas Beethoven's sonatas wearied him and sent him to sleep, his ideal of beauty was "Do not wake me, youth" as Semenoff sang it, or "Not one" as the gipsy Taninsha rendered that ditty. His nature was essentially one of those which follow public opinion concerning what is good, and consider only that good which the public declares to be so. (It may be noted that the author has said earlier in the chapter that his father possessed "much originality.") God only knows whether he had any moral convictions. His life was so full of amusement that probably he never had time to form any, and was too successful ever to feel the lack of them.

不管在什么场合他都知道如何占上风；尽管他不是社会中最上层的人，但也常常跟他们交往，所以知道如何赢得他们的尊重。他极其地骄傲和自信，这让他能在不得罪别人的同时，又在舆论中提高自己的声誉。他有着极强的独创性，并能运用这样的能力使自己获益，就像真实的社会地位或运气带给他的那样。他对世界上什么事都觉得不足为奇，那些巨大的成就似乎是他生来就注定会拥有的东西。他十分懂得如何让自己和他人都远离和遗忘生活的阴暗面，远离那些微不足道的烦恼和兴衰变迁。这实在让人敬佩。他在取乐和享乐方面是个行家，也懂得如何享受它们。他跟母亲家族的联姻和他年轻时的朋友都让他得意，但他暗暗嫉妒那些头衔高于他的人——也就是说，任何头衔高于一个退休护卫军中尉的人。而且，和所有退休军官一样，他拒绝顺应当下的衣着潮流，但他的打扮独特而艺术——他那很少变化的装束是宽松合体的外套和大领口的上好卷袖衬衫。每一件都很适和他那笔直的身躯和镇定自若

的气质。他十分多愁善感，当读到一段悲伤的文章时，就语调颤抖，流下泪来，不得不把书放到一边。他还喜欢音乐，他可以自己用钢琴伴奏，唱他的朋友A所写的情歌——或者是吉普赛曲、或者是歌剧中的曲子。但他对严肃音乐没有兴趣，并总是嘲笑固有观念，说贝多芬的奏鸣曲让他厌烦发困，而他喜欢的是谢曼诺娃唱的《青春，别唤醒我》和吉普赛女郎塔纽莎唱的《并不孤独》那样的小调。他的本性基本上就是这样，追随公众舆论中好的东西，所以公众都认为好的，他也认为好。（需要注意的是作者在这章的前面说过，他的父亲具有“极强地独创性”。）只有上帝知道他到底有没有道德信念。他的一生中好事接连不断，也许根本没时间去形成什么观念，而且他如此成功，并不觉得缺少这些东西。

As he grew to old age he looked at things always from a fixed point of view, and cultivated fixed rules—but only so long as that point or those rules coincided with expediency. The mode of life which offered some passing degree of interest—that, in his opinion, was the right one and the only one that men ought to affect. He had great fluency of argument; and this, I think, increased the adaptability of his morals and enabled him to speak of one and the same act, now as good, and now, with abuse, as abominable.

他老了之后，总是用一成不变的观点看问题，并形成了一些固定的规矩——但这些观念和规矩都是建立在实用基础上的。只要能提供有趣的生活模式——在他看来，都是好的，而且认为只有这样的生活模式才是人们应该遵循的。他很善于论证，我想这给他的规则增添了灵活性，使得他能把同样一个行为，一会儿说成美好的，一会儿又谩骂着说成是可憎的。

CHAPTER XI IN THE DRAWING-ROOM AND THE STUDY

第十一章 在客厅和书房里

Twilight had set in when we reached home. Mamma sat down to the piano, and we to a table, there to paint and draw in colours and pencil. Though I had only one cake of colour, and it was blue, I determined to draw a picture of the hunt. In exceedingly vivid fashion I painted a blue boy on a blue horse, and—but here I stopped, for I was uncertain whether it was possible also to paint a blue hare. I ran to the study to consult Papa, and as he was busy reading he never lifted his eyes from his book when I asked, "Can there be blue hares?" but at once replied, "There can, my boy, there can." Returning to the table I painted in my blue hare, but subsequently thought it better to change it into a blue bush. Yet the blue bush did not wholly please me, so I changed it into a tree, and then into a rick, until, the whole paper having now become one blur of blue, I tore it angrily in pieces, and went off to meditate in the large armchair.

我们到家的时候，暮色已经降临。母亲在钢琴边坐下，而我们坐在桌旁，用铅笔和颜料画画。虽然我只有一块蓝色的颜料，但是我还是想要画一幅关于打猎的画。我以一种极为生动的方式画了一个蓝色的男孩骑着一匹蓝色的马——但是我停了下来，因为我不知道是不是可以画一只蓝色的兔子。我跑到书房去问父亲：“可能会有蓝色的兔子吗？”父亲正忙着看书，眼睛抬也不抬，但他立刻回答道：“可能有的，我的孩子，可能有。”于是我回到桌边画了一只蓝色的兔子，但随后我就觉得还是把它改成一丛蓝色的灌木好一些。但蓝色的灌木也没有使我满意，于是我又把它改成了一棵蓝色的树，然后又把树改成了一堆干草，直到一整张纸上都是模糊的蓝色。我生气地把画纸撕成碎片，跑到大扶手椅上想事情。

Mamma was playing Field's second concerto. Field, it may be said, had been her master. As I dozed, the music brought up before my imagination a kind of luminosity, with transparent dream-shapes. Next she played the "Sonate Pathetique" of Beethoven, and I at once felt heavy, depressed, and apprehensive. Mamma often played those two pieces, and therefore I well recollect the feelings they awakened in me. Those feelings were a reminiscence—of what? Somehow I seemed to remember something which had never been. Opposite to me lay the study door, and presently I saw Jakoff enter it, accompanied by several long-bearded men in kaftans. Then the door shut again.

母亲正在弹奏菲尔德的第二协奏曲。菲尔德可以说是她的老师。我

正在打着瞌睡，音乐声让我的眼前呈现出一片明亮，还有透明的梦境。接着她开始弹奏贝多芬的《悲怆奏鸣曲》，我立刻感到沉重、压抑又不安。母亲经常弹这两首曲子，所以我对它们给我带来的感觉记得十分清楚。那些感觉令我想起——想起什么呢？不知怎的，我似乎是在回忆一些从未发生的事情。我的对面就是书房的门，我看到雅科夫和几个留着长胡子、穿着长衫的人走了进去。然后门关上了。

"Now they are going to begin some business or other," I thought. I believed the affairs transacted in that study to be the most important ones on earth. This opinion was confirmed by the fact that people only approached the door of that room on tiptoe and speaking in whispers. Presently Papa's resonant voice sounded within, and I also scented cigar smoke—always a very attractive thing to me. Next, as I dozed, I suddenly heard a creaking of boots that I knew, and, sure enough, saw Karl Ivanitch go on tiptoe, and with a depressed, but resolute, expression on his face and a written document in his hand, to the study door and knock softly. It opened, and then shut again behind him.

“他们大概要开始谈生意或其他什么事情。”我想。我相信在那个书房里办理的事情是这个世界上最重要的事情。人们靠近那个房间时总是踮起脚尖，并压低声音讲话。这更加证实了我的想法。这时里面传来了父亲响亮的声音，我还闻到了雪茄的味道——那味道对我来说总是很具吸引力。在我接着打瞌睡的时候，我突然又听到一阵熟悉的靴子踩在地板上的声音。果然，我看到卡尔·伊万内奇踮着脚轻轻地走到书房门口，他带着一种忧郁却坚决的表情，手中拿着一份文件，轻轻地敲了敲门。书房的门开了，然后又在他身后关上了。

"I hope nothing is going to happen," I mused. "Karl Ivanitch is offended, and might be capable of anything—" and again I dozed off.

“希望别发生什么事。”我心想，“卡尔·伊万内奇如果被惹到了，也许什么事都做得出来——”我又打起瞌睡来。

Nevertheless something DID happen. An hour later I was disturbed by the same creaking of boots, and saw Karl come out, and disappear up the stairs, wiping away a few tears from his cheeks with his pocket handkerchief as he went and muttering something between his teeth. Papa came out behind him and turned aside into the drawing room.

然而真的有事情发生了。一个小时后我被同样的靴子声吵醒了。我看到卡尔从书房出来，走上楼去。他一边用手帕擦去脸上的眼泪，一边嘴里喃喃地说着什么。跟着父亲也走出书房，转进了客厅。

"Do you know what I have just decided to do?" he asked gaily as he laid a hand upon Mamma's shoulder.

“你知道我刚刚做了什么决定吗？”他快乐地问道，一只手搭在母亲

的肩膀上。

"What, my love?"

“什么，亲爱的？”

"To take Karl Ivanitch with the children. There will be room enough for him in the carriage. They are used to him, and he seems greatly attached to them. Seven hundred roubles a year cannot make much difference to us, and the poor devil is not at all a bad sort of a fellow." I could not understand why Papa should speak of him so disrespectfully.

“让卡尔·伊万内奇跟孩子们一起走。马车里有足够的地方给他。孩子们已经习惯他了，而他也舍不得孩子们。一年七百卢布对我们来说也不算什么，而那可怜的魔鬼也绝对不是一个坏家伙。”我不明白为什么父亲要这样无礼地说卡尔。

"I am delighted," said Mamma, "and as much for the children's sake as his own. He is a worthy old man."

“我很高兴。”母亲说，“为卡尔，也为孩子们高兴。他是个很不错的老人。”

"I wish you could have seen how moved he was when I told him that he might look upon the 500 roubles as a present! But the most amusing thing of all is this bill which he has just handed me. It is worth seeing," and with a smile Papa gave Mamma a paper inscribed in Karl's handwriting. "Is it not capital?" he concluded.

“我对他说他可以收下500卢布作为礼物，你真该看看他当时感动的样子！但最有意思的是这张他刚刚给我的单子，你真该看一看。”父亲笑着把一张卡尔手写的单子递给母亲。“难道不是很好吗？”他说道。

The contents of the paper were as follows: (The joke of this bill consists chiefly in its being written in very bad Russian, with continual mistakes as to plural and singular, prepositions and so forth.)

那张纸条上的内容如下：（这张单子的有趣之处主要在于，那些字是用很差劲的俄语写成的，单复数、介词等等的错误通篇不断。）

"Two book for the children—70 copeck. Coloured paper, gold frames, and a pop-guns, blockheads (This word has a double meaning in Russian.) for cutting out several box for presents—6 roubles, 55 copecks. Several book and a bows, presents for the childrens—8 roubles, 16 copecks. A gold watches promised to me by Peter Alexandrovitch out of Moscow, in the years 18—for 140 roubles. Consequently Karl Mayer have to receive 139 rouble, 79 copecks, beside his wage.”

“给了孩子们两本书——70戈比。彩纸，金框，玩具枪，木块用以制成盒子当礼物——6卢布55戈比。几本书和一个弹弓，是给孩子们的礼物——8卢布16戈比。彼得·亚力山德雷奇在一八ＸＸ年答应给我从莫斯科带一块金表——140卢布。卡尔·迈尔在除了工资外一共还应得到139卢布79戈比。”

If people were to judge only by this bill (in which Karl Ivanitch demanded repayment of all the money he had spent on presents, as well as the value of a present promised to himself), they would take him to have been a callous, avaricious egotist yet they would be wrong.

如果根据这张清单来判断（在这张清单里卡尔·伊万内奇要求付清他花在礼物上的钱，并支付曾答应给他的礼物的钱），人们也许会认为卡尔是个无情贪婪的利己主义者，但他们错了。

It appears that he had entered the study with the paper in his hand and a set speech in his head, for the purpose of declaiming eloquently to Papa on the subject of the wrongs which he believed himself to have suffered in our house, but that, as soon as ever he began to speak in the vibratory voice and with the expressive intonations which he used in dictating to us, his eloquence wrought upon himself more than upon Papa; with the result that, when he came to the point where he had to say, "however sad it will be for me to part with the children," he lost his self-command utterly, his articulation became choked, and he was obliged to draw his coloured pocket-handkerchief from his pocket.

他拿着那张账单，并准备好了一番说辞进了书房，似乎是想跟父亲好好地谈一谈他在我家所遭受的不公平待遇。但一旦他开始用给我们做听写时的那种颤抖的、富于表达的语调讲话时，他那番话反而先在自己身上起了作用。于是，当他说到“不管我和孩子们的分别会有多痛苦”时，他完全失去了控制，说话时有些喘不过气来，所以不得不从口袋里掏出那块彩色的手帕来。

"Yes, Peter Alexandrovitch," he said, weeping (this formed no part of the prepared speech), "I am grown so used to the children that I cannot think what I should do without them. I would rather serve you without salary than not at all," and with one hand he wiped his eyes, while with the other he presented the bill.

“是的，彼得·亚力山德雷奇，”他哭着说（这一段并不是事先准备好的），“我跟孩子们已经习惯了，如果没有他们，我根本不知道该怎么办。我宁愿不要工资也要继续干这份工作。”他一手擦着眼泪，一手递上了那张账单。

Although I am convinced that at that moment Karl Ivanitch was speaking with absolute sincerity (for I know how good his heart was),

I confess that never to this day have I been able quite to reconcile his words with the bill.

虽然我很肯定卡尔当时说的完全是真心话（因为我知道他是多么善良），但直到今天我还是没法把他的话跟那张账单统一起来。

"Well, if the idea of leaving us grieves you, you may be sure that the idea of dismissing you grieves me equally," said Papa, tapping him on the shoulder. Then, after a pause, he added, "But I have changed my mind, and you shall not leave us."

“好啦，如果离开我们的想法使你感到悲伤，那么请你相信，把你解雇了我会感到同样悲伤。”父亲说道，轻轻地拍了拍他的肩膀。然后，他停了停，继续说道：“但我改变主意了，你不用离开我们了。”

Just before supper Grisha entered the room. Ever since he had entered the house that day he had never ceased to sigh and weep—a portent, according to those who believed in his prophetic powers, that misfortune was impending for the household. He had now come to take leave of us, for tomorrow (so he said) he must be moving on. I nudged Woloda, and we moved towards the door.

晚饭开始前，格里沙走进房间。自从那天他来到我们家起，他就没停止过叹气和哭泣——在那些相信他具有预言能力的人们看来，这是一个凶兆，我们家会遭到不幸。他是来跟我们告别的，因为明天（像他说的）他必须赶路了。我用胳膊肘推了推沃洛达，然后一起向门外走去。

"What is the matter?" he said.

“怎么了？”他问。

"This—that if we want to see Grisha's chains we must go upstairs at once to the men-servants' rooms. Grisha is to sleep in the second one, so we can sit in the store room and see everything."

“是这样的，如果我们想看到格里沙的链子的话，我们得立刻上楼去男仆的房间。格里沙会睡在第二间。我们可以坐在储藏室，那儿什么都能看见。”

"All right. Wait here, and I'll tell the girls."

“好的，你在这儿等一下，我去告诉女孩子们。”

The girls came at once, and we ascended the stairs, though the question as to which of us should first enter the store-room gave us some little trouble. Then we cowered down and waited.

女孩子们立刻就过来了，于是我们上了楼，不过谁先进储藏室的问题让我们稍稍争论了一番。我们缩起身子等待着。

CHAPTER XII GRISHA

第十二章 格里沙

We all felt a little uneasy in the thick darkness, so we pressed close to one another and said nothing. Before long Grisha arrived with his soft tread, carrying in one hand his staff and in the other a tallow candle set in a brass candlestick. We scarcely ventured to breathe.

在浓重的黑暗里，我们都感到有些不安，于是我们紧挨着彼此，什么都没说。不一会儿，格里沙就悄悄地走进来了，他一手拄着拐杖，一手拿着插在黄铜烛台上的牛脂蜡烛。我们几乎不敢呼吸。

"Our Lord Jesus Christ! Holy Mother of God! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!" he kept repeating, with the different intonations and abbreviations which gradually become peculiar to persons who are accustomed to pronounce the words with great frequency.

“我们的基督耶稣！神圣的圣母！圣父，圣子，圣灵！”他依旧重复着那些话，用的是对于那些总是念叨这些话的人所特有的语调和略语。

Still praying, he placed his staff in a corner and looked at the bed; after which he began to undress. Unfastening his old black girdle, he slowly divested himself of his torn nankeen kaftan, and deposited it carefully on the back of a chair. His face had now lost its usual disquietude and idiocy. On the contrary, it had in it something restful, thoughtful, and even grand, while all his movements were deliberate and intelligent.

他没有停止祈祷，而是把拐杖放到角落里，向床上看了看，然后开始脱衣服。他解掉那条破旧的黑腰带，然后缓缓地脱掉了破旧的黄色长衫，小心地把它挂在椅背上。他的脸上已经没有了平时的那种慌张和愚蠢。相反，他的脸上呈现出某种平静的、若有所思的、甚至是庄严的神情。他的举动沉着果断。

Next, he lay down quietly in his shirt on the bed, made the sign of the cross towards every side of him, and adjusted his chains beneath his shirt—an operation which, as we could see from his face, occasioned him considerable pain. Then he sat up again, looked gravely at his ragged shirt, and rising and taking the candle, lifted the latter towards the shrine where the images of the saints stood. That done, he made the sign of the cross again, and turned the candle upside down, when it went out with a hissing noise.

接着，他穿着衬衣安静地躺在床上，在自己的每一面都画了个十字，然后调整了一下衬衣下面的链子——从他脸上的表情看，这个举动似乎相当痛苦。然后他又坐起来，严肃地看着他那件破衬衣。随后他又

站起来端起烛台，把它举向供着神像的神龛。做完后，他又画了个十字，然后把蜡烛翻转过来，蜡烛“滋”地一声熄灭了。

Through the window (which overlooked the wood) the moon (nearly full) was shining in such a way that one side of the tall white figure of the idiot stood out in the pale, silvery moonlight, while the other side was lost in the dark shadow which covered the floor, walls, and ceiling. In the courtyard the watchman was tapping at intervals upon his brass alarm plate. For a while Grisha stood silently before the images and, with his large hands pressed to his breast and his head bent forward, gave occasional sighs. Then with difficulty he knelt down and began to pray.

月光（几乎是满月）从窗户（可以俯瞰树林）照进来，愚者那高高的白色身影一边沐浴在苍白的银色月光下，另一边隐没在阴影里，从地板延伸到墙壁，一直到天花板。院子里，守夜人一下一下地敲打着他的黄铜警告板。格里沙安静地在圣像前站了一会儿，大手放在胸前，低着头，不时地叹息着。然后他费力地跪下去，开始祈祷。

At first he repeated some well-known prayers, and only accented a word here and there. Next, he repeated thee same prayers, but louder and with increased accentuation. Lastly he repeated them again and with even greater emphasis, as well as with an evident effort to pronounce them in the old Slavonic Church dialect. Though disconnected, his prayers were very touching. He prayed for all his benefactors (so he called every one who had received him hospitably), with, among them, Mamma and ourselves. Next he prayed for himself, and besought God to forgive him his sins, at the same time repeating, "God forgive also my enemies!" Then, moaning with the effort, he rose from his knees—only to fall to the floor again and repeat his phrases afresh. At last he regained his feet, despite the weight of the chains, which rattled loudly whenever they struck the floor.

一开始他重复了一些常见的祷辞，只是不时地强调一下某个词。然后他继续重复同样的祷辞，但是更加响亮，更有精神。最后他又重复了一遍，更加有所强调，还努力地想用古斯拉夫教堂语来发音。虽然他的祈祷支离破碎，但是很感人。他为他的恩人（他这样称呼那些曾好心收留过他的人们）祈祷，包括母亲和我们。接着他开始为自己祈祷，恳求上帝宽恕他的过错，同时还不断念着：“主啊，也请宽恕我的敌人吧！”然后，他费力地呻吟着站了起来——但又重新跪下，再次开始重复那些祷辞。最后他终于克服链子的重量站了起来。链子撞击到地板上发出刺耳的“哗啦哗啦”声。

Woloda pinched me rudely in the leg, but I took no notice of that (except that I involuntarily touched the place with my hand), as I observed with a feeling of childish astonishment, pity, and respect the words and gestures of Grisha. Instead of the laughter and amusement

which I had expected on entering the store room, I felt my heart beating and overcome.

沃洛达在我的大腿上狠狠掐了一下，但我根本没注意到（只是不自觉地用手揉了揉那儿）。我以孩子特有的好奇、同情和尊敬，关注着格里沙的一举一动。进入这个储藏室时，我以为我们会得到欢笑和消遣，但现在，我只觉得心跳得厉害，十分压抑。

Grisha continued for some time in this state of religious ecstasy as he improvised prayers and repeated again and yet again, "Lord, have mercy upon me!" Each time that he said, "Pardon me, Lord, and teach me to do what Thou wouldst have done," he pronounced the words with added earnestness and emphasis, as though he expected an immediate answer to his petition, and then fell to sobbing and moaning once more. Finally, he went down on his knees again, folded his arms upon his breast, and remained silent. I ventured to put my head round the door (holding my breath as I did so), but Grisha still made no movement except for the heavy sighs which heaved his breast. In the moonlight I could see a tear glistening on the white patch of his blind eye.

格里沙的宗教狂热又持续了一段时间，然后他换成了即兴的祷辞一遍遍念道："主啊，可怜可怜我吧！"每次他说"原谅我吧，主，教教我应该怎么做"的时候，声音更加急切沉重，似乎是期待他的请求能立刻能得到回答，但随即又开始抽泣悲叹。最后，他再次跪下，双手在胸前交叉，沉默不语。我试着把头探到门边（这样做的时候我屏住呼吸），但格里沙还是没有什么动作，只是重重地叹气，胸口剧烈地起伏着。月光下，我看到一滴眼泪在他失明的那只眼睛上白色的眼罩上闪耀着。

"Yes, Thy will be done!" he exclaimed suddenly, with an expression which I cannot describe, as, prostrating himself with his forehead on the floor, he fell to sobbing like a child.

"是的，你的旨意会完成的！"他突然大喊起来，带着我无法描述的表情。他前额着地拜倒，像个孩子一样哭起来。

Much sand has run out since then, many recollections of the past have faded from my memory or become blurred in indistinct visions, and poor Grisha himself has long since reached the end of his pilgrimage; but the impression which he produced upon me, and the feelings which he aroused in my breast, will never leave my mind. O truly Christian Grisha, your faith was so strong that you could feel the actual presence of God; your love so great that the words fell of themselves from your lips. You had no reason to prove them, for you did so with your earnest praises of His majesty as you fell to the ground speechless and in tears!

时光荏苒，关于过去的很多记忆都已经从我的脑海中淡去或化成一

副模糊不清的模样。而格里沙也早就完成了他的朝圣之旅；但他留给我的印象，还有他所唤起的我心底的情愫，我永远也不会忘记。哦，虔诚的基督教徒格里沙，你的信念如此坚定，让你可以感到上帝的真实存在；你的爱如此强烈，使得言语可以自然地从你的唇间流露而出。你不需要证实它们，因为当你伏在地上哭泣、找不到言语来表达的时候，献给上帝的就是最真挚的歌颂！

Nevertheless the sense of awe with which I had listened to Grisha could not last for ever. I had now satisfied my curiosity, and, being cramped with sitting in one position so long, desired to join in the tittering and fun which I could hear going on in the dark store room behind me. Some one took my hand and whispered, "Whose hand is this?" Despite the darkness, I knew by the touch and the low voice in my ear that it was Katenka. I took her by the arm, but she withdrew it, and, in doing so, pushed a cane chair which was standing near. Grisha lifted his head looked quietly about him, and, muttering a prayer, rose and made the sign of the cross towards each of the four corners of the room.

不过我听格里沙祈祷时的敬畏心情并未持续很久。我的好奇心已经得到了满足，加上保持一个姿势坐了很久，腿都麻了，所以现在我想加入身后那个黑暗的储藏室里的嗤笑和娱乐中去。有人抓住了我的手，低声问道：“这是谁的手？”虽然很黑，我还是通过触感和那低低的嗓音辨认出那是卡简卡。我抓住她的胳膊，但是她挣脱了，还碰倒了旁边的一个藤椅。格里沙抬起头，安静地向他周围看了看，然后他喃喃念着祷文，站起身来，向房间的四个角落各划了一个十字。

CHAPTER XIII NATALIA SAVISHNA

第十三章 纳塔莉娅·萨维什娜

In days gone by there used to run about the seignorial courtyard of the country house at Chabarovska a girl called Natashka. She always wore a cotton dress, went barefooted, and was rosy, plump, and gay. It was at the request and entreaties of her father, the clarionet player Savi, that my grandfather had "taken her upstairs"—that is to say, made her one of his wife's female servants. As chamber-maid, Natashka so distinguished herself by her zeal and amiable temper that when Mamma arrived as a baby and required a nurse Natashka was honoured with the charge of her. In this new office the girl earned still further praises and rewards for her activity, trustworthiness, and devotion to her young mistress. Soon, however, the powdered head and buckled shoes of the young and active footman Foka (who had frequent opportunities of courting her, since they were in the same service) captivated her unsophisticated, but loving, heart. At last she ventured to go and ask my grandfather if she might marry Foka, but her master took the request in bad part, flew into a passion, and punished poor Natashka by exiling her to a farm which he owned in a remote quarter of the Steppes. At length, when she had been gone six months and nobody could be found to replace her, she was recalled to her former duties. Returned, and with her dress in rags, she fell at Grandpapa's feet, and besought him to restore her his favour and kindness, and to forget the folly of which she had been guilty—folly which, she assured him, should never recur again. And she kept her word.

在逝去的日子里，在哈巴洛夫卡乡下房子的院子里，有个女孩经常跑来跑去。她的名字叫娜塔什卡。她总是穿着棉布裙子、赤着脚、脸蛋红扑扑的、身材胖胖的，而且总是乐呵呵的。应他父亲，吹单簧管的萨维的请求，我的外祖父就“把她带上了楼”——也就是说，让她做了我外祖母的女仆。作为一个侍女，娜塔什卡的热情和好脾气出了名的。所以当母亲降生后需要一个保姆的时候，娜塔什卡便荣幸地被授予了这份工作。在这个新的岗位上，这个女孩的积极主动、诚实守信、以及对小主人的忠诚为自己赢得了更多的赞扬和奖励。但是，不久，头发涂粉、鞋子系扣、年轻活跃的男仆福加（因为在相同的岗位上，他有很多机会追求她）迷住了娜塔什卡未经世故的、多情的心。终于，她冒险向外祖父询问她是否可以嫁给福加，但却被认为忘恩负义。外祖父十分生气，把可怜的娜塔什卡遣送到了在斯戴普斯的一个遥远农场上作为惩罚。但是，娜塔什卡走了六个月后，因为一直找不到能代替她的合适人选，娜塔什卡又被召回来，继续她之前的工作。娜塔什卡回来后，衣衫褴褛地

跪在外祖父脚边，请求他的重新宽待、照顾，忘掉她以前做过的蠢事——她向外祖父保证，再也不会犯那样的错误。娜塔什卡遵守了自己的诺言。

From that time forth she called herself, not Natashka, but Natalia Savishna, and took to wearing a cap. All the love in her heart was now bestowed upon her young charge. When Mamma had a governess appointed for her education, Natalia was awarded the keys as housekeeper, and henceforth had the linen and provisions under her care. These new duties she fulfilled with equal fidelity and zeal. She lived only for her master's advantage. Everything in which she could detect fraud, extravagance, or waste she endeavoured to remedy to the best of her power. When Mamma married and wished in some way to reward Natalia Savishna for her twenty years of care and labour, she sent for her and, voicing in the tenderest terms her attachment and love, presented her with a stamped charter of her (Natalia's) freedom, (It will be remembered that this was in the days of serfdom) telling her at the same time that, whether she continued to serve in the household or not, she should always receive an annual pension of 300 roubles. Natalia listened in silence to this. Then, taking the document in her hands and regarding it with a frown, she muttered something between her teeth, and darted from the room, slamming the door behind her. Not understanding the reason for such strange conduct, Mamma followed her presently to her room, and found her sitting with streaming eyes on her trunk, crushing her pocket-handkerchief between her fingers, and looking mournfully at the remains of the document, which was lying torn to pieces on the floor.

从那时起，她把自己的名字娜塔什卡改成了纳塔莉娅·萨维什娜，并带上了帽子。她心中全部的爱现在都倾注在她的小主人身上。当母亲到了跟着家庭教师学知识的年纪，纳塔莉娅领到了房子的钥匙，成了管家。从此，家里的衣物和食品都由她掌管。她用同样的忠诚和热情履行着她的新职责。她一心一意只为自己的主人谋福利。处处她都发现有欺骗、浪费的行为，因此她想尽一切办法来弥补。母亲结婚时，想要对纳塔莉娅·萨维什娜二十年来对她的照料和付出给予相应的酬谢。她叫来纳塔莉娅·萨维什娜，用温柔的话表达了她的依恋和爱意，并给她一份盖了章的文件，许给纳塔莉娅自由（要记住，这是农奴时代），并告诉她，不管她会不会继续留下来，她每年都能得到300卢布的抚恤金。纳塔莉娅沉默地听着。接着，她接过文件皱着眉头看了一会儿，喃喃地说了些什么，最后从房间里跑了出去，砰地一声关上了门。因为不明白她如此奇怪的行为，所以母亲立刻跟着去了纳塔莉娅的房间，只见她眼泪汪汪地坐在她的行李箱上，手指不停地绞着手帕，悲伤地看着那份已经被她撕成碎片、散落在地的文件。

"What is the matter, dear Natalia Savishna?" said Mamma, taking

her hand.

“你怎么了，亲爱的纳塔莉娅·萨维什娜？”母亲拉起她的手问道。

"Nothing, ma'am," she replied; "only—only I must have displeased you somehow, since you wish to dismiss me from the house. Well, I will go.”

“没事，小姐。”她回答道，“只是——只是我一定是惹您不高兴了。既然您想要解雇我，那么，我会离开的。”

She withdrew her hand and, with difficulty restraining her tears, rose to leave the room, but Mamma stopped her, and they wept a while in one another's arms.

她抽回手，费力地止住了眼泪，起身想要离开房间，但母亲拦住了她，她们相互拥抱着哭了一会儿。

Ever since I can remember anything I can remember Natalia Savishna and her love and tenderness; yet only now have I learnt to appreciate them at their full value. In early days it never occurred to me to think what a rare and wonderful being this old domestic was. Not only did she never talk, but she seemed never even to think, of herself. Her whole life was compounded of love and self-sacrifice. Yet so used was I to her affection and singleness of heart that I could not picture things otherwise. I never thought of thanking her, or of asking myself, "Is she also happy? Is she also contented?" Often on some pretext or another I would leave my lessons and run to her room, where, sitting down, I would begin to muse aloud as though she were not there. She was forever mending something, or tidying the shelves which lined her room, or marking linen, so that she took no heed of the nonsense which I talked—how that I meant to become a general, to marry a beautiful woman, to buy a chestnut horse, to, build myself a house of glass, to invite Karl Ivanitch's relatives to come and visit me from Saxony, and so forth; to all of which she would only reply, "Yes, my love, yes." Then, on my rising, and preparing to go, she would open a blue trunk which had pasted on the inside of its lid a coloured picture of a hussar which had once adorned a pomade bottle and a sketch made by Woloda, and take from it a fumigation pastille, which she would light and shake for my benefit, saying:

自从我能记事起，我就记得纳塔莉娅·萨维什娜，以及她的关爱和温柔。但是直到现在我才懂得它们是多么地珍贵。而在当时，我从来没有意识到这个老仆人是多么地难能可贵。她从不谈论自己，简直从来不会为自己考虑一下。她的一生都怀着爱和自我牺牲精神。而我已经习惯了她的慈爱和无私，根本想象不出另外的样子。我从没想过要感谢她，或是问问自己：“她幸福吗？她满足吗？”通常我会找这样那样的借口，丢下功课跑到她的房间里坐下，旁若无人地大声地说些自己的想法。她永

远在修补一些东西，或是在清洁房间里的架子，或是在做衣服，所以并不在意我的胡言乱语——比如我想要成为一个将军，跟一个漂亮的女孩结婚，买一匹栗色的马，建一间玻璃房子，邀请卡尔·伊万内奇的亲戚们从萨克森来看我，等等。对于所有这些，她一律回答道："好的，亲爱的，好的。"然后，在我站起来要走的时候，她便会打开一个蓝色的箱子，内盖上贴了一张从生发油瓶子上揭下来的彩色骑兵的画，一张沃洛达画的素描。她从箱子里拿出一块香点上，为我挥一挥，说道：

"These, dear, are the pastilles which your grandfather (now in Heaven) brought back from Otchakov after fighting against the Turks." Then she would add with a sigh, "But this is nearly the last one."

"这些，亲爱的，还是你的外祖父（现在已经在天堂了）去打土耳其人的时候，从奥恰科夫带回来的呢。"接着她会叹息着补充道，"但这差不多是最后一块了。"

The trunks which filled her room seemed to contain almost everything in the world. Whenever anything was wanted, people said, "Oh, go and ask Natalia Savishna for it," and, sure enough, it was seldom that she did not produce the object required and say, "See what comes of taking care of everything!" Her trunks contained thousands of things which nobody in the house but herself would have thought of preserving.

她房间里的那些箱子里，似乎装着这个世界上所有的东西。每当需要什么的时候，人们便会说："哦，去管纳塔莉娅·萨维什娜要吧。"果然，很少会有她拿不出所要的东西的时候，并且她还会说："看看，幸亏我留心收藏起来了！"她的箱子里装着成千上万的东西，除了她，家里没有人会想到收藏这些。

Once I lost my temper with her. This was how it happened.

有一次我冲她发了脾气。事情是这样的。

One day after luncheon I poured myself out a glass of kvass, and then dropped the decanter, and so stained the tablecloth.

一天吃完午饭，我给自己倒了一杯克瓦斯，结果碰翻了杯子，弄脏了桌布。

"Go and call Natalia, that she may come and see what her darling has done," said Mamma.

"去叫纳塔莉娅来，让她看看她心爱的小宝贝干了什么。"母亲说。

Natalia arrived, and shook her head at me when she saw the damage I had done; but Mamma whispered something in her ear, threw a look at myself, and then left the room.

纳塔莉娅来了，看到我干的坏事，对我摇了摇头。母亲在她耳边说

了些什么，看了我一眼就离开了房间。

I was just skipping away, in the sprightliest mood possible, when Natalia darted out upon me from behind the door with the tablecloth in her hand, and, catching hold of me, rubbed my face hard with the stained part of it, repeating, "Don't thou go and spoil tablecloths any more!"

我兴高采烈、蹦蹦跳跳地正准备离开，纳塔莉娅拿着桌布从后面快速追上来，抓住我，用桌布上弄脏的那块地方一边擦着我的脸，一边说道：“你，别再把桌布弄脏了！”

I struggled hard, and roared with temper.

我拼命挣扎，生气地大哭起来。

"What?" I said to myself as I fled to the drawing room in a mist of tears, "To think that Natalia Savishna—just plain Natalia—should say 'thou' to me and rub my face with a wet tablecloth as though I were a mere servant-boy! It is abominable!”

“怎么回事？”我眼泪汪汪地跑到客厅里，暗暗想着，“纳塔莉娅·萨维什娜——不过是佣人的纳塔莉娅——竟然对我用‘你’这个称呼，还用湿桌布擦我的脸，好像我是个小奴隶似的！真是太可恨了！”

Seeing my fury, Natalia departed, while I continued to strut about and plan how to punish the bold woman for her offence. Yet not more than a few moments had passed when Natalia returned and, stealing to my side, began to comfort me,

看到我这么生气，纳塔莉娅离开了。我还是继续走来走去，想着要好好惩罚一下这个大胆的敢于冒犯我的女佣。但不一会儿，纳塔莉娅又回来了，小心翼翼地走到我身旁，开始安慰我：

"Hush, then, my love. Do not cry. Forgive me my rudeness. It was wrong of me. You WILL pardon me, my darling, will you not? There, there, that's a dear," and she took from her handkerchief a cornet of pink paper containing two little cakes and a grape, and offered it me with a trembling hand. I could not look the kind old woman in the face, but, turning aside, took the paper, while my tears flowed the faster—though from love and shame now, not from anger.

“安静，好了，我的宝贝。别哭了。原谅我的粗鲁吧。是我错了。你会原谅我的，亲爱的，对不对？这是给你的，亲爱的。”她从手帕里掏出一个粉红的纸卷，里面包着两块小蛋糕和一串葡萄，她用颤抖的手递过来。我不敢看这位慈祥的老妇人的脸，只是转过身子，接过那个纸包。我的眼泪流得更快了——但这次是因为爱和羞愧，而不再是愤怒。

CHAPTER XIV THE PARTING

第十四章 分别

On the day after the events described, the carriage and the luggage-cart drew up to the door at noon. Nicola, dressed for the journey, with his breeches tucked into his boots and an old overcoat belted tightly about him with a girdle, got into the cart and arranged cloaks and cushions on the seats. When he thought that they were piled high enough he sat down on them, but finding them still unsatisfactory, jumped up and arranged them once more.

前面所描述的事情发生后的第二天中午，一辆四轮马车和一辆装行李的马车停在了大门口。尼科拉穿着旅行的装束，裤子塞在靴子里，一件旧外套用腰带紧紧地系在身上。他进了那辆装行李的马车，把大衣和垫子铺到座位上。当他觉得垫得足够高时，他坐了上去，但仍觉得不够满意，于是他又跳起来，重新摆弄了一遍。

"Nicola Dimitvitch, would you be so good as to take master's dressing-case with you?" said Papa's valet, suddenly standing up in the carriage, "It won't take up much room."

“尼科拉·迪米特维奇，把主人的衣物箱放在你那里行不行？”父亲的仆人突然从四轮马车里站起来问道，“不会占太多地方的。”

"You should have told me before, Michael Ivanitch," answered Nicola snappishly as he hurled a bundle with all his might to the floor of the cart.

“你应该早点跟我说的，迈克尔·伊万内奇。”尼科拉暴躁地回答。他正用尽全力把一个包裹扔进马车。

"Good gracious! Why, when my head is going round like a whirlpool, there you come along with your dressing-case!" and he lifted his cap to wipe away the drops of perspiration from his sunburnt brow.

“真是的！我的脑袋本来就晕得像个漩涡了，你还给我弄个衣物箱！”他摘下帽子，擦着被太阳晒黑的额头上的汗珠。

The courtyard was full of bareheaded peasants in kaftans or simple shirts, women clad in the national dress and wearing striped handkerchiefs, and barefooted little ones—the latter holding their mothers' hands or crowding round the entrance-steps. All were chattering among themselves as they stared at the carriage. One of the postillions, an old man dressed in a winter cap and cloak, took hold of the pole of the carriage and tried it carefully, while the other

postillion (a young man in a white blouse with pink gussets on the sleeves and a black lamb's-wool cap which he kept cocking first on one side and then on the other as he arranged his flaxen hair) laid his overcoat upon the box, slung the reins over it, and cracked his thonged whip as he looked now at his boots and now at the other drivers where they stood greasing the wheels of the cart—one driver lifting up each wheel in turn and the other driver applying the grease. Tired post-horses of various hues stood lashing away flies with their tails near the gate—some stamping their great hairy legs, blinking their eyes, and dozing, some leaning wearily against their neighbours, and others cropping the leaves and stalks of dark-green fern which grew near the entrance-steps. Some of the dogs were lying panting in the sun, while others were slinking under the vehicles to lick the grease from the wheels. The air was filled with a sort of dusty mist, and the horizon was lilac-grey in colour, though no clouds were to be seen. A strong wind from the south was raising volumes of dust from the roads and fields, shaking the poplars and birch-trees in the garden, and whirling their yellow leaves away. I myself was sitting at a window and waiting impatiently for these various preparations to come to an end.

院子里都是穿着长衫或简单衬衣的光着头的农夫，还有穿着民族款式裙子、包着条纹头巾的女仆，以及赤着脚的小孩儿——他们或是拉着母亲的手，或是挤在门口的台阶处。所有的人都在交谈着，看着马车。其中一个车夫是位老人，带着冬帽，披着斗篷，他握着马车的车辕，仔细地摆弄；另一个车夫（一个年轻人，穿着袖子上有粉色衬料的白衬衫，戴着黑羊毛帽，正在整理着他那淡黄色的头发，一会儿把帽子拨到这边，一会儿拨到那边）把他的外套放到车夫座上，又把缰绳扔上去。他甩着皮鞭，一会儿看看自己的靴子，一会儿又看看其他正在给小马车的轮子涂油的车夫。一个车夫依次抬起轮子，另一个车夫便给那轮子涂油。几匹不同颜色的驿马疲惫地站在门口，用尾巴驱赶着苍蝇——有的跺着毛茸茸的粗壮的腿，眯着眼睛打瞌睡；有的无聊地倚在同伴身上；其他的嚼着长在台阶旁的蕨类植物的树叶和茎秆。有的狗在太阳底下喘着气，还有的偷偷地跑到了马车底下舔轮子上的油。空气中飘着灰蒙蒙的尘雾，地平线上是淡淡的灰紫色，看不到云彩。一股来自南面的强风正卷起路上和田里的灰尘，摇动着花园里的白杨树和桦树，卷走了它们发黄的叶子。我自己坐在窗口，不耐烦地等着这样那样的准备工作结束。

As we sat together by the drawing room table, to pass the last few moments en famille, it never occurred to me that a sad moment was impending. On the contrary, the most trivial thoughts were filling my brain. Which driver was going to drive the carriage and which the cart? Which of us would sit with Papa, and which with Karl Ivanitch? Why must I be kept forever muffled up in a scarf and padded boots?

当我们都坐在客厅的桌子旁，在家里一起度过这最后的时光时，我根本没有意识到一个伤感的时刻即将到来。相反，许多琐碎的想法充满了我的脑袋。哪个车夫会驾驶那辆四轮马车，又是哪个车夫驾驶那辆装行李的小马车呢？我们中哪个会跟父亲坐在一起，哪个又会跟卡尔·伊万内奇坐在一起呢？为什么我必须永远围着围巾、穿着垫着垫子的靴子呢？

"Am I so delicate? Am I likely to be frozen?" I thought to myself.

“难道我很脆弱吗？我会被冻死吗？”我这样想着，

"I wish it would all come to an end, and we could take our seats and start."

“真希望一切都准备妥当，那样我们就能坐上马车出发了。”

"To whom shall I give the list of the children's linen?" asked Natalia Savishna of Mamma as she entered the room with a paper in her hand and her eyes red with weeping.

“我应该把孩子们的衣物清单给谁呢？”纳塔莉娅·萨维什娜走进房间，手里拿着一张纸，向母亲问道。她的眼睛哭得红红的。

"Give it to Nicola, and then return to say goodbye to them," replied Mamma. The old woman seemed about to say something more, but suddenly stopped short, covered her face with her handkerchief, and left the room. Something seemed to prick at my heart when I saw that gesture of hers, but impatience to be off soon drowned all other feeling, and I continued to listen indifferently to Papa and Mamma as they talked together. They were discussing subjects which evidently interested neither of them. What must be bought for the house? What would Princess Sophia or Madame Julie say? Would the roads be good?—and so forth.

“给尼科拉吧，然后回来跟孩子们告别。”母亲回答。那位老妇人似乎还想再说些什么，但是突然停住了，用手帕掩着脸，离开了房间。我看到纳塔莉娅的动作，心似乎被扎了一下。但迫不及待想出发的心情很快驱散了其他所有的感觉，我继续漫不经心地听着父亲和母亲的谈话。他们显然对自己正在讨论的话题都不感兴趣。家里需要买些什么？要对索菲娅公爵小姐和朱丽叶夫人说些什么？不知道路好不好走？——诸如此类的。

Foka entered, and in the same tone and with the same air as though he were announcing luncheon said, "The carriages are ready." I saw Mamma tremble and turn pale at the announcement, just as though it were something unexpected.

福加进来了，用宣布午餐时一样的语气、一样的神态说道：“马车备好了。”我看到母亲在听到这个消息时颤抖了一下，脸色变得苍白，就像是听到了什么出乎意料的事情。

Next, Foka was ordered to shut all the doors of the room. This amused me highly. As though we needed to be concealed from some one! When every one else was seated, Foka took the last remaining chair. Scarcely, however, had he done so when the door creaked and every one looked that way. Natalia Savishna entered hastily, and, without raising her eyes, sat own on the same chair as Foka. I can see them before me now—Foka's bald head and wrinkled, set face, and, beside him, a bent, kind figure in a cap from beneath which a few grey hairs were straggling. The pair settled themselves together on the chair, but neither of them looked comfortable.

然后，福加被吩咐关好那个房间所有的门。这让我觉得非常有趣。似乎我们在躲着什么人似的！大家都坐好后，福加在最后一个剩下的座位上坐下。然而，他刚坐下，房门就响了，所有人都看向那边。纳塔莉娅·萨维什娜慌慌张张地进来了，她头也不抬，就在福加那张椅子上坐了下来。到现在我还能想起他们当时的样子：福加的光头，还有他那布满皱纹的、僵硬的脸；而在他旁边，是一个驼着背的慈祥的身影，她戴着帽子，帽子下露出一些散乱的白发。那两个人坐在同一张椅子上，但看起来都不太自在。

I continued preoccupied and impatient. In fact, the ten minutes during which we sat there with closed doors seemed to me an hour. At last every one rose, made the sign of the cross, and began to say goodbye. Papa embraced Mamma, and kissed her again and again.

我还是继续走神，很不耐烦。我觉得，关上门静坐的这十分钟简直好像是一个钟头。最后大家都站起来，画了个十字，开始相互告别。父亲拥抱了母亲，一遍一遍地亲吻她。

"But enough," he said presently. "We are not parting for ever."

“好了，”他说，“我们又不是要永别。”

"No, but it is-so-so sad!" replied Mamma, her voice trembling with emotion.

“当然不是，但是却让人如此悲伤！”母亲回答，她的声音因为情绪激动而颤抖着。

When I heard that faltering voice, and saw those quivering lips and tear-filled eyes, I forgot everything else in the world. I felt so ill and miserable that I would gladly have run away rather than bid her farewell. I felt, too, that when she was embracing Papa she was embracing us all. She clasped Woloda to her several times, and made the sign of the cross over him; after which I approached her, thinking that it was my turn. Nevertheless she took him again and again to her heart, and blessed him. Finally I caught hold of her, and, clinging to her, wept—wept, thinking of nothing in the world but my grief.

听着母亲颤抖的声音，看着颤抖的双唇和盈满泪水的眼睛，我忘记了其他的一切。我感到十分痛苦和悲伤，我宁愿跑掉，也不想跟她告别。我也感到，当她跟父亲拥抱的时候，其实就是在跟我们所有的人拥抱。母亲拥抱了沃洛达好几次，在他身上画了个十字。然后我走到她身边，想着现在该轮到我了。但母亲还是一遍遍地把沃洛达拉向她，祝福他。最后我抱着她，紧贴着她，哭着——哭着，脑海里只想着我的悲伤。

As we passed out to take our seats, other servants pressed round us in the hall to say goodbye. Yet their requests to shake hands with us, their resounding kisses on our shoulders, (The fashion in which inferiors salute their superiors in Russia.) and the odour of their greasy heads only excited in me a feeling akin to impatience with these tiresome people. The same feeling made me bestow nothing more than a very cross kiss upon Natalia's cap when she approached to take leave of me. It is strange that I should still retain a perfect recollection of these servants' faces, and be able to draw them with the most minute accuracy in my mind, while Mamma's face and attitude escape me entirely. It may be that it is because at that moment I had not the heart to look at her closely. I felt that if I did so our mutual grief would burst forth too unrestrainedly.

我们走出门准备坐上马车时，其他的仆人在大厅里围住我们，与我们告别。但是他们请求跟我们握手，在我们的肩头留下响亮的一吻（俄国下级对上级的一种行礼），他们头上油腻的气味只是让我对这些无聊的人们感到厌烦。因为这样的情绪，当纳塔莉娅过来跟我告别时，我只是在她的帽子上留下了冷淡的一吻。奇怪的是，我还能清楚地记住那些仆人的脸，能够将他们在我脑海里精准地描绘出来，但却完全遗忘了母亲当时的面容和神情。也许是因为那样的时刻，我根本没有勇气仔细地看她。我觉得如果我那样做了，我们两个人的悲伤都将不可抑制地爆发。

I was the first to jump into the carriage and to take one of the hinder seats. The high back of the carriage prevented me from actually seeing her, yet I knew by instinct that Mamma was still there.

我是第一个跳进马车的，然后坐在后排的座位上。马车后边高高的车篷使我根本看不到母亲，不过我本能地觉得母亲应该还在那里。

"Shall I look at her again or not?" I said to myself.

“我是不是应该再看她一眼呢？”我问自己。

"Well, just for the last time," and I peeped out towards the entrance-steps. Exactly at that moment Mamma moved by the same impulse, came to the opposite side of the carriage, and called me by name. Hearing her voice behind me. I turned round, but so hastily that our heads knocked together. She gave a sad smile, and kissed me

convulsively for the last time.

“好吧，最后一次。”于是我探出头去看台阶那里。就在那时，母亲也被同样的想法感染了，从马车的另一面走来，唤着我的名字。我听到她在身后叫我，我仓促地转过去，结果我跟母亲的头撞到了一起。她露出一个悲伤的笑容，最后一次颤抖地吻了我。

When we had driven away a few paces I determined to look at her once more. The wind was lifting the blue handkerchief from her head as, bent forward and her face buried in her hands, she moved slowly up the steps. Foka was supporting her. Papa said nothing as he sat beside me. I felt breathless with tears—felt a sensation in my throat as though I were going to choke, just as we came out on to the open road I saw a white handkerchief waving from the terrace. I waved mine in return, and the action of so doing calmed me a little. I still went on crying, but the thought that my tears were a proof of my affection helped to soothe and comfort me.

我们已经走出去几步后，我决定要再看母亲一眼。一阵风吹起她头上的蓝头巾，母亲前倾着身子，脸埋在手里，慢慢地走上了台阶。福加搀扶着她。父亲坐在我旁边，什么都没说。我觉得喘不过气来，眼泪也止不住——我喉咙里有种感觉，好像快要窒息了一样。当我们走到大路上的时候，我看到平台上有人在挥动着一块白手帕。于是我也挥动起我的手帕作为回应，这样的举动让我镇静了一些。我继续哭着，但想到我流泪正是我对母亲感情的证明，于是我感到稍稍安慰了一些。

After a little while I began to recover, and to look with interest at objects which we passed and at the hind-quarters of the led horse which was trotting on my side. I watched how it would swish its tail, how it would lift one hoof after the other, how the driver's thong would fall upon its back, and how all its legs would then seem to jump together and the back-band, with the rings on it, to jump too—the whole covered with the horse's foam. Then I would look at the rolling stretches of ripe corn, at the dark ploughed fields where ploughs and peasants and horses with foals were working, at their footprints, and at the box of the carriage to see who was driving us; until, though my face was still wet with tears, my thoughts had strayed far from her with whom I had just parted—parted, perhaps, for ever. Yet ever and again something would recall her to my memory. I remembered too how, the evening before, I had found a mushroom under the birch-trees, how Lubotshka had quarrelled with Katenka as to whose it should be, and how they had both of them wept when taking leave of us. I felt sorry to be parted from them, and from Natalia Savishna, and from the birch-tree avenue, and from Foka. Yes, even the horrid Mimi I longed for. I longed for everything at home. And poor Mamma!—The tears rushed to my eyes again. Yet even this mood passed away before long.

过了一会儿，我慢慢恢复了平静，开始好奇地看着我们路过的风景和走在我这边的那匹拉车的马匹的臀部。我看着它是怎样甩动它的尾巴，怎样先抬起一只蹄子然后又抬起另一只，车夫的鞭子是怎样落到它的背上，而后它又是怎样四脚腾空地跳起，它的皮套和皮套上的铃铛是怎样也跟着它一起跳起来的——这一切都浸上了马的汗水。然后我看到起伏延绵的成熟了的麦田，在黑色的耕地上，木犁、农民、马匹以及小马驹正在劳作，我看着他们的足迹，又看着马车前的车夫座，想看看是谁在驾驶我们的车。终于，尽管我的脸上还挂着泪水，我已经不再想着我刚刚告别的她了——这一别，也许就是永远。但还是不时有些东西会让我想起她。我还记得，前一个夜晚我在桦树下找到了一只蘑菇，露博奇卡和卡简卡为了这只蘑菇该归谁吵了起来；我也记得她们俩跟我们告别时哭泣的样子。我舍不得离开她们，舍不得离开纳塔莉娅·萨维什娜，舍不得离开那条白桦林小道，也舍不得离开福加。是的，我甚至也舍不得离开那个凶巴巴的米米。我想念家中的一切。还有可怜的母亲！——眼泪又开始在我眼里打转。只是这样的情绪不久就消失了。

CHAPTER XV—CHILDHOOD CHILDHOOD

第十五章 童年

Happy, happy, never-returning time of childhood! How can we help loving and dwelling upon its recollections? They cheer and elevate the soul, and become to one a source of higher joys.

多么多么幸福的、一去不复返的童年时光啊！我们怎么能不爱惜和珍视这段记忆呢？这些童年的记忆欢欣鼓舞，净化了我的心灵，成为我汲取更多快乐的源泉。

Sometimes, when dreaming of bygone days, I fancy that, tired out with running about, I have sat down, as of old, in my high arm-chair by the tea-table. It is late, and I have long since drunk my cup of milk. My eyes are heavy with sleep as I sit there and listen. How could I not listen, seeing that Mamma is speaking to somebody, and that the sound of her voice is so melodious and kind? How much its echoes recall to my heart! With my eyes veiled with drowsiness I gaze at her wistfully. Suddenly she seems to grow smaller and smaller, and her face vanishes to a point; yet I can still see it—can still see her as she looks at me and smiles. Somehow it pleases me to see her grown so small. I blink and blink, yet she looks no larger than a boy reflected in the pupil of an eye. Then I rouse myself, and the picture fades. Once more I half-close my eyes, and cast about to try and recall the dream, but it has gone.

有时候，在回忆那些逝去的日子时，我常常想，疲于奔波的我就像一个老人，坐在茶几旁高高的扶手椅上。天色已晚，我早早地喝完了牛奶。坐在那里，聆听着周围的声音，眼皮渐重。母亲在跟什么人说着话，她的声音如此悦耳，如此动听，我怎么可能充耳不闻呢？这些声音唤起了我内心的多少回忆啊！我的眼里满是睡意，沉思而渴望地看着她。突然，她似乎变得越来越小，她的脸消失成一个点；但我仍然能看到它——看到她看着我，对我笑的样子。不知怎的，她变得如此小的样子使我很开心。我的眼睛不停地眨，但是她还是看起来不比瞳孔里的男孩儿大多少。我动了一下，这个画面就消失了。我再次试着半闭上双眼，试图尽力去回忆这个梦，但只是徒劳。

I rise to my feet, only to fall back comfortably into the armchair.

我站起来，只是想换个更舒服的姿势躺进扶手椅里。

"There! You are failing asleep again, little Nicolas," says Mamma. "You had better go to by-by.”

“嘿！你又睡着了，小尼克拉斯。”母亲说道，“你最好赶紧上去。”

"No, I won't go to sleep, Mamma," I reply, though almost inaudibly, for pleasant dreams are filling all my soul. The sound sleep of childhood is weighing my eyelids down, and for a few moments I sink into slumber and oblivion until awakened by some one. I feel in my sleep as though a soft hand were caressing me. I know it by the touch, and, though still dreaming, I seize hold of it and press it to my lips. Every one else has gone to bed, and only one candle remains burning in the drawing room. Mamma has said that she herself will wake me. She sits down on the arm of the chair in which I am asleep, with her soft hand stroking my hair, and I hear her beloved, well-known voice say in my ear:

“不，我不想睡觉，母亲。”我用几乎听不见的声音回答，因为这些美好的梦境正充斥着我的灵魂。童年深深的睡意使我的眼皮沉重，很快我便沉沉地睡去，直到被人叫醒。睡梦中，我感到一双温柔的手在爱抚我。我熟悉这样的触摸，虽然是在梦中，但我还是紧紧地抓住了它，将它按向我的双唇。所有人都去睡觉了，客厅只有一根燃烧着的蜡烛。母亲说她会亲自叫醒我。她坐在我睡觉的那张椅子扶手上，用温柔的手抚摸着我的头发；我听到那熟悉的、可爱的声音在我耳边说着：

"Get up, my darling. It is time to go by-by.”

“起来，我的宝贝，该上楼睡了。”

No envious gaze sees her now. She is not afraid to shed upon me the whole of her tenderness and love. I do not wake up, yet I kiss and kiss her hand. "Get up, then, my angel." She passes her other arm round my neck, and her fingers tickle me as they move across it. The room is quiet and in half-darkness, but the tickling has touched my nerves and I begin to awake. Mamma is sitting near me—that I can tell—and touching me; I can hear her voice and feel her presence. This at last rouses me to spring up, to throw my arms around her neck, to hide my head in her bosom, and to say with a sigh:

现在没有人用嫉妒的眼神看她。她不用害怕对我展露她全部的温柔和爱意。我没有醒来，只是一遍一遍亲吻她的手。“起来，我的小天使。”她用另一只手环着我的脖子，手指来回动着，挠我的痒痒。房间里很安静，半明半暗，母亲的挠动触动了我的神经，我开始清醒了。母亲坐得离我很近——我能感到——她抚摸着我；我可以听见她的声音，感觉到她的存在。这最终彻底唤醒了我，我跳起来，双臂环着她的脖子，把头深埋在她的怀里，感叹地说道：

"Ah, dear, darling Mamma, how much I love you!"

“啊，亲爱的、亲爱的母亲，我是多么爱你啊！”

She smiles her sad, enchanting smile, takes my head between her two hands, kisses me on the forehead, and lifts me on to her lap.

她露出忧郁而迷人的笑容，两手托着我的脑袋，亲吻了我的额头，把我抱到她的膝上。

"Do you love me so much, then?" she says. Then, after a few moments' silence, she continues: "And you must love me always, and never forget me. If your Mamma should no longer be here, will you promise never to forget her—never, Nicolinka? and she kisses me more fondly than ever.

“你真的那么爱我吗？”她问。接着，沉默了一会儿，她又说：“那你必须一直爱我，永远不忘记我。如果母亲不在了，你会保证永远不忘记她吗——永远不忘记，尼克连卡？”她更加温柔地亲吻我。

"Oh, but you must not speak so, darling Mamma, my own darling Mamma!" I exclaim as I clasp her knees, and tears of joy and love fall from my eyes.

“哦，千万别这么说，亲爱的母亲，我亲爱的母亲！”我紧抱着她的双膝喊着，眼中涌出喜悦和爱的泪水。

How, after scenes like this, I would go upstairs, and stand before the ikons, and say with a rapturous feeling, "God bless Papa and Mamma!" and repeat a prayer for my beloved mother which my childish lips had learnt to lisp—the love of God and of her blending strangely in a single emotion!

这之后，我爬上楼去，站在圣像前，怀着无比欣喜的心情说道：“愿上帝保佑父亲母亲！”幼小的我口齿不清地又在为我深爱的母亲祈福，对上帝的爱和对母亲的爱奇异地交织在了一起。

After saying my prayers I would wrap myself up in the bedclothes. My heart would feel light, peaceful, and happy, and one dream would follow another. Dreams of what? They were all of them vague, but all of them full of pure love and of a sort of expectation of happiness. I remember, too, that I used to think about Karl Ivanitch and his sad lot. He was the only unhappy being whom I knew, and so sorry would I feel for him, and so much did I love him, that tears would fall from my eyes as I thought, "May God give him happiness, and enable me to help him and to lessen his sorrow. I could make any sacrifice for him!"

祈祷完毕，我就会把自己裹进被子里。我的内心充满了光明、平静和幸福，梦一个接着一个。我梦到了什么呢？这些梦都是模糊不清的，但是它们都充满了纯净的爱意和对幸福的憧憬。我也记得，我过去经常会想起卡尔·伊万内奇和他的悲惨命运。他是我所知道的唯一一个不幸福的人，我为他感到难过。我那样爱他，以至每次想着想着就掉下泪来。“希望上帝给他幸福，让我可以帮他减少他的悲伤。我可以为他做任何牺牲！”

Usually, also, there would be some favourite toy—a china dog or hare—stuck into the bed-corner behind the pillow, and it would please me to think how warm and comfortable and well cared-for it was there. Also, I would pray God to make every one happy, so that every one might be contented, and also to send fine weather tomorrow for our walk. Then I would turn myself over on to the other side, and thoughts and dreams would become jumbled and entangled together until at last I slept soundly and peacefully, though with a face wet with tears.

我还常常会把一些很喜欢的玩具——一个陶瓷狗或陶瓷兔——塞到枕头后的床角里.每当想到在那儿，它是多么舒服、多么温暖，或者想到我把它照顾得那么好，就十分开心。我还会向上帝祈祷让每个人都幸福，这样每个人都会感到满足，并且祈祷上帝为我们明天的外出提供个好天气。然后我便会转到另一边，思绪和梦境纠缠在一起，直到终于安静地沉沉睡去，脸上湿湿的、挂着眼泪。

Do in after life the freshness and light-heartedness, the craving for love and for strength of faith, ever return which we experience in our childhood's years? What better time is there in our lives than when the two best of virtues—innocent gaiety and a boundless yearning for affection—are our sole objects of pursuit?

我们童年时经历的纯真、无忧无虑以及对爱和坚定信念的渴望，会在以后的岁月里回来吗？我们的生命中还有比单纯地将这两样东西——懵懂的快乐和对爱的无限渴求——作为我们唯一追求的美德更加美好的时光吗？

Where now are our ardent prayers? Where now are our best gifts—the pure tears of emotion which a guardian angel dries with a smile as he sheds upon us lovely dreams of ineffable childish joy? Can it be that life has left such heavy traces upon one's heart that those tears and ecstasies are for ever vanished? Can it be that there remains to us only the recollection of them?

我们那些热忱的祈祷现在在哪里呢？我们最好的礼物——守护天使在向我们播撒妙不可言的只属于孩子的快乐时，为我们擦去的纯洁泪水——现在又在哪里呢？难道生活在人们心里留下的如此沉重的印记，会和那些泪水和欣喜一样永远消失吗？难道留给我们的只是关于它们的回忆吗？

CHAPTER XVI VERSE-MAKING

第十六章 作诗

Rather less than a month after our arrival in Moscow I was sitting upstairs in my Grandmamma's house and doing some writing at a large table. Opposite to me sat the drawing master, who was giving a few finishing touches to the head of a turbaned Turk, executed in black pencil. Woloda, with out-stretched neck, was standing behind the drawing master and looking over his shoulder. The head was Woloda's first production in pencil and today—Grandmamma's name-day—the masterpiece was to be presented to her.

我们到莫斯科还不到一个月。有一天，我呆在外祖母家里，坐在楼上的一张大桌子旁写字。我的对面坐着绘画老师，他正在用黑铅笔给戴头巾的土耳其人添最后几笔。沃洛达站在绘画老师的后面，伸着脖子，越过他的肩膀看着。这个头像画是沃洛达用铅笔画的第一幅作品，而且今天——外祖母的命名日——这幅杰作就要送给她。

"Aren't you going to put a little more shadow there?" said Woloda to the master as he raised himself on tiptoe and pointed to the Turk's neck.

“这儿您不准备再打点阴影吗？”沃洛达踮着脚尖，指着土耳其人的脖子向老师问道。

"No, it is not necessary," the master replied as he put pencil and drawing-pen into a japanned folding box. "It is just right now, and you need not do anything more to it. As for you, Nicolinka," he added, rising and glancing askew at the Turk, "won't you tell us your great secret at last? What are you going to give your Grandmamma? I think another head would be your best gift. But good-bye, gentlemen," and taking his hat and cardboard he departed.

“不，没必要。”老师一边回答，一边把铅笔和绘图笔装进一个漆过的、可折叠的盒子里。“这样正好，不需要再改了。你啊，尼克连卡，”他接着说，站起来斜看着他的土耳其人，“你还是不准备告诉我们你的大秘密吗？你准备送什么给你的外祖母？我觉得再画一个头像会是你最好的礼物。再见了，小绅士们。”老师说完就拿着他的帽子和硬纸板走了。

I too had thought that another head than the one at which I had been working would be a better gift; so, when we were told that Grandmamma's name-day was soon to come round and that we must each of us have a present ready for her, I had taken it into my head to write some verses in honour of the occasion, and had forthwith

composed two rhymed couplets, hoping that the rest would soon materialise. I really do not know how the idea—one so peculiar for a child—came to occur to me, but I know that I liked it vastly, and answered all questions on the subject of my gift by declaring that I should soon have something ready for Grandmamma, but was not going to say what it was.

我本来也认为，再画一个头像会是一份比我所准备的东西更好的礼物。当我听说不久就是外祖母的命名日，每一个人都要准备贺礼的时候，我忽然想到要写一首贺诗。我立刻写了两行押韵的诗句，希望赶快把剩下的也写出来。我真不知道这样一个念头——对于孩子来说很奇怪的念头——我是怎么想到的，但我知道我很喜欢它。每当被问到关于我礼物的问题时，我都说我的礼物应该很快就能准备好了，但不会说这个礼物是什么。

Contrary to my expectation, I found that, after the first two couplets executed in the initial heat of enthusiasm, even my most strenuous efforts refused to produce another one. I began to read different poems in our books, but neither Dimitrieff nor Derzhavin could help me. On the contrary, they only confirmed my sense of incompetence. Knowing, however, that Karl Ivanitch was fond of writing verses, I stole softly upstairs to burrow among his papers, and found, among a number of German verses, some in the Russian language which seemed to have come from his own pen.

但跟我的期望相反，在我用最初的热情写出那两句诗后，不管我再怎么努力也写不出另外几句了。我开始读书上各种各样的诗，但不管是德米特里耶夫还是杰尔查文都不能帮助我。他们只是让我更确信了我的无能。不过，我了解到卡尔·伊万内奇喜欢写诗，于是我偷偷爬上楼，翻找他的文件。在一堆德文诗中，有一些用俄语写的，似乎是出自他的手笔。

To L

献给　露……

Remember near Remember far, Remember me. Today be faithful, and for ever— Aye, still beyond the grave—remember That I have well loved thee.

记着眼前的记着远方的，记着我。从今天直到永远保持忠诚——即使到了坟墓——也要记得我曾多么爱你。

"KARL MAYER."

“卡尔·毛耶尔作”

These verses (which were written in a fine, round hand on thin letter-paper) pleased me with the touching sentiment with which they seemed to be inspired. I learnt them by heart, and decided to take

them as a model. The thing was much easier now. By the time the name-day had arrived I had completed a twelve-couplet congratulatory ode, and sat down to the table in our school-room to copy them out on vellum.

这些诗句（用娟秀圆润的字体写在薄薄的信纸上）以其动人的感触让我感到很愉悦，也正是这些细腻的情愫给了我创作的灵感。我仔细背熟了它们，决定用它作为模板。现在事情变得简单多了。命名日到来之际，我已经完成了十二行的祝贺诗。我坐在教室的桌子旁，把它们抄到牛皮纸上。

Two sheets were soon spoiled—not because I found it necessary to alter anything (the verses seemed to me perfect), but because, after the third line, the tail-end of each successive one would go curving upward and making it plain to all the world that the whole thing had been written with a want of adherence to the horizontal—a thing which I could not bear to see.

牛皮纸很快被写废了两张——不是因为我发现有什么需要修改的地方（诗本身对我来说已经很好了），而是因为，在写完第三行之后，每行末尾都持续往上翘，全世界都能看出我写得不够整齐——这可是我不能忍受的事情。

The third sheet also came out crooked, but I determined to make it do. In my verses I congratulated Grandmamma, wished her many happy returns, and concluded thus:

第三张纸仍然写得歪歪扭扭的，但我决定就这么着了。在我的诗中，我祝贺我亲爱的外祖母，希望她开心幸福，结尾是这样的：

"Endeavouring you to please and cheer, We love you like our Mother dear."

“我们将竭尽全力使您开心欢愉，我们爱您就像爱我们的亲妈。”

This seemed to me not bad, yet it offended my ear somehow.

这对我来说不是太坏，但它总让我觉得刺耳。

"Lo-ve you li-ike our Mo-ther dear," I repeated to myself. "What other rhyme could I use instead of 'dear'? Fear? Steer? Well, it must go at that. At least the verses are better than Karl Ivanitch's."

“我们爱——您就像爱我们的亲——妈。”我自言自语道，“还有什么押韵的词可以用来代替‘妈’？疼爱？敬爱？哦，这还行。至少这比卡尔·伊万内奇的要好。”

Accordingly I added the last verse to the rest. Then I went into our bedroom and recited the whole poem aloud with much feeling and gesticulation. The verses were altogether guiltless of metre, but I did not stop to consider that. Yet the last one displeased me more than

ever. As I sat on my bed I thought:

于是我把剩下的诗补全。然后我走进卧室，充满感情、打着手势，大声地朗诵了这首诗。有几行诗完全没有韵律，但我不管不顾地念了下去。但最后一行让我感到十分不对劲。我坐在床上开始想：

"Why on earth did I write 'like our Mother dear'? She is not here, and therefore she need never have been mentioned. True, I love and respect Grandmamma, but she is not quite the same as—Why DID I write that? What did I go and tell a lie for? They may be verses only, yet I needn't quite have done that."

“我到底为什么要写‘像爱我们的亲妈’呢？她又不在这儿，所以根本不需要提她。说真的，我敬爱我的外祖母，但她似乎——那我到底为什么要那么写呢？我为什么要撒谎呢？就算那只是诗，也不需要这样吧。”

At that moment the tailor arrived with some new clothes for us.

正在这时，裁缝拿了新衣服进来给我们。

"Well, so be it!" I said in much vexation as I crammed the verses hastily under my pillow and ran down to adorn myself in the new Moscow garments.

“哦，算了吧！”我恼火地自言自语道，慌忙地把诗藏到枕头下面，然后跑去试穿新的莫斯科衣服。

They fitted marvellously—both the brown jacket with yellow buttons (a garment made skin-tight and not "to allow room for growth," as in the country) and the black trousers (also close-fitting so that they displayed the figure and lay smoothly over the boots).

它们不可思议地合身——棕色的夹克配着黄色的纽扣，衣服是紧身的，而不像农村里做得那么肥大；黑裤子也是窄窄的，很显身材，紧贴着靴子。

"At last I have real trousers on!" I thought as I looked at my legs with the utmost satisfaction. I concealed from every one the fact that the new clothes were horribly tight and uncomfortable, but, on the contrary, said that, if there were a fault, it was that they were not tight enough. For a long while I stood before the looking-glass as I combed my elaborately pomaded head, but, try as I would, I could not reduce the topmost hairs on the crown to order. As soon as ever I left off combing them, they sprang up again and radiated in different directions, thus giving my face a ridiculous expression.

“我终于穿上一条真正的礼服裤了！”我很满意地看着我的腿这样想道。我向所有人隐瞒了新衣服很紧、穿着不舒服的事实，而是说它很舒适，硬要说有什么缺陷的话，那就是它还不够紧身。我在穿衣镜前站了很久，梳理我那涂了生发油的头发。但是，尽管一直梳，我怎么也不能把头顶的头发梳平。我一把梳子拿下来，头发竖起来，东倒西歪的，使

我的脸看起来很好笑。

Karl Ivanitch was dressing in another room, and I heard some one bring him his blue frockcoat and under-linen. Then at the door leading downstairs I heard a maid-servant's voice, and went to see what she wanted. In her hand she held a well-starched shirt which she said she had been sitting up all night to get ready. I took it, and asked if Grandmamma was up yet.

卡尔·伊万内奇在另一个房间里试衣服，我听到有人给他拿去了蓝色的燕尾服和几件内衣。在通向楼下的楼梯口，我听到一个侍女的声音，于是我出去看看她要干什么。她手里拿了一件熨得很平整的衬衫，她说她为了熨这件衣服整晚没睡。我接过衣服，顺便问起外祖母有没有起床。

"Oh yes, she has had her coffee, and the priest has come. My word, but you look a fine little fellow!" added the girl with a smile at my new clothes.

“哦，起来了，她已经喝完咖啡了，神父也已经来了。哎呀，你看起来棒极了！”那女孩笑着打量着我的衣服说道。

This observation made me blush, so I whirled round on one leg, snapped my fingers, and went skipping away, in the hope that by these manoeuvres I should make her sensible that even yet she had not realised quite what a fine fellow I was.

我的脸一下子红了，我单腿转过身子，弹着响指，蹦跳着离开了，想让她感觉到她还没有清楚地意识到我是多么帅气的小伙子。

However, when I took the shirt to Karl I found that he did not need it, having taken another one. Standing before a small looking-glass, he tied his cravat with both hands—trying, by various motions of his head, to see whether it fitted him comfortably or not—and then took us down to see Grandmamma. To this day I cannot help laughing when I remember what a smell of pomade the three of us left behind us on the staircase as we descended.

不过，当我把衬衫拿给卡尔的时候，他已经不需要了，因为他早就拿另一件换上了。他站在小化妆镜前，两手打着领带——从各个角度观察，看是否合适——然后我们便一起下去见外祖母。一直到今天，我想起楼梯里我们三个的生发油的味道还是忍不住想笑。

Karl was carrying a box which he had made himself, Woloda, his drawing, and I my verses, while each of us also had a form of words ready with which to present his gift. Just as Karl opened the door, the priest put on his vestment and began to say prayers.

卡尔准备了一个他自己做的盒子，沃洛达拿着他的画，我拿着诗，每个人在给礼物时都准备了一段话。就在卡尔开门的时候，神父穿上了

做礼拜时的法衣，开始祈祷。

During the ceremony Grandmamma stood leaning over the back of a chair, with her head bent down. Near her stood Papa. He turned and smiled at us as we hurriedly thrust our presents behind our backs and tried to remain unobserved by the door. The whole effect of a surprise, upon which we had been counting, was entirely lost. When at last every one had made the sign of the cross I became intolerably oppressed with a sudden, invincible, and deadly attack of shyness, so that the courage to, offer my present completely failed me. I hid myself behind Karl Ivanitch, who solemnly congratulated Grandmamma and, transferring his box from his right hand to his left, presented it to her. Then he withdrew a few steps to make way for Woloda. Grandmamma seemed highly pleased with the box (which was adorned with a gold border), and smiled in the most friendly manner in order to express her gratitude. Yet it was evident that, she did not know where to set the box down, and this probably accounts for the fact that she handed it to Papa, at the same time bidding him observe how beautifully it was made.

在仪式期间，外祖母一直歪着头，斜靠在椅背上。父亲站在她旁边。他转过头，笑了。他看见我们匆忙地把礼物藏到身后，又想不惹人注意地滞留在门口。我们一直计划着的惊喜效果，一下子全没了。最后，每个人画了个十字架，我感到一阵突如其来的强烈的羞怯感，完全没有了把礼物拿给外祖母的勇气。我躲到了卡尔·伊万内奇身后，他庄重地祝福了我的外祖母，将礼物从右手换到左手，献给了她。接着他后退几步，给沃洛达让出位置。外祖母似乎非常满意这个镶着金边的盒子，十分友好地笑着表示感谢。但是很显然她不知道该把盒子放到哪儿，大概因为这样，她就索性把盒子递给父亲，让他看看盒子做得多么精致。

His curiosity satisfied, Papa handed the box to the priest, who also seemed particularly delighted with it, and looked with astonishment, first at the article itself, and then at the artist who could make such wonderful things. Then Woloda presented his Turk, and received a similarly flattering ovation on all sides.

父亲满足了自己的好奇心，便又把盒子递给了神父，神父似乎也很中意这个小盒子，他惊奇地先是看着盒子，然后又看了看创造出这个杰作的艺术家。然后沃洛达献上了他的土耳其人头像，也同样收到了满堂喝彩。

It was my turn now, and Grandmamma turned to me with her kindest smile. Those who have experienced what embarrassment is know that it is a feeling which grows in direct proportion to delay, while decision decreases in similar measure. In other words the longer the condition lasts, the more invincible does it become, and the smaller does the power of decision come to be.

轮到我了，外祖母转过头，慈祥地笑着看着我。有过尴尬经历的人都知道，随着时间的推迟，信心会越来越弱。换句话说，拖得时间越长，做出决定的勇气就越少。

My last remnants of nerve and energy had forsaken me while Karl and Woloda had been offering their presents, and my shyness now reached its culminating point, I felt the blood rushing from my heart to my head, one blush succeeding another across my face, and drops of perspiration beginning to stand out on my brow and nose. My ears were burning, I trembled from head to foot, and, though I kept changing from one foot to the other, I remained rooted where I stood.

在卡尔和沃洛达献上礼物之后，我仅有的最后一点勇气和力量也没有了，我害羞到了极点，我感到血液直接从我的心脏冲到了头部，脸上一阵白一阵红，眉毛和鼻子上都沁出了汗珠。我的耳朵像灼烧一样烫，全身颤抖。尽管我在不停地换脚，但还是生了根一般站在原地。

"Well, Nicolinka, tell us what you have brought?" said Papa. "Is it a box or a drawing?"

“嘿，尼克连卡，告诉我们你带来了什么？”父亲问，“是一个盒子还是一幅画？”

There was nothing else to be done. With a trembling hand held out the folded, fatal paper, but my voiced failed me completely and I stood before Grandmamma in silence. I could not get rid of the dreadful idea that, instead of a display of the expected drawing, some bad verses of mine were about to be read aloud before every one, and that the words "our Mother dear" would clearly prove that I had never loved, but had only forgotten, her. How shall I express my sufferings when Grandmamma began to read my poetry aloud?—when, unable to decipher it, she stopped half-way and looked at Papa with a smile (which I took to be one of ridicule)?—when she did not pronounce it as I had meant it to be pronounced?—and when her weak sight not allowing her to finish it, she handed the paper to Papa and requested him to read it all over again from the beginning? I fancied that she must have done this last because she did not like to read such a lot of stupid, crookedly written stuff herself, yet wanted to point out to Papa my utter lack of feeling. I expected him to slap me in the face with the verses and say, "You bad boy! So you have forgotten your Mamma! Take that for it!" Yet nothing of the sort happened. On the contrary, when the whole had been read, Grandmamma said, "Charming!" and kissed me on the forehead. Then our presents, together with two cambric pocket-handkerchiefs and a snuff-box engraved with Mamma's portrait, were laid on the table attached to the great Voltairian armchair in which Grandmamma always sat.

没办法了。于是我颤抖着拿出折叠的写着诗的纸，但我的声音完全

不由我控制了，我站在外祖母面前说不出话来。我根本无法摆脱这个讨厌的念头，我没能像大家期待的那样送上绘画作品，而是用一个写得很糟糕的诗在大家面前读“我们的亲妈”这种句子，好像显得我根本不爱我的外祖母，还偏偏忘了她。外祖母开始大声读我的诗了，我要怎样才能表现出我内心的煎熬呢？——因为看不清楚，外祖母读了一半就停了下来，笑着看着父亲（但我觉得特别有讽刺意味）——她没有像我预想的那样读——由于她年迈眼花，她没有读完，而是把纸递给了父亲，让他接着读。我就料想到她会这么做，因为她不会喜欢读这么一大堆可笑的、还写得歪歪斜斜的东西，所以想让父亲读那些没有感情的句子。我以为父亲会用那写着诗的纸抽打我的脸，说：“你这个坏孩子！你忘了你的母亲！所以你该打！”但这样的事情并没有发生。相反，读完整篇诗后，外祖母惊叹道：“好极了！”她在我的前额吻了一下。接着，我们的礼物，和两块细棉布手帕还有刻着母亲头像的鼻烟壶，一起被放到了外祖母常坐的高背扶手椅的桌上。

"The Princess Barbara Ilinitsha!" announced one of the two footmen who used to stand behind Grandmamma's carriage, but Grandmamma was looking thoughtfully at the portrait on the snuff-box, and returned no answer.

“芭芭拉·伊莉尼其娜公爵夫人到！”通常站在外祖母马车后面的两个男仆之一宣布道。但外祖母若有所思地看着鼻烟壶上的肖像，没有回答。

"Shall I show her in, madam?" repeated the footman.

“要请她进来吗，夫人？”仆人又问了一遍。

CHAPTER XVII THE PRINCESS KORNAKOFF

第十七章 科尔纳克娃公爵夫人

"Yes, show her in," said Grandmamma, settling herself as far back in her armchair as possible. The Princess was a woman of about forty five, small and delicate, with a shrivelled skin and disagreeable, greyish-green eyes, the expression of which contradicted the unnaturally suave look of the rest of her face. Underneath her velvet bonnet, adorned with an ostrich feather, was visible some reddish hair, while against the unhealthy colour of her skin her eyebrows and eyelashes looked even lighter and redder that they would other wise have done. Yet, for all that, her animated movements, small hands, and peculiarly dry features communicated something aristocratic and energetic to her general appearance. She talked a great deal, and, to judge from her eloquence, belonged to that class of persons who always speak as though some one were contradicting them, even though no one else may be saying a word. First she would raise her voice, then lower it and then take on a fresh access of vivacity as she looked at the persons present, but not participating in the conversation, with an air of endeavouring to draw them into it.

“是的，请她进来。”外祖母说着，坐在安乐椅里，尽量靠后。那位公爵夫人是一位大约四十五岁的妇人，矮小纤细，瘦弱干瘪，灰绿色的眼睛透着怒气，这跟她脸上其他部分不自然的柔和表情形成了对比。在她装饰着鸵鸟羽毛的天鹅绒软帽下，露出一些淡红色头发；衬着她憔悴的皮肤，她的眉毛和睫毛看起来更淡更红了。尽管如此，她活泼的举止、她的小手、还有刚毅的面容，使得她整个人看起来还是很精力充沛，而且有着一种贵族的气质。她的话很多。根据她的口才判断，她是那种总觉得别人会反驳她的人，尽管事实上没人想说一个字。首先她会抬高嗓门，然后又放低声音，而当她看到在场的人没有加入她的谈话中来时，她又转为有声有色的讲述，努力想要他们参与进来。

Although the Princess kissed Grandmamma's hand and repeatedly called her "my good Aunt," I could see that Grandmamma did not care much about her, for she kept raising her eyebrows in a peculiar way while listening to the Princess's excuses why Prince Michael had been prevented from calling, and congratulating Grandmamma "as he would like so much to have done." At length, however, she answered the Princess's French with Russian, and with a sharp accentuation of certain words.

虽然公爵夫人吻了外祖母的手，一遍遍地叫她“我亲爱的姑妈”，但是我觉得外祖母并不是很在意她。因为在听公爵夫人向她解释为什么迈

克尔公爵没有来给她祝贺的时候，外祖母总是意味深长地挑着眉毛。“不过他真的很想亲自来。”公爵夫人这样解释道。不过最后她还是用俄语回答了说法语的公爵夫人，并特别强调了几个词。

"I am much obliged to you for your kindness," she said. "As for Prince Michael's absence, pray do not mention it. He has so much else to do. Besides, what pleasure could he find in coming to see an old woman like me?" Then, without allowing the Princess time to reply, she went on: "How are your children my dear?"

“我十分感激你的好意，”她说，“至于迈克尔公爵的缺席，请不要再提了。他有那么多其他的事要做。再说了，他到这里来见一个像我这样的老婆子能有什么乐趣呢？”接着，她没有给公爵夫人回答的时间，而是继续问道：“你的孩子们都好吗，亲爱的？”

"Well, thank God, Aunt, they grow and do their lessons and play—particularly my eldest one, Etienne, who is so wild that it is almost impossible to keep him in order. Still, he is a clever and promising boy. Would you believe it, cousin," (this last to Papa, since Grandmamma altogether uninterested in the Princess's children, had turned to us, taken my verses out from beneath the presentation box, and unfolded them again), "would you believe it, but one day not long ago—" and leaning over towards Papa, the Princess related something or other with great vivacity. Then, her tale concluded, she laughed, and, with a questioning look at Papa, went on:

“哦，感谢上帝，姑妈，他们都长大了，他们上课、玩耍——特别是最年长的那个，艾蒂安，他最调皮了，简直没法管教。不过，他也是个聪明的、有前途的孩子。你会相信吗，表哥。”（这最后一句话是对父亲说的，因为外祖母对她的孩子根本不感兴趣，而是转向了我们。她拿起匣子下面的我的诗，又打开来看。）“你会相信吗，不久前的一天——”公爵夫人向父亲凑过去，滔滔不绝地讲了起来。她说完后，就笑起来，带着询问的神色看着父亲，继续道：

"What a boy, cousin! He ought to have been whipped, but the trick was so spirited and amusing that I let him off." Then the Princess looked at Grandmamma and laughed again.

“什么样的孩子啊，表哥！他本来应该被鞭打一顿的，但那个恶作剧那么聪明有趣，于是我就放过他了。”然后公爵夫人抬起头看着外祖母，又笑起来。

"Ah! So you WHIP your children, do you" said Grandmamma, with a significant lift of her eyebrows, and laying a peculiar stress on the word "WHIP."

“啊！你会打你的孩子，是吗？”外祖母问道，严肃地扬了一下眉毛，特别强调了“打”这个字。

"Alas, my good Aunt," replied the Princess in a sort of tolerant tone and with another glance at Papa, "I know your views on the subject, but must beg to be allowed to differ with them. However much I have thought over and read and talked about the matter, I have always been forced to come to the conclusion that children must be ruled through FEAR. To make something of a child, you must make it FEAR something. Is it not so, cousin? And what, pray, do children fear so much as a rod?"

“哎，我亲爱的姑妈，”公爵夫人扫了一眼父亲，用一种容忍的语调回答道，“我知道您是怎么看这件事的，但是请允许我跟您的看法不同。我认真地想过这件事，也看过很多书，也跟别人谈过，但我不得不说，孩子是要用恐吓来管教的。要想孩子成才，就得吓唬吓唬他。难道不是吗，表哥？那么请问，还有什么比棍棒更让孩子们害怕的吗？”

As she spoke she seemed, to look inquiringly at Woloda and myself, and I confess that I did not feel altogether comfortable.

她说的时候似乎在审视着我和沃洛达，我承认这让我感到很不舒服。

"Whatever you may say," she went on, "a boy of twelve, or even of fourteen, is still a child and should be whipped as such; but with girls, perhaps, it is another matter."

“不管你们怎么说，”她继续道，“一个十二岁的男孩，十四岁的也一样，到底还是个孩子，就得常常打一打；但对于女孩子，那又是另一回事了。”

"How lucky it is that I am not her son!" I thought to myself.

“幸亏我不是她儿子！”我暗暗想道。

"Oh, very well," said Grandmamma, folding up my verses and replacing them beneath the box (as though, after that exposition of views, the Princess was unworthy of the honour of listening to such a production). "Very well, my dear," she repeated, "But please tell me how, in return, you can look for any delicate sensibility from your children?"

“哦，很好。”外祖母说，她折起我的诗，又放回盒子底下（似乎是觉得在公爵夫人表露了那些观点之后，不配听到我的作品）。“很好，亲爱的。”她重复了一遍，“但是请告诉我，这样的话，你还怎么要求孩子们对你有好感呢？”

Evidently Grandmamma thought this argument unanswerable, for she cut the subject short by adding:

显然外祖母觉得她的观点根本不容争辩，于是她很快补充道：

"However, it is a point on which people must follow their own

opinions."

“不过呢，在这个问题上也是各人有各人的看法。”她结束了这个话题。

The Princess did not choose to reply, but smiled condescendingly, and as though out of indulgence to the strange prejudices of a person whom she only PRETENDED to revere.

公爵夫人没有回答，只是谦逊地笑了笑，好像是她允许她表面上尊重的人持有这种奇怪的偏见。

"Oh, by the way, pray introduce me to your young people," she went on presently as she threw us another gracious smile.

“哦，对了，请给我介绍介绍你的孩子们吧。”她这样说着，又对我们和蔼地笑了笑。

Thereupon we rose and stood looking at the Princess, without in the least knowing what we ought to do to show that we were being introduced.

于是我们站起身看着公爵夫人，完全不知道该怎么介绍自己。

"Kiss the Princess's hand," said Papa.

“去吻公爵夫人的手。”父亲说。

"Well, I hope you will love your old aunt," she said to Woloda, kissing his hair, "even though we are not near relatives. But I value friendship far more than I do degrees of relationship," she added to Grandmamma, who nevertheless, remained hostile, and replied:

“嘿，我希望你会喜欢你的老姑妈。”她对沃洛达说，吻着他的头发，“虽然我们并不是近亲，但我重视的是友谊，而不是亲缘的远近。”她是讲给外祖母听的，但外祖母还是不太高兴，她回答道：

"Eh, my dear? Is that what they think of relationships nowadays?"

“是吗，亲爱的？人们现在就是这样看待亲戚关系的吗？”

"Here is my man of the world," put in Papa, indicating Woloda; "and here is my poet," he added as I kissed the small, dry hand of the Princess, with a vivid picture in my mind of that same hand holding a rod and applying it vigorously.

“这是我那善于交际的儿子，”父亲插进来说道，指的是沃洛达。“而这个是个小诗人。”我亲吻公爵夫人干燥的小手时，父亲这样说道。我的脑海中浮现出一幅生动的图画，我所亲吻的这只手正举着一根棍子，精力充沛地挥动着。

"WHICH one is the poet?" asked the Princess.

“哪个会成为诗人？”公爵夫人问道。

"This little one," replied Papa, smiling; "the one with the tuft of hair on his top-knot.”

“比较小的那个，”父亲笑着回答，“头上竖着一撮头发的那个。”

"Why need he bother about my tuft?" I thought to myself as I retired into a corner. "Is there nothing else for him to talk about?"

“他为什么要提到我的那撮头发？”我这样想着，退回到角落里，“难道他没有其他东西说了吗？”

I had strange ideas on manly beauty. I considered Karl Ivanitch one of the handsomest men in the world, and myself so ugly that I had no need to deceive myself on that point. Therefore any remark on the subject of my exterior offended me extremely. I well remember how, one day after luncheon (I was then six years of age), the talk fell upon my personal appearance, and how Mamma tried to find good features in my face, and said that I had clever eyes and a charming smile; how, nevertheless, when Papa had examined me, and proved the contrary, she was obliged to confess that I was ugly; and how, when the meal was over and I went to pay her my respects, she said as she patted my cheek; "You know, Nicolinka, nobody will ever love you for your face alone, so you must try all the more to be a good and clever boy."

我对男子的美貌抱有奇怪的观念。我觉得卡尔·伊万内奇是世界上最英俊的男人，而我自己是如此丑陋，在这一点上根本不用自欺欺人。所以任何关于我外表的评论都会让我十分生气。我还记得六岁时，一天午餐后，谈话的内容说到了我的外貌，母亲试图从我脸上找到一些好看的特征，于是她说我有着聪慧的眼睛和迷人的笑容；但父亲仔细地看了看我，证实母亲说得恰恰相反。于是母亲不得不承认我长得很难看。午餐后我去向母亲请安，她轻拍着我的脸颊说道：“你知道的，尼克连卡，没有人会单单因为你的外表而爱你，所以你必须努力成为一个聪明而善良的男孩儿。”

Although these words of hers confirmed in me my conviction that I was not handsome, they also confirmed in me an ambition to be just such a boy as she had indicated. Yet I had my moments of despair at my ugliness, for I thought that no human being with such a large nose, such thick lips, and such small grey eyes as mine could ever hope to attain happiness on this earth. I used to ask God to perform a miracle by changing me into a beauty, and would have given all that I possessed, or ever hoped to possess, to have a handsome face.

虽然这些话让我相信我确实不是一个好看的男孩儿，不过它们也让我相信我可以成为母亲所说的那样的好孩子。不过我还是会为我的丑陋感到难过，因为我觉得像我这样有着一个大鼻子、厚嘴唇、和灰色小眼睛的人，永远也不会在这个世界上得到幸福。我曾期盼上帝施展一个奇

迹，把我变成一个美男子。我宁愿拿出我所拥有的一切、或曾希望拥有的一切来换取一张英俊的脸庞。

CHAPTER XVIII PRINCE IVAN IVANOVITCH

第十八章 伊万·伊万诺维奇公爵

When the Princess had heard my verses and overwhelmed the writer of them with praise, Grandmamma softened to her a little. She began to address her in French and to cease calling her "my dear." Likewise she invited her to return that evening with her children. This invitation having been accepted, the Princess took her leave. After that, so many other callers came to congratulate Grandmamma that the courtyard was crowded all day long with carriages.

公爵夫人听了我的诗，并把诗的作者大加赞赏了一番，外祖母对她的态度稍稍缓和了一些。她开始用法语跟她说话，也不再叫她“我亲爱的”了。而且她还请她晚上带着孩子们再过来。公爵夫人接受了这个邀请，然后离开了。在那之后，又来了许多拜访者来祝贺外祖母，那天院子里一直挤满了马车。

"Good morning, my dear cousin," was the greeting of one guest in particular as he entered the room and kissed Grandmamma's hand. He was a man of seventy, with a stately figure clad in a military uniform and adorned with large epaulettes, an embroidered collar, and a white cross round the neck. His face, with its quiet and open expression, as well as the simplicity and ease of his manners, greatly pleased me, for, in spite of the thin half-circle of hair which was all that was now left to him, and the want of teeth disclosed by the set of his upper lip, his face was a remarkably handsome one.

“早上好，亲爱的表妹。”一个客人这样称呼着她，走进房间，亲吻外祖母的手。他大概有七十多岁了，身材高大，穿着军装，佩戴着大肩章和一个绣花领，脖子上挂着一个白色的十字架。他的脸色镇定坦然，他的礼节简洁豪爽，这让我很喜欢。虽然他的头上只剩下稀疏的半圈头发，上嘴唇的样子也表明他的牙齿不全了，但他的脸还是极其英俊。

Thanks to his fine character, handsome exterior, remarkable valour, influential relatives, and, above all, good fortune, Prince, Ivan Ivanovitch had early made himself a career. As that career progressed, his ambition had met with a success which left nothing more to be sought for in that direction. From his earliest youth upward he had prepared himself to fill the exalted station in the world to which fate actually called him later; wherefore, although in his prosperous life (as in the lives of all) there had been failures, misfortunes, and cares, he had never lost his quietness of character, his elevated tone of thought, or his peculiarly moral, religious bent of mind. Consequently,

though he had won the universal esteem of his fellows, he had done so less through his important position than through his perseverance and integrity. While not of specially distinguished intellect, the eminence of his station (whence he could afford to look down upon all petty questions) had caused him to adopt high points of view. Though in reality he was kind and sympathetic, in manner he appeared cold and haughty—probably for the reason that he had forever to be on his guard against the endless claims and petitions of people who wished to profit through his influence. Yet even then his coldness was mitigated by the polite condescension of a man well accustomed to move in the highest circles of society. Well-educated, his culture was that of a youth of the end of the last century. He had read everything, whether philosophy or belles lettres, which that age had produced in France, and loved to quote from Racine, Corneille, Boileau, Moliere, Montaigne, and Fenelon. Likewise he had gleaned much history from Segur, and much of the old classics from French translations of them; but for mathematics, natural philosophy, or contemporary literature he cared nothing whatever. However, he knew how to be silent in conversation, as well as when to make general remarks on authors whom he had never read—such as Goethe, Schiller, and Byron. Moreover, despite his exclusively French education, he was simple in speech and hated originality (which he called the mark of an untutored nature). Wherever he lived, society was a necessity to him, and, both in Moscow and the country he had his reception days, on which practically "all the town" called upon him. An introduction from him was a passport to every drawing room; few young and pretty ladies in society objected to offering him their rosy cheeks for a paternal salute; and people even in the highest positions felt flattered by invitations to his parties.

由于他高尚的品格，英俊的外表，非凡的勇气，具有影响力的亲属，更重要的是，不错的运气，伊万·伊万诺维奇公爵早早地便事业有成。随着他事业的不断进步，他的雄心壮志渐渐实现，所以在这方面再没什么可以追求的了。他很早就为了尊贵的地位而奋斗，而命运后来便真的给予了他。虽然他显赫的一生中(和所有的人一样）也有过失败、不幸、和忧虑，但是他从没丢失他泰然自若的品格、高尚的思想，以及独特的道德和宗教信仰。他赢得了人们的一致尊敬，多是通过自己的坚韧不拔和正直诚挚的性格所取得的，而不是他那显赫的地位。虽然不是特别聪明，但是他显赫的地位，使得他不屑于一切虚荣，因而他的思想是崇高的。事实上他很善良、富有同情心，但看起来冷漠、高傲——也许是因为他不得不时刻防备着一些人，那些人不断地要求和纠缠他，想通过他的影响得到好处。但即使是那样，他的冷漠也会因为他作为上流人士的礼貌谦逊而显得缓和。他受过很好的教育，其修养正是上个世纪末的青年所具有的。他读过各种各样的书，不管是那个时期产生在法国的哲学还是纯文学；他还喜欢引用拉辛、高乃依、波瓦洛、莫里哀、蒙

田、芬乃伦等人的语句。他还从塞居尔那里学到了很多历史，根据法文译本研究了很多古典著作；但关于数学、自然哲学或是当代文学，他就毫不关心了。不过，他知道在谈话中何时该保持沉默，何时该对一些他从没听说过的作者们进行一些大致的评论，比如歌德、席勒或拜伦。而且，尽管他受过专门的法国教育，他的谈吐十分平易近人,并且他讨厌独创性(认为那是没有教养的人才玩的把戏)。不管他住在哪里，社交对于他来说都是不可或缺的。当他住在莫斯科和乡下的时候，每当他设宴款待，“全城全乡”的人都会去拜访他。他对他们的介绍简直成了出入每个客厅的通行证；社会上许多年轻漂亮的女士都乐意把她们红润的脸颊献给他换取一个父亲般的亲吻；即使是身居高位的人在接到他宴会的邀请函时也会觉得十分荣幸。

The Prince had few friends left now like Grandmamma—that is to say, few friends who were of the same standing as himself, who had had the same sort of education, and who saw things from the same point of view: wherefore he greatly valued his intimate, long-standing friendship with her, and always showed her the highest respect.

公爵像外祖母这样的朋友已经剩下不多了——也就是说，能跟他平起平坐、受过同样的教育、跟他抱有同样的观点的朋友已经不多了。因此他十分珍惜跟外祖母亲密而持久的友谊，总是对她十分尊敬。

I hardly dared to look at the Prince, since the honour paid him on all sides, the huge epaulettes, the peculiar pleasure with which Grandmamma received him, and the fact that he alone, seemed in no way afraid of her, but addressed her with perfect freedom (even being so daring as to call her "cousin"), awakened in me a feeling of reverence for his person almost equal to that which I felt for Grandmamma herself.

我几乎不敢看公爵。大家都很敬重他，他有着大肩章，外祖母也特别热情地接待他，而且似乎只有他一个人不害怕外祖母，还十分随意地称她为“表妹”，这一切都让我对他肃然起敬，几乎就像敬重外祖母一样。

On being shown my verses, he called me to his side, and said:

在看过我的诗之后，他把我叫到身边，说道：

"Who knows, my cousin, but that he may prove to be a second Derzhavin?" Nevertheless he pinched my cheek so hard that I was only prevented from crying by the thought that it must be meant for a caress.

“谁知道呢，我的表妹，也许他会是第二个德尔查文呢？”不过他用力地掐了掐我的脸，我只有想着这也许是他爱抚的一种方式，才没有哭出来。

Gradually the other guests dispersed, and with them Papa and

Woloda. Thus only Grandmamma, the Prince, and myself were left in the drawing room.

渐渐地其他的客人都散去了，父亲和沃洛达也走了。只剩下外祖母、公爵和我留在客厅里。

"Why has our dear Natalia Nicolaevna not come today" asked the Prince after a silence.

“我们亲爱的纳塔莉娅·尼古拉耶芙娜今天怎么没来呢？”公爵沉默片刻后问道。

"Ah, my friend," replied Grandmamma, lowering her voice and laying a hand upon the sleeve of his uniform, "she would certainly have come if she had been at liberty to do what she likes. She wrote to me that Peter had proposed bringing her with him to town, but that she had refused, since their income had not been good this year, and she could see no real reason why the whole family need come to Moscow, seeing that Lubotshka was as yet very young and that the boys were living with me—a fact, she said, which made her feel as safe about them as though she had been living with them herself.”

“啊，我的朋友，”外祖母回答道，压低了声音，伸出一只手放在他军装的袖子上，“如果她能自由地做她想做的事情，她一定会来的。她写信给我说，彼得本来建议她一起来城里的，但是她拒绝了，因为他们今年的收入不太好，而且她也觉得没必要全家都来莫斯科，加上露博奇卡还很小，再说男孩子们跟我住在一起，她说她觉得很放心，就像他们跟她自己住在一起一样。

"True, it is good for the boys to be here," went on Grandmamma, yet in a tone which showed clearly that she did not think it was so very good, "since it was more than time that they should be sent to Moscow to study, as well as to learn how to comport themselves in society. What sort of an education could they have got in the country? The eldest boy will soon be thirteen, and the second one eleven. As yet, my cousin, they are quite untaught, and do not know even how to enter a room."

“不错，男孩子们呆在这里很好。”外祖母继续说道，但她的语调显然表明她并不认为这很好，“他们早就该被送到莫斯科来学习，也学学如何融入这个社会。在乡下那种地方他们能得到怎样的教育呢？最大的男孩很快就要十三岁了，另一个也十一岁了。但是，我的表哥，他们实在是没有教养，甚至不知道该怎么进入房间。”

"Nevertheless" said the Prince, "I cannot understand these complaints of ruined fortunes. He has a very handsome income, and Natalia has Chabarovska, where we used to act plays, and which I know as well as I do my own hand. It is a splendid property, and ought to bring in an excellent return."

“不过，”公爵说，“我不明白为什么总是抱怨家境不好。他有一份很好的收入，而且纳塔莉娅还有哈巴洛夫卡，我们以前还在那里演过剧，我对那里了如指掌。那是份很好的家业，应该可以有不错的收入啊。”

"Well," said Grandmamma with a sad expression on her face, "I do not mind telling you, as my most intimate friend, that all this seems to me a mere pretext on his part for living alone, for strolling about from club to club, for attending dinner parties, and for resorting to—well, who knows what? She suspects nothing; you know her angelic sweetness and her implicit trust of him in everything. He had only to tell her that the children must go to Moscow and that she must be left behind in the country with a stupid governess for company, for her to believe him! I almost think that if he were to say that the children must be whipped just as the Princess Barbara whips hers, she would believe even that!" and Grandmamma leant back in her armchair with an expression of contempt. Then, after a moment of silence, during which she took her handkerchief out of her pocket to wipe away a few tears which had stolen down her cheeks, she went on:

“好吧，”外祖母的脸上露出悲伤的神情，“我不介意告诉你，我最好的朋友，这一切在我看来就是他想要独居的借口，这样他就能流连于各个俱乐部，参加那些宴会，或者——啊，谁知道还有什么呢？而她根本毫不怀疑，你知道她像天使一样美好，她盲目地相信他的一切。他只是跟她说孩子们必须去莫斯科，而她必须留在乡下跟一个愚蠢的女教师做伴，这样她就可以相信他！我甚至想，如果他说孩子们必须挨打，就像芭芭拉打她的孩子那样，我想她或许也会相信的！”外祖母说着向后靠进她的安乐椅里，带着轻蔑的神色。然后安静了一会儿，外祖母从口袋里掏出手帕，擦去了滑下脸颊的几滴眼泪，又继续说道：

"Yes, my friend, I often think that he cannot value and understand her properly, and that, for all her goodness and love of him and her endeavours to conceal her grief (which, however as I know only too well, exists). She cannot really be happy with him. Mark my words if he does not—" Here Grandmamma buried her face in the handkerchief.

“是的，我的朋友，我常常觉得他不会真正地珍惜她，理解她；而她善良，爱他，并且总是努力掩饰起自己的悲伤（但我很清楚那是存在的）。她跟他在一起是不会真正幸福的。记住我的话，如果他不——”外祖母说到这里，用手帕掩住了脸。

"Ah, my dear old friend," said the Prince reproachfully. "I think you are unreasonable. Why grieve and weep over imagined evils? That is not right. I have known him a long time, and feel sure that he is an attentive, kind, and excellent husband, as well as (which is the chief thing of all) a perfectly honourable man.”

“啊，我亲爱的老朋友。”公爵用责备的口吻说道，“我想你不够理

智。为什么要为这想象出来的不幸哀伤流泪呢？这样可不对。我认识他很久了，我相信他是一个专一、体贴、优秀的丈夫，最重要的是他也是一个很值得尊敬的人。”

At this point, having been an involuntary auditor of a conversation not meant for my ears, I stole on tiptoe out of the room, in a state of great distress.

这时，我在无意中听到了一段不该听的对话后，偷偷地踮起脚尖离开了房间，很是忧虑。

CHAPTER XIX THE IWINS

第十九章 伊文家的孩子们

"Woloda, Woloda! The Iwins are just coming." I shouted on seeing from the window three boys in blue overcoats, and followed by a young tutor, advancing along the pavement opposite our house.

“沃洛达，沃洛达！伊文家的孩子们来啦。”我在窗口看到三个穿着蓝色大衣的男孩子，后面跟着一个年轻的家庭教师，从我们家对面的人行道上走过来。于是我立刻大叫起来。

The Iwins were related to us, and of about the same age as ourselves. We had made their acquaintance soon after our arrival in Moscow. The second brother, Seriosha, had dark curly hair, a turned-up, strongly pronounced nose, very bright red lips (which, never being quite shut, showed a row of white teeth), beautiful dark-blue eyes, and an uncommonly bold expression of face. He never smiled but was either wholly serious or laughing a clear, merry, agreeable laugh. His striking good looks had captivated me from the first, and I felt an irresistible attraction towards him. Only to see him filled me with pleasure, and at one time my whole mental faculties used to be concentrated in the wish that I might do so. If three or four days passed without my seeing him I felt listless and ready to cry. Awake or asleep, I was forever dreaming of him. On going to bed I used to see him in my dreams, and when I had shut my eyes and called up a picture of him I hugged the vision as my choicest delight. So much store did I set upon this feeling for my friend that I never mentioned it to any one. Nevertheless, it must have annoyed him to see my admiring eyes constantly fixed upon him, or else he must have felt no reciprocal attraction, for he always preferred to play and talk with Woloda. Still, even with that I felt satisfied, and wished and asked for nothing better than to be ready at any time to make any sacrifice for him. Likewise, over and above the strange fascination which he exercised upon me, I always felt another sensation, namely, a dread of making him angry, of offending him, of displeasing him. Was this because his face bore such a haughty expression, or because I, despising my own exterior, over-rated the beautiful in others, or, lastly (and most probably), because it is a common sign of affection? At all events, I felt as much fear, of him as I did love. The first time that he spoke to me I was so overwhelmed with sudden happiness that I turned pale, then red, and could not utter a word. He had an ugly habit of blinking when considering anything seriously, as well as of twitching his nose and eyebrows. Consequently every one thought that

this habit marred his face. Yet I thought it such a nice one that I involuntarily adopted it for myself, until, a few days after I had made his acquaintance, Grandmamma suddenly asked me whether my eyes were hurting me, since I was winking like an owl! Never a word of affection passed between us, yet he felt his power over me, and unconsciously but tyrannically, exercised it in all our childish intercourse. I used to long to tell him all that was in my heart, yet was too much afraid of him to be frank in any way, and, while submitting myself to his will, tried to appear merely careless and indifferent. Although at times his influence seemed irksome and intolerable, to throw it off was beyond my strength.

伊文家跟我们家是亲戚，孩子们也都跟我们差不多大。我们来到莫斯科后，很快就跟他们熟悉起来。他们的第二个孩子谢辽沙，黑色卷发，鼻子上翘，鼻音很重；他嘴唇红红的，似乎从来闭不紧，露出一排洁白的牙齿；他有着漂亮的黑蓝色眼睛，和一张表情异常坚毅的脸。他或者完全严肃，或者发出一阵清脆愉悦的大笑，但是从来不微笑。他令人印象深刻的好看长相一开始就把我迷住了，我对他简直无法抗拒。只要看到他我就很开心，有一段时间我一门心思地只想见到他。只要有三四天没见到他，我就会觉得失落，简直想哭。不管是睡着还是醒着，我都会梦到他。一躺到床上，我就能在梦里见到他；一闭上眼睛，我就能看到他的样子。我把这样的幻想当作自己最大的乐趣。我十分珍视我对他的这种感情，从不向别人提起。但是，我总是停留在他身上的仰慕目光一定是惹恼了他，或者是他对我没有这样的好感，因为他总是更乐意跟沃洛达说话和玩耍。但即使是这样我也满足了，情愿随时随地不问理由地为他牺牲一切。而且，除了他让我产生的那种奇怪的迷恋外，我还常常会有另一种感觉，那就是害怕惹他生气，害怕冒犯到他，或惹他不快。这也许是因为他的脸上总带着一种傲慢的神情，又或许是因为我对自己的外貌感到自卑而夸大了他人的美貌，或者最有可能的原因应该就是，这是爱慕的一种普遍迹象而已。无论如何，我有多么怕他，就有多么爱他。他第一次跟我讲话的时候，我就被突如其来的幸福感压倒了，我的脸色变得苍白，然后又变得通红，根本说不出一个字来。他有个坏习惯，就是在他思考问题的时候，会不停地眨眼睛，抽动鼻子，扬眉毛。每个人都觉得他那个习惯会让他的脸变得不好看。但我却觉得那是如此可爱，便也不自觉地也学着他做那样的动作，直到认识他几天后，外祖母突然问我是不是眼睛疼，不然为什么要像只猫头鹰一样眨个不停！我们之间从没表达过什么爱意，但是他感觉到他有力量控制我，并且将它不自觉地、霸道地运用到我们孩子间稚气的交流中。我曾渴望告诉他我心底的情感，但我太害怕他，无论如何也不敢袒露这样的感情。于是我只能服从他，努力装出不在意和淡漠的样子。虽然他的影响力有时很讨厌、叫人无法忍受，但我根本无法摆脱。

I often think with regret of that fresh, beautiful feeling of boundless, disinterested love which came to an end without having ever found self-expression or return. It is strange how, when a child, I

always longed to be like grown-up people, and yet how I have often longed, since childhood's days, for those days to come back to me! Many times, in my relations with Seriosha, this wish to resemble grown-up people put a rude check upon the love that was waiting to expand, and made me repress it. Not only was I afraid of kissing him, or of taking his hand and saying how glad I was to see him, but I even dreaded calling him "Seriosha" and always said "Sergius" as every one else did in our house. Any expression of affection would have seemed like evidence of childishness, and any one who indulged in it, a baby. Not having yet passed through those bitter experiences which enforce upon older years circumspection and coldness, I deprived myself of the pure delight of a fresh, childish instinct for the absurd purpose of trying to resemble grown-up people.

我常常带着遗憾回忆那段新鲜而美妙的感情。这段无尽而无私的爱意，尚未表达出来，也不曾得到回报，就结束了。奇怪的是，当我还是个孩子的时候，我总是向往成为大人，但当童年不再，我又渴望着那些时光能够重演。在与谢辽沙的关系上，我总是希望能像成年人一样冷静地审视这份正在萌芽的爱，好让我压抑住它。我不光害怕亲吻他，或是拉起他的手说很高兴见到他，甚至都不敢称呼他“谢辽沙”，所以我像家里其他人一样，称呼他为“谢尔吉乌斯”。任何表达爱意的方式都是幼稚的证明，而谁要是沉湎于此的话，那就还是个孩子。还没有领略到使大人们变得谨慎而冷漠的痛苦经历，我就因为想要模仿大人，而剥夺了自己天真、纯洁的快乐，真是可笑。

I met the Iwins in the ante-room, welcomed them, and then ran to tell Grandmamma of their arrival with an expression as happy as though she were certain to be equally delighted. Then, never taking my eyes off Seriosha, I conducted the visitors to the drawing room, and eagerly followed every movement of my favourite. When Grandmamma spoke to and fixed her penetrating glance upon him, I experienced that mingled sensation of pride and solicitude which an artist might feel when waiting for revered lips to pronounce a judgment upon his work.

我在前厅里见到了伊文家的孩子们，迎接了他们，然后就跑去告诉外祖母他们到来的消息，我的口气似乎祖母也一定会同样高兴似的。接下来我的视线就再也不肯从谢辽沙身上移开，我把客人们领到客厅，热切地关注着我心爱的人的一举一动。当外祖母用她那敏锐的目光看着谢辽沙，跟他说话的时候，我既感到自傲，也有些担心，我的心情就像一个艺术家等着高贵的双唇吐露出对他作品的评价一样。

With Grandmamma's permission, the Iwins' young tutor, Herr Frost, accompanied us into the little back garden, where he seated himself upon a bench, arranged his legs in a tasteful attitude, rested his brass-knobbed cane between them, lighted a cigar, and assumed the air of a man well-pleased with himself. He was a German, but of a

very different sort to our good Karl Ivanitch. In the first place, he spoke both Russian and French correctly, though with a hard accent. Indeed, he enjoyed—especially among the ladies—the reputation of being a very accomplished fellow. In the second place, he wore a reddish moustache, a large gold pin set with a ruby, a black satin tie, and a very fashionable suit. Lastly, he was young, with a handsome, self-satisfied face and fine muscular legs. It was clear that he set the greatest store upon the latter, and thought them beyond compare, especially as regards the favour of the ladies. Consequently, whether sitting or standing, he always tried to exhibit them in the most favourable light. In short, he was a type of the young German-Russian whose main desire is to be thought perfectly gallant and gentlemanly.

得到外祖母的允许后，伊文家那位年轻的家庭教师，弗劳斯特先生也跟着我们一起进了小小的后花园。他坐在一张长凳上，双腿优雅地放着，把他黄铜圆头的手杖放在两腿之间，点燃一支烟，作出一种很欣赏自己的神色。他是一个德国人，但是跟我们善良的卡尔·伊万内奇完全不一样。首先，他能正确地说俄语和法语，虽然带有严重的口音。他很自豪被称为一个很有学问的人，特别是在女性中间。其次，他留着红色的小胡子，戴着一颗红宝石胸针，穿着一款很时尚的套装，打着黑色缎带的领结。最后，他很年轻，有一张英俊而自信的面容，和肌肉发达的优美的双腿。很显然，他很看重最后这个优点，认为那是无与伦比的，特别是对于女士们来说。因此，不管是坐着还是站着，他总是努力把它们放在最显眼的位置。总之，他是一个典型的俄式德国年轻人，最大的理想就是让人们认可他的优雅派头和绅士风范。

In the little garden merriment reigned. In fact, the game of "robbers" never went better. Yet an incident occurred which came near to spoiling it. Seriosha was the robber, and in pouncing upon some travellers he fell down and knocked his leg so badly against a tree that I thought the leg must be broken. Consequently, though I was the gendarme and therefore bound to apprehend him, I only asked him anxiously, when I reached him, if he had hurt himself very much. Nevertheless this threw him into a passion, and made him exclaim with fists clenched and in a voice which showed by its faltering what pain he was enduring, "Why, whatever is the matter? Is this playing the game properly? You ought to arrest me. Why on earth don't you do so?" This he repeated several times, and then, seeing Woloda and the elder Iwin (who were taking the part of the travellers) jumping and running about the path, he suddenly threw himself upon them with a shout and loud laughter to effect their capture. I cannot express my wonder and delight at this valiant behaviour of my hero. In spite of the severe pain, he had not only refrained from crying, but had repressed the least symptom of suffering and kept his eye fixed upon the game! Shortly after this occurrence another boy, Ilinka Grap,

joined our party. We went upstairs, and Seriosha gave me an opportunity of still further appreciating and taking delight in his manly bravery and fortitude. This was how it was.

我们在小花园里愉快地玩耍。“捉强盗”的游戏已经被我们玩得再好不过了。但是发生了一个意外，差点搞砸了一切。谢辽沙当强盗，他在追赶一些旅客的时候跌倒了，腿重重地磕到了一棵树上。我想他的腿可能会断了。因此，即使我扮演的是宪兵，应该逮捕他，但在我到他身边后，我只是焦急地问他伤得严不严重。但这让谢辽沙很生气，他握紧了拳头，声音颤抖，显然很痛苦，尖声问道：“这究竟是怎么回事？有你这样玩游戏的吗？你应该逮捕我。你究竟为什么不这么做？”他重复了好几遍，又看到正扮演旅客的沃洛达和伊文家的其他孩子在小路边跑着跳着，他突然叫喊了一声，大笑着跑去抓他们了。我的英雄表现出如此的英雄气概，我无法表达出内心的吃惊和欣喜。虽然他很痛，但他哭都不哭一下，也没有表现出一点受苦的样子，而是继续专心地玩游戏！这件事发生后不久，又一个男孩伊林卡·格拉普加入了我们。我们上了楼，然后谢辽沙又让我进一步对他那男子汉的勇敢和刚毅感到钦佩不已。事情是这样的。

Ilinka was the son of a poor foreigner who had been under certain obligations to my Grandpapa, and now thought it incumbent upon him to send his son to us as frequently as possible. Yet if he thought that the acquaintance would procure his son any advancement or pleasure, he was entirely mistaken, for not only were we anything but friendly to Ilinka, but it was seldom that we noticed him at all except to laugh at him. He was a boy of thirteen, tall and thin, with a pale, birdlike face, and a quiet, good-tempered expression. Though poorly dressed, he always had his head so thickly pomaded that we used to declare that on warm days it melted and ran down his neck. When I think of him now, it seems to me that he was a very quiet, obliging, and good-tempered boy, but at the time I thought him a creature so contemptible that he was not worth either attention or pity.

伊林卡是一个穷外国人的儿子，那个外国人当时受过外祖父的恩惠，于是觉得应当经常让他的儿子来看望一下。但如果他觉得他跟我们家认识会带给他儿子什么好处的话，那就大错特错了。因为我们不光对伊林卡一点都不友好，而且除了嘲笑他的时候根本不会注意到他。伊林卡是个十三岁的男孩，又高又瘦，有一张苍白的鸟样的脸，表情安静温和。虽然穿得很差劲，但他的头上却总是抹着厚厚的润发油，我们曾说天热的时候，那油一定会融化，然后顺着他的脖子流下来。我现在想想他，觉得他似乎是一个很安静、很乐于助人、而且脾气很好的男孩儿，但那个时候我觉得他是那么不足挂齿，根本不值得关注或同情。

Upstairs we set ourselves to astonish each other with gymnastic tours de force. Ilinka watched us with a faint smile of admiration, but refused an invitation to attempt a similar feat, saying that he had no strength.

我们上楼后开始相互炫耀体育技能。伊林卡带着淡淡的钦佩微笑着看着我们，但是不肯露一手，他说他没有那样的力气。

Seriosha was extremely captivating. His face and eyes glowed with laughter as he surprised us with tricks which we had never seen before. He jumped over three chairs put together, turned somersaults right across the room, and finally stood on his head on a pyramid of Tatistchev's dictionaries, moving his legs about with such comical rapidity that it was impossible not to help bursting with merriment.

谢辽沙简直有魅力极了。他表演了我们从没见过的把戏，着实让我们惊叹了一番，他的脸蛋和眼睛因为大笑而放着光彩。他跳过三张放在一起的椅子，在房间这头翻到那头，最后他头朝下倒立在塔奇雪夫编的大字典堆成的金字塔上，双腿以一种滑稽、快速地动来动去，我们都克制不住地大笑起来。

After this last trick he pondered for a moment (blinking his eyes as usual), and then went up to Ilinka with a very serious face.

做完这个，他像平常一样眨着眼睛思考了一会儿，然后严肃地向伊林卡走去。

"Try and do that," he said. "It is not really difficult."

“你来试试吧，”他说，那其实并不难。”

Ilinka, observing that the general attention was fixed upon him, blushed, and said in an almost inaudible voice that he could not do the feat.

伊林卡觉察到所有人的注意力都到了他身上，脸一下子红了，用几不可闻的声音说他做不来。

"Well, what does he mean by doing nothing at all? What a girl the fellow is! He has just GOT to stand on his head," and Seriosha, took him by the hand.

“喂，他什么都不做算什么呢？像个女孩子家似的！他必须去倒立。”谢辽沙说，拉住了伊林卡的手。

"Yes, on your head at once! This instant, this instant!" every one shouted as we ran upon Ilinka and dragged him to the dictionaries, despite his being visibly pale and frightened.

“是的，快点倒立！马上，马上！”每个人都这样叫喊着，跑到伊林卡身边，把他向字典那儿拽，也不管他已经脸色苍白，极其恐惧。

"Leave me alone! You are tearing my jacket!" cried the unhappy victim, but his exclamations of despair only encouraged us the more. We were dying with laughter, while the green jacket was bursting at every seam.

“放开我！你们要把我的夹克拉坏了！”这个不幸的受害者哭喊着，但他绝望的呼叫只是让我们更起劲。他那件绿色夹克的每个接缝处都裂开了，我们简直要笑死了。

Woloda and the eldest Iwin took his head and placed it on the dictionaries, while Seriosha, and I seized his poor, thin legs (his struggles had stripped them upwards to the knees), and with boisterous, laughter held them uptight—the youngest Iwin superintending his general equilibrium.

沃洛达和伊文家最年长的那个孩子抓住他的头，放到字典上，谢辽沙和我抓住他瘦得可怜的腿（他的挣扎已经把裤子退到了膝盖上），我们大笑着把它们举直——伊文家最小的孩子帮他保持着平衡。

Suddenly a moment of silence occurred amid our boisterous laughter—a moment during which nothing was to be heard in the room but the panting of the miserable Ilinka. It occurred to me at that moment that, after all, there was nothing so very comical and pleasant in all this.

突然我们吵闹的笑声一瞬间消失了——这一瞬间房间里什么声音也没有，突然安静下来，只有可怜的伊林卡的喘气声。那一刻我才意识到这一切根本没什么好笑的，一点都不好玩。

"Now, THAT'S a boy!" cried Seriosha, giving Ilinka a smack with his hand. Ilinka said nothing, but made such desperate movements with his legs to free himself that his foot suddenly kicked Seriosha in the eye: with the result that, letting go of Ilinka's leg and covering the wounded member with one hand, Seriosha hit out at him with all his might with the other one. Of course Ilinka's legs slipped down as, sinking exhausted to the floor and half-suffocated with tears, he stammered out:

“这才是男子汉！”谢辽沙大声说道，用手拍了伊林卡一下。伊林卡什么都没说，但双腿还是绝望地动着想要挣脱开来，就在这时，他的脚踢到了谢辽沙的眼睛。谢辽沙放开伊林卡的腿，用一只手捂着受伤的眼睛，另一只手用尽全力打了伊林卡一下。伊林卡的腿滑落下来，疲倦地伏在地板上。他哭得有些哽咽，结结巴巴地说道：

"Why should you bully me so?"

“为什么你们要这样欺负我？”

The poor fellow's miserable figure, with its streaming tears, ruffled hair, and crumpled trousers revealing dirty boots, touched us a little, and we stood silent and trying to smile.

那个可怜人痛苦的身形、流下的眼泪、蓬乱的头发、卷起的裤管，和露出的脏靴子，让我们心里有些不忍，于是我们沉默地站着，试图微笑。

Seriosha was the first to recover himself.

谢辽沙第一个回过神来。

"What a girl! What a gaby!" he said, giving Ilinka a slight kick. "He can't take things in fun a bit. Well, get up, then."

“简直像个女孩子！像个笨蛋！”他说着，轻轻踢了伊林卡一下，“他根本开不起玩笑，好了，快起来吧。”

"You are an utter beast! That's what you are!" said Ilinka, turning miserably away and sobbing.

“你是个十足的恶魔！你就是！”伊林卡说，悲惨地转过身，哭着走开了。

"Oh, oh! Would it still kick and show temper, then?" cried Seriosha, seizing a dictionary and throwing it at the unfortunate boy's head. Apparently it never occurred to Ilinka to take refuge from the missile; he merely guarded his head with his hands.

“哦，哦！是你踢我又冲我发火的吧？”谢辽沙叫道，抓起一本字典向那个可怜的男孩的头上砸去。很显然伊林卡从没想到要躲开那本字典，只是用手护住了自己的头。

"Well, that's enough now," added Seriosha, with a forced laugh. "You DESERVE to be hurt if you can't take things in fun. Now let's go downstairs."

“好了，现在够了。”谢辽沙挤出一个笑容，“既然你开不起玩笑，那你活该受伤。现在我们下楼吧。”

I could not help looking with some compassion at the miserable creature on the floor as, his face buried in the dictionary, he lay there sobbing almost as though he were in a fit.

我忍不住同情地看了那可怜的孩子一眼，他躺在地上哭泣着，脸埋在字典里，似乎痉挛一般。

"Oh, Sergius!" I said. "Why have you done this?"

“哦，谢辽沙！”我说道，“你为什么要那样做呢？”

"Well, you did it too! Besides, I did not cry this afternoon when I knocked my leg and nearly broke it."

“可是你也参与了呀！再说了，我今天下午几乎把腿撞破的时候都没哭。”

"True enough," I thought. "Ilinka is a poor whining sort of a chap, while Seriosha is a boy—a REAL boy.”

“的确如此，”我想着，“伊林卡是个可怜的只会抱怨的家伙，而谢辽沙是个男子汉——一个真正的男子汉。”

It never occurred to my mind that possibly poor Ilinka was suffering far less from bodily pain than from the thought that five companions for whom he may have felt a genuine liking had, for no reason at all, combined to hurt and humiliate him.

我从没想到，可怜的伊林卡之所以哭泣，也许并不是因为肉体上的痛苦，而是因为想到他真心喜欢的五个小伙伴会毫无缘由地联合起来欺负他、羞辱他。

I cannot explain my cruelty on this occasion. Why did I not step forward to comfort and protect him? Where was the pitifulness which often made me burst into tears at the sight of a young bird fallen from its nest, or of a puppy being thrown over a wall, or of a chicken being killed by the cook for soup?

这一次我无法解释我的残忍。为什么我不走上前去安慰他、保护他呢？当我看到一只雏鸟掉出巢来，或是一只小狗被扔出墙外，或是一只小鸡被厨子杀死做成汤时，我都会忍不住流泪，而我这样的同情心到哪去了呢？

Can it be that the better instinct in me was overshadowed by my affection for Seriosha and the desire to shine before so brave a boy? If so, how contemptible were both the affection and the desire! They alone form dark spots on the pages of my youthful recollections.

也许是因为我的善良被我对谢辽沙的爱意所掩盖，所以我只想要在勇敢的谢辽沙面前也表现一次。如果真是这样的话，那这样的爱和这样的欲望是多么可耻啊！它们形成了我童年记忆中唯一的污点。

CHAPTER XX PREPARATIONS FOR THE PARTY

第二十章 准备宴会

To judge from the extraordinary activity in the pantry, the shining cleanliness which imparted such a new and festal guise to certain articles in the salon and drawing room which I had long known as anything but resplendent, and the arrival of some musicians whom Prince Ivan would certainly not have sent for nothing, no small amount of company was to be expected that evening.

备餐室内一派不同寻常的繁忙景象，客厅和大厅里那些我早已熟悉的物件全都笼上了一层新鲜喜庆的光泽，伊万公爵甚至特地派来了乐队，一切事实都让我相信晚上将会是宾客盈门。

At the sound of every vehicle which chanced to pass the house I ran to the window, leaned my head upon my arms, and peered with impatient curiosity into the street.

一听到路过的车辆声，我就跑向窗边，手臂撑着头，迫切而又好奇地盯着街上看。

At last a carriage stopped at our door, and, in the full belief that this must be the Iwins, who had promised to come early, I at once ran downstairs to meet them in the hall.

终于一辆马车停在我们门前，我肯定这就是伊文家的人，他们答应过一早就会来的。于是我立刻跑下楼去前厅迎接他们。

But, instead of the Iwins, I beheld from behind the figure of the footman who opened the door two female figures—one tall and wrapped in a blue cloak trimmed with marten, and the other one short and wrapped in a green shawl from beneath which a pair of little feet, stuck into fur boots, peeped forth.

但我见到的并不是伊文家的人，仆人打开门，只见他身后有两位女士——一位很高，穿着蓝色貂皮领的蓝色大衣，另一个较矮，裹着一件绿色披肩，披肩下露出穿着毛皮靴的小脚。

Without paying any attention to my presence in the hall (although I thought it my duty, on the appearance of these persons to salute them), the shorter one moved towards the taller, and stood silently in front of her. Thereupon the tall lady untied the shawl which enveloped the head of the little one, and unbuttoned the cloak which hid her form; until, by the time that the footmen had taken charge of these articles and removed the fur boots, there stood forth from the amorphous chrysalis a charming girl of twelve, dressed in a short

muslin frock, white pantaloons, and smart black satin shoes. Around her, white neck she wore a narrow black velvet ribbon, while her head was covered with flaxen curls which so perfectly suited her beautiful face in front and her bare neck and shoulders behind that I, would have believed nobody, not even Karl Ivanitch, if he, or she had told me that they only hung so nicely because, ever since the morning, they had been screwed up in fragments of a Moscow newspaper and then warmed with a hot iron. To me it seemed as though she must have been born with those curls.

尽管我认为我有义务出来招呼她们，她们并没有注意到我站在前厅里。较矮的那位走向高的那位，静静地站在她前面。于是较高的女士解开包住她头部的披肩，解开裹着身形的外衣，仆人接过衣物，拿走毛皮靴子，于是一个十二岁的美丽姑娘便破茧而出。她穿着短短的棉布上衣，白色的马裤，小小的黑色的缎面鞋。她白皙的脖子上围着一条窄窄的黑色天鹅绒带子，一头淡黄色卷发和漂亮的脸蛋，以及露出的脖子和肩头十分相称。如果有人告诉我这是因为一清早用《莫斯科公报》的纸片卷起来并用火剪烫过才如此美丽，我绝不相信，即使是卡尔·伊万内奇亲口告诉我，我也不信。对我来说，这卷发应该是她生来就有的。

The most prominent feature in her face was a pair of unusually large half-veiled eyes, which formed a strange, but pleasing, contrast to the small mouth. Her lips were closed, while her eyes looked so grave that the general expression of her face gave one the impression that a smile was never to be looked for from her: wherefore, when a smile did come, it was all the more pleasing.

她脸上有个显著的特征：半睁着的眼睛出奇地大，跟樱桃小口形成奇怪但却很悦目的对比。她嘴唇紧闭，眼神严肃，脸上的表情给人的感觉是她从来不笑，然而正因如此，她的笑容更加迷人。

Trying to escape notice, I slipped through the door of the salon, and then thought it necessary to be seen pacing to and fro, seemingly engaged in thought, as though unconscious of the arrival of guests.

不想引起人们的注意，我溜出大厅，觉得有必要来回踱步，装出陷入沉思而没有注意到客人们到来的样子。

By the time, however, that the ladies had advanced to the middle of the salon I seemed suddenly to awake from my reverie and told them that Grandmamma was in the drawing room. Madame Valakhin, whose face pleased me extremely (especially since it bore a great resemblance to her daughter's), stroked my head kindly.

可这时，那两位女士已经到了大厅中央，我假装突然从自己的幻想中醒悟过来，告诉她们外祖母在客厅里。瓦拉希娜夫人和蔼地摸了摸我的脑袋。我很喜欢她的面容，特别是因为她和她的女儿长得很像。

Grandmamma seemed delighted to see Sonetchka. She invited her

to come to her, put back a curl which had fallen over her brow, and looking earnestly at her said, "What a charming child!"

外祖母看到索妮奇卡好像很高兴，让她走近些，拨开遮在她眉前的一绺卷发，热切地看着她说道：“多招人喜欢的小姑娘啊！”

Sonetchka blushed, smiled, and, indeed, looked so charming that I myself blushed as I looked at her.

索妮奇卡红着脸笑了，看起来的确非常迷人，我自己看得脸都红了。

"I hope you are going to enjoy yourself here, my love," said Grandmamma. "Pray be as merry and dance as much as ever you can. See, we have two beaux for her already," she added, turning to Madame Valakhin, and stretching out her hand to me.

“希望你在这里过得愉快，宝贝。”外祖母说，“尽情欢乐吧，跳舞吧！看，我们这已经有两个小伙子了！”她对瓦拉希娜夫人补充道，同时把手伸向我。

This coupling of Sonetchka and myself pleased me so much that I blushed again.

她把我和索妮奇卡说成一对儿，让我高兴得脸又红了。

Feeling, presently, that, my embarrassment was increasing, and hearing the sound of carriages approaching, I thought it wise to retire. In the hall I encountered the Princess Kornakoff, her son, and an incredible number of daughters. They had all of them the same face as their mother, and were very ugly. None of them arrested my attention. They talked in shrill tones as they took off their cloaks and boas, and laughed as they bustled about—probably at the fact that there were so many of them!

我越来越感觉到尴尬，听着外面马车靠近的声音，我觉得自己该退出去了。在前厅里，我看见科尔纳克娃公爵夫人带着她的儿子和难以想象的一大群女儿。她的女儿们都和母亲一样长得丑。没有一个人能吸引我的注意力。他们脱了外衣和围巾，同时尖声谈论着，乱哄哄的，笑成一团——大概是笑他们人很多吧！

Etienne was a boy of fifteen, tall and plump, with a sharp face, deep-set bluish eyes, and very large hands and feet for his age. Likewise he was awkward, and had a nervous, unpleasing voice. Nevertheless he seemed very pleased with himself, and was, in my opinion, a boy who could well bear being beaten with rods.

艾蒂安是个十五岁的男孩，身材高大肥胖，脸尖尖的，眼睛有点儿蓝，眼眶很深，手脚都比同龄人大。他举止笨拙紧张，嗓音难听，紧张不安。但他似乎很自鸣得意，我觉得这样的男孩一定能忍受棍棒的抽打。

For a long time we confronted one another without speaking as we took stock of each other. When the flood of dresses had swept past I made shift to begin a conversation by asking him whether it had not been very close in the carriage.

我们就这么面对面站着，不说话互相打量了很久。一群女孩走过去之后，我主动和他交谈起来，问他马车里挤不挤。

"I don't know," he answered indifferently. "I never ride inside it, for it makes me feel sick directly, and Mamma knows that. Whenever we are driving anywhere at night-time I always sit on the box. I like that, for then one sees everything. Philip gives me the reins, and sometimes the whip too, and then the people inside get a regular—well, you know," he added with a significant gesture "It's splendid then."

“我不知道。”他漫不经心地回答，“我从不坐里面，那样我不舒服，母亲知道。我们晚上出去的时候，我总是坐在车夫座上。我喜欢那样，可以看见所有的东西。菲利普给我缰绳让我赶车，有时也给我鞭子，然后坐在里面的人就——嗯，你知道的，”他打着手势补充道，“那样棒极了。”

"Master Etienne," said a footman, entering the hall, "Philip wishes me to ask you where you put the whip."

“艾蒂安少爷，”一个仆人走进前厅说，“菲利普问你把鞭子放哪儿了？”

"Where I put it? Why, I gave it back to him."

“我放哪儿了？怎么这样问？我还给他了啊。”

"But he says that you did not."

“但他说你没有。”

"Well, I laid it across the carriage-lamps!”

“哦，那就是挂在车灯上了吧。”

"No, sir, he says that you did not do that either. You had better confess that you took it and lashed it to shreds. I suppose poor Philip will have to make good your mischief out of his own pocket." The footman (who looked a grave and honest man) seemed much put out by the affair, and determined to sift it to the bottom on Philip's behalf.

“没有，少爷，他说那儿也没有。你还是承认了吧，是你把它抽坏了吧？我想可怜的菲利普得因为你的顽皮自掏腰包再买一条了。”那个看起来严肃而诚实的仆人似乎想把事情查清楚，并且极力想维护菲利普。

Out of delicacy I pretended to notice nothing and turned aside, but the other footmen present gathered round and looked approvingly

at the old servant.

我很知趣地装作没注意到这件事，然后走到一边，但这时另一个仆人走过来，赞许地看着那位老仆人。

"Hm—well, I DID tear it in pieces," at length confessed Etienne, shrinking from further explanations. "However, I will pay for it. Did you ever hear anything so absurd?" he added to me as he drew me towards the drawing-room.

“嗯——好吧，我确实把它弄散了。”艾蒂安终于承认了，不想再继续解释，“不过，我可以赔偿。你听过这么可笑的事情吗？”他对我补充道，并把我朝客厅拉去。

"But excuse me, sir; HOW are you going to pay for it? I know your ways of paying. You have owed Maria Valericana twenty copecks these eight months now, and you have owed me something for two years, and Peter for—”

“但是先生，你打算怎样赔偿呢？我知道你的赔偿方式。你欠玛莉亚·瓦莉瑞卡娜20戈比已经有八个月了，你欠我的东西已经有两年了，你欠彼得——”

"Hold your tongue, will you!" shouted the young fellow, pale with rage, "I shall report you for this."

“住嘴，你！”年轻人吼叫道，脸气得发白，“我要去打报告！”

"Oh, you may do so," said the footman. "Yet it is not fair, your highness," he added, with a peculiar stress on the title, as he departed with the ladies' wraps to the cloak-room. We ourselves entered the salon.

“哦，请便吧。”仆人说，“这可不公平，少爷。”他对这个头衔做了一种奇特的强调，然后拿着女士们的衣服走去了衣帽间。我们便都进了大厅。

"Quite right, footman," remarked someone approvingly from the hall behind us.

“干得好。”大厅里，我们身后传来一声称赞。

Grandmamma had a peculiar way of employing, now the second person singular, now the second person plural, in order to indicate her opinion of people. When the young Prince Etienne went up to her she addressed him as "YOU," and altogether looked at him with such an expression of contempt that, had I been in his place, I should have been utterly crestfallen. Etienne, however, was evidently not a boy of that sort, for he not only took no notice of her reception of him, but none of her person either. In fact, he bowed to the company at large in a way which, though not graceful, was at least free from

embarrassment.

外祖母有一种特殊的说话方式，一会儿用第二人称单数，一会儿用第二人称复数，为了表达她对人们的看法。当年轻的公爵艾蒂安走近她时，她用“你”称呼他，还带着轻蔑的表情看着他。我想如果我处在他的位置，肯定会无地自容。但艾蒂安显然不是我那样的男孩，因为他根本没注意外祖母是怎样对待他的，也根本没注意到外祖母。实际上，他只是对大伙鞠了个躬，虽然不是很优雅，但至少没那么尴尬了。

Sonetchka now claimed my whole attention. I remember that, as I stood in the salon with Etienne and Woloda, at a spot whence we could both see and be seen by Sonetchka, I took great pleasure in talking very loud (and all my utterances seemed to me both bold and comical) and glancing towards the door of the drawing room, but that, as soon as ever we happened to move to another spot whence we could neither see nor be seen by her, I became dumb, and thought the conversation had ceased to be enjoyable. The rooms were now full of people—among them (as at all children's parties) a number of elder children who wished to dance and enjoy themselves very much, but who pretended to do everything merely in order to give pleasure to the mistress of the house.

索妮奇卡现在又吸引了我全部的注意力。我记得，当我跟沃洛达和艾蒂安一起站在大厅时，有段时间我能看到索妮奇卡，索妮奇卡也能看到我。那时，我大声地快乐地说着话，觉得我的发言出色而又幽默，还不时地向客厅张望。但是当我们移到另一个我看不见她、她也看不见我的地方时，我就沉默了，觉得谈话不再那么有趣了。房间里渐渐挤满了人——就像在所有孩子的聚会上一样，有些大孩子们热切地想要跳舞、娱乐自己，但他们都装出似乎只是想要讨女主人欢心的样子。

When the Iwins arrived I found that, instead of being as delighted as usual to meet Seriosha, I felt a kind of vexation that he should see and be seen by Sonetchka.

当伊文家的孩子们到来时，我并没有像往常见到谢辽沙那样开心，而是感到有些苦恼。因为他会看到索妮奇卡，而索妮奇卡也会看到他。

CHAPTER XXI BEFORE THE MAZURKA

第二十一章 跳玛祖卡舞前

"Hullo, Woloda! So we are going to dance tonight," said Seriosha, issuing from the drawing-room and taking out of his pocket a brand new pair of gloves. "I suppose it IS necessary to put on gloves?"

“喂，沃洛达！今天晚上就要跳舞了。”谢辽沙说着从客厅走出来，从口袋里拿出一副崭新的手套，“我想这需要戴手套吧？”

"Goodness! What shall I do? We have no gloves," I thought to myself. "I must go upstairs and search about." Yet though I rummaged in every drawer, I only found, in one of them, my green travelling mittens, and, in another, a single lilac-coloured glove, a thing which could be of no use to me, firstly, because it was very old and dirty, secondly, because it was much too large for me, and thirdly (and principally), because the middle finger was wanting—Karl having long ago cut it off to wear over a sore nail.

“天哪！我该怎么办呢？我们没有手套。”我想，“我必须上楼找找看。”尽管找遍了每一个抽屉，我只在其中一个抽屉里找到一副绿色的、旅行用的五指手套，在另一个抽屉里找到一只紫色手套，但对我来说几乎没用，因为它又脏又旧，还太大了，而且（也是最主要的原因）它缺了中指的部分——卡尔很久以前把它剪掉包扎手指了。

However, I put it on—not without some diffident contemplation of the blank left by the middle finger and of the ink-stained edges round the vacant space.

但我还是戴上了它——虽然它的中指破了，在边缘还染上了墨汁。

"If only Natalia Savishna had been here," I reflected, "we should certainly have found some gloves. I can't go downstairs in this condition. Yet, if they ask me why I am not dancing, what am I to say? However, I can't remain here either, or they will be sending upstairs to fetch me. What on earth am I to do?" and I wrung my hands.

“如果纳塔莉娅·萨维什娜在这里就好了，”我想，“那么我们一定能找到一些手套的。这个样子我不能下楼去。但是，如果他们问我为什么不跳舞，我该怎么说呢？但是我也不能呆在这里，要不他们该上来找我了。我到底应该怎么办呢？”我拧着手想。

"What are you up to here?" asked Woloda as he burst into the room. "Go and engage a partner. The dancing will be beginning directly."

“你在这里做什么呢？”沃洛达突然跑进房间问我，“快去找个舞伴吧。舞会马上就要开始了。”

"Woloda," I said despairingly, as I showed him my hand with two fingers thrust into a single finger of the dirty glove, "Woloda, you, never thought of this."

“沃洛达，”我丧气地说，从那只脏手套的手指孔里伸出两只手指，“沃洛达，你没想到这个吧。”

"Of what?" he said impatiently. "Oh, of gloves," he added with a careless glance at my hand. "That's nothing. We can ask Grandmamma what she thinks about it," and without further ado he departed downstairs. I felt a trifle relieved by the coolness with which he had met a situation which seemed to me so grave, and hastened back to the drawing room, completely forgetful of the unfortunate glove which still adorned my left hand.

“哪个？”他不耐烦地问。“哦，手套啊。”他毫不在意地看了一眼我的手，“那没什么大不了的。我们可以去问问外祖母她是怎么想的。”说完他就下了楼。对我来说这么严重的事，沃洛达却毫不在意，这让我轻松很多，于是也赶忙跑到了客厅，完全忘了那讨厌的手套还戴在我的左手上。

Cautiously approaching Grandmamma's armchair, I asked her in a whisper:

我小心翼翼地靠近了外祖母的扶手椅，小声问道：

"Grandmamma, what are we to do? We have no gloves."

“外祖母，我们该怎么办呢？我们没有手套呀。”

"What, my love?"

“什么，亲爱的？”

"We have no gloves," I repeated, at the same time bending over towards her and laying both hands on the arm of her chair.

“我们没有手套。”我又重复了一遍，向外祖母凑过去，把两只手放到椅子的扶手上。

"But what is that?" she cried as she caught hold of my left hand. "Look, my dear!" she continued, turning to Madame Valakhin. "See how smart this young man has made himself to dance with your daughter!"

“这是什么？”她抓住我的左手叫起来。“看哪，亲爱的！”她转向瓦拉希娜夫人说道，“看看这位年轻的小伙子为了跟你的女儿跳舞，打扮得多么好看！”

As Grandmamma persisted in retaining hold of my hand and

gazing with a mock air of gravity and interrogation at all around her, curiosity was soon aroused, and a general roar of laughter ensued.

外祖母坚持抓着我的手不放，带着嘲弄和询问的神情严肃地望了望身边的人，宾客们都好奇心大起，随后爆发出一阵大笑。

I should have been infuriated at the thought that Seriosha was present to see this, as I scowled with embarrassment and struggled hard to free my hand, had it not been that somehow Sonetchka's laughter (and she was laughing to such a degree that the tears were standing in her eyes and the curls dancing about her lovely face) took away my feeling of humiliation. I felt that her laughter was not satirical, but only natural and free; so that, as we laughed together and looked at one another, there seemed to begin a kind of sympathy between us. Instead of turning out badly, therefore, the episode of the glove served only to set me at my ease among the dreaded circle of guests, and to make me cease to feel oppressed with shyness. The sufferings of shy people proceed only from the doubts which they feel concerning the opinions of their fellows. No sooner are those opinions expressed (whether flattering or the reverse) than the agony disappears.

如果谢辽沙在场，看到这些我肯定会很生气，于是我尴尬地皱着眉头想要把手挣脱开来，但这时我听到了索妮奇卡的笑声，她笑得这么开心，甚至笑出了眼泪，卷发在她可爱的脸庞边跳跃着，于是我不再感到受到羞辱了。我觉得她的笑不是讥讽的笑，而是完全自然而轻松的，于是我们看着彼此一起笑起来，似乎有种心意相通的感觉。结果并没有预想的那么坏，相反，这段手套的插曲让我在那些让人畏惧的客人中更为放松了，也不再感到羞怯。害羞的人之所以痛苦，是因为他们不知道别人的想法，一旦那些想法表达出来，不管是恭维还是相反，痛苦就会消失的。

How lovely Sonetchka looked when she was dancing a quadrille as my vis-a-vis, with, as her partner, the loutish Prince Etienne! How charmingly she smiled when, en chaine, she accorded me her hand! How gracefully the curls, around her head nodded to the rhythm, and how naively she executed the jete assemble with her little feet!

当索妮奇卡跟她的舞伴，那个笨拙的小公爵艾蒂安跳起卡德利尔舞时，她是那么可爱！当她在跳芭蕾舞、把手伸向我时，她笑得多么迷人啊！那些卷发多么优雅地随着旋律摆动着，而她用小脚跳起芭蕾舞小跳时，又是多么地天真无邪！

In the fifth figure, when my partner had to leave me for the other side and I, counting the beats, was getting ready to dance my solo, she pursed her lips gravely and looked in another direction; but her fears for me were groundless. Boldly I performed the chasse en avant and chasse en arriere glissade, until, when it came to my turn to move

towards her and I, with a comic gesture, showed her the poor glove with its crumpled fingers, she laughed heartily, and seemed to move her tiny feet more enchantingly than ever over the parquetted floor.

在跳第五种姿势时，我的舞伴得离开我到对面去，于是我数着拍子准备独舞。索妮奇卡严肃地撅起小嘴，看向另一边。其实她不用为我担心。我大胆地前前后后地跳着快滑步，当我移动到她面前时，我调皮地伸出手给她看那破了手指的手套，她开心地笑起来，可爱的小脚在镶木地板上更加迷人地移动着。

How well I remember how we formed the circle, and how, without withdrawing her hand from mine, she scratched her little nose with her glove! All this I can see before me still. Still can I hear the quadrille from "The Maids of the Danube" to which we danced that night.

我十分清楚地记得我们形成了一个圈儿，然后她没有把手从我的手中抽走，而是用手套擦了擦她的小鼻子。这一切仍然会浮现在我眼前。我似乎还能听到我们那天晚上跳的《多瑙河的少女》中的卡德利尔舞曲。

The second quadrille, I danced with Sonetchka herself; yet when we went to sit down together during the interval, I felt overcome with shyness and as though I had nothing to say. At last, when my silence had lasted so long that I began to be afraid that she would think me a stupid boy, I decided at all hazards to counteract such a notion.

第二轮卡德利尔舞开始了，这次我跟索妮奇卡跳起来。但是间歇空当我们坐在一起的时候，我感到十分害羞，完全不知道该说什么好。最后，我害怕她会因为我沉默了这么久而觉得我是一个愚蠢的男孩儿，所以我决定不顾一切地消除她这一看法。

"Vous etes une habitante de Moscou?" I began, and, on receiving an affirmative answer, continued. "Et moi, je n'ai encore jamais frequente la capitale" (with a particular emphasis on the word "frequente"). Yet I felt that, brilliant though this introduction might be as evidence of my profound knowledge of the French language, I could not long keep up the conversation in that manner. Our turn for dancing had not yet arrived, and silence again ensued between us. I kept looking anxiously at her in the hope both of discerning what impression I had produced and of her coming to my aid.

“你经常住在莫斯科吗？”我用法语问道。在等到肯定的回答后，我继续说，“可是我还从没来过首都呢。”（语气中额外强调了“从没来过”）。虽然这段开场很出色，能显示出我深厚的法语功底，但我觉得我无法以这种方式长时间进行对话。还没轮到我们跳舞，于是我们之间又沉默了。我焦虑地看着她，一方面想知道我给她留下了怎样的印象，另一方面想要得到她的帮助。

"Where did you get that ridiculous glove of yours?" she asked me all of a sudden, and the question afforded me immense satisfaction and relief. I replied that the glove belonged to Karl Ivanitch, and then went on to speak ironically of his appearance, and to describe how comical he looked in his red cap, and how he and his green coat had once fallen plump off a horse into a pond.

“你是从哪儿弄到那只可笑的手套的？”她突然问道。这个问题让我大大地松了口气，十分满意。我回答说这手套是卡尔·伊万内奇的，然后我开始调侃卡尔的相貌，描绘了他戴着那顶红色小帽时是多么滑稽，还有他和他的绿外套是怎样一起从马上“扑通”一声掉进池塘里的。

The quadrille was soon over. Yet why had I spoken ironically of poor Karl Ivanitch? Should I, forsooth, have sunk in Sonetchka's esteem if, on the contrary, I had spoken of him with the love and respect which I undoubtedly bore him?

卡德利尔舞很快结束了。但为什么我要讽刺可怜的卡尔·伊万内奇呢？如果反过来，我诉说一下对卡尔毋庸置疑的爱和敬意，难道真的就会失去索妮奇卡的好感吗？

The quadrille ended, Sonetchka said, "Thank you," with as lovely an expression on her face as though I had really conferred, upon her a favour. I was delighted. In fact I hardly knew myself for joy and could not think whence I derived such case and confidence and even daring.

卡德利尔舞结束了，索妮奇卡对我说：“谢谢你。”她脸上的表情那么可爱，好像我真的帮了她什么忙似的。我很开心。我简直高兴得忘乎所以了，以至于根本不能思考我是从哪儿得到的这份信心和勇气。

"Nothing in the world can abash me now," I thought as I wandered carelessly about the salon. "I am ready for anything."

“这世上再没什么能让我羞愧的了。”我这样想着，在大厅里漫无目的地闲逛，“我准备好迎接一切了。”

Just then Seriosha came and requested me to be his vis-a-vis.

就在这时，谢辽沙过来了，并邀请我做他的对舞者。

"Very well," I said. "I have no partner as yet, but I can soon find one."

“很好，”我说，“虽然我现在没有舞伴，但我很快就会找到一个的。”

Glancing round the salon with a confident eye, I saw that every lady was engaged save one—a tall girl standing near the drawing room door.

我自信地环顾着大厅，发现所有女士都有了舞伴，除了一个——一个站在客厅门口的高个子女孩儿。

Yet a grown-up young man was approaching her—probably for the same purpose as myself! He was but two steps from her, while I was at the further end of the salon. Doing a glissade over the polished floor, I covered the intervening space, and in a brave, firm voice asked the favour of her hand in the quadrille. Smiling with a protecting air, the young lady accorded me her hand, and the tall young man was left without a partner. I felt so conscious of my strength that I paid no attention to his irritation, though I learnt later that he had asked somebody who the awkward, untidy boy was who, had taken away his lady from him.

但是一个成年的年轻男士向她走了过去——难道是怀着跟我同样的目的？他离她只剩两步了，但我还在大厅的另一头。我在光滑的地板上做了一个滑行，插到了他们中间，然后用勇敢而坚定的声音邀请那个女孩儿与我共舞卡德利尔。年轻的女士矜持地笑了，把手递给了我，那个高个子年轻人失去了舞伴。我是如此深刻地觉察到自己的力量，以至于没有注意到他的愤怒。不过我后来才知道，他曾向别人打听那个讨厌而邋遢的、还抢走了他舞伴的男孩是谁。

CHAPTER XXII THE MAZURKA

第二十二章 玛祖卡舞

Afterwards the same young man formed one of the first couple in a mazurka. He sprang to his feet, took his partner's hand, and then, instead of executing the pas de Basques which Mimi had taught us, glided forward till he arrived at a corner of the room, stopped, divided his feet, turned on his heels, and, with a spring, glided back again. I, who had found no partner for this particular dance and was sitting on the arm of Grandmamma's chair, thought to myself:

后来，那个年轻人在玛祖卡舞中第一组出场跳。他站起来，拉起舞伴的一只手就开始跳。他跳的不是米米教我们的巴斯克舞步，而是双脚径直往前滑动，到了房间的一个角落才暂时停下来，双脚分开，重心落在脚后跟上，转过身，轻轻往回一跃，然后又一直滑动回来。我没有找到舞伴，就坐在外祖母椅子的扶手上看他们跳，心里想：

"What on earth is he doing? That is not what Mimi taught us. And there are the Iwins and Etienne all dancing in the same way—without the pas de Basques! Ah! and there is Woloda too! He too is adopting the new style, and not so badly either. And there is Sonetchka, the lovely one! Yes, there she comes!" I felt immensely happy at that moment.

“他到底在搞什么？那不是米米教我们的步法。而且伊文一家和艾蒂安他们也跟着像他那样跳——而不跳巴斯克舞步。啊，还有沃洛达！他也在跳这种新步法，而且跳得也不错。连可爱的索妮奇卡也是！啊，她跳到那边去了！”当时我高兴极了。

The mazurka came to an end, and already some of the guests were saying goodbye to Grandmamma. She was evidently tired, yet she assured them that she felt vexed at their early departure. Servants were gliding about with plates and trays among the dancers, and the musicians were carelessly playing the same tune for about the thirteenth time in succession, when the young lady whom I had danced with before, and who was just about to join in another mazurka, caught sight of me, and, with a kindly smile, led me to Sonetchka. And one of the innumerable Kornakoff princesses, at the same time asking me, "Rose or Hortie?"

玛祖卡舞接近尾声时，有一些客人已经和外祖母告别了。她看上去显然很累，却跟这些客人说，他们这么早离开，她感到遗憾。仆人们手里端着杯碟和托盘在这些舞者中间穿行。乐队已经连续放了十三次这首曲子。这时，当那位跟我跳过舞的年轻女士正要加入另一组继续跳玛祖卡时，她看到了我，对我善意地笑了一下，然后便把我领到索妮奇卡和

另外一位公爵小姐面前，同时问道：“是玫瑰，还是荨麻？”

"Ah, so it's YOU!" said Grandmamma as she turned round in her armchair. "Go and dance, then, my boy."

“啊，是你啊！”外祖母坐在椅子上转过身，“你也去跳啊，我的孩子。”

Although I would fain have taken refuge behind the armchair rather than leave its shelter, I could not refuse; so I got up, said, "Rose," and looked at Sonetchka. Before I had time to realise it, however, a hand in a white glove laid itself on mine, and the Kornakoff girl stepped forth with a pleased smile and evidently no suspicion that I was ignorant of the steps of the dance. I only knew that the pas de Basques (the only figure of it which I had been taught) would be out of place. However, the strains of the mazurka falling upon my ears, and imparting their usual impulse to my acoustic nerves (which, in their turn, imparted their usual impulse to my feet), I involuntarily, and to the amazement of the spectators, began executing on tiptoe the sole (and fatal) pas which I had been taught.

虽然我很想躲到椅子后面去不出来，但是又不能对外祖母说不。于是我站起来，看着索妮奇卡说道：“玫瑰。”我还没反应过来，一只带着白手套的手就放到了我手里，那个公爵小姐微笑着向前迈了一步，显然没料到我对那种舞步一窍不通。我只知道如果这时候我跳巴斯克舞步会显得格格不入，但我只会一点点这个了。不过，当玛祖卡的旋律进入我的耳朵，刺激着我的听觉神经，又传送到我的脚上时，我开始不自觉地就踮起脚，跳起以前学的圆形的滑行舞步来。在场观众都很惊讶。

So long as we went straight ahead I kept fairly right, but when it came to turning I saw that I must make preparations to arrest my course. Accordingly, to avoid any appearance of awkwardness, I stopped short, with the intention of imitating the "wheel about" which I had seen the young man perform so neatly.

只要我们向前跳，我就能保持得很好，但是要转弯的时候，我知道我必须准备收步子了。于是，为了避免太唐突，我稍稍停了一下，想要模仿我之前看见的那个年轻人的“旋转舞步”。

Unfortunately, just as I divided my feet and prepared to make a spring, the Princess Kornakoff looked sharply round at my legs with such an expression of stupefied amazement and curiosity that the glance undid me. Instead of continuing to dance, I remained moving my legs up and down on the same spot, in a sort of extraordinary fashion which bore no relation whatever either to form or rhythm. At last I stopped altogether. Everyone was looking at me—some with curiosity, some with astonishment, some with disdain, and some with compassion, Grandmamma alone seemed unmoved.

不幸的是，正当我分开双脚准备跃起的时候，公爵小姐惊异而又好奇地看着我，那眼神让我心慌意乱。于是我不再继续跳舞，而是改为双脚在原地不断地上下踏步，和周围人的舞步、曲调都不合拍。最后我干脆停了下来。每个人都看着我，有人好奇，有人惊异，有人轻蔑，有人同情。只有外祖母似乎没什么反应。

"You should not dance if you don't know the step," said Papa's angry voice in my ear as, pushing me gently aside, he took my partner's hand, completed the figures with her to the admiration of every one, and finally led her back to, her place. The mazurka was at an end.

“不会跳你就别跳。”父亲生气地说。他轻轻地把我推到旁边，拉起我舞伴的手，在所有人羡慕的目光中，跳完了这支舞，然后又把她送回她的位置上。玛祖卡终于结束了。

Ah me! What had I done to be punished so heavily?

可是我！我都做了什么，要受到这样严重的惩罚？

"Every one despises me, and will always despise me," I thought to myself. "The way is closed for me to friendship, love, and fame! All, all is lost!"

“每个人都会看不起我了，而且以后会一直轻视我。”我心里想着，“通向友谊、爱情和名誉的道路都对我封锁了！所有的，所有的一切都完了！”

Why had Woloda made signs to me which every one saw, yet which could in no way help me? Why had that disgusting princess looked at my legs? Why had Sonetchka—she was a darling, of course!—yet why, oh why, had she smiled at that moment?

为什么沃洛达给我的暗示被每个人都看见了，却没帮上什么忙？为什么那个讨厌的小姐要盯着我的腿看呢？为什么索妮奇卡——当然她是个惹人喜爱的人——但为什么她当时也在笑呢？

Why had Papa turned red and taken my hand? Can it be that he was ashamed of me?

为什么父亲脸红了，还拉开我的手？他觉得我给他丢脸了吗？

Oh, it was dreadful! Alas, if only Mamma had been there she would never have blushed for her Nicolinka!

唉，真是糟糕透了！啊，如果母亲在场的话，她绝对不会因为她的尼克连卡感到羞愧的！

How on the instant that dear image led my imagination captive! I seemed to see once more the meadow before our house, the tall lime-trees in the garden, the clear pond where the ducks swain, the blue sky dappled with white clouds, the sweet-smelling ricks of hay. How

those memories—aye, and many another quiet, beloved recollection—floated through my mind at that time!

想到这儿，我被我想象中母亲那慈爱的形象迷住了！我似乎再次看到了我们房子前的那片草地和花园里高大的酸橙树，池塘里的水很清，鸭子们常在那里游泳，蓝蓝的天空上点缀着几朵白云，干草的味道也很清新。那些记忆——还有很多平静甜蜜的回忆——都在那一刻涌上了心头！

CHAPTER XXIII AFTER THE MAZURKA

第二十三章 玛祖卡舞之后

At supper the young man whom I have mentioned seated himself beside me at the children's table, and treated me with an amount of attention which would have flattered my self-esteem had I been able, after the occurrence just related, to give a thought to anything beyond my failure in the mazurka. However, the young man seemed determined to cheer me up. He jested, called me "old boy," and finally (since none of the elder folks were looking at us) began to help me to wine, first from one bottle and then from another and to force me to drink it off quickly.

吃晚饭的时候，我之前提到的那个年轻男士来到儿童桌，坐到了我旁边，很关注我的样子。自从刚才跳玛祖卡舞时我干了那么失败的事情，他对我的关注让我的自尊心得到了满足。然而，这个年轻男士似乎决心要逗我开心。他开玩笑地叫我“大孩儿”，由于没有长辈在看着我们，最后他开始从各式各样的瓶子里给我倒酒，还逼着我快点喝光。

By the time (towards the end of supper) that a servant had poured me out a quarter of a glass of champagne, and the young man had straightway bid him fill it up and urged me to drink the beverage off at a draught, I had begun to feel a grateful warmth diffusing itself through my body. I also felt well-disposed towards my kind patron, and began to laugh heartily at everything. Suddenly the music of the "Grosvater" dance struck up, and every one rushed from the table. My friendship with the young man had now outlived its day; so, whereas he joined a group of the older folks, I approached Madame Valakhin to hear what she and her daughter had to say to one another.

在晚饭快吃完的时候，一个仆人把我杯子里的香槟倒掉了四分之一的样子。但是这个男士马上命令他把我的酒加满，然后催我一口把它喝完。当时，一股感激的温暖流遍我的全身。在这个善意保护我的男士面前，我也觉得很自在了，于是开始痛快地大笑起来。突然，《祖父舞曲》响起，人们都很快离开了餐桌。我和这个年轻男士的友谊就此结束了，因为他加入了大人们的队伍。我向瓦拉希娜夫人走去，想听听她和她的女儿们在说些什么。

"Just HALF-an-hour more?" Sonetchka was imploring her.

“就再多呆半个小时吧？”索妮奇卡在请求她的母亲。

"Impossible, my dearest."

“不行，亲爱的。”

"Yet, only to please me—just this once?" Sonetchka went on persuasively.

“但是，就算是为了让我高兴——就这一次好吗？”索妮奇卡继续恳求。

"Well, what if I should be ill tomorrow through all this dissipation?" rejoined her mother, and was incautious enough to smile.

“嗯，因为这样的消遣，如果我明天生病了怎么办？”她母亲回答道，不经意地笑起来。

"There! You DO consent, and we CAN stay after all!" exclaimed Sonetchka, jumping for joy.

“哦！您同意了，我们可以再呆一会儿了！”索妮奇卡欢呼着，高兴地跳起来。

"What is to be done with such a girl?" said Madame. "Well, run away and dance. See," she added on perceiving myself, "here is a cavalier ready waiting for you."

“该拿这女孩儿怎么办啊？”瓦拉希娜夫人说着，“好吧，去跳吧。看，”她看着我补充道，“有个骑士已经在等着你了。”

Sonetchka gave me her hand, and we darted off to the salon. The wine, added to Sonetchka's presence and gaiety, had at once made me forget all about the unfortunate end of the mazurka. I kept executing the most splendid feats with my legs—now imitating a horse as he throws out his hoofs in the trot, now stamping like a sheep infuriated at a dog, and all the while laughing regardless of appearances.

索妮奇卡把手递给我，我们飞快地跑到了客厅。因为喝了酒，再加上索妮奇卡在场且兴致很高，使得我立刻忘记了玛祖卡舞结尾时的倒霉事儿。我不停地展示我美妙的步法——一会儿模仿马儿甩开蹄子小跑，一时又像一只冲狗发怒的羊一样原地踏步，还一直不顾形象地哈哈大笑。

Sonetchka also laughed unceasingly, whether we were whirling round in a circle or whether we stood still to watch an old lady whose painful movements with her feet showed the difficulty she had in walking. Finally Sonetchka nearly died of merriment when I jumped half-way to the ceiling in proof of my skill.

我们转着圈，或站着不动，看一位年迈的女士艰难地移动步法，显然走路很吃力的样子，索妮奇卡一直笑个不停。最后，我为了证明自己的技术，跳起来几乎要碰到天花板，索妮奇卡简直要笑晕过去了。

As I passed a mirror in Grandmamma's boudoir and glanced at myself I could see that my face was all in a perspiration and my hair

dishevelled—the top-knot, in particular, being more erect than ever. Yet my general appearance looked so happy, healthy, and good-tempered that I felt wholly pleased with myself.

经过外祖母房间的那面镜子时，我看了一下自己。我的脸上全是汗，头发也特别乱——头发上打结的地方比之前竖得更厉害了。但是我脸上的整体表情非常快乐、健康、和蔼，我对自己非常满意。

"If I were always as I am now," I thought, "I might yet be able to please people with my looks." Yet as soon as I glanced at my partner's face again, and saw there not only the expression of happiness, health, and good temper which had just pleased me in my own, but also a fresh and enchanting beauty besides, I felt dissatisfied with myself again. I understood how silly of me it was to hope to attract the attention of such a wonderful being as Sonetchka. I could not hope for reciprocity—could not even think of it, yet my heart was overflowing with happiness. I could not imagine that the feeling of love which was filling my soul so pleasantly could require any happiness still greater, or wish for more than that that happiness should never cease. I felt perfectly contented. My heart beat like that of a dove, with the blood constantly flowing back to it, and I almost wept for joy.

“要是我永远都像现在这样，”我想，“或许我的样子可以讨得大家的欢心。”但是，当我再次看向我舞伴的脸时，我从她脸上不仅看到了在自己脸上看到的快乐、健康、和蔼，还看到了一种清新迷人的美丽，于是我对自己又不满起来。我意识到自己是多么傻，竟然心存侥幸想要吸引像索妮奇卡这么优秀的女孩儿的注意。我不再指望两情相悦——甚至想都不敢想，但我的心里还是充满了幸福。我无法想象，除了这令我如此喜悦的、占满我心灵的爱，我还可以要求更大的幸福，或是希望这种幸福可以持续到永远。我已经十分满足了。我像鸽子一样心扑通扑通直跳，血液不断涌向心房，简直要喜极而泣了。

As we passed through the hall and peered into a little dark store-room beneath the staircase I thought: "What bliss it would be if I could pass the rest of my life with her in that dark corner, and never let anybody know that we were there!"

当我们经过大厅，看到楼梯下那间又小又黑的仓库时，我想：“如果我可以跟她在那个黑暗的角落里度过一生，而且绝不告诉任何人我们在里面的话，该是多么美好啊！”

"It has been a delightful evening, hasn't it?" I asked her in a low, tremulous voice. Then I quickened my steps—as much out of fear of what I had said as out of fear of what I had meant to imply.

“这真是一个愉快的夜晚，不是吗？”我颤抖地小声问她。然后我加快了脚步——因为担心刚刚说的话，也担心我所暗含的意思。

"Yes, very!" she answered, and turned her face to look at me with

an expression so kind that I ceased to be afraid. I went on:

“是啊，非常愉快！”她回答，并且转过脸很友善地看着我，我不再害怕了，继续说道：

"Particularly since supper. Yet if you could only know how I regret" (I had nearly said) "how miserable I am at your going, and to think that we shall see each other no more!"

“尤其是从晚饭开始的这段时间，但愿您能知道在听到您要离开的时候，想想我们再也见不着了，我有多么遗憾（我差点说成多么难过）。”

"But why SHOULDN'T we?" she asked, looking gravely at the corner of her pocket-handkerchief, and gliding her fingers over a latticed screen which we were passing. "Every Tuesday and Friday I go with Mamma to the Iverskoi Prospect. I suppose you go for walks too sometimes?"

“为什么见不着了呢？”她问，眼睛严肃地看着她小手帕的一角，用手摸着我们正经过的一个格子屏风。“每个周二和周五，我和母亲都会去特维尔林荫路，我想您有时也会去散步吧？”

"Well, certainly I shall ask to go for one next Tuesday, and, if they won't take me I shall go by myself—even without my hat, if necessary. I know the way all right.”

“当然，下周二我会要求他们带我去那里散步。如果他们不同意的话，我自己也会去——如果必要的话，我连帽子都可以不戴，我很熟悉那条路。”

"Do you know what I have just thought of?" she went on. "You know, I call some of the boys who come to see us thou. Shall you and I call each other thou too? Wilt thou?" she added, bending her head towards me and looking me straight in the eyes.

“您知道我刚刚想了什么吗？”她继续说道，“您知道，我跟那些常来我家玩的男孩子相互称呼‘你’，我和您之间也可以称对方‘你’吗？您愿意吗？”她又补充道，抬起头，直视着我的双眼。

At this moment a more lively section of the "Grosvater" dance began.

这时，《祖父舞曲》一个更加活泼的部分开始了。

"Give me your hand," I said, under the impression that the music and din would drown my exact words, but she smilingly replied, "Thy hand, not your hand." Yet the dance was over before I had succeeded in saying thou, even though I kept conning over phrases in which the pronoun could be employed—and employed more than once. All that I wanted was the courage to say it.

“把您的手给我吧。”我对她说，乐曲声和喧闹声足以把我的声音淹

没，但她还是笑着回答：“是你的手，不是您的手。”但是直到舞蹈结束，我都没有成功说出一句带“你”字的话，虽然我一直都在构想说出带“你”的句子——而且不只说一次。我需要的就是说出那个字的勇气。

"Wilt thou?" and "Thy hand" sounded continually in my ears, and caused in me a kind of intoxication I could hear and see nothing but Sonetchka. I watched her mother take her curls, lay them flat behind her ears (thus disclosing portions of her forehead and temples which I had not yet seen), and wrap her up so completely in the green shawl that nothing was left visible but the tip of her nose. Indeed, I could see that, if her little rosy fingers had not made a small, opening near her mouth, she would have been unable to breathe. Finally I saw her leave her mother's arm for an instant on the staircase, and turn and nod to us quickly before she disappeared through the doorway.

“你愿意吗？”和“你的手”一直在我的耳边回荡，让我很陶醉。我耳朵里能听到的、眼睛能看到的，全部都是索妮奇卡。我看到她母亲撩起她的卷发，挪到耳后，露出我没见过的前额和鬓角，然后又用一条绿色的披肩把她完全包裹起来，只剩下鼻尖露在外面。是的，我能看到，如果她不用那娇小嫩红的手指在嘴边拨开一条小缝儿的话，她就不能自由呼吸了。最后，在她下楼时，我看到她离开了母亲的手臂一小下，在即将消失在门口时，转过身跟我们飞快地点了点头。

Woloda, the Iwins, the young Prince Etienne, and myself were all of us in love with Sonetchka and all of us standing on the staircase to follow her with our eyes. To whom in particular she had nodded I do not know, but at the moment I firmly believed it to be myself. In taking leave of the Iwins, I spoke quite unconcernedly, and even coldly, to Seriosha before I finally shook hands with him. Though he tried to appear absolutely indifferent, I think that he understood that from that day forth he had lost both my affection and his power over me, as well as that he regretted it.

沃洛达、伊文家的孩子、小公爵艾蒂安和我，都喜欢上了索妮奇卡，全都站在楼梯上目送她离开。我并不知道她当时究竟是在跟谁点头，但当时我坚信那个人就是我。在跟伊文家的孩子们告别时，我漫不经心地、甚至有点冷淡地跟谢辽沙说了再见，最后同他握了一下手。虽然他尽量装作无所谓，但我想他自己也明白了，从那天起，他就失去了我的爱和他对我的控制权。他会觉得遗憾吧。

CHAPTER XXIV IN BED

第二十四章 在床上

"How could I have managed to be so long and so passionately devoted to Seriosha?" I asked myself as I lay in bed that night. "He never either understood, appreciated, or deserved my love. But Sonetchka! What a darling she is! 'Wilt thou?'—'Thy hand'!" I crept closer to the pillows, imagined to myself her lovely face, covered my head over with the bedclothes, tucked the counterpane in on all sides, and, thus snugly covered, lay quiet and enjoying the warmth until I became wholly absorbed in pleasant fancies and reminiscences.

“我怎么能这么长久、这么执着地爱着谢辽沙呢？”当晚，我躺在床上问自己。“他从不理解、欣赏我的爱，也不值得我爱。可是索妮奇卡！她多么讨人喜欢啊！‘你愿意吗？’——‘你的手’！”我贴近枕头，想象着她可爱的脸蛋儿。我用被子盖住头，把自己严严实实地裹起来。我躲在被子里，安静地躺着，享受着这份温暖，直到我完全陷入甜美的想象和回忆里。

If I stared fixedly at the inside of the sheet above me I found that I could see her as clearly as I had done an hour ago could talk to her in my thoughts, and, though it was a conversation of irrational tenor, I derived the greatest delight from it, seeing that "thou" and "thine" and "for thee" and "to thee" occurred in it incessantly. These fancies were so vivid that I could not sleep for the sweetness of my emotion, and felt as though I must communicate my superabundant happiness to some one.

如果我呆在被子里不动，一直盯着上面的被单，我发现我能清楚地看到她，就像一个小时前那样，我可以在脑海里跟她讲话。虽然这场谈话没什么意义，但我还是获得了极大的快乐。交谈中不断出现“你”、“你的”、“为你”、“给你”这样的字眼。这些想象如此生动，使我因为这份甜蜜的感觉睡不着觉了。我觉得我必须跟谁分享一下这满满的幸福。

"The darling!" I said, half-aloud, as I turned over; then, "Woloda, are you asleep?"

“亲爱的！”我转过身，稍微高声叫了一下，“沃洛达，你睡着了吗？”

"No," he replied in a sleepy voice. "What's the matter?"

“还没有。”他迷迷糊糊地回答，“什么事？”

"I am in love, Woloda—terribly in love with Sonetchka”

“我恋爱了，沃洛达——我完全爱上索妮奇卡了。”

"Well? Anything else?" he replied, stretching himself.

“哦？还有什么事吗？”他伸着懒腰回答道。

"Oh, but you cannot imagine what I feel just now, as I lay covered over with the counterpane, I could see her and talk to her so clearly that it was marvellous!

“哦，你无法想象我刚才蒙在被子里的感觉。我可以看到她，跟她清楚地讲话。这真是太奇妙啦！

And, do you know, while I was lying thinking about her—I don't know why it was, but all at once I felt so sad that I could have cried."

而且，你知道吗，我躺着想她的时候——我不知道为什么突然间很伤心，差点哭出来。”

Woloda made a movement of some sort.

沃洛达稍微动了一下。

"One thing only I wish for," I continued; "and that is that I could always be with her and always be seeing her. Just that. You are in love too, I believe. Confess that you are."

“我只希望一件事，”我继续说道，“那就是我可以一直跟她在一起，可以一直看到她。这样就行了。你也恋爱了吧，我猜。你坦白说了吧。”

It was strange, but somehow I wanted every one to be in love with Sonetchka, and every one to tell me that they were so.

这很奇怪，但是某种程度上我希望每个人都爱上索妮奇卡，而且每个人都跟我这么说。

"So that's how it is with you? " said Woloda, turning round to me. "Well, I can understand it."

“那么，你就是这么想的？”沃洛达转向我，“好吧，我想我能理解。”

"I can see that you cannot sleep," I remarked, observing by his bright eyes that he was anything but drowsy. "Well, cover yourself over SO" (and I pulled the bedclothes over him), "and then let us talk about her. Isn't she splendid? If she were to say to me, 'Nicolinka, jump out of the window,' or 'jump into the fire,' I should say, 'Yes, I will do it at once and rejoice in doing it.' Oh, how glorious she is!"

“我看得出来你睡不着。”我说。因为他的眼睛很清亮，一点都没有睡意。“所以，你盖好被子，”（我帮他把被子拉好）“然后我们谈谈她吧。她很优秀吧？如果她对我说‘尼克连卡，跳出窗户’，或者‘跳到火里去’，我会说‘好，我马上照做，那样做我很荣幸’，哦，她真是太棒了！”

I went on picturing her again and again to my imagination, and, to enjoy the vision the better, turned over on my side and buried my

head in the pillows, murmuring, "Oh, I want to cry, Woloda."

我在脑海里不断地刻画她的形象，为了更好地欣赏这个画面，我转到一边，把头埋进枕头里，喃喃道：“沃洛达，我想哭。”

"What a fool you are!" he said with a slight laugh. Then, after a moment's silence he added: "I am not like you. I think I would rather sit and talk with her."

“你真是个傻瓜！”他轻蔑地笑了一下，说道。然后，他沉默了半晌道：“我不像你，我觉得我宁可坐下来跟她说话。”

"Ah! Then you ARE in love with her!" I interrupted.

“啊！所以你也是喜欢她的！”我打断他。

"And then," went on Woloda, smiling tenderly, "kiss her fingers and eyes and lips and nose and feet—kiss all of her.”

“然后，”沃洛达温柔地笑着，继续道，“亲她的手指、眼睛、嘴唇、鼻子和脚——亲吻她的全部。”

"How absurd!" I exclaimed from beneath the pillows.

“真荒唐！”我在枕头底下大叫。

"Ah, you don't understand things," said Woloda with contempt.

“唉，你不懂。”沃洛达轻蔑地说。

"I do understand. It's you who don't understand things, and you talk rubbish, too," I replied, half-crying.

“我懂，是你不懂，而且你还在胡说八道。”我半带着哭腔回答道。

"Well, there is nothing to cry about," he concluded. "She is only a girl."

“好了，没什么好哭的，”他总结说，“不过是个女孩子而已。”

CHAPTER XXV THE LETTER

第二十五章 信

On the 16th of April, nearly six months after the day just described, Papa entered our schoolroom and told us that that night we must start with him for our country house. I felt a pang at my heart when I heard the news, and my thoughts at once turned to Mamma. The cause of our unexpected departure was the following letter: "Petrovskoe, 12th April.

四月十六日那天，离我描述的那天差不多六个月后，父亲来教室告诉我们说当晚我们必须跟他回乡下的家。听到这个消息，我心里难受起来，我立刻想到了母亲。我们意外地离开全是因为下面这封信：“彼得洛夫斯科耶，四月十二日。”

"Only this moment (i.e. at ten o'clock in the evening) have I received your dear letter of the 3rd of April, but as usual, I answer it at once. Fedor brought it yesterday from town, but, as it was late, he did not give it to Mimi till this morning, and Mimi (since I was unwell) kept it from me all day. I have been a little feverish. In fact, to tell the truth, this is the fourth day that I have been in bed.

“我现在（即晚上十点）才收到你四月三日写给我的信，但是像往常一样，我马上就给你回信了。费多尔昨天就把信从镇上带回来了，但是因为当时天色已晚，所以他今天早上才给了米米。因为我生病了不太舒服，米米就帮我保管了一天。我稍微有些发烧。其实，说实话，这已经是我躺在床上的第四天了。”

"Yet do not be uneasy. I feel almost myself again now, and if Ivan Vassilitch should allow me, I think of getting up tomorrow.

“但是，不要担心。我觉得自己已经好得差不多了，如果伊万·瓦西里奇同意的话，我想我明天就可以下床了。”

"On Friday last I took the girls for a drive, and, close to the little bridge by the turning on to the high road (the place which always makes me nervous), the horses and carriage stuck fast in the mud. Well, the day being fine, I thought that we would walk a little up the road until the carriage should be extricated, but no sooner had we reached the chapel than I felt obliged to sit down, I was so tired, and in this way half-an-hour passed while help was being sent for to get the carriage dug out. I felt cold, for I had only thin boots on, and they had been wet through. After luncheon too, I had alternate cold and hot fits, yet still continued to follow our ordinary routine.

“上周五，我带着女孩子们坐车出去，但是在通向公路的那个拐角

处，就是在总让我感到害怕的小桥旁，马和马车都深陷到泥潭里了。那天天气晴朗，我想在马车从泥潭里拉出来之前，我们可以沿路走一会儿。但是我们刚走到小教堂，我就忍不住想坐下来休息，我实在太累了，我们差不多走了半个小时，马车才被拉出泥潭。我觉得冷，因为我穿的靴子很薄，而且它们已经湿透了。午饭后，我感觉身上时冷时热的，但还是继续我们的行程。”

"When tea was over I sat down to the piano to play a duct with Lubotshka, (you would be astonished to hear what progress she has made!), but imagine my surprise when I found that I could not count the beats! Several times I began to do so, yet always felt confused in my head, and kept hearing strange noises in my ears. I would begin 'One-two-three—' and then suddenly go on ‘-eight-fifteen,' and so on, as though I were talking nonsense and could not help it. At last Mimi came to my assistance and forced me to retire to bed. That was how my illness began, and it was all through my own fault. The next day I had a good deal of fever, and our good Ivan Vassilitch came. He has not left us since, but promises soon to restore me to the world.

“喝完茶之后，我在钢琴旁坐下来跟露博奇卡合奏了一曲，你会为她的进步之大感到惊讶的！你可以想象一下我当时跟不上她的拍子时，我感到多么地惊奇！我试了好几次，但脑子里总觉得很混乱，还有点耳鸣，总听到奇怪的声音。我开始数着‘一、二、三——’，但数着数着就变成‘八、十五’之类的。我好像有点胡言乱语，但是我控制不住。后来，米米过来帮我，硬是让我回床上休息。我的病就是那样来的，这全是我自己的错。第二天，我发了高烧，很严重，善良的伊万·瓦西里奇来了。那以后他就没有离开过我们，但是他保证过不了多久我就又可以到户外去了。”

"What a wonderful old man he is! While I was feverish and delirious he sat the whole night by my bedside without once closing his eyes; and at this moment (since he knows I am busy writing) he is with the girls in the divannaia, and I can hear him telling them German stories, and them laughing as they listen to him.

“他真是个极好的老先生！在我发烧昏迷、神志不清的时候，他整夜不合眼地守在我床前。现在，他知道我在忙着写信，就和女孩子们呆在起居室里，我能听见他在给她们讲德国故事，女孩子们都被他逗笑了。”

"'La Belle Flamande,' as you call her, is now spending her second week here as my guest (her mother having gone to pay a visit somewhere), and she is most attentive and attached to me. She even tells me her secret affairs. Under different circumstances her beautiful face, good temper, and youth might have made a most excellent girl of her, but in the society in which according to her own account, she moves she will be wasted. The idea has more than once occurred to me that, had I not had so many children of my own, it would have

been a deed of mercy to have adopted her.

“你说的那个‘弗拉米美人’，从上星期起就住在这里了，她母亲去某个地方作客了，她对我很是体贴，也很粘我。甚至把她的小秘密都跟我说了。她脸蛋儿漂亮，脾气好，年轻又有朝气，本可以是个很优秀的女孩子。但是生活在那个生活圈子里，根据她自己所讲的那样，她会被毁掉的。我不止一次地想过，要不是我自己已经有了这么多孩子，我一定会收养她的。”

"Lubotshka had meant to write to you herself, but she has torn up three sheets of paper, saying: 'I know what a quizzer Papa always is. If he were to find a single fault in my letter he would show it to everybody.' Katenka is as charming as usual, and Mimi, too, is good, but tiresome.

“露博奇卡想单独写信给你，但是她已经撕掉三张纸了，她说：‘我知道父亲老是爱嘲笑人。如果他发现我信里有一处错误，他会给每个人看的。’卡简卡跟以前一样可爱，米米也挺好的，就是有点讨人嫌。”

"Now let me speak of more serious matters. You write to me that your affairs are not going well this winter, and that you wish to break into the revenues of Chabarovska. It seems to me strange that you should think it necessary to ask my consent. Surely what belongs to me belongs no less to you? You are so kind-hearted, dear, that, for fear of worrying me, you conceal the real state of things, but I can guess that you have lost a great deal at cards, as also that you are afraid of my being angry at that. Yet, so long as you can tide over this crisis, I shall not think much of it, and you need not be uneasy, I have grown accustomed to no longer relying, so far as the children are concerned, upon your gains at play, nor yet—excuse me for saying so—upon your income. Therefore your losses cause me as little anxiety as your gains give me pleasure. What I really grieve over is your unhappy passion itself for gambling—a passion which bereaves me of part of your tender affection and obliges me to tell you such bitter truths as (God knows with what pain) I am now telling you. I never cease to beseech Him that He may preserve us, not from poverty (for what is poverty?), but from the terrible juncture which would arise should the interests of the children, which I am called upon to protect, ever come into collision with our own. Hitherto God has listened to my prayers. You have never yet overstepped the limit beyond which we should be obliged either to sacrifice property which would no longer belong to us, but to the children, or—It is terrible to think of, but the dreadful misfortune at which I hint is forever hanging over our heads. Yes, it is the heavy cross which God has given us both to carry.

“现在，我得说点严肃的事情。你信里说，这个冬天事情都不太顺利，想动用哈巴洛夫卡的那笔钱。我有点奇怪，你为什么觉得需要征求

我的同意呢？我的东西，不是当然也一分不少地属于你吗？你这么善良，亲爱的，你怕我会担心，所以隐瞒了事情的真实情况，但是我能猜出你打牌输了很多钱，又怕我会生气。但是，只要你能度过这次危机，我就不想这件事了。你不用担心，我已经习惯了，也不指望你打牌赢钱来养孩子——请原谅我这么说——我也没指望你有多少收入。因此，你输钱我并不生气，就像你赢了我也不会高兴一样。真正令我痛心的是你这不幸的赌瘾——这赌瘾让我失去了对你的温柔关爱，使我不得不像现在这样说出痛心的真话（上帝知道这是份什么样的痛苦）。我一直祈求上帝保佑我们。不是拯救我们的贫穷——穷又算得了什么呢？而是摆脱当我们自己的利益同孩子们的利益发生冲突时那种艰难的处境。目前为止，上帝都听进了我的祈祷。你还没有越过那条界线，要不我们就得牺牲那份不是属于我们而是属于孩子们的财产，或者——这事想起来都觉得可怕，但是我提到的这糟糕的不幸似乎永远在威胁着我们。是的，这是上帝给我们俩戴上的沉重的十字架。”

"Also, you write about the children, and come back to our old point of difference by asking my consent to your placing them at a boarding-school. You know my objection to that kind of education. I do not know, dear, whether you will accede to my request, but I nevertheless beseech you, by your love for me, to give me your promise that never so long as I am alive, nor yet after my death (if God should see fit to separate us), shall such a thing be done.

“同时，你也提到了孩子们，又回到我们的旧争议上来，你希望我同意把他们送到寄宿学校。你知道的，我反对那种教育方式。亲爱的，我不知道你会不会妥协，但是我绝对不会同意你的做法。看在你爱我的份上，请你跟我保证，只要我还活着，甚至我死后（如果上帝觉得是时候分开我们了），都不要那样做。”

"Also you write that our affairs render it indispensable for you to visit St. Petersburg.

“你还说你必须去趟圣彼得堡处理我们的事情。

The Lord go with you! Go and return as soon as possible. Without you we shall all of us be lonely.

愿上帝保佑你！去吧，尽早回来。你不在家，我和孩子们都觉得孤单。”

"Spring is coming in beautifully. We keep the door on to the terrace always open now, while the path to the orangery is dry and the peach-trees are in full blossom. Only here and there is there a little snow remaining. The swallows are arriving, and today Lubotshka brought me the first flowers. The doctor says that in about three days' time I shall be well again and able to take the open air and to enjoy the April sun. Now, au revoir, my dearest one. Do not be alarmed, I beg of you, either on account of my illness or on account of your

losses at play. End the crisis as soon as possible, and then return here with the children for the summer. I am making wonderful plans for our passing of it, and I only need your presence to realise them."

“美丽的春天快到了。我们把平台上的那扇门一直开着，通往桔园的那条小路已经干了，桃花也盛开了。只是有些地方还残留着积雪。燕子飞回来了，今天露博奇卡还给我带来了春天的第一束花。医生说，大概三天后我就能康复了，然后我就能去户外呼吸新鲜空气，享受四月的阳光。现在，亲爱的，我要跟你说再见了。我求你，别担心我的病，也别担心你打牌输钱的事情。赶快解决好这次危机，然后回来跟孩子们过夏天。我正在为我们一起度过夏天制定很棒的计划，现在只需要你回来实现它们。”

The rest of the letter was written in French, as well as in a strange, uncertain hand, on another piece of paper. I transcribe it word for word:

信剩下的部分是法文，用一种奇怪的字体写在另外一张纸上。我逐字翻译出来：

"Do not believe what I have just written to you about my illness. It is more serious than anyone knows. I alone know that I shall never leave my bed again. Do not, therefore, delay a minute in coming here with the children. Perhaps it may yet be permitted me to embrace and bless them. It is my last wish that it should be so. I know what a terrible blow this will be to you, but you would have had to hear it sooner or later—if not from me, at least from others. Let us try to, bear the Calamity with fortitude, and place our trust in the mercy of God. Let us submit ourselves to His will. Do not think that what I am writing is some delusion of my sick imagination. On the contrary, I am perfectly clear at this moment, and absolutely calm. Nor must you comfort yourself with the false hope that these are the unreal, confused feelings of a despondent spirit, for I feel indeed, I know, since God has deigned to reveal it to me—that I have now but a very short time to live. Will my love for you and the children cease with my life? I know that that can never be. At this moment I am too full of that love to be capable of believing that such a feeling (which constitutes a part of my very existence) can ever, perish. My soul can never lack its love for you; and I know that that love will exist for ever, since such a feeling could never have been awakened if it were not to be eternal. I shall no longer be with you, yet I firmly believe that my love will cleave to you always, and from that thought I glean such comfort that I await the approach of death calmly and without fear. Yes, I am calm, and God knows that I have ever looked, and do look now, upon death as no more than the passage to a better life. Yet why do tears blind my eyes? Why should the children lose a mother's love? Why must you, my husband, experience such a heavy and

unlooked-for blow? Why must I die when your love was making life so inexpressibly happy for me?

“别相信我刚才对你所说的我的病情。其实它比任何人想象的都要严重。只有我自己知道我再也没法起床了。因此，千万不要多拖延一分钟，尽早带孩子们回来。或许我现在还可能勉强拥抱和祝福他们。这是我最后的愿望了。我知道这对你是个沉重的打击，但是你迟早都会听说的——即使我不说，别人也会告诉你的。让我们勇敢地面对这个灾难吧，相信上帝会怜悯我们。让我们服从上帝的意愿。不要以为我所写的都是我的胡思乱想。相反，我此刻非常清醒，而且十分平静。你也别安慰自己，以为这是一个沮丧灵魂的一些不切实际的、混乱的猜测，我确实感觉到了，因为上帝已经告诉我——我活不久了。我死后，我对你和孩子们的爱也会随我而去吗？我知道永远不会。此刻，我内心充满了对你们的爱，我相信这种感觉（它让我觉得自己还活着）绝不会消逝。我的内心深处绝不会缺少对你们的爱，我知道那种爱会永远存在。因为如果这种感觉不会永恒存在的话，它之前就不会苏醒。我不能跟你们在一起了，但是我坚信我的爱会一直伴随着你们。这样想着，我就会觉得很欣慰，便能冷静地、勇敢地等待死亡的来临。是的，我很平静。上帝知道我一直都认为死亡只是去过一种更美好的生活而已。但为什么眼泪还是模糊了我的双眼？为什么孩子们要失去母亲的爱了呢？为什么你，我的丈夫，必须要经历这样一个意外的沉重打击呢？你的爱让我们生活得无比幸福，而我为什么要在这个时候死去呢？”

"But His holy will be done!

“但是上帝的旨意会被实现的！”

"The tears prevent my writing more. It may be that I shall never see you again. I thank you, my darling beyond all price, for all the felicity with which you have surrounded me in this life. Soon I shall appear before God Himself to pray that He may reward you. Farewell, my dearest! Remember that, if I am no longer here, my love will none the less NEVER AND NOWHERE fail you. Farewell, Woloda—farewell, my pet! Farewell, my Benjamin, my little Nicolinka! Surely they will never forget me?”

“眼泪让我写不下去了。我可能永远见不到你了。亲爱的，你是我的无价之宝。我感谢你在我的一生中带给我的幸福。不久后，我就会在上帝面前祈求他酬谢你。再见了，我最亲爱的人！记住，如果我不在了，我的爱会一分不少地、永远地、时刻伴随着你。再见了，沃洛达！再见了，我的宝贝！再见了，我的幼子，我的小尼克连卡！他们绝对不会忘记我吧？”

With this letter had come also a French note from Mimi, in which the latter said:

这封信还附带了一张米米用法文写的字条，字条上说：

"The sad circumstances of which she has written to you are but

too surely confirmed by the words of the doctor. Yesterday evening she ordered the letter to be posted at once, but, thinking at she did so in delirium, I waited until this morning, with the intention of sealing and sending it then. Hardly had I done so when Natalia Nicolaevna asked me what I had done with the letter and told me to burn it if not yet despatched. She is forever speaking of it, and saying that it will kill you. Do not delay your departure for an instant if you wish to see the angel before she leaves us. Pray excuse this scribble, but I have not slept now for three nights. You know how much I love her."

“她跟你说的令人悲伤的处境也被医生的话印证了。昨晚她吩咐立马把信发出去，但是我以为她是精神错乱，所以等到今天早上才封好寄给你。我刚寄出这封信，纳塔莉娅·萨维什娜就问我是怎么处理它的，她说如果我还没寄出去的话就烧掉。她一直不停地提到这封信，说这封信会让你们悲痛欲死的。如果您想在她离开前再看一眼您的天使的话，就一刻也别再拖延了。请您原谅我写得这么潦草，我已经三个晚上没睡觉了。您明白我有多么爱她。”

Later I heard from Natalia Savishna (who passed the whole of the night of the 11th April at Mamma's bedside) that, after writing the first part of the letter, Mamma laid it down upon the table beside her and went to sleep for a while.

后来我听纳塔莉娅·萨维什娜说（她四月十一日整晚都呆在母亲床边），这封信写完第一部分后，母亲趴在旁边的桌子上睡了一会儿。

"I confess," said Natalia Savishna, "that I too fell asleep in the armchair, and let my knitting slip from my hands. Suddenly, towards one o'clock in the morning, I heard her saying something; whereupon I opened my eyes and looked at her. My darling was sitting up in bed, with her hands clasped together and streams of tears gushing from her eyes.

“我承认，”纳塔莉娅·萨维什娜说，“我也在扶手椅上睡着了，我的针织也从手上滑落了。快凌晨一点的时候，突然我听见她在说什么，于是我睁开眼睛看着她。她坐在床上，两只手扣在一起，眼里涌出泪水。

"'It is all over now,' she said, and hid her face in her hands.

“‘一切都结束了。’她用手捂住自己的脸。”

"I sprang to my feet, and asked what the matter was.

“我跳起来，问她怎么了。”

"'Ah, Natalia Savishna, if you could only know what I have just seen!' she said; yet, for all my asking, she would say no more, beyond commanding me to hand her the letter. To that letter she added something, and then said that it must be sent off directly. From that moment she grew, rapidly worse."

“‘啊，纳塔莉娅·萨维什娜，如果你能知道我刚刚看见了什么的话！’她说道；但是无论我怎么问，她都不再说话，只是叫我把信递给她。在那封信上，她又写了一些东西。然后说这封信必须马上寄出去。从那时起，她的病情就迅速加重了。”

CHAPTER XXVI WHAT AWAITED US AT THE COUNTRY-HOUSE

第二十六章 在乡下房子里等待着我们的是什么

On the 18th of April we descended from the carriage at the front door of the house at Petrovskoe. All the way from Moscow Papa had been preoccupied, and when Woloda had asked him "whether Mamma was ill" he had looked at him sadly and nodded an affirmative. Nevertheless he had grown more composed during the journey, and it was only when we were actually approaching the house that his face again began to grow anxious, until, as he leaped from the carriage and asked Foka (who had run breathlessly to meet us), "How is Natalia Nicolaevna now?" his voice, was trembling, and his eyes had filled with tears. The good, old Foka looked at us, and then lowered his gaze again. Finally he said as he opened the hall-door and turned his head aside: "It is the sixth day since she has not left her bed."

四月十八日，我们在彼得洛夫斯科耶的房子门口下了马车。从莫斯科一路过来，父亲都心事重重。当沃洛达问他“是不是母亲生病了”的时候，他难过地看着沃洛达，默默地点了点头。然而，在接下来的旅途中他镇静了许多。可是当我们离房子越来越近的时候，他脸上又显现出焦急的神情。他跳下马车，问气喘吁吁地向我们跑来的福加：“纳塔莉娅·尼古拉耶芙娜现在怎么样啦？”父亲的声音颤抖着，眼里噙着泪花。善良的老福加看了看我们，又垂下了头。最后他打开大厅的门，头扭到一边，对我们说：“她已经六天没有下床了。”

Milka (who, as we afterwards learned, had never ceased to whine from the day when Mamma was taken ill) came leaping, joyfully to meet Papa, and barking a welcome as she licked his hands, but Papa put her aside, and went first to the drawing room, and then into the divannaia, from which a door led into the bedroom. The nearer he approached the latter, the more, did his movements express the agitation that he felt. Entering the divannaia he crossed it on tiptoe, seeming to hold his breath. Even then he had to stop and make the sign of the cross before he could summon up courage to turn the handle. At the same moment Mimi, with dishevelled hair and eyes red with weeping came hastily out of the corridor.

米尔卡（我们后来听说自从母亲生病以来它一直不停地哀号）高兴地跳过来扑到父亲身上，舔他的手，叫着迎接我们。但是父亲把它放到一边，先是去了趟客厅，然后进了起居室，那里有扇门直通卧室。离母亲的卧室越来越近，他的举动也越来越显得焦躁不安。父亲踮着脚穿过起居室，似乎屏住了呼吸。他停住脚步，在鼓起勇气转动卧室的门把

前，先画了个十字。这时，米米匆忙地从过道里跑出来，我看到她头发散乱，眼睛哭得通红。

"Ah, Peter Alexandritch!" she said in a whisper and with a marked expression of despair. Then, observing that Papa was trying to open the door, she whispered again:

“啊，彼得·亚力山德雷奇！”她低声绝望地低声说道。然后，看着父亲在试图开门，她又小声说道：

"Not here. This door is locked. Go round to the door on the other side." Oh, how terribly all this wrought upon my imagination, racked as it was by grief and terrible forebodings!

“这里不行。这扇门锁起来了，去那边那扇门吧。”啊，我的思想被悲伤和一种可怕的预兆折磨着！

So we went round to the other side. In the corridor we met the gardener, Akim, who had been wont to amuse us with his grimaces, but at this moment I could see nothing comical in him. Indeed, the sight of his thoughtless, indifferent face struck me more painfully than anything else. In the maidservants' hall, through which we had to pass, two maids were sitting at their work, but rose to salute us with an expression so mournful that I felt completely overwhelmed.

于是我们走到另外那扇门前。在过道里我们遇见了花匠阿吉姆，他以前经常做鬼脸逗我们笑，但此时在他的脸上我们看不到任何滑稽。事实上，看到他傻兮兮、又冷漠的表情，我感到更加难过了。我们穿过女仆们的房间，两个女仆正坐着干活，看到我们起身行了下礼。她们也是愁容满面，我感到自己被恐惧包围了。

Passing also through Mimi's room, Papa opened the door of the bedroom, and we entered. The two windows on the right were curtained over, and close to them was seated, Natalia Savishna, spectacles on nose and engaged in darning stockings. She did not approach us to kiss me as she had been used to do, but just rose and looked at us, her tears beginning to flow afresh. Somehow it frightened me to see every one, on beholding us, begin to cry, although they had been calm enough before.

走过米米的房间后，父亲打开了卧室的门，我们都走了进去。右边两扇窗子都拉着窗帘，纳塔莉娅·萨维什娜坐在附近，鼻梁上架着眼镜，正在织袜子。她没有像往常一样过来亲吻我们，而是站起来看着我们，然后流下泪来。每个人之前都显得很平静，但是一看到我们就哭起来，某种程度上，这让我感到恐惧。

On the left stood the bed behind a screen, while in the great armchair the doctor lay asleep. Beside the bed a young, fair-haired and remarkably beautiful girl in a white morning wrapper was

applying ice to Mamma's head, but Mamma herself I could not see. This girl was "La Belle Flamande" of whom Mamma had written, and who afterwards played so important a part in our family life. As we entered she disengaged one of her hands, straightened the pleats of her dress on her bosom, and whispered, "She is insensible." Though I was in an agony of grief, I observed at that moment every little detail.

床放在左边屏风的后面，医生在大扶手椅上睡着了。床边有个十分漂亮的、年轻的金发姑娘穿着白色的晨装在母亲头上敷冰，但我看不到母亲。这个女孩就是母亲在信里写的那个“弗拉米美人”，后来她在我们家扮演了一个十分重要的角色。我们进去的时候，她抽出一只手整理好胸前的衣褶，低声道：“她昏迷着。”虽然当时极其悲痛，我还是注意到了每一个细节。

It was almost dark in the room, and very hot, while the air was heavy with the mingled, scent of mint, eau-de-cologne, camomile, and Hoffman's pastilles. The latter ingredient caught my attention so strongly that even now I can never hear of it, or even think of it, without my memory carrying me back to that dark, close room, and all the details of that dreadful time.

房间里很暗很热，空气中夹杂着薄荷、香水、甘菊和赫夫曼药水的味道。那种味道给我的印象如此深刻，以致现在如果一听说它、或是仅仅想到它，就立刻回想起那间黑暗的封闭的房间，和那个可怕时刻的所有细节。

Mamma's eyes were wide open, but they could not see us. Never shall I forget the terrible expression in them—the expression of agonies of suffering!

母亲的眼睛大大地睁着，但是她看不到我们。我永远忘不了那可怕的表情——那极度痛苦的表情！

Then we were taken away.

之后，我们被带走了。

When, later, I was able to ask Natalia Savishna about Mamma's last moments she told me the following:

后来，我问纳塔莉娅·萨维什娜关于母亲临终时的情况，她告诉我：

"After you were taken out of the room, my beloved one struggled for a long time, as though some one were trying to strangle her. Then at last she laid her head back upon the pillow, and slept softly, peacefully, like an angel from Heaven. I went away for a moment to see about her medicine, and just as I entered the room again my darling was throwing the bedclothes from off her and calling for your Papa. He stooped over her, but strength failed her to say what she wanted to. All she could do was to open her lips and gasp, 'My God,

my God! The children, the children!' I would have run to fetch you, but Ivan Vassilitch stopped me, saying that it would only excite her—it were best not to do so. Then suddenly she stretched her arms out and dropped them again. What she meant by that gesture the good God alone knows, but I think that in it she was blessing you—you the children whom she could not see. God did not grant her to see her little ones before her death. Then she raised herself up—did my love, my darling—yes, just so with her hands, and exclaimed in a voice which I cannot bear to remember, 'Mother of God, never forsake them!'"

“你们被带出房间后，我亲爱的她挣扎了很久，就好像有人掐着她的脖子似的。最后她的头又回到枕头上，她便平静而安宁地睡着了，就像来自天国的天使一样。我走开了一下去看她的药拿来了没有，当我回到房间时，我看见她把身上的被子掀掉，喊着你的父亲。他俯下身来，但是她已经没有力气说出她想说的话了。她只能张开嘴不住地喘息着，‘我的上帝，我的上帝！孩子们，孩子们！’我本来想要去找你们来的，但是伊万·瓦西里奇阻止了我。他说找你们来只会让她更激动——最好不要这么做。然后她突然伸直了双臂，又垂了下来。她那个手势是什么意思，只有上帝知道。但是我觉得她是在为你们祈福——为了她见不到的孩子们祈福。上帝不让她在死前看一看她可爱的孩子们。于是我亲爱的她用手支起身子，突然用一种我不敢回想的声调大喊道：‘圣母啊，绝对不要遗弃他们！’”

"Then the pain mounted to her heart, and from her eyes it as, plain that she suffered terribly, my poor one! She sank back upon the pillows, tore the bedclothes with her teeth, and wept—wept—”

“然后，她心痛起来，从她的眼神里能清楚地看出她有多么痛苦，我可怜的孩子！她把头深埋在枕头里，用牙撕咬着被子，哭泣——哭泣——”

"Yes and what then?" I asked but Natalia Savishna could say no more. She turned away and cried bitterly.

“嗯，然后呢？”我问，但是纳塔莉娅·萨维什娜说不下去了。她转过脸去，痛哭起来。

Mamma had expired in terrible agonies.

母亲就在这极大的痛苦中去世了。

CHAPTER XXVII GRIEF

第二十七章 悲痛

LATE the following evening I thought I would like to look at her once more; so, conquering an involuntary sense of fear, I gently opened the door of the salon and entered on tiptoe.

第二天深夜时分，我想再看她一眼。于是我按捺住心中无端的恐惧，轻轻地打开了大厅的门，踮着脚尖走了进去。

In the middle of the room, on a table, lay the coffin, with wax candles burning all round it on tall silver candelabra. In the further corner sat the chanter, reading the Psalms in a low, monotonous voice. I stopped at the door and tried to look, but my eyes were so weak with crying, and my nerves so terribly on edge, that I could distinguish nothing. Every object seemed to mingle together in a strange blur—the candles, the brocade, the velvet, the great candelabra, the pink satin cushion trimmed with lace, the chaplet of flowers, the ribboned cap, and something of a transparent, wax-like colour. I mounted a chair to see her face, yet where it should have been I could see only that wax-like, transparent something. I could not believe it to be her face. Yet, as I stood grazing at it, I at last recognised the well-known, beloved features. I shuddered with horror to realise that it was she. Why were those eyes so sunken? What had laid that dreadful paleness upon her cheeks, and stamped the black spot beneath the transparent skin on one of them? Why was the expression of the whole face so cold and severe? Why were the lips so white, and their outline so beautiful, so majestic, so expressive of an unnatural calm that, as I looked at them, a chill shudder ran through my hair and down my back?

在房间中间的一张桌子上放着棺材，四周高高的银质烛台上燃着蜡烛。远处的角落里坐着吟诗者，用低沉单调的嗓音唱着旧约中的诗篇。我在门口站住向里看去，但我的眼睛因为哭得太厉害，根本看不清楚；我的神经也很脆弱，什么都分辨不出。所有的东西似乎都混合成奇怪的、模糊的一团——蜡烛、织锦、天鹅绒、大烛台、镶着蕾丝边的粉色绸缎垫子、花环、缎带帽、还有某种像蜡一样透明的东西。我爬上一张椅子去看她的脸，但在那里我只看到那种像蜡一样透明的东西。我简直不能相信那是她的脸。我站在那里久久地凝视着，终于认出了那张我熟知并深爱着的面孔。当我认出那就是她的时候，我因为恐惧而战栗了。为什么她的眼睛如此凹陷？是什么使她的面颊苍白得可怕，而且一边透明的皮肤上还印着一个黑斑？为什么她脸上的表情如此冷漠严肃？为什么她的双唇如此惨白？它们的线条如此优美、肃穆，透着不同寻常的冷

静？我看着它们，一种不寒而栗的感觉涌遍全身。

Somehow, as I gazed, an irrepressible, incomprehensible power seemed to compel me to keep my eyes fixed upon that lifeless face. I could not turn away, and my imagination began to picture before me scenes of her active life and happiness. I forgot that the corpse lying before me now—the thing at which I was gazing unconsciously as at an object which had nothing in common with my dreams—was she. I fancied I could see her—now here, now there, alive, happy, and smiling. Then some well-known feature in the face at which I was gazing would suddenly arrest my attention, and in a flash I would recall the terrible reality and shudder—though still unable to turn my eyes away.

不知为何，在我凝视的时候，似乎有一种无法克制、不可思议的力量迫使着我的视线停留在那张再无生气的脸上。我无法把视线移开，而我的思想，开始在我的眼前描绘出她曾经充满活力的美好生活。我忘记了我面前躺着的是一具尸体——我无意识地看着它，就像在看一个与我的回忆无关的东西——但那就是她啊。我幻想着我能看到她——一会儿在这里，一会儿在那里，鲜活的、幸福的、微笑的她。突然，她脸上某种我所熟知的特征吸引了我的注意力，一瞬间我记起了这残酷的现实，颤栗着，但仍然无法移开我的视线。

Then again the dreams would replace reality—then again the reality put to flight the dreams. At last the consciousness of both left me, and for a while I became insensible.

接着梦境又代替了现实——然后现实又打退了梦境。最后那些意识全都离我而去了，一时间我失去了所有感觉。

How long I remained in that condition I do not know, nor yet how it occurred. I only know that for a time I lost all sense of existence, and experienced a kind of vague blissfulness which though grand and sweet, was also sad. It may be that, as it ascended to a better world, her beautiful soul had looked down with longing at the world in which she had left us—that it had seen my sorrow, and, pitying me, had returned to earth on the wings of love to console and bless me with a heavenly smile of compassion. The door creaked as the chanter entered who was to relieve his predecessor. The noise awakened me, and my first thought was that, seeing me standing on the chair in a posture which had nothing touching in its aspect, he might take me for an unfeeling boy who had climbed on to the chair out of mere curiosity: wherefore I hastened to make the sign of the cross, to bend down my head, and to burst out crying. As I recall now my impressions of that episode I find that it was only during my moments of self-forgetfulness that my grief was wholehearted. True, both before and after the funeral I never ceased to cry and to look

miserable, yet I feel conscience-stricken when I recall that grief of mine, seeing that always present in it there was an element of conceit—of a desire to show that I was more grieved than anyone else, of an interest which I took in observing the effect, produced upon others by my tears, and of an idle curiosity leading me to remark Mimi's bonnet and the faces of all present. The mere circumstance that I despised myself for not feeling grief to the exclusion of everything else, and that I endeavoured to conceal the fact, shows that my sadness was insincere and unnatural. I took a delight in feeling that I was unhappy, and in trying to feel more so. Consequently this egotistic consciousness completely annulled any element of sincerity in my woe.

我不知道那样的状态持续了多久，也不知道这种情况到底是怎样发生的。我只知道有一段时间我失去了所有存在感，似乎经历了一种模糊的幸福，那样的感觉虽然崇高而甜蜜，却也是悲伤的。也许，她去了一个更美好的世界，她美好的灵魂还是恋恋不舍地望着她撇下我们的这个世界——她看到了我的悲伤，她可怜我，挥着爱的羽翼回到了这里，带着圣洁的、怜悯的微笑，抚慰我、保佑我。门嘎吱一声，一个来换班的吟诗者走了进来。那声音惊醒了我，我的第一反应是，他看到我以这样一种豪不感人的姿势站在椅子上，也许会以为我是一个仅仅出于好奇心才爬上来的无情男孩儿。于是我急忙画了个十字，然后垂下头，大哭起来。当我回忆起那段情节时，我发现只有刹那间的忘我状态，我的悲伤才是全心全意的。的确，不管是在葬礼前还是葬礼后，我都没有停止过哭泣，而且看上去很痛苦，但当我回想起那段悲伤时，我总感到良心的谴责，因为那悲伤中暗含了某种虚假的情绪——我试图让自己显得比别人更痛苦些，还想要观察我的眼泪对别人产生了怎样的影响，而且某种无谓的好奇心使得我不由地去注意米米的帽子和出席者的面容。我轻视自己，因为我没有感到那种淹没一切的悲伤，还极力掩盖这一事实。所以我的悲痛不过是虚假而做作的。一想到自己是不幸的，就感到一阵愉悦，并且极力要唤起这种不幸的感觉。最终这自私的情绪完全压制了我内心真正的悲哀。

That night I slept calmly and soundly (as is usual after any great emotion), and awoke with my tears dried and my nerves restored. At ten o'clock we were summoned to attend the pre-funeral requiem.

那天晚上，我安静地沉沉睡去（极度悲伤后往往如此）。再醒来时，我不再哭泣，精神也恢复了。十点的时候我们被召集过去参加葬礼前的追思弥撒。

The room was full of weeping servants and peasants who had come to bid farewell to their late mistress. During the service I myself wept a great deal, made frequent signs of the cross, and performed many genuflections, but I did not pray with, my soul, and felt, if anything, almost indifferent. My thoughts were chiefly centred upon the new coat which I was wearing (a garment which was tight and

uncomfortable) and upon how to avoid soiling my trousers at the knees. Also I took the most minute notice of all present.

房间里全是哭泣的仆人和赶来跟他们的女主人见最后一面的农户们。在仪式中我自己也流了很多泪，不停地画着十字，行了很多礼。但我并没有诚心诚意地祈祷，简直是冷漠的。我的思绪大多都集中在我穿着的那件又紧又不舒服的新衣服上，以及怎样避免把裤子的膝盖处弄脏。而且我还仔细地观察了所有出席的人们。

Papa stood at the head of the coffin. He was as white as snow, and only with difficulty restrained his tears. His tall figure in its black frockcoat, his pale, expressive face, the graceful, assured manner in which, as usual, he made the sign of the cross or bowed until he touched the floor with his hand (A custom of the Greek funeral rite.) or took the candle from the priest or went to the coffin—all were exceedingly effective; yet for some reason or another I felt a grudge against him for that very ability to appear effective at such a moment. Mimi stood leaning against the wall as though scarcely able to support herself. Her dress was all awry and covered with feathers, and her cap cocked to one side, while her eyes were red with weeping, her legs trembling under her, and she sobbed incessantly in a heartrending manner as ever and again she buried her face in her handkerchief or her hands. I imagine that she did this to check her continual sobbing without being seen by the spectators. I remember, too, her telling Papa, the evening before, that Mamma's death had come upon her as a blow from which she could never hope to recover; that with Mamma she had lost everything; but that "the angel," as she called my mother, had not forgotten her when at the point of death, since she had declared her wish to render her (Mimi's) and Katenka's fortunes secure for ever. Mimi had shed bitter tears while relating this, and very likely her sorrow, if not wholly pure and disinterested, was in the main sincere. Lubotshka, in black garments and suffused with tears, stood with her head bowed upon her breast. She rarely looked at the coffin, yet whenever she did so her face expressed a sort of childish fear. Katenka stood near her mother, and, despite her lengthened face, looked as lovely as ever. Woloda's frank nature was frank also in grief. He stood looking grave and as though he were staring at some object with fixed eyes. Then suddenly his lips would begin to quiver, and he would hastily make the sign of the cross, and bend his head again.

父亲站在棺首那里。他脸色极其苍白，艰难地克制着泪水。他高大的身子穿着黑色的长礼服，他那富于表情的、苍白的脸，他画着十字，鞠躬直到手触碰到地面（希腊葬礼的一种习俗），从神父手里接过蜡烛向棺材走去——他所做的这一切都很体面。但不知为什么，我对他在这样的时刻还能显得如此体面感到有些生气。米米依靠在墙上，似乎根本无力支撑自己。她的衣服歪歪扭扭的，沾满羽毛；帽子歪向一边；眼睛

哭得通红，腿颤抖着。她一直撕心裂肺地哭着，不时地把脸埋进手帕里或手里。我想她这样做是为了不想让别人看见自己哭泣的样子。我记得前天晚上她还对父亲说，母亲的死给她的打击是无法治愈的，没有母亲她简直失去了一切，那个“天使”——她这样称呼母亲——直到临死前还没有忘记她，因为母亲说她会永远保障米米和卡简卡的生活。米米说这话的时候哭得很厉害，她的悲伤即使不是完全纯净无私的，但基本上还是真诚的。露博奇卡，也穿着黑色的衣服，眼泪汪汪，头低低地垂在胸前。她很少去看棺材，但每当她看向它时，都露出一种孩子的恐惧。卡简卡站在她母亲身边，虽然哭丧着脸，但还是跟以前一样可爱。沃洛达在悲伤时也如他的本性一样率真。他目光严肃地站着，似乎在盯着什么东西看。他的嘴唇突然开始颤动，然后他便急忙地画个十字，重新低下头去。

Such of those present as were strangers I found intolerable. In fact, the phrases of condolence with which they addressed Papa (such, for instance, as that "she is better off now" "she was too good for this world," and so on) awakened in me something like fury. What right had they to weep over or to talk about her? Some of them, in referring to ourselves, called us "orphans"—just as though it were not a matter of common knowledge that children who have lost their mother are known as orphans! Probably (I thought) they liked to be the first to give us that name, just as some people find pleasure in being the first to address a newly-married girl as "Madame."

一些参加葬礼的陌生人让我难以忍受。事实上，他们对父亲说的那些哀悼词（比如“她现在可以安息了”，或是“她不为尘世而生”等等）激起我某种类似愤怒的情绪。他们有什么权利为她哭泣或是谈论她呢？他们中有些人说起我们时，称我们“孤儿”——好像我们都不知道没有了母亲的孩子就要被称作孤儿一样。我想，也许他们喜欢成为第一个这样称呼我们的人，就像有人喜欢成为第一个称新婚女子为“夫人”一样。

In a far corner of the room, and almost hidden by the open door, of the dining-room, stood a grey old woman with bent knees. With hands clasped together and eyes lifted to heaven, she prayed only—not wept. Her soul was in the presence of God, and she was asking Him soon to reunite her to her whom she had loved beyond all beings on this earth, and whom she steadfastly believed that she would very soon meet again.

在房间偏远的一角、几乎被开着的餐厅门挡住的地方，一个头发花白的老妇人屈膝地站着。她双手紧扣，仰望上天，只是祈祷着——没有哭泣。她的灵魂与上帝同在，她请求上帝让她与她在这个世界上的至爱尽快相见。她坚信她们很快就会重逢了。

"There stands one who sincerely loved her," I thought to myself, and felt ashamed.

“那才是真正爱她的人。”我暗暗地想着，感到羞愧。

The requiem was over. They uncovered the face of the deceased, and all present except ourselves went to the coffin to give her the kiss of farewell.

追思弥撒结束了。他们没有将死者的脸盖上。除了我们，所有在场的人都去亲吻她的脸跟她告别。

One of the last to take leave of her departed mistress was a peasant woman who was holding by the hand a pretty little girl of five whom she had brought with her, God knows for what reason. Just at a moment when I chanced to drop my wet handkerchief and was stooping to pick it up again, a loud, piercing scream startled me, and filled me with such terror that, were I to live a hundred years more, I should never forget it. Even now the recollection always sends a cold shudder through my frame. I raised my head. Standing on the chair near the coffin was the peasant woman, while struggling and fighting in her arms was the little girl, and it was this same poor child who had screamed with such dreadful, desperate frenzy as, straining her terrified face away, she still, continued to gaze with dilated eyes at the face of the corpse. I too screamed in a voice perhaps more dreadful still, and ran headlong from the room.

最后去跟女主人告别的农户是位农妇，她手里拉着一个五岁左右的漂亮的小女孩，天知道她为什么要带她来。我不小心弄掉了我湿湿的手帕，正当我弯下腰去准备捡起它的时候，突然传来一声响亮刺耳的尖叫；这声音吓了我一大跳，我是如此地恐惧，即使我再活一百年，也不会忘记。即使是现在想起来，还是让我全身不寒而栗。我抬起头来。刚刚那个农妇站在棺材边的一张椅子上，那个小女孩在她怀里挣扎着，正是这个小女孩发出了那声可怕而惨烈的尖叫，她的脸虽然已经因为恐惧而变形，但仍然瞪大了眼睛盯着尸体的脸。我用一种或许比那女孩还要可怕的声音叫起来，然后跑出了房间。

Only now did I understand the source of the strong, oppressive smell which, mingling with the scent of the incense, filled the chamber, while the thought that the face which, but a few days ago, had been full of freshness and beauty—the face which I loved more than anything else in all the world—was now capable of inspiring horror at length revealed to me, as though for the first time, the terrible truth, and filled my soul with despair.

直到现在我才明白，那种弥漫在整个房间的与熏香混在一起的强烈而难闻的气味是从何而来。一想到那张几天前还那么鲜活而美丽的脸庞——那张我在这个世界上最爱的脸庞——如今却激起了我的恐惧，最终仿佛使我第一次醒悟到这可怕的事实，我的心里充满了绝望。

CHAPTER XXVIII SAD RECOLLECTIONS

第二十八章 悲伤的回忆

Mamma was no longer with us, but our life went on as usual. We went to bed and got up at the same times and in the same rooms; breakfast, luncheon, and supper continued to be at their usual hours; everything remained standing in its accustomed place; nothing in the house or in our mode of life was altered: only, she was not there.

母亲永远地离开了我们，但我们的生活还要像往常一样继续。我们还是在同样的房间里、在同样的时间睡觉、起床；早饭、午饭、晚饭还是按时进行；所有的东西都还摆在原来的地方；这个房子里的东西没有改变，我们的生活模式也没有改变；只是，她不在了。

Yet it seemed to me as though such a misfortune ought to have changed everything. Our old mode of life appeared like an insult to her memory. It recalled too vividly her presence.

虽然在我看来，这个不幸应该让一切发生翻天覆地的变化。我们曾经的生活方式，似乎是对她悼念的一种侮辱。它总让我清楚地想起她生前的种种。

The day before the funeral I felt as though I should like to rest a little after luncheon, and accordingly went to Natalia Savishna's room with the intention of installing myself comfortably under the warm, soft down of the quilt on her bed. When I entered I found Natalia herself lying on the bed and apparently asleep, but, on hearing my footsteps, she raised herself up, removed the handkerchief which had been protecting her face from the flies, and, adjusting her cap, sat forward on the edge of the bed. Since it frequently happened that I came to lie down in her room, she guessed my errand at once, and said:

葬礼前的一天，我觉得我需要在午餐后休息一下，于是我去了纳塔莉娅·萨维什娜的房间，想舒服地钻进她那温暖柔软的被子里。我走进房间，看到纳塔莉娅·萨维什娜正躺在床上，似乎睡着了。听到我的脚步声，她起身，拿掉脸上遮挡苍蝇的手帕，整了整帽子，坐到了床边。我经常跑过来，躺在她的房间里，所以她立即猜出了我的意图，说道：

"So you have come to rest here a little, have you? Lie down, then, my dearest."

“你是来休息的吧，是不是？躺下吧，我亲爱的孩子。”

"Oh, but what is the matter with you, Natalia Savishna?" I exclaimed as I forced her back again. "I did not come for that. No, you

are tired yourself, so you LIE down."

“哦，你怎么了，纳塔莉娅·萨维什娜？”我让她重新躺回去，同时大声说道：“我不是来休息的，不，你自己太累了，所以躺着吧。”

"I am quite rested now, darling," she said (though I knew that it was many a night since she had closed her eyes). "Yes, I am indeed, and have no wish to sleep again," she added with a deep sigh.

“我已经休息够了，亲爱的。”她说。但我知道她已经好几天没合过眼了。“是的，我一点儿也不想睡觉了。”她重重地叹了口气，补充道。

I felt as though I wanted to speak to her of our misfortune, since I knew her sincerity and love, and thought that it would be a consolation to me to weep with her.

我了解她的那份真诚和爱，所以我觉得我似乎想跟她谈谈我们的不幸，而且我想如果我对着她哭一哭，心里也许会安慰一点。

"Natalia Savishna," I said after a pause, as I seated myself upon the bed, "who would ever have thought of this?"

“纳塔莉娅·萨维什娜，”我在床上坐下，停了停说道，“谁曾想到会这样呢？”

The old woman looked at me with astonishment, for she did not quite understand my question.

那个老妇人惊讶地看着我，因为她不是很清楚我的问题。

"Yes, who would ever have thought of it?" I repeated.

“是啊，谁曾想到会这样呢？”我重复道。

"Ah, my darling," she said with a glance of tender compassion, "it is not only 'Who would ever have thought of it?' but 'Who, even now, would ever believe it?' I am old, and my bones should long ago have gone to rest rather than that I should have lived to see the old master, your Grandpapa, of blessed memory, and Prince Nicola Michaelovitch, and his two brothers, and your sister Amenka all buried before me, though all younger than myself—and now my darling, to my never-ending sorrow, gone home before me! Yet it has been God's will. He took her away because she was worthy to be taken, and because He has need of the good ones."

“啊，亲爱的，”她同情地看着我，“这不仅仅是‘谁会想到’的问题，而是‘直到现在，有谁能相信呢？’我老了，我这把老骨头早该休息了。但是，我却只能看着我的老主人——你外祖父、以及尼古拉·米哈伊洛维奇公爵、还有他的两个兄弟，还有你的姐姐阿门卡在我之前离开，他们都比我年轻啊！而现在，令我无尽悲伤的是，我最亲爱的女主人也在我之前去了天国！不过这是上帝的旨意。他把她带走是因为她值得这样，因为上帝也需要善良的人们啊。”

This simple thought seemed to me a consolation, and I pressed closer to Natalia. She laid her hands upon my head as she looked upward with eyes expressive of a deep, but resigned, sorrow. In her soul was a sure and certain hope that God would not long separate her from the one upon whom the whole strength of her love had for many years been concentrated.

这样纯朴的想法似乎给了我一些安慰，我向纳塔莉娅靠得更近。她把手放在我的额头上，眼睛朝上望着，带着深沉而隐忍的悲伤。她的灵魂深处有着坚定的信念：上帝不会让她和她这么多年来倾注了全部爱心的人分别太久的。

"Yes, my dear," she went on, "it is a long time now since I used to nurse and fondle her, and she used to call me Natasha. She used to come jumping upon me, and caressing and kissing me, and say, 'MY Nashik, MY darling, MY ducky,' and I used to answer jokingly, 'Well, my love, I don't believe that you DO love me. You will be a grown-up young lady soon, and going away to be married, and will leave your Nashik forgotten.' Then she would grow thoughtful and say, 'I think I had better not marry if my Nashik cannot go with me, for I mean never to leave her.' Yet, alas! She has left me now! Who was there in the world she did not love? Yes, my dearest, it must never be possible for you to forget your Mamma. She was not a being of earth—she was an angel from Heaven. When her soul has entered the heavenly kingdom she will continue to love you and to be proud of you even there.”

“是的，亲爱的，”她继续说道，“我曾经哺育她、爱抚她，到现在，已经过去很久了，她曾经叫我娜塔莎。她曾经雀跃着跑向我，跳到我怀里、亲吻我，对我说：‘我的娜塔莎，我的亲爱的，我的小小鸭。’我便会开玩笑地回答：‘亲爱的，我才不相信你真的喜欢我。你很快会长成一个年轻的小姐，你会结婚，会离开你的娜塔莎然后忘了她。’然后她就会若有所思，说道：‘如果娜塔莎不能和我一起离开的话，我就不要结婚了，因为我永远也不想离开她。’但是，唉！她现在离开我了！她在这个世界上不爱谁呢？是的，亲爱的，你绝不可能忘记你的母亲。她不是这个世界上的人——她是来自天国的天使。当她的灵魂到达天国的时候，她会在那里继续爱着你，并为你自豪。”

"But why do you say 'when her soul has entered the heavenly kingdom'?" I asked. "I believe it is there now."

“但是为什么你要说‘当她灵魂到达天国的时候呢’？”我问，“我相信它已经在那里了。”

"No, my dearest," replied Natalia as she lowered her voice and pressed herself yet closer to me, "her soul is still here," and she pointed upwards. She spoke in a whisper, but with such an intensity of conviction that I too involuntarily raised my eyes and looked at the

ceiling, as though expecting to see something there. "Before the souls of the just enter Paradise they have to undergo forty trials for forty days, and during that time they hover around their earthly home." (A Russian popular legend.)

“不，亲爱的。”纳塔莉娅压低了声音回答，她也向我靠了靠，“她的灵魂还在这里。”她指了指上方。她的声音很低，但是却如此确信。于是我也不自觉地抬起头，看了看天花板，似乎期望着能见到什么东西。“在灵魂进入天堂之前，它们必须经历四十天的四十道考验，在这段时间里，它们会在它们尘世的家园里徘徊。”（这是俄国流行的一个传说。）

She went on speaking for some time in this strain—speaking with the same simplicity and conviction as though she were relating common things which she herself had witnessed, and to doubt which could never enter into anyone's head. I listened almost breathlessly, and though I did not understand all she said, I never for a moment doubted her word.

她又继续这样说了一段时间——用同样质朴而确信的话语，似乎她正在叙述一些她亲眼所见的平常事情，而且别人永远不会怀疑。我几乎听得窒息了，虽然我不能完全理解她所说的，但是对她的话我一个字也不怀疑。

"Yes, my darling, she is here now, and perhaps looking at us and listening to what we are saying," concluded Natalia. Raising her head, she remained silent for a while. At length she wiped away the tears which were streaming from her eyes, looked me straight in the face, and said in a voice trembling with emotion:

“是的，亲爱的，她现在就在这里，也许正看着我们，听我们说话呢。”纳塔莉娅总结道。她抬起头，沉默了一会儿。最后她擦去眼中流出的泪水，直直地看着我的脸，用因激动而颤抖的声音说道：

"Ah, it is through many trials that God is leading me to Him. Why, indeed, am I still here? Whom have I to live for? Whom have I to love?"

“啊，上帝要让我经历许多考验之后才能见到他？究竟是为什么，我仍然在这里？我还为谁活着呢？我还要爱谁呢？”

"Do you not love US, then?" I asked sadly, and half-choking with my tears.

“那么，你爱我们吗？”我悲伤地问，因为哭泣而有些哽咽。

"Yes, God knows that I love you, my darling; but to love anyone as I loved HER—that I cannot do.”

“我爱，上帝知道我爱你们，亲爱的。但是我没有办法，再像爱她那样去爱其他人了。”

She could say no more, but turned her head aside and wept bitterly. As for me, I no longer thought of going to sleep, but sat silently with her and mingled my tears with hers.

她说不下去了，只是把头转到一边，悲痛地哭起来。而我，也不再想睡觉了，只是静静地坐在她身边，我们的眼泪交织在一起。

Presently Foka entered the room, but, on seeing our emotion and not wishing to disturb us, stopped short at the door.

这时福加走了进来，但看到我们情绪激动，他在门口等了等，不想打扰我们。

"Do you want anything, my good Foka?" asked Natalia as she wiped away her tears.

“你需要什么吗，好福加？”纳塔莉娅擦去眼泪问道。

"If you please, half-a-pound of currants, four pounds of sugar, and three pounds of rice for the kutia.” (Cakes partaken of by the mourners at a Russian funeral.)

“如果你方便的话，我需要半磅葡萄干、四磅糖和三磅米做八宝供饭。”（俄国葬礼上祭奠死者的一种饭。）

"Yes, in one moment," said Natalia as she took a pinch of snuff and hastened to her drawers. All traces of the grief, aroused by our conversation disappeared on the instant that she had duties to fulfil, for she looked upon those duties as of paramount importance.

“好的，稍等片刻。”纳塔莉娅说着，吸了一撮鼻烟，急忙往她的橱柜走去。在她需要完成任务时，所有刚刚我们的对话所带来的悲伤立即消失无踪，因为对她来说，那些任务是最为重要的。

"But why four pounds?" she objected as she weighed the sugar on a steelyard. "Three and a half would be sufficient," and she withdrew a few lumps. "How is it, too, that, though I weighed out eight pounds of rice yesterday, more is wanted now? No offence to you, Foka, but I am not going to waste rice like that. I suppose Vanka is glad that there is confusion in the house just now, for he thinks that nothing will be looked after, but I am not going to have any careless extravagance with my master's goods. Did one ever hear of such a thing? Eight pounds!"

“但为什么是四磅呢？”她在杆秤上称糖的时候反驳道，“三磅半应该就够了。”说着她倒掉了一些糖块。“还有，我昨天刚称了八磅的米，怎么现在又要了呢？我不是针对你，福加，但我不希望这样浪费粮食。我想万卡会对房子里这种混乱的状况感到高兴，因为他觉得这样就没人管事了，但我是不会让我主人的物资有丝毫的浪费的。谁听过这样的事啊？要八磅！”

"Well, I have nothing to do with it. He says it is all gone, that's all."

“嗯，我对这事一无所知。他说那些都用完了，就是这样。”

"Hm, hm! Well, there it is. Let him take it."

“嗯，嗯！好吧，拿去吧。拿给他吧。”

I was struck by the sudden transition from the touching sensibility with which she had just been speaking to me to this petty reckoning and captiousness. Yet, thinking it over afterwards, I recognised that it was merely because, in spite of what was lying on her heart, she retained the habit of duty, and that it was the strength of that habit which enabled her to pursue her functions as of old. Her grief was too strong and too true to require any pretence of being unable to fulfil trivial tasks, nor would she have understood that any one could so pretend. Vanity is a sentiment so entirely at variance with genuine grief, yet a sentiment so inherent in human nature, that even the most poignant sorrow does not always drive it wholly forth. Vanity mingled with grief shows itself in a desire to be recognised as unhappy or resigned; and this ignoble desire—an aspiration which, for all that we may not acknowledge it is rarely absent, even in cases of the utmost affliction—takes off greatly from the force, the dignity, and the sincerity of grief. Natalia Savishna had been so sorely smitten by her misfortune that not a single wish of her own remained in her soul—she went on living purely by habit.

我对于她的转变感到震惊。刚刚她还带着那令人动容的情绪与我说话，一眨眼又变得精明而挑剔。但是，之后再想想，我意识到尽管她内心感到十分悲伤，但仅仅是因为她忠于职守的习惯，正是这种习惯的力量使得她能像往常那样履行她的职责。她的悲痛是如此强烈而又真挚，她根本无需假装无法处理这些琐事，她也不会理解为什么会有人要假装那样。虚荣心跟真正的悲伤是如此地矛盾，但那是人类本性中根深蒂固的存在，即使是最深刻的悲伤也无法完全摆脱它。虚荣心融入到悲伤之中，是为了显得不幸或顺从。这卑鄙的欲望——我们也许不想承认，但即使是在最痛苦的场合它也很少缺席——极大地削弱了悲伤的力量、尊严和真诚。纳塔莉娅·萨维什娜遭遇如此不幸的沉重打击，以致于她灵魂里再没有一点自己的意愿——她完全按着习惯生活着。

Having handed over the provisions to Foka, and reminded him of the refreshments which must be ready for the priests, she took up her knitting and seated herself by my side again. The conversation reverted to the old topic, and we once more mourned and shed tears together. These talks with Natalia I repeated every day, for her quiet tears and words of devotion brought me relief and comfort. Soon, however, a parting came. Three days after the funeral we returned to Moscow, and I never saw her again.

她把秤好的份额递给福加，又提醒他不要忘了给神父们点心，然后拿起她的针织，重新在我身边坐下。对话又回到了之前的话题，我们再一次陷入悲伤，抱头痛哭。我与纳塔莉娅的谈话每天都要重复，因为她安静的眼泪和诚挚的言语能给我带来轻松和安慰。但是很快，我们分离了。葬礼后的第三天，我们返回了莫斯科，于是我再也没有见到她。

Grandmamma received the sad tidings only on our return to her house, and her grief was extraordinary. At first we were not allowed to see her, since for a whole week she was out of her mind, and the doctors were afraid for her life. Not only did she decline all medicine whatsoever, but she refused to speak to anybody or to take nourishment, and never closed her eyes in sleep. Sometimes, as she sat alone in the armchair in her room, she would begin laughing and crying at the same time, with a sort of tearless grief, or else relapse into convulsions, and scream out dreadful, incoherent words in a horrible voice. It was the first dire sorrow which she had known in her life, and it reduced her almost to distraction. She would begin accusing first one person, and then another, of bringing this misfortune upon her, and rail at and blame them with the most extraordinary virulence. Finally she would rise from her armchair, pace the room for a while, and end by falling senseless to the floor. Once, when I went to her room, she appeared to be sitting quietly in her chair, yet with an air which struck me as curious. Though her eyes were wide open, their glance was vacant and meaningless, and she seemed to gaze in my direction without seeing me. Suddenly her lips parted slowly in a smile, and she said in a touchingly, tender voice: "Come here, then, my dearest one; come here, my angel." Thinking that it was myself she was addressing, I moved towards her, but it was not I whom she was beholding at that moment. "Oh, my love," she went on, "if only you could know how distracted I have been, and how delighted I am to see you once more!" I understood then that she believed herself to be looking upon Mamma, and halted where I was. "They told me you were gone," she concluded with a frown; "but what nonsense! As if you could die before me!" and she laughed a terrible, hysterical laugh.

在我们回到莫斯科的时候，外祖母才得知这个噩耗，悲痛万分。开始时我们都不被允许见她，因为整整一个礼拜她都神志不清，医生也为她的生命担心。她不仅拒绝吃任何药，不跟任何人讲话，也不吃东西，并且一直没合眼。有时，她独自坐在房间里的扶手椅上，突然就开始又哭又笑，带着空洞的悲伤，没有眼泪。一时又转为痉挛，用恐怖的声音叫喊着一些可怕的、不连贯的话。这是她生命中遭遇到的第一次致命的打击，简直要让她精神错乱了。她指责一个又一个人，说是他们给她带来了这个不幸，用最狠毒的话咒骂他们。最后她从扶手椅上站起来，开始在房间里踱步，直到最后昏倒在地板上。有一次，我去她房间的时

候，她似乎正安静地坐在椅子上，但她古怪的神情让我很好奇。虽然她的眼睛大睁着，视线却是茫然而空洞的，她似乎是盯着我的方向，但并没有看到我。突然她张开嘴唇，缓缓地露出一个微笑，然后用温柔而动人的声音说道："过来吧，我最亲爱的孩子，过来，我的天使。"我想她应该是在叫我，于是我走向她，但那时她并没有看着我。"哦，我亲爱的孩子，"她继续说道，"如果你能知道我是多么困扰，如果你能知道再见到你我有多么开心！"我意识到她以为她正看到的是母亲，于是我站住了。"他们告诉我说你去世了，"她皱皱眉总结道，"一派胡言！你怎么可能在我之前死呢！"她歇斯底里地狂笑起来。

Only those who can love strongly can experience an overwhelming grief. Yet their very need of loving sometimes serves to throw off their grief from them and to save them. The moral nature of man is more tenacious of life than the physical, and grief never kills.

只有爱得深沉的人们，才会经历这样毁灭般地悲痛。但他们对于爱的渴求有时却能将他们从悲伤中拯救出来。人类的精神本质比肉体更为坚韧，悲痛打不垮他们。

After a time Grandmamma's power of weeping came back to her, and she began to recover. Her first thought when her reason returned was for us children, and her love for us was greater than ever. We never left her armchair, and she would talk of Mamma, and weep softly, and caress us.

一段时间后，外祖母可以哭泣了，她开始渐渐恢复。她恢复理智后，第一个想到的便是孩子们，她对我们的爱比以往更强烈了。我们守着她的扶手椅，她默默地流着泪，给我们讲母亲的事情，爱抚着我们。

Nobody who saw her grief could say that it was consciously exaggerated, for its expression was too strong and touching; yet for some reason or another my sympathy went out more to Natalia Savishna, and to this day I am convinced that nobody loved and regretted Mamma so purely and sincerely as did that simple-hearted, affectionate being.

没有哪个见过了外祖母悲伤的人会说那样的悲伤是有意识地夸大，因为那样的情绪太强烈太感人。但是不知什么原因我对纳塔莉娅·萨维什娜抱有更多的同情，直到今天我还是相信，没人能比那位真挚的、心地纯洁的老妇人更爱母亲了。

With Mamma's death the happy time of my childhood came to an end, and a new epoch—the epoch of my boyhood—began; but since my memories of Natalia Savishna (who exercised such a strong and beneficial influence upon the bent of my mind and the development of my sensibility) belong rather to the first period, I will add a few words about her and her death before closing this portion of my life.

随着母亲的去世，我快乐的童年时光结束了，一个新的阶段——少

年时光开始了。但是，因为我对于纳塔莉娅·萨维什娜的记忆还属于第一阶段，她对我思想的形成和情感的成长有着深远且有益的影响，我想在完成这部分生活的描述之前，再补充一些有关她和她去世的情况。

I heard later from people in the village that, after our return to Moscow, she found time hang very heavy on her hands. Although the drawers and shelves were still under her charge, and she never ceased to arrange and rearrange them—to take things out and to dispose of them afresh—she sadly missed the din and bustle of the seignorial mansion to which she had been accustomed from her childhood up. Consequently grief, the alteration in her mode of life, and her lack of activity soon combined to develop in her a malady to which she had always been more or less subject.

我后来听她村子里的人说，我们返回莫斯科后，她觉得时光漫长，无事可做。虽然那些橱柜和架子仍归她管，她也不停地将它们整理了又整理——把里面的东西拿出来，再重新放回去——她仍悲伤地怀念着主人大宅里的喧闹和活跃，那是她自孩提时代起就熟悉的氛围。终于，悲痛、生活模式的转变、加上终日无事可做，她病倒了，而且几乎就要向病魔屈服了。

Scarcely more than a year after Mamma's death dropsy showed itself, and she took to her bed. I can imagine how sad it must have been for her to go on living—still more, to die—alone in that great empty house at Petrovskoe, with no relations or anyone near her. Everyone there esteemed and loved her, but she had formed no intimate friendships in the place, and was rather proud of the fact. That was because, enjoying her master's confidence as she did, and having so much property under her care, she considered that intimacies would lead to culpable indulgence and condescension. Consequently (and perhaps, also, because she had nothing really in common with the other servants) she kept them all at a distance, and used to say that she "recognised neither kinsman nor godfather in the house, and would permit of no exceptions with regard to her master's property." Instead, she sought and found consolation in fervent prayers to God. Yet sometimes, in those moments of weakness to which all of us are subject, and when man's best solace is the tears and compassion of his fellow-creatures, she would take her old dog Moska on to her bed, and talk to it, and weep softly over it as it answered her caresses by licking her hands, with its yellow eyes fixed upon her. When Moska began to whine she would say as she quieted it: "Enough, enough! I know without thy telling me that my time is near." A month before her death she took out of her chest of drawers some fine white calico, white cambric, and pink ribbon, and, with the help of the maidservants, fashioned the garments in which she wished to be buried. Next she put everything on her shelves in order and handed

the bailiff an inventory which she had made out with scrupulous accuracy. All that she kept back was a couple of silk gowns, an old shawl, and Grandpapa's military uniform—things which had been presented to her absolutely, and which, thanks to her care and orderliness, were in an excellent state of preservation—particularly the handsome gold embroidery on the uniform.

母亲去世后不到一年，她就得了水肿，卧床不起了。我能想象继续活着对她来说有多么痛苦，但如果在彼得洛夫斯科耶庄园里那座空荡荡的大房子里孤独地死去，身边没有一个亲人甚至没有一个人，那会更痛苦。虽然家里的每个人都敬重她，喜欢她，但她在那里没有建立什么亲密的友谊，并以此为傲。因为她担负着主人的信任，在她手下有那么多财产，她觉得亲密的关系会带来罪恶的纵容和迁就。所以，她就跟其他仆人保持着一定距离（或许也因为她跟他们真的完全不同）。她曾说“在这个房子里，她既不认亲戚也不认教父，关于主人财产的问题没有人能够例外。”相反，她在对上帝热切的祈祷中寻求安慰。不过在那些我们所有人都会遇到的脆弱时刻，最好的安慰还是同伴的眼泪和同情。每当这时，她便会把她的那条老狗摩斯卡带到床上，对它讲话，对着它默默地流泪；而那条狗会舔舔她的手来回应她的爱抚，用黄色的眼睛凝视着她。当摩斯卡呜咽的时候，她试图让它安静下来，说着：“够了，够了！不用你告诉我，我也知道我的死期临近了！”纳塔莉娅去世前的一个月，她从她橱柜的箱子里拿出一些上好的白棉布、白麻纱、粉丝带，然后在女仆的帮助下，做成了她希望穿着下葬的衣服。接着她将她架子上的东西都整理好，上交给管家一份她一丝不苟写好的清单。她自己留下的是几件丝绸长袍、一条旧披巾、以及外祖父的军装——这些东西都是完全交由她处置的，并且由于她很细心、整洁，这些东西都保存得十分完好——特别是军装上那漂亮的金色刺绣。

Just before her death, again, she expressed a wish that one of the gowns (a pink one) should be made into a robe de chambre for Woloda; that the other one (a many-coloured gown) should be made into a similar garment for myself; and that the shawl should go to Lubotshka. As for the uniform, it was to devolve either to Woloda or to myself, according as the one or the other of us should first become an officer. All the rest of her property (save only forty roubles, which she set aside for her commemorative rites and to defray the costs of her burial) was to pass to her brother, a person with whom, since he lived a dissipated life in a distant province, she had had no intercourse during her lifetime. When, eventually, he arrived to claim the inheritance, and found that its sum-total only amounted to twenty-five roubles in notes, he refused to believe it, and declared that it was impossible that his sister—a woman who for sixty years had had sole charge in a wealthy house, as well as all her life had been penurious and averse to giving away even the smallest thing should have left no more: yet it was a fact.

弥留之际，她说她希望那两件丝绸长袍中粉色的一件，做成睡袍给沃洛达；另一件彩色的，做成差不多的睡袍给我；那条围巾，是留给露博奇卡的。至于军装，就看沃洛达和我谁先做了军官，就给谁。她的剩余财产（除了拿出四十卢布作为超度灵魂仪式和葬礼的支出）留给她的弟弟。他在一个遥远的省份里过着耽于酒色的生活，在她有生之年根本毫无来往。在他最后过来接受遗产时，发现票据上显示一共只有二十五卢布时，他根本不肯相信。他说她的姐姐在有钱人家独掌财务，干了六十年，而且她生活节俭，从不浪费一丝一毫，不可能只留下这么一点钱。但这就是事实。

Though Natalia's last illness lasted for two months, she bore her sufferings with truly Christian fortitude. Never did she fret or complain, but, as usual, appealed continually to God. An hour before the end came she made her final confession, received the Sacrament with quiet joy, and was accorded extreme unction. Then she begged forgiveness of every one in the house for any wrong she might have done them, and requested the priest to send us word of the number of times she had blessed us for our love of her, as well as of how in her last moments she had implored our forgiveness if, in her ignorance, she had ever at any time given us offence. "Yet a thief have I never been. Never have I used so much as a piece of thread that was not my own." Such was the one quality which she valued in herself.

纳塔莉娅的病折磨了她两个月，她以真正基督教徒的勇气，承担着这份痛苦。她既不烦躁也不抱怨，而是像往常一样不断地向上帝祈祷。在死前的一个小时，她做了最后的自白，平静快乐地接受了圣餐，又进行了临终涂油仪式。然后她请家里每个人原谅她也许曾经犯下的错误，并让神父告诉我们，她无数次感激我们给她的爱，以及临终前她如何祈求我们的原谅，原谅她也许曾经所做的无意的冒犯。“我从没做过贼，从没拿过不属于自己的一针一线。”这是她所看重自己的唯一品质。

Dressed in the cap and gown prepared so long beforehand, and with her head resting, upon the cushion made for the purpose, she conversed with the priest up to the very last moment, until, suddenly, recollecting that she had left him nothing for the poor, she took out ten roubles, and asked him to distribute them in the parish. Lastly she made the sign of the cross, lay down, and expired—pronouncing with a smile of joy the name of the Almighty.

她穿戴上很久前就做好的帽子和长袍，将头枕到特意准备的垫子上，并跟神父一直交谈到最后一刻。突然间，她想起她没给穷人们留下些什么，于是她又拿出十卢布，让神父在教区里散发给穷人。最后她画了个十字，躺下来，带着愉悦的笑容喊了一声上帝，然后离开了。

She quitted life without a pang, and, so far from fearing death, welcomed it as a blessing. How often do we hear that said, and how seldom is it a reality! Natalia Savishna had no reason to fear death for

the simple reason that she died in a sure and certain faith and in strict obedience to the commands of the Gospel. Her whole life had been one of pure, disinterested love, of utter self-negation. Had her convictions been of a more enlightened order, her life directed to a higher aim, would that pure soul have been the more worthy of love and reverence? She accomplished the highest and best achievement in this world: she died without fear and without repining.

她毫无痛苦地结束了生命。她不惧怕死亡，而是像迎接福音般迎接了它。我们常常这样听说，但有几个人能真正这样做呢！纳塔莉娅·萨维什娜没有理由惧怕死亡，因为她对福音书上的训诫怀着坚定不移的信仰，并严格遵守。她一生都怀着圣洁而无私的爱，和无条件的忘我精神。如果她的信条经过了教化的洗涤，如果她的生命有着更崇高的目标，那么，她纯洁的灵魂就会得到更多的喜爱和尊敬吗？她已经取得了这个世界上最高尚的成就：她毫无惧怕、无怨无悔地死去。

They buried her where she had wished to lie—near the little mausoleum which still covers Mamma's tomb. The little mound beneath which she sleeps is overgrown with nettles and burdock, and surrounded by a black railing, but I never forget, when leaving the mausoleum, to approach that railing, and to salute the plot of earth within by bowing reverently to the ground.

按照她的愿望，人们将她埋在母亲那个小陵墓的旁边。她安息的那座小小坟墓上，长满了荨麻和牛蒡，四周围着黑色的栏杆。但在离开陵墓的时候，我永远不会忘记走向栏杆，向里面那个小土堆虔诚地弯下腰去。

Sometimes, too, I stand thoughtfully between the railing and the mausoleum, and sad memories pass through my mind. Once the idea came to me as I stood there: "Did Providence unite me to those two beings solely in order to make me regret them my life long?"

有时，当我站在围栏和陵墓之间时，伤感的回忆便涌上心头。有一次我站在那里，突然想到：“天意将我和这两个人联系到一起，难道就是为了要让我为她们抱憾终生吗？”

Guy de Maupassant's Short Stories (Vol. VIII)
莫泊桑短篇小说集（八）

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Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
外语教学与研究出版社

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Private Affaires

Guy de Maupassant

外遇

莫泊桑（法） 著
外研社编译组 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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Forgiveness

宽恕

She had been brought up in one of those families who live entirely to themselves, apart from all the rest of the world. Such families know nothing of political events, although they are discussed at table; for changes in the Government take place at such a distance from them that they are spoken of as one speaks of a historical event, such as the death of Louis XVI. or the landing of Napoleon.

她成长于一个离群索居、与世隔绝的家庭。这种家庭对政治事件一无所知，虽然他们也在餐桌上谈论那些事；因为政府中发生的变故离他们如此遥远，当他们谈起这些时就如同谈论着一个历史事件，比如路易十六之死或拿破仑登陆。

Customs are modified in course of time, fashions succeed one another, but such variations are taken no account of in the placid family circle where traditional usages prevail year after year. And if some scandalous episode or other occurs in the neighborhood, the disreputable story dies a natural death when it reaches the threshold of the house. The father and mother may, perhaps, exchange a few words on the subject when alone together some evening, but they speak in hushed tones—for even walls have ears. The father says, with bated breath:

风俗随着时间的推移而更改，潮流一个又一个地更替，然而这个平静的家庭圈中没有发生任何改变，在这里传统习惯年复一年地继续着。即使附近发生了某些丑闻或其他事，这些丑事在进家门槛之时就自然地死亡了。父亲和母亲可能在某个晚上单独相处的时候才会对该事件说上几句，不过都是用很轻的声音说——因为隔墙有耳啊！父亲屏住呼吸说：

"You've heard of that terrible affair in the Rivoil family?”

“你听说里瓦家那件可怕的事了吗？”

And the mother answers: "Who would have dreamed of such a thing? It's dreadful.”

母亲回答道：“谁能想到会发生那种事啊？真是太可怕了。”

The children suspected nothing, and arrive in their turn at years of discretion with eyes and mind blindfolded, ignorant of the real side of life, not knowing that people do not think as they speak, and do not speak as they act; or aware that they should live at war, or at all events, in a state of armed peace, with the rest of mankind; not

suspecting the fact that the simple are always deceived, the sincere made sport of, the good maltreated.

孩子们对什么都不怀疑，依次到了懂事年龄，眼睛和大脑却都被蒙着，不知道生活的真实面目。他们不知道人们会言不由衷，不知道人们会言行不一；或者意识到他们应该在争夺中生活，或者无论如何都要和其他人生活在武装和平中；他们从没想到，单纯的人总是遭欺骗，忠实的人总是受嘲笑，善良的人总是被虐待。

Some go on till the day of their death in this blind probity and loyalty and honor, so pure-minded that nothing can open their eyes.

有些人直到死亡的那天还处在这种盲目的正直、忠诚和忠贞之中，他们的心灵单纯之极，没有任何东西能让他们睁开眼睛。

Others, undeceived, but without fully understanding, make mistakes, are dismayed, and become desperate, believing themselves the playthings of a cruel fate, the wretched victims of adverse circumstances, and exceptionally wicked men.

其他人有所醒悟，但还是没完全弄明白，他们犯错误、气馁、变得绝望，认为自己是残酷命运的玩偶，是不利环境、特别是坏人可怜的牺牲品。

The Savignols married their daughter Bertha at the age of eighteen. She wedded a young Parisian, George Baron by name, who had dealings on the Stock Exchange. He was handsome, well-mannered, and apparently all that could be desired. But in the depths of his heart he somewhat despised his old-fashioned parents-in-law, whom he spoke of among his intimates as "my dear old fossils."

萨维尼奥尔夫妇在他们的女儿贝尔特十八岁时把她嫁了出去。她嫁给了一个年轻的巴黎人——乔治·巴龙，他在股票交易所工作。他英俊、行为端正，表面上看各方面都完美无缺。但在他的心灵深处，他有点瞧不起他古板的岳父岳母，在他的好友中他称他们为“我亲爱的老古董们”。

He belonged to a good family, and the girl was rich. They settled down in Paris.

他出身于一个不错的家庭，这个姑娘也很富有。他们在巴黎定居。

She became one of those provincial Parisians whose name is legion. She remained in complete ignorance of the great city, of its social side, its pleasures and its customs—just as she remained ignorant also of life, its perfidy and its mysteries.

她变成了那些来自外省的巴黎人之一，这样的人在巴黎有很多。她仍然对这个伟大的城市、对它的社会风尚、它的娱乐消遣、它的风俗习惯一无所知——就像她对巴黎的生活、对它的不忠、它的神秘一无所知一样。

Devoted to her house, she knew scarcely anything beyond her own street; and when she ventured into another part of Paris it seemed to her that she had accomplished a long and arduous journey into some unknown, unexplored city. She would then say to her husband in the evening:

她只专注于自己的家庭，几乎不知道自己所在街道以外的任何事情。当她大着胆子去巴黎的另一个区时，对她来说就像完成了一段到某个未知的、未探索过的城市的漫长而艰辛的旅行。然后，晚上她会对丈夫说：

"I have been through the boulevards today."

“今天我穿过了几条大马路。”

Two or three times a year her husband took her to the theatre. These were events the remembrance of which never grew dim; they provided subjects of conversation for long afterward.

她丈夫每年带她去剧院两三次。这些是永远不会褪色的回忆，它们为之后很长一段时间提供讨论的话题。

Sometimes three months afterward she would suddenly burst into laughter, and exclaim:

有时候，过了三个月，她会突然笑起来，大声说道：

"Do you remember that actor dressed up as a general, who crowed like a cock?"

“你还记得扮演将军的那个演员吗？他叫起来像只公鸡。”

Her friends were limited to two families related to her own. She spoke of them as "the Martinets" and "the Michelins." Her husband lived as he pleased, coming home when it suited him —sometimes not until dawn—alleging business, but not putting himself out overmuch to account for his movements, well aware that no suspicion would ever enter his wife's guileless soul.

她的朋友仅限于和她有关的两个家庭。她称他们为“马蒂内一家”和“米什兰一家”。她的丈夫按照自己的意愿生活着，他觉得什么时候合适就回家——有时候天亮才回来——说是因为工作，也不用为解释他的行踪过多的费神，他清楚地知道他妻子那天真的心灵永远不会对他产生任何怀疑。

But one morning she received an anonymous letter.

但是，一天早上，她收到了一封匿名信。

She was thunderstruck—too simple-minded to understand the infamy of unsigned information and to despise the letter, the writer of which declared himself inspired by interest in her happiness, hatred of

evil, and love of truth.

她像被雷击中了一样——头脑简单到都不明白匿名信的丑陋，都不知道对信置之不理，写信的人宣称他是为了她的幸福，是因为厌恶罪恶、热爱真理。

This missive told her that her husband had had for two years past, a sweetheart, a young widow named Madame Rosset, with whom he spent all his evenings.

这封信告诉她，她的丈夫两年前就有了一个情人，是一个叫罗塞夫人的年轻寡妇，他每天晚上都和她在一起。

Bertha knew neither how to dissemble her grief nor how to spy on her husband. When he came in for lunch she threw the letter down before him, burst into tears, and fled to her room.

贝尔特既不知道怎样掩盖她的悲痛，也不知道怎样暗中监视她的丈夫。当他回来吃午饭的时候，她把那封信丢在他面前，大哭起来，跑进了她的房间。

He had time to take in the situation and to prepare his reply. He knocked at his wife's door. She opened it at once, but dared not look at him. He smiled, sat down, drew her to his knee, and in a tone of light raillery began:

他有时间弄清楚情形，并做好答复的准备。他敲了敲妻子的门。她马上打开了，但不敢看他。他笑着坐下来，把她拉到自己的膝盖上，用微微嘲弄的语调开始说：

"My dear child, as a matter of fact, I have a friend named Madame Rosset, whom I have known for the last ten years, and of whom I have a very high opinion. I may add that I know scores of other people whose names I have never mentioned to you, seeing that you do not care for society, or fresh acquaintances, or functions of any sort. But, to make short work of such vile accusations as this, I want you to put on your things after lunch, and we'll go together and call on this lady, who will very soon become a friend of yours, too, I am quite sure.”

“我亲爱的孩子，事实上，我有一个叫罗塞夫人的朋友，我认识她已经十年了，也很赞赏她。我可以补充一下，我还认识许多其他人，鉴于你不关心社会、新朋友和任何种类的聚会，我也从来没跟你提过他们的名字。不过，为了快速解决这种卑鄙指控，我希望你在午饭后穿好衣服，我们去拜访这位女士，我肯定她很快也会成为你的朋友。”

She embraced her husband warmly, and, moved by that feminine spirit of curiosity which will not be lulled once it is aroused, consented to go and see this unknown widow, of whom she was, in spite of everything, just the least bit jealous. She felt instinctively that

to know a danger is to be already armed against it.

她热情地拥抱了她的丈夫，被女性那种一旦激发就不会停止的好奇心动摇了，她同意去见见这位素不相识的寡妇，不管怎样，至少她还是有点嫉妒。她本能地感觉到，一个危险似乎已经度过了。

She entered a small, tastefully furnished flat on the fourth floor of an attractive house. After waiting five minutes in a drawing-room rendered somewhat dark by its many curtains and hangings, a door opened, and a very dark, short, rather plump young woman appeared, surprised and smiling.

她进入了一间装饰很高雅的小公寓，它位于一栋漂亮的房子的第四层。客厅里挂了些窗帘和门帘，显得有点暗，在客厅等了五分钟后，一扇门打开了，一个黑黑的、矮个子、相当丰满的年轻女人出现了，她一脸惊奇但面带微笑。

George introduced them:

乔治为她们作了介绍：

"My wife—Madame Julie Rosset.”

“我的妻子——朱莉·罗塞夫人。”

The young widow uttered a half-suppressed cry of astonishment and joy, and ran forward with hands outstretched. She had not hoped, she said, to have this pleasure, knowing that Madame Baron never saw any one, but she was delighted to make her acquaintance. She was so fond of George (she said "George" in a familiar, sisterly sort of way) that, she had been most anxious to know his young wife and to make friends with her, too.

年轻寡妇发出半抑制的、惊奇而又高兴的叫声，张开双手跑上前。她说她没想到有这样的荣幸，她知道巴龙夫人从来不见任何客人，但却乐意见她。她很喜欢乔治（她用一种熟悉的、兄妹之间的那种方式说起“乔治”），也非常渴望结识他年轻的妻子并和她做朋友。

By the end of a month the two new friends were inseparable. They saw each other every day, sometimes twice a day, and dined together every evening, sometimes at one house, sometimes at the other. George no longer deserted his home, no longer talked of pressing business. He adored his own fireside, he said.

过了一个月，这两个新朋友已经形影不离了。她们每天都见面，有时候一天两次，每天晚上一起吃饭，有时候在这家，有时候在那家。乔治不再抛弃他的家，也不再推托工作忙了。他说他非常喜欢自己的家庭。

When, after a time, a flat in the house where Madame Rosset lived became vacant Madame Baron hastened to take it, in order to be

near her friend and spend even more time with her than hitherto.

不久，罗塞夫人居住的房子里面的一间公寓空出来了，为了离她的朋友近些，为了有比以前更多的时间和她的朋友在一起，巴龙夫人毫不犹豫地租下了它。

And for two whole years their friendship was without a cloud, a friendship of heart and mind—absolute, tender, devoted. Bertha could hardly speak without bringing in Julie's name. To her Madame Rosset represented perfection.

整整两年，她们的友谊没有一丝阴云，是真心实意的友谊——绝对的、温柔的、忠诚的。如果不提到朱莉的名字，贝尔特几乎都不知道怎么说话了。对她来说，罗塞夫人代表着完美。

She was utterly happy, calm and contented.

她极其幸福、平静且满足。

But Madame Rosset fell ill. Bertha hardly left her side. She spent her nights with her, distracted with grief; even her husband seemed inconsolable.

可是罗塞夫人生病了。贝尔特几乎寸步不离。贝尔特晚上也陪着她，悲伤得心烦意乱，甚至连她丈夫也似乎悲痛欲绝。

One morning the doctor, after leaving the invalid's bedside, took George and his wife aside, and told them that he considered Julie's condition very grave.

一天早上，在离开病人的床边后，医生把乔治和她的妻子带到一边，告诉他们他认为朱莉的状况非常糟糕。

As soon as he had gone the grief-stricken husband and wife sat down opposite each other and gave way to tears. That night they both sat up with the patient. Bertha tenderly kissed her friend from time to time, while George stood at the foot of the bed, his eyes gazing steadfastly on the invalid's face.

他刚走，悲痛的丈夫和妻子就面对面坐下来，流下了眼泪。那天晚上，他们俩都陪病人熬夜到很晚。贝尔特时不时温柔地亲吻她的朋友，乔治则站在床尾，眼睛紧紧地盯着病人的脸。

The next day she was worse.

第二天她变得更糟了。

But toward evening she declared she felt better, and insisted that her friends should go back to their own apartment to dinner.

但是快到傍晚的时候，她宣布说觉得好一些了，并坚持让她的朋友们回他们自己的公寓吃饭。

They were sitting sadly in the dining-room, scarcely even

attempting to eat, when the maid gave George a note. He opened it, turned pale as death, and, rising from the table, said to his wife in a constrained voice:

他们悲伤地坐在餐厅里，甚至没打算吃饭，这时女仆递给乔治一张便条。他打开便条，脸变得跟死人的脸一样惨白，他从桌子边站起来，用局促不安的语调对他的妻子说：

"Wait for me. I must leave you a moment. I shall be back in ten minutes. Don't go away on any account.”

“等着我。我必须离开一会儿。我十分钟后回来。无论如何都不要走开。”

And he hurried to his room to get his hat.

他急急忙忙地到他的房间里拿帽子。

Bertha waited for him, a prey to fresh anxiety. But, docile in everything, she would not go back to her friend till he returned.

贝尔特等着他，饱受着肉体焦虑的折磨。可是，她在每件事上都那么温顺，在他回来之前，她是不会回到她朋友那里去的。

At length, as he did not reappear, it occurred to her to visit his room and see if he had taken his gloves. This would show whether or not he had had a call to make.

最后，由于他没再出现，她突然想到去他房间看看他是不是带了手套。从中可以猜出他大概去了哪里。

She saw them at the first glance. Beside them lay a crumpled paper, evidently thrown down in haste.

她一眼就看到了手套。手套旁边放着一张皱巴巴的纸，显然是他匆忙中扔下的。

She recognized it at once as the note George had received.

她马上就认出是乔治刚收到的那张便条。

And a burning temptation, the first that had ever assailed her urged her to read it and discover the cause of her husband's abrupt departure. Her rebellious conscience protester' but a devouring and fearful curiosity prevailed. She seized the paper, smoothed it out, recognized the tremulous, penciled writing as Julie's, and read:

第一次，一种强烈的诱惑鼓励她、怂恿她去看那张纸，去发现他丈夫突然离开的原因。她抗拒的良心一再挣扎，但是被一种强烈且可怕的好奇心战胜了。她拿过那张纸，把它抚平了，认出来是朱莉颤抖的铅笔字。她读道：

"Come alone and kiss me, my poor dear. I am dying."

“你一个人过来，亲吻我吧，我可怜的爱人。我快死了。”

At first she did not understand, the idea of Julie's death being her uppermost thought. But all at once the true meaning of what she read burst in a flash upon her; this penciled note threw a lurid light upon her whole existence, revealed the whole infamous truth, all the treachery and perfidy of which she had been the victim. She understood the long years of deceit, the way in which she had been made their puppet. She saw them again, sitting side by side in the evening, reading by lamplight out of the same book, glancing at each other at the end of each page.

一开始她没明白过来，朱莉快死的这个想法是她最关心的。可是，她突然明白了那张便条的真正意思。这个铅字的便条将骇人的光亮照在了她的整个存在上，揭示了整个无耻的事实，她是所有背叛和不忠的牺牲品。她明白了这个长达几年的欺骗，以及她被当成他们的玩偶的方式。她仿佛又看到了他们，晚上他们肩并肩坐着，在灯光下读同一本书，看完一页后又瞟一眼对方。

And her poor, indignant, suffering, bleeding heart was cast into the depths of a despair which knew no bounds.

她可怜、愤怒、痛苦、滴血的心被丢进了无底的绝望深渊。

Footsteps drew near; she fled, and shut herself in her own room.

脚步声近了，她逃开了，把自己关在她的房间里。

Presently her husband called her:

一会儿，她丈夫叫她：

"Come quickly! Madame Rosset is dying."

“快来！罗塞夫人快死了。”

Bertha appeared at her door, and with trembling lips replied:

贝尔特出现在了她的房门口，嘴唇颤抖，回答道：

"Go back to her alone; she does not need me."

“你一个人回她那里去吧，她不需要我。”

He looked at her stupidly, dazed with grief, and repeated:

他愚蠢地看着她，由于悲伤而精神恍惚，重复着：

"Come at once! She's dying, I tell you!”

“快来！她要死了，我告诉你！”

Bertha answered: "You would rather it were I."

贝尔特回答：“你更希望是我死吧！”

Then at last he understood, and returned alone to the dying woman's bedside.

然后，他终于明白了，一个人回到了垂死的女人的床边。

He mourned her openly, shamelessly, indifferent to the sorrow of the wife who no longer spoke to him, no longer looked at him; who passed her life in solitude, hedged round with disgust, with indignant anger, and praying night and day to God.

他公然地、无耻地为她伤心欲绝，对不再和他说话、不再看他的妻子的悲哀漠不关心；他的妻子孤独地过着自己的生活，她用厌恶把自己圈起来，带着愤怒日日夜夜向上帝祷告。

They still lived in the same house, however, and sat opposite each other at table, in silence and despair.

他们仍然住在同一所房子里，只不过，就算用餐时坐在彼此的对面，也沉默不语、绝望透顶。

Gradually his sorrow grew less acute; but she did not forgive him.

慢慢地，他的悲伤变得不那么强烈，但她没有原谅他。

And so their life went on, hard and bitter for them both.

因此，他们的生活继续着，对他们俩来说，都过得艰难而痛苦。

For a whole year they remained as complete strangers to each other as if they had never met. Bertha nearly lost her reason.

整整一年，他们就像是两个完全不认识的人，仿佛他们从没见过面。贝尔特几乎失去了理智。

At last one morning she went out very early, and returned about eight o'clock bearing in her hands an enormous bouquet of white roses. And she sent word to her husband that she wanted to speak to him. He came-anxious and uneasy.

最后，一天早上，她很早就出去了，在八点左右时回来了，手里捧着一大束白玫瑰。她传话给她丈夫，说想和他谈谈。他来了，显得既焦虑又不安。

"We are going out together," she said. "Please carry these flowers; they are too heavy for me."

“我们一起出去。”她说。“请你拿着这些花，它们对我来说太重了。”

A carriage took them to the gate of the cemetery, where they alighted. Then, her eyes filling with tears, she said to George:

一辆马车把他们带到了公墓门口，他们在那里下了车。之后，她饱含泪水，对乔治说：

"Take me to her grave."

“带我去她的坟墓。”

He trembled, and could not understand her motive; but he led the way, still carrying the flowers. At last he stopped before a white marble slab, to which he pointed without a word.

他颤抖着，不明白她的意图，但还是带了路，仍然拿着花。最后，他在一块白色的大理石板前停了下来，他没有在上面刻一个字。

She took the bouquet from him, and, kneeling down, placed it on the grave. Then she offered up a silent, heartfelt prayer.

她从他那手中拿过花束，跪了下来，把花放在了坟墓上。然后，她做了一段无声而真诚的祷告。

Behind her stood her husband, overcome by recollections of the past.

她的丈夫站在她身后，回忆起了过去的种种。

She rose, and held out her hands to him.

她起身，向她的丈夫伸出手。

"If you wish it, we will be friends," she said.

“如果你愿意，我们和好吧！”她说。

Moonlight

月光

Madame Julie Roubere was expecting her elder sister, Madame Henriette Letore, who had just returned from a trip to Switzerland.

朱莉·鲁贝尔夫人正在等她刚从瑞士旅游回来的姐姐亨丽埃特·勒托雷夫人。_x(000)D_

The Letore household had left nearly five weeks before. Madame Henriette had allowed her husband to return alone to their estate in Calvados, where some business required his attention, and had come to spend a few days in Paris with her sister. Night came on. In the quiet parlor Madame Roubere was reading in the twilight in an absent-minded way, raising her eyes, whenever she heard a sound.

勒托雷夫妇大约五周前就动身了。亨丽埃特夫人让丈夫先独自回他们在卡尔瓦多斯省的庄园。庄园里有些生意上的事情需要他处理，她自己则到巴黎妹妹那儿小住几天。夜色降临。在安静的客厅里，鲁贝尔夫人正在暮色下心不在焉地读书。每当她听到什么声音，她的两只眼睛就立刻抬起来。

At last, she heard a ring at the door, and her sister appeared, wrapped in a travelling cloak. And without any formal greeting, they clasped each other in an affectionate embrace, only desisting for a moment to give each other another hug. Then they talked about their health, about their respective families, and a thousand other things, gossiping, jerking out hurried, broken sentences as they followed each other about, while Madame Henriette was removing her hat and veil.

门铃终于响了，她的姐姐到了，身上裹了件旅行披风。她们甚至没有任何寒暄，就立刻深情拥抱，刚松开一下又马上抱在一起。接着在亨丽埃特取面纱脱帽子时，她们开始交谈，相互问到身体情况、各自的家庭以及许多别的事情，说长道短，一句话还没有说完，下一句就急匆匆地跳了出来。

It was now quite dark. Madame Roubere rang for a lamp, and as soon as it was brought in, she scanned her sister's face, and was on the point of embracing her once more. But she held back, scared and astonished at the other's appearance.

现在，夜色已深。鲁贝尔夫人打铃要一盏灯。灯一送进来，她就仔细打量姐姐的脸，准备再次拥抱她。但她却停住了，因为姐姐的外表让她感到害怕和震惊。

On her temples Madame Letore had two large locks of white hair.

All the rest of her hair was of a glossy, raven-black hue; but there alone, at each side of her head, ran, as it were, two silvery streams which were immediately lost in the black mass surrounding them. She was, nevertheless, only twenty-four years old, and this change had come on suddenly since her departure for Switzerland.

勒托雷夫人的太阳穴那儿有两大缕白发。她头上其余部分的头发乌黑发亮；但是仅仅在那儿，在两鬓，仿佛有两条银白色的小溪在流淌，又立刻消失在它们周围那一大堆黑发里。然而，她只有24岁呀。她去了瑞士后，就突然变成这个样子。

Without moving, Madame Roubere gazed at her in amazement, tears rising to her eyes, as she thought that some mysterious and terrible calamity must have befallen her sister. She asked: "What is the matter with you, Henriette?"

鲁贝尔夫人一动不动，目瞪口呆地盯着姐姐。当她想到姐姐一定是经历了什么神秘可怕的不幸时，眼泪几乎就要从她眼睛里溢出来了。她问："你怎么啦，亨丽埃特？"

Smiling with a sad face, the smile of one who is heartsick, the other replied: "Why, nothing, I assure you. Were you noticing my white hair?"

鲁贝尔夫人脸上带着苦笑，心情很沮丧，亨丽埃特夫人回答说："没什么，我向你保证没事的。你是不是注意到了我的白头发？"

But Madame Roubere impetuously seized her by the shoulders, and with a searching glance at her, repeated: "What is the matter with you? Tell me what is the matter with you. And if you tell me a falsehood, I'll soon find it out."

但是鲁贝尔夫人突然抓住她的肩膀，用锐利的目光看着她，又问了一遍："你怎么啦？告诉我究竟发生了什么事。如果你撒谎，我很快会发现的。"

They remained face to face, and Madame Henriette, who looked as if she were about to faint, had two pearly tears in the corners of her drooping eyes.

她们仍然面对面，亨丽埃特夫人看上去似乎快要晕倒了。她眼睛低垂，眼角含着两粒如珍珠一般的泪珠。

Her sister continued: "What has happened to you? What is the matter with you? Answer me!"

她的妹妹又问了一遍："到底发生什么事了？你怎么了？回答我！"

Then, in a subdued voice, the other murmured: "I have—I have a lover."

于是亨丽埃特低声地咕哝道："我有了——有了一个情人。"

And, hiding her forehead on the shoulder of her younger sister, she sobbed.

接着她把额头枕在妹妹的肩膀上抽泣。

Then, when she had grown a little calmer, when the heaving of her breast had subsided, she commenced to unbosom herself, as if to cast forth this secret from herself, to empty this sorrow of hers into a sympathetic heart.

然后，等她稍微平静一点，胸口的起伏平息了以后，她开始袒露心扉，她似乎想摆脱这个秘密，想对一颗能够同情她的心倾诉她的这份痛苦。

Thereupon, holding each other's hands tightly clasped, the two women went over to a sofa in a dark corner of the room, into which they sank, and the younger sister, passing her arm over the elder one's neck, and drawing her close to her heart, listened.

于是，这两个妇人紧紧握住对方的手，走到房间的一个昏暗角落，坐到了一张沙发上。妹妹伸出胳膊搂住姐姐的脖子，让她贴着自己的心口，并听她诉说。

"Oh! I know that there was no excuse for me; I do not understand myself, and since that day I feel as if I were mad. Be careful, my child, about yourself—be careful! If you only knew how weak we are, how quickly we yield, and fall. It takes so little, so little, so little, a moment of tenderness, one of those sudden fits of melancholy which come over you, one of those longings to open, your arms, to love, to cherish something, which we all have at certain moments.

“噢！我知道我没有任何理由为自己辩解；我也搞不懂自己，自从那天后，我感觉自己跟疯了似的。小妹，你自己要当心——要当心！但愿你能知道我们有多么脆弱，我们会多么快地屈服、堕落！只需要那么一点，那么一点，那么一点，只需要片刻的款款柔情，只需要一阵那种在你心灵里产生的突如其来的伤感，只需要一点那种张开双臂去爱、去珍视某种东西的渴望，这些我们在某些时候都会产生的。

"You know my husband, and you know how fond I am of him; but he is mature and sensible, and cannot even comprehend the tender vibrations of a woman's heart. He is always the same, always good, always smiling, always kind, always perfect. Oh! how I sometimes have wished that he would clasp me roughly in his arms, that he would embrace me with those slow, sweet kisses which make two beings intermingle, which are like mute confidences! How I have wished that he were foolish, even weak, so that he should have need of me, of my caresses, of my tears!

“你了解我的丈夫，你也知道我有多爱他；但是他成熟而理性，根本

无法理解一个女人内心微妙的变化。他永远是一个样，永远那么温文尔雅，永远那样笑脸迎人，永远那么待人友善，永远是那样完美无缺。噢！有时我多么希望他能粗犷地把我紧紧地拥入怀中，慢慢地给我甜甜的吻，这样的吻能让两个人融合在一起，就像无声的知心话一样！我多么希望他也有愚笨的时候，也有脆弱的时候，那样的话他就会需要我，需要我的爱抚，需要我的眼泪！”

"This all seems very silly; but we women are made like that. How can we help it?

“说这些话似乎太傻了；但是我们女人就是这样。我们又有什么办法呢？”

"And yet the thought of deceiving him never entered my mind. Now it has happened, without love, without reason, without anything, simply because the moon shone one night on the Lake of Lucerne.

“但是我从来也没有想过要背叛他。_x(000)D_但是现在却发生了。没有爱，没有理由，什么也没有，只是因为一天夜里卢塞恩湖上的月光。

"During the month when we were travelling together, my husband, with his calm indifference, paralyzed my enthusiasm, extinguished my poetic ardor. When we were descending the mountain paths at sunrise, when as the four horses galloped along with the diligence, we saw, in the transparent morning haze, valleys, woods, streams, and villages, I clasped my hands with delight, and said to him: 'How beautiful it is, dear! Give me a kiss! Kiss me now!' He only answered, with a smile of chilling kindliness: 'There is no reason why we should kiss each other because you like the landscape.'

在我们一起旅行的一个月中，丈夫镇定冷漠的态度瓦解了我的热情，熄灭了我诗意的兴致。我们坐着驿车，拉车的四匹马不辞劳苦地在日出的时候沿着山路奔驰而下，在半透明的晨雾中我看见了山谷、树林、小溪和村庄，我兴奋地握紧双手对他说：‘亲爱的，多美啊！吻吻我吧！现在就吻我吧！’他只是面带一种那令人发寒的友好的微笑回答我：‘不能因为你喜欢这里的风景，我们就要接吻。”

"And his words froze me to the heart. It seems to me that when people love each other, they ought to feel more moved by love than ever, in the presence of beautiful scenes.

“这些话使我心都凉了。对我来说，当两个彼此相爱的人面对美丽的景色时，他们因爱而感动的情绪应该比从前任何时候都强烈。

"In fact, I was brimming over with poetry which he kept me from expressing. I was almost like a boiler filled with steam and hermetically sealed.

其实，我心里有一股充满着诗意的情感在翻腾，可是他却不让我发泄出来。我简直就像那充满蒸汽的密封锅炉。”

"One evening (we had for four days been staying in a hotel at Fluelen) Robert, having one of his sick headaches, went to bed immediately after dinner, and I went to take a walk all alone along the edge of the lake.

“一天晚上（我们已经在弗吕埃伦的旅馆呆了四天），罗贝尔因为头疼，晚餐后就马上去睡觉了，我独自一人沿着湖边散步。”

"It was a night such as one reads of in fairy tales. The full moon showed itself in the middle of the sky; the tall mountains, with their snowy crests, seemed to wear silver crowns; the waters of the lake glittered with tiny shining ripples. The air was mild, with that kind of penetrating warmth which enervates us till we are ready to faint, to be deeply affected without any apparent cause. But how sensitive, how vibrating the heart is at such moments! how quickly it beats, and how intense is its emotion!

“这是一个就像人们在童话故事中读到的夜晚。满月悬挂在半空中，巍峨的高山山顶上覆盖着层层白雪，整座山仿佛戴了一个银色的王冠；湖面荡起阵阵细小的涟漪，波光粼粼。空气是温和的，那种沁人心脾的温暖让人浑身无力，简直都快让人晕倒了，还让人莫名其妙地被深深感染着。但是，在这样的时刻一个人的心是多么敏感，多么容易激动啊！心跳是多么快，心中的情绪是多么强烈！”

"I sat down on the grass, and gazed at that vast, melancholy, and fascinating lake, and a strange feeling arose in me; I was seized with an insatiable need of love, a revolt against the gloomy dullness of my life. What! would it never be my fate to wander, arm in arm, with a man I loved, along a moon-kissed bank like this? Was I never to feel on my lips those kisses so deep, delicious, and intoxicating which lovers exchange on nights that seem to have been made by God for tenderness? Was I never to know ardent, feverish love in the moonlit shadows of a summer's night?

“我坐在草坪上，凝视着那开阔、忧郁、迷人的湖面，一种奇妙的感觉油然而生；我产生了一种对爱的渴求，一种对我的沉闷单调生活的反抗。什么！难道我就永远不能和我心爱的男人挽着手，像这样沿着被月光沐浴的湖岸散步？难道我就不能在我的嘴唇上感觉爱人们晚上会有的那深沉的、甜美的、令人陶醉的吻？这样的吻仿佛是上帝专门为爱情创造的。难道我就不能领会在这夏夜的月影下热恋的感觉？”

"And I burst out weeping like a crazy woman. I heard something stirring behind me. A man stood there, gazing at me. When I turned my head round, he recognized me, and, advancing, said: 'You are weeping, madame?' It was a young barrister who was travelling with

his mother, and whom we had often met. His eyes had frequently followed me.

“我突然就像一个疯子似的开始哭泣。我听到身后有什么动静。一个男人站在那儿，注视着我。我回过头去，他认出了我，并走过来对我说：‘您在哭，夫人？’他是一个年轻的律师，陪他妈妈一起旅行，我们经常会遇到。他的目光紧紧地跟着我。”

"I was so confused that I did not know what answer to give or what to think of the situation. I told him I felt ill.

“我心慌意乱，不知道该如何回答他，也不知道该如何面对这样的情况。我告诉他我不舒服。”

"He walked on by my side in a natural and respectful manner, and began talking to me about what we had seen during our trip. All that I had felt he translated into words; everything that made me thrill he understood perfectly, better than I did myself. And all of a sudden he repeated some verses of Alfred de Musset. I felt myself choking, seized with indescribable emotion. It seemed to me that the mountains themselves, the lake, the moonlight, were singing to me about things ineffably sweet.

“他在我旁边走着，态度自然而恭敬，开始与我谈论我们旅途中的所见所闻。我曾经感受过的一切，他都用语言表达了出来；曾经使我激动的一切，他都完全了解，甚至比我还要了解。他突然朗诵起阿尔弗雷德·缪塞的诗句。我感到自己喉咙哽咽了，一种难以言喻的情愫占据了我的内心。我觉得似乎高山、湖泊、月光都在向我歌唱一些温柔得难以言喻的事物。”

"And it happened, I don't know how, I don't know why, in a sort of hallucination.

“这一切就这样发生了，我甚至不知道是如何发生的，为什么会发生这一切，彷佛这一切都是幻觉。”

"As for him, I did not see him again till the morning of his departure.

“至于他，直到他离开的那天早晨，我才再见到他。”

"He gave me his card!"

“他把他的名片给了我！”

And, sinking into her sister's arms, Madame Letore broke into groans —almost into shrieks.

勒托雷夫人投入妹妹怀中呻吟，都快要哭喊了。

Then, Madame Roubere, with a self-contained and serious air, said very gently: "You see, sister, very often it is not a man that we

love, but love itself. And your real lover that night was the moonlight."

鲁贝尔夫人神情沉着冷静，一脸严肃，温和地说道：“你知道，姐姐，很多时候我们爱上的不是一个男人，而是爱情本身。你那晚真正的情人其实是那月光。”

The Assignation

约会

Although she had her bonnet and jacket on, with a black veil over her face, and another in her pocket, which she would put on over the other as soon as she had got into the cab, she was beating the top of her little boot with the point of her parasol, and remained sitting in her room, without being able to make up her mind to keep this appointment.

虽然她已经戴好了帽子，穿好了衣服，用一块黑色面纱遮住了脸，口袋里还放着另一块黑色面纱——等她一登上马车，就把这一块加在第一块上面——她还是用她阳伞的伞尖敲打自己小巧的靴子的靴尖，一直坐在房间里，对于是否去赴这个约会迟迟拿不定主意。

And yet, how many times within the last two years had she dressed herself thus, when she knew that her husband would be on the Stock Exchange, in order to go to the bachelor chambers of her lover, the handsome Viscount de Martelet.

可是，这两年里，她有多少次趁着丈夫去交易所，打扮成这样去她帅气的情夫德马尔特莱子爵的单身寓所赴约。

The clock behind her was ticking loudly, a book which she had half read through was lying open on a little rosewood writing-table between the windows, and a strong, sweet smell of violets from two bunches which were in a couple of Dresden china vases, mingled with a vague smell of verbena which came through the half-open door of her dressing-room.

她身后的挂钟传出急速的滴答声，一本她只看了一半的书摊开在两扇窗之间的一张黄檀木做的小书桌上；一对萨克森瓷瓶里插着两束紫罗兰，不时散发出阵阵浓烈而甜蜜的香味，和从盥洗室半开着的门里飘出的淡淡的马鞭草的香味混合在了一起。

The clock struck three, she rose up from her chair, she turned round to look at herself in the glass and smiled. "He is already waiting for me, and will be getting tired."

三点的钟声响起了，她从椅子上站了起来。她回过头看看镜中的自己，随后微微一笑，“他已经在等我了，他就快要不耐烦了。”

Then she left the room, told her footman that she would be back in an hour, at the latest—which was a lie; went downstairs and ventured into the street on foot.

于是，她走出房间，告诉男仆她最迟一个小时回来——这是个谎

话，她下了楼梯，徒步向街上走去。

It was towards the end of May, that delightful time of the year, when the spring seems to be besieging Paris, and to conquer it over its roofs, invading the houses through their walls, and making it look gay, shedding brightness over its stone facades, the asphalt of its pavements, the stones on the roads, bathing it and intoxicating it with sap, like a forest putting on its spring verdure.

时间是五月份的最后几天，这是一年中令人愉快的时节，春天似乎要包围住巴黎，要从屋顶上征服它，穿过墙壁进入屋内，使全巴黎繁花似锦，把欢乐洒在石头上、人行道的沥青路上、石子路上，这座城市如同森林般穿上了春天的绿衣，沐浴并沉醉在蜜汁里。

Madame Haggan went a few steps to the right, intending, as usual, to go along the Parade Provence, where she would hail a cab; but the soft air, that feeling of summer which penetrates our breast on some days, now took possession of her so suddenly that she changed her mind, and went down the Rue de la Chausée d'Antin, without knowing why, but vaguely attracted by a desire to see the trees in the Square de la Trinité.

霍冈太太朝右边走了几步，像往常一样，她想去普罗旺斯街叫一辆出租马车，可是温和的空气，这种在有些日子里涌入我们胸膛的夏天的气息，突然一下子占据了她的身体。于是她改变了主意，走上了当丹河堤街，她自己也不知道这是为什么，只是隐隐约约被一种想去看看圣三一广场上的树木的渴望吸引着。

"He may just wait ten minutes longer for me," she said to herself. And that idea pleased her also as she walked slowly through the crowd. She fancied that she saw him growing impatient, looking at the clock, opening the window, listening at the door, sitting down for a few moments, getting up again, and not daring to smoke, as she had forbidden him to do so when she was coming to him, and throwing despairing looks at his box of cigarettes.

她自言自语道：“他可能要多等我十分钟了。”这个想法也让她开心起来，她一面缓步穿过人群。她想象着他已经开始等得不耐烦了，看着时间、打开窗子、在门口倾听着，坐一会儿又站起来，想抽烟却又不敢抽烟，因为她曾经禁止他在她要来的时候抽烟，于是只能朝香烟盒子投去失望的眼神。

She walked slowly, interested in what she saw, the shops and the people she met, walking slower and slower, and so little eager to get to her destination that she only sought for some pretext for stopping, and at the end of the street, in the little square, the verdure attracted her so much, that she went in, took a chair, and, sitting down, watched the hands of the clock as they moved.

她慢慢地走着，被她所看到的一切吸引着：店铺和那些她看到的人们。她走得越来越慢，对到达目的地的渴望如此之弱以至于她开始寻找一些停下来的借口，在街尽头小小的广场上，一片绿色强烈地吸引着她，于是她走了进去，找了个椅子坐了下来，看着时钟的指针运行着。

Just then, the half hour struck, and her heart beat with pleasure when she heard the chimes. She had gained half-an-hour; then it would take her a quarter of an hour to reach the Rue Miromesnil, and a few minutes more in strolling along—an hour! a whole hour saved from her rendez-vous! She would not stop three-quarters of an hour, and that business would be finished once more.

就在这个时候，时钟敲响了半点钟，在听到时钟报时的声音时，她的心高兴得跳动起来。她已经赢得了半个小时，走到米洛梅斯尼尔街需要一刻钟，再花几分钟闲逛一下——这就一个小时了！从她约会的时间中节约出来的整整一个小时。她在那儿只需待上四十五分钟，这一次约会又可以结束了。

Oh!she disliked going there! Just like a patient going to the dentist, so she had the intolerable recollection of all their past meetings, one a week on an average, for the last two years; and the thought that another was going to take place immediately made her shiver with misery from head to foot. Not that it was exactly painful, like a visit to the dentist, but it was wearisome, so wearisome, so complicated, so long, so unpleasant, that anything, even a visit to the dentist would have seemed preferable to her. She went on, however, but very slowly, stopping, sitting down, going hither and thither, but she went. Oh! how she would have liked to miss this meeting, but she had left the unhappy viscount in the lurch, twice following, during the last month, and she did not dare to do it again so soon. Why did she go to see him? Oh! why? Because she had acquired the habit of doing it, and had no reason to give poor Martelet when he wanted to know the why! Why had she begun it? Why? She did not know herself, any longer. Had she been in love with him? Very possibly! Not very much, but a little, a long time ago! He was very nice, sought after, perfectly dressed, most courteous, and after the first glance, he was a perfect lover for a fashionable woman. He had courted her for three months—the normal period, an honorable strife and sufficient resistances—and then she had consented, and with what emotion, what nervousness, what terrible, delightful fear, and that first meeting in his small, ground-floor bachelor rooms, in the Rue de Miromesnil. Her heart? What did her little heart of a woman who had been seduced, vanquished, conquered, feel when she for the first time entered the door of that house which was her nightmare? She really did not know! She had quite forgotten. One remembers a fact, a date, a thing, but one hardly remembers, after the lapse of two years, what an emotion,

which soon vanished, because it was very slight, was like. But, oh! she had certainly not forgotten the others, that rosary of meetings, that road to the cross of love, and those stations, which were so monotonous, so fatiguing, so similar to each other, that she felt a nauseating taste in her mouth at what was going to happen so soon.

天啊！她讨厌去那里！就像一个病人去看牙科医生，这两年来，平均每周一次，她保持着对过去所有约会的难以忍受的回忆；一想到马上就要有再一次约会，她苦恼得从头到脚都在颤抖。这痛苦倒不是像去看牙医的病人一样的痛苦，但它却很使人厌倦，那么使人厌烦，那么复杂，那么长的时间，那么的令人不舒服，以致于她似乎更喜欢除此以外的所有的事情，哪怕是去看牙医。不过她还是去了，走得很慢很慢，时不时地停下来、坐一坐、到处逛逛，可是她还是去了。哎！她原本是很不想去赴这次约会的，可是上个月她已经连续两次让这个不开心的子爵空等，所以她不敢这么快再一次这么做。为什么她要去见他呢？哎！为什么？因为她已经养成了习惯，而且即使是可怜的马尔特莱想知道理由，她也无法解释。她之前为什么开始？为什么？她自己也记不清了。她曾经爱过他吗？很有可能！不是很强烈，但有一点点，已是很久之前的事了！他人很好，特受欢迎，衣着考究、谦逊有礼，第一眼看上去，他的确是上流社会女人完美的情夫。他追她追了三个月——正常的时间，有应有的斗争，有足够的反抗——最后她还是同意了，带着一种激动、紧张、惧怕又迷人的害怕。第一次约会就是在他那间位于米洛梅斯尼尔街上的小小的单身男子中二层里。她的心？在她第一次走进这座像噩梦般的房子时，她那颗受诱惑的、被战胜的、被征服的女人的小小的心究竟是什么感受呢？她真的不知道了！她已经完全忘记了。人们能记起一件事、一个日子、一样东西，但是在两年以后，无法记起一次很快就消失的内心的激动，因为它是那么的轻微。但是，哦！她没有忘记其他的事情，那一连串的约会，这条艰苦的爱情历程，一站站的是那么的单调、那么的累人、那么的千篇一律，以致于她一想到即将要发生的事情就觉得非常恶心。

And the very cabs were not like the other cabs which one makes use of for ordinary purposes! Certainly, the cabmen guessed. She felt sure of it, by the very way they looked at her, and the eyes of these Paris cabmen are terrible! When one remembers they are constantly remembering, in the Courts of Justices, after a lapse of several years, faces of criminals whom they have only driven once, in the middle of the night, from some street or other to a railway station, and that they have to do with almost as many passengers as there are hours in the day, and that their memory is good enough for them to declare: "That is the man whom I took up in the Rues des Martyrs, and put down at the Lyons Railway Station, at 12 o'clock at night, on July 10, last year!” Is it not terrible when one risks what a young woman risks when she is going to meet her lover, and has to trust her reputation to the first cabman she meets? In two years she had employed at least a

hundred to a hundred and twenty in that drive to the Rue Miromesnil, reckoning only one a week, and they were so many witnesses, who might appear against her at a critical moment.

此时租的马车不同于一般用途的马车。马车夫肯定能猜出是怎么回事。从他们瞧她的样子，她就能确信这一点，这些巴黎马车夫的眼睛是非常可怕的。几年之后，在法庭上，他们仍能认出在某天深夜，仅仅被他们载过一次，从某条大街送到某个车站的几个罪犯；他们接送的客人多得几乎和一天有多少小时一样，但是他们却依然能豪不含糊地作证说："这个人就是我在去年七月十号半夜十二点搭载过的客人，他在殉道者街上的车，在里昂车站下车的。"当一个年轻的女子去约见情夫，把她的名誉全部托付给一个陌生的马车夫，她所冒的风险难道不可怕吗？两年来，就算每周一次，她也雇用过至少一百到一百二十个马车夫载她去米洛梅斯尼尔街赴约。在某个关键时刻，出庭指正她的目击者也会如此之多。

As soon as she was in the cab, she took another veil, which was as thick and dark as a domino mask, out of her pocket, and put it on. That hid her face, but what about the rest, her dress, her bonnet, and her parasol? They might be remarked; they might, in fact, have been seen already. Oh! What misery she endured in this Rue de Miromesnil! She thought that she recognized all the foot-passengers, the servants, everybody, and almost before the cab had stopped, she jumped out and ran past the porter who was standing outside his lodge. He must know everything, everything!—her address, her name, her husband's profession—everything, for those porters are the most cunning of policemen! For two years she had intended to bribe him, to give him (to throw at him one day as she passed him) a hundred-franc bank-note, but she had never once dared to do it. She was frightened! What of? She did not know! Of his calling her back, if he did not understand? Of a scandal? Of a crowd on the stairs? Of being arrested, perhaps? To reach the Viscount's door, she had only to ascend a half a flight of stairs, and it seemed to her as high as the tower of Saint Jacques' Church.

她一坐进马车就从口袋里掏出另一块像半截面具一样厚的黑色面纱，戴上了。这能遮住她的脸，但是其余的部分呢？她的连衣裙、帽子、阳伞呢？这些可能被注意到，也许已经被注意到了。噢！在这条米洛梅斯尼尔街上走着是多么的痛苦啊！她觉得她认识所有的行人，所有的佣人，所有遇到的人。车子刚停下来，她就跳了下来，急匆匆地从看门人面前跑过，这个人总是站在他自己房间门口。他肯定了解所有的事，一切事情——她的地址、她的名字、她丈夫的职业——一切的一切，因为这些看门人是最狡猾的警察！两年来，她总想收买他，给他（某天经过他时扔给他）一张一百法郎的钞票，但是她没有一次敢这么做。她害怕！害怕什么？她不知道！怕他因为不明白而叫回她？怕引起丑闻？怕引起楼梯上人们的围观？也许还怕被拘捕？到达子爵的房门

口，只要上半层楼梯即可，可是对她来说却高得像圣雅克教堂。

As soon as she had reached the vestibule, she felt as if she were caught in a trap, and the slightest noise before or behind her, nearly made her faint. It was impossible for her to go back, because of that porter who barred her retreat; and if anyone came down at that moment she would not dare to ring at Martelet's door, but would pass it as if she had been going elsewhere! She would have gone up, and up, and up! She would have mounted forty flights of stairs! Then, when everything would seem quiet again down below, she would run down, feeling terribly frightened, lest she would not recognize the lobby.

一走进门厅，她感觉像是落入了什么陷阱，只要有一点点轻微的声音，不论在她前面还是后面，都几乎吓得她昏厥。后退对她来说是不可能的了，因为门房挡住了她的退路；如果这时正巧有人从楼上下来，她就不敢去按马尔特莱家的门铃，而只能装作刚好经过那里，好像是要去别的地方一样。她就这样一直往上走啊，走啊！她几乎可以一直走到第四十层楼。随后，当下面再次安静下来，她就快速地往下跑，十分惊慌，担心找不到那个中二层的门厅。

He was there in a velvet coat lined with silk, very stylish, but rather ridiculous, and for two years he had never altered his manner of receiving her, not in a single movement! As soon as he had shut the door, he used to say this: "Let me kiss your hands, my dear, dear friend!" Then he followed her into the room, when with closed shutters and lighted candles, out of refinement, no doubt, he knelt down before her and looked at her from head to foot with an air of adoration. On the first occasion that had been very nice and very successful; but now it seemed to her as if she saw Monsieur Delauney acting the last scene of a successful piece for the hundred and twentieth time. He might really change his manner of acting. But no, he never altered his manner of acting, poor fellow. What a good fellow he was, but very commonplace!

他穿着以丝绸为衬里的天鹅绒服装在那儿等着她，很有型，但却显得可笑。两年以来，他从来没有改变过迎接她的方式，连一个动作也没有变过。他一把门关上就会对她说：“请让我吻吻您的手，我亲爱的、亲爱的朋友！”随后他便跟着她走进房间。房间里的百叶窗关着，灯是点着的。毫无疑问，他很优雅地跪在她的面前，用一种万分仰慕的神情从上到下地打量着她。这种动作在第一次约会时表现得非常好，也十分有效果。但是现在，这对她来说就像在看德洛内先生第一百二十次演出了成功的剧本的最后一幕。他真应该改变一下表演方式。但是不可能，他绝不会改变他的表演方式，可怜的家伙。他是个多么好的家伙啊，可是太平庸了！

And how difficult it was to undress and dress without a lady's

maid! Perhaps that was the moment when she began to take a dislike to him. When he said: "Do you want me to help you?" she could have killed him. Certainly there were not many men as awkward as he was, or as uninteresting. Certainly, little Baron de Isombal would never have asked her in such a manner: "Do you want me to help you?" He would have helped her, he was so witty, so funny, so active. But there! He was a diplomatist, he had been about in the world, and had roamed everywhere, and, no doubt, dressed and undressed women who were arrayed in every possible fashion!...

没有女仆服侍，要自己脱衣服和穿衣服是多么困难啊！也许就是从那时候起她开始讨厌他了。当他说："要不要我来帮您？"时，她真想杀了他。当然，像他这样笨拙、乏味的男人是不多的。可以肯定的是，那个个子小小的兰格巴尔男爵就绝不会以这样的方式问她："要不要我帮您？"他也许会帮她的，他是那么机智、那么风趣、那么活泼。正是这一点！他是个外交家，他经常世界各地四处闯荡。毫无疑问，他肯定给穿着世界上不同款式的时装的女人脱过和穿过衣服！

The church clock struck the three-quarters, and she looked at the dial, and said: "Oh, how agitated he will be!" and then she quickly left the square; but she had not taken a dozen steps outside, when she found herself face to face with a gentleman who bowed profoundly to her.

教堂的钟敲响了三刻的钟声，她看看指针所指的时间说道："噢，他一定焦虑不安了吧！"于是她快速地离开广场；但是她还没有走出十步远就迎面遇上了一位绅士，向她深深地弯腰致敬。

"Why! Is that you, Baron?" she said, in surprise. She had just been thinking of him.

"哎呀！男爵，是您啊？"她吃惊地说。她刚才正巧在想他。

"Yes, Madame." And then, after asking how she was, and a few vague words, he continued: "Do you know that you are the only one—you will allow me to say of my lady friends, I hope? who has not yet seen my Japanese collection."

"是的，夫人。"接着，他问了问她的近况，然后寒暄了几句，之后便接着说："您知道吗，您是我女朋友中唯一一个——我希望您允许我把您称为我的女朋友——唯一一个还没有参观过我的日本收藏品的。"

"But my dear Baron, a lady cannot go to a bachelor's room like this."

"可是，我亲爱的男爵，一位女士是不能这样去一个单身男人的家里的。"

"What do you mean? That is a great mistake, when it is a question of seeing a rare collection!"

“您这么说是什么意思呢？当问题涉及参观稀有的收藏品时，这种说法就是个很大的误解！”

"At any rate, she cannot go alone."

“无论如何，女士是不能独自一人去的。”

"And why not? I have received a number of ladies alone, only for the sake of seeing my collection! They come every day. Shall I tell you their names? No—I will not do that; one must be discreet, even when one it not guilty; as a matter of fact, there is nothing improper in going to the house of a well-known serious man who holds a certain position, unless one goes for an unavoidable reason!”

“为什么不能呢？我已经接待过很多独自前来的女士了，只是为了参观我的收藏品！她们每天都会来。要不要我把她们的名字告诉您？不——我决不会这么做的。即使没有做见不得人的事，人还是谨慎点好。事实上，去一个出了名的生活严肃的拥有一定社会地位的男人家里是没有什么不合适的，除非去那儿有什么不可告人的目的！”

"Well, what you have said is certainly correct, at bottom."

“好吧，实际上，您讲的这些话当然是对的。”

"So you will come and see my collection?"

“那么，您会来参观我的收藏品？”

"When?"

“什么时间？”

"Well, now, immediately."

“现在立刻去！”

"Impossible; I am in a hurry."

“恐怕不行，我现在有急事要办。”

"Nonsense, you have been sitting in the square for this last half hour."

“胡说，你已经在小广场上坐了半个小时了。”

"You were watching me?"

“您在观察我？”

"I was looking at you."

“我只是看到了您。”

"But I am sadly in a hurry."

“但是很遗憾，我真有急事。”

"I am sure you are not. Confess that you are in no particular

hurry."

“我肯定您不是。您还是承认您并没有什么特殊的急事吧。”

Madame Haggan began to laugh, and said: "Well,... no... not... very...."

霍冈夫人笑了起来，说：“好吧，我是没有什么太……”

A cab passed close to them, and the little Baron called out: "Cabman!" and the vehicle stopped, and opening the door, he said: "Get in, Madame."

一辆出租马车从他们身边擦过，小个子男爵喊道：“车夫！”车子就停了下来，车夫打开了车门，说道：“请上车，夫人。”

"But, Baron! no, it is impossible today; I really cannot."

“可是，男爵！不，今天真的不行。我真的不能去。”

"Madame, you are acting very imprudently; get in! people are beginning to look at us, and you will collect a crowd; they will think I am trying to carry you off, and we shall both be arrested; please get in!"

“夫人，您现在这样做是很不谨慎的，请上车吧！已经有人开始在观望我们了，您这样会引来围观者的。他们会以为我是在强行把您带走，这样下去我们会被抓起来的，请上车吧，我求您了！”

She got in, frightened and bewildered, and he sat down by her side, saying to the cabman: "Rue de Provence."

她上了车，被吓得失魂落魄了。随后，他坐到她的身边，对车夫说：“普罗旺斯街。”

But suddenly she exclaimed: "Good heavens! I have forgotten a very important telegram; please drive to the nearest telegraph office first of all."

但是突然她大声说道：“天啊！我忘了发一份很重要的电报。请先开去最近的快递信局。”

The cab stopped a little farther on, in the Rue de Chateaudun, and she said to the Baron: "Would you kindly get me a fifty centimes telegraph form? I promised my husband to invite Martelet to dinner tomorrow, and had quite forgotten it."

出租马车在稍远一些的夏托登街停了下来，她对男爵说：“能不能请您去帮我买一张五十生丁的快递信用纸来？我答应了我丈夫要邀请马尔特莱明天来我家吃晚饭，我都几乎把这事忘得一干二净了。”

When the Baron returned and gave her the blue telegraph form, she wrote in pencil:

男爵回来，把蓝色的快递信用纸递给她，她便用铅笔写道：

"My Dear Friend: I am not at all well. I am suffering terribly? from

“我亲爱的朋友：我今天身体不舒服。我很痛苦因为

neuralgia, which keeps me in bed. Impossible to go out. Come? and

神经痛，所以不得不躺在床上。没法出门了。来我家？并且

dine tomorrow night, so that I may obtain my pardon.?

明晚吃个晚饭，以便取得您的原谅。

"JEANNE."?

“珍妮。”

She wetted the gum, fastened it carefully, and addressed it to: "Viscount de Martelet, 240 Rue Miromesnil," and then, giving it back to the Baron, she said: "Now, will you be kind enough to throw this into the telegram box."

她舔了舔胶水，仔细地把信封上，并写上地址：“米洛梅斯尼尔街二百四十号，德·马尔特莱子爵收”。随后，将信封递给男爵，说：“现在，请麻烦您把这封信投进快递信箱里。”

The Test

考验

The Bondels were a happy family, and although they frequently quarrelled about trifles, they soon became friends again.

邦代尔夫妇是快乐的一家。虽然他们经常为一些琐事争吵，但很快就会和好如初。

Bondel was a merchant who had retired from active business after saving enough to allow him to live quietly; he had rented a little house at Saint-Germain and lived there with his wife. He was a quiet man with very decided opinions; he had a certain degree of education and read serious newspapers; nevertheless, he appreciated the gaulois wit. Endowed with a logical mind, and that practical common sense which is the master quality of the industrial French bourgeois, he thought little, but clearly, and reached a decision only after careful consideration of the matter in hand. He was of medium size, with a distinguished look, and was beginning to turn gray.

邦代尔先生以前是一个商人，在挣足了够他平静生活的钱之后，他就从活跃的商务活动中隐退下来。他在圣日耳曼租了一个小房子，和他的妻子住在那里。他是一个沉着的人，想法非常坚决。他接受过一定程度的教育，阅读严肃的报纸，却欣赏粗俗的笑话。他具有逻辑的头脑和法国工业资产阶级特有的务实精神，想得少但清楚，只有对当前的事情经过深思熟虑之后才会做出决定。他中等身材，容貌不俗，正在渐渐步入老年。

His wife, who was full of serious qualities, had also several faults. She had a quick temper and a frankness that bordered upon violence. She bore a grudge a long time. She had once been pretty, but had now become too stout and too red; but in her neighborhood at Saint-Germain she still passed for a very beautiful woman, who exemplified health and an uncertain temper.

他的妻子充满严肃的品质，但也有一些缺点。她脾气急躁，还有着近乎暴虐的坦率。她经常长时间地抱怨。她曾经也很漂亮，但现在变得太胖，脸色太红。不过，在圣日耳曼她住的街区里，她仍然被传作是一个漂亮的女人，健康却喜怒无常。

Their dissensions almost always began at breakfast, over some trivial matter, and they often continued all day and even until the following day. Their simple, common, limited life imparted seriousness to the most unimportant matters, and every topic of conversation became a subject of dispute. This had not been so in the

days when business occupied their minds, drew their hearts together, and gave them common interests and occupation.

他们的争吵总是从吃早餐的时候开始，为一些鸡毛蒜皮的小事。他们通常吵上一整天，甚至直到第二天还在吵。他们简单、平淡而有限的生活让最不重要的事都变得严肃，任何一个话题都能成为争吵的主题。以前他们不是这样的。那时候，生意占据了他们的头脑，让他们的心贴在一起，让他们拥有共同的利益和事业。

But at Saint-Germain they saw fewer people. It had been necessary to make new acquaintances, to create for themselves a new world among strangers, a new existence devoid of occupations. Then the monotony of loneliness had soured each of them a little; and the quiet happiness which they had hoped and waited for with the coming of riches did not appear.

但是，在圣日耳曼，他们见到的人少多了。有必要去结识新朋友，去为他们自己在陌生人中创造一个新的世界，创造一个缺少了事业的的新生活。一成不变的孤单使他们感到有点乏味。他们期望和等待的那种富裕之后平静的幸福没有出现。

One June morning, just as they were sitting down to breakfast, Bondel asked:

六月的一个早上，他们正要坐下吃早餐，邦代尔先生问道：

"Do you know the people who live in the little red cottage at the end of the Rue du Berceau?"

“你认识住在贝尔索街尾那栋小红房子里的人吗？”

Madame Bondel was out of sorts. She answered:

邦代尔太太心情不佳。她回答说：

"Yes and no; I am acquainted with them, but I do not care to know them."

“认识，也不认识。我认识他们，但我不在乎认识他们。”

"Why not? They seem to be very nice."

“为什么不呢？他们看上去很好。”

"Because—"

“因为——”

"This morning I met the husband on the terrace and we took a little walk together."

“今天早上，我在台地上遇到了那位丈夫，我们一起散了会儿步。”

Seeing that there was danger in the air, Bendel added: "It was he who spoke to me first."

看见气氛有点紧张，邦代尔先生补充了一句：“是他先跟我说的话。”

His wife looked at him in a displeased manner. She continued: "You would have done just as well to avoid him."

他的妻子很不高兴地看着他。她继续说：“你本来只需要避开他的。”

"Why?"

“为什么要避开？”

"Because there are rumors about them."

“因为有一些关于他们的传言。”

"What kind?"

“什么样的传言？”

"Oh! Rumors such as one often hears!"

“噢！就是人们经常听到的那种！”

M. Bondel was, unfortunately, a little hasty. He exclaimed:

很不幸的是，邦代尔先生有点急躁。他喊道：

"My dear, you know that I abhor gossip. As for those people, I find them very pleasant."

“亲爱的，你知道我憎恨流言蜚语。至于那些人，我觉得他们非常好。”

She asked testily: "The wife also?"

她怒气冲冲地问：“那位妻子也很好吗？”

"Why, yes; although I have barely seen her."

“哎呀，是啊，虽然我还没怎么见过她。”

The discussion gradually grew more heated, always on the same subject for lack of others. Madame Bondel obstinately refused to say what she had heard about these neighbors, allowing things to be understood without saying exactly what they were. Bondel would shrug his shoulders, grin, and exasperate his wife. She finally cried out: "Well! that gentleman is deceived by his wife, there!"

争论逐渐变得更加激烈了，而且总是关于同一话题，因为没有其它的了。邦代尔太太固执地拒绝说出关于这些邻居的闲话是什么，让他大概明白，又不具体说出是什么。邦代尔先生会耸耸肩，冷笑着，以此激怒他的妻子。她终于叫了出来：“好吧！那位先生被他妻子戴绿帽子了，就是这样！”

The husband answered quietly: "I can't see how that affects the honor of a man.”

丈夫平静地回答：“我看不出这对一个男人的声誉有多大影响。”

She seemed dumfounded: "What! You don't see?—you don't see?—well, that's too much! You don't see!—why, it's a public scandal! He is disgraced!”

她似乎目瞪口呆：“什么！你看不出？你看不出？啊，这太过分了！你看不出！哎呀，这可是一个公开的丑闻！他名誉扫地了！”

He answered: "Ah! By no means! Should a man be considered disgraced because he is deceived, because he is betrayed, robbed? No, indeed! I'll grant you that that may be the case for the wife, but as for him—”

他答道：“哈！绝对不会！一个男人就因为他被戴了绿帽子，因为他遭到背叛或抢劫而被认为名誉扫地了么？不会，当然不会！对他妻子来说，我会同意你的看法，但对于他……”

She became furious, exclaiming: "For him as well as for her. They are both in disgrace; it's a public shame.”

她变得非常气愤，大叫道：“对他来说跟她是一样的。他们两人都很丢脸，这是一个公开的耻辱。”

Bondel, very calm, asked: "First of all, is it true? Who can assert such a thing as long as no one has been caught in the act?"

邦代尔先生非常平静地问道：“首先，这是真的吗？只要没有人被当场抓住，谁能断言有这样的事？”

Madame Bondel was growing uneasy; she snapped: "What? Who can assert it? Why, everybody! Everybody！ It's as clear as the nose on your face. Everybody knows it and is talking about it. There is not the slightest doubt.”

邦代尔太太坐不住了，她厉声说：“什么？谁能断言？啊，每一个人！每一个人！这就像你脸上的鼻子那么清楚。每个人都知道这件事，都在谈论这件事。没有任何疑问。”

He was grinning: "For a long time people thought that the sun revolved around the earth. This man loves his wife and speaks of her tenderly and reverently. This whole business is nothing but lies!"

他冷笑道：“有很长一段时间，人们也认为太阳围绕着地球转。这个男人爱他的妻子，谈到她的时候既温柔又恭敬。整件事就是在扯谎！”

Stamping her foot, she stammered: "Do you think that that fool, that idiot, knows anything about it?"

她跺了一下脚，结结巴巴地说：“你认为那个傻子、那个白痴知道这

件事么？”

Bondel did not grow angry; he was reasoning clearly: "Excuse me. This gentleman is no fool. He seemed to me, on the contrary, to be very intelligent and shrewd; and you can't make me believe that a man with brains doesn't notice such a thing in his own house, when the neighbors, who are not there, are ignorant of no detail of this liaison—for I'll warrant that they know everything.”

邦代尔先生没有生气，他还在清楚地评理：“不好意思。那位先生不是傻子。相反，在我看来，他非常聪明和机灵。你无法让我相信一个有头脑的男人没觉察到自己家里发生这样的事，而不在那里的邻居们却知道这段奸情的任何细节——我可以保证他们知道所有细节。”

Madame Bondel had a fit of angry mirth, which irritated her husband's nerves. She laughed: "Ha! Ha! Ha! They're all the same! There's not a man alive who could discover a thing like that unless his nose was stuck into it!”

邦代尔太太生气地笑了起来，这激怒了他丈夫的神经。她笑道：“哈！哈！哈！他们都是一样的！世上没有一个男人可以发现那样的事情，除非有人把它摆在他面前！”

The discussion was wandering to other topics now. She was exclaiming over the blindness of deceived husbands, a thing which he doubted and which she affirmed with such airs of personal contempt that he finally grew angry. Then the discussion became an angry quarrel, where she took the side of the women and he defended the men. He had the conceit to declare: "Well, I swear that if I had ever been deceived, I should have noticed it, and immediately, too. And I should have taken away your desire for such things in such a manner that it would have taken more than one doctor to set you on foot again!"

现在，争论扯到别的话题上了。她叫嚣的是被欺骗的丈夫们的盲目，而这正是他所怀疑的，但是她的断言带有如此个人的蔑视，这终于让他生气了。于是，这次争论变成了一次激烈的争吵：她维护女人，而他捍卫男人。他自负地宣称：“好吧，我发誓，如果我被欺骗，我一定会察觉，而且是立即察觉。另外，我会使你失去对这种事的爱好，如果你要重新开始，你会需要不止一个医生。”

Boiling with anger, she cried out to him: "You! You! Why, you're as big a fool as the others, do you hear!”

她怒火中烧，对他喊道：“你！你！哎，你给我听着，你跟他们一样是个大傻瓜！”

He still maintained: "I can swear to you that I am not!"

他依然坚持：“我可以向你发誓，我不是！”

She laughed so impertinently that he felt his heart beat and a chill run down his back. For the third time he said:

她笑了，笑得如此肆无忌惮，让他感觉到了自己的心跳，感到一阵寒气贯穿整个后背。他第三次说：

"I should have seen it!"

“我会发现的！”

She rose, still laughing in the same manner. She slammed the door and left the room, saying: "Well! If that isn't too much!”

她站起来，依然那样笑着。她砰的一声关上门，离开了房间，说：“哎呀！得了吧！”

Bondel remained alone, ill at ease. That insolent, provoking laugh had touched him to the quick. He went outside, walked, dreamed. The realization of the loneliness of his new life made him sad and morbid. The neighbor, whom he had met that morning, came to him with outstretched hands. They continued their walk together. After touching on various subjects they came to talk of their wives. Both seemed to have something to confide, something inexpressible, vague, about these beings associated with their lives: their wives. The neighbor was saying:

邦代尔先生一个人留在那里，感到很不安。那种傲慢、挑衅的笑声触到了他的痛处。他走了出去，边走边思考着。对新生活的孤独的认识让他感到悲伤、感到消极。早上碰到的那个邻居向他走来，伸出双手。他们继续一起走着。他们东拉西扯地谈了一会儿之后，谈到了他们的妻子。两个人似乎都有什么想要吐露，那是某种不能用言语来表达、模模糊糊的东西，它们是关于这些跟他们的生活相联系的人：他们的妻子。这位邻居说：

"Really, at times, one might think that they bear some particular ill-will toward their husband, just because he is a husband. I love my wife—I love her very much; I appreciate and respect her; well! There are times when she seems to have more confidence and faith in our friends than in me.”

“真的，有时候，人们可能会觉得她们对她们的丈夫有些特别的敌意，只是因为他是丈夫。我爱我的妻子——我非常爱她；我欣赏她、尊重她；哎！有时候，她似乎对我们的朋友比对我更有信心、更信任。”

Bondel immediately thought: "There is no doubt; my wife was right!"

邦代尔先生马上想到：“毫无疑问，我妻子是对的！”

When he left this man he began to think things over again. He felt in his soul a strange confusion of contradictory ideas, a sort of interior

burning; that mocking, impertinent laugh kept ringing in his ears and seemed to say: "Why; you are just the same as the others, you fool!" That was indeed bravado, one of those pieces of impudence of which a woman makes use when she dares everything, risks everything, to wound and humiliate the man who has aroused her ire. This poor man must also be one of those deceived husbands, like so many others. He had said sadly: "There are times when she seems to have more confidence and faith in our friends than in me." That is how a husband formulated his observations on the particular attentions of his wife for another man. That was all. He had seen nothing more. He was like the rest—all the rest!

和这个男人分开之后，他又把事情想了一遍。他觉得他的灵魂里有很多矛盾的想法奇怪地混杂在一起，在他体内燃烧着。那嘲讽的、肆无忌惮的笑声一直在他耳边回荡，似乎在说："哎，你就跟其他人一样，你这个傻瓜！"那其实是虚张声势，是女人敢做任何事、敢冒任何险去伤害和羞辱那个激起了她的愤怒的男人时所用的一种厚颜无耻的办法。这个可怜的男人一定也是被欺骗的丈夫之一，就像其他许多丈夫那样。他曾悲伤地说："有时候，她似乎对我们的朋友比对我更有信心、更信任。"那就是一个丈夫在看到他妻子对另外一个男人有特殊关注后的陈述。就这些。他再没看到别的什么。他就像其他丈夫——所有的其他丈夫一样。

And how strangely Bondel's own wife had laughed as she said: "You, too —you, too." How wild and imprudent these creatures are who can arouse such suspicions in the heart for the sole purpose of revenge!

邦代尔先生的妻子在说那句话时，笑得真是奇怪："你也是——你也是。"这些人是多么狂热而轻率啊，纯粹为了报复而在心里激起这样的猜疑！

He ran over their whole life since their marriage, reviewed his mental list of their acquaintances, to see whether she had ever appeared to show more confidence in any one else than in himself. He never had suspected any one, he was so calm, so sure of her, so confident.

他回顾了他们结婚以来的整个人生，在心里回想了他们熟人的名单，想看看她是否曾经对某个人比对他还要信任。他从没有怀疑过任何人，他是那么平静、那么相信她、那么自信。

But, now he thought of it, she had had a friend, an intimate friend, who for almost a year had dined with them three times a week. Tancret, good old Tancret, whom he, Bondel, loved as a brother and whom he continued to see on the sly, since his wife, he did not know why, had grown angry at the charming fellow.

但是，现在他想起来了。她曾经有一个朋友，一个亲密的朋友，在将近一年的时间里，每周和他们一起吃三次饭。唐克雷，好心的老唐克雷。他，邦代尔，像亲兄弟那样爱他，甚至在他的妻子因他不知道的原因而对这个可爱的伙伴生气之后，还偷偷地继续去看他。

He stopped to think, looking over the past with anxious eyes. Then he grew angry at himself for harboring this shameful insinuation of the defiant, jealous, bad ego which lives in all of us. He blamed and accused himself when he remembered the visits and the demeanor of this friend whom his wife had dismissed for no apparent reason. But, suddenly, other memories returned to him, similar ruptures due to the vindictive character of Madame Bondel, who never pardoned a slight. Then he laughed frankly at himself for the doubts which he had nursed; and he remembered the angry looks of his wife as he would tell her, when he returned at night: "I saw good old Tancret, and he wished to be remembered to you," and he reassured himself.

他停下来思考，用焦急的目光回顾着过去。接着，从他心里升起一股对自己的愤怒，愤怒我们每个人身上都有的那个挑衅的、嫉妒的、邪恶的自我的可耻的猜疑。当他想起那一次次拜访，想起被她妻子无端拒绝的这位朋友的举止风度时，他责备自己、非难自己。但是，突然间，另一些回忆映入他的脑海，那些由于邦代尔太太报复性的、毫不宽恕的个性造成的同样的关系破裂。于是，他毫不犹豫地讥笑自己，讥笑刚开始想到的那些怀疑。他想起了他晚上回家时，对他妻子说“我看到了好心的唐克雷，他希望我代他向你问好”的时候，她妻子愤怒的面孔。于是他放心了。

She would invariably answer: "When you see that gentleman you can tell him that I can very well dispense with his remembrances." With what an irritated, angry look she would say these words! How well one could feel that she did not and would not forgive—and he had suspected her even for a second? Such foolishness!

她会始终如一地回答：“你看到那位先生可以告诉他，请他完全不必关心我。”她说这些时，脸上是一副多么恼怒、多么生气的神情啊！人们可以多么清楚地感觉到，她不会也不想原谅——而他还去怀疑，即使是一刹那的怀疑？真是愚蠢！

But why did she grow so angry? She never had given the exact reason for this quarrel. She still bore him that grudge! Was it?—But no—no—and Bondel declared that he was lowering himself by even thinking of such things.

可是，她为什么那么生气呢？她从没说出那次争吵的真正原因。她对他仍然带着怨恨！是不是？不——不。邦代尔先生宣称，自己去想这样的事就是在贬低自己。

Yes, he was undoubtedly lowering himself, but he could not help thinking of it, and he asked himself with terror if this thought which had entered into his mind had not come to stop, if he did not carry in his heart the seed of fearful torment. He knew himself; he was a man to think over his doubts, as formerly he would ruminate over his commercial operations, for days and nights, endlessly weighing the pros and the cons.

是的，毫无疑问他是在贬低自己。但他没办法不去想这件事。他带着恐惧问自己，是否进入他脑子里的这个想法永远不会停止，是否他心里永远扫不去这颗可怕的痛苦的种子。他了解自己，他会不停地思考他的猜疑，就像以前他会不停地思考他的商业运作一样，日夜不停、不断地衡量利弊。

He was already becoming excited; he was walking fast and losing his calmness. A thought cannot be downed. It is intangible, cannot be caught, cannot be killed.

他已经变得激动不安了。他飞快地走着，失去了冷静。一个念头赶也赶不走。它是无形的，抓不住、杀不死。

Suddenly a plan occurred to him; it was bold, so bold that at first he doubted whether he would carry it out.

突然，一个计划跳入他的脑海。这个计划如此大胆，他起初怀疑是否会去实行。

Each time that he met Tancret, his friend would ask for news of Madame Bondel, and Bondel would answer: "She is still a little angry." Nothing more. Good Lord! What a fool he had been! Perhaps!

每次他遇到唐克雷，这位朋友总是要打听邦代尔太太的消息，然后邦代尔先生会回答：“她仍然有点生气。”然后就再没有别的话了。天呀！他是一个多么愚蠢的人！也许……

Well, he would take the train to Paris, go to Tancret, and bring him back with him that very evening, assuring him that his wife's mysterious anger had disappeared. But how would Madame Bondel act? What a scene there would be! What anger! what scandal! What of it?—that would be revenge! When she should come face to face with him, unexpectedly, he certainly ought to be able to read the truth in their expressions.

那么，他要乘火车去巴黎，去见唐克雷，当天晚上就把他带回来，并向他保证，他妻子那神秘的愤怒已经消失了。但邦代尔太太会怎么做呢？那将是一幅怎样的场景啊！多么愤怒！多大的丑闻！会是什么呢？会是报复！当她不得不毫无准备地面对他时，他肯定应该可以从他们的表情中看出真相。

He immediately went to the station, bought his ticket, got into the

car, and as soon as he felt himself being carried away by the train, he felt a fear, a kind of dizziness, at what he was going to do. In order not to weaken, back down, and return alone, he tried not to think of the matter any longer, to bring his mind to bear on other affairs, to do what he had decided to do with a blind resolution; and he began to hum tunes from operettas and music halls until he reached Paris.

他立即前往火车站，买了票，上了车。一感到自己正被火车带走，他对自己将要做的事感到一阵害怕、一种眩晕。为了不怯弱、不后退、不一个人回来，他试着不再去想这件事，试着把心思放在其他事情上面，带着不顾一切的决心去做他已经决定的事。他开始哼歌剧院和音乐厅的曲子，直到他抵达巴黎。

As soon as he found himself walking along the streets that led to Tancret's, he felt like stopping. He paused in front of several shops, noticed the prices of certain objects, was interested in new things, felt like taking a glass of beer, which was not his usual custom; and as he approached his friend's dwelling he ardently hoped not meet him. But Tancret was at home, alone, reading. He jumped up in surprise, crying: "Ah! Bondel! What luck!"

一发觉自己正走在通往唐克雷家的街道上，他就很想停下来。他在好几家店铺前停住，注意到某些商品的价格，对一些新东西很感兴趣。他还想要去喝一杯啤酒，这并不是他平常的习惯。在他接近朋友的住所时，他殷切地希望不见到他。但是，唐克雷在家，一个人在看书。他吃惊地跳起来，叫道：“啊！邦代尔！真想不到！”

Bondel, embarrassed, answered: "Yes, my dear fellow, I happened to be in Paris, and I thought I'd drop in and shake hands with you.”

邦代尔有点尴尬，答道：“是的，亲爱的朋友，我碰巧来巴黎，就想着要来拜访您一下，跟您问个好。”

"That's very nice, very nice! The more so that for some time you have not favored me with your presence very often.”

“这真是太好了，太好了！特别是，因为您有一段时间没有经常来我家了。”

"Well, you see—even against one's will, one is often influenced by surrounding conditions, and as my wife seemed to bear you some ill-will.”

“啊，您知道——即使违背自己的意愿，一个人也经常受到周围环境的影响，因为我妻子似乎对您有一些敌意。”

"Jove! 'Seemed'—she did better than that, since she showed me the door.”

“啊！‘似乎’——不止是似乎了，因为她已经把我赶出门了。”

"What was the reason? I never heard it."

“是什么原因呢？我从没听说过。”

"Oh! Nothing at all—a bit of foolishness—a discussion in which we did not both agree.”

“噢！不为什么——一点可笑的事——一次争论中，我们都不同意彼此的意见。”

"But what was the subject of this discussion?"

“但是，这次争论的主题是什么呢？”

"A lady of my acquaintance, whom you may perhaps know by name, Madame Boutin."

“我认识的一位太太，您也许知道她的名字，布坦太太。”

"Ah! Really. Well, I think that my wife has forgotten her grudge, for this very morning she spoke to me of you in very pleasant terms."

“啊！是的。好啦，我认为我妻子已经忘记她的怨恨了，因为今天早上她跟我谈起了您，用词非常友好。”

Tancret started and seemed so dumfounded that for a few minutes he could find nothing to say. Then he asked: "She spoke of me—in pleasant terms?”

唐克雷惊了一下，看起来目瞪口呆，好几分钟都说不出话来。接着，他问：“她说起了我？还非常友好？”

"Yes."

“是的。”

"You are sure?"

“您确定？”

"Of course I am. I am not dreaming."

“我当然确定。我不是在做梦。”

"And then?"

“后来呢？”

"And then—as I was coming to Paris I thought that I would please you by coming to tell you the good news.”

“后来——因为我要来巴黎，所以我想着要来告诉您这个好消息，让您高兴高兴。”

"Why, yes—why, yes—”

“哦，是的……哦，是的……”

Bondel appeared to hesitate; then, after a short pause, he added: "I even had an idea."

邦代尔看起来有点犹豫。停了一会儿之后，他继续说：“我甚至有一个主意。”

"What is it?"

“什么主意？”

"To take you back home with me to dinner."

“带您和我一起回去吃晚餐。”

Tancret, who was naturally prudent, seemed a little worried by this proposition, and he asked: "Oh! Really—is it possible? Are we not exposing ourselves to—to—a scene?”

唐克雷天生很小心，似乎对这个提议有点担心，他问：“噢！说真的——这可能么？我们会不会……惹出什么……什么麻烦来？”

"No, no, indeed!"

“不会，不会，真的！”

"Because, you know, Madame Bondel bears malice for a long time."

“因为，您知道，邦代尔太太对我怀恨太久了。”

"Yes, but I can assure you that she no longer bears you any il-will. I am even convinced that it will be a great pleasure for her to see you thus, unexpectedly.”

“是的，但我可以向您保证，她不再对您怀有任何怨恨了。我甚至可以确信，当她毫无预料地看见您时，会十分高兴的。”

"Really?"

“真的吗？”

"Yes, really!"

“是的，真的！”

"Well, then! let us go along. I am delighted. You see, this misunderstanding was very unpleasant for me."

“哦，那好！我们去吧。我太高兴了。您知道的，这个误会让我非常难过。”

They set out together toward the Saint-Lazare station, arm in arm. They made the trip in silence. Both seemed absorbed in deep meditation. Seated in the car, one opposite the other, they looked at each other without speaking, each observing that the other was pale.

他们手挽手向圣拉扎尔车站出发了。整个旅程中，两个人都很沉默。两个人似乎都陷入了沉思。他们面对面坐在车厢里，看着对方，但不说话，彼此都注意到对方脸色苍白。

Then they left the train and once more linked arms as if to unite against some common danger. After a walk of a few minutes they stopped, a little out of breath, before Bondel's house. Bondel ushered his friend into the parlor, called the servant, and asked: "Is madame at home?"

之后，他们下了火车，又一次挽起了胳膊，像是要联合起来对付共同的危险似的。走了几分钟之后，他们在邦代尔家的房子前停了下来，两个人都有点上气不接下气。邦代尔先生领着他的朋友进了客厅，叫来女仆，问道：“太太在家吗？”

"Yes, monsieur."

“在家，先生。”

"Please ask her to come down at once."

“请让她马上下来。”

They dropped into two armchairs and waited. Both were filled with the same longing to escape before the appearance of the much-feared person.

他们分别坐进两把扶手椅里等着。两个人都有一种在这个可怕的人出现之前逃走的冲动。

A well-known, heavy tread could be heard descending the stairs. A hand moved the knob, and both men watched the brass handle turn. Then the door opened wide, and Madame Bondel stopped and looked to see who was there before she entered. She looked, blushed, trembled, retreated a step, then stood motionless, her cheeks aflame and her hands resting against the sides of the door frame.

可以听到一个熟悉的、有力的脚步声正在下楼。一只手转动了门柄，两个人都看着黄铜把手在转动。接着，门大开，邦代尔太太停了下来，在进来之前先看看是谁在那里。她看见了，脸刷的一下子红了，身体颤抖着，向后退了一步，然后一动不动地站在那里。她脸颊通红，双手按在门框边上。

Tancret, as pale as if about to faint, had arisen, letting fall his hat, which rolled along the floor. He stammered out: "Mon Dieu—madame—it is I—I thought—I ventured—I was so sorry—”

唐克雷脸色苍白得像要晕倒一样。他站起来，任凭自己的帽子掉下去，在地上滚动。他结结巴巴地说：“天啊……太太……是我……我以为……我冒昧……我真是太难过了……”

As she did not answer, he continued: "Will you forgive me?"

她没有回答，因此，他继续说道：“您会原谅我吗？”

Then, quickly, carried away by some impulse, she walked toward him with her hands outstretched; and when he had taken, pressed, and held these two hands, she said, in a trembling, weak little voice, which was new to her husband:

接着，被一阵冲动驱使着，她快速走向他，伸出双手。他抓住她的手，握紧了，并留在自己手里。之后，她用颤抖的、微弱的、她丈夫从没有听过的声音说道：

"Ah! My dear friend—how happy I am!”

“啊！我亲爱的朋友——我真是太高兴了！”

And Bondel, who was watching them, felt an icy chill run over him, as if he had been dipped in a cold bath.

邦代尔先生看着他们，感到一阵冰冷的凉意袭遍全身，就像被人浸到了一个冷水浴盆里似的。

（英）沃尔特·佩特/著

THE RENAISSANCE

WALTER PATER

文艺复兴

外语教学与研究出版社

Walter Pater

The Renaissance

文艺复兴

沃特·佩特（英） 著
外研社编译组 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

Chinese translation copyright © Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press 2010

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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Two Early French Stories

两则早期法国故事

The history of the Renaissance ends in France, and carries us away from Italy to the beautiful cities of the country of the Loire. But it was in France also, in a very important sense, that the Renaissance had begun. French writers, who are fond of connecting the creations of Italian genius with a French origin, who tell us how Saint Francis of Assisi took not his name only, but all those notions of chivalry and romantic love which so deeply penetrated his thoughts, from a French source, how Boccaccio borrowed the outlines of his stories from the old French fabliaux, and how Dante himself expressly connects the origin of the art of miniature-painting with the city of Paris, have often dwelt on this notion of a Renaissance in the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth century, a Renaissance within the limits of the middle age itself—a brilliant, but in part abortive effort to do for human life and the human mind what was afterwards done in the fifteenth. The word Renaissance, indeed, is now generally used to denote not merely the revival of classical antiquity which took place in the fifteenth century, and to which the word was first applied, but a whole complex movement, of which that revival of classical antiquity was but one element or symptom. For us the Renaissance is the name of a many-sided but yet united movement, in which the love of the things of the intellect and the imagination for their own sake, the desire for a more liberal and comely way of conceiving life, make themselves felt, urging those who experience this desire to search out first one and then another means of intellectual or imaginative enjoyment, and directing them not only to the discovery of old and forgotten sources of this enjoyment, but to the divination of fresh sources thereof—new experiences, new subjects of poetry, new forms of art. Of such feeling there was a great out break in the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the following century. Here and there, under rare and happy conditions, in pointed architecture, in the doc trines of romantic love, in the poetry of Provence, the rude strength of the middle age turns to sweetness; and the taste for sweetness generated there becomes the seed of the classical revival in it, prompting it constantly to seek after the springs of perfect sweetness in the Hellenic world. And coming after a long period in which this instinct had been crushed, that true "dark age", in which so many sources of intellectual and imaginative enjoyment had actually disappeared, this outbreak is rightly called a Renaissance, a revival.

文艺复兴的历史结束于法国，我们随它从意大利来到卢瓦尔河畔之国的那些美丽城市。但从某种很重要的意义来说，文艺复兴也开始于法国。法国作家喜欢将意大利天才人物的作品与法国血统联系起来。他们告诉我们阿西西的圣·弗朗西斯不仅取了个法国式的名字，而且那些深刻影响他思想的骑士精神和罗曼蒂克爱情的全部概念也是来源于法国；还告诉我们薄伽丘是怎样借用法国古代讽刺性寓言诗，构想了他故事的框架；但丁如何明确地把巴黎归为微型画的发源地。法国作家总认为文艺复兴的概念开始于12世纪末13世纪初，存在于中世纪自身的局限之中——虽然伟大，其中为追求人类生活和人类心灵的一些努力却是落空了，之后在15世纪方才取得了成就。的确，现在，文艺复兴这个词不仅泛指15世纪出现的古典文化复兴（这也是这个词最初使用时的含义所指），而且是指整个错综复杂的运动，这时古典文化复兴只是其中的一个元素或表现。对我们来说，文艺复兴是一场包含多个方面但却各方面统一的运动的代名词。在这场运动中，他们感知到了对充满智慧的事物和丰富想象力本身的热爱，对用更自由、更美好的方式构想生活的渴望，文艺复兴促使那些感受到这种渴望的人去寻找一个又一个能带来这种智慧和想象之愉悦的方法，并指引他们不仅去发掘这种愉悦感受的古老且被遗忘的源泉，而且去预言其新来源——新的生活体验、新的诗歌主题和艺术形式。这种感觉在12世纪末13世纪初有一个巨大的迸发。在极少但令人欣喜的情况下，在尖顶的建筑上、在罗曼蒂克爱情的教义中，在普罗旺斯的诗歌里，到处可见的是中世纪的粗蛮之力变成了美妙芳醇。由此产生的对美妙芳醇的追求变成了文艺复兴中古典复苏的种子，推动着它不停地在古希腊世界里寻觅带来极致芳醇的源泉。在之后的漫长的真正黑暗时代，这种本能被碾得粉碎，无数智慧和想象之愉悦的源泉消失无踪。因此，这次迸发名副其实地被称为文艺复兴，也就是复活。

Theories which bring into connection with each other modes of thought and feeling, periods of taste, forms of art and poetry, which the narrowness of men's minds constantly tends to oppose to each other, have a great stimulus for the intellect, and are almost always worth understanding. It is so with this theory of a Renaissance within the middle age, which seeks to establish a continuity between the most characteristic work of that period, the sculpture of Chartres, the windows of Le Mans, and the work of the later Renaissance, the work of Jean Cousin and Germain Pilon, thus healing that rupture between the middle age and the Renaissance which has so often been exaggerated. But it is not so much the ecclesiastical art of the middle age, its sculpture and painting—work certainly done in a great measure for pleasure's sake, in which even a secular, a rebellious spirit often betrays itself—but rather its profane poetry, the poetry of Provence, and the magnificent after-growth of that poetry in Italy and France, which those French writers have in view when they speak of this medieval Renaissance. In that poetry, earthly passion, with its intimacy, its freedom, its variety—the liberty of the heart—makes

itself felt; and the name of Abelard[1], the great scholar and the great lover, connects the expression of this liberty of heart with the free play of human intelligence around all subjects presented to it, with the liberty of the intellect, as that age under stood it.

因人类思维狭隘性而总是对立的不同思维模式、情感模式、不同时期的风格、不同艺术和诗歌形式由理论联系在一起，这些理论对当时的知识界有着极大的刺激，并几乎总是值得人们去理解。中世纪文艺复兴的理论正是如此：寻求在夏尔特尔的雕塑和勒芒的窗等那个时期最具代表性的作品，和后期文艺复兴中让·古尚、热尔曼·皮隆的作品之间建立一种连续性，以此来弥合通常被人们过分夸大的中世纪和文艺复兴间的裂痕。但法国作家们谈及中世纪文艺复兴时所指的，很大程度上不是中世纪的宗教艺术，如雕塑和绘画——这些作品本身尽管在很大程度上是为愉悦而创作，却经常会反映出世俗和叛逆的精神——而是那些世俗的普罗旺斯诗歌以及随后其在意大利和法国的繁荣兴起。在那些诗歌中，世俗的激情带着亲密、自由和它的变体——心灵的自由——使诗歌本身被感知。阿伯拉尔这位伟大的学者和伟大的情人的名字，把这种心灵自由的表达和所有可以体现人类智慧的主题的表达，与那个时代所理解的理性的自由结合在一起。

Everyone knows the legend of Abelard, a legend hardly less passionate, certainly not less characteristic of the middle age, than the legend of Tannhäuser[2]; how the famous and comely clerk, in whom Wisdom herself, self-possessed, pleasant, and discreet, seemed to sit enthroned, came to live in the house of a canon of the church of Notre-Dame, where dwelt a girl, Heloïse, believed to be the old priest's orphan niece; how the old priest had testified his love for her by giving her an education then unrivalled, so that rumor asserted that, through the knowledge of languages, enabling her to penetrate into the mysteries of the older world, she had become a sorceress, like the Celtic druidesses; and how as Abelard and Heloïse sat together at home there, to refine a little further on the nature of abstract ideas, "Love made himself of the party with them." You conceive the temptations of the scholar, who, in such dreamy tranquility, amid the bright and busy spectacle of the "Island," lived in a world of something like shadows; and that for one who knew so well how to assign its exact value to every abstract thought, those restraints which lie on the consciences of other men had been relaxed. It appears that he composed many verses in the vulgar tongue: already the young men sang them on the quay below the house. Those songs, says M. de Rémusat, were probably in the taste of the Trouvères, "of whom he was one of the first in date, or, so to speak, the predecessor." It is the same spirit which has molded the famous a "letters", written in the quaint Latin of the middle age.

大家都知道阿伯拉尔的传奇，他的传奇有着强烈的感情和典型的中

世纪特色，毫不逊色于汤豪泽的传奇。这位著名牧师面目俊秀、沉着、亲切、谨慎，仿佛智慧本身即是其主宰。他来到巴黎圣母院，在大教士的房中住下。埃洛伊兹住在那里，据说她是老牧师的侄女，父母双亡。老牧师非常疼爱埃洛伊兹，让她接受最好的教育。有传言说，通过对多种语言的掌握，埃洛伊兹能够解读古老世界的神秘事物，成为凯尔特女巫师那样的魔法师。阿伯拉尔和埃洛伊兹在家里坐在一起，进一步研究某些抽象概念的本质，“爱与他们相伴”。想象一下这位学者当时身处的诱惑吧：沉浸于如梦如幻的宁静中，感受着明丽熙攘的西岱岛的美丽景致，置身于一个幻影般的世界里，对这个深知如何给每个抽象思想以确切价值的学者来说，对别人良心的束缚在他这里却是松懈的。似乎阿伯拉尔用白话文创作了很多诗歌：修道院外码头上那些年轻人都开始把它们唱出来了。M. 德·雷米萨说，那些诗歌可能代表行吟诗人的风格取向，“他是有记载的最早的一位，可以说是先驱”。同样的精神造就了以高雅的中世纪拉丁文创作的著名书信体诗歌。

At the foot of that early Gothic tower, which the next generation raised to grace the precincts of Abe lard's school, on the "Mountain of Saint Geneviève," the historian Michelet sees in thought "a terrible assembly; not the hearers of Abelard alone, fifty bishops, twenty cardinals, two popes, the whole body of scholastic philosophy; not only the learned Heloïse, the teaching of languages, and the Renaissance; but Arnold[3] of Brescia—that is to say, the revolution." And so from the rooms of this shadowy house by the Seine side we see that spirit going abroad, with its qualities already well defined, its intimacy, its languid sweetness, its rebellion, its subtle skill in dividing the elements of human passion, its care for physical beauty, its worship of the body, which penetrated the early literature of Italy, and finds an echo even in Dante.

后人为了使阿伯拉尔学派辖区优雅化，在“圣热讷维耶沃山”上建了哥特式尖塔。在这个早期的尖塔下面，历史学家米歇尔认为这是“一个可怕的集会——因为它不单单包含了阿伯拉尔的追随者，50位主教、20位红衣主教、两位教皇和整个经院哲学的所有成员；不仅仅囊括学识广博的埃洛伊兹、各种语言的教授和文艺复兴，而且还有布雷西亚的阿诺德——也就是说，还有革命。”从塞纳河边幽暗修道院的房间开始，我们看到这种精神向外传播。这种精神的品质已经得到严密定义，它的亲密、它倦怠的芳醇、它的离经叛道、它对人类情感的巧妙划分、它对躯体美的关注以及它对身体的崇拜贯穿了意大利的早期文学，甚至在但丁的诗歌中也能寻到影子。

That Abelard is not mentioned in the Divine Comedy may appear a singular omission to the reader of Dante, who seems to have inwoven into the texture of his work whatever had impressed him as either effective in color or spiritually significant among the recorded incidents of actual life. Nowhere in his great poem do we find the name, nor so much as an allusion to the story of one who had left so

deep a mark on the philosophy of which Dante was an eager student, of whom in the Latin Quarter, and from the lips of scholar or teacher in the University of Paris, during his sojourn among them, he can hardly have failed to hear. We can only suppose that he had indeed considered the story and the man, and abstained from passing judgment as to his place in the scheme of "eternal justice."

对但丁的读者来说，《神曲》中未提及阿伯拉尔似乎仅仅是个疏忽，因为但丁似乎会把所有对他来说印象深刻的、色彩鲜明的或是具有重要精神意义的事情组织到自己的作品中，这些事情都是有史料记载的真实生活。在但丁所有伟大的诗篇中都见不到阿伯拉尔的名字，也很难找到有关在哲学史上留下浓重一笔的阿伯拉尔的暗示。而但丁本人曾热衷学习哲学。在巴黎拉丁区逗留时，他从巴黎大学讲学的学者和老师那里，几乎不可能没听到过阿伯拉尔。我们只能认为但丁确实考虑过阿伯拉尔和关于他的故事，但最终避免在“最终审判”框架中对他的评判“永恒正义”框架下对阿伯拉尔地位的批判。

In the famous legend of Tannhäuser, the erring knight makes his way to Rome, to seek absolution at the centre of Christian religion. "So soon," thought and said the Pope, "as the staff in his hand should bud and blossom, so soon might the soul of Tannhäuser be saved, and no sooner"; and it came to pass not long after that the dry wood of a staff which the Pope had carried in his hand was covered with leaves and flowers. So, in the cloister of Godstow, a petrified tree was shown of which the nuns told that the fair Rosamond, who had died among them, had declared that, the tree being then alive and green, it would be changed into stone at the hour of her salvation. When Abelard died, like Tannhäuser, he was on his way to Rome. What might have happened had he reached his journey's end is uncertain; and it is in this uncertain twilight that his relation to the general beliefs of his age has always remained. In this, as in other things, he prefigures the character of the Renaissance, that movement in which, in various ways, the human mind wins for itself a new kingdom of feeling and sensation and thought, not opposed to but only beyond and independent of the spiritual sys tem then actually realised. The opposition into which Abelard is thrown, which gives its color to his career, which breaks his soul to pieces, is a no less subtle op position than that between the merely professional, official, hireling ministers of that system, with their ignorant worship of system for its own sake, and the true child of light, the humanist, with reason and heart and senses quick, while theirs were almost dead. He reaches out towards, he attains, modes of ideal living, beyond the prescribed limits of that system, though in essential germ, it may be, contained within it. As always hap pens, the adherents of the poorer and narrower culture had no sympathy with, because no understanding of, a culture richer

and more ample than their own. After the discovery of wheat they would still live upon acorns—après l'invention du blé voulaient encore vivre du gland; and would hear of no service to the higher needs of humanity with instruments not of their forging.

在著名的汤豪泽传奇中，这位犯下大错的骑士一路走向罗马这个基督教中心寻求赦免。“立刻，”教皇想道，“只要他的手杖发芽开花，汤豪泽的灵魂就会立刻得救，马上得救。”不久教皇手中的干木手杖便为绿叶鲜花所覆盖。同样，在哥斯托的修道院里有一棵石化的树，修女们说她们当中死去的美丽的罗莎蒙德曾说过，那棵生机勃勃的绿树在她得救的时候会变成石头。跟汤豪泽一样，阿伯拉尔在去罗马的旅途中死去。没人知道如果他活着到达这次旅行的终点会发生些什么，他和那个时代的普遍信仰之间的关系也永远地处于这种模糊之中。正如在其他事情中一样，他预示了文艺复兴的特点：在这场运动中，人类心灵以各种方式为自己赢得了知觉、情感和思想的新领地，不是与当时存在的精神体系相对立，而是超出和独立在这个范围之外。阿伯拉尔投身于对立面，这使他的事业平添了异样色彩，也撕裂了他的灵魂。这种对立，跟体系内单是专职的、正式的、被雇佣来、但对体系自身盲目崇拜的牧师们与真正具备理性、情感和迅速感知能力这些牧师们已经丧失了的能力的光明之子——人文主义者之间的对立如出一辙。阿伯拉尔向宗教体系之外探求，在体系规定的界限外获得了理想的生活模式，虽然这种生活模式最初的萌芽可能也蕴含在体系本身之中。事实往往是这样：贫瘠狭隘文化的拥护者，因为他不能了解比自己更富有、更丰富的文化，所以对这些文化也毫不同情。——就像发现小麦之后他们仍以橡果为生（法语），也乐意听说别人制造的工具对高层次的人类需求毫无用处。

But the human spirit, bold through those needs, was too strong for them. Abelard and Heloïse write their letters—letters with a wonderful outpouring of soul—in medieval Latin; and Abelard, though he composes songs in the vulgar tongue, writes also in Latin those treatises in which he tries to find a ground of reality below the abstractions of philosophy, as one bent on trying all things by their congruity with human experience, who had felt the hand of Heloïse, and looked into her eyes, and tested the resources of humanity in her great and energetic nature. Yet it is only a little later, early in the thirteenth century, that French prose romance begins; and in one of the pretty volumes of the Bibliothèque Elzevirienne some of the most striking fragments of it may be found, edited with much intelligence. In one of these thirteenth-century stories, Li Amitiez de Ami et Amile, that free play of human affection, of the claims of which Abelard's story is an assertion, makes itself felt in the incidents of a great friendship, a friendship pure and generous, pushed to a sort of passionate exaltation, and more than faithful unto death. Such comradeship, though instances of it are to be found everywhere, is still especially a classical motive; Chaucer expressing the sentiment of

it so strongly in an antique tale, that one knows not whether the love of both Palamon and Arcite for Emelya, or of those two for each other, is the chiefer subject of the Knight's Tale—

但是，由于这些需求而变得勇敢无畏的人类精神对他们来说过于强大了。阿伯拉尔和埃洛伊兹用中世纪的拉丁文写下他们的书信，这些书信中他们内心的激情奔涌而出；尽管阿伯拉尔用白话文创作诗歌，但他也用拉丁文撰写专著论文，努力在哲学的抽象之中找到现实的基础，就像一个专注于用人类经验来检验事物一致性的人那样，阿伯拉尔触摸埃洛伊兹的手，看着她的双眼，从她伟大且充满活力的本性中寻找人性的本源。然而只是稍晚一些，也就是13世纪早期，法国散文传奇开始流行。在埃尔塞维尔图书馆馆藏的装帧精美的一卷中可以找到一些最为耀眼的片段，这些片段均已用心编辑。《阿米和阿米莱之友谊》是这些13世纪故事中的一篇，它是对人类情感的自由表达，对宣称阿伯拉尔的故事是一种主张的自由表达。这种表达在那种伟大友谊，那种纯洁、高尚友谊的事件中体现出来。这种友谊被推向一种热情四射的狂喜，甚至胜于至死不渝。虽然这样互相支持的伟大友谊随处可见，但它仍然特别是一个古典的主题。乔叟在一个古老的传说里充分表达了这种情感，人们不知道帕拉蒙和阿赛特对埃米莉亚的爱，还有他们两人之间的友爱，哪个是《骑士传奇》的主题——

He cast his eyen upon Emelya,

他把目光投向埃米莉亚，

And therewithal he bleynte and cried, ah!

转身回来，面色苍白“啊”地痛哭出来，

As that he stongen were unto the herte.

好像已被刺到心脏。

What reader does not refer something of the bitterness of that cry to the spoiling, already foreseen, of the fair friendship, which had made the prison of the two lads sweet hitherto with its daily offices?

什么样的读者能不把这哭泣中的痛苦，看成是对他们纯真友谊已在预见之中的破坏呢？而这种友谊的日常滋润曾经使囚禁两个少年的监狱变得舒适温馨。

The friendship of Amis and Amile is deepened by the romantic circumstance of an entire personal resemblance between the two heroes, through which they pass for each other again and again, and thereby into many strange adventures; that curious interest of the Doppelgänger[4], which begins among the stars with the Dioscuri[5], being entwined in and out through all the incidents of the story, like an outward token of the inward similitude of their souls. With this, again, is connected, like a second reflection of that inward similitude, the conceit of two marvelously beautiful cups, also exactly like each

other—children's cups, of wood, but adorned with gold and precious stones. These two cups, which by their resemblance help to bring the friends together at critical moments, were given to them by the Pope, when he baptised them at Rome, whither the parents had taken them for that purpose, in gratitude for their birth. They cross and recross very strangely in the narrative, serving the two heroes almost like living things, and with that well-known effect of a beautiful object, kept constantly before the eye in a story or poem, of keeping sensation well awake, and giving a certain air of refinement to all the scenes into which it enters. That sense of fate, which hangs so much of the shaping of human life on trivial objects, like Othello's strawberry handkerchief, is thereby heightened, while witness is borne to the enjoyment of beautiful handiwork by primitive people, their simple wonder at it, so that they give it an oddly significant place among the factors of a human history.

阿米和阿米莱两位英雄面容相似的神奇状况使他们的友谊加深，他们常被错认成对方，因此也经历了许多奇异的冒险。对同面之人充满好奇的兴趣开始于迪奥斯库里兄弟的双子星，如同他们内在灵魂相似性的外在特征一样始终贯穿在故事的所有事件里。此外与之相联系的、像是第二个表现这种内在相似表象的是对两个出奇美丽、而且十分相似的酒杯的巧妙构思。这两个酒杯是那种孩子用的木杯，但镶着黄金和宝石，它们的相同曾在关键时刻帮助两位朋友相聚。杯子是阿米和阿米莱两位英雄的父母把他们带到教皇那里接受洗礼、感激他们的降生时教皇赐给两人的。在故事里，两个杯子一次又一次奇异地彼此交会，像有生命的生灵一样帮助两位英雄。因为有着美丽物品众所周知的作用，它们一直出现在小说或诗歌中，一直起到唤起感情、带给所有它出现的场景以某种高雅优美氛围的作用。那种非常依赖平凡事物，比如奥德赛的草莓手帕，来塑造人类生活的命运感因此得到了强化。而初民对精美手工艺品所感受的快乐，他们对它感到的纯粹的惊叹，就会在人类历史各种因素中给予它一个非同寻常的重要地位。

Amis and Amile, then, are true to their comradeship through all trials; and in the end it comes to pass that at a moment of great need Amis takes the place of Amile in a tournament for life or death. "After this it happened that a leprosy fell upon Amis, so that his wife would not approach him, and wrought to strangle him. He departed therefore from his home, and at last prayed his servants to carry him to the house of Amile"; and it is in what follows that the curious strength of the piece shows itself:—

阿米和阿米莱经受了所有考验，证明了对这份友谊的忠诚。最后在紧急时刻阿米替代阿米莱参加了生死决斗。“这之后阿米患上了麻风病，他的妻子都不愿意接近他，还想办法勒死他。阿米离开了自己的家，最终恳求他的仆人把他送到阿米莱家里”；这种神奇的力量在下面这段里不言而喻：

"His servants, willing to do as he commanded, carried him to the place where Amile was; and they began to sound their rattles before the court of Amile's house, as lepers are accustomed to do. And when Amile heard the noise he commanded one of his servants to carry meat and bread to the sick man, and the cup which was given to him at Rome filled with good wine. And when the servant had done as he was commanded, he returned and said, Sir, if I had not thy cup in my hand, I should believe that the cup which the sick man has was thine, for they are alike, the one to the other, in height and fashion. And Amile said, Go quickly and bring him to me. And when Amis stood before his comrade Amile demanded of him who he was, and how he had gotten that cup. I am of Briquain le Chastel, answered Amis, and the cup was given to me by the Bishop of Rome, who baptised me. And when Amile heard that, he knew that it was his comrade Amis, who had delivered him from death, and won for him the daughter of the King of France to be his wife. And straightway he fell upon him, and began weeping greatly, and kissed him. And when his wife heard that, she ran out with her hair in disarray, weeping and distressed exceedingly, for she remembered that it was he who had slain the false Ardres. And thereupon they placed him in a fair bed, and said to him, Abide with us until God's will be accomplished in thee, for all we have is at thy service. So he and the two servants abode with them.

“他的仆人，欣然按照他的要求把他带到阿米莱那里，按当地麻风病人的习惯，他们开始在阿米莱家庭院前摇响拨浪鼓。阿米莱听到了声音，命令自己一个仆人拿肉和面包送给这个病人，还用在罗马得到的杯子盛满了美酒给他。仆人按照主人的命令做完这些事后回来对主人说，主人，如果我手里没有拿着您的杯子，我会认为那个病人的杯子是您的。因为两个杯子彼此很相似，不管是高度还是样式。阿米莱说，赶快去把他带到我这里。当阿米站到阿米莱面前，阿米莱问他是谁，怎么得到那个杯子的。阿米回答，我来自布里奎恩勒沙泰尔,为我做洗礼的罗马教皇给了我这个杯子。阿米莱听到这里知道了，这个人就是救他一命、为他娶到法兰西国王女儿的兄弟阿米。阿米莱立即扑到阿米身上开始嚎啕大哭，并亲吻他。阿米莱的妻子听到了这件事，披散着头发就跑了出来。她大声哭泣，极度悲伤，因为她记得是阿米杀死了假阿尔德雷。于是两人把阿米安置到华丽的床榻上对他说，在上帝的意志在你身上实现之前,和我们在一起吧。我们所有的一切都供你使用。阿米以及两个仆人和他们住在了一起。

"And it came to pass one night, when Amis and Amile lay in one chamber without other companions, that God sent His angel Raphael to Amis, who said to him, Amis, art thou asleep? And he, supposing that Amile had called him, answered and said, I am not asleep, fair comrade! And the angel said to him, Thou hast answered well, for thou art the comrade of the heavenly citizens.—I am Raphael, the

angel of our Lord, and am come to tell thee how thou mayest be healed; for thy prayers are heard. Thou shalt bid Amile, thy comrade, that he slay his two children and wash thee in their blood, and so thy body shall be made whole. And Amis said to him, Let not this thing be, that my comrade should become a murderer for my sake. But the angel said, It is convenient that he do this. And thereupon the angel departed.

“一天晚上，阿米和阿米莱两个人在房间里躺着，周围没有其他人。上帝派他的天使拉弗尔来见阿米。拉弗尔对他说，阿米，你睡了吗？阿米以为是阿米莱在叫他，于是回答，我没有睡着，亲爱的兄弟！天使对他说，你回答得很好，因为你是天国居民的好兄弟。——我是拉弗尔，我主的天使。我来告诉你，你会好起来的，你的祈祷上帝听到了。你要吩咐你的好兄弟阿米莱，让他杀掉自己的两个孩子，用他们的鲜血给你沐浴，你的身体就会复原。阿米对天使说：不要让这样的事情发生，那样我的兄弟就为我变成凶手了。但是天使说，这样做对他来说是很容易的。说完天使就离去了。

"And Amile also, as if in sleep, heard those words; and he awoke and said, Who is it, my comrade, that hath spoken with thee? And Amis answered, No man; only I have prayed to our Lord, as I am accustomed. And Amile said, Not so! but some one hath spoken with thee. Then he arose and went to the door of the chamber; and finding it shut he said, Tell me, my brother, who it was said those words to thee to-night. And Amis began to weep greatly, and told him that it was Raphael, the angel of the Lord, who had said to him, Amis, our Lord commands thee that thou bid Amile slay his two children, and wash thee in their blood, and so thou shalt be healed of thy leprosy. And Amile was greatly disturbed at those words, and said, I would have given to thee my man-servants and my maid-servants and all my goods, and thou feignest that an angel hath spoken to thee that I should slay my two children. And immediately Amis began to weep, and said, I know that I have spoken to thee a terrible thing, but constrained thereto; I pray thee cast me not away from the sheter of thy house. And Amile answered that what he had covenanted with him, that he would perform, unto the hour of his death: But I conjure thee, said he, by the faith which there is between me and thee, and by our comradeship, and by the baptism we received together at Rome, that thou tell me whether it was man or angel said that to thee. And Amis answered again, So truly as an angel hath spoken to me this night, so may God deliver me from my infirmity!

“似乎睡着了的阿米莱也听到了这番对话。他睁开眼睛问，刚才是谁，好兄弟，跟你说话的那个？阿米回答，没人跟我说话，只是我照习惯在跟上帝祷告。阿米莱说，不对！有人在跟你说话。他起身走到卧室门口，看见门是关着的。他说，告诉我，兄弟，今晚跟你说那些话的人

是谁？阿米开始大声哭泣，他告诉阿米莱刚才是上帝的天使拉弗尔在对他说，阿米，我们的上帝要求你请求阿米莱杀掉他的两个孩子，用鲜血给你沐浴，就能治愈你的麻风病。阿米莱听到这些深感不安。他说，我本来要把我所有的男女仆人和所有的财产都给你，而你却假装有天使告诉你，让我杀掉我的两个孩子。阿米马上哭了起来，他说，我知道我对你说了很可怕的事，但是我也很难过，我恳求你不要把我赶出你的房子。阿米莱回答说会履行对阿米的承诺，直到他死去的那一刻。但是阿米莱说，我恳求你，看在你我之间的信任、你我之间的兄弟之情和我们同在罗马接受洗礼的份上，你告诉我到底是人还是天使对你说了那些话。阿米再一次回答，今天晚上的的确确是一个天使对我说的那番话，愿上帝拯救我摆脱病魔！

"Then Amile began to weep in secret, and thought within himself : If this man was ready to die before the king for me, shall I not for him slay my children? Shall I not keep faith with him who was faithful to me even unto death? And Amile tarried no longer, but departed to the chamber of his wife, and bade her go hear the Sacred Office. And he took a sword, and went to the bed where the children were lying, and found them asleep. And he lay down over them and began to weep bitterly and said, Hath any man yet heard of a father who of his own will slew his children? Alas, my children! I am no longer your father, but your cruel murderer.

“然后阿米莱开始偷偷地哭泣。他自忖：如果这个人愿意在国王面前为我而死，我不应该为他牺牲我的孩子吗？我不应该忠诚于这个愿意到死都忠于我的人吗？于是阿米莱不再耽搁，走到妻子的卧室，让她去听圣所听道。然后他拿出剑，走到孩子们睡觉的床边，看见他们已睡着。他俯身在孩子身上，开始痛苦地哭泣起来，边哭边说，有人听说过哪个父亲会亲手杀掉自己的亲生孩子吗？天啊，我的孩子！我不再是你们的父亲，而是杀害你们的残忍的凶手了！

"And the children awoke at the tears of their father, which fell upon them; and they looked up into his face and began to laugh. And as they were of the age of about three years, he said, Your laughing will be turned into tears, for your innocent blood must now be shed, and therewith he cut off their heads. Then he laid them back in the bed, and put the heads upon the bodies, and covered them as though they slept: and with the blood which he had taken he washed his comrade, and said, Lord Jesus Christ! who hast commanded men to keep faith on earth, and didst heal the leper by Thy word! cleanse now my comrade, for whose love I have shed the blood of my children.

“父亲的眼泪落到孩子们身上，孩子们醒来了。他们看着父亲的脸，笑了起来。两个孩子才不过3岁左右大。他说，你们的欢笑即将变成泪水了，因为你们无辜的鲜血将要流出。于是他斩下孩子的头，然后把他们重新放回床上，将头放在身体上，给他们盖好被子，他们看起来就如

同睡着了一般。阿米莱用这取来的鲜血清洗他的兄弟，他说道，上帝耶稣救世主啊！您要求大地上的人们信守承诺，您一定要遵守承诺治好他的麻风病！现在治好我的兄弟吧，为了他的爱，我让自己的孩子流尽了鲜血。

"Then Amis was cleansed of his leprosy. And Amite clothed his companion in his best robes; and as they went to the church to give thanks, the bells, by the will of God, rang of their own accord. And when the people of the city heard that, they ran together to see the marvel. And the wife of Amile, when she saw Amis and Amile coming, asked which of the twain was her husband, and said, I know well the vesture of them both, but I know not which of them is Amile. And Amile said to her, I am Amile, and my companion is Amis, who is healed of his sickness. And she was full of wonder, and desired to know in what manner he was healed. Give thanks to our Lord, answered Amile, but trouble not thyself as to the manner of the healing.

“于是阿米的麻风病痊愈了，阿米莱给阿米穿上自己最好的袍子。然后他们去教堂谢恩，而教堂的钟按照上帝的旨意自动鸣响起来。城中的人们听到钟声，一起跑来看这件奇事。阿米莱的妻子看到阿米和阿米莱走过来，就问这两个一模一样的人哪个是自己的丈夫。她说，我认得他们俩的衣服，但我不知道谁是阿米莱。阿米莱对她说，我是，跟我一起来的同伴是阿米，他的病已经全好了。阿米莱的妻子满腹不解，很想知道阿米的病是如何治好的。对上帝谢恩吧，阿米莱回答，不必知道是什么方法了。

"Now neither the father nor the mother had yet entered where the children were; but the father sighed heavily, because they were dead, and the mother asked for them, that they might rejoice together; but Amile said, Dame! let the children sleep. And it was already the hour of Tierce. And going in alone to the children to weep over them, he found them at play in the bed; only, in the place of the sword-cuts about their throats was as it were a thread of crimson. And he took them in his arms and carried them to his wife and said, Rejoice greatly, for thy children whom I had slain by the commandment of the angel are alive, and by their blood is Amis healed.”

“父亲和母亲都还没有进过孩子们的房间，可父亲重重地叹气，因为两个孩子已经死了。母亲要去找来两个孩子和大家一起庆祝。但是阿米莱说，夫人！让孩子们睡觉吧。已经到了第三次祷告时间，阿米莱一个人走到孩子房间，想要大哭一场。可他发现自己的孩子在床上玩耍，只是他们喉咙处的剑伤像一条暗红的细线。他把两个孩子抱起来，带到妻子那里说：天大的喜事啊！因为我遵照天使圣训杀掉的我们的孩子现在还活着，是他们的血救活了阿米。”

There, as I said, is the strength of the old French story. For the

Renaissance has not only the sweetness which it derives from the classical world, but also that curious strength of which there are great resources in the true middle age. And as I have illustrated the early strength of the Renaissance by the story of Amis and Amile, a story which comes from the North, in which a certain racy Teutonic flavor is perceptible, so I shall illustrate that other element, its early sweetness, a languid excess of sweetness even, by another story printed in the same volume of the Bibliothéque Elzevirienne, and of about the same date, a story which comes, characteristically, from the South, and connects itself with the literature of Provence.

正如我说的，这就是古老法国故事的力量。文艺复兴不仅仅具有源自古典世界的美妙芳醇，还有大量来自真实的中世纪时代资源的神奇力量。我用这个来自北部，保持了某种日耳曼原有风格的阿米和阿米莱的故事，展现了文艺复兴的早期力量；所以我将用另外一个也保存在埃尔塞维尔图书馆同一卷书中，几乎是同一时期的，源于南部、和普罗旺斯文学有着联系的故事来解释文艺复兴的另一个元素——它早期的、甚至是过度倦怠的美妙芳醇。

The central love-poetry of Provence, the poetry of the Tenson and the Aubade, of Bernard de Ventadour and Pierre Vidal, is poetry for the few, for the elect and peculiar people of the kingdom of sentiment. But below this intenser poetry there was probably a wide range of literature, less serious and elevated, reaching, by lightness of form and comparative homeliness of interest, an audience which the concentrated passion of those higher lyrics left untouched. This literature has long since perished, or lives only in later French or Italian versions. One such version, the only representative of its species, M. Faurie thought he detected in the story of Aucassin and Nicolette, written in the French of the latter half of the thirteenth century, and preserved in a unique manuscript, in the national library of Paris; and there were reasons which made him divine for it a still more ancient ancestry, traces in it of an Arabian origin, as in a leaf lost out of some early Arabian Nights . (Recently, Aucassin and Nicolette has been edited and translated into English, with much graceful scholarship, by Mr. F. W. Bourdillon. Still more recently we have had a translation—a poet's translation—from the ingenious and versatile pen of Mr. Andrew Lang. The reader should consult also the chapter on "The Out-door Poetry," in Vernon Lee's most interesting Euphorion; being Studies of the Antique and Mediaeval in the Renaissance, a work abounding in knowledge and insight on the subjects of which it treats.) The little book loses none of its interest through the criticism which finds in it only a traditional subject, handed on by one people to another; for after passing thus from hand to hand, its outline is still clear, its surface untarnished; and, like

many other stories, books, literary and artistic conceptions of the middle age, it has come to have in this way a sort of personal history, almost as full of risk and adventure as that of its own heroes. The writer himself calls the piece a cantefable, a tale told in prose, but with its incidents and sentiment helped forward by songs, inserted at irregular intervals. In the junctions of the story itself there are signs of roughness and want of skill, which make one suspect that the prose was only put together to connect a series of songs—a series of songs so moving and attractive that people wished to heighten and dignify their effect by a regular framework or setting. Yet the songs themselves are of the simplest kind, not rhymed even, but only imperfectly assonant, stanzas of twenty or thirty lines apiece, all ending with a similar vowel sound. And here, as elsewhere in that early poetry, much of the interest lies in the spectacle of the formation of a new artistic sense. A novel art is arising, the music of rhymed poetry, and in the songs of Aucassin and Nicolette , which seem always on the point of passing into true rhyme, but which halt somehow, and can never quite take flight, you see people just growing aware of the elements of a new music in their possession, and anticipating how pleasant such music might become.

普罗旺斯主要的爱情诗，贝尔纳·德·旺塔杜尔和皮埃尔·维达尔所写的《对嘲诗》和《晨歌》，是为少数人而作的，是为情感王国里那些特权人士而作的。但是在这些更为强烈的诗歌之下可能是更广泛的文学，它们不那么严肃和高高在上，而是借助灵活的形式和相对朴素的趣味来影响读者，而这些读者是被那些更高一等的抒情诗里浓烈的激情所忽略的。这种文学已经湮灭很久了，或者说只在后来的法国或意大利译本中存在。M. 福里埃尔认为他发现了这样的一个译本，是这种文学的唯一代表。这就是《奥卡森与尼克莱特》，在13世纪下半叶用法语写成，现在唯一的手稿保存在巴黎国家博物馆。有理由令M. 福里埃尔推测，它有一个更为古老的血统，在里面有阿拉伯根基的迹象，如同从早期的《一千零一夜》上掉落的一片叶子。（近期，《奥卡森与尼克莱特》一书由F. W. 鲍迪伦编辑翻译成英文版，具有很典雅的学术气息。最近，独具匠心多才多艺的诗人安德鲁·朗又对它进行了翻译。读者也可以参考弗农·李所著的饶有趣味的《欧福良：中世纪文艺复兴和古典研究》中“户外诗歌”的有关篇章，这本书对所探讨的主题提供了丰富的知识和深刻的见解。——作者注）这本书并未因其中只包含一个在各民族间流传的传统主题的批判而丧失任何趣味性；因为，虽然经历了代代相传，这一主题的轮廓依然清晰，外表也一样光泽依旧。同其他中世纪的故事、书籍、文学和艺术概念一样，它也以这种方式获得了一种个性化的历史，这段历史几乎和书中主人公的经历一样，充满了危险和冒险。作者自己把这一篇称作民间叙事传奇。这种传奇是散文的形式，只是以不规则地穿插进诗歌的方式表现事件和情感。故事本身在衔接处有些粗糙的痕迹，也表现出缺乏技巧，让人们怀疑散文的作用只是将一系列诗歌连接在一起。这些诗歌极为动人，极为引人入胜，人们都希望通过一个规则的框

架或结构来使它们具有更高、更尊贵的影响。然而这些诗歌本身极为简单，甚至都不押韵。它们只是采用不够完美的类韵，每节有20行或30行，以相似的元音结尾。正如其他早期诗歌一样，这里的兴趣主要在于新的艺术感觉的形成这幅壮美图景上。一种新的艺术正在兴起。那些押韵诗歌的韵律，还有《奥卡森与尼克莱特》中那些诗歌，好像一直在成为真正押韵的转折点上，但不知为何停顿下来，永远无法恰到好处。你可以看到人们越来越注意到拥有的新韵律元素，而且对于这种韵律能够变得多么美好满怀期待。

The piece was probably intended to be recited by a company of trained performers, many of whom, at least for the lesser parts, were probably children. The songs are introduced by the rubric, Or se cante (ici on chante); and each division of prose by the rubric, Or dient et con tent et fabloient (ici on conte). The musical notes of a portion of the songs have been preserved; and some of the details are so descriptive that they suggested to M. Fauriel the notion that the words had been accompanied throughout by dramatic action. That mixture of simplicity and refinement which he was surprised to find in a composition of the thirteenth century, is shown sometimes in the turn given to some passing expression or remark; thus, "the Count de Garins was old and frail, his time was over"—Li quens Garins de Beaucaire estoit vix et frales; si avoit son tans trespassè. And then, all is so realised! One sees the ancient forest, with its dis used roads grown deep with grass, and the place where seven roads meet—u a forkeut set cemin qui s'en vont par le païs, we hear the light-hearted country people calling each other by their rustic names, and putting for ward, as their spokesman, one among them who is more eloquent and ready than the rest—li un qui plus fu en parlés des autres; for the little book has its burlesque element also, so that one hears the faint, far-off laughter still. Rough as it is, the piece certainly possesses this high quality of poetry, that it aims at a purely artistic effect. Its subject is a great sorrow, yet it claims to be a thing of joy and refreshment, to be entertained not for its matter only, but chiefly for its manner, it is cortois, it tells us, et bien assis.

这个故事可能是要让一群训练有素的表演者来朗诵，他们中许多人，或者至少有一小部分，可能是儿童。这些民歌标有提示语：此处吟唱；散文的划分也是靠标题：此处叙述。这些民歌中一部分的律音保留了下来，其中一些细节描述得如此详尽，向M.福里埃尔暗示了这样一个概念：这些文字曾经一直是伴着戏剧表演的。他对在13世纪的作品中发现简约和高雅的结合感到讶异，这种结合有时是一些简短的表达或评价。因此，“德加林伯爵年老体弱，他的时代结束了。”于是，一切就这样完成了！人们看到远古的森林，废弃的小路长满杂草，七条路汇合在一起的交叉口。我们听到无忧无虑的乡下人呼唤着彼此土得掉渣的名字，其中一个最能言善辩反应机敏的人被推选出来，作为他们的发言

人。这一本小书也有自我嘲讽的成分，所以还能听到微弱而遥远的笑声。虽然粗糙，但它的确具备了诗歌的这种高层次品质，它的目标就是达到纯粹的艺术效果。它的主题虽然极为悲伤，却声称自己可以让人感到快乐和心旷神怡。这种愉悦不仅仅来自于其内容，而主要是它的风格，它告诉我们“这是风格，而且有稳固的基础”。

For the student of manners, and of the old French language and literature, it has much interest of a purely antiquarian order. To say of an ancient literary com position that it has an antiquarian interest, often means that it has no distinct aesthetic interest for the reader of to-day. Antiquarianism, by a purely historical effort, by putting its object in perspective, and setting the reader in a certain point of view, from which what gave pleasure to the past is pleasurable for him also, may often add greatly to the charm we receive from ancient literature. But the first condition of such aid must be a real, direct, aesthetic charm in the thing itself. Unless it has that charm, unless some purely artistic quality went to its original making, no merely antiquarian effort can ever give it an aesthetic value, or make it a proper subject of aesthetic criticism. This quality, wherever it exists, it is always pleasant to define, and discriminate from the sort of borrowed interest which an old play, or an old story, may very likely acquire through a true antiquarianism. The story of Aucassin and Nicolette has something of this quality. Aucassin, the only son of Court Garins of Beaucaire, is passionately in love with Nicolette, a beautiful girl of unknown parentage, bought of the Saracens, whom his father will not permit him to marry. The story turns on the adventures of these two lovers, until at the end of the piece their mutual fidelity is rewarded. These adventures are of the simplest sort, adventures which seem to be chosen for the happy occasion they afford of keeping the eye of the fancy, perhaps the outward eye, fixed on pleasant objects, a gar-den, a ruined tower, the little hut of flowers which Nicolette constructs in the forest whither she escapes from her enemies, as a token to Aucassin that she has passed that way. All the charm of the piece is in its details, in a turn of peculiar lightness and grace given to the situations and traits of sentiment, especially in its quaint fragments of early French prose.

对于风格的研究者，以及古法语和法国文学的学生来说，它很有纯古物研究的趣味。说一篇古代文学作品具备古物研究的意义，通常意味着它对当今的读者来说没有独特的美学价值。古物研究通过纯粹的历史研究，正确地透视客体，把读者定位于在过去能带来愉快的东西对当今读者产生同样效果的观点中，因此古物研究可能常常在很大程度上增加了我们从古典文学中获得的魅力。但这种促进的先决条件必须是事物本身具有真实直接的美学魅力。只有具备这种魅力，只有一些纯粹的艺术特质存在于它最初的构成中，古文物研究才能成就它的审美价值，或者

使它成为一个合适的审美批评主题。不论这种特质存在于哪里，将其界定，把它和一部古老戏剧或故事由于真正古物研究而很可能获得的、某些借来的趣味区别开来总是令人愉悦的。奥卡森与尼克莱特的故事也具备这样的特质，奥卡森是博凯尔的德加林伯爵的独生子，他热切地爱上了尼克莱特。美丽动人却出身不明的尼克莱特是阿拉伯人买来的。奥卡森的父亲不准他和尼克莱特结婚。故事铺陈描述这对恋人的冒险之旅，直到故事最后两个人对彼此的忠诚终于获得了回报。这些冒险是最为简单不过的冒险，好像是专为吸引那些外在的、想象的目光而选择的；这些目光专注于一些赏心悦目的事物上，比如说一个花园，一个荒废的高塔，还有尼克莱特从敌人那里逃出来后，在森林里盖起的、告诉奥卡森她由此经过的小花房。这个故事所有的魅力都在它的细节中，在其加诸情感的情境和特性上的特殊的轻盈优雅的转承中，尤其是在早期法国散文怪异的零散作品中多有体现。

All through it one feels the influence of that faint air of overwrought delicacy, almost of wantonness, which was so strong a characteristic of the poetry of the Troubadours. The Troubadours themselves were often men of great rank; they wrote for an exclusive audience, people of much leisure and great refinement, and they came to value a type of personal beauty which has in it but little of the influence of the open air and sunshine. There is a languid Eastern deliciousness in the very scenery of the story, the full-blown roses, the chamber painted in some mysterious manner where Nicolette is imprisoned, the cool brown marble, the almost nameless colors, the odors of plucked grass and flowers. Nicolette herself well becomes this scenery, and is the best illustration of the quality I mean—the beautiful, weird, foreign girl, whom the shepherds take for a fay, who has the knowledge of simples, the healing and beautifying qualities of leaves and flowers, whose skilful touch heals Aucassin's sprained shoulder, so that he suddenly leaps from the ground; the mere sight of whose white flesh, as she passed the place where he lay, healed a pilgrim stricken with sore disease, so that he rose up, and re turned to his own country. With this girl Aucassin is so deeply in love that he forgets all knightly duties. At last Nicolette is shut up to get her out of his way, and perhaps the prettiest passage in the whole piece is the fragment of prose which describes her escape:—

统篇作品中，人们都能感受到那种过于精细的、几近嬉戏的朦胧氛围的影响。这是行吟诗人作品的典型特色。行吟诗人本身常常是特权阶层，他们为少数人写作：这些人举止高雅，很有闲情逸致。他们欣赏一种身体美，这是一种很少接触外面的空气和阳光的身体美。这个故事的景致中有某些倦怠的东方韵味：盛开的玫瑰、囚禁尼克莱特的以某种神秘方式粉刷的房间、冰冷的棕色大理石、几乎无法言说的颜色、摘下的花草的气味。尼克莱特自己也恰如其分地融入这景色中，成为我所指的这种特质的最好例证——被牧羊人当成了仙子的美丽、奇异的异族女

孩：她有简单的知识，有叶子和花朵那种医治伤痛和美化的特质。她娴熟的手法治好了奥卡森扭伤的肩膀，于是他马上从地上跳了起来。只是在她经过时看她白白的肌肤一眼，就治愈了一个躺在地上、被恶疾折磨的朝圣者，于是这个朝圣者站起来，回到了自己的国家。奥卡森如此深爱这个女孩，以至于忘记了他骑士的职责。最终尼克莱特被囚禁起来，以使她不能影响奥卡森。故事全篇最美的一段可能就是描述她逃跑的那段：

"Aucassin was put in prison, as you have heard, and Nicolette remained shut up in her chamber. It was summer time, in the month of May, when the days are warm and long and clear, and the nights coy and serene.

“正如你们所听说的，奥卡森被投入监牢，尼克莱特仍被关在她的房间里。当时是夏天，五月的天气白天很温暖，白昼很长，天空晴朗，夜晚安然宁静。

"One night Nicolette, lying on her bed, saw the moon shine clear through the little window, and heard the nightingale sing in the garden, and then came the memory of Aucassin, whom she so much loved. She thought of the Count Garins of Beaucaire, who mortally hated her, and, to be rid of her, might at any moment cause her to be burned or drowned. She perceived that the old woman who kept her company was asleep; She rose and put on the fairest gown she had; she took the bed clothes and the towels, and knotted them together like a cord, as far as they would go. Then she tied the end to a pillar of the window, and let herself slip down quite softly into the garden, and passed straight across it, to reach the town.

“一天晚上尼克莱特躺在她的床上，看见明亮的月光透过小窗清澈地照进来，听到夜莺在花园里歌唱，于是想起了深爱的奥卡森。她想起对自己恨之入骨的博凯尔的德加林伯爵。他为了除掉她，可能随时让人把她烧死或者溺死。她觉得看管她的老妇人已经睡着，就起来穿上她最美的长袍，拿上床单和毛巾，把它们系在一起做成尽量长的绳索。然后她把绳索的一头系到一根窗柱上，自己顺着绳子轻轻滑下，落到花园里，然后径直穿过花园走向镇上。

"Her hair was yellow in small curls, her smiling eyes blue-green, her face clear and feat, the little lips very red, the teeth small and white; and the daisies which she crushed in passing, holding her skirt high behind and before, looked dark against her feet; the girl was so white!

“她的黄发微卷着，她微笑的眼睛蓝中带绿，她的脸庞干净美丽，她的小嘴红润，牙齿细碎洁白。她高高提起的裙子前后飘摇，经过之处踩压的雏菊跟她的双脚一比都变黑了，这个女孩好白啊！

"She came to the garden-gate and opened it, and walked through

the streets of Beaucaire, keeping on the dark side of the way to be out of the light of the moon, which shone quietly in the sky. She walked as fast as she could, until she came to the tower where Aucassin was. The tower was set about with pillars, here and there. She pressed herself against one of the pillars, wrapped herself closely in her mantle, and putting her face to a chink of the tower, which was old and ruined, she heard Aucassin crying bitterly within, and when she had listened awhile she began to speak.”

“她走到花园的门口打开门，穿过博凯尔的街道。月亮正在天空中安静地照耀着，她一直走在街道的暗处来躲开明亮的月光。她尽量快走，来到奥卡森所在的尖塔。塔下面零零落落地支着些柱子，她紧贴着一根柱子，把自己紧紧裹在披肩里，将头伸向尖塔的裂口。在坏旧破损的裂口里，她听到奥卡森在里面痛苦地哭泣。听了一会儿，她开始说话了。”

But scattered up and down through this lighter matter, always tinged with humor and often passing into burlesque, which makes up the general substance of the piece, there are morsels of a different quality, touches of some intenser sentiment, coming it would seem from the profound and energetic spirit of the Provensal poetry itself, to which the inspiration of the book has been referred. Let me gather up these morsels of deeper color, these expressions of the ideal intensity of love, the motive which really unites together the fragments of the little composition. Dante, the perfect flower of ideal love, has recorded how the tyranny of that "Lord of terrible aspect" became actually physical, blinding his senses, and suspending his bodily forces. In this, Dante is but the central expression and type of experiences known well enough to the initiated, in that passionate age. Aucassin represents this ideal intensity of passion—

但这个比较轻松的事情里随处可见的总是一些幽默色彩，它们还常常演变成滑稽可笑的成分，它们一起组成了这个故事的基本内容。但是故事里还有一些不同的特质和一些对强烈情感的触碰，这些可能是来自普罗旺斯诗歌本身深邃而充满活力的精神，而这本书的灵感也是由此而来。让我把这些更浓重的色彩、理想化的强烈爱情的表达和把这篇短小作品各个部分联结在一起的主题集中起来。但丁，这个理想之爱的完美花朵，记录了“长相可怖的上帝”的暴政怎么样变得实在了起来：他的感觉被剥夺，他身体的力量被阻断。在这里，但丁只是那个激进时代里开创者熟知的核心的表达和经验的典型。奥卡森代表了这种强烈感情的理想程度：

Aucassin , li biax, li blons,

奥卡森英俊翩翩，头发金黄，

Li gentix, li amorous;—

高贵勇敢而又满怀深情；——

the slim, tall, debonair, dansellon, as the singers call him, with his curled yellow hair, and eyes of vair, who faints with love, as Dante fainted, who rides all day through the forest in search of Nicolette, while the thorns tear his flesh, so that one might have traced him by the blood upon the grass, and who weeps at eventide because he has not found her, who has the malady of his love, and neglects all knightly duties. Once he is induced to put himself at the head of his people, that they, seeing him before them, might have more heart to defend themselves; then a song relates how the sweet, grave figure goes forth to battle, in dainty, tight- laced armor. It is the very image of the Provensal love-god, no longer a child, but grown to pensive youth, as Pierre Vidal met him, riding on a white horse, fair as the morning, his vestment embroidered with flowers. He rode on through the gates into the open plain beyond. But as he went, that great malady of his love came upon him. The bridle fell from his hands; and like one who sleeps walking, he was carried on into the midst of his enemies, and heard them talking together how they might most conveniently kill him.

歌者说他是纤细、高大、温文尔雅的舞者，他有着黄色卷发和蓝色眼睛，像但丁一样沉迷在爱中。奥卡森整天骑马穿梭在森林里寻找尼克莱特，荆棘刺破他的皮肉，使得人们可以循着草上的血迹找到他；他在黄昏里哭泣，因为仍未找到尼克莱特；他患上了爱情之疾，忘记了骑士所有的职责。他曾经被劝导去率领他的百姓，人们看到有他来率领大家，便会有更多的信心来保卫自己。接下来一段歌谣描述了这位温柔、庄重的骑士紧束着讲究的战甲去冲锋陷阵的场景。这正是普罗旺斯爱情之神的写照：他不再是孩子，而是长大的深沉青年，正如皮埃尔·维达尔看到的那样，他骑在白马上，穿着绣有花朵的外衣，就如同清晨一样美好。他骑马走出大门，走向外面空旷的平原。但是爱情的顽疾降临到他头上，缰绳从手中滑落，他仿佛梦游的人一般，被带到敌人中间，听到他们在一起讨论如何最轻松地杀掉他。

One of the strongest characteristics of that outbreak of the reason and the imagination, of that assertion of the liberty of the heart, in the middle age, which I have termed a medieval Renaissance, was its antinomianism, its spirit of rebellion and revolt against the moral and religious ideas of the time. In their search after the pleasures of the senses and the imagination, in their care for beauty, in their worship of the body, people were impelled beyond the bounds of the Christian ideal; and their love became sometimes a strange idolatry, a strange rival religion. It was the return of that ancient Venus, not dead, but only hidden for a time in the caves of the Venusberg, of those old pagan gods still going to and fro on the earth, under all sorts of disguises. And this element in the middle age, for the most part ignored by those writers who have treated it pre-eminently as the "Age

of Faith"—this rebellious and antinomian element, the recognition of which has made the delineation of the middle age by the writers of the Romantic school in France, by Victor Hugo for in stance in Notre-Dame de Paris so suggestive and ex citing—is found alike in the history of Abelard and the legend of Tannhäuser. More and more, as we come to mark changes and distinctions of temper in what is often in one all-embracing confusion called the middle age, that rebellion, that sinister claim for liberty of heart and thought, comes to the surface. The Albigensian movement, connected so strangely with the history of Provensal poetry, is deeply tinged with it. A touch of it makes the Franciscan[6] order, with its poetry, its mysticism, its "illumination," from the point of view of religious authority, justly suspect. It influences the thoughts of those obscure prophetical writers, like Joachim of Flora, strange dreamers in a world of flowery rhetoric of that third and final dispensation of a "spirit of freedom," in which law shall have passed away. Of this spirit Aucassin and Nicolette contains perhaps the most famous expression: it is the answer Aucassin gives when he is threatened with the pains of hell, if he makes Nicolette his mistress. A creature wholly of affection and the senses, he sees on the way to paradise only a feeble and worn-out company of aged priests, "clinging day and night to the chapel altars," barefoot or in patched sandals. With or even without Nicolette, "his sweet mistress whom he so much loves," he, for his part, is ready to start on the way to hell, along with "the good scholars," as he says, and the actors, and the fine horse men dead in battle, and the men of fashion (Parage, peerage:—which came to signify all that ambitious youth affected most on the outside of life, in that old world of the Troubadours, with whom this term is of frequent recurrence.), and "the fair courteous ladies who had two or three chevaliers apiece beside their own true lords," all gay with music, in their gold, and silver, and beautiful furs—"the vair and the grey."

那个被我称为中世纪文艺复兴的理性和想象力的勃发，以及中世纪心灵自由主张的最显著特点之一就是反律法主义，那种对当时的道德和宗教观点的反叛精神。在寻找感官和想象快乐的过程中，在对美的关注里，在对身体的崇拜下，人们被推动去摆脱基督教理想的束缚。他们的爱有时变成一种奇怪的偶像崇拜，一种奇异的与基督教相对的信仰。它是远古的维纳斯的回归，她并未死去，只是在维纳斯堡山洞里隐藏了一段时间，它是那些披着各式伪装仍旧在尘世间来回往复的古老异教诸神的回归。中世纪的这种元素很大程度上被那些认为中世纪主要是信仰时代的作家忽略。这种反叛性的反律法元素，对中世纪的这种认识，使得法国浪漫主义流派作家对中世纪的描述，例如维克多·雨果《巴黎圣母院》中的描述，极具启发意义并令人兴奋——在阿伯拉尔和汤豪泽的传奇中也能找到。渐渐地，当我们在通常被称作中世纪的、囊括一切的混乱中标记看法的改变和区别时，那种反叛、那种对心灵和思想自由的邪

恶要求渐渐浮现出来。跟普罗旺斯诗歌的发展有着奇异联系的阿尔比教派运动就有着浓厚的这种色彩。与阿尔比教派稍有瓜葛，就有充分理由令方济会的秩序，连带它的诗歌、它的神秘主义、它的“启明”，遭到宗教当局充分的怀疑。它影响了那些含混的预言式作家，比如弗洛拉的乔基姆，在“自由精神”的第三种、也是最后一个部分的华丽辞藻世界里奇思异想着——在这种“自由精神”中法律已经死亡。《奥卡森与尼克莱特》中也许有对这种精神的最显著的表现：奥卡森受到威胁，如果让尼克莱特成为他的情人，他就将遭受地狱之苦时所作的回答。作为一个充满爱意和感知的生灵，奥卡森看到通往天堂的道路上只有几个身体虚弱、疲惫不堪的老牧师同行，他们“不论白天夜晚都站在教堂圣坛上”，光着脚或是穿着带补丁的便鞋。不管“他如此深爱的美丽情人”尼克莱特会不会与他同行，对他来说，他都已准备好与他口中的“伟大学者”、演员们、战死的骑兵、潮流者（贵族：用以表示那些对生命外在最为热爱的野心勃勃的青年，多见于古老的行吟诗人的世界中）和“每人都有三两个忠于主人的骑士陪伴左右，在音乐中欢心愉悦，穿戴金银还有“蓝银相间”的美丽皮毛的美丽高雅的女士”一起，踏上地狱之路。

But in the House Beautiful the saints, too, have their place; and the student of the Renaissance has this advantage over the student of the emancipation of the human mind in the Reformation, or the French Revolution, that in tracing the footsteps of humanity to higher levels, he is not beset at every turn by the inflexibilities and antagonisms of some well-recognised controversy, with rigidly defined opposites, exhausting the intelligence and limiting one's sympathies. The opposition of the professional defenders of a mere system to that more sincere and generous play of the forces of human mind and character, which I have noted as the secret of Abelard's struggle, is, indeed, always powerful. But the incompatibility with one another of souls really "fair" is not essential; and within the enchanted region of the Renaissance one needs not be for ever on one's guard. Here there are no fixed parties, no exclusions: all breathes of that unity of culture in which "whatsoever things are comely" are reconciled, for the elevation and adorning of our spirits. And just in proportion as those who took part in the Renaissance become centrally representative of it, just so much the more is this condition realised in them. The wicked popes, and the loveless tyrants, who from time to time became its patrons, or mere speculators in its fortunes, lend them selves easily to disputations, and, from this side or that, the spirit of controversy lays just hold upon them. But the painter of the Last Supper, with his kindred, lives in a land where controversy has no breathing-place. They refuse to be classified. In the story of Aucassin and Nicoltte, in the literature which it represents, the note of defiance, of the opposition of one system to an other, is sometimes harsh. Let me conclude then with a morsel from Amis and Amile, in which the harmony of human interests is still entire. For the story of the great

traditional friendship, in which, as I said, the liberty of the heart makes itself felt, seems, as we have it, to have been written by a monk —La vie des saints martyrs Amis et Amile. It was not till the end of the seventeenth century that their names were finally excluded from the martyrology; and their story ends with this monkish miracle of earthly comradeship, more than faithful unto death: —

但是在《漂亮房子》中圣徒也有自己的位置。文艺复兴研究者比宗教改革或是法国大革命中寻求思想解放的研究者在追寻更高层次的人性方面更有优势。他不常被一些已普遍认识到的论战的不可变易性困扰，这些论战有着严格限定的对立面，耗尽才智并限制了同情心。那种单纯宗教体系的专职捍卫者和一种对人类思想、性格更为真诚和无私的表现之间对立，就是我将其作为阿伯拉尔斗争的奥秘来记录的对立，的确是非常强大的。但是真正“美丽”灵魂之间的互不相容并不是最根本的，在文艺复兴令人沉醉的领域里人们无须永远保持警惕。这里没有一成不变的派系，没有排斥：在那种“一切皆美好”的文化整体中，所有的声音都调和一致，以此来升华和美化我们的灵魂。随着那些加入文艺复兴的人物越来越成为它的核心代表，这种情况越来越多地在他们身上实现。邪恶的主教和残酷的暴君常常变成它的赞助人，或者只是对其看好的投机者，他们很容易地卷入争论之中。无论从哪方面来说，他们都被争辩的精神掌控着。但是在《最后的晚餐》的绘制者及其同类的人存在的世界里，这种争辩毫无立足之地。他们拒绝被分门别类。在《奥卡森与尼克莱特》的故事里，在它代表的文学里，公然反抗的音符，各体系间对立的音符有时是很刺耳的。那么让我用《阿米和阿米莱》故事中人类趣味的和谐仍然完整的一段来作为结束。正如我所说的，在这个表现伟大传统友谊的故事里，心灵的自由展现出来。正如我们所知，《殉道圣徒阿米和阿米莱的故事》似是出于僧侣之手。直到17世纪末他们的名字才最终被排除到殉教史之外，他们的故事更多的是以这种世俗友情的僧侣式传奇结束，而非至死不渝的友谊：

"For, as God had united them in their lives in one ac cord, so they were not divided in their death, falling together side by side, with a host of other brave men, in battle for King Charles at Mortara, so called from that great slaughter. And the bishops gave counsel to the king and queen that they should bury the dead, and build a church in that place; and their counsel pleased the king greatly. And there were built two churches, the one by commandment of the king in honor of Saint Oseige, and the other by commandment of the queen in honor of Saint Peter.

“上帝把他们两个的生命连在了一起，所以他们死时也没有分开。他们和许多勇士一起在莫尔塔拉保卫查理国王的战斗中并肩死去。经此一役查理国王才终成君主。主教们向国王和王后提出劝告：他们应该安葬死者，然后在上面建起一座教堂。他们的劝告极大地取悦了国王。于是那里建起了两座教堂：一座是按照国王的意旨纪念圣奥赛基，另一座按照王后的意旨纪念圣彼得。

"And the king caused the two chests of stone to be brought in the which the bodies of Amis and Amile lay; and Amile was carried to the church of Saint Peter, and Amis to the church of Saint Oseige; and the other corpses were buried, some in one place and some in the other. But lo! Next morning, the body of Amile in his coffin was found lying in the church of Saint Oseige, beside the coffin of Amis his comrade. Behold then this wondrous amity, which by death could not be dissevered!

“国王让人把装着阿米和阿米莱尸体的两具石棺抬进去：阿米莱被抬进圣彼得教堂，阿米被抬进圣奥赛基教堂，其他的尸体则分别埋葬在这两处。但是天啊！第二天早上，人们发现阿米莱的棺材躺在圣奥赛基教堂里，挨着他朋友阿米的棺材。人们亲眼目睹，这种神奇的亲密是死亡也无法分开的！

"This miracle God did, who gave to His disciples power to remove mountains. And by reason of this miracle the king and queen remained in that place for a space of thirty days, and performed the offices of the dead who were slain, and honored the said churches with great gifts. And the bishop ordained many clerks to serve in the church of Saint Oseige, and commanded them that they should guard duly, with great devotion, the bodies of the two companions, Amis and Amile."

“这是上帝创造的奇迹，他赋予他的信徒搬动山岳的力量。因为这个奇迹，国王和王后在那里呆了30天，为死去的人行葬礼，并赐给两个教堂很贵重的礼物。主教任命了很多牧师在圣奥赛基教堂服务，要求他们要尽职尽责、非常虔诚地守卫两个志同道合的伙伴——阿米和阿米莱的遗体。”

1872

1872 年

(1)阿伯拉尔(1079—1142)，法国哲学家、神学家。

(2)汤豪泽(约1200—约1270)，德国吟游诗人。

(3)阿诺德(1090—1155)，意大利宗教改革家、罗马人民起义领袖。

(4)德语词，原义为两人同行。

(5)希腊神话中的双子星座。

(6)方济会，天主教托钵修会派别之一。

Sandro Botticelli

桑德罗·波提切利

In Leonardo's treatise on painting only one contemporary is mentioned by name—Sandro Botticelli. This preëminence may be due to chance only, but to some will rather appear a result of deliberate judgment; for people have begun to find out the charm of Botticelli's work, and his name, little known in the last century, is quietly becoming important. In the middle of the fifteenth century he had already anticipated much of that meditative subtlety, which is sometimes supposed peculiar to the great imaginative workmen of its close. Leaving the simple religion which had occupied the followers of Giotto[1] for a century, and the simple naturalism which had grown out of it, a thing of birds and flowers only, he sought inspiration in what to him were works of the modern world, the writings of Dante and Boccaccio, and in new readings of his own of classical stories: or, if he painted religious incidents, painted them with an under current of original sentiment, which touches you as the real matter of the picture through the veil of its ostensible subject. What is the peculiar sensation, what is the peculiar quality of pleasure, which his work has the property of exciting in us, and which we cannot get elsewhere? For this, especially when he has to speak of a comparatively unknown artist, is always the chief question which a critic has to answer.

在达·芬奇的绘画论著中只提及了一位同时代人物的名字，那就是桑德罗·波提切利。这种突出可能只是出于偶然，但是一些人更愿意认为这是一种经过深思熟虑的评价结果；因为人们已经开始发现波提切利作品的魅力，这个在上个世纪还鲜为人知的名字悄然变得重要起来。早在15世纪中期，他就已经预见到了大部分沉思的精妙，这种精妙有时被认为是这个世纪末那些富于想象力的伟大工匠所特有的。摆脱了影响乔托追随者一个世纪的原始宗教和由此孕育出来的只关于花鸟的简单自然主义，他从他那个时代的作品，如但丁和薄伽丘的著作中，以及从他自己新读到的古典故事中寻找灵感。或者，如果他描绘的是宗教事件，他会把原始情感潜藏其中，通过它表面的主题使其成为画作的真正动人之处。那种特殊的感受是什么？那种愉悦感的特有品质是什么？它们使他的作品有了使我们激动的特点，是我们在别处无法得到的，这是批评家们始终必须回答的主要问题，尤其是说起一个相对不知名的艺术家时。

In an age when the lives of artists were full of adventure, his life is almost colorless. Criticism, indeed, has cleared away much of the gossip which Vasari[2] accumulated, has touched the legend of Lippo and Lucrezia, and rehabilitated the character of Andrea del Castagno. But in Botticelli's case there is no legend to dissipate. He did not even

go by his true name: Sandro is a nick name, and his true name is Filipepi, Botticelli being only the name of the goldsmith who first taught him art. Only two things happened to him, two things which he shared with other artist:—he was invited to Rome to paint in the Sistine Chapel, and he fell in later life under the influence of Savonarola, passing apparently almost out of men's sight in a sort of religious melancholy, which lasted till his death in 1515, according to the received date. Vasari says that he plunged into the study of Dante, and even wrote a comment on the Divine Comedy. But it seems strange that he should have lived on inactive so long; and one almost wishes that some document might come to light, which, fixing the date of his death earlier, might relieve one, in thinking of him, of his dejected old age.

在那个艺术家的人生充满冒险的时代，他的一生几乎毫无色彩。事实上，批评家们澄清了许多瓦萨里的传闻，修改了利波和卢克雷茨娅的传说，重新审视了安德里亚·德尔·卡斯塔尼奥的人物形象。但是关于波提切利，却没有什么需要澄清。他甚至没有使用自己的真名：桑德罗是个昵称，他的本名是菲利佩皮，波提切利只是那位最初给他艺术启蒙的金匠的名字。在他身上只发生过两件事是他和其他画家相同的：——一件是受邀到罗马在西斯廷教堂作画；另一件是晚期受到萨沃那洛拉的影响，在某种宗教式的忧郁中几乎淡出了公众的视线，直到1515年（一般认为他于这一年去世）。瓦萨里说他全身心投入地研究但丁，甚至给《神曲》写过一篇评论。但他如此长期地生活在消极中就有点奇怪了。人们几乎希望能发现某些文献，把他的死亡日期提早一些，可以在人们想起他时对他令人沮丧的老年生活稍感释怀。

He is before all things a poetical painter, blending the charm of story and sentiment, the medium of the art of poetry, with the charm of line and color, the medium of abstract painting. So he becomes the illustrator of Dante. In a few rare examples of the edition of 1481, the blank spaces, left at the beginning of every canto for the hand of the illuminator, have been filled, as far as the nineteenth canto of the Inferno, with impressions of engraved plates, seemingly by way of experiment, for in the copy in the Bodleian Library, one of the three impressions it contains has been printed upside flown, and much awry, in the midst of the luxurious printed page. Giotto, and the followers of Giotto, with their almost childish religious aim, had not learned to put that weight of meaning into outward things, light, color, everyday gesture, which the poetry of the Divine Comedy involves, and before the fifteenth century Dante could hardly have found an illustrator. Botticelli's illustrations are crowded with incident, blending, with a naive carelessness of pictorial propriety, three phases of the same scene into one plate. The grotesques, so often a stumbling-block to painters, who forget that the words of a poet,

which only feebly present an image to the mind, must be lowered in key when translated into visible form, make one regret that he has not rather chosen for illustration the more subdued imagery of the Purgatorio. Yet in the scene of those who "go down quick into hell," there is an inventive force about the fire taking hold on the upturned soles of the feet, which proves that the design is no mere translation of Dante's words, but a true painter's vision; while the scene of the Centaurs wins one at once, for, forgetful of the actual circum stances of their appearance, Botticelli has gone off with delight on the thought of the Centaurs themselves, bright, small creatures of the woodland, with arch baby faces and mignon forms, drawing tiny bows.

他首先是一个富于诗意的画家，他把故事情感的魅力和线条色彩的魅力，即诗歌艺术的媒介和抽象绘画的媒介融合在一起。所以他成了但丁的插图画家。在1481年版的《地狱》的几部珍本中，那些每章开头为作注留下的空白从第一章一直到第十九章都填满雕版插图。这些插图像是试验性的，因为在牛津大学图书馆的副本里三幅插图中有一幅是倒着的，歪歪扭扭地印在印刷精美的书页中。乔托和他的追随者们，怀着几近幼稚的宗教目的，还不会把意义的份量赋予外部事物，比如光、色彩和日常姿态上，而这些恰恰是《神曲》的诗歌中所涉及的。在15世纪以前，但丁也几乎不可能找到哪个人为他画插图。波提切利的插图中挤满了事件，他天真地忽视了图画的合理性，将一个场景的三个阶段同时表现在一张图里。有些画家会忘记诗歌辞藻只是思维的虚弱表象，转化成视觉形象必须要降低其基调，对他们而言，奇异风格常常是绊脚石。使人们感到遗憾的是他没有选择用更温和的意象来给《炼狱》配图。然而在“快速落入地狱”的场景中，火在朝上的脚底燃烧的部分里有一种创造性的力量，证明他的构图不单是翻译但丁的文字，而是真正画家的想象。在半人马一举取胜的一幕，波提切利忘记它们实际的外表，怀着想到半人马本身时的快乐心情，他把它们画成是有着弯弯的婴儿脸和娇小身形、拉着小小弓箭的聪明的林中小生灵。

Botticelli lived in a generation of naturalists, and he might have been a mere naturalist among them. There are traces enough in his work of that alert sense of out ward things, which, in the pictures of that period, fills the lawns with delicate living creatures, and the hillsides with pools of water, and the pools of water with flowering reeds. But this was not enough for him; he is a visionary painter, and in his visionariness he resembles Dante. Giotto, the tried companion of Dante, Masaccio, Ghirlandajo even, do but transcribe, with more or less refining, the outward image; they are dramatic, not visionary painters; they are almost impassive spectators of the action before them. But the genius of which Botticelli is the type usurps the data before it as the exponent of ideas, moods, visions of its own; in this interest it plays fast and loose with those data, rejecting some and isolating others, and always combining them anew. To him, as to

Dante, the scene, the color, the out ward image or gesture, comes with all its incisive and importunate reality; but awakes in him, moreover, by some subtle law of his own structure, a mood which it awakes in no one else, of which it is the double or repetition, and which it clothes, that all may share it, with visible circumstance.

波提切利生活在自然主义者得势的时代，他自己可能也是其中一名纯粹的自然主义者。他的作品里有足够的迹象表明他对外部事物的敏感警惕。这些外部事物存在于那个时代的绘画作品中：草坪上满是小生物、山坡上到处是水塘、水塘里遍布开花的芦苇。但是波提切利对此并不满足。他是一个充满幻想的画家，他的幻想和但丁相似。乔托是但丁、马萨乔甚至吉兰达约的忠实伙伴，所做的只是多多少少修整了外在的形象。他们是戏剧化的画家，而不是幻想型的画家，他们对眼前的行为几乎只是漠然地观察。但是波提切利的天赋是这种类型，他在它面前篡改事实，解释它自己的观点、情绪和景象；出于这种兴趣反复无常地摆弄这些事实，丢弃一些，孤立另一些，然后总是将它们重新组合。情景、颜色、外在的形象或姿势对他和但丁来说一样，都有着激烈纠缠的真实存在。但此外由他自身结构的某种微妙法则唤醒的，是一种别人无法获得的情绪。它是双倍或重复的，它披以可见的外部环境，人人得以分享。

But he is far enough from accepting the conventional orthodoxy of Dante which, referring all human action to the simple formula of purgatory, heaven and hell, leaves an insoluble element of prose in the depths of Dante's poetry. One picture of his, with the portrait of the donor, Matteo Palmieri, below, had the credit or discredit of attracting some shadow of ecclesiastical censure. This Matteo Palmieri (two dim figures move under that name in contemporary history) was the reputed author of a poem, still unedited, "La Città Divina," which represented the human race as an incarnation of those angels who, in the revolt of Lucifer, were neither for Jehovah nor for His enemies, a fantasy of that earlier Alexandrian philosophy about which the Florentine intellect in that century was so curious. Botticelli's picture may have been only one of those familiar compositions in which religious reverie has recorded its impressions of the various forms of beatified existence—Glorias, as they were called, like that in which Giotto painted the portrait of Dante; but somehow it was suspected of embodying in a picture the wayward dream of Palmieri, and the chapel where it hung was closed. Artists so entire as Botticelli are usually careless about philosophical theories, even when the philosopher is a Florentine of the fifteenth century, and his work a poem in terza rima. But Botticelli, who wrote a commentary on Dante, and became the disciple of Savonarola, may well have let such theories come and go across him. True or false, the story interprets much of the peculiar sentiment with which he infuses his profane and

sacred persons, comely, and in a certain sense like angels, but with a sense of displacement or loss about them—the wistfulness of exiles, conscious of a passion and energy greater than any known issue of them explains, which runs through all his varied work with a sentiment of ineffable melancholy.

但他还不能接受但丁把所有人类行为划入炼狱、天堂和地狱的简单程式这一常规的正统思想。这种思想使得但丁诗歌的深处产生了一种无法融合的散文元素。他将捐助人马泰奥·帕尔米耶里的肖像画画在一幅作品里，这幅画因为引起了教会的责难而褒贬不一。这位马泰奥·帕尔米耶里（在现代历史中有两位，但都生平不详），据称创作了名为《神圣之城》的诗歌，这首仍未加编辑的诗中，人类被描绘为撒旦叛乱中某些天使的化身，他们既不支持耶和华，也没有帮助他的敌人。这是那个世纪佛罗伦萨知识分子非常感兴趣的早期亚历山大哲学的幻想。波提切利的作品可能只是那些我们熟知的创作之一。在这些创作中宗教幻想记录了它在各种形式的极乐存在上留下的印痕，即被称为光环的东西，就像在乔托创作的但丁肖像画里那样。但是不知何故它被怀疑在画中体现了帕尔米耶里的难以捉摸的梦境。另外保存它的教堂已经关闭了。波提切利这种纯粹的画家通常不关注哲学理论，即使这个哲人是15世纪的佛罗伦萨人，他的作品是三韵句形式诗歌，也是如此。但是波提切利写了一篇评论但丁的文章，也成为萨沃那洛拉的弟子，可能多多少少会让这样的理论影响到自己。不论真假，这个故事很大程度地解释了他注入到所画世俗人物或神圣人物身上的特殊情感。这些人物美丽俊秀，有些像天使，但是好像偏离或迷失了自我；贯穿于他所有作品中的带着一种无法形容的忧郁的对放逐的渴望，感觉到一种任何所知事物都无法言说的热情和活力。

So just what Dante scorns as unworthy alike of heaven and hell, Botticelli accepts, that middle world in which men take no side in great conflicts, and decide no great causes, and make great refusals. He thus sets for himself the limits within which art, undisturbed by any moral ambition, does its most sincere and surest work. His interest is neither in the untempered goodness of Arigelico's saints, nor the untempered evil of Orcagna's Inferno; but with men and women, in their mixed and uncertain condition, always attractive, clothed sometimes by passion with a character of loveliness and energy, but saddened perpetually by the shadow upon them of the great things from which they shrink. His morality is all sympathy; and it is this sympathy, conveying into his work somewhat more than is usual of the true complexion of humanity, which makes him, visionary as he is, so forcible a realist.

就像但丁嘲讽天堂和地狱都无足轻重一样，波提切利接受中间世界的概念，即在重大冲突中，人不偏向任何一方，不决定重大的事件并拒绝很多事情。因此他为自己设定了一些限制：艺术在其中不受任何道德野心的干扰，最真诚和坚定地创作。他既不对安杰利科圣人们的无约束

的贤良感兴趣，也不热衷奥康雅《地狱》中过分的邪恶。他的兴趣是那些男人女人。他们处于混乱无常中，总是很吸引人；有时隐藏在热情之下显现出美好和活力的特性，但因伟大事物对自己的荫庇渐渐远去而陷入永远的悲伤。他的道德完全是同情心。渗入他作品中的这份同情心比通常情况下真实的人性中的同情还要浓烈，虽然他是个幻想家，但这份同情心却使他成为如此坚定的现实主义者。

It is this which gives to his Madonnas their unique expression and charm. He has worked out in them a distinct and peculiar type, definite enough in his own mind, for he has painted it over and over again, some times one might think almost mechanically, as a pastime during that dark period when his thoughts were so heavy upon him. Hardly any collection of note is without one of these circular pictures, into which the attendant an gels depress their heads so naively. Perhaps you have sometimes wondered why those peevish-looking Ma donnas, conformed to no acknowledged or obvious type of beauty, attract you more and more, and often come back to you when the Sistine Madonna and the Virgins of Fra Angelico are forgotten. At first, contrasting them with those, you may have thought that there was some thing in them mean or abject even, for the abstract lines of the face have little nobleness, and the color is wan. For with Botticelli she too, though she holds in her hands the Desire of All Nations, is one of those who are neither for Jehovah nor for His enemies; and her choice is on her face. The white light on it is cast up hard and cheerless from below, as when snow lies upon the ground, and the children look up with surprise at the strange whiteness of the ceiling. Her trouble is in the very caress of the mysterious child, whose gaze is always far from her, and who has already that sweet look of devotion which men have never been able altogether to love, and which still makes the born saint an object almost of suspicion to his earthly brethren. Once, indeed, he guides her hand to transcribe in a book the words of her exaltation, the Ave, and the Magnificat, and the Gaude Maria, and the young angels, glad to rouse her for a moment from her dejection, are eager to hold the inkhorn and to support the book. But the pen almost drops from her hand, and the high cold words have no meaning for her, and her true children are those others, among whom, in her rude home, the intolerable honor came to her, with that look of wistful inquiry on their irregular faces which you see in startled animals—gipsy children, such as those who, in Apennine villages, still hold out their long, brown arms to beg of you, but on Sundays become enfants du chceur, with their thick black hair nicely combed, and fair white linen on their sunburnt throats.

也是因为这样，他笔下的圣母马利亚有了自己独特的表情和魅力。他将她们创作成一种突出而又独特的类型。这种类型在他头脑中非常明

确，因为他已经一次又一次，有时人们甚至可以认为，他是近乎机械的，把它画出来，在那个思想沉重堆积在他身上的黑暗时代里以此为消遣。几乎所有著名作品集里都会收录这些圆形图画,画中守护天使天真无邪，头颅低垂。可能你有时会好奇，为什么那些看上去执拗的马利亚不符合公认的或明显的美的特征，却越来越吸引你，而且常常是在西斯廷的马利亚和弗拉·安杰利科的圣女被遗忘了时你还是能想起她们。把她们和那些作品比较，起初你可能会认为这些圣母身上有些低俗甚至是粗鄙的成分，因为她们脸庞的抽象线条缺乏高贵的气质，脸色也苍白惨淡。在波提切利的笔下，尽管她手里掌握着“所有民族的欲望”，她既不站在耶和华的立场上，也不支持他的敌人。她的选择都在其面庞上。白光由下往上打在脸上，坚硬而缺乏生气，就如雪花覆盖大地，孩子惊奇地抬头看着云幕奇怪的白色。她的麻烦在于对神秘之子的爱抚。他的目光总是远离她，并且已经带着那种专注的美好表情，那种人类无法做到的挚爱的表情，使那降生的圣人几乎成了他世俗的弟兄怀疑的对象。的确，他曾引着她的手在一本书中写下她的兴奋，万福马利亚、光荣马利亚、快乐马利亚。小天使很高兴把她从她的沮丧中唤醒，急切地握着墨水壶并撑着书本。但是笔几乎从她手中掉落，那些深奥冰冷的词语对她来说没有意义，她真正的孩子是另外的人，在她粗陋的房子中，无法按捺的尊敬向她袭来，他们不匀称的脸上带着急切询问的表情，就像在那些受惊的动物身上看到的表情。这些流浪的吉卜赛孩童，比如亚平宁村庄里那些仍在伸出长长的黑黝黝的手臂向你乞讨的孩子，但在周末，却变成了唱诗班儿童，他们浓密的黑发梳理整齐，晒黑的脖颈遮着纯白的亚麻布。

What is strangest is that he carries this sentiment into classical subjects, its most complete expression being a picture in the uffizii, of Venus rising from the sea, in which the grotesque emblems of the middle age, and a landscape full of its peculiar feeling, and even its strange draperies, powdered all over in the Gothic manner with a quaint conceit of daisies, frame a figure that reminds you of the faultless nude studies of Ingres. At first, perhaps, you are attracted only by a quaintness of de sign, which seems to recall all at once whatever you have read of Florence in the fifteenth century; afterwards you may think that this quaintness must be incongruous with the subject, and that the color is cadaverous or at least cold. And yet, the more you come to understand what imaginative coloring really is, that all color is no mere delightful quality of natural things, but a spirit upon them by which they become expressive to the spirit, the better you will like this peculiar quality of color; and you will find that quaint design of Botticelli's a more direct inlet into the Greek temper than the works of the Greeks themselves even of the finest period. Of the Greeks as they really were, of their difference from ourselves, of the aspects of their outward life, we know far more than Botticelli, or his most learned contemporaries; but for us long familiarity has taken off the edge of the lesson, and we are hardly

conscious of what we owe to the Hellenic spirit. But in pictures like this of Botticelli's you have a record of the first impression made by it on minds turned back towards it, in almost painful aspiration, from a world in which it had been ignored so long; and in the passion, the energy, the industry of realisation, with which Botticelli carries out his intention, is the exact measure of the legitimate influence over the human mind of the imaginative system of which this is perhaps the central myth. The light is indeed cold— mere sunless dawn; but a later painter would have cloyed you with sunshine; and you can see the better for that quietness in the morning air each long promontory, as it slopes down to the water's edge. Men go forth to their labors until the evening; but she is awake before them, and you might think that the sorrow in her face was at the thought of the whole long day of love yet to come. An emblematical figure of the wind blows hard across the grey water, moving forward the dainty -lipped shell on which she sails, the sea "showing his teeth," as it moves, in thin lines of foam, and sucking in, one by one, the falling roses, each severe in outline, plucked off short at the stalk, but embrowned a little, as Botticelli's flowers always are. Botticelli meant all this imagery to be altogether pleasurable; and it was partly an incompleteness of resources, inseparable from the art of that time, that subdued and chilled it. But this predilection for minor tones counts also; and what is un mistakable is the sadness with which he has conceived the goddess of pleasure, as the depositary of a great power over the lives of men.

最奇特的是他把这种情感带入古典的主题里，其中最为完整的表达就是保存在乌菲兹美术馆的维纳斯从海上诞生的一幅画。在这幅画中，怪诞的中世纪符号、充满中世纪特殊感觉的风景甚至包括它哥特式的缀满风格离奇的雏菊的奇异衣装，这些元素勾勒出一个形象，使人们想起安格尔对裸体的完美研究。最初，你可能只被古怪的构思吸引，好像它让你一下子想起所有读过的关于15世纪佛罗伦萨的书籍。然后你可能认为这种古怪必定和主题不符，而且色彩苍白，或者至少是冰冷的。然而，当你对富有想象力的着色的真正含义越了解，即所有颜色都不只是自然物的一种令人愉悦的属性，而是它们赖以向灵魂表达的一种精神，你就越会喜欢色彩的这种奇异特质，你会发现波提切利作品的奇异构图甚至比希腊艺术最发达的时期希腊人自己的作品更直接切入希腊人的性情。关于这些真正的希腊人，关于他们和我们的不同，关于他们外部生活的方方面面，我们了解得远比波提切利或他同时代最有学识的人多得多。但是于我们而言，却因为长久的熟悉，而失去了对知识的敏感。我们几乎已经意识不到我们受惠于希腊精神之处了。但是在波提切利这样的作品中你能找到，它给人类思想留下的最初烙印从一个它已被遗忘很久的世界里，几乎痛苦地渴望着回头追溯它的记载。带着热情、活力和实现目标的勤奋，波提切利达成了他的目标，而正是这些特质也是想象体系对人类思维施加正统影响的确切方式，这些特质也是其精髓所在。

光线冷峻，只是太阳还未升起的早晨；但是晚期的画家却用过多的阳光使你发腻。你在早晨空气的寂静中能更清楚地看到每个绵长的海角，看到它斜伸进海水的边缘。男人们一直工作到晚上，但她却在他们之前起身，你或许认为她脸上悲伤的表情是因为想到亲爱的人要一整天之后才能回来。风神狠狠刮过灰色的水域，把她所乘的美丽唇形贝壳吹向前。海“露出牙齿”，它在泡沫稀疏的细纹里翻动，把飘落的玫瑰一朵一朵吞没。这些玫瑰一如波提切利惯常的风格，每朵外形都朴实无华，茎被摘得很短但有些棕黄。波提切利认为，所有这些意象同样让人赏心悦目。它部分是不完整的资源，和那个时代的艺术不可分割，当时的艺术将其抑制和冷却下来。但是这种对次要色调的偏好也同样重要，而且，确定无疑的是，他怀着悲伤勾画了快乐女神，将她作为加诸人类生命之上的某种伟大力量的体现者。

I have said that the peculiar character of Botticelli is the result of a blending in him of a sympathy for humanity in its uncertain condition, its attractiveness, its investiture at rarer moments in a character of loveliness and energy, with his consciousness of the shadow upon it of the great things from which it shrinks, and that this conveys into his work somewhat more than painting usually attains of the true complexion of humanity. He paints the story of the goddess of pleasure in other episodes besides that of her birth from the sea, but never without some shadow of death in the grey flesh and wan flowers. He paints Madonnas, but they shrink from the pressure of the divine child, and plead in un mistakable undertones for a warmer, lower humanity. The same figure—tradition connects it with Simonetta, the Mistress of Giuliano de' Medici—appears again as Judith, returning home across the hill country, when the great deed is over, and the moment of revulsion come, when the olive branch in her hand is becoming a burthen; as Justice, sitting on a throne, but with a fixed look of self-hatred which makes the sword in her hand seem that of a suicide; and again as Veritas, in the allegorical picture of Calumnia, where one may note in passing the suggestiveness of an accident which identifies the image of Truth with the person of Venus. We might trace the same sentiment through his engravings; but his share in them is doubtful, and the object of this brief study has been attained, if I have defined aright the temper in which he worked.

我已经说过波提切利的独特品质是某种混合的产物，是对不确定条件下的人性的怜悯、人性的魅力、它在少数条件下对于美好和热情品质的赋予，以及对加诸于人类身上使其畏缩的阴影的意识的混合。这种感情传达到他作品中，比绘画作品中通常获得的真实人性要更为深刻。除了维纳斯的诞于海洋，他还创作了快乐女神故事的其他阶段，但是在灰白的肉体和苍白的花朵上总是表现出死亡的阴影。他画下圣母马利亚，但是她们在圣子的压力下缩小，低声而明白地恳求一种更温暖、更为世俗化的人性。同样的形象——传统上认为是西莫内塔，朱利亚诺·德·美第

奇的情人——再次以犹滴的面目出现。伟大的功德已完成，她翻山越岭赶回家中，她手里的橄榄枝变成了负担，她开始产生了厌恶；这个形象还以正义女神的形象出现，坐在王位上却带着一副僵硬的自憎的表情，使手中的剑看起来像是自我了结之剑；她再次作为“真理”出现在《毁谤》这幅讽喻画中。人们可能会注意到，在这里真理的形象等同于维纳斯本人的暗示。在他的雕版作品中，我们可能发现相同的情感。但是他在其中参与了多少是令人怀疑的。如果我对他进行创作的情绪作了正确界定的话，这个简短研究的目的就已经达到了。

But, after all, it may be asked, is a painter like Botticelli—a secondary painter, a proper subject for general criticism? There are a few great painters, like Michelangelo or Leonardo, whose work has become a force in general culture, partly for this very reason that they have absorbed into themselves all such workmen as Sandro Botticelli; and, over and above mere technical or antiquarian criticism, general criticism may be very well employed in that sort of interpretation which adjusts the position of these men to general culture, whereas smaller men can be the proper subjects only of technical or antiquarian treatment. But, besides those great men, there is a certain number of artists who have a distinct faculty of their own by which they convey to us a peculiar quality of pleasure which we cannot get elsewhere; and these, too, have their place in general culture, and must be interpreted to it by those who have felt their charm strongly, and are often the object of a special diligence and a consideration wholly affectionate, just because there is not about them the stress of a great name and authority. Of this select number Botticelli is one. He has the freshness, the uncertain and diffident promise, which belong to the earlier Renaissance itself, and make it perhaps the most interesting period in the history of the mind. In studying his work one begins to understand to how great a place in human culture the art of Italy had been called.

但是人们毕竟可以发问，波提切利这样的画家——一个二流画家，能被当作一般批判的合适主题吗？有一些伟大的画家，比如米开朗琪罗或列奥纳多，他们的作品已经成为整个文化的一股力量，部分原因正是在于他们向所有像桑德罗·波提切利这样的艺术家学习。并且，除单纯的技巧或古物批评之外，一般批评也可以很好地承担一种诠释工作，为这些伟人在整个文化中找到合适的位置，而成就较低的艺术家可以成为单纯技术或古物批评的合适主题。但在这些伟人之外还有一定数量的艺术家，他们有自己的独特之处，传达给我们从别处获得不了的某种快乐，而且他们在整个文化中也有自己的地位，必须由能感受到其强烈魅力的人进行诠释；并且，因为没有巨大名声和权威的压力，他们往往都超常勤奋、充满关爱。波提切利就是这少数几个人中的一位。他初出茅庐，前途不能确定又缺乏自信，这是属于早期文艺复兴的特点，而且使文艺复兴成为人类思维史中可能是最有趣的阶段。通过对他的作品的研究，

人们开始理解意大利艺术在人类文化中曾经处于多么伟大的地位了。

1870

1870 年

(1)乔托（1267—1337），意大利文艺复兴时期杰出的雕刻家、画家、建筑师。

(2)瓦萨里（1511—1574），意大利画家、美术史家。

Luca Della Robbia

卢卡·德拉·罗比亚

The Italian sculptors of the earlier half of the fifteenth century are more than mere forerunners of the great masters of its close, and often reach perfection, within the narrow limits which they chose to impose on their work. Their sculpture shares with the paintings of Botticelli and the churches of Brunelleschi that profound expressiveness, that intimate impress of an in dwelling soul, which is the peculiar fascination of the art of Italy in that century. Their works have been much neglected, and often almost hidden away amid the frippery of modern decoration, and we come with some surprise on the places where their fire still smolders. One longs to penetrate into the lives of the men who have given expression to so much power and sweetness. But it is part of the reserve, the austere dignity and simplicity of their existence, that their histories are for the most part lost, or told but briefly. From their lives, as from their work, all tumult of sound and color has passed away. Mino, the Raphael of sculpture, Maso del Rodario, whose works add a further grace to the church of Como, Donatello[1] even,—one asks in vain for more than a shadowy outline of their actual days.

15世纪上半叶的意大利雕塑家不只是15世纪末期巨匠们的先驱。他们在自己的作品中加入种种限制，却在这狭小的范围内达到完美。他们的雕塑作品和波提切利的绘画，还有布鲁内莱斯基的教堂有共通之处：深刻的表现力和对内心灵魂的深刻体现，这是那个世纪意大利艺术特有的魅力。他们的大部分作品遭到忽视，几乎常常被埋没在现代装饰的俗艳之中，我们偶然间会邂逅这些仍旧闷燃的火焰，心怀惊异。人们渴望深入了解那些曾表达了如此大的力量和如此多愉悦的人们的生活。但是一方面因为他们的保守、他们冷峻的自尊和朴素的生活，关于他们的史实记载大部分散佚，或者只是寥寥几笔。他们的生命如同他们的作品一样，所有声音和色彩的喧嚣都已经从中逝去。米诺——雕塑界的拉斐尔，用作品给科莫教堂增添了另一份优雅的马索·德尔·罗达里奥，甚至多那太罗——人们只能触到他们真实生活的模糊轮廓。

Something more remains of Luca della Robbia; something more of a history, of outward changes and for tunes, is expressed through his work. I suppose nothing brings the real air of a Tuscan town so vividly to mind as those pieces of pale blue and white earthenware, by which he is best known, like fragments of the milky sky itself, fallen into the cool streets, and breaking into the darkened churches. And no work is less imitable: like Tuscan wine, it loses its savor when moved from its birthplace, from the crumbling walls where it was first placed. Part of

the charm of this work, its grace and purity and finish of expression, is common to all the Tuscan sculptors of the fifteenth century; for Luca was first of all a worker in marble, and his works in terra cotta only transfer to a different material the principles of his sculpture.

卢卡·德拉·罗比亚留下的痕迹要多一些。他的作品表现了更多的历史、外部变化和命运沉浮。我想，没有什么能比他最为知名的淡蓝色和白色陶器更能形象地展现托斯卡纳小镇的真实风貌了。这些作品仿若乳白色天空的碎片，坠落在清冷的街道上，闯进黑暗的教堂。他的作品都无法模仿：像托斯卡纳的葡萄酒一样，从最初的产地、从最初放置它的残垣上被移到别处就失去了原来的味道。这种作品的其中一部分魅力，它表达的优雅、纯洁和完整是15世纪所有托斯卡纳雕塑家的共同特点。卢卡首先是一位大理石工匠，他的赤土陶作品只是他把雕塑原则转换到另一种材料之中。

These Tuscan sculptors of the fifteenth century worked for the most part in low relief, giving even to their monumental effigies something of its depression of surface, getting into them by this means a pathetic suggestion of the wasting and etherealisation of death. They are haters of all heaviness and emphasis, of strongly-opposed light and shade, and seek their means of delineation among those last refinements of shadow, which are almost invisible except in a strong light, and which the finest pencil can hardly follow. The whole essence of their work is expression, the passing of a smile over the face of a child, the ripple of the air on a still day over the curtain of a window ajar.

15世纪的这些托斯卡纳雕塑家大多数时候都是在创作浅浮雕，他们甚至给这些纪念碑式的雕像一些沮丧的神情，用这种方法哀婉地暗示死亡的损耗和难以捉摸。他们嫌恶厚重和浓墨重彩，厌弃光影的强烈反差。他们在最后雕琢阴影时寻求自己的表现方法，这些阴影只有在强光下才看得见，就算最好的画笔也很难将它描绘出来。他们作品的全部本质就是表现力：表现孩子脸上转瞬即逝的微笑，表现静谧的白天里穿过微开的窗户拂过窗帘的一丝微风。

What is the precise value of this system of sculpture, this low relief? Luca della Robbia, and the other sculptors of the school to which he belongs, have before them the universal problem of their art; and this system of low relief is the means by which they meet and over come the special limitation of sculpture.

这个浅浮雕雕塑体系的确切价值何在呢？卢卡·德拉·罗比亚和其他同流派的雕塑家眼前面对的是他们艺术的普遍问题，而这种浅浮雕体系正是他们满足和克服雕塑特殊限制的手段。

That limitation results from the material and other necessary conditions of all sculptured work, and consists in the tendency of such work to a hard realism, a one-sided presentment of mere form, that

solid material frame which only motion can relieve, a thing of heavy shadows, and an individuality of expression pushed to caricature. Against this tendency to the hard presentment of mere form trying vainly to compete with the reality of nature itself, all noble sculpture constantly struggles; each great system of sculpture resisting it in its own way, etherealising, spiritualising, relieving its stiffness, its heaviness, and death. The use of color in sculpture is but an unskillful contrivance to effect, by borrowing from another art, what the nobler sculpture effects by strictly appropriate means. To get not color, but the equivalent of color; to secure the expression and the play of life; to expand the too firmly fixed individuality of pure, unrelieved, uncolored form:—this is the problem which the three great styles in sculpture have solved in three different ways.

那种限制来源于材料和其他所有雕塑作品的必要条件，存在于雕塑作品走向一种确定现实主义的趋势里，是对于纯形式的单方面的表现，只有用动作才能缓解的固体材料的框架，而表达的个性化变成了低劣的模仿。高贵的雕塑一直在抗争，反对这种徒劳地与自然本身的现实竞争的强烈表达纯形式的趋势。每个伟大的雕塑体系以自己的方式抵抗它：虚无化、精神化、缓和它的僵硬、笨重和死亡气息。在雕塑中使用色彩只是从另一种艺术中借鉴来增强效果的笨拙发明，高雅雕塑是靠绝对适合的方式使其产生效果的。不是运用色彩而是运用与色彩相同效果的方法，保证对生命的表达和体现，扩大单纯、紧绷和无色形体过于严格固定的个体性——对于这个问题，三种伟大的雕塑风格以三种不同的办法解决了。

Allgemeinheit—breadth, generality, universality,—is the word chosen by Winckelmann, and after him by Goethe and many German critics, to express that law of the most excellent Greek sculptors, of Pheidias and his pupils, which prompted them constantly to seek the type in the individual, to abstract and express only what is structural and permanent, to purge from the individual all that belongs only to him, all the accidents, the feelings and actions of the special moment, all that (because in its own nature it endures but for a moment) is apt to look like a frozen thing if one arrests it.

大众性——意指广泛性、一般性和普遍性，温克尔曼以及随后的歌德和其他很多德国批评家都选择这个词来表述最为出色的希腊雕塑家菲狄亚斯和他弟子们的准则。这个准则促使他们不断在个体中寻求典型，仅仅去概括和表达结构性的和永恒的东西，从个体中去除所有仅属于个人的、所有偶然的、某一特殊时刻的感情和动作，这一切（因为本质上它只持续片刻）如果被捕捉到就容易被看成是凝固之物。

In this way their works came to be like some subtle extract or essence, or almost like pure thoughts or ideas; and hence the breadth of humanity in them, that detachment from the conditions of a particular place or people, which has carried their influence far

beyond the age which produced them, and insured them universal acceptance.

由于用了这种方式，他们的作品变得像某种难以捉摸的精华或本质，或几乎变得像纯粹的思想或观点。因此，脱离了某一特定地区或民族条件的人性的广泛性，使它们的影响远远超越了它们产生的时代，确保它们被普遍接受。

That was the Greek way of relieving the hardness and unspirituality of pure form. But it involved to a certain degree the sacrifice of what we call expression; and a system of abstraction which aimed always at the broad and general type, at the purging away from the individual of what belonged only to him, and of the mere accidents of a particular time and place, imposed upon the range of effects open to the Greek sculptor limits some what narrowly defined. When Michelangelo came, therefore, with a genius spiritualised by the reverie of the middle age, penetrated by its spirit of inwardness and introspection, living not a mere outward life like the Greek, but a life full of intimate experiences, sorrows, consolations, a system which sacrificed so much of what was inward and unseen could not satisfy him. To him, lover and student of Greek sculpture as he was, work which did not bring what was inward to the surface, which was not concerned with individual expression, with individual character and feeling, the special history of the special soul, was not worth doing at all.

这是缓解纯形式的僵硬和非精神性的希腊方式。但是这种方式从一定程度上牺牲了我们称为“表现力”的东西。抽象体系总是把目标定位于广泛普遍的类型，在从个体中剔除只属于他的、某一特定时空的偶然事件的过程中，影响了希腊雕塑家，将他们局限在了很小的范围里。因此，米开朗琪罗，这个被中世纪幻想精神化了的天才，被它深刻和自省的精神渗透，不像希腊人那样只是生活在外部世界里，而是过着一种充满了私人经历、悲伤和宽慰的生活，因此，这样一个牺牲了大量内在的、不可见的东西的体系无法令他感到满意。对他这个热爱并学习希腊雕塑的人来说，倘若作品不能把内心世界呈现出来，倘若作品没有涉及到个人表达、个性、个人感觉和某个特殊心灵的特殊历史，那么这样的作品根本不值得去创作。

And so, in a way quite personal and peculiar to him self, which often is, and always seems, the effect of accident, he secured for his work individuality and intensity of expression, while he avoided a too heavy realism, that tendency to harden into caricature which the representation of feeling in sculpture is apt to display. What time and accident, its centuries of darkness under the furrows of the "little Melian farm," have done with singular felicity of touch for the Venus of Melos, fraying its surface and softening its lines, so that some spirit in the thing seems always on the point of breaking out, as though in it

classical sculpture had advanced already one step into the mystical Christian age, its expression being in the whole range of ancient work most like that of Michelangelo's own:—this effect Michelangelo gains by leaving nearly all his sculpture in a puzzling sort of incompleteness, which suggests rather than realises actual form. Something of the wasting of that snow- image which he molded at the command of Piero de' Medici, when the snow lay one night in the court of the Pitti palace, almost always lurks about it, as if he had determined to make the quality of a task, exacted from him half in derision, the pride of all his work. Many have wondered at that incompleteness, suspecting, however, that Michelangelo himself loved and was loath to change it, and feeling at the same time that they, too, would lose something if the half-realised form ever quite emerged from the stone, so rough-hewn here, so delicately finished there; and they have wished to fathom the charm of this incompleteness. Well! that incompleteness is Michelangelo's equivalent for color in sculpture; it is his way of etherealizing pure form, of relieving its stiff realism, and communicating to it breath, pulsation, the effect of life. It was a characteristic, too, which fell in with his peculiar temper and mode of living, his disappointments and hesitations. And it was in reality perfect finish. In this way he combines the utmost amount of passion and intensity with the sense of a yielding and flexible life: he gets not vitality merely, but a wonderful force of expression.

因此，他用一种对他来说非常私人和特别的方式，这种通常或者总是看上去偶然的方式，保证了自己作品中的个性化和表现力的强度，同时，他避免一种过于沉重的现实主义，避免那种在雕塑中表现情感而容易导致的拙劣模仿的倾向。在小米洛斯农场犁沟下沉寂了几个世纪之后，是什么时间和偶然事件不再满足于触摸米洛的维纳斯的那种单纯的快乐，磨损着它的表面，使它的线条不再棱角分明，让它里面的某种精神看上去呼之欲出，好像在这之中古典雕塑已经一步迈入了神秘的基督时代。它的表现力，在全部古典作品中，和米开朗琪罗的作品最为相似。米开朗琪罗达到这种效果是因为其几乎所有的雕塑作品都令人不解地处于半完成状态，这些作品与其说是实现，还不如说是暗示出真正的形态。他按皮耶罗·德·美第奇的要求，在一个雪花飘落在皮蒂宫庭院的晚上雕刻的雪花形象，虽然并未成形，但是其中总是对其若有所指，就好像他执意要把一个任务的特质，半嘲笑地从他那里强行索要来的特质，变成他全部作品的骄傲。很多人都对这种不完整性惊叹不已，却怀疑是米开朗琪罗自己喜欢、而且痛恨将其改变。他们同时感觉到，如果这种半完成的形态，真正从石头中跃然而成，在这里是粗粗雕就，在那里却是精雕细琢，他们也会若有所失。他们曾希望彻底地了解这种不完整的魅力。没错！这种不完整就是米开朗琪罗在雕塑中的色彩，是他自己的方式，使纯形式超凡脱俗，摆脱僵硬的现实主义，给它呼吸、脉搏和生命效果。这种典型特点也符合他独特的性情和生活模式、符合他的失意和犹豫。事实上这是圆满的完成。用这种方式，他把最大的热情和激烈

与一种变通灵活的生活感觉结合在一起：他不只获得了活力，还获得了一种惊人的表现力。

Midway between these two systems—the system of the Greek sculptors and the system of Michelangelo— comes the system of Luca della Robbia and the other Tuscan sculptors of the fifteenth century, partaking both of the Allgemeinheit of the Greeks, their way of extracting certain select elements only of pure form and sacrificing all the rest, and the studied incompleteness of Michelangelo, relieving that sense of intensity, passion, energy, which might otherwise have stiffened into caricature. Like Michelangelo, these sculptors fill their works with intense and individualised expression. Their noblest works are the careful sepulchral portraits of particular persons—the monument of Conte Ugo in the Badía of Florence, of the youthful Medea Colleoni, with the wonderful, long throat, in the chapel on the cool north side of the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore at Bergamo—monuments such as abound in the churches of Rome, inexhaustible in suggestions of repose, of a subdued Sabbatic joy, a kind of sacred grace and refinement. And these elements of tranquility; of repose, they unite to an intense and individual expression by a sys tem of conventionalism as skilful and subtle as that of the Greeks, repressing all such curves as indicate solid form, and throwing the whole into low relief.

在希腊雕塑家和米开朗琪罗这两种体系之间的，是卢卡·德拉·罗比亚和其他15世纪托斯卡纳雕塑家组成的体系。他们带有几分希腊人大众性的特点，吸取单纯形式中某些精选的元素而放弃掉其他的；他们也学习米开朗琪罗的不完整性，缓和那种激烈、激情和活力，以免僵化成拙劣的模仿。同米开朗琪罗一样，这些雕塑家在他们的作品中倾注了激烈和个性化的表现力。他们最优秀的作品是精心雕琢的一些特定人物的遗像—现存于佛罗伦萨巴迪亚的乌戈伯爵的纪念碑，在贝加莫市圣马利亚马焦雷教堂阴凉北侧的小礼拜堂里存放的有着颀长优美颈部的美狄亚·科莱奥尼的纪念碑—这些遍布于罗马教堂的纪念碑暗示着无尽的平静、柔和的安息日般的快乐和神圣的高雅优美。这些静谧安详的元素借由希腊人那种纯熟精妙的传统主义体系结合成一种强烈的个性的表达，压制了所有显示固定的外形的曲线，将其全部揉入浅浮雕里。

The life of Luca, a life of labor and frugality, with no adventure and no excitement except what belongs to the trial of new artistic processes, the struggle with new artistic difficulties, the solution of purely artistic problems, fills the first seventy years of the fifteenth century. After producing many works in marble for the Duomo and the Campanile of Florence, which place him among the foremost masters of the sculpture of his age, he became desirous to realise the spirit and manner of that sculpture, in a humbler material, to unite its science, its exquisite and expressive system of low relief, to the

homely art of pottery, to introduce those high qualities into common things, to adorn and cultivate daily household life. In this he is profoundly characteristic of the Florence of that century, of that in it which lay below its superficial vanity and caprice, a certain old-world modesty and seriousness and simplicity. People had not yet begun to think that what was good art for churches was not so good, or less fitted, for their own houses. Luca's new work was in plain white earthenware at first, a mere rough imitation of the costly, laboriously wrought marble, finished in a few hours. But on this humble path he found his way to a fresh success, to another artistic grace. The fame of the oriental pottery, with its strange, bright colors—colors of art, colors not to be attained in the natural stone—mingled with the tradition of the old Roman pottery of the neighborhood. The little red, coral-like jars of Arezzo, dug up in that district from time to time, are much prized. These colors haunted Luca's fancy. "He still continued seeking some thing more," his biographer says of him; "and instead of making his figures of baked earth simply white, he added the further invention of giving them color, to the astonishment and delight of all who beheld them"— Cosa singolare, e multo utile per la state!—a curious thing, and very useful for summer- time, full of coolness and repose for hand and eye. Luca loved the forms of various fruits, and wrought them into all sorts of marvelous frames and garlands, giving them their natural colors, only subdued a little, a little paler than nature.

卢卡一生勤奋节俭，除了他对新艺术过程的尝试、与新艺术难题的斗争和对纯艺术问题的解决，一生别无冒险和刺激。他享年70岁，生活在15世纪的上半叶。在为佛罗伦萨大教堂和钟楼创作了大量大理石作品并一举成为当时最重要的雕塑大师后，他开始渴望以较为粗陋的材料实现雕塑的精神和风格。他要把它的科学、它的精致和浅浮雕的表现力体系与陶艺这种朴素的艺术融合起来，把那些上乘特质放进普通事物中装饰和陶冶日常居家生活。在这方面，他完全具有那个世纪佛罗伦萨的典型特色，那种在表面的浮华和任性下隐藏着某种旧世界中谦恭、认真和简朴的特点。人们还没开始认识到出色的教堂艺术对他们自己的房子来说可能并不好，或者说没那么合适。卢卡的新作品最初是简单的白色陶器，只是在粗糙地模仿那种昂贵费力的精美大理石作品，几小时内就能完成，但是在这条粗陋艺术的道路上，他找到了通往一种全新的成功、通往另一种艺术的高雅的方法。享有盛名的东方陶器有着令人匪夷所思的明亮色彩—那是艺术的色彩，是无法从天然石头中获得的色彩—这种色彩和近邻古罗马的陶器的传统混合在一起。那个地区常常出土阿雷佐的红珊瑚色小罐，非常珍贵。这些色彩使卢卡痴迷。“他仍在继续寻找更多东西。”为他写传记的作家这样说，“令所有看到他作品的人惊奇和高兴的是，他不是把烧制好的泥土人物作品简单地染成白色，而是创造性地进行了着色。”—这是古怪的东西，而且很适宜夏天！（法语）不论是触摸还是看上去都给人一种清凉安静的感觉。卢卡喜欢各种果实的形

状，将它们做成各种绝妙的框子和花环，着上比自然色稍稍柔和一些、稍稍浅一些的颜色。

I said that the art of Luca della Robbia possessed in an unusual measure that special characteristic which be longs to all the workmen of his school, a characteristic which, even in the absence of much positive information about their actual history, seems to bring those workmen themselves very near to us. They bear the impress of a personal quality, a profound expressiveness, what the French call intimité, by which is meant some subtler sense of originality—the seal on a man's work of what is most inward and peculiar in his moods, and manner of apprehension: it is what we call expression, carried to its highest intensity of degree. That characteristic is rare in poetry, rarer still in art, rarest of all in the abstract art of sculpture; yet essentially, perhaps, it is the quality which alone makes work in the imaginative order really worth having at all. It is because the works of the artists of the fifteenth century possess this quality in an unmistakable way that one is anxious to know all that can be known about them and explain to one's self the secret of their charm.

我说过，卢卡·德拉·罗比亚的艺术以一种独特的方式具备属于同流派所有艺术家的特殊特色。即使缺乏关于他们生平的确切信息，这种特色似乎也可以将那些艺术家和我们之间的距离拉近。它们有一种个人特质的印记，一种在法语里称作“内心深处”的深刻表现力，意指某种更精微的创造性——即作品中一个人情绪里最内在、最独特的印记以及理解方式：正是这些我们叫做“表现力”的东西，使其达到了最激烈的程度。这种特质在诗歌中很少见，在艺术里更少见，而在抽象的雕塑艺术中最为少见。然而从本质上来说，它可能是使得富有想象力的作品值得拥有的唯一特质。正是因为15世纪艺术家的作品明显地具有这种特质，所以人们才渴望了解关于它们的全部，并为自己解释其魅力的秘密所在。

1872

1872 年

(1)多那太罗（约1386—1466），文艺复兴早期意大利著名的雕塑家，代表作《大卫》、《格达梅拉骑马像》等。

The Poetry Of Michelangelo

米开朗琪罗的诗歌

Critics of Michelangelo have sometimes spoken as if the only characteristic of his genius were a wonderful strength, verging, as in the things of the imagination great strength always does, on what is singular or strange. A certain strangeness, something of the blossoming of the aloe, is indeed an element in all true works of art: that they shall excite or surprise us is indispensable. But that they shall give pleasure and exert a charm over us is indispensable, too; and this strangeness must be sweet also—a lovely strangeness. And to the true admirers of Michelangelo this is the true type of the Michelangelesque—sweetness and strength, pleasure with surprise, an energy of conception which seems at every moment about to break through all the conditions of comely form, recovering, touch by touch, a loveliness found usually only in the simplest natural things—ex forti dulcedo.

米开朗琪罗的批评家有时会认为，他天赋的唯一特色似乎是一种伟大力量，它和在想象性的事物中的伟大力量一样，接近异常性或奇异性的边缘。这种奇异性，如同芦荟开花一般的奇异性，的确是所有真正艺术品的一个元素：它注定能使我们兴奋，让我们惊讶，但也注定给我们带来愉悦或者让我们感受到其魅力所在。这种奇异性也是醇美的—一种可爱的奇异。对米开朗琪罗真正的仰慕者来说，这才是真正的米开朗琪罗风格：醇美有力、愉悦中伴随着惊喜、概念的能量好像随时都会突破美好形式的所有制约，一点点重新获得通常只在最简单的自然物里——从有力的醇美里——才找得到的可爱和美好。

In this way he sums up for them the whole character of medieval art itself in that which distinguishes it most clearly from classical work, the presence of a convulsive energy in it, becoming in lower hands merely monstrous or forbidding, and felt, even in its most graceful products, as a subdued quaintness or grotesque. Yet those who feel this grace or sweetness in Michelangelo might at the first moment be puzzled if they were asked wherein precisely such quality resided. Men of inventive temperament—Victor Hugo, for instance, in whom, as in Michelangelo, people have for the most part been attracted or repelled by the strength, while few have under stood his sweetness—have sometimes relieved conceptions of merely moral or spiritual greatness, but with little aesthetic charm of their own, by lovely accidents or accessories, like the butterfly which alights on the blood-stained barricade in Les Misérables or those seabirds for whom the monstrous Gilliatt comes to be as some wild natural thing, so that

they are no longer afraid of him, in Les Travailleurs de la Mer. But the austere genius of Michelangelo will not depend for its sweetness on any mere accessories like these. The world of natural things has almost no existence for him; "When one speaks of him," says Grimm, "woods, clouds, seas, and mountains disappear, and only what is formed by the spirit of man remains behind"; and he quotes a few slight words from a letter of his to Vasari as the single expression in all he has left of a feeling for nature. He has traced no flowers, like those with which Leonardo stars over his gloomiest rocks; nothing like the fret work of wings and flames in which Blake frames his most startling conceptions. No forest-scenery like Titian's fills his backgrounds, but only blank ranges of rock, and dim vegetable forms as blank as they, as in a world before the creation of the first five days.

他以这种方式为他的仰慕者们总结出了中世纪艺术本身的整体特色：这一时期的艺术和古典艺术最大的不同在于它包含的剧烈能量，这种能量在粗陋的手法中只会变得畸形和可怕，在最高雅的作品里也只是让人感到一种受压抑的离奇或怪异。不过在米开朗琪罗作品中感受到高雅舒适的人，可能最初在被问到这些特质到底存在于何处时也会感到茫然。对于具有创造性气质的人，比如维克多·雨果，正如米开朗琪罗一样，人们大部分是被这种能量吸引或者对它产生抗拒，但很少有人理解它的美妙芳醇。这些人有时削弱了纯道德伟大性或宗教伟大性的概念，但自己却缺乏美学的魅力，通过细腻的偶然事件或点缀，比如《悲惨世界》里飞落在血迹斑斑的路障上的蝴蝶，或是《海上劳工》中的那些海鸟，残暴的吉列特变成了让他们不再害怕的野生动物。但是米开朗琪罗一丝不苟的天赋不会依靠任何这样的附加品来体现它的醇美。自然界对他来说几乎不存在。“人们说起他时，”格里姆说，“森林、云朵、海洋和高山都消失了，只存在着人类思想形成的一切。”他还引用了米开朗琪罗写给瓦萨里的信中一些轻描淡写的词语来作为他对自然所存留的感情的唯一表达。他没有描绘过花朵，不像达·芬奇那样用花朵来点缀最阴暗的石头；也不像布莱克那样用浮雕的翅膀和火焰架构自己最惊人的概念；他也从来不用提香那种森林景色填充自己的背景，只会用一排排单调的石头，还有一样暗淡单调的植物，就像创世前五天之前的世界。

Of the whole story of the creation he has painted only the creation of the first man and woman, and, for him at least, feebly, the creation of light. It belongs to the quality of his genius thus to concern itself almost exclusively with the making of man. For him it is not, as in the story itself, the last and crowning act of a series of developments, but the first and unique act, the creation of life itself in its supreme form, offhand and immediately, in the cold and lifeless stone. With him the beginning of life has all the characteristics of resurrection; it is like the recovery of suspended health or animation, with its gratitude, its effusion, and eloquence. Fair as the young men

of the Elgin marbles, the Adam of the Sistine Chapel is unlike them in a total absence of that balance and completeness which express so well the sentiment of a self-contained, independent life. In that languid figure there is something rude and satyr-like, some thing akin to the rugged hillside on which it lies. His whole form is gathered into an expression of mere expectancy and reception; he has hardly strength enough to lift his finger to touch the finger of the creator; yet a touch of the finger-tips will suffice.

关于整个创世故事，他只画下了第一个男人和第一个女人，以及至少对他而言，含糊的，光的创造。因此他天赋的特质就是专注于人的创造。对他来说，人的创造不是像创世故事中那种一系列阶段的最终的、画龙点睛的部分，而是首先的、独特的动作，是在冰冷无生命的石头上即兴创造的生命的最高形式。在他那里，生命的初始有着复苏的全部特点，如同处在恢复过程中的健康或活力带着感激、带着喷薄的感情和滔滔的雄辩。西斯廷教堂里的亚当尽管俊美如埃尔金大理石雕像中的青年男子，但却与他们并不相像，缺乏了那些雕像中充分表达生活的独立自足的平衡与完满。那个慵懒的形象里有着粗野的、萨梯似的气质，类似于他所躺的崎岖山坡。他的整体形象表达出来的是一种期待和接受，他几乎没有力气抬起手指去触碰创造者的手指；不过指尖相触便已足够了。

This creation of life—life coming always as relief or recovery, and always in strong contrast with the rough hewn mass in which it is kindled—is in various ways the motive of all his work, whether its immediate subject be Pagan or Christian, legend or allegory; and this, although at least one- half of his work was designed for the adornment of tombs—the tomb of Julius, the tombs of the Medici. Not the Judgment but the Resurrection is the real subject of his last work in the Sistine Chapel; and his favorite Pagan subject is the legend of Leda, the delight of the world breaking from the egg of a bird. As I have already pointed out, he secures that ideality of expression which in Greek sculpture depends on a delicate system of abstraction, and in early Italian sculpture on lowness of relief, by an incompleteness, which is surely not always undesigned, and which, as I think, no one regrets, and trusts to the spectator to complete the half-emergent form. And as his persons have some thing of the unwrought stone about them, so, as if to realise the expression by which the old Florentine records describe a sculptor—master of live stone—with him the very rocks seem to have life. They have but to cast away the dust and scurf that they may rise and stand on their feet. He loved the very quarries of Carrara, those strange grey peaks which even at midday convey into any scene from which they are visible some thing of the solemnity and stillness of evening, some times wandering among them month after month, till at last their pale ashen colors seem to have

passed into his painting; and on the crown of the head of the David there still remains a morsel of uncut stone, as if by one touch to maintain its connection with the place from which it was hewn.

生命的创造——生命总是作为解脱或复苏出现，总是与生命之火点燃之时所处之地周遭的粗糙形成强烈对比——以各种方式成为他所有创作的动机，不管作品的直接主题是异教还是基督教，传奇抑或寓言；虽然，他至少一半作品是为装饰墓地而创作的，比如尤里乌斯和美第奇家族的墓地。他在西斯廷教堂的最后一件作品，主题不是审判而是复活。他最喜欢的异教主题是勒达传奇这种世界从鸟蛋中破壳而出的喜悦。我已经指出，他通过某种不完整来确保表现力的理想状态，这种理想状态的希腊雕塑有赖于精巧的抽象体系来达到，而早期意大利雕像依靠浮雕的低浅来完成。这种不完整当然不总是无意的，而且我认为，没人会感到遗憾，也相信观众会复原未完全浮现的形式。因为他的人物里还有一些未完工的石料，这仿佛是用来实践古佛罗伦萨人记载的对雕塑家的描述：赋予石头生命的大师，在他面前，石头似乎也有了生命。他们只要把尘土和碎屑抖掉就能起身站立起来。他喜爱卡拉拉的采石场，那些怪异的灰色山峰即便在中午也显现出某种夜晚才有的严肃和静谧。他有时在山上徘徊数月，直到那些暗淡、苍白的颜色好像最终走入他的作品；《大卫》头上的王冠还有一处没有雕完的石头，就像是保持它和取材地的关联的一笔。

And it is in this penetrative suggestion of life that the secret of that sweetness of his is to be found. He gives us indeed no lovely natural objects like Leonardo or Titian, but only the coldest, most elementary shadowing of rock or tree; no lovely draperies and comely gestures of life, but only the austere truths of human nature; "simple persons"—as he replied in his rough way to the querulous criticism of Julius the Second, that there was no gold on the figures of the Sistine Chapel—"simple persons, who wore no gold on their garments"; but he penetrates us with a feeling of that power which we associate with all the warmth and fullness of the world, the sense of which brings into one's thoughts a swarm of birds and flowers and insects. The brooding spirit of life itself is there; and the summer may burst out in a moment.

正是在这种对生命的深刻暗示中，我们可以寻到他作品中那种美妙芳醇的奥秘。他确实没像达·芬奇或提香那样给我们可爱的自然物，而只是最冰冷、最基本的石头或树木的阴影；他没给我们生活中可爱的褶皱低垂的衣裳或是得体的举止，而只是人性的严酷现实。“质朴的人，”正如他粗暴地回答尤里乌斯二世暴躁地批评西斯廷教堂的人物身上没有用金色时说道的，“质朴的人衣服上没有金色。”但是他把一种感知的力量渗透进我们，这种力量让我们联想到世界所有的温暖和充实，让我们想到一群鸟、一丛花、亦或一窝昆虫。生命本身的孕育精神都在那里，夏天可能会呼之欲出。

He was born in an interval of a rapid midnight journey in March,

at a place in the neighborhood of Arezzo, the thin, clear air of which was then thought to be favorable to the birth of children of great parts. He came of a race of grave and dignified men, who, claiming kin ship with the family of Canossa, and some color of imperial blood in their veins, had, generation after generation, received honorable employment under the government of Florence. His mother, a girl of nineteen years, put him out to nurse at a country house among the hills of Settignano, where every other inhabitant is a worker in the marble quarries, and the child early became familiar with that strange first stage in the sculptor's art. To this succeeded the influence of the sweetest and most placid master Florence had yet seen, Domenico Ghirlandajo. At fifteen he was at work among the curiosities of the garden of the Medici, copying and restoring antiques, winning the condescending notice of the great Lorenzo. He knew, too, how to excite strong hatreds; and it was at this time that in a quarrel with a fellow student he received a blow on the face which deprived him for ever of the comeliness of outward form.

他出生于3月转瞬即逝的暗夜的间隙，在阿雷佐地区。当时那种淡淡的清新空气被认为适宜伟大婴儿的降生。他的家族尊贵显赫，自称和卡诺萨家族有血缘关系，而且血管里也流淌着部分皇室的血液，因此世代在佛罗伦萨政府里获得荣耀的职位。他的母亲当时19岁，把他寄养在塞提涅亚诺山区的乡间住所里。那里其他的居民都是大理石采石场的工人，这孩子早早熟悉了雕塑艺术奇妙的第一步。此后他又受到佛罗伦萨最细腻平和的大师——多梅尼科·吉兰达约的影响。15岁时他在遍布古物奇珍的美第奇园林中工作，复制和修复古物，得到了伟大的洛伦佐的垂青。他也很能激起他人强烈的憎恨，同样在这个时期，和一个同学产生纷争，他的脸挨了一击，此后就再也没有英俊的外表了。

It was through an accident that he came to study those works of the early Italian sculptors which suggested much of his own grandest work, and impressed it with so deep a sweetness. He believed in dreams and omens. One of his friends dreamed twice that Lorenzo, then lately dead, appeared to him in grey and dusty apparel. To Michelangelo this dream seemed to portend the troubles which afterwards really came, and with the suddenness which was characteristic of all his movements, he left Florence. Having occasion to pass through Bologna, he neglected to procure the little seal of red wax which the stranger entering Bologna must carry on the thumb of his right hand. He had no money to pay the fine, and would have been thrown into prison had not one of the magistrates interposed. He remained in this man's house a whole year, rewarding his hospitality by readings from the Italian poets whom he loved. Bologna, with its endless colonnades and fantastic leaning towers, can never have been one of the lovelier cities of Italy. But about the portals of its vast

unfinished churches and its dark shrines, half hidden by votive f lowers and candles, lie some of the sweetest works of the early Tuscan sculptors, Giovanni da Pisa and Jacopo della Quercia, things as winsome as f lowers; and the year which Michelangelo spent in copying these works was not a lost year. It was now, on returning to Florence, that he put forth that unique presentment of Bacchus, which expresses, not the mirthfulness of the god of wine, but his sleepy seriousness, his enthusiasm, his capacity for profound dreaming. No one ever expressed more truly than Michelangelo the notion of inspired sleep, of faces charged with dreams. A vast fragment of marble had long lain below the Loggia of Orcagna, and many a sculptor had had his thoughts of a design which should just f ill this famous block of stone, cutting the diamond, as it were, without loss. Under Michel angelo's hand it became the David which stood till lately on the steps of the Palazzo Vecchio, when it was replaced below the Loggia. Michelangelo was now thirty years old, and his reputation was established. Three great works f ill the remainder of his life—three works often interrupted, carried on through a thousand hesitations, a thousand disappointments, quarrels with his patrons, quarrels with his family, quarrels perhaps most of all with himself—the Sistine Chapel, the Mausoleum of Julius the Second, and the Sacristy of San Lorenzo.

因为偶然的机会他研究了早期意大利雕塑家的作品，这些作品影响了他最伟大的作品，在作品里印下了很深的美妙芳醇的印迹。他相信梦境和征兆，他的一个朋友曾两次梦到去世不久的洛伦佐穿着肮脏的灰色衣服出现在他面前。米开朗琪罗认为这个梦预示了麻烦。后来梦境变成了现实，于是就像他一贯的作风一样，米开朗琪罗突然离开了佛罗伦萨。有一次路过博洛尼亚，他忘了盖上路过博洛尼亚的外乡人都要印在右手拇指上的红色蜡章。他也没有钱付罚金，多亏一位地方行政官提供了帮助才免受牢狱之灾。米开朗琪罗在他家里呆了一年，并通过朗读自己喜欢的意大利诗人的作品来报答他的热情款待。博洛尼亚有无数的柱廊和美轮美奂的斜塔，虽然它算不上是意大利最美丽的城市，但是，在宏大而半完成的教堂门廊里，在黑暗的神祠里，被还愿的花朵和蜡烛半遮住的是很多早期托斯卡纳雕塑家，如乔万尼·达比萨和雅各布·德拉奎尔恰最为精妙的作品，这些作品如花朵一般迷人。米开朗琪罗临摹这些作品的一年没有浪费。他返回佛罗伦萨后，创作出了独一无二的酒神巴克斯像：不是展现酒神的欢乐，而是他的倦怠和严肃，他的活力和他深沉的梦态。没人能像米开朗琪罗那样真实地表现获得了灵感的睡梦，或展现梦境中的脸庞这些概念。在奥尔卡尼亚的凉廊下有块巨大的大理石放了很久，很多雕塑家都想过要把这块著名的大理石完整雕刻出来，像切割钻石那样没一点损失。这块巨石在米开朗琪罗手下变成了《大卫》，一直立在韦基奥宫的台阶上，最近才被放回凉廊。此时米开朗琪罗30岁，他的名望已经树立起来。他的余生创作了3件伟大的作品——这3件作品在创作中常常中断，在经历重重犹豫、百般失望、与资助人争吵、

与家人争吵和可能更多地与自己争吵之后才最终得以完成。这3件作品就是西斯廷教堂壁画、尤利乌斯二世陵墓和圣洛伦佐圣器所。

In the story of Michelangelo's life the strength, often turning to bitterness, is not far to seek. A discordant note sounds throughout it which almost spoils the music. He "treats the Pope as the King of France himself would not dare to treat him": he goes along the streets of Rome "like an executioner," Raphael says of him. Once he seems to have shut himself up with the intention of starving himself to death. As we come, in reading his life, on its harsh, untempered incidents, the thought again and again arises that he is one of those who incur the judgment of Dante, as having "wilfully lived in sadness." Even his tenderness and pity are embittered by their strength. What passionate weeping in that mysterious figure which, in the Creation of Adam, crouches below the image of the Almighty, as he comes with the forms of things to be, woman and her progeny, in the fold of his garment! What a sense of wrong in those two captive youths, who feel the chains like scalding water on their proud and delicate flesh! The idealist who became a reformer with Savonarola, and a republican superintending the fortification of Florence—the nest where he was born, il nido ove naqqu'io, as he calls it once, in a sudden throb of affection—in its last struggle for liberty, yet believed always that he had imperial blood in his veins and was of the kindred of the great Matilda, had within the depths of his nature some secret spring of indignation or sorrow. We know little of his youth, but all tends to make one believe in the vehemence of its passions. Beneath the Platonic calm of the sonnets there is latent a deep delight in carnal form and color. There, and still more in the madrigals, he often falls into the language of less tranquil affections; while some of them have the color of penitence, as from a wanderer returning home. He who spoke so decisively of the supremacy in the imaginative world of the unveiled human form had not been always, we may think, a mere Platonic lover. Vague and wayward his loves may have been; but they partook of the strength of his nature, and sometimes, it may be, would by no means become music, so that the comely order of his days was quite put out: par che amaro ogni mio dolce io senta.

在米开朗琪罗的人生故事中力量常常演化成痛苦，这种情况很容易发现。一个几乎毁了整首音乐的不和谐乐符贯穿其中。他“对待教皇”的方式几乎连法兰西国王自己也不敢这样。拉斐尔说他“像行刑人一样”走在罗马的大街上。有一回他似乎把自己封闭了起来，准备绝食而死。我们读到他人生中那些苛刻的不加节制的事情时总是一次次产生这样的想法：他就是被但丁评价为“决意生活在悲伤中”的人之一。即使他的温柔和怜悯，也因它们的力量变得苦涩。在《创造亚当》中，上帝把即将成形的女人和她的后代藏在衣褶里面，而在他肖像下面蜷缩着的神秘人物

哭得是多么动情！两个被俘的少年感到锁链像滚烫的开水灼烧着他们骄傲柔弱的肉体，这是多么错误的感觉！这个理想主义者成为了和萨伏那洛拉并肩战斗的改革家，同时也是监督佛罗伦萨军事要塞工程的共和主义者。佛罗伦萨是他的出生地，“他出生的巢”，他某次突然表达爱意时的用词。虽然他一直认为自己流淌着皇室的血液，和伟大的玛蒂尔达同族，但在他内心深处有某种愤慨和悲伤在秘密地涌动。对他的青少年时代我们知之甚少，但所知的一切都使人们相信那段时光的激情澎湃。在十四行诗中，柏拉图式的平静下潜藏着对肉欲的形式和色彩的巨大喜悦。在这里，更多的是在短诗中，他常常陷进不那么宁静的爱情的语言中；并且其中有一些具有忏悔的色彩，像是归家浪子的诉说。他坚定地宣称在想象世界里裸露的人类形体具有至高无上的地位。我们认为他不总是纯粹的柏拉图式的情人。他的爱情可能是模糊和任性的，但却带有几分他天性的力量。有时候，它绝不可能变成音乐，这样他生活的良好秩序就被打乱了：这样我感到的美好都成了每天的痛苦。

But his genius is in harmony with itself; and just as in the products of his art we find resources of sweetness within their exceeding strength, so in his own story also, bitter as the ordinary sense of it may be, there are select pages shut in among the rest—pages one might easily turn over too lightly, but which yet sweeten the whole volume. The interest of Michelangelo's poems is that they make us spectators of this struggle; the struggle of a strong nature to adorn and attune itself; the struggle of a desolating passion, which yearns to be resigned and sweet and pensive, as Dante's was. It is a consequence of the occasional and informal character of his poetry, that it brings us nearer to himself, his own mind and temper, than any work done only to support a literary reputation could possibly do. His letters tell us little that is worth knowing about him—a few poor quarrels about money and commissions. But it is quite other wise with these songs and sonnets, written down at odd moments, sometimes on the margins of his sketches, themselves often unfinished sketches, arresting some salient feeling or unpremeditated idea as it passed. And it happens that a true study of these has become within the last few years for the first time possible. A few of the sonnets circulated widely in manuscript, and became almost within Michelangelo's own lifetime a subject of academical discourses. But they were first collected in a volume in 1623 by the great-nephew of Michelangelo, Michelangelo Buonarroti the younger. He omitted much, re-wrote the sonnets in part, and sometimes com pressed two or more compositions into one, always losing something of the force and incisiveness of the original. So the book remained, neglected even by Italians themselves in the last century, through the influence of that French taste which despised all composition of the kind, as it despised and neglected Dante. "His reputation will ever be on the increase, because he is so little read," says Voltaire of Dante.—But in 1858 the last of the Buonarroti

bequeathed to the municipality of Florence the curiosities of his family. Among them was a precious volume containing the autograph of the sonnets. A learned Italian, Signor Cesare Guasti, under took to collate this autograph with other manuscripts at the Vatican and elsewhere, and in 1863 published a true version of Michelangelo's poems, with dissertations and a paraphrase. (The sonnets have been translated into English, with much skill and poetic taste, by Mr. J. A. Symonds.)

但是他的天赋在内在上是和谐一致的，正如我们在他的艺术作品里发现美妙芳醇的源泉位于极度饱满的力量内一样，他自己的故事，虽然从一般意义上来讲充满苦涩，但有某些精挑细选的书页隐藏在其他页中间，这些书页可能会被随手翻过，但它们却使整个书卷变得芳醇起来。米开朗琪罗诗歌中的趣味在于，使我们成为这种挣扎的观众，这是一种修饰和协调自身的强大本性的挣扎，是一种孤单的热情，如同但丁那样，渴望着顺从、细腻和深思熟虑。这是他的诗歌偶然的、非正式的特点的结果，正是这种特点拉近了我们和他本人、他的思想以及他的气质之间的距离，这比任何只为在文学上获得荣誉的作品都更有效。他的信中没有告诉我们什么有关他自己的值得了解的事情，只有一些有关金钱和佣金的可怜争吵。但是这些诗歌和十四行诗则正相反。它们是在零星时间写成的，有时写在那些往往没有完成的素描旁边的空白上，捕捉某种一闪即逝的强烈感觉或者不期而至的想法。而对这些作品的真正研究在近些年才第一次成为可能。一些十四行诗的手稿流传广泛，甚至是在米开朗琪罗的时代就已经几乎变成了学术讨论的主题。但是在1623年它们才第一次被收集成册，由米开朗琪罗的曾侄孙小米开朗琪罗·博纳罗蒂整理。他删除了很大部分，改写了一部分十四行诗，有时把两篇或两篇以上合并成一篇，这总是丧失了原文的某些力度和尖锐。所以在上世纪这本书甚至连意大利人自己都未曾注意到，因为他们受到法国的影响贬低这类作品，就像同时被轻视和忽略的但丁一样。伏尔泰曾经这样谈及但丁：“他的知名度不可能增加，因为没有人阅读关于他的书籍。”但在1858年，博纳罗蒂家族最后一位继承人把家族的古物奇珍赠给了佛罗伦萨市政府。其中一卷珍贵的书中包含了十四行诗手稿。博学的意大利人切萨雷·瓜斯蒂先生负责把这本书稿和存放在梵蒂冈以及别处的其他手稿进行核勘，并在1863年出版了一本带有评论和注释的真正的米开朗琪罗诗歌集。(这些十四行诗已被J.A.西蒙兹译成英文，译作翻译技巧娴熟，富于诗性。——作者注)

People have often spoken of these poems as if they were a mere cry of distress, a lover's complaint over the obduracy of Vittoria Colonna. But those who speak thus forget that though it is quite possible that Michel-angelo had seen Vittoria, that somewhat shadowy figure, as early as 1537, yet their closer intimacy did not begin till about the year 1542, when Michelangelo was nearly seventy years old. Vittoria herself, an ardent neo-catholic, vowed to perpetual widowhood since the news had reached her, seventeen years before,

that her husband, the youthful and princely Marquess of Pescara, lay dead of the wounds he had received in the battle of Pavia, was then no longer an object of great passion. In a dialogue written by the painter, Francesco d'Ollanda, we catch a glimpse of them together in an empty church at Rome, one Sunday afternoon, discussing, indeed, the characteristics of various schools of art, but still more the writings of Saint Paul, already following the ways and tasting the sunless pleasures of weary people, whose care for external things is slackening. In a letter still extant he regrets that when he visited her after death he had kissed her hands only. He made, or set to work to make, a crucifix for her use, and two drawings, perhaps in preparation for it, are now in Oxford. From allusions in the sonnets, we may divine that when they first approached each other he had debated much with himself whether this last passion would be the most unsoftening, the most desolating of all—un dolce amaro, un si e no mi muovi. Is it carnal affection, or, del suo prestino stato (of Plato's ante-natal state) it raggio ardente? The older, conventional criticism, dealing with the text of 1623, had lightly assumed that all, or nearly all, the sonnets were actually addressed to Vittoria herself; but Signor Guasti finds only four, or at most five, which can be so attributed on genuine authority. Still, there are reasons which make him assign the majority of them to the period between 1542 and 1547, and we may regard the volume as a record of this resting-plate in Michel angelo's story. We know how Goethe escaped from the stress of sentiments too strong for him by making a book about them; and for Michelangelo, to write down his passionate thoughts at all, to express them in a sonnet, was already in some measure to command, and have his way with them —

评价米开朗琪罗的诗歌时，人们常常把它们当作只是悲痛的哭喊，只是一个爱人对维多利亚·科洛纳那种冷酷无情的抱怨。但是作出这种评价的人忘记了：虽然很有可能早在1537年，米开朗琪罗见过维多利亚这个有些神秘的人物，但是直到1542年，米开朗琪罗接近70岁时，两个人才开始变得亲密起来。维多利亚本人是虔诚的新天主教徒，在17年前听到她的丈夫——年轻而高贵的佩斯卡拉侯爵在巴维亚战斗中受伤死去的消息时，就发誓要永远孀居，此时她已心如止水。在画家弗朗切斯科·道兰达所写的一段对话里，我们的确能发现他们某个星期天下午在罗马一个空教堂里面讨论各种艺术流派的特色，但更多是在讨论圣保罗的书籍，他们已经在追求清淡的快乐，这快乐属于对外部世界关心渐少的厌倦之人。在一封现存的书信中，他表示后悔在维多利亚死后去看望她时只吻了她的双手。他为她做好或者说已着手去做的十字架，还有两幅可能是为做十字架而准备的画现在保存在牛津。在十四行诗的隐喻中我们可以猜测出他们第一次向对方靠近时，他无数次内心挣扎：关于这份最后的激情是否会成为一生中最无柔情、最凄凉的情感——一种苦涩的甜蜜，一种是非激发了我的热情。这束燃烧的光芒，它是肉体的激情，还

是灵肉结合的(柏拉图说的出生前状态)非凡的热情44？针对1623年版本的早期的传统批判简单地假定，所有或者几乎所有十四行诗实际上都是写给维多利亚的。但瓜斯蒂先生只找到四篇或最多五篇可以真正认定为献给她的作品。而且，他有理由认为其中大部分创作于1542年到1547年之间。我们可以把这一卷看作米开朗琪罗一个人生驿站的记录。我们知道歌德把承受不了的情感压力写进书里，从而得到解脱。对米开朗琪罗来说，把他热情的想法写下来，把它们在十四行诗中表达出来，已经可以算是必须的了，而他对此有自己的办法——

La vita del mia amor non é il cor mio,

我爱情的生命不属于我的心灵，

Ch' amor, di quel ch' io t' amo, è senza core.

我对你的这份爱情里没有心灵。

It was just because Vittoria raised no great passion that the space in his life where she reigns has such peculiar suavity; and the spirit of the sonnets is lost if we once take them out of that dreamy atmosphere in which men have things as they will, because the hold of all outward things upon them is faint and uncertain. Their prevailing tone is a calm and meditative sweetness. The cry of distress is indeed there, but as a mere residue, a trace of bracing chalybeate salt, just discernible in the song which rises like a clear, sweet spring from a charmed space in his life.

因为维多利亚没有掀起澎湃的激情，所以在她掌控的他那段生活空间里有着这样奇异的温和。而且，如果我们把十四行诗从它们所存在的梦幻的、人们在其中随心所欲得到所有的环境中分离出来的话，十四行诗的精神就会失落，因为对所有外物的掌控都是含糊而不确定的。它们盛行的色调是平静和沉思的芳醇。痛苦的哭喊也的确存在其中，但却只是残余，是含有令人清醒的铁盐的痕迹，在从他生命中那个喜悦的空间里跳跃出来的、如同明媚柔美的春天一样的诗歌里清晰可见。

This charmed and temperate space in Michelangelo's life, without which its excessive strength would have been so imperfect, which saves him from the judgment of Dante on those who "wilfully lived in sadness," is then a well-defined period there, reaching from the year 1542 to the year 1547, the year of Vittoria's death. In it the lifelong effort to tranquillise his vehement emotions by withdrawing them into the region of ideal sentiment, becomes successful; and the significance of Vittoria is, that she realises for him a type of affection which even in disappointment may charm and sweeten his spirit.

如果没有这段愉快温和的时光，米开朗琪罗生命中过度旺盛的力量就会不完美，他就免受但丁对那些“故意生活在悲伤中”之人的评断。这段时间后来被精确划定，是在1542年到1547年之间，那是维多利亚去世的时间。在这一时期，米开朗琪罗力图转移自己的炽烈情感、将它们

投入理想情绪领域以使其获得宁静的毕生努力成功了。维多利亚的重要性在于，她使米开朗琪罗得到一种爱，这种爱即使在失望中仍能让他的灵魂变得可爱醇美。

In this effort to tranquillise and sweeten life by idealising its vehement sentiments, there were two great traditional types, either of which an Italian of the sixteenth century might have followed. There was Dante, whose little book of the Vita Nuova had early become a pattern of imaginative love, maintained somewhat feebly by the later followers of Petrarch; and, since Plato had become something more than a name in Italy by the publication of the Latin translation of his works by Marsilio Ficino, there was the Platonic tradition also. Dante's belief in the resurrection of the body through which, even in heaven, Beatrice loses for him no tinge of flesh-color, or fold of raiment even; and the Platonic dream of the passage of the soul through one form of life after another, with its passionate haste to escape from the burden of bodily form altogether; are, for all effects of art or poetry, principles diametrically opposite. Now it is the Platonic tradition rather than Dante's that has molded Michelangelo's verse. In many ways no sentiment could have been less like Dante's love for Beatrice than Michelangelo's for Vittoria Colonna. Dante's comes in early youth: Beatrice is a child, with the wistful, ambiguous vision of a child, with a character still unaccentuated by the influence of outward circumstances, almost expressionless. Vittoria, on the other hand, is a woman already weary, in advanced age, of grave intellectual qualities. Dante's story is a piece of figured work, inlaid with lovely incidents. In Michelangelo's poems, frost and fire are almost the only images—the refining fire of the goldsmith; once or twice the phoenix; ice melting at the fire; fire struck from the rock which it afterwards consumes. Except one doubtful allusion to a journey, there are almost no incidents. But there is much of the bright, sharp, unerring skill, with which in boyhood he gave the look of age to the head of a faun by chipping a tooth from its jaw with a single stroke of the hammer. For Dante, the amiable and de vout materialism of the middle age, sanctifies all that is presented by hand and eye; while Michelangelo is always pressing forward from the outward beauty—il bel del fuor che agli occhi piace, to apprehend the unseen beauty; trascenda nella forma universale—that abstract form of beauty, about which the Platonists reason. And this gives the impression in him of something f lit ting and unfixed, of the houseless and complaining spirit, almost clairvoyant through the frail and yielding flesh. He accounts for love at first sight by a previous state of existence— la dove io t' amai prima.

通过使强烈的感情理想化，以使生命获得安宁芳醇的努力一般有两

种类型的伟大传统，16世纪的意大利人可能会遵循任意一种。但丁就是这样，他的短小诗集《新生》早就成为了一种想象爱情的范式。这种范式被后来的彼特拉克保留了一些。而且因为马尔西利奥·菲奇诺把柏拉图的作品翻译成拉丁文出版，柏拉图在意大利已不仅只是一个名字，这里也就有了柏拉图主义的传统。但丁信仰肉体复活，所以对他来说，即使在天堂里贝雅特丽齐也没有失去一丝血色，甚至衣服的褶皱也保留着；柏拉图式的梦想是灵魂经历生命的种种形式，还带着急切的热情要逃离全部身体形式的负担。对所有的艺术或诗歌效果来说，这两种传统是截然相反的原则。此时不是但丁传统，而是柏拉图传统塑造了米开朗琪罗的诗歌。在很多方面，米开朗琪罗对维多利亚·科洛纳的爱和但丁对贝雅特丽齐的爱都是截然不同的。但丁的爱发生在少年时代：贝雅特丽齐是个小孩，有着孩子的惆怅的、模糊不清的想法，个性还没有受到外部世界的影响，几乎还没有表达力。而另一方面，维多利亚却是一个已经有些许疲倦、上了点年纪、有着庄重理性品质的女人。但丁的故事是形象的，里面嵌入了一些有趣的故事。而在米开朗琪罗的诗歌里几乎只有霜和火的形象：铁匠打铁的火苗，一两次凤凰涅涅槃之火，冰在火里融化，火从岩石中喷薄而出又把岩石毁掉。除了有一个不明确的隐喻，提到一次旅程，几乎不再有任何事件。但是米开朗琪罗有很多聪明、睿智并且精准的技巧，正是这些技巧使他在少年时代就曾从农牧神头像的下颚一锤敲掉一颗牙齿，而让它有了成年的表情。在但丁看来，中世纪亲切虔诚的唯物主义使所有用手或眼呈现出来的东西神圣起来。而米开朗琪罗则总是努力追求超越外在美；领会那种不可见之美；超越普遍的形式—那种美的抽象形式是柏拉图派学者思考的对象。这给他一种迁移不定的印象，一种无家可归、怨天尤人的灵魂的印象。这灵魂从虚弱屈从的肉体中就可以洞察出来。他把一见钟情解释成前世的存在—我在前世的爱你之地。

And yet there are many points in which he is really like Dante, and comes very near to the original image, beyond those later and feebler followers in the wake of Petrarch. He learns from Dante rather than from Plato, that for lovers, the surfeiting of desire—ove gran desir gran copia affrena, is a state less happy than poverty with abundance of hope—una miseria di speranza piena. He recalls him in the repetition of the words gentile and cortesia, in the personif ication of Amor, in the tendency to dwell minutely on the physical effects of the presence of a beloved object on the pulses and the heart. Above all, he resembles Dante in the warmth and intensity of his political utterances, for the lady of one of his noblest sonnets was from the first understood to be the city of Florence; and he avers that all must be asleep in heaven, if she, who was created "of angelic form," for a thousand lovers, is appropriated by one alone, some Piero, or Alessandro de' Medici. Once and again he introduces Love and Death, who dispute concerning him. For, like Dante and all the nobler souls of Italy, he is much occupied with thoughts of the grave, and his true mistress is death—death at first as the worst of all sorrows and

disgraces, with a clod of the field for its brain; afterwards, death in its high distinction, its detachment from vulgar needs, the angry stains of life and action escaping fast.

尽管如此，他和但丁也有很多相似之处。他很接近原始的形象，超越了那些紧跟在彼特拉克身后，但又无力的模仿者。他从但丁而非柏拉图那里学到：对爱人来说沉溺于欲望，并不比在贫困中充满希望更快乐。他在重复温柔和优雅的话语时，在把爱人格化时，在仔细思考心爱的对象的出现对脉搏和心脏的身体反应时回想到自己。最重要的是他在政治言论的热情和强烈方面和但丁相像，因为，他最出色的十四行诗中的一首，按最初理解，里面的女士是佛罗伦萨城的化身；并且他主张，如果她作为成千上万个人的情人被创造成“天使般的外表”，却被一个人，比如说某位皮耶罗或者亚历桑德罗·德·美第奇据为己有的话，天堂中的一切肯定都是处在沉睡之中。他屡次提出爱情和死亡，两者的争执涉及到他。因为他和但丁以及所有意大利高贵的灵魂一样，心里装满死亡的念头，死亡是他真正的情人。一开始，死亡是所有悲伤和耻辱中最糟的一个，化为灵魂的一块泥淖之地。后来，死亡有了很大的区别，它超然于庸俗的需要之外，生命和行为的愤怒的污点迅速地剥离开去。

Some of those whom the gods love die young. This man, because the gods loved him, lingered on to be of immense, patriarchal age, till the sweetness it had taken so long to secrete in him was found at last. Out of the strong came forth sweetness, ex forti dulcedo. The world had changed around him. The "new Catholicism" had taken the place of the Renaissance. The spirit of the Roman Church had changed: in the vast world's cathedral which his skill had helped to raise for it, it looked stronger than ever. Some of the first members of the Oratory were among his intimate associates. They were of a spirit as unlike as possible from that of Lorenzo, or Savonarola even. The opposition of the Reformation to art has been often enlarged upon; far greater was that of the Catholic revival. But in thus fixing itself in a frozen orthodoxy, the Roman Church had passed beyond him, and he was a stranger to it. In earlier days, when its beliefs had been in a fluid state, he too might have been drawn into the controversy. He might have been for spiritualising the papal sovereignty, like Savonarola; or for adjusting the dreams of Plato and Homer with the words of Christ, like Pico of Mirandola. But things had moved onward, and such adjustments were no longer possible. For himself, he had .long since fallen back on that divine ideal, which above the wear and tear of creeds has been forming itself for ages as the possession of nobler souls. And now he began to feel the soothing influence which since that time the Roman Church has often exerted over spirits too independent to be its subjects, yet brought within the neighborhood of its action; consoled and tranquillised, as a traveller might be, resting for one evening in a strange city, by its stately aspect and the

sentiment of its many fortunes, just because with those fortunes he has nothing to do. So he lingers on; a revenant, as the French say, a ghost out of another age, in a world too coarse to touch his faint sensibilities very closely; dreaming, in a worn- out society, theatrical in its life, theatrical in its art, theatrical even in its devotion, on the morning of the world's history, on the primitive form of man, on the images under which that primitive world had conceived of spiritual forces.

神所爱之人中有一些死得很早。因为神爱他，米开朗琪罗活到了德高望重的年龄，直到长久潜藏在他身上的芳醇被发掘出来。强大中产生芳醇，是出于力量的美好。世界在他身边改变。“新天主教”已经取代了文艺复兴的地位。罗马教庭的精神已经产生变化：在他用自己的技能帮助添砖加瓦建立起来的宏大的世界大教堂里，它看起来比以往都更强大。奥拉托利会最初的一些成员成了他亲密的同伴。他们和洛伦佐，甚至萨沃那洛拉在精神上有着非常大的差异。此时，宗教改革对艺术的反抗已经加大了，但是天主教复苏的力量更强大。罗马教庭将自己置于僵化的正统宗教里，这是他不能理解的，他对它完全陌生。早期在其信仰不断变换的阶段，他也可能被卷入争论中，他可能会像萨沃那洛拉那样精神化教皇的权威，或是像皮科·米兰多拉那样，用耶稣的言语调适柏拉图和荷马的梦想。但是事情已向前发展，这种调整已无可能。就他个人而言，他早已依靠那种神圣的理想，这种理想，尽管在宗教信条的损耗下，已作为高贵灵魂的财产，自我塑造很多年了。现在，他开始感觉到，罗马教庭从那时起经常施加于过于独立、不受其影响的精神，却会将其吸引至自己的影响范围内的那种慰藉的力量。他感到慰藉而宁静，就像一个旅行者那样在一个陌生的城市休息一晚，为它庄严的气质和众多命运引起感触，只是因为这些命运和他毫无关系。所以他四处游荡，像法语说的那种亡魂。他是另一个年代的灵魂，处在一个太过粗粝而无法近距离触摸他微弱的感觉的时代。在一个生活如戏剧一般、艺术如戏剧一般甚至信仰都如戏剧一般疲惫不堪的社会里，梦想着世界历史的早晨、人类原始的外表以及由精神力量构建的原始世界的形象。

I have dwelt on the thought of Michelangelo as thus lingering beyond his time in a world not his own, be cause, if one is to distinguish the peculiar savor of his work, he must be approached, not through his followers, but through his predecessors; not through the marbles of Saint Peter's, but through the work of the sculptors of the fifteenth century over the tombs and altars of Tuscany. He is the last of the Florentines, of those on whom the peculiar sentiment of the Florence of Dante and Giotto descended: he is the consummate representative of the form that sentiment took in the fifteenth century with men like Luca Signorelli and Mino da Fiesole. Up to him the tradition of sentiment is unbroken, the progress towards surer and more mature methods of expressing that sentiment continuous. But his professed disciples did not share this temper; they are in love with his strength only, and seem not to feel his grave and temperate sweetness.

Theatricality is their chief characteristic; and that is a quality as little attributable to Michelangelo as to Mino or Luca Signorelli. With him, as with them, all is serious, passionate, impulsive.

我之所以认为米开朗琪罗在不属于他的世界里，徘徊不去，是因为，如果我们想要了解他的作品的奇异特质与众不同，我们所要研究的，不是他的追随者，而是他的先驱；不是圣彼得大教堂的大理石雕像，而是15世纪雕塑家在托斯卡纳的陵墓和圣坛上留下的作品。他是最后一位继承了但丁和乔托那种佛罗伦萨式奇异情感的佛罗伦萨人。他和卢卡·西尼奥雷利及米诺·达·菲耶索莱一样，是15世纪那种情感所采用形式的最高代表。一直到他那里，这种情感的传统还保持着，追求更确定和更成熟地表达那种情感的方法的进程还在继续。但是自诩是他信徒的人却没有这种性情。他们热爱的只是他的力量，似乎没有感受到他暗淡而又温和的醇美。矫揉造作是他们的主要特色，而这个品性完全不能被认为属于米开朗琪罗、米诺或卢卡·西尼奥雷利中的任何一个。和这些伟人一样，米开朗琪罗是严肃的、热情的和冲动的。

This discipleship of Michelangelo, this dependence of his on the tradition of the Florentine schools, is nowhere seen more clearly than in his treatment of the Creation. The Creation of Man had haunted the mind of the middle age like a dream; and weaving it into a hundred carved ornaments of capital, or doorway, the Italian sculptors had early impressed upon it that pregnancy of expression which seems to give it many veiled meanings. As with other artistic conceptions of the middle age, its treatment became almost conventional, handed on from artist to artist, with slight changes, till it came to have almost an independent and abstract existence of its own. It was characteristic of the medieval mind thus to give an independent traditional existence to a special pictorial conception, or to a legend, like that of Trist ram or Tannhéuser, or even to the very thoughts and substance of a book, like the Imitation, so that no single workman could claim it as his own, and the book, the image, the legend, had itself a legend, and its fortunes, and a personal history; and it is a sign of the medievalism of Michelangelo, that he thus receives from tradition his central conception, and does but add the last touches, in transferring it to the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel.

米开朗琪罗这种门徒的身份，他对佛罗伦萨流派传统的依赖，在对《创世记》的处理中表现得最为明显。“上帝造人”像梦幻一般萦绕在中世纪的思维中。意大利雕塑家把它融汇进石柱顶部或门口的上百个雕塑装饰品中，早就给它赋予了具有很多隐含意义的丰富的表达。和中世纪其他艺术概念一样，对于它的处理方法几乎变成了惯例：在艺术家中传递下去，只有些微的改变，直到它自己几乎变成了一种独立、抽象的存在形式。因此这就成了中世纪思维的特色：赋予一个特定的图示概念，或是传奇故事，比如特里斯坦或汤豪泽的传奇，甚至是一本书的思想或内容，比如《效仿基督》以独立的传统的存在形式，这样没有哪位艺术

家可以宣称它独属于自己。这本书、这个意象或者这个传奇本身都有了自己的传奇，有了自己的命运和历史。因此，这也是米开朗琪罗属于中世纪的标志。他从传统中获得他的中心思想，进行最后的打磨，把它转化成西斯廷教堂的壁画。

But there was another tradition of those earlier, more serious Florentines, of which Michelangelo is the inherit or, to which he gives the final expression, and which centres in the sacristy of San Lorenzo, as the tradition of the Creation centres in the Sistine Chapel. It has been said that all the great Florentines were preoccupied with death. Outre-tombe! Outre-tombe!—is the bur den of their thoughts, from Dante to Savonarola. Even the gay and licentious Boccaccio gives a keener edge to his stories by putting them in the mouths of a party of people who had taken refuge in a country-house from the danger of death by plague. It was to this inherited sentiment, this practical decision that to be preoccupied with the thought of death was in itself dignifying, and a note of high quality, that the seriousness of the great Florentines of the fifteenth century was partly due; and it was reinforced in them by the actual sorrows of their times. How often, and in what various ways, had they seen life stricken down, in their streets and houses. La bella Simonetta dies in early youth, and is borne to the grave with uncovered face. The young Cardinal Jacopo di Portogallo dies on a visit to Florence—insignis forma fui et mirabili modestia—his epitaph dares to say. Antonio Rossellino carves his tomb in the church of San Miniato, with care for the shapely hands and feet, and sacred attire; Luca della Robbia puts his skyiest works there; and the tomb of the youthful and princely prelate became the strangest and most beautiful thing in that strange and beautiful place. After the execution of the Pazzi conspirators, Botticelli is employed to paint their portraits. This preoccupation with serious thoughts and sad images might easily have resulted, as it did, for instance, in the gloomy villages of the Rhine, or in the overcrowded parts of medieval Paris, as it still does in many a village of the Alps, in something merely morbid or grotesque, in the Danse Macabre of many French and German painters, or the grim inventions of Dürer. From such a result the Florentine masters of the fifteenth century were saved by the nobility of their Italian culture, and still more by their tender pity for the thing itself. They must, often have leaned over the lifeless body, when all was at length quiet and smoothed out. After death, it is said, the traces of slighter and more superficial dispositions disappear; the lines become more simple and dignified; only the abstract lines remain, in a great indifference. They came thus to see death in its distinction. Then following it perhaps one stage further, dwelling for a moment on the point where all this transitory dignity must break up, and discerning with no clearness a new body, they paused just in time,

and abstained, with a sentiment of profound pity.

但是还有另外一种传统，是早期更为严肃的佛罗伦萨人的传统。米开朗琪罗继承下来，对它进行了最后的表达。这种传统在圣洛伦佐圣器安置所的装饰中占中心地位，像《创世记》的传统占据了西斯廷教堂中心那样。据说所有伟大的佛罗伦萨人都因死亡而心事重重。走出坟444墓4！走出坟墓4444！从但丁到萨沃那洛拉，无一不以此为思想的负担。即使是快乐放荡的薄伽丘，也借一群在郊外住所里躲避瘟疫的人，从他们口中表达出来，使故事更加有趣。因这种遗传的情感，这种因死亡而忧虑不安的现实思想本身也越发高贵，成为一种高品质的表现，所以15世纪佛罗伦萨伟人的严肃认真从一定程度上来说是应该的，而且他们所处时代的真正悲伤也使得它变得更强烈。他们曾经多少次看到生命以各种不同方式在街道上、房子里被击垮。美丽的西莫内塔早早夭折，下葬到坟墓里，连脸都没有盖上。年轻的红衣主教雅各布·迪·波托加洛在去佛罗伦萨的途中死掉。卓越的外表和亲切的谦逊同在——他的墓志铭居然这样写道。安东尼奥·罗塞利诺在圣米尼阿托教堂雕刻他的坟墓时，非常重视手脚和圣衣的美观。卢卡·德拉·罗比亚把他最好的作品放在那儿，而且这个年轻高贵的高级教士的坟墓成为了这个奇异美丽的地方的最奇异美丽的东西。帕齐阴谋家被执行死刑后，波提切利受雇去给他们画肖像。这种带着严肃思想和悲伤形象的全神贯注可能容易引发某种结果，而且事实也是如此：它在莱茵河畔的阴沉村庄或是中世纪巴黎拥挤的街区，就如现在仍在阿尔卑斯山脉的许多村庄里一样，只引起一些病态怪异的东西，在许多法国和德国画家笔下描绘的“死亡之舞”，或是丢勒那种可怕作品中出现。在这样的影响下，15世纪佛罗伦萨的大师们被意大利文化的高贵，更被他们对事物本身的温情怜悯拯救了。当一切归于平静之后，他们必定常常俯身在无生命的尸体上。据说死后，较肤浅的、更为表面的本性痕迹会消失，线条变得更加简单高贵，只有抽象的线条冷漠地存在着。因此他们从其差异之处看待死亡。然后可能会更进一步，思考一下这种转瞬即逝的尊严必须分解的情况，模模糊糊地分辨出一个新的躯体，他们会适时停顿下来，带着深沉的怜悯刻意回避。

Of all this sentiment Michelangelo is the achievement; and, first of all, of pity. Pietà, pity, the pity of the Virgin Mother over the dead body of Christ, expanded into the pity of all mothers over all dead sons, the entombment, with its cruel "hard stones":—this is the subject of his predilection. He has left it in ,many forms, sketches, half-finished designs, finished and unfinished groups of sculpture; but always as a hopeless, rayless, almost heathen sorrow—no divine sorrow, but mere pity and awe at the stiff limbs and colorless lips. There is a drawing of his at Oxford, in which the dead body has sunk to the earth between the mother's feet, with the arms extended over her knees. The tombs in the sacristy of San Lorenzo are memorials, not of any of the nobler and greater Medici, but of Giuliano, and Lorenzo the younger, noticeable chiefly for their somewhat early death. It is mere human nature, therefore, which has prompted the sentiment

here. The titles assigned traditionally to the four symbolical figures, Night and Day, The Twilight and The Dawn, are far too definite for them: for these figures come much nearer to the mind and spirit of their author, and are a more direct expression of his thoughts, than any merely symbolical conceptions could possibly have been. They concentrate and express, less by way of definite conceptions than by the touches, the promptings of a piece of music, all those vague fancies, misgivings, presentiments, which shift and mix and are defined and fade again, whenever the thoughts try to f ix themselves with sincerity on the conditions and surroundings of the disembodied spirit. I suppose no one would come to the sacristy of San Lo renzo for consolation; for seriousness, for solemnity, for dignity of impression, perhaps, but not for consolation. It is a place neither of consoling nor of terrible thoughts, but of vague and wistful speculation. Here, again, Michelangelo is the disciple not so much of Dante as of the Platonists. Dante's belief in immortality is for mal, precise and firm, almost as much so as that of a child, who thinks the dead will hear if you cry loud enough. But in Michelangelo you have maturity, the mind of the grown man, dealing cautiously and dispassionately with serious things, and what hope he has is based on the consciousness of ignorance—ignorance of man, ignorance of the nature of the mind, its origin and capacities. Michelangelo is so ignorant of the spiritual world, of the new body and its laws, that he does not surely know whether the consecrated Host may not be the body of Christ. And of all that range of sentiment he is the poet, a poet still alive, and in possession of our inmost thoughts—dumb inquiry over the relapse after death into the formlessness which preceded life, the change, the revolt from that change, then the correcting, hallowing, consoling rush of pity; at last, far off, thin and vague, yet not more vague than the most definite thoughts men have had through three centuries on a matter that has been so near their hearts, the new body—a passing light, a mere intangible, external effect, over those too rigid, or too formless faces; a dream that lingers a moment, retreating in the dawn, incomplete, aimless, helpless; a thing with faint hearing, faint memory, faint power of touch; a breath, a f lame in the door way, a feather in the wind.

米开朗琪罗表现了所有这些情感，其中首先是怜惜之情。在《圣母恸子》中，圣母面对死去的耶稣基督的躯体的怜悯，延伸成所有母亲对死去儿子的怜悯。埋葬，包裹在冷冰冰的“坚硬的石头”中—是他偏爱的主题。他把这个主题放进多种形式里，比如素描、半完成的设计、完成和未完成的群雕；但那种悲伤总是绝望的、灰暗的、几乎是异教式的悲伤——没有神圣的悲伤，有的只是对僵硬的四肢、苍白嘴唇的怜悯和敬畏。牛津有一幅他的画，画中的尸体在母亲双脚间垂到地上，手臂还耷拉到她的膝盖上。圣洛伦佐圣器安置所的坟墓，不属于美第奇家族哪个

高贵伟大的成员，而是朱利亚诺和小洛伦佐的纪念碑，引人注意的主要是他们有些过早的夭亡。因此，纯粹是人类的天性触发了这种情感。传统上分给四个象征人物的名称《夜》与《昼》、《晨》和《昏》对于它们而言界定过窄。因为这些人物与它们作者的思想和精神更加接近，比任何单纯的象征性概念更能直接表现他的思想。它们更多的是通过触动，而非明确的概念，而专注于并且表现一段音乐的激励，表现其中所有那些模糊的幻想、疑虑和预感。每当思维想要认真地把它们固定在脱离肉体的精神的条件和环境下时，它们总是在变换、混合、被界定，然后重又消失。我想没人会去圣洛伦佐的圣物安置所寻找慰藉。他们可能去寻求严肃、庄重和尊严的印迹，但不会去寻求慰藉。那是一个既不能安慰人，也没有可怖思想，而是有着茫然和惆怅的思索的地方。在这里，米开朗琪罗更像是柏拉图学派的弟子，而非但丁的门徒。但丁对不朽的信仰是刻板的、准确的和坚定的，就像一个孩子，认为如果哭的声音足够大，死者就能听到似的。在米开朗琪罗身上，你看到的是成熟，是一个慎重冷静地对待严肃事物的成年人的思想。他所抱的希望建立在对无知的觉悟上：对人的无知，对思维的本质的无知，对其起源和能力的无知。米开朗琪罗对于宗教世界、对它新的体系和法则如此不了解，以至于他不能确定圣餐的圣饼是不是耶稣基督的身体。在所有这些情感中，他是诗人，一位健在的诗人，掌握着我们最秘密的思想——这是种无声的质询，询问那种死后重新回复到生命存在之前的无形状态，变化、变化引发的反抗，然后是对怜惜的修正、神圣化、感到慰藉的冲动；最终在远处出现，稀薄，但不比人类在3个世纪里所拥有的、关于与他们心灵如此之近的最确切思想更为蒙眬：新的身体——一束转瞬即逝的光，对于那些过于刚硬、或者几乎不成型的面庞的一种几乎无法触及的外在的效果；一个徘徊片刻便在黎明时分退却、没有完成、没有目标也没人帮助的梦想；一件有着模糊的听力、蒙眬的记忆、几乎无力触摸的东西；一缕呼吸、门口的一束火焰、亦或风中的一根羽毛。

The qualities of the great masters in art or literature, the combination of those qualities, the laws by which they moderate, support, relieve each other, are not peculiar to them; but most often typical standards, or revealing instances of the laws by which certain aesthetic effects are produced. The old masters indeed are simpler; their characteristics are written larger, and are easier to read, than the analogues of them in all the mixed, confused productions of the modern mind. But when once we have succeeded in defining for ourselves those characteristics, and the law of their combination, we have acquired a standard or measure which helps us to put in its right place many a vagrant genius, many an unclassified talent, many precious though imperfect products of art. It is so with the components of the true character of Michelangelo. That strange interfusion of sweetness and strength is not to be found in those who claimed to be his followers; but it is found in many of those who worked before him, and in many others down to our own time, in William Blake, for in stance, and Victor Hugo, who, though not of his

school, and unaware, are his true sons, and help us to understand him as he in turn interprets and justifies them. Perhaps this is the chief use in studying old masters.

伟大的艺术或文学大师的品质，这些品质的结合，他们缓和、支持、为彼此解除痛苦的法则，不是他们所特有的，而常常是典型的标准，或者产生一定美学效果法则的启迪事例。这些古老的大师的确更简单。他们的特色更为鲜明，更容易读懂，比现代思维模仿他们创造出来的、混合的、令人迷惑的作品更好理解。但是当我们一旦为自己成功确立了那些特色还有它们结合的法则，我们就获得了一种标准或方法，它可以帮助我们把许多游移的天才、未分类的天才和不完美但宝贵的艺术品放到合适的位置。米开朗琪罗本色的成分也是如此。那种芳醇和力量的奇异混合在那些自称他追随者的身上找寻不到，但却在许多在他之前进行创作的人那里找得到。而其他许多，甚至到我们现在的时代，例如威廉·布莱克和维克多·雨果身上都找得到。虽然他们不属于他的流派，甚至也未意识到，但却是他真正的继承者。他们能帮助我们理解米开朗琪罗，相反，米开朗琪罗也阐释和佐证了他们。可能这就是研究古代大师的主要作用。

1871

1871 年

Leonardo Da Vinci

列奥纳多·达·芬奇

Homo Minister Et Interpres Nature

——人类的牧师，自然的阐释者

IN Vasari's life of Leonardo da Vinci as we now read it there are some variations from the first edition. There, the painter who has fixed the outward type of Christ for succeeding centuries was a bold speculator, holding lightly by other men's beliefs, setting philosophy above Christianity. Words of his, trenchant enough to justify this impression, are not recorded, and would have been out of keeping with a genius of which one characteristic is the tendency to lose itself in a refined and graceful mystery. The suspicion was but the time-honored mode in which the world stamps its appreciation of one who has thoughts for himself alone, his high indifference, his intolerance of the common forms of things; and in the second edition the image was changed into something fainter and more conventional. But it is still by a certain mystery in his work, and some thing enigmatical beyond the usual measure of great men, that he fascinates, or perhaps half repels. His life is one of sudden revolts, with intervals in which he works not at all, or apart from the main scope of his work. By a strange fortune the pictures on which his more popular fame rested disappeared early from the world, like the Battle of the Standard[1]; or are mixed obscurely with the product of meaner hands, like the Last Supper. His type of beauty is so exotic that it fascinates a larger number than it delights, and seems more than that of any other artist to reflect ideas and views and some scheme of the world within; so that he seemed to his contemporaries to be the possessor of some unsanctified and secret wisdom; as to Michelet[2] and others to have anticipated modern ideas. He trifles with his genius, and crowds all his chief work into a few tormented years of later life; yet he is so possessed by his genius that he passes unmoved through the most tragic events, overwhelming his country and friends, like one who comes across them by chance on some secret errand.

瓦萨里的《列奥纳多·达·芬奇的一生》，我们现在所读的版本与第一版相比有了一些变化。在第一版里，为此后几个世纪里设定了基督的外在典型形象的画家是一个大胆的投机者，被其他人的信仰所轻轻托举，把哲学置于基督教教义之上。他那些犀利尖锐、足可以证明这样印象的话没有被记载下来，并且本来也会与一种天赋不符，这天赋的一个特点就是在一种精致、优雅的神秘中迷失自我的倾向。这种观念由来已久：

世界把对只为自己着想、对一切漠不关心和对事物的一般形式不能容忍之人的欣赏表现出来。在第二版里，这个形象变得更为模糊，也更为传统。但还是他作品里的某种神秘，以及一些超出了通常意义的伟大人物的玄妙费解之物使他让人着迷，或者可能使人半怀厌恶。他的一生是一种突然的反叛，其中有一些间隙根本未进行创作，或者远离主要的创作范围。某种奇怪的命运使他更具名气的画作，比如说《安吉里之战》，早早在世界上消失无踪，或是和出自粗陋之手的作品令人费解地混在了一起，比如《最后的晚餐》。他的那种美有着浓郁的异域风情，以至于他给人带来的更多的是炫惑，而非愉悦，并且比其他任何艺术家更能反映出内在的想法、观点和某种世界格局。所以，在同时代的人眼中，他似乎具有某种渎神的、隐秘的智慧，对米什莱和其他人来说，他预测了现代的思想。他视自己的天赋如儿戏，在晚期饱受折磨的几年里集中创作了所有主要的作品。然而他又是如此沉迷于自己的天赋，以至于经历那些最悲惨的事情却无动于衷，就像一位担负某项秘密任务偶然经过的人一样，让他的国家和朋友不知所措。

His legend, as the French say, with the anecdotes which everyone remembers, is one of the most brilliant chapters of Vasari. Later writers merely copied it, until, in 1804, Carlo Amoretti applied to it a criticism which left hardly a date fixed, and not one of those anecdotes untouched. The various questions thus raised have since that time become, one after another, subject of special study, and mere antiquarianism has in this direction little more to do. For others remain the editing of the thirteen books of his manuscripts, and the separation by technical criticism of what in his reputed works is really his, from what is only half his, or the work of his pupils. But a lover of strange souls may still analyse for himself the impression made on him by those works, and try to reach through it a definition of the chief elements of Leonardo's genius. The legend, as corrected and enlarged by its critics, may now and then intervene to support the results of this analysis.

他的传奇，像法国人说的那样，有着人人传诵的轶事，是瓦萨里书中最出彩的一章。后来的作家只是简单照搬，直到1804年卡洛·阿莫雷蒂对它进行了批判。批评涉及到几乎每一个确定的日期和所有的轶事。其中提出的各种各样的问题从那时起一个接一个变成了专门研究的主题，在这个方向纯粹的古物研究已经基本无事可做。余下的工作则是编辑达·芬奇的13本手稿，通过技术性的批评区分哪些归于他名下的著作真正属于他，哪些他只是创作了一半，哪些是他学生的作品。但是热爱不可思议的心灵的人可能还在分析那些作品对自己产生的影响，并且努力通过它界定列奥纳多天赋的主要成分。传奇被批评家们更正和丰富着，可能会不时介入来支持这种分析的结果。

His life has three divisions—thirty years at Florence, nearly twenty years at Milan, then nineteen years of wandering, till he sinks to rest under the protection of Francis the First at the Château de

Clou. The dishonor of illegitimacy hangs over his birth. Piero Antonio, his father, was of a noble Florentine house, of Vinci in the Val d'Arno, and Leonardo, brought up delicately among the true children of that house, was the love-child of his youth, with the keen, puissant nature such children often have. We see him in his boyhood fascinating all men by his beauty, improvising music and songs, buying the caged birds and setting them free, as he walked the streets of Florence, fond of odd bright dresses and spirited horses.

他的一生分为3个阶段：30年在佛罗伦萨，近20年在米兰，剩下的19年到处游走，直到接受弗兰西斯一世的保护在克鲁城堡安定下来。他因私生子的出身而蒙羞。他的父亲皮耶罗·安东尼奥出身瓦尔达尔诺的芬奇村一个贵族之家。列奥纳多和家族中的正统子弟一起被精心抚养长大。他是他父亲年轻时的私生子，有着这种孩子常常具备的敏锐、强大的天性。我们知道他儿时拥有俊美的容貌，让所有人着迷；他即兴创作音乐和歌曲；他买来笼中的小鸟，然后把它们放飞；他走在佛罗伦萨的街道上，喜爱奇异明艳的服装和生气勃勃的马。

From his earliest years he designed many objects, and constructed models in relief, of which Vasari mentions some of women smiling. His father, pondering over this promise in the child, took him to the workshop of Andrea del Verrocchio, then the most famous artist in Florence. Beautiful objects lay about there—reliquaries, pyxes, silver images for the pope's chapel at Rome, strange fancy-work of the middle age, keeping odd company with fragments of antiquity, then but lately discovered. Another student Leonardo may have seen there—a lad into whose soul the level light and aerial illusions of Italian sunsets had passed, in after days famous as Perugino[3]. Verrocchio was an artist of the earlier Florentine type, carver, painter, and worker in metals, in one; designer, not of pictures only, but of all things for sacred or household use, drinking-vessels, ambries, instruments of music, making them all fair to look upon, filling the common ways of life with the reflection of some far-off brightness; and years of patience had refined his hand till his work was now sought after from distant places.

从小他设计了很多物品，并做了很多浮雕模子，瓦萨里曾经提及其中一些微笑的女人的浮雕。他的父亲仔细考虑了这个孩子在这方面的前途，把他送到当时佛罗伦萨最著名的艺术家安德里亚·德尔·韦罗基奥的工作室里。那里有很多漂亮的物品：圣物箱、圣餐盒、用于教皇在罗马的小教堂的银像和中世纪奇异的刺绣品，以及最近才被发现的古器件的碎片。列奥纳多在那里可能见过的另一个学生，那个为意大利落日的水平光线和空中幻象迷醉的年轻人，就是后来著名的佩鲁吉诺。韦罗基奥是早期佛罗伦萨风格的艺术家，既是雕工，也是画匠，而且制作金属品。他不只设计绘画作品，也设计其他所有宗教器物或日常用品，比如酒具、壁龛还有乐器。它们设计得很漂亮，给平凡的生活方式增添了某种

遥远的光芒。数十年的耐心工作使他的技艺更加纯熟。到现在远方的人们还在追寻他的作品。

It happened that Verrocchio was employed by the brethren of Vallombrosa to paint the Baptism of Christ, and Leonardo was allowed to finish an angel in the left-hand corner. It was one of those moments in which the progress of a great thing—here, that of the art of Italy—presses hard on the happiness of an individual, through whose discouragement and decrease, humanity, in more fortunate persons, comes a step nearer to its final success.

由于偶然的机会，韦罗基奥被瓦隆布罗萨兄弟请去绘制《基督的洗礼》。列奥纳多得到允许完成左手边角落的一个天使。这就是伟大事物的进步—这里指的是意大利艺术—极力促进个人幸福的一个例子，在比较幸运的人身上，人性冲破挫折和低谷，向最终的成功迈进了一步。

For beneath the cheerful exterior of the mere well-paid craftsman, chasing brooches for the copes of Santa Maria Novella, or twisting metal screens for the tombs of the Medici, lay the ambitious desire to expand the destiny of Italian art by a larger knowledge and insight into things, a purpose in art not unlike Leonardo's still unconscious purpose; and often, in the modelling of drapery, or of a lifted arm, or of hair cast back from the face, there came to him something of the freer manner and richer humanity of a later age. But in this Baptism the pupil had surpassed the master; and Verrocchio turned away as one stunned, and as if his sweet earlier work must thereafter be distasteful to him, from the bright animated angel of Leonardo's hand.

在一个为新圣母马利亚教堂的长袍雕刻镂空胸针、为美第奇家族坟墓制作金属屏风、收入丰厚的匠人的快乐外表下，隐藏着以更多对事物的知识和洞察，来扭转意大利艺术命运的雄心壮志。这个艺术目标和列奥纳多自己还未意识到的目标是一致的。常常在塑造一片衣饰、一只抬起的手臂和一缕从脸上甩到一旁的头发时，他会想到某种属于后来的时代的更自由的方式和更丰富的人性。但在这幅《基督的洗礼》中，学生超越了老师。韦罗基奥看到出自列奥纳多之手那明丽生动的天使，他惊愕地离开了，好像从此他以前满意的作品都会让他生厌一样。

The angel may still be seen in Florence, a space of sunlight in the cold, labored old picture; but the legend is true only in sentiment, for painting had always been the art by which Verrocchio set least store. And as in a sense he anticipates Leonardo, so to the last Leonardo recalls the studio of Verrocchio, in the love of beautiful toys, such as the vessel of water for a mirror, and lovely needle-work about the implicated hands in the Modesty and Vanity, and of reliefs, like those cameos which in the Virgin of the Balances hang all round the girdle of Saint Michael, and of bright variegated stones, such as the agates in the Saint Anne, and in a hieratic preciseness and grace, as of a

sanctuary swept and garnished. Amid all the cunning and intricacy of his Lombard manner this never left him. Much of it there must have been in that lost picture of Paradise, which he prepared as a cartoon for tapestry, to be woven in the looms of Flanders. It was the perfection of the older Florentine style of miniature-painting, with patient putting of each leaf upon the trees and each flower in the grass, where the first man and woman were standing.

在佛罗伦萨仍有可能看到那个天使。它是那幅冰冷、费力的陈旧作品中的一个亮点。但是传奇只在情感意义上是真实的，因为绘画是韦罗基奥最不重视的艺术。而且因为像在某种意义上他对列奥纳多期望的那样，列奥纳多谈到韦罗基奥的工作室的时候，谈到对漂亮的玩意儿的喜爱，比如当作镜子的水杯；在《谦虚与虚荣》中显示手的灵巧的精美的刺绣；喜爱浮雕，比如《天平圣母》中缀满圣米迦勒腰带的宝石；喜爱明亮的杂色石头，比如《圣安妮》中的玛瑙；以及那种僧侣式的一丝不苟和优雅，比如打扫干净、布置一新的修道院。在他伦巴第风格的巧妙复杂里，他从未放弃这一点，而且在已经失传的《伊甸园》这幅画中得到很多体现。《伊甸园》是他为一张准备用佛兰德斯织布机编织的挂毯准备的草图。它是早期佛罗伦萨式微型画的完美代表：耐心地把每一片叶子都安放在树上，每一朵花都放置进草丛里，第一个男人和第一个女人立于其中。

And because it was the perfection of that style, it awoke in Leonardo some seed of discontent which lay in the secret places of his nature. For the way to perfection is through a series of disgusts; and this picture—all that he had done so far in his life at Florence—was after all in the old slight manner. His art, if it was to be something in the world, must be weighted with more of the meaning of nature and purpose of humanity. Nature was "the true mistress of higher intelligences". He plunged, then, into the study of nature. And in doing this he followed the manner of the older students; he brooded over the hidden virtues of plants and crystals, the lines traced by the stars as they moved in the sky, over the correspondences which exist between the different orders of living things, through which, to eyes opened, they interpret each other; and for years he seemed to those about him as one listening to a voice silent for other men.

因为它是那种风格的完美之作，所以引起了列奥纳多埋藏在内心秘密角落里某种不满的种子。因为达到完美的路上要经过一些令人厌恶的阶段。这幅画是他到此时在佛罗伦萨创作的唯一作品，采用的毕竟是古老的娇弱风格。他的艺术如果要在世界上占有一席之地，一定要有更多的自然的意义和人性的目的。自然是“高等智慧的真正女主人”，于是他投入到对自然的研究中。在这个过程中，他遵循过去研究者的方法。他沉浸在对植物和水晶隐藏的特质、对星体在天空中移动轨迹的思考中，沉浸在对不同种类生物间存在联系的思考中。对有观察力的人来说，它们通过这种联系彼此进行诠释。很多年里，在周围人的眼中，他似乎是

在聆听其他人听不到的声音。

He learned here the art of going deep, of tracking the sources of expression to their subtlest retreats, the power of an intimate presence in the things he handled. He did not at once or entirely desert his art; only he was no longer the cheerful, objective painter, through whose soul, as through clear glass, the bright figures of Florentine life, only made a little mellower and more pensive by the transit, passed on to the white wall. He wasted many days in curious tricks of design, seeming to lose himself in the spinning of intricate devices of line and color. He was smitten with a love of the impossible—the perforation of mountains, changing the course of rivers, raising great buildings, such as the church of San Giovanni, in the air; all those feats for the performance of which natural magic professed to have the key. Later writers, indeed, see in these ef forts an anticipation of modern mechanics; in him they were rather dreams, thrown off by the overwrought and laboring brain. Two ideas were especially confirmed in him, as reflexes of things that had touched his brain in childhood beyond the depth of other impressions—the smiling of women and the motion of great waters.

在此他学会了深入研究的技巧，到最隐秘的静修处追寻表现力的源泉，到他掌控的事物中追寻隐秘的存在的力量。他没有马上或是全部放弃他的艺术，只不过不再是一个快乐客观的画家。佛罗伦萨生活的明丽形象穿过这样的画家的心灵，就如同穿过透明的玻璃，打到白色的墙上时，只是在传送中变得有些许的柔和，又更加忧郁了。他在新奇的设计手法上浪费了很多天时间，仿佛要使自己迷失在线条和色彩的复杂构想的一团乱麻中。他因热衷于一些不可能的事而深受打击：他想给高山凿洞，给河流改道，把圣乔瓦尼教堂那样的高大建筑举向空中；自然魔力声称只有自己才掌握了完成这些功绩的钥匙。之后的作家的确在这些努力中看到了现代力学的雏形，但对他来说这些都更像是梦境，是过度劳累忙碌的大脑丢弃的梦境。有两个念头在他的头脑中特别地挥之不去，如同他童年时代比其他事物更深刻地触及了他的大脑的映象，那就是女人的微笑和强大水流的涌动。

And in such studies some interfusion of the extremes of beauty and terror shaped itself, as an image that might be seen and touched, in the mind of this gracious youth, so fixed that for the rest of his life it never left him. As if catching glimpses of it in the strange eyes or hair of chance people, he would follow such about the streets of Florence till the sun went down, of whom many sketches of his remain. Some of these are full of a curious beauty, that remote beauty which may be apprehended only by those who have sought it carefully; who, starting with acknowledged types of beauty, have refined as far upon these, as these refine upon the world of common forms. But mingled inextricably with this there is an element of

mockery also; so that, whether in sorrow or scorn, he caricatures Dante even. Legions of grotesques sweep under his hand; for has not nature, too, her grotesques—the rent rock, the distorting lights of evening on lonely roads, the unveiled structure of man in the embryo, or the skeleton?

这样的研究中，美丽和可怖两个极端的混合使自己在这个高尚的年轻人心中作为一种可视可及的形象根深蒂固地存在，在以后的人生中挥之不去。仿佛在偶遇者陌生的眼睛或头发里瞥见它一样，他会在佛罗伦萨街头一直跟着他直到日落。他的很多记下了这些的草图流传至今，其中一些极具奇特之美，只有仔细探寻的人才能领会到这些细微的美。那些从公认的美的各种类型开始的人，一直对这些进行锤炼加工，正如这些作品对一般形式的世界进行锤炼加工一样。但与此难分难解、混合在一起的有嘲讽的因素。所以不管是悲哀还是轻蔑，他甚至以漫画手法描绘但丁。在他笔下，奇异风格的大军席卷而来。碎裂的岩石、孤寂夜路上扭曲的光线、公诸于众的人体胚胎结构亦或是人体骨骼，自然不是也有自己的奇异形状吗？

All these swarming fancies unite in the Medusa of the Uflizii. Vasari's story of an earlier Medusa, painted on a wooden shield, is perhaps an invention; and yet, properly told, has more of the air of truth about it than anything else in the whole legend. For its real subject is not the serious work of a man, but the experiment of a child. The lizards and glow- worms and other strange small creatures which haunt an Italian vineyard bring before one the whole picture of a child's life in a Tus can dwelling— half castle, half farm—and are as true to nature as the pretended astonishment of the father for whom the boy has prepared a surprise. It was not in play that he painted that other Medusa, the one great picture which he left behind him in Florence. The subject has been treated in various ways; Leonardo alone cuts to its centre; he alone realises it as the head of a corpse, exercising its powers through all the circum stances of death. What may be called the fascination of corruption penetrates in every touch its exquisitely finished beauty. About the dainty lines of the cheek the bat flits unheeded. The delicate snakes seem literally strangling each other in terrified struggle to escape from the Medusa brain. The hue which violent death always brings with it is in the features; features singularly massive and grand, as we catch them inverted, in a dexterous foreshortening, crown foremost, like a great calm stone against which the wave of serpents breaks.

这一系列的奇思异想全部在乌菲兹美术馆的《美杜莎》里表现出来。瓦萨里有关早期画在木盾上的美杜莎的故事可能是编造出来的。然而，描述得当的话，它比整个传奇中其他任何情节都更具真实感。因为它的真正主题不是成人的严肃作品，而是一个孩子的试验之作。蜥蜴、萤火虫和其他奇异的小生物在意大利葡萄园里出没，把一个孩子在托斯

卡纳住所里的生活画卷展现在人们面前。这里半是城堡，半是农庄。小生物对自然来说再真实不过，这和父亲见到小男孩精心准备的惊喜假装出来的惊讶一样真实。他并非是出于玩耍，画出了另一个美杜莎,这幅伟大作品被保留在佛罗伦萨。人们以各种方式表现着这个主题，只有列奥纳多直接指向它的中心。只有他将其展现为尸体的头颅，通过所有死亡的情境来体现它的力量。这种“腐朽之魔力”在每一笔中渗入它极致的美。蝙蝠悄然掠过线条优美的脸颊，细软的毒蛇展开惨烈的争斗，似乎要相互扼杀，以从美杜莎的头上逃开。五官上带有那种惨死之人常有的色调：当我们运用灵活的透视缩图法反过来看时，五官大得异乎寻常，尤其是头顶，就像一块平静的巨石毒蛇如浪，飞溅其上。

The science of that age was all divination, clairvoyance, unsubjected to our exact modern formulas, seeking in an instant of vision to concentrate a thousand experiences. Later writers, thinking only of the well-ordered treatise on painting which a Frenchman, Raffaelle du Fresne, a hundred years afterwards, compiled from Leonardo's bewildered manuscripts, written strangely, as his manner was, from right to left, have imagined a rigid order in his inquiries. But this rigid order would have been little in accordance with the restlessness of his character; and if we think of him as the mere reasoner who subjects design to anatomy, and composition to mathematical rules, we shall hardly have that impression which those around Leonardo received from him. Poring over his crucibles, making experiments with color, trying, by a strange variation of the alchemist's dream, to discover the secret, not of an elixir to make man's natural life immortal, but of giving immortality to the subtlest and most delicate effects of painting, he seemed to them rather the sorcerer or the magician, possessed of curious secrets and a hidden knowledge, living in a world of which he alone possessed the key. What his philosophy seems to have been most like is that of Paracelsus[4] or Cardan[5]; and much of the spirit of the older alchemy still hangs about it, with its confidence in short cuts and odd byways to knowledge. To him philosophy was to be something giving strange swiftness and double sight, divining the sources of springs beneath the earth or of expression beneath the human countenance, clairvoyant of occult gifts in common or uncommon things, in the reed at the brook side, or the star which draws near to us but once in a century. How, in this way, the clear purpose was over clouded, the fine chaser's hand perplexed, we but dimly see; the mystery which at no point quite lifts from Leon ardo's life is deepest here. But it is certain that at one period of his life he had almost ceased to be an artist.

那个时代的科学完全是预言和洞察力，它们独立于我们精确的现代公式之外，在一瞬间的幻象中寻求集合成千上万次的体验。后来的作家们只考虑到一篇关于绘画的组织精当的文章，由此想像出一种僵化的顺

序。这篇文章是百年之后一个叫拉法埃莱·迪弗伦的法国人根据列奥纳多令人困惑的手稿编辑整理的：书稿怪异地按他自己由右到左的方式书写。但这种僵化顺序和他永不安分的个性非常不符。如果我们把他当成是一个让设计服从解剖学、让写作符合数学规则的纯粹理性的人，我们几乎无法得到列奥纳多身旁的人对他的印象了。他注视着坩埚，用色彩做试验，带着一种炼金术士的梦想的奇特变种追寻着秘密：不是使人自然生命不朽的长生不老药的秘密，而是要让绘画中最为精美细腻、美妙绝伦的效果保持不朽。对他们来说他就是巫师或者说是魔法师，掌控着新奇的秘密和不为人知的学问，生活在一个只有他才拥有钥匙的世界里。在哲学上他似乎和帕拉切尔苏斯和卡丹最为相像。古老的炼金术的精神依然徘徊其中，相信通过捷径和旁门左道可以获得知识。对他来说，哲学应该要提供超常的敏捷性和双倍的洞察力，预见到地下奔涌的清泉或是人类面容之下的表情，可以透视出平凡或不平凡事物中玄妙的天赋，比如溪边的一支芦苇或是一个世纪才靠近我们一次的星体。就这样我们只能模糊地看到,明确的目标是如何变得模糊，雕塑师的手法如何变得迷惑。列奥纳多一生中从未消失的神秘在此也达到顶点。但确定的是，在人生的某一阶段，他几乎终止了自己的艺术生涯。

The year 1483—the year of the birth of Raphael and the thirty-first of Leonardo's life—is fixed as the date of his visit to Milan by the letter in which he recommends himself to Ludovico Sforza[6], and offers to tell him, for a price, strange secrets in the art of war. It was that Sforza who murdered his young nephew by slow poison, yet was so susceptible of religious impressions that he blended mere earthly passion with a sort of religious sentimentalism, and who took for his device the mulberry-tree—symbol, in its long delay and sudden yielding of f lowers and fruit together, of a wisdom which economises all forces for an opportunity of sudden and sure effect. The fame of Leonardo had gone before him, and he was to model a colossal statue of Francesco, the first Duke of Milan. As for Leonardo himself, he came not as an artist at all, or careful of the fame of one; but as a player on the harp, a strange harp of silver of his own construction, shaped in some curious likeness to a horse's skull. The capricious spirit of Ludovico was susceptible also to the power of music, and Leonardo's nature had a kind of spell in it. Fascination is always the word descriptive of him. No portrait of his youth remains; but all tends to make us believe that up to this time some charm of voice and aspect, strong enough to balance the disadvantage of his birth, had played about him. His physical strength was great; it was said that he could bend a horseshoe like a coil of lead.

1483年拉斐尔出生，此时列奥纳多31岁。一般认为，他在这一年来到米兰：在一封信里他向卢多维科·斯福尔扎毛遂自荐，并且提出，以一定价钱，向他透露战争这门艺术里的奇异秘密。正是这位斯福尔扎用慢性毒药谋杀了年轻的侄子，然而他如此容易受宗教观念的影响，以致于

把单纯的世俗热情和某种宗教感伤混在一起。他借用桑葚树这种经过长时间等待、在一瞬间同时开花结果之物来象征他的手段，象征一种有效利用所有力量，等待达到突发和确定效果的机会的智慧。列奥纳多当时早已声名远播，而且他要给弗朗西斯科这位第一位米兰公爵铸造一尊巨型雕像。对列奥纳多本人而言，他根本不是以艺术家的身份来到这里，或者说，并不在意艺术家的声名。他只是弹奏自己制造的形状古怪、有点像马头的奇异银质竖琴。卢多维科反复无常的性情也容易受到音乐力量的影响，而列奥纳多天性里就有一份音乐的魔力。“魅力”这个词永远可以用来形容他。他年轻时的肖像画并未留存下来，但一切都往往让我们相信，此时他声音和外貌的某些魅力已经非常强大，足以弥补他低贱的出身。他身强力壮，据说可以把马蹄铁像铅卷那样折弯。

The Duomo, work of artists from beyond the Alps, so fantastic to the eye of a Florentine used to the mellow, unbroken surfaces of Giotto and Arnolfo, was then in all its freshness; and below, in the streets of Milan, moved a people as fantastic, changeful, and dreamlike. To Leonardo least of all men could there be anything poisonous in the exotic f lowers of sentiment which grew there. It was a life of brilliant sins and exquisite amusements: Leonardo became a celebrated designer of pageants; and it suited the quality of his genius, composed, in almost equal parts, of curiosity and the desire of beauty, to take things as they came.

米兰多莫教堂是阿尔卑斯山以远艺术家的作品，对习惯了乔托和阿诺尔福那种柔美流畅线条的佛罗伦萨人来说，它是如此奇特。当时教堂才刚建成。在下面的米兰街道上游走着一个奇特、善变、梦幻般的民族。对列奥纳多来说那里的人最不可能毒害生长在那里的异域的情感之花。这是一种充满炫目的罪过和高雅消遣的生活：列奥纳多成为一名著名的庆典设计师；这很适合他的禀性，他天赋中的好奇和对美的渴望几乎分量相当，对于美的事物极为敏感。

Curiosity and the desire of beauty—these are the two elementary forces in Leonardo's genius; curiosity, often in conflict with the desire of beauty, but generating, in union with it, a type of subtle and curious grace.

好奇心和对美的渴望—这是列奥纳多天赋里两种基本的力量；好奇常和对美的渴望冲突，但是与它融合却会产生一种恬淡神奇的优雅。

The movement of the fifteenth century was twofold; partly the Renaissance, partly also the coming of what is called the "modern spirit", with its realism, its appeal to experience. It comprehended a return to antiquity, and a return to nature. Raphael represents the return to antiquity, and Leonardo the return to nature. In this return to nature, he was seeking to satisfy a bound less curiosity by her perpetual surprises, a microscopic sense of finish by her finesse, or delicacy of operation, that subtilitas naturae which Bacon notices. So

we find him often in intimate relations with men of science,—with Fra Luca Paccioli the mathematician, and the anatomist Marc Antonio della Torre. His observations and experiments fill thirteen volumes of manuscript; and those who can judge describe him as anticipating long before, by rapid intuition, the later ideas of science. He explained the obscure light of the unilluminated part of the moon, knew that the sea had once covered the mountains which contain shells, and of the gathering of the equatorial waters above the polar.

15世纪的运动是两个方面：一方面是文艺复兴，另一方面也是所谓的“现代精神”的到来，这种精神包含着现实主义和对经验的诉求。它由一种对古典的回归和对自然的回归构成。拉斐尔代表对古典的回归，而列奥纳多代表对自然的回归。在对自然的回归中他寻求用自然永恒的出人意料来满足无限好奇，用精密技巧满足一种微观的完美感，或者说用精巧的操作，那种培根注意到的微妙本质来满足。所以我们常发现他和研究自然科学的人关系亲密，—比如数学家弗拉·吕卡·帕乔力，还有解剖学者马克·安东尼·德拉托雷。他做的观察和试验总共写满了13卷手稿。那些有判断力的人把他描述成以敏锐的直觉、很早预测到后世科学观点的人。他解释了月球阴暗部分的模糊光线的问题，他知道海洋曾经淹没包含着贝壳的山脉，他明白赤道水域的高度要高过两极。

He who thus penetrated into the most secret parts of nature preferred always the more to the less remote, what, seeming exceptional, was an instance of law more refined, the construction about things of a peculiar atmosphere and mixed lights. He paints flowers with such curious felicity that different writers have attributed to him a fondness for particular flowers, as Clement the cyclamen, and Rio the jasmin; while, at Venice, there is a stray leaf from his portfolio dotted all over with studies of violets and the wild rose. In him first appears the taste for what is bizarre or recherché in landscape; hollow places full of the green shadow of bituminous rocks, ridged reefs of trap-rock which cut the water into quaint sheets of light,—their exact antitype is in our own western seas; all the solemn effects of moving water. You may follow it springing from its distant source among the rocks on the heath of the Madonna of the Balances, passing, as a little fall, into the treacherous calm of the Madonna of the Lake, as a goodly river next, below the cliffs of the Madonna of the Rocks, washing the white walls of its distant villages, stealing out in a network of divided streams in La Gioconda[7] to the seashore of the Saint Anne—that delicate place, where the wind passes like the hand of some fine etcher over the surface, and the untorn shells are lying thick upon the sand, and the tops of the rocks, to which the waves never rise, are green with grass, grown fine as hair. It is the landscape, not of dreams or of fancy, but of places far withdrawn, and hours selected from a thousand with a miracle offinesse. Through Leonardo's strange veil of

sight things reach him so; in no ordinary night or day, but as in faint light of eclipse, or in some brief interval of falling rain at daybreak, or through deep water.

因此，他总是偏好由远及近地深入研究自然最隐秘的部分，这种做法看起来与众不同，实则是一种更精确的法则的例证，是对有着奇特氛围和混合光线的东西的解释。他用某种奇异的手法去描绘花朵，以致于许多作家把对不同花的喜好归因于他，就像克莱门特喜爱仙客来而里奥喜欢茉莉一样。威尼斯就存有他手稿中散佚的一页，里面布满了对紫罗兰和蔷薇的研究。他是最先表现出在景色中追求古怪或稀有的品味的；沥青岩的绿色阴影遍布的空地，把水波割成奇怪的一片片的暗色岩形成的山脊状暗礁。它们的原型恰恰就在我们自己西部的海洋上，正是流水肃穆的效果。你可以跟随它，看它从《天平圣母》里遍布石南的岩石间遥远的源头中汩汩流来，汇成一条小瀑布落进《湖边圣母》暗藏危险的平静里，然后变成一条大河在《岩间圣母》的悬崖下奔腾翻滚，冲刷着遥远村落的白色围墙，再从《乔康达夫人》交错的河网中偷溜出来，走进《圣安妮》的海岸——在这个秀丽的地方，风儿如同蚀刻师灵巧的手掠过它的表面，沙滩上密密麻麻满是完好无缺的贝壳，海浪从未触及过的岩石顶上长满了绿草，像厚厚的头发一样。这美景，不是来自梦境或者想象，而是来自遥远偏僻的地方，来自用奇迹般的灵气在上千小时中精挑细选出来的几小时里。通过列奥纳多奇特的视觉帷幕，事物如此呈现在他面前；绝非普通的夜晚或白昼，而像是在日食月食的微弱光线里，或在下着小雨的黎明的某个短暂间隔中，或在深水处。

And not into nature only; but he plunged also into human personality, and became above all a painter of portraits; faces of a modelling more skilful than has been seen before or since, embodied with a reality which almost amounts to illusion, on the dark air. To take a character as it was, and delicately sound its stops, suited one so curious in observation, curious in invention. He painted thus the portraits of Ludovico's mistresses, Lu cretia Crivelli and Cecilia Galerani the poetess, of Lu dovico himself, and the Duchess Beatrice. The portrait of Cecilia Galerani is lost, but that of Lucretia Crivelli has been identified with La Belle Feronière of the Louvre, and Ludovico's pale, anxious face still remains in the Ambrosian library. Opposite is the portrait of Beatrice d'Este, in whom Leonardo seems to have caught some presentiment of early death, painting her precise and grave, full of the refinement of the dead, in sad earth-colored raiment, set with pale stones.

他不仅沉溺于自然，也同样沉迷于对人类性格的研究中，并且首先成为一位肖像画家。他对脸部的勾画比前人和后人都要纯熟，在暗淡的氛围里实现了一种几近于幻想的真实。若要把握性格的原貌，并精确地区分它的界限，需要有充满好奇的观察力和创造力。因此他给卢多维科的情人们绘制了肖像画，包括露克丽霞·克里韦利和女诗人塞西莉亚·加莱拉尼，以及卢多维科自己还有比阿特丽斯公爵夫人。塞西莉亚·加莱拉尼

的肖像画没有保存下来，但是露克丽霞·克里韦利的肖像画被确认为就是收藏在卢浮宫里的《美丽的菲罗奈瑞》，卢多维科苍白焦燥的肖像仍保存在安布罗斯图书馆。与它们相反的是比阿特丽斯·德斯特的画像。列奥纳多似乎在她身上捕捉到了某种早亡的预感，所以把她刻画得很刻板严肃，充满了死亡的优雅，采用了悲伤的土色衣服，佩戴暗淡的宝石。

Sometimes this curiosity came in conflict with the de sire of beauty; it tended to make him go too far below that outside of things in which art really begins and ends. This struggle between the reason and its ideas, and the senses, the desire of beauty, is the key to Leonardo's life at Milan—his restlessness, his endless retouchings, his odd experiments with color. How much must he leave unfinished, how much recommence! His problem was the transmutation of ideas into images. What he had attained so far had been the mastery of that earlier Florentine style, with its naive and limited sensuousness. Now he was to entertain in this narrow medium those divinations of a humanity too wide for it, that larger vision of the opening world, which is only not too mud for the great, irregular art of Shakespeare; and every where the effort is visible in the work of his hands. This agitation, this perpetual delay, give him an air of weariness and ennui. To others he seems to be aiming at an impossible effect, to do something that art, that painting, can never do. Often the expression of physical beauty at this or that point seems strained and marred in the effort, as in those heavy German fore heads—too heavy and German for perfect beauty.

有时这种好奇心和对美的渴望相冲突。它往往令他过分深入事物内部，而偏离了本是艺术真正开始和结束之处的事物表面。这种理性和它的观点、感觉以及对美的渴望之间的挣扎对理解米兰时期的列奥纳多至关重要——他的躁动不安、反复润饰和奇怪的色彩试验。他留下了多少未完成的作品，又重新开始了多少创作！他的问题是怎样把想法转化成形象。到目前为止他所掌握的是早期佛罗伦萨风格那种纯朴的、有限度的激发美感的表现手法。现在他要在这个狭窄的媒介里表现比它宽泛太多的人性预言，那种着眼开放世界的更宽广的视野只适合莎士比亚伟大而不同常规的艺术。他手里的作品无处不体现着这种努力。这种躁动，这种无穷无尽的拖延让他显得疲惫、倦怠。其他人看来他好像是在树立一个不可能实现的目标，想达到艺术，确切的说是绘画永远不可能实现的效果。这样的尝试在表现身体美的时候常会使其扭曲，正如那些笨重的德国式额头——对完美来说太过沉重、太过德国化了。

For there was a touch of Germany in that genius which, as Goethe said, had "thought itself weary"—müde sich gedacht. What an anticipation of modern Germany, for instance, in that debate on the question whether sculpture or painting is the nobler art (How princely, how characteristic of Leonardo, the answer, Quanto più, un' arte porta seco fatica di corpo, tanto più è vile!)! But there is this

difference between him and the German, that, with all that curious science, the German would have thought nothing more was needed. The name of Goethe himself reminds one how great for the artist may be the danger of over-much science; how Goethe, who, in the Elective Affinities and the first part of Faust, does transmute ideas into images, who wrought many such transmutations, did not invariably find the spell- word, and in the second part of Faust presents us with a mass of science which has almost no artistic character at all. But Leonardo will never work till the happy moment comes—that moment of bien-être, which to imaginative men is a moment of invention. On this he waits with a perfect patience; other moments are but a preparation, or after-taste of it. Few men distinguish between them as jealously as he. Hence so many flaws even in the choicest work. But for Leonardo the distinction is absolute, and, in the moment of bien-être, the alchemy complete: the idea is stricken into color and imagery: a cloudy mysticism is refined to a subdued and graceful mystery, and painting pleases the eye while it satisfies the soul.

在他的天赋里还有一些德国风格，如歌德所说，“理论是灰色的。”例如，对雕塑或绘画哪个更为高雅这个问题的讨论，完全是当代德国的预言！（这个答案是多么高贵，多么典型的列奥纳多式的啊：艺术越让身体疲惫，越是可鄙的！）但是这里有他和德国人之间的差异：如果有所有那些玄妙的科学存在，德国人可能会认为不再需要其他什么了。歌德的名字本身就会令人想起，对艺术家来说过度的科学可能成为多么巨大的危险。这位在《亲和力》和《浮士德》的第一部分把想法转化成形象，这位进行过大量此种转换的人也并不是总能找到准确的字眼。在《浮士德》的第二部分，他给我们展现的是大量的自然科学，几乎完全不具备艺术的特质。不过列奥纳多一定要等到快乐的一刻到来才去工作，也就是等到惬意时光，这对富于想象力的人来说就是创作的时刻。他非常耐心地等待这一刻的来临，其他时间仅仅是这一刻的准备，或是它的余韵。很少有人像他那样如此审慎地把它们区分。因此在最经典的作品里也会有大量的瑕疵。但是对列奥纳多来说这种区分是绝对的，在惬意的一刻里魔法完成了：想法融入色彩和意象中：阴郁的神秘主义被精心加工成柔和优美的神秘，画作在满足灵魂的时刻也愉悦了视觉。

This curious beauty is seen above all in his drawings, and in these chiefly in the abstract grace of the bounding lines. Let us take some of these drawings, and pause over them awhile; and, first, one of those at Florence—the heads of a woman and a little child, set side by side, but each in its own separate frame . First of all, there is much pathos in the reappearance, in the fuller curves of the face of the child, of the sharper, more chastened lines of the worn and older face, which leaves no doubt that the heads are those of a little child and its mother. A feeling for maternity is indeed al ways characteristic of

Leonardo; and this feeling is further indicated here by the half-humorous pathos of the diminutive, rounded shoulders of the child. You may note a like pathetic power in drawings of a young man, seated in a stooping posture, his face in his hands, as in sorrow; of a slave sitting in an uneasy inclined attitude, in some brief interval of rest; of a small Ma donna and Child, peeping sideways in half-reassured terror, as a mighty griffin with batlike wings, one of Leonardo's finest inventions, descends suddenly from the air to snatch up a great wild beast wandering near them. But note in these, as that which especially belongs to art, the contour of the young man's hair, the poise of the slave's arm above his head, and the curves of the head of the child, following the little skull within, thin and fine as some sea-shell worn by the wind.

这种奇异之美在他的素描里尤其常见，主要表现在跳跃线条的抽象优美中。我们选取其中一些画来观察一阵。首先是佛罗伦萨时期的一幅素描——一个女人和一个小孩的头部并排布局，但却各自有其独立的轮廓。在素描中，在孩子脸庞更为饱满的曲线以及疲倦、苍老的脸上更尖锐更洗练的曲线中，首先表现出的，是很多苦楚。从中可以看出，这一定是孩子和他的母亲的头像。对母性的同情的确一直是列奥纳多的特色。在这幅画中，这种情感以孩子小巧、浑圆的肩膀表现的富含幽默的痛苦进一步显现出来。你可能会在一些素描中注意到一种相似的令人怜悯的力量：屈背而坐、双手托脸似在悲痛之中的年青人，在短暂休息间隙、难受地斜坐着的奴隶；在一小幅圣母子的画像里也可以感觉到，他们半带惊慌地瞥向一边，这时长着蝙蝠状翅膀的强大怪兽（这是列奥纳多最优秀的创造之一）突然从天而降抓起了在他们身边徘徊的凶猛野兽。但在此注意一下艺术里的独有成分吧：年轻人的发际线、奴隶把手臂放在头上的姿势以及孩子头部的曲线，这曲线沿着里面像是风蚀的贝壳那样细小的头颅流动。

Take again another head, still more full of sentiment, but of a different kind, a little drawing in red chalk which everyone will remember who has examined at all carefully the drawings by old masters at the Louvre. It is a face of doubtful sex, set in the shadow of its own hair, the cheek-line in high light against it, with some thing voluptuous and full in the eye-lids and the lips. Another drawing might pass for the same face in child hood, with parched and feverish lips, but much sweetness in the loose, short-waisted childish dress, with necklace and bulla, and in the daintily bound hair. We might take the thread of suggestion which these two drawings offer, when thus set side by side, and, following it through the drawings at Florence, Venice, and Milan, construct a sort of series, illustrating better than any thing else Leonardo's type of womanly beauty. Daughters of Herodias, with their fantastic head-dresses knot ted and folded so strangely to leave the dainty oval or the face disengaged,

they are not of the Christian family, or of Raphael's. They are the clairvoyants, through whom, as through delicate instruments, one becomes aware of the subtler forces of nature, and the modes of their action, all that is magnetic in it, all those finer conditions wherein material things rise to that subtlety of operation which constitutes them spiritual, where only the final nerve and the keener touch can follow. It is as if in certain significant examples we actually saw those forces at their work on human flesh. Nervous, electric, faint always with some inexplicable faintness, these people seem to be subject to exceptional conditions, to feel powers at work in the common air unfelt by others, to become, as it were, the receptacle of them and pass them on to us in a chain of secret influences.

再以另外一幅头像为例，依旧充满伤感，却是另外一种伤感。这是以红色粉笔画就的小型肖像，只要是仔细看过罗浮宫内大师素描的人都会记得它。肖像的性别不好确定，面庞隐藏在自己头发的阴影里，面颊的轮廓处在强光下，眼睑和双唇艳丽饱满。还有一幅画被认为是同一个人孩童时的肖像，嘴唇干燥炽热，但在孩子气的宽松高腰、带着项链和垂饰的衣饰中，以及优美地束起的头发里有很多可爱的东西。我们可以追随这两幅画像中暗示的线索，把它们放在一起，并且在佛罗伦萨、威尼斯和米兰时期的绘画中追寻下去，建立起一个系列，会比其他任何东西更好地诠释列奥纳多女性美的典型。希罗底的女儿们奇异的头巾如此奇怪地打着结、包在一起来使漂亮的鹅蛋形脸庞显现出来。她们不是圣家族成员也不是拉弗尔手下的天使，她们是神视者，通过她们就像透过精密的仪器一样，可以使一个人了解到自然更微妙的力量，了解它们运作的模式、其中所有的魔力以及所有物质实体升华成精妙运作的更为高级的条件，这些运作使物质成为神经形式，而这一切只有最敏感的神经和最敏锐的感触才能追寻得到。好像在一些重要的作品中我们可以真正看到这些力量在人类肉体上的作用。一些人紧张、容易兴奋并总是带着某种无法解释的衰弱，他们似乎容易受到异常条件的影响，容易在普通空气中感受到他人感受不到的正在发生作用的能量，他们容易承载这种能量，并通过一系列秘密影响把它们传递给我们。

But among the more youthful heads there is one at Florence which Love chooses for its own—the head of a young man, which may well be the likeness of Andrea Salaino, beloved of Leonardo for his curled and waving hair—belli capelli ricci e inanellati—and afterwards his favorite pupil and servant. Of all the interests in living men and women which may have filled his life at Milan, this attachment alone is recorded. And in return Salaino identified himself so entirely with Leonardo, that the picture of Saint Anne, in the Louvre, has been attributed to him. It illustrates Leonardo's usual choice of pupils, men of some natural charm of person or intercourse like Salaino, or men of birth and princely habits of life like Francesco Melzi—men with just enough genius to be capable of initiation into

his secret, for the sake of which they were ready to efface their own individuality: Among them, retiring often to the villa of the Melzi at Canonica al Vaprio, he worked at his fugitive manuscripts and sketches, working for the present hour, and for a few only, perhaps chiefly for himself. Other artists have been as careless of present or future applause, in self-forgetfulness, or because they set moral or political ends above the ends of art; but in him this solitary culture of beauty seems to have hung upon a kind of self-love, and a carelessness in the work of art of all but art itself. Out of the secret places of a unique temperament he brought strange blossoms and fruits hitherto unknown; and for him, the novel impression conveyed, the exquisite effect woven, counted as an end in itself—a perfect end.

在更多的年轻人头像中有一幅佛罗伦萨时期的作品，被认定为爱神的画像。这个年轻人的头像可能是安德烈亚·沙莱诺的肖像。列奥纳多很喜欢他卷曲的波浪式头发，他后来成了列奥纳多最喜爱的学生和随从。列奥纳多在米兰生活期间也许曾结识过不少人，但只有这段情感被记录下来。作为回报沙莱诺也把自己和列奥纳多完全紧密地联系在一起，以致于卢浮宫里的《圣安妮》被认定是沙莱诺创作的。这体现了列奥纳多挑选学生的通常标准：选择沙莱诺那样具有天生个人魅力或交际能力的，或是弗朗切斯科·梅尔奇那种出身高贵并且有着贵族化的生活习惯的人。因为他们拥有足够的天赋理解他的高深技艺，也已准备好为此而抹杀自己的个性。他和这些学生经常到梅尔奇在卡诺尼卡瓦普里奥的别墅隐居，他在那里即兴地写作和画素描，为当下工作，只为一小部分人工作，可能主要是为了他自己而工作。其他艺术家同样会无视现在或将来的掌声，处于忘我状态，或是因为他们将道德或政治目的放在艺术目标之上。但是对他而言，这种孤独的美的修养似乎附着于一种自爱，一种在艺术创作中除了艺术本身对一切的漠视。那些至今没人认识的奇异花朵和果实来源于他独特性情的秘密之处。对他而言，传达出的新颖的印象，编织出的精致的效果，这本身就是终点——一个完美的句点。

And these pupils of his acquired his manner so thoroughly, that though the number of Leonardo's authentic works is very small indeed, there is a multitude of other men's pictures through which we undoubtedly see him, and come very near to his genius. Sometimes, as in the little picture of the Madonna of the Balances, in which, from the bosom of His mother, Christ weighs the pebbles of the brook against the sins of men, we have a hand, rough enough by contrast, working upon some fine hint or sketch of his. Sometimes, as in the subjects of the Daughter of Herodias and the Head of John the Baptist, the lost originals have been reechoed and varied upon again and again by Luini[8] and others. At other times the original remains, but has been a mere theme or motive, a type, of which the accessories might be modified or changed; and these variations have but brought out the more the purpose, or expression of the original. It is so with the so-

called Saint John the Baptist of the Louvre—one of the few naked figures Leonardo painted—whose delicate brown flesh and woman's hair no one would go out into the wilderness to seek, and whose treacherous smile would have us understand something far beyond the outward gesture or circum stance. But the long, reedlike cross in the hand, which suggests Saint John the Baptist, becomes faint in a copy at the Ambrosian Library, and disappears altogether in another version, in the Palazzo Rosso at Genoa. Re turning from the latter to the original, we are no longer surprised by Saint John's strange likeness to the Bacchus which hangs near it, and which set Theophile Gautier[9] thinking of Heine's notion of decayed gods, who, to maintain themselves, after the fall of paganism, took employment in the new religion. We recognise one of those symbolical inventions in which the ostensible subject is used, not as matter for definite pictorial realisation, but as the starting-point of a train of sentiment, subtle and vague as a piece of music. No one ever ruled over the mere subject in hand more entirely than Leonardo, or bent it more dexterously to purely artistic ends. And so it comes to pass that though he handles sacred subjects continually, he is the most profane of painters; the given person or subject, Saint John in the Desert, or the Virgin on the knees of Saint Anne, is often merely the pretext for a kind of work which carries one altogether beyond the range of its conventional associations.

他的这些学生完全学到了他的风格，所以虽然实际上列奥纳多的真迹数量很少，但是在其他许多人的画作里，我们可以很容易地发现他的影子。而且，已非常接近列奥纳多的天赋。有时，例如在《天平圣母》这一小幅画中，基督在圣母的怀抱里，正用小溪里的鹅卵石来衡量人类的罪过那样，我们能看到一些相比之下粗糙得多的手法，在画他的一些较精细的提示或者草图。有时，比如在《希罗底的女儿》和《施洗者约翰头像》两幅画的例子中，尽管原作已失传，但在卢伊尼和其他人的作品中却一再得到呼应并且变化多样。另外一些时候原作虽然保留下来，但仅仅是作为一种主题或中心内容保留，作品的一些小配饰可能已进行了一些润饰或修改。这些变化带出了更多原作的目的或是将原作更好地表现了出来。卢浮宫中名为《施洗者圣约翰》的作品便是如此，这是列奥纳多所画为数不多的裸体形象之一。没人会在荒野中去寻找他那娇嫩的棕色肉体和女人似的头发。他暗藏玄机的微笑让我们明白一些远超出其姿态或外部环境的东西。但其手中所持的、证明施洗者圣约翰身份的细长如芦苇的十字架在安波罗修图书馆里的一幅复制品里变得模糊不清，在藏于热那亚罗索宫的另一版本中则完全消失了。从后继者回到原始的画作，我们不再对圣约翰和挂在他附近的《酒神巴克斯》神奇的相似而感到吃惊，这种相似令特奥菲尔·戈蒂埃想到海涅的腐朽的诸神的概念。为了保持自我的存在，它们在异教体系崩塌之后在新宗教里重寻到安身之处。我们在使用表面主题的作品里辨认出其中的一个象征性创造，不是作为实现具体图示的内容，而是一系列情感的出发点，就像一

曲音乐那样微弱模糊。没有人像列奥纳多那样更完整地支配这个主题，或是更巧妙地将它调整以适应纯粹的艺术目标。因此，事实上他虽然一直以神学主题进行创作，仍是对神灵最为不敬的画家。给定的人物或主题，比如沙漠里的圣约翰和圣安妮膝上的圣母，常常只是一种把人完全带出它的传统联想范围的托辞。

About the Last Supper, its decay and restorations, a whole literature has risen up, Goethe's pensive sketch of its sad fortunes being perhaps the best. The death in childbirth of the Duchess Beatrice was followed in Ludovico by one of those paroxysms of religious feeling which in him were constitutional. The low, gloomy Dominican church of Saint Mary of the Graces had been the favorite oratory of Beatrice. She had spent her last days there, full of sinister presentiments; at last it had been almost necessary to remove her from it by force; and now it was here that mass was said a hundred times a day for her repose. On the damp wall of the refectory, oozing with mineral salts, Leonardo painted the Last Supper. Effective anecdotes were told about it, his retouchings and delays. They show him refusing to work except at the moment of invention, scornful of any one who supposed that art could be a work of mere industry and rule, often coming the whole length of Milan to give a single touch. He painted it, not in fresco, where all must be impromptu, but in oils, the new method which he had been one of the first to welcome, because it allowed of so many afterthoughts, so refined a working out of perfection. It turned out that on a plastered wall no process could have been less durable. Within fifty years it had fallen into decay. And now we have to turn back to Leonardo's own studies, above all to one drawing of the central head at the Brera, which, in a union of tenderness and severity in the face lines, reminds one of the monumental work of Mino da Fiesole[10], to trace it as it was.

关于《最后的晚餐》，画作的破败和修复本身就是一部文学作品了，歌德对它悲惨命运深思熟虑的概括可能是其中最好的。比阿特丽斯公爵夫人因难产而死，随后引起了卢多维科本质里宗教情感的一次迸发。多明我会低矮阴暗的圣马利亚感恩堂曾是比阿特丽斯最喜欢的礼拜堂。在这个到处都是不祥征兆的地方她度过了自己最后的时光，到最后几乎有必要强行把她从那里带出来，而现在就在这里每天要为她的安息做上百遍的弥撒。在修道院餐厅潮湿的泛着盐花的墙壁上，列奥纳多画出了《最后的晚餐》。关于他的反复润饰和进展缓慢有很多令人印象深刻的轶事。这些轶事显示，他只肯在有创作灵感的时刻工作，谁要认为艺术是单纯的勤奋和规则的产物就会被他嘲笑，他还常常穿过整个米兰就只为了在画作上添上一笔。他创作它的时候不是采用必须即兴作画的湿壁画画法，而是使用油彩。他是第一批运用这种手法的画家之一，因为画油画可以不断重新思考，可以不断修改润饰作品直到完美。事实上在灰泥墙上这种画法最不持久，不到50年这幅画就开始脱落。现在我们

得回头求助于列奥纳多自己的研究，首要的是去查看布雷拉美术馆里一幅头像的素描来追寻它原来的风貌。这幅画在脸部线条中融合了温柔和严肃，让人想起米诺·达·菲耶索莱不朽的作品之一。

Here was another effort to lift a given subject out of the range of its traditional associations. Strange, after all the mystic developments of the middle age, was the effort to see the Eucharist, not as the pale Host of the altar, but as one taking leave of his friends. Five years afterwards the young Raphael, at Florence, painted it with sweet and solemn effect in the refectory of Saint Onofrio; but still with all the mystical unreality of the school of Perugino. Vasari pretends that the central head was never finished. But finished or unfinished, or owing part of its effect to a mellowing decay, the head of Jesus does but consummate the sentiment of the whole company—ghosts through which you see the wall, faint as the shadows of the leaves upon the wall on autumn afternoons. This figure is but the faintest, the most spectral of them all.

这里是另外一次把主题从它原来的传统联想中分离出来的努力。在经历了所有中世纪神秘的发展之后，奇异的是认为圣餐不是祭坛上苍白的圣饼，而是一个人向朋友告别的尝试。5年以后，年轻的拉斐尔在佛罗伦萨圣·奥诺弗里奥的餐厅里以亲切而庄重的效果把它画出来，但是还是带有佩鲁吉诺画派那种神秘的、非现实的特色。瓦萨里宣称中央的头像始终未完成，但不论完成与否，或是部分由于潮湿损毁才变成这种效果，耶稣的头部确实、但也只有他完美体现了这一整个群体的情绪：这一群魂灵模糊得像秋天午后叶子洒落在墙上的影子，透过他们都可以看到后面的墙壁。这个形象只是其中最模糊、最诡异的一个。

The Last Supper was finished in 1497; in 1498 the French entered Milan, and whether or not the Gascon bowmen used it as a mark for their arrows, the model of Francesco Sforza certainly did not survive. What, in that age, such work was capable of being—of what nobility, amid what racy truthfulness to fact—we may judge from the bronze statue of Bartolomeo Colleoni on horseback, modelled by Leonardo's master, Verrocchio (he died of grief, it was said, because, the mold accidentally failing, he was unable to complete it), still standing in the piazza of Saint John and Saint Paul at Venice. Some traces of the thing may remain in certain of Leonardo's drawings, and perhaps also, by a singular circumstance, in a far-off town of France. For Ludovico became a prisoner, and ended his days at Loches in Touraine. After many years of captivity in the dungeons below, where all seems sick with barbarous feudal memories, he was allowed at last, it is said, to breathe fresher air for awhile in one of the rooms of the great tower still shown, its walls covered with strange painted arabesques, ascribed by tradition to his hand, amused a little, in this way, through the tedious years. In those vast helmets and human faces and pieces of

armor, among which, in great letters, the motto Infelix Sum is woven in and out, it is perhaps not too fanciful to see the fruit of a wistful after-dreaming over Leonardo's sundry experiments on the armed figure of the great duke, which had occupied the two so much during the days of their good fortune at Milan.

《最后的晚餐》于1497年完成。1498年法国入侵米兰。不论加斯科涅弓箭手是不是把弗朗切斯科·斯福尔扎雕像的模型当做箭靶，它都没有保存下来。在那个时代这样的作品，在忠于事实的基础上能够达到的高贵程度，我们可以根据马背上的巴尔托洛梅奥·科莱奥尼铜像做出评判。这座铜像是列奥纳多的老师韦罗基奥创作的（他悲恸而亡，据说是因为模子不小心做失败了，他再无法完成作品）。目前这座铜像还立在威尼斯圣约翰和圣保罗教堂前的广场上。它的一些痕迹可能还保留在列奥纳多某些素描中，可能也会因为机缘巧合出现在法国某个偏远的小镇上。因为卢多维科曾被关进监狱，在都兰的洛什死去。他被关在仿佛充满野蛮封建回忆的地牢里很多年后，据说，最后，被允许在高塔的一个房间里呼吸一下新鲜的空气。这个塔保存至今，墙上画满了奇异的阿拉伯图饰，这一般被认为是出自卢多维科之手，算是在冗长乏味时光里的一点小娱乐。在那些巨大的头盔、人类面孔和一件件的甲胄中，巨大字体的箴言“不幸的存在”交织其中；也许并不难看到列奥纳多关于塑造一尊这位伟大公爵的戎装像的奇思妙想。这两个人在米兰的快乐日子里，这个梦想一直盘踞心头。

The remaining years of Leonardo's life are more or less years of wandering. From his brilliant life at court he had saved nothing, and he returned to Florence a poor man. Perhaps necessity kept his spirit excited: the next four years are one prolonged rapture of ecstasy of invention. He painted now the pictures of the Louvre, his most authentic works, which came there straight from the cabinet of Francis the First, at Fontainebleau. One picture of his, the Saint Anne—not the Saint Anne of the Louvre, but a simple cartoon, now in London—revived for a moment a sort of appreciation more common in an earlier time, when good pictures had still seemed miraculous. For two days a crowd of people of all qualities passed in naive excitement through the chamber where it hung, and gave Leonardo a taste of the triumph of Cimabue[11]. But his work was less with the saints than with the living women of Florence. For he lived still in the polished society that he loved, and in the houses of Florence, left perhaps a little subject to light thoughts by the death of Savonarola—the latest gossip 1869 is of an undraped Manna Lisa, found in some out-of-the-way corner of the late Orleans collection—he saw Ginevra di Benci, and Lisa, the young third wife of Francesco del Giocondo. As we have seen him using incidents of sacred story, not for their own sake, nor as mere subjects for pictorial realisation, but as a cryptic language for fancies all his own, so now he found a vent for his

thought in taking one of these languid women, and raising her, as Leda or Pomona, as Modesty or Vanity, to the seventh heaven of symbolical expression.

列奥纳多的余生基本上是在到处漂泊。在豪华的宫廷生活时期他没有攒下什么钱，回到佛罗伦萨时已很穷困。或许是生活的窘迫使他的精神保持着亢奋：接下来的4年是一个长时间全神贯注入迷创作的时期。他创作了现在保存在卢浮宫里的那些作品，那些最确定出自他之手的作品，这些作品直接从弗朗西斯一世在枫丹白露的陈列柜里送进了卢浮宫。他的一幅《圣安妮》，不是卢浮宫的《圣安妮》，而是现存于伦敦的一幅寥寥几笔的草图，一时间使一种在早期更为普遍的欣赏品位复兴，那时优秀作品仍然被认为是不可思议的。两天里各色人物怀着莫名的兴奋在放置这幅画的房间里穿梭往来，让列奥纳多有了一种契马布埃的《凯旋》的味道。但是他的作品更多地表现了佛罗伦萨当时的女性而非圣人，因为他仍生活在他热爱的考究的社会里，在佛罗伦萨的居所里他曾经见过吉内芙拉·迪·本奇和弗朗切斯科·德尔·乔康达年轻的第三任妻子丽莎。那里可能还有一点因萨沃那洛拉之死而留下的话题。最近的流言(1869年)则是说一幅裸身的蒙娜丽莎被发现，藏于过世的奥尔良的收藏品没人注意的角落里。正如我们知道他使用宗教故事里的事件，不是为了表现事件本身，也不单是作为绘画的题材，而是作为表达自己的想象的一种隐语。所以此时他为自己的思想找到一个出口，在这些疲倦女人中选择一个升华成勒达或波摩娜，升华成谦虚之神或虚荣之神，提升至象征性表达的第七重天。

La Gioconda is, in the truest sense, Leonardo's masterpiece, the revealing instance of his mode of thought and work. In suggestiveness, only the Melancholia of Dürer[12] is comparable to it; and no crude symbolism disturbs the effect of its subdued and graceful mystery. We all know the face and hands of the figure, set in its marble chair, in that circle of fantastic rocks, as in some faint light under sea. Perhaps of all ancient pictures time has chilled it least. (Yet for Vasari there was some further magic of crimson in the lips and cheeks, lost for us.) As often happens with works in which invention seems to reach its limit, there is an element in it given to, not invented by, the master. In that inestimable folio of drawings, once in the possession of Vasari, were certain designs by Verrocchio, faces of such impressive beauty that Leonardo in his boyhood copied them many times. It is hard not to connect with these designs of the elder, by-past master, as with its germinal principle, the unfathomable smile, always with a touch of something sinister in it, which plays over all Leonardo's work. Besides, the picture is a portrait. From childhood we see this image defining itself on the fabric of his dreams, and but for express historical testimony, we might fancy that this was but his ideal lady, embodied and beheld at last. What was the relation ship of a living Florentine to this creature of his thought? By what strange affinities had the dream

and the person grown up thus apart, and yet so closely together? Present from the first incorporeally in Leon ardo's brain, dimly traced in the designs of Verrocchio, she is found present at last in Il Giocondo's house. That there is much of mere portraiture in the picture is at tested by the legend that by artificial means, the presence of mimes and flute-players, that subtle expression was protracted on the face. Again, was it in four years and by renewed labor never really completed, or in four months and as by stroke of magic, that the image was projected?

《乔康达夫人》的的确确是列奥纳多的代表作，它展现了他的思维和工作的模式。引发联想方面只有丢勒的《忧郁》能与它相提并论，而且没有粗糙的象征主义扰乱柔和优美之神秘的效果。我们都熟知，这个人物的面庞和双手，安置于大理石椅中，被奇异的石头所环绕，仿佛笼罩在海底微弱的光线里。可能在所有古代绘画作品中，时间对它的侵蚀最小（然而瓦萨里还描述说其嘴唇和脸颊显现出一种神奇的深红色，我们现在已不得而见。—作者注）。正如创造力似乎达到极限的作品经常发生的那样，画里有一种成分不是画家创造出来的，而是他获得的。瓦萨里曾经拥有一些价值极高的素描，其中有一些确定是出自韦罗基奥之手，列奥纳多在孩提时代曾多次临摹这些美得惊人的脸庞。很难不将其与过去的老一辈大师的作品联系起来，就像它开创性的原则那样，那种总是带着某种不祥的、神妙莫测的笑容，这种元素在列奥纳多所有的作品中都见得到影子。此外，这是一幅肖像画。我们看到这个形象在他孩提时代就开始在他梦想中逐渐成形，但是为了和历史的事实相符我们可以把这个看成只是他的理想女性，最终被具体地表现出来。一个现实中的佛罗伦萨人和这个他思维的创造物有什么关系呢？是什么样奇异的吸引力把距离如此之远的梦境和个人如此紧密地联系在一起？这个形象首先出现在列奥纳多的头脑中，然后在韦罗基奥的作品中发现蛛丝马迹，最后她在乔康达的住所里被表现出来。这幅画里大部分只是肖像画法的说法从一个传说那里得到佐证：通过人工的方式，小丑和竖琴演奏者的在场，那种微妙的表情，才出现在脸上。这里还要问，这个投射出来的形象是4年时间不断的、从未真正完成的润饰的结果，还是在4个月里好像得到一瞬间灵感而来的呢？

The presence that rose thus so strangely beside the waters, is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all "the ends of the world are come", and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed! All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and moulded there, in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward

form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the mysticism of the middle age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants, and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands. The fancy of a perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one; and modern philosophy has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by, and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life. Certainly Lady Lisa might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea.

因此在水边奇异出现的这种呈现方式，表达了人类千百年来渴望使用的方法。她的肖像预示着“世界末日将来临”，她的眼睑有些疲倦。这是一个由内至外创造出来的美人，古怪的想法、奇异的幻想和强烈的热情，一点一点，堆积沉淀在肉体上。把她和一个白皙的希腊女神或是美丽的古代女性放在一起，她们会因为她的美，她的带着种种病痛的灵魂蕴含其间的美而感到苦恼！所有对世界的看法和经验都在此蚀刻塑造成形，在这里他们不得不润饰外部形象使它们更具表现力，比如希腊的兽性、罗马的纵欲、中世纪的神秘以及它的宗教野心和奇想的爱、异教世界的回归还有博尔吉亚斯的罪恶。她比自己周围的岩石还要古老；她像吸血鬼一样死过很多次，因而了解死亡的秘密；她曾在深海里潜水，把她曾逝去的时光保存；她曾和东方商人交换新奇的编织品；她是特洛伊海伦的母亲勒达，也是马利亚的母亲圣安妮。所有这一切对她来说只是里拉琴和长笛的韵律，和塑造了变换的面部轮廓、使眼皮和双手失去血色的某种敏感一起存在。对永生的幻想经历了上万种体验，已经不再新鲜。当代哲学认为人性是由所有思维和生活方式精炼加工、并在其中自我总结形成的。当然丽莎夫人或许被认为是老派幻想的具体体现，是当代观点的象征。

During these years at Florence Leonardo's history is the history of his art; for himself, he is lost in the bright cloud of it. The outward history begins again in 1502, with a wild journey through central Italy, which he makes as the chief engineer of Cesar Borgia. The biographer, putting together the stray jottings of his manuscripts, may follow him through every day of it, up the strange tower of Siena, elastic like a bent bow, down to the seashore at Piombino, each place appearing as fitfully as in a fever dream.

在佛罗伦萨的那些年里，列奥纳多的人生历程就是他的艺术发展历程；他自身已隐匿在艺术的灿烂光辉中。他外出的历史从1502年开始再

次展开，当时他作为凯撒·博尔吉亚的首席工程师，进行了一次穿越意大利中部的狂野旅行。传记作者把他手稿里零散的略记整理到一起，也许可以追寻他每一天的足迹：登上锡耶纳奇怪的高塔，如同弯弓那样伸缩自如落到皮翁比诺的海边，每一个地点都像在狂热的梦境中一样断断续续地出现。

One other great work was left for him to do, a work all trace of which soon vanished, The Battle of the Standard, in which he had Michelangelo for his rival. The citizens of Florence, desiring to decorate the walls of the great council-chamber, had offered the work for competition, and any subject might be chosen from the Florentine wars of the fifteenth century. Michelangelo chose for his cartoon an incident of the war with Pisa, in which the Florentine soldiers, bathing in the Arno, are surprised by the sound of trumpets, and run to arms. His design has reached us only in an old engraving, which helps us less perhaps than our remembrance of the background of his Holy Family in the Uffizii to imagine in what superhuman form, such as might have beguiled the heart of an earlier world, those figures ascended out of the water. Leonardo chose an incident from the battle of Anghiari, in which two parties of soldiers fight for a standard. Like Michelangelo's, his cartoon is lost, and has come to us only in sketches, and in a fragment of Rubens[13]. Through the accounts given we may discern some lust of terrible things in it, so that even the horses tore each other with their teeth. And yet one fragment of it, in a drawing of his at Florence, is far different—a waving field of lovely armour, the chased edgings running like lines of sunlight from side to side. Michelangelo was twenty-seven years old; Leonardo more than fifty; and Raphael, then nineteen years of age, visiting Florence for the first time, came and watched them as they worked.

还有一个等待他完成的伟大作品是后来消失无踪了的《旗帜之战》，当时他的竞争对手是米开朗琪罗。佛罗伦萨市民想要装饰大会议厅的墙壁，提出比赛选定这幅作品的创作者，可以选择任意关于15世纪佛罗伦萨战争的主题。米开朗琪罗在他的草图中选择了与比萨的战争中的一幕，画里佛罗伦萨战士在亚诺河里洗澡，他们突然听到号角声随即奔向武器。我们只在一幅旧版画中看到了他的构图。这幅版画，对于我们想像那些人物，是以怎样的超越凡人的、足以震憾古人的形象，从水中爬上来，并没有回忆乌菲兹美术馆里他《圣家族》的背景对我们的帮助大。列奥纳多从安吉里之战中选取了一个事件，画里两方的士兵在为一面战旗而战。跟米开朗琪罗一样，他的草图也丢失了，留给我们的只是一些素描，在鲁本斯的一部残作中也可以一见端倪。透过这些描述，我们能察觉到某种对可怕事物的渴望，以致于马都在用牙齿相互撕咬。另一个零散片段见于他保存在佛罗伦萨的一幅素描里，但它非常不同：漂亮的盔甲组成波浪般的战场，雕镂过的盔甲边缘像阳光的光束一样从一边跳向另一边。当时米开朗琪罗27岁，列奥纳多50多岁。拉斐尔那时

19岁，是第一次来佛罗伦萨，观摩了他们进行创作。

We catch a glimpse of Leonardo again, at Rome in 1514, surrounded by his mirrors and vials and furnaces, making strange toys that seemed alive of wax and quick silver. The hesitation which had haunted him all through life, and made him like one under a spell, was upon him now with double force. No one had ever carried political indifferentism farther; it had always been his philosophy to "fly before the storm"; he is for the Sforzas, or against them, as the tide of their fortune turns. Yet now, in the political society of Rome, he came to be suspected of secret French sympathies. It paralysed him to find himself among enemies; and he turned wholly to France, which had long courted him.

我们再来看一下列奥纳多1514年在罗马的情形，他被镜子、小瓶子和熔炉团团围住，用蜡和水银制作一些奇怪的仿佛有生命的玩意。伴随他一生、使他如同生活在魔咒下的犹豫不决，此时对他的影响加倍了。没人像他那样漠视政治，他的哲学永远是“在暴风雨来临之前离开”。他是追随斯福尔扎家族还是反对他们，那要看他们的时运如何。可此时在罗马的政治社会里，他被怀疑暗中同情法国。发现自己身处敌对者中间令他十分气馁，后来他完全投向了一直召唤他的法国一边。

France was about to become an Italy more Italian than Italy itself. Francis the First, like Lewis the Twelfth before him, was attracted by the finesse of Leonardo's work; La Gioconda was already in his cabinet, and he offered Leonardo the little Château de Clou, with its vineyards and meadows, in the pleasant valley of the Masse, just outside the walls of the town of Amboise, where, especially in the hunting season, the court then frequently resided. A Monsieur Lyonard, peinteur du Roy pour Amboyse—so the letter of Francis the First is headed. It opens a prospect, one of the most interesting in the history of art, where, in a peculiarly blent atmosphere, Italian art dies away as a French exotic.

法国正处于要变得比意大利本身更加意大利化的时候。弗朗西斯一世像他之前的路易十二一样，被列奥纳多作品的灵气所吸引。《蒙娜丽莎》已经被他收入陈列柜，他还将克洛城堡赠给列奥纳多。这是一座带葡萄园和草场的小城堡，位于安布瓦兹镇城墙外宜人的马赛山谷里，这个小镇在狩猎季节通常是弗朗西斯一世的行宫。“给列奥纳多先生，安布瓦兹荣誉画家”，弗朗西斯一世的信这样开头。艺术史上最有趣的一幅画卷因此得以打开：在一种特有的混杂的氛围中，意大利的艺术消亡，变成了法国的舶来品。

Two questions remain, after much busy antiquarian ism, concerning Leonardo's death—the question of the exact form of his religion, and the question whether Francis the First was present at the time. They are of about equally little importance in the estimate of

Leon ardo's genius. The directions in his will concerning the thirty masses and the great candles for the church of Saint Florentin are things of course, their real purpose being immediate and practical; and on no theory of religion could these hurried offices be of much consequence. We forget them in speculating how one who had been always so desirous of beauty, but desired it always in such precise and definite forms, as hands or flowers or hair, looked forward now into the vague land, and experienced the last curiosity.

在许许多多的考据性研究之后，仍有两个关于列奥纳多之死的问题悬而未决：他真正信奉的宗教和弗朗西斯一世在他死亡时是否在场。但这两个问题对于评价列奥纳多的天赋都是无关紧要的。他遗嘱中有关圣佛罗伦丁教堂的30次弥撒和巨大蜡烛的意向当然是物质的，它们的真实目的是直接而实际的。这些匆忙而就的宗教仪式不会对宗教理论产生多少影响。我们在思考一位如此渴求美，而且渴求美的精准和确定的形式，比如双手、花朵或头发，此刻看向模糊不清的土地，感受最后一次奇特的人物时，这些问题早已置诸脑后。

1869

1869 年

(1)《安吉里之战》，达.芬奇和米开朗琪罗在佛罗伦萨维奇欧宫五百人大厅的墙壁上绘制的壁画。由于种种原因未完成即被毁。

(2)米什莱（1798-1874），法国历史学家。

(3)佩鲁吉诺（1466—1523），意大利画家。

(4)帕拉切尔苏斯(1493—1541)，瑞士医师、炼金家。

(5)卡丹（1501—1576），意大利数学家、医生。

(6)卢多维科·斯福尔扎，米兰公爵。

(7)《乔康达夫人》，《蒙娜·丽莎》的别名。

(8)卢伊尼（1530—1593），意大利画家，达·芬奇得意门生。

(9)特奥菲尔·戈蒂埃（1811—1872），法国诗人、小说家。

(10)米诺·达·菲耶索莱（1429—1484），意大利雕刻家。

(11)契马布埃（1240?—1302?）意大利画家、西方绘画创始人，被称为“画家之父”。

(12)丢勒（1471—1528），德国画家。

(13)鲁本斯（1577—1640），佛兰德斯画家。

The School Of Giorgione[1]

乔尔乔涅画派

It is the mistake of much popular criticism to regard poetry, music, and painting—all the various products of art—as but translations into different languages of one and the same fixed quantity of imaginative thought, supplemented by certain technical qualities of color, in painting; of sound, in music; of rhythmical words, in poetry. In this way, the sensuous element in art, and with it al most everything in art that is essentially artistic, is made a matter of indifference; and a clear apprehension of the opposite principle—that the sensuous material of each art brings with it a special phase or quality of beauty, untranslatable into the forms of any other, an order of impressions distinct in kind—is the beginning of all true aesthetic criticism. For, as art addresses not pure sense, still less the pure intellect, but the "imaginative reason" through the senses, there are differences of kind in aesthetic beauty, corresponding to the differences in kind of the gifts of sense themselves. Each art, therefore, having its own peculiar and untranslatable sensuous charm, has its own special mode of reaching the imagination, its own special responsibilities to its material. One of the functions of aesthetic criticism is to define these limitations; to estimate the degree in which a given work of art fulfils its responsibilities to its special material; to note in a picture that true pictorial charm, which is neither a mere poetical thought or sentiment, on the one hand, nor a mere result of communicable technical skill in color or design, on the other; to define in a poem that true poetical quality, which is neither descriptive nor meditative merely, but comes of an inventive handling of rhythmical language, the element of song in the singing; to note in music the musical charm, that essential music, which presents no words, no matter of sentiment or thought, separable from the special form in which it is conveyed to us.

很多流行批评认为，诗歌、音乐和绘画所有这些艺术作品形式只是把同一种且已定量的想象思维演绎为不同的语言，并辅以一定的技术特质，比如绘画里运用色彩，音乐里借助声音，诗歌里使用韵律词。这是错误的，因为这样一来，艺术中给人美感的成分以及艺术中所有本质上具有艺术性的一切都成了无关紧要的东西。对其相反原则的清晰理解——每门艺术中给人美感的材料都带有一种独特的美，它无法转化成其他任何形式，各自都是一种独特的感受状态——是美学批判的真正起点。因为艺术所关注的不是纯粹的理性，更不是纯粹的心智，而是通过感官传递的“充满想象力的理性”。而美学意义上的美有很多不同的类

型，对应不同类型的感官禀赋。因此，拥有各自独特而不可转化的感官魅力的各门艺术，也有着各自独特的呈现想象的模式，对各自的材料手段负有责任。美学批判的一个任务就是确定这些界限，来评估一个给定艺术品对自己特定材料形式的负责程度；来指出一幅画画面的真正魅力所在，它一方面既不单单只是一个富有诗意的构思或情感的表达，另一方面也不仅仅是色彩或构图上的技巧所营造的效果；还有，来界定一首诗真正属于诗歌的特质，这种特质不单纯是描述性或沉思式的，而是来自对韵律语言，即歌唱中的歌曲元素的创造性处理；来指出一首乐曲的音乐魅力，那种不表现为语言、并且与情绪和思想无关、可以从其具体的表达形式中脱离出来的本质音乐的魅力。

To such a philosophy of the variations of the beautiful, Lessing's[2] analysis of the spheres of sculpture and poetry, in the Laocoon, was an important contribution. But a true appreciation of these things is possible only in the light of a whole system of such art-casuistries. Now painting is the art in the criticism of which this truth most needs enforcing, for it is in popular judgments on pictures that the false generalisation of all art into forms of poetry is most prevalent. To suppose that all is mere technical acquirement in delineation or touch, working through and addressing itself to the intelligence, on the one side, or a merely poetical, or what may be called literary interest, addressed also to the pure intelligence on the other:—this is the way of most spectators, and of many critics, who have never caught sight all the time of that true pictorial quality which lies between, unique pledge, as it is, of the possession of the pictorial gift, that inventive or creative handling of pure line and color, which, as almost always in Dutch painting, as often also in the works of Titian[3] or Veronese[4], is quite independent of anything definitely poetical in the subject it accompanies. It is the drawing—the design projected from that peculiar pictorial temperament or constitution, in which, while it may possibly be ignorant of true anatomical proportions, all things whatever, all poetry, all ideas however abstract or obscure, float up as visible scene or image: it is the coloring—that weaving of light, as of just perceptible gold threads, through the dress, the flesh, the atmosphere, in Titian's Lace-girl, that staining of the whole fabric of the thing with a new, delightful physical quality. This drawing, then—the arabesque traced in the air by Tintoret's[5] flying figures, by Titian's forest branches; this coloring—the magic conditions of light and hue in the atmosphere of Titian's Lace-girl, or Rubens's Descent from the Cross: —these essential pictorial qualities must first of all de light the sense, delight it as directly and sensuously as a fragment of Venetian glass; and through this delight alone become the vehicle of whatever poetry or science may lie beyond them in the intention of the composer. In its primary aspect, a great picture has no more definite message for us than an accidental play of sunlight and shadow for a

few moments on the wall or floor: is itself, in truth, a space of such fallen light, caught as the colors are in an Eastern carpet, but refined upon, and dealt with more subtly and exquisitely than by nature itself. And this primary and essential condition fulfilled, we may trace the coming of poetry into painting, by fine gradations upwards: from Japanese fan-painting, for instance, where we get, first, only abstract color; then, just a little interfused sense of the poetry of flowers; then sometimes, perfect flower-painting; and so, onwards, until in Titian we have, as his poetry in the Ariadne, so actually a touch of true childlike humor in the diminutive, quaint figure with its silk gown, which ascends the temple stairs, in his picture of the Presentation of the Virgin, at Venice.

艺术之美丰富多样。莱辛在《拉奥孔》中对雕塑和诗歌领域进行的分析，对这样一种哲学的提出，贡献甚大。但是只有考虑到这种艺术思辨论的整个体系才可能真正理解这些东西。目前，在绘画领域的艺术批评中这一点最需加强，因为在对绘画作品的流行批评中，将所有艺术普遍错误地泛化为诗歌形式最为普遍。他们或者认为一切都只是来自对线条勾勒或笔法技巧的掌握，其间当然离不开理解力的参与；或者认为，一切只是一种诗意的兴致或是可以称为文学的兴趣，同样也用来展现智慧：大多数观众以及许多批评家都持此观点。他们一直没有看到绘画真正的内在之美，它源自对线条和色彩富有创意的运用与处理，而这需要真正的绘画才能——后者是前者独一无二的保证；它们在荷兰绘画中几乎总是出现，在提香或韦罗内塞的作品中也经常可以看到，而它几乎与其所表现的主题中任何明显具有诗意的东西无关。它是这样的构图——那是从其独特的气质或构造中投射出来的设计，虽然真正的解剖比例很可能被忽略，但是其中所有一切，无论多么抽象或模糊的诗意和想法都会成为可见的景色或形象浮现出来。它是这样的着色——是对光线的编织，就像提香的《花神》中那抹穿透服饰、肉体和空气，让人很容易察觉到的金色光线，给整个画面赋予了一种全新的、令人赏心悦目的物理特质。这样的构图——由丁托列托飞舞的人物、提香森林里的树枝在空中勾勒出的精美的阿拉伯式花饰；这样的着色——提香的《花神》和鲁本斯的《下十字架》中那种光线和色调营造出的神奇氛围——这些本质的绘画特性首先必须能取悦感官，就像一小片色彩绮丽的威尼斯玻璃，能带来直接的、感官的愉悦；而且也是通过这种愉悦将创作者意图中那些超越诗歌或科学的东西表现出来。一幅伟大的画作，在其主要方面能向我们传达的确切信息，也无非就是光与影在墙壁和地板上偶然的短暂交汇的情景。事实上，它本身就是一片这样的光线投射下来形成的空间，这些光线被捕捉到了，就像东方地毯里的色彩一样，并且与自然界本身所存在的相比，得到了更为精致巧妙的修饰和处理。如果这种最重要和最基本的条件被满足了的话，我们可以从微妙的层次变化中一步步向上追寻诗歌转化成绘画的踪迹。例如，在日本的扇绘中，我们开始看到的只是抽象的色彩；然后，描写花朵的诗歌会带来那么一点诗画交融的感觉；接下来有时候就变成了完美的花卉画；如此下去一直到提香那里，就像他在《阿里亚德》中抒发出来的诗意那样，在他那幅保存在威

尼斯的《圣母进殿》中，在那个身着丝袍、沿神殿台阶拾级而上的小巧而精致的人物身上，我们如此真实地感受到了孩子般的真性情。

But although each art has thus its own specific order of impressions, and an untranslatable charm, while a just apprehension of the ultimate differences of the arts is the beginning of aesthetic criticism; yet it is noticeable that, in its special mode of handling its given material, each art may be observed to pass into the condition of some other art, by what German critics term an Anders-streben—a partial alienation from its own limitations, through which the arts are able, not indeed to supply the place of each other, but reciprocally to lend each other new forces.

虽然每门艺术都因此有着各自特殊的印象风格和无法转换的魅力，而对这些艺术最终区别的正确理解是美学批评的起点；然而需要注意的是，我们可能会发现在其对给定材料的特殊处理方式中，每种艺术都会进入到某种其他艺术的状态里。这用德国批评家的术语说就是“出位之思”——从自身原本的界限中部分偏离出来；通过它，两种艺术其实不是取代彼此，而是为彼此提供新的力量。

Thus some of the most delightful music seems to be always approaching to figure, to pictorial definition. Architecture, again, though it has its own laws—laws esoteric enough, as the true architect knows only too well—yet sometimes aims at fulfilling the conditions of a picture, as in the Arena chapel; or of sculpture, as in the flawless unity of Giotto's tower at Florence; and often finds a true poetry, as in those strangely twisted staircases of the châteaux of the country of the Loire, as if it were intended that among their odd turnings the actors in a theatrical mode of life might pass each other unseen; there being a poetry also of memory and of the mere effect of time, by which architecture often profits greatly. Thus, again, sculpture aspires out of the hard limitation of pure form towards color, or its equivalent; poetry also, in many ways, finding guidance from the other arts, the analogy between a Greek tragedy and a work of Greek sculpture, between a sonnet and a relief, of French poetry generally with the art of en graving, being more than mere figures of speech; and all the arts in common aspiring towards the principle of music; music being the typical, or ideally consummate art, the object of the great Anders-streben of all art, of all that is artistic, or partakes of artistic qualities.

因此，一些最美妙的音乐似乎总是近似于图画，接近于对绘画的界定。同样，建筑虽然也有自己的法则—足够深奥，只有真正的建筑师才通晓—但其过程有时似乎像在创作一幅绘画作品，比如阿雷那的小教堂；或是一幅雕塑作品，比如佛罗伦萨乔托高塔的完美统一；它还常常会被解读为一首真正的诗歌，就好像那些卢瓦尔河乡村城堡里奇形怪状的楼梯，好像是特意那样设计，在它们奇怪的转弯之间，人生如戏，生活大舞台上的演员们彼此擦肩而过，却看不见对方。除此之外还有一首

记忆和流逝的时间编织而成的诗歌，建筑常常会从中受益颇多。雕塑也一样渴望走出纯粹形式的森严界限，寻求色彩或具有同等效果的其他东西；在很多方面，诗歌也从其他艺术里获得指引，一部希腊悲剧和一件希腊雕塑作品之间、一首十四行诗和一幅浮雕之间、法国诗歌常和雕塑艺术之间的类比，不仅仅是一种修辞。所有艺术都共同地向往着能契合音乐之律。音乐是典型的、或者说至臻完美的艺术。它是所有艺术、所有具有艺术性的事物“出位之思”的目标，是艺术特质的代表。

All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music. For while in all other kinds of art it is possible to distinguish the matter from the form, and the under standing can always make this distinction, yet it is the constant effort of art to obliterate it. That the mere matter of a poem, for instance, its subject, namely, its given incidents or situation—that the mere matter of a picture, the actual circumstances of an event, the actual topography of a landscape—should be nothing without the form, the spirit, of the handling, that this form, this mode of handling, should become an end in itself, should penetrate every part of the matter: this is what all art constantly strives after, and achieves in different degrees.

所有艺术都坚持不懈地追求音乐的状态。因为在其他所有形式的艺术里，虽然将内容和形式区分开来是可能的，通过理解力总是可以进行这种区分，然而艺术不断追求的却是清除这种区分。诗歌的纯内容，例如它的主题，也就是给定的事件或场景——绘画的纯内容，即一个事件的真实情境、一处景观的地形地貌——如果没有创作的形式、没有创作精神与主旨，它们就什么都不是。这种形式，这种处理的模式应该终结于其自身，应该渗透进内容的每个部分：这是所有艺术在不断追求、也在不同程度上实现了的东西。

This abstract language becomes clear enough, if we think of actual examples. In an actual landscape we see a long, white road, lost suddenly on the hill-verge. That is the matter of one of the etchings of M. Alphonse Legros[6]: only, in this etching, it is informed by an in dwelling solemnity of expression, seen upon it or half-seen, within the limits of an exceptional moment, or caught from his own mood perhaps, but which he maintains as the very essence of the thing, throughout his work. Sometimes a momentary tint of stormy light may invest a homely or too familiar scene with a character which might well have been drawn from the deep places of the imagination. Then we might say that this particular effect of light, this sudden in weaving of gold thread through the texture of the haystack, and the poplars, and the grass, gives the scene artistic qualities, that it is like a picture. And such tricks of circum stance are commonest in landscape which has little salient character of its own; because, in such scenery, all the material details are so easily absorbed by that informing expression of passing light, and elevated, throughout their whole

extent, to a new and delightful effect by it. And hence the superiority, for most conditions of the picturesque, of a river-side in France to a Swiss valley, because, on the French river-side, mere topography, the simple material, counts for so little, and, all being very pure, untouched, and tranquil in itself, mere light and shade have such easy work in modulating it to one dominant tone. The Venetian landscape, on the other hand, has in its material conditions much which is hard, or harshly definite; but the masters of the Venetian school have shown themselves little burdened by them. Of its Alpine background they retain certain abstracted elements only, of cool color and tranquillising line; and they use its actual details, the brown windy turrets, the straw-colored fields, the forest arabesques, but as the notes of a music which duly accompanies the presence of their men and women, presenting us with the spirit or essence only of a certain sort of landscape—a country of the pure reason or half-imaginative memory.

如果我们想一下实际的例子，这些抽象的语言就会变得清晰明了。在一幅现有的风景画里，我们看到一条长长的白色小路突然消失在山边。这是M. 阿方斯·勒格罗的一幅蚀刻画中所描绘的内容。只是，在这幅蚀刻画中，这一内容却蕴含了一种内在的严肃性。这种严肃性或许是在某个特殊瞬间感触或部分地感触到的，或者也可能是来自他自己的情绪；但他在整个作品中一直把这种严肃性作为非常核心的东西。有时暴风雨前夕短暂出现的一抹光线可以给一个平常或是我们非常熟悉的景象赋予一种很可能源自作者想象深处的特色。此时我们可以说这种独特的光线效果，这种即兴将金色线条编织进干草堆、白杨木和小草里的渲染处理，赋予了景色如诗如画的艺术特质。这种情境上的处理技巧在一些本身没有什么显著特色的风景画中最为常用。因为在这样的景色中，所有实实在在的细节都能非常轻易地被短暂闪过的、极具穿透力的光线所笼罩，画面由此而整个地达到一种赏心悦目的全新效果。因此就风景画的大多数要素而言，法国的河畔显然要优于瑞士的山谷，因为法国的河畔地形简单，内容简单，这些外在的东西本身并不很重要，不过这一切都非常纯粹、原始而自然并有种内在的宁静，仅利用光线和阴影就能很容易地为其营造出一种主色调。而另一方面，威尼斯风景中有很多硬调的东西，质地坚硬或棱角分明；但是威尼斯画派的大师们似乎没有受到它们的困扰。以阿尔卑斯山为背景，他们只保留了某些抽象的元素，比如冷峻的色彩和宁静的线条；他们运用其中真实的细节，比如风中棕色的小塔、淡黄色的田野和美丽的森林景致，但是就像音乐的音符适时地伴随其男男女女出现一样，这些细节展现给我们的只是某一风景的精神或本质——一个纯粹理性或有着半想象记忆的国家。

Poetry, again, works with words addressed in the first instance to the pure intelligence; and it deals, most often with a definite subject or situation. Sometimes it may find a noble and quite legitimate function in the conveyance of moral or political aspiration, as often in

the poetry of Victor Hugo. In such instances it is easy enough for the understanding to distinguish between the matter and the form, however much the matter, the subject, the element which is addressed to the mere intelligence, has been penetrated by the informing, artistic spirit. But the ideal types of poetry are those in which this distinction is reduced to its minimum; so that lyrical poetry, precisely because in it we are least able to detach the matter from the form, without a deduction of some thing from that matter itself, is, at least artistically, the highest and most complete form of poetry. And the very perfection of such poetry often appears to depend, in part, on a certain suppression or vagueness of mere subject, so that the meaning reaches us through ways not distinctly traceable by the understanding, as in some of the most imaginative compositions of William Blake, and often in Shakespeare's songs, as pre-eminently in that song of Mariana's page in Measure for Measure, in which the kindling force and poetry of the whole play seems to pass for a moment into an actual strain of music.

诗歌最初也是用文字表现纯才智的作品；它通常表现一个明确的主题或场景。有时它可以成为表达道德或政治抱负的一个高贵且明正言顺的工具，比如维克多·雨果的诗。在这样的例子中,人们很容易辨别内容和形式，不论其内容、主题和用来表现纯才思的元素已被赋予了多少鲜明的艺术特质。但是诗歌的理想类型是那些把这种区分降到最低限度的作品；于是抒情诗成为了，至少从艺术性上讲，最高层次和最为完整的诗歌形式,这恰是因为，在不减除内容本身的什么东西的情况下，我们最难把它的内容和形式区分开来。这些诗歌的完美似乎常常要部分依赖于对单纯主题一定的弱化或模糊化，这样诗歌的含义就不会以理解力能明确追寻的方式传达给我们。这就像在威廉·布莱克一些最具想象力的作品以及常在莎士比亚诗歌里出现的情形，比如《一报还一报》中玛丽安娜侍从之歌就是典型的例子，那种令人兴奋的力量和整个戏剧的诗意好象在某个时刻变成了一段真实的旋律。

And this principle holds good of all things that par take in any degree of artistic qualities, of the furniture of our houses, and of dress, for instance, of life itself, of gesture and speech, and the details of daily inter-course; these also, for the wise, being susceptible of a suavity and charm, caught from the way in which they are done, which gives them a worth in themselves. Herein, again, lies what is valuable and justly attractive, in what is called the fashion of a time, which elevates the trivialities of speech, and manner, and dress, into "ends in themselves", and gives them a mysterious grace and attractiveness in the doing of them.

这个原则对所有具备一定程度艺术特质的事物来说都适用，比如我们家里的家具、衣服，或者生命本身、手势、言语以及日常交流的细节；所有这些对智慧之人而言，都可能是赏心悦目、令人着迷的，它们

的美是在日常生活中它们出现或在进行时被发现的，这种特质也赋予了它们自身以某种价值。在这里有价值和有公认魅力的东西还是存在于被称为时代风尚的东西里面。这种风尚把语言、礼节和衣着方面的琐碎细节升华为“追求的极致”，在言谈举止中赋予它们一种神秘的优雅气质和魅力。

Art, then, is thus always striving to be independent of the mere intelligence, to become a matter of pure perception, to get rid of its responsibilities to its subject or material; the ideal examples of poetry and painting being those in which the constituent elements of the composition are so welded together, that the material or subject no longer strikes the intellect only; nor the form, the eye or the ear only; but form and matter, in their union or identity, present one single effect to the "imaginative reason", that complex faculty for which every thought and feeling is twin-born with its sensible analogue or symbol.

因此，艺术总是追求独立于纯理智之外，成为一种纯感觉的东西，并极力摆脱其对主题或是材料的责任；诗歌和绘画的理想范例是那些构成元素在其中紧密融合，其材料或主题不仅仅对智力形成吸引力，其形式也不仅仅是为悦目或悦耳；而是形式和内容在融合或统一中向“富有想象力的理性”呈现一种整体的效果，而这种理性有着复杂的机能，每种想法和感觉都与其可感知的相似物或象征物孪生存在。

It is the art of music which most completely realises this artistic ideal, this perfect identification of matter and form. In its consummate moments, the end is not distinct from the means, the form from the matter, the subject from the expression; they inhere in and completely saturate each other; and to it, therefore, to the condition of its perfect moments, all the arts may be supposed constantly to tend and aspire. In music, then, rather than in poetry, is to be found the true type or measure of perfected art. Therefore, although each art has its incommunicable element, its untranslatable order of impressions, its unique mode of reaching the "imaginative reason", yet the arts may be represented as continually struggling after the law or principle of music, to a condition which music alone completely realises; and one of the chief functions of aesthetic criticism, dealing with the products of art, new or old, is to estimate the degree in which each of those products approaches, in this sense, to musical law.

而音乐这门艺术最大程度地实现了这种艺术理想、这种内容和形式的完美统一。在极致完美的时刻，目的和手段、形式和内容、主题和表达并不能截然分开；它们互为对方的有机部分，彼此完全渗透。这是所有艺术都应该不懈向往和追求的——这种完美瞬间的状态。那么不是在诗歌中，而是在音乐里我们将会找到完美艺术的真正类型或标准。因此，虽然每门艺术都有不可言传的元素、不可转化的表现手法以及为“富想象力的理性”所感知的独特模式，但是可以说这些艺术都表现为对音乐

的法则或原则不懈地追随，力求达到只有音乐才完全达到的状态。从这个意义上讲，在面对或新或旧的艺术品时，美学批判的主要任务之一，就是评估每一件作品接近音乐法则的程度。

By no school of painters have the necessary limitations of the art of painting been so unerringly though instinctively apprehended, and the essence of what is pictorial in a picture so justly conceived, as by the school of Venice; and the train of thought suggested in what has been now said is, perhaps, a not unfitting introduction to a few pages about Giorgione, who, though much has been taken by recent criticism from what was reputed to be his work, yet, more entirely than any other painter, sums up, in what we know of himself and his art, the spirit of the Venetian school.

没有哪个流派的画家像威尼斯画派那样，不着痕迹但却如此准确无误地领会了绘画艺术必然存在的局限，并如此充分地理解了一幅画中绘画的本质所在；顺着这一思路，刚才所讲到的或许可以作为一个比较合适的引言，来引出下面几页对乔尔乔涅的介绍。虽然最近的批评已从一部据认为是出自他之手的作品中吸取了很多观点，然而他用我们所了解的他自己和他的艺术，比任何其他画家都更全面地总结了威尼斯画派的精神。

The beginnings of Venetian painting link themselves to the last, stiff, half-barbaric splendors of Byzantine decoration, and are but the introduction into the crust of marble and gold on the walls of the Duomo of Murano, or of Saint Mark's, of a little more of human expression. And throughout the course of its later development, al ways subordinate to architectural effect, the work of the Venetian school never escaped from the influence of its beginnings. Unassisted, and therefore unperplexed, by naturalism, religious mysticism, philosophical theories, it had no Giotto[7], no Angelico[8], no Botticelli[9]. Exempt from the stress of thought and sentiment, which taxed so severely the resources of the generations of Florentine artists, those earlier Venetian painters, down to Carpaccio[10] and the Bellini[11], seem never for a moment to have been so much as tempted to lose sight of the scope of their art in its strictness, or to forget that painting must be before all things decorative, a thing for the eye, a space of color on the wall, only more dexterously blent than the marking of its precious stone or the chance inter change of sun and shade upon it:—this, to begin and end with; whatever higher matter of thought, or poetry, or religious reverie might play its part therein, between. At last, with final mastery of all the technical secrets of his art, and with somewhat more than "a spark of the divine fire" to his share, comes Giorgione. He is the inventor of genre, of those easily movable pictures which serve neither for uses of devotion, nor of allegorical or historic teaching—little groups of real men and women, amid congruous

furniture or landscape—morsels of actual life, conversation or music or play, but refined upon oridealised, till they come to seem like glimpses of life from afar. Those spaces of more cunningly blent color, obediently filling their places, hitherto, in a mere architectural scheme, Giorgione detaches from the wall. He frames them by the hands of some skilful carver, so that people may move them readily and take with them where they go, as one might a poem in manuscript, or a musical instrument, to be used, at will, as a means of self-education, stimulus or solace, coming like an animated presence, into one's cabinet, to enrich the air as with some choice aroma, and, like persons, live with us, for a day or a lifetime. Of all art such as this, art which has played so large a part in men's culture since that time, Giorgione is the initiator. Yet in him too that old Venetian clearness or justice, in the apprehension of the essential limitations of the pictorial art, is still undisturbed. While he interfuses his painted work with a high-strung sort of poetry, caught directly from a singularly rich and high- strung sort of life, yet in his selection of subject, or phase of subject, in the subordination of mere subject to pictorial design, to the main purpose of a picture, he is typical of that aspiration of all the arts towards music, which I have endeavored to explain,—towards the perfect identification of matter and form.

威尼斯画派最初期的作品与拜占庭装饰末期僵硬呆板、野蛮粗放的风格相联。它们只是在慕拉诺多诺大教堂或圣马克教堂墙壁的大理石或金色表面的创作中，增加了些许人文色彩。在后来的发展过程中，始终受制于建筑效果的影响，威尼斯画派的作品从没脱离其早期风格的影响。因为没有受到自然主义、宗教神秘主义或是哲学理论的影响，也就没有变得复杂化，当然也就没有产生乔托·安吉利科或是波提切利。思想和情感的压力曾严重地困扰着佛罗伦萨画派的各代艺术家们，却没有影响到威尼斯画派早期的画家们，一直到卡尔帕乔和贝利尼，他们好像从没有任何一刻受到过如此大的诱惑，以致于忽略了他们艺术范围的严格界线，或是忘记了绘画首先是装饰性的，是一件满足视觉的东西，是墙上的一片色彩空间，只是比它所装饰的珍贵宝石或是上面阳光和阴影偶然交替的景致更加巧妙地混合融汇了色彩——这是出发点也是最终目标，不管此间有什么更高级的思想内容、诗情画意或是宗教寓意参与其中。最后，在最终掌握了自己艺术的所有技巧后乔尔乔涅登场了，带来的不仅仅是“神圣之火的一粒火星。”他是一种新的绘画类型的创始人：那些作品很容易移动，既不为祈祷之用，也不用来进行寓言性或历史性教育——一些与周围的家具或风景和谐共处的现实中的男女——源自真实生活的片段、对话、音乐或戏剧，但会在此基础上加以修饰或理想化，直到它们看起来像是对生活远远地一瞥。那些在建筑框架内乖乖填充自己位置的、有着更巧妙颜色混合的色彩空间从此被乔尔乔涅从墙上剥离了下来。他借一些技艺娴熟的雕工之手给它们装上画框，这样人们可以很容易移动它们，去哪里都可以随身带走，就像一个人可以随身携带一首诗的手稿或是一件乐器，可以随意用作自学、自我激励或是安慰

的手段，就像一个有生命的东西，可以进到陈列柜中，可以像某种精选的香草一样为房间带来芬芳的气息，它们也像人一样和我们一起生活一天或是一生。对于所有像这样的艺术，这种从那时起就在人类文化中扮演了如此重要角色的艺术来说，乔尔乔涅是创始人。但是他身上那种古老的威尼斯式的清晰或公正，以及对绘画艺术本质局限性的认识都清楚可见。虽然他把一种直接来自于丰富而敏感的生活感受的激情诗意融进他的绘画作品里，但在选择主题或是选择主题的某个方面时，在单纯主题要服从画面整体设计、服从画的主要目的的考虑中，他表现出那种典型的所有艺术竭力向音乐靠拢的渴望，对内容与形式完美统一的渴望——关于这一点我此前一直在努力阐述。

Born so near to Titian, though a little before him, that these two companion pupils of the aged Giovanni Bellini may almost be called contemporaries, Giorgione stands to Titian in something like the relationship of Sordello to Dante, in Browning's poem. Titian, when he leaves Bellini, becomes, in turn, the pupil of Giorgione. He lives in constant labor more than sixty years after Giorgione is in his grave; and with such fruit, that hardly one of the greater towns of Europe is without some fragment of his work. But the slightly older man, with his so limited actual product (what remains to us of it seeming, when narrowly explained, to reduce itself to almost one picture, like Sordello's one fragment of lovely verse), yet expresses, in elementary motive and principle, that spirit—itself the final acquisition of all the long endeavors of Venetian art—which Titian spreads over his whole life's activity.

乔尔乔涅几乎和提香同时出生，虽然比他稍早一些，这两个老乔万尼.贝利尼同期的学生几乎可以算是同时代的人。乔尔乔涅和提香的关系就像勃朗宁诗歌中索尔戴洛和但丁的关系。提香离开贝利尼以后，接着成为了乔尔乔涅的学生。他在乔尔乔涅死后又继续创作60多年；他的作品如此丰硕，几乎在所有欧洲较大的城镇中都能找到他作品的一些残片。而那位稍微年长的人只有少数有限的实实在在的作品（他留给我们的作品，严格说来似乎仅有一幅是确定的，就像索尔戴洛只留下了一篇爱情诗一样），但他却在基本主题和原则中表达了那种精神——它本身就是所有威尼斯艺术长久以来努力的最终结果——提香也在他一生的活动中广为传布。

And, as we might expect, something fabulous and illusive has always mingled itself in the brilliancy of Giorgione's fame. The exact relationship to him of many works—drawings, portraits, painted idylls—often fascinating enough, which in various collections went by his name, was from the first uncertain. Still, six or eight famous pictures at Dresden, Florence and the Louvre, were with no doubt attributed to him, and in these, if anywhere, something of the splendor of the old Venetian humanity seemed to have been preserved. But of those six or eight famous pictures it is now known that only one is certainly from

Giorgione's hand. The accomplished science of the subject has come at last, and, as in other instances, has not made the past more real for us, but assured us only that we possess less of it than we seemed to possess. Much of the work on which Giorgione's immediate fame depended, work done for instantaneous effect, in all probability passed away almost with- in his own age, like the frescoes on the facade of thefondaco dei Tedeschi at Venice, some crimson traces of which, however, still give a strange additional touch of splendor to the scene of the Rialto. And then there is a barrier or borderland, a period about the middle of the sixteenth century, in passing through which the tradition miscarries, and the true outlines of Giorgione's work and person are obscured. It became fashionable for wealthy lovers of art, with no critical standard of authenticity, to collect so-called works of Giorgione, and a multitude of imitations came into circulation. And now, in the "new Vasari" (Crowe and Cavalcaselle: History of Painting in North Italy.), the great traditional reputation, woven with so profuse demand on men's admiration, has been scrutinized thread by thread; and what remains of the most vivid and stimulating of Venetian masters, a live flame, as it seemed, in those old shadowy times, has been reduced almost to a name by his most recent critics.

另外正如我们可以预料的那样，乔尔乔涅的盛名之中总包含一些玄妙虚幻的东西。他和许多作品——素描、肖像画和田园画的确切关系一直都扑朔迷离，这些作品分别在不同的收录辑子里被归到了他的名下，真是很有意思。然而，有6或8幅保存在德累斯顿、佛罗伦萨和卢浮宫的著名作品被认定确是出自他的手笔，如果说古老的威尼斯画派一些辉煌的人文主义成就似乎保存在哪里的话，那就是在这些画作中了。但是我们目前知道，在这6或8幅著名作品中只有一幅确定是乔尔乔涅的作品。关于这一主题的研究最终完成了，并且像在其他情况下一样，它并没有使过去的历史更加真实，只是让我们确定，我们实际拥有的比看上去的更少。为乔尔乔涅即时赢得名誉的大部分作品，那些为瞬间效果而做的作品很可能几乎在他自己的时代里就消失了，例如威尼斯德国商会所正面墙上的壁画便是如此，上面深红色的痕迹仍能使人感受到交易所的壮观场景。然后在大约16世纪中期的一段时间里，有一种障碍或是临界在穿越传统遭受误解的时代时，乔尔乔涅的作品和本人的真实轮廓变得模糊不清。对于富有但对真伪并无鉴赏力的艺术爱好者而言，收集所谓乔尔乔涅的作品成为时尚，于是坊间出现了大量的仿制品。此时在“新瓦萨里”(克罗和卡瓦尔卡塞莱所著：《北部意大利绘画史》——作者注)中，伟大的传统名誉，交织着对大众赞赏的急切需求，已经被仔仔细细检查过了。最大胆、最有激情的威尼斯画派大师，在那些古老阴暗的时代里跳动的火焰，现在在那些批评家的检视之下，似乎已经只剩一个名字了。

Yet enough remains to explain why the legend grew up above the

name, why the name attached itself, in many instances, to the bravest work of other men. The Concert in the Pitti Palace, in which a monk, with cowl and tonsure, touches the keys of a harpsichord, while a clerk, placed behind him, grasps the handle of the viol, and a third, with cap and plume, seems to wait, upon the true interval, for beginning to sing, is undoubtedly Giorgione's. The outline of the lifted finger, the trace of the plume, the very threads of the fine linen, which fasten themselves on the memory, in the moment before they are lost altogether in that calm unearthly glow, the skill which has caught the waves of wandering sound, and fixed them for ever on the lips and hands—these are indeed the master's own; and the criticism which, while dismissing so much hitherto believed to be Giorgione's, has established the claims of this one picture, has left it among the most precious things in the world of art.

但是保留下来的东西已经能够充分解释为什么这个名字会演绎出传奇，为什么在很多情况下，这个名字会和其他人最大胆的作品联系在一起。在皮蒂宫的《田园合奏》里，一个修道士穿着斗篷，剃了头发，手按大键琴的琴键；一个牧师在他后面，握着六弦琴的手柄；第三个人带着有羽饰的帽子，好像在等待过门，准备开口唱歌。这幅作品毫无疑问是乔尔乔涅的。举起的手指的轮廓、羽饰的痕迹以及精美亚麻布的一根根细线，在它们全部消失在那种平静的、非尘世的光芒中之前，已牢牢植根于人们的记忆之中；那种抓住四处游荡的音波并把它们永远固定在嘴唇和双手上的技艺——这些的确是这位大师自己拥有的。而批评虽然把大量迄今为止被认作乔尔乔涅的作品分离出去，但已建立了他对这一幅作品的所有权，使它成为艺术世界里最宝贵的作品之一。

It is noticeable that the distinction of this Concert, its sustained evenness of perfection, alike in design, in execution, and in choice of personal type, becomes for the "new Vasari" the standard of Giorgione's genuine work. Finding here sufficient to explain his influence, and the true seal of mastery, its authors assign to Pelle grino da San Daniele the Holy Family in the Louvre, in consideration of certain points where it comes short of this standard. Such shortcoming, however, will hardly diminish the spectator's enjoyment of a singular charm of liquid air, with which the whole picture seems instinct, filling the eyes and lips, the very garments, of its sacred personages, with some wind-searched brightness and energy; of which fine air the blue peak, clearly de fined in the distance, is, as it were, the visible pledge. Similarly, another favorite picture in the Louvre, the subject of a delightful sonnet by a poet (Dante Gabriel Rossetti.) whose own painted work often comes to mind as one ponders over these precious things—the Fête Champêtre, is assigned to an imitator of Sebastian del Piombo; and the Tempest, in the Academy at Venice, to Paris Bordone, or perhaps to "some advanced craftsman of the

sixteenth century." From the gallery at Dresden, the Knight embracing a Lady, where the knight's broken gauntlets seem to mark some well-known pause in a story we would willingly hear the rest of, is conceded to "a Brescian hand", and Jacob meeting Rachel to a pupil of Palma. And then, whatever their charm, we are called on to give up the Ordeal, and the Finding of Moses with its jewel-like pools of water, perhaps to Bellini.

这幅《田园合奏》的特质，在设计、执行和在人物类型选择中维持的持续不变的完美平衡值得注意，这种特质成为“新瓦萨里”判定乔尔乔涅真正作品的标准。这一发现足以解释他的影响和真正的特点所在，考虑到作品达不到这些标准的几方面，可以确定卢浮宫里《圣家族》的作者是佩莱格里诺·达·圣.达尼埃莱。然而这样的缺点并不影响观众对明丽格调中非凡魅力的享受，因为画作在这种格调下，整幅图画看起来充满了某种飘风追寻般的光辉和活力，举手投足，眼神顾盼，衣饰之间，随处可见；蓝色的山峰在远处的清新空气中清晰可见，宛如可见的保证。同样，卢浮宫中另外一幅受欢迎的作品，某位诗人（但丁·加百利·罗塞蒂——作者注）欢快的十四行诗的主题，《乡间聚会》被认为是塞巴斯蒂安·德尔·皮翁博的摹仿者——事实上人们回想这些珍品时时常会想到诗人自己的画作；威尼斯学院保存的《暴风雨》被认为是帕里斯·博尔多纳，或者可能是“16世纪某个高超工匠”的作品。德累斯顿的画廊里收藏着《骑士拥抱女士》这幅作品，里面骑士破旧的铁手套似乎标记着故事里某段著名的、我们渴望聆听下面故事的停顿，它被认为出自“某位布雷西亚人之手”。《雅各布遇见雷切尔》则是帕尔玛一名学生的作品。于是不论多有魅力，我们都被迫放弃《苦难》和有着宝石一般池塘的《摩西的发现》，这些可能被判为贝利尼的作品。

Nor has the criticism, which thus so freely diminishes the number of his authentic works, added anything important to the well-known outline of the life and personality of the man: only, it has fixed one or two dates, one or two circumstances, a little more exactly. Giorgione was born before the year 1477, and spent his child hood at Castelfranco, where the last crags of the Venetian Alps break down romantically, with something of parklike grace, to the plain. A natural child of the family of the Barbarelli by a peasant-girl of Vedelago, he finds his way early into the circle of notable persons—people of courtesy. He is initiated into those differences of personal type, manner, and even of dress, which are best understood there—that "distinction" of the Concert of the Pitti Palace. Not far from his home lives Cather ine of Conara, formerly Queen of Cyprus; and, up in the towers which still remain, Tuzio Costanzo, the famous condottiere—a picturesque remnant of medieval manners, amid a civilisation rapidly changing. Giorgione paints their portraits; and when Tuzio's son, Matteo, dies in early youth, adorns in his memory a chapel in the church of Castelfranco, painting on this occasion, perhaps, the altar-

piece, foremost among his authentic works, still to be seen there, with the figure of the warrior-saint, Liberale, of which the original little study in oil, with the delicately gleaming, silver-grey armour, is one of the greater treasures of the National Gallery. In that figure, as in some other knightly personages attributed to him, people have supposed the likeness of the painter's own presumably gracious presence. Thither, at last, he is himself brought home from Venice, early dead, but celebrated. It happened, about his thirty -fourth year, that in one of those parties at which he entertained his friends with music, he met a certain lady of whom he became greatly enamoured, and "they rejoiced greatly," says Vasari, "the one and the other, in their loves." And two quite different legends concerning it agree in this, that it was through this lady he came by his death; Ridolfi relating that, being robbed of her by one of his pupils, he died of grief at the double treason; Vasari, that she being secretly stricken of the plague, and he making his visits to her as usual, Giorgione took the sickness from her mortally, along with her kisses, and so briefly departed.

这些批评很随意地把他实际创作作品的数量减少了，但并没有给画家众所周知的生活和个性情况增添任何重要的东西：它只不过更加精准地确定了一两个日期，一两种情境而已。乔尔乔涅在1477年之前出生，在自由堡度过了童年时代。那里阿尔卑斯山的威尼斯段最后的峭壁被园林般雅致的东西隔断，变成了平原。母亲是维戴拉哥的农家女孩，他做为巴巴雷里家族的非婚生子很早就进入了显赫人士——特权阶层的圈子。他开始了解个性类型、行为方式甚至衣着方面的不同，这些区别在皮蒂宫里的《田园合奏》中最为显而易见。离他家不远住着前塞浦路斯皇后科纳拉的凯瑟琳；在目前仍保留下来的高塔上住着图齐奥.科斯坦佐，著名的佣兵队长——在迅速变化的文明中成为中世纪派头的独特残余。乔尔乔涅给他们画肖像画。图齐奥的儿子马泰奥早夭,为了纪念他乔尔乔涅修饰了自由堡教堂的小礼拜堂，这次他的画可能是画在祭坛上。这是他的真迹中最早的一幅，现在在那还能看到。画中人物是圣徒武士利贝拉莱。这幅作品最初的小幅油画习作是国家博物馆的珍品，画中人身披闪着微光的银灰色盔甲。在那个人物身上，就像在其他被认为出自他之手的骑士身上一样，人们曾认为画家揉进了自己优雅的形象。最后他自己离开威尼斯回到家里，虽然早逝但是功成名就。大概在他34岁的时候，在一个他用音乐来款待朋友的聚会上，他遇到了一个令他深深迷恋的女子。瓦萨里说“他们在一起很快乐”，“两个人相互爱慕”。关于这件事的两种完全不同的传说都认为，是这个女子导致了他的死亡。里多尔菲讲述说，乔尔乔涅因为她被自己的一个学生抢走，因为双重的背叛悲痛而亡；瓦萨里说，她其实患有瘟疫，而乔尔乔涅像往常一样去看望她，并因为亲吻染上了致命的疾病，匆匆离开了人世。

But, although the number of Giorgione's extant works has been thus limited by recent criticism, all is not done when the real and the traditional elements in what concerns him have been discriminated;

for, in what is connected with a great name, much that is not real is often very stimulating. For the aesthetic philosopher, there fore, over and above the real Giorgione and his authentic extant works, there remains the Giorgionesque also—an influence, a spirit or type in art, active in men so different as those to whom many of his supposed works are, really assignable. A veritable school, in fact, grew together out of all those fascinating works rightly or wrongly attributed to him; out of many copies from, or variations on him, by unknown or uncertain workmen, whose drawings and designs were, for various reasons, prized as his; out of the immediate impression he made upon his contemporaries, and with which he continued in men's minds; out of many traditions of subject and treatment, which really descend from him to our own time, and by retracing which we fill out the original image. Giorgione thus becomes a sort of impersonation of Venice itself, its projected reflex or ideal, all that was intense or desirable in it crystallising about the memory of this wonderful young man.

但是，虽然乔尔乔涅现存作品的数量因近期的评论而减少，但当与他有关的真正的、传统的元素被区分出来的时候，一切都不算什么；因为和一个伟大名字相联系的不真实东西大多很具有刺激性。对美学家而言，在乔尔乔涅和他现存的真迹之外，还有乔尔乔涅风格：这是一种影响、一种艺术精神或类型。它们在如此不同的人身上活跃着，正如同许多被猜测是他的作品实际上是别人所作一样。事实上，一个真正的流派是由很多因素汇聚形成的，包括所有这些正确或错误地归为他的伟大作品；那些很多不知名或不确定的工匠创作的复制品或略加修改的仿制品，他们的素描或草图因为各种原因而被归至乔尔乔涅名下；来自于他给同时代人留下的直接印象中，而这印象也使他活在人们的头脑中；包括主题和创作手法的众多传统，这些传统从他那里传到我们的时代，我们通过对它们的回溯还原原初的形象。乔尔乔涅因此成为威尼斯本身的化身，成为它投射出来的映像或者理想，以及在其中使得所有关于这个伟大年轻人的记忆变得清晰而明确的色彩强烈或魅力四射的一切。

And now, finally, let me illustrate some of the characteristics of this School of Giorgione, as we may call it, which, for most of us, notwithstanding all that negative criticism of the "new Vasari", will still identify itself with those famous pictures at Florence, at Dresden and Paris. A certain artistic ideal is there defined for us—the conception of a peculiar aim and procedure in art, which we may understand as the Giorgionesque, wherever we find it, whether in Venetian work generally, or in work of our own time. Of this the Concert, that undoubted work of Giorgione in the Pitti Palace, is the typical instance, and a pledge, authenticating the connexion of the school, and the spirit of the school, with the master.

现在，让我最后再说明一下这个乔尔乔涅画派（如果我们可以这样

称呼它的话）的一些特点。因为对我们中的大多数来说，尽管有“新瓦萨里”的种种负面批判，仍能用保存在佛罗伦萨、德累斯顿和巴黎的著名作品来标明它的身份。它为我们界定了某种艺术理想——对某一特定的艺术目的或过程的概念，不论我们在哪里发现它，不管是在威尼斯画派的作品里还是在我们自己时代的作品里，我们都可以理解为是乔尔乔涅风格。保存在皮蒂宫中的《田园合奏》，这幅确定出自乔尔乔涅之手的作品是一个典型的例子，也是一个验证此流派及其流派精神与大师之间联系的保证。

I have spoken of a certain interpenetration of the matter or subject of a work of art with the form of it, a condition realised absolutely only in music, as the condition to which every form of art is perpetually aspiring. In the art of painting, the attainment of this ideal condition, this perfect interpenetration of the subject with the elements of colour and design, depends, of course, in great measure, on dexterous choice of that subject, or phase of subject; and such choice is one of the secrets of Giorgione's school. It is the school of genre, and employs itself mainly with painted idylls, but, in the production of this pictorial poetry, exercises a wonderful tact in the selecting of such matter as lends itself most readily and entirely to pictorial form, to complete expression by drawing and colour. For although its productions are painted poems, they belong to a sort of poetry which tells itself without an articulated story. The master is pre-eminent for the resolution, the case and quickness, with which he reproduces instantaneous motion—the lacing-on of armour, with the head bent back so stately—the fainting lady—the embrace, rapid as the kiss, caught with death itself from dying lips—some momentary conjunction of mirrors and polished armour and still water, by which all the sides of a solid image are exhibited at once, solving that casuistical question whether painting can present an object as completely as sculpture. The sudden act, the rapid transition of thought, the passing expression—this he arrests with that vivacity which Vasari has attributed to him, ilfuoco Giorgioneseo, as he terms it. Now it is part of the ideality of the highest sort of dramatic poetry, that it presents us with a kind of profoundly significant and animated instants, a mere gesture, a look, a smile, perhaps—some brief and wholly concrete moment—into which, however, all the motives, all the interests and effects of a long history, have condensed themselves, and which seem to absorb past and future in an intense consciousness of the present. Such ideal instants the school of Giorgione selects, with its admirable tact, from that feverish, tumultuously coloured world of the old citizens of Venice—exquisite pauses in time, in which, arrested thus, we seem to be spectators of all the fulness of existence, and which are like some consummate extract or quintessence of life.

我曾说过，一件艺术作品的内容或主题与其形式之间的某种相互渗透，即只有在音乐中才能完全得以实现的状态，是每种艺术形式都在永恒追求的状态。在绘画艺术中，这种理想状态的获得，这种主题和色彩构图元素的完美渗透，当然，在很大程度上依赖于主题或是主题阶段的灵活选择；而这种选择是乔尔乔涅画派的秘密之一。它是风俗画派，主要创作田园诗画，但是在创作这种绘画诗的过程中，在选择像最迅捷、最完全地适应图画形式，以便通过素描和色彩来完整表达内容等方面它练就了一种神奇的手法。因为虽然此流派的作品是诗画，却属于一种无需讲述就能展现其中故事的诗歌形式。大师在作出决定、把握时机、迅速反应方面是卓越不凡的，借此他再现了瞬间的动作—披上盔甲，头颅高贵地向后扬着—昏倒的女子—拥抱，快如亲吻，与死亡一起从垂死的嘴唇上捕捉到—镜子、光亮盔甲和平静水面的刹那联结使一个立体形象的各个角度同时展现出来，解决了绘画能否能像雕塑一样完全展现物体的令人迟疑的问题。突然的动作、思维的快速转变和一瞬即逝的表情—他捕捉到了瓦萨里评价他时所说的那种活泼的线条和鲜明的色彩。“它属于乔尔乔涅，”他这样说。现在它是戏剧性诗歌最高门类的理想的部分，给我们展现了一种深刻的、具有重大意义的活生生的瞬间：一个简单手势、一道目光、也可能是一抹微笑—短暂但却具体的瞬间—然而，一段漫长历史的所有主题、所有的趣味和效果都浓缩其中，而且似乎在一种对现在的强烈意识中承载了过去和未来。这些是乔尔乔涅画派在掌握了高超手法的同时，从古老的威尼斯市民那个狂热、喧嚣、多姿多彩的世界里选取的理想瞬间—时间流逝中精致的停顿，我们被吸引于其中，似乎在观看存在那里的所有的丰盈内涵，而它们也像是生活的完美精华或典范。

It is to the law or condition of music, as I said, that all art like this is really aspiring; and, in the school of Giorgione, the perfect moments of music itself, the making or hearing of music, song or its accompaniment, are themselves prominent as subjects. On that background of the silence of Venice, so impressive to the modern visitor, the world of Italian music was then forming. In choice of subject, as in all besides, the Concert of the Pitti Palace is typical of everything that Giorgione, him self an admirable musician, touched with his influence. In sketch or finished picture, in various collections, we may follow it through many intricate variations—men fainting at music; music at the pool-side while people fish, or mingled with the sound of the pitcher in the well, or heard across running water, or among the flocks; the tuning of instruments; people with intent faces, as if listening, like those described by Plato in an ingenious passage of the Republic, to detect the smallest interval of musical sound, the smallest undulation in the air, or feeling for music in thought on a stringless instrument, ear and finger refining themselves infinitely, in the appetite for sweet sound; a momentary touch of an instrument in the twilight, as one passes through some unfamiliar room, in a chance company.

如我所言，所有这样的艺术都真正渴望达到音乐的法则或状态。而在乔尔乔涅画派中，音乐自身的完美时刻、对音乐的创作或聆听、歌曲或它的伴奏本身就和主题一样突出。威尼斯那种寂静的背景给现代参观者留下如此深刻的印象，意大利音乐的世界就是在这样的背景下形成的。在主题的选择上，与所有其他方面的选择一样，皮蒂宫的《田园合奏》是乔尔乔涅融入自身影响之一切的典型，他本人就是一个出色的音乐家。在各式各样收藏中的素描或已完成的作品里我们可以发现许多复杂的变体——人沉迷于音乐中；人们钓鱼的水池边奏出音乐，或者是音乐混杂着井里水罐的声响，或是河流对面的声音，亦或羊群的叫声；乐器的调音；就像柏拉图在《理想国》中的一段精彩描写那样，人们带着专注的表情，好像在聆听，以捕捉乐声里最短的间隔、空气中最小的波动；在无弦乐器上于思索中感受音乐，不断锻炼耳朵和手指，以此来满足对甜美声音的渴望；黎明中对乐器的刹那一触，如同一个人在邂逅的人群中行走的时候经过某个陌生的房间。

In these then, the favourite incidents of Giorgione's school, music or the musical intervals in our existence, life itself is conceived as a sort of listening—listening to music, to the reading of Bandello's novels, to the sound of water, to time as it flies. Often such moments are really our moments of play, and we are surprised at the unexpected blessedness of what may seem our least important part of time; not merely because play is in many instances that to which people really apply their own best powers, but also because at such times, the stress of our servile, everyday attentiveness being relaxed, the happier powers in things without are permitted free passage, and have their way with us. And so, from music, the school of Giorgione passes often to the play which is like music; to those masques in which men avowedly do but play at real life, like children "dressing up", disguised in the strange old Italian dresses, particoloured, or fantastic with embroidery and furs, of which the master was so curious a designer, and which, above all the spotless white linen at wrist and throat, he painted so dexterously.

那么在这些乔尔乔涅画派最喜欢的瞬间，即音乐或我们生活中揉合着音乐的间隙中，生活本身被构想成一种聆听——聆听音乐，聆听朗读班戴洛小说的声音，聆听水声，聆听时间的飞逝。这些时刻其实常常是我们玩乐的时刻，我们因自己的时光里看起来最不重要的部分受到意外的眷顾而惊喜。不只是因为很多情况下，人们在玩乐中真正投入了自己最佳的精力，而且因为在这些时候，我们卑屈的压力和平时的注意力放松了，外部事物中更愉快的力量得以自由通过，随我们同行。因此，乔尔乔涅画派常从音乐过渡到进行和音乐类似的玩乐，举行那种假面舞会，人们在其中一本正经，但是在现实生活中则游戏其中，就像小孩子“过家家”，舞会参加者穿戴起奇异的老式意大利服装，色彩丰富，或者装饰着古怪而漂亮的刺绣或皮毛，而这位大师则是如此奇异的设计师，在手腕或喉咙处一尘不染的白色亚麻布之上，他如此巧妙地创作

着。

But when people are happy in this thirsty land water will not be far off; and in the school of Giorgione, the presence of water—the well, or marble-rimmed pool, the drawing or pouring of water, as the woman pours it from a pitcher with her jewelled hand in the Fête Champêtre, listening, perhaps, to the cool sound as it falls, blent with the music of the pipes—is as characteristic, and almost as suggestive, as that of music itself. And the landscape feels and is glad of it also—a landscape full of clearness, of the effects of water, of fresh rain newly passed through the air, and collected into the grassy channels. The air, moreover, in the school of Giorgione, seems as vivid as the people who breathe it, and literally empyrean, all impurities being burnt out of it, and no taint, no floating particle of anything but its own proper elements allowed to subsist within it.

但是当人们满足于这块干渴的土地时，水流也就在不远处了。在乔尔乔涅画派里水的表现——水井，或是用大理石镶嵌边缘的水池，汲水或是倒水，就像《乡间聚会》里一个手上带着珠宝的女人从水壶里倒水一样：她在倾听，可能是听水落下的清冷、混着笛声的声音——这些和音乐本身一样具有特色，而且几乎一样具有启发性。并且风光似乎也乐于承受这水流：一片被水冲刷过的清新风景里，新降的雨水穿越空气汇入长满草的水沟里。另外，在乔尔乔涅画派中，空气就像正在呼吸它的人们一样鲜活，并且基本上像是在天堂里，所有杂质都被燃烧干净，没有污点也没有任何漂浮的微粒，只有它本身适合的成分才被准许存在于其中。

Its scenery is such as in England we call "park scenery", with some elusive refinement felt about the rustic buildings, the choice grass, the grouped trees, the undulations deftly economised for graceful effect. Only, in Italy all natural things are as it were woven through and through the gold thread, even the cypress revealing it among the folds of its blackness. And it is with gold dust, or gold thread, that these Venetian painters seem to work, spinning its fine filaments, through the solemn human flesh, away into the white plastered walls of the thatched huts. The harsher details of the mountains re cede to a harmonious distance, the one peak of rich blue above the horizon remaining but as the sensible warrant of that due coolness which is all we need ask here of the Alps, with their dark rains and streams. Yet what real, airy space, as the eye passes from level to level, through the long-drawn valley in which Jacob embraces Rachel among the flocks! Nowhere is there a truer instance of that balance, that modulated unison of landscape and persons—of the human image and its accessories—already noticed as characteristic of the Venetian school, so that, in it, neither personage nor scenery is ever a mere pretext for the other.

它的风景是那种我们在英格兰称作“园林景致”的东西，乡村建筑、优质的草地，成片的树木，为追求雅致的效果而灵巧地精简了的起伏，让人感到难以捉摸的精致。只有在意大利，所有的自然物才好像都被金色细线编织，就连柏树都在它黑色的褶层里显示着它。而且这些威尼斯派画家似乎都是用这种金粉或金色丝线创作的：他们抽出这种精美的丝线，描画出庄严的人类肉体，以及茅草小屋的白色灰泥墙；群山更为粗糙的细节褪变成一种和谐的远景；位于地平线上的一座深蓝色山峰依然存在，但只是作为一种真实可感的证物，证明这里有我们需要向有着昏暗雨季和溪流的阿尔卑斯山索取的清冷。然而当眼光从一个层次移向另一个层次，穿越悠长的山谷，山谷里雅各和大天使在羊群中拥抱，这是多么的真实又虚幻的空间！哪里也没有比这种平衡，这种调整后的风景和人——人类形象和它的附属品——之间的和谐一致更加真实的例子了。它已被认作是威尼斯画派的特点，所以其中人和风景都不再是对方单纯的凭借。

Something like this seems to me to be the vraie vérité about Giorgione, if I may adopt a serviceable expression, by which the French recognize those more liberal and durable impressions which, in respect of any really considerable person or subject, anything that has at all intricately occupied men's attention, lie beyond, and must supplement, the narrower range of the strictly ascertained facts about it. In this, Giorgione is but an illustration of a valuable general caution we may abide by in all criticism. As regards Giorgione himself, we have indeed to take note of all those negotiations and exceptions, by which, at first sight, a "new Vasari" seems merely to have confused our apprehension of a delightful object, to have explained away in our inheritance from past time what seemed of high value there. Yet it is not with a full understanding even of those exceptions that one can leave off just at this point. Properly qualified, such exceptions are but a salt of genuineness in our knowledge; and beyond all those strictly ascertained facts, we must take note of that indirect influence by which one like Giorgione, for instance, enlarges his permanent efficacy and really makes himself felt in our culture. In a just impression of that, is the essential truth, the vraie vérité, concerning him.

如果我可以借用一个合宜的表达的话，这样的东西在我看来似乎是关于乔尔乔涅的真实事实。这个表达法是法国人用来认定那些更为自由和持久、关于任何真正值得考虑的个人或主题以及任何曾经错综复杂地占据人类注意力的事物的印象的。它处于有关这一事物严格确定事实的狭窄范围之外，并且必须对其进行补充。这里，乔尔乔涅的例子只是我们在所有批评中可能都要遵循的一个珍贵的、普遍的戒条。就乔尔乔涅个人而言，我们的确要注意所有的讨论和例外。这些第一眼看来，一个“新瓦萨里”似乎只是混淆了我们对一个令人愉快的事物的理解，其解释已偏离了我们从过去继承来、似乎具有极高价值的东西。然而没获得

全面的、甚至是对那些例外的理解，人们都会在这一点上止步不前。恰当的描述是，这些例外只是我们知识里的真正的刺激因素。在所有那些严格确定的事实之外，我们必须注意那些间接的影响，通过这种影响，例如乔尔乔涅这样的人就扩大了他的影响，并使他自己真正进入了我们的文化。在那样的恰当看法中是关于他的本质事实。

1877

1877 年

(1)乔尔乔涅（1478—1510），意大利文艺复兴时期威尼斯画派主要画家，代表作有《暴风雨》、《入睡的维纳斯》等。

(2)莱辛（1729—1781），德国文艺理论家、剧作家。

(3)提香（1488—1576），意大利文艺复兴盛期威尼斯画家。

(4)韦罗内赛（1528—1588），意大利文艺复兴后期威尼斯画派主要画家。

(5)丁托列托（1518—1594），意大利文艺复兴后期威尼斯画派画家。

(6)M. 阿方斯·勒格罗（1837—1911），法国画家、雕刻家。

(7)乔托（1267—1337），意大利文艺复兴初期画家、雕塑家和建筑师。

(8)安吉利科（约1400—1455），意大利文艺复兴早期佛罗伦萨画派的著名画家。

(9)波提切利（1445—1510）,意大利文艺复兴时期画家，代表作有《春》、《维纳斯的诞生》等。

(10)卡尔帕乔(约1455—1525),意大利文艺复兴早期威尼斯画派叙事体画家。

(11)贝利尼（1429—1507），威尼斯画派奠基人之一。

Joachim Du Bellay

乔基姆·杜·贝莱

IN the middle of the sixteenth century, when the spirit of the Renaissance was everywhere, and people had begun to look back with distaste on the works of the middle age, the old Gothic manner had still one chance more, in borrowing something from the rival which was about to supplant it. In this way there was produced, chiefly in France, a new and peculiar phase of taste with qualities and a charm of its own, blending the somewhat attenuated grace of Italian ornament with the general outlines of Northern design. It created the Château de Gaillon, as you may still see it in the delicate engravings of Isräel Silvestre—a Gothic donjon veiled faintly by a surface of dainty Italian traceries—Chenon ceaux, Blois, Chambord, and the church of Brou. In painting, there came from Italy workmen like Maître Roux and the masters of the school of Fontainebleau, to, have their later Italian voluptuousness attempered by the naïve and silvery qualities of the native style; and it was characteristic of these painters that they were most successful in painting on glass, an art so essentially medieval. Taking it up where the middle age had left it, they found their whole work among the last subtleties of colour and line; and keeping within the true limits of their material, they got quite a new order of effect from it, and felt their way to refinements on colour never dreamed of by those older workmen, the glass-painters of Chartres or Le Mans. What is called the Renaissance in France is thus not so much the introduction of a wholly new taste ready-made from Italy, but rather the finest and subtlest phase of the middle age itself, its last fleeting splendour and temperate Saint Martin's summer. In poetry, the Gothic spirit in France had produced a thousand songs; so in the Renaissance, French poetry, too, did but borrow something to blend with a native growth, and the poems of Ronsard, with their ingenuity, their delicately figured surfaces, their slightness, their fanciful combinations of rhyme, are the correlative of the traceries of the house of Jacques Coeur at Bourges, or the Maison de Justice at Rouen.

到16世纪中期，文艺复兴的精神已传播到各处，人们怀带厌恶回顾中世纪的作品。古老的哥特风格却仍旧有另外一个机会：借鉴将要取代自己的竞争对手。一种新奇的、有着自身特性和魅力的品味主要在法国出现了，它混合了意大利装饰的某种淡化的优雅和北方造型的大体轮廓。加永城堡就是这样出现的，就像我们仍旧可以在伊斯拉埃尔·西尔维斯特精致的版画里，在舍农索、布卢瓦、尚博尔和布鲁的教堂看到的一

样：哥特式城堡的主建筑朦胧地隐藏在讲究的意大利窗饰下。绘画方面，来自意大利的工匠，比如迈特尔·鲁和枫丹白露派的画师，他们用当地风格的纯真清新来中和晚期意大利的骄奢淫逸。这些画家的特点就是他们在玻璃画这种本质里属于中世纪的艺术上最为成功。在中世纪的基础上重拾这种艺术，他们的作品中体现的绝不是色彩和线条的细致。在材料所限的范围内他们获得了一种全新的效果次序，探索到自己润饰色彩的方式，而这种方式是老一辈工匠，那些沙特尔和勒芒的玻璃画者做梦都想不到的。因此，所谓法国文艺复兴不能算是从意大利引入的一个现成的、全新的风格取向，而是中世纪本身最美好、最精妙的阶段，是它最后的短暂的辉煌和温和的圣马丁的夏天。在诗歌领域，法国的哥特风格创造了上千首作品。因此在文艺复兴时期，法国诗歌也只是借鉴一些因素与当地土特色融合。龙萨的诗歌，其独创性、其精致华丽的外表、其轻盈以及奇妙的韵律组合和位于布尔日的雅克·科尔的住所或者鲁昂法院的窗饰息息相关。

There was indeed something in the native French taste naturally akin to that Italian finesse. The characteristic of French work had always been a certain nicety, a remarkable daintiness of hand, une netteté remarquable d'exécution. In the paintings of François Clouet, for example, or rather of the Clouets—for there was a whole family of them—painters remarkable for their resistance to Italian influences, there is a silveriness of colour and a clearness of expression which distinguish them very definitely from their Flemish neighbours, Hemling or the Van Eycks. And this nicety is not less characteristic of old French poetry. A light, aerial delicacy, a simple elegance—une netteté remarquable d'exécution: these are essential characteristics alike of Villon's[1] poetry, and of the Hours of Anne of Brittany. They are characteristic, too, of a hundred French Gothic carvings and traceries. Alike in the old Gothic cathedrals, and in their counterpart, the old Gothic chansons de geste[2], the rough and ponderous mass becomes as if by passing for a moment into happier conditions, or through a more gracious stratum of air, graceful and refined, like the carved ferneries on the granite church at Folgoat, or the lines which describe the fair priestly hands of Archbishop Turpin, in the song of Roland; although below both alike there is a fund of mere Gothic strength, or heaviness. (The purely artistic aspects of this subject have been interpreted, in a work of great taste and learning, by Mrs. Mark Pattison:—The Renaissance of Art in France.)

的确，在法国本土的风格中有一些东西跟意大利的那份灵气很相似。法国作品的特色一直是某种精细，一种手法的出奇讲究，一种非凡的明确表现。例如，在弗朗索瓦·克卢埃—或者更准确的说是克卢埃家族，因为他们整个家庭中绘画传统悠久—那些拒绝受到意大利影响的画家，其作品中有一种色彩的清晰和表达的明确，这把他们和他们的佛兰德斯邻居—海姆林或者凡·爱克家族明确区分开来。这种精细在法国古诗

歌中也一样突出。一种轻盈无形的精致，一种简单的优雅—一种非凡的明确表现—这些基本特征在维永诗歌和《布列塔尼的安妮的时代》中同样显著。它们也是上百件法国哥特式雕塑作品和窗饰的特点。同样地，在古老的哥特式教堂和与它对应的古老哥特式武功歌中，这种沉重粗笨的样式好像经历了一段时间，达到了令人更加愉悦的状态，或者说穿过一层更高雅的空气变得优美儒雅，像是伏尔戈特花岗岩教堂上的石刻蕨类，或是《罗兰之歌》中描绘特平大主教的僧侣的优美的双手的线条，尽管两者脚下的根基是纯粹的哥特式的力量，或者说沉重。（马克·帕蒂森夫人在其具有很高品位和学识的作品《法国艺术的复兴》中，对这个主题的纯艺术方面进行了阐述。—作者注）

Now, Villon's songs and Clouet's painting are like these. It is the higher touch making itself, felt here and there, betraying itself, like nobler blood in a lower stock, by a fine line or gesture or expression, the turn of a wrist, the tapering of a finger. In Ronsard's time that rougher element seemed likely to predominate. No one can turn over the pages of Rabelais without feeling how much need there was of softening, of castigation. To effect this softening is the object of the revolution in poetry which is connected with Ronsard's name. Casting about for the means of thus refining upon and saving the character of French literature, he accepted that influx of Renaissance taste, which, leaving the buildings, the language, the art, the poetry of France, at bottom, what they were, old French Gothic still, gilds their surfaces with a strange, delightful, foreign aspect passing over all that Northern land, in itself neither deeper nor more permanent than a chance effect of light. He reinforces, he doubles the French daintiness by Italian finesse. Thereupon, nearly all the force and all the seriousness of French work disappear; only the elegance, the äerial touch, the perfect manner remain. But this elegance, this manner, this daintiness of execution are consummate, and have an unmistakable aesthetic value.

维永的诗歌和克卢埃的绘画都与这些类似。更高层次的笔触通过一处柔美的线条、一个姿势或表情、手腕的转动以及手指由粗到细的变化，使其自身随处展现出来，如同高贵的血液在低贱的家族中流淌一般。在龙萨时代更为粗野的元素似乎占了主流。读过拉伯雷作品的人都无一例外地认为书中的惩罚应当轻缓、宽厚些。实现这种宽厚是与龙萨这个名字有关的诗歌领域革命的目标。因此为了寻找改进和挽救法国文学特色的方法，他接受了文艺复兴品位的涌入，这种品位使法国的建筑、语言、艺术和诗歌在本质上保持了古老的法国哥特风格的原样，给它们表面镀上一层流传于整个北部地区的奇特而令人愉悦的外来特征。而在其中产生的作用却不比偶然的光线效果更为强烈或持久。他用意大利式的灵巧使法国式的精细成倍增加。因此法国作品中几乎所有的力量和严肃性都消失了，只有那种优雅、那种空洞的风格和完美的样式得以保留。但是这种优雅、样式和技巧的精细达到了完美的程度，有一种明

白无误的美学价值。

So the old French chanson, which, like the old northern Gothic ornament, though it sometimes refined itself into a sort of weird elegance, was often, in its essence, some thing rude and formless, became in the hands of Ronsard a Pindaric ode[3]. He gave it structure, a sustained system, strophe and antistrophe, and taught it a changefulness and variety of metre which keep the curiosity always excited, so that the very aspect of it, as it lies written on the page, carries the eye lightly onwards, and of which this is a good instance: —

古老的法国歌曲，和古老的北部哥特装饰相似，虽然有时经过润饰使自己具备某种古怪的优雅，在本质上却常常是一些粗蛮杂乱的东西。这些歌曲在龙萨手里成为格律谨严的品达体颂歌。他赋予它一个结构，一种持续的体系——诗节和对照节；并且教给它一种使好奇心永远激动的变化多端和多种多样的格律，所以这种特色跃然纸上时，很容易使目光轻轻挪动向前，下面就是个很好的例子：

Avril, la grace, et le ris

四月，爱神的细巧

De Cypris,

和欢笑，

Le flair et la douce haleine;

嗅觉和温柔气息；

Avril,le parfum des dieux,

四月，天神的芬芳，

Qui, des cieux,

从天堂

Sentent l'odeur de la plaine;

闻到平原的香气。

C'est toy, courtois et gentil,

你优雅而妩媚，

Qui, d'exil

已召回

Retire ces passageres,

这些流亡的过客、

Ces arondelles qui vont,

这些远去的燕子，

Et qui sont

它们是

Du printemps les messageres.

春天报信的使者。

That is not by Ronsard, but by Remy Belleau, for Ronsard soon came to have a school. Six other poets threw in their lot with him in his literary revolution,—this Remy Belleau, Antoine de Baif, Pontus de Tyard; Etienne Jodelle, Jean Daurat, and lastly Joachimdu Bellay; and with that strange love of emblems which is characteristic of the time, which covered all the works of Francis the First with the salamander, and all the works of Henry the Second with the double crescent, and all the work of Anne of Brittany with the knotted , cord, they called themselves the Pleiad; seven in all, although, as happens with the celestial Pleiad, if you scrutinise this constellation of poets more carefully you may find there a great number of minor stars.

这首诗并非龙萨的作品，而是出自里米·贝洛之手。因为龙萨很快有了自己的诗派，其他6个诗人也全力参与到他的文学革命中来。包括这个里米·贝洛、安托尼·德·巴伊夫、蓬蒂斯·德·蒂亚尔、艾蒂安·若代尔、让·道拉特，最后是乔基姆·杜·贝莱。对象征手法的古怪热爱是那个时代的特点，因此弗朗西斯一世时代的所有作品均包含火龙，亨利二世时代所有作品中均有双重新月，而布列塔尼的安妮时代所有作品都会有绳结。他们怀着对这种特色的奇异喜爱，称自己为七星诗社。虽然总共7个人，就像天空中的昴宿星一样，但如果你仔细地观察这一群伟大诗人，你可能发现其中还有很多诗人。

The first note of this literary revolution was struck by Joachim du Bellay in a little tract written at the early age of twenty-four, which coming to us through three centuries seems of yesterday, so full is it of those delicate critical distinctions which are sometimes sup posed peculiar to modern writers. The piece has for its title La Deffense et Illustration de La Langue Françoyse, and its problem is how to illustrate or ennoble the French language, to give it lustre. We are accustomed to speak of the varied critical and creative movement of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries as the Renaissance, and because we have a single name for it we may sometimes fancy that there was more unity in the thing itself than there really was. Even the Reformation, that other great movement of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, had far less unity, far less of combined action, than is at first sight supposed; and the Renaissance was infinitely less united, less conscious of combined action, than the Reformation. But if anywhere the Renaissance, became conscious, as a German

philosopher might say, if ever it was understood as a systematic movement by those who took part in it, it is in this little book of Joachim du Bellay's, which it is impossible to read with out feeling the excitement, the animation, of change, of discovery. "It is a remarkable fact," says M. Sainte-Beuve, "and an inversion of what is true of other languages, that, in French, prose has always had the precedence over poetry."

这场文学革命的第一篇是乔基姆·杜·贝莱早在24岁时发表的一本小册子。它穿越了3个世纪来到我们面前，就像昨天刚刚写就的一般，它充满了机智的批评性特征，有时明显是属于当代作家的特点，它的标题是《保卫和发扬法兰西语言》。它的主题是如何阐明并提高法语的地位，赋予它光彩。我们已经习惯把发生在15、16世纪的种种批判性的和创造性的运动称为文艺复兴。而且因为我们给了它一个唯一的名字，我们往往会想象其中有更多的统一性，但实际上并非如此。即使是宗教改革这场同时期的伟大运动也远没有一开始设想的那种统一性和统一行动。和宗教改革相比，文艺复兴的统一程度更是远远不及，联合行动的意识也弱得多。但是如果说文艺复兴在哪里意识到了这种统一，像一位德国哲学家可能说的，如果说它确曾被参与到其中的人看成是一场有条不紊的运动的话，那就是在乔基姆·杜·贝莱的这本小册子里。人们在阅读中无不感觉到变革和发现的兴奋悸动和生气勃勃。“这是一个显著的事实，”M．圣·佩甫这样说，“并且是对其他语言中真实情况的倒置：在法语中，散文总是优先于诗歌。”杜·贝莱的散文非常明晰、灵活、质朴。在很多方面，它比七星诗社的任何诗作都更适合作为诗社文化的典型范例。对于那些因为怪异的异域优雅而热爱包含七星诗社在内的整场运动，并且在到处寻找它真正的范例的人们，乔基姆·杜·贝莱和他的这本小书会是他们能找到的最好的了。

Du Bellay's prose is perfectly transparent, flexible, and chaste. In many ways it is a more characteristic example of the culture of the Pleiad than any of its verse; and those who love the whole movement of which the Pleiad is a part, for a weird foreign grace in it, and may be looking about for a true specimen of it, cannot have a better than Joachim du Bellay and this little treatise of his. Du Bellay's object is to adjust the existing French culture to the rediscovered classical culture; and in discussing this problem, and developing the theories of the Pleiad, he has lighted upon many principles of permanent truth and applicability. There were some who despaired of the French language altogether, who thought it naturally incapable of the fulness and elegance of Greek and Latin—cette élégance et copie qui est en la langue Creque et Romaine—that science could be adequately discussed, and poetry nobly written, only in the dead languages. "Those who speak thus," says Du Bellay, "make me think of the relics which one may only see through a little pane of glass, and must not touch with one's hands. That is what these people do with all branches

of culture, which they keep shut up in Greek and Latin books, not permitting one to see them otherwise, or transport them out of dead words into those which are alive, and wing their way daily through the mouths of men." "Languages," he says again, "are not born like plants and trees, some naturally feeble and sickly, others healthy and strong and apter to bear the weight of men's conceptions, but all their virtue is generated in the world of choice and men's freewill concerning them. Therefore, I cannot blame too strongly the rashness of some of our countrymen, who being anything rather than Greeks or Latins, depreciate and reject with more than stoical disdain everything written in French; nor can I express my surprise at the odd opinion of some learned men who think that our vulgar tongue is wholly incapable of erudition and good literature."

杜·贝莱的目标是使现存的法国文化与重新发现的古典文化相适应。在讨论这个问题、并且发展七星诗社理论时，他偶然发现了很多永恒的真理和适用性的原则。曾经有人对法国语言整体感到绝望，认为它天生不具备希腊语和拉丁语的丰富和高雅。只有那些死去的语言，才能充分地讨论科学，才能写出高雅的诗歌。“这么说的人，”杜·贝莱说，“让我想起只能从一个小玻璃窗里看，而且不允许用手触碰的遗产。这些人就是这样对待文化的所有分支的：他们将这些文化封闭在希腊文和拉丁文书籍中，不准人们以其他方式阅读它们，或是把它们从死去的文字传送到活着的语言中，让它们在人们日常的语言里流传。”“各种语言，”他又说，“生来与植物和树木不同，一些天生脆弱多病，一些健康强壮，更适合承载人类想法的重量，但是它们的作用产生于这个充满选择和人类关于它们的自由意志的世界中。因此，我觉得如何责怪我们一些同胞的鲁莽也不为过，他们不是希腊人或拉丁人，却带着一种比斯多葛派人的鄙视更甚的态度，贬低和拒绝一切用法文创作的东西；同时，当我看到一些博学之人的奇谈怪论时也不知该如何表达我的惊愕，他们认为我们的母语太粗俗，根本体现不出什么学问，也创作不出优秀的文学作品。

It was an age of translations. Du Bellay himself translated two books of the Aeneid, and other poetry, old and new, and there were some who thought that the translation of the classical literature was the true means of ennobling the French language:—strangers are ever favourites with us— nous favorisons toujours le's étran gers. Du Bellay moderates their expectations. "I do not believe that one can learn the right use of them"—he is speaking of figures and ornament in language—“from translations, because it is impossible to reproduce them with the same grace with which the original author used them. For each language has I know not what peculiarity of its own; and if you force yourself to express the naturalness (le naïf) of this in another language, observing the law of translation,—not to expatiate beyond the limits of the author himself, your words will be constrained, cold and ungraceful." Then he fixes the test of all good

translation:—"To prove this, read me Demosthenes and Homer in Latin, Cicero and Virgil in French, and see whether they produce in you the same affections which you experience in reading those authors in the original."

那是一个翻译作品盛行的年代。杜·贝莱自己翻译了两卷《埃涅阿斯纪》，还有其他新旧诗歌。有人认为翻译古典文学是令法语高贵起来的真正方法。“我们总是最喜欢陌生人。”杜·贝莱中和了他们的期待。“我不认为人们可以在译本中学到它们的正确用法，”他指的是语言里的修辞和修饰，“因为翻译不可能再现原作者使用它们时的那种高雅。因为每门语言都有我不知道的它自己的特性，如果你强迫自己遵守翻译的原则，用一种语言表达另一种语言的自然性，不去突破作者自身的限制，你的文字就会变得拘泥、冰冷，毫无优美可言。”于是他确定了好的翻译的检验方法：“想证明这一点就读读拉丁文的狄摩西尼和荷马的作品，法语的西塞罗和维吉尔作品，看它们能否让你产生与阅读那些作者原作一样的喜爱之情。”

In this effort to ennoble the French language, to give it grace, number, perfection, and as painters do to their pictures, that last, so desirable, touch—cette dernière main que nous désirons—what Du Bellay is really pleading for is his mother-tongue, the language, that is, in which one will have the utmost degree of what is moving and passionate. He recognised of what force the music and dignity of language are, how they enter into the inmost part of things; and in pleading for the cultivation of the French language, he is pleading for no merely scholastic interest, but for freedom, impulse, reality, not in literature only, but in daily communion of speech. After all, it was impossible to have this impulse in Greek and Latin, dead languages shut up in books as in reliquaries—péris et mises en reliquaires de livres. By aid of this starveling stock—pauvre plante et vergette —of the French language, he must speak delicately, movingly, if he is ever to speak so at all: that, or none, must be for him the medium of what he calls, in one of his great phrases, le discours fatal des choses mon daines—that discourse about affairs which decide men's fates. And it is his patriotism not to despair of it; he sees it already perfect in all elegance and beauty of words—parfait en toute élégance et vénusté de paroles.

像画家为自己的作品画上最后一笔一样，我们渴望的最后一笔，杜·贝莱在提升法语地位，使它优雅、出众、完美的努力中，他真正为之辩护的，是他的母语。这门语言，能够让人最大程度地感受到感动和热情。他认识到语言中韵律和尊严的力量是什么，它们是如何走进事物最内在的部分的。在为法国语言的辩护中，他维护的不只是学术方面，还有自由、冲动和事实，不只在文学中而且在日常语言交流中。毕竟，想要在希腊文和拉丁文中获得冲动是不可能的，那些僵死的语言封闭在书本中，如同关闭在圣物箱中一般。因为法语语言的这种贫瘠的资本，他

必须把话说得优美动听，如果他打算要这样说的话。否则，没有哪个对他来说是他口中所称的“尘世之物命中注定的”媒介。不对法语感到绝望是他的爱国主义，他认为它已经“在所有文字的高雅和优美方面达到完美”。

Du Bellay was born in the disastrous year 1525, the year of the battle of Pavia, and the captivity of Francis the First. His parents died early, and to him, as the younger son, his mother's little estate, ce petit Liré, the beloved place of his birth, descended. He was brought up by a brother only a little older than himself; and left to themselves, the two boys passed their 1ives in daydreams of military glory. Their education was neglected: "The time of my youth," says Du Bellay, "was lost, like the flower which no shower waters, and no hand cultivates." He was just twenty years old when the elder brother died, leaving Joachim to be the guardian of his child. It was with regret, with a shrinking sense of incapacity, that he took upon him the burden of this responsibility. Hitherto he had looked forward to the profession of a soldier, hereditary in his family. But at this time a sickness attacked him which brought him cruel sufferings, and seemed likely to be mortal. It was then for the first time that he read the Greek and Latin poets. These studies came too late to make him what he so much desired to be, a trifler in Greek and Latin verse, like so many others of his time now forgotten; instead, they made him a lover of his own homely native tongue, that poor starveling stock of the French language. It was through this fortunate shortcoming in his education that he became national and modern; and he learned afterwards to look back on that wild garden of his youth with only a half regret. A certain Cardinal du Bellay was the successful member of the family, a man often employed in high official business. To him the thoughts of Joachim turned when it became necessary to choose a profession, and in 1552 he accompanied the Cardinal to Rome. He remained there nearly five years, burdened with the weight of affairs, and languishing with home sickness. Yet it was under these circumstances that his genius yielded its best fruits. From Rome, so full of pleasurable sensation for men of an imaginative temperament such as his, with all the curiosities of the Renaissance still fresh in it, his thoughts went back painfully, longingly, to the country of the Loire, with its wide expanse of waving corn, its homely pointed roofs of grey slate, and its far-off scent of the sea. He reached home at last, but only to die there, quite suddenly, one wintry day, at the early age of thirty-five.

杜·贝莱出生在多灾多难的1525年，那一年发生了帕维亚战争，弗朗西斯一世被囚。他的父母早亡。作为小儿子，他母亲的小房子，他所爱的出生之地传给了他。他被只比他大一点儿的哥哥抚养大。两个男孩终日生活在关于战争荣耀的白日梦中，他们的教育被忽视了。“我儿时的时

光荒芜了，”杜·贝莱说，“像没有水灌溉、没有人培育的花朵一样。”哥哥死时他只有20岁，乔基姆成了他哥哥孩子的监护人。带着遗憾和无能为力的畏缩感，他担负起了这个责任。到目前为止，他还期望按照家族世袭的传统成为一名士兵。但是此时一场疾病向他袭来，残酷地折磨着他，这场疾病现在看来几乎是致命的。在那个时候他第一次阅读希腊文和拉丁文诗歌。这些学习来得太晚了，没能使他成为他非常想成为的那样。他想像他同时代的很多人那样，成为希腊文和拉丁文诗歌的微不足道的研究者——那些人现在已为世人遗忘。相反，它们使他成为自己平凡的母语——法语这株羸弱的幼苗的爱好者。正是因为他所受教育的这个不足之处，他有幸变得具有民族性和现代性。之后他在回顾小时候的荒芜花园时便没有那么遗憾了。某位杜·贝莱家族的红衣主教是家族中的成功人士，时常在政府中担任要职。乔基姆必须寻找工作时，便找到了他，并在1552年跟随红衣主教一起去了罗马。他在罗马住了近5年，事务缠身，饱受思乡之苦。可就是在这样的状况下，他的天赋结出了最好的果实。罗马对他这样的富有想象气质的人来说是一个充满了快感的地方，文艺复兴带来的新奇事物仍然随处可见，但是，他的思绪痛苦而渴望地回到卢瓦尔河的乡间，那里有着广阔的谷浪，有着灰色石板的民居尖屋顶，有着遥远的海的气息。他最后回了家，却在一个寒冬的日子里突然死去，当时他只有35岁。

Much of Du Bellay's poetry illustrates rather the age and school to which he belonged than his own temper and genius. As with the writings of Ronsard and the other poets of the Pleiad, its interest depends not so much on the impress of individual genius upon it, as on the circumstance that it was once poetry à la mode, that it is part of the manner of a time—a time which made much of manner, and carried it to a high degree of perfection. It is one of the decorations of an age which threw a large part of its energy into the work of decoration. We feel a pensive pleasure in gazing on these faded adornments, and observing how a group of actual men and women pleased themselves long ago. Ronsard's poems are a kind of epitome of his age. Of one side of that age, it is true, of the strenuous, the progressive, the serious movement, which was then going on, there is little; but of the catholic side, the losing side, the forlorn hope, hardly a figure is absent. The Queen of Scots, at whose desire Ronsard published his odes, reading him in her northern prison, felt that he was bringing back to her the true flavour of her early days in the court of Catherine at the Louvre, with its exotic Italian gaieties. Those who disliked that poetry, disliked it because they found that age itself distasteful. The poetry of Malherbe[4] came, with its sustained style and weighty sentiment, but with nothing that set people singing; and the lovers of such poetry saw in the poetry of the Pleiad only the latest trumpery of the middle age. But the time arrived when the school of Malherbe also had had its day; and the Romanticists, who in their eagerness for excitement, for strange music and imagery, went back to

the works of the middle age, accepted the Pleiad, too, with the rest; and in that new middle age which their genius has evoked, the poetry of the Pleiad has found its place. At first, with Malherbe, you may think it, like the architecture, the whole mode of life, the very dresses of that time, fantastic, faded, rococo. But if you look long enough to understand it, to conceive its sentiment, you will find that those wanton lines have a spirit guiding their caprices. For there is style there; one temper has shaped the whole; and everything that has style, that has been done as no other man or age could have done it, as it could never, for all our trying, be done again, has its true value and interest. Let us dwell upon it for a moment, and try to gather from it that special flower, ce fleur particulier, which Ronsard him self tells us every garden has.

杜·贝莱的大部分诗歌与其说是表现了他自己的性情和天赋，不如说是阐释了他所属时代和流派的特点。与龙萨和七星诗社其他诗人的作品一样，他诗歌的趣味不太依赖个人天赋对它的影响，而是取决于在当时它曾经是风行一时的诗歌，它是时代风格的一部分，那个时代造就了这种风格的大部分，并把它带向一种高度的完美。它是一个把大把精力投入装饰工作的时代里的装饰品。凝视着这些褪色的装饰品，观察一些活生生的男女在很久之前是如何愉悦自己时，我们感到一种沉思其中的快乐。龙萨的诗歌是他那个时代的缩影。当时一方面缺乏奋发、进步、严肃的运动是实际情况，这种运动后来才得以发展。但是天主教这个失势的一方，这种微乎其微的希望几乎都不存在也是事实。龙萨按照苏格兰皇后的意愿出版了他的颂歌集，她在北部狱中读着这本诗集，感觉他让自己重新感受到早年在卢浮宫凯瑟琳宫庭中的真正氛围，那种意大利式的异国情调。有些人不喜欢这些诗作，是因为他们觉得那个时代本身令人厌恶。马雷伯的诗歌出现了，它有着稳重的文体和厚重的情感，却无法激起人们歌唱的冲动。这种诗的爱好者在七星诗社的诗歌中只看到了中世纪最后的虚有其表。但是马雷伯派也有自己的得势之日，浪漫主义者渴望着兴奋、渴望着奇异的韵律和意象，他们回到中世纪的作品中，接受了七星诗社和其他人的作品。在那个唤醒他们天赋的新的中世纪时代里七星诗社的诗歌找到了自己的位置。开始，和马雷伯一样你可能认为它像建筑、整个的生活模式还有那个时代的衣装一样，虚幻的，褪色的洛可可式的。但是如果你花足够长的时间去观察它，去理解它，感受它的情感，你就会发现那些肆意妄为的字里行间有一种精神在引导着它们的反复无常。因为其中包含着风格，一种性情塑造了全部。每样具有风格的东西，都被创造得仿佛其他任何人或任何时代都无法再创造出来，好像我们如何努力都无法再次创造出来，它具有自己真正的价值和趣味。我们花时间来仔细思考一下，努力从中采摘那枝“特别的花朵”，这枝特别的花朵就是龙萨告诉我们的每个花园里都有的花朵。

It is poetry not for the people, but for a confined circle, for courtiers, great lords and erudite persons, people who desire to be humoured, to gratify a certain refined voluptuousness they have in

them. Ronsard loves, or dreams that he loves, a rare and peculiar type of beauty, le petite pucelle Angevine, with golden hair and dark eyes. But he has the ambition not only of being a courtier and a lover, but a great scholar also; he is anxious about orthography, about the letter è Grecque, the true spelling of Latin names in French writing, and the restoration of the letter i to its primitive liberty — del' i voyelle en sa première liberté. His poetry is full of quaint, remote learning. He is just a little pedantic, true always to his own express judgment, that to be natural is not enough for one who in poetry desires to produce work worthy of immortality. And there withal a certain number of Greek words, which charmed Ronsard and his circle by their gaiety and daintiness, and a certain air of foreign elegance about them, crept into the French language; as there were other strange words which the poets of the Pleiad forged for them selves, and which had only an ephemeral existence.

这种诗不是为大众而写，而是为一个特定的圈子而写，为侍臣、大贵族和博学之士这些希望有人迎合、渴望自己的某种高雅的骄奢淫逸被满足之人所作。龙萨热爱，或者说是幻想自己热爱一种少有的、独特类型的美：有着金色头发和黑色眼睛的“年轻的昂热少女”。但是他的抱负不只是成为一个朝臣和爱人，他也想成为一个伟大的学者。他热心于正字法，热心于希腊字母è，热衷于法语书写里面正确的拉丁人名拼写，热衷于恢复元音i的最初特权。他的诗歌充满古怪和生僻的学识。他只是有一些书生气，总是真实面对自己的明确评判：一个想在诗歌领域创作不朽之作的人，仅仅做到自然天成是不够的。于是一定数量的、因为它们的华丽和讲究让龙萨和他的圈子着迷的希腊词语，带着某种异域的高雅，悄悄走进法语语言中。七星诗社自己创造的怪异词语则只短暂存在了一段时期。

With this was united the desire to taste a more exquisite and various music than that of the old French verse, or of the classical poets. The music of the measured, scanned verse of Latin and Greek poetry is one thing; the music of the rhymed, unscanned verse of Villon and the old French poets, la poésie chantée, is another. To combine these two kinds of music in a new school of French poetry, to make verse which should scan and rhyme as well, to search out and harmonise the measure of every syllable, and unite it to the swift, flitting, swallow-like motion of rhyme, to penetrate their poetry with a double music—this was the ambition of the Pleiad. They are insatiable of music, they cannot have enough of it; they desire a music of greater compass perhaps than words can possibly yield, to drain out the last drops of sweetness which a certain note or accent contains.

与此结合在一起的是对品味一种比法国古诗句或古典诗歌更为精美、更为多样的韵律的渴望。拉丁和希腊诗歌里那种整齐、合辙押韵诗句中的韵律是一回事，有节奏的、不押韵的维永诗句和法国古诗歌，那

种“被唱出来的诗歌”，是另一回事。在一个法国诗歌新流派里把这两种韵律结合起来，创作一种符合韵律且押韵的诗歌,去寻求并使每个音节的拍子达到和谐，并把它和迅速、轻盈、如燕子一般敏捷的押韵动作结合起来，把双重韵律渗透进他们的诗歌中——这是七星诗社的愿望。他们对音乐感永不满足。他们渴望一种比文字可能产生的范围更大的音乐感，汲取某种音符或重音包含的最后的芳醇。

It was Goudimel, the serious and protestant Goudimel, who set Ronsard's songs to music; but except in this eagerness for music the poets of the Pleiad seem never quite in earnest. The old Greek and Roman mythology, which the great Italians had found a motive so weighty and severe, becomes with them a mere toy. That "Lord of terrible aspect," Amor, has become Love the boy, or the babe. They are full of fine railleries; they delight in diminutives[5], ondelette, fontelette, doucelette, Cassan drette. Their loves are only half real, a vain effort to prolong the imaginative loves of the middle age beyond their natural lifetime. They write love poems for hire. Like that party of people who tell the tales in Boccaccio's Decameron, they form a circle which in an age of great troubles, losses, anxieties, can amuse itself with art, poetry, intrigue. But they amuse themselves with wonderful elegance. And sometimes their gaiety becomes satiric, for, as they play, real passions insinuate themselves, and at least the reality of death. Their dejection at the thought of leaving this fair abode of our common daylight—le beau sejour du commun jour—is expressed by them with almost weari some reiteration. But with this sentiment, too, they are able to trifle. The imagery of death serves for delicate ornament, and they weave into the airy nothingness of their verses their trite reflections on the vanity of life. Just so the grotesque details of the charnel-house nest themselves, together with birds and flowers and the fancies of the pagan mythology, in the traceries of the architecture of that time, which wantons in its graceful arabesques with the images of old age and death.

是古迪梅尔，这位严肃的新教徒给龙萨的诗歌谱了曲。但是七星诗社的诗人们除了给诗歌赋予韵律的渴望之外，似乎并不认真。意大利伟人从中找到主题极为厚重和严肃的古希腊和罗马神话，对七星诗人来说，也只不过是个玩具。那个“外表恐怖的神”阿莫尔，变成了男孩，（或是婴儿）爱神。他们总是打趣着，喜欢使用小词，比如ondelette（子波），fontelette（微熔），doucelette（微微轻柔的），Cassandrette（小卡桑德拉）。他们的爱半真半假，他们努力延续着中世纪的想象中的爱，想使其超越生命，但纯属徒劳。他们受雇写爱情诗，像薄伽丘《十日谈》里那群讲述故事的人物一样，在那个充满动乱、迷惘和焦虑的年代，他们形成了一个圈子，用艺术、诗歌和计谋自娱。但是他们是以非凡的优雅来自娱的。有时他们的快乐变成了讽刺，因为他们玩乐的同时，真正的激情，至少是死亡的事实，占据了他们的

内心。他们以几乎令人厌烦的唠叨来表达对离开我们平常日子居住的美好地方的沮丧。但是他们也能嘲弄这种伤感。死亡的意象被用作精致的装饰，他们把对生命的虚幻的陈腐反思迂回穿梭在诗歌漫不经心的虚无里。于是陈尸所那些诡异的装饰细节，连同鸟类、花朵和异教神话的幻想，出现在当时建筑的窗饰里，这些窗饰在雅致的阿拉伯花纹里挥霍着年老和死亡的意象。

Ronsard became deaf at sixteen; and it was this circumstance which finally determined him to be a man of letters instead of a diplomatist, significantly, one might fancy, of a certain premature agedness, and of the tranquil, temperate sweetness appropriate to that, in the school of poetry which he founded. Its charm is that of a thing not vigorous or original, but full of the grace which comes of long study and reiterated refinements, and many steps repeated, and many angles worn down, with an exquisite faintness, une fadeur exquise, a, certain tenuity and caducity, as for those who can bear nothing vehement or strong; for princes weary of love, like Francis the First, or of pleasure, like Henry the Third, or of action, like Henry the Fourth. Its merits are those of the old,—grace and finish, perfect in minute detail. For these people are a little jaded, and have a constant desire for a subdued and delicate excitement, to warm their creeping fancy a little. They love a constant change of rhyme in poetry, and in their houses that strange, fantastic interweaving of thin, reed-like lines, which are a kind of rhetoric in architecture.

龙萨16岁失聪，这种情形最终决定了他会成为文人而不是外交家。值得注意的是，人们可能会认为，他所创立的诗派所具有的某种早熟特征，以及与之相符的宁静温和的醇美也是由此而来的。它的魅力不是一种充满活力或独创性的东西，而是来自长期的研究和反复的润饰，是一步一步地重复、一个棱角一个棱角地打磨，伴随着一种精致的虚弱，一种微弱和衰老，好像是为了那些无法承受任何激烈、强壮的事物的人，为厌倦了爱情的弗朗西斯一世、厌倦了欢愉的亨利三世、厌倦了行动的亨利四世那样的王公贵胄所做。它的好处是那些古代的特质——高雅、完满、于最细微处见完美。因为这些人有些倦怠，不断渴望用柔和微弱的兴奋来稍稍活跃他们滞缓的想象。他们喜欢在诗歌中不断变化韵律，在他们的居所里，他们喜欢使用那种芦苇般纤细的奇妙交织在一起的线条，好像建筑里的修辞一样。

But the poetry of the Pleiad is true not only to the physiognomy of its age, but also to its country—ce pays du Vendomois—the names and scenery of which so often recur in it:—the great Loire, with its long spaces of white sand; the little river Loir; the heathy, upland country, with its scattered pools of water and waste roadsides, and retired manors, with their crazy old feudal defences half fallen into decay; La Beauce, where the vast rolling fields seem to anticipate the great western sea itself. It is full of the traits of that country. We see

Du Bellay and Ronsard gardening, or hunting with their dogs, or watch the pastimes of a rainy day; and with all this is connected a domesticity, a homeliness and simple goodness, by which the Northern country gains upon the South. They have the love of the aged for warmth, and understand the poetry of winter; for they are not far from the Atlantic, and the west wind which comes up from it, turning the poplars white, spares not this new Italy in France. So the fireside often appears, with the pleasures of the frosty season, about the vast emblazoned chimneys of the time, and with a bonhomie as of little children, or old people.

但是七星诗社的诗歌不仅忠实于当时真实的风貌，而且还有它的国家——“这个旺都姆的国家”——对在诗中反复出现的地名和景色，也采用真实名称：伟大的卢瓦尔河和它长长的白色沙滩，小河鲁瓦，石南丛生的丘陵山地，还有它星罗棋布的水洼和废弃的道路，荒废的庄园还有它倒塌的古老的封建围墙，还有博斯大片起伏的农田，就好像在等待着西部辽阔的海洋。字里行间满是那个国家的特征。我们看到杜·贝莱和龙萨在修整花园，带着自己的狗打猎或是在雨天里观看娱乐活动，这些都和一种家庭生活，那种朴质无华和简单的善良相联系，这些都是北部胜过南方的原因。他们有着老年人对温暖的那种热爱之情，理解描写冬天的诗歌，因为他们靠近大西洋，从洋面上吹来的西风使白杨树变白，并没有放过这个法国里的新意大利。所以在那样寒冷的季节里，炉边的景象常常出现在诗中，伴随着当时常见的大幅色彩画装饰的烟囱，还有小孩或老人的善良敦厚。

It is in Du Bellay's Olive, a collection of sonnets in praise of a half- imaginary lady, Sonnetz a la louange d' Olive, that these characteristics are most abundant. Here is a perfectly crystallised example:—

在杜·贝莱赞美一位半是虚构的女士的十四行诗诗集《橄榄树》中，《赞美橄榄树的十四行诗》是这些特色体现得最充分的一篇。下面是一段完美实例：

D' amour, de grace, et de haulte valeur

爱情、优雅以及崇高的价值，

Les feux divins estoient ceinctz et les cieulx

这神圣的火焰在燃烧，

S'estoient vestuz d'un manteau precieux

天空是珍贵大衣的里衬，

A raiz ardens de diverse couleur:

在许多颜色耀眼的光束里，

Tout estoit plein de beauté, de bonheur,

一切都充满美、充满快乐。

La mer tranquille, et le vent gracieulx,

海是平静的，风是柔和的，

Quand celle la nasquit en ces bas lieux

当它们降临在这低洼之地，

Qui a pillé du monde tout l'honneur.

这掠夺了所有的荣耀之地，

Ell' prist son teint des beux lyz blanchissans,

它带来美丽白色百合的颜色，

Son chef de 1'or, ses deux levres des rozes,

它带给一双玫瑰色嘴唇金色

Et du soleil ses yeux resplandissans:

太阳是它闪亮的双眼。

Le ciel usant de liberalité

天空溢满了自由广大，

Mist en l'esprit ses semences encloses,

在精神上播撒封闭的种子

Son nom des Dieux prist l'immortalité.

上帝的名字代表着不朽。

That he is thus a characteristic specimen of the poetical taste of that age, is indeed Du Bellay's chief interest. But if his work is to have the highest sort of interest, if it is to do something more than satisfy curiosity, if it is to have an aesthetic as distinct from an historical value, it is not enough for a poet to have been the true child of his age, to have conformed to its aesthetic conditions, and by so conforming to have charmed and stimulated that age; it is necessary that there should be perceptible in his work something individual, inventive, unique, the impress there of the writer's own temper and personality. This impress M. Sainte-Beuve thought he found in the Antiquités de Rome, and the Regrets, which he ranks as what has been called poésie intime, that intensely modern sort of poetry in which the writer has for his aim the portraiture of his own most intimate moods, and to take the reader into his confidence. That age had other instances of this intimacy of sentiment: Montaigne's Essays are full of it, the carvings of the church of Brou are full of it. M. Sainte-Beuve has perhaps exaggerated the influence of this quality in Du Bellay's

Regrets; but the very name of the book has a touch of Rousseau about it, and reminds one of a whole generation of self-pitying poets in modern times. It was in the atmosphere of Rome, to him so strange and mournful, that these pale flowers grew up. For that journey to Italy, which he deplored as the greatest misfortune of his life, put him in full possession of his talent, and brought out all its originality. And in effect you do find intimacy, intimité, here. The trouble of his life is analysed, and the sentiment of it conveyed directly to our minds; not a great sorrow or passion, but only the sense of loss in passing days, the ennui of a dreamer who must plunge into the world's affairs, the opposition between actual life and the ideal, a longing for rest, nostalgia, home-sickness—that pre-eminently childish, but so suggestive sorrow, as significant of the final regret of all human creatures for the familiar earth and limited sky.

因此，成为那个时代诗歌取向的典型范例，的确是杜·贝莱的主要兴趣所在。但是如果他的创作是要具备最高层次的趣味，是要做一些不仅限于满足好奇心的事情，是获得一种与历史价值完全不同的审美价值，这对一个真正已经成为时代之子、已经遵循它的审美标准并且依靠这种遵循来使时代着迷并激励其发展的诗人来说是不够的。在他作品中应该有一些能够感觉到的个人化的、创造性的、独特的东西，应该有作者自己的性情和个性的印记。M. 圣伯夫认为他在《悔恨集》和《罗马的纪念碑》里发现了这种印记，他把它们归类为“内心诗歌”的行列。在这种极为现代的诗歌里，作者以刻画自己最内在的情绪为目的，把读者带进自己的私密世界里。那个时代里还有其他表现这种情感亲密性的例子。它们在蒙田的《蒙田随笔》里和布鲁的教堂雕塑上随处可见。M. 圣伯夫可能夸大了杜·贝莱《悔恨集》中这种特性的影响，但是这本书的名字本身已带有一种卢梭的风格，并让人想到当今时代里自怜的那整个一代诗人。在罗马那种对他来说陌生而令人伤感的环境里，这些苍白的花儿成长起来。因为，那段被他哀叹为自己人生中最大不幸的意大利之旅使他完全掌控了自己的天赋，并且将其中的创造力完全展现出来。事实上，你的确能在这里找到“内心”。他分析了生活的烦恼，把它的情绪直接传达到我们心中。它不是大喜大悲，只是对流逝的时光感到失落，是一个必须要投入尘世琐事、投入现实生活的幻想者的倦怠，是真实生活和理想之间的对立，是对安定的渴望，是一种怀旧和思乡之情—是一种虽然非常孩子气，但却又充满寓意的悲伤，它和所有人类对熟悉的大地和局限的天空最后的遗憾一样重要。

The feeling for landscape is often described as a modern one; still more so is that for antiquity, the sentiment of ruins. Du Bellay has this sentiment. The duration of the hard, sharp outlines of things is a grief to him, and passing his wearisome days among the ruins of ancient Rome, he is consoled by the thought that all must one day end, by the sentiment of the grandeur of nothingness—la grandeur du rien. With a strange touch of far-off mysticism, he thinks that the great whole—le

grand tout—into which all other things pass and lose themselves, ought itself sometimes to perish and pass away. Nothing less can relieve his weariness. From the stately aspects of Rome his thoughts went back continually to France, to the smoking chimneys of his little village, the longer twilight of the North, the soft climate of Anjou—la douceur Angevine; yet not so much to the real France, we may be sure, with its dark streets and roofs of rough-hewn slate, as to that other country, with slenderer towers, and more winding rivers, and trees like flowers, and with softer sunshine on more gracefully-proportioned fields and ways, which the fancy of the exile, and the pilgrim, and of the schoolboy far from home, and of those kept at home unwillingly, everywhere builds up before or behind them.

对风景的感悟常被认为很现代，但是对古物、对废墟的伤感情绪更是如此。杜·贝莱就有这种情绪。事物保持不变的坚硬、尖利的轮廓唤起了他的悲伤。他在古罗马废墟里逡巡的乏味日子里，一切终将结束的想法和庞大的虚无感让他感到慰藉。带着一丝遥远的神秘主义色彩，他认为其他所有事物都会进入而且消失其中的伟大整体本身在某个时候也会消逝无踪。这比其他一切都更能减轻他的厌倦感。面对罗马庄严的景致，他的思想常常回到法国，回到他的小村庄里冒着烟的烟囱，回到北部更长的黎明，回到安茹温和的气候。但似乎可以肯定的是，与其说回到了现实中有着黑暗街道和粗制石板屋顶的法国，不如说是回到了另一个国家，这里的高塔更加纤细，河流更加蜿蜒，树木如花朵一般，更加和煦的阳光洒在整齐均匀分布的农田和小路上，这是那些背井离乡的人、那些朝圣者的幻想，那些远在异乡的学子的幻想，那些迫不得已留在家中的人的幻想，一切在他们前前后后到处出现。

He came home at last, through the Grisons, by slow journeys; and there, in the cooler air of his own country, under its skies of milkier blue, the sweetest flower of his genius sprang up. There have been poets whose whole fame has rested on one poem, as Gray's on the Elegy in a Country Churchyard, or Ronsard's, as many critics have thought, on the eighteen lines of one famous ode. Du Bellay has almost been the poet of one poem; and this one poem of his is an Italian product transplanted into that green country of Anjou; out of the Latin verses of Andrea Navagero, into French. But it is a composition in which the matter is almost nothing, and the form almost everything; and the form of the poem as it stands, written in old French, is all Du Bellay's own. It is a song which the winnowers are supposed to sing as they winnow the corn, and they invoke the winds to lie lightly on the grain.

他经过格里松，经历很长时间最终回到家乡。在祖国更为凉爽的空气里，在更为柔和的蓝天下，他的天赋绽放出最美的花朵。有一些诗人因为一首诗成就了全部的名誉，比如格雷的声誉源于《墓畔哀歌》，或者，很多批评家认为的，龙萨的名声来自一首著名的十八行颂歌。杜·贝

莱几乎也成了一诗成名的诗人，他的这首诗是移植到安茹绿色乡村景色的意大利作品，脱胎于安德里亚·纳瓦基罗拉丁诗歌的法文版本。但是就这首诗而言，内容几乎毫无意义，形式才是一切。诗歌用古法语写成，形式完全是杜·贝莱自己的风格。这应该是一首描写打场人在扬谷时所唱的歌，他们恳求风儿轻轻吹拂谷物。

D'un Vanneur De Ble Aux Vents[6].

扬麦农夫歌

A vous troupe legére

轻飘飘的气浪，

Qui d'aile passagère

鼓动迅捷翅膀，

Par le monde volez,

飞掠过世界，

Et d'un sifflant murmure

用喃喃的气息，

L'ombrageuse verdure

轻轻地去摇曳

Doulcement esbranlez.

暗影婆娑绿叶，

J'offre ces violettes,

我献给你堇菜、

Ces lis & ces fleurettes,

百合花、金花菜、

Et ces roses icy,

这里的玫瑰花，

Ces vermeillettes roses

这些美妙玫瑰

Sont freschement écloses,

全都饱绽蓓蕾，

Et ces oelliets aussi.

还有石竹一把。

De vostre doulce haleine

你用温柔呼吸

Eventez ceste plaine

吹拂原野大地，

Eventez ce sejour;

吹拂这所茅屋，

Ce pendant que j'ahanne

而我手臂一挥，

A mon blé que je vane

扬起我的小麦，

A la chaleur du jour.

冒着日晒之苦。

(A graceful translation of this and some other poems of the Pleiad may be found in Ballads and Lyrics of Old France, by Mr. Andrew Lang.)

（对本诗和其他一些七星诗社诗歌的优美译文见安德鲁·朗先生的《古法兰西民歌和抒情诗集》。——作者注）

That has, in the highest degree, the qualities, the value, of the whole Pleiad school of poetry, of the whole phase of taste from which that school derives—a certain silvery grace of fancy, nearly all the pleasure of which is in the surprise at the happy and dexterous way in which a thing slight in itself is handled. The sweetness of it is by no means to be got at by crushing, as you crush wild herbs to get at their perfume. One seems to hear the measured motion of the fans, with a child's pleasure on coming across the incident for the first time, in one of those great barns of Du Bellay's own country, La Beauce, the granary of France. A sudden light transfigures some trivial thing, a weather-vane, a windmill, a winnowing fan, the dust in the barn door. A moment—and the thing has vanished, because it was pure effect; but it leaves a relish behind it, a longing that the accident may happen again.

这是整个七星诗社流派诗歌特点和价值的最高体现，也是这个流派赖以形成的整个时代的趣味的最高体现:是某种明丽优雅的喜好，其所有的乐趣来自于对其中一个微小事物的快乐巧妙的处理方式所感到的惊讶。但它的芳香绝不是通过碾压得来的，像碾压野生香草来获取香味那样。在杜·贝莱的家乡——博斯地区这个法国谷仓的一个大粮仓里，人们听到风扇有节奏的摆动时，似乎会有小孩子第一次碰到这场景的欣喜。一束突如其来的光把风标、风车、扬谷扇亦或谷仓门上的灰尘这些小东西都美化了。那一刻事物已经消失，因为它只是单纯的光的效果；但是它却留下了余味，留下了一种希望它再次发生的渴望。

(1)维永(约1431—1474），中世纪末法国诗人。

(2)武功歌，11世纪至14世纪流行于法国的一种数千行乃至数万行的长篇故事诗，通常用十音节诗句写成，以颂扬封建统治阶级的武功勋业为主要题材，故称“武功歌”。

(3)品达体颂歌，由古希腊诗人品达在公元前5世纪创造。

(4)马雷伯（1555—1628），法国诗人、文学评论家。

(5)小词，词的一种形式，法语诗歌的表达手法。通常是添加带有“小”或“微”意的后缀构成，有时有昵称或爱称含意。

(6)译者注：选自郑克鲁著《法国诗选》，第90页，河北教育出版社，2004年。

Winckelmann

温克尔曼

Et Ego In Arcadia Fui

——《阿卡迪亚的牧人》

Goethe's fragments of art-criticism contain a few pages of strange pregnancy on the character of Winckelmann. He speaks of the teacher who had made his career possible, but whom he had never seen, as of an abstract type of culture, consummate, tranquil, withdrawn already into the region of ideals, yet retaining colour from the incidents of a passionate intellectual life. He classes him with certain works of art, possessing an inexhaustible gift of suggestion, to which criticism may return again and again with renewed freshness. Hegel, in his lectures on the Philosophy of Art, estimating the work of his predecessors, has also passed a remarkable judgment on Winckelmann's writings: —"Winckelmann, by contemplation of the ideal works of the ancients, received a sort of inspiration, through which he opened a new sense for the study of art. He is to be regarded as one of those who, in the sphere of art, have known how to initiate a new organ for the human spirit." That it has given a new sense, that it has laid open a new organ, is the highest that can be said of any critical effort. It is interesting, then, to ask what kind of man it was who thus laid open a new organ. Under what conditions was that effected?

歌德在艺术批评方面的零散作品中有几页谈到了温克尔曼那不可思议的深刻丰富的个性。他谈到这个令他事业成功、但从未谋面的老师，就像谈及一种抽象的文化类型：完满、宁静、早已回归到理想的境地，但也保留了从充满激情的知性生活的事件中汲取的色彩。他将温克尔曼与一些具备永不枯竭的联想性的艺术品划分一类，评论界可以不断从中获得新的收获。黑格尔在关于《艺术哲学》的演讲中评价前人的成果，也曾对温克尔曼的作品做出不俗的评价：“温克尔曼透过对古代完美作品的思考，获得了一种灵感，通过这种灵感他为艺术研究找到了一种新的感知方式。他应该被归入那些在艺术领域里，了解如何为人类精神创造一种新器官的大师中。”找到新的感知方式，创造新的器官是任何批判成果所能获得的最高赞誉。那么，询问是什么样的人创制了这种新器官就是很有趣的了。又是在什么样的条件下取得了这样的成果呢？

Johann Joachim Winckelmann was born at Stendal in Brandenburg, in the year 1717. The child of a poor tradesman, he passed through many struggles in early youth, the memory of which ever remained in him as a fitful cause of dejection. In 1763, in the full emancipation of his spirit, looking over the beautiful Roman prospect,

he writes—"One gets spoiled here; but God owed me this; in my youth I suffered too much." Destined to assert and interpret the charm of the Hellenic spirit, he served first a painful apprenticeship in the tarnished intellectual world of Germany in the earlier half of the eighteenth century. Passing out of that into the happy light of the antique, he had a sense of exhilaration almost physical. We find him as a child in the dusky precincts of a German school, hungrily feeding on a few colourless books. The master of this school grows blind; Winckelmann becomes his famulus. The old man would have had him study theology. Winckelmann, free of the master's library, chooses rather to become familiar with the Greek classics. Herodotus[1] and Homer win, with their vowelled Greek, his warmest enthusiasm; whole nights of fever are devoted to them; disturbing dreams of an Odyssey of his own come to him. "He felt in himself," says Madame de Staël[2], "an ardent attraction towards the south. In Ger man imaginations even now traces are often to be found of that love of the sun, that weariness of the North(cette fatigue du nord), which carried the northern peoples away into the countries of the South. A fine sky brings to birth sentiments not unlike the love of one's Fatherland."

约翰·约阿希姆·温克尔曼1717年出生于勃兰登堡的施滕达尔。他是一个潦倒商贩的儿子，童年时代经历了很多磨难，那段记忆成了他断断续续感到沮丧的一个原因。1763年他精神完全放松地欣赏着罗马的美好景色时，写道：“在这里，一个人是会乐而忘蜀的，但这正是上帝亏欠我的，我年幼时经历了太多的苦难。”温克尔曼命中注定要承担宣扬和阐释希腊精神的魅力的重担，在18世纪上半叶枯燥乏味的德国知识界，他首先扮演了一个备受煎熬的学徒角色。之后，他走进古代遗产快乐的阳光里，获得的几乎是一种肉体上的兴奋感。我们知道他小时候在一所德国学校的灰暗的角落里如饥似渴地读着几本黯淡发黄的书。这个学校的校长失明后，温克尔曼做了他的私人助手。这位老人本想让他学习神学。温克尔曼因此可以自由进出校长图书馆，但他却决定去熟悉那些希腊经典。希罗多德和荷马以他们“元音化”的希腊文赢得了他最大的热情；他整晚整晚地疯狂阅读，开始做起了自己的纷扰的奥德赛之梦。“他觉得自己，”斯塔尔夫人说，“不可遏抑地被南方吸引。即便是现在，依旧时常可以在德国人的想象中，寻觅到促使北部的人们迁移至南方国度的那种对阳光的热爱和对北方的厌倦的痕迹。一片晴朗天空催生的情感不弱于一个人对祖国的爱。”

To most of us, after all our steps towards it, the antique world, in spite of its intense outlines, its own perfect self-expression, still remains faint and remote. To him, closely limited except on the side of the ideal, building for his dark poverty "a house not made with hands," it early came to seem more real than the present. In the fantastic plans of foreign travel continually passing through his mind, to Egypt, for instance, and to France, there seems always to be rather

a wistful sense of something lost to be regained, than the desire of discovering anything new. Goethe has told us how, in his eagerness actually to handle the antique, he became interested in the insignificant vestiges of it which the neighbourhood of Strasburg afforded. So we hear of Winckelmann's boyish antiquarian wanderings among the ugly Brandenburg sandhills. Such a conformity between himself and Winckelmann, Goethe would have gladly noted.

对我们多数人而言，那个有着鲜明轮廓和完美自我表达的古代世界，尽管我们已尝试用各种方法进行探索，它还是模糊遥远的。对温克尔曼来说，除了理想外，古代世界其他方面都是严格受局限的，为他阴暗的贫穷建造了“一所非手工制作的房子”，它很早就比现实还要真实了。到其他国家游历的美妙想法总是时不时地出现在他脑中，比如到埃及和法国，里面似乎总有一种向往找回失去东西的感觉，而不是发现任何新事物的渴望。歌德曾经提到，在渴望真正了解古物的过程中，他是如何对斯特拉斯堡附近地区存有的一些微不足道的古物残余碎片产生了兴趣。所以我们听说温克尔曼在勃兰登堡丑陋的沙丘上像孩子一样游荡收集古物也就不足为奇了。这个和温克尔曼的一致之处，歌德是乐意提及的。

At twenty-one he enters the University of Halle, to study theology, as his friends desire; instead, he becomes the enthusiastic translator of Herodotus. The condition of Greek learning in German schools and universities had fallen, and there were no professors at Halle who could satisfy his sharp, intellectual craving. Of his professional education he always speaks with scorn, claiming to have been his own teacher from first to last. His appointed teachers did not perceive that a new source of culture was within their hands. Homo vagus et inconstans!—one of them pedantically reports of the future pilgrim to Rome, unaware on which side his irony was whetted. When professional education confers nothing but irritation on a Schiller, no one ought to be surprised; for Schiller, and such as he, are primarily spiritual adventurers. But that Winckelmann, the votary of the gravest of intellectual traditions, should get nothing but an attempt at suppression from the professional guardians of learning, is what may well surprise us.

21岁时温克尔曼如朋友所愿进入哈雷大学学习神学；但是他却饶有兴致地翻译起了希罗多德的著作。德国学校和大学里学习希腊文的环境已经不如从前，哈雷大学里没有一个教授能满足他热切的求知欲。谈及自己的专业教育他总是语带嘲讽，宣称自始至终都是自己教自己。他的导师们没有发觉他们的手中有一种新的文化的源头。流浪不定变化无常的人！—他的一个老师曾经这样学究地形容这个后来去了罗马的朝圣者，不知道他的嘲讽缘何而起。倘若专业教育向他灌输的只有对席勒的愤怒，没人应该感到惊讶。因为席勒和他一样，都是本质上的精神冒险家。但是温克尔曼这个理性传统的信仰者，仅仅产生挣脱老学究们的禁

锢的企图，这足以令我们吃惊了。

In 1743 he became master of a school at Seehausen. This was the most wearisome period of his life. Not withstanding a success in dealing with children, which seems to testify to something simple and primeval in his nature, he found the work of teaching very depressing. Engaged in this work, he writes that he still has within him a longing desire to attain to the knowledge of beauty—sehnlich wünschte zur Kenntniss des Schönen zu gelangen. He had to shorten his nights, sleeping only four hours, to gain time for reading. And here Winckelmann made a step forward in culture. He multiplied his intellectual force by detaching from it all flaccid interests. He renounced mathematics and law, in which his reading had been considerable—all but the literature of the arts. Nothing was to enter into his life unpenetrated by its central enthusiasm. At this time he undergoes the charm of Voltaire. Voltaire belongs to that flimsier, more artificial, classical tradition, which Winckelmann was one day to supplant, by the clearring, the eternal outline, of the genuine antique. But it proves the authority of such a gift as Voltaire's that it allures and wins even those born to supplant it. Voltaire's impression on Winckelmann was never effaced; and it gave him a consideration for French literature which contrasts with his contempt for the literary products of Germany. German literature transformed, siderealised, as we see it in Goethe, reckons Wincke1mann among its initiators. But Germany at that time presented nothing in which he could have anticipated Iphigenie[3], and the formation of an effective classical tradition in German literature.

1743年温克尔曼成为塞豪森一个学校的校长。这是人生中最让他厌倦的一段。尽管和学生相处得很成功，这好像证实了他天性中简单而原始的部分，但他觉得教学工作很压抑。尽管从事着这个工作，他写到，自己仍怀有对获得美的知识的强烈渴望。他只得把睡眠时间缩减到4个小时，以挤出阅读的时间。同时，温克尔曼在修养方面向前迈了一步。他从那些不强烈的兴趣中抽身出来，从而节省了不少精力。他放弃了曾经大量阅读过的数学和法律，只学习艺术文献。所有进入他生命的东西都和他自己最热爱的事物有关。此时他领略到了伏尔泰的魅力。伏尔泰属于那种比较浅薄、做作的古典传统，后来温克尔曼最终用真正的古代遗产清晰、永恒的外部框架把这种传统替代了。但是事实证明伏尔泰这种天赋的权威性甚至会吸引和胜过那些天生来替代它的东西。伏尔泰对温克尔曼的影响从未被抹去，它使他思考法国文学，这和他对德国文学作品的轻蔑形成对比。德国文学，像我们所知的那样，在歌德那里得到转型发展，温克尔曼是其中一位发起者。但是当时的德国没有呈现出任何迹象，让他能够预见《伊菲革涅亚》，以及一种有效的古典传统在德国文学中的形成。

Under this purely literary influence, Winckelmann protests

against Christian Wolff and the philosophers. Goethe, in speaking of this protest, alludes to his own obligations to Emmanuel Kant. Kant's influence over the culture of Goethe, which he tells us could not have been resisted by him without loss, consisted in a severe limitation to the concrete. But he adds, that in born antiquaries, like Winckelmann, a constant handling of the antique, with its eternal outline, maintains that limitation as effectually as a critical philosophy. Plato, however, saved so often for his redeeming literary manner, is excepted from Winckelmann's proscription of the philosophers. The modern student most often meets Plato on that side which seems to pass beyond Plato into a world no longer pagan, based upon the conception of a spiritual life. But the element of affinity which he presents to Winckelmann is that which is wholly Greek, and alien from the Christian world, represented by that group of brilliant youths in the Lysis, still uninfected by any spiritual sickness, finding the end of all endeavour in the aspects of the human form, the continual stir and motion of a comely human life.

在这种纯粹的文学的影响下，温克尔曼反对克里斯蒂安·沃尔弗和那些哲学家。歌德在谈到这种反对时，暗示他自己曾受伊曼纽尔·康德的影响。歌德告诉我们，康德对他的修养产生了影响，这种影响他无法毫无损失地拒之门外，它存在于具体事物的严格限制中。但他还说，对温克尔曼这种天生的古物研究者来说，能够不断地接触古代艺术品，并且熟悉其永恒的轮廓，如批判哲学一样有效地保持了这种限制。然而柏拉图由于常常挽救了温克尔曼弥补性的文学样式，所以不在他反对的哲学家之列。这个现代学生常常在那个看上去超越了柏拉图，不再属于异教世界的、基于精神生活概念的区域与他相遇。但是柏拉图显现给温克尔曼的这种充满吸引力的元素完全是希腊的，和基督教世界背道而驰，它通过《吕西斯》里那群聪明的年轻人展现出来，他们还没有被任何精神疾病感染，并发现所有在人类外形方面的努力的终结，而美好人类生活的骚动和运作都在继续。

This new-found interest in Plato's dialogues could not fail to increase his desire to visit the countries of the classical tradition. "It is my misfortune," he writes, "that I was not born to great place, wherein I might have had cultivation, and the opportunity of following my instinct and forming myself." A visit to Rome probably was already designed, and he silently preparing for it. Count Bünau, the author of a historical work then of note, had collected at Nöthenitz a valuable library, now part of the library of Dresden. In 1748 Winckelmann wrote to Bünau in halting French:—He is emboldened, he says, by Bünau's indulgence for needy men of letters. He desires only to devote himself to study, having never allowed himself to be dazzled by favourable prospects in the Church. He hints at his doubtful position "in a metaphysical age, by which humane literature as trampled under

foot. At present," he goes on, "little value is set on Greek literature, to which I have devoted myself so far as I could penetrate, when good books are so scarce and expensive." Finally, he desires a place in some corner of Bünau's library. "Perhaps, at some future time, I shall become more useful to the public, if, drawn from obscurity in whatever way, I can find means to maintain myself in the capital."

在柏拉图对话集中发现的新兴趣让他更加渴望游历那些有着古典传统的国家。“这是我的不幸，”他写道，“我没有出生在伟大的国家，在那里本可以让我得到滋养，让我跟随自己的本能，塑造自我。”参观罗马的行程可能已经计划妥当，他在默默为此做着准备。比瑙伯爵，这位当时一部知名的历史作品的作家在诺藤尼茨筹建了一个颇有价值的图书馆，现今它是德累斯顿图书馆的一部分。1748年，温克尔曼用蹩脚的法语写信给比瑙伯爵，他说自己因比瑙对穷困文人的恩惠而获得勇气。他只想投身研究，从未允许自己沉迷于教会带给他的美好前程里。他暗示了自己此时不明确的地位，“在一个形而上学的时代里，人性的文学遭到践踏。目前，”他继续说，“希腊文学的重要性被忽略，而我一直全身投入于此并尽可能深入，而现在好书是如此稀缺而昂贵。”最后，他希望在比瑙的图书馆里获得一个小职位。“可能在将来，如果我能以某种方式摆脱默默无闻的境况，并能在首府找到维持生计的办法，我会成为一个对公众更有用的人。”

Soon afterwards we find Winckelmann in the library at Nöthenitz. Thence he made many visits to the collection of antiquities at Dresden. He became acquainted with many artists, above all with Oeser, Goethe's future friend and master, who, uniting a high culture with the practical knowledge of art, was fitted to minister to Winckelmann's culture. And now a new channel of communion with the Greek life was opened for him. Hitherto he had handled the words only of Greek poetry, stirred indeed and roused by them, yet divining beyond the words some unexpressed pulsation of sensuous life. Suddenly he is in contact with that life, still fervent in the relics of plastic art. Filled as our culture is with the classical spirit, we can hardly imagine how deeply the human mind was moved, when, at the Renaissance, in the midst of a frozen world, the buried f ire of ancient art rose up from under the soil. Winckelmann here reproduces for us the earlier sentiment of the Renaissance. On a sudden the imagination feels itself free. How facile and direct, it seems to say, is this life of the senses and the understanding, when once we have apprehended it! Here, surely, is that more liberal mode of life we have been seeking so long, so near to us all the while. How mistaken and roundabout have been our efforts to reach it by mystic passion, and monastic reverie; how they have def lowered the flesh; how little have they really emancipated us! Hermione[4] melts from her stony posture, and the lost proportions of life right themselves. Here, then, in vivid realisation we

see the native tendency of Winckelmann to escape from abstract theory to intuition, to the exercise of sight and touch. Lessing, in the Laocoon, has theorised finely on the relation of poetry to sculpture; and philosophy may give us theoretical reasons why not poetry but sculpture should be the most sincere and exact expression of the Greek ideal. By a happy, unperplexed dexterity, Winckelmann solves the question in the concrete. It is what Goethe calls his Gewahrwerden der griechischen Kunst, his finding of Greek art.

我们知道很快温克尔曼就在位于诺藤尼茨的图书馆里工作了。从那时起他多次去德累斯顿参观那里收藏的古物，和许多艺术家熟悉起来，其中最重要的是厄泽尔这个歌德未来的朋友和老师。厄泽尔兼具高雅的修养和艺术的实用知识，适合教导温克尔曼提高修养。现在一个新的和希腊生活沟通的渠道向他敞开了。到目前为止他掌握的只是希腊诗歌的文字，他确实因这些诗歌而激动振奋，然而还会在言辞之外揣测到一些未被表达的感官生活的搏动。突然之间，他和那种仍然在雕塑艺术的遗迹中炽热存在着的生活有了接触。我们的文化中充满了古典精神，所以我们几乎无法想象在文艺复兴时代，身处一个僵化的世界中，当被埋藏的古代艺术火种从地下升起时人类心灵受到了多深的震动。温克尔曼在此为我们重现了文艺复兴的早期情感。一霎那间，想象力感觉自己获得了自由。它好像在说，当我们能够领会时，这种感性和理性的生活是多么地简单而直接啊！这确实就是，我们一直追寻的更为自由的生活模式，它一直就离我们如此之近。我们一直通过神秘的热情和僧侣式的幻想来达成这个目标的努力是多么荒谬和迂回曲折，它们是如何亵渎了肉体，又是怎样无助于我们的解放啊！赫耳弥俄涅不再是面无表情的样子，生活中丢失的部分也得以自我恢复。然后在这里，在具体实现的成果中，我们发现温克尔曼与生俱来的逃离抽象理论，走向直觉，走向实际运用视觉和触觉的倾向。莱辛在《拉奥孔》中把诗歌和雕塑的关系完整地理论化，哲学可能会给出理论上的原因，告诉我们为什么是雕塑，而非诗歌才能最真实准确地表达希腊的理想。温克尔曼用一种轻松简单的聪敏具体地解决了这个问题。这就是歌德所说的他“对希腊艺术的认识”。

Through the tumultuous richness of Goethe's culture, the influence of Winckelmann is always discernible, as the strong, regulative under- current of a clear, antique motive. "One learns nothing from him," he says to Eckermann[5], "but one becomes something." If we ask what the secret of this influence was, Goethe himself will tell us—wholeness, unity with one's self, intellectual integrity. And yet these expressions, because they fit Goethe, with his universal culture, so well, seem hardly to describe the narrow, exclusive interest of Winckelmann. Doubtless Winckelmann's perfection is a narrow perfection: his feverish nursing of the one motive of his life is a contrast to Goethe's various energy. But what affected Goethe, what instructed him and ministered to his culture,

was the integrity, the truth to its type, of the given force. The development of this force was the single interest of Winckelmann, unembarrassed by any thing else in him. Other interests, practical or intellectual, those slighter talents and motives not supreme, which in most men are the waste part of nature, and drain away their vitality, he plucked out and cast from him. The protracted longing of his youth is not a vague, romantic longing: he knows what he longs for, what he wills. Within its severe limits his enthusiasm burns like lava. "You know," says Lavater[6], speaking of Winckelmann's countenance, "that I consider ardor and indifference by no means incompatible in the same character. If ever there was a striking instance of that union, it is in the countenance before us." "A lowly childhood," says Goethe, "insufficient instruction in youth, broken, distracted studies in early manhood, the burden of school-keeping! He was thirty years old before he enjoyed a single favor of fortune: but so soon as he had attained to an adequate condition of freedom, he appears before us consummate and entire, complete in the ancient sense.”

透过歌德丰富多样的修养总是可以察觉出温克尔曼的影响，这种影响犹如一股清晰的古典动机的潜流，强烈并且具有调节性。“从他身上学不到什么，”他对爱克曼说，“但是他可以让人有巨大的改变。”如果我们问这种影响的秘密是什么，歌德自己会告诉我们：它是完整、自我统一和理性的融合。而这些词语描述歌德广博的修养如此恰当，似乎很难用来形容温克尔曼狭窄而专注的兴趣。毫无疑问，温克尔曼的完美是一种有限的完美：他对自己生活中一个兴趣的狂热培养和歌德多方面的能量形成了对照。但是影响歌德、指导他并对他的修养有所助益的，正是这种特定力量的完整性，是其实实在在的样式。这种力量的发展是温克尔曼唯一的兴趣，其他一切都不能干扰它。其他实际或知识方面的兴趣，那些小天分和不太重要的目标是很多人本性中无用的部分，消耗着人们的活力。温克尔曼从这些兴趣中脱身，将其抛掉。他年轻时一直以来的渴望不是模糊和空想的：他知道自己想要的是什么，他的意愿是什么。在它严格的界限里他的热情像熔岩一样燃烧。“你知道，”拉瓦特尔在谈及温克尔曼的面容时说道，“我认为热忱和冷漠绝不可能在一种性格中融合。如果说，曾经有过这样融合的惊人例子，那就是在我们眼前的这张面孔里。”“童年时地位卑微，”歌德说，“少年时没有得到足够的教导，刚成年后断断续续、精力不够集中地学习，还有管理学校的负担！30岁之前从未得到过命运眷顾：但是一旦获得了足够的自由条件，他就完美、完全地呈现，达到了古代意义上的完满。”

But his hair is turning grey, and he has not yet reached the south. The Saxon court had become Roman Catholic, and the way to favour at Dresden was through Roman ecclesiastics. Probably the thought of a profession of the papal religion was not new to Winckelmann. At one time he had thought of begging his way to Rome, from cloister to cloister, under the pretence of a disposition to change his faith. In

1751, the papal nuncio, Archinto, was one of the visitors at Nöthenitz. He suggested Rome as the fitting stage for Winckelmann's accomplishments and held out the hope of a place in the Pope's library. Cardinal Passionei, charmed with Winckelmann's beautiful Greek writing, was ready to play the part of Maecenas, if the indispensable change were made. Winckelmann accepted the bribe, and visited the nuncio at Dresden. Unquiet still at the word "profession," not without a struggle, he joined the Roman Church, July the 11th, 1754.

但是当他的头发渐渐斑白，他却还没有到达南部。撒克逊宫廷已经皈依罗马天主教，想要在德累斯顿得势就要成为罗马教神职人员。可能温克尔曼曾经也考虑过在罗马教庭内谋一份职业。他曾经想过假称改变自己信仰，一家修道院一家修道院地乞讨到罗马。1751年，罗马教皇使节阿尔基诺和其他人一起访问了诺藤尼茨。他说罗马是适合温克尔曼发挥才艺的舞台，并给了他在教皇图书馆里谋得一个职位的希望。红衣主教帕西奥内很欣赏温克尔曼优美的希腊文作品，如果温克尔曼愿意改信天主教的话，主教会乐意资助他。温克尔曼接受了他的资助，去拜访了在德累斯顿的教皇使节。虽然对“立誓信教”这个字眼感到不安，也并非没有内心的挣扎，但他还是在1754年7月11日加入了罗马教会。

Goethe boldly pleads that Winckelmann was a pagan, that the landmarks of Christendom meant nothing to him. It is clear that he intended to deceive no one by his disguise; fears of the inquisition are sometimes visible during his life in Rome; he entered Rome notoriously with the works of Voltaire in his possession; the thought of what Count Bünau might be thinking of him seems to have been his greatest difficulty. On the other hand, he may have had a sense of a certain antique and as it were pagan grandeur in the Roman Catholic religion. Turning from the crabbed Protestantism, which had been the ennui of his youth, he might reflect that while Rome had reconciled itself to the Renaissance, the Protestant principle in art had cut off Germany from the supreme tradition of beauty. And yet to that transparent nature, with its simplicity as of the earlier world, the loss of absolute sincerity must have been a real loss. Goethe understands that Winckelmann had made this sacrifice. Yet at the bar of the highest criticism, perhaps, Winckelmann may be absolved. The insincerity of his religious profession was only one incident of a culture in which the moral instinct, like the religious or political, was merged in the artistic. But then the artistic interest was that, by desperate faithfulness to which Winckelmann was saved from the mediocrity, which, breaking through no bounds, moves ever in a bloodless routine, and misses its one chance in the life of the spirit and the intellect. There have been instances of culture developed by every high motive in turn, and yet intense at every point; and the aim

of our culture should be to attain not only as intense but as complete a life as possible. But often the higher life is only possible at all, on condition of the selection of that in which one's motive is native and strong; and this selection involves the renunciation of a crown reserved for others. Which is better?—to lay open a new sense, to initiate a new organ for the human spirit, or to cultivate many types of perfection up to a point which leaves us still beyond the range of their transforming power? Savonarola is one type of success; Winckelmann is another; criticism can reject neither, because each is true to itself. Winckelmann himself explains the motive of his life when he says, "It will be my highest reward, if posterity acknowledges that I have written worthily."

歌德勇敢地辩解，称温克尔曼是个异教徒，基督教世界的界标对他来说毫无意义。显然，他的伪装不是为了欺骗任何人；在罗马生活时他对宗教法庭的恐惧有时是很明显的；他去罗马时带着伏尔泰的作品，这让他名声蒙羞；担心比瑙伯爵此时对他可能有的看法似乎是他最大的难题。另一方面，他可能一直有某种古典的气质，而这种气质在罗马天主教里好像有一种异教的庄严。从他年轻时候就已厌倦了的晦涩难解的新教中回过头来，他可能想到，在罗马已经接受了文艺复兴的时候，艺术领域的新教原则却已经把德国和最重要的美学传统割裂开了。然而对于那种有着早期世界一般的朴素的透明本质来说，失去绝对的真诚一定已经成为真正的损失了。歌德认为温克尔曼作出了这样的牺牲。然而温克尔曼依然可能会被最高水平的文艺批评所赦免。他对宗教职业不忠仅仅是在一种文化里发生的一件小事情，在这里道德直觉，连同宗教和政治直觉，被淹没在了艺术直觉之中。但那时温克尔曼正是因为对艺术趣味的绝对忠诚而免于平庸，平庸的人不会越雷池一步，只是在一种毫无生气的惯例中周旋，错失了在精神和理性生活中的唯一机会。每次交替出现的强烈动机都会促进文化进步，而且每一次都很强烈，这样的例子一直很多；而我们文化的目标应该是追求尽可能强烈的、也是尽可能完整的生活。但是通常是这样，只有在做出含有单纯和强烈动机的选择，而且这种选择包含放弃为别人预留的皇冠时，这种高层次的生活才会成为可能。哪一种更好呢？是打开一种新知，为人类精神开启一种新的感官，还是培养出多种类型的完美的典范，这种完美，我们仍然被排除在它们的转化力量能触及到的范围之外？萨伏那洛拉是一种成功，温克尔曼是另一种成功。批评界不能否定其中任何一个，因为两种成功对自身来说都是真实的。温克尔曼自己解释了他生活的动力，他说，“如果后世承认我的所著有所价值，那将是对我最大的奖赏。”

For a time he remained at Dresden. There his first book appeared, Thoughts on the Imitation of Greek Works of Art in Painting and Sculpture. Full of obscurities as it was, obscurities which baffled, but did not offend Goethe when he first turned to art-criticism, its purpose was direct—an appeal from the artificial, classicism of the day to the study of the antique. The book was well received, and a pension

supplied through the king's confessor. In September 1755 he started for Rome, in the company of a young Jesuit. He was introduced to Raphael Mengs, a painter then of note, and found a home near him, in the artists' quarter, in a place where he could "overlook, far and wide, the eternal city." At first he was perplexed with the sense of being a stranger on what was to him, spiritually, native soil. "Unhappily," he cries in French, often selected by him as the vehicle of strong feeling, "I am one of those whom the Greeks call ὀψιμαθεῖς.—I have come into the world and into Italy too late." More than thirty years afterwards, Goethe also, after many aspirtions and severe preparation of mind, visited Italy. In early manhood, just as he, too, was finding Greek art, the rumour of that true artist's life of Winckelmann in Italy had strongly moved him. At Rome, spending a whole year drawing from the antique, in preparation for Iphigenie, he finds the stimulus of Winckelmann's memory ever active. Winckelmann's Roman life was simple, primeval, Greek. His delicate constitution per-mitted him the use only of bread and wine. Condemned by many as a renegade, he had no desire for places of honour, but only to see his merits acknowledged, and existence assured to him. He was simple without being niggardly; he desired to be neither poor nor rich.

他在德累斯顿暂时呆了一阵，在这里出版了他的第一本书《希腊绘画雕塑沉思录》。全书充满了晦涩之辞，当歌德最初转向艺术批评时这种晦涩令他感到困惑，但并没有让他不悦。它的目的直接—呼吁从当时虚伪的古典主义里走出来，进行古代作品研究。这本书受到广泛欢迎，他也从国王的忏悔神父那里得到了一笔养老金。1755年9月，他在一个年轻耶稣会士的陪伴下出发去罗马。他被介绍给一位当时知名的画家拉斐尔·门斯，并在画家附近的艺术家聚居区找到了住处，在那里他可以“放眼俯瞰这个不朽的城市”。一开始他不知所措，觉得自己在这块对他而言算是精神故土的土地上成为了陌生人。“不幸的很，”他用法语呼喊——法语是他特意选择来表达强烈感情的。“我是被希腊人称为迟来者的那种人—我来到世界，来到意大利太晚了。”(30)多年以后，歌德在历经渴求、在心灵上做了很多严肃准备后也去了意大利。歌德和他当年一样，处于青年时期，正在发掘希腊艺术，关于温克尔曼在意大利时期真正艺术家生活的传闻极大地鼓舞了他。他在罗马花了一整年时间从古代作品中汲取养分，为《伊菲革涅亚》做准备。他发现对温克尔曼记忆的刺激因素一直是活跃的。温克尔曼的罗马生活是简单的、原始的、希腊式的。他体质纤弱，只能食用面包和葡萄酒。他被很多人责难为叛教者，所以并无奢望获得名誉，只是希望看到自己的价值被认可，希望能够确定自己的存在。他很朴素却不吝啬，希望自己不贫穷也不富有。

Winckelmann's first years in Rome present all the elements of an intellectual situation of the highest interest. The beating of the soul against its bars, the sombre aspect, the alien traditions, the still barbarous literature of Germany, are afar off; before him are adequate

conditions of culture, the sacred soil itself, the first tokens of the advent of the new German literature, with its broad horizons, its boundless intellectual promise. Dante, passing from the darkness of the Inferno, is filled with a sharp and joyful sense of light, which makes him deal with it, in the opening of the Purgatorio, in a wonderfully touching and penetrative way. Hellenism, which is the principle pre-eminently of intellectual light (our modern culture may have more colour, the medieval spirit greater heat and profundity, but Hellenism is pre-eminent for light), has always been most effectively conceived by those who have crept into it out of an intellectual world in which the sombre elements predominate. So it had been in the ages of the Renaissance. This repression, removed at last, gave force and glow to Winckelmann's native affinity to the Hellenic spirit. "There had been known before him," says Madame de Staël, "learned men who might be consulted like books; but no one had, if I may say so, made himself a pagan for the purpose of penetrating antiquity." "One is always a poor executant of conceptions not one's own."—On exécute mal ce qu' on n'a pas conçu soi-même (Words of Charlotte Corday before the Convention.)—are true in their measure of every genuine enthusiasm. Enthusiasm,—that, in the broad Platonic sense of the Phaedrus, was the secret of his divinatory power over the Hellenic world. This enthusiasm, dependent as it is to a great degree on bodily temperament, has a power of re-enforcing the purer emotions of the intellect with an almost physical excitement. That his affinity with Hellenism was not merely intellectual, that the subtler threads of temperament were inwoven in it, is proved by his romantic, fervent friendships with young men. He has known, he says, many young men more beautiful than Guido's archangel. These friendships, bringing him into contact with the pride of human form, and staining the thoughts with its bloom, perfected his reconciliation to the spirit of Greek sculpture. A letter on taste addressed from Rome to a young nobleman, Friedrich von Berg, is the record of such a friendship.

温克尔曼在罗马的最初几年里表现出具备最高趣味的理性状态所包含的所有因素。心灵为冲破束缚而颤动，那阴沉的容貌、异国的传统和仍旧荒蛮的德国文学已经远去；摆在他眼前的是丰富的文化条件、神圣的土壤本身、新德国文学出现时最初的先兆及其广阔的前景和无限的理性前途。但丁从《地狱》的黑暗中走来，带着强烈的、令人欢欣的光明感，这种感觉使他在《炼狱》开头以一种非凡的笔触和深刻的方式将它处理得很完美。希腊风格是智慧之光的主要原则（我们当代的文化可能更加斑斓多彩，中世纪的精神更为炽热而深刻，但是希腊风格在追求光明方面是超群的），总是能被那些从一个严肃元素占主导的理性社会中悄悄走进它的人们最有效地理解。所以它曾出现在文艺复兴的时代里。这种最后被移除了的压抑给温克尔曼对希腊精神的天生亲合力以力量和激情。“在他之前，”斯塔尔夫人这样说，“就曾有可以被人们当作书籍来

请教的博学之人；但是没有人，如果我可以这样说的话，像他一样为了研究古代作品把自己变成了一个异教徒。”“人们在执行不属于自己的想法时，表现总是比较糟糕。”（夏洛特·科黛在国民会议之前所说。——作者注）这在衡量每一份真正的热情时都是正确的—热情，从《斐多篇》广泛的柏拉图式意义来讲，是他对希腊世界之预言能力的秘密。这种热情很大程度上依赖一种肉体上的性情，具有一种用近乎肉体的兴奋来加强更为纯粹的理性情绪的能力。他和希腊精神的亲近不只是理性上的，那种更为敏感的性情之线被编织进来，这可以用他和年轻人浪漫而热诚的友谊来证明。他说自己认识很多比吉多的天使长还有魅力的年轻人。这些友谊使他接触到人类形体的精华，用它的繁盛给思想着色，使他和希腊雕塑精神的融合达到完美。从罗马寄出，写给年轻的贵族弗里德里希·冯·伯格的一封关于品位的信，就记录了这样一种友谊。

"I shall excuse my delay," he begins, "in fulfilling my promise of an essay on the taste for beauty in works of art, in the words of Pindar7. He says to Agesidamus, a youth of Locri—ι'δε'α ιτεκαλόν, ὥρα ι τε κεκραμ`ενον—whom he had kept waiting for an intended ode, that a debt paid with usury is the end of reproach. This may win your good-nature on behalf of my present essay, which has turned out far more detailed and circumstantial than I had at first intended.

“我要为自己的延误表示谦意，”他这样开始，“我没有兑现承诺，写一篇关于艺术作品中，用品达的话来说，对美的品位的论文。洛克里斯有一位叫阿热西达母斯的青年，品达曾让这个青年为了一首他想要的颂诗一直等待。品达对他说，为债务付出高额利息将平息责备。我现在的这篇随笔可能会博得你的欢欣，因为它远比我一开始计划的多出很多细节。

"It is from yourself that the subject is taken. Our intercourse has been short, too short both for you and me; but the first time I saw you, the affinity of our spirits was revealed to me: your culture proved that my hope was not groundless; and I found in a beautiful body a soul created for nobleness, gifted with the sense of beauty. My parting from you was, therefore, one of the most painful in my life; and that this feeling continues our common friend is witness, for your separation from me leaves me no hope of seeing you again. Let this essay be a memorial of our friendship, which, on my side, is free from every selfish motive, and ever remains subject and dedicate to yourself alone.”

“主题是从你身上获得的。我们结交的时间不长，对我们两个来讲都很短暂；但是第一次看到你，我就知道我们两个的精神息息相通：你的修养证明我的希望不是没有根据的；我在一个美丽的身体里发现了一个为高贵而生、天生充盈着对美的感觉的灵魂。因此，离开你是我生命中最痛苦的事情之一。这种感觉还在继续，我们共同的朋友能够证明。因为你的离开让我感觉没有希望再见到你。这篇随笔将会是我们友谊的纪念，对我而言和任何自私的动机无关，它永远是凭你处置、献给你一个

人的。”

The following passage is characteristic—

下面的一段很有特点：

As it is confessedly the beauty of man which is to be conceived under one general idea, so I have noticed that those who are observant of beauty only in women, and are moved little or not at all by the beauty of men, seldom have an impartial, vital, inborn instinct for beauty in art. To such persons the beauty of Greek art will ever seem wanting, because its supreme beauty is rather male than female. But the beauty of art demands a higher sensibility than the beauty of nature, because the beauty of art, like tears shed at a play, gives no pain, is without life, and must be awakened and repaired by culture. Now, as the spirit of culture is much more ardent in youth than in manhood, the instinct of which I am speaking must be exercised and directed to what is beautiful, before that age is reached, at which one would be afraid to confess that one had no taste for it.”

“众所公认，人的美应该是在同一个普遍观念下形成。所以我注意到，那些只关注女性美、而几乎不被或根本从未被男性美打动的人，很少能对艺术之美有一种不偏不倚、生机勃勃和与生俱来的直觉。对这样的人而言，希腊艺术的美永远是欠缺的，因为它的至上之美是男性的而非女性的。但是艺术美要求比自然美更高的敏感性，因为艺术美像戏剧里的眼泪，不会带来痛苦也没有生命，必须通过文化将其唤醒和修复。此时，因为青年人的文化精神比成年人更为热切，所以在到达害怕承认对此没有品位的年纪之前，我所说的直觉必须被运用和投入到美的事物上面。”

Certainly, of that beauty of living form which regulated Winckelmann's friendships, it could not be said that it gave no pain. One notable friendship, the fortune of which we may trace through his letters, begins with an antique, chivalrous letter in French, and ends noisily in a burst of angry f ire. Far from reaching the quietism, the bland indifference of art, such attachments are nevertheless more susceptible than any others of equal strength of a purely intellectual culture. Of passion, of physical excitement, they contain only just so much as stimulates the eye to the finest delicacies of colour and form. These friendships, often the caprices of a moment, make Winckelmann's letters, with their troubled colouring, an instructive but bizarre addition to the History of Art, that shrine of grave and mellow light around the mute Olympian family. The impression which Winckelmann's literary life conveyed to those about him was that of excitement, intuition, inspiration of general principles. The quick, susceptible enthusiast, betraying his temperament even in appearance, by his olive complexion, his deep-seated, piercing eyes, his rapid

movements, apprehended the subtlest principles of the Hellenic manner, not through the understanding, but by instinct or touch. A German biographer of Winckelmann has compared him to Columbus. That is not the aptest of comparisons; but it reminds one of a passage in which Edgar Quinet describes the great discoverer's famous voyage. His science was often at fault; but he had a way of estimating at once the slightest indication of land, in a floating weed or passing bird; he seemed actually to come nearer to nature than other men. And that world in which others had moved with so much embarrassment, seems to call out in Winckelmann new senses fitted to deal with it. He is in touch with it; it penetrates him, and becomes part of his temperament. He remodels his writings with constant renewal of insight; he catches the thread of a whole sequence of laws in some hollowing of the hand, or dividing of the hair; he seems to realise that fancy of the reminiscence of a forgotten knowledge hidden for a time in the mind itself; as if the mind of one, lover and philosopher at once in some phase of pre-existence—φιλοσοφήσας πότε μέτ᾽ ἔρωτος—fallen into a new cycle, were beginning its intellectual career over again, yet with a certain power of anticipating its results. So comes the truth of Goethe's judgments on his works; they are a life, a living thing, designed for those who are alive—ein Lebendiges für die Leben digen geschrieben, ein Leben selbst.

当然，我们不能说掌控了温克尔曼友情的活生生的美没有给他造成任何痛苦。我们可以从他的信件中寻到一段著名友谊的命运的蛛丝马迹，这段关系以一封古雅的、大献殷勤的法语信开始，却在怒火爆发中吵闹地终结。虽然远没有到达清静无为这种艺术上的温和的中立，然而这种依恋比其他纯粹只是知识修养上的势均力敌者更敏感。他们具备的热情、肉体的兴奋仅仅是颜色和外形的最精妙之处对眼睛的刺激。这些时常是一时任性的友谊，使温克尔曼的书信还有它们杂乱的色彩成为《艺术史》这个环绕着沉默的奥林匹亚家族的散发着庄严而柔美之光的神殿——有启发性但却奇异的注脚。温克尔曼的文学生活给周围的人留下的印象是对普遍原则的兴奋、直觉和灵感。这个敏捷、易受影响的狂热者的外表甚至也暴露了他的性情，比如他橄榄色的面庞、他深陷而敏锐的双眼以及他敏捷的动作。他并非通过理解，而是通过直觉或接触感悟希腊风格里最精妙的原则。温克尔曼的一位德国传记作家曾把他和哥伦布作比较。虽然这比较不是最恰当的，但是它让人想起埃德加·基内描述这位伟大探索者著名旅程的一篇文章。哥伦布的知识常常出错误，但是他有一种根据最细微的迹象，比如漂浮的杂草或天空的飞鸟发现陆地的方法。他似乎比其他人更能亲近自然。那个令其他人在其中艰难前行的世界，好像在温克尔曼心中唤起了适合探究它的新感觉。他接触到它，它渗透进他，成为他性情的一部分。温克尔曼用持续更新的洞察力来修改自己的著作。他从手的镂空方式、亦或头发的疏理方式中去捕捉那一整套法则的线索。他似乎实现了恢复头脑中隐藏了一段时间、被遗忘知识的幻想。好像一个人的思维，作为爱人和哲学家一同处于某个存

在的前世，进入一个新的循环，带着某种能够预测结果的力量正在重新开始它的理性生涯。这样便出现了歌德对他作品的正确评断，认为它们是一种生命，一个活生生的东西，是为那些活着的人而设计的。

In 1758 Cardinal Albani, who had formed in his Roman villa a precious collection of antiquities, became Winckelmann's patron. Pompeii had just opened its treasures; Winckelmann gathered its first fruits. But his plan of a visit to Greece remained unfulfilled. From his first arrival in Rome he had kept the History of Ancient Art ever in view. All his other writings were a preparation for that. It appeared, finally, in 1764; but even after its publication Winckelmann was still employed in perfecting it. It is since his time that many of the most significant examples of Greek art have been submitted to criticism. He had seen little or nothing of what we ascribe to the age of Pheidias; and his conception of Greek art tends, therefore, to put the mere elegance of the imperial society of ancient Rome in place of the severe and chastened grace of the palaestra. For the most part he had to penetrate to Greek art through copies, imitations, and later Roman art itself; and it is not surprising that this turbid medium has left in Winckelmann's actual results much that a more privileged criticism can correct.

1758年，在自己罗马乡间别墅里收集了许多珍贵文物的红衣主教阿尔巴尼成为温克尔曼的赞助人。庞贝城的宝库刚刚开启，温克尔曼收集了它最初的果实。但是他访问希腊的计划仍没有实现。从刚到罗马开始，他就一直考虑创作《古代艺术史》，其他所有的作品都是其准备工作。最终这部著作于1764年问世，但是出版之后，温克尔曼仍一直受雇对它进行完善。就是从他那个时代开始，大多数希腊艺术里最重要的作品开始接受批判。他几乎未见到过我们归为菲迪亚斯时期的作品，因此他关于希腊艺术的概念倾向于用单纯的古罗马帝国的高雅来替代古罗马体育场严肃和精炼的雅致。多数时候他只能从复制品、模仿品和之后的罗马艺术本身来洞悉希腊艺术，所以这种混乱的媒介在他作品里留下了实在的结果，它们很多应该是更为权威的批判才能指正，这样也就不足为奇了。

He had been twelve years in Rome. Admiring Ger many had made many calls to him. At last, in 1768, he set out to revisit the country of his birth; and as he left Rome, a strange, inverted home-sickness, a strange reluctance to leave it at all, came over him. He reached Vienna. There he was loaded with honours and presents: other cities were awaiting him. Goethe, then nineteen years old, studying art at Leipsic, was expecting his coming, with that wistful eagerness which marked his youth, when the news of Winckelmann's murder arrived. All his "weariness of the North" had revived with double force. He left Vienna, intending to hasten back to Rome, and at Trieste a delay of a few days occurred. With characteristic openness, Winckelmann had

confided his plans to a fellow-traveller, a man named Arcangeli, and had shown him the gold medals received at Vienna. Arcangeli's avarice was aroused. One morning he entered Winckelmann's room, under pretence of taking leave. Winckelmann was then writing "memoranda for the future editor of the History of Art," still seeking the perfection of his great work. Arcangeli begged to see the medals once more. As Winckelmann stooped down to take them from the chest, a cord was thrown round his neck. Some time afterwards, a child with whose companionship Winckelmann had beguiled his delay, knocked at the door, and receiving no answer, gave the alarm. Winckelmann was found dangerously wound, and died a few hours later, after receiving the last sacraments. It seemed as if the gods, in reward of his devotion to them, had given him a death which, for its swiftness and its opportunity, he might well have desired. "He has," says Goethe, "the advantage of figuring in the memory of posterity, as one eternally able and strong; for the image in which one leaves the world is that in which one moves among the shadows." Yet, perhaps, it is not fanciful to regret that his proposed meeting with Goethe never took place. Goethe, then in all the pregnancy of his wonderful youth, still unruffled by the "stress and storm" of his earlier manhood, was awaiting Winckelmann with a curiosity of the worthiest kind. As it was, Winckelmann became to him something like what Virgil was to Dante. And Winckelmann, with his fiery friendships, had reached that age and that period of culture at which emotions hitherto fitful, sometimes concentrate themselves in a vital, unchangeable relation ship. German literary history seems to have lost the chance of one of those famous friendships, the very tradition of which becomes a stimulus to culture, and exercises an imperishable influence.

他在罗马居住了12年，崇敬他的德国曾多次召唤他回去。1768年，他最终启程重返自己出生的国家。当他离开罗马时，一种奇怪的相反的思乡之情——一种奇怪的完全不想离开的情绪突然袭来。他到达维也纳，在那里获得了很多荣誉和奖赏。其他的城市还在等待他到来。歌德当时19岁，在莱比锡学习艺术，带着一种年青人特有的热情期盼着他到来，此时传来了温克尔曼被谋杀的消息。温克尔曼所有的“对北方的厌倦”更加强烈地复苏了。他离开了维也纳，打算迅速赶回罗马，在的里雅斯特他耽搁了几天。性格开朗的温克尔曼把他的计划告诉给一个叫阿尔坎杰利的旅伴，还把自己在维也纳得到的金质勋章展示给他，这激起了阿尔坎杰利内心的贪欲。一个早上他进入温克尔曼的房间，假装说要离开。温克尔曼当时在写“给《艺术史》未来编者的备忘录”，还在尽力完善他的伟大作品。阿尔坎杰利央求再看一眼勋章，当温克尔曼弯腰去从盒子里把它们取出来时，一条绳索勒住了他的脖子。过了一会儿，陪伴温克尔曼愉快地消磨这段耽搁的日子的孩子来敲他的门，但是没有人回答，于是他报了警。温克尔曼被发现受了致命伤，几小时后在接受了最后的圣礼之后便死去了。这好像是众神为了回报他对它们的奉献，让他

迅速地、并在恰当的时机里死去，这可能也是他所期望的。“他，”歌德说，“有作为一个永远才能出众的强大人物存在于后世子孙记忆中的优势，因为一个人留给世界的形象也是他变成灵魂后的形象。”然而，人们可能对他和歌德没有实现预期的见面感到遗憾也是可以理解的。歌德当时风华正茂，还未受到他成年之初的“狂飙运动”影响，他正怀着最大的好奇心等待着温克尔曼的到来。事实上，温克尔曼之于他就像维吉尔之于但丁。而温克尔曼带着他炽烈的友情，已经到达了具有这样一种修养的年纪：情绪迄今为止仍不稳定，有时还把情绪集中于一种重大而不可改变的关系里。德国文学史似乎已经失去了其中一个获得这种伟大友谊的机会，这种友谊的传统能刺激文化发展，发挥着一种不朽的影响力。

In one of the frescoes of the Vatican, Raphael has commemorated the tradition of the Catholic religion. Against a space of tranquil sky, broken in upon by the beatific vision are ranged the great personages of Christian history, with the Sacrament in the midst. Another fresco of Raphael in the same apartment presents a very different company, Dante alone appearing in both. Surrounded by the muses of Greek mythology, under a thicket of laurel, sits Apollo, with the sources of Castalia at his feet. On either side are grouped those on whom the spirit of Apollo descended, the classical and Renaissance poets, to whom the waters of Castalia come down, a river making glad this other "city of God." In this fresco it is the classical tradition, the orthodoxy of taste, that Raphael commemorates. Winckelmann's intellectual history authenticates the claims of this tradition in human culture. In the countries where that tradition arose, where it still lurked about its own artistic relics, and changes of language had not broken its continuity, national pride might sometimes light up anew an enthusiasm for it. Aliens might imitate that enthusiasm, and classicism become from time to time an intellectual fashion. But Winckelmann was not further removed by language, than by local aspects and associations, from those vestiges of the classical spirit; and he lived at a time when, in Germany, classical studies were out of favour. Yet, remote in time and place, he feels after the Hellenic world, divines those channels of ancient art, in which its life still circulates, and, like Styles, the half-barbarous yet Hellenising king, in the beautiful story of Herodotus, is irresistibly attracted by it. This testimony to the authority of the Hellenic tradition, its fitness to satisfy some vital requirement of the intellect, which Winckelmann contributes as a solitary man of genius, is offered also by the general history of the mind. The spiritual forces of the past, which have prompted and informed the culture of a succeeding age, live, in deed, within that culture, but with an absorbed, under ground life. The Hellenic element alone has not been so absorbed, or content with this underground life; from time to time it has started to the surface; culture has been drawn back to its sources to be clarified and

corrected. Hellenism is not merely an absorbed element in our intellectual life; it is a conscious tradition in it.

在梵蒂冈的一幅壁画中，拉斐尔纪念了天主教的传统。一片安静的天空里突然显现出一片欢快的景象：基督教历史上的著名人物排列开来，围在圣餐周围。同一殿堂中另外一幅拉斐尔的壁画表现了一组完全不同的人物，只有但丁一个人在两幅作品中出现。在希腊神话里缪斯们的包围下，阿波罗坐在月桂树丛下，卡斯塔利亚泉的源头在他脚下。两边聚集了继承阿波罗精神的古典诗人和文艺复兴诗人，卡斯塔利亚泉泉水流到他们脚下，变成一条令这另一座“神之城”快乐的小河。在这幅壁画里，拉斐尔纪念的是古典传统和正统品味。温克尔曼的理性史验证了这种传统在人类文化领域的存在。在那些这一传统已然诞生、或者仍潜藏于自己艺术遗产的国家中，语言的变化并未打破它的连续性，民族自豪感有时可能重新点燃对它的热情。外邦人也许会仿效这种热情，古典风范时不时地成为理性潮流。但是，在这些古典精神的残存物中，语言对温克尔曼的触动，还没有当地风貌和关联对他的影响大。在他生活的时代，古典研究在德国并不受欢迎。然而，尽管时空相隔遥远，他仍能感受希腊精神的世界，预测那些古代艺术的路径。在那里它的生命还在循环，像司库列斯这个希罗多德美丽故事里半野蛮的希腊化君主一样，他仍然无法抗拒地被它吸引。这种对希腊传统权威性的陈述以及它对理性某种至关重要要求的满足，是温克尔曼作为一个孤独天才的贡献，它们同样也可以由思维的一般历史来实现。这种历史的精神力量，促进和鼓舞了后来时代的文化，它的确和那种文化共存着，但是以一种融合的方式存在于生活深处罢了。希腊元素本身没有如此融合进，或是满足于存在生活深处，它时不时地浮现到表面上来。文化被追溯到它的源头，以得到阐明和修正。希腊风格不仅是我们理性生活的一种专注的元素，它还是其中一种有意识的传统。

Again, individual genius works ever under conditions of time and place: its products are coloured by the varying aspects of nature, and type of human form; and out ward manners of life. There is thus an element of change in art; criticism must never for a moment forget that "the artist is the child of his time." But besides these conditions of time and place, and independent of them, there is also an element of permanence, a standard of taste, which genius confesses. This standard is maintained in a purely intellectual tradition. It acts upon the artist, not as one of the influences of his own age, but through those artistic products of the previous generation which first excited, while they directed into a particular channel, his sense of beauty. The supreme artistic products of succeeding generations thus form a series of elevated points, taking each from each the reflection of a strange light, the source of which is not in the atmosphere around and above them, but in a stage of society remote from ours. The standard of taste, then, was fixed in Greece, at a definite historical period. A tradition for all succeeding generations, it originates in a spontaneous

growth out of the influences of Greek society. What were the conditions under which this ideal, this standard of artistic orthodoxy, was generated? How was Greece enabled to force its thought upon Europe?

另外，个人天赋永远都是受时空条件的限制：它的作品被自然的各种形态、人类形态类型和外在的生活模式渲染。因此，在艺术中有一种变化的元素，批判一时一刻都不能忘记“艺术家是时代之子”。但是除了这些时空条件，还有独立在它们之外、被天才坦白承认的永恒元素，即一种品位标准。这种标准存在于一种纯粹的理性传统中，它不是作为艺术家自己所处时代的一种影响，而是通过那些前代的艺术作品作用于艺术家身上，当这些艺术作品指向一个特殊的通道之时，首先激发了他的美感。所以随后各代最高层次的艺术作品形成一系列的不断上升的点，每一点都是对一种陌生光线的反射，这束光不是来自于他们周围和上面的大气，而是来自一个与我们的时代相距甚远的社会阶段。品位的标准则在一个特定的历史阶段，在希腊确定下来。留给后世各代的传统，是在希腊社会的影响下自发成长起来的。这种理想、这种艺术正统思想的标准是在什么样的条件下产生的呢？希腊是如何使它的思想作用于欧洲的？

Greek art, when we first catch sight of it, is entangled with Greek religion. We are accustomed to think of Greek religion as the religion of art and beauty, the religion of which the Olympian Zeus and the Athena Polias are the idols, the poems of Homer the sacred books. Thus Cardinal Newman speaks of "the classical polytheism which was gay and graceful, as was natural in a civilised age." Yet such a view is only a partial one. In it the eye is fixed on the sharp, bright edge of high Hellenic culture, but loses sight of the sombre world across which it strikes. Greek religion, where we can observe it most distinctly, is at once a magnificent ritualistic system, and a cycle of poetical conceptions. Religions, as they grow by natural laws out of man's life, are modified by whatever modifies his life. They brighten under a bright sky, they become liberal as the social range widens, they grow intense and shrill in the clefts of human life, where the spirit is narrow and confined, and the stars are visible at noonday; and a fine analysis of these differences is one of the gravest functions of religious criticism. Still, the broad foundation, in mere human nature, of all religions as they exist for the greatest number, is a universal pagan sentiment, a paganism which existed before the Greek religion, and has lingered far onward into the Christian world, ineradicable, like some persistent vegetable growth, because its seed is an element of the very soil out of which it springs.

当我们第一次看到希腊艺术时，它和希腊宗教纠缠交错在一起。我们已经习惯把希腊宗教看成是艺术和美的宗教，这一宗教崇拜奥林匹亚的宙斯和雅典娜波利阿斯、以荷马史诗为圣经。所以红衣主教纽曼

说，“欢欣高雅的古典多神论在一个文明化的时代里是自然而然的。”然而这样的观点是不全面的，因为它只把目光投向高层次希腊文化睿智辉煌的锋芒上，但却没有看见受它全面冲击的阴暗世界。我们可以十分清晰地看到，希腊宗教既是一种宏伟的仪式体系，又是一整套诗歌概念。正如宗教是按照自然法则从人类生活中发展而来的，它们也被改变人类生活的一切所改变。在明亮的天空下它们变得明亮，当社会范围拓宽时它们变得自由，在精神狭隘受限、黑白颠倒的人类生活缝隙中则会变得激烈尖锐。对这些差异做出详细分析是宗教批判最严肃的功能之一。尽管如此，所有为大众而存在的宗教在纯人类本性中的的广泛根基是一种普遍的异教情感。这种异教情感在希腊宗教之前就已存在，而且迂回地深入到基督教世界里去，根深蒂固地存在，像某种植物的持续生长，因为它的种子正是它赖以成长的土壤的一种成分。

This pagan sentiment measures the sadness with which the human mind is filled, whenever its thoughts wander far from what is here, and now. It is beset by notions of irresistible natural powers, for the most part ranged against man, but the secret also of his fortune, making the earth golden and the grape fiery for him. He makes gods in his own image, gods smiling and flower-crowned, or bleeding by some sad fatality, to console him by their wounds, never closed from generation to generation. It is with a rush of home-sickness that the thought of death presents itself. He would remain at home for ever on the earth if he could. As it loses its colour and the senses fail, he clings ever closer to it; but since the mouldering of bones and flesh must go on to the end, he is careful for charms and talismans which may chance to have some friendly power in them when the inevitable shipwreck comes. Such sentiment is a part of the eternal basis of all religions, modified indeed by changes of time and place, but indestructible, because its root is so deep in the earth of man's nature. The breath of religious initiators passes over them; a few "rise up with wings as eagles," but the broad level of religious life is not permanently changed. Religious progress, like all purely spiritual progress, is confined to a few. This sentiment attaches itself in the earliest times to certain usages of patriarchal life, the kindling of fire, the washing of the body, the slaughter of the f lock, the gathering of harvest, holidays and dances. Here are the beginnings of a ritual, at first as occasional and unfixed as the sentiment which it expresses, but destined to become the permanent element of religious life. The usages of patriarchal life change; but this germ of ritual remains, promoted now with a consciously religious motive, losing its domestic character, and therefore becoming more and more in explicable with each generation. Such pagan worship, in spite of local variations, essentially one, is an element in all religions. It is the anodyne which the religious principle, like one administering opiates to the incurable, has added to the law which makes life sombre for the vast majority of

mankind.

每当它的思想远远地游离出此时此地时，这种异教情感就成了衡量填充人类心灵的悲伤的尺度。它被不可抗拒的自然力量的概念包围，在大部分情况下它与人类相对立，但也是人类财富的秘密，它使土地变成金色，把葡萄也变得火红。人类以自己的形象创造诸神：或是头戴花冠，灿然微笑，亦或受到致命打击，悲伤流血。人类用它们的伤口来安慰自己，一代一代，这些伤口从未痊愈。死亡的想法是带着一股急切的思乡之情出现的。如果可以，人会永远呆在自己的家乡，呆在人世间。当死亡的观念褪去颜色、各种感觉也变得淡薄之时，人们会更加贴近死亡。但是骨肉的腐朽一定会继续，直到最终结束，所以人们又很留意护身的符咒，希望当无可避免的灾难发生时它们可能碰巧会有一些挽救之力。这种情感是所有宗教永恒根基的一部分，它们的确会因时间和地点的不同而更改，但却不会被毁灭，因为它深深植根于人类天性的土壤中。宗教创始者的气息对它们未加理会，它们中的少数“像鹰一样振翼腾空而去”。但是宗教生活的主要层面没有被永久改变。宗教发展和所有纯精神的发展一样，局限于小范围内。这种情感在最初时期附着于父系社会生活的某些习惯做法，比如点火、净身、宰羊、粮食收割、假日和舞蹈。宗教仪式便这样开始了，最初和它传达的情感一样是偶然的，不固定的，但注定会成为宗教生活的永恒元素。父系社会的生活习惯在改变，但是仪式的雏形保留了下来。现在它随着一种自觉的宗教动机而发展，失去了其家族的特性，因此随着世代更迭变得越来越无法解释。这种异教崇拜尽管在各个地区有所不同，但在本质上相同，是所有宗教必有的一种因素。它是宗教原则加诸于使大多数人的生活变得严肃犹豫的法则之上的镇痛剂，就像给无法治愈的病人使用鸦片一样。

More definite religious conceptions come from other sources, and fix themselves upon this ritual in various ways, changing it, and giving it new meanings. In Greece they were derived from mythology, itself not due to a religious source at all, but developing in the course of time into a body of religious conceptions, entirely human in form and character. To the unprogressive ritual element it brought these conceptions, it self—ἡπτεροῦ δύναμις, the power of the wing—an element of refinement, of ascension, with the promise of an end less destiny. While the ritual remains unchanged, the aesthetic element, only accidentally connected with it, expands with the freedom and mobility of the things of the intellect. Always, the fixed element is the religious observance; the fluid, unfixed element is the myth, the religious conception. This religion is itself pagan, and has in any broad view of it the pagan sadness. It does not at once, and for the majority, become the higher Hellenic religion. The country people, of course, cherish the unlovely idols of an earlier time, such as those which Pausanias found still devoutly preserved in Arcadia. Athenaeus tells the story of one who, coming to a temple of Latona, had expected to find some worthy presentment of the mother of Apollo, and laughed

on seeing only a shapeless wooden figure. The wilder people have wilder gods, which, however, in Athens, or Corinth, or Lace- daemon, changing ever with the worshippers in whom they live and move and have their being, borrow some thing of the lordliness and distinction of human nature there. Greek religion, too, has its mendicants, its purifications, its antinomian mysticism, its garments offered to the gods, its statues worn with kissing, its exaggerated superstitions for the vulgar only, its worship of sorrow, its addolorata, its mournful mysteries. Scarcely a wild or melancholy note of the medieval church but was anticipated by Greek polytheism! What should we have thought of the vertiginous prophetess at the very centre of Greek religion? The supreme Hellenic culture is a sharp edge of light across this gloom. The fiery, stupefying wine becomes in a happier climate clear and exhilarating. The Dorian[8] worship of Apollo, rational, chastened, debonair, with his unbroken daylight, always opposed to the sad Chthonian divinities, is the aspiring element, by force and spring of which Greek religion sublimes itself. Out of Greek religion, under happy conditions, arises Greek art, to minister to human culture. It was the privilege of Greek religion to be able to transform itself into an artistic ideal.

更为明确的宗教概念来源于别处，它们以各种方式把自己固定在这种仪式上，改变它，并赋予它新的意义。在希腊，它们来源于本身和宗教渊源完全无关的神话，但后来神话在历史过程中发展成一种宗教概念的载体，完全具有人类的形体和性格。它给落后的宗教仪式的元素带来了这些概念，带来了它自己——飞翔的力量——这种文雅和升华的元素，它有着对无尽命运的希望。虽然宗教仪式保持不变，但是和它仅凭偶然联系在一起的美学元素与思维对象的自由度和灵活性一并得到了拓展。固定的元素总是宗教的仪式，流动不确定的元素则是神话，即宗教的概念。这种宗教观念本身就是异教，从任何宽泛的角度来说都有着异教的哀伤。这些宗教观念大多数没有一下子变成更高层次的希腊宗教。乡民们理所当然地珍爱着早期丑陋的崇拜对象，比如保萨尼阿斯发现的那些在阿卡狄亚仍然被虔诚地保留着的神。阿忒那奥斯讲过一个故事，有个人来到勒托的庙宇中，本以为能找到一些有价值的阿波罗之母的雕像。结果他只看到一个不成形的木雕，因此大笑起来。未开化的人有着相对野性的神，但是在雅典或科林斯湾，或者古斯巴达，神灵总是永远随着他们赖以生活和迁移、并使自己有了存在的崇拜者的改变而改变，他们从人类本性那里借来一些贵族气和特性。希腊宗教也有自己的托钵僧、涤罪仪式、反律法的神秘主义、它奉献给诸神的长袍、它因亲吻而磨损的雕像、它那只为平民准备的夸张迷信和它对悲痛的崇拜、它的痛苦和它令人悲伤的神秘。但希腊多神论对中世纪宗教野蛮或忧郁的特征是多么地无所期待！我们应该怎样看待处于希腊宗教核心位置的令人眩晕的女先知呢？希腊文化的至高境界是一道穿过这阴暗的锐利的亮光。灼烈的让人感到昏昏沉沉的葡萄酒在好气候里变得清冽喜人。阿波罗充满理性、经历磨炼、温文尔雅，带着他不去的白昼，总是和悲伤的冥府

之神相对立，多里安人对他的崇拜是一种积极的元素，希腊宗教通过它的力量和爆发升华了自我。在希腊宗教之外，在令人欣悦的状态下希腊艺术崛起并对人类文化做出了贡献。能够把自己转化为一种艺术典范是希腊宗教的特权。

For the thoughts of the Greeks about themselves, and their relation to the world generally, were ever in the happiest readiness to be transformed into objects for the senses. In this lies the main distinction, between Greek art and the mystical art of the Christian middle age, which is always struggling to express thoughts be yond itself. Take, for instance, a characteristic work of the middle age, Angelico's Coronation of the Virgin in the cloister of Saint Mark's at Florence. In some strange halo of a moon Jesus and the Virgin Mother are seated, clad in mystical white raiment, half shroud, half priestly linen. Jesus, with rosy nimbus and the long, pale hair—tanquam lana alba et tanquam nix—of the figure in the Apocalypse, with slender finger-tips is setting a crown of pearl on the head of Mary, who, corpse-like in her refinement, is bending forward to receive it, the light lying like snow upon her forehead. Certainly, it cannot be said of Angelico's fresco that it throws into a sensible form our highest thoughts about man and his relation to the world; but it did not do this adequately even for Angelico. For him, all that is outward or sensible in his work—the hair like wool, the rosy nimbus, the crown of pearl—is only the symbol or type of a really inexpressible world, to which he wishes to direct the thoughts; he would have shrunk from the notion that what the eye apprehended was all. Such forms of art, then, are inadequate to the matter they clothe; they re main ever below its level. Something of this kind is true also of oriental art. As in the middle age from an exaggerated inwardness, so in the East from a vagueness, a want of definition, in thought, the matter presented to art is unmanageable, and the forms of sense struggle vainly with it. The many-headed gods of the East, the orientalised, many-breasted Diana of Ephesus, like An gelico's fresco, are at best overcharged symbols, a means of hinting at an idea which art cannot fitly or completely express, which still remains in the world of shadows.

而希腊人对于他们自己的看法以及对于他们与世界的关系的普遍看法，则永远是处于可以转化为感官对象的完全就绪的最佳状态。这构成了希腊艺术和中世纪基督教的神秘艺术的主要区别，后者一直在努力表达超越自己本身的思想。以中世纪的一件典型作品——收藏在佛罗伦萨圣马可教堂修道院里的安吉利科的《圣母加冠》为例。耶稣和圣母坐在月亮形状的奇异的光晕中，他们穿着半似裹尸布、半似教士亚麻衫的神秘白色衣服。基督是《启示录》中那种有着玫瑰红色光轮，蓄着长长的灰白头发，穿着雪白的白麻布圣衣的形象。他正用细长的指尖把一个珍珠皇冠戴在马利亚头上。她举止优雅却如同死尸，身体前倾来接受皇

冠，如雪一般的光线洒在她的额头上。当然还不能说安吉利科的壁画把关于人和人与世界的关系的最高层次的思考融入了一种可感知的形式中，但是即使就安吉利科来说他在这点上做得也不到位。对他来说，他作品中所有外在的或者可感知的一切，比如羊毛一样的头发、玫瑰色的光轮和珍珠皇冠都只是他想为思想指出的一个实际上无法被表达出来的世界的象征或者典型。他本来可以从“目光捕捉的就是一切”这样的概念中抽身离去。这种艺术形式对它们所要表达的内容而言是不足的，它们永远处在内容的水平之下。这类情况在东方艺术中也是实际存在的。像中世纪过分的内在化一样，东方在思维方面的模糊不清和对概念的需求，使得呈现给艺术的内容难以驾驭，感觉形式随之的挣扎也是徒劳无谓的。正如安吉利科壁画中的那样，东方多头的神，东方化的、有多个乳房的埃斐索斯的狄安娜，最多是负载过多的象征，是用来暗示一种艺术无法正确或完全表达的、仍处于灵魂世界的观点的方式。

But take a work of Greek art,—the Venus of Melos. That is in no sense a symbol, a suggestion, of anything beyond its own victorious fairness. The mind begins and ends with the finite image, yet loses no part of the spiritual motive. That motive is not lightly and loosely attached to the sensuous form, as its meaning to an allegory, but saturates and is identical with it. The Greek mind had advanced to a particular stage of self-reflexion, but was careful not to pass beyond it. In oriental thought there is a vague conception of life everywhere, but no true appreciation of itself by the mind, no knowledge of the distinction of man's nature: in its consciousness of itself, humanity is still confused with the fantastic, indeterminate life of the animal and vegetable world. In Greek thought, on the other hand, the "lordship of the soul" is recognised; that lordship gives authority and divinity to human eyes and hands and feet; inanimate nature is thrown into the background. But just there Greek thought finds its happy limit; it has not yet be come too inward; the mind has not yet learned to boast its independence of the flesh; the spirit has not yet absorbed everything with its emotions, nor reflected its own colour everywhere. It has indeed committed itself to a train of reflexion which must end in defiance of form, of all that is outward, in an exaggerated idealism. But that end is still distant: it has not yet plunged into the depths of religious mysticism.

但是以一件希腊艺术作品《米洛的维纳斯》为例，它绝不是对除了以自身制胜的美丽之外的任何东西的象征或暗示。思维随着有限的形象开始和结束，然而没有损失精神动机的任一部分。这种动机不像意义之于寓言那样，轻轻地、松散地附着在带来美感的形式上，而是充分渗透进它并和它完全一致。希腊精神已经发展到一个自我反思的特殊阶段，但它也警惕着，绝不超越这个阶段。在东方思维中，有一种对生活的模糊概念随处可见，但是却没有思维对它本身的真正理解，没有对人类本性的特质的认识。在它的自我意识中，人性仍然和动物世界及植物世界

里虚幻模糊的生命混为一谈。而另一方面，希腊思维中“灵魂的统治”已经得到认可：这种统治赋予人类的双眼、双手和双脚以特权和神力，而毫无活力的自然被放到了次要位置。但是希腊思维正是在此发现了自己不算糟的局限性：它还没有变得过于内在，思维还没有学会夸耀自己相对于肉体的独立，精神既没有凭自己的好恶同化万物，也没有随处展现它的本色。它的确已把自己奉献给了一系列反思，这种反思须在一种夸大的理想主义中以对形式和外在的一切的蔑视中结束。但是这个终结点还很遥远，它还没有陷入宗教的神秘主义之中。

This ideal art, in which the thought does not outstrip or lie beyond the proper range of its sensible embodiment, could not have arisen out of a phase of life that was uncomely or poor. That delicate pause in Greek re flexion was joined, by some supreme good luck, to the perfect animal nature of the Greeks. Here are the two conditions of an artistic ideal. The influences which perfected the animal nature of the Greeks are part of the process by which "the ideal" was evolved. Those "Mothers" who, in the second part of Faust, mould and remould the typical forms that appear in human history, preside, at the beginning of Greek culture, over such a concourse of happy physical conditions as ever generates by natural laws some rare type of intellectual or spiritual life. That delicate air, "nimbly and sweetly recommending itself" to the senses, the finer aspects of nature, the finer lime and clay of the human form, and modelling of the dainty frame-work of the human countenance:—these are the good luck of the Greek when he enters upon life. Beauty becomes a distinction, like genius, or noble place.

在这种理想的艺术里，思想没有超越或超出自己感觉化身的适当范围，因此这种艺术不会是在一个简陋或是贫穷的生活阶段中产生。这种希腊反思的精妙停顿，非常幸运地揉进了希腊人完美的动物本性。这是艺术理想的两个条件。这些使希腊人动物本性达到完美的影响是“理想”进化过程中的一部分。那些在《浮士德》第二部分出现的“圣母”们，一次次铸造了人类历史中出现的典型形象，她们在希腊文化初期主导了如此的一个快乐的身体形态的集合，这些形态是在自然法则作用下产生的一些理性的、亦或精神生活的稀有类型。那种美妙的氛围，“敏捷轻快地将自己推荐”给各种感觉—交付给了本性中更细腻的一面；交付给塑造人类形态的更精细的石灰和陶土;塑造人类面容的优美框架—这些是希腊人开始生活时就遇到的好运。美像天赋或高贵之处一样变成了一种特质。

"By no people," says Winckelmann, "has beauty been so highly esteemed as by the Greeks. The priests of a youthful Jupiter at A Egae, of the Ismenian Apollo, and the priest who at Tanagra led the procession of Mercury, bearing a lamb upon his shoulders, were always youths to whom the prize of beauty had been awarded. The citizens of Egesta erected a monument to a certain Philip, who was

not their fellow-citizen, but of Croton, for his distinguished beauty; and the people made offerings at it. In an ancient song, ascribed to Simonides or Epicharmus, of four wishes, the first was health, the second beauty. And as beauty was so longed for and prized by the Greeks, every beautiful person sought to become known to the whole people by this distinction, and above all to approve himself to the artists because they awarded the prize; and this was for the artists an occasion for having supreme beauty ever before their eyes. Beauty even gave a right to fame; and we find in Greek histories the most beautiful people distinguished. Some were famous for the beauty of one single part of their form; as Demetrius Phalereus, for his beautiful eyebrows, was called Charito-blepharos. It seems even to have been thought that the procreation of beautiful children might be promoted by prizes. This is shown by the existence of contests for beauty, which in ancient times were established by Cypselus, King of Arcadia, by the river Alpheus; and, at the feast of Apollo of Philae, a prize was offered to the youths for the deftest kiss. This was decided by an umpire; as also at Megara, by the grave of Diodes. At Sparta, and at Lesbos, in the temple of Juno, and among the Parrhasii, there were contests for beauty among women. The general esteem for beauty went so far, that the Spartan women set up in their bed chambers a Nireus, a Narcissus, or a Hyacinth, that they might bear beautiful children."

温克尔曼说："没有人像希腊人那样高度尊重美。爱琴的年轻的朱庇特和伊兹美尼亚阿波罗的祭司们，还有在塔纳格拉给墨丘利神引路的肩膀上搭着一只小羊的祭司，总是些得到美的奖赏的年轻人。埃格斯塔的市民们为了某位菲利普的卓绝之美，竖立起一块纪念碑，而他并非是和他们同城的居民，而是克罗顿人。人们还在纪念碑那里献祭品。一首被认为是西摩尼得斯或埃庇卡摩斯作品的古老歌谣里吟唱了四个愿望，第一个是健康，第二个就是美丽。因为美受到希腊人如此的渴望和珍视，每一位拥有美貌者都企图让所有人了解自己的这种特质，最重要的是获得艺术家们的认可，因为他们会颁发美的奖章。这对艺术家来说是一个将至高之美呈现在眼前的机会。美甚至给人获得名誉的权利。我们在希腊史书里发现，最美丽的人都是卓尔不凡的。有些人因为他们外表的某个单独的部分的美丽而著名，比如德米特里厄斯·法勒琉斯因他的眉毛而闻名，他也因此被称为"美眉公"。似乎人们甚至曾经想过，奖励可能促使妇女生出漂亮的孩子。选美比赛的存在证明了这一点。在古代，这种比赛由阿卡狄亚国王塞普瑟鲁斯在阿尔菲厄斯河边创立。在菲莱的阿波罗庆典活动中，接吻最熟练的青年们会得到奖赏：这由一位仲裁人定夺。在迈加拉也有类似的竞赛在狄奥克莱斯的坟墓旁举行。在斯巴达和莱斯沃斯岛、朱诺的神殿里和柏拉西人中都有女子的选美比赛。对美的普遍尊崇已达到了如此地步，以至于斯巴达妇女会在她们的卧室里放置一株水仙花或是风信子，以期生出漂亮的孩子。

So, from a few stray antiquarianisms, a few faces cast up sharply

from the waves, Winckelmann, as his manner was, divines the temperament of the antique world, and that in which it had delight. It has passed away with that distant age, and we may venture to dwell upon it. That sharpness and reality it has is the sharpness and reality of suddenly arrested life. The Greek system of gymnastics originated as part of a religious ritual. The worshipper was to recommend himself to the gods by becoming fleet and fair, white and red, like them. The beauty of the palaestra, and the beauty of the artist's workshop, reacted on one another. The youth tried to rival his gods; and his increased beauty passed back into them.—"I take the gods to witness, I had rather have a fair body than a king's crown"—Ομνυμι πάνταςθεοὺςμὴἐλἐσθαι ἂν τήν Ββασιλέως ἀρχὴν ἀντὶ τοῦαλὸςεἶναι—that is the form in which one age of the world chose the higher life.—A perfect world, if the gods could have seemed for ever only fleet and fair, white and red! Let us not regret that this unperplexed youth of humanity, satisfied with the vision of itself, passed, at the due moment, into a mournful maturity; for already the deep joy was in store for the spirit, of finding the ideal of that youth still red with life in the grave.

因此，从一些零碎的考古研究中，一些面孔从波涛中急剧地冲上岸来，温克尔曼从天性出发，推测了古代世界的特质，认为在那个世界中，人们是愉悦的。它和那个久远的时代一起已经离我们远去了，而我们可以尝试来仔细思考它。它所具有的锐利和逼真是被突然扼住的生活的锐利和逼真。希腊的体育体系是作为宗教仪式的一部分出现的。朝拜者要通过变得和神一样敏捷优美、白皙红润来获得神的青睐。角力学校的美和艺术家画室的美互相作用。年轻人尝试和神明竞赛，而他持续增加的美丽又传递到神的身上。“我以诸神为证，我宁愿要一个美丽的身体而不是国王的王冠。”—那是世界的一个时代选择更高层次生活的形式。如果诸神能够永远看起来敏捷优美、白皙红润，这个世界该多么完美！人类的青年时期无忧无虑，满足于眼前的景象；而在适当的时候，青年时期将过渡到充满悲哀的成熟期。但不要为此而感到遗憾。因为深层次的快乐已经为精神储备，发现那青年时代的理想状态在坟墓中仍然鲜活。

It followed that the Greek ideal expressed itself pre eminently in sculpture. All art has a sensuous element, colour, form, sound—in poetry a dexterous recalling of these, together with the profound, joyful sensuousness of motion, and each of them may be a medium for the ideal: it is partly accident which in any individual case makes the born artist, poet, or painter rather than sculptor. But as the mind itself has had an historical development, one form of art, by the very limitations of its material, may be more adequate than another for the expression of anyone phase of that development. Different attitudes of the imagination have a native affinity with different types of sensuous

form, so that they combine together, with completeness and ease. The arts may thus be ranged in a series, which corresponds to a series of developments in the human mind itself. Architecture, which begins in a practical need, can only express by vague hint or symbol the spirit or mind of the artist. He closes his sadness over him, or wanders in the perplexed intricacies of things, or projects his purpose from him clean-cut and sincere, or bares himself to the sun light. But these spiritualities, felt rather than seen, can but lurk about architectural form as volatile effects, to be gathered from it by reflexion. Their expression is, indeed, not really sensuous at all. As human form is not the subject with which it deals, architecture is the mode in which the artistic effort centres, when the thoughts of man concerning himself are still indistinct, when he is still little preoccupied with those harmonies, storms, victories, of the unseen and intellectual world, which, wrought out into the bodily form, give it an interest and significance communicable to it alone. The art of Egypt, with its supreme architectural effects, is, according to Hegel's beautiful comparison, a Memnon waiting for the day, the day of the Greek spirit, the humanistic spirit, with its power of speech.

随后希腊理想在雕塑中得到出色的表达。所有艺术都有愉悦感官的元素，比如色彩、形状和声音。诗歌是对所有这些元素的灵活再现，同时带着深刻、令人欢欣的动作快感，它们每个都可能成为实现这种理想的媒介。在每个个例中，部分是因为偶然因素更可能成就一个天生的艺术家，诗人或画家，而不是雕塑家。但是因为思想本身也有一种历史发展，一种艺术形式，受到它物质材料的限制，可能比其他艺术形式更能充分表达那种发展的任何阶段。想象力的不同态度天生就与不同类型的感官形式息息相通，所以它们完完全全、轻而易举地结合在一起。因此，艺术可以被排出和人类思想自身发展阶段相对应的序列。为了满足实际需求而产生的建筑只能通过模糊的暗示或者象征来表现艺术家的精神或思想。他把自己的忧伤掩藏，或是在事物令人困惑的错杂关系中徘徊，亦或把自己的目标鲜明诚挚地表达出来，再或者把自己暴露在日光下。但是这些被感知而非亲眼所见的精神因素，只能作为不稳定的效果隐含在建筑形式里，通过反思才能捕捉得到。它们的表达确实根本不能算是带来了美感。因为人类形体并非建筑所涉及的主题，当人类关于自身的想法仍朦胧不清，当不可见的理性世界努力使自身具体化，赋予它一种唯有它可以传达的趣味和意义，而人类还不够关注这种理性世界里那些平静、风暴或胜利时，建筑采用以艺术效果为中心的模式。埃及艺术中建筑取得了至高的成就，根据黑格尔的优美比喻，埃及艺术是一位等待白昼的门农，他等待着希腊精神这种有着雄辩力量的人文精神的白昼来临。

Again, painting, music, and poetry, with their endless power of complexity, are the special arts of the romantic and modern ages. Into these, with the utmost attenuation of detail, may be translated every

delicacy of thought and feeling, incidental to a consciousness brooding with delight over itself. Through their gradations of shade, their exquisite intervals, they project in an external form that which is most inward in passion or sentiment. Between architecture and those romantic arts of painting, music, and poetry, comes sculpture, which, unlike architecture, deals immediately with man, while it contrasts with the romantic arts because it is not self-analytical. It has to do more exclusively than any other art with the human form, itself one entire medium of spiritual expression, trembling, blushing, melting into dew, with inward excitement. That spirituality which only lurks about architecture as a volatile effect, in sculpture takes up the whole given material, and penetrates it with an imaginative motive; and at first sight sculpture, with its solidity of form, seems a thing more real and full than the faint, abstract world of poetry or painting. Still the fact is the reverse. Discourse and action show man as he is, more directly than the play of the muscles and the moulding of the flesh; and over these poetry has command. Painting, by the flushing of colour in the face and dilatation of light in the eye—music, by its subtle range of tones—can refine most delicately upon a single moment of passion, unravelling its subtlest threads.

绘画、音乐、诗歌以其复杂性所赋予它们的无尽的力量，又一次成为浪漫主义时代和当代的特殊艺术。每一种细微的思想和感情，都可以以最简的形式，在其中表达出来，易于催生对其自身感到愉悦的自我意识。通过光与影的交替，复杂的休止符，它们以一种外在的形式投射出热情或情感中最内在的东西。在建筑和绘画、音乐、诗歌等等浪漫主义艺术之间，雕塑产生了。它不同于建筑，它直接涉及人，但又和浪漫艺术不同，因为它并非自我分析的。它比其他涉及人类形态的艺术更专注，它自己就是精神表达的一种完整媒介，随着内心的激动而颤抖、羞愧、融入眼泪中。那种只作为一种不稳定的效果隐藏于建筑中的精神因素，在雕塑中则拿起所有给定的材料，并把一种想象性动机渗入其中。第一眼看上去，有着固体形状的雕塑，似乎是一种比诗歌或绘画的模糊抽象的世界更为真实丰富的东西。然而事实刚好相反。言语和行为对一个人原貌的展示，比对肌肉的拿捏或肉体的塑造更为直接，而诗歌达到了这些要求。绘画通过脸部颜色的润红和眼睛里光线的扩张，音乐通过它精妙的音域都可以最精妙地提炼出某一激情时刻，理出其最难解的头绪。

But why should sculpture thus limit itself to pure form? Because, by this imitation, it becomes a perfect medium of expression for one peculiar motive of the imaginative intellect. It, therefore, renounces all those attributes of its material which do not forward that motive. It has had, indeed, from the beginning an unfixed claim to colour; but this element of colour in it has always been more or less conventional, with no melting or modulation of tones, never permitting more than a

very limited realism. It was maintained chiefly as a religious tradition. In proportion as the art of sculpture ceased to be merely decorative, and subordinate to architecture, it threw itself upon pure form. It renounces the power of expression by lower or heightened tones. In it, no member of the human form is more significant than the rest; the eye is wide, and without pupil; the lips and brow are hardly less significant than hands, and breasts, and feet. But the limitation of its resources is part of its pride: it has no backgrounds, no sky or atmosphere, to suggest and interpret a train of feeling; a little of suggested motion, and much of pure light on its gleaming surfaces, with pure form—only these. And it gains more than it loses by this limitation to its own distinguishing motives; it unveils man in the repose of his unchanging characteristics. That white light, purged from the angry, bloodlike stains of action and passion, reveals, not what is accidental in man, but the tranquil godship in him, as opposed to the restless accidents of life. The art of sculpture records the first naive, unperplexed recognition of man by himself; and it is a proof of the high artistic capacity of the Greeks, that they apprehended and remained true to these exquisite limitations, yet, in spite of them, gave to their creations a mobile, a vital, individuality.

但是为什么雕塑要把自己限制在纯形式的表达中呢？因为通过这种限制，它成为想象性思维中一种特殊动机的最佳表达媒介。因此它放弃了材料中所有对表达这一主题无益的性质特征。诚然，它一开始对颜色的要求就是不确定的，但是它里面这种颜色的元素总有一些约定俗成的惯例，没有色调的融合或调整，从不允许超出写实主义这个有限的区域。雕塑主要是作为一种宗教传统保留着。而随着雕塑艺术不再只作装饰之用，不再仅是建筑的附属品，它成为了一种纯形式的艺术。它放弃了降低或提升色调这种表达方式。在雕塑里，人类外形的所有部分都同等重要：眼睛很大，没有瞳仁；嘴唇和眉毛与手、胸、脚同样重要。但是它资源的有限性也是它的骄傲：它没有背景，没有天空或空气来暗示或解释一连串的感觉，只有很少的暗示出来的动作，有很多投向发光表面的纯光线，还有纯粹的形态，只有这些而已。然而这种对其特殊动机的局限性对雕塑而言得大于失，它揭开了人在其不变特性的和谐状态的面纱。从行为和感情里愤怒的血迹一般的污点中涤荡出来的那道白光，展现的不是人的偶然性情，而是他内心中与生活中喧嚣的琐事相反的宁静神性。雕塑艺术记录了人类对自身最初天真的、简单的认识。它也是希腊人高超艺术能力的证明，他们理解并真实面对这些高雅的局限，尽管如此，这却给他们的作品赋予了一种灵动的、充满活力的个性。

Heiterkeit—blitheness or repose, and Allgemeinheit—generality or breadth, are, then, the supreme characteristics of the Hellenic ideal. But that generality or breadth has nothing in common with the lax observation, the unlearned thought, the flaccid execution, which have sometimes claimed superiority in art, on the plea of being broad or

general. Hellenic breadth and generality come of a culture minute, severe, constantly renewed, rectifying and concentrating its impressions into certain pregnant types.

乐天性指愉快或宁静，大众性意为普遍或宽泛，这两者是当时希腊理想的至高特点。但是这种普遍或宽泛和马虎的观察、不成熟的思想以及拙劣的技巧没有任何共同之处，有时以宽泛和普遍为借口，它们在艺术中声称具有优先地位。希腊精神的宽泛和普遍源于一种文化，这种文化精准、严格、不断更新并将其自己的感觉调整和集中到一些富于内涵的艺术类型中。

The basis of all artistic genius lies in the power of conceiving humanity in a new and striking way, of putting a happy world of its own creation in place of the meaner world of our common days, generating around itself an atmosphere with a novel power of refraction, selecting, transforming, recombining the images it transmits, according to the choice of the imaginative intellect. In exercising this power, painting and poetry have a variety of subject almost unlimited. The range of characters or persons open to them is as various as life itself; no character, however trivial, misshapen, or unlovely, can resist their magic. That is because those art can accomplish their function in the choice and development of some special situation, which lifts or glorifies a character, in itself not poetical. To realise this situation, to define, in a chill and empty atmosphere, the focus where rays, in themselves pale and impotent, unite and begin to burn, the artist may have, indeed, to employ the most cunning detail, to complicate and refine upon thought and passion a thousand fold. Let us take a brilliant example from the poems of Robert Browning. His poetry is pre-eminently the poetry of situations. The characters themselves are always of secondary importance; often they are characters in themselves of little interest; they seem to come to him by strange accidents from the ends of the world. His gift is shown by the way in which he accepts such a character, throws it into some situation, or apprehends it in some delicate pause of life, in which for a moment it becomes ideal. In the poem entitled Le Byron de nos Jours, in his Dramatis Personae, we have a single moment of passion thrown into relief after this exquisite fashion. Those two jaded Parisians are not intrinsically interesting: they begin to interest us only when thrown into a choice situation. But to discriminate that moment, to make it appreciable by us, that we may "find it", what a cobweb of allusions, what double and treble reflexions of the mind upon itself, what an artificial light is constructed and broken over the chosen situation; on how fine a needle's point that little world of passion is balanced! Yet, in spite of this intricacy, the poem has the clear ring of a central motive. We

receive from it the impression of one imaginative tone, of a single creative act.

所有艺术天赋都建立在这样一种力量之上：它以一种全新的惊人的方法构建人性，用其自己创造的快乐世界来代替我们日常生活中较为简陋的世界，并在自己周围创造出一种含有全新的折射力量的氛围，这种力量根据想象思维的选择而筛选、转换、重新组合它传达的形象。在运用这种力量时，绘画和诗歌具有几乎不受限制的多样主题。对它们来说人物或角色的范围可以和生活中一样多种多样。不管人物多么微不足道、多么畸形或是讨人嫌，都不能抗拒它们的魔力。这是因为那些艺术可以通过选择和发展一些能够提升或润饰一种本身并无诗意的人物的特定场景，以这种方式实现它们的功能。为了实现这个场景，为了在一种寒冷空荡的气氛中找到这些暗淡虚弱的光线结合在一起、开始发热的焦点，艺术家可能的确只能借助最巧妙的细节，通过上千次的推敲，将思想和激情复杂化，精炼化。我们从罗伯特·勃朗宁的诗歌中选取一个光辉的范例吧。他的诗歌主要是有关情境的诗歌。人物本身总是次要的，通常他们本身是无足轻重的，似乎是因为机缘巧合才从世界的尽头来到他面前。勃朗宁的天赋在于他接受这样的人物，把他放在某个场景中，或者在生活的某个微妙的间歇中理解他，在这里他在一刹间变得完美了。在《剧中人》中一首题为《我们生活中的拜伦》的诗中，我们在体会到这种精致手法后，激情会一下子释放出来。那两个疲惫不堪的巴黎人本身并不有趣。他们只是被限定在一个特定场景下才开始吸引我们。但是为了区别出这个瞬间，使我们能够欣赏它，使我们可以“发现它”，在那个选定的情境上构建又打破了多少错综复杂的隐喻，表达了思维对自己双重甚至三重的反思，又是有怎样的人造光线；小小的情感世界是怎样在一个针尖上达到如此的平衡！然而尽管其如此地错综复杂，诗歌还是有着清晰的中心主题。我们从中获得单一想象性色调和专一创造性行为的印象。

To produce such effects at all requires all the resources of painting, with its power of indirect expression, of subordinate but significant detail, its atmosphere, its foregrounds and backgrounds. To produce them in a preeminent degree requires all the resources of poetry, language in its most purged form, its remote associations and suggestions, its double and treble lights. These appliances sculpture cannot command. In it, therefore, not the special situation, but the type, the general character of the subject to be delineated, is all-important. In poetry and painting, the situation predominates over the character; in sculpture, the character over the situation. Excluded by the proper limitation of its material from the development of exquisite situations, it has to choose from a select number of types intrinsically interesting—interesting, that is, independently of any special situation into which they may be thrown. Sculpture finds the secret of its power in presenting these types, in their broad, central, incisive lines. This it effects not by accumulation of detail, but by abstracting from it. All

that is accidental, all that distracts the simple effect upon us of the supreme types of humanity, all traces in them of the commonness of the world, it gradually purges away.

要想完全达到这些效果需要运用绘画的所有资源，其间接表达次要但重要的细节的力量，其氛围、前景和背景。要显著地达到这些效果也需要运用诗歌的所有资源：最为纯洁的语言、广泛的联想暗示以及双倍甚至三倍的观察力。这些手段都是雕塑所无法企及的。因此在雕塑中重要的不是特定场景，而是类型，是被详细刻画的主题的普遍特质。在诗歌和绘画中，场景凌驾于人物之上；在雕塑中，人物凌驾于场景之上。因为材料的特定限制它不能展开细腻的场景，它必须从精选出来的，本身有趣的类型中选取，有趣，指的是独立于任何可能用来表现它的特殊场景之外仍然引人兴趣。雕塑在表现这些类型的过程中，在它们宽阔的、中心的、精准的线条中发现自己力量的秘密。它不是靠细节的堆积，而是通过从细节中抽象出来产生效果。所有偶然的，所有分散人类最高类型作用于我们身上而产生的简单效果的东西，所有它们身上世界共性的痕迹，都逐渐涤荡散尽。

Works of art produced under this law, and only these, are really characterised by Hellenic generality or breadth. In every direction it is a law of restraint. It keeps passion always below that degree of intensity at which it must necessarily be transitory, never winding up the features to one note of anger, or desire, or surprise. In some of the feeble allegorical designs of the middle age, we find isolated qualities portrayed as by so many masks; its religious art has familiarised us with faces fixed immovably into blank types of placid reverie. Men and women, again, in the hurry of life, often wear the sharp impress of one absorbing motive, from which it is said death sets their features free. All such instances may be ranged under the grotesque; and the Hellenic ideal has nothing in common with the grotesque. It allows passion to play lightly over the surface of the individual form, losing thereby nothing of its central impassivity, its depth and repose. To all but the highest culture, the reserved faces of the gods will ever have something of insipidity.

只有在这个法则下创作出来的艺术作品才真正具有希腊精神普遍而广博的特点。不论在哪个方面这个法则都起着制约作用。都是限制它，使其总是将激情保持在异常激烈的程度之下，激情必然是短暂易逝的，从不会使面部表情显示出一丝的愤怒、渴望或惊讶。在中世纪一些乏力的寓言式作品中，我们看到对一些孤立的特质的描绘，使这些作品如同戴上了面具。中世纪的宗教艺术中固定在平静幻想、无表情类型里的面孔比比皆是。匆忙生活中的男男女女依旧总是带着专注于某一动机的尖锐表情，据说只有死亡能把他们从这副表情中解放出来。所有这些例子都可以列于怪异风格之中。而希腊理想和怪异风格毫无关系，它允许热情在个体形象之外稍稍有所体现，这样不会丧失任何处于中心地位的泰然自若、深度和宁静。除了最高层次的文化外，诸神这种矜持的脸庞对

其他文化而言总是有些枯燥无味的。

Again, in the best Greek sculpture, the archaic immobility has been stirred, its forms are in motion; but it is a motion ever kept in reserve, and very seldom committed to any definite action. Endless as are the attitudes of Greek sculpture, exquisite as is the invention of the Greeks in this direction, the actions or situations it permits are simple and few. There is no Greek Ma donna; the goddesses are always childless. The actions selected are those which would be without significance, except in a divine person—binding on a sandal or pre paring for the bath. When a more complex and significant action is permitted, it is most often represented as just finished, so that eager expectancy is excluded, as in the image of Apollo just after the slaughter of the Python, or of Venus with the apple of Paris already in her hand. The Laocoon, with all that patient science through which it has triumphed over an almost unmanageable subject, marks a period in which sculpture has begun to aim at effects legitimate, because delightful, only in painting.

另外，在希腊最好的雕塑中陈旧的静止风格被动摇，其形体处于运动中，但是这种动感是永远处于保留状态的，而且几乎从不用来表现哪个特定动作。希腊雕塑的姿态是如此众多，希腊人在这个方面的创造是如此精美，因此它准许的动作和场景是简单而少之又少的。希腊没有圣母，女神也永远没有子女。所选的动作如果不是出现在圣人身上就不会有任何意义，比如穿上凉鞋或者准备沐浴。如果准许一个更为复杂而重要的动作存在，它常常表现为刚刚完成的动作，这样就不会有焦急的期待了，就像是刚刚杀死皮同的阿波罗的形象，或是已经把帕里斯的苹果拿在手上的维纳斯。《拉奥孔》以无与伦比的耐心技巧攻克了一个几乎无法掌控的主题，标志着雕塑开始进入追求曾经只存在于绘画中的令人愉悦的效果的时代。

The hair, so rich a source of expression in painting, because, relatively to the eye or the lip, it is mere drapery, is withdrawn from attention; its texture, as well as its colour, is lost, its arrangement but faintly and severely indicated, with no broken or enmeshed light. The eyes are wide and directionless, not fixing anything with their gaze, nor riveting the brain to any special external object, the brows without hair. Again, Greek sculpture deals almost exclusively with youth, where the moulding of the bodily organs is still as if suspended between growth and completion, indicated but not emphasised; where the transition from curve to curve is so delicate and elusive, that Winckelmann compares it to a quiet sea, which, although we understand it to be in motion, we nevertheless regard as an image of repose; where, therefore, the exact degree of development is so hard to apprehend. If a single product only of Hellenic art were to be saved in the wreck of all beside, one might choose perhaps from the

beautiful multitude of the Panathenaic frieze, that line of youths on horseback, with their level glances, their proud, patient lips, their chastened reins, their whole bodies in exquisite service. This colourless, unclassified purity of life, with its blending and interpenetration of intellectual, spiritual, and physical elements, still folded together, pregnant with the possibilities of a whole world closed within it, is the highest expression of the indifference which lies beyond all that is relative or partial. Everywhere there is the effect of an awaking, of a child's sleep just disturbed. All these effects are united in a single instance—the adorante of the museum of Berlin, a youth who has gained the wrestler's prize, with hands lifted and open, in praise for the victory. Fresh, unperplexed, it is the image of a man as he springs first from the sleep of nature, his white light taking no colour from any one-sided experience. He is characterless, so far as character involves subjection to the accidental influences of life.

头发是绘画中丰富的表现资源。但在希腊雕塑中因为它与眼睛和嘴唇相比只是修饰性的，所以不再是关注的焦点。头发的纹理和颜色消失了，发式只是被轻微地暗示出来，没有凌乱或是纠结在一起的光线。大大的眼睛不知看向哪里，凝视的目光并未固定在任何东西上，头部也不会固定于哪个特定外物上，眼眉处没有毛发。此外，希腊雕塑几乎专注于表现年轻人，身体器官的形状好像仍然停留在成长和完成之间；对此，希腊雕塑只有暗示而并未特别强调。曲线之间的过渡如此地精妙，难以捉摸，温克尔曼把它比作安静的海洋，我们虽然知道它应该处于运动中，但却把它看成一个静止的形象。因此，这里进展的准确程度难以把握。如果只有一件希腊艺术品可以在沉船中获救，人们可能会从泛雅典娜女神节柱中楣的“美丽群像”中进行选择。那一排青年骑在马背上，目光平视，嘴唇显得骄傲坚忍，他们勒紧缰绳、整个身体显示出一种优美的虔诚。在这种单调、普通的纯洁生命中，混合渗透了理智、精神和肉体的元素，静静地叠加在一起，如此丰富，包含着一个世界的可能性，它最完美地表达了超出所有与之相关或是它其中一部分范围之外的无动于衷。到处充满了一种觉醒，一种惊扰了孩子睡梦的效果。所有这些效果集中在一幅作品中，这就是柏林博物馆里的《胜利者》。一个年轻人获得了摔跤胜利的奖赏，他举起张开的双手庆祝胜利。这个形象清新、单纯，似乎第一次从本性的睡梦中醒来而激情迸发，他纯洁的目光并未影响片面经历的色彩。按照个性的形成受到生活的偶然影响的定义来看，他没有任何的个性。

"This sense," says Hegel, "for the consummate model ling of divine and human forms was pre-eminently at home in Greece. In its poets and orators, its historians and philosophers, Greece cannot be conceived from a central point, unless one brings, as a key to the under standing of it, an insight into the ideal forms of sculpture, and regards the images of statesmen and philosophers, as well as epic and dramatic heroes, from the artistic point of view. For those who act, as

well as those who create and think, have, in those beautiful days of Greece, this plastic character. They are great and free, and have grown up on the soil of their own individuality, creating themselves out of themselves, and moulding themselves to what they were, and willed to be. The age of Pericles was rich in such characters; Pericles him self, Pheidias, Plato, above all Sophocles, Thucydides also, Xenophon and Socrates, each in his own order, the perfection of one remaining undiminished by that of the others. They are ideal artists of themselves, cast each in one f lawless mould, works of art, which stand before us as an immortal presentment of the gods. Of this modelling also are those bodily works of art, the victors in the Olympic games; yes! and even Phryne[9], who, as the most beautiful of women, ascended naked out of the water, in the presence of assembled Greece."

黑格尔说："这种完美塑造神和人类形态的感觉主要在希腊发端。对于希腊的诗人和演讲家，历史学家和哲学家而言，希腊不能从一个中心点上构想，除非有人带来对雕塑的理想形态的洞察作为理解它的关键，并从艺术的角度出发审视政治家和哲人、以及史诗和戏剧中的英雄的形象。因为那些采取行动、以及进行创造和思考的人在希腊的灿烂时代里具有这种可塑的性格。他们伟大而自由，在自己个性的土壤中成长，创造了自己，把自己塑造成自己成为和希望成为的样子。伯里克利时代不缺乏这样的人物：伯里克利自己、菲迪亚斯、柏拉图、还有最重要的索福克勒斯以及修昔底德、色诺芬和苏格拉底。每一个人在他自己的阶层里，一个人的完美不因其他人的完美而相形见绌。他们是自己理想的艺术家，每个人置于一个完美无暇的模子里，他们是艺术品，作为神的不朽存在展现在我们面前。那些人体的艺术品、奥林匹克运动中的胜利者也属于这些雕塑作品之列。没错！甚至包括那个最美的女人，从水中裸身而出，出现在集会的希腊人面前的芙莱妮。"

This key to the understanding of the Greek spirit, Winckelmann possessed in his own nature, itself like a relic of classical antiquity, laid open by accident to our alien, modern atmosphere. To the criticism of that consummate Greek modelling he brought not only his culture but his temperament. We have seen how definite was the leading motive of that culture; how, like some central root-fibre, it maintained the well-rounded unity of his life through a thousand distractions. Interests not his, nor meant for him, never disturbed him. In morals, as in criticism, he followed the clue of instinct, of an unerring instinct. Penetrating into the antique world by his passion, his temperament, he enunciated no formal principles, always hard and one-sided. Minute and anxious as his culture was, he never became one-sidedly self-analytical. Occupied ever with himself, perfecting himself and developing his genius, he was not content, as so often happens with such natures, that the atmosphere between him and

other minds should be thick and clouded; he was ever jealously refining his meaning into a form, express, clear, objective. This temperament he nurtured and invigorated by friendships kept him always in direct contact with the spirit of youth. The beauty of the Greek statues was a sexless beauty: the statues of the gods had the least traces of sex. Here there is a moral sexlessness, a kind of ineffectual wholeness of nature, yet with a true beauty and significance of its own.

温克尔曼天生掌握着这把理解希腊精神的钥匙，他的本性就像古典遗产，偶然被打开，呈现在我们完全不同的当代氛围里。他不仅把他的修养，而且把他的性情带进对完美的希腊雕塑的批判中。我们已经知道那种修养的主要动机是多么明确，知道像某些中心的根纤维一样，这种修养是如何令他的生活在无数分散精力的事物中保持全面的统一的。利益他不关心，也不是为他准备的，利益从未干扰过他。在道德方面，像在批判方面一样，他依循自己的直觉—他那从不出错的直觉。激情与性格促使他走进古代世界，他没有宣布什么正式的原则，这些原则总是顽固而有失偏颇的。他精准热切的修养使他从未倾向于片面的自我解析。他总是独自忙碌，完善自我、发展自己的天赋。他从不满足，就像具备这种天赋的其他人一样，因此他和其他那些人之间的氛围应是稠密浓厚、云雾迷茫的。温克尔曼永远在审慎地推敲自己的想法，将其提炼成一种清晰客观的形式。他通过友谊来培养和鼓舞的这种性情使他永远和年青的心情保持直接的接触。希腊雕像的美是一种无性的美，诸神的雕像具有最少的性别特征。这里有一种道德上的无性特点，天性上一种并无效果的完整性，但其本身却具备着一种真实的美和重要意义。

One result of this temperament is a serenity—Heiterkeit—which characterises Winckelmann's handling of the sensuous side of Greek art. This serenity is, perhaps, in great measure, a negative quality: it is the absence of any sense of want, or corruption, or shame. With the sensuous element in Greek art he deals in the pagan manner; and what is implied in that? It has been some times said that art is a means of escape from "the tyranny of the senses." It may be so for the spectator: he may find that the spectacle of supreme works of art takes from the life of the senses something of its turbid fever. But this is possible for the spectator only because the artist, in producing those works, has gradually sunk his intellectual and spiritual ideas in sensuous form. He may live, as Keats lived, a pure life; but his soul, like that of Plato's false astronomer, becomes more and more immersed in sense, until nothing which lacks the appeal to sense has interest for him. How could such a one ever again endure the greyness of the ideal or spiritual world? The spiritualist is satisfied as he watches the escape of the sensuous elements from his conceptions; his interest grows, as the dyed garment bleaches in the keener air. But the artist steeps his thought again and again into the fire of colour. To the Greek this

immersion in the sensuous was, religiously, at least, indifferent. Greek sensuousness, therefore, does not fever the conscience: it is shameless and childlike. Christian asceticism, on the other hand, discrediting the slightest touch of sense, has from time to time provoked into strong emphasis the contrast or antagonism to itself, of the artistic life, with its inevitable sensuousness.—I did but taste a little honey with the end of the rod that was in mine hand, and lo! I must die.—It has sometimes seemed hard to pursue that life without something of conscious disavowal of a spiritual world; and this imparts to genuine artistic interests a kind of intoxication. From this intoxication Winckelmann is free: he fingers those pagan marbles with unsinged hands, with no sense of shame or loss. That is to deal with the sensuous side of art in the pagan manner.

这种性情所导致的一个结果就是一种宁静，即乐天性，它构成了温克尔曼在处理希腊艺术感官美方面的特色。这种宁静可能在很大程度上是种消极的品质：它没有任何渴望、堕落或羞耻的感觉。他以异教方式研究着希腊艺术中的感官元素，这意味着什么呢？有时艺术被看成是一种逃离“感官专制”的方式，对观赏者来说可能是这样的：他可能发现最为优秀的艺术品的景观从感官生活中剥离出那种混乱狂热。但是只是对观赏者而言是如此，因为艺术家在创作那些作品时，已经逐渐把他的思维的、以及精神的观点融入感官形式中。他可能像济慈那样过着纯净的生活，但是他的灵魂像柏拉图说的不智的天文学者一样，越来越沉浸于感官中，直至对感官缺乏吸引力的东西都不能使他感兴趣。这样的一个人怎么能再次忍受理想或精神世界的一片灰白？看到感官元素从他的观念中逃离开，唯灵论者得到了满足。随着染色的衣服在强劲的风中褪去颜色，他的兴趣越发浓厚。但是这位艺术家一次又一次把他的思想沉浸在色彩的火焰中。对希腊人而言，这种对感官世界的沉醉是不带偏见的，至少从宗教角度来说是这样。因此，希腊的感官知觉没有使良心狂躁，它不感到羞耻，像个孩子一样。而另一方面，基督教禁欲主义耻于最轻微的感官触碰，不时主动激烈地强调自己和不可避免地带有感官知觉的艺术生活的对比或是对抗。我只是用手里小棒的一头蘸了一点蜜品尝，啊，我必须死了！有时，要追求那种生活而不有意否定精神世界似乎是很困难的，这赋予真正的艺术趣味以一种陶醉。温克尔曼没有受到这种陶醉的影响：他用双手默默地触摸那些异教大理石像，没有羞耻感或失落感。这就是以异教方式对艺术的感官部分的处理。

The longer we contemplate that Hellenic ideal, in which man is at unity with himself, with his physical nature, with the outward world, the more we may be inclined to regret that he should ever have passed be yond it, to contend for a perfection that makes the blood turbid, and frets the flesh, and discredits the actual world about us. But if he was to be saved from the ennui which ever attaches itself to realisation, even the realisation of the perfect life, it was necessary that a conflict should come, that some sharper note should grieve the

existing harmony, and the spirit chafed by it beat out at last only a larger and profounder music. In Greek tragedy this conflict has begun: man finds himself face to face with rival claims. Greek tragedy shows how such a conflict may be treated with serenity, how the evolution of it may be a spectacle of the dignity, not of the impotence, of the human spirit. But it is not only in tragedy that the Greek spirit showed itself capable of thus bringing joy out of matter in itself full of discouragements. Theocritus[10], too, strikes often a note of romantic sadness. But what a blithe and steady poise, above these discouragements, in a clear and sunny stratum of the air!

越是花时间沉思人与自我合一、与身体天性合一、与外在世界合一的那种希腊理想，我们越是对人没能超越它而感到遗憾，越是要争取一种使热血沸腾、使肉体被侵蚀、使我们所处的真实世界蒙羞的完美。但是如果要把他从倦怠这个永远自行依附于实现，甚至是完美生活的实现的情绪中解放出来，那么冲突的出现就是必要的，某种更尖利的音调应该使现存的和谐感到悲伤，然后被它惹怒的精神最终只会奏出更为洪亮深刻的乐章。这种冲突在希腊悲剧里已经开始：人们发现自己正面临对手的断言。希腊悲剧展示的是如何用宁静来对待这样的冲突，它的演变是如何可能变成人类精神一种富有尊严的景象，而非虚弱无能的。但是希腊精神不只是在悲剧中展示它从充满沮丧的内容本身获得快乐的能力。忒奥克里托斯也常常书写出一种浪漫的忧伤语调。但是在晴朗的、阳光明媚的空气里，面对这些挫折的一个多么快乐而坚定的姿态！

Into this stage of Greek achievement Winckelmann did not enter. Supreme as he is where his true interest lay, his insight into the typical unity and repose of the highest sort of sculpture seems to have involved limitation in another direction. His conception of art excludes that bolder type of it which deals confidently and serenely with life, conflict, evil. Living in a world of exquisite but abstract and colourless form, he could hardly have conceived of the subtle and penetrative, yet somewhat grotesque art of the modern world. What would he have thought of Gilliatt, in Victor Hugo's Travailleurs de la Mer, or of the bleeding mouth of Fantine in the first part of Les Misérables, penetrated as those books are with a sense of beauty, as lively and transparent as that of a Greek? Nay, a sort of preparation for the romantic temper is noticeable even within the limits of the Greek ideal itself, which for his part Winckelmann failed to see. For Greek religion has not merely its mournful mysteries of Adonis, of Hyacinthus, of Demeter, but it is conscious also of the fall of earlier divine dynasties. Hyperion gives way to Apollo, Oceanus to Poseidon. Around the feet of that tranquil Olympian family still crowd the weary shadows of an earlier, more formless, divine world. The placid minds even of Olympian gods are troubled with thoughts of a limit to duration, of inevitable decay, of dispossession. Again, the supreme

and colourless abstraction of those divine forms, which is the secret of their repose, is also a premonition of the fleshless, consumptive refinements of the pale, medieval artists. That high indifference to the outward, that impassivity, has already a touch of the corpse in it: we see already Angelico and the Master of the Passion in the artistic future. The suppression of the sensuous, the shutting of the door upon it, the ascetic interest, may be even now foreseen. Those abstracted gods, "ready to melt out their essence fine into the winds," who can fold up their flesh as a garment, and still remain themselves, seem already to feel that bleak air in which, like Helen of Troy, they wander as the spectres of the middle age.

温克尔曼并没有涉足希腊成就的这个阶段。他在自己真正的兴趣里达到了登峰造极的程度，他对于最优秀的雕塑艺术的典型的和谐和恬静的洞察似乎涉及到在另一个方面的局限。他对于艺术的概念将那种自信沉着地处理生活、冲突和邪恶的更为粗砺的类型排斥在外。生活在一个虽精致但却抽象而单调的世界里，他很难构想出现代世界那种微妙的、深刻的、但有些怪诞的艺术。对于维克多·雨果《海上劳工》中的吉列特和《悲惨世界》第一部分中芳汀流血的嘴巴，他会作何感想呢？而这些书里充盈的是和希腊作品中同样生动清晰的美感？不仅如此，在希腊式理想本身的界限里已经可以察觉到一种为浪漫主义做的准备。而温克尔曼则没有看到。因为希腊宗教不只有阿多尼斯、雅辛托斯、得墨忒耳的悲伤神话，它还知道更早几代神灵的坠落。许珀里翁给阿波罗让位，俄刻阿诺斯给波塞冬让位。在平静的奥林匹亚家族脚下仍然围聚着更为久远、更加模糊的神灵世界那些疲惫的影子。甚至奥林匹亚诸神平静的心绪也会为统治时间的有限、无可避免的衰败和被驱逐这些想法所困扰。此外，那些神灵形象的最完美的苍白的抽象表现，既是他们安宁和谐的关键所在，也是中世纪那些面色苍白的艺术家那种瘦弱的、结核病人似的高雅情趣的前兆。那种对外在世界的极度漠不关心，那种冷漠，已经有了一点僵尸味：我们已经看到了后来艺术中的安吉利科和《激情之主》的影子。对感官感觉的压抑，将其置诸门外，，禁欲主义趣味，现在甚至就可以预见到。那些抽象化的神，“准备好将他们美好的本质融化在风中”，他们可以像脱去外衣一样脱去肉体而仍然存在，好像已经准备好去感受荒凉的氛围，在这种氛围中他们如同特洛伊的海伦一样在中世纪里幽灵似地游荡。

Gradually, as the world came into the church, an artistic interest, native in the human soul, reasserted its claims. But Christian art was still dependent on pagan examples, building the shafts of pagan temples into its churches, perpetuating the form of the basilica, in later times working the disused amphitheatres as stone quarries. The sensuous expression of ideas which unreservedly discredit the world of sense, was the delicate problem which Christian art had before it. If we think of medieval painting, as it ranges from the early German schools, still with something of the air of the charnel- house about

them, to the clear loveliness of Perugino, we shall see how that problem was solved. In the very "worship of sorrow" the native blitheness of art asserted itself. The religious spirit, as Hegel says, "smiled through its tears." So perfectly did the young Raphael infuse that Heiterkeit, that pagan blitheness, into religious works, that his picture of Saint Agatha at Bologna became to Goethe a step in the evolution of IPhigenie (Italiänische Reise. Bologna, 19 Oct. 1776.). But in proportion as the gift of smiling was found once more, there came also an aspiration towards that lost antique art, some relics of which Christian art had buried in itself, ready to work wonders when their day came.

渐渐地，随着世界进入宗教时代，人类灵魂中与生俱来的艺术趣味再次提出自己的主张。但那时基督教艺术仍要依靠异教范例，异教庙宇的柱子搬进了教堂，古罗马长方形会堂的样式得以永存，接下来的时代，废弃不用的圆形露天剧场成为了采石场。这种对理性世界持完全怀疑态度的观念的感性表达，是基督教艺术面临的棘手问题。如果我们思考一下中世纪绘画——从早期还带着一些陈尸所味道的德国流派，到佩鲁吉诺清新秀丽的画作，我们可以看到那个问题是如何解决的。正是在“悲伤崇拜”中，艺术固有的快乐因素坚持了自己的权利。宗教精神，如黑格尔所说，“在眼泪中微笑”。年轻的拉斐尔出神入化地将乐天性，那种异教的快乐融入宗教作品，他在博洛尼亚的作品《圣亚加大》成为歌德写作《伊菲革涅亚》（《意大利文学研究》赖泽，博洛尼亚，1776年10月19日）的阶石。但随着微笑的天分被再次发现，对失去的古代艺术的渴望也随之而来，某些被基督教艺术埋葬在自身内的古代艺术的遗迹，准备在时机到来时创造奇迹。

The history of art has suffered as much as any history by trenchant and absolute divisions. Pagan and Christian art are sometimes harshly opposed, and the Renaissance is represented as a fashion which set in at a definite period. That is the superficial view: the deeper view is that which preserves the identity of European culture. The two are really continuous; and there is a sense in which it may be said that the Renaissance was an uninterrupted effort of the middle age, that it was ever taking place. When the actual relics of the antique were restored to the world, in the view of the Christian ascetic it was as if an ancient plague-pit had been opened. All the world took the contagion of the life of nature and of the senses. And now it was seen that the medieval spirit, too, had done something for the new fortunes of the antique. By hastening the decline of art, by withdrawing interest from it and yet keeping unbroken the thread of its traditions, it had suffered the human mind to repose itself, that when day came it might awake, with eyes refreshed, to those ancient, ideal forms.

艺术的历史和其他历史一样遭到尖锐的、绝对的切分。异教艺术和

基督教艺术有时被严格地对立起来，文艺复兴被描绘成是开始于某一确定时期的一种潮流。这是一种表面的观点，深层次的观点是它保持了欧洲文化的特征。两者的确是相继存在，从某个意义上可以说文艺复兴是中世纪一种未曾停止的努力，它无时无刻不在发生着。当古代艺术真正的遗产展现在世人面前，在基督教禁欲者看来就好像开始了一场古老的瘟疫。整个世界都被自然和感官的生活所传染。现在人们看到中世纪精神也为古代遗产的新机遇作出过努力。中世纪精神通过加速艺术的衰落，通过将趣味从艺术中剥离但仍保持着其传统线索的完整，使人类心灵遁入休眠。当时机到来，人们将会苏醒，以全新目光看待古代完美的艺术形式。

The aim of a right criticism is to place Winckelmann in an intellectual perspective, of which Goethe is the foreground. For, after all, he is infinitely less than Goethe; and it is chiefly because at certain points he comes in contact with Goethe, that criticism entertains consideration of him. His relation to modern culture is a peculiar one. He is not of the modern world; nor is he wholly of the eighteenth century, although so much of his outer life is characteristic of it. But that note of revolt against the eighteenth century, which we detect in Goethe, was struck by Winckelmann. Goethe illustrates a union of the Romantic spirit, in its adventure, its variety, its profound subjectivity of soul, with Hellenism, in its transparency, its rationality, its desire of beauty—that marriage of Faust and Helena, of which the art of the nineteenth century is the child, the beautiful lad Euphorion, as Goethe conceives him, on the crags, in the "splendour of battle and in harness as for victory," his brows bound with light (Faust, Th. ii. Act. 3.). Goethe illustrates, too, the preponderance in this marriage of the Hellenic element; and that element, in its true essence, was made known to him by Winckelmann.

正确批判的目的是把温克尔曼置于一个以歌德为前景的理性的视角之中。因为他毕竟远不如歌德，并且主要因为在某些地方他与歌德有所关联，批评界才会对其加以关注。他和现代文化的关联比较特别。他既不属于当代，也不完全属于18世纪，虽然他的外在生活大部分带有这个时代的特色。我们在歌德身上察觉到的对18世纪的反抗，是从温克尔曼开始的。浪漫主义精神中包含冒险、多变和深刻的心灵主观性，而希腊精神有着透明、理性和对美的渴望，歌德以浮士德和海伦的结合表现了这两种精神的融合，他们孕育出了19世纪的艺术——漂亮的青年欧福良。正如歌德的描绘，在峭壁上，在“战斗的宏大中，身着战甲为胜利而战”，他的眉毛随着阳光跳跃。(《浮士德》第二部第三幕)歌德也对这种结合中希腊元素所占主导地位进行了阐释，这种元素的真正本质特征，是温克尔曼使他了解的。

Breadth, centrality, with blitheness and repose, are the marks of Hellenic culture. Is such culture a lost art? The local, accidental colouring of its own age has passed from it; and the greatness that is

dead looks greater when every link with what is slight and vulgar has been severed. We can only see it at all in the reflected, refined light which a great education creates for us. Can we bring down that ideal into the gaudy, perplexed light of modern life?

广泛性、向心性，以及快乐和和谐、是希腊文化的标志。这样的文化是一种失落的艺术吗？那种属于它自身时代的地域性、偶然性色彩已经离它而去，一旦将所有与无足轻重的、粗俗之物的联系全部切断，已然消亡的伟大看起来就更伟大了。我们只能在伟大的教育给我们创造的、仔细斟酌的优雅光芒里看到它。我们能否将那种完美屈就于当代生活华而不实、充满困惑的光线下呢？

Certainly, for us of the modern world, with its conflicting claims, its entangled interests, distracted by so many sorrows, with many preoccupations, so bewildering an experience, the problem of unity with ourselves, in blitheness and repose, is far harder than it was for the Greek within the simple terms of antique life. Yet, not less than ever, the intellect demands completeness, centrality. It is this which Winckelmann imprints on the imagination of Goethe, at the beginning of life, in its original and simplest form, as in a fragment of Greek art itself, stranded on that littered, indeterminate shore of Germany in the eighteenth century. In Winckelmann, this type comes to him, not as in a book or a theory, but more importunately, because in a passionate life, in a personality. For Goethe, possessing all modern interests ready to be lost in the perplexed currents of modern thought, he defines, in clearest outline, the eternal problem of culture—balance, unity with one's self, consummate Greek modelling.

当然，当代世界有着相互冲突的主张，有着纠缠不清的趣味，身处其中的我们被无数的悲伤分散着精力，还有如此多的事务需要关注，这是一种令人十分茫然的经历。因此，对我们而言，在快乐和安宁里与自我合一的问题，比起古代过着简单生活的希腊人要困难很多。但是，现代的有智之士对于完整性和向心性的渴望并不比任何时候少。这是温克尔曼在生活之初，用它原始和最简单的形式在歌德的丰富想象中留下的烙印，就像搁浅在18世纪德国杂乱的、模糊不清的海岸上的希腊艺术本身的碎片。在温克尔曼身上，这种特质不是在书本或理论中所讲的那样，而是更为纠缠不休，因为它蕴于一种热情生活中、出现在一种个性中。而歌德有着所有现代的趣味，随时会沉浸在现代思想错综复杂的潮流中，他用最清晰的轮廓，界定了文化的永恒问题——平衡、人与自我的统一，最完美的希腊文化。

It could no longer be solved, as in Phyrne ascending naked out of the water, by perfection of bodily form, or any joyful union with the external world: the shadows had grown too long, the light too solemn, for that. It could hardly be solved, as in Pericles or Pheidias, by the direct exercise of any single talent: amid the manifold claims of our modern intellectual life, that could only have ended in a thin, one-

sided growth. Goethe's Hellenism was of another order, the Allgemeinheit and Heiterkeit, the completeness and serenity, of a watchful, exigent intellectualism. Im Ganzen, Guten, Wahren, resolut zu leben:—is Goethe's description of his own higher life; and what is meant by life in the whole—im Ganzen? It means the life of one for whom, over and over again, what was once precious has become indifferent. Everyone who aims at the life of culture is met by many forms of it, arising out of the intense, laborious, one-sided development of some special talent. They are the brightest enthusiasms the world has to show: and it is not their part to weigh the claims which this or that alien form of genius makes upon them. But the proper instinct of self-culture cares not so much to reap all that those various forms of genius can give, as to find in them its own strength. The demand of the intellect is to feel itself alive. It must see into the laws, the operation, the intellectual reward of every divided form of culture; but only that it may measure the relation between itself and them. It struggles with those forms till its secret is won from each, and then lets each fall back into its place, in the supreme, artistic view of life. With a kind of passionate coldness, such natures rejoice to be away from and past their former selves, and above all, they are jealous of that abandonment to one special gift which really limits their capabilities. It would have been easy for Goethe, with the gift of a sensuous nature, to let it overgrow him. It comes easily and naturally, perhaps, to certain "other worldly" natures to be even as the Schöne Seele, that ideal of gentle pietism, in Wilhelm Meister: but to the large vision of Goethe, this seemed to be a phase of life that a man might feel all round, and leave behind him. Again, it is easy to indulge the commoplace metaphysical instinct. But a taste for metaphysics may be one of those things which we must renounce, if we mean to mould our lives to artistic perfection. Philosophy serves culture, not by the fancied gift of absolute or transcendental knowledge, but by suggesting questions which help one to detect the passion, and strangeness, and dramatic contrasts of life.

问题永远不可能再像芙莱妮从水中裸身而出，用身体形态的完美或是和外部世界的快乐合一那样解决了。阴影已经成长了太长时间，光线也太过庄严了。问题几乎不可能像在伯里克利和菲狄亚斯那里那样，直接由某个天才运用才能来解决：在现代理性生活的多种要求里，它只能获得单薄的、不完满的成长。歌德的希腊精神是另外一种类型，是广泛性和乐天性，是一种警觉的、急切的知性主义的完整和安宁。完整、美好、真实、果敢地面对生活，这是歌德对自己更高层次生活的描述。那么，生活作为一个整体意味着什么呢？它意味着，对一个人来说，生活中本来珍惜的事物一次次地变得无关紧要。每一个志在追求文化生活的人都会遇到它源于某种特殊天赋的强烈、艰苦、片面发展产生的各种形式。这些形式是世界必须展示的最醒目的热情：而且衡量这种或那种相

异的天赋形式加诸他们身上的表现并非是它们的责任。但是它们自我修养的本能不太关注收获各种天赋形式可能提供的成果，而是关注于从中发现自己的力量所在。理性需要的是感受到自身的存在。它必须仔细审视每一种独立文化形式的法则、运作和智力成果，但也只有那样它才可能去权衡自己和它们的关系。它和这些形式斗争，直到从它们那里获得全部的秘密，然后再让这些文化都退回到对生活有着至高艺术看法的位置里。带着一种充满激情的冷淡，这些天性很高兴从先前的自我中脱身而出，并超越先前，最重要的是，它们警惕着某种真正限制它们能力的特殊天赋放任自流。对具有审美天分的歌德来说，在他身上太容易产生过多的这种能力了。它可能自然轻松地进入一种美好的心灵中的“来世”本质，进入《威廉·迈斯特》中那种温柔虔敬的理想。但是歌德有宽阔的视野，对他来说这似乎是一个人可能完全沉浸其中、但是终会舍弃的人生阶段。此外，沉浸在平常的形而上学的直觉中是很容易的，但是，如果我们意欲把生活塑造成完美艺术的话,对形而上学的偏好可能是我们必须与之脱离关系的事物之一。哲学为文化服务，不是通过绝对或者先验知识花哨的礼物，而是通过提出一些问题，而这些问题可以帮助人们发现生活中的激情、陌生感和戏剧性。

But Goethe's culture did not remain "behind the veil": it ever emerged in the practical functions of art, in actual production. For him the problem came to be:—Can the blitheness and universality of the antique ideal be communicated to artistic productions, which shall contain the fulness of the experience of the modern world? We have seen that the development of the various forms of art has corresponded to the development of the thoughts of man concerning humanity, to the growing revelation of the mind to itself. Sculpture corresponds to the un perplexed, emphatic outlines of Hellenic humanism; painting to the mystic depth and intricacy of the middle age; music and poetry have their fortune in the modern world.

但是歌德的修养没有“掩藏在面纱后”：它总会出现在艺术的实际功用上，在真正的产出上。对他来说问题变为：古典的完美艺术的快乐和普遍性能否融入应该包含丰富的现代社会经验的艺术产品中？我们已经知道,各种艺术形式的发展阶段与人类关于人性的思索的发展阶段和思维不断自我揭示的进程相呼应。雕塑艺术和希腊人文主义清晰、显著的轮廓相呼应，绘画艺术与中世纪神秘的深奥复杂相呼应，音乐和诗歌则在当代兴盛起来。

Let us understand by poetry all literary production which attains the power of giving pleasure by its form, as distinct from its matter. Only in this varied literary form can art command that width, variety, delicacy of resources, which will enable it to deal with the conditions of modern life. What modern art has to do in the ser vice of culture is so to rearrange the details of modern life, so to reflect it, that it may satisfy the spirit. And what does the spirit need in the face of modern life? The sense of freedom. That naive, rough sense of freedom, which

supposes man's will to be limited, if at all, only by a will stronger than his, he can never have again. The attempt to represent it in art would have so little verisimilitude that it would be f lat and uninteresting. The chief factor in the thoughts of the modern mind concerning itself is the intricacy, the universality of natural law, even in the moral order. For us, necessity is not, as of old, a sort of mythological personage without us, with whom we can do warfare. It is rather a magic web woven through and through us, like that magnetic system of which modern science speaks, penetrating us with a network, subtler than our subtlest nerves, yet bearing in it the central forces of the world. Can art represent men and women in these bewildering toils so as to give the spirit at least an equivalent for the sense of freedom? Certainly, in Goethe's romances, and even more in the romances of Victor Hugo, we have high examples of modern art dealing thus with modern life, regarding that life as the modern mind must regard it, yet reflecting upon it blitheness and repose. Natural laws we shall never modify, embarrass us as they may; but there is still something in the nobler or less noble attitude with which we watch their fatal combinations. In those romances of Goethe and Victor Hugo, in some excellent work done after them, this entanglement, this network of law, be comes the tragic situation, in which certain groups of noble men and women work out for themselves a supreme Dénouement. Who, if he saw through all, would fret against the chain of circumstance which endows one at the end with those great experiences?

我们以诗歌为切入点，了解所有通过与内容截然不同的形式来获得制造愉悦的力量的文学作品。只有在这种变化多样的文学样式中，艺术才掌握了能够使它应对现代生活状况的那些素材的宽泛性、多样性和微妙性。现代艺术在为文化服务中要做的，是重新安排现代生活的细节，是要反映现代生活，这样它才可能满足精神。那么在现代生活里，精神需要什么呢？它需要自由感，那种天真、质朴的自由感，这种自由感认为人类意志如果受限，也只会受到一个比自己更强大的意志限制。这种自由感人不可能再次拥有。在艺术中再现它的尝试很难将它逼真地表现出来，它会变得单调乏味。现代思维在思考自身时，首先要面对的因素是自然法则的普遍性和复杂性，在道德领域也是如此。对我们来说，必要性不再像从前那样，是一种脱离于我们、我们可以与之对抗的虚构人物，而是一张融入我们身体内外的奇妙的网，就像现代自然科学所说的磁场一样，用一个网络渗透进我们，它比我们最纤细的神经还要纤细，但却蕴含着世界的核心力量。艺术能否在这个令人茫然的网中表现男男女女，至少给思想带来自由感的替代品？当然在歌德的浪漫文学作品，还有更多的维克多·雨果的浪漫文学作品中我们可以找到现代艺术表现现代生活的极好范例，它们以现代思维必然采取的方式看待那种生活，但是是在快乐和安宁中对其进行思考。尽管自然法则使我们感到难堪，我们也永远不可能将其改变。但是，我们可以带着某种高贵或者不高贵的

态度来审视它注定的结合。在歌德和维克多·雨果的浪漫文学作品里，在他们之后的一些优秀作品里，这种牵连纠缠、这种法则的网络变成了悲剧的情境，因为某些高贵男女的群体为自己设计好了一种完美的结局。如果看清了这一切，谁还会为那些最终会给予某一个人带来美好经验的一系列境况而烦恼呢？

(1)希罗多德（约公元前484—公元前425），著有《历史》，被誉为“历史之父”。

(2)斯塔尔夫人（1766—1817），法国文学理论家、批评家，被誉为法国浪漫主义的“催产士”。

(3)伊菲革涅亚，希腊神话中迈锡尼国王阿伽门农和他的妻子克吕泰涅斯特拉的长女。

(4)赫耳弥俄涅，古希腊神话中斯巴达国王和海伦的女儿。

(5)爱克曼（1792—1854），德国19世纪著名诗人、散文家，歌德晚年最重要的助手和挚友。

(6)拉瓦特尔（1741—1801），瑞士神学家、诗人、相面术创立者。

(7)品达（公元前518—前438）,古希腊诗人，著有合唱琴歌，竞技胜利者颂等。

(8)多里安人,古代希腊主要民族的通称。

(9)芙莱妮，古希腊名妓。

(10)忒奥克里托斯，公元前3世纪希腊诗人。

Conclusion

结论

Δέγει που Ἡράκλειτος ὅτι πάντα χωρεῖ καὶ οὐδὲν μένει

赫拉克利特说：“万物流动，变化不息。”

To regard all things and principles of things as inconstant modes or fashions has more and more become the tendency of modern thought. Let us begin with that which is without—our physical life. Fix upon it in one of its more exquisite intervals, the moment, for instance, of delicious recoil from the flood of water in summer heat. What is the whole physical life in that moment but a combination of natural elements to which science gives their names? But those elements, phosphorus and lime and delicate fibres, are present not in the human body alone: we detect them in places most remote from it. Our physical life is a perpetual motion of them—the passage of the blood, the waste and repairing of the lenses of the eye, the modification of the tissues of the brain under every ray of light and sound—processes which science reduces to simpler and more elementary forces. Like the elements or which we are composed, the action of these forces extends beyond us: it rusts iron and ripens corn. Far out on every side of us those elements are broadcast, driven in many currents; and birth and gesture and death and the springing of violets from the grave are but a few out of ten thousand resultant combinations. That clear, perpetual outline of face and limb is but an image of ours, under which we group them—a design in a web, the actual threads of which pass out beyond it. This at least of flame-like our life has, that it is but the concurrence, renewed from moment to moment, of forces parting sooner or later on their ways.

现代思想越来越倾向于把一切事物和事物的原则看成是变化无常的模式或者说是样式。让我们从外在事物——我们的肉体生命开始，我们将其固定在它最美妙的一个间歇，比如夏日酷热之中从暴雨中退出来的惬意时刻。肉体生命在那一刻不正只是一种由科学命名的自然元素组合吗?但是那些成分，磷、碳化钙和细微的纤维不只存在于人体中，我们还能在与人体差别最大的东西里发现它们。我们的肉体生命是这些元素一种永不止息的运动——血液的流动、眼睛里水晶体的新陈代谢、每一次光线和声音造成的大脑组织的改变，这些过程都被科学归纳成更为简单、更为基本的力。和构成我们身体的这些元素一样，这些力的运动也延伸到我们身体之外，它还可以使铁生锈，让谷物成熟。在很多涌流的推动下，这些元素散播到距我们周围很远的地方。死亡和坟墓里紫罗兰的萌芽只是成千上万种组合的点滴。脸庞和四肢的清晰、永恒的轮廓只

是我们的一个形象，这个形象之下我们将各种元素组合在一起——这恰如网中的图案，真正的织网的细线延伸出来，伸向他方。这样看来，至少我们的生命像火焰—它也只是力的组合，虽然其中的力量不断离去，这种力的组合却不时更新。

Or, if we begin with the inward world of thought and feeling, the whirlpool is still more rapid, the flame more eager and devouring. There it is no longer the gradual darkening of the eye, the gradual fading of colour from the wall—movements of the shore-side, where the water flows down indeed, though in apparent rest—but the race of the mid-stream, a drift of momentary acts of sight and passion and thought. At first sight experience seems to bury us under a flood of external objects, pressing upon us with a sharp and importunate reality, calling us out of ourselves in a thousand forms of action. But when reflexion begins to play upon those objects they are dissipated under its influence; the cohesive force seems suspended like some trick of magic; each object is loosed into a group of impressions—colour, odour, texture—in the mind of the observer. And if we continue to dwell in thought on this world, not of objects in the solidity with which language invests them, but of impressions, unstable, flickering, inconsistent, which burn and are extinguished with our consciousness of them, it contracts still further: the whole scope of observation is dwarfed into the narrow chamber of the individual mind. Experience, already reduced to a group of impressions, is ringed round for each one of us by that thick wall of personality through which no real voice has ever pierced on its way to us, or from us to that which we can only conjecture to be without. Everyone of those impressions is the impression of the individual in his isolation, each mind keeping as a solitary prisoner its own dream of a world. Analysis goes a step farther still, and assures us that those impressions of the individual mind to which, for each one of us, experience dwindles down, are in perpetual flight; that each of them is limited by time, and that as time is infinitely divisible, each of them is infinitely divisible also; all that is actual in it being a single moment, gone while we try to apprehend it, of which it may ever be more truly said that it has ceased to be than that it is. To such a tremulous wisp constantly reforming itself on the stream, to a single sharp impression, with a sense in it, a relic more or less fleeting, of such moments gone by, what is real in our life fines itself down. It is with this movement, with the passage and dissolution of impressions, images, sensations, that analysis leaves off—that continual vanishing away, that strange, perpetual weaving and unweaving of ourselves.

或者，如果我们从内在的思维世界或感觉世界开始说起，其中更是旋涡湍急，火焰熊熊。那里不再是目光逐渐黯淡，颜色从墙上渐渐褪去

这些虽然表面平静、但水下却湍急的岸边的运动，而是中流的竞赛，景象、激情和思想瞬息万变。初看起来，经验好像把我们埋在一个外部事物的洪流里，用一种尖锐的、纠缠不休的事实压迫我们，千方百计地召唤我们脱离自我。但是开始仔细沉思那些物体时，它们在它的作用下消散了，凝聚力如同着了魔一般停滞不动了。每个物体都在观察者的思想里成为一组松散的印象—颜色、气味和纹理。如果我们继续执着于对这个世界的思考，它还会缩得更小。这里，我们所说的，不是语言涵盖的实在物体的世界，而是包含随着我们对它们的知觉燃烧和消失的闪烁不定、纷繁错杂的印象的世界：整个观察的范围缩小到个人思想的一孔之间。已经缩减成一组印象的经验，在那堵厚实的人格之墙上为我们每个人发出回音，这堵墙真实声音永远无法穿透，我们聆听不到，也无法将我们的声音传达给我们单凭推断而认定的外在世界。每个由那些印象组成的个人都是处于孤立的单个印象，每个心灵都孤单地禁锢在自己梦想世界的牢狱中。分析还可以再进一步，使我们每个人确信：经验缩小而成的那些单个心灵的印象，永远处于飞逝之中。每一个印象都受时间的制约，因为时间是无限可分的，所以它们每一个也是无限可分的。它里面切实存在的一切仅仅存在于刹那间，当我们试着去捉住它时就会消逝无踪。关于它，我们与其说它存在着，不如说它已经停止存在来得更加真实。对于这种不停在川流上一次次自我形成的颤抖的小水波，对于包含着感觉的强烈的印象，对于包含着转瞬即逝的刹那的飞逝的遗迹，我们生命中真实的东西渐渐清晰。就是随着这种运动，随着印象、意象和感觉的转变和消亡，分析停止不前—那种持续的消失，那种我们自身奇异、永恒的组合和拆解停止了。

Philosophiren, says Novalis[1], ist dephlegmatisiren, vivificiren. The service of philosophy, of speculative culture, towards the human spirit, is to rouse, to startle it to a life of constant and eager observation. Every moment some form grows perfect in hand or face; some tone on the hills or the sea is choicer than the rest; some mood of passion or insight or intellectual excitement is irresistibly real and attractive to us,—for that moment only. Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself, is the end. A counted number of pulses only is given to us of a variegated, dramatic life. How may we see in them all that is to be seen in them by the finest senses? How shall we pass most swiftly from point to point, and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy?

诺瓦利斯说，“哲学家，就是要扫除惰性，发扬正气。哲学、纯理论文化对人类精神的作用，就是要激励它，推动它去追求一种崇尚始终如一的、热切的、观察的生活。每个时刻，人的手或面庞呈现完美的形态，山峰或海洋出现格外迷人的色调，热情、洞察力或智慧的亢奋，对我们来说有着不可抗拒的真实感和诱惑力，而且只有此时此刻才是这样。经验本身，而非经验的成果，才是目的所在。纵使生活色彩斑斓、富于戏剧性，我们所获得的也只是有限的脉动。我们怎样用最细腻的感觉来领会其中所有应该被领会的东西呢？我们怎样以最快的速度穿梭于

各处，总是出现在最多重要力量以最纯粹的活力结合的焦点呢？

To burn always with this hard, gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life. In a sense it might even be said that our failure is to form habits: for, after all, habit is relative to a stereotyped world, and meantime it is only the roughness of the eye that makes any two persons, things, situations, seem alike. While all melts under our feet, we may well grasp at any exquisite passion, or any contribution to knowledge that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange colours, and curious odours, or work of the artist's hands, or the face of one's friend. Not to discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us, and in the very brilliancy of their gifts some tragic dividing of forces on their ways, is, on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening. With this sense of the splendour of our experience and of its awful brevity, gathering all we are into one desperate effort to see and touch, we shall hardly have time to make theories about the things we see and touch. What we have to do is to be for ever curiously testing new opinions and courting new impressions, never acquiescing in a facile orthodoxy of Comte, or of Hegel, or of our own. Philosophical theories or ideas, as points of view, instruments of criticism, may help us to gather up what might otherwise pass un regarded by us. "Philosophy is the microscope of thought." The theory or idea or system which requires of us the sacrifice of any part of this experience, in consideration of some interest into which we cannot enter, or some abstract theory we have not identified with ourselves, or of what is only conventional, has no real claim upon us.

能永远和这强烈的、宝石一样的火焰一起燃烧，能保持这种极度的喜悦，是人生的成功。从某种意义上甚至可以说，习以为常即意味着失败：因为，毕竟习惯是和一成不变的世界相关，而且只有在粗疏的眼光下，两个人、两件事和两种情况才会显得相类似。当万物在我们脚下融化，我们可能深刻地领会到任何强烈的热情，或者任何通过拓宽的视野使精神获得片刻自由的知识增长，或者任何对感官的刺激，比如奇异的染料、颜色或气味，或是出自艺术家之手的作品，亦或朋友的脸庞。如果不能每时每刻在我们周围的人中分辨出热情的姿态，不能在人们横溢的才华中区分出力量的悲剧性成分，不亚于在这个昼短霜重的日子里，在夜幕降临之前就早早入睡。既然感觉到人生经验的异彩纷呈和倏忽变幻，我们就要聚集起所有力量去观察，去触摸，几乎没有时间为我们观察和触摸的事物创立理论。我们要做的就是永远充满好奇地检验新观点，争取新的印象，永不默认孔德、黑格尔的或我们自己的那些唾手可得的正统思想。哲学理论或概念，作为立论的观点，作为批评的工具，可以帮助我们收集很可能会疏忽未察的事物。“哲学是思想的显微镜。”如果某种理论、概念或是体系，为了某种我们无法分享的兴趣，或

是什么我们自己并不认可的抽象理论，或者仅仅为了某种传统习惯，要求我们放弃这种体验的任何一部分，我们都是可以不必理会的。

One of the most beautiful passages of Rousseau is that in the sixth book of the Confessions, where he de scribes the awakening in him of the literary sense. An undefinable taint of death had clung always about him, and now in early manhood he believed himself smitten by mortal disease. He asked himself how he might make as much as possible of the interval that remained; and he was not biassed by anything in his previous life when he decided that it must be by intellectual excitement, which he found just then in the clear, fresh writings of Voltaire. Well! we are all condamnés as, Victor Hugo says: we are all under sentence of death but with a sort of indefinite reprieve—les hommes sont tous condamnés à mort avec des sursis indéfinis: we have an interval, and then our place knows us no more. Some spend this interval in listlessness, some in high passions, the wisest, at least among the children of this world, in art and song. For our one chance lies in expanding that interval, in getting as many pulsations as possible into the given time. Great passions may give us this quickened sense of life, ecstasy and sorrow of love, the various forms of enthusiastic activity, disinterested or otherwise, which come naturally to many of us. Only be sure it is passion—that it does yield you this fruit of a quickened, multiplied consciousness. Of such wisdom, the poetic passion, the desire of beauty, the love of art for its own sake, has most. For art comes to you proposing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake.

卢梭最优美的段落之一是在他的《忏悔录》的第六卷里，他描述了文学感觉在他身体里的苏醒。一种无以名状的死亡的阴影总是在他身上挥之不去，此时刚刚成年的他感觉自己已染上了致命的疾病。他问自己怎样才能充分利用剩下的时间。先前的生活经历丝毫未影响他的判断，卢梭决定要将余生用于激扬理性，这是他刚刚在伏尔泰干净清新的作品中感受到的。那好吧！我们都已被定罪，如维克多.雨果所说：“我们都被判了死刑，只是还有不知长短的缓刑期而已。”我们只短暂停留一阵，然后我们的世界就不再知道我们了。这段时间里有的人倦怠冷漠，有的人情绪高昂，最聪慧的人，至少是属于“尘世之子”的那些人则把时间放在艺术和诗歌里。我们唯一的机会就是延长这段时间，尽量在给定的时间里获得最多的脉动。巨大的热情可能带给我们一种加速的生命感、爱情的狂喜和伤恸，各种各样的充满热情的活动，它们或者无私或者自私，都自然地发生在我们大多数人身上。请确信只有激情，才会确实给你这种加速的、成倍的感觉。对诗歌的热情、对美的渴望和对艺术本身的热爱是此类智慧之极。因为当艺术降临时，它会坦言，除了在那稍纵即逝的瞬间，它会带给你美的极致的享受之外，不会再有什么。

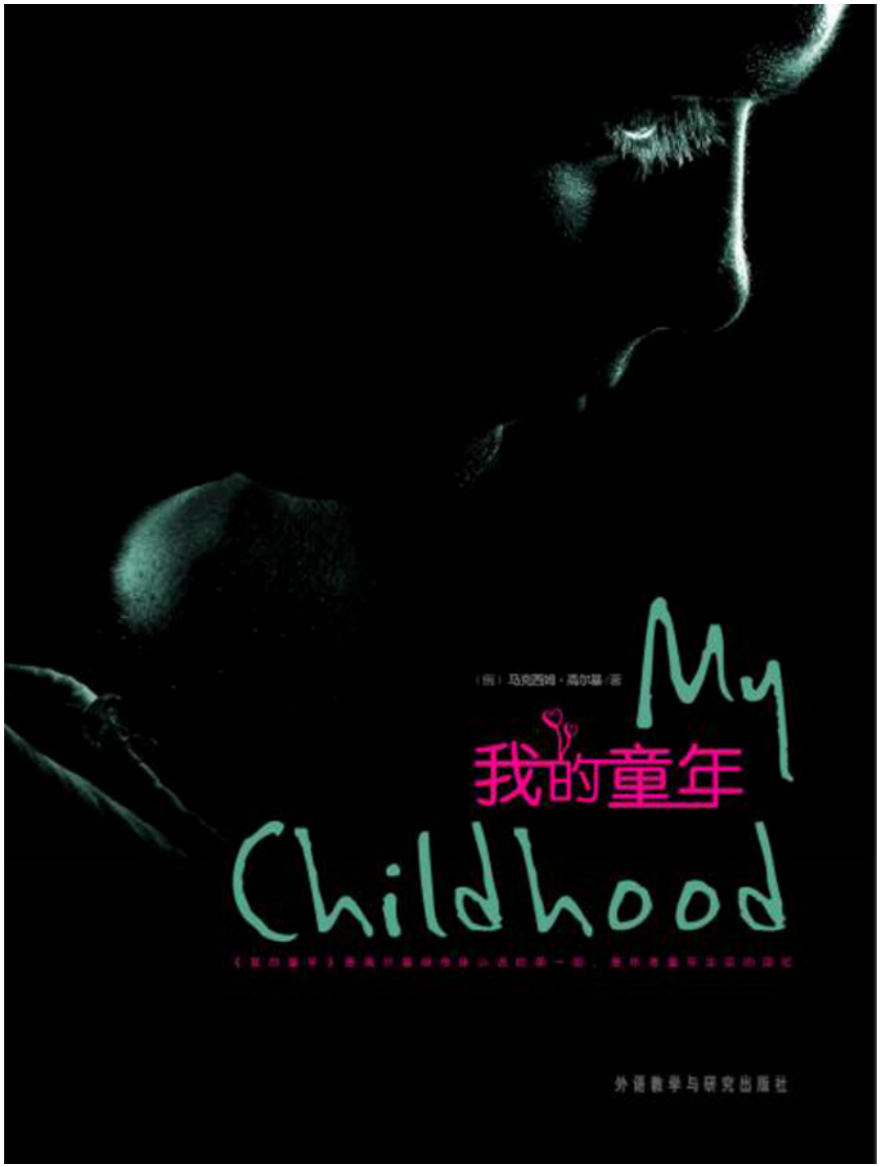
1868

1868 年

(This brief "Conclusion" was omitted in the second edition of this book, as I conceived it might possibly mislead some of those young men into whose hands it might fall. On the whole, I have thought it best to reprint it here, with some slight changes which bring it closer to my original meaning. I have dealt more fully in Marius the Epicurean with the thoughts suggested by it.)

(这个简短的“结论”在本书第二版中没有出现，因为我认为它可能误导一些读到它的年轻人。总的来说，我认为最好能将其进行一些修改，使它更符合我的原意后再收录于此。我在《享乐主义者马里厄斯》中对这里指出的思想做了更多阐释。）

(1)诺瓦利斯（1772—1801）,德国诗人。早期浪漫派代表人物。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外语教学与研究出版社

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卫昱 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

Chinese translation copyright © Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press 2010

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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CHAPTER I

第一章

IN a narrow, darkened room, my father, dressed in a white and unusually long garment, lay on the floor under the window. The toes of his bare feet were curiously extended, and the fingers of the still hands, which rested peacefully upon his breast, were curved; his merry eyes were tightly closed by the black disks of two copper coins; the light had gone out of his still face, and I was frightened by the ugly way he showed his teeth.

在一间狭窄又黑暗的房间里，我的父亲，穿着奇长的白色外衣，躺在窗户下的地板上。他那裸露的脚趾好奇地向前伸着，纹丝不动的手指弯曲着，安静地放在胸口；他那双常常微笑的眼睛也紧闭着，像是被两枚黑黑的铜币压着一般；他那慈祥的面孔已经失去光泽，而且他那露出牙齿的丑陋样子也让我感到害怕。

My mother, only half clad in a red petticoat, knelt and combed my father's long, soft hair, from his brow to the nape of his neck, with the same black comb which I loved to use to tear the rind of watermelons; she talked unceasingly in her low, husky voice, and it seemed as if her swollen eyes must be washed away by the incessant flow of tears.

我的母亲，只半裹着一件红色内裙，跪在父亲旁边，梳理着他柔软的长发，从前额到脖子；她用的那把木梳，就是我以前很喜欢用来削西瓜皮的黑木梳；她不停地说着什么，声音低沉沙哑，她那双水肿的眼睛看起来也要被不断流下的泪水冲走。

Holding me by the hand was my grandmother, who had a big, round head, large eyes, and a nose like a sponge—a dark, tender, wonderfully interesting person. She also was weeping, and her grief formed a fitting accompaniment to my mother's, as, shuddering the while, she pushed me towards my father; but I, terrified and uneasy, obstinately tried to hide myself against her. I had never seen grown-up people cry before, and I did not understand the words which my grandmother uttered again and again:

把我抱在怀里的是我的外祖母；她头很大，很圆，大眼睛，鼻子像一块海绵——一个皮肤黝黑、性格温和又很有趣的女人。她也在哭，跟母亲的哭声相称；她颤抖着，把我推向了我的父亲。但是，我因为害怕和不安，一个劲儿地想把自己藏在她的身后。我以前从来没有看过大人哭，而且我也不明白外祖母一遍又一遍地说着什么。

"Say good-by to daddy. You will never see him any more. He is

dead—before his time.”

“和父亲说再见。你永远都不会再见到他了。他要死了——不该这么早死啊。”

I had been very ill, had only just left my bed in fact, and I remember perfectly well that at the beginning of my illness my father used to merrily bustle about me. Then he suddenly disappeared and his place was taken by my grandmother, a stranger to me.

之前我一直在生病，实际上刚刚离开病床；我还完全清楚地记得，在我生病初期，父亲总是在我的周围乐呵呵地忙碌着。然后他突然消失了，外祖母取而代之，那时对我来说她还是个陌生人。

"Where did you come from?" I asked her.

“你从哪里来的？”我问她。

"From up there, from Nijni," she answered; "but I did not walk here, I came by boat. One does not walk on water, you little imp."

“我从尼日尼来，”她回答，“但我不是走来的，我是坐船来的。人不能在水上走，你这个小淘气。”

This was ludicrous, incomprehensible, and untrue; upstairs there lived a bearded, gaudy Persian, and in the cellar an old, yellow Kalmuck who sold sheepskins. One could get upstairs by riding on the banisters, or if one fell that way, one could roll. I knew this by experience. But where was there room for water? It was all untrue and delightfully muddled.

这有些荒唐，无法理解，更不真实；楼上住着一位长满胡子穿着俗丽的波斯人；阁楼里住着一位上了年纪、黄色皮肤的卡尔梅克人，他以卖羊皮为生。人可以骑着栏杆上楼，一旦摔倒了，便会滚下来（“尼日尼”在俄语里有“往下”的意思）。我经历过，所以才知道。但是哪里会有水呢？真是瞎话，荒唐可笑。

"And why am I a little imp?"

“而且为什么我是小淘气？”

"Why? Because you are so noisy," she said, laughing.

“为什么？因为你很吵。”她笑着说道。

She spoke sweetly, merrily, melodiously, and from the very first day I made friends with her; all I wanted now was for her to make haste and take me out of that room.

她说话时柔声细语，欢快悦耳；从见到她的第一天起，我就和她成为了朋友；我现在想要的只是让她快点带我离开那个房间。

My mother pressed me to her; her tears and groans created in me a strange feeling of disquietude. It was the first time I had seen her

like this. She had always appeared a stern woman of few words; neat, glossy, and strongly built like a horse, with a body of almost savage strength, and terribly strong arms. But now she was swollen and palpitating, and utterly desolate. Her hair, which was always coiled so neatly about her head, with her large, gaily trimmed cap, was tumbled about her bare shoulders, fell over her face, and part of it which remained plaited, trailed across my father's sleeping face. Although I had been in the room a long time she had not once looked at me; she could do nothing but dress my father's hair, sobbing and choking with tears the while.

妈妈把我抱过去；她的泪水和哭声，使我感到了一种莫名的不安。这是我第一次看到她这样。她从来都是很严厉的样子，而且话也不多；干净整洁，健壮如牛，充满了几乎是野性力量的身体，和非常结实的胳膊。但是现在她眼睛红肿，浑身颤抖，很是凄惨。她的头发，以前总是很整齐地盘在头上，上面还戴一顶硕大华丽的修边女帽，而如今却披散在裸露的双肩上，遮住了脸。依然盘在头上的头发，偶尔还会掉下来，落在我父亲那张熟睡的脸上。虽然我在房间里呆了很久，但是她都没有看我一眼；她只是一个劲儿地梳理父亲的头发，一边哽咽着，泪水流个不停。

Presently some swarthy gravediggers and a soldier peeped in at the door.

不一会儿，一些黑黝黝的掘墓工人们和一个士兵在门口向里张望。

The latter shouted angrily: "Clear out now! Hurry up!"

那个士兵生气地大喊：“马上清理！快点！”

The window was curtained by a dark shawl, which the wind inflated like a sail. I knew this because one day my father had taken me out in a sailing-boat, and without warning there had come a peal of thunder. He laughed, and holding me against his knees, cried, "It is nothing. Don't be frightened, Luke!"

窗户上挂着一块黑色披肩，被风一吹，像是扬起的船帆。我知道船帆，因为我父亲有一天曾带我坐着帆船出游；还遭遇了一场电闪雷鸣，令人始料不及。他笑着紧紧地把我抱在他的膝盖上，喊道：“这没有什么。不要害怕，卢克！”

Suddenly my mother threw herself heavily on the floor, but almost at once turned over on her back, dragging her hair in the dust; her impassive, white face had become livid, and showing her teeth like my father, she said in a terrible voice, "Close the door!... Alexis... go away!"

突然妈妈把自己狠狠摔在地上，但是又马上面朝上转过来，头发在扬起的尘土中散开；她冷漠而苍白的脸已经变成了青紫色，像父亲那样

露出牙齿；用可怕的声音喊道："把门关上！……亚历克西斯……走开！"

Thrusting me on one side, grandmother rushed to the door crying:

外祖母把我推向一边，冲到门口喊道：

"Friends! Don't be frightened; don't interfere, but go away, for the love of Christ. This is not cholera but childbirth.... I beg of you to go, good people!"

"朋友们！不用害怕；什么都别管，都走开，看在耶稣的份上。这不是霍乱，只是生孩子……我求你们了，走吧，好人们！"

I hid myself in a dark corner behind a box, and thence I saw how my mother writhed upon the floor, panting and gnashing her teeth; and grandmother, kneeling beside her, talked lovingly and hopefully.

我躲藏在箱子后面一个黑暗的角落里，在那里看着母亲在地板上翻腾，牙关紧咬，呼吸急促；外祖母跪在她的旁边和她说话，语气充满爱意和希望。

"In the name of the Father and of the Son...! Be patient, Varusha! Holy Mother of God!...Our Defense...!"

"看在父亲和儿子的份上……！有点耐心吧，瓦鲁撒！上帝的圣母！……保佑我们吧！"

I was terrified. They crept about on the floor close to my father, touching him, groaning and shrieking, and he remained unmoved and actually smiling. This creeping about on the floor lasted a long time; several times my mother stood up, only to fall down again, and grandmother rolled in and out of the room like a large, black, soft ball. All of a sudden a child cried.

我很害怕。他们爬到父亲的身边，抚摸他，呻吟着，尖叫着，而他仍是纹丝不动，实际上还面带微笑。她们在地上爬了很长时间；有几次，我母亲站起来，但又倒下去；外祖母在房间里进进出出，好像是一个又黑又柔软的大球。突然，一个孩子哭了。

"Thank God!" said grandmother. "It is a boy!" And she lighted a candle.

"感谢上帝！"外祖母说道，"是个男孩儿！"她点燃一根蜡烛。

I must have fallen asleep in the corner, for I remember nothing more.

我肯定是在角落里睡着了，因为之后的事情我都不记得了。

The next impression which my memory retains is a deserted corner in a cemetery on a rainy day. I am standing by a slippery

mound of sticky earth and looking into the pit wherein they have thrown the coffin of my father. At the bottom there is a quantity of water, and there are also frogs, two of which have even jumped on to the yellow lid of the coffin.

记忆中的下一个场景就是墓地里一个荒芜的角落，那天还淅淅沥沥地下着雨。我站在一个光滑的粘土堆旁，痴痴地看着他们安置父亲棺材的土坑。坑底有很多水，还有几只青蛙，有两只甚至跳到了棺材的黄色盖子上。

At the graveside were myself, grandmother, a drenched sexton, and two cross gravediggers with shovels.

坟墓旁，站着我、外祖母、一个湿透了的教堂司事，还有两个拿着铁锹相对而站的挖墓者。

We were all soaked with the warm rain which fell in fine drops like glass beads.

我们都被温热的雨水淋湿了。细小的雨滴像玻璃珠一样滴落。

"Fill in the grave," commanded the sexton, moving away.

“填土吧。”司事命令道，后退了一步。

Grandmother began to cry, covering her face with a corner of the shawl which she wore for a head-covering. The gravediggers, bending nearly double, began to fling the lumps of earth on the coffin rapidly, striking the frogs, which were leaping against the sides of the pit, down to the bottom.

外祖母开始哭泣，扯起裹头的围巾的一角，遮住她的脸。挖墓者弯下腰，飞快地把土掷向棺材。粘土打到了那两只青蛙，于是它们沿着坑的两边往下跳，一直下到坑底。

"Come along, Lenia," said grandmother, taking hold of my shoulder; but having no desire to depart, I wriggled out of her hands.

“过来，莱尼雅。”外祖母紧抱着我的肩膀说道；但是我没有离开的打算，所以从她的手里逃脱出来。

"What next, O Lord?" grumbled grandmother, partly to me, and partly to God, and she remained for some time silent, with her head drooping dejectedly.

“哦，上帝啊，要做什么？”外祖母咕哝着，也许是对我说，也许是对上帝说；她在那里站了一会儿，默默无声，沮丧地低着头。

The grave was filled in, yet still she stood there, till the gravediggers threw their shovels to the ground with a resounding clangor, and a breeze suddenly arose and died away, scattering the raindrops; then she took me by the hand and led me to a church some

distance away, by a path which lay between a number of dark crosses.

坟墓填平了，她还是站在那里，直到挖墓者咣当一声把铁锹扔在地上；一阵微风一闪而过，吹散了雨滴；然后她牵起我的手，走过一条两边都是黑色十字架的小路，把我领到了远处的一个教堂。

"Why don't you cry?" she asked, as we came away from the burial-ground. "You ought to cry."

“你为什么不哭？”当我们远离坟地的时候，她问道，“你应该哭。”

"I don't want to," was my reply.

“我不想哭。”我回答道。

"Well, if you don't want to, you need not," she said gently.

“好吧，如果你不想哭，就不必哭了。”她温和地说。

This greatly surprised me, because I seldom cried, and when I did it was more from anger than sorrow; moreover, my father used to laugh at my tears, while my mother would exclaim, "Don't you dare to cry!"

这让我非常惊讶，因为我很少哭泣，而且即使我哭了，也常常是因为生气而不是悲伤。另外，我父亲也经常嘲笑我哭鼻子，而我的母亲则会喊道：“难道你不敢哭吗？”

After this we rode in a droshky through a broad but squalid street, between rows of houses which were painted dark red.

后来，我们坐着一辆无棚的四轮马车，走在一条宽敞但很泥泞的街道上，两边是一排排粉刷成暗红色的房子。

As we went along, I asked grandmother, "Will those frogs ever be able to get out?"

路上，我问外祖母：“那些青蛙能从里面出来吗？”

"Never!" she answered. "God bless them!" I reflected that my father and my mother never spoke so often or so familiarly of God.

“永远不会！”她答道，“上帝保佑它们！”我认识到，我的父母从来都没有这么频繁或者这么亲切地提到上帝。

A few days later my mother and grandmother took me aboard a steamboat, where we had a tiny cabin.

几天之后，母亲和外祖母就把我带到了一条汽船上，我们有一间小船舱。

My little brother Maxim was dead, and lay on a table in the corner, wrapped in white and wound about with red tape. Climbing on to the bundles and trunks I looked out of the porthole, which seemed to me exactly like the eye of a horse. Muddy, frothy water

streamed unceasingly down the pane. Once it dashed against the glass with such violence that it splashed me, and I involuntarily jumped back to the floor.

我的弟弟马克西姆死了，躺在角落里的一张桌子上，用白布裹着，还缠绕着红色的带子。我爬到箱子上的包裹上，透过舷窗向外看；对我来说，这个舷窗就像是马的眼睛。海水浑浊多泡，不停地沿着窗格流淌。偶尔它会凶猛地拍打玻璃，水花便溅到我身上；于是我极不情愿地跳回到地板上。

"Don't be afraid," said grandmother, and lifting me lightly in her kind arms, restored me to my place on the bundles.

“别害怕。”外祖母把我抱起来，轻轻地搂在怀里说道；然后又把我放回到箱子上的包裹处。

A gray, moist fog brooded over the water; from time to time a shadowy land was visible in the distance, only to be obscured again by the fog and the foam. Everything about us seemed to vibrate, except my mother who, with her hands folded behind her head, leaned against the wall fixed and still, with a face that was grim and hard as iron, and as expressionless. Standing thus, mute, with closed eyes, she appeared to me as an absolute stranger. Her very frock was unfamiliar to me.

暗淡潮湿的雾气笼罩在水面上；偶尔可以看见远处模糊的陆地，但马上又在雾气和浪花中变得难以辨认了。周围所有的东西似乎都在颤动，唯独只有我的母亲，双手交叉，放在脑后。她一动不动地紧紧斜靠在墙上，脸上毫无表情，冷若冰霜。她就那样站着，双眼紧闭，一言不发。对我来说，她看起来完全是个陌生人。她穿的那件上衣我没怎么见过。

More than once grandmother said to her softly "Varia, won't you have something to eat?"

外祖母不止一次对她温柔地说：“瓦里亚，不想吃点东西吗？”

My mother neither broke the silence nor stirred from her position.

我的母亲既没有打破沉寂，也没有任何行动。

Grandmother spoke to me in whispers, but to my mother she spoke aloud, and at the same time cautiously and timidly, and very seldom. I thought she was afraid of her, which was quite intelligible, and seemed to draw us closer together.

外祖母和我说话时很小声，但是和母亲说话时声音很大，同时谨慎小心，话并不多。我想外祖母是害怕母亲，这是可以理解的。而且这也似乎把我们拉得更近了。

"Saratov!" loudly and fiercely exclaimed my mothe with startling

suddenness. "Where is the sailor?" Strange, new words to me! Saratov? Sailor?

“萨拉托夫！”母亲突然大声疯狂地喊道，吓了我们一跳。“那个水手在哪？”奇怪，对我来说都是生词！萨拉托夫？水手？

A broad-shouldered, gray-headed individual dressed in blue now entered, carrying a small box which grand mother took from him, and in which she proceeded to place the body of my brother. Having done this she bore the box and its burden to the door on her out stretched hands; but, alas! being so stout she could only get through the narrow doorway of the cabir sideways, and now halted before it in ludicrous uncertainty.

一个身穿蓝色衣服，肩膀很宽、头发花白的人走了进来，拿着一个小箱子；外祖母把箱子接过去，然后把我弟弟的尸体放了进去。之后，她伸出双手，吃力地把箱子搬到门口；但是，哎！因为过胖，她只能在到达船舱旁边那狭窄的门口后停了下来，左右为难的样子十分滑稽。

"Really, Mama!" exclaimed my mother impatiently, taking the tiny coffin from her. Then they both disappeared, while I stayed behind in the cabir regarding the man in blue.

“真是的，妈妈！”我的母亲不耐烦地喊道，然后从她那里夺回了小棺材。然后，她们两个人就都不见了，而我还呆在船舱里，面对着那个穿蓝衣服的人。

"Well, mate, so the little brother has gone?" he said, bending down to me. "Who are you?" "I am a sailor." "And who is Saratov?"

“喂，小家伙，小弟弟已经死了？”他俯身向我问道。“你是谁？”“我是一个水手。”“谁是萨拉托夫？”

"Saratov is a town. Look out of the window. There it is!"

“萨拉托夫是一个城镇。看看窗户外面，这就是了！”

Observed from the window, the land seemed to oscillate; and revealing itself obscurely and in a fragmentary fashion, as it lay steaming in the fog, it reminded me of a large piece of bread just cut off a hot loaf.

从窗户看去，陆地好像在晃动，笼罩在雾气之中，冒着蒸汽，时隐时现。这让我想起了刚切下的大片热面包。

"Where has grandmother gone to?"

“外祖母去哪里了？”

"To bury her little grandson."

“去埋她的外孙子了。”

"Are they going to bury him in the ground?"

“她们是要把他埋在地里吗？”

"Yes, of course they are."

“是啊，当然啦。”

I then told the sailor about the live frogs that had been buried with my father.

然后，我告诉了水手那两只和父亲一起被埋在土里的青蛙。

He lifted me up, and hugging and kissing me, cried, "Oh, my poor little fellow, you don't understand. It is not the frogs who are to be pitied, but your mother. Think how she is bowed down by her sorrow."

他把我举了起来，抱着我吻了吻，说道：“哦，我可怜的小家伙，你不明白。不是那两只青蛙应该受到同情，而是你的母亲。想想，她是怎样为悲伤所折磨。”

Then came a resounding howl overhead. Having already learned that it was the steamer which made this noise, I was not afraid; but the sailor hastily set me down on the floor and darted away, exclaiming, "I must run!"

这时，头顶传来了一声轰响。我已经知道那是汽笛发出的声音，因而并不害怕；但是水手慌忙把我放下来，飞快地离去，一边喊道：“我必须走了！”

The desire to escape seized me. I ventured out of the door. The dark, narrow space outside was empty, and not far away shone the brass on the steps of the staircase. Glancing upwards, I saw people with wallets and bundles in their hands, evidently going off the boat. This meant that I must go off too.

我也有了逃跑的欲望。我冒险跑出了门。外面黑暗又狭窄，空荡荡的；不远处的楼梯的台阶上发出了铜的光亮。我抬头看，发现人们手里都拿着行囊和包裹，显然是在下船。这意味着我也要离开。

But when I appeared in front of the gangway, amidst the crowd of peasants, they all began to yell at me.

但是当我出现在通道前，夹杂在成群的农民中时，他们都开始冲我大声喊叫。

"Who does he belong to? Who do you belong to?"

“他是谁家的孩子？你是谁家的孩子？”

No one knew.

没有人知道。

For a long time they jostled and shook and poked me about, until

the gray-haired sailor appeared and seized me, with the explanation:

他们不停地推挤，摇晃以及戳我，直到那个花白头发的水手出现在我面前，抱起我，并解释说：

"It is the Astrakhan boy from the cabin."

“这是船舱里的来自阿斯特拉罕的孩子。”

And he ran off with me to the cabin, deposited me on the bundles and went away, shaking his finger at me, as he threatened, "I'11 give you something!”

他抱着我跑回到了船舱，把我放在包裹上，向我挥动着手指，威胁我：“我会给你教训的。”然后就匆匆离开了。

The noise overhead became less and less. The boat had ceased to vibrate, or to be agitated by the motion of the water. The window of the cabin was shut in by damp walls; within it was dark, and the air was stifling. It seemed to me that the very bundles grew larger and began to press upon me; it was all horrible, and I began to wonder if I was going to be left alone forever in that empty boat.

头上的喧闹声渐渐消失了。船停止了颤动，也不再因为水的流动而晃动了。船舱的窗户被封闭在潮湿的墙角里。里面漆黑，空气也很沉闷。似乎那个包裹在变大，开始向我挤压过来；一切都那么恐怖，我开始怀疑是否我会永远被遗忘在这条空荡荡的船上。

I went to the door, but it would not open; the brass handle refused to turn, so I took a bottle of milk and with all my force struck at it. The only result was that the bottle broke and the milk spilled over my legs, and trickled into my boots. Crushed by this failure, I threw myself on the bundles crying softly, and so fell asleep.

我向门走去，但打不开；黄铜扶手不肯转动，于是我拿了一个奶瓶，使尽全身的力气向它砸去。结果奶瓶碎了，牛奶飞溅在我的腿上，还滴进了我的靴子里。这失败令人沮丧，我躺在包裹上，轻声地哭起来，就这样睡着了。

When I awoke the boat was again in motion, and the window of the cabin shone like the sun.

当我醒来的时候，船又在航行，而且船舱的窗户像太阳般闪耀。

Grandmother, sitting near me, was combing her hair and muttering something with knitted brow. She had an extraordinary amount of hair which fell over her shoulders and breast to her knees, and even touched the floor. It was blue-black. Lifting it up from the floor with one hand and holding it with difficulty, she introduced an almost toothless wooden comb into its thick strands. Her lips were twisted, her dark eyes sparkled fiercely, while her face, encircled in

that mass of hair, looked comically small. Her expression was almost malignant, but when I asked her why she had such long hair she answered in her usual mellow, tender voice:

外祖母正坐在我旁边梳头，眉头紧锁，低声嘟哝着什么。她头发极多，从肩膀、胸前一直到垂到膝盖，甚至及地。头发是蓝黑色的。她用一只手吃力地把头发从地上举起来，然后把几乎没有了齿的木梳插进厚密的头发里。她咬着嘴唇，黑亮的眼睛闪烁着光芒，而她的脸，被包在浓密的头发里，显得特别小，有点滑稽。她的表情几乎充满恶意，但是当我问她为什么有这么长的头发时，她的回答还是和往常一样甜美温柔：

"Surely God gave it to me as a punishment.... Even when it is combed, just look at it!... When I was young I was proud of my mane, but now I am old I curse it. But you go to sleep. It is quite early. The sun has only just risen."

“当然了，上帝把它给了我是作为惩罚的……看看这又浓又密的头发！梳理起来很费力……当我年轻的时候，我为我的头发感到骄傲，但是现在，我诅咒它。你接着睡吧，天还很早呢，太阳才刚刚升起来。”

"But I don't want to go to sleep again."

“但是我不想再睡了。”

"Very well, then don't go to sleep," she agreed at once, plaiting her hair and glancing at the berth on which my mother lay rigid, with upturned face. "How did you smash that bottle last evening? Tell me about it quietly."

“好吧，那么就不睡吧。”她马上同意了，她扎好辫子，又看了看脸朝上躺在那里的母亲。“昨天晚上，你怎么把瓶子打碎了？悄悄告诉我。”

So she always talked, using such peculiarly harmonious words that they took root in my memory like fragrant, bright, everlasting flowers. When she smiled the pupils of her dark, luscious eyes dilated and beamed with an inexpressible charm, and her strong white teeth gleamed cheerfully. Apart from her multitudinous wrinkles and her swarthy complexion, she had a youthful and brilliant appearance. What spoiled her was her bulbous nose, with its distended nostrils, and red lips, caused by her habit of taking pinches of snuff from her black snuff-box mounted with silver, and by her fondness for drink. Everything about her was dark, but within she was luminous with an inextinguishable, joyful and ardent flame, which revealed itself in her eyes. Although she was bent, almost humpbacked, in fact, she moved lightly and softly, for all the world like a huge cat, and was just as gentle as that caressing animal.

她说起话来总是特别悦耳，这些话在我的记忆里扎了根，好像是芳香、鲜亮、永不衰败的花朵。她笑起来的时候，乌黑甜美的眼睛里，瞳孔便扩大了，闪着光，有一种无法表达的魅力，而且她的牙齿很白，也闪烁着令人愉悦的光芒。除了她满脸的皱纹和略黑的皮肤，她看起来很年轻，也很精明。让她的脸失色的是她的鼻子和嘴。那蒜头鼻有着扩张的鼻孔；她的嘴唇很红，因为她习惯从裱有白银的黑色鼻烟壶里吸食鼻烟，也因为她喜欢喝酒。她什么都黑，但是，她的内心却闪闪发亮，就像有不可磨灭、又热情洋溢的火焰，从她的眼睛里透露出来。虽然她身躯已经不再挺拔，几乎已经驼背，实际上，她行动起来灵活轻便，仿佛是一只肥猫，并和这种可爱的动物一样温柔。

Until she came into my life I seemed to have been asleep, and hidden away in obscurity; but when she appeared she woke me and led me to the light of day.

在她闯入我的生活之前，我好像一直都在沉睡，躲藏在阴暗之中；而她的出现唤醒了我，将我带入了光明。

Connecting all my impressions by a single thread, she wove them into a pattern of many colors, thus making herself my friend for life, the being nearest my heart, the dearest and best known of all; while her disinterested love for all creation enriched me, and built up the strength needful for a hard life.

她用一根线连接了我所有的记忆，将它们编织成缤纷的图案。于是，她成为我一生的挚友，是我内心最亲近、最珍贵、最重要的人。她的博爱影响着我，而且也为我在艰难的生活中树立了必要的勇气。

Forty years ago boats traveled slowly; we were a long time getting to Nijni, and I shall never forget those days almost overladen with beauty.

四十年前，船走得很慢；我们花了很长时间才到达尼日尼。我永远都不会忘记那些美丽的日子。

Good weather had set in. From morning till night I was on the deck with grandmother, under a clear sky, gliding between the autumn-gilded shores of the Volga, without hurry, lazily; and, with many resounding groans, as she rose and fell on the gray-blue water, a barge attached by a long rope was being drawn along by the bright red steamer. The barge was gray, and reminded me of a wood-louse.

天气变好了。我和外祖母从早到晚都呆在甲板上，头顶上的天空明朗干净，轮船悠闲懒散地穿梭于伏尔加河两边那染满秋色的河岸间；伴随着隆隆的马达声，船体在灰蓝色的河面上起伏有致，一艘驳船用一根长绳拴在了亮红色的轮船上，也被拉着前行。这条驳船是灰色的，这使我想起了土鳖虫。

Unperceived, the sun floated over the Volga. Every hour we were

in the midst of fresh scenes; the green hills rose up like rich folds on earth's sumptuous vesture; on the shore stood towns and villages; the golden autumn leaves floated on the water.

不知不觉中，太阳已经照耀着伏尔加河。每时每刻，我们都环抱在云蒸霞蔚的美景之中；绿色的山林高耸，好似大地华丽外衣的褶皱；两岸坐落着城镇和村落；金黄的秋叶漂流在河面上。

"Look how beautiful it all is!" grandmother exclaimed every minute, going from one side of the boat to the other, with a radiant face, and eyes wide with joy. Very often, gazing at the shore, she would forget me; she would stand on the deck, her hands folded on her breast, smiling and in silence, with her eyes full of tears. I would tug at her skirt of dark, sprigged linen.

“看，这里的一切多么美丽！”外祖母总会从船头走到另一头，大声感叹。她脸色红润，大大的眼睛里满是愉悦。她经常会盯着河岸，把我给忘了；她站在甲板上，双手合在胸前，默不作声，但脸上挂着微笑，眼里闪烁着泪花。我会用力拉她那带有枝条图案的黑色麻布裙子。

"Ah!" she would exclaim, starting. "I must have fallen asleep, and begun to dream." "But why are you crying?"

“啊！”她开始喊道，“我肯定睡着了，开始做梦了。”“但你为什么哭呢？”

"For joy and for old age, my dear," she would reply, smiling. "I am getting old, you know—sixty years have passed over my head.”

“因为高兴，因为年老，我的宝贝儿。” 她会笑着回答，“我老了，你知道——脑海里已经闪过六十个年头了。”

And taking a pinch of snuff, she would begin to tell me some wonderful stories about kind-hearted brigands, holy people, and all sorts of wild animals and evil spirits.

吸了一下鼻烟之后，她会给我讲很多关于热心海盗，圣人的故事，还有各种各样的野兽和恶鬼的故事。

She would tell me these stories softly, mysteriously, with her face close to mine, fixing me with her dilated eyes, thus actually infusing into me the strength which was growing within me. The longer she spoke, or rather sang, the more melodiously flowed her words. It was inexpressibly pleasant to listen to her.

她讲这些故事时，声音轻柔、神秘。她的脸紧贴着我的脸，大大的眼睛紧盯着我。确实，她向我灌输了力一种量，这力量在我的心田滋长。她讲得越久，或是说唱得越久，她的声音就越发优美。听她说话唱歌，有一种难以言表的乐趣。

I would listen and beg for another, and this is what I got:

我会在听完后，再求她讲一个，这就是我当时听到的：

"In the stove there lives an old goblin; once he got a splinter into his paw, and rocked to and fro whimpering, 'Oh, little mice, it hurts very much; oh, little mice, I can't bear it!'"

“炉子里住着一个老鬼；有一次他的爪子里扎进去一块碎片，他前后摇晃地哀怨：‘噢，小东西，太疼了；噢，小东西，我受不了了！’”

Raising her foot, she took it in her hands and wagged it from side to side, wrinkling up her face so funnily, just as if she herself had been hurt.

外祖母抬起她的脚，把它拿在手里左右摇晃，一脸皱纹，很是滑稽，好像她自己受了伤似的。

The sailors who stood round—bearded, good-natured men—listening and laughing, and praising the stories, would say:

那些站在周围的海员们——他们个个都是长满胡子，脾气和善的人——边听边笑，说故事讲得好，还说：

"Now, Grandmother, give us another."

“现在，外祖母，再给我们讲一个吧。”

Afterwards they would say:

之后，他们还会说：

"Come and have supper with us."

“来和我们吃晚饭吧。”

At supper they regaled her with vodka, and me with water-melon; this they did secretly, for there went to and fro on the boat a man who forbade the eating of fruit, and used to take it away and throw it in the river. He was dressed like an official, and was always drunk; people kept out of his sight.

晚饭时，他们给她伏尔加酒，给我吃西瓜；这是他们偷偷给我的，因为在船上有人来回走动监察，不允许吃水果，通常会把它拿走扔到河里。那人穿得像一个军官，而且经常醉醺醺的；人们都不愿让他看见。

On rare occasions my mother came on deck, and stood on the side farthest from us. She was always silent. Her large, well-formed body, her grim face, her heavy crown of plaited, shining hair—all about her was compact and solid, and she appeared to me as if she were enveloped in a fog or a transparent cloud, out of which she looked unamiably with her gray eyes, which were as large as grandmother's.

我的母亲难得会来到甲板上，站在离我们最远的那一边。她总是沉默无语。她那高大有形的身体，严肃的面孔，紧锁的眉头，闪亮的头发——她的一切都是紧凑而坚固。在我看来，她好像是包裹在雾气里，或

者是透明的云彩里，这让她看起来很不亲切，灰色的眼睛跟外祖母的一般大。

Once she exclaimed sternly:

有一次她严厉地喊道：

"People are laughing at you, Mama!"

“人们在嘲笑你，妈妈！”

"God bless them!" answered grandmother, quite unconcerned. "Let them laugh, and good luck to 'em."

“上帝保佑他们！”外祖母毫不介意地回答道，“让他们笑吧，祝他们好运。”

I remember the childish joy grandmother showed at the sight of Nijni. Taking my hand, she dragged me to the side, crying:

我至今记得在看到尼日尼的时候，外祖母那孩子般的快乐。她拉起我的手，把我拽到身旁，喊道：

"Look! Look how beautiful it is! That's Nijni, that is! Look at the church too! There's something heavenly about it. Doesn't it seem to have wings?" And she turned to my mother, nearly weeping. "Varusha, look, won't you? Come here! You seem to have forgotten all about it. Can't you show a little gladness?"

“看！它多美！那就是尼日尼，那就是！它好似天堂。再看看那个教堂，难道它不像是有翅膀吗？”她转身面向我的母亲，几乎流泪。“瓦鲁撒，看看，行吗？过来！你似乎把一切都忘记了。难道你不能表现得高兴点吗？”

My mother, with a frown, smiled bitterly.

我的母亲，皱了一下眉头，痛苦地笑了笑。

When the boat arrived outside the beautiful town between two rivers blocked by vessels, and bristling with hundreds of slender masts, a large boat containing many people was drawn alongside it. Catching the boat-hook in the gangway, one after another the passengers came on board. A short, wizened man, dressed in black, with a red-gold beard, a bird-like nose, and green eyes, pushed his way in front of the others.

我们的船来到了那座夹在两条河之间的美丽的镇外的时候，看到河里到处都是有着细长桅杆的船，还有一艘大船，上面有很多乘客，也正在靠岸。艇钩挂在通道上后，乘客们一个接一个地上了船。一个小个子的瘦削男人，穿着黑色的衣服，留有金红色的胡子，长着鸟一样的鼻子和一双绿色的眼睛，挤出了一条路，冲在其他人的前面。

"Papa!" my mother cried in a hoarse, loud voice, as she threw

herself into his arms; but he, taking her face in his little red hands and hastily patting her cheeks, cried:

“爸爸！”我的母亲用沙哑的声音大喊，然后就一头扑进他的怀里；而他，用他红色的小手捧起她的脸，急速地拍着她的脸颊，喊道：

"Now, silly! What's the matter with you?..."

“嗳，小傻瓜！你怎么了？”

Grandmother embraced and kissed them all at once, turning round and round like a peg-top; she pushed me towards them, saying quickly:

外祖母一下子把他们两个抱住，亲吻着他们，像个陀螺一样转啊转；她把我推向他们，赶紧说道：

"Now—make haste! This is Uncle Michael, this is Jaakov, this is Aunt Natalia, these are two brothers both called Sascha, and their sister Katerina. This is all our family. Isn't it a large one?"

“嗳——快点！这是迈克尔舅舅，这是扎科夫，这是娜塔莉亚舅妈，这是你的两位哥哥，都叫萨沙，还有他们的妹妹卡特里娜。这都是我们的家人。难道不是一大家子吗？”

Grandfather said to her:

外祖父对她说道：

"Are you quite well, Mother?" and they kissed each other three times.

“你还好吧，孩子妈？”然后他们互相亲吻了三下。

He then drew me from the dense mass of people, and laying his hand on my head, asked:

然后，从密集的人群中，他把我拉过来，把他的手放在我的头上，问道：

"And who may you be?"

“你能是谁呢？”

"I am the Astrakhan boy from the cabin."

“我是从船舱里出来的，来自阿斯特拉罕”。

"What on earth is he talking about?" Grandfather turned to my mother, but without waiting for an answer, shook me and said: "You are a chip of the old block. Get into the boat."

“他究竟在说什么？”外祖父转向母亲，没有等到她回答，晃了晃我，说道：“你跟你的爸爸长得一模一样。上船吧。”

Having landed, the crowd of people wended its way up the hill by

a road paved with rough cobblestones between two steep slopes covered with trampled grass.

登陆之后，人们都向山上走去。路上铺有粗糙的鹅卵石，两边是很陡的斜坡，上面的草都被践踏了。

Grandfather and mother went in front of us all. He was a head shorter than she was, and walked with little hurried steps; while she, looking down on him from her superior height, appeared literally to float beside him. After them walked dark, sleek-haired Uncle Michael, wizened like grandfather, bright and curly-headed Jaakov, some fat women in brightly colored dresses, and six children, all older than myself and all very, quiet. I was with grandmother and little Aunt Natalia. Pale, blue-eyed and stout, she frequently stood still, panting and whispering: "Oh, I can't go any farther!"

外祖父和外祖母走在最前面。他比她矮一头，而且步伐小而急促；高个头的她俯视他时，看起来像飘浮在他的身旁一样。他们后面跟着头发黑亮光滑的迈克尔舅舅，他和外祖父一样瘦削；头发油亮卷曲的扎科夫；一些穿着亮色裙子的胖女人，还有六个孩子，他们个个都比我大，而且都非常安静。我呆在外祖母和娜塔莉亚舅妈的旁边。她脸色苍白，长着一双蓝色眼睛，又矮又胖；她总是停下来，喘息着低声说：“哦，我走不动了！”

"Why did they trouble you to come?" grumbled grandmother angrily. "They are a silly lot!"

“他们为什么还要麻烦你来呢？”外祖母生气地咕哝着，“真是一群傻瓜！”

I did not like either the grown-up people nor the children; I felt myself to be a stranger in their midst—even grandmother had somehow become estranged and distant.

我既不喜欢这些大人，也不喜欢这些孩子；我感觉在他们中间我是一个陌生人——甚至连外祖母也变得冷漠和疏远。

Most of all I disliked my uncle; I felt at once that he was my enemy, and I was conscious of a certain feeling of cautious curiosity towards him.

我最不喜欢的是我的舅舅；我马上就意识到他是我的敌人，而且我也意识到，对他，我有一种既小心又好奇的感觉。

We had now arrived at the end of our journey.

现在我们的旅途已经到达终点。

At the very top, perched on the right slope, stood the first building in the street—a squat, one-storied house, decorated with dirty pink paint, with a narrow overhanging roof and bow-windows.

Looked at from the street it appeared to be a large house, but the interior, with its gloomy, tiny rooms, was cramped. Everywhere, as on the landing-stage, angry people strove together, and a vile smell pervaded the whole place.

在最上面，右边的斜坡上，矗立着街道上的第一所建筑物——一个低矮的平房；房子外面粉刷着脏兮兮的粉色油漆，屋顶狭窄吊在上面，窗户外凸。从街道上看它，好像是一个大房子，但实际上，里面阴暗，房间小而狭窄。好像在码头上一样，到处都聚集着愤怒的人们，而且整个地方都弥漫着难闻的气味。

I went out into the yard. That also was unpleasant. It was strewn with large, wet cloths and lumbered with tubs, all containing muddy water, of the same hue, in which other cloths lay soaking. In the corner of a half-tumbled-down shed the logs burned brightly in a stove, upon which something was boiling or baking, and an unseen person uttered these strange words:

我走进出房子，来到院子里。那里也很不舒服。到处都挂着大块潮湿的布，而且堆满了盆，里面装着同样浑浊的水，浸泡着一些布块。在摇摇欲坠的棚子里的一个角落，炉子里的木头烧得火红，上面煮着或者烘烤着什么东西，还有一个没有看见的人在说着一些奇怪的话：

"Santaline, fuchsin, vitriol!"

“紫檀色，品红，硫酸盐！”

CHAPTER II

第二章

THEN began and flowed on with astonishing rapidity an intense, varied, inexpressibly strange life. It reminded me of a crude story, well told by a good-natured but irritatingly truthful genius. Now, in recalling the past, I myself find it difficult to believe, at this distance of time, that things really were as they were, and I have longed to dispute or reject the facts—the cruelty of the drab existence of an unwelcome relation is too painful to contemplate. But truth is stronger than pity, and besides, I am writing not about myself but about that narrow, stifling environment of unpleasant impressions in which lived—aye, and to this day lives—the average Russian of this class.

一种紧张、多变、无法表达的奇怪生活，以惊人的速度开始了。它使我想起了一个原始的故事，是由一个和善可亲，但犀利得一针见血的天才讲述的。现在，回想起过去，在相隔很远的今天，我依旧很难相信，当时竟是那般情形。我一直不想承认或是接受那些事实——那种处在不受人欢迎的亲戚关系中的单调生活的残酷性，想起来就让人万分痛苦。但是事实高于怜悯。另外，我所描写的不是我自己，而是那个狭隘、沉闷、令人不悦的生活环境。普通的俄国平民阶层曾在这里生活，而且至今仍生活在这样的环境当中。

My grandfather's house simply seethed with mutual hostility; all the grown people were infected and even the children were inoculated with it. I had learned, from overhearing grandmother's conversation, that my mother arrived upon the very day when her brothers demanded the distribution of the property from their father. Her unexpected return made their desire for this all the keener and stronger, because they were afraid that my mother would claim the dowry intended for her, but withheld by my grandfather because she had married secretly and against his wish. My uncles considered that this dowry ought to be divided amongst them all. Added to this, they had been quarreling violently for a long time among themselves as to who should open a workshop in the town, or on the Oka in the village of Kunavin.

外祖父家里，人们彼此间充满了敌意,所有大人都受其感染，甚至是孩子们也受到影响。我无意间从外祖母的谈话中得知，母亲到的那天，就是她的兄弟们要求分割外祖父财产的日子。而她的突然出现让他们的这种欲望变得更加热切和强烈。因为他们都担心，我的母亲会索取本为她准备却被外祖父扣下的嫁妆.她当时违背了外祖父的意愿，偷偷地结了婚。我的舅舅们认为这份嫁妆应该在他们中间分割。除此之外，他们曾

经一度吵得很凶，争执谁应该在镇里或者在库纳维诺村里的奥卡河边开一家工厂。

One day, very shortly after our arrival, a quarrel broke out suddenly at dinner-time. My uncles started to their feet and, leaning across the table, began to shout and yell at grandfather, snarling and shaking themselves like dogs; and grandfather, turning very red, rapped on the table with a spoon and cried in a piercing tone of voice, like the crowing of a cock: "I will turn you out of doors!"

就在我们到达后不久，他们吃着饭突然吵了起来。我的舅舅们站起来，靠着桌子，开始对外祖父大喊大叫，像狗一样咆哮着，晃动着；外祖父满脸通红，用勺子敲打着桌子，声音好像是公鸡的啼叫，他刺耳地喊道：“我会把你们都赶出门！”

With her face painfully distorted, grandmother said: "Give them what they ask, Father; then you will have some peace."

外祖母的脸痛苦地扭曲着，说道：“孩子爸，把他们想要的东西都给他们，那样你耳根才能清静。”

"Be quiet, simpleton!" shouted my grandfather with flashing eyes; and it was wonderful, seeing how small he was, that he could yell with such deafening effect.

“安静，傻瓜！”外祖父喊道，眼睛闪烁着怒火；看到他那么瘦小，声音却震耳欲聋，倒有几分趣味。

My mother rose from the table, and going calmly to the window, turned her back upon us all.

我的母亲从桌子边站起来，平静地走向窗户，转过身去，背对我们。

Suddenly Uncle Michael struck his brother on the face with the back of his hand. The latter, with a howl of rage, grappled with him; both rolled on the floor growling, gasping for breath and abusing each other. The children began to cry, and my Aunt Natalia, who was with child, screamed wildly; my mother seized her round the body and dragged her somewhere out of the way; the lively little nursemaid, Eugenia, drove the children out of the kitchen; chairs were knocked down; the young, broad-shouldered foreman, Tsiganok, sat on Uncle Michael's back, while the head of the works, Gregory Ivanovitch, a bald-headed, bearded man with colored spectacles, calmly bound up my uncle's hands with towels.

突然，米哈伊尔舅舅的手背打在了他弟弟的脸上。他弟弟愤怒地大喊一声，和他扭打成一团；两个人咆哮着，喘息着，吵骂着，滚到了地上。孩子们开始哭，娜塔莉亚舅妈在孩子们的旁边，疯狂地尖叫着；我母亲抱住她，把她从中拉了出来；活泼的女佣小尤金妮娅把孩子们带出

了厨房；椅子打翻在地；肩膀宽宽的年轻领班茨甘诺克，骑在米哈伊尔舅舅的背上，而秃顶、长满胡子、戴着有色眼镜的工头格雷戈里·伊万诺维奇，则镇静地把舅舅的手用毛巾绑了起来。

Turning his head and letting his thin, straggly, black beard trail on the floor, Uncle Michael cursed horribly, and grandfather, running round the table, exclaimed bitterly: "And these are brothers!... Blood relations!... Shame on you!"

米哈伊尔舅舅转过头，他稀少凌乱的黑胡子拖在地上，他拼命地大骂着；外祖父在桌子周围到处乱跑，悲痛地喊道：“你们可是兄弟啊！亲兄弟啊！可耻啊，你们！”

At the beginning of the quarrel I had jumped on to the stove in terror; and thence, with painful amazement, I had watched grandmother as she washed Uncle Jaakov's battered face in a small basin of water, while he cried and stamped his feet, and she said in a sad voice: "Wicked creatures! You are nothing better than a family of wild beasts. When will you come to your senses?"

争吵开始的时候，我害怕地跳到了炉子上，既痛苦又惊讶地看着外祖母用一小盆水清洗雅科夫被打破的脸。而他哭喊着，跺着脚，外祖母悲伤地说道：“真不是东西！禽兽不如啊。什么时候你能动动脑子？”

Grandfather, dragging his torn shirt over his shoulder, called out to her: "So you have brought wild animals into the world, eh, old woman?"

外祖父把他撕破的衬衫从肩上脱下来，向她喊道：“是你把这些野兽带到这个世界来的，啊，老婆子？”

When Uncle Jaakov went out, grandmother retired to a corner and, quivering with grief, prayed: "Holy Mother of God, bring my children to their senses."

雅科夫舅舅出去后，外祖母躲到角落里，悲伤地战栗着，祈祷道：“天主圣母啊，让我的孩子们恢复理性吧。”

Grandfather stood beside her, and, glancing at the table, on which everything was upset or spilled, said softly:

外祖父站在她的旁边，看了一眼乱七八糟的桌子，轻声说道：

"When you think of them, Mother, and then of the little one they pester Varia about... who has the best nature?"

“孩子妈，想想他们，再想想他们纠缠瓦里娅的那点事，谁是个好东西？”

"Hold your tongue, for goodness' sake! Take off that shirt and I will mend it...." And laying the palms of her hands on his head, grandmother kissed his forehead; and he—so small compared to her—

pressing his face against her shoulder, said:

“看在上帝的份上，别说了！把衬衫脱下来，我给你缝上……”外祖母双手放在他的头上，亲了一下他的前额；他——和她相比如此之小——把脸靠在她的肩上，说道：

"We shall have to give them their shares, Mother, that is plain."

“我们得把他们的那一份给他们了，孩子妈，这没啥说的了。”

"Yes, Father, it will have to be done."

“是啊，孩子爸，不得不这样做了。”

Then they talked for a long time; amicably at first, but it was not long before grandfather began to scrape his feet on the floor like a cock before a fight, and holding up a threatening finger to grandmother, said in a fierce whisper:

然后他们谈了很长时间；开始还很亲切，但是没过多长时间，我的外祖父就开始像一只备战的公鸡，双脚蹭地，向外祖母举起一根威胁的手指，愤怒地低声说道：

"I know you! You love them more than me.... And what is your Mischka?—a Jesuit! And Jaaschka—a Freemason! And they live on me.... Hangers-on! That is all they are.”

“我知道！你爱他们胜过爱我……你的米哈伊尔是什么样的人？一个耶稣会的！雅科夫，这个共济会的！他们都靠我养活……寄生虫！那就是他们。”

Uneasily turning on the stove, I knocked down an iron, which fell with a crash like a thunder-clap.

我不安地打开了炉子，无意间碰掉了熨斗。熨斗轰隆一声掉在地上，像雷鸣一样。

Grandfather jumped up on the step, dragged me down, and stared at me as if he now saw me for the first time.

外祖父跳上台阶，把我拽下来，盯着我看，就像是第一次看到我一样。

"Who put you on the stove? Your mother?" "I got up there by myself." "You are lying!"

“谁把你放到了炉子上？你的妈妈？”“我自己上去的。”“你说谎！”

"No I'm not. I did get up there by myself. I was frightened."

“我没有说谎，我确实是自己上去的。我害怕。”

He pushed me away from him, lightly striking me on the head with the palm of his hand.

他把我推开，用手掌轻轻地拍着我的头。

"Just like your father! Get out of my sight!" And I was only too glad to run out of the kitchen.

“真像你的爸爸！滚出去！”我迫不及待地跑出了厨房。

I was very well aware that grandfather's shrewd, sharp green eyes followed me everywhere, and I was afraid of him. I remember how I always wished to hide myself from that fierce glance. It seemed to me that grandfather was malevolent; he spoke to every one mockingly and offensively, and, being provocative, did his best to put every one else out of temper.

我很清楚，外祖父的那双敏锐有神的绿眼睛一直在跟随着我，我很害怕他。我还记得我总是多么希望能从他凶恶的视线里躲开。对我来说，外祖父似乎很坏，他和每个人说话都是用愚弄和冒犯的语气，而且喜欢挑衅别人，尽可能地惹人恼火。

"Ugh! Rou!" he exclaimed frequently.

“嘿！你们这群人！”他经常这么说。

The long-drawn-out sound "U-gh!" always reminds me of a sensation of misery and chill. In the recreation hour, the time for evening tea, when he, my uncles and the workmen came into the kitchen from the workshop weary, with their hands stained with santaline and burnt by sulphuric acid, their hair bound with linen bands, all looking like the dark-featured icon in the corner of the kitchen—in that hour of dread my grandfather used to sit opposite to me, arousing the envy of the other grandchildren by speaking to me oftener than to them. Everything about him was trenchant and to the point. His heavy satin waistcoat embroidered with silk was old; his much-scrubbed shirt of colored cotton was crumpled; great patches flaunted themselves on the knees of his trousers; and yet he seemed to be dressed with more cleanliness and more refinement than his sons, who wore false shirtfronts and silk neckties.

声音拖很长的“嘿”总是让我有一种悲惨和惊悚的感觉。在喝晚茶的休息时间，外祖父、我的两个舅舅和那些工人们疲惫地来到厨房，他们的手染成了紫檀色，被硫酸灼烧得通红，头发上绑着亚麻带子，个个看起来就像是厨房角落里黑乎乎的画像——在那个可怕的时刻，外祖父总是坐在我的对面，因为和我说话比较多，便引起了其他孙子们的嫉妒。他想法尖锐，总能切中要害。他那件厚实的绣边绸缎马甲已经很旧了，精致的花布棉衬衫到处都是褶皱，裤子上的补丁显眼地贴在膝盖处，然而他的穿着看起来要比他的儿子们干净华丽得多，因为儿子们只是穿假领衬衫，戴丝绸领带。

Some days after our arrival he set me to learn the prayers. All the

other children were older than myself, and were already being taught to read and write by the clerk of Uspenski Church. Timid Aunt Natalia used to teach me softly. She was a woman with a childlike countenance, and such transparent eyes that it seemed to me that, looking into them, one might see what was inside her head. I loved to look into those eyes of hers without shifting my gaze and without blinking; they used to twinkle as she turned her head away and said very softly, almost in a whisper: "That will do....Now please say 'Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name...'" And if I asked, "What does 'hallowed be Thy name' mean?" She would glance round timidly and admonish me thus: "Don't ask questions. It is wrong. Just say after me 'Our Father...'"

我们到后的那几天，他让我学着祷告。其他孩子都比我大，早已从乌斯别基教堂的助祭那里学着读书写字了。胆小的娜塔莉娅舅妈过去也总是柔声柔气地教我。她长着娃娃脸，眼睛透亮，似乎透过她的眼睛，可以让人看到她脑子里的东西。我喜欢目不转睛、一眨不眨地看她的眼睛，她的眼睛亮晶晶的，尤其是在她转过头轻声说话时，几乎是耳语一般："那样就可以……现在请说'我们的在天之父，因为你的名字而变得神圣……'"如果我问她："因为你的名字而神圣是什么意思？"她就会胆小地环视周围，然后警告我："不要问问题。这样做不对。来跟我读'天父……'"

Her words troubled me. Why was it wrong to ask questions? The words "hallowed be Thy name" acquired a mysterious significance in my mind, and I purposely mixed them up in every possible way.

她的话让我很困惑。问问题为什么是错的？于是"因为你的名字而神圣"这句话，在我的脑海里有一种非同寻常的神秘感，而且我还有意地在每一个可能的地方都把它搅和进去。

But my aunt, pale and almost exhausted, patiently cleared her throat, which was always husky, and said, "No, that is not right. Just say 'hallowed be Thy name.' It is plain enough."

但是我的舅妈，脸色苍白，几乎精疲力竭，却很有耐心地清清那总是很沙哑的嗓子，说道："不，那是不对的。就说'因为你的名字。'这已经足够了。"

But my aunt, pale and almost exhausted, patiently irritated me, and hindered me from remembering the prayer.

但是我的舅妈脸色苍白，几乎精疲力竭，渐渐地激怒了我，让我无法记住祷告词。

One day my grandfather inquired:

一天，我的外祖父问道：

"Well, Oleysha, what have you been doing today? Playing? The

bruises on your forehead told me as much. Bruises are got cheaply. And how about 'Our Father'? Have you learnt it?"

“哎，欧利沙，你今天一直在忙什么？玩吗？你头上的伤这么告诉我的。伤是很容易就有的。《天父》背得怎么样了？已经学会了吗？”

"He has a very bad memory," said my aunt softly.

“他记忆力很差。”我的舅妈轻声说道。

Grandfather smiled as if he were glad, lifting his sandy eyebrows. "And what of it? He must be whipped; that's all."

外祖父笑了，挑起他那脏兮兮的眉毛，好像还很高兴。“那怎么办？他该挨鞭打了，就这样。”

And again he turned to me.

他又一次转向我。

"Did your father ever whip you?"

“你爸爸用鞭子打过你吗？”

As I did not know what he was talking about, I was silent, but my mother replied:

我不知道他在说什么，便没有说话，但是我的母亲回答道：

"No, Maxim never beat him, and what is more, forbade me to do so."

“不，马克西姆从来不打他，而且也不让我打他。”

"And why, may I ask?"

“那我想问，为什么呢？”

"He said that beating is not education."

“他说殴打不是教育。”

"He was a fool about everything—that Maxim. May God forgive me for speaking so of the dead!" exclaimed grandfather distinctly and angrily. He saw at once that these words enraged me. "What is that sullen face for?" he asked. "Ugh!...Rou!..." And smoothing down his reddish, silver-streaked hair, he added:' "And this very Saturday I am going to give Sascha a hiding."

“他是个一无所知的傻子——那个马克西姆。但愿上帝会原谅我这么说一个死去的人！”外祖父字正腔圆地生气地喊道。他立即注意到这些话让我很愤怒。“你那么阴沉着脸干什么？” 他问道，“嘿！你们这群人……”整理了一下他那泛白的红头发，他又说道：“就这个星期六，我要给萨沙一顿痛打。”

"What is a hiding?" I asked.

“什么是痛打？”我问道。

They all laughed, and grandfather said: "Wait a bit, and you shall see."

他们都笑了，然后外祖父说道：“等着，你会看到的。”

In secret I pondered over the word "hiding." Apparently it had the same meaning as to whip and beat. I had seen people beat horses, dogs and cats, and in Astrakhan the soldiers used to beat the Persians; but I had never before seen any one beat little children. Yet here my uncles hit their own children over the head and shoulders, and they bore it without resentment, merely rubbing the injured part; and if I asked them whether they were hurt, they always answered bravely:

我偷偷地思考着“痛打”这个单词。很明显，它和鞭打、拍打是一个意思。我以前见过有人打马，打狗，打猫，阿斯特拉罕的士兵也总打波斯人，但是却从没见过大人打小孩子。然而在这里，我的两个舅舅打他们自己的孩子的头和肩膀，但是孩子们毫无怨言地忍受着，只是揉一揉被打的部位。如果我问他们疼不疼，他们总是勇敢地回答道：

"No, not a bit."

“不，一点都不疼。”

Then there was the famous story of the thimble.

后来就有了闹得沸沸扬扬的顶针的故事。

In the evenings, from tea-time to supper-time, my uncles and the head workman used to sew portions of dyed material into one piece, to which they affixed tickets. Wishing to play a trick on half-blind Gregory, Uncle Michael had told his nine-year-old nephew to make his thimble red-hot in the candle-flame. Sascha heated the thimble in the snuffers, made it absolutely red-hot, and contriving, without attracting attention, to place it close to Gregory's hand, hid himself by the stove; but as luck would have it, grandfather himself came in at that very moment and, sitting down to work, slipped his finger into the red-hot thimble.

每到晚上，在晚茶到晚饭期间，舅舅们和工头常要把部分染好的布料缝制成一块，然后在上面贴上标签。米哈伊尔舅舅想捉弄一下视力很差的格雷戈里，于是就叫九岁的侄子把格雷戈里的顶针在烛火上烧成红色。萨沙用剪烛刀夹着顶针进行加热，直到顶针完全变成红色，然后他趁着没人注意设法把顶针放到了格雷戈里手边，自己则躲到炉子后面。但真不凑巧，外祖父就在那个时候进来了，他坐下来干活，于是把烧得通红的顶针戴到了手指上。

Hearing the tumult, I ran into the kitchen, and I shall never forget how funny grandfather looked nursing his burnt finger as he jumped about and shrieked:

听到吵闹声，我便跑进厨房。我永远都不会忘记外祖父的样子有多么滑稽：他摸着烫伤的手指上蹿下跳，并大声喊道：

"Where is the villain who played this trick?"

“哪个坏蛋这么捉弄人？”

Uncle Michael, doubled up under the table, snatched up the thimble and blew upon it; Gregory unconcernedly went on sewing, while the shadows played on his enormous bald patch. Then Uncle Jaakov rushed in, and, hiding himself in the corner by the stove, stood there quietly laughing; grandmother busied herself with grating up raw potatoes.

米哈伊尔舅舅弯着身子钻到桌子下面，抓起顶针对着它吹气。格雷戈里漠不关心，继续缝制布料，烛影在他的秃顶上闪动着。然后雅科夫舅舅冲了进来，藏在炉子边的角落里，站在那里偷偷地笑着。外祖母忙着磨生土豆。

"Sascha Jaakov did it!" suddenly exclaimed Uncle Michael.

“这是萨沙·雅科夫做的！”米哈伊尔舅舅突然喊道。

"Liar!" cried Jaakov, darting out from behind the stove.

“胡说！”雅科夫大叫一声，从炉子后面冲了出来。

But his son, from one of the corners, wept and wailed:

但是雅科夫舅舅的儿子在一个角落里哭着喊道：

"Papa! don't believe him. He showed me how to do it himself."

“爸爸，别相信他！是他叫我这么做的！”

My uncles began to abuse each other, but grandfather all at once grew calm, put a poultice of grated potatoes on his finger, and silently went out, taking me with him.

我的两个舅舅相互辱骂起来，但外祖父倒是突然平静下来。他把磨碎的土豆泥敷到手指上，然后就带着我一声不吭地走了出去。

They all said that Uncle Michael was to blame. I asked naturally if he would be whipped, or get a hiding.

大家都说这是米哈伊尔舅舅的错。我自然要问外祖父要不要打他一顿。

"He ought to," answered grandfather, with a sidelong glance at me.

“他应该受到惩罚。”外祖父斜眼瞧了我一下，说道。

Uncle Michael, striking his hand upon the table, bawled at my mother: "Varvara, make your pup hold his jaw before I knock his head

off."

米哈伊尔舅舅一拳打在在桌子上，对我母亲大喊大嚷道：“瓦尔瓦拉，让你的犊子闭上嘴巴，否则我把他的脑袋揪下来。”

"Go on, then; try to lay your hands on him!" replied my mother. And no one said another word.

“那你试试！看你敢动他！”我母亲回答道。于是没有人再说一句话。

She had a gift of pushing people out of her way, brushing them aside as it were, and making them feel very small by a few brief words like these. It was perfectly clear to me that they were all afraid of her; even grandfather spoke to her more quietly than he spoke to the others. It gave me great satisfaction to observe this, and in my pride I used to say openly to my cousins: "My mother is a match for all of them." And they did not deny it.

我母亲说话总是简短有力，几句话就能拉大和别人的距离，甩得他们远远的，让他们自惭形秽。我心里非常明白，他们都害怕她。甚至外祖父和她说话时也比和其他人说话声音更轻。这让我很满意，所以我常常很骄傲地当面跟我的表兄弟们说：“我的妈妈是最厉害的。”他们并不否认。

But the events which happened on Saturday diminished my respect for my mother.

但是星期六发生的事情，让我对母亲少了几分尊敬。

By Saturday I also had had time to get into trouble. I was fascinated by the ease with which the grown-up people changed the color of different materials; they took something yellow, steeped it in black dye, and it came out dark blue. They laid a piece of gray stuff in reddish water and it was dyed mauve. It was quite simple, yet to me it was inexplicable. I longed to dye something myself, and I confided my desire to Sascha Yaakovitch, a thoughtful boy, always in favor with his elders, always good-natured, obliging, and ready to wait upon every one.

星期六之前我也陷入麻烦之中。大人们能轻易地使不同布料变色，这让我很好奇。他们将黄布浸在黑色染料里，拿出来的时候就变成了深蓝色。他们把灰布放进红色染料里，灰布就被染成了淡紫色。这很简单，但我却不懂其中的道理。我很想自己染点什么东西，于是就把我的想法告诉了萨沙·雅克维奇。他很体贴人，总是很受长辈的宠爱，脾气也很好，随时准备着帮助别人。

The adults praised him highly for his obedience and his cleverness, but grandfather looked on him with no favorable eye, and used to say:

大人们都对他赞赏有加，因为他听话、机灵，但是外祖父却看不上他，总是说：

"An artful beggar that!"

“一个狡猾的乞丐！”

Thin and dark, with prominent, watchful eyes, Sascha Yaakov used to speak in a low, rapid voice, as if his words were choking him, and all the while he talked he glanced fearfully from side to side as if he were ready to run away and hide himself on the slightest pretext. The pupils of his hazel eyes were stationary except when he was excited, and then they became merged into the whites. I did not like him. I much preferred the despised idler, Sascha Michailovitch. He was a quiet boy, with sad eyes and a pleasing smile, very like his kind mother. He had ugly, protruding teeth, with a double row in the upper jaw; and being very greatly concerned about this defect, he constantly had his fingers in his mouth, trying to loosen his back ones, very amiably allowing any one who chose to inspect them. But that was the only interesting thing about him. He lived a solitary life in a house swarming with people, loving to sit in the dim corners in the daytime, and at the window in the evening; quite happy if he could remain without speaking, with his face pressed against the pane for hours together, gazing at the flock of jackdaws which, now rising high above it, now sinking swiftly earthwards, in the red evening sky, circled round the dome of Uspenski Church, and finally, obscured by an opaque black cloud, disappeared somewhere, leaving a void behind them. When he had seen this he had no desire to speak of it, but a pleasant languor took possession of him.

萨沙·雅克维奇很瘦也很黑，眼睛突出，充满了警惕。他说起话来声音很低，语速很快，好像透不过气来似的。而且他说话时会一直不安地左顾右盼，就好像随时准备找个什么借口逃脱，然后藏起来一样。瞳孔在他那双淡褐色的眼睛里一动不动，除非在他兴奋的时候，然后就又和眼白球融为一体，一动不动了。我不喜欢他。我更喜欢游手好闲、被人看不起的萨沙·米切尔克维奇。他是一个安静的男孩，眼睛看起来有点悲伤但笑起来很亲切，很像他那善良的母亲。他的牙齿很丑并且向外凸出，上颚长着两排牙齿。他对这个缺陷很在乎，所以总是把手指放进嘴里，想松动后排的牙齿。无论谁想要看看他的牙齿，他都很乐意地答应。但这是他唯一让人感到有趣的地方。尽管有一大家子人，他的生活依然孤单。他喜欢白天坐在阴暗的角落里，晚上坐在窗户旁。要是不用说话，他会很高兴地把脸贴在窗户上，一呆就是几个小时，看着一群寒鸦一会儿升向高空，一会儿又快速地俯冲向地面，映衬在红色的晚霞里，盘旋在乌斯别斯基教堂的圆屋顶周围，最后遮蔽在浓密的黑云里，消失在某个地方，不留痕迹。看到这幅景象，他并不愿说什么，但是心里被一种愉悦的惆怅占据。

Uncle Jaakov's Sascha, on the contrary, could talk about everything fluently and with authority, like a grown-up person. Hearing of my desire to learn the process of dyeing, he advised me to take one of the best white tablecloths from the cupboard and dye it blue.

雅科夫舅舅的萨沙正好相反，他谈论任何事情都可以滔滔不绝、一本正经，像一个成年人。听说我想了解染色的过程，他建议我从衣柜里拿一块最好的白色桌布，然后把它染成蓝色。

"White always takes the color better, I know," he said very seriously.

“白色总是能更好地吸收颜色，这个我很清楚。”他一本正经地说。

I dragged out a heavy tablecloth and ran with it to the yard, but I had no more than lowered the hem of it into the vat of dark-blue dye when Tsiganok flew at me from somewhere, rescued the cloth, and wringing it out with his rough hands, cried to my cousin, who had been looking on at my work from a safe place:

我拽出一块很重的桌布，拿着它跑到院子里，但是我刚把桌布的一角浸到染缸里，茨甘诺克就不知道从什么地方向我飞奔过来，夺过桌布，用他粗糙的手把桌布拧干，冲着站在安全地方袖手旁观的表哥喊道：

"Call your grandmother quickly."

“去叫你的奶奶，快点！”

And shaking his black, dishevelled head ominously, he said to me:

他面露不祥地晃动着黑黑的、头发蓬乱的脑袋对我说道：

"You will catch it for this."

“你会因此而受惩罚的。”

Grandmother came running on to the scene, wailing, and even weeping, at the sight, and scolded me in her ludicrous fashion:

外祖母跑着来到了现场，哀叹着，甚至是哭泣着看了看，然后用她那滑稽的方式责备我道：

"Oh, you young pickle! I hope you will be spanked for this."

“哦，你这个小鬼！真该被打屁股！”

Afterwards, however, she said to Tsiganok: "You needn't say anything about this to grandfather, Vanka. I'll manage to keep it from him. Let us hope that something will happen to take up his attention."

然后，她对茨甘诺克说道：“你不必把这件事告诉老头子，万

卡。“我会想办法不让他知道。让我们祈祷会发生什么事情分散他的注意力。”

Vanka replied in a preoccupied manner, drying his hands on his multi-colored apron:

万卡在他五颜六色的围裙上擦了擦手，心事重重地说：

"Me? I shan't tell: but you had better see that that Sascha doesn't go and tell tales."

“我？我是不会说的。但是你最好看着那个萨沙，别让他讲出来。”

"I will give him something to keep him quiet," said grandmother, leading me into the house.

“我会给他点东西让他守口风。”外祖母说着，就把我领进了屋子里。

On Saturday, before vespers, I was called into the kitchen, where it was all dark and still. I remember the closely shut doors of the shed and of the room, and the gray mist of an autumn evening, and the heavy patter of rain. Sitting in front of the stove on a narrow bench, looking cross and quite unlike himself, was Tsiganok; grandfather, standing in the chimney corner, was taking long rods out of a pail of water, measuring them, putting them together, and flourishing them in the air with a shrill whistling sound. Grandmother, somewhere in the shadows, was taking snuff noisily and muttering:

星期六晚课前，我被叫到了漆黑而寂静的厨房里。我至今仍记得工棚和房间紧闭的门，还有秋日夜晚灰蒙蒙的雾气和雨滴沉重的拍打声。茨甘诺克坐在炉子前的细长凳上，看起来很生气，完全不像平日的他；外祖父站在靠近烟囱的一角，从水桶里拿出几根长枝条，量了量，然后把它们放在一起，在空中挥舞着，使枝条发出尖锐的哨声。外祖母在阴暗处呼哧呼哧地吸着鼻烟，咕哝道：

"Now you are in your element, tyrant!"

“现在你得意了，暴君！”

Sascha Jaakov was sitting in a chair in the middle of the kitchen, rubbing his eyes with his knuckles, and whining like an old beggar in a voice quite unlike his usual voice:

萨沙·雅科夫坐在厨房中间的椅子上，用指关节揉着眼睛，像个老乞丐一样哀求着，声音一点都不像平时：

"Forgive me, for Christ's sake....!"

“原谅我吧，看在耶稣的份上……”

Standing by the chair, shoulder to shoulder, like wooden figures, stood the children of Uncle Michael, brother and sister.

椅子旁边是米哈伊尔舅舅家的表哥和表姐，他们像木头人一样肩并肩站着。

"When I have flogged you I will forgive you," said grandfather, drawing a long, damp rod across his knuckles.

“我打了你之后，就会原谅你了。”外祖父说着，将一根又长又湿的枝条在手上捋了捋。

"Now then... take down your breeches!"

“现在脱掉你的裤子！”

He spoke very calmly, and neither the sound of his voice nor the noise made by the boy as he moved on the squeaky chair, nor the scraping of grandmother's feet, broke the memorable stillness of that almost dark kitchen, under the low, blackened ceiling.

他说得很平静，但是不管是他说话的声音，是萨沙表哥在椅子上移动时发出的吱吱声，还是外祖母的脚擦在地上的声音，都没有打破在漆黑的厨房里、低黑的棚顶下那令人难忘的寂静。

Sascha stood up, undid his trousers, letting them down as far as his knees, then bending and holding them up with his hands, he stumbled to the bench. It was painful to look at him, and my legs also began to tremble.

萨沙站起来，松开裤子，让它一直滑到膝盖处，然后弯下腰，用双手扒住裤子，费劲地向凳子走去。他的样子让我很痛苦，我的腿也开始发抖了。

But worse was to come, when he submissively lay down on the bench face downwards, and Vanka, tying him to it by means of a wide towel placed under his arms and round his neck, bent under him and with black hands seized his legs by the ankles.

但接下来更糟。当萨沙顺从地脸朝下趴在凳子上以后，万卡用一条宽毛巾从腋下和脖颈处把他绑到凳子上，然后弯下身来，用他那双黑色的手抓住了萨沙的脚踝。

"Lexei!" called grandfather. "Come nearer! Come!Don't you hear me speaking to you? Look and see what a flogging is....One!"

“列克谢，”外祖父叫道，“过来！来！难道你没有听见我和你说话吗？看看什么是鞭打……一下！”

With a mild flourish he brought the rod down on the naked flesh, and Sascha set up a howl.

他轻轻地挥动枝条，打在了萨沙光着的屁股上。萨沙发出一声嚎叫。

"Rubbish!" said grandfather. "That's nothing!...But here's

something to make you smart."

“垃圾！”外祖父说道，“这算什么！接下来就让你受点皮肉之苦。”

And he dealt such blows that the flesh was soon in a state of inflammation and covered with great red weals, and my cousin gave a prolonged howl.

外祖父打得很重，表哥的屁股很快就肿了，上面尽是红色的伤痕。表哥发出长长的嚎叫声。

"Isn't it nice?" asked grandfather, as his hand rose and fell. "You don't like it?...That's for the thimble!"

“舒服吗？”外祖父问道，他的手扬起又落下。“你难道不喜欢吗？这几下是为了顶针的事！”

When he raised his hand with a flourish my heart seemed to rise too, and when he let his hand fall something within me seemed to sink.

他扬起手挥舞枝条的时候，我的心似乎也跟着提了起来，而当他的手落下来的时候，我感到心里什么东西在下沉。

"I won't do it again," squealed Sascha, in a dread—fully thin, weak voice, unpleasant to hear. "Didn't I tell—didn't I tell about the tablecloth?"

“我再也不敢了。”萨沙害怕地尖叫道——声音十分微弱纤细，听起来很不舒服。“我不是告诉过你……我不是告诉过你那块桌布的事了吗？”

Grandfather answered calmly, as if he were reading the "Psalter":

外祖父好像是在读圣诗似的，平静地回答道：

"Talebearing is no justification. The informer gets whipped first, so take that for the tablecloth."

“告密也没用。告密的人得先挨鞭打，这一下是为了桌布的事。”

Grandmother threw herself upon me and seized my hand, crying: "I won't allow Lexei to be touched! I won't allow it, you monster!" And she began to kick the door, calling: "Varia! Varvara!"

外祖母站起来挡住我，抓住我的手喊道：“我不会让列克谢挨打的！我不会允许的，你个禽兽！”她开始踢门，喊道：“瓦里娅！瓦尔瓦拉！”

Grandfather darted across to her, threw her down, seized me and carried me to the bench. I struck at him with my fists, pulled his sandy beard, and bit his fingers. He bellowed and held me as in a vice. In the end, throwing me down on the bench, he struck me on the face.

外祖父穿过房间冲向外祖母，把她推到在地，然后拽住我朝凳子走

去。我用拳头打他，扯他的浅棕色胡子，咬他的手指。他抱着我，像恶鬼一样咆哮着。最后，他把我扔到凳子上，打了我的脸。

I shall never forget his savage cry: "Tie him up! I'm going to kill him!" nor my mother's white face and great eyes as she ran along up and down beside the bench, shrieking:

我永远都不会忘记他残暴地喊道：“把他绑起来！我要打死他！”我也不会忘记母亲苍白的脸和瞪大的眼睛。她在凳子旁来回乱跑，尖声叫道：

"Father! You mustn't! Let me have him!"

“爸爸！你不能打他！把他交给我吧！”

Grandfather flogged me till I lost consciousness, and I was unwell for some days, tossing about, face downwards, on a wide, stuffy bed, in a little room with one window and a lamp which was always kept burning before the case of icons in the corner. Those dark days had been the greatest in my life. In the course of them I had developed wonderfully, and I was conscious of a peculiar difference in myself. I began to experience a new solicitude for others, and I became so keenly alive to their sufferings and my own that it was almost as if my heart had been lacerated, and thus rendered sensitive.

外祖父一直把我打到失去知觉，我因此病了好些日子。我在一个小房间里，脸朝下，趴在一张宽大闷热的床上，翻来覆去。房间只有一扇窗户，一盏灯搁在角落里那个装满圣像的箱子前，一直亮着。那些阴暗的日子成为我一生中最难忘的时光。那段时间，我成长的很快，意识到自己的某种特殊的变化。我开始学会关心别人，对自己和别人的痛苦变得十分敏感，就好像是我的心曾受过伤，因此变得敏感了。

For this reason the quarrel between my mother and grandmother came as a great shock to me—when grandmother, looking so dark and big in the narrow room, flew into a rage, and pushing my mother into the corner where the icons were, hissed:

因此母亲和外祖母之间的争吵使我感到震惊——我的外祖母在那间狭窄的房间里看起来又黑又高，她怒气冲天，把我的母亲推到堆放圣像的角落里，怒声道：

"Why didn't you take him away?"

“你为什么不把他带走？”

"I was afraid."

“我害怕。”

"A strong, healthy creature like you! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Varvara! I am an old woman and I am not afraid. For shame!"

“一个像你这样强壮又健康的人！你应该为自己感到羞耻，瓦尔瓦拉！我一个老太太都不害怕。真可耻！”

"Do leave off, Mother; I am sick of the whole business."

“别再说了，妈妈。我对整件事感到很难受。”

"No, you don't love him! You have no pity for the poor orphan!"

“不，你不爱他！你压根就不可怜这个没有父亲的孤儿！”

"I have been an orphan all my life," said my mother, speaking loudly and sadly.

“我这一辈子都是个孤儿。”我的母亲大声说道，充满悲伤。

After that they both cried for a long time, seated on a box in a corner, and then my mother said:

后来，她们两个坐在角落的箱子上哭了很久，然后我的母亲说道：

"If it were not for Alexei, I would leave this place—and go right away. I can't go on living in this hell, Mother, I can't! I haven't the strength."

“如果不是因为阿列克谢，我会立刻离开这个地方。我无法在这样的地狱里继续生活下去，妈妈，我不能！我没有勇气。”

"Oh! My own flesh and blood!" whispered grandmother.

“哦！我的骨肉啊！”外祖母低语道。

I kept all this in my mind. Mother was weak, and, like the others, she was afraid of grandfather, and I was preventing her from leaving the house in which she found it impossible to live. It was very unfortunate. Before long my mother really did disappear from the house, going somewhere on a visit.

这一切都留在了我的印象里。母亲性情柔弱。和其他人一样，她也害怕外祖父。我要阻止母亲离开这个让她无法生活下去的家。然而很不幸。不久我的母亲果然从家里消失了，不知到什么地方做客去了。

Very soon after this, as suddenly as if he had fallen from the ceiling, grandfather appeared, and sitting on the bed, laid his ice-cold hands on my head.

之后不久，外祖父突然出现了，就像从天花板上掉下来一样。他坐在我的床上，把他冰凉的手放在我的头上。

"How do you do, young gentleman? Come! answer me. Don't sulk! Well? What have you to say?"

“你还好吗，小家伙？来！回答我。别生气！好啦，你有什么要说的吗？”

I had a great mind to kick away his legs, but it hurt me to move. His head, sandier than ever, shook from side to side uneasily; his bright eyes seemed to be looking for something on the wall as he pulled out of his pocket a gingerbread goat, a horn made of sugar, an apple and a cluster of purple raisins, which he placed on the pillow under my very nose.

我很想踢开他的腿，但是我一动就很疼。他的头发比以前更黄了，脑袋不安地左右摇动，他明亮的眼睛似乎在墙上找着什么东西。他从兜里掏出一块山羊形姜饼，一个糖做成的喇叭，一个苹果还有一把青葡萄干，然后把它们放在我的枕头上，紧挨着我的鼻子。

"There you are! There's a present for you."

“看！这是送你的礼物！”

And he stooped and kissed me on the forehead.

他弯下腰，在我的前额上亲了一下。

Then, stroking my head with those small, cruel hands, yellow-stained about the crooked, claw-like nails, he began to speak.

然后，他用那双残忍的小手抚摸着我的头，手指甲像动物爪子上弯曲的指甲，指甲附近有斑斑的黄点。他开口说道：

"I left my mark on you then, my friend. You were very angry. You bit me and scratched me, and then I lost my temper too. However, it will do you no harm to have been punished more severely than you deserved. It will go towards next time. You must learn not to mind when people of your own family beat you. It is part of your training. It would be different if it came from an outsider, but from one of us it does not count. You must not allow outsiders to lay hands on you, but it is nothing coming from one of your own family. I suppose you think I was never flogged? Oleysha! I was flogged harder than you could ever imagine even in a bad dream. I was flogged so cruelly that God Himself might have shed tears to see it. And what was the result? I—an orphan, the son of a poor mother—have risen in my present position—the head of a guild, and a master workman.”

“我的朋友，我是打了你。你那时很生气，对我又咬又抓，就把我也惹急了。但是，过重的惩罚对你毫无害处。下次你会记住的。你必须清楚，挨自家人的打不要介意。这是教育的一部分，如果遭外人打就不一样了，但是挨自家人打没有关系。你一定不能让外人动你一下，但是如果是自己的家人就没有什么了。我猜你认为我从来没有挨过打吧，欧利沙？我曾经被打得很重，重得甚至你做恶梦都想不到。我被打得太重了，连上帝看到也会掉眼泪的。结果是什么？我——一个孤儿，一个可怜女人的儿子——有了现在这样的地位——当上了行会的头儿，成了一个工头。

Bending his withered, well-knit body towards me, he began to tell me in vigorous and powerful language, with a felicitous choice of words, about the days of his childhood. His green eyes were very bright, and his golden hair stood rakishly on end as, deflecting his high-pitched voice, he breathed in my face.

他把瘦小结实的身体弯向我，开始用生动有力、措辞恰当的语言给我讲述他小时候的故事。他绿色的眼眸非常明亮，金色的头发俏皮地竖立着，尖细的嗓音变得粗重。他冲着我的脸说道：

"You traveled here by steamboat... steam will take you anywhere now; but when I was young I had to tow a barge up the Volga all by myself. The barge was in the water and I ran barefoot on the bank, which was strewn with sharp stones.... Thus I went from early in the morning to sunset, with the sun beating fiercely on the back of my neck, and my head throbbing as if it were full of molten iron. And sometimes I was overcome by three kinds of ill-luck... my poor little bones ached, but I had to keep on, and I could not see the way; and then my eyes brimmed over, and I sobbed my heart out as the tears rolled down. Ah! Oleysha! it won't bear talking about.

“你是坐着汽船来到这里的……现在汽船可以带你到任何地方，而我年轻的时候，只能一个人拖着驳船沿着伏尔加河逆流而行。船在河里，我光着脚在河岸跑，而河岸上到处都是锋利的石头。就这样，我从一大早走到太阳落山。阳光猛烈地烤着我的脖颈，我的头像盛满了烧化了的铁水一样不断地震颤着。有时候我还会遭遇各种不幸……我可怜的小骨头疼得厉害，但是还得继续走，连路都看不见了。眼泪溢满了我的双眼，不住地往下淌。我伤心至极。啊！欧利沙！我讲不下去了。

I went on and on till the towing-rope slipped from me and I fell down on my face, and I was not sorry for it either! I rose up all the stronger. If I had not rested a minute I should have died.

我走啊走啊，直到拖绳从身上掉下来，我趴在了地上。即使这样我也没有难过！我站起来，变得更加坚强。如果我不休息一会儿的话，我就早死了。

That is the way we used to live then in the sight of God and of our Blessed Lord Jesus Christ. This is the way I took the measure of Mother Volga three times, from Simbirsk to Ribinsk, from there to Saratov, as far as Astrakhan and Markarev, to the Fair—more than three thousand versts. And by the fourth year I had become a free waterman. I had shown my master what I was made of.”

这就是我们当时的生活状况，在上帝和我们神圣的救世主耶稣的眼皮子底下。就这样，我三次走过伏尔加母亲河，从辛比尔斯克到立宾斯克，从雷宾斯克到萨拉托夫，远至阿斯特拉罕和马卡里耶夫的集市，超过三千俄里远。到了第四年，我就成了一个自由的纤夫。我已经向头儿

展现了我的才能。”

As he spoke he seemed to increase in size like a cloud before my very eyes, being transformed from a small, wizened old man to an individual of fabulous strength. Had he not pulled a great gray barge up the river all by himself? Now and again he jumped up from the bed and showed me how the barges traveled with the towing-rope round them, and how they pumped water, singing fragments of a song in a bass voice; then, youthfully springing back on the bed, to my ever-increasing astonishment, he would continue hoarsely and impressively.

在他说话的时候，他似乎变得越来越高大，好像是一朵云在我的眼前，从一个瘦小干瘪的老头变成了一个力大无比的巨人。他真的独自一人拉着一条灰色的驳船逆流而上吗？他会不时地从床上跳起来，给我演示怎样用拖绳缠绕着驳船前进，他们又是怎么排水，而且低声唱着断断续续的曲子。让我更惊讶的是，他轻快地跳回床上，用沙哑的声音继续讲述着他的故事，令人印象深刻。

"Well, sometimes, Oleysha, on a summer's evening when we arrived at Jigulak, or some such place at the foot of the green hills, we used to sit about lazily cooking our supper while the boatmen of the hill-country used to sing sentimental songs, and as soon as they began the whole crew would strike up, sending a thrill through one, and making the Volga seem as if it were running very fast like a horse, and rising up as high as the clouds; and all kinds of trouble seemed as nothing more than dust blown about by the wind. They sang till the porridge boiled over, for which the cook had to be flicked with a cloth. 'Play as much as you please, but don't forget your work,' we said."

“有时候，欧利沙，在夏天的夜晚，当我们到达日古拉，或者是绿色的山脚下类似日古拉这种地方的时候，我们总是懒散地坐在一起，做着晚饭。而这个时候，几个来自山区的纤夫则唱起感伤的曲子。他们一开始唱，全体纤夫就会都跟着唱起来。齐唱的声音让人振奋，甚至伏尔加河看起来都像是骏马一样在奔跑，像云彩一样在飞腾，所有的烦恼似乎都烟消云散了。大家唱得忘了形，粥都溢了出来，害得厨子被布抽了一下。‘爱怎么玩都行，但是不能忘了工作，’我们说。”

Several times people put their heads in at the door to call him, but each time I begged him not to go.

人们从门口把脑袋探进来叫了他好几次，但是每一次我都央求他别走。

And he laughingly waved them away, saying, "Wait a bit."

于是他乐呵呵地挥手示意他们离开，说道：“等一会儿。”

He stayed with me and told me stories until it was almost dark, and when, after an affectionate farewell, he left me, I had learned that he was neither malevolent nor formidable. It brought the tears into my eyes to remember that it was he who had so cruelly beaten me, but I could not forget it.

他和我呆在一起，给我讲故事，直到天都要黑了。他亲切地说完再见就离开了。我也明白了他心肠并不恶毒，也并不可怕。但是每每想到他残忍地打我，我就会哭，并且怎么都忘不了。

This visit of my grandfather opened the door to others, and from morning till night there was always somebody sitting on my bed, trying to amuse me; I remember that this was not always either cheering or pleasant.

外祖父的来访为其他人打开了门。从早到晚总是有人坐在我的床上，想逗我开心。但我记得这并不总是让人高兴或欣慰。

Oftener than any of them came my grandmother, who slept in the same bed with me. But it was Tsiganok who left the clearest impression on me in those days. He used to appear in the evenings—square-built, broad-chested, curly headed, dressed in his best clothes—a gold-embroidered shirt, plush breeches, boots squeaking like a harmonium. His hair was glossy, his squinting, merry eyes gleamed under his thick eyebrows, and his white teeth under the shadow of his young mustache; his shirt glowed softly as if reflecting the red light of the image-lamp.

我的外祖母来的最勤，她和我睡在一张床上。但是，那些日子里给我留下印象最深的，却是茨甘诺克。他胸膛宽阔，头发卷曲，总是在晚上来看我，穿着他最好的衣服——镶有金边的衬衫，长绒马裤还有一走路就发出风琴一样声音的靴子。他头发光亮，浓密的眉毛下有点斜视的双眼欢快地闪着光，牙齿在小胡子的衬托下白白的。他的衬衫发出柔弱的光，好像是反射了长明灯的红光。

"Look here!" he said, turning up his sleeve and displaying his bare arm to the elbow. It was covered with red scars. "Look how swollen it is; and it was worse yesterday—it was very painful. When your grandfather flew into a rage and I saw that he was going to flog you, I put my arm in the way, thinking that the rod would break, and then while he was looking for another your grandmother or your mother could take you away and hide you. I am an old bird at the game, my child.”

“看这里！”他说着，把袖子撸到臂弯处，给我看他裸露的胳膊。上面都是红色的伤疤。“看它肿的！昨天比这更糟，很疼。你的外祖父一大发雷霆，我就知道他要打你，便用胳膊挡住了，心想枝条会被打折，这样在他找另一根枝条的时候，你的外祖母或母亲就会把你带走藏起来。

我是这方面的老手，我的孩子。”

He laughed gently and kindly, and glancing again at the swollen arm, went on:

他友善地微微一笑，瞥了一眼红肿的胳膊，继续说道：

"I was so sorry for you that I thought I should choke. It seemed such a shame!...But he lashed away at you!"

“我为你难过地都要窒息了。这太可耻了！但是他还是打了你！”

Snorting and tossing his head like a horse, he went on speaking about the affair. This childish simplicity seemed to draw him closer to me. I told him that I loved him very much, and he answered with a simplicity which always lives in my memory.

他像马一样哼着鼻子，摇着脑袋，继续说着那件事。他孩子般的单纯似乎使他离我更亲近了。我告诉他我非常喜欢他，他给了我回答，单纯得令人难忘。

"And I love you too! That is why I let myself be hurt—because I love you. Do you think I would have done it for any one else? I should be making a fool of myself.”

“我也喜欢你呀！这就是为什么我宁愿自己受伤——因为我喜欢你。你认为我会为别人做这样的事情吗？我才不会这样蠢呢！”

Later on he gave me whispered instructions, glancing frequently at the door. "Next time he beats you don't try to get away from him, and don't struggle. It hurts twice as much if you resist. If you let yourself go he will deal lightly with you. Be limp and soft, and don't scowl at him. Try and remember this; it is a good advice."

然后，他不停地扫视着门口，小声对我说：“下次他打再你，你不要跑，也别挣扎。如果你反抗，会加倍地疼。如果你任由他打，他会打得很轻。温顺一些，不要怒视他。要牢牢记住，这是一个好建议。”

"Surely he won't whip me again!" I exclaimed.

“当然了，他不会再打我了！”我说道。

"Why, of course!" replied Tsiganok calmly. "Of course he will whip you again, and often too!"

“当然会！”茨甘诺克平静地回答道，“他当然还会打你的，而且会经常打！”

"But why?"

“但这是为什么？”

"Because grandfather is on the watch for you." And again he cautiously advised me: "When he whips you he brings the rod straight

down. Well, if you lie there quietly he may possibly hold the rod lower so that it won't break your skin....Now, do you understand? Move your body towards him and the rod, and it will be all the better for you.”

“因为你的外祖父在留意你呢。”他再一次认真地建议我：“当他打你的时候，枝条是竖直落下的。那么，如果你安静地躺在那里，他就可能会把枝条压得低一点，那样就不会打破你的皮肤……现在，你明白了吗？把你的身体移向他和枝条，这对你更好。”

Winking at me with his dark, squinting eyes, he added: "I know more about such matters than a policeman even. I have been beaten on my bare shoulders till the skin came off, my boy!"

他用斜视的黑眼睛向我眨了眨，又说道：“这些事情我甚至比警察知道得都多。以前我光着的膀子被打得皮都掉了，我的朋友！”

I looked at his bright face and remembered grandmother's story of Ivan-Czarevitch and Ivanoshka-dour-achka.

我看着他红润的脸，想起了外祖母讲的伊凡王子和伊凡傻子的童话。

CHAPTER III

第三章

WHEN I was well again I realized that Tsiganok occupied an important position in the household. Grandfather did not storm at him as he did at his sons, and would say behind his back, half-closing his eyes and nodding his head:

身体好了之后，我意识到茨甘诺克在外祖父家中有着不一般的地位。外祖父不会像对他的儿子那样冲着茨甘诺克咆哮，而且还会背着他，半闭着眼睛，点着头说：

"He is a good workman—Tsiganok. Mark my words, he will get on; he will make his fortune.”

“茨甘诺克是一个出色的工人。记住我的话：他会有长进，会有出息的。”

My uncles too were polite and friendly with Tsiganok, and never played practical jokes on him as they did on the head workman, Gregory, who was the object of some insulting and spiteful trick almost every evening. Sometimes they made the handles of his scissors red-hot, or put a nail with the point upwards on the seat of his chair, or placed ready to his hand pieces of material all of the same color, so that when he, being half blind, had sewed them all into one piece, grandfather should scold him for it.

我的舅舅们对茨甘诺克也是礼貌友善，从来不会像对工头格雷戈里那样对他搞恶作剧，而格雷戈里几乎每晚都是某种恶意的、带有侮辱性花招的攻击对象。有时候他们把他的剪刀柄烧成红色，或者在他椅子上头朝上放一颗钉子，或者在他手头放置几块颜色相同的布料，这样眼神很差的他就会因为把它们缝在一起受到外祖父的责备。

One day when he had fallen asleep after dinner in the kitchen, they painted his face with fuchsin, and he had to go about for a long time a ludicrous and terrifying spectacle, with two round, smeared eyeglasses looking out dully from his gray beard, and his long, livid nose drooping dejectedly, like a tongue.

一天晚饭后，当格雷戈里在厨房里睡着后，他们把他的脸涂成了品红色。有很长一段时间，他就带着这样一张滑稽甚至有些吓人的脸到处走动：两片脏兮兮的圆镜片从灰色的胡子中露出来，长长的青灰色鼻子像舌头一样沮丧地耷拉着。

They had an inexhaustible fund of such pranks, but the head workman bore it all in silence, only quackling softly, and taking care

before he touched either the iron, the scissors, the needlework or the thimble, to moisten his fingers copiously with saliva. This became a habit with him, and even at dinner-time before he took up his knife and fork he slobbered over his fingers, causing great amusement to the children. When he was hurt, his large face broke into waves of wrinkles, which curiously glided over his forehead, and, raising his eyebrows, vanished mysteriously on his bald cranium.

他们总是不断地做着这样的恶作剧，但是这位工头总是默默地忍受着，只是轻轻地嘟囔几句，每次拿熨斗、剪子、针线或者顶针前都用唾液润湿他的手指。这已经成为他的一个习惯，甚至在晚饭时拿起刀叉前他也舔舔手指。这让孩子们笑开了怀。他被弄疼时，那宽大的脸上便堆满褶皱，皱纹奇怪地从脸上荡向额头，随着他挑起的眉毛，又神秘地消失在他光秃秃的头顶上。

I do not remember how grandfather bore himself with regard to his sons' amusements, but grandmother used to shake her fist at them, crying:

我不记得外祖父对儿子们这样的消遣怎么看，但是外祖母总是向他们挥舞着拳头，喊道：

"Shameless, ill-natured creatures!”

“无耻的坏东西！”

But my uncles spoke evil of Tsiganok too behind his back; they made fun of him, found fault with his work, and called him a thief and an idler.

不过对于茨甘诺克，我的舅舅们也在背后说他的坏话。他们取笑他，挑他工作上的错，叫他小偷或者懒蛋。

I asked grandmother why they did this. She explained it to me without hesitation, and, as always, made the matter quite clear to me. "You see, each wants to take Vaniushka with him when he sets up in business for himself; that is why they run him down to each other. Say they, 'He's a bad workman'; but they don't mean it. It is their artfulness. In addition to this, they are afraid that Vaniushka will not go with either of them, but will stay with grandfather, who always gets his own way, and might set up a third workshop with Ivanka, which would do your uncles no good. Now do you understand?" She laughed softly. "They are crafty about everything, setting God at naught; and grandfather, seeing their artfulness, teases them by saying: 'I shall buy Ivan a certificate of exemption so that they won't take him for a soldier. I can't do without him.'

我问外祖母他们为什么要这么做。像往常一样，她爽快地向我解释，让我茅塞顿开。“你知道，只要他们想开自己的染坊，就都想带走万

纽什卡，那就是他们彼此说他坏话的原因。他们会说，‘他是一个很糟糕的工人’，但是他们并不是这么想的。这就是他们的诡计。另外，他们都害怕万纽什卡哪一边都不去，而是留在你外祖父的身边。你外祖父总是一意孤行，可能会跟伊万卡开设第三家染坊，这样对你的舅舅们没有任何好处。现在你明白了？”她轻声地笑道。“他们做什么事情都很鬼，不把上帝放在眼里。你的外祖父知道他们的诡计，总是这样取笑他们：‘我会给伊万买一个免役证，那样他就不会被带去当兵了。我不能没有他。’

This makes them angry; it is just what they don't want; besides, they grudge the money. Exemptions cost money."

这番话让你的舅舅们很生气，这正是他们不想看到的结果，可他们又舍不得掏钱——买免役证是要花钱的。”

I was living with grandmother again, as I had done on the steamer, and every evening before I fell asleep she used to tell me fairy stories, or tales about her life, which were just like a story. But she spoke about family affairs, such as the distribution of the property amongst the children, and grandfather's purchase of a new house, lightly, in the character of a stranger regarding the matter from a distance, or at the most that of a neighbor, rather than that of the person next in importance to the head of the house.

我又和外祖母住在一起了，就像在汽船上时一样。她每天在我睡觉前都会给我讲童话或者她自己童话般的生活经历。但是当她谈到家务事的时候——比如儿子们分配财产，外祖父买新房等等——总是轻描淡写，就好像她只是一个冷眼旁观的陌生人，或者最多像是一个邻居，而不像是家里的二把手。

From her I learned that Tsiganok was a foundling; he had been found one wet night in early spring, on a bench in the porch.

从她那里，我得知茨甘诺克是个弃儿。他是在一个初春的雨夜，在门廊的长凳上被人发现的。

"There he lay," said grandmother pensively and mysteriously, "hardly able to cry, for he was nearly numb with cold."

“他躺在那里，”外祖母悲伤又神秘地说道，“哭都哭不动了，因为他几乎要被冻僵了。”

"But why do people abandon children?"

“但是为什么人们要扔掉孩子？”

"It is because the mother has no milk, or anything to feed her baby with. Then she hears that a child which has been born somewhere lately is dead, and she goes and leaves her own there."

“因为母亲没有奶水，也没有其他任何东西来喂她的孩子。后来她听说什么地方的一个新生的婴儿死去了，所以她把自己的孩子抱过去扔在

了那里。”

She paused and scratched her head; then sighing and gazing at the ceiling, she continued:

她停下来挠了挠头，然后叹了口气，仰视着天花板，继续说道：

"Poverty is always the reason, Oleysha; and a kind of poverty which must not be talked about, for an unmarried girl dare not admit that she has a child—people would cry shame upon her.

“欧利沙，这总是贫困所致，一种无法言说的贫穷，因为一个没有结婚的女孩不敢承认她生了孩子——这样人们会看不起她的。

Grandfather wanted to hand Vaniushka over to the police, but I said 'No, we will keep him ourselves to fill the place of our dead ones.' For I have had eighteen children, you know. If they had all lived they would have filled a street—eighteen new families! I was married at eighteen, you see, and by this time I had had fifteen children, but God so loved my flesh and blood that He took all of them—all my little babies to the angels, and I was sorry and glad at the same time.”

外祖父想把万纽什卡交到警察局，但是我说：‘不行，我们自己养他，让他代替我们死去的孩子。’因为，你知道，我有十八个孩子。如果他们还都活着，他们会住满一条街——十八个新家庭！你知道，我十八岁结婚，发现茨甘诺克时已经有过十五个孩子。但是上帝太宠爱我的骨肉了，所以把他们都带走了，带给了天使们。我是既悲伤又高兴。”

Sitting on the edge of the bed in her nightdress, huge and dishevelled, with her black hair falling about her, she looked like the bear which a bearded woodman from Cergatch had led into our yard not long ago.

她穿着睡袍坐在床边，看起来身材高大，头发凌乱，黑色的头发垂下来，好像是一只刚刚被一个长满胡须的樵夫从塞尔加奇赶到院子里的熊。

Making the sign of the cross on her spotless, snow-white breast, she laughed softly, always ready to make light of everything.

她在白皙的胸前划着十字架，轻声地笑着，总是准备轻描淡写地看待一切事情。

"It was better for them to be taken, but hard for me to be left desolate, so I was delighted to have Ivanka—but even now I feel the pain of my love for you, my little ones!... Well, we kept him, and baptized him, and he still lives happily with us. At first I used to call him 'Beetle,' because he really did buzz sometimes, and went creeping and buzzing through the rooms just like a beetle. You must love him. He is a good soul."

“被带走对他们来说是好事，但我却孤单地留了下来，悲伤难过，所以我很愿意收留伊万卡——但是即使是现在，我还是因为爱你们而感到心痛，我的孩子！于是，我们收留了他，给他做了洗礼，他也就和我们幸福地生活在一起。开始的时候，我总是叫他‘甲虫’，因为他有时候确实会嗡嗡叫，就像是一只甲虫在房间里爬来爬去嗡嗡地叫。你应该爱他。他是一个好人。”

I did love Ivan, and admired him inexpressibly. On Saturday when, after punishing the children for the transgressions of the week, grandfather went to vespers, we had an indescribably happy time in the kitchen.

我确实很爱伊万，对他的敬仰难以言表。星期六，外祖父在为孩子们一周犯的错而惩罚完他们以后就去做晚课了，于是我们在厨房里度过了一段特别愉快的时光。

Tsiganok would get some cockroaches from the stove, make a harness of thread for them with great rapidity, cut out a paper sledge, and soon two pairs of black horses were prancing on the clean, smooth, yellow table. Ivan drove them at a canter, with a thin splinter of wood as a whip, and urged them on, shouting:

茨甘诺克从炉子里捉了几只蟑螂，迅速地用线做一套马具，再剪一张纸做成雪橇。不久，在干净光滑的黄桌子上就跳跃着四匹黑马。伊万用一个细木条当鞭子，驱赶它们慢跑，催促它们前进，同时喊道：

"Now they have started for the Bishop's house."

“现在他们要出发去主教家喽！”

Then he gummed a small piece of paper to the back of one of the cockroaches and sent him to run behind the sledge.

然后他用胶在一只蟑螂的背上粘上一张纸，让它跟在雪橇的后面跑。

"We forgot the bag," he explained. "The monk drags it with him as he runs. Now then, gee-up!”

“我们把包给忘了，”他解释道，“修道士正拽着包在跑。现在，快！”

He tied the feet of another cockroach together with cotton, and as the insect hopped along, with its head thrust forward, he cried, clapping his hands:

他把另一只蟑螂的脚用棉绳绑起来。当它朝前跳的时候，头也向前伸。他拍着手喊道：

"This is the deacon coming out of the wineshop to say vespers."

“这是执事从酒店里出来要做晚课了。”

After this he showed us a mouse which stood up at the word of command, and walked on his hind legs, dragging his long tail behind him and blinking comically with his lively eyes, which were like black glass beads.

之后，他给我们看了一只老鼠。那只老鼠一听到命令就站起来，用两条后腿走路，后面拖着长长的尾巴，闪亮的眼睛滑稽地眨着，好像是黑色的玻璃球。

He made friends of mice, and used to carry them about in his bosom, and feed them with sugar and kiss them.

他和老鼠交朋友，总是在怀里揣着它们，而且给它们吃糖，也亲吻它们。

"Mice are clever creatures," he used to say in a tone of conviction. "The house-goblin is very fond of them, and whoever feeds them will have all his wishes granted by the old hob-goblin.”

“老鼠是聪明的动物，”他总是用深信不疑的口气说，“家里的精灵非常喜欢它们，无论谁喂它们食吃，老精灵都会满足他的愿望。”

He could do conjuring tricks with cards and coins too, and he used to shout louder than any of the children; in fact, there was hardly any difference between them and him. One day when they were playing cards with him they made him "booby" several times in succession, and he was very much offended. He stuck his lips out sulkily and refused to play any more, and he complained to me afterward, his nose twitching as he spoke:

他也会用扑克和硬币变魔术，也总是比其他的孩子嗓门大。实际上，他和孩子几乎没有区别。有一天，孩子们和他玩扑克，连续几次都使他当了“傻子”，这让他非常恼火。他生气地撅着嘴，不再玩了。后来他抽着鼻子跟我抱怨：

"It was a put-up job! They were signaling to one another and passing the cards about under the table. Do you call that playing the game? If it comes to trickery I'm not so bad at it myself."

“这是一个骗局！他们彼此打信号，在桌子下面传扑克牌。你能把这叫作游戏吗？如果是耍花招，我也不差。”

Yet he was nineteen years old and bigger than all four of us put together.

不过有他十九岁，比我们四个人加起来都大。

I have special memories of him on holiday evenings, when grandfather and Uncle Michael went out to see their friends, and curly headed, untidy Uncle Jaakov appeared with his guitar while grandmother prepared tea with plenty of delicacies, and vodka in a

square bottle with red flowers cleverly molded in glass on its lower part. Tsiganok shone bravely on these occasions in his holiday attire. Creeping softly and sideways came Gregory, with his colored spectacles gleaming; came Nyanya Eugenia—pimply, red-faced and fat like a Toby-jug, with cunning eyes and a piping voice; came the hirsute deacon from Uspenski, and other dark slimy people bearing a resemblance to pikes and eels. They all ate and drank a lot, breathing hard the while; and the children had wineglasses of sweet syrup given them as a treat, and gradually there was kindled a warm but strange gaiety.

在假期的晚上，我对他的记忆尤为深刻。外祖父和米哈伊尔舅舅出去见朋友，头发卷曲、衣冠不整的雅科夫舅舅带着吉他出现了，而外祖母准备了茶水和点心，把伏尔加酒装在方瓶里，在玻璃杯的下部插上了别致的红花。茨甘诺克穿着假期的服装，在这些场合总是容光焕发。格雷戈里悄悄地从旁边爬过来，眼镜发出多彩的光；尼安亚·尤金妮娅也来了——红色的脸庞上到处都是疙瘩，身材像是一个矮胖老人形酒杯，眼睛闪着狡黠的光，声音尖尖的；还有来自乌斯别斯基的毛发浓密的司事，和其他一些看起来好像梭鱼和鳗鱼，皮肤黝黑又脏兮兮的人们。他们喘着粗气，狂吃狂喝；孩子们则享用着酒杯里的甜果汁。渐渐地，一种温暖而奇特的欢快气氛弥漫开来。

Uncle Jaakov tuned his guitar amorously, and as he did so he always uttered the same words:

雅科夫舅舅陶醉地弹着吉他，而且每次他总是说同样的话：

"Well, now let us begin!"

“那么，现在让我们开始吧！”

Shaking his curly head, he bent over the guitar, stretching out his neck like a goose; the expression on his round, careless face became dreamy, his passionate, elusive eyes were obscured in an unctuous mist, and lightly touching the chords, he played something disjointed, involuntarily rising to his feet as he played. His music demanded an intense silence. It rushed like a rapid torrent from somewhere far away, stirring one's heart and penetrating it with an incomprehensible sensation of sadness and uneasiness. Under the influence of that music we all became melancholy, and the oldest present felt themselves to be no more than children. We sat perfectly still—lost in a dreamy silence. Sascha Michailov especially listened with all his might as he sat upright beside our uncle, gazing at the guitar open-mouthed, and slobbering with delight. And the rest of us remained as if we had been frozen, or had been put under a spell. The only sound besides was the gentle murmur of the samovar which did not interfere with the complaint of the guitar.

他晃动着他那一头卷发，俯身弹起吉他，像鹅一样把脖子探出来，他淡漠的圆脸变得柔和，他那热情难懂的眼睛在做作的气氛中飘忽不定，他轻触琴弦，断断续续地弹起了曲子，而且还不知不觉地站了起来。他的音乐带来了无限的寂静。音乐节奏很快，就像是来自远方的一股激流，激荡人的心灵，又带有一种不可言状的伤感和不安，刺入人心。在音乐的影响下，我们都变得很忧伤，甚至在场的最年长的人也感觉自己只是一个孩子。我们纹丝不动地坐在那里——沉思在梦幻般的寂静里。萨沙·米切勒夫笔直地坐在我们舅舅的旁边，听得格外认真，同时张着嘴，盯着吉他，入神得似乎要流口水。其余的人都好像已经被冻成了冰，或者是被念了咒语。除此之外的唯一的声音就是茶壶的嗤嗤声，这并没有干扰吉他忧伤的曲调。

Two small square windows threw their light into the darkness of the autumn night, and from time to time some one tapped on them lightly. The yellow lights of two tallow candles, pointed like spears, flickered on the table.

光亮透过两块小方窗照向秋日漆黑的夜晚，偶尔还会听到有人轻轻地敲着窗户。两盏油灯在桌子上闪烁着，发出的黄光好像长矛一样。

Uncle Jaakov grew more and more rigid, as though he were in a deep sleep with his teeth clenched; but his hands seemed to live with a separate existence. The bent fingers of his right hand quivered indistinctly over the dark keyboard, just like fluttering and struggling birds, while his left passed up and down the neck with elusive rapidity.

雅科夫舅舅变得越来越严肃，牙齿紧咬，好像已经熟睡，而两只手却不停地动弹着。他右手弯曲的手指在黑色的琴弦上莫名地颤动着，好像是扑打着翅膀挣扎的小鸟，而他的左手迅速地在琴颈上上下移动。

When he had been drinking he nearly always sang through his teeth in an unpleasantly shrill voice, an endless song:

他喝酒的时候，几乎总是透过牙缝，发出很不好听的尖锐的声音，没完没了的唱着：

"If Jaakove were a dog He'd howl from morn to night. Oie! I am a-weary! Oie! Life is dreary! In the streets the nuns walk, On the fence the ravens talk. Oie! I am a-weary! The cricket chirps behind the stove And sets the beetles on the move. Oie! I am a-weary! One beggar hangs his stockings up to dry, The other steals it away on the sly. Oie! I am a-weary! Yes! Life is very dreary!”

“如果雅科夫是一条狗， 他会从早到晚地嚎叫。喔！我很烦！喔！生活很枯燥！街道上走着修女， 篱笆上乌鸦在唱歌。喔！我很烦！炉子后蟋蟀在叫， 甲虫不得不离开。喔！我很烦！乞丐把他的长袜挂起来晾干， 另一个偷偷地把它偷走。喔！我很烦！是的！生活很枯燥！”

I could not bear this song, and when my uncle came to the part about the beggars I used to weep in a tempest of ungovernable misery.

我无法忍受这支歌，尤其是当我的舅舅唱到乞丐那部分的时候，我总是感到无法控制地痛苦，会突然大哭。

The music had the same effect on Tsiganok as on the others; he listened to it, running his fingers through his black, shaggy locks, and staring into a corner, half-asleep.

音乐对茨甘诺克有着和对其他人同样的影响，他边听边把手指伸进他黑色浓密的头发里，直直地盯着一个角落，进入半睡眠状态。

Sometimes he would exclaim unexpectedly in a complaining tone, "Ah! if I only had a voice. Lord! how I should sing."

有时候他会突然抱怨道：“啊！如果我有一副好嗓子多好啊。上帝啊！我会尽情地唱。”

And grandmother, with a sigh, would say: "Are you going to break our hearts, Jaasha?... Suppose you give us a dance, Vanyatka?"

这时外祖母会叹口气说：“你要把我们的心都弄碎吗，雅沙？给我们跳一支舞，怎么样，万雅卡？”

Her request was not always complied with at once, but it did sometimes happen that the musician suddenly swept the chords with his hands, then, doubling up his fists with a gesture as if he were noiselessly casting an invisible something from him to the floor, cried sharply:

她的请求不会马上得到回应，但有时这位音乐家突然双手扫过琴弦，然后举起两只拳头，好像是在无声地往地板上狠劲地扔了什么看不见的东西，尖声地喊道：

"Away, melancholy! Now, Vanka, stand up!"

“走开，忧郁！现在，万卡，站起来！”

Looking very smart, as he pulled his yellow blouse straight, Tsiganok would advance to the middle of the kitchen, very carefully, as if he were walking on nails, and blushing all over his swarthy face and simpering bashfully, would say entreatingly:

茨甘诺克看起来很精明。他拉了拉黄色的上衣，非常小心地走到厨房的中间，就好像走在钉子上。他黝黑的面庞泛着红润，羞怯地傻笑着，哀求着说道：

"Faster, please, Jaakov Vassilitch!"

“请再快点，雅科夫·瓦斯里奇！”

The guitar jingled furiously, heels tapped spasmodically on the floor, plates and dishes rattled on the table and in the cupboard, while

Tsiganok blazed amidst the kitchen lights, swooping like a kite, waving his arms like the sails of a windmill, and moving his feet so quickly that they seemed to be stationary; then he stooped to the floor, and spun round and round like a golden swallow, the splendor of his silk blouse shedding an illumination all around, as it quivered and rippled, as if he were alight and floating in the air. He danced unweariedly, oblivious of everything, and it seemed as though, if the door were to open, he would have danced out, down the street, and through the town and away... beyond our ken.

吉他疯狂地响着，鞋跟不断地打击着地板，桌子上和橱柜里的盘子和碟子都在响；茨甘诺克晃动在厨房的烛光里，像一只风筝上下猛蹿，挥舞的胳膊好像是风车上的风轮，双脚飞速地移动，看起来如同静止一般；然后他弯腰伏地，在地上转来转去，好像一只金色的燕子；他那丝绸上衣的光彩颤动着，荡起涟漪，向四周反射着光，就好像是他漂浮在半空中闪闪发光。他忘我地跳着，不知疲倦，好像一旦门开了，他就会跳出门去，沿着街道，穿过小城，一直跳到很远……远离我们的视线。

"Cross over!" cried Uncle Jaakov, stamping his feet, and giving a piercing whistle; then in an irritating voice he shouted the old, quaint saying:

“交叉！”雅科夫舅舅喊道，一边跺着脚，一边打着刺耳的口哨；然后他用尖锐的声音，喊出了那句古老又精妙的谚语：

"Oh, my! if I were not sorry to leave my spade I'd from my wife and children a break have made."

哦，我的上帝啊！如果我能够抛下铲子而不感到遗憾的话，我便会离我的妻儿而去。

The people sitting at table pawed at each other, and from time to time shouted and yelled as if they were being roasted alive. The bearded chief workman slapped his bald head and joined in the uproar. Once he bent towards me, brushing my shoulder with his soft beard, and said in my ear, just as he might speak to a grown-up person:

人们坐在桌子旁，彼此打闹，还不时地喊叫着，好像他们被活活地烘烤了。长满胡子的工头拍打着他光秃秃的脑门，也一起喊了起来。一次他向我弯腰过来，软软的胡子滑过我的肩膀，他凑到我耳边，像和一个大人说话那样说道：

"If your father were here, Alexei Maximitch, he would have added to the fun. A merry fellow he was—always cheerful. You remember him, don't you?"

“如果你的父亲阿列克谢·马克西米奇也在，这里会更有趣的。他是一个快乐的人——总是很高兴。你记得他，是吗？”

"No."

“不记得了。”

"You don't? Well, once he and your grandmother—but wait a bit.”

“不记得了？好吧，他曾经和你的外祖母——等等。”

Tall and emaciated, somewhat resembling a conventional icon, he stood up, and bowing to grandmother, entreated in an extraordinarily gruff voice:

他又高又瘦，有点像古老的圣像。他站起来，向我的外祖母鞠了鞠躬，用极其粗哑的嗓音恳求道：

"Akulina Ivanovna, will you be so kind as to dance for us as you did once with Maxim Savatyevitch? It would cheer us up."

“阿库林娜·伊凡诺芙娜，你愿意为我们跳一支舞吗，就像你曾经和马克西姆·萨瓦杰维奇那样？这会让我们很高兴的。”

"What are you talking about, my dear man? What do you mean, Gregory Ivanovitch?" cried grandmother, smiling and bridling. "Fancy me dancing at my time of life! I should only make people laugh."

“你在说什么，我的朋友？你什么意思，格雷戈里·伊万诺维奇？”外祖母忍住笑，说道，“想想我跳舞的样子！我只会惹人们笑。”

But suddenly she jumped up with a youthful air, arranged her skirts, and very upright, tossed her ponderous head and darted across the kitchen, crying:

但是她像一个年轻人一样猛的站了起来，整理了一下裙子，挺胸昂首，快速穿过厨房，叫道：

"Well, laugh if you want to! And a lot of good may it do you. Now, Jaasha, play up!"

“好吧，你们愿意笑就笑吧！会对你们有好处的。现在，扎沙，弹起来！”

My uncle let himself go, and, closing his eyes, went on playing very slowly. Tsiganok stood still for a moment, and then leaped over to where grandmother was and encircled her, resting on her haunches, while she skimmed the floor without a sound, as if she were floating on air, her arms spread out, her eyebrows raised, her dark eyes gazing into space. She appeared very comical to me, and I made fun of her; but Gregory held up his finger sternly, and all the grown-up people looked disapprovingly over to my side of the room.

我的舅舅又弹起了吉他，闭上眼睛，慢慢地弹着。茨甘诺克站了一会儿，然后跳到外祖母那里，环抱着她，把手放在她的腰部。而她悄无

声息地滑过地板，好像是飘在空中，同时胳膊探出，眼眉高挑，黑色的眼睛注视着远方。对我来说，她看起来很滑稽，于是我就取笑她；格雷戈里严肃地举起他的手指，屋子里所有的大人都不赞成地向我这边看了过来。

"Don't make a noise, Ivan," said Gregory, and Tsiganok obediently jumped to one side, and sat by the door, while Nyanya Eugenia, thrusting out her Adam's apple, began to sing in her low-pitched, pleasant voice:

“别出声，伊万。”格雷戈里说道。茨甘诺克顺从地跳到一边，坐在门边。而尼安亚·尤金妮娅亮出了她的歌喉，开始用她那愉快的低音唱起歌：

"All the week till Saturday She does earn what e'er she may, Making lace from morn till night Till she's nearly lost her sight."

“直到星期六的整整一周， 她竭尽所能地赚钱， 从早到晚地编织蕾丝， 直到几乎要失明。”

Grandmother seemed more as if she were telling a story than dancing. She moved softly, dreamily; swaying slightly, sometimes looking about her from under her arms, the whole of her huge body wavering uncertainly, her feet feeling their way carefully. Then she stood still as if suddenly frightened by something; her face quivered and became overcast... but directly after it was again illuminated by her pleasant, cordial smile. Swinging to one side as if to make way for some one, she appeared to be refusing to give her hand, then letting her head droop seemed to die; again, she was listening to some one and smiling joyfully... and suddenly she was whisked from her place and turned round and round like a whirligig, her figure seemed to become more elegant, she seemed to grow taller, and we could not tear our eyes away from her—so triumphantly beautiful and altogether charming did she appear in that moment of marvelous rejuvenation. And Nyanya Eugenia piped:

外祖母似乎更像是在讲故事，而不是在跳舞。她恍恍惚惚地、轻柔地舞动着，轻轻地摆动着身子，有时候举着双手，从腋下环视四周，整个高大的身体摇晃着，脚下小心地挪动着舞步。突然她停下来，好像被什么东西吓到了，她的脸抽动着，越来越阴暗……但是这之后，她的脸在愉悦热忱的微笑下又光彩熠熠了。她转到一边，好像是在给别人让路，看起来不想把手伸出来，然后低下头，像是死了一般；她又听到了人说话，然后高兴地笑了……突然她又迅速地从原地离开，像陀螺一样转啊转啊，体形看起来愈发优美，身材也愈发高挑，我们目不转睛地看着——此刻外祖母活力四射，看起来惊艳美丽。尼安亚·尤金妮娅尖声唱道：

"Then on Sundays after Mass Till midnight dances the lass,

Leaving as late as she dare, Holidays with her are rare.”

“星期日，少女做完弥撒， 跳舞直到午夜， 迟迟不愿离开， 假日少得可怜。”

When she had finished dancing, grandmother returned to her place by the samovar. They all applauded her, and as she put her hair straight, she said:

跳完了舞，外祖母回到茶壶的位置。大家都为她鼓掌。她把头发放下来，说道：

"That is enough! You have never seen real dancing. At our home in Balakya, there was one young girl—I have forgotten her name now, with many others—but when you saw her dance you cried for joy. To look at her was a treat. You didn't want anything else. How I envied her—sinner that I was!”

“得了吧！你们从来没有见过真正的舞蹈。在我们的老家巴拉基亚，有一个年轻女孩——我现在已经忘记了她和其他许多人的名字——看她跳舞的时候，你会高兴地大叫。看她跳舞是一种享受,你会觉得此生无憾。我那时很嫉妒她——我真是一个罪人！”

"Singers and dancers are the greatest people in the world," said Nyanya Eugenia gravely, and she began to sing something about King David, while Uncle Jaakov, embracing Tsiganok, said to him:

“歌手和舞者是世界上最伟大的人。”尼安亚·尤金妮娅庄重地说道。然后她开始唱起了关于大卫国王的歌，而雅科夫舅舅抱着茨甘诺克对他说道：

"You ought to dance in the wineshops. You would turn people's heads."

“你应该在酒馆里跳舞。你会让人神魂颠倒的。”

"I wish I could sing!" complained Tsiganok. "If God had given me a voice I should have been singing ten years by now, and should have gone on singing if only as a monk."

“我希望我会唱歌！”茨甘诺克抱怨道，“如果上帝赋予我一副好嗓子，我会从十年前开始唱歌，而且还会继续唱的，即使是做一个修道士。”

They all drank vodka, and Gregory drank an extra lot. As she poured out glass after glass for him, grandmother warned him:

他们都喝伏尔加酒，格雷戈里喝得格外地多。外祖母一边不停地给他倒酒，一边警告他道：

"Take care, Grisha, or you'll become quite blind."

“小心点，格里沙，否则你会瞎的。”

"I don't care! I've no more use for my eyesight," he replied firmly.

“我不在乎！我的视力已经没有用了 。”他坚定地回答道。

He drank, but he did not get tipsy, only becoming more loquacious every moment; and he spoke to me about my father nearly all the time.

他喝酒，但没有喝醉，只是话变得越来越多，另外他几乎一直对我讲我父亲的事情。

"A man with a large heart was my friend Maxim Savatyevitch..."

“我的朋友马克西姆·萨瓦杰维奇可是一个心胸宽阔的人呐……”

Grandmother sighed as she corroborated:

外祖母叹了口气，证实道：

"Yes, indeed he was—a true child of God.”

“是啊，确实如此，他是真正的上帝之子。”

All this was extremely interesting, and held me spellbound, and filled my heart with a tender, not unpleasant sadness. For sadness and gladness live within us side by side, almost inseparable; the one succeeding the other with an elusive, unappreciable swiftness.

所有这些都非常有趣，令我着迷，让我的心里充满一种淡淡的、愉悦的哀伤。伤感与愉悦在我们的内心同时存在，几乎不可分离，它们以一种难以表述的迅速彼此交替。

Once Uncle Jaakov, being rather tipsy, began to rend his shirt, and to clutch furiously at his curly hair, his grizzled mustache, his nose and his pendulous lip.

一次雅科夫舅舅喝得烂醉，开始撕扯自己的衬衫，对着自己的卷发、灰白的胡子、鼻子和下垂的嘴唇狂怒地乱抓一通。

"What am I?" he howled, dissolved in tears. "Why am I here?" And striking himself on the cheek, forehead and chest, he sobbed: "Worthless, degraded creature! Lost soul!"

“我是谁？”他两眼泪汪汪地吼着，“为什么我在这里？”他抽着自己的脸，拍打着额头，捶着胸，啜泣道：“我是一个没用又堕落的东西！迷途的羔羊！”

"A—ah! You're right!" growled Gregory.

“啊——哎！说得没错！”格雷戈里喊道。

But grandmother, who was also not quite sober, said to her son, catching hold of his hand:

但是外祖母也有点微醉，抓住儿子的手说道：

"That will do, Jaasha. God knows how to teach us."

“会好起来的，雅沙。上帝知道怎么指引我们。”

When she had been drinking, she was even more attractive; her eyes grew darker and smiled, shedding the warmth of her heart upon every one. Brushing aside the handkerchief which made her face too hot, she would say in a tipsy voice:

她喝了酒之后会变得更加迷人：眼眸愈加乌黑，带着盈盈笑意；她将心灵的温暖传递给了每一个人。头巾裹得她脸颊发烫，于是她把头巾摘掉，然后用微醺的语气说道：

"Lord! Lord! How good everything is! Don't you see how good everything is?"

“主啊！主啊！这一切多么美好！难道你没有看到这一切有多么美好吗？”

And this was a cry from her heart—the watchword of her whole life.

这是发自她内心的呼唤，是她一生的座右铭。

I was much impressed by the tears and cries of my happy-go-lucky uncle, and I asked grandmother why he cried and scolded and beat himself so.

一向无忧无虑的舅舅又哭又喊，让我十分震撼，于是我就问外祖母为什么他会哭，还这么责备、折磨自己。

"You want to know everything!" she said reluctantly, quite unlike her usual manner. "But wait a bit. You will be enlightened about this affair quite soon enough."

“你什么事情都想知道！”她很不愿意说，和往常一点都不一样。“再等等吧，不久你就会明白这件事的。”

My curiosity was still more excited by this, and I went to the workshop and attacked Ivan on the subject, but he would not answer me. He just laughed quietly with a sidelong glance at Gregory, and hustled me out, crying:

听她这么一说我更加好奇了。于是我来到工厂，问了伊万同样的问题，但是他不回答我。他只是斜眼瞅了一下格雷戈里，默默地笑了一下，然后推搡着我说：

"Give over now, and run away. If you don't I'll put you in the vat and dye you."

“别再问啦，快走吧，不然我就把你扔进染缸里！”

Gregory, standing before the broad, low stove, with vats cemented to it, stirred them with a long black poker, lifting it up now

and again to see the colored drops fall from its end. The brightly burning flames played on the skin-apron, multi-colored like the chasuble of a priest, which he wore. The dye simmered in the vats; an acrid vapor extended in a thick cloud to the door. Gregory glanced at me from under his glasses, with his clouded, bloodshot eyes, and said abruptly to Ivan:

格雷戈里站在连接着染缸的宽大低矮的炉子前，拿着一根长长的黑棒在染缸里搅动着，不时把它拿出来，看着彩色的水滴从棒底滑落。明亮的火焰在他的围裙上跳动着，仿佛他穿着的是神父彩色的十字搭。燃料在染缸里慢慢地熬着，刺鼻的气体聚成一团，蔓延到门口。格雷戈里透过眼镜看了我一眼，眼睛暗淡，充满血丝。突然他对伊万说道：

"You are wanted in the yard. Can't you see?"

“院子里有人找你。难道你没有看见吗？”

But when Tsiganok had gone into the yard, Gregory, sitting on a sack of santalin, beckoned me to him.

茨甘诺克走进院子后，格雷戈里坐在一麻袋紫檀色素上，招呼我过去。

"Come here!"

“过来！”

Drawing me on to his knee, and rubbing his warm, soft beard against my cheek, he said in a tone of reminiscence:

他把我放到膝盖上，用他那温暖柔软的胡子蹭我的脸，然后回忆着说道：

"Your uncle beat and tortured his wife to death, and now his conscience pricks him. Do you understand? You want to understand everything, you see, and so you get muddled."

“你的舅舅殴打他的妻子，把她折磨死了，现在正受着良心的折磨。你明白吗？你瞧，你想弄明白一切，所以就会有疑问。”

Gregory was as simple as grandmother, but his words were disconcerting, and he seemed to look through and through every one.

格雷戈里和外祖母一样单纯朴素，但是他的话会令人不安，好像他能看穿每一个人。

"How did he kill her?" he went on in a leisurely tone. "Why, like this. He was lying in bed with her, and he threw the counterpane over her head, and held it down while he beat her. Why? He doesn't know himself why he did it."

“他是怎么把她弄死的？”他语气轻松地继续说道，“好吧，是这样的。他和她躺在床上，突然把床单蒙在她的头上，一边按住床单，一边

打她。为什么？他也不知道自己为什么要这么做。”

And paying no attention to Ivan, who, having returned with an armful of goods from the yard, was squatting before the fire, warming his hands, the head workman suggested:

这时伊万从院子里抱了很多东西回来，蹲到火堆旁暖手。工头没有注意到伊万，接着说：

"Perhaps it was because she was better than he was, and he was envious of her. The Kashmirins do not like good people, my boy. They are jealous of them. They cannot stand them, and try to get them out of the way. Ask your grandmother how they got rid of your father. She will tell you everything; she hates deceit, because she does not understand it. She may be reckoned among the saints, although she drinks wine and takes snuff. She is a splendid woman. Keep hold of her, and never let her go."

“也许是因为她比他好，而他嫉妒她。卡什米润家的人不喜欢好人，我的孩子。他们嫉妒好人。他们不能忍受他们，想除掉他们。去问问你的外祖母他们是怎么甩掉了你的父亲。她会告诉你一切的。她讨厌说谎，因为她从来不说谎。她可称得上是个圣人，即使她喝酒还吸鼻烟。她是一个很好的女人。你要陪伴着她，永远都不要让她离开。”

He pushed me towards the door, and I went out into the yard, depressed and scared. Vaniushka overtook me at the entrance of the house, and whispered softly:

他把我推到门口，我来到了院子里，感到沮丧和害怕。万纽什卡在房门口处追上我，轻声安慰道：

"Don't be afraid of him. He is all right. Look him straight in the eyes. That's what he likes."

“不要害怕他。他人很好。直视他的眼睛，他喜欢这样。”

It was all very strange and distressing. I hardly knew any other existence, but I remembered vaguely that my father and mother used not to live like this; they had a different way of speaking, and a different idea of happiness. They always went about together and sat close to each other. They laughed very frequently and for a long time together, in the evenings, as they sat at the window and sang at the top of their voices; and people gathered together in the street and looked at them. The raised faces of these people as they looked up reminded me comically of dirty plates after dinner. But here people seldom laughed, and when they did it was not always easy to guess what they were laughing at. They often raged at one another, and secretly muttered threats against each other in the corners. The children were subdued and neglected; beaten down to earth like the

dust by the rain. I felt myself a stranger in the house, and all the circumstances of my existence in it were nothing but a series of stabs, pricking me on to suspicion, and compelling me to study what went on with the closest attention.

一切都非常奇怪，令人烦恼。我不知道其他人怎么生活，但依稀记得父亲和母亲过去的生活不是这个样子：他们两个有不同的说话方式，对幸福的理解也不一样。他们总是到哪里都在一起，形影不离。晚上，他们坐在窗户旁边，大声唱歌，两个人频繁地发出长时间的笑声，引得路人聚集在街上看他们。这些人在眺望时仰起的脸让我想起了晚饭过后留下的脏兮兮的盘子，十分滑稽。然而在这里，人们很少笑，即使笑，也总是很难猜出他们在笑什么。他们动不动就相互大发脾气，或者悄悄地在某个角落里相互威胁。孩子们性情温顺，无人照顾，经常挨打，就像被雨水拍打在地的尘土。我感到自己在这个家里是个陌生人，在这里的种种生活境遇于我不过是一系列的伤痛，刺痛促使我不断发出疑问，驱使着我对所发生的事情加以密切的关注。

My friendship with Tsiganok grew apace. Grandmother was occupied with household duties from sunrise till late at night, and I hung round Tsiganok nearly the whole day. He still used to put his hand under the rod whenever grandfather thrashed me, and the next day, displaying his swollen fingers, he would complain:

我和茨甘诺克的友谊发展神速。外祖母从早到晚都忙着家务，所以我整天都跟在茨甘诺克的屁股后面。每次外祖父一打我，他仍旧用手挡在枝条和我之间。第二天他就给我看已经肿胀的手指，抱怨道：

"There's no sense in it! It does not make it any lighter for you, and look what it does to me. I won't stand it any longer, so there!"

“这一点儿用都没有！不但没减轻你受的罪，我也被打成这样。就这样吧，我下次不帮你挡鞭子了！”

But the next time he put himself in the way of being needlessly hurt just the same.

但是下一次，他仍然要置自己于无谓的伤害之中。

"But I thought you did not mean to do it again?" I would say.

“可我原以为你不想再这样做了？”我会问。

"I didn't mean to, but it happened somehow. I did it without thinking."

“我本来不想，但还是做了，不假思索地。”

Soon after this I learned something about Tsiganok which increased my interest in and love for him.

之后不久，我了解到茨甘诺克的一些事情，这使我我对他愈发感兴趣，也愈发地爱他。

Every Friday he used to harness the bay gelding Sharapa, grandmother's pet—a cunning, saucy, dainty creature—to the sledge. Then he put on his fur coat, which reached to his knees, and his heavy cap, and tightly buckling his green belt, set out for the market to buy provisions. Sometimes it was very late before he returned, and the whole household became uneasy. Some one would run to the window every moment, and breathing on the panes to thaw the ice, would look up and down the road.

每逢周五，他都会给外祖母最宠爱的枣红色阉马沙拉帕套上雪橇。沙拉帕既狡猾，又调皮，还挑嘴。然后他穿上长及膝盖的皮大衣，戴上厚厚的帽子，扣紧绿色的腰带，出发去市场买必需品。有时候到了很晚他还没有回来，这时候全家人都坐不住了。时不时就会有人跑到窗户前，朝玻璃上哈气把玻璃上的冰融化掉，透过窗户朝街上来回张望。

"Isn't he in sight yet?"

“还看不见他吗？”

"No."

“看不见。”

Grandmother was always more concerned than any of them.

外祖母总是最着急的一个。

"Alas!" she would exclaim to her sons and my grandfather, "you have ruined both the man and the horse. I wonder you aren't ashamed of yourselves, you conscienceless creatures! Ach! You family of fools, you tipplers! God will punish you for this."

“哎呀！”她会向她的儿子和老伴大声喊，“是你们毁掉了人和马。我怀疑你们还有没有廉耻，没良心的东西！哎呀！一家子傻瓜，你们这群酒鬼！上帝会因此而惩罚你们的。”

"That is enough!" growled grandfather, scowling. "This is the last time it happens."

“够了！”外祖父生气地吼道，“这是最后一次了还不行吗！”

Sometimes Tsiganok did not return till midday. My uncles and grandfather hurried out to the yard to meet him, and grandmother ambled after them like a bear, taking snuff with a determined air, because it was her hour for taking it. The children ran out, and the joyful unloading of the sledge began. It was full of pork, dead birds, and joints of all kinds of meat.

有时候茨甘诺克直到中午才会回来。我的舅舅们和外祖父会急忙跑到院子里迎接他，外祖母像熊一样跟在他们后面蹒跚而行，神情坚定地吸着鼻烟——因为那是她吸鼻烟的时间。孩子们也跑出去，然后就兴高采烈地开始从雪橇上卸东西。上面有猪肉，死掉的禽类，和成块的各种

肉类。

"Have you bought all we told you to?" asked grandfather, probing the load with a sidelong glance of his sharp eyes.

“你把我们要你买的东西都买全了吗？”外祖父敏锐的眼神斜着扫了一眼货物，问道。

"Yes, it is all right," answered Ivan gaily, as he jumped about the yard, and slapped his mittened hands together, to warm himself.

“是的，都买了。”伊万高兴地回答。他在院子里跳来跳去，拍打着带着手套的手，好能暖和一下。

"Don't wear your mittens out. They cost money," said grandfather sternly. "Have you any change?"

“别把手套拍坏了，手套也值几个钱的。”外祖父严厉地说道，“你有零钱吗？”

"No."

“没有。”

Grandfather walked quietly round the load and said in a low tone:

外祖父静静地绕着货物踱来踱去，低声说道：

"Again you have bought too much. However, you can't do it without money, can you? I'll have no more of this." And he strode away scowling.

“你又买多了。但是，没有钱你买不了，是吧？我不会再管这事了。”他皱着眉头大步走开了。

My uncles joyfully set to work on the load, whistling as they balanced bird, fish, goose-giblets, calves' feet, and enormous pieces of meat on their hands.

我的舅舅们则高兴地搬运起货物来。他们吹着口哨，手里掂量着鸡、鱼、鹅杂，小牛腿和诸多肉类。

"Well, that was soon unloaded!" they cried with loud approval.

“一会儿就卸完货了！”他们一致地大声喊道。

Uncle Michael especially was in raptures, jumping about the load, sniffing hard at the poultry, smacking his lips with relish, closing his restless eyes in ecstasy. He resembled his father; he had the same dried-up appearance, only he was taller and his hair was dark.

米哈伊尔舅舅尤其高兴，在货物周围又蹦又跳，使劲地闻着家禽肉，颇有食欲地抿着嘴，沉醉地闭上他不安的眼睛。他和外祖父一样，瘦瘦的，不过他要高一些，头发是黑色的。

Slipping his chilled hands up his sleeves, he inquired of Tsiganok:

他用冰凉的手把袖子撸起来，问茨甘诺克：

"How much did my father give you?" "Five roubles."

“我父亲给了你多少钱？”“五个卢布。”

"There is fifteen roubles' worth here! How much did you spend?"

“这些东西可是值十五卢布呐！你实际花了多少钱？”

"Four roubles, ten kopecks."

“四卢布十戈比。”

"Perhaps the other ninety kopecks is in your pocket. Haven't you noticed, Jaakov, how money gets all over the place?"

“也许剩余的九十戈比你装到自己的腰包了吧。你瞧，雅科夫，钱可真容易挣啊！”

Uncle Jaakov, standing in the frost in his shirtsleeves, laughed quietly, blinking in the cold blue light.

雅科夫舅舅穿着衬衫在严寒中站着，默默地笑了笑，眼睛在寒冷的空气中眨了眨。

"You have some brandy for us, Vanka, haven't you?" he asked lazily.

“怎么样，请我们喝白兰地吧？”

Grandmother meanwhile was unharnessing the horse.

此时，外祖母在卸马具。

"There, my little one! There! Spoiled child! There, God's plaything!"

“喂，我的小东西！好啦！宠坏了的孩子！哎，上帝的玩物！”

Great Sharapa, tossing his thick mane, fastened his white teeth in her shoulder, pushed his silky nose into her hair, gazed into her face with contented eyes, and shaking the frost from his eyelashes, softly neighed.

高大的沙拉帕晃动着他浓密的马鬃，洁白的牙齿摩擦着外祖母的肩膀，柔滑的鼻子擦着她的头发，一双眼睛满足地看着她的脸。它甩掉眉毛上的霜，轻声地叫着。

"Ah! you want some bread."

“啊！你想要面包。”

She thrust a large, salted crust in his mouth, and making her apron into a bag under his nose, she thoughtfully watched him eat.

于是外祖母往他嘴里塞了一大块咸面包，然后把围裙包成袋子的形状放在他的鼻子下，若有所思地看着它吃东西。

Tsiganok, himself as playful as a young horse, sprang to her side.

茨甘诺克自己也好似一匹嬉戏的马，跳到外祖母身旁。

"He is such a good horse, Grandma! And so clever!"

“奶奶，它真是一匹好马！又机灵！”

"Get away! Don't try your tricks on me!" cried grandmother, stamping her foot. "You know that I am not fond of you today."

“走开！别想作弄我！”外祖母跺着脚说道，“你知道我今天不喜欢你。”

She afterwards explained to me that Tsiganok had not bought so much in the market as he had stolen. "If grandfather gives him five roubles, he spends three and steals three roubles' worth," she said sadly. "He takes a pleasure in stealing. He is like a spoiled child. He tried it once, and it turned out well; he was laughed at and praised for his success, and that is how he got into the habit of thieving. And grandfather, who in his youth ate the bread of poverty till he wanted no more of it, has grown greedy in his old age, and money is dearer to him now than the blood of his own children! He is glad even of a present! As for Michael and Jaakov..."

后来外祖母向我解释说，茨甘诺克那次偷得比买得多。“如果你外祖父给他五卢布，他就会花三卢布，再偷三卢布的东西。”她悲伤地说，“他喜欢偷。他就像是一个被宠坏了的孩子。他偷过一次，结果没事儿。大伙儿笑一笑，夸他机灵，于是就养成了他偷东西的习性。还有你外祖父，他年轻的时候尝够了贫穷的滋味，所以上了年纪后，变得贪婪起来，爱财甚至超过爱自己的亲骨肉！别人送他一件礼物，他就高兴得跟什么似的！至于米哈伊尔和雅科夫……”

She made a gesture of contempt and was silent a moment; then looking fixedly at the closed lid of her snuff-box, she went on querulously:

她轻蔑地挥了挥手，沉默了片刻。然后她把目光集中在鼻烟壶紧闭的盖子，继续抱怨道：

"But there, Lenya, that's a bit of work done by a blind woman... Dame Fortune... there she sits spinning for us and we can't even choose the pattern.... But there it is! If they caught Ivan thieving they would beat him to death."

“哎，莱雅，那个是一个盲女做的活儿……命运女士……她坐在那里为我们纺纱，我们甚至都不能选图案……但事实是，如果他们抓到伊万偷东西，他们会打死他的。”

And after another silence she continued quietly:

又沉默了一会儿之后，她平静地继续说：

"Ah! we have plenty of principles, but we don't put them into practice."

“啊！我们心里有很多规矩，但是从不照做。”

The next day I begged Vanka not to steal any more. "If you do they'll beat you to death."

第二天，我请求万卡不要再偷东西了。“如果你偷东西，他们会打死你的。”

"They won't touch me... I should soon wriggle out of their clutches. I am as lively as a mettlesome horse," he said, laughing; but the next minute his face fell. "Of course I know quite well that it is wrong and risky to steal. I do it... just to amuse myself, because I am bored. And I don't save any of the money. Your uncles get it all out of me before the week is over. But I don't care! Let them take it. I have more than enough."

“他们抓不到我的……我会很快逃掉的。我就像是一匹骁勇的骏马。”他笑着说，但随即脸色变得很难看，“当然了，我很清楚偷东西是错的，也很危险。我偷东西……只是为了好玩，因为我很无聊。我并没有存下钱。一周还没过，你的舅舅们就都把钱从我这里拿走了。但是我不在乎！他们要拿就拿，我还有很多。”

Suddenly he took me up in his arms, shaking me gently.

突然他把我抱了起来，轻轻摇晃着我。

"You will be a strong man, you are so light and slim, and your bones are so firm. I say, why don't you learn to play on the guitar? Ask Uncle Jaakov! But you are too small yet, that's a pity! You're little, but you have a temper of your own! You don't like your grandfather much, do you?"

“你会长成一个很强壮的人。虽然你这么轻，又这么瘦，但你的骨头很硬。我说，你为什么不学吉他？叫雅科夫舅舅教你！不过你还太小，很遗憾！你虽然小，但有自己的脾气！你不是很喜欢你外祖父是吧？”

"I don't know."

“我不知道。”

"I don't like any of the Kashmirins except your grandmother. Let the devil like them!" "What about me?"

“除了你的外祖母，我不喜欢卡什迷润家任何人。只有恶魔才喜欢他们！”“我呢？你喜欢我吗？”

"You? You are not a Kashmirin. You are a Pyeshkov.... That's

different blood—a different stock altogether.”

“你？你不是卡什迷润家的。你是彼什科夫家的。这是两个不同的家族。”

Suddenly he gave me a violent squeeze.

突然他狠狠地捏了我一下。

"Ah!" he almost groaned. "If only I had a good voice for singing! Good Lord! what a stir I should make in the world!... Run away now, old chap. I must get on with my work."

“啊！”他几乎是在呻吟，“如果我有一副好嗓子多好啊！我的上帝！那样，我会在世界上引起多么大的轰动啊！你走吧，老弟，我要干活了。”

He set me down on the floor, put a handful of fine nails into his mouth, and began to stretch and nail damp breadths of black material on a large square board.

他把我放到地上，往嘴里放了一把小钉子，把潮湿的黑色布料铺开并钉在一块方形木板上。

His end came very soon after this.

他的死亡不久就来临了。

It happened thus. Leaning up against a partition by the gate in the yard was placed a large oaken cross with stout, knotty arms. It had been there a long time. I had noticed it in the early days of my life in the house, when it had been new and yellow, but now it was blackened by the autumn rains. It gave forth the bitter odor of barked oak, and it was in the way in the crowded, dirty yard.

事情是这样的。院子门口处的一个挡板上靠放着一个很大的橡木十字架，它的枝干粗大多节。十字架放在那里很长时间了。刚来到这个家的时候我就注意过它，当时它还是崭新的黄色，但是现在被秋雨淋成了黑色。十字架散发出去皮橡木难闻的气味，而且在拥挤肮脏的院子里也很碍事。

Uncle Jaakov had bought it to place over the grave of his wife, and had made a vow to carry it on his shoulders to the cemetery on the anniversary of her death, which fell on a Saturday at the beginning of winter.

雅科夫舅舅把它买来，打算放在他死去妻子的坟上，还发誓在妻子去世周年的时候把它扛到墓地上。这一天正巧赶上初冬的一个星期六。

It was frosty and windy and there had been a fall of snow. Grandfather and grandmother, with the three grandchildren, had gone early to the cemetery to hear the requiem; I was left at home as a

punishment for some fault.

那天很冷，刮着风，还下了雪。外祖父和外祖母，带着三个孙子孙女，很早就去了墓地做弥撒；我因为犯了点错误，被留在家里作为惩罚。

My uncles, dressed alike in short black fur coats, lifted the cross from the ground and stood under its arms. Gregory and some men not belonging to the yard raised the heavy beams with difficulty, and placed the cross on the broad shoulders of Tsiganok. He tottered, and his legs seemed to give way.

两个舅舅都穿着黑色短皮衣，他们俩站在十字架两端，把它从地上抬起来。格雷戈里和几个外人费力地举起沉重的木头，把十字架放在了茨甘诺克的宽宽的肩上。他蹒跚着，双腿好像支撑不起来。

"Are you strong enough to carry it?" asked Gregory.

“搬得动吗？”格雷戈里问道。

"I don't know. It seems heavy." "Open the gate, you blind devil!" cried Uncle Michael angrily.

“不知道。好像很重。”“快把门打开，眼睛瞎了！”米哈伊尔舅舅生气地喊道。

And Uncle Jaakov said:

雅科夫舅舅说道：

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Vanka. You are stronger than the two of us together."

“你应该感到羞耻，万卡。你比我们两个人加起来都强壮。”

But Gregory, throwing open the gate, persisted in advising Ivan:

但是格雷戈里打开门之后，还是不停地叮嘱伊万：

"Take care you don't break down! Go, and may God be with you!"

“小心点，别倒了！去吧，愿上帝保佑你！”

"Bald-headed fool!" cried Uncle Michael, from the street.

“秃头的傻瓜！”米哈伊尔舅舅从街上喊道。

All the people in the yard, meanwhile, laughed and talked loudly, as if they were glad to get rid of the cross.

与此同时，院子里所有的人都笑了，大声地讨论着，好像他们很高兴除掉这个十字架。

Gregory Ivanovitch took my hand and led me to the workshop, saying kindly:

格雷戈里·伊万诺维奇拉着我的手，把我领到作坊，温和地说：

"Perhaps, under the circumstances, grandfather won't thrash you today."

“也许在今天这种场合外祖父不会打你了。”

He sat me on a pile of woolens ready for dyeing, carefully wrapping them round me as high as my shoulders; and inhaling the vapor which rose from the vats, he said thoughtfully:

他把我放在一堆待染的毛纺品上面，用它们把我小心地包裹起来，一直裹到肩膀处，然后他深吸一口从染缸里升起的蒸汽，若有所思地说：

"I have known your grandfather for thirty-seven years, my dear. I saw his business at its commencement, and I shall see the end of it. We were friends then—in fact, we started and planned out the business together. He is a clever man, is your grandfather! He meant to be master, but I did not know it. However, God is more clever than any of us. He has only to smile and the wisest man will blink like a fool. You don't understand yet all that is said and done, but you must learn to understand everything. An orphan's life is a hard one. Your father, Maxim Savatyevitch, was a trump. He was well-educated too. That is why your grandfather did not like him, and would have nothing to do with him.”

“我跟你的外祖父相识有三十七个年头了，我的小宝贝。我看着他的染坊开始做起，也会看着它结束。那时候我们还是朋友——实际上我们是一起出主意并建立起这家染坊的。你的外祖父是个精明的人！他打算做老板，但是我就不知道这样想。然而，上帝比我们任何人都高明。他只要微微一笑，最聪明的人也只能像傻瓜一样眨着眼睛。你现在还不明白人们的一言一行，但是你必须学着理解这一切。孤儿的生活是很艰难的。你的父亲，马克西姆·萨瓦杰维奇是个好样的人。他也受到过良好的教育。那就是你的外祖父不喜欢他，也不愿意和他有任何关系的原因。”

It was pleasant to listen to these kind words and to watch the red and gold flames playing in the stove, and the milky cloud of steam which rose from the vats and settled like a dark blue rime on the slanting boards of the roof, through the uneven chinks of which the sky could be seen, like strands of blue ribbon. The wind had fallen; the yard looked as if it were strewn with glassy dust; the sledges gave forth a sharp sound as they passed up the street; a blue smoke rose from the chimneys of the house; faint shadows glided over the snow... also telling a story.

能一边听着这些友善的话语，一边看着炉子里外红里黄的火焰，我感到很愉悦。团团白色的蒸汽从染缸里冉冉升起，在屋顶的斜梁上像结成深蓝色的霜，透过屋顶参差的裂缝可以看到天空，好像是一缕缕蓝色

的飘带。风停了下来。院子里好像洒满了玻璃状的尘土，雪橇滑过街道发出尖锐的响声，一缕蓝烟从烟囱里袅袅升起，浅浅的影子在雪地上滑动，也在讲述着故事。

Lean, long-limbed Gregory, bearded and hatless, large-eared, just like a good-natured wizard, stirred the boiling dye, instructing me the while.

格雷戈里很瘦，四肢细长，胡子浓密，头上没戴帽子，耳朵大大的，像是一个和善的巫师。他搅动着沸腾的染料，同时引导着我。

"Look every one straight in the eyes. And if a dog should fly at you, do the same; he will let you alone then."

“不管看谁都要直视对方。既使一条狗向你扑来也要这样做，这样它就会放过你了。”

His heavy spectacles pressed on the bridge of his nose, the tip of which was blue like grandmother's—and for the same reason.

沉重的眼镜架在他的鼻梁上，因为同样的原因，鼻尖像外祖母的一样，也是蓝色。

"What is that?" he exclaimed suddenly, listening; then closing the door of the stove with his foot, he ran, or rather hopped, across the yard, and I dashed after him. In the middle of the kitchen floor lay Tsiganok, face upwards; broad streaks of light from the window fell on his head, his chest, and on his feet. His forehead shone strangely; his eyebrows were raised; his squinting eyes gazed intently at the blackened ceiling; a red-flecked foam bubbled from his discolored lips, from the corners of which also flowed blood over his cheeks, his neck, and on to the floor; and a thick stream of blood crept from under his back. His legs were spread out awkwardly, and it was plain that his trousers were wet; they clung damply to the boards, which had been polished with sand, and shone like the sun. The rivulets of blood intersected the streams of light, and, showing up very vividly, flowed towards the threshold.

“什么声音？”他竖起耳朵，突然问道；随后他用脚关上炉门，跑过——或者干脆说是跃过——院子。我也跟在他后面跑了起来。在厨房地板的中央，茨甘诺克仰面躺着，大束阳光从窗户射进来，照在他的头上、身上和脚上。他的前额奇怪地闪着光亮，眉毛高扬，斜视的眼睛紧紧盯着黑色的屋顶，没有血色的唇边冒出红色的血泡，嘴角里流出的血淌过他的脸和脖子，流到地板上，一大片血从他后背流了出来。他的腿奇怪地伸着，很显然他的裤子是湿的，裤子潮湿地粘在早已经用沙子打磨过的、像太阳般闪闪发亮的地板上。血流与光线相交，向门槛流去，十分清晰。

Tsiganok was motionless, except for the fact that as he lay with

his hands alongside his body, his fingers scratched at the floor, and his stained fingernails shone in the sunlight.

茨甘诺克一动不动地躺在那里，只有身旁的手指在地板上划动，染有鲜血的指甲在阳光下闪闪发光。

Nyanya Eugenia, crouching beside him, put a slender candle into his hand, but he could not hold it and it fell to the floor, the wick being drenched in blood. Nyanya Eugenia picked it up and wiped it dry, and made another attempt to fix it in those restless fingers. A gentle whispering made itself heard in the kitchen; it seemed to blow me away from the door like the wind, but I held firmly to the doorpost.

尼安亚·尤金妮娅蹲在他身边，把一根细长的蜡烛放在他的手里。但是他没有握住。蜡烛掉在地板上，烛芯浸入血里。尼安亚·尤金妮娅把蜡烛捡起来擦干，再次试图放进茨甘诺克不断抽动的手指间。厨房里升起一片低语声，似乎要像风一样把我从门口吹走，但是我紧紧地抓住了门柱。

"He stumbled!" Uncle Jaakov was explaining, in a colorless voice, shuddering and turning his head about. His face was gray and haggard; his eyes had lost their color, and blinked incessantly. "He fell, and it fell on top of him... and hit him on the back. We should have been disabled if we had not dropped the cross in time."

“他绊了一跤！”雅科夫舅舅声音平淡地解释着，脑袋不住地颤动和摇晃。他脸色灰白，神情疲惫，眼睛暗淡无光，不停地眨着。“然后就摔倒了，十字架从他头上落了下来，砸到他的后背。如果我们没有及时扔掉十字架，我们就残废了。”

"This is your doing," said Gregory dully.

“是你们把他害死的！”格雷戈里黯然地说道。

"But how...?"

“但是怎么……”

"You did it!"

“是你们害死他的！”

All this time the blood was flowing, and by the door had already formed a pool which seemed to grow darker and deeper. With another effusion of blood-flecked foam, Tsiganok roared out as if he were dreaming, and then collapsed, seeming to grow flatter and flatter, as if he were glued to the floor, or sinking through it.

血一直在流，在门口积了一摊，颜色越来越暗、越来越深。茨甘诺克嘴角又浮出了鲜红的血泡，他像做梦一样呻吟了一声，然后便昏死过去。他似乎变得越来越扁，就像粘在了地板上，或是沉了下去一样。

"Michael went on horseback to the church to find father," whispered Uncle Jaakov, "and I brought him here in a cab as quickly as I could. It is a good job that I was not standing under the arms myself, or I should have been like this."

“米哈伊尔骑马去教堂找父亲了，”雅科夫舅舅小声说道，“我尽可能快地用车把他拉了回来。幸运的是我自己没有站在十字架下面，不然，弄成现在这个样子的就是我了。”

Nyanya Eugenia again fixed the candle in Tsiganok's hand, dropping wax and tears in his palm.

尼安亚·尤金妮娅再次把蜡烛放在茨甘诺克的手里，她的泪滴和蜡滴一起落在了他的手掌上。

"That's right! Glue his head to the floor, you careless creature," said Gregory gruffly and rudely.

“好啊！让他的头粘到地板上，蠢货！”格雷戈里粗暴无礼地说道。

"What do you mean?"

“你什么意思？”

"Why don't you take off his cap?"

“你为什么不摘下他的帽子？”

Nyanya dragged Ivan's cap from his head, which struck dully on the floor. Then it fell to one side and the blood flowed profusely from one side of his mouth only. This went on for a terribly long time.

尼安亚从伊万的头上摘下帽子。伊万的头碰到地板，发出一声闷响。然后他的头侧向一边，血源源不断地从他一边的嘴角里流出来。就这样持续了很久。

At first, I expected Tsiganok to sit up on the floor with a sigh, and say sleepily, "Phew! It is baking hot!" as he used to do after dinner on Sundays.

开始的时候，我还想着茨甘诺克会叹口气从地板上坐起来，然后困倦地说：“哟！热死了！”就像他每次在周日晚饭后做的一样。

But he did not rise; on the contrary he seemed to be sinking into the ground. The sun had withdrawn from him now; its bright beams had grown shorter, and fell only on the window-sill. His whole form grew darker; his fingers no longer moved; the froth had disappeared from his lips. Round his head three candles stood out from the darkness, waving their golden flames, lighting up his dishevelled blue-black hair, and throwing quivering yellow ripples on his swarthy cheek, illuminating the tip of his pointed nose and his blood-stained teeth.

但是这次他没有起来，反而像已经陷进了地里。太阳已经照不到他了，阳光在后退，只能照到窗台上。他整个身体变得更黑，手指不再颤动，嘴里也不再冒血泡了。他头顶周围点燃了三根蜡烛，金黄色的火苗在黑暗中摇曳着，照亮了他蓬乱的深蓝色头发，在他的黝黑的脸颊上投上闪烁着的黄色波纹，同时也照亮了他尖尖的鼻子和染血的牙齿。

Nyanya, kneeling at his side, shed tears as she lisped: "My little dove! My bird of consolation!"

尼安亚跪在他的旁边，流着眼泪含糊地说："我的小鸽子！我安慰人心的鸽子啊！"

It was painfully cold. I crept under the table and hid myself there. Then grandfather came tumbling into the kitchen, in his coat of racoon fur; with him came grandmother in a cloak with a fur collar, Uncle Michael, the children, and many people not belonging to the house.

天冷得刺骨。我爬到桌子下，把自己藏在那里。这时，外祖父穿着他那件熊皮大衣，跌跌撞撞地跑进厨房；外祖母穿着带毛领的斗篷跟着也进来了；米哈伊尔舅舅、孩子们和很多外人也进来了。

Throwing his coat on the floor, grandfather cried:

外祖父把大衣扔到地上，大声喊道：

"Riff-raff! See what you have done for me, between you, in your carelessness! He would have been worth his weight in gold in five years—that's certain!"

"垃圾！看看你们都给我做了些什么，这么粗心！他本可以在五年之内体现出他的价值的——那是肯定的！"

The coats which had been thrown on the floor hindered me from seeing Ivan, so I crept out and knocked myself against grandfather's legs. He hurled me to one side, as he shook his little red fist threateningly at my uncles.

扔在地板上的衣服挡住了我的视线，我看不到伊万，所以我从桌子底下爬了出来，正好碰到外祖父的腿。他把我摔在一边，然后挥舞着他那红色的小拳头威胁我的两个舅舅说：

"You wolves!"

"你们这两头恶狼！"

He sat down on a bench, and resting his arms upon it, burst into dry sobs, and said in a shrill voice:

他坐到一张凳子上，胳膊垂在上面，突然干嚎起来，声音让人毛骨悚然：

"I know all about it!... He stuck in your gizzards! That was it! Oh,

Vaniushka, poor fool! What have they done to you, eh? 'Rotten reins are good enough for a stranger's horse!' God has not loved us for the last year, has He? Mother!"

“我都知道！他是你们的眼中钉！就是这样！哦，万纽什卡，可怜的傻瓜！他们都对你做了什么啊？‘腐缰对陌生人的马来说就足以致命！’孩子妈！上帝在过去的一年里没有关爱我们，是吧？”

Grandmother, doubled up on the floor, was feeling Ivan's hands and chest, breathing upon his eyes, holding his hands and chafing them. Then, throwing down all the candles, she rose with difficulty to her feet, looking very somber in her shiny black frock, and with her eyes dreadfully wide open, she said in a low voice: "Go, accursed ones!"

外祖母俯身在地板上，摸着伊万的双手和胸膛，亲吻着他的眼睛，攥着他的双手抚摸着。然后，她费力地站起来，打翻了地上所有的蜡烛，神色黯淡，黑色的衣服发着光亮。她的眼睛瞪得大的可怕，声音低沉地说道：“都给我滚，天杀的！”

All, with the exception of grandfather, straggled out of the kitchen.

除了外祖父，所有的人都溜出了厨房。

Tsiganok was buried without fuss, and was soon forgotten.

人们静静地把茨甘诺克埋掉了，不久他就被人们遗忘了。

CHAPTER IV

第四章

I was lying in a wide bed, with a thick blanket folded four times around me, listening to grandmother, who was saying her prayers. She was on her knees; and pressing one hand against her breast, she reverently crossed herself from time to time with the other. Out in the yard a hard frost reigned; a greenish moonlight peeped through the ice patterns on the window-panes, falling flatteringly on her kindly face and large nose, and kindling a phosphorescent light in her dark eyes. Her silky, luxuriant tresses were lit up as if by a furnace; her dark dress rustled, falling in ripples from her shoulders and spreading about her on the floor.

我躺在一张宽大的床上，身上裹着一张叠成了四层的厚毯子，听外祖母做祈祷。她跪在那里，一只手按住胸口，另一只手不时地划着十字，十分虔诚。院子里下了一层冷霜，绿色的月光透过窗户上的冰花，讨人地照在她的慈祥的脸上和大鼻子上，在她黑色的眼睛里燃起了闪闪光亮。月光像火炉一般照亮了她那一头柔顺浓密的长发。她黑色的裙子沙沙作响，像波浪一般从肩膀处一直垂到地上。

When she had finished her prayers grandmother undressed in silence, carefully folding up her clothes and placing them on the trunk in the corner. Then she came to bed. I pretended to be fast asleep.

做完祷告，外祖母静静地脱下衣服，小心地叠起来，把它们放在角落里的箱子上。然后她就上床了。我假装在熟睡。

"You are not asleep, you rogue, you are only making believe," she said softly. "Come, my duck, let's have some bedclothes!"

“你没有睡着，你这个小鬼，别装了，”她轻柔地说，“过来，我的宝贝，让我们盖上被子！”

Foreseeing what would happen, I could not repress a smile, upon seeing which she cried: "So this is how you trick your old grandmother?" And taking hold of the blanket she drew it towards her with so much force and skill that I bounced up in the air, and turning over and over fell back with a squash into the soft feather bed, while she said with a chuckle: "What is it, little Hop o' my Thumb? Have you been bitten by a mosquito?"

料想到接下来会发生什么，我忍不住笑了。一见我笑，她叫道：“这就是你欺骗外祖母的方法吗？”她抓住毯子，娴熟地向她那一侧用力一拉，我便弹了起来，翻转之后又掉进柔软的羽绒床里。她咯咯地笑起来，说道：“怎么样，我的小家伙？你被蚊子咬了吗？”

But sometimes she prayed for such a long time that I really did fall asleep, and did not hear her come to bed.

但有时候她祈祷的时间太长，我真的睡着了，就没有听到她上床的声音。

The longer prayers were generally the conclusion of a day of trouble, or a day of quarreling and fighting; and it was very interesting to listen to them. Grandmother gave to God a circumstantial account of all that had happened in the house. Bowed down, looking like a great mound, she knelt, at first whispering rapidly and indistinctly, then hoarsely muttering:

较长的祷告一般都是对有麻烦事的一天，或者是有争吵和打斗的一天的总结，听这样的祷告也非常有趣。外祖母详实地向上帝讲述家里发生的一切。她弯着腰，跪在地上，看起来好像是一个大土堆。开始的时候她很快、很含糊地小声说着，随后声音变得沙哑：

"O Lord, Thou knowest that all of us wish to do better. Michael, the elder, ought to have been set up in the town—it will do him harm to be on the river; and the other is a new neighborhood and not overdone. I don't know what will come of it all! There's father now. Jaakov is his favorite. Can't it be right to love one child more than the others? He is an obstinate old man; do Thou, O Lord, teach him!"

“哦，上帝啊，你知道，我们都希望做得更好。老大米哈伊尔本应该在镇里发展——这样做对他来说是不公平的，况且那边就没有住过什么人。我不知道会发生什么事！现在是老头子了。雅科夫是他的心头肉。难道偏袒就对吗？他是一个固执的老头儿。哦，上帝啊，请教化教化他吧！”

Gazing at the dark-featured icon, with her large, brilliant eyes, she thus counseled God:

她的一双大眼镜闪闪发光，她注视着黑色的圣像，这样向上帝祈祷：

"Send him a good dream, O Lord, to make him understand how he ought to treat his children!"

“哦，上帝啊，让他做一个好梦，好让他知道该怎么样对待他的孩子们！”

After prostrating herself and striking her broad forehead on the floor, she again straightened herself, and said coaxingly:

她俯下身，用宽敞的前额碰了碰地板，然后立起身，甜言蜜语道：

"And send Varvara some happiness! How has she displeased Thee? Is she more sinful than the others? Why should a young woman be so afflicted? And remember Gregory, O Lord! His eyes are getting

worse and worse. If he goes blind he will be sent adrift. That will be terrible! He has used up all his strength for grandfather, but do you think it likely that grandfather will help him? O Lord! Lord!"

“给瓦尔瓦拉一些快乐吧！她让你不高兴了吗？难道她比别人更加罪孽深重吗？为什么一个年轻的女人要遭这样的罪？哦，上帝啊，还有格雷戈里！他的视力越来越糟糕。如果他瞎了，就得去流浪了，这太可怕了！他为了帮老头子已经卖尽了所有力气，但是老头子可是不大会帮助他的！哦，上帝啊！我的上帝！”

She remained silent for a long time, with her head bowed meekly, and her hands hanging by her sides, as still as if she had fallen asleep, or had been suddenly frozen.

她沉默了很长时间，头虔诚地低着，双手垂在身子两边。她一动不动，好像睡着了，或是被突然冻住了一样。

"What else is there?" she asked herself aloud, wrinkling her brows.

“还有什么呢？”她大声地问着自己，皱了皱眉头。

"O Lord, save all the faithful! Pardon me—accursed fool as I am!—Thou knowest that I do not sin out of malice but out of stupidity.” And drawing a deep breath she would say lovingly and contentedly: "Son of God, Thou knowest all! Father, Thou seest all things."

“哦，主啊，救救所有虔诚的人吧！请原谅我——我这样一个该受诅咒的傻瓜——你知道，我做的错事都是出于愚笨无知，而非邪恶。”随后她深吸一口气，亲切又满足地说：“上帝之子，你无所不知！天父，你无所不见。”

I was very fond of grandmother's God Who seemed so near to her, and I often said:

我非常喜欢外祖母的上帝，因为他离外祖母好像很近，所以我经常说：

"Tell me something about God."

“给我讲讲上帝吧。”

She used to speak about Him in a peculiar manner—very quietly, strangely drawing out her words, closing her eyes; and she made a point of always sitting down and arranging her head-handkerchief very deliberately before she began.

外祖母通常都以一种很独特的方式讲上帝：她闭上眼，静静地、又很奇怪地拉长嗓音；每次开始之前，她都要坐下来，刻意地整理好她的头巾。

"God's seat is on the hills, amidst the meadows of Paradise; it is an altar of sapphires under silver linden trees which flower all the year round, for in Paradise there is no winter, nor even autumn, and the flowers never wither, for joy is the divine favor. And round about God many angels fly like flakes of snow; and it may be even that bees hum there, and white doves fly between Heaven and earth, telling God all about us and everybody. And here on earth you and I and grandfather each has been given an angel. God treats us all equally. For instance, your angel will go and tell God: 'Lexei put his tongue out at grandfather.' And God says: 'All right, let the old man whip him.' And so it is with all of us; God gives to all what they deserve—to some grief, to others joy. And so all is right that He does, and the angels rejoice, and spread their wings and sing to Him without ceasing: 'Glory be unto Thee, O God; Glory be unto Thee.' And He just smiles on them, and it is enough for them—and more." And she would smile herself, shaking her head from side to side.

“上帝住在伊甸园的山林草地之间，在银色的菩提树下，有一座镶有蓝宝石的圣坛，那就是上帝的宝座。菩提树终年花开不败，因为伊甸园里没有冬天，甚至没有秋天；花儿永不凋谢，因为快乐是神的偏爱。上帝周围环绕着很多天使，天使们像雪花一样飞舞，甚至蜜蜂都在嗡嗡地飞着，白鸽往返于天堂和大地之间，告诉上帝关于我们每一个人的事情。在这个世上，上帝为你、我、还有你外祖父各送了一个天使。上帝平等地对待我们每一个人。比如，你的天使会告诉上帝：‘列克谢向外祖父做鬼脸。’然后上帝会说：‘那么，就让老头儿鞭打他吧。’我们都是如此。上帝赋予人们应得的东西——赋予一些人痛苦，赋予另一些人快乐。他所做的一切都是正确的，天使们充满喜悦，张开翅膀，不停地为他唱歌：‘荣耀属于你，哦，上帝，荣耀属于你。’他只是冲天使们笑笑，而这对天使们就足够了——很多了。”外祖母自己也笑起来，来回地摇摆着头。

"Have you seen that?"

“你见过这场景吗？”

"No, I have not seen it, but I know."

“不，我没有见过，但是我知道。”

When she spoke about God, or Heaven, or the angels, she seemed to shrink in size; her face grew younger, and her liquid eyes emitted a curious warm radiance. I used to take her heavy, satiny plait in my hands, and wind it round my neck as I sat quite still and listened to the endless but never tedious story.

一提到上帝、天堂或者天使的时候，外祖母似乎变小了，脸庞也变得更年轻，水汪汪的眼睛里闪烁着奇特的、温馨的光芒。我总是拿起外祖母浓密光滑的辫子，把它绕在我的脖子上，静静地坐着，听她讲述长

长的、有趣的故事。

"It is not given to men to see God—their sight is dim! Only the saints may look upon Him face to face. But I have seen angels myself; they reveal themselves sometimes to souls in a state of grace. I was standing in church at an early Mass, and I saw two moving about the altar like clouds. One could see everything, through them, growing brighter and brighter, and their gossamer-like wings touched the floor. They moved about the altar, helping old Father Elia, and supporting his elbows as he raised his feeble hands in prayer. He was very old, and being almost blind, stumbled frequently; but that day he got through the Mass quickly, and was finished early. When I saw them I nearly died of joy. My heart seemed as if it would burst; my tears ran down. Ah, how beautiful it was! Oh, Lenka, dear heart, where God is—whether in Heaven or earth—all goes well.”

“人类是看不到上帝的——他们的视力模糊！只有圣人才能面对面地直视他。但是我亲眼见过天使，当灵魂处在圣洁的状态下时，他们便会现身。有一次做早弥撒时，我站在教堂里，看到了两个天使像云一样在圣坛附近徘徊。透过他们，你可以看到一切都变得越来越亮，他们薄纱般的翅膀碰到了地板。他们在圣坛上飞舞，帮助年迈的伊利亚神父。在神父举起虚弱无力的双手做祷告时，天使们帮他抬起胳膊。神父很老了，眼睛都要看不见了，经常摔倒，但是那天他很快就做完了弥撒，不久也辞世了。当我看到天使的时候，快乐得几乎要死掉了。我的心好像要爆炸似的，眼泪簌簌地流了下来。它是多么漂亮啊！哦，莱卡，小宝贝，上帝所在之地——无论天堂还是俗世——一切都平安无事。”

"But you don't mean to say that everything goes well here—in our house?”

“你不会是要说在我们家里也是平安无事吧？”

Making the sign of the cross grandmother answered: "Our Lady be praised—everything goes well.” This irritated me. I could not agree that things were going well in our household. From my point of view they were becoming more and more intolerable.

外祖母划了个十字，回答道：“感谢圣母，一切平安无事。”外祖母的回答让我恼怒。我不能同意在我们家里一切平安无事的说法。在我看来，这个家正变得越来越难以忍受。

One day, as I passed the door of Uncle Michael's room I saw Aunt Natalia, not fully dressed, with her hands folded on her breast, pacing up and down like a creature distraught, and moaning, not loudly, but in a tone of agony:

一天，经过米哈伊尔舅舅的房间时，我看到了娜塔莉亚舅妈。她衣衫不整，双手叠在胸前，像一头发疯的野兽走来走去，呻吟着，虽然声音不大，但是很痛苦：

"My God, take me under Thy protection! Remove me from here!"

“我的上帝啊，保佑我吧！把我从这里带走吧！”

I could sympathize with her prayer as well as I could understand Gregory when he growled:

我能理解舅母的祈祷，就像我能理解格雷戈里的怨言一样：

"As soon as I am quite blind they will turn me out to beg; it will be better than this, anyhow."

“我一旦完全失明，他们就会把我赶出去乞讨。但无论如何，那样也比现在要好。”

And I wished that he would make haste and go blind, for I meant to seize the opportunity to go away with him so that we could start begging together. I had already mentioned the matter to Gregory, and he had replied, smiling in his beard:

我希望他赶快失明，因为我想借此机会和他一起离开，这样我们就可以一起乞讨。我跟格雷戈里提过此事，他笑着回答说：

"That's right! We will go together. But I shall show myself in the town. There's a grandson of Vassili Kashmirin's there—his daughter's son; he may give me something to do."

“好吧！我们一起走。但是我会在镇里大肆炫耀：这是瓦西里·卡什米润的外孙——他女儿的儿子——他的外孙会给我找事情做的。”

More than once I noticed a blue swelling under the sunken eyes of Aunt Natalia; and sometimes a swollen lip was thrown into relief by her yellow face.

不止一次，我注意到娜塔莉亚舅妈深陷的眼睛下有青色的肿块，有时候黄色的面庞能稍稍掩饰红肿的嘴唇。

"Does Uncle Michael beat her, then?" I asked grandmother. And she answered with a sigh:

“米哈伊尔舅舅打她吗？”我问外祖母。她叹口气回答道：

"Yes, he beats her, but not very hard—the devil! Grandfather does not object so long as he does it at night. He is ill-natured, and she—she is like a jelly!

“是，他打她，但是打得不重——那个恶棍！只要他在晚上动手，你外祖父就不管。你舅舅脾气暴躁，而你舅母太软弱了！

"But he does not beat her as much as he used to," she continued in a more cheerful tone. "He just gives her a blow on the mouth, or boxes her ears, or drags her about by the hair for a minute or so; but at one time he used to torture her for hours together. Grandfather beat me one Easter Day from dinner-time till bed-time. He kept on; he just

stopped to get his breath sometimes, and then started again. And he used a strap too!”

“不过现在他不像以前那么经常打她了，”外祖母继续说，声音稍微愉快了一些，“他只是打她的嘴巴，或是扇她耳光，或是拽她的头发，过一两分钟就停下了。但是有一次他一连折磨了她好几个小时。有一年的复活节，你外祖父从晚饭到睡觉前一直打我。他一直打，只是有时候停下来喘口气，然后接着打。而且他还用皮带！”

"But why did he do it?"

“但是他为什么打你？”

"I forget now. Another time he knocked me about till I was nearly dead, and then kept me without food for five hours. I was hardly alive when he had finished with me."

“我现在忘记了。还有一次我几乎要被他打死了，然后五个小时他没有给我吃东西。他打完我，我已经奄奄一息了。”

I was thunderstruck. Grandmother was twice as big as grandfather, and it was incredible that he should be able to get the better of her like this.

我感到很惊诧。外祖母比外祖父要高大一倍，竟然被他如此欺负，真是不可思议。

"Is he stronger than you, then?" I asked.

“那就是他比你强壮了？”我问道。

"Not stronger, but older. Besides, he is my husband, he has to answer for me to God; but my duty is to suffer patiently."

“不是比我强壮，而是比我大。另外，他是我丈夫，他得替我回应上帝，而我的责任就是耐心地忍受。”

It was an interesting and pleasing sight to see her dusting the icon and cleaning its ornamentation; it was richly adorned with pearls, silver and colored gems in the crown, and as she took it gently in her hands she gazed at it with a smile, and said in a tone of feeling:

我喜欢看着她打扫神像上的尘土，清洗上面的饰物。圣像装饰着很多珍珠，皇冠上镶嵌着银色和彩色的宝石。她把圣像轻轻地拿在手里，盯着它，脸上挂着微笑，动情地说道：

"See what a sweet face it is!" And crossing herself and kissing it, she went on: "Dusty art thou, and begrimed, Mother, Help of Christians, Joy of the Elect! Look, Lenia, darling, how small the writing is, and what tiny characters they are; and yet it is all quite distinct. It is called 'The Twelve Holy-Days' and in the middle you see the great Mother of God by predestination immaculate; and here is

written: 'Mourn not for me, Mother, because I am about to be laid in the grave.'"

“看看这是一张多美的脸啊！”她划着十字，吻了吻圣像，继续说道：“圣母啊，你的身上满是尘土，你是基督教徒的恩人，是上帝选民的慰藉！看，莱卡，我的亲爱，这字写得多小，字母也很小，但是都很清晰。这是‘十二圣日’，在中间你会看到圣母准确的预言。这里写道：‘不要为我悲伤，圣母，因为我马上就要进入坟墓。’”

Sometimes it seemed to me as if she played with the icon as earnestly and seriously as my Cousin Ekaterina with her doll.

有时候我觉得她是在和神像玩耍，和艾卡特里娜表姐玩玩具时一样地认真严肃。

She often saw devils, sometimes several together, sometimes one alone.

她经常看到鬼，有时候看到几个，有时候只看到一个。

"One clear moonlight night, during the great Fast, I was passing the Rudolphovs' house, and looking up I saw, on the roof, a devil sitting close to the chimney! He was all black, and he was holding his horned head over the top of the chimney and sniffing vigorously.

“斋戒日一个晴朗的月夜，我经过鲁道夫家，抬头往上一看，屋顶上的烟囱旁竟坐了一个鬼！它全身漆黑，在烟囱顶上探出长角的脑袋，使劲地打着喷嚏。

There he sat sniffing and grunting, the great, unwieldy creature, with his tail on the roof, scraping with his feet all the time. I made the sign of the Cross at him and said: 'Christ is risen from the dead, and His enemies are scattered.' At that he gave a low howl and slipped head over heels from the roof to the yard—so he was scattered! They must have been cooking meat at the Rudolphovs' that day, and he was enjoying the smell of it."

它坐在那里不停地闻着，咕哝着。这只笨拙庞大的鬼，一直用双脚蹭着地，尾巴拖在屋顶上。我在它面前划着十字说：‘耶稣死而复活，而他的敌人遍及各处。’它听到这些便发出了一声低沉的哀号，头朝下从屋顶栽到院子里，就这样消散了。鲁道夫家那天肯定在做肉，那个小鬼是在享受美味呢。”

I laughed at her picture of the devil flying head over heels off the roof, and she laughed too as she said:

听到她描述小鬼头朝下从屋顶飞下来，我笑了，她也笑了笑说道：

"They are as fond of playing tricks as children. One day I was doing the washing in the washhouse and it was getting late, when suddenly the door of the little room burst open and in rushed lots of

little red, green and black creatures like cockroaches, and all sizes, and spread themselves all over the place. I flew towards the door, but I could not get past; there I was unable to move hand or foot amongst a crowd of devils! They filled the whole place so that I could not turn round. They crept about my feet, plucked at my dress, and crowded round me so that I had not even room to cross myself. Shaggy, and soft, and warm, somewhat resembling cats, though they walked on their hind legs, they went round and round me, peering into everything, showing their teeth like mice, blinking their small green eyes, almost piercing me with their horns, and sticking out their little tails—they were like pigs' tails. Oh, my dear! I seemed to be going out of my mind. And didn't they push me about too! The candle nearly went out, the water in the copper became luke-warm, the washing was all thrown about the floor. Ah! your very breath was trouble and sorrow.”

“它们和孩子一样喜欢恶作剧。一天，我正在洗衣房洗衣服，天也渐渐黑了。突然门开了，冲进来很多红色的、绿色的和黑色的像蟑螂一样的东西，大小不一，散的满地都是。我飞奔向门口，但是出不了门。我站在那里，被一群恶魔包围着，手脚都动弹不得。它们把整个地方都塞得满满的，我都转不过身来了。它们在我的脚边爬着，扯我的裙子，把我围住，我甚至没有划十字的空间了。它们毛发蓬松、柔软又暖和，有点像猫，只不过是用后腿走路。它们环绕在我周围，像老鼠那样露着牙齿，窥视着一切。它们还眨着绿色的小眼睛，用头上的尖角扎我，还把它们的小尾巴伸出来——好像是猪的尾巴。哦，我的天啊！我似乎要发疯了。它们千万不要推我！旁边的蜡烛快要灭了，盆里的水也变凉了，洗好的衣服扔得满地都是。哎，当时的感受真是麻烦和惋惜！”

Closing my eyes, I could visualize the threshold of the little chamber with its gray cobble-stones, and the unclean stream of shaggy creatures of diverse colors which gradually filled the washhouse. I could see them blowing out the candle and thrusting out their impudent pink tongues. It was a picture both comical and terrifying.

闭上眼睛，我可以想象出那间小屋由鹅卵石砌成的门槛，还有那群不同颜色的毛绒绒脏兮兮的小鬼，它们渐渐地挤满了整个洗衣房。我能看见它们吹灭蜡烛，肆无忌惮地伸出它们粉色的舌头。这是一幅可笑又可怕的画面。

Grandmother was silent a minute, shaking her head, before she burst out again:

有一分钟外祖母没有说话，只是摇着头，随后她突然说：

"And I saw some fiends too, one wintry night, when it was snowing. I was coming across the Dinkov Causeway—the place where, if you remember, your Uncle Michael and your Uncle Jaakov tried to drown your father in an ice-hole—and I was just going to take the

lower path, when there came the sounds of hissing and hooting, and I looked up and saw a team of three raven-black horses tearing towards me. On the coachman's place stood a great fat devil, in a red nightcap, with protruding teeth. He was holding the reins, made of forged iron chains, with outstretched arms, and as there was no way round, the horses flew right over the pond, and were hidden by a cloud of snow. All those sitting in the sledge behind were devils too; there they sat, hissing and screaming and waving their nightcaps. In all, seven troikas like this tore by, as if they had been fire-engines, all with black horses, and all carrying a load of thoroughbred devils. They pay visits to each other, you know, and drive about in the night to their different festivities. I expect that was a devil's wedding that I saw."

“我还看到过一些魔鬼，那是在一个很冷的晚上，还下着雪呢。我正经过丁克夫堤道的时候——如果你还记得，那就是你米哈伊尔舅舅和雅科夫舅舅想在冰窟窿里淹死你父亲的地方——我刚要走那条较低洼的小路时，传来了嗡嗡和呜呜的响声，我抬头一看，原来是一辆三匹黑马组成的三驾马车向我疾驰而来。在马夫的位置上站着一个肥胖的恶鬼，戴一顶红色睡帽，牙齿外凸。它拿着铁链做成的缰绳，伸着胳膊。因为前方没有路，马匹径直飞过了池塘，不久就消失在皑皑白雪中了。坐在雪橇后面的都是小鬼，它们坐在那里吵闹着，尖叫着，挥舞着它们的睡帽。共有七辆这样的三驾马车飞过，像消防车一样。马匹都是黑色的，上面坐的也都是训练有素的魔鬼。你知道，它们彼此拜访，在夜里赶着马车去参加不同的宴会。估计我看到的是一只小鬼的婚礼。”

One had to believe grandmother, because she spoke so simply and convincingly.

你不得不相信外祖母，因为她说得毫不夸张，让人信服。

But the best of all her stories was the one which told how Our Lady went about the suffering earth, and how she commanded the woman-brigand, or the "Amazon-chief" Engalichev, not to kill or rob Russian people. And after that came the stories about Blessed Alexei; about Ivan the Warrior, and Vassili the Wise; of the Priest Kozlya, and the beloved child of God; and the terrible stories of Martha Posadnitz, of Baba Ustye the robber chief, of Mary the sinner of Egypt, and of sorrowing mothers of robber sons. The fairytales, and stories of old times, and the poems which she knew were without number.

但是她讲得最好的故事是关于我们的圣母如何来到人间以及她如何命令女强盗，也就是“亚马逊首领”安加雷柴娃不要杀害或抢劫俄罗斯人的故事。还有受上帝保佑的阿列克谢的故事，伊万士兵和聪明的瓦西里的故事，克兹亚牧师和上帝可爱的孩子们的故事，玛莎·波萨德尼兹的可怕的故事，强盗头目巴巴·乌兹台的故事，埃及罪人玛利亚以及强盗母亲的悲伤故事等等。她知道的神话、旧时的故事和诗歌，数不胜数。

She feared no one—neither grandfather, nor devils, nor any of the

powers of evil; but she was terribly afraid of black cockroaches, and could feel their presence when they were a long way from her. Sometimes she would wake me in the night whispering:

她不害怕任何人，包括外祖父、鬼怪和任何邪恶的力量，但是她非常害怕黑色的蟑螂，即使还离得很远，她都能感受到蟑螂的存在。有时候她会在半夜叫醒我，小声说：

"Oleysha, dear, there is a cockroach crawling about. Do get rid of it, for goodness'sake."

“欧利沙，亲爱的，有一只蟑螂在周围爬。看在上帝的份上，除掉它吧。”

Half-asleep, I would light the candle and creep about on the floor seeking the enemy—a quest in which I did not always succeed at once.

于是我便会睡眼惺忪地点燃蜡烛，趴到地板上寻找敌人，不过我并不是总能立刻就找到。

"No, there's not a sign of one," I would say; but lying quite still with her head muffled up in the bedclothes, she would entreat me in a faint voice:

“连蟑螂的影子都没有。”我说道。然而外祖母却把头埋在被子里，一动不动，用微弱的声音请求我：

"Oh, yes, there is one there! Do look again, please. I am sure there is one about somewhere."

“哦，是的，那儿有一只！再看一看吧，求你了。我肯定有一只在附近。”

And she was never mistaken. Sooner or later I found the cockroach, at some distance from the bed; and throwing the blanket off her she would breathe a sigh of relief and smile as she said:

她从来都不会弄错。在离床还有一段距离的地方，我迟早总能发现蟑螂，然后外祖母会掀开被子，大松一口气，微笑着说：

"Have you killed it? Thank God! Thank you."

“你把它弄死了吗？谢天谢地！谢谢你！”

If I did not succeed in discovering the insect, she could not go to sleep again, and I could feel how she trembled in the silence of the night; and I heard her whisper breathlessly:

如果我没有找到那只蟑螂，外祖母就再也睡不着了。我能感到她在寂静的夜晚里瑟瑟发抖，她呼吸急促地轻声说道：

"It is by the door. Now it has crawled under the trunk."

“它在门口。现在已经爬到箱子下面了。”

"Why are you so frightened of cockroaches?"

“你为什么这么害怕蟑螂？”

"I don't know myself," she would answer, reasonably enough. "It is the way the horrid black things crawl about. God has given a meaning to all other vermin: woodlice show that the house is damp; bugs mean that the walls are dirty; lice foretell an illness, as every one knows; but these creatures!—who knows what powers they possess, or what they live on?”

“我自己也不知道，”她又颇有理由地回答道，“是因为那些可怕的黑色东西到处乱爬。上帝给其它所有的虫子都赋予了意义：有潮虫说明家里潮湿；有臭虫说明墙皮太脏；人人都知道，虱子预示着疾病的到来；但是蟑螂这种东西！谁知道它们有什么力量或者靠什么生存？”

One day when she was on her knees, conversing earnestly with God, grandfather, throwing open the door, shouted hoarsely:

一天，外祖母正跪在地上虔诚地同上帝交谈。外祖父一脚踢开门，声音沙哑着喊道：

"Well, Mother, God has afflicted us again. We are on fire."

“孩子妈，上帝又折磨我们了，着火啦！”

"What are you talking about?" cried grandmother, jumping up from the floor; and they both rushed into the large parlor, making a great noise with their feet. "Eugenia, take down the icons. Natalia, dress the baby."

“你说什么？”外祖母从地上跳起来喊道。他们两个马上咣咣地冲向了客厅。“尤金妮娅，取下神像。娜塔莉亚，给孩子穿上衣服。”

Grandmother gave her orders in a stern voice of authority, but all grandfather did was to mutter: "Ug—h!”

外祖母威严地发号施令，而外祖父只顾着咕哝：“啊——哟！”

I ran into the kitchen. The window looking on to the yard shone like gold, and yellow patches of light appeared on the floor, and Uncle Jaakov, who was dressing, trod on them with his bare feet, and jumped about as if they had burned him, shrieking:

我跑进了厨房。面向院子的窗户像金子一样闪闪发亮，地板上亮起斑驳的黄光。雅科夫舅舅穿衣服的时候，光脚踩在了地面的玻璃上，像被火烧到一样乱蹦乱跳，大声尖叫：

"This is Mischka's doing. He started the fire, and then went out."

“这是米什卡做的。他放了火，然后离开了。”

"Peace, cur!" said grandmother, pushing him towards the door so roughly that he nearly fell.

“安静，小杂种！”外祖母说着，使劲地把他推向门口，他差一点就摔倒了。

Through the frost on the window-panes the burning roof of the workshop was visible, with the curling flames pouring out from its open door. It was a still night, and the color of the flames was not spoiled by any admixture of smoke; while just above them hovered a dark cloud which, however, did not hide from our sight the silver stream of the Mlethchna Road. The snow glittered with a livid brilliance, and the walls of the house tottered and shook from side to side, as if about to hurl themselves into that burning corner of the yard where the flames disported themselves so gaily as they poured through the broad red cracks in the walls of the workshop, dragging crooked, red-hot nails out with them. Gold and red ribbons wound themselves about the dark beams of the roof, and soon enveloped it entirely; but the slender chimney-pot stood up straight in the midst of it all, belching forth clouds of smoke. A gentle crackling sound like the rustle of silk beat against our windows, and all the time the flames were spreading till the workshop, adorned by them, as it were, looked like the iconostasis in church, and became more and more attractive to me.

透过窗玻璃上的寒霜可以看见正在燃烧的染坊屋顶，滚滚火焰从门里往外蹿出来。夜很静，火焰并没有夹杂很多的烟，火焰上方悬浮着一团黑云，不过云并没有遮住天上的银河。雪在火光的照耀下显得格外明亮；房子摇摇欲坠的墙体左摇右晃，好像要冲进院子着火的角落里；那里，火焰烧得正欢，穿过染坊的墙上宽大的红色裂缝，把一根根烧得弯曲通红的钉子带了出来。金色和红色的火舌缠绕着黑色的房梁，不久就把房顶全部吞噬了，但是细长的烟囱还笔直地挺立着，不断地冒着烟。火苗敲打着我们的窗户，发出轻微的劈啪声，恰如摩擦丝绸的沙沙声；大火蔓延到了染坊，看起来好像是教堂里的圣障，越来越令我着迷。

Throwing a heavy fur coat over my head and thrusting my feet into the first boots that came handy, I ran out to the porch and stood on the steps, stupefied and blinded by the brilliant play of light, dazed by the yells of my grandfather, and uncles, and Gregory, and alarmed by grandmother's behavior, for she had wrapped an empty sack round her head, enveloped her body in a horse-cloth, and was running straight into the flames. She disappeared, crying, "The vitriol, you fools! It will explode!"

我头顶一件重重的皮大衣，一脚蹬上离自己最近的一双的靴子，跑到门廊下，站在台阶上。看着漫天的火光我目瞪口呆，只觉一片眩晕；听到外祖父、舅舅和格雷戈里的喊叫，我也不知所措；外祖母的行为让

我惊恐起来，她头上裹着空袋子，身上包裹着马鞍毯，径直向火里跑去。她消失在大火中时喊着：“硫酸！你们这些傻瓜！它会爆炸的！”

"Keep her back, Gregory!" roared grandfather. "Aie! she's done for—!”

“把她拽回来，格雷戈里！”外祖父吼道，“哎呀！她完蛋了……”

But grandmother reappeared at this moment, blackened with smoke, half-fainting, bent almost double over the bottle of vitriolic oil which she was carrying in her stretched-out hands.

就在这个时候，外祖母重新出现了，她全身被烟熏得黑黑的，有点神智不清。她几乎是弓着身子，两手伸得笔直，抱着盛着硫酸的瓶子。

"Father, get the horse out!" she cried hoarsely, coughing and spluttering, "and take this thing off my shoulders. Can't you see it is on fire?"

“孩子爸，把马牵出去！”她一边咳嗽一边急促地大声说着，“把这个东西从我的肩上拿开。难道你没有看见它已经着火了吗？”

Gregory dragged the smoldering horse-cloth from her shoulders, and then, working hard enough for two men, went on shoveling large lumps of snow into the door of the workshop. My uncle jumped about him with an ax in his hands, while grandfather ran round grandmother, throwing snow over her; then she put the bottle into a snowdrift, and ran to the gate, where there were a great many people gathered together. After greeting them, she said:

格雷戈里把那块熏黑的马鞍毯从外祖母的肩上拽下来，然后使出两个人的劲铲下大块的雪从门里送进染坊。我的舅舅拿着一把斧头在格雷戈里身旁忙碌着；外祖父围着外祖母，往她的身上扔雪；然后外祖母把硫酸瓶子放进雪堆，跑向大门口——此时那里聚集了很多人。和他们打了招呼后，外祖母说道：

"Save the warehouse, neighbors! If the fire fastens upon the warehouse and the hay-loft, we shall be burnt out; and it will spread to your premises. Go and pull off the roof and drag the hay into the garden! Gregory, why don't you throw some of the snow on top, instead of throwing it all on the ground? Now, Jaakov, don't dawdle about! Give some axes and spades to these good folk. Dear neighbors, behave like true friends, and may God reward you!"

“帮忙救一下染坊吧，邻居们！如果火势蔓延到了仓房和草棚，那么我们的东西就会烧光了，那样火也会蔓延到你们的房子。去把屋顶推倒，把干草运到花园里！格雷戈里，你为什么不往上面扔雪？仍在地上有什么用!现在，雅科夫，别闲着！给这些好心人分一些斧子和铲子。亲爱的邻居们，像真正的朋友那样做点事吧，上帝会保佑你们的！”

She was quite as interesting to me as the fire. Illuminated by

those flames which had so nearly devoured her, she rushed about the yard—a black figure, giving assistance at all points, managing the whole thing, and letting nothing escape her attention.

她就像火一样让我着迷。在火光的映照下，刚刚几乎被火吞噬的外祖母在院子里跑来跑去——一个黑色的身影，哪里需要就去哪里，统管大局，不让任何事情逃脱她的注意。

Sharapa ran into the yard, rearing and nearly throwing grandfather down. The light fell on his large eyes which shone expressively; he breathed heavily as his forefeet pawed the air, and grandfather let the reins fall, and jumping aside called out: "Catch hold of him, Mother!"

沙拉帕跑进院子里，立了起来，差一点把外祖父撞倒。火光照在它的大眼睛上，闪闪发光，它呼吸沉重，抬起前蹄在空中挥舞。外祖父放开缰绳，跳到一边喊道：“孩子妈，抓住它！”

She threw herself almost under the feet of the rearing horse, and stood in front of him, with outstretched arms in the form of a cross; the animal neighed pitifully and let himself be drawn towards her, swerving aside at the flames.

外祖母几乎冲到了立起来的马蹄下。她站在马的面前，伸出胳膊形成一个十字，马可怜地嘶叫一声，顺从地被外祖母牵过来，渐渐远离了大火。

"Now, you are not frightened," said grandmother in a low voice, as he patted his neck and grasped the reins, "Do you think I would leave you when you are in such a state? Oh, you silly little mouse!"

“现在你不害怕了吧，”外祖母一边低声说，一边抓着缰绳拍着它的脖子，“你认为我会把你留在这样的处境里不管吗？哦，你这个傻傻的小老鼠！”

And the little "mouse," who was twice as large as herself, submissively went to the gate with her, snuffling, and gazing at her red face.

而这只小“老鼠”虽然是她的两倍大，却乖乖地跟着她走到门口，喘息着，盯着她那红彤彤的脸颊。

Nyanya Eugenia had brought some muffled-up youngsters, who were bellowing in smothered tones, from the house.

尼安亚·尤金妮娅从房间里带出来几个裹得严严实实的孩子，他们用闷闷的声音大喊大叫着。

"Vassili Vassilitch," she cried, "we can't find Alexei anywhere!"

“瓦西里·瓦西里奇，”她喊道，“我们到处都找不到阿列克谢！”

"Go away! Go away!" answered grandfather, waving his hands, and I hid myself under the stairs so that Nyanya should not take me away.

“走开！走开！”外祖父挥动着他的双手喊道。我藏到了楼梯的下面，这样尼安亚就不能把我带走。

The roof of the workshop had fallen in by this time, and the stanchions, smoking, and glittering like golden coal, stood out against the sky. With a howl and a crash a green, blue and red tornado burst inside the building, and the flames threw themselves with a new energy on the yard and on the people who were gathered round and throwing spadefuls of snow on the huge bonfire.

此时，染坊的屋顶已经掉了下来，而房柱冒着烟，烧得像火红的煤块，依然挺立在那里。伴随着一阵呼啸和爆裂声，房子里突然爆发出绿色、蓝色、红色的旋风；火焰好像有了新的能量一样，喷发到院子里，也喷到了聚集在周围用铁锹铲雪灭火的人们身上。

The heat caused the vats to boil furiously; a thick cloud of steam and smoke arose, and a strange odor, which caused one's eyes to water, floated into the yard. I crept out from beneath the stairs and got under grandmother's feet.

热量使染缸里的燃料狂沸；一团浓烟和热气升起，一股奇怪的气味也飘到院子里，刺得眼睛直流泪。我从楼梯下面爬了出来，来到了外祖母的脚下。

"Get away!" she shrieked. "You will get trampled on. Get away!"

“走开！”她尖声叫道，“你会被踩死的。走开！”

At this moment a man on horseback, with a copper helmet, burst into the yard. His roan-colored horse was covered with froth, and he raised a whip high above his head and shouted threateningly:

就在此时，一个骑着马、戴着铜质头盔的人闯进了院子。那匹杂毛的马，浑身都是泡沫。他把辫子高高地举过头顶，用威胁性的语气喊道：

"Make way there!"

“闪开！”

Bells rang out hurriedly and gaily; it was just as beautiful as a festival day.

马铃声急速欢快地响着，和节日里的声音一样好听。

Grandmother pushed me back towards the steps.

外祖母把我推回到台阶处。

"What did I tell you? Go away!"

“我怎么告诉你的？走开！”

I could not disobey her at such a time, so I went back to the kitchen and glued myself once more to the window; but I could not see the fire through that dense mass of people—I could see nothing but the gleam of copper helmets amongst the winter caps of fur.

此时此刻我无法违背她的命令，只能回到厨房，再次靠在窗户上，但是我无法透过拥挤的人群看到大火——除了铜质头盔在一片冬日皮帽中闪闪发光，我什么都看不见。

In a short time the fire was got under, totally extinguished, and the building submerged. The police drove the onlookers away, and grandmother came into the kitchen.

不久，火势减小了，最后火完全熄灭了，而房子也倒塌了。警察把围观的人群赶走了，外祖母来到厨房。

"Who is this? Oh, it is you! Why aren't you in bed? Frightened, eh? There's nothing to be frightened about; it is all over now."

“谁在那里？哦，是你！你为什么不躺在床上？害怕了，嗯？没有什么可怕的，现在都结束了。”

She sat beside me in silence, shaking a little. The return of the quiet night with its darkness was a relief. Presently grandfather came in, and standing in the doorway said:

她默默地坐在我的旁边，晃动了一下身子。夜的寂静和黑暗重新回来了，这让人感到一丝安慰。不久，外祖父进来了，他站在门口说道：

"Mother?"

“孩子妈？”

"Yes?"

“嗯？”

"Were you burned?"

“你被烫着了吗？”

"A little—nothing to speak of.”

“有点儿，不过不碍事。”

He lit a brimstone match, which lit up his soot-begrimed face, looked for and found the candle on the table, and then came over swiftly and sat beside grandmother.

外祖父用硫磺石点燃火柴，火光照亮了他被烟熏黑的脸。他找到了桌子上的蜡烛，然后迅速走过来，坐在了外祖母的旁边。

"The best thing we can do is to wash ourselves," she said, for she

was covered with soot too, and smelt of acrid smoke.

“我们能做的最好的事情就是好好洗洗。”她说道。因为她身上也满是灰尘，闻起来还有酸酸的烟味。

"Sometimes," said grandfather, drawing a deep breath, "God is pleased to endue you with great good-sense.” And stroking her shoulder he added with a grin: "Only sometimes, you know, just for an hour or so; but there it is all the same."

“有时候，”外祖父深吸了一口气说道，“上帝很愿意赋予你很好的判断力。”他拍打着她的肩膀，又笑着说道：“只是有时候，你知道的，只是一个小时左右，过后还是老样子。”

Grandmother smiled too, and began to say something, but grandfather stopped her, frowning:

外祖母也笑了。她想要说些什么，但是外祖父皱着眉头打断了她：

"We shall have to get rid of Gregory. All this trouble has been caused by his neglect. His working days are over. He is worn out. That fool Jaaschka is sitting on the stairs crying; you had better go to him."

“我们应该打发掉格雷戈里。所有这些麻烦都是因为他的疏忽引起的。他工作的日子已经到了尽头。他没有价值了。那个傻蛋雅什卡正坐在楼梯上哭呢，你最好去看看他。”

She stood up and went out, holding her hand up to her face and blowing on her fingers; and grandfather, without looking at me, asked softly:

她站了起来，把手抬起来放在面前，吹了吹她的手指，出去了。外祖父没有看我，却轻声地问道：

"You saw it all from the beginning of the fire, didn't you? Then you saw how grandmother behaved, didn't you? And that is an old woman, mind you!—crushed and breaking-up—and yet you see—! U—ugh, you!”

“你从头到尾都看到了，是吗？那你也看到了外祖母是怎么做的，是吗？提醒你，那可是一个老太太——老了，几乎要垮掉了——但是你看到了——唔——啊，你！”

After a long silence, during which he sat huddled up, he rose and snuffed the candle, as he asked me: "Were you frightened?" "No."

他坐在那里，身子蜷缩着，很长时间没有说话。然后他站起来，剪了剪烛花，问我：“你害怕了吗？”“没有。”

"Quite right! There was nothing to be frightened about."

“很好！没有什么可怕的。”

Irritably dragging his shirt from his shoulder, he went to the

washstand in the corner, and I could hear him in the darkness stamping his feet as he exclaimed:

他生气地拽了一下肩部的衬衫，走向角落的脸盆架，我能听到他在黑暗中跺着脚，大声地喊道：

"A fire is a silly business. The person who causes a fire ought to be beaten in the market-place. He must be either a fool or a thief. If that was done there would be no more fires. Go away now, and go to bed! What are you sitting there for?”

“一场火灾是一件愚蠢的事情。引起火灾的人应该放到集市上挨打。他不是一个傻瓜，就是一个小偷。只要打了他们就不会再发生火灾了。现在走吧，上床去！你还坐在那里干吗？”

I did as he told me, but sleep was denied to me that night. I had no sooner laid myself down when an unearthly howl greeted me, which seemed to come from the bed. I rushed back to the kitchen, in the middle of which stood grandfather, shirtless, holding a candle which flickered violently as he stamped his feet on the floor, crying:

我依照他的话上床了，但是那晚我还是没能睡成觉。我刚刚躺下，就听到了一声怪异的咆哮，好像是从床上传出来的。我跑回厨房，看见外祖父站在中间，没穿衬衫，手里拿着忽闪着亮光的蜡烛，在地板上跺着脚大声喊道：

"Mother! Jaakov! What is that?"

“孩子妈！雅科夫！怎么啦？”

I jumped on the stove and hid myself in a corner, and the household was once more in a state of wild commotion; a heartrending howl beat against the ceiling and walls, increasing in sound every moment.

我跳到炉子上，把自己藏在角落里。全家人又一次陷入了狂乱的骚动，一个悲惨的哀号声在屋顶和墙壁间回荡，声音越来越大。

It was all just the same as it had been during the fire. Grandfather and uncle ran about aimlessly; grandmother shouted as she drove them away from one place to another; Gregory made a great noise as he thrust logs into the stove and filled the iron kettle with water. He went about the kitchen bobbing his head just like an Astrakhan camel.

这一切都和刚才的火灾一样。外祖父和舅舅漫无目的地到处乱跑；外祖母一边到处驱赶着他们，一边大声喊着；格雷戈里把一根原木扔进了炉子里，在铁壶里灌满了水，弄出了很大的声响。他在厨房里走来走去，来回地上下摆着头，好像是一头阿斯特拉罕的骆驼。

"Heat the stove first," said grandmother in a tone of authority.

“先把炉子烧起来。”外祖母威严地说道。

He rushed to do her bidding, and fell over my legs.

他赶忙去按外祖母的命令去做，却绊在我的腿上摔倒了。

"Who is there?" he cried, greatly flustered. "Phew! How you frightened me! You are always where you ought not to be."

“谁在那里？”他极其狼狈地叫道，“哟！你吓死我了！你总是呆在不该你呆的地方。”

"What has happened?"

“发生了什么事？”

"Aunt Natalia has had a little baby born to her," he replied calmly, jumping down to the floor.

“娜塔莉亚舅妈刚刚生了一个婴儿。” 他跳到地板上，平静地回答道。

I remembered that my mother had not screamed like that when her little baby was bom.

我记得妈妈在生孩子的时候没有像舅妈那样尖叫。

Having placed the kettle over the fire, Gregory climbed up to me on the stove, and drawing a long pipe from his pocket, showed it to me.

格雷戈里把壶放在了炉子上，然后爬到炉子上来到我跟前，从兜里拿出一根长烟斗给我看。

"I am taking to a pipe for the good of my eyes," he explained. "Grandmother advised me to take snuff, but I think smoking will do me more good."

“我要开始抽烟了，因为这对我的眼睛有好处。”他解释说，“外祖母建议我吸鼻烟，但我想吸烟对我更好。”

He sat on the edge of the stove with his legs crossed, looking down at the feeble light of the candle; his ears and cheeks were smothered in soot, one side of his shirt was torn, and I could see his ribs—as broad as the ribs of a cask. One of his eyeglasses was broken; almost half of the glass had come out of the frame, and from the empty space peered a red, moist eye, which had the appearance of a wound.

他坐在炉子的边上，两腿交叉，低头看着昏暗的烛光。他的耳朵和面颊上都是烟尘，衬衫的一边已经破了，我能看到他的肋骨——和木桶的侧板一样宽。他的一只眼镜片已经碎了，几乎一半的镜片已经从镜框里掉了出来，从空隙里可以看见他的一只眼睛红红的，湿湿的，好像是受了伤。

Filling his pipe with coarse-cut tobacco, he listened to the groans

of the travailing woman, and murmured disjointedly, like a drunken man:

他把一些粗糙的烟叶填进烟斗，然后，听着分娩的舅母发出的呻吟声，他像醉汉一样断断续续地低声说：

"That grandmother of yours has burned herself so badly that I am sure I don't know how she can attend to the poor creature. Just hear how your aunt is groaning. You know, they forgot all about her. She was taken bad when the fire first broke out. It was fright that did it. You see what pain it costs to bring children into the world, and yet women are thought nothing of! But, mark my words—women ought to be thought a lot of, for they are the mothers—”

“你的外祖母被烧得那么严重，我都不知道她怎么还能照顾这个可怜的小东西。听听你的舅妈是怎样呻吟的吧。你知道，大家把她忘得一干二净。大火一爆发，她就开始疼痛。这是受到惊吓的缘故。你看到了，生孩子是多么痛苦，但是人们却都不把女人当回事。但是，记着我的话，女人应该受到人们重视，因为她们是母亲……”

Here I dozed, and was awakened by a tumult: a banging of doors, and the drunken cries of Uncle Michael; these strange words floated to my ears:

我正在打着盹，又被一阵喧闹吵醒了：门砰的一声响，夹杂着米哈伊尔舅舅的醉骂声，这些奇怪的话飘进了我的耳朵：

"The royal doors must be opened—!”

“高贵的门必须打开……”

"Give her holy oil with rum, half a glass of oil, half a glass of rum, and a tablespoonful of soot—”

“给她加朗姆酒的圣油，半杯的油，半杯的朗姆酒，再加一大匙的烟灰……”

Then Uncle Michael kept asking like a tiresome child:

然后米哈伊尔舅舅像个无聊的孩子一样一直说着：

"Let me have a look at her!"

“让我看看她吧！”

He sat on the floor with his legs sprawling, and kept spitting straight in front of him, and banging his hands on the floor.

他伸开两腿坐在地板上，不停地向前面的地上吐痰，用手拍打着地板。

I began to find the stove unbearably hot, so I slid down, but when I got on a level with uncle he seized and held me by the legs, and I fell on the back of my head.

我开始感到炉子太热了，所以就滑了下来，但是当我走近舅舅时，他一把抓住我的腿，我摔倒了，后脑勺碰到地上。

"Fool!" I exclaimed.

“傻瓜！”我叫道。

He jumped to his feet, grabbed me again, and roared:

他跳起来，又一次抓住我，喊道：

"I'll smash you against the stove—”

“我会把你在炉子上摔碎！”

I escaped to a corner of the best parlor, under the image, and ran against grandfather's knees; he put me aside, and gazing upwards, went on in a low voice:

我逃到客厅的一个角落里，来到圣像的下面，跑到了外祖父的膝边。他把我放在一旁，抬头仰望，然后低声说道：

"There is no excuse for any of us—”

“我们每一个人都没有理由……”

The image-lamp burned brightly over his head, a candle stood on the table in the middle of the room, and the light of a foggy winter's morning was already peeping in at the window.

外祖父头上方，圣像上的灯发出明亮的光，屋子中间的桌子上放着一根蜡烛。在这个朦胧的冬日早上，晨光透过窗户已经开始向屋里窥视。

Presently he bent towards me, and asked:

过了一会儿，他俯身问我：

"What's the matter with you?"

“你怎么啦？”

Everything was the matter with me—my head was clammy, my body sorely weary; but I did not like to say so because everything about me was so strange. Almost all the chairs in the room were occupied by strangers; there were a priest in a lilac-colored robe, a gray-headed old man with glasses, in a military uniform, and many other people who all sat quite still like wooden figures, or figures frozen, as it were, in expectation of something, and listened to the sound of water splashing somewhere near. By the door stood Uncle Jaakov, very upright, with his hands behind his back. "Here!" said grandfather to him, "take this child to bed."

一切对我来说都有问题——我的头湿湿的，身体极其疲惫。但是我不想说出来，因为我周围的一切都很奇怪。屋子里几乎所有的椅子上都

坐着陌生人：一个穿着紫色长袍的牧师；一个身穿军服，戴着眼镜，一头花白头发的老人；还有很多其他的人都坐在那里一动不动，像木头雕像一样，又好像是被冰冻了似的，在期待着什么，听着附近什么地方水花溅起的声音。雅科夫舅舅在门口笔直地站着，双手放在背后。“过来！”外祖父向他说道，“把孩子带回去睡觉。”

My uncle beckoned me to follow him, and led the way on tiptoe to the door of grandmother's room, and when I had got into bed he whispered:

我的舅舅示意我跟着他，蹑手蹑脚地来到了外祖母的房间。我上了床后，他小声说：

"Your Aunt Natalia is dead."

“你的娜塔莉亚舅妈死了。”

I was not surprised to hear it. She had not been visible for a long time, either in the kitchen or at meals.

我听到后并没有感到惊讶。她很长一段时间都没有出现过，不管是在厨房还是饭桌上。

"Where is grandmother?" I asked.

“外祖母在哪儿？”我问道。

"Down there," he replied, waving his hand, and went out of the room, still going softly on his bare feet.

“在下面。”他挥了挥手回答道，然后光着脚轻轻地走出了房间。

I lay in bed and looked about me. I seemed to see hairy, gray, sightless faces pressed against the window-pane, and though I knew quite well that those were grandmother's clothes hanging over the box in the corner, I imagined that some living creature was hiding there and waiting. I put my head under the pillow, leaving one eye uncovered so that I could look at the door, and wished that I dared jump out of bed and run out of the room. It was very hot, and there was a heavy, stifling odor which reminded me of the night when Tsiganok died, and that rivulet of blood ran along the floor.

我躺在床上，看着周围。我似乎看到了一些毛绒绒、灰蒙蒙、隐形的脸挤压在窗玻璃上。虽然我很清楚那些是角落里外祖母挂在箱子上方的衣服，但是我还是想象着有什么活物藏在那里等待着。我把头蒙在枕头下，留一只眼睛看着门，希望我有勇气跳下床，跑出房间。天很热，一股浓密的、令人窒息的气味使我想起了茨甘诺克死去的夜晚和地板上流淌的血。

Something in my head or my heart seemed to be swelling; everything that I had seen in that house seemed to stretch before my mind's eye, like a train of winter sledges in the street, and to rise up

and crush me.

我心里或是脑袋里好像有什么东西在膨胀。我在那个房子里看到的一切似乎都在我的脑海里回放，好像是大街上成串的雪橇，升起来，然后把我压扁。

The door opened very slowly, and grandmother crept into the room, and closing the door with her shoulder, came slowly forward; and holding out her hand to the blue light of the image-lamp, wailed softly, pitifully as a child:

门慢慢地开了，外祖母走进屋里，用肩膀把门关上，慢慢地向前移动。她把手伸向圣像上的灯发出的蓝色灯光下，轻轻地叹息着，可怜得像一个孩子：

"Oh, my poor little hand! My poor hand hurts me so!"

“哦，我可怜的小手！我可怜的手好疼！”

CHAPTER V

第五章

WHEN the spring came my uncles separated—Jaakov remained in the town and Michael established himself by the river, while grandfather bought a large, interesting house in Polevoi Street, with a tavern on the ground-floor, comfortable little rooms under the roof, and a garden running down to the causeway which simply bristled with leafless willow branches.

春天一到，舅舅们就分家了——雅科夫舅舅仍然在镇里，米哈伊尔舅舅则搬到河边去了，而外祖父在伯莱沃街买了一幢很大又很漂亮的房子。房子的一楼是一个酒馆，房子有很多舒适的小房间，还有一座花园一直延伸到堤道，堤道两边只种着还没长出叶子的柳树。

"Canes for you!" grandfather said, merrily winking at me, as after looking at the garden, I accompanied him on the soft, slushy road. "I shall begin teaching you to read and write soon, so they will come in handy."

在参观完花园之后，我陪着外祖父来到了柔软泥泞的路上散步。这时他高兴地向我眨着眼睛说道：“藤条，给你的！我很快就会开始教你读书写字，所以这些藤条会派上用场的。”

The house was packed full of lodgers, with the exception of the top floor, where grandfather had a room for himself and for the reception of visitors, and the attic, in which grandmother and I had established ourselves. Its window gave on to the street, and one could see, by leaning over the sill, in the evenings and on holidays, drunken men crawling out of the tavern and staggering up the road, shouting and tumbling about. Sometimes they were thrown out into the road, just as if they had been sacks, and then they would try to make their way into the tavern again; the door would bang, and creak, and the hinges would squeak, and then a fight would begin. It was very interesting to look down on all this.

房子里住满了房客，除了顶楼是个例外。外祖父在顶楼留了一间屋子给自己，同时用来招待客人；阁楼也留着，供我和外祖母住。窗户面向街道，所以在晚上和假日里，靠着窗台可以看见喝醉了的人从酒馆里蹒跚地走出来，在街道上晃晃悠悠地走着，喊叫着，不时还跌一跤。有时候他们像麻袋一样被扔到街上，然后他们会挣扎着再回到酒馆；门发出砰砰和嘎吱的响声，合页也吱吱作响，随后便会发生一场打斗。从窗户上俯看这一切非常有意思。

Every morning grandfather went to the workshops of his sons to

help them to get settled, and every evening he would return tired, depressed, and cross.

每天早上，外祖父都会去他儿子们的作坊帮忙，而晚上回来时总是会疲惫不堪，闷闷不乐。

Grandmother cooked, and sewed, and pottered about in the kitchen and flower gardens, revolving about something or other all day long, like a gigantic top set spinning by an invisible whip; taking snuff continually, and sneezing, and wiping her perspiring face as she said:

外祖母做饭，做针线活，或者在厨房里和花园里忙活，一整天不停地忙这忙那，好像一个巨大的陀螺被看不见的鞭子抽打而不停地旋转。她会不断地吸鼻烟，打喷嚏，一边擦着满脸的汗水，一边说道：

"Good luck to you, good old world! Well now, Oleysha, my darling, isn't this a nice quiet life now? This is thy doing, Queen of Heaven—that everything has turned out so well!”

“祝你好运，美好又古老的世界！我亲爱的欧利沙，现在的生活难道不是美好而宁静的吗？这是你的功劳，圣母——一切都变得这么美好！”

But her idea of a quiet life was not mine. From morning till night the other occupants of the house ran in and out and up and down tumultuously, thus demonstrating their neighborliness—always in a hurry, yet always late; always complaining, and always ready to call out: "Akulina Ivanovna!"

但是在我眼里这可不是什么平静的生活。从早到晚，房客们进进出出，跑上跑下，喧闹不堪，以此来证明着彼此的睦邻友好。他们总是很赶，却仍旧来不及，又总是抱怨，随时准备喊：“阿库林娜·伊凡诺芙娜！”

And Akulina Ivanovna, invariably amiable, and impartially attentive to them all, would help herself to snuff and carefully wipe her nose and fingers on a red check handkerchief before replying,

阿库林娜·伊凡诺芙娜总是很友善，无私地关心着所有的人。她会吸着鼻烟，小心地用一块红色的格子手帕擦着她的鼻子和手指，回应着：

"To get rid of lice, my friend, you must wash yourself oftener and take baths of mint-vapor; but if the lice are under the skin, you should take a tablespoonful of the purest goose-grease, a teaspoonful of sulphur, three drops of quicksilver—stir all these ingredients together seven times with a potsherd in an earthenware vessel, and use the mixture as an ointment. But remember that if you stir it with a wooden or a bone spoon the mercury will be wasted, and that if you put a brass or silver spoon into it, it will do you harm to use it.”

“我的朋友，如果想去掉虱子，你应当经常洗澡，用薄荷水泡澡；如

果虱子在皮肤的下面，你应该把一满匙纯鹅油，一茶匙硫磺，三滴水银这三种原料放在一个陶器里，用陶瓷碎片搅拌七次，用来做药膏。但是记住，如果你用木头或骨头匙搅拌，水银就失效了；如果你用的是铜匙或银匙，使用起来对你就有害了。”

Sometimes, after consideration, she would say:

有时候，思索片刻之后，她会说：

"You had better go to Asaph, the chemist at Petchyor, my good woman, for I am sure I don't know how to advise you."

“我的好姐妹，你最好去找住在帕奇尔的药剂师阿萨夫，因为我不知道该给你们怎样的建议。”

She acted as midwife, and as peacemaker in family quarrels and disputes; she would cure infantile maladies, and recite the "Dream of Our Lady," so that the woman might learn it by heart "for luck," and was always ready to give advice in matters of housekeeping.

她充当接生婆，在发生家庭矛盾和纠纷时又充当起调解人；她可以治好婴儿的疾病，还会背诵《圣母的梦》，让妇女可以为了“好运”而将此熟记于心，她还随时准备在家务方面给别人建议。

"The cucumber itself will tell you when pickling time comes; when it falls to the ground and gives forth a curious odor, then is the time to pluck it. Kvass must be roughly dealt with, and it does not like much sweetness, so prepare it with raisins, to which you may add one zolotnik to every two and a half gallons.... You can make curds in different ways. There's the Donski flavor, and the Gimpanski, and the Caucasian."

“黄瓜本身就可以告诉你什么时候可以腌制了：当它掉在地上，发出古怪的气味，就该摘下来了。克瓦斯酒应当简单地处理，而且它忌甜，所以可以放葡萄干，每2.5加仑酒可以放进1索拉尼葡萄干……你可以用不同的办法做凝乳。有丹斯基味的，有基姆潘斯基味的和高加索味的。”

All day long I hung about her in the garden and in the yard, and accompanied her to neighbors' houses, where she would sit for hours drinking tea and telling all sorts of stories. I had grown to be a part of her, as it were, and at this period of my life I do not remember anything so distinctly as that energetic old woman, who was never weary of doing good.

我整天都跟着她，到花园里或者院子里，有时候陪着她去邻居家。她在那里一坐就是几个小时，边喝茶边讲各种故事。可以说，我已经成为她的一部分。在我生命中的这段时间里，任何事物都没能像这个精力充沛的老太太一样给我留下这么深刻的印象，她是个永远不会厌烦做好事的老太太。

Sometimes my mother appeared on the scene from somewhere or

other, for a short time. Lofty and severe, she looked upon us all with her cold gray eyes, which were like the winter sun, and soon vanished again, leaving us nothing to remember her by.

有时候我的妈妈会不知从什么地方出现，但是呆的时间都很短。她高傲又严肃地看着我们，冷冷的灰色眼眸好像是冬天里的太阳。不久她又离开了，没有留下任何可以让我们记住她的东西。

Once I asked grandmother: "Are you a witch?"

有一次我问外祖母：“你是一个巫婆吗？”

"Well! What idea will you get into your head next?" she laughed. But she added in a thoughtful tone: "How could I be a witch? Witchcraft is a difficult science. Why, I can't read and write even; I don't even know my alphabet. Grandfather—he's a regular cormorant for learning, but Our Lady never made me a scholar."

“呦！接下来你的脑子里又会有什么鬼主意？”她笑道。不过她还是会沉思着说：“我怎么能是一个巫婆呢？巫术是一门很难的科学。哎，我既不会读书，甚至不会写字，甚至都不认识字母。你外祖父倒是经常学点东西，但是圣母从来没有让我成为一个文化人。”

Then she presented still another phase of her life to me as she went on:

接着，她继续给我讲述她生命中的另一个阶段：

"I was a little orphan like you, you know. My mother was just a poor peasant woman—and a cripple.

“你知道，我像你一样是一个孤儿。我妈妈只是一个贫穷的农妇，而且还是跛子。

She was little more than a child when a gentleman took advantage of her. In fear of what was to come, she threw herself out of the window one night, and broke her ribs and hurt her shoulder so much that her right hand, which she needed most, was withered... and a noted lace-worker, too! Well, of course her employers did not want her after that, and they dismissed her—to get her living as well as she could. How can one earn bread without hands? So she had to beg, to live on the charity of others; but in those times people were richer and kinder... the carpenters of Balakhana, as well as the lace-workers, were famous, and all the people were for show.

她还是个孩子的时候，就被一个男人占了便宜。因为害怕接下来的事情，一天晚上，她从窗户跳了出去，摔断了肋骨，严重地伤到了肩膀，导致她的右手残废了。可她是习惯用右手的啊，还是一个很出名的绣花能手呢！当然了，在这之后她的雇主就不再需要她，把她解雇了。她只能靠自己生存。但是一个没有手的人该如何谋生呢？于是她不得不乞讨，靠别人的救济生活。但当时人们比现在更富裕、更善良。巴拉克

哈纳的木匠和绣花工人都很出名，所以人们都慕名而来。

"Sometimes my mother and I stayed in the town for the autumn and winter, but as soon as the Archangel Gabriel waved his sword and drove away the winter, and clothed the earth with spring, we started on our travels again, going whither our eyes led us. To Mourome we went, and to Urievitz, and by the upper Volga, and by the quiet Oka. It was good to wander about the world in the spring and summer, when all the earth was smiling and the grass was like velvet; and the Holy Mother of God scattered flowers over the fields, and everything seemed to bring joy to one, and speak straight to one's heart. And sometimes, when we were on the hills, my mother, closing her blue eyes, would begin to sing in a voice which, though not powerful, was as clear as a bell; and listening to her, everything about us seemed to fall into a breathless sleep. Ah! God knows it was good to be alive in those days!

“有时候我和妈妈在镇里度过秋天和冬天，但是只要大天使加百列一舞动它的长剑将冬天赶走，给大地披上春服，我们便又要开始旅途，目之所及便是所到之处。我们去过茅罗姆、尤利乌兹，还经过伏尔加河的上游和安静的奥卡河。春夏之际，随意游荡是一件很美的事情，因为那个时候到处欢声笑语，草地又似天鹅绒，圣母在田地里播散鲜花，一切都带给人欢乐，沁人心脾。有时候我们会登上山冈，妈妈闭上她的蓝眼睛，开始唱歌，声音虽然不是很有力量，但像铃声一样清脆。听着她的歌声，我们周围的一切似乎都安静地睡着了。啊！上帝知道，那段生活真是太美好了！

"But by the time that I was nine years old, my mother began to feel that she would be blamed if she took me about begging with her any longer; in fact, she began to be ashamed of the life we were leading, and so she settled at Balakhana, and went about the streets begging from house to house—taking up a position in the church porch on Sundays and holidays, while I stayed at home and learned to make lace. I was an apt pupil, because I was so anxious to help my mother; but sometimes I did not seem to get on at all, and then I used to cry. But in two years I had learned the business, mind you, small as I was, and the fame of of it went through the town. When people wanted really good lace, they came to us at once:

“但是到我9岁的时候，妈妈开始觉得她如果继续带着我去乞讨会很不好。实际上，她开始对我们所过的生活感到羞耻。于是她在巴拉克哈纳安家，沿街挨家挨户乞讨。逢星期日或假日，她会在教堂的门廊占据一个位置，而我则呆在家里学绣花。我学得很快，因为我十分渴望能够帮助妈妈。但是有时候我做不好，这样我便会哭。不过在两年之内，我便学会了这门手艺。跟你说吧，虽然我很小，但名声已经传遍了整个镇子。人们想要上等绣花的时候，他们就马上会来找我们：

'Now, Akulina, make your bobbins fly!'

‘现在，阿库林娜，让你的线轴飞转吧!'

"And I was very happy... those were great days for me. But of course it was mother's work, not mine; for though she had only one hand and that one useless, it was she who taught me how to work. And a good teacher is worth more than ten workers.

“我非常高兴。那些日子对我来说很美。当然了，那是我妈妈的功劳，虽然她只有一只手，另一只手残废了，但正是她教会了我绣花。一个好师傅抵得过十个工人。

"Well, I began to be proud. 'Now, my little mother,' I said, 'you must give up begging, for I can earn enough to keep us both.'

“于是，我开始有点骄傲了。‘现在，妈妈，’我说道，‘你应该停止乞讨了，因为我能赚钱养活我们两个了。’

'Nothing of the sort!' she replied. 'What you earn shall be set aside for your dowry.'

‘瞎说！’她回答道，‘你赚的钱应该攒起来当嫁妆。’

"And not long after this, grandfather came on the scene. A wonderful lad he was—only twenty-two, and already a free waterman. His mother had had her eye on me for some time. She saw that I was a clever worker, and being only a beggar's daughter, I suppose she thought I should be easy to manage; but—! Well, she was a crafty, malignant woman, but we won't rake up all that.... Besides, why should we remember bad people? God sees them; He sees all they do; and the devils love them."

“之后不久，你的外祖父就出现了。他是一个好小伙子——只有22岁，便已经是个自由的纤夫了。他的妈妈注意我有很长时间了。她见我干活伶俐，又只是一个乞丐的女儿，我想她认为我会很好对付。但是……嗯，她是一个狡猾且恶毒的女人。算了，我们不去重提旧事了。另外，我们为什么要记得坏人呢？上帝看着他们呢，他看着他们的所作所为，而且魔鬼爱着他们。”

And she laughed heartily, wrinkling her nose comically, while her eyes, shining pensively, seemed to caress me, more eloquent even than her words.

她开心地笑了，滑稽地皱了皱鼻子，炯炯有神的的眼睛像在抚摸着我，比她的话语更有说服力。

I remember one quiet evening having tea with grandmother in grandfather's room. He was not well, and was sitting on his bed undressed, with a large towel wrapped round his shoulders, sweating profusely and breathing quickly and heavily. His green eyes were dim,

his face puffed and livid; his small, pointed ears also were quite purple, and his hand shook pitifully as he stretched it out to take his cup of tea. His manner was gentle too; he was quite unlike himself.

记得一个宁静的夜晚，我和外祖母一起在外祖父的房间里喝茶。外祖父身体不舒服，光着身子坐在床上，肩膀上裹着一块大毛巾。他不出了很多汗，呼吸急促而沉重。他绿色的眼睛暗淡无光，脸色苍白，脸上的肌肉松弛，他尖尖的小耳朵也变成了紫色，手在伸出去取茶杯的时候可怜地抖着。他的态度也很温和，不大像平日的他。

"Why haven't you given me any sugar?" he asked pettishly, like a spoiled child.

“你为什么没有给我加点糖？”他使着性子问道，像是被宠坏的孩子。

"I have put honey in it; it is better for you," replied grandmother kindly but firmly.

“我在里面放了蜂蜜，这对你更有好处。”外祖母柔和但坚定地答道。

Drawing in his breath and making a sound in his throat like the quacking of a duck, he swallowed the hot tea at a gulp.

他深吸一口气，一口喝掉了热茶，如同鸭子叫一样发出了嘎的一声。

"I shall die this time," he said; "see if I don't!"

“这次我会死的，”他说道，“看我会不会！”

"Don't you worry! I will take care of you."

“别担心！我会照顾你的。”

"That's all very well; but if I die now I might as well have never lived. Everything will fall to pieces."

“那就好。如果我现在死了，我宁愿没有活过这一遭。一切都将化为乌有。”

"Now, don't you talk. Lie quiet."

“现在，别说话，安静地躺着。”

He lay silent for a minute with closed eyes, twisting his thin beard round his fingers, and smacking his discolored lips together; but suddenly he shook himself as if some one had run a pin into him, and began to utter his thoughts aloud:

他闭上眼睛，静静地躺了一分钟，用手指捻着稀薄的胡子，咂着没有血色的嘴。突然他抖动了一下身子，好像有人用针扎了他一下似的，然后开始大声地说出了他的想法：

"Jaaschka and Mischka ought to get married again as soon as possible. New ties would very likely give them a fresh hold on life. What do you think?" Then he began to search his memory for the names of eligible brides in the town.

“雅什卡和米什卡应该尽快再婚。新的婚姻很有可能给他们生活上一个全新的开始。你认为呢？”然后他开始在记忆里搜寻镇里适合成为新娘的人。

But grandmother kept silence as she drank cup after cup of tea, and I sat at the window looking at the evening sky over the town as it grew redder and redder and cast a crimson reflection upon the windows of the opposite houses. As a punishment for some misdemeanor, grandfather had forbidden me to go out in the garden or the yard. Round the birch trees in the garden circled beetles, making a tinkling sound with their wings; a cooper was working in a neighboring yard, and not far away some one was sharpening knives. The voices of children who were hidden by the thick bushes rose up from the garden and the causeway. It all seemed to draw me and hold me, while the melancholy of eventide flowed into my heart. Suddenly grandfather produced a brand-new book from somewhere, banged it loudly on the palm of his hand, and called me in brisk tones.

但是外祖母一杯一杯地喝着茶，没有说话；我坐在窗户旁边，看着镇子上方的夜空变得越来越红，在对面房屋的窗户上反射出深红色的光。我因为做错事而受到惩罚，外祖父不许我到花园或院子里去。花园里，甲壳虫绕着白桦树飞舞着，翅膀发出叮当声；一个修桶匠正在隔壁院子里做工，不远处还有人在磨刀。藏在浓密的灌木丛中的孩子们发出的喊声从花园里和堤道旁升起。一切似乎都在吸引着我，而黄昏时分的忧郁流进了我的心田。突然外祖父不知从什么地方拿出一本崭新的书，砰的一声拍在他的手上，轻快地呼唤我：

"Now, you young rascal, come here! Sit down! Now do you see these letters? This is 'Az'. Say after me 'Az', 'Buki', 'Viedi'. What is this one?" "Buki."

“现在，你这个小调皮，过来！坐下！现在你看到这些字母了吗？这是'Az'。跟我读'Az'，'Buki'，'Viedi'。这个是什么？”“Buki。”

"Right! And what is this?" "Viedi."

“正确！这个呢？”“Viedi。”

"Wrong! It is 'A'.

“错了！这是'A'。

"Look at these—'Glagol', 'Dobro', 'Yest'. What is this one?" "Dobro."

“看这些——'Glagol'，'Dobro'，'Yest'。这个是什么？”“Dobro。”

"Right! And this one?" "Glagol."

“正确！这个呢？”“Glagol。”

"Good! And this one?" "Az."

“很好！这个呢？”“Az。”

"You ought to be lying still, you know, Father," put in grandmother.

“你知道，你应该安静地躺着，孩子爸，”外祖母插话道。

"Oh, don't bother! This is just the thing for me; it takes my thoughts off myself. Go on, Lexei!"

“哦，别烦了！这就是我要做的事，这能让我的脑子不乱想。继续，列克谢！”

He put his hot, moist arm round my neck, and ticked off the letters on my shoulder with his fingers. He smelled strongly of vinegar, to which an odor of baked onion was added, and I felt nearly suffocated; but he flew into a rage and growled and roared in my ear:

外祖父把他那热乎乎的、湿漉漉的胳膊搭在我的脖子上，用手指在我的肩上画出那些字母。他身上发出一股很浓的醋味，还混杂有烤洋葱的味道，我都感到快要喘不过来气了。可是他大怒起来，在我的耳边咆哮道：

"'Zemlya', 'Loodi'!"

"'Zemlya'，'Loodi'!"

The words were familiar to me, but the Slav characters did not correspond with them. "Zemlya" (Z) looked like a worm; "Glagol" (G) like round-shouldered Gregory; "Ya" resembled grandmother and me standing together; and grandfather seemed to have something in common with all the letters of the alphabet.

这些单词我很熟悉，但是我没办法把它们和斯拉夫字母对上号。”Zemlya"（Z）看起来像一条虫子，"Glagol"（G）看起来像驼背的格雷戈里，"Ya"好像是我和外祖母站在一起，而外祖父似乎与字母表中的所有字母都有着共同点。

He took me through it over and over again, sometimes asking me the names of the letters in order, sometimes "dodging"; and his hot temper must have been catching, for I also began to perspire, and to shout at the top of my voice—at which he was greatly amused. He clutched his chest as he coughed violently and tossed the book aside, wheezing:

他一遍一遍地教我，有时候按着顺序问我字母的名称，有时候会打乱顺序。他急躁的脾气肯定是感染了我，因为我也开始出汗，还扯着嗓

子喊。他被我的举动逗乐了。他一边抓着胸脯，一边剧烈地咳嗽，然后把书扔到一边，喘着气说道：

"Do you hear how he bawls, Mother? What are you making that noise for, you little Astrakhan maniac? Eh?"

“你听到他的声音多么洪亮了吗，孩子妈？你干吗那么大声，你这个来自阿斯特拉罕的小疯子？嗯？”

"It was you that made the noise."

“大声吵吵的是你吧。”

It was a pleasure to me then to look at him and at grandmother, who, with her elbows on the table, and cheek resting on her hand, was watching us and laughing gently as she said:

看看外祖父，又看看外祖母，我开心极了。外祖母把胳膊支在桌子上，用手托着脸，看着我们，温柔地笑着说：

"You will burst yourselves with laughing if you are not careful."

“如果你不小心点，你会笑破肚皮的。”

"I am irritable because I am unwell," grandfather explained in a friendly tone. "But what's the matter with you, eh?"

“我着急是因为我身体不舒服，”外祖父声音柔和地解释道，“但是你怎么回事，嗯？”

"Our poor Natalia was mistaken," he said to grandmother, shaking his damp head, "when she said he had no memory. He has a memory, thank God! It is like a horse's memory. Get on with it, snub-nose!”

“我们可怜的娜塔莉娅错了，”他摇着出汗的脑袋对外祖母说道，“她说他没有记忆力。他有记忆，感谢上帝！好像是马的记忆。继续，你这个小狮子鼻！”

At last he playfully pushed me off the bed.

最后，他玩笑地把我推下床。

"That will do. You can take the book, and tomorrow you will say the whole alphabet to me without a mistake, and I will give you five kopecks."

“那就好。你可以拿着那本书，明天要是没有一点错误地背出全部的字母，我会给你5个小铜板。”

When I held out my hand for the book, he drew me to him and said gruffly:

当我伸手接过书的时候，他把我拽到跟前粗声地说道：

"That mother of yours does not care what becomes of you, my

lad."

“你那个妈妈不关心你的事情，我的小伙子。”

Grandmother started.

外祖母说话了。

"Oh, Father, why do you say such things?"

“哦，孩子爸，你怎么说这样的话？”

"I ought not to have said it—my feelings got the better of me. Oh, what a girl that is for going astray!”

我本不应该说这个，但是没有控制住情绪。哦，多好的一个女孩，却误入歧途！”

He pushed me from him roughly.

他粗鲁地把我推开。

"Run along now! You can go out, but not into the street; don't you dare to do that. Go to the yard or the garden."

“走吧！你可以出去，但不能上街。看你敢！去院子或花园吧。”

The garden had special attractions for me. As soon as I showed myself on the hillock there, the boys in the causeway started to throw stones at me, and I returned the charge with a will.

花园对我有特殊的吸引力。我一出现在小山丘上，堤道上的孩子就开始向我扔石头，我也起劲地进行还击。

"Here comes the ninny," they would yell as soon as they saw me, arming themselves hastily. "Let's skin him!"

“傻子来了，”他们一看见我就会一边大喊，一边匆忙地武装自己，“让我们剥他的皮！”

As I did not know what they meant by "ninny," the nickname did not offend me; but I liked to feel that I was one alone fighting against the lot of them, especially when a well-aimed stone sent the enemy flying to shelter amongst the bushes. We engaged in these battles without malice, and they generally ended without any one being hurt.

因为我不知道他们说的“傻子”是什么意思，所以这个绰号并不让我生气。我喜欢一个人对付他们很多人，这让我感觉很好，尤其是用石头打中对手，逼得他躲进灌木丛里的时候。我们相互打斗，但彼此并无恶意，结束的时候他们也并没有人受伤。

I learned to read and write easily. Grandmother bestowed more and more attention on me, and whippings became rarer and rarer—although in my opinion I deserved them more than ever before, for the older and more vigorous I grew the more often I broke

grandfather's rules, and disobeyed his commands; yet he did no more than scold me, or shake his fist at me. I began to think, if you please, that he must have beaten me without cause in the past, and I told him so.

我很轻松地就学会了读书和写字。外祖母给予了我越来越多的关爱，我挨的鞭子也越来越少了——虽然在我看来，我比以前更应该挨打，因为随着年龄的增长，我更有精力，也更频繁地违背外祖父的规定，不听从他的命令。不过他最多只是责备我几句，或者朝我挥几下拳头。奇怪的是，我竟然开始想，以前的时候，他会没有任何理由地打我，而且我也这样告诉了他。

He lightly tilted my chin and raised my face towards him, blinking as he drawled:

他轻轻地抬起我的下巴，将我的脸对着他，眨着眼睛慢吞吞地说：

"Wha—a—a—t?”

“什——么？”

And half-laughing, he added:

他微笑着，又补充说道：

"You heretic! How can you possibly know how many whippings you need? Who should know if not I? There! get along with you."

“你这个异教徒！你怎么知道你要挨多少鞭子呢？除了我，还会有谁知道？去吧！去玩吧。”

But he had no sooner said this than he caught me by the shoulder and asked:

话音刚落，他又拽住我的肩膀问道：

"Which are you now, I wonder—crafty or simple?”

“我想知道，你现在是狡猾呢，还是朴实呢？”

"I don't know."

“我不知道。”

"You don't know! Well, I will tell you this much—be crafty; it pays! Simple-mindedness is nothing but foolishness. Sheep are simple-minded, remember that! That will do. Run away!”

“你不知道！那么，我告诉你，要狡猾些，这是有好处的！头脑简单说白了就是傻。绵羊就是头脑简单，记住了！就这样。去吧！”

Before long I was able to spell out the Psalms. Our usual time for this was after the evening tea, when I had to read one Psalm.

不久我就能朗读《圣诗》了。学习时间通常是在晚茶后，读一首圣

歌是必修课。

"B-l-e-s-s, Bless; e-d, ed; Blessed," I read, guiding the pointer across the page. "Blessed is the man—Does that mean Uncle Jaakov?" I asked, to relieve the tedium.

"B-l-e-s-s, Bless, e-d, ed, Blessed,"我用指示棒指着书页读到，“保佑的这个人——那是雅科夫舅舅吗？”我问道，想打破这种沉闷。

"I'll box your ears; that will teach you who it is that is blessed," replied grandfather, snorting angrily; but I felt that his anger was only assumed, because he thought it was the right thing to be angry.

“我会打你耳光的，那样就会让你知道谁是受到保佑的。”外祖父生气地喘着粗气回答道。但是我觉得他生气只是摆摆样子而已。

And I was not mistaken; in less than a minute it was plain that he had forgotten all about me as he muttered:

我想得没错。不到一分钟，很显然他已经完全忘记了我的存在，咕哝道：

"Yes, yes! King David showed himself to be very spiteful—in sport, and in his songs, and in the Absalom affair. Ah! Maker of Songs, Master of Language, and Jester. That is what you were!"

“是啊，是的！大卫王表现得很恶毒——不仅表现在运动和唱歌的时候，还表现在押沙龙的事件中。他不仅会谱歌写曲，还会花言巧语，逗你开心。那就是曾经的你！”

I left off reading to look at his frowning, wondering face. His eyes, blinking slightly, seemed to look through me, and a warm, melancholy brightness shone from them; but I knew that before long his usual harsh expression would return to them. He drummed on the table spasmodically with his thin fingers; his stained nails shone, and his golden eyebrows moved up and down.

我停下来，看着他皱着眉若有所思的样子。他的眼睛轻微地眨着，好像要看穿我似的，闪烁着温和、忧郁的光芒。但是我知道不久他往常那严厉的表情又会回来。他不停地用细细的手指敲打着桌面，他染上颜色的指甲发出光亮，金色的眉毛上下移动。

"Grandfather!"

“外祖父！”

"Eh?"

“嗯？”

"Tell me a story."

“给我讲个故事吧。”

"Get on with your reading, you lazy clown!" he said querulously, rubbing his eyes just as if he had been awakened from sleep. "You like stories, but you don't care for the Psalms!"

“继续读你的书，你这个懒虫！”他揉着眼睛抱怨道，好像刚睡醒似的,“你就喜欢故事，不喜欢圣歌！”

I rather suspected that he, too, liked stories better than the Psalter, which he knew almost by heart, for he had made a vow to read it through every night before going to bed, which he did in a sort of chant, just as the deacons recite the breviary in church.

我十分怀疑他也是喜欢听故事胜过喜欢念圣诗。他几乎把圣诗烂熟于心，因为他曾发誓每天上床睡觉之前都要读一遍。他读起圣诗来像在吟唱一般，正像是教堂执事背诵祷文一样。

At my earnest entreaty, the old man, who was growing softer every day, gave in to me.

在我诚恳的请求下，这位性情变得日益温和的老人终于向我让步了。

"Very well, then! You will always have the Psalter with you, but God will be calling me to judgment before long."

“那么，好吧！你会一直保留这本圣诗，但是过不了多久我就会去上帝那里接受审判的。”

So, reclining against the upholstered back of the old armchair, throwing back his head and gazing at the ceiling, he quietly and thoughtfully began telling me about old times, and about his father. Once robbers had come to Balakhana, to rob Zaev, the merchant, and grandfather's father rushed to the belfry to sound the alarm; but the robbers came up after him, felled him with their swords, and threw him down from the tower.

于是，斜倚在铺着垫子的扶椅背上，后仰着头，盯着天花板，外祖父安静地、若有所思地给我讲起旧时的故事和他的父亲来。有一次，强盗们来到巴拉克哈纳抢劫商人查耶夫。外祖父的父亲跑向钟楼敲警钟，但是强盗们跟了上来，用剑将他砍倒，把他从钟楼上扔了下去。

"But I was an infant at the time, so of course I do not remember anything about the affair. The first person I remember is a Frenchman; that was when I was twelve years old—exactly twelve. Three batches of prisoners were driven into Balakhana—all small, wizened people; some of them dressed worse than beggars, and others so cold that they could hardly stand by themselves. The peasants would have beaten them to death, but the escort prevented that and drove them away; and there was no more trouble after that. We got used to the Frenchmen, who showed themselves to be skilful and sagacious; merry

enough too... sometimes they sang songs. Gentlemen used to come out from Nijni in troikas to examine the prisoners; some of them abused the Frenchmen and shook their fists at them, and even went so far as to strike them, while others spoke kindly to them in their own tongue, gave them money, and showed them great cordiality. One old gentleman covered his face with his hands and wept, and said that that villain Bonaparte had ruined the French. There, you see! He was a Russian, and a gentleman, and he had a good heart—he pitied those foreigners.”

“那时我还只是个婴儿，当然对这件事记不起一星半点了。我记住的第一个人是一个法国人，那时候我12岁，整整12岁。三批囚犯被驱赶到巴拉克哈纳。他们都瘦小干枯，一些人穿得比乞丐还差，其余的人冷得几乎都站不住。要不是护送的护卫保护着他们并把他们带走了，农民们会把他们打死的。那之后就没有麻烦了。我们习惯了法国人，他们有技术，很聪明，也很快乐。有时候他们还唱歌呢。绅士们通常都会坐着三头马车从尼日尼来视察这些囚犯。他们当中一些人辱骂这些法国人，向他们挥舞着拳头，甚至还打他们,但其他人对法国人说话很友善，给他们钱，表现得十分诚恳。一个老绅士用手捂住脸哭着说，是那个恶棍拿破仑毁掉了法国人。你看！他是一个俄罗斯人，是一个绅士，心地善良，他可怜那些外国人。”

He was silent for a moment, keeping his eyes closed, and smoothing his hair with his hands; then he went on, recalling the past with great precision.

他沉默了一会儿，闭着眼睛，用手捋了捋头发，然后继续说着，极其准确地回忆着过去：

"Winter had cast its spell over the streets, the peasants' huts were frostbound, and the Frenchmen used sometimes to run to our mother's house and stand under the windows—she used to make little loaves to sell—and tap on the glass, shouting and jumping about as they asked for hot bread. Mother would not have them in our cottage, but she threw them the loaves from the window; and all hot as they were, they snatched them up and thrust them into their breasts, against their bare skin. How they bore the heat I cannot imagine! Many of them died of cold, for they came from a warm country, and were not accustomed to frost. Two of them lived in our washhouse, in the kitchen garden—an officer, with his orderly, Miron.

“冬天将它的咒语施给了街道，农民的茅屋都被封冻住了.法国人有时候会跑到妈妈的房子外面，站在窗户下——妈妈以前是卖小面包的——敲打着玻璃，跳着喊着，想要热面包。妈妈不会让他们进屋，只是把面包从窗户里扔出去。尽管面包很烫，他们还是一把抓起来揣进怀里，直接贴着皮肤。我无法想象，他们怎么能忍受那样的热量！他们中有很多人都冻死了，因为他们来自温暖的国家，不习惯霜冻。他们中有

两个人睡在我们的水房和菜园里——一个军官和他的勤务兵米朗。

"The officer was a tall, thin man, with his bones coming through his skin, and he used to go about wrapped in a woman's cloak which reached to his knees. He was very amiable, but a drunkard, and my mother used to brew beer on the quiet and sell it to him. When he had been drinking he used to sing. When he had learned to speak our language he used to air his views—'Your country is not white at all, it is black—and bad!' He spoke very imperfectly, but we could understand him, and what he said was quite true. The upper banks of the Volga are not pleasing, but farther south the earth is warmer, and on the Caspian Sea snow is never even seen. One can believe that, for there is no mention of either snow or winter in the Gospels, or in the Acts, or in the Psalms, as far as I remember... and the place where Christ lived... Well, as soon as we have finished the Psalms we will read the Gospels together."

“军官很高也很瘦，皮包骨头似的，他常常穿着一件长至膝盖的女式大衣。他很友好，但是个酒鬼。妈妈常偷偷地酿造啤酒卖给他。他喝了酒总会唱歌。他学会了我们的语言后便常常发表观点——‘你们的国家一点都不白，而是一片漆黑——而且很坏！’他说得很差，但我们能够听懂他的意思，而且他所说的也完全正确。伏尔加河上游的气候不好，但是再往南一些气候会更暖和。在里海，甚至从来都看不到雪。可以想象，不管是在《福音》书里，在《使徒行传》里，还是在《圣诗》里，凡是我能记得的……还有救世主耶稣居住的地方……都不曾提及雪和冬天。哎，我们读完《圣诗》，就一起读《福音》吧。”

He fell into another silence, just as if he had dropped off to sleep. His thoughts were far away, and his eyes, as they glanced sideways out of the window, looked small and sharp.

他又开始了沉默，就好像是已经睡着了似的。他的思绪飘去了很远的地方，双眼斜着看向窗外，看起来小而锐利。

"Tell me some more," I said, as a gentle reminder of my presence.

“接着讲啊。”我说道，想提醒他一下我的存在。

He started, and then began again.

于是他又开始了。

"Well—we were talking about French people. They are human beings like ourselves, after all, not worse, or more sinful. Sometimes they used to call out to my mother, 'Madame! Madame!'—that means 'my lady', 'my mistress'—and she would put flour—five poods of it—into their sacks. Her strength was extraordinary for a woman; she could lift me up by the hair quite easily until I was twenty, and even at that age I was no light weight. Well, this orderly, Miron, loved

horses; he used to go into the yard and make signs for them to give him a horse to groom. At first there was trouble about it—there were disputes and enmity—but in the end the peasants used to call him 'Hi, Miron!' and he used to laugh and nod his head, and run to them. He was sandy, almost red-haired, with a large nose and thick lips. He knew all about horses, and treated their maladies with wonderful success; later on he became a veterinary surgeon at Nijni, but he went out of his mind and was killed in a fire. Towards the spring the officer began to show signs of breaking up, and passed quietly away, one day in early spring, while he was sitting at the window of the outhouse—just sitting and thinking, with drooping head.

“嗯，我们刚才是在说法国人。毕竟他们和我们一样都是人，并不比我们更坏，或者罪孽更深。有时候他们大声地喊我的妈妈：‘夫人！夫人！’——意思是‘女士’，‘夫人’——然后她会把面粉——五普特的面粉——装进他们的口袋里。作为一个女人，她的力量出乎寻常的大。她能拽着我的头发轻易地把我提起来，直到我20岁还是如此，而且那个时候我一点都不轻。勤务兵米朗喜爱马，他总是来到院子里示意人们给他一匹马来喂养。开始时，这很麻烦——会有冲突和敌意——但是到最后农民们总是跟他打招呼：‘嘿，米朗！’然后他笑着点点头，向他们跑过去。他头发是黄棕色的，几乎接近于红色，鼻子很大，嘴唇很厚。他熟悉马的一切，还很成功地治好了它们的病。后来他成为尼日尼的一名兽医，但是最后他疯了，死在一场大火里。临近春天的时候，这个军官身体渐渐衰弱，静静地死去了：那是初春的一天，他死的时候正靠着外屋的窗户坐着，只是坐在那里想着事情，耷拉着脑袋。

"That is how his end came. I was very grieved about it. I cried a little, even, on the quiet. He was so gentle. He used to pull my ears, and talk to me so kindly in his own tongue. I could not understand him, but I liked to hear him—human kindness is not to be bought in any market. He began to teach me his language, but my mother forbade it, and even went so far as to send me to the priest, who prescribed a beating for me, and went himself to make a complaint to the officer. In those days, my lad, we were treated very harshly. You have not experienced anything like it yet.... What you have had to put up with is nothing to it, and don't you forget it!... Take my own case, for example.... I had to go through so much—”

“他就是那么死的。对他的死我非常伤心。我甚至还偷偷地哭了一会儿。他是那么温和的一个人。他常常拉着我的耳朵，用他们国家的语言和我亲切地说话。我听不懂他说的话，但是我喜欢听他说。人类的善良是在任何市场上都买不到的。他开始教我法语，但我的妈妈反对，甚至不惜把我送到了牧师那里。牧师让我妈妈揍我一顿，还亲自到警官那里告状。我的小伙子，那些日子里，人们待我们是很粗暴的。你还没有经历那样的事情……你所忍受的与之相比不算什么，你给我记住了！就那我自己来说，我得经历这么多事……”

Darkness began to fall. Grandfather seemed to grow curiously large in the twilight, and his eyes gleamed like those of a cat. On most subjects he spoke quietly, carefully, and thoughtfully, but when he talked about himself his words came quickly and his tone was passionate and boastful, and I did not like to hear him; nor did I relish his frequent and peremptory command:

夜幕开始降临。外祖父在暮光之下似乎变得出奇地高大，双眼像猫眼一样闪着光芒。对于大多数的话题，他说起来的时候都很平静、认真、若有所思，但是当他谈到自己的时候，语速便会加快，语气也热切、自夸起来。我不是很喜欢听他说这些，也不喜欢他经常专横地命令说：

"Remember what I am telling you now! Take care you don't forget this!"

“记住我现在告诉你的事！用点心，别忘了！”

He told me of many things which I had no desire to remember, but which, without any command from him, I involuntarily retained in my memory, to cause me a morbid sickness of heart.

他给我讲了很多我并不想记住的东西，但是，即使他没有要求，这些东西也都不知不觉地留在了我的记忆里，导致我产生了某种病态心理。

He never told fictitious stories, but always related events which had really happened; and I also noticed that he hated to be questioned, which prompted me to ask persistently:

他从来不讲虚构的故事，讲的总是现实中发生的一系列事件，我也发现，他不喜欢别人问问题，但这越发促使我不断地问：

"Who are the best—the French or the Russians?”

“法国人和俄罗斯人比，谁更好？”

"How can I tell? I never saw a Frenchman at home," he growled angrily. "A Pole cat is all right in its own hole," he added.

“我怎么知道？我又没有见过法国人在他们国家是怎么样的，”他生气地咕哝道，“波兰猫最好呆在它自己的洞里。”他又说道。

"But are the Russians good?"

“那俄罗斯人好吗？”

"In many respects they are, but they were better when the landlords ruled. We are all at sixes and sevens now; people can't even get a living. The gentlefolk, of course, are to blame, because they have more intelligence to back them up; but that can't be said of all of them, but only of a few good ones who have already been proved. As

for the others—most of them are as foolish as mice; they will take anything you like to give them. We have plenty of nut shells amongst us, but the kernels are missing; only nut shells, the kernels have been devoured. There's a lesson for you, man! We ought to have learned it, our wits ought to have been sharpened by now; but we are not keen enough yet."

“从很多方面来讲，他们很好，但是在地主统治时期他们更好。现在我们的生活都乱七八糟的，人们甚至都无法生存。这当然是上流社会的错，因为他们有更多的才智作为后盾，但也不能说他们所有人都那样，还是有几个公认的好人。至于其他的，他们大多数的都傻得像老鼠一样，不管你给他么些什么，他们都照单全收。我们当中有很多人像果壳，但是像果仁的人却正在消失，只剩下果壳了，果仁已经被吃掉了。你应该吸取教训，伙计！我们本应该明白这个道理，我们的脑袋到现在本应该变得更聪明，不过我们还是不够敏锐。”

"Are Russians stronger than other people?"

“俄罗斯人比其他民族强壮吗？”

"We have some very strong people amongst us; but it is not strength which is so important, but dexterity. As far as sheer strength goes, the horse is our superior."

“我们当中有一些人非常强壮，但是重要的并不是力量，而是智慧。要单单说力量，马要强过我们。”

"But why did the French make war on us?"

“但是法国人为什么向我们开战？”

"Well, war is the Emperor's affair. We can't expect to understand about it."

“哎，战争是帝王的事，我们不可能明白的。”

But to my question: "What sort of a man was Bonaparte?" grandfather replied in a tone of retrospection:

但是对我的问题“拿破仑是一个什么样的人”外祖父回想着答道：

"He was a wicked man. He wanted to make war on the whole world, and after that he wanted to make us all equal—without rulers, or masters; every one to be equal, without distinction of class, under the same rules, professing the same religion, so that the only difference between one person and another would be their names. It was all nonsense, of course. Lobsters are the only creatures which cannot be distinguished one from the other... but fish are divided into classes. The sturgeon will not associate with the sheat-fish, and the sterlet refuses to make a friend of the herring. There have been Bonapartes amongst us; there was Razin (Stepan Timotheev), and

Pygatch (Emilian Ivanov)—but I will tell you about them another time.”

“他是一个邪恶的人。他想向全世界开战，之后想使人人都平等，世界上不再有统治者或地主，每个人都平等，没有阶级之分，接受同样的统治，信仰同一种宗教，这样人和人之间的差别就只是他们的名字了。当然了，这都是胡说八道。只有龙虾才是完全一样的，但是鱼都有不同的种类。鲟鱼和鲶鱼是不能有交往的，小体鲟也不会和鲱鱼成为朋友。我们俄国人也出过拿破仑式的人物，像拉辛·斯杰潘·季莫菲耶夫和布加奇·叶米里扬·伊凡诺夫，我改天再给你讲他们的故事。”

Sometimes he would remain silent for a long time, gazing at me with rolling eyes, as if he had never seen me before, which was not at all pleasant. But he never spoke to me of my father or my mother. Now and again grandmother would enter noiselessly during these conversations, and taking a seat in the corner, would remain there for a long time silent and invisible. Then she would ask suddenly in her caressing voice:

有时候他会很长时间都不说话，闪动着他的眼睛盯着我看，好像他以前从来没有见过我似的，这让我很不舒服。但是他从来不和我说我的父亲和母亲。有时候，在我们说话的时候，外祖母会悄无声息地走进来，在角落里坐下，一声不响地待上很长时间，仿佛隐了形一样。然后她会突然亲切地问道：

"Do you remember, Father, how lovely it was when we went on a pilgrimage to Mouron? What year would that be now?"

“孩子爸，你还记不记得我们去穆罗姆山朝拜？那多美啊！那是在哪一年呢？”

After pondering, grandfather would answer carefully:

思索片刻之后，外祖父认真地回答道：

"I can't say exactly, but it was before the cholera. It was the year we caught those escaped convicts in the woods."

“我也说不准了，但那是暴发霍乱以前的事情了。那年我们在树林里还抓住了那些逃跑的罪犯。”

"True, true! We were still frightened of them—”

“是啊，没错！我们很害怕他们……”

"That's right!"

“是啊！”

I asked what escaped convicts were, and why they were running about the woods; and grandfather rather reluctantly explained.

我问什么是逃跑的罪犯，为什么他们要在树林里乱跑，外祖父很不

情愿地解释道：

"They are simply men who have run away from prison—from the work they have been set to do.”

“他们只是从监狱里跑出来的——那是他们被安排做工的地方。”

"How did you catch them?"

“你们怎么抓住他们的？”

"How did we catch them? Why, like little boys play hide-and-seek—some run away and the others look for them and catch them. When they were caught they were thrashed, their nostrils were slit, and they were branded on the forehead as a sign that they were convicts.”

“我们怎么抓住他们的？哎呀，就是像小孩子玩捉迷藏——一些跑掉了，剩下的寻找他们，然后抓住他们。他们一旦被抓住，便要遭到痛打，还被挑破鼻孔，前额会被打上烙印，以说明他们是罪犯。”

"But why?"

“但是为什么要这么对待他们？”

"Ah! that is the question—and one I can't answer.

“啊！这是一个问题，我也回答不了。

As to which is in the wrong—the one who runs away or the one who pursues him—that also is a mystery!”

至于哪一方错了——是跑掉的错了，还是追赶的人错了——那也是一个疑问！”

"And do you remember, Father," said grandmother, "after the great fire, how we—?”

“孩子爸，你还记不记得，”外祖母说道，“在那场大火之后，我们怎么……”

Grandfather, who put accuracy before everything else, asked grimly:

外祖父凡事都讲究精确，严厉地问道：

"What great fire?"

“哪场大火？”

When they went over the past like this, they forgot all about me. Their voices and their words mingled so softly and so harmoniously, that it sounded sometimes as if they were singing melancholy songs about illnesses and fires, about massacred people and sudden deaths, about clever rogues, and religious maniacs, and harsh landlords.

一旦他们俩像这样回忆起往事，就会把我忘得一干二净。他们的声

音和话语轻柔而和谐，有时候听起来好像是在唱着忧伤的歌曲，诉说着疾病和大火，屠杀和猝死，还有聪明的流浪汉，狂热的教徒和苛刻的地主们。

"What a lot we have lived through! What a lot we have seen!" murmured grandfather softly.

“我们经历了多少事啊！我们见过多少世面啊！”外祖父轻声地说道。

"We haven't had such a bad life, have we?" said grandmother. "Do you remember how well the spring began, after Varia was bom?"

“我们的生活并不是那么糟，是吧？”外祖母说道，“你还记得瓦里娅出生之后的那个春天是多么的美好吗？”

"That was in the year '48, during the Hungarian Campaign; and the day after the christening they drove out her godfather, Tikhon—”

“那是在一八四八年远征匈牙利期间。教父吉洪给瓦里娅洗礼后的第二天就被驱逐了”

"And he disappeared," sighed grandmother.

“然后他就消失了。”外祖母叹息道。

"Yes; and from that time God's blessings have seemed to flow off our house like water off a duck's back. Take Varvara, for instance—”

“是啊!从那时候起，上帝的保佑就像是流过鸭子后背的水一样从我们家里流走了。拿瓦尔瓦拉来说吧……”

"Now, Father, that will do!"

“好了，孩子爸，够了！”

"What do you mean—'That will do'?" he asked, scowling at her angrily. "Our children have turned out badly, whichever way you look at them. What has become of the vigor of our youth? We thought we were storing it up for ourselves in our children, as one might pack something away carefully in a basket; when, lo and behold, God changes it in our hands into a riddle without an answer!"

“你什么意思——‘够了’？”他生气地盯着她问道，“不论从哪个方面看，我们的孩子现在都糟糕透了。我们年轻时付出的精力都有什么回报？我们以为在孩子身上可以有所寄托，就像是一个人把东西小心翼翼地包裹在篮子里，但是你瞧，上帝把我们手里的东西变成了没有答案的迷！”

He ran about the room, uttering cries as if he had burned himself, and groaning as if he were ill; then turning on grandmother he began to abuse his children, shaking his small, withered fist at her threateningly as he cried:

他在房间里跑来跑去，像被烫着了似的大喊大叫，像是生病了似的呻吟着。然后他转向外祖母，开始大骂他的孩子们，威胁地向她挥舞着干瘪、瘦小的拳头，喊道：

"And it is all your fault for giving in to them, and for taking their part, you old hag!"

“都是你的错，向他们屈服，承担他们的罪行，你这个老太婆！”

His grief and excitement culminated in a tearful howl as he threw himself on the floor before the icon, and beating his withered, hollow breast with all his force, cried:

他的痛苦和激奋难以控制，一屁股坐在神像前的地板上大声哀嚎。他一边用力地捶打着他干瘪空洞的胸膛，一边喊道：

"Lord, have I sinned more than others? Why then—?”

“主啊，难道我比别人的罪孽更深重吗？不然为什么……”

And he trembled from head to foot, and his eyes, wet with tears, glittered with resentment and animosity.

他从头到脚都在颤抖，他的眼里浸满了泪水，眼神充满愤恨和憎恶。

Grandmother, without speaking, crossed herself as she sat in her dark corner, and then, approaching him cautiously, said:

外祖母没有说话，坐在黑暗的角落里划着十字，然后小心地靠近外祖父，说道：

"Now, why are you fretting like this? God knows what He is doing. You say that other people's children are better than ours, but I assure you, Father, that you will find the same thing everywhere—quarrels, and bickerings, and disturbances. All parents wash away their sins with their tears; you are not the only one.”

“哎，你何苦这么烦恼呢？”上帝知道自己在做什么。你说其他人的孩子比我们的孩子好，但是我可以肯定地告诉你，孩子爸，你在哪里都会看到同样的事情：争吵，不安还有骚乱。所有的父母都得用泪水洗清孩子们的罪过，你又不是唯一的一个。”

Sometimes these words would pacify him, and he would begin to get ready for bed; then grandmother and I would steal away to our attic.

有时候这些话会让他安静下来，他便开始准备睡觉，然后我和外祖母就悄悄地回到我们的阁楼。

But once when she approached him with soothing speech, he turned on her swiftly, and with all his force dealt her a blow in the face with his fist.

但是有一次，当她靠过去安慰他时，他迅速转向她，用尽了浑身的力气拿拳头朝外祖母砸去。

Grandmother reeled, and almost lost her balance, but she managed to steady herself, and putting her hand to her lips, said quietly: "Fool!" And she spit blood at his feet; but he only gave two prolonged howls and raised both hands to her.

外祖母摇晃了几下，几乎失去了平衡，但她还是设法稳住了身子，然后她用手捂着嘴唇，平静地说：“你个笨蛋！”她朝外祖父的脚下吐了一口血，但他只是长叫了两声，把双手对着她举了起来，说：

"Go away, or I will kill you!"

“滚开，否则我杀了你！”

"Fool!" she repeated as she was leaving the room.

“你个笨蛋！”她又说了一遍，然后离开了房间。

Grandfather rushed at her, but, with haste, she stepped over the threshold and banged the door in his face.

外祖父向她冲过去，但是她加快速度，迈过门槛，砰的一声关上了门。

"Old hag!" hissed grandfather, whose face had become livid, as he clung to the door-post, clawing it viciously.

“老妖婆！”外祖父低吼道，他脸色铁青，靠着门柱，使劲地乱抓一通。

I was sitting on the couch, more dead than alive, hardly able to believe my eyes. This was the first time he had struck grandmother in my presence, and I was overwhelmed with disgust at this new aspect of his character—at this revelation of a trait which I found unforgivable, and I felt as if I were being suffocated. He stayed where he was, hanging on to the door-post, his face becoming gray and shriveled up as if it were covered with ashes.

我坐在床上，惊得一动不动，难以相信发生的一切。这是他第一次当着我的面打外祖母，对于他这一种新的品性我深恶痛绝，这种行为我无法原谅，它把我压得喘不过气来。他仍旧呆在那里，倚靠在门柱上，脸色灰白，皮肤褶皱，好像脸上涂了一层灰。

Suddenly he moved to the middle of the room, knelt down, and bent forward, resting his hands on the floor; but he straightened himself almost directly, and beat his breast.

突然他移到房间中央，跪了下来，弯下腰，把双手放在地板上，然后又马上直起身子，捶打他的前胸，喊道：

"And now, O Lord—!”

“哦，上帝啊……”

I slipped off the warm tiles of the stove-couch, and crept out of the room, as carefully as if I were treading on ice. I found grandmother upstairs, walking up and down the room, and rinsing her mouth at intervals.

我从炕上温暖的瓷砖上滑了下来，爬出房间，小心地就像踏在冰面上。我发现外祖母在楼上，在屋子里走来走去，不时地冲洗一下嘴唇。

"Are you hurt?"

“疼吗？”

She went into the corner, spit out some water into the hand-basin, and replied coolly:

她走到角落里，往洗手盆里吐了一些水，然后冷冰冰地回答道：

"Nothing to make a fuss about. My teeth are all right; it is only my lips that are bruised."

“没有什么好大惊小怪的。我的牙齿没事，只是嘴唇破了。”

"Why did he do it?"

“为什么他要打你？”

Glancing out of the window she said:

看着窗外，外祖母说道：

"He gets into a temper. It is hard for him in his old age. Everything seems to turn out badly. Now you go to bed, say your prayers, and don't think any more about this."

“发脾气了呗。他年纪大了，生活对他来说很难。什么事情都不太顺。睡觉去吧，别忘了做祷告，别再想这件事了。”

I began to ask some more questions; but with a severity quite unusual in her, she cried:

我又问了一些问题，但是她却表现出一反常态的严厉，喊道：

"What did I say to you? Go to bed at once! I never heard of such disobedience!"

“我刚才怎么跟你说的？马上上床睡觉！怎么这么不听话！”

She sat at the window, sucking her lip and spitting frequently into her handkerchief, and I undressed, looking at her. I could see the stars shining above her black head through the blue, square window. In the street all was quiet, and the room was in darkness. When I was in bed she came over to me and softly stroking my head, she said:

她坐在窗前，吸着嘴唇，还不停地往手帕里吐着。我边脱衣服边看

着她。透过蓝色的方形窗户，我可以看见闪烁在她黑色头顶上的星星。街上一切都那么安静，房间里漆黑一片。我躺在床上之后，她来到我跟前，轻轻地拍着我的头说道：

"Sleep well! I shall go down to him. Don't be anxious about me, sweetheart. It was my own fault, you know. Now go to sleep!"

“好好睡！我得下楼去看看他。不用担心我，小宝贝。你知道，错在我。快睡觉吧！”

She kissed me and went away; but an overwhelming sadness swept over me. I jumped out of the wide, soft, warm bed, and going to the window, gazed down upon the empty street, petrified by grief.

她吻了我，就离开了，但是一股剧烈的悲伤席卷了我的全身。我从宽大、柔软又温暖的床上跳下来，来到窗户前，俯视着空荡荡的街道，悲伤地呆立在那里。

CHAPTER VI

第六章

BEFORE long another nightmare began. One evening when we had finished tea and grandfather and I sat over the Psalter, while grandmother was washing up the cups and saucers, Uncle Jaakov burst into the room, as dishevelled as ever, and bearing a strange resemblance to one of the household brooms. Without greeting us, he tossed his cap into a corner and began speaking rapidly, with excited gestures.

不久，另一场噩梦又开始了。一天晚上，我们刚刚喝完茶，外祖父和我坐在那里读圣诗，外祖母在洗杯子和盘子。这时，雅科夫舅舅突然闯进屋里，他头发发乱蓬蓬的，就像是房子里的一把扫帚，看起来怪怪的。他没有和我们打招呼，把帽子扔在角落里，开始噼里啪啦地说起话来，还一边兴奋地比划着。

"Mischka is kicking up an utterly uncalled-for row. He had dinner with me, drank too much, and began to show unmistakable signs of being out of his mind; he broke up the crockery, tore up an order which had just been completed—it was a woolen dress—broke the windows, insulted me and Gregory, and now he is coming here, threatening you. He keeps shouting, 'I'll pull father's beard for him! I'll kill him!' so you had better look out."

“米什卡完全是无理取闹。我们一起吃的晚饭,他喝了很多酒，然后便发了疯似的打碎瓷器，撕了刚刚完成的订单——一件毛裙的订单——打碎了窗户，还侮辱我和格雷戈里，现在他正在来这里的路上，想威胁你。他一直喊：‘我要把爸爸的胡子扯下来！我要杀了他！’所以你最好小心了。”

Grandfather rose slowly to his feet, resting his hands on the table. He was frowning heavily, and his face seemed to dry up, growing narrow and cruel, like a hatchet.

外祖父把手放在桌子上，慢慢地站了起来。他紧锁眉头，脸似乎干枯了，变得尖厉而残酷，好像一把斧子。

"Do you hear that, Mother?" he yelled. "What do you think of it, eh? Our own son coming to kill his father! But it is quite time; it is quite time, my children."

“你听到了吗，孩子妈？”他喊道，“你怎么看，嗯？我们自己的儿子要杀死他的爸爸！但是已经是时候了，是时候了，我的孩子。”

He went up the room, straightening his shoulders, to the door,

sharply snapped the heavy iron hook, which fastened it, into its ring, and turned again to Uncle Jaakov saying:

他挺直肩膀，走过房间来到门口，使劲地把门上重重的铁钩推进门环里，把门锁住，然后又转过头冲着雅科夫舅舅说道：

"This is all because you want to get hold of Varvara's dowry. That's what it is!"

“这都是因为你想要瓦尔瓦拉的嫁妆。就是这样！”

And he laughed derisively in the face of my uncle, who asked in an offended tone:

当着舅舅的面，他发出冷笑，而舅舅则恼怒地反问道：

"What should I want with it?"

“我要它能做什么？”

"You? I know it!

“你？我知道！”

Grandmother was silent as she hastily put the cups and saucers away in the cupboard.

外祖母没有说话，迅速把杯子和盘子放进了橱柜。

"Well?" cried grandfather, laughing bitterly. "Very good! Thank you, my son. Mother, give this fox a poker, or an iron if you like. Now, Jaakov Vassilev, when your brother breaks in, kill him before my eyes!"

“好啦！”外祖父苦笑了一下，喊道，“非常好！谢谢你，我的儿子。孩子妈，如果你愿意的话，给这个狡猾的家伙一个火钳，或者一个熨斗。现在，雅科夫·瓦西里耶维奇，你哥哥进来的时候，当着我的面杀了他！”

My uncle thrust his hands into his pockets and retired into a corner. "Of course, if you won't believe me—" "Believe you?" cried grandfather, stamping his feet. "No! I'll believe an animal—a dog, a hedgehog even—but I have no faith in you. I know you too well. You made him drunk, and then gave him his instructions. Very well! What are you waiting for? Kill me now—him or me, you can take your choice!"

我的舅舅把手插进兜里，退到了角落里。“当然，如果你不愿意相信我……”“相信你？” 外祖父跺着脚说道，“不！ 我宁愿相信一只动物——一条狗，甚至是一只刺猬——也不愿意相信你。我太了解你了。你把他灌醉，然后又教唆他。非常好！你还等什么？现在就杀死我——他或者我，你选吧！”

Grandmother whispered to me softly: "Run upstairs and look out

of the window, and when you see Uncle Michael coming along the street, hurry back and tell us. Run along now! Make haste!"

外祖母轻轻地对我说："到楼上去，从窗户往外看，如果你看到米哈伊尔舅舅沿着街道过来了，赶紧回来告诉我们。现在就去！快点！"

A little frightened by the threatened invasion of my turbulent uncles, but proud of the confidence placed in me, I leaned out of the window which looked out upon the broad road, now thickly coated with dust through which the lumpy, rough cobblestones were just visible. The street stretched a long way to the left, and crossing the causeway continued to Ostrojni Square, where, firmly planted on the clay soil, stood a gray building with a tower at each of its four corners—the old prison, about which there was a suggestion of melancholy beauty. On the right, about three houses away, there was an opening in Syenia Square, which was built round the yellow domicile of the prison officials, and on the leaden-colored fire-tower, on the look-out gallery of the tower, revolved the figures of the watchmen, looking like dogs on chains. The whole square was cut off from the causeway—at one end stood a green thicket, and, more to the right, lay the stagnant Dinka Pond, into which, so grandmother used to tell the story, my uncles had thrown my father one winter, with the intention of drowning him. Almost opposite our windows was a lane of small houses of various colors which led to the dumpy, squat church of the "Three Apostles". If you looked straight at it the roof appeared exactly like a boat turned upside down on the green waves of the garden. Defaced by the snowstorms of a long winter, washed by the continuous rains of autumn, the discolored houses in our street were powdered with dust. They seemed to look at each other with half-closed eyes, like beggars in the church porch, and, like me, they seemed to be waiting for some one, and their open windows had an air of suspicion.

我有点被狂暴的舅舅们入侵的威胁吓到了，不过却很得意外祖母对我的信任，于是我把头探出临街的窗户。宽宽的街道上弥漫着浓重的尘土，透过尘土，刚刚可以看到起伏不平的卵石路。街道向左延伸了很远，穿过堤道一直到奥斯特拉尼广场；土质坚硬的广场上，矗立着一座灰色建筑，建筑的四个角落各建有一座塔，这是旧时的监狱，它的四周散发着一种忧郁的美。街道的右边，隔了大约三座房子的地方，有入口可以通往赛尼亚广场，广场环绕着监狱官员的黄色住宅而建，铅灰色的消防瞭望塔的巡逻台上闪动着警卫员的身影，看起来好像是拴着链子的狗。整个广场被堤道贯穿——一头是绿色的灌木，再往右边是浑浊的丁卡喷水池。外祖母过去常常讲，有一年冬天，两个舅舅就是把我父亲扔进了这个池塘，企图淹死他。几乎在我们窗户的正对面，是一排不同颜色的小房子，一直延伸到叫做"三个传道者"的低矮颓败的教堂。径直看过去，教堂的屋顶就好像是一只翻过来的小船扣在了花园绿色的波浪

上。经历了冬天的风雪和秋天绵延不绝的雨水侵蚀之后，街道上褪了色的房子上已经布满了尘土。它们似乎微睁着双眼看着对方，好像是教堂门廊里的乞丐，又像是我，似乎在等什么人。敞开的窗户充满了怀疑。

There were a few people moving about the street in a leisurely manner, like thoughtful cockroaches on a warm hearth; a suffocating heat rose up to me, and the detestable odor of pie and carrots and onions cooking forced itself upon me—a smell which always made me feel melancholy.

街道上有几个人悠闲地晃荡着，好像是温暖的壁炉上深思的蟑螂。一种令人窒息的热气迎面扑来，伴有馅饼、胡萝卜、洋葱的难闻气味，这种气味总让我感到抑郁。

I was very miserable—ridiculously, intolerably miserable! My breast felt as if it were full of warm lead which pressed from within and exuded through my ribs. I seemed to feel myself inflating like a bladder, and yet there I was, compressed into that tiny room, under a coffin-shaped ceiling.

我多么悲惨——这惨状可笑又令人无法忍受！我的胸腔感觉像是灌满了热铅水，这些热铅水从里向外膨胀，好像要从肋骨里流出来。我似乎感到自己像气囊那样膨胀，然而我依然呆在那里，在极小的房间里，躲在棺材似的屋顶下。

There was Uncle Michael—peeping from the lane round the corner of the gray houses. He tried to pull his cap down over his ears, but they stuck out all the same. He was wearing a brown pea-jacket and high boots which were very dusty; one hand was in the pocket of his check trousers, and with the other he tugged at his beard. I could not see his face, but he stood almost as if he were prepared to dart across the road and seize grandfather's house in his rough, black hands. I ought to have run downstairs to say that he had come, but I could not tear myself away from the window, and I waited till I saw my uncle kick the dust about over his gray boots just as if he were afraid, and then cross the road. I heard the door of the wineshop creak, and its glass panels rattle as he opened it, before I ran downstairs and knocked at grandfather's door.

米哈伊尔舅舅出现了，他在小巷里一排灰色房子的拐角处偷偷摸摸的。他想把帽子拉下来盖住耳朵，但是始终没能盖住。他穿着褐色的厚呢上装和满是尘土的高筒靴子，一只手插在格子裤兜里，另一只手用力拽着他的胡子。我看不见他的脸，但是他站着的样子好像是准备要跑过街道，用他那粗糙黑色的双手抓住外祖父的房子似的。我本应该跑下楼通知他的到来，但是我不愿意离开窗户，于是我看着舅舅战战兢兢地把灰色靴子上的尘土弹掉，然后穿过了街道，之后我才离开房间。不等我跑下楼敲开外祖父的房门，便听到舅舅嘎吱一声打开了酒馆的门，门上的玻璃嵌板咯咯直响。

"Who is it?" he asked gruffly, making no attempt to let me in. "Oh, it's you! Well, what is it?"

“谁？”外祖父粗声地问道，没有让我进去的意思。“哦，是你！什么事？”

"He has gone into the wineshop!"

“他已经进酒馆了！”

"All right! Run along!"

“知道了！走开吧！”

"But I am frightened up there."

“但是我在上面害怕。”

"I can't help that."

“我没有办法。”

Again I stationed myself at the window. It was getting dark. The dust lay more thickly on the road, and looked almost black; yellow patches of light oozed out from the adjacent windows, and from the house opposite came strains of music played on several stringed instruments—melancholy but pleasing. There was singing in the tavern, too; when the door opened the sound of a feeble, broken voice floated out into the street. I recognized it as belonging to the beggar cripple, Nikitoushka—a bearded ancient, with one glass eye and the other always tightly closed. When the door banged it sounded as if his song had been cut off with an ax.

于是我又站在了窗前。天黑了。路上的灰尘更浓了，看起来几乎都是黑色的；附近的窗户里透出来斑驳的黄色灯光，对面的房子里传来几种管弦乐器奏出的音乐——忧伤但优美。酒馆里也有歌声，门打开的时候，微弱的、断断续续的说话声就飘到街上。我听出那是跛子乞丐尼基托什卡的声音。他是一个满脸胡子的老人，戴了一只玻璃假眼，另一只眼总是紧闭着。当门砰的一声关上的时候，他的歌声也像是被斧子砍断了似的。

Grandmother used to quite envy this beggar-man. After listening to his songs she used to say, with a sigh:

外祖母以前总是非常嫉妒这个乞丐。听完他的歌曲之后，她总是叹着气说：

"There's talent for you! What a lot of poetry he knows by heart. It's a gift—that's what it is!"

“你真有天赋！他得熟知多少诗歌啊。这是天赋——这就是天赋！”

Sometimes she invited him into the yard, where he sat on the steps and sang, or told stories, while grandmother sat beside him and

listened, with such exclamations as:

有时候外祖母邀请他来院子里，他就坐在台阶上唱歌，或者讲故事，而外祖母则坐在他旁边听，赞叹不已：

"Go on. Do you mean to tell me that Our Lady was ever at Ryazin?"

“继续讲啊。你是想说我们的圣母曾经在梁赞吗？”

To which he would reply in a low voice which carried conviction with it:

对此他总是用低低的声音自信满满地回答道：

"She went everywhere—through every province.”

“她哪里都去——每一个省都去过。”

An elusive, dreamy lassitude seemed to float up to me from the street, and place its oppressive weight upon my heart and my eyes. I wished that grandmother would come to me—or even grandfather. I wondered what kind of a man my father had been that grandfather and my uncles disliked him so, while grandmother and Gregory and Nyanya Eugenia spoke so well of him. And where was my mother? I thought of her more and more every day, making her the center of all the fairytales and old legends related to me by grandmother. The fact that she did not choose to live with her own family increased my respect for her. I imagined her living at an inn on a highroad, with robbers who waylaid rich travelers, and shared the spoils with beggars. Or it might be that she was living in a forest—in a cave, of course—with good robbers, keeping house for them, and taking care of their stolen gold. Or, again, she might be wandering about the earth reckoning up its treasures, as the robber-chieftainess Engalitchev went with Our Lady, who would say to her, as she said to the robber-chieftainess:

一种莫名其妙、恍恍惚惚的疲惫似乎是从街上向我飘来，把它沉重的分量压在了我的心和眼睛上。我希望外祖母会来到我的跟前——甚至是外祖父都行。我不知道我的父亲是什么样的一个人，会让我的外祖父和舅舅们这么不喜欢他，可与此同时，又让外祖母和格雷戈里还有尼安亚·尤金妮娅则对他评价如此之高。我的母亲又在哪里？我越来越想她了，把她看成是外祖母给我讲述的所有童话和古老传说中的主角。她没有选择和家人在一起生活，这增加了我对她的敬意。我想象着她生活在一条大路边的客栈里，和那些拦路抢劫有钱人的强盗们在一起，然后和乞丐分享战利品。或者她和善良的强盗们生活在一片森林里——当然是在洞穴里——为他们打扫房间，看管着他们偷来的金子。再或者，她可能在世界各处流浪，数着世界上的金银财宝，而强盗的女头目安加雷柴娃和我们的圣母走在一起的时候，圣母好像是和强盗头目说话似的，对

母亲说道：

"Do not steal, O grasping slave, The gold and silver from every cave; Nor rob the earth of all its treasure For thy greedy body's pleasure."

“哦，贪婪的奴隶， 不要偷每个洞穴里的金银， 也不要为了满足肉体的欲望 而抢光世界上的所有财宝。”

To which my mother would answer in the words of the robber-chieftainess:

对此，我的母亲会用强盗女头目的话回答道：

"Pardon, Lady, Virgin Blest! To my sinful soul give rest; Not for myself the gold I take, I do it for my young son's sake."

“请原谅，圣母，上帝保佑！给我罪恶的灵魂一丝安慰吧， 我拿走的金子不是为我自己， 而是为了我的小儿子。”

And Our Lady, good-natured, like grandmother, would pardon her, and say:

我们的圣母和外祖母一样善良，然后就原谅了母亲，说道：

"Maroushka, Maroushka, of Tartar blood, For you, luckless one, 'neath the Cross I stood; Continue your journey and bear your load, And scatter your tears o'er the toilsome road.

“马罗什卡，马罗什卡，流着鞑靼人的血， 为你，不幸的人，我站在十字架的下面， 继续肩负着重担前进吧， 在痛苦的路上擦干眼泪。

But with Russian people please do not meddle; Waylay the Mongol in the woods Or rob the Kalmuck of his goods.”

请不要伤害俄罗斯人， 在树林里抢劫蒙古人， 或者卡尔穆克人的货物。”

Thinking of this story, I lived in it, as if it had been a dream. I was awakened by a trampling, a tumult, and howls from below—in the sheds and in the yard. I looked out of the window and saw grandfather, Uncle Jaakov, and a man employed by the tavern-keeper—the funny-looking bartender, Melyan—pushing Uncle Michael through the wicker-gate into the street. He hit out, but they struck him on the arms, the back, and the neck with their hands, and then kicked him. In the end he went flying headlong through the gate, and landed in the dusty road. The gate banged, the latch and the bolt rattled; all that remained of the fray was a much ill-used cap lying in the gateway, and all was quiet.

想着这样一个故事，就好像我生活在梦境之中。我被楼下的脚步声、吵闹声和嚎叫声吵醒。声音是从棚子里和院子里传来的。我从窗户

向外望去，看见外祖父、雅科夫舅舅和一个酒馆老板雇佣的人——一个样子滑稽可笑的酒保麦里扬——把米哈伊尔舅舅从木栅门推到了街上。米哈伊尔舅舅出了手，但是他们用手朝他的胳膊、后背和脖子一顿打，然后拿脚踢他。最后他径直奔向大门，来到了尘土飞扬的街上。大门砰的一声关上了，随后又传来上门闩的声音。打斗过后只剩下一顶破旧的帽子躺在门口。一切都归于平静。

After lying still for a time, my uncle dragged himself to his feet, all torn and dishevelled, and picking up one of the cobblestones, hurled it at the gate with such a resounding clangor as might have been caused by a blow on the bottom of a cask. Shadowy people crept out of the tavern, shouting, cursing, gesticulating violently; heads were thrust out of the windows of the houses round; the street was alive with people, laughing and talking loudly. It was all like a story which aroused one's curiosity, but was at the same time unpleasant and full of horrors. Suddenly the whole thing was obliterated; the voices died away, and every one disappeared from my sight.

米哈伊尔舅舅一动不动地躺了一会儿，然后挣扎着爬起来，他的衣服破了，样子狼狈不堪。他捡起一块石头砸向大门，发出的哐当声就像是什么东西打在了水桶底部。一群模糊的身影走出酒馆，狂怒地喊叫着、咒骂着、手舞足蹈着；周围房子的窗户里探出人们的脑袋；街道上人头攒动，他们在大声地说笑。所有这一切就像是一个故事一样唤起了我的好奇心，但是同时让人很不舒服，胆战心惊。突然所有的一切都看不见了，声音没有了，每一个人都从我的视线里消失了。

On a box by the door sat grandmother, doubled up, motionless, hardly breathing. I went and stood close to her and stroked her warm, soft, wet cheeks, but she did not seem to feel my touch, as she murmured over and over again hoarsely:

外祖母坐在靠门的一个箱子上，弯着腰，一动不动，也几乎没有呼吸。我走过去靠近她，抚摸着她温暖、柔软又湿润的面颊，但是她好像没有感觉到我在摸她，只是一遍又一遍地沙哑地说着：

"O God! Have You no compassion left for me and my children? Lord! have mercy—!”

“哦，上帝啊！你对我和我的孩子们毫无怜悯之情吗？上帝啊！仁慈点吧！”

It seems that grandfather had only lived in that house in Polevoi Street for a year—from one spring to another—yet during that time it had acquired an unpleasant notoriety. Almost every Sunday boys ran about our door, chanting gleefully:

好像外祖父在伯莱沃街的那幢房子里只生活了一年——从当年春天到第二年的春天——但是在这短短的一年时间里就招致了很不好的名声。几乎每个星期天，孩子们都会跑到我们的门口，愉快地唱着：

"There's another row going on at the Kashmirins!"

“卡什迷润家又打架了！”

Uncle Michael generally put in an appearance in the evening and held the house in a state of siege all night, putting its occupants into a frenzy of fear: sometimes he was accompanied by two or three assistants—repulsive-looking loafers of the lowest class. They used to make their way unseen from the causeway to the garden, and, once there, they indulged their drunken whims to the top of their bent, stripping the raspberry and currant bushes, and sometimes making a raid on the washhouse and breaking everything in it which could be broken—washing-stools, benches, kettles—smashing the stove, tearing up the flooring, and pulling down the framework of the door.

米哈伊尔舅舅通常在晚上出现，整晚地包围着我们的房子，搅得房里的人心神不宁。有时候他带着两三个帮手，他们都是长相令人厌恶的游手好闲之徒，处在社会的最底层。他们通常从堤道偷偷溜进花园，一旦到了那里，便尽情地耍着酒疯，拔掉树莓和酸栗，有时候还袭击水房，打碎里面所有能够打碎的东西——浴架、凳子、水壶——砸烂炉子，毁掉地板，捣毁门框。

Grandfather, grim and mute, stood at the window listening to the noise made by these destroyers of his property; while grandmother, whose form could not be descried in the darkness, ran about the yard, crying in a voice of entreaty:

外祖父脸色阴沉、沉默无声地站在窗边，听着他的财产破坏者弄出的噪音；而外祖母则在院子里跑来跑去，黑暗中无从判断出她的举止神态，只听到她哀求道：

"Mischka! what are you thinking of? Mischka!"

“米什卡！你想干什么？米什卡！”

For answer, a torrent of abuse in Russian, hideous as the ravings of a madman, was hurled at her from the garden by the brute, who was obviously ignorant of the meaning, and insensible to the effect of the words which he vomited forth.

她得到的回答是一连串俄语的咒骂，好像是疯子骇人的胡言乱语，从花园里向她怒吼。很显然，舅舅自己都不知道在说什么了，丝毫没有意识到他骂出来的话有什么影响。

I knew that I must not run after grandmother at such a time, and I was afraid to be alone, so I went down to grandfather's room; but directly he saw me, he cried:

我知道我不能在这个时候跟在外祖母的身后，但是我一个人又害怕，所以就跑到了外祖父的房间，但是他一看见我，就喊道：

"Get out! Curse you!"

“出去！该死的！”

I ran up to the garret and looked out on the yard and garden from the dormer-window, trying to keep grandmother in sight. I was afraid that they would kill her, and I screamed, and called out to her, but she did not come to me; only my drunken uncle, hearing my voice, abused my mother in furious and obscene language.

我跑到顶楼，透过天窗向外张望着院子和花园，想寻到外祖母的踪迹。我害怕他们会杀了她，于是我冲着她尖叫，但是她没有过来，反倒是醉醺醺的舅舅听到我的喊声后，用污秽的语言咒骂着我的母亲。

On one of these evenings grandfather was unwell, and as he uneasily moved his head, which was swathed in a towel, upon his pillow, he lamented shrilly:

这几天的一个晚上，外祖父身体不适，他头上裹着毛巾，躺在枕头上不安地摇动着脑袋，同时尖声地哀叹道：

"For this I have lived, and sinned, and heaped up riches! If it were not for the shame and disgrace of it, I would call in the police, and let them be taken before the Governor tomorrow. But look at the disgrace! What sort of parents are they who bring the law to bear on their children? Well, there's nothing for you to do but to lie still under it, old man!"

“我活了一辈子，也犯过罪，一点点地积累财富，到头来就是为这样！如果不是感到羞耻和耻辱，我明天就会叫来警察把他们带给地方长官。但是这太丢脸啦！如果用法律来对付自己的孩子，那我们成了什么样的父母了？哎，你什么都不能做，只能安静地躺在这里，老头子！”

He suddenly jumped out of bed, and went, staggeringly, to the window.

他突然从床上跳起来，蹒跚地走到窗前。

Grandmother caught his arm: "Where are you going?" she asked.

外祖母抓住他的胳膊问：“你去哪儿？”

"Light up!" he said, breathing hard.

“点灯！”他呼吸沉重地说道。

When grandmother had lit the candle, he took the candlestick from her, and holding it close to him, as a soldier would hold a gun, he shouted from the window in loud, mocking tones:

外祖母点燃了蜡烛，外祖父把蜡烛拿过去，靠近自己，好像是一个士兵在举着枪，然后他以嘲弄的语气从窗户向外大声喊道：

"Hi, Mischka! You burglar!You mangy, mad cur!"

“喂，米什卡！你这个强盗！你这个肮脏、发疯的杂种！”

Instantly the top pane of glass was shattered to atoms, and half a brick fell on the table beside grandmother.

窗户顶上的玻璃随即变得粉碎，半块砖头落在了外祖母旁边的桌子上。

"Why don't you aim straight?" shrieked grandfather hysterically.

“你为什么不瞄准点？”外祖父歇斯底里地尖叫起来。

Grandmother just took him in her arms, as she would have taken me, and carried him back to bed, saying over and over again in a tone of terror:

外祖母像抱我一样把外祖父抱在怀里，把他送回床上，用略带恐惧的声音一遍一遍地说道：

"What are you thinking of? What are you thinking of? May God forgive you! I can see that Siberia will be the end of this for him. But in his madness he can't realize what Siberia would mean."

“你想干什么？你想干什么？愿上帝原谅你！我知道他这样下去迟早会被流放到西伯利亚。但是他醉了，现在他意识不到西伯利亚意味着什么。”

Grandfather moved his legs angrily, and sobbing dryly, said in a choked voice:

外祖父生气地蹬着腿，哽咽着，气愤地说道：

"Let him kill me—!”

“让他杀了我吧！”

From outside came howls, and the sound of trampling feet, and a scraping at walls. I snatched the brick from the table and ran to the window with it, but grandmother seized me in time, and hurling it into a corner, hissed:

外面传来了嚎叫声和跺脚声，还有抓墙的声音。我从桌子上抓起砖头跑到窗户前，但是外祖母及时地抓住了我，把砖块扔到角落里，不满地说道：

"You little devil!"

“你这个小恶魔！”

Another time my uncle came armed with a thick stake, and broke into the vestibule of the house from the yard by breaking in the door as he stood on the top of the dark flight of steps. However, grandfather was waiting for him on the other side, stick in hand, with two of his tenants armed with clubs, and the tall wife of the innkeeper

holding a rolling-pin in readiness. Grandmother came softly behind them, murmuring in tones of earnest entreaty:

还有一次米哈伊尔舅舅扛着一个大树桩来了，他站在漆黑的台阶顶端，撞开了门，从院子里闯进前厅。然而外祖父在另一边等着他，手里拿着棍子，跟着两个提着棍棒的房客，还有准备了擀面杖的酒馆老板的高个子妻子。外祖母轻声地来到他们身后，极其恳切地恳求道：

"Let me go to him! Let me have one word with him!"

“让我去见他吧！让我和他说句话吧！”

Grandfather was standing with one foot thrust forward like the man with the spear in the picture called "The Bear Hunt". When grandmother ran to him, he said nothing, but pushed her away by a movement of his elbow and his foot. All four were standing in formidable readiness. Hanging on the wall above them was a lantern which cast an unflattering, spasmodic light on their countenances. I saw all this from the top staircase, and I was wishing all the time that I could fetch grandmother to be with me up there.

外祖父站在那里，一只脚向前伸着，好像是《猎熊图》里的那个手持长矛的人。当外祖母跑到他的跟前时，他什么也没说，只是用胳膊肘推开她，用脚拦住她。四个人都站在那里，严阵以待。在他们头顶上方，一盏灯笼挂在墙上，灯光直直地照在他们脸上，忽闪忽闪的我从楼梯最上面看到了这一切，我只是希望能把外祖母拽到上面和我呆在一起。

My uncle had carried out the operation of breaking in the door with vigor and success. It had slipped out of its place and was ready to spring out of the upper hinge—the lower one was already broken away and jangled discordantly.

米哈伊尔舅舅使劲地砸门，把门砸开了。门已经摇摇欲坠了，随时都可能从上面的合页上掉下来——下面的合页早已经坏掉了，发出刺耳的声音。

Grandfather spoke to his companions-in-arms in a voice which repeated the same jarring sound:

外祖父用刺耳的声音对全副武装的战友们反复地说着：

"Go for his arms and legs, but let his silly head alone, please."

“打他的胳膊和腿，但是别打他那愚蠢的脑袋。”

In the wall, at the side of the door, there was a little window, through which you could just put your head. Uncle had smashed the panes, and it looked, with the splinters sticking out all round it, like some one's black eye. To this window grandmother rushed, and putting her hand through into the yard, waved it warningly as she

cried:

门边的墙上有一个小窗户，刚刚好可以通过脑袋。舅舅已经把窗玻璃打碎了，窗户周围都是突起的碎片，看起来好像是人黑色的眼睛。外祖母冲到这扇窗户这边，把手穿过窗户伸到院子里，挥动着手警告舅舅，一边喊道：

"Mischka! For Christ's sake go away; they will tear you limb from limb. Do go away!"

“米什卡！看在上帝的份上，快走吧，他们会把你撕碎的，快走吧！”

He struck at her with the stake he was holding. A broad object could be seen distinctly to pass the window and fall upon her hand, and following on this grandmother herself fell; but even as she lay on her back she managed to call out:

舅舅拿手里的木桩向外祖母打来。可以清楚地看见一个宽宽的东西经过窗户，打在外祖母手上。接下来外祖母就倒在了地上，即使仰面躺在地上，她还是大声地喊道：

"Mischka! Mi—i—schka! Run!”

“米什卡！米——什——卡！快跑！”

"Mother, where are you?" bawled grandfather in a terrific voice.

“孩子妈，你在哪儿？”外祖父用可怕的声音高声喊道。

The door gave way, and framed in the black lintel stood my uncle; but a moment later he had been hurled, like a lump of mud off a spade, down the steps.

门终于被砸开了，舅舅站在黑色的门楣上。然而不一会儿，他就像是铁锹上掉落的一块泥一样从台阶上被扔了下去。

The wife of the innkeeper carried grandmother to grandfather's room, to which he soon followed her, asking morosely:

酒馆老板的妻子扶着外祖母来到外祖父的房间，不久他也跟过来，阴沉着脸问道：

"Any bones broken?"

“骨头断了吗？”

"Och! I should think every one of them was broken," replied grandmother, keeping her eyes closed.

“哎哟！我想每一根骨头都断了。”外祖母闭着眼睛回答道，

"What have you done with him? What have you done with him?"

“你们把他怎么啦？你们把他怎么啦？”

"Have some sense!" exclaimed grandfather sternly. "Do you think I am a wild beast? He is lying in the cellar bound hand and foot, and I've given him a good drenching with water. I admit it was a bad thing to do; but who caused the whole trouble?"

“清醒清醒吧！”外祖父严厉地说道，“你认为我是一只野兽吗？他正躺在地下室里呢，手脚绑着，我在他身上泼了水。我承认这样做不好，但是这些麻烦都是谁造成的呢？”

Grandmother groaned.

外祖母呻吟着。

"I have sent for the bone-setter. Try and bear it till he comes," said grandfather, sitting beside her on the bed. "They are ruining us, Mother—and in the shortest time possible.”

“我已经派人去找接骨的人了。他来之前，你先忍一下。”外祖父靠着她坐在床上，说道，“他们在折磨我们，孩子妈，用不了多久我们就会被他们折磨死的。”

"Give them what they ask for then."

“那么就把他们想要的给他们吧。”

"What about Varvara?"

“那瓦尔瓦拉怎么办？”

They discussed the matter for a long time—grandmother quietly and pitifully, and grandfather in loud and angry tones.

他们花了很长的时间讨论这件事。外祖母一直用平静、怜悯的口吻说着，而外祖父声音很大、很愤怒。

Then a little, humpbacked old woman came, with an enormous mouth, extending from ear to ear; her lower jaw trembled, her mouth hung open like the mouth of a fish, and a pointed nose peeped over her upper lip. Her eyes were not visible. She hardly moved her feet as her crutches scraped along the floor, and she carried in her hand a bundle which rattled.

这时，一个驼背的小个子老太太进来了。她的嘴巴出奇地大，几乎连着两个耳根，她的下巴颤抖着，嘴像一条鱼那样张着，尖尖的鼻子俯视着她的上唇。她的眼睛看不见东西。在拄着拐杖在地板上走动时，她的脚几乎不动，手里的包袱咯咯作响。

It seemed to me that she had brought death to grandmother, and darting at her I yelled with all my force:

在我看来，她好像是要外祖母的命。所以我冲向她，使尽全身的力量喊道：

"Go away!"

“走开！”

Grandfather seized me, not too gently, and, looking very cross, carried me to the attic.

外祖父一把抓住我，把我带到了阁楼上，看起来很恼火。

CHAPTER VII

第七章

I WAS not long in grasping the fact that there was one God for grandfather and another for grandmother. The frequency with which this difference was brought to my notice made it impossible to ignore it.

不久我就认识到,外祖父有一个上帝，而外祖母有另一个上帝,两个上帝不一样。这种差异经常引起我的注意，使我想忽略掉它都不可能。

Sometimes grandmother woke up in the morning and sat a long while on the bed combing her wonderful hair. Holding her head firmly, she would draw the comb with its jagged teeth through every thread of that black, silky mane, whispering the while, not to wake me:

有时候，外祖母早上醒来后，会在床上坐很久，梳理她美丽的头发。她擎着头，用掉了齿的梳子梳理着每一缕黑黑的、柔滑的、浓密的头发,为了不吵到我，她轻声念叨着：

"Bother you! The devil take you for sticking together like this!"

“该死的头发！怎么会这样缠在一起！”

When she had thus taken all the tangles out, she quickly wove it into a thick plait, washed in a hurry, with many angry tossings of her head, and without washing away the signs of irritation from her large face, which was creased by sleep, she placed herself before the icon and began her real morning ablutions, by which her whole being was instantly refreshed.

她把所有缠在一起的头发都梳理开后，便迅速地把它编成一条粗粗的辫子，然后匆匆忙忙地洗漱，同时还生气地摇晃着头；她宽大的脸庞上，怒容仍未被洗去，仍旧带着睡出来的皱纹；她来到圣像前，开始了早上真正的洗礼，洗礼过后，整个人立刻显得神清气爽。

She straightened her crooked back, and raising her head, gazed upon the round face of Our Lady of Kazan, and after crossing herself reverently, said in a loud, fierce whisper:

她挺直弯曲的后背，抬起头，盯着卡赞圣母的圆脸，虔诚地在胸前划着十字，声音坚定而低沉地说道：

"Most Glorious Virgin!

“无上光荣的圣母啊！

Take me under thy protection this day, dear Mother.”

今日请保佑我吧，亲爱的圣母。”

Having made a deep obeisance, she straightened her back with difficulty, and then went on whispering ardently, and with deep feeling:

深深地鞠了一躬之后，她费力地直起腰，继续充满深情地祷告：

"Source of our Joy! Stainless Beauty! Apple tree in bloom!"

“你是欢乐的源泉！是无暇的美人！是盛开的苹果树！”

Every morning she seemed to find fresh words of praise; and for that reason I used to listen to her prayers with strained attention.

每天早上，她似乎都会找到新的赞美词，因此，我总是聚精会神地听着她的祷告。

"Dear Heart, so pure, so heavenly! My Defense and my Refuge! Golden Sun! Mother of God! Guard me from temptation; grant that I may do no one harm, and may not be offended by what others do to me thoughtlessly."

“你的心灵如此纯洁，又如此神圣！你是我的保护神，我的避难所！金色的太阳！上帝的母亲！保佑我不受诱惑吧！保佑我不会伤害任何人，也不会受其他人欺负！”

With her dark eyes smiling, and a general air of rejuvenation about her, she crossed herself again, with that slow and ponderous movement of her hand.

外祖母黑色的眼睛露出笑意，她又散发出惯有的活力，她慢慢地、笨重地移动着手，又开始划着十字。

"Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on me, a sinner, for Thy Mother's sake!"

“耶稣基督，上帝之子，看在圣母的份上，可怜可怜我这个罪人吧！”

Her prayers were always non-liturgical, full of sincere praise, and very simple.

她的祈祷总是非礼仪性的，而是充满了简单、由衷的赞美。

She did not pray long in the mornings because she had to get the samovar ready, for grandfather kept no servants, and if the tea was not made to the moment, he used to give her a long and furious scolding.

早上的祈祷不是很长，因为她要把茶壶准备好。外祖父没有仆人，如果茶水没能及时准备好，他就会不停地、愤怒地责骂外祖母。

Sometimes he was up before her, and would come up to the attic.

Finding her at prayer, he would stand for some minutes listening to her, contemptuously curling his thin, dark lips, and when he was drinking his tea, he would growl:

有时候外祖父起床比外祖母早，他会来到我们的阁楼。看到外祖母在祈祷，他会站在那里听几分钟，轻蔑地撇着他的薄薄的黑色嘴唇；当他喝茶的时候，他会咆哮道：

"How often have I taught you how to say your prayers, blockhead. But you are always mumbling some nonsense, you heretic! I can't think why God puts up with you."

“我都教过你多少回该怎么祈祷，笨蛋。但你总是胡说八道，你这个异教徒！我真不知道，上帝是怎么忍受你的。”

"He understands," grandmother would reply confidently, "what we don't say to Him. He looks into everything."

“即使我们不说，上帝也明白。”外祖母自信地回应道，他洞悉一切事情。”

"You cursed dullard! U—u—ugh, you!" was all he said to this.

“你这个遭天谴的笨蛋！哎，你啊！”这就是外祖父的全部回应。

Her God was with her all day; she even spoke to the animals about Him. Evidently this God, with willing submission, made Himself subject to all creatures—to men, dogs, bees, and even the grass of the field; and He was impartially kind and accessible to every one on earth.

外祖母的上帝整天都伴随着她，她甚至和动物也谈论上帝。显然，她的这个上帝热心谦恭，愿意接近所有的生物——人、狗、蜜蜂，甚至是田地里的草；他公平善良，平易近人。

Once the petted cat belonging to the innkeeper's wife—an artful, pretty, coaxing creature, smoke-colored with golden eyes—caught a starling in the garden. Grandmother took away the nearly exhausted bird and punished the cat, crying:

有一次，酒馆老板妻子的宠物猫——一个狡猾、可爱、讨喜的小东西，浑身烟熏色，还有一双金黄色的眼睛——在花园里捉到了一直椋鸟。外祖母把奄奄一息的鸟夺过来，打了猫，喊道：

"Have you no fear of God, you spiteful wretch?"

“难道你不害怕上帝吗，你这个坏东西？”

The wife of the innkeeper and the porter laughed at these words, but she said to them angrily:

酒馆老板的妻子和守门人听了这些话之后都笑了，但是外祖母却生气地对他们说：

"Do you think that animals don't understand about God? All creatures understand about Him better than you do, you heartless things!"

“你认为动物就不知道上帝了吗？所有的生物都比你们更了解上帝，你们这些没有心肝的东西！”

When she harnessed Sharapa, who was growing fat and melancholy, she used to hold a conversation with him.

她给沙拉帕——它越来越肥，越来越沉闷——套马具的时候经常会和他说说话。

"Why do you look so miserable, toiler of God?

“你为什么看起来这么不快乐，上帝的勤奋者？

Why? You are getting old, my dear, that's what it is." And the horse would sigh and toss his head.

为什么？你越来越老了，亲爱的，就是这样。”于是马叹息一声，摇摇头。

And yet she did not utter the name of God as frequently as grandfather did. Her God was quite comprehensible to me, and I knew that I must not tell lies in His presence; I should be ashamed to do so. The thought of Him produced such an invincible feeling of shame, that I never lied to grandmother. It would be simply impossible to hide anything from this good God; in fact, I had not even a wish to do so.

但是她并不像外祖父一样如此频繁地提到上帝。她的上帝我很容易理解，我知道在上帝面前我不能撒谎，不然会感到很羞耻。一想到上帝我就会有一种强大的羞耻感，所以我从来不对外祖母撒谎。任何事情都不可能隐瞒这个善良的上帝，实际上，我连这样做的念头都没有。

One day the innkeeper's wife quarreled with grandfather and abused him, and also grandmother, who had taken no part in the quarrel; nevertheless she abused her bitterly, and even threw a carrot at her.

一天，酒馆老板的妻子和外祖父吵了起来，还骂了他，也骂了外祖母，虽然外祖母根本没有卷入争吵。她骂得很凶，还向外祖母扔胡萝卜。

"You are a fool, my good woman," said grandmother very quietly; but I felt the insult keenly, and resolved to be revenged on the spiteful creature.

“你是一个傻子，我善良的女人，”外祖母平静地说道，但是我强烈地感觉受到了侮辱，所以决心报复这个可恨的女人。

For a long time I could not make up my mind as to the best way to punish this sandy-haired, fat woman, with two chins and no eyes to speak of. From my own experience of feuds between people living together, I knew that they avenged themselves on one another by cutting off the tails of their enemy's cat, by chasing his dogs, by killing his cocks and hens, by creeping into his cellar in the night and pouring kerosene over the cabbages and cucumbers in the tubs, and letting the kvass run out of the barrels; but nothing of this kind appealed to me. I wanted something less crude, and more terrifying.

有很长一段时间，我都决定不了什么才是惩罚这个女人最好的方式，这个一头棕发、肥胖、双下巴的小眼睛女人。依据我自己的经验，生活在一起的有矛盾的人们为了彼此报复，会割掉对方养的猫的尾巴，追赶他们的狗，杀死他们的鸡，晚上爬进他们的地窖，往坛子里的白菜和黄瓜上洒上煤油，或者把克瓦斯酒从酒坛子里倒出来。但是我对这些都不感兴趣。我想做不那么粗鲁、但更吓人的事情。

At last I had an idea. I lay in wait for the innkeeper's wife, and as soon as she went down to the cellar, I shut the trap door on her, fastened it, danced a jig on it, threw the key on to the roof, and rushed into the kitchen where grandmother was busy cooking. At first she could not understand why I was in such an ecstasy of joy, but when she had grasped the cause, she slapped me—on that part of my anatomy provided for the purpose, dragged me out to the yard, and sent me up to the roof to find the key. I gave it to her with reluctance, astonished at her asking for it, and ran away to é corner of the yard, whence I could see how she set the captive free, and how they laughed together in a friendly way as they crossed the yard.

最后，我有了主意。我暗中等候酒馆老板的妻子，见她一下到地窖里，我就关上地板门，锁紧，还在上面乱跳了一通，然后我把钥匙扔到屋顶，跑到了厨房里。外祖母正在那里忙着做饭。开始的时候，她不知道我为什么这么兴奋，但是等她知道了原因之后，她打了我——在我的身体构造中专门用来挨打的身体部位，又把我拽到院子里，让我爬到屋顶去找钥匙。我很不情愿地把钥匙递给她，很诧异她的做法。我跑到院子的一个角落里，看着她如何把囚禁的人放了出来，又看着她们如何有说有笑，一起走过院子。

"I'll pay you for this!" threatened the innkeeper's wife, shaking her plump fist at me; but there was a good-natured smile on her eyeless face.

“我会报复你的！”酒馆老板的妻子向我挥动着她那肥胖的拳头威胁道，但是她那几乎看不到眼睛的脸上荡漾着善意的微笑。

Grandmother dragged me back to the kitchen by the collar. "Why did you do that?" she asked.

外祖母拽着我的衣领，把我拉回到厨房。“你为什么那样做？”她问道。

"Because she threw a carrot at you."

“因为她向你扔胡萝卜。”

"That means that you did it for me? Very well! This is what I will do for you—I will horsewhip you and put you amongst the mice under the oven. A nice sort of protector you are! Look at a bubble and it will burst directly. If I were to tell grandfather he would skin you. Go up to the attic and learn your lesson.”

“你的意思是，这都是为我做的？很好！这是我要为你做的——我要用马鞭打你，然后把你关在炉子下面的老鼠窝里。你是一个很好的保护者！你要是现在盯着一个气泡看，估计它会立刻破掉。如果我把这件事告诉你外祖父，他会剥了你的皮。到阁楼反省去吧。”

She would not speak to me for the rest of the day, but before she said her prayers that night she sat on the bed and uttered these memorable words in a very impressive tone:

那天她没有再和我说话。但是当天晚上做祷告之前，她坐在床上，语重心长地说了这些让我记忆犹新的话：

"Now, Lenka, my darling, you must keep yourself from meddling with the doings of grown-up persons. Grown-up people are given responsibilities and they have to answer for them to God; but it is not so with you yet; you live by a child's conscience. Wait till God takes possession of your heart, and shows you the work you are to do, and the way you are to take. Do you understand? It is no business of yours to decide who is to blame in any matter. God judges, and punishes; that is for Him, not for us."

“好啦，莱卡，我的宝贝，你不应该干涉大人的事情。大人都有责任，他们要为此向上帝负责；但是你不一样，你只是一个孩子，有着孩子的良心。等着，上帝会占据你的心灵，告诉你要做的事，和你要走的路。你明白吗？在任何事情中，谁对谁错都和你没有关系。上帝会裁判，会惩恶，那是他的事情，不是我们的事情。”

She was silent for a moment while she took a pinch of snuff; then, half-closing her right eye, she added:

她沉默了一会儿，吸了一下鼻烟，然后眯起右眼，又接着说道：

"Why, God Himself does not always know where the fault lies."

“哎，其实上帝自己也并不总是清楚错在谁。”

"Doesn't God know everything?" I asked in astonishment.

“上帝难道不是知道一切吗？”我惊讶地问道。

"If He knew everything, a lot of things that are done would not be done. It is as if He, the Father, looks and looks from Heaven at the earth, and sees how often we weep, how often we sob, and says: 'My people, my dear people, how sorry I am for you!'"

“如果他知道一切，很多发生的事情就不会发生了。就好像是他，我们的圣父，从天堂看着大地，看着我们哭泣、悲伤，说道：‘我的子民，我亲爱的人们，我多么为你们感到难过！’”

She was crying herself as she spoke; and drying her wet cheeks, she went into the corner to pray.

她说话的时候哭了，然后擦干湿漉漉的面颊，走到角落里祷告。

From that time her God became still closer and still more comprehensible to me.

从那时候起，她的上帝对我来说更近、更容易理解了。

Grandfather, in teaching me, also said that God was a Being—Omnipresent, Omniscient, All-seeing, the kind Helper of people in all their affairs; but he did not pray like grandmother. In the morning, before going to stand before the icon, he took a long time washing himself; then, when he was fully dressed, he carefully combed his sandy hair, brushed his beard, and looking at himself in the mirror, saw that his shirt sat well, and tucked his black cravat into his waistcoat—after which he advanced cautiously, almost stealthily, to the icon. He always stood on one particular board of the parquet floor, and with an expression in his eyes which made them look like the eyes of a horse, he stood in silence for a minute, with bowed head, and arms held straight down by his sides in soldier fashion; then, upright, and slender as a nail, he began impressively:

外祖父在教导我的时候，也总说上帝无所不在，无所不知，俯瞰着一切，善良地帮助人们解决所有事情。但是外祖父和外祖母祷告的方式不大一样。早上，在到神像那里之前，他要花很长的时间洗漱，等他全部穿戴完毕，就会认真地梳理他棕黄色的头发和胡子，在镜子里看看自己，以确保衬衫整齐，然后会把黑色的领带塞进马甲。把这一切做完之后，他才会小心翼翼、几乎是鬼鬼祟祟地走到神像前。他总是站在镶木地板上特定的一处，他的眼神使他的眼睛像马的眼睛。他静静地站立一分钟，低着头，双臂像士兵那样垂直地放在两侧。然后他挺起钉子般细长的身子，开始了令人难忘的祈祷：

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

“以圣父，圣子，以及圣灵的名义。”

After these words it always seemed to me that the room became extraordinarily quiet; the very flies seemed to buzz cautiously.

这些话说完之后，我总是觉得屋子里变得异常安静，就连苍蝇似乎都很小心地发出嗡嗡的声音。

There he stood, with his head thrown back, his eyebrows raised and bristling, his golden beard sticking out horizontally, and recited the prayers, in a firm tone, as if he were repeating a lesson, and with a voice which was very distinct and very imperious.

他站在那里，头后仰着，眉毛高挑、直立，金色的胡子水平地伸出。他用坚定的语气背诵着祷词，就好像在一遍一遍地读课文，声音非常清晰而专横。

"It will be useless when the Judge comes, and every action is laid bare—”

“审判到来的时候一切都没有用了，所有的行为都会暴露……”

Striking himself lightly on the breast, he prayed fervently:

他轻轻地拍打着胸脯，热诚地祷告着：

"To Thee alone can sinners come. Oh, turn Thy face away from my misdeeds."

“有罪的人只能向你走来。哦，饶恕我的罪行吧。”

He recited the "I believe", using the prescribed words only; and all the while his right leg quivered, as if it were noiselessly keeping time with his prayers, and his whole form, straining towards the icon, seemed to become taller, leaner, and drier—so clean he was, so neat, and so persistent in his demands.

他只用固定的那些词汇背诵着《信经》，他的右腿一直在发抖，好像是在无声地和祷词合着拍子。他整个身子倾向神像，看上去变得更高、更瘦、也更干瘪。他看上去如此干净，整洁，他的请求也显得如此坚持不懈。

"Heavenly Physician, heal my soul of its long-lived passions. To thee, Holy Virgin, I cry from my heart; to thee I offer myself with fervor.”

“来自上天的医师啊，请治愈我一直热情的灵魂吧。我从内心向你呼唤，圣洁的圣母，我热情地向你奉献我自己。”

And with his green eyes full of tears he wailed loudly:

他绿色的眼睛里都是泪水，大声地悲叹道：

"Impute to me, my God, faith instead of works, and be not mindful of deeds which can by no means justify me!"

“赐予我信心吧，我的上帝，不要给我压力，不要在意那些不能证明我的行为！”

Here he crossed himself frequently at intervals, tossing his head as if he were about to butt at something, and his voice became squeaky and cracked. Later, when I happened to enter a synagogue, I realized that grandfather prayed like a Jew.

此时，他频繁地划着十字，晃动着脑袋，好像要撞什么东西似的，而且声音也变得尖锐刺耳。后来，我碰巧进入了教堂的，才发现外祖父祷告时就像是一个犹太人。

By this time the samovar would have been snorting on the table for some minutes, and a hot smell of rye-cakes would be floating through the room. Grandmother, frowning, strolled about, with her eyes on the floor; the sun looked cheerfully in at the window from the garden, the dew glistened like pearls on the trees, the morning air was deliciously perfumed by the smell of dill, and currant-bushes, and ripening apples, but grandfather went on with his prayers—quavering and squeaking.

每到此时，茶壶都已在桌子上哧哧地响了几分钟，屋子里也弥漫着一种黑麦蛋糕的味道。外祖母皱着眉头，来回踱步，眼睛盯着地板；阳光欢快地从花园里透过窗户射进屋子，书上的露珠像珍珠一样闪耀着光芒，早上的空气里飘着莳萝香，还有那醋栗丛和熟苹果的清香。然而外祖父声音尖锐、颤抖地继续着他的祈祷。

"Extinguish in me the flame of passion, for I am in misery and accursed."

“消灭我内心热情的火焰吧，因为我很痛苦，也很不幸。”

I knew all the morning prayers by heart, and even in my dreams I could say what was to come next, and I followed with intense interest to hear if he made a mistake or missed out a word—which very seldom happened; but when it did, it aroused a feeling of malicious glee in me.

我熟记所有这些早上的晨祷词，甚至在我的梦里，我都会说出接下来的祷词。我饶有兴趣地听着，想知道外祖父会不会念错或者漏念，不过这很少发生。但确实发生的时候，我便有些幸灾乐祸起来。

When he had finished his prayers, grandfather used to say "Good morning!" to grandmother and me, and we returned his greeting and sat down to table. Then I used to say to him:

外祖父完成他的祷告后，总是跟外祖母和我说一声“早上好！”，然后我们回应一句，就在桌子旁坐下来。然后我会对他说：

"You left out a word this morning."

“今天早上你漏掉了一个词。”

"Not really?" grandfather would say with an uneasy air of

incredulity.

“不会吧？”外祖父怀疑又不安地问。

"Yes. You should have said, 'This, my Faith, reigns supreme,' but you did not say 'reigns'."

“是的。你本来应该说：‘我的上帝，统领了至高无上。’但你没有说‘统领’。”

"There now!" he would exclaim, much perturbed, and blinking guiltily.

“那样啊！”他十分不安地叫着，内疚地眨着眼睛。

Afterwards he would take a cruel revenge on me for pointing out his mistake to him; but for the moment, seeing how disturbed he was, I was able to enjoy my triumph.

之后他会因为我指出他的错误而严厉地报复我；但是此时此刻，看到他如此地不安，我可以庆祝我的胜利。

One day grandmother said to him jokingly:

一天外祖母开玩笑地对他说：

"God must get tired of listening to your prayers, Father. You do nothing but insist on the same things over and over again."

“上帝一定已经听烦了你的祷告啦，孩子爸。你总是一遍又一遍地说同样的话。”

"What's that?" he drawled in an ominous voice. "What are you nagging about now?"

“你说什么？”他拉长了语调，不详地问道。“你在唠叨什么？”

"I say that you do not offer God so much as one little word from your own heart, so far as I can hear."

“据我所知，你并没有向上帝说出一句心里话。”

He turned livid, and quivering with rage, jumped up on his chair and threw a dish at her head, yelping with a sound like that made by a saw on a piece of wood:

他脸色变得铁青，气得发抖，跳到椅子上，拿起一个盘子就朝外祖母的脑袋打来，咆哮声像是锯子锯木头的声音：

"Take that, you old hag!"

“接着，你这个老妖婆！”

When he spoke of the omnipotence of God, he always emphasized its cruelty above every other attribute. "Man sinned, and the Flood was sent; sinned again, and his towns were destroyed by fire; then

God punished people by famine and plague, and even now He is always holding a sword over the earth—a scourge for sinners. All who have wilfully broken the commandments of God will be punished by sorrow and ruin.” And he emphasized this by rapping his fingers on the table.

当他说起上帝的万能时，总是将上帝的残酷性置于其他性质之上。“人犯了罪，所以才有洪水；又犯了罪，所以大火毁掉了他的城镇；然后上帝用饥饿和瘟疫来惩罚人们，直到现在，他还总是在大地上方举着一把剑，惩罚有罪的人。所有故意违背上帝旨意的人都会受到痛苦和灭亡的惩罚。”外祖父用手指敲打着桌子来强调着。

It was hard for me to believe in the cruelty of God, and I suspected grandfather of having made it all up on purpose to inspire me with fear not of God but of himself; so I asked him frankly:

我很难相信上帝是残酷的，我怀疑是外祖父编造了这一切，目的是想让我害怕他而不是上帝。于是我坦率地问他：

"Are you saying all this to make me obey you?"

“你说这些是想让我听你的话吗？”

And he replied with equal frankness:

他以同样的坦率回答：

"Well, perhaps I am. Do you mean to disobey me again?"

“嗯，也许是吧。你打算又不听话了吗？”

"And how about what grandmother says?"

“那么外祖母说的话又怎么理解呢？”

"Don't you believe the old fool!" he admonished me sternly. "From her youth she has always been stupid, illiterate, and unreasonable. I shall tell her she must not dare to talk to you again on such an important matter. Tell me, now—how many companies of angels are there?”

“不要相信那个老笨蛋！”他严厉地警告我。“从年轻的时候起，她就一直很愚蠢，没有文化，也很荒唐。我必须告诉她，对于这样重要的事情，她不能再这样教你。现在，告诉我，天使有多少等级？”

I gave the required answer, and then I asked:

我给了他想要的答案，然后问道：

"Are they limited companies?"

“他们受限制的等级吗？”

"Oh, you scatterbrain!" he laughed, covering his eyes and biting his lips. "What have companies to do with God... they belong to life on

earth... they are founded to set the laws at naught."

“哦，你这个傻瓜！”他笑道，同时闭上眼睛，咬了一下嘴唇。“等级和上帝有什么关系，等级属于地球上的生命，它们是用来藐视法律的。”

"What are laws?"

“什么是法律？”

"Laws! Well, they are really derived from custom," the old man explained, with pleased alacrity; and his intelligent, piercing eyes sparkled.

“法律！它们其实来源于风俗。”这个老人爽快地解释道，他的眼睛闪烁着智慧、敏锐的光芒。

"People living together agree amongst themselves—'Such and such is our best course of action; we will make a custom of it—a rule'; finally it becomes a law. For example, before they begin a game, children will settle amongst themselves how it is to be played, and what rules are to be observed. Laws are made in the same way."

“生活在一起的人互相达成协议：比如‘这样这样是我们最好的行为方式，我们把它定为一种风俗，立成一项规矩。’这样，就产生了法律。比如说，在孩子们开始一项比赛之前，他们会自己规定怎么玩，要遵守什么规定。法律也是这样制定的。”

"And what have companies to do with laws?"

“等级和法律有什么关系？”

"Why, they are like an impudent fellow; they come along and make the laws of no account."

哦，等级就像是冒失鬼，它们来到这里，无视法律的存在。”

"But why?"

“但是为什么？”

"Ah! That you would not understand," he replied, knitting his brows heavily; but afterwards, as if in explanation, he said:

“啊！你不会明白的。”他紧锁眉头回答道。之后，他似乎像在做解释一样，说道：

"All the actions of men help to work out God's plans. Men desire one thing, but He wills something quite different. Human institutions are never lasting. The Lord blows on them, and they fall into dust and ashes."

“人们的一切行为都在实现上帝的计划。人们有所祈求，但是与上帝想要的东西完全不一样。人类的制度从来不是永恒不变的。上帝吹口气，它们便烟消云散。”

I had reason for being interested in "companies," so I went on inquisitively:

我对“等级”感兴趣是有理由的，于是我继续好奇地问道：

"But what does Uncle Jaakov mean when he sings: 'The Angels bright For God will fight, But Satan's slaves Are companies'?

“但是雅科夫舅舅在唱这首歌的时候是什么意思：“光明的天使啊，要同上帝做斗争，但是撒旦的奴隶啊，却有不同的等级”？

Grandfather raised his hand to his beard, thus hiding his mouth, and closed his eyes. His cheeks quivered, and I guessed that he was laughing inwardly.

外祖父抬起他的手摸着胡子，手挡住了嘴，然后又闭上眼睛。他的面颊颤抖，我猜想他在暗笑。

"Jaakov ought to have his feet tied together and be thrown into the water," he said. "There was no necessity for him to sing or for you to listen to that song. It is nothing but a silly joke which is current in Kalonga—a piece of schismatical, heretical nonsense.” And looking, as it were, through and beyond me, he murmured thoughtfully: "U—u—ugh, you!”

“应该把雅科夫双脚绑起来扔进河里，”他说道，“他没有必要唱歌，你也没有必要听那首歌。那只是一个愚蠢的笑话，在卡隆亚很流行，是分裂派、异教徒的胡言乱语。”就这样，他看着我，又越过我看着远方，若有所思地低声说：“啊——唷——，你啊！”

But though he had set God over mankind, as a Being to be very greatly feared, none the less did he, like grandmother, invoke Him in all his doings.

尽管他把上帝凌驾于人类之上，作为人人都极其害怕的存在，但是他依然像外祖母那样在所有的事情中都恳求上帝。

The only saints grandmother knew were Nikolai, Yowry, Frola, and Lavra, who were full of kindness and sympathy with human-nature, and went about in the villages and towns sharing the life of the people, and regulating all their concerns; but grandfather's saints were nearly all males, who cast down idols, or defied the Roman emperors, and were tortured, burned or flayed alive in consequence.

外祖母知道的圣人只有有尼古莱、尤里、弗罗尔和人拉夫尔，他们都心地善良，富有同情心，走遍乡村和城镇，与人们一起生活，就各种事情给人们指点；但是外祖父所的圣人几乎都是男性，他们拒绝偶像，藐视罗马帝国的皇帝，并因此相继遭到拷打、焚烧或者被活活地剥皮。

Sometimes grandfather would say musingly: "If only God would help me to sell that little house, even at a small profit, I would make a

public thanksgiving to St. Nicholas."

有时候，外祖父会若有所思地说：“如果上帝愿意帮助我卖掉那座小房子，既便只能赚一点点钱，我也会向圣徒尼古拉做一次公开的感恩。”

But grandmother would say to me, laughingly: "That's just like the old fool! Does he think St. Nicholas will trouble himself about selling a house? Hasn't our little Father Nicholas something better to do?"

但是外祖母会笑着对我说：“他就是一个老糊涂！他认为圣人尼古拉会自找麻烦，去买一幢房子吗？难道我们的尼古拉神父没有什么更好的事情可以做了吗？”

I kept by me for many years a church calendar which had belonged to grandfather, containing several inscriptions in his handwriting. Amongst others, opposite the day of Joachim and Anne, was written in red ink, and very upright characters:

很多年以来，我一直保留着外祖父的一本教堂日程表，里面有他用他的笔迹写的字。其中，在约阿基姆节和安娜节的反面，有用红墨水写的几个工整的字：

"My benefactors, who averted a calamity."

“我的恩人，改变了一场灾难。”

I remember that "calamity."

我记得那场“灾难”。

In his anxiety about the maintenance of his very unprofitable children, grandfather set up as a moneylender, and used to receive articles in pledge secretly. Some one laid an information against him, and one night the police came to search the premises. There was a great fuss, but it ended well, and grandfather prayed till sunrise the next morning, and before break-fast, and in my presence, wrote those words in the calendar.

因为担心两个不争气的儿子生活难以为继，外祖父开始放贷，并且秘密地收取抵押品。有人举报了他，所以一天晚上，警察来家里搜查。人们慌乱一团，但是结果还好。外祖父一直祈祷到第二天太阳升起，在早饭之前，当着我的面在日程表里写下了那几句话。

Before supper he used to read with me the Psalms, the breviary, or the heavy book of Ephraim Sirine; but as soon as he had supped he began to pray again, and his melancholy words of contrition resounded in the stillness of evening:

晚饭前，他总是和我一起读《圣诗》，读日经课，或者叶夫列姆·西林的大部头的著作；但是他刚一吃完饭，就又开始祈祷，他忏悔的声音很忧郁，在静悄悄的夜里回荡。

"What can I offer to Thee, or how can I atone to Thee, O generous God, O King of Kings!... Preserve us from all evil imaginations.... O Lord, protect me from certain persons!... My tears fall like rain, and the memory of my sins..."

“我能给你什么，我如何向你赎罪，我慷慨的上帝啊，哦，王中之王啊……保护我们远离一切邪恶的幻想吧……哦，主啊，保护我不受某些人的欺凌吧……我的眼泪好像是雨水，我罪恶的记忆……

But very often grandmother said:

但是外祖母却总是说：

"Oie, I am dog-tired! I shall go to bed without saying my prayers.”

“哎呀，累死我了！我要上床睡觉了，不做祷告了。”

Grandfather used to take me to church—to vespers on Saturday, and to High Mass on Sundays and festivals—but even in church I made a distinction as to which God was being addressed; whatever the priest or the deacon recited—that was to grandfather's God; but the choir always sang to grandmother's God. Of course I can only crudely express this childish distinction which I made between these two Gods, but I remember how it seemed to tear my heart with terrific violence, and how grandfather's God aroused in my mind a feeling of terror and unpleasantness. A Being Who loved no one, He followed all of us about with.

外祖父常带我去教堂——周六做晚课，周日和节日做大弥撒——但即使在教堂，我还是会区分是哪一个上帝在被呼唤；不论主教或是执事吟诵什么——那都是说给外祖父的上帝，但是唱诗班却总是唱给外祖母的上帝。当然我只能粗略而幼稚地说出这两个上帝的区别，但是我记得这是如何残暴地撕裂我的心，也记得外祖父的上帝是如何在我的心里引起恐惧和不安。外祖父的上帝不爱惜任何人，而且跟随着我们所有人。

His severe eyes, seeking and finding all that was ugly, evil, and sinful in us. Evidently He put no trust in man, He was always insisting on penance, and He loved to chastise.

他用严厉的眼神在我们的身上寻找所有丑陋、邪恶、罪恶的东西。很显然，他不相信人类，他总是坚持让人们忏悔，喜欢对人们进行惩罚。

In those days my thoughts and feelings about God were the chief nourishment of my soul and were the most beautiful ones of my existence. All other impressions which I received did nothing but disgust me by their cruelty and squalor, and awaken in me a sense of repugnance and ferocity. God was the best and brightest of all the beings who lived about me—grandmother's God, that Dear Friend of

all creation; and naturally I could not help being disturbed by the question—"How is it that grandfather cannot see the Good God?"

在那些日子里，我对上帝的思考和感觉是我的主要精神食粮，也是我生活中最美好的记忆。所有其他的记忆只会让我感到厌恶，因为它们残忍、肮脏，还唤起了我内心的的抵触和残忍。上帝是生活在我周围的最好的也是最光明的存在，但那是外祖母的上帝，那个所有生灵的好朋友；而慢慢地我被这样一个问题所困扰：“为什么外祖父不能看到这个善良的上帝？”

I was not allowed to run about the streets because it made me too excited. I became, as it were, intoxicated by the impressions which I received, and there was almost always a violent scene afterwards.

他们不允许我在街上乱跑，因为这会使我太兴奋。于是，我逐渐沉醉于我获得的记忆之中，但是之后，总会有一场可怕的暴力事件。

I had no comrades. The neighbors' children treated me as an enemy. I objected to their calling me "the Kashmirin boy", and seeing that they did it all the more, calling out to each other as soon as they saw me: "Look, here comes that brat, Kashmirin's grandson. Go for him!" then the fight would begin. I was strong for my age and active with my fists, and my enemies, knowing this, always fell upon me in a crowd; and as a rule the street vanquished me, and I returned home with a cut across my nose, gashed lips, and bruises all over my face—all in rags and smothered in dust.

我没有同伴。邻居家的孩子把我当成敌人。我反对他们叫我“卡什米润家的男孩”，他们知道后，反而叫得更厉害了，只要一看到我，就相互大声喊着：“看，那个臭小子，卡什米润人的外孙来了。揍他一顿！”然后一场战争就开始了。我比同龄人更强壮，拳头很有劲；我的敌人知道这些，所以他们总是一致行动；然而通常都是我战败，所以回家的时候，已是鼻子被划伤，嘴唇裂开，满脸的擦伤，衣服都被撕破，满身都是土。

"What now?" grandmother exclaimed as she met me, with a mixture of alarm and pity; "so you've been fighting again, you young rascal? What do you mean by it?"

“怎么啦？”外祖母看到我的时候尖叫道，既惊讶又怜悯，“你又打架了，你这个小淘气？你想干什么呀？”

She washed my face, and applied to my bruises copper coins or fomentations of lead, saying as she did so:

她给我洗脸，一边用铜币或者铅热敷我的伤口，一边说道：

"Now, what do you mean by all this fighting? You are as quiet as anything at home, but out of doors you are like I don't know what. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. I shall tell grandfather not to let

you go out."

“现在告诉我，你打架是为了什么？在家的时候这么乖，一到外面就这么疯。你应该对感到羞耻才对。我要告诉外祖父不让你出门了。”

Grandfather used to see my bruises, but he never scolded me; he only quackled, and roared:

外祖父总是看着我的伤，但是他从不责怪我，只是大声地嚷嚷：

"More decorations! While you are in my house, young warrior, don't you dare to run about the streets; do you hear me?"

“再挂点彩啊！小勇士，只要你还在我家，就不许你再到街上乱跑。听到了吗？”

I was never attracted, by the street if it was quiet, but as soon as I heard the merry buzz of the children, I ran out of the yard, forgetting all about grandfather's prohibition. Bruises and taunts did not hurt me, but the brutality of the street sports—a brutality only too well known to me, wearying and oppressive, reducing one to a state of frenzy—disturbed me tremendously. I could not contain myself when the children baited dogs and cocks, tortured cats, drove away the goats of the Jews, jeered at drunken vagabonds, and at happy "Igosha with death in his pocket".

我从来不会被安静的街道所吸引，但是只要一听到孩子们高兴的嘁嘁喳喳声，我便会跑出院子，把外祖父对我的警告一股脑地抛在脑后。伤口和嘲笑并不会使我受伤，但是街道上残忍的行为——这种残忍对我来说太熟悉不过了，让人感到疲倦和压抑，让人近乎疯狂——使我极度不安。当我看到孩子们在折磨狗或者鸡，摧残猫，赶走犹太人的山羊，嘲笑喝醉的流浪汉和快乐的“奄奄一息的伊戈沙”时，我便无法控制自己。

This was a tall, withered-looking, smoke-dried individual clad in a heavy sheepskin, with coarse hair on his fleshless, rusty face. He went about the streets, stooping, wavering strangely, and never speaking—gazing fixedly all the time at the ground. His iron-hued face, with its small, sad eyes, inspired me with an uneasy respect for him. Here was a man, I thought, preoccupied with a weighty matter; he was looking for something, and it was wrong to hinder him.

这个人个子很高，干瘪的好像是被烟熏过，身上裹着一件厚羊皮，蓬乱的头发散落在他消瘦的、铁锈色的脸上。他走在大街上，弯着腰，左右摇晃，看起来很奇怪；他从来不说话，眼睛总是盯着地面。他铁灰色的脸上张着一双小小的、悲伤的眼睛，使我对他产生一种不安的尊敬。我想，这个人一定在全神贯注地想一件很重要的事情，他在寻找什么东西，所以妨碍他是不对的。

The little boys used to run after him, slinging stones at his broad

back; and after going on for some time as if he did not notice them, and as if he were not even conscious of the pain of the blows, he would stand still, throw up his head, push back his ragged cap with a spasmodic movement of his hands, and look about him as if he had but just awoke.

那些小孩子总是跑在他身后，向他宽宽的后背上扔石头。他一直向前走，好像没有注意到他们，又好像根本没有意识到石头打在身上的疼痛一样。走了一段时间后，他便停下来，一动不动，然后扬起头，用手颤颤巍巍地推了推破旧的帽子，又看看周围，好像是刚刚醒来一样。

"Igosha with death in his pocket! Igosha, where are you going? Look out, Death in your pocket!" cried the boys.

“奄奄一息的伊戈沙！伊戈沙，你要去哪里？“小心，奄奄一息的人！”孩子们喊道。

He would thrust his hand in his pocket, then stooping quickly would pick up a stone or a lump of dry mud from the ground, and flourish his long arms as he muttered abuse, which was confined always to the same few filthy words. The boys' vocabulary was immeasurably richer than his in this respect. Sometimes he hobbled after them, but his long sheepskin hindered him in running, and he would fall on his knees, resting his black hands on the ground, and looking just like the withered branch of a tree; while the children aimed stones at his sides and back, and the biggest of them ventured to run quite close to him and, jumping about him, scattered handfuls of dust over his head.

他把手插进兜里，然后迅速地弯下腰从地上捡起一块石头或者一块干土块，一边挥动他的长臂，一边咕哝几句脏话，而每次脏话的内容都大同小异。孩子们在这一方面的词汇则要丰富的多。有时候，他踉跄地跟在孩子们的后面跑，但是他身上裹着的长长的羊皮会妨碍他，他会摔倒在地，两只黑乎乎的手放在地上，正像是一根干枯的树枝。孩子们拿着石头朝他的后背和两侧打来。他们中最大的孩子会冒险靠近他，在他周围乱蹦乱跳着，往他的脸上撒泥土。

But the most painful spectacle which I beheld in the streets was that of our late foreman, Gregory Ivanovitch, who had become quite blind, and now went about begging; looking so tall and handsome, and never speaking. A little gray-haired old woman held him by the arm, and halting under the windows, to which she never raised her eyes, she wailed in a squeaky voice:

但是在街上我看到的最令人痛苦的景象，是我们以前的工头格雷戈里·伊万诺维奇已经完全变瞎了，在街上乞讨。他看起来那么高大、英俊，但从来都不说话。一个瘦小的、头发灰白的老太太扶着他的胳膊，停留在窗户前。她从来都不抬头看，只是用尖尖的声音恸哭道：

"For Christ's sake, pity the poor blind!"

“看在耶稣的份上，可怜可怜这个瞎子吧！”

But Gregory Ivanovitch said never a word. His dark glasses looked straight into the walls of the houses, in at the windows, or into the faces of the passers-by; his broad beard gently brushed his stained hands; his lips were closely pressed together. I often saw him, but I never heard a sound proceed from that sealed mouth; and the thought of that silent old man weighed upon me torturingly. I could not go to him—I never went near him; on the contrary, as soon as I caught sight of him being led along, I used to run into the house and say to grandmother:

但是格雷戈里·伊万诺维奇从来都不说一句话。他黑色的眼镜直直地盯着房子的墙，或者窗户，或者看着路人的面孔；他宽宽的胡子轻轻地扫过他那沾满染料的双手，双唇紧闭着。我经常看到他，但是我从来没有听到他紧闭的双唇发出一个声音；一想到这个沉默的老人，我心情就十分沉重。我不能朝他走去，我从来没有走近过他；相反，只要一看到他正被人搀扶着走过来，我便总是跑进屋子对外祖母说：

"Gregory is out there."

“格雷戈里在外面。”

"Is he?" she would exclaim in an uneasy, pitying tone. "Well, run back and give him this."

“是吗？”她尖叫道，声音听起来很不安，也充满了同情。“那么，跑回去，把这个给他。”

But I would refuse curtly and angrily, and she would go to the gate herself and stand talking to him for a long time. He used to laugh, and pull his beard, but he said little, and that little in monosyllables. Sometimes grandmother brought him into the kitchen and gave him tea and something to eat, and every time she did so he inquired where I was. Grandmother called me, but I ran away and hid myself in the yard. I could not go to him. I was conscious of a feeling of intolerable shame in his presence, and I knew that grandmother was ashamed too. Only once we discussed Gregory between ourselves, and this was one day when, having led him to the gate, she came back through the yard, crying and hanging her head. I went to her and took her hand.

但是我总是唐突又生气地拒绝，然后她会自己走到门口，站在那里和他说上很长时间。他经常笑，拽着他的胡子，但是他几乎不说话，即使说话，也总是说单音节的词。有时候外祖母把他带进厨房，给他提供茶和食物。每一次她这么做的时候，他都会问我在哪里。外祖母叫我，但我跑掉了，把自己藏在院子里。我不能走近他。在他面前，我有一种

无法忍受的羞耻，我知道外祖母也一样感到耻辱。只有一次，我们谈论过格雷戈里。那天外祖母把他领到门口，然后，她穿过院子哭着回来了，头低低的。我向她走去，拉住她的手。

"Why do you run away from him?" she asked softly. "He is a good man, and very fond of you, you know."

“你为什么跑掉了？”她柔声问道，“他是一个好人，非常喜欢你，你知道的。”

"Why doesn't grandfather keep him?" I asked.

“为什么外祖父不留住他？”我问道。

"Grandfather?" she halted, and then uttered in a very low voice those prophetic words: "Remember what I say to you now—God will punish us grievously for this. He will punish us—”

“外祖父？”她犹豫了一下，然后低低地说了那些带有预言性的话：“记住我现在对你说的话：上帝会因此而严厉地惩罚我们的。他会惩罚我们的！”

And she was not wrong, for ten years later, when she had been laid to rest, grandfather was wandering through the streets of the town, himself a beggar, and out of his mind—pitifully whining under the windows:

她没有错。因为十年后，当她入土为安的时候，外祖父在镇上成为沿街乞讨的乞丐，还发了疯，在窗户下可怜地呜咽着：

"Kind cooks, give me a little piece of pie—just a little piece of pie. U—gh, you!”

“好心的厨师们，给我一小快馅饼吧，就一小块。哎，你们啊！”

Besides Igosha and Gregory Ivanovitch, I was greatly concerned about the Voronka—a woman of bad reputation, who was chased away from the streets. She used to appear on holidays—an enormous, dishevelled, tipsy creature, walking with a peculiar gait, as if without moving her feet or touching the earth—drifting along like a cloud, and bawling her ribald songs. People in the street hid themselves as soon as they saw her, running into gateways, or corners, or shops; she simply swept the street clean. Her face was almost blue, and blown out like a bladder; her large gray eyes were hideously and strangely wide open, and sometimes she groaned and cried:

除了伊戈沙和格雷戈里·伊万诺维奇之外，我最关心的是沃伦卡。她是一个名声很坏的女人，在大街上走总会遭人驱逐。她常在节日里出现。她个头很高，头发蓬乱，走路摇摇晃晃的，步态奇特，走路的时候好像根本不移动脚，也不接触地面，只是像云一样飘着，同时大声地唱着粗俗的歌曲。街上的人们一看到她就躲起来，或者跑进大门，或者跑

进角落或商店里，然后街上便空无一人了。她的脸几乎是蓝色的，像气球一样肿胀；灰色的大眼睛很丑陋、很奇怪地张得大大的。她有时候会大吼大叫：

"My little children, where are you?"

“我的孩子们，你们在哪儿？”

I asked grandmother who she was.

我问外祖母她是谁。

"There is no need for you to know," she answered; nevertheless she told me briefly:

“你没有必要知道，”她回答道。不过她还是简要地告诉了我：

"This woman had a husband—a civil-servant named Voronov, who wished to rise to a better position; so he sold his wife to his Chief, who took her away somewhere, and she did not come home for two years. When she returned, both her children—a boy and a girl—were dead, and her husband was in prison for gambling with Government money. She took to drink, in her grief, and now goes about creating disturbances. No holiday passes without her being taken up by the police.”

“这个女人有一个丈夫，他叫沃罗诺夫，是个公务员。他想升官，所以就把妻子卖给了他的长官。然后长官就把她带到了其他什么地方，她两年没有回家。当她回来的时候，她的两个孩子——一个男孩和一个女孩——都死了，而她的丈夫也因为用公款赌博被关进了监狱。她开始借酒浇愁，而现在四处制造麻烦。每一次过节时，她都会被警察带走。”

Yes, home was certainly better than the street. The best time was after dinner, when grandfather went to Uncle Jaakov's workshop, and grandmother sat by the window and told me interesting fairytales, and other stories, and spoke to me about my father.

是啊，家当然比街上好多了。最好的时光莫过于晚饭后。外祖父去了雅科夫舅舅的工厂，外祖母坐在窗户旁给我讲有趣的童话和其它的故事，也和我说我的父亲。

The starling, which she had rescued from the cat, had had his broken wings clipped, and grandmother had skilfully made a wooden leg to replace the one which had been devoured. Then she taught him to talk. Sometimes she would stand for a whole hour in front of the cage, which hung from the window-frame, and, looking like a huge, good-natured animal, would repeat in her hoarse voice to the bird, whose plumage was as black as coal:

外祖母从猫嘴里救出来的椋鸟那折断的翅膀已经剪掉了，她还精巧地用一根木头腿代替了椋鸟被咬掉的那条腿。外祖母开始教椋鸟说话。

有时候她会在挂在窗框上的鸟笼前站上整整一个小时，看起来像一个体型庞大、心地善良的动物，然后用嘶哑的声音对着翅膀漆黑如炭的椋鸟不断地说：

"Now, my pretty starling, ask for something to eat."

“好啦，美丽的椋鸟，要点吃的吧。”

The starling would fix his small, lively, humorous eye upon her, and tap his wooden leg on the thin bottom of the cage; then he would stretch out his neck and whistle like a goldfinch, or imitate the mocking note of the cuckoo. He would try to mew like a cat, and howl like a dog; but the gift of human speech was denied to him.

这只椋鸟会用它那小巧、活泼又诙谐的眼睛盯着外祖母，用木头腿敲打着薄薄的笼子底，然后伸出脖子，像金丝雀那样打着口哨，或者模仿布谷鸟嘲弄的声调。它还会像猫那样喵喵地叫，或者像狗一样汪汪地叫，但是人类说话的声音它却无法模仿。

"No nonsense now!" grandmother would say quite seriously. "Say 'Give the starling something to eat.'"

“好啦，不许捣蛋了！”外祖母相当严肃地说道，“说‘给椋鸟一点吃的。’”

The little black-feathered monkey having uttered a sound which might have been "babushka" (grandmother), the old woman would smile joyfully and feed him from her hand, as she said:

这只黑毛的小椋鸟发出了一个好像是‘巴布什卡’（外祖母）的声音。于是外祖母便高兴地笑了，一边从她的手里给它喂食，一边说道：

"I know you, you rogue! You are a make-believe. There is nothing you can't do—you are clever enough for anything.”

“我知道，你这个小鬼！你是假装的。没有什么你做不成的。什么都难不倒你。”

And she certainly did succeed in teaching the starling; and before long he could ask for what he wanted clearly enough, and, prompted by grandmother, could drawl:

她确实成功地教会了这只椋鸟说话。不久它就会清楚地要它想要的东西，如果受到外祖母的提示，它还会叫道：

"Go—oo—ood mo—o—orning, my good woman!”

“早——上——好，我的好人！”

At first his cage used to hang in grandfather's room, but he was soon turned out and put up in the attic, because he learned to mock grandfather. He used to put his yellow, waxen bill through the bars of the cage while grandfather was saying his prayers loudly and clearly,

and pipe:

开始的时候，它的笼子挂在外祖父的房里，但是不久它就被拿出来放在了阁楼里，因为它学会了嘲笑外祖父。在外祖父大声清晰地做祷告的时候，它总是把它那黄色似蜡的喙放到笼外，尖声叫道：

"Thou! Thou! Thee! The—ee! Thou!”

“你！你！你！你——你！”

Grandfather chose to take offense at this, and once he broke off his prayers and stamped his feet, crying furiously:

外祖父因此而生气，还有一次他中断了祷告，跳起来，愤怒地喊道：

"Take that devil away, or I will kill him!" Much that was interesting and amusing went on in this house; but at times I was oppressed by an inexpressible sadness. My whole being seemed to be consumed by it; and for a long time I lived as in a dark pit, deprived of sight, hearing, feeling—blind and half-dead.

“把这该死的东西拿走，否则我杀死它！”这样的趣事在这个家里不断地发生着，但我却时常被一种无法言说的悲伤压抑着。我整个人似乎因此而被耗费殆尽；很久以来我感觉一直都生活在深渊里，看不见光，听不到声音，也没有感觉，像是瞎了、聋了一样。

CHAPTER VIII

第八章

GRANDFATHER unexpectedly sold the house over the tavern and bought another in Kanatoroi Street—a ramshackle house overgrown with grass, but clean and quiet; and it seemed to rise up out of the fields, being the last of a row of little houses painted in various colors.

外祖父出人意料地把酒馆楼上的房子卖了，然后在缆索街另买了一座；这座房子很破旧，爬满杂草，不过倒干净而且安静；作为一排五颜六色的小房子当中的最后一座，它像是从田地里长出来的一样。

The new house was trim and charming; its facade was painted in a warm but not gaudy shade of dark raspberry, against which the sky-blue shutters of the three lower windows and the solitary square of the shutter belonging to the attic window appeared very bright. The left side of the roof was picturesquely hidden by thick green elms and lime trees. Both in the yard and in the garden there were many winding paths, so convenient that they seemed to have been placed there on purpose for hide-and-seek.

新房子整洁而可爱，正面涂成了温暖但不俗丽的深红色，下排三扇窗户上天蓝色的百叶窗和阁楼上正方形的百叶窗在深红色的映衬下显得十分耀眼。左侧的屋顶如画般地掩映在榆树和菩提树浓密的绿荫里。院子和花园里有许多蜿蜒的小径，十分便利，像是专门用来玩捉迷藏似的。

The garden was particularly good; though not large, it was wooded and pleasantly intricate. In one corner stood a small washhouse, just like a toy building; and in the other was a fair-sized pit, grown over with high grass, from which protruded the thick chimney-stack which was all that remained of the heating apparatus of an earlier washhouse. On the left the garden was bounded by the wall of Colonel Ovsyanikov's stables, and on the right by Betlenga House; the end abutted on the farm belonging to the dairy-woman Petrovna—a stout, red, noisy female, who reminded me of a bell. Her little house, built in a hollow, was dark and dilapidated, and well covered with moss; its two windows looked out with a benevolent expression upon the field, the deep ravine, and the forest, which apppeared like a heavy blue cloud in the distance. Soldiers moved or ran about the fields all day long, and their bayonets flashed like white lightning in the slanting rays of the autumn sun.

花园特别棒，虽然不大，但草木茂盛，错落有致。花园的一角有一座玩具房似的洗衣房，另一角有一个相当深的大坑，长满了蒿草，从里

面伸出一根高高的烟囱，这是原来的洗衣房里的供暖装置仅存的部分。花园左边是奥夫相尼科夫上校家马厩的围墙，右边是贝特连家的房子；花园尽头连着卖牛奶的彼得罗芙娜的农田，这个女人脸红红的，又矮又胖，整天吵吵嚷嚷，像打钟似的。她的小屋建在一处洼地，阴暗而且破旧，表面覆盖着厚厚的苔藓；小屋的两扇窗户像一对和善的眼睛一样眺望着田野；田野上到处是深深的沟壑，远方的森林像一片浓密的、蓝色的云。田野里整天有士兵在走动奔跑，他们的刺刀在秋日斜照的阳光下闪着白光。

The house was filled with people who seemed to me very wonderful. On the first floor lived a soldier from Tartary with his little, buxom wife, who shouted from morn till night, and laughed, and played on a richly ornamented guitar, and sang in a high flute-like voice. This was the song she sang most often:

整所宅院住满了房客，他们对我来说都很奇妙。一层住着一个鞑靼军人和他的老婆。他的老婆个头很小，体态丰满，从早到晚吵吵嚷嚷，嘻嘻哈哈的，弹着一把装饰精美的吉他，用笛子般的高音唱着歌。她最常唱这首歌：

"There's one you love, but her love you will miss, Seek on! Another you must find. And you will find her—for reward a kiss—Seven times as beautiful and kind. Oh, what a glo—or—i—ous reward!”

“你爱着一个人，但却错过她的爱， 继续寻找吧！ 你要找到另个人。 你将会找到她——得到一吻—— 比之前的漂亮七倍，善良七倍。哦，多么美好的回报！”

The soldier, round as a ball, sat at the window and puffed out his blue face, and roguishly turned his reddish eyes from side to side, as he smoked his everlasting pipe, and occasionally coughed, and giggled with a strange, doglike sound: "Vookh! Voo—kh!”

那个军人也胖得像个球，他坐在窗边，鼓着发青的脸，略带红血丝的眼睛调皮地转来转去。他不停地抽着烟斗，偶尔咳嗽两下，然后便咯咯地笑起来。他的笑声很奇怪，像狗叫：“呜汪！呜汪汪！”

In the comfortable room which had been built over the cellar and the stables, lodged two draymen—little, gray-haired Uncle Peter and his dumb nephew Stepa—a smooth, easygoing fellow, whose face reminded me of a copper tray—and a long-limbed, gloomy Tartar, Valei, who was an officer's servant. All these people were to me a complete novelty—magnificent "unknowns." But the one who attracted my attention and held it in a special degree, was the boarder, nicknamed "Good-business.” He rented a room at the back of the house, next to the kitchen—a long room with two windows, one looking on the garden, the other on the yard. He was a lean, stooping

man with a white face and a black beard, cleft in two, with kind eyes over which he wore spectacles. He was silent and unobtrusive, and when he was called to dinner or tea, his invariable reply was "Good-business!" so grandmother began to call him that both to his face and behind his back. It was: "Lenka! Call 'Good-business' to tea," or " 'Good-business,' you are eating nothing!"

地窖和马厩上面搭着一间舒适的小屋，里面住着两个运货马车车夫——小个子灰白头发的彼得大叔和他的哑巴侄子斯捷帕。斯捷帕为人平和，很好相处，面如红铜色的托盘。另外还有一个长得瘦高、闷闷不乐的鞑靼人瓦利伊，他是一名勤务兵。所有这些人对我来说都是完全新奇的，他们是完全的陌生人。不过，吸引我注意力、让我印象深刻的是一个绰号叫做“好事情”的包伙食房客。他在后宅厨房隔壁租了一间屋子；屋子狭长，两扇窗户分别朝向花园和院子。他很瘦，还驼背，一张苍白的脸上长着两绺黑色的胡子，一双目光和善的眼睛上架着一副眼镜。他沉默寡言，不惹人注意，每当有人叫他吃饭或喝茶，他总是一成不变地回答：“好事情！”于是外祖母就这样称呼起他来，不管是在当面还是背后。“莱卡！去叫‘好事情’来喝茶！‘好事情’，你什么都没吃啊！”

His room was blocked up and encumbered with all sorts of cases and thick books, which looked strange to me, in Russian characters. Here were also bottles containing liquids of different colors, lumps of copper and iron, and bars of lead; and from morning till night, dressed in a reddish leather jacket, with gray check trousers all smeared with different kinds of paint, and smelling abominable, and looking both untidy and uncomfortable, he melted lead, soldered some kind of brass articles, weighed things in small scales, roared out when he burned his fingers, and then patiently blew on them. Or he would stumblingly approach a plan on the wall, and polishing his glasses, sniff at it, almost touching the paper with his straight, curiously pallid nose; or he would suddenly stand still for a long time in the middle of the room, or at the window, with his eyes closed, and his head raised —as if he were in a state of immobile stupefaction.

他的房间里堆满了各种各样的箱子和厚厚的俄文书，看起来怪怪的。屋里还有盛有不同颜色液体的瓶子、铜片、铁块和铅条。从早到晚，他老是穿着棕红色皮上衣和灰色方格裤子，浑身沾满了各种涂料，闻起来很糟糕。他蓬头垢面，样子看起来令人很不舒服。他总是在那里溶化铅条，焊接铜器，在小天平上称量东西，烧痛了手指时低吼几声，然后耐心地朝手指吹气。他或者踉踉跄跄地走到挂在墙上的图纸跟前，擦擦眼镜，闻闻图纸，他那细直的、白得出奇的鼻子几乎要碰到图纸；有时他突然在房子中间或窗户边停下来，长时间伫立不动，闭着眼，抬着头，好像处在昏迷状态一样。

I used to climb on the roof of the shed, whence I could look across the yard; and in at the open window I could see the blue light of the spirit-lamp on the table, and his dark figure as he wrote

something in a tattered notebook, with his spectacles gleaming with a bluish light, like ice. The wizard-like employment of this man often kept me on the roof for hours together, with my curiosity excited to a tormenting pitch. Sometimes he stood at the window, as if he were framed in it, with his hands behind him, looking straight at the roof; but apparently he did not see me, a fact which gave me great offense. Suddenly he would start back to the table, and bending double, would begin to rummage about.

我经常爬到板棚顶上，在那里我的视线可以穿过院子，透过敞开的窗户看到桌子上的酒精灯放出的蓝色光亮，以及“好事情”在一本破旧的笔记本上写东西时的黑色身影；他的眼睛闪着蓝色的光，像冰一样。他的巫术一般的工作经常使我一连几个小时待在棚顶上，好奇心被令人难以忍受地刺激到了顶点。有时他背着双手站在窗边，直楞楞地望着板棚顶，像是被镶在窗户里似的。但很显然，他并没有看到我，这令我很是生气。突然，他又蹿回桌子前，俯下身子，开始搜寻什么东西。

I think that if he had been rich and better dressed I should have been afraid of him; but he was poor—a dirty shirt collar could be seen above the collar of his coat, his trousers were soiled and patched, and the slippers on his bare feet were down-trodden—and the poor are neither formidable nor dangerous. I had unconsciously learned this from grandmother's pitiful respect, and grandfather's contempt for them.

我想，如果他有钱，穿得更好些，我会怕他。但是他很穷：肮脏的衬衫领子露在上衣领子外面，裤子上全是污渍和补丁，赤脚上的一双拖鞋很破旧。穷人既不可怕，也不危险。这一点是我不知不觉在外祖母对穷人的可怜和尊重以及外祖父对他们的轻蔑中理解到的。

Nobody in the house liked "Good-business.” They all made fun of him. The soldier's lively wife nicknamed him "Chalk-nose," Uncle Peter used to call him "The Apothecary" or "The Wizard," and grandfather described him as "The Black Magician" or "That Freemason."

房子里的人谁也不喜欢“好事情”。大家都取笑他。那个活泼的军人妻子管他叫“白灰鼻子”，彼得大叔常叫他“药剂师”或“巫师”，外祖父叫他“黑暗的魔术师”或“那个共济会的”。

"What does he do?" I asked grandmother.

“他是做什么的？”我问外祖母。

"That is no business of yours. Hold your tongue!"

“不关你的事。别多嘴，听见了吗？”

But one day I plucked up courage to go to his window, and concealing my nervousness with difficulty, I asked him, "What are you doing?"

但是有一天，我鼓足勇气走到“好事情”的窗前，强忍住内心的紧张，问道：“你究竟是做什么的？”

He started, and looked at me for a long time over the top of his glasses; then stretching out his hand, which was covered with scars caused by burns, he said:

他一惊，从眼镜上方打量了我好半天，然后向我伸出了满是烧伤的疤痕的手，说：

"Climb up!"

“爬进来吧！”

His proposal that I should enter by the window instead of the door raised him still higher in my estimation. He sat on a case, and stood me in front of him; then he moved away and came back again quite close to me, and asked in a low voice:

他让我从窗户而不是从门进屋，让我更觉得他了不起。他坐到一个箱子上，让我站到他面前。然后他先是移得离我更远，随后又移回来，跟我靠得很近，低声问道：

"And where do you come from?"

“你从哪儿来的？”

This was curious, considering that I sat close to him at table in the kitchen four times a day.

这太奇怪了，因为每天四次在厨房里吃饭，我都是离他很近的。

"I am the landlord's grandson," I replied.

我回答道：“我是房东的外孙。”

"Ah—yes," he said, looking at his fingers.

“哦，对了。”他瞧着自己的手指说道。

He said no more, so I thought it necessary to explain to him:

接着他就不吭声了，所以我认为得向他解释一下：

"I am not a Kashmirin—my name is Pyeshkov.” "Pyeshkov?" he repeated incredulously. "Good-business!”

“我不姓卡什米润，我姓彼什科夫。”“彼什科夫？”他不相信地重复了一遍，“好事情！”

Moving me on one side, he rose, and went to the table, saying: "Sit still now."

他把我推到一边，站起来向桌子走去，对我说：“乖乖地坐在那儿。”

I sat for a long, long time watching him as he scraped a filed piece of copper, put it through a press, from under which the filings fell, like golden groats, on to a piece of cardboard. These he gathered up in the palm of his hand and shook them into a bulging vessel, to which he added white dust, like salt, which he took from a small bowl, and some fluid out of a dark bottle. The mixture in the vessel immediately began to hiss and to smoke, and a biting smell rose to my nostrils which caused me to cough violently.

我坐了很长时间，看他打磨一张锉平了的铜片，然后把它放进压床，之后，金黄色的锉屑便从压床掉落到一张硬纸板上。他把铜屑撮成一把，撒进一个鼓鼓的容器里，再从小罐子里加入一点食盐似的白色粉末，又从黑瓶子里倒了一点液体进去。于是容器里的混合物立即发出嗞嗞声并开始冒烟，一股呛人的气味扑鼻而来，呛得我使劲咳嗽起来。

"Ah!" said the wizard in a boastful tone. "That smells nasty, doesn't it?" "Yes!"

“瞧！”这位巫师夸耀似的问道，“味道很难闻，对吧？”“难闻！”

"That's right! That shows that it has turned out well, my boy."

“这就对了！小家伙，这就说明一切顺利。”

"What is there to boast about?" I said to myself; and aloud I remarked severely:

“有什么好炫耀的！”我心里想，于是严厉地大声说：

"If it is nasty it can't have turned out well."

“既然难闻，那就是不好。”

"Really!" he exclaimed, with a wink. "That does not always follow, my boy. However—Do you play knuckle-bones?”

“是吗？”他眨巴着眼睛大声问道，“那可不一定，小家伙。哎，你玩羊拐游戏吗？”

"You mean dibs?"

“你是说打羊拐子游戏吧？”

"That's it."

“对，打羊拐子游戏。”

"Yes."

“玩。”

"Would you like me to make you a thrower?"

“你想不想让我给你做个打得准的灌铅羊拐？”

"Very well, let me have the dibs then."

“好啊，那你就做一个羊拐子来吧。”

He came over to me again, holding the steaming vessel in his hand; and peeping into it with one eye, he said:

他又向我走来，手中拿着冒烟的容器，一只眼睛望着容器里，对我说：

"I'll make you a thrower, and you promise not to come near me again—is that agreed?” I was terribly hurt at this.

“我可以给你做灌铅羊拐，但你要答应我别再来我这儿了，好不好？”这可把我气坏了。

"I will never come near you again, never!" And I indignantly left him and went out to the garden, where grandfather was bustling about, spreading manure round the roots of the apple trees, for it was autumn and the leaves had fallen long ago.

“我再也不来了，永远不来了！”我气呼呼地走了，来到花园里，外祖父正在那里忙着给苹果树施肥。因为已经是秋天了，树叶早已经掉光了。

"Here! you go and clip the raspberry bushes," said grandfather, giving me the scissors.

“过来！去修剪一下树莓树。”说着，外祖父把剪刀递给我。

"What work is it that 'Good-business' does?" I asked.

“‘好事情’在做什么啊？”我问道。

"Work—why, he is damaging his room, that's all. The floor is burned, and the hangings soiled and torn. I shall tell him he'd better shift."

“做什么？得了吧，他在破坏房子呢，就这样。地板烧坏了，门帘被弄脏了、撕破了。我得跟他说，叫他最好给我搬走。”

"That's the best thing he can do," I said, beginning to clip the dried twigs from the raspberry bushes.

“他搬走最好不过了。”我说着，便开始修剪树莓树的枯枝。

But I was too hasty.

但我太过轻率了。

On wet evenings, whenever grandfather went out, grandmother used to contrive to give an interesting little party in the kitchen, and invited all the occupants of the house to tea. The draymen, the officer's servant, the robust Petrovna often came, sometimes even the merry little lodger, but always "Good-business" was to be found in his corner by the stove, motionless and mute. Dumb Stepa used to play

cards with the Tartar. Valei would bang the cards on the deaf man's broad nose and yell:

在秋雨绵绵的夜晚，只要是外祖父不在家，外祖母就会在厨房搞一个有趣的小聚会，邀请所有的房客过来喝茶。通常马车夫、勤务兵还有精力充沛的彼得罗芙娜都会来，有时那个快活的军人老婆也来。“好事情”总是呆在炉子边的角落里，一动不动，一声不吭。哑巴斯捷帕常和鞑靼军人玩纸牌。瓦利伊用牌拍打着那个聋子的大鼻子说：

"Your deal!"

“该你了！”

Uncle Peter brought an enormous chunk of white bread, and some jam in large, tall pots; he cut the bread in slices, which he generously spread with jam, and distributed the delicious raspberry-strewn slices to all, presenting them on the palm of his hand and bowing low.

彼得大叔带来一大块白面包和大罐的果酱；他把面包切成片，抹上厚厚的果酱，他用手掌托着这些涂着美味的树莓酱的面包片，深深地鞠着躬，分送给大家。

"Do me the favor of eating this," he would beg courteously; and after any one had accepted a slice, he would look carefully at his dark hand, and if he noticed any drops of jam on it, he would lick them off. Petrovna brought some cherry liqueur in a bottle, the merry lady provided nuts and sweets, and so the feast would begin, greatly to the content of the dear, fat grandmother.

“请赏光尝尝吧。”他彬彬有礼地请求道。当别人从他手里把面包片拿走后，他仔细地看着自己黑黑的手掌，如果发现上面有滴下的果酱，就用舌头把它舔干净。彼得罗芙娜带来一瓶樱桃甜酒，那个快活的女人带来了坚果和糖果，于是，晚宴开始了，极其符合我那胖胖的、亲爱的外祖母的心意。

Very soon after "Good-business" had tried to bribe me not to go and see him any more, grandmother gave one of her evenings.

就在那次“好事情”向我“行贿”叫我不要再去找他以后不久，外祖母就搞了一次这样的晚会。

A light autumn rain was falling; the wind howled, the trees rustled and scraped the walls with their branches; but in the kitchen it was warm and cozy as we all sat close together, conscious of a tranquil feeling of kindness towards one another, while grandmother, unusually generous, told us story after story, each one better than the other. She sat on the ledge of the stove, resting her feet on the lower ledge, bending towards her audience with the light of a little tin lamp thrown upon her. Always when she was in a mood for story-telling she

took up this position.

秋雨淅淅沥沥地下个不停，风呜呜地吹，树枝被风吹得沙沙作响，刷刷地刮着墙壁；然而，厨房里又温暖又舒适，大家紧挨着坐在一起，人人都显得安静友善；外祖母很少这样慷慨，她一个接着一个地讲着童话故事，一个比一个精彩。她坐在炉炕沿上，双脚蹬着炉阶，身子倾向她的听众；小锡灯的亮光照耀着她。每当外祖母讲到兴头上，她就要爬到炉炕上。

"I must be looking down on you," she would explain. "I can always talk better that way."

她会解释说："我一定要在高处讲，这样我能讲得更好些。"

I placed myself at her feet on the broad ledge, almost on a level with the head of "Good-business," and grandmother told us the fine story of Ivan the Warrior, and Miron the Hermit, in a smooth stream of pithy, well-chosen words.

我坐在外祖母脚边宽宽的炉阶上，几乎是在"好事情"的头顶上。外祖母用流畅、简洁、精炼的语言为我们讲了有趣的伊凡勇士和米龙隐士的故事。

"Once lived a wicked captain—Gordion, His soul was black, his conscience was of stone; He hated truth, victims he did not lack, Fast kept in chains, or stretched upon the rack, And, like an owl, in hollow tree concealed, So lived this man, in evil unrevealed. But there was none who roused his hate and fear Like Hermit Miron, to the people dear. Mild and benign, but fierce to fight for truth, His death was planned without remorse or ruth. The captain calls—most trusted of his band—Ivan the Warrior, by whose practiced hand The Monk, unarmed and guileless, must be slain. 'Ivan!' he said, 'too long that scheming brain Of Hermit Miron has defied my power. This proud Monk merits death, and now the hour Has struck when he must say farewell to earth. A curse he has been to it, from his birth. Go, seize him by his venerable beard, And to me bring the head which cowards have feared. My dogs with joy shall greedily devour The head of him who thirsted after power.' Ivan, obedient, went upon his way; But to himself he bitterly did say: 'It is not I who do this wicked deed; I go because my master I must heed.' His sharp word he hid lest it should betray The evil designs in his mind that day. The Monk he salutes with dissembling voice: 'To see you in health I greatly rejoice!

"从前有个邪恶的督军高尔将， 他灵魂肮脏，铁石心肠， 他仇恨真理，残害百姓， 他们被紧紧地拴上铁链，或架上拷问台，他好比藏在树洞里的猫头鹰， 满心藏着坏主意。但是所有人中 隐士米龙令他最痛恨、忧心。米龙和蔼又善良，坚决捍卫真理， 他对于牺牲无所畏惧。督军叫来最忠实的奴仆—— 勇士伊凡， 他一出手， 手无寸铁的老人米龙

必死无疑。‘伊凡！’督军说，‘那个诡计多端的隐士米龙长久以来都藐视我的力量。这个自命不凡的老头该死， 现在他的时辰到了，该向我们告别了。他一出生就应得此下场。去，抓着他那珍贵的胡须， 提着他那只有懦夫才会惧怕人头来见我。我的狗会高兴地享用这顿大餐， 这个渴望权力的人的头颅。’伊凡领命之后就动身了， 但他心里暗暗叫苦：‘我不是自愿去行凶， 这是主命难违。’他收起了尖锐的话语以防暴露行凶动机 恶魔在脑子里进行着盘算。他假惺惺地向老人问候：‘见到您身体安康，我非常高兴！

Your blessing, my Father! And God bless you!'

您有福了，老人家！上帝保佑您!'

The Monk laughed abrutly, his words were few:

老人突然笑了，简短地回答：

'Enough, Ivan! Your lies do not deceive.

‘算了吧，伊凡！你的谎言骗不了我。

That God knows all, I hope you do believe.

上帝知晓一切，我希望你能相信。

Against His will, nor good nor ill is done.

善与恶都逃不出他的手心。

I know, you see, why you to me have come.'

我知道你为何来找我。’

In shame before the Monk Ivan stood still;

伊凡在老人面前羞愧难当，一动不动。

In fear of this man he had come to kill.

他惧怕他要来杀的这个人。

From leathern sheath his sword he proudly drew;

他傲慢地从皮鞘里抽出剑。

The shining blade he rubbed till it looked new.

他打磨闪亮的刀刃，直到它看起来像新的一般。

'I meant to take you unawares,' he said;

‘我本想趁你不备取你性命。’他说，

'To kill you prayerless; now I am afraid.

‘未做祷告就杀死你。现在恐怕不行了。

To God you now shall have some time to pray.

你现在快快向上帝祈祷吧。
I'll give you time for all you want to say,
我给你充足的时间让你祈祷。
For me, for you, for all, born and unborn,
为我，为你，也为出生和未出生的所有人。
And then I'll send you where your prayers have gone.'
之后我将送你去到你的祷词去的地方。’
The Hermit knelt; above him spread an oak
隐士双膝跪地，跪在一棵橡树下。
Which bowed its head before him. Then he spoke,
橡树低头向他行礼。老人开口说，
In archness smiling. 'Oh, Ivan, think well!
面带微笑：‘喂，伊凡，做好心理准备！
How long my prayer will take I cannot tell.
我不确定我的祷告有多长。
Had you not better kill me straight away
你最好一下就把我杀死。
Lest waiting tire you, furious at delay?'
免得你苦苦等待，以后后悔!'
Ivan in anger frowned, and said in boast,
伊凡气呼呼地皱起眉头，夸下海口：
'My word is given, and though at my post
‘我说到做到，
You keep me a century, I will wait.
即使一百年，我也会等。
So pray in peace, nor your ardor abate.'
安心祈祷吧，希望你的热情不会减少。’
The shadows of even fell on the Monk,
夜幕降临了。
And all through the night in prayer he was sunk;
老人跪着祷告了一夜。

From dawn till sunset, through another night;
从日出到日落，夜晚又过去了。
From golden summer days to winter's blight
从金色的夏天到萧瑟的冬天，
So ran on, year by year, old Miron's prayer.
老人的祷告从未停止，年复一年。
And to disturb him Ivan did not dare.
伊凡不敢打搅他。
The sapling oak its lofty branches reared
小橡树高耸的枝干直冲云霄，
Into the sky, while all around appeared
在周围，
Its offshoots, into a thick forest grown.
橡树籽变成了密密的橡树林。
And all the time the holy prayer went on,
神圣的祷告还在继续，
And still continues to this very day.
直到今天仍是这样。
The old man softly to his God doth pray,
老人静静地对上帝祈祷，
And to Our Lady, the mother of all,
向圣母祷告，
To help men and women who faint and fall,
祈求她帮助无助和堕落的人们，
To succor the weak, to the sad give joy.
救助弱者，给忧愁的人带来欢乐。
Ivanushka, Warrior, stands close by,
勇士伊凡努什卡站在他身边，
His bright sword long has been covered with dust,
他明亮的宝刀已被尘封，
Corroded his armor by biting rust,

他的盔甲也被铁锈腐蚀，
Long fallen to pieces his brave attire.
华丽的盛装已片片脱落。
His body is naked and covered with mire.
他光着的身子上覆盖上了泥土。
The heat does but sear, no warmth does impart;
烈日炙烤着他，但也晒不干，
Such fate as his would freeze the stoutest heart.
这样的命运会摧垮最坚强的心。
Fierce wolves and savage bears from him do flee,
凶猛的狼和残暴的熊都从他身边逃走，
From snowstorm and from frost alike he's free;
暴雪严霜和他也无关。
No strength has he to move from that dread spot
他在那个可怕的地方无法动弹
Or lift his hands. To speak is not his lot.
手也举不起，话也说不出。
Let us be warned by his terrible fate,
你们瞧，给他的惩罚多可怕，
Nor of meek obedience let us prate.
谁叫他听从坏人的话。
If we are ordered to do something wrong,
如果我们领命做坏事，
Our duty is then to stand firm and be strong.
我们要昂首挺立，坚决说不。
But for us sinners still the Hermit prays,
为了我们这些负罪的人，隐士如今仍然在祈祷，
Still flows his prayer to God, e'en in these days—
他的祷告飘向上帝，即使现在依然如此。
A dear, bright river, flowing to the sea.”
就像清清的河水流向大海。”

Before grandmother had reached the end of her story, I had noticed that "Good-business" was, for some reason, agitated; he was fidgeting restlessly with his hands, taking off his spectacles and putting them on again, or waving them to keep time with the rhythm of the words, nodding his head, putting his fingers into his eyes, or rubbing them energetically, and passing the palms of his hands over his forehead and cheeks, as if he were perspiring freely. When any one of the others moved, coughed, or scraped his feet on the floor, the boarder hissed: "Ssh!"; and when grandmother ceased speaking, and sat rubbing her perspiring face with the sleeve of her blouse, he jumped up noisily, and putting out his hands as if he felt giddy, he babbled:

外祖母的故事还没讲完，我就注意到“好事情”不知为何激动不已。他不安地摆弄着手，眼镜摘下又戴上，或者随着外祖母讲故事的节奏摆弄着眼镜；他摇晃着头，用手指碰碰眼睛又使劲揉揉，不住地用手掌抹着前额和脸颊，好像出了满头大汗似的。要是听众有谁动弹、咳嗽或者用脚蹭地板，他就会警告道：“嘘！”当外祖母讲完，坐着用上衣的袖子擦汗时，他呼的一下跳起来，好像是感到头晕似的伸出双手，咕哝道：

"I say! That's wonderful! It ought to be written down; really, it ought. It is terribly true too.... Our..."

“要知道，这太棒了！应当写下来，一定要写下来。这太真实了……我们的……”

Every one could see now that he was crying; his eyes were full of tears, which flowed so copiously that his eyes were bathed in them—it was a strange and pitiful sight. He looked so comical as he ran about the kitchen, or rather clumsily hopped about—swinging his glasses before his nose; desirous of putting them on again but unable to slip the wires over his ears—that Uncle Peter laughed, and the others were silent from embarrassment. Grandmother said harshly:

这时候大家都能看到他在哭。他满眼是泪，泪如泉涌，一双眼睛都浸在泪水里。这副模样叫人奇怪，又叫人可怜。他在厨房里乱跑，或者干脆笨手笨脚地乱跳，样子很是滑稽——他手拿眼镜在鼻子前摆动着，想戴上它，但是镜腿就是架不到耳朵上去——彼得大叔笑了起来，而其他人则不好意思地沉默着。外祖母连忙说：

"Write it down by all means, if you like. There's no harm in that. And I know plenty more of the same kind."

“如果你想写，那就尽量写下来吧。这没有什么不好。像这样的故事我还有很多。”

"No, that is the only one I want. It is—so—dreadfully Russian!" cried the boarder excitedly; and standing stock-still in the middle of the kitchen, he began to talk loudly, clearing the air with his right

hand, and holding his glasses in the other. He spoke for some time in a frenzied manner, his voice rising to a squeak, stamping his feet, and often repeating himself:

“不，就要这一个。这是地道的俄罗斯的！”他兴奋地喊道；接着他突然在厨房中间呆呆地站住了，他开始大声讲话，右手在空中挥动，左手拿着眼镜。他激昂地讲了一段时间，声音尖厉，不住地跺着脚，常常重复道：

"If we are ordered to do something wrong our duty is then to be firm and strong. True! True!"

“如果我们领命做坏事，我们要昂首挺立，坚决说不。没错！没错！”

Then suddenly his voice broke, he ceased speaking, looked round on all of us, and quietly left the room, hanging his head with a guilty air.

后来他的声音突然止住了，他不再说下去了，望了望大家，内疚地低着头，静静地离开了房间。

The other guests laughed, and glanced at each other with expressions of embarrassment. Grandmother moved farther back against the stove, into the shadow, and was heard to sigh heavily.

大家都笑了笑，你看看我，我看看你，觉得有些尴尬。外祖母退到了炉炕的暗影里，深深地叹着气。

Rubbing the palm of her hand across her thick red lips, Petrovna observed:

彼得罗芙娜用手掌擦擦又厚又红的嘴唇，说道：

"He seems to be in a temper."

“他好像生气了。”

"No," replied Uncle Peter; "that's only his way."

“没有，”彼得大叔答道，“他就是这个样子。”

Grandmother left the stove, and in silence began to heat the samovar; and Uncle Peter added, in a slow voice:

外祖母从炉炕上下来，默默地把茶炊煨热；彼得大叔慢条斯理地说：

"The Lord makes people like that sometimes—freaks.”

“上帝有时候会使人变得反常。”

"Bachelors always play the fool," Valei threw out gruffly, at which there was a general laugh; but Uncle Peter drawled:

“单身汉总是胡闹。”瓦利伊粗鲁地抛出一句话，大家都笑了，但是彼得大叔拉长声音说：

"He was actually in tears. It is a case of the pike nibbling what the roach hardly—”

“他竟然哭了。看来，以前上钩的都是大鱼，现在连小鱼都少了……”

I began to get tired of all this. I was conscious of a heartache. I was greatly astonished by the behavior of "Good-business," and very sorry for him. I could not get his swimming eyes out of my mind.

我开始厌烦这一切了。我觉得很伤心。“好事情”的举动让我非常吃惊，我很可怜他。他那满是泪水的眼睛在我的脑海里挥之不去。

That night he did not sleep at home, but he returned the next day, after dinner—quiet, crushed, obviously embarrassed.

那天他没在家过夜，直到第二天午饭后才回来；他很安静，衣衫都揉皱了，明显带有难为情的样子。

"I made a scene last night," he said to grandmother, with the air of a guilty child. "You are not angry?" "Why should I be angry?" "Why, because I interrupted... and talked..." "You offended no one."

“昨晚我吵吵闹闹的，”他像小孩子认错似的对外祖母说，“您没生气吧？”“生什么气？”“因为我乱插嘴……说了……”“您谁也没得罪。”

I felt that grandmother was afraid of him. She did not look him in the face, and spoke in a subdued tone, and was quite unlike herself.

我觉得外祖母怕他。她不看他的脸，说话时声音也很低，完全不像平时的她。

He drew near to her and said with amazing simplicity:

他走到外祖母跟前，非常单纯地说：

"You see, I am so terribly lonely. I have no one belonging to me. I am always silent—silent; and then, all on a sudden, my soul seems to boil over, as if it had been torn open. At such times I could speak to stones and trees—”

“你瞧，我太孤独了。一个亲人也没有。我整天不吭声，憋着憋着心里就会突然沸腾起来，好像被撕开似的。这时候，哪怕是对着石头和树也想说说话……”

Grandmother moved away from him.

外祖母走开几步离他远些，说：

"If you were to get married now," she began.

“那你就结婚吧。”

"Eh?" he cried, wrinkling up his face, and ran out, throwing his arms up wildly.

“嗯？”他皱起脸喊道，夸张地甩了甩手走开了。

Grandmother looked after him frowning, and took a pinch of snuff; after which she sternly admonished me:

外婆皱紧了眉头望着他的背影，吸了一小撮鼻烟，然后严厉训诫我说：

"Don't you hang round him so much. Do you hear? God knows what sort of a man he is!"

“你不要老在他身边转。听到了吗？天晓得他是什么样的人！”

But I was attracted to him afresh. I had seen how his face changed and fell when he said "terribly lonely"; there was something in those words which I well understood, and my heart was touched. I went to find him.

然而我又重新被他吸引住了。我看到，当他说自己“太孤独”的时候，脸色都变了，脸也拉得很长；这些话里有些东西我很能理解，我的心被触动了。于是我去找他。

I looked, from the yard, into the window of his room; it was empty, and looked like a lumber-room into which had been hurriedly thrown all sorts of unwanted things—as unwanted and as odd as its occupier. I went into the garden, and there I saw him by the pit. He was bending over, with his hands behind his head, his elbows resting on his knees, and was seated uncomfortably on the end of a half-burnt plank. The greater part of this plank was buried in the earth, but the end of it struck out, glistening like coal, above the top of the pit, which was grown over with nettles.

我从院子里往他的窗户里瞧，房间里没有人，那里就像贮藏室一样乱七八糟地扔满了没用的东西，这些东西像它们的主人一样多余而且古怪。我走进花园，看到他在坑边。他躬着腰，双手抱在脑后，胳膊肘支着膝盖，不自在地坐在一截烧焦了的木板一头。木板的大部分都埋在土里，只有一头从地里伸出来，伸出了长满荨麻的大坑，像煤块一样闪闪发光。

The very fact of his being in such an uncomfortable place made me look upon this man in a still more favorable light. He did not notice me for some time; he was gazing beyond me with his half-blind, owl-like eyes, when he suddenly asked in a tone of vexation:

他坐得那样不舒服，这使我更同情他了。有好一阵子他没注意到我，近视的、如猫头鹰一样的眼睛越过我，注视着远方；突然，他略带烦恼地问我：

"Did you want me for anything?"

“你找我是想要什么东西吗？”

"No."

“不是。”

"Why are you here then?" "I couldn't say."

“那你来干什么？”“我也说不清。”

He took off his glasses, polished them with his red and black spotted handkerchief, and said: "Well, climb up here."

他摘下眼镜，用一块满是红色和黑色污渍的手帕擦了擦，说道：“好吧，爬上来吧。”

When I was sitting beside him, he put his arm round my shoulders and pressed me to him.

我坐到他身边后，他紧紧搂住我的肩膀，使我靠近他。

"Sit down. Now let us sit still and be quiet. Will that suit you? This is the same—are you obstinate?”

“坐坐吧。我们坐着不说话，好不好？就这样……你的脾气拗吗？”

"Yes."

“是的。”

"Good-business!”

“好事情！”

We were silent a long time. It was a quiet, mild evening, one of those melancholy evenings of late summer, when, in spite of the profusion of flowers, signs of decay are visible, and every hour brings impoverishment; when the earth, having already exhausted its luxuriant summer odors, smells of nothing but a chill dampness; when the air is curiously transparent, and the daws dart aimlessly to and fro against the red sky, arousing a feeling of unhappiness. Silence reigned; and any sound, such as the fluttering of birds or the rustling of fallen leaves, struck one as being unnaturally loud, and caused a shuddering start, which soon died away into that torpid stillness which seemed to encompass the earth and cast a spell over the heart. In such moments as these are born thoughts of a peculiar purity—ethereal thoughts, thin, transparent as a cobweb, incapable of being expressed in words. They come and go quickly, like falling stars, kindling a flame of sorrow in the soul, soothing and disturbing it at the same time; and the soul is, as it were, on fire, and, being plastic, receives an impression which lasts for all time.

之后，我们便陷入了长久的沉默。这是阴郁的夏末夜晚之中一个寂静温和的夜晚。周围的花朵虽然五彩缤纷，但衰败的景象已然可见，每时每刻都在凋零；大地已经耗尽了浓郁的夏日气息，只散发出寒冷的潮气；空气出奇地明净，红色的天空中，寒鸦漫无目的地飞来飞去，勾起人们抑郁的思绪。万籁俱寂。任何声音，哪怕是鸟雀振动翅膀或是落叶瑟瑟地下落，听起来都出奇地响，不禁使人颤栗，但颤栗很快在沉寂中消逝，寂静笼罩着整个大地，像是给人们施了咒语。每当这样的时刻，你就会萌生一些特别纯洁的思想；它们轻巧，薄如如蛛丝，难以用言语形容。这些想法忽来忽去，宛如流星，点燃心灵的悲伤之火，安慰着、同时又烦扰着灵魂；而心灵则燃烧着，重塑着，得到永恒的震撼。

Pressed close to the boarder's warm body, I gazed, with him, through the black branches of the apple tree, at the red sky, following the flight of the flapping rooks, and noticing how the dried poppy-heads shook on their stems, scattering their coarse seeds; and I observed the ragged, dark blue clouds with livid edges, which stretched over the fields, and the crows flying heavily under the clouds to their nests in the burial-ground.

我依偎在“好事情”温暖的身子上，和他一起透过苹果树的黑色枝干眺望红色的天空，注视着振翅飞翔的白嘴鸦，注意到到干枯的罂粟果如何在茎上摇晃，播撒着粗糙的种子。我看见从田野上升起镶着青黑色边缘的毛茸茸的深蓝色乌云，乌云下老鸦缓缓地飞向墓地的鸟巢。

It was all beautiful; and that evening it all seemed especially beautiful, and in harmony with my feelings. Sometimes, with a heavy sigh, my companion said:

一切都是美好的，而那晚一切都显得尤其美好，和我的情感相契合。有时，“好事情”深深地叹一口气，问道：

"This is quite all right, my boy, isn't it? And you don't feel it damp or cold?"

“小家伙，这好极了，对吧？”“你不觉得潮湿吗？冷不冷？”

But when the sky became overcast, and the twilight, laden with damp, spread over everything, he said:

天渐渐黑了，浸在潮湿中的暮色笼罩了周围的一切。他说：

"Well, it can't be helped. We shall have to go in."

“好啦，坐够了。我们该进屋了。”

He halted at the garden gate and said softly:

在花园的大门旁，他站住了，轻声说：

"Your grandmother is a splendid woman. Oh, what a treasure!" And he closed his eyes with a smile and recited in a low, very distinct voice:

“你的外祖母真好。啊，太难得了！”他闭上眼睛，面带微笑，声音不高但很清楚地念道：

"'Let us be warned by his terrible fate, Nor of meek obedience let us prate. If we are ordered to do something wrong, Our duty is then to stand firm and be strong.'"

“给他的惩罚多可怕，谁叫他听从坏人的话。如果我们领命做坏事，我们要昂首挺立，坚决说不。”

"Don't forget that, my boy!"

“小家伙，记住这个！”

And pushing me before him, he asked:

他把我拉到面前，问道：

"Can you write?"

“你会写字吗？”

"No."

“不会。”

"You must learn; and when you have learned, write down grandmother's stories. You will find it worth while, my boy."

“你必须得学会写字。等你会写字了，把外祖母讲的故事都记下来。你会发现这很有意义，小家伙。”

And so we became friends; and from that day I went to see "Good-business" whenever I felt inclined; and sitting on one of the cases, or on some rags, I used to watch him melt lead and heat copper till it was red-hot, beat layers of iron on a little anvil with an elegant-handled, light hammer, or work with a smooth file and a saw of emery, which was as fine as a thread. He weighed everything on his delicately adjusted copper scales; and when he had poured various liquids into bulging, white vessels, he would watch them till they smoked and filled the room with an acrid odor, and then with a wrinkled-up face he would consult a thick book, biting his red lips, or softly humming in his husky voice:

我们就这样成了朋友。从那天起，只要我愿意，就随时到“好事情”那里去；我坐在箱子上或者是破布上，看他熔化铅条，将铜板烧至红热，用一把锤子在一小块铁砧上打铁片——锤把很精致，锤子也很轻；或者用光滑的锉刀和金刚砂做成的锯干活，锯细得像一根线。所有的东西他都要在他那灵敏的铜制天平上称一称；他往厚厚的白色容器中倒入不同的液体，看着它们，直到它们冒烟，然后弄得满屋子都是刺鼻的气味，之后他皱起眉头，咬着红嘴唇查看一本厚厚的书，或者用他那沙哑的嗓子轻轻地哼唱道：

"O Rose of Sharon—!" "What are you doing?"

“啊，沙朗的玫瑰花……”“你在做什么呀？”

"I am making something, my boy." "What?"

“做点东西，小家伙。”“什么东西？”

"Ah—that I can't tell you. You wouldn't understand."

“嗯，还是不说了吧，你不会明白的。”

"Grandfather says he would not be surprised if you were coining false money."

“外祖父说，恐怕你是在造假币。”

"Your grandfather? M'm! Well, he says that for something to say. Money's all nonsense, my boy."

“你外祖父？嗯！　他瞎说。钱是微不足道的，小家伙。”

"How should we buy bread without it?" "Well, yes; we want it for that, it is true." "And for meat too." "Yes, and for meat."

“没有钱用什么买面包啊？”“是啊，买面包得用钱，没错。”“买肉也要用钱。”“对，买肉也要。”

He smiled quietly, with a kindness which astonished me; and pulling my ear, said:

他和善地轻轻笑了笑，这使我很惊奇；他拉拉我的耳朵说：

"It is no use arguing with you. You always get the best of it. I'd better keep quiet."

“我怎么也说不过你。你总是占上风。我最好保持安静。”

Sometimes he broke off his work, and sitting beside me he would gaze for a long time out of the window, watching the rain patter down on the roof, and noting how the grass was growing over the yard, and how the apple trees were being stripped of their leaves. "Good-business" was niggardly with his words, but what he said was to the point; more often than not, when he wished to draw my attention to something, he nudged me and winked instead of speaking. The yard had never been particularly attractive to me, but his nudges and his brief words seemed to throw a different complexion on it, and everything within sight seemed worthy of notice. A kitten ran about, and halting before a shining pool gazed at its own reflection, lifting its soft paw as if it were going to strike it.

有时他放下手中的活，坐到我身边来，长时间地眺望窗外，看雨水轻拍着屋顶，看杂草如何长满院子，看苹果树的叶子如何掉落。“好事情”很少说话，但是他说的话都很在理；他要是想让我注意什么东西，往

往只是用胳膊肘轻推我一下，或是向我眨眨眼睛。院子里本来没有什么特别吸引我的东西，但是他轻轻的一推和简短的一两句话就使一切变得非同寻常起来，然后眼前的所有事物都变得值得关注起来。一只小猫跑到院子里来，停在了一个泛着阳光的水洼旁，它望着自己的倒影，抬起软软的爪子好像要去打它。

"Cats are vain and distrustful," observed "Good-business" quietly.

“好事情”轻声说：“猫儿又虚荣又多疑。”

Then there was the red-gold cock Mamae, who flew on to the garden hedge, balanced himself, shook out his wings, and nearly fell; whereupon he was greatly put out, and muttered angrily, stretching out his neck.

金红色的大公鸡玛玛伊飞到花园的篱笆上，刚刚站稳就拍打翅膀，险些摔了下来。它非常恼火，伸长脖子，气得咕咕叫。

"A consequential general, and not over-clever at that.”

“这位将军好大的架子，就是不太聪明。”

Clumsy Valei passed, treading heavily through the mud, like an old horse; his face, with its high cheekbones, seemed inflated as he gazed, blinking, at the sky, from which the pale autumn beams fell straight on his chest, making the brass buttons on his coat shine brilliantly. The Tartar stood still and touched them with his crooked fingers。 "just as if they were medals bestowed on him." My attachment to "Good-business" grew apace, and became stronger every day, till I found that he was indispensable both on days when I felt myself bitterly aggrieved, and in my hours of happiness. Although he was taciturn himself, he did not forbid me to talk about anything which came into my head; grandfather, on the other hand, always cut me short by his stern exclamation:

笨手笨脚的瓦利伊像一匹老马一样，踏着沉重的步子在泥泞的院子里走过；他眨着眼睛，凝视着天空，高高的颧骨使他的脸看上去像肿了一样。秋日白亮的阳光直射到他的胸口上，使得他上衣的铜扣子闪闪发亮。这个鞑靼人站住了，用他那弯曲的手指摸摸铜扣子。“好像这些是被授予的奖章似的。”我对“好事情”的爱慕迅速地与日俱增，我发现，不论是在苦恼的日子，还是在快乐的时候，他对于我都已经不可或缺。虽然他自己沉默寡言，但从不限制我讲出自己的一切想法。于此相反，外祖父总是严厉地打断我的话，说：

"Don't chatter, you mill of the devil!"

“别多嘴，像小鬼拉磨似的！”

Grandmother, too, was so full of her own ideas that she neither listened to other people's ideas nor admitted them into her mind; but "Good-business" always listened attentively to my chatter, and often

said to me smilingly:

外祖母也是总想着自己的事情，不听别人的话也不过问别人的事；而“好事情”总是专心地听我喋喋不休，而且常常笑着对我说：

"No, my boy, that is not true. That is an idea of your own."

“哎，小家伙，这个不对。这是你自己编出来的。”

And his brief remarks were always made at the right time, and only when absolutely necessary; he seemed to be able to pierce the outer covering of my heart and head, and see all that went on, and even to see all the useless, untrue words on my lips before I had time to utter them—he saw them and cut them off with two gentle blows:

他的简短的评语总是及时而且必要；他好像能看透我的心和脑袋外的那层掩饰，看到里面发生的一切，甚至是那些在嘴边尚未说出的废话和假话，他都能识破并且温和地用三言两语给顶回去：

"Untrue, boy."

“瞎说，小家伙。”

Sometimes I tried to draw out his wizard-like abilities. I made up something and told it to him as if it had really happened; but after listening for a time, he would shake his head.

有时我有意试验他巫师一样的本领。我编造了一个故事，讲得像真的一样；但他刚听一会儿，就摇着头说：

"Now—that's not true, my boy."

“你又瞎编了，小家伙。”

"How do you know?"

“你怎么知道的？”

"I can feel it, my boy."

“我能感觉出来，小家伙。”

When grandmother went to fetch water from Syeniu Square, she often used to take me with her; and on one occasion we saw five citizens assault a peasant, throwing him on the ground, and dragging him about as dogs might do to another dog.

外祖母去干草广场挑水时常常带着我。有一次，我们看见五个小市民欧打一个乡下人，他们把他摔倒在地，像一群狗似的来回拉扯着他。

Grandmother slipped her pail off the yoke, which she brandished as she flew to the rescue, calling to me as she went: "You run away now!"

外婆扔掉水桶，挥着扁担向打架的人冲去，同时向我喊道：“你快躲

开！”

But I was frightened, and, running after her, I began to hurl pebbles and large stones at the citizens, while she bravely made thrusts at them with the yoke, striking at their shoulders and heads. When other people came on the scene they ran away, and grandmother set to work to bathe the injured man's wounds. His face had been trampled, and the sight of him as he pressed his dirty fingers to his torn nostrils and howled and coughed, while the blood spurted from under his fingers, over grandmother's face and breast, filled me with repugnance; she uttered a cry too, and trembled violently.

可是出于害怕，我就跟着她跑，朝那几个小市民身上扔卵石和石块。外祖母勇敢地用扁担戳他们，敲他们的肩膀和脑袋。接着又来了一些人，小市民们跑掉了，外祖母开始给那个受伤的人清洗伤口。他的脸被重重地踩踏过，他用脏兮兮的手指按着被打破的鼻孔，又是嚎叫，又是咳嗽，鲜血从他的手指下溅到了外祖母的脸上和胸上。看到这幅场景，我直感到恶心，外祖母也叫了一声，浑身直打哆嗦。

As soon as I returned home I ran to the boarder and began to tell him all about it. He left off working, and stood in front of me looking at me fixedly and sternly from under his glasses; then he suddenly interrupted me, speaking with unusual impressiveness:

我一回家，就跑到“好事情”那里，把整件事讲给他听。他停下手中的活，站在我面前，透过眼镜严肃地紧盯着我，然后他突然打断我的话，令人尤其难忘地说：

"That's a fine thing, I must say—very fine!”

“好极了，我不得不说，太好了！”

I was so taken up by the sight I had witnessed that his words did not surprise me, and I went on with my story; but he put his arm round me, and then left me and walked about the room uncertainly.

刚才所看到的使我太震惊了，所以我对他的话全不在意，又继续说下去；但是他搂住我，又离开我，独自在屋子里漫无目的地走来走去。

"That will do," he said; "I don't want to hear any more. You have said all that is needful, my boy—all. Do you understand?”

“行了，”他说，“不必再讲了。该讲的你都讲了，讲完了，小家伙。明白吗？”

I felt offended, and did not answer; but on thinking the matter over afterwards, I have still a lively recollection of my astonishment at the discovery that he had stopped me at exactly the right time. I had, in truth, told all there was to tell.

我感到很生气，没有理他，但是事后一想，才吃惊地发现他打断我

正是时候。这种惊异感我至今仍旧印象深刻。我的确已经讲完了所有该讲的。

"Do not dwell on this incident, child; it is not a good thing to remember," he said.

“小家伙，不要老去想这种事情，记住这些没有什么好处。”他说。

Sometimes on the spur of the moment he uttered words which I have never forgotten. I remember telling him about my enemy Kliushnikov, a warrior from New Street—a fat boy with a large head, whom I could not conquer in battle, nor he me. "Good-business" listened attentively to my complaint, and then he said:

有时他突然对我说的一句话竟令我终生难忘。我记得曾经跟他说我的敌人克留什尼科夫，这个胖胖的大脑袋男孩是新开路的打架好手：我打不过他，他也打不赢我。“好事情”专心地听我对他诉苦，然后说道：

"That's all nonsense! That sort of strength does not count. Real strength lies in swift movements. He who is swiftest is strongest. See?"

“这算不了什么！这种力气不算什么。真正的力气在于动作迅速。速度越快越有力。懂不懂？”

The next Sunday I used my fists more quickly, and easily conquered Kliushnikov, which made me pay still more heed to what the boarder said.

第二个星期天，我试着出拳快一些，果然轻松地打败了克留什尼科夫，这使我更加注意“好事情”说的话。

"You must learn to grasp all kinds of things, do you see? It is very difficult to learn how to grasp."

“任何东西都得会拿，你懂不懂？要善于拿，这是非常困难的。”

I did not understand him at all, but I involuntarily remembered this, with many other similar sayings; but this one especially, because in its simplicity it was provokingly mysterious. Surely it did not require any extraordinary cleverness to be able to grasp stones, a piece of bread, a cup or a hammer!

我一点也不明白，但还是不由自主地记住了诸如此类的话，尤其是这一句，因为这简单朴素的话里有一种神秘莫测的东西。因为拿石块、面包、杯子和锤子根本不需要任何特殊本领。

In the house, however, "Good-business" became less and less liked; even the friendly cat of the merry lady would not jump on his knees as she jumped on the knees of the others, and took no notice when he called her kindly. I beat her for that and pulled her ears, and, almost weeping, told her not to be afraid of the man.

然而，屋子里的人越来越不喜欢“好事情”了，连那个快乐的军人老婆的那只喜欢亲近人的猫也不肯像对别人那样爬到他的膝盖上了，他亲切地召唤它，它也不理。我为这打它，揪它的耳朵，为了劝它别怕“好事情”，我几乎哭了出来。

"It is because my clothes smell of acids—that is why he will not come to me," he explained; but I knew that every one else, even grandmother, gave quite a different explanation—uncharitable, untrue, and injurious to him.

“我衣服上有股酸味，所以猫不爱接近我。”他解释说。然而我知道所有的人，连外祖母也在内，都另有说法，对“好事情”充满敌意，歪曲事实，诽谤他。

"Why are you always hanging about him?" demanded grandmother angrily. "He'll be teaching you something bad—you'll see!"

“你怎么老是围着他转？”外祖母生气地问道，“当心他教你学坏……你等着瞧吧！”

And grandfather hit me ferociously whenever I visited the boarder, who, he was firmly convinced, was a rogue.

每次我到过“好事情”那里，外祖父都会狠狠地揍我一顿。他坚信“好事情”就是个无赖。

Naturally I did not mention to "Good-business" that I was forbidden to make a friend of him, but I did tell him frankly what was said about him in the house:

我自然没告诉“好事情”说家人禁止我跟他交朋友，但我坦白地对他说了家人如何看待他：

"Grandmother is afraid of you; she says you are a black magician. And grandfather too—he says you are one of God's enemies, and that it is dangerous to have you here."

“外祖母怕你，她说你是妖道。外祖父也说你是上帝的敌人，让你在这住很危险。”

He moved his hand about his head as if he were driving away flies; but a smile spread like a blush over his chalk-white face, and my heart contracted, and a mist seemed to creep over my eyes.

他的手在脑袋旁摆了摆，好像要赶走苍蝇似的；他微微一笑，笑容像红晕似的在刷白的脸上铺开来。我的心一揪，泪水模糊了双眼。

"I see!" he said softly. "It is a pity, isn't it?"

“这个我看出来了。”他轻声说道，“这很叫人难过，是不是啊？”

"Yes."

“是啊。”

"It's a pity, my lad—yes.”

“真叫人难过啊，小家伙。”

Finally they gave him notice to quit. One day, when I went to him after breakfast, I found him sitting on the floor packing his belongings in cases, and softly singing to himself about the Rose of Sharon.

后来，家里人叫他搬走。有一天，我吃过早餐后到他那里，看见他坐在地板上往箱子里收拾东西，一面轻声哼唱着《沙朗的玫瑰》。

"Well, it's good-bye now, my friend; I am going.”

“再见了，我的朋友，我就要走了。”

"Why?"

“为什么？”

He looked at me fixedly as he said: "Is it possible you don't know? This room is wanted for your mother." "Who said so?" "Your grandfather." "Then he told a lie!"

他目不转睛地看着我说道：“你真的不知道吗？这间屋子要腾给你母亲住。”“谁说的？”“你外祖父。”“他撒谎！”

"Good-business" drew me towards him; and when I sat beside him on the floor, he said softly:

“好事情”把我拉到他身边，等我坐到地板上，他轻声说：

"Don't be angry. I thought that you knew about it and would not tell me; and I thought you were not treating me well."

“不要生气。我以为你知道却不告诉我呢，我以为你不把我当朋友了呢。”

So that was why he had been sad and vexed in his manner.

这就是他为什么以他自己的方式伤心烦恼。

"Listen!" he went on, almost in a whisper. "You remember when I told you not to come and see me?" I nodded.

“听我说，”他继续低声耳语道，“你还记得我跟你说过别上我这儿来吗？”我点点头。

"You were offended, weren't you?" "Yes."

“当时你生我的气了，是不是？”“嗯。”

"But I had no intention of offending you, child. I knew, you see, that if you became friendly with me, you would get into trouble with your family. And wasn't I right? Now, do you understand why I said

it?"

“我并不是故意的，小家伙。你看，我就知道，如果我和你做朋友，你家里的人就会骂你。果然没错吧？现在你明白我为什么跟你说这话了吧？”

He spoke almost like a child of my own age, and I was beside myself with joy at his words. I felt that I had known this all along, and I said:

他就像一个和我一般大的孩子似的跟我说话，他的话让我感到很高兴。我甚至觉得我老早就了解到这一点了，于是便说：

"I understood that long ago."

“我早就明白了。”

"Well, there it is. It has happened as I said, my little dove!"

“哎，就是。事实正如我所料想的那样，小家伙。”

The pain in my heart was almost unbearable.

我心里非常难过。

"Why do none of them like you?"

“为什么他们都不喜欢你呢？”

He put his arm round me, and pressed me to him and answered, blinking down at me:

他搂着我把我揽向他，向我眨了眨眼睛，回答道：

"I am of a different breed—do you see? That's what it is. I am not like them—”

“我跟他们不是同一类人，明白吗？就为这个，我跟他们不一样……”

I just held his hands, not knowing what to say; incapable, in fact, of saying anything.

我只是握住他的手，不知说什么，其实我什么也说不出来。

"Don't be angry!" he said again; and then he whispered in my ear: "And don't cry either." But all the time his own tears were flowing freely from under his smeared glasses.

“不要生气！”他重复道，又凑到我耳朵上悄声说，“也不要哭。”可是他自己的眼泪却从灰蒙蒙的眼镜下面一直往下流。

After that we sat, as usual, in silence, which was broken at rare intervals by a brief word or two; and that evening he went, courteously bidding farewell to every one, and hugging me warmly. I accompanied him to the gate, and watched him drive away in the

cart, and being violently jolted as the wheels passed over the hillocks of frozen mud.

之后我们像往常一样静静地坐着，只是偶尔交谈一两句；那天晚上他走了，他礼貌地和大家告别，紧紧拥抱了我。我跟着他走出大门，看见他坐车远去，身子随着车子猛烈地颠簸着，车轮轧过上了冻的凹凸不平的泥土地。

Grandmother set to work immediately to clean and scrub the dirty room, and I wandered about from corner to corner on purpose to hinder her.

他刚走，外祖母就动手擦洗那间脏屋子；我来来回回地从这一角走到那一角，有意妨碍她。

"Go away!" she cried, when she stumbled over me.

她被我绊倒了，于是大声喊道："走开！"

"Why did you send him away then?"

"你们为什么把他赶走？"

"Don't talk about things you don't understand."

"不用你多嘴。"

"You are fools—all of you!" I said.

"你们都是傻瓜！"我说。

She flicked me with her wet floorcloth, crying:

她用湿抹布打我，一面喊道：

"Are you mad, you little wretch?"

"你是不是疯了，淘气鬼？"

"I did not mean you, but the others," I said, trying to pacify her; but with no success.

"我不是说你，是说其他的人。"我纠正道，试图让她消气，但却无济于事。

At supper grandfather exclaimed:

吃晚饭时，外祖父说：

"Well, thank God he has gone! I should never have been surprised, from what I saw of him, to find him one day with a knife through his heart. Och! It was time he went."

"哎，谢天谢地，他终于走了！从我对他的了解来看，要是有一天他会拿把刀插在自己的心口上，我一点都不会感到奇怪。哈！早该撵他走了。"

I broke a spoon out of revenge, and then I relapsed into my usual state of sullen endurance. Thus ended my friendship with the first one of that endless chain of friends belonging to my own country—the very best of her people.

我一气之下把羹匙弄断了，于是又挨了揍。就这样，我与祖国许多优秀同胞之中的第一个人的友谊就这样结束了。

CHAPTER IX

第九章

IIMAGINE myself, in my childhood, as a hive to which all manner of simple, undistinguished people brought, as the bees bring honey, their knowledge and thoughts about life, generously enriching my soul with what they had to give. The honey was often dirty, and bitter, but it was all the same knowledge—and honey.

我把童年时代的自己比作一个蜂房，形形色色的平凡人像蜜蜂把蜂蜜运输到蜂房一样，把他们关于生活的知识和对于生活的看法输送给我，慷慨地丰富着我的心灵。蜂蜜通常是脏的、还带点苦的味道，但它终究是知识，是甜的。

After the departure of "Good-business," Uncle Peter became my friend. He was in appearance like grandfather, in that he was wizened, neat, and clean; but he was shorter and altogether smaller than grandfather. He looked like a person hardly grown-up dressed up like an old man for fun. His face was creased like a square of very fine leather, and his comical, lively eyes, with their yellow whites, danced amidst these wrinkles like siskins in a cage. His raven hair, now growing gray, was curly, his beard also fell into ringlets, and he smoked a pipe, the smoke from which—the same color as his hair—curled upward into rings too; his style of speech was florid, and abounded in quaint sayings. He always spoke in a buzzing voice, and sometimes very kindly, but I always had an idea that he was making fun of everybody.

“好事情”走后，彼得大叔成了我的朋友。他外表很像外祖父，也是那样消瘦、干净、利落，但他比外祖父矮，整个人比外祖父小了一圈。他像是一个没长大的孩子，只是为了好玩穿上老头的衣服。他的脸皱得像一块上好的皮革，他有一对滑稽而活泼的眼睛，眼白发黄，眼睛在满脸皱纹中转动起来活像笼子里的黄雀。他的头发由以前的乌黑变成现在的灰白，卷曲着；他的胡子同样卷曲着；他抽烟斗，烟嘴冒出的烟也是灰色的，卷成烟圈向上升去；他说话的方式也很华丽，满嘴都是俏皮话。他说话总是瓮声瓮气的，有时听来倒亲切，但我总觉得他在取笑大家。

"When I first went to her, the lady-countess Tatian—her name was Lexievna—said to me, 'You shall be blacksmith'; but after a time she orders me to go and help the gardener. 'All right, I don't mind, only I didn't engage to work as a laborer, and it is not right that I should have to.' Another time she'd say，'Now, Petrushka, you must go fishing.' It was all one to me whether I went fishing or not, but I

preferred to say 'good-bye' to the fish, thank you!—and I came to the town as a drayman. And here I am, and have never been anything else. So far I have not done much good for myself by the change. The only thing I possess is the horse, which reminds me of the Countess.”

“我第一次见伯爵小姐塔季扬·列克谢芙娜的时候，她吩咐我说：‘你去做铁匠吧。’但是过了些时候，她又命令我去帮园丁的忙。‘好啊，我不介意，只是我没卖过苦力，并且也不应当如此。’过了一阵子她又说：‘彼得鲁什卡，你应当去捕鱼。’去不去捕鱼，反正对我来说都一样，但是但是我宁愿对鱼儿说‘再见’，谢谢！于是我又来到了城里当车夫。然后我就就在这里了，再没做过其他任何事情。直到现在这些变化并没给我带来多少好处。我身边只剩下这匹马，它让我想起了伯爵小姐。”

This was an old horse, and was really white, but one day a drunken house painter had begun to paint it in various colors, and had never finished his job. Its legs were dislocated, and altogether it looked as if it were made of rags sewn together; the bony head, with its dim, sadly drooping eyes, was feebly attached to the carcass by swollen veins and old, worn-out skin. Uncle Peter waited upon the creature with much respect, and called it "Tankoe."

这是匹老马，原本它的毛很白，但有一天一个喝醉酒的油漆工把它涂得五颜六色的，又没有涂完整。它的腿脱了臼，全身像是用破布缝起来的，浑浊的双眼沮丧地低垂着，脑袋枯瘦，只是由突出的筋脉和磨损的老皮微微连着躯干。彼得大叔对它很是恭敬，叫它“丹尼尔”。

"Why do you call that animal by a Christian name?" asked grandfather one day.

有一天，外祖父问他：“你为什么给牲口起个基督教的名字？”

"Nothing of the kind, Vassili Vassilev, nothing of the kind—in all respect I say it. There is no such Christian name as Tanka—but there is 'Tatiana'!"

“不是的，瓦西里·瓦西里耶夫，不是的，尊敬的先生。基督教里没有丹尼尔这个名字，只有塔吉扬娜！”

Uncle Peter was educated and well-read, and he and grandfather used to quarrel as to which of the saints was the most holy; and sit in judgment, each more severely than the other, on the sinners of ancient times. The sinner who was most hardly dealt with was Absalom. Sometimes the dispute took a purely grammatical form, grandfather saying that it ought to be "sogryeshikhom, bezzakonnovakhom, nepravdava-khom" and Uncle Peter insisting that it was "sogry-eshisha, bezzakonnovakhom, nepravdovaska.”

彼得大叔也读书识字，他常常跟外祖父争论哪一位圣徒最神圣，他

俩一个比一个更严厉地评判那些负罪的古人。被批评得最厉害的是押沙龙。有时这种争论纯粹属于语法范畴，外祖父说“犯罪、犯法、不合理”这三个词的词尾都应当是阳性的，而彼得大叔坚持说是阴性的。

"I say it one way, and you say it another!" said grandfather angrily, turning livid. Then he jeered: "Vasha! Shisha!"

“我说的是一回事，你说的是另一回事！”外祖父气得脸色发青。他模仿彼得大叔说话，以此来嘲笑他。

But Uncle Peter, enveloped in smoke, asked maliciously:

彼得大叔被烟雾环绕着，挖苦地问道：

"And what is the use of your 'khoms"? Do you think God takes any notice of them? What God says when He listens to our prayers is: 'Pray how you like, pray what you like.'"

“你那些阳性词尾有什么好？你认为上帝会注意它们吗？上帝听我们祈祷的时候只是说：‘以你喜欢的方式祈祷，为你喜欢的事情祈祷吧。’”

"Go away, Lexei!" shrieked grandfather in a fury, with his green eyes flashing.

“滚开，列克谢！”外祖父怒吼道，绿色的眼睛闪闪发光。

Peter was very fond of cleanliness and tidiness. When he went into the yard he used to kick to one side any shavings, or pieces of broken crockery, or bones that were lying about, with the scornful remark:

彼得大叔很爱整洁、爱干净。他从院子走过时，总是把路上的碎石块、碎瓦片或骨头踢到一边去，一面还骂道：

"These things are no use, and they get in the way."

“多余的东西，真碍事。”

Although he was usually talkative, good-natured, and merry, there were times when his eyes became bloodshot and grew dim and fixed, like the eyes of a dead person, and he would sit, huddled up in a corner, morose and as dumb as his nephew.

平时他很健谈，温厚而且快乐，但有时候他的眼睛会充满血丝，浑浊而呆滞，像死人的眼睛似的。他会坐在角落，蜷缩成一团，愁眉苦脸，像他的哑巴侄子似的一言不发。

"What is the matter with you, Uncle Peter?"

“彼得大叔，你怎么啦？”

"Let me alone!" he would say darkly and grimly.

“别烦我！”他沉闷地厉声说道。

In one of the little houses in our street there lived a gentleman, with wens on his forehead, and the most extraordinary habits; on Sundays he used to sit at the window and shoot from a shot-gun at dogs and cats, hens and crows, or whatever came in his way that did not please him. One day he fired at the side of "Good-business"; the shots did not pierce his leather coat, but some of them fell into his pocket. I shall never forget the interested expression with which the boarder regarded the dark-blue shots. Grandfather tried to persuade him to make a complaint about it, but, throwing the shots into a corner of the kitchen, he replied:

我们这条街的一幢小屋里住着一位老爷，额头上长了很多肉瘤，他有着非常奇怪的习惯：每逢周日，他就坐在窗口，用猎枪射击狗、猫、鸡和乌鸦，以及一切他看不顺眼的东西。有一天，他射中了“好事情”的肋部，子弹没有射穿他的皮上衣，但是有几粒掉进了他的衣兜里。我永远忘不了“好事情”观察那些深蓝色子弹时专注的神情。外祖父劝他去告状，但是他把子弹往厨房的角落里一扔，说：

"It is not worth while."

“不值得。”

Another time our marksman planted a few shots in grandfather's leg, and he, much enraged, got up a petition to the authorities, and set to work to get the names of other sufferers and witnesses in the street; but the culprit suddenly disappeared.

还有一次，这位射手的几颗子弹打中了外祖父的腿，外祖父气坏了，向调解法官递了状子，并搜集街上其他的受害者和证人的名字，但是那位“犯人”却突然消失不见了。

As for Uncle Peter, every time he heard the sound of shooting in the street—if he were at home—he used to hastily cover his iron-gray head with his glossy Sunday cap, which had large ear-flaps, and rush to the gate. Here he would hide his hands behind his back under his coat-tails, which he would lift up in imitation of a cock, and sticking out his stomach, would strut solemnly along the pavement quite close to the marksman, and then turn back. He would do this over and over again, and our whole household would be standing at the gate; while the purple face of the warlike gentleman could be seen at his window, with the blonde head of his wife over his shoulder, and people coming out of Betlenga yard—only the gray, dead house of the Ovsyanikovs showed no signs of animation.

每次一听到街上传来枪响，只要彼得大叔在家，就连忙把那顶光亮的、过节才戴的、带有宽大耳帽的帽子戴到长着浅灰色头发的头上，然后冲到门口。他将双手藏在背后的大衣底下，把它撑得像公鸡尾巴似的。他挺着肚子，大模大样地在人行道上走近射手家，然后又返回。他

走了一趟又一趟，我们整个屋子的人都站在大门口观望；那个好战的老爷也把憋青的脸露出窗户，肩旁是他老婆的金发脑袋；贝特连家的院子里也走出一些人，只有奥夫相尼科夫家那间死气沉沉的灰屋子里没有一点动静。

Sometimes Uncle Peter made these excursions without any result, the hunter evidently not looking upon him as game worthy of his skill in shooting; but on other occasions the double-barrelled gun was discharged over and over again.

有时，彼得大叔逛来逛去却毫无结果，那位射手显然不认为他是值得一射的猎物，但有时双筒枪又一连发出两响。

"Boom! Boom!"

“砰！砰！”

With leisurely steps Uncle Peter came back to us and exclaimed, in great delight:

彼得大叔不紧不慢地走到我们面前，高兴地说：

"He sent every shot into the field!"

“他一枪也没打中！”

Once he got some shot into his shoulder and neck; and grandmother gave him a lecture while she was getting them out with a needle:

有一次，子弹击中了他的肩膀和脖子，外祖母用针挑子弹时，教训他说：

"Why on earth do you encourage the beast? He will blind you one of these days."

“你干吗招惹那个畜生呀？小心哪天他把你的眼睛打瞎。”

"Impossible, Akulina Ivanna," drawled Peter contemptuously. "He's no marksman!"

“不会的，阿库林娜·伊凡娜，”彼得大叔拉长腔调轻蔑地说，“他算什么射手！”

"But why do you encourage him?"

“哪你干吗还招惹他？”

"Do you think I am encouraging him? No! I like teasing the gentleman."

“你认为我在怂恿他吗？才不是呐！我只是喜欢拿这位老爷开开玩笑罢了。”

And looking at the extracted shot in his palm, he said:

看着手心里挑出来的子弹，他说：

"He's no marksman. But up there, at the house of my mistress, the Countess Tatiana Lexievna, there was an Army man—Marmont Ilich. He was taken up most of the time with matrimonial duties—husbands were in the same category as footmen with her—and so he was kept busy about her; but he could shoot, if you like—only with bullets though, grandmother; he wouldn't shoot with anything else. He put Ignashka the Idiot at forty paces or thereabouts from him, with a bottle tied to his belt and placed so that it hung between his legs; and while Ignashka stood there with his legs apart laughing in his foolish way, Marmont Ilich took his pistol and—bang!—the bottle was smashed to pieces. Only, unfortunately Ignashka swallowed a gadfly, or something, and gave a start, and the bullet went into his knee, right into the knee-cap. The doctor was called and he took the leg off; it was all over in a minute, and the leg was buried...”

“他算不上什么射手。从前，我的女主人塔季扬·列克谢芙娜伯爵小姐家里有一名军人，他叫马蒙特·伊里奇。他大部分时间充当丈夫的角色——丈夫对她来说就像仆人一样——整天围着她团团转；他才叫真正会射击，外祖母，他只用真子弹，不用别的。他让傻子伊格纳什卡站在离他大约四十步开外的地方，腰带上系一个瓶子，使它悬在两腿之间；伊格纳什卡正叉开两腿，在那里傻笑，马蒙特·伊里奇掏出他的手枪然后砰的一声响，瓶子被打成了碎片。只是，伊格纳什卡不幸吞了一只牛虻还是什么东西，动了一下，子弹打在了他的膝盖上，正中膝盖骨。医生被叫来了，他割去了傻子的那条腿，这件事就这样草草了事了，截下的腿被埋了……”

"But what about the idiot?"

“傻子怎么样了？”

"Oh, he was all right! What does an idiot want with legs and arms? His idiocy brings him in more than enough to eat and drink. Every one loves idiots; they are harmless enough. You know the saying: 'It is better for underlings to be fools; they can do less harm then.'"

“哦，他没事儿！傻子要手脚有什么用？他光凭那份傻气就能吃好喝好了。人人都喜欢傻子，因为他们不害人。俗话说：‘党羽要是变成了傻瓜，作恶就会少一些。’”

This sort of talk did not astonish grandmother, she had listened to it scores of times, but it made me rather uncomfortable, and I asked Uncle Peter:

这种故事并不能使外祖母感到惊奇，她已经听过很多次了；我倒是有点不舒服，就问彼得大叔：

"Would that gentleman be able to kill any one?"

“那位老爷会打死人吗？”

"And why not? Of course he could!... He even fought a duel.

“怎么不会？当然会了！他还决斗过呢。

A Uhlan, who came on a visit to Tatiana Lexievna, had a quarrel with Marmont, and in a minute they had their pistols in their hands, and went out to the park; and there on the path by the pond that Uhlan shot Marmont bang through the liver. Then Marmont was sent to the churchyard, and the Uhlan to the Caucasus... and the whole affair was over in a very short time. That is how they did for themselves. And amongst the peasants, and the rest of them, he is not talked of now. People don't regret him much; they never regretted him for himself... but all the same they did grieve at one time—for his property.”

一个枪骑兵来塔季扬·列克谢芙娜家拜访时，和马蒙特吵了起来，两人马上拿起手枪，走到花园里，在池塘边的小路上，枪骑兵砰的一枪，正打中马蒙特的肝部。结果马蒙特被送进了教堂墓地，而枪骑兵被流放到高加索，整件事就这样了结了。这就是他们这类人的自相残杀。他们之中其他的人还有农民现在都不再谈起他了。人们对他并不感到惋惜。人们从来没有为他这个人惋惜过，只是有一度心疼他的财产。

"Well, then they didn't grieve much," said grandmother.

“嗨，他们也不会有多心疼的。”外祖母说。

Uncle Peter agreed with her:

彼得大叔表示同意：

"That's true!... His property... yes, that wasn't worth much."

“这话也对！他的财产不值几个钱。”

He always bore himself kindly towards me, spoke to me good-naturedly, and as if I were a grown person, and looked me straight in the eyes; but all the same there was something about him which I did not like. Having regaled me with my favorite jam, he would spread my slice of bread with what was left, he would bring me malted gingerbread from the town, and always conversed with me in a quiet and serious tone.

他总是对我很亲热，和我说话很和善，把我当成年人一样对待，直视着我的眼睛；但他身上还是有些我不喜欢的东西。他请我吃我最爱的果酱时，把我的面包片涂上所有的果酱，他从城里给我带来麦芽糖姜饼，跟我说话时总是声音很轻，一本正经。

"What are you going to do, young gentleman, when you grow up?

Are you going into the Army or the Civil Service?"

“将来长大了想做什么啊，小家伙？想当兵还是想当官？”

"Into the Army."

“当兵。”

"Good! A soldier's life is not a hard one in these days. A priest's life isn't bad either... all he has to do is to chant, and pray to God, and that does not take long. In fact, a priest has an easier job than a soldier... but a fisherman's job is easier still; that does not require any education at all, it is simply a question of habit."

“当兵好，如今当兵也不苦了。当牧师也不错，牧师只需要吟唱，向上帝祈祷，就完事了。其实当牧师比当兵更容易，但还是当渔夫更容易，当渔夫根本不需要任何学问，习惯了就行。”

He gave an amusing imitation of the fish hovering round the bait, and of the way perch, mugil, and bream throw themselves about when they get caught on the hook.

他模仿鱼儿在饵料周围徘徊，模仿鲈鱼、雅罗鱼、鳊鱼上了钩以后的挣扎，很是有趣。

"Now, you get angry when grandfather whips you," he would say soothingly, "but you have no cause to be angry at that, young gentleman; whippings are a part of your education, and those that you get are, after all, mere child's play. You should just see how my mistress, Tatiana Lexievna, used to thrash! She could do it all right, she could! And she used to keep a man especially for that—Christopher his name was—and he did his work so well that sometimes neighbors from other manor-houses sent a message to the Countess: 'Please, Tatiana Lexievna, send Christopher to thrash our footman.' And she used to let him go."

“你外祖父用鞭子打你的时候，你生气了吧，”他安慰我说，“其实没有必要生气，打你是教你学好，而且你挨的打不过是儿戏罢了。你应该见识一下我的女主人塔季扬·列克谢芙娜是如何用鞭子打人的！她打人可凶了，是出了名的！她养了一个专门的打手，名叫赫里斯托福尔。打人他算得上是行家，有时邻近几个庄园的地主都请伯爵夫人帮忙：‘塔季扬·列克谢芙娜小姐，把赫里斯托福尔借给我来惩罚我的男仆吧。’于是她就让他去了。”

In his artless manner, he would give a detailed account of how the Countess, in a white muslin frock with a gauzy, sky-colored handkerchief over her head, would sit on the steps, by one of the pillars, in a red armchair, while Christopher flogged the peasants, male and female, in her presence.

他不加虚饰地详述着女伯爵的事，讲她如何穿着薄纱上衣、头戴薄

纱般的天蓝色头巾，坐在阶梯上靠着柱子的红色扶手椅上，看着赫里斯托福尔用鞭子抽打农夫和农妇。

"And this Christopher was from Riazan, and he looked like a gipsy, or a Little Russian, with mustaches sticking out beyond his ears, and his ugly face all blue where he had shaved his beard. And either he was a fool, or he pretended to be one so that he should not be asked useless questions. Sometimes he used to pour water into a cup to catch flies and cockroaches, which are a kind of beetle, and then he used to boil them over the fire."

“这个赫里斯托福尔是梁赞人，但长得像吉普赛人或俄罗斯人；他嘴唇上的胡子长到耳根，脸色铁青，下巴胡子已经剃了。要么他是个傻子，要么他怕别人问他没用的问题而装傻。有时他倒上一杯水，往里抓苍蝇和一种属于甲壳虫类的蟑螂，然后放在火上煮。”

I was familiar with many such stories, which I had heard from the lips of grandmother and grandfather. Though they were different, yet they were all curiously alike; each one told of people being tormented, jeered at, or driven away, and I was tired of them, and as I did not wish to hear any more, said to the cab-driver:

许多诸如此类的故事我都耳熟能详，这些都是我听外祖母和外祖父讲的。它们虽然各式各样，却出奇地雷同。每一个故事讲的都是人们被折磨、被嘲弄、被驱逐；这些故事我听够了，不愿再听了，所以我请求车夫：

"Tell me another kind of story."

“讲点别的故事吧。”

All his wrinkles were gathered about his mouth for a space, then they spread themselves to his eyes, as he said obligingly:

他全部的皱纹都集中到了嘴角，之后又聚拢到眼角，他亲切地说：

"All right, Greedy! Well, we once had a cook—”

“好吧，贪心鬼！从前我们那里有个厨子……”

"Who had?"

“谁那里？”

"The Countess Tatian Lexievna." "Why do you call her Tatian? She wasn't a man, was she?"

“就是塔季扬·列克谢芙娜伯爵小姐那里。”“为什么你叫她塔季扬？难道她是个男的吗？”

He laughed shrilly.

他笑了，发出刺耳的声音。

"Of course she wasn't. She was a lady; but all the same she had whiskers. Dark she was... she came of a dark German race... people of the negro type they are. Well, as I was saying, this cook—this is a funny story, young gentleman."

“她当然不是男人了。她是一位小姐，但是她有小胡子。她皮肤黝黑，属于黑种血统的德国人，就像黑人民族那样的。对了，刚才讲到厨子。这个故事很好笑，小家伙。”

And this "funny story" was that the cook had spoiled a fish pasty, and had been made to eat it all up himself, after which he had been taken ill.

这个“好笑的故事”说的是，厨子把鱼肉馅饼做糟了，主人逼他把馅饼吃完，后来他就病倒了。

"It is not at all funny!" I said angrily.

“这一点儿都不好笑！”我生气地说。

"Well, what is your idea of a funny story? Come on! Let's have it."

“那你觉得什么才是好笑的故事呢？你说！我听听。”

"I don't know—"

“我不知道……”

"Then hold your tongue!" And he spun out another dreary yarn.

“那你就闭上嘴！”于是他又讲了一个无聊乏味的故事。

Occasionally, on Sundays and holidays, we received a visit from my cousins—the lazy and melancholy Sascha Michhailov, and the trim, omniscient Sascha Jaakov. Once, when the three of us had made an excursion up to the roof, we saw a gentleman in a green fur-trimmed coat sitting in the Betlenga yard upon a heap of wood against the wall, and playing with some puppies; his little, yellow, bald head was uncovered. One of the brothers suggested the theft of a puppy, and they quickly evolved an ingenious plan by which the brothers were to go down to the street and wait at the entrance to Betlenga yard, while I did something to startle the gentleman; and when he ran away in alarm they were to rush into the yard and seize a puppy.

有时赶上过节，两个表哥会过来做客——一个是懒惰而且愁眉苦脸的萨沙·米哈伊尔，一个是整洁而且无所不知的萨沙·雅科夫。有一次，我们三个人爬到屋顶上，看见贝特连家院子里有一位穿绿色皮上衣的老爷；他坐在墙边的柴火堆上逗几只小狗玩，他没有戴帽子，光秃秃的脑袋又小又黄。一个表哥提议偷一只小狗来，然后他俩马上就拟定了一条妙计：表哥们到大街上贝特连家院子的入口等候，我负责吓唬这个老爷，等他一被吓跑，他们就冲进院子偷小狗。

"But how am I to startle him?"

“我怎么吓唬他呢？”

"Spit on his bald head," suggested one of my cousins.

有一个表哥提议：“往他的秃头上吐唾沫。”

But was it not a grievous sin to spit on a person's head? However, I had heard over and over again, and had seen with my own eyes, that they had done many worse things than that, so I faithfully performed my part of the contract, with my usual luck.

难道往人头上吐唾沫不算大罪过吗？然而，我不止一次听过甚至亲眼见过他们做比这坏得多的事情，于是，我就忠实地执行了任务，并且像往常一样幸运地成功了。

There was a terrible uproar and scene; a whole army of men and women, headed by a young, good-looking officer, rushed out of Betlenga House into the yard, and as my two cousins were, at the very moment when the outrage was committed, quietly walking along the street, and knew nothing of my wild prank, I was the only one to receive a thrashing from grandfather, by which the inhabitants of Betlenga House were completely satisfied.

这下闹得沸沸扬扬。贝特连家的一大队男男女女，由一个年轻英俊的军官带头，冲到我们院子里。因为我干坏事时，两个表哥正在街上悄悄地走着，对我的恶作剧一无所知，所以外祖父只把我狠揍了一顿，这让贝特连一家男女老少十分满意。

And as I lay, all bruised, in the kitchen, there came to me Uncle Peter, dressed in his best, and looking very happy.

挨过打后，我躺在厨房里，浑身青肿；彼得大叔穿着漂亮的衣服来看我，看起来很高兴。

"That was a jolly good idea of yours, young gentleman," he whispered. "That's just what the silly old goat deserved—to be spit upon! Next time—throw a stone on his rotten head!”

“小家伙，你的主意真妙，”他悄声说，“这个愚蠢的老山羊他活该，就该这样啐他！下一次拿石块砸他发霉的脑袋！”

Before me rose the round, hairless, childlike face of the gentleman, and I remembered how he had squeaked feebly and plaintively, just like the puppies, as he had wiped his yellow pate with his small hands, and I felt overwhelmed with shame, and full of hatred for my cousins; but I forgot all this in a moment when I gazed on the drayman's wrinkled face, which quivered with a half-fearful, half-disgusted expression, like grandfather's face when he was beating me.

我眼前浮现出那位老爷像小孩似的光光的圆脸，我记得他像小狗一

样虚弱、可怜地尖叫着，一面用小手擦着发黄的光脑袋；我觉得羞愧难当，对表哥充满了憎恨，但是当我看到彼得大叔满脸皱纹，顿时就把一切都忘了。这张脸可怕又可厌地颤抖着，就跟外祖父打我的时候脸上的表情一样。

"Go away!" I shrieked, and struck at him with my hands and feet.

“走开！”我尖叫道，手脚并用地推开他。

He tittered, and winking at me over his shoulder, went away.

他嘻嘻地笑着，向我眨了眨眼，走开了。

From that time I ceased to have any desire for intercourse with him; in fact, I avoided him. And yet I began to watch his movements suspiciously, with a confused idea that I should discover something about him. Soon after the incident connected with the gentleman of Betlenga House, something else occurred. For a long time I had been very curious about Ovsyanikov House, and I imagined that its gray exterior hid a mysterious romance.

从那以后，我再也不想和他谈话了，我开始回避他。我甚至略带怀疑地注视着他的一举一动，并且隐约觉得我应该在他身上发现点什么。在啐贝特连家的老爷那件事后不久，又发生了一件事。我早就对奥夫相尼科夫家充满好奇，我觉得这座灰屋子里隐藏着神秘的传奇故事。

Betlenga House was always full of bustle and gaiety; many beautiful ladies lived there, who were visited by officers and students, and from it sounds of laughter and singing, and the playing of musical instruments, continually proceeded. The very face of the house looked cheerful, with its brightly polished window-panes.

贝特连家的生活充满了喧闹与快乐。许多漂亮的小姐住在那里，军官和学生常来找她们，屋里传来的笑声、歌声以及演奏乐器的声音不绝于耳。房子的外观很悦目，玻璃窗擦得亮闪闪的。

Grandfather did not approve of it.

然而外祖父却不认同。

"They are heretics... and godless people, all of them!" he said about its inhabitants, and he applied to the women an offensive term, which Uncle Peter explained to me in words equally offensive and malevolent.

“他们全都是异教徒，不信神的人，全都是！”外祖父这样说这一家人，而对这家的女人，总是用无礼的字眼称呼她们；彼得大叔用同样污秽不堪的话向我解释这个字眼。

But the stern, silent Ovsyanikov House inspired grandfather with respect.

但肃静而静默的奥夫相尼科夫家却引起外祖父的尊敬。

This one-storied but tall house stood in a well-kept yard overgrown with turf, empty save for a well with a roof supported by two pillars, which stood in the middle. The house seemed to draw back from the street as if it wished to hide from it. Two of its windows, which had chiselled arches, were at some distance from the ground, and upon their dust-smeared panes the sun fell with a rainbow effect. And on the other side of the gateway stood a storehouse, with a facade exactly like that of the house, even to the three windows, but they were not real ones; the outlines were built into the gray wall, and the frames and sashes painted on with white paint. These blind windows had a sinister appearance, and the whole storehouse added to the impression which the house gave, of having a desire to hide and escape notice. There was a suggestion of mute indignation, or of secret pride, about the whole house, with its empty stables, and its coachhouse, with wide doors, also empty.

这座高大的平房坐落在一个维护的很好的院子里，院子满地都是草皮，除了院子当中的一口井外什么都没有，井上有一个用两根支柱撑起的顶盖。这所房子像是要躲开大街似的缩进院子里。两扇雕刻成拱形的窗户离地面很高，布满尘土的窗玻璃在阳光的照射下显现出彩虹般的光芒。大门的另一边是座仓库，正面和房屋完全一样，连三扇窗户都一样，但它们是假的；三个窗口嵌在灰色的墙壁上，窗框是用白漆描画的。这些窗户像盲人的眼睛似的，整个仓库也加重了这座房子给人的印象：想要躲起来，逃离人们的注意。整个房子，连同它空空的马厩，以及敞开着门、空空的马车房，都给人一种无言的愤怒或隐秘的骄傲的感觉。

Sometimes a tall old man, with shaven chin and white mustache, the hair of which stuck out stiffly like so many needles, was to be seen hobbling about the yard. At other times another old man, with whiskers and a crooked nose, led out of the stables a gray mare with a long neck—a narrow-chested creature with thin legs, which bowed and scraped like an obsequious nun as soon as she came out into the yard. The lame man slapped her with his palms, whistling, and drawing in his breath noisily; and then the mare was again hidden in the dark stable. I used to think that the old man wanted to run away from the house, but could not because he was bewitched.

有时，可以看到一个高个老头在院中一瘸一拐地走动，他的脸刮得很光，雪白的胡子像针一样向外伸着。有时，另一个留着络腮胡子，长着歪鼻子的老人从马厩中牵出一匹长脖子的灰色母马。这匹瘪胸细腿的马一走到院子里就点头行礼，像一个谦恭的修女。跛脚老头用手掌拍着马，吹着口哨，大声地喘着气，然后又把马藏到黑暗的马厩里。我常常觉得这老头想离开这座屋子，但他又办不到，因为他被魔法定住了。

Almost every day from noon till the evenings three boys used to play in the yard all dressed alike in gray coats and trousers, with caps exactly alike, and all of them with round faces and gray eyes; so much alike that I could only tell one from the other by their height.

几乎每天中午到晚上，都有三个男孩在院子里玩。他们穿着一色的灰上衣和灰裤子，戴一样的帽子，都是圆脸、灰眼睛。他们长得太像了，所以我只能按个子的高低分清谁是谁。

I used to watch them through a chink in the fence; they could not see me, but I wanted them to know I was there. I liked the way they played together, so gaily and amicably, games which were unfamiliar to me; I liked their dress, and their consideration for each other, which was especially noticeable in the conduct of the elder ones to their little brother, a funny little fellow, full of life. If he fell down, they laughed—it being the custom to laugh when any one has a fall—but there was no malice in their laughter, and they ran to help him up directly; and if he made his hands or knees dirty, they wiped his fingers and trousers with leaves or their handkerchiefs, and the middle boy said good-naturedly: "There, clumsy!"

我经常透过一个围墙缝看着他们。他们看不到我，但是我倒希望他们知道我的存在。我喜欢看他们一起快乐和睦地玩我不熟悉的游戏，我喜欢他们的衣服，喜欢他们相互关心，特别是两个哥哥都很爱他们的小弟弟——那个活泼可爱的小家伙。如果他摔倒了，他们就笑起来——只要有人摔倒，人们就会笑，这是习俗——但这并不是幸灾乐祸。他们会马上跑过去把他扶起来；如果他弄脏了双手或膝盖，他们就用树叶或手帕帮他擦干净，然后老二会和蔼地说："瞧你，真笨！"

They never quarreled amongst themselves, never cheated, and all three were agile, strong and indefatigable.

他们之间从不吵架，从不相互欺骗，三个人都很机灵、很有劲、不知疲倦。

One day I climbed up a tree and whistled to them; they stood stock-still for a moment, then they calmly drew close together, and after looking up at me, deliberated quietly amongst themselves. Thinking that they were going to throw stones at me, I slipped to the ground, filled my pockets and the front of my blouse with stones, and climbed up the tree again; but they were playing in another corner of the yard, far away from me, and apparently had forgotten all about me. I was very sorry for this; first, because I did not wish to be the one to begin the war, and secondly, because just at that moment some one called to them out of the window:

有一天，我爬到树上对他们吹口哨；有一会儿，他们都站住了，然后不慌不忙地凑到一起，抬头看到我之后，三人低声地商量着什么。我

想他们要向我扔石子了，于是就溜下来向所有的口袋甚至往怀里都装满了石子，再爬回树上；但是他们到院子的另一角玩去了，离我远远的，显然已经把我给忘了。我很扫兴：第一，我不愿意先开仗；第二，就在此时，有人透过窗户喊他们：

"You must come in now, children."

“孩子们，该回家啦。”

They went submissively, but without haste, in single file, like geese.

他们很听话，不慌不忙地站成一列走回去了，像三只小鹅。

I often sat on the tree over the fence hoping that they would ask me to play with them; but they never did. But in spirit I was always playing with them, and I was so fascinated by the games sometimes that I shouted and laughed aloud; whereupon all three would look at me and talk quietly amongst themselves, whilst I, overcome with confusion, would let myself drop to the ground.

我经常坐在围墙上面的树上，等他们叫我一起玩，可是他们从不这样做。不过我心里已经在想着跟他们一起玩了，有时被游戏吸引住了，不禁大喊大笑起来。这时候，他们三个看看我，悄悄说着什么。而我则疑惑不解，就从树上爬下来了。

One day they were playing hide-and-seek, and when it came to the turn of the middle brother to hide, he stood in the corner by the storehouse and shut his eyes honestly, without attempting to peep, while his brothers ran to hide themselves. The elder one nimbly and swiftly climbed into a broad sledge which was kept in a shed against the storehouse, but the youngest one ran in a comical fashion round and round the well, flustered by not knowing where to hide.

有一天，他们玩捉迷藏。轮到老二找时，他站在仓库拐角处，老老实实地闭上眼睛，并没想着要偷看；那哥俩跑去藏了起来。老大迅速而敏捷地爬进仓库棚子里一套宽大的雪橇里面；而小弟弟却手忙脚乱，滑稽地绕着那口井跑来跑去，不知道藏到哪里好。

"One—" shouted the elder one. "Two—"

“一，”老二喊道，“二……”

The little boy jumped on the edge of the well, seized the rope, and stepped into the bucket, which, striking once against the edge with a dull sound, disappeared. I was stupefied, as I saw how quickly and noiselessly the well-oiled wheel turned, but I realized in a moment the possibilities of the situation, and I jumped down into the yard crying:

小弟弟跳到井栏上，抓住绳子，把脚登进空桶里；那个桶碰了一下

井壁，发出一声闷响，就掉下去不见了。我看见抹足了油的辘轳飞快、无声地旋转，惊呆了。我很快意识到会发生什么事，于是纵身跳到院子里，大喊道：

"He has fallen into the well!"

“他掉到井里啦！”

The middle boy and I arrived at the edge of the well at the same time; he clutched at the rope and, feeling himself drawn upwards, loosed his hands. I was just in time to catch the rope, and the elder brother, having come up, helped me to draw up the bucket, saying:

老二和我同时跑到井栏边。他一把抓住绳子，但感觉到身体被向上带起来，双手又松开了。幸好我及时抓住了绳子。老大也跑来了，帮我一起拉水桶。他说：

"Gently, please!"

“请你再轻点！”

We quickly pulled up the little boy, who was very frightened; there were drops of blood on the fingers of his right hand, and his cheek was severely grazed. He was wet to the waist, and his face was overspread with a bluish pallor; but he smiled, then shuddered, and closed his eyes tightly, then smiled again, and said slowly:

我们很快就把小弟弟拉了上来，他也吓坏了；鲜血从他的右手指往下滴，脸颊也擦伤得很严重。他的腰以下都湿了，脸色白得发青，但是他笑了笑，打了个寒颤，然后紧闭双眼，又笑了笑，接着他慢吞吞地说：

"Howe—ver did I fa—all?”

“我怎——么——掉下——去了？”

"You must have been mad to do such a thing!" said the middle brother, putting his arm round him and wiping the blood off his face with a handkerchief; and the elder one said frowning:

“你一定是疯了，竟做出这样的蠢事！”老二搂着他说，一面用手帕擦去他脸上的血迹；大哥皱着眉说：

"We had better go in. We can't hide it anyhow—”

“咱们回去吧。反正瞒也瞒不住……”

"Will you be whipped?" I asked.

“你们会挨打吗？”我问。

He nodded, and then he said, holding out his hand:

他点点头，然后向我伸出手说：

"How quickly you ran here!"

“你跑得真快！”

I was delighted by his praise, but I had no time to take his hand for he turned away to speak to his brothers again.

我听到他的夸奖觉得很高兴，但是我还没来得及握他的手，他又转向了两个弟弟，对他们说：

"Let us go in, or he will take cold. We will say that he fell down, but we need not say anything about the well."

“咱们进屋吧，不然他会着凉的。咱们就说他摔倒了，可别提掉在井里的事。”

"No," agreed the youngest, shuddering. "We will say I fell in a puddle, shall we?" And they went away.

“对，不提，”小弟弟打着哆嗦表示同意，“咱们说我摔到水坑里了，对吧？”接着他们就走掉了。

All this happened so quickly that when I looked at the branch from which I had sprung into the yard, it was still shaking and throwing its yellow leaves about.

这一切发生得如此迅速，我看了看从上面跳到院子里的那根树枝，它还在摇晃着，黄色的叶子飘然落下。

The brothers did not come into the yard again for a week, and when they appeared again they were more noisy than before; when the elder one saw me in the tree he called out to me kindly:

三兄弟有一个星期没有来院子里了，后来他们又露面了，而且比以前玩得更热闹；老大看见我在树上，亲切地喊道：

"Come here and play with us."

“下来和我们一起玩吧！”

We gathered together, under the projecting roof of the storehouse, in the old sledge, and having surveyed one another thoughtfully, we held a long conversation.

我们聚到了一起，钻到仓库廊檐下破旧的雪橇里；我们彼此细细地打量着，谈了很久的话。

"Did they whip you?" I asked.

“你们挨打了吗？”我问。

"Rather!"

“挨了！”

It was hard for me to believe that these boys were whipped like

myself, and I felt aggrieved about it for their sakes.

很难相信他们这样的孩子也像我一样挨打，我替他们感到委屈。

"Why do you catch birds?" asked the youngest. "Because I like to hear them sing." "But you ought not to catch them; why don't you let them fly about as they like to?" "Well, I'm not going to, so there!" "Won't you just catch one then and give it to me?" "To you!... What kind?"

“你干吗抓小鸟啊？”小弟弟问道。“因为我喜欢听它们唱歌。”“你别抓它们了。为什么不让它们自由自在地飞呢？”“好吧，我以后不抓了。”“不过你先抓一只送给我，好吧？”“送给你！你要什么样的？”

"A lively one, in a cage." "A siskin... that's what you want." "The cat would eat it," said the youngest one; "and besides, papa would not allow us to have it." "No, he wouldn't allow it," agreed the elder. "Have you a mother'?"

“活泼的，放在笼子里的。”“那你就是想要黄雀了。”“猫会吃掉它的，”小弟弟说，“而且爸爸也不让玩。”“对，爸爸不让玩。”老大附和道。“你们有妈妈吗？”

"No," said the eldest, but the middle one corrected him:

“没有。”老大说，但老二更正说：

"We have a mother, but she is not ours really. Ours is dead."

“我们有一个妈妈，但她不是我们的亲妈。我们的亲妈死了。”

"And the other is called a stepmother?" I said, and the elder nodded "Yes."

“另外的妈妈就叫后妈？”我说道。老大点点头说：“是的。”

And they all three looked thoughtful, and their faces were clouded. I knew what a stepmother was like from the stories grandmother used to tell me, and I understood that sudden thoughtfulness. There they sat, all close together, as much alike as a row of peas in a pod; and I remembered the witch-stepmother who took the place of the real mother by means of a trick.

三兄弟都沉思起来，神色黯淡。我从外祖母给我讲的故事里知道后妈是什么样的，所以他们突然陷入沉思，我很理解。他们紧挨着坐在那里，就像一个豆荚中的一排豌豆，一模一样，我想起了用欺骗手段占据亲妈地位的巫婆后妈。

"Your real mother will come back to you again, see if she doesn't," I assured them.

我安慰他们说：“亲妈还会回来呢，你们等着吧。”

The elder one shrugged his shoulders.

老大耸了耸肩膀。

"How can she if she is dead? Such things don't happen."

“她都死了还怎么回来？这不可能的。”

"Don't happen? Good Lord! how many times have the dead, even when they have been hacked to pieces, come to life again when sprinkled with living water?

“不会？我的天啊！死人复活的情形可多着呢，甚至被剁成肉块的人，只要洒上圣水就复活了。

How many times has death been neither real, nor the work of God, but simply the evil spell cast by a wizard or a witch!”

许多人并不是真死，他们的死也不是上帝的旨意，而只是被巫师或者巫婆施了魔咒。”

I began to tell grandmother's stories to them excitedly; but the eldest laughed at first, and said under his breath:

我开始兴奋地给他们讲外祖母的那些故事；老大起先总是笑笑，小声说：

"We know all about those fairy-tales!”

“这些童话我们都知道！”

His brothers listened in silence; the little one with his lips closely shut and pouting, and the middle one with his elbows on his knees, and holding his brother's hand which was round his neck.

他的两个弟弟一声不吭地听着；小弟弟抿紧双唇噘着嘴，老二双肘支着膝盖，抓着弟弟搂着他脖子的手。

The evening was far advanced, red clouds hung over the roof, when suddenly there appeared before us the old man with the white mustache and cinnamon-colored clothes, long, like those worn by a priest, and a rough fur cap.

天色很快暗了下来，红色的云朵高悬在屋顶上；这时那个白胡子老头突然出现在我们面前，他身穿一件牧师常穿的肉桂色长袍，头戴粗糙的皮帽。

"And who may this be?" he asked, pointing to me.

“他是谁？”他指着我问道。

The elder boy stood up and nodded his head in the direction of grandfather's house:

老大站了起来，朝外祖父的屋子那边点点头：

"He comes from there."

“他是从那儿来的。”

"Who invited him in here?"

“谁叫他来这儿的？”

The boys silently climbed down from the sledge, and went into the house, reminding me more than ever of a flock of geese.

三个男孩一声不响地从雪橇上爬下来，回家去了。我更觉得他们像一群鹅了。

The old man gripped my shoulder like a vice and propelled me across the yard to the gate. I felt like crying through sheer terror, but he took such long, quick steps that before I had time to cry we were in the street, and he stood at the little gate raising his finger at me threateningly, as he said:

老头像坏蛋似的紧紧抓住我的肩膀，推搡着我穿过院子向大门走去。我被他吓坏了，想哭，但是他迈着大步子走得很快，我还没来得及哭出来，已经到街上了。他站在侧门旁，伸出手指吓唬我说：

"Don't you dare to come near me again!"

“以后不许你再来这儿！”

I flew into a rage.

我气得火冒三丈，说道：

"I never did want to come near you, you old devil!"

“我又不是来找你的，老鬼！”

Once more I was seized by his long arm and he dragged me along the pavement as he asked in a voice which was like the blow of a hammer on my head:

他又用长长的手臂抓住我，拖着我在人行道上走；他一边走，一边问我，声音像一把锤子一样敲打着我的脑袋：

"Is your grandfather at home?"

“你外祖父在家吗？”

To my sorrow he proved to be at home, and he stood before the minacious old man, with his head thrown back and his beard thrust forward, looking up into the dull, round, fishy eyes as he said hastily:

活该我倒霉，外祖父正好在家。他站在吓人的老头面前，仰着头，撅着胡子，看着对方又圆又浑浊、目光呆滞的眼睛，慌忙说道：

"His mother is away, you see, and I am a busy man, so there is no one to look after him; so I hope you will overlook it this time, Colonel."

“他母亲不在家，我又很忙，没人管他，请您原谅他这一次吧，上校。”

The Colonel raved and stamped about the house like a madman, and he was hardly gone before I was thrown into Uncle Peter's cart.

上校怒吼着，像疯子似的在房子里跺着脚；他刚一走，我就被扔到了彼得大叔的马车上。

"In trouble again, young gentleman?" he asked as he unharnessed the horse. "What are you being punished for now?"

“又闯祸了吧，小家伙？”他一面卸马套，一面问我，“这次是为什么挨打啊？”

When I told him, he flared up.

当我告诉他为什么时，他马上火了。

"And what do you want to be friends with them for?" he hissed. "The young serpents! Look what they have done for you! It is your turn now to blow on them; see you do it."

“你干吗跟他们交朋友？”他低声吼道，“他们都是毒蛇！看你为他们挨了打！该你去揍他们一顿了，去呀！”

He whispered like this for a long time, and all sore from my beating as I was, I was inclined to listen to him at first; but his wrinkled face quivered in a way which became more and more repellent to me every moment, and reminded me that the other boys would be beaten too, and undeservedly, in my opinion.

他就这样咕哝了半天。因为我挨打后满肚子委屈，起先很乐意听他的话；但是他那布满皱纹的脸颤抖着，越来越令人讨厌，使我想起那三个男孩也会挨打，但我认为他们根本不应该挨打。

"They ought not to be whipped; they are all good boys. As for you, every word you say is a lie," I said.

“不该打他们，他们都是好孩子。你净撒谎。”我说。

He looked at me, and then without any warning cried:

他看了看我，突然喊道：

"Get out of my cart!"

“从车上滚下去！”

"You fool!" I yelled, jumping down to the ground.

“你这个傻瓜！”我跳到地上，冲着他喊。

He ran after me across the yard, making unsuccessful attempts to catch me, and yelling in an uncanny voice:

他满院子追着我跑，但就是抓不到我；他一边跑，一边用可怕的声音喊道：

"I am a fool, am I? I tell lies, do I? You wait till I get you!"

“我是傻瓜？我撒谎？看我来收拾你！”

At this moment grandmother came out of the kitchen, and I rushed to her.

这时外祖母从厨房走出来，我向她跑过去。

"This little wretch gives me no peace! I am five times older than he is, yet he dares to come and revile me... and my mother... and all."

“这个倒霉蛋真不让人活了！我年纪是他的五倍，可他竟敢骂我……骂我妈妈……什么都骂。”

Hearing him lie like this so brazenly, I lost my presence of mind, and could do nothing but stand staring at him stupidly; but grandmother replied sternly:

听他如此厚颜无耻地撒谎，我呆住了，不知所措，只是傻傻地站着盯着他看；但外祖母坚决地回答：

"Now you are telling lies, Peter, there is no doubt about it. He would never be offensive to you or any one."

“彼得，一定是你在说谎。他绝对不会这么骂你或其他任何人。”

Grandfather would have believed the drayman!

要是外祖父，他就会相信这个车夫的话！

From that day there was silent but none the less bitter warfare between us; he would try to hit me with his reins, without seeming to do it, he would let my birds out of their cage, and sometimes the cat would catch and eat them, and he would complain about me to grandfather on every possible occasion, and was always believed. I was confirmed in my first impression of him—that he was just a boy like myself disguised as an old man. I unplaited his bast shoes, or rather I ripped a little inside the shoes so that as soon as he put them on they began to fall to pieces; one day I put some pepper in his cap which set him sneezing for a whole hour, and trying with all his might not to leave off his work because of it.

从那天起，我们俩之间开始了无声却残酷的战争：他假装无意地用缰绳打我，放飞我养在笼子里的鸟，有时候猫会把它们抓去吃了；他一有机会就向外祖父告我的状，而外祖父总是相信他。这下证实了他给我的最初印象——他也跟我一样是个孩子，不过是有着老头的外表罢了。我拆他的草鞋，或者在鞋里侧撕开一道小口，这样，他刚一穿上，鞋就会散架；有一天，我在他的帽子里撒了些胡椒粉，害得他打了整整一小

时的喷嚏，他努力不让打喷嚏中断手中的活。

On Sundays he kept me under observation, and more than once he caught me doing what was forbidden—talking to the Ovsyanikovs, and went and told tales to grandfather.

节假日里，他就会监视我，不止一次看到我做不被允许的事情——和奥夫相尼科夫家的小少爷说话，于是他便跑去向外祖父告密。

My acquaintance with the Ovsyanikovs progressed, and gave me increasing pleasure. On a little winding pathway between the wall of grandfather's house and the Ovsyanikovs' fence grew elms and lindens, with some thick elder bushes, under cover of which I bored a semicircular hole in the fence, and the brothers used to come in turns, or perhaps two of them together, and, squatting or kneeling at this hole, we held long conversations in subdued tones; while one of them watched lest the Colonel should come upon us unawares.

我和小少爷们的关系越来越近，这给我带来越来越多的快乐。外祖父家的院墙和奥夫相尼科夫家的围墙之间的那条窄窄的、弯弯曲曲的通道上，长着许多榆树、菩提树和浓密的、有些年头的灌木丛，灌木丛下的围墙上，我开了一个半圆形的洞；三兄弟轮流或者每次两个的来到洞边，我们蹲着或跪着，悄悄地谈很长时间的话；他们中间有一个人望风，以免上校冷不防来到我们身边。

They told me how miserable their existence was, and it made me sad to listen to them; they talked about my caged birds, and of many childish matters, but they never spoke a single word about their stepmother or their father, at least, as far as I can remember. More often than not they asked me to tell them a story, and I faithfully reproduced one of grandmother's tales, and if I forgot anything, I would ask them to wait while I ran to her and refreshed my memory. This pleased her.

他们讲自己的苦闷生活，我听了觉得很难过；他们讲我抓来的鸟，讲许多童年的事情，但从来都不提他们的后母或是父亲，至少我不记得他们提过。他们常常要我讲故事，我就原原本本地把外祖母的故事重讲一遍，如果哪里我忘了，就叫他们等一会儿，我跑去找外祖母问问，便能重新想起来。这令她很高兴。

I told them a lot about grandmother, and the eldest boy remarked once with a deep sigh:

我对他们讲了许多关于外祖母的事，有一次老大深深地叹了口气说：

"Your grandmother seems to be good in every way.... We had a good grandmother too, once."

“你外祖母看来什么都好……从前我们也有个这么好的外祖母。”

He often spoke sadly like this, and spoke of things which had happened as if he had lived a hundred years instead of eleven. I remember that his hands were narrow, and his fingers very slender and delicate, and that his eyes were kind and bright, like the lights of the church lamps. His brothers were lovable too; they seemed to inspire confidence and to make one want to do the things they liked; but the eldest one was my favorite.

他常常这样伤感地说话，谈论曾经发生的事情时就好像他已经活了一百岁，而不是十一岁。我记得他的手窄窄的，手指纤细修长，眼睛和善而明亮，像教堂里长明灯的灯光一样。他的两个弟弟也很可爱，他们让人信任，让人想为他们做他们喜欢的事情，不过我还是最喜欢老大。

Often I was so absorbed in our conversations that I did not notice Uncle Peter till he was close upon us, and the sound of his voice sent us flying in all directions as he exclaimed:

常常是我和他们聊得起劲时，没有留意到彼得大叔走了过来，他说话的声音把我们惊得四处逃窜。

"A—gai—n?”

“又——在——一起了？”

I noticed that his fits of taciturnity and moroseness became more frequent, and I very soon learned to see at a glance what mood he was in when he returned from work. As a rule he opened the gate in a leisurely manner, and its hinges creaked with a long-drawn-out, lazy sound; but when he was in a bad mood, they gave a sharp squeak, as if they were crying out in pain.

我发觉他的沉默和忧郁发作得越来越频繁，甚至他干完活回来时候的心情如何，我一眼就能看出来。通常他都会不慌不忙地打开大门，这时合页会发出拉长的、懒散的吱吱声；然而要是他心情不好，合页便发出短促的响声，好像因为怕疼而叫了出来似的。

His dumb nephew had been married some time and had gone to live in the country, so Peter lived alone in the stables, in a low stall with a broken window and a close smell of hides, tar, sweat and tobacco; and because of that smell I would never enter his dwelling-place. He had taken to sleep with his lamp burning, and grandfather greatly objected to the habit.

他的哑巴侄子结婚有一段时间了，已经搬到乡下住了，因此彼得独自住在马厩上低矮的窝棚里；窝棚只有一扇破窗户，里面充满了皮革、焦油、汗和烟草的气味；因为怕闻这股气味，我从来不进他的屋。他睡觉也不熄灯，外祖父对此表示强烈不满。

"You see! You'll burn me out, Peter."

“小心啊！当心烧掉我的房子，彼得。”

"No, I shan't. Don't you worry. I stand the lamp in a basin of water at night," he would reply, with a sidelong glance.

“不会的。你放心吧。晚上我把灯放在水盆里了。”他回答道，眼睛望着一边。

He seemed to look askance at every one now, and had long given over attending grandmother's evenings and bringing her jam; his face seemed to be shriveling, his wrinkles became much deeper, and as he walked he swayed from side to side and shuffled his feet like a sick person.

他现在好像总是斜着眼睛看每一个人，他早已不再参加外祖母的晚会了，也不给她带果酱了；他的脸似乎更干瘦了，皱纹更深了，走路摇摇晃晃的，像个病人似的脚拖着地。

One week-day morning grandfather and I were clearing away the snow in the yard, there having been a heavy fall that night, when suddenly the latch of the gate clanged loudly and a policeman entered the yard, closing the gate by setting his back against it while he beckoned to grandfather with a fat, gray finger. When grandfather went to him the policeman bent down so that his long-pointed nose looked exactly as if it were chiseling grandfather's forehead, and said something, but in such a low tone that I could not hear the words; but grandfather answered quickly:

平日的一个早上，外祖父和我在院子里扫雪，因为前天夜里下了一场大雪。这时大门的门闩突然咣当一声响，一个警察走进院子里；他向后一靠关上门，向外祖父勾了勾胖胖的灰色手指，招呼他过去。外祖父走到他跟前后，那个警察弯下腰，长长的尖鼻子就像在啄外祖父的额头似的；他嘀咕着些什么，但是声音太小我什么也听不到。这时只听到外祖父急忙回答：

"Here? When? Good God!"

“在这儿？什么时候？天啊！”

And suddenly he cried, jumping about comically:

外祖父突然滑稽地跳起来，喊道：

"God bless us! Is it possible?"

“上帝保佑！这是真的吗？”

"Don't make so much noise," said the policeman sternly.

“小声点儿。”警察严厉地说。

Grandfather looked round and saw me. "Put away your spade, and go indoors," he said.

外祖父回头看见了我。他说：“把铲子拿走，回屋去吧。”

I hid myself in a corner and saw them go to the drayman's stall, and I saw the policeman take off his right glove and strike the palm of his left hand with it as he said:

我躲在角落里，看见他们向车夫的窝棚走去。警察脱下右手手套，拿着它往左手掌上拍打着，说：

"He knows we're after him. He left the horse to wander about, and he is hiding here somewhere."

“他知道我们在找他。他扔掉了马，自己藏在了这儿的什么地方。”

I rushed into the kitchen to tell grandmother all about it; she was kneading dough for bread, and her floured head was bobbing up and down as she listened to me, and then said calmly:

我冲进厨房，把看到听到的一切都告诉了外祖母；她正在揉面做面包，听我讲时，她落满面粉的头上下晃动着，然后不慌不忙地说：

"He has been stealing something, I suppose. You run away now. What is it to do with you?"

“大概是他偷了什么东西吧。玩去吧。这不关你的事。”

When I went out into the yard again grandfather was standing at the gate with his cap off, and his eyes raised to heaven, crossing himself. His face looked angry; he was bristling with anger, in fact, and one of his legs was trembling.

当我回到院子里时，外祖父正站在大门旁，他脱下了帽子，望着天空划着十字。他看起来是生气了，而且是气得头发倒竖，一条腿哆嗦着。

"I told you to go indoors!" he shouted, stamping at me; but he came with me into the kitchen, calling: "Come here, Mother!"

“不是跟你说让你回屋去吗？”他把脚一跺，对我喊道，不过他也跟我来到厨房，叫道：“过来，老婆子！”

They went into the next room, and carried on a long conversation in whispers; but when grandmother came back to the kitchen I saw at once from her expression that something dreadful had happened.

他们走到隔壁房间里，在那儿说了半天的悄悄话，当外祖母回到厨房时，我立刻从她的神情看出发生了什么可怕的事情。

"Why do you look so frightened?" I asked her.

“你干吗这么惊慌啊？”我问她。

"Hold your tongue!" she said quietly.

“闭嘴！”她轻声说。

All day long there was an oppressive feeling about the house.

Grandfather and grandmother frequently exchanged glances of disquietude, and spoke together, softly uttering unintelligible, brief words which intensified the feeling of unrest.

一整天家里都充满压抑感。外祖父和外祖母不时交换一下忧虑的眼色，低声说几句简短的、难以理解的话，这更加重了不安的气氛。

"Light lamps all over the house, Mother," grandfather ordered, coughing.

“老婆子，你把各处的灯都点上。”外祖父咳嗽着吩咐道。

We dined without appetite, yet hurriedly, as if we were expecting some one. Grandfather was tired, and puffed out his cheeks as he grumbled in a squeaky voice:

我们都没什么心思吃饭，匆匆吃了几口，仿佛在等待什么人似的。外祖父很疲倦，他鼓着腮帮子，尖声咕哝道：

"The power of the devil over man!... You see it everywhere... even our religious people and ecclesiastics!... What is the reason of it, eh?"

“魔鬼的力量超过人！你在任何地方都可以看见，甚至是在信徒和教士身上都可以……为什么呢，嗯？”

Grandmother sighed.

外祖母叹了口气。

The hours of that silver-gray winter's day dragged wearily on, and the atmosphere of the house seemed to become increasingly disturbed and oppressive. Before the evening another policeman came, a red, fat man, who sat by the stove in the kitchen and dozed, and when grandmother asked him: "How did they find this out?" he answered in a thick voice: "We find out everything, so don't you worry yourself!"

这个银灰色的冬日拖得出奇地漫长，家里的气氛变得越来越不安、越来越压抑了。接近傍晚时，来了另一个红头发的胖警察，他坐在厨房的壁炉旁打盹；外祖母问他：“你们是怎么查出来的？”他粗声粗气地说：“我们什么都能查出来，你放心！”

I sat at the window, I remember, warming an old two-kopeck piece in my mouth, preparatory to an attempt to make an impression on the frozen window-panes of St. George and the Dragon. All of a sudden there came a dreadful noise from the vestibule, the door was thrown open, and Petrovna shrieked deliriously:

我记得，我坐在窗户旁，把一枚两戈比的旧钱币放在嘴里焐热，想把打败毒龙的常胜将军格奥尔吉的像印到结冰的窗玻璃上。门廊里突然传来了可怕的响声，然后房门猛地打开了，彼得罗芙娜疯狂地尖叫道：

"Look and see what you've got out there!"

“快去看看你们家外面那是什么！”

Catching sight of the policeman, she darted back into the vestibule; but he caught her by the skirt, and cried fearfully:

她一看见警察，又转身往门廊里跑，但是警察抓住了她的裙子，吓人地大喊：

"Wait! Who are you? What are we to look for?"

“站住！你是什么人？去看什么？”

Suddenly brought to a halt on the threshold, she fell on her knees and began to scream; and her words and her tears seemed to choke her:

她突然在门槛上绊了一下，跪倒在地，开始哭嚷；她的话语和眼泪好像快要让她窒息一样：

"I saw it when I went to milk the cows... what is that thing that looks like a boot in the Kashmirins' garden? I said to myself—”

“我去挤牛奶时看见的……卡希林家的花园里那个像一只靴子似的东西是什么？我自言自语道……”

But at this grandfather stamped his foot and shouted:

外祖父顿时跺脚喊道：

"You are lying, you fool! You could not see anything in our garden, the fence is too high and there are no crevices. You are lying; there is nothing in our garden,"

“胡说，你这傻瓜！你不可能看到我们家的花园，围墙那么高，墙上又没有缝。胡说，我们花园里什么也没有。”

"Little Father, it is true!" howled Petrovna, stretching out one hand to him, and pressing the other to her head. "It is true, little Father... should I lie about such a thing? There were footprints leading to your fence, and the snow was all trampled in one place, and I went and looked through the fence and I saw... him... lying there..."

“老爷子，是真的！”彼得罗芙娜哀号着，向他伸出一只手，另一只按着自己的脑袋。“千真万确，老爷子……我怎么能在这种事情上说谎呢？　有脚印通到你家的围墙，有个地方的雪被人踩过了，我走过去，透过围墙往里看，看见……他……躺在那儿……”

"Who? Who?"

“谁？谁？”

This question was repeated over and over again, but nothing more was to be got out of her. Suddenly they all made a dash for the garden, jostling each other as if they had gone mad; and there, by the

pit, with the snow softly spread over him, lay Uncle Peter, with his back against the burnt beam and his head fallen on his chest. Under his right ear was a deep gash, red, like a mouth, from which jagged pieces of flesh stuck out like teeth.

这个问题重复了一遍又一遍，但她却什么也不肯说。突然，大家像发了疯似的，你推我挤地向花园冲去；在花园的土坑旁，彼得大叔躺在那儿，身上覆盖着柔软的雪，他背靠烧焦的梁木，脑袋耷拉在胸前。他的右耳下有一条深深的、通红的口子，像一张嘴一样；几块肉从里面突出来，像参差的牙齿。

I shut my eyes in horror at the sight, but I could see, through my eyelashes, the harness-maker's knife, which I knew so well, lying on Uncle Peter's knees, clutched in the dark fingers of his right hand; his left hand was cut off and was sinking into the snow. Under the drayman the snow had thawed, so that his diminutive body was sunk deep in the soft, sparkling down, and looked even more childlike than when he was alive. On the right side of the body a strange red design, resembling a bird, had been formed on the snow; but on the left the snow was untouched, and had remained smooth and dazzingly bright. The head had fallen forward in an attitude of submission, with the chin pressed against the chest, and crushing the thick curly beard; and amidst the red streams of congealed blood on the breast there lay a large brass cross. The noise they were all making seemed to set my head spinning. Petrovna never left off shrieking, the policeman shouted orders to Valei as he sent him on an errand, and grandfather cried:

我吓得闭上了眼睛，但透过睫毛可以看见他膝盖上放着那把我熟悉的马具刀；他右手黑黑的手指握着那把刀，左手被砍了下来，埋在雪里。车夫身下的雪已经融化了，因此他那矮小的身体深深陷入柔软发亮的雪里；此时的他看起来比活着的时候更像小孩子了。他身体右侧的雪地上有一处奇怪的红色痕迹，像鸟的形状；但左边的雪地没有被动过，仍然很平滑，反射出耀眼的光亮。他的脑袋顺从地向前耷拉着，下巴抵着胸部，浓密卷曲的胡子被压在中间，胸膛上几股凝固的红色血迹中间放着一个铜制的大十字架。他们发出的嘈杂声使我感到头晕目眩。彼得罗芙娜不住地叫喊，那个警察命令瓦利伊去办什么差事，外祖父喊道：

"Take care not to tread in his footprints!"

“小心别踩掉他的脚印！”

But he suddenly knit his brows, and looking on the ground said in a loud, imperious tone to the policeman: "There is nothing for you to kick up a row about, Constable! This is God's affair... a judgment from God... yet you must be fussing about some nonsense or other—bah!”

但是他突然眉头紧锁，眼睛望着地上，大声而威严地对警察说：“你

别胡闹了，警官！这是上帝的事情……让上帝来判决吧……而你净说些废话，唉！”

And at once a hush fell on them all; they stood still and, taking in a long breath, crossed themselves. Several people now came hastily into the garden from the yard. They climbed over Petrovna's fence and some of them fell down, and uttered exclamations of pain; but for all that they were quite quiet until grandfather cried in a voice of despair:

顿时大家都静了下来，他们站着不动，深呼吸着，划着十字。这时，一些人匆匆地从院子跑进花园。他们翻过彼得罗芙娜家的围墙，其中几个跌落下去，发出疼痛的叫喊声，不过他们还是很安静的，直到外祖父绝望地喊道：

"Neighbors! why are you spoiling my raspberry bushes? Have you no consciences?"

“街坊们！你们干吗糟蹋我的树莓啊？难道你们都没有良心吗？”

Grandmother, sobbing violently, took my hand and brought me into the house.

外祖母剧烈地抽泣着，拉着我的手回了屋。

"What did he do?" I asked.

“他干了什么？”我问道。

"Couldn't you see?" she answered.

她回答道：“难道你没看见？”

For the rest of the evening, until far into the night, strangers tramped in and out of the kitchen and the other rooms talking loudly; the police were in command, and a man who looked like a deacon was making notes, and quacking like a duck:

整个晚上直到深夜，厨房里都有陌生人进进出出并且在隔壁房间大声谈论着；警察指挥着，一个教堂执事模样的人做着笔录，说话像鸭子叫：

"Wha—at? Wha—at?”

“什么？什么？”

Grandmother offered them all tea in the kitchen, where, sitting at the table, was a rotund, whiskered individual, marked with smallpox, who was saying in a shrill voice:

外祖母在厨房里请所有人喝茶；桌子旁坐着一个麻子脸、胖乎乎的、留着大胡子的人，他用尖细的声音说道：

"His real name we don't know... all that we can find out is that his

birthplace was Elatma. As for the Deaf Mute... that is only a nickname... he was not deaf and dumb at all... he knew all about the business.... And there's a third man in it too... we've got to find him yet. They have been robbing churches for a long time; that was their lay."

“我们不知道他的真实姓名，只查到他出生于耶拉吉马。至于那个聋哑人，那只是他的绰号，他既不聋也不哑，他全招了。还有第三个人参与，我们已经在找他了。很久以来他们都在抢劫教堂，这就是他们干的勾当。

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Petrovna, very red, and perspiring profusely.

“天啊！”彼得罗芙娜突然叫道，她满脸通红，流了很多汗。

As for me, I lay on the ledge of the stove and looked down on them, and thought how short and fat and dreadful they all were.

我躺在炉炕边上望着他们，觉得他们所有人都又矮又胖，样子可怕。

CHAPTER X

第十章

EARLY one Saturday morning I made my way to Petrovna's kitchen-garden to catch robins. I was there a long time, because the pert red-breasts refused to go into the trap; tantalizingly beautiful, they hopped playfully over the silvery frozen snow, and flew on to the branches of the frost-covered bushes, scattering the blue snow-crystals all about. It was such a pretty sight that I forgot my vexation at my lack of success; in fact, I was not a very keen sportsman, for I took more pleasure in the incidents of the chase than in its results, and my greatest delight was to observe the ways of the birds and think about them. I was quite happy sitting alone on the edge of a snowy field listening to the birds chirping in the crystal stillness of the frosty day, when, faintly, in the distance, I heard the fleeting sounds of the bells of a troika—like the melancholy song of a skylark in the Russian winter.

星期六一大早，我就前往帕特洛夫娜家的菜园，想抓几只知更鸟。我等了很久，因为这些活泼的红胸脯鸟总是不肯上套。它们是非常漂亮的鸟，欢快地在银色的冰雪上跳来跳去，忽而飞到挂满冰霜的枝头，把蓝色的冰晶抖落得四处飘散。眼前的景象如此迷人，令我完全忘记了没能捉到它们的懊恼，实际上，我并非很热衷于打猎，因为我更着迷的是追逐中的乐趣，而非结果。我最大的乐趣便是观察它们的一举一动并细细回味。我满心欢喜地一个人坐在雪地边上，听着鸟儿在这水晶般晶莹剔透、寂静无声的严寒冬日叽叽喳喳地叫着。这时，从远处隐隐约约传来一阵短促的三驾马车铃声，好像是俄罗斯的冬天里云雀忧郁的歌声。

I was benumbed by sitting in the snow, and I felt that my ears were frost-bitten, so I gathered up the trap and the cages, climbed over the wall into grandfather's garden, and made my way to the house.

我坐在雪地里，冻得失去了知觉，觉得耳朵都要冻僵了，于是我收起捕夹和笼子，翻过墙头来到外祖父的花园，往家走去。

The gate leading to the street was open, and a man of colossal proportions was leading three steaming horses, harnessed to a large, closed sledge, out of the yard, whistling merrily the while. My heart leaped.

对着街道的大门是敞开的，一个五大三粗的男人牵着三匹浑身冒着热气的马，马后面拉着一个关着的大型雪橇。他把马拉出院子，还一边乐呵呵地打着呼哨。我的心怦怦直跳。

"Whom have you brought here?"

“你把谁带来了？”

He turned and looked at me from under his arms, and jumped on to the driver's seat before he replied:

他转过来，从他的胳膊下面看了看我，然后跳到车夫的座位，对我说道：

"The priest."

“牧师。”

But I was not convinced; and if it was the priest, he must have come to see one of the lodgers.

但是我不信。如果是牧师，他肯定是来看某个房客的。

"Gee-up!" cried the driver, and he whistled gaily as he slashed at the horses with his reins.

“驾！”车夫大喊一声，一面挥动着手里的马鞭赶马，一面欢快地吹着口哨。

The horses tore across the fields, and I stood looking after them; then I closed the gate. The first thing I heard as I entered the empty kitchen was my mother's energetic voice in the adjoining room, saying very distinctly:

三匹马驶向田野，我站在那里看着它们离去，然后关上了大门。我来到空荡荡的厨房里，一下就听到从隔壁房间传来母亲高昂清晰的声音：

"What is the matter now? Do you want to kill me?"

“怎么啦？你想杀死我吗？”

Without taking off my outdoor clothes, I threw down the cages and ran into the vestibule, where I collided with grandfather; he seized me by the shoulder, looked into my face with wild eyes, and swallowing with difficulty, said hoarsely:

没来得及脱掉外衣，我便扔掉笼子跑进门廊，跟外祖父撞了个满怀。他抓住我的肩膀，用狂怒的眼睛盯着我的脸，强行咽了一口唾沫，声音沙哑地说道：

"Your mother has come back... go to her... wait...!" He shook me so hard that I was nearly taken off my feet, and reeled against the door of the room. "Go on!... Go...!"

“你的妈妈已经回来了，去她那里吧。等等……”他使劲地摇晃着我，我几乎站不住了，斜靠在屋子的门上。“去吧！去吧……”

I knocked at the door, which was protected by felt and oilcloth,

but it was some time before my hand, benumbed with cold, and trembling with nervousness, found the latch; and when at length I softly entered, I halted on the threshold, dazed and bewildered.

我敲了敲门，但是门上贴有毡子和油布。因为手已经冻僵了，还紧张地颤抖着，所以我摸了好久才找到门栓，最后我轻轻地进入了房间，停在门槛上，感到头昏眼花，一片茫然。

"Here he is!" said mother. "Lord! how big he is grown. Why, don't you know me?... What a way you've dressed him!... And, yes, his ears are going white! Make haste, Mama, and get some goose-grease.”

“他来了！”母亲说道，“上帝啊！他都长这么大了。嘿，你不认识我了吗？看看你怎么给他穿的衣服！还有，看，他的耳朵都冻白了！赶快，妈妈，拿一些鹅油来。”

She stood in the middle of the room, bending over me as she took off my outdoor clothes, and turning me about as if I were nothing more than a ball; her massive figure was clothed in a warm, soft, beautiful dress, as full as a man's cloak, which was fastened by black buttons, running obliquely from the shoulder to the hem of the skirt. I had never seen anything like it before.

她站在屋子的中间，弯下腰把我的外衣脱掉，又把我像球一样转了一圈。她高大的身躯裹着一件温暖、柔软、漂亮的裙子，和男人的斗篷一样，黑色的纽扣系得紧紧的，斜斜地从肩膀一直连到裙子的底摆。我从来没有见过这样的东西。

Her face seemed smaller than it used to be, and her eyes larger and more sunken; while her hair seemed to be of a deeper gold. As she undressed me, she threw the garments across the threshold, her red lips curling in disgust, and all the time her voice rang out:

她的脸看起来比以前要小，而眼睛更大了，也凹陷得更深，她的那头金发看起来颜色更深了。她给我脱掉衣服，扔到门外，厌恶地撅起红色的嘴唇，一直不停地说着：

"Why don't you speak? Aren't you glad to see me? Phoo! what a dirty shirt...."

“你为什么不说话？见到我不高兴吗？嘿！衬衫太脏啦……”

Then she rubbed my ears with goose-grease, which hurt; but such a fragrant, pleasant odor came from her while she was doing it, that the pain seemed less than usual.

然后，她在我的耳朵上抹了一些鹅油，弄得我有些疼，但是她抹鹅油时，身上怡人的清香扑面而来，让我觉得疼痛便比平时轻多了。

I pressed close to her, looking up into her eyes, too moved to speak, and through her words I could hear grandmother's low,

unhappy voice:

我靠近她，抬头看着她的眼睛，因为太激动而说不出话来。她说话的时候，我听到了外祖母低沉而不快的声音：

"He is so self-willed... he has got quite out of hand. He is not afraid of grandfather, even.... Oh, Varia!... Varia!”

“他很任性，特别不听话。他甚至都不害怕他外祖父了……哦，瓦里娅！瓦里娅！”

"Don't whine, Mother, for goodness' sake; it doesn't make things any better."

“看在上帝的份上，不要发牢骚了，妈妈，这并不会使事情更好。”

Everything looked small and pitiful and old beside mother. I felt old too, as old as grandfather.

所有东西在母亲旁边看起来都那么渺小、可怜和苍老。我感觉自己也很苍老，如同外祖父一样。

Pressing me to her knees, and smoothing my hair with her warm, heavy hand, she said:

她把我拥到她的膝下，用她温暖而沉重的手抚摸着我的头发，说道：

"He wants some one strict over him. And it is time he went to school.... You will like to learn lessons, won't you?"

“他需要一个严厉的人管教他。也该是他上学的时候了……你愿意学点东西，是吧？”

"I've learned all I want to know."

“我已经学了所有我想学的东西。”

"You will have to learn a little more.... Why! How strong you've grown!" And she laughed heartily in her deep contralto tones as she played with me.

“你还必须再多学一些……呀！看你长得多壮！”她一边逗着我，一边开心地笑着，声音像女低音一样。

When grandfather came in, pale as ashes, with bloodshot eyes, and bristling with rage, she put me from her and asked in a loud voice:

外祖父怒气冲冲地进来了，他脸色灰白，眼里充满血丝。母亲把我拉到她的身后，大声地问道：

'Well, what have you settled, Father? Am I to go?"

“怎么样，爸爸，你决定了吗？我必须走吗？”

He stood at the window scraping the ice off the panes with his finger-nails, and remained silent for a long while. The situation was strained and painful, and, as was usual with me in such moments of tension, my body felt as if it were all eyes and ears, and something seemed to swell within my breast, causing an intense desire to scream.

他站在窗户旁边，用指甲把窗户上的冰划掉，很久都没说话。气氛很是紧张，令人痛苦，和往常陷入这样的紧张气氛时一样，我的身体上好像满是眼睛和耳朵，有什么东西像是在我的胸口膨胀，我很想大声喊叫。

"Lexei, leave the room!" said grandfather roughly.

“列克谢，你出去！”外祖父粗暴地说道。

"Why?" asked mother, drawing me to her again. "You shall not go away from this place. I forbid it!" Mother stood up, gliding up the room, just like a rosy cloud, and placed herself behind grandfather.

“为什么？”母亲问道，又把我拉到她的身边。“你那儿也别去，我不许你走！”母亲站起来，好像是一朵玫瑰色的云彩，她走过房间，站在外祖父的身后，说：

"Listen to me, Papasha—”

“听我说，爸爸……”

He turned upon her, shrieking "Shut up!"

他转过身看着她，尖声叫道：“闭嘴！”

"I won't have you shouting at me," said mother coolly.

“不要冲我这么大喊大叫的。”母亲冷冷地说道。

Grandmother rose from the couch, raising her finger admonishingly. "Now, Varvara!"

外祖母从沙发上站起来，举起一根手指警告道：“听着，瓦尔瓦拉！”

And grandfather sat down, muttering:

外祖父坐下来，低声说道：

"Wait a bit! I want to know who—? Eh? Who was it?... How did it happen?”

“等一会儿！我想知道他是谁，嗯？是谁？怎么回事？”

And suddenly he roared out in a voice which did not seem to belong to him:

突然，他大喊了一声，声音听起来完全不像是他的：

"You have brought shame upon me, Varka!"

“你让我蒙羞，万卡！”

"Go out of the room!" grandmother said to me; and I went into the kitchen, feeling as if I were being suffocated, climbed on to the stove, and stayed there a long time listening to their conversation, which was audible through the partition. They either all talked at once, interrupting one another, or else fell into a long silence as if they had fallen asleep. The subject of their conversation was a baby, lately born to my mother and given into some one's keeping; but I could not understand whether grandfather was angry with mother for giving birth to a child without asking his permission, or for not bringing the child to him.

“到外面去！”外祖母对我说，于是我走到厨房，感觉好像要窒息了一样。我爬到炉子上，在那里呆了很长时间，透过隔板，一直听着他们的谈话。他们时而你争我吵，彼此争论，时而陷入长久的沉默，好像是睡着了一般。他们谈论的话题是母亲最近生下并送给别人抚养的婴儿，但是我不能明白为什么外祖父对母亲很生气，不明白是因为生产没有征得他的同意，还是因为没有把孩子带给他。

He came into the kitchen later, looking dishevelled; his face was livid, and he seemed very tired. With him came grandmother, wiping the tears from her cheeks with the basque of her blouse. He sat down on a bench, doubled up, resting his hands on it, tremulously biting his pale lips; and she knelt down in front of him, and said quietly but with great earnestness:

后来，他来到厨房，蓬头垢面的，脸色铁青，显得很疲劳。外祖母跟着他一起进来了，她用衬衫的下摆擦着脸上的泪水。外祖父坐到一条凳子上，弯下腰，手撑在凳子上，颤抖地咬着自己苍白的嘴唇；外祖母在他的面前跪下来，安静却认真地说道：

"Father, forgive her! For Christ's sake forgive her! You can't get rid of her in this manner. Do you think that such things don't happen amongst the gentry, and in merchants' families? You know what women are. Now, forgive her! No one is perfect, you know."

“孩子爸，原谅她吧！看在耶稣的份上，原谅她吧！你不能用这种方式抛弃她。你认为这样的事情不会发生在贵族或者商人的家里吗？你知道女人是怎么回事。现在，原谅她吧！人无完人，你知道的。”

Grandfather leaned back against the wall and looked into her face; then he growled, with a bitter laugh which was almost a sob:

外祖父后背靠在墙上，盯着她的脸，然后他咆哮着，像啜泣似的苦笑着说：

"Well—what next? Who wouldn't you forgive?

“那接下来呢？又有谁你不会去原谅呢？

I wonder! If you had your way every one would be forgiven.... Ugh! You!”

我想知道！如果像你那样，每个人都是可以原谅的……啊！你啊！”

And bending over her he seized her by the shoulders and shook her, and said, speaking in a rapid whisper:

他俯下身子，抓住她的肩膀晃动着，小声而急促地说：

"But, by God, you needn't worry yourself. You will find no forgiveness in me. Here we are—almost in our graves—overtaken by punishment in our last days... there is neither rest nor happiness for us... nor will there be.... And what is more... mark my words!... we shall be beggars before we're done—beggars!”

“但是，在上帝那里，你不必担心你自己。而我却不会得到上帝的宽恕。我们都已经是快要入土的人了，在我们的晚年却被惩罚压垮了，我们既不得安宁，又没有幸福，也不会有……另外，记住我的话……在我们临死之前，我们会变成乞丐，乞丐！”

Grandmother took his hand, and sitting beside him laughed gently as she said:

外祖母拿起他的手，坐在他的旁边，轻轻地笑着说：

"Oh, you poor thing! So you are afraid of being a beggar. Well, and suppose we do become beggars? All you will have to do is to stay at home while I go out begging.... They'll give to me, never fear!... We shall have plenty; so you can throw that trouble aside."

“哦，你这个可怜的人！你害怕成为乞丐。那好，如果我们真的变成了乞丐呢？你需要做的就是呆在家里，我出去乞讨……他们会给我东西吃的，不要害怕……我们会有很多吃的，你就把那些麻烦忘掉吧。”

He suddenly burst out laughing, moving his head about just like a goat; and seizing grandmother round the neck, pressed her to him, looking small and crumpled beside her.

外祖父突然大笑起来，像山羊一样晃动着他的脑袋，他一把抓住外祖母的脖子，把她拽近自己。在外祖母旁边，他看起来瘦小而干瘪。

"Oh, you fool!" he cried. "You blessed fool!... You are all that I've got now!... You don't worry about anything because you don't understand. But you must look back a little... and remember how you and I worked for them... how I sinned for their sakes... yet, in spite of all that, now—”

“哦，你这个傻瓜！”他叫道，“你这个幸福的傻瓜……现在你是我的一切……你不担心任何事情，是因为你根本不明白。但是你应该稍微回头看看，看看我们当初是怎么为他们而辛苦工作的，看看我又是怎么为了他们犯下罪过的，可是到头来却……”

Here I could contain myself no longer; my tears would not be restrained, and I jumped down off the stove and flew to them, sobbing with joy because they were talking to each other in this wonderfully friendly fashion, and because I was sorry for them, and because mother had come, and because they took me to them, tears and all, and embraced me, and hugged me, and wept over me; but grandfather whispered to me:

此时，我再也无法克制自己，眼泪忍不住流了下来，我从炉子上跳下，跑到他们跟前，流着幸福的眼泪，因为他们能够这样友好地交谈着，因为我为他们感到难过，因为母亲回来了，因为他们拉着我，在泪水中与我紧紧相拥，为我哭泣。但是外祖父向我低声说道：

"So you are here, you little demon! Well, your mother's come back, and I suppose you will always be with her now. The poor old devil of a grandfather can go, eh? And grandmother, who has spoiled you so... she can go to... eh? Ugh—you!...”

“原来你在这里，你这个小鬼！哎，你的妈妈已经回来了，我想你会一直和她在一起了。我这个可怜又可恶的外祖父现在可以滚开了，嗯？还有那么宠爱你的外祖母，她也可以滚开了，嗯？哎，你啊！”

He put us away from him and stood up as he said in a loud, angry tone:

他推开我们站了起来，大声而愤怒地说道：

"They are all leaving us—all turning away from us.... Well, call her in. What are you waiting for? Make haste!”

“他们都要离开了，都抛弃我们不管了……好吧，叫她进来。还等什么呢？快点！”

Grandmother went out of the kitchen, and he went and stood in the corner, with bowed head.

外祖母从厨房里走出去，而外祖父则走到角落里，耷拉着脑袋站在那里。

"All-merciful God!" he began. "Well... Thou seest how it is with us!" And he beat his breast with his fist.

“仁慈的上帝啊！”他说，“哎，你看到我们的处境了吧！”他用拳头捶打着胸脯。

I did not like it when he did this; in fact the way he spoke to God always disgusted me, because he seemed to be vaunting himself before his Maker.

我很不喜欢他这样的举动，实际上，他和上帝说话的方式很让我讨厌，因为他似乎是在上帝面前吹嘘自己。

When mother came in her red dress lighted up the kitchen, and as she sat down by the table, with grandfather and grandmother one on each side of her, her wide sleeves fell against their shoulders. She related something to them quietly and gravely, to which they listened in silence, and without attempting to interrupt her, just as if they were children and she were their mother.

母亲进来了，她红色的裙子照亮了整个厨房，她在桌旁坐下，坐在外祖父和外祖母的中间，宽大的袖子搭在两人的肩膀上。她安静又严肃地向他们讲着什么事情，而他们默默听着，没有打断她的意思，就好像他们是孩子，而她是他们的母亲。

Worn out by excitement, I fell fast asleep on the couch.

我因为兴奋而疲倦，于是在沙发上睡着了。

In the evening the old people went to vespers, dressed in their best. Grandmother gave a merry wink in the direction of grandfather, who was resplendent in the uniform he wore as head of the Guild, with a racoon pelisse over it, and his stomach sticking out importantly; and as she winked she observed to mother:

晚上，外祖父和外祖母穿着最好的衣服去做晚课了。外祖母向外祖父使了个欢快的眼神，此时的外祖父穿着他作会长时的制服，外面套着浣熊大衣，肚子自命不凡地挺着，整个人看起来神采奕奕。外祖母边使眼色，边向母亲说道：

"Just look at father! Isn't he grand.... As spruce as a little goat." And mother laughed gaily.

“看看你爸爸！他看起来多精神……整洁得像只山羊。”母亲欢快地笑了。

When I was left alone with her in her room, she sat on the couch, with her feet curled under her, and pointing to the place beside her, she said:

当只有我和母亲在她的房间时，她坐在沙发上，盘起双脚，指着身边的地方，说道：

"Come and sit here. Now, tell me—how do you like living here? Not much, eh?”

“过来，坐在这里。现在告诉我，你喜欢住在这里吗？不是很喜欢，是吧？”

How did I like it?

我觉得怎么样？

"I don't know."

“我不知道。”

"Grandfather beats you, does he?" "Not so much now."

“外祖父经常打你，是吗？”“现在不经常打了。”

"Oh?... Well, now, you tell me all about it... tell me whatever you like... well?"

“是吗？好吧，现在，你把一切都告诉我，想说什么说什么，好吗？”

As I did not want to speak about grandfather, I told her about the kind man who used to live in that room, whom no one liked, and who was turned out by grandfather. I could see that she did not like this story as she said:

我不愿意谈论外祖父，所以我给她讲了过去住在这个房间的那个善良的人，讲他不招人待见，被外祖父赶了出去。我可以看出，她不喜欢这个故事，她说：

"Well, and what else?"

“那么，还有什么别的？”

I told her about the three boys, and how the Colonel had driven me out of his yard; and her hold upon me tightened as she listened.

我给她讲了那三个男孩，也讲了那位上校是怎么把我赶出了他家的院子。她边听我讲，边紧紧抓着我。

"What nonsense!" she exclaimed with flashing eyes, and was silent a minute, gazing on the floor.

“荒唐！”她尖声叫道，眼睛里闪着光。她沉默了一会儿，眼睛盯着地板。

"Why was grandfather angry with you?" I asked.

“为什么外祖父生你的气？”我问道。

"Because I have done wrong, according to him."

“因为在他看来，我做了错事。”

"In not bringing that baby here—?”

“因为没有把那个婴儿带来吗？”

She started violently, frowning, and biting her lips; then she burst into a laugh and pressed me more closely to her, as she said:

她突然一惊，皱紧眉头，咬住双唇，随即便突然大笑起来，把我搂得更紧了。她说：

"Oh, you little monster! Now, you are to hold your tongue about that, do you hear? Never speak about it—forget you ever heard it, in fact.”

“哦，你这个小魔鬼！好啦，不许再说这个啦，听到了吗？永远都不要提，就当你从来没听过。”

And she spoke to me quietly and sternly for some time; but I did not understand what she said, and presently she stood up and began to pace the room, strumming on her chin with her fingers, and alternately raising and depressing her thick eyebrows.

她平静而严肃地和我说了一会儿，但是我并不明白她说的话。不一会儿，她站了起来，在屋里踱着步子，用手指轻轻弹着下巴，还不时地挑起眉毛或皱起眉头。

A guttering tallow candle was burning on the table, and was reflected in the blank face of the mirror; murky shadows crept along the floor; a lamp burned before the icon in the corner; and the ice-clad windows were silvered by moonlight. Mother looked about her as if she were seeking something on the bare walls or on the ceiling.

桌子上点着一盏油脂蜡烛，空空的镜子反射着烛光，地板上趴着阴暗的影子，角落里的神像前也点着一盏灯，满是冰花的窗户被月光蒙上了一层银色。母亲四下里张望着，好像要在在光秃秃的墙上或者天花板上寻找什么。

"What time do you go to bed?"

“你什么时候上床睡觉？”

"Let me stay a little longer."

“让我再和你呆一会儿。”

"Besides, you have had some sleep to-day," she reminded herself.

“对了，你白天睡了一会儿了。”她提醒自己道。

"Do you want to go away?" I asked her.

“你想离开吗？”我问她。

"Where to?" she exclaimed, in a surprised tone; and raising my head she gazed for such a long time at my face that tears came into my eyes.

“去哪里？”她惊讶地喊道。她捧起我的头，盯着我的脸看了很长时间，我的眼泪都流了出来。

"What is the matter with you?" she asked.

“你怎么了？”她问道。

"My neck aches."

“我的脖子疼。”

My heart was aching too, for I had suddenly realized that she

would not remain in our house, but would go away again.

我的心也疼，因为我突然意识到她不会在我们这个家里呆很久，而是会再次离开。

"You are getting like your father," she observed, kicking a mat aside. "Has grandmother told you anything about him?"

“你越来越像你爸爸了，”她踢了一下旁边的垫子说，“外祖母和你提到过他吗？”

"Yes."

“提过。”

"She loved Maxim very much—very much indeed; and he loved her—" "I know." Mother looked at the candle and frowned; then she extinguished it, saying: "That's better!"

“她非常喜欢马克西姆，真是非常喜欢，而他也爱她。”“我知道。”母亲看着蜡烛，皱了皱眉头，然后吹灭蜡烛说道：“那就好！”

Yes, it made the atmosphere fresher and clearer, and the dark, murky shadows disappeared; bright blue patches of light lay on the floor, and golden crystals shone on the window-panes.

是的，熄灭蜡烛后屋子里更清新更明亮了，阴暗的影子消失不见了，明亮的蓝色月光斑驳地照在地板上，窗格上的金色冰晶闪着亮光。

"But where have you lived all this time?"

“但是这段时间你住在哪里呀？”

She mentioned several towns, as if she were trying to remember something which she had forgotten long ago; and all the time she moved noiselessly round the room, like a hawk.

她提到几个城镇，好像在回忆早已忘却的陈年往事似的，她一直默默地地在房间里踱步，好像是一只雄鹰。

"Where did you get that dress?"

“你在哪里买的那件裙子？”

"I made it myself. I make all my own clothes."

“我自己做的。我的衣服都是自己做的。”

I liked to think that she was different from others, but I was sorry that she so rarely spoke; in fact, unless I asked questions, she did not open her mouth.

一想到她和其他人不同，我就很高兴，但是我也很难过，因为她很少说话，实际上，除非我问她问题，否则她并不开口。

Presently she came and sat beside me again on the couch; and

there we stayed without speaking, pressing close to each other, until the old people returned, smelling of wax and incense, with a solemn quietness and gentleness in their manner.

不一会儿，她又走过来，靠着我坐到沙发上。我们不吭声地坐着，紧紧靠在一起，直到外祖父和外祖母回来。他们俩浑身散发着蜡烛和熏香的气味，神情严肃、安详而庄重。

We supped as on holidays, ceremoniously, exchanging very few words, and uttering those as if we were afraid of waking an extremely light sleeper.

我们的晚饭像节过节一样丰盛。大家都很安静，很少说话，即使说话，也像担心吵醒一个睡眠很轻的人一样小心。

Almost at once my mother energetically undertook the task of giving me Russian lessons. She bought some books, from one of which—"Kindred Words"—I acquired the art of reading Russian characters in a few days; but then my mother must set me to learn poetry by heart—to our mutual vexation.

很快母亲便充满热情地开始给我上俄语课了。她买了几本书。其中有一本叫《家族语言》，让我在短短几天之内就学会了俄语字母。然后母亲又硬让我背诵诗歌，这让我们都很恼火。

The verses ran:

诗文如此写到：

"Bolshaia doroga, priamaia doroga Prostora ne malo beresh twi ou Boga Tebia ne rovniali topor ee lopata Miagka twi kopitou ee pwiliu bogata.”

“道路啊，平直宽广， 上帝的旷野上，你自由翱翔。 不用开辟，无须整饬， 马蹄踩在你柔和的躯体上，尘土飞扬。”

But I read "prostovo" for "prostora," and "roubili" for "rovniali," and "kopita" for "kopitou."

但是我把“旷野”读成了“普通”，“开辟”读成了“砍平”, “马蹄”读成了“马帝”。

"Now, think a moment," said mother. "How could it be 'prostovo,' you little wretch?... 'Pro—sto—ra'; now do you understand?"

“现在，好好想一下，”母亲说道，“怎么会是‘普通’呢？你这个淘气鬼。‘旷野’，现在你明白了吗？”

I did understand, but all the same I read "prostovo," to my own astonishment as much as hers.

我明白是明白了，但是还是读成“普通”。我们两个都很诧异。

She said angrily that I was senseless and obstinate. This made

bitter hearing, for I was honestly trying to remember the cursed verses, and I could repeat them in my own mind without a mistake, but directly I tried to say them aloud they went wrong. I loathed the elusive lines, and began to mix the verses up on purpose, putting all the words which sounded alike together anyhow. I was delighted when, under the spell I placed upon them, the verses emerged absolutely meaningless.

她生气地说我又笨又倔。听到这些，我很痛苦，因为我很努力地在记这些该死的诗文，而且我可以在脑子里毫无差错地背诵出来，但是只要张嘴一说，便会出错。我讨厌这些难懂的诗行，所以开始故意把诗文混淆，不管三七二十一，便把听来相似的单词放在一起读。当我乱读一气的时候，诗文便完全失去意义，这让我十分开心。

But this amusement did not go for long unpunished. One day, after a very successful lesson, when mother asked me if I had learned my poetry, I gabbled almost involuntarily:

但是这种乐趣没过多久就给我带来了惩罚。一天，硕果颇丰的一节课过去后，我的母亲问我是否学会了那些诗句，我不自觉地叽里呱啦地说了一通：

"Doroga, dvouroga, tvorog, nedoroga, Kopwita, popwito, korwito—"

“一条路，两只角， 奶渣儿，便宜了， 马蹄，和尚，水槽……”

I recollected myself too late. Mother rose to her feet, and resting her hands on the table, asked in very distinct tones:

等我意识到的时候已经来不及了。母亲站起来，把手放在桌子上，一字一句地问道：

"What is that you are saying?"

“你说的都是什么？”

"I don't know," I replied dully.

“我不知道。”我慢吞吞地回答。

"Oh, you know well enough!"

“哦，你怎么会不知道！”

"It was just something—"

“这只是……”

"Something what?"

“什么？”

"Something funny."

“有趣的东西。”

"Go into the corner."

“到角落里去。”

"Why?"

“为什么？”

"Go into the corner," she repeated quietly, but her aspect was threatening. "Which corner?"

“到角落里去。”她轻声重复了一遍，样子看起来很吓人。“哪一个角落？”

Without replying, she gazed so fixedly at my face that I began to feel quite flustered, for I did not understand what she wanted me to do. In one corner, under the icon, stood a small table on which was a vase containing scented dried grass and some flowers; in another stood a covered trunk. The bed occupied the third, and there was no fourth, because the door came close up to the wall.

她没有回答，只是紧紧地盯着我的脸。这让我感到非常紧张，因为我不知道她想让我做什么。在一个角落里的神像下面有一张桌子，上面有一个花瓶，里面放着带有香味的干草和一些花，另一个角落里是一个盖着东西的箱子。床占据了另一个角落。没有第四个角落，因为门紧挨着墙。

"I don't know what you mean," I said, despairing of being able to understand her.

“我不知道你什么意思。”我说。我无法理解她的意图。

She relaxed slightly, and wiped her forehead and her cheeks in silence; then she asked:

她稍微放松了一下，默默地擦了擦额头和面颊，然后问道：

"Didn't grandfather put you in the corner?"

“难道你的外祖父没有把你放在过角落里吗？”

"When?"

“什么时候？”

"Never mind when! Has he ever done so?" she cried, striking the table twice with her hand.

“别管什么时候！他这样做过吗？”她喊道，还用手拍了两下桌子。

"No—at least I don't remember it."

“没有，至少我不记得。”

She sighed. "Phew! Come here!"

她叹了口气，说：“嗨！过来！”

I went to her, saying: "Why are you so angry with me?"

我向她走去，问道：“你为什么对我这么生气？”

"Because you made a muddle of that poetry on purpose."

“因为你故意把那首诗读得一塌糊涂。”

I explained as well as I was able that I could remember it word for word with my eyes shut, but that if I tried to say it the words seemed to change.

我尽可能地解释说，尽管我闭着眼睛能记住每一个单词，但是一说出来，它们似乎就变了。

"Are you sure you are not making that up?"

“你确实不是编造的吗？”

I answered that I was quite sure; but on second thoughts I was not so sure, and I suddenly repeated the verses quite correctly, to my own utter astonishment and confusion. I stood before my mother burning with shame; my face seemed to be swelling, my tingling ears to be filled with blood, and unpleasant noises surged through my head. I saw her face through my tears, dark with vexation, as she bit her lips and frowned.

我回答说我很确定，但是转念一想，我也不是很确定。令我自己完全惊讶和不解的是，我突然准确地背出了诗文。我站在母亲面前，感到十分羞耻，我的脸像是肿了起来，嗡嗡作响的耳朵好像灌满了血液，恼人的噪音在脑子里翻腾着。泪水中，我看见她脸色发黑，怒不可遏，她紧咬双唇，皱着眉头。

"What is the meaning of this?" she asked in a voice which did not seem to belong to her. "So you did make it up?"

“这是什么意思？”她问道，声音都变了调。“你确实是编造的啦？”

"I don't know. I didn't mean to!"

“我不知道。我也没打算这样！”

"You are very difficult," she said, letting her head droop. "Run away!"

“你真难对付，”她低下头说道，“走开！”

She began to insist on my learning still more poetry, but my memory seemed to grow less capable every day of retaining the smooth, flowing lines, while my insane desire to alter or mutilate the verses grew stronger and more malevolent in proportion. I even

substituted different words, by which I somewhat surprised myself, for a whole series of words which had nothing to do with the subject would appear and get mixed up with the correct words out of the book. Very often a whole line of the verse would seem to be obliterated, and no matter how conscientiously I tried, I could not get it back into my mind's eye. That pathetic poem of Prince Biazemskov (I think it was his) caused me a great deal of trouble:

母亲坚持让我学习更多的诗歌，但是我的记忆力似乎越来越差，记不住那些流畅的诗文，而与此同时，而我更改、损坏诗文的疯狂愿望也变得越来越强烈。我甚至还替换不同的词汇，对此我自己都感到有些惊讶，因为一连串和诗歌主题没有关系的单词会自动出现，然后与课本里正确的单词混在一起。我似乎经常会忘记整行诗句，不管多么努力，都不能把它拉回我的脑海里。毕扎姆斯科夫王子的那首悲伤的诗（我认为是他的诗）给我带来了很大的麻烦：

At eventide and early morn The old man, widow and orphan For Christ's sake ask for help from man. But the last line: At windows beg, with air forlorn.

无论黄昏，还是清晨老人，寡妇和孤儿以耶稣的名义寻求帮助。但是最后一行：在窗边乞讨，凄凉又绝望。

I always rendered correctly. Mother, unable to make anything of me, recounted my exploits to grandfather, who said in an ominous tone:

我总是背诵得很准确。母亲怎么也不能理解我，于是就把我的表现告诉了外祖父。外祖父用不详的口吻说：

"It is all put on! He has a splendid memory. He learned the prayers by heart with me.... He is making believe, that's all. His memory is good enough.... Teaching him is like engraving on a piece of stone... that will show you how good it is!... You should give him a hiding."

“这都是装出来的！他记忆力好得很。他和我一起背诵祷告词……他是装的，就是这样。他的记忆力足够好了……教他就像是在雕刻一块石头，这样你就会知道它有多好……你应该痛打他一顿。”

Grandmother took me to task too.

外祖母也责备我。

"You can remember stories and songs... and aren't songs poetry?"

“你能记住故事和歌曲，难道歌曲不是诗吗？”

All this was true and I felt very guilty, but all the same I no sooner set myself to learn verses than from somewhere or other different words crept in like cockroaches, and formed themselves into

lines.

的确如此，我感到很惭愧，但是每当我一开始学诗歌，不同的单词就会像蟑螂一样从某个地方爬进来，自行成行：

"We too have beggars at our door, Old men and orphans very poor. They come and whine and ask for food, Which they will sell, though it is good. To Petrovna to feed her cows And then on vodka will carouse.”

“我们的门口也有乞丐， 老人和孤儿很可怜。他们走来，哭着要食物， 尽管食物都很好，他们会卖掉，卖给帕特洛夫娜来换奶牛， 然后喝着伏特加。”

At night, when I lay in bed beside grandmother, I used to repeat to her, till I was weary, all that I had learned out of books, and all that I had composed myself. Sometimes she giggled, but more often she gave me a lecture.

晚上，我躺在床上的时候，总是向身边的外祖母重复所有从书里学到的和我自己创作的东西，直到疲惫不堪。有时候，她会咯咯地笑，但更多的时候她会教训我说：

"There now! You see what you can do. But it is not right to make fun of beggars, God bless them! Christ lived in poverty, and so did all the saints."

“就到这吧！瞧，你能做到的。但是嘲笑乞丐是不对的，上帝会保佑他们的！耶稣以及所有圣人都曾生活在贫穷中。”

I murmured:

我嘟哝道：

"Paupers I hate, Grandfather too. It's sad to relate, Pardon me, God! Grandfather beats me Whenever he can.”

“我讨厌乞丐， 也讨厌外祖父。 说起来就难过， 原谅我吧，上帝！只要他愿意， 随时都会打我。”

"What are you talking about? I wish your tongue may drop out!" cried grandmother angrily. "If grandfather could hear what you are saying—”

“你在说什么呢？我希望你的舌头掉下来！”外祖母生气地说道，“如果外祖父能听到你说什么……”

"He can hear if he likes."

“他想听就听去呗。”

"You are very wrong to be so saucy; it only makes your mother angry, and she has troubles enough without you," said grandmother gravely and kindly.

“你不应该这么无礼，这只会让你的母亲生气，除了你以外，她已经有很多麻烦了。”外祖母严肃又和蔼地说道。

"What is the matter with her?"

“她怎么啦？”

"Never mind! You wouldn't understand."

“没什么！你不会明白的。”

"I know! It is because grandfather—”

“我知道！是因为外祖父……”

"Hold your tongue, I tell you!"

“闭嘴，我警告你！”

My lot was a hard one, for I was desperately trying to find a kindred spirit, but as I was anxious that no one should know of this, I took refuge in being saucy and disagreeable. The lessons with my mother became gradually more distasteful and more difficult to me. I easily mastered arithmetic, but I had not the patience to learn to write, and as for grammar, it was quite unintelligible to me.

我的命运很不幸。我非常渴望找到一个志趣相投的朋友，但又担心没人知道，所以就以故意捣蛋、故意讨人厌来掩饰自己。和母亲一起学习慢慢地变得越来越烦，也越来越难。我很轻松地就学会了算术，但是我没有耐心学习写字，至于语法，对我来说就像是天书。

But what weighed upon me most of all was the fact, which I both saw and felt, that it was very hard for mother to go on living in grandfather's house. Her expression became more sullen every day; she seemed to look upon everything with the eyes of a stranger. She used to sit for a long time together at the window overlooking the garden, saying nothing, and all her brilliant coloring seemed to have faded.

但最让我担心的是，母亲很难继续在外祖父家生活下去。我能看到，也能感觉到这个事实。她的脸色日益阴沉，她像陌生人一样看着一切。她总是长时间地坐在窗户旁边，看着花园，什么也不说，脸上的灿烂似乎也都退去了。

In lesson-time her deep-set eyes seemed to look right through me, at the wall, or at the window, as she asked me questions in a weary voice, and straightway forgot the answers; and she flew into rages with me much oftener—which hurt me, for mothers ought to behave better than any one else, as they do in stories.

在教我的时候，她深陷的眼睛似乎是透过我，看着墙壁或者窗子，她拖着疲惫的声音问我问题，但是马上又忘记了答案，她生气越来越频

繁，这使我很伤心，因为母亲应该比任何人都要好，就像故事里说的那样。

Sometimes I said to her:

有时候我对她说：

"You do not like living with us, do you?'"

“你不喜欢和我们一起生活，是吗？”

"Mind your own business!" she would cry angrily.

“别多管闲事！”她生气地回答。

It began to dawn upon me that grandfather was up to something which worried grandmother and mother. He often shut himself up with mother in her room, and there we heard him wailing and squeaking like the wooden pipe of Nikanora, the one-sided shepherd, which always affected me so unpleasantly. Once when one of these conversations was going on, mother shrieked so that every one in the house could hear her:

我后来知道，外祖父正在做着让外祖母和母亲都很担心的事情。他经常把自己和母亲一起关在她的房间里。我们能听到他的哀嚎和尖叫，就像是尼卡诺尔——那个歪身子的牧羊人——的木管一样，总是让我感到很不舒服。有一次，正当他们在谈话，母亲突然大声尖叫，屋里的每个人都能听到她的声音：

"I won't have it! I won't!"

“我不会要的！我不会！”

And a door banged—and grandfather set up a howl.

门砰的一声关上了，外祖父发出一声嚎叫。

This happened in the evening. Grandmother was sitting at the kitchen table making a shirt for grandfather and whispering to herself. When the door banged, she said, listening intently:

这是晚上发生的事。外祖母坐在厨房的桌子旁边，在给外祖父缝衬衫，还小声地自言自语着。门响的时候，她仔细地听着，说道：

"O Lord! she has gone up to the lodgers."

“哦，上帝啊！她去房客家了。”

At this moment grandfather burst into the kitchen, and rushing up to grandmother, gave her a blow on the head, and hissed as he shook his bruised fist at her:

此时，外祖父闯进厨房，冲向外祖母，一拳打在她的头上，向她挥动着青肿的拳头咬牙切齿地说道：

"Don't you go chattering about things there's no need to talk about, you old hag!'"

“没有必要说的话你到处乱说什么，你这个老东西！”

"You are an old fool!" retorted grandmother quietly, as she put her knocked-about hair straight. "Do you think I am going to keep quiet? I'll tell her everything I know about your plots always."

“你就是个老糊涂！”外祖母轻声反驳道，一边梳理被弄乱的头发。“你认为我会保持沉默吗？我会随时把你的阴谋全部都告诉她的。”

He threw himself upon her and struck at her large head with his fists.

外祖父扑向外祖母，用他的拳头打她宽大的脑袋。

Making no attempt to defend herself, or to strike him back, she said:

她并没有保护自己，也不还手，只是说：

"Go on! Beat me, you silly fool!... That's right! Hit me!"

“继续呀！打我呀，你这个愚蠢的傻瓜！很好！打呀！”

I threw cushions and blankets at him from the couch, and the boots which were round the stove, but he was in such a frenzy of rage that he did not heed them. Grandmother fell to the floor and he kicked her head, till he finally stumbled and fell down himself, overturning a pailful of water. He jumped up spluttering and snorting, glanced wildly round, and rushed away to his own room in the attic.

我从沙发上拿起坐垫和毯子向外祖父扔去，又把炉子边上的靴子扔向他，但是他正陷在狂怒之中，根本没有注意到这些。外祖母倒在地上，而他却不停地踢着她的脑袋，直到自己被绊倒在地上，打翻了一桶水。他从地上跳起来，哼哼唧唧地咕哝着什么，向四周疯狂地看着，然后冲进了他在阁楼上的房间。

Grandmother rose with a sigh, sat down on the bench, and began to straighten her matted hair. I jumped off the couch, and she said to me in an angry tone:

外祖母叹口气站了起来，坐到了凳子上，开始梳理她散乱的头发。我跳下沙发，她生气地对我说道：

"Put these pillows and things in their places. The idea! Fancy throwing pillows at any one!... And was it any business of yours? As for that old devil, he has gone out of his mind—the fool!”

“把枕头和其它东西东西都放回原处。想什么呢！竟然对着人扔枕头！和你有关系吗？”至于那个老鬼，他已经疯了，那个傻瓜！”

Then she drew in her breath sharply, wrinkling up her face as she

called me to her, and holding her head down said:

然后她急促地呼吸着，皱着脸把我叫到跟前，低下头说道：

"Look! What is it that hurts me so?"

“帮我看看！什么东西扎得我这么疼？”

I put her heavy hair aside, and saw that a hairpin had been driven deep into the skin of her head. I pulled it out; but finding another one, my fingers seemed to lose all power of movement and I said: "I think I had better call mother. I am frightened."

我把她浓密的头发拨开，发现一个发卡深深地陷进了她的头皮里。我把它拔了出来，但是又发现另一个，我的手指似乎没了力气，动弹不得，于是我说道：“我还是叫妈妈来吧，我害怕。”

She waved me aside.

她挥一挥手，把我拨到一边，说：

"What is the matter?... Call mother indeed! I'll call you!... Thank God that she has heard and seen nothing of it! As for you—Now then, get out of my way!”

“怎么了？还要叫你的妈妈呀！我就叫你！感谢上帝她没有看见也没有听到这一切！至于你，现在，别在这里碍事！”

And with her own flexible lace-worker's fingers she rummaged in her thick mane, while I plucked up sufficient courage to help her pull out two more thick, bent hairpins.

她用那做针线活的灵巧的手指在浓密的头发里摸索着，我也鼓足勇气帮助她又拔出两个厚厚的、弯曲的发夹。

"Does it hurt you?"

“疼吗？”

"Not much. I'll heat the bath tomorrow and wash my head. It will be all right then."

“不是很疼。我明天烧水洗洗头。然后就会没事了。”

Then she began persuasively: "Now, my darling, you won't tell your mother that he beat me, will you? There is enough bad feeling between them without that. So you won't tell, will you?"

然后，她开始对我进行劝诱：“好啦，我的小宝贝，不要告诉你妈妈他打了我，好吗？即使不告诉你妈妈，她和你外祖父的关系已经很糟糕了。所以你不会说的，是吗？”

"No."

“不会的。”

"Now, don't you forget! Come, let us put things straight.... There are no bruises on my face, are there? So that's all right; we shall be able to keep it quiet."

“那么，别忘了！过来，我们把东西整理一下……我脸上没有伤，是吗？那就好，我们都要保守秘密。”

Then she set to work to clean the floor, and I exclaimed, from the bottom of my heart:

然后，她开始擦洗地板，但是我发自内心地大声说：

"You are just like a saint... they torture you, and torture you, and you think nothing of it."

“你就像是一个圣人，他们摧残你，折磨你，你却不以为然。”

"What is that nonsense you are jabbering? Saint—? Where did you ever see one?”

“你叽叽喳喳地乱说什么呢？圣人？你见过圣人吗？”

And going on all fours, she kept muttering to herself, while I sat by the side of the stove and thought on ways and means of being revenged on grandfather. It was the first time in my presence that he had beaten grandmother in such a disgusting and terrible manner. His red face and his dishevelled red hair rose before me in the twilight; my heart was boiling over with rage, and I was irritated because I could not think of an adequate punishment.

外祖母趴在地上，不住地咕哝着，我则坐在炉子旁，思考着报复外祖父的方法和手段。这是第一次他当着我的面如此凶狠残忍地打外祖母。在昏暗的灯光下，他涨红的脸和蓬乱的红色头发浮现在我的眼前，我怒不可遏，因为我想不出一个足以惩罚他的办法。

But a day or two after this, having been sent up to his attic with something for him, I saw him sitting on the floor before an open trunk, looking through some papers; while on a chair lay his favorite calendar—consisting of twelve leaves of thick, gray paper, divided into squares according to the number of days in the month, and in each square was the figure of the saint of the day. Grandfather greatly valued this calendar, and only let me look at it on those rare occasions when he was very pleased with me; and I was conscious of an indefinable feeling as I gazed at the charming little gray figures placed so close together. I knew the lives of some of them too—Kirik and Uliti, Barbara, the great martyr, Panteleimon, and many others; but what I liked most was the sad life of Alexei, the man of God, and the beautiful verses about him. Grandmother often repeated them to me feelingly. One might consider hundreds of such people and console oneself with the thought that they were all martyrs.

这件事发生一两天之后，我被叫去到他的阁楼给他送点东西。我看见他坐在地板上，面对着一个打开的箱子，正在看一些文件，一把椅子上放着他最喜爱的日历——包括十二页灰色的厚纸，根据一个月里的天数被分割成很多小格子，每一个小格子里是当日圣人的画像。外祖父很珍视这本日历，只有在他对我十分满意的时候才让我看，但这种情况很少发生。看着那些紧紧地靠在一起、十分迷人的灰色画像，我有一种说不出的感受。我了解他们当中一些人的生活——基里克和乌莉塔、伟大的殉教者芭芭拉、潘特雷蒙以及很多其他的人；但是我最喜欢的是神人阿列克谢以及歌颂他的美丽诗句。外祖母总是充满感情地向我述说着这些诗句。你看着数百个这样的圣徒，想到他们都是殉道者，便能得到些许安慰。

But now I made up my mind to tear up the calendar; and when grandfather took a dark blue paper to the window to read it, I snatched up several leaves, and flying downstairs stole the scissors off grandmother's table, and throwing myself on the couch began to cut off the heads of the saints.

然而现在，我下定决心要撕掉这本日历。当外祖父拿着一份深蓝色的文件走到窗户旁边读的时候，我迅速撕下几页日历，飞跑到楼下，从桌子上偷走外祖母的剪刀，一屁股坐在沙发上，开始剪那些圣人的脑袋。

When I had beheaded one row I began to feel that it was a pity to destroy the calendar, so I decided to just cut out the squares; but before the second row was in pieces grandfather appeared in the doorway and asked:

我剪掉了一排圣像的头后，觉得毁掉这本日历太可惜了，于是决定只是剪下那些小格子，但是还没有剪完第二排，外祖父就出现在门口，问道：

"Who gave you permission to take away my calendar?"

“谁让你拿走我的日历啦？”

Then seeing the squares of paper scattered over the table he picked them up, one after the other, holding each close to his face, then dropping it and picking up another; his jaw went awry, his beard jumped up and down, and he breathed so hard that the papers flew on to the floor.

看到几张方形纸片散落在桌子上，他一张一张地捡起来，拿到自己的脸前，然后扔掉再捡另一张。这时他的下巴都扭曲了，胡子不住地上下抖动，他呼吸沉重，吹得纸片飘到了地上。

"What have you done?" he shrieked at length, dragging me towards him by the foot.

“你都干了些什么？”他终于大声尖叫道，他拉着我的脚把我拽到跟

前。

I turned head over heels, and grandmother caught me, with grandfather striking her with his fist and screaming:

我头朝下栽倒了，但是外祖母抓住了我。外祖父一边用拳头打她，一边尖声叫道：

"I'll kill him!"

“我要杀了他！”

At this moment mother appeared, and I took refuge in the corner of the stove, while she, barring his way, caught grandfather's hands, which were being flourished in her face, and pushed him away as she said:

这时，母亲出现了，我躲到了放着炉子的角落里。母亲挡住外祖父，抓住他的手，但是却挨了巴掌，然后母亲把他推开，说道：

"What is the meaning of this unseemly behavior? Recollect yourself."

“这样不体面的行为有什么意义？你好好想想吧。”

Grandfather threw himself on the bench under the window, howling:

外祖父一屁股坐在窗下的凳子上，嚎叫道：

"You want to kill me. You are all against me—every one of you!”

“你要杀了我。你们都要跟我对着干，你们每一个人！”

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" My mother's voice sounded subdued. "Why all this pretense?"

“你不为自己感到羞耻吗？”母亲的声音温和了下来。“为什么总是装模作样？”

Grandfather shrieked, and kicked the bench, with his beard sticking out funnily towards the ceiling and his eyes tightly closed; it seemed to me that he really was ashamed before mother, and that he was really pretending—and that was why he kept his eyes shut.

外祖父一边尖叫，一边踢着凳子，他的胡子滑稽地向天花板翘着，眼睛紧闭。好像在母亲面前，他确实感到很羞耻，也确实是在装模作样——那就是他一直闭着眼睛的原因。

"I'll gum all these pieces together on some calico, and they will look even better than before," said mother, glancing at the cuttings and the leaves. "Look—they were crumpled and torn; they had been lying about.”

“我会在白棉布上用胶水把这些碎片粘到一起，它们会比以前更好

看。”母亲瞥了一眼碎屑和纸页说道。“看，它们已经被揉皱了，撕碎了，地板上到处都是。”

She spoke to him just like she used to speak to me in lesson-time when I could not understand something, and he stood up at once, put his shirt and waistcoat straight, in a business-like manner, expectorated and said:

母亲对外祖父说话的语气就像她给我上课时我听不懂的语气一样。外祖父随即站起来，整理好衬衫和马甲，吐了一口痰，说：

"Do it today. I will bring you the other leaves at once."

“今天就做好。我马上把另外几页拿给你。”

He went to the door, but he halted on the threshold and pointed a crooked finger at me:

他向门口走去，但是在门槛处停了下来，用弯曲的手指指着我说道：

"And he will have to be whipped."

“但是他必须得挨揍。”

"That goes without saying," agreed mother, bending towards me. "Why did you do it?"

“那是自然，”母亲赞同地说，然后把身子弯向我，问，“你为什么这么做？”

"I did it on purpose. He had better not beat grandmother again, or I'll cut his beard off."

“我是故意的。“他最好不要再打外祖母，否则我会把他的胡子剪下来。”

Grandmother, taking off her torn bodice, said, shaking her head reproachfully:

外祖母表示责备地摇摇头，脱下她被撕碎的上衣，说道：

"Hold your tongue now, as you promised." And she spat on the floor. "May your tongue swell up if you don't keep it still!"

“闭上你的嘴，你答应过的。”然后向地板上吐了一口唾沫。“如果你不保守秘密，会肿舌头的！”

Mother looked at her, and again crossed the kitchen to me.

母亲看着外祖母，又穿过厨房走向我，问：

"When did he beat her?"

“他什么时候打她了？”

"Now, Varvara, you ought to be ashamed to ask him about it. Is it any business of yours?" said grandmother angrily.

“瓦尔瓦拉，你不应该问他这样的事情，这和你有什么关系吗？“外祖母生气地说。

Mother went and put her arm round her. "Oh, little mother—my dear little mother!”

母亲走过去，用胳膊搂住外祖母。“哦，妈妈，我亲爱的妈妈！”

"Oh, go away with your 'little mother'! Get away!"

“哦，别再说那个‘可爱的妈妈’了！走开！”

They looked at each other in silence. Grandfather could be heard stamping about in the vestibule.

她们默默地互相看着对方。门廊里传来外祖父咚咚的脚步声。

When she first came home mother had made friends with the merry lady, the soldier's wife, and almost every evening she went up to the front room of the half-house, where she sometimes found people from Betlenga House—beautiful ladies, and officers.

母亲第一次回家之后，就和那个士兵的妻子——一个快乐的女人交上了朋友。她几乎每晚都要去房客们住的前院，在那里，她有时候还会碰到从贝特连家来的漂亮小姐和英俊的军官。

Grandfather did not like this at all, and one day, as he was sitting in the kitchen, he shook his spoon at her threateningly and muttered:

外祖父对此一点都不高兴。一天，他坐在厨房里，举起手里的汤匙指着她威胁着说：

"So you are starting your old ways, curse you! We don't get a chance of sleeping till the morning now."

“你又开始走老路子了，你这个笨蛋！我们现在是不到早上就没法睡觉。”

He soon cleared the lodgers out, and when they had gone he brought from somewhere or other two loads of assorted furniture, placed it in the front room, and locked it up with a large padlock.

不久，他就赶走了这些房客。在他们走掉之后，外祖父不知从什么地方弄来了两车各式各样的家具放置在前屋，又用一个大挂锁锁了起来。

"We have no need to take lodgers," he said. "I am going to entertain on my own account now."

“我们不用招房客了，”他说，“现在我要自己来请客。”

And so on Sundays and holidays visitors began to appear. There

was grandmother's sister, Matrena Sergievna, a shrewish laundress with a large nose, in a striped silk dress and with hair dyed gold; and with her came her sons—Vassili, a long-haired draughtsman, good-natured and gay, who was dressed entirely in gray; and Victor, in all colors of the rainbow, with a head like a horse, and a narrow face covered with freckles, who, even while he was in the vestibule taking off his goloshes, sang in a squeaky voice just like Petrushka's: "Andrei-papà! Andrei-papà!" which occasioned me some surprise and alarm.

于是，在节日里，客人便开始来了。这些客人中有外祖母的妹妹马特里娜·伊凡诺芙娜，她是一个泼辣的洗衣女工，鼻子很大，穿着条纹丝裙，头发染成了金色。和她一起来的还有她的两个儿子：一个是瓦西里，他是个长头发的绘图员，性格温顺开朗，穿一身灰色的衣服；另一个是维克托，他穿着五颜六色的衣服，脑袋像是马的脑袋一样长，细长的脸上长满了雀斑，他刚到门廊就脱下长筒靴，然后像彼得鲁什卡那样尖声唱道：“安德烈爸爸！安德烈爸爸！”这让我又惊又怕。

Uncle Jaakov used to come too, with his guitar, and accompanied by a bent, bald-headed man—a clock-winder, who wore a long, black frock-coat and had a smooth manner; he reminded me of a monk. He used to sit in a corner with his head on one side, and smiling curiously as he tapped his shaven, clefted chin with his fingers. He was dark, and there was something peculiar in the way he stared at us with his one eye; he said very little, and his favorite expression was: "Pray don't trouble; it doesn't matter in the least."

雅科夫舅舅也常来，他拿着吉他，领着一个驼背秃顶的钟表匠。钟表匠穿着一件长长的黑色大衣，性情温和，让我想起了修道士。他总是歪着头坐在角落里，用手指拍打着刮过胡须的酒窝下巴，神秘地笑着。他皮肤黝黑，用一只眼睛盯着我们看的时候，感觉怪怪的，他很少说话，说得最多的是：“不用麻烦了，一点儿关系都没有。”

When I saw him for the first time I suddenly remembered one day long ago, while we were living in New Street, hearing the dull, insistent beating of a drum outside the gate, and seeing a night-cart, surrounded by soldiers and people in black, going from the prison to the square; and seated on a bench in the cart was a man of medium size, with a round cap made of woolen stuff, in chains—and upon his breast a black tablet was displayed, on which there were written some words in large white letters. The man hung his head as if he were reading what was written there, and he shook all over and his chains rattled. So when mother said to the winder: "This is my son," I shrank away from him in terror, and put my hands behind me.

当我第一次看到他的时候，突然就想起了很久前的一天，那时我们还住在新开路，我们听着大门外沉闷的、连续不断的鼓声，看到一辆被士兵和身着黑衣的人包围的黑色马车从监狱驶向广场。马车里的凳子上

坐着一个中等身材的男子，头戴一顶圆毡帽，身上绑着枷锁，胸前还挂着一个黑色的牌子，上面用白色的大字母写着几个字。那个男子耷拉着脑袋，好像在读牌子上写的字，他浑身颤抖着，使铁链发出当啷当啷的声音。当母亲对钟表匠说："这是我的儿子，"我吓得退了回来，把双手背在身后。

"Pray don't trouble!" he said, and his whole mouth seemed to stretch, in a ghastly fashion, as far as his right ear, as he seized me by the belt, drew me to him, turned me round swiftly and lightly, and let me go.

"不用麻烦了！"他说。他的嘴歪向右耳朵，十分吓人，这时他抓住我的腰带把我拉过去，轻快地把我转了几圈，又放开了我。

"He's all right. He's a sturdy little chap."

"他很好。是一个健壮的小伙子。"

I betook myself to the corner, where there was an armchair upholstered in leather—so large that one could lie in it; and grandfather used to brag about it, and call it "Prince Gruzincki's armchair"—and in this I settled myself and looked on, thinking that grown-up people's ideas of enjoyment were very boring, and that the way the clock-winder's face kept on changing was very strange, and was not calculated to inspire confidence.

我把自己藏在角落里，那里有一把扶手椅，上面垫有皮革，椅子很大，足可以在上面躺一个人，外祖父总是吹嘘它是"格鲁吉克基王子的扶手椅"。我就坐在这把椅子上看着，觉得大人们的娱乐方式很是无聊，钟表匠不断变化的表情很是奇怪，看起来并非充满了自信。

It was an oily, flexible face, and it seemed to be melting and always softly on the move; if he smiled, his thick lips shifted to his right cheek, and his little nose turned that way too, and looked like a meat pasty on a plate. His great projecting ears moved strangely too, one being lifted every time he raised his eyebrow over his seeing eye, and the other moving in unison with his cheek-bone; and when he sneezed it seemed as if it were as easy to cover his nose with them as with the palm of his hand. Sometimes he sighed, and thrust out his dark tongue, round as a pestle, and licked his thick, moist lips with a circular movement. This did not strike me as being funny, but only as something wonderful, which I could not help looking at.

那是一张油腻、易变的脸，好像要融化一样，总是在轻轻地动着。他笑的时候，厚厚的嘴唇和小鼻子都向右撇，看起来像是盘子里的一团肉糊。他凸出的耳朵也奇怪地动着，每当他挑起有视力的那只眼睛上方的眉毛时，一只耳朵就会竖起来，另一只耳朵则和颧骨一起移动。他打喷嚏时，好像随时可以用双耳代替双手捂住自己的鼻子。有时候他会叹气，伸出圆溜的像一根杵一样的黑舌头，转着圈舔着厚厚的、湿润的嘴

唇。这并没有让我感到可笑，只是觉得很奇妙，所以我忍不住盯着看。

They drank tea with rum in it, which smelt like burnt onion tops; they drank liqueurs made by grandmother, some yellow like gold, some black like tar, some green; they ate curds, and buns made of butter, eggs and honey; they perspired, and panted, and lavished praises on grandmother; and when they had finished eating, they settled themselves, looking flushed and puffy, decorously in their chairs, and languidly asked Uncle Jaakov to play.

他们喝着加了朗姆酒的茶水，闻起来好像是烧焦了的洋葱头，他们也喝外祖母酿制的甜酒，这些酒有些如金子的黄，有些像沥青的黑，有些是绿色的。他们吃奶块和黄油、鸡蛋、蜂蜜制成的小面包，他们吃得直冒汗，喘着粗气，毫不吝啬地夸奖着外祖母。吃完后，他们坐下来，脸色红润，气喘吁吁，端正地坐在椅子上，懒洋洋地请雅科夫舅舅弹上一曲。

He bent over his guitar and struck up a disagreeable, irritating song:

于是，雅科夫舅舅俯身拿起吉他，唱起一首让人厌烦不安的歌：

"Oh, we have been out on the spree, The town rang with our voices free, And to a lady from Kazan We've told our story, every man."

“哦，我们一直欢乐无比， 镇里到处都是我们的歌声， 对着来自喀山的女士， 我们讲述了我们每一个人的故事。”

I thought this was a miserable song, and grandmother said:

我觉得这是一首叫人悲伤的歌曲，外祖母说道：

"Why don't you play something else, Jaasha?—a real song! Do you remember, Matrena, the sort of songs we used to sing?”

“雅沙，能不能弹点儿别的什么？弹一首真正的歌曲！马特里娜，你还记得我们过去经常唱的那种歌吗？”

Spreading out her rustling frock, the laundress reminded her:

洗衣女工整理了一下沙沙作响的上衣，提醒外祖母说：

"There's a new fashion in singing now, Matushka."

“那些歌早过时了，马图什卡。”

Uncle looked at grandmother, blinking as if she were a long way off, and went on obstinately producing those melancholy sounds and foolish words.

舅舅看着外祖母，眨眨眼睛，好像她离得很远，仍旧固执地弹着忧郁的曲子，唱着乏味的歌词。

Grandfather was carrying on a mysterious conversation with the clock-winder, pointing his finger at him; and the latter, raising his eyebrow, looked over to mother's side of the room and shook his head, and his mobile face assumed a new and indescribable shape.

外祖父则跟钟表匠进行着神秘的对话，用手手指指着他。钟表匠扬起眉毛，朝母亲那边看了看，摇了摇头，脸上表情有了新的变化，让人难以捉摸。

Mother always sat between the Sergievnas, and as she talked quietly and gravely to Vassili, she sighed:

母亲总是坐在伊凡诺芙娜两兄弟的中间，平静而又严肃地和瓦西里说着话，叹息道：

"Ye—es! That wants thinking about.”

“是呀！得考虑考虑。”

And Victor smiled the smile of one who has eaten to satiety, and scraped his feet on the floor; then he suddenly burst shrilly into song:

维克托脸上挂着笑容，像是酒足饭饱的人满足的笑，他拖着步子走过来，突然尖声地唱道：

"Andrei-papà! Andrei-papà!”

“安德烈爸爸！安德烈爸爸！”

They all stopped talking in surprise and looked at him; while the laundress explained in a tone of pride:

所有的人都很惊讶，停止了谈话，看着他。而洗衣女工骄傲地解释道：

"He got that from the theater; they sing it there."

“他从剧院里学来的，那里的人们唱这首歌。”

There were two or three evenings like this, made memorable by their oppressive dullness, and then the winder appeared in the daytime, one Sunday after High Mass. I was sitting with mother in her room helping her to mend a piece of torn beaded embroidery, when the door flew open unexpectedly and grandmother rushed into the room with a frightened face, saying in a loud whisper: "Varia, he has come!" and disappeared immediately.

这样的晚会有两三次，只让人记住了令人压抑的沉闷。后来，在大弥撒之后的一个星期日，钟表匠在白天出现了。我正坐在母亲的房间里，帮她缝一件掉了珠子的绣品。这时，房门突然开了，外祖母惊慌失措地冲进房间，压低声音大声说道：“瓦里娅，他来了！”随即又消失了。

Mother did not stir, not an eyelash quivered; but the door was

soon opened again, and there stood grandfather on the threshold.

母亲没有动，眼皮也没抬一下，但不久门又开了，外祖父站在门槛上，说：

"Dress yourself, Varvara, and come along!"

“穿好衣服，瓦尔瓦拉，跟我来！”

She sat still, and without looking at him said:

她坐在那里没有动，头也不抬地问外祖父：

"Come where?"

“去哪儿？”

"Come along, for God's sake! Don't begin arguing. He is a good, peaceable man, in a good position, and he will make a good father for Lexei."

“看在上帝的份上，跟我走！别再争论了。他是一个好人，性情温和，地位也不错，他会成为列克谢的好父亲的。”

He spoke in an unusually important manner, stroking his sides with the palms of his hands the while; but his elbows trembled, as they were bent backwards, exactly as if his hands wanted to be stretched out in front of him, and he had a struggle to keep them back.

外祖父的语气出奇地严肃，双手一直摸索着两肋，双肘向后弯曲时颤抖着，好像是他要把双手前伸，但又竭力地向后撤似的。

Mother interrupted him calmly.

母亲平静地打断了外祖父，说：

"I tell you that it can't be done."

“我跟您说吧，那是不可能的。”

Grandfather stepped up to her, stretching out his hands just as if he were blind, and bending over her, bristling with rage, he said, with a rattle in his throat:

外祖父走向母亲，像瞎子一样伸出双手，弯下腰，用沙哑的声音愤怒地说道：

"Come along, or I'll drag you to him—by the hair.”

“跟我来，否则我把你拽到他跟前，拽着你的头发。”

"You'll drag me to him, will you?" asked mother, standing up. She turned pale and her eyes were painfully drawn together as she began rapidly to take off her bodice and skirt, and finally, wearing nothing but her chemise, went up to grandfather and said:

“把我拽到他跟前，是吗？”母亲站起来问。她脸色苍白，痛苦地合上眼睛，然后迅速地脱掉外衣和裙子，最后只剩下衬衣。她走向外祖父说：

"Now, drag me to him."

“现在把我拽过去呀。”

He ground his teeth together and shook his fist in her face:

外祖父冲母亲挥着拳头，咬牙切齿地说：

"Varvara! Dress yourself at once!" Mother pushed him aside with her hand, and took hold of the door handle. "Well? Come along!" "Curse you!" whispered grandfather.

“瓦尔瓦拉！马上给我穿上衣服！”母亲用手把他推到一边，抓住了门把手。“好呀，跟我来吧！”“该死的！”外祖父低吼道。

"I am not afraid—come along!”

“我不怕，过来吧！”

She opened the door, but grandfather seized her by her chemise and fell on his knees, whispering:

母亲打开了门，但是外祖父却抓着她的衬衣，突然跪在了地上，低声说道：

"Varvara! You devil! You will ruin us. Have you no shame?"

“瓦尔瓦拉！你这个魔鬼！你会毁了我们。你不害臊吗？”

And he wailed softly and plaintively:

外祖父轻声地悲叹道：

"Mo—ther! Mo—ther!”

“孩子妈！孩子妈！”

Grandmother was already barring mother's way; waving her hands in her face as if she were a hen, she now drove her away from the door, muttering through her closed teeth:

外祖母早已经挡住了母亲的去路，她像一只母鸡一样在母亲面前挥动着双手，把她从门口赶走，从咬着的牙里咕哝道：

"Varka! You fool! What are you doing? Go away, you shameless hussy!"

“万卡！你这个傻瓜！你在做什么？进去，你这个不知羞耻的东西！”

She pushed her into the room and secured the door with the hook; and then she bent over grandfather, helping him up with one

hand and threatening him with the other.

她把母亲推回房间，插上门闩，然后她俯下身，一只手扶着外祖父站起来，另一只手指着他，说：

"Ugh! You old devil!"

“啊！你这个老不死的！”

She sat him on the couch, and he went down all of a heap, like a rag doll, with his mouth open and his head waggling.

她扶他坐在沙发上，他一屁股做坐下去，张着嘴巴，摇着脑袋，像一个破旧的洋娃娃。

"Dress yourself at once, you!" cried grandmother to mother.

“你马上给我穿好衣服！”外祖母向母亲喊道。

Picking her dress up from the floor, mother said: "But I am not going to him—do you hear?” Grandmother pushed me away from the couch. "Go and fetch a basin of water. Make haste!"

母亲从地板上捡起裙子，说道：“但是我不会过去的，你听到了吗？”外祖母把我从沙发上推开，说：“去拿一盆水来，快点！”

She spoke in a low voice, which was almost a whisper, and with a calm, assured manner.

外祖母的声音低沉，几乎是耳语，语气平静又坚定。

I ran into the vestibule. I could hear the heavy tread of measured footsteps in the front room of the half-house, and mother's voice came after me from her room:

我跑到门廊。我能听到租房的前屋里发出的沉重而有节奏的脚步声，母亲的声音从身后传来：

"I shall leave this place to-morrow!”

“我明天就离开这里！”

I went into the kitchen and sat down by the window as if I were in a dream.

我进到厨房，坐在窗边，感觉像是在做梦一样。

Grandfather groaned and shrieked; grandmother muttered; then there was the sound of a door being banged, and all was silent—oppressively so.

外祖父叹息着，尖叫着，外祖母嘀咕着，接着是门砰的一声，然后一切都安静下来，十分压抑。

Remembering what I had been sent for, I scooped up some water in a brass basin and went into the vestibule. From the front room

came the clock-winder with his head bent; he was smoothing his fur cap with his hand, and quacking. Grandmother with her hands folded over her stomach was bowing to his back, and saying softly:

想到我是被派来打水的，于是我用一个铜盆盛了一些水回到门廊。钟表匠耷拉着脑袋从前屋里走了出来，他一边用手抚摸着皮帽，一边清着嗓子。外祖母双手交叉在肚子前，在他的身后鞠了一躬，柔声说道：

"You know what it is yourself—you can't be forced to be nice to people."

“你也明白，不能强人所难。”

He halted on the threshold, and then stepped into the yard; and grandmother, trembling all over, crossed herself and did not seem to know whether she wanted to laugh or cry.

他在门槛上停住，然后又走到院子里。外祖母浑身颤抖，划着十字，似乎不确定是想哭还是想笑。

"What is the matter?" I asked, running to her.

“怎么了？”我跑向她，问道。

She snatched the basin from me, splashing the water over my legs, and cried:

她一把接过水盆，水溅到了我的腿上。她喊道：

"So this is where you come for water. Bolt the door!"

“原来这就是你取水的地方。把门关上！”

And she went back into mother's room; and I went into the kitchen again and listened to them sighing and groaning and muttering, just as if they were moving a load, which was too heavy for them, from one place to another.

外祖母回到母亲的房间。我又进到厨房，听着他们的叹息声，呻吟声，嘟哝声，就好像在从一处往另一处搬重物似的。

It was a brilliant day. Through the ice-covered window-panes peeped the slanting beams of the winter sun; on the table, which was laid for dinner, was the pewter dinner-service; a goblet containing red kvass, and another with some dark-green vodka made by grandfather from betony and St. John's wort, gleamed dully. Through the thawed places on the window could be seen the snow on the roofs, dazzlingly bright and sparkling like silver on the posts of the fence. Hanging against the window-frame in cages, my birds played in the sunshine: the tame siskins chirped gaily, the robins uttered their sharp, shrill twitter, and the goldfinch took a bath.

一天，天气晴朗。冬日的阳光穿过结了冰花的窗户玻璃，斜射进

来，桌子上摆好了晚饭用的锡制餐具，一个高脚杯里装着红色克瓦斯啤酒，另一个装着外祖父用石蚕草和圣约翰草浸泡的深绿色伏特加，微微闪着光。透过化了冰的窗户玻璃，可以看见屋顶上的雪发出耀眼的光芒，就如同篱笆杆子上的银子一样。挂在窗框上的笼子里的鸟在阳光下嬉戏：驯服的黄雀欢快地唱着歌，知更鸟也发出尖尖的叫声，而金翅雀在阳光下沐浴。

But this radiant, silver day, in which every sound was clear and distinct, brought no joy with it, for it seemed out of place—everything seemed out of place. I was seized with a desire to set the birds free, and was about to take down the cages when grandmother rushed in, clapping her hands to her sides, and flew to the stove, calling herself names.

但是，就在这样一个阳光明媚、银装素裹的日子里，听着清澈清晰的声响，却感觉不到丝毫欢乐，因为这些不合时宜，一切似乎都不合时宜。我很想把鸟放了，正要取下笼子，外祖母冲了进来，双手拍着两肋，飞奔到炉子旁，嘴里骂着自己：

"Curse you! Bad luck to you for an old fool, Akulina!"

“你这个该死的！倒霉去吧，阿库林娜，你这个老糊涂！”

She drew a pie out of the oven, touched the crust with her finger, and spat on the floor out of sheer exasperation.

她从烤炉里拿出一个馅饼，用手指碰了碰外皮，然后愤怒地在地板上吐了一口。

"There you are—absolutely dried up! It is your own fault that it is burnt. Uch! Devil! A plague upon all your doings! Why don't you keep your eyes open, owl?... You are as unlucky as bad money!"

“这下好啦，完全烤焦了！都是你的错。哎呦！见鬼！什么事都做不好！为什么眼睛不睁得大一点，猫头鹰？你和假钱一样倒霉！

And she cried, and blew on the pie, and turned it over, first on this side, then on that, tapping the dry crust with her fingers, upon which her large tears splashed forlornly.

她一边喊着，一边往馅饼上吹气，又把它翻过来，先吹一侧，再吹另一侧，还用手指弹掉上面的焦皮，大串的泪珠也滴落在上面。

When grandfather and mother came into the kitchen she banged the pie on the table so hard that all the plates jumped.

外祖父和母亲来到厨房的时候，外祖母砰地把馅饼摔在桌子上，盘子全都跳了起来。

"Look at that! That's your doing... there's no crust for you, top or bottom!"

“看看！都是你们干的好事，面包上面下面都没有皮了！”

Mother, looking quite happy and peaceful, kissed her, and told her not to get angry about it; while grandfather, looking utterly crushed and weary, sat down to table and unfolded his serviette, blinking, with the sun in his eyes, and muttered:

母亲看起来很高兴也很安静，她吻了一下外祖母，告诉她不必为此而生气，而外祖父则看起来十分沮丧而疲惫，他坐在桌旁，打开餐巾，眨着炯炯有神的眼睛，咕哝道：

"That will do. It doesn't matter. We have eaten plenty of pies that were not spoilt. When the Lord buys He pays for a year in minutes... and allows no interest. Sit down, do, Varia!... and have done with it."

“好啦，没关系。我们已经吃过很多没有烤焦的馅饼了。上帝是小气的，你在几分钟之内做的坏事，他要让你用几年来偿还，他可是不给你安慰的。赶紧坐下吧，瓦里娅！就这样吧。”

He behaved just as if he had gone out of his mind, and talked all dinner-time about God, and about ungodly Ahab, and said what a hard lot a father's was, until grandmother interrupted him by saying angrily:

他的举止像一个疯子，吃晚饭的时候一直都在谈论上帝和不忠的亚哈，还说作为一个父亲是多么的不容易，直到外祖母生气地打断他，说道：

"You eat your dinner... that's the best thing you can do!"

“吃你的饭吧，那是你能做的最好的事情！”

Mother joked all the time, and her clear eyes sparkled.

母亲一直在开玩笑，她清澈的眼睛闪烁着光亮。

"So you were frightened just now?" she asked, giving me a push.

“你刚才被吓到了？”她推了我一下，问道。

No, I had not been so frightened then, but now I felt uneasy and bewildered. As the meal dragged out to the weary length which was usual on Sundays and holidays, it seemed to me that these could not be the same people who, only half an hour ago, were shouting at each other, on the verge of fighting, and bursting out into tears and sobs. I could not believe, that is to say, that they were in earnest now, and that they were not ready to weep all the time. But those tears and cries, and the scenes which they inflicted upon one another, happened so often, and died away so quickly, that I began to get used to them, and they gradually ceased to excite me or to cause me heartache.

没有，我没有那么害怕，只是现在我感到不安又疑惑。和往常的节

假日一样，吃饭的时间长得让人厌烦，而且在我看来，他们现在简直像换了一群人一样，因为就在半个小时之前，他们还在互相争吵，几乎要动手打架，泪流满面。也就是说，我不能相信他们现在确实以诚相待，我觉得他们随时都有可能哭出来。但是他们的哭喊声和彼此争吵的场面频繁发生，又迅速结束，我已经开始习惯这一切，所以对此我已经逐渐不再感到紧张，也不会感到头痛了。

Much later I realized that Russian people, because of the poverty and squalor of their lives, love to amuse themselves with sorrow—to play with it like children, and are seldom ashamed of being unhappy.

很久以后我才明白，因为生活的贫穷和悲惨，俄罗斯人喜欢像孩子一样用悲伤来自娱自乐，并没有因为不幸而感到羞愧。

Amidst their endless week-days, grief makes a holiday, and a fire is an amusement—a scratch is an ornament to an empty face.

在无尽的工作日里，伤感成为假日，闹火灾是一种娱乐，空洞的面孔上，一道伤痕也成为了一种装饰。

CHAPTER XI

第十一章

AFTER this incident mother suddenly asserted herself, made a firm stand, and was soon mistress of the house, while grandfather, grown thoughtful and quiet, and quite unlike himself, became a person of no account.

这件事之后，母亲很快确立了自己的权威，立场坚定，不久就成为家里的女主人；而外祖父却变得无足轻重，显得心思沉重，沉默寡言，一点都不像他了。

He hardly ever went out of the house, but sat all day up in the attic reading, by stealth, a book called "The Writings of My Father." He kept this book in a trunk under lock and key, and one day I saw him wash his hands before he took it out. It was a dumpy, fat book bound in red leather; on the dark blue title page a figured inscription in different colored inks flaunted itself: "To worthy Vassili Kashmirin, in gratitude, and sincere remembrance"; and underneath were written some strange surnames, while the frontispiece depicted a bird on the wing.

他几乎总在屋子里呆着，整天坐在阁楼里，偷偷地读一本叫做《父亲手记》的书。他把这本书放在带锁的箱子里，有一天我还看到他在拿出这本书之前洗了手。书不大，很厚，用红色的皮革包着，在深蓝色的标题页，用不同颜色的墨汁写就的文饰富丽的题字耀眼夺目：“致尊敬的瓦斯里·卡什米润，深表感激，以表纪念”，这下面写着一些陌生的姓氏，扉页插图画着一只展翅翱翔的鸟。

Carefully opening the heavy binding, grandfather used to put on his silver-rimmed spectacles, and gazing at the book, move his nose up and down for a long time, in order to get his spectacles at the right angle.

外祖父小心地翻开厚重的封皮，戴上银边眼镜。他盯着书看的时候，不停地上下挪动鼻子，好让眼镜位于合适的角度。

I asked him more than once what book it was that he was reading, but he only answered in an impressive tone:

我不止一次问他读的是什么书，但是他只是用一种令人难忘的语气回答说：

"Never mind.... Wait a bit, and when I die it will come to you. I will leave you my racoon pelisse too."

“没什么……等着，等我死了，它就是你的了。我会把貉绒皮大衣也

给你。”

He began to speak to mother more gently, but less often; listening attentively to her speeches with his eyes glittering like Uncle Peter's, and waving her aside as he muttered:

他和母亲说话变得和气多了，但是次数更少了；他听母亲说话的时候很认真，眼睛像彼得大叔的一样，闪着光芒，他一边挥手示意母亲离开，一边喃喃地说：

"There! that's enough. Do what you like..."

“就这样！够了。你想怎么办就怎么办吧……”

In that trunk of his lay many wonderful articles of attire—skirts of silken material, padded satin jackets, sleeveless silk gowns, cloth of woven silver and headbands sewn with pearls, brightly colored lengths of material and handkerchiefs, with necklaces of colored stones. He took them all, panting as he went, to mother's room and laid them about on the chairs and tables—clothes were mother's delight—and he said to her:

在他的那个箱子里，有很多精美的服装——丝绸裙子，缎子夹克，无袖的丝绸长袍，银丝制成的布，镶有珍珠的头饰，颜色鲜艳的料子和手帕，还有彩石项链。他搬上这些东西来到母亲的房间，一边走一边喘着粗气，然后他把东西摊放在椅子和桌子上——衣服是母亲的挚爱——对她说道：

"In our young days dress was more beautiful and much richer than it is now. Dress was richer, and people seemed to get on better together. But these times are past and cannot be called back... well, here you are; take them, and dress yourself up."

“我们年轻那会儿，穿得比现在要漂亮，富丽。穿戴更华贵，人们彼此就更好相处。但这都是以前的事啦，回不来啦……哎，给你吧，拿走吧，给你自己用吧。”

One day mother went to her room for a short time, and when she reappeared she was dressed in a dark blue sleeveless robe, embroidered with gold, with a pearl headband; and making a low obeisance to grandfather, she asked:

一天，母亲走进自己的房间，不一会儿出来的时候，她身穿一件深蓝色、镶有金边的无袖长袍，头戴珍珠头饰，向外祖父深鞠一躬，说道：

"Well, how does this suit you, my lord Father?"

“您认为怎么样，我的父亲大人？”

Grandfather murmured something, and brightening wonderfully, walked round her, holding up his hands, and said indistinctly, just as

if he were talking in his sleep:

外祖父嘀咕了几句，神采奕奕地绕着母亲打量着，举起他的双手，好像做梦一样喃喃地说道：

"Ech! Varvara!... if you had plenty of money you would have the best people round you...!"

“哎呀！瓦尔瓦拉！如果你有足够的钱，你周围会围绕着最显贵的人……”

Mother lived now in two front rooms in the half-house, and had a great many visitors, the most frequent being the brothers Maximov: Peter, a well-set-up, handsome officer with a large, light beard and blue eyes—the very one before whom grandfather thrashed me for spitting on the old gentleman's head; and Eugen, also tall and thin, with a pale face and a small, pointed beard. His large eyes were like plums, and he was dressed in a green coat with gold buttons and gold letters on his narrow shoulders. He often tossed his head lightly, throwing his long, wavy hair back from his high, smooth forehead, and smiled indulgently; and whenever he told some story in his husky voice, he invariably began his speech with these insinuating words:

母亲现在住在前院的两个房间里，她有很多客人，其中来得最为频繁的是马克西莫夫兄弟。一个叫彼得，他是一位体格健壮、长相英俊的军官，长着浅色的大胡子和蓝色的眼睛——我因为向一个老爷头上吐口水而当着彼得的面被外祖父打了一顿；另外一个叫尤庚，一样又高又瘦，脸色苍白，蓄有削尖的小胡子。他的眼睛大得像李子，身穿绿色上衣，系着金色纽扣，狭窄的肩上还有金色的文字。他总是轻摇着脑袋，卷曲的长发向后甩着，露出又高又平的额头，笑起来很豪爽，每当他用沙哑的声音说点什么的时候，总是这样暗示道：

"Shall I tell you how it appears to me?"

“你想知道我是怎么看这件事的吗？”

Mother used to listen to him with twinkling eyes, and frequently interrupted him laughingly with: "You are a baby, Eugen Vassilovitch—forgive me for saying so!”

母亲总是眨着眼睛听他说话，不时地笑着打断他的话，说：“你还是一个小孩子，尤庚·瓦斯拉维奇——请原谅我这么说！”

And the officer, slapping his broad palms on his knees, would cry:

而那个军官则在膝盖上拍打着宽大的双手喊道：

"A queer sort of baby!"

“还是一个奇怪的小孩呢！”

The Christmas holidays were spent in noisy gaiety, and almost every evening people came to see mother in full dress; or she put on gala dress—better than any of them wore—and went out with her guests.

圣诞节期间都是在吵闹的欢快声中度过的，几乎每天晚上人们都盛装来见母亲，或者就是她穿上节日礼服——比任何人穿的都好——和她的客人们一起出去。

Every time she left the house, in company with her gaily attired guests, it seemed to sink into the earth, and a terrifying silence seemed to creep into every corner of it. Grandmother flapped about the room like an old goose, putting everything straight. Grandfather stood with his back against the warm tiles of the stove, and talked to himself.

每一次她和那些盛装打扮的客人们一起离开的时候，我似乎就陷进了土里，一种可怕的寂静似乎侵入到每一个角落。外祖母像一只老鹅一样在房间里飘来飘去，整理每一件东西。外祖父则靠着炉壁温暖的瓷砖站着，自言自语道：

"Well... that will do... very good!... We'll have a look and see what family..."

“哎，好了……非常好！我们倒要看看……”

After the Christmas holidays mother sent Sascha, Uncle Michael's son, and me to school. Sascha's father had married again, and from the very first the stepmother had taken a dislike to her stepson, and had begun to beat him; so at grandmother's entreaty, grandfather had taken Sascha to live in his house. We went to school for a month, and all I learned, as far as I remember, was that when I was asked "What is your surname?" I must not reply "Pyeshkov" simply, but "My surname is Pyeshkov." And also that I must not say to the teacher: "Don't shout at me, my dear fellow, I am not afraid of you!"

圣诞节一过，母亲就把米哈伊尔舅舅的儿子萨沙和我一起送去学校读书。米哈伊尔舅舅又结婚了，从一开始，这个继母就不喜欢这个儿子，就开始打他。于是，在外祖母的恳求下，外祖父就把萨沙接到家里住。我们上学有一个月了，我记得我学到的全部便是别人问我“你姓什么”的时候，我不能只是回答“彼什科夫”，而应该回答“我姓帕什科夫。”我还不能对老师说：“别对我大喊大叫的，我亲爱的朋友，我并不害怕你！”

At first I did not like school, but my cousin was very pleased with it in the beginning, and easily made friends for himself; but once he fell asleep during a lesson, and suddenly called out in his sleep:

开始我不喜欢上学，表哥倒是上得很开心，也很容易就交了几个朋

友。但是有一次他上课的时候睡着了，突然在睡梦中叫道：

"I wo—on't!"

“我不会的……”

He awoke with a start and ran out of the class-room without ceremony. He was mercilessly laughed at for this; and the next day, when we were in the passage by Cyenvi Square, on our way to school, he came to a halt saying:

他猛地惊醒过来，不假思索地冲出教室。为此他遭到了毫不留情的嘲笑。第二天，当我们在上学的路上穿过新尼韦广场旁边的街道时，他停下来说道：

"You go on... I am not coming... I would rather go for a walk."

“你去吧，我不去了，我宁愿去散步。”

He squatted on his heels, carelessly dug his bundle of books into the snow, and went off. It was a clear January day, and the silver rays of the sun fell all round me. I envied my cousin very much, but, hardening my heart, I went on to school. I did not want to grieve my mother. The books which Sascha buried disappeared, of course, so he had a valid reason for not going to school the next day; but on the third day his conduct was brought to grandfather's notice. We were called up for judgment; in the kitchen grandfather, grandmother, and mother sat at the table and cross-examined us—and I shall never forget how comically Sascha answered grandfather's questions. "Why didn't you go to school?"

他蹲下来，在雪地里挖了个坑，把一堆书埋进雪里，然后走开了。那是一月份的一天，天气晴朗，银色的阳光洒在我的周围。我非常羡慕我的表哥，但还是横下心，向学校走去。我不想让母亲难过。萨沙埋下的书自然找不到了。于是，第二天，他就顺理成章地有了不去上学的理由，但是第三天他的行为就被外祖父发现了。我们都被叫去审问。厨房里，外祖父、外祖母和母亲坐在桌旁，反复询问着我们——我永远都不能忘记萨沙是怎样可笑地回答了外祖父的问题：“你为什么没有上学？”

"I forgot where it was."

“我忘记学校在哪儿了。”

"Forgot?"

“忘了？”

"Yes. I looked and looked—" "But you went with Alexei; he remembered where it was." "And I lost him." "Lost Lexei?" "Yes."

“是。我找啊找啊……”“但你是跟阿列克谢一起去的，他记得学校在哪儿。”“我把他丢了。”“把列克谢丢了？”“是的。”

"How did that happen?"

“那又是怎么搞的？”

Sascha reflected a moment, and then said, drawing in his breath:

萨沙想了一会儿，然后深吸一口气说道：

"There was a snowstorm, and you couldn't see anything."

“下了一场暴风雪，什么都看不见。”

They all smiled—and the atmosphere began to clear; even Sascha smiled cautiously. But grandfather said maliciously, showing his teeth:

他们都笑了，气氛开始明快起来，甚至萨沙也谨慎地笑了起来。但是外祖父却露着牙齿恶毒地说：

"But you could have caught hold of his arm or his belt, couldn't you?"

“但是你本来可以抓住他的胳膊或者腰带，不对吗？”

"I did catch hold of them, but the wind tore them away," explained Sascha.

“我确实抓住了，但是风把它们吹掉了。”萨沙解释说。

He spoke in a lazy, despondent tone, and I listened uncomfortably to this unnecessary, clumsy lie, amazed at his obstinacy.

他的语气懒散而沮丧，我听到这些不必要的、笨拙的谎话感觉很不舒服，惊讶于他的顽固。

We were thrashed, and a former fireman, an old man with a broken arm, was engaged to take us to school, and to watch that Sascha did not turn aside from the road of learning. But it was no use. The next day, as soon as my cousin reached the causeway, he stooped suddenly, and pulling off one of his high boots threw it a long way from him; then he took off the other and threw it in the opposite direction, and in his stockinged feet ran across the square. The old man, breathing hard, picked up the boots, and thereupon, terribly flustered, took me home.

我们挨了打。一个以前做过消防员、断了一条胳膊的老人开始负责送我们上学，监督萨沙不让他在上学的路上逃学。第二天，我表哥一到堤道，就突然弯下腰来，脱下一只高筒靴，扔到远处，然后再把另一只也脱下来，扔向相反的方向，然后便穿着袜子跑过广场。老人喘着粗气捡起了靴子，然后慌乱地把我带回了家。

All that day grandfather, grandmother, and my mother searched the town for the runaway, and it was evening before they found him in the bar at Tchirkov's Tavern, entertaining the public by his dancing.

They took him home, and actually did not beat the shaking, stubborn, silent lad; but as he lay beside me in the loft, with his legs up and the soles of his feet scraping against the ceiling, he said softly:

一整天，外祖父、外祖母和母亲在镇里到处寻找跑掉的萨沙，直到晚上，才发现他在奇尔科夫酒馆里给众人跳舞逗乐呢。他们把他带回家，但是并没有打他，而他则发着抖、倔强地沉默不语；在阁楼里，他躺在我的旁边，翘起腿，用脚底蹭着天花板，轻声说道：

"My stepmother does not love me, nor my father. Grandfather does not love me either; why should I live with them? So I shall ask grandmother to tell me where the robbers live, and I shall run away to them... then you will understand, all of you.... Why shouldn't we run away together?"

“我的继母不喜欢我，我的父亲也一样。祖父也不爱我，我为什么还要和他们生活？我应该问问祖母强盗们都住在哪里，我应该逃去他们那里，然后你就会明白，你们所有的人……咱们一起逃吧？”

I could not run away with him, for in those days I had a work before me—I had resolved to be an officer with a large, light beard, and for that study was indispensable. When I told my cousin of my plan, he agreed with me, on reflection.

我不能和他一起走，因为在那些天里我有一个目标——我决心要成为一个蓄有浅色大胡子的军官，为此我必须上学。当我把想法告诉表哥的时候，他想了想，很是赞同。

"That's a good idea too. By the time you are an officer I shall be a robber-chief, and you will have to capture me, and one of us will have to kill the other, or take him prisoner. I shan't kill you."

“那也是一个好主意。等你当上了军官，我也成了强盗头子，到时候你要抓我，要么是我杀死你，要么是我进监狱。不过我不会杀你的。”

"Nor I you."

“我也不会杀你的。”

On that point we were agreed.

对此，我们观点一致。

Then grandmother came in, and climbing on to the stove, glanced up at us and said:

这时候外祖母进来了，她爬到炉子上，看了我们一眼说道：

"Well, little mice? E—ekh! Poor orphans!... Poor little mites!”

“呦，两个小家伙？哎！两个可怜的孩子！可怜的小东西！”

Having pitied us, she began to abuse Sascha's stepmother—fat Aunt Nadejda, daughter of the inn-keeper, going on to abuse

stepmothers in general, and, apropos, told us the story of the wise hermit Iona, and how when he was but a lad he was judged, with his stepmother, by an act of God. His father was a fisherman of the White Lake:

可怜过我们之后，她开始咒骂萨沙的继母——肥胖的娜杰日达舅妈，也就是酒馆老板的女儿，接着她又骂了所有的继母然后顺便给我们讲了聪明的隐士约那的故事，讲他如何在小时候和继母一道受到上帝的审判。约那的父亲是白湖上的渔民：

"By his young wife his ruin was wrought, A potent liquor to him she brought, Made of herbs which bring sleep. She laid him, slumbering, in a bark Of oak, like a grave, so close and dark, And plied the maple oars. In the lake's center she dug a hole, For there she had planned, in that dark pool, To hide her vile witch deed. Bent double she rocked from side to side, And the frail craft o'erturned that witch bride! And her husband sank deep. And the witch swam quickly to the shore And fell to the earth with wailings sore, And womanly laments. The good folk all, believing her tale, Wept with the disconsolate female, And in bitterness cried: 'Oi! As wife thy life was all too brief! O'erwhelmed art thou by wifely grief; But life is God's affair. Death too He sends when it doth please Him.' Stepson Ionushka alone looked grim, Her tears not believing. With his little hand upon his heart He swiftly at her these words did dart: 'Oi! Fateful stepmother! Oi! Artful night-bird, born to deceive! Those tears of yours I do not believe! It is joy you feel not pain. But we'll ask our Lord, my charge to prove, And the aid of all the saints above. Let some one take a knife, And throw it up to the cloudless sky; Blameless you, to me the knife will fly. If I am right, you die!' The stepmother turned her baleful gaze On him, and with hate her eyes did blaze As she rose to her feet. And with vigor replied to the attack Of her stepson, nor words did she lack. 'Oh! creature without sense! Abortion you!—fit for rubbish heap! By this invention, what do you reap? Answer you cannot give!' The good folk looked on, but nothing said; Of this dark business they were afraid. Sad and pensive they stood; Then amongst themselves they held a debate, And a fisherman old and sedate Bowing, advanced and said: ‘In my right hand, good people, give me A steel knife, which I will throw, and ye Shall see on whom it falls.' A knife to his hand was their reply. High above his gray head, to the sky, The sharp blade he did fling， Like a bird, up in the air it went; Vainly they waited for its descent, The crystal height scanning. Their hats they doffed, and closer pressed they stood, Silent; yea, Night herself seemed to brood; But the knife did not fall. The ruby dawn rose over the lake, The stepmother, flushed, did courage take And scornfully did smile. When like a swallow the knife did dart

To earth, and fixed itself in her heart. Down on their knees the people did fall Praising God Who is Ruler of All: 'Thou are just, O God!' Iona, the fisherman, did take, And of him a hermit did make. Far away by the bright River Kerjentza In a cell almost invisible from the town Kiteja.”

“年轻的妻子给他带来灾难， 她给他喝下烈酒，酒里有致人昏睡的草药。她把昏睡的丈夫拖进一条橡木船， 它像棺材一样又窄又黑，她摇起枫木船桨。她在湖中心挖了一个洞， 因为她早已计划好，要在这个黑水坑里，掩盖她邪恶的行为。弯下腰，她左右摇晃，脆弱的小船将邪恶的新娘翻到水里！她的丈夫坠向湖水深处。她迅速游向湖岸， 倒在地上嚎啕大哭，充满了女人的悲伤。那些善良的人们都轻信了她的谎言， 和这个悲伤的女人一起哀伤，他们充满痛苦，说道：‘哦！作为一个妻子，你的生命如此短暂！妻子的悲痛使你多么不幸；但是生命是上帝的决定，死亡也是，他随意让人生死。’只有继子约努什科看起来很严肃，并不相信她的眼泪。他把一只手放在胸口， 朝她快速地抛下这些话：‘哦！不幸的继母！哦！狡猾的夜鸟，天生的骗子！我并不相信你的眼泪！你感到高兴，而不是悲伤。但是我们会让上帝来证明， 以及上天所有的神明，来帮我证明。请哪位拿上一把刀， 扔向无云的天空， 你如果清白，刀就会刺向我。如果我是对的，你将死在我的面前！’继母用恶毒的目光盯着他， 眼睛里闪耀着愤怒的火光。她站了起来。面对继子的攻击， 她也并不词穷：‘哦！愚笨的东西！遭人遗弃的早产的畜生！编出这样的话，对你有什么好处？你根本无法回答！’善良的人们在旁观看，都没有说话， 他们担心如此险恶的阴谋。他们站在那里，悲伤而沉思， 互相争辩着， 然后一个渔翁，年迈而沉稳，鞠了一躬，向前说道：‘善良的人们啊，请向我的右手 递一把钢刀，我会把它扔向空中，而你们看它究竟会刺向谁。’人们把刀送入他的手中。他把锋利的刀抛向天空， 在他长着灰白头发的脑袋上空。刀如飞鸟，在空中旋转， 人们徒然地等待它的回落。清澈的天空俯瞰着这一切。大家摘掉了帽子，紧紧地站在一起， 沉默无语，是啊， 夜幕似乎也陷入了沉思。但是那把刀仍旧没有回落。红色的晨曦跃然湖面， 满面红色的继母肆无忌惮，发出轻蔑的笑声。突然，钢刀如燕， 飞驰而下，直扎她的心房。人们跪下， 向主宰万物的上帝祈祷：‘公平的上帝啊！’渔夫带走了约娜， 使他成为一个隐士。就在那遥远明亮的凯尔仁查河畔一个在基杰查镇几乎看不见的小茅屋里。”

The next day I woke up covered with red spots, and this was the beginning of small-pox.

第二天我醒来的时候，身上到处都是红点，我得了天花。

They put me up in the back attic, and there I lay for a long time, blind, with my hands and feet tightly bandaged, living through horrible nightmares, in one of which I nearly died. No one but grandmother came near me, and she fed me with a spoon as if I were a baby, and told me stories, a fresh one every time, from her endless store.

他们把我关在后面的阁楼里。在那里，我躺了很长时间，看不见东西，手脚也被绑得结结实实，总是做可怕的恶梦，有一次竟差点死去。除了外祖母没有人靠近我。她用勺子喂我吃饭，好像我是一个婴儿；她给我讲故事，每一次都是新的，因为她有无穷无尽的故事。

One evening, when I was convalescent, and lay without bandages, except for my hands, which were tied up to prevent me from scratching my face, grandmother, for some reason or other, had not come at her usual time, which alarmed me; and all of a sudden I saw her. She was lying outside the door on the dusty floor of the attic, face downwards, with her arms outspread, and her neck half sawed through, like Uncle Peter's; while from the corner, out of the dusty twilight, there moved slowly towards her a great cat, with its green eyes greedily open. I sprang out of bed, bruising my legs and shoulders against the window-frame, and jumped down into the yard into a snowdrift. It happened to be an evening when mother had visitors, so no one heard the smashing of the glass, or the breaking of the window-frame, and I had to lie in the snow for some time. I had broken no bones, but I had dislocated my shoulder and cut myself very much with the broken glass, and I had lost the use of my legs, and for three months I lay utterly unable to move. I lay still and listened, and thought how noisy the house had become, how often they banged the doors downstairs, and what a lot of people seemed to be coming and going.

一天晚上，那时我的身体还在恢复中，身上只有手还绑着绷带，以防我抓脸。不知道为什么，外祖母没有在惯常的时间过来，这使我起了警觉，突然我看到了她。她趴在阁楼门外脏兮兮的地板上，脸朝下，胳膊伸着，而脖子上开了一个大口子，好像是彼得大叔一样；昏暗的灯光下，一只大猫从角落里慢慢向她走去，眼睛贪婪地张着。我从床上跳了起来，用腿和肩膀挤过窗框，跳进院子，掉进了雪堆里。那天晚上碰巧母亲在招待客人，所以没有人听到玻璃粉碎的声音，也没有人听到窗框断裂的声音，我只好在雪里躺了很长时间。我的骨头没断，但是肩部脱臼了，皮肤也被碎玻璃划破了，而我的双腿也失去了知觉，之后的三个月，我只能一动不动地躺在床上。我静静地躺着，用耳朵听着，感觉着房子里的热闹，楼下人们频繁地开门关门，猜想着多少人在进进出出。

Heavy snowstorms swept over the roof; the wind came and went resoundingly outside the door, sang a funereal song down the chimney, and set the dampers rattling; by day the rooks cawed, and in the quiet night the doleful howling of wolves reached my ears—such was the music under whose influence my heart developed. Later on shy spring peeped into the window with the radiant eyes of the March sun, timidly and gently at first, but growing bolder and warmer every day; she-cats sang and howled on the roof and in the loft; the rustle of spring penetrated the very walls—the crystal icicles broke, the half-

thawed snow fell off the stable-roof, and the bells began to give forth a sound less clear than they gave in winter. When grandmother came near me her words were more often impregnated with the odor of vodka, which grew stronger every day, until at length she began to bring a large white teapot with her and hide it under my bed, saying with a wink:

暴风雪扫过屋顶，门外大风呼啸而过，吹得烟囱发出丧歌般的声音，吹得挡板叮当作响；白天，乌鸦呱呱地叫着，而在寂静的夜晚，野狼的哀嚎便传入我的耳朵——这就是伴随着我成长的音乐。不久，阳春三月的日光害羞地从窗户向里窥视，起初羞涩而胆小，但是日益醒目而温暖；母猫在屋顶和阁楼理喵喵地叫着；春天的脚步声穿过了围墙——晶莹的冰柱断裂了，半融化的雪水沿着马房的屋顶流淌下来，马车的铃声听起来也没有冬天里那样清脆了。外祖母靠近我对我说话时总带着伏特加的酒气，而且越来越浓，最后，她带来一个白色的大茶壶，藏在了我的床底下，眨着眼睛对我说道：

"Don't you say anything to that grandfather of ours, will you, darling?"

“不要对你外祖父说，行吗，我亲爱的小宝贝？”

"Why do you drink?"

“你为什么喝酒？”

"Never mind! When you are grown-up you'll know."

“别问了！等你长大了，你就知道了。”

She pulled at the spout of the teapot, wiped her lips with her sleeve, and smiled sweetly as she asked:

她对着壶嘴喝了一口酒，用袖子擦擦嘴唇，一边笑，一边笑说：

"Well, my little gentleman, what do you want me to tell you about this evening?"

“我的好宝贝，今天晚上你想让我给你讲什么？”

"About my father."

“我的父亲。”

"Where shall I begin?"

“从哪里说起呢？”

I reminded her, and her speech flowed on like a melodious stream for a long time.

我提醒了她之后，她就滔滔不绝地说了很长时间，声音像是悦耳的流水声。

She had begun to tell me about my father of her own accord one

day when she had come to me, nervous, sad, and tired, saying:

有一次，她主动给我讲我的父亲。那天她来到我跟前，看起来很紧张，又很悲伤，她疲惫地说：

"I have had a dream about your father. I thought I saw him coming across the fields, whistling, and followed by a piebald dog with its tongue hanging out. For some reason I have begun to dream about Maxim Savatyevitch very often... it must mean that his soul is not at rest..."

“我梦见你父亲了。我想，我看见他穿过田野，打着口哨，后面还跟着一条花斑狗，舌头吐在外面。不知为什么，我开始经常梦到马克西姆·萨瓦杰维奇，这肯定意味着他的灵魂很不安……”

For several evenings in succession she told me my father's history, which was interesting, as all her stories were.

接下来的几个夜晚，她给我讲我父亲的过去。这和她所有的故事一样很有趣。

My father was the son of a soldier who had worked his way up to be an officer and was banished to Siberia for cruelty to his subordinates; and there—somewhere in Siberia—my father was born. He had an unhappy life, and at a very early age he used to run away from home. Once grandfather set the dogs to track him down in the forest, as if he were a hare; another time, having caught him, he beat him so unmercifully that the neighbors took the child away and hid him.

我的祖父是一个士兵，后来一路晋升成为军官，他因为虐待属下被流放到西伯利亚，在西伯利亚的某个地方，我父亲出生了。父亲过着不幸的生活，在很小的时候，他就常常离家出走。有一次，祖父放狗追他，狗像追野兔似的把父亲追到树林里；还有一次，在抓住父亲之后，祖父毫不留情地痛打了他，邻居不得不带走他，把他藏了起来。

"Do they always beat children?" I asked, and grandmother answered quietly:

“他们总是打孩子吗？”我问。外祖母安静地回答说：

"Always."

“是的。”

My father's mother died early, and when he was nine years old grandfather also died, and he was taken by a cross-maker, who entered him on the Guild of the town of Perm and began to teach him his trade; but my father ran away from him, and earned his living by leading blind people to the fairs. When he was sixteen he came to Nijni and obtained work with a joiner who was a contractor for the

Kolchin steamboats. By the time he was twenty he was a skilled carpenter, upholsterer and decorator. The workshop in which he was employed was next door to grandfather's house in Kovalikh Street. "The fences were not high, and certain people were not backward," said grandmother, laughing. "So one day, when Varia and I were picking raspberries in the garden, who should get over the fence but your father!... I was frightened, foolishly enough; but there he went amongst the apple trees, a fine-looking fellow, in a white shirt, and plush breeches... barefooted and hatless, with long hair bound with leather bands. That's the way he came courting. When I saw him for the first time through the window, I said to myself: 'That's a nice lad!' So when he came close to me now I asked him:

我的祖母很早就过世了，在父亲九岁的时候祖父也过世了，然后父亲被一个当木匠的教父收养，他把父亲送进了彼尔姆城的行业协会，开始教他自己的本行，但是父亲从他那里跑掉了，靠着带盲人去市场为生。他十六岁的时候来到尼日尼，从一个木匠那里找了一份工，木匠是科尔钦汽船的承包商。到他二十岁的时候，他成为了一个技术精湛的木匠、装饰匠和油漆工。他工作的作坊紧挨着外祖父在铁匠街的房子。“围墙不是很高，人的胆子也不小，”外祖母笑着说，“所以，有一天，当我和瓦里娅在院子里摘树莓的时候，不是别人，就是你的父亲跳过了围墙！我被吓了一跳，很是愚蠢。你父亲走在苹果树林里，看起来是一个很不错的小伙子，穿着白色的衬衫和长绒马裤，光着脚，没有戴帽子，长长的头发用皮绳扎了起来。他是来求婚的。第一次透过窗户看到他的时候，我就对自己说：‘那是一个不错的小伙子！’于是，他走过来的时候，我就问他：

"'Why do you come out of your way like this, young man?'

‘年轻人，你为什么这样进来?'

And he fell on his knees. 'Akulina,' he says, 'Ivanovna!... because my whole heart is here... with Varia. Help us, for God's sake! We want to get married.'

他跪了下来，说：‘阿库林娜·伊凡诺芙娜！’他说道，因为我的全部心思都在这里，和瓦里娅在一起。看在上帝的份上，帮帮我们吧！我们想结婚。’

"At this I was stupefied and my tongue refused to speak. I looked, and there was your mother, the rogue, hiding behind an apple tree, all red—as red as the raspberries—and making signs to him; but there were tears in her eyes.

“听到这些，我呆若木鸡，什么话都说不出来。我看到你的母亲，那个淘气鬼，藏在苹果树的后面，满脸通红，和树莓一样，她向你父亲打着手势，眼睛里满是泪水。

"'Oh, you rogues!' I cried. 'How have you managed all this? Are

you in your senses, Varvara? And you, young man,' I said, 'think what you are doing! Do you intend to get your way by force?'

“‘哦，你们这两个小鬼！’我喊道，‘你们是怎么计划的这一切？你疯了吗，瓦尔瓦拉？还有你，年轻人，’我说道，‘想想你们都在做什么！你想硬来吗?'

"At that time grandfather was rich, for he had not given his children their portions, and he had four houses of his own, and money, and he was ambitious; not long before that they had given him a laced hat and a uniform because he had been head of the Guild for nine years without a break—and he was proud in those days. I said to them what it was my duty to say, but all the time I trembled for fear and felt very sorry for them too; they had both become so gloomy. Then said your father:

“那时你外祖父很富有，因为他还没有把财产分给他的孩子们。他自己有四处房产，还有钱，而且很有野心；在那不久前，人们给了他一顶镶有花边的帽子和一套制服，因为他已经连续作了九年的会长了，在那些日子里，他风光得很呐。我跟他们说了我应该说的话，但是我也一直都害怕得发抖，对他们感到很抱歉；而他们两个都变得很沮丧。然后，你的父亲说：

"'I know quite well that Vassili Vassilitch will not consent to give Varia to me, so I shall steal her; only you must help us.'

“‘我完全知道瓦西里·瓦西里耶夫不会同意把瓦里娅嫁给我的，所以我要把她偷走，只是您一定要帮帮我们。’

"So I was to help them. I could not help laughing at him, but he would not be turned from his purpose. 'You may stone me or you may help me, it is all the same to me—I shall not give in,' he said.

“这样，我倒要去帮他们了。我禁不住嘲笑他，但他丝毫不改变主意。‘你要么用石头砸我，要么就帮我，对我来说都是一样的，我不会屈服的，’他说道。

"Then Varvara went to him, laid her hand on his shoulder, and said: 'We have been talking of getting married a long time—we ought to have been married in May.'

“‘然后瓦尔瓦拉向他走去，把手放在他的肩膀上说：‘结婚的问题我们已经谈了很久了，我们本应该在五月份就结婚了。’

"How I started! Good Lord!"

“我是多么地震惊！仁慈的上帝啊！”

Grandmother began to laugh, and her whole body shook; then she took a pinch of snuff, dried her eyes and said, sighing comfortably:

外祖母开始大笑，整个身体都在颤动，然后她吸了吸鼻咽，擦了擦

眼睛，舒服地叹口气，说：

"You can't understand that yet... you don't know what marrying means... but this you can understand—that for a girl to give birth to a child before she is married is a dreadful calamity. Remember that, and when you are grown-up never tempt a girl in that way; it would be a great sin on your part—the girl would be disgraced, and the child illegitimate. See that you don't forget that! You must be kind to women, and love them for their own sakes, and not for the sake of self-indulgence. This is good advice I am giving you.”

“你还不能明白，你不知道结婚是什么意思，但是你能够明白这个——一个未婚的女孩要生孩子会是一件灾难性的事情。记住，等你长大了，永远都不要用那种方式勾引女孩子，对你来说，这将是极大的罪恶，因为这样子女孩会失去尊严，而孩子就会变成私生子。你要记住这些话！你必须善待女人，珍爱她们，不要只顾自己一时快活，而应为她们着想。这是我给你的很好的建议。”

She fell into a reverie, rocking herself in her chair; then, shaking herself, she began again:

她陷入沉思，坐在椅子上摇动着身子，然后，她晃动了一下身体，继续说道：

"Well, what was to be done? I hit Maxim on the forehead, and pulled Varia's plait; but he said reasonably enough: 'Quarreling won't put things right.' And she said: 'Let us think what is the best thing to do first, and have a row afterwards.'

“那么，接下来要做什么呢？我打了马克西姆的额头，拽着瓦里娅的辫子，但是你父亲说得很有道理：‘争吵不会解决任何问题。”你母亲也说：‘让我们想想最好先做什么，然后再考虑之后的事情吧。’

"'Have you any money?' I asked him.

“‘你有钱吗？’我问他。

"'I had some,' he replied, 'but I bought Varia a ring with it.'

“‘我有一些，’他回答道，‘但是我用那些钱给瓦里娅买了一枚戒指。’

"'How much did you have then?'

“‘那么你还剩多少钱?'

"'Oh,' says he, 'about a hundred roubles.'

“‘哦，’他说，‘大约一百卢布。’

"Now at that time money was scarce and things were dear, and I looked at the two—your mother and father—and I said to myself: 'What children!... What young fools!'

“那个时候，钱很稀有，而东西很贵。我看了看他们两个——你的母

亲和父亲——对自己说：‘什么孩子！年轻的傻瓜!'

"'I hid the ring under the floor,' said your mother, 'so that you should not see it. We can sell it.'

“‘我把戒指藏在地板下面了，’你妈妈说，‘这样你们就不会看见它。我们可以把它卖了。’

"Such children they were—both of them! However, we discussed the ways and means for them to be married in a week's time, and I promised to arrange the matter with the priest. But I felt very uncomfortable myself, and my heart went pit-a-pat, because I was so frightened of grandfather; and Varia was frightened too, painfully so. Well, we arranged it all!

“他们就是这样的孩子，两个都是！然而，我们讨论了各种方法和手段让他们在一周之内结婚，我答应他们同牧师一起安排婚事。但是我自己感到很不舒服，我的心怦怦地跳，因为我太害怕你外祖父了，瓦里娅也一样痛苦着，害怕着。不过，我们还是安排好了一切！

"But your father had an enemy—a certain workman, an evil-minded man who had guessed what was going on long ago, and now watched our movements. Well, I arrayed my only daughter in the best things I could get, and took her out to the gate, where there was a troika waiting. She got into it, Maxim whistled, and away they drove. I was going back to the house, in tears, when I ran across this man, who said in a cringing tone:

“但是你的爸爸有一个对头——一个心肠歹毒的工匠，他很久以前就猜到可能发生的事情，所以现在观察着我们的一举一动。我为我唯一的女儿准备了最好的一切，把她带出大门，那里等候着一辆三驾马车。她进了马车，马克西姆打了呼哨，然后他们便驾车离开了。我含着眼泪往回走时，碰见了这个人，他谄媚地说：

"'I have a good heart, and I shall not interfere with the workings of Fate; only, Akulina Ivanovna, you must give me fifty roubles for keeping quiet.'

“我心地善良，不会干涉命运的安排，不过，阿库林娜·伊凡诺芙娜，你必须给我五十个卢布，我才不会抖露这件事。’

"But I had no money; I did not like it, nor care to save it, and so I told him, like a fool:

“但是我没有钱，我不喜欢钱，也不愿意攒钱，所以我像傻瓜一样告诉他：

"'I have no money, so I can't give you any.'

“‘我没有钱，所以一卢布我都不能给你。’

“'Well, he said, 'you can promise it to me.'

“‘那好，’他说道，‘你可以许诺给我钱。’

"'How can I do that? Where am I to get it from after I have promised?'

“‘这我如何能做到呢？即使我答应给你，我又从哪里弄到钱呢?'

"'Is it so difficult to steal from a rich husband?' he says.

“‘从有钱的丈夫那里偷一点有那么难吗？’他说道。

"'If I had not been a fool I should have temporized with him; but I spat full in his ugly mug, and went into the house. And he rushed into the yard and raised a hue and cry."

“‘如果我当时够聪明，我就应该跟他周旋下去，但是我向他丑陋的脸上啐了一口就进屋了。他冲到院子里，大喊大叫。”

Closing her eyes, she said, smiling:

外祖母闭上眼睛，笑着说：

"Even now I have a lively remembrance of that daring deed of mine. Grandfather roared like a wild beast, and wanted to know if they were making fun of him. As it happened, he had been taking stock of Varia lately, and boasting about her: 'I shall marry her to a nobleman—a gentleman!' Here was a pretty nobleman for him!—here was a pretty gentleman! But the Holy Mother of God knows better than we do what persons ought to be drawn together.

“即使是现在，我还清楚地记得当时勇敢的行为。你外祖父像野兽一样吼叫着，想知道他们是不是在和他开玩笑。事实上，他最近一直都关注着瓦里娅，吹嘘说：‘我要把她嫁给一个贵族，一个老爷！’这里有一个英俊的贵族！这里有一个英俊的老爷！但是圣母比我们更清楚地知道什么样的人应该在一起。

"Grandfather tore about the yard as if he were on fire, calling Jaakov and Michael and even—at the suggestion of that wicked workman—Klima, the coachman too. I saw him take a leathern strap with a weight tied on the end of it, and Michael seized his gun. We had good horses then, full of spirit, and the carriage was light. 'Ah well!' I thought, 'they are sure to overtake them.' But here Varia's Guardian Angel suggested something to me. I took a knife and cut the ropes belonging to the shafts. 'There! they will break down on the road now.' And so they did. The shafts came unfastened on the way, and nearly killed grandfather and Michael—and Klima too, besides delaying them; and by the time they had repaired it, and dashed up to the church, Varia and Maxim were standing in the church porch married—thank God!

“外祖父在院子里乱蹦乱跳，好像身上着了火一样，他召集了雅科夫

和米哈伊尔，甚至在那个邪恶的工匠的建议下，还叫上了那个马车夫克里姆。我看见他拿了一条皮带，一头栓着一个秤砣；米哈伊尔则拿起他的枪。那时候家里有很多匹好马，精神抖擞，而且马车很轻。‘啊呀！’我想，‘他们肯定会追上你父母的。’但正当此时，瓦里娅的守护天使给了我暗示。我拿了把刀，割断了皮带上的绳子。‘这样，他们在路上就会出问题的。’事实确实如此。皮带在路上变得松弛，除了拖延了时间，还几乎让你外祖父和米哈伊尔舅舅还有克里姆丧了命；等到他们修好了车，冲到教堂的时候，瓦里娅和马克西姆站在教堂的走廊里，已经完婚了。感谢上帝！

"Then our people started a fight with Maxim; but he was in very good condition and he was rare and strong. He threw Michael away from the porch and broke his arm. Klima also was injured; and grandfather and Jaakov and that workman were all frightened!

“然后，我们的家人就要打马克西姆，但是他体格很好，少有的强壮。他把米哈伊尔从走廊里扔出去，摔断了他的一条胳膊。克里姆也受了伤，外祖父、雅科夫和那个工匠也都很害怕！

"Even in his rage he did not lose his presence of mind, but he said to grandfather:

“既使是愤怒中，你父亲还也没有丧失理智，他对你的外祖父说：

"'You can throw away that strap. Don't wave it about over me, for I am a man of peace, and what I have taken is only what God gave me, and no man shall take from me... and that is all I have to say to you.'

“你可以扔掉那个皮带。不要朝我挥舞皮带，我是一个祈求和平的人，而我所带走的，只是上帝给予我的，没有人能够从我这里取走，这就是我要对你说的。’

"They gave it up then, and grandfather returned to the carriage crying:

“然后，他们都放弃了。外祖父回到马车上，喊道：

"'It is good by now, Varvara! You are no daughter of mine, and I never wish to see you again, either alive or dead of hunger.'

“‘很好，瓦尔瓦拉！你再也不是我的女儿，我再也不想看到你，不管是活着，还是饿死。’

"When he came home he beat me, and he scolded me; but all I did was to groan and hold my tongue.

“他回家后打了我，也责备了我，但是我只是呻吟，却不说话。

"Everything passes away, and what is to be will be. After this he said to me:

“一切都过去了，该来的还是要来的。之后，他对我说：

"'Now, look here, Akulina, you have no daughter now. Remember that.' "But I only said to myself:

“‘你给我听着，阿库林娜，你现在没有女儿了。记住了。’“但是我只是对自己说道：

“‘Tell more lies, sandy-haired, spiteful man—say that ice is warm!'"

“‘继续撒谎呀，老家伙，可恨的人，你也可以说冰是温暖的！’”

I listened attentively, greedily. Some part of her story surprised me, for grandfather had given quite a different account of mother's wedding; he said that he had been against the marriage and had forbidden mother to his house after it, but the wedding had not been secret, and he had been present in the church. I did not like to ask grandmother which of them spoke the truth, because her story was the more beautiful of the two, and I liked it best.

我全神贯注地听着，意犹未尽。外祖母的故事中一些地方使我很惊讶，因为外祖父对母亲的婚礼有着完全不同的描述。他说他一直反对这门婚事，之后也不允许母亲进家门，但婚礼并不是秘密举行的，当时他身在教堂。我不想问外祖母谁说的是真的，因为她的故事更美，我更喜欢。

When she was telling a story she rocked from side to side all the time, just as if she were in a boat. If she was relating something sad or terrible, she rocked more violently, and stretched out her hands as if she were pushing away something in the air; she often covered her eyes, while a sightless, kind smile hid itself in her wrinkled cheek, but her thick eyebrows hardly moved. Sometimes this uncritical friendliness of hers to everybody touched my heart, and sometimes I wished that she would use strong language and assert herself more.

外祖母在讲故事的时候，总是左右摇晃，就好像坐在船上一样。如果她讲的是一些悲伤、可怕的事情，就会摇晃得更厉害，并且好像要在空气中推开什么东西似的伸出双手，她总是遮住眼睛，一种看不见的友善的笑容隐藏在她布满皱纹的脸上，但是她浓密的眉毛几乎不怎么动。有时候，她这种对任何人都不加批判的友善打动了我的心，因此，有时我倒希望她说话能够更严厉一些，从而显示出自己的权威。

"At first, for two weeks, I did not know where Varvara and Maxim were; then a little barefooted boy was sent to tell me.

“刚开始的两个星期，我不知道瓦尔瓦拉和马克西姆在哪里，后来，他们派了一个光着脚的小男孩来通知了我。

I went to see them on a Saturday—I was supposed to be going to vespers, but I went to them instead. They lived a long way off, on the

Suetinsk Slope, in the wing of a house overlooking a yard belonging to some works—a dusty, dirty, noisy place; but they did not mind it—they were like two cats, quite happy, purring, and even playing together. I took them what I could—tea, sugar, cereals of various kinds, jam, flour, dried mushrooms, and a small sum of money which I had got from grandfather on the quiet. You are allowed to steal, you know, when it is not for yourself.

一个星期六，我去看他们——本来我是应该去做晚课的，但我去了他们那里。他们住得很远，在小忙街一座房子的一个厢房里。这座房子俯瞰着一座工厂的院子，院子里到处都是土，又脏又吵。但是他们不管这些，反而像两只小猫一样，有说有笑，打打闹闹，很是幸福呢。我把能带的东西都带过去了，有茶、糖、各种谷物、果酱、面粉、干蘑菇、还有一点钱，是我背着你外祖父偷偷攒下来的。你知道，如果你偷东西不是为自己，是没有问题的。

"But your father would not take anything. 'What! Are we beggars?' he says.

“但是你父亲不愿意收任何东西。‘什么！难道我们是乞丐吗？’他说。

"And Varvara played the same tune. 'Ach!... What is this for, Mamasha?'

“瓦尔瓦拉也附和着：‘哎呀！这是干什么呀，妈妈?'

"I gave them a lecture. 'You young fools!' I said. 'Who am I, I should like to know?... I am the mother God gave you... and you, silly, are my own flesh and blood. Are you going to offend me? Don't you know that when you offend your mother on earth, the Mother of God in Heaven weeps bitterly?'

“我给他们上了一课。‘两个小傻瓜！’我说，‘我想问问你们，我是谁？我是上帝给你们的妈妈。还有你，傻瓜，你是我自己的亲骨肉。你们想惹我生气吗？难道你们不知道，当你们惹你们的妈妈生气的时候，天上的圣母会痛苦地哭泣吗?'

"Then Maxim seized me in his arms and carried me round the room... he actually danced—he was strong, the bear! And Varvara there, the hussy, was as proud as a peacock of her husband, and kept looking at him as if he were a new doll, and talked about housekeeping with such an air—you would have thought she was an old hand at it! It was comical to listen to her. And she gave us cheese-cakes for tea which would have broken the teeth of a wolf, and curds all sprinkled with dust.

“然后马克西姆抱起我，在屋子里转来转去，甚至跳起舞来。他很强壮，像狗熊一样！瓦尔瓦拉这个丫头，像一只孔雀一样为自己的丈夫感

到骄傲，一直都在看着他，好像他是一个新玩具娃娃似的；她还说了说怎样持家，那种语气，你都会觉得她早已经是一个老手了!听她说话很好笑。在喝茶的时候她给我们端上来了奶酪蛋糕，蛋糕硬的都能硌坏狼牙了，还有凝乳上面也洒满了尘土。

"Things went on like this for a long time, and your birth was drawing near, but still grandfather never said a word—he is obstinate, our old man! I went to see them on the quiet, and he knew it; but he pretended not to. It was forbidden to any one in the house to speak of Varia, so she was never mentioned. I said nothing about her either, but I knew that a father's heart could not be dumb for long. And at last the critical moment arrived. It was night; there was a snowstorm raging, and it sounded as if bears were throwing themselves against the window. The wind howled down the chimneys; all the devils were let loose. Grandfather and I were in bed but we could not sleep.

“就这样过了很长时间，你也快出生了，但是你外祖父从来都不发话，这个老顽固！我偷偷地去看他们，这他也知道，但就是假装不知道。在家里，任何人都不允许提起瓦里娅，所以她从来没有被提到过。我也从来不提她，但我知道一个做父亲的是不会一直很麻木的。最后，关键的时刻来了。那是一个晚上，暴风雪很猛烈，窗户上听起来像是狗熊在碰撞。沿着烟囱，风在嚎叫，仿佛一切恶鬼都被放了出来。你外祖父和我躺在床上，但都不能入睡。

"'It is bad for the poor on such a night as this,' I remarked; 'but it is worse for those whose minds are not at rest.'

“‘这样的晚上对穷人来说是很糟糕的，’我说道，‘但是对那些思绪不宁的人来说就更糟了。’

"Then grandfather suddenly asked:

“于是，你外祖父突然问：

"'How are they getting on? All right?'

“‘怎么样，他们过得还好吗?'

"'Who are you talking about?' I asked. 'About our daughter Varvara and our son-in-law Maxim?'

“‘你在说谁呀？’我问，‘我们的女儿瓦尔瓦拉和女婿马克西姆吗?'

"'How did you guess who I meant?'

“‘你怎么猜到我问的是谁?'

"'That will do, Father,' I said. 'Suppose you leave off playing the fool? What pleasure is to be got out of it?'

“‘得了吧，孩子爸，’我说道，‘别再装傻了好吗？不闻不问有什么好吗?'

"He drew in his breath. 'Ach, you devil!' he said. 'You gray devil!'

“他吸了一口气。‘哎呀，你这个老鬼！’他说，‘你这个白头发的老鬼!'

"Later on he said: 'They say he is a great fool' (he was speaking of your father). 'Is it true that he is a fool?'

“过了一会儿，他说：‘别人说他是一个大傻瓜’（他在说你的父亲）。‘他真的是一个傻瓜吗?'

"'A fool,' I said, 'is a person who won't work, and hangs round other people's necks. You look at Jaakov and Michael, for instance; don't they live like fools? Who is the worker in this house? Who earns the money? You! And are they much use as assistants?'

“‘傻瓜，’我说，‘是自己不工作，靠别人为生的寄生虫。比如说，你看看雅科夫和米哈伊尔，难道他们不像傻瓜吗？在这个家里，谁是工作的人？谁赚钱？是你！他们当助手又有多大用处呢?'

"Then he fell to scolding me—I was a fool, an abject creature and a bawd, and I don't know what else. I held my tongue.

“然后他开始责备我，说我是一个傻瓜，一个可怜虫，一个婊子。我不记得还有什么话了。但是我没有说话。

"'How can you allow yourself to be taken in by a man like that, when no one knows where he came from or what he is?'

“‘你怎么能让自己被那样的一个男人欺骗呢？没有人知道他来自哪里或者是什么样的人。’

"I kept quiet until he was tired, and then I said:

“我不说话，一直等到他累了，然后我说：

'You ought to go and see how they are living. They are getting along all right.'

‘你应该去看看他们是怎么生活的。他们相处得很好。’

"'That would be doing them too much honor,' he said. 'Let them come here.'

“‘那就太抬举他们了，’他说道，‘让他们来这里吧。’

"At this I cried for joy, and he loosened my hair (he loved to play with my hair) and muttered:

“听到这句话，我高兴地喊了出来。他放开我的头发（他喜欢摆弄我的头发）咕哝道：

'Don't upset yourself, stupid. Do you think I have not got a heart?'

‘别伤心，傻瓜。你以为我没心没肺吗?'

"He used to be very good, you know, our grandfather, before he got an idea into his head that he was cleverer than any one else, and then he became spiteful and stupid.

“你知道，你外祖父以前是个很好的人，但是后来他开始觉得自己比其他人都聪明，然后就变得又凶恶又愚蠢。

"Well, so they came, your father and mother, one Saint's Day—both of them large and sleek and neat; and Maxim stood in front of grandfather, who laid a hand on his shoulder—he stood there and he said:

“然后，你的父亲和母亲就赶在一个圣日过来了。他们两个都很高大，打扮得雅致又整洁，马克西姆站在你外祖父面前，你外祖父把一只手搭在他的肩膀上。你父亲站在那里，说：

"'Don't think, Vassili Vassilitch, that I have come to you for a dowry; I have come to do honor to my wife's father.'

“‘瓦西里·瓦西里耶夫，我可不是来向您要嫁妆的，我来是向我妻子的父亲问安的。’

"Grandfather was very pleased at this, and burst out laughing. 'Ach!—you fighter!' he said. 'You robber! Well,' he said, 'we'll be indulgent for once. Come and live with me.'

“你外祖父听了很高兴，突然大笑起来，说：‘哎呀！你是个好斗的人！’他说，‘你这个强盗！好吧，’他说，‘我们就再纵容你们一次。搬过来和我一起住吧。’

"Maxim wrinkled his forehead. 'That must be as Varia wishes,' he said. 'It is all the same to me.'

“马克西姆皱起眉头。‘瓦里娅一定是希望如此，’他说道，‘我倒无所谓。’

"And then it began. They were at each other tooth and nail all the time; they could not get on together anyhow.

“自从生活在一起之后，他们总是不断地争吵，无论怎样都相处不好。

I used to wink at your father and kick him under the table, but it was no use; he would stick to his own opinion. He had very fine eyes, very bright and clear, and his brows were dark, and when he drew them together his eyes were almost hidden, and his face became stony and stubborn. He would not listen to any one but me. I loved him, if possible, more than my own children, and he knew this and loved me too. Sometimes he would hug me, and catch me up in his arms, and drag me round the room, saying: 'You are my real mother, like the earth. I love you more than I love Varvara.' And your mother (when

she was happy she was very saucy) would fly at him and cry: 'How dare you say such a thing, you rascal?' And the three of us would romp together.

我总是给你父亲使眼色，还在桌子下面踢他，但都没有用，他还是会坚持自己的观点。你父亲有一双很漂亮的眼睛，眼神明亮又清澈，眉毛很浓。他皱眉的时候，眼睛几乎都看不见了，面无表情，显出很固执的样子。除了我，他不听任何人的话。我爱他，有时候甚至超过爱我自己的孩子。他知道这些，所以也很爱我。有时候他会抱住我，把我搂在怀里，拉着我在房间里绕来绕去，说：‘你是我真正的母亲，像大地一样。我爱你，胜过爱瓦尔瓦拉。’而你母亲（她高兴的时候会很活泼）会扑向他，喊道：‘你怎么敢说这样的话？你这个无赖！’然后我们三个人便会打闹成一团。

Ah! We were happy then, my dear. He used to dance wonderfully well too—and such beautiful songs he knew. He picked them up from the blind people; and there are no better singers than the blind.

啊！那时我们过得很幸福，我亲爱的。他舞跳得也很好，还知道如此动听的歌曲。他是从盲人那里学到的这些曲子，没有什么人能和盲人比唱歌。

"Well, they settled themselves in the outbuilding in the garden, and there you were born on the stroke of noon. Your father came home to dinner, and you were there to greet him. He was so delighted that he was almost beside himself, and nearly tired your mother out; as if he did not realize, the stupid creature, what an ordeal it is to bring a child into the world. He put me on his shoulder and carried me right across the yard to grandfather to tell him the news—that another grandson had appeared on the scene. Even grandfather laughed: 'What a demon you are, Maxim!' he said.

“这样，他们就在花园的仓房里安顿了下来，之后，你就在一个正午出生了。你父亲回家吃晚饭的时候，你已经等在那里准备和他打招呼了。他都要乐疯了，差一点把你的母亲累死。这个傻乎乎的家伙不知道到生孩子是多么累人的一件事。他把我扛在肩膀上，穿过院子，来到外祖父面前告诉他这个消息，一个外孙的降生。就连你外祖父也笑了，说：‘马克西姆，你真像个魔鬼!'

"But your uncles did not like him. He did not drink wine, he was bold in his speech, and clever in all kinds of tricks—for which he was bitterly paid out. One day, for instance, during the great Fast, the wind sprang up, and all at once a terrible howling resounded through the house. We were all stupefied. What did it mean? Grandfather himself was terrified, ordered lamps to be lit all over the house, and ran about, shouting at the top of his voice: 'We must offer up prayers together!'

“但是你的两个舅舅不喜欢你父亲。他不喝酒，什么话都敢说，也熟知各种诡计，这反而让他没有好报。比如，大斋期的一天，外面刮起了风，突然房间里传来可怕的嚎叫声。我们都惊呆了。怎么啦？外祖父也害怕了，下令把房间里的灯都点上，然后跑来跑去，扯着嗓子喊道：‘我们必须一起来做祈祷!'

"And suddenly it stopped—which frightened us still more. Then Uncle Jaakov guessed. 'This is Maxim's doing, I am sure!' he said. And afterwards Maxim himself confessed that he had put bottles and glasses of various kinds in the dormer-window, and the wind blowing down the necks of the vessels produced the sounds, all by itself. 'These jokes will land you in Siberia again if you don't take care, Maxim,' said grandfather menacingly.

“突然声音又消失了，这让我们更加害怕了。雅科夫开始猜测。‘这一定是马克西姆干的！’他说。后来，马克西姆自己也承认说，他把各种瓶子和杯子放在了天窗上，风吹过瓶口便自动发出了那些声音。‘如果你再不小心，还开这种玩笑，马克西姆，你就等着到西伯利亚去吧。’外祖父威胁道。

"One year there was a very hard frost and wolves began to come into the towns from the fields; they killed the dogs, frightened the horses, ate up tipsy watchmen, and caused a great panic. But your father took his gun, put on his snow-shoes, and tracked down two wolves. He skinned them, cleaned out their heads, and put in glass eyes—made quite a good job of it, in fact. Well, Uncle Michael went into the vestibule for something, and came running back at once, with his hair on end, his eyes rolling, gasping for breath, and unable to speak. At length he whispered: 'Wolf!' Every one seized anything which came to hand in the shape of a weapon, and rushed into the vestibule with lights; they looked and saw a wolf's head sticking out from behind a raised platform. They beat him, they fired at him—and what do you think he was? They looked closer, and saw that it was nothing but a skin and an empty head, and its front feet were nailed to the platform. This time grandfather was really very angry with Maxim.

“有一年下了一场很大的霜冻，野狼便从田里来到镇里。它们咬死狗，吓坏了马，吃掉了醉酒的看守，造成了很大的恐慌。但是你的父亲拿着枪，穿着他的雪鞋，追捕到两只狼。他剥了它们的皮，清理了脑壳之后装上了玻璃眼睛，手工确实很不错。后来，你米哈伊尔舅舅到门廊取东西，但却马上跑了回来，头发都竖起来了，眼睛乱转，上气不接下气地说不出话来。最后他小声说：‘有狼！’每个人都随手抓起身边可以充当武器的东西，拿着灯跑到门廊。他们四下里张望，只见在一个升起的平台后面探出一个狼脑袋。他们打它，向它开枪。但你知道那是什么吗？他们走近一看，那只是一张皮和一个空脑壳，前面的爪子被钉在了平台上。这一次，你外祖父对马克西姆真得是很生气。

"And then Jaakov must begin to join in these pranks. Maxim cut a head out of cardboard, and made a nose, eyes, and a mouth on it, glued tow on it to represent hair, and then went out into the street with Jaakov, and thrust that dreadful face in at the windows; and of course people were terrified and ran away screaming. Another night they went out wrapped in sheets and frightened the priest, who rushed into a sentry-box; and the sentry, as much frightened as he was, called the police. And many other wanton tricks like this they played; and nothing would stop them. I begged them to give up their nonsense, and so did Varia, but it was no good; they would not leave off. Maxim only laughed. It made his sides ache with laughing, he said, to see how folk ran wild with terror, and broke their heads because of his nonsense. 'Come and speak to them!' he would say.

“后来，雅科夫肯定也加入了这些恶作剧。马克西姆切下一个板头，在上面做了一个鼻子，两只眼睛和一张嘴，用胶水粘上麻绳当头发，然后和雅科夫一起来到街上，把那张可怕的脸伸进人家的窗户里，当然了，人们都吓得尖叫着跑掉了。还有一天晚上，他们裹着床单出了门，吓到了牧师，牧师冲进了一个岗亭，而哨兵和牧师一样害怕，就把警察叫来了。他们搞了很多这样荒唐的恶作剧，没有什么能阻止他们。我求他们不要在捣乱了，瓦里娅也劝他们，但这都没有用，他们不会停止的。马克西姆只是笑。他说，看到人们出于害怕而拼命地跑，或者因为他的恶搞弄得头破血流，他会笑到两肋疼。‘来和他们说说话！’他会说。

"And it all came back on his own head and nearly caused his ruin. Your Uncle Michael, who was always with grandfather, was easily offended and vindictively disposed, and he thought out a way to get rid of your father. It was in the beginning of winter and they were coming away from a friend's house, four of them—Maxim, your uncles, and a deacon, who was degraded afterwards for killing a cabman. They came out of Yamski Street and persuaded Maxim to go round by the Dinkov Pond, pretending that they were going to skate. They began to slide on the ice like boys and drew him on to an ice-hole, and then they pushed him in—but I have told you about that.”

“所有这一切到后来都回报在他自己身上，几乎毁掉了他。总是追随着你外祖父的米哈伊尔舅舅，很容易生气，然后进行报复，于是他想出一个办法除掉你的父亲。那是初冬，马克西姆、你的两个舅舅、还有一个教会执事，他们四个人从一个朋友家里出来。那个执事后来因为杀死了一个车夫而名誉扫地。他们从亚姆斯基街出来之后，说服马克西姆去丁克夫池塘，假装要去滑冰。他们开始像男孩子那样在冰上滑，然后把你父亲拽到一个冰窟窿，接着把他推了进去。这件事我跟你提起过。”

"Why are my uncles so bad?"

“我的舅舅们为什么那么坏？”

"They are not bad," said grandmother calmly, taking a pinch of snuff. "They are simply stupid. Mischka is cunning and stupid as well, but Jaakov is a good fellow, taking him all round. Well, they pushed him into the water, but as he went down he clutched at the edge of the ice-hole, and they struck at his hands, crushing his fingers with their heels. By good luck he was sober, while they were tipsy, and with God's help he dragged himself from under the ice, and kept himself face upwards in the middle of the hole, so that he could breathe; but they could not get hold of him, and after a time they left him, with his head surrounded by ice, to drown. But he climbed out, and ran to the police-station—it is quite close, you know, in the market-place. The Inspector on duty knew him and all the family, and he asked: 'How did this happen?'"

“他们并不坏，”外祖母吸了一下鼻咽，平静地说，“他们就是太傻。米什卡既狡猾又愚蠢，但是雅科夫是一个好青年，总是带着他。他们把他推进水里，但是在他掉进去的时候，抓住了冰窟的边，于是他们打他的手，用鞋跟踩他的手指。万幸的是，虽然他们喝多了，你父亲还是清醒的，所以在上帝的帮助下，他从冰层下出来，在冰窟正中保持脸朝上，这样就能呼吸了。他们抓不到他，过了一会儿就离开了，只剩你父亲一个人被围在冰里，慢慢淹死。但是他爬了出来，跑到警察局。你知道，警察局很近，就在市场里。值班巡警认识他和我们全家人，问道：‘这是怎么回事？’”

Grandmother crossed herself and went on in a grateful tone:

外祖母划着十字，心怀感激地继续说道：

"God rest the soul of Maxim Savatyevitch! He deserves it, for you must know that he hid the truth from the police. 'It was my own fault,' he said. 'I had been drinking, and I wandered on to the pond, and tumbled down an ice-hole.'

“上帝啊，让马克西姆·萨瓦杰维奇的灵魂安息吧！这是他应得的，因为你必须知道，他向警察隐瞒了真相。‘那是我的错，’他说，‘我喝了酒，恍恍惚惚地走到了池塘，一不小心就掉进了冰窟。’

"'That's not true,' said the Inspector; 'you've not been drinking.'

“‘那不是真话，’巡警说；‘你从不喝酒呀。’

"Well, the long and short of it was that they rubbed him with brandy, put dry clothes on him, wrapped him in a sheep-skin, and brought him home—the Inspector himself and two others. Jaaschka and Mischka had not returned; they had gone to a tavern to celebrate the occasion. Your mother and I looked at Maxim. He was quite unlike himself; his face was livid, his fingers were bruised, and there was dry blood on them, and his curls seemed to be flecked with snow—only it did not melt. He had turned gray!

“不管怎么样，那位巡警和另外两个警察用白兰地给他擦了身子，给他换上干衣服，用羊皮裹住身子，把他送回了家。雅什卡和米什卡还没有回来，他们去了酒馆庆祝这次行动。你母亲和我看着马克西姆。他完全不像自己了：脸色铁青，手指满是伤痕，上面还有凝固的血，卷曲的头发上似乎还有未融化的雪。他头发已经变白了！

"Varvara screamed out 'What have they done to you?'

“瓦尔瓦拉大声尖叫道：‘他们都对你做了什么?'

"The Inspector, scenting the truth, began to ask questions, and I felt in my heart that something very bad had happened.

“‘值班巡警似乎察觉出了真相，于是开始问问题。我感觉一定发生了什么可怕的事情。

"I put Varia off on to the Inspector, and I tried to get the truth out of Maxim quietly. 'What has happened?'

“我让瓦里娅缠着巡警，自己悄悄地问马克西姆真相：‘发生了什么事?'

"'The first thing you must do,' he whispered, 'is to lie in wait for Jaakov and Michael and tell them that they are to say that they parted from me at Yamski Street and went to Pokrovski Street, while I turned off at Pryadilni Lane. Don't mix it up now, or we shall have trouble with the police.'

“‘你必须做的第一件事情，’他小声说道，‘就是等雅科夫和米哈伊尔回来，告诉他们要说他们在亚姆斯基街就和我分开，去了坡科洛夫斯基街，而我在普拉亚蒂尼胡同转了方向。别弄错了，否则我们就会有麻烦了。’

"I went to grandfather and said: 'Go and talk to the Inspector while I go and wait for our sons to tell them what evil has befallen us.'

“我去找你外祖父，说：‘你去和巡警说话，我去等我们的儿子，告诉他们大祸临头了。’

"He dressed himself, all of a tremble, muttering: 'I knew how it would be! This is what I expected.'

“他穿好衣服，浑身发抖，小声说：‘我早知道会这样！这就是我早已经预料到的。’

"All lies! He knew nothing of the kind. Well, I met my children with my hands before my face. Fear sobered Mischka at once, and Jaashenka, the dear boy, let the cat out of the bag by babbling: 'I don't know anything about it. It is all Michael's doing. He is the eldest.'

“一派胡言！他一无所知。我一看到他们，就当面给了他们几巴掌。

米什卡马上就被吓醒了，而雅科夫这小子却咕哝着说漏了嘴：‘我不知道这件事，都是米哈伊尔干的，他是老大啊。’

"However, we made it all right with the Inspector. He was a very nice gentleman. 'Oh,' he says, 'but you had better take care; if anything bad happens in your house I shall know who is to blame.' And with that he went away.

“然而，我们还是在巡警面前摆平了这件事。他是一个好人。‘哦，’他说，‘但是你最好小心一点，如果在你家里发生了什么糟糕的事情，我会知道谁该负责的。’说完这些，他就走了。

"And grandfather went to Maxim and said: 'Thank you! Any one else in your place would not have acted as you have done—that I know! And thank you, daughter, for bringing such a good man into your father's house.' Grandfather could speak very nicely when he liked. It was after this that he began to be silly, and keep his heart shut up like a castle.

“外祖父来到马克西姆面前说道：‘谢谢你！我明白，换成其他任何人，他们都不会像你那样做的！谢谢你，我的女儿，给爸爸的家里带来了这么好的一个人。’只要你外祖父高兴，还是能说漂亮话的。但从这之后他就开始犯傻了，把他的心像城堡一样紧锁着。

"We three were left together. Maxim Savatyevitch began to cry, and became almost delirious. 'Why have they done this to me? What harm have I done them? Mama... why did they do it?' He never called me 'mamasha,' but always 'mama,' like a child... and he was really a child in character. 'Why...?' he asked.

“剩下我们三个在一起。马克西姆·萨瓦杰维奇开始哭，几乎是神志不清地说：‘他们为什么要这样对我？我对他们做什么坏事了？妈妈，他们为什么这么做？’他从来没有叫过我‘妈’，总是像孩子一样叫我‘妈妈’，他真是孩子脾气。‘为什么？’他问道。

"I cried too—what else was there for me to do? I was so sorry for my children. Your mother tore all the buttons off her bodice, and sat there, all dishevelled as if she had been fighting, calling out: 'Let us go away, Maxim. My brothers are our enemies; I am afraid of them. Let us go away!'

“我也哭了。我还能做什么呢？我对我的孩子感到很抱歉。你母亲扯掉了所有的上衣扣子，坐在那里，好像刚打完架似的头发蓬乱，她说：‘我们走吧，马克西姆。我的哥哥是我们的敌人，我害怕他们。我们离开吧!'

"I tried to quieten her. 'Don't throw rubbish on the fire,' I said. 'The house is full of smoke without that.'

“我努力让他们平静下来。‘不要火上浇油了，’我说道，‘家里已经够

乱的了。’

"At that very moment that fool of a grandfather must go and send those two to beg forgiveness; she sprang at Mischka and slapped his face. 'There's your forgiveness!' she said. And your father complained: 'How could you do such a thing, brothers? You might have crippled me. What sort of a workman shall I be without hands?'

“就在这个时候，你那个愚蠢的外祖父让两个儿子来请求原谅。你母亲跳起来，朝着米什卡的脸上就是几巴掌。‘这就是对你们的原谅！’她说道。你的父亲抱怨说：‘你们怎么能做出这样的事情，哥哥们？你们差点把我变成残废。没有了手，我还怎么工作?'

"However, they were reconciled. Your father was ailing for some time; for seven weeks he tossed about, and got no better, and he kept saying: 'Ekh! Mama, let us go to another town; I am weary of this place.'

“最后他们还是和解了。你的父亲病了一段时间，有七个星期，他一直是蹒跚地走来走去，不见好转，他不停地说：‘哎！妈妈，让我们去别的城镇吧，我已经厌倦了这个地方了。

"Then he had a chance of going to Astrakhan; they expected the Emperor there in the summer, and your father was entrusted with the building of a triumphal arch. They sailed on the first boat. It cut me to the heart to part from them, and he was grieved about it too, and kept saying to me that I ought to go with them to Astrakhan; but Varvara rejoiced, and did not even try to hide her joy—the hussy! And so they went away... and that is all!”

“后来，他得到了去阿斯特拉罕的机会。沙皇在夏天要去那里，你的父亲被委任建造一座凯旋门。他们乘坐第一趟船出发了。和他们分离，我心痛不已，你父亲也一样痛苦，还一直对我说，我应该和他们一起去阿斯特拉罕，但是瓦尔瓦拉却高兴得很，甚至都豪不掩饰她的快乐，真不害臊！他们就这样离开了。就这些！”

She drank a drop of vodka, took a pinch of snuff, and added, gazing out of the window at the dark blue sky:

她喝了一口伏特加，又吸了一口鼻咽，透过窗户看着深蓝色天空，继续说道：

"Yes, your father and I were not of the same blood, but in soul we were akin."

“是啊，虽然你父亲不是我的亲生骨肉，但是我们的心灵是相通的。”

Sometimes, while she was telling me this, grandfather came in with his face uplifted, sniffed the air with his sharp nose, and looking suspiciously at grandmother, listened to what she was saying and

muttered:

当外祖母给我讲这些事情的时候，外祖父有时会进来，他仰着脸，用灵敏的鼻子嗅来嗅去。他怀疑地看看外祖母，听过一会儿后便插话说：

"That's not true! That's not true!"

“胡说八道！一派胡言！”

Then he would ask, without warning:

然后，他会突然问：

"Lexei, has she been drinking brandy here?"

“列克谢，她在这里喝白兰地吗？”

"No."

“没有。”

"That's a lie, for I saw her with my own eyes!" And he would go out in an undecided manner.

“说谎，我亲眼看到了！”然后，他便犹豫不决地走了出去。

Grandmother would wink at him behind his back and utter some quaint saying:

外祖母在他身后向他眨着眼睛，说些离奇的话：

"Go along, Avdye, and don't frighten the horses."

“老头子过瓦堂，甭想吓唬我老娘。”

One day, as he stood in the middle of the room, staring at the floor, he said softly:

一天，外祖父站在屋子中间，眼睛盯着地板，轻轻地问：

"Mother?"

“孩子妈？”

"Aye?"

“啊？”

"You see what is going on?" "Yes, I see!"

“你弄明白怎么一回事了吗？”“是的，我都明白！”

"What do you think of it?"

“你怎么认为？”

"There'll be a wedding, Father. Do you remember how you used to talk about a nobleman?" "Yes."

“将会有一场婚礼，孩子爸。你还记得你过去总是谈论一个贵族吗？”“是啊。”

"Well—here he is!" "He's got nothing." "That's her business."

“哎，就是他啦！”“他什么都没有得到。”“那是她的事。”

Grandfather left the room, and conscious of a sense of uneasiness, I asked:

外祖父离开了屋子。我感到不安，于是问道：

"What were you talking about?"

“你们刚才在谈论什么？”

"You want to know everything," she replied querulously, rubbing my feet. "If you know everything when you are young, there will be nothing to ask questions about when you get old." And she laughed and shook her head at me.

“你什么都想知道，”她擦着我的脚，抱怨道，“如果你小时候就知道一切，等你老了的时候，就没有什么可问的了。”她笑了笑，向我摇了摇头。

"Oh, grandfather! grandfather! you are nothing but a little piece of dust in the eyes of God. Lenka—now don't you tell any one this, but grandfather is absolutely ruined. He lent a certain gentleman a large sum of money, and now the gentleman has gone bankrupt."

“老头子！老头子！在上帝眼里，你只是一粒尘埃而已。莱卡，不要对任何人提这件事：你外祖父已经完全破产了。他借给了一个贵族一大笔钱，而现在那个贵族破了产。”

Smiling, she fell into a reverie, and sat without speaking for a long time; and her face became wrinkled, and sad, and gloomy.

她面带笑容，又陷入了沉思，很久都没有说话。她的脸布满皱纹，看起来悲伤而忧郁。

"What are you thinking about?"

“你在想什么？”

"I am thinking of something to tell you," she answered, with a start. "Shall we have the story about Evstignia? Will that do? Well, here goes then.

“我在想给你讲点什么，”她身子微微一晃，回答道，“我给你讲叶夫斯季格涅的故事，好吗？好，是这样的，

"A deacon there was called Evstignia, He thought there was no one more wise than he, Be he presbyter, or be he boyard; Not even a huntsman knew more than he. Like a spike of spear grass he held

himself, So proud, and taught his neighbors great and small; He found fault with this, and grumbled at that; He glanced at a church—'Not lofty enough!'

“从前有个执事叫叶夫斯季格涅， 他以为没有人比他更聪明， 不论是神父还是贵族， 甚至没有一个猎人比他知道的更多。他像矛杆那样趾高气昂， 骄傲地对邻居指指点点， 不是发现这里有问题，就是唠叨那里有错误， 看见一座教堂，他会说‘不够壮丽’！

He passed up a street—'How narrow!' he said. An apple he plucked—'It not red!' he said. The sun rose too soon for Evstignia! In all the world there was nothing quite right!"

走过一条街道，他会说‘太窄了！’拿起一个苹果，他又说‘不够红！’对叶夫斯季格涅来说，太阳升得太早，在他看来，整个世界全都不正常！”

Grandmother puffed out her cheeks, and rolled her eyes; her kind face assumed a stupid, comical expression as she went on in a lazy, dragging voice:

外祖母鼓起两腮，转动着眼睛，她慈祥的面庞装出愚蠢可笑的表情，接着又用懒散拖沓的声音继续讲：

“‘There is nothing I could not do myself, And do it much better, I think,' he said, 'If I only had a little more time!'"

“‘没有什么事我不能独立完成， 而且还能做得很好，’他说， ‘只要我有更多的时间！’”

She was smilingly silent for a moment, and then she continued:

有一会儿，外祖母含笑不语，然后又继续讲：

"To the deacon one night some devils came; 'So you find it dull here, deacon?' they said. 'Well, come along with us, old fellow, to hell, You'll have no fault to find with the fires there.' Ere the wise deacon could put on his hat The devils seized hold of him with their paws And, with titters and howls, they dragged him down. A devil on each of his shoulders sat, And there, in the flames of hell they set him. 'Ts it all right, Evstignyeushka?' The deacon was roasting, brightly he burned, Kept himself up with his hands to his sides, Puffed out his lips as he scornfully said: 'It's dreadfully smoky down here—in hell!'"

“一天晚上，一些魔鬼来找叶夫斯季格涅， ‘执事，你觉得这里很无聊，是吗？’他们问道，‘那么，跟我们来，朋友，到地狱来吧， 有了那里的火，你不会再挑任何错误了。聪明的执事还没来得及戴上帽子， 魔鬼们就用爪子抓住了他， 一边大笑大叫，一边把他拽了下去。他两个肩膀上各坐着一个魔鬼， 直到来到地狱之火，他们才把他放掉。叶夫斯季格涅，这样好吧？’执事在火里明亮地烧了起来， 他站了起来，双手叉腰， 撅起他的嘴巴高傲地说道： ‘地狱里的烟味儿太浓啦！’”

Concluding in an indolent, low-pitched, unctuous voice, she changed her expression and, laughing quietly, explained:

外祖母用一种懒散、低沉的油腔滑调结束了这个故事，随即就换了一副表情，她安静地笑着，向我解释说：

"He would not give in—that Evstignia, but stuck to his own opinion obstinately, like our grandfather.... That's enough now; go to sleep; it is high time."

“那个叶夫斯季格涅一点儿都不知悔改，顽固地坚持自己的观点，跟你外祖父一样……就到这儿吧，去睡觉吧，是时候了。”

Mother came up to the attic to see me very seldom, and she did not stay long, and spoke as if she were in a hurry. She was getting more beautiful, and was dressed better every day, but I was conscious of something different about her, as about grandmother; I felt that there was something going on which was being kept from me—and I tried to guess what it was.

母亲很少上楼来看我，即使来也只呆很短的时间，说起话来也匆匆忙忙的。她变得更漂亮了，穿得也越来越好，但是我却感到她有了一些不同，外祖母也是。我感到有什么事情发生了，而他们却瞒着我。我努力地猜测是什么事情。

Grandmother's stories interested me less and less, even the ones she told me about my father; and they did not soothe my indefinable but daily increasing alarm.

外祖母的故事越发地无趣，即使是那些关于我父亲的故事也是如此。这些故事并不能抚慰我不可名状的、与日俱增的惶恐。

"Why is my father's soul not at rest?" I asked grandmother.

“为什么我父亲的灵魂没有安息？”我问外祖母。

"How can I tell?" she replied, covering her eyes. "That is God's affair... it is supernatural... and hidden from us."

“怎么说呢？”她闭上眼睛，回答道,“那是上帝的事，是超自然的，我们是不会明白的。”

At night, as I gazed sleeplessly through the dark blue windows at the stars floating so slowly across the sky, I made up some sad story in my mind—in which the chief place was occupied by my father, who was always wandering about alone, with a stick in his hand, and with a shaggy dog behind him.

晚上，我毫无睡意地透过深蓝色的窗户，看着星星在天上缓缓浮动，自己编造出某个悲伤的故事。我的脑子被我的父亲占据着，他总是一个人手持拐杖四处流浪，后面跟着一条毛茸茸的狗。

CHAPTER XII

第十二章

ONE day I fell asleep before the evening, and when I woke up I felt that my legs had waked up too. I put them out of bed, and they became numb again; but the fact remained that my legs were cured and that I should be able to walk. This was such glorious news that I shouted for joy, and put my feet to the floor with the whole weight of my body on them. I fell down, but I crawled to the door and down the staircase, vividly representing to myself the surprise of those downstairs when they should see me.

一天，天黑之前我就睡着了，等到醒来的时候，我感觉双腿也有知觉了。我把腿放下床，又没有知觉了，但是事实是我的腿已经痊愈，我能走路了。这是一个如此让人兴奋的消息，我高兴地喊出声来，然后双脚着地，将全身的重量压在了上面。我摔倒了，但是我爬到门口，下了楼梯，想象着楼下的人看到自己时的惊讶反应。

I do not remember how I got into mother's room on my knees; but there were some strangers with her, and one, a dried-up old woman in green, said sternly, drowning all other voices:

我不记得自己怎样爬到了母亲的房间，有一些陌生人和她在一起，其中一个身穿绿色衣服的、干瘪的老太太压倒所有的声音，厉声说道：

"Give him some raspberry syrup to drink, and cover up his head."

“给他一些红梅汤喝，然后盖上他的头。”

She was green all over: her dress, and hat, and her face, which had warts under the eyes; even the tufts of hair on the warts were like grass. Letting her lower lip droop, she raised the upper one and looked at me with her green teeth, covering her eyes with a hand in a black thread mitten.

她全身都是绿色：裙子、帽子和她的那张眼睛下面长有瘊子的脸，甚至是瘊子上的毛发也像是绿草。她下嘴唇耷拉着，又向上翕动着上嘴唇，露着绿色的牙齿看着我，然后又用带着黑线手套的手捂住双眼。

"Who is that?" I asked, suddenly growing timid. Grandfather answered in a disagreeable voice: "That's another grandmother for you." Mother, laughing, brought Eugen Maximov to me. "And here is your father!"

“她是谁？”我问道，突然变得胆小起来。外祖父不高兴地回答道：“她是你的祖母。”母亲笑着，把尤庚·马克西莫夫带到我的跟前。“这是你的爸爸！”

She said something rapidly which I did not understand, and Maximov, with twinkling eyes, bent towards me and said:

她说话太快，我没有听懂。马克西莫夫眨着眼睛，弯下腰说道：

"I will make you a present of some paints."

“我会送你一些绘画颜料作为礼物。”

The room was lit up very brightly; silver candelabra, holding five candles each, stood on the table, and between them was placed grandfather's favorite icon—"Mourn not for me, Mother." The pearls with which it was set gave forth an intermittent brilliancy as the lights played on them flickeringly, and the gems in the golden crown shone radiantly; heavy, round faces like pancakes were pressing against the window-panes from outside, flattening their noses against the glass, and everything round me seemed to be floating. The old green woman felt my ears with her cold fingers and said:

屋子里灯光明亮，插着五根蜡烛的银质枝状大烛台立在桌子上，蜡烛中间放着外祖父最喜欢的神像——“不要为我悲伤，圣母”。镶在烛台上的珍珠在摇曳的灯光下时不时地闪烁着；金色王冠上的宝石也闪耀着绚丽的光芒；一张张烤饼般肥胖的圆脸从外面挤压着玻璃窗，鼻子都被压扁了。周围的一切似乎都飘忽不定。那个绿色的老太太用她那冰冷的手指摸着我的耳朵说道：

"By all means! By all means!"

“务必！务必！”

"He is fainting," said grandmother, and she carried me to the door.

“他要晕了。”外祖母说着，把我抱到了门口。

But I was not fainting. I just kept my eyes shut, and as soon as she had half-dragged, half-carried me up the staircase, I asked:

但是我并没有晕，我只是闭上了眼睛。在她半拽半抱地把我带上楼去后，我问道：

"Why wasn't I told of this?"

“为什么不告诉我这件事？”

"That will do....Hold your tongue!" "You are deceivers—all of you!”

“好了，别说话了！”“骗子！你们都是骗子！”

Laying me on the bed, she threw herself down with her head on the pillow and burst into tears, shaking from head to foot; her shoulders heaved, and she muttered chokingly:

她把我放在床上，自己也躺下，枕在枕头上。之后她突然哭了，浑身抖个不停，她的肩膀一起一伏，哽咽着说道：

"Why don't you cry?"

“你为什么不哭？”

I had no desire to cry. It was twilight in the attic, and cold. I shuddered, and the bed shook and creaked; and ever before my eyes stood the old green woman. I pretended to be asleep, and grandmother went away.

我不想哭。阁楼里灯光微弱，还很冷。我打了个冷战，床跟着抖了一下，发出吱嘎吱嘎的声音。那个绿色的老太太又站到了我跟前。我假装睡着了，外祖母离开了阁楼。

Several uneventful days, all alike, flowed by like a thin stream. Mother had gone away somewhere after the betrothal, and the house was oppressively quiet.

接下来几天单调乏味，好像是一条潺潺细流。订婚之后，母亲就不知去了什么地方，家里静得让人感到压抑。

One morning grandfather came in with a chisel and began to break away the cement around the attic window-frames which were put in for the winter; then grandmother appeared with a basin of water and a cloth, and grandfather asked softly:

一天早上，外祖父拿着一把凿子走进来，开始清理阁楼窗框周围的水泥，窗框是为过冬而安置的。不久外祖母端着一盆水和一块布进来了，外祖父轻声问道：

"Well, old woman, what do you think of it?"

“老婆子，你怎么看？”

"What do you mean?"

“你指什么？”

"Well, are you pleased, or what?"

“你高兴吗，还是别的什么？”

She answered him as she had answered me on the staircase:

她回答他的方式和在楼梯上回答我的方式是一样的：

"That will do.... Hold your tongue!"

“好了，别说了！”

The simplest words had a peculiar significance for me now, and I imagined that they concealed something of tremendous import and sorrow of which no one might speak, but of which every one knew.

这简单的几句话现在对我有着特殊的意义，我猜想，它们掩盖的是极其重要又极其悲伤的事情，每个人都清楚，但都不愿提及。

Carefully taking out the window-frame, grandfather carried it away, and grandmother went to the window and breathed the air. In the garden the starling was calling; the sparrows chirped; the intoxicating odor of the thawing earth floated into the room. The dark blue tiles of the stove seemed to turn pale with confusion; it made one cold to look at them. I climbed down from the bed to the floor.

外祖父小心地取出了窗框，把它拿走了，而外祖母来到窗前，呼吸着外面的空气。花园里，椋鸟叫着，麻雀也叽叽喳喳的，令人陶醉的融雪的味道飘进了屋子里。炉子上的深蓝色瓷砖不知怎的变白了，看起来就让人觉得冷。我从床上爬到了地板上。

"Don't go running about with your feet bare," said grandmother.

“不要光着脚到处乱跑。”外祖母说道。

"I am going into the garden."

“我要去花园。”

"It is not dry enough there yet. Wait a bit!"

“还没有完全干呢。再等一等。”

But I would not listen to her; in fact the very sight of grown-up people affected me unpleasantly now. In the garden the light green spikes of young grass were already pushing their way through, the buds on the apple trees were swelling and ready to break, the moss on the roof of Petrovna's cottage was very pleasing to the eye in its renewed green; all around were birds, and sounds of joy, and the fresh, fragrant air caused a pleasant sensation of giddiness. By the pit, where Uncle Peter cut his throat, there was long grass—red, and mixed up with the broken snow. I did not like looking at it; there was nothing spring-like about it. The black chimney-stack reared itself up dejectedly, and the whole pit was an unnecessary eyesore. I was seized with an angry desire to tear up and break off the long grass, to pull the chimney-stack to pieces brick by brick, and get rid of all that useless muck, and to build a clean dwelling for myself in the pit, where I could live all the summer without grown-up people.

但是我不听她的。其实现在我一看到大人就会感到不舒服。花园里，嫩绿的小草已经破土而出，苹果树上的花蕾也在膨胀，时刻准备绽放；彼得罗芙娜家的茅屋屋顶上的苔藓清新翠绿，看起来很舒服；周围都是鸟，欢乐的叫声以及馨香的空气让人微醺。当年彼得大叔割破喉咙的那个大坑处，现在长满了高草，红红的，还混有一些残雪。我不喜欢看它，因为那没有一丝春天的气息。黑色的烟囱沮丧地立在那里，整个坑看起来就让人感到不舒服。我突然被一种愤怒的欲望所控制，我想清

除那些高草，把烟囱上的砖一块块卸下来，除掉一切没有用处的东西，然后在坑里给自己建一座干净的住处，这样我就可以在那里度过夏天，逃离大人。

I had no sooner thought of it than I set myself to do it, and it immediately diverted my mind from what went on in the house, and kept it occupied for a long time; and although many things occurred to upset me, they became of less importance to me every day.

一想到这个，我便开始了行动，而我的注意力也迅速地从家里的事情上转移，保持了很久。虽然发生的很多事情让我伤心，但它们对我渐渐地不再那么重要了。

"What are you sulking about?" mother and grandmother used to ask me; and it made me feel awkward when they asked this question, for I was not angry with them—it was simply that every one in the house had become a stranger to me. At dinner, at evening tea, and supper the old, green woman often appeared—looking just like a rotten paling in an old fence. The eyes seemed to be sewn on her face with invisible threads, and looked as if they would easily roll out of their bony sockets, as she turned them rapidly in every direction, seeing and taking notes of everything—raising them to the ceiling when she talked of God, and looking down her nose when she spoke of household matters. Her eyebrows looked exactly as if they had been cut out of pieces and stuck on. Her large, protruding teeth noiselessly chewed whatever she put in her mouth with a funny curve of her arm, and her little finger stuck out; while the bones about her ears moved like little round balls, and the green hairs on her warts went up and down as if they were creeping along her yellow, wrinkled, disgustingly clean skin.

“你为什么整天闷闷不乐？”母亲和外祖母总是问我。她们问我这个问题让我感到很尴尬，因为我没有生她们的气——只是家里的每一个人对我来说都变成了陌生人。无论是午饭，晚茶或是晚饭，那个绿色的老太太都经常出现——看起来像是破栅栏上烂掉的一块木栅。她的眼睛似乎是用隐形的线缝在脸上的，眼球朝各个方向迅速转动时，似乎很容易就会从眼眶里掉出来。她若谈起上帝，便抬起眼睛看着天花板；若谈起家务，便低下看着她的鼻子。她的眉毛看起来就像是被切割成碎片之后又被粘上去的一样。她外凸的大牙会无声地咀嚼任何送到嘴里的东西，每当这时她的手臂也滑稽地弯曲着，小拇指上翘，靠近耳朵的骨头像小圆球一样转动着，瘊子上的绿毛上下起伏，好像是在那蜡黄、布满皱纹的、干净地让人恶心的脸上爬行一样。

She was always so very clean—like her son, and it was unpleasant to go near them. The first day she put her dead hand against my lips, it smelled strongly of yellow Kazan soap and incense, and I turned away and ran off. She said to her son very often:

她总是那么干净，和她的儿子一样，让人不想靠近他们。第一天，当她把毫无生气的手放在我嘴上的时候，我闻到一股强烈的喀山黄肥皂和香的气味，于是我转过头跑开了。她经常对她的儿子说：

"That boy is greatly in need of discipline; do you understand that, Jenia?"

“那个孩子非常需要管教，你明白吗，叶尼亚？”

Inclining his head obediently, he would frown and remain silent. Every one frowned in the presence of the green woman.

他顺从地点一下头，皱着眉头没有说话。在这个绿色的女人面前，每个人都皱着眉头。

I hated the old woman, and her son too, with an intense hatred, and many blows did that feeling cost me. One day at dinner she said, rolling her eyes horribly:

我不喜欢这个老太太，也不喜欢她的儿子，甚至感到强烈的憎恨，这种情感让我挨了很多顿揍。一天晚饭时，她可怕地转动着眼睛说道：

"Oh—Aleshenka, why do you eat in such a hurry, and take such big pieces? Give it up, my dear!”

“哦，阿廖什卡，你为什么吃得这么快，吃那么大口？不要那样，我亲爱的！”

I took the piece out of my mouth, put it on the fork again, and handed it to her.

我把嘴里的东西拿出来，放在叉子上递给了她：

"Take it—only it is hot.”

“吃了它，只是有点热。”

Mother took me away from the table, and I was ignominiously banished to the attic, where grandmother joined me, trying to keep her giggling from being heard by placing her hand over her mouth.

母亲把我从桌边带走，我被耻辱地驱赶到阁楼里，外祖母来也过来了，为了不让人听到她的笑声，她用手盖住嘴：

"Lor! you are a cheeky young monkey. Bless you!"

“主啊！你是一个厚颜无耻的小猴子。上帝保佑你！”

It irritated me to see her with her hand over her mouth, so I ran away, climbed on the roof of the house, and sat there a long time by the chimney. Yes, I wanted to be insolent and to use injurious words to them all, and it was hard to fight against this feeling, but it had to be fought against.

看到她用手捂住嘴，我很生气，于是便跑开了。我爬到屋顶，在烟

囱旁坐了很久。是啊，我就是想表现得很无礼，说些难听的话，我很难克制这种感情，但还是要克制。

One day I covered the chair of my future stepfather with grease, and that of my new grandmother with cherry-gum, and they both stuck to their seats; it was very funny, but when grandfather had hit me, mother came up to me in the attic, and drawing me to her, pressed me against her knees saying:

一天，我往未来继父和新祖母的椅子上各涂了油脂和红梅树胶，于是他们两个都粘在了座位上，很是可笑。但是外祖父打了我，母亲来到阁楼里，把我拉过去靠在膝盖上说道：

"Listen now! Why are you so ill-natured? If you only knew how miserable it makes me.” And her eyes overflowed with bright tears as she pressed my head against her cheek.

“现在听着！你为什么这么坏？但愿你知道这让我多么痛苦。”她把我的头靠在她脸上，眼里流出了晶莹的眼泪。

This was very painful; I had rather she had struck me. I told her I would never again be rude to the Maximovs—never again, if only she would not cry.

这让我很难过，我宁愿她打我。我告诉她，我再也不会对马克西莫夫一家无礼了，再也不会了，只要她不哭。

"There, there!" she said softly. "Only you must not be impudent. Very soon we shall be married, and then we shall go to Moscow; afterwards we shall come back and you will live with us. Eugen Vassilivitch is very kind and clever, and you will get on well with him. You will go to a grammar school, and afterwards you shall be a student—like he is now; then you shall be a doctor—whatever you like. You may study whatever you choose. Now run and play.”

“好吧，好吧！”她柔声说道，“只要你不无礼就行。不久我们就会结婚，然后去莫斯科，之后我们会回来，你就和我们一起生活。尤庚·瓦斯拉维奇既善良又聪明，你会和他相处得很融洽的。你将去语法学校读书，成为学生——就像他现在一样，然后你会成为医生，或者只要你喜欢，做什么都行。你想学什么就学什么。现在去玩吧。”

These "afterwards" and "thens" one after the other seemed to me like a staircase leading to some place deep down and far away from her, into darkness and solitude—a staircase which led to no happiness for me. I had a good mind to say to my mother:

一个又一个的“之后”和“然后”，在我看来，像是通向某个离她很远、黑暗孤独之地的楼梯——它不会带我走向幸福。我很想告诉我的母亲：

"Please don't get married. I will earn money for your keep."

“请不要结婚。我会赚钱来养家的。”

But somehow the words would not come. Mother always aroused in me many tender thoughts about herself, but I never could make up my mind to tell them to her.

但是这些话我还是没有说出口。母亲总是唤起我对于她的许多美好的想法，但是我从来没有下定决心把这些话告诉她。

My undertaking in the garden was progressing; I pulled up the long grass, or cut it down with a knife, and I built, with pieces of brick, against the edge of the pit where the earth had fallen away, a broad seat, large enough, in fact, to lie down upon. I took a lot of pieces of colored glass and fragments of broken crockery and stuck them in the chinks between the bricks, and when the sun looked into the pit they all shone with a rainbow effect, like one sees in churches.

我在花园里的工作进展很好：我拔掉了那些高草，或者用刀割掉了它们，然后在坑边土地下陷的地方，用砖垒了一个宽大的座位，大得足可以躺人了。我将很多的彩色玻璃和陶瓷碎片挤压在砖头之间的缝隙里，当太阳照进来的时候，它们像彩虹那样发出彩光，好像是在教堂里见到的那样。

"Very well thought out!" said grandfather one day, looking at my work. "Only you have broken off the grass and left the roots. Give me your spade and I will dig them up for you; come, bring it to me!"

“非常好的想法！”有一天外祖父看着我的作品说道，“只是你虽然拔掉了草，但是留下了根。把你的铲子给我，我给你把它们都挖出来，来，拿过来！”

I brought him the yellow spade; he spat on his hands, and making a noise like a duck, drove the spade into the earth with his foot.

我把黄色的铲子给他，他在手上啐了一口，像鸭子似的嘎嘎叫了一声，用脚把铲子插进土里。

"Throw away the roots," he said. "Later on I will plant some sunflowers here for you, and some raspberry bushes. That will be nice—very nice!” And then, bending over his spade, he fell into a dead silence.

“除掉它们的根，”他说道，“以后，我会在这里给你种上一些向日葵和一些树莓。那会很好——非常好！”然后，他弯下腰，陷入了沉默之中。

I looked at him; fine tear-drops were falling fast from his small, intelligent, doglike eyes to the ground: "What is the matter?"

我看着他。从他那像狗一样精明的小眼睛里滚下硕大的泪珠，落在地上。我问：“怎么了？”

He shook himself, wiped his face with his palms, and dimly regarded me.

他晃动一下身子，用手掌擦了一下脸，眼泪朦胧地看着我：

"I was sweating. Look there—what a lot of worms!”

“我在出汗。看这里，这么多的虫子！”

Then he began to dig again, and after a time he said abruptly:

于是，他接着挖起来。过了一段时间，他突然说道：

"You have done all this for nothing—for nothing, my boy. I am going to sell the house soon. I must sell it before autumn without fail. I want the money for your mother's dowry. That's what it is! I hope she will be happy. God bless her!"

“你所做的一切都毫无结果——毫无结果，我的孩子。我不久就要把这所房子卖掉了。我必须在秋天到来之前卖掉。我需要钱给你的妈妈做嫁妆。就这样！我希望她会幸福。上帝保佑她！”

He threw down the spade, and with a gesture of renunciation went behind the washhouse where he had a forcing-bed, and I began to dig; but almost at once I crushed my toes with the spade.

他扔掉铲子，做了个要离开的手势，然后走到洗衣房的后面，他在那里有一张温床。于是我接着挖，刚挖了几下，我就用铲子铲到了脚趾。

This prevented me from going to the church with mother when she was married; I could only get as far as the gate, and from there I saw her on Maximov's arm, with her head bowed, carefully setting her feet on the pavement and on the green grass, and stepping over the crevices as if she were walking on sharp nails.

这样我没能去教堂参加母亲的婚礼，只能走到门口，从那里我看到她挽着马克西莫夫的胳膊，低着头，小心地在人行道和草地上迈着脚步，跨过石头缝，小心得像是走在尖尖的钉子上一样。

It was a quiet wedding. When they came back from church they drank tea in a depressed manner, and mother changed her dress directly and went to her own room to pack up. My stepfather came and sat beside me, and said:

那是一个冷清的婚礼。他们从教堂回来后，有些沮丧地喝着茶。母亲马上换了衣服，回到自己的房间收拾行李。我的继父走过来，坐在我身边说道：

"I promised to give you some paints, but there are no good ones to be got in this town, and I cannot give my own away; but I will bring you some from Moscow."

“我答应过给你买颜料，但是镇子里没有好的，我也不能把我的给你，不过我会给你从莫斯科带回来一些的。”

"And what shall I do with them'?"

“我用它们做什么？”

"Don't you like drawing?"

“难道你不喜欢画画吗？”

"I don't know how to draw."

“我不知道怎么画。”

"Well, I will bring you something else."

“那么，我给你带点别的东西吧。”

Then mother came in. "We shall soon come back, you know. Your father, there, has to sit for an examination, and when he has finished his studies we shall come back."

母亲进来了。“我们不久就会回来，你知道。你的父亲在那边还有一次考试，等他完成学业我们就会回来。”

I was pleased that they should talk to me like this, as if I were grown-up; but it was very strange to hear that a man with a beard was still learning.

我很高兴他们这样和我说话，好像我也是一个大人一样。但是听到一个长了胡子的男人还在学习，我感到很奇怪。

"What are you learning?" I asked.

“你在学什么？”我问道。

"Surveying," he replied.

“测量。”他回答道。

I did not trouble to ask what surveying was. The house seemed to be full of a dull quietness; there was a woolly sort of rustling going on, and I wished that the night would make haste and come. Grandfather stood with his back pressed against the stove, gazing out of the window with a frown. The old green woman was helping mother to pack, grumbling and sighing; and grandmother, who had been tipsy since noon, ashamed on that account, had retired to the attic and shut herself up there.

我没有再往下问测量是什么。房子里似乎充斥着沉闷的安静，只有羊毛摩擦发出的沙沙声。我希望夜晚能早一点降临。外祖父背靠在炉子上，皱着眉头看向窗外。那个绿色的老太太帮着母亲收拾行李，不停地发着牢骚，叹着气；外祖母中午就喝醉了酒，有些不好意思，便早早地退到阁楼，把自己关了起来。

Mother went away early the next morning. She held me in her arms as she took leave of me; lifting me lightly off the ground, and gazing into my eyes with eyes which seemed unfamiliar to me, she said as she kissed me:

母亲第二天一大早就走了。要离开的时候，她把我搂在怀里，轻轻地抱我起来，盯着我的眼睛，那眼神看起来是那么陌生。她一边亲着我，一边说道：

"Well—good-by.”

“好啦，再见。”

"Tell him that he has got to obey me," said grandfather gruffly, looking up at the sky which was still rosy.

“你告诉他，他得听我的话，”外祖父看着红色的天空，粗声地说道。

"Do what grandfather tells you," said mother, making the sign of the Cross over me.

“外祖父让你做什么，你就做什么。”母亲在我身上划了一个十字，说道。

I expected her to say something else, and I was furious with grandfather because he had prevented her.

我希望她说点别的。我很生外祖父的气，因为他打断了母亲。

They seated themselves in the droshky, and mother was a long time angrily trying to free her skirt which had got caught in something.

他们在四轮马车里坐好。母亲的裙子被什么东西挂住了，她一直很生气地拽着裙子。

"Help her, can't you? Are you blind?" said grandfather to me.

“你去帮帮她，行吗？你瞎了吗？”外祖父对我说道。

But I could not help—I was too wrapped up in my grief.

但是我无法帮忙，我完全陷入了痛苦之中。

Maximov patiently squeezed his long legs, clothed in dark blue trousers, into the droshky, while grandmother put some bundles into his hand. He piled them up on his knees, and keeping them in place with his chin, his white face wrinkled with embarrassment, he drawled: "That's enough!"

马克西莫夫耐心地把穿着深蓝色裤子的大腿挤进马车，外祖母把一些包裹交到他的手上。他把包裹堆在膝盖上，用下巴把它们固定住,苍白的脸因为尴尬泛起皱纹，他慢吞吞地说：“够啦！”

In another droshky sat the old green woman with her eldest son, the officer, who was scratching his beard with his sword handle, and yawning.

另一辆马车里坐着绿色的老太太和她的大儿子。他是一位军官，正用剑柄蹭着胡子，打着哈欠。

"So you are going to the war?" said grandfather.

“那么，你是要去打仗了？”外祖父问道。

"I am compelled to go."

“我必须去。”

"A good thing too!... we must beat the Turks."

“这也是一件好事！我们必须打败土耳其。”

They drove off. Mother turned round several times and waved her handkerchief. Grandmother, dissolved in tears, supporting herself by resting her hand against the wall, also waved her hand. Grandfather wiped away the tears from his eyes and muttered brokenly: "No good—will come—of this.”

他们走了。母亲几次转过身，挥动她的手帕。外祖母泪流满面，一只手扶着墙支撑着自己，也挥了挥手。外祖父擦掉眼里的泪水，断断续续地说道：“这样——不会——有什么好结果的。”

I sat on the gate-post and watched the droshky jolting up and down—and then they turned the corner and it seemed as if a door in my heart had been suddenly shut and barred. It was very early, the shutters had not been taken from the windows of the houses, the street was empty; I had never seen such an utter absence of life. In the distance the shepherd could be heard playing irritatingly.

我坐在门柱上，看着马车上下颠簸。马车转弯了，而我心里似乎也有一扇门被突然关上了，堵住了。天还很早，百叶窗还没有从窗户上取下，街道上空荡荡的。我从来没有见过如此缺乏生机的场面。远处可以听到牧羊人愤怒的声音。

"Come in to breakfast," said grandfather, taking me by the shoulder. "It is evident that your lot is to live with me; so you are beginning to leave your mark on me like the striking of a match leaves on a brick."

“回去吃早饭吧，”外祖父拽着我的肩膀说道，“很显然，你的命运就是和我一起生活，所以你要在我的身上留下标记，就好像是火柴划过砖头一样。”

From morning till night we busied ourselves in the garden; he laid out beds, tied up the raspberry bushes, stripped the lichen off the

apple trees, and killed the caterpillars, while I went on building and decorating my dwelling. Grandfather cut off the end of the burnt beam, made sticks out of it, and stuck them in the earth, and I hung my bird-cages on them; then I wove a close netting with the dried grass, and made a canopy over the seat to keep off the sun and the dew. The result was very satisfactory.

从早到晚，我们在花园里忙碌：他放上床，绑好红梅树，剥掉苹果树上的地衣，杀死毛毛虫；我继续建造并装饰我的住处。外祖父削掉了那块烧坏横木的一端，用它做出几个木棍插在土里，我在上面挂上鸟笼子；我用干草编了一张密实的网，在座位上面做了一个华盖来遮阳挡雨。结果非常令人满意。

"It is very useful," said grandfather, "for you to learn how to make the best of things for yourself."

“这非常有用，”外祖父说道，“教你学习怎样充分利用东西。”

I attached great importance to his words. Sometimes he lay down on the seat, which I had covered with turf, and taught me, very slowly, as if he had a difficulty in finding words.

我认为这些话很重要。有时候，他躺在用草皮覆盖的座位上，非常缓慢地教我识字，好像他很难找到那些单词。

"Now you are cut right off from your mother; other children will come to her, and they will be more to her than you are. And grandmother there—she has taken to drink.”

“现在你完全脱离了你的妈妈，她会生其他的孩子，而对她来说他们要比你更重要。而你外祖母，她已经迷上了喝酒。”

He was silent for a long time as if he were listening to something; then again he unwillingly let fall gloomy words:

他沉默了很长时间，好像在听什么声音，接着又勉强地说出些令人沮丧的话：

"This is the second time she has taken to drink; when Michael went for a soldier she started to drink too. And the old fool persuaded me to buy his discharge.... He might have turned out quite differently if he had gone for a soldier.... Ugh!... You...! I shall be dead soon—that means that you will be left alone... all on your own... to earn your living. Do you understand?... Good!... You must learn to work for yourself... and don't give way to others! Live quietly, peaceably—and uprightly. Listen to what others say, but do what is best for yourself.”

“这是她第二次迷上喝酒，米哈伊尔去当兵的时候她也喝酒。这个愚蠢的老家伙说服我为他买了免役证……如果他去当了兵，可能会完全不同……哎！……你啊……我不久就会死的——那样就会剩下你孤零零的一个人……完全靠你自己来谋生。你明白吗？很好！你必须学着为自己

工作……不要向别人屈服！要安静和平地生活，要正直。可以听别人怎么说，但是要做对自己最有好处的事。”

All the summer, except, of course, when the weather was bad, I lived in the garden, and on warm nights I even slept out there on a piece of felt which grandmother had made me a present of; not infrequently she slept in the garden herself, and bringing out a bundle of hay, which she spread out close to my couch, she would lie down on it and tell me stories for a long time, interrupting her speech from time to time by irrelevant remarks:

整个夏天——当然除了天气不好的时候——我都住在花园里。在温暖的夜晚，我甚至睡在外祖母作为礼物送给我的毛毡上。她也时常睡在花园里，抱来一堆干草铺在我的沙发旁边，然后躺下来，给我讲很久的故事，还不时地穿插一些不相干的话：

"Look!... A star fell then! That is some pure soul suffering... a mother thinking of earth! That means that a good man or woman has just been born."

“看！一颗星星掉了下来！那是一个纯洁的灵魂在受苦……一位母亲在思念人间！那意味着一个好人刚刚诞生。”

Or she would point out to me:

有时候她会指给我看：

"There's a new star appeared; look! It looks like a large eye.... Oh, you bright creature of the sky!... You holy ornament of God!..."

“那里出现了一颗新星，看！看起来像一只大眼睛……哦，你这个天空中明亮的精灵！上帝神圣的宠儿！”

"You will catch cold, you silly woman!" grandfather would growl, "and have an apoplectic fit. Thieves will come and kill you."

“你会感冒的，你这个傻女人！”外祖父低吼道，“还会中风的。小偷会来杀死你的。”

Sometimes, when the sun set, rivers of light streamed across the sky, looking as if they were on fire, and red-gold ashes seemed to fall on the velvety-green garden; then everything became perceptibly a shade darker, and seemed to grow larger—to swell, as the warm twilight closed round. Tired of the sun, the leaves drooped, the grass bowed its head; everything seemed to be softer and richer, and gently breathed out various odors as soothing as music. And music there was, too, floating from the camps in the fields, where they were playing spasmodically.

有时候，在太阳落山之后，银河的光划过天空，看起来好像是在燃烧，金红色的余辉落在轻柔的绿色花园里；一切都成为一团暗影，并且

似乎开始膨胀，越来越大，而温暖的暮光则渐渐缩小。厌倦了阳光的叶子枯萎了，小草也低下了头，一切都变得更加柔软且丰富，轻柔地散发出犹如音乐般令人安静的气味。田野的营地里，断断续续地传来人们弹奏的乐声。

Night came, and with it there came into one's heart something vigorous and fresh, like the loving caress of a mother; the quietness softly smoothed one's heart with its warm, rough hands, and all that ought to be forgotten—all the bitterness, the fine dust of the day—was washed away. It was enchanting to lie with upturned face watching the stars flaming in the infinite profundity of the sky—a profundity which, as it stretches higher and higher, opens out a new vista of stars; to raise yourself lightly from the ground and—how strange!—either the earth has grown smaller before your eyes, or you yourself, grown wonderfully big, are being absorbed into your surroundings. It grows darker and quieter every moment, but there is a succession of minute, hardly perceptible, prolonged sounds, and each sound—whether it be a bird singing in its sleep, or a hedgehog running along, or a human voice softly raised somewhere—differs from the sounds of daytime, and has something peculiarly its own, amorously underlying its sensitive quietness.

夜幕降临了，随之一起降临到人们心田的是一种新鲜的、充满活力的东西，像母亲的爱抚；寂静用温暖的、毛茸茸的双手温柔地抚慰着人们的心灵，那些应该忘记的一切——所有的痛苦和白天留下的尘土——都被洗净。仰面躺着，望着幽深的天空里闪烁的星星，着实让人着迷——更深处愈发深邃的天空呈现出另一片繁星；如果轻轻从地上抬起身子，多么神奇——大地在你的眼前变得渺小，抑或你自己变得异常地大了，渐渐与周围的事物融为一体。越来越黑，越来越静，但是周围传来一系列微小而难以察觉的声音，经久不散，每一种声音——无论是鸟睡眠中发出的叫声，刺猬奔跑的声音，还是哪里有人轻柔的说话声——都和白天不同，有着自己独特的特征，妩媚地潜伏在敏感的寂静里。

A harmonium is being played somewhere, a woman's laugh rings out, a sword rattles on the stone flags of the pavement, a dog yelps—but all these sounds are nothing more than the falling of the last leaves of the day which has blossomed and died.

不知什么地方拉起了风琴，还传来了女人的笑声、人行道上剑碰在板石上的锵锵声、还有狗吠声——但是所有这些只不过是白天开放过又凋零的最后几片树叶飘落的声音。

Sometimes in the night a drunken cry would suddenly rise from the field or the street, and the sound of some one running noisily; but this was a common occurrence, and passed unheeded.

有时候，田野里或街道上会突然响起醉汉的喊叫声，还有某个人跑步的嘈杂声，但这都是平常的事情，没有人会加以注意。

Grandmother never slept long, and as she lay with her head resting on her folded arms, she would begin, at the slightest hint, to tell me a story, obviously not caring whether I was listening to her or not. She was always able to choose stones which would make the night still more precious and beautiful to me.

外祖母从来不睡很长时间，她把头靠在交叉的胳膊上，只要收到任何暗示就会开始给我讲故事，显然并不在乎我是否在听她讲。她选的童话故事总能让夜晚对我来说更加宝贵，更加美好。

Under the influence of her measured flow of words I insensibly sank into slumber, and awoke with the birds; the sun was looking straight into my eyes, and, warmed by his rays, the morning air flowed softly round us, the leaves of the apple tree were shaking off the dew, the moist green grass looked brighter and fresher than ever, with its newly acquired crystal transparency, and a faint mist floated over it. High up in the sky, so high as to be invisible, a lark sang, and all the colors and sounds produced by the dew evoked a peaceful gladness, and aroused a desire to get up at once and do some work, and to live in amity with all living creatures.

我沉醉在外祖母有节奏的语言中，不知不觉就进入了梦乡，然后在鸟鸣中醒来。阳光照进我的眼睛，温暖的空气在我们周围缓缓流动，露水从苹果树的叶子上滴落，潮湿的绿草晶莹剔透，看起来比以前更加鲜艳明亮，一层薄雾在上面漂浮着。在高得无法看见的天空，一只云雀在歌唱；露水的光彩和滴落的声音唤起一种平和的愉悦，也激发了我马上起床开始工作的欲望，并想与所有的生物和睦相处。

This was the quietest and most contemplative period of my whole life, and it was during this summer that the consciousness of my own strength took root and developed in me. I became shy and unsociable, and when I heard the shouts of the Ovsyanikov children I had no desire to go to them; and when my cousins came, I was more than a little annoyed, and the only feeling they aroused in me was the fear lest they should destroy my structure in the garden—the first work I had ever done by myself.

这段时间是我一生中最安静、思考最多的时期。也就是在这个夏天，对我自身力量的自我意识开始在心中生根发芽。我变得害羞起来，不爱说话；听到奥夫相尼科夫家孩子们的喊叫声时，我并不想加入他们；表哥们来时，我也很恼火，他们给我的唯一感觉就是，我害怕他们毁掉我在花园里的建筑——那是我自己完成的第一项工作。

Grandfather's conversation, drier, more querulous, and more doleful every day, had lost all interest for me. He had taken to quarreling with grandmother frequently, and to turn her out of the house, when she would go either to Uncle Jaakov's or to Uncle Michael's. Once she stayed away for several days and grandfather did

all the cooking himself, burned his hands, roared with pain, swore, and smashed the crockery, and developed a noticeable greediness. Sometimes he would come to my hut, make himself comfortable on the turfy seat, and after watching me in silence for some time, would ask abruptly:

外祖父的谈话变得越来越枯燥，他越来越爱抱怨，也越来越沮丧，令我完全失去了兴趣。他开始频繁地和外祖母吵架，还把她赶出了家，她只好去雅科夫舅舅家或是米哈伊尔舅舅家。有一次她离开了几天，外祖父自己做饭，但烫伤了双手，疼得又骂又叫，还打碎了瓷器，很明显，他变得越来越吝啬起来。有时候他会来到我的茅屋，在草皮座位上舒服地坐着，默默地看了我一会儿，他会突然问：

"Why are you so quiet?"

“你怎么这么安静？”

"Because I feel like it. Why?"

“因为我喜欢。怎么了？”

Then he would begin his sermon:

然后他会开始他的说教：

"We are not gentlefolk. No one takes the trouble to teach us. We have got to find everything out for ourselves. For other folk they write books, and build schools; but no time is wasted on us. We have to make our own way."

“我们不是名门。没有人愿意教我们。我们必须自己去寻找一切。编书、办学校都是为了他们，但是没人会在我们身上浪费时间。我们必须自谋生路。”

And he fell into a brooding silence—sitting motionless, oblivious, till his presence became almost oppressive.

之后他便陷入沉思，一动不动地坐着，似乎忘记了一切，直到气氛变得几乎压抑起来。

He sold the house in the autumn, and not long before the sale he exclaimed abruptly one morning, over his tea:

他在秋天卖掉了房子。在卖掉房子之前不久的一个早上，他在喝茶的时候突然大声说道：

"Well, Mother, I have fed and clothed you—fed and clothed you—but the time has come for you to earn your own bread.”

“孩子妈，我一直供你吃供你穿，但现在是你自己谋生的时候了。”

Grandmother received this announcement quite calmly, as if she had been expecting it a long time. She reached for her snuff-box in a leisurely manner, charged her spongy nose, and said:

外祖母平静地听着他的宣言，好像她早已预料到了。她从容地伸手拿起鼻烟壶，放在她海绵般的鼻子上说道：

"Well, that's all right! If it is to be like that, so let it be."

“嗯，好吧！如果需要这样，那就这样吧。”

Grandfather took two dark rooms in the basement of an old house, at the foot of a small hill.

外祖父买了一处老房子地下室的两间昏暗的屋子，房子处在一座小山脚下。

When we went to this lodging, grandmother took an old bast shoe, put it under the stove, and, squatting on her heels, invoked the house-demon:

我们搬进去住的时候，外祖母拿了一只旧树皮鞋放在炉子下面，然后蹲下来向灶神祈求道：

"House-demon, family-demon, here is your sledge; come to us in our new home, and bring us good luck.”

“灶神啊，家庭的保护神，这是你的雪橇，来我们的新家吧，给我们带来好运吧。”

Grandfather looked in at the window from the yard, crying: "I will make you smart for this, you heretic! You are trying to put me to shame."

外祖父从院子里向窗户里望，喊道：“我会让你吃苦头的，你这个异教徒！你想让我蒙羞。”

"Oie! Take care that you don't bring harm to yourself, Father," said grandmother seriously; but he only raged at her, and forbade her to invoke the house-demon.

“哦！小心点，不要害了自己，孩子爸。”外祖母严肃地说。然而他对她大发脾气，禁止她向灶神祈求。

The furniture and effects were sold by him to a second-hand dealer who was a Tartar, after three days' bargaining and abuse of each other; and grandmother looked out of the window, sometimes crying and sometimes laughing, and exclaiming under her breath:

在经过三天的讨价还价和彼此谩骂之后，外祖父把家具和财产卖给了一个二手商人——一个鞑靼人。外祖母看着窗外，时而哭时而笑，喘着粗气叫道：

"That's right! Drag them about. Smash them."

“好！把它们拿走吧。捣烂它们。”

I was ready to weep myself as I mourned for my garden and my

little hut.

我也准备为失去花园和小屋而大哭一场。

We journeyed thither in two carts, and the one wherein I was placed, amongst various utensils, jolted alarmingly, as if it were going to throw me out then and there, with a part of the load. And for two years, till close upon the time of my mother's death, I was dominated with the idea that I had been thrown out somewhere. Soon after the move mother made her appearance, just as grandfather had settled down in his basement, very pale and thin, and with her great eyes strangely brilliant. She stared just as if she were seeing her father and mother and me for the first time—just stared, and said nothing; while my stepfather moved about the room, whistling softly, and clearing his throat, with his hands behind his back and his fingers twitching.

我们坐着两辆车搬去新家。装着我和许多器皿的那辆颠个不停，好像要把我扔出去似的。两年来，直到母亲去世，我都被这样的思想占据着——我已经被抛弃到什么地方了。搬家之后不久，外祖父刚刚在地下室安顿好，母亲便出现了。她脸色苍白，身体瘦削，大眼睛里闪烁着奇异的光芒。她注视着我们，好像是第一次看到她的父亲、母亲和我一样——只是盯着看，没有说话。而继父在房间里踱着步子，轻轻地吹着口哨，清了清嗓子，双手背在身后，手指不停地动着。

"Lord! How dreadfully you have grown," said mother to me, pressing her hot hands to my cheeks. She was dressed unattractively in a full brown dress, and she looked very swollen about the stomach.

“主啊！你长这么大了。”母亲用温热的双手捧着我的脸颊说道。她穿着低调的全褐色的裙子，肚子看起来很鼓。

My stepfather held out his hand to me.

我的继父向我伸出他的手：

"How do you do, my lad? How are you getting on?" Then sniffing the air, he added: "Do you know it is very damp down here?"

“你好，我的小伙子。你怎么样啊？”嗅了嗅之后，他又说道：“你知道这里很潮湿吗？”

They both looked worn out, as if they had been running for a long time; their clothes were in disorder, and soiled, and all they wanted, they said, was to lie down and rest. As they drank some tea with an air of constraint, grandfather, gazing at the rain-washed windows, asked:

他们两个看起来都很疲劳，好像奔波了很久。他们的衣服凌乱不堪，沾满了灰尘。他们说他们最想要的，便是躺下来休息。他们拘谨地喝着茶。这个时候，外祖父盯着雨水冲洗过的窗户问道：

"And so you have lost everything in a fire?"

“那么，你们在大火里失去了一切？”

"Everything!" answered my stepfather in a resolute tone. "We only escaped ourselves by good luck."

“一切！”我的继父坚定地回答道，“我们幸运地捡了一条命回来。”

"So!... A fire is no joke."

“所以，大火无情啊！”

Leaning against grandmother's shoulder, my mother whispered something in her ear, and grandmother blinked as if the light were in her eyes. The air of constraint grew more noticeable.

母亲靠在外祖母的肩上，在她的耳边说着什么。外祖母眨着眼睛，眼里好像闪烁着光亮。压抑的气氛越来越明显了。

Suddenly grandfather said very clearly, in a cool, malicious tone:

突然，外祖父用清晰、冷漠而邪恶的声音说道：

"The rumor which came to my ears, Eugen Vassilev, my good sir, said that there was no fire, but that you simply lost everything at cards."

“尤庚·瓦西里耶夫，我亲爱的先生，传到我耳朵里的谣言说并没有什么火灾，是你因为赌博而倾家荡产。”

There was a dead silence, broken only by the hissing of the samovar and the splashing of the rain against the window-panes; at length mother said in a persuasive tone:

屋里死一般地寂静，只能听到茶壶发出的嘶嘶声和雨水敲打窗户的声音。最后，母亲婉言劝道：

"Papasha—”

“爸爸……”

"What do you mean—'papaskà?" cried grandfather in a deafening voice. "What next? Didn't I tell you that a person of thirty does not go well with one of twenty years?... There you are... and there he is—cunning rogue! A nobleman!... What?... Well, little daughter?”

“你什么意思？爸爸？”外祖父的声音震耳欲聋。“接下来你想说什么？难道我没有告诉你，一个三十岁的人和一个二十岁的人是合不来的吗？可你呢……嫁给了他！狡猾的无赖！一个贵族！怎么样？嗯，小女儿？”

They all four shouted at the tops of their voices, and my stepfather shouted loudest of all. I went out to the porch and sat on a heap of wood, stupefied by my amazement at finding mother so

changed, so different from what she used to be. This fact had not struck me so forcibly when I was in the room with her, as it did now in the twilight with the memory of what she had been clearly before my mind.

他们四个都声嘶力竭地喊着，继父声音最大。我来到门廊，坐在一堆干柴上。母亲的变化让我目瞪口呆，她和从前竟如此不同。我跟她在房间的时候，并没有完全意识到这一点，而现在，黄昏时分，她曾经的样子历历在目，我的感受越发强烈了。

Later on, though I have forgotten the circumstances connected with it, I found myself at Sormova, in a house where everything was new; the walls were bare and hemp grew out of the chinks between the beams, and in the hemp were a lot of cockroaches. Mother and my stepfather lived in two rooms with windows looking on to the street, and I lived with grandmother in the kitchen, which had one window looking out on the roof. On the other side of the roof the chimneys of a factory rose up to the sky, belching forth a thick smoke, and the winter wind blew this smoke over the entire village; and our cold rooms were always filled with the odor of something burning. Early in the morning the wolves howled: "Khvou—ou—ou—u—!”

后来发生了什么我已经记不太清楚了，我只记得自己到了索莫娃，住在一个完全陌生的房子里：墙上光秃秃的，大麻从梁柱的缝隙里长出来，里头藏着很多蟑螂。母亲和继父住在两间窗子对着街道的房子里，我和外祖母住在厨房，厨房里只在天花板上开了一扇天窗。屋顶的另一边是一家工厂的烟囱。烟囱高耸着，喷出一团浓烟，冬天的风把浓烟吹遍了整个村庄，而我们寒冷的房间里总是弥漫着烧焦的气味。一大早，狼群嚎叫：“嗷唔……”

By standing on a stool one could see through the top window-pane, across the roof, the gate of the factory lit up by lanterns, half-open like the black, toothless mouth of an old beggar, and a crowd of little people crawling into it. At noon the black lips of the gate again opened and the factory disgorged its chewed-up people, who flowed along the street in a black stream till a rough, snowy wind came flying along and drove them into their houses. We very seldom saw the sky over the village; from day to day, over the roofs of the houses, and over the snow-drifts sprinkled with soot, hung another roof, gray and flat, which crushed the imagination, and blinded one with its overwhelming drabness.

站在凳子上，透过天窗，越过屋顶，可以看见点着灯笼的工厂大门——门半开着，像是掉光牙齿的老乞丐那黑漆漆的嘴——一群小小的人涌了进去。中午，大门那黑黑的嘴唇又张开了，工厂吐出了被咀嚼的人，他们扭成一条黑色的溪流在街上流动，直到一阵夹杂着雪花的劲风刮来，把他们吹回了家。我们很少能看得见村子上方的天空。一天天过

去了，在一个个房顶之上，一个个散满了煤灰的雪堆之上，还有另一个房顶，灰突突蒙蒙的，扁扁的，冲击着人们的想象力。这难以抑制的单调乏味让人目眩。

In the evenings a dim red glow quivered over the factory, lighting up the chimney-pots, and making the chimneys look, not as if they rose from the earth to the sky, but as if they were falling to the earth from that smoky cloud; and as they fell they seemed to be breathing out flames, and howling.

晚上，昏暗的红光在工厂上摇曳，照亮了烟囱，使它看起来不像是从地面伸向天空，却好像是从那团烟云里掉到地面上似的，它们掉落的时候，似乎还吐出火焰，发出嚎叫。

It was unbearably tedious to look at all this, and the monotony of it preyed evilly on my heart. Grandmother did the work of a general servant, cooked, washed the floors, chopped wood, and fetched water from morning till night, and came to bed weary, grumbling, and sighing. Sometimes when she had finished cooking she would put on her short, padded bodice, and with her skirt well lifted, she would repair to the town.

这情景沉闷得让人难以忍受，这种单调邪恶地折磨着我的心灵。外祖母做起了仆人：她做饭、擦地、砍柴、从早到晚地挑水。所以她每天上床的时候非常疲劳，发着牢骚，叹着气。有时候她做完饭后，会穿上短款带衬的上衣和蓬蓬的短裙去镇里。

"I will go and have a look at the old man, and see how he is getting on."

“我要去看看那个老头子，看他过得怎么样。”

"Take me with you."

“带我去吧。”

"You would be frozen. Look how it is snowing!" And she would walk seven versts, by the roads, or across the snowy fields.

“你会冻僵的。雪下得很大！”在马路上和覆盖着雪的田野上，外祖母得走七俄里路。

Mother, yellow, pregnant, and shivering with cold, went about wrapped in a gray, torn shawl with a fringe.

母亲怀孕了，脸色蜡黄，冷得直发抖。她裹着带有毛边的、破旧的灰色围巾走来走去。

I hated that shawl, which disfigured the large, well-built body; I hated the tails of the fringe, and tore them off; I hated the house, the factory, and the village. Mother went about in downtrodden felt boots, coughing all the time, and her unbecomingly fat stomach heaved, her

gray-blue eyes had a bright, hard gleam in them, and she often stood about against the bare walls just as if she were glued to them. Sometimes she would stand for a whole hour looking out of the window on to the street, which was like a jaw in which half the teeth were blackened and crooked from age, and the other half had quite decayed and had been replaced by false ones.

我不喜欢那件披肩，因为它扭曲了她高大强壮的身体；我不喜欢毛边的末梢，于是就把它们都拽掉了；我也不喜欢这房子，工厂还有这个村子。母亲穿着破旧的毡靴四处走动，不停地咳嗽，她肥胖的肚子向前隆起，蓝灰色的眼睛闪烁着明亮尖锐的目光，她总是靠在光秃秃的墙上，好像粘到上面似的。有时候她会站上整整一个小时，一直看着窗外的街道。街道看起来好像是老人的下颌，一半的牙齿七零八落，黑漆漆的，而另一半已经坏掉了，换上了假牙。

"Why do we live here?" I asked.

“我们为什么生活在这里？”我问道。

"Ach!... You hold your tongue, can't you?" she answered.

“啊！你别说话，行吗？”她答道。

She spoke very seldom to me, and when she did speak it was only to order me about:

她很少和我说话，即使说，也只是命令：

"Go there!... Come here!... Fetch this!"

“到那边去！过来！去取这个！”

I was not often allowed out in the street, and on each occasion I returned home bearing signs of having been knocked about by other boys; for fighting was my favorite, indeed, my only enjoyment, and I threw myself into it with ardor. Mother whipped me with a strap, but the punishment only irritated me further, and the next time I fought with childish fury—and mother gave me a worse punishment. This went on till one day I warned her that if she did not leave off beating me I should bite her hand, and run away to the fields and get frozen to death. She pushed me away from her in amazement, and walked about the room, panting from exhaustion as she said:

通常他们都不允许我上街。每次到街上去，都会带着被别的男孩打出的伤痕回家。我最喜欢打架，实际上它是我唯一的乐趣，我对此疯狂地着迷。母亲用皮带打我，但是惩罚只能让我更加愤怒；下一次我便更拼命地打架，而母亲便会更严厉地惩罚我。直到有一天，我警告她说，如果她再打我，我就会咬她的手，然后跑到田地里冻死。她惊讶地把我从身边推开，在屋子里走来走去，一边精疲力竭地喘着气，一边说道：

"You are getting like a wild animal!"

“你越来越像一头野兽了！”

That feeling which is called love began to blossom in my heart now, full of life, and tremulous as a rainbow; and my resentment against every one burst out oftener, like a dark blue, smoky flame, and an oppressive feeling of irritation smoldered in my heart—a consciousness of being entirely alone in that gray, meaningless existence.

现在，那种被称为“爱”的感情开始在我内心深处生长，充满生机，如彩虹一般若隐若现。我对每个人的怨恨，像是一团深蓝色冒着浓烟的火焰，更加频繁地爆发。我的内心里积压着一团怒火，在那个灰暗又毫无意义的世界里，倍感孤单。

My stepfather was severe with me, and hardly ever speaking to mother, went about whistling or coughing, and after dinner would stand in front of a mirror and assiduously pick his uneven teeth with a splinter of wood. His quarrels with mother became more frequent—angrily addressing her as "you" (instead of "thou"), a habit which exasperated me beyond measure.

继父对我很严厉，他很少搭理母亲，只是走来走去，吹着口哨或者咳嗽几声。晚饭后，他会站在镜子前，用牙签专心地剔着他那参差不齐的牙齿。他和母亲的争吵越来越频繁。他生气地称呼她为“您”（而不是“你”），这让我极度愤怒。

When there was a quarrel on he used to shut the kitchen door closely, evidently not wishing me to hear what he said, but all the same the sound of his deep bass voice could be heard quite plainly. One day he cried, with a stamp of his foot:

每次争吵，他总是把厨房的门紧紧关上，很显然是不想让我听到他说的话，但我还是能听到他那低沉的嗓音。一天，他跺着脚喊道：

"Just because you are fool enough to become pregnant, I can't ask any one to come and see me—you cow!”

“就是因为你这傻子怀了孕，所以我才不能叫任何人来看我，你这头母牛！”

I was so astonished, so furiously angry, that I jumped up in the air so high that I knocked my head against the ceiling and bit my tongue till it bled.

我又惊又气，跳起来老高，头撞到了天花板，还把舌头咬出了血。

On Saturdays workmen came in batches of ten to see my stepfather and sell him their food-tickets, which they ought to have taken to the shop belonging to the works to spend in place of money; but my stepfather used to buy them at half-price. He received the workmen in the kitchen, sitting at the table, looking very important,

and as he took the cards he would frown and say:

每逢周六，工人们就会十人一组来见继父，把他们的饭票卖给他。这些饭票他们本来应该带到工厂的商店里当做钱来花掉的，但是继父总是半价把它们买到手。他在厨房里接待工人。他坐在桌子上，看起来煞有介事的样子，每当他拿起那些卡片，便会皱着眉头说道：

"A rouble and a half!"

“一个半卢比！”

"Now, Eugen Vassilev, for the love of God—" "A rouble and a half!"

“哎，尤庚·瓦西里耶夫，看在上帝的份上……”“一个半卢比！”

This muddled, gloomy existence only lasted till mother's confinement, when I was sent back to grandfather. He was then living at Kunavin, where he rented a poky room with a Russian stove, and two windows looking on to the yard, in a two-storied house on a sandy road, which extended to the fence of the Napolno churchyard.

这种混乱的、令人抑郁的生活一直持续到母亲分娩，我被送回到外祖父那里。那时外祖父住在库那文。他租了一个狭小的屋子，里面有俄罗斯式的炉炕，两扇窗户对着院子。那是一栋两层小楼，坐落在一条沙土路边，这条路一直通往纳坡诺教堂墓地的篱笆。

"What's this?" he cried, squeaking with laughter, as he met me. "They say there's no better friend than your own mother; but now, it seems, it is not the mother but the old devil of a grandfather who is the friend. Ugh—you!”

“这是谁呀？”他见到我时喊道，还尖声笑着。“人们都说，没有比自己的母亲更好的朋友了，但是现在看来，似乎不是你的母亲而是你的外祖父这个老家伙成为你的朋友了。啊，你啊！”

Before I had time to look about my new home grandmother arrived with mother and the baby. My stepfather had been dismissed from the works for pilfering from the workmen, but he had gone after other employment and had been taken on in the booking-office of the railway station almost at once. After a long, uneventful period, once more I was living with mother in the basement of a storehouse. As soon as she was settled mother sent me to school—and from the very first I took a dislike to it..: I went thither in mother's shoes, with a coat made out of a bodice belonging to grandmother, a yellow shirt, and trousers which had been lengthened. My attire immediately became an object of ridicule, and for the yellow shirt I received "The ace of diamonds."

我还没有来得及看看我的新家，外祖母就和母亲还有婴儿一起到了。我的继父因为偷工人的东西被工厂开除了，但是他开始重新找工

作，马上就被火车站的售票处雇佣了。过了一段长长的、无聊的生活后，我又一次和母亲生活在一起，我们搬进了一间仓库的地下室。她一安顿下来就把我送去了学校，但是从刚开始，我就非常不喜欢去：我上学时穿着母亲的鞋和由外祖母的上衣改造而来的外套，一件黄色的衬衫和一条加长的裤子。我的打扮马上成为了遭人取笑的对象，我还因为那件黄衬衫而被叫做“苦役犯。”

I soon became friendly with the boys, but the master and the priest did not like me.

不久我就和男孩子们成为朋友，但是老师和牧师都不喜欢我。

The master was a jaundiced-looking, bold man who suffered from a continuous bleeding of the nose; he used to appear in the schoolroom with his nostrils stopped up with cotton-wool, and as he sat at his table, asking us questions in snuffling tones, he would suddenly stop in the middle of a word, take the wool out of his nostrils and look at it, shaking his head. He had a flat, copper-colored face, with a sour expression, and there was a greenish tint in his wrinkles; but it was his literally pewter-colored eyes which were the most hideous feature of it, and they were so unpleasantly glued to my face that I used to feel that I must brush them off my cheek with my hands.

老师是一个脸色蜡黄的秃顶男人，他总是流鼻血。他出现在教室里的时候，鼻孔里总是塞着棉花，每当他坐在桌旁，带着鼻音问我们问题时，总会在一个单词中间停下来，从鼻孔里拿出棉花看一眼，然后摇摇脑袋。他的脸扁平，呈黑褐色，表情抑郁，皱纹呈现出绿色。不过他那锡白色的眼睛是最可憎的特征。它们总是盯着我的脸，让我感到很不舒服，我总是觉得我必须用双手把它们从我的脸上弄掉。

For several days I was in the first division, and at the top of the class, quite close to the master's table, and my position was almost unbearable. He seemed to see no one but me, and he was snuffling all the time:

几天以来，我坐在第一排，在教室的最前面，离老师的桌子很近。这位置让人难以忍受。他似乎不看别人只看我，而且他一直都在抽着鼻子：

"Pyesh—kov, you must put on a clean shirt. Pyesh—kov, don't make a noise with your feet. Pyesh—kov, your bootlaces are undone again.”

“彼什——科夫，你必须穿一件干净的衬衫。彼什——科夫，不要用你的脚发出声音。彼什——科夫，你的鞋带又开了。”

But I paid him out for his savage insolence. One day I took the half of a frozen watermelon, cut out the inside, and fastened it by a

string over a pulley on the outer door. When the door opened the melon went up, but when my teacher shut the door the hollow melon descended upon his bald head like a cap. The janitor was sent with me with a note to the headmaster's house, and I paid for my prank with my own skin.

但是我报复了他的野蛮和无礼。一天，我拿了半块冰冻的西瓜，把里面掏空，用绳子把它固定在外门的滑轮上。门一开，西瓜便弹起来，但是当老师关上门后，中空的西瓜就掉了下来，像帽子一样扣在了他的光头上。看门人带着我到校长家里，还带给校长一张纸条，我用皮肉之苦偿还了我的恶作剧。

Another time I sprinkled snuff over his table, and he sneezed so much that he had to leave the class and send his brother-in-law to take his place. This was an officer who set the class singing: "God save the Czar!" and "Oh, Liberty! my Liberty!" Those who did not sing in tune he rapped over the head with a ruler, which made a funny, hollow noise, but it hurt.

还有一次，我在他的桌子上撒了一些鼻烟末，使得他一个劲地打喷嚏，最后不得不离开教室，把他的姐夫叫来代课。老师的姐夫是一个军官，他让学生们唱："上帝救了沙皇"和"哦，自由！我的自由！"那些跟不上拍子的学生就得挨打。他用尺子打学生的脑袋，会发出一声滑稽的闷响，不过很疼。

The Divinity teacher, the handsome, young, luxuriant-haired priest, did not like me because I had no Bible, and also because I mocked his way of speaking. The first thing he did when he entered the classroom was to ask me:

神学老师是一个英俊、年轻、头发浓密的牧师，他不喜欢我是因为我没有《圣经》，也因为我嘲笑他说话的方式。他走进教室的第一件事情就是问我：

"Pyeshkov, have you brought that book or not? Yes. The book!"

"彼什科夫，你带没带那本书？是的，那本书！"

"No," I answered, "I have not brought it. Yes."

"没有，"我回答道，"我还没有买。是的。"

"What do you mean—yes?"

"你什么意思？是的？"

"No."

"不。"

"Well, you can just go home. Yes—home, for I don't intend to teach you. Yes! I don't intend to do it."

“那么，你可以回家了。是的，回家，因为我不想教你。是的！我不想教。”

This did not trouble me much. I went out and kicked my heels in the dirty village street till the end of the lesson, watching the noisy life about me.

这对我来说并不算一件麻烦事。我走出教室，下课前一直在村里肮脏的街道上胡乱踢着，看着周围吵闹的人。

This priest had a beautiful face, like a Christ, with caressing eyes like a woman's, and little hands—gentle, like everything about him. Whatever he handled—a book, a ruler, a penholder, whatever it might be—he handled carefully, as if it were alive and very fragile, and as if he loved it and were afraid of spoiling it by touching it. He was not quite so gentle with the children, but all the same they loved him.

这个牧师有一张漂亮的脸，像是一个基督教徒，眼睛像女人的一样柔情，有一双小手——也是那般温柔。无论他在弄什么——一本书，一把尺子，一个笔架，还是别的什么东西——他都很小心，好像它们有生命，而且十分脆弱，好像他很珍爱它们，害怕把它们碰坏了。对孩子门他不是那么温善，但是他们还是很爱他。

Notwithstanding the fact that I learned tolerably well, I was soon told that I should be expelled from the school for unbecoming conduct. I became depressed, for I saw a very unpleasant time coming, as mother was growing more irritable every day, and beat me more than ever.

尽管我学得很好，但是不久我就被告知要被开除，原因是我表现不良。我感到沮丧，因为我感到不快的时光就要来临，母亲变得越来越易怒，打我的次数也更多了。

But help was at hand. Bishop Khrisanph paid an unexpected visit to the school. He was a little man, like a wizard, and, if I remember rightly, was humpbacked.

但是我终于有救了。赫利桑弗主教出人意料地来学校访问。他个子很小，像个巫师，如果我记得没错，他还有点驼背。

Sitting at the table, looking so small in his wide black clothes, and with a funny hat like a little pail on his head, he shook his hands free from his sleeves and said:

他坐在桌子旁，宽大的黑色衣服使他看起来很小，而且头上的帽子好像是一个小桶。他把手从袖子里伸出来，说道：

"Now, children, let us have a talk together."

“好的，孩子们，让我们一起谈一谈。”

And at once the classroom became warm and bright, and

pervaded by an atmosphere of unfamiliar pleasantness.

教室里立即变得温暖而明亮，还弥漫着一种难得的愉悦气氛。

Calling me to the table, after many others had had their turns, he asked me gravely:

在许多同学之后，我被叫到了桌子旁。他严肃地问：

"And how old are you? Is that all? Why, what a tall boy you are! I suppose you have been standing out in the rain pretty often, have you? Eh?"

“你多大了？就这些？哎呀，你这么高！我想你经常站在外面淋雨，是吗？嗯？”

Placing one dried-up hand with long, sharp nails on the table, and catching hold of his sparse beard with the fingers of the other, he placed his face, with its kind eyes, quite close to mine, as he said:

他把一只干枯的手放在桌子上，指甲又长又尖，用另一只手抓着他稀疏的胡子；他把脸凑到我的脸前，目光和善地说道：

"Well, now tell me which you like best of the Bible stories."

“好啦，现在告诉我你最喜欢哪个圣经故事。”

When I told him that I had no Bible and did not learn Scripture history, he pulled his cowl straight, saying:

当我告诉他我没有《圣经》，也没有学圣经故事的时候，他把风帽拉直，说道：

"How is that? You know it is absolutely necessary for you to learn it. But perhaps you have learned some by listening? You know the Psalms? 'Good! And the prayers?... There, you see! And the lives of the Saints too?... In rhyme?... Then I think you are very well up in the subject."

“怎么会这样？你知道，学它对你是绝对必要的。也许你已经听别人讲过一些？你知道《圣诗》吗？‘很好！还有祷文？你看！还有圣人们的生活？押韵？我想你非常擅长这一学科。”

At this moment our priest appeared—flushed and out of breath. The Bishop blessed him, but when he began to speak about me, he raised his hand, saying:

此时，我们的牧师来了，他满脸通红，上气不接下气。主教为他祝福完毕。牧师刚要开始谈论我的时候，主教抬手说道：

"Excuse me... just a minute.... Now, tell me the story of Alexei, the man of God.

“对不起，等一会儿……现在告诉我阿列克谢圣徒的故事。

"Fine verses those—eh, my boy?" he said, when I came to a full stop, having forgotten the next verse.

“优美的诗篇，是吧，我的孩子？”他说道，而我忘记了下一篇，只好停下来。

"Let us have something else now—something about King David.... Go on, I am listening very attentively.”

“现在让我们谈谈别的，关于大卫王的故事……继续，我正在认真地听着呢。”

I saw that he was really listening, and that the verses pleased him. He examined me for a long time, then he suddenly stood up and asked quickly:

我看到他确实在听，而且那些诗篇让他很满意。他看了我很长时间，突然站起来快速地问道：

"You have learned the Psalms? Who taught you? A good grandfather, is he? Eh? Bad? You don't say so!... But aren't you very naughty?"

“你学过《圣诗》？谁教的你？一个好外祖父，是吗？嗯？不好？你不能这么说！你不也很淘气吗？”

I hesitated, but at length I said:

我犹豫了一下，但最后说道：

"Yes."

“是的。”

The teacher and the priest corroborated my confession garrulously, and he listened to them with his eyes cast down; then he said with a sigh:

老师和教父絮絮叨叨地证明着我所说的，主教则低垂着眼睛听他们说着，然后叹了一口气，说：

"You hear what they say about you? Come here!"

“你都听到了他们怎么说你了吗？过来！”

Placing his hand, which smelt of cypress wood, on my head, he asked:

他把闻起来有柏树味道的手放在了我的头上，问道：

"Why are you so naughty?" "It is so dull learning."

“你为什么这么淘气？”“因为学习很枯燥。”

"Dull? Now, my boy, that is not true. If you found it dull you would be a bad scholar, whereas your teachers testify that you are a

very apt pupil. That means that you have another reason for being naughty."

“枯燥？我的孩子，那不是真的。如果你觉得很枯燥，那就是说你不是一个好学生，但是你的老师们证明你是一个非常聪明的学生。那就是说，你的淘气另有原因。”

Taking a little book from his breast, he said as he wrote in it:

他从怀里拿出一本书，一边写着一边说道：

"Pyeshkov, Alexei. There!... All the same, my boy, you must keep yourself in hand, and try not to be too naughty.... We will allow you to be just a little naughty; but people have plenty to plague them without that. Isn't it so, children?"

“彼什科夫，阿列克谢。好啦！无论怎样，我的孩子，你必须学会控制自己，不要太淘气……我们允许你有一点点淘气，但是你不淘气人们就已经很难了。不是这样吗，孩子们？”

Many voices answered gaily:

很多孩子都高兴地回答：

"Yes."

“是的。”

"But I can see that you are not very naughty yourselves. Am I right?"

“但是我可以看出，你们不是很淘气。是吗？”

And the boys laughingly answered all together:

孩子们都一起笑着回答：

"No. We are very naughty too—very!”

“不。我们也非常淘气——非常！”

The Bishop leaned over the back of a chair, drew me to him, and said surprisingly, causing us all—even the teacher and the priest—to laugh:

主教后背靠到椅子上，把我拉近他，突然说了一句话，让我们所有人都笑了——甚至是老师和牧师——他说：

"It is a fact, my brothers—that when I was your age I was very naughty too. What do you think of that?”

“我的兄弟们，实际上，我跟你们这么大的时候，也十分淘气。你们怎么看？”

The children laughed, and he began to ask them questions, adroitly contriving to muddle them, so that they began to answer each

other; and the merriment redoubled. At length he stood up, saying:

孩子们笑了，于是他开始问他们问题，很巧妙地引导着他们，让他们开始回答彼此的问题。气氛更加愉快了。最后，他站起来说道：

"Well, it is very nice to be with you, but it is time for me to go now."

“好啦，和你们在一起很开心，但是我该走了。”

Raising his hand and throwing back his sleeve, he made the sign of the Cross over us all with one wide gesture, and blessed us:

他抬起手，捋了捋袖子，在我们的头上划了一个大大的十字，保佑我们道：

"In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, I bless you and your labors. Good-by!”

“以圣父、圣子和圣灵之名，祝福你们，你们要努力学习。再见！”

They all cried:

孩子们都哭了：

"Good-by, my lord. Come again soon.” Shaking his cowl, he said:

“再见，主教。希望您很快再次光临。”晃动着他的风帽，他说道：

"I shall come again. I shall come again, and bring you some little books."

“我会再来的。我会再来的，还会给你们带一些书。”

And he said to the teacher as he sailed out of the classroom:

他走出教室时对老师说道：

"Let them go home now."

“现在，让他们回家吧。”

He led me by the hand to the porch, where he said quietly, bending down to me:

他拉着我的手来到了门廊，弯下腰悄悄地对我说：

"So you will hold yourself in, won't you?... Is that settled?... I understand why you are naughty, you know.... Good-by, my boy!”

“所以，你会控制好自己的，是吗？就这么定了？我明白你为什么淘气，你知道……再见，我的孩子！”

I was very excited; my heart was seething with strange feelings, and when the teacher, having dismissed the rest of the class, kept me in to tell me that now I ought to be quieter than water and humbler than grass, I listened to him attentively and willingly.

我非常兴奋，心里激荡着奇怪的感觉。老师把其他学生解散后，留下了我，告诉我说现在我应该比水更安静，比草更谦逊，而我认真地、愉快地听他说话。

The priest, putting on his fur-coat, chimed in gently: "And from to-day you will have to assist at my lessons. Yes, you'll have to. And sit still too. Yes—sit still.”

牧师穿上他的皮大衣，温柔地说道：“从今天起，你要在课堂上帮助我。是的，你一定要帮我，还要安静地坐着，是的，安静地坐着。”

But while matters were improving at school, an unpleasant incident occurred at home. I stole a rouble from mother. The crime had been committed without forethought. One evening mother went out and left me to keep house and mind the baby; feeling bored, I began to turn over the leaves of a book belonging to my stepfather—"The Memoirs of a Doctor," by Dumas Père—and between the pages I came across two notes, one for ten roubles and the other for one rouble. I could not understand the book, so I shut it up; then it suddenly dawned upon me that if I had a rouble I could buy not only the Bible, but also the book about Robinson. That such a book existed I had learned at school not long before this. One frosty day in recreation time, I was telling the boys a fairy-story, when one of them observed in a tone of contempt:

当学校里的事情有所好转的时候，家里却发生了一件不愉快的事情。我从母亲那里偷了一卢布。我没过脑子便做了错事。一天晚上，母亲要出门，便留下我看家，并照顾孩子。我闲得无聊，便开始翻看继父的书——大仲马写的《医生札记》——在书页中，我发现了两张钞票，一张十卢布，另一张一卢布。我读不懂这本书，于是就合上了。但随即我突然想到，如果我有一卢布，不仅可以买《圣经》，还可以买《鲁宾逊漂流记》。不久之前，我在学校得知有这样一本书。那天很冷，课间休息的时候，我正在给一些男孩子讲童话故事，一个男孩轻蔑地说道：

"Fairy-tales are bosh! 'Robinson' is what I like. It is a true story."

“童话都是胡说八道！我喜欢《鲁宾逊漂流记》，那才是一个真实的故事。”

Finding several other boys who had read "Robinson" and were full of its praises, I felt offended at their not liking grandmother's stories, and made up my mind to read "Robinson" for myself, so that I should be able to tell them it was "bosh!"

发现其他几个读过《鲁宾逊漂流记》的男孩子也对它充满赞美之词，我感到生气，因为他们不喜欢外祖母的故事。于是我下决心亲自读一读《鲁宾逊漂流记》，这样我就能告诉他们那才是“谎言”。

The next day I brought the Bible and two torn volumes of

Andersen's fairy-tales to school, together with three pounds of white bread and a pound of sausages. In the little dark shop by the wall of Vladinursk Church there had also been a "Robinson"—a thin little book with a yellow cover, and a picture of a bearded man in a fur nightcap, with the skin of a wild beast over his shoulders, on the front page; but I did not like the look of it. Even the exterior of the fairytales was pleasing, in spite of their being torn.

第二天，我就带了《圣经》和两卷破旧的《安徒生童话》到了学校，还有三磅白面包和一磅香肠。在副拉丁尔什克教堂墙边的黑暗的小书店里，曾经有一本《鲁宾逊漂流记》——一本很薄的书，黄色的封皮，扉页上面有一个长满胡子、带着一顶皮帽、肩上披着兽皮的人。我一点都不喜欢他的长相。然而两本童话虽然很破旧，但看起来还是很让人高兴。

In the long playtime I distributed the bread and sausages amongst the boys, and we began to read that wonderful story "The Nightingale," which took all our hearts by storm.

课间休息的时候，我给男孩子们分了面包和香肠，然后我们就开始阅读那个美妙的故事《夜莺》，我们都被这个故事吸引住了。

"In China all the people are Chinese, and even the Emperor is a Chinaman"—I remember how pleasantly this phrase struck me with its simple, joyful, smiling music. There were many other points about the story too which were wonderfully good.

“在中国，所有的人都是中国人，甚至皇帝都是中国人”。我记得这句简单的话给了我很大的愉快，它像一支令人快乐的乐曲。这个故事还有很多地方非常精彩。

But I was not to be allowed to read "The Nightingale" in school. There was not time enough, for when I returned home mother, who was standing before the fire holding a frying-pan in which she had been cooking some eggs, asked me in a strange, subdued voice:

但在学校是不允许看《夜莺》的。时间不够用。我回家后，母亲站在火炉边，拿着她用来煎蛋的煎锅，用奇怪而低沉的声音问道：

"Did you take that rouble?"

“你拿走了那个卢布？”

"Yes, I took it—out of that book there.”

“是的，是我拿的，从那本书里拿走的。”

She gave me a sound beating with the frying-pan, and took away Andersen's book and hid it somewhere so that I could never find it again, which was a far worse punishment to me than the beating.

她用煎锅打了我一顿，还拿走了《安徒生童话》，把它藏了起来，

这样我就再也找不到它了，这种惩罚比打我还糟糕的多。

I did not go to school for several days, and during that time my stepfather must have told one of his friends about my exploit, who told his children, who carried the story to school, and when I went back I was met with the new cry "Thief!"

有好几天我都没有上学。那段时间里，我的继父肯定是把我的劣行告诉了他的一个朋友了，而那人又告诉了他的孩子们，然后他的孩子们把故事带到了学校，所以我回到学校后，有了新的绰号“小偷”。

It was a brief and clear description, but it did not happen to be a true one, seeing that I had not attempted to conceal the fact that it was I who had taken the rouble. I tried to explain this, but they did not believe me; and when I went home I told mother that I was not going to school any more.

这描述简短明了，但并非真实，因为我并没有企图掩盖我拿走卢布这一事实。我试图解释，但是他们不相信我。于是回家后，我告诉母亲我不想再上学了。

Sitting by the window, again pregnant, with a gray face and distraught, weary eyes, she was feeding my brother Sascha, and she stared at me with her mouth open, like a fish.

母亲又怀孕了。她坐在窗边，脸色灰白，心烦意乱，眼神疲惫，她一边喂着弟弟萨沙吃饭，一边盯着我看，嘴巴张得大大的，像条鱼一样。

"You are wrong," she said quietly. "No one could possibly know that you took the rouble."

“你错了，”她安静地说道，“不可能有人知道你拿走了那个卢布。”

"Come yourself and ask them."

“你自己去问问他们。”

"You must have chattered about it yourself. Confess now—you told it yourself? Take care, for I shall find out for myself tomorrow who spread that story in school.”

“你肯定是自己不小心说漏了嘴。承认吧，是你自己告诉他们的？小心点，因为明天我要亲自找出是谁在学校里散播了这件事。”

I gave her the name of the pupil. Her face wrinkled pitifully and her tears began to fall.

我把那个学生的名字告诉了她。她的脸痛苦地扭曲着，眼泪开始往下掉。

I went away to the kitchen and lay down on my bed, which consisted of a box behind the stove. I lay there and listened to my

mother wailing:

我来到厨房，躺在我的床上。我的床就是炉子后面的一个箱子。我躺在那里，听着母亲哭诉：

"My God! My God!"

“我的上帝！我的上帝！”

Not being able to bear the disgusting smell of greasy cloths being dried any longer, I rose and went out to the yard; but mother called after me:

我无法忍受沾满油渍的衣服因为烘烤发出的恶心气味，便起身来到了院子里。但是母亲在后面喊道：

"Where are you going to? Where are you going? Come here to me!"

“你去哪儿？你要去哪儿？到我这里来！”

Then we sat on the floor; and Sascha lay on mother's knees, and taking hold of the buttons of her dress bobbed his head and said "boovooga," which was his way of saying "poogorka" (button).

然后我们一起坐在地板上。萨沙坐在母亲的腿上，抓着她身上的纽扣，一上一下地点着头，嘴里说着"boovooga"，这是他说纽扣的方式。

I sat pressed to mother's side, and she said, kissing me:

我靠着母亲坐下，她吻了我，说道：

"We... are poor, and every kopeck... every kopeck..."

“我们……很穷，每一个铜板……每一个铜板……”

But she never finished what she began to say, pressing me with her hot arm.

但是她没有把要说的话说完，就用她温暖的胳膊把我抱在怀里。

"What trash—trash!" she exclaimed suddenly, using a word I had heard her use before.

“这个混蛋！混蛋！”她突然尖叫。我以前听到她这样骂过。

Sascha repeated:

萨沙重复道：

"T'ash!"

“混蛋！”

He was a queer little boy; clumsily formed, with a large head, he looked around on everything with his beautiful dark blue eyes, smiling quietly, exactly as if he were expecting some one. He began to

talk unusually early, and lived in a perpetual state of quiet happiness. He was a weakly child, and could hardly crawl about; and he was always very pleased to see me, and used to ask to be taken up in my arms, and loved to crush my ears in his soft little fingers, which always, somehow, smelled of violets. He died unexpectedly, without having been ill at all; in the morning he was quietly happy as usual, and in the evening, when the bells were ringing for vespers, he was laid out upon the table. This happened soon after the birth of the second child, Nikolai. Mother had done as she had promised, and matters were put right for me at school, but I was soon involved in another scrape.

他是一个奇怪的小男孩：很笨拙，脑袋大大的，总是用他那漂亮的深蓝色眼睛看着周围的一切，安静地笑着，就好像他在等什么人的到来。他很早便学会了说话，而且总是开开心心的，不哭不闹。他身子很弱，不怎么爬来爬去；他看到我的时候总是很高兴，还让我抱他；他喜欢用他柔软的小手摆弄我的耳朵，他的手指总是带着紫罗兰的味道。他死得很突然，没有什么病。早上的时候，他还是和往常一样很安静很高兴，但是到了晚上，做晚祷的铃声响起的时候，他就被放到了桌子上。这件事就发生在第二个孩子尼古拉出生之后不久。母亲如她承诺的那样把事情摆平了，我又可以上学了，但是不久我就又一次卷入了新的麻烦。

One day, at the time of evening tea, I was coming into the kitchen from the yard when I heard a distressful cry from mother:

一天晚茶时，我从院子来到厨房，听到母亲痛苦的喊声：

"Eugen, I beg you, I beg—!”

“尤庚，我求你，我求……”

"Non—sense!" said my stepfather.

“别废话！”我的继父说道。

"But you are going to her—I know it!”

“但是你要去她那里，我知道！”

"We—ll?”

“那又怎样？”

For some seconds they were both silent; then mother said, coughing:

有几秒钟的时间，他们都没有说话，然后母亲咳嗽着说道：

"What vile trash you are!"

“卑鄙下流！”

I heard him strike her, and rushing into the room I saw that

mother, who had fallen on to her knees, was resting her back and elbows against a chair, with her chest forward and her head thrown back, with a rattling in her throat, and terribly glittering eyes; while he, dressed in his best, with a new overcoat, was striking her in the chest with his long foot. I seized a knife from the table—a knife with a bone handle set in silver, which they used to cut bread with, the only thing belonging to my father which remained to mother—I seized it and struck with all my force at my stepfather's side.

我听到他打她，于是冲进房间。我看见母亲跪在地上，后背和胳膊肘靠在椅子上，前胸挺起，头向后仰，喉咙里发出咕噜咕噜的声音，闪烁着的目光令人感到害怕；而他穿着最好的衣服，崭新的外套，用脚踢着母亲的胸口。我从桌子上抓起一把刀——刀柄是镀银的骨头做的，常用来切面包，也是我的父亲留给母亲唯一的东西——一把拿起来，用尽全身的力气向继父的肋部插去。

By good-luck mother was in time to push Maximov away, and the knife going sideways tore a wide hole in his overcoat, and only grazed his skin. My stepfather, gasping, rushed from the room holding his side, and mother seized me and lifted me up; then with a groan threw me on the floor. My stepfather took me away from her when he returned from the yard.

他走了好运。母亲及时地把他推开，刀只是在他的大衣上划了一个洞，擦伤了他的皮。继父喘着气，扶着腰从屋子里冲出去；母亲抓住我，把我扶起来，然后又痛苦地把我扔到地板上。继父从院子里回来，把我从她身边带走了。

Late that evening, when, in spite of everything, he had gone out, mother came to me behind the stove, gently took me in her arms, kissed me, and said, weeping:

那晚深夜，不管怎样，继父还是出去了；母亲来到炉子的后面，轻轻地把我抱在怀里，吻着我，哭着说道：

"Forgive me; it was my fault! Oh, my dear! How could you?... And with a knife...?"

“原谅我，都是我的错！哦，我亲爱的！你怎么能……用刀……”

I remember with perfect clearness how I said to her that I would kill my stepfather and myself too. And I think I should have done it; at any rate I should have made the attempt. Even now I can see that contemptible long leg, in braided trousers, flung out into the air, and kicking a woman's breast. Many years later that unfortunate Maximov died before my eyes in a hospital. I had then become strangely attached to him, and I wept to see the light in his beautiful, roving eyes grow dim, and finally go out altogether; but even in that sad moment, although my heart was full of a great grief, I could not forget

that he had kicked my mother.

我清楚地记得我是如何对她说，我想杀死我的继父然后再自杀的那一幕。我想，我本来就应该这样做，或者至少我应该尝试一下。即使到现在，我依然能看到他那卑贱的长腿，穿着花边的裤子，在空中挥动着，踢向一个女人的前胸。很多年之后，不幸的马克西莫夫在医院里死在了我的面前。那时我已对他有种奇怪的依恋，在我看到他美丽的、不停转动的眼睛变得目光暗淡、最终停滞不动的时候，我哭了；但即使在那个悲伤的时刻，尽管悲痛欲绝，我还是不能忘记他踢我母亲的事实。

As I remember these oppressive horrors of our wild Russian life, I ask myself often whether it is worth while to speak of them. And then, with restored confidence, I answer myself—“It is worthwhile because it is actual, vile fact, which has not died out, even in these days—a fact which must be traced to its origin, and pulled up by the root from the memories, the souls of the people, and from our narrow, sordid lives.”

在回想野蛮的俄罗斯生活中这些令人压抑的可怕事情时，我一直都在问我自己，这些事情是否值得一提。后来，我重拾自信，回答自己说：这是值得的，因为这是至今都存在的真实的、可耻的事实。对这一事实我们必须追根溯源，把它从记忆中、从人们的灵魂中、从我们狭隘而悲惨的生活中彻底清除。

And there is another and more important reason impelling me to describe these horrors. Although they are so disgusting, although they oppress us and crush many beautiful souls to death, yet the Russian is still so healthy and young in heart that he can and does rise above them. For in this amazing life of ours not only does the animal side of our nature flourish and grow fat, but with this animalism there has grown up, triumphant in spite of it, bright, healthful and creative—a type of humanity which inspires us to look forward to our regeneration, to the time when we shall all live peacefully and humanely.

还有另外一个原因，一个更为重要的原因，驱使着我去描写这些可怕的事情。虽然它们令人深恶痛绝，虽然它们压榨我们、把许多美丽的灵魂摧残致死，但是俄罗斯人的内心依旧是健康的、年轻的，他会冲破这些可怖的事实。在我们充满惊奇的生活中，虽然人的兽性会成长壮大，但与此同时，光明的、健康的、有生命力的一面也在胜利地成长，它是一种人道精神，鼓舞着我们期盼重生，期盼人们和平地、仁爱地一起生活这一天的到来。

CHAPTER XIII

第十三章

ONCE more I found myself at grandfather's. "Well, robber, what do you want?" were his words of greeting; and he accompanied them by rapping his fingers on the table. "I am not going to feed you any longer; let your grandmother do it."

我又一次来到了外祖父家。“好吧，强盗，你想要什么？”这是他问候我的话。说话时，他用手指敲着桌子。“我不会再养活你了，让你外祖母养你吧。”

"And so I will," said grandmother. "Ekh! what ill-luck. Just think of it.”

“我会的。”外祖母说道，“噢！想想看，多么倒霉。”

"All right, feed him if you want to," cried grandfather; then growing calmer, he explained to me:

“好吧，如果你愿意，就养活他吧，”外祖父喊道。接着，他平静了一些，于是向我解释道：

"She and I live quite separately now; we have nothing to do with each other."

“她和我现在完全分开过了，我们没有任何关系了。”

Grandmother, sitting under the window, was making lace with swift movements; the shuttle snapped gaily, and the pillow, thickly sewn with copper pins, shone like a golden hedgehog in the spring sunlight. And grandmother herself—one would think she had been cast in copper—was unchanged. But grandfather was more wizened, more wrinkled; his sandy hair had grown gray, and his calm, self-important manner had given way to a fuming fussiness; his green eyes had grown dim, and had a suspicious expression. Laughingly, grandmother told me of the division of property which had taken place between herself and grandfather; he had given her all the pots and pans and crockery ware, saying:

外祖母坐在窗下，动作娴熟地缝着花边，梭子欢快地撞击着，插满了铜针的织架机在春光里像只金色刺猬一样熠熠发光。外祖母自己没有任何变化，仍然如铜铸一般。但是外祖父却干瘦了很多，又添了不少皱纹。他黄棕色的头发变成了灰白色，镇静又高傲的举止被无休止的躁动取而代之，他绿色的眼睛变得昏暗无光，狐疑地张望着。外祖母笑着给我讲述了她和外祖父之间分割财产的事情。外祖父把所有的锅碗瓢盆都给了她，说道：

"Here is your little lot, and don't you ask me for anything else."

“这些全都给你了，不要再向我要任何东西。”

Thereupon he took all her old clothes and things, including a cloak of fox fur, and sold them for seven hundred roubles, and put the money out at interest to his Jew godson, the fruit merchant. Finally the malady of avarice fastened upon him, and he became lost to shame; he began to go about amongst his old acquaintances, his former colleagues, rich merchants, and complaining that he had been ruined by his children, would ask for money to help him in his poverty. He profited by their regard for him, for they gave to him generously—large sums in notes which he flourished boastfully in grandmother's face, taunting her, like a child:

于是，他拿走了她所有的旧衣服和杂物，包括一件狐皮风衣。他卖了700卢布，把钱贷给了他的犹太教子——一个水果商。最后，贪婪的毛病紧紧缠上了他，他失去了羞耻心。他开始四处求见以前的朋友、同事还有富商，向他们抱怨他被自己的孩子毁掉了，所以需要讨钱来度过难关。他由此赚到了很多钱，因为他们都很大方——他攥着大笔的钞票在外祖母面前炫耀，还像孩子一样嘲笑她：

"Look, fool, they won't give you a hundredth part of that."

“看看，傻瓜，他们连这些的百分之一也不会给你的。”

The money which he obtained in this way he put out at interest with a new friend of his—a tall, bald furrier called, in the village, Khlist (a horsewhip), and his sister, a shopkeeper—a fat, red-cheeked woman with brown eyes, dark and sweet like virgin-honey.

他把这样得来的钱都贷给了一个新朋友——一个高个秃顶的毛皮商，在村里被称为“马鞭子”；还借给了他的妹妹，一个店老板，一个面颊红润的黑黑的胖女人，她长着一双褐色的眼睛，像个可爱的少女，甜美腻人。

All expenses in the house were carefully divided: one day the dinner was prepared by grandmother from provisions bought with her own money; and the next day it was grandfather who provided the food—and his dinners were never as good as hers, for grandmother bought good meat while he bought such stuff as liver and lights and scraps of meat. They each had their own store of tea and sugar, but the tea was brewed in the same teapot, and grandfather would say anxiously: "Wait! Wait a moment!... How much have you put in?"

家里的所有开销都泾渭分明：一天用外祖母的钱来准备午饭，第二天就要外祖父来准备食物。而他的晚饭从来都没有外祖母的好，因为外祖母买好肉，而他只买一些肝脏和边角肉。他们的茶和糖是分开储存的，但是他们会在同一个茶壶里沏茶，而外祖父总会担心地说：“等等！

等会儿！你放了多少？”

Shaking the tea-leaves out on to his palm, he would carefully measure them out, saying:

他在手掌上晃了晃茶叶，仔细数着，说道：

"Your tea is finer than mine, so I ought to put in less, as mine is a large leaf."

“你的茶叶碎碎的，所以我应该放少一点，因为我的茶叶大。”

He was very particular that grandmother should pour out his tea and her own both equally strong, and that she should fill her cup only as often as he filled his.

他尤其关注外祖母倒茶时，他们两人的茶水要一样浓，而且两人满茶的次数也应该是一样的。

"What about the last one?" she asked, just before she had poured out all the tea.

“最后一杯茶怎么办？”在没有倒光茶水之前，她问道。

Grandfather looked into the teapot and said:

外祖父向茶壶里看看，说道：

"There's plenty there—for the last one.”

“还有很多——能倒最后一杯。”

Even the oil for the image-lamp he bought separately—and this after fifty years of united labor!

外祖父甚至连灯油都分开买，这是在一起度过了五十年的岁月之后啊！

These tricks of grandfather amused and disgusted me at the same time, but to grandmother they were simply funny.

外祖父的这些伎俩既让我觉得既好笑又厌恶，而外祖母不过觉得滑稽而已。

"You be quiet!" she would say pacifyingly to me.

“你安静点儿！”她安慰我说。

"What of it? He is an old, old man, and he is getting silly; that's all. He must be eighty, or not far off it. Let him play the fool; what harm does it do any one? And I will do a little work for myself and you—never mind!”

“这有什么关系？他是一个遭老头子，人越来越傻了，就这样。他肯定有八十岁了，或者离八十也不远了。就由他去吧，对谁又有什么害处？我还可以为自己还有你做点事情，别担心！”

I also began to earn a little money; in the holidays, early in the morning, I took a bag and went about the yards and streets collecting bones, rags, paper and nails. Rag-merchants would give two greevin (twenty kopecks) for a pood (forty pounds) of rags and paper, or iron, and ten or eight kopecks for a pood of bones. I did this work on week days after school too, and on Saturdays I sold articles at thirty kopecks or half a rouble each, and sometimes more if I was lucky. Grandmother took the money away from me and put it quickly into the pocket of her skirt, and praised me, looking down:

我也开始赚点钱了。假期里，每天一大早我就会拿着袋子在院子里和街道上走动走动，收集一些骨头、破布、废纸和钉子。在旧货商那里，每普特（四十磅）的破布、废纸或者铁能换来两戈比（二十个铜板），一普特的骨头可以换十个或八个铜板。平时放学后我也这样收废品，然后每逢周六，我会以每个30铜板或每个半卢布的价格卖掉它们，走运的话，有时会卖得更高。外祖母把钱从我这里拿走，迅速放进裙子兜里，低头看着我，表扬我说：

"There! Thank you, my darling. This will do for our food.... You have done very well."

“唉！谢谢你，我亲爱的，这会解决我们的吃饭问题，你做得非常好。”

One day I saw her holding five kopecks of mine in her hands, looking at them, and quietly crying; and one muddy tear hung from the tip of her spongy, pumicestone-like nose.

有一天，我看见她手里拿着我赚的 5 个铜板，仔细地瞅着，默默地流着眼泪。一滴浑浊的泪水悬挂在她柔软的、浮石般的鼻尖上。

A more profitable game than rag-picking was the theft of logs and planks from the timber-yards on the banks of the Oka, or on the Island of Pesk, where, in fair time, iron was bought and sold in hastily built booths. After the fairs the booths used to be taken down, but the poles and planks were stowed away in the boathouses, and remained there till close on the time of the spring floods. A small houseowner would give ten kopecks for a good plank, and it was possible to steal two a day. But for the success of the undertaking, bad weather was essential, when a snowstorm or heavy rains would drive the watchmen to hide themselves under cover.

比捡破烂更挣钱的是从奥卡河岸或者彼斯基岛的木材场偷原木和木板。在那里，每逢集市，人们就在临时搭建的货摊上买卖铁。集市关门之后，货摊便被拆卸，但是里面的柱子或木板会被储存在船库里，直到临近春洪季节才被搬走。一个小房主通常愿意花十个铜板买一张木板，而且一天里是可以偷上两块的。但是想成功地偷取木板，糟糕的天气是最基本的条件，因为暴风雪和暴风雨能够使守卫躲起来。

I managed to pick up some friendly accomplices—one ten-year-old son of a Morduan beggar, Sanka Vyakhir, a kind, gentle boy always tranquilly happy; kinless Kostrom, lanky and lean, with tremendous black eyes, who in his thirteenth year was sent to a colony of young criminals for stealing a pair of doves; the little Tartar Khabi, a twelve-year-old "strong man", simple-minded and kind; blunt-nosed Yaz, the son of a graveyard watchman and grave-digger, a boy of eight, taciturn as a fish, and suffering from epilepsy; and the eldest of all was the son of a widowed dressmaker, Grishka Tchurka, a sensible, straightforward boy, who was terribly handy with his fists. We all lived in the same street.

我结交了一些朋友作为同伙——有十岁的珊卡·维亚希尔，一个摩尔多瓦乞丐的儿子，他是一个友好善良的男孩，总是安静而快乐；有无依无靠的科斯特拉姆，他又瘦又高，眼睛乌黑，在十三岁的时候因为偷了两只鸽子被送到少年犯管教所；有小巧的鞑靼人克哈比，他是一个十二岁的“壮男”，头脑简单，但性情温善；有鼻子扁平的雅兹，今年八岁，是一个墓地看守和掘墓人的儿子，他像鱼一样沉默寡言，犯有癫痫病；还有年龄最大的格里沙·丘尔卡，他的母亲是个裁缝，也是一个寡妇，他是一个敏感、率直的男孩，动不动就挥舞起拳头。我们都住在同一条街上。

Theft was not counted as a crime in our village; it had become a custom, and was practically the only means the half-starved natives had of getting a livelihood. Fairs lasting a month and a half would not keep them for a whole year, and many respectable householders "did a little work on the river"—catching logs and planks which were borne along by the tide, and carrying them off separately or in small loads at a time; but the chief form this occupation took was that of thefts from barges, or in a general prowling up and down the Volga or Oka on the lookout for anything which was not properly secured. The grown-up people used to boast on Sundays of their successes, and the youngsters listened and learned.

在我们村里，偷不算犯罪。这已经成为一种习俗，实际上，这是那些忍饥挨饿的当地人唯一的谋生之道。持续一个半月的集市并不足以满足他们整整一年的开销，很多体面的居民都会“在河边开小灶”——拿走河水冲下来的原木或木板，然后分小批运走。不过这个职业最主要的形式是偷窃驳船上的货物，或者沿着奥卡河或伏尔加河，碰上看守不当的机会便能捞上一把。每逢周日，大人们便吹嘘他们的成就，而年轻人则在旁边听着，学着。

In the springtime, during the spell of heat before the fair, when the village streets were full of drunken workmen, cabmen, and all classes of working folk, the village children used to rummage in their pockets. This was looked upon as legitimate business, and they carried it on under the very eyes of their elders. They stole his tools from the

carpenter, the keys from the heedless cabman, the harness from the dray-horse, and the iron from the axles of the cart. But our little band did not engage in that sort of thing. Tchurka announced one day in a tone of decision:

在春天，集市开始之前天气炎热的时候，村里的街道上来来往往的都是喝醉了的工人、车夫以及各行各业的工人，村里的孩子们就会趁此机会在他们的腰包里翻钱。这被看成是正当行为，他们甚至在大人的眼皮子底下这样做。他们从木匠那里偷工具，从粗心的车夫那里偷钥匙，从运货马车那里偷马具，还从车轴里偷铁。但是我们这个团伙并不做这样的事情。一天，丘尔卡以坚定的语气宣布：

"I am not going to steal. Mamka does not allow it."

“我可不会去偷东西。妈妈不允许这样。”

"And I am afraid to," said Khabi. Kostrom was possessed by an intense dislike for the little thieves; he pronounced the word "thieves" with peculiar force, and when he saw strange children picking the pockets of tipsy men he drove them away, and if he happened to catch one of them he gave him a good beating. This large-eyed, unhappy-looking boy imagined himself to be grown-up; he walked with a peculiar gait, sideways, just like a porter, and tried to speak in a thick, gruff voice, and was very reserved and self-possessed, like an old man.

“我也不敢偷东西。”克哈比说。科斯特拉姆非常讨厌小偷。在他说“小偷”的时候，语气额外重。当看到陌生的小孩翻醉汉的衣兜时，他都会把他们赶走，如果碰巧抓住一个，他会给他一顿好打。这个大眼睛的、一副愁苦面容的男孩总想象着自己是个大人。他走路的步态很特别，身子总是偏向一边，像个搬运工一样。他总试图用厚重而粗哑的声音说话，像一个老人一样沉默寡言、沉着冷静。

Vyakhir believed that to steal was to sin.

维亚希尔相信，偷窃就是犯罪。

But to take planks and poles from Pesk, that was not accounted a sin; none of us were afraid of that, and we so ordered matters as to make it very easy to succeed. Some evening, when it was beginning to grow dark, or by day, if it was bad weather, Vyakhir and Yaz set out for Pesk, crossing the creek by the wet ice. They went openly, for the purpose of drawing on themselves the attention of the watchmen, while we four crossed over separately without being seen. While the watchmen, suspicious of Yaz and Vyakhir, were occupied in watching them, we betook ourselves to the boathouse, which we had fixed upon beforehand, chose something to carry off, and while our fleet-footed companions were teasing the watchmen, and luring them to pursuit, we made off home. Each one of us had a piece of string with a large nail, bent like a hook, at the end of it, which we fastened in the plank

or pole, and thus were able to drag it across the snow and ice. The watchmen hardly ever saw us, and if they did see us they were never able to overtake us.

但是我们并不认为从彼斯基拿走木板或柱子是犯罪，我们没有人害怕做这些，并且我们把事情安排得很好，很容易就得手。某个晚上天色变黑的时候，或者是在天气糟糕的白天，维亚希尔和雅兹就会穿过冰封的河面，前往彼斯基。他们大摇大摆地走着，目的就是吸引看守的注意力，我们四个则分别悄无声息地摸过去。看守们对雅兹和维亚希尔起了疑心，紧紧地看着他们，我们则来到预先选定的船库，挑好要搬走的东西。当我们腿脚迅速的同伴还在戏弄看守，引诱他们追逐的时候，我们匆匆逃回了家。我们每人都有一根绳子，绳子末端系着一个弯钩状的钉子，我们把钉子固定在木板或柱子上，这样就能拖着它们在雪地或冰面上走。看守几乎从没有发现过我们，即使发现了，也追不上我们。

When we had sold our plunder we divided the gains into six shares, which sometimes came to as much as five or seven kopecks each. On that money it was possible to live very comfortably for a day, but Vyakhir's mother beat him if he did not bring her something for a glass of brandy or a little drop of vodka. Kostrom was saving his money, dreaming of the establishment of a pigeon-hunt. The mother of Tchurka was ill, so he tried to work as much as possible. Khabi also saved his money, with the object of returning to his native town, whence he had been brought by his uncle who had been drowned at Nijni soon after his arrival. Khabi had forgotten what the town was called; all he remembered was that it stood on the Kama, close by the Volga. For some reason we always made fun of this town, and we used to tease the cross-eyed Tartar by singing:

我们把赃物卖掉后，把所得分成六份，有时候每人能够得到五个或七个铜板之多。这些钱足以让我们舒舒服服地过上一天，但是维亚希尔如果不带回家一杯白兰地，或者一点伏特加，就会被他妈妈打一顿。科斯特拉姆把钱都攒起来，梦想着将来建一个鸽子猎场。丘尔卡的母亲有病，所以他尽可能努力地赚钱。克哈比也把钱攒下来，目的是要回到自己的故乡。他是被叔叔从那里带走的，但是叔叔在到达尼日尼之后不久就溺水而死。克哈比已经忘记了故乡的名字，只记得它在卡马河边，靠近伏尔加河。不知为什么，我们总是取笑他的故乡，也总是这样唱歌来取笑这个斜眼的鞑靼孩子：

"On the Kama a town there is, But nobody knows where it is! Our hands to it will never reach, Our feet to find it we cannot teach.”

“在卡马河上有一个镇子， 但是没有人知道它在哪里！我们的手伸不到， 我们的脚找不到。”

At first Khabi used to get angry with us, but one day Vyakhir said to him in his cooing voice, which justified his nickname:

开始，克哈比总是很恼火，但是有一天，维亚希尔像鸽子似的——难怪他有这么一个绰号——对他说：

"What is the matter with you? Surely you are not angry with your comrades."

“你怎么回事？你当然不会和你的哥们生气吧。”

The Tartar was ashamed of himself, and after that he used to join us in singing about the town on the Kama.

克哈比感到羞愧，后来他也和我们一起唱着有关卡马河畔一个城镇的歌曲。

But all the same we preferred picking up rags and bones to stealing planks. The former was particularly interesting in the springtime, when the snow had melted, and after the rain had washed the street pavements clean. There, by the place where the fair was held, we could always pick up plenty of nails and pieces of iron in the gutter, and occasionally we found copper and silver coins; but to propitiate the watchman, so that he would not chase us away or seize our sacks, we had to give him a few kopecks or make profound obeisances to him. But we found it no easy task to get money. Nevertheless, we got on very well together, and though we sometimes disputed a little amongst ourselves, I do not remember that we ever had one serious quarrel.

尽管如此，我们喜欢捡破烂和骨头胜过偷木板。每逢春天，出门捡破烂便额外有趣，那时积雪已经融化，雨水把人行道冲得干干净净。在集市旁边，我们总是能够在排水沟里捡到很多钉子和铁片，偶尔还会找到铜币和银币。但是为了讨好看守，使他不会驱赶我们，或者掳走我们的袋子，我们不得不给他几个铜板，或者对他毕恭毕敬。我们发现赚钱并不容易。虽然如此，我们相处得很好。虽然有时候也有分歧，但是我不记得我们有过一次激烈的争吵。

Our peacemaker was Vyakhir, who always had some simple words ready, exactly suited to the occasion, which astonished us and put us to shame. He uttered them himself in a tone of astonishment. Yaz's spiteful sallies neither offended nor upset him; in his opinion everything bad was unnecessary, and he would reject it calmly and convincingly.

维亚希尔是我们的“和事佬”，他总是准备着几句简单的话，而这些话又十分贴切，让我们惊讶而羞愧。他说这些的时候也是一种惊讶的口吻。雅兹恶意的俏皮话从不会惹恼他或让他不高兴。在他眼里，一切坏事都是没有必要的，他会平静而令人信服地对它们加以阻止。

"Well, what is the use of it?" he would ask, and we saw clearly that it was no use.

“得啦，那有什么用？”他会问。于是我们发现那确实没用。

He called his mother "my Morduan," and we did not laugh at him.

他管他的妈妈叫“我的摩尔多瓦”，我们并不嘲笑他。

"My Morduan rolled home tipsy again last evening," he would tell us gaily, flashing his round, gold-colored eyes. "She kept the door open, and sat on the step and sang—like a hen.”

“我的摩尔多瓦昨天晚上回家时烂醉如泥。”他笑嘻嘻地讲着，金黄色的圆眼睛闪烁着光。“她开着门，坐在台阶上唱歌，像一只母鸡。”

"What did she sing?" asked Tchurka, who liked to be precise.

“她唱什么了？”喜欢刨根问底的丘尔卡说。

Vyakhir, slapping his hands on his knees, reproduced his mother's song in a thin voice:

维亚希尔在膝盖上拍拍手，用尖细的声音学着他母亲唱道：

"Shepherd, tap thy window small, Whilst we run about the mall; Tap, tap again, quick bird of night, With piping music, out of sight, On the village cast thy spell.”

“牧羊人敲打你的小窗户， 而我们飞奔在集市上， 他敲了又敲。 夜晚的疾鸟，悠扬的管乐，逃出了视线， 在村庄的上空撒下你的咒语。”

He knew many passionate songs like this, and sang them very well.

他知道很多这么充满激情的歌曲，而且唱得很好。

"Yes," he continued, "so she went to sleep on the doorstep, and the room got so cold I was shivering from head to foot, and got nearly frozen to death; but she was too heavy for me to drag her in. I said to her this morning, 'What do you mean by getting so dreadfully drunk?' 'Oh,' she said, 'it is all right. Bear with me a little longer. I shall soon be dead.'

“是的，”他继续说道，“这样她在门口的台阶上睡着了。屋子里特别冷，我从头到脚都在颤抖，几乎要冻死了。但是她太重了，我没办法把她拖到屋子里。今天早上我对她说：‘你为什么要喝得这么醉？’‘哦，’她说，‘没什么。再忍忍吧，我不久就会死去。’

"She will soon be dead," repeated Tchurka, in a serious tone. "She is already dropsical."

“她不久就会死去。”丘尔卡严肃地重复道，“她早已经水肿了。”

"Would you be sorry?" I asked.

“你会难过吗？”我问道。

"Of course I should," exclaimed Vyakhir, astonished. "She is all right with me, you know."

“当然会了。”维亚希尔惊讶地说，“你知道，她对我很好。”

And all of us, although we knew that the Morduan beat Vyakhir continually, believed that she was "all right," and sometimes even, when we had had a bad day, Tchurka would suggest:

虽然我们几个都知道她总是打维亚希尔，但还是相信她“很好”。有时遇上颗粒无收的日子，丘尔卡甚至会建议道：

"Let us put our kopecks together to buy Vyakhir's mother some brandy, or she will beat him."

“我们凑一些钱给维亚希尔的妈妈买点白兰地吧，否则她会打他的。”

The only ones in our company who could read and write were Tchurka and I. Vyakhir greatly envied us, and would murmur, as he took himself by his pointed, mouse-like ears:

我们这些人中会读书写字的人只有丘尔卡和我。维亚希尔非常羡慕我们，他会一边拽着他那老鼠般的尖耳朵，一边小声说：

"As soon as my Morduan is buried I shall go to school too. I shall go on my knees to the teacher, and beg him to take me, and when I have finished learning I will go as gardener to the Archbishop, or perhaps to the Emperor himself."

“我的摩尔多瓦一入土，我也要去上学。我会跪着去找老师，求他收留我，等我完成学业，我就会去大主教那里做园艺工，也有可能去为沙皇效劳。”

In the spring the Morduan, in company with an old man, who was a collector for a church building-fund, and a bottle of vodka, was crushed by the fall of a wood-stack; they took the woman to the hospital, and practical Tchurka said to Vyakhir:

春天，摩尔多瓦就离开了人世，她和筹集建设教堂资金的老头一起被倒下来的木堆砸死了，旁边还有一瓶伏特加。人们把这个女人送到医院，而通情达理的丘尔卡对维亚希尔说道：

"Come and live with me, and my mother will teach you to read and write."

“跟我一起住吧，我妈妈会教你读书写字。”

And in a very short time Vyakhir, holding his head high, could read the inscription: "Grocery Store," only he read "Balakeinia," and Tchurka corrected him:

不久，维亚希尔就能高昂着头，念店铺招牌上的字：“食品杂货

店”，只是他读成了"Balakeinia"。丘尔卡纠正他道：

"Bakaleinia, my good soul."

“是Bakaleinia，我的好朋友。”

"I know—but the letters jump about so. They jump because they are pleased that they are being read.”

但是这些字母总是这样跳来跳去的。它们跳来跳去，为了被念出来而得意忘形呢。”

He surprised us all, and made us laugh very much by his love of trees and grass. The soil of the village was sandy and vegetation was scanty—in some of the yards stood a miserable willow tree, or some straggling elder bushes, or a few gray, dry blades of grass hid themselves timidly under a fence—but if one of us sat on them, Vyakhir would cry angrily:

他对花草树木的热爱让我们觉得既惊讶又好笑。村里的土壤是沙质的，因此植物稀少——在某些院子里，或者立着一棵可怜的柳树，或者是一些稀疏的老灌木，或者篱笆下几株颜色灰暗、叶子干枯的草胆怯地藏着——如果我们当中有人坐在它们上面，维亚希尔就会生气地大喊：

"Why must you sit on the grass? Why don't you sit on the gravel? It is all the same to you, isn't it?"

“你为什么非得坐在草上？你为什么不坐在地上？对你来说都是一样的，不是吗？”

In his opinion there was no sense in breaking off branches from the willow, or plucking elder flowers, or cutting weeping willow twigs on the banks of the Oka; he always expressed great surprise when we did this, shrugged his shoulders, and spread out his hands:

在他看来，折柳枝，或者摘掉即将开败的花，或者在奥卡河岸折垂柳的嫩枝都是不必要的。只要我们这样做，他就会极为惊讶，耸耸肩，摊出双手说道：

"Why on earth do you want to break everything? Look what you have done, you devils!" And before his astonishment we were ashamed.

“你们究竟为什么总想破坏一切？看看你们干的好事，你们这些恶魔！”他的惊讶让我们都很惭愧。

We had contrived a very merry game for Saturdays, and we were preparing for it all the week by collecting all the troddendown bast shoes we could find and storing them in convenient corners. Then on Saturday evening when the Tartar porters came home from the Siberian ports, we took up a position at the cross-roads and pelted the Tartars with shoes.

我们发明了一个非常有趣的游戏，每到周六便以此为乐。为此，我们要准备上一个礼拜，收集所有的能找到的破草鞋，然后堆放在方便的角落里。到了周六晚上，当一帮鞑靼搬运工从西伯利亚码头回家的时候，我们就会在十字路口挑选一个位置，向他们扔鞋子。

At first this used to irritate them, and they ran after us, and abused us; but the game soon began to interest them, and knowing what they might expect they appeared on the field of battle also armed with a quantity of bast shoes, and what is more, they found out where we kept our war materials and stole them. We made a complaint about this—"It is not playing the game!" Then they divided the shoes, giving us half, and the fight began. Generally they drew themselves up in an open place, in the middle of the cross-roads, and with yells we ran round them, hurling the shoes. They also yelled, and laughed loud enough to deafen any one when one of us buried his head in the sand, having been thrown down by a shoe adroitly hurled under his feet.

刚开始，这惹怒了他们，所以他们追赶着我们，破口大骂。但是不久，这个游戏开始让他们也感兴趣了。知道自己可能会遭遇什么，他们也带着一些草鞋出现在战场上，不仅如此，他们还发现了我们藏武器的地方，把武器偷走。对此我们抱怨说：“游戏不能这样玩！”于是他们把鞋子分给我们一半，战争就开始了。通常他们把自己暴露在空旷的地方，在十字路口的中间；而我们则一边喊着，一边绕着他们，向他们扔鞋子。当我们有人被恰巧扔到脚下的鞋子绊倒，脑袋栽到沙土中的时候，他们也会大叫大笑，声音震耳欲聋。

This game would be carried on with zest for a long time, sometimes till it was nearly dark; and the inhabitants used to gather round, or watch us from corners, and grumble, because they thought it was the right thing to do. The dusty shoes flew about like crows in the damp air; sometimes one of us was hit hard, but the pleasure of the game was greater than pain or injury.

这场战斗会持续很久，有时会直到天黑，而大家则热情不减。居民们通常会聚拢过来，或者从角落里看我们，发着牢骚，因为他们认为应该如此。这些沾满灰尘的鞋子在潮湿的空气中像乌鸦一样飞来飞去。有时候我们的人被狠狠地打中，但是游戏的乐趣比受到的疼痛或伤痛要多得多。

The Tartars were not less keen on it than we were; often when we had finished playing we went with them to an eating-house where they fed us with a special sweet kind of preserve made with fruit, and after supper we drank thick, brick-colored tea, with sweetmeats. We liked these people, whose strength matched their great size; there was something about them so childlike and transparent. The points which most struck me about them were their meekness, their unwavering

good-nature, and their grave, impressive respect for each other.

那些鞑靼人对此并不比我们缺少热情。游戏结束后，我们经常和他们一起去小餐馆，他们会请我们吃一种用水果做的别致的甜味蜜饯，晚饭过后，我们还会喝砖红色的浓茶，吃一些糖果。我们喜欢这些人，他们人高马大，丰筋多力。他们身上有一种孩子般的天真和坦诚。给我印象最深刻的，是他们的温顺，是他们一成不变的善良，是他们彼此的肝胆相照。

They all laughed so heartily that the tears ran down their faces; and one of them, a native of Kassimov, with a broken nose, was a man renowned for his strength. One day he carried, from a barge which was at some distance from the shore, a bell weighing twenty-seven poods, and he roared out laughing as he cried: "Voo! Voo!"

他们笑得特别开心，甚至笑出了眼泪。他们当中有一个鼻子歪歪的卡西莫夫人，他是出了名的大力士。有一天，从一艘离河岸还有一定距离的驳船上，他搬下了一个重二十七普特的大钟，还一边大笑，一边喊道：“喔！喔！”

One day he made Vyakhir sit on the palm of his hand, and lifting him on high, he said:

一天他让维亚希尔坐在他的手掌上，把他高高举起，说道：

"Look where you are living now, right up in the sky."

“看看你现在呆在哪里，在天上。”

In bad weather we used to assemble at Yaz's home, in the burial-ground, where his father's lodge was. This father was an individual with hoisted bones, long arms, and a small head; mud-colored hair grew on his face. His head looked like a burdock set on his long, thin neck, as on a stalk. He had a delightful way of half closing his yellow eyes and muttering rapidly: "God give us rest. Ouch!"

天气不好的时候，我们总是聚集在雅兹家。他家在墓地里，他父亲的小屋也在那里。他的父亲是一个骨骼畸形的人，胳膊长，脑袋小，脸上长着土色的毛发。他的头像是牛蒡，安在他细长的脖子上，如同安在草茎上一样。他总是讨喜地半闭着黄色的眼睛，快速地咕哝道：“愿上帝让我们安息。哎呦！”

We bought three zolotniks of tea, eight portions of sugar, some bread, and, of course, a portion of vodka for Yaz's father, who was sternly ordered about by Tchurka:

我们买了三索拉尼茶叶、八份糖、一些面包，当然，还给雅兹的父亲买了伏特加。丘尔卡严厉地命令他道：

"Good for nothing peasant, get the samovar ready."

“没用的老鬼，把茶壶准备好吧。”

The peasant laughed and prepared the tin samovar; and while we discussed business as we waited for tea to be ready, he gave us good advice:

老鬼笑着去准备茶壶。我们一边等茶水，一边谈论我们的公事。这时他给我们提了很好的建议：

"Look here! The day after tomorrow is the month's mind of Trusov, and there will be some feasting going on there.... There's a place to pick up bones."

“看看这里！后天是特鲁索夫的四旬祭，会有一个盛大的宴会……去那儿肯定能捡到些骨头。”

"The cook collects all the bones at Trusov's," observed Tchurka, who knew everything.

“特鲁索夫家的厨师收集所有的骨头。”无所不知的丘尔卡说道。

Vyakhir said dreamily, as he looked out of the window on the graveyard:

维亚希尔看着窗外，出神地说道：

"We shall soon be able to go out to the woods."

“我们不久就能去树林里了。”

Yaz was always silent, looking at us all expressively with his sad eyes. In silence he showed us his toys—wooden soldiers which he had found in a rubbish pit, horses without legs, pieces of copper, and buttons.

雅兹总是很沉默，用悲伤的眼神意味深长地看着我们所有人。他默默地给我们看他的玩具：在一个垃圾坑里捡到的木头士兵，没有腿的马，一些铜片和纽扣。

His father set the table with cups and saucers of various patterns, and brought in the samovar. Kostrom sat down to pour out tea, and he, when he had drunk his vodka, climbed on the stove, and stretching out his long neck, surveyed us with vinous eyes, and muttered:

他的父亲放好桌子，摆上不同样式的茶杯和茶托，又端来了茶壶。科斯特拉姆坐下来倒茶。雅兹的父亲喝完伏特加，爬到炉炕上，伸出他的长脖子，用带着醉意的眼睛审视着我们，说道：

"Ouch! So you must take your ease, as if you were not little boys at all, eh? Ach! thieves... God give us rest!"

“哎呀！你们一定都很放松，好像自己都不是小孩子了，是吧？唉！你们这些小偷！愿上帝让我们安息！”

Vyakhir said to him:

维亚希尔对他说：

"We are not thieves at all."

“我们根本就不是小偷。”

"Well—little thieves then.”

“好吧，那就是小小偷吧。”

If Yaz's father became too tiresome, Tchurka cried angrily:

如果雅兹的父亲太烦人，丘尔卡就会生气地叫道：

"Be quiet, you trashy peasant!"

“安静点，你这个老鬼头！”

Vyakhir, Tchurka and I could not bear to hear the man counting up the number of houses which contained people in ill-health, or trying to guess how many of the villagers would die soon; he spoke so calculatingly and pitilessly, and seeing that what he said was objectionable to us, he purposely teased and tormented us:

维亚希尔、丘尔卡和我都无法忍受这个老人给我们列举谁家里有生病的人，或者猜测有多少村民不久就会死去。他说话很算计，也很无情，当看到自己的话让我们很反感，他还有意取笑和折磨我们：

"Oh, so you are afraid, young masters? Well, well! And before long a certain stout person will die—ekh! And long may he rot in his grave!”

“哦，你们害怕了，年轻人？很好，很好！不久某一个胖子就会死去，唉！希望他在坟墓里慢慢烂掉！”

We tried to stop him, but he would not leave off.

我们想打断他，但是他不肯停下来。

"And, you know, you've got to die too; you can't live long in this cesspool!"

“而且，你们知道，你们也会死的，在这个肮脏的地方，你们是活不长的！”

"Well," said Vyakhir, "that's all right; and when we die they will make angels of us."

“那好，”维亚希尔说道，“你说得没错，死去以后，我们可以做天使。”

"Yo—u?" exclaimed Yaz's father, catching his breath in amazement. "You? Angels?"

“你们？”雅兹的父亲喊道，惊讶地屏住了呼吸。“你们？天使？”

He chuckled, and then began to tease us again by telling us disgusting stories about dead people.

他咯咯笑着，又开始取笑我们，讲关于死人的令人厌恶的故事。

But sometimes this man began to talk in a murmur, lowering his voice strangely:

但有时候他会突然奇怪地压低嗓子，低语道：

"Listen, children... wait a bit! The day before yesterday they buried a female... and I knew her history, children.... What do you think the woman was?"

“听着，孩子们……等一会儿！前天他们埋掉了一个女人……我知道她的事，孩子们……你们知道这个女人是谁吗？”

He often spoke about women, and always obscenely; yet there was something appealing and plaintive about his stories—he invited us to share his thoughts, as it were—and we listened to him attentively. He spoke in an ignorant and unintelligent manner, frequently interrupting his speech by questions; but his stories always left some disturbing splinters or fragments in one's memory.

他经常提起女人，用词肮脏污秽,但是他的故事很哀伤，也很吸引人——可以说，他把他的想法告诉我们——我们都认真地听他讲。他说话时显得无知和愚钝，常常在讲述中插进去一些问题。但是他的故事总会在我们的记忆中留下一些烦人的片段。

"They ask her: 'Who set the place on fire?' 'I did!' 'How can that be, foolish woman, when you were not at home that night, but lying ill in the hospital?' 'I set the place on fire.' That's the way she kept on.... Why? Ouch! God give us rest."

“他们问她：‘谁放的火？”我放的！”怎么可能呢，你这个蠢女人？那晚你没有在家，而是躺在医院的病床上。”是我放的火。’她就那样坚持着……为什么？哎呀！愿上帝让我们安息！”

He knew the life story of nearly every female inhabitant of the place who had been buried by him in that bare, melancholy graveyard, and it seemed as if he were opening the doors of houses, which we entered, and saw how the occupiers lived; and it made us feel serious and important. He would have gone on talking all night till the morning apparently, but as soon as the lodge window grew cloudy, and the twilight closed in upon it, Tchurka rose from the table and said:

他在那片寸草不生的荒凉墓地里埋葬了不少村里的女人，她们每个人的生活他几乎都知道，好像他为我们打开了各家各户的门，我们走了进去，看到了他们的生活，我们感到这很严肃，也很重要。显然，他本可以一直讲到第二天早上，但是一旦小屋的窗户变得阴暗，黄昏渐近的

时候，丘尔卡就从桌子上起身说道：

"I am going home, or Mamka will be frightened. Who is coming with me?"

“我要回家了，否则妈妈会害怕的。谁和我一起走？”

We all went away then. Yaz conducted us to the fence, closed the gate after us, and pressing his dark, bony face against the grating, said in a thick voice:

于是我们都离开了。雅兹把我们送到篱笆处，等我们走了，关上大门，把黝黑瘦削的脸贴在栅栏上，粗里粗气地说道：

"Good-by.”

“再见。”

We called out "Good-by" to him too. It was always hard to leave him in the graveyard. Kostrom said one day, looking back:

我们也跟他道了“再见”。把他一个人留在墓地总是令人伤感。有一天，科斯特拉姆向后望去，说道：

"We shall come and ask for him one day—and he will be dead.”

“总有一天当我们过来找他时，他已经死掉了。”

"Yaz has a worse life than any of us," Tchurka said frequently; but Vyakhir always rejoined:

“雅兹的生活比我们任何人都更糟。”丘尔卡经常这样说，但是维亚希尔总是反驳说：

"We don't have a bad time—any of us!”

“我们过得并不坏，所有人！”

And when I look back I see that we did not have a bad time. That independent life so full of contrasts was very attractive to me, and so were my comrades, who inspired me with a desire to be always doing them a good turn.

回首往事，我觉得我们的日子并不算糟。那段充满反差的、独立的日子深深地吸引着我，也同样吸引着我的伙伴们，让我总想为他们做点事情。

My life at school had again become hard; the pupils nicknamed me "The Ragman" and "The Tramp," and one day, after a quarrel, they told the teacher that I smelt like a drain, and that they could not sit beside me. I remember how deeply this accusation cut me, and how hard it was for me to go to school after it. The complaint had been made up out of malice. I washed very thoroughly every morning, and I never went to school in the clothes I wore when I was collecting

rags.

我在学校的生活又一次变得艰难，同学都叫我“捡破烂的”或者“乞丐”。一天，争吵之后，他们告诉老师说我闻起来像臭水沟，他们不能坐在我旁边。我记得这项指责给我留下了多么深的伤痛，在那之后，上学对我来说是太艰难的事情。他们的抱怨是恶意编造出来的。每天早上我都要彻底地洗一遍澡，并且我从来都不穿捡破烂时穿的衣服去上学。

However, in the end I passed the examination for the third class, and received as prizes bound copies of the Gospels and the "Fables of Krilov," and another book unbound which bore the unintelligible title of "Fata-Morgana”; they also gave me some sort of laudatory certificates. When I took my presents home, grandfather was delighted, and announced his intention of taking the books away from me and locking them up in his box. But grandmother had been lying ill for several days, penniless, and grandfather continually sighed and squeaked out: "You will eat me out of house and home. Ugh! You!" So I took the books to a little shop, where I sold them for fifty-five kopecks, and gave the money to grandmother; as to the certificates I spoiled them by scribbling over them, and then handed them to grandfather, who took them without turning them over, and so put them away, without noticing the mischief I had done, but I paid for it later on.

不过最终，我通过了三年级的考试，还得到了奖励，奖品是精装的《福音书》和《克雷洛夫寓言》，还有一本平装书，书名叫《法达——莫尔加那》，让人弄不懂，此外，他们还给了我一张奖状。我把奖品带回家后，外祖父很高兴，宣布要把这些书拿走，锁在他的箱子里。但是外祖母生病了，在床上躺了有几天了，积蓄也花光了。外祖父不断地叹气，尖叫着：“你会把房子和家都吃光的。唉！你呀！”于是我把书拿到一家小商店，卖了五十五个铜板，把钱给了外祖母。至于那些奖状，我在上面乱写一通之后把它们交给了外祖父。他没有翻开就把它们接过来，收了起来，所以没有注意到我的恶作剧，但是后来我因此付出了代价。

As school had broken up I began to live in the streets once more, and I found it better than ever.

学校的生活告一段落，我又一次走上街头，感觉比以前更好了。

It was in the middle of spring, and money was earned easily; on Sundays the whole company of us went out into the fields, or into the woods, where the foliage was fresh and young, early in the morning, and did not return till late in the evening, pleasantly tired, and drawn together closer than ever.

正值春天，钱比较容易挣。每到星期日，我们一伙人大清早便来到田里，或树林里——那里的叶子很新鲜也很嫩——直到很晚才回去，既

高兴又疲惫，变得比以前更加亲密。

But this form of existence did not last long. My stepfather, dismissed for getting into debt, had disappeared again, and mother came back to grandfather, with my little brother Nikolai, and I had to be nurse, for grandmother had gone to live at the house of a rich merchant in the town, where she worked at stitching shrouds.

但是这种生活没有持续多长时间。我的继父因负债而被解雇，又一次失去了音讯。母亲带着我的小弟弟尼古拉回到外祖父身边。而我不得不照顾弟弟，因为外祖母已经到镇里一个有钱的商人家里谋生，在那里缝制寿衣。

Mother was so weak and anemic that she could hardly walk, and she had a terrible expression in her eyes as she looked about her. My brother was scrofulous, and covered with painful ulcers, and so weak that he could not even cry aloud and only whimpered when he was hungry. When he had been fed he slumbered, breathing with a strange sound like the soft mewing of a kitten.

母亲身体虚弱又患有贫血，几乎不能走路。在她环视周围的时候，眼睛里露出可怕的表情。弟弟患有淋巴结核，身上到处都是疼痛难忍的溃疡。他很虚弱，连大声哭喊的力气都没有，饿了就只能低声啜泣。他吃饱饭就去睡觉，呼吸的声音很奇怪，像是小猫轻柔的喵喵声。

Observing him attentively, grandfather said:

外祖父专注地看着他说：

"He ought to have plenty of good food; but I have not got enough to feed you all."

“他本应该喂养得很好，但是我没有足够的东西供你们所有人吃。”

Mother, sitting on the bed in the corner, sighed, and said in a hoarse voice: "He does not want much."

母亲坐在角落的床上，叹了口气，用沙哑的声音说道：“他要的不多。”

"A little for one and a little for another soon mounts up."

“这个要一点，那个要一点，加在一起就很多了。”

He waved his hand as he turned to me: "Nikolai must be kept out in the sun—in some sand.”

他挥着手，转过来对我：“尼古拉应该呆在外头，在沙土里，让阳光照着。”

I dragged out a sack of clean sand, turned it out in a heap in a place where the sun was full on it, and buried my brother in it up to his neck, as grandfather told me. The little boy loved sitting in the

sand; he cooed sweetly, and flashed his bright eyes upon me—extraordinary eyes they were, without whites, just blue pupils surrounded by brilliant rings.

我拖出一袋干净的沙子，在阳光充足的地方把沙子倒出来堆成一堆，然后按照外祖父说的，用沙子埋住弟弟，只露出头。弟弟很喜欢坐在沙子里。他高兴地咕哝着，闪着眼睛看着我。他有一双不寻常的眼睛：没有眼白，只有蓝色的瞳孔包围在明亮的光圈里。

I became attached to my little brother at once. It seemed to me that he understood all my thoughts as I lay beside him on the sand under the window, whence the sound of grandfather's shrill voice proceeded:

我立刻喜欢上了我这个小弟弟。在窗户下的沙子上挨着他躺下时，我觉得他好像明白我所有的想法。这时，外祖父刺耳的声音透过窗户传来：

"If he dies—and he won't have much difficulty about it—you will have a chance to live.”

“如果他死了——这没什么困难——你就有机会活下去。”

Mother answered by a long fit of coughing.

接着是母亲突然间长时间地咳嗽。

Getting his hands free, the little boy held them out to me, shaking his small white head; he had very little hair, and what there was was almost gray, and his tiny face had an old and wise expression. If a hen or a cat came near us Kolai would gaze at it for a long time, then he would look at me and smile almost significantly. That smile of his disturbed me. Was it possible that he felt that I found it dull being with him, and was longing to run out to the street and leave him there?

这个小男孩的双手一闲下来，就会晃动着白色的小脑袋，把手向我伸过来。他几乎没有头发，而仅有的头发几乎是灰色的。他的小脸上表现出一种成熟和智慧。如果有一只母鸡或一只猫靠近我们，尼古拉会盯着它们看很长时间，然后他会看看我，冲我笑笑，这笑容有点意味深长。他的笑容扰乱了我的心绪。难道他能够感觉到我已经厌倦和他呆在一起，想丢下他跑到大街上了？

The yard was small, close, and dirty; from the gate were built a succession of sheds and cellars ending at the washhouse. All the roofs were made of pieces of old boats—logs, boards, and damp bits of wood which had been secured by the inhabitants of the neighborhood when the ice was breaking on the Oka, or at flood-time—and the whole yard was an unsightly conglomeration of heaps of wood of all sorts, which, being saturated with water, sweated in the sun and

emitted an intensified odor of rottenness.

封闭的院子又小又脏，大门和洗衣房之间建着一排棚屋和地下室。所有的屋顶都是用旧船的残片做成的——原木、木板和潮湿的木片，它们是附近的居民们在破冰或洪水泛滥之际，从奥卡河里打捞出来的——整个院子堆满了各种被水浸泡过的木头，丑陋不堪，它们在阳光下渗出水滴，散发出一股浓烈的腐烂气味。

Next door there was a slaughter-house for the smaller kind of cattle, and almost every morning could be heard the bellowing of calves and the bleating of sheep, and the smell of blood became so strong sometimes that it seemed to me that it hovered in the air in the shape of a transparent, purple net.

隔壁是一个宰杀小型家畜的屠宰场，几乎每天早上都能听到小牛哞哞的叫声和绵羊的哀鸣。有时候血腥味特别强烈，我恍惚觉得有一张透明的紫色血网笼罩在空气中。

When the animals bellowed as the buttend of the ax struck them between the horns, Kolai would blink and blow out his lips, as if he wanted to imitate the sound; but all he could do was to breathe:

当人们用斧柄砸向牲畜两角之间时，它们会发出嚎叫，这时科利亚就会眨着眼睛，鼓起嘴唇，好像要模仿这种声音。但是他能做的只是喘出一口气：

"Phoo..."

“噗……”

At midday grandfather, putting his head out of the window, would call: "Dinner!"

中午，外祖父会从窗户里探出头喊道：“吃午饭了！”

He used to feed the child himself, holding him on his knees, pressing potatoes and bread into Kolai's mouth, and smearing them all over his thin lips and pointed chin. When he had given him a little food grandfather would lift up the little boy's shirt, poke his swollen stomach with his fingers, and debate with himself aloud:

外祖父总是亲自喂孩子吃饭。他把他放在膝盖上，把土豆和面包塞进科利亚的嘴里，弄得他薄薄的嘴唇和尖下巴上都是食物渣滓。喂了他一点东西后，外祖父会撩起孩子的衬衫，拿手指戳他那圆溜溜的肚皮，自言自语道：

"Will that do? Or must I give him some more?"

“饱了吗？还是要再给你一点？”

Then my mother's voice would be heard, proceeding from her dark corner:

这时母亲的声音会从黑暗的角落里传出：

"Look at him! He is reaching for the bread."

“看看他！他在伸手要面包呢。”

"Stupid child! How can he possibly know how much he ought to eat?" And again he gave Kolai something to chew.

“愚蠢的孩子！他怎么会知道他应该吃多少？”不过他又给了科利亚一些东西吃。

I used to feel ashamed when I looked on at this feeding business; a lump seemed to rise in my throat and make me feel sick.

看着外祖父喂弟弟，我总是感到羞愧，喉咙里好像被一块东西堵住了，有些恶心。

"That will do," grandfather would say, at length. "Take him to his mother."

“好了，”最后外祖父会说，“把他抱给他妈妈吧。”

I took Kolai; he wailed and stretched his hands out to the table. Mother, raising herself with difficulty, came to meet me, holding out her hideously dry, fleshless arms, so long and thin—just like branches broken off a Christmas-tree.

我接过科利亚，他哭叫着，把双手伸向桌子。母亲费力地起身来迎我，伸出她那干枯而没有血色的可怕的胳膊，它们又细又长，就像是圣诞树上折断的枯枝。

She had become almost dumb, hardly ever uttering a word in that passionate voice of hers, but lying in silence all day long in her corner—slowly dying. That she was dying I felt, I knew—yes. And grandfather spoke too often, in his tedious way, of death, especially in the evening, when it grew dark in the yard, and a smell of rottenness, warm and woolly, like a sheep's fleece, crept in at the window.

她几乎成了哑巴，几乎不怎么用她那充满激情的声音说话了，只是整天一声不吭地躺在她的角落里，慢慢地接近死亡。我感到她就要死了，我知道，是这样的。外祖父经常以他那乏味的方式提到死亡，尤其在晚上，院子里渐渐变黑，一股羊皮般暖洋洋的腐烂气味从窗户里慢慢地爬进来的时候。

Grandfather's bed stood in the front corner, almost under the image, and he used to lie there with his head towards it and the window, and mutter for a long time in the darkness:

外祖父的床在前面的角落里，几乎就在神像的下面。他总是躺在那里，头朝向神像和窗户，在黑暗里不停地咕哝着：

"Well—the time has come for us to die. How shall we stand before

our God? What shall we say to Him? All our life we have been struggling. What have we done? And with what object have we done it?”

“唉——我们到死的时候了。我们该怎样面对上帝呢？我们该跟他说些什么？我们的一生都在挣扎。我们做了什么？我们为什么要这么做？”

I slept on the floor between the stove and the window; I had not enough room, so I had to put my feet in the oven, and the cockroaches used to tickle them. This corner afforded me not a little malicious enjoyment, for grandfather was continually breaking the window with the end of the oven-rake, or the poker, during his cooking operations; and it was very comical to see, and very strange, I thought, that any one so clever as grandfather should not think of cutting down the rake.

我睡在炉炕和窗户之间的地板上，地方不够大，我只能把双脚放进炉子里，蟑螂总是弄得我双脚发痒。这个角落让我幸灾乐祸了好多次。外祖父做饭时，经常会用炉灶把或者拔火棍碰碎玻璃。看到像外祖父这样的聪明人竟然不会想到锯掉把手，我觉得既不解又好笑。

One day when there was something boiling in a pot on the fire he was in a hurry, and he used the rake so carelessly that he broke the window-frame, two panes of glass, and upset the saucepan on the hearth and broke it. The old man was in such a rage that he sat on the floor and cried.

一天，锅里的什么东西煮沸了，他手忙脚乱，拿着炉叉子一不小心打碎了窗框和两块玻璃，又打翻了灶台上放着的炖锅，锅掉到地上摔碎了。老头气急败坏，坐在地板上大哭起来。

"O Lord! O Lord!"

“哦，主啊！哦，主啊！”

That day, when he had gone out, I took a bread knife and cut the oven-rake down to a quarter or a third of its size; but when grandfather saw what I had done, he scolded me:

那天，等他出去后，我拿了一把切面包的刀，把炉灶把截短了四分之三或是三分之二的长度。但是当外祖父看到我做的事情之后，责备我道：

"Cursed devil! It ought to have been sawn through with a saw. We might have made rolling-pins out of the end, and sold them, you devil's spawn!"

“该死的魔鬼！本来是应该用锯锯掉的。我们本来可以用那一段做擀面杖，或者拿去卖了，你这个恶魔坯子！”

Throwing his arms about wildly, he ran out of the door, and

mother said:

他疯狂地挥舞着胳膊，跑出门去。于是母亲说道：

"You ought not to have meddled..."

“你不应该添乱……”

She died one Sunday in August about midday. My stepfather had only just returned from his travels, and had obtained a post somewhere. Grandmother had taken Kolai to him—to a newly done-up flat near the station, and mother was to be carried there in a few days.

在八月一个星期天的中午，母亲去世了。我的继父刚刚从外地回来，他已经在某个地方找到了工作。外祖母带走了科利亚，去了车站附近一座新建的平房。母亲的尸体几天后也要运往那里。

In the morning of the day of her death she said to me in a low but a lighter and clearer voice than I had heard from her lately:

在她死去的那天早上，她用低沉的声音——但比最近更加轻快而清晰——对我说：

"Go to Eugen Vassilev, and ask him to come to me."

“去找尤庚·瓦西里耶夫，让他到我这里来。”

Lifting herself up in bed by pressing her hands against the wall, she added: "Run quickly!"

她双手扶着墙，从床上抬起身子，又说道：“跑快点！”

I thought she was smiling, and that there was a new light in her eyes.

我想她在笑，而且眼睛里有了新的光亮。

My stepfather was at Mass, and grandmother sent me to get some snuff for her; there was no prepared snuff at hand, so I had to wait while the shopkeeper got it, then I took it back to grandmother.

我的继父在做弥撒，外祖母让我为她买一些鼻烟，但是店里没有现成的，所以我只好等着店主弄好，才把它带给外祖母。

When I returned to grandfather's, mother was sitting at the table dressed in a clean, lilac-colored frock, with her hair prettily dressed, and looking as splendid as she used to look.

当我回到外祖父家的时候，母亲正坐在桌旁，她穿着干净的淡紫色外衣，头发梳理得很漂亮，看起来和她以前一样光彩照人。

"You are feeling better?" I asked, with a feeling of inexplicable fear.

“你感觉好点了吗？”我问道，感到一种莫名的恐惧。

Looking at me fixedly, she said:

她盯着我，说道：

"Come here! Where have you been? Eh?"

“过来！你去哪儿了？嗯？”

Before I had time to reply, she seized me by the hair, and grasping in her other hand a long, flexible knife, made out of a saw, she flourished it several times and struck me with the flat of it. It slipped from her hands to the floor.

我还没有来得及回答，她就抓住我的头发，另一只手抓起一把用锯条改成的长长的、柔韧的刀。她挥动了几下，用刀面打向我。刀从她的手里滑落到地板上。

"Pick it up and give it to me...."

“捡起来，把它给我……”

I picked up the knife and threw it on the table, and mother pushed me away from her. I sat on the ledge of the stove and watched her movements in a state of terror.

我捡起刀，扔到桌子上。母亲把我从身边推开。我坐在炉子边，害怕地看着她的举动。

Rising from the chair she slowly made her way towards her own corner, lay down on the bed, and wiped her perspiring face with a handkerchief. Her hands moved uncertainly; twice she missed her face and touched the pillow instead.

她从椅子上起身，慢慢地向她自己的角落里走去，躺在床上，用手帕擦去脸上的汗水。她的双手不停地抖，有两次她都是碰到了枕头，而没有够到脸。

"Give me some water...."

“给我一点水……”

I scooped some water out of a pail with a cup, and lifting her head with difficulty, she drank a little. Then she pushed my hand away with her cold hand, and drew a deep breath. Then after looking at the corner where the icon was, she turned her eyes on me, moved her lips as if she were smiling, and slowly let her long lashes droop over her eyes. Her elbows were pressed closely against her sides, and her hands, on which the fingers were weakly twitching, crept about her chest, moving towards her throat. A shadow fell upon her face, invading every part of it, staining the skin yellow, sharpening the nose. Her mouth was open as if she were amazed at something, but

her breathing was not audible. I stood, for how long I do not know, by my mother's bedside, with the cup in my hand, watching her face grow frozen and gray.

我从桶里舀了一杯水。母亲艰难地抬起头，喝了一点。然后她用冰冷的手推开了我的手，接着深吸了一口气。母亲看了一眼放着神像的角落，之后把视线转向了我，翕动着嘴唇，像是在笑。然后她长长的睫毛缓缓地垂下来，盖上了她的眼睛。她的胳膊紧紧地靠在身体两侧，她的手指轻微地抽搐着，双手在前胸摸索，伸向她的喉咙。她的脸上罩上一层阴影，阴影笼罩了脸上的每一寸皮肤，使她脸色变黄，鼻子变尖。她张着嘴，好像是对什么东西感到惊讶，但是听不到她的呼吸声。我站在母亲的床边，手里拿着杯子，看着她的脸愈发地僵硬和灰暗，不知过了多长时间。

When grandfather came in I said to him:

外祖父进来的时候，我对他说：

"Mother is dead."

“妈妈死了。”

He glanced at the bed.

他瞥了一眼床。

"Why are you telling lies?"

“你为什么说谎？”

He went to the stove and took out the pie, rattling the dampers deafeningly.

他走到炉子前，拿出馅饼，把炉盖弄得震天响。

I looked at him, knowing that mother was dead, and waiting for him to find it out.

我看着外祖父。我知道母亲死了，等着他接受这个事实。

My stepfather came in dressed in a sailor's pea-jacket, with a white cap. He noiselessly picked up a chair and took it over to mother's bed, when suddenly he let it fall with a crash to the floor and cried in a loud voice, like a trumpet:

我的继父进来了，他穿着水手的厚呢短大衣，戴着一顶白帽子。他默默地拿起一把椅子，搬到母亲的床边。突然他让椅子掉下来，砸到地板上，而他则像喇叭一样，大声地喊道：

"Yes—she is dead! Look!”

“是的，她死了！看！”

Grandfather, with wide-open eyes, softly moved away from the stove with the damper in his hand, stumbling like a blind man.

外祖父眼睛睁得大大的，手中拿着炉盖，轻轻地走开了，步履蹒跚，像个盲人。

A few days after my mother's funeral, grandfather said to me:

母亲的葬礼过了几天之后，外祖父对我说道：

"Now, Lexei—you must not hang round my neck. There is no room for you here. You will have to go out into the world.”

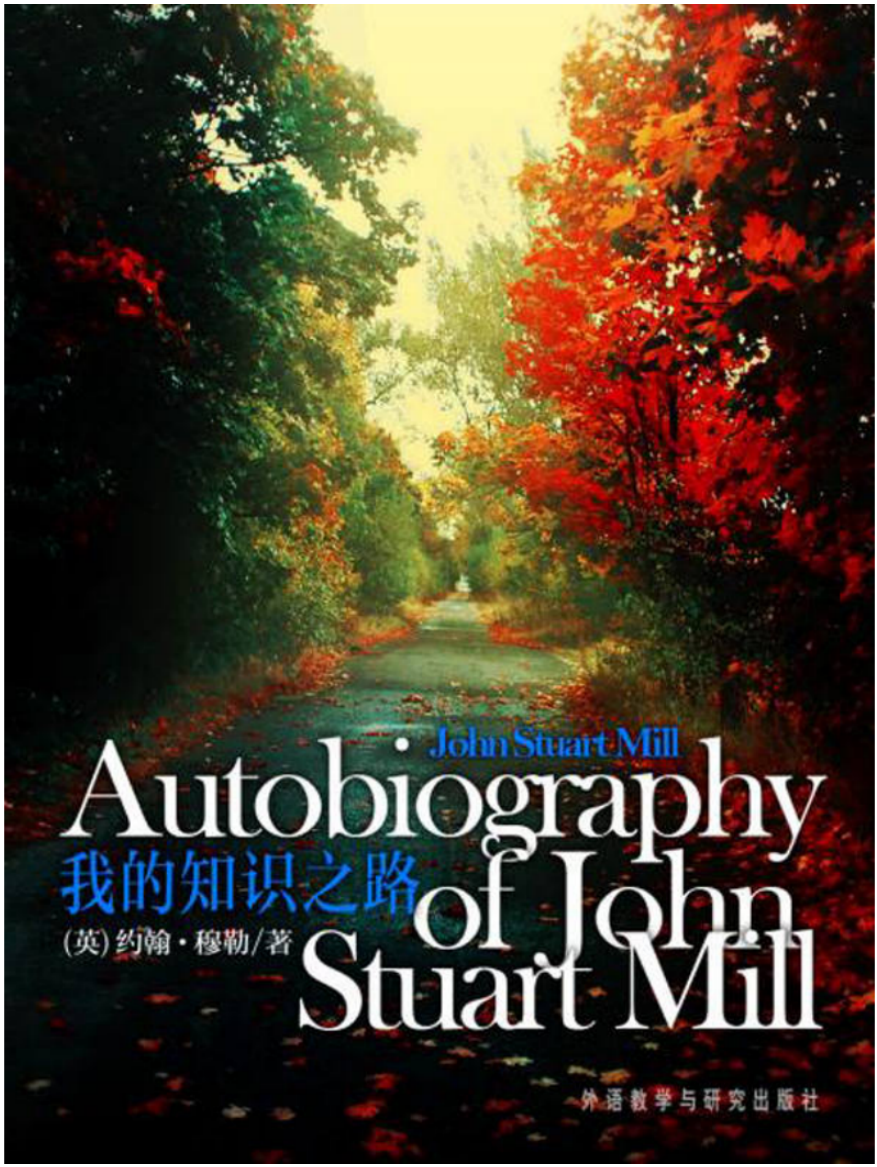
“好了，列克谢，你不能缠住我不放。这里没有你的地方。你必须出去闯世界。”

And so I went out into the world.

于是我出去闯世界了。

THE END

结束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外语教学与研究出版社

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约翰·斯图尔特·穆勒（英） 著
外研社编译组 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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CHAPTER I Childrenhood And Early Eaducation

第一章 童年时代和早期教育

It seems proper that I should prefix to the following biographical sketch, some mention of the reasons which have made me think it desirable that I should leave behind me such a memorial of so uneventful a life as mine. I do not for a moment imagine that any part of what I have to relate, can be interesting to the public as a narrative, or as being connected with myself. But I have thought that in an age in which education, and its improvement, are the subject of more, if not of profounder study than at any former period of English history, it may be useful that there should be some record of an education which was unusual and remarkable, and which, whatever else it may have done, has proved how much more than is commonly supposed may be taught, and well taught, in those early years which, in the common modes of what is called instruction, are little better than wasted. It has also seemed to me that in an age of transition in opinions, there may be somewhat both of interest and of benefit in noting the successive phases of any mind which was always pressing forward, equally ready to learn and to unlearn either from its own thoughts or from those of others. But a motive which weighs more with me than either of these, is a desire to make acknowledgment of the debts which my intellectual and moral development owes to other persons; some of them of recognized eminence, others less known than they deserve to be, and the one to whom most of all is due, one whom the world had no opportunity of knowing. The reader whom these things do not interest, has only himself to blame if he reads farther, and I do not desire any other indulgence from him than that of bearing in mind, that for him these pages were not written.

在写自传正文之前，似乎应该说明一下，为什么我认为有必要为自己平凡的一生留本书作为纪念。我从来没有想象过自己讲叙的任何一部分，会作为一个故事或者因为与我有关而引起公众的兴趣。但是我想，在这个时代，教育和教育改良在英国历史上比以往任何时候受到的关注都要多（如果说不是更深刻的话），为一种不同寻常、引人注意的教育经历留下一些记录也许是有益的；不管这种教育还产生了哪些影响，都证明了在早期能够教给小孩子的东西，比人们通常想象的多很多，而且可以教得很好；用通常所说的教诲方式教育孩子，他们的童年时代实际上是被浪费掉了。我还觉得，在观念转变的时代，如果有人勇于探索，对于自己及他人的思想既善于吸纳，也能有所扬弃，那么，把他思想的各个阶段记录下来，似乎不仅有益，而且也很有趣。但是对我而言，还有比这更重要的动机，就是希望向帮助过我智力和道德发展的人表示感

谢。他们当中有的声名显赫；有的能力卓著，但还没有得到应有的声誉；还有我最需要感谢的一个人，也是外界根本没有机会了解的一个人。如果哪位读者对这些东西不感兴趣，却还要继续往下读的话，那就只能怪他自己了；我不奢望他沉迷于此书，只希望他能记得，这本自传并非为他而写。

I was born in London, on the 20th of May, 1806, and was the eldest son of James Mill, the author of The History of British India. My father, the son of a petty tradesman and (I believe) small farmer, at Northwater Bridge, in the county of Angus, was, when a boy, recommended by his abilities to the notice of Sir John Stuart, of Fettercairn, one of the Barons of the Exchequer in Scotland, and was, in consequence, sent to the University of Edinburgh, at the expense of a fund established by Lady Jane Stuart (the wife of Sir John Stuart) and some other ladies for educating young men for the Scottish Church. He there went through the usual course of study, and was licensed as a Preacher, but never followed the profession; having satisfied himself that he could not believe the doctrines of that or any other Church. For a few years he was a private tutor in various families in Scotland, among others that of the Marquis of Tweeddale; but ended by taking up his residence in London, and devoting himself to authorship. Nor had he any other means of support until 1819, when he obtained an appointment in the India House.

我于1806年5月20日出生于伦敦，是家里的长子，我的父亲是詹姆斯·穆勒，《英属印度史》的作者。祖父是安格斯郡诺斯沃特桥的一名小商人，同时（我认为）也是小农场主。还在儿童时代，父亲就因天资聪慧，引起了苏格兰财政部的一位贵族——费特凯恩的约翰·斯图尔特爵士的注意，因此得到简·斯图尔特夫人（约翰·斯图尔特爵士的妻子）和其他几位夫人成立的基金资助而被送往爱丁堡大学深造，该基金设立的目的是为苏格兰教会培养年轻人。在那里，父亲接受了常规教育，获得了传教士证书，但是从未从事这项职业，因为他深知自己不能相信那个教派或其他任何教派的教义。有几年，他在苏格兰的各种家庭里做过家庭教师，其中包括特威代尔侯爵家，但是最终定居伦敦，致力于写作。1819年，他受聘于东印度公司，在这之前，除了写作，他没有任何其他收入来源。

In this period of my father's life there are two things which it is impossible not to be struck with: one of them unfortunately a very common circumstance, the other a most uncommon one. The first is, that in his position, with no resource but the precarious one of writing in periodicals, he married and had a large family; conduct than which nothing could be more opposed, both as a matter of good sense and of duty, to the opinions which, at least at a later period of life, he strenuously upheld. The other circumstance, is the extraordinary energy which was required to lead the life he led, with the

disadvantages under which he labored from the first, and with those which he brought upon himself by his marriage. It would have been no small thing, had he done no more than to support himself and his family during so many years by writing, without ever being in debt, or in any pecuniary difficulty; holding, as he did, opinions, both in politics and in religion, which were more odious to all persons of influence, and to the common run of prosperous Englishmen in that generation than either before or since; and being not only a man whom nothing would have induced to write against his convictions, but one who invariably threw into everything he wrote, as much of his convictions as he thought the circumstances would in any way permit: being, it must also be said, one who never did anything negligently; never undertook any task, literary or other, on which he did not conscientiously bestow all the labour necessary for performing it adequately. But he, with these burdens on him, planned, commenced, and completed, the History of India; and this in the course of about ten years, a shorter time than has been occupied (even by writers who had no other employment) in the production of almost any other historical work of equal bulk, and of anything approaching to the same amount of reading and research. And to this is to be added, that during the whole period, a considerable part of almost every day was employed in the instruction of his children: in the case of one of whom, myself, he exerted an amount of labour, care, and perseverance rarely, if ever, employed for a similar purpose, in endeavouring to give, according to his own conception, the highest order of intellectual education.

父亲在人生的这段时间里，有两件事不能不让人称奇。不过很遗憾，其中一件其实很平常，另一件又极不寻常。一件是，他当时没有什么收入来源，只靠向期刊投稿这种不稳定的方式，还能够娶妻生子，组建了大家庭；这种行为无论从理智，还是从责任上来讲，与他的观点，至少与他后半生努力坚持的观点完全相反。另一件是，他这种生活方式需要异常充沛的精力，从一开始写作他就面临很多不利条件，结婚也给他带来了不利因素。这么多年，他靠写作，即便只养活了自己和家庭，能从不欠债，又从没陷入经济困难，也是件很不容易的事情。何况他还坚持他的政治和宗教观点，让当时所有权贵和普通英国富人都产生空前绝后的厌恶之情；而且，父亲这个人，不仅任何因素都不能让他写出与自己信念相悖的东西，而且总是在环境允许的情况下，尽可能地把自己的信念融入所有作品当中。可以说，他是一个做任何事情都从不敷衍的人，不管是文学还是其他的工作，他都倾注全力，以求做到尽善尽美。尽管身肩重负，他还是策划、启动并完成了《英属印度史》的编纂。这花了他十年时间，比其他作者（甚至是专职作家）编纂同等规模且需要相当的阅读量和研究量的史书所花的时间都短。还需要指出的是，在整个过程中，他几乎每天都要花不少时间教导孩子。就拿我来说，他所付出的精力、关爱和坚持不懈非比寻常，他按照他自己的构想，努力给孩

子最高层次的智力教育。

A man who, in his own practice, so vigorously acted up to the principle of losing no time, was likely to adhere to the same rule in the instruction of his pupil. I have no remembrance of the time when I began to learn Greek. I have been told that it was when I was three years old. My earliest recollection on the subject, is that of committing to memory what my father termed vocables, being lists of common Greek words, with their signification in English, which he wrote out for me on cards. Of grammar, until some years later, I learnt no more than the inflexions of the nouns and verbs, but, after a course of vocables, proceeded at once to translation; and I faintly remember going through Aesop's Fables, the first Greek book which I read. The Anabasis, which I remember better, was the second. I learnt no Latin until my eighth year. At that time I had read, under my father's tuition, a number of Greek prose authors, among whom I remember the whole of Herodotus, and of Xenophon's Cyropædia and Memorials of Socrates; some of the lives of the philosophers by Diogenes Laertius; part of Lucian, and Isocrates' Ad Demonicum and Ad Nicoclem. I also read, in 1813, the first six dialogues (in the common arrangement) of Plato, from the Euthyphron to the Theætetus inclusive: which last dialogue, I venture to think, would have been better omitted, as it was totally impossible I should understand it. But my father, in all his teaching, demanded of me not only the utmost that I could do, but much that I could by no possibility have done. What he was himself willing to undergo for the sake of my instruction, may be judged from the fact, that I went through the whole process of preparing my Greek lessons in the same room and at the same table at which he was writing: and as in those days Greek and English Lexicons were not, and I could make no more use of a Greek and Latin Lexicon than could be made without having yet begun to learn Latin, I was forced to have recourse to him for the meaning of every word which I did not know. This incessant interruption, he, one of the most impatient of men, submitted to, and wrote under that interruption several volumes of his History and all else that he had to write during those years.

一个自己做事时恪守决不浪费时间这一原则的人，在教育学生时,很可能也会如此。我记不清自己开始学习希腊语的时间了，听人说是三岁。对这件事，我最早的记忆就是背诵父亲写在卡片上的普通希腊语单词表，后面附有英语意思。学语法是几年后的事情，我只学了名词和动词的曲折变化，但是学完单词之后，立刻就开始学习翻译了。我只能模糊地记得读过《伊索寓言》，这是我读的第一本希腊语书籍。第二本书是《远征记》，我对这本书的印象稍微深刻一点。直到八岁，我才开始学拉丁语。那时，在父亲的指导下，我阅读了很多希腊散文家的作品，其中，我记得自己读了希罗多德的全都作品，还有色诺芬的《居鲁士的

教育》和《回忆苏格拉底》；读了第欧根尼.拉尔修写的一些哲学家生平；还读了卢奇安的一部分作品，以及伊索克拉底的《全希腊盛会献词》和《泛雅典娜节献词》的一部分。1813年，我还读了柏拉图对话录（按普通排列顺序）的前六卷，从《尤息弗罗》到《泰阿泰德》。我认为，《泰阿泰德》在此可以省略，因为我不可能看得懂。但是父亲在整个教学过程中，不仅要求我尽最大努力做力所能及之事，还极力要求我做力所不能及之事。我学希腊语的所有功课，都是在他写作时跟他在同一个房间的同一张桌子上完成的。从这件事或许可以看出来，他为了教导我是乐于承担责任的。那时，没有希腊语英语词典，而我还没开始学拉丁语，根本无法查阅希腊语拉丁语词典，所以每次碰到不认识的单词，就不得不向父亲讨教。父亲是个急脾气的人，但他甘愿忍受这种持续的干扰，而且还在这种干扰下写了好几卷《英属印度史》，还有那几年必须要写的所有其他文章。

The only thing besides Greek, that I learnt as a lesson in this part of my childhood, was arithmetic: this also my father taught me: it was the task of the evenings, and I well remember its disagreeableness. But the lessons were only a part of the daily instruction I received. Much of it consisted in the books I read by myself, and my father's discourses to me, chiefly during our walks. From 1810 to the end of 1813 we were living in Newington Green, then an almost rustic neighbourhood. My father's health required considerable and constant exercise, and he walked habitually before breakfast, generally in the green lanes towards Hornsey. In these walks I always accompanied him, and with my earliest recollections of green fields and wild f lowers, is mingled that of the account I gave him daily of what I had read the day before. To the best of my remembrance, this was a voluntary rather than a prescribed exercise. I made notes on slips of paper while reading, and from these in the morning walks, I told the story to him; for the books were chiefly histories, of which I read in this manner a great number: Robertson's histories, Hume[1], Gibbon; but my greatest delight, then and for long afterwards, was Watson's Philip the Second and Third. The heroic defence of the Knights of Malta against the Turks, and of the revolted provinces of the Netherlands against Spain, excited in me an intense and lasting interest. Next to Watson, my favorite historical reading was Hooke[2]'s History of Rome. Of Greece I had seen at that time no regular history, except school abridgments and the last two or three volumes of a translation of Rollin's Ancient History, beginning with Philip of Macedon. But I read with great delight Langhorne's translation of Plutarch. In English history, beyond the time at which Hume leaves off, I remember reading Burnet's History of His Own Time, though I cared little for anything in it except the wars and battles; and the historical part of the Annual Register, from the beginning to about 1788, where the volumes my father borrowed for me from Mr.

Bentham[3] left off. I felt a lively interest in Frederic of Prussia[4] during his difficulties, and in Paoli, the Corsican patriot; but when I came to the American War, I took my part, like a child as I was (until set right by my father) on the wrong side, because it was called the English side. In these frequent talks about the books I read, he used, as opportunity offered, to give me explanations and ideas respecting civilization, government, morality, mental cultivation, which he required me afterwards to restate to him in my own words. He also made me read, and give him a verbal account of, many books which would not have interested me sufficiently to induce me to read them of myself: among others, Millar's Historical View of the English Government, a book of great merit for its time, and which he highly valued; Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, McCrie's Life of John Knox[5], and even Sewell's and Rutty's Histories of the Quakers[6]. He was fond of putting into my hands books which exhibited men of energy and resource in unusual circumstances, struggling against difficulties and overcoming them: of such works I remember Beaver's African Memoranda, and Collins's account of the first settlement of New South Wales. Two books which I never wearied of reading were Anson's Voyage, so delightful to most young persons, and a Collection (Hawkesworth's, I believe) of Voyages round the World, in four volumes, beginning with Drake[7] and ending with Cook[8] and Bougainville. Of children's books, any more than of playthings, I had scarcely any, except an occasional gift from a relation or acquaintance: among those I had, Robinson Crusoe was preeminent, and continued to delight me through all my boyhood. It was no part, however, of my father's system to exclude books of amusement, though he allowed them very sparingly. Of such books he possessed at that time next to none, but he borrowed several for me; those which I remember are the Arabian Nights, Cazotte's Arabian Tales, Don Quixote, Miss Edgeworth's Popular Tales, and a book of some reputation in its day, Brooke's Fool of Quality.

在这段童年时光里，除了希腊语之外，唯一的一门课程就是算术，也是父亲教我的。算术是晚上的课程，我还清楚地记得学得多么不开心。但是上课只是我每天所受教育的一部分。另外大部分是我自己阅读，以及父亲对我的口头教导，后者大多是我们一起散步的时候进行的。1810年到1813年年底，我们住在纽因顿格林，当时，那里的环境基本和农村一样。父亲的身体状况需要坚持锻炼，所以他有早饭前散步的习惯，一般就在通往霍恩西的芊芊小路上。散步时，我总是陪着他，我对绿地和野花的最初记忆中夹杂着每天向父亲作头一天阅读内容的汇报。我记得汇报是我自愿做的功课，而非出于被迫。我一边读书，一边在纸片上记笔记，早上散步的时候，就按笔记上的内容给父亲讲故事，这是因为我读的大部分是历史书。以这种方式我读了很多书：罗伯逊的历史著作,休谟和吉本的作品。但是当时以及后来很长一段时间，我一直

最喜欢读的是沃森的《腓力二世》和《腓力三世》。书中描述的马耳他骑士英勇抵抗土耳其人，荷兰反叛省份抵制西班牙，都激起了我强烈而持久的兴趣。仅次于沃森，我最喜欢的历史著作是胡克的《罗马史》。那时，我还没有读过系统的希腊历史，只读过学校课本上的节选，以及罗林编的《古代史》的翻译本中从马其顿国王腓力开始的最后两三卷。但是，兰霍恩翻译的普卢塔克的作品，我读得津津有味。在英国历史方面，休谟停笔以后的历史中，我记得读过柏内特的《当代史》，尽管我只喜欢里面的战争和战役部分。还读过《年度纪事》里从一开始到1788年的历史部分，这部分是父亲为我从边沁先生那里借来的书中所没有的。我对陷入困境的普鲁士的弗雷德里克，和科西嘉爱国者保利，产生了强烈的兴趣；但是关于美国独立战争，由于还是一个孩子，我站到了错误的立场上（直到被父亲纠正过来），因为那被叫做英国立场。我和父亲经常一起讨论我阅读的书籍，他一有机会就给我讲解一些概念，如文明、政府、道德和智力培养，然后让我用自己的话复述给他听。他还让我读了很多我自己不感兴趣的书，然后向他口头复述。值得一提的是，这些书中有米勒的《英国政府历史观》，此书在当时备受赞誉，父亲也对其倍加推崇。莫斯海姆的《基督教教会史》，麦克里的《约翰.诺克斯传》，甚至还有休厄尔和拉提的《贵格会教徒史》。他喜欢让我看那些主角在艰难的环境下展现出能力和智慧、顽强战胜困难的书籍。在这些书当中，我还记得比弗的《非洲大事记》和柯林斯对新南威尔士第一批移民的描述。有两本书我百读不厌，一本是安森的《航海记》，大多数年轻人都喜欢读，另一本是《环球航海集》（我认为是霍克斯沃思编写的），有四卷，从德雷克开始，到库克和布干维尔结束。我几乎没有玩具和儿童读物，只是偶尔有亲戚或熟人送给我这样的礼物，其中《鲁滨孙漂流记》是最好的，我整个童年时代都很喜欢。父亲并不是完全不让我读消遣的书籍，但也只是偶尔允许。这种书他当时几乎没有，但是给我借了好几本，我记得有《一千零一夜》、卡佐特的《阿拉伯故事集》、《唐吉诃德》和埃奇沃思女士的《通俗故事集》，以及当时有些名声的布鲁克的《上流社会的傻子》。

In my eighth year I commenced learning Latin, in conjunction with a younger sister, to whom I taught it as I went on, and who afterwards repeated the lessons to my father: and from this time, other sisters and brothers being successively added as pupils, a considerable part of my day's work consisted of this preparatory teaching. It was a part which I greatly disliked; the more so, as I was held responsible for the lessons of my pupils, in almost as full a sense as for my own: I, however, derived from this discipline the great advantage, of learning more thoroughly and retaining more lastingly the things which I was set to teach: perhaps, too, the practice it afforded in explaining difficulties to others, may even at that age have been useful. In other respects, the experience of my boyhood is not favorable to the plan of teaching children by means of one another. The teaching, I am sure, is very inefficient as teaching, and I well know that the relation between teacher and taught is not a good moral discipline to either. I went in

this manner through the Latin grammar, and a considerable part of Cornelius Nepos and Caesar's Commentaries, but afterwards added to the superintendence of these lessons, much longer ones of my own.

八岁时，我和我的一个妹妹一起开始学习拉丁语，我一边学，一边教她，然后她再向父亲汇报课程。从那时起，其他兄弟姐妹都陆续加入，成了我的学生，白天大部分时间，我都在做这种预备教学。其实我很不喜欢做这件事情，尤其是我要对学生们的功课负责，几乎跟对待我自己的功课完全一样。但是，从这种锻练中我受益匪浅，对于教的内容，我能够学得更全面，记得更牢固。教学的时候向别人解释难点，这种训练可能即使在那么小的年龄也是很有用的。就其他方面讲，我童年时代的经历并不利于小孩子们互相教学的安排。我敢肯定，当时的教学效率非常低，我也很清楚，老师和学生之间的关系，对彼此来说也不是很好的道德约束。我就是这样学完了拉丁语语法，还有科尼利厄斯·内波斯的作品和恺撒的《回忆录》的一大部分，但是后来，除了督导这些课程之外，我自己还学习了更多的课程。

In the same year in which I began Latin, I made my first commencement in the Greek poets with the Iliad.[9] After I had made some progress in this, my father put Pope's translation into my hands. It was the first English verse I had cared to read, and it became one of the books in which for many years I most delighted: I think I must have read it from twenty to thirty times through. I should not have thought it worth while to mention a taste apparently so natural to boyhood, if I had not, as I think, observed that the keen enjoyment of this brilliant specimen of narrative and versification is not so universal with boys, as I should have expected both a priori and from my individual experience. Soon after this time I commenced Euclid[10], and somewhat later, algebra, still under my father's tuition.

开始学习拉丁语的同一年，我第一次开始读希腊诗人的作品，先读了《伊利亚特》。在这上面有了一些进展之后，父亲把蒲柏的译作交到我手中。这本译作是我愿意读的第一本英语诗著作，而且成为多年来我一直特别喜欢的书之一。我想，我肯定从头到尾读过二三十遍。它是非常优秀的叙事和韵律的典范，我想，要不是我发现并非所有男孩子都特别喜欢它的话，我就不会觉得值得一提了，尽管从理论和我个人的经验来看，少年时代喜欢它看似非常自然。在这之后不久，仍然在父亲的指导下，我开始学习几何，又过了一阵子，开始学代数。

From my eighth to my twelfth year the Latin books which I remember reading were, the Bucolics of Virgil, and the first six books of the Aeneid; all Horace[11], except the Epodes; the fables of Phaedrus; the first five books of Livy[12] (to which from my love of the subject I voluntarily added, in my hours of leisure, the remainder of the first decade); all Sallust; a considerable part of Ovid's Metamorphoses; some plays of Terence[13]; two or three books of Lucretius; several of the Orations of Cicero[14], and of his writings on oratory; also his letters

to Atticus, my father taking the trouble to translate to me from the French the historical explanations in Mongault's notes. In Greek I read the Iliad and Odyssey through; one or two plays of Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes, though by these I profited little; all Thucydides[15]; the Hellenics of Xenophon[16]; a great part of Demosthenes, Aeschines, and Lysias; Theocritus; Anacreon; part of the Anthology; a little of Dionysius; several books of Polybius; and lastly, Aristotle's Rhetoric, which, as the first expressly scientific treatise on any moral or psychological subject which I had read, and containing many of the best observations of the ancients on human nature and life, my father made me study with peculiar care, and throw the matter of it into synoptic tables. During the same years I learnt elementary geometry and algebra thoroughly, the differential calculus, and other portions of the higher mathematics far from thoroughly: for my father, not having kept up this part of his early acquired knowledge, could not spare time to qualify himself for removing my difficulties, and left me to deal with them, with little other aid than that of books: while I was continually incurring his displeasure by my inability to solve difficult problems for which he did not see that I had not the necessary previous knowledge.

我记得，从八岁到十二岁，我读的拉丁语书籍有维吉尔的《牧歌》以及《埃涅伊特》的前六本，除了《抒情诗》之外贺拉斯的全部作品，费德鲁斯的寓言，李维《罗马史》的前五卷（由于喜欢这个主题，闲着的时候，我自愿读了前十卷的剩余部分），萨卢斯特的全部作品，奥维德《变形记》的大部分，泰伦斯的一些剧本，卢克莱修的两三本书，西塞罗的好几本演说集和关于演讲术的著作，以及他给阿提库斯的信件。父亲不辞劳苦，为我把蒙戈尔特注解中的历史说明从法语翻译过来。我通读了希腊语的《伊利亚特》和《奥德赛》，索福克勒斯、欧里庇得斯和阿里斯托芬的一两个剧本（但从中受益很少），修昔底德的全部作品，色诺芬的《希腊史》，狄摩西尼、埃斯基涅斯和利西阿斯作品的一大部分，忒奥克里托斯、阿那克里翁的全部作品，《文选》的一部分，狄奥尼修斯的一小部分作品，波利比奥斯的好几本书，最后是亚里士多德的《修辞学》。《修辞学》是我读过的关于道德或心理学主题的第一本科学的专著，书中包括很多古代人对人性和人生最到位的观察。父亲让我仔细研读，还让我把里面的内容列成一览表。这几年，我还全面学习了初级几何和代数，而微分学和高等数学的其他部分则学得远远不够全面。因为父亲把早年掌握的这些知识全都忘了，没有时间再捡起来帮我解答难题，所以，除了书本之外，几乎没有什么可以帮助我的。而我经常由于无法解决很难的习题，总是招惹父亲不快，但他没有看到，其实我根本不具备解决这些问题必需的知识储备。

As to my private reading, I can only speak of what I remember. History continued to be my strongest predilection, and most of all ancient history. Mitford's Greece I read continually; my father had put

me on my guard against the Tory prejudices of this writer, and his perversions of facts for the whitewashing of despots, and blackening of popular institutions. These points he discoursed on, exemplifying them from the Greek orators and historians, with such effect that in reading Mitford my sympathies were always on the contrary side to those of the author, and I could, to some extent, have argued the point against him: yet this did not diminish the ever new pleasure with which I read the book. Roman history, both in my old favorite, Hooke, and in Ferguson, continued to delight me. A book which, in spite of what is called the dryness of its style, I took great pleasure in, was the Ancient Universal History, through the incessant reading of which, I had my head full of historical details concerning the obscurest ancient people, while about modern history, except detached passages such as the Dutch War of Independence, I knew and cared comparatively little. A voluntary exercise, to which throughout my boyhood I was much addicted, was what I called writing histories. I successively composed a Roman History, picked out of Hooke; an abridgment of the Ancient Universal History; a History of Holland, from my favorite Watson and from an anonymous compilation; and in my eleventh and twelfth year I occupied myself with writing what I flattered myself was something serious. This was no less than a history of the Roman Government, compiled (with the assistance of Hooke) from Livy and Dionysius: of which I wrote as much as would have made an octavo volume, extending to the epoch of the Licinian Laws. It was, in fact, an account of the struggles between the patricians and plebeians, which now engrossed all the interest in my mind which I had previously felt in the mere wars and conquests of the Romans. I discussed all the constitutional points as they arose: though quite ignorant of Niebuhr's researches, I, by such lights as my father had given me, vindicated the Agrarian Laws on the evidence of Livy, and upheld, to the best of my ability, the Roman Democratic party. A few years later, in my contempt of my childish efforts, I destroyed all these papers, not then anticipating that I could ever feel any curiosity about my first attempts at writing and reasoning. My father encouraged me in this useful amusement, though, as I think judiciously, he never asked to see what I wrote; so that I did not feel that in writing it I was accountable to any one, nor had the chilling sensation of being under a critical eye.

关于自己读的书，我只能说一说还记得的。我最偏爱的仍然是历史，尤其是古代史。我不厌其烦地读米特福德的《希腊史》。父亲提醒我警惕作者保守派的偏见，以及他为了美化暴君、诋毁民主制度而颠倒的事实。他用希腊演说家和历史学家的例子向我讲述这些观点，结果在读米特福德时，我和作者赞同的东西总是相反的，在某种程度上，我甚至能提出反对他的观点；但是，每次读这本书时所带来的新的愉悦，并

没有因此而减少。我以前的最爱胡克和弗格森讲述的罗马历史继续给我带来快乐。有本书，尽管有人称它风格单调乏味，但我非常喜欢读，那就是《古代通史》。我不厌其烦地读，满脑子都是最不知名的古代人的详细资料，但是现代史，除了一些孤立的章节，如荷兰独立战争外，相对来说，我知道得很少，也不怎么关注。整个少年时代，我心甘情愿做的而且很上瘾的事情就是我所谓的“写历史”。我相继创作了一部《罗马史》（是从胡克的《罗马史》中摘选出来的），《古代通史》的节略本，一部《荷兰史》（是从我最喜欢的沃森和一部匿名的汇编中选录出来的）。十一二岁的时候，我在专注地写一些自以为比较严肃的东西。这不亚于一部罗马政府的历史，编辑的资料源于李维和迪奥尼修斯（还得益于胡克），我写了很多，都可以出八卷本的书了，一直写到颁行李西尼法的时代。实际上，它记述的是贵族与平民之间的斗争，当时它吸引了我的全部兴趣和关注，而这种关注过去仅集中在罗马征战中。我讨论了出现过的每一个体制上的观点。尽管我完全不知道尼布尔的研究成果，但是在父亲的指导下，按照李维提供的证据，我证明了农业法的正确性，而且尽自己所能地支持了罗马民主党。几年后，由于蔑视自己孩子气的努力，我把这些文章都毁掉了，那时根本没想到，以后还会对自己初次尝试写作和推理有任何好奇。但是，父亲鼓励我进行这种有用的娱乐活动，尽管他从来不要求看我写的东西，我觉得这很明智。这样一来，我就不会觉得写作要对谁负责，也没有被一双挑剔的眼睛盯着而害怕的感觉。

But though these exercises in history were never a compulsory lesson, there was another kind of composition which was so, namely, writing verses, and it was one of the most disagreeable of my tasks. Greek and Latin verses I did not write, nor learnt the prosody of those languages. My father, thinking this not worth the time it required, contented himself with making me read aloud to him, and correcting false quantities. I never composed at all in Greek, even in prose, and but little in Latin. Not that my father could be indifferent to the value of this practice, in giving a thorough knowledge of these languages, but because there really was not time for it. The verses I was required to write were English. When I first read Pope's Homer, I ambitiously attempted to compose something of the same kind, and achieved as much as one book of a continuation of the Iliad. There, probably, the spontaneous promptings of my poetical ambition would have stopped; but the exercise, begun from choice, was continued by command. Conformably to my father's usual practice of explaining to me, as far as possible, the reasons for what he required me to do, he gave me, for this, as I well remember, two reasons highly characteristic of him: One was, that some things could be expressed better and more forcibly in verse than in prose: this, he said, was a real advantage. The other was, that people in general attached more value to verse than it deserved, and the power of writing it, was, on this account, worth acquiring. He generally left me to choose my own subjects, which, as far as I

remember, were mostly addresses to some mythological personage or allegorical abstraction; but he made me translate into English verse many of Horace's shorter poems: I also remember his giving me Thomson's "Winter" to read, and afterwards making me attempt (without book) to write something myself on the same subject. The verses I wrote were, of course the merest rubbish, nor did I ever attain any facility of versification, but the practice may have been useful in making it easier for me, at a later period, to acquire readiness of expression. I had read, up to this time, very little English poetry. Shakespeare my father had put into my hands, chiefly for the sake of the historical plays, from which, however, I went on to the others. My father never was a great admirer of Shakespeare, the English idolatry of whom he used to attack with some severity. He cared little for any English poetry except Milton (for whom he had the highest admiration), Goldsmith, Burns[17], and Gray's "Bard," which he preferred to his Elegy: perhaps I may add Cowper[18] and Beattie[19]. He had some value for Spenser[20], and I remember his reading to me (unlike his usual practice of making me read to him), the first book of The Fairie Queene; but I took little pleasure in it. The poetry of the present century he saw scarcely any merit in, and I hardly became acquainted with any of it till I was grown up to manhood, except the metrical romances of Walter Scott, which I read at his recommendation and was intensely delighted with; as I always was with animated narrative. Dryden's Poems were among my father's books, and many of these he made me read, but I never cared for any of them except Alexander's Feast, which, as well as many of the songs in Walter Scott, I used to sing internally, to a music of my own: to some of the latter, indeed, I went so far as to compose airs, which I still remember. Cowper's short poems I read with some pleasure, but never got far into the longer ones; and nothing in the two volumes interested me like the prose account of his three hares. In my thirteenth year I met with Campbell's Poems, among which "Lochiel," "Hohenlinden," "The Exile of Erin," and some others, gave me sensations I had never before experienced from poetry. Here, too, I made nothing of the longer poems, except the striking opening of "Gertrude of Wyoming," which long kept its place in my feelings as the perfection of pathos.

尽管写历史的练习从来都不是必修课，但是，有一样写作是必须的，即写诗，这是我最不喜欢的功课之一。我没有写过希腊语和拉丁语的诗，也没学这两种语言的格律。父亲认为花太多时间做这个不值得，所以只让我给他读出来，订正我不对的地方。我从未用希腊语写作过，甚至连散文都没写过，只用拉丁语写过一点点。不是父亲不在乎写作对于全面掌握这些语言的重要性，而是根本没有时间这么做。他要求我写的是英语诗歌。第一次读蒲柏翻译的《荷马史诗》的时候，我雄心勃勃

地要写一部类似的著作，而且写了《伊利亚特》的续集那么长的一本书。我自发的写诗抱负，很可能那时就中止了；但是，最初我自愿写诗的做法，后来因父亲的命令坚持了下去。父亲总是尽量给我解释他要求我做某件事的原因，我记得很清楚，这件事他同样也给出两条原因，都非常符合他的风格。一条是，有些事用诗来表达比用散文更清楚，更有力，他说这是个实实在在的长处。另一条是，人们大都给予诗歌比它本身更高的价值，因此，有必要获得写诗的能力。他一般都让我自己选择主题，我记得大多是给一些神话人物或者寓言抽象物致词，但是他让我把贺拉斯的很多短诗翻译成英语。我还记得他让我读汤姆逊的《冬天》，然后让我自己试着（不看书）就同一主题写些东西。当然，我写的诗纯粹是些废话，我也从来没有学会任何写诗的技巧，但是这种练习让我后来更容易获得表达能力。到这时，我读的英语诗歌仍然很少。父亲把莎士比亚的作品放到我手中，主要是让我读历史剧，然而我却继续读其他的剧本。父亲一直都不怎么崇拜莎士比亚，他甚至曾严厉地批判这位英国人的偶像。除了弥尔顿（他最崇拜的人）、哥尔德斯密斯和彭斯的诗歌以及格雷的《游吟诗人》（比起《墓园挽歌》，父亲更喜欢格雷的这首作品），别的英国诗歌父亲都不喜欢，或许还喜欢柯珀和贝蒂。他对斯宾塞评价也不低，我记得他给我读（不像他一贯让我读给他听的做法）《仙后》的第一本，但是我不怎么喜欢。他觉得本世纪的诗歌几乎没什么价值，所以成年之前，我对当代诗歌几乎完全不熟悉，但是沃尔特.司各特的浪漫诗歌除外，那是在父亲的推荐下读的，我非常感兴趣，因为我一贯喜欢活泼的叙事。德莱顿的诗是我父亲喜欢读的，他让我读了很多，但是除了《亚历山大的盛宴》之外，我一首都不喜欢。我经常用自己的调子，在心里默唱这首诗和沃尔特.司各特的很多抒情诗，我甚至给司各特的一些抒情诗谱了曲子，到现在都还记得。柯珀的短诗我还比较喜欢读，但是从来没有去读长诗；而他的两卷书里的任何东西，都不如他用散文写的三只野兔让我感兴趣。十三岁时，我偶然读了坎贝尔的诗，其中《洛希尔》《霍恩林登》《埃琳的放逐》和其他一些诗给我的震撼，是以前读诗的时候从来没有体验过的。至此，我还是轻视长诗，《怀俄明的格特鲁德》除了令人震撼的开篇外，我长久以来一直觉得那是痛苦的极量。

During this part of my childhood, one of my greatest amusements was experimental science; in the theoretical, however, not the practical sense of the word; not trying experiments—a kind of discipline which I have often regretted not having had—nor even seeing, but merely reading about them. I never remember being so wrapt up in any book, as I was in Joyce's Scientific Dialogues; and I was rather recalcitrant to my father's criticisms of the bad reasoning respecting the first principles of physics, which abounds in the early part of that work. I devoured treatises on Chemistry, especially that of my father's early friend and schoolfellow, Dr. Thomson, for years before I attended a lecture or saw an experiment.

童年的这段时间，我最大的乐趣之一就是实验科学——是理论上而

不是实际意义上的实验科学。我没做过试验性的实验，也经常遗憾没有这种实验经历，甚至没见过，只是读过。我从来不记得读任何书像读乔伊斯的《科学对话》那样专注。父亲批评这部书的前面部分对物理学基本定律的推理漏洞百出，我非常反对他的观点。在听到讲座或看到实验之前，有很多年，我贪婪地阅读化学论文，尤其是父亲早先的朋友兼校友汤姆森博士的论文。

From about the age of twelve, I entered into another and more advanced stage in my course of instruction; in which the main object was no longer the aids and appliances of thought, but the thoughts themselves. This commenced with Logic, in which I began at once with the Organon[21], and read it to the Analytics inclusive, but profited little by the Posterior Analytics, which belong to a branch of speculation I was not yet ripe for. Contemporaneously with the Organon, my father made me read the whole or parts of several of the Latin treatises on the scholastic logic; giving each day to him, in our walks, a minute account of what I had read, and answering his numerous and searching questions. After this, I went in a similar manner, through the "Computatio sive Logica" of Hobbes, a work of a much higher order of thought than the books of the school logicians, and which he estimated very highly; in my own opinion beyond its merits, great as these are. It was his invariable practice, whatever studies he exacted from me, to make me as far as possible understand and feel the utility of them: and this he deemed peculiarly fitting in the case of the syllogistic logic, the usefulness of which had been impugned by so many writers of authority. I well remember how, and in what particular walk, in the neighbourhood of Bagshot Heath (where we were on a visit to his old friend Mr. Wallace, then one of the Mathematical Professors at Sandhurst) he first attempted by questions to make me think on the subject, and frame some conception of what constituted the utility of the syllogistic logic, and when I had failed in this, to make me understand it by explanations. The explanations did not make the matter at all clear to me at the time; but they were not therefore useless; they remained as a nucleus for my observations and reflections to crystallize upon; the import of his general remarks being interpreted to me, by the particular instances which came under my notice afterwards. My own consciousness and experience ultimately led me to appreciate quite as highly as he did, the value of an early practical familiarity with the school logic. I know of nothing, in my education, to which I think myself more indebted for whatever capacity of thinking I have attained. The first intellectual operation in which I arrived at any proficiency, was dissecting a bad argument, and finding in what part the fallacy lay: and though whatever capacity of this sort I attained, was due to the fact that it was an intellectual exercise in which I was

most perseveringly drilled by my father, yet it is also true that the school logic, and the mental habits acquired in studying it, were among the principal instruments of this drilling. I am persuaded that nothing, in modern education, tends so much, when properly used, to form exact thinkers, who attach a precise meaning to words and propositions, and are not imposed on by vague, loose, or ambiguous terms. The boasted influence of mathematical studies is nothing to it; for in mathematical processes, none of the real difficulties of correct ratiocination occur. It is also a study peculiarly adapted to an early stage in the education of philosophical students, since it does not presuppose the slow process of acquiring, by experience and reflection, valuable thoughts of their own. They may become capable of disentangling the intricacies of confused and self-contradictory thought, before their own thinking faculties are much advanced; a power which, for want of some such discipline, many otherwise able men altogether lack; and when they have to answer opponents, only endeavour, by such arguments as they can command, to support the opposite conclusion, scarcely even attempting to confute the reasonings of their antagonists; and, therefore, at the utmost, leaving the question, as far as it depends on argument, a balanced one.

大概从十二岁起，我接受的教育进入了另一个更高的阶段。主要的学习对象已经不再是思维辅助和应用方面，而是思维本身。从学习逻辑开始，在逻辑学里，我一上来就开始学《工具论》，一直读完包括分析学在内的所有内容，但我从后验分析里面收益甚少。后验分析属于推断的一个分支，我那时还不够成熟，无法理解。在读《工具论》的同时，父亲让我读了好几篇关于经院逻辑的拉丁语论文，有的全部都读，有的读一部分。每天我们一起散步的时候，他让我详细汇报读过的东西，并回答他许多敏锐的问题。这之后，我以相似的方式，通读了霍布斯的《计算法和逻辑学》，这本书比经院派逻辑学家的著作在思想层次上高了一大截，父亲对它推崇备至。在我看来，它确实很有价值，但父亲未免有些夸张。不管要求我学什么，父亲一贯的做法，是让我尽可能地理解并感觉到它们的效用。他觉得，这种做法在学习三段论法逻辑的时候尤其适用，而三段论法的作用受到了很多权威作家的责难。我清楚地记得，那次在巴格肖特赫斯附近散步的时候（我们那时去拜访父亲的老朋友华莱士先生，他当时是皇家陆军军官大学的数学教授），父亲是怎样尝试用问题激发我对这个题目的思考，让我对三段论法逻辑学的效用构成形成一些概念，我无法理解时，他就解释给我听。当时，这些解释并没有让我弄清楚这个问题，但是也并非没用，它们成为我的观察和沉思赖以成形的核心。后来我通过自己所注意到的一些具体情况理解了父亲所做的概括性的论述。我自己的认识和体验，最终让我像他一样高度评价少时真正通晓经院派逻辑学的价值。我认为，在我接受的教育当中，我所获得的任何思考能力，最应该归功于它。我比较熟练的早期智力练习，是仔细剖析错误的论点，并找出谬误在什么地方。不管在这种练习中我获得了什么样的能力，都应归功于父亲，是他坚持训练我，让我做

这样的智力练习。但是，不可否认经院派逻辑学以及学习它时养成的思维习惯，是这种训练的主要手段之一。我相信，在现代教育中，经院派逻辑如果运用适当的话，没有任何东西能像它一样塑造缜密的思想家，这些思想家会赋予文字和命题精确的意义，而且不受模糊、不精确或不明确术语的影响。被引以自豪的数学研究，其影响力根本不能与它相比，因为在数学步骤中，正确的推理过程不25我的知识之路会产生真正的难题。数学研究也特别适合哲学学生早期阶段的教育，因为它不以学生通过经验和思考形成自己有价值思想的缓慢过程为条件。他们有可能在自己的思维能力到达一个高级阶段之前，就能解开混乱、自相矛盾的思想中的难题。这种本领是很多本来可以很有能力的人，因缺乏这种训练而欠缺的。当他们必须反击对手时，只能试图用自己所能驾驭的论据来论证反面结论，而很少尝试去驳斥对手的推理。因此，只要解决问题取决于论证的话，最多只能双方不分胜负，悬而不决。

During this time, the Latin and Greek books which I continued to read with my father were chiefly such as were worth studying not for the language merely, but also for the thoughts. This included much of the orators, and especially Demosthenes[22], some of whose principal orations I read several times over, and wrote out, by way of exercise, a full analysis of them. My father's comments on these orations when I read them to him were very instructive to me. He not only drew my attention to the insight they afforded into Athenian institutions, and the principles of legislation and government which they often illustrated, but pointed out the skill and art of the orator—how everything important to his purpose was said at the exact moment when he had brought the minds of his audience into the state most fitted to receive it; how he made steal into their minds, gradually and by insinuation, thoughts which, if expressed in a more direct manner would have roused their opposition. Most of these reflections were beyond my capacity of full comprehension at the time; but they left seed behind, which germinated in due season. At this time I also read the whole of Tacitus[23], Juvenal[24], and Quintilian[25]. The latter, owing to his obscure style and to the scholastic details of which many parts of his treatise are made up, is little read, and seldom sufficiently appreciated. His book is a kind of encyclopaedia of the thoughts of the ancients on the whole field of education and culture; and I have retained through life many valuable ideas which I can distinctly trace to my reading of him, even at that early age. It was at this period that I read, for the first time, some of the most important dialogues of Plato, in particular the Gorgias[26], the Protagoras[27], and the Republic. There is no author to whom my father thought himself more indebted for his own mental culture, than Plato, or whom he more frequently recommended to young students. I can bear similar testimony in regard to myself. The Socratic method[28], of which the Platonic dialogues are the chief example, is unsurpassed as a discipline for

correcting the errors, and clearing up the confusions incident to the intellectus sibi permissus, the understanding which has made up all its bundles of associations under the guidance of popular phraseology. The close, searching elenchus by which the man of vague generalities is constrained either to express his meaning to himself in definite terms, or to confess that he does not know what he is talking about; the perpetual testing of all general statements by particular instances; the siege in form which is laid to the meaning of large abstract terms, by fixing upon some still larger class-name which includes that and more, and dividing down to the thing sought—marking out its limits and definition by a series of accurately drawn distinctions between it and each of the cognate objects which are successively parted off from it—all this, as an education for precise thinking, is inestimable, and all this, even at that age, took such hold of me that it became part of my own mind. I have felt ever since that the title of Platonist belongs by far better right to those who have been nourished in, and have endeavoured to practise Plato's mode of investigation, than to those who are distinguished only by the adoption of certain dogmatical conclusions, drawn mostly from the least intelligible of his works, and which the character of his mind and writings makes it uncertain whether he himself regarded as anything more than poetic fancies, or philosophic conjectures.

这段时间，我继续和父亲一起读拉丁语和希腊语书籍，大都是不仅语言值得学习，思想也值得学习的书。这其中包括很多演说家尤其是狄摩西尼的著作，他的一些主要演说我从头到尾看了好几遍，并且以练习的方式，写了全面的分析。我把演说读给父亲听的时候，他的评价对我很有启发。他不仅使我注意到这些演讲中为雅典制度提供的真知灼见，以及它们经常举例说明的立法和政府的原则，还指出演说家的技巧和艺术——如何把对他有利的一切东西，在他把观众的思维带到最适合接受它们的状态时说出；如何逐渐通过暗示，悄悄地把思想植入观众的脑袋，而这些思想，如果以一种更直接方式表达的话，就会引起观众的反对。就这些想法中的大部分而言，我当时还没有能力完全理解；但是它们种下了种子，而且在适当的季节生根发芽。这时，我还读了塔西佗、尤维纳利斯和昆体良的全部著作。后者由于风格晦涩，而且很多论述由学究气的细节组成，因此很少有人读，难以得到足够的赏识。他的书相当于一部古人整个教育和文化思想的百科全书；我一生中持有的很多有价值的观点，都清楚地源自他的书，即使是那么年幼的时候读的。就在这时，我第一次读了柏拉图一些最重要的对话录，尤其是《高尔吉亚篇》《普罗泰哥拉篇》和《共和政体》。父亲认为柏拉图对自己精神文化的影响比任何作家都要大，他经常向年轻学生推荐的也是他。这一点在我身上也体现出来。以柏拉图式的对话为范例的苏格拉底问答法，是一种非常卓越的训练方法，用以纠正错误，在智力允许的情况下澄清悟性混乱。这种智力允许的情况是指在通俗的语法及措词的指导下，能够产生大量联想意义的理解。这种精确、透彻的问答法，让模糊笼统的人

要么用明确的术语向自己解释意思，要么干脆承认不知道自己在说什么。永远用具体的例子检验所有一般性的陈述，对抽象、涵义广的术语进行形式上的限定，这需要确定某个更大的类别，这一类别包括许多术语，通过对相关事物进行一系列精确的区分，标出它的界限和定义，使这些术语细化到想要的程度——所有这一切，作为精确思考的训练，都是极宝贵的。所有这一切，即使在我那么小的年龄，也能抓住我的注意力，成为我思维的一部分。从那时起，我一直觉得，柏拉图主义者的头衔更应该属于那些从柏拉图研究模式中受益并努力践行它的人，而不是那些仅因为采用某些武断的结论而出名的人，这些结论大多是从柏拉图最难理解的著作中提取的，而从他的思想和作品特征来看，恐怕连他自己都不确定这些是诗歌式的幻想，还是哲学猜想。

In going through Plato and Demosthenes, since I could now read these authors, as far as the language was concerned, with perfect ease, I was not required to construe them sentence by sentence, but to read them aloud to my father, answering questions when asked: but the particular attention which he paid to elocution (in which his own excellence was remarkable) made this reading aloud to him a most painful task. Of all things which he required me to do, there was none which I did so constantly ill, or in which he so perpetually lost his temper with me. He had thought much on the principles of the art of reading, especially the most neglected part of it, the inflexions of the voice, or modulation as writers on elocution call it (in contrast with articulation on the one side, and expression on the other), and had reduced it to rules, grounded on the logical analysis of a sentence. These rules he strongly impressed upon me, and took me severely to task for every violation of them: but I even then remarked (though I did not venture to make the remark to him) that though he reproached me when I read a sentence ill, and told me how I ought to have read it, he never, by reading it himself, showed me how it ought to be read. A defect running through his otherwise admirable modes of instruction, as it did through all his modes of thought, was that of trusting too much to the intelligibleness of the abstract, when not embodied in the concrete. It was at a much later period of my youth, when practising elocution by myself, or with companions of my own age, that I for the first time understood the object of his rules, and saw the psychological grounds of them. At that time I and others followed out the subject into its ramifications and could have composed a very useful treatise, grounded on my father's principles. He himself left those principles and rules unwritten. I regret that when my mind was full of the subject, from systematic practice, I did not put them, and our improvements of them, into a formal shape.

在读柏拉图和狄摩西尼时我已经没有语言上的困难了，所以在通读这些作者的作品时，父亲不让我逐句地解释，而是大声读出来，并回答

他的问题。但是，由于他特别注意朗诵法（在这方面他非常优秀），所以给他朗读是件很痛苦的事。在他要求我做的所有事情当中，只有这件事是我总也做不好，或者总让他对我发火的。对于朗读艺术的原则，他思考过很多，尤其是最常被人忽视的那部分，如音调变化，朗诵法的作者称它为韵律（一方面和发音形成对比，另一方面和措词形成对比），并基于对句子的逻辑分析，将其归纳成准则。他让我牢牢记住这些准则，我每次违反，都会受到严厉的指责。但是，我甚至在那时就注意到（尽管我没有斗胆跟他谈及此事），虽然我句子读得不好的时候他责备我，并告诉我应该怎么读，但是他从来没有通过自己朗读，来给我展示应该怎样朗读。他的教育方式以及他的整个思考方式一直有一个缺点，就是过于相信抽象事物在没有具体事例佐证时仍能够被理解，除了这一点，他的教育方式还是很值得钦佩的。在我青年末期，我自己或者在和同龄伙伴练习朗读与演讲时，我才第一次理解他的准则针对的对象和它们的心理学根据。那时，我和其他人一直探究这个主题，追本溯源，原本是能够在父亲的原则的基础之上创作一篇非常有用的论文的。但他自己没有把这些原则和准则写下来。我也很遗憾，由于系统地实践，当时我满脑子都是这个主题，但我没有把它们以及我们对它们的改进，以正式的形式写下来。

A book which contributed largely to my education, in the best sense of the term, was my father's History of India. It was published in the beginning of 1818. During the year previous, while it was passing through the press, I used to read the proof sheets to him; or rather, I read the manuscript to him while he corrected the proofs. The number of new ideas which I received from this remarkable book, and the impulse and stimulus as well as guidance given to my thoughts by its criticisms and disquisitions on society and civilization in the Hindoo part, on institutions and the acts of governments in the English part, made my early familiarity with it eminently useful to my subsequent progress. And though I can perceive deficiencies in it now as compared with a perfect standard, I still think it, if not the most, one of the most instructive histories ever written, and one of the books from which most benefit may be derived by a mind in the course of making up its opinions.

从教育的最佳意义上讲，对我的教育大有裨益的一本书是父亲的《英属印度史》，它出版于1818年年初。之前的一年，这本书正在接受出版社的审查，我经常给他读校样，或者我给他读手抄本，他改校样。从这本不寻常的书中，我得到了很多新观点，还有它对印度的社会和文明，对英国的制度和政府行为的批评及专题讨论，都给我的思想以刺激、促进和指引。早期通晓这本书，对我后来的进步产生了巨大作用。尽管和最好的标准读本相比，我现在能觉察到里面的不足，但是，我仍然认为，它即使不是人们写过的最具教育性的史书，也是其中之一，而且是个人观点形成过程中，可从中受益良多的一本书。

The Preface, among the most characteristic of my father's

writings, as well as the richest in materials of thought, gives a picture which may be entirely depended on, of the sentiments and expectations with which he wrote the History. Saturated as the book is with the opinions and modes of judgment of a democratic radicalism then regarded as extreme; and treating with a severity, at that time most unusual, the English Constitution, the English law, and all parties and classes who possessed any considerable inf luence in the country; he may have expected reputation, but certainly not advancement in life, from its publication; nor could he have supposed that it would raise up anything but enemies for him in powerful quarters: least of all could he have expected favour from the East India Company, to whose commercial privileges he was unqualifiedly hostile, and on the acts of whose government he had made so many severe comments: though, in various parts of his book, he bore a testimony in their favour, which he felt to be their just due, namely, that no Government had on the whole given so much proof, to the extent of its lights, of good intention towards its subjects; and that if the acts of any other Government had the light of publicity as completely let in upon them, they would, in all probability, still less bear scrutiny.

前言最能体现父亲的著述风格，也包含最丰富的思想内涵，它忠实地反映了父亲创作《英属印度史》一书时的情绪和期待。这本书饱含当时被认为很偏激的民主激进主义的观点和判断模式；而且，对待英国宪法、英国法律和在英国拥有一定影响力的所有政党及阶级的态度非常严厉，这在当时是很罕见的。他可能期望借出版此书获得名誉，但是肯定没有指望靠它提升生活质量。除了在掌权派中增加敌人外，他也不会认为它还能带来什么。他最不奢望的是得到东印度公司的青睐，因为他绝对敌视该公司的商业特权，对它的政府行为也做了很多严厉的批评。尽管在书中不少地方，他也做了对他们有利的论述，他认为是他们应得的，即与其他政府相比，这个政府总体来说，竭尽所能给出了很多证据，证明对自己臣民的善意。如果其他任何政府的行为有觉悟完全公之于众的话，它们很可能更经受不起仔细的检查。

On learning, however, in the spring of 1819, about a year after the publication of the History, that the East India Directors desired to strengthen the part of their home establishment which was employed in carrying on the correspondence with India, my father declared himself a candidate for that employment, and, to the credit of the Directors, successfully. He was appointed one of the Assistants of the Examiner of India Correspondence; officers whose duty it was to prepare drafts of despatches to India, for consideration by the Directors, in the principal departments of administration. In this office, and in that of Examiner, which he subsequently attained, the influence which his talents, his reputation, and his decision of character gave him, with superiors who really desired the good

government of India, enabled him to a great extent to throw into his drafts of despatches, and to carry through the ordeal of the Court of Directors and Board of Control, without having their force much weakened, his real opinions on Indian subjects. In his History he had set forth, for the first time, many of the true principles of Indian administration: and his despatches, following his History, did more than had ever been done before to promote the improvement of India, and teach Indian officials to understand their business. If a selection of them were published, they would, I am convinced, place his character as a practical statesman fully on a level with his eminence as a speculative writer.

然而，1819年春天，《英属印度史》出版后大概一年，得知东印度公司的董事们希望加强负责开展与印度通信联系的国内机构后，父亲宣布要竞聘这份工作。感谢那些董事们，父亲被录取了，他被任命为印度通信部的审查员助理。这类职员的职责是起草发往印度的公文，供主要行政部门的董事们参考。在这个职位上，以及在他后来获得的审查员职位上，父亲的才能、声誉和果断的性格赋予他的影响力，加上真正渴望好好管理印度的上级，使他在起草公文的时候，能够经常把自己对印度问题的观点融入其中（这一点没有削弱公文的效力），并通过董事会和管理委员会的考验。在《英属印度史》中，他第一次阐明了印度行政管理的真正原则。他的公文，遵循《英属印度史》，对促进印度的进步起到了前所未有的作用，并教育印度官员了解自己的职责。如果选择一部分发表的话，我相信，它们会让人觉得父亲是一位勤于思考的卓越作家的同时，同样是一位务实的政治家。

This new employment of his time caused no relaxation in his attention to my education. It was in this same year, 1819, that he took me through a complete course of political economy. His loved and intimate friend, Ricardo[29], had shortly before published the book which formed so great an epoch in political economy; a book which never would have been published or written, but for the entreaty and strong encouragement of my father; for Ricardo, the most modest of men, though firmly convinced of the truth of his doctrines, deemed himself so little capable of doing them justice in exposition and expression, that he shrank from the idea of publicity. The same friendly encouragement induced Ricardo, a year or two later, to become a member of the House of Commons; where, during the few remaining years of his life, unhappily cut short in the full vigour of his intellect, he rendered so much service to his and my father's opinions both in political economy and on other subjects.

尽管他的时间有了新用途，但是他一点也没有放松对我的教育的关注。同一年（1819年），他让我完整地学习了政治经济学。他爱戴的密友李嘉图，刚刚出版了一本书，这本书在政治经济学史上开创了伟大的新纪元，但如果没有父亲的迫切要求和坚定鼓励的话，这本书根本就不

会出版甚至成书。这是因为李嘉图非常谦虚，尽管坚信自己的学说非常正确，却认为自己没有能力去很好地阐述和表达，所以他不愿意公之于众。同样的友好鼓励，促使李嘉图一两年后成为下议院的议员。在那里，在他生命的最后几年里，他为自己和我父亲在政治经济学和其他问题上的观点贡献了很多，很不幸，他正当才华横溢之时离开了人世。

Though Ricardo's great work was already in print, no didactic treatise embodying its doctrines, in a manner fit for learners, had yet appeared. My father, therefore, commenced instructing me in the science by a sort of lectures, which he delivered to me in our walks. He expounded each day a portion of the subject, and I gave him next day a written account of it, which he made me rewrite over and over again until it was clear, precise, and tolerably complete. In this manner I went through the whole extent of the science; and the written outline of it which resulted from my daily compte rendu, served him afterwards as notes from which to write his Elements of Political Economy. After this I read Ricardo, giving an account daily of what I read, and discussing, in the best manner I could, the collateral points which offered themselves in our progress. On Money, as the most intricate part of the subject, he made me read in the same manner Ricardo's admirable pamphlets, written during what was called the Bullion controversy; to these succeeded Adam Smith; and in this reading it was one of my father's main objects to make me apply to Smith's more superficial view of political economy, the superior lights of Ricardo, and detect what was fallacious in Smith's arguments, or erroneous in any of his conclusions. Such a mode of instruction was excellently calculated to form a thinker; but it required to be worked by a thinker, as close and vigorous as my father. The path was a thorny one, even to him, and I am sure it was so to me, notwithstanding the strong interest I took in the subject. He was often, and much beyond reason, provoked by my failures in cases where success could not have been expected; but in the main his method was right, and it succeeded. I do not believe that any scientific teaching ever was more thorough, or better fitted for training the faculties, than the mode in which logic and political economy were taught to me by my father. Striving, even in an exaggerated degree, to call forth the activity of my faculties, by making me find out everything for myself, he gave his explanations not before, but after, I had felt the full force of the difficulties; and not only gave me an accurate knowledge of these two great subjects, as far as they were then understood, but made me a thinker on both. I thought for myself almost from the first, and occasionally thought differently from him, though for a long time only on minor points, and making his opinion the ultimate standard. At a later period I even occasionally convinced him, and altered his opinion on some points of detail: which I state to

his honour, not my own. It at once exemplifies his perfect candour, and the real worth of his method of teaching.

尽管李嘉图的伟大作品已经出版，但是具有教诲性的，并以适合初学者方式写的有关其学说的论文，还没有出现。因此，父亲开始用授课的方式教我学习这门科学，在我们散步的时候讲给我听。他每天阐述这个主题的一部分，第二天，我交给他书面报告，他会让我一遍又一遍地重写，直到写得清晰易懂，严谨周密，并且相对比较完整。我以这种方式学完了这门学科的所有内容。我为了每天向他汇报而写的书面大纲，后来成了他写《政治经济学要义》的笔记。这之后，我读了李嘉图，每天报告读的内容，并尽我最大努力，讨论学习的过程中出现的问题。论金钱，是这个主题中最复杂的部分，他让我以同样的方式读李嘉图写于金价论战时期令人钦佩的小册子。这之后，我又读了亚当.斯密的大作，父亲让我读的主要目的之一，是让我把李嘉图的卓越观点应用于斯密较肤浅的政治经济学观点，找出斯密论据的谬误之处，或者结论中的任何错误。这种指导方式的目的在于培养思想家，是种非常好的指导方式。但是，必须由一个像父亲一样亲近、精力充沛的思想家来进行。这条路即使对父亲来说也是痛苦的，当然，对我来说更是如此，虽然我对这个主题很感兴趣。父亲经常由于我的失败而发火，而且不可理喻，因为在这些情况下我根本不可能成功；但总体来说，他的方法是正确的，也成功了。我认为，没有任何科学的教学方法，比父亲教我逻辑学和政治经济学的方法更全面，或更适合培养能力。他通过让我自己找出所有答案，努力调动活跃我的才能，甚至到了夸张的程度。他之前不给我解释，直到我感觉束手无策时才点拨一二；他不仅根据我当时的理解，给我这两大科目的准确知识，还让我成为逻辑学和政治经济学的思想家。我几乎从一开始就独立思考，偶尔和他的想法不一样，尽管在很长时间内，都是在小问题上不一样，最后还是以他的观点为最终标准。后来，我甚至偶尔把他给说服了，在某些小细节上，改变了他的观点。我把这归功于他，而不是我自己。这个例子直接说明了他的完全公正，以及他的教学法的真正价值。

At this point concluded what can properly be called my lessons: when I was about fourteen I left England for more than a year; and after my return, though my studies went on under my father's general direction, he was no longer my schoolmaster. I shall therefore pause here, and turn back to matters of a more general nature connected with the part of my life and education included in the preceding reminiscences.

这时，我严格意义上的功课学习结束了。大概十四岁的时候，我离开英国一年多。回来之后，尽管我的学习仍然在父亲的总体指导下进行，他已经不再是我的老师了。因此，我在这儿打住，回到前面的回忆中提到的，与我的生活和教育有关的一些泛泛的事情上去。

In the course of instruction which I have partially retraced, the point most superficially apparent is the great effort to give, during the years of childhood an amount of knowledge in what are considered

the higher branches of education, which is seldom acquired (if acquired at all) until the age of manhood. The result of the experiment shows the ease with which this may be done, and places in a strong light the wretched waste of so many precious years as are spent in acquiring the modicum of Latin and Greek commonly taught to schoolboys; a waste which has led so many educational reformers to entertain the ill-judged proposal of discarding those languages altogether from general education. If I had been by nature extremely quick of apprehension, or had possessed a very accurate and retentive memory, or were of a remarkably active and energetic character, the trial would not be conclusive; but in all these natural gifts I am rather below than above par; what I could do, could assuredly be done by any boy or girl of average capacity and healthy physical constitution: and if I have accomplished anything, I owe it, among other fortunate circumstances, to the fact that through the early training bestowed on me by my father, I started, I may fairly say, with an advantage of a quarter of a century over my contemporaries.

在我部分回忆到的教育过程中，最明显的一点就是在童年时代，父亲努力给予我属于高等教育的知识，这种知识在成年之前很少能获得（如果真能获得的话）。这个实验的结果证明了这件事要办到其实很简单，也深刻揭露了学生们要花那么多年宝贵时间，学习一点点拉丁语和希腊语，纯属浪费时间。这种浪费让很多教育改革家有了把这些语言从普通教育中完全取消的轻率提议。如果我生来就理解速度极快，或者记忆力精确持久，又或者性格极其积极、充满活力的话，那么这个试验可能不具备决定意义。但是我在这些天分上，低于标准，而非高于标准。我能做到的，任何能力一般、体格健康的男孩或女孩肯定都做得到。如果说我取得了一些成绩的话，在诸多有利因素中，最应该归功于父亲给予我的早期训练，毫不夸张地说，与同龄人相比，我的优势在于我起步比他们早了四分之一个世纪。

There was one cardinal point in this training, of which I have already given some indication, and which, more than anything else, was the cause of whatever good it effected. Most boys or youths who have had much knowledge drilled into them, have their mental capacities not strengthened, but overlaid by it. They are crammed with mere facts, and with the opinions or phrases of other people, and these are accepted as a substitute for the power to form opinions of their own: and thus the sons of eminent fathers, who have spared no pains in their education, so often grow up mere parroters of what they have learnt, incapable of using their minds except in the furrows traced for them. Mine, however, was not an education of cram. My father never permitted anything which I learnt to degenerate into a mere exercise of memory. He strove to make the understanding not only go along with every step of the teaching, but, if possible, precede

it. Anything which could be found out by thinking I never was told, until I had exhausted my efforts to find it out for myself. As far as I can trust my remembrance, I acquitted myself very lamely in this department; my recollection of such matters is almost wholly of failures, hardly ever of success. It is true the failures were often in things in which success in so early a stage of my progress, was almost impossible. I remember at some time in my thirteenth year, on my happening to use the word idea, he asked me what an idea was; and expressed some displeasure at my ineffectual efforts to define the word: I recollect also his indignation at my using the common expression that something was true in theory but required correction in practice; and how, after making me vainly strive to define the word theory, he explained its meaning, and showed the fallacy of the vulgar form of speech which I had used; leaving me fully persuaded that in being unable to give a correct definition of Theory, and in speaking of it as something which might be at variance with practice, I had shown unparalleled ignorance. In this he seems, and perhaps was, very unreasonable; but I think, only in being angry at my failure. A pupil from whom nothing is ever demanded which he cannot do never does all he can.

我已经提到过这种训练里面最重要的一点，训练中获得的任何益处都源自于它。大多数通过反复练习而获得知识的孩子或年轻人，他们的智能不但没有得到提高，反而被知识湮没了。他们的脑子里填满了单纯的事实，以及他人的观点和言辞，他们接受了这些东西，让它们取代了形成自己观点的能力。因此，一位杰出父亲的儿子，不遗余力地接受教育，经常长大后却只会鹦鹉学舌，除了回忆学过的东西外，他的大脑别无他用。然而，我的教育不是填鸭式的。父亲决不允许我所学的东西仅仅退化为记忆的练习。他不仅力求教学过程的每一步我都能理解，有可能的话，还让我的理解提前于教学。任何需要思考才能获得的东西，他从来都不会告诉我，除非我已经尽了最大努力还没有找出来。如果我没记错的话，在这方面我表现得很差。回想起来，这种事情我基本都是失败，很少成功。其实，失败经常发生在以我的初学程度几乎不可能成功的地方。我记得十三岁时，有一次我碰巧用到“观点”这个词，他问我什么是观点，我没能很好地下定义，他表示出不满。我还记得，我说了一句套话，说有些东西理论上正确，但是实践起来需要改进，他听了很气愤。在我试图定义“理论”徒劳无功后，他向我解释了它的意思，并指出我所用的通俗语言的谬误。这让我完全相信，不能给“理论”正确地下定义，还说它可能与实践不一致，我是多么的无知。他这么做，似乎很不讲理，或者说就是很不讲理。但是我想，这只是在我失败而惹他生气时才会发生。如果从来不要求学生做他做不到的事情，那么他也决不会去做所有自己能做到的事情。

One of the evils most liable to attend on any sort of early proficiency, and which often fatally blights its promise, my father

most anxiously guarded against. This was self-conceit. He kept me, with extreme vigilance, out of the way of hearing myself praised, or of being led to make self-flattering comparisons between myself and others. From his own intercourse with me I could derive none but a very humble opinion of myself; and the standard of comparison he always held up to me, was not what other people did, but what a man could and ought to do. He completely succeeded in preserving me from the sort of influences he so much dreaded. I was not at all aware that my attainments were anything unusual at my age. If I accidentally had my attention drawn to the fact that some other boy knew less than myself—which happened less often than might be imagined—I concluded, not that I knew much, but that he, for some reason or other, knew little, or that his knowledge was of a different kind from mine. My state of mind was not humility, but neither was it arrogance. I never thought of saying to myself, I am, or I can do, so and so. I neither estimated myself highly nor lowly: I did not estimate myself at all. If I thought anything about myself, it was that I was rather backward in my studies, since I always found myself so, in comparison with what my father expected from me. I assert this with confidence, though it was not the impression of various persons who saw me in my childhood. They, as I have since found, thought me greatly and disagreeably self-conceited; probably because I was disputatious, and did not scruple to give direct contradictions to things which I heard said. I suppose I acquired this bad habit from having been encouraged in an unusual degree to talk on matters beyond my age, and with grown persons, while I never had inculcated on me the usual respect for them. My father did not correct this ill-breeding and impertinence, probably from not being aware of it, for I was always too much in awe of him to be otherwise than extremely subdued and quiet in his presence. Yet with all this I had no notion of any superiority in myself; and well was it for me that I had not. I remember the very place in Hyde Park where, in my fourteenth year, on the eve of leaving my father's house for a long absence, he told me that I should find, as I got acquainted with new people, that I had been taught many things which youths of my age did not commonly know; and that many persons would be disposed to talk to me of this, and to compliment me upon it. What other things he said on this topic I remember very imperfectly; but he wound up by saying, that whatever I knew more than others, could not be ascribed to any merit in me, but to the very unusual advantage which had fallen to my lot, of having a father who was able to teach me, and willing to give the necessary trouble and time; that it was no matter of praise to me, if I knew more than those who had not had a similar advantage, but the deepest disgrace to me if I did not. I have a distinct remembrance, that

the suggestion thus for the first time made to me, that I knew more than other youths who were considered well educated, was to me a piece of information, to which, as to all other things which my father told me, I gave implicit credence, but which did not at all impress me as a personal matter. I felt no disposition to glorify myself upon the circumstance that there were other persons who did not know what I knew; nor had I ever flattered myself that my acquirements, whatever they might be, were any merit of mine: but, now when my attention was called to the subject, I felt that what my father had said respecting my peculiar advantages was exactly the truth and common sense of the matter, and it fixed my opinion and feeling from that time forward.

年少时即小有成绩的人，大都会有一个毛病，而这经常是致命的，会毁掉人的前途，父亲时刻不忘，谨防它的出现。这个毛病就是自满。他非常警惕，不让我听到赞美之词，或者被人引导，拿自己和别人做自得的比较。从他和我的交流当中，我只会觉得自己非常低微。他给我订立的比较标准，不是看别人做过什么，而是一个人能够做什么，以及应该做什么。他非常成功地使我免于受到那些他所担心的事情的影响。我根本没意识到我的成绩在那个年龄来说，有什么不寻常。如果我偶尔注意到别的男孩比我懂得少的话——这种情况比想象的要少——我的结论不是我懂得多，而是他，由于某种原因懂得少，或者他的知识类型与我的不同。我的心态不是谦逊，但也不是自大。我心里从来没有过“我怎么样”，或“我能怎么样”之类的想法。我没有高估，也没有低估自己：我根本就不估量自己。如果说我对自己有过什么想法的话，就是我在学习上太落后，因为和父亲对我的期望相比，我总是如此。我这么说非常肯定，可是在我童年时见过我的许多人，对我的印象并非如此。我后来发现，他们觉得我非常自大，令人不快；很可能是因为我爱争论，不管听到别人说什么，都直接反驳，从不迟疑。我想，我养成这个坏习惯，是因为经常被鼓励谈论超越我年龄的事情，并且是和成年人讨论，但我从未告诫自己对他们要有基本的尊重。父亲之所以没有纠正我这种没教养、无礼的行为，很可能是因为没有注意到，因为我总是特别害怕他，在他面前只会极其克制，安静。然而不管怎么说，我没有任何优越感，这对我来说也是有益的。十四岁时，在即将离开父亲的家很长一段时间的前夕，我记得就在海德公园的那个地方，父亲告诉我说，在开始认识新的人的时候，我应该知道自己学了很多东西，是和我一样大的年轻人通常不知道的。很多人会和我说起这件事，还会因此恭维我。关于这个话题，他还说了什么，我记得不很清楚了。但是，他总结说，不管我比别人多知道些什么，都不能归功于我自己，而要归功于我的运气好，有非常难得的优势，那就是有个能教导我，并且乐意花费必要的心思和时间的父亲。如果我比没有类似优势的人懂得多的话，并不值得赞美，比他们懂得少，才是最大的耻辱。我很清楚地记得，这是父亲第一次暗示我，说我比其他受过良好教育的年轻人懂得多，与他告诉我的其他事情一样，我对此毫不怀疑，但我并没有把它视为个人问题。我不会因为别人不知道我所知道的事情，就要赞美自己。我也从没有自夸，说自己的

成就，不管是什么，有一点点归功于我自己。但是，现在我已经注意到这个问题了，我觉得父亲关于我的独特优势的说法，完全是事实，在这件事上也符合常理，它使我的看法和感觉从那时起始终如一。

It is evident that this, among many other of the purposes of my father's scheme of education, could not have been accomplished if he had not carefully kept me from having any great amount of intercourse with other boys. He was earnestly bent upon my escaping not only the ordinary corrupting influence which boys exercise over boys, but the contagion of vulgar modes of thought and feeling; and for this he was willing that I should pay the price of inferiority in the accomplishments which schoolboys in all countries chiefly cultivate. The deficiencies in my education were principally in the things which boys learn from being turned out to shift for themselves, and from being brought together in large numbers. From temperance and much walking, I grew up healthy and hardy, though not muscular; but I could do no feats of skill or physical strength, and knew none of the ordinary bodily exercises. It was not that play, or time for it, was refused me. Though no holidays were allowed, lest the habit of work should be broken, and a taste for idleness acquired, I had ample leisure in every day to amuse myself; but as I had no boy companions, and the animal need of physical activity was satisfied by walking, my amusements, which were mostly solitary, were in general, of a quiet, if not a bookish turn, and gave little stimulus to any other kind even of mental activity than that which was already called forth by my studies; I consequently remained long, and in a less degree have always remained, inexpert in anything requiring manual dexterity; my mind, as well as my hands, did its work very lamely when it was applied, or ought to have been applied, to the practical details which, as they are the chief interest of life to the majority of men, are also the things in which whatever mental capacity they have, chiefly shows itself. I was constantly meriting reproof by inattention, inobservance, and general slackness of mind in matters of daily life. My father was the extreme opposite in these particulars: his senses and mental faculties were always on the alert; he carried decision and energy of character in his whole manner and into every action of life: and this, as much as his talents, contributed to the strong impression which he always made upon those with whom he came into personal contact. But the children of energetic parents, frequently grow up unenergetic, because they lean on their parents, and the parents are energetic for them. The education which my father gave me, was in itself much more fitted for training me to know than to do. Not that he was unaware of my deficiencies; both as a boy and as a youth I was incessantly smarting under his severe admonitions on the subject. There was anything but insensibility or tolerance on his part towards

such shortcomings: but, while he saved me from the demoralizing effects of school life, he made no effort to provide me with any sufficient substitute for its practicalizing influences. Whatever qualities he himself, probably, had acquired without difficulty or special training, he seems to have supposed that I ought to acquire as easily. He had not, I think, bestowed the same amount of thought and attention on this, as on most other branches of education; and here, as well in some other points of my tuition, he seems to have expected effects without causes.

在父亲教育计划的众多目标中，如果不是他小心翼翼地阻止我和其他男孩子过多接触的话，这个目标很显然不会实现。父亲不仅小心地让我避开常见的、男孩子间互相施加的坏影响，还急切地决心要让我避开粗俗的思考方式和感情的恶劣影响。为此，他情愿让我付出代价，即所有国家的男学生都具备的主要能力上，我却比别人差。我所受的教育的缺点，主要是不具备男孩子们在接受自谋生路的训练过程中学到的技能和他们在群体活动中所学到的东西。我虽然不怎么强壮，但是通过戒酒和散步，得以健康成长。然而，我不会做任何技能或是体能的事情，也完全不了解常见的身体锻炼方法。我并不是拒绝玩耍，或者没有时间玩耍。尽管父亲不给我假期，以免打破学习的习惯，养成懒惰的习性，但我每天还是有充足的时间自娱自乐。不过，因为我没有男孩玩伴，并且身体活动的动物本能已由散步来满足，所以我的娱乐活动大多都是单独进行的，即使不是手不释卷的话，通常也是安静的，除了能够刺激我为了学习已经开动的大脑外，这种活动不会给我的任何其他活动，甚至是智力活动带来刺激。因此，很长时间以来，我都不擅长做任何需要灵活动作的事情，后来好了一点，但是可以说一直以来都不怎么擅长。我的大脑以及双手，用来做具体的事情时，或者应该用到它们时，经常很没有效率，而对于大多数人来说，这些事情是生活中的主要情趣，也是他们所拥有的心智能力得以展现的主要方式。我经常由于对日常生活中的事物疏忽，不留心观察，经常因漫不经心而被训斥。在这些细节上，父亲和我完全相反：他的感官和头脑总是十分警觉，他做出的与他性格相符的决定和他所具有的活力体现在他的行事风格和生活中的每个举动中。这差不多和他的才干一样，总是给那些和他交往过的人留下深刻印象。但是，充满活力的父母的孩子，往往长大后很懒散，因为他们依赖父母，而父母也为他们积极打算。父亲给我的教育，本质上更适合于训练我思考的能力而非动手的能力。他并非不知道我的缺点，在我童年和青少年时期，他严厉地警告我这些问题，让我很痛苦。他绝不是不在乎或者能容忍这样的缺点，但是，尽管他使我免受学校生活的不利影响，他并没有尽力为我提供足够的东西来替代学校的实践作用。很可能对那些他自己没有费力气，或没经过特殊训练就获得的素质，不管是什么样的，他似乎都认为我也应该同样轻易就能获得。我想，在这点上，他没有像教育的其他方面那样给予同等的思考和关注。他似乎只期待成果，而不考虑起因。

(1) 大卫·休谟（1711—1776），苏格兰历史学家、哲学家。与约翰

·洛克及乔治·贝克莱并称三大英国经验主义者。

(2) 罗伯特·胡克（1635—1703），英国实验主义哲学家、物理学家，著名成果有“胡克定律（Hooke's Law）”。

(3) 杰瑞米·边沁（1748—1832），英国哲学家、法学家，功利主义伦理学的早期代表人物，代表作是《道德及立法原理》。

(4) 普鲁士，位于北欧。

(5) 约翰·诺克斯（1505—1572），苏格兰宗教改革家和史学家，创立苏格兰长老会。

(6)贵格会，又称公谊会或者教友派（ReligiousSocietyofFriends）。

(7) 弗朗西斯·德雷克爵士（1540—1596），英国航海家，最初环绕地球航行的人。

(8) 詹姆斯·库克船长（1728—1779），英国海军上校、航海家，太平洋和南极海洋的探险家。

(9)《伊利亚特》，古希腊描写特洛伊战争的英雄史诗，相传为荷马所作。

(10) 欧几里得，约公元前3世纪，古希腊数学家，著有《几何原本》13卷，一直流传至今。

(11) 贺拉斯（公元前65—前8），古罗马诗人，从倾向共和转而拥护帝制，作品有《讽刺诗集》、《颂歌》等。

(12) 李维（公元前59—公元17），古罗马历史学家。他所著的《罗马史》共有142卷。

(13) 泰伦斯（约公元前186—前161）古罗马喜剧作家。其喜剧有《福尔弥昂》《安德罗斯好》等。

(14) 马库斯·图留斯·西塞罗（公元前106—前43）,罗马政治家、演说家和哲学家。

(15) 修昔底德（约公元前460—前395），希腊历史学家。

(16) 色诺芬（约公元前431—前355），古希腊历史学家、将领、苏格拉底的弟子。著有《远征记》《希腊史》《回忆苏格拉底》等。

(17) 罗伯特·彭斯（1759—1796），苏格兰著名的农民诗人。他用方言写成的充满幽默感的歌谣歌颂了爱情、爱国主义和朴实的生活。

(18) 威廉·柯珀（1731—1800），英国诗人，被认为是浪漫主义的先锋。

(19) 詹姆斯·贝蒂（1735—1803），苏格兰哲学家和诗人。

(20) 埃德蒙·斯宾塞（1552—1599)，英国诗人，主要以其寓言性浪漫史诗《仙后》而闻名。

(21)《工具论》，古希腊哲学家亚里士多德的逻辑学著作。

(22) 狄摩西尼（公元前384—前322），古希腊演说家，反对马其顿入侵希腊。

(23) 塔西佗（约55—120），古罗马官员和历史学家，他著有两部最伟大的著作《历史》和《编年史》。

(24) 尤维纳利斯（约60—140），古罗马讽刺诗人，其作品谴责了古罗马特权阶级的腐化。

(25) 昆体良（约35—96），古罗马修辞学家，他的主要著作是《雄辩术原理》。

(26) 高尔吉亚（约公元前483—前376），古希腊诡辩学者、前苏格拉底时期的哲学家及修辞学家，原居于西西里。

(27) 普罗泰哥拉（约公元前490—前420），古希腊哲学家、诡辩家。

(28) 苏格拉底问答法是一种探讨和辩论教学方法，即不直接向学生传授各种具体知识，而是通过问答、交谈、争辩、诱导或暗示，把学生导向预定的结论。

(29) 大卫·李嘉图（1772—1823），英国政治经济学家，其主要著作《政治经济学与赋税原理》（1817年）

CHAPTER II Moral Influences In Early Youth, My Father's Character And Opinions

第二章 少年时期的思想影响父亲的性格和观点

In my education, as in that of every one, the moral influences, which are so much more important than all others, are also the most complicated, and the most difficult to specify with any approach to completeness. Without attempting the hopeless task of detailing the circumstances by which, in this respect, my early character may have been shaped, I shall confine myself to a few leading points, which form an indispensable part of any true account of my education.

和任何人一样，在我的教育中，精神影响比其他影响重要得多，也是最复杂、最难以用任何方法全面说明的。去详细说明塑造我年少时性格的环境大概是什么样的，根本是不可能完成的任务，我将只列举一些最重要的事件，它们在任何关于我的教育的真实记述中，都是不可缺少的一部分。

I was brought up from the first without any religious belief, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. My father, educated in the creed of Scotch Presbyterianism, had by his own studies and reflexions been early led to reject not only the belief in Revelation, but the foundations of what is commonly called Natural Religion. I have heard him say, that the turning point of his mind on the subject was reading Butler[1]'s Analog y[2]. That work, of which he always continued to speak with respect, kept him, as he said, for some considerable time, a believer in the divine authority of Christianity; by proving to him, that whatever are the difficulties in believing that the Old and New Testaments proceed from, or record the acts of, a perfectly wise and good being, the same and still greater difficulties stand in the way of the belief, that a being of such a character can have been the Maker of the universe. He considered Butler's argument as conclusive against the only opponents for whom it was intended. Those who admit an omnipotent as well as perfectly just and benevolent maker and ruler of such a world as this, can say little against Christianity but what can, with at least equal force, be retorted against themselves. Finding, therefore, no halting place in Deism, he remained in a state of perplexity, until, doubtless after many struggles, he yielded to the conviction, that, concerning the origin of things nothing whatever can be known. This is the only correct statement of his opinion; for dogmatic atheism he looked upon as absurd; as most of those, whom the world has considered Atheists, have always done. These particulars are important, because they show that my father's rejection

of all that is called religious belief, was not, as many might suppose, primarily a matter of logic and evidence: the grounds of it were moral, still more than intellectual. He found it impossible to believe that a world so full of evil was the work of an Author combining infinite power with perfect goodness and righteousness. His intellect spurned the subtleties by which men attempt to blind themselves to this open contradiction. The Sabæan, or Manichæan theory of a Good and an Evil Principle, struggling against each other for the government of the universe, he would not have equally condemned; and I have heard him express surprise, that no one revived it in our time. He would have regarded it as a mere hypothesis; but he would have ascribed to it no depraving influence. As it was, his aversion to religion, in the sense usually attached to the term, was of the same kind with that of Lucretius[3]: he regarded it with the feelings due not to a mere mental delusion, but to a great moral evil. He looked upon it as the greatest enemy of morality: first, by setting up factitious excellences,— belief in creeds, devotional feelings, and ceremonies, not connected with the good of humankind,—and causing these to be accepted as substitutes for genuine virtues: but above all, by radically vitiating the standard of morals; making it consist in doing the will of a being, on whom it lavishes indeed all the phrases of adulation, but whom in sober truth it depicts as eminently hateful. I have a hundred times heard him say, that all ages and nations have represented their gods as wicked, in a constantly increasing progression, that mankind have gone on adding trait after trait till they reached the most perfect conception of wickedness which the human mind could devise, and have called this God, and prostrated themselves before it. This neplus ultra of wickedness he considered to be embodied in what is commonly presented to mankind as the creed of Christianity. Think (he used to say) of a being who would make a Hell—who would create the human race with the infallible foreknowledge, and therefore with the intention, that the great majority of them were to be consigned to horrible and everlasting torment. The time, I believe, is drawing near when this dreadful conception of an object of worship will be no longer identified with Christianity; and when all persons, with any sense of moral good and evil, will look upon it with the same indignation with which my father regarded it. My father was as well aware as any one that Christians do not, in general, undergo the demoralizing consequences which seem inherent in such a creed, in the manner or to the extent which might have been expected from it. The same slovenliness of thought, and subjection of the reason to fears, wishes, and affections, which enable them to accept a theory involving a contradiction in terms, prevents them from perceiving the logical consequences of the theory. Such is the facility with which

mankind believe at one and the same time things inconsistent with one another, and so few are those who draw from what they receive as truths, any consequences but those recommended to them by their feelings, that multitudes have held the undoubting belief in an Omnipotent Author of Hell, and have nevertheless identified that being with the best conception they were able to form of perfect goodness. Their worship was not paid to the demon which such a Being as they imagined would really be, but to their own ideal of excellence. The evil is, that such a belief keeps the ideal wretchedly low; and opposes the most obstinate resistance to all thought which has a tendency to raise it higher. Believers shrink from every train of ideas which would lead the mind to a clear conception and an elevated standard of excellence, because they feel (even when they do not distinctly see) that such a standard would conflict with many of the dispensations of nature, and with much of what they are accustomed to consider as the Christian creed. And thus morality continues a matter of blind tradition, with no consistent principle, nor even any consistent feeling, to guide it.

我从一开始接受的是没有任何宗教信仰的教育——按照大家对宗教信仰的普遍理解来说。我父亲受教于苏格兰长老会的教义，但他很早就通过自己的研究和反思，不仅抛弃了对《启示录》的信仰，还反对通常所谓的自然宗教的基本原则。我听他说过，他对这个问题的思想转折点，是读了巴特勒的《宗教类推》。谈起这部著作的时候，他总是充满敬意，说此书曾让他在相当长的一段时间内相信基督教的神圣权威。这部书向他证明，不管要相信《旧约》和《新约》是源自一个极其英明善良的人，或者是他行为的记录有多少困难，更具挑战意义的还在于要相信有这种性格的人是宇宙的造物主。他认为巴特勒的论证确凿，足以驳倒这本书针对的唯一对手。那些承认上帝万能、公正、善良，承认上帝是这个世界的创造者和统治者的人们，不能说反对基督教的话。如果说了，那么这些话可以带着至少同样的说服力，用来反驳他们自己。因此，他找不出自然神论中的缺陷，这让他一直很困惑。毫无疑问，经过多次挣扎后，他让步了，深信关于万物的起源这个问题，一切都不可知。这是对他的观点唯一正确的表述，因为他认为武断的无神论很荒诞，就像那些被称作无神论者的人，大部分人做的事情也很荒诞。这些细节很重要，因为它们表明了父亲反对所有这些所谓的宗教信仰，并不像很多人可能认为的那样，主要是因为逻辑和证据的问题，他反对的根据是道德上的，要高于智力层面。他觉得无法相信一个充满罪恶的世界，是兼有无穷力量、完美善良和正义的造物主的作品。人们试图蒙蔽自己以接受这种明显的矛盾，但他的智慧让他唾弃这种微妙的努力。然而他不会同样谴责塞伯伊人或摩尼教的理论，这些理论认为善恶互相争夺对宇宙的支配。我听他说过，他很吃惊为什么在我们这个时代，没有人重振善恶原则。他会认为善恶原则只是个假设，但他不会把它归为让人堕落的力量。事实上，他对宗教（按照这个词的通常含义）的反感，和卢克莱修一样：他对宗教的厌恶不是因为它不过是一种精神欺骗，而

是因为宗教是一种强大的道德罪恶。他认为宗教是道德的最大敌人：首先，通过构建虚伪的美德——宗教的教义、虔诚的情感和宗教仪式，这些都与人类的美德没有关系——让它们取代真正的美德，为人接受；但最重要的，是通过从根本上损害道德的标准，让这个标准服从于一个人的意志，这个人得到了所有慷慨的奉承话。但是，冷静看待事实的话，这个人又被刻画得极其可恨。我听他说过一百次，说所有时代、所有国家都把他们的上帝描绘得很邪恶，而且总是越来越邪恶。人类不停地给邪恶添加一个又一个的特征，直到符合他们的大脑对邪恶最完美的设想，并把这称为上帝，拜倒在它面前。他认为，这种登峰造极的邪恶，体现在通常呈现于人类面前的基督教教义里。（他经常说）设想一下一个会创造地狱的人——由于他拥有着绝对的先知，因此在创造人类时他就带着这种目的，即绝大多数要经受可怕、恒久的折磨。我相信，这种可怕的膜拜对象的观念，很快将不再和基督教划上等号。有任何道德善恶意识的人，也会像我父亲一样，带着同样的义愤看待它。父亲也和所有人一样清楚，不论是从人们原先预想的方式还是程度上来说，基督徒总体上并没有受到这种教义似乎固有的腐化道德的影响。思想懒散，理智屈从于恐惧、愿望和情感的支配，让他们接受了这样一个自相矛盾的理论，也让他们无从理解这个理论的逻辑结论。这就是人类的能力，能够同时相信自相矛盾的事物，很少有人从他们当作真理接受的东西中得出推论，而只是汲取自己的感觉喜欢的东西。因此，大众坚信存在万能的地狱创造者，然而又把那个人看成是他们能够设想出来的完美仁慈的化身。他们想象的那个人其实是个魔鬼，他们崇拜的并不是这个魔鬼，而是他们自己对于美德的理想。不幸的是，这样的信仰，使得这种理想很可怜，很卑下，它顽固地抵制所有希望提升这种理想的想法。任何会让他们的头脑对美德产生明确概念以及更高标准的一连串的观点，信徒们都不愿意相信，因为他们觉得（即使在他们没有看清楚的时候）这样一个标准会和造物主的很多安排相冲突，和他们习惯接受的基督教的很多教义相冲突。因此，道德一直都是一种盲目的传统，没有一贯的原则，也没有一贯的感情去引导它。

It would have been wholly inconsistent with my father's ideas of duty, to allow me to acquire impressions contrary to his convictions and feelings respecting religion: and he impressed upon me from the first, that the manner in which the world came into existence was a subject on which nothing was known: that the question, "Who made me?" cannot be answered, because we have no experience or authentic information from which to answer it; and that any answer only throws the difficulty a step further back, since the question immediately presents itself, "Who made God?" He, at the same time, took care that I should be acquainted with what had been thought by mankind on these impenetrable problems. I have mentioned at how early an age he made me a reader of ecclesiastical history; and he taught me to take the strongest interest in the Reformation, as the great and decisive contest against priestly tyranny for liberty of thought.

如果允许我获得和父亲相反的宗教信念和感情的话，那就会与他的责任观完全矛盾。所以从一开始，他就让我深深记住，对于世界产生的方式这个问题，人们还一无所知。“谁创造了我？”这个问题无法解答，因为我们没有回答它所需的经验或真实的信息。任何答案只会让困难更进一步，因为下一个问题马上就出现了，“谁创造了上帝？”同时，他确保我应该熟悉人类对这些令人费解的问题做过的思考。我曾提到过，在我那么小的时候，他就让我读教会史，他教我对宗教改革产生最强烈的兴趣，认同它是与传教士专制作斗争，是争取思想自由的决定性的伟大战斗。

I am thus one of the very few examples, in this country, of one who has, not thrown off religious belief, but never had it: I grew up in a negative state with regard to it. I looked upon the modern exactly as I did upon the ancient religion, as something which in no way concerned me. It did not seem to me more strange that English people should believe what I did not, than that the men whom I read of in Herodotus[4] should have done so. History had made the variety of opinions among mankind a fact familiar to me, and this was but a prolongation of that fact. This point in my early education had, however, incidentally one bad consequence deserving notice. In giving me an opinion contrary to that of the world, my father thought it necessary to give it as one which could not prudently be avowed to the world. This lesson of keeping my thoughts to myself, at that early age, was attended with some moral disadvantages; though my limited intercourse with strangers, especially such as were likely to speak to me on religion, prevented me from being placed in the alternative of avowal or hypocrisy. I remember two occasions in my boyhood, on which I felt myself in this alternative, and in both cases I avowed my disbelief and defended it. My opponents were boys, considerably older than myself: one of them I certainly staggered at the time, but the subject was never renewed between us: the other who was surprised and somewhat shocked, did his best to convince me for some time, without effect.

我因此成为这个国家中并非抛却了宗教信仰，而是从来就没有过宗教信仰的人之一。我成长于一个对宗教持否定态度的环境中。我看待现代宗教和古代宗教的方式完全一样，认为它们与我完全无关。对我来说，英国人信仰我不信的东西，就像我读希罗多德的书，看到里面的人和我的信仰不同一样，不足为奇。读历史让我熟知人类中间存在多种观点的事实，这只不过是这个事实的延伸。然而，我早年教育中的这一点也附带有一个不好的结果，值得注意。父亲认为，教给我与世人相反的观点有必要谨慎，不向世人公开这个观点。在那么小的时候就教我不告诉别人自己的思想，是有一些道德上的不利的。虽然我和陌生人的交往有限，尤其是与那些有可能和我谈论宗教的人，这使我不会置身于要么说实话，要么虚伪的选择之中。我记得，童年时我有两次处在这种选择

中，这两次我都宣布了自己的怀疑，并为之辩护。我的对手是一些比我大很多的男孩子，我的言辞显然使得其中一个当时很慌乱，但是我们再也没有继续这个话题。另一个感到很吃惊，甚至有些震惊，他努力劝说了我一阵子，让我相信他，但是没用。

The great advance in liberty of discussion, which is one of the most important differences between the present time and that of my childhood, has greatly altered the moralities of this question; and I think that few men of my father's intellect and public spirit, holding with such intensity of moral conviction as he did, unpopular opinions on religion, or on any other of the great subjects of thought, would now either practise or inculcate the withholding of them from the world, unless in the cases, becoming fewer every day, in which frankness on these subjects would either risk the loss of means of subsistence, or would amount to exclusion from some sphere of usefulness peculiarly suitable to the capacities of the individual. On religion in particular the time appears to me to have come, when it is the duty of all who being qualified in point of knowledge, have on mature consideration satisfied themselves that the current opinions are not only false but hurtful, to make their dissent known; at least, if they are among those whose station or reputation, gives their opinion a chance of being attended to. Such an avowal would put an end, at once and for ever, to the vulgar prejudice, that what is called, very improperly, unbelief, is connected with any bad qualities either of mind or heart. The world would be astonished if it knew how great a proportion of its brightest ornaments—of those most distinguished even in popular estimation for wisdom and virtue—are complete sceptics in religion; many of them refraining from avowal, less from personal considerations, than from a conscientious, though now in my opinion a most mistaken apprehension, lest by speaking out what would tend to weaken existing beliefs, and by consequence (as they suppose) existing restraints, they should do harm instead of good.

讨论自由现在有了很大进步，这是和我童年时最重要的区别之一，它大大改变了讨论这个问题所涉及的道德性。我认为，现在很少有具备和我父亲一样的智力和公德心，以强烈的道德信念坚持不受欢迎的宗教观点或其他伟大思想的人，不会把他们的这些想法公诸于世，或者反复劝导他人不要这样做。除非有这样的情况，而且这种情况越来越少，那就是坦白对这些问题的看法，要么会有失去谋生手段的危险，要么会被特别适合个人能力发挥的有益的领域排除在外。尤其在宗教问题上，我认为所有知识上过硬，经过深思熟虑后认为目前的观点不仅错误，而且有害的人，都有义务表达自己的异议，而这样的时刻已经到来了。至少那些有地位或有名誉，能让自己的观点有机会被人注意到的人，都有义务这么做。这样的声明会立刻结束，并永远结束那种庸俗的偏见，即认为无信仰（非常不恰当的叫法）与头脑或者心灵中的什么坏品质有关。

如果世人知道最为世界增光添彩的人当中——即那些哪怕用通俗标准评价他们的智慧和美德，也是最卓越的人当中——有多大比例是彻底的宗教怀疑论者的话，会非常的震惊，他们中很多人克制自己不作声明，绝不是基于个人的考虑，而是本着在我目前看来十分错误的一种负责任的忧思，唯恐说出来会削弱现有的信仰，进而（像他们所认为的）削弱现有的约束，这样一来反而有害无益。

Of unbelievers (so called) as well as of believers, there are many species, including almost every variety of moral type. But the best among them, as no one who has had opportunities of really knowing them will hesitate to affirm (believers rarely have that opportunity), are more genuinely religious, in the best sense of the word religion, than those who exclusively arrogate to themselves the title. The liberality of the age, or in other words the weakening of the obstinate prejudice which makes men unable to see what is before their eyes because it is contrary to their expectations, has caused it to be very commonly admitted that a Deist may be truly religious: but if religion stands for any graces of character and not for mere dogma, the assertion may equally be made of many whose belief is far short of Deism. Though they may think the proof incomplete that the universe is a work of design, and though they assuredly disbelieve that it can have an Author and Governor who is absolute in power as well as perfect in goodness, they have that which constitutes the principal worth of all religions whatever, an ideal conception of a Perfect Being, to which they habitually refer as the guide of their conscience; and this ideal of Good is usually far nearer to perfection than the objective Deity of those, who think themselves obliged to find absolute goodness in the author of a world so crowded with suffering and so deformed by injustice as ours.

（所谓的）异教徒和信徒都有很多种，几乎涵盖了众多道德类型中的每一种。但是，任何真正有机会了解这其中最优秀者的人（信徒很少有这样的机会），都会毫不犹豫地肯定，这些人比那些把头衔硬加到自己头上，而把别人排除在外的人，更真诚地信仰宗教，从宗教这个词的最佳意义上来讲是这样。时代的开明，或者换句话说，曾让人们不见眼前之物——因为与他们的预期相反——的顽固偏见的削弱，使得人们普遍承认自然神论信仰者可能确实很虔诚。但是，如果宗教代表任何品质中的魅力，而不仅是教条的话，那么对于很多信仰完全达不到自然神论的人，也可以断言他们很虔诚。尽管他们可能认为，宇宙是设计的作品这种说法证据不足，尽管他们确实怀疑宇宙中存在一个拥有绝对权力，同时又是至善至美的创世者兼统治者，但是对于完美的存在，他们有一个理想的设想，这个设想构成了所有宗教的主要价值，他们通常称之为是非之心的指引。这种完美的善远比客观的神更接近完美，相信客观的神的人认为他们必须在创世者身上找到绝对的善，可是这个造物主的世界跟我们的世界一样，充满苦难，因为不公正而畸形。

My father's moral convictions, wholly dissevered from religion, were very much of the character of those of the Greek philosophers; and were delivered with the force and decision which characterized all that came from him. Even at the very early age at which I read with him the Memorabilia of Xenophon, I imbibed from that work and from his comments a deep respect for the character of Socrates; who stood in my mind as a model of ideal excellence: and I well remember how my father at that time impressed upon me the lesson of the "Choice of Hercules." At a somewhat later period the lofty moral standard exhibited in the writings of Plato operated upon me with great force. My father's moral inculcations were at all times mainly those of the "Socratici viri"; justice, temperance (to which he gave a very extended application), veracity, perseverance, readiness to encounter pain and especially labour; regard for the public good; estimation of persons according to their merits, and of things according to their intrinsic usefulness; a life of exertion, in contradiction to one of self-indulgent ease and sloth. These and other moralities he conveyed in brief sentences, uttered as occasion arose, of grave exhortation, or stern reprobation and contempt.

父亲的道德信念与宗教毫无关系，而在很大程度上和一些希腊哲学家相同。表达信念时体现出来的力量和果断，也是他所有作品的特征。在我非常小的时候，我和他一起读了色诺芬的《回忆苏格拉底》，即使那时，从这部著作和父亲的评论中，我已经对苏格拉底的品格敬佩万分。他在我头脑中是完美杰出的化身：我清楚地记得那时父亲如何让我铭记《赫拉克勒斯的选择》这一课。在稍后的一段时期里，柏拉图的作品中呈现出来的高尚的道德标准，对我产生了极大影响。一直以来父亲给我的道德教诲主要是“苏格拉底的追随者”所提倡的：正直、节制（这个词，他用得很广泛）、诚实、坚定、乐于承受痛苦，尤其是辛苦的劳动；关心公共福利；以品质评价人物，以内在的可用性评价事物；一生努力，而非自我放纵、松懈和懒惰。一有机会他就用简洁的语句，或严肃告诫，或严厉斥责和轻蔑，来表达这些和其他道德规范。

But though direct moral teaching does much, indirect does more; and the effect my father produced on my character, did not depend solely on what he said or did with that direct object, but also, and still more, on what manner of man he was.

尽管直接的道德教育作用很大，但是间接的作用更大。父亲对我的性格的影响，不仅取决于他为了达成这个直接目标的所言所行，而且更多地取决于他是一个什么样的人。

In his views of life he partook of the character of the Stoic[5], the Epicurean[6], and the Cynic[7], not in the modern but the ancient sense of the word. In his personal qualities the Stoic predominated. His standard of morals was Epicurean, inasmuch as it was utilitarian, taking as the exclusive test of right and wrong, the tendency of actions

to produce pleasure or pain. But he had (and this was the Cynic element) scarcely any belief in pleasure; at least in his later years, of which alone, on this point, I can speak confidently. He was not insensible to pleasures; but he deemed very few of them worth the price which, at least in the present state of society, must be paid for them. The greater number of miscarriages in life, he considered to be attributable to the overvaluing of pleasures. Accordingly, temperance, in the large sense intended by the Greek philosophers—stopping short at the point of moderation in all indulgences—was with him, as with them, almost the central point of educational precept. His inculcations of this virtue fill a large place in my childish remembrances. He thought human life a poor thing at best, after the freshness of youth and of unsatisfied curiosity had gone by. This was a topic on which he did not often speak, especially, it may be supposed, in the presence of young persons: but when he did, it was with an air of settled and profound conviction. He would sometimes say, that if life were made what it might be, by good government and good education, it would be worth having: but he never spoke with anything like enthusiasm even of that possibility. He never varied in rating intellectual enjoyments above all others, even in value as pleasure, independently of their ulterior benefits. The pleasures of the benevolent affections he placed high in the scale; and used to say, that he had never known a happy old man, except those who were able to live over again in the pleasures of the young. For passionate emotions of all sorts, and for everything which has been said or written in exaltation of them, he professed the greatest contempt. He regarded them as a form of madness. "The intense" was with him a byeword of scornful disapprobation. He regarded as an aberration of the moral standard of modern times, compared with that of the ancients, the great stress laid upon feeling. Feelings, as such, he considered to be no proper subjects of praise or blame. Right and wrong, good and bad, he regarded as qualities solely of conduct—of acts and omissions; there being no feeling which may not lead, and does not frequently lead, either to good or to bad actions: conscience itself, the very desire to act right, often leading people to act wrong. Consistently carrying out the doctrine, that the object of praise and blame should be the discouragement of wrong conduct and the encouragement of right, he refused to let his praise or blame be influenced by the motive of the agent. He blamed as severely what he thought a bad action, when the motive was a feeling of duty, as if the agents had been consciously evil doers. He would not have accepted as a plea in mitigation for inquisitors, that they sincerely believed burning heretics to be an obligation of conscience. But though he did not allow honesty of purpose to soften his disapprobation of actions, it had its full effect on

his estimation of characters. No one prized conscientiousness and rectitude of intention more highly, or was more incapable of valuing any person in whom he did not feel assurance of it. But he disliked people quite as much for any other deficiency, provided he thought it equally likely to make them act ill. He disliked, for instance, a fanatic in any bad cause, as much or more than one who adopted the same cause from self-interest, because he thought him even more likely to be practically mischievous. And thus, his aversion to many intellectual errors, or what he regarded as such, partook, in a certain sense, of the character of a moral feeling. All this is merely saying that he, in a degree once common, but now very unusual, threw his feelings into his opinions; which truly it is difficult to understand how any one, who possesses much of both, can fail to do. None but those who do not care about opinions, will confound it with intolerance. Those who, having opinions which they hold to be immensely important, and the contraries to be prodigiously hurtful, have any deep regard for the general good, will necessarily dislike, as a class and in the abstract, those who think wrong what they think right, and right what they think wrong: though they need not therefore be, nor was my father, insensible to good qualities in an opponent, nor governed in their estimation of individuals by one general presumption, instead of by the whole of their character. I grant that an earnest person, being no more infallible than other men, is liable to dislike people on account of opinions which do not merit dislike; but if he neither himself does them any ill office, nor connives at its being done by others, he is not intolerant: and the forbearance, which flows from a conscientious sense of the importance to mankind of the equal freedom of all opinions, is the only tolerance which is commendable, or, to the highest moral order of minds, possible.

他的人生观兼有斯多葛学派、伊壁鸠鲁学派和犬儒学派（取这个词的古代意义，不是现代意义）的特点。他的个人品质主要体现了斯多葛学派的特点。他的道德标准是伊壁鸠鲁学派的，因为它是实用主义的，以行动产生苦乐的倾向作为检验对错的唯一标准。但是，他很少相信快乐（这是犬儒学派的成分），单单在这点上，我可以很有信心地说，至少在他的晚年如此。他并非对快乐毫无感觉，但是他认为，与必须付出的代价相比，很少有快乐是值得争取的，至少在社会的目前状态下是这样。他认为，生活中更多的失败，可以归因于对快乐的过高估计。相应的，希腊哲学家们广义上所指的节制，即不逾越任何嗜好的适度范围，在父亲和这些哲学家们看来，几乎是教育规则的核心要点。他关于这种美德的谆谆教诲，占据了我童年记忆的很大一部分。他认为，在青春的鲜活和永不知足的好奇心消失之后，人类的生命充其量也就是个可怜的东西。这个话题他很少提起，尤其是年轻人在场的时候。但是，当他果真提起的时候，会带着一副深信不疑的神态。他有时会说，如果人生像设想的那样，能得到很好的管理和教育，那么人生还值得拥有。但是，

即便是在谈这种可能时，他也从没带上半点热情。他一直都视智力享受高于其他任何享受，从未改变，即使以它们带来的快乐作为衡量价值的标准，而不顾其隐含的益处。他把仁爱的感情产生快乐的等级定得很高。他经常说，除了那些能够重温年轻时快乐的人，他从来不认识其他快乐的老人。对于所有激昂的情绪，和所有为了赞美它们所说、所写的东西，他都极度藐视，认为它们是愚蠢的行为。对他来说，“强烈”只是轻蔑之非难的代名词。他认为，与古人的道德标准相比，给感情施加重压偏离了现代的道德标准。照这样，他认为感情也不是赞扬和责备的合适对象。他认为对与错，善与恶，纯属行为的特性——行为包括进行了的行动和疏忽了的行动。没有任何感情不会导致，或者不会经常导致或好或坏的举动：最渴望做对的良心本身，却经常让人犯错。赞扬和责备的目的应该是阻止错误行为，鼓励正确行为，他始终如一地贯彻这个信条，不让行为人的动机影响到他的赞扬和责备。如果他认为一种行为是坏的，即使是出于一种责任感，他同样会严厉地指责，好像行为人有意做坏事一样。他不会因为宗教法官确实相信烧死异教徒是他们良心上的责任，就接受以此作为减轻他们罪状的申诉。尽管他不会因为意图坦率而减轻对行为的指责，但这在很大程度上影响到他对品质的评价。谁也不像他那样看重意图的认真和正直，也不像他那样，绝不能够看重任何他无法确信是否具有这样品质的人。但是，他同样不喜欢具备其他缺点的人，只要他认为这些缺点可能同样会让他们做坏事。比如，他讨厌任何邪恶运动中的狂热分子，觉得他们和那些因一己私利而发动这一运动的人一样可恶，甚至更可恶，因为他觉得前者破坏力更大。因此，他对很多智力上的错误，或者他认为是这种错误的厌恶，在某种意义上，带有道德感情的特征。所有这些不过是说，他的见解当中带有感情成分，他这样做的程度曾经很一般，但是现在很不寻常。确实，那些同时拥有丰富感情和见解的人竟然做不到这一点，是很令人费解的。只有那些不在乎见解的人才会将其与偏狭混为一谈。那些坚持认为自己的观点非常重要，相反的观点非常有害，且深切关心大众福利的人，必然会讨厌把他们认为对的当作错的，把他们认为错的当成对的人，而这些被厌恶的人在理论上成为了一类人。但是他们，我父亲也是，不需要因此忽视对手的良好品质，对个体的评价也不会局限于一个笼统的假定，而要看其品格的全部。我承认，一个真诚、不比别人少犯错误的人，很容易由于不值得讨厌的见解而讨厌别人。但是，如果他本人并没有诋毁这些人，又不纵容别人这样做，那么他就算宽容的。审慎地意识到平等自由地发表各种见解对人类的意义，源自于这种意识的容忍。这才是唯一值得称赞的，才是人类思想最高道德标准所能达到的宽容。

It will be admitted, that a man of the opinions, and the character, above described, was likely to leave a strong moral impression on any mind principally formed by him, and that his moral teaching was not likely to err on the side of laxity or indulgence. The element which was chiefly deficient in his moral relation to his children, was that of tenderness. I do not believe that this deficiency lay in his own nature. I believe him to have had much more feeling than he habitually showed, and much greater capacities of feeling than were ever

developed. He resembled most Englishmen in being ashamed of the signs of feeling, and, by the absence of demonstration, starving the feelings themselves. If we consider further that he was in the trying position of sole teacher, and add to this that his temper was constitutionally irritable, it is impossible not to feel true pity for a father who did, and strove to do, so much for his children, who would have so valued their affection, yet who must have been constantly feeling that fear of him was drying it up at its source. This was no longer the case, later in life and with his younger children. They loved him tenderly: and if I cannot say so much of myself, I was always loyally devoted to him. As regards my own education, I hesitate to pronounce whether I was more a loser or gainer by his severity. It was not such as to prevent me from having a happy childhood. And I do not believe, that boys can be induced to apply themselves with vigour, and what is so much more difficult, perseverance, to dry and irksome studies, by the sole force of persuasion and soft words. Much must be done, and much must be learnt, by children, for which rigid discipline, and known liability to punishment, are indispensable as means. It is, no doubt, a very laudable effort, in modern teaching, to render as much as possible of what the young are required to learn, easy and interesting to them. But when this principle is pushed to the length of not requiring them to learn anything but what has been made easy and interesting, one of the chief objects of education is sacrificed. I rejoice in the decline of the old brutal and tyrannical system of teaching, which however did succeed in enforcing habits of application; but the new, as it seems to me, is training up a race of men who will be incapable of doing anything which is disagreeable to them. I do not, then, believe that fear, as an element in education, can be dispensed with; but I am sure that it ought not to be the main element; and when it predominates so much as to preclude love and confidence on the part of the child to those who should be the unreservedly trusted advisers of after years, and perhaps to seal up the fountains of frank and spontaneous communicativeness in the child's nature, it is an evil for which a large abatement must be made from the benefits, moral and intellectual, which may flow from any other part of the education.

应该承认，拥有上述观点和品质的人，很可能会给所有主要由他塑造的头脑留下深刻的道德印象，他的道德教学，不大可能会犯粗心或放纵的错误。他与孩子的道德关系中，缺乏的主要因素是亲切。我不认为他的天性中有这种缺陷。我相信，他的感情要比平常展示出来的丰富得多，而他情感的能力也比成长过程中所形成的大很多。他和大多数英国男人一样，为表露出感情而感到羞愧，但不表露的话，感情也就枯萎了。如果我们考虑得更深入一些，作为唯一的教师，他处在这样一个需要耐性的位置上，加上他的脾气本来就很急躁，虽然他曾为自己的孩子

们做过，并努力地去做了那么多事，而他原本也会非常珍视他们对自己的爱，然而他一定经常感觉到，对他的害怕使得这种感情从源头上就枯竭了，这让我们无法不觉得这样的一位父亲真的很可怜。后来，与他更年幼的孩子们在一起时，就不是这样了。他们很体贴，很爱他。即使我不能说自己多么爱他的话，但也可以说总是对他很忠心，很孝顺。至于我自己的教育，我不敢断言，他的严格到底使我成为了失败者还是成功者。它并未阻止我拥有快乐的童年。但我也不相信只凭劝说和温言软语，就能促使男孩子们充满活力，并坚持不懈地（后者更为困难）投入到单调乏味、令人厌烦的学习中去。孩子们有很多事必须要做，很多东西必须要学，为此，严格的训练和让他们知道有可能受到惩罚，是不可或缺的手段。无疑，在现代教育中，尽量把要求年轻人学习的东西变得简单有趣是一个非常值得称赞的做法。但是，如果这个原则发展到只要求他们学习已变得简单有趣的东西的话，教育的一个主要目标就被埋没掉了。对于严酷、专制的旧教学体系的衰落，我感到很高兴，但它在培养勤奋学习这方面却很成功。而在我看来，新体系正在训练这样一批人，他们没有能力做任何不合意的事情。因此，我认为，敬畏作为教育中的一个因素，是不能省却的；但是我敢肯定，敬畏不应该是最主要的因素；如果它占支配地位，以至于阻断了孩子对他多年来应该无条件信任的老师的爱和信心，或者封住了孩子本性中率直、自发交流的源泉，那就是不幸了，而从教育的任何其他部分中产生的道德和智力上的受益，必然会因此而大打折扣。

During this first period of my life, the habitual frequenters of my father's house were limited to a very few persons, most of them little known to the world, but whom personal worth, and more or less of congeniality with at least his political opinions (not so frequently to be met with then as since) inclined him to cultivate; and his conversations with them I listened to with interest and instruction. My being an habitual inmate of my father's study made me acquainted with the dearest of his friends, David Ricardo, who by his benevolent countenance, and kindliness of manner, was very attractive to young persons, and who after I became a student of political economy, invited me to his house and to walk with him in order to converse on the subject. I was a more frequent visitor (from about 1817 or 1818) to Mr. Hume, who, born in the same part of Scotland as my father, and having been, I rather think, a younger schoolfellow or college companion of his, had on returning from India renewed their youthful acquaintance, and who coming like many others greatly under the influence of my father's intellect and energy of character, was induced partly by that influence to go into Parliament, and there adopt the line of conduct which has given him an honorable place in the history of his country. Of Mr. Bentham I saw much more, owing to the close intimacy which existed between him and my father. I do not know how soon after my father's first arrival in England they became acquainted. But my father was the earliest Englishman of any great

mark, who thoroughly understood, and in the main adopted, Bentham's general views of ethics, government, and law: and this was a natural foundation for sympathy between them, and made them familiar companions in a period of Bentham's life during which he admitted much fewer visitors than was the case subsequently. At this time Mr. Bentham passed some part of every year at Barrow Green House, in a beautiful part of the Surrey hills, a few miles from Godstone, and there I each summer accompanied my father in a long visit. In 1813 Mr. Bentham, my father, and I made an excursion, which included Oxford, Bath and Bristol, Exeter, Plymouth, and Portsmouth. In this journey I saw many things which were instructive to me, and acquired my first taste for natural scenery, in the elementary form of fondness for a "view." In the succeeding winter we moved into a house very near Mr. Bentham's, which my father rented from him, in Queen Square, Westminster. From 1814 to 1817 Mr. Bentham lived during half of each year at Ford Abbey, in Somersetshire (or rather in a part of Devonshire surrounded by Somersetshire), which intervals I had the advantage of passing at that place. This sojourn was, I think, an important circumstance in my education. Nothing contributes more to nourish elevation of sentiments in a people, than the large and free character of their habitations. The middleage architecture, the baronial hall, and the spacious and lofty rooms, of this fine old place, so unlike the mean and cramped externals of English middle class life, gave the sentiment of a larger and freer existence, and were to me a sort of poetic cultivation, aided also by the character of the grounds in which the Abbey stood; which were riant and secluded, umbrageous, and full of the sound of falling waters.

在我人生初期的这段时间里，父亲家里的常客很少，大部分不为世人所知。但由于他们的品格高尚，以及或多或少与他意气相投，至少在政治观点上互相投合(因为那时这样的人不如后来常见)，父亲乐于与他们结交，他们的交谈总是让我兴致盎然而又深受启迪。我总是呆在父亲的书房里，因此和他最亲密的朋友大卫.李嘉图很熟，他面容和蔼，举止亲切，对年轻人很有吸引力，我开始学政治经济学后，他邀请我到他家里，和他一起散步，以便讨论这个主题。（大概从1817年或1818年开始）我最常拜访的是休姆先生，他和父亲在苏格兰的同一个地区出生，我倒觉得他是父亲的小学校友或者大学时的朋友，从印度回来后，他们重拾年轻时的友谊，和很多人一样，父亲智力和性格中的活力对他影响很大。这种影响，也是促使他进入议会的部分原因，他在议会里行事所采取的路线方针，使他在自己国家的历史上获得了值得尊敬的地位。至于边沁先生，我见得更多，因为他和父亲关系非常亲密。我不知道父亲第一次来英格兰后多久他们就熟悉了。但是，父亲是第一个完全理解并大体上采纳边沁关于道德规范、政府和法律之总体观点的英国要人。这是他们之间产生共鸣的天然基础，使父亲成为边沁那段人生中接待的为

数不多的访客之一，后来边沁接待的访客多了不少。当时，边沁先生每年都会有一阵子在巴罗格林豪斯度过，那是戈德斯通几英里外萨里山上一个很漂亮的地方，我每年夏天都花很长时间陪着父亲在那里作客。1813年，边沁先生、父亲和我一起远足，游览了牛津、巴思、布里斯托尔、埃克塞特、普利茅斯和朴次茅斯。在这次旅行中，我看到了很多对我有启发的东西，第一次领略了自然风光，不过是以对“景色”的喜爱这种初级的形式。同一年冬天，我们搬到离边沁家很近的一所房子里，是父亲从他那里租来的，在威斯敏斯特的女王广场。从1814年到1817年，边沁先生每年有一半的时间住在萨默塞特郡（或者说在被萨默塞特郡环绕着的德文郡）的福特修道院，我间或有幸在那儿小住。我想，这次逗留在我的教育中是很重要的一次经历。宽敞、自由的生活环境，比任何东西都更有助于提升一个民族的情操。这个精致、古老的地方有中世纪的建筑、庄严堂皇的礼堂、宽敞高耸的房间，跟鄙陋、狭隘的英国中产阶级的生活很不一样，给人一种万物更大、更自由的感觉，加之修道院所处庭院的特征，都给我一种诗意的陶冶。这地方风景赏心悦目，幽静隐蔽，绿树成阴，水声潺潺。

I owed another of the fortunate circumstances in my education, a year's residence in France, to Mr. Bentham's brother, General Sir Samuel Bentham. I had seen Sir Samuel Bentham and his family at their house near Gosport in the course of the tour already mentioned (he being then Superintendant of the Dockyard at Portsmouth) and during a stay of a few days which they made at Ford Abbey shortly after the peace, before going to live on the Continent. In 1820 they invited me for a six months visit to them in the South of France, which their kindness ultimately prolonged to nearly a twelvemonth. Sir Samuel Bentham, though of a character of mind different from that of his illustrious brother, was a man of very considerable attainments and general powers, with a decided genius for mechanical art. His wife, a daughter of the celebrated chemist Dr. Fordyce, was a woman of strong will and decided character, much general knowledge, and great practical good sense of the Edgeworth[8] kind: she was the ruling spirit of the household, as she deserved, and was well qualified, to be. Their family consisted of one son (the eminent botanist) and three daughters, the youngest about two years my senior. I am indebted to them for much and various instruction, and for an almost parental interest in my welfare. When I first joined them, in May 1820, they occupied the Château of Pompignan (still belonging to a descendant of Voltaire's enemy) on the heights overlooking the plain of the Garonne between Montauban and Toulouse. I accompanied them in an excursion to the Pyrenees, including a stay of some duration at Bagnères de Bigorre, a journey to Pau, Bayonne, and Bagnères de Luchon, and an ascent of the Pic du Midi de Bigorre. This first introduction to the highest order of mountain scenery made the deepest impression on me, and gave a colour to my tastes through life.

In October we proceeded by the beautiful mountain route of Castres and St. Pons, from Toulouse to Montpellier, in which last neighbourhood Sir Samuel had just bought the estate of Restinclière, near the foot of the singular mountain of St. Loup. During this residence in France I acquired a familiar knowledge of the French language, and acquaintance with the ordinary French literature; I took lessons in various bodily exercises, in none of which however I made any proficiency; and at Montpellier I attended the excellent winter courses of lectures at the Faculté des Sciences, those of M. Anglada on chemistry, of M. Provençal on zoology, and of a very accomplished representative of the eighteenth century metaphysics, M. Gergonne, on logic, under the name of Philosophy of the Sciences. I also went through a course of the higher mathematics under the private tuition of M. Lenthéric, a professor at the Lycée of Montpellier. But the greatest, perhaps, of the many advantages which I owed to this episode in my education, was that of having breathed for a whole year the free and genial atmosphere of Continental life. This advantage was not the less real though I could not then estimate, nor even consciously feel it. Having so little experience of English life, and the few people I knew being mostly such as had public objects, of a large and personally disinterested kind, at heart, I was ignorant of the low moral tone of what, in England, is called society; the habit of, not indeed professing, but taking for granted in every mode of implication, that conduct is of course always directed towards low and petty objects; the absence of high feelings which manifests itself by sneering depreciation of all demonstrations of them, and by general abstinence (except among a few of the stricter religionists) from professing any high principles of action at all, except in those preordained cases in which such profession is put on as part of the costume and formalities of the occasion. I could not then know or estimate the difference between this manner of existence, and that of a people like the French, whose faults, if equally real, are at all events different; among whom sentiments, which by comparison at least may be called elevated, are the current coin of human intercourse, both in books and in private life; and though often evaporating in profession, are yet kept alive in the nation at large by constant exercise, and stimulated by sympathy, so as to form a living and active part of the existence of great numbers of persons, and to be recognized and understood by all. Neither could I then appreciate the general culture of the understanding, which results from the habitual exercise of the feelings, and is thus carried down into the most uneducated classes of several countries on the Continent, in a degree not equalled in England among the so called educated, except where an unusual tenderness of conscience leads to a habitual exercise of the intellect on

questions of right and wrong. I did not know the way in which, among the ordinary English, the absence of interest in things of an unselfish kind, except occasionally in a special thing here and there, and the habit of not speaking to others, nor much even to themselves, about the things in which they do feel interest, causes both their feelings and their intellectual faculties to remain undeveloped, or develop themselves only in some single and very limited direction; reducing them, considered as spiritual beings, to a kind of negative existence. All these things I did not perceive till long afterwards; but I even then felt, though without stating it clearly to myself, the contrast between the frank sociability and amiability of French personal intercourse, and the English mode of existence in which everybody acts as if everybody else (with few, or no, exceptions) was either an enemy or a bore. In France, it is true, the bad as well as the good points both of individual and of national character come more to the surface, and break out more fearlessly in ordinary intercourse, than in England: but the general habit of the people is to show, as well as to expect, friendly feeling in every one towards every other, wherever there is not some positive cause for the opposite. In England it is only of the best bred people, in the upper or upper middle ranks, that anything like this can be said.

在我接受的教育中，还有一次幸运的经历，就是在巴黎住了一年，这要感谢边沁先生的兄弟，将军塞缪尔.边沁爵士。在上面提到的游历中，在戈斯波特附近塞缪尔.边沁爵士的家里，我已经见过他和他的家人（他当时是朴次茅斯造船厂的主管），战争结束后不久，他们在福特修道院逗留的几天里也见过面，之后他们去欧洲大陆居住。1820年，他们邀请我去法国南部的家里住了六个月，结果，由于他们和蔼可亲，我最终几乎住了一年。尽管塞缪尔.边沁爵士思考的方式和他杰出的兄弟不一样，但他也有着相当的成就和综合能力，在机械技术上的天分尤为突出。他的妻子，是著名化学家福代斯博士的女儿，她意志坚强，性格果敢，颇有见识，有着和埃奇沃思一样务实、优秀的辨别力。她是这个家的主导人物，这是她应得的，她也非常称职。他们家有一个儿子（是著名的植物学家），三个女儿，最小的差不多比我大两岁。我很感激他们给了我多方面的大量指导，而且像父母一样关心我。1820年5月，我刚到他们家的时候，他们住在波皮南别墅（当时还属于伏尔泰仇敌的一个后裔），在高处俯瞰蒙托邦和图卢兹之间的加龙河平原。我和他们一起去比利牛斯山脉远足，期间在巴涅尔德比戈尔逗留了一阵子，和他们一起到波城、巴约讷和巴涅尔德吕雄旅行，还攀登了南比戈尔峰。这是我第一次接触最壮美的高山景色，给我留下了最深刻的印象，使我平生的品位变得亮丽多彩。10月份，我们继续从图卢兹出发，沿着卡斯特尔和圣蓬斯美丽的山路去蒙彼利埃，塞缪尔爵士刚在蒙彼利埃附近买下了雷斯汀克里尔的房产，位于圣卢普一座孤山的山脚下。在法国居住的这段时间，我熟悉了法语，也熟悉了一般的法国文学。我上了很多种体育课，然而，没有一门很精通。在蒙彼利埃，我去听了科学院非常好的冬

季讲座，有安格拉达先生讲的化学，有普罗旺萨尔先生讲的动物学，还有18世纪形而上学杰出的代表人物热尔戈纳先生讲的逻辑学，题目是《科学的哲理》。我还在蒙彼利埃大学的朗泰里克教授的单独指导下，学完了高等数学的课程。但是在这段时间的教育中，最为有利的条件可能要算呼吸了一整年欧洲大陆生活中自由、宜人的空气了。尽管我当时还不能估计，甚至不能清楚地感觉到这个优势，但它却是真实存在的。我对英国生活体验甚少，认识的极少的几个人，也大都是投身公共事业，宽厚、无私的那种人，我在内心深处并不知道英国所谓的社会的粗俗道德风气。虽然没人公开宣称行为的目标当然总是趋于俗气、卑微，但是种种迹象都暗示了人们习惯于认为这理所当然。缺乏高尚的情感，表现为轻蔑地贬低所有高尚情感的展现，人们还拒绝公开承认任何高尚的行为准则（除了少数笃信宗教的人），除非在那些预定的场合，在那种情形下这种宣称被当作服饰和礼节的一部分。我当时还无法了解或评价这种生存方式与法国人生存方式的不同之处，法国人的错误即使同样真实，也完全不同。通过对比可以发现，法国人的情感至少可以说是高尚的，在他们当中，不管是在文学作品还是在个人生活里，情感都是人们交往的通行货币。尽管情感会随着表白而消散，但是由于人们经常表达情感，在这个国度情感总体上还是保持鲜活的，并且还受到同情心的激励，以至于成了大多数人生活中充满生机活力的一部分，并为所有人接受和理解。我那时也不能领会这种理解背后的普通文化，它源自于经常运用情感，并如此传播到欧洲大陆好几个国家受教育最少的阶层中，在某种程度上，所谓的受过良好教育的英国人是不能与之相比的，除了那些责任心非常敏感，因此会经常用智力思考对与错的问题的人。普通英国人对无私的事情不感兴趣，除了偶然这儿或那儿的某些特别的事情，而对自己确实感兴趣的事情，他们也习惯于不和别人交谈，甚至都不怎么和自己交流，我不知道这些是如何使他们的感情和智力的本领都得不到发展的，或者是发展的方向很单一，很有限，并使他们这些被认为是有灵魂的生命退化成了一种消极的存在。所有这一切，我都是很久以后才认识到的。但即使那时，尽管我没有清楚地对自己说出来，我也已经感觉到两个国家的区别，法国人交往时坦荡亲切，而在英国人的生活方式中，每个人都表现得好像别人（很少有例外或者根本没有）是敌人或讨厌的人一样。与英国相比，法国人以及法国国家的性格，不管好的还是不好的地方，确实更易显于表面，在平常的交往中更毫无顾忌地显露出来。但是，只要没有确切的理由对人不友好，法国人的一般习惯是表现出每个人对其他所有人的友好，也期望获得这种感情。在英国，只有在上等或者中上等阶层教养最好的人那里，才能出现这类的事情。

In my way through Paris, both going and returning, I passed some time in the house of M. Say, the eminent political economist, who was a friend and correspondent of my father, having become acquainted with him on a visit to England a year or two after the peace. He was a man of the later period of the French Revolution—a fine specimen of the best kind of French republican, one of those who had never bent the knee to Bonaparte though courted by him to do so; a truly upright, brave, and enlightened man. He lived a quiet and studious life, made

happy by warm affections, public and private. He was acquainted with many of the chiefs of the Liberal party, and I saw various noteworthy persons while staying at his house; among whom I have pleasure in the recollection of having once seen Saint-Simon, not yet the founder either of a philosophy or a religion, and considered only as a clever original. The chief fruit which I carried away from the society I saw, was a strong and permanent interest in Continental Liberalism, of which I ever afterwards kept myself au courant, as much as of English politics: a thing not at all usual in those days with Englishmen, and which had a very salutary influence on my development, keeping me free from the error always prevalent in England, and from which even my father with all his superiority to prejudice was not exempt, of judging universal questions by a merely English standard. After passing a few weeks at Caen[9] with an old friend of my father's, I returned to England in July 1821; and my education resumed its ordinary course.

在我往返巴黎的途中，我都在著名政治经济学家塞伊先生的家里逗留一阵子，他是我父亲的朋友，两人写信交流，他在战争结束后一两年的一次英国之行中结识了父亲。他属于法国大革命后期的那种人——是最优秀的法国共和党人的范例；是从来没有向波拿巴称臣的人之一，尽管拿破仑曾诱惑他这么做；是一个真正诚实、勇敢、开明的人。他生活很安详，他很勤奋，由于个人和公众的热烈爱戴而感到幸福。他和自由党的很多首领很熟，住在他家的时候，我见到过很多显要人物。我很愉快地记得在这些人当中，我见过一次圣西门，他当时还不是一门哲学或一种信仰的创始人，仅被认为是个聪明的怪人。我从自己看到的这个社会里得到的主要成果，就是对大陆自由主义强烈、持久的兴趣。这之后，我一直让自己对大陆自由主义的了解像对英国政治的了解一样与时俱进。当时，大陆自由主义在英国人当中很不常见，对我的发展产生了非常有利的影响，让我远离在英国总是很盛行的错误，和仅用英国的标准来评判普遍性问题的做法，这是连我父亲这样一个不受偏见影响的人都避免不了。我在卡昂，父亲的一个老友那里呆了几个星期后，于1821年7月回到英国，我的教育又像往常一样继续下去。

(1) 约瑟夫·巴特勒（1692—1752），英国圣公会会督、神学家。

(2)《宗教类推》，又名《自然宗教与启示宗教之类比》。

(3) 卢克莱修（约公元前94—前55），古罗马哲学家和诗人。

(4) 希罗多德（约公元前485—前425），希腊历史学家，所著《历史》系西方第一部历史著作。

(5) 斯多葛学派，公元前3世纪由芝诺创立。

(6) 伊壁鸠鲁学派，公元前307年由伊壁鸠鲁创立。

(7) 犬儒学派，古希腊的一个哲学学派，由苏格拉底的学生安提西尼创立。

(8) 玛丽亚·埃奇沃思（1767—1849），英裔爱尔兰作家，以写儿童故事和反映爱尔兰生活及风土人情的小说著称。

(9) 卡昂，法国北部城市，临奥恩河，靠近英吉利海峡。

CHAPTER III Last Stage Of Education, And First Of Self-Education

第三章 教育的最后阶段 自学的初级阶段

For the first year or two after my visit to France, I continued my old studies, with the addition of some new ones. When I returned, my father was just finishing for the press his Elements of Political Economy, and he made me perform an exercise on the manuscript, which Mr. Bentham practised on all his own writings, making what he called "marginal contents;" a short abstract of every paragraph, to enable the writer more easily to judge of, and improve, the order of the ideas, and the general character of the exposition. Soon after, my father put into my hands Condillac's Traité des Sensations, and the logical and metaphysical volumes of his Cours d'Etudes; the first (notwithstanding the superficial resemblance between Condillac's psychological system and my father's) quite as much for a warning as for an example. I am not sure whether it was in this winter or the next that I first read a history of the French Revolution. I learnt with astonishment, that the principles of democracy, then apparently in so insignificant and hopeless a minority everywhere in Europe, had borne all before them in France thirty years earlier, and had been the creed of the nation. As may be supposed from this, I had previously a very vague idea of that great commotion. I knew only that the French had thrown off the absolute monarchy of Louis XIV and XV, had put the King and Queen to death, guillotined many persons, one of whom was Lavoisier[1], and had ultimately fallen under the despotism of Bonaparte[2]. From this time, as was natural, the subject took an immense hold of my feelings. It allied itself with all my juvenile aspirations to the character of a democratic champion. What had happened so lately, seemed as if it might easily happen again: and the most transcendent glory I was capable of conceiving, was that of figuring, successful or unsuccessful, as a Girondist[3] in an English Convention.

从法国回来后的头一两年，我继续以前的学习，另外加了一些新东西。我回来的时候，父亲刚好为出版社写完了《政治经济学要义》，他让我在手稿上做一种练习，边沁先生在他自己的所有作品上都这么做，即写他所谓的“旁注”。就是给每段写很短的摘要，让作者能够更容易评判，并改善观点的条理性和阐述的总体特征。之后不久，父亲就让我读孔狄亚克的《感觉论》，还有他的《过程研究》的逻辑学卷和哲学卷；第一本书（尽管孔狄亚克和父亲的心理学体系表面上看起来类似）是个榜样，同样也是种告诫。我不记得到底是这一年还是第二年的冬天，我

第一次读了法国大革命这段历史。我很吃惊地意识到，当时在全欧洲显然只有不足为道且毫无希望的少数人接受的民主原则，早在三十年前的法国就已经出现，而且成为这个国家的纲领。由此可以推断出，对那次伟大的起义，我先前只有很模糊的概念。我只知道，法国人推翻了路易十四和路易十五的独裁专政，杀死了国王和王后，把很多人处斩，其中还有拉瓦锡，但最终陷入波拿巴的专制统治。从这时起，这个主题很自然地大大占据了我的感情，并且与我年少时期有志于成为一名民主斗士的抱负紧紧联系在了一起。大革命的年代并不遥远，似乎很容易再次发生。我能够设想的至高无上的荣誉，就是在英国国民大会上扮演吉伦特党员的角色，不管成功与否。

During the winter of 1821—2, Mr. John Austin, with whom at the time of my visit to France my father had but lately become acquainted, kindly allowed me to read Roman law with him. My father, notwithstanding his abhorrence of the chaos of barbarism called English Law, had turned his thoughts towards the bar as on the whole less ineligible for me than any other profession: and these readings with Mr. Austin, who had made Bentham's best ideas his own, and added much to them from other sources and from his own mind, were not only a valuable introduction to legal studies, but an important portion of general education. With Mr. Austin I read Heineccius on the Institutes, his Roman Antiquities, and part of his exposition of the Pandects; to which was added a considerable portion of Blackstone. It was at the commencement of these studies that my father, as a needful accompaniment to them, put into my hands Bentham's principal speculations, as interpreted to the Continent, and indeed to all the world, by Dumont, in the Traité de Législation. The reading of this book was an epoch in my life; one of the turning points in my mental history.

1821年的冬天，在我去法国的时候，父亲刚刚结识的约翰.奥斯丁先生亲切地邀我和他一起读罗马法律。父亲尽管憎恨英国法律的混乱、愚昧，但也开始考虑让我向律师界发展，总体上来说，比起其他专业，我更有能力从事法律工作。奥斯丁先生汲取了边沁最精华的思想，并添加上很多别人和自己的见解。和他一起读书，不仅在法律学习的入门上很有价值，而且是我整个教育中非常重要的一部分。和奥斯丁先生一起，我读了海内克丘斯的《法学概要》和《罗马古代制度》以及他对《罗马法典》阐述的一部分，还要加上布莱克斯通的很大一部分著述。就在这些学习刚开始的时候，父亲让我读《立法论》，学习边沁主要思想，作为对它们的必要补充。杜蒙在这本书中向欧洲大陆，乃至整个世界阐释了边沁的思想。读这本书开创了我人生的一个新纪元，是我思想发展历程的转折点之一。

My previous education had been, in a certain sense, already a course of Benthamism[4]. The Benthamic standard of "the greatest happiness" was that which I had always been taught to apply; I was

even familiar with an abstract discussion of it, forming an episode in an unpublished dialogue on Government, written by my father on the Platonic model. Yet in the first pages of Bentham it burst upon me with all the force of novelty. What thus impressed me was the chapter in which Bentham passed judgment on the common modes of reasoning in morals and legislation, deduced from phrases like "law of nature," "right reason," "the moral sense," "natural rectitude," and the like, and characterized them as dogmatism in disguise, imposing its sentiments upon others under cover of sounding expressions which convey no reason for the sentiment, but set up the sentiment as its own reason. It had not struck me before, that Bentham's principle put an end to all this. The feeling rushed upon me, that all previous moralists were superseded, and that here indeed was the commencement of a new era in thought. This impression was strengthened by the manner in which Bentham put into scientific form the application of the happiness principle to the morality of actions, by analysing the various classes and orders of their consequences. But what struck me at that time most of all, was the Classification of Offences; which is much more clear, compact, and imposing, in Dumont's rédaction than in the original work of Bentham from which it was taken. Logic and the dialectics of Plato, which had formed so large a part of my previous training, had given me a strong relish for accurate classification. This taste had been strengthened and enlightened by the study of botany, on the principles of what is called the Natural Method, which I had taken up with great zeal, though only as an amusement, during my stay in France; and when I found scientific classification applied to the great and complex subject of Punishable Acts, under the guidance of the ethical principle of Pleasurable and Painful Consequences, followed out in the method of detail introduced into these subjects by Bentham, I felt taken up to an eminence from which I could survey a vast mental domain, and see stretching out into the distance intellectual results beyond all computation. As I proceeded further, there seemed to be added to this intellectual clearness, the most inspiring prospects of practical improvement in human affairs. To Bentham's general views of the construction of a body of law I was not altogether a stranger, having read with attention that admirable compendium, my father's article "Jurisprudence": but I had read it with little profit, and scarcely any interest, no doubt from its extremely general and abstract character, and also because it concerned the form more than the substance of the corpus juris, the logic rather than the ethics of law. But Bentham's subject was Legislation, of which Jurisprudence is only the formal part: and at every page he seemed to open a clearer and broader conception of what human opinions and institutions ought to be, how

they might be made what they ought to be, and how far removed from it they now are. When I laid down the last volume of the Traité I had become a different being. The "principle of utility" understood as Bentham understood it, and applied in the manner in which he applied it through these three volumes, fell exactly into its place as the keystone which held together the detached and fragmentary component parts of my knowledge and beliefs. It gave unity to my conceptions of things. I now had opinions; a creed, a doctrine, a philosophy; in one among the best senses of the word, a religion; the inculcation and diffusion of which could be made the principal outward purpose of a life. And I had a grand conception laid before me of changes to be effected in the condition of mankind through that doctrine. The Traité de Législation wound up with what was to me a most impressive picture of human life as it would be made by such opinions and such laws as were recommended in the treatise. The anticipations of practicable improvement were studiously moderate, deprecating and discountenancing as reveries of vague enthusiasm many things which will one day seem so natural to human beings, that injustice will probably be done to those who once thought them chimerical. But, in my state of mind, this appearance of superiority to illusion added to the effect which Bentham's doctrines produced on me, by heightening the impression of mental power. And the vista of improvement which he did open was sufficiently large and brilliant to light up my life, as well as to give a definite shape to my aspirations.

从某种意义上讲，我之前的教育，学的就已经是功利主义了。我一直被教导着去应用“最大幸福”的功利主义标准。我甚至熟悉关于功利主义的一次抽象讨论，是父亲未发表的《论政府》对话中的一段，讨论的是柏拉图模式。然而，边沁书中的前几页，充满了新奇的力量，让我眼前一亮。像这样让我印象深刻的是边沁评价道德和立法中的一般推理方式的那一章。这种推理是从“自然法则”“正确推理”“是非感”以及“天赋公正”之类的语句中推断出来的，边沁认为它们是伪装的教条主义，以空洞的口号当幌子，把观点强加到别人身上，但这些口号根本没有为这种观点传达理由，反而把观点本身当作理由。我之前从未想到过边沁的原则会结束所有这一切。我突然感觉到，以前的所有伦理学家都被他取代了，而在这儿，思想上的一个新纪元真正开始了。边沁把幸福原则应用于道德行为，通过分析各种类型的后果和它们的次序，使这一应用以科学的形式呈现出来，这种方式进一步加强了我的那种感觉。但是，当时最让我惊讶的是《犯罪分类》，而杜蒙以边沁的原作为基础写的《犯罪分类》（修订本），要比原作要清楚、简洁得多，让人印象深刻。柏拉图的逻辑学和辩证法，在我之前的训练中占据了相当大的比重，让我对精确分类非常感兴趣。这种爱好，由于依据自然方法的一些原则学习植物学而得以加强和启迪。我在法国暂住的时候，就满腔热情地开始运用自然方法，尽管只是作为一种消遣。当我发现，在快乐与痛苦的后果这一道德原则的指导下，把科学的分类应用于伟大、复杂的主题——该罚

的行为，按照边沁引入这些主题的具体方法贯彻执行时，我觉得被提升到一种能俯瞰广阔的精神领域的高度，还能展望到无法估算的智力成果。随着探讨继续深入，在这种智力清晰之外，我似乎还看到了最鼓舞人心的人类事务切实进步的前景。边沁对于构建立法体系的总体思想，我并不十分陌生，因为我认真地读过父亲的文章《法理学》，这是篇极好的概论。但是，我没有多少收获，也几乎完全不感兴趣，无疑因为它太概括，太抽象，也因为它更关注民法的形式而非实质，逻辑而非法律伦理。但是，边沁的主题是立法，法理学只是其中的形式方面。人的观念和制度应该是什么样的，如何让它们变成该有的样子，以及现在它们都偏离了多少，在每一页上，他似乎都让这些概念更加清楚和明朗。当我放下《立法论》的最后一卷时，我已经脱胎换骨了。边沁所理解和应用的“功利原则”，就和在这三卷书中理解和应用的方式一样，它恰到好处地成为了把我的知识和信念中支离破碎的部分整合起来的基础。它把我对事物的概念统一起来。我现在有了主张；有了信条、学说和哲学体系；有了宗教，取宗教一词的最佳意义；有了可向他人灌输并传播的东西，由此可订立人生主要的外在目标。而且，在我面前有了一个宏大的设想，就是用那个学说改变人类的境遇。在我看来，《立法论》的结尾，描绘了人类生活最感人的画卷，用论文中建议的那些观点和法律就能创造出这样的生活。它对切实可行的进步的预期是谨慎、适度的，轻视并反对很多将来有一天对人类来说会很自然的事情，觉得那是由茫然的热情产生的幻想，但对那些曾认为它们异想天开的人来说，不公正可能会在他们身上发生。但是，在我的思想状态中，这种高于幻想的想象，通过加深精神力量的影响，强化了边沁的学说对我产生的影响。他向我展现的改良的前景，宏大而壮美，足以点燃我的人生，明确我的抱负。

After this I read, from time to time, the most important of the other works of Bentham which had then seen the light, either as written by himself or as edited by Dumont. This was my private reading: while, under my father's direction, my studies were carried into the higher branches of analytic psychology. I now read Locke[5]'s Essay, and wrote out an account of it, consisting of a complete abstract of every chapter, with such remarks as occurred to me: which was read by, or (I think) to, my father, and discussed throughout. I performed the same process with Helvetius[6] De l'Esprit, which I read of my own choice. This preparation of abstracts, subject to my father's censorship, was of great service to me, by compelling precision in conceiving and expressing psychological doctrines, whether accepted as truths or only regarded as the opinions of others. After Helvetius, my father made me study what he deemed the really master-production in the philosophy of mind, Hartley's Observations on Man. This book, though it did not, like the Traité de Législation, give a new colour to my existence, made a very similar impression on me in regard to its immediate subject. Hartley's explanation, incomplete as in many points it is, of the more complex mental phenomena by the

law of association, commended itself to me at once as a real analysis, and made me feel by contrast the insufficiency of the merely verbal generalizations of Condillac, and even of the instructive gropings and feelings about for psychological explanations, of Locke. It was at this very time that my father commenced writing his Analysis of the Mind, which carried Hartley's mode of explaining the mental phenomena to so much greater length and depth. He could only command the concentration of thought necessary for this work, during the complete leisure of his holiday of a month or six weeks annually; and he commenced it in the summer of 1822, in the first holiday he passed at Dorking; in which neighbourhood, from that time to the end of his life, with the exception of two years, he lived, as far as his official duties permitted, for six months of every year. He worked at the Analysis during several successive vacations, up to the year 1829 when it was published, and allowed me to read the manuscript, portion by portion, as it advanced. The other principal English writers on mental philosophy I read as I felt inclined, particularly Berkeley[7], Hume's Essays, Reid[8], Dugald Stewart[9] and Brown on Cause and Effect. Brown's Lectures I did not read until two or three years later, nor at that time had my father himself read them.

这之后，我时不时地读边沁其他问世作品中最重要的一些，有的是他自己写的，有的是杜蒙编辑的。这是我的个人阅读，另外，在父亲的指导下，我的学习进入到分析心理学的更高分支。我现在读了洛克的《随笔》，并写了报告，包括每一章的完整摘要，加上我想到的评论。父亲读了报告后，或者（我认为）我读给他听了之后，就从头到尾讨论一遍。我以同样的方式读了爱尔维修《论精神》，这本书是我自选的。在父亲的督导之下准备这些摘要对我特别有用，因为在思考和表达心理学学说时，不管是视其为真理还是仅认为是别人的观点，都必须精确。读完爱尔维修之后，父亲让我攻读哈特利的《对人的观察》，他认为这是精神心理学领域真正的大师级作品。这本书，尽管不像《立法论》那样给我的生活增添新的色彩，但是它的主题，也给我留下了类似的深刻印象。哈特利运用联系法解释更为复杂的精神现象，虽然在很多地方都不全面，但作为真正的分析，马上就引起了我的兴趣，让我通过对比感觉到，孔狄亚克仅仅拘泥于文字归纳的不足，甚至洛克在阐释心理学时有益的探索和感想也有不足。就在这时，父亲开始着手写《精神分析》，用的是哈特利的精神现象阐述模式，但更全面，更深刻。他只能在每年一个月或者六个星期的假期里，完全闲着的时候，才能集中必需的精力做这项工作。他是1822年夏天开始写的，那是他第一次在多金度假。从那时起到他去世，除了有两年之外，只要职责允许，他每年都在那个地方住上半年。连续好几个假期，他都用来写《精神分析》，直到1829年发表。随着他的进展，他允许我逐步地读该书的手稿。精神心理学领域的其他主要英语作家的作品，我只读了我喜欢的，尤其是贝克莱、休谟的《随笔》、里德、杜格尔德.斯图尔特以及布朗的《因果论》。两三年后我才读布朗的《演讲集》，当时连我父亲也没有读过。

Among the works read in the course of this year, which contributed materially to my development, I ought to mention a book (written on the foundation of some of Bentham's manuscripts and published under the pseudonyme of Philip Beauchamp) entitled Analysis of the Influence of Natural Religion on the Temporal Happiness of Mankind. This was an examination not of the truth, but of the usefulness of religious belief, in the most general sense, apart from the peculiarities of any special Revelation; which, of all the parts of the discussion concerning religion, is the most important in this age, in which real belief in any religious doctrine is feeble and precarious, but the opinion of its necessity for moral and social purposes almost universal; and when those who reject revelation, very generally take refuge in an optimistic Deism, a worship of the order of Nature, and the supposed course of Providence, at least as full of contradictions, and perverting to the moral sentiments, as any of the forms of Christianity, if only it is as completely realized. Yet, very little, with any claim to a philosophical character, has been written by sceptics against the usefulness of this form of belief. The volume bearing the name of Philip Beauchamp had this for its special object. Having been shewn to my father in manuscript, it was put into my hands by him, and I made a marginal analysis of it as I had done of the Elements of Political Economy. Next to the Traité de Législation, it was one of the books which by the searching character of its analysis produced the greatest effect upon me. On reading it lately after an interval of many years, I find it to have some of the defects as well as the merits of the Benthamic modes of thought, and to contain, as I now think, many weak arguments, but with a great overbalance of sound ones, and much good material for a more completely philosophic and conclusive treatment of the subject.

这一年间，我读了一些对我的发展有实质性作用的著作，这当中我应该提到一本书，名为《自然宗教对人类现世幸福影响的分析》（以边沁的一些手稿为基础写的，用菲利浦.比彻姆的笔名出版）。这本书不是检验最普遍意义上的宗教信仰的真伪，而是检验它是否有用，以及是否有任何特别的《启示录》的特性。这本书中所有和宗教有关的讨论，都是这个时代最重要的，在这个时代，对任何宗教教义的真正信仰都是无益的，靠不住的。但是认为宗教对实现道德和社会目标是必要的几乎是一个普遍认可的观点。那些拒绝神的启示的人，一般都寻求乐观的自然神论作庇护，即崇拜大自然的秩序和天道，这至少与任何形式的基督教一样充满矛盾，并堕落成道德情感，只是没有被完全认识到。然而，怀疑这种形式信仰有用的人，只写了很少称得上带有任何哲学性质的作品。以菲利普.比彻姆的名义写的书，就以此为特定目标。父亲看过手稿后，把它交给我，我在页边缘上作了分析，就像读《政治经济学要义》的时候一样。这本书分析很透彻，是继《立法论》之后对我产生最大影响的书籍之一。很多年后重读这本书的时候，我发现了它功利主义思考

模式的一些缺点和优点，我现在觉得，它也有很多缺乏说服力的论证，但是也有很多合理的论证和好材料，可以用来对这个主题进行更全面的哲理性和总结性的处理。

I have now, I believe, mentioned all the books which had any considerable effect on my early mental development. From this point I began to carry on my intellectual cultivation by writing still more than by reading. In the summer of 1822 I wrote my first argumentative essay. I remember very little about it, except that it was an attack on what I regarded as the aristocratic prejudice, that the rich were, or were likely to be, superior in moral qualities to the poor. My performance was entirely argumentative, without any of the declamation which the subject would admit of, and might be expected to suggest to a young writer. In that department however I was, and remained, very inapt. Dry argument was the only thing I could manage, or willingly attempted; though passively I was very susceptible to the effect of all composition, whether in the form of poetry or oratory, which appealed to the feelings on any basis of reason. My father, who knew nothing of this essay until it was finished, was well satisfied, and as I learnt from others, even pleased with it; but, perhaps from a desire to promote the exercise of other mental faculties than the purely logical, he advised me to make my next exercise in composition one of the oratorical kind: on which suggestion, availing myself of my familiarity with Greek history and ideas and with the Athenian orators, I wrote two speeches, one an accusation, the other a defence of Pericles[10], on a supposed impeachment for not marching out to fight the Lacedemonians on their invasion of Attica. After this I continued to write papers on subjects often very much beyond my capacity, but with great benefit both from the exercise itself, and from the discussions which it led to with my father.

至此，对我早期的智力发展有任何重要影响的书籍，我相信已经都提到了。从这时起，与读书相比，我开始主要通过写作来继续进行智力培养。1822年夏天，我写了第一篇议论文。我已经不怎么记得这篇文章了，只记得它是抨击我理解的贵族化偏见，即认为富人在道德素质上高于穷人，或者很可能高于穷人。我所写的完全是在论证，没有任何慷慨陈词，这种主题其实是允许激辩的，而且年轻作者可能也会被建议这么做。然而，我在这方面一直不擅长。朴素的论证是我唯一能把握的，或者说乐意尝试的。然而，我很容易被动地受到在理性的基础上打动人心的文学作品的影响，不管是诗歌还是演说。直到我写完之后，父亲才知道有这篇文章，他非常满意，而且，我还从别人那里听说，他甚至非常高兴。但是，可能他希望我提高其他智力能力，而不仅仅是逻辑能力，所以，建议我接下来练习写一篇演说类的文章。对于这个建议，我利用自己熟悉希腊历史和思想以及雅典演说家这个优势，写了两篇演说，一

篇是谴责伯里克利，另一篇是为他辩护，假设他由于没有出兵攻打入侵阿提卡的斯巴达人而遭到了指责。这之后，我继续写一些主题经常大大超出我能力的论文，但是，不管是从练习本身，还是从由此而与父亲进行的讨论中，我都收获颇多。

I had now also begun to converse, on general subjects, with the instructed men with whom I came in contact: and the opportunities of such contact naturally became more numerous. The two friends of my father from whom I derived most, and with whom I most associated, were Mr. Grote[11] and Mr. John Austin. The acquaintance of both with my father was recent, but had ripened rapidly into intimacy. Mr. Grote was introduced to my father by Mr. Ricardo, I think in 1819, (being then about twenty-five years old), and sought assiduously his society and conversation. Already a highly instructed man, he was yet, by the side of my father, a tyro in the great subjects of human opinion; but he rapidly seized on my father's best ideas; and in the department of political opinion he made himself known as early as 1820, by a pamphlet in defence of Radical Reform, in reply to a celebrated article by Sir James Mackintosh, then lately published in the Edinburgh Review. Mr. Grote's father, the banker, was, I believe, a thorough Tory, and his mother intensely Evangelical; so that for his liberal opinions he was in no way indebted to home influences. But, unlike most persons who have the prospect of being rich by inheritance, he had, though actively engaged in the business of banking, devoted a great portion of time to philosophic studies; and his intimacy with my father did much to decide the character of the next stage in his mental progress. Him I often visited, and my conversations with him on political, moral, and philosophical subjects gave me, in addition to much valuable instruction, all the pleasure and benefit of sympathetic communion with a man of the high intellectual and moral eminence which his life and writings have since manifested to the world.

此时，我也已经开始与接触到的博学者讨论一般性的问题，这种接触的机会也自然变得更频繁起来。从父亲的两个朋友，格罗特先生和约翰.奥斯丁先生那里，我收获最多，与他们的交往也最多。他们和我父亲都认识不久，但他们的关系很快就由认识变为熟识了。格罗特先生是李嘉图先生介绍给父亲认识的，我想是在1819年（那时他差不多25岁），他一心寻求与父亲交往。尽管他已经是个非常博学的人了，但在父亲面前，对于人类观点这样重大的主题，他仍是个初学者；但是，他能很快地抓住父亲思想的精华。在政治观点方面，早在1820年，他就因为答复詹姆斯.麦金托什爵士的著名论文，写了篇为“激进改革”辩护的论文而为人所知，这篇论文最近发表在《爱丁堡评论》上。格罗特先生的父亲是个银行家，我认为是个十足的保守派，他的母亲是个虔诚的基督教福音派教徒，所以他的自由观点绝非来自家庭的影响。但是，和大多数将来

能够靠继承遗产而富有的人不同，他虽然积极参与银行业务，但还是把自己的很大一部分时间投入到了哲学研究中。他和我父亲的熟识，在很大程度上决定了他思想发展下一阶段的特点。我经常拜访他，和他探讨政治、道德和哲学话题，除了很宝贵的指导外，与他这样一个智力过人、道德高尚的人意气相投地交流，还给我带来了很多快乐和益处。他过人的思想和高尚的道德，从那时起，已经通过他的生活和作品展现在了世人面前。

Mr. Austin, who was four or five years older than Mr. Grote, was the eldest son of a retired miller in Suffolk, who had made money by contracts during the war, and who must have been a man of remarkable qualities, as I infer from the fact that all his sons were of more than common ability and all eminently gentlemen. The one with whom we are now concerned, and whose writings on jurisprudence have made him celebrated, was for some time in the army, and served in Sicily under Lord William Bentinck. After the peace he sold his commission and studied for the bar, to which he had been called for some time before my father knew him. He was not, like Mr. Grote, to any extent, a pupil of my father, but he had attained, by reading and thought, a considerable number of the same opinions, modified by his own very decided individuality of character. He was a man of great intellectual powers which in conversation appeared at their very best; from the vigour and richness of expression with which, under the excitement of discussion, he was accustomed to maintain some view or other of most general subjects; and from an appearance of not only strong, but deliberate and collected will; mixed with a certain bitterness, partly derived from temperament, and partly from the general cast of his feelings and reflections. The dissatisfaction with life and the world, felt more or less in the present state of society and intellect by every discerning and highly conscientious mind, gave in his case a rather melancholy tinge to the character, very natural to those whose passive moral susceptibilities are more than proportioned to their active energies. For it must be said, that the strength of will of which his manner seemed to give such strong assurance, expended itself principally in manner. With great zeal for human improvement, a strong sense of duty, and capacities and acquirements the extent of which is proved by the writings he has left, he hardly ever completed any intellectual task of magnitude. He had so high a standard of what ought to be done, so exaggerated a sense of deficiencies in his own performances, and was so unable to content himself with the amount of elaboration sufficient for the occasion and the purpose, that he not only spoiled much of his work for ordinary use by overlabouring it, but spent so much time and exertion in superfluous study and thought, that when his task ought to have been completed, he had generally worked himself into an illness, without having half finished

what he undertook. From this mental infirmity (of which he is not the sole example among the accomplished and able men whom I have known), combined with liability to frequent attacks of disabling though not dangerous ill-health, he accomplished, through life, little in comparison with what he seemed capable of; but what he did produce is held in the very highest estimation by the most competent judges; and, like Coleridge[12], he might plead as a set-off that he had been to many persons, through his conversation, a source not only of much instruction but of great elevation of character. On me his influence was most salutary. It was moral in the best sense. He took a sincere and kind interest in me, far beyond what could have been expected towards a mere youth from a man of his age, standing, and what seemed austerity of character. There was in his conversation and demeanour a tone of highmindedness which did not show itself so much, if the quality existed as much, in any of the other persons with whom at that time I associated. My intercourse with him was the more beneficial, owing to his being of a different mental type from all other intellectual men whom I frequented, and he from the first set himself decidedly against the prejudices and narrownesses which are almost sure to be found in a young man formed by a particular mode of thought or a particular social circle.

奥斯丁先生比格罗特先生大四五岁，是萨福克郡一个退休磨坊主的长子。在战争中，这位父亲靠承包赚了不少钱，我推断他肯定是个品质出众的人，因为他的儿子能力都不一般，都是优秀的绅士。我们现在关注的这位，因他的法学作品而著名，他曾经有一段时间从军，在威廉·本廷克勋爵的麾下，在西西里服过役。战争结束后，他卖了军衔，开始学习法律，父亲认识他之前，他就已经当了一段时间的律师了。他和格罗特先生不一样，根本不是我父亲的学生，而是通过阅读和思考，获得了很多和我父亲相同的观点，辅之以他性格中坚定的个性。他这个人才智突出，通过对话最能展现出来。在讨论得很兴奋的时候，他惯于用有力、华美的言辞，坚持非常普通的主题中的某个观点。他的外貌表现出的不仅是强硬，而且还有谨慎和冷静的意志，也夹杂着某种尖酸，部分源于性格，部分源于他的情感和思索的总体特征。每一个有判断力、非常负责的思想家，在目前的社会和智力状态下，都或多或少感觉到对生活和世界不满，而在他这儿这种不满让他的性格带上相当忧郁的色彩，这对于消极的道德情感压倒积极活力的人来说，是很自然的现象。因为必须承认，他的风格似乎强有力地证明了他的意志力，然而，他的意志力也仅止于其风格。他非常热心人类的进步，有很强的责任感，还有他留下来的那些作品，足以证明他的能力和成就的水平，但他几乎从没完成任何有重大意义的智力作品。对于应该做的事情，他的标准如此之高，总觉得自己的表现有缺点，不满足于对情形和意图而言已经足够的详尽阐述，以至于不仅对很多用途普通的工作太过细心却损毁了它们，而且还把很多时间和精力花在多余的研究和思考上。因此，当他的任务需要完成的时候，他通常已经积劳成疾了，而工作一半都没有完成。由

于这种心理弱点（在我认识的有成就和有才干的人当中，他并不是唯一的例子），加上经常生病（这些病虽然不致命，但也损害身体能力），与他看起来能做到的相比，他一生的成就很小。但是，对于他确实创作出来的东西，最称职的鉴定人也会给予他非常高的评价。和柯尔律治一样，他可以为自己辩护，说通过交谈他不仅为许多人提供了很多指导，还大大提升了他们的品质。他对我的影响非常有益。那是最佳意义上的道德影响。他对我的关心很诚挚友善，一个寻常的年轻人很难想象从像他这种年龄、地位以及看似性格严厉的人那里获得这种关心。他的言谈和举止中有一种高尚的风格，在当时我所认识的人当中，即使有人有同样的品质，也不会像在他身上展现出来的那么多。从与他的交往当中，我收益更多，因为他和我经常拜访的知识分子都不是一个思想类型的。而且，对于仅由一种思想模式或者一种社会圈子塑造的年轻人几乎必然会有的偏见和狭隘，他从一开始就果断地反对。

His younger brother, Charles Austin, of whom at this time and for the next year or two I saw much, had also a great effect on me, though of a very different description. He was but a few years older than myself, and had then just left the University, where he had shone with great éclat as a man of intellect and a brilliant orator and converser. The effect he produced on his Cambridge contemporaries deserves to be accounted an historical event; for to it may in part be traced the tendency towards Liberalism in general, and the Benthamic and politico-economic form of it in particular, which showed itself in a portion of the more active-minded young men of the higher classes from this time to 1830. The Union Debating Society, at that time at the height of its reputation, was an arena where what were then thought extreme opinions, in politics and philosophy, were weekly asserted, face to face with their opposites, before audiences consisting of the élite of the Cambridge youth: and though many persons afterwards of more or less note, (of whom Lord Macaulay is the most celebrated), gained their first oratorical laurels in those debates, the really influential mind among these intellectual gladiators was Charles Austin. He continued, after leaving the University, to be, by his conversation and personal ascendancy, a leader among the same class of young men who had been his associates there; and he attached me among others to his car. Through him I became acquainted with Macaulay[13], Hyde and Charles Villiers, Strutt (now Lord Belper), Romilly (now Lord Romilly and Master of the Rolls), and various others who subsequently figured in literature or politics, and among whom I heard discussions on many topics, as yet to a certain degree new to me. The influence of Charles Austin over me differed from that of the persons I have hitherto mentioned, in being not the influence of a man over a boy, but that of an elder contemporary. It was through him that I first felt myself, not a pupil under teachers, but a man among men. He was the first person of intellect whom I met on a

ground of equality, though as yet much his inferior on that common ground. He was a man who never failed to impress greatly those with whom he came in contact, even when their opinions were the very reverse of his. The impression he gave was that of boundless strength, together with talents which, combined with such apparent force of will and character, seemed capable of dominating the world. Those who knew him, whether friendly to him or not, always anticipated that he would play a conspicuous part in public life. It is seldom that men produce so great an immediate effect by speech, unless they, in some degree, lay themselves out for it; and he did this in no ordinary degree. He loved to strike, and even to startle. He knew that decision is the greatest element of effect, and he uttered his opinions with all the decision he could throw into them, never so well pleased as when he astonished any one by their audacity. Very unlike his brother, who made war against the narrower interpretations and applications of the principles they both professed, he on the contrary, presented the Benthamic doctrines in the most startling form of which they were susceptible, exaggerating everything in them which tended to consequences offensive to any one's preconceived feelings. All which, he defended with such verve and vivacity, and carried off by a manner so agreeable as well as forcible, that he always either came off victor, or divided the honours of the field. It is my belief that much of the notion popularly entertained of the tenets and sentiments of what are called Benthamites or Utilitarians had its origin in paradoxes thrown out by Charles Austin. It must be said, however, that his example was followed, haud passibus aequis, by younger proselytes, and that to outrer whatever was by anybody considered offensive in the doctrines and maxims of Benthamism, became at one time the badge of a small coterie of youths. All of these who had anything in them, myself among others, quickly outgrew this boyish vanity; and those who had not, became tired of differing from other people, and gave up both the good and the bad part of the heterodox opinions they had for some time professed.

当时以及接下来的一两年里，我经常见到他的弟弟查尔斯.奥斯丁，他对我的影响也很大，尽管类型很不相同。他比我只大几岁，那时刚大学毕业。在大学里，他光芒四射，是位有识之士、才华横溢的演讲家和谈话专家。他对剑桥同辈们产生的影响堪称具有历史性意义。因为通常意义上的自由主义风潮，尤其是它的功利主义和政治经济学形式，可以部分追溯到此。从这时起到1830年，这种风潮在一部分上层社会思想较活跃的年轻人中展现出来。联合辩论协会当时正处于名声鼎盛时期，在这个活动场所里，当时被认为很极端的政治和哲学观点每星期都会被拿来和对手面对面地辩论，而观众里有剑桥的年轻精英。虽然很多后来或多或少有些名望的人（其中，麦考利勋爵是最著名的），是在这些辩论中首次摘得演说的桂冠，但这些高智商的辩论者中，真正有影响力的还

是查尔斯.奥斯丁。离开大学后，他的谈话技巧和个人魅力使得他仍然是大学里与他熟识那一阶层年轻人的领袖。他让我和别人一起，加入了他的行列。通过他，我结识了麦考利、海德、查尔斯.维利尔斯，斯特拉特(现在是贝尔珀勋爵)和罗米利（现在是罗米利勋爵，上诉院保管案卷的法官），还有很多后来因文学或政治而出名的人。我听到他们讨论很多话题，在某种程度上来说，我对这些话题还不熟悉。查尔斯.奥斯丁对我的影响跟我迄今为止提到的其他人不一样，不是成年人对小孩子的影响，而是年龄稍长的同代人的影响。通过他，我第一次感觉到自己不是老师的小学生，而是成人中的一员。他是我见到的第一个高智商的平辈人，我们是平等的，虽然在这平等的基础上我比他逊色很多。他会给任何与他接触过的人留下深刻印象，即使他们的观点与他完全相反。他给人的印象是有无穷的力量和才干，结合他显而易见的意志和性格的力量，似乎能主宰世界。那些熟悉他的人，不管对他是否友好，都预料他会在公众生活中发挥显著作用。很少有人能通过演说产生这么大的直接影响，除非他们在某种程度上是精心准备了而且用了功的。他喜欢给人留下深刻印象，甚至让人震惊。他知道，果断是效果的最大因素，他表达观点时，尽力把所有果断融入其中。他最高兴的时候，就是他的观点因为大胆创新而让人大吃一惊的时候。他和哥哥很不一样，他哥哥坚决反对过于狭隘地解释和应用两人都公开承认的原则，恰恰相反，他以功利主义学说所能承受的最惊人的方式阐述这一学说，夸大学说中任何倾向于冒犯人们原有情感的东西。他充满活力地为这一切辩护，以令人愉快又有说服力的态度应付局面，因此他经常成为胜者，或者分享胜者的荣誉。我坚信，流行的边沁主义者或功利主义者的原则和看法中的很多观念，都源于查尔斯.奥斯丁提出的看似矛盾而实际可能正确的说法。然而，必须承认，改变了信仰的年轻人步履蹒跚地仿效他的做法，夸大功利主义教条和准则中所有大家都认为有冒犯性的东西，曾有一段时间这成为了一个小圈子年轻人的标志。那些有些天分的人，包括我自己，很快就抛弃了这种孩子气的虚荣心；而没有天分的人，逐渐厌倦了与别人唱反调，放弃了他们坚持过一段时间的非主流观点，不管是好的还是坏的部分。

It was in the winter of 1822—3 that I formed the plan of a little society, to be composed of young men agreeing in fundamental principles— acknowledging Utility as their standard in ethics and politics, and a certain number of the principal corollaries drawn from it in the philosophy I had accepted—and meeting once a fortnight to read essays and discuss questions conformably to the premises thus agreed on. The fact would hardly be worth mentioning, but for the circumstance, that the name I gave to the society I had planned was the Utilitarian Society. It was the first time that any one had taken the title of Utilitarian; and the term made its way into the language, from this humble source. I did not invent the word, but found it in one of Galt's novels, the Annals of the Parish, in which the Scotch clergyman, of whom the book is a supposed autobiography, is represented as warning his parishioners not to leave the Gospel and become

utilitarians. With a boy's fondness for a name and a banner I seized on the word, and for some years called myself and others by it as a sectarian appellation; and it came to be occasionally used by some others holding the opinions which it was intended to designate. As those opinions attracted more notice, the term was repeated by strangers and opponents, and got into rather common use just about the time when those who had originally assumed it, laid down that along with other sectarian characteristics. The Society so called consisted at first of no more than three members, one of whom, being Mr. Bentham's amanuensis, obtained for us permission to hold our meetings in his house. The number never, I think, reached ten, and the society was broken up in 1826. It had thus an existence of about three years and a half. The chief effect of it as regards myself, over and above the benefit of practice in oral discussion, was that of bringing me in contact with several young men at that time less advanced than myself, among whom, as they professed the same opinions, I was for some time a sort of leader, and had considerable influence on their mental progress. Any young man of education who fell in my way, and whose opinions were not incompatible with those of the Society, I endeavoured to press into its service; and some others I probably should never have known, had they not joined it. Those of the members who became my intimate companions—no one of whom was in any sense of the word a disciple, but all of them independent thinkers on their own basis —were William Eyton Tooke, son of the eminent political economist, a young man of singular worth both moral and intellectual, lost to the world by an early death; his friend William Ellis, an original thinker in the field of political economy, now honorably known by his apostolic exertions for the improvement of education; George Graham, afterwards an official assignee of the Bankruptcy Court, a thinker of originality and power on almost all abstract subjects; and (from the time when he came first to England to study for the bar in 1824 or 1825) a man who has made considerably more noise in the world than any of these, John Arthur Roebuck.

1822年冬天，我制定了建立一个小型学会的计划。这个学会由认同基本原则的年轻人组成，即认可效用为他们道德规范和政治观点的标准，认可我所接受的哲学从效用中得出的一些主要推论。我们两星期进行一次活动，读文章，并讨论与由此达成的前提一致的问题。如果不是一个细节，我打算给学会起名叫功利主义者学会这件事就根本不值一提。这是第一次有人用功利主义者这个名称，这个词就从这种不起眼的渠道进入了英语。它不是我发明的，我是从高尔特的一部小说《教区年鉴》中看到的，这本书假托一名苏格兰牧师的自传。在小说中，他警告自己教区的居民不要放弃福音，而要变成功利主义者。出于男孩子对名字和标语的喜好，我采纳了这个词，有几年，用它作为一个派别的称号来称呼自己和其他一些人。偶尔，持有这个词本来所指含义的一些人也

会用它。随着那些观点吸引了更多注意力，这一术语被陌生人和反对者不断重复，就在倡导者放弃它和其他一些派系特征时，这个词反而应用得相当普遍了。这个所谓的学会最初仅有三名成员，其中一个是边沁先生的文书，为我们获得许可在边沁家里开会。我想人数从来没达到十个。学会于1826年解散，因此，它存在了大约三年半。对我来说，除了练习口头讨论这个好处之外，它对我的主要作用是让我接触到好几个当时水平不如我的年轻人，由于他们承认相同的观点，在他们中间，我有一段时间算是个领导者，对他们的智力进步产生了很大影响。任何我所遇见的、受过教育的年轻人，只要观点与学会不冲突，我都会尽力争取让他加入学会；还有一些人，要不是加入了学会的话，我可能永远都不会认识。那些变成我亲密朋友的会员——没有一个是任何意义上的信徒，而全都是基于各自知识基础而进行独立思考的思想家——包括威廉.艾顿.图克，他是一位著名政治经济学家的儿子，是位道德上和智力上都有非凡优点的年轻人，可惜英年早逝。他的朋友威廉.埃利斯，是政治经济学领域内一位有创造性的思想家，现在由于为教育进步做使徒般的努力而出名，受人尊敬；乔治.格雷厄姆，后来成了破产法庭的官方代理人，是位在几乎所有抽象主题上都有创意、有能力的思想家；还有一位（从1824年或1825年，他最初到英国学习法律开始），他在这个世界发出的声音比上述所有人都要多，他就是约翰·阿瑟·罗巴克。

In May, 1823, my professional occupation and status for the next thirty-five years of my life, were decided by my father's obtaining for me an appointment from the East India Company, in the office of the Examiner of India Correspondence, immediately under himself. I was appointed in the usual manner, at the bottom of the list of clerks, to rise, at least in the first instance, by seniority; but with the understanding that I should be employed from the beginning in preparing drafts of despatches, and be thus trained up as a successor to those who then filled the higher departments of the office. My drafts of course required, for some time, much revision from my immediate superiors, but I soon became well acquainted with the business, and by my father's instructions and the general growth of my own powers, I was in a few years qualified to be, and practically was, the chief conductor of the correspondence with India in one of the leading departments, that of the Native States. This continued to be my official duty until I was appointed Examiner, only two years before the time when the abolition of the East India Company as a political body determined my retirement. I do not know any one of the occupations by which a subsistence can now be gained, more suitable than such as this to any one who, not being in independent circumstances, desires to devote a part of the twenty-four hours to private intellectual pursuits. Writing for the press, cannot be recommended as a permanent resource to any one qualified to accomplish anything in the higher departments of literature or thought: not only on account of the uncertainty of this means of

livelihood, especially if the writer has a conscience, and will not consent to serve any opinions except his own; but also because the writings by which one can live, are not the writings which themselves live, and are never those in which the writer does his best. Books destined to form future thinkers take too much time to write, and when written come, in general, too slowly into notice and repute, to be relied on for subsistence. Those who have to support themselves by their pen must depend on literary drudgery, or at best on writings addressed to the multitude; and can employ in the pursuits of their own choice, only such time as they can spare from those of necessity; which is generally less than the leisure allowed by office occupations, while the effect on the mind is far more enervating and fatiguing. For my own part I have, through life, found office duties an actual rest from the other mental occupations which I have carried on simultaneously with them. They were sufficiently intellectual not to be a distasteful drudgery, without being such as to cause any strain upon the mental powers of a person used to abstract thought, or to the labour of careful literary composition. The drawbacks, for every mode of life has its drawbacks, were not, however, unfelt by me. I cared little for the loss of the chances of riches and honours held out by some of the professions, particularly the bar, which had been, as I have already said, the profession thought of for me. But I was not indifferent to exclusion from Parliament, and public life: and I felt very sensibly the more immediate unpleasantness of confinement to London; the holiday allowed by India-House practice not exceeding a month in the year, while my taste was strong for a country life, and my sojourn in France had left behind it an ardent desire of travelling. But though these tastes could not be freely indulged, they were at no time entirely sacrificed. I passed most Sundays, throughout the year, in the country, taking long rural walks on that day even when residing in London. The month's holiday was, for a few years, passed at my father's house in the country: afterwards a part or the whole was spent in tours, chiefly pedestrian, with some one or more of the young men who were my chosen companions; and, at a later period, in longer journeys or excursions, alone or with other friends. France, Belgium, and Rhenish Germany were within easy reach of the annual holiday: and two longer absences, one of three, the other of six months, under medical advice, added Switzerland, the Tyrol, and, Italy to my list. Fortunately, also, both these journeys occurred rather early, so as to give the benefit and charm of the remembrance to a large portion of life.

1823年5月，父亲为我在东印度公司印度通信检察署谋了一个职位，在他的直接领导之下，我接下来三十五年的职业生涯和地位都因此确定了。我以通常程序被录用，排在职员名单的最后面，升职要靠资

历，至少在起初的时候是这样。但是我知道自己从一开始就要准备做起草公务急报的工作，这样可以得到充分的锻炼，以便接替当时这个办事处更重要部门的职员。有一段时间，我的草稿当然需要我的直接上司进行很多修正，但是，我很快就熟悉了业务。由于父亲的指导，加上自己能力的总体提升，没过几年，我就能胜任土邦某个主要部门里面与英属印度通信的总指挥的工作了，而且实际上就在做这个工作。被任命为检查官之前，这一直都是我的正式职务，就在我被任命为检查官两年后，东印度公司作为政治实体被废除，这决定了我必须退休。对于一个经济上不独立，又渴望把二十四小时的一部分时间用于个人智力追求的人来说，我不知道还有比这个谋生的工作更合适的选择了。对于一个有能力在文学或思想这些更高领域有所成就的人来说，为出版社写稿，不是可取的永久性办法，不仅因为这种谋生手段的不确定性，尤其是如果这个作家有良心，除了自己的观点之外，不会为了别人的观点而写作。还因为，让人能够赚钱谋生的那些作品本身没有生命力，也永远不是作者倾注全力的作品。一本书，如果注定能造就未来思想家，就必定要花很长时间来写，写完后，通常要过很长时间才能被人注意，并得到荣誉，因此无法作为赖以生存的手段。那些靠写作谋生的人必须依靠做文学苦力，最好写通俗作品。只能从必须花费的时间之外抽出一点时间用于追求自己的梦想，这点时间一般比公职容许的闲暇少，然而，却远远更让人头脑倦怠、疲劳。对我来说，整个一生中，我发现公职实际上是我同时进行其他脑力劳动的调剂。公职也需要一些智力，足以不让人觉得是讨厌的苦差事，而且，还不会给习惯于抽象思考，或者努力进行细心文学创作者的智力带来任何压力。然而，我也不是没有感觉到它的缺点，因为任何生活方式都有缺点。我不在乎失去某些职业有机会获得的财产和荣誉，尤其是律师工作，我已经说过，父亲曾为我考虑过这个职业。但是，我却无法不在乎被议会和公共生活排除在外，而且被限制在伦敦，会让我很明显地感觉到更直接的不快。东印度公司的惯例是每年允许的假期不超过一个月，然而，我很想过乡村生活，并且，在法国的逗留让我强烈渴望旅行。尽管不能毫无顾忌地沉迷于我的这些喜好，但它们也绝没有因为工作而全部被忽略掉。一年中的大部分星期天，我都是在乡下度过的，在乡间进行长时间散步。即使住在伦敦的时候，也是如此。在这每年一个月的假期中，有几年，我是在父亲乡下的房子里度过的。后来，一部分或整个假期都在旅行，主要是和一个或更多我选好的年轻同伴一起步行。再后来，在较远的旅行或远足中，我是自己一个人或者和其他朋友一起去的。法国、比利时和德国莱茵河由于离得近是每年假期都可能会去的地方。根据医生建议，我有了两个较长的假期，一次是三个月，另一次六个月，分别去了瑞士、蒂罗尔和意大利。幸运的是，这两次旅行都是在相当年轻的时候去的，让我大半生都有陶醉、有益的回忆。

I am disposed to agree with what has been surmised by others, that the opportunity which my official position gave me of learning by personal observation the necessary conditions of the practical conduct of public affairs, has been of considerable value to me as a theoretical reformer of the opinions and institutions of my time. Not, indeed, that

public business transacted on paper, to take effect on the other side of the globe, was of itself calculated to give much practical knowledge of life. But the occupation accustomed me to see and hear the difficulties of every course, and the means of obviating them, stated and discussed deliberately, with a view to execution; it gave me opportunities of perceiving when public measures, and other political facts, did not produce the effects which had been expected of them, and from what causes; above all, it was valuable to me by making me, in this portion of my activity, merely one wheel in a machine, the whole of which had to work together. As a speculative writer, I should have had no one to consult but myself, and should have encountered in my speculations none of the obstacles which would have started up whenever they came to be applied to practice. But as a Secretary conducting political correspondence, I could not issue an order or express an opinion, without satisfying various persons very unlike myself, that the thing was fit to be done. I was thus in a good position for finding out by practice the mode of putting a thought which gives it easiest admittance into minds not prepared for it by habit; while I became practically conversant with the difficulties of moving bodies of men, the necessities of compromise, the art of sacrificing the non-essential to preserve the essential. I learnt how to obtain the best I could, when I could not obtain everything; instead of being indignant or dispirited because I could not have entirely my own way, to be pleased and encouraged when I could have the smallest part of it; and when even that could not be, to bear with complete equanimity the being overruled altogether. I have found, through life, these acquisitions to be of the greatest possible importance for personal happiness, and they are also a very necessary condition for enabling any one, either as theorist or as practical man, to effect the greatest amount of good compatible with his opportunities.

我的公务职位让我有机会通过亲自观察，学习实际管理公共事务的必要条件，有人猜测，作为我那个时代观点和制度的理论改革家，这对我有很大价值，我愿意承认这一点。以书面形式办理，在地球另一端生效的公共事务，其本身并非适合提供生活中的很多实用知识。但是，这个职业让我习惯于看到、听到每一项事业里面的困难，以及消除困难的方法：它们被慎重地表达，讨论，并着眼于执行。它让我有机会觉察到，公共措施和其他政治行为在什么时候不能产生期待的结果，以及原因是什么。最重要的是，在我的这段工作中，它让我仅仅成为一台机器的一个轮子，而整台机器必须通力合作，这一点对我是很有价值的。作为思考型的作家，除了自己之外，我本来应该没有任何人可以请教，在思索中，本来应该碰不到任何把思考应用于实践都会突然出现的障碍。但是，作为管理政治通信的书记，我发布命令或表达观点时，必须让各种各样的，和我完全不同的人满意，觉得这件事适合实施才行。因此，我所处的有利位置能够让我通过实践找出方法，让不习惯接受某种想法

的人，很容易地接受这个想法。同时，我在实践上熟悉了说服众人的困难，妥协的必要性，和牺牲不重要的以保护重要的处世艺术。我学会了在我不能获得一切的时候，要尽力得到最好的。如果不能随心所欲，我也不会愤怒或者沮丧。相反，即便能在很小的程度上这么做，我也会欢欣鼓舞。如果这也做不到，就泰然忍受被完全否决。纵观人生，我发现，这些收获对个人幸福来说，是最重要的，它们也是让任何人，无论是理论家还是实干家，利用机会实现最大利益的非常必要的条件。

(1) 安托万·洛朗·拉瓦锡（1743—1794），法国化学家，被认为是现代化学的奠基人。

(2) 波拿巴，是法国皇帝拿破仑的家族姓氏。

(3) 吉伦特派，法国大革命时期立法委员会和国民议会中的一个政治派系。

(4) 边沁主义，边沁提倡的功利主义学说。

(5) 约翰·洛克（1632—1704）英国哲学家。在《人类理智论》（1690年）中，他提出了经验论原则，他的《政府论两篇》（1690年）影响了《独立宣言》。

(6) 克劳德·阿德里安·爱尔维修（1715—1771），18世纪法国唯物主义者，主要著作有《论精神》《论人的理智能力和教育》。

(7) 乔治·贝克莱（1685—1753），爱尔兰主教、哲学家，其基本理论是反对托马斯.霍布斯的物质主义，认为存在是感知或被感知。其著作有《人类和知识原理》（1710年）等。

(8) 托马斯·里德（1710—1796），苏格兰哲学家，创立了共同意识的哲学。

(9) 杜格尔德·斯图尔特（1753—1828），英国哲学家，是常识学派的支持者。

(10) 伯里克利（约公元前495—前429），古雅典首领，因其推进了雅典民主制并下令建造巴台农神庙而著名。

(11) 乔治·格罗特（1794—1871），英国历史学家，以所著《希腊史》闻名。

(12) 塞缪尔·泰勒·柯尔律治（1772—1834），英国诗人、批评家、浪漫主义流派的倡导者。

(13) 托马斯·巴宾顿·麦考利（1800—1859），英国历史学家、作家和政治家，著作包括受欢迎的《英国史》（1849—1861年），为《爱丁堡评论》撰写的众多文章和一卷叙述诗集《古罗马之歌》（1842年）。

CHAPTER IV Youthful Propagandism The Westminster Review

第四章 青年时代的宣传事业 《威斯敏斯特评论》

The occupation of so much of my time by office work did not relax my attention to my own pursuits, which were never carried on more vigorously. It was about this time that I began to write in newspapers. The first writings of mine which got into print were two letters published towards the end of 1822, in the Traveller evening newspaper. The Traveller (which afterwards grew into the Globe and Traveller by the purchase and incorporation of the Globe) was then the property of the well known political economist Colonel Torrens. Under the editorship of an able man, Mr. Walter Coulson (who, after being an amanuensis of Mr. Bentham, became a reporter, then an editor, next a barrister and conveyancer, and died Counsel to the Home Office), it had become one of the most important newspaper organs of Liberal politics. Col. Torrens himself wrote much of the political economy of his paper; and had at this time made an attack upon some opinion of Ricardo and my father, to which, at my father's instigation, I attempted an answer, and Coulson out of consideration for my father and goodwill to me, inserted it. There was a reply by Torrens, to which I again rejoined. I soon after attempted something considerably more ambitious. The prosecutions of Richard Carlile and his wife and sister for publications hostile to Christianity, were then exciting much attention, and nowhere more than among the people I frequented. Freedom of discussion even in politics, much more in religion, was at that time far from being, even in theory, the conceded point which it at least seems to be now; and the holders of obnoxious opinions had to be always ready to argue and re-argue for the liberty of expressing them. I wrote a series of five letters, under the signature of Wickliffe, going over the whole length and breadth of the question of free publication of all opinions on religion, and offered them to the Morning Chronicle. Three of them were published in January and February, 1823; the other two, containing things too outspoken for that journal, never appeared at all. But a paper which I wrote soon after on the same subject, à propos of a debate in the House of Commons, was inserted as a leading article; and during the whole of this year, 1823, a considerable number of my contributions were printed in the Chronicle and Traveller: sometimes notices of books, but oftener letters, commenting on some nonsense talked in Parliament, or some defect of the law, or misdoings of the magistracy

or the courts of justice. In this last department the Chronicle was now rendering signal service. After the death of Mr. Perry, the editorship and management of the paper had devolved on Mr. John Black, long a reporter on its establishment; a man of most extensive reading and information, great honesty and simplicity of mind; a particular friend of my father, imbued with many of his and Bentham's ideas, which he reproduced in his articles, among other valuable thoughts, with great facility and skill. From this time the Chronicle ceased to be the merely Whig organ it was before, and during the next ten years became to a considerable extent a vehicle of the opinions of the Utilitarian Radicals. This was mainly by what Black himself wrote, with some assistance from Fonblanque, who first shewed his eminent qualities as a writer by articles and jeux d'esprit in the Chronicle. The defects of the law, and of the administration of justice, were the subject on which that paper rendered most service to improvement. Up to that time hardly a word had been said, except by Bentham and my father, against that most peccant part of English institutions and of their administration. It was the almost universal creed of Englishmen, that the law of England, the judicature of England, the unpaid magistracy of England, were models of excellence. I do not go beyond the mark in saying, that after Bentham, who supplied the principal materials, the greatest share of the merit of breaking down this wretched superstition belongs to Black, as editor of the Morning Chronicle. He kept up an incessant fire against it, exposing the absurdities and vices of the law and the courts of justice, paid and unpaid, until he forced some sense of them into people's minds. On many other questions he became the organ of opinions much in advance of any which had ever before found regular advocacy in the newspaper press. Black was a frequent visitor of my father, and Mr. Grote used to say that he always knew by the Monday morning's article, whether Black had been with my father on the Sunday. Black was one of the most influential of the many channels through which my father's conversation and personal influence made his opinions tell on the world; co-operating with the effect of his writings in making him a power in the country, such as it has rarely been the lot of an individual in a private station to be, through the mere force of intellect and character: and a power which was often acting the most efficiently where it was least seen and suspected. I have already noticed how much of what was done by Ricardo, Hume, and Grote, was the result, in part, of his prompting and persuasion. He was the good genius by the side of Brougham in most of what he did for the public, either on education, law reform, or any other subject. And his influence flowed in minor streams too numerous to be specified. This influence was now about to receive a great extension by the foundation of the Westminster Review.

办公室工作占据了我非常多的时间，但是我并没有放松自己的追求，我比以往任何时候都更精力旺盛地坚持着。大约从这个时候起，我开始为报纸撰稿。我发表的第一个作品，是1822年底在《旅行者》晚报上刊登的两封信。《旅行者》（后来收购合并了《环球》，成为《环球旅行者》）当时属于著名的政治经济学家托伦斯上校。凭借能干的编辑沃尔特.库尔森先生（他曾是边沁先生的抄写员，后来成了记者，然后做编辑，接着做承办转让事务的律师，去世时是英国内政部的法律顾问），该报成了自由主义政治最重要的机关报之一。托伦斯上校亲自为自己的报纸写了很多政治经济学的文章。这时，他写了一篇文章，攻击李嘉图和我父亲的一些观点，在父亲的鼓动下，我试着写了一篇回应文章，库尔森出于对父亲的考虑，以及对我的好意，把它插到了报纸里面。托伦斯写了一篇文章回应，我也再次反驳。之后不久，我尝试写更具挑战性的东西。理查德.卡莱尔和他的妻子以及姐姐，由于发表敌视基督教的文章而招致起诉，在当时引起了很大的关注，我经常拜访的人对此尤为关注。讨论的自由在当时，不用说宗教上的，即便是政治上的，也和目前至少看起来是被理论上认可接受的界点相距甚远。持有让人讨厌的观点的人为了能自由表达，总是得做好多次辩论的准备。我用威克利夫的笔名写了五封系列书信，全面阐述了自由发表一切宗教观点的问题，投给了《纪事晨报》。其中三封在1823年的1月和2月发表，另外两封，由于内容对这个杂志来说太直率，一直没有发表。但是不久后，我写了一篇同一主题的文章，是关于下议院一次辩论的话题，作为社论刊登了出来。1823年一整年中，我的很多投稿都发表在《纪事晨报》和《旅行者》上，有的是书评，但更多的是书信，评论议会里面说的一些胡话、法律的缺陷以及地方行政官员或法庭做的坏事。在揭露腐败方面，《纪事晨报》当时做得相当出色。佩里先生去世后，报纸的编辑和管理职务移交给了约翰.布莱克先生，从发刊以来他就是该报的记者。他博览群书，阅历广泛，诚恳而思想纯朴。他是我父亲一位很特别的朋友，很多观点受到父亲和边沁的影响，他在自己的文章里重现这些观点和其他有价值的思想，表达得非常流利，技巧娴熟。从这时起，《纪事晨报》不再像以前那样仅仅是辉格党的机关报。在接下来的十年里，它在很大程度上成为功利主义激进分子表达观点的工具。这主要在于布莱克的文章，得到了方布兰克的协助，后者在《纪事晨报》上面发表的文章和妙语初次展现了一个作家的杰出素质。法律和司法管理方面的缺陷，是这家报纸主要致力于改善的。在那以前，除了边沁和我父亲，几乎没有任何人批评过英国公共机构和它们管理中的最大弊端。英国人几乎普遍相信，英国法律、英国司法以及英国不取报酬的地方行政官员，都是优秀的典型。我这么说一点都不过分，除了提供主要资料的边沁，这种可鄙迷信的破除便最应归功于作为《纪事晨报》编辑的布莱克了。他不计报酬地不断向这种迷信开火，暴露法律和法庭的荒谬与缺陷，直至人们感觉到这些为止。在很多问题上，他都成为舆论的喉舌，所发表的意见经常比其他报纸提倡的早很多。布莱克先生经常拜访我父亲，格罗特先生常说，他总能从周一早上的文章中得知布莱克周日是否和我父亲在一起。布莱克是父亲通过交谈和个人影响使其见解为世人所知的众多渠道中最重要的一个。加之其作品的影响，他成了这个国家的一股力

量，这对于平民身份的个人来说，仅仅通过智力和品格的力量是很难做到的。这股力量经常在最难以觉察和最不受怀疑的地方，最有效率地发挥作用。我已经注意到，李嘉图、休谟和格罗特所做的事情，一部分是他激励和说服的结果。他简直是布鲁厄姆身边为公众谋福利的天才，不管是从教育、法律改革，还是其他方面都可以看出来。他的影响就像难以数计的溪流。这种影响现在马上要大大扩展了，因为《威斯敏斯特评论》创刊了。

Contrary to what may have been supposed, my father was in no degree a party to setting up the Westminster Review. The need of a Radical organ to make head against the Edinburgh and Quarterly (then in the period of their greatest reputation and influence), had been a topic of conversation between him and Mr. Bentham many years earlier, and it had been a part of their cháteau en Espagne that my father should be the editor; but the idea had never assumed any practical shape. In 1823, however, Mr. Bentham determined to establish the Review at his own cost, and offered the editorship to my father, who declined it as incompatible with his India House appointment. It was then entrusted to Mr. (now Sir John) Bowring, at that time a merchant in the City. Mr. Bowring had been for two or three years previous an assiduous frequenter of Mr. Bentham, to whom he was recommended by many personal good qualities, by an ardent admiration for Bentham, a zealous adoption of many, though not all of his opinions, and, not least, by an extensive acquaintanceship and correspondence with Liberals of all countries, which seemed to qualify him for being a powerful agent in spreading Bentham's fame and doctrines through all quarters of the world. My father had seen little of Bowring, but knew enough of him to have formed a strong opinion, that he was a man of an entirely different type from what my father considered suitable for conducting a political and philosophical Review: and he augured so ill of the enterprise that he regretted it altogether, feeling persuaded not only that Mr. Bentham would lose his money, but that discredit would probably be brought upon Radical principles. He could not however desert Mr. Bentham, and he consented to write an article for the first number. As it had been a favorite portion of the scheme formerly talked of, that part of the work should be devoted to reviewing the other Reviews, this article of my father's was to be a general criticism of the Edinburgh Review from its commencement. Before writing it he made me read through all the volumes of the Review, or as much of each as seemed of any importance (which was not so arduous a task in 1823 as it would be now), and make notes for him of the articles which I thought he would wish to examine, either on account of their good or their bad qualities. This paper of my father's was the chief cause of the sensation which the Westminster Review produced at its

first appearance, and is, both in conception and in execution, one of the most striking of all his writings. He began by an analysis of the tendencies of periodical literature in general; pointing out, that it cannot, like books, wait for success, but must succeed immediately, or not at all, and is hence almost certain to profess and inculcate the opinions already held by the public to which it addresses itself, instead of attempting to rectify or improve those opinions. He next, to characterize the position of the Edinburgh Review as a political organ, entered into a complete analysis, from the Radical point of view, of the British Constitution. He held up to notice its thoroughly aristocratic character: the nomination of a majority of the House of Commons by a few hundred families; the entire identification of the more independent portion, the county members, with the great landholders; the different classes whom this narrow oligarchy was induced, for convenience, to admit to a share of power; and finally, what he called its two props, the Church, and the legal profession. He pointed out the natural tendency of an aristocratic body of this composition, to group itself into two parties, one of them in possession of the executive, the other endeavouring to supplant the former and become the predominant section by the aid of public opinion, without any essential sacrifice of the aristocratical predominance. He described the course likely to be pursued, and the political ground occupied, by an aristocratic party in opposition, coquetting with popular principles for the sake of popular support. He shewed how this idea was realized in the conduct of the Whig party, and of the Edinburgh Review as its chief literary organ. He described, as their main characteristic, what he termed "seesaw;" writing alternately on both sides of every question which touched the power or interest of the governing classes; sometimes in different articles, sometimes in different parts of the same article: and illustrated his position by copious specimens. So formidable an attack on the Whig party and policy had never before been made; nor had so great a blow been ever struck, in this country, for Radicalism; nor was there, I believe, any living person capable of writing that article, except my father.

与大家可能会预想的相反，我父亲完全没有参与创立《威斯敏斯特评论》。很多年前，他和边沁先生就谈论过，予以《爱丁堡评论》和《季刊评论》迎头痛击需要一份激进主义的报纸（当时，这两份报纸正处于名声和影响最大的时候），父亲做编辑也在计划之中，但这个想法从未付诸实施。然而，1823年，边沁先生决定自己出资创立这个评论杂志，让我父亲做编辑，但父亲拒绝了，因为这与他在东印度公司的职位相冲突。于是评论杂志就委托给了鲍林先生（现在的约翰爵士），当时他是伦敦的一名商人。鲍林先生在这之前的两三年，经常拜访边沁先生，他有许多优秀品质，非常仰慕边沁，热情地采纳边沁的大部分观点，尽管不是全部，并与所有国家的自由主义者有着广泛的认识和联

系。所有这些都使边沁对他十分欣赏，似乎也让他有资格成为一名有力的代理人，向世界各地传播边沁的名声和学说。父亲虽没怎么见过鲍林，但是对他的了解足以形成深刻的印象，他与父亲心目中适合管理政治和哲学评论杂志的人是完全不同的类型。并且，他认为这项事业前景坏到令他为整件事情惋惜，不仅觉得边沁先生肯定会损失金钱，而且还可能会损害激进主义原则的名誉。然而，他又不能置边沁先生于不顾，他答应给创刊号写一篇文章。作为之前讨论的方案里备受喜爱的一部分，这部分内容应该是用来回顾和评论其他评论报纸的。于是父亲的这篇文章就是对《爱丁堡评论》自创刊以来的一个总体批评。在写这篇文章之前，父亲让我读了每一期的《爱丁堡评论》，或者每一本里面看起来比较重要的文章（这项工作在1823年时不像现在这么艰巨），并让我把我认为他会愿意研究的文章，根据其好坏，给他作注释。父亲的文章是《威斯敏斯特评论》一面世即引起轰动的最主要原因，而且，不论在构思上还是在写作手法上，都是其佳作之一。他首先分析了期刊文学的总体趋势，指出它不能像书籍一样等待成功到来，而必须立刻成功，要么就永远无法成功，因此几乎可以肯定，期刊会针对其受众公开宣称并反复灌输他们已经持有的观点，而不是试图矫正或改进那些观点。接下来，为了刻画《爱丁堡评论》作为政治喉舌的立场，他用激进主义的观点对《英国宪法》进行了全面分析。他进一步指出宪法彻头彻尾的贵族政治特征：几百个家庭就决定了下议院大多数人的任命；把更加独立的一部分人——郡议员——完全等同于大土地所有者；为了方便，这个狭隘的寡头统治国家让不同阶层分享一部分权力；最后提到的是教会和律师业，他把它们称作宪法的两个靠山。他指出，这种结构的贵族团体的自然趋势是把自己分成两党，一党掌控政府，另一党竭力在公共舆论的帮助下，取代前者，占据支配地位，而贵族的统治不会有任何实质上的牺牲。他描绘了在野的贵族党可能会采取的做法，以及他们会持有的政治立场，即为了得到大众支持而卖弄流行的原则。他展示了这种理念是如何在辉格党及其文化喉舌《爱丁堡评论》的行为中体现的。父亲描述了他们的主要特征，即他所谓的“跷跷板”现象：轮流写双方每个触及统治阶级权力或利益的问题；有时在不同的文章里面写，有时在同一篇文章的不同地方写。父亲还举出了丰富的例子来表明他的立场。对辉格党和它的政策，以前从未有过这么有力的攻击。在这个国家，也从未有人为了激进主义做出如此强烈的一击。我相信，除了父亲外，也没有任何人能写出那样的文章。

In the meantime the nascent review had formed a junction with another project, of a purely literary periodical, to be edited by Mr. Henry Southern, afterwards a diplomatist, then a literary man by profession. The two editors agreed to unite their corps, and divide the editorship, Bowring taking the political, Southern the literary department. Southern's review was to have been published by Longman, and that firm, though part proprietors of the Edinburgh, were willing to be the publishers of the new journal. But when all the arrangements had been made, and the prospectuses sent out, the Longmans saw my father's attack on the Edinburgh, and drew back.

My father was now appealed to for his interest with his own publisher, Baldwin, which was exerted with a successful result. And so, in April 1824, amidst anything but hope on my father's part, and that of most of those who afterwards aided in carrying on the Review, the first number made its appearance.

同时，初生的评论杂志和另一个项目——一个纯文学期刊——联合了起来，这个新期刊将由亨利.萨瑟恩先生任编辑，他后来成了外交家，当时专职搞文学创作。两个编辑同意把他们的队伍联合起来，进行分工，鲍林负责政治部分，萨瑟恩负责文学部分。萨瑟恩的评论杂志按计划要由朗文出版，这个公司尽管是《爱丁堡评论》的股东之一，但还是乐于做这个新期刊的发行人。但是，当所有安排都做好了，简介也已经发出去了的时候，朗文的人看到了我父亲对《爱丁堡评论》的攻击，退出了。这时父亲为了自己的利益向他的出版商鲍德温求助，结果成功了。于是在1824年4月，在父亲的满怀期待中，以及大多数后来协助经营这个评论杂志的人的期待中，创刊号问世了。

That number was an agreeable surprise to most of us. The average of the articles was of much better quality than had been expected. The literary and artistic department had rested chiefly on Mr. Bingham, a barrister (subsequently a police magistrate), who had been for some years a frequenter of Bentham, was a friend of both the Austins, and had adopted with great ardour Mr. Bentham's philosophical opinions. Partly from accident, there were in the first number as many as five articles by Bingham; and we were extremely pleased with them. I well remember the mixed feeling I myself had about the Review; the joy at finding, what we did not at all expect, that it was sufficiently good to be capable of being made a creditable organ of those who held the opinions it professed; and extreme vexation, since it was so good on the whole, at what we thought the blemishes of it. When, however, in addition to our generally favourable opinion of it, we learned that it had an extraordinarily large sale for a first number, and found that the appearance of a Radical Review, with pretensions equal to those of the established organs of parties, had excited much attention, there could be no room for hesitation, and we all became eager in doing everything we could to strengthen and improve it.

那一期对我们大多数人来说是个惊喜。文章的平均水平比预期要高很多。文学和艺术部分主要靠宾厄姆先生，他是个律师（后来是警备司法官），有几年是边沁的常客，是奥斯丁兄弟俩的朋友，以很大的热情采纳了边沁先生的哲学观点。部分出于巧合，第一期里面宾厄姆的文章竟然有五篇之多，我们非常喜欢这些文章。我清楚地记得自己对《威斯敏斯特评论》的复杂感情。我们意外地发现它足以成为那些秉持期刊公开宣扬的观点的人可信赖喉舌时的快乐。还有极度的苦恼，因为大体上来说，连以前我们认为会是瑕疵的地方，它都做得很好。然而，除了我们普遍赞成它之外，我们还得知期刊的销售数量对于首期来说非常之

大，并且发现这一和其他具有一定基础的党派喉舌报刊意图相同的激进主义评论杂志的出现引起了很多关注。此时我们不再犹豫，都变得很热切，想竭尽全力去巩固它，改善它。

My father continued to write occasional articles. The Quarterly Review received its exposure, as a sequel to that of the Edinburgh. Of his other contributions, the most important were an attack on Southey's Book of the Church, in the fifth number, and a political article in the twelfth. Mr. Austin only contributed one paper, but one of great merit, an argument against primogeniture, in reply to an article then lately published in the Edinburgh Review by McCulloch. Grote also was a contributor only once; all the time he could spare being already taken up with his History of Greece. The article he wrote was on his own subject, and was a very complete exposure and castigation of Mitford. Bingham and Charles Austin continued to write for some time; Fonblanque was a frequent contributor from the third number. Of my particular associates, Ellis was a regular writer up to the ninth number; and about the time when he left off, others of the set began; Eyton Tooke, Graham, and Roebuck. I was myself the most frequent writer of all, having contributed, from the second number to the eighteenth, thirteen articles; reviews of books on history and political economy, or discussions on special political topics, as corn laws, game laws, law of libel. Occasional articles of merit came in from other acquaintances of my father's, and in time, of mine; and some of Mr. Bowring's writers turned out well. On the whole, however, the conduct of the Review was never satisfactory to any of the persons strongly interested in its principles, with whom I came in contact. Hardly ever did a number come out without containing several things extremely offensive to us, either in point of opinion, of taste, or by mere want of ability. The unfavorable judgments passed by my father, Grote, the two Austins, and others, were re-echoed with exaggeration by us younger people; and as our youthful zeal rendered us by no means backward in making complaints, we led the two editors a sad life. From my knowledge of what I then was, I have no doubt that we were at least as often wrong as right; and I am very certain that if the Review had been carried on according to our notions (I mean those of the juniors), it would have been no better, perhaps not even so good as it was. But it is worth noting as a fact in the history of Benthamism, that the periodical organ, by which it was best known, was from the first extremely unsatisfactory to those, whose opinions on all subjects it was supposed specially to represent.

父亲继续时不时地写文章。《季刊评论》紧随《爱丁堡评论》被曝光。在他的其他稿件中，最重要的是一篇抨击骚塞《宗教论》的文章，发表在第五期上；还有一篇政治文章，发表在第十二期上。奥斯丁先生

只投了一篇论文，但是很有价值，论证反对长嗣继承权，回应麦卡洛克当时刚刚发表在《爱丁堡评论》上的一篇文章。格罗特也只发了一篇文章，他能匀出来的时间都用在《希腊史》上了。他的文章写的是他自己的主题，非常全面地揭露和谴责了米特福德。宾厄姆和查尔斯.奥斯丁的写作持续了一段时间；从第三期起，方布兰克开始经常投稿。而我的密友中，埃利斯经常供稿，一直到第九期。后来他不写了，其他人就接手了，有艾顿.图克、格雷厄姆和罗巴克。我自己是所有作者中最经常写的，从第二期到第十八期，投了十三篇文章；评论历史和政治经济学书籍，或者讨论特殊的政治话题，如《谷物法》《狩猎法》和《诽谤法》。偶尔有些很有价值的文章是父亲的其他熟人写的，这些人后来也成了我的熟人。鲍林先生的一些作家也表现得很好。然而，总体上来说，这个评论杂志的表现从来没有让那些我接触到的对它的原则特别感兴趣的人都满意过。几乎每一期出来的时候，上面都有让我们极其反感的东西，要么是观点、品味，要么就是纯粹的能力缺乏。我父亲、格罗特、奥斯丁兄弟俩，和其他人给出的负面评价，得到我们年轻人的附和和夸大；年轻人的热情决定了我们决不会在发牢骚上落后，结果害惨了两个编辑。以我对自己当时情况的了解，我坚信我们错的时候至少与对的时候一样多。我敢肯定，如果评论杂志按我们的想法经营下去的话（我指的是年轻人的想法），它不会更好，甚至可能不如原来的好。但是，在功利主义的历史中有个值得注意的事实，就是这个让功利主义非常知名的喉舌期刊从一开始，就让本意欲让其代言之人极度不满意。

Meanwhile, however, the Review made considerable noise in the world, and gave a recognised status, in the arena of opinion and discussion, to the Benthamic type of radicalism, out of all proportion to the number of its adherents, and to the personal merits and abilities, at that time, of most of those who could be reckoned among them. It was a time, as is known, of rapidly rising Liberalism. When the fears and animosities accompanying the war with France had been brought to an end, and people had once more a place in their thoughts for home politics, the tide began to set towards reform. The renewed oppression of the Continent by the old reigning families, the countenance apparently given by the English Government to the conspiracy against liberty called the Holy Alliance, and the enormous weight of the national debt and taxation occasioned by so long and costly a war, rendered the government and parliament very unpopular. Radicalism, under the leadership of the Burdett and Cobbett[1], had assumed a character and importance which seriously alarmed the Administration: and their alarm had scarcely been temporarily assuaged by the celebrated Six Acts[2], when the trial of Queen Caroline roused a still wider and deeper feeling of hatred. Though the outward signs of this hatred passed away with its exciting cause, there arose on all sides a spirit which had never shewn itself before, of opposition to abuses in detail. Mr. Hume's persevering scrutiny of the public expenditure, forcing the House of Commons to a

division on every objectionable item in the estimates, had begun to tell with great force on public opinion, and had extorted many minor retrenchments from an unwilling Administration. Political economy had asserted itself with great vigour in public affairs, by the petition of the merchants of London for free trade, drawn up in 1820 by Mr. Tooke and presented by Mr. Alexander Baring[3]; and by the noble exertions of Ricardo during the few years of his parliamentary life. His writings, following up the impulse given by the Bullion controversy, and followed up in their turn by the expositions and comments of my father and McCulloch (whose writings in the Edinburgh Review during those years were most valuable), had drawn general attention to the subject, making at least partial converts in the Cabinet itself; and Huskisson, supported by Canning[4], had commenced that gradual demolition of the protective system, which one of their colleagues virtually completed in 1846, though the last vestiges were only swept away by Mr. Gladstone[5] in 1860. Mr. Peel, then Home Secretary, was entering cautiously into the untrodden and peculiarly Benthamic path of Law Reform. At this period, when Liberalism seemed to be becoming the tone of the time, when improvement of institutions was preached from the highest places, and a complete change of the constitution of Parliament was loudly demanded in the lowest, it is not strange that attention should have been roused by the regular appearance in controversy of what seemed a new school of writers, claiming to be the legislators and theorists of this new tendency. The air of strong conviction with which they wrote, when scarcely any one else seemed to have an equally strong faith in as definite a creed; the boldness with which they tilted against the very front of both the existing political parties; their uncompromising profession of opposition to many of the generally received opinions, and the suspicion they lay under of holding others still more heterodox than they professed; the talent and verve of at least my father's articles, and the appearance of a corps behind him sufficient to carry on a Review; and finally, the fact that the Review was bought and read, made the so-called Bentham school in philosophy and politics fill a greater place in the public mind than it had held before, or has ever again held since other equally earnest schools of thought have arisen in England. As I was in the head quarters of it, knew of what it was composed, and as one of the most active of its very small number, might say without undue assumption, quorum pars magna fui, it belongs to me more than to most others to give some account of it.

然而与此同时，《威斯敏斯特评论》在世界上发出了不小的声音，在舆论界给功利主义式的激进主义以公认的地位，这地位和它追随者的数量及当时大部分能被算在追随者之内的人的优点和能力是不相称的。众所周知，那是个自由主义迅速崛起的时代。由于与法国的战争而带来

的恐惧和仇恨已经消散，人们开始再次审视国内政治，潮流开始倾向于改革。欧洲大陆重新受到旧的统治家族的压迫，英国政府对被称作神圣同盟的反自由主义阴谋集团的明确支持，加上长时间损失惨重的战争导致的巨大国债和税收负担，让政府和议会很不得人心。在柏代特和科贝特的领导下，激进主义获得的声誉和地位让政府很惊恐，他们的惊恐几乎没有因为著名的《六项法案》而暂时减轻，因为对卡罗琳王后的审判激起了人们更广泛、更深刻的仇恨之情。尽管这种仇恨的外部迹象随着它激动人心的运动一起消散了，但是到处都萌生了一种前所未有的反对滥用各种职权的精神。休谟先生不屈不挠地审查公共开支，迫使下议院划分财政收支概算的每一个引起异议的项目，他的行动已经对公众舆论产生了强有力的影响，迫使不情愿的政府缩减了很多不重要的开支。1820年，由图克先生草拟，亚历山大.巴林提呈的《伦敦商人贸易自由请愿119书》，和李嘉图在数年议会生涯中的不懈努力，使政治经济学在公共事务中大显身手。李嘉图受金价论战的推动而做的著述，加上随后我父亲和麦卡洛克相继的阐述和评论（那几年，他在《爱丁堡评论》上的作品很有价值），引起了人们对政治经济学的普遍关注，至少让内阁的一部分人相信了它。哈斯基逊在坎宁的支持下，开始逐渐摧毁保护体系。他们的一个同事实际上在1846年就完成了这件事情，尽管最后的残余要到1860年才被格莱斯顿先生扫清。皮尔先生，当时的内政大臣，谨慎地走上前无古人的功利主义法律改革道路。在这一时期，自由主义似乎将要成为时代的主旋律，最高层鼓吹要改进制度，最底层则强烈要求全面变革议会的章程。这时一批看似属于新兴学派的作家一般都会在争论中出现，他们要求成为这个新趋势的立法者和理论家，由此引起人们的关注也不足为奇。他们写作时带着坚定的信念，而好像很少有人对一个同样明确的信条有同样强烈的信心；他们用大胆的文字正面抨击现有的两个政党；他们毫不妥协地宣称反对很多为人们普遍接受的观点，并由于认为他人比他们宣称的更异端而饱受怀疑；还有至少从我父亲的文章中体现出来的才能和气魄，以及他身后足以支撑一家评论杂志的团体。最后，这家评论杂志拥有读者的事实——所有这一切，让哲学和政治领域的功利主义学派，在公众的心中占据了前所未有的重要位置，或者说在其他同样急切的思想学派在英国兴起后以来再次获得了重要的地位。由于我处在其核心位置，了解其构成，作为少数最活跃的分子之一极大地参与了它的事务，我这么说可能没什么不合适，即与其他大部分人相比，描述一下它的情况是我的分内之事。

This supposed school, then, had no other existence than what was constituted by the fact, that my father's writings and conversation drew round him a certain number of young men who had already imbibed, or who imbibed from him, a greater or smaller portion of his very decided political and philosophical opinions. The notion that Bentham was surrounded by a band of disciples who received their opinions from his lips, is a fable to which my father did justice in his "Fragment on Mackintosh," and which, to all who knew Mr. Bentham's habits of life and manner of conversation, is simply ridiculous. The influence which Bentham exercised was by his writings. Through them

he has produced, and is producing, effects on the condition of mankind, wider and deeper, no doubt, than any which can be attributed to my father. He is a much greater name in history. But my father exercised a far greater personal ascendancy. He was sought for the vigour and instructiveness of his conversation, and did use it largely as an instrument for the diffusion of his opinions. I have never known any man who could do such ample justice to his best thoughts in colloquial discussion. His perfect command over his great mental resources, the terseness and expressiveness of his language and the moral earnestness as well as intellectual force of his delivery, made him one of the most striking of all argumentative conversers: and he was full of anecdote, a hearty laugher, and, when with people whom he liked, a most lively and amusing companion. It was not solely, or even chiefly, in diffusing his merely intellectual convictions that his power shewed itself: it was still more through the influence of a quality, of which I have only since learnt to appreciate the extreme rarity: that exalted public spirit and regard above all things to the good of the whole, which warmed into life and activity every germ of similar virtue that existed in the minds he came in contact with: the desire he made them feel for his approbation, the shame at his disapproval; the moral support which his conversation and his very existence gave to those who were aiming at the same objects, and the encouragement he afforded to the fainthearted or desponding among them, by the firm confidence which (though the reverse of sanguine as to the results to be expected in any one particular case) he always felt in the power of reason, the general progress of improvement, and the good which individuals could do by judicious effort.

这个所谓的学派，其实不过是父亲的作品和谈话使得一些年轻人围绕在他周围，这些年轻人有的已经吸收了，有的正从他那里或多或少地吸收他非常坚定的政治和哲学观点。有人认为边沁周围聚集了一帮信徒，这些人接受的观点都是他亲口教授的，这纯属无稽之谈。我父亲在他的《略论麦金托什》里作了澄清，而对所有了解边沁先生生活习惯和谈话方式的人来说，这种说法很可笑。边沁对人的影响是通过他的作品产生的。通过作品，他对人类的状态造成了影响，而且正在产生影响，这影响毫无疑问比我父亲所做的一切要深远得多。在历史上，他的名气远比我父亲的大。但是，我父亲发挥了更大的个人优势。人们是从他的谈话中寻求活力和指导的，他也确实经常把交谈当作传播自己观点的工具。我从来不认识任何人能像他一样在交谈中就能精僻阐述自己最精华的思想。他对自己高智商有着完美的掌控，语言简洁精练，富有表现力，讲话时内心诚恳，充满智慧，这使他成为最引人注目的善辩的谈话者之一。他会讲很多轶事，喜欢开怀大笑，与他喜欢的人在一起时，他是个非常活泼、有趣的同伴。他的力量不单是，甚至不主要是通过传播他的纯粹精神信念展现出来的：他的力量更常通过一种品质的影响力来展现，此后我才学会去欣赏它的绝妙之处。他那种高尚的公德心和将大

众利益看得高于一切的胸怀，使得与他接触过的人心里类似美德的每一个萌芽都得到温暖，有了生命和活力；他让他们渴望得到他的嘉许，让他们觉得因被他反对而羞耻；他的谈话以及他的存在本身，就给了那些目标相同的人以精神支持，通过对理智的力量、总体的改良进展以及个人通过审慎的努力可以行善的坚定信心（尽管在个别特殊情况下，会出现与预期相反的、不乐观的结果），给他们当中怯懦或意志消沉的人以鼓励。

It was my father's opinions which gave the distinguishing character to the Benthamic or utilitarian propagandism of that time. They fell singly scattered from him in many directions, but they f lowed from him in a continued stream principally in three channels. One was through me, the only mind directly formed by his instructions, and through whom considerable influence was exercised over various young men, who became, in their turn, propagandists. A second was through some of the Cambridge cotemporaries of Charles Austin, who, either initiated by him or under the general mental impulse which he gave, had adopted many opinions allied to those of my father, and some of the more considerable of whom afterwards sought my father's acquaintance and frequented his house. Among these may be mentioned Strutt, afterwards Lord Belper, and the present Lord Romilly, with whose eminent father, Sir Samuel, my father had of old been on terms of friendship. The third channel was that of a younger generation of Cambridge undergraduates, cotemporary, not with Austin, but with Eyton Tooke, who were drawn to that estimable person by affinity of opinions, and introduced by him to my father: the most notable of these was Charles Buller. Various other persons individually received and transmitted a considerable amount of my father's influence: for example, Black (as before mentioned) and Fonblanque: most of these however we accounted only partial allies; Fonblanque, for instance, was always divergent from us on many important points. But indeed there was by no means complete unanimity among any portion of us, nor had any of us adopted implicitly all my father's opinions. For example, although his Essay on Government was regarded probably by all of us as a masterpiece of political wisdom, our adhesion by no means extended to the paragraph of it, in which he maintains that women may consistently with good government, be excluded from the suffrage, because their interest is the same with that of men. From this doctrine, I, and all those who formed my chosen associates, most positively dissented. It is due to my father to say that he denied having intended to affirm that women should be excluded, any more than men under the age of forty, concerning whom he maintained, in the very next paragraph, an exactly similar thesis. He was, as he truly said, not discussing whether the suffrage had better be restricted, but

only (assuming that it is to be restricted) what is the utmost limit of restriction, which does not necessarily involve a sacrifice of the securities for good government. But I thought then, as I have always thought since, that the opinion which he acknowledged, no less than that which he disclaimed, is as great an error as any of those against which the Essay was directed; that the interest of women is included in that of men exactly as much and no more, as the interest of subjects is included in that of kings; and that every reason which exists for giving the suffrage to anybody, demands that it should not be withheld from women. This was also the general opinion of the younger proselytes; and it is pleasant to be able to say that Mr. Bentham, on this important point, was wholly on our side.

是父亲的见解让当时的边沁主义或功利主义的宣传有了不同于一般的特点。这些见解从他那里向不同方向零散地传播开来，这种源源不断的传播主要有三条渠道。一个是通过我，我的思想是唯一一个直接由他指导塑造而成的，他通过我对很多年轻人产生了重大影响，这些人继而成了宣传员。第二个是通过查尔斯.奥斯丁的剑桥同辈，他们或者是受到他的启蒙，或者受到他主要精神的推动，采纳了很多跟我父亲类似的观点，其中一些更重要的人后来寻求与父亲结识的机会，经常去拜访他。这些人中值得一提的是斯特拉特（后来成为贝尔珀勋爵），和现在的罗米利勋爵，我父亲和他德高望重的父亲塞缪尔爵士，早就是好朋友的关系。第三个渠道是剑桥更年轻一代的在校大学生，他们与奥斯丁不是同辈，和艾顿.图克是同辈。由于观点相近，他们被吸引到可敬的图克身边，然后由他引荐给我父亲。这些人中最突出的是查尔斯.布勒。其他人个别地接受、传播了不少父亲的影响，比如，布莱克（之前提到过）和方布兰克。然而，我们都认为这些人中的大多数都不是彻底的同盟，比如方布兰克总是在很多重要的地方与我们有分歧。但实际上，我们当中任何一部分人都决不会完全一致，也没有任何人毫无保留地接受父亲的所有观点。例如，尽管可能我们都认为他的《论政府》是部充满政治智慧的杰作，但是我们绝对并非赞同它的每个段落，在文章里他主张不给予妇女选举权，说这与善政并不矛盾，因为她们的利益和男人是相同的。对于这种说法，我和我所有的同仁们都断然反对。客观地说，父亲说过他否认自己有意断言妇女应该被排除在选举权之外，四十岁以下的男子其实也应被排除，对这部分人他在下一段里就提出了完全类似的论点。正如他所说的，他并非在讨论选举权是否最好受到限制，而仅仅（假设它受限制的话）在讨论：在不必牺牲善政保障措施的前提下，限制的最大限度。但是那时我认为，之后我也一直都这么认为，他承认的观点和他否认的观点以及论文要反对的任何观点一样，是个很大的错误。妇女的利益包含在男子的利益里面恰恰像臣民的利益包含在国王的利益里面一样，任何人人享有选举权的现有理由都要求妇女不应被剥夺选举权，这也是年轻皈依者们的一般观点。令人欣慰的是，边沁先生在这个重要问题上完全站在我们这一边。

But though none of us, probably, agreed in every respect with my

father, his opinions, as I said before, were the principal element which gave its colour and character to the little group of young men who were the first propagators of what was afterwards called "Philosophic Radicalism." Their mode of thinking was not characterized by Benthamism in any sense which has relation to Bentham as a chief or guide, but rather by a combination of Bentham's point of view with that of the modern political economy, and with the Hartleian metaphysics. Malthus's population principle was quite as much a banner, and point of union among us, as any opinion specially belonging to Bentham. This great doctrine, originally brought forward as an argument against the indefinite improvability of human affairs, we took up with ardent zeal in the contrary sense, as indicating the sole means of realizing that improvability by securing full employment at high wages to the whole labouring population through a voluntary restriction of the increase of their numbers. The other leading characteristics of the creed, which we held in common with my father, may be stated as follows:

但是，尽管很可能我们之中没有一个人在所有方面都同意父亲的观点，但像我之前说过的那样，我们这个年轻人小团体的风格和特征主要是他的观点赋予的，这些年轻人就是后来被称为“哲学激进主义”的首批传播者。这种思考模式与以边沁为领袖或向导的功利主义从任何意义上来说都毫无关联，它实际上是边沁的观点和现代政治经济学以及哈特利的形而上学观点的综合。马尔萨斯的人口论几乎和专属边沁的任何观点一样，可以说是一面旗帜，也是我们的共同点之一。这个伟大的学说最初提出来是为了反对人类事务可以无限改良的说法，我们从一个相反的层面热忱地采纳了它，说明通过自愿控制人口数量的增长，确保让所有劳动人口领取高薪，完全就业，是实现这种改良的唯一方法。这个学说的另一个主要特点得到了我们和我父亲的一致支持，或许可以归纳如下：

In politics, an almost unbounded confidence in the efficacy of two things: representative government, and complete freedom of discussion. So complete was my father's reliance on the influence of reason over the minds of mankind, whenever it is allowed to reach them, that he felt as if all would be gained if the whole population were taught to read, if all sorts of opinions were allowed to be addressed to them by word and in writing, and if by means of the suffrage they could nominate a legislature to give effect to the opinions they adopted. He thought that when the legislature no longer represented a class interest, it would aim at the general interest, honestly and with adequate wisdom; since the people would be sufficiently under the guidance of educated intelligence, to make in general a good choice of persons to represent them, and having done so, to leave to those whom they had chosen a liberal discretion.

Accordingly aristocratic rule, the government of the Few in any of its shapes, being in his eyes the only thing which stood between mankind and an administration of their affairs by the best wisdom to be found among them, was the object of his sternest disapprobation, and a democratic suffrage the principal article of his political creed, not on the ground of liberty, Rights of Man, or any of the phrases, more or less significant, by which, up to that time, democracy had usually been defended, but as the most essential of "securities for good government." In this, too, he held fast only to what he deemed essentials; he was comparatively indifferent to monarchical or republican forms—far more so than Bentham, to whom a king, in the character of "corrupter-general," appeared necessarily very noxious. Next to aristocracy, an established church, or corporation of priests, as being by position the great depravers of religion, and interested in opposing the progress of the human mind, was the object of his greatest detestation; though he disliked no clergyman personally who did not deserve it, and was on terms of sincere friendship with several. In ethics, his moral feelings were energetic and rigid on all points which he deemed important to human well being, while he was supremely indifferent in opinion (though his indifference did not shew itself in personal conduct) to all those doctrines of the common morality, which he thought had no foundation but in asceticism and priestcraft. He looked forward, for example, to a considerable increase of freedom in the relations between the sexes, though without pretending to define exactly what would be, or ought to be, the precise conditions of that freedom. This opinion was connected in him with no sensuality either of a theoretical or of a practical kind. He anticipated, on the contrary, as one of the beneficial effects of increased freedom, that the imagination would no longer dwell upon the physical relation and its adjuncts, and swell this into one of the principal objects of life; a perversion of the imagination and feelings, which he regarded as one of the deepest seated and most pervading evils in the human mind. In psychology, his fundamental doctrine was the formation of all human character by circumstances, through the universal Principle of Association, and the consequent unlimited possibility of improving the moral and intellectual condition of mankind by education. Of all his doctrines none was more important than this, or needs more to be insisted on: unfortunately there is none which is more contradictory to the prevailing tendencies of speculation, both in his time and since.

在政治上，人们几乎无限制地相信两件事情的功效：代表制的政府和完全的言论自由。父亲完全相信理智对人类思维的影响——只要能够影响到的话——他的信念是如此之深，以致于他觉得，如果能教全民读书，允许把所有观点以口头或书面形式呈现给他们，而他们能依靠选举

权任命执行他们观点的立法机关的话，一切都能实现。他认为，当立法机关不再只代表某个阶级的利益之时，它就会真诚地、十分明智地为整体的利益服务。因为人们将在受过教育的才智的充分指导下，选择一般说来合适的人来代表他们，并在此后赋予选出来的人以自由的决断力。相应地，贵族的统治，即不管是什么形式的少数人的政府，在他眼里都是阻碍人类用他们当中最卓越的贤才来管理自己事务的唯一障碍，是他严厉指责的对象。民主的选举权是他政治信条的主要内容，不是把一直到那时候都用来支持民主政治的自由、人权或任何有着类似的意义更大或更小的话语作为理由，而是把民主的选举权当作最重要的“善政保障设施”。在这一点上，他还是只坚持他所认为的要点。相比之下，他比边沁还要不关心君主或共和政体的形式——在边沁眼里，国王扮演的是“腐败将军”，看起来肯定很可憎。除了贵族统治，英国国教或牧师组织也是他憎恶的对象，因为它们的地位决定了它们是让宗教堕落的重要因素，还乐于反对人类进步。尽管他私底下并不讨厌不应承担过错的牧师本人，甚至还和好几个结下了诚挚的友谊。在道德规范上，对于他认为的对人类福利比较重要的所有要点，他的道德情感都很积极坚定，然而他对普通道德观的所有教条一点也不关心（尽管他的漠不关心没有在行为中表现出来），他认为这些教条除了根植于禁欲主义和教士权术外，没有什么根据。比如，他期盼两性之间的自由度能有较大提高，但是没有装模作样地要去界定这种自由的具体情形是什么样子，或者应该是什么样子。这种观点在他那里，不管是理论上还是实践上都不是和纵欲联系在一起的。相反，他期望自由度提升后的益处之一，就是人们的想象不再仅仅关注肉体关系及其附加物，不再把它扩大为人生的主要目标之一。他认为，这种想象和情感的堕落是人类头脑中最根深蒂固、最普遍的罪恶。在心理学方面，他的主要信条是所有人类性格都是由环境决定的，通过普遍联系的原则，以及随之而来的、用教育提升人的道德水准和智力状况的无限可能性。这是他所有学说中最重要的，或者最需要坚持的。不幸的是它也是和当时及以后的主要思潮最相矛盾的。

These various opinions were seized on with youthful fanaticism by the little knot of young men of whom I was one: and we put into them a sectarian spirit, from which, in intention at least, my father was wholly free. What we (or rather a phantom substituted in the place of us) were sometimes, by a ridiculous exaggeration, called by others, namely a "school," some of us for a time really hoped and aspired to be. The French philosophes of the eighteenth century were the example we sought to imitate, and we hoped to accomplish no less results. No one of the set went to so great excesses in this boyish ambition as I did; which might be shown by many particulars, were it not a useless waste of space and time.

一小群狂热的年轻人抓住了这些不同的观点，我也是其中一员。我们还把宗派主义的倾向带进这些观点里面，我父亲则完全没有这种倾向，至少意图上没有。有时，由于荒唐的夸张，我们（还不如说是替代了我们的一个幽灵）被人称作一个“学派”，但这也是有一阵子我们当中

的某些人确实期待和追求过的。18世纪的法国哲学家是我们努力模仿的榜样，我们希望取得和他们同样多的成就。我是这群人中怀着这个孩子气的野心走得最极端的。要不是怕浪费时间和空间的话，倒是可以用很多细节说明一下。

All this, however, is properly only the outside of our existence; or, at least, the intellectual part alone, and no more than one side of that. In attempting to penetrate inward, and give any indication of what we were as human beings, I must be understood as speaking only of myself, of whom alone I can speak from sufficient knowledge; and I do not believe that the picture would suit any of my companions without many and great modifications.

然而，严格来说所有这些都只是我们生活的表面，或仅仅是理性的方面，而且还只是理性方面的一个侧面。要试图看穿内部，说明我们是什么样的人的话，就必须知道我只是在说自己，因为我只能凭对自己足够的了解来进行说明。我相信，如果不对我的描述进行很多、很大的修改的话，它就不会适用于我的任何一位同伴。

I conceive that the description so often given of a Benthamite, as a mere reasoning machine, though extremely inapplicable to most of those who have been designated by that title, was during two or three years of my life not altogether untrue of me. It was perhaps as applicable to me as it can well be to any one just entering into life, to whom the common objects of desire must in general have at least the attraction of novelty. There is nothing very extraordinary in this fact: no youth of the age I then was, can be expected to be more than one thing, and this was the thing I happened to be. Ambition and desire of distinction, I had in abundance; and zeal for what I thought the good of mankind was my strongest sentiment, mixing with and colouring all others. But my zeal was as yet little else, at that period of my life, than zeal for speculative opinions. It had not its root in genuine benevolence, or sympathy with mankind; though these qualities held their due place in my ethical standard. Nor was it connected with any high enthusiasm for ideal nobleness. Yet of this feeling I was imaginatively very susceptible; but there was at that time an intermission of its natural aliment, poetical culture, while there was a superabundance of the discipline antagonistic to it, that of mere logic and analysis. Add to this that, as already mentioned, my father's teachings tended to the undervaluing of feeling. It was not that he was himself cold-hearted or insensible; I believe it was rather from the contrary quality; he thought that feeling could take care of itself; that there was sure to be enough of it if actions were properly cared about. Offended by the frequency with which, in ethical and philosophical controversy, feeling is made the ultimate reason and justification of conduct, instead of being itself called on for a justification, while, in

practice, actions, the effect of which on human happiness is mischievous, are defended as being required by feeling, and the character of a person of feeling obtains a credit for desert, which he thought only due to actions, he had a real impatience of attributing praise to feeling, or of any but the most sparing reference to it, either in the estimation of persons or in the discussion of things. In addition to the influence which this characteristic in him, had on me and others, we found all the opinions to which we attached most importance, constantly attacked on the ground of feeling. Utility was denounced as cold calculation; political economy as hard-hearted; antipopulation doctrines as repulsive to the natural feelings of mankind. We retorted by the word "sentimentality," which, along with "declamation" and "vague generalities," served us as common terms of opprobrium. Although we were generally in the right, as against those who were opposed to us, the effect was that the cultivation of feeling (except the feelings of public and private duty), was not in much esteem among us, and had very little place in the thoughts of most of us, myself in particular. What we principally thought of, was to alter people's opinions; to make them believe according to evidence, and know what was their real interest, which when they once knew, they would, we thought, by the instrument of opinion, enforce a regard to it upon one another. While fully recognizing the superior excellence of unselfish benevolence and love of justice, we did not expect the regeneration of mankind from any direct action on those sentiments, but from the effect of educated intellect, enlightening the selfish feelings. Although this last is prodigiously important as a means of improvement in the hands of those who are themselves impelled by nobler principles of action, I do not believe that any one of the survivors of the Benthamites or Utilitarians of that day, now relies mainly upon it for the general amendment of human conduct.

功利主义者经常被描述成纯粹的推理机器，我认为尽管这对于大多数被冠以这种头衔的人来说非常不合适，但是在我人生的两三年里我却确实如此。这种说法可能很适合我，就像它也适合任何开始生活的人一样，通常他们所渴望的事物总体来说一定由于新奇而具有吸引力。这一事实没有任何特别之处：对于任何跟我当时一样大的年轻人，只能指望他有一种样子，就是我当时碰巧具有的样子。我的野心很大，对名誉非常渴望；对我心目中人类福利的热心是我最强烈的感情，它和所有别的感情混合在一起，并影响了它们。但在那段时期，我基本上只热衷于思辨性的观点。这种热情并没有根植于真正的仁爱之心，或者根植于对人类的同情。但是，这些品质在我的道德标准里有它们应有的位置。它也没有与任何对完美高尚的高度热情联系在一起。然而，我在想象中很容易受这种情感的影响。但那时，它的天然养料——诗歌的陶冶——中断了，同时还有过多逆其道而行之的训练：纯粹的逻辑和分析训练。再加上我之前提到的，父亲的教学往往低估情感的价值。这不是说他本人冷

酷无情或麻木不仁，我相信恰恰是由于相反的品质。他认为不需要单独考虑情感，如果关注好行动的话，情感就一定会充足。在道德和哲学论战中，情感经常被作为行为的最终理由和辩护，但是情感本身就需要有理由辩护。而现实中，对人类幸福产生危害的行为被说成是情感需要，一个有感情的人的品格却遭到唾弃，而父亲认为这本应归罪于行为，他确实没有耐心去赞赏情感，只是在评价别人或议论事情的时候偶尔提起过它。除了他的这种特点对我和他人的影响之外，我们还发现所有我们认为很重要的观点，都经常因为情感原因而受到攻击。效用被指责为冷冰冰的算计，政治经济学被认为无情，控制人口学说被认为是对人类自然情感的排斥。我们用“多愁善感”一词来反驳，它和“激辩”“含糊的概括”一起成了我们指责他人时常用的词语。尽管我们反对与自己意见相左的人的行为大体是正确的，但是结果是我们这些人也不怎么看重感情的陶冶（除了对公众和个人责任的情感之外），我们中的大多数人也几乎没有考虑过它，尤其是我自己。我们主要思考的是如何改变人们的想法，让他们相信有根据的东西，知道自己的真正利益是什么。我们想，他们一旦知道了自己的利益后，就会通过舆论工具促使彼此加以留意。尽管我们完全认可无私的仁爱和对正义的热爱是至上的美德，但是我们没指望人类通过直接按照这些情感去行动，从而获得新生，而是期望通过用经过教化的智力的影响，来教导他们摆脱自私的感情。在自身受到更崇高行为准则驱使的人那里，尽管最后一条仍是非常重要的改良手段，但是我不相信任何现在仍信仰边沁主义或者功利主义的人，现在还会主要依赖它作为改进人类行为的常规方法。

From this neglect both in theory and in practice of the cultivation of feeling, naturally resulted, among other things, an undervaluing of poetry, and of Imagination generally, as an element of human nature. It is, or was, part of the popular notion of Benthamites, that they are enemies of poetry: this was partly true of Bentham himself; he used to say that "all poetry is misrepresentation," but, in the sense in which he said it, the same might have been said of all impressive speech; of all representation or inculcation more oratorical in its character than a sum in arithmetic. An article of Bingham's in the first number of the Westminster Review, in which he offered as an explanation of something which he disliked in Moore[6], that "Mr. Moore is a poet, and therefore is not a reasoner," did a good deal to attach the notion of hating poetry to the writers in the Review. But the truth was that many of us were great readers of poetry; Bingham himself had been a writer of it, while as regards me (and the same thing might be said of my father), the correct statement would be, not that I disliked poetry, but that I was theoretically indifferent to it. I disliked any sentiments in poetry which I should have disliked in prose; and that included a great deal. And I was wholly blind to its place in human culture, as a means of educating the feelings. But I was always personally very susceptible to some kinds of it. In the most sectarian period of my Benthamism, I happened to look into Pope[7]'s Essay on Man, and

though every opinion in it was contrary to mine, I well remember how powerfully it acted on my imagination. Perhaps at that time poetical composition of any higher type than eloquent discussion in verse, might not have produced a similar effect on me: at all events I seldom gave it an opportunity. This, however, was a mere passing state. Long before I had enlarged in any considerable degree, the basis of my intellectual creed, I had obtained in the natural course of my mental progress, poetic culture of the most valuable kind, by means of reverential admiration for the lives and characters of heroic persons; especially the heroes of philosophy. The same inspiring effect which so many of the benefactors of mankind have left on record that they had experienced from Plutarch[8]'s Lives, was produced on me by Plato's pictures of Socrates, and by some modern biographies, above all by Condorcet's Life of Turgot[9]; a book well calculated to rouse the best sort of enthusiasm, since it contains one of the wisest and noblest of lives, delineated by one of the wisest and noblest of men. The heroic virtue of these glorious representatives of the opinions with which I sympathized, deeply affected me, and I perpetually recurred to them as others do to a favorite poet, when needing to be carried up into the more elevated regions of feeling and thought. I may observe by the way that this book cured me of my sectarian follies. The two or three pages beginning "Il regardait toute secte comme nuisible," and explaining why Turgot always kept himself perfectly distinct from the Encyclopedists, sank deeply into my mind. I left off designating myself and others as Utilitarians, and by the pronoun "we" or any other collective designation, I ceased to afficher sectarianism. My real inward sectarianism I did not get rid of till later, and much more gradually.

这种理论上以及实践上对情感陶冶的忽视，必然导致的结果之一就是对诗歌和想象力的低估，只一般地把它们看作是人性的一个因素。功利主义者普遍认为，或者曾经认为，他们是诗歌的敌人。对于边沁本人，这确有几分正确。他经常说，“所有诗歌都是错误的表达”，但是，按照他所说的意思，这句话也同样可以用于所有感人的演说，以及所有比数学里的算术题更具演说特征的陈述和教导。《威斯敏斯特评论》第一期中有一篇宾厄姆的文章，他在里面解释了自己不喜欢穆尔的一些地方，说“穆尔先生是诗人，因此，不是推理家”，这在很大程度上给《威斯敏斯特评论》的作家冠上了讨厌诗歌的声名。但事实上，我们很多人都是诗歌的热心读者。宾汉姆本人也曾写过诗，至于我（也可以这么说我父亲），正确的说法是我并非不喜欢诗歌，而是在理论上对它漠不关心。在散文中我不喜欢的情感，在诗歌中我也不会喜欢，这种情感有很多。我完全无视它作为教化情感的方法在人类文化中的位置。但我自己总是很容易受到某些情感的感染。在我功利主义思想最狭隘的时期，我碰巧研读了蒲柏的长诗《原人篇》，尽管里面的每个观点都与我的相反，但是我清楚地记得它对我的想象力产生了多么强有力的影响。当时

任何比用诗体写出来有说服力的讨论更高级的诗歌创作形式，可能都不会对我产生类似的影响。无论如何，我也几乎从来没给过它机会。然而，这种情形只不过是暂时的。早在我大规模扩大理性信条的基础之前，我就在精神进步的自然过程中，通过膜拜英雄人物的生活和品格——尤其是哲学英雄，而获得了最有价值的诗歌文化。对人类作出贡献的很多人，把他们从普卢塔克的《传记》中体验到的鼓舞人心的影响记录了下来。柏拉图对苏格拉底的描述，以及一些现代传记，尤其是孔多塞的《杜尔哥传》，对我产生了同样令人鼓舞的影响。《杜尔哥传》构思精巧，旨在激起最大的热情，因为它的作者是个非常贤明、高贵的人，他描绘的也是一个非常贤明、高贵的人的生平。这些和与我有共鸣的显赫代表人物的超人美德，深深地打动了我，当我需要把情感和思想提升到更崇高的领域时，我总是求助于他们，就像别人求助于最喜欢的诗人一样。我应该顺便说一下，这本书消除了我的宗派主义愚行。以“他认为所有宗派都是有害的”开头的两三页，这几页也解释了为什么杜尔哥总是把自己与百科全书编纂者截然分开，深深地印入了我的脑海。我不再标榜自己和其他人是功利主义者，不再让代词“我们”或其他任何集体称号带上宗派主义的色彩。我对内心深处真正的宗派主义则摆脱得更晚些，而且更加缓慢渐进。

About the end of 1824, or beginning of 1825, Mr. Bentham, having lately got back his papers on Evidence from M. Dumont (whose Traité des Preuves Judiciaires, grounded on them, was then first completed and published) resolved to have them printed in the original, and bethought himself of me as capable of preparing them for the press; in the same manner as his Book of Fallacies had been recently edited by Bingham. I gladly undertook this task, and it occupied nearly all my leisure for about a year, exclusive of the time afterwards spent in seeing the five large volumes through the press. Mr. Bentham had begun this treatise three times, at considerable intervals, each time in a different manner, and each time without reference to the preceding: two of the three times he had gone over nearly the whole subject. These three masses of manuscript it was my business to condense into a single treatise; adopting the one last written as the groundwork, and incorporating with it as much of the two others as it had not completely superseded. I had also to unroll such of Bentham's involved and parenthetical sentences, as seemed to overpass by their complexity the measure of what readers were likely to take the pains to understand. It was further Mr. Bentham's particular desire that I should, from myself, endeavour to supply any lacunæ which he had left; and at his instance I read, for this purpose, the most authoritative treatises on the English Law of Evidence, and commented on a few of the objectionable points of the English rules, which had escaped Bentham's notice. I also replied to the objections which had been made to some of his doctrines, by reviewers of Dumont's book, and added a few supplementary remarks on some of

the more abstract parts of the subject, such as the theory of improbability and impossibility. The controversial part of these editorial additions was written in a more assuming tone, than became one so young and inexperienced as I was: but indeed I had never contemplated coming forward in my own person; and as an anonymous editor of Bentham, I fell into the tone of my author, not thinking it unsuitable to him or to the subject, however it might be so to me. My name as editor was put to the book after it was printed, at Mr. Bentham's positive desire, which I in vain attempted to persuade him to forego.

大概在1824年年底，或者1825年年初，边沁先生刚从杜蒙先生那里拿回他的《论证据》论文（杜蒙先生以这些论文为基础写的《论司法证据》那时刚完成并发表），他决定按原稿发表，并想起来我能够做出版前的准备工作。他的《谬误集》最近也是由宾厄姆以同样的方式编辑的。我很高兴地接受了这项工作，它几乎占用了我一年中的所有空闲时间，还不包括后来在出版社安排五大卷书的付印所花的时间。边沁先生分三次写成这部专著，每次中间都有很长的间隔，每次风格都不同，而且每次都没有参考前面的内容，三次中有两次他都几乎涉及了整个主题。这三大本手稿要由我浓缩成一本专著，我把他最后写的那本当作蓝本，尽量把其他两本中没有被它完全更替的地方合并到其中去。我还必须拆分边沁的长难句和插入句，因为它们过于错综复杂，读者很可能没有耐心去想办法弄懂它们。边沁先生还进一步特别要求我从自身出发，尽力去填补他遗留下的任何不足。在他的要求下，我为此读了有关《英国证据法》最权威的论文，对边沁没注意到的、英国统治中值得反对的几个地方作了评论。我还回应了杜蒙著作的评论家对边沁某些学说的异议，还在这个主题的一些比较抽象的部分里，比如非必然性与无可能性理论，加上了少许补充评论。这些编辑添加的评论中有争议的部分是我用十分傲慢的语气写的，这与我这样一个年轻、没经验的人是很不相称的，但我确实从来没打算自告奋勇亲自去做。作为边沁的匿名编辑，我用作者的语气说话，没想过这样做对他或主题是否适合，然而这对我来说可能确实不合适。该书出版后，在边沁先生的积极要求下我的名字被作为编辑加了进去，我试图劝说他不用这么做，但没有成功。

The time occupied in this editorial work was extremely well employed in respect to my own improvement. The "Rationale of Judicial Evidence" is one of the richest in matter of all Bentham's productions. The theory of evidence being in itself one of the most important of his subjects, and ramifying into most of the others, the book contains, very fully developed, a great proportion of all his best thoughts: while, among more special things, it comprises the most elaborate exposure of the vices and defects of English law, as it then was, which is to be found in his works; not confined to the law of evidence, but including, by way of illustrative episode, the entire procedure or practice of Westminster Hall. The direct knowledge,

therefore, which I obtained from the book, and which was imprinted upon me much more thoroughly than it could have been by mere reading, was itself no small acquisition. But this occupation did for me what might seem less to be expected; it gave a great start to my powers of composition. Everything which I wrote subsequently to this editorial employment, was markedly superior to anything that I had written before it. Bentham's later style, as the world knows, was heavy and cumbersome, from the excess of a good quality, the love of precision, which made him introduce clause within clause into the heart of every sentence, that the reader might receive into his mind all the modifications and qualifications simultaneously with the main proposition: and the habit grew on him until his sentences became, to those not accustomed to them, most laborious reading. But his earlier style, that of the Fragment on Government, Plan of a Judicial Establishment, &c., is a model of liveliness and ease combined with fullness of matter, scarcely ever surpassed: and of this earlier style there were many striking specimens in the manuscripts on Evidence, all of which I endeavoured to preserve. So long a course of this admirable writing had a considerable effect upon my own; and I added to it by the assiduous reading of other writers, both French and English, who combined, in a remarkable degree, ease with force, such as Goldsmith, Fielding, Pascal, Voltaire, and Courier. Through these influences my writing lost the jejuneness of my early compositions; the bones and cartilages began to clothe themselves with flesh, and the style became, at times, lively and almost light.

就我自己的进步而言，做这份编辑工作的时间得到了非常充分的利用。在边沁的所有作品中，《司法证据原理》是内容最丰富的著作之一。证据理论本身就是他最为重要的主题之一，并且衍生出大部分其他主题，这本书包括了他所有精华思想中的一大部分，这些思想被阐释得非常充分。同时更特别的是，它包含了对当时英国法律中的缺陷和瑕疵极为详尽的披露，这些在他的作品中可以找到。通过例证事件，这一披露不局限于证据法，还包括了威斯敏斯特议会大厅里的整套程序和做法。因此，通过编辑这本书而获得的，比简单阅读更深刻地镌刻在我脑海中的直接知识，本身就是不小的收获。但是，这项工作给我带来的东西似乎比预期的还要多。它对我的写作能力培养来说是一个很好的开端。完成这项编辑工作之后我写的每一部作品，比之前写的任何东西都明显好很多。边沁后期的文风，如世人所知，较为沉闷，繁琐。由于过度追求质量，喜欢精确，他的每个句子都是一个从句嵌着另一个从句，直到句子的中心，这样读者可能会同时接受所有的修饰、限定语和主命题。这种习惯在他身上日益增长，直到让不习惯读他句子的人读起来非常费力。但是他早期的文风，如《政府片论》和《司法机构计划》的风格，却是轻松活泼与内容丰富相结合的典范，几乎从未被超越，在《证据论》的手稿中，有很多显著的有着早期风格的例子，所有这些我都尽力保存。编辑这部令人钦佩的著述花了如此长的时间，这对我自己的写

作产生了很大影响。另外我还刻苦地研读了其他作家的作品，法语的和英语的都有，这些作品在相当大的程度上既挥洒自如又铿锵有力，比如哥尔德斯密斯、菲尔丁、帕斯卡、伏尔泰和库里耶。由于这些作品的影响，我的作品丢掉了早期的空洞性，变得日趋饱满，有血有肉，风格有时很活泼，甚至几近明快。

This improvement was first exhibited in a new field. Mr. Marshall, of Leeds, father of the present generation of Marshalls, the same who was brought into Parliament for Yorkshire, when the representation forfeited by Grampound was transferred to it, an earnest Parliamentary reformer, and a man of large fortune, of which he made a liberal use, had been much struck with Bentham's Book of Fallacies: and the thought had occurred to him that it would be useful to publish annually the Parliamentary Debates, not in the chronological order of Hansard, but classified according to subjects, and accompanied by a commentary pointing out the fallacies of the speakers. With this intention, he very naturally addressed himself to the editor of The Book of Fallacies; and Bingham, with the assistance of Charles Austin, undertook the editorship. The work was called "Parliamentary History and Review." Its sale was not sufficient to keep it in existence, and it only lasted three years. It excited, however, some attention among parliamentary and political people. The best strength of the party was put forth in it; and its execution did them much more credit than that of the Westminster Review had ever done. Bingham and Charles Austin wrote much in it; as did Strutt, Romilly, and several other liberal lawyers. My father wrote one article in his best style; the elder Austin another. Coulson wrote one of great merit. It fell to my lot to lead off the first number by an article on the principal topic of the session (that of 1825), the Catholic Association and the Catholic disabilities. In the second number I wrote an elaborate Essay on the Commercial Crisis of 1825 and the Currency Debates. In the third I had two articles, one on a minor subject, the other on the Reciprocity principle in commerce, à propos of a celebrated diplomatic correspondence between Canning and Gallatin[10]. These writings were no longer mere reproductions and applications of the doctrines I had been taught; they were original thinking, as far as that name can be applied to old ideas in new forms and connexions: and I do not exceed the truth in saying that there was a maturity, and a well-digested character about them, which there had not been in any of my previous performances. In execution, therefore, they were not at all juvenile; but their subjects have either gone by, or have been so much better treated since, that they are entirely superseded, and should remain buried in the same oblivion with my contributions to the first dynasty of the Westminster Review.

这种进步最初在一个新领域展现了出来。利兹的马歇尔先生是这一代马歇尔家族的族长，在格兰庞德选区的代表权被剥夺并移交至约克郡后，他代表约克郡进入了议会——他是位热心的议会改革家，富有而慷慨，边沁的《谬误集》给他以很大冲击。他有了一个想法，觉得每年出版一次议会辩论的记录文件会很有用，不是按照《英国议会议事录》采用的时间次序，而是按主题分类，通过加上注释指出发言人的谬误。带着这个目的，他很自然地和《谬误集》的编辑宾厄姆取得了联系，在查尔斯·奥斯丁的协助下，宾厄姆担任了编辑的职务。这个刊物叫《议会历史与评论》。它的销售量不足以维持它的存续，只坚持了三年。然而，它引起了议员和政治人物的注意。团体的最大力量得以展现出来，它的发行给他们带来的荣誉远比《威斯敏斯特评论》多得多。宾厄姆和查尔斯.奥斯丁写了很多文章，还有斯特拉特、罗米利和好几位信仰自由主义的律师都写了不少文章。我父亲以他最好的文风写了一篇论文，年长的奥斯丁写了另一篇。库尔逊写了一篇，具有重要价值。这次我负责以1825年议会会议的主要议题，即天主教协会和天主教的无能为主题，写一篇文章作为第一期的开篇。在第二期上，我精心写了一篇名为《论1825年的商业危机和货币争论》的评论。在第三期上，我写了两篇文章，一篇写的是小事情，另一篇写商业里的互惠原理，是关于坎宁和加勒廷之间著名的外交通信。这些作品不再仅仅是再现和应用我学到的教条。它们是崭新的思考，如果新思考可以用来指代以新形式和新关系表现旧观点的话。如果我说它们展现出成熟、融会贯通的特征，这并没有夸大事实，这些特征在我之前的任何作品中都是没有的。因此，在表达时这些思想也并不显得幼稚。但是它们的主题要么已经过时了，要么在那之后得到了更好的论述，所以它们已被完全超越了，应该和我发表在《威斯敏斯特评论》上的第一代文章一样，被埋没在人们遗忘的角落。

While thus engaged in writing for the public, I did not neglect other modes of self-cultivation. It was at this time that I learnt German; beginning it on the Hamiltonian method, for which purpose I and several of my companions formed a class. For several years from this period, our social studies assumed a shape which contributed very much to my mental progress. The idea occurred to us of carrying on, by reading and conversation, a joint study of several of the branches of science which we wished to be masters of. We assembled to the number of a dozen or more. Mr. Grote lent a room of his house in Threadneedle Street for the purpose, and his partner, Prescott, one of the three original members of the Utilitarian Society, made one among us. We met two mornings in every week, from half-past eight till ten, at which hour most of us were called off to our daily occupations. Our first subject was Political Economy. We chose some systematic treatise as our textbook; my father's Elements being our first choice. One of us read aloud a chapter, or some smaller portion, of the book. The discussion was then opened, and any one who had an objection, or other remark to make, made it. Our rule was to discuss thoroughly every point raised, whether great or small, prolonging the discussion

until all who took part were satisfied with the conclusion they had individually arrived at; and to follow up every topic of collateral speculation which the chapter or the conversation suggested, never leaving it until we had untied every knot which we found. We repeatedly kept up the discussion of some one point for several weeks, thinking intently on it during the intervals of our meetings, and contriving solutions of the new difficulties which had risen up in the last morning's discussion. When we had finished in this way my father's Elements, we went in the same manner through Ricardo's Principles of Political Economy, and Bailey's Dissertation on Value. These close and vigorous discussions were not only improving in a high degree to those who took part in them, but brought out new views of some topics of abstract Political Economy. The theory of International Values which I afterwards published, emanated from these conversations, as did also the modified form of Ricardo's theory of Profits, laid down in my Essay on Profits and Interest. Those among us with whom new speculations chief ly originated, were Ellis, Graham, and I; though others gave valuable aid to the discussions, especially Prescott and Roebuck, the one by his knowledge, the other by his dialectical acuteness. The theories of International Values and of Profits were excogitated and worked out in about equal proportions by myself and Graham: and if our original project had been executed, my Essays on Some Unsettled Questions of Political Economy would have been brought out along with some papers of his, under our joint names. But when my exposition came to be written, I found that I had so much over-estimated my agreement with him, and he dissented so much from the most original of the two Essays, that on International Values, that I was obliged to consider the theory as now exclusively mine, and it came out as such when published many years later. I may mention that among the alterations which my father made in revising his Elements for the third edition, several were founded on criticisms elicited by these conversations; and in particular he modified his opinions (though not to the extent of our new speculations) on both the points to which I have adverted.

尽管这样沉浸于为公众写作，我并没有忽视其他形式的自学。就在这时，我学了德语，开始学时用了汉密尔顿的方法，为此，我和好几个同伴组成了一个班。从这时起，之后的好几年中，我们的集体学习初具规模，并对我的思想进步起到了很大作用。我们想起一个点子，就是通过阅读和交谈，继续共同学习我们想熟练掌握的好几个自然科学的分支。我们聚集了12个人或者更多。格罗特先生把他在针线街的房子借了一间供我们学习用，他的伙伴、功利主义学会三名创始人之一的普雷斯科特也成了我们的一员。我们每个星期有两天上午见面，从八点半到十点，在这几个小时里，我们大部分人都放弃了自己的日常工作。我们的第一个主题是政治经济学。我们选了一些系统的论文作为教科书，我父

亲的《政治经济学要义》是我们的首选。先由我们中的一个人朗读书中的一章或者一小部分，然后讨论就开始了，任何人有异议或者有其他评论的话，就直接发言。我们的规则是要彻底讨论提出的每一个要点，不论大小，一直讨论到所有参与者都满意自己得出的结论为止。要把这一章或交谈中产生的每个思考话题探究到底，从不丢下不管，直到解决我们发现的每个复杂问题为止。我们曾多次持续好几个星期连续讨论某一个话题，在不见面的时候专心思考，设法解决上次讨论时出现的新困难。我们以这种方式学完了父亲的《政治经济学要义》之后，又以同样的方法学了李嘉图的《政治经济学原理》，和贝利的《价值论文》。这些彻底的、热烈的讨论不仅大大提升了那些参与者的素质，还催生了抽象政治经济学一些主题的新观点。我后来发表的国际价值理论就起源于这些交谈，而后我在《论利润和利益》中所阐述的李嘉图利润理论的改良形式也是如此。在我们当中，新思想主要起源于埃利斯、格雷厄姆和我。但是其他人也给了这些讨论有价值的帮助，尤其是普雷斯科特和罗巴克，一个通过知识，另一个通过辩证的敏锐。国际价值理论和利润理论是由我和格雷厄姆共同思考和总结出来的，两人平分秋色。如果我们最初的方案得以执行的话，我的《论政治经济学中若干未解决的问题》就应该和他的一些论文一起出版，署上我们两人的名字。但是我开始撰文时发现自己过高地估计了与他的一致性，而他对《论国际价值》从最开始的两篇评论就持不同意见，所以我不得不认为这个理论现在只属于我自己，多年后出版的时候也只署了我的名字。我应该提到，我父亲在《政治经济学要义》第三版中作的修正，有好几处是基于从这些交谈中得出的批评。特别是把他的观点中我注意到的两点作了修改（尽管没有修改到我们最新推断的程度）。

When we had enough of political economy, we took up the syllogistic logic in the same manner, Grote now joining us. Our first text-book was Aldrich, but being disgusted with its superficiality, we reprinted one of the most f inished among the many manuals of the school logic, which my father, a great collector of such books, possessed, the Manuductio ad Logicam of the Jesuit Du Trieu. After finishing this, we took up Whately's Logic, then first republished from the Encyclopaedia Metropolitana, and finally the Computatio sive Logica of Hobbes[11]. These books, dealt with in our manner, afforded a wide range for original metaphysical speculation: and most of what has been done in the First Book of my System of Logic, to rationalize and correct the principles and distinctions of the school logicians, and to improve the theory of the Import of Propositions, had its origin in these discussions; Graham and I originating most of the novelties, while Grote and others furnished an excellent tribunal or test. From this time I formed the project of writing a book on Logic, though on a much humbler scale than the one I ultimately executed.

学完政治经济学后，我们以同样的方式开始学习三段论逻辑学，此时格罗特加入了我们。我们的第一本课本是奥尔德里奇的著作，但是由

于不喜欢它的肤浅，我们重印了耶稣会士迪特里厄的《逻辑学入门》，在很多学院逻辑学的参考书中这本是非常完美的，我父亲热衷于收集此类书籍，我们印的就是他收藏的。读完这本之后，我们开始继续读惠特利的《逻辑学》，当时刚被《大都会百科全书》第一次再版，最后读了霍布斯的《计算法和逻辑学》。以我们自己的方式读的这些书，为新颖的形而上学思考提供了广阔的空间。我在《逻辑学体系》第一本里做的大部分工作，如阐释和校正学院逻辑学家的原则和特征、改进命题意义的理论等，都根源于这些讨论。新颖的思想大都是格雷厄姆和我提出的，而格罗特和其他人则提供了极好的公断，或者说检验。从这时起，我计划要写一本关于逻辑学的作品，尽管其规模与我最终的成书相比小很多。

Having done with Logic, we launched into Analytic Psychology, and having chosen Hartley[12] for our text-book, we raised Priestley's edition to an extravagant price by searching through London to furnish each of us with a copy. When we had finished Hartley, we suspended our meetings; but, my father's Analysis of the Mind being published soon after, we reassembled for the purpose of reading it. With this our exercises ended. I have always dated from these conversations my own real inauguration as an original and independent thinker. It was also through them that I acquired, or very much strengthened, a mental habit to which I attribute all that I have ever done, or ever shall do, in speculation; that of never accepting half-solutions of difficulties as complete; never abandoning a puzzle, but again and again returning to it until it was cleared up; never allowing obscure corners of a subject to remain unexplored, because they did not appear important; never thinking that I perfectly understood any part of a subject until I understood the whole.

学完逻辑学之后，我们开始投入分析心理学，选了哈特利的著作作为我们的课本，为了使我们人手一本普里斯特利的版本，我们把伦敦城仔细搜寻了一遍，一度使其价格飞涨。读完哈特利之后，我们暂停了会面。但是，我父亲的《人类心灵现象的分析》很快就出版了，为了阅读这本书，我们又重新聚到一起。读完这本书后，我们的练习就终止了。我总是把自己成为一个有创造性的独立思想家的开端追溯到这些对话中。也是通过它们我获得了一个思考习惯，或者说深深加固了这个习惯，我把自己做过的一切思考以及将来要进行的思索，都归功于这个习惯。这个习惯就是，如果困难只解决了一半，就不能当成全部解决。永远不放弃任何一个难题，而要反复研究，直到完全解决为止。永远不允许因为看似不重要，就忽略一个问题不引人注意的角落。在完全理解一个问题之前，永远不能认为自己完全理解了它的任何一部分。

Our doings from 1825 to 1830 in the way of public speaking, filled a considerable place in my life during those years, and as they had important effects on my development, something ought to be said of them.

从1825到1830年间，我们的演说活动，在我那几年的生活中占据了很重要的位置，因为它们对我的发展有重要影响，所以应该提一下。

There was for some time in existence a society of Owenites[13], called the Cooperative Society, which met for weekly public discussions in Chancery Lane. In the early part of 1825, accident brought Roebuck in contact with several of its members, and led to his attending one or two of the meetings and taking part in the debate in opposition to Owenism. Some one of us started the notion of going there in a body and having a general battle: and Charles Austin and some of his friends who did not usually take part in our joint exercises, entered into the project. It was carried out by concert with the principal members of the Society, themselves nothing loth, as they naturally preferred a controversy with opponents to a tame discussion among their own body. The question of population was proposed as the subject of debate: Charles Austin led the case on our side with a brilliant speech, and the fight was kept up by adjournment through five or six weekly meetings before crowded auditories, including along with the members of the Society and their friends, many hearers and some speakers from the Inns of Court[14] When this debate was ended, another was commenced on the general merits of Owen's system: and the contest altogether lasted about three months. It was a lutte corps-à-corps between Owenites and political economists, whom the Owenites regarded as their most inveterate opponents: but it was a perfectly friendly dispute. We who represented political economy, had the same objects in view as they had, and took pains to show it; and the principal champion on their side was a very estimable man, with whom I was well acquainted, Mr. William Thompson, of Cork, author of a book on the Distribution of Wealth, and of an Appeal in behalf of women against the passage relating to them in my father's Essay on Government. Ellis, Roebuck, and I, took an active part in the debate, and among those from the Inns of Court who joined in it, I remember Charles Villiers. The other side obtained also, on the population question, very efficient support from without. The well known Gale Jones, then an elderly man, made one of his florid speeches; but the speaker with whom I was most struck, though I dissented from nearly every word he said, was Thirlwall, the historian, since Bishop of St. David's, then a Chancery barrister, unknown except by a high reputation for eloquence acquired at the Cambridge Union before the era of Austin and Macaulay. His speech was in answer to one of mine. Before he had uttered ten sentences, I set him down as the best speaker I had ever heard, and I have never since heard any one whom I placed above him.

有段时间，曾经有一个欧文主义者的学会，叫做合作社，它的成员

在大法官法庭巷集会，每星期进行一次公开讨论。1825年上半年，罗巴克偶然接触到好几个合作社的成员，所以他参加了一两次集会，并参与辩论反对欧文主义。我们当中有个人产生了以团体的形式去那里来一次全体论战的想法。查尔斯.奥斯丁和他的一些朋友本来很少参加我们的集体活动，这次也参与了这个计划。合作社的主要成员一致同意执行这个计划，一点都不感到勉强，因为与自己团体内部枯燥乏味的讨论相比，他们无疑更喜欢和对手论战。人口问题被提议作为辩论的主题，我方的查尔斯.奥斯丁用一篇才华横溢的演说开始了辩论，论战在每周一次的集会上举行，持续了五六个星期，挤满了观众，包括合作社的成员和他们的朋友，以及很多听众和一些来自律师培养学院里的演讲人。这个辩论结束后，另一个关于欧文体系总体价值的辩论开始了，论战总共持续了差不多三个月。这是欧文主义者和政治经济学者之间的激烈斗争，前者把后者当作最顽固的对手，但是这却是个非常友好的辩论。代表政治经济学的我们，和他们考虑的目标是一致的，并尽力表现出来。他们那边的主辩是个非常可敬的人，我和他很熟，他就是科克城的威廉.汤普森先生，《论财富分配》一书的作者，还代表妇女写了《呼吁书》，反对我父亲的《政府论》中有关妇女的观点。埃利斯、罗巴克和我在辩论中很积极，我记得加入辩论的律师学院的人当中有查尔斯.威利尔斯。在人口问题上，对方也从外面得到了很有效的支持。当时已上年纪的著名的盖尔.琼斯，也作了一个华丽的演讲。但是最让我震惊的演说人是瑟尔沃尔，虽然他说的任何一个词我几乎都不同意。他自圣戴维主教时起就是个历史学家，后来成为大法官法庭律师，世人只知他善于雄辩，那还是在剑桥协会，在奥斯汀和麦考利那个时代之前。他的演讲是为了回应我的一个演讲。他只说了不到十句话，我就断定他是我听过的最厉害的演说家，那之后我也从来没听过比他更好的。

The great interest of these debates predisposed some of those who took part in them, to catch at a suggestion thrown out by McCulloch, the political economist, that a Society was wanted in London similar to the Speculative Society at Edinburgh, in which Brougham[15], Horner, and others first cultivated public speaking. Our experience at the Cooperative Society seemed to give cause for being sanguine as to the sort of men who might be brought together in London for such a purpose. McCulloch mentioned the matter to several young men of influence, to whom he was then giving private lessons in political economy. Some of these entered warmly into the project, particularly George Villiers, afterwards Earl of Clarendon. He and his brothers, Hyde and Charles, Romilly, Charles Austin and I, with some others, met and agreed on a plan. We determined to meet once a fortnight from November to June, at the Freemason's Tavern, and we had soon a splendid list of members, containing, along with several members of Parliament, nearly all the most noted speakers of the Cambridge Union and of the Oxford United Debating Society. It is curiously illustrative of the tendencies of the time, that our principal difficulty in recruiting for the Society was to find a sufficient number of Tory

speakers. Almost all whom we could press into the service were Liberals, of different orders and degrees. Besides those already named, we had Macaulay, Thirlwall, Praed, Lord Howick, Samuel Wilberforce (afterwards Bishop of Oxford), Charles Poulett Thomson (afterwards Lord Sydenham), Edward and Henry Lytton Bulwer, Fonblanque, and many others whom I cannot now recollect, but who made themselves afterwards more or less conspicuous in public or literary life. Nothing could seem more promising. But when the time for action drew near, and it was necessary to fix on a President, and find somebody to open the first debate, none of our celebrities would consent to perform either office. Of the many who were pressed on the subject, the only one who could be prevailed on was a man of whom I knew very little, but who had taken high honours at Oxford and was said to have acquired a great oratorical reputation there; who some time afterwards became a Tory member of Parliament. He accordingly was fixed on, both for filling the President's chair and for making the first speech. The important day arrived; the benches were crowded; all our great speakers were present, to judge of, but not to help our efforts. The Oxford orator's speech was a complete failure. This threw a damp on the whole concern: the speakers who followed were few, and none of them did their best: the affair was a complete fiasco; and the oratorical celebrities we had counted on went away never to return, giving to me at least a lesson in knowledge of the world. This unexpected breakdown altered my whole relation to the project. I had not anticipated taking a prominent part, or speaking much or often, particularly at first, but I now saw that the success of the scheme depended on the new men, and I put my shoulder to the wheel. I opened the second question, and from that time spoke in nearly every debate. It was very uphill work for some time. The three Villiers' and Romilly stuck to us for some time longer, but the patience of all the founders of the Society was at last exhausted, except me and Roebuck. In the season following, 1826—7, things began to mend. We had acquired two excellent Tory speakers, Hayward, and Shee (afterwards Sergeant Shee): the Radical side was reinforced by Charles Buller, Cockburn, and others of the second generation of Cambridge Benthamites; and with their and other occasional aid, and the two Tories as well as Roebuck and me for regular speakers, almost every debate was a bataille rangée between the "philosophic Radicals" and the Tory lawyers; until our conflicts were talked about, and several persons of note and consideration came to hear us. This happened still more in the subsequent seasons, 1828 and 1829, when the Coleridgians, in the persons of Maurice and Sterling, made their appearance in the Society as a second Liberal and even Radical party, on totally different grounds from Benthamism and vehemently

opposed to it; bringing into these discussions the general doctrines and modes of thought of the European reaction against the philosophy of the eighteenth century; and adding a third and very important belligerent party to our contests, which were now no bad exponent of the movement of opinion among the most cultivated part of the new generation. Our debates were very different from those of common debating societies, for they habitually consisted of the strongest arguments and most philosophic principles which either side was able to produce, thrown often into close and serré confutations of one another. The practice was necessarily very useful to us, and eminently so to me. I never, indeed, acquired real fluency, and had always a bad and ungraceful delivery; but I could make myself listened to: and as I always wrote my speeches when, from the feelings involved, or the nature of the ideas to be developed, expression seemed important,I greatly increased my power of effective writing; acquiring not only an ear for smoothness and rhythm, but a practical sense for telling sentences, and an immediate criterion of their telling property, by their effect on a mixed audience.

对这些辩论的巨大兴趣让一些参与者很容易地接受了政治经济学家麦卡洛克提出的一个建议，即伦敦需要有一个和爱丁堡思辨学会相似的学会，爱丁堡的思辨学会是布鲁厄姆、霍纳和其他一些人最初培养演说能力的地方。我们在合作社的经历似乎让人相信我们就是可以聚集在伦敦共同做这样一件事情的人。麦卡洛克跟几位有影响力的年轻人提过这件事，那时他正给他们单独讲授政治经济学的课程。他们中有几位热心地加入了这个计划，尤其是后来成为克拉伦登伯爵的乔治.威利尔斯。他和他的兄弟海德和查尔斯、罗米利、查尔斯.奥斯汀，还有我，以及其他一些人会面并达成一个计划，我们决定从11月到6月在共济会会员的旅馆每两星期集会一次，我们很快就有了不少杰出的会员，连同好几位议会议员一起，几乎囊括了剑桥协会和牛津联合辩论协会所有的著名演说家。我们的主要困难在于为学会征募足够的保守党演说者，这一点很奇特地反映了当时的趋势。我们能紧急找来的几乎都是来自不同阶层、不同学历的自由主义者。除了已经提到的，还有麦考利、瑟尔沃尔、普雷德、豪伊克勋爵、塞缪尔.威尔伯福斯（后来成为牛津的主教）、查尔斯.波利特.汤姆森（后来成为悉登汉姆勋爵）、爱德华、亨利.利顿.布尔沃、方布兰克，还有很多我现在想不起来的人，但他们后来都或多或少在公共或文学领域中有出色的表现。一切看起来都充满希望。行动的日子要到了，这时需要确定一个主席，并找一个人作开场辩论，但是我们的名人中没有一个同意履行两个职责中的任何一个。我们敦促很多人做这件事，但被说服了的只有一个，我对此人知之甚少，但他在牛津很受尊敬，据说在那儿获得了很高的演说上的声誉，后来成了议会的保守党议员。因此，我们就确定他担任主席一职，并第一个发言。重大的日子到了，长凳上挤满了人，我们所有伟大的演说家都到场了，但他们是来评价我们的努力，而不是来帮忙的。这位牛津演说家的演说彻底失败了。这让所有人都很沮丧，接下来演说的人很少，而且没有一个发挥出

最佳状态，彻底惨败。我们曾指望的演说名人离开了，再也没回来，这至少在了解世事上给了我一个教训。这个意外的事故改变了我和这个计划的整个关系。我以前没有想过要扮演主要角色或者经常演讲，尤其是一开始的时候。但是，现在我发现这个计划的成功要依靠新人，我决定担起重任。我在第二个问题上首先发言，从那时起，我几乎在每次辩论中都发言。有一阵子这是非常艰难的工作。威利尔斯三兄弟和罗米利与我们一起坚持了比较长的时间，但是最终除了我和罗巴克，协会所有创始人的耐心还是耗尽了。在接下来的时期里（1826—1827年），情况开始好转。我们得到了两个卓越的保守党演说家的支持：海沃德和希（后来成为高级律师）。随着查尔斯·布勒、科伯恩和剑桥功利主义者第二代一些人的加入，激进主义这一边也得以加强；有他们和其他人的偶尔协助，加上两个保守党党员，罗巴克和我定期发言，使得几乎每一次辩论都是“哲学激进分子”和保守党律师之间的对阵战。一直到人们开始议论我们的辩论，好几个受人尊敬的著名人物来听我们的辩论为止。在接下来1828—1829年的辩论季当中，这种情况更多了，当时以莫里斯和斯特林为代表的浪漫主义者，作为第二个自由主义甚至激进主义派别出现在学会里，他们的依据与功利主义完全不同，而且激烈地反对功利主义。他们把欧洲反对18世纪哲学时普遍使用的学说和思考方式带到这些讨论中来，并成为我们论战中非常重要的好战第三方，当时他们是新一代思想运动中最有教养的倡导者。我们的辩论和普通辩论协会中的大不相同，因为我们双方都能提出来最有说服力的论点和最具哲学性的原则，使得双方的互相驳斥经常陷于激烈的势均力敌的状态。这种实践对我们来说非常有益，不可或缺，尤其是对我。其实，我从来没获得真正流畅的表达能力，表达的时候总是很差，不优美，但我还是能抓住听众的注意力。由于我总是在表达看起来很重要的时候才写演讲稿，不论是从内心的感情出发，还是从要阐明观点的本质出发，我都大大提高了实际写作的能力，不仅能够分辨语言是否流利和有节奏，还能实际地辨别有说服力的句子，并通过它们对不同观众的效果，直接评判它们的说服力。

The Society, and the preparation for it, together with the preparation for the morning conversations which were going on simultaneously, occupied the greater part of my leisure; and made me feel it a relief when, in the spring of 1828, I ceased to write for the Westminster. The Review had fallen into difficulties. Though the sale of the first number had been very encouraging, the permanent sale had never, I believe, been sufficient to pay the expenses, on the scale on which the review was carried on. Those expenses had been considerably, but not sufficiently, reduced. One of the editors, Southern, had resigned; and several of the writers, including my father and me, who had been paid like other contributors for our earlier articles, had latterly written without payment. Nevertheless, the original funds were nearly or quite exhausted, and if the Review was to be continued some new arrangement of its affairs had become indispensable. My father and I had several conferences with Bowring

on the subject. We were willing to do our utmost for maintaining the Review as an organ of our opinions, but not under Bowring's editorship: while the impossibility of its any longer supporting a paid editor, afforded a ground on which, without affront to him, we could propose to dispense with his services. We and some of our friends, were prepared to carry on the Review as unpaid writers, either finding among ourselves an unpaid editor, or sharing the editorship among us. But while this negotiation was proceeding with Bowring's apparent acquiescence, he was carrying on another in a different quarter (with Colonel Perronet Thompson), of which we received the first intimation in a letter from Bowring as editor, informing us merely that an arrangement had been made, and proposing to us to write for the next number, with promise of payment. We did not dispute Bowring's right to bring about, if he could, an arrangement more favorable to himself than the one we had proposed; but we thought the concealment which he had practised towards us, while seemingly entering into our own project, an affront: and even had we not thought so, we were indisposed to expend any more of our time and trouble in attempting to write up the Review under his management. Accordingly my father excused himself from writing; though two or three years later, on great pressure, he did write one more political article. As for me, I positively refused. And thus ended my connexion with the original Westminster. The last article which I wrote in it had cost me more labour than any previous; but it was a labour of love, being a defence of the early French Revolutionists against the Tory misrepresentations of Sir Walter Scott[16], in the introduction to his Life of Napoleon. The number of books which I read for this purpose, making notes and extracts—even the number I had to buy (for in those days there was no public or subscription library from which books of reference could be taken home), far exceeded the worth of the immediate object; but I had at that time a half-formed intention of writing a History of the French Revolution; and though I never executed it, my collections afterwards were very useful to Carlyle[17] for a similar purpose.

协会以及为协会做的准备工作，加上为同时进行的上午交谈做的准备，占用了我大部分的闲暇时间。因此1828年春天，我停止为《威斯敏斯特评论》写稿的时候，感觉轻松了不少。评论杂志陷入了困境。尽管第一期的销售量非常振奋人心，但是我相信，以评论杂志开展的规模来说长期的销售量从未能应付开支。开支已经缩减了很多，但是缩减得还是不够。一个编辑——萨瑟恩——已经辞职了。好几个作者，包括父亲和我，早期的稿件和其他撰稿人一样获得稿酬，但最近已经没有报酬了。然而，原始资金已几近耗尽，或者已经完全耗尽了，如果这份刊物想继续维持下去的话，必须重新安排它的事务。我父亲和我就这个问题和鲍林讨论了好几次。我们乐意尽力维持评论杂志，让它作为我们观点的喉舌，但是不用鲍林做我们的编辑。而报纸无法再负担有偿编辑给我

们提供了一个理由，既不会冒犯到他，又可以提议免去他的职责。我们，还有一些朋友，都准备好了做无偿作者，继续维持评论报，要么在我们中间找一个无偿的编辑，要么共同承担编辑之职。但是，就当谈判在鲍林的明显默许下正在进行的时候，他却在另一个地区进行另一个谈判（和佩罗内特.汤普森上校），我们收到的第一个通告是鲍林作为编辑给我们写的一封信，仅仅告诉我们说做了些安排，建议我们为下一期写稿，承诺支付报酬。如果他有这个能力，他有权做比我们的提议更有利于他自己的安排，我们不会阻止。但是他对我们加以隐瞒，而表面上看起来还是在参加我们的计划，我们觉得这是一种公开侮辱。即使我们没这么想，我们也不愿意再浪费时间和精力为他主编的《威斯敏斯特评论》继续写文章。因此，我父亲不再写文章。尽管两三年后，在巨大的压力下他不得不写了一篇政论文。至于我，则坚决拒绝了再为其撰稿。这样，我和原先的《威斯敏斯特评论》的联系终止了。我在上面写的最后一篇文章，付出的努力比以往任何文章都多。但是这是出于爱的努力，因为它是为早期法国革命家辩护，反对沃尔特.司各特爵士在他的《拿破仑传》序言中对他们保守的曲解。为了写这篇文章，要做笔记，做摘录，为此所读的书的数量——甚至我必须购买的数量（因为那时候没有能把参考书借回家的公共图书馆或订阅图书馆），远远超过了直接目标的价值。但是，我当时有个写法国大革命史的不成熟的想法。尽管我从来没有付诸实际，但是我的藏书后来对卡莱尔写类似的作品非常有用。

(1)威廉·科贝特（1762—1835），英国记者、政治活动家和政论家、小资产阶级激进派的著名代表人物。

(2)《六项法案》，1819年，英国政府为了防止动乱而制定的一系列新法律，把任何形式的激进主义改革都归为“明显的叛国阴谋”。

(3)亚历山大·巴林（1774—1848），英国金融家和国家官员，参加了英美谈判并签订了确定加拿大与缅因边界的条约（1842年）。

(4)乔治·坎宁（1770—1827），英国政治家、外相，曾短暂出任英国首相。

(5)威廉·尤尔特·格莱斯顿（1809—1898），英国政治家，于1868—1894年间四度出任英国首相。

(6)托马斯·穆尔（1779—1852），爱尔兰浪漫主义诗人，他的许多怀旧和爱国的抒情诗诸如《吟游少年》，都带有传统的爱尔兰曲调。

(7)亚历山大·蒲柏（1688—1744），英国作家，其最著名的作品是讽刺性仿英雄体史诗《夺发记》（1712年）和《群愚史诗》（1728年）。

(8)普卢塔克（约公元46—120），古希腊传记作家和哲学家。他写的《希腊罗马名人比较列传》和一部传记集，曾被莎士比亚用在他的古罗马戏剧中。

(9)安·罗伯特·雅克·杜尔哥（1721—1781），法国经济学家、18世

纪后半叶法国资产阶级古典经济学家、重农学派最重要的代表人物之一。

(10)阿尔贝特·加勒廷（1761—1849），瑞士裔的美国金融家和政治家，曾任美国财政部长。

(11)托马斯·霍布斯（1588—1679），英国政治哲学家、机械唯物主义者。

(12)大卫·哈特利（1705—1757），英国哲学家、医生、联想主义心理学创始人之一。

(13)罗伯特·欧文，英国空想社会主义者，合作社运动的先驱。

(14)律师学院，英国伦敦四个培养律师的组织。

(15)亨利·彼得·布鲁厄姆（1778—1868），英国政治家，曾任大法官。

(16)沃尔特·司各特（1771—1832），苏格兰小说家、诗人、历史小说首创者、浪漫主义运动的先驱。

(17)托马斯·卡莱尔（1795—1881），苏格兰历史学家和散文作家，其著作有《法国革命》等。

CHAPTER V A Crisis In My Mental History, One Stage Onward

第五章 成长中的一次危机 下一个阶段

For some years after this time I wrote very little, and nothing regularly, for publication: and great were the advantages which I derived from the intermission. It was of no common importance to me, at this period, to be able to digest and mature my thoughts for my own mind only, without any immediate call for giving them out in print. Had I gone on writing, it would have much disturbed the important transformation in my opinions and character, which took place during those years. The origin of this transformation, or at least the process by which I was prepared for it, can only be explained by turning some distance back.

此后几年我很少写作，定期发表的文章也一篇都没有：我从这段间歇期中获益匪浅。在此期间，我能够消化完善我的思考，无人催促我立即写出来发表，这对我来说是至关重要的。如果我当时继续写作的话，就会大大扰乱那几年我的见解和性格的重要转变。要解释这个转变的源头，或者至少我为此准备的过程，就只能从较早前说起。

From the winter of 1821, when I first read Bentham, and especially from the commencement of the Westminster Review, I had what might truly be called an object in life: to be a reformer of the world. My conception of my own happiness was entirely identified with this object. The personal sympathies I wished for were those of fellow labourers in this enterprise. I endeavoured to pick up as many flowers as I could by the way; but as a serious and permanent personal satisfaction to rest upon, my whole reliance was placed on this; and I was accustomed to felicitate myself on the certainty of a happy life which I enjoyed, through placing my happiness in something durable and distant, in which some progress might be always making, while it could never be exhausted by complete attainment. This did very well for several years, during which the general improvement going on in the world and the idea of myself as engaged with others in struggling to promote it, seemed enough to fill up an interesting and animated existence. But the time came when I awakened from this as from a dream. It was in the autumn of 1826. I was in a dull state of nerves, such as everybody is occasionally liable to; unsusceptible to enjoyment or pleasurable excitement; one of those moods when what is pleasure at other times, becomes insipid or indifferent; the state, I should think, in which converts to Methodism usually are, when smitten by their first "conviction of sin." In this frame of mind it

occurred to me to put the question directly to myself: "Suppose that all your objects in life were realized; that all the changes in institutions and opinions which you are looking forward to, could be completely effected at this very instant: would this be a great joy and happiness to you?" And an irrepressible selfself-consciousness distinctly answered, "No!" At this my heart sank within me: the whole foundation on which my life was constructed fell down. All my happiness was to have been found in the continual pursuit of this end. The end had ceased to charm, and how could there ever again be any interest in the means? I seemed to have nothing left to live for.

从1821年冬天起，我刚开始读边沁的作品，尤其是从《威斯敏斯特评论》创刊起，我就有了一个真正可以称为人生目标的东西，即要成为一名社会改革家。我对自己幸福的设想与这个目标完全相同。我希望得到的个人共鸣就是为此事业努力的同事的共鸣。在这个过程中，我努力获得尽可能多的成就。但是，我把最为严肃、永久性的个人满足全都毫无保留地寄托在这上面了。我习惯了庆幸过着自己喜欢的幸福生活，而这要把自己的幸福寄托在持久、遥远的东西上，要总能实现一些进步，而又永远不会因为完全实现而耗尽。有好几年情况一直很好，那时世界总体上一直在进步，我的观点也和别人的观点结合一起，在努力促进进步，这似乎足以让生活情趣盎然、充满活力。但是，有一天我从这里面醒来，像从梦里醒来一样。那是1826年的秋天，我处于神经麻木的状态，就像每个人偶尔都会有的情形一样，感觉不到快乐或兴奋。在别的时候应该是高兴的心情，在这时变成乏味或冷漠。我认为，改信循道宗教的人第一次因“深信有罪”而备受折磨的时候，就是这种状态。在这种心境下，我直接问了自己一个问题：“假如一生中所有的目标都实现了，你期盼的所有制度和观念的改变都能立刻完全实现，这会不会是你巨大的幸福和快乐？”一个抑制不住的自我意识清楚地回答道：“不是！”这时，我心情低落极了，我建立生活的整个基础坍塌了。我所有的幸福原本在于坚持不懈地追求这个目标。而现在目标已经不再有吸引力了，我又怎么会继续对实现目标的手段感兴趣呢？我似乎没有活着的目标了。

At first I hoped that the cloud would pass away of itself; but it did not. A night's sleep, the sovereign remedy for the smaller vexations of life, had no effect on it. I awoke to a renewed consciousness of the woeful fact. I carried it with me into all companies, into all occupations. Hardly anything had power to cause me even a few minutes' oblivion of it. For some months the cloud seemed to grow thicker and thicker. The lines in Coleridge's "Dejection"—I was not then acquainted with them—exactly describe my case:

最初，我希望阴云能自己散去，但是没有。晚上好好睡一觉，是解决生活中小烦恼的特效药，但对它却没有作用。我醒来后，重新意识到这个悲哀的事实。我带着它到所有朋友那里，到所有工作中去。几乎没有任何事情能使我忘记它几分钟。有几个月，阴云似乎越积越厚了。柯尔律治《沮丧》里面的几行诗——我当时还没读过——准确地描述了我

的情况：

"A grief without a pang, void, dark and drear, A drowsy, stifled, unimpassioned grief, Which finds no natural outlet or relief In word, or sigh, or tear."

没有剧痛的悲伤、空虚、忧郁、凄凉，困倦的、窒息的、没有激情的悲伤，无法用语言、叹息或泪水自然地排遣。

In vain I sought relief from my favourite books; those memorials of past nobleness and greatness from which I had always hitherto drawn strength and animation. I read them now without feeling, or with the accustomed feeling minus all its charm; and I became persuaded, that my love of mankind, and of excellence for its own sake, had worn itself out. I sought no comfort by speaking to others of what I felt. If I had loved any one sufficiently to make confiding my grief a necessity, I should not have been in the condition I was. I felt, too, that mine was not an interesting, or in any way respectable distress. There was nothing in it to attract sympathy. Advice, if I had known where to seek it, would have been most precious. The words of Macbeth[1] to the physician often occurred to my thoughts. But there was no one on whom I could build the faintest hope of such assistance. My father, to whom it would have been natural to me to have recourse in any practical difficulties, was the last person to whom, in such a case as this, I looked for help. Everything convinced me that he had no knowledge of any such mental state as I was suffering from, and that even if he could be made to understand it, he was not the physician who could heal it. My education, which was wholly his work, had been conducted without any regard to the possibility of its ending in this result; and I saw no use in giving him the pain of thinking that his plans had failed, when the failure was probably irremediable, and, at all events, beyond the power of his remedies. Of other friends, I had at that time none to whom I had any hope of making my condition intelligible. It was however abundantly intelligible to myself; and the more I dwelt upon it, the more hopeless it appeared.

我试图从最喜欢的书中寻求解脱，但没有用。那些对过去高尚和伟大的记录，我以前总能从中获得力量和活力，但现在读它们，我毫无感觉，或者仅仅有习惯性的感觉，却丧失了曾有的魅力。我开始相信，我对人类的热爱和对卓越本身的热爱已经耗尽了。我也没有告诉别人我的感觉以寻求安慰。如果我疯狂地爱着一个人，让我觉得必须向他倾诉我的悲伤，我就不会陷入当时的境地了。我还觉得，我的痛苦并不是个有趣或者在任何方面可敬的沮丧。它不能博得同情。建议会是非常宝贵的，但我不知去哪里找寻。麦克白对医生说的话，经常浮现在我的脑海里。但是，没有一个人能让我寄希望于寻求这种帮助，即便是最微弱的希望。在我陷入任何实际困难的时候，自然应该去找父亲帮忙，但在这

种情况下，他是我最不愿意求助的人。所有迹象都让我相信，他完全不了解我正在遭受的精神痛苦，即使能让他理解，他也不是能够治好它的医生。我的教育完全是他的成果，他在教导我的时候从来没有考虑过出现这种结果的可能性。如果失败无法补救，并且完全超出了他的补救能力的话，让他承受计划失败的痛苦，我觉得完全没有用。当时，我也没有指望任何朋友可以理解我的情形。然而，我自己却非常理解，而且越细想，这情形越显得绝望。

My course of study had led me to believe, that all mental and moral feelings and qualities, whether of a good or of a bad kind, were the results of association; that we love one thing and hate another, take pleasure in one sort of action or contemplation, and pain in another sort, through the clinging of pleasurable or painful ideas to those things, from the effect of education or of experience. As a corollary from this, I had always heard it maintained by my father, and was myself convinced, that the object of education should be to form the strongest possible associations of the salutary class; associations of pleasure with all things beneficial to the great whole, and of pain with all things hurtful to it. This doctrine appeared inexpugnable; but it now seemed to me on retrospect, that my teachers had occupied themselves but superficially with the means of forming and keeping up these salutary associations. They seemed to have trusted altogether to the old familiar instruments, praise and blame, reward and punishment. Now, I did not doubt that by these means, begun early, and applied unremittingly, intense associations of pain and pleasure, especially of pain, might be created, and might produce desires and aversions capable of lasting undiminished to the end of life. But there must always be something artificial and casual in associations thus produced. The pains and pleasures thus forcibly associated with things, are not connected with them by any natural tie; and it is therefore, I thought, essential to the durability of these associations, that they should have become so intense and inveterate as to be practically indissoluble, before the habitual exercise of the power of analysis had commenced. For I now saw, or thought I saw, what I had always before received with incredulity—that the habit of analysis has a tendency to wear away the feelings: as indeed it has when no other mental habit is cultivated, and the analysing spirit remains without its natural complements and correctives. The very excellence of analysis (I argued) is that it tends to weaken and undermine whatever is the result of prejudice; that it enables us mentally to separate ideas which have only casually clung together: and no associations whatever could ultimately resist this dissolving force, were it not that we owe to analysis our clearest knowledge of the permanent sequences in nature; the real connexions between Things, not dependent on our will and feelings; natural laws, by virtue

of which, in many cases, one thing is inseparable from another in fact; which laws, in proportion as they are clearly perceived and imaginatively realized, cause our ideas of things which are always joined together in Nature, to cohere more and more closely in our thoughts. Analytic habits may thus even strengthen the associations between causes and effects, means and ends, but tend altogether to weaken those which are, to speak familiarly, a mere matter of feeling. They are therefore (I thought) favourable to prudence and clear-sightedness, but a perpetual worm at the root both of the passions and of the virtues; and above all, fearfully undermine all desires, and all pleasures, which are the effects of association, that is, according to the theory I held, all except the purely physical and organic; of the entire insufficiency of which to make life desirable, no one had a stronger conviction than I had. These were the laws of human nature, by which, as it seemed to me, I had been brought to my present state. All those to whom I looked up, were of opinion that the pleasure of sympathy with human beings, and the feelings which made the good of others, and especially of mankind on a large scale, the object of existence, were the greatest and surest sources of happiness. Of the truth of this I was convinced, but to know that a feeling would make me happy if I had it, did not give me the feeling. My education, I thought, had failed to create these feelings in sufficient strength to resist the dissolving influence of analysis, while the whole course of my intellectual cultivation had made precocious and premature analysis the inveterate habit of my mind. I was thus, as I said to myself, left stranded at the commencement of my voyage, with a well-equipped ship and a rudder, but no sail; without any real desire for the ends which I had been so carefully fitted out to work for: no delight in virtue or the general good, but also just as little in anything else. The fountains of vanity and ambition seemed to have dried up within me, as completely as those of benevolence. I had had (as I reflected) some gratification of vanity at too early an age: I had obtained some distinction, and felt myself of some importance, before the desire of distinction and of importance had grown into a passion: and little as it was which I had attained, yet having been attained too early, like all pleasures enjoyed too soon, it had made me blasé and indifferent to the pursuit. Thus neither selfish nor unselfish pleasures were pleasures to me. And there seemed no power in nature sufficient to begin the formation of my character anew, and create in a mind now irretrievably analytic, fresh associations of pleasure with any of the objects of human desire.

我的学习过程让我相信，所有心理和道德上的情感和品质，不管是好的还是坏的，都是联系的结果。我们喜欢这个东西，讨厌那个东西，进行这种行动或沉思很高兴，而进行另一种却很痛苦，这都是通过教育

或经验的作用把愉快或痛苦的想法附加到这些东西上来实现的。从这种现象得出的推论就是，教育的目标应该是尽可能为有益的事物形成最强大的联系。给所有对整体有益的东西以愉快的联系。给对整体有害的东西以痛苦的联系。我总是听到父亲坚持这一结论，我自己也深信不疑。这个学说看起来坚不可摧，但回想起来，现在我觉得好像我的老师都只是很肤浅地专注于形成和维持这些有益联系的方法。他们似乎完全信任常用的旧手段，如表扬和批评、奖励和惩罚。现在我并不怀疑，如果这些方法使用得早并坚持不懈的话，就可能会创造出来痛苦和愉快的强烈联系，尤其是痛苦的联系，也可能会制造出能够持续至生命尽头都不减弱的渴望和厌恶。但是，这样产生的联系肯定总会有人为的和偶然的因素。这些痛苦和快乐是强行跟事物联系起来的，而不是通过自然纽带联系起来的。因此我想，这些联系应该在习惯运用分析能力之前就变得非常强烈和深刻，从而在现实中不会被拆开，这对于巩固这些联系至关重要。因为现在我看到了，或者觉得我看到了自己以前总是半信半疑的东西，即分析的习惯往往会折损感情。在其他思考习惯还未形成而分析精神仍没有自然的补充和矫正的时候，确实如此。（我坚持认为）分析的优点在于它往往会减弱和破坏由偏见造成的任何结果，它能让我们从心理上区分开只是偶然结合在一起的想法，任何联系最终都无法抵抗这种分解的力量，我们只能把对自然界永恒秩序的清楚认识归功于分析。事物之间的真正联系不依赖于我们的意志和感情。根据自然法则，在很多情况下一个事物在事实上和另一个事物密不可分。这些法则，按照我们清楚的感知和从想象中认识的程度，使我们对大自然中总是结合在一起的事物的认识在思想中结合得越来越紧密。因此分析的习惯甚至可能会加强原因和结果、手段和目标之间的联系，但是总体上往往会削弱纯粹感觉的东西（用大家熟悉的说法）。因此（我想）分析的习惯对于审慎和洞察力有利，但是永远是激情和美德根基处的害虫。最重要的是，它会摧毁所有由联系而成的渴望和快乐，也就是说，根据我所持的理论，除了纯物质和感官的渴望和快乐以外，其他的都会被破坏掉。我比谁都更加深信不疑，分析的习惯绝不会让生活变得愉悦。这些是人类本性的规律，我目前的状态也是这些规律作用的结果。我所尊敬的人都认为，对人类的同情所产生的快乐，那种把为别人，尤其是为人类大规模地谋取福利作为生存目标的感觉，是幸福最伟大、最可靠的源泉。我深信这是真的，但是知道拥有某种感觉能让我幸福，并不能给我这种感觉。我想教育为我创造这些感觉的力量还不够强大，无法抵挡分析的毁灭性影响，而我的整个智力培养过程都使早熟又不成熟的分析成为我思想中根深蒂固的习惯。因此我想，我在旅程刚开始时就搁浅了，虽然有装备精良的船只和舵，但是没有帆。我对做了精心准备去努力实现的目标没有真正的渴望，对美德或者公共利益没有兴趣，就像对其他事情一样。虚荣心和抱负的源泉像仁爱的源泉一样，似乎已经在我体内完全干涸了。（我回想起来）我在很小的时候虚荣心就曾获得了一些满足。在对荣誉和地位的渴望转化为激情之前，我获得了一些荣誉，觉得自己有些本事。事实上我获得的很少，而且得到的太早，就像所有享受得太快的快乐一样，它让我对这种追求感到厌倦和冷漠。因此，无论是自私的或不自私的快乐，对我来说都不是快乐。自然界似乎也没有什么力量能重塑

我的性格，在一个如今无法复原分析能力的头脑里创造出快乐与人类渴望的任何事物之间的新联系。

These were the thoughts which mingled with the dry heavy dejection of the melancholy winter of 1826—7. During this time I was not incapable of my usual occupations. I went on with them mechanically, by the mere force of habit. I had been so drilled in a certain sort of mental exercise, that I could still carry it on when all the spirit had gone out of it. I even composed and spoke several speeches at the debating society, how, or with what degree of success I know not. Of four years continual speaking at that society, this is the only year of which I remember next to nothing. Two lines of Coleridge, in whom alone of all writers I have found a true description of what I felt, were often in my thoughts, not at this time (for I had never read them), but in a later period of the same mental malady:

这些想法夹杂着1826年忧郁的冬天里单调沉重的沮丧。这段时间里我还是能够从事日常的工作。但只是凭借习惯的力量，很机械地进行下去。我在智力运用上接受过良好的训练，因此可以在完全没有活力的时候仍继续进行。我甚至在辩论协会写了好几篇演讲稿，做了好几次演讲，怎么做的或者做得怎么样我就不知道了。在那个协会连续演说了四年，我几乎完全记不清的只有这一年。在所有诗人当中，我只在柯尔律治的诗里面发现两行对我的感觉的真实描述，这两行诗经常出现在我的脑海里，不是在这时（因为我还没读到），而是在这次成长危机的后期：

"Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve, And hope without an object cannot live."

没有希望地工作，如同把美酒装进筛子，没有目标的希望，无法存在。

In all probability my case was by no means so peculiar as I fancied it, and I doubt not that many others have passed through a similar state; but the idiosyncracies of my education had given to the general phenomenon a special character, which made it seem the natural effect of causes that it was hardly possible for time to remove. I frequently asked myself, if I could, or if I was bound to go on living, when life must be passed in this manner. I generally answered to myself, that I did not think I could possibly bear it beyond a year. When, however, not more than half that duration of time had elapsed, a small ray of light broke in upon my gloom. I was reading, accidentally, Marmontel's Mémoirs, and came to the passage which relates his father's death, the distressed position of the family, and the sudden inspiration by which he, then a mere boy, felt and made them feel that he would be everything to them—would supply the place of all that they had lost. A vivid conception of the scene and its feelings

came over me, and I was moved to tears. From this moment my burthen grew lighter. The oppression of the thought that all feeling was dead within me, was gone. I was no longer hopeless: I was not a stock or a stone. I had still, it seemed, some of the material out of which all worth of character, and all capacity for happiness, are made. Relieved from my ever present sense of irremediable wretchedness, I gradually found that the ordinary incidents of life could again give me some pleasure; that I could again find enjoyment, not intense, but sufficient for cheerfulness, in sunshine and sky, in books, in conversation, in public affairs; and that there was, once more, excitement, though of a moderate kind, in exerting myself for my opinions, and for the public good. Thus the cloud gradually drew off, and I again enjoyed life: and though I had several relapses, some of which lasted many months, I never again was as miserable as I had been.

我的情况很可能不如自己想象的那样特殊，而且我还相信很多人也经历过相似的情况。但是，我的教育的特质赋予了这一普遍现象一个很特殊的特点，使得它看起来像是某种原因引起的自然结果，几乎无法随着时间消逝。我经常问自己，如果生命必须以这种方式度过，我还能够继续活下去吗，或者一定要继续活下去吗？我通常回答自己说，我觉得很可能无法忍受超过一年时间。然而至多刚过一半的时候，一小缕阳光打破了我的忧郁。我当时在读马蒙泰尔的《回忆录》，很偶然地读到有一部分讲述他父亲的去世、家人的哀伤，以及当时还只是个小男孩的他突然间受到的启示，他感觉到，也让家人感觉到他可以成为他们的一切——去替代他们失去的一切。对这个场景和感受逼真的想象震撼了我，我感动得落泪了。从这时起，我的负担变轻了。以为所有感情都在内心深处枯竭了的想法给我造成的压力消失了。我不再绝望，我不是树干，也不是石头。我好像还有一些能够形成品格的价值，具备追求幸福能力的东西。从一直存在的、无可救药的悲惨感觉中解脱出来，我慢慢发现，生活中的平凡小事还能再次给我带来乐趣。我能再次从阳光、天空、书籍、交谈和公共事务中找到快乐，虽不强烈，但是足以让我高兴。而且再一次有了为自己的信念，为公共利益而行动起来的兴奋感，尽管是适度的兴奋。就这样，阴云慢慢散去了，我重新享受生活的乐趣。尽管复发了好几次，有时还持续好几个月，但是我再也没有像以前那样痛苦。

The experiences of this period had two very marked effects on my opinions and character. In the first place, they led me to adopt a theory of life, very unlike that on which I had before acted, and having much in common with what at that time I certainly had never heard of, the anti-self-consciousness theory of Carlyle. I never, indeed, wavered in the conviction that happiness is the test of all rules of conduct, and the end of life. But I now thought that this end was only to be attained by not making it the direct end. Those only are happy (I

thought) who have their minds fixed on some object other than their own happiness; on the happiness of others, on the improvement of mankind, even on some art or pursuit, followed not as a means, but as itself an ideal end. Aiming thus at something else, they find happiness by the way. The enjoyments of life (such was now my theory) are sufficient to make it a pleasant thing, when they are taken en passant, without being made a principal object. Once make them so, and they are immediately felt to be insufficient. They will not bear a scrutinizing examination. Ask yourself whether you are happy, and you cease to be so. The only chance is to treat, not happiness, but some end external to it, as the purpose of life. Let your self-consciousness, your scrutiny, your self-interrogation, exhaust themselves on that; and if otherwise fortunately circumstanced you will inhale happiness with the air you breathe, without dwelling on it or thinking about it, without either forestalling it in imagination, or putting it to flight by fatal questioning. This theory now became the basis of my philosophy of life. And I still hold to it as the best theory for all those who have but a moderate degree of sensibility and of capacity for enjoyment, that is, for the great majority of mankind.

这段时期的经历对我的观点和性格有两个非常明显的影响。首先，它引导我采纳了一个人生理论，和我以前遵循的理论很不一样，与卡莱尔的反自我意识理论倒有诸多相似之处，不过我当时自然对其闻所未闻。实际上，我一直坚信幸福是所有行为规则的检验标准，也是生活的目标，从没动摇过。但是现在我觉得，这个目标只有在不把它当作直接目标的时候才能实现。（我想）只有这样的人才会幸福，他们不以自己的幸福为目标，而是把精力聚焦在别的事物上。聚焦在别人的幸福、人类的进步甚至某种艺术或追求上，不是把它作为一种手段，而是把它本身当作理想的目标来追寻。这样把目标定在别的事物上，他们也顺便找到了幸福。当我们把生活中的快乐当作附带品，而不是作为首要目标来对待时，它们就足以让生活成为快乐的事情（这就是我现在的理论）。一旦把快乐作为首要目标，就会很快感觉到它们不够用，也经不起仔细的推敲。你一旦问自己是否快乐时，你就不再快乐了。唯一的办法是把快乐以外的目标，而不是快乐本身作为生活的目标。让你的自我意识，你的仔细观察，你的自我审问都耗费在那个目标上面吧。另外，如果够幸运的话，你能从空气中呼吸到快乐，不必沉思或考虑，不会在想象中阻止它，或者用可怕的质问让它溃逃。这个理论现在成了我人生哲学的基础。对于所有只拥有普通感受能力和享乐能力的人来说，换句话说，对于大多数人来说，我仍然认为它是最好的理论。

The other important change which my opinions at this time underwent, was that I, for the first time, gave its proper place, among the prime necessities of human well-being, to the internal culture of the individual. I ceased to attach almost exclusive importance to the ordering of outward circumstances, and the training of the human

being for speculation and for action. I had now learnt by experience that the passive susceptibilities needed to be cultivated as well as the active capacities, and required to be nourished and enriched as well as guided. I did not, for an instant, lose sight of, or undervalue, that part of the truth which I had seen before; I never turned recreant to intellectual culture, or ceased to consider the power and practice of analysis as an essential condition both of individual and of social improvement. But I thought that it had consequences which required to be corrected, by joining other kinds of cultivation with it. The maintenance of a due balance among the faculties, now seemed to me of primary importance. The cultivation of the feelings became one of the cardinal points in my ethical and philosophical creed. And my thoughts and inclinations turned in an increasing degree towards whatever seemed capable of being instrumental to that object.

我的观点那时经历的另一个重要变化就是我第一次把个人的精神文化当做人类福利的一个首要条件。我不再只重视外部环境的安排以及对人类思索和行动能力的训练。我现在从经验中得知，被动的感受性也像积极的能力一样需要培养，必须得到滋养、充实以及指引。我没有片刻忽略或者低估从前看到的那部分真理。我从来没有怀疑过智育，或者否认分析的能力和习惯是个人和社会进步的必要条件。但是，它的有些结果需要通过与其他培养形式结合起来得以修正。在各种能力之间保持适当的平衡在我看来是最重要的。情感培养成为我伦理和哲学信条中的基本点之一。任何看上去能有助于实现这个目标的东西都成为我的思想和爱好越来越关注的对象。

I now began to find meaning in the things which I had read or heard about the importance of poetry and art as instruments of human culture. But it was some time longer before I began to know this by personal experience. The only one of the imaginative arts in which I had from childhood taken great pleasure, was music; the best effect of which (and in this it surpasses perhaps every other art) consists in exciting enthusiasm; in winding up to a high pitch those feelings of an elevated kind which are already in the character, but to which this excitement gives a glow and a fervour, which, though transitory at its utmost height, is precious for sustaining them at other times. This effect of music I had often experienced; but, like all my pleasurable susceptibilities, it was suspended during the gloomy period. I had sought relief again and again from this quarter, but found none. After the tide had turned, and I was in process of recovery, I had been helped forward by music, but in a much less elevated manner. I at this time first became acquainted with Weber's Oberon, and the extreme pleasure which I drew from its delicious melodies did me good, by showing me a source of pleasure to which I was as susceptible as ever. The good, however, was much impaired by the thought, that the

pleasure of music (as is quite true of such pleasure as this was, that of mere tune) fades with familiarity, and requires either to be revived by intermittence, or fed by continual novelty. And it is very characteristic both of my then state, and of the general tone of my mind at this period of my life, that I was seriously tormented by the thought of the exhaustibility of musical combinations. The octave consists only of five tones and two semitones, which can be put together in only a limited number of ways, of which but a small proportion are beautiful: most of these, it seemed to me, must have been already discovered, and there could not be room for a long succession of Mozarts and Webers, to strike out, as these had done, entirely new and surpassingly rich veins of musical beauty. This source of anxiety may, perhaps, be thought to resemble that of the philosophers of Laputa[2], who feared lest the sun should be burnt out. It was, however, connected with the best feature in my character, and the only good point to be found in my very unromantic and in no way honorable distress. For though my dejection, honestly looked at, could not be called other than egotistical, produced by the ruin, as I thought, of my fabric of happiness, yet the destiny of mankind in general was ever in my thoughts, and could not be separated from my own. I felt that the flaw in my life, must be a flaw in life itself; that the question was, whether, if the reformers of society and government could succeed in their objects, and every person in the community were free and in a state of physical comfort, the pleasures of life, being no longer kept up by struggle and privation, would cease to be pleasures. And I felt that unless I could see my way to some better hope than this for human happiness in general, my dejection must continue; but that if I could see such an outlet, I should then look on the world with pleasure; content as far as I was myself concerned, with any fair share of the general lot.

我现在开始发现，以前读到或听说的关于诗歌和艺术是人类文化重要传播工具的说法是很有意义的。但是通过亲身经历开始了解此事，是过了一阵子之后的事了。我从儿童时代就非常喜欢的有想象力的艺术只有音乐，音乐的最佳作用在于激发热情（在这一点上，它可能超越了其他艺术），在于高度提升品质中已有的高尚情感。而音乐的刺激让这种情感发光发热，尽管这光和热处于顶点的时间很短暂，但在其他时刻用于维持高尚的情感却是很宝贵的。我经常体验音乐的这种效果。但是，和我所有愉快的情感一样，它在我沮丧的那段时期也中断了。我曾一次次地从这里面寻求安慰，但是没有找到。趋势扭转后，我进入到恢复过程，而音乐在其中起到了促进作用，但是远不如以前那般慷慨激昂。这时，我第一次听了韦伯的《奥伯龙》，它那美妙的旋律向我展示了一种仍然容易感染我的快乐的源泉，我因而从中得到了极大的快乐，这对我很有益。然而，我觉得音乐带来的快乐（特别是这种纯粹的曲调带来的快乐)会因熟悉而减弱，需要隔一段时间再听，或者不断翻新才能保持，

这种想法把音乐带给我的益处削弱了不少。音乐创作可竭尽性的想法严重地折磨着我，这既很符合我当时的状态，也很符合这段时间我的总体心境。八度音阶只有五个全音和两个半音，它们只能按照有限的几种方法组合在一起，而其中只有一小部分很美妙。并且在我看来，这一小部分中的绝大多数也一定已经被人发现了，不可能再有空间让很多人像莫扎特和韦伯一样，创造出完全清新、无比丰富的音乐来。这种焦虑的源头可能会被认为和勒普泰岛上害怕太阳会燃尽的哲学家类似。然而，它是和我性格里最好的特质联系在一起的，也是在我非常不浪漫、毫不可敬的忧虑中能找到的唯一优点。因为公正地看，我的沮丧是由于我幸福的构成遭到了毁灭，尽管这种沮丧只能被说成是任性的，然而我一直在思考人类总体的命运，并且不能把它和我的命运分开。我感觉，我人生中的缺点一定也是人生本身的瑕疵。问题在于，如果社会和政府改革家能实现他们的目标，社会上的每个人都是自由的，物质生活都是舒适的，人生中的快乐不再靠努力和艰难来维持的话，快乐是否就不再是快乐了。我觉得除非可以找到比这更好的为人类的总体幸福而努力的希望，否则我的沮丧就会继续下去；但是如果我能看到这样一条出路，我就应该愉快地看待世界。只要自己参与其中，公平地分享共同的命运，我就满意了。

This state of my thoughts and feelings made the fact of my reading Wordsworth for the first time (in the autumn of 1828) an important event in my life. I took up the collection of his poems from curiosity, with no expectation of mental relief from it, though I had before resorted to poetry with that hope. In the worst period of my depression, I had read through the whole of Byron (then new to me), to try whether a poet, whose peculiar department was supposed to be that of the intenser feelings, could rouse any feeling in me. As might be expected, I got no good from this reading, but the reverse. The poet's state of mind was too like my own. His was the lament of a man who had worn out all pleasures, and who seemed to think that life, to all who possess the good things of it, must necessarily be the vapid, uninteresting thing which I found it. His Harold and Manfred had the same burthen on them which I had; and I was not in a frame of mind to derive any comfort from the vehement sensual passion of his Giaours, or the sullenness of his Laras. But while Byron was exactly what did not suit my condition, Wordsworth was exactly what did. I had looked into The Excursion two or three years before, and found little in it; and I should probably have found as little, had I read it at this time. But the miscellaneous poems, in the two-volume edition of 1815 (to which little of value was added in the latter part of the author's life), proved to be the precise thing for my mental wants at that particular juncture.

我的这种思想和情感状态，让第一次（1828年秋天）读华兹华斯成为我人生中非常重要的事件。我是出于好奇才开始读他的诗集的，并没

期盼从它那里得到精神慰藉，虽然我之前曾是带着这种希望去读诗的。在我最沮丧的那段时期，我读了拜伦的全部作品（我当时并不熟悉），想看看一个被认为特别善于抒发强烈感情的诗人能否激起我内心的任何情感。和预想的一样，我从这种阅读中没得到任何好处，只有坏处。这位诗人的心境和我的极其相似。他的诗是消磨掉所有快乐的人的悲叹，他似乎认为，人生对于所有拥有它的美好的人来说一定很乏味无趣，就像我对人生的感觉一样。他的《哈罗尔德》和《曼弗雷德》带有和我一样的负担。以我当时的心境，也无法从他的《异教徒》的强烈感官激情中，或者《拉腊》的忧郁中得到任何安慰。拜伦完全不适合我的情形，华兹华斯却正好适合。两三年前，我浏览了《漫游》，几乎没什么收获。如果这时候读的话，很可能还是收获很少。但是1815年两卷版的诗集中各种各样的诗歌（在诗人的人生晚期，这本诗集没有受到赏识），正好是那个特殊时刻满足我精神需求的东西。

In the first place, these poems addressed themselves powerfully to one of the strongest of my pleasurable susceptibilities, the love of rural objects and natural scenery; to which I had been indebted not only for much of the pleasure of my life, but quite recently for relief from one of my longest relapses into depression. In this power of rural beauty over me, there was a foundation laid for taking pleasure in Wordsworth's poetry; the more so, as his scenery lies mostly among mountains, which, owing to my early Pyrenean excursion, were my ideal of natural beauty. But Wordsworth would never have had any great effect on me, if he had merely placed before me beautiful pictures of natural scenery. Scott does this still better than Wordsworth, and a very second-rate landscape does it more effectually than any poet. What made Wordsworth's poems a medicine for my state of mind, was that they expressed, not mere outward beauty, but states of feeling, and of thought coloured by feeling, under the excitement of beauty. They seemed to be the very culture of the feelings, which I was in quest of. In them I seemed to draw from a source of inward joy, of sympathetic and imaginative pleasure, which could be shared in by all human beings; which had no connexion with struggle or imperfection, but would be made richer by every improvement in the physical or social condition of mankind. From them I seemed to learn what would be the perennial sources of happiness, when all the greater evils of life shall have been removed. And I felt myself at once better and happier as I came under their influence. There have certainly been, even in our own age, greater poets than Wordsworth; but poetry of deeper and loftier feeling could not have done for me at that time what his did. I needed to be made to feel that there was real, permanent happiness in tranquil contemplation. Wordsworth taught me this, not only without turning away from, but with a greatly increased interest in the common feelings and common destiny of human beings. And the delight which

these poems gave me, proved that with culture of this sort, there was nothing to dread from the most confirmed habit of analysis. At the conclusion of the Poems came the famous "Ode," falsely called Platonic, "Intimations of Immortality": in which, along with more than his usual sweetness of melody and rhythm, and along with the two passages of grand imagery but bad philosophy so often quoted, I found that he too had had similar experience to mine; that he also had felt that the first freshness of youthful enjoyment of life was not lasting; but that he had sought for compensation, and found it, in the way in which he was now teaching me to find it. The result was that I gradually, but completely, emerged from my habitual depression, and was never again subject to it. I long continued to value Wordsworth less according to his intrinsic merits, than by the measure of what he had done for me. Compared with the greatest poets, he may be said to be the poet of unpoetical natures, possessed of quiet and contemplative tastes. But unpoetical natures are precisely those which require poetic cultivation. This cultivation Wordsworth is much more fitted to give, than poets who are intrinsically far more poets than he.

首先，这些诗强有力地触动了我最强烈的一种快乐情感，即对乡村事物和自然风光的热爱。不仅我人生中的很多快乐都得益于它，就是最近我从最长时间的沮丧中解脱出来，也得益于它。在这乡村美景的力量下，我打下了欣赏华兹华斯诗歌的基础。此外，他描述的风景大部分在山间，而我年轻时曾在比利牛斯山脉旅行过，所以他描写的是我理想的自然美。但是，如果华兹华斯只是把自然风景的美丽图画呈现在我面前，那他根本就不会对我产生任何重大的影响。司各特在这上面比华兹华斯做得还要好一些，而非常普通的风景要比任何诗人更有效。华兹华斯的诗歌之所以是治疗我心情的良药，是因为它们不仅表达了外部美，还表达了内心感觉的状态以及在美的刺激下带有感情色彩的思想状态。它们似乎就是我寻求的情感陶冶。从它们那里，我似乎找到了内心喜悦、和谐和有想象力的快乐的源泉，这个源泉可以由整个人类分享。它与斗争或者瑕疵毫无联系，但是人类物质和社会环境的每次改善都能使它变得更丰富。从它们那里，我似乎得知了，当生活中所有大不幸都被排除的时候，什么会是幸福的永久源泉。在它们的影响下，我立刻感觉更好了，更高兴了。当然，即使在我们这个时代，也有比华兹华斯更伟大的诗人。但在当时，感情更深刻、更崇高的诗歌也不能像他的诗歌那样影响我。我需要有人让我感觉到宁静的思索中有真实持久的快乐。华兹华斯教会了我不仅不需要逃避人类的共同感情和共同命运，反而应对其兴趣大增。这些诗歌给我带来的快乐证明了只要有这种陶冶，最根深蒂固的分析习惯也没什么可怕的。在这些诗歌的最后，出现了著名的“颂歌”，被人错误地称为柏拉图式“不朽的暗示”。其中，除了比他平时更甜美的旋律和节奏以及常被引用的两段宏大但哲理肤浅的意象之外，我还发现他也有过和我类似的经历。他也感觉到年轻人享受人生的最初新鲜感不会持久，但是，他用现在他教我的这种方法寻求并得到了补偿。结果我慢慢地但却彻底地从我习惯性的沮丧中解脱了出来，再也没有遭受

过它的折磨。我一直重视华兹华斯，主要是因为衡量了他为我所做的这些而非其内在价值。和最伟大的诗人相比，可以说他是没有诗人气质的诗人，但是他拥有从容和喜爱沉思的风格。而无诗人气质正好是需要用诗歌陶冶的气质。华兹华斯远比其他本质上更像诗人的诗人适合给予这种陶冶。

It so fell out that the merits of Wordsworth were the occasion of my first public declaration of my new way of thinking, and separation from those of my habitual companions who had not undergone a similar change. The person with whom at that time I was most in the habit of comparing notes on such subjects was Roebuck, and I induced him to read Wordsworth, in whom he also at first seemed to find much to admire: but I, like most Wordsworthians, threw myself into strong antagonism to Byron, both as a poet and as to his influence on the character. Roebuck, all whose instincts were those of action and struggle, had, on the contrary, a strong relish and great admiration of Byron, whose writings he regarded as the poetry of human life, while Wordsworth's, according to him, was that of flowers and butterflies. We agreed to have the fight out at our Debating Society, where we accordingly discussed for two evenings the comparative merits of Byron and Wordsworth, propounding and illustrating by long recitations our respective theories of poetry: Sterling also, in a brilliant speech, putting forward his particular theory. This was the first debate on any weighty subject in which Reobuck and I had been on opposite sides. The schism between us widened from this time more and more, though we continued for some years longer to be companions. In the beginning, our chief divergence related to the cultivation of the feelings. Roebuck was in many respects very different from the vulgar notion of a Benthamite or Utilitarian. He was a lover of poetry and of most of the fine arts. He took great pleasure in music, in dramatic performances, especially in painting, and himself drew and designed landscapes with great facility and beauty. But he never could be made to see that these things have any value as aids in the formation of character. Personally, instead of being, as Benthamites are supposed to be, void of feeling, he had very quick and strong sensibilities. But, like most Englishmen who have feelings, he found his feelings stand very much in his way. He was much more susceptible to the painful sympathies than to the pleasurable, and looking for his happiness elsewhere, he wished that his feelings should be deadened rather than quickened. And, in truth, the English character, and English social circumstances, make it so seldom possible to derive happiness from the exercise of the sympathies, that it is not wonderful if they count for little in an Englishman's scheme of life. In most other countries the paramount importance of the sympathies as a constituent of individual happiness is an axiom, taken

for granted rather than needing any formal statement; but most English thinkers almost seem to regard them as necessary evils, required for keeping men's actions benevolent and compassionate. Roebuck was, or appeared to be, this kind of Englishman. He saw little good in any cultivation of the feelings, and none at all in cultivating them through the imagination, which he thought was only cultivating illusions. It was in vain I urged on him that the imaginative emotion which an idea, when vividly conceived, excites in us, is not an illusion but a fact, as real as any of the other qualities of objects; and far from implying anything erroneous and delusive in our mental apprehension of the object, is quite consistent with the most accurate knowledge and most perfect practical recognition of all its physical and intellectual laws and relations. The intensest feeling of the beauty of a cloud lighted by the setting sun, is no hindrance to my knowing that the cloud is vapour of water, subject to all the laws of vapours in a state of suspension; and I am just as likely to allow for, and act on, these physical laws whenever there is occasion to do so, as if I had been incapable of perceiving any distinction between beauty and ugliness.

这样的结果是，评价华兹华斯的优点成为我第一次公开宣布新思维方式，并与我那些没经历类似变化的同伴疏远的诱因。在此类问题上，我当时最习惯和罗巴克交换意见，我劝他读华兹华斯，他起先似乎也觉得华兹华斯很值得钦佩。但是我和大多数华兹华斯的追随者一样，强烈地抵制拜伦，既反对他的诗，也反对他对人们性格的影响。相反，作为行动派和奋斗派的罗巴克非常欣赏，也特别崇拜拜伦，他认为拜伦的作品是人类生活的诗歌，而华兹华斯的作品在他看来都是关于花朵和蝴蝶的。我们同意在辩论学会公开辩论，因此我们两个晚上都在那儿讨论拜伦和华兹华斯相形之下的优点，各自背诵冗长的诗歌理论并举例来说明这些优点。斯特林也用一个精彩的演讲提出了他自己独特的理论。这是罗巴克和我在有分量的问题上第一次站在不同的立场上。从这时起，我们的分歧越来越大，尽管接下来几年我们仍是朋友。起初，我们的主要分歧在于感情熏陶。罗巴克在很多方面与边沁主义者或者功利主义者的流行看法非常不同。他很热爱诗歌以及大部分优秀艺术。他特别喜欢音乐、戏剧表演，尤其是绘画，他自己设计、描绘的风景画很流畅，很美。但是他从来都不明白这些东西对性格的形成有何等帮助。就个人而言，他不像人们想象的功利主义者那样缺乏感情，他的感情非常敏锐，非常强烈。但是，和大多数有感情的英国人一样，他发现自己的感情非常碍事。与快乐的共鸣相比，他更容易受到痛苦的共鸣的影响，因此他在别处寻找快乐，希望自己的感情变迟钝，而不是敏锐。确实，英国人的性格和英国的社会环境使得英国人基本不可能从表达共鸣中得到幸福。因此如果共鸣在英国人的人生规划中无足轻重的话也不足为奇。在大多数其他国家，共鸣作为个人幸福的要素是极为重要的，是人们都习以为常的真理，不需要任何正式的声明。但是，似乎大多数英国思想家为了使人们的行为仁慈而慈悲，都把它当作不可避免的灾祸。罗巴克就

是这种英国人，或者看起来是这样。他几乎看不到任何感情熏陶的好处，完全看不到通过想象培养感情的好处，他认为这只是在培养错觉。我徒劳地劝说他，如果想法构思得生动就会激发我们富有想象力的感情，这种感情不是幻想，而是事实，像物体的任何其他性质一样真实。在我们对事物的理解中这种感情绝不意味着错误和幻想，而是与该事物所有物质的、精神的规律及关系的最精确的了解以及最完美的实践认知相一致的。对落日染红了晚霞之美的最强烈的感情，不会阻碍我知道云是水蒸气，知道它遵从所有处于悬浮状态的水蒸气的定律。我同样会一有机会就考虑这些自然规律，并依照这些规律行事，就好像我不能察觉美和丑的任何区别一样。

While my intimacy with Roebuck diminished, I fell more and more into friendly intercourse with our Coleridgian adversaries in the Society, Frederick Maurice and John Sterling, both subsequently so well known, the former by his writings, the latter through the biographies by Hare and Carlyle. Of these two friends, Maurice was the thinker, Sterling the orator, and impassioned expositor of thoughts which, at this period, were almost entirely formed for him by Maurice. With Maurice I had for some time been acquainted through Eyton Tooke, who had known him at Cambridge, and although my discussions with him were almost always disputes, I had carried away from them much that helped to build up my new fabric of thought, in the same way as I was deriving much from Coleridge, and from the writings of Goethe and other German authors which I read during these years. I have so deep a respect for Maurice's character and purposes, as well as for his great mental gifts, that it is with some unwillingness I say anything which may seem to place him on a less high eminence than I would gladly be able to accord to him. But I have always thought that there was more intellectual power wasted in Maurice than in any other of my cotemporaries. Few of them certainly have had so much to waste. Great powers of generalization, rare ingenuity and subtlety, and a wide perception of important and unobvious truths, served him not for putting something better into the place of the worthless heap of received opinions on the great subjects of thought, but for proving to his own mind that the Church of England had known everything from the first, and that all the truths on the ground of which the Church and orthodoxy have been attacked (many of which he saw as clearly as any one) are not only consistent with the Thirty-nine Articles[3], but are better understood and expressed in those Articles than by any one who rejects them. I have never been able to find any other explanation of this, than by attributing it to that timidity of conscience, combined with original sensitiveness of temperament, which has so often driven highly gifted men into Romanism from the need of a firmer support than they can find in the independent conclusions of their own judgment. Any more vulgar kind

of timidity no one who knew Maurice would ever think of imputing to him, even if he had not given public proof of his freedom from it, by his ultimate collision with some of the opinions commonly regarded as orthodox, and by his noble origination of the Christian Socialist movement. The nearest parallel to him, in a moral point of view, is Coleridge, to whom, in merely intellectual power, apart from poetical genius, I think him decidedly superior. At this time, however, he might be described as a disciple of Coleridge, and Sterling as a disciple of Coleridge and of him. The modifications which were taking place in my old opinions gave me some points of contact with them; and both Maurice and Sterling were of considerable use to my development. With Sterling I soon became very intimate, and was more attached to him than I have ever been to any other man. He was indeed one of the most loveable of men. His frank, cordial, affectionate, and expansive character; a love of truth alike conspicuous in the highest things and the humblest; a generous and ardent nature which threw itself with impetuosity into the opinions it adopted, but was as eager to do justice to the doctrines and the men it was opposed to, as to make war on what it thought their errors; and an equal devotion to the two cardinal points of Liberty and Duty, formed a combination of qualities as attractive to me, as to all others who knew him as well as I did. With his open mind and heart, he found no difficulty in joining hands with me across the gulf which as yet divided our opinions. He told me how he and others had looked upon me (from hearsay information), as a "made" or manufactured man, having had a certain impress of opinion stamped on me which I could only reproduce; and what a change took place in his feelings when he found, in the discussion on Wordsworth and Byron, that Wordsworth, and all which that name implies, "belonged" to me as much as to him and his friends. The failure of his health soon scattered all his plans of life, and compelled him to live at a distance from London, so that after the first year or two of our acquaintance, we only saw each other at distant intervals. But (as he said himself in one of his letters to Carlyle) when we did meet it was like brothers. Though he was never, in the full sense of the word, a profound thinker, his openness of mind, and the moral courage in which he greatly surpassed Maurice, made him outgrow the dominion which Maurice and Coleridge had once exercised over his intellect; though he retained to the last a great but discriminating admiration of both, and towards Maurice a warm affection. Except in that short and transitory phase of his life, during which he made the mistake of becoming a clergyman, his mind was ever progressive: and the advance he always seemed to have made when I saw him after an interval, made me apply to him what Goethe said of Schiller, "er hatte eine fürchtliche Fortschreitung." He and I started from intellectual

points almost as wide apart as the poles, but the distance between us was always diminishing: if I made steps towards some of his opinions, he, during his short life, was constantly approximating more and more to several of mine: and if he had lived, and had health and vigour to prosecute his ever assiduous self-culture, there is no knowing how much further this spontaneous assimilation might have proceeded.

我和罗巴克越来越疏远了，却开始和协会里面我们柯尔律治派的对手——弗雷德里克·莫里斯和约翰·斯特林——走得越来越近，两人后来都很出名，前者是由于他的著作，后者是由于黑尔和卡莱尔给他写的传记。这两个朋友中，莫里斯是位思想家，而斯特林是位演说家，还是热情洋溢的思想评论员，当时他阐述的思想几乎全都是莫里斯为他塑造的。有一阵子我曾通过艾顿·图克与莫里斯相识（他们俩是在剑桥认识的），尽管我和他之间的讨论几乎总是争论，但我还是从中得到很多东西，帮助构建我的新思想，就像我那些年读柯尔律治、歌德和其他德国作家的著作受益很多一样。我非常尊敬莫里斯的品格和意志，还有他伟大的智力天赋，与我很乐意能给予他的称赞相比，如果我说了些可能不足以显示他的杰出的话，那也不是我情愿的。但我总觉得，莫里斯比我任何同辈人浪费的智力都要多。当然，也几乎没人有那么多可以浪费的智力。他有强大的概括能力，罕见的独创性和辨别能力，能广泛地领悟重要却不明显的真理，但他没有用来在伟大的思想主题上提出更好的东西，以代替大量无价值的陈腐观点，而是用来向自己证明，英国国教从一开始就什么都知道，那些真理——教会和正统观念因它们而受到攻击（其中有很多他和别人看得一样清楚）——不仅和三十九信条一致，而且在这些条款中这些真理被理解和阐释得比任何反对它们的人做得都好。对此我从来都没能找到任何其他解释，除了把它归因于良心上的胆怯和性格上的天生敏感，这经常迫使天赋极高的人接受天主教，因为与他们从自己的判断得出的独立结论相比，他们需要更稳固的支持。任何认识莫里斯的人，都永远不会想要把更庸俗的胆怯归咎于他，即使他没有通过采取和一些通常被认为正统的观点最终爆发冲突，并发起高尚的基督教社会主义运动的手段以此向公众证明自己没有这种胆怯。从精神角度来看，与他最类似的人物是柯尔律治，不去看诗歌天赋，仅从智力上讲的话，我想他明显比柯尔律治更出众。然而这时，他可能会被描述为柯尔律治的追随者，而斯特林则被描述为柯尔律治和他的追随者。我的旧观点正在经历的改变给了我一些与他们接触的机会。莫里斯和斯特林两人都对我的发展起到了重要作用。我和斯特林很快就成了密友，我对他比曾经对任何人都更加热爱。他确实是个非常可爱的人。他性格坦率，热忱，深情又开朗。热爱显现于最高尚和最平凡东西中的真理。他的性情慷慨大方，热情洋溢，这也给他所采纳的观点染上了冲动的色彩，但是正如他会向他认为的对方的错误开战一样，他也能公平地对待所反对的学说和人，他给予自由和义务这两个基本点同样的热爱，他结合了这么多优秀品质，不仅吸引了我，还吸引了所有像我一样了解他的人。他思想开明，胸襟开阔，因此超越了当时我们观点之间的巨大分歧，并和我成为朋友，他一点都不觉得困难。他告诉我他和别人是怎么看我的（道听途说的消息），他们觉得我是“人造的”或机器制造的人，

身上刻着别人的观点，而我只能机械地复制。但当他和我讨论华兹华斯和拜伦的时候，发现华兹华斯以及这个名字意味着的一切像属于他和他的朋友一样也“属于”我时，他的感情发生了多大的变化啊。健康的衰退很快打碎了他所有的人生规划，迫使他住到离伦敦较远的地方，因此，在我们认识了一两年之后，我们只能间隔很长时间才能见一次面了。但是（就像他在给卡莱尔的某封信中说的），我们见面的时候就像兄弟一样。尽管他从来都不是一个造诣很深的思想家（从思想家这个词的完整意义来讲），但他思想开阔，而且在勇气上远远超过莫里斯，这让他超越了莫里斯和柯尔律治对他智力上的支配。尽管他直到最后还保持着对这两个人强烈但有判断的崇拜，尤其是对莫里斯是种热烈的喜爱。在他的一生中，除了那一段很短暂的时间他错误地成为牧师之外，他的思想一直都在进步，每次在间隔一段时间后见到他时，他似乎总能让我看到这种进步，这让我把歌德评价席勒的话用在他身上，“他的进步真的是突飞猛进”。我和他认识的时候，两人思想上的距离几乎像两极一样远，但是我们之间的距离总是在缩小。我向着他的某些观点靠近了，他在自己短暂的一生中，也经常越来越接近我的好几个观点。如果他还活着，健康和精力还允许他不断地刻苦自学的话，真不知道这种自然的同化会进行到什么程度。

After 1829 I withdrew from attendance on the Debating Society. I had had enough of speech-making, and was glad to carry on my private studies and meditations without any immediate call for outward assertion of their results. I found the fabric of my old and taught opinions giving way in many fresh places, and I never allowed it to fall to pieces, but was incessantly occupied in weaving it anew. I never, in the course of my transition, was content to remain, for ever so short a time, confused and unsettled. When I had taken in any new idea, I could not rest till I had adjusted its relation to my old opinions, and ascertained exactly how far its effect ought to extend in modifying or superseding them.

1829年以后，我不再出席辩论学会。我已经作了足够多的演讲，很高兴去继续我的自学和沉思，而且不需要立刻公布它们的结果。我发现自己以前学来的观念结构在很多新地方垮掉了，但我从来不允许它破碎，而总是忙着重新编织。在我思想转变的过程中，我从来不会满足于困惑和疑虑的状态，即使这么短的时间也不行。在接受任何新观点时，只有调整好它和我的旧观点的关系，并确定它在修改或取代旧观点的时候到底应该发挥多大的作用之后，我才能安心。

The conflicts which I had so often had to sustain in defending the theory of government laid down in Bentham's and my father's writings, and the acquaintance I had obtained with other schools of political thinking, made me aware of many things which that doctrine, professing to be a theory of government in general, ought to have made room for, and did not. But these things, as yet, remained with me rather as corrections to be made in applying the theory to practice,

than as defects in the theory. I felt that politics could not be a science of specific experience; and that the accusations against the Benthamic theory of being a theory, of proceeding à priori by way of general reasoning, instead of Baconian experiment, shewed complete ignorance of Bacon's principles, and of the necessary conditions of experimental investigation. At this juncture appeared in the Edinburgh Review, Macaulay's famous attack on my father's Essay on Government. This gave me much to think about. I saw that Macaulay's conception of the logic of politics was erroneous; that he stood up for the empirical mode of treating political phenomena, against the philosophical; that even in physical science, his notion of philosophizing might have recognized Kepler[4], but would have excluded Newton and Laplace[5]. But I could not help feeling, that though the tone was unbecoming (an error for which the writer, at a later period, made the most ample and honorable amends), there was truth in several of his strictures on my father's treatment of the subject; that my father's premises were really too narrow, and included but a small number of the general truths, on which, in politics, the important consequences depend. Identity of interest between the governing body and the community at large, is not, in any practical sense which can be attached to it, the only thing on which good government depends; neither can this identity of interest be secured by the mere conditions of election. I was not at all satisfied with the mode in which my father met the criticisms of Macaulay. He did not, as I thought he ought to have done, justify himself by saying, "I was not writing a scientific treatise on politics. I was writing an argument for parliamentary reform." He treated Macaulay's argument as simply irrational; an attack upon the reasoning faculty; an example of the saying of Hobbes, that when reason is against a man, a man will be against reason. This made me think that there was really something more fundamentally erroneous in my father's conception of philosophical method, as applicable to politics, than I had hitherto supposed there was. But I did not at first see clearly what the error might be. At last it flashed upon me all at once in the course of other studies. In the early part of 1830 I had begun to put on paper the ideas on Logic (chiefly on the distinctions among Terms, and the import of Propositions) which had been suggested and in part worked out in the morning conversations already spoken of. Having secured these thoughts from being lost, I pushed on into the other parts of the subject, to try whether I could do anything further towards clearing up the theory of Logic generally. I grappled at once with the problem of Induction, postponing that of Reasoning, on the ground that it is necessary to obtain premises before we can reason from them. Now, Induction is mainly a process for finding the causes of effects: and in

attempting to fathom the mode of tracing causes and effects in physical science, I soon saw that in the more perfect of the sciences, we ascend, by generalization from particulars, to the tendencies of causes considered singly, and then reason downward from those separate tendencies, to the effect of the same causes when combined. I then asked myself, what is the ultimate analysis of this deductive process; the common theory of the syllogism evidently throwing no light upon it. My practice (learnt from Hobbes and my father) being to study abstract principles by means of the best concrete instances I could find, the Composition of Forces, in dynamics, occurred to me as the most complete example of the logical process I was investigating. On examining, accordingly, what the mind does when it applies the principle of the Composition of Forces, I found that it performs a simple act of addition. It adds the separate effect of the one force to the separate effect of the other, and puts down the sum of these separate effects as the joint effect. But is this a legitimate process? In dynamics, and in all the mathematical branches of physics, it is; but in some other cases, as in chemistry, it is not; and I then recollected that something not unlike this was pointed out as one of the distinctions between chemical and mechanical phenomena, in the introduction to that favorite of my boyhood, Thomson's System of Chemistry. This distinction at once made my mind clear as to what was perplexing me in respect to the philosophy of politics. I now saw, that a science is either deductive or experimental, according as, in the province it deals with, the effects of causes when conjoined, are or are not the sums of the effects which the same causes produce when separate. It followed that politics must be a deductive science. It thus appeared, that both Macaulay and my father were wrong; the one in assimilating the method of philosophizing in politics to the purely experimental method of chemistry; while the other, though right in adopting a deductive method, had made a wrong selection of one, having taken as the type of deduction, not the appropriate process, that of the deductive branches of natural philosophy, but the inappropriate one of pure geometry, which, not being a science of causation at all, does not require or admit of any summing-up of effects. A foundation was thus laid in my thoughts for the principal chapters of what I afterwards published On the Logic of the Moral Sciences; and my new position in respect to my old political creed, now became perfectly definite.

在为边沁和我父亲著作中的政府理论辩护时我经常必须面对的一些冲突，以及对其他政治思想学派的了解，使我意识到那个自称政府概论的学说本应腾出空间说明但却没有说明的很多事情。但是到那时为止，我仍然认为这些事情是把理论应用于实践时要作的修正，而不是理论本身的缺陷。我觉得，政治学不应该是特定经验的科学。有人谴责功利主

义理论不是44理论，谴责它用一般性的推理得出理论，而不用培根的实验方法，这显示了他们完全不了解培根原则和实证研究的必要条件。在这个当口上，《爱丁堡评论》上发表了麦考利攻击我父亲《论政府》的著名文章。这件事让我思考了很多。我知道麦考利的政治学逻辑的观念是错误的，他支持用经验主义的方法对待政治现象，反对用哲学方法；甚至在自然科学上，他的哲学探讨观念可能和开普勒的一致，但会排除牛顿和拉普拉斯。然而我还是感觉到，尽管他的语气不得体（后来作者对这个错误作了非常充分、可敬的改正），但是他在这个问题上对父亲的好几处责难还是有道理的。父亲的前提的确太狭窄了，只包含了政治学中的重要结论所依据的一小部分普遍真理。统治集团和整个社会的利益一致，在任何实际意义上，都不是善政依赖的唯一条件。这种利益一致也不能仅通过选举制度得到确保。我根本不满意父亲处理麦考利的批评的方式。他没有像我想象的那样，通过说“我不是在写一篇政治学的学术论文，我是在为议会改革作论证”来证明自己是正确的。他认为麦考利的论证完全不合理，是对推理才能的攻击，也例证了霍布斯的一句名言：当理性无视人的时候，人也会无视理性。这让我觉得，与我先前认为的相比，父亲的哲学方法观念应用在政治学上确实存在更根本性的错误。但是起初，我并没有看清楚错误可能是什么。最后，我在学习其他东西的时候忽然想起来了。1830年初，我开始把逻辑学的一些观点写下来（主要是术语区分和命题意义），都是在之前提到的上午交谈中提出来的，有一部分也是那时解决的。确保这些想法没有丢失之后，我继续努力探索这个主题的其他部分，试试看能不能更进一步全面地整理逻辑学的理论。我立刻抓住归纳法这个问题，暂时搁置推理问题，因为我们必须先获得前提，然后才能从前提进行推理。目前，归纳法主要是寻找导致结果的原因的过程。在试图弄清楚自然科学中追踪原因和结果的方法时我很快发现，在更完善的科学中我们通过对特殊性的概括，形成了逐一考虑原因的趋势，然后从那些单独的可能性向下推论，找出同样的原因结合起来引起的结果。然后，我问自己，这个推论过程的最终分析是什么？普通的三段论的理论显然没有给出解释。我的做法（从霍布斯和我父亲那里学的）是用我能找到的最好的具体例子，学习抽象的原理，我想起来动力学里的力的合成对我正在研究的逻辑过程来说是最完美的例子。因此，我去研究大脑在应用力的合成原理的时候究竟在做什么，结果发现它只是在进行简单的加法。它把一种力量的单独作用加在另一种力量的单独作用上。但是，这个过程合理吗？在动力学以及物理学的所有精确分支里面，是合理的。但是在其他一些情况下，比如化学，就不合理了。那时我回想起来，在我小时候最喜欢的书——汤姆森《化学系统》的引言中，提到过跟这个类似的情况，并指出这是化学现象和机械现象的一个区别。这个区别立刻让我弄清了政治哲学中让我困惑的是什么东西。我现在明白了，一门科学要么是演绎的，要么是实证的，这取决于其所涉及的领域中，各种原因联合造成的结果和分开造成结果的简单相加是否相同。因此，政治学一定是门演绎的科学。这样看来，麦考利和我父亲都错了。前者把政治学中哲学探讨的方法等同于化学中纯粹的实验方法，而后者尽管采用演绎法是对的，但是选择了错误的演绎法，没有采用适当的自然哲学的演绎法分支，而是选择不适当的

纯粹几何学的演绎法分支，这根本就不是因果关系的科学，不需要也不容许对结果作任何概括。这为我后来出版的《论伦理学的逻辑》一书中的主要章节打下了思想基础。我对自己的旧政治信条的新立场现在也非常明确了。

If I am asked what system of political philosophy I substituted for that which, as a philosophy, I had abandoned, I answer, No system: only a conviction that the true system was something much more complex and many-sided than I had previously had any idea of, and that its office was to supply, not a set of model institutions, but principles from which the institutions suitable to any given circumstances might be deduced. The influences of European, that is to say, Continental, thought, and especially those of the reaction of the nineteenth century against the eighteenth, were now streaming in upon me. They came from various quarters: from the writings of Coleridge, which I had begun to read with interest even before the change in my opinions; from the Coleridgians with whom I was in personal intercourse; from what I had read of Goethe; from Carlyle's early articles in the Edinburgh and Foreign Reviews, though for a long time I saw nothing in these (as my father saw nothing in them to the last) but insane rhapsody. From these sources, and from the acquaintance I kept up with the French literature of the time, I derived, among other ideas which the general turning upside down of the opinions of European thinkers had brought uppermost, these in particular: That the human mind has a certain order of possible progress, in which some things must precede others, an order which governments and public instructors can modify to some, but not to an unlimited extent: That all questions of political institutions are relative, not absolute, and that different stages of human progress not only will have, but ought to have, different institutions: that government is always either in the hands, or passing into the hands, of whatever is the strongest power in society, and that what this power is, does not depend on institutions, but institutions on it: that any general theory or philosophy of politics supposes a previous theory of human progress, and that this is the same thing with a philosophy of history. These opinions, true in the main, were held in an exaggerated and violent manner by the thinkers with whom I was now most accustomed to compare notes, and who, as usual with a reaction, ignored that half of the truth which the thinkers of the eighteenth century saw. But though, at one period of my progress, I for some time undervalued that great century, I never joined in the reaction against it, but kept as firm hold of one side of the truth as I took of the other. The fight between the nineteenth century and the eighteenth always reminded me of the battle about the shield, one side of which was white and the other black. I marvelled at the blind rage with which

the combatants rushed against one another. I applied to them, and to Coleridge himself, many of Coleridge's sayings about half truths; and Goethe's device, "many-sidedness," was one which I would most willingly, at this period, have taken for mine.

如果问我用哪种政治哲学体系代替了已经放弃的哲学，我的回答是没有体系，只是一个信念，相信真正的体系远比我之前知道的更复杂，更多面，它的职责在于提供原则，从这些原则中可以推导出适合任何特定环境的制度，而不是提供一套模范制度。欧洲思想的影响，更确切地说是欧洲大陆思想的影响，尤其是那些19世纪反抗18世纪的思想，现在正在向我涌过来。这些思想来自各个方向：柯尔律治，我甚至在信念改变前就开始兴致勃勃地读他的作品了；与我有私交的柯尔律治派的人；我读过的歌德的作品；卡莱尔在《爱丁堡评论》和《外国评论》上的早期文章，尽管很长时间以来，我在这些文章中除了愚蠢的狂言什么都没看到（我父亲到最后也什么都没看到）。从这些思想来源以及当时我一直熟读的法国文学中，我得出一些看法，它们的重要性由于欧洲思想家的观点被完全颠倒而显现出来，尤其是以下这些：人类大脑对可能的进步有种秩序，在这种秩序之内，有些事情必须先于另一些事情，这种秩序可以由政府和公众指导人员进行一定的修改，但修改是有限度的。政治体制的所有问题都是相对的，不是绝对的，人类进步的不同阶段不仅会有而且应该有不同的体制。政府要么就在社会上最强大的力量手里，要么就会传递到它的手里，至于那个力量是什么，不取决于制度，制度反而要取决于它。任何广义的政治理论或政治哲学都假定先前有一个人类进步的理论，这和历史哲学是一样的。这些大体上正确的观点被现在经常和我交换意见的思想家们以夸张、曲解的方式所持有，并且他们像一般的保守派一样，忽视了18世纪的思想家看到的那一半事实。尽管我在进步的某段时期也有一阵子低估了那个伟大的世纪，但是我从来没有参与过反对它，而是像对待真理的那一面一样，紧紧坚持真理的这一面。19世纪和18世纪之间的斗争让我想起盾牌的战争，它一面是黑的，一面是白的。我惊讶于战士们互相猛攻时所带有的盲目愤怒。我把柯尔律治很多关于半真理的名言用在他们身上，以及柯尔律治本人身上。我此时最愿意把歌德的“多面性”策略当成我自己的策略。

The writers by whom, more than by any others, a new mode of political thinking was brought home to me, were those of the St. Simonian school in France. In 1829 and 1830 I became acquainted with some of their writings. They were then only in the earlier stages of their speculations. They had not yet dressed out their philosophy as a religion, nor had they organized their scheme of Socialism. They were just beginning to question the principle of hereditary property. I was by no means prepared to go with them even this length; but I was greatly struck with the connected view which they for the first time presented to me, of the natural order of human progress; and especially with their division of all history into organic periods and critical periods. During the organic periods (they said) mankind accept

with firm conviction some positive creed, claiming jurisdiction over all their actions, and containing more or less of truth and adaptation to the needs of humanity. Under its influence they make all the progress compatible with the creed, and finally outgrow it; when a period follows of criticism and negation, in which mankind lose their old convictions without acquiring any new ones, of a general or authoritative character, except the conviction that the old are false. The period of Greek and Roman polytheism, so long as really believed in by instructed Greeks and Romans, was an organic period, succeeded by the critical or sceptical period of the Greek philosophers. Another organic period came in with Christianity. The corresponding critical period began with the Reformation[6], has lasted ever since, still lasts, and cannot altogether cease until a new organic period has been inaugurated by the triumph of a yet more advanced creed. These ideas, I knew, were not peculiar to the St. Simonians; on the contrary, they were the general property of Europe, or at least of Germany and France, but they had never, to my knowledge, been so completely systematized as by these writers, nor the distinguishing characteristics of a critical period so powerfully set forth; for I was not then acquainted with Fichte[7]'s Lectures on The Characteristics of the Present Age. In Carlyle, indeed, I found bitter denunciations of an "age of unbelief," and of the present age as such, which I, like most people at that time, supposed to be passionate protests in favour of the old modes of belief. But all that was true in these denunciations, I thought that I found more calmly and philosophically stated by the St. Simonians. Among their publications, too, there was one which seemed to me far superior to the rest; in which the general idea was matured into something much more definite and instructive. This was an early work of Auguste Comte[8], who then called himself, and even announced himself in the title-page as, a pupil of Saint Simon. In this tract M. Comte first put forth the doctrine, which he afterwards so copiously illustrated, of the natural succession of three stages in every department of human knowledge: first, the theological, next the metaphysical, and lastly, the positive stage; and contended, that social science must be subject to the same law; that the feudal and Catholic system was the concluding phase of the theological state of the social science, Protestantism the commencement, and the doctrines of the French Revolution the consummation, of the metaphysical; and that its positive state was yet to come. This doctrine harmonized well with my existing notions, to which it seemed to give a scientific shape. I already regarded the methods of physical science as the proper models for political. But the chief benefit which I derived at this time from the trains of thought suggested by the St. Simonians and by Comte, was, that I obtained a clearer conception than ever before of the

peculiarities of an era of transition in opinion, and ceased to mistake the moral and intellectual characteristics of such an era, for the normal attributes of humanity. I looked forward, through the present age of loud disputes but generally weak convictions, to a future which shall unite the best qualities of the critical with the best qualities of the organic periods: unchecked liberty of thought, unbounded freedom of individual action in all modes not hurtful to others; but also, convictions as to what is right and wrong, useful and pernicious, deeply engraven on the feelings by early education and general unanimity of sentiment, and so firmly grounded in reason and in the true exigencies of life, that they shall not, like all former and present creeds, religious, ethical, and political, require to be periodically thrown off and replaced by others.

与其他作家相比，最能使我认识到一个新政治思考方式的作家，是法国的圣西门学派。1829年和1830年，我了解了他们的一些作品。当时，他们还处于思索的初期阶段。他们还没有把自己的哲学装扮成一种信仰，也没有构思社会主义方案。他们只是刚开始质疑世袭财产的原则。我绝对没有准备追随他们，即便只是到这种程度。但是他们第一次呈现给我人类进步自然顺序的连贯观点，给我留下了深刻的印象。尤其是他们把所有历史划分成建制时代和批判时代。在建制时代，（他们说）人类深信不疑地接受一些积极的信条，为他们的所有活动寻求权力，并或多或少地容纳真理和调整以适应人类的需求。在这一信条的影响下，他们实现了和信条兼容的所有进步，并最终舍弃了它。这时，另一个充满批判和否定的时代来临了，在这个时代，人们失去了他们旧的信念，而没有获得任何新的、全面的或权威的信念，只是坚信旧的是错的。希腊和罗马多神教的时代，在受过教育的希腊和罗马人真正信仰它的时间内是个建制时代，接下来是希腊哲学家的批判或怀疑时代。另一个建制时代是应基督教而生的。相应的批判时代从宗教改革开始，从那时起一直持续到现在，在一个新的建制时代以更先进的信条取胜开始之前，这一时代不会完全停止。我知道这些观点并非独属于圣西门学派；相反，它们是整个欧洲的财富，或者至少是德国和法国的。但是就我所知，从来没有人像这些作家那样把它们全面系统化，也没有人像他们一样强有力地提出批判时代的显著特征。因为那时，我还没读过菲希特的演说集《当代特征》。我确实发现卡莱尔激烈地谴责“无信仰的时代”和如今这样一个时代，我和当时的大多数人一样，认为这一时代是支持旧的信仰模式激昂的抗议。但是这些谴责中所有正确的东西，我认为圣西门学派的人陈述得更冷静，更有哲理性。在他们的出版物中，我也发现有一本远比其他的更出众。在这本书里面，总体的观点被展开得更明确，更有启发性。这就是奥古斯特·孔德早期的一个作品，他当时称自己是圣西门的弟子，甚至在扉页上公开这样宣布。在这个小册子里，孔德先生首次提出了他后来加以详细阐述的学说，即人类知识的每个领域都有三个阶段的自然演替——首先是神学的，接下来是形而上学的，最后是实证的阶段。他主张社会科学也必须受相同规律的支配。封建制度和天主教制度是社会科学神学状态的最后阶段，新教是形而上学阶段的开

始，法国大革命的理论是它的结束，但实证阶段尚未到来。这个学说和我现有的观念很一致，似乎还显示出了科学性。我已经认为自然科学的方法是政治学的合适模型。但是，这时我从圣西门学派和孔德提出的一连串思考中得到的主要益处是，我比以往任何时候都更清楚地了解了一个过渡时代的特征，不再把这样一个时代的道德和思维特征误认为是人类的正常属性。透过当代喧哗的争论和通常很软弱的信念，我期望未来会结合批判时代和建制时代最好的特性：思想上无拘无束的自由，以及在不损害别人的情况下，个人所有行为方式的极大自由。但是，关于什么是对的，什么是错的，什么是有益的，以及什么是有害的信念，已经通过早期教育和一致的情感深深地铭刻在了感觉之上，并稳固地植根于理智和人生的真正需求中，它们不会像以前和现在所有的宗教、伦理和政治信条一样，需要定期地被抛弃和取而代之。

M. Comte soon left the St. Simonians, and I lost sight of him and his writings for a number of years. But the St. Simonians I continued to cultivate. I was kept au courant of their progress by one of their most enthusiastic disciples, M. Gustave d'Eichthal, who about that time passed a considerable interval in England. I was introduced to their chiefs, Bazard and Enfantin, in 1830; and as long as their public teachings and proselytism continued, I read nearly everything they wrote. Their criticism on the common doctrines of Liberalism seemed to me full of important truth; and it was partly by their writings that my eyes were opened to the very limited and temporary value of the old political economy, which assumes private property and inheritance as indefeasible facts, and freedom of production and exchange as the dernier mot of social improvement. The scheme gradually unfolded by the St. Simonians, under which the labour and capital of society would be managed for the general account of the community, every individual being required to take a share of labour, either as thinker, teacher, artist, or producer, all being classed according to their capacity, and remunerated according to their works, appeared to me a far superior description of Socialism to Owen's. Their aim seemed to me desirable and rational, however their means might be inefficacious; and though I neither believed in the practicability, nor in the beneficial operation of their social machinery, I felt that the proclamation of such an ideal of human society could not but tend to give a beneficial direction to the efforts of others to bring society, as at present constituted, nearer to some ideal standard. I honoured them most of all for what they have been most cried down for—the boldness and freedom from prejudice with which they treated the subject of family, the most important of any, and needing more fundamental alterations than remain to be made in any other great social institution, but on which scarcely any reformer has the courage to touch. In proclaiming the perfect equality of men and women, and an entirely new order of things in regard to their

relations with one another, the St. Simonians, in common with Owen and Fourier, have entitled themselves to the grateful remembrance of future generations.

孔德先生很快离开了圣西门学派，有许多年我都没有看到他和他的作品。但是我继续与圣西门学派的人交朋友。他们的一个最热情的拥护者，古斯塔夫·艾希塔尔先生，一直在告知我他们的进展，他当时在英国呆了挺长一段时间。1830年，他把我介绍给他们的领袖巴扎尔和昂方坦。只要他们持续公开发表教义，继续宣传改变宗教信仰，我就会读他们写的几乎所有东西。在我看来，他们对自由主义普遍理论的批评有很多是重要的实情。部分由于他们的作品，我注意到旧的政治经济学价值非常有限，只是暂时性的，它把私有制和继承看成不能废止的事实，把生产和交换自由看成社会进步的灵丹妙药。圣西门学派逐渐阐明的方案是这样的：社会上的劳动力和资本的管理将着眼于社会的整体利益，每一个人都必须分担一定量的劳动，不管是思想家、教师、艺术家，还是生产者，都按照他们的能力分类，按照劳动量分发报酬，在我看来这个方案远比欧文对社会主义的描述更出众。在我看来，他们的目标可取，合理，尽管他们的方法可能不灵。虽然我既不相信他们的社会机器的实用性，也不相信它能有利地运转，但我觉得，宣布这样一个理想的人类社会往往会为努力促使目前这样一种构建的社会更接近某种理想标准的人指明一个有益的方向。我最尊敬他们的地方，正是别人贬低他们的地方——勇敢、毫无偏见地对待家庭问题，家庭问题是最重要的问题，在所有伟大的社会制度中都需要比目前有更多重大的改变，但是几乎没有任何改革家敢于触碰这个问题。在宣布男女完全平等，宣布他们彼此之间关系的全新秩序上，圣西门学派和欧文、傅立叶一样，有资格被后人感激和记住。

In giving an account of this period of my life, I have only specified such of my new impressions as appeared to me, both at the time and since, to be a kind of turning points, marking a definite progress in my mode of thought. But these few selected points give a very insufficient idea of the quantity of thinking which I carried on respecting a host of subjects during these years of transition. Much of this, it is true, consisted in rediscovering things known to all the world, which I had previously disbelieved, or disregarded. But the rediscovery was to me a discovery, giving me plenary possession of the truths, not as traditional platitudes, but fresh from their source: and it seldom failed to place them in some new light, by which they were reconciled with, and seemed to confirm while they modified, the truths less generally known which lay in my early opinions, and in no essential part of which I at any time wavered. All my new thinking only laid the foundation of these more deeply and strongly, while it often removed misapprehension and confusion of ideas which had perverted their effect. For example, during the later returns of my dejection, the doctrine of what is called Philosophical Necessity

weighed on my existence like an incubus. I felt as if I was scientifically proved to be the helpless slave of antecedent circumstances; as if my character and that of all others had been formed for us by agencies beyond our control, and was wholly out of our own power. I often said to myself, what a relief it would be if I could disbelieve the doctrine of the formation of character by circumstances; and remembering the wish of Fox respecting the doctrine of resistance to governments, that it might never be forgotten by kings, nor remembered by subjects, I said that it would be a blessing if the doctrine of necessity could be believed by all quoad the characters of others, and disbelieved in regard to their own. I pondered painfully on the subject, till gradually I saw light through it. I perceived, that the word Necessity, as a name for the doctrine of Cause and Effect applied to human action, carried with it a misleading association; and that this ssociation was the operative force in the depressing and paralysing influence which I had experienced: I saw that though our character is formed by circumstances, our own desires can do much to shape those circumstances; and that what is really inspiriting and ennobling in the doctrine of freewill, is the conviction that we have real power over the formation of our own character; that our will, by influencing some of our circumstances, can modify our future habits or capabilities of willing. All this was entirely consistent with the doctrine of circumstances, or rather, was that doctrine itself, properly understood. From that time I drew in my own mind, a clear distinction between the doctrine of circumstances, and Fatalism; discarding altogether the misleading word Necessity. The theory, which I now for the first time rightly apprehended, ceased altogether to be discouraging, and besides the relief to my spirits, I no longer suffered under the burthen, so heavy to one who aims at being a reformer in opinions, of thinking one doctrine true, and the contrary doctrine morally beneficial. The train of thought which had extricated me from this dilemma, seemed to me, in after years, fitted to render a similar service to others; and it now forms the chapter on Liberty and Necessity in the concluding Book of my System of Logic.

叙述我这段时间的生活的时候，我只详细说明了一些新感想，在那以后，这些感想在我看来都是我思考方式确切进步的转折点。但是，在那几年过渡期里，我思考了许多问题，仅选择这么几点，对我的思考量说明得非常不充分。确实，这些思考的很大一部分在于重新发现众所周知的东西，而它们也是我之前怀疑或者忽略的东西。但是，这种重新发现对我来说是种新发现，让我完整地拥有真理，不是传统的陈腔滥调，而是从头到尾全新的真理。而且，这种发现几乎总能给真理带来一些新的角度，通过这种角度，新真理与我早期观念中不广为人知的真理达成一致，并似乎在修改它们的时候肯定了它们，而对这些早期观念中的真理的重要部分，我在任何时候都没动摇过。我所有的新思考只是把这些

真理的基础打得更深，更牢固，同时还经常移除贬低它们作用的观点里的误会和混乱。例如，后来在我的沮丧几次复发时，所谓的哲学必然性的理论像梦魇一样压在我的生活中。我觉得自己好像被科学地证明了就是先前环境下无助的奴隶；好像我和其他所有人的性格都是我们控制不了的力量塑造的，完全在我们的掌控能力之外。我经常对自己说，如果我能不相信环境决定性格这一学说的话，将是多么大的安慰啊。我想起福克斯对抵抗政府学说的愿望，即希望它永远不要被国王忘记，也不要被臣民记住，我说如果所有人都相信必然性理论只适用于别人的性格，而不相信也适用于他们自己的性格的话，将是件幸事。我苦苦思索这个问题，终于慢慢从里面看到了眉目。我意识到，必然性这个词，作为应用于人类行为上因果学说的名称，带有使人误解的联想，这个联想就是我以前经历的沮丧和无助的原因。我明白了，尽管我们的性格是环境决定的，但是我们自身的渴望能在很大程度上影响那些环境。自由意志学说里真正令人振奋和崇高的地方，在于坚信在自己性格的塑造上我们有真正的控制力。坚信通过影响周围的一些环境，我们的意志能改变我们未来的习惯或能力。所有这一切都和环境学说完全一致，或者说就是环境学说，只是这次得到了正确的理解。从那时起，我在自己脑海里清晰地区分了环境学说和宿命论；完全抛弃了必要性这个易误解的词。我现在第一次正确理解了这个理论，它不再令人沮丧，除了我的精神痛苦减轻了之外，我也不用再承受认为一个学说是正确的，而相反的学说也对精神有益这个重担之苦，这个担子对于一个志在成为思想改革家的人来说是那么的沉重。把我从这个两难困境中解脱出来的思路，在我看来，在之后的那些年，也适合为其他人提供相似的服务。现在，它成了我的《逻辑学体系》尾卷中“论自由和必然性”那一章。

Again, in politics, though I no longer accepted the doctrine of the Essay on Government as a scientific theory; though I ceased to consider representative democracy as an absolute principle, and regarded it as a question of time, place, and circumstance; though I now looked upon the choice of political institutions as a moral and educational question more than one of material interests, thinking that it ought to be decided mainly by the consideration, what great improvement in life and culture stands next in order for the people concerned, as the condition of their further progress, and what institutions are most likely to promote that; nevertheless, this change in the premises of my political philosophy did not alter my practical political creed as to the requirements of my own time and country. I was as much as ever a Radical and Democrat for Europe, and especially for England. I thought the predominance of the aristocratic classes, the noble and the rich, in the English Constitution, an evil worth any struggle to get rid of; not on account of taxes, or any such comparatively small inconvenience, but as the great demoralizing agency in the country. Demoralizing, first, because it made the conduct of the Government an example of gross public immorality, through the predominance of private over public interests in the State,

and the abuse of the powers of legislation for the advantage of classes. Secondly, and in a still greater degree, because the respect of the multitude always attaching itself principally to that which, in the existing state of society, is the chief passport to power; and under English institutions, riches, hereditary or acquired, being the almost exclusive source of political importance; riches, and the signs of riches, were almost the only things really respected, and the life of the people was mainly devoted to the pursuit of them. I thought, that while the higher and richer classes held the power of government, the instruction and improvement of the mass of the people were contrary to the self-interest of those classes, because tending to render the people more powerful for throwing off the yoke: but if the democracy obtained a large, and perhaps the principal share, in the governing power, it would become the interest of the opulent classes to promote their education, in order to ward off really mischievous errors, and especially those which would lead to unjust violations of property. On these grounds I was not only as ardent as ever for democratic institutions, but earnestly hoped that Owenite, St. Simonian, and all other anti-property doctrines might spread widely among the poorer classes; not that I thought those doctrines true, or desired that they should be acted on, but in order that the higher classes might be made to see that they had more to fear from the poor when uneducated, than when educated.

此外，在政治学上，尽管我不再承认《论政府》中的学说是个科学的理论；尽管我不再认为代议制民主是完美的原则，而把它看成时间、地点和环境的问题；尽管我现在更把政治制度的选择看作是道德和教育的问题，而不仅是物质利益的问题，我认为它应该主要由以下考虑决定，即生活和文化中的何种重大进步是相关的人们进一步发展的条件，什么制度最有可能促进这种发展。然而，我的政治哲学前提的变化，并没有改变我符合时代和国家需要的实际政治信念。我仍然是个激进分子和民主主义者，对欧洲来说如此，对英国尤是如此。我认为，在英国宪法中，贵族阶层、贵族和富人的优势是值得尽一切努力摆脱的罪恶。不是由于税金或任何类似的小麻烦，而是因为它是这个国家巨大的腐化力量。说它腐化，首先是因为，它把私人利益置于国家的公共利益之上，滥用立法权力为统治阶级谋利益，从而使政府行为变成低级的公共不道德的样板。其次，在更大程度上是因为大众的尊敬主要缚在了社会当时状态下的权力通行证上。在英国的制度下，财富——不管是世袭的还是后来获得的——几乎是政治影响力的唯一源泉。财富以及财富的标志，几乎是唯一真正受人尊敬的东西，也是人们努力追求的主要目标。我想，只要上流阶层和富有阶层掌握政府权力，教育民众和改善他们的生活就与其私有利益相悖，因为这样容易使人们更有力量摆脱压迫。但是，如果民主政治获得较大的，也许是主要的控制力，那么富裕阶层就可能会有兴趣促进他们的教育，以期避开真正麻烦的错误，尤其是那些会导致不公平地侵害财产的错误。由于这些原因，我不仅一如既往地热

心拥护民主的制度，还真心希望欧文主义者、圣西门学派和所有反财产的学说能够在贫穷阶层中广泛传播。不是说我认为这些学说正确，或者希望人们按照它们行动，而是这样可能会让上流社会看到，没受过教育的穷人比受过教育的更值得害怕。

In this frame of mind the French Revolution of July[9] found me. It roused my utmost enthusiasm, and gave me, as it were, a new existence. I went at once to Paris, was introduced to Lafayette[10], and laid the groundwork of the intercourse I afterwards kept up with several of the active chiefs of the extreme popular party. After my return I entered warmly, as a writer, into the political discussions of the time; which soon became still more exciting, by the coming in of Lord Grey[11]'s Ministry, and the proposing of the Reform Bill. For the next few years I wrote copiously in newspapers. It was about this time that Fonblanque, who had for some time written the political articles in the Examiner, became the proprietor and editor of the paper. It is not forgotten with what verve and talent, as well as fine wit, he carried it on, during the whole period of Lord Grey's Ministry, and what importance it assumed as the principal representative, in the newspaper press, of Radical opinions. The distinguishing character of the paper was given to it entirely by his own articles, which formed at least three-fourths of all the original writing contained in it: but of the remaining fourth I contributed during those years a much larger share than any one else. I wrote nearly all the articles on French subjects, including a weekly summary of French politics, often extending to considerable length; together with many leading articles on general politics, commercial and financial legislation, and any miscellaneous subjects in which I felt interested, and which were suitable to the paper, including occasional reviews of books. Mere newspaper articles on the occurrences or questions of the moment, gave no opportunity for the development of any general mode of thought; but I attempted, in the beginning of 1831, to embody in a series of articles, headed "The Spirit of the Age," some of my new opinions, and especially to point out in the character of the present age, the anomalies and evils characteristic of the transition from a system of opinions which had worn out, to another only in process of being formed. These articles were, I fancy, lumbering in style, and not lively or striking enough to be at any time acceptable to newspaper readers; but had they been far more attractive, still, at that particular moment, when great political changes were impending, and engrossing all minds, these discussions were ill-timed, and missed fire altogether. The only effect which I know to have been produced by them, was that Carlyle, then living in a secluded part of Scotland, read them in his solitude, and saying to himself (as he afterwards told me) "Here is a new Mystic," inquired on coming to London that autumn respecting their authorship; an inquiry

which was the immediate cause of our becoming personally acquainted.

法国七月革命时我的心境就是这样的。它激起了我最大的热情，可以说给了我一个新的生命。我立刻去了巴黎，被介绍给拉斐德，为我后来与极端民主党派好几个活跃的领袖保持交往打下了基础。回来以后，我以作家身份，热心地加入了当时的政治讨论。由于格雷勋爵内阁的组成以及《改革法案》的提议，讨论很快变得更加令人兴奋。接下来几年，我为报纸写了大量的文章。差不多这时，曾经有一段时间为《检察报》写政论的方布兰克，成了这个报纸的所有者和主编。人们到现在也不会忘记，在格雷勋爵内阁期间，方布兰克是带着什么样的魄力和才干以及杰出的智慧坚持办报的，也不会忘记《检察报》作为激进主义观点的主要代表在报界获得的重要性。这个报纸出色的特质全都是方布兰克自己的文章所赋予的，几乎占了该报所有原创作品的四分之三。但是另外的四分之一，我那些年的投稿比其他任何人都多。有关法国问题的所有文章几乎都是我写的，包括每周一次的法国政治总览，这些文章经常写得很长。还有很多社论，评论一般政治、商业和财政立法以及我感兴趣又适合报纸刊登的各种各样的主题，包括偶尔的书评。仅仅就当时的事件和问题写报纸文章，提供不了发展任何总体思考方式的机会。但是在1831年初，我尝试在以《时代的精神》为题的一系列文章中，具体地表达我的一些新观点，尤其是要指出当代特征中的畸形和罪恶，它们是从一个已经破败的观念体系过渡到另一个尚在形成中体系时的显著特征。我认为这些文章风格拖沓，不够活泼鲜明，在任何时候都难让报纸的读者接受。但是，即便他们更有吸引力，这些讨论的时机仍然不对，完全达不到预想的效果，因为在那个特殊时刻，伟大的政治变革即将发生，吸引了所有人的全部注意力。我知道它们只对卡莱尔产生了影响，他当时住在苏格兰一个偏僻的地方，独自一人读了这些文章后，他对自己说（正如之后他告诉我的那样）“这是个新神秘主义者”，那年秋天去伦敦的时候，他就打听它们的作者是谁。这次打听是我们私下里成为好朋友的直接原因。

I have already mentioned Carlyle's earlier writings as one of the channels through which I received the influences which enlarged my early narrow creed; but I do not think that those writings, by themselves, would ever have had any effect on my opinions. What truths they contained, though of the very kind which I was already receiving from other quarters, were presented in a form and vesture less suited than any other to give them access to a mind trained as mine had been. They seemed a haze of poetry and German metaphysics, in which almost the only clear thing was a strong animosity to most of the opinions which were the basis of my mode of thought; religious scepticism, utilitarianism, the doctrine of circumstances, and the attaching any importance to democracy, logic, or political economy. Instead of my having been taught anything, in the first instance, by Carlyle, it was only in proportion as I came to see

the same truths, through media more suited to my mental constitution, that I recognized them in his writings. Then, indeed, the wonderful power with which he put them forth made a deep impression upon me, and I was during a long period one of his most fervent admirers; but the good his writings did me, was not as philosophy to instruct, but as poetry to animate. Even at the time when our acquaintance commenced, I was not sufficiently advanced in my new modes of thought, to appreciate him fully; a proof of which is, that on his shewing me the manuscript of Sartor Resartus, his best and greatest work, which he had just then finished, I made little of it; though when it came out about two years afterwards in Fraser's Magazine, I read it with enthusiastic admiration and the keenest delight. I did not seek and cultivate Carlyle less on account of the fundamental differences in our philosophy. He soon found out that I was not "another mystic," and when for the sake of my own integrity I wrote to him a distinct profession of all those of my opinions which I knew he most disliked, he replied that the chief difference between us was that I "was as yet consciously nothing of a mystic." I do not know at what period he gave up the expectation that I was destined to become one; but though both his and my opinions underwent in subsequent years considerable changes, we never approached much nearer to each other's modes of thought than we were in the first years of our acquaintance. I did not, however, deem myself a competent judge of Carlyle. I felt that he was a poet, and that I was not; that he was a man of intuition, which I was not; and that as such, he not only saw many things long before me, which I could only when they were pointed out to me, hobble after and prove, but that it was highly probable he could see many things which were not visible to me even after they were pointed out. I knew that I could not see round him, and could never be certain that I saw over him; and I never presumed to judge him with any definiteness, until he was interpreted to me by one greatly the superior of us both—who was more a poet than he, and more a thinker than I—whose own mind and nature included his, and infinitely more.

我已经提到过，卡莱尔的早期作品是促使我扩展早先狭隘信念的因素之一。但是我认为，单凭那些著作永远也不会对我的观点有任何影响。作品中包含的真理，尽管跟我从其他地方接受到的一样，但是表现形式比其他真理都更不适合进入一个受过我那种训练的大脑。它们似乎是模糊的诗歌和德国式的形而上学，里面唯一清晰的东西就是对作为我思考方式基础的大部分观点的强烈敌视。如宗教怀疑主义、功利主义、环境学说，以及对民主、逻辑学或政治经济学的任何重视。起初，我并没有从卡莱尔那里学到任何东西，只是随着我通过更适合我心理框架的媒介看到相同的真理时，我才从他的著作中辨别出这些真理。他提出真理时所带有的奇妙力量当时确实给我留下了深刻的印象，在很长一段时

间以来，我一直是他最热烈的崇拜者之一。但是，他的作品给我的益处，不是作为哲学教导我，而是作为诗歌激励了我。即使到我们开始认识的时候，我的新思考方式也还不够先进，无法充分欣赏他的作品。一个证据就是他给我看他刚刚完成的最好、最伟大的作品《衣裳哲学》的手稿时，我还读不懂。然而，差不多两年后，它发表在了《弗雷泽杂志》上，我再读的时候就带着热烈的崇拜和最强烈的喜悦了。我们观点中的重大分歧并未阻止我追随卡莱尔，与他交朋友。他很快发现，我并不是“另一个神秘主义者”，为了表示自己的诚意，我给他写了封信，清楚地表明了我所有他最不喜欢的观点，他回复说，我们之间的主要区别在于，我“至今还不是自觉的神秘主义者”。我不知道他到什么时候不再期盼我注定会成为神秘主义者。但是，尽管我们两个人的观点在接下来的几年里都经历了很大的变化，我们的思考方式并没比我们认识的最初几年更靠近一些。然而，我认为自己不能胜任评价卡莱尔的工作。我觉得他是个诗人，而我不是；他是个富有直觉的人，而我不是。同样地，他不仅能在我之前很久就明白很多东西，而我只能在别人把它们指出后才蹒跚跟随并去证明，而且他能明白的很多东西很可能即使在被指出来后，我仍然不明白。我知道我无法了解他在想什么，也永远不能肯定能看透他。我从不相信自己能明确地评价他，除非有一个远比我们两人都更出众的人给我解释以后才可以——那个人比他更有诗才，比我更有思想——这个人在思想和性情上要远远比他更丰富。

Among the persons of intellect whom I had known of old, the one with whom I had now most points of agreement was the elder Austin. I have mentioned that he always set himself in opposition to our early sectarianism; and latterly he had, like myself, come under new influences. Having been appointed Professor of Jurisprudence in the London University (now University College), he had lived for some time at Bonn to study for his Lectures; and the influences of German literature and of the German character and state of society had made a very perceptible change in his views of life. His personal disposition was much softened; he was less militant and polemic; his tastes had begun to turn themselves towards the poetic and contemplative. He attached much less importance than formerly to outward changes; unless accompanied by a better cultivation of the inward nature. He had a strong distaste for the general meanness of English life, the absence of enlarged thoughts and unselfish desires, the low objects on which the faculties of all classes of the English are intent. Even the kind of public interests which Englishmen care for, he held in very little esteem. He thought that there was more practical good government, and (which is true enough) infinitely more care for the education and mental improvement of all ranks of the people, under the Prussian monarchy, than under the English representative government: and he held, with the French Economists, that the real security for good government is "un peuple éclairé," which is not always the fruit of popular institutions, and which if it could be had

without them, would do their work better than they. Though he approved of the Reform Bill, he predicted, what in fact occurred, that it would not produce the great immediate improvements in government, which many expected from it. The men, he said, who could do these great things, did not exist in the country. There were many points of sympathy between him and me, both in the new opinions he had adopted and in the old ones which he retained. Like me, he never ceased to be an utilitarian, and with all his love of the Germans, and enjoyment of their literature, never became in the smallest degree reconciled to the innate-principle metaphysics. He cultivated more and more a kind of German religion, a religion of poetry and feeling with little, if anything of positive dogma; while, in politics (and here it was that I most differed with him) he acquired an indifference, bordering on contempt, for the progress of popular institutions: though he rejoiced in that of Socialism, as the most effectual means of compelling the powerful classes to educate the people, and to impress on them the only real means of permanently improving their material condition, a limitation of their numbers. Neither was he, at this time, fundamentally opposed to Socialism in itself as an ultimate result of improvement. He professed great disrespect for what he called "the universal principles of human nature of the political economists," and insisted on the evidence which history and daily experience afford of the "extraordinary pliability of human nature" (a phrase which I have somewhere borrowed from him); nor did he think it possible to set any positive bounds to the moral capabilities which might unfold themselves in mankind, under an enlightened direction of social and educational influences. Whether he retained all these opinions to the end of life I know not. Certainly the modes of thinking of his later years and especially of his last publication were much more Tory in their general character, than those which he held at this time.

在我很久以前就认识的有识之士中，现在和我一致意见最多的是年长的奥斯丁。我提到过，他总是反对我们早期的宗派主义。后来，他和我一样受到新的影响。他被任命为伦敦大学（现在的伦敦大学学院）的法学教授之后，为了讲课做研究而在波恩住了一段时间。德国文学、德国人性格和社会状态的影响，使他的人生观产生了很明显的变化。他的性情温和了很多，没那么好斗爱争辩了，他开始转向爱好诗歌和沉思。他不再像以前一样那么重视外部变化，除非与此同时，内部性情也得到更好的陶冶。英国人的生活普遍很自私，缺乏宽广的思想和无私的愿望，还有英国所有阶层热衷的卑微目标，他都特别讨厌。即便对英国人关心的那种公共利益，他也不太瞧得起。他认为，普鲁士君主政体比英国的代议制政府实行了更多实际的善政（这是真的），更关心所有阶层人民的教育和思想进步。和法国《经济学人》的观点一样，他认为真正确保善政的是“见多识广的民众”，不一定是民主制度的成果。但如果没

有这种制度也能有这些人的话，他们就会比这种制度更能发挥作用。尽管他赞成《改革法案》，但他还是预言，在治理上它不会产生很多人期盼的那种重大的直接的进步，事实上也确实如此。他说，这个国家不存在能做这些伟大事情的人。不管在他采纳的新观点上，还是在他保留的旧观点上，我和他之间都有很多共鸣。和我一样，他一直都是个功利主义者，他热爱德国人，喜欢他们的文学，但他从来都没有接受先天原则的形而上学，一点都没有接受。他日益培养出一种德国信仰，一种诗歌和感觉的信仰，但明确的信条却很少（如果有的话）。而在政治上（这是我和他最不同的地方），他不关心大众制度的进步，几乎是轻视它。但是他很高兴地看到，要迫使权力阶层去教育民众，并让他们记住永久改进他们物质条件的唯一真正的方法是限制他们的数量，社会主义是最有效的方法。这时，他也没有从根本上反对完全把社会主义当作进步的最终结果。他非常蔑视他所谓的“政治经济学家的人性普遍原则”，并坚持那些历史和日常经验提供的“人性的非凡适应性”的证据（这个短语是我在某处从他那里借用的）。他还认为，即便在社会和教育影响的开明指导下，也不可能给可能会在人类身上展现的道德能力设下任何绝对的限度。我不知道他是否直到生命的尽头还保持着这些观点。当然，他晚年的思考方式，尤其是他最后出版的作品，从总体特征上看比这时更加保守。

My father's tone of thought and feeling, I now felt myself at a great distance from: greater, indeed, than a full and calm explanation and reconsideration on both sides, might have shewn to exist in reality. But my father was not one with whom calm and full explanations on fundamental points of doctrine could be expected, at least with one whom he might consider as, in some sort, a deserter from his standard. Fortunately we were almost always in strong agreement on the political questions of the day, which engrossed a large part of his interest and of his conversation. On those matters of opinion on which we differed, we talked little. He knew that the habit of thinking for myself, which his mode of education had fostered, sometimes led me to opinions different from his, and he perceived from time to time that I did not always tell him how different. I expected no good, but only pain to both of us, from discussing our differences: and I never expressed them but when he gave utterance to some opinion or feeling repugnant to mine, in a manner which would have made it disingenuousness on my part to remain silent.

我现在觉得自己和父亲的思考和情感风格相差很远。真的比双方都进行全面平静的说明和斟酌后能看出来的在现实中存在的差别还要大。但是，不能期待我父亲会平静、全面地解释学说的基本要点，至少不会和一个在他看来，可能在某种程度上抛弃了他的标准的人这样解释。幸运的是，在当前的政治问题上，我们几乎总是强烈的一致，而政治问题是他非常感兴趣的，占据了他谈话的主要内容。对于我们观点不一致的事情，我们谈得很少。他知道，他的教育方式培养了我自主思考的习

惯，让我有时会持和他不同的观点，他时常觉察到我不总是告诉他我们的观点怎么不同。我知道，讨论我们的分歧不会对我们两个有任何好处，只会产生痛苦；我从来没有表示过这些分歧，除非他表达一些与我不一致的观点或感觉的方式，让我觉得如果保持沉默就会显得无诚意的时候才会这么做。

It remains to speak of what I wrote during these years, which, independently of my contributions to newspapers, was considerable. In 1830 and 1831 I wrote the five Essays since published under the title of Essays on Some Unsettled Questions of Political Economy, almost as they now stand, except that in 1833 I partially rewrote the fifth Essay. They were written with no immediate purpose of publication; and when, some years later, I offered them to a publisher, he declined them. They were only printed in 1844, after the success of the System of Logic. I also resumed my speculations on this last subject, and puzzled myself, like others before me, with the great paradox of the discovery of new truths by general reasoning. As to the fact, there could be no doubt. As little could it be doubted, that all reasoning is resolvable into syllogisms, and that in every syllogism the conclusion is actually contained and implied in the premises. How, being so contained and implied, it could be new truth, and how the theorems of geometry, so different in appearance from the definitions and axioms, could be all contained in these, was a difficulty which no one, I thought, had sufficiently felt, and which at all events no one had succeeded in clearing up. The explanations offered by Whately and others, though they might give a temporary satisfaction, always, in my mind, left a mist still hanging over the subject. At last, when reading a second or third time the chapters on Reasoning in the second volume of Dugald Stewart, interrogating myself on every point, and following out, as far as I knew how, every topic of thought which the book suggested, I came upon an idea of his respecting the use of axioms in ratiocination, which I did not remember to have before noticed, but which now, in meditating on it, seemed to me not only true of axioms, but of all general propositions whatever, and to be the key of the whole perplexity. From this germ grew the theory of the Syllogism propounded in the second Book of the Logic; which I immediately fixed by writing it out. And now, with greatly increased hope of being able to produce a work on Logic, of some originality and value, I proceeded to write the First Book, from the rough and imperfect draft I had already made. What I now wrote became the basis of that part of the subsequent Treatise; except that it did not contain the Theory of Kinds, which was a later addition, suggested by otherwise inextricable difficulties which met me in my first attempt to work out the subject of some of the concluding chapters of the Third Book. At the point which I have now reached I made a halt, which

lasted five years. I had come to the end of my tether; I could make nothing satisfactory of Induction, at this time. I continued to read any book which seemed to promise light on the subject, and appropriated, as well as I could, the results; but for a long time I found nothing which seemed to open to me any very important vein of meditation.

我还应该谈谈这些年我写的东西，除了给报纸的投稿之外，还有很多。1830年和1831年，我写了五篇论文，后来以《论政治经济学中一些未处理的问题》的书名出版，除了在1833年的时候我改写了第五篇的一部分外，其他的基本和现在见到的一样。写这些论文的时候没打算要立刻发表。几年后，当我把它们拿给一位出版商时，却被他拒绝了。1844年《逻辑学体系》一书成功后，它们才得以发表。我也继续思考逻辑学这个主题，和前人一样，对于通过一般的推理就能发现新真理这个似乎矛盾的观点，我也很迷惑。至于事实，则毋庸置疑。就像所有的推理都可以分解成三段论法，在每个三段论法中，结论实际上包含和隐含在前提里面，这没什么可怀疑的。结论被这样包含和隐含着，怎么能是新真理。几何学的定理，表面上看与定义和公理如此不同，怎么会包含在它们里面。我想，这个困难是谁都没有充分感觉到的，也还没有被成功解释清楚过。惠特利和其他人提供的解释尽管可以让人暂时满意，但在我心中总是还有一团迷雾笼罩在这个问题上。终于，在第二遍或第三遍读杜格尔·斯图尔特第二卷中论推理的章节时，我在每个点上都提问自己，并且尽可能地把书中提出的每个思想主题追查到底，我突然想起他说过在推理中用公理，我记得以前没注意过，但是现在，在思索这个问题的时候，我觉得不仅公理可以用在推理中，而且所有普通的命题都可以，这似乎是解开整个困惑的关键。这个萌芽发展成了三段论的理论，在《逻辑学体系》的第二卷里提了出来。通过把它写下来，我迅速把这个理论确定了下来。现在，我更加希望能创作一部新颖、有价值的逻辑学作品，我从以前粗糙、不完善的手稿着手，开始写第一卷。我现在所写的东西，成了随后的论文中相应部分的基础。只是不包括后来加上去的《类别理论》，那是我草拟第三卷最后几章的题目碰到困难时想出来的，要是没有类别理论这些困难就无法解决。在我现在到达的这个关头上，我停了下来，一停就是五年。我已经到了极限了。此时，我无法写出任何让人满意的关于归纳法的文章。我继续读任何看起来有希望为归纳法提供一线光亮的书籍，尽量利用它们的成果。但是在很长一段时间里，我没找到任何能给我提供非常重要思路的东西。

In 1832 I wrote several papers for the first series of Tait's Magazine, and one for a quarterly periodical called the Jurist, which had been founded, and for a short time carried on, by a set of friends, all lawyers and law reformers, with several of whom I was acquainted. The paper in question is the one on the rights and duties of the State respecting Corporation and Church Property, now standing first among the collected Dissertations and Discussions; where one of my articles in Tait, "The Currency Juggle," also appears. In the whole mass of what I wrote previous to these, there is nothing of sufficient

permanent value to justify reprinting. The paper in the Jurist, which I still think a very complete discussion of the rights of the State over Foundations, shewed both sides of my opinions, asserting as firmly as I should have done at any time, the doctrine that all endowments are national property, which the government may and ought to control; but not, as I should once have done, condemning endowments in themselves, and proposing that they should be taken to pay off the national debt. On the contrary, I urged strenuously the importance of having a provision for education, not dependent on the mere demand of the market, that is, on the knowledge and discernment of average parents, but calculated to establish and keep up a higher standard of instruction than is likely to be spontaneously demanded by the buyers of the article. All these opinions have been confirmed and strengthened by the whole course of my subsequent reflections.

1832年，我在《泰特杂志》的第一辑上写了好几篇文章，还给一个叫《法学家》的季刊写了一篇，这本季刊是由一帮朋友创立并经营了短暂的一段时间，他们都是律师和法律改革家，我和其中好几个很熟。这里说的这篇文章，是关于国家在社团和教会财产上的权利和义务的，现在被收录进《论述和讨论》。我发表在《泰特杂志》上的一篇文章《货币骗局》也收录在这里面。在这些文章之前，我写的很多文章，都没有足够永恒的价值使得它们值得再版。我至今仍然认为，《法学家》上的那篇文章，对于国家在基金机构上权利的论述非常完整，表明了我的观点的两个方面：一方面，我跟以往任何时候一样，坚决支持所有捐款都是国家财产的学说，政府可以而且也应该支配这些捐款；另一方面，我不像过去那样谴责捐款本身，还建议用它们偿还国家债务。相反，我极力强调为教育设立基金条款的重要性，教育不能仅依靠市场需求，也就是说不能仅依靠普通父母的了解和眼力，而是要计划好，设立并保持较高的教育标准，比商品购买者自发要求的标准还要高。所有这些见解都在我后来的整个思考过程中得到了证实和加强。

(1) 麦克白，莎士比亚悲剧《麦克白》的主人公，这儿是他就麦克白夫人的病情对医生说的话：“替她医好这种病。你难道不能诊治那种病态的心理，从记忆中拔去一桩根深蒂固的忧郁，拭掉那写在脑筋上的烦恼，用一种使人忘却一切的甘美的药剂，把那堆满在胸间，重压在心头的积毒扫除干净吗？”

(2) 勒普泰岛，英国作家乔纳森.斯威夫特所著小说《格列佛游记》中提到的一个飞行浮岛。

(3) 英国圣公会的教义纲要。

(4)约翰尼斯·开普勒（1571—1630），德国天文学家和数学家，被认为是现代天文学的奠基人，他创立了三大定律，说明行星围绕太阳运转的理论。

(5) 皮埃尔 - 西蒙·拉普拉斯（1749—1827），法国数学家和天文学家，以其关于太阳系起源和星云假说的理论及对行星的引力和稳定性调

查而著名。

(6) 宗教改革，16世纪西欧旨在改革罗马天主教某些教义的改革运动，最终导致新教的建立。

(7) 约翰·戈特利布·菲希特（1762—1814），德国哲学家，他关于世界道德规律及社会道德本性的思想，对黑格尔有重要影响。

(8)奥古斯特·孔德（1798—1857），法国哲学家，以实证主义创始人闻名。他还使社会学成为系统的科学。

(9) “七月革命”是指1830年7月法国推翻复辟波旁王朝，拥戴路易·菲利浦登上王位的革命。

(10) 拉斐德（1757—1834），法国战士和政治家，他曾在美国独立战争期间担任乔治.华盛顿的参谋。他还参加了法国1789年大革命和1830年的革命。

(11) 查尔斯·格雷（1764—1845），英国政治家，他在任首相期间（1830—1834）实行了议会和社会改革，以其在英帝国范围内废除奴隶制而闻名。

CHAPTER VI Commencement of The Most Valuable friendship Of My Life, My Father's Death, Writings And Other Proceedings Up

第六章 最珍贵友谊的开始 父亲去世1840年前的著作和其他活动

It was at the period of my mental progress which I have now reached that I formed the friendship which has been the honour and chief blessing of my existence, as well as the source of a great part of all that I have attempted to do, or hope to effect hereafter, for human improvement. My first introduction to the lady who, after a friendship of twenty years, consented to become my wife, was in 1830, when I was in my twenty-fifth and she in her twenty-third year. With her husband's family it was the renewal of an old acquaintanceship. His grandfather lived in the next house to my father's in Newington Green, and I had sometimes when a boy been invited to play in the old gentleman's garden. He was a fine specimen of the old Scotch puritan; stern, severe, and powerful, but very kind to children, on whom such men make a lasting impression. Although it was years after my introduction to Mrs. Taylor before my acquaintance with her became at all intimate or confidential, I very soon felt her to be the most admirable person I had ever known. It is not to be supposed that she was, or that any one, at the age at which I first saw her, could be, all that she afterwards became. Least of all could this be true of her, with whom self-improvement, progress in the highest and in all senses, was a law of her nature; a necessity equally from the ardour with which she sought it, and from the spontaneous tendency of faculties which could not receive an impression or an experience without making it the source or the occasion of an accession of wisdom. Up to the time when I first saw her, her rich and powerful nature had chiefly unfolded itself according to the received type of feminine genius. To her outer circle she was a beauty and a wit, with an air of natural distinction, felt by all who approached her: to the inner, a woman of deep and strong feeling, of penetrating and intuitive intelligence, and of an eminently meditative and poetic nature. Married at an early age, to a most upright, brave, and honourable man, of liberal opinions and good education, but without the intellectual or artistic tastes which would have made him a companion for her, though a steady and affectionate friend, for whom she had true esteem and the strongest affection through life, and whom she most deeply lamented when dead; shut out by the social disabilities of women from any adequate

exercise of her highest faculties in action on the world without; her life was one of inward meditation, varied by familiar intercourse with a small circle of friends, of whom one only (long since deceased) was a person of genius, or of capacities of feeling or intellect kindred with her own, but all had more or less of alliance with her in sentiments and opinions. Into this circle I had the good fortune to be admitted, and I soon perceived that she possessed in combination, the qualities which in all other persons whom I had known I had been only too happy to find singly. In her, complete emancipation from every kind of superstition (including that which attributes a pretended perfection to the order of nature and the universe), and an earnest protest against many things which are still part of the established constitution of society, resulted not from the hard intellect but from strength of noble and elevated feeling, and co-existed with a highly reverential nature. In general spiritual characteristics, as well as in temperament and organization, I have often compared her, as she was at this time, to Shelley: but in thought and intellect, Shelley, so far as his powers were developed in his short life, was but a child compared with what she ultimately became. Alike in the highest regions of speculation and in the smaller practical concerns of daily life, her mind was the same perfect instrument, piercing to the very heart and marrow of the matter; always seizing the essential idea or principle. The same exactness and rapidity of operation, pervading as it did her sensitive as well as her mental faculties, would, with her gifts of feeling and imagination, have fitted her to be a consummate artist, as her fiery and tender soul and her vigorous eloquence would certainly have made her a great orator, and her profound knowledge of human nature and discernment and sagacity in practical life, would, in the times when such a carrière was open to women, have made her eminent among the rulers of mankind. Her intellectual gifts did but minister to a moral character at once the noblest and the best balanced which I have ever met with in life. Her unselfishness was not that of a taught system of duties, but of a heart which thoroughly identified itself with the feelings of others, and often went to excess in consideration for them by imaginatively investing their feelings with the intensity of its own. The passion of justice might have been thought to be her strongest feeling, but for her boundless generosity, and a lovingness ever ready to pour itself forth upon any or all human beings who were capable of giving the smallest feeling in return. The rest of her moral characteristics were such as naturally accompany these qualities of mind and heart: the most genuine modesty combined with the loftiest pride; a simplicity and sincerity which were absolute, towards all who were fit to receive them; the utmost scorn of whatever was mean and cowardly, and a burning indignation at

everything brutal or tyrannical, faithless or dishonorable in conduct and character, while making the broadest distinction between mala in se and mere mala prohibita—between acts giving evidence of intrinsic badness in feeling and character, and those which are only violations of conventions either good or bad, violations which whether in themselves right or wrong, are capable of being committed by persons in every other respect loveable or admirable.

在我思想进步达到目前这一水平的时期，我得到了一位女士的友谊，这是我一生的荣耀和最大的幸事，我为人类进步努力做的所有事情，或者希望今后实现的事情中，有一大部分也是源于这段友谊。我第一次被介绍给这位女士是在1830 年，那时我25 岁，她23 岁， 做了20 年的朋友后，她答应做我的妻子。这延续了我家和她丈夫家的老交情。她丈夫的祖父住在纽因顿格林，与我父亲是邻居，在我还是小孩子的时候，就曾被邀请到这位老绅士的花园里玩。他是一位典型的老派苏格兰清教徒：严厉，简朴，有威严，但是对小孩子很亲切，这种人会给孩子们留下长久的印象。尽管和泰勒夫人认识好几年后我和她才成为很亲密或者彼此信任的朋友，但是我很快就意识到她是我所认识的人中最值得敬佩的人。这不是说，我第一次见到那个年龄的她就具备后来她所达到的水平，这对任何人都不可能，尤其对她而言。对她来说，自我改进，取得最高的、所有可能的进步，是她天性的规律；追求进步的热情和能力的自然倾向，必然使她把自己的每一个印象或每一次经验都变成增加智慧的源泉或机会。按照公认的女性天才的标准，在我第一次见她时，她那丰富而坚强的性格就已绝大部分展现了出来。从她的外表来看，她美丽，机智，与她接近的人都能感觉到她那天生与众不同的气质。从内心来说，她有深切、强烈的感情，有洞察力和直觉的才智，有突出的、爱思考的诗人般特质。她很早就结婚了，丈夫正直，勇敢，可敬，观点开明，受过良好的教育，但是不具有成为她的伴侣所需的智力或艺术品味——不过却是位可靠、亲爱的朋友，她一生都很尊敬他，对他有强烈的感情，当他去世时，她悲痛欲绝。由于社会对妇女的限制，她无法把强大的自我才能充分运用于外界活动中。她生活在内心沉思中，只有在与一小圈子朋友进行亲密交流时才有所变化。在这些朋友中，只有一位（早已过世了）是天才，或者说具有和她相似的感觉或智力才能，但是所有朋友也都或多或少与她具有相似的情操和见解。我有幸被这个圈子接纳，很快便察觉到，她综合具备我所认识人的所有品质，而这些品质，任何一样都足以让我欣喜若狂。她完全不相信迷信（包括把虚假的完美归因于大自然和宇宙的秩序），热切地反对那些仍然属于社会既定构造的东西，这并不是源于高智商，而是源于尊贵、高尚的情感力量和非常可敬的天性。在一般的精神特性及性情和条理性上，我经常把当时的她比作雪莱。但是，在雪莱短暂的人生中，他所发挥的思维能力和智力才能，和她最终所达到的水平相比，差距仍然非常大。不论在思索的最高领域还是在日常生活中不太重大的实际问题上，她的头脑都是完美的工具，总是能刺入问题的心脏和脊髓，抓住本质的概念或原则。与她丰富的感受力和智力一样，她行动起来同样精确迅速，加上她在感觉和想象力上具有的天赋，使她足以成为一个造诣极高的艺术家。而她热

烈、慈爱的灵魂和有说服力的口才，当然会使她成为一位伟大的演讲家。如果元首地位对妇女开放的话，她对人性的深刻了解，实际生活中的洞察力和聪慧，也会使她成为人类杰出的统治者之一。她的智力天赋，只贡献于我一生中曾见过的最高贵、最和谐的品德。她的无私不是后天培养出来的责任体系，而是完全认同他人感情的心地，并经常在想象中把自己强烈的感情倾注在他们的感情之中，所以经常为别人考虑得过多。她对任何人，或者所有哪怕只能够付出一点点情感作为回报的人，都甘愿付出自己的无限慷慨和爱心，若不是如此的话，人们可能就会认为对正义的热爱是她最强烈的感情。她的其他品质特征，很自然地与这些思想和心灵特质共存：最诚挚的谦逊与最高尚的自尊相结合，对所有值得的人都绝对的纯朴和真诚，对任何卑鄙和懦弱的行为都极度地蔑视，对任何残忍或专制、背信或可耻的行为和性格都表示极度的愤慨。同时，她把自然罪行和单纯的不法行为非常明确地区分开来，即把显示感情和品格中内在恶劣的行为，同那些仅仅违背或好或坏习俗的行为区分开来，这种违背不管本身是对还是错，都是那些在其他方面可爱或可敬的人可能会做出来的。

To be admitted into any degree of mental intercourse with a being of these qualities, could not but have a most beneficial influence on my development; though the effect was only gradual, and many years elapsed before her mental progress and mine went forward in the complete companionship they at last attained. The benefit I received was far greater than any which I could hope to give; though to her, who had at first reached her opinions by the moral intuition of a character of strong feeling, there was doubtless help as well as encouragement to be derived from one who had arrived at many of the same results by study and reasoning: and in the rapidity of her intellectual growth, her mental activity, which converted everything into knowledge, doubtless drew from me, as it did from other sources, many of its materials. What I owe, even intellectually, to her, is in its detail, almost infinite; of its general character, a few words will give some, though a very imperfect, idea.

能够与一位具备这些品质的人进行任何程度的思想交流，都会对我的成长产生非常有益的影响。可是这种影响是逐步产生的，而且直到多年以后，她的思想进步和我的思想进步才最终完全志趣相投。我得到的益处远远超过我希望能够给予的。尽管对她来说，她的见解起先是通过情感强烈的性格中所具有的精神本能获得的，但毫无疑问，她也能从一个通过研究和推理得出很多相同成果的人那里得到鼓励和帮助。在她智力迅速发展的过程中，她的脑力活动把任何东西都转化成了知识，毫无疑问，很多活动的材料她都是从我这里获取的，当然也从其他来源获取了很多。我要归功于她的东西，从细节上来讲，即便是智力上的，也几乎数不胜数。关于她对我的影响的总体特征，寥寥数语能说明一些，可是非常不完全。

With those who, like all the best and wisest of mankind, are

dissatisfied with human life as it is, and whose feelings are wholly identified with its radical amendment, there are two main regions of thought. One is the region of ultimate aims; the constituent elements of the highest realizable ideal of human life. The other is that of the immediately useful and practically attainable. In both these departments, I have acquired more from her teaching, than from all other sources taken together. And, to say truth, it is in these two extremes principally, that real certainty lies. My own strength lay wholly in the uncertain and slippery intermediate region, that of theory, or moral and political science: respecting the conclusions of which, in any of the forms in which I have received or originated them, whether as political economy, analytic psychology, logic, philosophy of history, or anything else, it is not the least of my intellectual obligations to her that I have derived from her a wise scepticism, which, while it has not hindered me from following out the honest exercise of my thinking faculties to whatever conclusions might result from it, has put me on my guard against holding or announcing these conclusions with a degree of confidence which the nature of such speculations does not warrant, and has kept my mind not only open to admit, but prompt to welcome and eager to seek, even on the questions on which I have most meditated, any prospect of clearer perceptions and better evidence. I have often received praise, which in my own right I only partially deserve, for the greater practicality which is supposed to be found in my writings, compared with those of most thinkers who have been equally addicted to large generalizations. The writings in which this quality has been observed, were not the work of one mind, but of the fusion of two, one of them as preeminently practical in its judgments and perceptions of things present, as it was high and bold in its anticipations for a remote futurity.

和所有最优秀、最聪明的人一样，那些不满意人类生活的现状，把全部感情倾注于激进变革的人，思想可分为两个主要领域。一个是终极目标的领域，这些目标是人类生活可实现的最高理想的组成元素。另一个是直接有用，实践可以达到的领域。在这两个领域里，我从她的教导中获得的，比从其他所有来源获得的总和还要多。说实话，真正的确定性主要存在于这两个极端里面。我自己的力量全都存在于那个不确定、不可靠的中间区域，即理论或精神和政治科学领域。关于中间区域的结论，不论我以何种形式接受或创造的结论，不管是政治经济学、分析心理学、逻辑学、历史哲学，还是其他任何学科上的结论，在智力上都要大大归功于从她那里学得的明智的怀疑主义态度。这种怀疑没有阻止我继续诚实地运用思考能力去寻求任何可能得出的结论，只是警告我不要带着这种思考性质所不能保证的信心来支持或宣布这些结论。还让我的头脑不仅随时准备接纳，而且急于欢迎并热切地寻求任何更清楚的概念和更完善的证据，即使在我考虑最多的问题上也是如此。与大部分同样

沉溺于大量概括的思想家相比，我经常因为作品更具实用性而受到表扬，但是就我本人来说，这些表扬中只有一部分是我应得的。那些被认为具有实用性的作品，不是我一个人的成果，而是两个人思想的融合，这其中一人对当前事务的判断和理解非常合乎实际，对遥远未来的预期也很大胆，很有高度。

At the present period, however, this influence was only one among many which were helping to shape the character of my future development: and even after it became, I may truly say, the presiding principle of my mental progress, it did not alter the path, but only made me move forward more boldly, and, at the same time, more cautiously, in the same course. The only actual revolution which has ever taken place in my modes of thinking, was already complete. My new tendencies had to be confirmed in some respects, moderated in others: but the only substantial changes of opinion that were yet to come, related to politics, and consisted, on one hand, in a greater approximation, so far as regards the ultimate prospects of humanity, to a qualified Socialism, and on the other, a shifting of my political ideal from pure democracy, as commonly understood by its partisans, to the modified form of it, which is set forth in my Considerations on Representative Government.

然而，在现阶段，这种影响只是有助于塑造我未来发展特征的众多因素之一。老实说，即使在它成为我思想进步的指导原则之后，它也没有改变我进步的方向，只是让我在同一方向上更勇敢，同时也更慎重地前进。我的思考方式上发生的唯一真正的巨变已经完成了。我的新倾向在某些方面应该加强，在其他方面则要节制。但是，观念上唯一实质的变革尚未到来，那是和政治相关的，这种变化一方面在于人类的最终前途更加接近于有限制的社会主义，另一方面在于把我的政治理想从强硬支持者通常所理解的纯粹的民主政治，转变为我在《论代议制政府》中阐明的改良后的民主政治。

This last change, which took place very gradually, dates its commencement from my reading, or rather study, of A. de Tocqueville[1]'s Democracy in America, which fell into my hands immediately after its first appearance. In that remarkable work, the excellences of democracy were pointed out in a more conclusive, because a more specific manner than I had ever known them to be, even by the most enthusiastic democrats; while the specific dangers which beset democracy, considered as the government of the numerical majority, were brought into equally strong light, and subjected to a masterly analysis, not as reasons for resisting what the author considered as an inevitable result of human progress, but as indications of the weak points of popular government, the defences by which it needs to be guarded, and the correctives which must be added to it in order that while full play is given to its beneficial

tendencies, those which are of a different nature may be neutralized or mitigated. I was now well prepared for speculations of this character, and from this time onward my own thoughts moved more and more in the same channel, though the consequent modifications in my practical political creed were spread over many years, as would be shown by comparing my first review of Democracy in America, written and published in 1835, with the one in 1840 (reprinted in the Dissertations), and this last, with the Considerations on Representative Government .

这最后一个变化发生得非常缓慢，最早要追溯到我阅读或者说研究托克维尔先生的《论美国的民主》，该书刚一出版我就立刻拿到了手中。与我所知的任何热情的民主主义者的阐述相比，这部非凡的著作提出民主政治优越性的方式都更明确具体因而更具结论性；同时，因民主政治被视为大多数人的统治，就困扰它的具体危险，作者也进行了精辟的阐述和巧妙的分析，他并不是以此为理由反对那被作者认为是人类进步必然结果的民主政治，而是指出民主政治的弱点，同时指出捍卫它的各种方法，和必须增加的补救措施，这样可以充分发挥它的有益倾向，同时消除或减轻与它不同性质的倾向。我现在已经为进行这种思索做好了充分的准备，从这时起，我自己的思想也朝着这个方向不断前进，尽管我此后对实际政治信条的改变持续了很多年，至于这一点，把我1835年写出来并发表的第一篇《论美国的民主》的书评，与1840 年（在《论述和讨论》中再版）的那篇进行对比，再把最近的一篇与《论代议制政府》一对比，就可以看出来。

A collateral subject on which also I derived great benefit from the study of Tocqueville, was the fundamental question of centralization. The powerful philosophic analysis which he applied to American and to French experience, led him to attach the utmost importance to the performance of as much of the collective business of society, as can safely be so performed, by the people themselves, without any intervention of the executive government, either to supersede their agency, or to dictate the manner of its exercise. He viewed this practical political activity of the individual citizen, not only as one of the most effectual means of training the social feelings and practical intelligence of the people, so important in themselves and so indispensable to good government, but also as the specific counteractive to some of the characteristic infirmities of democracy, and a necessary protection against its degenerating into the only despotism of which, in the modern world, there is real danger—the absolute rule of the head of the executive over a congregation of isolated individuals, all equals but all slaves. There was, indeed, no immediate peril from this source on the British side of the channel, where nine-tenths of the internal business which elsewhere devolves on the government, was transacted by agencies independent of it;

where centralization was, and is, the subject not only of rational disapprobation, but of unreasoning prejudice; where jealousy of government interference was a blind feeling preventing or resisting even the most beneficial exertion of legislative authority to correct the abuses of what pretends to be local self-government, but is, too often, selfish mismanagement of local interests, by a jobbing and borné local oligarchy. But the more certain the public were to go wrong on the side opposed to centralization, the greater danger was there lest philosophic reformers should fall into the contrary error, and overlook the mischiefs of which they had been spared the painful experience. I was myself, at this very time, actively engaged in defending important measures, such as the great Poor Law Reform of 1834, against an irrational clamour grounded on the anti-centralization prejudice: and had it not been for the lessons of Tocqueville, I do not know that I might not, like many reformers before me, have been hurried into the excess opposite to that, which, being the one prevalent in my own country, it was generally my business to combat. As it is, I have steered carefully between the two errors, and whether I have or have not drawn the line between them exactly in the right place, I have at least insisted with equal emphasis upon the evils on both sides, and have made the means of reconciling the advantages of both, a subject of serious study.

在一个附带问题上，我也从研究托克维尔中得到了巨大的益处，这就是中央集权化的重要问题。他对美国和法国经验有力的哲学分析，让他十分重视社会集体事务，它可由人民自己安全地管理，不需要政府的任何干涉，政府不要取代人民的作用，也不要指挥他们的执行方式。他不仅把这种由公民个人参与的实际政治活动视为训练人们社会感情和实际知识的最有效方式之一。这不仅对公民本身非常重要，也是善政不可或缺的，还把它视为对付民主政治中一些典型弱点的特殊抵抗手段，以及防止民主政治退化为专制政治的必要保护手段。而专制政治是现代社会唯一有真正危险的东西——政府首脑对一群相互孤立的个人进行绝对的统治，所有人看似平等，但其实都是奴隶。确实，对于海峡这边的英国来说没有这种直接的危险。在英国，几乎全部国内事务都由独立于政府的机构办理，而在别的国家却都是移交给政府办理的。在英国，中央集权化不仅受到理性的指责，而且受到不合理的歧视。在那儿，对政府干涉的警惕是一种盲目的感情，甚至阻止或抵制了立法机构最有利地发挥作用以纠正一些弊端，比如假公济私和狭隘的地方寡头政治假装成地方自治，这经常是对地方利益进行自私又不当的管理的弊端。但是，公众越是坚定地站在反对中央集权那一边，理论改革家陷入相反错误的危险就越大，而且越会忽视他们没有经历过的痛苦的危害。我本人就在这时也积极地参与了捍卫重要措施的活动，比如1834 年伟大的济贫法改革，我就反对反中央集权化者们带有偏见的无理喧闹。如果没有托克维尔的教导，我不敢肯定自己会不会像之前的很多改革家一样，匆忙地过分反对在英国盛行的这种喧闹。因为在过去，我通常会把反击它当成是

自己的任务。事实上，我小心地避开这两种错误，不管我是否正好在合适的地方给它们划清了界线，至少我坚持给双方的弊端以同等的重视，而且认真地去研究协调双方优势的手段。

In the meanwhile had taken place the election of the first Reformed Parliament, which included several of the most notable of my Radical friends and acquaintances—Grote, Roebuck[2], Buller[3], Sir William Molesworth[4], John[5] and Edward[6] Romilly, and several more; besides Warburton, Strutt, and others, who were in parliament already. Those who thought themselves, and were called by their friends, the philosophic Radicals, had now, it seemed, a fair opportunity, in a more advantageous position than they had ever before occupied, for showing what was in them; and I, as well as my father, founded great hopes on them. These hopes were destined to be disappointed. The men were honest, and faithful to their opinions, as far as votes were concerned; often in spite of much discouragement. When measures were proposed, flagrantly at variance with their principles, such as the Irish Coercion Bill, or the Canada Coercion in 1837, they came forward manfully, and braved any amount of hostility and prejudice rather than desert the right. But on the whole they did very little to promote any opinions; they had little enterprise, little activity: they left the lead of the radical portion of the House to the old hands, to Hume and O'Connell[7]. A partial exception must be made in favour of one or two of the younger men; and in the case of Roebuck, it is his title to permanent remembrance, that in the very first year during which he sat in Parliament, he originated (or re-originated after the unsuccessful attempt of Mr. Brougham) the parliamentary movement for National Education; and that he was the first to commence, and for years carried on almost alone, the contest for the self-government of the Colonies. Nothing, on the whole equal to these two things, was done by any other individual, even of those from whom most was expected. And now, on a calm retrospect, I can perceive that the men were less in fault than we supposed, and that we had expected too much from them. They were in unfavourable circumstances. Their lot was cast in the ten years of inevitable reaction, when, the Reform excitement being over, and the few legislative improvements which the public really called for having been rapidly effected, power gravitated back in its natural direction, to those who were for keeping things as they were; when the public mind desired rest, and was less disposed than at any other period since the peace, to let itself be moved by attempts to work up the reform feeling into fresh activity in favour of new things. It would have required a great political leader, which no one is to be blamed for not being, to have effected really great things by parliamentary discussion when the nation was in this mood. My father and I had

hoped that some competent leader might arise; some man of philosophic attainments and popular talents, who could have put heart into the many younger or less distinguished men that would have been ready to join him—could have made them available, to the extent of their talents, in bringing advanced ideas before the public—could have used the House of Commons as a rostra or a teacher's chair for instructing and impelling the public mind; and would either have forced the Whigs[8] to receive their measures from him, or have taken the lead of the Reform party out of their hands. Such a leader there would have been, if my father had been in Parliament. For want of such a man, the instructed Radicals sank into a mere Côté Gauche of the Whig party. With a keen, and as I now think, an exaggerated sense of the possibilities which were open to the Radicals if they made even ordinary exertion for their opinions, I laboured from this time till 1839, both by personal influence with some of them, and by writings, to put ideas into their heads and purpose into their hearts, I did some good with Charles Buller, and some with Sir William Molesworth; both of whom did valuable service, but were unhappily cut off almost in the beginning of their usefulness. On the whole, however, my attempt was vain. To have had a chance of succeeding in it, required a different position from mine. It was a task only for one who, being himself in Parliament, could have mixed with the radical members in daily consultation, could himself have taken the initiative, and instead of urging others to lead, could have summoned them to follow.

同时，改革后的议会进行了第一次选举，我的好几位最著名的激进派朋友和熟人都入选了。包括格罗特、罗巴克、布勒、威廉. 莫尔斯沃思爵士、约翰. 罗米利和爱德华. 罗米利，还有其他几个人。此外，还有沃伯顿、斯特拉特等早已进入议会的一些人。这些人自认为是哲学激进派，他们的朋友也这样称呼他们，他们现在获得的地位比以前的都更有利，似乎有很好的机会展示自己的能力。我和父亲对他们寄予厚望。然而，这些希望注定要破灭。在投票问题上，这些人很诚实，忠于自己的主张，经常不在乎很多挫折。当议会提出的议案与他们的原则极其不一致时，比如《爱尔兰镇压法案》或者1837 年的《加拿大镇压法案》，他们就勇敢地站了出来，挑战所有的敌对和偏见，而不放弃正确的主张。但是总的来说，他们对发扬任何观念都没起到多大作用。他们没什么进取心，也没采取多少行动，还把下议院激进派的领导权交给老议员休谟和奥康奈尔。但必须看到有一两个年轻人是例外，比如罗巴克，他就有资格被人们永远记住，因为就在他进入议会的头一年，他就发起了（或者说在布鲁厄姆尝试失败后，重新发起了）议会全民教育运动。他还是第一个发起争取殖民地自治运动的人，而且很多年来，几乎一直靠自己的力量坚持了下去。任何其他个人所做的事情，加起来都不能和这两件事相提并论，即使是人们寄予厚望的人。现在平静地回想起来，这些人的不足并不像我们想象的那么多，我们对他们期望其实太高了。他们所处的环境很不利，他们的命运被锁定在那必然保守的十年，那时，

改革热情已逝，公众真正要求的少数立法上的改良已匆匆实现，权力正回归到其自然的方向上，回到那些主张保持现状的人手里。这时，公众的心灵希望休息，比战争结束后的任何时期都更难以受到触动，把改革的感情发展成支持新事物的努力是无法触动它的。当国家处于这种状态时，必须有一个伟大的政治领袖，通过议会讨论来催生真正伟大的事情，但又不能责怪任何人不是这样的一个人。我和父亲曾希望出现一位能胜任的领袖，这个人既有哲学造诣，又有得人心的才干，能全心全意调动愿意和他一起行动的很多年轻人或者不是那么著名的人；他能够让这些人凭自己的才干，把先进的思想带到大众面前；能够把国会下议院当作教导、推动公众思想的讲坛或讲台；能够要么迫使辉格党接受他的措施，要么从他们手中夺回改革党的领导权。如果我父亲在议会的话，就会有这样一位领袖。由于缺少这样一个人，受过教育的激进分子只能沦落为辉格党的左派。我曾热切地认为，激进分子哪怕能够尽寻常之力去实践他们的观点，就会有很大的成功机会，我现在也觉得自己当时估计过高了；带着这种想法，从那时起到1839年，我既通过对他们中的一些人进行私下的影响，又通过作品向他们灌输我的想法和意图。我这样做给查尔斯·布勒和威廉·莫尔斯沃思爵士带来了一些益处。他们两人都做出了有价值的贡献，但不幸都几乎在刚开始发挥作用的时候就离开议会了。然而总的来说，我的努力是徒劳的。要在这方面获得成功，需要一个和我身处不同位置的人。这项任务只有身处议会里的人才能完成，这样的人有机会和议会里的激进分子进行日常磋商，能自己掌握主动，能号召别人追随自己，而不是激励别人去做领袖。

What I could do by writing, I did. During the year 1833 I continued working in the Examiner with Fonblanque[9], who at that time was zealous in keeping up the fight for radicalism against the Whig ministry. During the session of 1834 I wrote comments on passing events, of the nature of newspaper articles (under the title of "Notes on the Newspapers"), in the Monthly Repository, a magazine conducted by Mr. Fox[10], well known as a preacher and political orator, and subsequently as member of parliament for Oldham; with whom I had lately become acquainted, and for whose sake chiefly I wrote in his magazine. I contributed several other articles to this periodical, the most considerable of which (on the theory of Poetry) is reprinted in the Dissertations. Altogether, the writings (independently of those in newspapers) which I published from 1832 to 1834, amount to a large volume. This, however, includes abstracts of several of Plato's Dialogues, with introductory remarks, which, though not published until1834, had been written several years earlier; and which I afterwards, on various occasions, found to have been read, and their authorship known, by more people than were aware of anything else which I had written, up to that time. To complete the tale of my writings at this period, I may add that in 1833, at the request of Bulwer[11], who was just then completing his England and the English (a work, at that time, greatly in advance of the public mind), I wrote

for him a critical account of Bentham's philosophy, a small part of which he incorporated in his text, and printed the rest (with an honorable acknowledgment), as an appendix. In this, along with the favorable, a part also of the unfavourable side of my estimation of Bentham's doctrines, considered as a complete philosophy, was for the first time put into print.

凡能通过写作来完成的事情，我都做了。1833 年间，我继续和方布兰克一起为《检查报》工作，他那时很热心于支持激进主义、反对辉格党内阁的斗争。1834 年议会会议期间，我写了一些报刊文章性质的实事评论（题为《报纸评论》），发表在《每月丛刊》上，这是福克斯先生创办的杂志，他是著名的宣传家、政治演说家，后来成为代表奥尔德姆的议员。我和他不久前刚认识，我在他的杂志上写文章，也主要是因为他的缘故。我给他的刊物写了好几篇别的文章，其中最重要的一篇（讨论诗歌理论的）在《论述和讨论》中再版。从1832 年到1834 年，我所有发表的作品（不包括报纸上的文章），加起来有一大本书那么厚。然而，这里面包括好几篇柏拉图《对话录》的摘要，并带有卷首语，这些摘要其实好几年前就写了，但是到1834 年才发表。后来，我在很多场合里发现有人读过这些摘要，也知道我是它们的作者，但是他们当中很多人对我之前所写的其他作品一无所知。为了完善对我这个阶段作品的叙述，我可以补充上一件事：1833 年，布尔沃正在为他的《英国和英国人》收尾（当时这部著作远远超过了公众的思想水平）。应他的邀请，我为他写了一篇评论边沁哲学的文章，他把其中一小部分融入自己的正文，把其余的部分（附有体面的致谢）作为附录印了出来。在这篇文章里，除了我对边沁学说赞许的评价外，还有不赞许的评价，这些评价被认为是一个完整的哲学体系，这是它们第一次得到发表。

But an opportunity soon offered by which, as it seemed, I might have it in my power to give more effectual aid, and, at the same time, stimulus, to the "philosophic Radical" party, than I had done hitherto. One of the projects occasionally talked of between my father and me, and some of the parliamentary and other Radicals who frequented his house, was the foundation of a periodical organ of philosophic radicalism, to take the place which the Westminster Review had been intended to fill: and the scheme had gone so far as to bring under discussion the pecuniary contributions which could be looked for, and the choice of an editor. Nothing, however, came of it for some time: but in the summer of 1834 Sir William Molesworth, himself a laborious student, and a precise and metaphysical thinker, capable of aiding the cause by his pen as well as by his purse, spontaneously proposed to establish a Review, provided I would consent to be the real, if I could not be the ostensible, editor. Such a proposal was not to be refused; and the Review was founded, at first under the title of the London Review, and afterwards under that of the London and

Westminster, Molesworth having bought the Westminster from its proprietor, General Thompson, and merged the two into one. In the years between 1834 and 1840 the conduct of this Review occupied the greater part of my spare time. In the beginning, it did not, as a whole, by any means represent my opinions. I was under the necessity of conceding much to my inevitable associates. The Review was established to be the representative of the "philosophic Radicals", with most of whom I was now at issue on many essential points, and among whom I could not even claim to be the most important individual. My father's co-operation as a writer we all deemed indispensable, and he wrote largely in it until prevented by his last illness. The subjects of his articles, and the strength and decision with which his opinions were expressed in them, made the Review at first derive its tone and colouring from him much more than from any of the other writers. I could not exercise editorial control over his articles, and I was sometimes obliged to sacrifice to him portions of my own. The old Westminster Review doctrines, but little modified, thus formed the staple of the Review; but I hoped, by the side of these, to introduce other ideas and another tone, and to obtain for my own shade of opinion a fair representation, along with those of other members of the party. With this end chiefly in view, I made it one of the peculiarities of the work that every article should bear an initial, or some other signature, and be held to express the opinions solely of the individual writer; the editor being only responsible for its being worth publishing, and not in conflict with the objects for which the Review was set on foot. I had an opportunity of putting in practice my scheme of conciliation between the old and the new "philosophic radicalism," by the choice of a subject for my own first contribution. Professor Sedgwick[12], a man of eminence in a particular walk of natural science, but who should not have trespassed into philosophy, had lately published his Discourse on the Studies of Cambridge, which had as its most prominent feature an intemperate assault on analytic psychology and utilitarian ethics, in the form of an attack on Locke and Paley[13]. This had excited great indignation in my father and others, which I thought it fully deserved. And here, I imagined, was an opportunity of at the same time repelling an unjust attack, and inserting into my defence of Hartleianism and Utilitarianism a number of the opinions which constituted my view of those subjects, as distinguished from that of my old associates. In this I partially succeeded, though my relation to my father would have made it painful to me in any case, and impossible in a Review for which he wrote, to speak out my whole mind on the subject at this time.

但是很快就出现了一个机会，使我似乎有能力通过它为“哲学激进派”提供比以往更有效的帮助和激励。父亲和我，还有一些经常拜访他的

议会激进分子和其他激进派人士，偶尔讨论过一个计划，就是要创立一个哲学激进主义的期刊，取代意在填补这个位置的《威斯敏斯特评论》。计划已经进展到要讨论从何处寻求资金投入和选择编辑了。然而一段时期内，什么事情都没落实。但是，1834 年夏天，威廉. 莫尔斯沃思爵士主动提议创办一个评论性刊物，条件是如果我不能做名誉编辑的话，就要同意做真正的编辑，其实他自己就是个勤勉的学者，缜密的形而上学思想家，能够用他的笔和金钱来支持这个事业。这样的一个提议是无法拒绝的，于是评论杂志创立了，最初命名为《伦敦评论》，后来莫尔斯沃思把《威斯敏斯特评论》从它的所有人汤普森将军那里买过来，将两者合二为一，改名为《伦敦与威斯敏斯特评论》。1834 年到 1840 年，管理《伦敦与威斯敏斯特评论》占用了我大部分的空闲时间。起初，从总体上说，它完全不代表我的观点。我必须经常对无法回避的同事让步。这个评论杂志是为了代表“哲学激进分子”的观点而创办的，但是现在，我和他们中的大多数人在很多重大问题上都意见不和，我甚至不能声称自己是他们中最重要的一员。作为一名作家，我父亲给予的合作，我们都相信是不可或缺的，他写了很多文章，直到临终前生病无法写作了才停笔。他文章的主题，以及表达观点时的力度和果断，是评论杂志初期风格和色彩的主要来源，在这方面其他任何作家都是不能比的。我无法对他的文章进行编辑，有时还必须把自己文章的一部分编辑权让给他。因此，旧的《威斯敏斯特评论》的宗旨，几乎没作修改就成了《伦敦与威斯敏斯特评论》的主题。但是我希望除了这些之外，还要引进其他的观点和另一种风格，也为我自己的少许观点和这个党派的其他成员找到公平的展现机会。主要出于这个目的，我确保该刊物具有一个特色，就是每篇文章上都应该有作者姓名的第一个字母或其他签名，以示文章只表达作者本人的观点。编辑的职责只是确保它有刊登的价值，并且与《伦敦与威斯敏斯特评论》创立的宗旨不相冲突。在我第一次为它写稿的时候，通过选择文章的主题，我有机会将自己协调新旧“哲学激进主义”的计划付诸实践。塞奇威克教授在自然科学的一个特定领域很有名，但他不应该越界进入哲学领域，他最近发表了《论剑桥研究》一书，此书最突出的特征就是以攻击洛克和佩利的形式，猛烈地攻击分析心理学和功利主义伦理学。这激起了我父亲和其他人的义愤，我觉得这完全是它应得的。我设想，这是个机会，既能击退不公正的批评，同时又能把我对那些问题的许多看法插入到我对哈特利主义和功利主义的辩护之中去，而这些看法和我以前同事的是不同的。在这件事上，我取得了部分成功，然而由于我和父亲之间的关系，如若我把这时对这个问题的所有看法都说出来，无论如何都会是件很痛苦的事情，而且在他为之撰稿的《伦敦与威斯敏斯特评论》中也根本不可能全说出来。

I am, however, inclined to think that my father was not so much opposed as he seemed, to the modes of thought in which I believed myself to differ from him; that he did injustice to his own opinions by the unconscious exaggerations of an intellect emphatically polemical; and that when thinking without an adversary in view, he was willing to make room for a great portion of the truths he seemed to deny. I

have frequently observed that he made large allowance in practice for considerations which seemed to have no place in his theory. His Fragment on Mackintosh, which he wrote and published about this time, although I greatly admired some parts of it, I read as a whole with more pain than pleasure; yet on reading it again, long after, I found little in the opinions it contains, but what I think in the main just; and I can even sympathize in his disgust at the verbiage of Mackintosh, though his asperity towards it went not only beyond what was judicious, but beyond what was even fair. One thing which I thought, at the time, of good augury, was the very favorable reception he gave to Tocqueville's Democracy in America. It is true, he said and thought much more about what Tocqueville said in favour of democracy, than about what he said of its disadvantages. Still, his high appreciation of a book which was at any rate an example of a mode of treating the question of government almost the reverse of his —wholly inductive and analytical, instead of purely ratiocinative— gave me great encouragement. He also approved of an article which I published in the first number following the junction of the two reviews, the essay reprinted in the Dissertations under the title "Civilization"; into which I threw many of my new opinions, and criticized rather emphatically the mental and moral tendencies of the time, on grounds and in a manner which I certainly had not learnt from him.

然而，我更愿意认为父亲并不像他表现的那样，反对我持有不同于他的思考模式。他无意识地夸大了特别好辩的智力，使他没能公正地对待自己的观点。如果思考的时候眼前没有对手，他就愿意为自己似乎否认的一大部分真理留出余地。我经常发现，他在实际中常常思考那些在他的理论里看起来无足轻重的东西。他的《略论麦金托什》，差不多是在这时写了发表的，尽管我非常崇拜里面的某些部分，但是整本书读起来痛苦大于快乐。很久以后重读的时候，我从它所包含的观点中无所收获，但发现了我认为大体上公正的东西。我甚至和他一样讨厌麦金托什的《空话》，然而他对它的严厉指责不仅不够明智，而且有失公允。我认为，当时有好兆头的一件事情是他非常赞同地接受托克维尔的《论美国的民主》。确实如此，他说得更多，思考得更多的是托克维尔所说的民主的优点，而不是他所说的民主的缺点。尽管这本书在论述政府问题的方式上无论如何都几乎和他的方式完全相反——完全是归纳和分析，而不是纯粹的推理，但他却对它评价这么高，这给了我很大鼓励。两家评论杂志合并后，我在第一期上发表的一篇文章也得到了他的肯定，后来这篇文章在《讨论与论述》中以《文明》为题重印。在这篇文章中，我添加了很多自己的新观点，强有力地批评了当时的思想和道德倾向，批评的基础和方式无疑不是从他那里学到的。

All speculation, however, on the possible future developments of my father's opinions, and on the probabilities of permanent co-

operation between him and me in the promulgation of our thoughts, was doomed to be cut short. During the whole of 1835 his health had been declining: his symptoms became unequivocally those of pulmonary consumption, and after lingering to the last stage of debility, he died on the 23rd of June 1836. Until the last few days of his life there was no apparent abatement of intellectual vigour; his interest in all things and persons that had interested him through life was undiminished, nor did the approach of death cause the smallest wavering (as in so strong and firm a mind it was impossible that it should) in his convictions on the subject of religion. His principal satisfaction, after he knew that his end was near, seemed to be the thought of what he had done to make the world better than he found it; and his chief regret in not living longer, that he had not had time to do more.

然而，父亲的思想将来可能的发展，以及他和我在传播思想上永久合作的可能性，注定要被中断。1835 年整一年，他的健康每况愈下，很显然是肺结核的症状，捱过生命中最虚弱的阶段后，他于1836 年6 月23 日去世了。直到生命的最后几天，他的思想活力也没有明显减弱。他对一生中感兴趣的所有人和事的兴趣没有减少，死亡的临近也没有让他对宗教问题的信念产生丝毫的动摇（如此坚定而有主见的头脑是不可能动摇的）。在知道自己时日无多时，他主要的欣慰似乎是想到自己为把世界变得更美好而作出了努力。而他主要的遗憾是不能多活几年，没有时间做更多的事情。

His place is an eminent one in the literary, and even in the political history of his country; and it is far from honourable to the generation which has benefited by his worth, that he is so seldom mentioned, and, compared with men far his inferiors, so little remembered. This is probably to be ascribed mainly to two causes. In the first place, the thought of him merges too much in the deservedly superior fame of Bentham. Yet he was anything but Bentham's mere follower or disciple. Precisely because he was himself one of the most original thinkers of his time, he was one of the earliest to appreciate and adopt the most important mass of original thought which had been produced by the generation preceding him. His mind and Bentham's were essentially of different construction. He had not all Bentham's high qualities, but neither had Bentham all his. It would, indeed, be ridiculous to claim for him the praise of having accomplished for mankind such splendid services as Bentham's. He did not revolutionize, or rather create, one of the great departments of human thought. But, leaving out of the reckoning all that portion of his labours in which he benefited by what Bentham had done, and counting only what he achieved in a province in which Bentham had done nothing, that of analytic psychology, he will be known to

posterity as one of the greatest names in that most important branch of speculation, on which all the moral and political sciences ultimately rest, and will mark one of the essential stages in its progress. The other reason, which has made his fame less than he deserved, is that notwithstanding the great number of his opinions which, partly through his own efforts, have now been generally adopted, there was, on the whole, a marked opposition between his spirit and that of the present time. As Brutus[14] was called the last of the Romans, so was he the last of the eighteenth century: he continued its tone of thought and sentiment into the nineteenth (though not unmodified nor unimproved), partaking neither in the good nor in the bad influences of the reaction against the eighteenth century, which was the great characteristic of the first half of the nineteenth. The eighteenth century was a great age, an age of strong and brave men, and he was a fit companion for its strongest and bravest. By his writings and his personal influence he was a great centre of light to his generation. During his later years he was quite as much the head and leader of the intellectual radicals in England, as Voltaire was of the philosophes of France. It is only one of his minor merits, that he was the originator of all sound statesmanship in regard to the subject of his largest work, India. He wrote on no subject which he did not enrich with valuable thought, and excepting the Elements of Political Economy, a very useful book when first written, but which has now for some time finished its work, it will be long before any of his books will be wholly superseded, or will cease to be instructive reading to students of their subjects. In the power of influencing by mere force of mind and character, the convictions and purposes of others, and in the strenuous exertion of that power to promote freedom and progress, he left, as far as my knowledge extends, no equal among men, and but one among women.

在英国的文学史上，甚至在政治史上，他的地位都是很显赫的。从他的价值观中受益的一代人很少提到他，而且同那些远不如他的人相比，他也很少被人记住，他们这样做很不光彩。这大概主要有两个原因。首先，他的思想太过融入于边沁的思想中，而边沁的名声理所当然更大。然而，他绝不是边沁纯粹的追随者或信徒。恰恰由于他本人就是那个时代最有创造性的思想家之一，是最早赏识并采纳前辈们创造的大量最重要的独创思想的人之一。他的思想和边沁的思想在结构上根本不同。他不具备边沁的所有优秀素质，边沁也没有他的所有优秀素质。如果称赞他和边沁一样为人类做出了杰出贡献的话，确实是很可笑的。他没有彻底改革，或者说没有创造出人们思想的一个伟大领域。但是，如果先不考虑他工作中从边沁那儿受益的那部分，只考虑他在边沁没有涉足的领域所取得的成绩，即分析心理学，后代人就会知道，在思想的这个最重要分支里，亦即所有道德和政治科学最终都要依赖的方面，他是最伟大的人物之一，而且这也是该分支发展过程中一个最重要阶段的标

志。他的名声不如应得的响亮，另一个原因就是，尽管他有很多观点，而部分通过自己的努力现已大都被采纳，但从总体上来说，他的精神和时代的精神明显对立。正如布鲁图被称为最后一个罗马人一样，他也是最后一个18世纪的人：他把18 世纪的思想和情感风格延续到了19世纪（尽管有所变化和改进），反对18 世纪是19 世纪上半叶的重要特征，这其中产生的或好或坏的影响，他都不理会。18 世纪是个伟大的时代，这个时代有很多坚强、勇敢的人，他适合与其中最坚强、最勇敢的人做朋友。通过他的著作和个人影响力，他成为那个时代伟大人物的核心。就像伏尔泰是法国哲学界的领袖一样，在他晚年的时候，他完全算是英国知识界激进分子的首脑和领袖。鉴于他规模最大的著作《英属印度史》的主题，他算得上是所有合理的治国策略的首创者，但这只是他较小的功绩之一。他会用有价值的思想去丰富所写的任何题材，除了《政治经济学原理》，这本书刚写完的时候是非常有用的，但是现在它的使命已经结束了。他的作品要很久以后才会被完全取代，对研究其主题的学生来说，也将在很长一段时间内都是有启发的读本。他仅凭思想和品格的力量就能影响别人的信念和目标，他也努力发挥这种力量以促进自由和进步，就我所知，这在男性中无人能及，女性当中倒是有一个。

Though acutely sensible of my own inferiority in the qualities by which he acquired his personal ascendancy, I had now to try what it might be possible for me to accomplish without him; and the Review was the instrument on which I built my chief hopes of establishing a useful influence over the liberal and democratic section of the public mind. Deprived of my father's aid, I was also exempted from the restraints and reticence by which that aid had been purchased. I did not feel that there was any other radical writer or politician to whom I was bound to defer, further than consisted with my own opinions: and having the complete confidence of Molesworth, I resolved henceforth to give full scope to my own opinions and modes of thought, and to open the Review widely to all writers who were in sympathy with Progress as I understood it, even though I should lose by it the support of my former associates. Carlyle, consequently, became from this time a frequent writer in the Review; Sterling[15], soon after, an occasional one; and though each individual article continued to be the expression of the private sentiments of its writer, the general tone conformed in some tolerable degree to my opinions. For the conduct of the Review, under, and in conjunction with me, I associated with myself a young Scotchman of the name of Robertson, who had some ability and information, much industry, and an active scheming head, full of devices for making the Review more saleable, and on whose capacities in that direction I founded a good deal of hope: insomuch, that when Molesworth, in the beginning of 1837, became tired of carrying on the Review at a loss, and desirous of getting rid of it (he had done his part honourably, and at no small pecuniary cost), I, very imprudently for my own pecuniary interest, and very much from reliance on

Robertson's devices, determined to continue it at my own risk, until his plans should have had a fair trial. The devices were good, and I never had any reason to change my opinion of them. But I do not believe that any devices would have made a radical and democratic review defray its expenses, including a paid editor or sub-editor, and a liberal payment to writers. I myself and several frequent contributors gave our labour gratuitously, as we had done for Molesworth; but the paid contributors continued to be remunerated on the usual scale of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews; and this could not be done from the proceeds of the sale.

尽管我非常清楚，在他取得个人优势的那些方面，我远不如他，但我现在必须尝试，看看在没有他的情况下，自己有可能取得什么成就。我希望对公众思想中有关自由和民主的部分产生有益的影响，我把主要希望寄托在《伦敦与威斯敏斯特评论》这个工具上。没有了父亲的帮助，我也免除了获得这些帮助所需要的约束和节制。我并不觉得一定要遵从其他任何激进派的作家或政治家，只需保持自己的观点前后一致就可以了。因为得到了莫尔斯沃思的完全信任，我决心从此以后充分发挥自己的观点和思考模式，把评论杂志向所有赞成我所理解之进步的作家敞开，即使可能会因此失去以前同事的支持。因此，卡莱尔从这时起经常为《伦敦与威斯敏斯特评论》写文章。不久之后，斯特林也偶尔写一篇，尽管每一篇独立的文章仍然是作者私人情感的表达，但是总体的基调在一定程度上能够符合我的理念。为了管理这个评论杂志，我和一个名叫罗伯逊的苏格兰年轻人合作，他有一定的能力和见地，非常勤奋，头脑活跃，善于计划，有很多让《伦敦与威斯敏斯特评论》更畅销的办法，我对他这方面的能力寄予厚望。因此在1837 年初，莫尔斯沃思疲于亏本经营《伦敦与威斯敏斯特评论》并希望摆脱它的时候（他很光荣地尽了自己的职责，而且付出了很大的经济代价），我非常鲁莽地决定自己负责继续办下去，这一方面是为了我自己的经济利益，也是因为非常信赖罗伯逊的方法，要让他的计划充分试验一下。他的方法很好，我也从来没有理由改变自己对这些方法的看法。但是，我相信任何方法都不能让一个激进和民主主义的评论刊物有能力支付费用，包括主编和副主编的酬劳，以及给作者慷慨的稿酬。我和好几个经常性的撰稿人免费劳动，和莫尔斯沃思那时候一样，但是对于要付稿酬的撰稿人，继续按照《爱丁堡评论》和《季刊评论》的标准支付给他们报酬。而销售收入根本支付不了这笔费用。

In the same year, 1837, and in the midst of these occupations, I resumed the Logic. I had not touched my pen on the subject for five years, having been stopped and brought to a halt on the threshold of Induction. I had gradually discovered that what was mainly wanting, to overcome the difficulties of that branch of the subject, was a comprehensive, and, at the same time, accurate view of the whole circle of physical science, which I feared it would take me a long course of study to acquire; since I knew not of any book, or other

guide, that would spread out before me the generalities and processes of the sciences, and I apprehended that I should have no choice but to extract them for myself, as I best could, from the details. Happily for me, Dr. Whewell[16], early in this year, published his History of the Inductive Sciences. I read it with eagerness, and found in it a considerable approximation to what I wanted. Much, if not most, of the philosophy of the work appeared open to objection; but the materials were there, for my own thoughts to work upon: and the author had given to those materials that first degree of elaboration, which so greatly facilitates and abridges the subsequent labour. I had now obtained what I had been waiting for. Under the impulse given me by the thoughts excited by Dr. Whewell, I read again Sir J. Herschel[17]'s Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy; and I was able to measure the progress my mind had made, by the great help I now found in this work—though I had read and even reviewed it several years before with little profit. I now set myself vigorously to work out the subject in thought and in writing. The time I bestowed on this had to be stolen from occupations more urgent. I had just two months to spare, at this period, in the intervals of writing for the Review. In these two months I completed the first draft of about a third, the most difficult third, of the book. What I had before written, I estimate at another third, so that only one-third remained. What I wrote at this time consisted of the remainder of the doctrine of Reasoning (the theory of Trains of Reasoning, and Demonstrative Science), and the greater part of the Book on Induction. When this was done, I had, as it seemed tome, untied all the really hard knots, and the completion of the book had become only a question of time. Having got thus far, I had to leave off in order to write two articles for the next number of the Review. When these were written, I returned to the subject, and now for the first time fell in with Comte's Cours de Philosophie Positive, or rather with the two volumes of it which were all that had at that time been published.

同一年，1837 年，在从事这些工作的同时，我重新开始写《逻辑学体系》。我在刚开始写归纳法的时候就停了下来，到此时已有五年没碰这个题目了。我慢慢发现，要克服逻辑学这个分支的困难，需要对整个自然科学领域进行全面和精确的了解，我担心这要花很长时间的学习才能获得。因为我不了解任何能够在我面前展现这些科学的一般原则和过程的书籍或其他指南，而我还知道自己别无选择，只能尽量从细节中吸取这些东西。幸运的是，休厄尔博士在这年年初出版了《归纳科学史》。我殷切地读完了它，发现里面有很多东西跟我想要的很接近。这部著作里有很多（如果不是大多数的话）基本原理看起来值得商榷，但是有很多材料可以供我思考时使用。作者对那些材料进行了详细阐述，这大大方便并缩减了我后来的工作。我现在得到了自己一直想要的东西。在休厄尔博士思想的促动下，我重读了约翰. 赫歇耳爵士的《论自

然哲学的研究》。在这本著作给我的巨大帮助下，我能够衡量自己思想上产生的进步，虽然在几年前，我读它甚至温习它的时候几乎一无所获。现在，我满腔热情地思考这个主题，并把它写出来。我必须从其他更紧急的事情中偷出时间来用在这上面。在这段时间里，我只能从为评论杂志写文章的间隙里节省下两个月的时间。就在这两个月里，我完成了差不多初稿的三分之一，也是书中最难的三分之一。之前写的，我估计也有三分之一，所以只剩下三分之一没有完成。我这时所写的，包括推理原理剩下的部分（即一系列的推理原理和论证科学）和归纳法这一卷的大半部分。这部分写完之后，在我看来，我已经解决了所有真正的困难，全书的完成只是个时间问题了。进展到这儿为止，我必须先停下来，为下一期的《伦敦与威斯敏斯特评论》写两篇文章。写完文章后，我又继续写书，这时我第一次偶然读到了孔德的《实证哲学教程》，或者更确切地说，读到了两卷，当时已经出版的也只有这两卷。

My theory of Induction was substantially completed before I knew of Comte's book; and it is perhaps well that I came to it by a different road from his, since the consequence has been that my treatise contains, what his certainly does not, a reduction of the inductive process to strict rules and to a scientific test, such as the Syllogism is for ratiocination. Comte is always precise and profound on the method of investigation, but he does not even attempt any exact definition of the conditions of proof: and his writings show that he never attained a just conception of them. This, however, was specifically the problem which, in treating of Induction, I had proposed to myself. Nevertheless, I gained much from Comte, with which to enrich my chapters in the subsequent rewriting: and his book was of essential service to me in some of the parts which still remained to be thought out. As his subsequent volumes successively made their appearance, I read them with avidity, but, when he reached the subject of Social Science, with varying feelings. The fourth volume disappointed me: it contained those of his opinions on social subjects with which I most disagree. But the fifth, containing the connected view of history, rekindled all my enthusiasm; which the sixth (or concluding) volume did not materially abate. In a merely logical point of view, the only leading conception for which I am indebted to him is that of the Inverse Deductive Method, as the one chiefly applicable to the complicated subjects of History and Statistics: a process differing from the more common form of the Deductive Method in this—that instead of arriving at its conclusions by general reasoning, and verifying them by specific experience (as is the natural order in the deductive branches of physical science), it obtains its generalizations by a collation of specific experience, and verifies them by ascertaining whether they are such as would follow from known general principles. This was an idea entirely new to me when I found it in Comte: and but for him I might not soon (if ever) have arrived at it.

在我知道有孔德的书之前，我的归纳法理论实际上已经完成了。我获得理论的方法很可能和他的不同，因为结果是我的论述中包含着他的论述里面没有的东西，即把归纳过程简化为精确的法则和科学的试验，比如用三段论法进行推理。孔德在研究方法上一直都很精确，造诣很深，但是他甚至从未尝试为证据的条件下一个精确的定义：他的著作显示，对于证据的条件，他从来都没有获得恰当的理解。然而，这正好是我处理归纳现象时向自己提出的问题。但我从孔德那里得到很多，充实了我后来改写的一些章节。对我当时仍然想不透的地方，他的书给了我很大的帮助。随着接下来的几卷陆续出版，我急切地阅读了它们，但是在读到他所谈的社会科学这个问题时，我的感觉变了。第四卷让我很失望，因为里面所包含的他对社会问题的见解，是我非常不认同的。但是，第五卷所包含的连贯历史观，重新点燃了我所有的热情。第六卷也没有极大地减弱这种热情。仅从逻辑的角度来看，我得益于他的唯一重要的概念是反演法，主要适用于历史和统计学上的复杂问题：反演法的过程不同于普通演绎法，它不是通过一般推理得到结论，再用具体的事例检验结论（这是自然科学中演绎分支的自然顺序），而是通过整理特定的经验来获得结论，通过确定这些结论是否遵从已知的普遍原理来证实它们。在孔德的书中发现这个观点时，它对我来说还是完全陌生的。如果不是他，我很可能不会很快地（或者永远不会）领会它。

I had been long an ardent admirer of Comte's writings before I had any communication with himself; nor did I ever, to the last, see him in the body. But for some years we were frequent correspondents, until our correspondence became controversial, and our zeal cooled. I was the first to slacken correspondence; he was the first to drop it. I found, and he probably found likewise, that I could do no good to his mind, and that all the good he could do to mine, he did by his books. This would never have led to discontinuance of intercourse, if the differences between us had been on matters of simple doctrine. But they were chiefly on those points of opinion which blended in both of us with our strongest feelings, and determined the entire direction of our aspirations. I had fully agreed with him when he maintained that the mass of mankind, including even their rulers in all the practical departments of life, must, from the necessity of the case, accept most of their opinions on political and social matters, as they do on physical, from the authority of those who have bestowed more study on those subjects than they generally have it in their power to do. This lesson had been strongly impressed on me by the early work of Comte, to which I have adverted. And there was nothing in his great Treatise which I admired more than his remarkable exposition of the benefits which the nations of modern Europe have historically derived from the separation, during the Middle Ages, of temporal and spiritual power, and the distinct organization of the latter. I agreed with him that the moral and intellectual ascendancy, once exercised by priests, must in time pass into the hands of philosophers, and will naturally do

so when they become sufficiently unanimous, and in other respects worthy to possess it. But when he exaggerated this line of thought into a practical system, in which philosophers were to be organized into a kind of corporate hierarchy, invested with almost the same spiritual supremacy (though without any secular power) once possessed by the Catholic church; when I found him relying on this spiritual authority as the only security for good government, the sole bulwark against practical oppression, and expecting that by it a system of despotism in the state and despotism in the family would be rendered innocuous and beneficial; it is not surprising, that while as logicians we were nearly at one, as sociologists we could travel together no further. M. Comte lived to carry out these doctrines to their extremes consequences, by planning, in his last work, the Système de Politique Positive,the completest system of spiritual and temporal despotism, which ever yet emanated from a human brain, unless possibly that of Ignatius Loyola[18]: a system by which the yoke of general opinion, wielded by an organized body of spiritual teachers and rulers, would be made supreme over every action, and as far as is in human possibility, every thought, of every member of the community, as well in the things which regard only himself, as in those which concern the interests of others. It is but just to say that this work is a considerable improvement, in many points of feeling, over Comte's previous writings on the same subjects: but as an accession to social philosophy, the only value it seems to me to possess consists in putting an end to the notion that no effectual moral authority can be maintained over society without the aid of religious belief; for Comte's work recognizes no religion except that of Humanity, yet it leaves an irresistible conviction that any moral beliefs concurred in by the community generally, may be brought to bear upon the whole conduct and lives of its individual members, with an energy and potency truly alarming to think of. The book stands a monumental warning to thinkers on society and politics, of what happens when once men lose sight in their speculations, of the value of Liberty and of Individuality.

在与孔德有任何交往之前，我早就已经是他热情的崇拜者了，直到最后我也从没有亲眼见过他。但是，有几年我们经常通信，一直到我们的通信中开始出现争论，热情冷却为止。是我首先减少了与他的通信，而他首先终止了通信。我发现，他可能也同样发现了，我对他的思想没什么帮助，而他给我带来的所有帮助，全都在他的书里面了。如果我们之间的分歧仅存在于简单的理论问题上的话，这也绝不会导致我们中止交流。但是，分歧主要存在于一些与我们双方内心最强烈的情感结合在一起的观点上，而且这些观点决定了我们目标的总体方向。他主张大多数人，包括他们生活中所有实践领域的统治者，出于情形需要，在政治和社会问题上，都必须接受在这上面比他们做了更多研究的权威人士的大部分观点，就像接受他们在自然科学上的见解一样，对此我完全赞

同。在我提到的孔德的早期著作中，这个见解给我留下了非常深刻的印象。在他那本伟大的专著里，我最崇拜的是他非凡地阐述了现代欧洲国家在历史上从中世纪世俗权力和神权的分离中，以及神权的独特构造中得到的益处。我也同意他所说的，即道德和智力优势曾经一度由牧师操纵，但假以时日，一定会交到哲学家的手里，而且当哲学家的意见足够一致，且在其他方面有资格拥有这种优势时，这件事就会自然发生。但是，他把这个思想路线夸大成一种实际的制度，在这种制度里，哲学家们被组织成一种有层级的集体，授予他们几乎与过去的天主教会一样的精神权威（尽管没有任何世俗权力）。我发现，他把这种精神权威当作善政的唯一保障，反对实际压迫的唯一堡垒，还希望通过它使国家和家庭的专制制度变得无害反而有益。所以，作为逻辑学家，我们几乎完全一致，但是作为社会学家，我们无法继续一起前行，这也就没什么可奇怪的了。孔德先生一生致力于贯彻这些学说，在他的最后一部著作《实证政治学体系》里，他策划了最完善的教权和俗权专制的制度，这种专制制度，可能除了伊格内修斯. 罗耀拉外，别人根本不可能想出来。通过这种制度，可以让由精神导师和统治者组成的团体，通过控制舆论来控制所有的社会行为，并在人类能力所及的范围内控制社会成员的每种想法，除了只与本人相关的事情，还有那些关乎别人利益的事情。但是公平地说，与孔德先前相同主题的作品相比，这部作品在情感方面的很多观点上有很大的进步。但是，作为社会哲学的补充物，在我看来，它具有的唯一价值就在于结束了一种观念，即认为任何有效的道德权威，都必须借助宗教信仰的支持才能在社会上得以维持。孔德的著作除了人性，没有认可任何宗教，然而它让人不得不相信：任何受到社会普遍赞成的道德信仰，都可以用来对它个体成员的所有行为和生活施加压力，其力量和潜能确实让人一想起来就很害怕。这本书对社会学和政治学思想家是个严重的警告，它使人了解到，人们在思考的时候，一旦忽略了自由和个性的价值，将会发生什么样的后果。

To return to myself. the Review engrossed, for some time longer, nearly all the time I could devote to authorship, or to thinking with authorship in view. The articles from the London and Westminster Review which are reprinted in the Dissertations, are scarcely a fourth part of those I wrote. In the conduct of the Review I had two principal objects. One was to free philosophic radicalism from the reproach of sectarian Benthamism. I desired, while retaining the precision of expression, the definiteness of meaning, the contempt of declamatory phrases and vague generalities, which were so honorably characteristic both of Bentham and of my father, to give a wider basis and a more free and genial character to Radical speculations; to show that there was a Radical philosophy, better and more complete than Bentham's, while recognizing and incorporating all of Bentham's which is permanently valuable. In this first object I, to a certain extent, succeeded. The other thing I attempted, was to stir up the educated Radicals, in and out of Parliament, to exertion, and induce them to make themselves, what I thought by using the proper means,

they might become—a powerful party capable of taking the government of the country, or at least of dictating the terms on which they should share it with the Whigs. This attempt was from the first chimerical: partly because the time was unpropitious, the Reform fervour being in its period of ebb, and the Tory influences powerfully rallying; but still more, because, as Austin so truly said, "the country did not contain the men." Among the Radicals in Parliament there were several qualified to be useful members of an enlightened Radical party, but none capable of forming and leading such a party. The exhortations I addressed to them found no response. One occasion did present itself when there seemed to be room for a bold and successful stroke for Radicalism. Lord Durham had left the Ministry, by reason, as was thought, of their not being sufficiently Liberal; he afterwards accepted from them the task of ascertaining and removing the causes of the Canadian rebellion; he had shown a disposition to surround himself at the outset with Radical advisers; one of his earliest measures, a good measure both in intention and in effect, having been disapproved and reversed by the Government at home, he had resigned his post, and placed himself openly in a position of quarrel with the Ministers. Here was a possible chief for a Radical party in the person of a man of importance, who was hated by the Tories, and had just been injured by the Whigs. Any one who had the most elementary notions of party tactics, must have attempted to make something of such an opportunity. Lord Durham was bitterly attacked from all sides, inveighed against by enemies, given up by timid friends; while those who would willingly have defended him did not know what to say. He appeared to be returning a defeated and discredited man. I had followed the Canadian events from the beginning; I had been one of the prompters of his prompters; his policy was almost exactly what mine would have been, and I was in a position to defend it. I wrote and published a manifesto in the Review, in which I took the very highest ground in his behalf, claiming for him not mere acquittal, but praise and honour. Instantly a number of other writers took up the tone: I believe there was a portion of truth in what Lord Durham, soon after, with polite exaggeration, said to me—that to this article might be ascribed the almost triumphal reception which he met with on his arrival in England. I believe it to have been the word in season, which, at a critical moment, does much to decide the result; the touch which determines whether a stone, set in motion at the top of an eminence, shall roll down on one side or on the other. All hopes connected with Lord Durham as a politician soon vanished; but with regard to Canadian, and generally to colonial policy, the cause was gained: Lord Durham's report, written by Charles Buller, partly under the inspiration of Wakefield, began a new era; its recommendations,

extending to complete internal self-government, were in full operation in Canada within two or three years, and have been since extended to nearly all the other colonies, of European race, which have any claim to the character of important communities. And I may say that in successfully upholding the reputation of Lord Durham and his advisers at the most important moment, I contributed materially to this result.

还是说说我自己吧。很长一段时间以来，评论杂志几乎让我把所有的时间都倾注在了写作上，或者以写作为目的的思考上。《论述和讨论》里收录的《伦敦和威斯敏斯特评论》上的文章还不到我在杂志上发表的全部文章的四分之一。在管理这份评论杂志的时候，我有两个主要目标。一个是使哲学激进主义不再被指责为狭隘的功利主义。表达精确，意思明确，蔑视夸夸其谈和含糊其辞，这些是边沁和我父亲都拥有的值得尊敬的特质。我希望在保持这些特质的同时，给激进主义的思索以更广阔的基础和更自由、更温和的特征。我也希望在认可、吸收边沁所有具有永恒价值的理论的同时，表明存在这样一种激进主义的哲学，它比边沁的更好，更完善。在一定程度上，我达到了第一个目标。我尝试的另一件事情，是鼓动议会内外受过良好教育的激进分子发挥作用，并促使他们把自己变成能够治理国家的强大党派（通过运用合适的方法，我想可能会做到），或者至少能够制定条款规定他们和辉格党共同治理国家。这个企图从一开始就是不切实际的：一方面因为时机很不利，当时改革的热情正处于衰退期，而托利党的影响得到了强有力的恢复；但是，更主要的原因是，正如奥斯汀一针见血地指出的那样，“这个国家没有那种人”。议会里的激进分子当中，有好几个有资格成为进步的激进党里有用的成员，但是没有一个人能够组织并领导这样一个党派。我敦促他们，但他们毫无回应。确实曾经有一次，激进主义似乎有机会能够进行大胆而成功的一击。德拉姆勋爵离开了内阁，据说是因为是内阁成员不够开明。他后来接受了他们给的任务，去查清并消除导致加拿大叛乱的诱因，他表示希望开始任务时身边就能有激进派的顾问。他最早采取的一个措施，在目的和效果上都很好，但却被国内政府否决，取消了，因此他辞了职，使自己公然处于和大臣们争吵的境地。这样一位受到托利党仇视，又刚被辉格党伤害的有影响力的人士，是有可能成为激进党的领袖的。任何有最基本党派策略观念的人，都一定会尝试利用这样一个机会。德拉姆勋爵受到来自各方的猛烈攻击，他被敌人谩骂，被胆小的朋友抛弃，而那些愿意为他辩护的人却又不知道该说些什么。他回国的时候，看上去像个被打败的名声败坏的人。我从一开始就关注加拿大事件，我是他的激励者之一。我要是制定政策的话，应该与他的政策几乎完全一样，因此我能够为这种政策辩护。我写了一篇宣言，发表在《伦敦与威斯敏斯特评论》上，我以最坚定的立场坚持他，主张他不仅无罪，而且值得称颂和尊敬。很快，许多别的作家也开始采纳我的说法。不久之后，德拉姆勋爵跟我说，他回到英国的时候受到了几乎凯旋般的接待，可能就是因为这篇文章，虽然这是带有礼貌的夸张，但有一部分是实情。我认为，它只是表达得及时，所以在关键时刻能在很大程度上决定结果。就像轻轻一推从山顶滑落的石头，就会决定它会滑向这边还是那边。所有寄托在作为政治家的德拉姆勋爵身上的希望很快破

灭了。但是对于加拿大和总的殖民政策来说，我们的所作所为还是有所收获的。部分由于韦克菲尔德的启发，查尔斯·布勒执笔的德拉姆勋爵报告开启了一个新时代。报告的建议扩展至完全的国内自治，这个建议两三年内就在加拿大全面实行。而且，从那时起，扩展到几乎所有其他的欧洲人殖民地，这些殖民地都具有重要社区的特征。我可以说，在最关键的时刻成功地维护德拉姆勋爵和他的顾问们的名声，这一结果是我极力促成的。

One other case occurred during my conduct of the Review, which similarly illustrated the effect of taking a prompt initiative. I believe that the early success and reputation of Carlyle's French Revolution, were considerably accelerated by what I wrote about it in the Review. Immediately on its publication, and before the commonplace critics, all whose rules and modes of judgment it set at defiance, had time to pre-occupy the public with their disapproval of it, I wrote and published a review of the book, hailing it as one of those productions of genius which are above all rules, and are a law to themselves. Neither in this case nor in that of Lord Durham do I ascribe the impression, which I think was produced by what I wrote, to any particular merit of execution: indeed, in at least one of the cases (the article on Carlyle) I do not think the execution was good. And in both instances, I am persuaded that anybody, in a position to be read, who had expressed the same opinion at the same precise time, and had made any tolerable statement of the just grounds for it, would have produced the same effect. But, after the complete failure of my hopes of putting a new life into Radical politics by means of the Review, I am glad to look back on these two instances of success in an honest attempt to do immediate service to things and persons that deserved it.

在我管理评论杂志的期间还发生了一件事，同样说明了采取迅速行动的作用。我相信，卡莱尔的《法国大革命》能获得早期的成功，并享有盛誉，在相当大程度上是我在评论杂志上写的文章促成的。这本书藐视普通批评家的规则和评论方式，所以它刚一出版，我就赶在这些批评家用否定它吸引大众之前，写了一篇书评并发表了，夸它是个天才的作品，高于一切规则，本身就是规则。不管在这件事上，还是德拉姆勋爵那件事上，我都没有把效果（我想是我写的东西所带来的）归功于任何写作手法上的特殊优点。确实，至少在其中一件事情上（评论卡莱尔的文章），我认为自己的写作手法并不好。在这两个例子里，我都相信，任何拥有读者的人，在同样恰当的时间表达了同样的观点，还对它的正当理由作了较好的陈述，都会产生相同的效果。但是，在我通过《伦敦与威斯敏斯特评论》为激进政策注入新活力的希望全部落空后，回忆起在这两个成功的例子中，我曾诚挚地努力为值得帮助的人和事作出了即时的贡献，我就会很高兴。

After the last hope of the formation of a Radical party had

disappeared, it was time for me to stop the heavy expenditure of time and money which the Review cost me. It had to some extent answered my personal purpose as a vehicle for my opinions. It had enabled me to express in print much of my altered mode of thought, and to separate myself in a marked manner from the narrower Benthamism of my early writings. This was done by the general tone of all I wrote, including various purely literary articles, but especially by the two papers (reprinted in the Dissertations) which attempted a philosophical estimate of Bentham and of Coleridge. In the first of these, while doing full justice to the merits of Bentham, I pointed out what I thought the errors and deficiencies of his philosophy. The substance of this criticism I still think perfectly just; but I have sometimes doubted whether it was right to publish it at that time. I have often felt that Bentham's philosophy, as an instrument of progress, has been to some extent discredited before it had done its work, and that to lend a hand towards lowering its reputation was doing more harm than service to improvement. Now, however, when a counter-reaction appears to be setting in towards what is good in Benthamism, I can look with more satisfaction on this criticism of its defects, especially as I have myself balanced it by vindications of the fundamental principles of Bentham's philosophy, which are reprinted along with it in the same collection. In the essay on Coleridge I attempted to characterize the European reaction against the negative philosophy of the eighteenth century: and here, if the effect only of this one paper were to be considered, I might be thought to have erred by giving undue prominence to the favourable side, as I had done in the case of Bentham to the unfavourable. In both cases, the impetus with which I had detached myself from what was untenable in the doctrines of Bentham and of the eighteenth century, may have carried me, though in appearance rather than in reality, too far on the contrary side. But as far as relates to the article on Coleridge, my defence is, that I was writing for Radicals and Liberals, and it was my business to dwell most on that in writers of a different school, from the knowledge of which, they might derive most improvement.

在建立一个激进党派的最后希望落空后，是时候停止把大量时间和金钱花费在《伦敦与威斯敏斯特评论》上了。作为传达我观点的工具，它在某种程度上达到了我的个人目标。它让我发表了很多我改变后的思考方式，使我和自己早期作品中较狭隘的边沁主义划清了界线。这一点是通过我写的所有文章的总体风格表现出来的，包括各种纯粹的文学作品，但主要是通过两篇试图从哲学角度评价边沁和柯尔律治的文章表现出来的（收录在《讨论与论文》里）。在第一篇文章里，我在完全公正地评价边沁优点的同时，还按照自己的理解指出了他的哲学中的错误和不足。我现在仍然认为这个评论的主旨有着非常充分的根据。但是，有时我会怀疑在那个时候发表是否合适。我经常觉得，边沁的哲学作为进

步的手段，在发挥作用之前就因在某种程度上被人怀疑而名声被贬，对进步而言弊大于利。尽管现在看起来有承认边沁主义优点的趋势，但我还是能更满意地看待自己对它缺点的批评，尤其是我在批评它的同时，也证明了边沁哲学基本原则的正确性，这些文章被收录在同一个集子里。在评论柯尔律治的文章里，我尝试刻画欧洲反对18 世纪消极哲学运动的特征：在这儿，如果只考虑这一篇文章的效果，人们可能会认为我过于突出优点，就像我过分突出了边沁的缺点一样。在这两件事上，我把自己和边沁的理论以及18 世纪的学说里站不住脚的观点分开的动力，可能也让我在相反的方向上走得太远，虽然只是表面上如此，而不是在现实中。但是，对于评论柯尔律治的这篇文章，我是这样为自己辩护的：我是为激进分子和自由主义者而写，最大程度地仔细描述不同学派的作家是我的任务，从这些学派的知识中，激进分子和自由主义者们可能会获得最大的进步。

The number of the Review which contained the paper on Coleridge, was the last which was published during my proprietorship. In the spring of 1840 I made over the Review to Mr. Hickson, who had been a frequent and very useful unpaid contributor under my management: only stipulating that the change should be marked by a resumption of the old name, that of Westminster Review. Under that name Mr. Hickson conducted it for ten years, on the plan of dividing among contributors only the net proceeds of the Review, giving his own labour as writer and editor gratuitously. Under the difficulty in obtaining writers, which arose from this low scale of payment, it is highly creditable to him that he was able to maintain, in some tolerable degree, the character of the Review as an organ of radicalism and progress. I did not cease altogether to write for the Review, but continued to send it occasional contributions, not, however, exclusively; for the greater circulation of the Edinburgh Review induced me from this time to offer articles to it also when I had anything to say for which it appeared to be a suitable vehicle. And the concluding volumes of Democracy in America having just then come out, I inaugurated myself as a contributor to the Edinburgh, by the article on that work, which heads the second volume of the Dissertations.

刊登评论柯尔律治那篇文章的那期《伦敦与威斯敏斯特评论》，是我负责的最后一期。1840 年春天，我把评论杂志转让给了希克森先生，在我主办评论杂志的期间，他经常无偿为之撰稿，对我们的帮助很大。他只要求恢复原来的名字《威斯敏斯特评论》以显示该变化。他用这个名称办了十年，给投稿人按纯收入分配稿费，自己则免费为它写稿，做编辑。因为报酬太低，难以争取到作家投稿。在这种困境下，他能够较好地保持《威斯敏斯特评论》作为激进主义和进步喉舌的特征，是很值得称赞的。我并没有完全停止为《威斯敏斯特评论》撰稿，只是偶尔间断地投稿，但我不是专给它投稿，因为从这时起发行量更大的

《爱丁堡评论》诱使我向它投稿，在我有见解要发表时，它看起来是个合适的媒介。《论美国的民主》的最后几卷当时刚刚出版，我开始成为《爱丁堡评论》撰稿人时写的第一篇稿子就是为那部著作写的评论，这成了《讨论与论述》第二卷的第一篇文章。

(1) 亚历克西斯·德·托克维尔（1805—1859），19 世纪法国政治思想家、历史学家。著作有《美国的民主》《旧制度与大革命》等。

(2) 约翰·罗巴克（1718 —179 4），英国成功的企业家， 拥有著名的卡伦钢铁厂。

(3) 查尔斯·布勒（1806—184 8），英国政治家、激进派改革家。

(4) 威廉·莫尔斯沃思（1810—1855），英国政治家、自由党人、议会议员。曾任公共工程大臣（1853—1855）和殖民大臣（1855）。

(5) 约翰·罗米利（18 0 2—1874），英国大法官、政治家。其父是英国法律改革家塞缪尔·罗米利爵士（1757—1818）。

(6) 爱德华·罗米利（1838—1886），英国人， 其父是约翰· 罗米利。

(7) 丹尼尔·奥康奈尔（ 17 75 —18 47），19 世纪前期爱尔兰民族主义运动的主要代表。

(8) 辉格党，英国历史上的一个政党，反对绝对王权，支持新教徒享有宗教自由，是自由党的前身。与他们相对的是托利党，后者是一批持传统观点的人，支持世袭王权，保留国王， 是保守党的前身。

(9) 奥尔巴尼·威廉·方布兰克（ 1793 —1872），英国新闻记者。

(10) 威廉·约翰逊·福克斯（1786 —1864），英国著名的宣传家、宗教和政治演说家。

(11) 爱德华·布尔沃 - 利顿 （1803—1873），英国下院议员、殖民大臣、小说家和剧作家，主要作品有历史小说《庞贝城的末日》和剧本《黎塞留》。

(12) 亚当·塞奇威克（178 5 —1878），英国著名的地质学家， 最早提出寒武纪和泥盆纪命名。

(13) 威廉·佩利（ 1743 —18 0 5），英国神学家， 其经典著作为《自然神学》。

(14) 马库斯·朱尼厄斯·布鲁图（公元前85— 前42），罗马共和时期的第一任行政长官，早期曾参加过刺杀罗马独裁者恺撒的行动。他有着光明磊落的性格，在历史上是一个维护民主、不徇私情、大公无私的执政官形象。

(15) 约翰·斯特林（1806—184 4），英国作家。

(16) 威廉·休厄尔（ 179 4 —186 6），英国著名的科学史家， 最有影响的著作是《归纳科学史》。

(17) 约翰·赫歇耳爵士（1792—1871），英国天文学家。其父是被誉为“恒星天文学之父”的弗雷德里克·威廉·赫歇耳爵士（1738—1822）。

(18) 伊格内修斯·罗耀拉（1491—1556），西班牙人，罗马天主教耶稣会的创建者。

CHAPTER VII General View Of The Remainder Of My Life

第七章 晚年概略

From this time, what is worth relating of my life will come into a very small compass; for I have no further mental changes to tell of, but only, as I hope, a continued mental progress; which does not admit of a consecutive history, and the results of which, if real, will be best found in my writings. I shall, therefore, greatly abridge the chronicle of my subsequent years.

此后，我一生中值得记述的事情就很少了，因为没有什么更多的思想变化需要说明，只有（正如我所希望的）未曾间断的思想进步。这种思想进步不可能是连续的历史，而且其结果（如果真实的话）最好在我的作品中寻找。所以，随后几年的事情我就不一一展开记述了。

The first use I made of the leisure which I gained by disconnecting myself from the Review, was to finish the Logic. In July and August 1838, I had found an interval in which to execute what was still undone of the original draft of the Third Book. In working out the logical theory of those laws of nature which are not laws of Causation, nor corollaries from such laws, I was led to recognise kinds as realities in nature, and not mere distinctions for convenience; a light which I had not obtained when the First Book was written, and which made it necessary for me to modify and enlarge several chapters of that Book. The Book on "Language and Classification", and the chapter on the "Classification of Fallacies", were drafted in the autumn of the same year; the remainder of the work, in the summer and autumn of 1840. From April following, to the end of 1841, my spare time was devoted to a complete rewriting of the book from its commencement. It is in this way that all my books have been composed. They were always written at least twice over; a first draft of the entire work was completed to the very end of the subject, then the whole begun again de novo; but incorporating, in the second writing, all sentences and parts of sentences of the old draft, which appeared as suitable to my purpose as anything which I could write in lieu of them. I have found great advantages in this system of double redaction. It combines, better than any other mode of composition, the freshness and vigour of the first conception, with the superior precision and completeness resulting from prolonged thought. In my own case, moreover, I have found that the patience necessary for a careful elaboration of the details of composition and expression, costs much less effort after the entire subject has been once gone through,

and the substance of all that I find to say has in some manner, however imperfect, been got upon paper. The only thing which I am careful, in the first draft, to make as perfect as I am able, is the arrangement. If that is bad, the whole thread on which the ideas string themselves becomes twisted; thoughts placed in a wrong connexion are not expounded in a manner that suits the right, and a first draft with this original vice is next to useless as a foundation for the final treatment.

离开《威斯敏斯特评论》后，我首先利用因此得来的空闲时间完成《逻辑学体系》的写作。1838年的七、八月份，我抽空写完了第三卷初稿中未完成的部分。在写到既不是因果定律，又不是其推论的自然定律的逻辑理论时，我逐渐意识到种类是自然界的真实存在，而不仅仅是为了方便所作的划分。我在写第一卷的时候尚未意识到这一点，所以必须对该卷中的几个章节进行修改和扩充。《语言与分类》一卷，以及《谬误的分类》一章也在同年秋天完成了初稿。其余部分也于1840年夏秋完成。从1841年4月至年底，我利用所有业余时间对这本书从头到尾进行了彻底的改写。我的全部作品都是按这种方式写成的，每一本至少写作两遍，每部作品从头到尾完成初稿，然后再回过头来重写一遍。但是在重写时，我依旧沿用原稿的所有或部分句子，这些句子很合我意，根本不需要重写。这种双重编纂的方法优点很多，与其他写作模式相比，这种方法更好地把早期思考的新鲜感和活力与长期思考后的高度缜密性和完整性结合起来。另外，就我的情况而言，我发现把所有问题处理过一遍之后，对写作和措词等细节进行仔细的阐述所需投注的努力就大大减少了，我要说的全部内容，不论是否完善，都已经大体写了下来。在初稿中唯一需要细加斟酌，力求使其尽善尽美的，就是书的编排。如果做不好，贯穿思想的整个脉络就会扭曲，被错误地联系到一起的观点就不能得到正确的解释。这种最初的缺陷会令初稿与废纸无异，最终将被弃置不用。

During the rewriting of the Logic, Dr. Whewell's Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences made its appearance; a circumstance fortunate for me, as it gave me what I greatly desired, a full treatment of the subject by an antagonist, and enabled me to present my ideas with greater clearness and emphasis as well as fuller and more varied development, in defending them against definite objections, and confronting them distinctly with an opposite theory. The controversies with Dr. Whewell, as well as much matter derived from Comte, were first introduced into the book in the course of the re-writing.

在我重写《逻辑学体系》的那段时间，休厄尔博士的著作《归纳科学的哲学》问世了。这一形势对我很有利，因为对手会全面论述这一问题，这是我满心期待的机会，使我在与明确的反对者争辩，以及清楚地面对相反的理论时，能更明确地提出我的观点，同时更全面地阐述这些观点。在重写时我第一次把与休厄尔博士的这番争论，以及从孔德那里得到的很多材料写进书里。

At the end of 1841, the book being ready for press, I offered it to Murray, who kept it until too late for publication that season, and then refused it, for reasons which could just as well have been given at first. But I have had no cause to regret a rejection which led to my offering it to Mr. Parker, by whom it was published in the spring of 1843. My original expectations of success were extremely limited. Archbishop Whately had, indeed, rehabilitated the name of Logic, and the study of the forms, rules, and fallacies of Ratiocination; and Dr. Whewell's writings had begun to excite an interest in the other part of my subject, the theory of Induction. A treatise, however, on a matter so abstract, could not be expected to be popular; it could only be a book for students, and students on such subjects were not only (at least in England) few, but addicted chiefly to the opposite school of metaphysics, the ontological and "innate principles" school. I therefore did not expect that the book would have many readers, or approvers; and looked for little practical effect from it, save that of keeping the tradition unbroken of what I thought a better philosophy. What hopes I had of exciting any immediate attention, were mainly grounded on the polemical propensities of Dr. Whewell; who, I thought, from observation of his conduct in other cases, would probably do something to bring the book into notice, by replying, and that promptly, to the attack on his opinions. He did reply, but not till 1850, just in time for me to answer him in the third edition. How the book came to have, for a work of the kind, so much success, and what sort of persons compose the bulk of those who have bought, I will not venture to say read, it, I have never thoroughly understood. But taken in conjunction with the many proofs which have since been given of a revival of speculation, speculation too of a free kind, in many quarters, and above all (where at one time I should have least expected it) in the Universities, the fact becomes partially intelligible. I have never indulged the illusion that the book had made any considerable impression on philosophical opinion. The German, or à priori view of human knowledge, and of the knowing faculties, is likely for some time longer (though it may be hoped in a diminishing degree) to predominate among those who occupy themselves with such inquiries, both here and on the Continent. But the "System of Logic" supplies what was much wanted, a text-book of the opposite doctrine—that which derives all knowledge from experience, and all moral and intellectual qualities principally from the direction given to the associations. I make as humble an estimate as anybody of what either an analysis of logical processes, or any possible canons of evidence, can do by themselves, towards guiding or rectifying the operations of the understanding. Combined with other requisites, I certainly do think them of great use; but whatever may be the

practical value of a true philosophy of these matters, it is hardly possible to exaggerate the mischiefs of a false one. The notion that truths external to the mind may be known by intuition or consciousness, independently of observation and experience, is, I am persuaded, in these times, the great intellectual support of false doctrines and bad institutions. By the aid of this theory, every inveterate belief and every intense feeling, of which the origin is not remembered, is enabled to dispense with the obligation of justifying itself by reason, and is erected into its own all-sufficient voucher and justification. There never was such an instrument devised for consecrating all deep-seated prejudices. And the chief strength of this false philosophy in morals, politics, and religion, lies in the appeal which it is accustomed to make to the evidence of mathematics and of the cognate branches of physical science. To expel it from these, is to drive it from its stronghold: and because this had never been effectually done, the intuitive school, even after what my father had written in his Analysis of the Mind, had in appearance, and as far as published writings were concerned, on the whole the best of the argument. In attempting to clear up the real nature of the evidence of mathematical and physical truths, the "System of Logic" met the intuitive philosophers on ground on which they had previously been deemed unassailable; and gave its own explanation, from experience and association, of that peculiar character of what are called necessary truths, which is adduced as proof that their evidence must come from a deeper source than experience. Whether this has been done effectually, is still sub judice; and even then, to deprive a mode of thought so strongly rooted in human prejudices and partialities, of its mere speculative support, goes but a very little way towards overcoming it; but though only a step, it is a quite indispensable one; for since, after all, prejudice can only be successfully combated by philosophy, no way can really be made against it permanently until it has been shown not to have philosophy on its side.

1841年底，书稿已经就绪，我把它交给了默里，但书稿在他那里放了太久，结果错过了那个出版季，因此他拒绝出版，他给出的理由本来可以一开始就告诉我。但我没有理由为这次拒绝感到惋惜，之后我把书交给了帕克先生。在他的帮助下，书终于在1843年春天出版了。我最初并没有对成功抱很大期望。事实上，大主教惠特利已恢复使用了逻辑44这一名称，重新开始研究推理的方式、原则和谬误。休厄尔博士的作品也开始引起人们对我另一部分研究课题的兴趣，即归纳理论。但一本谈论如此抽象主题的专著是不可能畅销的，它只适合研究者，但研究逻辑学的人不仅少（至少在英国如此），而且他们大都沉迷于与我相反的形而上学学派、本体论学派和先天原则学派。所以我不期待这本书有很多读者或支持者，也不期望它能产生什么实际效果，只希望我认为更好的哲学传统能保持完整。我对这本书能立刻引起关注的希望，主要寄托在

休厄尔博士惯于争论的习性上。通过观察他在其他事情上的做法，我想他应该会做些什么对抨击他的观点进行回应，从而让人们注意到这本书。他的确回应了，但是直到1850年才作出回应，刚好让我能在第三版中及时回答他的问题。这样的一本书是如何大获成功的？哪些人组成了购买大军（我不敢说他们都读过了）？这两个问题我从未彻底弄明白。但联系很多思考复兴的证据，也就是在很多地区，尤其是在大学（我一度最不抱希望的地方）的自由思考，事情就容易理解一些了。我从未幻想这本书会对很多哲学观点产生深刻影响。有关人类认识和认识能力的德国学派或先验观点，有可能在更长的时间里对英国乃至整个欧洲大陆上那些从事这类探索的人起主导作用（虽然人们希望这种主导越来越少）。但《逻辑学体系》却提供了当时人们迫切需要的相反学说的教科书——这个学说认为所有知识都是通过经验获得的，所有道德和智力品质主要源于热衷联想的倾向。我像其他人一样，对逻辑过程的分析或者可能的证据规则自我运作以支配和调整认知活动的评价不高。如果与其他必要条件结合起来，我当然认为它们很有用处。但无论这些问题的正确哲学观点的实用价值是什么，其错误哲学观点的危害绝非危言耸听。我相信，那种存在于思想外部的真理可以不通过观察和经验，而是由直觉或意识获取的观念，是当下错误学说和不良制度的巨大智力支持。在这种理论的帮助下，所有不知来源的根深蒂固的信仰和强烈的感情，就省却了用理性进行自证，且自身就上升成为充分的证据和正当理由。之前从没有人设计过这样一个工具将所有根深蒂固的偏见奉为神圣。这种伪哲学在道德、政治和宗教上的主要力量就在于它惯于向数学证据和自然科学同源学科的证据求助。把它从这些学科中驱逐出去，就是把它从堡垒中赶走。但因为从未有效地实现这点，所以甚至在我父亲写的《人类心灵现象的分析》问世后，就已出版的作品来说，直觉学派的论述总体上还是最好的。为了澄清数学和自然科学真理证据的真正本质，《逻辑学体系》在直觉派哲学家从前认为无懈可击的问题上和他们会合，从经验和联想的角度，对我们所说的必然真理的特点给出自己的解释，从而证明他们的证据必须出自比经验更深层的来源。这种做法是否有效还是未知数，甚至即使这种深深根植于人类偏见和偏好中的思维模式失去了其纯粹的理论支持，也只是在战胜它的道路上迈出了一小步。尽管如此，这一步却十分必要。因为毕竟只有哲学能够成功地打败偏见，在证明偏见没有哲学支持之前，没有什么其他方法能真正永久地战胜它。

Being now released from any active concern in temporary politics, and from any literary occupation involving personal communication with contributors and others, I was enabled to indulge the inclination, natural to thinking persons when the age of boyish vanity is once past, for limiting my own society to a very few persons. General society, as now carried on in England, is so insipid an affair, even to the persons who make it what it is, that it is kept up for any reason rather than the pleasure it affords. All serious discussion on matters on which opinions differ, being considered ill-bred, and the national deficiency in liveliness and sociability having prevented the cultivation of the art of talking agreeably on trifles, in which the

French of the last century so much excelled, the sole attraction of what is called society to those who are not at the top of the tree, is the hope of being aided to climb a little higher in it; while to those who are already at the top, it is chiefly a compliance with custom, and with the supposed requirements of their station. To a person of any but a very common order in thought or feeling, such society, unless he has personal objects to serve by it, must be supremely unattractive: and most people, in the present day, of any really high class of intellect, make their contact with it so slight, and at such long intervals, as to be almost considered as retiring from it altogether. Those persons of any mental superiority who do otherwise, are, almost without exception, greatly deteriorated by it. Not to mention loss of time, the tone of their feelings is lowered: they become less in earnest about those of their opinions respecting which they must remain silent in the society they frequent: they come to look upon their most elevated objects as unpractical, or, at least, too remote from realization to be more than a vision, or a theory; and if, more fortunate than most, they retain their higher principles unimpaired, yet with respect to the persons and affairs of their own day they insensibly adopt the modes of feeling and judgment in which they can hope for sympathy from the company they keep. A person of high intellect should never go into unintellectual society unless he can enter it as an apostle; yet he is the only person with high objects who can safely enter it at all. Persons even of intellectual aspirations had much better, if they can, make their habitual associates of at least their equals, and, as far as possible, their superiors, in knowledge, intellect, and elevation of sentiment. Moreover, if the character is formed, and the mind made up, on the few cardinal points of human opinion, agreement of conviction and feeling on these, has been felt in all times to be an essential requisite of anything worthy the name of friendship, in a really earnest mind. All these circumstances united, made the number very small of those whose society, and still more whose intimacy, I now voluntarily sought.

那时我不用积极地关注当下的政治，也不从事文学工作，不用和撰稿人等打交道，因此可以随意地把我的社交圈子缩小到很少的几个人，这对那些过了孩子般虚荣年纪而又有思想的人来说是件自然的事。普通社交，就像那时英国的一样，是件乏味的差事，甚至对那些把社交变成这样的人来说，他们维持社交的目的不是因为它能提供乐趣，而是另有他因。严肃地讨论那些有不同见解的事情却被看作没有教养，全民缺少活力和社交能力，这妨碍了人们培养愉快地谈论琐事的艺术，而这种艺术是上世纪法国人很擅长的。对那些社会地位不够高的人来说，社交的唯一魅力就在于希望借此向更高的地位攀爬。而对那些已经位居社会顶层的人，社交主要是依从习惯和他们地位的需要。对一个思想或感情十分普通的人，除非他想通过社交达到个人目的，否则社交对他必定毫无

吸引力。当今大多真正才智出众的人很少接触社交圈，参加社交的次数也很少，几乎让人以为他们完全脱离了这个圈子。而有些思想超凡的人却恰恰相反，他们几乎无一例外地受到社交圈的严重腐蚀，浪费了时间不说，他们的格调也有所降低。在常去的社交圈中，他们变得不那么认真对待自己的见解，还必须对它们讳莫如深。他们开始视那些最高尚的目标为不切实际，或至少离现实太远，只不过是幻想或理论。假如比大多数人幸运的话，他们还会保留较高原则不受损害，但对那个时代的人和事，他们不知不觉地采用了他们同伴的感情和判断方式，以期博得共鸣。一个高才智的人绝不该踏入没有才智的社交圈，除非他是作为传道者加入的。然而只有那些有崇高目标的人才能完全安全地进入这个圈子。如果可以的话，那些追求高才智的人最好与在知识、才智和高尚情操上高出自己很多，或至少与自己相当的人经常交往。另外，如果性格和思想是在人类观念的几个基本点之上形成的，那么在一个真正诚恳的人的心中，建立在这些基本点之上的信念和情感的一致，总是称得上是真正友谊必不可少的条件。所有这些情况统一起来，使得我现在愿意与之交往的人很少，愿意深交的人就更少了。

Among these, by far the principal was the incomparable friend of whom I have already spoken. At this period she lived mostly, with one young daughter, in a quiet part of the country, and only occasionally in town, with her first husband, Mr. Taylor. I visited her equally in both places; and was greatly indebted to the strength of character which enabled her to disregard the false interpretations liable to be put on the frequency of my visits to her while living generally apart from Mr. Taylor, and on our occasionally travelling together, though in all other respects our conduct during those years gave not the slightest ground for any other supposition than the true one, that our relation to each other at that time was one of strong affection and confidential intimacy only. For though we did not consider the ordinances of society binding on a subject so entirely personal, we did feel bound that our conduct should be such as in no degree to bring discredit on her husband, nor therefore on herself.

在这些人当中，至此最重要的一位就是我之前说过的那位无人可比的朋友。这段时间她大都和年幼的女儿一起住在乡下一个安静的地方，偶尔去城里和她的第一任丈夫泰勒先生一起住。我经常去这两个地方拜访她。她和泰勒先生分居时我经常去拜访她，偶尔我们还一起去旅行，这些行为很容易引起误解，我很感激她性格中有无视种种误解的力量。然而从其他方面来说，这些年来我们的行为没有丝毫理由引起别人的猜测，除了真正的原因。我们之间的关系仅仅是一种强烈的爱慕和互相信任的亲密友人。虽然我们不认为社会风俗能够约束这种完全私人的关系，但我们觉得有义务让我们的行为不至于影响她丈夫和她本人的名声。

In this third period (as it may be termed) of my mental progress, which now went hand in hand with hers, my opinions gained equally

in breadth and depth, I understood more things, and those which I had understood before, I now understood more thoroughly. I had now completely turned back from what there had been of excess in my reaction against Benthamism. I had, at the height of that reaction, certainly become much more indulgent to the common opinions of society and the world, and more willing to be content with seconding the superficial improvement which had begun to take place in those common opinions, than became one whose convictions, on so many points, differed fundamentally from them. I was much more inclined, than I can now approve, to put in abeyance the more decidedly heretical part of my opinions, which I now look upon as almost the only ones, the assertion of which tends in any way to regenerate society. But in addition to this, our opinions were now far more heretical than mine had been in the days of my most extreme Benthamism. In those days I had seen little further than the old school of political economists into the possibilities of fundamental improvement in social arrangements. Private property, as now understood, and inheritance, appeared to me, as to them, the dernier mot of legislation: and I looked no further than to mitigating the inequalities consequent on these institutions, by getting rid of primogeniture and entails[1]. The notion that it was possible to go further than this in removing the injustice—for injustice it is, whether admitting of a complete remedy or not—involved in the fact that some are born to riches and the vast majority to poverty, I then reckoned chimerical, and only hoped that by universal education, leading to voluntary restraint on population, the portion of the poor might be made more tolerable. In short, I was a democrat, but not the least of a Socialist. We were now much less democrats than I had been, because so long as education continues to be so wretchedly imperfect, we dreaded the ignorance and especially the selfishness and brutality of the mass: but our ideal of ultimate improvement went far beyond Democracy, and would class us decidedly under the general designation of Socialists. While we repudiated with the greatest energy that tyranny of society over the individual which most Socialistic systems are supposed to involve, we yet looked forward to a time when society will no longer be divided into the idle and the industrious; when the rule that they who do not work shall not eat, will be applied not to paupers only, but impartially to all; when the division of the produce of labour, instead of depending, as in so great a degree it now does, on the accident of birth, will be made by concert, on an acknowledged principle of justice; and when it will no longer either be, or be thought to be, impossible for human beings to exert themselves strenuously in procuring benefits which are not to be exclusively their own, but to be shared with the society they belong

to. The social problem of the future we considered to be, how to unite the greatest individual liberty of action, with a common ownership in the raw material of the globe, and an equal participation of all in the benefits of combined labour. We had not the presumption to suppose that we could already foresee, by what precise form of institutions these objects could most effectually be attained, or at how near or how distant a period they would become practicable. We saw clearly that to render any such social transformation either possible or desirable, an equivalent change of character must take place both in the uncultivated herd who now compose the labouring masses, and in the immense majority of their employers. Both these classes must learn by practice to labour and combine for generous, or at all events for public and social purposes, and not, as hitherto, solely for narrowly interested ones. But the capacity to do this has always existed in mankind, and is not, nor is ever likely to be, extinct. Education, habit, and the cultivation of the sentiments, will make a common man dig or weave for his country, as readily as fight for his country. True enough, it is only by slow degrees, and a system of culture prolonged through successive generations, that men in general can be brought up to this point. But the hindrance is not in the essential constitution of human nature. Interest in the common good is at present so weak a motive in the generality, not because it can never be otherwise, but because the mind is not accustomed to dwell on it as it dwells from morning till night on things which tend only to personal advantage. When called into activity, as only self-interest now is, by the daily course of life, and spurred from behind by the love of distinction and the fear of shame, it is capable of producing, even in common men, the most strenuous exertions as well as the most heroic sacrifices. The deep-rooted selfishness which forms the general character of the existing state of society, is so deeply rooted, only because the whole course of existing institutions tends to foster it; modern institutions in some respects more than ancient, since the occasions on which the individual is called on to do anything for the public without receiving its pay, are far less frequent in modern life, than in the smaller commonwealths of antiquity. These considerations did not make us overlook the folly of premature attempts to dispense with the inducements of private interest in social affairs, while no substitute for them has been or can be provided: but we regarded all existing institutions and social arrangements as being (in a phrase I once heard from Austin) "merely provisional", and we welcomed with the greatest pleasure and interest all socialistic experiments by select individuals (such as the Co-operative Societies), which, whether they succeeded or failed, could not but operate as a most useful education of those who took part in them, by cultivating their capacity of acting

upon motives pointing directly to the general good, or making them aware of the defects which render them and others incapable of doing so.

在我思想发展的第三个阶段（可以这样说），我和她的思想齐头并进，我的观点在广度和深度上都取得进展。我懂的东西比以前多，以前懂的东西现在则理解得更透彻。我现在已经完全从过分对抗边沁主义的状态中扭转过来。在那种对抗最强烈的时候，我的确对社会和世界的一般看法变得宽容了许多，而且更愿意满足于赞成这些看法里逐渐呈现的表面进步，而不愿变成在信仰的许多方面跟他们完全不同的人。我那时更倾向于把我的见解中更异端的部分搁置起来，现在则赞成视之为几乎唯一的，可以任何方式变革社会的主张。但除此以外，我们现在的见解比我在最极端的边沁主义时期中的见解异端得多。那段时间，对于根本改进社会结构的可能性，我看得并不比旧政治经济学家们远多少。和他们一样，我把现在所理解的私有财产和继承制视为立法的最终结果。除了通过取消长子继承权和限定继承权来减少这种制度带来的不公正现象，我也想不到其他办法。有种观点认为，要消除不公正现象可能还有比这更好的办法，因为无论是否有可能彻底消除，都包含这样一个事实，即有些人生来富有，而大部分人则生来贫穷。我那时认为这只是幻想，我只希望通过全民教育使人们自愿限制人口，这样穷人所占的比例就可以被控制在允许的范围内。简单地说，我那时是个民主主义者，而绝不是社会主义者。与那时的我相比，现在的我们已经没那么民主了，因为只要教育继续如此极不完善，我们就会对公众的无知，尤其是他们的自私和野蛮感到担心。但是，我们对社会最终改良的理想远远超过了民主主义，由此可以直接把我们归类到通常所称的社会主义者当中去。当我们竭尽全力地批判社会对个人的专制时，这也是大多社会主义制度中应有的内容，我们却期望有一天社会不再有勤奋之人和懒散之人之分。到那时，不劳动者不得食的原则不仅适用于穷人，而是公正地适用于所有人；到那时，劳动产品的分配将不再像现在这样很大程度上取决于出身，而是在公认的公正原则的基础上进行协商；到那时，人们不再只为自己获利而努力，而是为了其所在社会共同分享的利益而努力，这将不再是不可能或被认为是不可能的。我们认为将来的社会问题，是怎样把个人行动的最大自由和全球共有原料及所有人平等分享共同劳动成果结合起来。我们并没有自以为是地认为，我们已经预见到通过怎样的具体形式可以最有效地实现这些目的，或者距离实现这些目标还有多近或者多远。我们清楚地看到，若想给社会带来可能或令人向往的变革，就必须使劳动阶层中未受教育的民众和他们绝大多数雇主的个性发生等同的变化。这两个阶级必须在实践中学会慷慨，或者无论如何为公众和社会的目的而劳动和联合，而不是像目前这样仅仅为了狭隘的利益。但人类身上一直有这么做的能力，不会也永远不可能消失。教育、习惯和情感的培养会令一个普通人像时刻准备为祖国而战那样，时刻准备为国家耕耘或编织。诚然，只有通过循序渐进的和几代人长期的系统培养，才能把所有的普通人培养到这一步。但阻力不是人性的主要组成部分。目前，公众利益在大部分人心里还只是很微弱的动力，并不是因为它永远如此，而是因为人们还不习惯对它细加考虑，从早到晚只考虑那些可

能对自身有利的事。当现在的个人利益受到日常生活的激发，又受到对荣誉的热爱和对耻辱的恐惧的推动，即便在最普通的人身上也会产生巨大的力量，作出最英勇的牺牲。形成现存社会一般特点的根深蒂固的利己主义，之所以能深深扎根，只因为现存制度的整体方针助长了这种想法。在某些方面现代制度比古代制度更有这种倾向，因为在现代社会中号召个人无私地为公众做事的情形要远远少于古代较小的联邦。这些考虑并未让我们忽视那些草率地尝试去除社会事务中个人利益刺激的愚蠢做法，尽管那时没有或不能提供相应的替代品。但我们认为一切现存制度和社会结构仅仅是临时的（这个词语是从奥斯汀那儿听到的），我们也以最大的乐意和兴趣欢迎精英人士做出的社会主义实验（如合作社会）。无论成功与否，这都是对参加者最有用的教育，培养了他们直接为公众利益行动的能力，或让他们意识到自己和其他人无法这么做的缺陷。

In the Principles of Political Economy, these opinions were promulgated, less clearly and fully in the first edition, rather more so in the second, and quite unequivocally in the third. The difference arose partly from the change of times, the first edition having been written and sent to press before the French Revolution of 1848[2], after which the public mind became more open to the reception of novelties in opinion, and doctrines appeared moderate which would have been thought very startling a short time before. In the first edition the difficulties of socialism were stated so strongly, that the tone was on the whole that of opposition to it. In the year or two which followed, much time was given to the study of the best Socialistic writers on the Continent, and to meditation and discussion on the whole range of topics involved in the controversy: and the result was that most of what had been written on the subject in the first edition was cancelled, and replaced by arguments and reflections which represent a more advanced opinion.

这些观点在《政治经济学原理》一书中得到了阐述，第一版表达得不够清晰全面，第二版有所改进，第三版则十分明确了。这种改变部分源于时代的变迁，1848年法国革命以前，第一版写成并送印，之后公众在思想上变得更乐于接受新观点，那些不久之前还让人吃惊的学说现在看来却相当温和。第一版着重论述了社会主义的困难，因而整体基调是反对社会主义的。在接下来的一两年里，我花了大量时间研究欧洲最优秀的社会主义作家，思考和讨论争议中的所有问题，结果是我删掉了第一版中关于这个问题所写的大部分内容，取而代之的是代表先进思想的论点和反思。

The Political Economy was far more rapidly executed than the Logic, or indeed than anything of importance which I had previously written. It was commenced in the autumn of 1845, and was ready for the press before the end of 1847. In this period of little more than two years there was an interval of six months during which the work was

laid aside, while I was writing articles in the Morning Chronicle (which unexpectedly entered warmly into my purpose) urging the formation of peasant properties on the waste lands of Ireland. This was during the period of the Famine, the winter of 1846—47, when the stern necessities of the time seemed to afford a chance of gaining attention for what appeared to me the only mode of combining relief to immediate destitution with permanent improvement of the social and economical condition of the Irish people. But the idea was new and strange; there was no English precedent for such a proceeding: and the profound ignorance of English politicians and the English public concerning all social phenomena not generally met with in England (however common elsewhere), made my endeavours an entire failure. Instead of a great operation on the waste lands, and the conversion of cottiers into proprietors, Parliament passed a Poor Law for maintaining them as paupers: and if the nation has not since found itself in inextricable difficulties from the joint operation of the old evils and the quack remedy, it is indebted for its deliverance to that most unexpected and surprising fact, the depopulation of Ireland, commenced by famine, and continued by emigration.

《政治经济学原理》完成得比《逻辑学体系》快得多，事实上比我之前写过的所有重要著作都要快。1845年秋开始写作，1847年底前准备付印。而在这两年多一点的时间当中还有六个月的间隔，我把它搁置起来，去为《纪事晨报》撰稿（它意外地和我的目的一致），敦促建立爱尔兰农民对荒地的所有权。当时正值1846年冬季的饥荒期，严峻的现实似乎为我提供了一个赢得注意的机会，对我来说唯一的方法就是把救济眼前危机和长期改善爱尔兰人民的社会和经济状况结合起来。但这个想法新奇而陌生，在英国没有先例。英国政治家们和英国公众对于英国不普遍社会现象（无论在其他地方多么普遍）的完全无知使我的努力完全失败。议会没有大规模开发荒地，也没有使佃户变成土地所有者，而是通过了一项《济贫法》，对贫民给予救济。如果这个国家此后没有深陷旧的弊病和庸医治疗双重作用的困境，那么它应当感激被最出乎意料和令人惊讶的事实解救，即爱尔兰人口的减少始于饥荒，但继续发展于移民。

The rapid success of the Political Economy showed that the public wanted, and were prepared for such a book. Published early in 1848, an edition of a thousand copies was sold in less than a year. Another similar edition was published in the spring of 1849; and a third, of 1250 copies, early in 1852. It was, from the first, continually cited and referred to as an authority, because it was not a book merely of abstract science, but also of application, and treated Political Economy not as a thing by itself, but as a fragment of a greater whole; a branch of Social Philosophy, so interlinked with all the other branches, that its conclusions, even in its own peculiar province, are only true

conditionally, subject to interference and counteraction from causes not directly within its scope: while to the character of a practical guide it has no pretension, apart from other classes of considerations. Political Economy, in truth, has never pretended to give advice to mankind with no lights but its own; though people who knew nothing but political economy (and therefore knew that ill) have taken upon themselves to advise, and could only do so by such lights as they had. But the numerous sentimental enemies of political economy, and its still more numerous interested enemies in sentimental guise, have been very successful in gaining belief for this among other unmerited imputations against it, and the Principles having, in spite of the freedom of many of its opinions, become for the present the most popular treatise on the subject, has helped to disarm the enemies of so important a study. The amount of its worth as an exposition of the science, and the value of the different applications which it suggests, others of course must judge.

《政治经济学原理》的迅速成功说明公众需要并且准备接受这样一本书。1848年初出版，不到一年就卖出1000册。1849年春第二版又印了1000册，第三版于1852年卖出了1250册。从一开始它就不断被作为权威引用，因为它不仅仅是抽象科学，也是应用科学的作品，它将政治经济学看作是更广泛学科的一部分，而不是孤立的一门学科；它是社会科学的分支，与其他分支相互联系，其结论的正确性即便在自己独特的领域内也是有条件的，受到其他分支各种原因的干扰和牵制。如果离开了其他需要考虑的因素，它就称不上拥有实际指导的特性。实际上，政治经济学从未自称单凭自身的理论就能给人以指导。虽然那些只懂政治经济学的人（因此他们对政治经济学的理解也是错误的）承担了引导人类的责任，他们也只能以他们所知道的理论去引导人们。但许多感情用事的政治经济学的敌人和更多伪装成感情用事借以牟利的敌人，却非常成功地让人们相信了这一点以及其他对政治经济学的不正当诋毁。《政治经济学原理》自由地发表了很多观点，成为目前关于这个问题最受欢迎的专著，它有助于解除那些敌视这一重要研究的人的武装。对于这样一部科学论述的价值和它提出的各种应用的价值，别人当然会作出评价。

For a considerable time after this, I published no work of magnitude; though I still occasionally wrote in periodicals, and my correspondence (much of it with persons quite unknown to me), on subjects of public interest, swelled to a considerable bulk. During these years I wrote or commenced various Essays, for eventual publication, on some of the fundamental questions of human and social life, with regard to several of which I have already much exceeded the severity of the Horatian precept. I continued to watch with keen interest the progress of public events. But it was not, on the whole, very encouraging to me. The European reaction after 1848[3],

and the success of an unprincipled usurper in December 1851[4], put an end, as it seemed, to all present hope for freedom or social improvement in France and the Continent. In England, I had seen and continued to see many of the opinions of my youth obtain general recognition, and many of the reforms in institutions, for which I had through life contended, either effected or in course of being so. But these changes had been attended with much less benefit to human well-being than I should formerly have anticipated, because they had produced very little improvement in that which all real amelioration in the lot of mankind depends on, their intellectual and moral state: and it might even be questioned if the various causes of deterioration which had been at work in the meanwhile, had not more than counterbalanced the tendencies to improvement. I had learnt from experience that many false opinions may be exchanged for true ones, without in the least altering the habits of mind of which false opinions are the result. The English public, for example, are quite as raw and undiscerning on subjects of political economy since the nation has been converted to free-trade, as they were before; and are still further from having acquired better habits of thought and feeling, or being in any way better fortified against error, on subjects of a more elevated character. For, though they have thrown off certain errors, the general discipline of their minds, intellectually and morally, is not altered. I am now convinced, that no great improvements in the lot of mankind are possible, until a great change takes place in the fundamental constitution of their modes of thought. The old opinions in religion, morals, and politics, are so much discredited in the more intellectual minds as to have lost the greater part of their efficacy for good, while they have still life enough in them to be a powerful obstacle to the growing up of any better opinions on those subjects. When the philosophic minds of the world can no longer believe its religion, or can only believe it with modifications amounting to an essential change of its character, a transitional period commences, of weak convictions, paralysed intellects, and growing laxity of principle, which cannot terminate until a renovation has been effected in the basis of their belief, leading to the evolution of some faith, whether religious or merely human, which they can really believe: and when things are in this state, all thinking or writing which does not tend to promote such a renovation, is of very little value beyond the moment. Since there was little in the apparent condition of the public mind, indicative of any tendency in this direction, my view of the immediate prospects of human improvement was not sanguine. More recently a spirit of free speculation has sprung up, giving a more encouraging prospect of the gradual mental emancipation of England; and, concurring with the renewal under better auspices, of the movement

for political freedom in the rest of Europe, has given to the present condition of human affairs a more hopeful aspect.

在此后相当长的一段时间里，我没有出版任何重要的作品。但我偶尔也为期刊撰稿，在公共利益的问题上，我通信的数量非常可观（其中很多是写给不认识的人）。这些年来，我写了或者着手了很多关于人类和社会生活的一些根本性问题的文章，开始为最终的出版作准备，其中几篇的严厉程度已经超过了贺拉斯箴言。我依旧热切地关注公众事件的进展。但整体形势并未使我受到鼓舞。1848年后欧洲的反动和1851年12月无耻篡权者的成功，似乎毁灭了法国和欧洲大陆得到自由或社会进步的一切希望。在英格兰，我已经看到而且继续看到很多我年轻时的见解得到普遍认可，很多我一生为之奋斗的制度改革已经实现或者正在实现。但这些改变并没有像我之前所期望的那样给人们带来很多益处，因为它们没有促进人类命运真正改善所依赖的智力和道德状况，甚至连同时起作用的各种倒退因素是否抵消了改良的趋势都值得怀疑。我从经验中得知，很多错误的观念可以转化为正确的观念，并且丝毫不改变产生错误观念的思维习惯。例如，英国的公众，自从国家转型为自由贸易国之后，对政治经济学问题仍然像之前那样生疏迟钝。他们还远没有形成更好的思维或感情习惯，也没有在培养高尚人格问题上更好地加强防范错误的能力。这是因为，他们虽然抛弃了一些错误，但他们思想中的总体原则，无论智力上还是道德上都没有改变。我现在深信，只有人类思维模式的基本结构发生巨大的变化，人类命运才会有巨大的改进。宗教、道德和政治的旧观念在智力超群的人心中已不足信，大部分好的功效已经失去，但这些问题的观念在他们身上却有足够强大的生命力，阻碍更好的观念的形成。当全世界具有哲学思想的人不再相信宗教，或者只有在宗教性质发生根本改变之后才相信它时，一个过渡的时代就开始了。在这个时代，人们信念薄弱，思想麻痹，纪律日益涣散，只有他们的信仰基础发生革新，使得一些信念，无论是宗教方面的，或仅仅是人类方面的，能发展到真正让他们相信的程度，这些现象才会终止。当事情发展到这一步，所有不能促进这种革新的思想或作品都会毫无价值，瞬间即逝。因为还没有明显的迹象表明公众的思想里出现了这种趋势，我认为当前实现人类进步的前景并不乐观。最近，一种自由思考的精神正在逐渐兴起，给英国思想逐渐解放的前景带来了更大的鼓舞。与这种革新同时发生的，是欧洲其他地方的政治自由运动，这是个更好的兆头，给当前人类事务的现状带来了更有希望的一面。

Between the time of which I have now spoken, and the present, took place the most important events of my private life. The first of these was my marriage, in April, 1851, to the lady whose incomparable worth had made her friendship the greatest source to me both of happiness and of improvement, during many years in which we never expected to be in any closer relation to one another. Ardently as I should have aspired to this complete union of our lives at any time in the course of my existence at which it had been practicable, I, as much as my wife, would far rather have foregone

that privilege for ever, than have owed it to the premature death of one for whom I had the sincerest respect, and she the strongest affection. That event however having taken place in July, 1849, it was granted to me to derive from that evil my own greatest good, by adding to the partnership of thought, feeling, and writing which had long existed, a partnership of our entire existence. For seven and a-half years that blessing was mine; for seven and a-half only! I can say nothing which could describe, even in the faintest manner, what that loss was and is. But because I know that she would have wished it, I endeavour to make the best of what life I have left, and to work on for her purposes with such diminished strength as can be derived from thoughts of her, and communion with her memory.

从我刚才提到的那段时间到目前，在我的个人生活中发生了几件重大的事。第一件就是我与那位女士于1851年4月结婚。她无可比拟的价值使得我们之间的友谊成为我快乐和进步的最大源泉，那些年，我从未希望彼此的关系还能更亲密。我本该在我有生之年无时无刻不热切地期盼着我们生命的完全结合，但我和我太太宁愿永远放弃这样的恩惠，也不愿因为我最尊敬的朋友、她最欣赏的丈夫英年早逝而得到它。但不幸的事还是在1849年7月发生了，我从这个噩耗中得到的最大好处，就是在我们长期的思想、感情和写作伙伴关系上增添了一种生活伴侣的关系。我享受了七年半这样幸福的时光，但是只有七年半！我无法用言语表达这个损失在当时和现在意味着什么，即便是用最模糊的方式也无法表达。但是因为我知道她会希望我这样，所以我努力充分利用好我的余生，从她的思想和对她回忆的交流中，汲取我已减弱的力量，为她的目标继续工作。

During the years which intervened between the commencement of my married life and the catastrophe which closed it, the principal occurrences of my outward existence (unless I count as such a first attack of the family disease, and a consequent journey of more than six months for the recovery of health, in Italy, Sicily, and Greece) had reference to my position in the India House. In 1856 I was promoted to the rank of chief of the office in which I had served for upwards of thirty-three years. The appointment, that of Examiner of India Correspondence, was the highest, next to that of Secretary, in the East India Company's home service, involving the general superintendance of all the correspondence with the Indian Governments, except the military, naval, and financial. I held this office as long as it continued to exist, being a little more than two years; after which it pleased Parliament, in other words Lord Palmerston, to put an end to the East India Company as a branch of the government of India under the Crown, and convert the administration of that country into a thing to be scrambled for by the second and third class of English parliamentary politicians. I was the chief manager of the resistance

which the Company made to their own political extinction. To the letters and petitions I wrote for them, and the concluding chapter of my treatise on Representative Government, I must refer for my opinions on the folly and mischief of this ill-considered change. Personally I considered myself a gainer by it, as I had given enough of my life to India, and was not unwilling to retire on the liberal compensation granted. After the change was consummated, Lord Stanley[5], the first Secretary of State for India, made me the honorable offer of a seat in the Council, and the proposal was subsequently renewed by the Council itself, on the first occasion of its having to supply a vacancy in its own body. But the conditions of Indian government under the new system made me anticipate nothing but useless vexation and waste of effort from any participation in it: and nothing that has since happened has had any tendency to make me regret my refusal.

从结婚到灾难降临宣告我们婚姻结束的这些岁月里，我的外界生活主要就是任职于东印度公司（除了我提到家族病的第一次发作以及之后为了康复在意大利、西西里和希腊的六个多月的旅行）。1856年，即我任职的第33个年头，经过多次晋升后，我被提拔为办事处主任。这个职位，也就是印度通讯审查员，是东印度公司国内部仅次于部长的最高职位，主要监督与印度政府除陆军、海军和财政之外的所有通讯事宜。之后的两年多时间里，我一直担任这个职位，直到它不再存在为止。此后为了取悦议会，换言之为了取悦帕默斯顿勋爵，作为王室之下印度政府的一个分支，东印度公司被取消，这个国家的政府则变成被英国议会二、三流政客争夺的对象。公司反抗自己政治地位的消失，而我是主要领导者。在我写给他们的信件和请愿书中，以及我的专著《论代议政治》的结论章节中，我必须对这个欠考虑的改组的愚蠢性和危害性发表自己的看法。就我个人而言，我是获利者，因为我一生为东印度公司作了足够多的贡献，很乐意在拿到授予我的丰厚补偿金后退休。在改组圆满完成以后，印度第一位国务大臣斯坦利勋爵邀我在评议会任职，后来评议会为了填补自身的一个职位空缺，再次向我发出了邀请。但新制度下的印度政府的状况让我预感到，加入他们只会给我带来无谓的烦恼，造成我的精力浪费。之后发生的一切从未让我后悔谢绝这一邀请。

During the two years which immediately preceded the cessation of my official life, my wife and I were working together at the Liberty. I had first planned and written it as a short essay, in 1854. It was in mounting the steps of the Capitol[6], in January 1855, that the thought first arose of converting it into a volume. None of my writings have been either so carefully composed, or so sedulously corrected as this. After it had been written as usual twice over, we kept it by us, bringing it out from time to time and going through it de novo, reading, weighing and criticizing every sentence. Its final revision was to have been a work of the winter of 1858—59, the first after my

retirement, which we had arranged to pass in the South of Europe. That hope and every other were frustrated by the most unexpected and bitter calamity of her death—at Avignon[7], on our way to Montpellier, from a sudden attack of pulmonary congestion.

就在我结束公职生涯的前两年，我太太和我一起写了《论自由》。1854年，我起初是打算把它写成一篇短文的。但是1855年1月，当我登上罗马朱庇特神庙台阶时，我第一次产生了把它写成一本书的想法。我的作品中没有哪一部像这本书一样作了细致的构思和孜孜不倦的修改。像通常那样写过两遍以后，我们就把它带在身上，时不时地拿出来，从头翻阅，字斟句酌。本书原定于1858年冬天完稿，那也是我退休后本打算在南欧度过的第一个冬天。但所有的希望都在我太太意外过世的悲痛中破灭了——在阿维尼翁，也就是在我们去蒙彼利埃的途中，她突然肺部充血而病逝。

Since then, I have sought for such alleviation as my state admitted of, by the mode of life which most enabled me to feel her still near me. I bought a cottage as close as possible to the place where she is buried, and there her daughter (my fellow-sufferer and now my chief comfort) and I, live constantly during a great portion of the year. My objects in life are solely those which were hers; my pursuits and occupations those in which she shared, or sympathized, and which are indissolubly associated with her. Her memory is to me a religion, and her approbation the standard by which, summing up as it does all worthiness, I endeavour to regulate my life.

从那以后，在状况允许的情况下，我为了寻求慰藉，以一种能使自己感觉到她就在身边的方式活着。我在离她墓地尽可能近的地方买了一栋小屋，和她的女儿（她也忍受着痛苦，现在是我的主要安慰）在那年的大部分时间都住在那里。我生活的目标完全就是她一贯的生活目标；我的追求和事业就是曾与她分享的或经她赞成的追求和事业，这些与她密不可分。对她的思念于我是一种宗教，她的认可也是我总结出来衡量所有价值的标准，我也努力用它来调节我的生活。

In resuming my pen some years after closing the preceding narrative, I am influenced by a desire not to leave incomplete the record, for the sake of which chiefly this biographical sketch was undertaken, of the obligations I owe to those who have either contributed essentially to my own mental development or had a direct share in my writings and in whatever else of a public nature I have done. In the preceding pages, this record, so far as it relates to my wife, is not so detailed and precise as it ought to be; and since I lost her, I have had other help, not less deserving and requiring acknowledgment.

我不希望让记录变得不完整，在这种想法的影响下，在结束前边故事后的几年，我又拿起了笔，主要是因为要写这本自传的草稿，这是我

对那些曾经对我思想进步作出贡献的人，或者直接参与到我的写作以及其他我做过的有公众性质事情的人的义务。这个记录的前面几页谈到了我太太，但并没有应有的那样细致和精确。而自从我失去她以后，我还得到了别人的帮助，同样值得和需要感谢。

When two persons have their thoughts and speculations completely in common; when all subjects of intellectual or moral interest are discussed between them in daily life, and probed to much greater depths than are usually or conveniently sounded in writings intended for general readers; when they set out from the same principles, and arrive at their conclusions by processes pursued jointly, it is of little consequence in respect to the question of originality, which of them holds the pen; the one who contributes least to the composition may contribute most to the thought; the writings which result are the joint product of both, and it must often be impossible to disentangle their respective parts, and affirm that this belongs to one and that to the other. In this wide sense, not only during the years of our married life, but during many of the years of confidential friendship which preceded, all my published writings were as much her work as mine; her share in them constantly increasing as years advanced. But in certain cases, what belongs to her can be distinguished, and specially identified. Over and above the general influence which her mind had over mine, the most valuable ideas and features in these joint productions—those which have been most fruitful of important results, and have contributed most to the success and reputation of the works themselves—originated with her; were emanations from her mind, my part in them being no greater than in any of the thoughts which I found in previous writers, and made my own only by incorporating them with my own system of thought. During the greater part of my literary life I have performed the office in relation to her, which from a rather early period I had considered as the most useful part that I was qualified to take in the domain of thought, that of an interpreter of original thinkers, and mediator between them and the public; for I had always a humble opinion of my own powers as an original thinker, except in abstract science (logic, metaphysics, and the theoretic principles of political economy and politics), but thought myself much superior to most of my contemporaries in willingness and ability to learn from everybody; as I found hardly any one who made such a point of examining what was said in defence of all opinions, however new or however old, in the conviction that even if they were errors there might be a substratum of truth underneath them, and that in any case the discovery of what it was that made them plausible, would be a benefit to truth. I had, in consequence, marked out this as a sphere of usefulness in which I was under a special obligation to make myself

active: the more so, as the acquaintance I had formed with the ideas of the Coleridgians, of the German thinkers, and of Carlyle, all of them fiercely opposed to the mode of thought in which I had been brought up, had convinced me that along with much error they possessed much truth, which was veiled from minds otherwise capable of receiving it by the transcendental and mystical phraseology in which they were accustomed to shut it up and from which they neither cared, nor knew how, to disengage it; and I did not despair of separating the truth from the error and expressing it in terms which would be intelligible and not repulsive to those on my own side in philosophy. Thus prepared, it will easily be believed that when I came into close intellectual communion with a person of the most eminent faculties, whose genius, as it grew and unfolded itself in thought, continually struck out truths far in advance of me, but in which I could not, as I had done in those others, detect any mixture of error, the greatest part of my mental growth consisted in the assimilation of those truths, and the most valuable part of my intellectual work was in building the bridges and clearing the paths which connected them with my general system of thought.

当两个人有完全一致的思想时；当他们在日常生活中讨论所有有关智力或道德趣味的问题，探讨的深度远远超过平时或传统意义上供普通读者阅读的作品时；当他们有相同的出发点，通过共同寻求的过程得出他们的结论时，最后对于由谁执笔的原创性问题就变得不那么重要了。对写作贡献最小的人，可能对文章思想的贡献最大。写出的作品是两个人共同努力的结果，想区分出各自的作用，确定这部分是你的，那部分是我的，这通常是不可能的。从广义上来说，我们婚后的作品，甚至当我们还是亲密友人时出版的作品都是我们所共同拥有的。她在作品中所占的比重随时间不断增长。但有几本书，属于她的部分是可以辨别的，并且被专门标注出来。除了她的思想对我的总体影响之外，这些合作作品中最有价值的思想和特征——这些是重要成果中最有成效的部分，对作品本身的成功和声誉贡献最大——都是她创作的，是她的思想的流露，其中我发挥的作用并不比以前作家的思想好很多，我只是把它们合并到我自己的思想体系中来了。在我写作生涯的大部分时间里，我的工作都与她有关，我从很早就认为这段时间是使我有资格进入思想领域的最有用的一段，那时的我是原创思想者的阐释者，将他们和公众联系起来。因为一直以来，除了在抽象科学领域（逻辑、形而上学、政治经济学和政治学的理论原则），我认为自己作为原创思想者的力量还不够大，但在向其他人学习的意愿和能力方面，我认为自己比大多数同时代人更胜一筹。因为我很少看到有人怀着这样一种看法审视所有为或新或旧的观点所做的辩护，即便它们是错误的观点，也可能有真理埋藏于其下，而发掘是什么让它们看起来合理的这个过程也有助于得出真理。因此，我把这段作为有用的部分划分出来，在这儿我有特别的义务让自己积极起来，尤其是当我了解了柯尔律治追随者、德国思想家和卡莱尔的思想时更是这样。他们都激烈地反对我从小形成的思想方式，这让我相

信，他们带来许多错误的同时，也拥有很多真理，真理隐藏在思想的后面，否则其带有先验主义和神秘主义色彩的措词会令大脑在接收它时习惯性地关闭，既不关心也不知道如何摆脱掉它。我不急于将真理从谬误中分离出来，并用和我有相同哲学看法的人理解和不反感的话表达出来。做好了这样的准备，人们就很容易相信，当我和一个拥有最杰出能力的人有密切的思想交流时，她的天赋不断发展并且在思想方面展现出来，不断寻求真理，远超于我，但我却没有像在其他人身上那样发现她的真理里也混杂着谬误，我思想上的进步很大一部分在于吸收了这些真理，而我的智力工作中最有价值的一部分就是在真理和总体的思想体系间建立了桥梁，扫清了道路。

The first of my books in which her share was conspicuous was the Principles of Political Economy. The System of Logic owed little to her except in the minuter matters of composition, in which respect my writings, both great and small, have largely benefitted by her accurate and clear-sighted criticism. The chapter of the Political Economy which has had a greater influence on opinion than all the rest, that on "the Probable Future of the Labouring Classes", is entirely due to her: in the first draft of the book, that chapter did not exist. She pointed out the need of such a chapter, and the extreme imperfection of the book without it: she was the cause of my writing it; and the more general part of the chapter, the statement and discussion of the two opposite theories respecting the proper condition of the labouring classes, was wholly an exposition of her thoughts, often in words taken from her own lips. The purely scientific part of the Political Economy I did not learn from her; but it was chiefly her influence that gave to the book that general tone by which it is distinguished from all previous expositions of Political Economy that had any pretension to being scientific, and which has made it so useful in conciliating minds which those previous expositions had repelled. This tone consisted chiefly in making the proper distinction between the laws of the Production of Wealth, which are real laws of nature, dependent on the properties of objects, and the modes of its Distribution, which, subject to certain conditions, depend on human will. The common run of political economists confuse these together, under the designation of economic laws, which they deem incapable of being defeated or modified by human effort; ascribing the same necessity to things dependent on the unchangeable conditions of our earthly existence, and to those which, being but the necessary consequences of particular social arrangements, are merely coextensive with these: given certain institutions and customs, wages, profits, and rent will be determined by certain causes; but this class of political economists drop the indispensable presupposition, and argue that these causes must, by an inherent necessity, against which no human means can avail, determine the shares which fall, in the division of the produce,

to labourers, capitalists, and landlords. The Principles of Political Economy yielded to none of its predecessors in aiming at the scientific appreciation of the action of these causes, under the conditions which they presuppose; but it set the example of not treating those conditions as final. The economic generalisations which depend, not on necessities of nature but on those combined with the existing arrangements of society, it deals with only as provisional, and as liable to be much altered by the progress of social improvement. I had indeed partially learnt this view of things from the thoughts awakened in me by the speculations of the Saint- Simonians[8]; but it was made a living principle pervading and animating the book by my wife's promptings. This example illustrates well the general character of what she contributed to my writings. What was abstract and purely scientific was generally mine; the properly human element came from her: in all that concerned the application of philosophy to the exigencies of human society and progress, I was her pupil, alike in boldness of speculation and cautiousness of practical judgment. For, on the one hand, she was much more courageous and far-sighted than without her I should have been, in anticipations of an order of things to come, in which many of the limited generalizations now so often confounded with universal principles will cease to be applicable. Those parts of my writings, and especially of the Political Economy which contemplate possibilities in the future such as, when affirmed by socialists, have in general been fiercely denied by political economists, would, but for her, either have been absent, or the suggestions would have been made much more timidly and in a more qualified form. But while she thus rendered me bolder in speculation on human affairs, her practical turn of mind, and her almost unerring estimate of practical obstacles, repressed in me all tendencies that were really visionary. Her mind invested all ideas in a concrete shape, and formed to itself a conception of how they would actually work: and her knowledge of the existing feelings and conduct of mankind was so seldom at fault, that the weak point in any unworkable suggestion seldom escaped her.

在我的作品中，第一本包含她的突出贡献的书就是《政治经济学原理》。而对于《逻辑学体系》，除了精心地安排了文章的结构外，她所作的贡献并不多，但正是在文章的结构方面，我的作品，无论长短，都从她精确和锐利的批评中受益良多。《政治经济学原理》中有一章是关于“劳动阶级可能的未来”的，它对观念产生的影响最大，这完全是她的功劳。初稿中并没有这一章，她指出有必要把这一章加进去，否则的话这本书就会十分不完美。因为她，我才着手写这一章，其中大部分是关于劳动阶级固有地位的两种对立理论的陈述和讨论，这完全是她思想的表达，经常由她亲自口述。《政治经济学原理》里的纯科学部分，我并不是从她那儿学来的，但主要还是她的影响给整本书定下了基调，使之

不同于原来那些自称为科学的政治经济学论文，也有效地争取到了那些曾被这些论文排斥的人。这个基调的精髓在于正确区分了财富创造的定律和财富分配的模式，前者是真正的自然定律，取决于物的属性，后者受特定条件限制，取决于人的意志。一般的政治经济学家用经济学定律的名义将这些统统拒之门外，他们认为这些定律是无法通过人类努力来修改或战胜的。他们把相同的必然性归因于那些依赖尘世生活恒定条件的东西，也归因于那些在特定社会结构下唯一必然的结果，这两者仅仅是与之同等延伸的。在特定的惯例和习俗下，工资、利润和租金是由特定的原因决定的。但这批政治经济学家陷入了无法避免的假想当中，主张这些原因有一种内在的必然性，任何人力都起不了作用，也必然决定了在生产分工中，劳动者、资本家和地主所占的份额在减少。《政治经济学原理》不同意前人在他们假定的前提下针对这些原因的作用进行科学认定。但这个例子告诉我们，不要将条件视为决定性的。经济学的归纳不取决于自然的必然性，而取决于必然性和现有社会结构的结合，归纳仅仅是暂时的，容易被社会发展的进程所改变。实际上，我看问题的这种方法部分来自于圣西门主义者理论的激发，但却是因为我太太的提示，我的想法才变成赋予全书生命的通行的现实准则。这个例子很好地说明了她对我的作品所作贡献的一般特点。那些抽象的和纯科学的内容基本上由我负责，而她提出的是恰当的人类要素：就像我学习她大胆地思考和谨慎地作出实际判断一样，在所有涉及将哲学应用到人类社会和发展的迫切需要的方面，我也是她的学生。因为，一方面有了她我才在预见未来的规则上变得比原来更勇敢，更有远见，现在很多有限的归纳经常和普通的原则相混淆，从而失去了适用性。若不是她，我作品中的这些部分，尤其是《政治经济学原理》中那些被社会主义者肯定却被大部分政治经济学家强烈否定的对未来可能性的思考，要么不会出现，要么就是以一种更怯懦或更受限制的形式被提出。然而当她让我更大胆地思考人类事务时，她务实的思想方法，以及对实际困难的正确估计打消了我所有的空想倾向。她头脑中的想法具体有形，自身形成了如何实际操作的概念，而且她对现存的人类情感和行为的认识很少出错，所有不切实际的建议中的缺点几乎都逃不过她的眼睛。

The Liberty was more directly and literally our joint production than anything else which bears my name, for there was not a sentence of it that was not several times gone through by us together, turned over in many ways, and carefully weeded of any faults, either in thought or expression, that we detected in it. It is in consequence of this that, although it never underwent her final revision, it far surpasses, as a mere specimen of composition, anything which has proceeded from me either before or since. With regard to the thoughts, it is difficult to identify any particular part or element as being more hers than all the rest. The whole mode of thinking of which the book was the expression, was emphatically hers. But I also was so thoroughly imbued with it that the same thoughts naturally occurred to us both. That I was thus penetrated with it, however, I owe in a great degree to her. There was a moment in my mental

progress when I might easily have fallen into a tendency towards over-government, both social and political; as there was also a moment when, by reaction from a contrary excess, I might have become a less thorough radical and democrat than I am. In both these points as in many others, she benefitted me as much by keeping me right where I was right, as by leading me to new truths and ridding me of errors. My great readiness and eagerness to learn from everybody, and to make room in my opinions for every new acquisition by adjusting the old and the new to one another, might, but for her steadying influence, have seduced me into modifying my early opinions too much. She was in nothing more valuable to my mental development than by her just measure of the relative importance of different considerations, which often protected me from allowing to truths I had only recently learnt to see, a more important place in my thoughts than was properly their due.

与其他我署名的作品相比，《论自由》是我们合作最直接的作品，因为里边的每一句话都经过了我们多次认真的思考和反复的推敲，我们细心地去除了所发现的所有思想上或表达上的错误。正因为如此，这本书虽然没有经过她最终的修正，但仅仅从文章的结构来看，就远远超过了我之前或之后创作的所有作品。在思想方面，很难辨别哪个特别的部分或要素更属于她。此书表达的整个思维方式显然都是她的。但我也完全受到这种思维的影响，所以我们自然会产生相同的想法。但我能看得这么透彻，很大程度上要归功于她。在我思想发展的一段时间中，我在社会和政治上的想法很容易陷入政府过多干预的倾向。还有一段时间我有可能矫枉过正，变得不像现在这么彻底的激进和民主。在这两方面和其他很多方面一样，她不仅帮助我保持正确的观点，而且引导我摆脱错误，走上新的真理之路。我热切而且很乐于向任何人学习，并修正旧观点，融合新观点以腾出空间接受新的见解，若不是她一贯的影响，这有可能诱使我过多地修改我早期的见解。她对我思想发展最有价值的帮助在于她适当地衡量各种见解的相对重要性，经常使我避免将刚刚明白的真理放在思想中高于它们应有的重要地位。

The Liberty is likely to survive longer than anything else that I have written (with the possible exception of the Logic), because the conjunction of her mind with mine has rendered it a kind of philosophic text-book of a single truth, which the changes progressively taking place in modern society tend to bring out into ever stronger relief: the importance, to man and society, of a large variety in types of character, and of giving full freedom to human nature to expand itself in innumerable and conflicting directions. Nothing can better show how deep are the foundations of this truth, than the great impression made by the exposition of it at a time which, to superficial observation, did not seem to stand much in need of such a lesson. The fears we expressed lest the inevitable growth of

social equality and of the government of public opinion should impose on mankind an oppressive yoke of uniformity in opinion and practice, might easily have appeared chimerical to those who looked more at present facts than at tendencies; for the gradual revolution that is taking place in society and institutions has thus far been decidedly favourable to the development of new opinions, and has procured for them a much more unprejudiced hearing than they previously met with. But this is a feature belonging to periods of transition, when old notions and feelings have been unsettled and no new doctrines have yet succeeded to their ascendancy. At such times people of any mental activity, having given up many of their old beliefs, and not feeling quite sure that those they still retain can stand unmodified, listen eagerly to new opinions. But this state of things is necessarily transitory: some particular body of doctrine in time rallies the majority round it, organizes social institutions and modes of action conformably to itself, education impresses this new creed upon the new generations without the mental processes that have led to it, and by degrees it acquires the very same power of compression, so long exercised by the creeds of which it has taken the place. Whether this noxious power will be exercised depends on whether mankind have by that time become aware that it cannot be exercised without stunting and dwarfing human nature. It is then that the teachings of the Liberty will have their greatest value. And it is to be feared that they will retain that value a long time.

《论自由》可能比我的其他作品（或许《逻辑学体系》除外）更有生命力，因为我和她思想的结合让这本书成为某种单一真理的哲学教材，这个真理随着现代社会不断发生的变革变得更加突出：说明了性格类型多样化对人类和社会的重要性，给人性向无数的、相冲突的方向发展以充分的自由。这本书的论述所形成的深刻印象比其他任何事物都更好地说明了这个真理的基础有多深厚，尽管当时从表面看来似乎没有必要上这样一课。我们担心社会公正和代表舆论的政府不可避免的发展会给人类套上言论和行动一致的枷锁，对那些只看目前现实而忽视未来趋势的人来说，这种担心看起来似乎只是空想。因为在社会和制度中逐渐发生的变革还远未对新见解的发展绝对有利，使这些新见解获得比从前更多的公正的倾听。但这是属于过渡期的一个特点，此时的旧观念和旧情感已经动摇，而新学说还没有取得优势。在这样的时刻，所有有思想活动的人放弃了旧的信仰，还不确定他们所保留的东西是否会改变，所以他们迫切地倾听新的见解。但这种状态必定是暂时的：某个特定学说体系会适时地得到周围大多数人的支持，建立与之相符的社会制度和行为方式，通过教育使新一代人牢记新的教条，而不用告诉他们得出这个新教条的思想过程，渐渐地这个教条取得了与它所取代的教条相同的压制力。这种有害的力量是否会发挥作用取决于人类在那时是否意识到它会阻碍人性的发展。只有到那时，《论自由》的教导才会有最大的价值。令人担心的是，这些教导在很长时间都会保留这种价值。

As regards originality, it has of course no other than that which every thoughtful mind gives to its own mode of conceiving and expressing truths which are common property. The leading thought of the book is one which, though in many ages confined to insulated thinkers, mankind have probably at no time since the beginning of civilisation been entirely without. To speak only of the last few generations, it is distinctly contained in the vein of important thought respecting education and culture spread through the European mind by the labours and genius of Pestalozzi[9]. The unqualified championship of it by Wilhelm von Humboldt[10] is referred to in the book; but he by no means stood alone in his own country. During the early part of the present century, the doctrine of the rights of individuality, and the claim of the moral nature to develope itself in its own way, was pushed by a whole school of German authors even to exaggeration; and the writings of Goethe, the most celebrated of all German authors, though not belonging to that or to any other school, are penetrated throughout by views of morals and of conduct in life, often in my opinion not defensible, but which are incessantly seeking whatever defence they admit of in the theory of the right and duty of self-development. In our own country, before the book On Liberty was written, the doctrine of Individuality had been enthusiastically asserted, in a stile of vigorous declamation sometimes reminding one of Fichte, by Mr. William Maccall, in a series of writings of which the most elaborate is entitled Elements of Individualism. And a remarkable American, Mr. Warren[11], had framed a System of Society, on the foundation of the Sovereignty of the Individual, had obtained a number of followers, and had actually commenced the formation of a Village Community (whether it now exists I know not) which, though bearing a superficial resemblance to some of the projects of Socialists, is diametrically opposite to them in principle, since it recognises no authority whatever in Society over the individual, except to enforce equal freedom of development for all individualities. As the book which bears my name claimed no originality for any of its doctrines, and was not intended to write their history, the only author who had preceded me in their assertion, of whom I thought it appropriate to say anything, was Humboldt, who furnished the motto to the work; although in one passage I borrowed from the Warrenites their phrase, the sovereignty of the individual. It is hardly necessary here to remark that there are abundant differences in detail, between the conception of the doctrine by any of the predecessors I have mentioned, and that set forth in the book.

至于原创性问题，当然它正是每个有思想的人以自己的方式来构想和表达属于人类共同属性的真理。这本书的主导思想是，虽然在很多时代只有孤立的思想家才有这种思想，但它自人类文明开始以来就很可能

已经存在了。仅仅拿最近几代人来说，这种思想明显地存在于与教育、文化相关的重要思想中，并通过裴斯泰洛齐的努力传播到欧洲人的心中。书中提到威廉·冯·洪堡无条件地支持这种思想，他在自己的国家绝不是孤立无援。在本世纪初，个人权利学说以及道德应自行发展的主张被德国作家的整个流派推广到了夸张的地步。德国最著名的作家歌德的作品虽然不属于任何一个学派，但却渗透着人生的道德观和处事观，我认为虽然不应当拥护，但它在不停地为自我发展的权利和义务的理论寻求自身可容许的各种辩护。在我们自己的国家，在《论自由》写完之前，威廉·麦考尔先生在一系列作品中以雄辩的方式狂热地维护个人主义理论，让人想起了菲希特，其中最详尽的一部题为《个人主义的要素》。另外，一位杰出的美国人沃伦先生以个人主权为基础建构了一种社会体系，赢得了许多追随者，并着手将建立村庄团体付诸行动（我不知道它现在是否存在），虽然这表面上和社会主义者的一些计划相似，但在原则上与他们完全相反，因为除了推行所有个人具有平等的发展自由，它不承认社会对个人有任何权威。我对自己署名的《论自由》一书中的学说没有原创权，也不打算书写它们的历史，在我之前唯一值得一提的坚持这些理论的作家是洪堡特。他为此书题了词，虽然书中有一段中的词语个人主权是我从沃伦派那里借用的。我提到的前人对这个学说的概念在细节上与我书中提到的概念有天壤之别，在这里没必要赘述。

After my irreparable loss one of my earliest cares was to print and publish the treatise, so much of which was the work of her whom I had lost, and consecrate it to her memory. I have made no alteration or addition to it, nor shall I ever. Though it wants the last touch of her hand, no substitute for that touch shall ever be attempted by mine.

在我遭受了这个无法弥补的损失后，我最先关心的就是《论自由》的印刷和出版，其中大部分是她写的，我以此书来祭奠她，作为对她的怀念。我没有更改或补充其中的内容，以后也不会改动。虽然没有经过她最终润色，但我从没想过替代她做这项工作。

The political circumstances of the time induced me shortly after to complete and publish a pamphlet (Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform), part of which had been written some years previously on the occasion of one of the abortive Reform Bills and had at the time been approved and revised by her. Its principal features were, hostility to the Ballot (a change of opinion in both of us, in which she rather preceded me) and a claim of representation for minorities; not however at that time going beyond the cumulative vote proposed by Mr. Garth Marshall[12]. In finishing the pamphlet for publication with a view to the discussions on the Reform Bill of Lord Derby's and Mr. Disraeli[13]'s Government in 1859. I added a third feature, a plurality of votes, to be given, not to property, but to proved superiority of education. This recommended itself to me, as a means of reconciling the irresistible claim of every man or woman to be consulted, and to be allowed a voice, in the regulation of affairs which vitally concern

them, with the superiority of weight justly due to opinions grounded on superiority of knowledge. The suggestion, however, was one which I had never discussed with my almost infallible counsellor, and I have no evidence that she would have concurred in it. As far as I have been able to observe, it has found favour with nobody; all who desire any sort of inequality in the electoral vote, desiring it in favour of property and not of intelligence or knowledge. If it ever overcomes the strong feeling which exists against it, this will only be after the establishment of a systematic National Education by which the various grades of politically valuable acquirement may be accurately defined and authenticated. Without this it will always remain liable to strong, possibly conclusive, objections; and with this, it would perhaps not be needed.

那时的政治状况促使我不久之后出版了一本小册子《议会改革的思考》，其中一部分是几年前在《改良法案》流产时写的，当时还得到了她的赞同和修改。它的两个主要特色是敌视投票制度（我们两人思想已转变，她比我还超前一点），以及为少数派争取代表权。但是，这些主张在当时没有超出加思·马歇尔先生提出的累积投票制的范围。在这本书准备付印出版时，考虑到1859年德比勋爵和迪斯雷里内阁对《改良法案》的讨论，我又加入了第三个特色，即把选票的多数投给证明受过高等教育的人，而不是投给财产。这个建议本身对我来说是调解以下两个方面的手段，既考虑到每个男女在管理与自己息息相关的事务时对发言权不可抗拒的要求，又立足于知识优势决定权力优势的理论。但这个建议我从未与我几乎不会犯错的顾问讨论过，所以我不能证明她和我的意见是否相同。就我所能观察的来讲，这个建议不被任何人看好，所有希望在选举投票中谋取这种不平等的人都希望选举以财产为准，而不以智力或知识为准。如果这个建议能够克服反对的强烈情绪，那就只能等到系统的国民教育建立以后，通过制度来准确地定义和认定有政治价值的学识等级。否则这个建议将永远遭到强烈的、可能是决定性的反对。而等有了这种制度，人们也许就不需要它了。

It was soon after the publication of Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform that I became acquainted with Mr. Hare's admirable system of Personal Representation, which, in its present shape, was then for the first time published. I saw in this great practical and philosophical idea, the greatest improvement of which the system of representative government is susceptible; an improvement which, in the most felicitous manner, exactly meets and cures the grand, and what before seemed the inherent, defect of the representative system; that of giving to a numerical majority all power, instead of only a power proportional to its numbers, and enabling the strongest party to exclude all weaker parties from making their opinions heard in the assembly of the nation, except through such opportunity as may be given to them by the accidentally unequal distribution of opinions in

different localities. To these great evils nothing more than very imperfect palliatives had seemed possible; but Mr. Hare's system affords a radical cure. This great discovery, for it is no less, in the political art, inspired me, as I believe it has inspired all thoughtful persons who have adopted it, with new and more sanguine hopes respecting the prospects of human society; by freeing the form of political institutions towards which the whole civilized world is manifestly and irresistibly tending, from the chief part of what seemed to qualify, or render doubtful, its ultimate benefits. Minorities, so long as they remain minorities, are, and ought to be, outvoted; but under arrangements which enable any assemblage of voters, amounting to a certain number, to place in the legislature, a representative of its own choice, minorities cannot be suppressed. Independent opinions will force their way into the council of the nation and make themselves heard there, a thing which often cannot happen in the existing forms of representative democracy; and the legislature, instead of being weeded of individual peculiarities and entirely made up of men who simply represent the creed of great political or religious parties, will comprise a large proportion of the most eminent individual minds in the country, placed there, without reference to party, by voters who appreciate their individual eminence. I can understand that persons, otherwise intelligent, should, for want of sufficient examination, be repelled from Mr. Hare's plan by what they think the complex nature of its machinery. But any one who does not feel the want which the scheme is intended to supply; any one who throws it over as a mere theoretical subtlety or crotchet, tending to no valuable purpose, and unworthy of the attention of practical men, may be pronounced an incompetent statesman, unequal to the politics of the future. I mean, unless he is a minister, or aspires to become one: for we are quite accustomed to a minister's continuing to profess unqualified hostility to an improvement almost to the very day when his conscience, or his interest, induces him to take it up as a public measure, and carry it.

《议会改革的思考》出版后不久，我接触了黑尔先生令人敬佩的《个人代表制》一书，当时还是第一次出版。从这本书中我看到了非常实际和有哲理的思想，以及代议制政府制度所能容许的最大改良。改良以最恰当的方式刚好弥补了代议制以前似乎固有的重大缺陷，这种缺陷就是把所有权力赋予多数派，而不只是按得票数比例分配权力，使最强大的党派排除所有较弱小的党派，不让他们在全民议会上发表见解，除非通过不同地区偶尔不平等分配得到的机会，他们的政见才能得以发表。对于这些重大缺陷似乎不可能找到很完美的缓和剂，但黑尔先生的制度提供了根治的良方。这个政治艺术上的伟大发现激励了我，我也相信它曾经激励了所有接纳它的有思想的人，它给人类社会的前景带来了新的更加乐观的希望，把整个文明世界显然势必遵从的政治制度形式，从看起来限制它或怀疑它的最终利益的主要部分中解放出来。少数派只

要还是少数派，就会，也应该会在票数上落后。但规定投票者的集会达到一定数量时，可以自己选出一个代表进入立法机关，少数派就不会被压制。独立的见解将强行进入国民议会，让其他人听到，这种情况在现有的代议民主制度下不是经常发生的。立法机关不再排除个人特性，不再完全由那些代表强大政党或宗教派别教义的人组成，而是包含了国内大部分最优秀的个人，他们进入立法机关与党派无关，而是选民欣赏他们的个人才华。我可以理解，那些在其他方面聪明的人由于缺少充分的考察，会被他们所认为的制度复杂的本性排除在黑尔的方案之外。但任何觉得不需要黑尔方案弥补缺陷的人，任何仅仅把它视为理论上的微妙想法或怪念头的人，任何认为它无助于有价值的目标，不值得引起务实的人注意的人，都可谓是一个不称职的政治家，不能胜任未来的政治。我的意思是，除非他是大臣，或者向往成为大臣的人。因为我们已经习惯于大臣对改良一贯无条件的敌视，几乎要等到他的良知或利益驱使他采纳它作为一项公共措施并且执行它的那一天为止。

Had I met with Mr. Hare's system before the publication of my pamphlet, I should have given an account of it there. Not having done so, I wrote an article in Fraser's Magazine (reprinted in my miscellaneous writings) principally for that purpose, though I included in it, along with Mr. Hare's book, a review of two other productions on the question of the day; one of them a pamphlet by my early friend, Mr. John Austin, who had in his old age become an enemy of all further Parliamentary reform; the other an able and ingenious, though partially erroneous work by Mr. Lorimer.

如果我在小册子出版前读了黑尔先生的方案，我一定会在里边细加论述。因为没能这么做，我在《弗雷泽杂志》上写了一篇文章（我的杂文集里也有收录），主要目的也在于此，除了在里边介绍黑尔先生的书，我还评论了两本谈论时事问题的作品。其中一本是我的老朋友约翰·奥斯汀先生的小册子，他在晚年变成了议会所有进一步改革的反对者。另一本是洛里默先生有才气和智慧的作品，但里边存在部分错误。

In the course of the same summer I fulfilled a duty particularly incumbent upon me, that of helping (by an article in the Edinburgh Review) to make known Mr. Bain[14]'s profound treatise on the Mind, just then completed by the publication of its second volume. And I carried through the press a selection of my minor writings, forming the first two volumes of Dissertations and Discussions. The selection had been made during my wife's lifetime, but the revision, in concert with her, with a view to republication, had been barely commenced; and when I had no longer the guidance of her judgment I despaired of pursuing it further, and republished the papers as they were, with the exception of striking out such passages as were no longer in accordance with my opinions. My literary work of the year terminated with an essay in Fraser's Magazine (afterwards republished in the third volume of Dissertations and Discussions) entitled "A Few Words on

Non-Intervention”. I was prompted to write this paper by a desire, while vindicating England from the imputations commonly brought against her on the Continent, of a peculiar selfishness in matters of foreign policy, to warn Englishmen of the colour given to this imputation by the low tone in which English statesmen are accustomed to speak of English policy as concerned only with English interests, and by the conduct of Lord Palmerston at that particular time in opposing the Suez Canal. And I took the opportunity of expressing ideas which had long been in my mind (some of them generated by my Indian experience, and others by the international questions which then greatly occupied the European public), respecting the true principles of international morality, and the legitimate modifications made in it by difference of times and circumstances; a subject I had already, to some extent, discussed in the vindication of the French Provisional Government of 1848 against the attacks of Lord Brougham and others, which I published at the time in the Westminster Review, and which is reprinted in the Dissertations.

同年夏天，我完成了一项义不容辞的任务，那就是帮忙（通过《爱丁堡评论》上的一篇文章）介绍贝恩先生一部深奥的专著《论精神》，当时此书刚出版了第二卷。此外，我还完成了短文选集的出版事宜，构成了《论述和讨论》的前两卷。这个选集是在我太太在世时完成的，但为了再版，我和她一起进行的修订工作才刚刚开始。当我不再拥有她的判断作指导时，我失去了继续修订的动力，除了删掉与我见解不相符的段落外，我原封不动地把它交去再版。我那年的文学工作以发表在《弗雷泽杂志》上的一篇名为《略谈不干涉政策》的文章而告终（后来收录在《论述和讨论》的第三卷）。我在这样一个愿望的促使下写了这篇文章，欧洲各国普遍指责英国外交政策特别自私，对此我在为英国澄清的同时提醒英国人，英国政治家惯于称英国的外交政策是关心英国的利益，这一低沉的腔调和当时帕默斯顿勋爵反对开凿苏伊士运河的所作所为都给这种指责提供了借口。我借这个机会表达了长久以来心中关于国际道德的正确原则，和根据不同时间、不同情况合法修改这些原则的想法（有些源自我在印度的经历，另一些来自当时欧洲公众十分关注的国际问题）。在某种程度上，我已经在一篇文章中谈到这个问题，该文章为1848年法国临时政府辩护，反对布鲁厄姆勋爵等人的攻击，它当时发表在《威斯敏斯特评论》上，并收录在《论述和讨论》中。

I had now settled, as I believed, for the remainder of my existence into a purely literary life; if that can be called literary which continued to be occupied in a pre-eminent degree with politics, and not merely with theoretical, but practical politics, although a great part of the year was spent at a distance of many hundred miles from the chief seat of the politics of my own country, to which, and primarily for which, I wrote. But, in truth, the modern facilities of

communication have not only removed all the disadvantages, to a political writer in tolerably easy circumstances, of distance from the scene of political action, but have converted them into advantages. The immediate and regular receipt of newspapers and periodicals keeps him au courant of even the most temporary politics, and gives him a much more correct view of the state and progress of opinion than he could acquire by personal contact with individuals: for every one's social intercourse is more or less limited to particular sets or classes, whose impressions and no others reach him through that channel; and experience has taught me that those who give their time to the absorbing claims of what is called society, not having leisure to keep up a large acquaintance with the organs of opinion, remain much more ignorant of the general state either of the public mind, or of the active and instructed part of it, than a recluse who reads the newspapers need be. There are, no doubt, disadvantages in too long a separation from one's country—in not occasionally renewing one's impressions of the light in which men and things appear when seen from a position in the midst of them; but the deliberate judgment formed at a distance, and undisturbed by inequalities of perspective, is the most to be depended on, even for application to practice. Alternating between the two positions I combined the advantages of both. And, though the inspirer of my best thoughts was no longer with me, I was not alone: she had left a daughter, my step-daughter, Miss Helen Taylor, the inheritor of much of her wisdom, and of all her nobleness of character, whose ever growing and ripening talents from that day to this have been devoted to the same great purposes, and have already made her name better and more widely known than was that of her mother, though far less so than I predict that if she lives, it is destined to become. Of the value of her direct cooperation with me, something will be said hereafter: of what I owe in the way of instruction to her great powers of original thought and soundness of practical judgment, it would be a vain attempt to give an adequate idea. Surely no one ever before was so fortunate, as, after such a loss as mine, to draw another such prize in the lottery of life—another companion, stimulator, adviser, and instructor of the rarest quality. Whoever, either now or hereafter, may think of me and of the work I have done, must never forget that it is the product not of one intellect and conscience but of three, the least considerable of whom, and above all the least original, is the one whose name is attached to it.

我相信那时我已经习惯于在纯文学的生活中度过我的余生，如果这种在很大程度上一直与理论和实践政治相关的写作可以称作文学生活的话。虽然一年中的大部分时间我都在远离自己国家政治中心几百英里外的地方度过，我仍是，而且主要是为自己国家写作的。但实际上，对一个生活环境简单且条件尚可的政治作家来说，现代交通的便捷不仅消除

了远离政治活动现场的所有不利条件，还把这些不利条件变成有利条件。即时、频繁地接收报刊的信息令他时刻了解当下的政治，并且为他提供比私人接触更准确的舆论观点及它们的进展情况。因为每个人的社会交往或多或少局限于特定的集团或阶级，通过这个渠道他只能得到这些集团或阶级的印象而没有其他的印象。经验告诉我，那些把时间花在所谓社交中吸引人的索求的人，无暇经常了解舆论的喉舌，对舆论的大体情况或其中积极的、有指示作用的部分还不如经常读报的隐居者知道的多。离开自己的国家太久无疑有种种不利：不能经常更新自己对所处环境看到的人和事的印象，但在远处作出的深思熟虑的判断不受不公平看法的干扰，所以才是最值得信赖的，甚至可以用于实践。交替于这两个位置间，我综合了两者的有利条件。虽然能最好地启发我思想的人已经不在了，但我并不孤单。她留下了一个女儿——我的继女，海伦·泰勒小姐，她的智慧、高贵和性格的继承者。从那天起至今，她不断成长和成熟的才智一直贡献于同样伟大的目标，比起母亲，泰勒的名字为更多的人所熟知，虽然就我预测，如果泰勒的母亲一直活着的话，她的名气一定会比她女儿大。现在起要说点有关与她直接合作的价值的事：我感谢她伟大的原创思考能力以及实际判断的合理性带给我的指导，否则得出完整的想法只能是徒劳。过去肯定没有人像我这么幸运，在经历过这样巨大的损失后，变化莫测的人生却又赋予了我另一个瑰宝——另一个非凡的同伴、激励者、顾问和老师。现在或以后若有人想起我和我的作品，一定不要忘记这不是一个人而是三个人智慧和良心的结晶，其中最不重要的，且原创性最低的就是名字写在作品上的那个人。

The work of the years 1860 and 1861 consisted chiefly of two treatises, only one of which was intended for immediate publication. This was the Considerations on Representative Government, a connected exposition of what, by the thoughts of many years, I had come to regard as the best form of a popular constitution. Along with as much of the general theory of government as is necessary to support this particular portion of its practice, the volume contains my matured views of the principal questions which occupy the present age, within the province of purely organic institutions, and raises by anticipation, some other questions to which growing necessities will sooner or later compel the attention both of theoretical and of practical politicians. The chief of these last, is the distinction between the function of making laws, for which a numerous popular assembly is radically unfit, and that of getting good laws made, which is its proper duty, and cannot be satisfactorily fulfilled by any other authority: and the consequent need of a Legislative Commission, as a permanent part of the constitution of a free country; consisting of a small number of highly trained political minds, on whom, when Parliament has determined that a law shall be made, the task of making it should be devolved; Parliament retaining the power of passing or rejecting the bill when drawn up, but not of altering it otherwise than by sending proposed amendments to be dealt with by

the Commission. The question here raised respecting the most important of all public functions, that of legislation, is a particular case of the great problem of modern political organization, stated, I believe, for the first time in its full extent by Bentham, though in my opinion not always satisfactorily resolved by him; the combination of complete popular control over public affairs, with the greatest attainable perfection of skilled agency.

1860和1861年我的主要作品是两部专著，其中只有一部是为了立即出版，这就是《代议制政府的思考》。经过多年的思考，我认为代议制是最好的民主政体形式，这本著作就与之相关。它不仅包含了实施这种特殊政体所必需的一般理论，还有对纯组织制度领域内重大时事的成熟看法。通过预期，我还提出其他早晚都有必要迫使理论上和实践中的政治家重视的问题。这其中最主要的问题是，区分制定法律的职能和促使良好法律得以制定的职能。前者大多数公民大会都不能胜任，后者是公民大会的分内之事，其他机构都不能令人满意地完成。所以结论是作为一个自由国家的永久组成部分需要建立立法委员会，其中有少数受过高等训练有政治头脑的人，当议会决定制定一项法律时，这个任务应当转交给委员会。议会保留通过或反对委员会起草法案的权力，但是没有权力修改，只能将修改建议提交委员会处理。这里提出的有关公共职能中最重要的立法职能问题，也是现代政治组织中重大问题的一个特殊例子，我相信这个问题已由边沁首次全面地论述过，虽然我并不认为他的解决方案令人满意。应当把公众对公共事务的完全监督和最完美的专业机构结合起来。

The other treatise written at this time is the one which was published some years later under the title of "The Subjection of Women". It was written at my daughter's suggestion that there might, in any event, be in existence a written exposition of my opinions on that great question, as full and conclusive as I could make it. The intention was to keep this among other unpublished papers, improving it from time to time if I was able, and to publish it at the time when it should seem likely to be most useful. As ultimately published it was enriched with some important ideas of my daughter's, and passages of her writing. But in what was of my own composition, all that is most striking and profound belongs to my wife; coming from the fund of thought which had been made common to us both, by our innumerable conversations and discussions on a topic which filled so large a place in our minds.

当时写的另一本专著是几年后出版的《论妇女的从属地位》。这本书是我女儿建议我写的，无论如何，我尽可能全面、有说服力地把对这个重大问题的见解呈现给公众。我的打算是把它放在其他尚未出版的文章中，尽可能随时修改，等到它最有可能有用的时候再出版。当它最终出版的时候，里面已经加入了我女儿的许多重要想法，其中很多段落是她写的。但在属于我的段落当中，最显著、最深刻的部分是我妻子写

的。对一个在我们心中占据重要位置的问题，我们进行了无数次的交谈和讨论，所以它来自我们共同的思想储备。

Soon after this time I took from their repository a portion of the unpublished papers which I had written during the last years of our married life, and shaped them, with some additional matter, into the little work entitled Utilitarianism; which was first published in three parts, in successive numbers of Fraser's Magazine, and afterwards reprinted in a volume.

之后不久，我从堆积的手稿里拿走了一部分未出版的文章，都是在我们婚后生活的最后几年写成的。经过修改，增加了一些内容，最后形成了名为《功利主义》的小书。第一次出版时分为三个部分，在《弗雷泽杂志》连载，后来重印成一卷。

Before this, however, the state of public affairs had become extremely critical, by the commencement of the American civil war. My strongest feelings were engaged in this struggle, which, I felt from the beginning, was destined to be a turning point, for good or evil, of the course of human affairs for an indefinite duration. Having been a deeply interested observer of the slavery quarrel in America, during the many years that preceded the open breach, I knew that it was in all its stages an aggressive enterprise of the slave-owners to extend the territory of slavery; under the combined influences of pecuniary interest, domineering temper, and the fanaticism of a class for its class privileges, influences so fully and powerfully depicted in the admirable work of my friend Professor Cairnes[15], The Slave Power. Their success, if they succeeded, would be a victory of the powers of evil which would give courage to the enemies of progress and damp the spirits of its friends all over the civilised world, while it would create a formidable military power, grounded on the worst and most antisocial form of the tyranny of men over men, and, by destroying for a long time the prestige of the great democratic republic, would give to all the privileged classes of Europe a false confidence, probably only to be extinguished in blood. On the other hand, if the spirit of the North was sufficiently roused to carry the war to a successful termination, and if that termination did not come too soon and too easily, I foresaw, from the laws of human nature, and the experience of revolutions, that when it did come it would in all probability be thorough: that the bulk of the Northern population, whose conscience had as yet been awakened only to the point of resisting the further extension of slavery, but whose fidelity to the Constitution of the United States made them disapprove of any attempt by the Federal Government to interfere with slavery in the States where it already existed, would acquire feelings of another kind when the Constitution had been shaken off by armed rebellion, would determine to have

done for ever with the accursed thing, and would join their banner with that of the noble body of Abolitionists, of whom Garrison was the courageous and single-minded apostle, Wendell Phillips[16] the eloquent orator, and John Brown the voluntary martyr. Then, too, the whole mind of the United States would be let loose from its bonds, no longer corrupted by the supposed necessity of apologising to foreigners for the most flagrant of all possible violations of the free principles of their Constitution; while the tendency of a fixed state of society to stereotype a set of national opinions would be at least temporarily checked, and the national mind would become more open to the recognition of whatever was bad in either the institutions or the customs of the people. These hopes, so far as related to slavery, have been completely, and in other respects are in course of being progressively realized. Foreseeing from the first this double set of consequences from the success or failure of the rebellion, it may be imagined with what feelings I contemplated the rush of nearly the whole upper and middle classes of my own country, even those who passed for Liberals, into a furious pro-Southern partisanship: the working classes, and some of the literary and scientific men, being almost the sole exceptions to the general frenzy. I never before felt so keenly how little permanent improvement had reached the minds of our influential classes, and of what small value were the liberal opinions they had got into the habit of professing. None of the Continental Liberals committed the same frightful mistake. But the generation which had extorted negro emancipation from our West India planters had passed away; another had succeeded which had not learnt by many years of discussion and exposure to feel strongly the enormities of slavery; and the inattention habitual with Englishmen to whatever is going on in the world outside their own island, made them profoundly ignorant of all the antecedents of the struggle, insomuch that it was not generally believed in England, for the first year or two of the war, that the quarrel was one of slavery. There were men of high principle and unquestionable liberality of opinion, who thought it a dispute about tariffs, or assimilated it to the cases in which they were accustomed to sympathise, of a people struggling for independence.

但在此之前，由于美国内战爆发，公共事态就变得十分紧张。我最强烈的感情也投入到这场战争中，我从一开始就认为无论结果是好是坏，这在一段不确定时间内将注定是人类历史的一个转折点。在南北公开分裂前的那些年，我一直很有兴趣地观察美国的奴隶制之争，我知道在斗争的每个阶段，奴隶主都咄咄逼人地想要扩大奴隶制的领域，这主要是受到金钱利益、作威作福的特性和追求阶级特权的阶级狂热三者的共同影响。我的朋友凯恩斯教授在他的优秀作品《奴隶劳力》中充分有力地描述了这种影响。如果奴隶主成功了，那就代表了邪恶力量的胜

利，将会助长进步的敌人，压制整个文明世界中进步精神的朋友，以最坏、最反社会的人压迫人的专制形式为基础，形成一股强大的军事力量，并且在很长时间内毁灭伟大的民主共和制的声誉，这会给欧洲所有特权阶级一个错误的信心，这种信心很可能只有在血泊中才会消失。另一种可能是，如果北方的士气足够高涨，最后成功赢得战争，如果这个胜利来得不是太快且不太容易，从人性的法则和革命经验来看，我预见这种胜利一旦来了就很可能是彻底的。然而北方民众的良知到那时仅仅止步于意识到抵制奴隶制的进一步扩展。他们对美国宪法的忠诚使他们反对联邦政府干涉各个蓄奴州的奴隶制，但当宪法受到武装叛乱的动摇时，他们又会产生另一种感情，并下决心永远去除那个可恶的东西，加入到高尚的废奴主义者麾下，后者认为加里森是勇敢和忠心的传道者，温德尔·菲利普斯是雄辩的演说家，约翰·布朗是自发的殉难者。到那时，所有美国人的思想将从枷锁中解放出来，不再受到那种假想的必要的腐蚀，以为必须为对其宪法中自由原则最骇人听闻的违背而向外国人道歉。当一个社会停滞的状态趋于墨守成规时，国民思想至少将暂时阻止这种趋势，而全民思想将变得更容易认识到制度中或人民习惯中坏的东西。目前关于奴隶制的这些希望已经全部实现，在其他方面也在逐步实现。从叛乱的成功或失败两种结局的预测中，可以想象当我国几乎全部中上层阶级，甚至那些被认为是“自由派”的人都一窝蜂地成为支持南方派的狂热伙伴时，我会带着怎样的感情来思索。工人阶级，还有一些文学、科学领域的人，几乎成为这场全民狂热的唯一例外。我之前从未如此强烈地感觉到永久进步在有权阶级身上起效多么小，而他们习惯声称的那些自由理念的价值又是多么小。欧洲大陆的自由派从未犯过同样可怕的错误。但那个逼迫我们西印度种植园主解放黑人奴隶的一代已经一去不复返。其后的一代没有经过多年的讨论和揭露，所以不能强烈地感觉到奴隶制的罪大恶极。而英国人习惯于对发生在他们国土之外的世事不闻不问，这使他们对这场战争的前因毫不知情，以至于在战争开始的头一两年他们还不相信这是一场关于奴隶制的斗争。那些道德准则高尚，观点开通的人认为，这场战争是关税之争，或者把它同化成他们一直同情的民族争取独立的战争。

It was my obvious duty to be one of the small minority who protested against this perverted state of public opinion. I was not the first to protest. It ought to be remembered to the honour of Mr. Hughes and of Mr. Ludlow, that they, by writings published at the very beginning of the struggle, began the protestation. Mr. Bright[17] followed in one of the most powerful of his speeches, followed by others not less striking. I was on the point of adding my words to theirs, when there occurred, towards the end of 1861, the seizure of the Southern envoys on board a British vessel, by an officer of the United States. Even English forgetfulness has not yet had time to lose all remembrance of the explosion of feeling in England which then burst forth, the expectation, which prevailed for some weeks, of war with the United States, and the warlike preparations actually commenced on this side. While this state of things lasted, there was no

chance of a hearing for anything favourable to the American cause; and, moreover, I agreed with those who thought the act unjustifiable and such as to require that England should demand its disavowal. When the disavowal came, and the alarm of war was over, I wrote, in January, 1862, the paper, in Fraser's Magazine, entitled "The Contest in America". And I shall always feel grateful to my daughter that her urgency prevailed on me to write it when I did: for we were then on the point of setting out for a journey of some months in Greece and Turkey, and but for her, I should have deferred writing till our return. Written and published when it was, this paper helped to encourage those Liberals who had felt overborne by the tide of illiberal opinion, and to form in favour of the good cause a nucleus of opinion which increased gradually, and, after the success of the North began to seem probable, rapidly. When we returned from our journey I wrote a second article, a review of Professor Cairnes' book, published in the Westminster Review. England is paying the penalty, in many uncomfortable ways, of the durable resentment which her ruling classes stirred up in the United States by their ostentatious wishes for the ruin of America as a nation: they have reason to be thankful that a few, if only a few, known writers and speakers, standing firmly by the Americans in the time of their greatest difficulty, effected a partial diversion of these bitter feelings, and made Great Britain not altogether odious to the Americans.

显然，我有义务和少数人一起反对这种反常的舆论。我不是第一个提出抗议的人。应当记住这是休斯先生和勒德洛先生的功劳，通过在斗争刚开始时发表作品来提出抗议。紧接着布赖特先生用一篇最强有力的演说表示抗议，后续者的表现也同样精彩。临近1861年年底时，美国的一名军官在英国的船上抓住了南方的使节，就在这时我以自己的文章加入了他们的行列。即使健忘的英国人也不会这么快忘记，当时英国迸发出了一股持续数周，期盼与美国并肩作战的情感洪流，事实上英国这边还进行了作战准备。当这种状态持续时，英国人就没有机会听到任何有利于美国事业的声音，另外，我赞同那些认为这个行动不合理的人，以至于要求英国应当拒绝参战。后来英国拒绝参战，战争的警报才告解除。我于1862年1月在《弗雷泽杂志》上发表了一篇文章，题为《美国之争》。我一直感谢我的女儿敦促我写成这篇文章，因为我们当时正要出发去希腊和土耳其旅行几个月，要不是因为她，我本会推迟到回来后再写。文章写成并发表，它有助于鼓励那些感觉被狭隘观点压制的自由派人士，也有助于形成有利于正义事业的思想核心，这个核心在慢慢发展，并会在北方有望胜利后迅速发展起来。我们旅行回来后，我又写了另一篇评论凯恩斯教授著作的文章，发表在《威斯敏斯特评论》上。英国统治阶级希望美国这个国家毁灭，这激起了美国长期的怨恨，英国也因此受到了许多令之不快的惩罚。他们有理由感谢那一小部分的——哪怕只有一小部分的——知名作家、演说家在他们最困难的时候坚定地站在美国人这边，部分转移了他们的痛恨情绪，使大不列颠在美国人眼中

不是完全丑恶的。

This duty having been performed, my principal occupation for the next two years was on subjects not political. The publication of Mr. Austin's Lectures on Jurisprudence after his decease, gave me an opportunity of paying a deserved tribute to his memory, and at the same time expressing some thoughts on a subject on which, in my old days of Benthamism, I had bestowed much study. But the chief product of those years was the Examination of Sir William Hamilton[18]'s Philosophy. His Lectures, published in 1860 and 1861, I had read towards the end of the latter year, with a half-formed intention of giving an account of them in a Review, but I soon found that this would be idle, and that justice could not be done to the subject in less than a volume. I had then to consider whether it would be advisable that I myself should attempt such a performance. On consideration, there seemed to be strong reasons for doing so. I was greatly disappointed with the Lectures. I read them, certainly, with no prejudice against Sir William Hamilton. I had up to that time deferred the study of his Notes to Reid on account of their unfinished state, but I had not neglected his Discussions in Philosophy; and though I knew that his general mode of treating the facts of mental philosophy differed from that of which I most approved, yet his vigorous polemic against the later Transcendentalists, and his strenuous assertion of some important principles, especially the Relativity of human knowledge, gave me many points of sympathy with his opinions, and made me think that genuine psychology had considerably more to gain than to lose by his authority and reputation. His Lectures and the Dissertations on Reid dispelled this illusion: and even the Discussions, read by the light which these threw on them, lost much of their value. I found that the points of apparent agreement between his opinions and mine were more verbal than real; that the important philosophical principles which I had thought he recognised, were so explained away by him as to mean little or nothing, or were continually lost sight of, and doctrines entirely inconsistent with them were taught in nearly every part of his philosophical writings. My estimation of him was therefore so far altered, that instead of regarding him as occupying a kind of intermediate position between the two rival philosophies, holding some of the principles of both, and supplying to both powerful weapons of attack and defence, I now looked upon him as one of the pillars, and in this country from his high philosophical reputation the chief pillar, of that one of the two which seemed to me to be erroneous.

完成了这个义务后，我接下来两年中的主要工作与政治无关。奥斯汀先生的遗著《法理学演说集》使我有机会向他表示应有的怀念，同时

在许多问题上发表我的想法，之前在我信奉边沁主义的时候曾经对这些问题有过研究。但那些年的主要成果是《威廉·汉密尔顿爵士哲学研究》，他的《演说集》于1860—1861年间出版，我在1861年底读到这本书时就打算在某期《威斯敏斯特评论》上对这些演说进行阐述，但很快我就发现这样是偷懒的做法，要想公正地评价这本书起码要写一卷书才行。于是我考虑自己尝试这样做是否可取。考虑过后，我似乎有充分的理由去这样做。我对《演说集》十分失望，当然我读它的时候对威廉·汉密尔顿爵士并没有偏见。在那之前，因为《里德论》还没有完成，所以我推迟了对它的研究，但我也留意了他的《哲学讨论》，虽然我知道他论述精神哲学的总体方式与我最推崇的方式不同，但他反对后期先验主义者的有力辩论和对一些重要原则的极力支持，尤其是对人类知识相对性的坚持，使我和他在思想上产生共鸣，感到在他的权威和声誉影响下，真正的心理学得到的比失去的要多。他的《演说集》和《里德论》打破了这样的幻想：即使是《哲学讨论》，如果带着这种理解来读，也会失去很多价值。我发现我和他的观点明显一致的地方很多都是在书面上的，在实践上的却很少。那些他认同的重要哲学原理已经被他解释得几乎没有意义或毫无意义了，或者意义慢慢消失掉了，而与这些原理完全矛盾的学说却几乎在他哲学作品中的每个部分都得到了讲解。所以到目前为止，我对他的评价改变了，不再认为他占据了两个对立哲学的中间位置，掌握两者的原理并且为相互攻守提供有力的武器。我现在把他视为支柱之一，在这个国家以他的高度哲学声望来讲是一根主要的支柱，而且在我看来是两根当中错误的一根。

Now, the difference between these two schools of philosophy, that of Intuition, and that of Experience and Association, is not a mere matter of abstract speculation; it is full of practical consequences, and lies at the foundation of all the greatest differences of practical opinion in an age of progress. The practical reformer has continually to demand that changes be made in things which are supported by powerful and widely-spread feelings, or to question the apparent necessity and indefeasibleness of established facts; and it is often an indispensable part of his argument to show, how those powerful feelings had their origin, and how those facts came to seem necessary and indefeasible. There is therefore a natural hostility between him and a philosophy which discourages the explanation of feelings and moral facts by circumstances and association, and prefers to treat them as ultimate elements of human nature; a philosophy which is addicted to holding up favourite doctrines as intuitive truths, and deems intuition to be the voice of Nature and of God, speaking with an authority higher than that of our reason. In particular, I have long felt that the prevailing tendency to regard all the marked distinctions of human character as innate, and in the main indelible, and to ignore the irresistible proofs that by far the greater part of those differences, whether between individuals, races, or sexes, are such as not only might but naturally would be produced by differences in

circumstances, is one of the chief hindrances to the rational treatment of great social questions and one of the greatest stumbling blocks to human improvement. This tendency has its source in the intuitional metaphysics which characterized the reaction of the nineteenth century against the eighteenth, and it is a tendency so agreeable to human indolence, as well as to conservative interests generally, that unless attacked at the very root, it is sure to be carried to even a greater length than is really justified by the more moderate forms of the intuitional philosophy. That philosophy, not always in its moderate forms, had ruled the thought of Europe for the greater part of a century. My father's Analysis of the Mind, my own Logic, and Professor Bain's great treatise, had attempted to re-introduce a better mode of philosophizing, latterly with quite as much success as could be expected; but I had for some time felt that the mere contrast of the two philosophies was not enough, that there ought to be a hand-to-hand fight between them, that controversial as well as expository writings were needed, and that the time was come when such controversy would be useful. Considering then the writings and fame of Sir W. Hamilton as the great fortress of the intuitional philosophy in this country, a fortress the more formidable from the imposing character, and the in many respects great personal merits and mental endowments, of the man, I thought it might be a real service to philosophy to attempt a thorough examination of all his most important doctrines, and an estimate of his general claims to eminence as a philosopher, and I was confirmed in this resolution by observing that in the writings of at least one, and him one of the ablest, of Sir W. Hamilton's followers, his peculiar doctrines were made the justification of a view of religion which I hold to be profoundly immoral—that it is our duty to bow down in worship before a Being whose moral attributes are affirmed to be unknowable by us, and to be perhaps extremely different from those which, when we are speaking of our fellow creatures, we call by the same names.

现在，哲学两大学派——直觉派和经验联想派之间的区别不仅仅是抽象思考的问题，而是带有实际的后果，造成了进步时代中所有实际观念间的巨大差别。务实的改革者一直坚持在那些有强烈和广泛感情支撑的事物中进行改革，或者一直质疑既成事实的表面必要性和不可取消性。他的论据中一个不可缺少的部分就是，这些强大的感情从哪里来，这些事实为何看起来是必要的和不可取消的。因此，在他和哲学之间存在自然的敌对状态，因为哲学反对通过环境和联想来解释感情和道德事实，而将其视为人性的终极要素。哲学坚持支持受欢迎的学说作为直觉真理，认为直觉是大自然和神的声音，其话语的权威性高于理性。尤其是我早就感觉到一种普遍的倾向，即把所有人性明显的差异视为天生的，而且基本上是不能消除的，但却忽略了无可争议的证据，那就是到目前为止，无论是个人、种族还是性别间的差异，绝大部分不仅可能

是，而且自然是由环境的不同造成的。这是理性对待重大社会问题的主要障碍，也是人类进步的最大绊脚石之一。这种倾向根源于直觉形而上学，以19世纪对18世纪的抗拒为特征，它总体上符合人类的惰性和保守利益，除非从根源下手，否则它肯定大大超过较温和形式的直觉哲学能真正证明其为正当的程度。然而哲学的形式不是一直温和的，它在一个世纪的大部分时间里统治了欧洲的思想。我父亲的《人类心灵现象的分析》，我的《逻辑学体系》和贝恩教授的伟大著作都试图重新介绍一种更好的研究哲学的方式，后来我们取得了预想的成功。但是，有一段时间我认为仅仅对比两个哲学派别是不够的，应当让它们短兵相接，需要有争议和论述的作品，然后这种争议方才有用。考虑到威廉·汉密尔顿爵士的作品和声誉是这个国家直觉派的重要堡垒，因为他令人印象深刻的性格，和方方面面的突出优点，以及思想的天赋令这个堡垒更加坚不可摧。我认为，彻底考察他所有最重要的学说和评估他作为一个哲学家对崇高的一般主张，对哲学或许是一种真正的贡献。通过观察威廉·汉密尔顿爵士的追随者，且是最有才能的追随者之一的作品，我更坚定了我的想法，他的特殊学说只证明了一个我认为最不道德的宗教观点的正当性，即在神的面前屈膝朝拜是我们的义务，而神的道德属性被证明是不可知的，或许完全不同于我们谈论人类时用同样名称所表示的道德属性。

As I advanced in my task, the damage to Sir W. Hamilton's reputation became greater than I at first expected, through the almost incredible multitude of inconsistencies which showed themselves on comparing different passages with one another. It was my business, however, to show things exactly as they were, and I did not flinch from it. I endeavoured always to treat the philosopher whom I criticized with the most scrupulous fairness; and I knew that he had abundance of disciples and admirers to correct me if I ever unintentionally did him injustice. Many of them accordingly have answered me, more or less elaborately; and they have pointed out oversights and misunderstandings, though few in number, and mostly very unimportant in substance. Such of those as had (to my knowledge) been pointed out before the publication of the latest edition (at present the third) have been corrected there, and the remainder of the criticisms have been, as far as seemed necessary, replied to. On the whole, the book has done its work: it has shewn the weak side of Sir W. Hamilton, and has reduced his too great philosophical reputation within more moderate bounds; and by some of its discussions, as well as by two expository chapters, on the notions of Matter and of Mind, it has perhaps thrown additional light on some of the disputed questions in the domain of psychology and metaphysics.

随着我这项工作的进展，对威廉·汉密尔顿爵士名誉的损坏程度超过了我原先的预期。通过对比书中的不同段落，我发现了大量难以致信的

矛盾之处。但我的工作是说明事情的真相，并且毫不退缩。我努力保持用最谨慎的公正态度批评哲学家，我知道如果我一旦无意中对他不公的话，他的很多信徒和追随者就会出面纠正我。他们中的许多人都或多或少详细地回答了我，指出我的疏忽和误解之处，虽然数量不多，且大部分内容极不重要。这些疏忽和误解（就我所知）在最新版本（现在是第三版）出版前得到了纠正，其余的那些批评，只要看起来有必要，我都一一回复了。总体来说，这本书已经完成了它的使命。它说明了威廉·汉密尔顿爵士的缺点，将他过高的哲学声誉降到适中的范围内。通过一些讨论和两章关于物质概念和精神概念的阐述，它可能使哲学和形而上学领域内一些有争议的问题更明朗化了。

After the completion of the book on Hamilton, I applied myself to a task which a variety of reasons seemed to render specially incumbent upon me; that of giving an account, and forming an estimate, of the doctrines of Auguste Comte. I had contributed more than any one else to make his speculations known in England. In consequence chiefly of what I had said of him in my Logic, he had readers and admirers among thoughtful men on this side of the Channel at a time when his name had not yet in France, emerged from obscurity. So unknown and unappreciated was he at the time when my Logic was written and published, that to criticise his weak points might well appear superfluous, while it was a duty to give as much publicity as one could to the important contributions he had made to philosophic thought. At the time, however, at which I have now arrived, this state of affairs had entirely changed. His name, at least, was known almost universally, and the general character of his doctrines very widely. He had taken his place in the estimation both of friends and opponents, as one of the conspicuous figures in the thought of the age. The better parts of his speculations had made great progress in working their way into those minds, which, by their previous culture and tendencies, were fitted to receive them: under cover of those better parts those of a worse character, greatly developed and added to in his later writings, had also made some way, having obtained active and enthusiastic adherents, some of them of no inconsiderable personal merit, in England, France, and other countries. These causes not only made it desirable that some one should undertake the task of sifting what is good from what is bad in M. Comte's speculations, but seemed to impose on myself in particular a special obligation to make the attempt. This I accordingly did in two essays, published in successive numbers of the Westminster Review, and reprinted in a small volume under the title "Auguste Comte and Positivism".

写完了这本评论汉密尔顿的书以后，我又从事了一项有很多理由令我格外义不容辞的工作，那就是解释和评价奥古斯特·孔德的学说。在让

英国了解他的思想方面，我所作的贡献比任何人都大。原因是我在《逻辑学体系》中提到他，当他在法国还名不见经传时，在海峡这边已经有很多有思想的人在读他的书，钦佩他的思想了。我的《逻辑学体系》写完并出版时，他还那么的默默无闻，不被人欣赏，所以批评他的弱点看起来似乎多此一举，当时我的责任是尽力宣传他对哲学思想作出的重要贡献。但到此时，事态已经完全改变。至少他的名字已经家喻户晓，他理论的一般特点也已传播得很广。在他朋友和对手的眼中，他已经成为思想史上一个引人注目的人物。他的理论中较好的部分已经深入那些原有文化和倾向适合接受他思想的人心中。在这些较好部分的掩盖下，他后期的作品大量发展和加入了许多不好的部分，在英国、法国及其他国家也赢得了积极热情的拥护者，他们中有些还有很高的个人声誉。这些原因要求必须有人将孔德先生理论中好的部分从坏的部分中筛选出来。我似乎负有特别的义务来做这件事情。为此我写了两篇文章，在《威斯敏斯特评论》上连载，后来在名为《奥古斯特·孔德和实证主义》的小册子上重印。

The writings which I have now mentioned, together with a small number of papers in periodicals which I have not deemed worth preserving, were the whole of the products of my activity as a writer during the years from 1859 to 1865. In the early part of the last-mentioned year, in compliance with a wish frequently expressed to me by working men, I published cheap People's Editions of those of my writings which seemed the most likely to find readers among the working classes; viz. Principles of Political Economy, Liberty, and Representative Government. This was a considerable sacrifice of my pecuniary interest, especially as I resigned all idea of deriving profit from the cheap editions, and after ascertaining from my publishers the lowest price which they thought would remunerate them on the usual terms of an equal division of profits, I gave up my half share to enable the price to be fixed still lower. To the credit of Messrs. Longman they fixed, unasked, a certain number of years after which the copyright and stereotype plates were to revert to me, and a certain number of copies after the sale of which I should receive half of any further profit. This number of copies (which in the case of the Political Economy was 10,000) has for some time been exceeded, and the People's Editions have begun to yield me a small but unexpected pecuniary return, though very far from an equivalent for the diminution of profit from the Library Editions.

我刚才提到的作品，还有一些我认为没有保存价值的期刊论文就是我在1859—1865年间写的全部作品。在1865年上半年，按照工人们经常向我表达的愿望，我将那些看起来最容易被工人们接受的作品集合成廉价的大众版出版，如《政治经济学原理》《论自由》和《论代议制政府》。这样做牺牲了我可观的经济利益，尤其是在我放弃了从这些廉价版本中获利的想法，和出版商确认了按照利润平分的一般条款能保证他

们获利之后，我放弃了我的那份收入，以使价格更低一些。感谢朗文出版社，他们主动提出一定的年限，期满后此书的版权和铅版归我，同时规定了一定的册数，售完后我可以得到那一半的利润。这个数量（《政治经济学原理》是一万册）有段时间已经超过了，大众版也开始带给我意想不到的小额收益，虽然还远远不能弥补文库版利润的减少。

In this summary of my outward life I have now arrived at the period at which my tranquil and retired existence as a writer of books was to be exchanged for the less congenial occupation of a member of the House of Commons. The proposal made to me early in 1865, by some electors of Westminster, did not present the idea to me for the first time. It was not even the first offer I had received, for, more than ten years previous, in consequence of my opinions on the Irish Land Question, Mr. Lucas and Mr. Duffy, in the name of the popular party in Ireland, offered to bring me into Parliament for an Irish county, which they could easily have done: but the incompatibility of a seat in Parliament with the office I then held in the India House precluded even consideration of the proposal. After I had quitted the India House, several of my friends would gladly have seen me a member of Parliament; but there seemed no probability that the idea would ever take any practical shape. I was convinced that no numerous or influential portion of any electoral body, really wished to be represented by a person of my opinions; and that one who possessed no local connexion or popularity, and who did not choose to stand as the mere organ of a party, had small chance of being elected anywhere unless through the expenditure of money. Now it was, and is, my fixed conviction, that a candidate ought not to incur one farthing of expense for undertaking a public duty. Such of the lawful expenses of an election as have no special reference to any particular candidate, ought to be borne as a public charge, either by the State or by the locality. What has to be done by the supporters of each candidate in order to bring his claims properly before the constituency, should be done by unpaid agency, or by voluntary subscription. If members of the electoral body, or others, are willing to subscribe money of their own for the purpose of bringing by lawful means into Parliament some one who they think would be useful there, no one is entitled to object: but that the expense, or any part of it, should fall on the candidate, is fundamentally wrong; because it amounts, in reality, to buying his seat. Even on the most favourable supposition as to the mode in which the money is expended, there is a legitimate suspicion that any one who gives money for leave to undertake a public trust, has other than public ends to promote by it; and (a consideration of the greatest importance) the cost of elections, when borne by the candidates, deprives the nation of the services, as members of Parliament, of all who cannot or will not afford to incur a

heavy expense. I do not say that, so long as there is scarcely a chance for an independent candidate to come into Parliament without complying with this vicious practice, it must always be morally wrong in him to spend money, provided that no part of it is either directly or indirectly employed in corruption. But, to justify it, he ought to be very certain that he can be of more use to his country as a member of Parliament than in any other mode which is open to him; and this assurance, in my own case, I did not feel. It was by no means clear to me that I could do more to advance the public objects which had a claim on my exertions, from the benches of the House of Commons, than from the simple position of a writer. I felt, therefore, that I ought not to seek election to Parliament, much less to expend any money in procuring it.

我的外部生活概述到这里，之后，我宁静的隐居作家生活转变成与我趣味不那么相投的下院生活。1865年初，威斯敏斯特的一些选民提议我加入议会，这已经不是第一次了，甚至不是我收到的第一份邀请，因为十多年前，由于我对爱尔兰土地问题的见解，卢卡斯先生和达菲先生以爱尔兰一个受欢迎政党的名义，邀请我代表爱尔兰的一个郡加入议会。这对他们来说很容易办到，但当时我在东印度公司任职，无法兼任议员，所以我根本都没有考虑这个提议。后来我离开了东印度公司，很多朋友本可以很高兴地看到我成为议员，但这个想法实现的可能性似乎并不存在。我相信没有任何一个选举团体的多数派或实力派真正愿意让有我这种见解的人当代表。我也深信，一个在当地没有任何关系又不受欢迎的人，一个不想成为政党喉舌的人，除非花费金钱，否则当选的几率很小。过去和现在我都坚信，一个候选人不应当为了担任公职而花费分文。这种合法的选举开支不应当由某个特殊的候选人承担，而应当由国家或当地的公共开支负责。为了使全体选民正确理解候选人的主张，每位候选人的支持者必须做的事应当由不支酬劳的机构，或从自愿捐款中支付。如果选举机构成员或其他人自愿捐款，通过合法途径使某个他们认为在议会中有用的人入选议会，没有人有权反对他们。但是，如果全部或部分的花费都落在候选人头上，则是完全错误的。因为这实际上等同于花钱买席位。即便是对金钱支出作最有利的推测，人们仍可以正当地怀疑那些花钱博取公众信任的人另有企图。选举的成本（最重要的因素）如果由候选人承担，就失去了所有不能或不愿承担这笔巨额费用的人作为议员为国家服务。我并不是说一个独立的候选人不遵从这种卑鄙的方式就几乎没有希望进入议会，如果他的钱不是直接或间接地用于贿赂，他花钱就不总是道德上的错误。但为了证明这一点，他应当十分确定，他当议员比做其他事情对他的国家贡献更大。就我自己而言，我并没有感觉到这种自信。我一点也不清楚，我做议员会比单纯当一个作家更能促进需要我尽力的公共目标的实现。所以我觉得我不应当参选议员，更不应当花钱来谋取议会的席位。

But the conditions of the question were considerably altered when a body of electors sought me out, and spontaneously offered to bring

me forward as their candidate. If it should appear, on explanation, that they persisted in this wish, knowing my opinions, and accepting the only conditions on which I could conscientiously serve, it was questionable whether this was not one of those calls upon a member of the community by his fellow citizens, which he was scarcely justified in rejecting. I therefore put their disposition to the proof by one of the frankest explanations ever tendered, I should think, to an electoral body by a candidate. I wrote, in reply to the offer, a letter for publication, saying that I had no personal wish to be a member of parliament, that I thought a candidate ought neither to canvass nor to incur any expense, and that I could not consent to do either. I said further, that if elected, I could not undertake to give any of my time and labour to their local interests. With respect to general politics, I told them without reserve, what I thought on a number of important subjects on which they had asked my opinion; and one of these being the suffrage, I made known to them, among other things, my conviction (as I was bound to do, since I intended, if elected, to act on it) that women were entitled to representation in Parliament on the same terms with men. It was the first time, doubtless, that such a doctrine had ever been mentioned to electors; and the fact that I was elected after proposing it, gave the start to the movement which has since become so vigorous in favour of women's suffrage. Nothing, at the time, appeared more unlikely than that a candidate (if candidate I could be called) whose professions and conduct set so completely at defiance all ordinary notions of electioneering, should nevertheless be elected. A well-known literary man, who was also a man of society, was heard to say, that the Almighty himself would have no chance of being elected on such a programme. I strictly adhered to it, neither spending money nor canvassing, nor did I take any personal part in the election, until about a week preceding the day of nomination, when I attended a few public meetings to state my principles and give answers to any questions which the electors might exercise their just right of putting to me for their own guidance, answers as plain and unreserved as my Address. On one subject only, my religious opinions, I announced from the beginning that I would answer no questions; a determination which appeared to be completely approved by those who attended the meetings. My frankness on all other subjects on which I was interrogated, evidently, did me far more good than my answers, whatever they might be, did harm. Among the proofs I received of this, one is too remarkable not to be recorded. In the pamphlet Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform I had said, rather bluntly, that the working classes, though differing from those of some other countries in being ashamed of lying, are yet generally liars. This passage some opponent got printed in a placard, which was handed to

me at a meeting, chiefly composed of the working classes, and I was asked whether I had written and published it. I at once answered "I did". Scarcely were these two words out of my mouth, when vehement applause resounded through the whole meeting. It was evident that the working people were so accustomed to expect equivocation and evasion from those who sought their suffrages, that when they found, instead of that, a direct avowal of what was likely to be disagreeable to them, instead of being affronted, they concluded at once that this was a person whom they could trust. A more striking instance never came under my notice of what, I believe, is the experience of those who best know the working classes, that the most essential of all recommendations to their favour is that of complete straightforwardness; its presence outweights in their minds very strong objections, while no amount of other qualities will make amends for its apparent absence. The first working man who spoke after the incident I have mentioned (it was Mr. Odger) said, that the working classes had no desire not to be told of their faults; they wanted friends, not flatterers, and felt under obligation to any one who told them of anything in themselves which he sincerely believed to require amendment. And to this the meeting heartily responded.

但当一个选举团把我推选出来，并且自发地推举我做候选人时，情况就完全不同了。假如通过解释他们了解了我的想法，并接受我提出的让我按良心办事的唯一条件后，他们仍坚持这个希望，那么问题就是这是否就是一个选区的选民邀请一个成员当候选人，而他又几乎没有正当理由拒绝的情况。所以我通过一个候选人对他的选举团体作出的最坦率的解释之一来检验他们的意向。在答复他们的邀请时，我写了封公开信，说我个人无意做议员，并且认为一个候选人既不该拉选票，也不该承担任何费用，这两样我都不同意做。我又进一步说到，如果我当选了，我不能保证用我的时间和精力为他们谋取任何地方利益。至于一般政治，我毫无保留地告诉他们我对很多重要问题的想法，他们之前曾征询过我的意见。其中一个是选举权问题，我告诉他们我深信（我有义务这么做，因为我打算一旦当选就照此行事）女性有权在议会中担任代表，享有同男性一样的权利。这对选举人来说无疑是第一次听到这样的说法。提出这个想法后，我当选了议员，这一事实促使主张妇女选举权运动的蓬勃开展。当时，像我这样的职业且行为完全藐视所有正规选举活动的候选人（如果可以这样称呼的话）仍能当选，似乎没有什么比这件事更不可能的了。一个著名的文人，同时也是社交圈中的一员曾说过，按照这样的安排，即便是万能的上帝自己也没有机会当选。我坚持既不花钱也不拉选票，我个人也不参加任何选举活动，一直到提名前的一个星期，我才参加了几个公众集会，表明我的立场，并回答了选举人行使其正当权利将我推举为咨询指导所提出的问题，而我的回答和我的演说一样简单坦率。只有一个问题，即关于我的宗教见解，我从一开始就宣布不回答任何问题。这个决定似乎得到参会者的完全认可。我回答其他问题的坦率态度，明显比我的回答本身更能给我带来好处，因为我

无论怎样回答都会造成伤害。在我得到的证据中，有一个特别值得注意，那就是我曾在《议会改革的思考》中直言不讳地说，（英国的）工人阶级虽然不同于其他一些国家的工人阶级羞于说谎，但通常还是说谎者。这段话被我的对手印在标语牌上，并在一个主要由工人阶级组成的会议上递给我，问我是否曾写了并发表了这段话。我立即回答“是的”。话一出口即刻赢得了会场热烈的掌声。显然工人阶级已经习惯了从那些寻求他们选票的人口中听到推诿和借口，所以当他们听到直接公开承认了可能令他们不满的话之后，他们并没有感觉被冒犯，反而立即断定这是一个他们可以信赖的人。我从未听说过那些最懂得工人阶级的人的经历中有比这更惊人的例子。在他们喜欢的优点中最重要的就是彻底的坦诚，坦诚比他们心中十分强烈反对的更重要，没有其他的品质可以弥补坦诚的缺乏。事后第一个发言的工人（奥杰先生）说，工人阶级并不是不希望有人告诉他们自己的过错，他们需要的是朋友，不是奉承者，并且他们会对向他们真诚提出身上需要改进之处的人负有义务，会议对这一点反响热烈。

Had I been defeated in the election, I should still have had no reason to regret the contact it had brought me into with large bodies of my countrymen; which not only gave me much new experience, but enabled me to scatter my political opinions rather widely, and, by making me known in many quarters where I had never before been heard of, increased the number of my readers and the presumable influence of my writings. These latter effects were of course produced in a still greater degree, when, as much to my own surprise as to that of any one, I was returned to Parliament by a majority of some hundreds over my Conservative competitor.

假如我在竞选中失利，我也没有理由后悔，因为它让我有机会接触许多同胞。这不仅给我许多新的体验，并且使我能够更广泛地传播我的政治见解，让很多以前从未听过我名字的人认识我，增加了我的读者和我作品可能的影响。令我和所有人惊讶的是，我以几百张票的多数战胜了保守党的竞争对手，恢复了议会席位，当然我的读者和作品的影响随之增加了不少。

I was a member of the House during the three sessions of the Parliament which passed the Reform Bill; during which time Parliament was necessarily my main occupation, except during the recess. I was a tolerably frequent speaker, sometimes of prepared speeches, sometimes extemporaneously. But my choice of occasions was not such as I should have made if my leading object had been Parliamentary influence. When I had gained the ear of the House, which I did by a successful speech on Mr. Gladstone's Reform Bill, the idea I proceeded on was that when anything was likely to be as well done, or sufficiently well done, by other people, there was no necessity for me to meddle with it. As I therefore, in general, reserved myself for work which no others were likely to do, a great proportion

of my appearances were on points on which the bulk of the Liberal party, even the advanced portion of it, either were of a different opinion from mine, or were comparatively indifferent. Several of my speeches, especially one against the motion for the abolition of capital punishment, and another in favour of resuming the right of seizing enemies' goods in neutral vessels, were opposed to what then was, and probably still is, regarded as the advanced liberal opinion. My advocacy of women's suffrage, and of Personal Representation, were at the time looked upon by many as whims of my own; but the great progress since made by those opinions, and especially the zealous response made from almost all parts of the kingdom to the demand for women's suffrage, fully justified the timeliness of those movements, and have made what was undertaken as a moral and social duty, a personal success. Another duty which was particularly incumbent on me as one of the Metropolitan Members, was the attempt to obtain a Municipal Government for the Metropolis: but on that subject the indifference of the House of Commons was such that I found hardly any help or support within its walls. On this subject, however, I was the organ of an active and intelligent body of persons outside, with whom and not with me, the scheme originated, who carried on all the agitation on the subject and drew up the Bills. My part was to bring in Bills already prepared, and to sustain the discussion of them during the short time they were allowed to remain before the House; after having taken an active part in the work of a Committee presided over by Mr. Ayrton, which sat through the greater part of the Session of 1866, to take evidence on the subject. The very different position in which the question now stands 1870 may justly be attributed to the preparation which went on during those years, and which produced but little visible effect at the time; but all questions on which there are strong private interests on one side, and only the public good on the other, have a similar period of incubation to go through.

在议会通过《改良法案》的三届会期中，我是下院的议员。这期间除了休会期，议会工作就是我的主要工作。我还经常发言，有时是有准备的演讲，有时是即兴演讲。假如我的主要目的是在议会中造成个人影响，我的演说就不会选在这样的时机。就格莱斯顿先生的《改良法案》我作了一次成功的演讲，赢得了下院的注意。之后我想，如果其他人很有可能或者足以做好的事，我就不必加以干涉。因而，既然我通常在别人不可能做好的情况下才出面，所以我大多是在自由党人甚至是其中的高级分子与我意见出现分歧，或者他们相对不太关心的事情上发表意见。我的很多次演讲，尤其是反对废除死刑的提议和赞成恢复在中立国家船只上没收敌人货物的权利的演说，都违背了当时是，可能现在仍然被认为是先进的自由理念。我支持妇女选举权和个人代表制，在当时被很多人认为是我自己的怪念头。但此后这些主张取得的巨大进步，尤其是几乎整个国家对妇女选举权要求作出的热烈反应，充分证明了这些运

动的及时性，并且使履行道德和社会义务的事业变成个人的成功。另外一个我作为大都市中的成员义不容辞的义务是尝试为大都市建立市政府。但下议院对这个问题漠不关心，令我在下院内几乎找不到任何帮助或支持。然而，在这个问题上我是一个由议会外活跃聪明的人士组成的团体的喉舌，是他们而不是我想到了这个方案。他们对此进行了一切鼓动宣传，并起草了法案。我的工作就是把早已准备好的议案呈交，并在议会允许讨论该议案的短时间内维持对其的讨论。后来我曾积极参与由艾尔顿先生主持的委员会工作，占用了1866年议会期的大部分时间来取得关于这个议案的证据。现在（1870年）这个问题所处的位置完全不同，这一点可以公平地归因于那些年所做的准备工作，但当时却收效甚微。所有既涉及强大私人利益又只对公众有利的问题，都同样要经历一段酝酿期。

The same idea, that the use of my being in Parliament was to do work which others were not able or not willing to do, made me think it my duty to come to the front in defence of advanced Liberalism on occasions when the obloquy to be encountered was such as most of the advanced Liberals in the House, preferred not to incur. My first vote in the House was in support of an amendment in favour of Ireland, moved by an Irish member, and for which only five English and Scotch votes were given, including my own: the other four were Mr. Bright, Mr. McLaren, Mr. T. B. Potter, and Mr. Hadfield. And the second speech I delivered was on the Bill to prolong the suspension of the Habeas Corpus in Ireland. In denouncing, on this occasion, the English mode of governing Ireland, I did no more than the general opinion of England now admits to have been just; but the anger against Fenianism was then in all its freshness; any attack on what Fenians[19] attacked was looked upon as an apology for them; and I was so unfavourably received by the House, that more than one of my friends advised me (and my own judgment agreed with the advice) to wait, before speaking again, for the favourable opportunity that would be given by the first great debate on the Reform Bill. During this silence, many flattered themselves that I had turned out a failure, and that they should not be troubled with me any more. Perhaps their uncomplimentary comments may, by the force of reaction, have helped to make my speech on the Reform Bill the success it was. My position in the House was further improved by a speech in which I insisted on the duty of paying off the National Debt before our coal supplies are exhausted, and by an ironical reply to some of the Tory leaders who had quoted against me certain passages of my writings and called me to account for others, especially for one in my Considerations on Representative Government which said that the Conservative party was, by the law of its composition, the stupidest party. They gained nothing by drawing attention to this passage, which up to that time had not excited any notice, but the sobriquet of

"the stupid party" stuck to them for a considerable time afterwards. Having now no longer any apprehension of not being listened to, I confined myself, as I have since thought, too much, to occasions on which my services seemed specially needed, and abstained more than enough from speaking on the great party questions. With the exception of Irish questions, and those which concerned the working classes, a single speech on Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill was nearly all that I contributed to the great decisive debates of the last two of my three sessions.

我在议会所起的作用是做其他人不能或不愿意做的事情，同样的想法使我想到自己的义务是当先进的自由主义面临指责而议会中大多数进步的自由党人不愿引火烧身时站出来为其辩护。我在议会的第一次投票是支持爱尔兰议员提出的有利于爱尔兰的修正案，包括我在内只有五位英格兰和苏格兰议员投了赞成票，其他四个人是布赖特先生、麦克拉伦先生、T.B.波特先生和哈德菲尔德先生。我的第二次演讲是关于延长爱尔兰人身保护令暂停期限的法案。我在演说中谴责英国统治爱尔兰的方式，我只是做了现在英国舆论普遍承认是公正的事情。但那时反对芬尼亚共和主义的怒潮才刚刚开始，所有攻击芬尼亚组织成员所攻击目标的行为都被看作是对他们的辩护。因此我在议会很不受欢迎，所以不止一个朋友建议我（我自己也同意这个建议）等待《改良法案》的第一次大讨论给出有利的机会后再发表第二次演说。在沉默的期间，许多人自鸣得意地以为我以失败告终，所以不用再因为我而烦恼。或许正是他们贬损的评论所起到的反作用力帮助我对《改良法案》作的演讲大获成功。后来我在一篇演说中坚持认为在我们的煤供应耗尽之前我们有责任还清国债。之后一些托利党领导人引用了我作品中几段对我不利的话，要求我解释另外的几句话，尤其是《代议政府的思考》中说到从构成规律来看保守党是最愚蠢的政党，对此我作出了讥讽的回复。通过以上这两件事，我在议院的地位得到了提高。他们并没有通过让人们注意到这些话而得到好处，以前没有人注意这段话，但之后的很长一段时间内“愚蠢政党”的绰号却与他们如影随形。现在我无需担心没有人听我的演说，我想我过多地限制了自己，只在看起来特别需要我帮助的场合才发表演说，避免过多地谈论重大的政党问题。除了爱尔兰问题和那些涉及工人阶级的问题外，唯一一次论迪斯累里先生《改良法案》的演说几乎是我在三届会期的后两届对于重大决定性辩论所作的全部贡献。

I have, however, much satisfaction in looking back to the part I took on the two classes of subjects just mentioned. With regard to the working classes, the chief topic of my speech on Mr. Gladstone's Reform Bill was the assertion of their claims to the suffrage. A little later, after the resignation of Lord Russell[20]'s Ministry and the succession of a Tory Government, came the attempt of the working classes to hold a meeting in Hyde Park, their exclusion by the police, and the breaking down of the park railing by the crowd. Though Mr. Beales and the leaders of the working men had retired under protest

when this took place, a scuffle ensued in which many innocent persons were maltreated by the police, and the exasperation of the working men was extreme. They showed a determination to make another attempt at a meeting in the Park, to which many of them would probably have come armed; the Government made military preparations to resist the attempt, and something very serious seemed impending. At this crisis I really believe that I was the means of preventing much mischief. I had in my place in Parliament taken the side of the working men, and strongly censured the conduct of the Government. I was invited, with several other Radical members, to a conference with the leading members of the Council of the Reform League; and the task fell chiefly upon myself of persuading them to give up the Hyde Park project, and hold their meeting elsewhere. It was not Mr. Beales and Colonel Dickson who needed persuading; on the contrary, it was evident that those gentlemen had already exerted their influence in the same direction, thus far without success. It was the working men who held out, and so bent were they on their original scheme that I was obliged to have recourse to les grands moyens. I told them that a proceeding which would certainly produce a collision with the military, could only be justifiable on two conditions: if the position of affairs had become such that a revolution was desirable, and if they thought themselves able to accomplish one. To this argument, after considerable discussion, they at last yielded: and I was able to inform Mr. Walpole that their intention was given up. I shall never forget the depth of his relief or the warmth of his expressions of gratitude. After the working men had conceded so much to me, I felt bound to comply with their request that I would attend and speak at their meeting at the Agricultural Hall; the only meeting called by the Reform League which I ever attended. I had always declined being a member of the League, on the avowed ground that I did not agree in its programme of manhood suffrage and the ballot: from the ballot I dissented entirely; and I could not consent to hoist the flag of manhood suffrage, even on the assurance that the exclusion of women was not intended to be implied; since if one goes beyond what can be immediately carried and professes to take one's stand on a principle, one should go the whole length of the principle. I have entered thus particularly into this matter because my conduct on this occasion gave great displeasure to the Tory and Tory-Liberal press, who have charged me ever since with having shown myself, in the trials of public life, intemperate and passionate. I do not know what they expected from me; but they had reason to be thankful to me if they knew from what I had, in all probability, preserved them. And I do not believe it could have been done, at that particular juncture, by any one else. No other person, I believe, had at that moment the

necessary influence for restraining the working classes, except Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, neither of whom was available: Mr. Gladstone, for obvious reasons; Mr. Bright, because he was out of town.

然而，回顾我在刚才提到的那两类问题上所起的作用，我十分满意。关于工人阶级，我在论格莱斯顿先生《改良法案》的演说中的主要观点就是支持工人对选举权的要求。之后不久，在罗素勋爵内阁辞职，托利党政府接任后，工人阶级试图在海德公园举行集会，却被警察拒之门外，后来群众拆除了公园围栏。虽然比尔斯先生和工人阶级领导人之前在抗议中离开了，但随后发生了扭打，很多无辜的人受到警察的粗暴对待，令工人阶级的愤怒达到顶点。他们决心再次在海德公园集会，而且他们中的很多人可能会带上武器。政府作好军事准备以抵御他们的行动，十分严重的事情似乎就要发生。在这个危急时刻，我真的相信我能够阻止很多灾祸的发生。在议会中我是支持工人阶级的一方，并且强烈谴责政府的行为。我与其他几位激进派成员受邀参加了改革同盟委员会几个主要成员的会议，劝说他们放弃海德公园计划，并在其他地方举行会议的任务主要落在了我的身上。要说服的不是比尔斯先生和迪克森上校，正相反，这两位绅士显然已经朝相同的方向发挥了他们的影响力，但还远没取得成功。坚持的是那些工人，他们如此坚持原计划，使我被迫寻求最后的方案。我告诉他们，一次必定与军方产生冲突的行动只有在两个前提下才是正当的：第一，如果事态已经发展到迫切需要革命的程度；第二，他们确信自己可以取得成功。经过相当长时间的讨论，他们终于听从了我的观点，因此我可以通知沃波尔先生，工人们放弃了计划。我永远不会忘记当时他松了一大口气，向我表示衷心的感谢。在工人阶级对我作出如此大的让步以后，我认为有义务满足他们的要求，参加他们在农业厅召开的会议并发言。这是我唯一一次参加由改革同盟会召开的会议。我之前一直谢绝成为同盟会的一员，公开的理由是，我不同意其男子选举权和无记名投票的纲领，对于后者我完全不赞同。我也不同意他们高举男子选举权的大旗，即使他们保证没有排斥妇女选举权的意思。因为一旦一个人没能立即执行并公开承认他对一个原则的立场，那么他应该全面遵守这个原则。我之所以特意提到这件事，是因为我那次的行为引起了托利党和托利党自由派媒体的极大不满，后来他们指责我在公众生活的考验中表现得过激和狂热。我不知道他们希望我怎么做，但如果他们知道我所做的事情尽可能地保全了他们，他们就有理由向我表示感谢。我相信在那个特殊的时刻，没有人能够做到这点。我也相信在那个时刻，除了格莱斯顿先生和布赖特先生，没有人有足够的影响力约束工人阶级，但他们都无能为力：格莱斯顿先生的理由很明显，而布赖特先生当时不在城里。

When, some time later, the Tory Government brought in a bill to prevent public meetings in the Parks, I not only spoke strongly in opposition to it, but formed one of a number of advanced Liberals, who, aided by the very late period of the Session, succeeded in defeating the Bill by what is called talking it out. It has not since been

renewed.

一段时间以后，托利党政府提出了一个禁止在公园集会的议案，我不仅发言对此表示强烈反对，而且组织了一个由进步自由党人组成的团体，在会期即将结束的时候，通过所谓讨论拖延战术，成功地击败了这个议案。之后再没有人提起过。

On Irish affairs also I felt bound to take a decided part. I was one of the foremost in the deputation of members of Parliament who prevailed on Lord Derby to spare the life of the condemned Fenian insurgent, General Burke. The Church question was so vigorously handled by the leaders of the party, in the session of 1868, as to require no more from me than an emphatic adhesion; but the land question was by no means in so advanced a position: the superstitions of landlordism had up to that time been little challenged, especially in Parliament, and the backward state of the question, so far as concerned the Parliamentary mind, was evidenced by the extremely mild measure brought in by Lord Russell's Government in 1866, which nevertheless could not be carried. On that bill I delivered one of my most careful speeches, in which I attempted to lay down some of the principles of the subject, in a manner calculated less to stimulate friends, than to conciliate and convince opponents. The engrossing subject of Parliamentary Reform prevented either this bill, or one of a similar character brought in by Lord Derby's Government, from being carried through. They never got beyond the second reading. Meanwhile the signs of Irish disaffection had become much more decided; the demand for complete separation between the two countries had assumed a menacing aspect, and there were few who did not feel that if there was still any chance of reconciling Ireland to British connexion, it could only be by the adoption of much more thorough reforms in the territorial and social relations of the country, than had yet been contemplated. The time seemed to me to have come when it would be useful to speak out my whole mind; and the result was my pamphlet England and Ireland, which was written in the winter of 1867, and published shortly before the commencement of the session of 1868. The leading features of the pamphlet were, on the one hand, an argument to show the undesirableness, for Ireland as well as England, of separation between the countries, and on the other, a proposal for settling the land question by giving to the existing tenants a permanent tenure, at a fixed rent, to be assessed after due enquiry by the State.

在爱尔兰问题上，我同样感到有义务在其中起到决定性的作用。我是议员代表团的重要人物之一，说服德比勋爵放过了已被判刑的芬尼亚党暴动者伯克将军的性命。1868年会议期间，在教会问题上党魁们的处理态度十分积极，我只需要有力附和即可。土地问题从未取得如此大的

进展。对地主所有制的盲目崇拜在当时几乎没被动摇，尤其是在议会中。而这个问题的滞后状态，就议会的思想来说，1866年罗素政府提出的极其温和的议案就可以证明，但这项议案还是未能通过。我就这个议案发表了极为谨慎的演说，我试图制定土地问题的一些原则，这样做不是为了激励朋友，而是为了安抚和说服对手。议会改革这个显赫的主题阻碍了这个议案，或者另一个德比勋爵政府提出的类似议案的通过。它们从未通过二读。同时，爱尔兰的不满迹象越来越明显，对两国完全分离的要求已经显现出了威胁性的一面，几乎所有人都觉得要想恢复爱尔兰和不列颠之间的关系，只有采纳比原来设想的更加彻底的国家领土和社会关系的改革。在我看来时机已经到来，现在把我全部想法讲出来应该有用。所以，我在1867年冬天写了小册子《英格兰和爱尔兰》，在1868年议会会期开始前不久出版。这本小册子的主要特色是，一方面表明两国分离对英格兰和爱尔兰都不合时宜，另一方面提出建议，给现有佃农永久的土地使用权来解决土地问题，由国家进行适当的调查后确定固定的地租。

The pamphlet was not popular, except in Ireland, as I did not expect it to be. But, if no measure short of that which I proposed would do full justice to Ireland, or afford a prospect of conciliating the mass of the Irish people, the duty of proposing it was imperative; while if, on the other hand, there was any intermediate course which had a claim to a trial, I well knew that to propose something which would be called extreme was the true way not to impede but to facilitate a more moderate experiment. It is most improbable that a measure conceding so much to the tenantry as Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Bill, would have been proposed by a Government, or could have been carried through Parliament, unless the British public had been led to perceive that a case might be made, and perhaps a party formed, for a measure considerably stronger. It is the character of the British people, or at least of the higher and middle classes who pass muster for the British people, that to induce them to approve of any change, it is necessary that they should look upon it as a middle course: they think every proposal extreme and violent unless they hear of some other proposal going still farther, upon which their antipathy to extreme views may discharge itself. So it proved in the present instance; my proposal was condemned, but any scheme for Irish Land reform, short of mine, came to be thought moderate by comparison. I may observe that the attacks made on my plan usually gave a very incorrect idea of its nature. It was usually discussed as a proposal that the State should buy up the land and become the universal landlord; though in fact it only offered to each individual landlord this as an alternative, if he liked better to sell his estate than to retain it on the new conditions; and I fully anticipated that most landlords would continue to prefer the position of landowners to that of Government annuitants, and would retain their existing relation to their tenants,

often on more indulgent terms than the full rents on which the compensation to be given them by Government would have been based. This and many other explanations I gave in a speech on Ireland, in the debate on Mr. Maguire[21]'s Resolution, early in the session of 1868. A corrected report of this speech, together with my speech on Mr. Fortescue's Bill, has been published (not by me, but with my permission) in Ireland.

除了在爱尔兰，这本小册子并不受人欢迎，这在我的意料之中。但是如果除了我所建议的方法外，没有其他方法可以公正地解决爱尔兰问题，或者有安抚爱尔兰人民大众的愿望，那么我提出的建议就是必要的。另一方面，假如有折中的途径可以尝试，我很清楚，提出所谓极端的建议不是阻碍，而是促进产生一个更加温和的实验的正确途径。除非英国公众知道可能会出现一种采取更加强硬方法的情况，或者可能会组成一个更加强硬的政党，否则一个对佃户作出如此大让步的方法，例如格莱斯顿先生的《爱尔兰土地法案》，不大可能是由政府提出的，或者在议会获得通过。正是不列颠人的性格，或者至少是符合不列颠人要求的中上层阶级的性格，诱使他们同意改革的。而且必要的是，他们应当把它看作是一条中间路线。他们认为每个建议都是极端的，猛烈的，除非他们听到其他更极端、更猛烈的建议，他们对极端意见的反感才会自行消除。目前的情况证明了这一点，我的建议遭到谴责，但通过比较，其他任何关于爱尔兰土地改革的方案都被认为是温和的。我发现对我计划的攻击通常在本质上都是错误的观点。人们通常认为我的建议就是，国家应当买下土地进而成为全国土地的地主。但实际上我的建议只是为每个地主提供一种选择，假如在新的条件下他更愿意卖掉而不是保留土地。我充分预见到，大多数地主宁愿继续保留土地所有人的地位，而不愿从政府那里每年领取养老金。他们愿意以比全额地租更优厚的条件保持与佃户的现存关系，政府本可以基于这些全额地租给他们补偿。我早在1868年会议初期论马圭尔先生的决议案时，在一篇爱尔兰问题的演讲中说明了这一点，也作了其他的解释。这篇演说的修改稿，以及我评论福蒂斯丘先生议案的演说稿都已在爱尔兰出版（并非我自己出版，而是经过我允许）。

Another public duty, of a most serious kind, it was my lot to have to perform, both in and out of Parliament, during these years. A disturbance in Jamaica, provoked in the first instance by injustice, and exaggerated by rage and panic into a premeditated rebellion, had been the motive or excuse for taking hundreds of innocent lives by military violence, or by sentence of what were called courts martial, continuing for weeks after the brief disturbance had been put down; with many added atrocities of destruction of property, flogging women as well as men, and a great display of the brutal recklessness which generally prevails when fire and sword are let loose. The perpetrators of those deeds were defended and applauded in England by the same kind of people who had so long upheld negro slavery: and

it seemed at first as if the British nation was about to incur the disgrace of letting pass without even a protest, excesses of authority as revolting as any of those for which, when perpetrated by the instruments of other governments, Englishmen can hardly find terms sufficient to express their abhorrence. After a short time, however, an indignant feeling was roused; a voluntary Association formed itself under the name of the Jamaica Committee, to take such deliberation and action as the case might admit of, and adhesions poured in from all parts of the country. I was abroad at the time, but I sent in my name to the Committee as soon as I heard of it, and took an active part in the proceedings from the time of my return. There was much more at stake than only justice to the Negroes, imperative as was that consideration. The question was, whether the British dependencies, and eventually, perhaps, Great Britain itself, were to be under the government of law, or of military license; whether the lives and persons of British subjects are at the mercy of any two or three officers however raw and inexperienced or reckless and brutal, whom a panicstricken Governor or other functionary may assume the right to constitute into a so-called Court Martial. This question could only be decided by an appeal to the tribunals; and such an appeal the Committee determined to make. Their determination led to a change in the Chairmanship of the Committee, as the Chairman, Mr. Charles Buxton[22], thought it not unjust indeed, but inexpedient, to prosecute Governor Eyre[23] and his principal subordinates in a criminal court: but a numerously attended General meeting of the Association having decided this point against him, Mr. Buxton withdrew from the Committee, though continuing to work in the cause, and I was, quite unexpectedly on my own part, proposed and elected Chairman. It became, in consequence, my duty to represent the Committee in the House of Commons, sometimes by putting questions to the Government, sometimes as the recipient of questions more or less provocative, addressed by individual members to myself; but especially as speaker in the important debate originated in the session of 1866, by Mr. Buxton: and the speech I then delivered is that which I should probably select as the best of my speeches in Parliament. For more than two years we carried on the combat, trying every avenue legally open to us, to the Courts of Criminal Justice. A bench of magistrates in one of the most Tory counties in England dismissed our case: we were more successful before the magistrates at Bow Street; which gave an opportunity to the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, Sir Alexander Cockburn[24], for delivering his celebrated charge, which settled the law of the question in favour of liberty, as far as it is in the power of a judge's charge to settle it. There, however, our success ended, for the Old Bailey Grand Jury by throwing out our bill

prevented the case from coming to trial. It was clear that to bring English functionaries to the bar of a criminal court for abuses of power committed against negroes and mulattoes, was not a popular proceeding with the English middle classes. We had, however, redeemed, so far as lay in us, the character of our country, by showing that there was at any rate a body of persons determined to use all the means which the law afforded to obtain justice for the injured. We had elicited from the highest criminal judge in the nation an authoritative declaration that the law was what we maintained it to be; and we had given an emphatic warning to those who might be tempted to similar guilt hereafter, that, though they might escape the actual sentence of a criminal tribunal, they were not safe against being put to some trouble and expense in order to avoid it. Colonial Governors and other persons in authority will have a considerable motive to stop short of such extremities in future.

这些年还有另一个十分重要的公共职责，是我必须承担起来的，不管是在议会内还是在议会外。牙买加发生的骚动一开始是由不公正行为引起的，后来由于愤怒和惊恐被夸大成有蓄谋的叛乱，这成为军警暴力和所谓军事法庭判决夺走成百上千条无辜性命的动机或借口。短暂的暴动被镇压后，骚乱又持续了几个星期，伴有很多毁坏财务、鞭打男女的暴行，到处都是大肆烧杀的野蛮场景。这些犯罪者的行径受到英国那些长期支持黑奴制的同类人的辩护和喝彩。起初，不列颠民族似乎将要遭受对当局令人作呕的暴行置之不理，甚至没有任何反抗的耻辱。如果是被其他政府所利用，那么英国人对它的憎恨确实无以言表。然而不久之后，一种愤慨的情绪被激起，人们自发组织起了名为牙买加委员会的协会，他们在形势允许的范围内进行商议，采取行动，来自全国各地的支持者蜂拥而入。我当时在国外，但是我一听到消息就报名申请加入，回国以后积极参加到他们的行动当中。这里有比公正地对待黑人更危急、更有必要考虑的问题。问题是不列颠的属地，也许最终还有大不列颠本身是在受法律的管理还是军事特权的管理。不列颠子民的生命和人格是否受到两三个既没经验又粗鲁的军官支配？一个惊慌失措的总督或者其他官吏是否可以行使权利，构建一个所谓的军事法庭？这个问题只有上诉到法庭才能解决，所以委员会决定上诉。他们的决心引起委员会主席的更换，因为原主席查尔斯·巴克斯顿先生认为向刑事法庭起诉艾尔总督及其主要属下并非不公正，而是失策的行为。然而，有许多人参加的委员会大会决定反对他的观点，最终巴克斯顿先生退出了委员会，但继续为这项事业工作。出乎我意料的是，我被提名当选为委员会主席。结果在下院代表这个委员会就成了我的责任。有时向政府提问，有时接受个别议员向我提出的或多或少有些挑衅的问题。特别是，作为1866年会期由巴克斯顿发起的一场重要辩论的发言者，我那时的演说也许是我在议会里最好的演说。在这两年多的时间里，我们一直在进行斗争，尝试每一条合法通向刑事法庭的道路。英格兰一个拥有最多托利党人的郡的法庭不受理我们的诉讼，但在鲍街法庭我们却取得了成功，这使王座法院的大法官亚历山大·科伯恩爵士有机会作出最著名的判决，就法官解决问

题的权力来讲，他的判决解决了有利于自由的法律问题。但我们的成功就此结束了，因为中央刑事法院大陪审团撤销了我们的诉讼，使其最终未被受理。显然，向刑事法庭起诉英国官员对黑人和混血儿滥用职权的罪名并不受英国中层阶级的欢迎。但就我们而言，我们挽回了我们国家的声誉，表明我们在任何时候都有一群人决心利用法律提供的所有手段为受害人伸张正义。我们从国家最高刑事法庭得到权威性的宣言，宣布法律就是我们所坚持的东西。我们已经郑重警告那些以后可能被诱惑去犯类似罪行的人，虽然他们可能一时逃过刑事法庭的实际制裁，但是为了逃脱免不了会陷入麻烦并付出代价。殖民地总督和其他当权人士将来就有十足的理由避免这种困境。

As a matter of curiosity I kept some specimens of the abusive letters, almost all of them anonymous, which I received while these proceedings were going on. They are evidence of the sympathy felt with the brutalities in Jamaica by the brutal part of the population at home. They graduated from coarse jokes, verbal and pictorial, up to threats of assassination.

出于好奇，我收藏了几封在行动期间收到的辱骂信，大部分是匿名的。这些信是一些国内残暴人士同情牙买加暴行的证据，里边既有粗俗的文字和图片笑话，也有暗杀恐吓。

Among other matters of importance in which I took an active part, but which excited little interest in the public, two deserve particular mention. I joined with several other independent Liberals in defeating an Extradition Bill, introduced at the very end of the session of 1866, and by which, though surrender avowedly for political offences was not authorised, political refugees, if charged by a foreign government with acts which are necessarily incident to all attempts at insurrection, would have been surrendered to be dealt with by the criminal courts of the government against which they had rebelled: thus making the British Government an accomplice in the vengeance of foreign despotisms. The defeat of this proposal led to the appointment of a Select Committee (in which I was included) to examine and report on the whole subject of Extradition Treaties; and the result was that in the Extradition Act, which passed through Parliament after I had ceased to be a member, opportunity is given to any one whose extradition is demanded, of being heard before an English Court of justice to prove that the offence with which he is charged, is really political. The cause of European freedom has thus been saved from a serious misfortune, and our own country from a great iniquity. The other subject to be mentioned is the fight kept up by a body of advanced Liberals in the session of 1868, on the Bribery Bill of Mr. Disraeli's Government, in which I took a very active part. I had taken counsel with several of those who had applied their minds most carefully to the details of the subject—Mr. W. D. Christie,

Serjeant Pulling, Mr. Chadwick[25]—as well as bestowed much thought of my own, for the purpose of framing such amendments and additional clauses as might make the Bill really effective against the numerous modes of corruption, direct and indirect, which might otherwise, as there was much reason to fear, be increased instead of diminished by the Reform Act. We also aimed at engrafting on the Bill, measures for diminishing the mischievous burthen of what are called the legitimate expenses of elections. Among our many amendments, was that of Mr. Fawcett[26] for making the returning officer's expenses a charge on the rates, instead of on the candidates; another was the prohibition of paid canvassers, and the limitation of paid agents to one for each candidate; a third was the extension of the precautions and penalties against bribery, to municipal elections, which are well known to be not only a preparatory school for bribery at parliamentary elections, but an habitual cover for it. The Conservative Government, however, when once they had carried the leading provision of their Bill (for which I voted and spoke), the transfer of the jurisdiction in elections from the House of Commons to the Judges, made a determined resistance to all other improvements; and after one of our most important proposals, that of Mr. Fawcett, had actually obtained a majority, they summoned the strength of their party and threw out the clause in a subsequent stage. The Liberal party in the House was greatly dishonoured by the conduct of many of its members in giving no help whatever to this attempt to secure the necessary conditions of an honest representation of the people. With their large majority in the House they could have carried all the amendments, or better ones if they had better to propose. But it was late in the Session; members were eager to set about their preparations for the impending General Election: and while some (such as Sir Robert Anstruther[27]) honourably remained at their post, though rival candidates were already canvassing their constituency, a much greater number placed their electioneering interests before their public duty. Many Liberals also looked with indifference on legislation against bribery, thinking that it merely diverted public interest from the Ballot, which they considered, very mistakenly as I expect it will turn out, to be a sufficient, and the only, remedy. From these causes our fight, though kept up with great vigour for several nights, was wholly unsuccessful, and the practices which we sought to render more difficult, prevailed more widely than ever in the first General Election held under the new electoral law.

在我积极参加却很少引起公众兴趣的其他重要事情中，有两件事特别值得一提。我和其他几个独立的自由党人一起击败了1866年会期结束前提出的《引渡法案》。法案中规定，虽然引渡政治犯未得到公开授权，但如果政治避难者被外国政府指控有必然引发暴动的行为，就要被

引渡去他们反叛政府的刑事法庭听受处分。这使大不列颠政府成为外国专制政府报复的帮凶。这个议案的失败使得特别委员会（包括我在内）成立，以审查和报告引渡条约的全部内容。结果是在我离开议会以后，议会通过了《引渡法》，使任何被要求引渡的人都有机会在英国法庭前证明他所受的指控是真正政治性的。欧洲的自由事业由此而免受一场不幸，我们的国家也幸免于一次严重的邪恶行为。另外需要提到的是，在1868年的会期中，一批自由党进步人士坚持就迪斯累里政府提出的《贿赂法案》进行斗争，我也积极参与其中。我与几位对这个问题的细节做过十分认真研究的人——克里斯蒂先生、普林律师和查德威克先生——商议并提出了很多我自己的想法，目的是制定修正案和增加条款，使《法案》真正有效地防范许多直接和间接的贿赂行为，否则我们有充分的理由担心，贿赂行为可能因《改良法》增加而非减少。我们还致力于在法案中加入其他措施，以减少所谓的竞选合法开支这种有害负担。在许多修正案当中，有一个是由福西特先生提出的，规定选举检察人的费用应当由税收而非候选人承担。另外禁止有偿拉选票，以及限制每位候选人只有一位带薪代理人。第三条是将防范和惩罚贿赂行为扩展到市级选举。众所周知，市级选举不但是议会选举贿赂的预备学校，也一贯是包庇贿赂的地方。然而，保守政府一旦通过了法案中的主要条款（我曾投票支持并发言），把选举管辖权从下院移至法院，他们就会坚决反对所有其他的改进。福西特先生提出了一个最重要的提议，实际上已获得了大多数人的赞成，之后他们号召党内力量在下一阶段否决这个提议。下院的自由党人因其许多成员的行为深感耻辱，因为他们对确保人们诚实选举必要条件的尝试未曾给过任何帮助。凭他们在下院占有的绝大多数席位，他们本可以通过所有的修正案，假如有更好的议案也会通过。但会期已晚，议员们已在迫切地准备即将到来的大选。虽然几位议员（比如罗伯特·安斯特拉瑟爵士）仍令人尊敬地坚守着岗位，而竞争对手已经开始游说他们选区的选民，但他们中的大多数人把个人选举的利益放在公共责任之上。很多自由党人也对反贿赂立法漠然处之，认为它仅仅是将公众注意从无记名投票转移过来，他们把无记名投票视为一种充分且唯一的补救方法，我想将来肯定会证明这是十分错误的。由于这些原因，我们虽然斗志昂扬地坚持战斗了几个晚上，但战斗还是彻底失败了。我们曾试图增加贿赂的难度，而在新选举法实施后举行的第一届大选中，贿赂却比以前更加猖獗。

In the general debates on Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill, my participation was limited to the one speech already mentioned; but I made the Bill an occasion for bringing the two greatest improvements which remain to be made in representative government formally before the House and the nation. One of them was Personal, or as it is called with equal propriety, Proportional Representation. I brought this under the consideration of the House, by an expository and argumentative speech on Mr. Hare's plan; and subsequently I was active in support of the very imperfect substitute for that plan, which, in a small number of constituencies, Parliament was induced to adopt. This poor makeshift had scarcely any recommendation, except that it

was a partial recognition of the evil which it did so little to remedy. As such however it was attacked by the same fallacies, and required to be defended on the same principles, as a really good measure; and its adoption in a few parliamentary elections, as well as the subsequent introduction of what is called the Cumulative Vote in the elections for the London School Board, have had the good effect of converting the equal claim of all electors to a proportional share in the representation, from a subject of merely speculative discussion, into a question of practical politics, much sooner than would otherwise have been the case.

在对迪斯累里《改良法案》的一般辩论中，我的参与仅仅限于上文提到的那篇演说，但我借机把代议制政府尚需做的两项重大改进措施正式摆到了下院和全国人民面前。一个是个人代表制，或者同样可以恰当地称为比例代表制。我通过就黑尔先生的方案发表阐述性和议论性的演说提出这项措施让下院考虑。之后我积极支持一项代替黑尔方案但很不完善的方案，这个方案在少数选区被议会采纳。这个可怜的权宜之计除了部分承认它不能根治的弊病外，几乎没有可取之处。但即便如此，它还是受到同样谬误的攻击，需要用同样的原则保护，就像真正良好的措施那样。它在一些议会选举中被采纳，同样伦敦教育委员会选举中也引进了所谓的累计投票制。它把所有选举人的平等权利转变为代表制中的按比例分配名额，把纯粹的理论探讨转变成实际的政治问题，效果很好。如果没有实施这个方案，就不会产生如此立竿见影的效果。

This assertion of my opinions on Personal Representation cannot be credited with any considerable or visible amount of practical result. It was otherwise with the other motion which I made in the form of an amendment to the Reform Bill, and which was by far the most important, perhaps the only really important public service I performed in the capacity of a Member of Parliament: a motion to strike out the words which were understood to limit the electoral franchise to males, and thereby to admit to the suffrage all women who, as householders or otherwise, possess the qualification required of male electors. For women not to make their claim to the suffrage, at the time when the elective franchise was being largely extended, would have been to abjure the claim altogether; and a movement on the subject was begun in 1866, when I presented a petition for the suffrage, signed by a considerable number of distinguished women. But it was as yet uncertain whether the proposal would obtain more than a few stray votes in the House: and when, after a debate in which the speakers on the contrary side were conspicuous by their feebleness, the votes recorded in favour of the motion amounted to 73—made up by pairs and tellers to above 80—the surprise was general, and the encouragement great: the greater, too, because one of those who voted for the motion was Mr. Bright, a fact which could only be

attributed to the impression made on him by the debate, as he had previously made no secret of his non-concurrence in the proposal. The time appeared to my daughter, Miss Helen Taylor, to have come for forming a Society for the extension of the suffrage to women. The existence of the Society is due to my daughter's initiative; its constitution was planned entirely by her, and she was the soul of the movement during its first years, though delicate health and superabundant occupation made her decline to be a member of the Executive Committee. Many distinguished members of parliament, professors, and others, and some of the most eminent women of whom the country can boast, became members of the Society, a large proportion either directly or indirectly through my daughter's influence, she having written the greater number, and all the best, of the letters by which adhesion was obtained, even when those letters bore my signature. In two remarkable instances, those of Miss Nightingale[28] and Miss Mary Carpenter[29], the reluctance those ladies had at first felt to come forward (for it was not on their part difference of opinion) was overcome by appeals written by my daughter though signed by me. Associations for the same object were formed in various local centres, Manchester, Edinburgh, Birmingham, Bristol, Glasgow, and others which have done much valuable work for the cause. All the Societies take the title of branches of the National Society for Women's Suffrage; but each has its own governing body, and acts in complete independence of the others.

我支持个人代表制，并不是因为它会产生相当多的或明显的实际效果。相反，我提出的另一个动议就不同，它是《改良法案》的一个修正案，是我做议员期间履行的最重要的，也许是唯一重要的公职。这项动议去掉了被理解成选举权仅限于男性的措辞，从而允许所有拥有男性选民资格的妇女，无论是否为户主，都有选举权。当选举权大规模增加时，不要求选举权的妇女就相当于完全公开放弃这个权利。这个运动开始于1866年，我呈递了一份由许多杰出妇女签名的争取选举权的请愿书。但不确定的是这个提议能否获得下院议员们零星的几张赞成票。当辩论过后，反对方的发言显然软弱无力，所以赞成动议的票数达到73票。加上不投票的议员和计票员，总数达80多票。这在我们意料之外，也因此令人大受鼓舞。更鼓舞我们的是这些投赞成票的人当中有布赖特先生，这只能归因于这场辩论对他产生的影响，因为他以前毫不掩饰地表示不同意这个提议。这次看来是我的女儿，海伦·泰勒小姐组织了一个社团来扩大妇女选举权。这个社团是由我女儿创办的，章程也完全是由她设计的，虽然因为身体孱弱加上工作缠身，她谢绝成为执行委员会的一员，但运动的第一年她仍是活动的灵魂。很多尊贵的议员、教授及其他人，还有一些国家引以为傲的出色女性也成为社团成员，这其中很大的一部分是受我女儿直接或间接的影响。她写了大量的信件，并以此赢得了支持，甚至有些信件上署了我的名字。有两件事让我记忆犹新，分别与南丁格尔小姐和玛丽·卡彭特小姐有关，她们起初都不愿意加入（因

为这和她们的意见相左）。后来我女儿以我的名义写了几封请求信，才得到她们的同意。其他的一些地区中心也以相同的目的成立了协会，包括曼彻斯特、爱丁堡、伯明翰、布里斯托尔、格拉斯哥以及其他一些为这项事业作出卓著贡献的城市。所有的社团都取名为“国家妇女选举权协会”分会，但每个分会都有自己的管理机构，以完全独立的方式运作。

I believe I have mentioned all that is worth remembering of my proceedings in the House. But their enumeration, even if complete, would give but an inadequate idea of my occupations during that period, and especially of the time taken up by correspondence. For many years before my election to Parliament, I had been continually receiving letters from strangers, mostly addressed to me as a writer on philosophy, and either propounding difficulties or communicating thoughts on subjects connected with logic or political economy. In common, I suppose, with all who are known as political economists, I was a recipient of all the shallow theories and absurd proposals by which people are perpetually endeavouring to shew the way to universal wealth and happiness by some artful reorganisation of the currency. When there were signs of sufficient intelligence in the writers to make it worth while attempting to put them right, I took the trouble to point out their errors, until the growth of my correspondence made it necessary to dismiss such persons with very brief answers. Many, however, of the communications I received were more worthy of attention than these, and in some, over-sights of detail were pointed out in my writings, which I was thus enabled to correct. Correspondence of this sort naturally multiplied with the multiplication of the subjects on which I wrote, especially those of a metaphysical character. But when I became a member of Parliament, I began to receive letters on private grievances and on every imaginable subject that related to any kind of public affairs, however remote from my knowledge or pursuits. It was not my constituents in Westminster who laid this burthen on me: they kept with remarkable fidelity the understanding on which I had consented to serve. I received, indeed, now and then an application from some ingenuous youth to procure for him a small Government appointment; but these were few, and how simple and ignorant the writers were, was shown by the fact that the applications came in about equally whichever party was in power. My invariable answer was, that it was contrary to the principles on which I was elected to ask favours of any Government. But, on the whole, hardly any part of the country gave me less trouble than my own constituents. The general mass of correspondence, however, swelled into an oppressive burthen. At this time, and thenceforth, a great proportion of all my letters (including many which found their way into the newspapers) were not written by me but by my daughter; at first merely from her willingness to help in disposing of a mass of

letters greater than I could get through without assistance, but afterwards because I thought the letters she wrote superior to mine, and more so in proportion to the difficulty and importance of the occasion. Even those which I wrote myself were generally much improved by her, as is also the case with all the more recent of my prepared speeches, of which, and of some of my published writings, not a few passages, and those the most successful, were hers.

我相信我已经提到了我在下院期间所有值得回忆的事情。但这些描述即便是完整的，仍然不能让人们充分了解我那段时期的工作，尤其是通信花去的那段时间。在我入选议会前的那几年，我经常收到陌生人的来信，大多都称我为哲学方面的作家，他们就逻辑学或者政治经济学方面，要么和我探讨些难懂的问题，要么与我交流想法。总的来说，我猜想我和所有著名的政治学家一样，收到了很多包含肤浅理论和荒谬提议的来信，通过这些来信，人们以巧妙的重组货币的方式，不断努力展示通往全民富裕和幸福的道路。当写信人表现出足够的智慧，还有纠正的可能时，我就会不辞辛劳地指出他们的错误，直到后来我的通信数量的增长使我不得不用简短的话回复这些人。但是我收到的许多来信中很多比这些更值得关注，其中有些指出我作品中忽略的细节，使我能够改正。这种通信自然随着我写作主题的增加而增加，尤其是那些关于形而上学的主题。但自从我成为议员之后，我开始收到私人的投诉信，以及有关公众事务能想到的问题的信件，尽管很多与我的知识和追求相去甚远。带给我这些负担的并不是我在威斯敏斯特的选民，他们对我同意效忠的事业保持着相当的忠诚。事实上，我不时收到一个天真的年轻人写来的申请信，要我帮他在政府中谋得一官半职。无论是哪个政党执政，我都会收到这样的来信，虽然这种信件很少，但可以表明写信人是多么的单纯无知。我不变的回答是，请求政府的帮助与我当选的原则背道而驰。但总的来说，我自己的选民带给我的麻烦少于全国其他地区。然而，越来越多的来信成为我沉重的负担。那时以及从那以后，我的大部分回信（包括登报回复）都由我的女儿代笔。她的初衷只是帮助我处理大量的超过我个人回复能力的信件，但后来我发现她回信的水平比我的高，尤其是她能作出与当时的难度和重要性相应的回复。即使我自己写的信也基本交给她修改，就像我最近准备的演讲稿一样，我的一些出版作品，不仅仅是其中几段，就连最成功的那部分都是她的杰作。

While I remained in Parliament my work as an author was unavoidably limited to the recess. During that time I wrote (besides the pamphlet on Ireland already mentioned), the Essay on Plato published in the Edinburgh Review, and reprinted in the third volume of Dissertations and Discussions; and the address which conformably to custom I delivered to the University of St. Andrew's, whose students had done me the honour of electing me to the office of Rector. In this Discourse I gave expression to many thoughts and opinions which had been accumulating in me through life, respecting the various studies which belong to a liberal education, their uses and influences, and the

mode in which they should be pursued to render those influences most beneficial. The position taken up, vindicating the high educational value alike of the old classic and the new scientific studies, on even stronger grounds than are urged by most of their advocates, and insisting that it is only the stupid inefficiency of the usual teaching which makes those studies be regarded as competitors instead of allies, was, I think, calculated, not only to aid and stimulate the improvement which has happily commenced in the national institutions for higher education, but to diffuse juster ideas than we often find, even in highly educated men, on the conditions of the highest mental cultivation.

在议会工作期间，我的写作不可避免地被限制在休会期间进行。那段时间我写了《论柏拉图》（还有刚才提到的关于爱尔兰问题的小册子），发表在《爱丁堡评论》上，后来收在《论述和讨论》的第三卷中。我很荣幸地被圣安德鲁斯大学的学生选为校长，并按照惯例发表了演说。在这篇演说中，我就一生中积累的有关自由教育的许多学科发表了很多想法和见解，讲到了它们的用处和影响，以及为使这些学科发挥最有益的影响应当采取的方法。为证明旧的古典学科以及新的科学学科有同样高的教育价值，我采取的立场比大多数宣传者极力主张的更加坚实，认为只因平常教导法的愚蠢无能才使得这些学科被人视为竞争者而不是同盟者。我认为这不仅有助于促进在全国高等院校中已顺利展开的改革，而且能够在最崇高思想的培养下，在受过高等教育的人中间传播比我们平常接触到的更公正的思想。

During this period also I commenced (and completed soon after I had left Parliament) the performance of a duty to philosophy and to the memory of my father, by preparing and publishing an edition of the Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind, with notes bringing up the doctrines of that admirable book to the latest improvements in science and in speculation. This was a joint undertaking: the psychological notes being furnished in about equal proportions by Mr. Bain and myself, while Mr. Grote supplied some valuable contributions on points in the history of philosophy incidentally raised, and Dr. Andrew Findlater[30] supplied the deficiencies in the book which had been occasioned by the imperfect philological knowledge of the time when it was written. Having been originally published at a time when the current of metaphysical speculation ran in a quite opposite direction to the psychology of Experience and Association, the "Analysis" had not obtained the amount of immediate success which it deserved, though it had made a deep impression on many individual minds, and had largely contributed, through those minds, to create that more favourable atmosphere for the Association Psychology of which we now have the benefit. Admirably adapted for a class-book of the Experience

Metaphysics, it only required to be enriched, and in some cases corrected, by the results of more recent labours in the same school of thought, to stand, as it now does, in company with Mr. Bain's treatises, at the head of the systematic works on Analytic Psychology.

在这段时间里，我也开始履行我对哲学的责任（这在我离开议会后很快得以完成），也为了纪念我的父亲，我准备并出版了《人类心灵现象分析》的一个版本，并作了注释，使这本出色的作品跟上了科学和理论方面的最新进展。这是一个合作的项目：心理学的注释由贝恩先生和我平均分担，格罗特先生对书中附带提及的哲学历史问题作出了有价值的贡献，而安德鲁·芬勒特先生弥补了写书时由于不完善的哲学知识造成的不足。该书第一次发表时正值形而上学理论的思潮与经验心理学和联想心理学背道而驰的时候，所以它没能立即获得应有的成功，但还是给很多人留下了深刻的印象，并通过这些人营造出一种更有利于联想心理学的气氛，到现在我们仍从中受益良多。这本书很适合做学习经验形而上学的课本，只需扩充些相同思想流派的最新研究成果，或在某些情况下只需对其加以更正，它就可以像现在这样，和贝恩先生的专著一起，成为分析心理学系统著作的佼佼者。

In the autumn of 1868 the Parliament which passed the Reform Act was dissolved, and at the new election for Westminster I was thrown out; not to my surprise, nor, I believe, to that of my principal supporters, though in the few days preceding the election they had become more sanguine than before. That I should not have been elected at all would not have required any explanation; what excites curiosity is that I should have been elected the first time, or, having been elected then, should have been defeated afterwards. But the efforts made to defeat me were far greater on the second occasion than on the first. For one thing, the Tory Government was now struggling for existence, and success in any contest was of more importance to them. Then, too, all persons of Tory feelings were far more embittered against me individually than on the previous occasion; many who had at first been either favourable or indifferent, were vehemently opposed to my re-election. As I had shown in my political writings that I was aware of the weak points in democratic opinions, some Conservatives, it seems, had not been without hopes of finding me an opponent of democracy: as I was able to see the Conservative side of the question, they presumed that, like them, I could not see any other side. Yet if they had really read my writings they would have known that after giving full weight to all that appeared to me well grounded in the arguments against democracy, I unhesitatingly decided in its favour, while recommending that it should be accompanied by such institutions as were consistent with its principle and calculated to ward off its inconveniences: one of the chief of these remedies being Proportional Representation, on which

scarcely any of the Conservatives gave me any support. Some Tory expectations appear to have been founded on the approbation I had expressed of plural voting, under certain conditions: and it has been surmised that the suggestion of this sort made in one of the resolutions which Mr. Disraeli introduced into the House preparatory to his Reform Bill (a suggestion which meeting with no favour he did not press), may have been occasioned by what I had written on the point: but if so, it was forgotten that I had made it an express condition that the privilege of a plurality of votes should be annexed to education, not to property, and even so, had approved of it only on the supposition of universal suffrage. How utterly inadmissible such plural voting would be under the suffrage given by the present Reform Act, is proved, to any who could otherwise doubt it, by the very small weight which the working classes are found to possess in elections, even under the law which gives no more votes to any one elector than to any other.

1868年秋天，通过《改良法》的议会解散了，在新一届威斯敏斯特选举中我竞选失利，这并没让我吃惊，我相信我的主要支持者们也不会吃惊，虽然在接下来几天的选举中他们抱着更大的希望。如果我从未当选也就无需解释，让人好奇的是我第一次当选了，或者已经当选，但后来又落选了。但是第二次他们为了打败我所作的努力远远比第一次多。一方面，托利党政府正在为继续当选努力，在任何竞选中的胜利对他们来说都很重要。另外，所有同情托利党的人对我个人的怨恨也比上一届多很多。许多原来对我当选不置可否的人，现在都激烈地反对我再次当选。因为我在很多政治作品中表明自己已经意识到了民主见解的弱点，一些保守派人士似乎希望把我当作民主制度的敌人，因为我可以从保守党的角度去看待问题，他们就断定我像他们一样看不到其他的方面。但如果他们真的读过我的作品，他们就会知道在强调了所有我认为有充分证据支持的反对民主的观点后，我毫不犹豫地作出了有利于民主的论断，并且建议民主应当通过符合其原则并能去除其不便的制度来实现。其中一个主要的解决方法就是比例代表制，但保守党几乎没有人支持这个建议。一些托利党人的期待似乎是建立在我对多选区投票权认可的前提上的。人们推测，这个建议是迪斯累里在准备他的《改良法案》时向下院提出的决议案中的一个（没有人支持他的建议，他也没有施加压力），这可能是由我就这个问题所写的文章引起的。但假如是这样，人们忘记了我的建议还有一个明确的条件，那就是一人多选区的特权附加的是关于教育程度而不是财产状况的条件，即便如此，我只是在假定普选权的情况下才同意的。在目前《改良法》规定的选举制度下，这种多选区投票权是不能接受的。怀疑这一点的人，只要看看工人阶级在选举中所占的如此小的分量就会明白，即使法律规定一人只能投一票。

While I thus was far more obnoxious to the Tory interest, and to many Conservative Liberals than I had formerly been, the course I pursued in Parliament had by no means been such as to make Liberals

generally at all enthusiastic in my support. It has already been mentioned, how large a proportion of my prominent appearances had been on questions on which I differed from most of the Liberal party or about which they cared little, and how few occasions there had been on which the line I took was such as could lead them to attach any great value to me as an organ of their opinions. I had moreover done things which had excited, in many minds, a personal prejudice against me. Many were offended by what they called the persecution of Mr. Eyre: and still greater offence was taken at my sending a subscription to the election expenses of Mr. Bradlaugh[31]. Having refused to be at any expense for my own election, and having had all its expenses defrayed by others, I felt under a peculiar obligation to subscribe in my turn where funds were deficient for candidates whose election was desirable. I accordingly sent subscriptions to nearly all the working class candidates, and among others to Mr. Bradlaugh. He had the support of the working classes; having heard him speak, I knew him to be a man of ability, and he had proved that he was the reverse of a demagogue, by placing himself in strong opposition to the prevailing opinion of the democratic party on two such important subjects as Malthusianism and Personal Representation. Men of this sort, who, while sharing the democratic feelings of the working classes, judged political questions for themselves, and had courage to assert their individual convictions against popular opposition, were needed, as it seemed to me, in Parliament, and I did not think that Mr. Bradlaugh's anti-religious opinions (even though he had been intemperate in the expression of them) ought to exclude him. In subscribing, however, to his election, I did what would have been highly imprudent if I had been at liberty to consider only the interests of my own reelection; and, as might be expected, the utmost possible use, both fair and unfair, was made of this act of mine to stir up the electors of Westminster against me. To these various causes, combined with an unscrupulous use of the usual pecuniary and other influences on the side of my Tory competitor, while none were used on my side, it is to be ascribed that I failed at my second election after having succeeded at the first. No sooner was the result of the election known than I received three or four invitations to become a candidate for other constituencies, chiefly counties; but even if success could have been expected, and this without expense, I was not disposed to deny myself the relief of returning to private life. I had no cause to feel humiliated at my rejection by the electors; and if I had, the feeling would have been far outweighed by the numerous expressions of regret which I received from all sorts of persons and places, and in a most marked degree from those members of the Liberal party in Parliament with whom I had been accustomed to act.

与原来相比，我现在更加危及托利党人的利益，也更令保守的自由派人士不愉快，我在议会中所追求的事业绝对不会让多数自由派人士热情地支持我。这之前我已经提到，我出色的登台演讲大多是论述与多数自由派见解不同的观点或他们极少关心的问题，我采取的方针路线很少能引起他们的重视，并使他们把我当作自己意见的喉舌。另外我做的事情引起了很多人对我的个人偏见。很多人因为他们所谓的迫害艾尔先生的事件而大怒，令他们更加愤怒的是我捐了一些钱作为布雷德洛先生的竞选费用。我自己竞选时没有花费任何费用，几乎都由他人支付，我感到有特殊的义务用捐款来回报那些缺少资金但有望当选的候选人。所以我几乎给所有工人阶级候选人捐款，尤其是对布雷德洛先生。他受到工人阶级的支持，我听过他的演讲，认定他是有能力之人，在马尔萨斯主义和个人代表制这两个重要问题上，他强烈反对当时流行的民主党意见，证明了自己不是蛊惑民心之人。这样一个既有劳动阶级民主情感，自己判断政治问题，又有勇气逆流而上主张个人信念的人，在我看来是议会需要的人物。我认为不应当因为布雷德洛反对宗教的见解而把他排除在议会之外（虽然他曾经言辞激烈地表达过这样的见解）。如果我只考虑自己再次当选的利益，那为他的竞选捐款是十分鲁莽的。不出所料，很多人对我的这个举动大加利用，无论公正与否，来煽动威斯敏斯特选区的投票者反对我。基于这种种原因，加上我的托利党竞争者大肆利用惯用的金钱手段和其他影响力，而我却没有这么做，我在第一次竞选胜利后，第二次却失败了。竞选结果公布后不久，我就收到了三四封信，邀请我做其他选区的候选人（主要是郡级）。但即便有成功的希望，即便可以不用承担费用，我也不想摒弃让自己享受回归个人生活的轻松。我已没有理由因为选民对我的反对而感到耻辱。假如我真的有，这种感觉也远远不如我从各界人士和各地收到的无数慰问信重要，尤其是不如收到那些我惯于合作的自由党议员们的慰问信重要。

Since that time little has occurred which there is need to commemorate in this place. I returned to my old pursuits and to the enjoyment of a country life in the South of Europe, alternating twice a year with a residence of some weeks or months in the neighbourhood of London. I have written various articles in periodicals (chiefly in my friend Mr. Morley's Fortnightly Review), have made a small number of speeches on public occasions, especially at the meetings of the Women's Suffrage Society, have published The Subjection of Women, written some years before, with some additions by my daughter and myself, and have commenced the preparation of matter for future books, of which it will be time to speak more particularly if I live to finish them. Here therefore, for the present, this memoir may close.

从那以后，几乎没有发生什么事情值得我在此记录。我重拾旧趣，回到欧洲南部享受田园生活，每年轮流两次在伦敦附近住上几周或几个月。我为期刊写了许多文章（主要发表在我朋友莫利先生的《双周评论》上），在公共场合，特别是在妇女投票权协会的会议上发表过为数不多的几次演说，我女儿和我把几年前写的《论妇女的从属地位》增加

了一些内容后出版，并开始为以后出书准备资料。如果我在有生之年能写完这些新作品的话，那还有机会再作说明。因此，这本自传到这里可以结束了。

(1)限定继承权，即对被继承人生前所欠债务负有限清偿责任的继承权。

(2) 法国“二月革命”，爆发于1848年2月22日。这次革命是19世纪上半叶法国经济、政治和思想发展的必然结果，是封建主义与资本主义的矛盾、压迫民族与被压迫民族的矛盾尖锐化的必然结果。

(3) 1848年1月，欧洲革命首先爆发于意大利，接着法国爆发了二月革命。为了推翻封建统治，实现国家统一，奥地利首都维也纳和普鲁士首都柏林在3月先后爆发了革命。在维也纳革命的影响下，匈牙利、捷克和罗马尼亚爆发了民族独立运动，革命烈火遍及欧洲。

(4) 1851年12月2日，路易·波拿巴发动了政变，结束了法兰西第二共和国，建立了专制体制。它是欧洲除了沙皇制度以外的又一个反动势力堡垒，成了国际冲突和军事冒险的政策源地。

(5) 爱德华·乔治·杰弗里·史密斯 - 斯坦利（1799—1869），英国保守党领袖和第32、35、38任英国首相。他在1844—1851年间被称为斯坦利勋爵。

(6) 朱庇特神庙，古罗马的主神殿。

(7) 阿维尼翁，法国东南部城市，沃克吕兹省首府。在罗讷河畔，南距迪朗斯河和罗讷河汇合处四公里。

(8) 圣西门主义者，主张空想社会主义的人。该学说的创始人是法国哲学家、经济学家圣西门（1760—1825）。

(9) 裴斯泰洛齐（1746—1827），瑞士教育家。

(10) 威廉·冯·洪堡特（1767—1835），德国语言学家、教育改革家。

(11) 乔赛亚·沃伦（1798—1874），美国的个人无政府主义者、发明家和作家。他被广泛地视为美国的第一名无政府主义者。

(12) 詹姆斯·加思·马歇尔（1802—1873），英国政治家。

(13) 本杰明·迪斯累里（1804—1881），英国首相、保守党领袖、作家，写过小说和政论作品。

(14) 亚历山大·贝恩（1818—1903），英国心理学家、哲学家、教育学家。

(15) 约翰·埃利奥特·凯恩斯（1823—1875），英国庸俗经济学家。他在美国南北战争时期写的《奴隶劳力》，揭露了对奴隶残酷使用和奴隶从事原始劳动的情形，但作为经济学家，他只能描写表面的现象。

(16) 温德尔·菲利普斯（1811—1884），美国废奴主义者、雄辩家。

(17) 约翰·布赖特（1811—1889），英国政界人士、政治经济学家。

(18) 威廉·汉密尔顿爵士（1788—1856），苏格兰形而上学者。

(19) 芬尼亚组织，19世纪中叶著名的爱尔兰反英统治组织。

(20) 约翰·罗素（1792—1878），辉格党自由改革派的主要人物，曾任英国首相。

(21) 约翰·弗朗西斯·马圭尔（1815—1872），爱尔兰政治家、著名的记者。曾任科克市市长，并于1841年创立了《科克考察家报》。

(22) 查尔斯·巴克斯顿（1823—1871），英国啤酒生产商、慈善家、作家和议员。

(23) 爱德华·约翰·艾尔（1815—1901），英国人、澳洲大陆拓荒者、殖民主义者、有争议的牙买加总督。

(24) 亚历山大·詹姆斯·埃德蒙·科伯恩爵士（1802—1880），英国政治家、律师、大法官。

(25) 埃德温·查德威克（1800—1890），英国社会改革家，因改良《济贫法》而著称。

(26) 亨利·福西特（1833—1884），英国政治家、经济学家，著有《政治经济学手册》。

(27) 罗伯特·安斯特拉瑟爵士（1834—1866），苏格兰政治家。

(28) 弗洛伦斯·南丁格尔（1820—1910），护理学先驱、护士教育创始人。

(29) 玛丽·卡彭特（1807—1877），英国著名的教育学家、社会改革家。

(30) 安德鲁·芬勒特（1810—1885），苏格兰编辑，编纂《钱伯斯百科全书》。

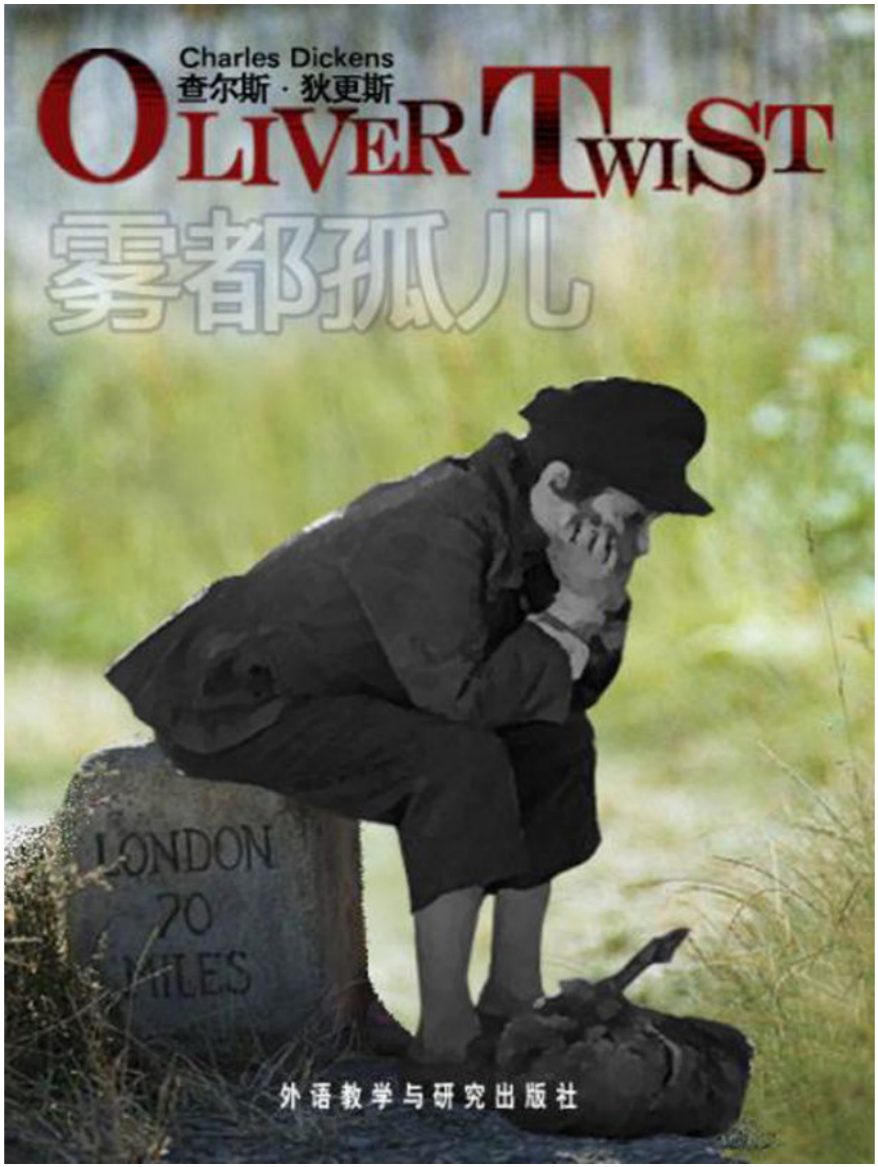
(31) 查尔斯·布雷德洛（1833—1891），19世纪英国著名政治活动家、无神论者，于1866年建立国家世俗协会。

Charles Dickens

查尔斯·狄更斯

OLIVER TWIST

雾都孤儿



外语教学与研究出版社

Charles Dickens

Oliver Twist

雾都孤儿

查尔斯•狄更斯（英） 著
袁泉 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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CHAPTER I Treats of the place where Oliver Twist was born and of the circumstances attending his birth

第一章 对奥利弗·特威斯特的出生地点和出生详情的描写

Among other public buildings in a certain town, which for many reasons it will be prudent to refrain from mentioning, and to which I will assign no fictitious name, there is one anciently common to most towns, great or small: to wit, a workhouse; and in this workhouse was born; on a day and date which I need not trouble myself to repeat, inasmuch as it can be of no possible consequence to the reader, in this stage of the business at all events; the item of mortality whose name is prefixed to the head of this chapter.

在某一个小镇，因为很多原因，出于谨慎，本文会避免提及它的名字，我也不会给它取假名。在镇上的公共建筑物之中，这个小镇也像大多数大大小小的城镇那样，有一座古老的建筑：那就是济贫院。这章标题中提到了名字的那个人就出生在这个济贫院里，具体的日期我毋需赘述，因为在事情的这个阶段，这对读者来说并不重要。

For a long time after it was ushered into this world of sorrow and trouble, by the parish surgeon, it remained a matter of considerable doubt whether the child would survive to bear any name at all; in which case it is somewhat more than probable that these memoirs would never have appeared; or, if they had, that being comprised within a couple of pages, they would have possessed the inestimable merit of being the most concise and faithful specimen of biography, extant in the literature of any age or country.

在这孩子由教区的外科医生领到这个满是悲哀和动乱的世界后，很长一段时间里，人们一直有一个很大的疑虑，不知道这孩子能否存活到有个名字的时候。若是这样，这本传记就极有可能永无面世之日了。或者，即使传记面世了，也不过只有几页纸，这却会有一个无法估量的优点，即成为各国各时代现存文献中最简明最忠实的传记范本。

Although I am not disposed to maintain that the being born in a workhouse, is in itself the most fortunate and enviable circumstance that can possibly befall a human being, I do mean to say that in this particular instance, it was the best thing for Oliver Twist that could by possibility have occurred. The fact is, that there was considerable difficulty in inducing Oliver to take upon himself the office of respiration,—a troublesome practice, but one which custom has

rendered necessary to our easy existence; and for some time he lay gasping on a little flock mattress, rather unequally poised between this world and the next: the balance being decidedly in favour of the latter. Now, if, during this brief period, Oliver had been surrounded by careful grandmothers, anxious aunts, experienced nurses, and doctors of profound wisdom, he would most inevitably and indubitably have been killed in no time. There being nobody by, however, but a pauper old woman, who was rendered rather misty by an unwonted allowance of beer; and a parish surgeon who did such matters by contract; Oliver and Nature fought out the point between them. The result was, that, after a few struggles, Oliver breathed, sneezed, and proceeded to advertise to the inmates of the workhouse the fact of a new burden having been imposed upon the parish, by setting up as loud a cry as could reasonably have been expected from a male infant who had not been possessed of that very useful appendage, a voice, for a much longer space of time than three minutes and a quarter.

尽管我无意坚持认为，出生在济贫院本身就是降临在一个人身上的最幸运、最令人羡慕的境遇，但我确实想说，在这个特定情况下，对奥利弗·特威斯特来说，这可能是最好的事情了。事实上，要使奥利弗自己承担呼吸的职责都是相当大的难题——呼吸是个麻烦事，习惯却使之成为我们维持最基本的生存必不可少的事情。有一段时间，他躺在一块小棉垫上喘着气，在今生和来世之间徘徊不定：天平明显地向后者倾斜。此刻，在这段短暂的时间里，如果奥利弗身边围着一班小心仔细的奶奶、担心焦虑的婶娘、经验丰富的保姆和学识渊博的医生，他必定不可避免地马上就被弄死了，这一点明确无疑。然而，他周围没有别人，只有一个贫民老太婆，她已经让平常不大容易弄到的啤酒搞得晕晕乎乎了，还有一位按合同处理这类事情的教区外科医生。奥利弗和造化展开了斗争。结果是，几次挣扎之后，奥利弗开始呼吸了，打了个喷嚏，开始向济贫院的同胞们宣告一个事实，即教区又被强加上了一个新的负担。这个宣告是通过一阵啼哭发出的，这啼哭和可以想见的一个男婴该有的哭声一样响亮，而他在之前远远超过三分十五秒的一段时间里，还不曾拥有嗓音这种非常有用的配件。

As Oliver gave this first proof of the free and proper action of his lungs, the patchwork coverlet which was carelessly flung over the iron bedstead, rustled; the pale face of a young woman was raised feebly from the pillow; and a faint voice imperfectly articulated the words, "Let me see the child, and die."

奥利弗以此初次证明了他的肺部完全正常，运转自如。铁床架上胡乱搭着一张缀满补丁的床单，此刻飒飒地响了起来，一个年轻女子从枕头上无力地抬起她苍白的脸，用微弱的声音含含糊糊地吐出几个字：“让我看看孩子再死吧。”

The surgeon had been sitting with his face turned towards the

fire: giving the palms of his hands a warm and a rub alternately. As the young woman spoke, he rose, and advancing to the bed's head, said, with more kindness than might have been expected of him: "Oh, you must not talk about dying yet."

外科医生面对炉火坐着：一会儿烤烤手掌，一会儿搓搓手心。听见年轻女子说话，他站起来，走向床头，用出人意料的和善语气说：“噢，你可还不能说到死。”

"Lor bless her dear heart, no!" interposed the nurse, hastily depositing in her pocket a green glass bottle, the contents of which she had been tasting in a corner with evident satisfaction.

“上帝保佑她，她可不能死！”护士插话，慌忙把一只绿色玻璃瓶放到衣袋里，她已经在角落里品尝过里面的东西了，显然非常满意。

"Lor bless her dear heart, when she has lived as long as I have, sir, and had thirteen children of her own, and all on 'em dead except two, and them in the wurkus with me, she'll know better than to take on in that way, bless her dear heart! Think what it is to be a mother, there's a dear young lamb do.”

“上帝保佑她，等她活到我这个岁数，先生，自己有了十三个孩子，死了十一个，只剩下两个活着，跟我一起住在济贫院里，她就会知道犯不着这样了，上帝保佑她！想想怎么当妈吧，可爱的小羊羔在这儿呢。”

Apparently this consolatory perspective of a mother's prospects failed in producing its due effect. The patient shook her head, and stretched out her hand towards the child.

显然这番对做母亲的前景展望没有达到应有的慰藉效果。病人摇了摇头，朝孩子伸出手。

The surgeon deposited it in her arms. She imprinted her cold white lips passionately on its forehead; passed her hands over her face; gazed wildly round; shuddered; fell back—and died. They chafed her breast, hands, and temples; but the blood had stopped forever. They talked of hope and comfort. They had been strangers too long.

外科医生把孩子放到她怀里。她深情地用冰冷苍白的双唇吻孩子的额头，然后用手摸了摸自己的脸，失魂落魄地环视周围，一阵战栗，向后一倒——死了。他们摩擦她的胸口、双手和太阳穴，但是她的血液已永远停止了流动。他们说了一些希望和安慰的话。这已经许久没有出现过了。

"It's s all over, Mrs. Thingummy!" said the surgeon at last. "Ah, poor dear, so it is!" said the nurse, picking up the cork of the green bottle, which had fallen out on the pillow, as she stooped to take up the child. "Poor dear!"

“一切都结束了，辛格密太太！”外科医生最后说。“啊，可怜的孩

子，就是这样了！”护士一边说着，一边捡起她弯腰抱孩子时掉在枕头上的绿瓶子的软木塞。“可怜的孩子！”

"You needn't mind sending up to me, if the child cries, nurse," said the surgeon, putting on his gloves with great deliberation. "It's very likely it will be troublesome. Give it a little gruel if it is.” He put on his hat, and, pausing by the bed-side on his way to the door, added, "She was a good-looking girl, too; where did she come from?”

“护士，如果孩子哭了，你大可放心差人叫我。”医生边说边从容地戴上手套，“极有可能这孩子会很烦人。他要闹起来了，就给他喂点稀粥。”他戴上帽子朝门口走去，在床边停下，又说：“她还真是个漂亮姑娘，她从哪儿来的？”

"She was brought here last night," replied the old woman, "by the overseer's order. She was found lying in the street. She had walked some distance, for her shoes were worn to pieces; but where she came from, or where she was going to, nobody knows.”

“她是昨晚被送过来的，”老太婆回答，“是救济委员的吩咐。有人发现她倒在街上。她走了很远的路，鞋子都磨成片了。但是没人知道她是从哪儿来的，要到哪儿去。”

The surgeon leaned over the body, and raised the left hand. "The old story," he said, shaking his head: "no wedding-ring, I see. Ah! Good-night!”

外科医生俯下身，抬起死者的左手。“老套的故事了，”他摇摇头说，“没有结婚戒指，我明白了。啊！晚安！”

The medical gentleman walked away to dinner; and the nurse, having once more applied herself to the green bottle, sat down on a low chair before the fire, and proceeded to dress the infant.

懂医术的绅士去吃晚饭了，而护士又一次抱着绿瓶子享用了一番，在炉火前的矮椅子上坐下，开始给婴儿穿衣服。

What an excellent example of the power of dress, young Oliver Twist was! Wrapped in the blanket which had hitherto formed his only covering, he might have been the child of a nobleman or a beggar; it would have been hard for the haughtiest stranger to have assigned him his proper station in society. But now that he was enveloped in the old calico robes which had grown yellow in the same service, he was badged and ticketed, and fell into his place at once—a parish child—the orphan of a workhouse—the humble, half-starved drudge—to be cuffed and buffeted through the world—despised by all, and pitied by none.

小奥利弗·特威斯特可真是人靠衣装的出色典范呐！他被包在毯子里，那是迄今为止他唯一的蔽体之物，如此一来他既可能是贵族家的子

弟，也可能是乞丐家的孩子。就是最傲慢的陌生人也很难确定他的社会地位。但是现在他给包在了由于多次使用已经变黄了的旧白布袍子里，就已经被打上了标记，贴上了标签，立刻得到了身份——一个教区的孩子——济贫院的孤儿——卑下的半饥半饱的苦力——在世上挨巴掌，吃拳头——所有人轻视，没有人怜悯。

Oliver cried lustily. If he could have known that he was an orphan, left to the tender mercies of church-wardens and overseers, perhaps he would have cried the louder.

奥利弗起劲地哭起来。要是他能意识到自己是个孤儿，命运全仰仗教区委员和救济委员的体贴仁慈，他或许会哭得更大声一些。

CHAPTER II Treats of Oliver Twist's growth, education, and board

第二章 对奥利弗·特威斯特的成长、教育和食宿情况的介绍

For the next eight or ten months, Oliver was the victim of a systematic course of treachery and deception. He was brought up by hand. The hungry and destitute situation of the infant orphan was duly reported by the workhouse authorities to the parish authorities. The parish authorities inquired with dignity of the workhouse authorities, whether there was no female then domiciled in "the house" who was in a situation to impart to Oliver Twist, the consolation and nourishment of which he stood in need. The workhouse authorities replied with humility, that there was not. Upon this, the parish authorities magnanimously and humanely resolved, that Oliver should be "farmed," or, in other words, that he should be dispatched to a branch-workhouse some three miles off, where twenty or thirty other juvenile offenders against the poor-laws, rolled about the floor all day, without the inconvenience of too much food or too much clothing, under the parental superintendence of an elderly female, who received the culprits at and for the consideration of sevenpence-halfpenny per small head per week. Sevenpence-halfpenny's worth per week is a good round diet for a child; a great deal may be got for sevenpence-halfpenny, quite enough to overload its stomach, and make it uncomfortable. The elderly female was a woman of wisdom and experience; she knew what was good for children; and she had a very accurate perception of what was good for herself. So, she appropriated the greater part of the weekly stipend to her own use, and consigned the rising parochial generation to even a shorter allowance than was originally provided for them. Thereby finding in the lowest depth a deeper still; and proving herself a very great experimental philosopher.

在接下来的八个或十个月里，奥利弗成了一种有计划有步骤的背信与欺诈行为的牺牲品。他是用奶瓶喂大的。济贫院当局把这个孤儿饥饿穷困的情形正式报告给了教区当局。教区当局端着架子询问救济贫院当局，当下“院内”是否连一个可以给予奥利弗·特威斯特所急需的照料和营养的女人都没有。济贫院当局谦逊地回答说，没有。于是，教区当局做出一个宽宏大量、慈悲为怀的决定，奥利弗应该被“寄养”，或者换个说法，他要被打发到三英里外的一个济贫院分院去。那里有二三十个违犯了济贫法的少年犯成天满地打滚，他们没有吃得太饱或穿得太暖的麻烦，有一个老太太像父母那样管教他们。老太太接收这些小犯人，是考

虑到每个小脑袋一周有七个半便士的补贴。一周七个半便士，对一个孩子来说，就是一周非常丰厚的伙食；七个半便士可以买很多东西了，完全足够把孩子的小肚皮撑得不舒服。老太太是个经验丰富的聪明人，她知道什么对孩子好，并且她非常清楚地知道什么对她自己有利。所以，她把每个星期孩子们的生活补贴的一大半都分给自己用，用在教区下一代身上的就甚至比本来规定的还要少。她凭此竟然在最深处发现还有更深处，证明了她自己是个非常伟大的实验哲学家。

Everybody knows the story of another experimental philosop her who had a great theory about a horse being able to live without eating, and who demonstrated it so well, that he had got his own horse down to a straw a day, and would unquestionably have rendered him a very spirited and rampacious animal on nothing at all, if he had not died, four-and-twenty hours before he was to have had his first comfortable bait of air. Unfortunately for, the experimental philosophy of the female to whose protecting care Oliver Twist was delivered over, a similar result usually attended the operation of her system; for at the very moment when the child had contrived to exist upon the smallest possible portion of the weakest possible food, it did perversely happen in eight and a half cases out of ten, either that it sickened from want and cold, or fell into the fire from neglect, or got half-smothered by accident; in any one of which cases, the miserable little being was usually summoned into another world, and there gathered to the fathers it had never known in this.

大家都知道另一个实验哲学家的故事，他有一套马不吃草也能活的伟大理论，并且十分出色地亲身验证了这一理论，他把自己的马的饲料减到一天一根稻草。毫无疑问，要不是这匹马在即将获得第一份美味的空气饲料的二十四小时前就死了的话，他早就养出一匹什么东西也不用吃的英勇烈马了。不幸的是，受委托保护照料奥利弗·特威斯特的这位女士的实验哲学，她那套制度实施起来也总产生相似的结果。每当孩子试图靠着最小份、最劣质的食物生存下来的时候，十个里有八个半还是会发生这种事，不是因为饥饿和寒冷病倒，就是因为疏忽掉进了火炉，或是因为意外而差点窒息，只要是其中任意一种情形，可怜的小东西通常就会被召唤到另一个世界去，在那里和他们此生从未见过的先祖相聚。

Occasionally, when there was some more than usually interesting inquest upon a parish child who had been overlooked in turning up a bedstead, or inadvertently scalded to death when there happened to be a washing—though the latter accident was very scarce, anything approaching to a washing being of rare occurrence in the farm—the jury would take it into their heads to ask troublesome questions, or the parishioners would rebelliously affix their signatures to a remonstrance. But these impertinences were speedily checked by the evidence of the surgeon, and the testimony of the beadle; the former of whom had always opened the body and found nothing inside

(which was very probable indeed), and the latter of whom invariably swore whatever the parish wanted; which was very self-devotional. Besides, the board made periodical pilgrimages to the farm, and always sent the beadle the day before, to say they were going. The children were neat and clean to behold, when they went; and what more would the people have!

偶尔会有关于教区孩子的非常有趣的审讯，翻床架的时候没注意到那里面还有个孩子，或是恰好在有清洗的时候不小心烫死一个孩子——尽管后面这种事故很罕见，在寄养所清洗这类事情是非常稀少的——陪审团会心血来潮地问一些麻烦的问题，不然就是教区居民公开反抗，签名抗议。但是这些鲁莽的行为会被外科医生的证据和教区执事的证词迅速击退，前者总是剖开尸体，发现里面什么也没有（这其实是非常有可能的），而后者总是教区让他们发什么誓，他们就发什么誓，誓言非常具有献身精神。另外，管理委员会定期拜访寄养所，并且总是在前一天派来教区执事，说他们要来了。当他们去的时候，孩子们看起来清洁干净，人们还想要怎么样呢！

It cannot be expected that this system of farming would produce any very extraordinary or luxuriant crop. Oliver Twist's ninth birthday found him a pale thin child, somewhat diminutive in stature, and decidedly small in circumference. But nature or inheritance had implanted a good sturdy spirit in Oliver 's breast. It had had plenty of room to expand, thanks to the spare diet of the establishment; and perhaps to this circumstance may be attributed his having any ninth birth-day at all. Be this as it may, however, it was his ninth birthday; and he was keeping it in the coal-cellar with a select party of two other young gentleman, who, after participating with him in a sound thrashing, had been locked up for atrociously presuming to be hungry, when Mrs. Mann, the good lady of the house, was unexpectedly startled by the apparition of Mr. Bumble, the beadle, striving to undo the wicket of the garden-gate.

不能指望这种寄养体制能产出什么特别的或是丰硕的成果。奥利弗·特威斯特九岁生日的时候，是个苍白瘦弱的孩子，身量有些小，腰也实在太细。但是造化或遗传已经在奥利弗的心中植入了顽强的精神。多亏了寄养所里贫乏的伙食，这种精神才能有广阔的发展空间；或许正是因为在这种环境中成长，他好歹还活到了第九个生日。然而，不论是不是这样，今天是他的九岁生日，他正在放煤的地窖里和另外两个精心挑选出的同伴一起庆祝生日。那两位年轻的绅士和他一样十恶不赦，居然放肆地喊饿，他们三个在挨了一顿结结实实的好打之后，被关了起来。这时，寄养所的好妈妈曼太太，被教区执事邦布尔先生出人意料的出现吓了一跳，他正在努力打开花园大门上的小门。

"Goodness gracious! Is that you, Mr. Bumble, sir?" said Mrs. Mann, thrusting her head out of the window in well-affected ecstasies of joy. “(Susan, take Oliver and them two brats upstairs, and wash 'em

directly.)—My heart alive! Mr. Bumble, how glad I am to see you, sure-ly!”

“神啊！是你吗，邦布尔先生？”曼太太说，她把头伸出窗外，恰如其分地装出了一副欣喜若狂的表情，“（苏珊，把奥利弗和那两个兔崽子带上楼去，赶快把他们洗干净。）——我的天哪！邦布尔先生，见到你我真是太高兴啦，真的！”

Now, Mr. Bumble was a fat man, and a choleric; so, instead of responding to this open-hearted salutation in a kindred spirit, he gave the little wicket a tremendous shake, and then bestowed upon it a kick which could have emanated from no leg but a beadle's.

这不，邦布尔先生是个脾气暴躁的胖子，所以，他没有用相同的态度回应这热情的问候，而是猛地晃了一下小门，然后又踹了它一脚，除了教区执事，谁也踢不出这样一脚。

"Lor, only think," said Mrs. Mann, running out,—for the three boys had been removed by this time,—"only think of that! That I should have forgotten that the gate was bolted on the inside, on account of them dear children! Walk in sir; walk in, pray, Mr. Bumble, do, sir."

“主啊，想想看，”曼太太说着，跑了出来——这段时间里三个孩子已经被带走了——“想想看！我竟然忘了这门是从里面闩上的，这都是因为那些可爱的孩子们！进来吧，先生，快请进，邦布尔先生，来吧，先生。”

Although this invitation was accompanied with a curtsey that might have softened the heart of a church-warden, it by no means mollified the beadle.

尽管这邀请伴着一个可能会让教区委员都心软的屈膝礼，却压根不能平息这位教区执事的不快。

"Do you think this respectful or proper conduct, Mrs. Mann," inquired Mr. Bumble, grasping his cane, "to keep the parish officers a-waiting at your garden-gate, when they come here upon porochial business with the porochial orphans? Are you aware, Mrs. Mann, that you are, as I may say, a porochial delegate, and a stipendiary?”

“曼太太，你觉得这种行为礼貌吗？正当吗？”邦布尔先生握紧手杖，问道，“教区官员为了教区孤儿的公务到这里来，你却让他们在你的花园门口一直等？你知不知道，曼太太，你是——要是我能这么说——教区委派的代表，而且是领着薪水的？”

"I'm sure Mr. Bumble, that I was only a telling one or two of the dear children as is so fond of you, that it was you a-coming," replied Mrs. Mann with great humility.

“我能肯定，邦布尔先生，我只是在告诉一两个特别喜欢你的可爱孩

子，说你来了。”曼太太无比谦卑地回答。

Mr. Bumble had a great idea of his oratorical powers and his importance. He had displayed the one, and vindicated the other. He relaxed.

邦布尔先生非常看好自己的口才和身价。他已经展示了口才，又证明了自己的身价。他放松了下来。

"Well, well, Mrs. Mann," he replied in a calmer tone; "it may be as you say; it may be. Lead the way in, Mrs. Mann, for I come on business, and have something to say."

“好了，好了，曼太太，”他用较为缓和的语气回答说，“可能真像你说的那样，这有可能。带我进去吧，曼太太，因为我公务在身，有话要说。”

Mrs. Mann ushered the beadle into a small parlour with a brick floor; placed a seat for him; and officiously deposited his cocked hat and cane on the table before him. Mr. Bumble wiped from his forehead the perspiration which his walk had engendered, glanced complacently at the cocked hat, and smiled. Yes, he smiled. Beadles are but men: and Mr. Bumble smiled.

曼太太领着教区执事进了一间地面铺砖的小会客室，安排他坐下，又过分殷勤地把他的三角帽和手杖放在他面前的桌上。邦布尔先生擦掉额头上因为赶路而流的汗，沾沾自喜地扫了一眼三角帽，微笑起来。是的，他微笑了。教区执事也是人：邦布尔先生笑了。

"Now don't you be offended at what I'm a going to say," observed Mrs. Mann, with captivating sweetness. "You've had a long walk, you know, or I wouldn't mention it. Now, will you take a little drop of somethink, Mr. Bumble?”

“那么你不会因为我要说的话生气吧？”曼太太用迷人的甜蜜语气说，“你走了这么远的路，你知道，否则我不会这么提议的。那么，你要不要先喝一小口，邦布尔先生？”

"Not a drop. Nor a drop," said Mr. Bumble, waving his right hand in a dignified, but placid manner.

“一口也不。一口也不。”邦布尔先生说着，以一种威严却又平易近人的风度摆着右手。

"I think you will," said Mrs. Mann, who had noticed the tone of the refusal, and the gesture that had accompanied it. "Just a leetle drop, with a little cold water, and a lump of sugar."

“我想你会的。”曼太太注意到他拒绝的语气以及与之相伴的手势，说道，“只是一小口，加一点凉水，再放一块糖。”

Mr. Bumble coughed.

邦布尔先生咳嗽了一下。

"Now, just a leetle drop," said Mrs. Mann persuasively.

“这样，就喝一小口吧。”曼太太劝道。

"What is it?" inquired the beadle.

“是什么酒？”教区执事问。

"Why, it's what I'm obliged to keep a little of in the house, to put into the blessed infants' Daffy when they ain't well, Mr. Bumble," replied Mrs. Mann as she opened a corner cupboard, and took down a bottle and glass. "It's gin. I'll not deceive you, Mr. B. it's gin.”

“哎呀，我总得在屋里备上一点这东西呀，这些上帝保佑的孩子们不舒服的时候，就掺进他们的达菲糖浆里，邦布尔先生。”曼太太说着，打开一个墙角里的小橱柜，拿下来一瓶酒和一只玻璃杯。“是杜松子酒。我不骗你，邦先生。是杜松子酒。”

"Do you give the children Daffy, Mrs. Mann?" inquired Bumble, following with his eyes the interesting process of mixing.

“你给孩子们喝达菲糖浆吗，曼太太？”邦布尔问，眼睛紧盯着有趣的调酒过程。

"Ah, bless 'em, that I do, dear as it is," replied the nurse. "I couldn't see 'em suffer before my very eyes, you know sir.”

“啊，上帝保佑他们，我是那样做的，尽管很贵。”保育员回答道，“我不能看着他们在我眼前受罪，你知道的，先生。”

"No"; said Mr. Bumble approvingly; "no, you could not. You are a humane woman, Mrs. Mann."

“是啊，”邦布尔先生赞许地说，“是的，你不能那样。你是个好心的女人，曼太太。”

(Here she set down the glass.) "I shall take a early opportunity of mentioning it to the board, Mrs. Mann."

（这时她放下了杯子。）“我会尽快找个机会向委员会提到这一点，曼太太。”

(He drew it towards him.) "You feel as a mother, Mrs. Mann." (He stirred the gin and water.) "I—I drink your health with cheerfulness, Mrs. Mann”; and he swallowed half of it.

（他把杯子移向自己。）“你给人的感觉就像母亲一样，曼太太。”（他搅动着掺了水的杜松子酒。）“我——我非常高兴为你的健康喝下这一杯，曼太太。”他一口吞下半杯酒。

"And now about business," said the beadle, taking out a leathern pocket-book. "The child that was half-baptized Oliver Twist, is nine

year old to-day.”

“现在谈谈正事吧，”教区执事说着，取出一个皮制小本，“那个只受了一半洗礼的孩子奥利弗·特威斯特，今天九岁了。”

"Bless him!" interposed Mrs. Mann, inflaming her left eye with the corner of her apron.

“上帝保佑他！”曼太太插嘴说，一边用围裙角擦着左眼。

"And notwithstanding a offered reward of ten pound, which was afterwards increased to twenty pound. Notwithstanding the most superlative, and, I may say, supernat'ral exertions on the part of this parish," said Bumble, "we have never been able to discover who is his father, or what was his mother's settlement, name, or condition.”

“尽管有十镑的悬赏，后来还增加到二十镑，尽管教区方面尽了最大努力，我该说，是超常的最大努力，”邦布尔说，“我们始终没能找到他的父亲是谁，或者他母亲的住址、姓名或是社会地位。”

Mrs. Mann raised her hands in astonishment; but added, after a moment's reflection, "How comes he to have any name at all, then?"

曼太太惊讶地举起双手，在沉思了一阵后补充道：“那他的名字到底是怎么来的？”

The beadle drew himself up with great pride, and said, "I inwented it."

教区执事非常神气地挺直身体，说：“是我起的。”

"You, Mr. Bumble!"

“是你，邦布尔先生！”

"I, Mrs. Mann. We name our fondlings in alphabetical order. The last was a S,—Swubble, I named him. This was a T,—Twist, I named him. The next one comes will be Unwin, and the next Vilkins. I have got names ready made to the end of the alphabet, and all the way through it again, when we come to Z.”

“是我，曼太太。我们按着字母表的顺序给我们宠爱着的孩子们取名。上一个是S——斯瓦布尔，我给他取的。这个孩子是T——特威斯特，我这么叫他。下一个来的就要叫昂温，再下一个叫维尔金斯。我已经把名字取到字母表的末尾了，当我们取到Z的时候，就全部从头再来一遍。”

"Why, you're quite a literary character, sir!" said Mrs. Mann.

“哎呀，你可真是位文学家，先生！”曼太太说。

"Well, well," said the beadle, evidently gratified with the compliment; "perhaps I may be. Perhaps I may be, Mrs. Mann." He finished the gin and water, and added, "Oliver being now too old to

remain here, the board have determined to have him back into the house. I have come out myself to take him there. So let me see him at once."

“哪里，哪里，”教区执事显然对这种恭维很满意，“或许我算是吧。或许我算是，曼太太。”他喝完了掺水的杜松子酒，又说：“奥利弗现在太大了，不适合呆在这里了，委员会已经决定让他回济贫院。我亲自出来带他过去。所以立刻叫他来见我。”

"I'll fetch him directly," said Mrs. Mann, leaving the room for that purpose. Oliver, having had by this time as much of the outer coat of dirt which encrusted his face and hands, removed, as could be scrubbed off in one washing, was led into the room by his benevolent protectress.

“我马上把他带来。”曼太太说着，离开了房间去叫奥利弗。这时，奥利弗脸上手上的一层泥壳已经擦掉了，一次清洗也就能擦掉这么多，他被他仁慈的女保护人领进了房间。

"Make a bow to the gentleman, Oliver," said Mrs. Mann.

“向这位绅士鞠躬，奥利弗。”曼太太说。

Oliver made a bow, which was divided between the beadle on the chair, and the cocked hat on the table.

奥利弗鞠了个躬，一半对着椅子上坐着的教区执事，一半对着桌子上放着的三角帽。

"Will you go along with me, Oliver?" said Mr. Bumble, in a majestic voice.

“你愿意跟我一起走吗，奥利弗？”邦布尔先生用庄严的声音说。

Oliver was about to say that he would go along with anybody with great readiness, when, glancing upward, he caught sight of Mrs. Mann, who had got behind the beadle's chair, and was shaking her fist at him with a furious countenance. He took the hint at once, for the fist had been too often impressed upon his body not to be deeply impressed upon his recollection.

奥利弗本想说他早就准备好跟任何人走了，这时他往上一看，看见曼太太站在教区执事的椅子后面，正一脸愤怒地向自己挥着拳头。他立刻理解了这个暗示，因为这拳头在他身上打下过太多印记，不可能不在他的记忆里留下深刻印象。

"Will she go with me?" inquired poor Oliver.

“她会和我一起走吗？”可怜的奥利弗问道。

"No, she can't," replied Mr. Bumble. "But she'll come and see you sometimes.”

“不，她不能，”邦布尔先生回答说，“但是她会不时地来看看你。”

This was no very great consolation to the child. Young as he was, however, he had sense enough to make a feint of feeling great regret at going away. It was no very difficult matter for the boy to call tears into his eyes. Hunger and recent ill-usage are great assistants if you want to cry; and Oliver cried very naturally indeed. Mrs. Mann gave him a thousand embraces, and what Oliver wanted a great deal more, a piece of bread and butter, less he should seem too hungry when he got to the workhouse. With the slice of bread in his hand, and the little brown-cloth parish cap on his head, Oliver was then led away by Mr. Bumble from the wretched home where one kind word or look had never lighted the gloom of his infant years. And yet he burst into an agony of childish grief, as the cottage-gate closed after him. Wretched as were the little companions in misery he was leaving behind, they were the only friends he had ever known; and a sense of his loneliness in the great wide world, sank into the child's heart for the first time.

这对孩子来说可不算是一大安慰。虽然他还小，但是他已经能够装出特别不愿离开的样子。对这个男孩来说，流点眼泪并不是太难的事。如果想哭，饥饿和最近遭受的虐待是最好的帮手，事实上奥利弗哭得非常自然。曼太太拥抱了他无数次，还给了他一块黄油面包，这是奥利弗更想要的，这样他到济贫院的时候便不会显得太饿。奥利弗手上拿着面包片，头上戴着教区的褐色小布帽，当下被邦布尔先生领着离开了这个悲惨的家，在这里，从来没有过一句温言善语或是一道亲切的目光，曾照亮他幼年的阴暗时光。尽管如此，当村舍大门在他身后合上的时候，他还是生出一阵孩子气的苦恼忧伤。他抛在身后的那些生活在苦难中的小伙伴们，尽管他们很淘气，却是他结识的仅有的朋友，这个孩子的心里第一次生出一种身处大千世界的孤独感。

Mr. Bumble walked on with long strides; little Oliver, firmly grasping his gold-laced cuff, trotted beside him, inquiring at the end of every quarter of a mile whether they were "nearly there."

邦布尔先生继续大步前进，小奥利弗紧紧抓住他绣了金色蕾丝的袖口，在他旁边一路小跑，每走完四分之一里路就问，他们是否“就要到了”。

To these interrogations Mr. Bumble returned very brief and snappish replies; for the temporary blandness which gin and water awakens in some bosoms had by this time evaporated; and he was once again a beadle.

对这些问题，邦布尔先生没好气地给出了十分简短的回答，掺水的杜松子酒在他内心唤醒的一时温柔此时早已蒸发了，他又成为了一位教区执事。

Oliver had not been within the walls of the workhouse a quarter of an hour, and had scarcely completed the demolition of a second slice of bread, when Mr. Bumble, who had handed him over to the care of an old woman, returned; and, telling him it was a board night, informed him that the board had said he was to appear before it forthwith.

奥利弗进入济贫院还不到一刻钟，几乎还没啃完第二片面包，把他交给一个老太太照看的邦布尔先生就回来了，并且告诉他今晚委员会开会，委员们要奥利弗立刻去见他们。

Not having a very clearly defined notion of what a live board was, Oliver was rather astounded by this intelligence, and was not quite certain whether he ought to laugh or cry. He had no time to think about the matter, however; for Mr. Bumble gave him a tap on the head, with his cane, to wake him up: and another on the back to make him lively: and bidding him to follow, conducted him into a large white-washed room, where eight or ten fat gentlemen were sitting round a table. At the top of the table, seated in an arm-chair rather higher than the rest, was a particularly fat gentleman with a very round, red face.

奥利弗还没太搞清楚“活着的木板”是个什么概念（注：英文原文中board既有“委员会”之意，又有“木板”之意），对这个消息相当震惊，并且不是很确定他是该笑还是该哭。然而，他没有时间去考虑这事了，因为邦布尔先生用手杖在他脑门上敲了一下，让他回过神来，又在他背上来了一下，让他精神饱满：然后命令他跟上，把他领进了一个刷成白色的大房间，里面有八到十个胖胖的绅士围桌而坐。在桌子上首，有一把比其他椅子都高的扶手椅，上面坐着一位特别胖的绅士，脸又大又圆，面色十分红润。

"Bow to the board," said Bumble. Oliver brushed away two or three tears that were lingering in his eyes; and seeing no board but the table, fortunately bowed to that.

“向委员们鞠躬。”邦布尔说。奥利弗擦掉两三滴在眼中逗留的泪水，看见没有木板只有桌子，幸运地朝它鞠了一躬。

"What's your name, boy?" said the gentleman in the high chair.

“孩子，你叫什么名字？”坐在高椅子上的绅士问道。

Oliver was frightened at the sight of so many gentlemen, which made him tremble: and the beadle gave him another tap behind, which made him cry. These two causes made him answer in a very low and hesitating voice; whereupon a gentleman in a white waistcoat said he was a fool, which was a capital way of raising his spirits, and putting him quite at his ease.

奥利弗一看有这么多位绅士，吓得要命，浑身发抖；教区执事在他身后又敲了一下，把他弄哭了。这两个原因使他用一种很低很犹豫的声音回答了问题，于是一位穿白背心的绅士断定他是个傻子；对别人评头论足是这位绅士提神、放松的重要手段。

"Boy," said the gentleman in the high chair, "listen to me. You know you're an orphan, I suppose?”

“孩子，”高椅子上的绅士说道，“听我说。我想，你知道自己是个孤儿吧？”

"What's that, sir?" inquired poor Oliver.

“那是什么，先生？”可怜的奥利弗问。

"The boy is a fool—I thought he was," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat.

“这个男孩是个傻瓜——我原先就这么想。”穿白背心的绅士说。

"Hush!" said the gentleman who had spoken first. "You know you've got no father or mother, and that you were brought up by the parish, don't you?”

“安静！”最先说话的绅士开口说，“你知道你无父无母，是被教区养大的，是吧？”

"Yes, sir," replied Oliver, weeping bitterly.

“是的，先生。”奥利弗一边回答，一边痛苦地落泪。

"What are you crying for?" inquired the gentleman in the white waistcoat. And to be sure it was very extraordinary. What could the boy be crying for?

“你为什么哭？”穿白背心的绅士问道。这确实很不平常。这孩子有什么好哭的？

"I hope you say your prayers every night," said another gentleman in a gruff voice; "and pray for the people who feed you, and take care of you—like a Christian.”

“我希望你每天晚上都能祷告，”另一个嗓音粗哑的绅士说，“为养育你、照料你的人祈祷——要像个基督徒。”

"Yes, sir," stammered the boy. The gentleman who spoke last was unconsciously right. It would have been very like a Christian, and a marvellously good Christian too, if Oliver had prayed for the people who fed and took care of him. But he hadn't, because nobody had taught him.

“是的，先生。”男孩结结巴巴地说。最后说话的这位绅士无意中说对了。如果奥利弗为养育和照料他的人祈祷过的话，他早就会很像是一个基督徒了，并且是个优秀杰出的基督徒。但是他没有，因为没有人教

过他。

"Well! You have come here to be educated, and taught a useful trade," said the red-faced gentleman in the high chair.

“好吧！你到这里是来受教育的，是来学一门有用的手艺的。”高椅子上的红脸绅士说。

"So you'll begin to pick oakum to-morrow morning at six o'clock," added the surly one in the white waistcoat.

“所以你从明早六点开始拣麻絮。”穿白背心的绅士板着脸补充道。

For the combination of both these blessings in the one simple process of picking oakum, Oliver bowed low by the direction of the beadle, and was then hurried away to a large ward; where, on a rough, hard bed, he sobbed himself to sleep. What a novel illustration of the tender laws of England! They let the paupers go to sleep!

为了感谢他们把这两大幸事通过拣麻絮这么一个简单的步骤合二为一，奥利弗在教区执事的指导下深深鞠了一躬，然后匆匆离开，来到一间大收容室，他躺在那里面的一张凸凹不平的硬床上呜咽着睡着了。这是对英国宽厚仁慈的律法多么精彩的写照啊！他们允许贫民们睡觉！

Poor Oliver! He little thought, as he lay sleeping in happy unconsciousness of all around him, that the board had that very day arrived at a decision which would exercise the most material influence over all his future fortunes. But they had. And this was it: The members of this board were very sage, deep, philosophical men; and when they came to turn their attention to the workhouse, they found out at once, what ordinary folks would never have discovered—the poor people liked it! It was a regular place of public entertainment for the poorer classes; a tavern where there was nothing to pay; a public breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper all the year round; a brick and mortar elysium, where it was all play and no work. "Oho!" said the board, looking very knowing; "we are the fellows to set this to rights; we'll stop it all, in no time.” So, they established the rule, that all poor people should have the alternative (for they would compel nobody, not they), of being starved by a gradual process in the house, or by a quick one out of it. With this view, they contracted with the water-works to lay on an unlimited supply of water; and with a corn-factor to supply periodically small quantities of oatmeal; and issued three meals of thin gruel a day, with an onion twice a week, and half a roll of Sundays. They made a great many other wise and humane regulations, having reference to the ladies, which it is not necessary to repeat; kindly undertook to divorce poor married people, in consequence of the great expense of a suit in Doctors' Commons; and, instead of compelling a man to support his family, as they had

theretofore done, took his family away from him, and made him a bachelor! There is no saying how many applicants for relief, under these last two heads, might have started up in all classes of society, if it had not been coupled with the workhouse; but the board were long-headed men, and had provided for this difficulty. The relief was inseparable from the workhouse and the gruel; and that frightened people.

可怜的奥利弗！他哪里想得到，在他对周遭的一切毫无所知地幸福睡下时，委员会就在这天做了一个决定，这个决定会对他未来的命运产生最实质的影响。他们决定了。这个决定是这样的：委员会的成员都是非常贤明而有深度的哲人，而当他们将注意力转到济贫院上的时候，他们立刻发现了一个普通人发现不了的事情——穷人们喜欢救济院！对于比较贫困的阶级，它是个合格的公共娱乐场所，一个不用付钱的旅馆，一个常年为公众提供三餐和茶点的地方，一个砖和泥建成的极乐世界，这里只用享乐，不用工作。“哎哟！”看上去非常了解情况的委员们说，“我们是纠正这种情况的同道之人，我们将立刻彻底结束它。”所以，他们制定了规则，即所有穷人都该有选择余地（因为他们不会强迫任何人，不会的），要么在济贫院里按部就班地饿死，要么出去马上饿死。怀着这个目的，他们和水厂签订了无限制供水的合同，又和一个粮商协定，让其按期提供少量的麦片；每日分发三顿薄粥，一周发放两次洋葱，礼拜日发半个面包卷。他们还制定了很多其他的英明仁慈的规章，它们涉及到妇女，没有必要在此复述。他们好心地着手拆散贫穷的夫妇，因为伦敦民事律师公会处理一项诉讼的费用太贵了。他们不再强迫男人像以前那样养家，而是把他的家人带走，让他变成单身汉！如果不是和济贫院联系在一起，单看最后这两条，很难说社会各阶层会有多少人来申请救济。但是委员们都很睿智，早已为应付这一难题做好了准备。救济与济贫院和稀粥密不可分，这把人吓坏了。

For the first six months after Oliver Twist was removed, the system was in full operation. It was rather expensive at first, in consequence of the increase in the undertaker's bill, and the necessity of taking in the clothes of all the paupers, which fluttered loosely on their wasted, shrunken forms, after a week or two's gruel. But the number of workhouse inmates got thin as well as the paupers; and the board were in ecstasies.

在奥利弗·特威斯特被带回来的头六个月里，这种体制完全实施了起来。最初花费很大，因为殡葬承办人开的账单有所增加，而且必须把所有穷人的衣服都改小，在喝了一两周稀粥后，他们的衣服都变得松松垮垮，在他们日渐消瘦的身上飘动。但是济贫院居民的人数和贫民一样变少了，委员会欣喜若狂。

The room in which the boys were fed, was a large stone hall, with a copper at one end: out of which the master, dressed in an apron for the purpose, and assisted by one or two women, ladled the gruel at mealtimes. Of this festive composition each boy had one porringer,

and no more—except on occasions of great public rejoicing, when he had two ounces and a quarter of bread besides.

孩子们吃饭的房间是一个宽敞的石头大厅，在一侧放了一口铜锅；到了开饭的时候，师傅就特地穿上围裙，在一两个女人的帮助下，从锅里舀出稀粥。在这种节日似的规格下，一个孩子一碗粥，没有多的——除非在重大公众节庆的时候，他才能在此之外再得到二又四分之一盎司面包。

The bowls never wanted washing. The boys polished them with their spoons till they shone again; and when they had performed this operation (which never took very long, the spoons being nearly as large as the bowls), they would sit staring at the copper, with such eager eyes, as if they could have devoured the very bricks of which it was composed; employing themselves, meanwhile, in sucking their fingers most assiduously, with the view of catching up any stray splashes of gruel that might have been cast thereon. Boys have generally excellent appetites. Oliver Twist and his companions suffered the tortures of slow starvation for three months: at last they got so voracious and wild with hunger,that one boy, who was tall for his age, and hadn't been used to that sort of thing (for his father had kept a small cook-shop), hinted darkly to his companions, that unless he had another basin of gruel per diem, he was afraid he might some night happen to eat the boy who slept next him, who happened to be a weakly youth of tender age. He had a wild, hungry eye; and they implicitly believed him. A council was held; lots were cast who should walk up to the master after supper that evening, and ask for more; and it fell to Oliver Twist.

碗从来用不着洗。孩子们用汤勺把碗刮得干干净净，直到它们重新锃光瓦亮。他们在进行这项操作的时候（这绝对用不了多久，勺子和碗差不多一样大），会坐在那儿，无比热切地盯着铜锅，好像能把垫锅的砖头也吞下去似的；同时，他们狠命地吮着手指，为了不落下任何可能溅在手指上的粥水。男孩们通常胃口都很好。奥利弗·特威斯特和他的伙伴们忍受了三个月慢性饥饿的折磨，最后他们因为饥饿变得十分贪婪疯狂。有一个男孩，在他那个年纪个子算高的，还没习惯这种生活（因为他的父亲开过一家小饭馆），脸色阴郁地暗示他的同伴们，除非他每天多分到一盆粥，否则他恐怕可能会在某个晚上吃掉睡在他旁边的男孩，那个男孩刚好是个年幼体弱的小孩子。他的眼神狂热饥渴，他们绝对相信他。孩子们开了一个会，抽签决定谁应该在当天晚饭后走到大师傅面前，去要更多吃的，奥利弗·特威斯特抽中了。

The evening arrived; the boys took their places. The master, in his cook's uniform, stationed himself at the copper; his pauper assistants ranged themselves behind him; the gruel was served out; and a long grace was said over the short commons. The gruel disappeared; the boys whispered each other, and winked at Oliver ; while his next

neighbors nudged him. Child as he was, he was desperate with hunger, and reckless with misery. He rose from the table; and advancing to the master, basin and spoon in hand, said: somewhat alarmed at his own temerity: "Please, sir, I want some more."

夜晚降临了，孩子们坐到自己的位子上。大师傅穿着做饭的行头，站到铜锅旁边，他的贫民助手们立在他身后，粥已经分发出去了，念完了长长的感恩祷告之后是短暂的用餐时间。粥吃完了，孩子们互相低声耳语，朝奥利弗眨眨眼，这时他邻座的人用胳膊肘轻轻推了他一下。尽管他只是个孩子，却因饥饿而不顾一切，因苦难而不计后果。他从桌边站起身来，向大师傅走去，手里抓着食盆和汤勺，开口时被自己的鲁莽吓了一跳："劳驾，先生，我想再要一点。"

The master was a fat, healthy man; but he turned very pale. He gazed in stupefied astonishment on the small rebel for some seconds, and then clung for support to the copper. The assistants were paralysed with wonder; the boys with fear.

大师傅是个身体健康的胖男人，但他听到这句话后，脸色变得非常苍白。他惊愕地盯着这个小小的反抗者看了几秒钟，然后紧紧抓住铜锅支撑着自己。帮厨的女人们惊呆了，一动不动，而孩子们也害怕得呆住了。

"What!" said the master at length, in a faint voice.

"什么！"大师傅终于有气无力地说。

"Please, sir," replied Oliver, "I want some more."

"劳驾，先生，"奥利弗回答，"我想再要一点。"

The master aimed a blow at Oliver's head with the ladle; pinioned him in his arm; and shrieked aloud for the beadle.

大师傅操起勺子，对准奥利弗的脑袋打了一下，用双臂把他夹住，大声尖叫着要找教区执事。

The board were sitting in solemn conclave, when Mr. Bumble rushed into the room in great excitement, and addressing the gentleman in the high chair, said, "Mr. Limbkins, I beg your pardon, sir! Oliver Twist has asked for more!"

当邦布尔先生万分激动地冲进房间时，委员会正开着庄严的秘密会议，他对高椅子上的绅士说："利姆金斯先生，请您原谅，先生！奥利弗·特威斯特想要更多的粥！"

There was a general start. Horror was depicted on every countenance.

大家都被震惊了。每个人脸上都现出恐惧的神情。

"For more!" said Mr. Limbkins. "Compose yourself, Bumble, and

answer me distinctly. Do I understand that he asked for more, after he had eaten the supper allotted by the dietary?"

“要更多的粥！”利姆金斯先生说。“保持镇静，邦布尔，清楚地回答我。那么你是说，他在已经吃了按规定配给的晚饭之后还想要？”

"He did, sir," replied Bumble.

“是的，先生。”邦布尔先生回答。

"That boy will be hung," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat. "I know that boy will be hung."

“那孩子会被绞死。”穿白背心的绅士说，“我知道他会被绞死的。”

Nobody controverted the prophetic gentleman's opinion. An animated discussion took place. Oliver was ordered into instant confinement; and a bill was next morning pasted on the outside of the gate, offering a reward of five pounds to anybody who would take Oliver Twist off the hands of the parish. In other words, five pounds and Oliver Twist were offered to any man or woman who wanted an apprentice to any trade, business, or calling.

没有人反驳这位绅士的预言。一场热烈的讨论就此展开。奥利弗立刻被关了禁闭；第二天早上，大门外贴上了一张告示，说任何人只要愿意从教区手里接受奥利弗·特威斯特，就能得到五镑的奖赏。换句话说，任何人，不论男女，只要想找一个学徒，无论去干什么买卖、生意、行当，都可以把五镑钱和奥利弗·特威斯特领走。

"I never was more convinced of anything in my life," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat, as he knocked at the gate and read the bill next morning: "I never was more convinced of anything in my life, than I am that that boy will come to be hung."

“我这辈子从来没有像这样确信过一件事，”第二天一早，穿白背心的绅士一边敲着大门，读着告示，一边说，“我这辈子从来没有像这样确信过一件事，那就是这个孩子将来会被绞死。”

As I purpose to show in the sequel whether the white waistcoated gentleman was right or not, I should perhaps mar the interest of this narrative (supposing it to possess any at all), if I ventured to hint just yet, whether the life of Oliver Twist had this violent termination or no.

我打算以后再透露穿白背心的绅士是对是错，如果我现在冒险提示奥利弗·特威斯特的人生是否会像这样惨烈收场，我可能会破坏了这个故事的趣味（假设它多少有一些趣味）。

CHAPTER III Relates how Oliver Twist was very near getting a place which would not have been a sinecure

第三章 对奥利弗·特威斯特如何差点得到一个不是闲差的职位的叙述

For a week after the commission of the impious and profane offence of asking for more, Oliver remained a close prisoner in the dark and solitary room to which he had been consigned by the wisdom and mercy of the board. It appears, at first sight not unreasonable to suppose, that, if he had entertained a becoming feeling of respect for the prediction of the gentleman in the white waistcoat, he would have established that sage individual's prophetic character, once and for ever, by tying one end of his pocket-handkerchief to a hook in the wall, and attaching himself to the other. To the performance of this feat, however, there was one obstacle: namely, that pocket-handkerchiefs being decided articles of luxury, had been, for all future times and ages, removed from the noses of paupers by the express order of the board, in council assembled: solemnly given and pronounced under their hands and seals. There was a still greater obstacle in Oliver's youth and childishness. He only cried bitterly all day; and, when the long, dismal night came on, spread his little hands before his eyes to shut out the darkness, and crouching in the corner, tried to sleep: ever and anon waking with a start and tremble, and drawing himself closer and closer to the wall, as if to feel even its cold hard surface were a protection in the gloom and loneliness which surrounded him.

奥利弗竟然妄图多要一点粥，犯下了大不敬且亵渎神明的罪行，这之后一个星期，他一直被单独关在一间黑暗的房间里当犯人，这是英明仁慈的委员会的安排。一眼看上去，有理由假设，如果他对穿白背心的绅士的预言抱有适宜的尊重之情，他就会把手帕的一端系在墙上的钩子上，把自己系在另一端，一劳永逸地帮助那位圣贤树立起在预言方面的名望。但是，要实现这一壮举，有一个障碍：即手帕被定为了奢侈之物，在所有未来的时光和岁月里，都得从贫民们的鼻子下面移开了。这是委员会发布的命令，是在集会上经由他们亲手签字盖章，被郑重发表公布的。还有一个更大的障碍，即奥利弗年幼无知。他只是整天痛哭，当漫长凄凉的黑夜降临的时候，他用自己的小手盖住眼睛来隔绝黑暗，蜷缩在角落里试图入睡：他不时战栗着惊醒，就愈发往墙角里缩，仿佛感觉到，甚至那冰冷坚硬的墙面也是让他远离周遭的黑暗和孤独的保护层。

Let it not be supposed by the enemies of "the system," that, during the period of his solitary incarceration, Oliver was denied the benefit of exercise, the pleasure of society, or the advantages of religious consolation. As for exercise, it was nice cold weather, and he was allowed to perform his ablutions every morning under the pump, in a stone yard, in the presence of Mr. Bumble, who prevented his catching cold, and caused a tingling sensation to pervade his frame, by repeated applications of the cane. As for society, he was carried every other day into the hall where the boys dined, and there sociably flogged as a public warning and example. And so for from being denied the advantages of religious consolation, he was kicked into the same apartment every evening at prayer-time, and there permitted to listen to, and console his mind with, a general supplication of the boys, containing a special clause, therein inserted by authority of the board, in which they entreated to be made good, virtuous, contented, and obedient, and to be guarded from the sins and vices of Oliver Twist: whom the supplication distinctly set forth to be under the exclusive patronage and protection of the powers of wickedness, and an article direct from the manufactory of the very Devil himself.

敌视该体制的人们不要以为，在他这段孤独的禁闭期里，奥利弗获取不了运动的益处、社交的乐趣或是宗教慰藉的好处。在运动方面，天气很冷，他被允许在邦布尔先生面前，每天早上在石头院子的水泵下沐浴，邦布尔先生为了防止他感冒，反复用手杖打他，在他全身留下火辣辣的感觉。社交方面，他每隔一天被带到孩子们用餐的大厅，在众目睽睽之下被鞭打，以儆效尤。至于说他得不到宗教慰藉的好处，每晚祷告的时间一到，他就会被踢进同一间屋子，被允许在那里聆听其他孩子们一齐祈祷，借此慰藉自己的心灵。委员会当局在祷告中特别插入了一条，恳求大家变得高尚、善良、知足、恭顺，保护大家远离奥利弗·特威斯特的罪孽和恶行：祷告明确地阐明，他受到邪恶势力的独家庇护，是直接来自恶魔本人的工厂的产物。

It chanced one morning, while Oliver's affairs were in this auspicious and comfortable state, that Mr. Gamfield, chimney-sweep, went his way down the High Street, deeply cogitating in his mind his ways and means of paying certain arrears of rent, for which his landlord had become rather pressing. Mr. Gamfield's most sanguine estimate of his finances could not raise them within full five pounds of the desired amount; and, in a species of arithmetical desperation, he was alternately cudgelling his brains and his donkey, when passing the workhouse, his eyes encountered the bill on the gate.

碰巧一天早上，当奥利弗正处在这种幸运舒适的状态下时，扫烟囱的甘菲尔德先生来到了这条大街上。他正在仔细深入地思考如何才能还上欠下的房租，房东为此已经催得很紧了。即使甘菲尔德先生对自己的财务状况做最乐观的估计，他也无法凑出所需要的整整五英镑。他算数

算得绝望了，用棍子一会儿敲一敲自己的脑门，一会儿抽一下驴子，当他路过济贫院时，他的目光落在了大门上的告示上。

"Wo—o!" said Mr. Gamfield to the donkey.

“唔——喔！”甘菲尔德先生对驴子说。

The donkey was in a state of profound abstraction: wondering, probably, whether he was destined to be regaled with a cabbage-stalk or two when he had disposed of the two sacks of soot with which the little cart was laden; so, without noticing the word of command, he jogged onward.

驴子正处在一种深度走神的状态：可能正在自忖，在处理了小车装着的这两袋煤烟后，它是否能够尽情享受一两片白菜帮子。所以，它没听见命令，继续慢吞吞地往前走着。

Mr. Gamfield growled a fierce imprecation on the donkey generally, but more particularly on his eyes; and, running after him, bestowed a blow on his head, which would inevitably have beaten in any skull but a donkey's. Then, catching hold of the bridle, he gave his jaw a sharp wrench, by way of gentle reminder that he was not his own master; and by these means turned him round. He then gave him another blow on the head, just to stun him till he came back again. Having completed these arrangements, he walked up to the gate, to read the bill.

甘菲尔德先生咆哮着对驴子一顿狠骂，尤其是针对它的眼睛。他还跑上前去，对着它的脑袋打了一下，如果这不是一头驴，脑壳肯定会被打破。然后，他抓住辔头，把驴下颌使劲一拧，温和地提醒它，它并非自己的主人，他用了这些方法才让它转过头去。接着他在它脑袋上又来了一下，只是让它在自己回来之前一直这么呆着。做好了这些安排，他走向大门去读告示。

The gentleman with the white waistcoat was standing at the gate with his hands behind him, after having delivered himself of some profound sentiments in the board-room. Having witnessed the little dispute between Mr. Gamfield and the donkey, he smiled joyously when that person came up to read the bill, for he saw at once that Mr. Gamfield was exactly the sort of master Oliver Twist wanted. Mr. Gamfield smiled, too, as he perused the document; for five pounds was just the sum he had been wishing for; and, as to the boy with which it was encumbered, Mr. Gamfield, knowing what the dietary of the workhouse was, well knew he would be a nice small pattern, just the very thing for register stoves. So, he spelt the bill through again, from beginning to end; and then, touching his fur cap in token of humility, accosted the gentleman in the white waistcoat.

在会议室陈述了自己的深刻见解后，穿白背心的绅士正背着手站在

大门边。他目睹了甘菲尔德先生和驴子之间的这点小争执，于是当那人走上前来读告示的时候，他快活地微笑起来，因为他马上看出甘菲尔德先生正是奥利弗·特威斯特需要的那种主人。甘菲尔德先生仔细看了文件，也微笑起来，因为五镑正是他想要的那个数目。至于它拖带着的那个孩子，甘菲尔德先生知道济贫院的伙食状况，完全明白他会是件不错的小东西，正是扫烟囱的合适之选。所以，他把告示又从头到尾慢慢地读了一遍，然后，他碰了碰自己的皮帽以示谦恭，和穿白背心的绅士攀谈起来。

"This here boy, sir, wot the parish wants to 'prentis'," said Mr. Gamfield.

“先生，这儿是不是有个男孩儿，教区想让他当个‘学徒’？”甘菲尔德先生说。

"Ay, my man," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat, with a condescending smile. "What of him?"

“是啊，我的朋友。”穿白背心的绅士带着谦逊的微笑说，“你看他怎么样？”

"If the parish vould like him to learn a right pleasant trade, in a good 'spectable chimbley-sweepin' bisness," said Mr. Gamfield, "I wants a 'prentis, and I am ready to take him.”

“如果教区想让他学一门正当合意的手艺，在那相当受人尊敬的烟囱清扫业，”甘菲尔德先生说，“我正想要个学徒，我准备要他。”

"Walk in," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat. Mr. Gamfield having lingered behind, to give the donkey another blow on the head, and another wrench of the jaw, as a caution not to run away in his absence, followed the gentleman with the white waistcoat into the room where Oliver had first seen him.

“进来吧。”穿白背心的绅士说。甘菲尔德先生在后面耽搁了一下，又照着驴头来了一掌，把驴下颌拧了一下，警告驴子在他离开的时候不要乱跑。然后他跟着穿白背心的绅士进了屋，奥利弗在那里第一次见到了他。

"It's s a nasty trade," said Mr. Limbkins, when Gamfield had again stated his wish.

“这可是个脏活计。”利姆金斯先生听到甘菲尔德再次陈述了他的愿望，便说道。

"Young boys have been smothered in chimneys before now," said another gentleman.

“在此之前，有小孩子在烟囱里窒息了。”另一位绅士说。

"That's acause they damped the straw afore they lit it in the chimbley to make 'em come down again," said Gamfield; "that's all

smoke, and no blaze; vereas smoke ain't o' no use at all in making a boy come down, for it only sinds him to sleep, and that's wot he likes. Boys is wery obstinit, and wery lazy, Gen'l'men, and there's nothink like a good hot blaze to make 'em come down vith a run. It's humane too, gen'l'men, acause, even if they've stuck in the chimbley, roasting their feet makes 'em struggle to hextricate theirselves.”

“那是因为要叫他们再下来，他们在烟囱里还没点燃稻草，就把它们弄湿了，”甘菲尔德先生说，“那样就全是烟，没有火，烟根本没法叫小孩子下来，只会让他睡觉，而这正是他喜欢的。孩子们都很顽固，很懒，先生们，没什么比一团烧热的火更有效了，他们准跑着下来。这也是很人道的，先生们，因为即使他们被困在烟囱里，烤一烤他们的脚就能让他们自己挣扎着解决问题。”

The gentleman in the white waistcoat appeared very much amused by this explanation; but his mirth was speedily checked by a look from Mr. Limbkins. The board then proceeded to converse among themselves for a few minutes, but in so low a tone, that the words "saving of expenditure," "looked well in the accounts," "have a printed report published," were alone audible. These only chanced to be heard, indeed, or account of their being very frequently repeated with great emphasis.

穿白背心的绅士看起来被这种解释逗乐了，但他的欢笑马上被利姆金斯先生的一个眼神制止了。委员会开始了内部会谈，谈了几分钟，但是声音很低，只能听见几个词，“节省开支”，“账面上看着不错”，“发布一份铅印的报告”。这些词碰巧能被听到，也是因为它们给重复了好几次，还被着重强调。

At length the whispering ceased; and the members of the board, having resumed their seats and their solemnity, Mr. Limbkins said: "We have considered your proposition, and we don't approve of it.”

最终，密谈结束，委员会成员们回到座位，恢复了一本正经的样子，利姆金斯先生说：“我们考虑了你的提议，我们并不同意。”

"Not at all," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat.

“一点儿也不。”穿白背心的绅士说。

"Decidedly not," added the other members.

“坚决不行。”其他的委员们补充道。

As Mr. Gamfield did happen to labour under the slight imputation of having bruised three or four boys to death already, it occurred to him that the board had, perhaps, in some unaccountable freak, taken it into their heads that this extraneous circumstance ought to influence their proceedings. It was very unlike their general mode of

doing business, if they had; but still, as he had no particular wish to revive the rumour, he twisted his cap in his hands, and walked slowly from the table.

由于甘菲尔德先生碰巧背负了让三到四个孩子受伤至死的轻微罪名，他觉得，也许委员会在某些不可理解的反常状态下，把这件无关的事纳入到了他们的议程中。这和他们一贯的做事风格差了十万八千里，尽管这样，由于甘菲尔德先生不是特别希望那些流言被重提，他用手扭着帽子，从桌边慢慢地走开。

"So you won't let me have him, gen'l'men ?" said Mr. Gamfield, pausing near the door.

“所以你们不会让我把他带走，先生们？”甘菲尔德先生说着，在靠近门的地方停了下来。

"No," replied Mr. Limbkins; "at least, as it's a nasty business, we think you ought to take something less than the premium we offered.”

“是的，”利姆金斯先生回答，“至少，由于它是个脏活，我们认为你拿的钱应当少于我们提供的金额。”

Mr. Gamfield's countenance brightened, as, with a quick step, he returned to the table, and said, "What's ll you give, gen'l'men ? Come! Don't be too hard on a poor man. What's ll you give?”

甘菲尔德先生的面容明朗起来，他快步回到桌边，说道：“你们给多少，先生们？说吧！别太为难一个穷苦人。你们想给多少？”

"I should say, three pound ten was plenty," said Mr. Limbkins.

“我要说，三镑十先令足够了。”利姆金斯先生说。

"Ten shillings too much," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat.

“十先令太多了。”穿白背心的绅士说。

"Come!" said Gamfield; "say four pound, gen'l'men. Say four pound, and you've got rid of him for good and all. There!”

“嗨！”甘菲尔德说,“给四镑吧，先生们。给四镑，你们就永远摆脱他了。好啦！”

"Three pound ten," repeated Mr. Limbkins, firmly.

“三镑十先令。”利姆金斯先生坚决地重复。

"Come! I'll split the difference, gen'l'men," urged Gamfield. "Three pound fifteen."

“嗨！我让一步，先生们。”甘菲尔德催促道，“三镑十五先令。”

"Not a farthing more," was the firm reply of Mr. Limbkins.

“一个子儿也不多给。”这是利姆金斯先生坚定的回答。

"You're desperate hard upon me, gen'l’men," said Gamfield, wavering.

“你们对我真是太狠啦，先生们。”甘菲尔德先生说着，他动摇了。

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense!" said the gentleman in the white waistcoat. "He'd be cheap with nothing at all, as a premium. Take him, you silly fellow! He's just the boy for you. He wants the stick, now and then: it's ll do him good; and his board needn't come very expensive, for he hasn't been overfed since he was born. Ha! ha! ha!”

“呸！呸！胡说！”穿白背心的绅士说，“就算压根没有奖赏，收下他也算捡便宜了，就当是个额外收获。把他带走，你这个蠢蛋！这孩子正适合你。他时不时地需要棍子，对他很有好处；他的食宿费不用太贵，因为他从出生起就没吃饱过。哈！哈！哈！”

Mr. Gamfield gave an arch look at the faces round the table, and, observing a smile on all of them, gradually broke into a smile himself. The bargain was made. Mr. Bumble, was at once instructed that Oliver Twist and his indentures were to be conveyed before the magistrate, for signature and approval, that very afternoon.

甘菲尔德先生狡黠地看了一眼桌旁的面庞，发现它们都带着微笑，他自己也渐渐微笑起来。交易成功了。邦布尔先生立即接到指示，奥利弗·特威斯特及其契约将在当天下午送至地方法官处，办理签字批准手续。

In pursuance of this determination, little Oliver, to his excessive astonishment, was released from bondage, and ordered to put himself into a clean shirt. He had hardly achieved this very unusual gymnastic performance, when Mr. Bumble brought him, with his own hands, a basin of gruel, and the holiday allowance of two ounces and a quarter of bread. At this tremendous sight, Oliver began to cry very piteously: thinking, not unnaturally, that the board must have determined to kill him for some useful purpose, or they never would have begun to fatten him up in that way.

依照这项决定，小奥利弗的禁闭被解除了，并且他还奉命穿上了一件干净的衬衣，这些让他十分吃惊。他刚刚完成了这项非同一般的体育表演，邦布尔先生就亲手给他端来了一盆稀粥，以及二又四分之一盎司的节日分量的面包。看到这可怕的场面，奥利弗非常凄惨地大哭起来：他理所当然地以为，委员会肯定是因为某些有用的目的要杀了他，不然他们绝不会开始这样喂肥他。

"Don't make your eyes red, Oliver, but eat your food and be thankful," said Mr. Bumble, in a tone of impressive pomposity. "You're a going to be made a 'prentice of, Oliver.”

“别把眼睛弄红了，奥利弗，好好吃你的东西，要感恩。”邦布尔先生用一种令人印象深刻的夸耀语气说道，“你就要去当学徒了，奥利弗。”

"A prentice, sir!" said the child, trembling.

“学徒，先生！”孩子战栗着说。

"Yes, Oliver," said Mr. Bumble.

“是的，奥利弗。”邦布尔先生说，

"The kind and blessed gentleman which is so many parents to you, Oliver, when you have none of your own, are a-going to 'prentice you, and to set you up in life, and make a man of you, although the expense to the parish is three pound ten!—three pound ten, Oliver!—seventy shillins—one hundred and forty sixpences!—and all for a naughty orphan which nobody can't love.”

“奥利弗，你无父无母，那位好心并且受到祝福的绅士就是你的再生父母。你将被送去当学徒，开始自己的人生，长大成人，尽管教区为此花了三镑十先令！——三镑十先令，奥利弗！——七十先令——一百四十个六便士硬币！——全为了一个没人喜欢的淘气孤儿！

As Mr. Bumble paused to take breath, after delivering this address in an awful voice, the tears rolled down the poor child's face, and he sobbed bitterly.

邦布尔先生用令人敬畏的语气讲完这番话后，停下来喘了口气。可怜的孩子脸上滚下了泪珠，他伤心地抽泣起来。

"Come," said Mr. Bumble, somewhat less pompously, for it was gratifying to his feelings to observe the effect his eloquence had produced; "Come, Oliver! Wipe your eyes with the cuffs of your jacket, and don't cry into your gruel; that's a very foolish action, Oliver.” It certainly was, for there was quite enough water in it already.

“过来，”邦布尔先生注意到他的口才产生了这样的效果，感到十分满意，不那么傲慢了，“过来，奥利弗！用衣服袖口擦擦眼泪，别把眼泪掉到粥里去了，那可是非常蠢的行为，奥利弗。”那当然是，因为粥里的水已经够多了。

On their way to the magistrate, Mr. Bumble instructed Oliver that all he would have to do, would be to look very happy, and say, when the gentleman asked him if he wanted to be apprenticed, that he should like it very much indeed; both of which injunctions Oliver promised to obey: the rather as Mr. Bumble threw in a gentle hint, that if he failed in either particular, there was no telling what would be done to him. When they arrived at the office, he was shut up in a little room by himself, and admonished by Mr. Bumble to stay there, until he came back to fetch him.

在去找地方法官的路上，邦布尔先生教导奥利弗，他要做的就是看上去很高兴，并且在那位绅士问他是否想当学徒的时候，说自己真的非常想当。奥利弗承诺遵守这两条命令，邦布尔先生还丢给他一个温和的暗示，那就是如果他有任何一条没做到，会怎么处置他可就很难说了。当他们到达办公室的时候，他被独自关进一间小屋，邦布尔先生警告他，让他呆在那里，直到自己回来接他。

There the boy remained, with a palpitating heart, for half an hour. At the expiration of which time Mr. Bumble thrust in his head, unadorned with the cocked hat, and said aloud: "Now, Oliver, my dear, come to the gentleman." As Mr. Bumble said this, he put on a grim and threatening look, and added, in a low voice, "Mind what I told you, you young rascal!"

男孩怀着一颗怦怦直跳的心，在那里呆了半个钟头。度过了这段时间之后，邦布尔先生探出头来，没带三角帽，大声说："现在，奥利弗，亲爱的，到这位绅士这儿来。"邦布尔先生说完这话，就换上了一副可怕的威胁的表情，又低声补充说："记住我告诉你的话，你这个小流氓！"

Oliver stared innocently in Mr. Bumble's face at this somewhat contradictory style of address; but that gentleman prevented his offering any remark thereupon, by leading him at once into an adjoining room: the door of which was open. It was a large room, with a great window. Behind a desk, sat two old gentleman with powdered heads: one of whom was reading the newspaper; while the other was perusing, with the aid of a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, a small piece of parchment which lay before him. Mr. Limbkins was standing in front of the desk on one side; and Mr. Gamfield, with a partially washed face, on the other; while two or three bluff-looking men, in top-boots, were lounging about.

听到这两种多少有些自相矛盾的腔调，奥利弗天真地盯着邦布尔先生的脸看，但是这位绅士没给他就此发表任何言论的机会，立刻把他领进隔壁的一个房间，房门是开着的。房间很大，有一扇大窗户。书桌后面坐着两个头上扑了粉的老绅士，一个正在看报纸，另一个戴着一副玳瑁眼镜，正在细读摆在他面前的一小张羊皮纸。利姆金斯先生站在书桌的一侧，甘菲尔德先生站在另一侧，脸都没洗干净，而两三个长相吓人、穿着长筒靴的男人正在屋里来回踱步。

The old gentleman with the spectacles gradually dozed off, over the little bit of parchment; and there was a short pause, after Oliver had been stationed by Mr. Bumble in front of the desk.

戴眼镜的老绅士对着那一小片羊皮纸，渐渐打起瞌睡来。邦布尔先生领着奥利弗来到书桌前站好，等了一小会儿。

"This is the boy, your worship," said Mr. Bumble.

"就是这个孩子，大人。"邦布尔先生说。

The old gentleman who was reading the newspaper raised his head for a moment, and pulled the other old gentleman by the sleeve; whereupon, the last-mentioned old gentleman woke up.

看报纸的老绅士抬了一下头，扯了扯另一个老绅士的袖子，于是，后一位老绅士醒了。

"Oh, is this the boy?" said the old gentleman.

“噢，是这个孩子？”老绅士问。

"This is him, sir," replied Mr. Bumble. "Bow to the magistrate, my dear."

“就是他，先生。”邦布尔先生回答，“向法官大人鞠躬，亲爱的。”

Oliver roused himself, and made his best obeisance. He had been wondering, with his eyes fixed on the magistrates' powder, whether all boards were born with that white stuff on their heads, and were boards from thenceforth on that account.

奥利弗打起精神，恭恭敬敬地鞠了一躬。他的目光定在地方法官扑了粉的头发上，想知道是不是所有委员生下来头上就都带着那种白色的东西，是不是因为这个他们才成了委员。

"Well," said the old gentleman, "I suppose he's fond of chimney-sweeping?”

“好吧，”老绅士说，“我猜想，他喜欢扫烟囱？”

"He doats on it, your worship," replied Bumble; giving Oliver a sly pinch, to intimate that he had better not say he didn't.

“他可喜欢了，大人。”邦布尔回答着，偷偷掐了奥利弗一下，暗示他最好不要说不喜欢。

"And he will be a sweep, will he?" inquired the old gentleman.

“那么，他想要当一个扫烟囱的，是吗？”老绅士询问。

"If we was to bind him to any other trade to-morrow, he'd run away simultaneous, your worship," replied Bumble.

“如果我们明天让他去干别的职业，他会马上跑掉的，大人。”邦布尔回答。

"And this man that's to be his master—you, sir—you'll treat him well, and feed him, and do all that sort of thing, will you?" said the old gentleman.

“那个人是他将来的师傅吧——你，先生——你会好好待他，养活他，做所有这类事情，你做得到吗？”老绅士说。

"When I says I will, I means I will," replied Mr. Gamfield doggedly.

“我说我做得到，就意味着我做得到。”甘菲尔德先生硬生生地回答。

"You're a rough speaker, my friend, but you look an honest, open-hearted man," said the old gentleman: turning his spectacles in the direction of the candidate for Oliver's premium, whose villainous countenance was a regular stamped receipt for cruelty. But the magistrate was half blind and half childish, so he couldn't reasonably be expected to discern what other people did.

“你说话挺粗鲁，我的朋友，但是你看起来是个老实直爽的人。”老绅士说着，把眼镜转向奥利弗赏金的候选人，甘菲尔德先生凶恶的面容上明显贴着残酷的标签。但是地方法官一半因为视力不好，一半是想法幼稚，所以不能指望他明智地洞悉其他人都看得出来的事情。

"I hope I am, sir," said Mr. Gamfield, with an ugly leer.

“我希望我是，先生。”甘菲尔德先生斜着眼睛说道，样子十分难看。

"I have no doubt you are, my friend," replied the old gentleman: fixing his spectacles more firmly on his nose, and looking about him for the inkstand.

“我不怀疑你，我的朋友。”老绅士回答说，他把鼻梁上的眼镜扶好，四处寻找墨水瓶。

It was the critical moment of Oliver's fate. If the inkstand had been where the old gentleman thought it was, he would have dipped his pen into it, and signed the indentures, and Oliver would have been straightway hurried off. But, as it chanced to be immediately under his nose, it followed, as a matter of course, that he looked all over his desk for it, without finding it; and happening in the course of his search to look straight before him, his gaze encountered the pale and terrified face of Oliver Twist: who, despite all the admonitory looks and pinches of Bumble, was regarding the repulsive countenance of his future master, with a mingled expression of horror and fear, too palpable to be mistaken, even by a half-blind magistrate.

这是决定奥利弗命运的关键时刻。如果墨水瓶在老绅士原先想的地方，他就会把笔伸进去蘸水，签署契约，那么奥利弗就会立即被甘菲尔德先生匆忙带走了。但是，由于它正好直接就在他鼻子下面，接下来，不用说，他把桌子找了个遍，也没有找到它。在寻找的过程中，他直直往前看的时候，目光撞上了奥利弗·特威斯特苍白惊恐的脸。尽管邦布尔使眼色警告他、掐他，奥利弗还是带着一脸交织着恐惧与害怕的表情，打量着他未来师傅那令人厌恶的面容。他的这种表情太过明显，不容错认，即使是眼神不好的地方法官也能看出来。

The old gentleman stopped, laid down his pen, and looked from

Oliver to Mr. Limbkins; who attempted to take snuff with a cheerful and unconcerned aspect.

老绅士停了下来，把笔搁下，看看奥利弗，又看看利姆金斯先生，后者正努力尝试着吸鼻烟，显得愉快高兴、漫不经心。

"My boy!" said the old gentleman, "you look pale and alarmed. What is the matter?"

“我的孩子！”老绅士说，“你看起来苍白惊慌。怎么回事？”

"Stand a little away from him, Beadle," said the other magistrate, laying aside the paper, and leaning forward with an expression of interest. "Now, boy, tell us what's the matter: don't be afraid.”

“站得离他远点儿，教区助理。”另一位地方法官说着，把报纸放到一边，带着好奇的表情倾身向前，“现在，孩子，告诉我们怎么回事，不要害怕。”

Oliver fell on his knees, and clasping his hands together, prayed that they would order him back to the dark room—that they would starve him—beat him—kill him if they pleased—rather than send him away with that dreadful man.

奥利弗跪了下来，双手握在一起，恳求他们能命令他回到黑屋子去——饿死他——打他——要是他们高兴杀了他也行——但不要把他打发给那个可怕的人。

"Well!" said Mr. Bumble, raising his hands and eyes with most impressive solemnity. "Well! of all the artful and designing orphans that ever I see, Oliver, you are one of the most bare-facedest.”

“哎呀！”邦布尔先生说着，用令人印象深刻的最一本正经的态度，举起双手，眼睛往上抬了起来。“哎呀！在我见过的所有狡猾阴险、诡计多端的孤儿里，奥利弗，你是最不要脸的一个。”

"Hold your tongue, Beadle," said the second old gentleman, when Mr. Bumble had given vent to this compound adjective.

“住嘴，助理。”邦布尔先生刚说出这个“最”字形容词，第二位老绅士喝道。

"I beg your worship's pardon," said Mr. Bumble, incredulous of having heard aright. "Did your worship speak to me?"

“对不起，大人。”邦布尔先生说着，怀疑自己听错了，“大人您是在对我说话吗？”

"Yes. Hold your tongue."

“是的。闭上你的嘴。”

Mr. Bumble was stupefied with astonishment. A beadle ordered to hold his tongue! A moral revolution!

邦布尔先生惊呆了。命令一个教区执事住嘴！一场思想革命！

The old gentleman in the tortoise-shell spectacles looked at his companion, he nodded significantly.

戴着玳瑁眼镜的老绅士看看他的同事，那一位意味深长地点了点头。

"We refuse to sanction these indentures," said the old gentleman: tossing aside the piece of parchment as he spoke.

“我们拒绝批准这些契约。”老绅士说着，把那张羊皮纸扔到一边。

"I hope," stammered Mr. Limbkins: "I hope the magistrates will not form the opinion that the authorities have been guilty of any improper conduct, on the unsupported testimony of a child."

“我希望，”利姆金斯先生结结巴巴地说，“我希望法官大人们不要因为一个孩子无凭无据的证词，就认为济贫院当局有管理不当之罪。”

"The magistrates are not called upon to pronounce any opinion on the matter," said the second old gentleman sharply. "Take the boy back to the workhouse, and treat him kindly. He seems to want it."

“地方法官可不负责对这件事发表看法。”第二位老绅士严厉地说，“把这孩子带回济贫院，好好待他。他似乎很想这样。”

That same evening, the gentleman in the white waistcoat most positively and decidedly affirmed, not only that Oliver would be hung, but that he would be drawn and quartered into the bargain. Mr. Bumble shook his head with gloomy mystery, and said he wished he might come to good; whereunto Mr. Gamfield replied, that he wished he might come to him; which, although he agreed with the beadle in most matters, would seem to be a wish of a totally opposite description.

同一天晚上，穿白背心的绅士果断明确地声称，奥利弗不仅要被吊死，还要被开膛破肚，五马分尸。邦布尔先生阴郁而神秘地摇摇头，说他希望他会有个好结果。在这一点上，甘菲尔德先生回答说，他希望孩子还是到他这儿来，尽管他在大多数事情上同意教区执事的意见，但表达的这个愿望似乎完全相反。

The next morning, the public were once informed that Oliver Twist was again To Let, and that five pounds would be paid to anybody who would take possession of him.

第二天一早，公众又一次被告知，说教区再次出让奥利弗·特威斯特，任何愿意接管他的人会获得五英镑。

CHAPTER IV Oliver, being offered another place, makes his first entry into public life

第四章 奥利弗得到另一个职位，初次涉世

In great families, when an advantageous place cannot be obtained, either in possession, reversion, remainder, or expectancy, for the young man who is growing up, it is a very general custom to send him to sea. The board, in imitation of so wise and salutary an example, took counsel together on the expediency of shipping off Oliver Twist, in some small trading vessel bound to a good unhealthy port. This suggested itself as the very best thing that could possibly be done with him: the probability being, that the skipper would flog him to death, in a playful mood, some day after dinner, or would knock his brains out with an iron bar; both pastimes being, as is pretty generally known, very favourite and common recreations among gentleman of that class. The more the case presented itself to the board, in this point of view, the more manifold the advantages of the step appeared; so, they came to the conclusion that the only way of providing for Oliver effectually, was to send him to sea without delay.

在大户人家，凡是在产权所有、复归、指定继承或是预定继承上，正在成长的年轻人得不到有利地位的时候，通常习惯性的做法是送他们出海。委员会仿效这个明智有益的范例，聚在一起讨论对付奥利弗·特威斯特的权宜之计，即用一条小货船把他遣往某个对健康极为有害的港口。送他出海看上去是处置他的最好的办法了。有这种可能性，即船长在哪天晚餐后觉得好玩，把他鞭打至死，或者用一根铁棒把他的脑袋打开花。众所周知，这两种消遣都是那个阶层的绅士们非常喜爱的大众娱乐。从这个观点来看，委员会越考虑这件事，这一举措显现出的好处就越多。所以，他们得出结论，唯一有效的供养奥利弗的方法就是立刻把他送去海上。

Mr. Bumble had been despatched to make various preliminary inquiries, with the view of finding out some captain or other who wanted a cabin-boy without any friends; and was returning to the workhouse to communicate the result of his mission; when he encountered at the gate, no less a person than Mr. Sowerberry, the parochial undertaker.

邦布尔先生被派去进行各种初步查问，想找找看有没有哪位船长或其他什么人想要个没亲没故的男服务生。他回到济贫院汇报任务完成的情况，在大门口正好遇到教区的殡葬承办人苏尔伯雷先生。

Mr. Sowerberry was a tall, gaunt, large-jointed man, attired in a suit of threadbare black, with darned cotton stockings of the same

colour, and shoes to answer. His features were not naturally intended to wear a smiling aspect, but he was in general rather given to professional jocosity. His step was elastic, and his face betokened inward pleasantry, as he advanced to Mr. Bumble, and shook him cordially by the hand.

苏尔伯雷先生个子高，骨架很大，显得很憔悴，穿着一套破烂的黑色礼服和打了补丁的同色袜子，鞋子也是黑色的。他的容貌本不宜带着微笑的神情，但他总的来说还是带点职业性的诙谐。他步履轻盈，脸上显现出发自内心的愉悦。他走上前来，诚挚地与邦布尔先生握手。

"I have taken the measure of the two women that died last night, Mr. Bumble," said the undertaker.

“我已经为昨晚死去的那两个女人量好了尺寸，邦布尔先生。”殡葬承办人说道。

"You'll make your fortune, Mr. Sowerberry," said the beadle, as he thrust his thumb and forefinger into the proffered snuff-box of the undertaker: which was an ingenious little model of a patent coffin. "I say you'll make your fortune, Mr. Sowerberry," repeated Mr. Bumble, tapping the undertaker on the shoulder, in a friendly manner, with his cane.

“你会发大财的，苏尔伯雷先生。”教区执事说着，把拇指和食指插进殡葬承办人递上的鼻烟壶里，这鼻烟壶是个精致小巧的棺材模型。“我说你会发大财的，苏尔伯雷先生。”邦布尔先生重复道，用手杖亲昵地拍了拍殡葬承办人的肩膀。

"Think so?" said the undertaker in a tone which half admitted and half disputed the probability of the event. "The prices allowed by the board are very small, Mr. Bumble."

“你这么想？”殡葬承办人说，对于发财这事半信半疑，“委员会承诺的价钱太少了，邦布尔先生。”

"So are the coffins," replied the beadle: with precisely as near an approach to a laugh as a great official ought to indulge in.

“棺材也是。”教区执事回答，带着一副恰到好处、正好不失教区官员身份的笑容。

Mr. Sowerberry was much tickled at this: as of course he ought to be; and laughed a long time without cessation. "Well, well, Mr. Bumble," he said at length, "there's no denying that, since the new system of feeding has come in, the coffins are something narrower and more shallow than they used to be; but we must have some profit, Mr. Bumble. Well-seasoned timber is an expensive article, sir; and all the iron handles come, by canal, from Birmingham.”

苏尔伯雷先生被这话彻底逗乐了——当然也应当这样，他持续笑了

好长一段时间。“好啦，好啦，邦布尔先生，”他最后说，“不可否认，自从新的供给制度实施以来，棺材都比以前窄一点、浅一点了，但我们必须有赚头，邦布尔先生。完全干燥的木材是很贵的，先生，而所有的铁柄都是经运河从伯明翰运来的。”

"Well, well," said Mr. Bumble, "every trade has its drawbacks. A fair profit is, of course, allowable."

“好吧，好吧。”邦布尔先生说，“每个行当都有自己的难处。正当的利润当然是可以的。”

"Of course, of course," replied the undertaker; "and if I don't get a profit upon this or that particular article, why, I make it up in the long-run, you see—he! he! he!”

“当然，当然，”殡葬承办人回答，“如果我在这个或那个商品上都没有利润的话，嘿，我就在长期经营中弥补回来，你明白的——嘻！嘻！嘻！”

"Just so," said Mr. Bumble.

“正是如此。”邦布尔先生说。

"Though I must say," continued the undertaker, resuming the current of observations which the beadle had interrupted: "though I must say, Mr. Bumble, that I have to contend against one very great disadvantage: which is, that all the stout people go off the quickest. The people who have been better off, and have paid rates for many years, are the first to sink when they come into the house; and let me tell you, Mr. Bumble, that three or four inches over one's calculation makes a great hole in one's profits: especially when one has a family to provide for, sir.”

“可是我必须说，”殡葬承办人重新提起了被教区执事打断的评论话题，继续说，“可我必须说，邦布尔先生，我不得不与一种极为不利的情况做斗争，那就是，所有的胖人都是死得最快的。那些曾经生活富裕、交了很多年税的人一进入济贫院，是最先衰弱下来的。我跟你说，邦布尔先生，每个人比估算的大出三到四英寸，就会让某人的利润大大亏损，尤其是这人还要养家的时候，先生。”

As Mr. Sowerberry said this, with the becoming indignation of an ill-used man; and as Mr. Bumble felt that it rather tended to convey a reflection on the honour of the parish; the latter gentleman thought it advisable to change the subject. Oliver Twist being uppermost in his mind, he made him his theme.

苏尔伯雷先生说着这些，越来越愤慨，像个被虐待的人。邦布尔先生感到这样说下去势必有损教区的荣誉，觉得换个话题才是明智之举。他最先想到的就是奥利弗·特威斯特，于是把他拿来当话题。

"By the bye," said Mr. Bumble, "you don't know anybody who

wants a boy, do you? A porochial 'prentis, who is at present a dead-weight; a millstone, as I may say, round the porochial throat? Liberal terms, Mr. Sowerberry, liberal terms?” As Mr. Bumble spoke, he raised his cane to the bill above him, and gave three distinct raps upon the words "five pounds": which were printed thereon in Roman capitals of gigantic size.

“顺便问一句，”邦布尔先生说，“你知道谁想找个男孩吗？他是教区的学徒，现在是个重担，一个沉重的包袱，可以说，正吊在教区的脖子上？条件优惠，苏尔伯雷先生，条件优惠啊。”邦布尔先生说着，抬起手杖指着上面的告示，对着用巨型罗马大写字母印在上面的“五镑”几个字，特意敲了三下。

"Gadso!" said the undertaker: taking Mr. Bumble by the gilt-edged lappel of his official coat; "that's just the very thing I wanted to speak to you about. You know—dear me, what a very elegant button this is, Mr. Bumble! I never noticed it before.”

“天呐！”殡葬承办人说着，抓住邦布尔先生制服外套的金边翻领，“这正是我想和你谈的事情。你知道——哎呀，这颗扣子真精美，邦布尔先生！我以前从没注意到它。”

"Yes, I think it rather pretty," said the beadle, glancing proudly downwards at the large brass buttons which embellished his coat. "The die is the same as the porochial seal—the Good Samaritan healing the sick and bruised man. The board presented it to me on New-year's morning, Mr. Sowerberry. I put it on, I remember, for the first time, to attend the inquest on that reduced tradesman, who died in a doorway at midnight.”

“是的，我认为它相当漂亮。”教区执事说着，自豪地低头看了一眼这颗装饰在他外套上的大铜纽扣。“这纽扣的图案和教区印章上的是一样的——好心的撒马利亚人治愈病患和伤者。委员会在新年的早上赠送给我的，苏尔伯雷先生。我记得，第一次戴上它是去参加验尸，那个穷困潦倒的零售商午夜死在了别人家门口。”

"I recollect," said the undertaker. "The jury brought it in, 'Died from exposure to the cold, and want of the common necessaries of life,' didn't they?”

“我想起来了。”殡葬承办人说，“陪审团判决是‘死于受寒和缺乏日常生活必需品’，对不对？”

Mr. Bumble nodded.

邦布尔先生点了点头。

"And they made it a special verdict, I think," said the undertaker, "by adding some words to the effect, that if the relieving officer had —” "Tush! Foolery!" interposed the beadle. "If the board attended to

all the nonsense that ignorant jurymen talk, they'd have enough to do.”

“我记得，他们把这事作为一项特别裁决，”殡葬承办人说，“加了几句话，意思是说如果负责贫民救济工作的官员当时——”“呸！愚蠢！”教区执事插嘴道，“那帮无知的陪审团整天胡说，如果委员会都听他们的，就有的忙了。”

"Very true," said the undertaker; "they would indeed."

“说得好，”殡葬承办人说，“确实是这样。”

"Juries," said Mr. Bumble, grasping his cane tightly, as was his wont when working into a passion: "juries is ineddicated, vulgar, grovelling wretches."

“陪审团，”班布尔先生说着，紧紧握着手杖，这是他发脾气时的习惯，“陪审团全是些粗俗卑下、没有教养的家伙。”

"So they are," said the undertaker.

“谁说不是呢。”殡葬承办人说。

"They haven't no more philosophy nor political economy about 'em than that," said the beadle, snapping his fingers contemptuously.

“他们就知道那么一点哲学和政治经济学。”教堂执事说着，轻蔑地弹了个响指。

"No more they have," acquiesced the undertaker.

“就那么一点。”殡葬承办人表示赞成。

"I despise 'em," said the beadle, growing very red in the face.

“我鄙视他们。”教区执事说道，脸变得通红。

"So do I," rejoined the undertaker.

“我也是。”殡葬承办人答道。

"And I only wish we'd a jury of the independent sort, in the house for a week or two," said the beadle; "the rules and regulations of the board would soon bring their spirit down for 'em.”

“我只希望找个那种见解独到的陪审团，让他们在济贫院里呆个一两周，”教区执事说，“委员会的规章制度很快就能把他们的气焰打压下去。”

"Let 'em alone for that," replied the undertaker. So saying, he smiled, approvingly: to calm the rising wrath of the indignant parish officer.

“任凭他们那样吧。”殡葬承办人回答。他这样说着，一边赞许地微笑起来，想平息这位愤慨的教区官员高涨的怒火。

Mr Bumble lifted off his cocked hat; took a handkerchief from the inside of the crown; wiped from his forehead the perspiration which his rage had engendered; fixed the cocked hat on again; and, turning to the undertaker, said in a calmer voice: "Well; what about the boy?"

邦布尔先生抬起三角帽，从帽子顶里掏出一块手帕，擦去额头上因愤怒产生的汗水，然后重新戴好帽子，转向殡丧承办人，用平静了许多的语气说：“喂，这孩子怎么样？”

"Oh!" replied the undertaker; "why, you know, Mr. Bumble, I pay a good deal towards the poor's rates.”

“噢！”殡葬承办人回答，“哎呀，邦布尔先生，我可为了穷人付了好大一笔税呢。”

"Hem!" said Mr. Bumble. "Well?"

“哼！”邦布尔先生说，“哦？”

"Well," replied the undertaker, "I was thinking that if I pay so much towards 'em, I've a right to get as much out of 'em as I can, Mr. Bumble; and so—I think I'll take the boy myself.”

“这个，”殡葬承办人回答，“我在想，既然我为他们花了这么多钱，就有权利从他们身上尽可能捞回来一些，邦布尔先生，所以——我自己想要这个孩子。”

Mr. Bumble grasped the undertaker by the arm, and led him into the building. Mr. Sowerberry was closeted with the board for five minutes; and it was arranged that Oliver should go to him that evening "upon liking"—a phrase which means, in the case of a parish apprentice, that if the master find, upon a short trial, that he can get enough work out of a boy without putting too much food into him, he shall have him for a term of years, to do what he likes with. When little Oliver was taken before "the gentlemen" that evening; and informed that he was to go, that night, as general house-lad to a coffin-maker's; and that if he complained of his situation, or ever came back to the parish again, he would be sent to sea, there to be drowned, or knocked on the head, as the case might be, he evinced so little emotion, that they by common consent pronounced him a hardened young rascal, and ordered Mr. Bumble to remove him forthwith.

邦布尔先生抓住殡葬承办人的胳膊，把他领进楼里。苏尔伯雷先生和委员会密谈了五分钟，决定当晚就安排奥利弗去他那儿“实习”——这个词的意思，对一个教区学徒来说，就是在经过短期试用后，如果师傅发现孩子能干足够多的活，吃得又不太多，就会常年雇佣他，想让他干什么就让他干什么。那天晚上，小奥利弗被带到“绅士们”面前，被告知他当天晚上就要到棺材铺去当个普通的小伙计了。如果他抱怨自己的境

遇，或是再回到济贫院，就会被送去海上，在那儿被淹死或是脑袋被打开花，这是有可能的。他没什么反应，于是他们一致宣布他是个铁石心肠的小坏蛋，并且命令邦布尔先生立刻把他带走。

Now, although it was very natural that the board, of all people in the world, should feel in a great state of virtuous astonishment and horror at the smallest tokens of want of feeling on the part of anybody, they were rather out, in this particular instance. The simple fact was, that Oliver, instead of possessing too little feeling, possessed rather too much; and was in a fair way of being reduced, for life, to a state of brutal stupidity and sullenness by the ill usage he had received. He heard the news of his destination, in perfect silence; and, having had his luggage put into his hand—which was not very difficult to carry, inasmuch as it was all comprised within the limits of a brown paper parcel, about half a foot square by three inches deep—he pulled his cap over his eyes; and once more attaching himself to Mr. Bumble's coat cuff, was led away by that dignitary to a new scene of suffering.

如果说，世上所有人中，任何人表现出哪怕一点点情感上的贫乏，委员会对此感到道德上的震惊和恐怖都是理所当然的，但在这个特例里，他们却错了。事实很简单，那就是奥利弗并非感情太少，而是感情太丰富了，很有可能会被所受的虐待弄得终生残酷无情，愚蠢迟钝，郁郁寡欢。他一声不吭地听着关于自己目的地的消息，手上接过自己的行李——拿起来不怎么费劲，因为全部也不过是一个棕色的牛皮纸包，大约半尺见方，三寸厚——他把帽子拉低盖住眼睛，又一次抓住邦布尔先生的衣袖，被这位要员领去了一处新的受难场所。

For some time, Mr. Bumble drew Oliver along, without notice or remark; for the beadle carried his head very erect, as a beadle always should: and, it being a windy day, little Oliver was completely enshrouded by the skirts of Mr. Bumble's coat as they blew open, and disclosed to great advantage his flapped waistcoat and drab plush knee-breeches. As they drew near to their destination, however, Mr. Bumble thought it expedient to look down, and see that the boy was in good order for inspection by his new master: which he accordingly did, with a fit and becoming air of gracious patronage.

有一段时间，邦布尔先生拉着奥利弗一直走，对他不理不睬，只管自己默不作声地迈步，头抬得直直的，一个教区执事就该一直这样。那天风很大，邦布尔先生的大衣下摆被风吹开，把奥利弗完全遮了起来。他同时露出了背心和暗色的毛绒马裤，在风中鼓动，帅气十足。然而，接近目的地时，邦布尔先生认为有必要低头看看，以保证孩子情况正常，可以接受新主人的检查。于是他这么做了，带着与一位仁慈的保护人非常相称的神气。

"Oliver!" said Mr. Bumble.

“奥利弗！”邦布尔先生说。

"Yes, sir," replied Oliver, in a low, tremulous voice.

“是，先生。”奥利弗低声回答道，声音颤抖。

"Pull that cap off your eyes, and hold up your head, sir."

“把帽子从眼睛上拿开，抬起头来，先生。”

Although Oliver did as he was desired, at once; and passed the back of his unoccupied hand briskly across his eyes, he left a tear in them when he looked up at his conductor. As Mr. Bumble gazed sternly upon him, it rolled down his cheek. It was followed by another, and another. The child made a strong effort, but it was an unsuccessful one. Withdrawing his other hand from Mr. Bumble's he covered his face with both; and wept until the tears sprung out from between his chin and bony fingers.

尽管奥利弗立刻按要求照办了，还用空闲的手背迅速地擦了擦眼睛，但当他看向自己的向导时，眼睛里还是噙着一滴眼泪。邦布尔先生严厉地瞪了他一眼，这滴眼泪就顺着脸颊滚了下来。紧跟着又流了一滴，再一滴。孩子努力想要忍住，但是于事无补。他从邦布尔先生那儿抽回另一只手，双手盖住脸，哭了起来，直到泪水从他的脸颊和瘦削的手指间喷涌而出。

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Bumble, stopping short, and darting at his little charge a look of intense malignity. "Well! Of all the ungratefullest, and worst-disposed boys as ever I see, Oliver, you are the—" "No, no, sir," sobbed Oliver, clinging to the hand which held the well-known cane; "no, no, sir; I will be good indeed; indeed, indeed I will, sir! I am a very little boy, sir; and it is so—so—" "So what?" inquired Mr. Bumble in amazement.

“好啦！”邦布尔先生叫道。他突然停下，向他照管的这个小家伙抛去一道非常狠毒的目光。“嗳！在我见过的所有最不领情、最差劲的孩子里，奥利弗，你是最——”“不，不，先生，”奥利弗呜咽着，抓住教区执事握在那根著名手杖上的手，“不，不，先生，我真的会变好的，真的，真的我会的，先生！我只是个小孩子，先生，又那么——那么——”“那么什么？”邦布尔先生好奇地问道。

"So lonely, sir! So very lonely!" cried the child. "Everybody hates me. Oh! sir, don't, don't pray be cross to me!" The child beat his hand upon his heart; and looked in his companion's face, with tears of real agony.

“那么孤单，先生！我太孤单了！”孩子哭喊道。“所有人都讨厌我。噢！先生，不要，请您不要对我发火！”孩子用手拍着心口，看着同行者的脸，泪水里满是真切的痛苦。

Mr. Bumble regarded Oliver 's piteous and helpless look, with

some astonishment, for a few seconds; hemmed three or four times in a husky manner; and after muttering something about "that troublesome cough," bade Oliver dry his eyes and be a good boy. Then once more taking his hand, he walked on with him in silence.

邦布尔先生有些惊讶地看着奥利弗可怜无助的神情，打量了几秒钟，用沙哑的声音哼哼了三四声，嘀咕了一些“这烦人的咳嗽”之类的话，然后吩咐奥利弗擦干眼泪，做个好孩子。然后他再一次拉起他的手，一起默默地向前走去。

The undertaker, who had just put up the shutters of his shop, was making some entries in his day-book by the light of a most appropriate dismal candle, when Mr. Bumble entered.

殡葬承办人刚关上了铺子门，正借着与本店业务非常相称的昏暗烛光记账，这时邦布尔先生进来了。

"Aha!" said the undertaker; looking up from the book, and pausing in the middle of a word; "is that you, Bumble?"

“啊哈！”殡葬承办人说着，从账簿上抬起头来，字写了一半也停了下来，“是你吗，邦布尔？”

"No one else, Mr. Sowerberry," replied the beadle. "Here! I've brought the boy.” Oliver made a bow.

“没别人，苏尔伯雷先生。”教区执事回答，“嘿！我把孩子带来了。”奥利弗鞠了个躬。

"Oh! that's the boy, is it?" said the undertaker: raising the candle above his head, to get a better view of Oliver. "Mrs. Sowerberry, will you have the goodness to come here a moment, my dear?"

“噢！是这个孩子，是吗？”殡葬承办人说着，把蜡烛举过头顶，好把奥利弗看得更清楚些。“苏尔伯雷夫人，能否劳驾过来一下，我亲爱的？”

Mrs. Sowerberry emerged from a little room behind the shop, and presented the form of a short, then, squeezed-up woman, with a vixenish countenance.

苏尔伯雷夫人从铺子后面的一个小房间里出来了，她身材矮小，瘦得像是被挤瘪了，一脸泼辣的神色。

"My dear," said Mr. Sowerberry, deferentially, "this is the boy from the workhouse that I told you of." Oliver bowed again.

“我亲爱的，”苏尔伯雷先生谦恭地说，“这就是我跟你说过的那个济贫院的孩子。”奥利弗再次鞠躬。

"Dear me!" said the undertaker's wife, "he's very small.”

“我的天！”殡葬承办人的太太说，“他可真小。”

"Why, he is rather small," replied Mr. Bumble: looking at Oliver as if it were his fault that he was no bigger; "he is small. There's no denying it. But he'll grow, Mrs. Sowerberry—he'll grow.”

“唔，他的确相当小，”邦布尔先生看着奥利弗回答，就好像奥利弗长得不高大是他自己的过错似的，“他很小。这不可否认。但是他会长的，苏尔伯雷夫人——他会长的。”

"Ah! I dare say he will," replied the lady pettishly, "on our victuals and our drink. I see no saving in parish children, not I; for they always cost more to keep, than they're worth. However, men always think they know best. There! Get downstairs, little bag o'bones.” With this, the undertaker's wife opened a side door, and pushed Oliver down a steep flight of stairs into a stone cell, damp and dark: forming the ante-room to the coal-cellar, and denominated "kitchen"; wherein sat a slatternly girl, in shoes down at heel, and blue worsted stockings very much out of repair.

“啊！我敢说他会的，”这位女士悻悻地说，“靠着在我们这儿混吃混喝。我看教区的孩子省不了钱，一点也省不了，因为养他们要花的钱比他们本身值的钱还多。但是，男人们总是觉得他们知道的最多。好啦！下楼去，小皮包骨。”说着这些，殡葬承办人的太太打开一扇侧门，推着奥利弗走下一段很陡的楼梯，来到一间潮湿阴暗的石室，这间被命名为“厨房”的前厅连着煤窖，里面坐着个脏兮兮的女孩，鞋后跟磨得露出了脚跟，蓝色的毛线袜已经破得没法再补了。

"Here, Charlotte," said Mr. Sowerberry, who had followed Oliver down, "give this boy some of the cold bits that were put by for Trip. He hasn't come home since the morning, so he may go without 'em. I dare say the boy isn't too dainty to eat 'em—are you, boy?”

“喂，夏洛特，”苏尔伯雷夫人跟着奥利弗下来了，“把留给特里普的冷饭给这孩子一点。他从早上就没回来过，所以大概不用吃饭了。我敢说这孩子不会对吃的太挑剔——是不是，孩子？”

Oliver, whose eyes had glistened at the mention of meat, and who was trembling with eagerness to devour it, replied in the negative; and a plateful of coarse broken victuals was set before him.

奥利弗一听到有吃的，双眼立刻闪闪发亮，他浑身颤抖，带着大吃一顿的渴望作了否定的回答，一盘坏了的粗糙食物摆在了他的面前。

I wish some well-fed philosopher, whose meat and drink turn to gall within him; whose blood is ice, whose heart is iron; could have seen Oliver Twist clutching at the dainty viands that the dog had neglected. I wish he could have witnessed the horrible avidity with which Oliver tore the bits asunder with all the ferocity of famine. There is only one thing I should like better; and that would be to see the Philosopher making the same sort of meal himself, with the same

relish.

有个吃得好的哲学家，他吃的酒肉在体内变成了胆汁，血液变成了寒冰，心脏变成了钢铁，我希望某个这样的哲学家能来看看奥利弗是怎样紧抓连狗都不屑一顾的美食。我希望他能当场看一看饿得发狂的奥利弗怎样带着令人恐怖的贪婪把食物撕成碎片。只有一件事情是我更想看到的，那就是这位哲学家本人能用同样的胃口吃下和这一样的饭菜。

"Well," said the undertaker's wife, when Oliver had finished his supper: which she had regarded in silent horror, and with fearful auguries of his future appetite: "have you done?"

“唔，”殡葬承办人太太一声不吭地看着奥利弗吃完晚饭，心里很害怕，对他将来的胃口无比担忧，“你吃好了没？”

There being nothing eatable within his reach, Oliver replied in the affirmative.

奥利弗见四下里已经没有任何能吃的东西了，就给了个肯定的回答。

"Then come with me," said Mrs. Sowerberry: taking up a dim and dirty lamp, and leading the way upstairs; "your bed's under the counter. You don't mind sleeping among the coffins, I suppose? But it doesn't much matter whether you do or don't, for you can't sleep anywhere else. Come; don't keep me here all night!”

“那跟我来吧，”苏尔伯雷夫人说着，举起一盏昏暗肮脏的油灯，领路上楼，“你的床铺在柜台下面。我猜，你不介意睡在棺材之间吧？但是你介不介意都无所谓，因为没别的地方让你睡了。快来，别让我整晚呆在这儿！”

Oliver lingered no longer, but meekly followed his new mistress.

奥利弗不再拖拖拉拉，而是温顺地跟上他的新女主人。

CHAPTER V Oliver mingles with new associates. Going to a funeral for the first time, he forms an unfavorable notion of his master's business

第五章 奥利弗结交新伙伴。第一次参加葬礼，他就对主人的生意产生了不适宜的看法

Oliver, being left to himself in the undertaker's shop, set the lamp down on a workman's bench, and gazed timidly about him with a feeling of awe and dread, which many people a good deal older than he will be at no loss to understand. An unfinished coffin on black tressels, which stood in the middle of the shop, looked so gloomy and death-like that a cold tremble came over him, every time his eyes wandered in the direction of the dismal object: from which he almost expected to see some frightful form slowly rear its head, to drive him mad with terror. Against the wall were ranged, in regular array, a long row of elm boards cut in the same shape: looking in the dim light, like high-shouldered ghosts with their hands in their breeches pockets. Coffin-plates, elm-chips, bright-headed nails, and shreds of black cloth, lay scattered on the floor; and the wall behind the counter was ornamented with a lively representation of two mutes in very stiff neckcloths, on duty at a large private door, with a hearse drawn by four black steeds, approaching in the distance. The shop was close and hot. The atmosphere seemed tainted with the smell of coffins. The recess beneath the counter in which his flock mattress was thrust, looked like a grave.

奥利弗独自留在殡葬承办人的铺子里，把油灯放在一个工作台上，带着一种敬畏恐惧感怯生生地打量四周，很多年纪比他大得多的人也能完全明白这种感觉。一口还没做完的棺材立在铺子中央的黑色支架上，它看起来阴森森的，带着死亡的气息，每当他的眼睛往这个阴暗之物的方向看去，他就会全身打冷战，几乎觉得会看到某个可怕的身影从里面慢慢抬头，把自己吓得疯掉。靠着墙规则地摆放着一长排切成同样形状的榆木板，在昏暗的光线下，看起来就像一个个耸着肩膀、手插在马裤口袋里的鬼魂。棺材铭牌、榆木碎屑、亮头钉子和黑布碎片散落得满地都是。柜台后面的墙上装饰着一幅生动的图画，画里两个送丧人戴着僵硬的领结，守在私人住宅巨大的门旁，远处有一辆四匹黑马拉着的灵车正在接近。铺子里又闷又热。空气似乎染上了棺材的味道。柜台下面的凹处塞着他的毛屑床垫，看起来像个坟墓。

Nor were these the only dismal feelings which depressed Oliver. He was alone in a strange place; and we all know how chilled and desolate the best of us will sometimes feel in such a situation. The boy

had no friends to care for, or to care for him. The regret of no recent separation was fresh in his mind; the absence of no loved and well-remembered face sank heavily into his heart.

令奥利弗感到沮丧的，并不是这些阴沉的感觉。他独自一人待在一个奇怪的地方，我们都知道在这样的情况下，就算是我们中间最出色的人，有时也会感到特别寒冷孤寂。这个孩子没有朋友可照料，也没有朋友来照料他。他最近没有经历什么分离，由此产生的遗憾充斥着他的心灵；他也没有人去爱，去怀念，这种缺失感深深沉入他的心底。

But his heart was heavy, notwithstanding; and he wished, as he crept into his narrow bed, that that were his coffin, and that he could be lain in a calm and lasting sleep in the churchyard ground, with the tall grass waving gently above his head, and the sound of the old deep bell to soothe him in his sleep.

尽管如此，他的心情还是很沉重，在他爬进自己狭窄床铺的时候，希望那就是他的棺材，这样他就能躺在教堂墓地里平静地长眠了，高高的野草在他头顶轻轻摆动，古老浑厚的钟声让他安眠。

Oliver was awakened in the morning, by a loud kicking at the outside of the shop-door: which, before he could huddle on his clothes, was repeated, in an angry and impetuous manner, about twenty-five times. When he began to undo the chain, the legs desisted, and a voice began.

奥利弗一大早就被铺子门外一阵巨大的踢门声吵醒，在他胡乱穿好衣服前，这愤怒猛烈的声音重复了大概二十五次。他开始解门链的时候，踢门声停了下来，一个声音说道：

"Open the door, will yer?" cried the voice which belonged to the legs which had kicked at the door.

“开门，行不行？”一个声音大喊道，它和刚刚踢门的两条腿属于同一个人。

"I will, directly, sir," replied Oliver: undoing the chain, and turning the key.

“行，马上，先生。”奥利弗答道，解开门链，转动钥匙。

"I suppose yer the new boy, ain't yer?" said the voice through the key-hole.

“我想你就是那个新来的男孩，是不是？”这声音从钥匙孔传进来。

"Yes, sir," replied Oliver.

“是的，先生。”奥利弗回答。

"How old are yer?" inquired the voice.

“你多大了？”那声音问。

"Ten, sir," replied Oliver.

“十岁，先生。”奥利弗又答。

"Then I'll whop yer when I get in," said the voice; "you just see if I don't, that's all, my work'us brat!" and, having made this obliging promise, the voice began to whistle.

“那我进来要痛打你一顿，”这声音说，“你就看看我打不打吧，就这样，济贫院的小鬼！”做出这个体贴的承诺后，这声音开始吹起了口哨。

Oliver had been too often subjected to the process to which the very expressive monosyllable just recorded bears reference, to entertain the smallest doubt that the owner of the voice, whoever he might be, would redeem his pledge, most honourably. He drew back the bolts with a trembling hand, and opened the door.

与“打”这个极具表现力的单音节词相关联的那个过程，奥利弗经受过很多次了，他对这声音的主人毫不怀疑，不管他是谁，肯定会非常体面地履行他的诺言的。他用一只颤抖的手拉起门闩，打开了门。

For a second or two, Oliver glanced up the street, and down the street, and over the way: impressed with the belief that the unknown, who had addressed him through the key-hole, had walked a few paces off, to warm himself; for nobody did he see but a big charity-boy, sitting on a post in front of the house, eating a slice of bread and butter: which he cut into wedges, the size of his mouth, with a clasp-knife, and then consumed with great dexterity.

奥利弗朝街两头看了一两秒钟，又看了看对面，觉得刚才透过钥匙孔讲话的陌生人肯定走到几步开外暖身子去了。因为他什么人也没看到，只看到一个高大的慈善学校学生，坐在屋子前面的柱子上吃一片黄油面包，他用一把折叠式小刀把面包切成嘴巴大小的楔形，再无比灵巧地吃掉。

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Oliver at length: seeing that no other visitor made his appearance; "did you knock?"

“对不起，先生，”看见没有其他访客出现，奥利弗最后说，“刚才是你在敲门吗？”

"I kicked," replied the charity-boy.

“是我在踢门。”慈善学校学生回答道。

"Did you want a coffin, sir?" inquired Oliver, innocently.

“你想要一口棺材吗，先生？”奥利弗天真地问道。

At this, the charity-boy looked monstrous fierce; and said that Oliver would want one before long, if he cut jokes with his superiors in that way.

听到这话，慈善学校学生变得恐怖暴躁，并且说要是奥利弗用那样的方式和他的老板插科打诨，他不久就需要一口了。

"Yer don't know who I am, I suppose, Work'us?" said the charity-boy, in continuation: descending from the top of the post, meanwhile, with edifying gravity.

“我想，你不知道我是谁，济贫院来的？”慈善学校学生从柱头上下来，带着一副谆谆善诱的庄重神情。

"No, sir," rejoined Oliver.

“是的，先生。”奥利弗回答。

"I'm Mister Noah Claypole," said the charity-boy, "and you're under me. Take down the shutters, yer idle young ruffian!” With this, Mr. Claypole administered a kick to Oliver, and entered the shop with a dignified air, which did him great credit. It is difficult for a large-headed, small-eyed youth, of lumbering make and heavy countenance, to look dignified under any circumstances; but it is more especially so, when superadded to these personal attractions are a red nose and yellow smalls.

“我是诺亚·克雷波尔先生，”慈善学校学生说，“你归我管。把门板放下来，你这个懒惰的小流氓！”克雷波尔先生说着，给了奥利弗一脚，然后神气十足地走进铺子，这副神情为他增色不少。在任何情况下，要让一个头大眼睛小、身形笨重、面容呆滞的年轻人看起来庄重神气都是很难的，除了上述的这些个人魅力之外，再加上红红的鼻头和黄色的内衣裤，就更难了。

Oliver, having taken down the shutters, and broken a pane of glass in his effort to stagger away beneath the weight of the first one to a small court at the side of the house in which they were kept during the day, was graciously assisted by Noah: who having consoled him with the assurance that "he'd catch it," condescended to help him. Mr. Sowerberry came down soon after. Shortly afterwards, Mrs. Sowerberry appeared. Oliver having "caught it," in fulfilment of Noah's prediction, followed that young gentleman down the stairs to breakfast. "Come near the fire, Noah," said Charlotte. "I saved a nice little bit of bacon for you from master's breakfast. Oliver, shut that door at Mister Noah's back, and take them bits that I've put out on the cover of the bread-pan. There's your tea; take it away to that box, and drink it there, and make haste, for they'll want you to mind the shop. D'ye hear?”

奥利弗放下门板，要把它们搬到房子一侧的小院子里，门板白天都放在那儿。但当他勉力蹒跚而行，刚搬第一块木板的时候，就撞破了一块窗玻璃。然后诺亚赏脸帮了把手：诺亚先拿“他肯定得受罚”的保证安慰了他，这才屈尊帮他。苏尔伯雷先生不一会儿就下来了。又过了一会

儿，苏尔伯雷夫人出现了。诺亚的语言果然应验了，奥利弗“受罚”了，然后他跟着那位年轻的绅士下楼吃早饭。“到炉火边上来，诺亚。”夏洛特说，“我从主人的早餐里给你留了一小块熏肉。奥利弗，把诺亚先生背后的那扇门关上，把我放在面包盘盖子上的东西吃了。这是你的茶，把它拿到箱子那儿去喝掉，快点，他们还要让你照看铺子。听见了没？”

"D'ye hear, Work'us?" said Noah Claypole.

“听到没，济贫院来的？”诺亚·克雷波尔说。

"Lor, Noah!" said Charlotte, "what a rum creature you are! Why don't you let the boy alone?”

“上帝，诺亚！”夏洛特说，“你可真是个怪胎！你干吗理他？”

"Let him alone!" said Noah. "Why everybody lets him alone enough, for the matter of that. Neither his father nor his mother will ever interfere with him. All his relations let him have his own way pretty well. Eh, Charlotte? He! he! he!"

“不理他！”诺亚说，“在这事上，所有人都太放任他了。不论是他爸还是他妈都不会来干预他。他所有的亲戚也不怎么管他。嗯，夏洛特？嘻！嘻！嘻！”

"Oh, you queer soul!" said Charlotte, bursting into a hearty laugh, in which she was joined by Noah; after which they both looked scornfully at poor Oliver Twist, as he sat shivering on the box in the coldest corner of the room, and ate the stale pieces which had been specially reserved for him.

“噢，你这怪人！”夏洛特说着，开始放声大笑，诺亚也跟着笑起来，之后他们俩一起轻蔑地看着可怜的奥利弗·特威斯特，他正在房间最阴冷的角落里，坐在箱子上发抖，吃着特别留给他的不新鲜的食物。

Noah was a charity-boy, but not a workhouse orphan. No chance-child was he, for he could trace his genealogy all the way back to his parents, who lived hard by; his mother being a washerwoman, and his father a drunken soldier, discharged with a wooden leg, and a diurnal pension of twopence-halfpenny and an unstateable fraction. The shop-boys in the neighbourhood had long been in the habit of branding Noah in the public streets, with the ignominious epithets of "leathers," "charity," and the like; and Noah had bourne them without reply. But, now that fortune had cast in his way a nameless orphan, at whom even the meanest could point the finger of scorn, he retorted on him with interest. This affords charming food for contemplation. It shows us what a beautiful thing human nature may be made to be; and how impartially the same amiable qualities are developed in the finest lord and the dirtiest charity-boy.

诺亚是个慈善学校的学生，却不是一个济贫院的孤儿。他不是私生

子，因为可以顺着家谱一直查到他生活艰苦的父母，他母亲是个洗衣妇，父亲是个酗酒的老兵，退伍的时候带着一条木腿和一份抚恤金，金额为每天两个半便士，外加一个不值一提的零头。附近店铺里的年轻店员们向来喜欢在大街上，用一些“皮裤”、“慈善学校”之类的不光彩的诨名来羞辱诺亚，诺亚对这些诨名不予回应，照单全收。但是，既然命运在他面前扔下一个无名无姓的孤儿，即使最卑贱的人也能轻蔑地指责他，他便在他身上加倍地骂了回来。这实在值得深思。它向我们表明，人的本性是多么美好，而同一种和蔼可亲的品质又是如何不偏不倚地在最出色的贵族和最肮脏的慈善学校学生身上发扬光大。

Oliver had been sojourning at the undertaker's some three weeks or a month. Mr. and Mrs. Sowerberry—the shop being shut up—were taking their supper in the little back-parlour, when Mr. Sowerberry, after several deferential glances at his wife, said, "My dear—" He was going to say more; but, Mrs. Sowerberry looking up, with a peculiarly unpropitious aspect, he stopped short.

奥利弗在殡葬承办人那儿呆了大约三到四周了。苏尔伯雷夫妇关了店门，正在后面的小会客室里吃晚饭，苏尔伯雷先生毕恭毕敬地看了他妻子几眼，说道：“我亲爱的——”他本想接着说，但是，苏尔伯雷夫人神色十分不善地抬头瞥了他一眼，他立刻停了下来。

"Well," said Mrs. Sowerberry, sharply.

“哟。”苏尔伯雷夫人尖刻地说。

"Nothing, my dear, nothing," said Mr. Sowerberry.

“没什么，我亲爱的，没什么。”苏尔伯雷先生说。

"Ugh, you brute!" said Mrs. Sowerberry.

“呸，你这畜生！”苏尔伯雷夫人说。

"Not at all, my dear," said Mr. Sowerberry humbly. "I thought you didn't want to hear, my dear. I was only going to say—" "Oh, don't tell me what you were going to say," interposed Mrs. Sowerberry. "I am nobody; don't consult me, pray. I don't want to intrude upon your secrets." As Mrs. Sowerberry said this, she gave an hysterical laugh, which threatened violent consequences.

“一点也不，我亲爱的。”苏尔伯雷先生恭顺地说，“我以为你不想听，我亲爱的。我只是想说——”“噢，别告诉我你想说什么。”苏尔伯雷夫人插嘴道，“我什么也不是，别跟我商量，拜托。我不想打听你的秘密。”苏尔伯雷夫人这么说着，歇斯底里地大笑起来，这预示着将会产生严重的后果。

"But, my dear," said Sowerberry, "I want to ask your advice."

“但是，我亲爱的，”苏尔伯雷说，“我想问问你的意见。”

"No, no, don't ask mine," replied Mrs. Sowerberry, in an affecting

manner: "ask somebody else's.” Here, there was another hysterical laugh, which frightened Mr. Sowerberry very much. This is a very common and much-approved matrimonial course of treatment, which is often very effective. It at once reduced Mr. Sowerberry to begging, as a special favour, to be allowed to say what Mrs. Sowerberry was most curious to hear. After a short duration, the permission was most graciously conceded.

“不，不，别问我的意见，”苏尔伯雷夫人用一种感人的态度回答，“问别人去吧。”这时，又一阵歇斯底里的大笑，这可把苏尔伯雷先生吓坏了。这是夫妻之间一种非常普遍并受到广泛认同的相处方法，总是非常有效。苏尔伯雷先生马上沦落到只有求饶的份儿，希望得到一种特殊的恩惠，能被允许说话，而苏尔伯雷夫人其实非常想听。一小段时间之后，这项请求被苏尔伯雷夫人大发慈悲地恩准了。

"It's s only about young Twist, my dear," said Mr. Sowerberry. "A very good-looking boy, that, my dear.”

“这只是跟小奥利弗有关，我亲爱的。”苏尔伯雷先生说道，“这孩子长得相当不错，我亲爱的。”

"He need be, for he eats enough," observed the lady.

“他必须得这样，因为他吃得够饱。”女士评论道。

"There's an expression of melancholy in his face, my dear," resumed Mr. Sowerberry, "which is very interesting. He would make a delightful mute, my love."

“他脸上有一种忧郁的神情，我亲爱的，”苏尔伯雷先生继续说，“这很有意思。他会成为一个讨人喜欢的送葬人的，我亲爱的。”

Mrs. Sowerberry looked up with an expression of considerable wonderment. Mr. Sowerberry remarked it and, without allowing time for any observation on the good lady's part, proceeded.

苏尔伯雷夫人带着一副相当惊讶的表情抬起头来。苏尔伯雷先生注意到了这一点，没给这位好夫人留下插嘴的时间，便继续说道：

"I don't mean a regular mute to attend grown-up people, my dear, but only for children's practice. It would be very new to have a mute in proportion, my dear. You may depend upon it, it would have a superb effect.”

“我不是指参加成人葬礼的正式送葬人，我亲爱的，只是给儿童送葬。使用与死者年龄相称的送葬人是很新鲜的事，我亲爱的。你可以对此放心，肯定效果绝佳。”

Mrs. Sowerberry, who had a good deal of taste in the undertaking way, was much struck by the novelty of this idea; but, as it would have been compromising her dignity to have said so, under existing

circumstances, she merely inquired, with much sharpness, why such an obvious suggestion had not presented itself to her husband's mind before? Mr. Sowerberry rightly construed this, as an acquiescence in his proposition; it was speedily determined, therefore, that Oliver should be at once initiated into the mysteries of the trade; and, with this view, that he should accompany his master on the very next occasion of his services being required.

苏尔伯雷夫人对丧葬事宜很有品位，她被这个新奇的主意镇住了，但是承认这一点会有损她的尊严，在现有情况下，她只是非常严厉地问，这样一个显而易见的点子，她的丈夫为什么以前没想到过呢？苏尔伯雷先生理所当然地把这理解为对他建议的默许，事情马上定了下来，因此，奥利弗应该马上开始初步了解这一行的奥秘，为了达到这个目的，下一次他的师傅有生意的时候，他应当陪同前去。

The occasion was not long in coming. Half an hour after breakfast next morning, Mr. Bumble entered the shop; and supporting his cane against the counter, drew forth his large leathern pocket-book: from which he selected a small scrap of paper, which he handed over to Sowerberry.

没过多久时机就到了。第二天吃完早饭半小时后，邦布尔先生进来了，他把手杖支在柜台上，抽出他那个皮面的大笔记本，从里面挑出一小片纸，递给了苏尔伯雷。

"Aha!" said the undertaker, glancing over it with a lively countenance; "an order for a coffin, eh?"

“啊哈！”殡葬承办人表情生动地扫了一眼那张纸，说道，“订一口棺材，嗯？”

"For a coffin first, and a porochial funeral afterwards," replied Mr. Bumble, fastening the strap of the leathern pocket-book: which, like himself, was very corpulent.

“先来一口棺材，之后还有一场教区葬礼。”邦布尔先生一边回答，一边扣上皮面笔记本的扣子，这本子和他本人一样肥大。

"Bayton," said the undertaker, looking from the scrap of paper to Mr. Bumble. "I never heard the name before."

“贝登，”殡葬承办人看看这张纸，再看向邦布尔先生，“我以前从没听过这个名字。”

Bumble shook his head, as he replied, "Obstinate people, Mr. Sowerberry; very obstinate. Proud, too, I'm afraid, sir.”

邦布尔摇摇头，回答说：“这是个很固执的人，苏尔伯雷先生，非常固执。恐怕还很傲慢，先生。”

"Proud, eh?" exclaimed Mr. Sowerberry with a sneer. "Come,

that's too much.”

“傲慢，嗯？”苏尔伯雷先生嗤笑着，大声说道，“嗨，那可太过分了。”

"Oh, it's sickening," replied the beadle. "Antimonial, Mr. Sowerberry!"

“噢，这令人作呕。”教区助理回答。“真缺德，苏尔伯雷先生！”

"So it is," asquiesced the undertaker.

“是这样。”殡葬承办人表示赞同。

"We only heard of the family the night before last," said the beadle; "and we shouldn't have known anything about them, then, only a woman who lodges in the same house made an application to the porochial committee for them to send the porochial surgeon to see a woman as was very bad. He had gone out to dinner; but his 'prentice (which is a very clever lad) sent 'em some medicine in a blacking-bottle, offhand.”

“我们也是前天晚上才听说了这户人家，”教区执事说，“我们本来也不知道任何关于他们的事情，只是有个住在同一栋房子的女人向教区委员会申请，请他们派教区医生去看看一个病得很重的女人。医生出去吃饭了，但那时他的学徒（是个很聪明的小伙子）随便在黑色鞋油瓶子里装了点药，给了他们。”

"Ah, there's promptness," said the undertaker.

“啊，真迅速。”殡葬承办人说道。

"Promptness, indeed!" replied the beadle. "But what's the consequence; what's the ungrateful behaviour of these rebels, sir? Why, the husband sends back word that the medicine won't suit his wife's complaint, and so she shan't take it—says she shan't take it, sir! Good, strong, wholesome medicine, as was given with great success to two Irish labourers and a coal-heaver, only a week before—sent 'em for nothing, with a blacking-bottle in,—and he sends back word that she shan't take it, sir!”

“迅速，确实是！”教区执事回答。“但是结果怎么样，这些反叛者都干了些什么忘恩负义的事，先生？唔，那丈夫传话回来，说教区给他妻子的药不对症，所以她不会服用——他说她不会服用，先生！那上等、有效又卫生的药，仅仅在一周之前，曾经非常成功地开给了两个爱尔兰工人和一个运煤工人——现在装在黑色鞋油瓶子里白给他们——他却传话回来说她不会服用，先生！”

As the atrocity presented itself to Mr. Bumble's mind in full force, he struck the counter sharply with his cane, and became flushed with indignation.

邦布尔先生心里想起这暴行，猛烈地用手杖敲着柜台，因为愤慨而满脸通红。

"Well," said the undertaker, "I ne—ver—did—" "Never did, sir!" ejaculated the beadle. "No, nor nobody never did; but now she's dead, we've got to bury her; and that's the direction; and the sooner it's done, the better."

“嗯，”殡葬承办人说，“我从——来——没——有——”“从来没有，先生！”教区执事突然叫道。“不，从没有人这样过，但是现在她死了，我们还得埋葬她，这是指示，这事越快办完越好。”

Thus saying, Mr. Bumble put on his cocked hat wrong side first, in a fever of parochial excitement; and flounced out of the shop.

邦布尔先生这么说着，因为教区的事而处于高度兴奋之中，一开始把三角帽都戴反了，愤然快步离开了铺子。

"Why, he was so angry, Oliver, that he forgot even to ask after you!" said Mr. Sowerberry, looking after the beadle as he strode down the street.

“哎呀，他这么生气，奥利弗，甚至都忘了询问你的情况了！”苏尔伯雷先生说着，目送教区执事沿街大步离去。

"Yes, sir," replied Oliver, who had carefully kept himself out of sight, during the interview; and who was shaking from head to foot at the mere recollection of the sound of Mr. Bumble's voice.

“是的，先生。”奥利弗在两位先生的会面过程中，小心翼翼地置身于他们的视线之外，只要一想到邦布尔先生的声音，他就从头抖到脚。

He needn't haven taken the trouble to shrink from Mr. Bumble's glance, however; for that functionary, on whom the prediction of the gentleman in the white waistcoat had made a very strong impression, thought that now the undertaker had got Oliver upon trial the subject was better avoided, until such time as he should be firmly bound for seven years, and all danger of his being returned upon the hands of the parish should be thus effectually and legally overcome.

然而，他用不着费心回避邦布尔先生的视线，因为穿白背心的绅士的预言给那位公务员留下了深刻的印象，他认为既然殡葬承办人正在试用奥利弗，就最好对这个话题避而不谈，直到签署了协议，确定了奥利弗将被牢牢拴在这里七年，才能有效合法地避免所有他被退回到教区手上的危险。

"Well," said Mr. Sowerberry, taking up his hat, "the sooner this job is done, the better. Noah, look after the shop. Oliver, put on your cap, and come with me." Oliver obeyed, and followed his master on his professional mission.

“好吧，”苏尔伯雷先生拿起帽子说，“这活越快干完越好。诺亚，照看店铺。奥利弗，戴上帽子和我走。”奥利弗服从命令，跟着他的主人去做他的本职工作。

They walked on, for some time, through the most crowded and densely inhabited part of the town; and then, striking down a narrow street more dirty and miserable than any they had yet passed through, paused to look for the house which was the object of their search. The houses on either side were high and large, but very old, and tenanted by people of the poorest class: as their neglected appearance would have sufficiently denoted, without the concurrent testimony afforded by the squalid looks of the few men and women who, with folded arms and bodies half doubled, occasionally skulked along. A great many of the tenements had shop-fronts; but these were fast closed, and mouldering away; only the upper rooms being inhabited. Some houses which had become insecure from age and decay, were prevented from falling into the street, by huge beams of wood reared against the walls, and firmly planted in the road; but even these crazy dens seemed to have been selected as the nightly haunts of some houseless wretches, for many of the rough boards which supplied the place of door and window, were wrenched from their positions, to afford an aperture wide enough for the passage of a human body. The kennel was stagnant and filthy. The very rats, which here and there lay putrefying in its rottenness, were hideous with famine.

他们走了一会儿，穿过了镇上最拥挤、人口最稠密的居民区，接着走到一条比他们经过的所有道路都更脏更破的窄街，停下来寻找他们目标中的那栋房子。两边的房子都又高又大，却很老旧，房客都是最底层的贫困之人：这些房子被弃置的外表就足以表明这一点，不用再看那几个男女路人抱着胳膊、蜷着身子，间或偷偷摸摸地走过时摆出的一脸苦相。很多房屋都有店铺门面，但是都大门紧闭，渐趋腐朽，只有上面的房间还住着人。一些房屋年久失修，已经摇摇欲坠，由一些大木柱支撑着，以防倒塌在街上，这些木柱一头撑在墙上，一头牢固地插进地里。但即使是这些摇摇欲坠的狗窝般的陋室，似乎也被一些无家可归的可怜人选为了夜间的容身之所。一些充作房子门窗的粗木板被撬离了原位，留下了一条足够一个成人通过的缝隙。这狗窝肮脏发臭。到处都是正在腐烂的老鼠，因为饥饿显得死相狰狞。

There was neither knocker nor bell-handle at the open door where Oliver and his master stopped; so, groping his way cautiously through the dark passage, and bidding Oliver keep close to him and not be afraid the undertaker mounted to the top of the first flight of stairs. Stumbling against a door on the landing, he rapped at it with his knuckles.

奥利弗和他的主人停在一扇敞开的大门前，门上既没有门环也没有门铃把手，所以殡葬承办人小心翼翼地在黑暗的过道里摸索着前进，命

令奥利弗跟紧他，不要害怕，然后爬上了第一段楼梯的顶端。在楼梯口他跌跌撞撞地碰上一扇门，接着用指节敲了起来。

It was opened by a young girl of thirteen or fourteen. The undertaker at once saw enough of what the room contained, to know it was the apartment to which he had been directed. He stepped in; Oliver followed him.

一个十三四岁的小姑娘开了门。殡葬承办人马上就把屋内的摆设看了个遍，知道这就是他要找的房间。他走进去，奥利弗跟在后面。

There was no fire in the room; but a man was crouching, mechanically, over the empty stove. An old woman, too, had drawn a low stool to the cold hearth, and was sitting beside him. There were some ragged children in another corner; and in a small recess, opposite the door, there lay upon the ground, something covered with an old blanket. Oliver shuddered as he cast his eyes toward the place, and crept involuntarily closer to his master; for though it was covered up, the boy felt that it was a corpse.

屋里没有生火，一个男人怔怔地蜷缩在空空的炉边。一个老妇人也在冰冷的壁炉边搬了张凳子，坐在他旁边。另一个角落里有几个衣衫褴褛的孩子。在对着门的小壁龛里，有什么东西被一块旧毯子盖着，放在地上。奥利弗的眼光一落到那里，就战栗起来，不自觉地靠近他的主人，因为尽管它被盖住了，他还是能感觉到那是一具尸体。

The man's face was thin and very pale; his hair and beard were grizzly; his eyes were bloodshot. The old woman's face was wrinkled; her two remaining teeth protruded over her under lip; and her eyes were bright and piercing. Oliver was afraid to look at either her or the man. They seemed so like the rats he had seen outside.

那个男人脸庞瘦削，脸色十分苍白，他的头发和胡子都已花白，眼睛布满血丝。老妇人的脸满是皱纹，仅剩的两颗牙伸出来挡住了下嘴唇，双眼炯炯有神。奥利弗不敢去看她和那个男人。他们和奥利弗在外面看到的那些老鼠太像了。

"Nobody shall go near her," said the man, starting fiercely up, as the undertaker approached the recess. "Keep back! Damn you, keep back, if you've a life to lose!”

“谁都不许靠近她。”那男人在殡葬承办人靠近壁龛的时候，气势汹汹地跳了起来。“别靠近！该死的，别靠近，如果你还想要命的话！”

"Nonsense, my good man," said the undertaker, who was pretty well used to misery in all its shapes. "Nonsense!"

“别胡说，我的朋友。”殡葬承办人说道，他对各种各样的悲惨境遇已经相当习惯了。“别胡说！”

"I tell you," said the man: clenching his hands, and stamping

furiously on the floor,— "I tell you I won't have her put into the ground. She couldn't rest there. The worms would worry her—not eat her—she is so worn away.”

“我告诉你，”男人握紧拳头，猛烈地跺着地板，说道，“我告诉你，我不会让她入土的。她在那儿无法安息。蠕虫会折磨她的——不是吃了她——她已经被掏空了。”

The undertaker offered no reply to this raving; but producing a tape from his pocket, knelt down for a moment by the side of the body.

殡葬承办人没有回答这番胡言乱语，而是从口袋里拿出一副卷尺，在尸体一旁蹲下量了一会儿。

"Ah!" said the man: bursting into tears, and sinking on his knees at the feet of the dead woman; "kneel down, kneel down—kneel round her, every one of you, and mark my words! I say she was starved to death. I never knew how bad she was, till the fever came upon her; and then her bones were starting through the skin. There was neither fire nor candle; she died in the dark—in the dark! She couldn't even see her children's faces, though we heard her gasping out their names. I begged for her in the streets: and they sent me to prison. When I came back, she was dying; and all the blood in my heart has dried up, for they starved her to death. I swear it before the God that saw it! They starved her!” He twined his hands in his hair; and, with a loud scream, rolled grovelling upon the floor: his eyes fixed, and the foam covering his lips.

“啊！”男人说着，哭了起来，在死去的女人脚边跪了下来，“跪下吧，跪下吧——在她旁边跪下，所有人，注意我说的话！我说她是饿死的。我从不知道她状况这么差，直到她得了热病，后来她瘦得皮都包不住骨头了。没有炉火也没有蜡烛，她在漆黑一片中死去——漆黑一片！她甚至不能看看她孩子们的脸，尽管我们听见她喘着气叫他们的名字。我在街上为她乞讨，他们却把我送进监狱。我回来的时候，她已经要死了，我心里所有的血都干了，因为他们把她活活饿死了。我在上帝面前发誓我看到了！他们把她饿死了！”他两手抓着头发，大声尖叫着在地板上打起了滚，两眼发直，口吐白沫，糊在嘴唇上。

The terrified children cried bitterly; but the old woman, who had hitherto remained as quiet as if she had been wholly deaf to all that passed, menaced them into silence. Having unloosened the cravat of the man who still remained extended on the ground, she tottered towards the undertaker.

孩子们被吓坏了，大哭起来，但是那个老妇人像是对发生的一切都听不见似的，迄今为止保持着镇定，威胁着让他们安静下来。男人仍旧横躺在地上，她解开了他的领结，步履蹒跚地走向殡葬承办人。

"She was my daughter," said the old woman, nodding her head in the direction of the corpse; and speaking with an idiotic leer, more ghastly than even the presence of death in such a place. "Lord, Lord! Well, it is strange that I who gave birth to her, and was a woman then, should be alive and merry now, and she lying there: so cold and stiff! Lord, Lord!—to think of it; it's as good as a play—as good as a play!”

“她是我女儿。”老妇人朝尸体的方向点了点头，白痴般地斜着眼边看边说道。在这个地方，她这副样子甚至比死亡还要可怕。“上帝，上帝！哎呀，这很古怪，我生下了她，那时我就是个成年妇女了，现在还活得挺快活，而她却躺在那里，又冷又硬！上帝，上帝！——想想吧，这几乎和一出戏一样——就像一出戏！”

As the wretched creature mumbled and chuckled in her hideous merriment, the undertaker turned to go away.

这可怜的人咕哝着，带着那种可怕的幽默吃吃地笑，殡葬承办人转身离开。

"Stop, stop!" said the old woman in a loud whisper. "Will she be buried to-morrow, or next day, or to-night? I laid her out; and I must walk, you know. Send me a large cloak: a good warm one: for it is bitter cold. We should have cake and wine, too, before we go! Never mind; send some bread—only a loaf of bread and a cup of water. Shall we have some bread, dear?" she said eagerly: catching at the undertaker's coat, as he once more moved towards the door.

“停下，停下！”老妇人大声说。“她会在明天下葬还是后天，或者是今晚？我为她的殡葬做了准备，并且我必须得去，你知道的。给我送件大斗篷，要暖和点的，因为实在太冷啦。在我们去之前，还得来点蛋糕和酒！不用担心，送一些面包——只是一块面包和一杯水。我们能有一点面包吗，亲爱的？”她热切地说着，在殡葬承办人再一次向门走去的时候，她抓住了他的外套。

"Yes, yes," said the undertaker,"of course. Anything you like!" He disengaged himself from the old woman's grasp; and, drawing Oliver after him, hurried away.

“是的，是的，”殡葬承办人说道，“当然。你想要什么都行！”他从老妇人的拉扯下脱身，拉着奥利弗，然后匆匆离去。

The next day, (the family having been meanwhile relieved with a half-quartern loaf and a piece of cheese, left with them by Mr. Bumble himself,) Oliver and his master returned to the miserable abode; where Mr. Bumble had already arrived, accompanied by four men from the workhouse, who were to act as bearers. An old black cloak had been thrown over the rags of the old woman and the man; and the bare coffin having been screwed down, was hoisted on the shoulders of the bearers, and carried into the street.

第二天（其间，这个家庭已经得到了邦布尔先生亲自送来的半个重四磅的面包和一片奶酪的救济），奥利弗和他的主人回到了这个悲惨的住所。邦布尔先生在四个救济院来的男人的陪伴下已经到了，那几个人是来抬棺材的。老妇人和那个男人在褴褛的衣衫外披了件老旧的黑斗篷，光秃秃的棺材已经被拧紧了，抬棺材的人把它扛上肩膀，向街上搬去。

"Now, you must put your best leg foremost, old lady!" whispered Sowerberry in the old woman's ear; "we are rather late; and it won't do, to keep the clergyman waiting. Move on, my men,—as quick as you like!"

“嗨，你可得走好了，老太太！”苏尔伯雷在老妇人耳边低语，“我们已经有点晚了，让牧师等着可不太合适。走起来，伙计们——能多快就多快！”

Thus directed, the bearers trotted on under their light burden; and the two mourners kept as near them, as they could. Mr. Bumble and Sowerberry walked at a good smart pace in front; and Oliver, whose legs were not so long as his master's, ran by the side.

接到指示，几个抬棺材的人扛着没什么重量的棺材慢跑起来，两个送葬者尽可能地跟上。邦布尔先生和苏尔伯雷走在前面，步伐十分轻快，奥利弗的腿没有他主人的那么长，就在旁边跑着。

There was not so great a necessity for hurrying as Mr. Sowerberry had anticipated, however; for when they reached the obscure corner of the churchyard in which the nettles grew, and where the parish graves were made, the clergyman had not arrived; and the clerk, who was sitting by the vestry-room fire, seemed to think it by no means improbable that it might be an hour or so, before he came. So, they put the bier on the brink of the grave; and the two mourners waited patiently in the damp clay, with a cold rain drizzling down, while the ragged boys whom the spectacle had attracted into the churchyard played a noisy game at hide-and-seek among the tombstones, or varied their amusements by jumping backwards and forwards over the coffin. Mr. Sowerberry and Bumble, being personal friends of the clerk, sat by the fire with him, and read the paper.

然而，并没有多大必要像苏尔伯雷先生要求的那样匆忙。因为当他们到达教堂墓地的那个阴暗角落的时候，牧师还没到，角落里长满了荨麻，教区居民的墓就建在那里。神职人员正坐在法衣圣器储藏室的炉火旁，他似乎认为在一个钟头之内，牧师是绝无可能到达的。所以他们把棺材放在坟墓边上，两位送葬者在潮湿的泥地里耐心等待，天空下着冰冷的毛毛细雨，这场景吸引了几个衣衫褴褛的孩子来到墓地，他们在墓碑间闹哄哄地玩着捉迷藏，或是换个玩法，在棺材上跳来跳去。苏尔伯雷先生和邦布尔先生都与神职人员有私交，便和他一起坐在炉火边看着报纸。

At length, after a lapse of something more than an hour, Mr. Bumble, and Sowerberry, and the clerk, were seen running towards the grave. Immediately afterwards, the clergyman appeared: putting on his surplice as he came along. Mr. Bumble then thrashed a boy or two, to keep up appearances; and the reverend gentleman, having read as much of the burial service as could be compressed into four minutes, gave his surplice to the clerk, and walked away again.

最后，过了一个多小时，邦布尔先生和苏尔伯雷，还有那位神职人员朝坟墓跑去。不一会儿，牧师出现了，边走边穿上他的白色法衣。邦布尔先生赶跑了一两个小男孩，维持了场面，而那位可敬的绅士，把葬礼尽可能缩短到四分钟，宣讲完毕后把法衣递给了神职人员，就又走了。

"Now, Bill!" said Sowerberry to the grave-digger. "Fill up!"

“嗨，比尔！”苏尔伯雷对掘墓人说，“填上！”

It was no very difficult task, for the grave was so full, that the uppermost coffin was within a few feet of the surface. The grave-digger shovelled in the earth; stamped it loosely down with his feet: shouldered his spade; and walked off, followed by the boys, who murmured very loud complaints at the fun being over so soon.

这不是个很难的差事，墓穴太满了，棺材最上面离地面只有几尺。掘墓人铲起土来再填进去，用脚松松地踩平，把锄头扛在肩上就走了。后面跟着几个孩子，因为这乐事这么快就结束了而大声咕哝抱怨着。

"Come, my good fellow!" said Bumble, tapping the man on the back. "They want to shut up the yard."

“嗨，老兄！”邦布尔说着，拍拍男人的背，“他们要关墓地了。”

The man who had never once moved, since he had taken his station by the grave side, started, raised his head, stared at the person who had addressed him, walked forward for a few paces; and fell down in a swoon. The crazy old woman was too much occupied in bewailing the loss of her cloak (which the undertaker had taken off), to pay him any attention; so they threw a can of cold water over him; and when he came to, saw him safely out of the churchyard, locked the gate, and departed on their different ways.

那男人自打在坟墓边上站定，就再也没动过，他猛地抬起头来，盯着和他说话的人，往前走了几步，接着昏厥在地。疯癫的老妇人光顾着为失去斗篷而伤心（殡葬承办人把它拿走了），没注意到他，于是他们对着这个男人泼了一罐冷水，他醒过来后，他们看他安然走出墓地，就锁了门，各自离去。

"Well, Oliver," said Sowerberry, as they walked home, "how do you like it?"

“唔，奥利弗，”苏尔伯雷在回家的路上问道，“你觉得怎么样？”

"Pretty well, thank you, sir," replied Oliver, with considerable hesitation. "Not very much, sir."

“挺好，谢谢你，先生。”奥利弗犹豫了好一会儿后回答道，“不是特别喜欢，先生。”

"Ah, you'll get used to it in time, Oliver," said Sowerberry. "Nothing when you are used to it, my boy."

“啊，你迟早会习惯的，奥利弗。”苏尔伯雷说道，“等你习惯了就没什么了，我的孩子。”

Oliver wondered, in his own mind, whether it had taken a very long time to get Mr. Sowerberry used to it. But he thought it better not to ask the question; and walked back to the shop: thinking over all he had seen and heard.

奥利弗在心里纳闷，苏尔伯雷先生是不是也花了好长时间才习惯这件事。但他想最好还是别问这个问题了，仔细想着自己的所见所闻，他走回了铺子。

CHAPTER VI Oliver, being goaded by the taunts of noah, rouses into action, and rather astonishes him

第六章 奥利弗被诺亚的嘲笑激怒，奋起反击，诺亚大吃一惊

The month's trial over, Oliver was formally apprenticed. It was a nice sickly season just at this time. In commercial phrase, coffins were looking up; and, in the course of a few weeks, Oliver acquired a great deal of experience. The success of Mr. Sowerberry's ingenious speculation, exceeded even his most sanguine hopes. The oldest inhabitants recollected no period at which measles had been so prevalent, or so fatal to infant existence; and many were the mournful processions which little Oliver headed, in a hat-band reaching down to his knees, to the indescribable admiration and emotion of all the mothers in the town. As Oliver accompanied his master in most of his adult expeditions too, in order that he might acquire that equanimity of demeanour and full command of nerve which was essential to a finished undertaker, he had many opportunities of observing the beautiful resignation and fortitude with which some strong-minded people bear their trials and losses.

一个月的试用期结束了，奥利弗正式成为了学徒。此时正是疾病肆虐的好季节。用商业用语来说，就是棺材正在涨价。在短短几周的时间里，奥利弗积累了大量经验。苏尔伯雷先生别出心裁的点子大获成功，甚至超出了他最乐观的估计。最年长的居民都想不起来还有什么时候麻疹像现在这样盛行过，很多小孩子因此送了命。小奥利弗多次率众走在送葬队伍前头，帽子上系着一条直拖到膝盖的黑带子，这让镇上所有的母亲都有种说不出的赞赏和激动。奥利弗也随他的主人参加了大部分成人的送葬队伍，这是为了让他获得镇定的风度和自控能力，这些对一位完美的送葬人来说是至关重要的。这时他有很多机会去观察一些意志坚强的人在承受考验和损失的时候，所展示出的令人钦佩的达观的态度和坚韧的精神。

For instance; when Sowerberry had an order for the burial of some rich old lady or gentleman, who was surrounded by a great number of nephews and nieces, who had been perfectly inconsolable during the previous illness, and whose grief had been wholly irrepressible even on the most public occasions, they would be as happy among themselves as need be—quite cheerful and contented—conversing together with as much freedom and gaiety, as if nothing whatever had happened to disturb them. Husbands, too, bore the loss of their wives with the most heroic calmness. Wives, again, put on

weeds for their husbands, as if, so far from grieving in the garb of sorrow, they had made up their minds to render it as becoming and attractive as possible. It was observable, too, that ladies and gentlemen who were in passions of anguish during the ceremony of interment, recovered almost as soon as they reached home, and became quite composed before the tea-drinking was over. All this was very pleasant and improving to see; and Oliver beheld it with great admiration.

例如：苏尔伯雷先生奉命为一位富有的老太太或老先生举行葬礼，死者身边围着很多侄儿侄女，他们在死者生病期间伤心欲绝，在大多数公共场合他们也完全无法抑制自己的悲痛，私下里却是要多开心有多开心——相当兴高采烈、心满意足——他们快活地在一起聊天，无拘无束，就好像压根没有发生过什么烦心事一样。丈夫们也以最英勇的状态沉着冷静地忍受丧妻之痛。妻子们为丈夫穿上丧服，远非出于自身的悲痛，而似乎是下定决心要把这一身给丈夫尽量穿得既得体又迷人。还看得出来那些在葬礼仪式上极度痛苦的女士先生们，几乎一到家就马上恢复过来了，还没等喝完茶就又变得相当泰然自若了。所有这些看起来都令人愉快，颇有教益，奥利弗怀着极度钦佩之情把这些看在眼里。

That Oliver Twist was moved to resignation by the example of these good people, I cannot, although I am his biographer, undertake to affirm with any degree of confidence; but I can most distinctly say, that for many months he continued meekly to submit to the domination and ill-treatment of Noah Claypole: who used him far worse than before, now that his jealousy was roused by seeing the new boy promoted to the black stick and hatband, while he, the old one, remained stationary in the muffin-cap and leathers. Charlotte treated him ill, because Noah did; and Mrs. Sowerberry was his decided enemy, because Mr. Sowerberry was disposed to be his friend; so, between these three on one side, and a glut of funerals on the other, Oliver was not altogether as comfortable as the hungry pig was, when he was shut up, by mistake, in the grain department of a brewery. And now, I come to a very important passage in Oliver's history; for I have to record an act, slight and unimportant perhaps in appearance, but which indirectly produced a material change in all his future prospects and proceedings.

尽管我是奥利弗·特威斯特的传记作者，我也没有丝毫的信心来担保，在这些好人榜样的影响下他变得听天由命了。但是我可以毫不含糊地说，他几个月来一直顺从地忍受着诺亚·克雷波尔的支配和虐待。他对待奥利弗比以前厉害多了，因为他看到这个新来的男孩已经提升到了拥有黑手杖和帽带的地位，而自己资历比他老，却还是戴着松饼帽，穿着皮裤，没有任何长进，不由对奥利弗产生了嫉妒之意。夏洛特对他也不好，因为诺亚这么做；苏尔伯雷夫人是奥利弗的死敌，因为苏尔伯雷先生想和他成为朋友；所以，一边有这三位，另一边有一大堆葬礼，奥利

弗活得还不如一头挨饿的猪，特别是当他被错关进酿酒厂谷仓里的时候。现在，我写到了奥利弗往事中非常重要的一段，这一幕看起来可能微不足道，却间接给他未来的所有景象和前程都带来了重要变化。

One day, Oliver and Noah had descended into the kitchen at the usual dinner-hour, to banquet upon a small joint of mutton—a pound and a half of the worst end of the neck—when Charlotte being called out of the way, there ensued a brief interval of time, which Noah Claypole, being hungry and vicious, considered he could not possibly devote to a worthier purpose than aggravating and tantalising young Oliver Twist. Intent upon this innocent amusement, Noah put his feet on the table-cloth; and pulled Oliver's hair; and twitched his ears; and expressed his opinion that he was a "sneak"; and furthermore announced his intention of coming to see him hanged, whenever that desirable event should take place; and entered upon various topics of petty annoyance, like a malicious and ill-conditioned charity-boy as he was. But, making Oliver cry, Noah attempted to be more facetious still; and in his attempt, did what many small wits, with far greater reputations than Noah, notwithstanding, do to this day when they want to be funny; he got rather personal. "Work'us ," said Noah, "how's your mother?" "She's dead," replied Oliver; "don't you say anything about her to me!"

一天，奥利弗和诺亚在平时吃晚饭的时间下楼来到厨房，来享用一小块羊肉——一磅半脖子上最差的一段——那会儿夏洛特被叫出去了，接下来有一个短暂的时间间隔，诺亚·克雷波尔又饿又凶，想想也没有什么更有价值的事情好做，还是逗一逗小奥利弗·特威斯特，把他惹生气吧。诺亚下定决心要进行这项无害的娱乐，他把双脚放在桌布上，拉扯奥利弗的头发，揪他的耳朵，并且发表了奥利弗是个“鬼鬼祟祟的人”的看法，此外还宣布打算将来要看他上绞架，不论那件令人向往的事情什么时候发生，他又讲了很多相当令人讨厌的事情，把一个恶毒而坏脾气的慈善学校男生能想出来的都说了。但是，要让奥利弗哭出来，诺亚还得努力尝试变得更诙谐；尽管很多人有些小聪明，名气也比诺亚大得多，他们想逗趣时往往会采取一种做法，而诺亚也这么做了；他开始对奥利弗进行人身攻击。“济贫院来的，”诺亚说，“你妈妈呢？”“她死了。”奥利弗回答，“不要对我说关于她的任何事！”

Oliver's colour rose as he said this; he breathed quickly; and there was a curious working of the mouth and nostrils, which Mr. Claypole thought must be the immediate precursor of a violent fit of crying. Under this impression he returned to the charge.

奥利弗说这话的时候涨红了脸，呼吸急促，他的嘴巴和鼻子奇怪地动着，克雷波尔先生认为那是一场号啕大哭即将来临的前兆。在这种想法之下，他重新获得了主动权。

"What did she die of, Work'us?" said Noah.

“她怎么死的，济贫院来的？”诺亚问道。

"Of a broken heart, some of our old nurses told me," replied Oliver: more as if he were talking to himself, than answering Noah. "I think I know what it must be to die of that!"

“因为心碎死的，有个老护士告诉我的。”奥利弗答道，与其说他在回答诺亚，倒不如说他是在对自己说话。“我想我知道那样死去是怎么回事。”

"Tol de rol lol lol, right fol lairy, Work'us," said Noah, as a tear rolled down Oliver 's cheek. "What's set you a snivelling now?”

“咤嘚啰啰啰，真是太蠢了，济贫院来的。”诺亚这么说着的时候，一滴泪珠从奥利弗的脸上滑落。“是什么让你这么哭哭啼啼的？”

"Not you," replied Oliver, sharply. "There; that's enough. Don't say anything more to me about her; you'd better not!”

“不是你。”奥利弗尖声回答，“好了，够了。别再跟我说任何有关她的事情了。你最好不要！”

"Better not!" exclaimed Noah. "Well! Better not! Work'us, don't be impudent. Your mother, too! She was a nice 'un she was. Oh, Lor!” And here, Noah nodded his head expressively; and curled up as much of his small red nose as muscular action could collect together, for the occasion.

“最好不要！”诺亚惊叫，“哟！最好不要！济贫院来的，别太不要脸了。你妈妈也是！她是个美人，是这样。噢，上帝！”说到这儿，诺亚意味深长地点点头，同时还用尽全力把他的小红鼻头皱起来，

"Yer know, Work'us," continued Noah, emboldened by Oliver's silence, and speaking in a jeering tone of affected pity: of all tones the most annoying: "Yer know, Work'us, it can't be helped now; and of course yer couldn't help it then; and I am very sorry for it; and I'm sure we all are, and pity yer very much. But yer must know, Work'us, yer mother was a regular right-down bad 'un.”

“你知道，济贫院来的，”奥利弗的沉默鼓舞了诺亚，他继续说道，嘲讽的语气里带着装出来的同情，这是所有语气中最讨厌的，“你知道，济贫院来的，现在你帮不上忙了，当然那时你也帮不上，我很抱歉，我相信大家都很抱歉，也特别同情你。但是你得知道，济贫院来的，你妈妈是个彻彻底底的贱女人。”

"What did you say?" inquired Oliver, looking up very quickly.

“你说什么？”奥利弗飞快地抬起头来问道。

"A regular right-down bad 'un, Work'us," replied Noah, coolly. "And it's a great deal better, Work'us, that she died when she did, or else she'd have been hard labouring in Bridewell, or transported, or

hung; which is more likely than either, isn't it?”

“一个彻彻底底的贱女人，济贫院来的。”诺亚冷冷地回答，“而且那样真是好多了，济贫院来的，她死的真是时候，要不然她就得去感化院做苦工，或者被流放，再不然就得被绞死，这种结果比其他两个更有可能，是不是？”

Crimson with fury, Oliver started up; overthrew the chair and table; seized Noah by the throat; shook him, in the violence of his rage, till his teeth chattered in his head; and collecting his whole force into one heavy blow, felled him to the ground.

奥利弗气得脸变成了深红色，他猛地跳了起来，推翻桌椅，一把扼住诺亚的咽喉，拼了命地疯狂摇晃；奥利弗气得直咬牙，直把牙齿咬得咯嘣作响，这时他用尽全身力气给了诺亚重重一击，把他摔倒在地。

A minute ago, the boy had looked the quiet child, mild, dejected creature that harsh treatment had made him. But his spirit was roused at last; the cruel insult to his dead mother had set his blood on fire. His breast heaved; his attitude was erect; his eye bright and vivid; his whole person changed, as he stood glaring over the cowardly tormentor who now lay crouching at his feet; and defied him with an energy he had never known before.

一分钟前，这个男孩看起来还是个安静的孩子，是个因为饱受虐待而温和顺从、闷闷不乐的人。但终于，他的脾气被激发出来了，诺亚对他死去的母亲的残酷侮辱让他怒火中烧。他站得直直的，胸膛剧烈起伏，眼睛明亮有神，他站在那儿，愤怒地瞪着那个怯懦的施虐者，现在他蜷伏在他脚边；奥利弗整个人都变了，他以一种前所未有的力量挑战了诺亚。

"He'll murder me!" blubbered Noah. "Charlotte! missis! Here's the new boy a-murdering of me! Help! help! Oliver's gone mad! Char—lotte!”

“他会杀了我的！”诺亚号啕大哭，“夏洛特！夫人！新来的男孩儿要杀了我！救命！救命！奥利弗发疯啦！夏——洛特！”

Noah's shouts were responded to, by a loud scream from Charlotte, and a louder from Mrs. Sowerberry; the former of whom rushed into the kitchen by a side-door, while the latter paused on the staircase till she was quite certain that it was consistent with the preservation of human life, to come further down.

诺亚的叫声得到了回应，夏洛特尖叫了一声，而苏尔伯雷夫人叫得比她还响。前者从一扇侧门冲进了厨房，后者在楼梯上停下，直到她相当确信去厨房不会危及自己的性命，这才又往下走去。

"Oh, you little wretch!" screamed Charlotte: seizing Oliver with her utmost force, which was about equal to that of a moderately

strong man in particularly good training. "Oh, you little un-grate-ful, mur-de-rous, hor-rid villain!" And between every syllable, Charlotte gave Oliver a blow with all her might: accompanying it with a scream, for the benefit of society.

“噢，你这个小流氓！”夏洛特尖叫着，用最大的力气抓住奥利弗，那力气堪比一个受过特别训练的相当强壮的男人。“噢，你这个小没——良——心的，杀——人——犯，可——怕的恶棍！”每说一个音节，夏洛特就用尽全力揍奥利弗一下，并发出一声声尖叫，这都是为了在场人的利益。

Charlotte's fist was by no means a light one; but, lest it should not be effectual in calming Oliver's wrath, Mrs. Sowerberry plunged into the kitchen, and assisted to hold him with one hand, while she scratched his face with the other. In this favourable position of affairs, Noah rose from the ground, and pommelled him behind.

夏洛特的拳头绝对算不上轻，但是，惟恐它没法有效地平息奥利弗的怒火，苏尔伯雷夫人冲进厨房，一只手帮着抓住他，另一只手在他脸上乱抓一气。在这种有利形势下，诺亚从地上爬起来，从后面连续用拳头揍奥利弗。

This was rather too violent exercise to last long. When they were all wearied out, and could tear and beat no longer, they dragged Oliver, struggling and shouting, but nothing daunted, into the dust-cellar, and there locked him up. This being done, Mrs. Sowerberry sunk into a chair, and burst into tears.

这种暴力的运动没法持续太久。当他们都累得精疲力竭，没力气再厮打了，就把不断挣扎叫喊却毫不气馁的奥利弗拖进了放垃圾的地窖，锁了起来。干完这事，苏尔伯雷夫人瘫在椅子上，哭了起来。

"Bless her, she's going off!" said Charlotte. "A glass of water, Noah, dear. Make haste!"

“上帝保佑她，她又犯病了！”夏洛特说。“拿一杯水来，诺亚，亲爱的。要快！”

"Oh! Charlotte," said Mrs. Sowerberry: speaking as well as she could, through a deficiency of breath, and a sufficiency of cold water, which Noah had poured over her head and shoulders. "Oh! Charlotte, what a mercy we have not all been murdered in our beds!"

“噢！夏洛特。”苏尔伯雷夫人挣扎着说道，她喘不过气来，并且诺亚在她头上和肩上泼了些凉水，她觉得泼得有些多了。“噢！夏洛特，我们没有在睡梦中被杀死是多么幸运啊！”

"Ah! mercy indeed, ma'am," was the reply. "I only hope this'll teach master not to have any more of these dreadful creatures, that are born to be murderers and robbers from their very cradle. Poor

Noah! He was all but killed, ma'am, when I come in.”

“啊！确实很幸运，太太。”夏洛特回答道，“我只希望老板能接受教训，不要再招惹这些可怕的东西了，他们生来就是杀人犯和强盗，从在摇篮里起就是。可怜的诺亚！我进来的时候，他差点就被打死了，太太。”

"Poor fellow!" said Mrs. Sowerberry: looking piteously on the charity-boy.

“可怜的伙计！”苏尔伯雷夫人说着，同情地看着慈善学校学生。

Noah, whose top waistcoat-button might have been somewhere on a level with the crown of Oliver's head, rubbed his eyes with the inside of his wrists while this commiseration was bestowed upon him, and performed some affecting tears and sniffs.

诺亚背心的第一颗扣子可能已经和奥利弗的帽顶差不多在同一个高度，他受到这番怜悯同情，用手腕内侧擦了擦眼睛，抽泣着，流下了令人感动怜悯的泪水。

"What's to be done!" exclaimed Mrs. Sowerberry. "Your master's not at home; there's not a man in the house, and he'll kick that door down in ten minutes.” Oliver's vigorous plunges against the bit of timber in question, rendered this occurance highly probable.

“这要怎么办？”苏尔伯雷夫人惊叫。“你们主人不在家，这屋子里连个男人都没有，用不了十分钟，他就会把那扇门踢倒啦。”奥利弗正对他们谈论的那块木板大力拳打脚踢，使这件事发生的可能性大大提高。

"Dear, dear! I don't know, ma'am," said Charlotte, "unless we send for the police-officers.”

“天啊，天啊！我不知道，太太，”夏洛特说，“除非我们派人把警察请来。”

"Or the millingtary," suggested Mr. Claypole.

“或是叫军队来。”克雷波尔先生建议道。

"No, no," said Mrs. Sowerberry: bethinking herself of Oliver's old friend. "Run to Mr. Bumble, Noah, and tell him to come here directly, and not to lose a minute; never mind your cap! Make haste! You can hold a knife to that black eye, as you run along. It'll keep the swelling down.”

“不，不。”苏尔伯雷夫人说，她想起了奥利弗的老朋友。“快跑去邦布尔先生那儿，诺亚，告诉他马上到这里来，一分钟也别耽搁，别管你的帽子了！要快！你可以在跑的时候拿把小刀贴在那只青了的眼睛上。它会消肿的。”

Noah stopped to make no reply, but started off at his fullest

speed; and very much it astonished the people who were out walking, to see a charity-boy tearing through the streets pell-mell, with no cap on his head, and a clasp-knife at his eye.

诺亚没有回答，而是全速出发了，这让外面的路人非常吃惊，他们看见一个慈善学校的学生匆匆忙忙地飞快穿过街道，帽子都没戴，眼睛上还贴了一把折叠刀。

CHAPTER VII Oliver continues refractory

第七章 奥利弗继续抵抗

Noah Claypole ran along the streets at his swiftest pace, and paused not once for breath, until he reached the workhouse-gate. Having rested here, for a minute or so, to collect a good burst of sobs and an imposing show of tears and terror, he knocked loudly at the wicket; and presented such a rueful face to the aged pauper who opened it, that even he, who saw nothing but rueful faces about him at the best of times, started back in astonishment.

诺亚·克雷波尔用最快的速度沿着街跑，都没有停下来喘口气，一直跑到了济贫院大门口。他在这里休息了大概一分钟，准备好了一场精彩的哭诉以及一脸让人印象深刻的泪水和恐惧，然后大声敲响了大门上的小门。他对开门的老贫民露出一张悲伤可怜的脸，这位老人在情况最好的时候，也只能看到一张张悲苦的面容，但即便是他，这时也被这张苦脸惊得往后退去。

"Why, what's the matter with the boy!" said the old pauper. "Mr. Bumble! "Mr. Bumble!" cried Noah, with well-affected dismay: and in tones so loud and agitated, that they not only caught the ear of Mr. Bumble himself, who happened to be hard by, but alarmed him so much that he rushed into the yard without his cocked hat,—which is a very curious and remarkable circumstance: as showing that even a beadle, acted upon a sudden and powerful impulse, may be afflicted with a momentary visitation of loss of self-possession, and forgetfulness of personal dignity. "Oh, Mr. Bumble, sir!" said Noah: "Oliver, sir,—Oliver has—" "What? What?" interposed Mr. Bumble: with a gleam of pleasure in his metallic eyes. "Not run away; he hasn't run away, has he, Noah?" "No, sir, no. Not run away, sir, but he's turned wicious," replied Noah. "He tried to murder me, sir; and then he tried to murder Charlotte; and then missis. Oh! what dreadful pain it is! Such agony, please, sir!" And here, Noah writhed and twisted his body into an extensive variety of eel-like positions; thereby giving Mr. Bumble to understand that, from the violent and sanguinary onset of Oliver Twist, he had sustained severe internal injury and damage, from which he was at that moment suffering the acutest torture. When Noah saw that the intelligence he communicated perfectly paralysed Mr. Bumble, he imparted additional effect thereunto, by bewailing his dreadful wounds ten times louder than before; and when he observed a gentleman in a white waistcoat crossing the yard, he was more tragic in his lamentations than ever: rightly conceiving it highly expedient to attract the notice, and rouse the indignation, of the

gentleman aforesaid.

“哎呀，这孩子怎么了？”老贫民说道。“邦布尔先生！邦布尔先生！”诺亚带着一脸极逼真的佯装出的惊恐沮丧喊道，他的声音响亮而富有煽动性，不仅钻进了恰巧就在近旁的邦布尔先生的耳朵，而且吓了他一跳，马上冲进了院子，连三角帽都没戴——这是个稀奇而引人主意的情形，这表明即使是一位教区执事，在突然而强有力的刺激下，也可能因为突然的造访而情绪失控，忘掉个人的庄重，并为之苦恼。“噢，邦布尔先生，先生！”诺亚说，“奥利弗，先生——奥利弗他——”“什么？什么？”邦布尔先生插嘴道，他金属般的眼睛里闪烁着一丝欢乐的光芒。“没逃跑吧，他没逃跑，是吧，诺亚？”“不，先生，没有。他没逃跑，先生，但他疯了。”诺亚回答，“他想要杀了我，先生，然后他又要杀夏洛特，接着是夫人。噢！那是多么可怕的痛苦啊！这有多痛，看看吧，先生！”说到这儿，诺亚弯曲扭动着，摆出各种各样像鳗鱼的姿势，从而让邦布尔先生明白奥利弗·特威斯特暴力血腥的攻击让他受了严重的内部损伤和毁坏，这使他此刻饱受最严重的折磨。诺亚看到他传达的情报完全镇住了邦布尔先生，于是用比刚才大十倍的嗓门哀叹自己可怕的伤痛，以此增加额外的效果。当他看见一位穿白背心的绅士穿过院子时，他哀号得比之前都要悲惨，因为他正确地设想到那样做对于吸引这位绅士的注意是非常有用的，并能激起这位绅士的义愤。

The gentleman's notice was very soon attracted; for he had not walked three paces, when he turned angrily round, and inquired what that young cur was howling for, and why Mr. Bumble did not favour him with something which would render the series of vocular exclamations so designated, an involuntary process? "It's s a poor boy from the free-school, sir," replied Mr. Bumble, "who has been nearly murdered—all but murdered, sir,—by young Twist.” "By Jove!" exclaimed the gentleman in the white waistcoat, stopping short. "I knew it! I felt a strange presentiment from the very first, that that audacious young savage would come to be hung!" "He has likewise attempted, sir, to murder the female servant," said Mr. Bumble, with a face of ashy paleness.

这位绅士的注意力马上就被吸引了，因为他还没走出三步，就生气地转过头来，质问这个小杂种在嚎叫什么，以及邦布尔先生为什么不给他点颜色，让这一串做作的叫喊变成不由自主的嚎哭？“是个免费学校的可怜孩子，先生，”邦布尔先生回答，“他差点被杀了——只差一点，先生——被小特威斯特杀了。”“天啊！”穿白背心的绅士突然停下，惊叫道，“我就知道！我从一开始就有一种奇怪的预感，那个胆大包天的小野人终会被绞死的！”“他还试图，先生，要去杀死女佣人。”邦布尔先生说着，面色灰白。

"And his missis," interposed Mr. Claypole.

“还有他的女主人。”克雷波尔先生插嘴道。

"And his master, too, I think you said, Noah?" added Mr. Bumble.

“还有他的主人也是，我想你刚才说过，诺亚？”邦布尔先生补充道。

"No! He's out, or he would have murdered him," replied Noah. "He said he wanted to."

“不！他不在，不然奥利弗已经把他杀了。”诺亚回答，“他说他想这么干。”

"Ah! Said he wanted to, did he, my boy?" inquired the gentlemen in the white waistcoat.

“啊！他说他想，是吗，我的孩子？”穿白背心的绅士问道。

"Yes, sir," replied Noah. "And please, sir, missis wants to know whether Mr. Bumble can spare time to step up there, directly, and flog him—’cause master's out.”

“是的，先生。”诺亚回答。“拜托，先生，夫人想知道邦布尔先生是否有时间立刻过去一趟，抽他一顿——因为老板出去了。”

"Certainly, my boy; certainly," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat: smiling benignly, and patting Noah's head, which was about three inches higher than his own. "You're a good boy—a very good boy. Here's a penny for you. Bumble, just step up to Sowerberry's with your cane, and see what's best to be done. Don't spare him, Bumble.”

“当然，我的孩子，当然了。”穿白背心的绅士亲切地微笑着说，并且拍拍诺亚的脑袋，尽管那比他自己的还高出三英尺。“你是个好孩子——非常好的孩子。这个便士给你。邦布尔，带上你的手杖马上去苏尔伯雷夫人那里，看看怎么做才好。别饶了他，邦布尔。”

"No, I will not, sir," replied the beadle. And the cocked hat and cane having been, by this time, adjusted to their owner's satisfaction, Mr. Bumble and Noah Claypole betook themselves with all speed to the undertaker's shop.

“不，我不会的，先生。”教区执事回答。这时候，邦布尔先生已经把三角帽和手杖整理得让自己非常满意了，他和诺亚·克雷波尔这才一起全速奔赴殡葬承办人的铺子。

Here the position of affairs had not at all improved. Sowerberry had not yet returned, and Oliver continued to kick, with undiminished vigour, at the cellar-door. The accounts of his ferocity as related by Mrs. Sowerberry and Charlotte, were of so startling a nature, that Mr. Bumble judged it prudent to parley, before opening the door. With this view he gave a kick at the outside, by way of prelude; and, then, applying his mouth to the keyhole, said, in a deep and impressive tone: "Oliver!"

这边的情势还是完全没有改善。苏尔伯雷还没有回来，而奥利弗还在踢着地窖的门，精力丝毫不减。苏尔伯雷夫人和夏洛特将他的残暴描述成了一种极其惊人的天性，因此邦布尔先生认为出于谨慎，在开门前应该进行和谈。抱着这种想法，他从外面踢了一下门作为开场白，然后把嘴巴凑近钥匙孔，用一种低沉而令人印象深刻的语气说："奥利弗！"

"Come; you let me out!" replied Oliver, from the inside.

"喂，你们放我出去！"奥利弗从里面答道。

"Do you know this here voice, Oliver?" said Mr. Bumble.

"你知道这个声音是谁吗，奥利弗？"邦布尔先生说。

"Yes," replied Oliver.

"是的。"奥利弗回答。

"Ain't you afraid of it, sir? Ain't you a-trembling while I speak, sir?" said Mr. Bumble.

"你听到它不害怕吗，先生？我说话的时候你没有浑身一颤吗，先生？"邦布尔先生说。

"No!" replied Oliver, boldly.

"不！"奥利弗勇敢地回答道。

An answer so different from the one he had expected to elicit, and was in the habit of receiving, staggered Mr. Bumble not a little. He stepped back from the keyhole; drew himself up to his full height; and looked from one to another of the three bystanders, in mute astonishment.

这和他想要引出的，以及习惯收到的答案太不一样了，邦布尔先生大吃一惊。他从钥匙孔那里往后退去，完全挺直了身体，挨个看了看三位旁观者的脸，惊愕得说不出话来。

"Oh, you know, Mr. Bumble, he must be mad," said Mrs. Sowerberry.

"噢，你知道，邦布尔先生，他肯定是疯了。"苏尔伯雷夫人说。

"No boy in half his senses could venture to speak so to you."

"就算只有他一半的见识，也没有哪个孩子敢这样和您说话。"

"It's s not Madness, ma'am," replied Mr. Bumble, after a few moments of deep meditation. "It's s Meat."

"那不是发疯，太太。"邦布尔先生深深沉思了一会儿后回答，"是肉。"

"What?" exclaimed Mrs. Sowerberry.

"什么？"苏尔伯雷夫人惊叫道。

"Meat, ma'am, meat," replied Bumble, with stern emphasis. "You've over-fed him, ma'am. You've raised a artificial soul and spirit in him, ma'am, unbecoming a person of his condition: as the board, Mrs. Sowerberry, who are practical philosophers, will tell you. What have paupers to do with soul or spirit? It's quite enough that we let 'em have live bodies. If you had kept the boy on gruel, ma'am, this would never have happened.”

“肉，太太，是肉。”邦布尔先生严肃地强调，“你们给他喂得太多了，太太。你们在他身上培养出了一种虚假的灵魂和精神，太太，这不适合他的身份地位，苏尔伯雷夫人，委员们都是很现实的哲学家，他们会告诉你的。贫民们要灵魂和精神干什么？我们让他们的肉体活着已经足够了。如果你一直用稀粥来喂这个孩子，太太，这件事就绝对不会发生。”

"Dear, dear!" ejaculated Mrs. Sowerberry, piously raising her eyes to the kitchen ceiling: "this comes of being liberal!"

“天啊，天啊！”苏尔伯雷夫人突然叫道，一边虔诚地抬眼看着厨房的天花板，“一时慷慨导致了这种事情发生！”

The liberality of Mrs. Sowerberry to Oliver, had consisted of a profuse bestowal upon him of all the dirty odds and ends which nobody else would eat; so there was a great deal of meekness and self-devotion in her voluntarily remaining under Mr. Bumble's heavy accusation. Of which, to do her justice, she was wholly innocent, in thought, word, or deed.

苏尔伯雷夫人对奥利弗的慷慨，就是赠予他别人都不会吃的丰盛的残羹冷炙，所以在邦布尔先生的严厉谴责下，她不由自主地显出一种非常温顺卑躬、自我奉献的样子来。公正地为她说一句，她的这种做法在思想、言辞或行为上都完全是清白的。

"Ah!" said Mr. Bumble, when the lady brought her eyes down to earth again; "the only thing that can be done now, that I know of, is to leave him in the cellar for a day or so, till he's a little starved down; and then to take him out, and keep him on gruel all through the apprenticeship. He comes of a bad family. Excitable natures, Mrs. Sowerberry! Both the nurse and doctor said, that that mother of his made her way here, against difficulties and pain that would have killed any well-disposed woman, weeks before.”

“啊！”邦布尔先生看到那位女士又垂下眼睛看向地面，说道，“现在唯一能做的事情，就我所知，是让他在这个地窖里呆上个一两天，直到他被饿得有些撑不住了再放他出来，并且在他的整个学徒期都只喂他吃稀粥。他出身卑贱。他还天生容易激动，苏尔伯雷夫人！护士和医生都说，他母亲历尽艰难困苦才来到这里，要是个好女人，肯定几个星期前就死掉了。”

At this point of Mr. Bumble's discourse, Oliver, just hearing enough to know that some allusion was being made to his mother, recommenced kicking, with a violence that rendered every other sound inaudible. Sowerberry returned at this juncture. Oliver's offence having been explained to him, with such exaggerations as the ladies thought best calculated to rouse his ire, he unlocked the cellar-door in a twinkling, and dragged his rebellious apprentice out, by the collar.

邦布尔先生讲到这儿，奥利弗已经听明白了，他妈妈又受到了同样的暗讽，他又开始踢起门来，踢得那么用力，其他所有人的声音都听不见了。苏尔伯雷在这当口儿回来了。为了能最大限度地引起他的愤怒，女人们非常夸张地解释了奥利弗的罪过。他瞬间打开地窖的门锁，揪住这个反叛学徒的领子，把他拖了出来，

Oliver's clothes had been torn in the beating he had received; his face was bruised and scratched; and his hair scattered over his forehead. The angry flush had not disappeared, however; and when he was pulled out of his prison, he scowled boldly on Noah, and looked quite undismayed.

奥利弗的衣服在挨打的时候已经破了，脸上满是瘀伤和抓痕，头发散落在前额上。然而，他脸上因愤怒而产生的红晕尚未退去，他刚被从牢里拉出来，就放肆地怒视着诺亚，看起来毫不气馁。

"Now, you are a nice young fellow, ain't you?" said Sowerberry; giving Oliver a shake, and a box on the ear.

“那么，你是个好小伙子，是不是啊？”苏尔伯雷说着，晃了奥利弗一下，打了他一个耳光。

"He called my mother names," replied Oliver.

“他骂我母亲。”奥利弗回答道。

"Well, and what if he did, you little ungrateful wretch?" said Mrs. Sowerberry. "She deserved what he said, and worse."

“好吧，就算他骂了又怎么样，你这个忘恩负义的小坏蛋？”苏尔伯雷夫人说，“她活该被骂，还应该被骂得更狠点儿。”

"She didn't!" said Oliver.

“她不是那样的。”奥利弗说。

"She did," said Mrs. Sowerberry.

“她就是。”苏尔伯雷夫人说道。

"It's a lie!" said Oliver.

“这是骗人的！”奥利弗说。

Mrs. Sowerberry burst into a flood of tears.

苏尔伯雷夫人大哭起来，泪水汹涌而下。

This flood of tears left Mr. Sowerberry no alternative. If he had hesitated for one instant to punish Oliver most severely, it must be quite clear to every experienced reader that he would have been, according to all precedents in disputes of matrimony established, a brute, an unnatural husband, an insulting creature, a base imitation of a man, and various other agreeable characters too numerous for recital within the limits of this chapter. To do him justice, he was, as far as his power went—it was not very extensive—kindly disposed towards the boy; perhaps, because it was his interest to be so; perhaps, because his wife disliked him. The flood of tears, however, left him no resource; so he at once gave him a drubbing, which satisfied even Mrs. Sowerberry herself, and rendered Mr. Bumble's subsequent application of the parochial cane, rather unnecessary. For the rest of the day, he was shut up in the back kitchen, in company with a pump and a slice of bread; and at night, Mrs. Sowerberry, after making various remarks outside the door, by no means complimentary to the memory of his mother, looked into the room, and, amidst the jeers and pointings of Noah and Charlotte, ordered him upstairs to his dismal bed.

这阵汹涌的泪水让苏尔伯雷先生别无选择。如果他在对奥利弗进行最严厉的惩罚这件事上有哪怕只是一瞬间的迟疑，所有有经验的读者都清楚，依据所有婚姻中已有的争端先例，他会被看作是一头畜生，一个不近人情的丈夫，一个粗野无礼的人，一个男子汉的卑劣复制品，还有其他各种各样合适的名号，实在太多，受本章篇幅的限制在此不能详述。公正地说，苏尔伯雷，在他自己的权利范围之内——它并不很大——对这孩子相当有好感，可能是他兴趣使然，也可能是因为他的妻子不喜欢奥利弗。然而，这阵汹涌的泪水让他别无他法，所以他只得立刻把奥利弗痛打了一顿，这甚至令苏尔伯雷夫人本人都非常满意，并且这之后邦布尔先生也没什么必要使用他的教区手杖了。这一天接下来的时间里，奥利弗被关在后厨，与一个水泵和一片面包相伴。到了晚上，苏尔伯雷夫人先在门外东拉西扯地说了一番，那些绝不是纪念他母亲的恭维话，然后在诺亚和夏洛特的嘲笑和指指点点中看向屋里，命令他上楼到他阴暗凄凉的床铺那儿去。

It was not until he was left alone in the silence and stillness of the gloomy workshop of the undertaker, that Oliver gave way to the feelings which the day's treatment may be supposed likely to have awakened in a mere child. He had listened to their taunts with a look of contempt; he had borne the lash without a cry: for he felt that pride swelling in his heart which would have kept down a shriek to the last, though they had roasted him alive. But now, when there were none to see or hear him, he fell upon his knees on the floor; and, hiding his face in his hands, wept such tears as, God send for the credit of our nature, few so young may ever have cause to pour out before him!

直到他独自处在殡葬承办人昏暗的工作间里，周围一片寂静无声的时候，奥利弗才释放出这一天的遭遇可能在他心中唤起的感情，他还只不过是个孩子。他一脸鄙夷地听着他们的嘲笑，他一声不吭地承受着鞭打，因为他感到心中升起一种自尊，这种自尊会让他坚持到最后一口气，哪怕他们把他活活烤死。但是现在，没有人看得见或听得到，他跪倒在地，把脸埋在手里，流下了眼泪，上帝赋予我们这种天性，却很少有人这么小就在上帝面前倾泻出泪水！

For a long time, Oliver remained motionless in this attitude. The candle was burning low in the socket when he rose to his feet. Having gazed cautiously round him, and listened intently, he gently undid the fastenings of the door, and looked abroad.

很长一段时间，奥利弗都保持着这种固定的姿势。蜡烛已经越来越短，要燃到烛台了，这时他站了起来。他谨慎地扫视四周，专注地听了听，轻轻地打开门闩，往外望去。

It was a cold, dark night. The stars seemed, to the boy's eyes, farther from the earth than he had ever seen them before; there was no wind; and the sombre shadows thrown by the trees upon the ground, looked sepulchral and death-like, from being so still. He softly reclosed the door. Having availed himself of the expiring light of the candle to tie up in a handkerchief the few articles of wearing apparel he had, sat himself down upon a bench, to wait for morning.

这个夜晚又寒冷又黑暗。星星们在这个孩子眼里，似乎比他以前看到的离大地更远，没有风，树在地上投下昏暗的影子，因为太寂静，看起来像坟墓似的死气沉沉。他轻轻关上了门。他借着快要熄灭的烛光，用一块手帕把他为数不多的几件破衣烂衫扎了起来，然后在一张凳子上坐下，等待着黎明。

With the first ray of light that struggled through the crevices in the shutters, Oliver arose, and again unbarred the door. One timid look around—one moment's pause of hesitation—he had closed it behind him, and was in the open street.

当第一缕晨光钻过百叶窗缝隙的时候，奥利弗站了起来，又一次拔去门闩。他胆怯地四下望了望——有一瞬间的迟疑——他将身后的门关了起来，来到了大街上。

He looked to the right and to the left, uncertain whither to fly.

他看看右边又看看左边，不确定要逃向哪里。

He remembered to have seen the waggons, as they went out, toiling up the hill. He took the same route; and arriving at a footpath across the fields: which he knew, after some distance, led out again into the road; struck into it, and walked quickly on.

他记得曾看到过运货的马车出门，然后吃力地爬上小山。他走了同

一条路线，来到一条横穿田野的小径，他知道再走过一段距离后，它会重新通向大路，他拐进这条小径，快步走了起来。

Along this same footpath, Oliver well-remembered he had trotted beside Mr. Bumble, when he first carried him to the workhouse from the farm. His way lay directly in front of the cottage. His heart beat quickly when he bethought himself of this; and he half resolved to turn back. He had come a long way though, and should lose a great deal of time by doing so. Besides, it was so early that there was very little fear of his being seen; so he walked on.

奥利弗清楚地记得他曾经沿着这同一条小径，跟着邦布尔先生一路小跑，那时邦布尔先生第一次把他从寄养所带往济贫院。这条路直直通往寄养所。一想起这个，他的心就跳得很快，差点就决定往回走了。他已经走了很远了，如果那么做会耽搁很多时间。另外，天色尚早，几乎不用担心被看见，所以他继续走起来。

He reached the house. There was no appearance of its inmates stirring at that early hour. Oliver stopped, and peeped into the garden. A child was weeding one of the little beds; as he stopped, he raised his pale face and disclosed the features of one of his former companions. Oliver felt glad to see him, before he went; for, though younger than himself, he had been his little friend and playmate. They had been beaten, and starved, and shut up together, many and many a time.

他到达了寄养所。一大早，还没有被收容者忙碌活跃的迹象。奥利弗停下来，往花园里窥视。一个孩子正在给一个小苗圃除草，当他停下来时，他抬起了苍白的脸，奥利弗便看见了一张过去同伴的面容。奥利弗很高兴在走之前看到他，因为，尽管那孩子比他小一些，却曾经是他的小朋友和玩伴。他们曾经无数次地一起挨打、挨饿以及被关起来。

"Hush, Dick!" said Oliver, as the boy ran to the gate, and thrust his thin arm between the rails to greet him. "Is any one up?"

“嘘，迪克！”奥利弗说道，那孩子跑向大门，把细瘦的胳膊从栏杆间挤出来跟他打招呼。“有谁起床了吗？”

"Nobody but me," replied the child.

“只有我。”孩子回答。

"You musn't say you saw me, Dick," said Oliver. "I am running away. They beat and ill-use me, Dick; and I am going to seek my fortune, some long way off. I don't know where. How pale you are!”

“你不可以说你见过我，迪克。”奥利弗说，“我正在逃跑。他们打我，虐待我，迪克，我要去找出路，到很远的地方去。我也不知道去哪里。你可太苍白了！”

"I heard the doctor tell them I was dying," replied the child with a faint smile. "I am very glad to see you, dear; but don't stop, don't

stop!”

“我听医生跟他们说我要死了。”孩子回答道，无力地微笑了一下，“我真高兴能看见你，亲爱的，但是不要停下，别停！”

"Yes, yes, I will, to say good-b'ye to you," replied Oliver. "I shall see you again, Dick. I know I shall! You will be well and happy!"

“是的，是的，我会的，我只是跟你道别一下。”奥利弗回答，“我还会再见到你的，迪克。我知道我会的！你会健康又快乐的！”

"I hope so," replied the child. "After I am dead, but not before. I know the doctor must be right, Oliver, because I dream so much of Heaven, and Angels, and kind faces that I never see when I am awake. Kiss me," said the child, climbing up the low gate, and flinging his little arms round Oliver's neck. "Good-b'ye, dear! God bless you!”

“希望如此。”孩子回答道，“但那是在我死了之后，而不是之前。我知道医生肯定是对的，奥利弗，因为我总梦见天堂和天使们，还有一些我醒着的时候从没见过的和善面孔。亲亲我吧。”孩子说着，爬上矮门，用他的小胳膊一把圈住奥利弗的脖子。“再——见，亲爱的！上帝保佑你！”

The blessing was from a young child's lips, but it was the first that Oliver had ever heard invoked upon his head; and through the struggles and sufferings, and troubles and changes, of his after life, he never once forgot it.

这祝福出自一个年幼的孩子之口，在奥利弗的脑海中，却是他听到的第一份给他的祝福。他之后的人生充满了挣扎和痛苦、麻烦和变数，他却一次也不曾忘记过它。

CHAPTER VIII Oliver walks to London. He encounters on the road a strange sort of young gentleman

第八章 奥利弗步行去伦敦。他在路上遇到一位相当奇怪的小绅士

Oliver reached the stile at which the by-path terminated; and once more gained the high-road. It was eight o'clock now. Though he was nearly five miles away from the town, he ran, and hid behind the hedges, by turns, till noon: fearing that he might be pursued and overtaken. Then he sat down to rest by the side of the milestone, and began to think, for the first time, where he had better go and try to live. The stone by which he was seated, bore, in large characters, an intimation that it was just seventy miles from that spot to London. The name awakened a new train of ideas in the boy's mind. London!—that great place!—nobody—not even Mr. Bumble—could ever find him there! He had often heard the old men in the workhouse, too, say that no lad of spirit need want in London; and that there were ways of living in that vast city, which those who had been bred up in country parts had no idea of. It was the very place for a homeless boy, who must die in the streets unless some one helped him. As these things passed through his thoughts, he jumped upon his feet, and again walked forward. He had diminished the distance between himself and London by full four miles more, before he recollected how much he must undergo ere he could hope to reach his place of destination. As this consideration forced itself upon him, he slackened his pace a little, and meditated upon his means of getting there. He had a crust of bread, a coarse shirt, and two pairs of stockings, in his bundle. He had a penny too—a gift of Sowerberry's after some funeral in which he had acquitted himself more than ordinarily well—in his pocket. "A clean shirt," thought Oliver, "is a very comfortable thing; and so are two pairs of darned stockings; and so is a penny; but they are small helps to a sixty-five miles'walk in winter time.” But Oliver's thoughts, like those of most other people, although they were extremely ready and active to point out his difficulties, were wholly at a loss to suggest any feasible mode of surmounting them; so, after a good deal of thinking to no particular purpose, he changed his little bundle over to the other shoulder, and trudged on.

奥利弗来到小径尽头专供人跨越栅栏的台阶，又一次到了主路上。这时候是八点钟了。尽管他已经离开小镇五英里地了，他还是一会儿跑几步，一会儿又躲在篱笆后面，如此交替着直到中午，生怕被人追上捉

住。他在路边的里程碑旁坐下，头一次开始思考，他去哪里谋生比较好。他旁边那块石碑上的大字标明，这个地方距伦敦只有七十英里。这个名字在奥利弗心中唤起了一系列新想法。伦敦！——伟大的地方——没有人——即使是邦布尔先生——能在那里找到他！他还曾经多次听到济贫院的老人说，有志气的小伙子在伦敦不会缺少衣食，在那座大城市有很多种谋生的办法，那是在乡下长大的人想象不到的。对于一个无家可归、倘若没有人帮忙就肯定会死在街上的男孩来说，那是个非常合适的地方。这些想法在他脑海中闪过，他立刻从地上跳了起来，再一次向前走去。他与伦敦之间的距离已经减少了整整四英里了，然后他想起在到达目的地之前还要忍受多久这个问题。这种顾虑一降临到他头上，他就稍稍放慢了脚步，思考起去那里的办法。他的包裹里有一片硬面包，一件粗布衬衣和两双长袜。他口袋里还有一个便士——那是苏尔伯雷在某场葬礼过后因为他表现得比平时优异而赏给他的。“一件干净的衬衣，”奥利弗想，“穿着非常舒服，两双打了补丁的长袜也是，一个便士也很好，但是它们对于在冬天赶六十五英里的路程就帮不上太大忙了。”但是奥利弗的想法和其他大多数人一样，尽管他们非常愿意指出他面临的困难，并且相当积极，但是说到克服这些困难的实际可行的方式时，他们就不知所措了。所以，在进行了一番没有任何特别效果的思索后，奥利弗把小包裹从一个肩膀挪到另一个上，继续步履艰难地前进。

Oliver walked twenty miles that day; and all that time tasted nothing but the crust of dry bread, and a few draughts of water, which he begged at the cottage-doors by the road-side. When the night came, he turned into a meadow; and, creeping close under a hay-rick, determined to lie there, till morning. He felt frightened at first, for the wind moaned dismally over the empty fields: and he was cold and hungry, and more alone than he had ever felt before. Being very tired with his walk, however, he soon fell asleep and forgot his troubles. He felt cold and stiff, when he got up next morning, and so hungry that he was obliged to exchange the penny for a small loaf, in the very first village through which he passed. He had walked no more than twelve miles, when night closed in again. His feet were sore, and his legs so weak that they trembled beneath him. Another night passed in the bleak damp air, made him worse; when he set forward on his journey next morning he could hardly crawl along. He waited at the bottom of a steep hill till a stage-coach came up, and then begged of the outside passengers; but there were very few who took any notice of him: and even those told him to wait till they got to the top of the hill, and then let them see how far he could run for a halfpenny. Poor Oliver tried to keep up with the coach a little way, but was unable to do it, by reason of his fatigue and sore feet. When the outsides saw this, they put their halfpence back into their pockets again, declaring that he was an idle young dog, and didn't deserve anything; and the coach rattled away and left only a cloud of dust behind. In some villages, large painted boards were fixed up: warning all persons who begged within the

district, that they would be sent to jail. This frightened Oliver very much, and made him glad to get out of those villages with all possible expedition. In others, he would stand about the inn-yards, and look mournfully at every one who passed: a proceeding which generally terminated in the landlady's ordering one of the post-boys who were lounging about, to drive that strange boy out of the place, for she was sure he had come to steal something. If he begged at a farmer's house, ten to one but they threatened to set the dog on him; and when he showed his nose in a shop, they talked about the beadle—which brought Oliver's heart into his mouth,—very often the only thing he had there, for many hours together. In fact, if it had not been for a good-hearted turnpike-man, and a benevolent old lady, Oliver's troubles would have been shortened by the very same process which had put an end to his mother's; in other words, he would most assuredly have fallen dead upon the king's highway. But the turnpike-man gave him a meal of bread and cheese; and the old lady, who had a shipwrecked grandson wandering barefoot in some distant part of the earth, took pity upon the poor orphan, and gave him what little she could afford—and more—with such kind and gentle words, and such tears of sympathy and compassion, that they sank deeper into Oliver's soul, than all the sufferings he had ever undergone.

奥利弗当天走了二十里，一整天就只吃了那片硬面包，喝了几口水，那水还是他在路边农舍门口讨来的。夜晚到来时，他走进一片草场，蹑手蹑脚地爬到一个干草堆下面，决定在那儿躺到天亮。一开始他感到害怕，因为夜风在空旷的田地上凄凉凄厉地呻吟呜咽，而他又冷又饿，并且感到比以往任何时候都要孤独。但是他走得太累了，很快就进入梦乡，忘记了烦恼。第二天早上起来的时候，他觉得自己被冻僵了。他太饿了，只好在他经过的第一个村子用一个便士换了一小块面包。夜幕再次降临时，他走了还不到十二英里。他双脚痛得厉害，两腿虚弱得直打颤。他在寒冷潮湿的野外又度过了一个夜晚，状况变得更糟了，第二天早上当他启程继续旅行的时候，几乎要爬着走了。他在一座陡峭的小山下等候，直到一辆驿站马车出现，他向呆在车厢外面的乘客乞讨，却没什么人理会他。有几个乘客让他等到他们爬上小山顶再说，让他们看看他能为了半个便士跑多远。可怜的奥利弗想试着跟上马车跑一小段，但是疲劳和酸痛的双脚却让他无法做到。那几个坐在外面的乘客看到这情景，就再一次把半个便士放回了口袋，宣布奥利弗是只懒惰的小狗，不配得到任何东西，之后马车飞奔而去，只在车后留下一片烟尘。一些村庄里挂着刷了油漆的大木板，警告所有在那片区域乞讨的人，他们将会被关进监狱。这让奥利弗非常害怕，他想用最快的速度离开那些村庄。在另一些村子，他会站在旅店庭院附近，表情悲伤地看着过往的每一个人；他就这么站着、看着，直到旅店的老板娘找了一个在附近闲逛的邮差，把这个奇怪的男孩赶跑，她确信这孩子是来偷东西的。如果他在某户农家乞讨，十有八九他们会威胁说要放狗咬他，当他刚在一家铺子探了个头的时候，就听到人们在谈论教区执事——这让奥利弗的心

提到了嗓子眼里——这往往是数个小时以来唯一进到他嘴里的东西。事实上，要不是一个好心的公路收费员和一位乐善好施的老奶奶，奥利弗的苦难就会提早结束了，结束的过程和他母亲的一样，换句话说，他肯定已经死在大道上了。然而那位收费员请他吃了一顿便饭，有面包和奶酪；而那位老奶奶有个孙子遭遇了海难，赤脚流落在世上某个遥远的地方，所以很同情这可怜的孤儿，她把能给他的那点东西都给他了——不仅如此——她还对奥利弗说了很多亲切温柔的话，为他流下了怜悯和同情的泪水，这些深深沉入奥利弗灵魂深处，胜过了他经历过的所有痛苦。

Early on the seventh morning after he had left his native place, Oliver limped slowly into the little town of Barnet. The window-shutters were closed; the street was empty; not a soul had awakened to the business of the day. The sun was rising in all its splendid beauty; but the light only served to show the boy his own lonesomeness and desolation, as he sat, with bleeding feet and covered with dust, upon a door-step. By degrees, the shutters were opened; the window-blinds were drawn up; and people began passing to and fro. Some few stopped to gaze at Oliver for a moment or two, or turned round to stare at him as they hurried by; but none relieved him, or troubled themselves to inquire how he came there. He had no heart to beg. And there he sat.

在离开故乡第七天的一大早，奥利弗慢吞吞地跛着脚走进了小镇巴尼特。百叶窗都关着，街上空无一人，还没有一个人醒来做当天的事。初升的太阳放射出无尽灿烂美丽的光辉，但这霞光却只能让这个孩子看到自己有多么孤独和凄凉，他在一处门阶上坐下来，双脚流着血，满身尘土。百叶窗渐渐地打开了，窗帘也拉了上去，人们开始来来回回地经过。少数几个人停下来看了奥利弗一两下，或是匆忙走过时回过头来盯着他看，但是没有一个人救济他，或是费功夫询问他是怎么来到这儿的。他没有勇气乞讨。就坐在那里。

He had been crouching on the step for some time: wondering at the great number of public-houses (every other house in Barnet was a tavern, large or small), gazing listlessly at the coaches as they passed through, and thinking how strange it seemed that they could do, with ease, in a few hours, what it had taken him a whole week of courage and determination beyond his years to accomplish: when he was roused by observing that a boy, who had passed him carelessly some minutes before, had returned, and was now surveying him most earnestly from the opposite side of the way. He took little heed of this at first; but the boy remained in the same attitude of close observation so long, that Oliver raised his head, and returned his steady look. Upon this, the boy crossed over; and walking close up to Oliver, said, "Hullo, my covey! What's the row?”

他在台阶上蜷缩了一段时间，对有那么多酒店感到惊讶（巴尼特每

隔一间房子就有一个或大或小的酒馆），他无精打采地看着一辆辆经过的马车，想着这真是奇怪，它们能够轻松地在几小时之内走完一段路途，而那是他带着超越自己年龄的勇气和决心花了一整个星期才完成的。就在那时，他猛地一惊，发现一个十分钟前不经意从他身旁走过的男孩，走了回来，现在正从路对面无比认真地审视着他。他起初没怎么注意这事，但是那个男孩保持着同样的姿势，仔细观察了很长时间，奥利弗抬起头来，镇定地看回去。那男孩见此，就穿过马路，走到奥利弗身旁，说道："你好，伙计！怎么回事？"

The boy who addressed this inquiry to the young wayfarer, was about his own age: but one of the queerest looking boys that Oliver had even seen. He was a snub-nosed, flat-browed, common-faced boy enough; and as dirty a juvenile as one would wish to see; but he had about him all the airs and manners of a man. He was short of his age: with rather bow-legs, and little, sharp, ugly eyes. His hat was stuck on the top of his head so lightly, that it threatened to fall off every moment—and would have done so, very often, if the wearer had not had a knack of every now and then giving his head a sudden twitch, which brought it back to its old place again. He wore a man's coat, which reached nearly to his heels. He had turned the cuffs back, half-way up his arm, to get his hands out of the sleeves: apparently with the ultimate view of thrusting them into the pockets of his corduroy trousers; for there he kept them. He was, altogether, as roystering and swaggering a young gentleman as ever stood four feet six, or something less, in the bluchers.

向年幼的徒步旅行者发问的这个男孩和奥利弗差不多大，但却是奥利弗见过的长相最怪异的男孩。他长着一个塌鼻子，额头扁平，面相相当普通，在你能见到的少年里是最脏兮兮的了，但是他浑身上下却是一副成年人的气质和派头。他的个子在他这个年龄有点矮，他长着一副罗圈腿和一双敏锐却难看的小眼睛。他的帽子松松地戴在头上，随时都有掉下来的可能——要不是戴帽子的人有个窍门，即时不时地突然把头一摆，让帽子再次回到原位，它早就掉下来好多次了。他穿着一件大人的外套，差不多拖到了脚后跟。他把袖子往胳膊上挽了一半，才把手从袖口伸出来，最终目的显然是要把它们插进自己灯芯绒裤子的裤兜里，他也确实这么做了。他完全是个装模作样、大摇大摆的小绅士，穿着半筒皮靴，身高四英尺六英寸，或者还要再矮一点。

"Hullo, my covey! What's the row?" said this strange young gentleman to Oliver.

"你好，伙计！怎么回事？"这位古怪的小绅士对奥利弗说。

"I am very hungry and tired," replied Oliver: the tears standing in his eyes as he spoke. "I have walked a long way. I have been walking these seven days."

"我又累又饿。"奥利弗回答道，说话的时候眼泪在眼睛里直打

转，“我走了很远的路。这七天我一直在走。”

"Walking for sivin days!" said the young gentleman. "Oh, I see. Beak's order, eh? But," he added, noticing Oliver's look of surprise, "I suppose you don't know what a beak is, my flash com-pan-i-on.”

“走了七天！”小绅士说道，“噢，我明白了。‘鸟嘴’的命令，嗯？但是，”他注意到奥利弗一脸惊讶，补充道，“我想你不知道什么是‘鸟嘴’，好伙——计。”

Oliver mildly replied, that he had always heard a bird's mouth described by the term in question.

奥利弗轻声回答，说他一直听人用这个词描述鸟的嘴巴（注：英文beak原意为“鸟嘴”，在盗贼的黑话中有“地方治安官”之意）。

"My eyes, how green!" exclaimed the young gentleman. "Why, a beak's a madg'st'rate; and when you walk by a beak's order, it's not straight forerd, but always agoing up, and niver a coming down agin. Was you never on the mill?”

“看看，太嫩了！”小绅士惊叫，“咳，‘鸟嘴’是对地方治安官的称呼，地方治安官命令你走的时候，并不是一直往前，而总是一往上走，就再也下不来了。你从没见过碾磨机？”

"What mill?" inquired Oliver.

“什么碾磨机？”奥利弗问道。

"What mill! Why, the mill—the mill as takes up so little room that it's ll work inside a Stone Jug; and always goes better when the wind's low with people, than when it's high; acos then they can't get workmen. But come," said the young gentleman; "you want grub, and you shall have it. I'm at low-water-mark myself—only one bob and a magpie; but, as far as it goes, I'll fork out and stump. Up with you on your pins. There! Now then! 'Morrice!”

“什么碾磨机！哎呀，碾磨机——碾磨机就是那种只占一点地方，在石瓮里开动的东西。它总是在人们过得不好的时候兴盛，当人们过得好的时候就不行了，因为那个时侯他们找不到工人。但是，得啦，”小绅士说，“你需要食物，你会有的。我自己状况也不好，只有一先令外加半便士，但是，就现状而言，我会掏钱请客的。站起来吧。好啦！喂！开步走！”

Assisting Oliver to rise, the young gentleman took him to an adjacent chandler's shop, where he purchased a sufficiency of ready-dressed ham and a half-quartern loaf, or, as he himself expressed it, "a fourpenny bran!" the ham being kept clean and preserved from dust, by the ingenious expedient of making a hole in the loaf by pulling out a portion of the crumb, and stuffing it therein. Taking the bread under his arm, the young gentlman turned into a small public-house, and led

the way to a tap-room in the rear of the premises. Here, a pot of beer was brought in, by direction of the mysterious youth; and Oliver, falling to, at his new friend's bidding, made a long and hearty meal, during the progress of which the strange boy eyed him from time to time with great attention.

小绅士帮奥利弗站起来，把他领到附近的杂货铺子，在那里他买了充足的熟火腿和一半四镑重的面包，或者照他自己的说法，就是“四便士的糠！”他掏出了一部分面包心，挖成一个洞，然后把火腿填进洞里，用这种巧妙的方法保持火腿的洁净，避免它沾上灰尘。这位小绅士把面包夹在胳膊下面，转进了一间小酒馆，把奥利弗领进了后面的一个酒吧间。这时，这位神秘的少年点了一罐啤酒上来，而奥利弗在他新朋友的邀请下，埋头痛痛快快地饱餐起来，在这个过程中，这个奇怪的男孩不时带着极大的兴趣看着他。

"Going to London?" said the strange boy, when Oliver had at length concluded.

“要去伦敦？”奥利弗终于吃完了，于是这位陌生的男孩问道。

"Yes."

“是的。”

"Got any lodgings?"

“有住的地方吗？”

"No."

“没有。”

"Money?"

“钱呢？”

"No."

“没有。”

The strange boy whistled; and put his arms into his pockets, as far as the big coat-sleeves would let them go.

陌生男孩吹了声口哨，把两手尽量从大衣袖子里伸出来，插进兜里。

"Do you live in London?" inquired Oliver.

“你住在伦敦吗？”奥利弗问。

"Yes. I do, when I'm at home," replied the boy. "I suppose you want some place to sleep in to-night, don't you?”

“是的。我不出远门的时候住在伦敦。”男孩回答，“我想你今晚需要找个睡觉的地方，是吗？”

"I do, indeed," answered Oliver. "I have not slept under a roof since I left the country."

“确实是。”奥利弗回答，“我离开家乡后就没在像样的地方睡过觉。”

"Don't fret your eyelids on that score," said the young gentleman. "I've got to be in London to-night; and I know a 'spectable old gentleman as lives there, wot's ll give you lodgings for nothink, and never ask for the change—that is, if any genelman he knows interduces you. And don't he know me? Oh, no! Not in the least! By no means. Certainly not!”

“别为了那点事揉眼睛了。”小绅士说，“我今晚要到伦敦去，并且我认识一个受人尊敬的老绅士，他就住在那里，会毫不犹豫地给你提供住处，一分钱也不要——只要他认识的任何一位绅士介绍了你。他认识我吗？噢，不！根本不认识！绝对不。当然不是啦！”

The young gentleman smiled, as if to intimate that the latter fragments of discourse were playfully ironical; and finished the beer as he did so.

小绅士一边微笑着，像是在暗示最后那几句话是开玩笑的反语，一边喝完了啤酒。

This unexpected offer of shelter was too tempting to be resisted; especially as it was immediately followed up, by the assurance that the old gentleman referred to, would doubtless provide Oliver with a comfortable place, without loss of time. This led to a more friendly and confidential dialogue; from which Oliver discovered that his friend's name was Jack Dawkins, and that he was a peculiar pet and protege of the elderly gentleman before mentioned.

这个出人意料的提供住所的建议太诱人了，实在令人无法拒绝，尤其是紧接着又有那位老绅士提出保证，肯定会毫不犹豫地为奥利弗提供一个舒适的地方。这引起了一场更加友好私密的谈话，奥利弗从中知道他的朋友名叫杰克·道金斯，之前提到的那位老绅士是他的保护人，并且特别宠爱他。

Mr. Dawkin's appearance did not say a vast deal in favour of the comforts which his patron's interest obtained for those whom he took under his protection; but, as he had a rather flightly and dissolute mode of conversing, and furthermore avowed that among his intimate friends he was better known by the sobriquet of "The Artful Dodger," Oliver concluded that, being of a dissipated and careless turn, the moral precepts of his benefactor had hitherto been thrown away upon him. Under this impression, he secretly resolved to cultivate the good opinion of the old gentleman as quickly as possible; and, if he found the Dodger incorrigible, as he more than half suspected he should, to

decline the honour of his farther acquaintance.

道金斯先生的外表，并不太能说明他的保护人提供给那些受他庇佑的人多少好处，但是，由于他的谈话方式相当反复无常、放荡不羁，并且他进一步声明他在亲密的朋友中有个更出名的绰号，叫“狡猾多端的机灵鬼”，奥利弗得出结论，他行为放荡，举止随便，早就把恩人的道德训诫抛到脑后了。在这种印象的支配下，他暗自下决心要尽快地培养出对那位老绅士的好感；他很怀疑机灵鬼积习难改、无可救药，如果他发现确实是这样，他就不再与他来往。

As John Dawkins objected to their entering London before nightfall, it was nearly eleven o'clock when they reached the turnpike at Islington. They crossed from the Angel into St. John's Road; struck down the small street which terminates at Sadler's Wells Theatre; through Exmouth Street and Coppice Row; down the little court by the side of the workhouse; across the classic ground which once bore the name of Hockley-in-the-Hole; thence into Little Saffron Hill; and so into Saffron Hill the Great: along which the Dodger scudded at a rapid pace, directing Oliver to follow close at his heels.

因为约翰·道金斯反对他们天黑之前进入伦敦，他们到达伊斯灵顿的收税关卡时已经快十一点钟了。他们经过天使酒馆来到圣约翰大道，快步走过一条通往萨德勒之井剧院的小街，穿过埃克斯茅斯大街和矮林路，走进济贫院旁边的小巷，穿过曾经叫“困境中的霍克利”的古迹，从那里进入小红花山，再进入大红花山，机灵鬼快步疾行，吩咐奥利弗紧随其后。

Although Oliver had enough to occupy his attention in keeping sight of his leader, he could not help bestowing a few hasty glances on either side of the way, as he passed along. A dirtier or more wretched place he had never seen. The street was very narrow and muddy, and the air was impregnated with filthy odours.

尽管奥利弗非常专心地紧盯自己的领路人，他在经过这些街道时，还是忍不住朝道路两旁匆匆瞥了几眼。他从没见过比这更肮脏更悲惨的地方。街道狭窄泥泞，空气中充满了污浊的臭气。

There were a good many small shops; but the only stock in trade appeared to be heaps of children, who, even at that time of night, were crawling in and out at the doors, or screaming from the inside. The sole places that seemed to prosper amid the general blight of the place, were the public-houses; and in them, the lowest orders of Irish were wrangling with might and main. Covered ways and yards, which here and there diverged from the main street, disclosed little knots of houses, where drunken men and women were positively wallowing in filth; and from several of the door-ways, great ill-looking fellows were cautiously emerging, bound, to all appearance, on no very well-disposed or harmless errands.

小店倒是相当多，但是唯一的存货似乎只是一堆孩子，他们即使在那么晚的时候，还在门口爬进爬出，或是在屋里哭叫。在这地方的一片破败之中，唯一看着兴隆点的就是那些酒馆了，最下层的爱尔兰人正在那里拼命吵闹。黑漆漆的过道和院子从主路各处岔开，露出几栋房子，喝醉了的男女无疑在那里的污泥中打滚，在好几户门口，一些面貌凶恶的家伙正小心翼翼地走出来，显然不是去干什么出于好意或是无伤大雅的差事。

Oliver was just considering whether he hadn't better run away, when they reached the bottom of the hill. His conductor, catching him by the arm, pushed open the door of a house near Field Lane; and drawing him into the passage, closed it behind them.

奥利弗正在想是不是逃走会比较好，他们就来到了小山下。他的向导抓住他的胳膊，推开了菲尔德小巷附近一所房子的房门，把奥利弗拉进了走廊，并关上了身后的门。

"Now, then!" cried a voice from below, in reply to a whistle from the Dodger.

“行了，喂！”一个声音在下面喊道，回应了机灵鬼的一声口哨。

"Plummy and slam!" was the reply.

“李子和满贯！”机灵鬼这么答道。

This seemed to be some watchword or signal that all was right; for the light of a feeble candle gleamed on the wall at the remote end of the passage; and a man's face peeped out, from where a balustrade of the old kitchen staircase had been broken away.

这似乎是某种表示一切正常的口令或暗号，一支蜡烛的微光在走廊尽头的墙上远远地闪现出来，一个男人的面孔从旧厨房楼梯栏杆的一处缺口露了出来。

"There's two on you," said the man, thrusting the candle farther out, and shielding his eyes with his hand. "Who's the t'other one?”

“你们有两个人。”男人说着，把蜡烛拿远了些，用一只手护着眼睛。“另一个是谁？”

"A new pal," replied Jack Dawkins, pulling Oliver forward.

“一个新同伴。”杰克·道金斯回答，把奥利弗推上前来。

"Where did he come from?"

“他从哪儿来？”

"Greenland. Is Fagin upstairs?"

“生地方。费金在楼上吗？”

"Yes, he's a sortin'the wipes. Up with you!” The candle was drawn

back, and the face disappeared.

“是的，他在整理手帕呢。一起上去吧！”蜡烛收了回去，那张脸消失了。

Oliver, groping his way with one hand, and having the other firmly grasped by his companion, ascended with much difficulty the dark and broken stairs: which his conductor mounted with an ease and expedition that showed he was well acquainted with them.

奥利弗一手摸索着路，另一只手被他的同伴紧紧抓住，非常困难地登上了黑暗破旧的楼梯，他的向导轻松迅捷地就爬了上去，显然对此地十分熟悉。

He threw open the door of a back-room, and drew Oliver in after him.

他猛地打开一间里屋的房门，把奥利弗拉了进去。

The walls and ceiling of the room were perfectly black with age and dirt. There was a deal table before the fire: upon which were a candle, stuck in a ginger-beer bottle, two or three pewter pots, a loaf and butter, and a plate. In a frying-pan, which was on the fire, and which was secured to the mantelshelf by a string, some sausages were cooking; and standing over them, with a toasting-fork in his hand, was a very old shrivelled Jew, whose villainous-looking and repulsive face was obscured by a quantity of matted red hair. He was dressed in a greasy flannel gown, with his throat bare; and seemed to be dividing his attention between the frying-pan and the clothes-horse, over which a great number of silk handkerchiefs were hanging. Several rough beds made of old sacks, were huddled side by side on the floor. Seated round the table were four or five boys, none older than the Dodger, smoking long clay pipes, and drinking spirits with the air of middle-aged men. These all crowded about their associate as he whispered a few words to the Jew; and then turned round and grinned at Oliver. So did the Jew himself, toasting-fork in hand.

这个房间的墙壁和天花板因为岁月的洗礼和灰尘的覆盖，已经完全变黑了。壁炉前有一张松木桌子，桌上放着一支蜡烛，插在一个姜汁啤酒瓶里，还有两三个白蜡罐子，一块黄油面包和一个盘子。炉火上有个煎锅，被一根绳子固定在壁炉架上，锅里正煮着几根香肠，一个干瘪枯瘦的犹太老头正站在旁边，手里拿着烤叉，一大堆乱糟糟的红头发遮住了他那张看起来非常邪恶且可憎的脸。他穿着油腻腻的法兰绒长袍，脖子露在外面，他一边顾着煎锅，一边又留心着晾衣架，那上面挂着很多丝织手帕。几张由旧麻袋铺成的粗糙的床，一张挨一张地乱堆在地板上。四五个男孩围坐在桌边，都比机灵鬼小，却吸着长长的陶制烟斗，喝着烈酒，一副中年人的样子。这些孩子都挤在机灵鬼周围，听他们这位同伴低声对犹太佬说了几句话，然后全都转过头来对着奥利弗咧嘴

笑。犹太佬手里拿着烤叉，自己也笑了起来。

"This is him, Fagin," said Jack Dawkins;"my friend Oliver Twist.”

“就是他，费金，”杰克·道金斯说道，“我的朋友奥利弗·特威斯特。”

The Jew grinned; and, making a low obeisance to Oliver, took him by the hand, and hoped he should have the honour of his intimate acquaintance. Upon this, the young gentleman with the pipes came round him, and shook both his hands very hard—especially the one in which he held his little bundle. One young gentleman was very anxious to hang up his cap for him; and another was so obliging as to put his hands in his pockets, in order that, as he was very tired, he might not have the trouble of emptying them, himself, when he went to bed. These civilities would probably be extended much farther, but for a liberal exercise of the Jew's toasting-fork on the heads and shoulders of the affectionate youths who offered them.

犹太佬咧嘴笑了起来，向奥利弗深深鞠了一躬，握住他的手，说希望能有幸成为他的挚友。接着，抽着烟斗的年轻绅士们来到他身边，非常用力地握着他的两只手摇了摇——尤其是他拿着小包裹的那一只。一位小绅士非常热心地帮他把帽子挂了起来，另一位特别殷勤地把双手放进了他的口袋，因为奥利弗已经很累了，这样一来他睡觉的时候就不用再劳烦自己去掏空口袋了。要不是犹太佬的烤叉非常慷慨地落到了这些热心年轻人的头上和肩膀上，这番殷勤可能还要进一步地献下去。

"We are very glad to see you, Oliver, very," said the Jew. "Dodger, take off the sausages; and draw a tub near the fire for Oliver. Ah, you're a-staring at the pocket-handkerchiefs! eh, my dear. There are a good many of 'em, ain't there? We've just looked 'em out, ready for the wash; that's all, Oliver; that's all. Ha! ha! ha!”

“我们很高兴见到你，奥利弗，非常高兴。”犹太佬说，“机灵鬼，把香肠拿走，拖一个桶到炉火边给奥利弗坐。啊，你在盯着这些口袋手帕看！嗯，亲爱的。有好多手帕，对不对？我们正在选一选，准备清洗，就这样，奥利弗，就是这样。哈哈哈！”

The latter part of this speech, was hailed by a boisterous shout from all the hopeful pupils of the merry old gentleman. In the midst of which they went to supper.

这番话的后半部分，引来了一阵欢呼，这位快乐老绅士的所有得意门生都在热烈地喊叫。在这欢呼中，他们开始吃晚饭。

Oliver ate his share, and the Jew then mixed him a glass of hot gin-and-water: telling him he must drink it off directly, because another gentleman wanted the tumbler. Oliver did as he was desired. Immediately afterwards he felt himself gently lifted on to one of the sacks; and then he sunk into a deep sleep.

奥利弗吃掉了他的那一份，然后犹太佬为他调了一杯热的掺水杜松子酒，告诉他必须立刻把它喝下，因为另一位绅士等着要用玻璃杯。奥利弗按要求做了。不一会儿他感到自己被轻轻放到了一个麻袋上，接着就陷入了沉睡。

CHAPTER IX Containing further particulars concerning the pleasant old gentleman, and his hopeful pupils

第九章 包含更多有关亲切老绅士及其得意门生的细节

It was late next morning when Oliver awoke, from a sound, long sleep. There was no other person in the room but the old Jew, who was boiling some coffee in a saucepan for breakfast, and whistling softly to himself as he stirred it round and round, with an iron spoon. He would stop every now and then to listen when there was the least noise below: and when he had satistified himself, he would go on whistling and stirring again, as before. Although Oliver had roused himself from sleep, he was not thoroughly awake. There is a drowsy state, between sleeping and waking, when you dream more in five minutes with your eyes half open, and yourself half conscious of everything that is passing around you, than you would in five nights with your eyes fast closed, and your senses wrapt in perfect unconsciousness. At such time, a mortal knows just enough of what his mind is doing, to form some glimmering conception of its mighty powers, its bounding from earth and spurning time and space, when freed from the restraint of its corporeal associate. Oliver was precisely in this condition. He saw the Jew with his half-closed eyes; heard his low whistling; and recognised the sound of the spoon grating against the saucepan's sides: and yet the self-same senses were mentally engaged, at the same time, in busy action with almost everybody he had ever known. When the coffee was done, the Jew drew the saucepan to the hob. Standing, then in an irresolute attitude for a few minutes, as if he did not well know how to employ himself, he turned round and looked at Oliver, and called him by his name. He did not answer, and was to all appearances asleep. After satisfying himself upon this head, the Jew stepped gently to the door: which he fastened. He then drew forth: as it seemed to Oliver, from some trap in the floor: a small box, which he placed carefully on the table. His eyes glistened as he raised the lid, and looked in. Dragging an old chair to the table, he sat down; and took from it a magnificent gold watch, sparkling with jewels. "Aha!" said the Jew, shrugging up his shoulders, and distorting every feature with a hideous grin. "Clever dogs! Clever dogs! Staunch to the last! Never told the old parson where they were. Never poached upon old Fagin! And why should they? It wouldn't have loosened the knot, or kept the drop up, a minute longer. No, no, no! Fine fellows! Fine fellows!” With these, and other muttered

reflections of the like nature, the Jew once more deposited the watch in its place of safety. At least half a dozen more were severally drawn forth from the same box, and surveyed with equal pleasure; besides rings, brooches, bracelets, and other articles of jewellery, of such magnificent materials, and costly workmanship, that Oliver had no idea, even of their names. Having replaced these trinkets, the Jew took out another: so small that it lay in the palm of his hand. There seemed to be some very minute inscription on it; for the Jew laid it flat upon the table, and shading it with his hand, pored over it, long and earnestly. At length he put it down, as if despairing of success; and, leaning back in his chair, muttered: "What a fine thing capital punishment is! Dead men never repent; dead men never bring awkward stories to light. Ah, it's a fine thing for the trade! Five of 'em strung up in a row, and none left to play booty, or turn white-livered!” As the Jew uttered these words, his bright dark eyes, which had been staring vacantly before him, fell on Oliver's face; the boy's eyes were fixed on his in mute curiousity; and although the recognition was only for an instant—for the briefest space of time that can possibly be conceived—it was enough to show the old man that he had been observed. He closed the lid of the box with a loud crash; and, laying his hand on a bread knife which was on the table, started furiously up. He trembled very much though; for, even in his terror, Oliver could see that the knife quivered in the air. "What's that?" said the Jew. "What do you watch me for? Why are you awake? What have you seen? Speak out, boy! Quick—quick! for your life.”

那晚奥利弗睡得很香很沉，第二天上午醒来的时候已经很晚了。房间里除了犹太老头没有其他人，而他正在一个炖锅里煮着早餐的咖啡，一边用一把铁勺子在锅里搅来搅去，一边对自己轻轻吹着口哨。楼下一有丝毫动静，他就停下听一听，当他满意了，就会继续吹着口哨，像刚才那样再次搅拌起来。尽管奥利弗从睡梦中醒了过来，却还没有完全清醒。他在半梦半醒间处于一种昏昏欲睡的状态，这时眼睛半张，对周围发生的所有事情意识模糊，梦到的东西却比紧闭双眼、完全无意识地熟睡五晚梦到的都要多。在这时，人对自己的心理活动十分清楚，足以对它的强大力量形成某些隐约的意识，它一旦不受肉体的束缚，就能脱离尘世，突破时间和空间的限制。奥利弗正是处在这种状况之下。他从半睁的双眼里看着犹太佬，听着他低低的口哨声，辨识着勺子碰到煎锅边缘的声音，同时，完全相同的意识还在心理上忙着与他认识的几乎所有人产生关联。咖啡煮好后，犹太佬把煎锅移到了铁架上。他站在那里踌躇了几分钟，似乎不太清楚自己要干什么，接着他转过身来看着奥利弗，叫他的名字。奥利弗没有回答，看着像是还在熟睡。犹太佬心里踏实了，轻轻走到门边，把门闩上。接着，在奥利弗看来，他似乎从地板上的某个暗格里抽出了一个小盒子，然后把它仔细地放在桌上。他掀开盖子往里看去，眼睛都亮了。他把一张旧椅子拖到桌前坐了下来，从盒子里面拿出了一只华丽的金表，上面的珠宝闪闪发光。“啊哈！”犹太佬

说着，耸了耸肩，咧出一个极其难看的笑容，整张脸都扭曲了。“聪明的狗崽子们！聪明的狗崽子们！坚持到了最后！没告诉老牧师它们在哪儿。没供出老费金！再说他们为什么要供出来呢？那样既解不开绞索，也不能让绞刑架晚一分钟落下来。不，不，不！好家伙们！好家伙们！”犹太佬说着这些，又喃喃低语着其他类似的话，再一次把表放回那安全之处。他又从同一个盒子里挨个拿出了至少半打东西，带着同样的乐趣审视着它们，除了戒指、胸针、手镯，还有其他几样材质精美、做工考究的珠宝，奥利弗甚至叫不出它们的名字。犹太佬把这些小饰品收了起来，拿出了另一样东西，这个东西非常小，可以被他放在手掌心里。那上面似乎有一些极小的题字，因为犹太佬把它平放在桌子上，用手遮住光，认真地钻研了很长时间。最终他把它放下，似乎不抱成功的希望了，并且往椅子上一靠，低声抱怨道：“死刑可真是件好事啊！死人永远不会忏悔，死人也永远不会揭发尴尬的内情。啊，它对这买卖可是件好事啊！他们五个一个接一个地被绞死了，没有一个活下来耍花招，或是变成懦夫！”犹太佬说着这些话的时候，黑亮的眼睛先是茫然地看着前面，接着视线落到了奥利弗的脸上，孩子正无声地用眼睛盯着自己，充满了好奇，尽管认识到这一点只是在一瞬间——或许是能想到的最短的一瞬间——却足以使老头明白奥利弗在观察他。他啪地一声关上盒盖，把手放在了桌上一把面包刀上，狂暴地跳了起来。他颤抖得很厉害，因为，尽管奥利弗吓得要命，还是能看到那刀子在空中颤抖。“这是怎么回事？”犹太佬问，“你为什么监视我？你为什么醒着？你都看到什么了？说出来，小子！快——快说！不然要你的小命！”

"I wasn't able to sleep any longer, sir," replied Oliver, meekly. "I am very sorry if I have disturbed you, sir."

“我再也睡不着了，先生。”奥利弗温顺地回答，“如果打扰了您，我很抱歉，先生。”

"You were not awake an hour ago?" said the Jew, scowling fiercely on the boy.

“一小时前你没醒？”犹太佬说着，凶巴巴地对孩子沉下了脸。

"No! No, indeed!" replied Oliver.

“没有！没有，真的！”奥利弗回答道。

"Are you sure?" cried the Jew: with a still fiercer look than before: and a threatening attitude.

“你确定？”犹太佬叫道，样子比刚才还要凶，一副恐吓的姿态。

"Upon my word I was not, sir," replied Oliver, earnestly. "I was not, indeed, sir."

“我的确没有，先生。”奥利弗认真地回答，“我没有，真的，先生。”

"Tush, tush, my dear!" said the Jew, abruptly resuming his old manner, and playing with the knife a little, before he laid it down; as

if to induce the belief that he had caught it up, in mere sport. "Of course I know that, my dear. I only tried to frighten you. You're a brave boy. Ha! ha! you're a brave boy, Oliver." The Jew rubbed his hands with a chuckle, but glanced uneasily at the box, notwithstanding.

“啐，啐，亲爱的！”犹太佬突然变回老样子，把玩了一会儿刀子，才把它放下来，好像要使人相信他把它拿起来只不过是玩玩而已。“我当然知道是那样，亲爱的。我只是想吓唬吓唬你。你是个勇敢的孩子。哈！哈！你是个勇敢的孩子，奥利弗。”犹太佬搓着手，吃吃地笑着，尽管如此，他还是不自在地瞥了盒子一眼。

"Did you see any of these pretty things, my dear?" said the Jew, laying his hand upon it after a short pause.

“你看到这些漂亮的东西了吗，亲爱的？”犹太佬说着，停顿了一下，把手放在盒子上。

"Yes, sir," replied Oliver.

“是的，先生。”奥利弗回答。

"Ah!" said the Jew, turning rather pale. "They—they're mine, Oliver; my little property. All I have to live upon, in my old age. The folks call me a miser, my dear. Only a miser; that's all.”

“啊！”犹太佬说道，一下子变得十分苍白。“它们——它们是我的，奥利弗，我的那一点儿财产。是我晚年的生活依靠。人们都叫我守财奴，亲爱的。只是个守财奴，就这样。”

Oliver thought the old gentleman must be a decided miser to live in such a dirty place, with so many watches; but, thinking that perhaps his fondness for the Dodger and the other boys, cost him a good deal of money, he only cast a deferential look at the Jew, and asked if he might get up.

奥利弗觉得这位老绅士肯定是个坚定的守财奴，才能带着那么多金表住在一个这么脏的地方。但是，一想到老头对机灵鬼和其他孩子的喜爱可能花了他不少钱，奥利弗只是恭敬地看着犹太佬，问他自己是否可以起来了。

"Certainly, my dear, certainly," replied the old gentleman. "Stay. There's a pitcher of water in the corner by the door. Bring it here; and I'll give you a basin to wash in, my dear.”

“当然，亲爱的，当然了。”老绅士回答，“等着。门边的角落里有一罐水。把它带过来，我给你一个盆子洗脸，亲爱的。”

Oliver got up; walked across the room; and stooped for an instant to raise the pitcher. When he turned his head, the box was gone.

奥利弗站起来，穿过房间，弯了一下腰，把罐子拿了起来。当他回

过头来，盒子不见了。

He had scarcely washed himself, and made everything tidy, by emptying the basin out of the window, agreeably to the Jew's directions, when the Dodger returned: accompanied by a very sprightly young friend, whom Oliver had seen smoking on the previous night, and who was now formally introduced to him as Charley Bates. The four sat down, to breakfast, on the coffee, and some hot rolls and ham which the Dodger had brought home in the crown of his hat.

他刚刚洗完脸，按照犹太佬的指示把盆里的水倒到窗外，把一切弄整洁，机灵鬼就回来了，跟他一起回来的是个十分活泼的小伙伴，奥利弗昨天晚上看到过他抽烟，现在经过正式介绍，知道他叫查利·贝茨。四个人坐下吃早饭，有咖啡，还有一些热面包卷和火腿，它们是机灵鬼装在帽子顶里带回来的。

"Well," said the Jew, glancing slyly at Oliver, and addressing himself to the Dodger, "I hope you've been at work this morning, my dears?”

“咳，”犹太佬奸诈地看着奥利弗，对机灵鬼说道，“我想你们早上都干活了吧，亲爱的？”

"Hard," replied the Dodger.

“很努力。”机灵鬼回答。

"As nails," added Charley Bates.

“完全豁出去了。”查利·贝茨补充道。

"Good boys, good boys!" said the Jew. "What have you got, Dodger?"

“好孩子们，好孩子们！”犹太人说，“你有什么收获，机灵鬼？”

"A couple of pocket-books," replied that young gentlman.

“两个皮夹。”小绅士答道。

"Lined?" inquired the Jew, with eagerness.

“有好东西吗？”犹太佬热切地问。

"Pretty well," replied the Dodger, producing two pocket-books; one green, and the other red.

“相当好。”机灵鬼回答，掏出两个皮夹，一个是绿的，另一个是红的。

"Not so heavy as they might be," said the Jew, after looking at the insides carefully; "but very neat and nicely made. Ingenious workman, ain't he, Oliver?”

“不该这么轻。”犹太佬仔细看了里面的东西后说道，“但是样子很好，做工精致。他是个聪明的伙计，是不是，奥利弗？”

"Very indeed, sir," said Oliver. At which Mr. Charley Bates laughed uproariously; very much to the amazement of Oliver, who saw nothing to laugh at, in anything that had passed.

“确实是，先生。”奥利弗说。查尔斯·贝茨先生听到这话大声笑了起来，让奥利弗非常诧异，因为他看不出刚才发生的事情里有什么好笑的。

"And what have you got, my dear?" said Fagin to Charley Bates.

“那么你得了什么东西，亲爱的？”费金对查利·贝茨说。

"Wipes," replied Master Bates; at the same time producing four pocket-handkerchiefs.

“手帕。”贝茨少爷一边回答一边掏出四条口袋手帕。

"Well," said the Jew, inspecting them closely; "they're very good ones, very. You haven't marked them well, though, Charley; so the marks shall be picked out with a needle, and we'll teach Oliver how to do it. Shall us, Oliver, eh? Ha! ha! ha!”

“嗯，”犹太佬说着，仔细地检查，“是好东西，非常好。但是你没做好记号，查利，所以记号得用针挑掉，我们会教奥利弗该怎么做。是不是，奥利弗，嗯？哈！哈！哈！”

"If you please, sir," said Oliver.

“如果您愿意，先生。”奥利弗说道。

"You'd like to be able to make pocket-handkerchiefs as easy as Charley Bates, wouldn't you, my dear?" said the Jew.

“你想像查利·贝茨那样轻轻松松就做出手帕，是不是，亲爱的？”犹太佬说。

"Very much, indeed, if you'll teach me, sir," replied Oliver.

“非常想，真的，如果你要教我的话，先生。”奥利弗回答。

Master Bates saw something so exquisitely ludicrous in this reply, that he burst into another laugh; which laugh, meeting the coffee he was drinking, and carrying it down some wrong channel, very nearly terminated in his premature suffocation.

在贝茨少爷看来这个回答里有某些绝妙的可笑之处，他又爆发出一阵大笑，这次大笑让他喝着的咖啡走岔了道，险些让他提早窒息。

"He is so jolly green!" said Charley when he recovered, as an apology to the company for his unpolite behaviour.

“他实在嫩得可笑！”查利恢复过来后说道，以此为他的失礼行为向

各位伙伴道歉。

The Dodger said nothing, but he smoothed Oliver's hair over his eyes, and said he'd know better, by and by; upon which the old gentleman, observing Oliver's colour mounting, changed the subject by asking whether there had been much of a crowd at the execution that morning? This made him wonder more and more; for it was plain from the replies of the two boys that they had both been there; and Oliver naturally wondered how they could possibly have found time to be so very industrious.

机灵鬼没说话，但是他把奥利弗眼睛前面的额发抚平，说他渐渐地会懂得更多，这时老绅士发现奥利弗的脸红了，就换了个话题，问早上看行刑的人是不是很多？这让奥利弗越来越纳闷了，因为从两个男孩的回答来看，很明显他们两个当时都在场，奥利弗自然想知道他们怎么能有那么多时间如此勤劳敬业。

When the breakfast was cleared away; the merry old gentlman and the two boys played at a very curious and uncommon game, which was performed in this way. The merry old gentleman, placing a snuff-box in one pocket of his trousers, a note-case in the other, and a watch in his waistcoat pocket, with a guard-chain round his neck, and sticking a mock diamond pin in his shirt: buttoned his coat tight round him, and putting his spectacle-case and handkerchief in his pockets, trotted up and down the room with a stick, in imitation of the manner in which old gentlemen walk about the streets any hour in the day. Sometimes he stopped at the fire-place, and sometimes at the door, making believe that he was staring with all his might into shop-windows. At such times, he would look constantly round him, for fear of thieves, and would keep slapping all his pockets in turn, to see that he hadn't lost anything, in such a very funny and natural manner, that Oliver laughed till the tears ran down his face. All this time, the two boys followed him closely about: getting out of his sight, so nimbly, every time he turned round, that it was impossible to follow their motions. At last, the Dodger trod upon his toes, or ran upon his boot accidently, while Charley Bates stumbled up against him behind; and in that one moment they took from him, with the most extraordinary rapidity, snuff-box, note-case, watch-guard, chain, shirt-pin, pocket-handkerchief, even the spectacle-case. If the old gentlman felt a hand in any one of his pockets, he cried out where it was; and then the game began all over again.

吃过早餐后，快活的老绅士和那两个男孩玩起了一个非常古怪罕见的游戏，玩法是这样的。快活的老绅士把一个鼻烟盒放进一侧的裤兜，把一个钱包放进另一侧，又把一块表放进背心口袋，表链挂在脖子上，又在衬衣上别了一个仿真的钻石别针。他把外套扣子扣得紧紧的，把眼镜盒和手帕放进口袋里，拿着手杖在房间里来回踱步，模仿着老绅士们

一天到晚在街上漫步时的派头。他一会儿在壁炉旁边稍作停顿，一会儿在门口停下，让人相信他正全神贯注地盯着铺子的橱窗看。在这种时候，为了防贼，他会时常环顾四周，还会轮流拍拍所有的口袋，确认自己没有丢东西，看到这滑稽又自然的样子，奥利弗笑得眼泪都顺着脸颊留下来了。这段时间里，两个男孩都紧跟在他身旁，每次他转身的时候，他们都非常机敏地避开他的视线，让他无法注意到他们的行踪。最后，机灵鬼踩了他一脚，或者说是意外踩到了他的靴子，于此同时，查利·贝茨在他身后绊倒了，撞在他身上，就在那一瞬间，他们从他身上无比迅速地拿走了鼻烟盒、钱包、表带、链子、别针、手帕，甚至是眼镜盒。如果老绅士感觉到任何一个口袋里有手伸进来的话，他就叫出那手在哪儿，那么这个游戏就从头再来。

When this game had been played a great many times, a couple of young ladies called to see the young gentleman; one of whom was named Bet, and the other Nancy. They wore a good deal of hair, not very neatly turned up behind, and were rather untidy about the shoes and stockings. They were not exactly pretty, perhaps; but they had a great deal of colour in their faces, and looked quite stout and hearty. Being remarkably free and agreeable in their manners, Oliver thought them very nice girls indeed. As there is no doubt they were.

这游戏玩了好多遍以后，两个小姑娘来拜访小绅士们，她们一个叫贝特，另一个叫南希。她们都长着一头浓密的头发，凌乱地挽在脑后，鞋子和长袜也相当不整洁。她们可能并不特别漂亮，但是脸上气色很好，看起来相当丰满结实、精神饱满。她们举止大方可亲，奥利弗觉得她们确实是很好的姑娘。毫无疑问她们确实是。

The visitors stopped a long time. Spirits were produced, in consequence of one of the young ladies complaining of a coldness in her inside; and the conversation took a very convivial and improving turn. At length, Charley Bates expressed his opinion that it was time to pad the hoof. This, it occurred to Oliver, must be French for going out; for directly afterwards, the Dodger, and Charley, and the two young ladies, went away together, having been kindly furnished by the amiable old Jew with money to spend.

访客们待了很长时间。一个小姑娘抱怨说她身体里面冷得很，于是酒被端了出来，交谈从而变得非常愉快，很有教益。最终，查利·贝茨表达了他的主张，认为该去遛一下蹄子了。在奥利弗看来，这肯定是法语“出去走走”的意思，因为接下来，机灵鬼与查利马上和两位年轻的女士一起走了，亲切的犹太老头还好心地给了他们零花钱。

"There, my dear," said Fagin. "That's a pleasant life, isn't it? They have gone out for the day.”

“你瞧，亲爱的，”费金说。“这日子很不错，是不是？他们要出去一天呢。”

"Have they done work, sir?" inquired Oliver.

“他们已经干完活了吗，先生？”奥利弗问。

"Yes," said the Jew; "that is, unless they should unexpectedly come across any, when they are out; and they won't neglect it, if they do, my dear, depend upon it. Make 'em your models, my dear. Make 'em your models," tapping the fire-shovel on the hearth to add force to his words; "do everything they bid you, and take their advice in all matters—especially the Dodger's, my dear. He'll be a great man himself, and will make you one too, if you take pattern by him. —Is my handkerchief hanging out of my pocket, my dear?" said the Jew, stopping short.

“是的，”犹太佬说，“是那样，除非他们在外面出乎意料地遇上了活计，而且他们碰上了就不会放过，亲爱的，学着点。把他们当成你的榜样，亲爱的。把他们当成榜样。”他用火铲轻敲着炉边，补充强调道，“他们让你干什么你就干什么，所有事情都要听他们的建议——尤其是机灵鬼的，亲爱的。他本人会成为一个大人物的，也会让你成为一个大人物，只要你学他的样子。——我的手帕是挂在口袋外面吗，亲爱的？”犹太佬说着，突然停了下来。

"Yes, sir," said Oliver.

“是的，先生。”奥利弗说。

"See if you can take it out, without my feeling it; as you saw them do, when we were at play this morning."

“看看你能不能把它拿出来，而不让我感觉到，就像今天早上我们玩游戏时你看见他们所做的那样。”

Oliver held up the bottom of the pocket with one hand, as he had seen the Dodger hold it, and drew the handkerchief lightly out of it with the other.

奥利弗用一只手提起口袋底部，像他看到机灵鬼所做的那样，并且用另一只手轻轻地把手帕从里面拉了出来。

"Is it gone?" cried the Jew.

“弄好了吗？”犹太佬喊道。

"Here it is, sir," said Oliver, showing it in his hand.

“在这儿，先生。”奥利弗说着，让他看看手里的手帕。

"You're a clever boy, my dear," said the playful old gentleman, patting Oliver on the head approvingly. "I never saw a sharper lad. Here's a shilling for you. If you go on, in this way, you'll be the greatest man of the time. And now come here, and I'll show you how to take the marks out of the handkerchiefs.”

“你是个聪明的孩子，亲爱的。”顽皮的老绅士说道，还赞许地拍了拍奥利弗的头。“我从没见过这么聪明的孩子。给你一先令。如果照这样继续下去，你会成为这个时代最伟大的人物。现在过来，我来教你怎么把手帕上的记号弄掉。”

Oliver wondered what picking the old gentleman's pocket in play, had to do with his chances of being a great man. But, thinking that the Jew, being so much his senior, must know best, he followed him quietly to the table, and was soon deeply involved in his new study.

奥利弗纳闷在游戏里掏老绅士的口袋和他有机会成为大人物有什么关系。但是，想想犹太佬比他年长那么多，一定见多识广。他安静地跟着他到桌边，立刻全身心地投入到了新的学习中去。

CHAPTER X Oliver becomes better acquainted with the characters of his new associates; and purchases experience at a high price. Being a short, but very important chapter, in this history

第十章 奥利弗对新伙伴的性情越来越熟悉，花了高昂的代价获取经验。本章虽短，在这部传记中却非常重要

For many days, Oliver remained in the Jew's room, picking the marks out of the pocket-handkerchief, (of which a great number were brought home,) and sometimes taking part in the game already described: which the two boys and the Jew played, regularly, every morning. At length, he began to languish for fresh air, and took many occasions of earnestly entreating the old gentleman to allow him to go out to work with his two companions. Oliver was rendered the more anxious to be actively employed, by what he had seen of the stern morality of the old gentleman's character. Whenever the Dodger or Charley Bates came home at night, empty-handed, he would expatiate with great vehemence on the misery of idle and lazy habits; and would enforce upon them the necessity of an active life, by sending them supperless to bed. On one occasion, indeed, he even went so far as to knock them both down a flight of stairs; but this was carrying out his virtuous precepts to an unusual extent. At length, one morning, Oliver obtained the permission he had so eagerly sought. There had been no handkerchiefs to work upon, for two or three days, and the dinners had been rather meagre. Perhaps these were reasons for the old gentleman's giving his assent; but, whether they were or no, he told Oliver he might go, and placed him under the joint guardianship of Charley Bates, and his friend the Dodger. The three boys sallied out; the Dodger with his coat-sleeves tucked up, and his hat cocked, as usual; Master Bates sauntering along with his hands in his pockets; and Oliver between them, wondering where they were going, and what branch of manufacture he would be instructed in, first. The pace at which they went, was such a very lazy, ill-looking saunter, that Oliver soon began to think his companions were going to deceive the old gentleman, by not going to work at all. The Dodger had a vicious propensity, too, of pulling the caps from the heads of small boys and tossing them down areas; while Charley Bates exhibited some very loose notions concerning the rights of property, by pilfering divers apples and onions from the stalls at the kennel sides, and thrusting them into pockets which were so surprisingly capacious, that they seemed to undermine his whole suit of clothes in every direction.

These things looked so bad, that Oliver was on the point of declaring his intention of seeking his way back, in the best way he could; when his thoughts were suddenly directed into another channel, by a very mysterious change of behaviour on the part of the Dodger. They were just emerging from a narrow court not far from the open square in Clerkenwell, which is yet called, by some strange perversion of terms, "The Green": when the Dodger made a sudden stop; and, laying his finger on his lip, drew his companions back again, with the greatest caution and circumspection. "What's the matter?" demanded Oliver.

过了好些天，奥利弗都一直呆在犹太佬的房间里，把手帕上的记号挑掉（大量的手帕被带了回来），有时候参与之前已经描述过的那个游戏，两个男孩和犹太佬每天早上都照例要玩这个游戏。最后，他因为渴望新鲜空气，开始变得没精打采的，便多次诚挚地请求老绅士允许他和两个同伴一起出去干活。奥利弗已经见识到老绅士性情中那严厉的品行，这使得他更加渴望要积极地干活。每逢机灵鬼和查利·贝茨在晚上空手而归的时候，费金就会非常激愤地详细述说闲散懒惰的习惯有多可悲，并且为了强迫他们明白勤劳生活的道理，不给他们吃晚饭就让他们去睡觉。有一次，事实上，他确实做过了头，把他们俩打得跌下了楼梯，但这只是他执行道德训诫的尺度有些过头了而已。终于，奥利弗在一天早上获得了他热切寻求的许可。已经有两三天都没有手帕可以加工了，餐饭也变得相当粗淡。可能这些是老绅士表示同意的原因，但不管是不是，他告诉奥利弗可以去了，并且把他置于查利·贝茨和他朋友机灵鬼的共同监护之下。三个男孩出发了，机灵鬼像往常一样把袖子挽了起来，帽子歪戴着，贝茨少爷一路上把双手插在衣兜里闲逛，而奥利弗被他俩夹在中间，想着他们这是要去哪儿，他首先会去学习哪种技艺。他们走路的步调非常懒散、难看，就是在闲逛，奥利弗马上开始觉得他的同伴们是要欺骗老绅士，根本不去干活了。机灵鬼还有一种邪恶的癖好，那就是把小男孩们头上的帽子摘下来再扔得远远的，而查利·贝茨则展现出某些淡漠的财产所有权观念，他从路边的小摊上偷了好些苹果和洋葱，把它们塞进口袋里，他的那些口袋容量大得惊人，好像它们从各个方向把他的整套衣服内部都打通了似的。这些事看起来太糟糕了，奥利弗正想找个最好的借口，宣布他要回去了，机灵鬼的举止突然有了神秘的改变，这让奥利弗的想法被引到了另一个方向。他们正从克拉肯韦尔的开阔广场附近的一条窄巷里走出来，那地方的名字奇怪地变来变去，现在叫做“绿地”。这时机灵鬼突然停住了，把手指放在唇上，又把同伴们拉了回去，非常小心谨慎。“怎么了？”奥利弗问。

"Hush!" replied the Dodger. "Do you see that old cove at the book-stall?”

“嘘！”机灵鬼回答。“你们看见书摊旁的那个老头了吗？”

"The old gentleman over the way?" said Oliver. "Yes, I see him."

“那边的那位老绅士？”奥利弗说。“是的，我看见了。”

"He'll do," said the Doger.

“就是他了。”机灵鬼说。

"A prime plant," observed Master Charley Bates.

“典型的骗局。”查利·贝茨少爷评论道。

Oliver looked from one to the other, with the greatest surprise; but he was not permitted to make any inquiries; for the two boys walked stealthily across the road, and slunk close behind the old gentleman towards whom his attention had been directed. Oliver walked a few paces after them; and, not knowing whether to advance or retire, stood looking on in silent amazement.

奥利弗无比惊讶地看看这位，又看看那位，但是他不能提出任何质疑，因为两个男孩偷偷摸摸地穿过马路，鬼鬼祟祟地从后面贴近那位吸引了奥利弗注意的老绅士。奥利弗走在他们后面几步远，不知道该前进还是后退，只得惊愕地站在那里默默看着。

The old gentleman was a very respectable-looking personage, with a powdered head and gold spectacles. He was dressed in a bottle-green coat with a black velvet collar; wore white trousers; and carried a smart bamboo cane under his arm. He had taken up a book from the stall, and there he stood, reading away, as hard as if he were in his elbow-chair, in his own study.

那位老绅士看起来非常体面尊贵，头发上扑了粉，戴着一副金边眼镜。他穿一件深绿色的大衣，衣领是黑天鹅绒的，下着一条白色裤子，胳膊下夹着一根漂亮的竹手杖。他从书摊上拿了一本书，站在那里认真地读了起来，就像他正坐在自己书房的扶手椅里。

It is very possible that he fancied himself there, indeed; for it was plain, from his abstraction, that he saw not the book-stall, nor the street, nor the boys, nor, in short, anything but the book itself: which he was reading straight through: turning over the leaf when he got to the bottom of a page, beginning at the top line of the next one, and going regularly on, with the greatest interest and eagerness.

事实上，他可能正处在那种幻想里，因为从他出神的样子来看，很显然他的眼中没有书摊，没有街道，也没有孩子们，或者简单地说，除了书以外别无他物。他正通读那本书，看到一页的末端，就翻到下页从第一行看起，带着极大的兴趣，万分热切地读了下去。

What was Oliver's horror and alarm as he stood a few paces off, looking on with his eyelids as wide open as they would possibly go, to see the Dodger plunge his hand into the old gentleman's pocket, and draw from thence a handkerchief! To see him hand the same to Charley Bates; and finally to behold them, both running away round the corner at full speed!

奥利弗站在几步开外，尽量瞪大眼睛，看着机灵鬼把手插进老绅士

的衣兜，从那儿拉出了一条手帕，他是多么惊骇，又多么担忧啊！他看见机灵鬼把手帕递给查利·贝茨，最后又见他们双双全速转过拐角跑掉了。

In an instant the whole mystery of the hankerchiefs, and the watches, and the jewels, and the Jew, rushed upon the boy's mind.

一瞬间所有关于手帕、手表、珠宝和犹太佬的谜团都冲进了这孩子的脑海。

He stood, for a moment, with the blood so tingling through all his veins from terror, that he felt as if he were in a burning fire; then, confused and frightened, he took to his heels; and, not knowing what he did, made off as fast as he could lay his feet to the ground.

他站了一会儿，因为恐惧，血液在全身血管里沸腾，他感觉自己像在燃烧着的烈火中一样，然后，他在困惑恐惧之中，虽然不知道自己在干什么，却撒开腿拼命奔跑起来。

This was all done in a minute's space. In the very instant when Oliver began to run, the old gentleman, putting his hand to his pocket, and missing his handkerchief, turned sharp round. Seeing the boy scudding away at such a rapid pace, he very naturally concluded him to be the depredator; and shouting "Stop thief!" with all his might, made off after him, book in hand.

这些全发生在短短一分钟的时间里。就在奥利弗开跑的一瞬间，老绅士把手放进衣兜，发现手帕不见了，立刻转过身来。看到孩子以那么快的速度飞奔而去，他很自然地断定这孩子就是贼，于是用尽全力大叫：“抓小偷！”同时，他手里拿着书追了上去。

But the old gentleman was not the only person who raised the hue-and-cry. The Dodger and Master Bates, unwilling to attract public attention by running down the open street, had merely retired into the very first doorway round the corner. They no sooner heard the cry, and saw Oliver running, than, guessing exactly how the matter stood, they issued forth with great promptitude; and, shouting "Stop thief!" too, joined in the pursuit like good citizens.

但是老绅士不是唯一一个大声叫喊抓贼的人。机灵鬼和贝茨少爷不想在大街上一直跑而引起大家的注意，只是退进了拐角处的第一个门洞。他们一听见叫喊声，又看见奥利弗在跑，就准确地猜出了事情原委，于是非常果断地挺身而出，也大叫道：“抓小偷！”并且像好市民那样加入了追捕。

Although Oliver had been brought up by philosophers, he was not theoretically acquainted with the beautiful axiom that self-preservation is the first law of nature. If he had been, perhaps he would have been prepared for this. Not being prepared, however, it

alarmed him the more; so away he went like the wind, with the old gentleman and the two boys roaring and shouting behind him.

尽管奥利弗是被哲人们一手带大的，在理论上，他却不了解自我保护是大自然的第一法则这一美妙格言。要是他知道，可能会对此有所准备。然而，他全无准备，这使他更为惊慌，所以他像阵风似的跑了，老绅士和两个男孩在他后面大吼大叫。

"Stop thief! Stop thief!" There is a magic in the sound. The tradesman leaves his counter, and the car-man his waggon; the butcher throws down his tray; the baker his basket; the milkman his pail; the errand-boy his parcels; the school-boy his marbles; the paviour his pickaxe; the child his battledore. Away they run, pell-mell, helter-skelter, slap-dash: tearing, yelling, screaming, knocking down the passengers as they turn the corners, rousing up the dogs, and astonishing the fowls: and streets, squares, and courts, re-echo with the sound.

“抓小偷！抓小偷！”这声音中有一种魔力。店主离开了柜台，车夫丢下了马车，屠夫扔下了托盘，面包师抛开了篮子，牛奶商扔掉了桶，跑差的甩开了包裹，学生扔下了弹珠，铺路人落下了镐，孩子则丢开了球拍。他们乱哄哄地跑着，一片仓促忙乱：撕扯着，呼喊着，叫嚷着，转过街角时撞倒了前面的人，弄得鸡飞狗跳；街道上，广场上，院子里，到处都回响着这些声音。

"Stop thief! Stop thief!" The cry is taken up by a hundred voices, and the crowd accumulate at every turning. Away they fly, splashing through the mud, and rattling along the pavements: up go the windows, out run the people, onward bear the mob, a whole audience desert Punch in the very thickest of the plot, and, joining the rushing throng, swell the shout, and lend fresh vigour to the cry, "Stop thief! Stop thief!"

“抓小偷！抓小偷！”上百个声音齐声叫喊着，每转一个弯，人群就壮大一些。他们快速前进，踩得泥浆飞溅，人行道咚咚直响。木偶戏正演到关键之处，全体观众却把主角潘趣丢在一边，打开窗户跑了出来，一哄而上，加入了奔跑的人群，壮大了喊声，并为这呼喊增添了新的活力：“抓小偷！抓小偷！”

"Stop thief! Stop thief!" There is a passion for hunting something deeply implanted in the human breast. One wretched breathless child, panting with exhaustion; terror in his looks; agony in his eyes; large drops of perspiration streaming down his face; strains every nerve to make head upon his pursuers; and as they follow on his track, and gain upon him every instant, they hail his decreasing strength with joy. "Stop thief!" Ay, stop him for God's sake, were it only in mercy!

“抓小偷！抓小偷！”一种要狩猎某物的欲望深深嵌在人类的心中。

一个气喘吁吁的可怜孩子精疲力竭地喘着气，看起来非常害怕，眼中神情十分痛苦，脸上淌下大颗的汗珠，他绷紧了身上的每一根神经在追捕者前面跑着，而他们跟在他后面，一步步越来越近，为他力气逐渐减小而欢呼。“抓小偷！”唉，看在上帝的份上，就算只是出于怜悯，也请抓住他吧！

Stopped at last! A clever blow. He is down upon the pavement; and the crowd eagerly gather round him: each new comer, jostling and struggling with the others to catch a glimpse. "Stand aside!" "Give him a little air!" "Nonsense! he don't deserve it.” "Where's the gentleman?” "Here his is, coming down the street." "Make room there for the gentleman!" "Is this the boy, sir!" "Yes."

终于抓住了！绝妙的一击！他倒在人行道上，人群热切地聚拢在他周围，每个新来的都推搡着往前挤，好看上一眼。“靠边站！”“让他透透气！”“瞎说！他不配。”“那位绅士在哪儿？”“在那儿，正朝这条街来。”“给那位绅士腾个地方！”“是这个孩子吗，先生！”“是的。”

Oliver lay, covered with mud and dust, and bleeding from the mouth, looking wildly round upon the heap of faces that surrounded him, when the old gentleman was officiously dragged and pushed into the circle by the foremost of the pursuers.

奥利弗躺在那里，浑身都是泥巴和尘土，嘴巴冒着血，胡乱扫视着围在他周围的那堆面庞，这时，那位老绅士被人过分殷勤地拖了过来，推进了跑在最前面的那些追捕者围成的圈子里。

"Yes," said the gentleman, "I am afraid it is the boy."

“是的，”绅士说，“我恐怕就是这个孩子。”

"Afraid!" murmured the crowd. "That's a good 'un!”

“恐怕！”人群窃窃私语。“好个小家伙！”

"Poor fellow!" said the gentleman, "he has hurt himself."

“可怜的家伙！”老绅士说，“他受伤了。”

"I did that, sir," said a great lubberly fellow, stepping forward; "and preciously I cut my knuckle agin' his mouth. I stopped him, sir.”

“我干的，先生。”一个非常笨拙的家伙走上前来说道，“我一肘子撞在他嘴上，自己也伤得很严重。是我抓到他的，先生。”

The follow touched his hat with a grin, expecting something for his pains; but, the old gentleman, eyeing him with an expression of dislike, look anxiously round, as if he contemplated running away himself: which it is very possible he might have attempted to do, and thus have afforded another chase, had not a police officer (who is generally the last person to arrive in such cases) at that moment made his way through the crowd, and seized Oliver by the collar.

那家伙笑嘻嘻地碰了一下帽子，期望自己的伤痛有所回报，但是，老绅士带着一脸厌恶的表情看了他一眼，不安地环顾四周，仿佛打算自行离开。要不是一个警官（在此种情形下他们总是最后一个到的）那时挤进了人群，抓住了奥利弗的领子，他很有可能试着那么做，并因此引起另一场追逐。

"Come, get up," said the man, roughly.

“喂，起来。”警官粗鲁地说。

"It wasn't me indeed, sir. Indeed, indeed, it was two other boys," said Oliver, clasping his hands passionately, and looking round. "They are here somewhere."

“真的不是我，先生。真的，真的，是另外两个孩子干的。”奥利弗激动地紧握双手，看着四周说，“他们就在这里某个地方。”

"Oh no, they ain't," said the officer. He meant this to be ironical, but it was true besides; for the Dodger and Charley Bates had filed off down the first convenient court they came to.

“噢不，他们不在。”警官说。他意欲表示讽刺，但偏偏真是这样，追捕过程中，机灵鬼和查利·贝茨在经过就近的第一个院子时就排成纵队出发，逃之夭夭了。

"Come, get up!"

“喂，起来！”

"Don't hurt him," said the old gentleman, compassionately.

“别伤害他。”老绅士同情地说。

"Oh no, I won't hurt him," replied the officer, tearing his jacket half off his back, in proof thereof. "Come, I know you; it won't do. Will you stand upon your legs, you young devil?”

“噢，不，我不会伤害他的。”警官回答，几乎把奥利弗的外套从背上扯了下来，由此作为证据。“喂，我知道你们，这不管用的。你要不要站起来，你这个小恶魔？”

Oliver, who could hardly stand, made a shift to raise himself on his feet, and was at once lugged along the streets by the jacket-collar, at a rapid pace. The gentleman walked on with them by the officer's side; and as many of the crowd as could achieve the feat, got a little ahead, and stared back at Oliver from time to time. The boys shouted in triumph; and on they went.

奥利弗几乎站不住，他设法爬了起来，立刻被警官拽着外套领口，沿着街道快步拖走了。绅士在警官旁边和他们一起走着，凡是能完成走在他们前面这一壮举的人们，都不时回头盯着奥利弗看。孩子们发出胜利的叫喊，往前走去。

CHAPTER XI Treats of Mr. Fang the police magistrate; and furnishes a slight specimen of his mode of administering justice

第十一章 对治安官范昂其人以及他办案方式的一个小例子的详述

The offence had been committed within the district, and indeed in the immediate neighborhood of, a very notorious metropolitan police office. The crowd had only the satisfaction of accompanying Oliver through two or three streets, and down a place called Mutton Hill, when he was led beneath a low archway, and up a dirty court, into this dispensary of summary justice, by the back way. It was a small paved yard into which they turned; and here they encountered a stout man with a bunch of whiskers on his face, and a bunch of keys in his hand.

这桩案子发生在一个众人皆知的首都警察局的辖区内，实际上就发生在该警察局附近。围观群众得到的满足，也就是随着奥利弗走过两三条街，走到一个叫玛当山的地方。他被领着走过一条低矮的拱道，走上肮脏的庭院，从后门进入了即决审判室。他们转进一个铺着石板的院子，在那里遇到一个长着络腮胡的壮汉，那人手里拿着一串钥匙。

"What's the matter now?" said the man carelessly.

“又出了什么事啊？”他漫不经心地问。

"A young fogle-hunter," replied the man who had Oliver in charge.

“抓到一个偷手帕的小贼。”押着奥利弗的警察说。

"Are you the party that's been robbed, sir?" inquired the man with the keys.

“先生，你是那个被偷的人吗？”拿着钥匙的大汉问。

"Yes, I am," replied the old gentleman; "but I am not sure that this boy actually took the handkerchief. I—I would rather not press the case.”

“是的，是我，”老先生回答，“不过我并不确定是不是这个孩子偷走了我的手帕。我——我不想追究这事。”

"Must go before the magistrate now, sir," replied the man. "His worship will be disengaged in half a minute. Now, young gallows!"

“先生，现在得先去见见治安官，”大汉说，“长官大人就快忙完了。

你这个该上绞架的小贼，给我过来！”

This was an invitation for Oliver to enter through a door which he unlocked as he spoke, and which led into a stone cell. Here he was searched; and nothing being found upon him, locked up.

他边说边打开一个石砌牢房的门，他的话就是对奥利弗发出的进门邀请。他在牢房里对奥利弗进行了一番搜查，但是在他身上什么都没搜到，门又锁上了。

This cell was in shape and size something like an area cellar, only not so light. It was most intolerably dirty; for it was Monday morning; and it had been tenanted by six drunken people, who had been locked up, elsewhere, since Saturday night. But this is little. In our station-houses, men and women are every night confined on the most trivial charges—the word is worth noting—in dungeons, compared with which, those in Newgate, occupied by the most atrocious felons, tried, found guilty, and under sentence of death, are palaces. Let any one who doubts this, compare the two.

这间牢房在形状和大小上都有些像地窖，只是没有那么亮。里面脏得让人完全无法忍受，因为现在是周一早上；从上周六晚上开始，这里已经关过六个醉汉，现在他们被关到别处去了。不过，这还不是什么大问题。在我们的警察局里，每天夜里都有人因为鸡毛蒜皮的小事——这种说法值得注意——被关进地牢。与此相比，新门监狱那些经过审讯、定罪、宣判死刑的残暴重罪犯，简直算是住在宫殿了。任何怀疑这一点的人，都来比较一下吧。

The old gentleman looked almost as rueful as Oliver when the key grated in the lock. He turned with a sigh to the book, which had been the innocent cause of all this disturbance.

钥匙在锁孔里发出咔哒一声，这时老先生看上去几乎与奥利弗一样沮丧了。他长叹了一口气，看向那本引发了这所有乱子的无辜的书。

"There is something in that boy's face," said the old gentleman to himself as he walked slowly away, tapping his chin with the cover of the book, in a thoughtful manner; "something that touches and interests me. Can he be innocent? He looked like—By the bye," exclaimed the old gentleman, halting very abruptly, and staring up into the sky, "Bless my soul!—where have I seen something like that look before?”

“那孩子的脸上貌似有种什么东西，”老先生一边慢慢走开，一边用书的封皮轻叩着自己的下巴，他在心里嘀咕着，“这是某种能够触动我、吸引我的东西。他会不会是无辜的呢？这张脸似乎有点像——并且，”老先生突然停住了，抬头凝视着天空惊叫道，“天哪！——我从前在哪里见过和他相似的长相？”

After musing for some minutes, the old gentleman walked, with the same meditative face, into a back anteroom opening from the yard; and there, retiring into a corner, called up before his mind's eye a vast amphitheatre of faces over which a dusky curtain had hung for many years. "No," said the old gentleman, shaking his head; "it must be imagination.

老先生沉思了片刻，然后走进了后面一间通着院子的接待室，脸上仍带着相似的苦苦思索的表情；他默默退到一个角落里，回忆着许多年以来一直藏在内心深处那昏暗大幕后面的一张张面孔。“不，”他一边摇头一边说，“这一定是想象。”

He wandered over them again. He had called them into view, and it was not easy to replace the shroud that had so long concealed them. There were the faces of friends, and foes, and of many that had been almost strangers peering intrusively from the crowd; there were the faces of young and blooming girls that were now old women; there were faces that the grave had changed and closed upon, but which the mind, superior to its power, still dressed in their old freshness and beauty, calling back the lustre of the eyes, the brightness of the smile, the beaming of the soul through its mask of clay, and whispering of beauty beyond the tomb, changed but to be heightened, and taken from earth only to be set up as a light, to shed a soft and gentle glow upon the path to Heaven.

他再一次回顾这些面孔。他已经将它们召唤到眼前，但是要把多年来一直遮挡在它们之上的幕布拉开却并非易事。那一张张的面孔中，有朋友的，也有敌人的，还有许多挤进脑海的面孔看上去几乎已经完全不认识了；那些曾经如花似玉的少女，现在已到了风烛残年；有些面孔虽然早已长眠于地下，变了模样，但是灵魂的力量超越了死亡，依然像往日那样鲜活而美丽，召回了那炯炯有神的双眸，爽朗清脆的笑声，光彩耀人的灵魂，这一切都冲出泥土的束缚与掩饰，在坟墓里向世人娓娓诉说其美好；这黄土下的美好虽然有所改变，但却更加地显著突出，并超脱了尘世，成为一盏明灯，只为在通往天国的路上洒下一道柔和而清丽的光辉。

But the old gentleman could recall no one countenance of which Oliver's features bore a trace. So, he heaved a sigh over the recollections he awakened; and being, happily for himself, an absent old gentleman, buried them again in the pages of the musty book.

但是，老先生终究也没能想起奥利弗的脸与谁的脸有相似之处。他再次长叹一声，向自己刚才记起的往事依依作别，并为自己只是心不在焉感到庆幸，把一切记忆重新埋进了那本发霉的书里。

He was roused by a touch on the shoulder, and a request from the man with the keys to follow him into the office. He closed his book hastily; and was at once ushered into the imposing presence of the

renowned Mr. Fang.

有人碰了一下他的肩膀，他从回忆中醒了过来。那个拿着钥匙的大汉要老先生随他一道进法庭去。他赶紧合上书，随即被领着去拜见那位声名显赫的范昂长官。

The office was a front parlour, with a panelled wall. Mr. Fang sat behind a bar, at the upper end; and on one side the door was a sort of wooden pen in which poor little Oliver was already deposited; trembling very much at the awfulness of the scene.

办公室是个前厅，墙壁上镶有护墙板。范昂长官坐在上座的栏杆后面，可怜的小奥利弗被安置在门边的木栅栏里，被这威严的场面吓得瑟瑟发抖。

Mr. Fang was a lean, long-backed, stiff-necked, middle-sized man, with no great quantity of hair, and what he had, growing on the back and sides of his head. His face was stern, and much flushed. If he were really not in the habit of drinking rather more than was exactly good for him, he might have brought action against his countenance for libel, and have recovered heavy damages.

范昂长官中等个子，十分消瘦，腰板细长，脖子僵直。他的头发不多，大部分都长在脑袋两侧和后脑勺上。他的神色很严厉，面色很红。如果他确实没有酗酒的习惯的话，他完全可以起诉自己的长相犯有欺骗罪，并获得一笔数目可观的损失费了。

The old gentleman bowed respectfully; and advancing to the magistrate's desk, said, suiting the action to the word, "That is my name and address, sir." He then withdrew a pace or two; and, with another polite and gentlemanly inclination of the head, waited to be questioned.

老先生毕恭毕敬地鞠了个躬后，朝治安官的书桌走过去，一边递上名片一边说道：“长官，这是我的名片。”说完，他退后了一步，又客气而绅士地点了点头，等待着对方发问。

Now, it so happened that Mr. Fang was at that moment perusing a leading article in a newspaper of the morning, adverting to some recent decision of his, and commending him, for the three hundred and fiftieth time, to the special and particular notice of the Secretary of State for the Home Department. He was out of temper; and he looked up with an angry scowl.

此刻，范昂长官正好在阅读当天早上报纸上的一篇社论，文章谈到了他最近的一次裁决，第三百五十次提请内政大臣对他加以特别注意。他相当恼火，抬头的时候眉头紧锁。

"Who are you?" said Mr. Fang.

“你是谁？”范昂长官问道。

The old gentleman pointed, with some surprise, to his card.

老绅士带着几分诧异，指了指自己的名片。

"Officer!" said Mr. Fang, tossing the card contemptuously away with the newspaper. "Who is this fellow?"

“警官！”范昂长官傲慢地用报纸挑开名片，说道，“这家伙是谁？”

"My name, sir," said the old gentleman, speaking like a gentleman, "my name, sir, is Brownlow. Permit me to inquire the name of the magistrate who offers a gratuitous and unprovoked insult to a respectable person, under the protection of the bench." Saying this, Mr. Brownlow looked around the office as if in search of some person who would afford him the required information.

“长官，我的名字——”老绅士很有风度地说，“我的名字是布朗洛，长官。请允许我问一声长官的名字。长官仗着自己是执法者，就无缘无故地侮辱一个体面之人。”布朗洛先生说着，环视了一周，好像在找一个能给他满意答案的人。

"Officer!" said Mr. Fang, throwing the paper on one side, "what's this fellow charged with?”

“警官！”范昂长官边说边把报纸扔到了一边，“这家伙犯了什么案子？”

"He's not charged at all, your worship," replied the officer. "He appears against this boy, your worship."

“他没犯案子，大人，”警官回答，“他是原告，大人。”

His worship knew this perfectly well; but it was a good annoyance, and a safe one.

范昂长官完全是明知故问，他这个问题既让人恼火，也用不着担风险。

"Appears against the boy, does he?" said Mr. Fang, surveying Mr. Brownlow contemptuously from head to foot. "Swear him!"

“他是要告这个小孩，是吧？”范昂先生傲慢地边说边将布朗洛先生从头到脚打量了一番。“让他宣誓！”

"Before I am sworn, I must beg to say one word," said Mr. Brownlow; "and that is, that I really never, without actual experience, could have believed—" "Hold your tongue, sir!" said Mr. Fang, peremptorily.

“在我宣誓之前，必须先说两句，”布朗洛先生说，“就是说，要不是我亲身经历，我确实不敢相信——”“住嘴，先生！”范昂长官专横地打断了他。

"I will not, sir!" replied the old gentleman.

“我必须得说，先生！”老先生回答。

"Hold your tongue this instant, or I'll have you turned out of the office!" said Mr. Fang. "You're an insolent impertinent fellow. How dare you bully a magistrate!”

“立刻住嘴！否则我就把你赶出法庭！”范昂长官说道，“你这个粗鲁无礼的家伙。你竟敢威胁治安官！”

"What!" exclaimed the old gentleman, reddening.

“什么！”老先生涨红了脸，大叫一声。

"Swear this person!" said Fang to the clerk. "I'll not hear another word. Swear him.”

“让这个家伙宣誓！”范昂长官朝书记员吼道，“别的话我统统不听。让他宣誓！”

Mr. Brownlow's indignation was greatly roused; but reflecting perhaps, that he might only injure the boy by giving vent to it, he suppressed his feelings and submitted to be sworn at once.

布朗洛先生非常恼火，但是他考虑到如果发泄一通可能只会伤害那个孩子，就强忍着心头的怒火屈服了，立刻宣了誓。

"Now," said Fang, "what's the charge against this boy? What have you got to say, sir?”

“噢，”范昂长官说，“你指控这个孩子什么？你有什么要说的，先生？”

"I was standing at a bookstall—” Mr. Brownlow began.

“我当时正在一个书摊边上——”布朗洛先生开始讲述。

"Hold your tongue, sir," said Mr. Fang. "Policeman! Where's the policeman? Here, swear this policeman. Now, policeman, what is this?”

“停一下，先生！”范昂长官说，“警察！警察在哪儿？喏，叫这个警察宣誓。说吧，警察，怎么回事？”

The policeman, with becoming humility, related how he had taken the charge; how he had searched Oliver, and found nothing on his person; and how that was all he knew about it.

那位警察非常谦恭地讲了他是如何办案，如何搜查了奥利弗全身并一无所获；他告诉长官他知道的就是这些了。

"Are there any witnesses?" inquired Mr. Fang.

“有证人吗？”范昂长官问。

"None, your worship," replied the policeman.

“没有，大人。”警察回答。

Mr. Fang sat silent for some minutes, and then, turning round to the prosecutor, said in a towering passion.

范昂坐着沉默了几分钟，然后转向原告，大发雷霆地说：

"Do you mean to state what your complaint against this boy is, man, or do you not? You have been sworn. Now, if you stand there, refusing to give evidence, I'll punish you for disrespect to the bench; I will, by—" By what, or by whom, nobody knows, for the clerk and jailor coughed very loud, just at the right moment; and the former dropped a heavy book upon the floor, thus preventing the word from being heard—accidently, of course.

“你到底是要控告这个孩子，还是不要？你已经宣誓了。喂，你要是光站在这儿，拒绝拿出证据，我就可以以藐视法庭罪严惩你，我要——”他要干什么，或者说要谁来干，没有人知道，因为就在这时候，书记员和那名狱卒一起大声咳嗽了起来。前者又将一本沉甸甸的书掉到了地上，那句话当然由于这个意外情况没被听完整。

With many interruptions, and repeated insults, Mr. Brownlow contrived to state his case; observing that, in the surprise of the moment, he had run after the boy because he had saw him running away; and expressing his hope that, if the magistrate should believe him, although not actually the thief, to be connected with the thieves, he would deal as leniently with him as justice would allow.

尽管遭到了无数阻碍和反复侮辱，布朗洛先生还是试图把案情说一遍。他说，由于当时感到意外，见那个孩子一个劲跑，便追了上去。他表明了自己的希望，如果长官相信那个孩子尽管不是小偷，却跟小偷们有牵连，也希望长官能够在法律允许的范围内从轻发落。

"He has been hurt already," said the old gentleman in conclusion. "And I fear," he added, with great energy, looking towards the bar, "I really fear that he is ill."

“他已经受了伤，”老先生最后说，“而且我担心，”他望着栅栏那面，努力补充道，“我确实担心那个孩子生病了。”

"Oh! yes,I dare say!" said Mr. Fang, with a sneer. "Come, none of your tricks here, you young vagabond; they won't do. What's your name?”

“噢！是的，我想可能是这样！”范昂长官冷笑着说道，“少来这一套了。这个小流氓，这些都骗不了我。你叫什么名字？”

Oliver tried to reply but his tongue failed him. He was deadly pale; and the whole place seemed turning round and round.

奥利弗努力想应一声，但是说不出话来。他面色苍白，周围的一切

似乎都在眼前旋转。

"What's your name, you hardened scoundrel?" demanded Mr. Fang. "Officer, what's his name?”

“你叫什么名字？你这个厚脸皮的无赖！”范昂长官继续问。“警官，他叫什么？”

This was addressed to a bluff old fellow, in a striped waistcoat, who was standing by the bar. He bent over Oliver, and repeated the inquiry; but finding him really incapable of understanding the question; and knowing that his not replying would only infuriate the magistrate the more, and add to the severity of his sentence; he hazarded a guess.

这话是对站在栏杆旁边的一个穿条纹背心的率直的老头说的。老头向奥利弗弯下腰，又问了一遍，发现奥立弗确实没法理解这问题。老头知道奥利弗不回答只会让治安官更加恼怒，还会加重判决，于是就冒险瞎编起来。

"He says his name's Tom White, your worship," said the kind-hearted thief-taker.

“他说他叫汤姆·怀特，大人。”这位好心的警察说。

"Oh, he won't speak out, won't he?" said Fang. "Very well, very well. Where does he live?"

“噢，他不是说不出来吗，是吗？”范昂说道，“好极了，好极了。他住在哪里？”

"Where he can, your worship," replied the officer; again pretending to receive Oliver's answer.

“他说没个准儿，大人。”他回答道，再次装作听到了奥利弗的回答。

"Has he any parents?" inquired Mr.Fang.

“他的父母呢？”范昂继续询问。

"He says they died in his infancy, your worship," replied the officer: hazarding the usual reply.

“他说他们在他小时候就已经死了，大人。”警官冒险取了个寻常的回答。

At this point of the inquiry, Oliver raised his head; and, looking round with imploring eyes, murmured a feeble prayer for a draught of water.

问到这儿，奥利弗抬起了头，用哀求的目光环视了一下四周，有气无力地请求给他一口水喝。

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Mr. Fang: "don't try to make a fool of me.”

“胡说八道！”范昂长官说，“别想把我当傻瓜。”

"I think he really is ill, your worship," remonstrated the officer.

“大人，我想他是真的生病了。”警官劝道。

"I know better," said Mr. Fang.

“我比你清楚。”范昂先生说。

"Take care of him, officer," said the old gentleman, raising his hands instinctively; "he'll fall down.”

“长官，快扶住他，”老先生说着，不禁伸出了双手，“他就要倒了。”

"Stand away, officer," cried Fang; "let him, if he likes."

“站到一边去，警官，”范昂嚷道，“他要是想倒就倒吧。”

Oliver availed himself of the kind permission, and fell to the floor in a fainting fit. The men in the office looked at each other, but no one dared to stir.

承蒙长官恩准，奥利弗一阵眩晕，倒在了地板上。法庭里的人面面相觑，但是无人敢动。

"I knew he was shamming," said Fang, as if this were incontestable proof of the fact. "Let him lie there; he'll soon be tired of that.”

“我就知道他在装病，”范昂说，仿佛这是毋庸置疑的事实，“让他躺在那儿吧，要不了多久他就会厌烦了。”

"How do you propose to deal with the case, sir?" inquired the clerk in a low voice.

“大人，您打算如何处理这个案子？”书记员低声问道。

"Summarily," replied Mr. Fang. "He stands committed for three months—hard labour of course. Clear the office.”

“即决裁判，”范昂长官说，“关他三个月——当然了，苦工是少不了的。退庭。”

The door was opened for this purpose, and a couple of men were preparing to carry the insensible boy to his cell; when an elderly man of decent but poor appearance, clad in an old suit of black, rushed hastily into the office, and advanced towards the bench.

门应声打开了，两个大汉准备将昏迷的奥利弗带去牢房。这时一个穿着黑色礼服的老人匆匆闯进了法庭，朝法官席走去。他穿着得体，但

是并不富贵。

"Stop, stop! don't take him away! For Heaven's sake stop a moment!" cried the new comer, breathless with haste.

“等一下，等一下！别把他带走！看在上帝的份上，请等一下！”这个新来的人气喘吁吁地叫道。

Although the presiding Genii in such an office as this, exercise a summary and arbitrary power over the liberties, the good name, the character, almost the lives, of Her Majesty's subjects, expecially of the poorer class; and although, within such walls, enough fantastic tricks are daily played to make the angels blind with weeping; they are closed to the public, save through the medium of the daily press. Mr. Fang was consequently not a little indignant to see an unbidden guest enter in such irreverent disorder.

尽管法律的守护神们在这样的法庭里，对女王陛下的臣民，尤其是那些比较贫困的臣民的自由、名誉、人格，甚至生命肆意践踏，尽管在这四壁之内，这种足以叫天使们哭瞎双眼的荒唐闹剧每天都在上演，但是公众无法目睹这一切，除了每天报纸向他们泄露的那一点。范昂长官看到这位不速之客如此无礼地闯了进来，勃然大怒。

"What is this? Who is this? Turn this man out. Clear the office!" cried Mr. Fang.

“这是怎么回事？这是谁？把这人给我赶出去！退庭！”范昂先生吼道。

"I will speak," cried the man; "I will not be turned out. I saw it all. I keep the book-stall. I demand to be sworn. I will not be put down. Mr. Fang, you must hear me. You must not refuse, sir.”

“我必须要说，”那人大声说，“别想把我赶出去。事情我都看见了。书摊是我开的。我请求宣誓。别想封住我的嘴。范昂长官，你必须听我说，你不能拒绝，先生。”

The man was right. His manner was determined; and the matter was growing rather too serious to be hushed up.

那人的请求是正当的。他态度很坚决，事态已经发展到了严重的地步，不能马虎过去了。

"Swear the man," growled Mr. Fang with a very ill grace. "Now, man, what have you got to say?"

“让他宣誓。”范昂长官不高兴地吼道，“喂，说吧，你有什么要说的？”

"This," said the man: "I saw three boys: two others and the prisoner here: loitering on the opposite side of the way, when this gentleman was reading. The robbery was committed by another boy. I

saw it done; and I saw that this boy was perfectly amazed and stupified by it.” Having by this time recovered a little breath, the worthy book-stall keeper proceeded to relate, in a more coherent manner the exact circumstances of the robbery.

“事情是这样的，”那人说，“我亲眼看到三个孩子，另外两个男孩和这名被告，在马路对面闲逛，那时候这个老先生正在看书。偷东西的是另一个孩子。我看见他下手了，我还看见这个孩子完全惊呆了。”说到这儿，这位可敬的书摊老板才缓过一口气来，更有条理地将这桩抢劫案的详细情况讲了一遍。

"Why didn't you come here before?" said Fang, after a pause.

“你干吗不早点来？”范昂停了一会儿说道。

"I hadn't a soul to mind the shop," replied the man. "Everybody who could have helped me, had joined in the pursuit. I could get nobody till five minutes ago; and I've run here all the way.”

“我没找到人给我看铺子，”书摊老板说，“那些本来能帮忙的人全加入了追赶。我五分钟之前才找着人，就一路跑了过来。”

"The prosecutor was reading, was he?" inquried Fang, after another pause.

“原告当时正在看书，是吗？”范昂又停了一会儿，继续询问。

"Yes," replied the man. "The very book he has in his hand."

“是的，”书摊老板回答，“那本书还在他手里呢。”

"Oh, that book, eh?" said Fang. "Is it paid for?"

“呵，是那本书，嗯？”范昂问，“他付钱了没有？”

"No, it is not," replied the man, with a smile.

“没，还没有。”书摊老板带着一丝笑意答道。

"Dear me, I forgot all about it!" exclaimed the absent old gentleman, innocently.

“天哪，我完全把这事给忘了！”有些恍惚的老先生无辜地叫道。

"A nice person to prefer a charge against a poor boy!" said Fang, with a comical effort to look humane. "I consider, sir, that you have obtained possession of that book, under very suspicious and disreputable circumstances; and you may think yourself very fortunate that the owner of the property declines to prosecute. Let this be a lesson to you, my man, or the law will overtake you yet. The boy is discharged. Clear the office!"

“好一位老实人啊！还来告发一个可怜的孩子。”范昂故意开着玩笑，让自己显得很有人情味。“我想，老先生，你已经在可疑而又不光彩

的情形下，把那本书占为己有了。大概你还以为自己运气不错吧，这本书的主人不打算提出起诉。你就把这当成一次教训吧，否则，总有一天你要受到法律制裁的。把那个小孩放了吧。退庭！”

"D—n me!" cried the old gentleman, bursting out with the rage he had kept down so long, "d—n me! I'll—" "Clear the office!" said the magistrate. "Officers, do you hear? Clear the office!"

“天啊！”布朗洛先生忍了许久的怒气终于爆发了，“天啊！我要——”“退庭！”治安官打断他，“警官们，你们都听见了没有？退庭！”

The mandate was obeyed; and the indignant Mr. Brownlow was conveyed out, with the book in one hand, and the bamboo cane in the other: in a perfect phrenzy of rage and defiance. He reached the yard; and his passion vanished in a moment. Little Oliver Twist lay on his back on the pavement, with his shirt unbuttoned, and his temples bathed with water; his face a deadly white; and a cold tremble convulsing his whole frame.

这项命令被执行了，愤怒的布朗洛先生被轰了出去。他一手拿着书，一手握着竹杖，怒气冲冲，因在法庭上受到的蔑视而气得几欲发狂。他来到院子里，怒气立刻消散了。小奥利弗仰面躺在人行道上，衬衣已经解开，两鬓被浇了些凉水，脸色惨白，身体抽动，不停地打着寒战。

"Poor boy, poor boy!" said Mr. Brownlow, bending over him. "Call a coach, somebody, pray. Directly!"

“可怜的孩子，可怜的孩子！”布朗洛先生俯下腰来，“劳驾哪一位叫辆马车。快！”

A coach was obtained, and Oliver having been carefully laid on the seat, the old gentleman got in and sat himself on the other.

马车来了，奥利弗被小心翼翼地抱到了座位上，老先生也上了马车，坐到另一个座位上。

"May I accompany you?" said the book-stall keeper, looking in.

“我能和您一起去吗？”书摊老板边朝里看边说。

"Bless me, yes, my dear sir," said Mr. Brownlow quickly. "I forgot you. Dear, dear! I have this unhappy book still! Jump in. Poor fellow! There's no time to lose.”

“哎呀，当然可以。我亲爱的先生。”布朗洛先生赶紧说道，“我都把您给忘记了。天哪，天哪！我还拿着这本倒霉的书呢！快上来。这可怜的小家伙！不能再耽误时间了。”

The book-stall keeper got into the coach; and away they drove.

书摊老板跳上车；马车开走了。

CHAPTER XII In which Oliver is taken better care of than he ever was before. And in which the narrative reverts to the merry old gentleman and his youthful friends.

第十二章 对奥利弗得到的前所未有的照顾，以及那位快乐的老先生及其年轻朋友们的叙述

The coach rattled away, over nearly the same ground as that which Oliver had traversed when he first entered London in company with the Dodger; and, turning a different way when it reached the Angel at Islington, stopped at length before a neat house, in a quiet shady street near Pentonville. Here, a bed was prepared, without loss of time, in which Mr. Brownlow saw his young charge carefully and comfortably deposited; and here, he was tended with a kindness and solicitude that knew no bounds.

马车咔嗒咔嗒地行驶，路线几乎和当初奥利弗由机灵鬼陪着第一次来伦敦时走的一样；过了伊斯灵顿街的安琪儿酒店，马车便转向了另一条路，一直来到本顿维尔附近一条安静的林阴小道，在一所整洁的小屋前停下了。在这儿，布朗洛先生立刻为奥利弗准备好了一张床，他仔细地把小家伙安顿得十分舒适。奥利弗受到了无微不至的悉心照顾。

But, for many days, Oliver remained insensible to all the goodness of his new friends. The sun rose and sank, and rose and sank again, and many times after that; and still the boy lay stretched on his uneasy bed, dwindling away beneath the dry and wasting heat of fever. The worm does not work more surely on the dead body, than does this slow creeping fire upon the living frame.

但是，一连几天过去了，奥利弗始终处于昏迷当中，对这些新朋友们的照顾全然不知。太阳升起来又落下，再升起来，又落下去；日子一天又一天地过去了。小奥利弗依然舒展着身子，躺在这来之不易的床上，饱受着热病的煎熬，日渐消瘦。蠕虫贪食死尸，也不如这文火烘烤活人来得有把握。

Weak, and thin, and pallid, he awoke at last from what seemed to have been a long and troubled dream. Feebly raising himself in the bed, with his head resting on his trembling arm, he looked anxiously around.

这天，奥利弗终于醒了。他身体虚弱，瘦骨嶙峋，面色惨白，俨然刚从一场漫长的噩梦中醒来。他虚弱地从床上起身，用颤抖的胳膊支撑着头，不安地四处张望。

"What room is this? Where have I been brought to?" said Oliver. "This is not the place I went to sleep in."

“这是什么地方？我在哪儿？”奥利弗说道，“这不是我睡觉的那个地方。”

He uttered these words in a feeble voice, being very faint and weak; but they were overheard at once. The curtain at the bed's head was hastily drawn back, and a motherly old lady, very neatly and precisely dressed, rose as she undrew it, from an arm-chair close by, in which she had been sitting at needle-work.

他的身体极度虚弱无力，因此声音很微弱。但是立刻就有人听到了。床头的帘子马上拉开了，一位衣着整洁讲究、慈母般的老太太放下手里的针线活，从床边扶手椅里站了起来。

"Hush, my dear," said the old lady softly. "You must be very quiet, or you will be ill again; and you have been very bad,—as bad as bad could be, pretty nigh. Lie down again; there's a dear!” With those words, the old lady very gently placed Oliver's head upon the pillow; and, smoothing back his hair from his forehead, looked so kindly and loving in his face, that he could not help placing his little withered hand in hers, and drawing it round his neck.

“别出声，我亲爱的孩子，”老太太温柔地说道，“你可得先安心养病，要不然这病又得加重。你病得可不轻——别提有多厉害了。还是先躺下吧，真是个好孩子！”老太太一边说着，一边轻轻地把奥利弗的头搁到枕头上，将他额前的头发向后拨了拨，她注视着奥利弗的脸，目光是那么慈祥、那么仁爱。他忍不住把自己瘦弱的小手放进她的手里，把她的手拉过来环住自己的脖子。

"Save us!" said the old lady, with tears in her eyes. "What a grateful little dear it is. Pretty creetur! What would his mother feel if she had sat by him as I have, and could see him now!"

“天哪！”老太太热泪盈眶地说，“真是个知恩图报的小家伙。可爱的小东西！要是他母亲能够像我一样坐在他身边，看见他现在的样子，该多开心啊！”

"Perhaps she does see me," whispered Oliver , folding his hands together; "perhaps she has sat by me. I almost feel as if she had."

“说不定她真的能够看见我呢，”小奥利弗双手合十，低声说道，“也许她就坐在我身边呢。我几乎能感觉到。”

"That was the fever, my dear," said the old lady mildly.

“那是因为你在发烧，我亲爱的孩子。”老太太和善地说。

"I suppose it was," replied Oliver, "because heaven is a long way off; and they are too happy there, to come down to the bedside of a

poor boy. But if she knew I was ill, she must have pitied me, even there; for she was very ill herself before she died. She can't know anything about me though," added Oliver after a moment's silence. "If she had seen me hurt, it would have made her sorrowful; and her face has always looked sweet and happy, when I have dreamed of her."

“我想也是，”小奥利弗回答道，“天堂离这儿太远了，他们在那儿那么幸福，是不会来一个苦孩子的床边的。不过要是妈妈知道我病了，即使她在天堂，也会惦记我的。因为她临死的时候就病得很厉害。她一定一点也不知道我现在的情形，”奥利弗停了一会儿继续说，“如果她看见我受伤，她一定会伤心死的。而现在每次我做梦见到她，她看起来都是那么快乐。”

The old lady made no reply to this; but wiping her eyes first, and her spectacles, which lay on the counterpane, afterwards, as if they were part and parcel of those features, brought some cool stuff for Oliver to drink; and then, patting him on the cheek, told him he must lie very quiet, or he would be ill again.

老太太沉默了。她先擦了擦自己的眼睛，然后又擦了一下放在床罩上的眼镜，彷佛眼镜也是脸上重要的部分似的。她取来些冷饮给奥利弗喝，然后轻轻拍了拍他的脸颊，告诉他他必须安静躺下休息，否则又会生病了。

So, Oliver kept very still; partly because he was anxious to obey the kind old lady in all things; and partly, to tell the truth, because he was completely exhausted with what he had already said. He soon fell into a gentle doze, from which he was awakened by the light of a candle: which, being brought near the bed, showed him a gentleman with a very large and loud-ticking gold watch in his hand, who felt his pulse, and said he was a great deal better.

于是奥利弗就安静地躺下了，一方面因为他乐意听从这位慈爱的老太太的话，另一方面，说真的，刚才说了那么多话，他早已经累得没有力气了。没过一会儿他就微微打起盹来，直到一支燃着的蜡烛靠近了床边，他才醒过来。烛光映照下，一位绅士拿着一只滴答作响的大号金表，号了号他的脉，说他已经好多了。

"You are a great deal better, are you not, my dear?" said the gentleman.

“亲爱的孩子，你感觉好多了，是吧？”这位绅士问。

"Yes, thank you, sir," replied Oliver.

“是的，先生，谢谢你。”奥利弗答道。

"Yes, I know you are," said the gentleman: "You're hungry too, an't you?”

“嗯，我就知道，”绅士说，“你一定饿坏了吧？”

"No, sir," answered Oliver.

“我不饿，先生。”奥利弗又答。

"Hem!" said the gentleman. "No, I know you're not. He is not hungry, Mrs. Bedwin," said the gentleman: looking very wise.

“唔！”绅士说，“我知道你还没感觉到饿。贝德温太太，他现在还不饿。”这位绅士看上去十分渊博。

The old lady made a respectful inclination of the head, which seemed to say that she thought the doctor was a very clever man. The doctor appeared much of the same opinion himself.

老太太很恭敬地点了点头，似乎是在夸赞医生知识渊博。医生本人看来也有同感。

"You feel sleepy, don't you, my dear?" said the doctor.

“我亲爱的孩子，你还是很困，是吗？”医生又问道。

"No, sir," replied Oliver.

“不，先生。”奥利弗说。

"No," said the doctor, with a very shrewd and satisfied look. "You're not sleepy. Nor thirsty. Are you?”

“不困了，”医生显出一副心中有数的满意神情，“不想再睡了，也不口渴，对吗？”

"Yes, sir, rather thirsty," answered Oliver.

“不，先生，我很渴．”奥利弗回答。

"Just as I expected, Mrs. Bedwin," said the doctor. "It's very natural that he should be thirsty. You may give him a little tea, ma'am, and some dry toast without any butter. Don't keep him too warm, ma'am; but be careful that you don't let him be too cold; will you have the goodness?”

“跟我估计的一样，贝德温太太。”医生说道，“感到口渴是很正常的。你给他点茶，加一点干面包，不要抹黄油。别让他太热了，太太，但也要注意别让他太冷。你能做到吧？”

The old lady dropped a curtsey. The doctor, after tasting the cool stuff, and expressing a qualified approval of it, hurried away: his boots creaking in a very important and wealthy manner as he went downstairs.

老太太行了个屈膝礼。医生试了试冷饮，表示认可，便匆匆离去了。下楼的时候，他的靴子吱嘎作响，俨然一副权贵派头。

Oliver dozed off again, soon after this; when he awoke, it was nearly twelve o'clock. The old lady tenderly bade him good-night

shortly afterwards, and left him in charge of a fat old woman who had just come: bringing with her, in a little bundle, a small Prayer Book and a large nightcap. Putting the latter on her head and the former on the table, the old woman, after telling Oliver that she had come to sit up with him, drew her chair close to the fire and went off into a series of short naps, chequered at frequent intervals with sundry tumblings forward, and divers moans and chokings. These, however, had no worse effect than causing her to rub her nose very hard, and then fall asleep again.

过了一会儿，奥利弗又迷迷糊糊睡着了。他再次醒来的时候，已经快十二点了。贝德温太太不久后温和地跟他道了声晚安，把他交给一位刚来的胖老太婆照顾。老太婆随身带着一个小包袱，里面放着一本不大的祈祷书和一顶大睡帽。老太婆戴上了睡帽，将祈祷书放在了桌子上，告诉奥利弗，自己是来陪他过夜的。她把椅子移近壁炉，便接连打起盹来。她不时向前跌倒醒来，嘴里发出各种声音，还时不时透不过气来。不过，这些最多也就是让她使劲揉揉鼻子，又陷入沉睡。

And thus the night crept slowly on. Oliver lay awake for some time, counting the little circles of light which the reflection of the rushlight-shade threw upon the ceiling; or tracing with his languid eyes the intricate pattern of the paper on the wall. The darkness and the deep stillness of the room were very solemn; as they brought into the boy's mind the thought that death had been hovering there, for many days and nights, and might yet fill it with the gloom and dread of his awful presence, he turned his face upon the pillow, and fervently prayed to Heaven.

就这样，长夜慢慢过去了。好些时候，奥利弗都是醒着的。他躺在床上，时而数一数灯芯草蜡烛罩子投射到天花板上的小光圈，时而又睡眼朦胧地打量着墙上复杂的壁纸图案。屋子里黑暗而又寂静，显得庄严肃穆。这些不禁使这个孩子想到，无数个日日夜夜以来，死神一直在这里徘徊，在每处可能都已经留下了它阴森恐怖的痕迹。想到这儿，奥利弗转过脸，把脑袋埋在枕头里，虔诚地向上帝祈祷。

Gradually, he fell into that deep tranquil sleep which ease from recent suffering alone imparts; that calm and peaceful rest which it is pain to wake from. Who, if this were death, would be roused again to all the struggles and turmoils of life; to all its cares for the present; its anxieties for the future; more than all, its weary recollections of the past!

渐渐地，他进入了梦乡。这种安宁只有大病初愈的人才能体会，让人久久不愿醒来。即使这就是死亡，又有谁愿意被唤醒，来继续面对挣扎混乱的人生，无数的近忧远虑，还有那些不堪回首的往事！

It had been bright day, for hours, when Oliver opened his eyes; he felt cheerful and happy. The crisis of the disease was safely past. He

belonged to the world again.

奥利弗再次睁开眼睛的时候，太阳已经很高了。他感到心情舒畅，幸福万分。他终于安然度过了这场大病的危险期。他再次回到了世间。

In three days' time he was able to sit in an easy-chair, well propped up with pillows; and, as he was still too weak to walk, Mrs. Bedwin had him carried downstairs into the little housekeeper's room, which belonged to her. Having him set, here, by the fire-side, the good old lady sat herself down too; and, being in a state of considerable delight at seeing him so much better, forthwith began to cry most violently.

接下来的三天，他已经可以坐在安乐椅里，舒舒坦坦地靠在枕头上了。他的身体依旧很虚弱，不能行走。贝德温太太把他带到楼下的房间里，这个小房间是属于她这位女管家的。善良的老太太把他安顿在壁炉边上，自己也坐了下来。看到奥利弗身体好多了，她十分高兴，突然大哭起来。

"Never mind me, my dear," said the old lady; "I'm only having a regular good cry. There; it's all over now; and I'm quite comfortable.”

“别介意，我亲爱的孩子，”老太太说，“我是因为欢喜才哭的，这是常有的事。你看，现在没事了，我感觉好多了。”

"You're very, very kind to me, ma'am," said Oliver.

“你对我真是太好了，太太。”奥利弗说。

"Well, never you mind that, my dear," said the old lady; "that's got nothing to do with your broth; and it's full time you had it; for the doctor says Mr. Brownlow may come in to see you this morning; and we must get up our best looks, because the better we look, the more he'll be pleased.” And with this, the old lady applied herself to warming up, in a little saucepan, a basin full of broth: strong enough, Oliver thought, to furnish an ample dinner, when reduced to the regulation strength, for three hundred and fifty paupers, at the lowest computation.

“你可千万别客气，我亲爱的孩子，”老太太说道，“还是来喝点肉汤吧，是该喝汤的时候了。医生说布朗洛先生今天上午可能要来看你，咱们得好好准备一下。因为你气色越好，他就会越高兴。”说着，老太太在一口小炖锅里热了满满一盆肉汤。好浓的肉汤啊！奥利弗心里想，要是稀释成规定的浓度，这少说也应该够三百五十个贫民饱餐一顿了。

"Are you fond of pictures, dear?" inquired the old lady, seeing that Oliver had fixed his eyes, most intently, on a portrait which hung against the wall; just opposite his chair.

“亲爱的，你喜欢图画吗？”老太太见奥利弗目不转睛地盯着墙上的一幅肖像画看，便问道。

"I don't quite know, ma'am," said Oliver, without taking his eyes from the canvas; "I have seen so few that I hardly know. What a beautiful, mild face that lady's is!”

“我基本上不懂，太太。”奥利弗回答道，目光并没有离开那张画，“我一共也没见过几张画，所以什么都不懂。画上的这位太太可真是又漂亮又温柔啊！”

"Ah!" said the old lady, "painters always make ladies out prettier than they are, or they wouldn't get any custom, child. The man that invented the machine for taking likenesses might have known that would never succeed; it's a deal too honest. A deal," said the old lady, laughing very heartily at her own acuteness.

“啊！”老太太说，“亲爱的孩子，画家们总是把女士们画得比她们本人漂亮。要不然，就找不到买家啦。发明照相机的人可能早知道这一招根本行不通吧。这买卖太诚实了。”老太太认为自己的想法妙极了，开心地笑了起来。

"Is—is that a likeness, ma'am?" said Oliver.

“那——这是不是一张画像，太太？”奥利弗问。

"Yes," said the old lady, looking up for a moment from the broth; "that's a portrait.”

“是的，”老太太目光离开了肉汤，抬起头来看了一会儿，说道，“这是一张肖像画．”

"Whose, ma'am?" asked Oliver.

“太太，她是谁呢？”奥利弗问道。

"Why, really, my dear, I don't know," answered the old lady in a good-humoured manner. "It's not a likeness of anybody that you or I know, I expect. It seems to strike your fancy, dear.”

“哦，说实话，我亲爱的孩子，我也不知道，”老太太好脾气地说，“我猜咱们都不认识她。你好像很喜欢这幅画，亲爱的。”

"It is so pretty," replied Oliver.

“她太美了。”奥利弗应道。

"Why, sure you' re not afraid of it?" said the old lady: observing in great surprise, the look of awe with which the child regarded the painting.

“哎呀，你确定自己没被它吓着吗？”老太太注意到奥利弗注视着画像时那一脸敬畏的神情，大为吃惊，赶紧询问。

"Oh no, no," returned Oliver quickly; "but the eyes look so sorrowful; and where I sit, they seem fixed upon me. It makes my heart beat," added Oliver in a low voice, "as if it was alive, and

wanted to speak to me, but couldn't.”

“哦，没有，没有，”奥利弗赶紧回答，“只是那双眼睛看起来太悲伤了。无论我坐在哪儿，它们都像在盯着我。这让我心跳得厉害。”奥利弗又小声补充道，“这画像就像活的一样，似乎想跟我说话，只是说不出来。”

"Lord save us!" exclaimed the old lady, starting; "don't talk in that way, child. You're weak and nervous after your illness. Let me wheel your chair round to the other side; and then you won't see it. There!" said the old lady, suiting the action to the word; "you don't see it now, at all events.”

“上帝保佑！”老太太叫着站起来，“我亲爱的好孩子，快别那么说。你病刚好，身体还很虚弱，难免会紧张。来，我给你把椅子推到另一边去，你就看不见它了。行啦！”老太太边说着，边把椅子推开，“无论如何，你现在看不见它了吧。”

Oliver did see it in his mind's eye as distinctly as if he had not altered his position; but he thought it better not to worry the kind old lady; so he smiled gently when she looked at him; and Mrs. Bedwin, satisfied that he felt more comfortable, salted and broke bits of toasted bread into the broth, with all the bustle befitting so solemn a preparation. Oliver got through it with extraordinary expedition. He had scarcely swallowed the last spoonful, when there came a soft rap at the door. "Come in," said the old lady; and in walked Mr. Brownlow.

可是，那幅画就像是印在奥利弗的心中一样，依旧是那么清晰真切，彷佛他丝毫没有移动位置一般。他想最好还是别再让这位善良的太太操心了，所以当太太打量他的时候，他温和地笑了笑。贝德温太太看到他感觉好些了，这才放心。她往肉汤里放了些盐，又掰碎了几片烤面包加了进去，忙活了好一阵，完成了隆重的准备工作。奥利弗快速把汤喝完了。他刚喝完最后一口，就传来了轻轻的敲门声。“请进。”老太太说道。进来的是布朗洛先生。

Now, the old gentleman came in as brisk as need be; but, he had no sooner raised his spectacles on his forehead, and thrust his hands behind the skirts of his dressing-gown to take a good long look at Oliver, than his countenance underwent a very great variety of odd contortions. Oliver looked very worn and shadowy from sickness, and made an ineffectual attempt to stand up, out of respect to his benefactor, which terminated in his sinking back into the chair again; and the fact is, if the truth must be told, that Mr. Brownlow's heart, being large enough for any six ordinary old gentlemen of humane disposition, forced a supply of tears into his eyes, by some hydraulic process which we are not sufficiently philosophical to be in a condition to explain.

喏，老先生步履轻快地走了进来。他把眼镜支到额头上，双手插到长袍后摆里，刚开始认真打量起奥利弗，脸上就出现了各种奇怪的表情。奥利弗由于大病一场的缘故，显得格外疲惫憔悴。出于对恩人的尊敬，他努力试图站起来，但没成功，又重新跌坐到椅子上。事实上，如果真要说的话，布朗洛先生的心胸之宽广，抵得上六个一般心地善良的老绅士。他的心通过某种压力程序将两汪热泪送进他的眼眶，我们在哲学方面对此还真是掌握得不够，尚无法解释。

"Poor boy, poor boy!" said Mr. Brownlow, clearing his throat. "I'm rather hoarse this morning, Mrs. Bedwin. I'm afraid I have caught cold.”

“可怜的孩子，可怜的孩子！”布朗洛先生清了清喉咙说，“贝德温太太，我今天早上声音有些沙哑。恐怕我是感冒了。”

"I hope not, sir," said Mrs. Bedwin. "Everything you have had, has been well aired, sir."

“但愿不是，先生。”贝德温太太说道，“你所有的衣物都是晒过的。”

"I don't know, Bedwin. I don't know," said Mr. Brownlow; "I rather think I had a damp napkin at dinner-time yesterday; but never mind that. How do you feel, my dear?”

“我不知道，贝德温。我也不知道怎么搞的，”布朗洛先生说道，“可能是昨天吃晚饭的时候用的餐巾有点潮，不过没有关系。亲爱的，你感觉怎么样？”

"Very happy, sir," replied Oliver. "And very grateful indeed, sir, for your goodness to me."

“很开心，先生。”奥利弗回答，“真是太感谢您了。您对我太好了。”

"Good boy," said Mr. Brownlow, stoutly. "Have you given him any nourishment, Bedwin? Any slops, eh?"

“真是个好孩子，”布朗洛先生斩钉截铁地说，“你给他用补品了吗，贝德温？哪怕是流质的，嗯？”

"He has just had a basin of beautiful strong broth, sir," replied Mrs. Bedwin: drawing herself up slightly, and laying strong emphasis on the last word: to intimate that between slops, and broth will compounded, there existed no affinity or connection whatsoever.

“他刚喝了一碗浓浓的美味肉汤，先生。”贝德温太太微微欠身，特意强调了一下最后一个词，暗示一般的流质和精心熬制的浓汤还是有所不同的。

"Ugh!" said Mr. Brownlow, with a slight shudder; "a couple of glasses of port wine would have done him a great deal more good.

Wouldn't they, Tom White, eh?”

“啊！”布朗洛先生微微抖了一下，说道，“喝两杯葡萄酒可能对他更有益。是不是，汤姆·怀特，嗯？”

"My name is Oliver, sir," replied the little invalid: with a look of great astonishment.

“先生，我叫奥利弗。”小病人相当吃惊地回答道。

"Oliver," said Mr. Brownlow; "Oliver what? Oliver White, eh?"

“奥利弗？”布朗洛先生又问，“奥利弗什么？是叫奥利弗·怀特吗？”

"No, sir, Twist, Oliver Twist."

“不，先生。是特威斯特，奥利弗·特威斯特。”

"Queer name!" said the old gentleman. "What made you tell the magistrate your name was White?"

“好奇怪的名字！”老先生说道，“那你怎么告诉治安官你叫怀特呢？”

"I never told him so, sir," returned Oliver in amazement.

“我从来没有对他说过，先生。”奥利弗吃惊地回答。

This sounded so like a falsehood, that the old gentleman looked somewhat sternly in Oliver's face. It was impossible to doubt him; there was truth in every one of its thin and sharpened lineaments.

这话听上去像在撒谎，老先生有些严厉地盯着奥利弗的脸。他无法让人产生怀疑，他那瘦骨嶙峋的脸上似乎处处都写着诚实。

"Some mistake," said Mr. Brownlow. But, although his motive for looking steadily at Oliver no longer existed, the old idea of the resemblance between his features and some familiar face came upon him so strongly, that he could not withdraw his gaze.

“一定是搞错了。”布朗洛先生说。尽管让他盯着奥利弗的动机已经不存在了，但是那个旧念头又回到老先生的脑海中，他觉得奥利弗的脸与某张熟悉的面孔太相似了。这个念头如此强烈，以至于他根本无法将眼光从奥利弗脸上移开。

"I hope you are not angry with me, sir?" said Oliver, raising his eyes beseechingly.

“先生，求你不要生我的气，好吗？”奥利弗抬起双眼，恳求地说。

"No, no," replied the old gentleman. "Why! what's this? Bedwin, look there!”

“没有，没有。”老先生答道。“嗨！这是什么？贝德温，你瞧那画！”

As he spoke, he pointed hastily to the picture over Oliver's head, and then to the boy's face. There was its living copy. The eyes, the head, the mouth; every feature was the same. The expression was, for the instant, so precisely alike, that the minutest line seemed copied with startling accuracy!

他边说边急速地指指奥利弗头顶上的肖像画，又指指小奥利弗的脸。奥利弗的长相简直就是那幅肖像的翻版。那双眼睛、那头型、那嘴，每部分都是一模一样。那一瞬间的神态是如此逼真，彷佛就连最细微的线条都以惊人的准确手法临摹了下来。

Oliver knew not the cause of this sudden exclamation; for, not being strong enough to bear the start it gave him, he fainted away. A weakness on his part, which affords the narrative an opportunity of relieving the reader from suspense, in behalf of the two young pupils of the Merry Old Gentleman; and of recording— That when the Dodger, and his accomplished friend Master Bates, joined in the hue-and-cry which was raised at Oliver's heels, in consequence of their executing an illegal conveyance of Mr. Brownlow's personal property, as has been already described, they were actuated by a very laudable and becoming regard for themselves; and forasmuch as the freedom of the subject and the liberty of the individual are among the first and proudest boasts of a true-hearted Englishman, so, I need hardly beg the reader to observe, that this action should tend to exalt them in the opinion of all public and patriotic men, in almost as great a degree as this strong proof of their anxiety for their own preservation and safety goes to corroborate and confirm the little code of laws which certain profound and sound-judging philosophers have laid down as the main-springs of all Nature's deeds and actions: the said philosophers very wisely reducing the good lady's proceedings to matters of maxim and theory: and, by a very neat and pretty compliment to her exalted wisdom and understanding, putting entirely out of sight any considerations of heart, or generous impulse and feeling. For, these are matters totally beneath a female who is acknowledged by universal admission to be far above the numerous little foibles and weaknesses of her sex.

奥利弗不清楚是什么引来了这突如其来的叫声；他的身体尚未恢复，还不能够承受如此大的惊吓，他再次昏了过去。他这一晕，正好给了笔者一个机会，来讲讲那位快乐的老先生的两个小门徒，以解答读者的疑问。事情是这样的——当时，机灵鬼和他的那位技艺精湛的朋友贝茨少爷偷了布朗洛先生的私人财物，结果引发了那场对奥利弗的追捕，他们两个也大喊大叫地加入了这场追捕。这些前边已经叙述过了。他们之所以这样做，是基于一种得体而又令人称赞的考虑，那就是只顾自己。鉴于国民民主与个人自由是每一个纯正的英国人最引以为豪的东西，那么，我就无需提醒读者注意，他们的这一行为自然会大大提高他

们在公众以及所有爱国人士心目中的地位。他们只顾保全自己安危的这一铁证，足以证明这部由那些深谋远虑、博古通今的哲学家制定的小法典的适用性，该法典被视为一切本能行为的主要动机。这些哲学家是相当精明的，他们将一切本能行为归纳为格言和理论，又对本性的智慧和悟性做了一番简略而又巧妙的恭维，把良心、宽厚以及感情上的考虑全都抛得无影无踪。这些东西当然不能与本性相提并论，毕竟人们所公认的是，本性比人所难免具有的种种缺点瑕疵要高尚得多。

If I wanted any further proof of the strictly philosophical nature of the conduct of these young gentlemen in their very delicate predicament, I should at once find it in the fact (also recorded in a foregoing part of this narrative), of their quitting the pursuit, when the general attention was fixed upon Oliver; and making immediately for their home by the shortest possible cut. Although I do not mean to assert that it is usually the practice of renowned and learned sages, to shorten the road to any great conclusion (their course indeed being rather to lengthen the distance, by various circumlocutions and discursive staggerings, like unto those in which drunken men under the pressure of a too mighty flow of ideas, are prone to indulge); still, I do mean to say, and do say distinctly, that it is the invariable practice of many mighty philosophers, in carrying out their theories, to evince great wisdom and foresight in providing against every possible contingency which can be supposed at all likely to affect themselves. Thus, to do a great right, you may do a little wrong; and you may take any means which the end to be attained, will justify; the amount of the right, or the amount of the wrong, or indeed the distinction between the two, being left entirely to the philosopher concerned, to be settled and determined by his clear, comprehensive, and impartial view of his own particular case.

倘若需要进一步证明这两位处于微妙窘境的小绅士在本性方面的哲理，笔者可以随手就举出他们退出追捕这个事实（这个前面也已经提到）：当人群的注意力全部集中在奥利弗身上时，他们便立刻抄最近的路溜回了家。尽管，我并不打算断言，抄近路也是那些声名显赫、博学多才的哲人得出伟大结论的常见作风（他们的路程确实因委婉曲折的叙述、散漫交错的安排而被拉长，就如同那些有一肚子想法的醉汉，一开口就口若悬河一样）；但是，我的确想明确地指出，许多大哲学家在实施他们的理论时，在排除一切可能对他们不利的偶然因素时，都无一例外地显示出聪明才智、深谋远虑。因此，为了成大事，就得不拘小节。只要能达到目的，任何手段都无可非议。是对，还是错，抑或两者之间的区别到底是什么，统统都是由哲学家说了算的。哲学家完全是根据自己所处的特殊情况，作出清晰、全面、公正的判断。

It was not until the two boys had scoured, with great rapidity, through a most intricate maze of narrow streets and courts, that they ventured to halt beneath a low and dark archway. Having remained

silent here, just long enough to recover breath to speak, Master Bates uttered an exclamation of amusement and delight; and, bursting into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, flung himself upon a doorstep, and rolled thereon in a transport of mirth.

两个小绅士迅速跑掉了，穿过如迷宫般错综复杂的街道和院落，一直跑到一个低矮昏暗的拱道，才冒险在那里歇了歇。两人在那儿沉默了一会儿。缓过气后，贝茨少爷便发出一声喜悦的感慨，接着就控制不住地大笑起来，他倒在了门阶上，笑得直打滚。

"What's the matter?" inquired the Dodger.

“笑什么呢？”机灵鬼问。

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Charley Bates.

“哈哈哈！”贝茨放声大笑。

"Hold your noise," remonstrated the Dodger, looking cautiously round. "Do you want to be grabbed, stupid?"

“快别笑了，”机灵鬼小心地环视了一圈，劝道，“你这个笨蛋，你想被抓到吗？”

"I can't help it," said Charley, "I can't help it! To see him splitting away at that pace, and cutting round the corners, and knocking up again the posts, and starting on again as if he was made of iron as well as them, and me with the wipe in my pocket, singing out arter him—oh, my eye!” The vivid imagination of Master Bates presented the scene before him in too strong colours. As he arrived at this apostrophe, he again rolled upon the door-step, and laughed louder than before.

“我忍不住，”查利说，“我忍不住！他拼命地跑，一溜烟地转过街角，又撞到了电线杆子上，爬起来继续跑，就像他跟电线杆子一样都是铁做的。再看看我，抹嘴儿插在口袋里，大喊大叫地在后面追他。——天哪！”贝茨少爷想象力极其丰富，将刚才的场景添油加醋地展现出来。说到这儿，他又在门阶上滚起来，笑得更欢了。

"What's ll Fagin say?" inquired the Dodger; taking advantage of the next interval of breathlessness on the part of his friend to propound the question.

“费金会说什么？”机灵鬼趁着伙伴停下来喘气的时候问。

"What?" repeated Charley Bates.

“说什么？”贝茨重复道。

"Ah, what?" said the Dodger.

“是啊，他会说什么？”机灵鬼问。

"Why, what should he say?" inquired Charley: stopping rather

suddenly in his merriment; for the Dodger's manner was impressive. "What should he say?"

“咳，他会说什么呢？”查利见机灵鬼不是说着玩的态度，顿时也欢喜不起来了。“他会说什么呢？”

Mr. Dawkins whistled for a couple of minutes; then, taking off his hat, scratched his head, and nodded thrice.

道金斯先生吹了会儿口哨，摘下了帽子，挠了挠头，脑袋点了三下。

"What do you mean?" said Charley.

“这是什么意思？”查利·贝茨问。

"Toor rul lol loo, gammon and spinnage, the frog he wouldn't, and high cockolorum," said the Dodger: with a slight sneer on his intellectual countenance.

“吐噜啰噜，腌猪腿烧菠菜，他不会是青蛙。”机灵鬼聪明的脸上挂着一丝嘲笑。

This was explanatory, but not satisfactory. Master Bates felt it so; and again said, "What do you mean?"

这就是解释，但是并不令人满意。贝茨少爷也这么觉得，便问：“你这是什么意思？”

The Dodger made no reply; but putting his hat on again, and gathering the skirts of his long-tailed coat under his arm, thrust his tongue into his cheek, slapped the bridge of his nose some half-dozen times in a familiar but expressive manner, and turning on his heel, slunk down the court. Master Bates followed, with a thoughtful countenance.

机灵鬼没有回答。只是又戴上了他的帽子，把长长的外套下摆塞到了胳膊底下，用舌头顶了顶腮帮子，亲昵且意味深长地用手在鼻梁上拍了五六下，最后转身溜进了院子。贝茨少爷若有所思地跟了上去。

The noise of footsteps on the creaking stairs, a few minutes after the occurrence of this conversation, roused the merry old gentleman as he sat over the fire with a saveloy and a small loaf in his hand; a pocket-knife in his right; and a pewter pot on the trivet. There was a rascally smile on his white face as he turned round, and looking sharply out from under his thick red eyebrows, bent his ear towards the door, and listened.

这场交谈过去几分钟后，那位快活的老绅士听到楼梯上响起吱嘎作响的脚步声，不由一惊。此刻他正坐在壁炉旁，一手拿着干腊肠和一小条面包，另一只手拿着小刀。面前的三角架上搁着一只白镴锅。他回头，苍白的脸上露出无赖的笑容。他从深红色的眉毛底下盯着外面，耳

朵贴着门，认真听着。

"Why, how's this?" muttered the Jew: changing countenance; "only two of 'em? Where's the third? They can't have got into trouble. Hark!”

“喂，怎么回事？”犹太佬的脸色变了，自言自语道，“怎么只回来了两个？另一个呢？他们应该不会惹出了什么事情吧。听听！”

The footsteps approached nearer; they reached the landing. The door was slowly opened; and the Dodger and Charley Bates entered, closing it behind them.

脚步声越来越近，最后到了楼梯口。房门被缓缓地推开了。机灵鬼和查利·贝茨走了进来，又把门在身后关上了。

CHAPTER XIII Some new acquaintances are introduced to the intelligent reader, connected with whom various pleasant matters are related, appertaining to this history

第十三章 向聪明的读者介绍几位新朋友以及他们与本故事有关的各种趣事

"Where's Oliver?" said the Jew, rising with a menacing look. "Where's the boy?”

“奥利弗哪儿去了？”犹太佬一脸杀气地吼道，“那个小子在哪儿？”

The young thieves eyed their preceptor as if they were alarmed at his violence; and looked uneasily at each other. But they made no reply.

两个小扒手望着他们的师傅，像是被他的暴怒吓得胆战心惊，忐忑不安地看着彼此。但是他们没有回答。

"What's become of the boy?" said the Jew, seizing the Dodger tightly by the collar, and threatening him with horrid imprecations. "Speak out, or I'll throttle you!”

“那孩子出什么事了？”犹太佬一把紧紧揪起机灵鬼的衣领，用令人毛骨悚然的诅咒恐吓他说，“快说，不然我掐死你！”

Mr. Fagin looked so very much in earnest, that Charley Bates, who deemed it prudent in all cases to be on the safe side, and who conceived it by no means improbable that it might be his turn to be throttled second, dropped upon his knees, and raised a loud, well-sustained, and continuous roar—something between a mad bull and a speaking trumpet.

费金先生的神情是如此严肃认真，以至于查利·贝茨这个一向认为不论出了什么情况，明哲保身都是上上策的孩子，估计第二个被掐死的一定会是自己，便立刻跪倒在地上，发出一阵洪亮且持久的嚎叫，就像发疯的公牛的叫声，又像是从喇叭里发出的声音。

"Will you speak?" thundered the Jew: shaking the Dodger so much that his keeping in the big coat at all, seemed perfectly miraculous.

“你说不说？”犹太佬咆哮道。他使劲地摇着机灵鬼，没把他从那件宽大的外套里抖出来，真是个奇迹。

"Why, the traps have got him, and that's all about it," said the Dodger, sullenly. "Come, let go o' me, will you!” And, swinging

himself, at one jerk, clean out of the big coat, which he left in the Jew's hands, the Dodger snatched up the toasting fork, and made a pass at the merry old gentleman's waistcoat; which, if it had taken effect, would have let a little more merriment out than could have been easily replaced.

“嗯，他给逮住了，就是这么回事。”机灵鬼沮丧地说，“喂，你放开我，放开！”机灵鬼晃了晃身体，猛地从肥大的外套中挣脱了出来，只把外套留在了犹太佬手里。机灵鬼抓起烤面包的叉子，冲着这位快活老绅士的背心就是一下。要是叉中的话，估计老绅士一时半会儿真恢复不过来，到时候得损失不少乐子。

The Jew stepped back in this emergency, with more agility than could have been anticipated in a man of his apparent decrepitude; and, seizing up the pot, prepared to hurl it at his assailant's head. But Charley Bates, at this moment, calling his attention by a perfectly terrific howl, he suddenly altered its destination, and flung it full at that young gentleman.

尽管犹太佬看起来年迈不堪，但他在这千钧一发之际，却敏捷地退后了一步，动作之敏捷让人难以想象。他抓起那口锅，随时准备砸向攻击者的脑袋。就在这时，查利·贝茨大叫一声，叫声极其骇人，岔开了他的注意力，他突然改变了方向，将锅朝那个小绅士砸去。

"Why, what the blazes is in the wind now!" growled a deep voice. "Who pitched that' ere at me? it's well it's the beer, and not the pot, as hit me, or I'd have settled somebody. I might have know'd, as nobody but an infernal, rich, plundering, thundering old Jew could afford to throw away any drink but water—and not that, unless he done the River Company every quarter. What's it all about, Fagin? D—me, if my neck-handkercher an't lined with beer! Come in, you sneaking warmint; wot are you stopping outside for, as if you was ashamed of your master! Come in!”

“哎呦！这到底是怎么回事！”一个低沉的声音怒吼道，“是谁把这泼到我身上的？还好砸到我的是啤酒，不是那口锅，否则有他好看的。我就知道，像这样能随便泼得起饮料的也只有这位无法无天、坐地分赃的混账老犹太财主了。其他人也就能泼泼水——还得每季度骗骗自来水公司才成。费金，这到底是怎么回事啊？妈的，要是我的围巾上沾的不是啤酒的话！快进来！你这个偷偷摸摸的杂种，你呆在外面干什么？莫非还为你家主人害臊！进来！”

The man who growled out these words, was a stoutly-built fellow of about five-and-thirty, in a black velveteen coat, very soiled drab breeches, lace-up half boots, and grey cotton stockings which inclosed a bulky pair of legs, with large swelling calves;—the kind of legs, which in such costume, always look in an unfinished and incomplete state without a set of fetters to garnish them. He had a brown hat on

his head, and a dirty belcher handkerchief round his neck: with the long frayed ends of which he smeared the beer from his face as he spoke. He disclosed, when he had done so, a broad heavy countenance with a beard of three days' growth, and two scowling eyes; one of which displayed various parti-coloured symptoms of having been recently damaged by a blow.

吼出这一通的是一个大约三十五六岁的汉子。他长得很结实，穿着一件黑色的棉绒外套，一条脏兮兮的黄褐色马裤，系带半长筒靴里面穿着灰色的棉袜，裹着两条大粗腿，腿肚子上肉嘟嘟的——这样的大腿在这种装束的衬托下显得格外滑稽，就像一幅尚未完成的工艺品，独独缺一副脚镣作为装饰。他带着一顶棕色帽子，脖子上裹着一条脏兮兮的染色围巾。他一边说话，一边用长长的、末端已经磨损的围巾角擦拭脸上的啤酒。擦完后，那张呆板的、三天没刮胡子的大宽脸就露了出来，眼中流露出杀气；有一只眼睛周围颜色不太一样，什么颜色都有，那是最近挨了一拳留下的痕迹。

"Come in, d'ye hear?" growled this engaging ruffian.

“进来，你听见没有？”这个引人注目的凶神吼道。

A white shaggy dog, with his face scratched and torn in twenty different places, skulked into the room.

一只毛茸茸的白狗躲躲闪闪地跑了进来，脸上大概带着二十多处抓痕跟伤口。

"Why didn' you come in afore?" said the man. "You're getting too proud to own me afore company, are you? Lie down!”

“你先前干吗不进来？”汉子说道，“你太骄傲了，当着大伙的面连我都不认了，是不是？趴下！”

This command was accompanied with a kick, which sent the animal to the other end of the room. He appeared well used to it, however; for he coiled himself up in a corner very quietly, without uttering a sound, and winking his very ill-looking eyes twenty times in a minute, appeared to occupy himself in taking a survey of the apartment.

这道命令伴随着狠狠的一脚，把那畜生打发到角落里去了。显然，那狗对此已经习以为常了。它静静在角落里缩成一团，一声不吭，一双贼眼一分钟大概眨巴了二十下，似乎是在打量这个屋子。

"What are you up to? Ill-treating the boys, you covetous, avaricious, in-sa-ti-a-ble old fence?" said the man, seating himself deliberately. "I wonder they don't murder you! I would if I was them. If I'd been your 'prentice, I'd have done it long ago, and—no, I couldn't have sold you afterwards, for you're fit for nothing but keeping as a curiousity of ugliness in a glass bottle, and I suppose they don't blow

glass bottles large enough.”

“你在干什么？在虐待这些孩子吗？你这个贪求无厌、永——不——满——足的老守财奴！”汉子说着，不慌不忙地坐了下来。“我就纳闷，他们怎么不杀了你！我要是他们就这么干了。我要是你的徒弟，早就把你杀了。哦——不，把你杀了的话你就卖不出去了。我看你除了能装在玻璃瓶里当个奇丑无比的稀罕物，也就一文不值了。不过我想他们找不到这么大的玻璃瓶子。”

"Hush! hush! Mr. Sikes," said the Jew, trembling; "don't speak so loud!”

“嘘！嘘！赛克斯先生，”犹太佬打着哆嗦说，“别说得那么大声。”

"None of your mistering," replied the ruffian; "you always mean mischief when you come that. You know my name: out with it! I shan't disgrace it when the time comes.”

“什么先生不先生的，少来这一套。”这个凶神回答，“你来这一套时，从来就没安过好心。你知道我的名字，只管叫出来！这种时候，我没觉得我的名字有什么丢人的。”

"Well, well, then—Bill Sikes," said the Jew, with abject humility. "You seem out of humour, Bill."

“嗯，嗯，那——比尔·赛克斯，”犹太佬低声下气地说，“你好像心情不佳，比尔。”

"Perhaps I am," replied Sikes; "I should think you was rather out of sorts too, unless you mean as little harm when you throw pewter pots about, as you do when you blab and—” "Are you mad?" said the Jew, catching the man by the sleeve, and pointing towards the boys.

“可能吧。”赛克斯回道，“我看你也不怎么舒坦，除非你不把四处乱摔白镴锅当回事。这可骗不了我。”“你疯了吗？”犹太佬边说边扯扯赛克斯的衣袖，指了指两个少年。

Mr. Sikes contented himself with tying an imaginary knot under his left ear, and jerking his head over on the right shoulder; a piece of dumb show which the Jew appeared to understand perfectly. He then, in cant terms, with which his whole conversation was plentifully besprinkled, but which would be quite unintelligible if they were recorded here, demanded a glass of liquor.

对此回答，赛克斯显然比较满意，他在右耳边做了个打结的动作，又把头猛地偏向右边肩膀。犹太佬似乎对这种哑剧心领神会。接下来，汉子说了两句黑话，给自己讨了杯酒。他的话里这类玩意儿多的是，要是一一记录下来，还真是让人难以明白。

"And mind you don't poison it," said Mr. Sikes, laying his hat upon the table.

“你可留点神，别往里面下毒。”赛克斯先生说着，把帽子放在了桌子上。

This was said in jest; but if the speaker could have seen the evil leer with which the Jew bit his pale lip as he turned round to the cupboard, he might have thought the caution not wholly unnecessary, or the wish (at all events) to improve upon the distiller's ingenuity not very far from the old gentleman's merry heart.

这话是说着玩的。可是如果说话人看到犹太佬咬着惨白的嘴唇朝碗柜转身时那恶意的目光，大概会认为这种警告并非毫无必要，或者说，希望对蒸馏酿酒者的巧妙手法略加改造的这一想法（且不论该想法如何实施），在这位老绅士快活的心中并非从未出现。

After swallowing two of three glasses of spirits, Mr. Sikes condescended to take some notice of the young gentlemen; which gracious act led to a conversation, in which the cause and manner of Oliver's capture were circumstantially detailed, with such alterations and improvements on the truth, as to the Dodger appeared most advisable under the circumstances.

两三杯酒下肚后，赛克斯先生屈尊稍加理会了一下两个小绅士，这亲切的行为自然引起了一场谈话。谈话间，奥利弗被捕的起因、经过、结果全都给详详细细地讲了出来。当然，修改与加工也是不可缺少的，机灵鬼认为在这种场合下这样做是最为明智的。

"I'm afraid," said the Jew, "that he may say something which will get us into trouble."

“我担心，”犹太佬说，“他会讲出一些事情，把我们也牵扯进去。”

"That's very likely," returned Sikes with a malicious grin. "You're blowed upon, Fagin.”

“这很有可能，”赛克斯恶毒地笑了笑，“费金，你要倒霉了。”

"And I'm afraid, you see," added the Jew, speaking as if he had not noticed the interruption; and regarding the other closely as he did so,— "I'm afraid that, if the game was up with us, it might be up with a good many more, and that it would come out rather worse for you than it would for me, my dear.”

“你瞧，我也有些担心，”犹太佬继续说，仿佛对对方的打岔丝毫没在意似的，说话时眼睛一动不动地盯着对方，“我担心，如果这事牵扯上我们，可就闹大了。这样的话可能对你比对我更加不利，我亲爱的先生。”

The man started, and turned round upon the Jew. But the old gentleman's shoulders were shrugged up to his ears; and his eyes were vacantly staring on the opposite wall.

赛克斯微微一震，朝费金转过身来。老绅士耸了耸肩，肩膀都快碰着耳朵了，眼睛茫然地盯着对面的墙。

There was a long pause. Every member of the respectable coterie appeared plunged in his own reflections; not excepting the dog, who by a certain malicious licking of his lips seemed to be meditating an attack upon the legs of the first gentleman or lady he might encounter in the streets when he went out.

大家都不说话了。这个可敬的团队中的每个人都陷入了沉思，连那只狗也不例外。它恶狠狠地舔着自己的嘴唇，像是正在琢磨出门后怎么给在街上遇到的第一位先生或者太太的腿来上一口。

"Somebody must find out wot's been done at the office," said Mr. Sikes in a much lower tone than he had taken since he came in.

“得有人到局子里去打听打听。”赛克斯先生的嗓门比刚进门那会儿低了好多。

The Jew nodded assent.

犹太佬点头表示赞同。

"If he hasn't peached, and is committed, there's no fear till he comes out again," said Mr. Sikes, "and then he must be taken care on. You must get hold of him somehow."

“如果他还没招，而且给判了刑，那么在他出来之前就不用发愁了，”赛克斯先生说，“等他出来后我们可得看好他。你得想办法把他看住了。”

Again the Jew nodded.

犹太佬再次点了点头。

The prudence of this line of action, indeed, was obvious; but, unfortunately, there was one very strong objection to its being adopted. This was, that the Dodger, and Charley Bates, and Fagin, and Mr. William Sikes, happened, one and all, to entertain a violent and deeply-rooted antipathy to going near a police-office on any ground or pretext whatever.

这一行动方案的谨慎缜密显而易见，只是操作起来存在着一个极大的障碍。那就是，机灵鬼、查利·贝茨、费金和赛克斯先生，碰巧全部对接近警察局有一种根深蒂固的反感，无论怎么样都不愿意去。

How long they might have sat and looked at each other, in a state of uncertainty not the most pleasant of its kind, it is difficult to guess. It is not necessary to make any guesses on the subject, however; for the sudden entrance of the two young ladies whom Oliver had seen on a former occasion, caused the conversation to flow afresh.

他们就这样坐着，面面相觑，这种心中犹疑不安的情形最令人不愉快了。没有人知道他们这样坐了多久。不过，倒也无需推测他们究竟坐了多久。奥利弗以前见过的那两位小姐突然莅临，使得谈话再次活跃了起来。

"The very thing!" said the Jew. "Bet will go; won't you, my dear?”

“来的正是时候。”犹太佬说，“贝特一定会去的，是吧？”

"Wheres?" inquired the young lady.

“去哪儿？”一个年轻小姐问。

"Only just up to the office, my dear," said the Jew coaxingly.

“只是到局子里去一趟，亲爱的小姐。”犹太佬诱骗道。

It is due to the young lady to say that she did not positively affirm that she would not, but that she merely expressed an emphatic and earnest desire to be "blessed" if she would; a polite and delicate evasion of the request, which shows the young lady to have been possessed of that natural good breeding which cannot bear to inflict upon a fellow-creature, the pain of a direct and pointed refusal.

应当为这位年轻小姐说句话，她并没有明确断言自己不想去，而只是表达了一个强烈而热切的愿望：如果去的话，她宁可“天诛地灭”。这是一个客气而又巧妙的借口。由此可见，这位小姐天生具有良好的教养，不忍心断然拒绝另一位同胞，使其蒙受被拒之苦。

The Jew's countenance fell. He turned from this young lady, who was gaily, not to say gorgeously attired, in a red gown, green boots, and yellow curl-papers, to the ot her female.

犹太佬的脸色阴沉了下来。他将视线从这位身穿红色大衣、绿色靴子，头上带着黄色卷发纸的年轻小姐身上移开。她虽说不上雍容华贵，倒也打扮得花哨艳丽。他转向另一位姑娘。

"Nancy, my dear," said the Jew in a soothing manner, "what do YOU say?"

“南希，亲爱的，”费金用温和的口吻说，“你认为怎么样？”

"That it won't do; so it's no use a-trying it on, Fagin," replied Nancy.

“我看这方法行不通。不用试了，费金。”南希回答。

"What do you mean by that?" said Mr. Sikes, looking up in a surly manner.

“你什么意思？”赛克斯先生抬起头，阴沉地说。

"What I say, Bill," replied the lady collectedly.

“我就是这个意思，比尔。”年轻小姐冷静地说。

"Why, you're just the very person for it," reasoned Mr. Sikes: "nobody about here knows anything of you."

“唔，我看你是最适合的人，”赛克斯先生劝道，“这附近没有人知道你的底细。”

"And as I don't want 'em to, neither," replied Nancy in the same composed manner, "it's rather more no than yes with me, Bill.”

“我不希望他们知道，”南希依旧沉着冷静地说，“比尔，我看多一事不如少一事。”

"She'll go, Fagin," said Sikes.

“费金，她会去的。”赛克斯说道。

"No, she won't, Fagin," said Nancy.

“不，费金，我不会去的。”南希说。

"Yes, she will, Fagin," said Sikes.

“不，她会的，费金。”赛克斯说。

And Mr. Sikes was right. By dint of alternate threats, promises, and bribes, the lady in question was ultimately prevailed upon to undertake the commission. She was not, indeed, withheld by the same considerations as her agreeable friend; for, having recently removed into the neighborhood of Field Lane from the remote but genteel suburb of Ratcliffe, she was not under the same apprehension of being recognised by any of her numerous acquaintances.

赛克斯说对了。经过轮番威胁、许诺、收买，这位小姐最终还是屈服，接受了任务。她的情况跟她的好朋友不一样，因为她最近刚从稍远但却相当出名的拉特克利夫郊区搬到菲尔德小巷附近，她并不担心自己会被熟人认出来。

Accordingly, with a clean white apron tied over her gown, and her curl-papers tucked up under a straw bonnet,—both articles of dress being provided from the Jew's inexhaustible stock,—Miss Nancy prepared to issue forth on her errand.

于是，她把一块洁白的围裙系到大衣外面，又戴上了一顶稻草软帽，遮住了卷发纸，这两样东西都是从犹太佬那取之不尽的储备中找来的。弄完这些，南希小姐准备动身执行任务了。

"Stop a minute, my dear," said the Jew, producing, a little covered basket. "Carry that in one hand. It looks more respectable, my dear."

“等一下，亲爱的，”犹太佬边说边拿出一个有盖的小篮子，“一手拎着这个。这样看起来更像个规矩人，我亲爱的。”

"Give her a door-key to carry in her t'other one, Fagin," said Sikes; "it looks real and genivine like."

“给她把大门钥匙，拿在另一只手上，费金，”赛克斯说，“这样看上去才比较真实且体面。”

"Yes, yes, my dear, so it does," said the Jew, hanging a large street-door key on the forefinger of the young lady's right hand.

“对，对，亲爱的，是这么回事。”犹太佬把一把临街大门的钥匙挂在姑娘右手食指上。

"There; very good! Very good indeed, my dear!" said the Jew, rubbing his hands.

“这就对了，好极了！真的好极了，亲爱的！”犹太佬搓着手说道。

"Oh, my brother! My poor, dear, sweet, innocent little brother!" exclaimed Nancy, bursting into tears, and wringing the little basket and the street-door key in an agony of distress. "What has become of him! Where have they taken him to! Oh, do have pity, and tell me what's been done with the dear boy, gentlemen; do, gentlemen, if you please, gentlemen!”

“噢，我亲爱的弟弟！我可怜的、可亲的、可爱的、天真的弟弟啊！”南希放声痛哭起来，边哭边痛苦地将篮子跟大门钥匙搓来搓去。“不知道他现在怎么样了！他们把他带到哪里去了！天啊，可怜可怜我吧，告诉我这个可爱的孩子到底怎么了！先生们，求求你们了，行行好吧！”

Having uttered those words in a most lamentable and heart-broken tone: to the immeasurable delight of her hearers: Miss Nancy paused, winked to the company, nodded smilingly round, and disappeared.

说完这段声泪俱下、撕心裂肺的台词，南希停了下来，冲她的同伴们眨了眨眼。在场的各位对此颇为满意。于是南希笑着向各位点点头，便离开了。

"Ah, she's a clever girl, my dears," said the Jew, turning round to his young friends, and shaking his head gravely, as if in mute admonition to them to follow the bright example they had just beheld.

“她可真是个聪明的小丫头，亲爱的各位，”犹太佬说着，转向他那群年轻的朋友，接着又严肃地摇摇头，似乎在暗示他们应该多向这个好榜样学习一下。

"She's a honour to her sex," said Mr. Sikes, filling his glass, and smiting the table with his enormous fist. "Here's her health, and wishing they was all like her!”

“她算是娘们儿中比较能干的了，”赛克斯先生为自己斟上了酒，用他的大拳头捶了一下桌子，说道，“为她的健康干杯。但愿他们个个都像她这么能干！”

While these, and many other encomiums, were being passed on the accomplished Nancy, that young lady made the best of her way to the police-office; whither, notwithstanding a little natural timidity consequent upon walking through the streets alone and unprotected, she arrived in perfect safety shortly afterwards.

正当这铺天盖地的溢美之词纷纷加到才华出众的南希身上时，这位姑娘正以最快的速度赶往警察局。由于形单影只，没有丝毫的保护与陪伴，她难免显得有几分胆怯。尽管如此，没过多久，她还是平平安安地到达了警察局。

Entering by the back way, she tapped softly with the key at one of the cell-doors, and listened. There was no sound within: so she coughed and listened again. Still there was no reply: so she spoke.

她从警察局后面的那条路走了进去，用钥匙在一扇牢门上轻轻地敲了敲，留神听着。里面没有声音。她咳了两声，又听了听。依旧没有声响。于是她开口说话了。

"Nolly, dear?" murmured Nancy in a gentle voice; "Nolly?"

“诺利在吗？”南希小声地询问，“诺利在不在？”

There was nobody inside but a miserable shoeless criminal, who had been taken up for playing the flute, and who, the offence against society having been clearly proved, had been very properly committed by Mr. Fang to the House of Correction for one month; with the appropriate and amusing remark that since he had so much breath to spare, it would be more wholesomely expended on the treadmill than in a musical instrument. He made no answer: being occupied mentally bewailing the loss of the flute, which had been confiscated for the use of the county: so Nancy passed on to the next cell, and knocked there.

屋里只关着一个不幸的犯人，连鞋子也没有穿。他是因为吹长笛被关起来的。范昂长官已经明确证明了他犯有扰乱社会治安罪，并做出了极为恰当的判决：在感化院里关一个月。范昂长官中肯而又不乏风趣地指明，既然他的力气多得没地方使，用在踏车上显然比用在乐器上更加有利于健康。这个倒霉鬼没有回答，他尚在为失去笛子而痛苦，那东西已经充公了。于是南希走到隔壁一间牢房，敲了敲门。

"Well!" cried a faint and feeble voice.

“唉！”传出一个有气无力的声音。

"Is there a little boy here?" inquired Nancy, with a preliminary sob.

“这儿有没有关着一个小男孩啊？”南希用早已准备好的呜咽声询问。

"No," replied the voice; "God forbid."

“没有，”那声音答道，“没有那事。”

This was a vagrant of sixty-five, who was going to prison for not playing the flute; or, in other words, for begging in the streets, and doing nothing for his livelihood. In the next cell was another man, who was going to the same prison for hawking tin saucepans without license; thereby doing something for his living, in defiance of the Stamp-office.

这是一个年过六旬的流浪汉，他是因为不吹长笛而被关进监狱的。换句话说，是因为不为生计劳作，只是沿街乞讨而被抓进来的。再下面一间牢房关着另一个男人，罪名是无营业执照销售平底铁锅。他倒是自谋生路，可是做出这种无视税务局的事情，怎能不进监狱！

But, as neither of these criminals answered to the name of Oliver, or knew anything about him, Nancy made straight up to the bluff officer in the striped waistcoat; and with the most piteous wailings and lamentations, rendered more piteous by a prompt and efficient use of the street-door key and the little basket, demanded her own dear brother.

这些囚犯对奥利弗的名字全都没有反应，都说没有听说过这人，南希只好径直找到那位穿条纹背心的率直警官。她充满哀怨地抽泣着，求他把自己的小弟弟还给自己，那大门钥匙和小篮子的作用展现得淋漓尽致，使她显得越发楚楚可怜。

"I haven't got him, my dear," said the old man.

“我没有抓他啊，我亲爱的姑娘。”老人说。

"Where is he?" screamed Nancy, in a distracted manner.

“那他在哪里啊？”南希近乎发狂地问道。

"Why, the gentleman's got him," replied the officer.

“嗯，那位绅士把他带走了。”警官回答。

"What gentleman! Oh, gracious heavens! What gentleman?" exclaimed Nancy.

“什么绅士！啊，我的天啊！哪位绅士？”南希嚷道。

In reply to this incoherent questioning, the old man informed the deeply affected sister that Oliver had been taken ill in the office, and discharged in consequence of a witness having proved the robbery to have been committed by another boy, not in custody; and that the prosecutor had carried him away, in an insensible condition, to his own residence: of and concerning which, all the informant knew was, that it was somewhere in Pentonville, he having heard that word mentioned in the directions to the coachman.

在回复这一番语无伦次的询问时，老人告诉这位演技精湛的姑娘，奥利弗在警察局里得了病，一位目击证人证明了偷东西的是另一个没被监禁的男孩，于是他便被当庭释放。原告见他不省人事，就把他带到自己的住处了。至于具体地点，老警察也只知道是在本顿维尔的一个什么地方。因为他听到有人在叫马车的时候提到了这个名字。

In a dreadful state of doubt and uncertainty, the agonised young woman staggered to the gate, and then, exchanging her faltering walk for a swift run, returned by the most devious and complicated route she could think of, to the domicile of the Jew.

极度痛苦的姑娘半信半疑、步履蹒跚地朝门口走去。出门后，她便箭步如飞，沿着最复杂迂回的路线回到了犹太佬的住处。

Mr. Bill Sikes no sooner heard the account of the expedition delivered, than he very hastily called up the white dog, and, putting on his hat, expeditiously departed: without devoting any time to the formality of wishing the company good-morning.

比尔·赛克斯听完这次探险的报告，立马叫醒那条白狗，戴上帽子，匆匆离开了。他走得如此之急，以至于把向同伴道声早安的礼节都省了。

"We must know where he is, my dears; he must be found," said the Jew greatly excited. "Charley, do nothing but skulk about, till you bring home some news of him! Nancy, my dear, I must have him found. I trust to you, my dear,—to you and the Artful for everything! Stay, stay," added the Jew, unlocking a drawer with a shaking hand; "there's money, my dears. I shall shut up this shop to-night. You'll know where to find me! Don't stop here a minute. Not an instant, my dears!”

“我们必须搞清楚他在哪里，亲爱的，一定得把他找回来。”犹太佬非常激动地说，“查利，你什么事也别做了，出去四处逛逛吧！听到有什么关于他的消息就立马带回来。南希，亲爱的，我一定要找到他。我相信你，亲爱的，在任何事上我都相信你跟机灵鬼！等等，等等，”犹太佬用他那哆嗦着的手打开了抽屉，“拿点钱出去，我亲爱的。今晚铺子得关一关。你们知道去哪里找我的。一分钟也别在这儿多呆了。赶快走吧，亲爱的孩子们！”

With these words, he pushed them from the room: and carefully double-locking and barring the door behind them, drew from its place of concealment the box which he had unintentionally disclosed to Oliver. Then, he hastily proceeded to dispose the watches and jewellery beneath his clothing.

他边说边把他们推出了房间，随后小心翼翼地在门上上了两道锁，插上门闩。他从暗处取出那个曾经不经意暴露在奥利弗面前的匣子。然后他慌忙开始把金表和珠宝往衣服里塞。

A rap at the door startled him in this occupation. "Who's there?" he cried in a shrill tone.

门口传来一阵敲门声，把他吓了一跳。“谁啊？”他厉声喝道。

"Me!" replied the voice of the Dodger, through the key-hole.

“是我！”机灵鬼的声音从锁眼里传来。

"What now?" cried the Jew impatiently.

“又怎么了？”犹太佬不耐烦地问。

"Is he to be kidnapped to the other ken, Nancy says?" inquired the Dodger.

“南希问，是不是要把他捉到另一个窝去？”机灵鬼问道。

"Yes," replied the Jew, "wherever she lays hands on him. Find him, find him out, that's all. I shall know what to do next; never fear.”

“嗯，”犹太佬回答，“不管她在哪里找到他，都这么办。一定要找到他，把他找出来，就是这样。后面怎么办我心中有数。不用害怕。”

The boy murmured a reply of intelligence: and hurried downstairs after his companions.

孩子低声回答说知道了，便匆忙下楼追他的同伴了。

"He has not peached so far," said the Jew as he pursued his occupation. "If he means to blab us among his new friends, we may stop his mouth yet."

“到现在他还没有供出我们，”费金一边说一边继续忙自己的事，“他要是打算在新朋友那儿泄露我们的事，那就得封住他的嘴了。”

CHAPTER XIV Comprising further particulars of Oliver's stay at Mr. Brownlow's, with the remarkable prediction which one Mr. Grimwig uttered concerning him, when he went out on an errand

第十四章 对奥利弗在布朗洛先生家情形的详细描述，以及在他外出办事时一位叫格林维格的先生为他所作的一番值得注意的预言

Oliver soon recovering from the fainting-fit into which Mr. Brownlow's abrupt exclamation had thrown him, the subject of the picture was carefully avoided, both by the old gentleman and Mrs. Bedwin, in the conversation that ensued: which indeed bore no reference to Oliver's history or prospects, but was confined to such topics as might amuse without exciting him. He was still too weak to get up to breakfast; but, when he came down into the housekeeper's room next day, his first act was to cast an eager glance at the wall, in the hope of again looking on the face of the beautiful lady. His expectations were disappointed, however, for the picture had been removed.

伴着布朗洛先生一声惊呼，小奥利弗吓得昏了过去。没过多久，他再次醒来了。在随后的谈话中，老先生和贝德温太太都尽量避免提起画中人，对奥利弗的过去和将来也只字不提，而是努力找些能够让他快乐又不刺激他的话题。他的身体依旧很虚弱，尚无法起床吃早饭。第二天，当他下楼走进女管家的屋里时，做的第一件事就是急切地朝那面墙望去，希望能够再次看到那位漂亮女士的脸。但是，希望落空了。肖像画被人取走了。

"Ah!" said the housekeeper, watching the direction of Oliver's eyes. "It is gone, you see."

“哎呀！”女管家注意到奥利弗眼睛盯着的方向，“你瞧，已经没了。”

"I see it is ma'am," replied Oliver. "Why have they taken it away?"

“嗯，我已经注意到了，太太。”奥利弗回答，“他们为什么要把它拿走？”

"It has been taken down, child, because Mr. Brownlow said, that as it seemed to worry you, perhaps it might prevent your getting well, you know," rejoined the old lady.

“它被取下来了，亲爱的孩子。因为布朗洛先生说，它似乎会使你很难受，说不定会影响你的身体康复。你明白了吧。”老太太又说道。

"Oh, no, indeed. It didn't worry me, ma'am," said Oliver. "I liked to see it. I quite loved it."

“噢，不，真的。它一点也没有让我难受，太太，”奥利弗说，“我喜欢看这幅画。我真的可喜欢它了。”

"Well, well!" said the old lady, good-humouredly; "you get well as fast as ever you can, dear, and it shall be hung up again. There! I promise you that! Now, let us talk about something else."

“好，好！”老太太好脾气地说，“你尽快把身体养好，亲爱的。画会被重新挂回去的。好啦！我保证！来，我们还是谈点别的事情吧！”

This was all the information Oliver could obtain about the picture at that time. As the old lady had been so kind to him in his illness, he endeavoured to think no more of the subject just then; so he listened attentively to a great many stories she told him, about an amiable and handsome daughter of hers, who was married to an amiable and handsome man, and lived in the country; and about a son, who was clerk to a merchant in the West Indies; and who was, also, such a good young man, and wrote such dutiful letters home four times a-year, that it brought the tears into her eyes to talk about them. When the old lady had expatiated, a long time, on the excellences of her children, and the merits of her kind good husband besides, who had been dead and gone, poor dear soul! just six-and-twenty years, it was time to have tea. After tea she began to teach Oliver cribbage: which he learnt as quickly as she could teach: and at which game they played, with great interest and gravity, until it was time for the invalid to have some warm wine and water, with a slice of dry toast, and then to go cosily to bed.

此刻，奥利弗知道的所有关于那张肖像画的情况，也就是这些了。他想到在自己生病期间，老太太对自己那么好，便决定眼下再也不去想这事了。他认真地听老太太给他讲故事。老太太讲了许多故事，讲到她有一个温柔大方的女儿，嫁了一个英俊亲切的丈夫，他们住在乡下。她还讲到她有一个儿子，在西印度群岛给一个商人做职员，他是个挺好、挺孝顺的年轻人，每年都要往家里写四封信。提到这些信，老太太眼睛又红了。老太太花了很长时间讲她儿女的长处，然后她又讲到她那温柔善良的老头子的无数优点，他已经去世了，真可怜啊！整整二十六年了！喝茶的时间到了。喝过茶，她开始教奥利弗玩纸牌。奥利弗学得很快，一教就会。两人玩得很带劲，一直玩到了奥利弗该喝点温热的红葡萄酒和水，该吃点烤面包了，两人才停下来。他吃完喝完便开心地去睡觉了。

They were happy days, those of Oliver's recovery. Everything was so quiet, and neat, and orderly; everybody so kind and gentle; that after the noise and turbulence in the midst of which he had always lived, it seemed like Heaven itself. He was no sooner strong enough to

put his clothes on, properly, than Mr. Brownlow caused a complete new suit, and a new cap, and a new pair of shoes, to be provided for him. As Oliver was told that he might do what he liked with the old clothes, he gave them to a servant who had been very kind to him, and asked her to sell them to a Jew, and keep the money for herself. This she very readily did; and, as Oliver looked out of the parlour window, and saw the Jew roll them up in his bag and walk away, he felt quite delighted to think that they were safely gone, and that there was now no possible danger of his ever being able to wear them again. They were sad rags, to tell the truth; and Oliver had never had a new suit before.

奥利弗恢复健康的那段日子，是多么幸福啊！周围的一切都是那么安静、整洁、有序；每个人都是如此友好、善良。他向来是生活在那种喧嚣吵闹的环境中，在他看来，这儿简直就是天堂。他刚刚恢复到能够自己动手体面地穿衣服，布朗洛先生就迫不及待地叫人给他准备了一套新衣服、一顶新帽子、一双新鞋。奥利弗被告知自己可以随便处理他的那些旧衣服，就把它们统统给了一个对他很好的女仆，让她拿去找个犹太佬卖了，钱自己留着。这事她很快就办好了。奥利弗从客厅的窗户望了出去，瞅见那个买主犹太人把衣服卷成卷，放进袋里便离去了。他感到十分开心，心想这些东西总算妥善处理好了，自己也不会再次穿它们了。说实话，那些衣服已经破得都快成碎布了，而奥利弗还是头一回穿一套新衣服。

One evening, about a week after the affair of the picture, as he was sitting talking to Mrs. Bedwin, there came a message down from Mr. Brownlow, that if Oliver Twist felt pretty well, he should like to see him in his study, and talk to him a little while.

肖像事件过后大约一周的某天傍晚，奥利弗正坐着跟贝德温太太聊天，布朗洛先生传话下来，说如果奥利弗·特威斯特感觉精神不错的话，他希望能在书房里见见他，跟他聊聊。

"Bless us, and save us! Wash your hands, and let me part your hair nicely for you, child," said Mrs. Bedwin. "Dear heart alive! If we had known he would have asked for you, we would have put you a clean collar on, and made you as smart as sixpence!"

“天哪，老天保佑！你去洗洗手，我来帮你弄一个漂亮的分头。”贝德温太太说，“亲爱的，早知道他叫你过去，我们应该给你戴一条干净的领子，把你打扮得像六便士银币那么漂亮！”

Oliver did as the old lady bade him; and, although she lamented grievously, meanwhile, that there was not even time to crimp the little frill that bordered his shirt-collar; he looked so delicate and handsome, despite that important personal advantage, that she went so far as to say: looking at him with great complacency from head to foot, that she really didn't think it would have been possible, on the

longest notice, to have made much difference in him for the better.

奥利弗照着老太太的吩咐做了。与此同时，老太太一直在极度惋惜没有时间在他的衬衫衣领边缘理出一道小小的皱边。尽管少了这么重要的优势，他的样子还是十分温文尔雅、好看大方。老太太满意地将他从头到脚打量了一番，说就算是早早接到通知，也未必能够把他打扮得更加完美。

Thus encouraged, Oliver tapped at the study door. On Mr. Brownlow calling to him to come in, he found himself in a little back room, quite full of books, with a window, looking into some pleasant little gardens. There was a table drawn up before the window, at which Mr. Brownlow was seated reading. When he saw Oliver, he pushed the book away from him, and told him to come near the table, and sit down. Oliver complied; marvelling where the people could be found to read such a great number of books as seemed to be written to make the world wiser. Which is still a marvel to more experienced people than Oliver Twist, every day of their lives.

带着老太太的鼓励，奥利弗敲了敲书房的门。听到布朗洛先生让他进去，他便走进了一间小小的里屋，里面全是书。屋里有一扇窗户，正对着几个好看的小花圃。窗户旁边有一张桌子，布朗洛先生正坐在桌子旁读书。一见到奥利弗，他便把书推到了一边，叫他到桌子旁边坐下来。奥利弗照办了。他心里挺纳闷，不知道上哪儿能找到要读这么多书的人，这些书好像是为了让世人变得聪明而写的。这一点，即使是对那些比奥利弗更有见识的人来说，也依旧是他们每日生活中一件不可思议的事情。

"There are a good many books, are there not, my boy?" said Mr. Brownlow, observing the curiosity with which Oliver surveyed the shelves that reached from the floor to the ceiling.

“这里的书可真多，是吧，我的孩子？”布朗洛先生注意到奥利弗对书房充满着好奇心，一直打量着从地板一直顶到天花板的书架。

"A great number, sir," replied Oliver. "I never saw so many."

“确实有很多书，先生，”奥利弗回答，“我从来没见到过这么多书。”

"You shall read them, if you behave well," said the old gentleman kindly; "and you will like that, better than looking at the outsides,—that is, some cases; because there are books of which the backs and covers are by far the best parts.”

“你要是表现好，也可以读读这些书，”老先生和颜悦色地说，“你会喜欢它们的，而不光是它们的外表——在有些情况下，有些书的精华之处还真的仅仅是它的封面和封底。”

"I suppose they are those heavy ones, sir," said Oliver, pointing to

some large quartos, with a good deal of gilding about the binding.

“我猜是那些厚的书，先生。”奥利弗说着，指指那些封面烫金的四开本大书。

"Not always those," said the old gentleman, patting Oliver on the head, and smiling as he did so; "there are other equally heavy ones, though of a much smaller size. How should you like to grow up a clever man, and write books, eh?"

“那倒不一定，”老先生拍拍奥利弗的头，微微笑着说道，“有一些书同样很重要，尽管篇幅要小得多。想不想长大后也做个聪明的人，也写书？”

"I think I would rather read them, sir," replied Oliver.

“我想我还是更愿意读读它们，先生。”奥利弗回答。

"What! wouldn't you like to be a book-writer?" said the old gentleman.

“什么！难道你不想当个作家？”老先生说道。

Oliver considered a little while; and at last said, he should think it would be a much better thing to be a book-seller; upon which the old gentleman laughed heartily, and declared he had said a very good thing. Which Oliver felt glad to have done, though he by no means knew what it was.

奥利弗想了一会儿，最后才说，他觉得当一个卖书的人可能会更好一些。听了这番话，老先生由衷地笑了起来，夸他的想法很妙。奥利弗很开心，尽管他并不知道自己的想法妙在何处。

"Well, well," said the old gentleman, composing his features. "Don't be afraid! We won't make an author of you, while there's an honest trade to be learnt, or brick-making to turn to.”

“好啦，好啦，”老绅士平静了下来，说道，“别怕！我们不把你培养成一个作家就是了，只要是正当手艺都可以学，或者学学制砖也行。”

"Thank you, sir," said Oliver. At the earnest manner of his reply, the old gentleman laughed again; and said something about a curious instinct, which Oliver, not understanding, paid no very great attention to.

“谢谢您，先生。”奥利弗回答说。奥利弗回答时那种无比认真的神情又把布朗洛先生逗笑了，他还提到了一种奇怪的直觉什么的。奥利弗对此不怎么理解，因此也没大在意。

"Now," said Mr. Brownlow, speaking if possible in a kinder, but at the same time in a much more serious manner, than Oliver had ever known him assume yet, "I want you to pay great attention, my boy, to

what I am going to say. I shall talk to you without any reserve; because I am sure you are well able to understand me, as many older persons would be."

“唔，”布朗洛先生尽量想说得温和一些，但是同时他的态度比以往奥利弗见过的要严肃得多，“好孩子，我希望你能认认真真听我下面讲的话。我希望能够毫无保留地跟你谈一次，因为我相信你完全能够懂我的意思，就像成年人那样。”

"Oh, don't tell you are going to send me away, sir, pray!" exclaimed Oliver, alarmed at the serious tone of the old gentleman's commencement! "Don't turn me out of doors to wander in the streets again. Let me stay here, and be a servant. Don't send me back to the wretched place I came from. Have mercy upon a poor boy, sir!”

“哦，先生，不要告诉我您要把我送走，求您了！”奥利弗大叫起来。老先生这番开场白的严肃语气吓到他了。“别把我赶出去，别让我继续到大街上流浪。让我留在这儿当个仆人吧。不要把我送回到原来那个鬼地方了。先生，求求你，可怜可怜我这个穷孩子吧！”

"My dear child," said the old gentleman, moved by the warmth of Oliver's sudden appeal; "you need not be afraid of my deserting you, unless you give me cause."

“我亲爱的孩子，”老先生被奥利弗突如其来的请求感动了，“你不用害怕，我不会抛弃你，除非你给我这么做的理由。”

"I never, never will, sir," interposed Oliver.

“我不会的，先生，永远不会的。”奥利弗抢着说。

"I hope not," rejoined the old gentleman. "I do not think you ever will. I have been deceived, before, in the objects whom I have endeavoured to benefit; but I feel strongly disposed to trust you, nevertheless; and I am more interested in your behalf than I can well account for, even to myself. The persons on whom I have bestowed my dearest love, lie deep in their graves; but, although the happiness and delight of my life lie buried there too, I have not made a coffin of my heart, and sealed it up, forever, on my best affections. Deep affliction has but strengthened and refined them."

“但愿如此，”老先生答应道，“我相信你不会那样。从前，我曾努力帮助过一些人，到头来被骗了。但是，我仍然愿意相信你。我自己都不清楚自己为什么会这么关心你。我曾经深爱过的那些人，都已经长眠于地下了，我平生所有的快乐与幸福也都埋在了那里，不过我尚未把这颗心做成一口棺材，把所有的感情永远密封起来。深深的痛苦只是使所有的感情越发强烈且纯净了。”

As the old gentleman said this in a low voice: more to himself than to his companion: and as he remained silent for a short time

afterwards: Oliver sat quite still.

老先生低声讲道，与其说他在跟奥利弗讲，不如说他是在自言自语。随后，他稍稍停了一下，奥利弗一声不响地坐在旁边。

"Well, well!" said the old gentleman at length, in a more cheerful tone, "I only say this, because you have a young heart; and knowing that I have suffered great pain and sorrow, you will be more careful, perhaps, not to wound me again. You say you are an orphan, without a friend in the world; all the inquiries I have been able to make, confirm the statement. Let me hear your story; where you come from; who brought you up; and how you got into the company in which I found you. Speak the truth, and you shall not be friendless while I live."

“好了，好了！”老先生最后开口了，语气比较轻松，“我说这些只是因为你有一颗年轻的心。让你知道我曾经遭受的痛苦与悲伤，你就会更加小心，可能就不会再一次伤我的心了。你说你是一个孤儿，无依无靠，我多方打听的结果也证实了这一点。让我听听你的故事吧。说说你是哪里人，是谁把你带大的，又是怎么结交上我见到你时你的那几个同伴的。把真相统统告诉我吧。只要我活在世上一天，你就不会无依无靠。”

Oliver's sobs checked his utterance for some minutes; when he was on the point of beginning to relate how he had been brought up at the farm, and carried to the workhouse by Mr. Bumble, a peculiarly impatient little double-knock was heard at the street-door: and the servant, running upstairs, announced Mr. Grimwig.

奥利弗开始哽咽起来，好一会儿都说不出话来。他刚要开始讲自己是怎样在一个农场长大，怎样被邦布尔先生带到了济贫院里，大门口传来一阵不耐烦的“砰砰、砰砰”的敲门声。仆人上楼报告说，格林维格先生来了。

"Is he coming up?" inquired Mr. Brownlow.

“他上楼来了吗？”布朗洛先生问道。

"Yes, sir," replied the servant. "He asked if there were any muffins in the house; and, when I told him yes, he said he had come to tea."

“是的，先生，”仆人答道，“他问家里有没有松饼，我告诉他有，他说他是来喝茶的。”

Mr. Brownlow smiled; and, turning to Oliver, said that Mr. Grimwig was an old friend of his, and he must not mind his being a little rough in his manners; for he was a worthy creature at bottom, as he had reason to know.

布朗洛先生笑了笑，转身告诉奥利弗格林维格先生是他的一位老朋友，可不要因为他举止有些粗鲁就耿耿于怀，因为他内里是个大好人。

布朗洛先生这样说是有依据的。

"Shall I go downstairs, sir?" inquired Oliver.

“要我下楼去吗？先生。”奥利弗问。

"No," replied Mr. Brownlow, "I would rather you remained here."

“不用，”布朗洛先生回答，“我更愿意你留在这儿。”

At this moment, there walked into the room: supporting himself by a thick stick: a stout old gentleman, rather lame in one leg, who was dressed in a blue coat, striped waistcoat, nankeen breeches and gaiters, and a broad-brimmed white hat, with the sides turned up with green. A very small-plaited shirt frill stuck out from his waistcoat; and a very long steel watch-chain, with nothing but a key at the end, dangled loosely below it. The ends of his white neckerchief were twisted into a ball about the size of an orange; the variety of shapes into which his countenance was twisted, defy description. He had a manner of screwing his head on one side when he spoke; and of looking out of the corners of his eyes at the same time: which irresistibly reminded the beholder of a parrot. In this attitude, he fixed himself, the moment he made his appearance; and, holding out a small piece of orange-peel at arm's length, exclaimed, in a growling, discontented voice.

这时，一位体格结实的老先生走了进来。他一腿略跛，手里握着一根粗大的手杖。他身穿蓝色外套、条纹背心，下身是棉布马裤、长筒橡胶靴，头戴一顶宽檐白色礼帽，绿色的边沿向上翻起。打着细密小褶的衬衣皱边从背心里伸出来，下面晃着一条长长的怀表钢链，表链末端摇摇晃晃地挂着一把钥匙。白色围巾的两头绞成一个橘子大小的小球。他面部扭动，做出各种各样的表情，那样子无法用语言形容。他说话时喜欢把头扭到一边，两只眼睛同时从眼角里向外瞅，难免会让人想到鹦鹉。他一进门就定在那里，摆出这种姿势：手臂伸得很长，手里握着一小块橘子皮，忿忿不平地吼着，

"Look here! do you see this! Isn't it a most wonderful and extraordinary thing that I can't call at a man's house but I find a piece of this poor surgeon's friend on the staircase? I've been lamed with orange-peel once, and I know orange-peel will be my death, or I'll be content to eat my own head, sir!”

“快看看！看见这个了吗？你说这是不是奇怪透顶？我每次去拜访一个人，就会在他家的楼梯上捡到一片这个东西！它简直是那个穷大夫的朋友。我曾经被橘子皮弄瘸了。我知道，它迟早有一天会要了我的命。要不是那样，叫我吃下自己的脑袋我也心甘情愿，先生！”

This was the handsome offer with which Mr. Grimwig backed and confirmed nearly every assertion he made; and it was the more

singular in his case, because, even admitting for the sake of argument, the possibility of scientific improvements being brought to that pass which will enable a gentleman to eat his own head in the event of his being so disposed, Mr. Grimwig's head was such a particularly large one, that the most sanguine man alive could hardly entertain a hope of being able to get through it at a sitting—to put entirely out of the question, a very thick coating of powder.

这是格林维格夸下的一句海口，他每次提出一种主张，几乎都要用这句话作后盾。从他自己的具体情况来看，这一点就更加不可思议。因为即使单看这句论断，姑且承认科学上的种种进步已经使得一位绅士在有强烈意愿时，能够吃下自己的脑袋，但是格林维格先生的脑袋奇大无比，就算是世界上最自信的人，也无法指望把它一顿吃下去——姑且完全不考虑脑袋上那层厚厚的发粉。

"I'll eat my head, sir," repeated Mr. Grimwig, striking his stick upon the ground. "Hallo! what's that!" looking at Oliver, and retreating a pace or two.

“我可以把我的脑袋吃下去，先生．”格林维格先生重复了一遍，用他的手杖敲了敲地板，“喂！这是谁！”他打量着奥利弗，向后退了两步。

"This is young Oliver Twist, whom we were speaking about," said Mr. Brownlow.

“这就是小奥利弗·特威斯特，我们之前讨论的就是他。”布朗洛先生说。

Oliver bowed.

奥利弗鞠了个躬。

"You don't mean to say that's the boy who had the fever, I hope?" said Mr. Grimwig, recoiling a little more. "Wait a minute! Don't speak! Stop—" continued Mr. Grimwig, abruptly, losing all dread of the fever in his triumph at the discovery; "that's the boy who had the orange! If that's not the boy, sir, who had the orange, and threw this bit of peel upon the staircase, I'll eat my head, and his too."

“我想，你不是要说他就是那个患热病的小男孩吧？”格林维格先生说着又往后退了几步，“慢着！别说话！停——”格林维格先生继续说道，突然他有了新发现，之前对热病的恐惧顿时化为乌有，“他就是那个吃橘子的孩子！假如不是他吃的橘子，然后把皮扔在楼梯上的话，先生，我可以把我的脑袋连同他的一起吃下去。”

"No, no, he has not had one," said Mr. Brownlow, laughing. "Come! Put down your hat; and speak to my young friend."

“不，不，他没有吃过橘子，”布朗洛先生笑着说，“行了！摘下帽子，跟我年轻的朋友聊聊吧。”

"I feel strongly on this subject, sir," said the irritable old gentleman, drawing off his gloves. "There's always more or less orange-peel on the pavement in our street; and I know it's put there by the surgeon's boy at the corner. A young woman stumbled over a bit last night, and fell against my garden-railings; directly she got up I saw her look towards his infernal red lamp with the pantomime-light. "Don't go to him," I called out of the window, "he's an assassin! A man-trap! "So he is. If he is not—" Here the irascible old gentleman gave a great knock on the ground with his stick; which was always understood, by his friends, to imply the customary offer, whenever it was not expressed in words. Then, still keeping his stick in his hand, he sat down; and, opening a double eye-glass, which he wore attached to a broad black riband, took a view of Oliver: who, seeing that he was the object of inspection, coloured, and bowed again.

“我对这个问题很有感触，先生，”这位易怒的老绅士一边摘手套，一边说道，“我们这条街的人行道上总是或多或少有几块橘子皮。我知道，这一定是街角处那个外科大夫的儿子丢在那里的。昨晚，有一个年轻妇女在一小块橘皮上滑了一跤，撞在我家的花园栏杆上。她一爬起来，我就发现她一个劲地瞅他那盏该死的红灯，那简直就是个马戏团的灯光广告。‘你别到他那儿去，’我向窗户外喊，‘他就是个凶手！专门坑人！’他确实是。如果他不是——”说到这儿，这位易怒的老绅士用手杖使劲敲了敲地板，他的朋友向来明白这个动作的意思，每当他找不到语言表达他的意思时，他就会把这个搬出来。随后，他依旧握着手杖，坐了下来，打开一副用黑色宽丝带挂在身上的眼镜，看了看奥利弗。奥利弗见自己成了观察对象，脸一下子红了，又鞠了一躬。

"That's the boy, is it?" said Mr. Grimwig, at length.

“他就是那个孩子，是吧？”格林维格先生最后说。

"That's the boy," replied Mr. Brownlow.

“是那个孩子。”布朗洛先生回答。

"How are you, boy?" said Mr. Grimwig.

“孩子，你好吗？”格林维格先生问道。

"A great deal better, thank you, sir," replied Oliver.

“已经好多了，谢谢您，先生。”奥利弗答道。

Mr. Brownlow, seeming to apprehend that his singular friend was about to say something disagreeable, asked Oliver to step downstairs and tell Mrs. Bedwin they were ready for tea; which, as he did not half like the visitor's manner, he was very happy to do.

布朗洛先生似乎意识到，这个与众不同的朋友定会说出一些令人不愉快的话，便打发奥利弗下楼告诉贝德温太太为他们准备点茶。奥利弗很不喜欢这位客人的举止态度，很乐意做这件事。

"He is a nice-looking boy, is he not?" inquired Mr. Brownlow.

“这个孩子很好看，是吧？”布朗洛先生问道。

"I don't know," replied Mr. Grimwig, pettishly.

“我不知道。”格林维格先生怒气冲冲地说。

"Don't know?”

“你不知道？”

"No. I don't know. I never see any difference in boys. I only knew two sort of boys. Mealy boys, and beef-faced boys.”

“是啊。我不知道。我从来看不出小男孩之间有什么不同。我只知道有两种小男孩。一种是粉脸，一种是肉脸。”

"And which is Oliver?"

“那奥利弗是哪一种呢？”

"Mealy. I know a friend who has a beef-faced boy; a fine boy, they call him; with a round head, and red cheeks, and glaring eyes; a horrid boy; with a body and limbs that appear to be swelling out of the seams of his blue clothes; with the voice of a pilot, and the appetite of a wolf. I know him! The wretch!”

“粉脸。我认识一位朋友，有一个肉脸的儿子。他们还叫他好孩子。他长着圆圆的脑袋，红彤彤的脸蛋，炯炯有神的眼睛。可那是一个相当可恶的孩子，身体和四肢简直就快把他蓝衣裳的线缝都撑破了，嗓门跟引航员差不多大，胃口大得如狼一般。我看透他了！那个坏蛋！”

"Come," said Mr. Brownlow, "these are not the characteristics of young Oliver Twist; so he needn't excite your wrath.”

“行了，”布朗洛先生说，“小奥利弗·特威斯特可不是那样，不至于激起你那么大的火气。”

"They are not," replied Mr. Grimwig. "He may have worse."

“可能不那样，”格林维格先生回答，“说不定更坏。”

Here, Mr. Brownlow coughed impatiently; which appeared to afford Mr. Grimwig the most exquisite delight.

说到这儿，布朗洛先生不耐烦地咳嗽起来，这却似乎给格林维格先生带来了特别强烈的欢悦。

"He may have worse, I say," repeated Mr. Grimwig. "Where does he come from! Who is he? What is he? He has had a fever. What of that? Fevers are not peculiar to good people; are they? Bad people have fevers sometimes; haven't they, eh? I knew a man who was hung in Jamaica for murdering his master. He had had a fever six times; he wasn't recommended to mercy on that account. Pooh! nonsense!”

“我只是说他可能会更坏。”格林维格先生重复道，“他从哪里来的？他叫什么？他是干什么的？他得过热病。那是怎么得的？热病不是只有好人才会得，是吧？坏人有时候也会染上热病，对不对，嗯？我认识一个朋友，他在牙买加因为谋杀主人被绞死了。他就得过六次热病，并没有因此得到宽恕。呸！那是胡说八道！”

Now, the fact was, that in the inmost recesses of his own heart, Mr. Grimwig was strongly disposed to admit that Oliver's appearance and manner were unusually prepossessing; but he had a strong appetite for contradiction, sharpened on this occasion by the finding of the orange-peel; and, inwardly determining that no man should dictate to him whether a boy was well-looking or not, he had resolved, from the first, to oppose his friend. When Mr. Brownlow admitted that on no one point of inquiry could he yet return a satisfactory answer; and that he had postponed any investigation into Oliver's previous history until he thought the boy was strong enough to hear it; Mr. Grimwig chuckled maliciously. And he demanded, with a sneer, whether the housekeeper was in the habit of counting the plate at night; because if she didn't find a table-spoon or two missing some sunshiny morning, why, he would be content to—and so forth.

当时，情况是这样的：从内心深处说，格林维格先生很愿意承认奥利弗的相貌与举止非常讨人喜欢，但是他生来喜欢抬杠，这次因为捡到一块橘子皮，就更想抬杠了。他暗暗打定主意，没有人可以说服自己一个小男孩是漂亮还是不漂亮，从一开始，他就决定跟朋友对着干。布朗洛先生承认，到目前为止，没有一个问题他能给出令人满意的答案。他已经把调查奥利弗过去经历的事情搁到了一边，准备一直等到那个孩子可以经受得住的时候再说。格林维格先生恶意地笑了。他略带讽刺地询问，管家有没有晚上清点餐具的习惯．因为，要是她在某个阳光明媚的早上发现少了一两只勺子的话，嗯，他愿意——等等。

All this, Mr. Brownlow, although himself somewhat of an impetuous gentleman: knowing his friend's peculiarities, bore with great good humour; as Mr. Grimwig, at tea, was graciously pleased to express his entire approval of the muffins, matters went on very smoothly; and Oliver, who made one of the party, began to feel more at his ease than he had yet done in the fierce old gentleman's presence.

尽管布朗洛先生本人也是一个容易冲动的人，但是他深知朋友的怪脾气，因此对于这些他还是很迁就地容忍了。喝茶时，格林维格先生容光焕发地对松饼大为称赞，气氛还算融洽。奥利弗当时也在场，他也逐渐感到适应了，不再像之前那样对这位凶巴巴的老绅士的在场感到紧张万分。

"And when are you going to hear a full, true, and particular account of the life and adventures of Oliver Twist?" asked Grimwig of

Mr. Brownlow, at the conclusion of the meal; looking sideways at Oliver, as he resumed his subject.

“你准备什么时候才详细地了解奥利弗所有真实的生活经历和遭遇呢？”吃过茶点，格林维格从侧面盯着奥利弗，重新向布朗洛先生提起了这件事。

"To-morrow morning," replied Mr. Brownlow. "I would rather he was alone with me at the time. Come up to me to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, my dear.”

“明天上午，”布朗洛先生回答道，“到时候我希望单独跟他谈谈。明天上午十点来我这儿，亲爱的。”

"Yes, sir," replied Oliver. He answered with some hesitation, because he was confused by Mr. Grimwig's looking so hard at him.

“好的，先生。”奥利弗答道。由于格林维格先生一直盯着自己，目光严厉，奥利弗有点迷惑，因此回答起来有些迟疑。

"I'll tell you what," whispered that gentleman to Mr. Brownlow; "he won't come up to you to-morrow morning. I saw him hesitate. He is deceiving you, my good friend.”

“我跟你说，”格林维格先生低声对布朗洛先生说道，“他明天上午不会来找你的。我看得出他很犹豫。他在骗你呢，我亲爱的朋友。”

"I'll swear he is not," replied Mr. Brownlow, warmly.

“我发誓他没有。”布朗洛先生温和地说道。

"If he is not," said Mr. Grimwig, "I'll—” and down went the stick.

“如果不是的话，”格林维格先生的手杖又敲了一下，“我甘愿——”

"I'll answer for that boy's truth with my life!" said Mr. Brownlow, knocking the table.

“我拿我的生命担保，这个男孩子很诚实！”布朗洛先生说着，敲了敲桌子。

"And I for his falsehood with my head!" rejoined Mr. Grimwig, knocking the table also.

“我拿我的脑袋担保，他说谎！”格林维格先生又说，也敲了下桌子。

"We shall see," said Mr. Brownlow, checking his rising anger.

“那我们走着瞧吧，”布朗洛先生抑制住自己心中涌起的怒火，说道。

"We will," replied Mr. Grimwig, with a provoking smile; "we will."

“我们会看到的，”格林维格先生脸上挂着气人的微笑，说道，“我们会看到的。”

As fate would have it, Mrs. Bedwin chanced to bring in, at this moment, a small parcel of books, which Mr. Brownlow had that morning purchased of the identical bookstall-keeper, who has already figured in this history; having laid them on the table, she prepared to leave the room.

就像命中注定一样，这时候，贝德温太太送来一小包书，这是布朗洛先生早上从之前提到的那位书摊老板那里买的。她把书放在桌子上，准备离开。

"Stop the boy, Mrs. Bedwin!" said Mr. Brownlow; "there is something to go back."

“叫送书的孩子等一等，贝德温太太！”布朗洛先生说，“有东西要让他带回去。”

"He has gone, sir," replied Mrs. Bedwin.

“他已经走了，先生。”贝德温太太答道。

"Call after him," said Mr. Brownlow; "it's a particular. He is a poor man, and they are not paid for. There are some books to be taken back, too.”

“把他叫回来，”布朗洛先生说，“这人也真是的。他本来就不富裕，这些书都没付钱呢。还有几本书也要送回去。”

The street-door was opened. Oliver ran one way; and the girl ran another; and Mrs. Bedwin stood on the step and screamed for the boy; but there was no boy in sight. Oliver and the girl returned, in a breathless state, to report that there were no tidings of him.

大门打开了。奥利弗和女仆分两路追了出去，贝德温太太站在台阶上，大声喊着送书来的男孩，但是连个人影也没有看到。奥利弗和女仆回来了，累得气喘吁吁。他们告诉布朗洛先生不知道那个送书人跑到哪里去了。

"Dear me, I am very sorry for that," exclaimed Mr. Brownlow; "I particularly wished those books to be returned to-night.”

“天哪，真是太遗憾了，”布朗洛先生大叫，“这些书今天晚上能送回去该多好啊。”

"Send Oliver with them," said Mr. Grimwig, with an ironical smile; "he will be sure to deliver them safely, you know."

“让奥利弗去送，”格林维格先生带着讽刺的微笑说道，“你知道的，他会平安送到的。”

"Yes; do let me take them, if you please, sir," said Oliver. "I'll run

all the way, sir.”

“是啊，先生，如果你愿意的话，就让我送去吧，”奥利弗说，“我会一路跑过去的，先生。”

The old gentleman was just going to say that Oliver should not go out on any account; when a most malicious cough from Mr. Grimwig determined him that he should; and that, by his prompt discharge of the commission, he should prove to him the injustice of his suspicions: on this head at least: at once.

布朗洛先生刚要开口说，奥利弗是无论如何也不能外出的。就在这时，格林维格先生发出一声咳嗽，充满了恶意。这使得布朗洛先生下定决心让奥利弗跑一趟，等他迅速完成了任务，起码自己就可以向格林维格先生证明，他的猜疑是不公正的，而且是可以立马澄清的。

"You shall go, my dear," said the old gentleman. "The books are on a chair by my table. Fetch them down."

“你去吧，我亲爱的孩子，”老绅士说道，“书在我桌子旁边的椅子上。去把它们拿下来。”

Oliver, delighted to be of use, brought down the books under his arm in a great bustle; and waited, cap in hand, to hear what message he was to take.

奥利弗很开心，因为自己能做点事情了。他把书夹在胳膊底下，匆匆下了楼。他手里拿着帽子，等候吩咐。

"You are to say," said Mr. Brownlow, glancing steadily at Grimwig; "you are to say that you have brought those books back; and that you have come to pay the four pound ten I owe him. This is a five-pound note, so you will have to bring me back, ten shillings change.”

“你就说，”布朗洛先生目不转睛地盯着格林维格说道，“你就说你是来送还这些书的，同时把我欠他的四镑十先令交给他。这是一张五镑的钞票，你得把找的十先令带回来。

"I won't be ten minutes, sir," said Oliver, eagerly. Having buttoned up the bank-note in his jacket pocket, and placed the books carefully under his arm, he made a respectful bow, and left the room. Mrs. Bedwin followed him to the street-door, giving him many directions about the nearest way, and the name of the bookseller, and the name of the street: all of which Oliver said he clearly understood. Having superadded many injunctions to be sure and not take cold, the old lady at length permitted him to depart.

“我不出十分钟就回来，先生。”奥利弗急切地说。他把那张钞票放进了外套口袋里，扣上了扣子，小心地把书夹在胳膊底下，礼貌地鞠了一躬，离开了房间。贝德温太太跟着他走到了大门口，嘱咐了几句，告

诉他最近的路怎么走，书摊老板的名字是什么，以及街道的名字，等等。奥利弗说一切他都清楚。老太太又说了好多注意事项，告诫他路上小心，不要着凉，这才让他离开。

"Bless his sweet face!" said the old lady, looking after him. "I can't bear, somehow, to let him go out of my sight.”

“看在他那张漂亮脸蛋的份上，保佑他吧！”老太太一直看着他的背影，说道，“无论怎样，我真不放心他走到我的视线之外。”

At this moment, Oliver looked gaily round, and nodded before he turned the corner. The old lady smilingly returned his salutation, and, closing the door, went back to her own room.

这时，奥利弗欢快地回头看了看，点点头，转过了街角。老太太笑着还了个礼，关上了大门，回到自己的房间。

"Let me see; he'll be back in twenty minutes, at the longest," said Mr. Brownlow, pulling out his watch, and placing it on the table. "It will be dark by that time."

“我看，他最多二十分钟就会回来。”布朗洛先生边说边把手表掏出来放到桌子上，“到那时天也快黑了。”

"Oh! you really expect him to come back, do you?" inquired Mr. Grimwig.

“哎哟！你真以为他会回来啊，是不是？”格林维格先生问。

"Don't you?" asked Mr. Brownlow, smiling.

“你不这样认为吗？”布朗洛先生笑着反问。

The spirit of contradiction was strong in Mr. Grimwig's breast, at the moment; and it was rendered stronger by his friend's confident smile.

此刻，存心找茬的劲头在格林维格先生心中本来就很强烈，看到朋友那自信的脸，他更加来劲了。

"No," he said, smiting the table with his fist, "I do not. The boy has a new suit of clothes on his back, a set of valuable books under his arm, and a five-pound note in his pocket. He'll join his old friends the thieves, and laugh at you. If ever that boy returns to this house, sir, I'll eat my head.”

“是的，”他边说边用拳头捶了一下桌子，说道，“我不这样认为。他穿着一身新衣服，胳膊底下夹着些值钱的书，口袋里还有张五镑的钞票。他会回到他那帮小偷朋友那儿，反过来笑话你的。先生，要是那个孩子能回来的话，我就把我的脑袋吃下去。”

With these words he drew his chair closer to the table; and there the two friends sat, in silent expectation, with the watch between

them.

说着这些话，他把椅子往桌旁拉了拉。两个朋友一言不发地坐在那里，各怀心事，表放在他们之间。

It is worthy of remark, as illustrating the importance we attach to our own judgments, and the pride with which we put forth our most rash and hasty conclusions, that, although Mr. Grimwig was not by any means a bad-hearted man, and though he would have been unfeignedly sorry to see his respected friend duped and deceived, he really did most earnestly and strongly hope at that moment, that Oliver Twist might not come back.

为了说明我们是多么看重自己作出的判断，以及我们作出一些鲁莽草率的结论时是多么骄傲自负，值得注意的是：尽管格林维格先生绝非心肠恶毒之人，看着自己的朋友被骗也会真心地感到难过，但是，此时此刻，他发自肺腑地希望奥利弗不要回来。

It grew so dark, that the figures on the dial-plate were scarcely discernible; but there the two old gentlemen continued to sit, in silence, with the watch between them.

天色已经暗下来了，表刻度盘上的数字也几乎难以辨认了。两位老先生依旧是一声不响地坐在那儿，表放在他们之间。

CHAPTER XV Showing how very fond of Oliver Twist, the merry old jew and miss nancy were

第十五章 对快活的犹太佬和南希小姐是何等喜爱奥利弗·特威斯特的描述

In the obscure parlour of a low public-house, in the filthiest part of Little Saffron Hill; a dark and gloomy den, where a flaring gas-light burnt all day in the winter-time; and where no ray of sun ever shone in the summer: there sat, brooding over a little pewter measure and a small glass, strongly impregnated with the smell of liquor, a man in a velveteen coat, drab shorts, half-boots and stockings, whom even by that dim light no experienced agent of the police would have hesitated to recognise as Mr. William Sikes. At his feet, sat a white-coated, red-eyed dog; who occupied himself, alternately, in winking at his master with both eyes at the same time; and in licking a large, fresh cut on one side of his mouth, which appeared to be the result of some recent conflict.

在小红花山最肮脏的地段，有一家下等酒吧，酒吧内十分昏暗。在冬天，这里从早到晚都点着一盏火焰摇曳的煤气灯。即便是在夏天，这个黑暗阴森的洞穴内也是没有丝毫阳光的。酒吧里坐着一个汉子。他穿一身棉绒外套、黄褐色马裤，半长筒靴内穿着长袜。他正守着面前的白镴小酒壶和小玻璃杯，一个人喝着酒，浑身上下散发着浓浓酒气。即便是毫无经验的警察，凭借这十分昏暗的灯光，也能毫不迟疑地认出这就是威廉·赛克斯。他脚边趴着一只白毛红眼狗，它时而抬起两眼同时冲主人眨眨，时而又舔舔嘴角的大伤口，这伤口显然是从最近一次战斗中刚刚获得的。

"Keep quiet, you warmint! Keep quiet!" said Mr. Sikes, suddenly breaking silence. Whether his meditations were so intense as to be disturbed by the dog's winking, or whether his feelings were so wrought upon by his reflections that they required all the relief derivable from kicking an unoffending animal to allay them, is matter for argument and consideration. Whatever was the cause, the effect was a kick and a curse, bestowed upon the dog simultaneously.

“安静点，你这狗东西！别给我出声！”赛克斯先生突然打破了沉寂。不知是因为他思索得太认真以至于狗眨几下眼也打扰到了他，还是因为情绪受到思想推动，需要踢一脚这无辜的畜生来释放，这个问题还有待讨论。不管原因究竟是什么，结果就是这个畜生同时挨了一脚和一顿臭骂。

Dogs are not generally apt to revenge injuries inflicted upon them by their masters; but Mr. Sikes's dog, having faults of temper in

common with his owner, and labouring, perhaps, at this moment, under a powerful sense of injury, made no more ado but at once fixed his teeth in one of the half-boots. Having given in a hearty shake, he retired, growling, under a form; just escaping the pewter measure which Mr. Sikes levelled at his head.

通常，狗对主人的打骂是不会报复的。可是赛克斯先生的这只狗，脾气却跟它的主人一样坏。此时此刻，可能是感觉受到了莫大的侮辱，它没费什么劲，一口咬住主人的一只半长筒靴。它使劲摇了两下，然后咆哮着缩回长凳下面，正好躲过了赛克斯先生冲它脑袋砸过来的白镴酒壶。

"You would, would you?" said Sikes, seizing the poker in one hand, and deliberately opening with the other a large clasp-knife, which he drew from his pocket. "Come here, you born devil! Come here! D'ye hear?”

“你敢咬我，你敢咬我？”赛克斯先生说着，操起一把火钳，另一只手从口袋里掏出一把折叠刀，从容不迫地打开。“过来啊，你这个天生的恶魔！过来！你聋了吗？”

The dog no doubt heard; because Mr. Sikes spoke in the very harshest key of a very harsh voice; but, appearing to entertain some unaccountable objection to having his throat cut, he remained where he was, and growled more fiercely than before: at the same time grasping the end of the poker between his teeth, and biting at it like a wild beast. This resistance only infuriated Mr. Sikes the more; who, dropping on his knees, began to assail the animal most furiously. The dog jumped from right to left, and from left to right; snapping, growling, and barking; the man thrust and swore, and struck and blasphemed; and the struggle was reaching a most critical point for one or other; when, the door suddenly opening, the dog darted out: leaving Bill Sikes with the poker and the clasp-knife in his hands.

狗当然听到了，因为赛克斯声音相当刺耳而且音调极高。然而它显然对喉咙上挨一刀有说不出的反对，于是它依旧呆在原来的位置，只是叫得更加凶猛了。同时，它呲牙咬住火钳一端，如同一头疯狂的野兽。这种抵抗只能进一步激怒赛克斯先生，他双膝跪下，开始向这头畜生展开了最为猛烈的进攻。狗从右面跳到左面，又从左面跳到右面，啃咬着，咆哮着，狂叫着。这个汉子又戳又刺，一边打一边咒骂。这场较量对双方来说都进入了最至关重要的时刻。就在这时，门突然开了，狗立即丢下手持火钳和折叠刀的比尔·赛克斯，冲了出去。

There must always be two parties to a quarrel, says the old adage. Mr. Sikes, being disappointed of the dog's participation, at once transferred his share in the quarrel to the new comer.

俗话说一个巴掌拍不响，吵架总得有双方才行。赛克斯先生见狗中

途逃跑，非常失望，立马把对狗的怒气转移到刚进来的这个人身上。

"What the devil do you come in between me and my dog for?" daid Sikes, with a fierce gesture.

“该死的，你掺和到我跟我那畜生中间干什么？”赛克斯凶巴巴地说道。

"I didn't know, my dear, I didn't know," replied Fagin, humbly; for the Jew was the new comer.

“我不知道，亲爱的先生，我一点也不知道，”费金谦卑地回答——来者正是犹太佬。

"Didn't know, you white-livered thief!" growled Sikes. "Couldn't you hear the noise?”

“你不知道！做贼心虚！”赛克斯怒吼道，“你没听到喧闹声吗？”

"Not a sound of it, as I'm a living man, Bill," replied the Jew.

“一点声音也没有，比尔，我发誓。”老犹太回答。

"Oh no! You hear nothing, you don't," retorted Sikes with a fierce sneer. "Sneaking in and out, so as nobody hears how you come or go! I wish you had been the dog, Fagin, half a minute ago."

“喔，是的。你什么也没听见，你没听见。”赛克斯冷笑着反驳道，“偷偷摸摸地进出，所以没有人听见你是怎么来去的！费金，半分钟之前，你要是那条狗该多好。”

"Why?" inquired the Jew with a forced smile.

“为什么？”费金强挤出一丝笑容，问道。

"Cause the government, as cares for the lives of such men as you, as haven't half the pluck of curs, lets a man kill a dog how he likes," replied Sikes, shutting up the knife with a very expressive look; "that's why.”

“因为政府虽然重视你这种人的小命，可它才不管一个人怎么为了高兴杀一个畜生，况且你的勇气还赶不上这畜生的一半呢。”赛克斯边回答，边意味深长地把刀合上，“这就是原因。”

The Jew rubbed his hands; and, sitting down at the table, affected to laugh at the pleasantry of his friend. He was obviously very ill at ease, however.

犹太佬搓着手，坐到桌子旁边，对朋友这番玩笑装模作样地笑了笑。但是，他心里显然正烦着呢。

"Grin away," said Sikes, replacing the poker, and surveying him with savage contempt; "grin away. You'll never have the laugh at me, though, unless it's behind a nightcap. I've got the upper hand over

you, Fagin; and, d—me, I'll keep it. There! If I go, you go; so take care of me.”

“一边笑去。”赛克斯说着，把火钳放回原处，带着赤裸裸的鄙视打量着他，“一边笑去。轮不到你来笑话我，除非是晚上喝了点小酒后。费金，跟你比，我始终占上风，我他妈的会一直这样。听着！要是我完了，你也就完了。所以你给我当心点。”

"Well, well, my dear," said the Jew, "I know all that; we—we—have a mutual interest, Bill,—a mutual interest.”

“好的，好的，亲爱的先生，”犹太佬说道，“我都明白。我们——我们的利益本来就是牵连在一起的，比尔——牵连在一起的。”

"Humph," said Sikes, as if he thought the interest lay rather more on the Jew's side than on his. "Well, what have you got to say to me?"

“哼，”赛克斯似乎觉得老犹太得到的好处远比自己多，“得了吧，你有什么要告诉我的？”

"It's all passed safe through the melting-pot," replied Fagin, "and this is your share. It's rather more than it ought to be, my dear; but as I know you'll do me a good turn another time, and—” "Stow that gammon," interposed the robber, impatiently. "Where is it? Hand over!"

“事情总算是有惊无险，”费金回答，“你的一份我给你带来了。比你应得的多了很多，亲爱的，不过我知道，下次你也不会亏待我，再说——”“少来那一套，”那强盗不耐烦地打断了他的话，“在哪儿呢？拿来！”

"Yes, yes, Bill; give me time, give me time," replied the Jew, soothingly. "Here it is! All safe!" As he spoke, he drew forth an old cotton handkerchief from his breast; and untying a large knot in one corner, produced a small brown-paper packet. Sikes, snatching it from him, hastily opened it; and proceeded to count the sovereigns it contained.

“行，行，比尔，别着急，别着急，”费金安抚地说道，“这儿呢！分文不少！”说着，他从怀里掏出一块旧棉布手帕，解开角上的一个大结，取出一个棕色小纸包。赛克斯一把夺过了纸包，连忙打开来，着手数里面的金币。

"This is all, is it?" inquired Sikes.

“就这些，是吗？”赛克斯问。

"All," replied the Jew.

“全在这儿了。”犹太佬回答。

"You haven't opened the parcel and swallowed one or two as you

come along, have you?" inquired Sikes, suspiciously. "Don't put on an injured look at the question; you've done it many a time. Jerk the tinkler.”

“一路上你没打开这个包，将其中一两个占为己有？”赛克斯怀疑地问道，“别装出一副受伤的样子，这事你可不是做了一次两次了。拉一下铃。”

These words, in plain English, conveyed an injunction to ring the bell. It was answered by another Jew: younger than Fagin, but nearly as vile and repulsive in appearance.

说得明白些，就是他下达了拉铃的命令。铃声唤来了另一个犹太人。他比费金年轻一些，但是外表与费金一样令人讨厌。

Bill Sikes merely pointed to the empty measure. The Jew, perfectly understanding the hint, retired to fill it: previously exchanging a remarkable look with Fagin, who raised his eyes for an instant, as if in expectation of it, and shook his head in reply; so slightly that the action would have been almost imperceptible to an observant third person. It was lost upon Sikes, who was stooping at the moment to tie the boot-lace which the dog had torn. Possibly, if he had observed the brief interchange of signals, he might have thought that it boded no good to him.

比尔·赛克斯只是指了指空酒瓶。犹太人完全明白了这一暗示，退出去盛酒去了。离开之前，他和费金交换了一个不同寻常的眼神。费金抬了抬头，好像正在等着他的眼神一样，又摇了摇头作为回答。他的动作极其不明显，所以即使第三个人观察力非常敏锐，也几乎无法察觉。赛克斯此时正在弯腰系那被狗撕开的靴子带，他一点儿也没察觉到费金的动作。如果他察觉的话，可能会将两人之间交换的暗号当成一个不祥之兆。

"Is anybody here, Barney?" inquired Fagin; speaking, now that that Sikes was looking on, without raising his eyes from the ground.

“这儿有人吗，巴尼？”费金问道，低着头盯着地面，这时赛克斯已经抬起头来。

"Dot a shoul," replied Barney; whose words: whether they came from the heart or not: made their way through the nose.

“一个人也没有。”巴尼回答。不管他的话是否发自内心，总之它们是打鼻子里出来的。

"Nobody?" inquired Fagin, in a tone of surprise: which perhaps might mean that Barney was at liberty to tell the truth.

“没有人？”费金的语气中充满了惊讶，也许他的意思是暗示巴尼不妨讲实话。

"Dobody but Biss Dadsy," replied Barney.

“除了达基小姐，没有别人。”巴尼回答。

"Nancy!" exclaimed Sikes. "Where? Strike me blind, if I don't honour that'ere girl, for her native talents.”

“南希！”赛克斯叫起来，“她在哪里？这姑娘真是天才。我要是说假话的话，就让我瞎了。”

"She's bid havid a plate of boiled beef id the bar," replied Barney.

“她在吧台点了一盘煮牛肉。”巴尼回答。

"Send her here," said Sikes, pouring out a glass of liquor. "Send her here."

“让她过来，”赛克斯边说边斟了一杯酒，“让她过来。”

Barney looked timidly at Fagin, as if for permission; the Jew remaining silent, and not lifting his eyes from the ground, he retired; and presently returned, ushering in Nancy; who was decorated with the bonnet, apron, basket, and street-door key, complete.

巴尼胆怯地看了看费金，似乎是在请求他的允许。犹太佬依旧沉默，眼睛盯着地板。巴尼离开了，没过一会儿，领着南希回来了。这姑娘依旧带着无边软帽，围着围裙，手里拿着篮子和大门钥匙，这些东西一件不少。

"You are on the scent, are you, Nancy?" inquired Sikes, proffering the glass.

“你找到线索了，是不是，南希？”赛克斯边问，边把酒杯递了过去。

"Yes, I am, Bill," replied the young lady, disposing of its contents; "and tired enough of it I am, too. The young brat's been ill and confined to the crib; and—” "Ah, Nancy, dear!" said Fagin, looking up.

“是的，比尔，我找到了，”年轻小姐把杯里的酒一饮而尽，答道，“真把我累得够呛。那个小孩子病了，下不了床——”“噢，南希，亲爱的。”费金抬起头来说道。

Now, whether a peculiar contraction of the Jew's red eye-brows, and a half closing of his deeply-set eyes, warned Miss Nancy that she was disposed to be too communicative, is not a matter of much importance. The fact is all we need care for here; and the fact is, that she suddenly checked herself, and with several gracious smiles upon Mr. Sikes, turned the conversation to other matters. In about ten minutes' time, Mr. Fagin was seized with a fit of coughing; upon which Nancy pulled her shawl over her shoulders, and declared it was time to go. Mr. Sikes, finding that he was walking a short part of her

way himself, expressed his intention of accompanying her; they went away together, followed, at a little distant, by the dog, who slunk out of a back-yard as soon as his master was out of sight.

当时，费金先生红色的眉毛紧皱，深陷的双眸微闭。他是不是在向话说得太多了的南希发出警告，这并不重要。我们需要注意的是以下事实：南希突然打住，向赛克斯先生亲昵地笑了一下，开始谈论起别的事情。过了大约十分钟，费金先生使劲咳嗽了几声，南希见他这副模样，便用围巾围住肩膀，说她该走了。赛克斯先生意识到自己与她有一段同路，说愿意陪她一起走，两人便一起走了。那只狗在不远处跟着。主人刚走出视野，狗就从后门溜走了。

The Jew thrust his head out of the room door when Sikes had left it; looked after him as we walked up the dark passage; shook his clenched fist; muttered a deep curse; and then, with a horrible grin, reseated himself at the table; where he was soon deeply absorbed in the interesting pages of the Hue-and-Cry.

赛克斯离开后，费金从屋门口探出头去，看着他走上漆黑的大道。费金先是握紧拳头晃了两下，低声骂了两句，然后又发出几声可怕的笑，重新坐到桌旁来。没过多久，就被一份《通缉令》有趣的版面深深吸引住了。

Meanwhile, Oliver Twist, little dreaming that he was within so very short a distance of the merry old gentleman, was on his way to the book-stall. When he got into Clerkenwell, he accidently turned down a by-street which was not exactly in his way; but not discovering his mistake until he had got half-way down it, and knowing it must lead in the right direction, he did not think it worth while to turn back; and so marched on, as quickly as he could, with the books under his arm.

与此同时，奥利弗·特威斯特正在去书摊的路上。他根本没有料到自己跟那位快活的老先生相隔咫尺。走进克拉肯韦尔街区后，他不小心稍稍走偏了一点，拐进了一条胡同，走了一半才发现错了。他知道这个胡同方向是对的，于是心想用不着折回去。他继续快步向前，依旧把书夹在胳膊底下。

He was walking along, thinking how happy and contented he ought to feel; and how much he would give for only one look at poor little Dick, who, starved and beaten, might be weeping bitterly at that very moment; when he was startled by a young woman screaming out very loud. "Oh, my dear brother!" And he had hardly looked up, to see what the matter was, when he was stopped by having a pair of arms thrown tight round his neck.

他边走边想，要能见一眼可怜的小迪克，他该感到多么高兴与满足啊！那样的话，无论付出多大的代价都行。迪克还在挨打受饿，这会儿

说不定正在悲伤地抹眼泪呢。就在这时，一个年轻女子大声尖叫起来，把他吓了一大跳。“哎呦，我亲爱的弟弟！”他还没来得及抬头看清楚是怎么回事，便被伸过来的两只胳膊紧紧环住脖子，使得他停住了脚步。

"Don't," cried Oliver, struggling. "Let go of me. Who is it? What are you stopping me for?"

“放手，”奥利弗大叫，努力想挣脱，“放开我。你是谁啊？你干吗拦住我？”

The only reply to this, was a great number of loud lamentations from the young woman who had embraced him; and who had a little basket and a street-door key in her hand.

搂住他的女子手里拎着一个篮子和一把大门钥匙；一大串高声哭喊就是对他唯一的回答。

"Oh my gracious!" said the young woman, "I have found him! Oh! Oliver! Oliver! Oh you naughty boy, to make me suffer such distress on your account! Come home, dear, come. Oh, I've found him. Thank gracious goodness heavins, I've found him!” With these incoherent exclamations, the young woman burst into another fit of crying, and got so dreadfully hysterical, that a couple of women who came up at the moment asked a butcher's boy with a shiny head of hair anointed with suet, who was also looking on, whether he didn't think he had better run for the doctor. To which, the butcher's boy: who appeared of a lounging, not to say indolent disposition: replied, that he thought not.

“哎哟，天哪！”年轻女子叫道，“我可找到他了！噢！奥利弗！奥利弗！哎呦，你这个淘气的孩子，为了你，我吃了多少苦头！跟我回家，亲爱的，走啊。噢，我可找到他了。谢天谢地，我可找到他了！”年轻女子语无伦次地叫喊了一通，然后又一次放声大哭起来。她是如此歇斯底里，让人害怕，以至于两个路过的女人问一个头发油光锃亮的肉店伙计，他是不是该跑去把医生喊过来。肉店伙计即使不是个懒鬼，也是那种游手好闲的人。他回答说他认为没有必要。

"Oh, no, no, never mind," said the young woman, grasping Oliver's hand; "I'm better now. Come home directly, you cruel boy! Come!” "What's the matter, ma'ma?" inquired one of the women. "Oh, ma'am," replied the young woman, "he ran away, near a month ago, from his parents, who are hard-working and respectable people; and went and joined a set of thieves and bad characters; and almost broke his mother's heart.”

“哦，不用，不用，不要紧，”年轻女子拉住奥利弗的手说道，“我现在好多了。现在就跟我回家去！你这个没良心的孩子！走啊！”“太太，什么事？”一个妇女问道。“噢，太太，”年轻女子回答，“差不多一个月前，他从他爸爸妈妈那儿跑了。他们可都是辛勤工作、受人尊重的人。

他跑去跟一群小偷混蛋混在了一起，他妈妈心都快碎了。”

"Young wretch!" said one woman.

“小混蛋！”一个妇女说道。

"Go home, do, you little brute," said the other.

“回家去，快点，你这个小畜生。”另一个说。

"I am not," replied Oliver, greatly alarmed. "I don't know her. I haven't any sister, or father and mother either. I'm an orphan; I live at Pentonville.”

“我不，”奥立弗吓坏了，回答道，“我根本不认识她。我没有姐姐，也没有爸爸妈妈。我是个孤儿，我住在本顿维尔。”

"Only hear him, how he braves it out!" cried the young woman.

“你们快听听，他还嘴硬！”年轻女子叫道。

"Why, it's Nancy!" exclaimed Oliver; who now saw her face for the first time; and started back, in irrepressible astonishment.

“哎呀，是南希！”奥利弗叫起来。他这才看清楚她的脸，不由地往后退了退。

"You see he knows me!" cried Nancy, appealing to the bystanders. "He can't help himself. Make him come home, there's good people, or he'll kill his dear mother and father, and break my heart!”

“你们瞧，他认识我！”南希向周围的人高呼，“他自己也骗不过去了。哪位好心人，让他回家吧。不然的话，他真的会把他爸妈气死，然后让我也心碎的！”

"What the devil's this?" said a man, bursting out of a beer-shop, with a white dog at his heels; "young Oliver! Come home to your poor mother, you young dog! Come home directly."

“这到底是怎么回事啊？”一个男子从一家酒吧奔了出来，一只白狗跟在他身后，“小奥利弗！快回到你那可怜的妈妈那儿去，你这个小兔崽子！现在就给我回家！”

"I don't belong to them. I don't know them. Help! help!" cried Oliver, struggling in the man's powerful grasp.

“我不是他们家的。我不认识他们。救命，救命啊！”奥立弗叫喊道，在那个男人有力的怀抱里挣扎。

"Help!" repeated the man. "Yes; I'll help you, you young rascal!

“救命！”男人重复着奥立弗的话，“没错，我会救你的，你这个小坏蛋！

What books are these? You've been a stealing 'em, have you? Give

'em here.” With these words, the man tore the volumes from his grasp, and struck him on the head.

这是什么书啊？一定是你偷来的吧，是不是？把书拿过来。”说着，这个男人夺过了奥利弗手里的书，敲了敲他的脑袋。

"That's right!" cried a looker-on, from a garret-window. "That's the only way of bringing him to his senses!”

“干得好！”一个看热闹的人从一扇阁楼窗户里冲外喊道，“只有这样才能让他清醒过来！”

"To be sure!" cried a sleepy-faced carpenter, casting an approving look at the garret-window.

“没错！”另一个睡眼朦胧的木匠喊道，冲着阁楼窗户投去了赞同的目光。

"It'll do him good!" said the two women.

“这对他有好处！”那两个妇女说道。

"And he shall have it, too!" rejoined the man, administering another blow, and seizing Oliver by the collar. "Come on, you young villain! Here, Bull's-eye, mind him, boy! Mind him!”

“而且他这是罪有应得！”那个男人应和道，又给了奥利弗一下，并一把抓住了他的衣领。“走啊，你这个小恶棍！牛眼儿，过来。看着他，伙计！看着他！”

Weak with recent illness; stupified by the blows and the suddenness of the attack; terrified by the fierce growling of the dog, and the brutality of the man; overpowered by the conviction of the bystanders that he really was the hardened little wretch he was described to be; what could one poor child do! Darkness had set in; it was a low neighborhood; no help was near; resistance was useless. In another moment he was dragged into a labyrinth of dark narrow courts, and was forced along them at a pace which rendered the few cries he dared to give utterance to, unintelligible. It was of little moment, indeed, whether they were intelligible or no; for there was nobody to care for them, had they been ever so plain.

奥利弗本来就大病初愈，又被这突如其来的殴打和攻击弄得晕头转向。那只狂叫的狗是那么凶猛，那个男人是那么蛮横无理，再加上围观者认定他就是如大家表述的那么一个小坏蛋，他这个可怜的孩子，还有什么办法！夜色已经降临，这儿又不是一个讲理的地方，没有人能够帮助他，反抗显然是徒劳的。接着，他被拖进了一个由无数昏暗窄小的胡同组成的迷宫，被迫跟着他们一起极快地走着。这使他壮着胆子发出的呼喊声基本上无法被人听清了。确实，听得清听不清也无关紧要了。就算听明白了，也没有人会放心上的。

The gas-lamps were lighted; Mrs. Bedwin was waiting anxiously at the open door; the servant had run up the street twenty times to see if there were any traces of Oliver; and still the two old gentlemen sat, perseveringly, in the dark parlour, with the watch between them.

煤气灯已经点亮了。贝德温太太焦急不安地守候在敞开的门口。仆人已经跑到街上二十多次去找奥利弗的踪迹。客厅里没有点灯，一片漆黑，两位老绅士依旧正襟危坐，那块表放在他们之间。

CHAPTER XVI Relates what became of Oliver Twist, after he had been claimed by Nancy

第十六章 对奥利弗·特威斯特被南希领走之后情况的叙述

The narrow streets and courts, at length, terminated in a large open space; scattered about which, were pens for beasts, and other indications of a cattle-market. Sikes slackened his pace when they reached this spot: the girl being quite unable to support any longer, the rapid rate at which they had hitherto walked. Turning to Oliver, he roughly commanded him to take hold of Nancy's hand.

狭窄的街道和院落最终在一片宽敞空地到了尽头。空地四下里是一些关牲口的围栏，说明这里是个牲口交易市场。走到这儿，赛克斯放慢了步子。一路上疾走，南希已经支撑不住了。赛克斯转向奥利弗，粗暴地命令他扶住南希的手。

"Do you hear?" growled Sikes, as Oliver hesitated, and looked round.

“你听见没有？”赛克斯见奥利弗犹犹豫豫，东张西望，就冲他怒吼道。

They were in a dark corner, quite out of the track of passengers.

他们身处一个黑暗的角落里，四周没有什么行人。

Oliver saw, but too plainly, that resistance would be of no avail. He held out his hand, which Nancy clasped tight in hers.

奥利弗很明白自己的处境，抵抗是完全没有用的。他伸出手，立刻被南希紧紧地握住了。

"Give me the other," said Sikes, seizing Oliver's unoccupied hand. "Here, Bull's—Eye!”

“把另一只手给我。”赛克斯说着，抓住奥利弗空着的那只手。“过来，牛眼儿！”

The dog looked up, and growled.

那只狗抬了抬头，嗥叫了几声。

"See here, boy!" said Sikes, putting his other hand to Oliver's throat; "if he speaks ever so soft a word, hold him! D'ye mind!”

“看这儿，乖乖！”赛克斯说着，用另一只手指着奥利弗的喉咙，“哪怕他敢吭一声，就咬他！明白了吗？”

The dog growled again; and licking his lips, eyed Oliver as if he were anxious to attach himself to his windpipe without delay.

狗又叫了起来。它舔了舔嘴唇，两眼放着光，恶狠狠地盯着奥利弗，彷佛是要立马咬断他的气管似的。

"He's as willing as a Christian, strike me blind if he isn't!" said Sikes, regarding the animal with a kind of grim and ferocious apporval. "Now, you know what you've got to expect, master, so call away as quick as you like; the dog will soon stop that game. Get on, young'un!”

“它还真是跟基督教徒一样听话呢。如果它不是的话，就让我瞎了吧。”赛克斯瞅着这头畜生，带着几分冷酷与残忍地称赞道。“喂，先生，这下你知道会有什么结果了吧。你愿意喊就喊吧，这狗立马就会结束你这小把戏的。小家伙，跟上！”

Bull's-eye wagged his tail in acknowledgment of this unusually endearing form of speech; and, giving vent to another admonitory growl for the benefit of Oliver, led the way onward.

牛眼儿摇了摇尾巴，对这一番罕见的夸奖表示感谢。它又叫了一通，算是对奥利弗进行警告，之后便跑到前面领路了。

It was Smithfield that they were crossing, although it might have been Grosvenor Square, for anything Oliver knew to the contrary. The night was dark and foggy. The lights in the shops could scarecely struggle through the heavy mist, which thickened every moment and shrouded the streets and houses in gloom; rendering the strange place still stranger in Oliver's eyes; and making his uncertainty the more dismal and depressing.

他们穿过的这片空地是伦敦肉市场，不过或许也可能是格罗夫诺广场。反正奥利弗也不知道。夜色漆黑，大雾弥漫。店铺里的灯光几乎难以穿过这越来越厚的浓雾，街道、房屋全都被这朦胧黑暗笼罩着。这个陌生的地方在奥利弗眼里更加神秘了，他越发忐忑与沮丧。

They had hurried on a few paces, when a deep church-bell struck the hour. With its first stroke, his two conductors stopped, and turned their heads in the direction whence the sound proceeded.

他们刚刚匆忙前进了几步，教堂深沉的钟声便开始报时了。伴随着第一声钟声，两个领路人都停了下来，不约而同地朝钟声传来的方向望去。

"Eight o'clock, Bill," said Nancy, when the bell ceased.

“八点了，比尔。”钟声响完后，南希说道。

"What's the good of telling me that; I can hear it, can't I!"replied Sikes.

“用不着你说。我自己听得见！”赛克斯回答。

"I wonder whether they can hear it," said Nancy.

“不知道他们是否听得见。”南希说。

"Of course they can," replied Sikes. "It was Bartlemy time when I was shopped; and there warn't a penny trumpet in the fair, as I couldn't hear the squeaking on. Arter I was locked up for the night, the row and din outside made the thundering old jail so silent, that I could almost have beat my brains out against the iron plates of the door.”

“他们当然听得见。”赛克斯回答，“我进去的时候正好是巴多罗买节，没有什么是听不见的，就连集市上最便宜的小喇叭啪啦啪啦响我都能听见。晚上我被锁起来以后，外面的喧嚣吵闹使这个异常古老的监狱愈发沉寂，我差点没用自己的脑袋撞门上的铁板。”

"Poor fellow!" said Nancy, who still had her face turned towards the quarter in which the bell had sounded. "Oh, Bill, such fine young chaps as them!"

“可怜的家伙！”南希说道，依旧面朝钟声传来的方向望着。“哎，比尔，那些漂亮的小伙子！”

"Yes; that's all you women think of," answered Sikes. "Fine young chaps! Well, they're as good as dead, so it don't much matter.”

“是啊，你们女人家总是想这些。”赛克斯回答道，“漂亮的小伙子！唔，就当他们都死了好了。所以再漂亮也没啥用。”

With this consolation, Mr. Sikes appeared to repress a rising tendency to jealousy, and, clasping Oliver's wrist more firmly, told him to step out again.

赛克斯先生似乎想用这种聊以自慰的话语压住心头升腾起的嫉妒之火。他把奥利弗的手腕抓得更紧了，命令他继续往前走。

"Wait a minute!" said the girl: "I wouldn't hurry by, if it was you that was coming out to be hung, the next time eight o'clock struck, Bill. I'd walk round and round the place till I dropped, if the snow was on the ground, and I hadn't a shawl to cover me.”

“等一下！”南希说道，“比尔，下次八点钟声敲响的时候，要是出来上绞刑台的是你，我也不匆匆离开了。我要在这个地方一圈一圈地转，直到我倒下去为止。哪怕满地积雪，哪怕我身上连一条围巾都没有。”

"And what good would that do?" inquired the unsentimental Mr.Sikes. "Unless you could pitch over a file and twenty yards of good stout rope, you might as well be walking fifty mile off, or not walking at all, for all the good it would do me. Come on, and don't stand preaching there.”

“那有什么用呢？”赛克斯先生冷冷说道，“除非你能扔过去一把锉刀和一条二十码的结实绳子，否则你走五十英里也好，一步都不走也好，对我来说都是一样的。走吧，不要在那儿站着说些没用的了。”

The girl burst into a laugh; drew her shawl more closely round her; and they walked away. But Oliver felt her hand tremble, and, looking up in her face as they passed a gas-lamp, saw that it had turned a deadly white.

年轻姑娘扑哧一声笑了，紧紧裹了裹围巾。他们便一起出发了。但是，奥利弗感觉到她的手在颤抖。当他们走过一盏煤气街灯的时候，他抬起头，看到她的脸色死一般苍白。

They walked on, by little-frequented and dirty ways, for a full half-hour: meeting very few people, and those appearing from their looks to hold much the same position in society as Mr. Sikes himself. At length they turned into a very filthy narrow street, nearly full of old-clothes shops; the dog running forward, as if conscious that there was no further occasion for his keeping on guard, stopped before the door of a shop that was closed and apparently untenanted; the house was in a ruinous condition, and on the door was nailed a board, intimating that it was to let: which looked as if it had hung there for many years.

他们继续沿着偏僻肮脏的小道往前走，足足走了半个小时。路上基本上没遇见什么人。唯一见到的几个人，社会地位跟赛克斯差不多，这点从他们的穿着打扮就能看出来。最后，他们拐进一条异常肮脏的小巷子。巷子里基本上都是卖旧衣服的铺子。那条狗似乎意识到在这里已经不需要自己戒备了，便一个劲儿往前跑开了，一直跑到一家铺子门口它才停下来。这家铺子大门紧锁，破陋不堪，显然无人租住。门上钉着一个板子，暗示这个房子打算往外出租；不过这板子看上去像是已经挂了好多年。

"All right," cried Sikes, glancing cautiously about.

“到了。”赛克斯边说边小心谨慎地环视着四周。

Nancy stooped below the shutters, and Oliver heard the sound of a bell. They crossed to the opposite side of the street, and stood for a few moments under a lamp. A noise, as if a sash window were gently raised, was heard; and soon afterwards the door softly opened. Mr. Sikes then seized the terrified boy by the collar with very little ceremony; and all three were quickly inside the house.

南希钻到百叶窗底下，接着奥利弗听到了一阵铃声。他们走到街对面，在一盏街灯下面站了一会儿。一个声音传了过来，就像是窗框轻轻抬起来的声音。然后房门轻轻地打开了。赛克斯先生毫不客气地抓起这个早已受到惊吓的男孩的衣领，三个人迅速地走进屋内。

The passage was perfectly dark. They waited, while the person who had let them in, chained and barred the door.

过道里伸手不见五指。领他们进屋的人在上门锁和门闩，他们三个停下脚步等待。

"Anybody here?"inquired Sikes.

“有没有别的人？”赛克斯询问。

"No," replied a voice, which Oliver thought he had heard before.

“没有。”一个声音回答道。奥利弗觉得自己以前听到过这个声音。

"Is the old 'un here?" asked the robber.

“那老家伙在吧？”这个强盗继续问。

"Yes," replied the voice, "and precious down in the mouth he has been. Won't he be glad to see you? Oh, no!”

“嗯，”那个声音回答，“一直唉声叹气呢。他会乐意见到你吗？噢，不会的！”

The style of this reply, as well as the voice which delivered it, seemed familiar to Oliver's ears: but it was impossible to distinguish even the form of the speaker in the darkness.

这回话的风格，以及这声音，对奥利弗来说都很熟悉。可是黑暗中他根本就辨别不出说话人的轮廓。

"Let's have a glim," said Sikes, "or we shall go breaking our necks, or treading on the dog. Look after your legs if you do!"

“给点光吧，”赛克斯说，“要不我们会摔断脖子的，或者是踩到狗身上。那样的话，可得当心自己的腿！”

"Stand still a moment, and I'll get you one," replied the voice. The receding footsteps of the speaker were heard; and, in another minute, the form of Mr. John Dawkins, otherwise the Artful Dodger, appeared. He bore in his right hand a tallow candle stuck in the end of a cleft stick.

“你们等会儿，我去取。”这个声音回答。接着便听到那人离开的脚步声。一会儿，约翰·道金斯先生，也就是狡猾的机灵鬼出现了。他右手拿着一根有裂缝的木棍，木棍末端插着一根蜡烛。

The young gentleman did not stop to bestow any other mark of recognition upon Oliver than a humourous grin; but, turning away, beckoned the visitors to follow him down a flight of stairs. They crossed an empty kitchen; and, opening the door of a low earthy-smelling room, which seemed to have been built in a small back-yard, were received with a shout of laughter.

这个年轻绅士只是幽默地冲奥利弗笑了一下，算是打过招呼，并没有说任何话。然后他便转过身，示意来客跟着自己走下楼梯。他们穿过一个空空的厨房，走到一个充满泥土味的低矮屋子门前。这屋子像是建在房子后面的小院子里。一开门，一阵笑声传了过来。

"Oh, my wig, my wig!" cried Master Charles Bates, from whose lungs the laughter had proceeded: "here he is! oh, cry, here he is! Oh, Fagin, look at him! Fagin, do look at him! I can't bear it; it is such a jolly game, I cant's bear it. Hold me, somebody, while I laugh it out.”

“噢，笑死我了，笑死我了！”查利·贝茨少爷叫道，笑声就是从他肺里传出来的，“他在这儿呢！噢，他在这儿呢！噢，费金，你瞧他！费金，你好好看看！笑死我了，这个游戏太好玩了，笑死我了。谁来扶我一把，让我笑个够吧。”

With this irrepressible ebullition of mirth, Master Bates laid himself flat on the floor: and kicked convulsively for five minutes, in an ectasy of facetious joy. Then jumping to his feet, he snatched the cleft stick from the Dodger; and, advancing to Oliver, viewed him round and round; while the Jew, taking off his nightcap, made a great number of low bows to the bewildered boy. The Artful, meantime, who was of a rather saturnine disposition, and seldom gave way to merriment when it interfered with business, rifled Oliver's pockets with steady assiduity.

带着这股抑制不住的高兴劲儿，贝茨少爷一屁股坐到地上，开心地又踢又蹬，折腾了足足五分钟。接着他跳了起来，从机灵鬼那儿抢过那根裂缝的木棍，走到奥利弗面前，绕着奥立弗看了又看。这时候，犹太佬摘下了睡帽，对着一脸迷惑的奥立弗连连深深鞠躬。机灵鬼性格一向阴沉。如果起哄对事情有妨碍的话，他很少跟着起哄。但是这时，他也极其认真地把奥利弗的衣服口袋搜刮了一遍。

"Look at his togs, Fagin!" said Charley, putting the light so close to his new jacket as nearly to set him on fire. "Look at his togs! Superfine cloth, and the heavy swell cut! Oh, my eye, what a game! And his books, too! Nothing but a gentleman, Fagin!"

“瞧他这身打扮，费金！”查利说着，把灯靠得离奥立弗的新外套太近，差点就把它点着了。“瞧他这身打扮！上等的布料，一流的裁剪！哦，我的天啊，真不错！还有这书，真不错！简直就是一个小绅士，费金！”

"Delighted to see you looking so well, my dear," said the Jew, bowing with mock humility. "The Artful shall give you another suit, my dear, for fear you should spoil that Sunday one. Why didn't you write, my dear, and say you were coming? We'd have got something warm for supper.”

“亲爱的，看到你脸色这么好，真叫人开心。”犹太佬佯装谦恭地欠

身说道，“机灵鬼会给你另一套衣服，我亲爱的，省得你把应该礼拜天穿的衣服弄脏了。亲爱的，你来之前为什么不写信告诉我们呢？我们也好弄点热乎乎的东西当晚饭啊。”

At his, Master Bates roared again: so loud, that Fagin himself relaxed, and even the Dodger smiled; but as the Artful drew forth the five-pound note at that instant, it is doubtful whether the sally of the discovery awakened his merriment.

一听这话，贝茨少爷又大笑起来。他笑得是那么大声，费金心里也轻松了，机灵鬼也笑了。不过，由于机灵鬼在那时把那张五镑的钞票搜了出来，所以引发他笑的也可能是这一发现。

"Hallo, what's that?" inquired Sikes, stepping forward as the Jew seized the note. "That's mine, Fagin.”

“喂，这是什么？”犹太佬刚一把夺过那张钞票，赛克斯就冲上前去问，“那是我的，费金。”

"No, no, my dear," said the Jew. "Mine, Bill, mine. You shall have the books."

“不，不，我亲爱的，”犹太佬说道，“是我的，比尔，我的。那些书归你了。”

"If that isn't mine!" said Bill Sikes, putting on his hat with a determined air; "mine and Nancy's that is; I'll take the boy back again.”

“怎么会不是我的呢！”比尔·赛克斯说着，神色坚定地把帽子戴上，“这是我跟南希两个人的，要不我会把这个孩子送回去的。”

The Jew started. Oliver started too, though from a very different cause; for he hoped that the dispute might really end in his being taken back.

犹太佬吓了一跳。奥利弗也吓了一跳，然而却是出于完全不同的原因。他希望这场争吵能真的以他被送回去而收场。

"Come! Hand over, will you?" said Sikes.

“快！交出来，你交还不是不交？”赛克斯说道。

"This is hardly fair, Bill; hardly fair, is it, Nancy?"inquired the Jew.

“这不公平，比尔。太不公平，不是吗，南希？”犹太佬问道。

"Fair,or not,"retorted Sikes,"hand over, I tell you! Do you think Nancy and me has got nothing else to do with our precious time but to spend it in scouting arter, and kidnapping, every young boy as gets grabbed through you? Give it here, you avaricious old skeleton, give it here!"

“什么公平不公平的，”赛克斯反驳道，“交出来，我告诉你！你以为我跟南希牺牲了宝贵的时间，除了当探子把这个从你手中溜走的孩子带回来，就没有别的事情可做了吗？拿过来，你这个老不死的贪婪鬼，给我拿过来！”

With this gentle remonstrance, Mr. Sikes plucked the note from between the Jew's finger and thumb; and looking the old man coolly in the face, folded it up small, and tied it in his neckerchief.

随着这一番温和的劝诫，赛克斯先生把钞票从犹太佬手指尖抢了过去，然后冷冷地盯着这个老头，把钞票折小后，塞在围巾里。

"That's for our share of the trouble," said Sikes; "and not half enough, neither. You may keep the books, if you're fond of reading. If you ain't, sell 'em.”

“这是我们应得的报酬，”赛克斯说道，“其实这连一半都不够呢。你要是喜欢读书，就把这些书留着吧。要是你不喜欢，卖了也行。”

"They're very pretty," said Charley Bates: who, with sundry grimaces, had been affecting to read one of the volumes in question; "beautiful writing, isn't is, Oliver?” At sight of the dismayed look with which Oliver regarded his tormentors, Master Bates, who was blessed with a lively sense of the ludicrous, fell into another ectasy, more boisterous than the first. "They belong to the old gentleman," said Oliver, wringing his hands; "to the good, kind, old gentleman who took me into his house, and had me nursed, when I was near dying of the fever. Oh, pray send them back; send him back the books and money. Keep me here all my life long; but pray, pray send them back. He'll think I stole them; the old lady: all of them who were so kind to me: will think I stole them. Oh, do have mercy upon me, and send them back!”

“这些书还真不错呢，”查利·贝茨做着各种鬼脸说道，他还装模作样地读其中的一本书，“写得真不错，是不是啊，奥利弗？”看到奥利弗没精打采地盯着这些折磨他的人，本来就爱开玩笑的贝茨少爷又一次狂笑起来，笑得比刚开始那次还欢。“这些书是那位老先生的，”奥利弗绞着双手说道，“就是那位善良好心的老先生。他在我得了热病差点死了的时候把我带到了他家里，让我得到了很好的照顾。嗯，求求你们了，把它们送回去吧。把这些书跟钱都给他送回去吧。你们要我一辈子留在这儿都行。但是求求你们了，把这些东西统统送回去吧。他会认为是我把它们偷走了的。还有那位老太太，对我那么好，她也会以为是我偷的。天哪，可怜可怜我吧，把它们送回去吧！”

With these words, which were uttered with all the energy of passionate grief, Oliver fell upon his knees at the Jew's feet; and beat his hands together, in perfect desperation.

说这些话的时候，奥利弗痛不欲生，他跪倒在犹太佬的脚下，双手

合在一起，拼命地哀求。

"The boy's right," remarked Fagin, looking covertly round, and knitting his shaggy eyebrows into a hard knot. "You're right, Oliver, you're right; they will think you have stolen 'em. Ha! ha!" chuckled the Jew, rubbing his hands, "it couldn't have happened better, if we had chosen our time!”

“他是对的，”费金说着偷偷环顾一下，他那两道浓眉紧紧拧成了一个结，“你是对的，奥利弗，你说的对；他们会认为是你偷走了这些东西。哈哈！”老犹太边笑边搓着手，“就算我们精心挑选时间，也不可能这么巧啊！”

"Of course it couldn't," replied Sikes; "I know'd that, directly I see him coming through Clerkenwell, with the books under his arm. it's all right enough. They're soft-hearted psalm-singers, or they wouldn't have taken him in at all; and they'll ask no questions after him, fear they should be obliged to prosecute, and so get him lagged. He's safe enough.”

“当然不可能喽，”赛克斯回答，“我一看到他从克拉肯韦尔走过来，胳膊底下夹着这些书，心里就有数了。这可真是再好不过了。他们都是菩萨心肠，只会唱赞美诗，否则的话他们也不会收留他。他们也不会对他加以询问。他们是怕还得去报案，弄不好还得把他关起来。他绝对安全。”

Oliver had looked from one to the other, while these words were being spoken, as if he were bewildered, and could scarecely understand what passed; but when Bill Sikes concluded, he jumped suddenly to his feet, and tore wildly from the room: uttering shrieks for help, which made the bare old house echo to the roof.

他们说着这些话时，奥利弗一个一个地打量着他们，仿佛坠入云里雾里，无法理解发生的这一切。但是，当赛克斯刚说完，他便猛然跳起来，不顾一切地往门口跑去，口里还呼喊着救命，这使得这个空空的老房子顿时连屋顶都快被掀起来了。

"Keep back the dog, Bill!" cried Nancy, springing before the door, and closing it, as the Jew and his two pupils darted out in pursuit. "Keep back the dog; he'll tear the boy to pieces.”

“比尔，把狗唤住！”南希叫喊着冲到门前，把门关上了。费金跟他的两个弟子追了出去。“把狗唤回去，它会把那个孩子撕成碎片的。”

"Serve him right!" cried Sikes, struggling to disengage himself from the girl's grasp. "Stand off from me, or I'll split your head against the wall.”

“他活该！”赛克斯叫着，努力想挣脱姑娘的手。“你给我站到一边去，否则我就把你脑袋在墙上撞个粉碎。”

"I don't care for that, Bill, I don't care for that," screamed the girl, struggling violently with the man, "the child shan't be torn down by the dog, unless you kill me first.”

“我才不在乎呢，比尔，我不在乎，”南希高喊着，不顾一切地跟那个家伙争斗，“我不会让那个孩子被狗咬死的，除非你先杀了我。”

"Shan't he!" said Sikes, setting his teeth. "I'll soon do that, if you don't keep off.”

“就该咬死他！”赛克斯牙齿咬得咯吱咯吱响，“你要再不放手，我可真要那么做了。”

The housebreaker flung the girl from him to the further end of the room, just as the Jew and the two boys returned, dragging Oliver among them.

这个强盗一把将南希甩到了房间另一头。就在这时候，犹太佬和两个弟子架着奥利弗回来了。

"What's the matter here!" said Fagin, looking round.

“这儿发生什么事了！”费金一边问，一边环顾四周。

"The girl's gone mad, I think," replied Sikes, savagely.

“我看这娘们儿疯了。”赛克斯野蛮地回答。

"No, she hasn't," said Nancy, pale and breathless from the scuffle; "no, she hasn't, Fagin; don't think it.”

“没有，我没疯，”这场混战使得南希面色苍白，上气不接下气，“我才没疯呢，费金，别听他胡说。”

"Then keep quiet, will you?" said the Jew, with a threatening look.

“那就安静点吧，行吗？”犹太佬恐吓道。

"No, I won't do that, neither," replied Nancy, speaking very loud. "Come! What do you think of that?"

“不，我偏不！”南希高声回答，“喂！你们打算怎么办？”

Mr. Fagin was sufficiently well acquainted with the manners and customs of that particular species of humanity to which Nancy belonged, to feel tolerably certain that it would be rather unsafe to prolong any conversation with her, at present. With the view of diverting the attention of the company, he turned to Oliver.

费金对南希这类女子的做事方式和习惯了如指掌，他很清楚，现在继续跟她争论下去是极其危险的。为了岔开大家的注意力，他朝着奥利弗转过去。

"So you wanted to get away, my dear, did you?" said the Jew,

taking up a jagged and knotted club which law in a corner of the fireplace; "eh?"

“这么说，你是想逃跑了，我亲爱的孩子，是不是呀？”犹太佬说着，拿起了壁炉边上放着的一把边缘参差不齐、凹凸不平的棍子，“嗯？”

Oliver made no reply. But he watched the Jew's motions, and breathed quickly.

奥利弗没有吭声。但是他注视着犹太佬的一举一动，呼吸很急促。

"Wanted to get assistance; called for the police; did you?" sneered the Jew, catching the boy by the arm. "We'll cure you of that, my young master.”

“你想找人帮忙，想把警察招来，是不是？”费金冷笑着抓住奥利弗的胳膊，“我的小少爷，我们会治治你这毛病的。”

The Jew inflicted a smart blow on Oliver's shoulders with the club; and was raising it for a second, when the girl, rushing forward, wrested it from his hand. She flung it into the fire, with a force that brought some of the glowing coals whirling out into the room.

费金抡起棍子，朝奥利弗的肩膀狠狠地打了一下。他正准备打第二下，南希扑了上去，从他手里夺走了木棍。她把木棍使劲扔进了火里，壁炉里一些烧得通红的煤块都溅了出来，在屋子里滚动。

"I won't stand by and see it done, Fagin," cried the girl. "You've got the boy, and what more would you have? —Let him be—let him be—or I shall put that mark on some of you, that will bring me to the gallows before my time.”

“我不会袖手旁观的，费金，”南希喝道，“你已经捉到了这个孩子，还想怎么样啊？——放开他——放开他，不然的话我就把那个戳也给你们盖两下，提前送我上绞刑架算了。”

The girl stamped her foot violently on the floor as she vented this threat; and with her lips compressed, and her hands clenched, looked alternately at the Jew and the other robber: her face quite colourless from the passion of rage into which she had gradually worked herself.

南希使劲跺着地板威胁道。她抿着嘴唇，双手紧握，依次打量着犹太佬和另一个强盗。由于愤怒，她的脸上没有一丝血色。

"Why, Nancy!" said the Jew, in a soothing tone; after a pause, during which he and Mr. Sikes had stared at one another in a disconcerted manner; "you,—you're more clever than ever to-night. Ha! ha! my dear, you are acting beautifully.”

“哎哟，南希！”犹太佬跟赛克斯不知所措地互相看了对方一眼。之后，费金口气和缓地说道：“你——你可从来没像今晚这么聪明呢。哈

哈！我亲爱的，你这一手真漂亮。”

"Am I!" said the girl. "Take care I don't overdo it. You will be the worse for it, Fagin, if I do; and so I tell you in good time to keep clear of me.”

“那又如何！”南希说道，“当心别让我演过火了。否则，费金，你可就要更倒霉了。所以我告诉你，趁早别来惹我。”

There is something about a roused woman: especially if she add to all her other strong passions, the fierce impulses of recklessness and despair; which few men like to provoke. The Jew saw that it would be hopeless to affect any further mistake regarding the reality of Miss Nancy's rage; and, shrinking involuntarily back a few paces, cast a glance, half imploring and half cowardly, at Sikes: as if to hint that he was the fittest person to pursue the dialogue.

当女人发起火来，特别是她又在所有其他的强烈感情之中加上不计后果的冲动和绝望后，身上确实能产生某种东西。这种东西是男人很少愿意招惹的。犹太佬发现，如果假装误解南希小姐发怒这一事实，事情会变得无可挽回。他不由自主地退后了几步，恳求且怯懦地看了赛克斯一眼，似乎想暗示他才是继续这场谈判的不二人选。

Mr. Sikes, thus mutely appealed to; and possibly feeling his personal pride and influence interested in the immediate reduction of Miss Nancy to reason; gave utterance to about a couple of score of curses and threats, the rapid production of which reflected great credit on the fertility of his invention. As they produced no visible effect on the object against whom they were discharged, however, he resorted to more tangible arguments.

面对这一无声的求救，或许是因为赛克斯感觉到是否能够迅速让南希小姐恢复理性，关系到他本人的荣誉和影响，他发出了无数的诅咒和威胁。这些东西来得如此之快，使人不得不相信他很有发明创造方面的才能。但是，这些并没有在攻击目标身上产生立竿见影的效果，他只能依靠更加确凿有力的理论了。

"What do you mean by this?" said Sikes; backing the inquiry with a very common imprecation concerning the most beautiful of human features: which, if it were heard above, only once out of every fifty thousand times that it is uttered below, would render blindness as common a disorder as measles: "what do you mean by it? Burn my body! Do you know who you are, and what you are?"

“你这是什么意思？”赛克斯问这句话的时候，使用了一句极为常用的诅咒，其中涉及了人类面貌特征中最美妙的一处。每五万次该诅咒中只要有一次被上帝听到，人类双目失明便会变得像麻疹一样常见。“你这是什么意思？活见鬼了！你还知道你自己是谁吗！还知道自己是个什么东西吗？”

"Oh, yes, I know all about it," replied the girl, laughing hysterically; and shaking her head from side to side, with a poor assumption of indifference.

“啊呀，当然知道，我全知道。”姑娘歇斯底里地大笑起来，脑袋晃来晃去，那副冷漠的姿态装得很勉强。

"Well, then, keep quiet," rejoined Sikes, with a growl like that he was accustomed to use when addressing his dog, "or I'll quiet you for a good long time to come.”

“既然知道，那你就安静点儿吧，”赛克斯用平常唤狗的腔调大叫，“否则我会让你好好安静会儿的。”

The girl laughed again: even less composedly than before; and, darting a hasty look at Sikes, turned her face aside, and bit her lip till the blood came.

姑娘又大笑起来，甚至比之前更加不冷静了。她迅速扫了赛克斯一眼，又把头转向了一边，紧咬的嘴唇都流血了。

"You're a nice one," added Sikes, as he surveyed her with a contemptuous air, "to take up the humane and gen-teel side! A pretty subject for the child, as you call him, to make a friend of!”

“你是好样的，”赛克斯轻蔑地审视着她，补充说道，“你也想学人家菩萨心肠了！你管他叫小孩了。这小孩还真是个漂亮的人，我看你就跟他交个朋友吧。”

"Dod Almighty help me, I am!" cried the girl passionately; "and I wish I had been struck dead in the street, or had changed places with them we passed so near to-night, before I had lent a hand in bringing him here. He's a thief, a liar, a devil, all that's bad, from this night forth. Isn't that enough for the old wretch, without blows?”

“万能的上帝，保佑我吧，我会的！”姑娘激动地喊道，“早知道我出手把他弄到这儿会发生这种事，我情愿在街上给人打死或者跟咱们路过的那地方的人们换换位置。从今晚起，他就是一个贼，一个骗子，一个恶魔，就会变得那么坏了。那个老混蛋，这还不够吗？非得打他一顿才满足吗？”

"Come, come, Sikes," said the Jew appealing to him in a remonstratory tone, and motioning towards the boys, who were eagerly attentive to all that passed; "we must have civil words; civil words, Bill."

“嗨，嗨，赛克斯，”费金向站在一旁的几个少年打手势。他们正睁大双眼注视着这儿发生的一切。然后他用规劝的语气说道：“大伙儿说话都客气点儿，客气点儿，比尔。”

"Civil words!" cried the girl, whose passion was frightful to see.

"Civil words, you villain! Yes, you deserve 'em from me. I thieved for you when I was a child not half as old as this!" pointing to Oliver. "I have been in the same trade, and in the same service, for twelve years since. Don't you know it? Speak out! Don't you know it?”

“客气点儿！”南希高声喊道。她满脸怒气，让人害怕。“客气点儿，你这个恶棍！不错，你话该我对你说这些话。我小时候，年纪还没他一半大的时候，就替你偷东西了。”她指了指奥利弗，“我在这个行当干这买卖已经十二年了。你不知道吗？说话啊！你不知道吗？”

"Well, well," replied the Jew, with an attempt at pacification; "and, if you have, it's your living!”

“得了，得了，”费金一心要息事宁人，“就算是那样，也是为了你能混口饭吃！”

"Aye, it is!" returned the girl; not speaking, but pouring out the words in one continuous and vehement scream. "It is my living; and the cold, wet, dirty streets are my home; and you're the wretch that drove me to them long ago, and that's ll keep me there, day and night, day and night, till I die!”

“哼，混口饭吃！”姑娘反驳道，她不是在说话，而是用一连串叫喊声把这些词语倾泻出来，“我混口饭吃，那些又冷又脏又潮湿的街道成了我的家。很久之前，就是你这个卑鄙的家伙把我赶到街道上的，让我呆在那儿，无论白天夜晚，夜晚白天，得呆在那儿，直到我死。”

"I shall do you a mischief!" interposed the Jew, goaded by these reproaches; "a mischief worse than that, if you say much more!"

“我可要跟你翻脸了！”犹太佬被这些指责激怒了，插嘴道，“你要是再多嘴的话，我会做得比当年更狠的。”

The girl said nothing more; but, tearing her hair and dress in a transport of passion, made such a rush at the Jew as would probably have left signal marks of her revenge upon him, had not her wrists been seized by Sikes at the right moment; upon which, she made a few ineffectual struggles, and fainted.

南希没有再说话，但是她发狂一般地撕扯着自己的头发和衣裳，冲着犹太佬撞过去。要不是赛克斯及时抓住了她的手腕，她可能已经在犹太佬身上留下了报复的痕迹。她无力地挣扎了几下，便昏了过去。

"She's all right now," said Sikes, laying her down in a corner. "She's uncommon strong in the arms, when she's up in this way.”

“她目前没事了，”赛克斯说着把她放倒在一个角落里，“她这么发起飙来，胳膊力气大着呢。”

The Jew wiped his forehead: and smiled, as if it were a relief to have the disturbance over; but neither he, nor Sikes, nor the dog, nor

the boys, seemed to consider it in any other light than a common occurance incidental to business.

费金抹了抹额头，微微一笑，彷佛是对这一风波的结束表示欣慰。不过无论是他、赛克斯、那几个孩子，还是那条狗，似乎都认为这只是一桩司空见惯的小事而已。

"It's the worst of having to do with women," said the Jew, replacing his club; "but they're clever, and we can't get on, in our line, without 'em. Charley, show Oliver to bed.”

“跟娘们儿打交道最麻烦了，”费金说着把棍子放回原处，“可是她们又很聪明，干我们这行还真离不了她们。查利，带着奥利弗睡觉去吧。”

"I suppose he'd better not wear his best clothes tomorrow, Fagin, had he?" inquired Charley Bates.

“费金，我看他明天还是不要穿这一身漂亮衣服了，是吧？”查利·贝茨问道。

"Certainly not," replied the Jew, reciprocating the grin with which Charley put the question.

“当然不能穿了。”犹太佬说着，露出了与查利提问时相同的嘴脸。

Master Bates, apparently much delighted with his commission, took the cleft stick: and led Oliver into an adjacent kitchen, where there were two or three of the beds on which he had slept before; and here, with many uncontrollable bursts of laughter, he produced the identical old suit of clothes which Oliver had so much congratulated himself upon leaving off at Mr. Brownlow's; and the accidental display of which, to Fagin, by the Jew who purchased them, had been the very first clue received, of his whereabout.

贝茨少爷显然很乐意接受这一任务。他拿起那个有裂缝的棍子，领着奥利弗来到隔壁厨房。里面放着两三个铺位，以前奥利弗就是睡在这儿的。查利不由自主地笑了两声，拿出了奥利弗在布朗洛先生家里开心地换下来的那套旧衣服。买走这套衣服的那个犹太人碰巧拿给费金看过，这才使得费金获得了关于奥利弗行踪的第一条线索。

"Put off the smart ones," said Charley, "and I'll give 'em to Fagin to take care of. What fun it is!"

“把那套漂亮的衣服脱下来吧，”查利说道，“我把它交给费金保管。这事真有趣！”

Poor Oliver unwillingly complied. Master Bates rolling up the new clothes under his arm, departed from the room, leaving Oliver in the dark, and locking the door behind him.

可怜的奥利弗极不情愿地照办了。贝茨少爷把新衣裳卷起来夹在胳膊底下，随手锁门离去了，把奥利弗一个人留在了黑暗之中。

The noise of Charley's laughter, and the voice of Miss Betsy, who opportunely arrived to throw water over her friend, and perform other feminine offices for the promotion of her recovery, might have kept many people awake under more happy circumstances than those in which Oliver was placed. But he was sick and weary; and he soon fell sound asleep.

隔壁传来了查利的笑声以及贝齐小姐的声音。她来得正是时候，可以给她的好朋友南希浇点冷水或者做点其他别的事情，促使她苏醒过来，这些事情男士可不方便做。即使是在一个比奥利弗所处的地方更加舒适的环境里，查利的笑声和贝齐的说话声，也会使很多人睡不着觉。但是奥利弗实在是很不舒服，而且相当疲惫，所以没多久，就呼呼地睡去了。

CHAPTER XVII Oliver's destiny continuing unpropitious, brings a great man to london to injure his reputation.

第十七章 奥利弗接连不断的厄运，以及一位前来伦敦的重要人物对奥利弗名声的伤害

It is the custom on the stage, in all good murderous melodramas, to present the tragic and the comic scenes, in as regular alternation, as the layers of red and white in a side of streaky bacon. The hero sinks upon his straw bed, weighed down by fetters and misfortunes; in the next scene, his faithful but unconscious squire regales the audience with a comic song. We behold, with throbbing bosoms, the heroine in the grasp of a proud and ruthless baron: her virtue and her life alike in danger, drawing forth her dagger to preserve the one at the cost of the other; and just as our expectations are wrought up to the highest pitch, a whistle is heard, and we are straightway transported to the great hall of the castle; where a grey-headed seneschal sings a funny chorus with a funnier body of vassals, who are free of all sorts of places, from church vaults to palaces, and roam about in company, carolling perpetually.

在一场好看的谋杀剧中，悲惨的场面和滑稽的场面总是交替出现，就像一块块肥瘦相间的熏肉一样，这已经是舞台上的惯例了。男主人公先是被束缚和厄运所累，倒在草褥上。在接下来的一场中，他那忠诚却木讷的仆人用幽默的小调逗得观众乐不可支。女主人公落入傲慢无情的男爵的魔掌，贞洁和生命都受到威胁。她拔出匕首，冒生命危险保全贞操。看到这儿，我们的心怦怦直跳。当我们的期待被提升到最高限度，只听一声口哨，我们的注意力立马又被吸引到城堡大厅里。在那里，一位白发苍苍的老管家正在领唱一首有趣的歌曲。伴唱的是一群更加有趣的仆人们，他们从各种地方跑出来，从教堂地下室到宫殿大厅，正结伴四处漫游，一直不停地唱着。

Such changes appear absurd; but they are not so unnatural as they would seem at first sight. The transitions in real life from well-spread boards to death-beds, and from mourning-weeds to holiday garments, are not a whit less startling; only, there, we are busy actors, instead of passive lookers-on, which makes a vast difference. The actors in the mimic life of the theatre, are blind to violent transitions and abrupt impulses of passion or feeling, which, presented before the eyes of mere spectators, are at once condemned as outrageous and preposterous.

这样的变化看起来很荒唐，但是它们并非第一眼看上去那么不合常

理。在现实生活中，从摆着美味佳肴的餐桌到临终前的灵床，从吊丧孝服到节日盛装，这些变迁都同样惊人。只是，我们都是匆忙的演员，而非被动的看客罢了，这一点还是很不同的。在剧院里演戏的演员，对剧烈的变迁或是强烈的感情爆发已经麻木。但是对于观众来说，这些马上便会被判定为是荒谬可笑的。

As sudden shiftings of the scene, and rapid changes of time and place, are not only sanctioned in books by long usage, but are by many considered as the great art of authorship: an author's skill in his craft being, by such critics, chiefly estimated with relation to the dilemmas in which he leaves his characters at the end of every chapter: this brief introduction to the present one may perhaps be deemed unnecessary. If so, let it be considered a delicate intimation on the part of the historian that he is going back to the town in which Oliver Twist was born; the reader taking it for granted that there are good and substantial reasons for making the journey, or he would not be invited to proceed upon such an expedition.

鉴于场景突然改变和时空迅速变化不仅在书本中被长期使用，而且还被视为作者的重要写作技巧——一些评论家认为，作家的这一写作技巧主要与每章结束时把人物置于怎样的窘境中有关——读者或许会认为之前这段简短的介绍是不必要的。如果是这样的话，就把这段话当成本书作者的一个巧妙暗示吧。他马上要回到奥利弗·特威斯特出生的那座小城市去了。读者们理所当然地会认为，这趟远行一定有其充分而有力的理由，否则他是不会被邀请进行这一番远行的。

Mr. Bumble emerged at early morning from the workhouse-gate, and walked with portly carriage and commanding steps, up the High Street. He was in the full bloom and pride of beadlehood; his cocked hat and coat were dazzling in the morning sun; he clutched his cane with the vigorous tenacity of health and power. Mr. Bumble always carried his head high; but this morning it was higher than usual. There was an abstraction in his eye, an elevation in his air, which might have warned an observant stranger that thoughts were passing in the beadle's mind, too great for utterance.

这一天，邦布尔先生一大早就走出济贫院大门，迈着方步威风凛凛地走上大街。他神采飞扬，对在教区做事充满了自豪感。他的三角帽和蓝色制服在朝阳底下熠熠生辉。他紧紧握着手杖，精力旺盛，体格健壮。邦布尔先生总是喜欢仰着头，这天早上他的头仰得比平时都高。他双目出神，神态庄严。这副神气或许已经向观察力敏锐的陌生人发出了警告，这位教区执事心中闪现的念头太过伟大，是无法描述的。

Mr. Bumble stopped not to converse with the small shopkeepers and others who spoke to him, deferentially, as he passed along. He merely returned their salutations with a wave of his hand, and relaxed not in his dignified pace, until he reached the farm where Mrs. Mann

tended the infant paupers with parochial care.

他经过时，几位小店掌柜之流的人毕恭毕敬地跟他搭话，他没有停下来搭理他们。他只是扬扬手向他们回礼。他自始至终保持着威严的步伐，直到他走进曼太太的寄养所。在那里，曼太太带着教区特有的爱心，照顾那些贫困孩子。

"Drat that beadle!" said Mrs. Mann, hearing the well-known shaking at the garden-gate. "If it isn't him at this time in the morning! Lauk, Mr. Bumble, only think of its being you! Well, dear me, it is a pleasure, this is! Come into the parlour, sir, please.”

“该死的执事！”曼太太一听那敲花园门的熟悉的声音，就说道，“这么一大早，不是他才怪呢！啊，邦布尔先生，我就知道是你！哦，天哪，这可真是太让人高兴了！快请到客厅来，先生。”

The first sentence was addressed to Susan; and the exclamations of delight were uttered to Mr. Bumble: as the good lady unlocked the garden-gate: and showed him, with great attention and respect, into the house.

开头那句是对苏珊说的，后面那一番愉悦的寒暄是说给邦布尔先生听的。那位贤惠的太太打开花园的大门，小心且礼貌地领着他来到屋子里。

"Mrs. Mann," said Mr. Bumble; not sitting upon, or dropping himself into a seat, as any common jackanapes would: but letting himself gradually and slowly down into a chair; "Mrs. Mann, ma'am, good morning.”

“曼太太，”邦布尔先生不像通常那些不讲礼貌的家伙一样，一屁股坐下来，或者一下子把自己抛到座位里，而是渐渐地、缓缓地坐下，坐到一把椅子上，“曼太太，夫人，早上好。”

"Well, and good morning to you, sir," replied Mrs. Mann, with many smiles; "and hoping you find yourself well, sir!"

“噢，早上好，先生。”曼太太脸上堆满笑意，回答道，“你这一阵子身体不错吧，先生。”

"So-so, Mrs. Mann," replied the beadle. "A porochial life is not a bed of roses, Mrs. Mann."

“马马虎虎吧，曼太太。”教区执事回答，“教区的生活可不总是称心如意啊，曼太太。”

"Ah, that it isn't indeed, Mr. Bumble," rejoined the lady. And all the infant paupers might have chorussed the rejoinder with great propriety, if they had heard it.

“嗯，确实不是，先生。”曼太太答道。要是让寄养所的孩子们听到这句话，他们一定也会彬彬有礼地齐声回答。

"A porochial life, ma'am," continued Mr. Bumble, striking the table with his cane, "is a life of worrit, and vexation, and hardihood; but all public characters, as I may say, must suffer prosecution."

“夫人，教区的生活，”邦布尔先生用手杖敲着桌子，继续说道，“就得操心，充满了烦恼，还得要勇敢。我敢说，所有的公众人物都躲不开被投诉。”

Mrs. Mann, not very well knowing what the beadle meant, raised her hands with a look of sympathy, and sighed.

曼太太并没有完全明白他的意思，但还是略带同情地抬了抬手，叹了口气。

"Ah! You may well sigh, Mrs. Mann!" said the beadle.

“哎！曼太太，确实可叹啊！”教区执事说道。

Finding she had done right, Mrs. Mann sighed again: evidently to the satisfaction of the public character: who, repressing a complacent smile by looking sternly at his cocked hat, said, "Mrs. Mann, I am going to London."

看到自己做对了，曼太太便再次叹了口气，显然是在存心讨好这位公众人物。而此时，邦布尔先生正严肃地注视着自己的三角帽，努力不流露出得意的笑容，他说道：“曼太太，我要去一趟伦敦。”

"Lauk, Mr. Bumble!" cried Mrs. Mann, starting back.

“哦，邦布尔先生！”曼太太惊叫一声，后退几步。

"To London, ma'am," resumed the inflexible beadle, "by coach. I and two paupers, Mrs. Mann! A legal action is a coming on, about a settlement; and the board has appointed me—me, Mrs. Mann—to dispose to the matter before the quarter-sessions at Clerkinwell.

“去伦敦，太太。”顽固的教区执事继续说道，“坐马车去。我，还有两个穷人一起去，曼太太！有一桩关于居住权的案子就要开庭了。理事会指定我——我，曼太太——去克拉肯韦尔季审法庭证明这件事。

And I very much question," added Mr. Bumble, drawing himself up, "whether the Clerkinwell Sessions will not find themselves in the wrong box before they have done with me."

我真怀疑，”邦布尔先生坐直了，补充说，“在跟我说清楚之前，克拉肯韦尔法庭能否看出他们自己搞错了。”

"Oh! you mustn't be too hard upon them, sir," said Mrs. Mann, coaxingly.

“噢！你可不能对他们太苛刻，先生。”曼太太巧言劝道。

"The Clerkinwell Sessions have brought it upon themselves, ma'am," replied Mr. Bumble; "and if the Clerkinwell Sessions find that

they come off rather worse than they expected, the Clerkinwell Sessions have only themselves to thank."

“这是克拉肯韦尔季审法庭自找的，太太。”邦布尔先生回答，“要是他们发现结果比他们料想的差得多，那也只能怪他们自己了。”

There was so much determination and depth of purpose about the menacing manner in which Mr. Bumble delivered himself of these words, that Mrs. Mann appeared quite awed by them. At length she said, "You're going by coach, sir? I thought it was always usual to send them paupers in carts.”

邦布尔先生说这些话的时候，是一副威胁的架势，表现出他心意已定，不达目的誓不罢休的决心。曼太太对他的话感到敬畏。最后她说：“你们是坐马车去吧，先生？我还以为向来是用大车送那帮穷鬼呢。”

"That's when they're ill, Mrs. Mann," said the beadle. "We put the sick paupers into open carts in the rainy weather, to prevent their taking cold."

“曼太太，那是在他们生病的时候。”教区执事说道，“在多雨季节，我们把有病的穷小子们安顿在敞开的大货车里，防止他们着凉。”

"Oh!" said Mrs. Mann.

“噢！”曼太太说。

"The opposition coach contracts for these two; and takes them cheap," said Mr. Bumble. "They are both in a very low state, and we find it would come two pound cheaper to move 'em than to bury 'em—that is, if we can throw 'em upon another parish, which I think we shall be able to do, if they don't die upon the road to spite us. Ha! ha! ha!”

“回伦敦的班车答应捎上他们两个，收费也不贵。”邦布尔先生说，“他们两个都快完了。我们发现让他们挪个地方比埋了他们还便宜两英镑呢——也就是说，要是我能把他们扔到另一个教区，这点我相信应该能够办到，只要他们别死在路上给我们带来麻烦就行。哈哈哈！”

When Mr. Bumble had laughed a little while, his eyes again encountered the cocked hat; and he became grave.

邦布尔先生刚笑了一会儿，他的目光再次碰到三角帽，于是他又变得严肃庄重起来。

"We are forgetting business, ma'am," said the beadle; "here is your porochial stipend for the month."

“我们把正事给忘记了，夫人。”教区执事说道，“这是本月教区付您的薪水。”

Mr. Bumble produced some silver money rolled up in paper, from his pocket-book; and requested a receipt: which Mrs. Mann wrote.

邦布尔先生从钱袋里掏出用纸卷着的一些银币，要曼太太写张收据。

"It's s very much blotted, sir," said the farmer of infants; "but it's formal enough, I dare say. Thank you, Mr. Bumble, sir, I am very much obliged to you, I'm sure.”

“这上边有些污迹，先生。”寄养所的所长说道，“不过，我敢说，写得还算正规。邦布尔先生，谢谢你了。我真不知道怎么感谢你才好，真的。”

Mr. Bumble nodded, blandly, in acknowledgment of Mrs. Mann's curtsey; and inquired how the children were.

邦布尔先生和气地点点头，答谢曼太太的屈膝礼，接着便问起了孩子们的情况。

"Bless their dear little hearts!" said Mrs. Mann with emotion, "they're as well as can be, the dears! Of course, except the two that died last week. And little Dick.”

“老天保佑那些可爱的小心肝！”曼太太深情地说，“这些宝贝儿，他们好得不能再好了！当然，除了上周死去的那两个。小迪克也不是很好。”

"Isn't that boy no better?" inquired Mr. Bumble.

“那个孩子一点也没好转吗？”邦布尔先生询问道。

Mrs. Mann shook her head.

曼太太摇摇头。

"He's a ill-conditioned, wicious, bad-disposed porochial child that," said Mr. Bumble angrily. "Where is he?"

“那可真是个心术不正、品行败坏的坏小子。”邦布尔先生生气地说道，“他在哪里呢？”

"I'll bring him to you in one minute, sir," replied Mrs. Mann. "Here, you Dick!"

“先生，我这就叫他来见你。”曼太太回答，“迪克，过来！”

After some calling, Dick was discovered. Having had his face put under the pump, and dried upon Mrs. Mann's gown, he was led into the awful presence of Mr. Bumble, the beadle.

唤了好久，才找到迪克。曼太太给他在唧筒底下洗了把脸，用自己的长袍给他把脸擦干，才领着他来拜见教区执事邦布尔先生。

The child was pale and thin; his cheeks were sunken; and his eyes

large and bright. The scanty parish dress, the livery of his misery, hung loosely on his feeble body; and his young limbs had wasted away, like those of an old man.

这个孩子面色苍白，瘦骨嶙峋。他的脸颊深陷，眼睛大而明亮。他身穿教区贫儿制服，有些衣不遮体，可能是因为教区布料不足吧。尽管这样，这身制服在他虚弱无力的身上依旧显得十分宽松。他瘦小的肢体已经像老人的肢体一样萎缩了。

Such was the little being who stood trembling beneath Mr. Bumble's glance; not daring to lift his eyes from the floor; and dreading even to hear the beadle's voice.

这个小东西站在邦布尔先生面前，被邦布尔先生盯着，不停地发抖着。他不敢把目光从地板上抬起来，甚至一听到执事的声音就已经怕得要死了。

"Can't you look at the gentleman, you obstinate boy?" said Mrs. Mann.

“你就不能抬头看看这位绅士吗？你这个顽固的孩子。”曼太太说道。

The child meekly raised his eyes, and encountered those of Mr. Bumble.

这个孩子温顺地抬起头，目光与邦布尔先生相遇了。

"What's the matter with you, porochial Dick?" inquired Mr. Bumble, with well-timed jocularity.

“你这是怎么了，被教区收养的小迪克？”邦布尔先生适时地开着玩笑，问道。

"Nothing, sir," replied the child faintly.

“没什么，先生。”孩子有气无力地回答。

"I should think not," said Mrs. Mann, who had of course laughed very much at Mr. Bumble's humour.

“我想也没什么。”曼太太当然得对邦布尔先生的幽默大笑一阵。

"You want for nothing, I'm sure.”

“我确定，你什么也不想要。”

"I should like—” faltered the child.

“我想——”孩子结巴地说道。

"Hey—day!" interposed Mr. Mann, "I suppose you're going to say that you do want for something, now? Why, you little wretch —” "Stop, Mrs. Mann, stop!" said the beadle, raising his hand with a show of authority. "Like what, sir, eh?"

“哎哟！”曼太太打断了他的话，“我看你现在一定要说你确实需要某样东西了吧？哼，你这个小坏蛋——”“等等，曼太太，等等！”教区执事如同权威人士一般，扬起一只手说道。“小兄弟，想要什么，嗯？”

"I should like," faltered the child, "if somebody that can write, would put a few words down for me on a piece of paper, and fold it up and seal it, and keep it for me, after I am laid in the ground."

“我想，”孩子结结巴巴地说，“要是有人会写字的话，帮我在一张纸上写几句话吧，再把它折好，密封起来，等我死后替我保存着。”

"Why, what does the boy mean?" exclaimed Mr. Bumble, on whom the earnest manner and wan aspect of the child had made some impression: accustomed as he was to such things. "What do you mean, sir?"

“咳，这孩子是什么意思？”邦布尔先生大声说道。迪克那认真的神情和苍白的脸色给他留下了某种印象，尽管他对这样的事情早已经司空见惯。“小兄弟，你是什么意思呢？”

"I should like," said the child, "to leave my dear love to poor Oliver Twist; and to let him know how often I have sat by myself and cried to think of his wandering about in the dark nights with nobody to help him. And I should like to tell him," said the child pressing his small hands together, and speaking with great fervour,"that I was glad to die when I was very young; for, perhaps, if I had lived to be a man, and had grown old, my little sister who is in Heaven, might forget me, or be unlike me; and it would be so much happier if we were both children there together."

“我想，”孩子说道，“我想把我真挚的爱留给可怜的奥利弗·特威斯特，让他知道，一想到他在漆黑的夜里到处流浪，也没人帮助他，我经常就会一个人坐下来，哭个不停。我想要告诉他，”孩子将两只小手合在一起，饱含深情地说道，“我很高兴，在我还没长大的时候，我就会死去。要是我长成大人，变老了，我那在天堂的小妹妹说不定就会把我忘记了，或者一点也不像我了。要是我们两个都是孩子，呆在天堂里会多么快活！”

Mr. Bumble surveyed the little speaker, from head to foot, with indescribable astonishment; and, turning to his companion, said, "They're all in one story, Mrs. Mann. That out-dacious Oliver had demoralized them all!”

邦布尔先生从头到脚打量着说话的孩子，相当吃惊。然后他转身对他的朋友说道：“这帮小鬼都一样，曼太太。那个无法无天的奥利弗，把他们全都教坏了！”

"I couldn't have believed it, sir!" said Mrs Mann, holding up her hands, and looking malignantly at Dick. "I never see such a hardened

little wretch!"

“我才不信他的那些鬼话呢，先生。”曼太太说着，抬起双手，恶狠狠地盯着迪克，“我从来没见过这么可恶的小恶棍！”

"Take him away, ma'am!" said Mr. Bumble imperiously. "This must be stated to the board, Mrs. Mann."

“夫人，把他带走吧！” 邦布尔先生傲慢地说道，“这件事情必须得向理事会汇报，曼太太。”

"I hope the gentleman will understand that it isn't my fault, sir?" said Mrs. Mann, whimpering pathetically.

“我希望那些先生们能够理解，这不是我的错。你说呢，先生？”曼太太抽泣着低语道。

"They shall understand that, ma'am; they shall be acquainted with the true state of the case," said Mr. Bumble. "There; take him away, I can't bear the sight on him.”

“他们会谅解的，太太。他们会把事情搞清楚的。”邦布尔先生说，“得啦。把他带走吧，我可不想再看见他了。”

Dick was immediately taken away, and locked up in the coal-cellar. Mr. Bumble shortly afterwards took himself off, to prepare for his journey.

迪克立马被带走锁进煤窖里了。随后，邦布尔先生起身告辞，去打点他的行装了。

At six o'clock next morning, Mr. Bumble: having exchanged his cocked hat for a round one, and encased his person in a blue great-coat with a cape to it: took his place on the outside of the coach, accompanied by the criminals whose settlement was disputed; with whom, in due course of time, he arrived in London.

第二天早上六点，邦布尔先生坐上了公共马车的顶座。他把三角帽换成了一顶圆礼帽，身上穿着一件带披肩的蓝色大衣。那两个居住权尚有争议的犯人跟着他。后来他们便准时到达伦敦了。

He experienced no other crosses on the way, than those which originated in the perverse behaviour of the two paupers, who persisted in shivering, and complaining of the cold, in a manner which, Mr. Bumble declared, caused his teeth to chatter in his head, and made him feel quite uncomfortable; although he had a great-coat on.

一路上别的倒是没有什么，只是那两个臭小子的臭毛病有些复发。他们两个不停地打战，抱怨天气寒冷。用邦布尔先生的话说，他们俩弄得他牙齿咔哒咔哒直打架，浑身都不舒服，尽管他还穿着一件大衣。

Having disposed of these evil-minded persons for the night, Mr. Bumble sat himself down in the house at which the coach stopped; and took a temperate dinner of steaks, oyster sauce, and porter. Putting a glass of hot gin-and-water on the chimney-piece, he drew his chair to the fire; and, with sundry moral reflections on the too prevalent sin of discontent and complaining, composed himself to read the paper.

安排好那两个臭小子的住处，邦布尔先生一个人来到停公共马车的那所房子，吃了一顿简餐，也就是蚝油牛排和黑啤酒。他将一杯兑了水的热杜松子酒放在壁炉架上，把椅子拉到炉子边坐了下来。目前各种不满和抱怨泛滥成灾，在他看来是一种罪行，他对此从道德方面进行了种种反思，随后平静了下来，开始读报纸。

The very first paragraph upon which Mr. Bumble's eye rested, was the following advertisement.

邦布尔先生的目光首先停留在一则启事上。

"FIVE GUINEAS REWARD "Whereas a young boy, named Oliver Twist, absconded, or was enticed, on Thursday evening last, from his home, at Pentonville; and has not since been heard of. The above reward will be paid to any person who will give such information as will lead to the discovery of the said Oliver Twist, or tend to throw any light upon his previous history, in which the advertiser is, for many reasons, warmly interested."

“悬赏五几尼寻一男童，名为奥利弗·特威斯特。上礼拜四黄昏时分从位于本顿维尔的家中失踪，或许是离家出走，或许是被人诱拐，迄今杳无音讯。凡能告知其下落以寻回奥利弗·特威斯特者，即可获得酬金五几尼。启者对其昔日经历亦颇为关注，凡能透露其昔日经历者，亦可获此酬金。”

And then followed a full description of Oliver's dress, person, appearance, and disappearance: with the name and address of Mr. Brownlow at full length.

接下来便是对奥利弗穿着、身材、外貌以及失踪情况的描述，最后是布朗洛先生的姓名和地址。

Mr. Bumble opened his eyes; read the advertisement, slowly and carefully, three several times; and in something more than five minutes was on his way to Pentonville: having actually, in his excitement, left the glass of hot gin-and-water, untasted.

邦布尔先生睁大了双眼，一字一句认认真真地把这则启事读了几遍。过了大约五分多钟，他已经走在去本顿维尔的路上了。由于兴奋，他连那杯热腾腾的兑水杜松子酒都没尝上一口。

"Is Mr. Brownlow at home?" inquired Mr. Bumble of the girl who

opened the door.

“布朗洛先生在家吗？”邦布尔先生向开门的女仆询问道。

To this inquiry the girl returned the not uncommon, but rather evasive reply of "I don't know; where do you come from?”

对于这番询问，女仆的回答并非罕见，而是有些回避问题：“我不知道。你从哪里来？”

Mr. Bumble no sooner uttered Oliver's name, in explanation of his errand, than Mrs. Bedwin, who had been listening at the parlour door, hastened into the passage in a breathless state.

邦布尔先生刚说出奥利弗的名字，解释自己的来意，一直在客厅门口侧耳聆听的贝德温太太立马气喘吁吁地快步来到走廊里。

"Come in, come in," said the old lady: "I knew we should hear of him. Poor dear! I knew we should! I was certain of it. Bless his heart! I said so all along."

“快进来，快进来。”老太太说道，“我就知道会打听到的。苦命的孩子！我就知道会打听到的！我非常确定。愿主保佑他！我一直都这么说。”

Having said this, the worthy old lady hurried back into the parlour again; and seating herself on a sofa, burst into tears. The girl, who was not quite so susceptible, had run upstairs meanwhile; and now returned with a request that Mr. Bumble would follow her immediately: which he did.

说完，这位可敬的老太太又匆忙回到客厅，坐到沙发上，哭了起来。女仆的感情没有这么脆弱，她早已经跑到楼上。不一会儿她下来了，传话说，请邦布尔先生随她上楼；邦布尔先生照做了。

He was shown into the little back study, where sat Mr. Brownlow and his friend Mr. Grimwig, with decanters and glasses before them. The latter gentleman at once burst into the exclamation: "A beadle. A parish beadle, or I'll eat my head.”

他被带进一间小书房里，里面坐着布朗洛先生和他的朋友格林维格先生。两人面前摆着几只细颈饮料瓶和玻璃杯。一见到邦布尔先生，格林维格先生立刻开始哇哇大叫起来：“一个执事。准是在教区当差的执事，我要是说错了就把脑袋吃下去。”

"Pray don't interrupt just now," said Mr. Brownlow. "Take a seat, will you?"

“求你现在就别打岔了。”布朗洛先生说道，“您请坐吧。”

Mr. Bumble sat himself down; quite confounded by the oddity of Mr. Grimwig's manner. Mr. Brownlow moved the lamp, so as to obtain

an uninterrupted view of the beadle's countenance; and said, with a little impatience, "Now, sir, you come in consequence of having seen the advertisement?"

邦布尔先生坐了下来，对格林维格先生怪异的举动感到很困惑。布朗洛先生把灯挪了一下位置，好让自己可以不受干扰地看清楚这位教区执事的相貌。他有些焦急地说道：“这个，先生，你是看到那张启事才来的吧？”

"Yes, sir." said Mr. Bumble.

“是的，先生。”邦布尔先生说。

"And you are a beadle, are you not?" inquired Mr. Grimwig.

“你是一位教区执事，对吗？”格林维格先生问道。

"I am a porochial beadle, gentlemen," rejoined Mr. Bumble proudly.

“我是一个教区执事，两位先生。”邦布尔先生自豪地说道。

"Of course," observed Mr. Grimwig aside to his friend, "I knew he was. A beadle all over!"

“显而易见的。”格林维格先生冲着自己的朋友说道，“我早就知道。一个十足的教区执事！”

Mr. Brownlow gently shook his head to impose silence on his friend, and resumed: "Do you know where this poor boy is now?"

布朗洛先生轻轻摇摇头，示意朋友安静下来，又问道：“你知道那个可怜的孩子现在在哪里吗？”

"No more than nobody," replied Mr. Bumble.

“一点也不比别人知道的多。”邦布尔先生回答。

"Well, what do you know of him?" inquired the old gentlemen. "Speak out, my friend, if you have anything to say. What do you know of him?"

“哦，那你知道他的什么情况呢？”老绅士询问道。“如果你有什么事情要说，请直说，我的朋友。你知道关于他的什么呢？”

"You don't happen to know any good of him, do you?" said Mr. Grimwig, caustically; after an attentive perusal of Mr. Bumble's features.

“该不会你知道的碰巧都是些什么好事吧？”格林维格先生讽刺道，他早已经对邦布尔先生的长相做了认真的研究。

Mr. Bumble, catching at the inquiry very quickly, shook his head with portentous solemnity.

邦布尔立刻明白了这话的意思，异常严肃地摇了摇头。

"You see?" said Mr. Grimwig, looking triumphantly at Mr. Brownlow.

“看见了吧？”格林维格先生得意洋洋地看着布朗洛先生，说道。

Mr. Brownlow looked apprehensively at Mr. Bumble's pursed-up countenance; and requested him to communicate what he knew regarding Oliver, in as few words as possible.

布朗洛先生紧张地看着邦布尔先生那张皱巴巴的脸，请他尽可能简要地把他知道的关于奥利弗的事情都说出来。

Mr. Bumble put down his hat; unbuttoned his coat; folded his arms; inclined his head in a retrospective manner; and, after a few moments' reflection, commenced his story.

邦布尔先生摘下帽子，解开大衣，将两个胳膊交叉在一起，低下头，一副正在回顾往事的样子。他沉思了片刻，开始讲述他的故事。

It would be tedious if given in the beadle's words: occupying, as it did, some twenty minutes in the telling; but the sum and substance of it was, that Oliver was a foundling, born of low and vicious parents. That he had, from his birth, displayed no better qualities than treachery, ingratitude, and malice. That he had terminated his brief career in the place of his birth, by making a sanguinary and cowardly attack on an unoffending lad, and running away in the night-time from his master's house. In proof of his really being the person he represented himself, Mr. Bumble laid upon the table the papers he had brought to town. Folding his arms again, he then awaited Mr. Brownlow's observations.

如果我们在此复述这位教区执事的原话，得用二十多分钟，而且会让人觉得单调而乏味。反正他的大意和主旨就是，奥利弗是一个弃儿，他的父母身份都很低贱，而且品性恶劣。奥利弗从出生开始，表现出来的只有背叛、忘恩负义和心存恶意，除此之外，没有一点好的品质。在他的出生地，他曾残酷又怯懦地将一位无辜的小伙子暴打了一顿，然后夜间从主人家仓皇出逃，结束了那一段经历。为了证明自己不是个冒牌货，邦布尔先生把随身带着的几份文件放在桌子上。然后他又双臂交叉，等待布朗洛先生过目。

"I fear it is all too true," said the old gentleman sorrowfully, after looking over the papers. "This is not much for your intelligence; but I would gladly have given you treble the money, if it had been favourable to the boy."

“我恐怕这一切都是真的。”布朗洛先生看完这些文件，难过地说道，“对于你提供的情况，这五几尼不算丰厚。可是如果这些信息是对那个孩子有好处的，我倒是非常愿意付你三倍于此的报酬。”

It is not improbable that if Mr. Bumble had been possessed of this information at an earlier period of the interview, he might have imparted a very different colouring to his little history. It was too late to do it now, however; so he shook his head gravely, and, pocketing the five guineas, withdrew.

要是邦布尔先生早些得知这一信息的话，他极有可能用另一番完全不同的表述来讲述奥利弗的过去。但是现在为时已晚，他也只能严肃地摇摇头，把五几尼放入钱袋，然后离开了。

Mr. Brownlow paced the room to and fro for some minutes; evidently so much disturbed by the beadle's tale, that even Mr. Grimwig forbore to vex him further.

布朗洛先生在屋子里踱来踱去，走了一会儿。很显然，教区执事讲的事情使他心神不宁。甚至连格林维格先生也不得不控制住自己，不去火上浇油。

At length he stopped, and rang the bell violently.

最后他终于停了下来，拼命地摇铃。

"Mrs. Bedwin," said Mr. Brownlow, when the housekeeper appeared; "that boy, Oliver, is an imposter."

“贝德温太太，”布朗洛先生一见到女管家，就说道，“那个孩子，奥利弗，是个骗子。”

"It can't be, sir. It cannot be," said the old lady energetically.

“不会的，先生。这是不可能的。”老太太斩钉截铁地说。

"I tell you he is," retorted the old gentleman. "What do you mean by can't be? We have just heard a full account of him from his birth; and he has been a thorough-paced little villain, all his life.”

“我告诉你他就是。”老绅士反驳道，“你说不可能是什么意思？我们刚刚听教区执事详细讲述了他从出生以来的情况，他一直以来都是一个小混蛋。”

"I never will believe it, sir," replied the old lady, firmly. "Never!"

“先生，反正我不信。”老太太坚定地回答，“永远不信！”

"You old women never believe anything but quack-doctors, and lying story-books," growled Mr. Grimwig. "I knew it all along. Why didn't you take my advise in the beginning; you would if he hadn't had a fever, I suppose, eh? He was interesting, wasn't he? Interesting! Bah!” And Mr. Grimwig poked the fire with a flourish.

“你们这些老太太就是什么都不信，只信那些江湖郎中和满嘴胡言的故事书。”格林维格先生怒吼道，“我早就知道了。你为什么不从一开始就接受我的忠告呢？我猜如果他没患热病的话，你就接受了，是不是？

他挺有趣的，是不是？有趣？呸呸！”格里维格先生说着，手舞足蹈，使劲戳了戳炉子里的火。

"He was a dear, grateful, gentle child, sir," retorted Mrs. Bedwin, indignantly. "I know what children are, sir; and have done these forty years; and people who can't say the same, shouldn't say anything about them. That's my opinion!”

“先生，他是个好孩子，知恩图报，又听话乖巧。”贝德温太太愤慨地反驳道，“我知道小孩子们是什么样子的，先生。这种事我有四十年的经验了。那些没有这么长时间经验的人，不要对他们说三道四的。这就是我的意思！”

This was a hard hit at Mr. Grimwig, who was a bachelor. As it extorted nothing from that gentleman but a smile, the old lady tossed her head, and smoothed down her apron preparatory to another speech, when she was stopped by Mr. Brownlow.

这番话对至今依旧单身的格林维格先生算是沉重一击。这位绅士只是微微一笑，没有别的反应。老太太昂着头，整了整围裙，正打算继续理论一番，却被布朗洛先生制止了。

"Silence!" said the old gentleman, feigning an anger he was far from feeling. "Never let me hear the boy's name again. I rang to tell you that. Never. Never, on any pretence, mind! You may leave the room, Mrs. Bedwin. Remember! I am in earnest.”

“静一静！”老绅士装出一副自己没有觉察到的怒容，说道，“永远不要再跟我提那个孩子的名字。我敲铃就是要告诉你这个。永远！永远不要以任何理由提起他！你当心一点！你可以出去了，贝德温太太。把我的话记住了！我是很认真的。”

There were sad hearts at Mr. Brownlow's that night.

这天夜里，布朗洛先生家里好几颗心都被伤了。

Oliver's heart sank within him, when he thought of his good friends; it was well for him that he could not know what they had heard, or it might have broken outright.

一想起自己的那些好朋友，奥利弗的心也立马沉了下去。好在他无法知道他们所听说的事，不然他也许早就心碎了。

CHAPTER XVIII How Oliver passed his time in the improving society of his reputable friends

第十八章 讲述奥利弗在他那群有声望的朋友当中是如何度日的

About noon next day, when the Dodger and Master Bates had gone out to pursue their customary avocations, Mr. Fagin took the opportunity of reading Oliver a long lecture on the crying sin of ingratitude; of which he clearly demonstrated he had been guilty, to no ordinary extent, in wilfully absenting himself from the society of his anxious friends; and, still more, in endeavouring to escape from them after so much trouble and expense had been incurred in his recovery. Mr. Fagin laid great stress on the fact of his having taken Oliver in, and cherished him, when, without his timely aid, he might have perished with hunger; and he related the dismal and affecting history of a young lad whom, in his philanthropy, he had succoured under parallel circumstances, but who, proving unworthy of his confidence and evincing a desire to communicate with the police, had unfortunately come to be hanged at the Old Bailey one morning. Mr. Fagin did not seek to conceal his share in the catastrophe, but lamented with tears in his eyes that the wrong-headed and treacherous behaviour of the young person in question, had rendered it necessary that he should become the victim of certain evidence for the crown: which, if it were not precisely true, was indispensably necessary for the safety of him (Mr. Fagin) and a few select friends. Mr. Fagin concluded by drawing a rather disagreeable picture of the discomforts of hanging; and, with great friendliness and politeness of manner, expressed his anxious hopes that he might never be obliged to submit Oliver Twist to that unpleasant operation.

第二天大约中午时分，机灵鬼和贝茨少爷便出门去干他们的老行当了。费金先生趁着这个机会，向奥利弗发表了一篇长篇演讲，对他的这种忘恩负义的罪行进行了痛斥。他清楚地表明，奥利弗的罪过实在太大了，居然忍心抛下那么多关心他的朋友。而且，在给大家惹了那么多祸，在大家花了那么多功夫找到他之后，他还一心想要逃走。费金先生重点强调了他收留、抚养奥利弗这件事，说如果当初不是他伸出援助之手，小奥利弗早已经饿死了。他还讲述了某个小伙子凄惨动人的经历。同样是出于同情，在相似的情况下，他帮助了那个小伙子，但是那个小伙子最终辜负了他的信赖，试图向警察通风报信，结果某天早晨，在“旧贝利”被绞死了。费金并没有掩饰自己跟这起惨案有关。但是他红着眼圈说，由于那位年轻人背信弃义、毫无悔过之意，所以也就不得不成为牺牲品——这些即使不全都有真凭实据——为了他（费金先生）和几位密

友的安全，也是非常必要的。费金先生描述了一副令人恶心的画面，来向小奥利弗说明绞刑的种种令人不悦之处，以此作为他演讲的结尾。然后，他友好且礼貌地表达了无数殷切的希望，表示除非迫不得已，他绝对不忍心让奥利弗遭受这种令人不悦的处置。

Little Oliver's blood ran cold, as he listened to the Jew's words, and imperfectly comprehended the dark threats conveyed in them. That it was possible even for justice itself to confound the innocent with the guilty when they were in accidental companionship, he knew already; and that deeply-laid plans for the destruction of inconveniently knowing or over-communicative persons, had been really devised and carried out by the Jew on more occasions than one, he thought by no means unlikely, when he recollected the general nature of the altercations between that gentleman and Mr. Sikes: which seemed to bear reference to some foregone conspiracy of the kind. As he glanced timidly up, and met the Jew's searching look, he felt that his pale face and trembling limbs were neither unnoticed nor unrelished by that wary old gentleman.

小奥利弗听着犹太佬的这番话，隐隐约约地感觉到其中流露出的阴险的威胁，他全身的血都凉了。他已经明白，当清白与有罪偶然交织在一起的时候，连正义都可能将其混为一谈。对于如何除去知道太多的人或是藏不住秘密的人，这个犹太佬老谋深算，早有妙计，而且这类计划已经被他谋划并实施过不止一次了。奥利弗想起了这位绅士与赛克斯先生争吵的理由，似乎就与以往的某个这类阴谋有关。他胆怯地抬起头来，正好碰上犹太佬锐利的目光。他感觉到，这位谨慎的老绅士既没有忽视自己苍白的脸色和发抖的四肢，也没有对此失去兴趣。

The Jew, smiling hideously, patted Oliver on the head, and said, that if he kept himself quiet, and applied himself to business, he saw they would be very good friends yet. Then, taking his hat, and covering himself with an old patched great-coat, he went out, and locked the room-door behind him.

犹太佬笑着拍拍奥利弗的头，样子十分令人讨厌。他说只要奥利弗安安静静，专心做事，他们仍然可以成为好朋友。说完，他戴上帽子，把一件带补丁的大衣裹在身上，走了出去，从外面把门反锁上。

And so Oliver remained all that day, and for the greater part of many subsequent days, seeing nobody, between early morning and midnight, and left during the long hours to commune with his own thoughts. Which, never failing to revert to his kind friends, and the opinion they must long ago have formed of him, were sad indeed.

在第二天以及接下来的很多天中，奥利弗从清早到午夜都没有再见到一个人影，同他作伴的只有自己脑海中的浮想。他无法忘记那些好心的朋友，他们可能早已用另一种眼光看待自己了。每当想到这些，他都会感到伤心。

After the lapse of a week or so, the Jew left the room-door unlocked; and he was at liberty to wander about the house.

过了大约一周多，犹太佬不再锁门，奥利弗可以自由地在屋子周围走动了。

It was a very dirty place. The rooms upstairs had great high wooden chimney-pieces and large doors, with panelled walls and cornices to the ceiling; which, although they were black with neglect and dust, were ornamented in various ways. From all of these tokens Oliver concluded that a long time ago, before the old Jew was born, it had belonged to better people, and had perhaps been quite gay and handsome: dismal and dreary as it looked now.

这个地方非常肮脏。楼上的几个房间装有高高的木质烟囱和大门，墙上镶有护墙板，檐口一直嵌到天花板里。尽管这些东西由于无人打扫早已积满灰尘，但是依旧被点缀得千姿百态。根据这些迹象，奥利弗断定，很久之前，在犹太佬还没出生的时候，这里是属于境遇比较不错的人的。那时候这里可能相当富丽堂皇，尽管现在非常凄凉。

Spiders had built their webs in the angles of the walls and ceilings; and sometimes, when Oliver walked softly into a room, the mice would scamper across the floor, and run back terrified to their holes. With these exceptions, there was neither sight nor sound of any living thing; and often, when it grew dark, and he was tired of wandering from room to room, he would crouch in the corner of the passage by the street-door, to be as near living people as he could; and would remain there, listening and counting the hours, until the Jew or the boys returned.

蜘蛛早已经在墙壁和天花板的角落里织好了网。有时候奥利弗轻轻走进屋子，就会发现老鼠在地板上窜来窜去，然后惊慌失措地跑回洞里。除了这些，房间里再也看不见任何别的活物，也听不到什么活物的动静了。有时当天色暗下来的时候，奥利弗从一个房间游荡到另一个房间，当他感到疲惫的时候，他便蜷缩在靠近大门的走廊角落里，尽可能靠近那些活着的人。他靠在那儿，聆听着，计算着时间，直到犹太佬和那几个少年回来。

In all the rooms, the mouldering shutters were fast closed: the bars which held them were screwed tight into the wood; the only light which was admitted, stealing its way through round holes at the top: which made the rooms more gloomy, and filled them with strange shadows. There was a back-garret window with rusty bars outside, which had no shutter; and out of this, Oliver often gazed with a melancholy face for hours together; but nothing was to be descried from it but a confused and crowded mass of housetops, blackened chimneys, and gable-ends. Sometimes, indeed, a grizzly head might be seen, peering over the parapet-wall of a distant house; but it was

quickly withdrawn again; and as the window of Oliver's observatory was nailed down, and dimmed with the rain and smoke of years, it was as much as he could do to make out the forms of the different objects beyond, without making any attempt to be seen or heard,—which he had as much chance of being, as if he had lived inside the ball of St. Paul's Cathedral.

所有房间的窗板都关得紧紧的，这些窗户正日渐腐烂着。压窗板的横条被螺丝牢牢地固定在木槽里。光线仅能够从房屋顶部的一个个圆孔隐约透过，使屋子里格外昏暗，布满奇形怪状的影子。后面的阁楼开着一扇窗，没有窗板，横条已经生锈。奥利弗经常满脸忧郁地向外望，一望便是几个小时。除了混杂拥挤的一片屋顶、黑乎乎的烟囱和山墙之外，再也不能分辨出别的什么东西来。有时候，透过远处房子的矮墙，确实能够看到一个灰蒙蒙的脑袋，但是眨眼功夫就会消失。由于奥利弗身前的窗户是钉死的，加上多年来雨水和浓烟的侵蚀，从窗户看出去一片朦胧不清，他顶多能把各种东西的形状分辨开来，至于试图让别人看见自己或是听到自己的声音，根本不可能。因为他目前的处境就如同呆在圣保罗大教堂的圆顶里一样。

One afternoon, the Dodger and Master Bates being engaged out that evening, the first-named young gentleman took it into his head to evince some anxiety regarding the decoration of his person (to do him justice, this was by no means an habitual weakness with him); and, with this end and aim, he condescendingly commanded Oliver to assist him in his toilet, straightway.

一天下午，机灵鬼和贝茨少爷都在忙活着准备出门。机灵鬼突发奇想，竟对自己的打扮表示忧虑（说实话，这绝对不是他向来就存在的一个缺点）。出于这一目的，他竟然赏脸让奥利弗帮他打扮一下。

Oliver was but too glad to make himself useful; too happy to have some faces, however bad, to look upon; too desirous to conciliate those about him when he could honestly do so; to throw any objection in the way of this proposal. So he at once expressed his readiness; and, kneeling on the floor, while the Dodger sat upon the table so that he could take his foot in his laps, he applied himself to a process which Mr. Dawkins designated as "japanning his trotter-cases.” The phrase, rendered into plain English, signifieth, cleaning his boots.

见自己能够派上用场，奥利弗很开心。身边有几张面孔可以看看，就算都不怎么和蔼可亲，也比一张都没有让他高兴。他很想通过老老实实做事来赢得身边这些人的信任，因此他欣然接受了机灵鬼的这一提议。他立马表示愿意效劳。机灵鬼坐到了桌子上，以便能够把他的脚搭在奥利弗的腿上。奥利弗跪在地板上，开始工作。道金斯先生称这一工序为“替脚套上光”。这句话说白了，就是替他擦鞋。

Whether it was the sense of freedom and independence which a rational animal may be supposed to feel when he sits on a table in an

easy attitude smoking a pipe, swinging one leg carelessly to and fro, and having his boots cleaned all the time, without even the past trouble of having taken them off, or the prospective misery of putting them on, to disturb his reflections; or whether it was the goodness of the tobacco that soothed the feelings of the Dodger, or the mildness of the beer that mollified his thoughts; he was evidently tinctured, for the nonce, with a spice of romance and enthusiasm, foreign to his general nature. He looked down on Oliver, with a thoughtful countenance, for a brief space; and then, raising his head, and heaving a gentle sign, said, half in abstraction, and half to Master Bates: "What a pity it is he isn't a prig!”

当一个人安逸地坐在桌子上，让别人替自己擦鞋，自己却抽着烟，漫不经心地将一条腿荡来荡去时，所有有理性的动物都会体验到那种自由自在、怡然自得的感觉。要知道，这样既省下了从前那样脱鞋的麻烦，又免去了穿鞋时可能的痛苦，自己的遐想也不会被打断。不过也可能是醇香的烟草抚平了机灵鬼的思绪，或者是温和的啤酒平息了他的思维活动，反正眼下他正沉浸在一种浪漫且热忱的情趣之中，这跟他的天性颇不相符。他若有所思地低头瞅了奥利弗一眼，又抬起头，缓缓地叹了口气，边走神边对贝茨少爷说道：“他不是个扒手，多么可惜啊！”

"Ah!" said Master Charles Bates; "he don't know what's good for him.”

“啊！”查利·贝茨少爷说，“他不知道什么对他是好的。”

The Dodger sighed again, and resumed his pipe: as did Charley Bates. They both smoked, for some seconds, in silence.

机灵鬼又叹了一口气，吸起烟来；查利也吸起来。两个人一起吸了一会儿烟，谁都没有说话。

"I suppose you don't even know what a prig is?" said the Dodger mournfully.

“你大概连扒手是怎么回事都不知道吧？”机灵鬼悲哀地问。

"I think I know that," replied Oliver, looking up. "It's s a the—; you're one, are you not?" inquired Oliver, checking himself.

“我想我知道，”奥利弗抬头回答说，“就是——你就是一个，对吗？”奥利弗打住了话头问道。

"I am," replied the Doger. "I'd scorn to be anything else.” Mr. Dawkins gave his hat a ferocious cock, after delivering this sentiment, and looked at Master Bates, as if to denote that he would feel obliged by his saying anything to the contrary.

“是啊，”机灵鬼回答，“别的行当我还瞧不上呢。”道金斯先生抒发完这一番感想，把帽子使劲抬了抬，然后死死盯着贝茨少爷，似乎希望他能够发表与此相反的看法。

"I am," repeated the Dodger. "So's Charley. So's Fagin. So's Sikes. So's Nancy. So's Bet. So we all are, down to the dog. And he's the downiest one of the lot!”

“我是，”机灵鬼重复道，“查利是。费金也是。赛克斯，南希，贝特都是。我们大家全是小偷，就连那只狗也是。它还是我们之中最柔和的一个呢！”

"And the least given to peaching," added Charley Bates.

“也是口风最紧的一个。”查利·贝茨补充道。

"He wouldn't so much as bark in a witness-box, for fear of committing himself; no, not if you tied him up in one, and left him there without wittles for a fortnight," said the Dodger.

“就是在证人席上它也不会汪汪叫，怕惹事上身。就算把它绑起来，让它自己呆上个两星期，不吃不喝，它也不会吭声的。”机灵鬼说。

"Not a bit of it," observed Charley.

“可不是嘛。”查利评论道。

"He's a rum dog. Don't he look fierce at any strange cove that laughs or sings when he's in company!" pursued the Dodger. "Won't he growl at all, when he hears a fiddle playing! And don't he hate other dogs as ain't of his breed! Oh, no!”

“这可真是一条怪狗。在有人奇怪地大笑或是歌唱的时候，它从来不在人前摆出凶猛的样子！”机灵鬼接着说。“当它听到小提琴的琴声时，从来不乱叫！而且它从来不憎恨那些跟它不是一个品种的狗！哦，它才不呢！”

"He's an out-and-out Christian," said Charley.

“它是个十足的基督徒。”查利说。

This was merely intended as a tribute to the animal's abilities, but it was an appropriate remark in another sense, if Master Bates had only known it; for there are a good many ladies and gentlemen, claiming to be out-and-out Christians, between whom, and Mr. Sikes' dog, there exist strong and singular points of resemblance.

这话仅仅是在赞扬这头牲畜有本事，但是贝茨少爷并没意识到，这话在另一层意义上却也是一种很恰当的评价，因为世间有无数的女士和先生自称是十足的基督徒，这些人和赛克斯先生的狗之间存在着明显又奇特的相似之处。

"Well, well," said the Dodger, recurring to the point from which they had strayed: with that mindfulness of his profession which influenced all his proceedings. "This hasn't go anything to do with young Green here.”

“得了，得了。”机灵鬼把话题扯了回来。这是出于职业上的细心，这种细心总是影响着他的言行。“反正这些跟这个小孩子一点关系也没有。”

"No more it has," said Charley. "Why don't you put yourself under Fagin, Oliver?”

“可不是嘛。”查利说道，“奥利弗，你怎么不跟着费金干呢？”

"And make your fortune out of hand?" added the Dodger, with a grin.

“不想立即发财吗？”机灵鬼咧着嘴笑了笑，补充道。

"And so be able to retire on your property, and do the genteel: as I mean to, in the very next leap-year but four that ever comes, and the forty-second Tuesday in Trinity-week," said Charley Bates.

“有了钱就可以退休，就可以做上等人了。我的意思是，等到从现在开始过完四个闰年后的下一个闰年，三位一体周的第四十二个星期二。”查利·贝茨乱扯了一通。

"I don't like it," rejoined Oliver, timidly; "I wish they would let me go. I—I—would rather go.”

“我不喜欢做这种事情。”奥利弗胆怯地回答，“我希望他们能够放我走。我宁愿离开。”

"And Fagin would RATHER not!" rejoined Charley.

“费金才不愿意呢！”查利答道。

Oliver knew this too well; but thinking it might be dangerous to express his feelings more openly, he only sighed, and went on with his boot-cleaning.

奥利弗很清楚这一点，但是他觉得如果把自己的想法吐露得更明白，可能会招致麻烦。于是他只是叹了口气，继续擦鞋。

"Go!" exclaimed the Dodger. "Why, where's your spirit? Don't you take any pride out of yourself? Would you go and be dependent on your friends?”

“走！”机灵鬼喊道。“你的抱负都到哪里去了？你难道一点自尊都没有？你难道还想去投靠你的那些朋友？”

"Oh, blow that!" said Master Bates: drawing two or three silk handkerchiefs from his pocket, and tossing them into a cupboard, "that's too mean; that is.”

“噢，那可真没劲！”贝茨少爷说着，从口袋里掏出两三条丝绸手绢，扔进了碗橱里，“那也太没劲了，真的。”

"I couldn't do it," said the Dodger, with an air of haughty disgust.

"You can leave your friends, though," said Oliver with a half smile; "and let them be punished for what you did."

“我可干不出这种事情。”机灵鬼带着鄙视的神情，傲慢地说道。“但是，你也可以扔下你的朋友，”奥利弗似笑非笑地说道，“让他们去因为你做的事情受罚啊。”

"That," rejoined the Dodger, with a wave of his pipe, "That was all out of consideration for Fagin, 'cause the traps know that we work together, and he might have got into trouble if we hadn't made our lucky; that was the move, wasn't it, Charley?”

“这，”机灵鬼摇晃着烟斗说道，“这都是考虑到费金。因为警察知道我们是一道的，要是我们不够幸运，那么费金也会遇到麻烦的。就是这么回事，对吧，查利？”

Master Bates nodded assent, and would have spoken, but the recollection of Oliver's flight came so suddenly upon him, that the smoke he was inhaling got entangled with a laugh, and went up into his head, and down into his throat: and brought on a fit of coughing and stamping, about five minutes long.

贝茨少爷赞成地点点头，正要说话，上次奥利弗逃跑的情形突然闪现在他的脑海中，使得他刚刚吸进去的烟和他的笑声缠绕在一起，往上一个劲冲向脑门，往下一直窜到喉咙，弄得他又是咳嗽又是跺脚，折腾了五分钟左右。

"Look here!" said the Dodger, drawing forth a handful of shillings and halfpence. "Here's a jolly life! What's the odds where it comes from? Here, catch hold; there's plenty more where they were took from. You won't, won't you? Oh, you precious flat!”

“快瞧！”机灵鬼说着掏出一大把钱，全是些先令和半便士铜币。“这才叫快活的生活呢！谁管它们是从哪儿来的？喂，接着。那些地方钱比这多多了。你不要？真的不要？呦，你这个可爱的小傻瓜！”

"It's s naughty, ain't it, Oliver?"inquired Charley Bates. "He'll come to be scragged, won't he?”

“真没规矩，你说是不是，奥利弗？”查利·贝茨询问道，“他会被绞死的，你说呢？”

"I don't know what that means," replied Oliver.

“我不明白这是什么意思。”奥利弗回答。

"Something in this way, old feller," said Charly. As he said it, Master Bates caught up an end of his neckerchief; and, holding it erect in the air, dropped his head on his shoulder, and jerked a curious sound through his teeth; thereby indicating, by a lively pantomimic representation, that scragging and hanging were one and the same

thing.

“老伙计，是这个意思。”查利说道。他边说着，边抓起围巾的一端，使围巾垂直飘在空气中。他把脑袋靠在肩膀上，从牙缝里挤出一些古怪的声音，用这种哑剧形式向奥利弗示意绞刑是怎么一回事。

"That's what it means," said Charley. "Look how he stares, Jack!

“就是这个意思。”查利说道，“杰克，你看他眼睛瞪得多大呀！

I never did see such prime company as that'ere boy; he'll be the death of me, I know he will.” Master Charley Bates, having laughed heartily again, resumed his pipe with tears in his eyes.

我从来没见过这么单纯的伙伴。他会让我笑死的。我知道他会的。”贝茨少爷又开心地大笑了一阵，笑得眼泪都出来了，他又叼起了烟斗。

"You've been brought up bad," said the Dodger, surveying his boots with much satisfaction when Oliver had polished them. "Fagin will make something of you, though, or you'll be the first he ever had that turned out unprofitable. You'd better begin at once; for you'll come to the trade long before you think of it; and you're only losing time, Oliver.”

“你已经被教坏了。”机灵鬼十分满意地打量着他的靴子，奥利弗已经把它们擦得铮亮。“费金会培养你成才的，不然的话，你可就成了他手头第一块没用的东西了。你最好立马就行动起来。要不然在你没想明白之前就入道了。奥利弗，你现在就是在浪费时间。”

Master Bates backed this advice with sundry moral admonitions of his own: which, being exhausted, he and his friend Mr. Dawkins launched into a glowing description of the numerous pleasures incidental to the life they led, interspersed with a variety of hints to Oliver that the best thing he could do, would be to secure Fagin's favour without more delay, by the means which they themselves had employed to gain it.

贝茨少爷把自己积攒的各种各样的道德告诫都搬了出来，以支持他的这一观点。说完后，他和他的朋友道金斯先生又热情洋溢地描述了一番他们这种生活的无尽乐趣，他们用各种各样的暗示来点化奥利弗，告诉他最好的方法就是不要再迟疑，而是用他们建议的方法去博得费金的欢心。

"And always put this in your pipe, Nolly," said the Dodger, as the Jew was heard unlocking the door above, "if you don't take fogles and tickers—” "Whats the good of talking in that way?" interposed Master Bates; "he don't know what you mean.”

“还得老是把这个放进你的烟斗里，诺利。”机灵鬼听到了犹太佬在楼上开门的声音，立马换了一个话题，“你要是没弄到手帕和怀表的话

——”“你这么说有什么意义呢？”贝茨少爷打断他，说道，“他听不懂你的意思。”

"If you don't take pocket-handkechers and watches," said the Dodger, reducing his conversation to the level of Oliver's capacity, "some other cove will; so that the coves that lose 'em will be all the worse, and you'll be all the worse, too, and nobody half a ha"p"orth the better, except the chaps wot gets them—and you've just as good a right to them as they have.”

“如果你没弄到手绢和金表的话，”机灵鬼把谈话降低到奥利弗能够听明白的范围，“别人也会弄到的。那么丢东西的人就会依旧倒霉，你也会倒霉，除了那个捞到东西的小子，其他人谁也得不到一点好处——你和他们有相同的权利去得到那些东西。”

"To be sure, to be sure!" said the Jew, who had entered unseen by Oliver. "It all lies in a nutshell my dear; in a nutshell, take the Dodger's word for it. Ha! ha! ha! He understands the catechism of his trade.”

“确实，确实是这样！”犹太佬说道，他进来的时候奥利弗都没有发现。“事情非常简单明了，我亲爱的孩子。简单极了，你相信机灵鬼就好了。哈哈哈！他对这一行了解得很清楚。”

The old man rubbed his hands gleefully together, as he corroborated the Dodger's reasoning in these terms; and chuckled with delight at his pupil's proficiency.

老犹太高兴地搓了搓手，对机灵鬼的这番推理表示赞同。看到自己的徒弟这么有出息，他开心地咯咯笑起来。

The conversation proceeded no farther at this time, for the Jew had returned home accompanied by Miss Betsy, and a gentleman whom Oliver had never seen before, but who was accosted by the Dodger as Tom Chitling; and who, having lingered on the stairs to exchange a few gallantries with the lady, now made his appearance.

此时此刻，谈话没有继续下去，因为跟犹太佬一起回来的还有贝奇小姐和另一位奥利弗不认识的绅士。机灵鬼叫他汤姆·基特宁。这位先生在楼梯上逗留了一会儿，向这位女士献了会儿殷勤才走进来。

Mr. Chitling was older in years than the Dodger: having perhaps numbered eighteen winters; but there was a degree of deference in his deportment towards that young gentleman which seemed to indicate that he felt himself conscious of a slight inferiority in point of genius and professional aquirements. He had small twinkling eyes, and a pock-marked face; wore a fur cap, a dark corduroy jacket, greasy fustian trousers, and an apron. His wardrobe was, in truth, rather out of repair; but he excused himself to the company by stating that his

"time" was only out an hour before; and that, in consequence of having worn the regimentals for six weeks past, he had not been able to bestow any attention on his private clothes. Mr. Chitling added, with strong marks of irritation, that the new way of fumigating clothes up yonder was infernal unconstitutional, for it burnt holes in them, and there was no remedy against the County. The same remark he considered to apply to the regulation mode of cutting the hair: which he held to be decidedly unlawful. Mr. Chitling wound up his observations by stating that he had not touched a drop of anything for forty-two moral long hard-working days; and that he "wished he might be busted if he warn't as dry as a lime-basket.”

基特宁先生比机灵鬼大一些，约莫十八九的样子。但是他和机灵鬼在行为举止方面大相径庭，似乎表明他在天分和职业技术方面都稍稍逊色一些。他有一双闪烁的小眼睛，脸上满是痘痕，戴着一顶皮帽，身穿深色灯芯绒夹克，下身是一条沾满油污的粗布裤子，系了一条围裙。说实话，他的这身行头确实需要好好修补一下。他向在场的各位道歉，说他一个小时前才“出来”。在过去的六个星期他一直穿着制服，因此还没能够考虑便服的问题。基特宁先生充满怒气地说，那里熏蒸衣服的新方法简直是违法宪法的，不仅把衣服上熏出些窟窿，而且也没有地方去讨回公道。他对那儿的理发规定也做了相同的批评，他断然地说这些规定也是违法的。基特宁先生声称自己在过去这段又长又艰辛的四十二天里，没有碰过一滴东西，他“要是没有渴得如同一个石灰篓子的话，自己甘愿被炸成灰”。他用这段话结束了他的讲话。

"Where do you think the gentleman has come from, Oliver?" inquired the Jew, with a grin, as the other boys put a bottle of spirits on the table.

“你觉得这位绅士从哪里来啊，奥利弗？”犹太佬咧嘴笑着询问道。其他孩子们都在张罗着把一瓶酒往餐桌上放。

"I—I—don't know, sir," replied Oliver.

“我——我——不知道，先生。”奥利弗回答。

"Who's that?" inquired Tom Chitling, casting a contemptuous look at Oliver.

“这是谁呀？”汤姆·基特宁轻蔑地打量着奥利弗问道。

"A young friend of mine, my dear," replied the Jew.

“我的一位小朋友，亲爱的。”犹太佬回答。

"He's in luck, then," said the young man, with a meaning look at Fagin. "Never mind where I came from, young 'un; you'll find your way there, soon enough, I'll bet a crown!”

“那他运气不错。”小伙子意味深长地望了费金一眼，说道，“别管我从哪里来，小家伙。过不了多久，你自己也会知道怎么去那儿的。我拿

五先令打赌。”

At this sally, the boys laughed. After some more jokes on the same subject, they exchanged a few short whispers with Fagin; and withdrew.

这句俏皮话引得男孩子们大笑起来。他们就这个话题继续开了几个玩笑。随后他们与费金说了几句，便出门了。

After some words apart between the last comer and Fagin, they drew their chairs towards the fire; and the Jew, telling Oliver to come and sit by him, led the conversation to the topics most calculated to interest his hearers. These were, the great advantages of the trade, the proficiency of the Dodger, the amiability of Charley Bates, and the liberality of the Jew himself. At length these subjects displayed signs of being thoroughly exhausted; and Mr. Chitling did the same: for the house of correction becomes fatiguing after a week or two. Miss Betsy accordingly withdrew; and left the party to their repose.

这位最后来的先生与费金交谈了一会儿后，他们把椅子挪到了壁炉旁边。犹太佬把奥利弗喊到他身边坐下，将谈话引到了最能吸引听众的话题上。比方说，干他们这行巨大的优势，机灵鬼是多么聪明能干、查利·贝茨多么惹人喜欢，以及他自己多么慷慨大方等等。最后，这些话题都被论述得全面透彻、详尽无遗了，基特宁先生也说不出什么新见解了；因为在感化院呆上一两周，人一定早就精疲力尽了。贝奇小姐知趣地离开了，让大家各自休息。

From this day, Oliver was seldom left alone; but was placed in almost constant communication with the two boys, who played the old game with the Jew every day: whether for their own improvement or Oliver's, Mr. Fagin best knew. At other times the old man would tell them stories of robberies he had committed in his younger days: mixed up with so much that was droll and curious, that Oliver could not help laughing heartily, and showing that he was amused in spite of all his better feelings.

从这天开始，奥利弗就很少被单独留下了。他几乎始终都与两个少年在一起。他们两个每天都跟费金一起玩以前的那种游戏，这究竟是为了他们自己的进步，还是为了奥利弗好，也只有费金先生自己最清楚了。其余时间，犹太佬会给他们讲一些他自己年轻时候抢劫的故事，添加一些奇特滑稽的情节，使得奥利弗禁不住大笑起来。从这里可以看出，尽管奥利弗良心未泯，但是他确实被逗乐了。

In short, the wily old Jew had the boy in his toils. Having prepared his mind, by solitude and gloom, to prefer any society to the companionship of his own sad thoughts in such a dreary place, he was now slowly instilling into his soul the poison which he hoped would blacken it, and change its hue for ever.

简单说，老谋深算的犹太佬已经使这个孩子落入了圈套。先是用孤独和忧郁去侵蚀这个孩子的心灵，继而让他感觉到在这样一个沉闷的地方，随便与什么人结伴都比自己一个人悲哀好。他正在将毒汁慢慢注入奥利弗的灵魂，希望能够将他的心灵变黑，永远改变它的色彩。

CHAPTER XIX In which a notable plan is discussed and determined on

第十九章 对一个值得留意的计划的讨论和决定

It was a chill, damp, windy night, when the Jew: buttoning his great-coat tight round his shrivelled body, and pulling the collar up over his ears so as completely to obscure the lower part of his face: emerged from his den. He paused on the step as the door was locked and chained behind him; and having listened while the boys made all secure, and until their retreating footsteps were no longer audible, slunk down the street as quickly as he could.

这是一个寒冷潮湿的晚上，狂风怒吼着，费金扣紧外套，紧紧裹住他那干枯的身体，又将衣领翻上去盖住耳朵，将脸的下半部分也完全遮了起来。然后他走出了老窝。他在门口的台阶上停了一下，男孩们锁好了大门，又给门拴上链子。他仔细聆听着，直到确信男孩们把一切都弄安全了，他们撤退的脚步声也听不到了，才尽快沿着街道偷偷离开了。

The house to which Oliver had been conveyed, was in the neighborhood of Whitechapel. The Jew stopped for an instant at the corner of the street; and, glancing suspiciously round, crossed the road, and struck off in the direction of the Spitalfields.

奥利弗被转移后住的这个房子，位于怀特教堂附近。犹太佬在街角停了一下，疑神疑鬼地环视了四周，穿过马路，朝着斯皮达菲方向奔去了。

The mud lay thick upon the stones, and a black mist hung over the streets; the rain fell sluggishly down, and everything felt cold and clammy to the touch. It seemed just the night when it befitted such a being as the Jew to be abroad. As he glided stealthily along, creeping beneath the shelter of the walls and doorways, the hideous old man seemed like some loathsome reptile, engendered in the slime and darkness through which he moved: crawling forth, by night, in search of some rich offal for a meal.

石子路上积了厚厚的一层泥，黑色的雾气笼罩着街道，雨点慢悠悠地飘落下来，一切东西摸上去都是冷冷的、黏黏的。这样的夜晚看上去似乎正适合犹太佬这样的人外出。他在墙壁和门洞的掩护下，偷偷摸摸地向前走着。这个面目可憎的老头看上去就像一只令人恶心的爬行动物，从泥泞黑暗的地方爬出来，趁着夜色向前爬行，想要寻找一些腐肉美美吃上一顿。

He kept on his course, through many winding and narrow ways, until he reached Bethnal Green; then, turning suddenly off to the left,

he soon became involved in a maze of the mean and dirty streets which abound in that close and densely-populated quarter.

他继续向前走，穿过了一条条曲折狭窄的小路，到达贝丝勒尔草地，然后突然向左一转，闪进了由肮脏破败的小巷子组成的迷宫。这样的迷宫在这个封闭且人口稠密的地方随处可见。

The Jew was evidently too familiar with the ground he traversed to be at all bewildered, either by the darkness of the night, or the intricacies of the way. He hurried through several alleys and streets, and at length turned into one, lighted only by a single lamp at the farther end. At the door of a house in this street, he knocked; having exchanged a few muttered words with the person who opened it, he walked upstairs.

犹太佬对这个地方显然很熟悉，不会因为夜色黑暗或者道路复杂而迷路。他匆匆穿过几条小巷和街道，最后转进一条小巷子，在这里，只有巷子尽头的一盏孤灯发着微弱的光。犹太佬走到一所房子前敲了敲门，然后跟开门的人嘀咕了几句，便上楼了。

A dog growled as he touched the handle of a room-door; and a man's voice demanded who was there.

他的手刚刚碰到门把手，一只狗便开始狂叫起来。一个男人的声音传了过来，询问他是谁。

"Only me, Bill; only me, my dear," said the Jew looking in.

“我啊，比尔。就我一个人，亲爱的。”犹太佬边说边向屋内望去。

"Bring in your body then," said Sikes. "Lie down, you stupid brute! Don't you know the devil when he's got a great-coat on?”

“进来吧。”赛克斯说道，“趴下，你这蠢货！这恶棍就是穿了件大衣，你就不认识了？”

Apparently, the dog had been somewhat deceived by Mr. Fagin's outer garment; for as the Jew unbuttoned it, and threw it over the back of a chair, he retired to the corner from which he had risen: wagging his tail as he went, to show that he was as well satisfied as it was in his nature to be.

显然，刚刚这条狗被费金的外套大衣给蒙骗了。因为当费金脱下了大衣，扔到椅背上，狗就立马退到它本来呆的角落里去了。它边走还边摇晃尾巴，来表示自己的友好。这也是狗的本性嘛。

"Well!" said Sikes.

“不错！”赛克斯说。

"Well, my dear," replied the Jew. —"Ah! Nancy."

“不错，亲爱的。”犹太佬回答，“啊！南希。”

The latter recognition was uttered with just enough of embarrassment to imply a doubt of its reception; for Mr. Fagin and his young friend had not met, since she had interfered in behalf of Oliver. All doubts upon the subject, if he had any, were speedily removed by the young lady's behaviour. She took her feet off the fender, pushed back her chair, and bade Fagin draw up his, without saying more about it: for it was a cold night, and no mistake.

后一句认出南希的话口气相当尴尬，说明他也不知道对方会不会搭理自己。因为自从南希护着奥利弗的那件事情发生后，费金先生跟这位女士还未曾见过面。要是他在这个问题上有疑惑的话，这些疑惑也立刻被这位年轻女子的行为举止消除了。她抬起了搁在壁炉挡板上的脚，把自己坐的椅子往后拖了拖，让费金把他的椅子往前凑凑，除此之外，没有再说什么。这确实是一个寒冷的夜晚啊。

"It is cold, Nancy dear," said the Jew, as he warmed his skinny hands over the fire. "It seems to go right through one," added the old man, touching his side.

“真冷啊，亲爱的南希。”费金说着，将他瘦骨嶙峋的手凑在火上烘烤着。“冷得像要把人扎穿一样。”犹太佬揉揉自己的腰，补充道。

"It must be a piercer, if it finds its way through your heart," said Mr. Sikes. "Give him something to drink, Nancy. Burn my body, make haste! it's enough to turn a man ill, to see his lean old carcase shivering in that way, like a ugly ghost just rose from the grave.”

“能扎穿你的心的东西，非得是锥子才行。”赛克斯说道，“南希，给他点喝的。见鬼了，快点！你瞧瞧他副干瘪的老骨头，都抖成什么样子了。简直就跟刚从坟墓里爬出来的丑鬼似的，真让人恶心。”

Nancy quickly brought a bottle from a cupboard, in which there were many: which, to judge from the diversity of their appearance, were filled with several kinds of liquids. Sikes pouring out a glass of brandy, bade the Jew drink it off.

南希迅速地从碗柜里取来一个瓶子，碗柜里还放着好多这样的瓶子。从它们五花八门的外表来看，盛的是各种各样的饮料。赛克斯倒了一杯白兰地，让犹太佬干了它。

"Quite enough, quite, thankye, Bill," replied the Jew, putting down the glass after just setting his lips to it.

“够了，够了，比尔，谢谢了。”费金端起酒杯在嘴边碰了碰，便放下了。

"What! You're afraid of our getting the better of you, are you?" inquired Sikes, fixing his eyes on the Jew. "Ugh!"

“怎么！怕我们把你打败，是不是？”赛克斯死死盯着犹太佬问道，“唔！”

With a hoarse grunt of contempt, Mr. Sikes seized the glass, and threw the remainder of its contents into the ashes: as a preparatory ceremony to filling it again for himself: which he did at once.

赛克斯带着鄙视发出一声沙哑的嘟囔声，抓起酒杯，把里面的酒泼到炉灰里，然后又替自己重新盛了一杯，一饮而尽，以此作为他给费金的见面礼。

The Jew glanced round the room, as his companion tossed down the second glassful; not in curiousity, for he had seen it often before; but in a restless and suspicious manner habitual to him. It was a meanly furnished apartment, with nothing but the contents of the closet to induce the belief that its occupier was anything but a working man; and with no more suspicious articles displayed to view than two or three heavy bludgeons which stood in a corner, and a "life-preserver" that hung over the chimney-piece.

犹太佬趁着同伴喝第二杯的时候，环视了屋子一圈——倒不是出于好奇，因为他之前时常光顾这个屋子，而是出于一种闲不住且爱猜疑的习惯。这公寓布置得十分简陋，只有橱柜里的东西表明屋子里的人绝非是靠正常工作吃饭的人。屋子角落里放着两三根沉甸甸的大头短棒，一把“保命器”挂在壁炉架上。除此之外，再也没有别的看起来让人怀疑的东西了。

"There," said Sikes, smacking his lips. "Now I'm ready.”

“喂，”赛克斯咂着嘴说道，“我可是准备好了。”

"For business?"inquired the Jew.

“谈生意？”犹太佬询问道。

"For business," replied Sikes; "so say what you've got to say.”

“谈生意。”赛克斯回答，“有话就说吧。”

"About the crib at Chertsey, Bill?" said the Jew, drawing his chair forward, and speaking in a very low voice.

“是关于彻特西的那户吧，比尔？”费金把椅子拉近了一些，声音很低。

"Yes. Wot about it?" inquired Sikes.

“对。你觉得怎么样啊？” 赛克斯询问。

"Ah! you know what I mean, my dear," said the Jew. "He knows what I mean, Nancy; don't he?”

“啊！你明白我的意思，亲爱的。”犹太佬说，“他明白我的意思，是吧，南希？”

"No, he don't," sneered Mr. Sikes. "Or he won't, and that's the same thing. Speak out, and call things by their right names; don't sit

there, winking and blinking, and talking to me in hints, as if you warn't the very first that thought about the robbery. Wot d'ye mean?”

“不，不明白，”赛克斯冷冷一笑，“或者说是不想知道。这都是一回事。说吧，有什么话就直说。别光坐在那儿眨眼睛，跟我打哑谜。就好像你不是第一个盘算抢劫的人似的。你打算怎么样？”

"Hush, Bill, hush!" said the Jew, who had in vain attempted to stop this burst of indignation; "somebody will hear us, my dear. Somebody will hear us."

“嘘，比尔，你小声点！”犹太佬本想止住比尔的怒气，但是没有成功，“别人会听见的，亲爱的。有人会听见的。”

"Let 'em hear!" said Sikes; "I don't care.” But as Mr. Sikes DID care, on reflection, he dropped his voice as he said the words, and grew calmer.

“那就让他们听好了！”赛克斯说道，“我才不在乎呢。”但是深思了一会儿后，赛克斯还是把声音压低了一些，也平静了许多，因为他不可能不在乎。

"There, there," said the Jew, coaxingly. "It was only my caution, nothing more. Now, my dear, about that crib at Chertsey; when is it to be done, Bill, eh? When is it to be done? Such plate, my dear, such plate!" said the Jew: rubbing his hands, and elevating his eyebrows in a rapture of anticipation.

“这个，这个，”费金哄道，“我就是提醒一下，没有别的。这个，我亲爱的，咱们谈谈彻特西的那家吧。你看什么时候动手啊，比尔，嗯？什么时候动手？那些杯杯盘盘的，亲爱的，真是太好了！”费金说着，乐得直搓手，眉毛也向上扬了起来，就像这些东西已经到手了似的。

"Not at all," replied Sikes coldly.

“不干了。”赛克斯冷冷地答道。

"Not to be done at all!" echoed the Jew, leaning back in his chair.

“一点也不干了？”费金重复道，向后倚到椅子上。

"No, not at all," rejoined Sikes. "At least it can't be a put-up job, as we expected.”

“是的，真的不干了。”赛克斯回答道，“至少不会像我们想的那样，来个里应外合。”

"Then it hasn't been properly gone about," said the Jew, turning pale with anger. "Don't tell me!”

“那就是我们本事不够。”费金气得脸色发青，说道，“别跟我说这些！”

"But I will tell you," retorted Sikes. "Who are you that's not to be

told? I tell you that Toby Crackit has been hanging about the place for a fortnight, and he can't get one of the servants in line.”

“但是，我就是得给你说这些，”赛克斯反驳道，“你算老几，还不能让我给你说这些？我跟你说吧，托比·格拉基特在那个场子附近已经转悠了两周了，连一个仆人也没有勾搭上。”

"Do you mean to tell me, Bill," said the Jew: softening as the other grew heated: "that neither of the two men in the house can be got over?"

“比尔，你是不是想告诉我，”犹太佬见对方激动了，便软了下来，“那家的那两个仆人，一个也拉拢不过来？”

"Yes, I do mean to tell you so," replied Sikes. "The old lady has had 'em these twenty years; and if you were to give 'em five hundred pound, they wouldn't be in it.”

“是的，我就是想告诉你这事。”赛克斯回答，“他们跟了那个老太太二十年了，你就是给他们五百镑，他们也不会干的。”

"But do you mean to say, my dear," remonstrated the Jew, "that the women can't be got over?”

“不过，亲爱的，那是不是说，”老犹太说，“那几个娘们儿也拉拢不过来啊？”

"Not a bit of it," replied Sikes.

“连想都别想。”赛克斯回答。

"Not by flash Toby Crackit?" said the Jew incredulously. "Think what women are, Bill," "No; not even by flash Toby Crackit," replied Sikes. "He says he's worn sham whiskers, and a canary waistcoat, the whole blessed time he's been loitering down there, and it's all of no use.”

“连狡猾的托比·格拉基特也办不到？”犹太佬怀疑地问道，“想想娘们儿都是些什么人啊，比尔。”“办不到啊，就连狡猾的托比·格拉基特也不行，”赛克斯回答，“他说他这一阵子一直戴着假胡子，穿着淡黄色的背心，一有时间就在那儿周围游荡，可是一点用也没有。”

"He should have tried mustachios and a pair of military trousers, my dear," said the Jew.

“他应该试试小胡子，再配上军裤，亲爱的。”犹太佬说道。

"So he did," rejoined Sikes, "and they warn't of no more use than the other plant.”

“他已经试过了，”赛克斯答道，“这样也好不到哪里去。”

The Jew looked blank at this information. After ruminating for some minutes with his chin sunk on his breast, he raised his head and

said, with a deep sigh, that if flash Toby Crackit reported aright, he feared the game was up.

听到这个消息，老犹太面无表情了。他耷拉着脸，下巴都快够着胸了。沉思了一会儿，他抬起头来，深深地叹了一口气，说如果狡猾的托比·格拉基特报告的消息准确的话，恐怕这招就真的没戏了。

"And yet," said the old man, dropping his hands on his knees, "it's a sad thing, my dear, to lose so much when we had set our hearts upon it.”

“可是，”老头将双手放在膝盖上说，“这确实是一件令人伤心的事情。亲爱的，想想之前我们把心思全都放在这个上面，赔进去多少啊。”

"So it is," said Mr. Sikes. "Worse luck!"

“可不是嘛，”赛克斯先生说，“可真是倒霉透了！”

A long silence ensued; during which the Jew was plunged in deep thought, with his face wrinkled into an expression of villainy perfectly demoniacal. Sikes eyed him furtively from time to time. Nancy, apparently fearful of irritating the housebreaker, sat with her eyes fixed upon the fire, as if she had been deaf to all that passed.

接下来，便是一阵长时间的沉默。犹太佬陷入了沉思，他面部表情扭曲，一副着了魔的邪恶样子。赛克斯不时地偷偷瞅他一眼。南希显然是怕招惹这个强盗。她坐在一旁，两眼始终盯着火，就像什么都没有听到似的。

"Fagin," said Sikes, abruptly breaking the stillness that prevailed; "is it worth fifty shiners extra, if it's safely done from the outside?”

“费金，”赛克斯突然打破了沉静，“如果从外面下手，外加五十个金币，值不值？”

"Yes," said the Jew, as suddenly rousing himself.

“值啊。”费金就像突然醒过来一样，回答道。

"Is it a bargain?"inquired Sikes.

“那就这么说定了？”赛克斯问。

"Yes, my dear, yes," rejoined the Jew; his eyes glistening, and every muscle in his face working, with the excitement that the inquiry had awakened.

“恩，说定了。亲爱的，说定了。”这一番询问使犹太佬兴奋起来，他两眼放光，脸上每一块肌肉都在抖动。

"Then," said Sikes, thrusting aside the Jew's hand, with some disdain, "let it come off as soon as you like. Toby and me were over the garden-wall the night afore last, sounding the panels of the door and shutters. The crib's barred up at night like a jail; but there's one

part we can crack, safe and softly.”

“那好，”赛克斯带着几分轻蔑地推开犹太佬的手，说道，“你爱什么时候动手就什么时候动手吧。前天晚上，我跟托比翻过花园围墙，试了试门和窗的嵌板。这家晚上门窗关得就跟大牢似的。不过有个地方我们能够砸开，又安全又轻松。”

"Which is that, Bill?" asked the Jew eagerly.

“比尔，哪个地方？”犹太佬急切地问。

"Why," whispered Sikes, "as you cross the lawn—” "Yes?" said the Jew, bending his head forward, with his eyes almost starting out of it.

“这个，”赛克斯耳语道，“你穿过草地——”“是吗？”犹太佬边说边将脑袋探过去，眼珠子几乎要瞪出来了。

"Umph!" cried Sikes, stopping short, as the girl, scarcely moving her head, looked suddenly round, and pointed for an instant to the Jew's face. "Never mind which part it is. You can't do it without me, I know; but it's best to be on the safe side when one deals with you.”

“啊！”赛克斯突然打住了，叫了起来，因为南希微微地摇了摇头。赛克斯猛然回头看了一眼，又转向了费金。“管它是什么地方。反正离开我你做不了这事。这点我心里有数。不过跟你打交道，还是得小心为妙。”

"As you like, my dear, as you like," replied the Jew. "Is there no help wanted, but yours and Toby's?”

“随你便吧，我亲爱的，随你便。”犹太佬答道，“你和托比不要别的帮手了？”

"None," said Sikes. "Cept a centre-bit and a boy. The first we've both got; the second you must find us.”

“不要了，”赛克斯说，“还得要一个摇柄钻跟一个小孩。摇柄钻我们两个都有，你得给我们物色个小孩。”

"A boy!" exclaimed the Jew. "Oh! then it's a panel, eh?”

“小孩！”费金大叫起来，“噢！那就是嵌板了，嗯？”

"Never mind wot it is!" replied Sikes. "I want a boy, and he musn't be a big 'un. Lord!" said Mr. Sikes, reflectively, "if I'd only got that young boy of Ned, the chimbley-sweeper's! He kept him small on purpose, and let him out by the job. But the father gets lagged; and then the Juvenile Delinquent Society comes, and takes the boy away from a trade where he was earning money, teaches him to read and write, and in time makes a 'prentice of him. And so they go on," said Mr. Sikes, his wrath rising with the recollection of his wrongs, "so they go on; and, if they'd got money enough (which it's a Providence they

haven't,) we shouldn't have half a dozen boys left in the whole trade, in a year or two.”

“你不用管它是什么！”赛克斯回答，“我需要一个小孩，个头不能太大。“天哪！”赛克斯若有所思，“我要是能把烟囱清扫夫内德的那个小伙计搞到手就好了！他故意不让他长大，好让他一直干这一行。但是孩子的爸爸不让他继续干这个了。再往后，少年罪犯感化会就来把孩子带走了，教他读书写字，早晚要把他培养成一个学徒什么的。他们老是这样。”赛克斯想起自己的损失，再次火冒三丈，“还真是没个完了。要是他们得到足够的资金（谢天谢地，他们资金不够），只要一两年的功夫，我们这个行业连半打男孩子都凑不齐了。”

"No more we should," acquiesced the Jew, who had been considering during this speech, and had only caught the last sentence. "Bill!"

“是凑不齐啊，”犹太佬随声附和道。在赛克斯慷慨陈词的时候，他一直在想自己的心事，只听清了最后一句。“比尔！”

"What now?" inquired Sikes.

“怎么了？”赛克斯问。

The Jew nodded his head towards Nancy, who was still gazing at the fire; and intimated, by a sign, that he would have her told to leave the room. Sikes shrugged his shoulders impatiently, as if he thought the precaution unnecessary; but complied, nevertheless, by requesting Miss Nancy to fetch him a jug of beer.

犹太佬朝着依旧盯着炉火发呆的南希点点头，以此暗示南希离开这个房间。赛克斯不耐烦地耸了耸肩，彷佛认为这种谨慎是不必要的。不过，他还是同意了，要南希姑娘去给他取一罐啤酒来。

"You don't want any beer," said Nancy, folding her arms, and retaining her seat very composedly.

“你根本就不需要什么啤酒。”南希双手交叉，镇定地坐在座位上，一动不动。

"I tell you I do!"replied Sikes.

“我告诉你我要！”赛克斯答道。

"Nonsense," rejoined the girl coolly, "Go on, Fagin. I know what he's going to say, Bill; he needn't mind me.”

“胡说八道，”姑娘冷冷地反驳道，“费金，继续说。比尔，我知道他要说什么。他没必要提防着我。”

The Jew still hesitated. Sikes looked from one to the other in some surprise.

犹太佬依旧在犹豫。赛克斯看看犹太佬，又望望南希，有些吃惊。

"Why, you don't mind the old girl, do you, Fagin?" he asked at length. "You've known her long enough to trust her, or the Devil's in it. She ain't one to blab. Are you Nancy?”

“喂，费金，你别担心这个老姑娘了，行不行？”他最后问道，“你认识她也不是一天两天了。你该相信她，否则就是其中有鬼。她不会乱嚼舌头的。是吧，南希？”

"I should think not!" replied the young lady: drawing her chair up to the table, and putting her elbows upon it.

“我看是不会的！”年轻姑娘回答道。她把椅子拖到桌子旁边，把胳膊肘支在桌子上。

"No, no, my dear, I know you're not," said the Jew; "but—” and again the old man paused.

“不，当然不。亲爱的，我知道你不会，”犹太佬说，“只是——”老头说到这儿又停了下来。

"But wot?" inquired Sikes.

“只是什么？”赛克斯问。

"I didn't know whether she mightn't p'raps be out of sorts, you know, my dear, as she was the other night," replied the Jew.

“我不确定她是不是又会疯疯癫癫，亲爱的，你是知道的，像那天晚上那样。”犹太佬回答。

At this confession, Miss Nancy burst into a loud laugh; and, swallowing a glass of brandy, shook her head with an air of defiance, and burst into sundry exclamations of "Keep the game a-going!" "Never say die!" and the like. These seemed to have the effect of re-assuring both gentlemen; for the Jew nodded his head with a satisfied air, and resumed his seat: as did Mr. Sikes likewise.

听到这话，南希大笑起来。她一口气喝下了一杯白兰地，挑衅地摇了摇头，嘴里嚷嚷着“咱们接着玩！”“千万别泄气！”等等。这一行为在两位绅士那儿奏效了。犹太佬满意地点点头，两人重新坐定。

"Now, Fagin," said Nancy with a laugh. "Tell Bill at once, about Oliver!"

“好了，费金，”南希笑嘻嘻地说，“马上告诉比尔关于奥利弗的事情吧！”

"Ha! you're a clever one, my dear: the sharpest girl I ever saw!" said the Jew, patting her on the neck. "It WAS about Oliver I was going to speak, sure enough. Ha! ha! ha!"

“哈！你可真是聪明啊，亲爱的。算是我见过的姑娘中最聪明的一个了！”犹太佬说着，拍了拍她的脖子，“确实，我要说的就是奥利弗的事

情。哈哈哈！”

"What about him?" demanded Sikes.

“他怎么了？”赛克斯问。

"He's the boy for you, my dear," replied the Jew in a hoarse whisper; laying his finger on the side of his nose, and grinning frightfully.

“他正是你所需要的孩子，亲爱的。”犹太佬压低了声音，将一根手指放在鼻子的一侧，面色狰狞地笑着。

"He!" exclaimed Sikes.

“他！”赛克斯嚷起来。

"Have him, Bill!" said Nancy. "I would, if I was in your place. He mayn't be so much up, as any of the others; but that's not what you want, if he's only to open a door for you. Depend upon it he's a safe one, Bill.”

“带上他，比尔。”南希说，“我要是你的话，我就这么办。他不像其他小鬼那么有本事。不过你也不需要他多有本事，能帮你打开一扇门就行了。放心吧，他是个可靠的孩子，比尔。”

"I know he is," rejoined Fagin. "He's been in good training these last few weeks, and it's time he began to work for his bread. Besides, the others are all too big.”

“我知道他错不了的。”费金接着说，“在过去几个周里，他受到了很好的训练，也该是时候让他做点事情养活自己了。再说了，其他人个子都太大了。”

"Well, he is just the size I want," said Mr. Sikes, ruminating.

“嗯，他的个子倒是正合适，”赛克斯先生若有所思地说道。

"And will do everything you want, Bill, my dear," interposed the Jew; "he can't help himself. That is, if you frighten him enough.”

“而且什么事情都会替你做，亲爱的比尔，”费金插嘴说道，“干不干这可由不得他。也就是说，只要你吓唬吓唬他。”

"Frighten him!" echoed Sikes. "It'll be no sham frightening, mind you. If there's anything queer about him when we once get into the work; in for a penny, in for a pound. You won't see him alive again, Fagin. Think of that, before you send him. Mark my words!" said the robber, poising a crowbar, which he had drawn from under the bedstead.

“吓唬他！”赛克斯重复道。“我得先提醒你，到时候可不是做做吓唬的样子。一旦我们开始了工作，要是他耍什么花招的话，一不做，二不休，你就别想看着他活着回来，费金。考虑好了，你再让他去。你可听

明白了！”这强盗说完，掂了掂刚从床底下抽出来的一根铁撬。

"I've thought of it all," said the Jew with energy. "I've—I've had my eye upon him, my dears, close—close. Once let him feel that he is one of us; once fill his mind with the idea that he has been a thief; and he's ours! Ours for his life. Oho! It couldn't have come about better!" The old man crossed his arms upon his breast; and, drawing his head and shoulders into a heap, literally hugged himself for joy.

“我已经都想过了。”费金兴致勃勃地说，“我已经——已经考察过他了，亲爱的，周密地——非常周密地考察过了。只要让他感觉到他是我们的一员，只要让他有这个想法，他就已经是一个小偷了，他就已经是我们的人了。一辈子都是我们的人。呵呵！这简直是再好不过了！”老头双手交叉着放在胸前，脑袋和肩缩成一团，整个人都被高兴团团环绕住了。

"Ours!" said Sikes. "Yours, you mean."

“我们的？”赛克斯说，“你的意思是，你的吧。”

"Perhaps I do, my dear," said the Jew, with a shrill chuckle. "Mine, if you like, Bill."

“可能吧，亲爱的。”犹太佬发出一阵刺耳的笑声，说道，“只要你高兴，算我的也行，比尔。”

"And wot," said Sikes, scowling fiercely on his agreeable friend, "wot makes you take so much pains about one chalk-faced kid, when you know there are fifty boys snoozing about Common Garden every night, as you might pick and choose from?"

“为什么，”赛克斯脸色变得阴沉昏暗，瞪着自己这位和蔼可亲的搭档，“为什么你这么舍得花力气在一个脸色白得像粉笔的孩子身上？你知道的，每天夜里都有五十多个孩子在公园附近打盹，随便你怎么挑怎么选。”

"Because they're of no use to me, my dear," replied the Jew, with some confusion, "not worth the taking. Their looks convict 'em when they get into trouble, and I lose 'em all. With this boy, properly managed, my dears, I could do what I couldn't with twenty of them. Besides," said the Jew, recovering his self-possession, "he has us now if he could only give us leg-bail again; and he must be in the same boat with us. Never mind how he came there; it's quite enough for my power over him that he was in a robbery; that's all I want. Now, how much better this is, than being obliged to put the poor leetle boy out of the way—which would be dangerous, and we should lose by it besides."

“因为他们对我一点用都没有，亲爱的。”犹太佬忐忑不安地回答，“他们不值得我留着。一旦出事，光看他们那长相，就足以判他们的

罪。我到时候就是竹篮打水一场空了。这个男孩呢，只要调教得好，我亲爱的，他们二十个人也办不了的事情，我也能办到。而且，”犹太佬渐渐恢复了平静，“他要是出卖了我们，我们就惨了。所以他必须得跟我们呆在一条船上。你别管他是怎么走到那一步的。我有的是办法让他干抢劫这一行，这是我期待的。现在，这可比迫不得已地干掉那个孩子强多了。那样干不仅很危险，而且我们也很吃亏啊。”

"When is it to be done?" asked Nancy, stopping some turbulent exclamation on the part of Mr. Sikes, expressive of the disgust with which he received Fagin's affectation of humanity.

“那什么时候下手呢？”南希问道，阻止了赛克斯先生的大喊大叫。他正准备对费金的虚情假意表示恶心。

"Ah, to be sure," said the Jew; "when is it to be done, Bill?"

“啊，这得说定，”犹太佬说，“比尔，什么时候动手呢？”

"I planned with Toby, the night arter to-morrow," rejoined Sikes in a surly voice, "if he heard nothing from me to the contrairy."

“我跟托比商量过了，定在后天晚上，”赛克斯阴沉着脸回答，“要是我没有另外通知他的话。”

"Good," said the Jew; "there's no moon.”

“好，”费金说，“那天没有月亮。”

"No," rejoined Sikes.

“对。”赛克斯应声说。

"It's all arranged about bringing off the swag, is it?" asked the Jew.

“怎么把那些赃物弄出来也都安排妥了，是吧？”犹太佬问。

Sikes nodded.

赛克斯点点头。

"And about—" "Oh, ah, it's all planned," rejoined Sikes, interrupting him. "Never mind particulars. You'd better bring the boy here to-morrow night. I shall get off the stone an hour arter daybreak. Then you hold your tongue, and keep the melting-pot ready, and that's all you'll have to do.”

“还有那——”“噢，呃，都已经安排好了，”赛克斯打断他，回答道，“你就别打听细节了。你最好明天晚上把那个小子带过来。我天亮后一个小时出发。你别多嘴，把焊锅准备好，需要你做的只有这个。”

After some discussion, in which all three took an active part, it was decided that Nancy should repair to the Jew's next evening when the night had set in, and bring Oliver away with her; Fagin craftily

observing, that, if he evinced any disinclination to the task, he would be more willing to accompany the girl who had so recently interfered in his behalf, than anybody else. It was also solemnly arranged that poor Oliver should, for the purposes of the contemplated expedition, be unreservedly consigned to the care and custody of Mr. William Sikes; and further, that the said Sikes should deal with him as he thought fit; and should not be held responsible by the Jew for any mischance or evil that might be necessary to visit him: it being understood that, to render the compact in this respect binding, any representations made by Mr. Sikes on his return should be required to be confirmed and corroborated, in all important particulars, by the testimony of flash Toby Crackit.

三个人你一言我一语地讨论了一会儿后，决定由南希第二天天黑的时候前往费金的住处，将奥利弗接过来。费金阴险地说，如果奥利弗对这一任务表示厌恶的话，他应该更加乐意跟着前不久刚刚护卫过自己的南希姑娘走一趟。他们还严肃地决定，为了这一次考虑周密的行动着想，可怜的小奥利弗将无条件地托付给威廉·赛克斯先生照顾和监护，而且赛克斯先生应该按其认为妥当的方式对其作出安排。对于可能降临到那个孩子身上的任何不幸或者可能出现的惩罚，赛克斯先生均不向犹太佬承担责任。为使此协议具有约束力，双方达成谅解，赛克斯先生返回后做的所有陈述，在一切重要细节上，均须由狡猾的托比·格拉基特加以证实和确认。

These preliminaries adjusted, Mr. Sikes proceeded to drink brandy at a furious rate, and to flourish the crowbar in an alarming manner; yelling forth, at the same time, most unmusical snatches of song, mingled with wild execrations. At length, in a fit of professional enthusiasm, he insisted upon producing his box of housebreaking tools: which he had no sooner stumbled in with, and opened for the purpose of explaining the nature and properties of the various implements it contained, and the peculiar beauties of their construction, than he fell over the box upon the floor, and went to sleep where he fell.

这些初期工作安排好后，赛克斯先生开始疯狂地畅饮白兰地，还把铁撬挥舞得很吓人，不停地嚎叫。这嚎叫中既有完全不着调的歌曲片段，也有不堪入耳的诅咒谩骂。最后，出于职业热情，他坚持要去把他撬锁的工具箱拿出来。没多久，他果然拎着箱子摇摇晃晃地走了进来。他打开箱子，正准备向大家一一介绍这些工具的性能特征和构造方面的独特妙处，便倒在地板上，趴在箱子上睡着了。

"Good-night, Nancy," said the Jew, muffling himself up as before.

“晚安，南希，”犹太佬说着，像来的时候那样将自己裹了起来。

"Good-night.”

“晚安。”

Their eyes met, and the Jew scrutinised her, narrowly. There was no flinching about the girl. She was as true and earnest in the matter as Toby Crackit himself could be.

两人目光相遇，犹太佬认认真真地打量了她一番。姑娘丝毫没有畏缩。在这件事情上，她像托比·格拉基特一样诚实和认真。

The Jew again bade her good-night, and, bestowing a sly kick upon the prostrate form of Mr. Sikes while her back was turned, groped downstairs.

犹太佬再次跟她道了声晚安，趁着南希转身的功夫，偷偷地踹了躺在地上的赛克斯一脚，然后在摸索中下楼了。

"Always the way!" muttered the Jew to himself as he turned homeward. "The worst of these women is, that a very little thing serves to call up some long-forgotten feeling; and, the best of them is, that it never lasts. Ha! ha! The man against the child, for a bag of gold!”

“老是这样！”老犹太一边往家走，一边低声自言自语道，“这些臭娘们儿，最大的问题就是，一件小事也会让她们想起某种已忘却许久的感情。最大的优点呢，就是这感情绝对持续不长。哈哈！那家伙为了一袋子金币，对付那个孩子！”

Beguiling the time with these pleasant reflections, Mr. Fagin wended his way, through mud and mire, to his gloomy abode: where the Dodger was sitting up, impatiently awaiting his return.

费金往回走着，靠着这些愉快的回忆消磨时间。他走过泥潭，回到了自己阴沉的老窝。机灵鬼还没有睡，正急躁地等着他回来。

"Is Oliver a-bed? I want to speak to him," was his first remark as they descended the stairs.

“奥利弗睡了吗？我有话跟他说。”这是他们下楼时他说的第一句话。

"Hours ago," replied the Dodger, throwing open a door. "Here he is!"

“睡了好几个小时了。”机灵鬼推开一扇门，回答道，“在这儿呢！”

The boy was lying, fast asleep, on a rude bed upon the floor; so pale with anxiety, and sadness, and the closeness of his prison, that he looked like death; not death as it shows in shroud and coffin, but in the guise it wears when life has just departed; when a young and gentle spirit has, but an instant, fled to Heaven, and the gross air of the world has not had time to breathe upon the changing dust it hallowed.

奥利弗躺在一张粗糙的床上，睡得很熟。他早已被焦虑、悲伤、以及这密闭的监狱折磨得面色苍白，像是死了一般。不是那种裹上寿衣放进棺材的死者的样子，而是那种生命刚结束时的情形。弱小柔软的灵魂在瞬间飞向了天国，尘世间粗俗龌龊的气息还未来得及玷污这正在升华的圣体。

"Not now," said the Jew, turning softly away. "To-morrow. To-morrow.”

“现在不说了，”费金转身轻轻离去，“明天吧。明天再说。”

CHAPTER XX Wherein Oliver is delivered over to Mr. William Sikes

第二十章 讲述奥利弗是如何被托付给威廉·赛克斯先生的

When Oliver awoke in the morning, he was a good deal surprised to find that a new pair of shoes, with strong thick soles, had been placed at his bedside; and that his old shoes had been removed. At first, he was pleased with the discovery: hoping that it might be the forerunner of his release; but such thoughts were quickly dispelled, on his sitting down to breakfast along with the Jew, who told him, in a tone and manner which increased his alarm, that he was to be taken to the residence of Bill Sikes that night.

奥利弗早上醒来的时候，非常惊奇地发现自己的旧鞋子不见了，床边取而代之的是一双崭新的厚底鞋。对于这一发现，他刚开始感到很开心，以为这是预示着自己获得自由的好兆头。但是当他坐下来跟犹太佬一起吃早饭时，这些念头便迅速消失了。犹太佬告诉他，晚上要送他到比尔·赛克斯那里去。他说话的口气与神色使小奥利弗变得更加惊慌。

"To—to—stop there, sir?" asked Oliver, anxiously.

“一直——一直——留在那儿吗，先生？”奥利弗急切地问道。

"No, no, my dear. Not to stop there," replied the Jew. "We shouldn't like to lose you. Don't be afraid, Oliver, you shall come back to us again. Ha! ha! ha! We won't be so cruel as to send you away, my dear. Oh no, no!”

“不，不，亲爱的。不是一直留在那儿。”犹太佬回答，“我们怎么舍得失去你呢。别担心，小奥利弗，你还是要回到我们这儿的。哈哈哈！我们不会那么残忍，把你送走的，亲爱的。噢，不会，不会的！”

The old man, who was stooping over the fire toasting a piece of bread, looked round as he bantered Oliver thus; and chuckled as if to show that he knew he would still be very glad to get away if he could.

这会儿，老头儿正弯腰在火上烤着一块面包，他一边这样跟奥利弗开着玩笑，一边向四下里张望，然后咯咯地笑起来，似乎是想告诉奥利弗他心里很清楚，只要可以，奥利弗巴不得溜掉呢。

"I suppose," said the Jew, fixing his eyes on Oliver, "you want to know what you're going to Bill's for—eh, my dear?”

“我觉得，”犹太佬死死盯着奥利弗，说道，“你一定很想知道为什么要把你送到比尔那儿吧——嗯，亲爱的？”

Oliver coloured, involuntarily, to find that the old thief had been reading his thoughts; but boldly said, Yes, he did want to know.

奥利弗见这个老贼对自己的心思很清楚，不禁红了脸。但是大胆地说，是的，他确实很想知道。

"Why, do you think?" inquired Fagin, parrying the question.

“那，你觉得是为什么呢？”费金避开问题反问他。

"Indeed I don't know, sir," replied Oliver.

“我确实不知道，先生。”奥利弗回答道。

"Bah!" said the Jew, turning away with a disappointed countenance from a close perusal of the boy's face. "Wait till Bill tells you, then."

“呸！”犹太佬仔细打量着男孩的面孔说道，然后失望地转过身去，“那就等比尔告诉你吧。”

The Jew seemed much vexed by Oliver's not expressing any greater curiosity on the subject; but the truth is, that, although Oliver felt very anxious, he was too much confused by the earnest cunning of Fagin's looks, and his own speculations, to make any further inquiries just then. He had no other opportunity: for the Jew remained very surly and silent till night: when he prepared to go abroad.

奥利弗对这个问题并没有表现出很大的好奇心，犹太佬对此十分恼火。不过事实是这样的，尽管奥利弗对此感到十分焦急，但他已经被费金神情中流露出的狡诈以及自己的种种猜测弄得困惑不堪了，也顾不上继续询问了。他也没有别的机会可以问了。因为费金一直到天黑准备出门前，都始终板着脸，一言不发。

"You may burn a candle," said the Jew, putting one upon the table. "And here's a book for you to read, till they come to fetch you. Good-night!”

“你可以点上蜡烛了，”说着，犹太佬把一根蜡烛放在桌子上，“这里有几本书，你可以读读，等着他们来接你。晚安！”

"Good-night!" replied Oliver, softly.

“晚安！”奥利弗轻声回答。

The Jew walked to the door: looking over his shoulder at the boy as he went. Suddenly stopping, he called him by his name.

犹太佬走到门口，边走边回头打量着这个孩子。突然他停步了，叫了奥利弗一声。

Oliver looked up; the Jew, pointing to the candle, motioned him to light it. He did so; and, as he placed the candlestick upon the table, saw that the Jew was gazing fixedly at him, with lowering and

contracted brows, from the dark end of the room.

奥利弗抬起头，看到犹太佬正指着蜡烛，让他点上。奥利弗照办了，把烛台放在桌子上。他看见犹太佬依旧站在门口的黑暗里盯着自己，眉头紧锁。

"Take heed, Oliver! take heed!" said the old man, shaking his right hand before him in a warning manner. "He's a rough man, and thinks nothing of blood when his own is up. Whatever falls out, say nothing; and do what he bids you. Mind!" Placing a strong emphasis on the last word, he suffered his features gradually to resolve themselves into a ghastly grin, and, nodding his head, left the room.

“当心点，奥利弗！当心点！”老头说着，在他面前晃晃右手，像是在发出警告，“他是一个粗暴的人，一旦情绪激动起来，连命都不要。不管发生什么事，什么也别说。他让你做什么你就做什么。当心点！”着重强调完最后一句话，费金绷紧的面部表情渐渐变为一种令人害怕的笑容，然后他冲奥利弗点点头，离开了房间。

Oliver leaned his head upon his hand when the old man disappeared, and pondered, with a trembling heart, on the words he had just heard. The more he thought of the Jew's admonition, the more he was at a loss to divine its real purpose and meaning.

老头走后，奥利弗用手撑着脑袋，心里忐忑不安，他仔细地推敲着刚刚听到的话。对于犹太佬的警告，他想得越多，越不明白他的真实目的和意图。

He could think of no bad object to be attained by sending him to Sikes, which would not be equally well answered by his remaining with Fagin; and after meditating for a long time, concluded that he had been selected to perform some ordinary menial offices for the housebreaker, until anot her boy, better suited for his purpose could be engaged. He was too well accustomed to suffering, and had suffered too much where he was, to bewail the prospect of change very severely. He remained lost in thought for some minutes; and then, with a heavy sigh, snuffed the candle, and, taking up the book which the Jew had left with him, began to read.

他想不到把自己派去赛克斯那儿会有什么样的坏目的，而这个目的又是他自己跟费金呆在一起无法实现的。他想了好久，最后得出结论，自己是被选去给那个强盗做仆人的，直到物色到更加适合的小孩为止。奥利弗早已习惯逆来顺受，在这里他也已经遭尽了罪，因此面对充满变化的未来，他早就已经哭不出来了。他又沉思了几分钟，然后重重叹了口气，剪掉烛花，拿起犹太佬留给他的书读了起来。

He turned over the leaves. Carelessly at first; but, lighting on a passage which attracted his attention, he soon became intent upon the volume. It was a history of the lives and trials of great criminals; and

the pages were soiled and thumbed with use. Here, he read of dreadful crimes that made the blood run cold; of secret murders that had been committed by the lonely wayside; of bodies hidden from the eye of man in deep pits and wells: which would not keep them down, deep as they were, but had yielded them up at last, after many years, and so maddened the murderers with the sight, that in their horror they had confessed their guilt, and yelled for the gibbet to end their agony. Here, too, he read of men who, lying in their beds at dead of night, had been tempted (so they said) and led on, by their own bad thoughts, to such dreadful bloodshed as it made the flesh creep, and the limbs quail, to think of. The terrible descriptions were so real and vivid, that the sallow pages seemed to turn red with gore; and the words upon them, to be sounded in his ears, as if they were whispered, in hollow murmurs, by the spirits of the dead.

他翻了几页书。刚开始的时候，他漫不经心，但是突然眼前一亮，被一段话吸引住了。不久，他就完全沉浸在这本书里了。这本书讲述的是一些有名的犯人的生平事迹和被审判的故事。书页已经脏了，处处留有指印。在书中，他读到了使人血液发凉的罪行；读到了那些发生在偏僻路旁的秘密谋杀；读到了被神不知鬼不觉埋进深坑或者丢进井里的尸体，尽管坑和井都很深，但还是无法把尸体藏得很好，最终多年之后，还是得被发现，使得凶手们为此发狂，在惊恐中只好坦白了他们的罪行，叫喊着要求被送上绞刑台以结束自己的痛苦。在书中，他读到了有人夜间好端端地躺在床上，被自己的某种邪念引诱和唆使（他们自己是这么说的），干出些可怕的血腥事件，让人一想到就心惊胆战，四肢哆嗦。这些恐怖的描述是如此逼真、生动，那一页页泛黄的书页如同被血染红了，书页上的文字回荡在他的耳边，就像死者的灵魂正在他耳边低语。

In a paroxysm of fear, the boy closed the book, and thrust it from him. Then, falling upon his knees, he prayed Heaven to spare him from such deeds; and rather to will that he should die at once, than be reserved for crimes, so fearful and appalling. By degrees, he grew more calm, and besought, in a low and broken voice, that he might be rescued from his present dangers; and that if any aid were to be raised up for a poor outcast boy who had never known the love of friends or kindred, it might come to him now, when, desolate and deserted, he stood alone in the midst of wickedness and guilt.

突如其来的恐惧使奥利弗把书合上，扔到一边。然后，他双膝跪下，祈求上帝让他不要犯这种罪，就算让他立马死去，也不要让他去干这些令人震惊的罪行。他渐渐恢复了平静，继续断断续续地低声恳求上帝，将自己从目前的危险中解救出来。如果有一种援助是专为从来没有体会过朋友或亲人之爱的苦命孤儿提供的，那么这种援助也是时候来了，因为他现在正孤独无助地处于邪恶与罪孽的包围之中。

He had concluded his prayer, but still remained with his head

buried in his hands, when a rustling noise aroused him.

他做完祷告后，双手依旧捂着脸。就在这个时候，一阵沙沙声唤醒了他。

"What's that!" he cried, starting up, and catching sight of a figure standing by the door. "Who's there?”

“是什么！”他大叫着跳了起来，看到门边站着一个人影。“是谁在那儿？”

"Me. Only me," replied a tremulous voice.

“是我。就我自己。”一个颤抖的声音传了过来。

Oliver raised the candle above his head: and looked towards the door. It was Nancy.

奥利弗把蜡烛举过了头顶，朝门口望去。原来是南希姑娘。

"Put down the light," said the girl, turning away her head. "It hurts my eyes."

“快把蜡烛放下来，”南希边说边把头转向一侧，“这光太晃眼了。”

Oliver saw that she was very pale, and gently inquired if she were ill. The girl threw herself into a chair, with her back towards him: and wrung her hands; but made no reply.

奥利弗见她面色苍白，就轻声询问她是不是生病了。姑娘一屁股坐到了椅子上，背对着奥利弗，使劲搓着双手，没有回答。

"God forgive me!" she cried after a while, "I never thought of this."

“上帝啊，宽恕我吧！”没多久，她叫了起来，“我还真没想到是这么一回事。”

"Has anything happened?" asked Oliver. "Can I help you? I will if I can. I will, indeed."

“出什么事了吗？”奥利弗问。“有什么我能帮忙的吗？如果我可以的话，一定会帮你的。一定会的。”

She rocked herself to and fro; caught her throat; and, uttering a gurgling sound, gasped for breath.

她前后摇晃着椅子，卡住了喉咙，发出咕噜声，快喘不过气了。

"Nancy!" cried Oliver, "What is it?"

“南希！”奥利弗大叫起来，“你怎么了？”

The girl beat her hands upon her knees, and her feet upon the ground; and, suddenly stopping, drew her shawl close round her: and shivered with cold.

姑娘用手拍打着她的膝盖，两脚使劲跺着地。突然她停住了，裹了裹围巾，瑟瑟发抖起来。

Oliver stirred the fire. Drawing her chair close to it, she sat there, for a little time, without speaking; but at length she raised her head, and looked round.

奥利弗将炉火弄大了一些。南希将椅子往炉火边移了移，坐了下来，好久都没有说话。最后她终于抬起头，向四周看了看。

"I don't know what comes over me sometimes," said she, affecting to busy herself in arranging her dress; "it's this damp dirty room, I think. Now, Nolly, dear, are you ready?”

“有时候，我真不知道这是怎么了，”南希一边假装整理衣服一边说道，“我觉得可能是因为那个又潮又脏的屋子吧。喂，诺利，我亲爱的，你准备好了吗？”

"Am I to go with you?" asked Oliver.

“我跟你一起走吗？”奥利弗问道。

"Yes. I have come from Bill," replied the girl. "You are to go with me."

“对。我刚从比尔那儿过来，”姑娘回答，“咱们一起过去吧。”

"What for?" asked Oliver, recoiling.

“去干什么啊？”奥利弗边后退边问。

"What for?" echoed the girl, raising her eyes, and averting them again, the moment they encountered the boy's face. "Oh! For no harm."

“去干什么？”姑娘重复着他的问题，抬起头来，目光刚一触到男孩的脸，又立马转到一边去了。“噢！反正不是什么坏事。”

"I don't believe it," said Oliver: who had watched her closely.

“我可不信。”奥利弗死死盯着南希，说道。

"Have it your own way," rejoined the girl, affecting to laugh. "For no good, then."

“随便你怎么想吧。”姑娘假装笑着，答道，“当然了，也不是什么好事。”

Oliver could see that he had some power over the girl's better feelings, and, for an instant, thought of appealing to her compassion for his helpless state. But, then, the thought darted across his mind that it was barely eleven o'clock; and that many people were still in the streets: of whom surely some might be found to give credence to his tale. As the reflection occured to him, he stepped forward: and

said, somewhat hastily, that he was ready.

奥利弗能够感觉得到，自己或多或少可以博得这位姑娘的喜爱。他又立刻想到，自己现在孤立无援，或许可以在她这儿寻得同情。然后，另一个念头又在他脑海中闪现：现在刚刚十一点，大街上人还很多，总会有一些人可能会相信他讲的事情。想到这些，他走上前，带着一丝慌张，说他已经准备好了。

Neither his brief consideration, nor its purport, was lost on his companion. She eyed him narrowly, while he spoke; and cast upon him a look of intelligence which sufficiently showed that she guessed what had been passing in his thoughts.

无论是他短暂的考虑，还是这考虑的意图，都没能瞒过他的这个伙伴。他说话的时候，南希死死地盯着他。她再次用她充满智慧的眼神看着他，明确地表示她已经猜到了他打的小算盘。

"Hush!" said the girl, stooping over him, and pointing to the door as she looked cautiously round. "You can't help yourself. I have tried hard for you, but all to no purpose. You are hedged round and round. If ever you are to get loose from here, this is not the time.”

“嘘！”姑娘说着，弯下腰来，一边小心谨慎地打量着四周一边指着门。“你救不了你自己。我已经尽力想要帮你了，不过没有用。他们已经把你看得死死的了。就算是你想要逃走，现在也不是时候。”

Struck by the energy of her manner, Oliver looked up in her face with great surprise. She seemed to speak the truth; her countenance was white and agitated; and she trembled with very earnestness.

她表情中流露出的热切使奥利弗震惊。他吃惊地抬起头，看着她的脸。看上去，她像是说了实话。她面色苍白，情绪激动，浑身打战，可见她是很认真的。

"I have saved you from being ill-used once, and I will again, and I do now," continued the girl aloud; "for those who would have fetched you, if I had not, would have been far more rough than me. I have promised for your being quiet and silent; if you are not, you will only do harm to yourself and me too, and perhaps be my death. See here! I have borne all this for you already, as true as God sees me show it."

“我已经救过你一次了，使你免了一顿毒打。我以后还是会那么做的。而且我现在就是在那么做。”姑娘依旧大声说道，“如果来接你的不是我，而是别人，他们一定会比我凶得多。我曾经保证过，说你会乖乖听话。如果你不这样，只会害了你自己和我，说不定还会要了我的命。你看看这儿！我已经为你吃了这苦头了。上帝可以作证，这是真的。”

She pointed, hastily, to some livid bruises on her neck and arms; and continued, with great rapidity: "Remember this! And don't let me suffer more for you, just now. If I could help you, I would; but I have

not the power. They don't mean to harm you; whatever they make you do, is no fault of yours. Hush! Every word from you is a blow for me. Give me your hand. Make haste! Your hand!”

她迅速地指了指自己脖子上和手臂上的一些青紫伤痕，紧接着又快速说：“你得记住这一点！现在不要让我再为你吃更多苦头了。如果我能够帮你，我一定会帮的。但是我现在没有这个能力。他们并不打算伤害你。他们逼着你做什么，那也不是你的错．听着！从你嘴里说出的每一句话都如同打在我身上一样。把手给我。快！给我你的手！”

She caught the hand which Oliver instinctively placed in hers, and, blowing out the light, drew him after her up the stairs. The door was opened, quickly, by some one shrouded in the darkness, and was as quickly closed, when they had passed out. A hackney-cabriolet was in waiting; with the same vehemence which she had exhibited in addressing Oliver, the girl pulled him in with her, and drew the curtains close. The driver wanted no directions, but lashed his horse into full speed, without the delay of an instant.

奥利弗本能地把手伸了过去。南希抓住奥利弗的手，吹灭了蜡烛，拉着他走下楼去。一个隐藏在黑暗中的人迅速地把门打开，等他们走出去后，门又迅速关上了。一辆双轮马车已经等在门口了。南希热切地拉着奥立弗登上马车，这种热切在刚才她与奥利弗谈话时就一直伴随着她了。然后她拉下了窗帘。车夫不等吩咐，立刻抽了马一鞭，马车全速向前开走了。

The girl still held Oliver fast by the hand, and continued to pour into his ear, the warnings and assurances she had already imparted. All was so quick and hurried, that he had scarcely time to recollect where he was, or how he came there, when the carriage stopped at the house to which the Jew's steps had been directed on the previous evening.

南希姑娘依旧紧紧握着奥利弗的手，继续把那些已经说过的警告和保证统统送进他的耳朵里。这一切来得是如此迅速仓促，他还没来得及想一想自己在哪儿，或者说他是怎么来的，马车已经在犹太佬前两天晚上拜访过的那所房子前面停下了。

For one brief moment, Oliver cast a hurried glance along the empty street, and a cry for help hung upon his lips. But the girl's voice was in his ear, beseeching him in such tones of agony to remember her, that he had not the heart to utter it. While he hesitated, the opportunity was gone; he was already in the house, and the door was shut.

在短短的一瞬间，奥利弗匆匆看了一眼空旷的街道，喊救命的声音已经在他的嘴边了。但是，南希姑娘的声音在他耳边响起。那些声音痛苦地恳求他千万不要忘记她的话。奥利弗最终也没有勇气喊出救命。在

犹豫中，他错过了机会。这会儿功夫，他已经走进了屋子里，门也关上了。

"This way," said the girl, releasing her hold for the first time. "Bill!"

“这边走。”南希说着，第一次松开了手，“比尔！”

"Hallo!" replied Sikes: appearing at the head of the stairs, with a candle. "Oh! That's the time of day. Come on!”

“你好啊！”赛克斯出现在楼梯上面，回答道。他的手里拿着一支蜡烛。“噢！来的正是时候。快上来吧！”

This was a very strong expression of approbation, an uncommonly hearty welcome, from a person of Mr. Sikes' temperament. Nancy, appearing much gratified thereby, saluted him cordially.

对于赛克斯这种性情的人来说，这已经算是感情极强的称赞了，也算是很难得的欢迎了。南希似乎对此很开心，亲切地跟他打招呼。

"Bull's-eye's gone home with Tom," observed Sikes, as he lighted them up. "He'd have been in the way.”

“牛眼儿跟着汤姆一块回去了。”赛克斯一边用蜡烛给他们俩照着上楼梯的路，一边说道，“要是他在这儿的话，会碍事的。”

"That's right," rejoined Nancy.

“对啊。”南希回答。

"So you've got the kid," said Sikes when they had all reached the room: closing the door as he spoke.

“你把这孩子给领来了。”走进屋子，关上门后，赛克斯说道。

"Yes, here he is," replied Nancy.

“是啊，带来了。”南希回答。

"Did he come quiet?"inquired Sikes.

“他来的时候安静吗？”赛克斯问。

"Like a lamb," rejoined Nancy.

“安静得就像一只小羊羔似的。”曼西回答。

"I'm glad to hear it," said Sikes, looking grimly at Oliver; "for the sake of his young carcase: as would otherways have suffered for it. Come here, young 'un; and let me read you a lectur', which is as well got over at once.”

“我很高兴你能这么说。”赛克斯冷酷地打量着奥利弗，说道，“看在他这身细皮嫩肉的份上，要不然有他好受的。过来，小家伙，让我来给你先上上课。我觉得还是现在就给你上上课比较好。”

Thus addressing his new pupil, Mr. Sikes pulled off Oliver's cap and threw it into a corner; and then, taking him by the shoulder, sat himself down by the table, and stood the boy in front of him.

赛克斯就这样亲切地称呼他的新学生。然后他扯下奥利弗的帽子，把它丢在角落里。他自己坐在桌子旁边，抓住奥利弗的肩膀，让他站在自己面前。

"Now, first: do you know wot this is?" inquired Sikes, taking up a pocket-pistol which lay on the table.

“喏，首先，你知道这是什么吗？”赛克斯拿起桌子上的一支手枪问道。

Oliver replied in the affirmative.

奥利弗给出了正确的答案。

"Well, then, look here," continued Sikes. "This is powder; that'ere's a bullet; and this is a little bit of a old hat for waddin'.”

“很好，来，看这儿。”赛克斯继续说，“这是火药。这是子弹。这是塞填药塞时要用到的一小块旧毡帽。”

Oliver murmured his comprehension of the different bodies referred to; and Mr. Sikes proceeded to load the pistol, with great nicety and deliberation.

奥利弗低声说，他知道这每一部分分别是干什么的。赛克斯一步步地装好手枪，动作从容且熟练。

"Now it's loaded," said Mr. Sikes, when he had finished.

“现在它已经装上弹药了。”赛克斯装好后说道。

"Yes, I see it is, sir," replied Oliver.

“嗯，先生，我看到了。”奥利弗回答。

"Well," said the robber, grasping Oliver's wrist, and putting the barrel so close to his temple that they touched; at which moment the boy could not repress a start; "if you speak a word when you're out o'doors with me, except when I speak to you, that loading will be in your head without notice. So, if you do make up your mind to speak without leave, say your prayers first.”

“那个，”这位强盗一把抓住奥利弗的手腕，把枪口对在了他的太阳穴上。孩子瞬间吓得跳了起来。“你跟着我出门的时候，要是敢说一个字，这子弹就会进入你的脑袋中，连个招呼也不会打，当然了，除非是我先让你说的。所以，你要是准备随便开口说话，最好提前把祷告做了。”

Having bestowed a scowl upon the object of this warning, to increase its effect, Mr. Sikes continued.

为了加强这些话的作用，赛克斯还狠狠地瞪了这位受警告的孩子一眼，然后又继续说道：

"As near as I know, there isn't anybody as would be asking very partickler arter you, if you was disposed of; so I needn't take this devil-and-all of trouble to explain matters to you, if it warn't for your own good. D'ye hear me?”

“据我所知，你要是真的死了，根本就不会有人询问起你的情况。因此，要不是为了你好，我根本就不必费这么多口舌向你解释这么多。你听明白了吗？”

"The short and the long of what you mean," said Nancy: speaking very emphatically, and slightly frowning at Oliver as if to bespeak his serious attention to her words: "is, that if you're crossed by him in this job you have on hand, you'll prevent his ever telling tales afterwards, by shooting him through the head, and will take your chance of swinging for it, as you do for a great many other things in the way of business, every month of your life.”

“说得明白些吧，”南希用强调的语气说道，同时又微微向奥利弗皱了皱眉头，似乎是想提醒他要多多留意她的话，“也就是说，要是他在干这个活的时候惹你生气了，你就会一枪崩了他，让他以后再也不能胡说八道了。为了这事，即使你可能会有被处绞刑的危险，你也不在乎。就像你为了做这生意不惜要做其他很多事情一样，而且你每个月都会做这种事情。”

"That's it!" observed Mr. Sikes, approvingly; "women can always put things in fewest words. —Except when it's blowing up; and then they lengthens it out. And now that he's thoroughly up to it, let's have some supper, and get a snooze before starting.”

“就是这样！”赛克斯赞同地说，“女人家总是能够把事情用简单的语言说明白。——除非是发神经的时候，她们讲起话来就啰嗦个没完了。现在既然他已经完全明白了，我们吃点饭吧，动身之前稍稍打个盹儿。”

In pursuance of this request, Nancy quickly laid the cloth; disappearing for a few minutes, she presently returned with a pot of porter and a dish of sheep's heads: which gave occasion to several pleasant witticisms on the part of Mr. Sikes, founded upon the singular coincidence of "jemmies" being a can name, common to them, and also to an ingenious implement much used in his profession. Indeed, the worthy gentleman, stimulated perhaps by the immediate prospect of being on active service, was in great spirits and good humour; in proof whereof, it may be here remarked, that he humourously drank all the beer at a draught, and did not utter, on a rough calculation, more than four-score oaths during the whole progress of the meal.

按照这一吩咐，南希迅速地铺好了桌布。她出去了一会儿，再回来的时候，带来了一罐黑啤酒和一盘羊头肉。这给了赛克斯先生机会，说了些令人开心的俏皮话。他发现“羊头肉”这个词碰巧是帮派里的一种说法，也是干他们这一行必不可少的一种巧妙的工具。的确，或许是因为马上就可以大干一场了吧，这位值得尊敬的先生精神格外饱满，一直开着玩笑。为证明上述情况是正确的，有一点必须得提，那就是他风趣地把所有的啤酒一口气全都喝了下去。而且粗略估计一下，他在整个吃饭过程中，骂人的次数竟然没有超过八十次。

Supper being ended—it may be easily conceived that Oliver had no great appetite for it—Mr. Sikes disposed of a couple of glasses of spirits and water, and threw himself on the bed; ordering Nancy, with many imprecations in case of failure, to call him at five precisely. Oliver stretched himself in his clothes, by command of the same authority, on a mattress upon the floor; and the girl, mending the fire, sat before it, in readiness to rouse them at the appointed time.

吃完晚饭——完全可以想象，奥利弗对晚饭毫无胃口——赛克斯又喝了几杯兑了水的烈酒，然后把自己抛到了床上，嘱咐南希五点整喊醒他，还说了些要是做不到就不得好死之类的诅咒。奥利弗接到了来自同一位权威人士的命令。他穿着衣服直接躺在了地板的垫子上。南希给炉子添了火，在炉子前面坐了下来，准备在指定的时间叫醒他们。

For a long time Oliver lay awake, thinking it not impossible that Nancy might seek that opportunity of whispering some further advice; but the girl sat brooding over the fire, without moving, save now and then to trim the light. Weary with watching and anxiety, he at length fell asleep.

奥利弗躺在那儿辗转反侧，难以入眠。他想南希不可能不抓住这个机会，给自己下一步的建议。但是南希姑娘一动不动地坐在火炉前，想着心事，不时剪一剪烛花。奥利弗又期待又焦虑，疲惫不堪，最后，他不知不觉地睡着了。

When he awoke, the table was covered with tea-things, and Sikes was thrusting various articles into the pockets of his great-coat, which hung over the back of a chair. Nancy was busily engaged in preparing breakfast. It was not yet daylight; for the candle was still burning, and it was quite dark outside. A sharp rain, too, was beating against the window-panes; and the sky looked black and cloudy.

当他醒来的时候，桌子上已经摆好了茶具。赛克斯正在将各种各样的东西塞进一件大衣的口袋里，大衣挂在椅背上。南希姑娘正忙着准备早餐。天还没有完全亮，屋子里依旧点着蜡烛，外面漆黑一片。大雨正敲打着窗户，天空中乌云密布，格外阴沉。

"Now, then!" growled Sikes, as Oliver started up; "half-past five! Look sharp, or you'll get no breakfast; for it's late as it is.”

“喂！”赛克斯看到奥利弗起来了，咆哮道，“已经五点半了！快点，要不然你就吃不上早饭了，本来就已经起得很晚了。”

Oliver was not long in making his toilet; having taken some breakfast, he replied to a surly inquiry from Sikes, by saying that he was quite ready.

奥利弗一会儿就洗漱完毕了。他快速吃了点早餐，当赛克斯板着脸问他的时候，他回答说已经准备好了。

Nancy, scarcely looking at the boy, threw him a handkerchief to tie round his throat; Sikes gave him a large rough cape to button over his shoulders. Thus attired, he gave his hand to the robber, who, merely pausing to show him with a menacing gesture that he had that same pistol in a side-pocket of his great-coat, clasped it firmly in his, and, exchanging a farewell with Nancy, led him away.

南希尽量避免正眼看奥利弗。她扔给奥利弗一块手绢，叫他系在脖子上。赛克斯给了他一件粗糙的披肩，叫他披在肩膀上，扣上扣子。打扮好了后，他朝那个强盗伸过手去。强盗停了一下，威吓似的向奥利弗显示，自己已经把手枪放在大衣的侧口袋里。然后他紧紧攥住奥利弗的手，跟南希道别，便领着他出发了。

Oliver turned, for an instant, when they reached the door, in the hope of meeting a look from the girl. But she had resumed her old seat in front of the fire, and sat, perfectly motionless before it.

当他们走到门口的时候，奥利弗突然回头，希望能够碰上南希姑娘的目光。但是她已经回到炉火旁边的老位置，一动不动地坐在那里了。

CHAPTER XXI The Expedition

第二十一章 远行

It was a cheerless morning when they got into the street; blowing and raining hard; and the clouds looking dull and stormy. The night had been very wet: large pools of water had collected in the road: and the kennels were overflowing. There was a faint glimmering of the coming day in the sky; but it rather aggravated than relieved the gloom of the scene: the sombre light only serving to pale that which the street lamps afforded, without shedding any warmer or brighter tints upon the wet house-tops, and dreary streets. There appeared to be nobody stirring in that quarter of the town; the windows of the houses were all closely shut; and the streets through which they passed, were noiseless and empty.

早上他们走到街上的时候，天气让人沮丧：劲风急雨，阴云密布，似乎在酝酿一场暴雨。昨晚下了一夜的雨，地面上积起了很多大水洼，雨水漫过了路边的沟渠。天空中些许微光闪动，预示新一天的到来。这非但没有缓解景色的压抑，反倒使其更加阴晦：这阴郁的微光唯一的作用就是将街灯的光线衬得苍白，却没有在湿漉漉的马厩顶层或沉闷的街道上洒落一点更为温暖或明亮的色调。镇上的街区里面似乎还没有人活动的迹象，所有房子的窗户都紧紧关着，而他们穿过的街道也是静悄悄、空荡荡的。

By the time they had turned into the Bethnal Green Road, the day had fairly begun to break. Many of the lamps were already extinguished; a few country waggons were slowly toiling on, towards London; now and then, a stage-coach, covered with mud, rattled briskly by: the driver bestowing, as he passed, and admonitory lash upon the heavy waggoner who, by keeping on the wrong side of the road, had endangered his arriving at the office, a quarter of a minute after his time. The public-houses, with gas-lights burning inside, were already open. By degrees, other shops began to be unclosed, and a few scattered people were met with. Then, came straggling groups of labourers going to their work; then, men and women with fish-baskets on their heads; donkey-carts laden with vegetables; chaise-carts filled with live-stock or whole carcasses of meat; milk-women with pails; an unbroken concourse of people, trudging out with various supplies to the eastern suburbs of the town. As they approached the City, the noise and traffic gradually increased; when they threaded the streets between Shoreditch and Smithfield, it had swelled into a roar of sound and bustle. It was as light as it was likely to be, till night came on again, and the busy morning of half the London population had

begun.

他们转进贝丝勒尔草地大道的时候，天色已经相当亮了。很多路灯已经熄灭，几辆乡村马车正在缓慢而艰难地朝伦敦方向驶去，时不时地有沾满污泥的驿站马车嗒嗒地疾驰而过：驾车人在超过那笨头笨脑的马车车夫时，会抽他一鞭子以示警告，因为车夫驾车岔了道，害他不能准时到站，已经比平常晚了二十五秒。酒店里面点着煤气灯，已经开门做生意了。逐渐地，其他店铺也开了，他们三三两两地遇见了几个人。接着，零零星星的几群工人开始上工了，而后顶着鱼篮的男男女女，装满蔬菜的驴车，满载着活家畜或已屠宰好的整肉的轻便马车，提着木桶的牛奶工，络绎不绝的人群带着各种各样的供给长途跋涉地走向镇东郊区。他们快到伦敦时，喧嚣声愈来愈大，街上渐渐车水马龙；当他们艰难穿过肖狄奇区和伦敦肉市场中间的几条街道时，整个伦敦城已是一片人声鼎沸、熙熙攘攘的景象。天已大亮，直到夜幕又一次降临才会再暗下去，而半数伦敦人也开始了他们繁忙的早晨。

Turning down Sun Street and Crown Street, and crossing Finsbury square, Mr. Sikes struck, by way of Chiswell Street, into Barbican: thence into Long Lane, and so into Smithfield; from which latter place arose a tumult of discordant sounds that filled Oliver Twist with amazement.

经过太阳街、克朗街，穿过芬斯伯雷广场，赛克斯先生沿着契士韦尔路急匆匆地走进望楼街，穿过长巷，到了伦敦肉市场。那里正传出一阵喧闹声，奥利弗·特威斯特吃了一惊。

It was market-morning. The ground was covered, nearly ankle-deep, with filth and mire; a thick steam, perpetually rising from the reeking bodies of the cattle, and mingling with the fog, which seemed to rest upon the chimney-tops, hung heavily above. All the pens in the centre of the large area, and as many temporary pens as could be crowded into the vacant space, were filled with sheep; tied up to posts by the gutter side were long lines of beasts and oxen, three or four deep. Countrymen, butchers, drovers, hawkers, boys, thieves, idlers, and vagabonds of every low grade, were mingled together in a mass; the whistling of drovers, the barking dogs, the bellowing and plunging of the oxen, the bleating of sheep, the grunting and squeaking of pigs, the cries of hawkers, the shouts, oaths, and quarrelling on all sides; the ringing of bells and roar of voices, that issued from every public-house; the crowding, pushing, driving, beating, whooping and yelling; the hideous and discordant dim that resounded from every corner of the market; and the unwashed, unshaven, squalid, and dirty figures constantly running to and fro, and bursting in and out of the throng; rendered it a stunning and bewildering scene, which quite confounded the senses.

这天早上有早集。地面上覆盖着的污秽烂泥，几乎能没过脚踝；一

股浓浓的蒸汽，从那臭气熏天的牛身上不断散发出来，和似乎总是缭绕在烟筒顶部的烟雾混杂在一起，沉郁郁地悬聚在空中。阔地中心所有的围栏，以及空地中塞得下的所有临时围栏里，都关满了绵羊；排水沟旁边的柱子上，拴着长长的三四排牲畜和公牛。农夫、屠户、牲口贩、街头小贩、男孩、小偷、懒汉，以及社会底层形形色色的流氓无赖乱七八糟地混杂在一起；牲口贩的口哨声、狗的吠叫声、公牛的咆哮和踢蹄声、羊咩咩的叫声、猪发出的呼呼噜噜、哼哼唧唧的声音、小贩的吆喝声，各种叫喊声、咒骂声、争吵声，从四面八方传来。各个酒馆里铃声嘈杂、人声喧闹；人们拥挤着，互相摧搡、追逐，里头还夹杂着斗殴、叫好和叫喊声；市场各个角落里弥漫着可怕而不和谐的暗光；一些不洗澡、不刮脸、肮脏不堪的身影不停地在人群中跑进跑出；这一切构成了一幅令人瞠目结舌、晕头转向的场景，使整个局面相当混乱。

Mr. Sikes, dragging Oliver after him, elbowed his way through the thickest of the crowd, and bestowed very little attention on the numerous sights and sounds, which so astonished the boy. He nodded, twice or thrice, to a passing friend; and, resisting as many invitations to take a morning dram, pressed steadily onward, until they were clear of the turmoil, and had made their way through Hosier Lane into Holborn.

赛克斯先生拉着身后的奥利弗，用胳膊从最拥挤的人群中捅开一条路。他几乎完全不理会身边那众多的场景和声音，而奥利弗却对那些感到十分惊奇。有这么两三次，他朝路过的朋友点头，拒绝了同样多次数要他来点清晨小酒的邀请；他坚定不移地往前走，直到他们走出这片混乱之地，穿过袜子巷，朝着霍尔本山走去。

"Now, young 'un!" said Sikes, looking up at the clock of St. Andrew's Church, "hard upon seven! You must step out. Come, don't lag behind already, Lazy-legs!”

“嘿，年轻人！”赛克斯先生抬头看向圣安德鲁教堂的钟，说道，“快七点了！你一定得迈开大步走。快点儿，别再落在后面了，懒家伙！”

Mr. Sikes accompanied this speech with a jerk at his little companion's wrist; Oliver, quickening his pace into a kind of trot between a fast walk and a run, kept up with the rapid strides of the house-breaker as well as he could.

赛克斯先生一边说一边猛拉了一把小家伙的手腕。奥利弗加快了步伐，变成介于快走和奔跑之间的小跑，使出全力来跟上这个大步流星的强盗。

They held their course at this rate, until they had passed Hyde Park corner, and were on their way to Kensington: when Sikes relaxed his pace, until an empty cart which was at some little distance behind, came up. Seeing "Hounslow" written on it, he asked the driver with as much civility as he could assume, if he would give them a lift as far as

Isleworth.

他们一直以这个速度赶路，直到他们经过了海德公园拐角，朝肯辛顿走去；这时赛克斯先生放慢了步伐，一直到背后不远处那辆空着的马车赶上来。赛克斯看到马车上写着“豪恩斯洛”的字样，就以他能想到的最礼貌的方式问车夫，可否把他们带到艾尔沃斯。

"Jump up," said the man. "Is that your boy?"

“跳上来吧。”车夫说，“这是您儿子吗？”

"Yes; he's my boy," replied Sikes, looking hard at Oliver, and putting his hand abstractedly into the pocket where the pistol was.

“是啊，是我儿子。”赛克斯回答说。他死盯着奥利弗，一只手好似心不在焉地伸进装有手枪的口袋里。

"Your father walks rather too quick for you, don't he, my man?" inquired the driver: seeing that Oliver was out of breath.

“你父亲走得太快,你都跟不上了，是不是，小伙子？”车夫看到奥利弗上气不接下气，就这样询问道。

"Not a bit of it," replied Sikes, interposing. "He's used to it.

“没有的事儿。”赛克斯插嘴说，“他已经习惯了。

Here, take hold of my hand, Ned. In with you!”

来，内德，抓着我的手。上去！”

Thus addressing Oliver, he helped him into the cart; and the driver, pointing to a heap of sacks, told him to lie down there, and rest himself.

他一边这么对奥利弗说，一边帮他上了马车。车夫指着一摞麻袋，让他去那里躺下休息。

As they passed the different mile-stones, Oliver wondered, more and more, where his companion meant to take him. Kensington, Hammersmith, Chiswick, Kew Bridge, Brentford, were all passed; and yet they went on as steadily as if they had only just begun their journey. At length, they came to a public-house called the Coach and Horses; a little way beyond which, another road appeared to run off. And here, the cart stopped.

随着他们经过不同的路标，奥利弗越来越疑惑，不知道他身边这个人打算把他带到哪里去。他们已经一路经过了肯辛顿、哈默史密斯、契息克、植物园桥和布伦特福德，却依旧平稳前行，似乎旅途刚刚开始。最后，他们到了一家叫做“马车与马”的酒馆；在那家酒馆不远处，另有一条大路通向远方。马车就在这里停了下来。

Sikes dismounted with great precipitation, holding Oliver by the hand all the while; and lifting him down directly, bestowed a furious

look upon him, and rapped the side-pocket with his fist, in a significant manner.

赛克斯径直跳下了马车，这期间一直抓着奥利弗的手不放。然后他双手一抬，直接把奥利弗从马车上移到了地上。他恶狠狠地看了奥利弗一眼，还用拳头在旁边的口袋上意味深长地敲了几下。

"Good-bye, boy," said the man.

“再见了，孩子。”车夫说。

"He's sulky," replied Sikes, giving him a shake; "he's sulky. A young dog! Don't mind him.”

“他不高兴了，”赛克斯和他握了握手，说道，“真的不高兴了。这小狗崽子！别介意。”

"Not I!" rejoined the other, getting into his cart. "It's a fine day, after all.” And he drove away.

“我才不会！”车夫一边回答，一边上了马车，“无论如何，今儿个天气还真不错呢。”说罢他赶着车走了。

Sikes waited until he had fairly gone; and then, telling Oliver he might look about him if he wanted, once again led him onward on his journey.

一直等到车夫走得相当远了，赛克斯才开口对奥利弗说，如果他有兴致，还可以四处看看，接着又领着他上路了。

They turned round to the left, a short way past the public-house; and then, taking a right-hand road, walked on for a long time: passing many large gardens and gentlemen's houses on both sides of the way, and stopping for nothing but a little beer, until they reached a town. Here against the wall of a house, Oliver saw written up in pretty large letters, "Hampton." They lingered about, in the fields, for some hours. At length they came back into the town; and, turning into an old public-house with a defaced sign-board, ordered some dinner by the kitchen fire.

过了酒馆他们又走了一小段路，然后往左一拐，沿着右手边的路走了很长时间。一路上，沿途道路两旁有很多大花园和绅士的豪宅。他们一直走到一个镇上才歇脚，中间只停下来喝过些啤酒。在这里，奥利弗看到一所房子的墙上写着“汉普顿”三个大字。他们在田里转悠了几个小时。最后他们回到了镇上，进了一家招牌面目全非的酒馆，在厨房炉火旁边点了些晚餐。

The kitchen was an old, low-roofed room; with a great beam across the middle of the ceiling, and benches, with high backs to them, by the fire; on which were seated several rough men in smock-frocks, drinking and smoking. They took no notice of Oliver; and very

little of Sikes; and, as Sikes took very little notice of them, he and his young comrade sat in a corner by themselves, without being much troubled by their company.

厨房很老旧，屋顶低矮，一条大梁横穿过天花板。火炉旁边有几条靠背很高的长板凳，几个身穿长罩衫的粗鲁男人正坐在上面抽烟喝酒。他们没有理会奥利弗，也几乎没怎么注意赛克斯；赛克斯同样对他们视而不见，只是和他的小同伴两人坐在一个角落里，没怎么受到旁边人的打扰。

They had some cold meat for dinner, and sat so long after it, while Mr. Sikes indulged himself with three or four pipes, that Oliver began to feel quite certain they were not going any further. Being much tired with the walk, and getting up so early, he dozed a little at first; then, quite overpowered by fatigue and the fumes of the tobacco, fell asleep.

他们晚餐吃了点冷肉，然后坐了很久。这期间赛克斯先生一直沉醉于吞云吐雾，共抽了三四管烟，奥利弗开始觉得，他们肯定不会再赶路了。他早上起得很早，赶路又很累人，起先他就小眯了一会儿；后来实在架不住疲劳，又闻着烟草的味道，就睡着了。

It was quite dark when he was awakened by a push from Sikes. Rousing himself sufficiently to sit up and look about him, he found that worthy in close fellowship and communication with a labouring man, over a pint of ale.

赛克斯推醒他的时候，天已经相当黑了。当奥利弗振作精神，勉强能坐起来看看四周时，他发现这位名流正和一名劳工模样的人一起喝一品脱啤酒，关系甚密，交谈投机。

"So, you're going on to Lower Halliford, are you?" inquired Sikes.

“那么，你是要去下哈利佛德，对吧？”赛克斯询问道。

"Yes, I am," replied the man, who seemed a little the worse—or better, as the case might be—for drinking; "and not slow about it neither. My horse hasn't got a load behind him going back, as he had coming up in the mornin'; and he won't be long a-doing of it. Here's luck to him. Ecod! he's a good 'un!”

“是啊。”那个人回答说。他似乎喝得有点醉意了——但这在这种情况下可能是件好事，“也不会很慢。我的马回去拉的是空车，不像早上来的时候有货。它也不能再拉多久了。祝它好运吧。呃嗬！它真是匹好马！”

"Could you give my boy and me a lift as far as there?" demanded Sikes, pushing the ale towards his new friend.

“您能把我和我儿子捎到那儿吗？”赛克斯边提着要求，边把啤酒推到了他新朋友的面前。

"If you're going directly, I can," replied the man, looking out of the pot. "Are you going to Halliford?"

“如果你们马上就走的话，可以。”那人从酒罐后面看过来，回答说，“你们要去哈利佛德？”

"Going on to Shepperton," replied Sikes.

“要去谢普顿。”赛克斯答道。

"I'm your man, as far as I go," replied the other. "Is all paid, Becky?"

“只要是我能走到的地方，您尽管吩咐。”那人接口道,“买单了么，贝基？”

"Yes, the other gentleman's paid," replied the girl.

“买了，那位先生已经买过了。”女孩应道。

"I say!" said the man, with tipsy gravity; "that won't do, you know.”

“我说！”那人说，他虽然醉了酒，态度倒还相当庄重，“那可不行，您知道的。”

"Why not?" rejoined Sikes. "You're a-going to accommodate us, and wot's to prevent my standing treat for a pint or so, in return?”

“有什么不行的？”赛克斯应道，“您收留了我们，还不许我请你喝一品脱啤酒什么的，当做回报吗？”

The stranger reflected upon this argument, with a very profound face; having done so, he seized Sikes by the hand: and declared he was a real good fellow. To which Mr. Sikes replied, he was joking; as, if he had been sober, there would have been strong reason to suppose he was.

那陌生人神色凝重地想了想他的话，然后抓住了赛克斯的手，称他是个真真正正的好人。赛克斯先生回应说对方只是开玩笑罢了；如果那人够清醒的话，就有充足的理由相信，他自己说的话是不作数的。

After the exchange of a few more compliments, they bade the company good-night, and went out; the girl gathering up the pots and glasses as they did so, and lounging out to the door, with her hands full, to see the party start.

他们又相互恭维了几句，然后互道晚安，走了出去。趁着这会儿功夫，女孩收拾了一下桌子，正懒洋洋地往门外走，想要去看热闹；她的两只手上都还捧着酒罐和玻璃杯。

The horse, whose health had been drunk in his absence, was standing outside: ready harnessed to the cart. Oliver and Sikes got in without any further ceremony; and the man to whom he belonged,

having lingered for a minute or two "to bear him up", and to defy the hostler and the world to produce his equal, mounted also. Then, the hostler was told to give the horse his head; and, his head being given him, he made a very unpleasant use of it: tossing it into the air with great disdain, and running into the parlour windows over the way; after performing those feats, and supporting himself for a short time on his hind-legs, he started off at great speed, and rattled out of the town right gallantly.

那匹马已经套在了车上，此时正站在外头；浑然不知在自己不在场的时候，已经被人敬过酒、祝过健康了。奥利弗和赛克斯没有再客气，直接就上了车。马的主人为了“给它打打气”，又磨蹭了一两分钟，还相当不屑地说，骡马夫乃至全世界都没本事，养不出能跟他这匹并驾齐驱的好马，然后才上了车。接着他知会骡马夫放马。马被松了缰以后，做了一件令人很不愉快的事：它不屑地把头在空中甩了甩，还一路跑起，撞进了对面会客厅的窗户里。表演完了这些特技以后，它又前腿腾空挺了一会儿，然后迅速开跑，英姿飒爽地飞奔出了镇。

The night was very dark. A damp mist rose from the river, and the marshy ground about; and spread itself over the dreary fields. It was piercing cold, too; all was gloomy and black. Not a word was spoken; for the driver had grown sleepy; and Sikes was in no mood to lead him into conversation. Oliver sat huddled together, in a corner of the cart; bewildered with alarm and apprehension; and figuring strange objects in the gaunt trees, whose branches waved grimly to and fro, as if in some fantastic joy at the desolation of the scene.

这一夜天特别黑。一股潮湿的雾气从河面和沼泽地上慢慢飘起，向四周蔓延开来，笼罩了整个沉闷的田地。天也冷，冷得刺骨；周围一片阴郁昏暗，黑得伸手不见五指。几个人一言不发。车夫已经昏昏欲睡了，而赛克斯也没有心情与他攀谈。奥利弗蜷成一团坐在马车的一角，他忐忑不安，惊恐难言，满心都是困惑不解；在他的想象中，枯树丛里面藏着奇怪的东西。那些枯枝晃来晃去，十分可怖，似乎因为这片荒凉的景色而莫名地狂喜。

As they passed Sunbury Church, the clock struck seven. There was a light in the ferry-house window opposite: which streamed across the road, and threw into more sombre shadow a dark yew-tree with graves beneath it. There was a dull sound of falling water not far off; and the leaves of the old tree stirred gently in the night wind. It seemed like quiet music for the repose of the dead.

他们经过森伯里教堂时，教堂的钟敲了七下。对面渡口灯塔的窗户里点着一盏灯，灯光照过大路，将一棵黑黝黝的杉树和树下的坟墓一道投入了更加昏暗的阴影中。不远的地方传来水流泄地的声音，很是沉闷；夜风中老树的叶子正轻轻地摇摆。那声音听上去像是为使死者安息所奏的哀乐。

Sunbury was passed through, and they came again into the lonely road. Two or three miles more, and the cart stopped. Sikes alighted, took Oliver by the hand, and they once again walked on.

他们穿过了森伯里，又一次走上了寂寥的大道。又走了两三英里，马车停了下来。赛克斯下了车，抓住了奥利弗的手，两人又再一次徒步上路。

They turned into no house at Shepperton, as the weary boy had expected; but still kept walking on, in mud and darkness, through gloomy lanes and over cold open wastes, until they came within sight of the lights of a town at no great distance. On looking intently forward, Oliver saw that the water was just below them, and that they were coming to the foot of a bridge.

那个疲惫的男孩满心期待，希望能在谢普顿找所房子，稍作休息。可惜他们没这么做，只是一刻不停地继续往前走。沿途一片漆黑；他们在泥泞中深一脚浅一脚地走着，穿过阴暗的小巷，走过冰冷的旷野，直到可以望见不远处小镇里的点点灯光。奥利弗仔细往前看了看，发现水正从他们脚下流过，而他们此时正往桥墩走去。

Sikes kept straight on, until they were close upon the bridge; then turned suddenly down a bank upon the left.

赛克斯径直往前走，到快上桥时却又突然一拐，沿着左侧的河岸走了下去。

"The water!" thought Oliver, turning sick with fear. "He has brought me to this lonely place to murder me!"

“有水！”奥利弗想到这，恐惧得难以自持，只觉得胃里一阵翻腾，“他把我带到这个荒凉的地方,为的是要在这儿杀了我！”

He was about to throw himself on the ground, and make one struggle for his young life, when he saw that they stood before a solitary house: all ruinous and decayed. There was a window on each side of the dilapidated entrance; and one story above; but no light was visible. The house was dark, dismantled: and the all appearance, uninhabited.

他刚要扑倒在地，为自己年轻的生命作最后一搏，却发现他们此时正站在一所孤零零的房子前，一所破破烂烂、腐朽不堪的房子前。房子的大门也是年久失修，门口两侧各有一扇窗；楼上还有一层楼，但是看不到半点光亮。这房子七零八散，里面又是漆黑一片，怎么看都像是没人住的。

Sikes, with Oliver's hand still in his, softly approached the low porch, and raised the latch. The door yielded to the pressure, and they passed in together.

赛克斯一刻都没松开过奥利弗的手，他拉着奥利弗轻轻地走近低矮

的门廊，提起了门闩。他一使劲，门就被打开了；两人一起走了进去。

CHAPTER XXII The Burglary

第二十二章 夜盗

"Hallo!" cried a loud, hoarse voice, as soon as they set foot in the passage.

“喂！”他们刚踏进走廊，一个沙哑的大嗓门就喊了起来。

"Don't make such a row," said Sikes, bolting the door. "Show a glim, Toby."

“别吵。”赛克斯一边说，一边插上门闩，“托比，借个光。”

"Aha! my pal!" cried the same voice. "A glim, Barney, a glim! Show the gentleman in, Barney; wake up first, if convenient."

“啊哈！我的老伙计！”那个声音又喊道，“来点儿光，巴尼，来点儿光！领那位绅士进来，巴尼。要是方便的话，先把你自己弄醒。”

The speaker appeared to throw a boot-jack, or some such article, at the person he addressed, to rouse him from his slumbers: for the noise of a wooden body, falling violently, was heard; and then an indistinct muttering, as of a man between sleep and awake.

说话的人为了把他招呼的人从熟睡中叫醒，像是朝他扔了个鞋拔子之类的东西，只听见有木器猛然落地的声音传来。接着又响起了模糊不清的嘟囔声，像是个半睡半醒的人正在低声抱怨。

"Do you hear?" cried the same voice. "There's Bill Sikes in the passage with nobody to do the civil to him; and you sleeping there, as if you took laudanum with your meals, and nothing stronger. Are you any fresher now, or do you want the iron candlestick to wake you thoroughly?”

“你听见没有？”那声音叫道，“比尔·赛克斯在门廊里，没人招呼。你反而睡在那里，像是把鸦片酊就着饭吃了，没吃别的长力气的东西似的。现在清醒点儿了吧？或者你想要我拿个铁烛台过去，帮你彻底清醒一下？”

A pair of slipshod feet shuffled, hastily, across the bare floor of the room, as this interrogatory was put; and there issued, from a door on the right hand; first, a feeble candle: and next, the form of the same individual who has been heretofore described as labouring under the infirmity of speaking through his nose, and officiating as waiter at the public-house on Saffron Hill.

这番责问还没停，就听见有人穿着拖鞋，急急忙忙、踢踢踏踏地穿过了没铺地板的房间。接着右手边的门口亮起了一根蜡烛，烛光很微

弱，之后又出现了一个人影，就是前面提过的在萨弗伦山酒馆当侍者，说话还老带着鼻音的那个人。

"Bister Sikes!" exclaimed Barney, with real or counterfeit joy; "cub id, sir; cub id."

“比斯特·赛克斯！”巴尼叫道，别提有多高兴了，只是不知道是发自真心还是虚情假意。他还用拉丁语客气地招呼道：“请进，先生，请进来吧。”

"Here! you get on first," said Sikes, putting Oliver in front of him. "Quicker! or I shall tread upon your heels."

“来！你先上去。”赛克斯边说边把奥利弗推到了他身前，“快点儿！要不然我就要踩到你的脚后跟了。”

Muttering a curse upon his tardiness, Sikes pushed Oliver before him; and they entered a low dark room with a smoky fire, two or three broken chairs, a table, and a very old couch: on which, with his legs much higher than his head, a man was reposing at full length, smoking a long clay pipe. He was dressed in a smartly-cut snuff-coloured coat, with large brass buttons; an orange neckerchief; a coarse, staring, shawl-pattern waistcoat; and drab breeches. Mr. Crackit (for he it was) had no very great quantity of hair, either upon his head or face; but what he had, was of a reddish dye, and tortured into long corkscrew curls, through which he occasionally thrust some very dirty fingers, ornamented with large common rings. He was a trifle above the middle size, and apparently rather weak in the legs; but this circumstance by no means detracted from his own admiration of his top-boots, which he contemplated, in their elevated situation, with lively satisfaction.

赛克斯嫌奥利弗行动缓慢，嘟囔着骂了一句，推着他往前走。他们走进了一间又低又暗的房间，里头烧着火炉，室内烟雾缭绕；还有两三把破椅子、一张桌子、一张老沙发。一个男人手脚摊开躺在沙发上，腿跷得比头还高，正抽着一根长长的陶制烟斗。他穿着一件裁剪精致、带有大号铜纽扣的鼻烟色外套，围着一条橙色围巾，外面套了一件做工粗糙、颇为显眼的披肩式背心，下身穿一条土褐色裤子。格拉基特先生（上述的人就是他）毛发不多，头上和脸上都显得有些光溜溜的；仅存的那些被染上了淡红的颜色，卷成了瓶塞起子般螺旋的长卷。他偶尔会把脏兮兮的手指插进头发里，手指上还戴着几个不值钱的大戒指。他的身材中等偏高，是个小人物，而且双腿看上去没什么力气，但这一现状丝毫无损于他对自己长靴的赞赏。此时他正注视着跷在高处的靴子，显出愉快而满意的神情。

"Bill, my boy!" said this figure, turning his head towards the door, "I'm glad to see you. I was almost afraid you'd given it up: in which case I should have made a personal wentur. Hallo!”

“比尔，我的老伙计！”那个人扭头冲着门说，“见到你真高兴。我都有点儿担心你已经放弃了，那样的话我就要自己单干了。嘿！”

Uttering this exclamation in a tone of great surprise, as his eyes rested on Oliver, Mr. Toby Crackit brought himself into a sitting posture, and demanded who that was.

托比·格拉基特的目光一落到奥利弗身上，就发出了这声感叹，语气里满是讶异。他坐了起来，接着问起那人是谁。

"The boy. Only the boy!" replied Sikes, drawing a chair towards the fire.

“那个男孩，就是那个男孩！”赛克斯一边回答，一边拉了把椅子走向火炉。

"Wud of Bister Fagid's lads," exclaimed Barney, with a grin.

“肯定是比斯特·费金的徒弟。”巴尼咧嘴笑着，大声说道。

"Fagin's, eh!" exclaimed Toby, looking at Oliver. "Wot an inwalable boy that'll make, for the old ladies' pockets in chapels! His mug is a fortin to him.”

“费金的徒弟，嗯！”托比看着奥利弗，也嚷了起来，“若要算计教堂里那些老太太的口袋，这男孩可是个宝贝！有那脸蛋儿是他的福气。”

"There—there's enough of that," interposed Sikes, impatiently; and stooping over his recumbant friend, he whispered a few words in his ear: at which Mr. Crackit laughed immensely, and honoured Oliver with a long stare of astonishment.

“嘿，扯够了吧。”赛克斯不耐烦地插嘴说。他弯腰凑近他那位坐在沙发上的伙计，在他耳边嘀咕了几句话。格拉基特先生听罢大笑起来，然后又吃惊地盯着奥利弗看了很长时间。

"Now," said Sikes, as he resumed his seat, "if you'll give us something to eat and drink while we're waiting, you'll put some heart in us; or in me, at all events. Sit down by the fire, younker, and rest yourself; for you'll have to go out with us again to-night, though not very far off.”

“好了。”赛克斯回到自己座位上说，“在我们等的这段时候，给我们弄点吃的喝的。不管怎么说，这能帮我们，至少能帮我，振奋振奋精神。来烤烤火，小伙子，休息一下。今天晚上你还得跟我们出去，尽管路不是很远。”

Oliver looked at Sikes, in mute and timid wonder; and drawing a stool to the fire, sat with his aching head upon his hands, scarecely knowing where he was, or what was passing around him.

奥利弗没说话，只是怯生生地看了看赛克斯，一副懵懂的样子，然

后他拉了个凳子坐到火边，拿双手托着发疼的脑袋。他既对自己在哪里一无所知，也不明白身边正在发生什么事情。

"Here," said Toby, as the young Jew placed some fragments of food, and a bottle upon the table, "Success to the crack!" He rose to honour the toast; and, carefully depositing his empty pipe in a corner, advanced to the table, filled a glass with spirits, and drank off its contents. Mr. Sikes did the same.

“来，”托比说，“祝成功！”那个年轻的犹太人则在桌子上放了些零碎的食物和一瓶酒。托比站起来祝酒，然后小心翼翼地把空烟斗放在一个角落里，接着又向前走到桌边，满满倒了一杯烈酒，一饮而尽。赛克斯也照样喝了一杯。

"A drain for the boy," said Toby, half-filling a wine-glass. "Down with it, innocence."

“让这孩子也喝点儿，”托比边说边倒了半杯酒，“干了它，小天真。”

"Indeed," said Oliver, looking piteously up into the man's face; "indeed, I—" "Down with it!" echoed Toby. "Do you think I don't know what's good for you? Tell him to drink it, Bill.”

“其实，”奥利弗可怜巴巴地看着那人的脸说，“其实我真的——”“干了它！”托比重复道，“你以为我不知道什么对你有好处？比尔，让他把酒喝了。”

"He had better!" said Sikes clapping his hand upon his pocket. "Burn my body, if he isn't more trouble than a whole family of Dodgers. Drink it, you perwerse imp; drink it!”

“他最好是喝下去！”赛克斯把手在口袋上一放，如是说。“真急人，他简直比一家子机灵鬼还麻烦。喝了它，任性的小子，快喝！”

Frightened by the menacing gestures of the two men, Oliver hastily swallowed the contents of the glass, and immediately fell into a violent fit of coughing: which delighted Toby Crackit and Barney, and even drew a smile from the surly Mr. Sikes.

奥利弗被这两个男人凶神恶煞的样子吓坏了，他慌慌张张地咽下杯子里的酒，立即剧烈地咳嗽起来。托比·格拉基特和巴尼都被他逗乐了，甚至连严肃的赛克斯先生脸上也露出了一丝笑容。

This done, and Sikes having satisfied his appetite (Oliver could eat nothing but a small crust of bread which they made him swallow), the two men laid themselves down on chairs for a short nap. Oliver retained his stool by the fire; Barney wrapped in a blanket, stretched himself on the floor: close outside the fender.

这之后，赛克斯好好地满足了一下他的胃（奥利弗什么都吃不下，

只是在他们的逼迫下吃了一片面包），那两个男人则倒在椅子上打起盹来。奥利弗仍然坐在炉火边的凳子上；巴尼裹着毯子，紧挨着挡灰板，双手双脚摊开着在地板上躺了下来。

They slept, or appeared to sleep, for some time; nobody stirring but Barney, who rose once or twice to throw coals on the fire. Oliver fell into a heavy doze: imagining himself straying along the gloomy lanes, or wandering about the dark churchyard, or retracing some one or other of the scenes of the past day: when he was roused by Toby Crackit jumping up and declaring it was half-past one.

他们睡了有一会儿，至少从表面看是这样。大家都一动不动，只有巴尼起来过一两次，往炉子里添煤。奥利弗睡得很熟，在梦中他好像在阴郁的小巷里迷了路，或者在黑漆漆的教堂墓地周围游荡，又或者重回了昨天经过的某个场景。突然，托比·格拉基特跳起来，大叫着说已经一点半了，这才吵醒了奥利弗。

In an instant, the other two were on their legs, and all were actively engaged in busy preparation. Sikes and his companion enveloped their necks and chins in large dark shawls, and drew on their great-coats; Barney, opening a cupboard, brought forth several articles, which he hastily crammed into the pockets.

另外两个男人也在瞬间站了起来，所有人都积极地投入到繁忙的准备中。赛克斯和他同伴各自用大块黑色的披肩把脖子和下巴都裹了起来，又穿上了大衣。巴尼打开柜橱，从里面拿出几样东西，急急忙忙地塞进口袋里。

"Barkers for me, Barney," said Toby Crackit.

“巴尼，把手枪给我。”托比·格拉基特说。

"Here they are," replied Barney, producing a pair of pistols. "You loaded them yourself."

“给你。”巴尼应道，取出两把手枪，“你自己上的子弹。”

"All right!" replied Toby, stowing them away. "The persuaders?"

“好的！”托比应道，把手枪藏了起来，“别的家伙呢？”

"I've got 'em," replied Sikes.

“在我这儿呢。”赛克斯回答。

"Crape, keys, centre-bits, darkies—nothing forgotten?" inquired Toby: fastening a small crowbar to a loop inside the skirt of his coat.

“面纱、钥匙、转柄钻、夜行灯——没有落下什么吧？”托比一边问，一边把撬棍拴在大衣下摆里面的套环上。

"All right," rejoined his companion. "Bring them bits of timber, Barney. That's the time of day.”

“都准备好了。”他的同伴回应道，“给他们带点木材去，巴尼。这就对了。”

With these words, he took a thick stick from Barney's hands, who, having delivered another to Toby, busied himself in fastening on Oliver's cape.

说罢，他从巴尼手里接过一根大棒。巴尼给托比也递了一根，然后又埋头为奥利弗戴斗篷。

"Now then!" said Sikes, holding out his hand.

“出发！”赛克斯把手往前一伸，说道。

Oliver: who was completely stupified by the unwonted exercise, and the air, and the drink which had been forced upon him: put his hand mechanically into that which Sikes extended for the purpose.

奥利弗以前很少走这么长的路，也没经历过这种气氛，更没被逼喝过酒，此时已是目瞪口呆了。赛克斯伸手去拉他，他就呆呆地把手放到赛克斯手里，动作僵硬，像个机器似的。

"Take his other hand, Toby," said Sikes. "Look out, Barney."

“托比，抓住他另一只手。”赛克斯说，“看看外面情况，巴尼。”

The man went to the door, and returned to announce that all was quiet. The two robbers issued forth with Oliver between them. Barney, having made all fast, rolled himself up as before, and was soon asleep again.

巴尼走到门边，回来时说外面一片寂静。这两个强盗便把奥利弗夹在中间，出发了。巴尼拴好了所有的门窗，像之前一样把自己裹好，很快又睡着了。

It was now intensely dark. The fog was much heavier than it had been in the early part of the night; and the atmosphere was so damp, that, although no rain fell, Oliver's hair and eyebrows, within a few minutes after leaving the house, had become stiff with the half-frozen moisture that was floating about. They crossed the bridge, and kept on towards the lights which he had seen before. They were at no great distance off; and, as they walked pretty briskly, they soon arrived at Chertsey.

此时天已经漆黑一片。雾比前半夜浓多了，尽管没下雨，但空气依然很潮湿，四周还漂浮着半凝结的水汽。离开房子还没过几分钟，奥利弗的头发和眉毛就都被水汽粘得硬邦邦了。他们过了桥，一直朝着他之前看见的那片灯光走去。他们本来就离那儿不远，走得又特别快，所以不一会儿他们就到了杰茨。

"Slap through the town," whispered Sikes; "there'll be nobody in the way, to-night, to see us.”

“走快点，穿过镇子。”赛克斯小声说，“今天晚上不会有碍事的人看见我们。”

Toby acquiesced; and they hurried through the main street of the little town, which at that late hour was wholly deserted. A dim light shone at intervals from some bed-room window; and the hoarse barking of dogs occasionally broke the silence of the night. But there was nobody abroad. They had cleared the town, as the church-bell struck two.

托比默许了。他们匆忙穿过小镇的主道；这么晚了，路上根本没人。有时候会从某间卧室的窗户里映出昏暗的灯光，偶尔会有沙哑的狗叫声打破这黑夜的寂静。但是街上一个人都没有。当教堂的钟响了两下时，他们已经穿过了小镇。

Quickening their pace, they turned up a road upon the left hand. After walking about a quarter of a mile, they stopped before a detached house surrounded by a wall: to the top of which, Toby Crackit, scarcely pausing to take breath, climbed in a twinkling.

他们加快脚步，走上了左手边的大道。走了大约四分之一英里后，他们在一所四面环墙的孤房前停了下来。托比·格拉基斯几乎没停下来喘口气，一眨眼就爬上了墙头。

"The boy next," said Toby. "Hoist him up; I'll catch hold of him.”

“接下来轮到这孩子上。”托比说，“把他举上来，我来抓住他。”

Before Oliver had time to look round, Sikes had caught him under the arms; and in three or four seconds he and Toby were lying on the grass on the other side. Sikes followed directly. And they stole cautiously towards the house.

赛克斯一把抓过奥利弗，连朝四周看看的时间都没给他，双手就在他胳肢窝里一撑；三四秒钟后，他就已经和托比一道，躺在墙另一边的草地上了。赛克斯很快也翻了进来。他们蹑手蹑脚地朝那所房子走去。

And now, for the first time, Oliver, well-nigh mad with grief and terror, saw that housebreaking and robbery, if not murder, were the objects of the expedition. He clasped his hands together, and involuntarily uttered a subdued exclamation of horror. A mist came before his eyes; the cold sweat stood upon his ashy face; his limbs failed him; and he sank upon his knees.

直到现在，几乎被悲痛和恐惧逼疯的奥利弗才开始明白，他们这次远行的目的不是谋杀，就是入室抢劫。他把双手扣在一起，不自觉地发出一声沉闷的惊叫。他的双眼模糊，惨白的脸上直冒冷汗，两腿一软跪在了地上。

"Get up!" murmured Sikes, trembling with rage, and drawing the pistol from his pocket; "Get up, or I'll strew your brains upon the

grass.”

“起来！”赛克斯气得直哆嗦，从口袋里掏出手枪，低声说，“起来，要不然我就让你脑浆迸裂，全撒在这草地上。”

"Oh! for God's sake let me go!" cried Oliver; "let me run away and die in the fields. I will never come near London; never, never! Oh! pray have mercy on me, and do not make me steal. For the love of all the bright Angels that rest in Heaven, have mercy upon me!"

“噢！看在上帝的份上，让我走吧！”奥利弗哭喊道，“让我跑出去，死在野地里吧。我再也不走近伦敦了，再也不了，再也不了！噢！求你们发发慈悲，不要让我偷东西。看在天堂中所有慈爱的光明天使的份上，可怜可怜我吧！”

The man to whom this appeal was made, swore a dreadful oath, and had cocked the pistol, when Toby, striking it from his grasp, placed his hand upon the boy's mouth, and dragged him to the house.

那人听了他这番请求，咒骂了一句，扣上了扳机。这时托比一把打掉那人手里的枪，用手捂住孩子的嘴，把他拖进了那所房子。

"Hush!" cried the man; "it won't answer here. Say another word, and I'll do your business myself with a crack on the head. That makes no noise, and is quite as certain, and more genteel. Here, Bill, wrench the shutter open. He's game enough now, I'll engage. I've seen older hands of his age took the same way, for a minute or two, on a cold night.”

“嘘！”托比叫道，“这一套在这里没用。你要再说一个字，我就亲自修理你，叫你脑袋开花。那都不会出一点儿声音，相当可靠，还不落俗套。来，比尔，把百叶窗撬开。我敢说，他现在胆子够大了。我见过年纪和他差不多但经验更足的老手做这事，就算是在大冷天的晚上，也能在一两分钟内搞定。”

Sikes, invoking terrific imprecations upon Fagin's head for sending Oliver on such an errand, plied the crowbar vigorously, but with little noise. After some delay, and some assistance from Toby, the shutter to which he had referred, swung open on its hinges.

赛克斯一边在心里把费金骂了个狗血喷头，怪他派奥利弗来做这差事，一边卯足了劲、却又悄无声息地将撬棍往下压。他中间耽搁了一会儿，托比后来又搭了把手，才把那扇窗户撬开了些。

It was a little lattice window, about five feet and a half above the ground, at the back of the house: which belonged to a scullery, or small brewing-place, at the end of the passage. The aperture was so small, that the inmates had probably not thought it worth while to defend it more securely; but it was large enough to admit a boy of Oliver's size, nevertheless. A very brief exercise of Mr. Sike's art,

sufficed to overcome the fastening of the lattice; and it soon stood wide open also.

那是一扇很小的格子窗，离地面大约有五英尺半的距离，开在房间的后面，可能是走廊尽头的洗涤室或者小酿酒间的窗户。窗口很小，以至于房子里的人很可能觉得，对这里再多加防范不值得，但这窗口却足以让一个像奥利弗这样大小的孩子钻进去。尽管窗子还有铰链拴着，但赛克斯先生略显了一下他的手段，没多久窗口就完全打开了。

"Now listen, you young limb," whispered Sikes, drawing a dark lantern from his pocket, and throwing the glare full on Oliver's face; "I'm a going to put you through there. Take this light; go softly up the steps straight afore you, and along the little hall, to the street door; unfasten it, and let us in."

“听着，小兔崽子，”赛克斯低声说道，从口袋里掏出一盏遮光的提灯，把灯光直冲着奥利弗的脸，“我要把你放进那里。你拿着这盏灯，悄悄地走上你正前方的台阶。之后你就沿着那小厅走，一直走到临街的大门，把门打开，放我们进去。”

"There's a bolt at the top, you won't be able to reach," interposed Toby. "Stand upon one of the hall chairs. There are three there, Bill, with a jolly large blue unicorn and gold pitchfork on 'em: which is the old lady's arms."

“门顶上有门闩，你够不着。”托比插嘴说，“拿一把厅里的椅子，踩上去。那里共有三把。对了比尔，椅子上面还有巨大的蓝色独角兽和金色的草叉组成的图案，那是老太太的纹章。”

"Keep quiet, can't you?" replied Sikes, with a threatening look. "The room-door is open, is it?"

“你就不能安静点儿吗？”赛克斯脸色一凛，威胁似的回了他一句，又问道，“通往房间的门开着，对吧？”

"Wide," replied Toby, after peeping in to satisfy himself. "The game of that is, that they always leave it open with a catch, so that the dog, who's got a bed in here, may walk up and down the passage when he feels wakeful. Ha! ha! Barney "ticed him away to-night. So neat!"

“大开着。”托比回答道，保险起见，他还往里面瞥了一眼，“有趣的是，他们总是把门开着，只留个吊钩挂着。他们家狗在屋里有窝，那样它睡不着的时候就可以在走廊里走来走去。哈！哈！巴尼今天晚上把狗引开了。干得漂亮！”

Although Mr. Crackit spoke in a scarcely audible whisper, and laughed without noise, Sikes imperiously commanded him to be silent, and to get to work. Toby complied, by first producing his lantern, and placing it on the ground; then by planting himself firmly with his head

against the wall beneath the window, and his hands upon his knees, so as to make a step of his back. This was no sooner done, than Sikes, mounting upon him, put Oiver gently through the window with his feet first; and, without leaving hold of his collar, planted him safely on the floor inside.

尽管格拉基特先生说话的声音低得几乎听不见，也没笑出声来，赛克斯还是专横地命令他安静点，赶紧去干活。托比不吱声了。他先把提灯拿出来搁在地上，接着用脑袋顶着窗户下面的墙，双手撑在膝盖上，稳稳地站定，用背搭成了一级台阶。台阶刚搭好，赛克斯就爬到他背上，把奥利弗双脚冲前顺着窗户放了进去，动作放得很轻。奥利弗被稳稳地放到了屋里的地板上，赛克斯却一直没有松开他的衣领。

"Take this lantern," said Sikes, looking into the room. "You see the stairs afore you?"

“拿上这盏灯。”赛克斯往屋子里面瞧了瞧，说道，“你看到前面的楼梯了么？”

Oliver, more dead than alive, gasped out, "Yes." Sikes, pointing to the street-door with the pistol-barrel, briefly advised him to take notice that he was within shot all the way; and that if he faltered, he would fall dead that instant.

奥利弗此时出气比进气多，喘着回答道：“看到了。”赛克斯用枪筒指了指当街的大门，简单明了地提醒他注意，他一直都会在射程以内；如果他犹豫不前，立即就会倒地送命。

"It's done in a minute," said Sikes, in the same low whisper. "Directly I leave go of you, do your work. Hark!"

“一分钟就能完事。”赛克斯的声音依旧很低沉，“我一放手你就立即行动。听！”

"What's that?" whispered the other man.

“什么声音？”另一个家伙低声问。

They listened intently.

他们竖起耳朵仔细听了听。

"Nothing," said Sikes, releasing his hold of Oliver. "Now!"

“没事。”赛克斯说着，放开了奥利弗，“就是现在！”

In the short time he had had to collect his senses, the boy had firmly resolved that, whether he died in the attempt or not, he would make one effort to dart upstairs from the hall, and alarm the family. Filled with this idea, he advanced at once, but stealthily.

在这短短的时间内，奥利弗恢复了神智。他下定决心，不管他会不会被打死，他一定要勉力一试，从厅里冲到楼上去，向这家人示警。他

拿定主意后，立即偷偷摸摸地往前走去。

"Come back!" suddenly cried Sikes aloud. "Back! back!"

“回来！”赛克斯突然大声叫道，“回来！回来！”

Scared by the sudden breaking of the dead stillness of the place, and by a loud cry which followed it, Oliver let his lantern fall, and knew not whether to advance or fly.

周围的死寂突然被打破，随后又传来一声大叫，奥利弗吓得丢掉了手里的提灯，不知道应该往前走还是逃跑。

The cry was repeated—a light appeared—a vision of two terrified half-dressed men at the top of the stairs swam before his eyes—a flash—a loud noise—a smoke—a crash somewhere, but where he knew not,—and he staggered back.

叫声继续传来——一盏灯亮了起来——两个惊吓万分、衣衫不整的男人的身影出现在楼梯顶上，在他眼前一闪而过——火光一闪——一声巨响——一团烟腾起——不知哪里传来碰撞的声音——他踉踉跄跄地退了回去。

Sikes had disappeared for an instant; but he was up again, and had him by the collar before the smoke had cleared away. He fired his own pistol after the men, who were already retreating; and dragged the boy up.

赛克斯消失了一会儿，随后又出现了；烟雾散开之前，他已经抓住了奥利弗的衣领。他在那两个男人开火之后也开了枪，但他们早已躲了起来，他又把奥利弗拖了起来。

"Clasp your arm tighter," said Sikes, as he drew him through the window. "Give me a shawl here. They've hit him. Quick! How the boy bleeds!”

“把你的胳膊再抱紧一些。”赛克斯一边把奥利弗从窗户里面拽出来，一边说，“给我一块披肩。他们打中他了。快点儿！这孩子淌了好多血！”

Then came the loud ringing of a bell, mingled with the noise of fire-arms, and the shouts of men, and the sensation of being carried over uneven ground at a rapid pace. And then, the noises grew confused in the distance; and a cold deadly feeling crept over the boy's heart; and he saw or heard no more.

响亮的警铃声随之传来，其中还混杂着枪声和男人的叫喊声。奥利弗感觉到自己被人抬着，在高低不平的地上迅速移动。然后，远处的嘈杂逐渐模糊。一股冰冷的、死一般的感觉爬进了孩子心底，他就再也看不到、听不见什么了。

CHAPTER XXIII Which contains the substance of a pleasant conversation between Mr. Bumble and a lady; and shows that even a beadle may be susceptible on some points

第二十三章 本章讲述邦布尔先生和一位女士进行的一次愉快的谈话，还包括这番谈话的具体内容，表明就算是一名教区执事，有时候也会为感情左右

The night was bitter cold. The snow lay on the ground, frozen into a hard thick crust, so that only the heaps that had drifted into byways and corners were affected by the sharp wind that howled abroad: which, as if expending increased fury on such prey as it found, caught it savagely up in clouds, and, whirling it into a thousand misty eddies, scattered it in air. Bleak, dark, and piercing cold, it was a night for the well-housed and fed to draw round the bright fire and thank God they were at home; and for the homeless, starving wretch to lay him down and die. Many hunger-worn outcasts close their eyes in our bare streets, at such times, who, let their crimes have been what they may, can hardly open them in a more bitter world.

那天晚上极其寒冷。雪覆盖在地面上，结成一层厚厚的硬壳，只有被吹到一旁小路和角落里的积雪还受到呼啸而过的劲风的影响。狂风似乎要朝它找到的这些猎物发泄积聚起来的怒火，它野蛮地把地上的雪抓向云端，卷成上千雾蒙蒙的漩涡，撒满天空。这是一个阴沉而昏暗的夜晚，刺骨地冷。这样的夜晚适合食宿优越的人围在明亮的炉火旁，感谢上帝他们身在家中；那些无家可归、饥寒交迫的可怜人，只能倒在地上，凄然死去。很多饥肠辘辘的流浪者在空荡荡的街道上闭上了眼睛。这种时候，他们不关心自己究竟有何罪过了，反正也很难在一个更加悲惨的世界里睁开眼睛。

Such was the aspect of out-of-doors affairs, when Mrs. Corney, the matron of the workhouse to which our readers have been already introduced as the birthplace of Oliver Twist, sat herself down before a cheerful fire in her own little room, and glanced, with no small degree of complacency, at a small round table: on which stood a tray of corresponding size, furnished with all necessary materials for the most grateful meal that matrons enjoy. In fact, Mrs. Corney was about to solace herself with a cup of tea. As she glanced from the table to the fireplace, where the smallest of all possible kettles was singing a small song in a small voice, her inward satisfaction evidently increased,—so much so, indeed, that Mrs. Corney smiled.

这是门外的情况。此时，济贫院的女主管科尼太太正坐在自己小房间里一团快活的炉火前，怡然自得地朝一张小圆桌看了一眼。这个济贫院也就是之前向读者介绍的奥利弗·特威斯特的出生地。桌子上有一个尺寸与其相当的托盘，里面装点着女主管们享用最满意的一餐所需的一切。事实上，科尼太太正要喝一杯茶来安慰自己。她把目光从桌子转到壁炉，壁炉里有一把顶小的壶正在用最细微的声音唱一支小曲；她内心的满足感顿增——这感觉如此强烈，连科尼太太都不禁微微笑了一下。

"Well!" said the matron, leaning her elbow on the table, and looking reflectively at the fire; "I'm sure we have all on us a great deal to be grateful for! A great deal, if we did but know it. Ah!”

“嗯！”女主管把胳膊肘支在桌子上，若有所思地看着炉火说道，“我敢说我们所有人都有很多需要感恩的东西！很多很多，可惜我们没有意识到。啊！”

Mrs. Corney shook her head mournfully, as if deploring the mental blindness of those paupers who did not know it; and thrusting a silver spoon (private property) into the inmost recesses of a two-ounce tin tea-caddy, proceeded to make the tea.

科尼太太悲哀地摇摇头，好像在谴责那些不明白这一点的愚昧贫民。她把一根银汤匙（私人财产）深深地插进一个两盎司的锡茶壶里，开始泡茶。

How slight a thing will disturb the equanimity of our frail minds! The black teapot, being very small and easily filled, ran over while Mrs. Corney was moralising; and the water slightly scalded Mrs. Corney's hand.

然而一件极为微小的事情就能打破我们脆弱心灵的平静。那黑色的茶壶特别小，很容易装满。科尼太太考虑道德问题的时候水溢了出来，科尼太太的手被略微烫了一下。

"Drat the pot!" said the worthy matron, setting it down very hastily on the hob; "a little stupid thing, that only holds a couple of cups! What use is it of, to anybody! Except," said Mrs. Corney, pausing, "except to a poor desolate creature like me. Oh dear!"

“该死的茶壶！”可敬的女主管叫着，慌忙把茶壶放在炉盘上，“愚蠢的小东西，只能装几杯茶！这东西对谁能有点儿用处？除了，”科尼太太顿了一下，“除了像我一样孤零零的可怜人。天哪！”

With these words, the matron dropped into her chair, and, once more resting her elbow on the table, thought of her solitary fate. The small teapot, and the single cup, had awakened in her mind sad recollections of Mr. Corney (who had not been dead more than five-and-twenty years); and she was overpowered.

说着这些，女主管跌坐在椅子里，再一次把胳膊肘支在桌上，思考

着她孤苦的命运。小小的茶壶、落单的茶杯，唤醒了她心中对科尼先生的悲伤回忆（他已经去世二十五年有余了），她再也承受不住了。

"I shall never get another!" said Mrs. Corney, pettishly; "I shall never get another—like him.”

“我再也找不到另外一个了！”科尼太太焦躁地说，“再也找不到另外一个——像他那样的了。”

Whether this remark bore reference to the husband, or the teapot, is uncertain. It might have been the latter; for Mrs. Corney looked at it as she spoke; and took it up afterwards. She had just tasted her first cup, when she was disturbed by a soft tap at the room-door.

谁也不知道这番话指的到底是她丈夫还是茶壶。应该是后者吧，因为科尼太太说话的时候看着茶壶，说完后还把它拿了起来。她刚品了品第一杯茶，就听见有人轻轻地敲了敲门，扰了她的兴致。

"Oh, come in with you!" said Mrs. Corney, sharply. "Some of the old women dying, I suppose. They always die when I'm at meals. Don't stand there, letting the cold air in, don't. What's amiss now, eh?”

“哦，自个儿进来吧！”科尼太太尖声说，“我猜肯定是哪个老婆子要死了。他们总是在我吃饭的时候死。别站在那里，冷气都进来了。有什么事，嗯？”

"Nothing, ma'am, nothing," replied a man's voice.

“没事，太太，没事。”回答她的是个男人的声音。

"Dear me!" exclaimed the matron, in a much sweeter tone, "is that Mr. Bumble?"

“哎呦！”女主管叫道，声音立刻变得柔和多了，“是邦布尔先生吗？”

"At your service, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble, who had been stopping outside to rub his shoes clean, and to shake the snow off his coat; and who now made his appearance, bearing the cocked hat in one hand and a bundle in the other. "Shall I shut the door, ma'am?”

“愿意为您效劳，太太。”邦布尔先生应道。他刚才站在外面擦干净了鞋，抖落了大衣上的雪，现在终于露面了；只见他一只手拿着一个三角帽，另一只手提着一包东西，“我能把门关上吗，太太？”

The lady modestly hesitated to reply, lest there should be any impropriety in holding an interview with Mr. Bumble, with closed doors. Mr. Bumble taking advantage of the hesitation, and being very cold himself, shut it without permission.

女主管回答前稍稍迟疑了一下，唯恐与邦布尔先生独处一室会有所不妥。邦布尔先生浑身冰冷，趁她犹豫的当口，没等她同意就把门关

了。

"Hard weather, Mr. Bumble," said the matron.

“真是个糟糕的天气，邦布尔先生。”女主管说。

"Hard, indeed, ma'am," replied the beadle. "Anti-porochial weather this, ma'am. We have given away, Mrs. Corney, we have given away a matter of twenty quartern loaves and a cheese and a half, this very blessed afternoon; and yet them paupers are not contented.”

“的确很糟，太太。”教区执事回答说。“这天气简直就是跟教区过不去，太太。在今天这个上帝保佑的下午，我们送出了，科尼太太，我们总共送出了四磅重的面包二十块，奶酪一块半，可这还不能满足那些贫民。”

"Of course not. When would they be, Mr. Bumble?" said the matron, sipping her tea.

“当然满足不了。他们什么时候满足过啊，邦布尔先生？”女主管小口啜着茶说。

"When, indeed, ma'am!" rejoined Mr. Bumble. "Why here's one man that, in consideration of his wife and large family, has a quartern loaf and a good pound of cheese, full weight. Is he grateful, ma'am? Is he grateful? Not a copper farthing's worth of it! What does he do, ma'am, but ask for a few coals; if it's only a pocket handkerchief full, he says! Coals! What would he do with coals? Toast his cheese with 'em and then come back for more. That's the way with these people, ma'am; give 'em a apron full of coals to-day, and they'll come back for another, the day after to-morrow, as brazen as alabaster.”

“什么时候，谁说不是呢，太太！”邦布尔先生回应道。“咳，眼下就有这样一个男的，考虑到他有老婆和一大家子，发给他一块四磅重的面包和整整一磅奶酪，份量实足。他感恩了吗，太太？他感恩了吗？这连一个铜板都不值！他做了什么呢，太太，只是管我们要几块煤，说是只要满满的一手绢的量就行！煤！他要煤做什么？烤奶酪，然后再回来要更多。这些人就是这样，太太。今天给他们满满一围裙的煤，后天他们还会回来再要一围裙，脸皮跟雪花石膏一般厚。”

The matron expressed her entire concurrence in this intelligible simile; and the beadle went on.

女主管表示，她完全赞同这一精妙的比喻，教区执事便继续抱怨，

"I never," said Mr. Bumble, "see anything like the pitch it's got to.” "The day afore yesterday, a man—you have been a married woman, ma'am, and I may mention it to you—a man, with hardly a rag upon his back (here Mrs. Corney looked at the floor), goes to our overseer's door when he has got company coming to dinner; and says,

he must be relieved, Mrs. Corney. As he wouldn't go away, and shocked the company very much, our overseer sent him out a pound of potatoes and half a pint of oatmeal. 'My heart!' says the ungrateful villain, 'what's the use of-this- to me? You might as well give me a pair of iron spectacles!' 'Very good,' says our overseer, taking 'em away again, 'you won't get anything else here.' 'Then I'll die in the streets!' says the vagrant. 'Oh no, you won't, says our overseer."

"我从来没有，"邦布尔先生说，"看到任何事情变得这么离谱。""前天，一个男人——您是结过婚的，太太，我跟您说说这事——那个男人，几乎是一丝不挂（听到这话科尼太太低头看向了地板），跑去我们监管家门口，当时监管正请人吃饭；他说自己必须领点接济，科尼太太。他不肯走，客人都被吓得不轻，我们监管就送给了他一磅土豆和半品脱燕麦片。'天哪！'这个不领情的混账说，'我拿这东西有什么用？你还不如给我一副铁制眼镜！''很好，'我们的监管把东西收了回来，说道，'你从这里拿不到别的东西。''那我就死在大街上！'那个无赖说。'噢不，你不会的。'我们的监管说。"

"Ha! ha! That was very good! So like Mr. Grannett, wasn't it?" interposed the matron. "Well, Mr. Bumble?"

"哈！哈！太精彩了！这话听上去就像是格兰力特先生说的，不是么？"女主管插嘴说，"后来呢，邦布尔先生？"

"Well, ma'am," rejoined the beadle, "he went away; and he—did—die in the streets. There's a obstinate pauper for you!"

"后来啊，太太。"教区执事回答说，"他就走了，然后他——真的就——死在了大街上。你看，这就是个固执的贫民！"

"It beats anything I could have believed," observed the matron emphatically. "But don't you think out-of-door relief a very bad thing, any way, Mr. Bumble? You're a gentleman of experience, and ought to know. Come."

"简直难以置信。"女主管断言,"但您不觉得无论如何，街头救济都是一件很糟糕的事吗，邦布尔先生？您是位经历丰富的绅士，您应该对此有所了解。快给我说说。"

"Mrs. Corney," said the beadle, smiling as men smile who are conscious of superior information, "out-of-door relief, properly managed: properly managed, ma'am: is the porochial safeguard. The great principle of out-of-door relief is, to give the paupers exactly what they don't want; and then they get tired of coming."

"科尼太太，"教区执事说道，脸上浮现出男人们掌握了高人一筹的信息时那种微笑，"街头救济，操作好的话，如果操作好的话，太太，能起到保护教区的作用。街头救济的重要原则是，分给贫民他们恰好不想要的东西，他们厌倦了，也就不来了。"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Corney. "Well, that is a good one, too!"

“天哪！”科尼太太叫道，“嗯，这也是个好办法！”

"Yes. Betwixt you and me, ma'am," returned Mr. Bumble, "that's the great principle; and that's the reason why, if you look at any cases that get into them owdacious newspapers, you'll always observe that sick families have been relieved with slices of cheese. That's the rule now, Mrs. Corney, all over the country. But, however," said the beadle, stopping to unpack his bundle, "these are official secrets, ma'am; not to be spoken of; except, as I may say, among the porochial officers, such as ourselves. This is the port wine, ma'am, that the board ordered for the infirmary; real, fresh, genuine port wine; only out of the cask this forenoon; clear as a bell, and no sediment!”

“是啊。这也就我们俩之间说说，太太。”邦布尔先生回应道，“那就是重要的原则，也就是为什么，如果你看看那些放肆的报纸上随便哪个案子，你总会发现有病人的家庭得到的救济也就是几片奶酪。这就是现在的规矩，科尼太太，全国各地都这样。但是，”教区执事顿了顿，俯身去打开他的包裹，“这是官方机密，太太，不能讲的。除非，我这么说吧，是在你我这样在教区有职位的人之间传。这是波尔图葡萄酒，太太，是理事会专门给医务室的人员定购的。真正新酿的葡萄酒，非常醇正，今天上午才出的桶；这酒清澈得跟铃声似的，一点儿沉淀都没有！”

Having held the first bottle up to the light, and shaken it well to test its excellence, Mr. Bumble placed them both on top of a chest of drawers; folded the handkerchief in which they had been wrapped; put it carefully in his pocket; and took up his hat, as if to go.

邦布尔先生拿起第一瓶酒对着灯光晃了晃，以测试它上等的品质，然后把两瓶酒都放在了橱柜上面。他叠起包酒瓶的手绢，小心翼翼地放进自己口袋里，拿起帽子，一副要告辞离开的样子。

"You'll have a very cold walk, Mr. Bumble," said the matron.

“您走回去可是会很冷的，邦布尔先生。”女主管说。

"It blows, ma'am," replied Mr. Bumble, turning up his coat-collar, "enough to cut one's ears off.”

“而且风也很大，太太。”邦布尔先生一边把大衣上的领子翻上去，一边回答道，“大得能吹掉人的耳朵。”

The matron looked, from the little kettle, to the beadle, who was moving towards the door; and as the beadle coughed, preparatory to bidding her good-night, bashfully inquired whether—whether he wouldn't take a cup of tea?

女主管把目光从小茶壶移开，转到正往门边走去的教区执事身上；执事咳了一声，准备跟她道晚安。这时候，女主管羞怯地问他，想不想

——想不想喝杯茶。

Mr. Bumble instantaneously turned back his collar again; laid his hat and stick upon a chair; and drew another chair up to the table. As he slowly seated himself, he looked at the lady. She fixed her eyes upon the little teapot. Mr. Bumble coughed again, and slightly smiled.

邦布尔先生立刻重新翻下衣领，把帽子和手杖放到椅子上，然后又拉了一把走到桌边。他一边慢吞吞地坐下来，一边看着那位女士。她的目光则定在小茶壶上。邦布尔先生又咳了一声，露出一抹微笑。

Mrs. Corney rose to get another cup and saucer from the closet. As she sat down, her eyes once again encountered those of the gallant beadle; she coloured, and applied herself to the task of making his tea. Again Mr. Bumble coughed—louder this time than he had coughed yet.

科尼太太站起身来，又从壁橱里取出一副杯碟。她坐回去的时候，眼神再一次与教区执事那殷勤的目光相遇了；她的脸腾地一下红了，只好埋下头来给他沏茶。邦布尔先生又咳了一声——这次比之前咳得更响了。

"Sweet? Mr. Bumble?" inquired the matron, taking up the sugar-basin.

“要加糖吗？邦布尔先生？”女主管拿起糖罐，问道。

"Very sweet, indeed, ma'am," replied Mr. Bumble. He fixed his eyes on Mrs. Corney as he said this; and if ever a beadle looked tender, Mr. Bumble was that beadle at that moment.

“我喜欢甜蜜蜜的，真的，太太。”邦布尔先生说。他说这话的时候眼睛一直盯着科尼太太。如果说有表面上看不那么凶神恶煞的教区执事的话，那一刻的邦布尔先生就是实例。

The tea was made, and handed in silence. Mr. Bumble, having spread a handkerchief over his knees to prevent the crumbs from sullying the splendour of his shorts, began to eat and drink; varying these amusements, occasionally, by fetching a deep sigh; which, however, had no injurious effect upon his appetite, but, on the contrary, rather seemed to facilitate his operations in the tea and toast department.

茶沏好了，她默默地给他递了过去。邦布尔先生首先在膝盖上铺了块手绢，以免面包屑弄脏他那光鲜的短裤，然后才开始用茶点。为了使这些娱乐富于变化，他还时不时地长叹一口气，不过这对他的食欲毫无影响，反倒似乎有助于他喝茶吃面包的进程。

"You have a cat, ma'am, I see," said Mr. Bumble, glancing at one who, in the centre of her family, was basking before the fire; "and kittens too, I declare!"

“我发现你养了一只猫，太太。”邦布尔先生说，扫了一眼屋子中间，那儿有只猫正趴在炉火前取暖，“我敢说还有小猫吧！”

"I am so fond of them, Mr. Bumble, you can't think," replied the matron. "They're—so—happy,—so—frolicsome, and—so—cheerful, that they are quite companions for me.”

“我可喜欢它们啦，邦布尔先生，你都想象不到。”女主管回答说，“它们是那么开心，那么快活，那么讨人喜欢，它们也算是我的伴了。”

"Very nice animals, ma'am," replied Mr. Bumble, approvingly; "so very domestic."

“很美好的动物啊，太太。”邦布尔先生赞许道，“那么驯良。”

"Oh, yes!" rejoined the matron with enthusiasm; "so fond of their home too, that it's quite a pleasure, I'm sure.”

“喔，是啊！”女主管热情洋溢地回答说，“它们也很喜欢自己的家。我敢保证，住在这里也是一大乐趣。”

"Mrs. Corney, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble, slowly, and marking the time with his teaspoon, "I mean to say this, ma'am; that any cat, or kitten, that could live with you, ma'am, and-not-be fond of its home, must be a ass, ma'am.”

“科尼太太，太太。”邦布尔先生一边搅着茶匙算时间，一边慢吞吞地说，“我是想说，太太，无论是大猫还是小猫崽，如果可以和您住在一起，太太，却不喜欢它的家，那它肯定是个蠢物，太太。”

"Oh, Mr. bumble!" remonstrated Mrs. Corney.

“喔，邦布尔先生！”科尼太太低嗔道。

"It's of no use disguising facts, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble, slowly flourishing the teaspoon with a kind of amorous dignity which made him doubly impressive; "I would drown it myself, with pleasure."

“不用掩藏事实，太太。”邦布尔先生慢慢地挥动着茶匙，既多情又庄重，给人留下加倍深刻的印象，“我会很乐意亲自把它淹死。”

"Then you're a cruel man," said the matron vivaciously, as she held out her hand for the beadle's cup; "and a very hard-hearted man besides.”

“那你就是个残酷的人了。”女主管爽朗地说，伸手去接教区执事的茶杯，“还是一个硬心肠的男人。”

"Hard-hearted, ma'am?" said Mr. Bumble. "Hard?" Mr. Bumble resigned his cup without another word; squeezed Mrs. Corney's little finger as she took it; and inflicting two open-handed slaps upon his laced waistcoat, gave a mighty sigh, and hitched his chair a very little

morsel farther from the fire.

“硬心肠吗，太太？”邦布尔先生说，“硬吗？”邦布尔先生放开了茶杯，没再说话。科尼太太接过茶杯时，他捏了捏她的小指，用手掌在他那带花边的背心上拍了两下，深深地叹了口气，然后把椅子向远离炉火的方向拉了一点。

It was a round table; and as Mrs. Corney and Mr. Bumble had been sitting opposite each other, with no great space between them, and fronting the fire, it will be seen that Mr. Bumble, in receding from the fire, and still keeping at the table, increased the distance between himself and Mrs. Corney; which proceeding, some prudent readers will doubtless be disposed to admire, and to consider an act of great heroism on Mr. Bumble's part: he being in some sort tempted by time, place, and opportunity, to give utterance to certain soft nothings, which however well they may become the lips of the light and thoughtless, do seem immeasurably beneath the dignity of judges of the land, members of parliament, ministers of state, lord mayors, and other great public functionaries, but more particularly beneath the stateliness and gravity of a beadle: who (as is well known) should be the sternest and most inflexible among them all.

桌子是圆的，科尼太太和邦布尔先生一直相对而坐，前面又是炉火，两人之间空间不大。这样看来，邦布尔先生把椅子向远离炉火的方向退去，但仍坐在桌子旁，这样就拉长了他和科尼太太之间的距离。有些做事谨慎的读者无疑会对这个动作倍加崇拜，觉得这是邦布尔先生很有英雄气概的一个举动。他此时多少受到了时间、地点和机会的诱惑，要说些甜言蜜语。这种话尽管一般出自轻浮草率的人之口，但在大法官、议员、大臣、市长和其他为公众服务的伟大官员高贵姿态背后，似乎又的确大量存在着这些话，但这掩藏于一位教区执事后却尤为特殊。教区人员（众所周知）应该是所有这些人中最严肃、最顽固的一类人。

Whatever were Mr. Bumble's intentions, however (and no doubt they were of the best): it unfortunately happened, as has been twice before remarked, that the table was a round one; consequently Mr. Bumble, moving his chair by little and little, soon began to diminish the distance between himself and the matron; and, continuing to travel round the outer edge of the circle, brought his chair, in time, close to that in which the matron was seated.

无论邦布尔先生意图为何，然而（无疑他的意图都是最好的），不幸的是发生了下面的事。前面已经两次提到，桌子是圆的；邦布尔先生一点一点地挪动椅子，不久之后，他和女主管之间的距离就开始缩短了。他还不停地沿着圆桌外延挪动椅子，他的椅子很快就和女主管的椅子贴得很近了。

Indeed, the two chairs touched; and when they did so, Mr. Bumble stopped.

事实上，两把椅子都碰上了。直到这时，邦布尔先生才停了下来。

Now, if the matron had moved her chair to the right, she would have been scorched by the fire; and if to the left, she must have fallen into Mr. Bumble's arms; so (being a discreet matron, and no doubt foreseeing these consequences at a glance) she remained where she was, and handed Mr. Bumble another cup of tea. "Hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney?" said Mr. Bumble, stirring his tea, and looking up into the matron's face; "are-you-hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney?”

此时此刻，如果女主管把椅子往右挪，她就会被火烫到；如果往左挪呢，她就会倒在邦布尔先生的怀里。因此（作为一位谨慎的女主管，她无疑一眼就预见到了这些后果）她就待在原本的位置，又递给邦布尔先生一杯茶。“硬心肠吗，科尼太太？”邦布尔先生一边说，一边搅动着他的茶，然后又抬眼看着女主管的脸，“你心肠硬么，科尼太太？”

"Dear me!" exclaimed the matron, "what a very curious question from a single man.

“天哪！”女主管叫道，“一个单身男人问这个问题可真有趣。

The beadle drank his tea to the last drop; finished a piece of toast; whisked the crumbs off his knees; wiped his lips; and deliberately kissed the matron.

教区执事喝干了最后一滴茶，吃完了一片面包，把面包屑从膝盖上抖落，擦了擦嘴唇，最后从容不迫地吻了吻女主管。

"Mr. Bumble!" cried that discreet lady in a whisper; for the fright was so great, that she had quite lost her voice, "Mr. Bumble, I shall scream!" Mr. Bumble made no reply; but in a slow and dignified manner, put his arm round the matron's waist. As the lady had stated her intention of screaming, of course she would have screamed at this additional boldness, but that the exertion was rendered unnecessary by a hasty knocking at the door: which was no sooner heard, than Mr. Bumble darted, with much agility, to the wine bottles, and began dusting them with great violence: while the matron sharply demanded who was there.

“邦布尔先生！”这位谨慎的女士低声喊道，她实在害怕得厉害，都说不出话了，“邦布尔先生，我要喊人了！”邦布尔先生没回答，只是缓慢而高贵地搂住了女主管的腰。女士陈述了她要叫出来的打算，面对这种得寸进尺的行为，她当然要喊。但这个时候，门外响起了一阵急促的敲门声，她做这个努力便没有必要了。邦布尔先生一听到敲门声，就敏捷地冲到葡萄酒瓶旁边，开始使劲地掸上面的灰尘，女主管则厉声询问来人的身份。

It is worthy of remark, as a curious physical instance of the efficacy of a sudden surprise in counteracting the effects of extreme

fear, that her voice had quite recovered all its official asperity.

值得一提的是，她的嗓音已经差不多恢复了原本严厉的官腔。这个实例很有趣，说明突如其来的惊吓有抵消极端恐惧的作用。

"If you please, mistress," said a withered old female pauper, hideously ugly: putting her head in at the door, "Old Sally is a-going fast.”

“夫人，请您发发慈悲。”一个形貌丑陋、干瘪年老的女贫民从门边伸头进来，“老萨莉快要死了。”

"Well, what's that to me?" angrily demanded the matron. "I can't keep her alive, can I?”

“哦，那关我什么事？”女主管生气地责问，“我也没法让她活下来，不是吗？”

"No, no, mistress," replied the old woman, "nobody can; she's far beyond the reach of help. I've seen a many people die; little babes and great strong men; and I know when death's a-coming, well enough. But she's troubled in her mind: and when the fits are not on her,—and that's not often, for she is dying very hard,—she says she has got something to tell, which you must hear. She'll never die quiet till you come, mistress.”

“是没法，是没法，夫人。”老女人回答说，“没人能做到，她早就没救了。我看见过很多人在我面前死去，有小婴儿，也有强壮的大男人；我很清楚死神什么时候来。但是她心里有事放不下，她不发作的时候——这种情况很少见，她撑得很艰难——她说她有话要讲，必须讲给您听。夫人，您要是不来的话，她绝不会平静地死去的。”

At this intelligence, the worthy Mrs. Corney muttered a variety of invectives against old women who couldn't even die without purposely annoying their betters; and, muffling herself in a thick shawl which she hastily caught up, briefly requested Mr. Bumble to stay till she came back, lest anything particular should occur. Bidding the messenger walk fast, and not be all night hobbling up the stairs, she followed her from the room with a very ill grace, scolding all the way.

一听这个消息，可敬的科尼太太就嘟嘟囔囔起来，痛骂那个死都非要打扰一下自己上司的老太婆。她迅速抓了一条厚实的披肩把自己裹上。她唯恐会发生什么特殊的事情，还简短地交代了邦布尔先生几句话，请他等她回来。科尼太太一边吩咐报信的走快一些，不要整个晚上在楼梯上磨蹭，一边跟着老太太走出了房间。她那优雅的风度几乎荡然无存，一路上都在骂骂咧咧的。

Mr. Bumble's conduct on being left to himself, was rather inexplicable. He opened the closet, counted the teaspoons, weighed

the sugar-tongs, closely inspected a silver milk-pot to ascertain that it was of the genuine metal, and, having satisfied his curiosity on these points, put on his cocked hat corner-wise, and danced with much gravity four distinct times round the table.

邦布尔先生一个人留了下来，不过他之后的行为，却是相当令人费解。他打开壁橱，数了数里面茶匙的数量，掂了掂糖钳。为了确认一个牛奶壶的质地是真正的白银，对其仔细观察了一番。他满足了自己这些方面的好奇心以后，就把三角帽斜着戴上，围着桌子庄重地跳了四次舞，每次的舞步都不重样。

Having gone through this very extraordinary performance, he took off the cocked hat again, and, spreading himself before the fire with his back towards it, seemed to be mentally engaged in taking an exact inventory of the furniture.

完成了这项非凡的表演以后，他又摘下了帽子，背对着炉火伸展了一下手脚，似乎在脑子里列起了一张详细精确的家具清单。

CHAPTER XXIV Treats on a very poor subject. But is a short one, and may be found of importance in this history.

第二十四章 本章讲述一个非常无聊的话题，本章篇幅很短，不过在这部传记中很可能意义重大

It was no unfit messenger of death, who had disturbed the quietness of the matron's room. Her body was bent by age; her limbs trembled with palsy; her face, distorted into a mumbling leer, resembled more the grotesque shaping of some wild pencil, than the work of Nature's hand.

打破女主管房间静谧的人，倒是报丧的合适人选。她年纪大了，身体佝偻，四肢麻痹瘫软，颤抖个不止。她的脸歪了，嘴里咕咕哝哝地自语，眼神更是恶狠狠的；与其说这张脸是大自然巧手的产物，还不如说是某支信笔勾画出的怪物。

Alas! How few of Nature's faces are left alone to gladden us with their beauty! The cares, and sorrows, and hungerings, of the world, change them as they change hearts; and it is only when those passions sleep, and have lost their hold for ever, that the troubled clouds pass off, and leave Heaven's surface clear. It is a common thing for the countenances of the dead, even in that fixed and rigid state, to subside into the long-forgotten expression of sleeping infancy, and settle into the very look of early life; so calm, so peaceful, do they grow again, that those who knew them in their happy childhood, kneel by the coffin's side in awe, and see the Angel even upon earth.

唉！出自造化之手的美好容颜，留下来不受碰触，能给我们欣赏的是多么稀少啊！世间的操劳、悲伤、饥饿可以改变心灵，同样也可以改变容颜。只有当那些激烈的情绪沉睡，永远失去其控制力时，烦恼之云才会飘远，留下晴朗的天堂之颜。死者的面容，即便已经固定、僵硬，也会逐渐柔化，成为那种人们早已忘记的表情，那种熟睡婴儿的表情。他们自此便一直保持这个生命伊始的特定表情，这种事很常见。死者的面容再一次变得如此平静、安详，以至于那些在无忧无虑的童年便认识他们的人会敬畏地跪倒在棺材旁边，甚至看到天使落于尘世。

The old crone tottered along the passages, and up the stairs, muttering some indistinct answers to the chidings of her companion; being at length compelled to pause for breath, she gave the light into her hand, and remained behind to follow as she might: while the more nimble superior made her way to the room where the sick woman lay.

干瘪丑陋的老太婆蹒跚着穿过走廊，登上楼梯，嘴里含糊不清地回答着女总管的责难。最后她终于支持不住，只得停下来喘了喘气；她把灯递给了女总管，自己则跟在后面远远跟着。她的上司腿脚麻利些，径直走向了患病女人所在的房间。

It was a bare garret-room, with a dim light burning at the farther end. There was another old woman watching by the bed; the parish apothecary's apprentice was standing by the fire, making a toothpick out of a quill.

那是间空荡荡的阁楼，房间最近头点着一盏昏暗的灯。另外一个老太婆守在床头，教区药剂师的徒弟则站在炉火旁，正在把一支羽毛削成牙签。

"Cold night, Mrs. Corney," said this young gentleman, as the matron entered.

“晚上很冷啊，科尼太太。”女总管走进房间的时候，这位年轻的绅士说。

"Very cold, indeed, sir," replied the mistress, in her most civil tones, and dropping a curtsey as she spoke.

“的确很冷，先生。”女主管用最礼貌的口吻回答，同时行了个屈膝礼。

"You should get better coals out of your contractors," said the apothecary's deputy, breaking a lump on the top of the fire with the rusty poker; "these are not at all the sort of thing for a cold night."

“你们应该向承包商要点儿更好的煤。”药剂师副手说着，拿起锈迹斑斑的拔火棍敲碎了炉子顶端的一块煤，“这样的东西根本不能拿来对付寒冷的夜晚。”

"They're the board's choosing, sir," returned the matron. "The least they could do, would be to keep us pretty warm: for our places are hard enough.”

“那是理事会选购的，先生。”女总管答道，“他们至少得保证我们过得暖和些，我们这些地方已经够艰苦了。”

The conversation was here interrupted by a moan from the sick woman.

这时生病的女人呻吟了一声，打断了他们的谈话。

"Oh!" said the young man, turning his face towards the bed, as if he had previously quite forgotten the patient, "it's all U.P. there, Mrs. Corney.”

“哦！”年轻人朝床边转过脸去，似乎之前已经把病人的存在忘得差不多了，“没救了，科尼太太。”

"It is, is it, sir?" asked the matron.

“快了，是吧，先生？”女总管问道。

"If she lasts a couple of hours, I shall be surprised," said the apothecary's apprentice, intent upon the toothpick's point. "It's a break-up of the system altogether. Is she dozing, old lady?”

“她如果能再撑几个小时，我都会觉得吃惊。”见习药剂师说，他一门心思都放在那牙签尖上，“整个系统都崩溃了。她是在打盹吗，老太婆？”

The attendant stooped over the bed, to ascertain; and nodded in the affirmative.

看护在床边俯身确认了一下，肯定地点了点头。

"Then perhaps she'll go off in that way, if you don't make a row," said the young man. "Put the light on the floor. She won't see it there.”

“只要你们不大吵大闹，她可能就这样过去了。”年轻人说，“把灯放在地板上。放那儿她就看不到了。”

The attendant did as she was told: shaking her head meanwhile, to intimate that the woman would not die so easily; having done so, she resumed her seat by the side of the other nurse, who had by this time returned. The mistress, with an expression of impatience, wrapped herself in her shawl, and sat at the foot of the bed.

看护按吩咐做了，不过她同时摇了摇头，暗示这个女人不会这么容易死去的。另一个看护此时也已经回来了，她便又坐回了同伴的旁边。女总管则是一脸不耐烦，她用披肩裹住自己，在床尾坐了下来。

The apothecary's apprentice, having completed the manufacture of the toothpick, planted himself in front of the fire and made good use of it for ten minutes or so: when apparently growing rather dull, he wished Mrs. Corney joy of her job, and took himself off on tiptoe.

药剂师学徒削好牙签之后，站在火炉前面没挪开半步，足足剔了十来分钟的牙。很明显，他越等越无聊，在祝科尼太太工作愉快后，便轻手轻脚地离开了。

When they had sat in silence for some time, the two old women rose from the bed, and crouching over the fire, held out their withered hands to catch the heat. The flame threw a ghastly light on their shrivelled faces, and made their ugliness appear terrible, as, in this position, they began to converse in a low voice.

她们静静地坐了会儿。两个老太婆从床边站起来，蹲到了在炉火边，伸出皱巴巴的双手取暖。火苗在她们干瘪的脸上投下一团惨白的光，把她们的丑陋衬得分外可怖。就着这个姿势，她们开始低声交谈起

来。

"Did she say any more, Anny dear, while I was gone?" inquired the messenger.

“亲爱的安妮，我不在的时候，她又说什么了没有？”报丧的问道。

"Not a word," replied the other. "She plucked and tore at her arms for a little time; but I held her hands, and she soon dropped off. She hasn't much strength in her, so I easily kept her quiet. I ain't so weak for an old woman, although I am on parish allowance; no, no!”

“一个字都没说。”另一个答道，“有那么一小会儿她在自己胳膊上又拉又扯的，我抓住了她的双手，没过多久她就又睡着了。她身上没什么劲儿，我没花多少力气就让她安静了下来。尽管我是吃教区津贴的，但还不至于虚弱到对付不了一个老太婆，没错吧，没错吧！”

"Did she drink the hot wine the doctor said she was to have?" demaned the first. "I tried to get it down," rejoined the other. "But her teeth were tight set, and she clenched the mug so hard that it was as much as I could do to get it back again. So I drank it; and it did me good!"

“医生让她喝热葡萄酒，她喝了没？”第一个看护问道。“我有试过让她喝下去。”另一个回答说，“但是她死咬着牙齿，手还死死抓着杯子。我使了吃奶的劲儿，也只是把那杯酒夺了回来。所以喽，我就把酒喝掉了，还真不错哩！”

Looking cautiously round, to ascertain that they were not overheard, the two hags cowered nearer to the fire, and chuckled heartily.

这两个老丑婆谨慎地看了看四周，确信没有人听见她们的话之后，就又朝炉火凑了凑，还开怀地咯咯笑了起来。

"I mind the time," said the first speaker, "when she would have done the same, and made rare fun of it afterwards."

“我心里有数。”第一个发话的说，“她还会来那一套，然后拿这件事大肆取笑一番。”

"Ay, that she would," rejoined the other; "she had a merry heart. "A many, many, beautiful corpses she laid out, as nice and neat as waxwork. My old eyes have seen them—ay, and those old hands touched them too; for I have helped her, scores of times.”

“对啊，她真会那样。”另一个回答道，“她有颗快乐的心。”“她送出去许许多多美丽的尸体，个个漂亮整洁得像蜡像一样。我这双老眼看到过——是啊，这双老手也触碰过。我帮过她，都有好几十次啦。”

Stretching forth her trembling fingers as she spoke, the old creature shook them exultingly before her face, and fumbling in her

pocket, brought out an old time-discoloured tin snuff-box, from which she shook a few grains into the outstretched palm of her companion, and a few more into her own. While they were thus employed, the matron, who had been impatiently watching until the dying woman should awaken from her stupor, joined them by the fire, and sharply asked how long she was to wait?

这个老太婆一边说，一边哆哆嗦嗦地伸出几根手指，在自己面前得意洋洋地晃了晃。接着她又在口袋里乱摸一通，拿出一个已经褪了色的老旧锡鼻烟盒，从里面摇出几粒烟末放到同伴摊开的手掌里，又往自己手上倒了一些。女总管之前一直耐着性子，等着那临死的老妇人从昏迷中苏醒过来。这时正当这两人享用之际，她也来到炉火边加入了他们，并厉声询问究竟还要等多久。

"Not long,mistress, replied the second woman, looking up into her face. "We have none of us long to wait for Death. Patience, patience! He'll be here soon enough for us all.”

“用不了多久，夫人。”第二个老太婆抬头看着她的脸，回答道，“我们都不愿等待死神到来。请耐心点，耐心点！死神很快就会来这里看我们大家的。”

"Hold your tongue, you doting idiot!" said the matron sternly. "You, Martha, tell me; has she been in this way before?"

“住嘴，你这个着了魔的白痴！”女总管严厉地说，“你，玛莎，告诉我，她以前有这样过吗？”

"Often," answered the first woman.

“她经常这样。”第一个老太婆答道。

"But will never be again," added the second one; "that is, she'll never wake again but once—and mind, mistress, that won't be for long!”

“不过不会再这样了。”第二个补充道，“也就是说，她也只会再醒一次——留神了，夫人，那也长不了。”

"Long or short," said the matron, snappishly, "she won't find me here when she does wake; take care, both of you, how you worry me again for nothing. it's no part of my duty to see all the old women in the house die, and I won't—that's more. Mind that, you impudent old harridans. If you make a fool of me again, I'll soon cure you, I warrant you!”

“管它长短。”女总管暴躁地说，“她就算醒了也看不到我在这里。你们两个，当心着点儿，看你们敢再无缘无故来烦我。我的职责里头也不包括给这济贫院里面所有的老太婆送终，我以后也决不会——决不会这么做了。注意着点儿，你们这些放肆的老刁妇。你们要是再敢捉弄我，我很快就会修理你们，我保证！”

She was bouncing away, when a cry from the two women, who had turned towards the bed, caused her to look round. The patient had raised herself upright, and was stretching her arms towards them.

她正要大步离开，两个老太婆则转过身去，面朝着床。突然，她们一齐大叫起来，惹得她不禁又扭头看了一眼。病人已经自己直直地坐了起来，正朝着她们伸出胳膊。

"Who's that?" she cried, in a hollow voice.

“谁在那边？”她用空洞的声音喊道。

"Hush, hush!" said one of the women, stooping over her. "Lie down, lie down!"

“嘘，嘘！”其中一个妇人朝她弯下身去说，“躺下，躺下！”

"I'll never lie down again alive!" said the woman, struggling. "I—will—tell her! Come here! Nearer! Let me whisper in your ear.”

“我再躺下去时就已经不再是个活人了！”那个妇人挣扎着说，“我——要——告诉她！上这边来！靠近点儿！让我在你耳边悄悄告诉你。”

She clutched the matron by the arm, and forcing her into a chair by the bedside, was about to speak, when looking round, she caught sight of the two old women bending forward in the attitude of eager listeners.

她抓住女总管的胳膊，把她摁进床边的一把椅子里。她没先开口说话，而是旁边扫了一眼，果然看到两个老太婆弯着腰，身体还往前倾，一副迫切想当听众的姿势。

"Turn them away," said the woman, drowsily; "make haste! make haste!"

“让她们走开，”妇人昏昏沉沉地说，“快点！快点！”

The two old crones, chiming in together, began pouring out many piteous lamentations that the poor dear was too far gone to know her best friends; and were uttering sundry protestations that they would never leave her, when the superior pushed them from the room, closed the door, and returned to the bedside. On being excluded, the old ladies changed their tone, and cried through the keyhole that old Sally was drunk; which, indeed, was not unlikely; since, in addition to a moderate dose of opium prescribed by the apothecary, she was labouring under the effects of a final taste of gin-and-water which had been privily administered, in the openness of their hearts, by the worthy old ladies themselves.

这两个老太婆一齐开口，开始喋喋不休地哀怨悲叹，说这可怜的人儿病得厉害，连自己最好的朋友都不认识了，接着又郑重地做出各种保

证，说她们绝对不会离她而去，一直到她们的上司把她们推出房间，关了门自己回到床边。被赶出去以后，两个老太婆变了语调，冲着钥匙眼嚷嚷，说老莎莉喝醉了。这根本不可能，因为除了药剂师开的适量的鸦片外，她最后只喝了一点掺水的杜松子酒，此时正备受煎熬。那还是两位可敬的老妇人出于好心，偷偷让她喝下去的。

"Now listen to me," said the dying woman aloud, as if making a great effort to revive one latent spark of energy. "In this very room—in this very bed—I once nursed a pretty young creetur, that was brought into the house with her feet cut and bruised with walking, and all soiled with dust and blood. She gave birth to a boy, and died. Let me think—what was the year again!”

“现在听我说。”垂死的妇人大声说道，似乎在努力重燃一颗潜在的能量火花，“就在这个房间里——这张床上——我曾经照顾过一个年轻漂亮的人儿。她被带进来的时候，脚因为走的路太多，割伤严重，瘀痕累累；浑身上下都沾满了尘土和血迹。她生下了一个男孩，然后就死掉了。让我再想想——那是哪年来着！”

"Never mind the year," said the impatient auditor; "what about her?"

“别管哪年了。”听她说话的那人很是不耐烦，“还有什么关于她的事吗？”

"Ay," murmured the sick woman, relapsing into her former drowsy state, "what about her? —what about—I know!" she cried, jumping fiercely up: her face flushed, and her eyes starting from her head— "I robbed her, so I did! She wasn't cold—I tell you she wasn't cold, when I stole it!”

“唉！”病人呢喃着，又像刚才那样昏昏沉沉起来，“关于她的吗？——关于——我想起来了！”她边叫边猛地跳起来，脸兴奋得通红，两只眼睛都凸出来——“我抢了她的东西，我抢了！她身体还没变凉——我告诉你，我抢的时候她的身体还没凉呢！”

"Stole what, for God's sake?" cried the matron, with a gesture as if she would call for help.

“你抢了什么，看在上帝的份上？”女总管大声叫道，看样子似乎是要喊救命。

“—It—!" replied the woman, laying her hand over the other's mouth. "The only thing she had. She wanted clothes to keep her warm, and food to eat; but she had kept it safe, and had it in her bosom. It was gold, I tell you! Rich gold, that might have saved her life!"

“那个——！”妇人用手捂住对方的嘴，回答道，“是她仅有的东西。她需要衣服保暖，需要食物填肚子，可是她把那个东西藏在胸前，安全

地留了下来。那可是金子做的！我告诉你。纯金，也许本可以救她一命的！”

"Gold!" echoed the matron, bending eagerly over the woman as she fell back. "Go on, go on—yes—what of it? Who was the mother? When was it?”

“金子！”女总管也叫了一声。妇人随后倒了下去，她也急切地弯下身去，“说啊，说啊——对了——那东西是什么？那个母亲是谁？什么时候的事？”

"She charge me to keep it safe," replied the woman with a groan, "and trusted me as the only woman about her. I stole it in my heart when she first showed it me hanging round her neck; and the child's death, perhaps, is on me besides! They would have treated him better, if they had known it all!”

“她让我替她保管。”妇人呻吟了一声，回答说，“她委托给了我，因为我是当时在她身边唯一的女人。她第一次把挂在脖子上的那东西给我看时，我心里就已经决定要偷走它了。还有那个孩子的死，可能吧，也是我造成的！如果他们早知道所有这一切的话，肯定会对他好一些的。”

"Known what?" asked the other. "Speak!"

“知道什么？”旁边人问道，“说啊！”

"The boy grew so like his mother," said the woman, rambling on, and not heeding the question, "that I could never forget it when I saw his face. Poor girl! poor girl! She was so young, too! Such a gentle lamb! Wait; there's more to tell. I have not told you all, have I?”

“那孩子长得像极了他妈妈。”妇人没注意到那问题，只是继续杂乱无章地讲下去，“我一看到他的脸，就忘不了那件事。可怜的姑娘！可怜的姑娘！她也才那么年轻！是多么温顺的小羊羔啊！等等，我还有更多的要说．我还没全告诉你，对吧？”

"No, no," replied the matron, inclining her head to catch the words, as they came more faintly from the dying woman. "Be quick, or it may be too late!"

“没，没呢，”女总管一边答，一边侧过脑袋努力想听清她的话；这垂死妇人的说话声越来越微弱了，“快点讲，要不然就来不及了！”

"The mother," said the woman, making a more violent effort than before; "the mother, when the pains of death first came upon her, whispered in my ear that if her baby was born alive, and thrived, the day might come when it would not feel so much disgraced to hear its poor young mother named. "And oh, kind Heaven!" she said, folding her thin hands together, "whether it be boy or girl, raise up some friends for it in this troubled world, and take pity upon a lonely desolate child, abandoned to its mercy!" "The boy's name?" demanded

the matron.

“那个母亲，”妇人说，语气比之前更加吃力了，“那个母亲，当死亡的第一波痛苦来袭时，悄悄地对我说，如果她的孩子生下来是活着的，以后还发达了；可能有这么一天，他会听到别人提起他那可怜早逝的母亲，他不会觉得有多么不光彩的。”“然后，噢，仁慈的上帝啊！”她说着，两只瘦瘦的手合在一起，“不管是男孩还是女孩，请让这孩子在这个充满苦难的世界上结交几个好朋友；可怜可怜这个孤苦伶仃、只能依靠上帝保佑的孩子吧！”“那个男孩叫什么？”女主管追问道。

"They—called—him Oliver," replied the woman, feebly. "The gold I stole was—" "Yes, yes—what?" cried the other.

“他们——叫他——奥利弗。”妇人虚弱地回答，“我偷的金子——”“对，对——怎么样了？”另一个叫道。

She was bending eagerly over the woman to hear her reply; but drew back, instinctively, as she once again rose, slowly and stiffly, into a sitting posture; then, clutching the coverlid with both hands, muttered some indistinct sounds in her throat, and fell lifeless on the bed.

她急切地在妇人身边弯下身，想听她的回答，但当妇人又一次缓慢而僵硬地坐起来时，她又本能地退了回去。妇人双手抓着被单，喉咙里咕嘟着发出几声含混不清的声响，然后倒回床上，死了。

"Stone dead!" said one of the old women, hurrying in as soon as the door was opened.

“这下死彻底了吧！”门一开，两个老太婆就慌忙跑进来，其中一个叫道。

"And nothing to tell, after all," rejoined the matron, walking carelessly away.

“直到最后，她也没说什么。”女主管应道，漫不经心地走开了。

The two crones, to all appearance, too busily occupied in the preparations for their dreadful duties to make any reply, were left alone, hovering about the body.

最后只留下这两个老丑婆。她们显然正为自己那可怕的职责做准备，忙得不可开交，也没顾得上回答，只是在尸体旁边徘徊犹豫着。

CHAPTER XXV Wherein this history reverts to Mr. Fagin and company

第二十五章 本章中，这部传记转而讲述费金先生和他的同伴

While these things were passing in the country workhouse, Mr. Fagin sat in the old den—the same from which Oliver had been removed by the girl—brooding over a dull, smoky fire. He held a pair of bellows upon his knee, with which he had apparently been endeavouring to rouse it into more cheerful action; but he had fallen into deep thought; and with his arms folded on them, and his chin resting on his thumbs, fixed his eyes, abstractedly, on the rusty bars.

乡村济贫院发生这些事情的时候，费金先生正坐在他的老巢里——奥利弗就是从这个地方被那个女孩弄走的——在一团死气沉沉、烟雾缭绕的炉火边沉思。他膝盖上放着一对风箱，很明显他本来是想尝试用风箱把火烧得更旺些，但此时他已陷入了沉思。他将双臂交叉放在风箱上面，两根大拇指顶住下巴，双眼茫然地盯着锈迹斑斑的铁栅栏。

At a table behind him sat the Artful Dodger, Master Charles Bates, and Mr. Chitling: all intent upon a game of whist; the Artful taking dummy against Master Bates and Mr. Chitling. The countenance of the first-named gentleman, peculiarly intelligent at all times, acquired great additional interest from his close observance of the game, and his attentive perusal of Mr. Chitling's hand; upon which, from time to time, as occasion served, he bestowed a variety of earnest glances: wisely regulating his own play by the result of his observations upon his neighbour's cards. It being a cold night, the Dodger wore his hat, as, indeed, was often his custom within doors. He also sustained a clay pipe between his teeth, which he only removed for a brief space when he deemed it necessary to apply for refreshment to a quart pot upon the table, which stood ready filled with gin-and-water for the accommodation of the company.

他身后的桌子旁坐着机灵鬼、查尔斯·贝茨少爷和基特宁先生。他们都在专心致志地玩惠斯特扑克牌游戏，机灵鬼和哑巴对阵贝茨少爷和基特宁先生。首先提到姓名的那位绅士无论何时都是智慧非常。他细致观察这项游戏，专心研读基特宁先生的手，脸上又平添了许多额外的趣味。一有机会他就会不时这样或那样机敏地瞥一眼基特宁先生的手，并根据他看到的自己邻座手里的牌，巧妙地调整自己的玩法。那是一个寒冷的夜晚，机灵鬼戴着帽子；事实上，他在室内就是这幅样子，常常不摘帽子。他牙缝里还一直咬着一只陶烟斗，只会在感觉有必要拿起桌子上的一只酒壶，喝口酒提提神时，才会把烟管移开，留出极小的空间。

这只酒壶的容量有一夸脱，里面盛着兑水杜松子酒，供大家一起享用。

Master Bates was also attentive to the play; but being of a more excitable nature than his accomplished friend, it was observable that he more frequently applied himself to the gin-and-water, and moreover indulged in many jests and irrelevant remarks, all highly unbecoming a scientific rubber. Indeed, the Artful, presuming upon their close attachment, more than once took occasion to reason gravely with his companion upon these improprieties; all of which remonstrances, Master Bates received in extremely good part; merely requesting his friend to be "blowed," or to insert his head in a sack, or replying with some other neatly-turned witticism of a similar kind, the happy application of which, excited considerable admiration in the mind of Mr. Chitling. It was remarkable that the latter gentleman and his partner invariably lost; and that the circumstance, so far from angering Master Bates, appeared to afford him the highest amusement, inasmuch as he laughed most uproariously at the end of every deal, and protested that he had never seen such a jolly game in all his born days.

贝茨少爷也全心玩牌，但比起他高技巧的同伴，他天生更易激动。看得出来，他喝兑水杜松子酒更频繁，玩笑开了不少，还老说些不相关的话，整个人都沉迷在了其中——这些都与这种三局两胜、讲究严谨的牌戏格格不入。事实上，机灵鬼仗着他们之间亲近的关系，不止一次借机严肃地劝告过他的同伴，这些举动并不恰当。所有这些劝说抱怨，贝茨少爷都极其礼貌地对待，只是要他的朋友“去死”，或把脑袋塞到麻袋里，或者回复几句类似的巧妙俏皮话。这些俏皮话运用得很有趣味，基特宁先生心里十分佩服。值得一提的是，后一位绅士和他的搭档一直在输牌。这种情形非但没有激怒贝茨少爷，反而好像给他带来了最好的消遣。每局结束他都要喧声大笑，并声称他平生从来没有见过这么有趣的游戏。

"That's two doubles and the rub," said Mr. Chitling, with a very long face, as he drew half-a-crown from his waistcoat-pocket. "I never see such a feller as you, Jack; you win everything. Even when we've good cards, Charley and I can't make nothing of 'em.”

“再来两次双人对双人，就是一整局。”基特宁先生拉长了脸说，从背心口袋里掏出半个克朗，“我从来没见过像你这样的家伙，杰克，你每次都赢。甚至在我和查利有好牌的时候，我们都赢不了你。”

Either the master or the manner of this remark, which was made very ruefully, delighted Charley Bates so much, that his consequent shout of laughter roused the Jew from his reverie, and induced him to inquire what was the matter.

查利·贝茨大为开心，不知道是被说话人本身还是他说话时垂头丧气的架势逗乐了，哈哈大笑起来。这笑声还在沉思中的犹太佬拉了回来，

他便不禁询问是怎么一回事。

"Matter, Fagin!" cried Charley. "I wish you had watched the play. Tommy Chitling hasn't won a point; and I went partners with him against the Artfull and dumb.”

“怎么一回事，费金！”查利喊道，“真希望你看了牌局。汤米·基特宁一分都没赢，我和他搭档对付机灵鬼和哑巴。”

"Ay, ay!" said the Jew, with a grin, which sufficiently demonstrated that he was at no loss to understand the reason. "Try 'em again, Tom; try 'em again.”

“是啊，是啊！”犹太佬咧嘴笑着说，充分说明他完全了解其中的缘由，“再玩几把，汤姆，再玩几把。”

"No more of it for me, thank 'ee, Fagin," replied Mr. Chitling; "I've had enough. That 'ere Dodger has such a run of luck that there's no standing again' him.”

“我可不玩了，多谢了，费金，”基特宁先生回答道，“我受够了。机灵鬼一路走运，谁都赢不了他。”

"Ha! ha! my dear," replied the Jew, "you must get up very early in the morning, to win against the Dodger."

“哈！哈！亲爱的，”犹太佬答道，“你要想赢机灵鬼，早上可得起个大早。”

"Morning!" said Charley Bates; "you must put your boots on overnight, and have a telescope at each eye, and a opera-glass between your shoulders, if you want to come over him.”

“早上！”查利·贝茨说，“要是想赢他，半夜就得把靴子穿上，给两只眼睛各戴一台望远镜，肩膀中间还得挂一个看戏用的眼镜。”

Mr. Dawkins received these handsome compliments with much philosophy, and offered to cut any gentleman in company, for the first picture-card, at a shilling at a time. Nobody accepting the challenge, and his pipe being by this time smoked out, he proceeded to amuse himself by sketching a ground-plan of Newgate on the table with the piece of chalk which had served him in lieu of counters; whistling, meantime, with peculiar shrillness.

道金斯先生镇定自若地接受了这些溢美之词，并提出要和在座随便哪位绅士玩切牌，先切到人头者为胜，一次一个先令。没有人接受这一挑战，而他的烟斗这时又刚好抽完。他便继续自娱自乐，用代替筹码的那段粉笔在桌子上画了一幅新门监狱的平面图，一边画还一边吹着格外刺耳的口哨。

"How precious dull you are, Tommy!" said the Dodger, stopping short when there had been a long silence; and addressing Mr. Chitling.

"What do you think he's thinking of, Fagin?”

“你可真够无聊的，汤米！”众人很长一段时间都一言不发；机灵鬼打破沉默，开口就提到了基特宁先生，“你觉得他在想什么呢，费金？”

"How should I know, my dear?" replied the Jew, looking round as he plied the bellows. "About his losses, maybe; or the little retirement in the country that he's just left, eh? Ha! ha! Is that it, my dear?”

“这我怎么可能知道啊，亲爱的？”犹太佬说着，回头看了一眼，手里还拉着风箱，“大概在想他输了多少吧；要不就是他刚离开的那个村子，那里头有个幽静住处，对吧？哈！哈！是不是啊，亲爱的？”

"Not a bit of it," replied the Dodger, stopping the subject of discourse as Mr. Chitling was about to reply. "What do-you-say, Charley?”

“压根不是那么回事。”基特宁先生刚要开口，机灵鬼已经抢先回答，刹住了这个话题。“你——怎——么——看呢，查利？”

“—I—should say," replied Master Bates, with a grin, "that he was uncommon sweet upon Betsy. See how he's a-blushing! Oh, my eye! here's a merry-go-rounder! Tommy Chitling's in love! Oh, Fagin, Fagin! what a spree!”

“让我——说——”贝茨少爷咧嘴笑了，“他对贝齐可不是一般的甜。看他脸红的！噢，我的眼睛啊！眼前简直有个旋转木马在转，这下有乐子看了！汤米·基特宁得相思病了！噢，费金！费金！我要发狂了！”

Thoroughly overpowered with the notion of Mr. Chitling being the victim of the tender passion, Master Bates threw himself back in his chair with such violence, that he lost his balance, and pitched over upon the floor; where (the accident abating nothing of his merriment) he lay at full length until his laugh was over, when he resumed his former position, and began another laugh.

想到基特宁先生竟然成了爱情这一柔美情感的受害者，贝茨少爷完全乐疯了。他猛地朝他坐的椅子仰过去，失去了平衡，一头栽倒在了地板上（这事故丝毫没影响到他的快活劲）。他摊开手脚躺在地板上，一直到笑完了，才坐回原来的位置，接着又开始另一轮大笑。

"Never mind him, my dear," said the Jew, winking at Mr. Dawkins, and giving Master Bates a reproving tap with the nozzle of the bellows. "Betsy's a fine girl. Stick up to her, Tom. Stick up to her.”

“别理他，亲爱的，”犹太佬说，朝道金斯先生挤了挤眼，还用风箱的喷嘴敲了贝茨少爷一下以示惩戒，“贝齐是个好姑娘。你只管追，汤姆。你只管追。”

"What I mean to say, Fagin," replied Mr. Chitling, very red in the face, "is, that that isn't anything to anybody here.”

“我想说的是，费金，”基特宁先生回答，脸红得很，“说的是，这事与你们这里的任何人都没关系。”

"No more it is," replied the Jew; "Charley will talk. Don't mind him, my dear; don't mind him. Betsy's a fine girl. Do as she bids you, Tom, and you will make your fortune.”

“不会再有人多说什么了。”犹太佬答道，“查利就会闲碎嘴。你别理他，亲爱的，别理他。贝齐是个好姑娘。照她吩咐的做，汤姆，你会走运的。”

"So I-do-do as she bids me," replied Mr. Chitling; "I shouldn't have been milled, if it hadn't been for her advice. But it turned out a good job for you; didn't it, Fagin! And what'six weeks of it? It must come, some time or another, and why not in the winter time when you don't want to go out a-walking so much; eh, Fagin?”

“我就是完全照她的吩咐做事的。”基特宁答道，“要不是听了她的建议，我也不会受折腾了。但到头来还不是让你占了好处，不是吗，费金！六个礼拜算什么？反正总是要进去的，不论是在什么时候。那么干嘛不选在冬天，正好那时你也不怎么想出去走动，嗯，费金？”

"Ah, to be sure, my dear," replied the Jew.

“啊，当然了，亲爱的。”犹太佬回答。

"You wouldn't mind it again, Tom, would you," asked the Dodger, winking upon Charley and the Jew, "if Bet was all right?"

“你不介意再进去一次的，汤姆，对吧？”机灵鬼朝查利和犹太佬挤了挤眼，“如果贝齐不在乎的话？”

"I mean to say that I shouldn't," replied Tom, angrily. "There, now. Ah! Who'll say as much as that, I should like to know; eh, Fagin?”

“我想说，我应该不会介意。”汤姆生气地说，“再进去那里，现在。啊！谁要是敢再说这些，我倒想知道知道，嗯，费金？”

"Nobody, my dear," replied the Jew; "not a soul, Tom. I don't know one of 'em that would do it besides you; not one of 'em, my dear.”

“没人敢，亲爱的，”犹太佬答道，“根本没人敢，汤姆。我知道除了你，他们中没一个人有这种胆色，一个都没有，亲爱的。”

"I might have got clear off, if I'd split upon her; mightn't I, Fagin?" angrily pursued the poor half-witted dupe. "A word from me would have done it; wouldn't it, Fagin?”

“当初我要是把她供出来，自个儿就没事了，对不对，费金？”可怜的冤大头生气地追问道，“我一句话就能搞定，不是吗，费金？”

"To be sure it would, my dear," replied the Jew.

“肯定可以，亲爱的。”犹太佬回答说。

"But I didn't blab it; did I, Fagin?" demanded Tom, pouring question upon question with great volubility.

“但我什么都没漏出来，是吧，费金？”汤姆又追问道。他的问题一个接着一个，不带丝毫停顿。

"No, no, to be sure," replied the Jew; "you were too stout-hearted for that. A deal too stout, my dear!”

“没有，没有，绝对的，”犹太佬回答说，“在这件事上，你就是有点儿太鲁莽了。太鲁莽了，亲爱的！”

"Perhaps I was," rejoined Tom, looking round; "and if I was, what's to laugh at, in that; eh, Fagin?”

“可能是吧，”汤姆看了看四周，回答说，“可就算是这样，那这里面又有什么好笑的呢，啊，费金？”

The Jew, perceiving that Mr. Chitling was considerably roused, hastened to assure him that nobody was laughing; and to prove the gravity of the company, appealed to Master Bates, the principal offender. But, unfortunately, Charley, in opening his mouth to reply that he was never more serious in his life, was unable to prevent the escape of such a violent roar, that the abused Mr. Chitling, without any preliminary ceremonies, rushed across the room and aimed a blow at the offender; who, being skilful in evading pursuit, ducked to avoid it, and chose his time so well that it lighted on the chest of the merry old gentleman, and caused him to stagger to the wall, where he stood panting for breath, while Mr. Chitling looked on in intense dismay. "Hark!" cried the Dodger at this moment, "I heard the tinkler." Catching up the light, he crept softly upstairs.

犹太佬感觉到基特宁先生此时火冒三丈，赶忙向他保证没人在笑。为了证明在场的人都很庄重，他求助于始作俑者贝茨少爷。但是不幸的是，查利刚张开嘴，想要回答说自己这辈子从来没有比现在更严肃过，却又忍不住哈哈大笑起来。受侮辱的基特宁先生没给任何预兆，一下子就横冲过房间，朝着冒犯者就想给他一拳。贝茨少爷对躲避追击向来就很有技巧，一躬身躲过了这一拳；他选的时机又如此巧妙，这拳打到了那乐呵呵的老绅士胸上，打得他踉踉跄跄，一直退到墙边，站在那里大口喘着气。基特宁先生看着他，满脸错愕的表情。“听！”这时机灵鬼叫道，“我听到铃声了。”他一把抓起蜡烛，轻轻地爬上了楼。

The bell was rung again, with some impatience, while the party were in darkness. After a short pause, the Dodger reappeared, and whispered Fagin mysteriously.

这帮人顿时身处一片黑暗之中，这时铃声又不耐烦地响了起来。过了一小会儿，机灵鬼回来了，神神秘秘地跟费金咬耳朵。

"What!" cried the Jew, "alone?"

“什么！”犹太佬叫道，“就一个人？”

The Dodger nodded in the affirmative, and, shading the flame of the candle with his hand, gave Charley Bates a private intimation, in dumb show, that he had better not be funny just then. Having performed this friendly office, he fixed his eyes on the Jew's face, and awaited his directions.

机灵鬼肯定地点了点头。他用手遮住了蜡烛的火光，悄悄地给查利·贝茨做了个手势，暗示他此刻最好别开玩笑。尽完了好朋友的责任，他注视着犹太佬的脸，等着他的指示。

The old man bit his yellow fingers, and meditated for some seconds; his face working with agitation the while, as if he dreaded something, and feared to know the worst. At length he raised his head.

老头咬着他泛黄的手指，思考了几秒钟。这时他的脸上满是焦虑的神情，似乎正担心着什么，又害怕得知最坏的情况。终于，他抬起了头。

"Where is he?" he asked.

“他在哪儿？”他问道。

The Dodger pointed to the floor above, and made a gesture, as if to leave the room.

机灵鬼指了指楼上，做了个手势，意思好像是说，他要再离开房间一趟。

"Yes," said the Jew, answering the mute inquiry; "bring him down. Hush! Quiet, Charley! Gently, Tom! Scarce, scarce!"

“好的，”犹太佬回复了这个无声的请求，“带他下来。嘘！安静点儿，查利！轻点儿，汤姆！避开点儿，避开点儿！”

This brief direction to Charley Bates, and his recent antagonist, was softly and immediately obeyed. There was no sound of their whereabout, when the Dodger descended the stairs, bearing the light in his hand, and followed by a man in a coarse smock-frock; who, after casting a hurried glance round the room, pulled off a large wrapper which had concealed the lower portion of his face, and disclosed: all haggard, unwashed, and unshorn: the features of flash Toby Crackit.

查利·贝茨和他新近结下的对头立即服从了这一简短的指示，轻手轻脚地避开了。房间里没了声音，不知道他们都去了哪里。这时，机灵鬼拿着蜡烛走下楼梯，后面跟着一个穿粗布长罩衫的男人。他慌忙扫视了一下房间，然后才扯下了遮挡他下半张脸的大披巾，露出来一张憔悴无

比，不知多久没洗过也没刮过的脸——这正是花花公子托比·格拉基特的特色。

"How are you, Faguey?" said this worthy, nodding to the Jew. "Pop that shawl away in my castor, Dodger, so that I may know where to find it when I cut; that's the time of day! You'll be a fine young cracksman afore the old file now.”

“你好吗，费金？”这位可敬人士说着，朝犹太佬点点头，“快把这条围巾塞到我的皮帽里去，机灵鬼，这样我要剪头发的时候就知道到哪里去找它了。这就对了！你将来肯定会变成一个年轻有为的江洋大盗，比眼前这个老油条还要高明。”

With these words he pulled up the smock-frock; and, winding it round his middle, drew a chair to the fire, and placed his feet upon the hob.

他边说边撩起了那粗布罩衫缠在腰间，又拉了把椅子坐到炉火边，把两只脚搭在了炉架上，

"See there, Faguey," he said, pointing disconsolately to his top boots; "not a drop of Day and Martin since you know when; not a bubble of blacking, by Jove! But don't look at me in that way, man. All in good time. I can't talk about business till I've eat and drank; so produce the sustainance, and let's have a quiet fill-out for the first time these three days!”

“看看那儿，费金，”他说着，郁郁不欢地指着他的长筒马靴，“从你知道这双靴时起，连一滴戴伊马丁都没沾过，都没擦过一点黑鞋油末，天哪！但别那么看我，伙计。别着急。我没吃没喝的没法谈生意。拿点吃的来，先让我安安静静地填一填饿了三天的肚子！”

The Jew motioned to the Dodger to place what eatables there were, upon the table; and, seating himself opposite the housebreaker, waited his leisure.

犹太佬朝机灵鬼做了个手势，让他把能吃的都拿到桌子上去；他自己则坐在这个强盗的对面，等着他闲下来。

To judge from appearances, Toby was by no means in a hurry to open the conversation. At first, the Jew contented himself with patiently watching his countenance, as if to gain from its expression some clue to the intelligence he brought; but in vain.

从他的表现来看，托比一点都不着急，并不想立即开始谈话。刚开始的时候，犹太佬耐心地看着他的脸聊以自慰，似乎要从他的表情中得到些他所带来的情报的线索，但却是白费力气。

He looked tired and worn, but there was the same complacent repose upon his features that they always wore: and through dirt, and beard, and whisker, there still shone, unimpaired, the self-satisfied

smirk of flash Toby Crackit. Then the Jew, in an agony of impatience, watched every morsel he put into his mouth; pacing up and down the room, meanwhile, in irrepressible excitement. It was all of no use. Toby continued to eat with the utmost outward indifference, until he could eat no more; then, ordering the Dodger out, he closed the door, mixed a glass of spirits and water, and composed himself for talking.

他看上去特别疲惫，但是一如既往地面带闲适自满的神情；那表情透过污垢尘土、乱糟糟的胡须，依然闪耀惹眼，无所减弱——这就是花花公子托比·格拉基特自满得意的笑容。可接下来，犹太佬眼看他一小口一小口地把食物放进嘴里，实在是焦躁不已，痛苦不堪；他抑制不住激动，在屋里踱来踱去。这些都没用。托比继续吃着，对外界表现得漠不关心，直到他再也吃不下去为止。他让机灵鬼出去，自己关上了门，调了杯酒，又缓了缓神，这才准备开口说话。

"First and foremost, Faguey," said Toby.

“首要的是，费金。”托比说道。

"Yes, yes!" interposed the Jew, drawing up his chair.

“是，是！”犹太佬一边插嘴，一边把椅子往前拉了拉。

Mr. Crackit stopped to take a draught of spirits and water, and to declare that the gin was excellent; then placing his feet against the low mantelpiece, so as to bring his boots to about the level of his eye, he quietly resumed.

格拉基特先生停下来喝了一口酒，赞了一声松子酒非常好喝。接着他又把脚蹬在矮壁炉上，使得靴子和眼睛的高度大致齐平，这才又平平静静地重拾话题。

"First and foremost, Faguey," said the housebreaker, "how's Bill?”

“首要的是，费金，”强盗说道，“比尔还好吗？”

"What!" screamed the Jew, starting from his seat.

“什么！”犹太佬一下从椅子上跳了起来，大声叫道。

"Why, you don't mean to say—” began Toby, turning pale.

“什么，你不是要说——”托比又开口了，脸色煞白。

"Mean!" cried the Jew, stamping furiously on the ground. "Where are they? Sikes and the boy! Where are they? Where have they been? Where are they hiding? Why have they not been here?"

“就是这意思！”犹太佬喊道，怒不可遏地跺着地面，“他们在哪儿？赛克斯和那个男孩！他们在哪儿了？他们去哪儿了？他们躲在哪儿了？他们为什么还没来？”

"The crack failed," said Toby faintly.

“买卖搞砸了。”托比有气无力地说。

"I know it," replied the Jew, tearing a newspaper from his pocket and pointing to it. "What more?"

“我知道。”犹太佬从口袋里扯出一张报纸，指着报纸回答说，“还有呢？”

"They fired and hit the boy. We cut over the fields at the back, with him between us—straight as the crow flies—through hedge and ditch. They gave chase. Damme! the whole country was awake, and the dogs upon us.”

“他们开枪打中了那男孩。我们俩架着他抄近路穿过了房子后面的田野——跑得直直的，像乌鸦飞过一样——穿过了篱笆和水渠。他们还追着我们。该死！整个村子都醒了，狗也在追我们。”

"The boy!"

“那孩子！”

"Bill had him on his back, and scudded like the wind. We stopped to take him between us; his head hung down, and he was cold. They were close upon our heels; every man for himself, and each from the gallows! We parted company, and left the youngster lying in a ditch. Alive or dead, that's all I know about him.”

“比尔把他被在背上，像风似的飞跑。后来我们停了下来，想两个人一起架住他，但他的头耷拉下来，身体已经凉了。他们紧紧地跟在我们后面，都快踩到我们的脚后跟了；人人为己，谁都不想上绞刑架！我们就散开跑了，留那孩子躺在一条水渠里。他生死不明，这是我知道的所有关于他的事了。”

The Jew stopped to hear no more; but uttering a loud yell, and twining his hands in his hair, rushed from the room, and from the house.

犹太佬没再听他说下去，只是大喊一声，双手揪着头发，冲出了房间，一路跑出了房子。

CHAPTER XXVI In which a mysterious character appears upon the scene; and many things, inseparable from this history, are done and performed

第二十六章 在这一章里，一个神秘的角色登场了，许多与本传记密切相关的事情也发生了

The old man had gained the street corner, before he began to recover the effect of Toby Crackit's s intelligence. He had relaxed nothing of his unusual speed; but was still pressing onward, in the same wild and disordered manner, when the sudden dashing past of a carriage: and a boisterous cry from the foot passengers, who saw his danger: drove him back upon the pavement. Avoiding, as much as was possible, all the main streets, and skulking only through the by-ways and alleys, he at length emerged on Snow Hill. Here he walked even faster than before; nor did he linger until he had again turned into a court; when, as if conscious that he was now in his proper element, he fell into his usual shuffling pace, and seemed to breathe more freely.

老费金一直跑到街角，才开始接受托比·格拉基特带来的消息，才开始从这消息造成的影响中缓过神来。他依旧疯狂混乱地向前跑着，一点也没放慢自己不寻常的速度。突然一辆马车从他身旁飞速驶过，差一点就撞到了他；行人见此情形都尖叫了起来，他这才回到了人行道上。他尽量避开了所有的大道，光挑些小街小巷躲躲闪闪地穿过。最后，他终于到了斯诺山。到了这里后，他走得比之前更快了。他毫不拖沓往前走，直到又一闪身进了一个小巷子。这时他才好像意识到已经到了属于自己的地方，于是他恢复了平日里那种慢腾腾的步子，连呼吸看上去也更加畅快了。

Near to the spot on which Snow Hill and Holborn Hill meet, opens, upon the right hand as you come out of the City, a narrow and dismal alley, leading to Saffron Hill. In its filthy shops are exposed for sale huge bunches of second-hand silk handkerchiefs, of all sizes and patterns; for here reside the traders who purchase them from pick-pockets. Hundreds of these handkerchiefs hang dangling from pegs outside the windows or flaunting from the door-posts; and the shelves, within, are piled with them. Confined as the limits of Field Lane are, it has its barber, its coffee-shop, its beer-shop, and its fried-fish warehouse. It is a commercial colony of itself: the emporium of petty larceny: visited at early morning, and setting-in of dusk, by silent merchants, who traffic in dark back-parlours, and who go as strangely as they come. Here, the clothesman, the shoe-vamper, and the rag-

merchant, display their goods, as sign-boards to the petty thief; here, stores of old iron and bones, and heaps of mildewy fragments of woollen-stuff and linen, rust and rot in the grimy cellars.

在斯诺山与霍尔本山的交会处附近，沿着从伦敦城出来右手边方向，有一条狭窄昏暗的巷子，通向红花山。巷子里有一些肮脏的店铺，摆着大束大束二手丝织手绢，大小不一、样式齐全，因为这里居住着不少从小偷的手里收购这些货的商人。成百上千条手绢挂在窗户外面的钉子上，晃来晃去，或者是在门柱上迎风飘扬；里面的货架上也都堆满了手绢。尽管这里跟菲尔德胡同一样狭窄，但是这条小巷有自己的理发店、咖啡馆、酒吧和卖煎鱼的货栈。这里自成一个商业聚居地，是小偷小摸者的贸易中心。从晨光熹微到夜幕降临，沉默的商人络绎不绝地来到这里。他们在黑暗的后厢房里做地下交易，来去无踪，神秘莫测。在这里，裁缝、补鞋匠、收破烂的人都把他们的货物摆放出来，作为告知小偷的广告牌。在这里，肮脏的地窖里堆积着废旧铁器、骨头制品乃至成堆成堆的已经发霉的毛麻织品碎片，都在那里生锈腐烂着。

It was into this place that the Jew turned. He was well known to the sallow denizens of the lane; for such of them as were on the look-out to buy or sell, nodded, familiarly, as he passed along. He replied to their salutations in the same way; but bestowed no closer recognition until he reached the further end of the alley; when he stopped, to address a salesman of small stature, who had squeezed as much of his person into a child's chair as the chair would hold, and was smoking a pipe at his warehouse door.

犹太佬就是转进了这么一个地方。巷子里的这些面黄肌瘦的居民都认识他。他走过去的时候，那些正在店铺门口做生意的人都亲切地跟他点头打招呼。他也向他们点头示意，但是并无进一步交流。他径直走到巷子的尽头才停下来，跟一个矮个子的店家打了个招呼。那个人满满当当地挤在一把儿童椅里，正坐在店门口抽着烟斗。

"Why, the sight of you, Mr. Fagin, would cure the hoptalmy!" said this respectable trader, in acknowledgment of the Jew's inquiry after his health.

“哎呀，费金，只要一看到你，就连瞎子也能睁开眼了。”这位值得尊重的商人说，对犹太佬询问他的身体状况表示感谢。

"The neighbourhood was a little too hot, Lively," said Fagin, elevating his eyebrows, and crossing his hands upon his shoulders.

“莱夫利，这一带真是有点热啊。”费金说着扬起眉毛，双手交叉着放在肩膀上。

"Well, I've heerd that complaint of it, once or twice before," replied the trader; "but it soon cools down again; don't you find it so?”

“是啊，我不止一次听过这种抱怨了。”商人回答，“不过很快就会冷下来了，你没发现天气就是这样一回事吗？”

Fagin nodded in the affirmative. Pointing in the direction of Saffron Hill, he inquired whether any one was up yonder to-night.

费金同意地点点头。他指着红花山的方向，问今晚有没有人去了那里。

"At the Cripples?" inquired the man. The Jew nodded.

“你说的是瘸子酒馆吗？”商人问道。犹太佬点点头。

"Let me see," pursued the merchant, reflecting.

“让我想想，”那个商人沉思了一会儿，接着说，

"Yes, there's some half-dozen of 'em gone in, that I knows. I don't think your friend's there.”

“有，大约是有六七个人去了那里，这我知道。不过我觉得你的朋友不在那儿。”

"Sikes is not, I suppose?" inquired the Jew, with a disappointed countenance.

“赛克斯不在，对吗？”费金询问道，满脸失望。

“—Non istwentus—, as the lawyers say," replied the little man, shaking his head, and looking amazingly sly. "Have you got anything in my line to-night?”

“用律师的说法，他不在场。”小个子摇着头用拉丁语回答道，看上去极为狡猾，“今晚你有什么货给我吗？”

"Nothing to-night," said the Jew, turning away.

“今晚没有。”费金说着，转身离开了。

"Are you going up to the Cripples, Fagin?" cried the little man, calling after him. "Stop! I don't mind if I have a drop there with you!”

“费金，你要去瘸子酒馆吗？”小个子在后面喊他，“等等，我不介意陪你去那喝上两杯！”

But as the Jew, looking back, waved his hand to intimate that he preferred being alone; and, moreover, as the little man could not very easily disengage himself from the chair; the sign of the Cripples was, for a time, bereft of the advantage of Mr. Lively's presence. By the time he had got upon his legs, the Jew had disappeared; so Mr. Lively, after ineffectually standing on tiptoe, in the hope of catching sight of him, again forced himself into the little chair, and, exchanging a shake of the head with a lady in the opposite shop, in which doubt and mistrust were plainly mingled, resumed his pipe with a grave

demeanour.

不过费金回头看了看，摆了摆手，示意自己更喜欢一个人过去，况且那个小个子要从那张椅子里挣脱出来可不是一件容易事。看来这一次，瘸子酒店这块招牌也就失去了莱夫利先生光顾的荣幸了。等莱夫利先生好不容易站起来时，费金早就消失得无影无踪了。他只好踮着脚尖，希望能够看到费金的背影，可却是徒劳无获。于是他再次把身子挤进那把小椅子里，跟对面店铺里的一位太太交换了一个摇头的动作，里头明显掺杂着怀疑与不信任，然后又一本正经地叼起了烟斗。

The Three Cripples, or rather the Cripples; which was the sign by which the establishment was familiarly known to its patrons: was the public-house in which Mr. Sikes and his dog have already figured. Merely making a sign to a man at the bar, Fagin walked straight upstairs, and opening the door of a room, and softly insinuating himself into the chamber, looked anxiously about: shading his eyes with his hand, as if in search of some particular person.

三瘸子，也叫瘸子，是一家酒馆的招牌，它的老顾客都习惯叫它瘸子酒馆。赛克斯先生和他的狗之前曾在这家店里出现过。费金跟酒馆吧台里的一个人打了个招呼，就径直走上了楼，打开了一扇房门，悄悄地溜了进去。他用手挡住眼睛，朝四下里不安地看了看，似乎是在寻找什么人。

The room was illuminated by two gas-lights; the glare of which was prevented by the barred shutters, and closely-drawn curtains of faded red, from being visible outside. The ceiling was blackened, to prevent its colour from being injured by the flaring of the lamps; and the place was so full of dense tobacco smoke, that at first it was scarcely possible to discern anything more. By degrees, however, as some of it cleared away through the open door, an assemblage of heads, as confused as the noises that greeted the ear, might be made out; and as the eye grew more accustomed to the scene, the spectator gradually became aware of the presence of a numerous company, male and female, crowded round a long table: at the upper end of which, sat a chairman with a hammer of office in his hand; while a professional gentleman with a bluish nose, and his face tied up for the benefit of a toothache, presided at a jingling piano in a remote corner.

房间里点着两盏煤油灯，窗板加了栅栏，褪色的红色窗帘拉得严严实实，一点也不透光。天花板被涂成了黑色，如果使用其他颜色，也免不了被烛火熏黑。整个房间里弥漫着烟草燃烧的浓烟，刚进去时，几乎不可能辨别出除烟以外的任何东西。不过慢慢地，有些烟雾从打开的门中散了出去，只见屋子里很多脑袋挤成一片，就跟涌入耳朵的嘈杂声一样混乱。随着眼睛逐渐适应了环境，观察者慢慢地意识到房间里人数众多，有男有女，都围在一张长桌旁。在桌子首座那一头坐着一位手拿审判小锤的主席；一位鼻子发青的专业人士正坐在偏僻的角落里叮叮咚咚

地捣鼓钢琴；拜牙疼所赐，他的脸被包了起来。

As Fagin stepped softly in, the professional gentleman, running over the keys by way of prelude, occasioned a general cry of order for a song; which having subsided, a young lady proceeded to entertain the company with a ballad in four verses, between each of which the accompanyist played the melody all through, as loud as he could. When this was over, the chairman gave a sentiment, after which, the professional gentleman on the chairman's right and left volunteered a duet, and sang it, with great applause.

费金轻轻走进来时，那位专业人士正以弹奏序曲的方式用手指滑过琴键，引得大家纷纷喊着要求点歌一曲。嘈杂平息之后，一位年轻女士上前为大家献上一首四段式歌谣。她每唱完一段，伴奏的人都要把这支曲子从头到尾弹上一遍。他使出了吃奶的力气，琴声震耳欲聋。唱完后，主席发表了一番感想。坐在主席两侧的两位专业人士随后又主动为大家献上一首二重唱，博得大家阵阵掌声。

It was curious to observe some faces which stood out prominently from among the group. There was the chairman himself, (the landlord of the house,) a coarse, rough, heavy built fellow, who, while the songs were proceeding, rolled his eyes hit her and thither, and, seeming to give himself up to joviality, had an eye for everything that was done, and an ear for everything that was said—and sharp ones, too. Near him were the singers: receiving, with professional indifference, the compliments of the company, and applying themselves, in turn, to a dozen proffered glasses of spirits and water, tendered by their more boisterous admirers; whose countenances, whose countenances, expressive of almost every vice in almost every grade, irresistibly attracted the attention, by their very repulsiveness. Cunning, ferocity, and drunkeness in all its stages, were there, in their strongest aspect; and women: some with the last lingering tinge of their early freshness almost fading as you looked: others with every mark and stamp of their sex utterly beaten out, and presenting but one loathsome blank of profligacy and crime; some mere girls, others but young women, and none past the prime of life; formed the darkest and saddest portion of this dreary picture.

而真正有趣的是观察那些在人群中分外惹人注目的面孔。主席本人（也就是这个酒馆的主人）是一个粗俗暴躁、五大三粗的汉子。演唱进行的时候，他一双眼睛转个不停，看似乐在其中。他的眼睛打量着发生的一切，耳朵聆听着人们说起的每一件事——无论是眼睛还是耳朵都相当敏锐。坐在他旁边的两个歌手脸上挂着这一职业特有的冷漠。他们正轮流喝着崇拜者递上来的十多杯兑水烈酒，接受着大家的奉承。那些崇拜者则喧闹得多，脸上流露出各种各样的邪恶表情，或多或少、应有尽有，正是这些令人反感的表情使得他们格外吸引人。奸诈、残暴、或轻或重的醉态，在他们脸上表露无遗。至于女人，她们中的一些身上还残

留着最后一点清新气息，但也在慢慢消失，眼看就要完全褪去。而另一些女人，她们作为女性的一切特征和印迹，都已丧失殆尽，展现出来的唯有放荡和犯罪所留下的一副令人作呕的空壳子。其中有几个还是女孩，另外一些是少妇，都还未经历生命最好的时光。这一切构成了这幅令人沮丧的画面上最阴暗凄凉的部分。

Fagin, troubled by no grave emotions, looked eagerly from face to face while these proceedings were in progress; but apparently without meeting that of which he was in search. Succeeding, at length, in catching the eye of the man who occupied the chair, he beckoned to him slightly, and left the room, as quietly as he had entered it.

费金并没有被某些严肃的情感困扰。随着这一切的进行，他急切地打量着每一张脸，不过很显然，他没有发现自己要找的那个人。接着，他终于引起了坐在主席椅子上的那个人的注意。他向那人微微招手示意了一下，便跟来时一样悄无声息地离开了。

"What can I do for you, Mr. Fagin?" inquired the man, as he followed him out to the landing. "Won't you join us? They'll be delighted, every one of 'em.”

“费金先生，有什么需要我帮忙的吗？”那个人跟着他出了房间，又走到了楼梯口，问道，“怎么不加入我们呢？他们一定会高兴的，每一个人都会很高兴的。”

The Jew shook his head impatiently, and said in a whisper, "Is-he-here?”

费金不耐烦地摇摇头，小声问：“他在吗？”

"No," replied the man.

“不在。”那个男人回答。

"And no news of Barney?" inquired Fagin.

“也没有巴尼的消息吗？”费金问。

"None," replied the landlord of the Cripples; for it was he. "He won't stir till it's all safe. Depend on it, they're on the scent down there; and that if he moved, he'd blow upon the thing at once. He's all right enough, Barney is, else I should have heard of him. I'll pound it, that Barney's managing properly. Let him alone for that.”

“没有。”那人回答，他正是这家瘸子酒馆的老板，“他不会出来活动的，除非等到风平浪静以后。我敢肯定，他们那边已经查到线索了。只要他一动，就会立刻搞砸整件事。他挺好的，巴尼也没出事，否则的话，我应该会听到有关他的消息的。我敢保证，巴尼会把一切都处理好的。就放心交给他吧。”

"Will-he- be here to-night?" asked the Jew, laying the same emphasis on the pronoun as before.

“他——今天晚上会来这里吗？”费金问道，像之前一样，重点强调了“他”。

"Monks, do you mean?" inquired the landlord, hesitating.

“你指的是蒙克斯，对吗？”店主迟疑地问。

"Hush!" said the Jew."Yes."

“嘘！”费金说，“是的。”

"Certain," replied the man, drawing a gold watch from his fob; "I expected him here before now. If you'll wait ten minutes, he'll be—" "No, no," said the Jew, hastily; as though, however desirous he might be to see the person in question, he was nevertheless relieved by his absence. "Tell him I came here to see him; and that he must come to me to-night. No, say to-morrow. As he is not here, to-morrow will be time enough.”

“当然会来。”店主从表袋里掏出一块金表，回答道，“刚才我还以为他已经到了呢。你再等十分钟，他肯定会在——”“不，不，”费金连忙说道。尽管他可能很想见这个人，不过那人不在，他又似乎感到如释重负，“告诉他我来这儿找过他，让他今天晚上务必去找我。不，还是明天吧。既然他现在不在，定明天时间就够宽松了。”

"Good!" said the man."Nothing more?"

“好的！”那人说，“没有别的事情了吗？”

"Not a word now," said the Jew, descending the stairs.

“目前没什么别的可说了。”犹太佬说着往楼下走去。

"I say," said the other, looking over the rails, and speaking in a hoarse whisper; "what a time this would be for a sell! I've got Phil Barker here: so drunk, that a boy might take him!”

“我说，”对方从栏杆上探出脑袋，沙哑地低语道，“现在可正是做买卖的时间啊！我把菲尔·巴克弄到这里来了。他喝得烂醉如泥，连个小孩也能收拾了他！”

"Ah! But it's not Phil Barker's time," said the Jew, looking up.

“哈！不过现在还不是收拾菲尔·巴克的时候。”犹太佬抬头说，

"Phil has something more to do, before we can afford to part with him; so go back to the company, my dear, and tell them to lead merry lives—while they last—. Ha! ha! ha!”

“在我们能一脚踹开菲尔之前，他还有别的事要做。去招呼客人吧，亲爱的，告诉他们要及时行乐——趁着他们还活着——哈！哈！哈！”

The landlord reciprocated the old man's laugh; and returned to his guests. The Jew was no sooner alone, than his countenance

resumed its former expression of anxiety and thought. After a brief reflection, he called a hack-cabriolet, and bade the man drive towards Bethnal Green. He dismissed him within some quarter of a mile of Mr. Sikes's residence, and performed the short remainder of the distance, on foot.

店主应和着费金老头笑了几声，就回客人那边去了。此刻费金身边没别人了，他的脸上立马又挂上了之前那副忧心忡忡的表情。沉思了一会儿，他叫来一辆带蓬的出租马车，吩咐车夫向贝丝勒尔草地开去。在离赛克斯先生的住处大约还有四分之一英里的地方，他下了马车，徒步走完了剩下的一小段路。

"Now," muttered the Jew, as he knocked at the door, "if there is any deep play here, I shall have it out of you, my girl, cunning as you are."

“快开门，”费金嘟嘟囔囔地敲着门，“要是这里面有什么鬼把戏的话，我一定要从你这儿弄个明白。小丫头片子，随便你怎么狡猾都没用。”

She was in her room, the woman said. Fagin crept softly upstairs, and entered it without any previous ceremony. The girl was alone; lying with her head upon the table, and her hair straggling over it.

开门的女人说那个姑娘在自己的房间里。费金轻手轻脚地走上楼，连招呼也没打就直接进了房间。屋里只有姑娘一个人，她伏在桌子上，头发一片凌乱。

"She has been drinking," thought the Jew, cooly, "or perhaps she is only miserable."

“她一直在喝酒。”费金冷冷地想，“或者她只是有些伤心罢了。”

The old man turned to close the door, as he made this reflection; the noise thus occasioned, roused the girl. She eyed his crafty face narrowly, as she inquired to his recital of Toby Crackit's tory. When it was concluded, she sank into her former attitude, but spoke not a word. She pushed the candle impatiently away; and once or twice as she feverishly changed her position, shuffled her feet upon the ground; but this was all.

老费金一边想，一边转身去关门；那门关上时吱嘎作响，把那姑娘吵醒了。她紧紧盯着费金那张狡猾的面孔，向他详细打听了一番托比·格拉基特所说的情况。问完后，她什么也没说，又像之前那样趴到了桌子上。接着她又不耐烦地把蜡烛推到了一边，发狂似的换了一两次姿势，双脚还在地上磨来磨去，然后又躺下不动了。

During the silence, the Jew looked restlessly about the room, as if to assure himself that there were no appearances of Sikes having covertly returned. Apparently satisfied with his inspection, he coughed

twice or thrice, and made as many efforts to open a conversation; but the girl heeded him no more than if he had been made of stone. At length he made another attempt; and rubbing his hands together, said, in his most conciliatory tone, "And where should you think Bill was now, my dear?"

趁着她安静下来，费金屋子将屋子打量了一圈，一副心神不宁的样子。他好像是要证实一下，这里确实没有任何迹象，能表明赛克斯已经偷偷溜了回来。这一番检查显然使他相当满意。他咳嗽了两三声，绞尽脑汁想要打开话题，可那姑娘只把他当成石头人，根本不搭理他。最后，他作了另一个尝试。他搓着手，用最温和的口气说道：“亲爱的，你觉得比尔现在会在哪里呢？”

The girl moaned out some half intelligible reply, that she could not tell; and seemed, from the smothered noise that escaped her, to be crying.

姑娘呻吟着，给出的答复很难听懂，只是说她也不知道。从她臂弯里漏出来的声音有些压抑，听上去她像是快要哭出来了。

"And the boy, too," said the Jew, straining his eyes to catch a glimpse of her face. "Poor leetle child! Left in a ditch, Nance; only think!"

“还有那个孩子，”费金说着，使劲瞪大眼睛想要瞥一眼她的脸，“可怜的孩子！被丢在水沟里，南斯，你想想吧！”

"The child," said the girl, suddenly looking up, "is better where he is, than among us; and if no harm comes to Bill from it, I hope he lies dead in the ditch and that his young bones may rot there."

“那个孩子，”南斯突然抬起头，说道，“无论在哪里都比跟着我们好。只要这件事不会连累比尔，我倒是希望他躺在那条水沟里死掉，他那幼小的骨头烂在那里才好呢。”

"What!" cried the Jew, in amazement.

“你说什么！”犹太佬吃惊地喊道。

"Ay, I do," returned the girl, meeting his gaze. "I shall be glad to have him away from my eyes, and to know that the worst is over. I can't bear to have him about me. The sight of him turns me against myself, and all of you.”

“嗯，我就是这个意思。”姑娘迎着他直愣愣的眼神，回答道，“他若能从我眼前彻底消失，最糟糕的事情也能过去，那我才高兴呢。有他在我身边，我才受不了呢。只要一看到他，我就恨我自己，也恨你们所有的人。”

"Pooh!" said the Jew, scornfully."You're drunk.”

“呸！”费金轻蔑地说，“你喝醉了。”

"Are I?" cried the girl bitterly. "It's s no fault of yours, if I am not! You'd never have me anything else, if you had your will, except now; —the humour doesn't suit you, doesn't it?”

“是吗？”姑娘伤心地叫道，“我没醉！不过这也不是你的错。照你的想法，要不是现在，你巴不得我一辈子都不醒呢——不过目前这情况可不符合你的心思，是不是啊？”

"No!" rejoined the Jew, furiously. "It does not."

“是啊，”犹太佬怒气冲冲地回答，“的确不合我心意。”

"Change it, then!" responded the girl, with a laugh.

“那我就改改，”姑娘大笑着回答。

"Change it!" exclaimed the Jew, exasperated beyond all bounds by his companion's unexpected obstinacy, and the vexation of the night, "I—will—change it! Listen to me, you drab. Listen to me, who with six words, can strangle Sikes as surely as if I had his bull's throat between my fingers now. If he comes back, and leaves the boy behind him; if he gets off free, and dead or alive, fails to restore him to me; murder him yourself if you would have him escape Jack Ketch. And do it the moment he sets foot in this room, or mind me, it will be too late!”

“改改！”费金大叫起来，身边人出人意料如此顽固，当天晚上又遇到了种种令人不快的事，他的愤怒此刻终于爆发了，“我——真得——给你改改！给我听着，你这个婊子。你给我听着，我现在只要几句话，就可以要了赛克斯的命，就跟现在他那牛脖子已经在我手心里捏着一样稳当。他若是回来了，没带回那个孩子；或是他自己脱了身，却不管孩子是死是活。总而言之，要是他没能把那个小孩交给我，你如果不想让他被杰克·凯奇追杀的话，就亲手结果了他吧。他一进这门，就动手杀了他，否则为时已晚，你可要当心我了！”

"What is all this?" cried the girl involuntarily. "What is it?" pursued Fagin, mad with rage. "When the boy's worth hundreds of pounds to me, am I to lose what chance threw me in the way of getting safely, through the whims of a drunken gang that I could whistle away the lives of! And me bound, too, to a born devil that only wants the will, and has the power to, to—” Panting for breath, the old man stammered for a word; and in that instant checked the torrent of his wrath, and changed his whole demeanour. A moment before, his clenched hands had grasped the air; his eyes had dilated; and his face grown livid with passion; but now, he shrunk into a chair, and, cowering together, trembled with the apprehension of having himself disclosed some hidden villainy. After a short silence, he ventured to look round at his companion. He appeared somewhat reassured, on beholding her in the same listless attitude from which he had first roused her.

“这些都是什么意思啊？”姑娘不禁大叫起来。“什么意思？”费金怒气冲天，继续说道，“那个孩子对我来说值成百上千英镑。就因为一群只要我吹声口哨就能叫他们全都丢掉性命的醉汉自作主张，倒叫我失去了稳稳当当就能赚到钱的大好机会！而且，我跟一个天生的恶魔说好了。那家伙就等着我起这个念头呢，他有的是力气去，去——”费金老头气喘吁吁，被一个字卡在了那里，说不下去了。也就在这个瞬间，他愤怒的爆发被止住了，整个人态度全变了。前一刻，他那紧握的双手还在空中乱抓，眼睛瞪得很圆，神情激动万分，连脸色也发青了。可现在，他瘫在一把椅子里，浑身打哆嗦，唯恐自己泄露了隐藏的罪恶。沉默了一会儿后，他试着转头看了看他旁边的人。看到她依旧无精打采，跟刚才他把她叫起来之前一模一样，他显得放心了许多。

"Nancy, dear!" croaked the Jew, in his usual voice. "Did you mind me, dear?"

“南斯，亲爱的！”费金用平常的口气说道，嗓音低沉沙哑，“你不怪我吧，亲爱的？”

"Don't worry me now, Fagin!" replied the girl, raising her head languidly. "If Bill has not done it this time, he will another. He has done many a good job for you, and will do many more when he can; and when he can't he won't; so no more about that.”

“费金，现在别烦我了！”姑娘懒洋洋地抬起头，回答道，“要是比尔这次没有得手的话，他还会再下手的。他已经替你做了不少事了，只要他能办到，他还会为你做更多的。要是办不到的话，那就没法子了，你也就别提了。”

"Regarding this boy, my dear?" said the Jew, rubbing the palms of his hands nervously together. "The boy must take his chance with the rest," interrupted Nancy, hastily; "and I say again, I hope he is dead, and out of harm's way, and out of yours,—that is, if Bill comes to no harm. And if Toby got clear off, Bill's pretty sure to be safe; for Bill's worth two of Toby any time.”

“关于那个孩子呢，亲爱的？”费金紧张地搓着手掌，问道。“那个孩子得跟着别人碰碰运气了。”南斯连忙打断了他，“我再说一遍，我巴不得他死了呢。那样他就不用再受伤，也不用跟着你们了——就是这样，只要比尔没事，一切都好说。要是托比都溜掉了，比尔肯定不会有事的。比尔无论何时都能顶两个托比呢。”

"And about what I was saying, my dear?" observed the Jew, keeping his glistening eye steadily upon her.

“亲爱的，我说的那事怎么办呢？”费金双眼闪着光，死死地盯着她，问道。

"You must say it all over again, if it's anything you want me to do," rejoined Nancy; "and if it is, you had better wait till to-morrow.

You put me up for a minute; but now I'm stupid again.”

“要是你有什么要我做的，你得从头到尾再说一遍。”南斯回答，“要是真那样的话，你最好等明天再说。你让我的脑袋清醒了一小会儿，可现在我又有些糊涂了。”

Fagin put several other questions: all with the same drift of ascertaining whether the girl had profited by his unguarded hints; but, she answered them so readily, and was withal so utterly unmoved by his searching looks, that his original impression of her being more than a trifle in liquor, was confirmed. Nancy, indeed, was not exempt from a failing which was very common among the Jew's female pupils; and in which, in their tenderer years, they were rather encouraged than checked. Her disordered appearance, and a wholesale perfume of Geneva which pervaded the apartment, afforded strong confirmatory evidence of the justice of the Jew's supposition; and when, after indulging in the temporary display of violence above described, she subsided, first into dullness, and afterwards into a compound of feelings: under the influence of which she shed tears one minute, and in the next gave utterance to various exclamations of "Never say die!" and divers calculations as to what might be the amount of the odds so long as a lady or gentleman was happy, Mr. Fagin, who had had considerable experience of such matters in his time, saw, with great satisfaction, that she was very far gone indeed.

费金又问了几个别的问题，都是为了想要弄清楚，这个姑娘是否已经听出了他刚才不小心说出的话中隐含的深意。姑娘回答得毫不迟疑，对他的打量也显得无动于衷。他最初对她的印象得以证实——她只不过是个喝多了的酒鬼罢了。确实，犹太佬的女弟子都有这个普遍的缺点，南斯也不例外。她们年纪尚小时，非但不曾被制止，反而还被鼓励去喝酒。她蓬头垢面，浑身的酒气充斥着整个屋子，这为费金的推测提供了有力的佐证。当时，她先是像之前描述的那样使劲发泄了一通，继而整个人都陷入了沉默，接着竟百感交集：一会儿泪流满面，一会儿又大喊大叫，说了很多“永远别提死”之类的话。她还说了各种各样的预料，说只要太太、先生们都快乐，没有什么要紧的。费金先生在他有生之年对这样的事情已经积累了相当多的经验，看到她醉成这副模样，颇为满意。

Having eased his mind by this discovery; and having accomplished his twofold object of imparting to the girl what he had, that night, heard, and of ascertaining, with his own eyes, that Sikes had not returned, Mr. Fagin again turned his face homeward: leaving his young friend asleep, with her head upon the table.

这一发现让费金安心了，他此行的双重任务也完成了：一方面他把当天晚上听到的消息告诉了南斯，另一方面他亲眼证实了赛克斯还没有

回来。于是他抛下了他年轻的同伴，任由她伏在桌子上睡觉，自己回家去了。

It was within an hour of midnight. The weather being dark, and piercing cold, he had no great temptation to loiter. The sharp wind that scoured the streets, seemed to have cleared them of passengers, as of dust and mud, for few people were abroad, and they were to all appearance hastening fast home. It blew from the right quarter for the Jew, however, and straight before it he went: trembling, and shivering, as every fresh gust drove him rudely on his way.

此时已是午夜时分。天色漆黑一片，外面冷得刺骨；他实在没什么心情闲荡。凛冽的寒风掠过街道，行人似乎也像尘土一般被风卷走了。路上只有稀稀拉拉几个人，而且很明显都在匆匆往家赶。不过，对犹太佬来说，倒是一路顺风。他走在前头，阵阵冷风在他屁股后面粗鲁地推着他，使他不停打哆嗦。

He had reached the corner of his own street, and was already fumbling in his pocket for the door-key, when a dark figure emerged from a projecting entrance which lay in deep shadow, and, crossing the road, glided up to him unperceived.

他走到自己住的那条街的拐角处，正要从口袋里摸钥匙，就在这时，一条黑影从对面漆黑的门廊里闪出来，穿过马路，神不知鬼不觉地溜到他旁边。

"Fagin!" whispered a voice close to his ear.

“费金！”一个声音在他耳边低低地响起。

"Ah!" said the Jew, turning quickly round, "is that—" "Yes!" interrupted the stranger. "I have been lingering here these two hours. Where the devil have you been?"

“啊！”犹太佬迅速地转过身，说道，“你是——”“没错！”陌生人打断他的话，“我在这里转了有两个小时了。你到底去了什么鬼地方？”

"On your business, my dear," replied the Jew, glancing uneasily at his companion, and slackening his pace as he spoke. "On your business all night."

“还不是为了你的事，亲爱的，”犹太佬一边不安地打量着他的同伴，一边放慢了脚步回答道，“一整个晚上都在忙你的事情。”

"Oh,of course!" said the stranger, with a sneer. "Well; and what's come of it?”

“哦，这是当然的了！”陌生人冷笑着说道，“好吧，都打听到什么了？”

"Nothing good," said the Jew.

“没有好消息。”老犹太说。

"Nothing bad, I hope?" said the stranger, stopping short, and turning a startled look on his companion.

“那也没什么坏消息吧，我希望？”陌生人说到这，猛地停了下来，神色慌张地看着他的同伴。

The Jew shook his head, and was about to reply, when the stranger, interrupting him, motioned to the house, before which they had by this time arrived: remarking, that he had better say what he had got to say, under cover: for his blood was chilled with standing about so long, and the wind blew through him.

老犹太摇摇头，正要回答，却又突然被那陌生人打断了。此时，他们已经走到了房前。那人指了指屋子说，有什么事情最好还是到屋里去谈；他在这周围站了这么久，都冷到骨子里去了。

Fagin looked as if he could have willingly excused himself from taking home a visitor at that unseasonable hour; and, indeed, muttered something about having no fire; but his companion repeating his request in a peremptory manner, he unlocked the door, and requested him to close it softly, while he got a light.

费金看上去很想推托，他不便在这个不合适的时间将外人带到家里。果然，他小声嘟囔着，说屋子里没有生火，他的同伴却专横地重申了自己的要求。他也只能打开门，嘱咐同伴进来后将门轻轻关上，自己则去取了一盏灯。

"It's s as dark as the grave," said the man, groping forward a few steps. "Make haste!"

“这里黑得就跟坟墓一样。”那个人一边说，一边摸索着朝前走了几步，“快一点！”

"Shut the door," whispered Fagin from the end of the passage. As he spoke, it closed with a loud noise.

“把门关上，”费金在过道那一头小声地说。他刚说完，门口就传来一声关门的巨响。

"That wasn't my doing," said the other man, feeling his way. "The wind blew it to, or it shut of its own accord: one or the other. Look sharp with the light, or I shall knock my brains out against something in this confounded hole.”

“这可不是我干的。”另一个人一边摸索着方向往前走，一边说，“要么被风吹的，要么就是它自己关上了，就这两个原因。快拿灯过来。要不然在这个乱七八糟的洞里，我非撞个脑袋开花不可。”

Fagin stealthily descended the kitchen stairs. After a short absence, he returned with a lighted candle, and the intelligence that

Toby Crackit was asleep in the back room below, and that the boys were in the front one. Beckoning the man to follow him, he led the way upstairs.

费金偷偷地走下厨房边的楼梯。过了一会儿，他点着一根蜡烛回来了，还带回了消息说，托比·格拉基特已经在楼下后面的房间里睡着了，男孩们在则前面的房间睡了。费金示意那个人跟上，自己在前面带路往楼上走去。

"We can say the few words we've got to say in here, my dear," said the Jew, throwing open a door on the first floor; "and as there are holes in the shutters, and we never show lights to our neighbours, we'll set the candle on the stairs. There!”

“在这里，我们可以说说我们想说的话了，亲爱的，”费金打开二楼的一个门，说道，“百叶窗上有几个窟窿，我们把蜡烛放在楼梯上，这样隔壁就看不到光亮了。喏，就是这样！”

With those words, the Jew, stooping down, placed the candle on an upper flight of stairs, exactly opposite to the room door. This done, he led the way into the apartment; which was destitute of all movables save a broken arm-chair, and an old couch or sofa without covering, which stood behind the door. Upon this piece of furniture, the stranger sat himself with the air of a weary man; and the Jew, drawing up the arm-chair opposite, they sat face to face. It was not quite dark; the door was partially open; and the candle outside, threw a feeble reflection on the opposite wall.

费金说着弯下腰，将蜡烛放在靠上边的楼梯上，正对着房间的门。然后，他带路走进房间。房间里有一把损坏的扶手椅，门后还有一张没有罩子的旧长塌或旧沙发，除此之外，再没有任何别的家具了。陌生人坐到了门后的那张家具上，一副筋疲力尽的样子。犹太佬把扶手椅拖了过来，两个人面对面坐着。房间里不算太黑；外面的蜡烛透过半开着的门，把微弱的光投到了对面的墙上。

They conversed for some time in whispers. Though nothing of the conversation was distinguishable beyond a few disjointed words here and there, a listener might easily have perceived that Fagin appeared to be defending himself against some remarks of the stranger; and that the latter was in a state of considerable irritation. They might have been talking, thus, for a quarter of an hour or more, when Monks—by which name the Jew had designated the strange man several times in the course of their colloquy—said, raising his voice a little, "I tell you again, it was badly planned. Why not have kept him here among the rest, and made a sneaking, snivelling pickpocket of him at once?"

他们低声谈了一会儿。除了偶尔能够听到几个断断续续的字眼外，谈话的内容根本听不清楚。不过，如果现在旁边有个听众的话，还是可

以很容易听出费金似乎是在就同伴的某些话语替自己辩护，而后者则相当愤怒。就这样，他们谈了一刻钟，或许更长一点；就在这时，蒙克斯——犹太佬在谈话中几次这样称呼陌生人——稍微提高了嗓门说道：“我再跟你说一遍，这事安排得坏透了。为什么不让他跟其他几个人呆在一起，一次性训练成一个偷偷摸摸、爱哭鼻子的扒手不就得了？”

"Only hear him!" exclaimed the Jew, shrugging his shoulders.

“你说得倒容易！”老犹太耸耸肩，说道。

"Why, do you mean to say you couldn't have done it, if you had chosen?" demanded Monks,sternly. "Haven't you done it, with other boys, scores of times? If you had had patience for a twelvemonth, at most, couldn't you have got him convicted, and sent safely out of the kingdom; perhaps for life?”

“怎么，你的意思是说，就算你有这样的想法，也办不到是不是？”蒙克斯严厉地说，“你在别的小子身上不是也做过几十次了吗？只要你有耐心，最多一年，不就可以让他被判有罪，稳稳当当地被送出英国，没准一辈子都回不来了呢？”

"Whose turn would that have served, my dear?" inquired the Jew humbly.

“这样的话，好处是谁的啊，亲爱的？”老犹太恭顺地询问。

"Mine," replied Monks.

“我的啊。”蒙克斯回答。

"But not mine," said the Jew, submissively. "He might have become of use to me. When there are two parties to a bargain, it is only reasonable that the interests of both should be consulted; is it, my good friend?"

“又不是归我。”老犹太依旧顺从地说，“对我来说，他本来就是有用的。一桩生意双方都参与，就得双方都捞得到好处才算合理，是不是，我亲爱的朋友？”

"What then?" demanded Monks.

“那又怎样？”蒙克斯问。

"I saw it was not easy to train him to the business," replied the Jew; "he was not like other boys in the same circumstances."

“我觉得要训练他干这一行不是很容易。”老犹太回答，“他跟其他处境相同的男孩不一样。”

"Curse him, no!" muttered the man, "or he would have been a thief, long ago."

“让他见鬼去吧，的确是不一样！”那人嘀咕道，“否则他早就成一个小偷了。”

"I had no hold upon him to make him worse," pursued the Jew, anxiously watching the countenance of his companion. "His hand was not in. I had nothing to frighten him with; which we always must have in the beginning, or we labour in vain. What could I do? Send him out with the Dodger and Charley? We had enough of that, at first, my dear; I trembled for us all."

“我没有抓到他的把柄，没法威胁他走上歪路。”犹太佬局促不安地注视着同伴的脸色，继续说道，“他的手还是干净的。我没有什么能恐吓他的东西。刚开始的时候，这些东西我们总得有点儿才行，要不然我们就会白费力气。我能做什么啊？把他派出去跟机灵鬼和查理一起做事？亲爱的，这个方法刚开始那会儿给我们惹的麻烦已经够多了，我那时真替我们大家提着一颗心。”

“—That—was not my doing," observed Monks.

“这——不关我的事。”蒙克斯说。

"No, no, my dear!" renewed the Jew. "And I don't quarrel with it now; because, if it had never happened, you might never have clapped eyes on the boy to notice him, and so led to the discovery that it was him you were looking for. Well! I got him back for you by means of the girl; and then-she- begins to favour him.”

“不关你事，不关你事，亲爱的！”犹太佬继续道，“现在我不想争论这件事。因为要是压根就没这事，你根本就不会注意到他，继而发现他就是你要找的人。对了！靠着那个姑娘，我替你把他找了回来。从那时候起，那姑娘就护上他了。”

"Throttle the girl!" said Monks, impatiently.

“掐死那个娘们儿！”蒙克斯不耐烦地说。

"Why, we can't afford to do that just now, my dear," replied the Jew, smiling; "and, besides, that sort of thing is not in our way; or, one of these days, I might be glad to have it done. I know what these girls are, Monks, well. As soon as the boy begins to harden, she'll care no more for him, than for a block of wood. You want him made a thief. If he is alive, I can make him one from this time; and, if—if—” said the Jew, drawing nearer to the other,—"it's s not likely, mind,—but if the worst comes to the worst, and he is dead—” "It's s no fault of mine if he is!" interposed the other man, with a look of terror, and clasping the Jew's arm with trembling hands. "Mind that. Fagin! I had no hand in it. Anything but his death, I told you from the first. I won't shed blood; it's always found out, and haunts a man besides. If they shot him dead, I was not the cause; do you hear me? Fire this infernal den! What's that?”

“嗨，现在我们还不能这么做，亲爱的。”犹太佬笑着回答，“况且，

这种事情也没挡我们的道。不过或许哪一天，我会很乐意找个人把这事给办了。我知道这些娘们儿到底是什么货色，蒙克斯，我很了解她们。一旦那个男孩的心肠硬起来，她对他的关心不会比对一块木头多的。你想叫他当小偷。只要他活着，我就能够在日后让他成为一个小偷。要是——要是——”犹太佬拉着椅子朝着对方凑近了些，说道，“这倒不太可能——不过你听着，要是最坏最坏的情况发生了，他死了——”“要是他死了，那决不是我的错！”另一位先生立刻打断了他，露出一副惊恐万分的表情，双手还颤抖地抓着犹太佬的胳膊，“你听着，费金！这事跟我无关。从一开始我就给你说了，什么事都行，只是不能让他死。我不想见血。这种事情迟早会藏不住，而且还老是让人心里忘不了。要是他们开枪打死了他，不是我的错。你听见了吗？快放火烧了这地狱般的贼窝！那是什么？”

"What!" cried the Jew, grasping the coward round the body, with both arms, as he sprung to his feet. "Where?"

“什么！”犹太佬大叫起来，双臂一张，将那个吓得一跃而起的胆小鬼整个抱住，“哪里？”

"Yonder!" replied the man, glaring at the opposite wall. "The shadow! I saw the shadow of a woman, in a cloak and bonnet, pass along the wainscot like a breath!"

“那边！”那人盯着对面的墙，说道，“是个人影！我看到一个女人的影子，裹着披风，戴着圆帽，就一阵风一样贴着护壁板溜了过去！”

The Jew released his hold, and they rushed tumultuously from the room. The candle, wasted by the draught, was standing where it had been placed. It showed them only the empty staircase, and their own white faces. They listened intently: a profound silence reigned throughout the house.

犹太佬松开手臂，两个人一起吵吵嚷嚷地冲了出去。蜡烛依旧立在之前的位置上；那边有穿堂风吹过，蜡烛烧得格外快。烛光中，他们看到的只有空荡荡的楼梯和他们两人苍白的面孔。他们凝神细听，整个屋子一片沉寂。

"It's your fancy," said the Jew, taking up the light and turning to his companion.

“是你的幻觉。”老犹太拿起蜡烛，转向他的同伴说。

"I'll swear I saw it!" replied Monks, trembling. "It was bending forward when I saw it first; and when I spoke, it darted away."

“我发誓我看见了！”蒙克斯颤抖地回答道，“我第一眼看到的时候，那个影子正向前弯着身子。我一说话，它就快速跑开了。”

The Jew glanced contemptuously at the pale face of his associate, and, telling him he could follow, if he pleased, ascended the stairs. They looked into all the rooms; they were cold, bare, and empty. They

descended into the passage, and thence into the cellars below. The green damp hung upon the low walls; the tracks of the snail and slug glistened in the light of the candle; but all was still as death.

老犹太轻蔑地扫了一眼脸色苍白的同伴，然后说要是他愿意，可以跟着自己去看看。说罢，他便走上了楼梯。他们查看了所有的房间，每个房间里都是空的，里面冷得很，根本没有半个人影。他们下到走廊里，随后又走进了地下室。青色的潮气附在低矮的墙壁上，蜗牛、鼻涕虫爬过的痕迹在烛光下闪闪发光，但一切都仍然如死一般寂静。

"What do you think now?" said the Jew, when they had regained the passage. "Besides ourselves, there's not a creature in the house except Toby and the boys; and they're safe enough. See here!”

“现在你怎么看？”当他们又回到走廊里时，老犹太说道，“除了咱们两个，以及托比和那群男孩之外，这个屋子里连个活物都没有。再说了，托比他们够安分了。你瞧！”

As a proof of the fact, the Jew drew forth two keys from his pocket; and explained, that when he first went downstairs, he had locked them in, to prevent any intrusion on the conference.

犹太佬从口袋里掏出两把钥匙作为证据，并解释说，为了保证谈话不受干扰，他第一次下楼的时候就把那帮孩子锁在了里面。

This accumulated testimony effectually staggered Mr. Monks. His protestations had gradually become less and less vehement as they proceeded in their search without making any discovery; and, now, he gave vent to several very grim laughs, and confessed it could only have been his excited imagination. He declined any renewal of the conversation, however, for that night: suddenly remembering that it was past one o'clock. And so the amiable couple parted.

这一刚刚添加的证据很有说服力，蒙克斯先生动摇起来。两人继续进行搜索，但仍旧一无所获，他的抗议也逐渐变得不那么强烈了。这时候他恣意发出了几声狞笑，承认或许那时自己兴奋过度，产生了幻觉。这时，他突然意识到时间已经过了一点，便表示这个晚上他不愿再谈下去了。于是，这一对亲密的朋友便就此分手了。

CHAPTER XXVII

第二十七章

At ones for the unpoliteness of a former chapter; which deserted a lady, most unceremoniously

为前面某章中极其不礼貌地将一位女士抛在一旁的行为致歉

As it would be, by no means, seemly in a humble author to keep so mighty a personage as a beadle waiting, with his back to the fire, and the skirts of his coat gathered up under his arms, until such time as it might suit his pleasure to relieve him; and as it would still less become his station, or his gallantry to involve in the same neglect a lady on whom that beadle had looked with an eye of tenderness and affection, and in whose ear he had whispered sweet words, which, coming from such a quarter, might well thrill the bosom of maid or matron of whatsoever degree; the historian whose pen traces these words—trusting that he knows his place, and that he entertains a becoming reverence for those upon earth to whom high and important authority is delegated—hastens to pay them that respect which their position demands, and to treat them with all that duteous ceremony which their exalted rank, and (by consequence) great virtues, imperatively claim at his hands. Towards this end, indeed, he had purposed to introduce, in this place, a dissertation touching the divine right of beadles, and elucidative of the position, that a beadle can do no wrong: which could not fail to have been both pleasurable and profitable to the right-minded reader but which he is unfortunately compelled, by want of time and space, to postpone to some more convenient and fitting opportunity; on the arrival of which, he will be prepared to show, that a beadle properly constituted: that is to say, a parochial beadle, attached to a parochail workhouse, and attending in his official capacity the parochial church: is, in right and virtue of his office, possessed of all the excellences and best qualities of humanity; and that to none of those excellences, can mere companies" beadles, or court-of-law beadles, or even chapel-of-ease beadles (save the last, and they in a very lowly and inferior degree), lay the remotest sustainable claim.

一个地位卑微的作家，让教区执事这样极具权威的人物把大衣下摆夹在胳膊底下，背对着火炉坐在一旁，一直等到笔者乐意让他休息为止，这种作法是极其失礼的。执事含情脉脉地注视过的那位女士也连带着给忽略了，这就更加与作者的身份和风范不符了。执事刚刚在这位女士耳边低声倾诉过的那些甜言蜜语是大有来头的，足以让无论什么身份的小姐、太太都心如鹿撞。作为用笔写下这些文字的作者——本人很清楚自己的地位，并且对身处高位、手握重权者怀有恰如其分的敬意——

迫不及待地想要向他们表示出他们的职位所要求的那种尊重，并且用一切他们的高贵身份和（随之而来的）美好德行所要求的礼节来对待他们，这在本人笔下必有体现。确实，处于这个目的，笔者曾打算在这里用较多篇幅对教区执事神圣的权力进行一番详述，并阐明这样一种观点，即执事是不会干错事的。这一定会使心平气和的读者既愉快又有所收获。不过遗憾的是，由于时间和篇幅所限，笔者不得不把这一番论述推迟到某个更加方便和合适的时机。到时笔者将会论述，一位合法任命的执事,即一位隶属教区济贫院且在教区教堂行使其职权的执事,以他所服务机构的公正与美德作证，拥有人类所有的优点和长处。而一般的公司执事、法院执事或者小教堂的执事（最后一类属于例外，他们的地位非常低贱），离这些优点中任何一种都搭不上一点边。

Mr. Bumble had re-counted the teaspoons, re-weighed the sugar-tongs, made a closer inspection of the milk-pot, and ascertained to a nicety the exact condition of the furniture, down to the very horse-hair seats of the chairs; and had repeated each process full half a dozen times; before he began to think that it was time for Mrs. Corney to return. Thinking begets thinking; as there were no sounds of Mrs. Corney's approach, it occured to Mr. Bumble that it would be an innocent and virtuous way of spending the time, if he were further to allay his curiousity by a cursory glance at the interior of Mrs. Corney's chest of drawers.

邦布尔先生重新数了数茶匙的数目，再一次掂了掂糖钳，然后又更仔细地考查了一下奶壶，细致入微地对家具的情况进行了一番查看，甚至连马鬃椅垫都没放过。他将每个程序都重复了整整六次，然后才想到科尼太太该回来了。他的想法一个接一个跳出来。因为还没有听到科尼太太回来的声音，邦布尔先生不禁想瞅一眼科尼太太橱柜里头的东西，以满足一下自己的好奇心。这也算是一种毫无恶意、符合道德的打发时间的方法。

Having listened at the keyhole, to assure himself that nobody was approaching the chamber, Mr. Bumble, beginning at the bottom, proceeded to make himself acquainted with the contents of the three long drawers: which, being filled with various garments of good fashion and texture, carefully preserved between two layers of old newspapers, speckled with dried lavender: seemed to yield him exceeding satisfaction. Arriving, in course of time, at the right-hand corner drawer (in which was the key), and beholding therein a small padlocked box, which, being shaken, gave forth a pleasant sound, as of the chinking of coin, Mr. Bumble returned with a stately walk to the fireplace; and, resuming his old attitude, said, with a grave and determined air, "I'll do it!” He followed up this remarkable declaration, by shaking his head in a waggish manner for ten minutes, as though he were remonstrating with himself for being such a pleasant dog; and then, he took a view of his legs in profile, with

much seeming pleasure and interest.

邦布尔先生贴着锁眼听了听，确信没有人正往这个房间走来，然后便从最下面的抽屉下手，依次了解了三个长抽屉里的内容：里面装着各种各样的衣物，样式新潮、质地上乘，用上下各两层旧报纸极为细致地保护了起来，上面还撒有薰衣草的干花；这些发现似乎使他非常满意。最后，他打开右手边角落的抽屉（里面摆着钥匙），看见里面放着一个上了挂锁的小盒子。他摇了摇这个盒子，盒子发出了令人愉悦的响声，好像是钱币的叮当声。邦布尔先生迈着庄严的步子回到壁炉前，恢复了之前的姿势，神色严肃、表情坚定地说："就这么办了！"抒发完这一重大的宣言，他滑稽地摇起了脑袋，足足摇了十分钟，像是在告诫自己要当一只讨人喜欢的小狗似的。接着他从侧面打量了一下自己的双腿，看上去非常开心，兴致也很高。

He was still placidly engaged in this latter survey, when Mrs. Corney, hurrying into the room, threw herself, in a breathless state, on a chair by the fireside, and covering her eyes with one hand, placed the other over her heart, and gasped for breath.

他正在悠闲地进行最后的审视，，科尼太太突然冲进了屋子，气喘吁吁地倒在了壁炉边的一把椅子上。她一只手捂着眼睛，另一只手捂着心口，大口大口地喘着粗气。

"Mrs. Corney," said Mr. Bumble, stooping over the matron, "what is this, ma'am? Has anything happened, ma'am? Pray answer me: I'm on—on—" Mr. Bumble, in his alarm, could not immediately think of the word "tenterhooks," so he said "broken bottles."

"科尼太太，"邦布尔先生在女总管身前弯下了腰，问道，"这是怎么了，太太？发生什么事了，太太？求求您回答我啊，我可是如坐——如坐——"邦布尔先生一时惊慌，没想起"针毡"这个词，便只得用"破瓶子"接了下去。

"Oh, Mr. Bumble!" cried the lady, "I have been so dreadfully put out!"

"哦，邦布尔先生！"女总管大叫一声，"刚才真是难受死我了！"

"Put out,ma'am!" exclaimed Mr.bumble; "who has dared to—? I know!" said Mr. Bumble, checking himself, with native majesty, "this is them wicious paupers!"

"难受，夫人！"邦布尔先生惊呼，"谁胆敢——？我知道了！"邦布尔先生带着天生的庄严，控制住自己，说道，"准是那群该死的穷鬼！"

"It's dreadful to think of!" said the lady, shuddering.

"想想就觉得可怕！"女主管边发抖边说。

"Then—don't—think of it, ma'am," rejoined Mr. Bumble.

"那就——不要——想了，夫人。"邦布尔先生回答。

"I can't help it," whimpered the lady.

“我控制不住自己。”女士呜咽道。

"Then take something, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble soothingly. "A little of the wine?"

“那就来点儿吃的喝的吧。”邦布尔先生体贴地说道，“来点儿红酒怎么样？”

"Not for the world!" replied Mrs. Corney.

“这绝对不行啊！”科尼太太回答，

"I couldn't,—oh! The top shelf in the right-hand corner—oh!” Uttering these words, the good lady pointed, distractedly, to the cupboard, and underwent a convulsion from internal spasms. Mr. Bumble rushed to the closet; and, snatching a pint green-glass bottle from the shelf thus incoherently indicated, filled a tea-cup with its contents, and held it to the lady's lips.

“我不能——哦！在右手边最上面那一层——哦！”说完这些，这位女士神情恍惚地指了指碗橱，内心情感激荡，全身一阵痉挛。邦布尔先生冲向了碗橱，按照这些语无伦次的指示，从架子上抓起一只容量为一品脱的绿色玻璃瓶，倒了满满一茶杯，然后把杯子递到了这位女士的唇边。

"I'm better now," said Mrs. Corney, falling back, after drinking half of it.

“我现在好多了。”科尼太太喝了半杯后，又重新倒回了椅背上。

Mr. Bumble raised his eyes piously to the ceiling in thankfulness; and, bringing them down again to the brim of the cup, lifted it to his nose.

邦布尔先生虔诚地抬头看着天花板，以示对上帝的感激。接着他把目光向下移到了茶杯边上，端起杯子凑到了鼻子下面。

"Peppermint," exclaimed Mrs. Corney, in a faint voice, smiling gently on the beadle as she spoke. "Try it! There's a little—a little something else in it.”

“薄荷，”科尼太太一边弱弱地说，一边笑眯眯地望着教区执事，里面放了一点点——一点点其他的东西。”

Mr. Bumble tasted the medicine with a doubtful look; smacked his lips; took another taste; and put the cup down empty.

邦布尔先生带着怀疑的神色，尝了尝这种药水；他抿了抿嘴唇，又尝了一口，这才放下了空杯子。

"It's very comforting," said Mrs. Corney.

“喝这个让人觉得很舒服。”科尼太太说道。

"Very much so indeed, ma'am," said the beadle. As he spoke, he drew a chair beside the matron, and tenderly inquired what had happened to distress her.

“确实如此，太太。”教区执事答道。他一边说，一边拖了把椅子到女总管身旁，然后柔声询问她，究竟发生了什么事情，竟让她如此难受。

"Nothing," replied Mrs. Corney. "I am a foolish, excitable, weak creetur."

“没什么，”科尼太太回答，“我就是一个愚蠢、易激动、脆弱不堪的女人。”

"Not weak, ma'am," retorted Mr. Bumble, drawing his chair a little closer. "Are you a weak creetur, Mrs. Corney?"

“您不脆弱，太太。”邦布尔边反驳边把椅子挪得更近了一点，“科尼太太，您是一个脆弱的女人吗？”

"We are all weak creeturs," said Mrs. Corney, laying down a general principle.

“我们都是脆弱的人。”科尼太太说，定下了一条普遍原理。

"So we are," said the beadle.

“我们就是！”执事附和道。

Nothing was said on either side, for a minute or two afterwards. By the expiration of that time, Mr. Bumble had illustrated the position by removing his left arm from the back of Mrs. Corney's chair, where it had previously rested, to Mrs. Corney's apron-string, round which it gradually became entwined.

接下来的一两分钟内，双方都一言不发。这段时间过后，邦布尔先生为了阐述他的观点，将之前搭在科尼太太椅背上的左臂移到她的围裙系带上；他的手臂逐渐环住了她的腰，和系带缠绕在一起。

"We are all weak creeturs," said Mr. Bumble.

“我们都是脆弱的人。”邦布尔先生说。

Mrs. Corney sighed.

科尼太太叹了口气。

"Don't sigh, Mrs. Corney," said Mr. Bumble.

“不要叹气，科尼太太。”邦布尔先生说。

"I can't help it," said Mrs. Corney.And she sighed again.

“我控制不住自己。”科尼太太说着，又叹了口气。

"This is a very comfortable room, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble looking round. "Another room, and this, ma'am, would be a complete thing.”

“这是一个非常舒适的房间，夫人。”邦布尔先生说着环视了一下四周，“要是再有一间，夫人，就完美了。”

"It would be too much for one," murmured the lady.

“一个人住房间太多了。”女士小声地说。

"But not for two, ma'am," rejoined Mr. Bumble, in soft accents. "Eh, Mrs. Corney?"

“不过，两个人住就不算多了。”邦布尔先生柔柔地说，“嗯，科尼太太？”

Mrs. Corney drooped her head, when the beadle said this; the beadle drooped his, to get a view of Mrs. Corney's face. Mrs. Corney, with great propriety, turned her head away, and released her hand to get at her pocket-handkerchief; but insensibly replaced it in that of Mr. Bumble.

邦布尔先生说这番话的时候，科尼太太低下了头。邦布尔先生为了看清科尼太太的脸庞，也把头低了下来。科尼太太相当得体地把头扭到一旁，伸手去拿自己口袋里的手绢，但不知怎么的却把手放进了邦布尔先生手里。

"The board allows you coals, don't they, Mrs. Corney?" inquired the beadle, affectionately pressing her hand.

“理事会给您补贴煤了，对吧，科尼太太？”教区执事一边问，一边热情洋溢地用力握紧她的手。

"And candles," replied Mrs. Corney, slightly returning the pressure.

“还有蜡烛。”科尼太太也轻轻地反握着他的手。

"Coals, candles, and house-rent free," said Mr. Bumble. "Oh, Mrs. Corney, what an Angel you are!"

“有煤、蜡烛，房租还不用交。”邦布尔先生说，“哦，科尼太太，您真是一位天使啊！”

The lady was not proof against this burst of feeling. She sank into Mr. Bumble's arms; and that gentleman in his agitation, imprinted a passionate kiss upon her chaste nose.

这位女士再也无法抗拒这感情的爆发。她倒在了邦布尔先生的怀里；这位绅士激动万分，在她那贞洁的鼻子印下了一个饱含深情的吻。

"Such porochial perfection!" exclaimed Mr. Bumble, rapturously. "You know that Mr. Slout is worse to-night, my fascinator?”

“这是何等教区式的完美啊！”邦布尔先生狂喜地叫着，“你知道吗，今晚斯洛特先生的情况变得更糟了，我亲爱的美人？”

"Yes," replied Mrs. Corney, bashfully.

“知道。”科尼太太红着脸回答。

"He can't live a week, the doctor says," pursued Mr. Bumble. "He is the master of this establishment; his death will cause a wacancy; that wacancy must be filled up. Oh, Mrs. Corney, what a prospect this opens! What a opportunity for a jining of hearts and housekeepings!"

“医生说他活不过一个星期了，”邦布尔先生继续说道，“他是这个机构的头头，一死就会留下一个空位子，而这个空位必须得找人填补上。啊呀，科尼太太，这件事带来了多么美妙的未来啊！这是多么好的一个机会，把两颗心连到一体，把两个家庭组成一个啊！”

Mrs. Corney sobbed.

科尼太太抽噎着。

"The little word?" said Mr. Bumble, bending over the bashful beauty. "The one little, little, little word, my blessed Corney?"

“那个小小的词？”邦布尔先生朝着害羞的美人弯下腰来，说道，“那个小小的，小小的词，我亲爱的科尼？”

"Ye—ye—yes!" sighed out the matron.

“我愿——愿——愿意！”女总管叹了口气道。

"One more," pursued the beadle; "compose your darling feelings for only one more. When is it to come off?"

“再说一次，”教区执事继续说，“把你那可爱的感情凝聚到一起，就再说一次。什么时候把事办了啊？”

Mrs. Corney twice essayed to speak: and twice failed. At length summoning up courage, she threw her arms around Mr. Bumble's neck, and said, it might be as soon as ever he pleased, and that he was "a irresistible duck."

科尼太太两次想要尝试着开口，但是两次都失败了。最后，她鼓足了勇气，双手环住邦布尔先生的脖子，说这事他想多早办都行，还说他是“一只让人无法抗拒的小鸭子”。

Matters being thus amicably and satisfactorily arranged, the contract was solemnly ratified in another teacupful of the peppermint mixture; which was rendered the more necessary, by the flutter and agitation of the lady's spirits. While it was being disposed of, she acquainted Mr. Bumble with the old woman's decease.

事情就这样友爱圆满地敲定了。他们两人又喝了一杯薄荷混合剂，他们之间的合约就这样庄重签订了。女士此时心跳加速、激动无比，看

来这一杯还是很必要的。喝完后，她把那老婆子病死的事情告诉了邦布尔先生。

"Very good," said that gentleman, sipping his peppermint; "I'll call at Sowerberry's as I go home, and tell him to send to-morrow morning. Was it that as frightened you, love?”

“很好，”绅士喝了一小口薄荷混合剂，说道，“我回家的时候去苏尔伯雷的铺子里打声招呼，通知他明天早上就把棺材送过来。就是这件事情吓到你了，是不是，亲爱的？”

"It wasn't anything particular, dear," said the lady evasively.

“这也不是什么特别的事情，亲爱的。”女士推托道。

"It must have been something, love," urged Mr. Bumble. "Won't you tell your own B. ?”

“一定有事，亲爱的。”邦布尔先生力劝道，“你难道不愿意告诉自己的另一半吗？”

"Not now," rejoined the lady; "one of these days. After we're married, dear.”

“现在不行，”女士回答，“改天吧。等我们结婚以后，亲爱的。”

"After we're married!" exclaimed Mr. Bumble. "It wasn't any impudence from any of them male paupers as—” "No, no, love!" interposed the lady, hastily.

“等我们结婚以后！”邦布尔先生叫起来，“不会是哪个穷小子竟然放肆到——”“不是的，不是的，亲爱的！”女士连忙打断他。

"If I thought it was," continued Mr. Bumble; "if I thought as any one of 'em had dared to lift his wulgar eyes to that lovely countenance—” "They wouldn't have dared to do it, love," responded the lady.

“如果被我知道了有这么一件事，”邦布尔先生继续说道，“要是被我知道他们之中的任何一个，胆敢向这张可爱的面孔抬一下他那肮脏的眼睛的话——”“他们不会这样的胆子的，亲爱的。”女士回答说。

"They had better not!" said Mr. Bumble, clenching his fist. "Let me see any man, porochial or extra-porochial, as would presume to do it; and I can tell him that he wouldn't do it a second time!”

“他们最好不要！”邦布尔先生攥紧拳头说道，“我倒是想看看是哪个男人，不管是教区内的还是教区外的，竟敢做这种事情。我要告诉他，他绝对不会有机会做第二次了！”

Unembellished by any violence of gesticulation, this might have seemed no very high compliment to the lady's charms; but, as Mr. Bumble accompanied the threat with many warlike gestures, she was much touched with this proof of his devotion, and protested, with

great admiration, that he was indeed a dove.

要是没有慷慨激昂的手势，这番话似乎并不能算是对这位女士的魅力的高度赞美。不过邦布尔先生一边威胁，一边伴以各种好斗的姿势。他这种献身精神深深打动了这位女士。她带着无限深情，说他确实是一只讨人喜欢的小鸽子。

The dove then turned up his coat-collar, and put on his cocked hat; and, having exchanged a long and affectionate embrace with his future partner, once again braved the cold wind of the night: merely pausing, for a few minutes, in the male paupers' ward, to abuse them a little, with the view of satisfying himself that he could fill the office of workhouse-master with needful acerbity. Assured of his qualifications, Mr. Bumble left the building with a light heart, and bright visions of his future promotion: which served to occupy his mind until he reached the shop of the undertaker.

这只鸽子把外套领子翻起来，戴上三角帽，与自己未来的伴侣长时间深情拥抱了一会儿，然后无畏地迎着深夜里的寒风离开了。他只是在男贫民室逗留了几分钟，简单骂了他们几句。如此一来他便证明了自己能凭借这种不可或缺的尖酸刻薄，来谋取济贫院院长的空缺；他心满意足了。邦布尔先生确信自己能够胜任该职后，美滋滋地离开了那幢房子。他满脑子里想的都是即将晋升的灿烂前景，就这样一直走到丧事承办者的店门口。

Now, Mr. and Mrs. Sowerberry having gone out to tea and supper: and Noah Claypole not being at any time disposed to take upon himself a greater amount of physical exertion than is necessary to a convenient performance of the two functions of eating and drinking, the shop was not closed, although it was past the usual hour of shutting-up. Mr. Bumble tapped with his cane on the counter several times; but, attracting no attention, and beholding a light shining through the glass-window of the little parlour at the back of the shop, he made bold to peep in and see what was going forward; and when he saw what was going forward, he was not a little surprised.

这时候，苏尔伯雷先生和苏尔伯雷太太都去外面吃茶点和晚餐了。诺亚·克雷波尔只是在便于履行吃喝这两种职能的时候才不会介意体力消耗，超过以上消耗的体力活，他在任何时候都不愿承担。尽管已经过了平日里打烊的时间，铺子依旧开着门。邦布尔先生用他的手杖在柜台上敲了几下，不过丝毫没有引起任何注意。他看见铺子后面小客厅里点着一根蜡烛，烛光从玻璃窗里透了出来，便大胆地往里面看了看，想要看看里面的人在干什么。当他看清楚里面的情况后，不由得大吃一惊。

The cloth was laid for supper; the table was covered with bread and butter, plates and glasses; a porter-pot and a wine-bottle. At the upper end of the table, Mr. Noah Claypole lolled negligently in an

easy-chair, with his legs thrown over one of the arms: an open clasp-knife in one hand, and a mass of buttered bread in the other. Close beside him stood Charlotte, opening oysters from a barrel: which Mr. Claypole condescended to swallow, with remarkable avidity. A more than ordinary redness in the region of the young gentleman's nose, and a kind of fixed wink in his right eye, denoted that he was in a slight degree intoxicated; these symptoms were confirmed by the intense relish with which he took his oysters, for which nothing but a strong appreciation of their cooling properties, in cases of internal fever, could have sufficiently accounted.

晚餐桌布已经铺好了。饭桌上堆满了面包、黄油、盘子、玻璃杯，以及一罐黑啤酒和一瓶葡萄酒。桌子首座的那一头，诺亚·克雷波尔先生无精打采地坐在一把安乐椅上，双腿搭在一边的扶手上，一只手握着一把打开的弹簧摺刀，另一只手拿着一大块涂有黄油的面包。夏洛特站在他的旁边，正从一个桶里把牡蛎拿出来剖开。克雷波尔先生屈尊俯就，极为贪婪地将这些牡蛎一一吞吃下腹。这位绅士的鼻子周围比平时还要红，右眼眨巴着老盯住一个地方，显然他已经略有一些醉意了；他吃牡蛎时表现出来的浓厚兴趣也证实了这一点。牡蛎并没有什么别的功效，清内热的作用倒是一等一的好。

"Here's a delicious fat one, Noah, dear!" said Charlotte; "try him, do; only this one"

“这只肥的味道美极了，诺亚，亲爱的！”夏洛蒂说到，“尝尝看，来，就这一只。”

"What a delicious thing is a oyster!" remarked Mr. Claypole, after he had swallowed it.

“牡蛎真是人间美味啊！”克雷波尔先生咽下那只后，评论道，

"What a pity it is, a number of 'em should ever make you feel uncomfortable; isn't it, Charlotte?”

“遗憾的是，吃不了几只你就会觉得不舒服，是吧，夏洛特？”

"It's quite a cruelty," said Charlotte.

“这可真是件残酷的事。”夏洛特说。

"So it is," acquiesced Mr. Claypole. "An't yer fond of oysters?”

“是啊。”克雷波尔先生附和道，“你不喜欢吃吗？”

"Not overmuch," replied Charlotte. "I like to see you eat 'em, Noah dear, better than eating 'em myself.”

“不是太喜欢。”夏洛特回答，“我喜欢看着你吃，亲爱的诺亚，这比我自己吃还有滋味呢。”

"Lor!" said Noah, reflectively; "how queer!"

“呦！”诺亚若有所思地说，“真奇怪啊！”

"Have another," said Charlotte. "Here's one with such a beautiful, delicate beard!”

“再吃一个，”夏洛特说，“这一只的须是多么漂亮精美啊！”

"I can't manage any more," said Noah. "I'm very sorry. Come here, Charlotte, and I'll kiss yer.”

“我吃不下了。”诺亚说，“非常抱歉，过来，夏洛特，让我亲亲你。”

"What!" said Mr. Bumble, bursting into the room. "Say that again, sir."

“你说什么！”邦布尔先生冲进了屋里，说道，“先生，你再说一遍。”

Charlotte uttered a scream, and hid her face in her apron. Mr. Claypole, without making any further change in his position than suffering his legs to reach the ground, gazed at the beadle in drunken terror.

夏洛特尖叫了一声，把脸埋进了她的围裙里。克雷波尔先生则没怎么改变姿势，只是把双腿放了下来。他久久地盯着教区执事看，一双醉眼里盛着满满的恐惧。

"Say it again, you wile, owdacious fellow!" said Mr. Bumble.

“再说一遍，你这个花言巧语、色胆包天的混账！”邦布尔先生说到，

"How dare you mention such a thing, sir? And how dare you encourage him, you insolent minx?

“你怎么敢说这样的话，先生？还有你这个无礼放肆的臭女人，你怎么敢鼓励他说这种话？

Kiss her!" exclaimed Mr. Bumble, in strong indignation. "Faugh!"

你倒是亲她啊！”邦布尔先生愤怒地吼着，“哼！”

"I didn't mean to do it!" said Noah, blubbering.

“我并不是想要亲她啊！”诺亚嚎啕大哭，

"She's always a-kissing of me, whether I like it, or not.”

“她老是亲我，也不管我愿意不愿意。”

"Oh, Noah," cried Charlotte, reproachfully.

“哦，诺亚！”夏洛蒂委屈地叫起来。

"Yer are; yer know yer are!" retorted Noah. "She's always a-doin'

of it, Mr. Bumble, sir; she chucks me under the chin, please, sir; and makes all manner of love!”

“你就是，你就是！”诺厄反驳道,“她老是来这一套，先生。她摸我的下巴，对不起，先生，她还总会做出各种各样的亲热动作！”

"Silence!" cried Mr. Bumble, sternly. "Take yourself downstairs, ma'am. Noah, you shut up the shop; say another word till your master comes home, at your peril; and, when he does come home, tell him that Mr. Bumble said he was to send a old woman's shell after breakfast to-morrow morning. Do you hear sir? Kissing!" cried Mr. Bumble, holding up his hands. "The sin and wickedness of the lower orders in this porochial district is frightful! If Parliament don't take their abominable courses under consideration, this country's ruined, and the character of the peasantry gone for ever!” With these words, the beadle strode, with a lofty and gloomy air, from the undertaker's premises.

“给我安静！”邦布尔先生严厉地吼道，“夫人，你给我下楼去。诺亚，你把店门关上。你家老板回来之前，你敢再说一个字，你就没命了。等他回来，你告诉他邦布尔先生说了，要他明天吃完早饭送一口老太婆用的棺材过去。你听见了吗，先生？你倒是亲啊！”邦布尔先生举起双手，吼道,“这个教区里下等阶级的罪孽和邪恶真是太可怕了！要是议会再不考虑他们这些令人恶心的行为，这个国家就要玩完了，国民的品行也要完蛋了！”说完这些，教区执事神色傲慢、心情忧郁地踱着方步，离开了丧事承办者的铺子。

And now that we have accompanied him so far on his road home, and have made all necessary preparations for the old woman's funeral, let us set on foot a few inquires after young Oliver Twist, and ascertain whether he be still lying in the ditch where Toby Crackit left him.

我们已经陪着他在回家的路上走了如此长一段路，那个老婆子的丧事也做好了所有准备。现在就让我们去打听一下奥利弗·特威斯特的下落，证实一下他被托比·格拉基特丢下以后，是否还躺在水沟里。

CHAPTER XXVIII Looks after Oliver, and proceeds with his adventures

第二十八章 寻找奥利弗，继续讲述他的遭遇

"Wolves tear your throats!" muttered Sikes, grinding his teeth. "I wish I was among some of you; you'd howl the hoarser for it.”

“让狼群咬断你们的脖子。”赛克斯喃喃低语，将牙齿咬得咯咯直响，“我真希望我能够亲眼目睹那一刻。现在你们只管喊叫吧，到时候就算你们把嗓子喊破，也难逃一死。”

As Sikes growled forth this imprecation, with the most desperate ferocity that his desperate nature was capable of, he rested the body of the wounded boy across his bended knee; and turned his head, for an instant, to look back at his pursuers.

赛克斯咆哮着，诅咒着，一副凶狠至极、孤注一掷的样子，还真符合他亡命之徒的本性。他曲起膝盖，把受伤的奥利弗横放在上面，迅速回头看了看身后的追兵。

There was little to be made out, in the mist and darkness; but the loud shouting of men vibrated through the air, and the barking of the neighbouring dogs, roused by the sound of the alarm bell, resounded in every direction.

夜色漆黑，雾气升腾，什么东西也分辨不出来，但人们嘈杂的叫喊声依然能响彻空中。周围的狗被警报铃声惊醒了，一起叫起来；狗吠声响成一片。

"Stop, you white-livered hound!" cried the robber, shouting after Toby Crackit, who, making the best use of his long legs, was already ahead. "Stop!"

“给我站住，你这个胆小鬼！”强盗赛克斯见托比·格拉基特利用腿长的优势，把自己甩在了后面，便大声喝道，“站住！”

The repetition of the word, brought Toby to a dead stand-still. For he was not quite satisfied that he was beyond the range of pistol-shot; and Sikes was in no mood to be played with.

听到第二声吆喝，托比猛地停了下来。他还没办法确定，自己是否已经脱离了手枪的射程，况且赛克斯这时候可没有心情被他耍弄。

"Bear a hand with the boy," cried Sikes, beckoning furiously to his confederate. "Come back!"

“过来帮把手，弄走这小子，”赛克斯怒气冲冲地冲着同伙招了招手，喊道，“回来！”

Toby made a show of returning; but ventured, in a low voice, broken for want of breath, to intimate considerable reluctance as he came slowly along.

托比慢腾腾地转过身往回走，但是他很有胆色，还敢念念叨叨，表现出一副相当不情愿的样子。不过他说得很小声，再加上气喘吁吁，声音都显得断断续续的。

"Qicher!" cried Sikes, laying the boy in a dry ditch at his feet, and drawing a pistol from his pocket. "Don't play booty with me.”

“快点！”赛克斯喊道。他把奥利弗放在脚下一条干枯的水沟里，然后从口袋里掏出了手枪，“别跟我耍什么花样。”

At this moment the noise grew louder. Sikes, again looking round, could discern that the men who had given chase were already climbing the gate of the field in which he stood; and that a couple of dogs were some paces in advance of them.

就在这个时候，嘈杂声变得更大了。赛克斯再次转头看了看，他都可以依稀辨认出，此时追兵已经在爬篱笆门了。他们翻过篱笆门就到了他所处的这片田地，更别说还有几只狗跑在他们前面。

"It's all up, Bill!" cried Toby; "drop the kid, and show 'em your heels.” With this parting advice, Mr. Crackit, preferring the chance of being shot by his friend, to the certainty of being taken by his enemies, fairly turned tail, and darted off at full speed. Sikes clenched his teeth; took one look around; threw over the prostrate form of Oliver, the cape in which he had been hurriedly muffled; ran along the front of the hedge, as if to distract the attention of those behind, from the spot where the boy lay; paused, for a second, before another hedge which met it at right angles; and whirling his pistol high into the air, cleared it at a bound, and was gone.

“完了，比尔！”托比喊道，“扔下这孩子，赶紧跑起来甩掉他们吧。”格拉基特先生宁愿冒吃朋友子弹的风险，也不愿落到敌人手里，毫无选择余地。说完这句临别前的忠告，他便做了个标准的向后转，全速溜走了。赛克斯咬了咬牙，又回头看了一眼，将刚才仓促裹住男孩身体的披肩往躺在地上的奥利弗身上一丢，便沿着篱笆墙跑开了。他似乎是想以此来吸引追兵的注意，把他们从奥利弗躺着的地点引开。他在篱笆墙的直角拐弯处突然停了一会儿，将手枪高高举在空中，挥舞了几个圈，然后越过篱笆墙逃走了。

"Ho, ho, there!" cried a tremulous voice in the rear. "Pincher! Neptune! Come here, come here!"

“喂，喂，在那儿！”一个声音在后面不安地嚷道，“平彻！内普丘恩！来这边，来这边！”

The dogs, who, in common with their masters, seemed to have no

particular relish for the sport in which they were engaged, readily answered to the command. Three men, who had by this time advanced some distance into the field, stopped to take counsel together.

这两只狗跟他们的主人一样，看上去并不是很享受这场正在进行的追逐比赛。他们欣然接受了命令。有三个男人在这块田地上已经跑出了一段距离。他们这时也停了下来，聚到一起商量了起来。

"My advice, or, leastways, I should say, my—orders—, is," said the fattest man of the party, "that we 'mediately go home again.”

“我的建议，或者至少可以说是命令吧，就是——”他们中的一个胖子说，“我们应该立刻回家。”

"I am agreeable to anything which is agreeable to Mr. Giles," said a shorter man; who was by no means of a slim figure, and who was very pale in the face, and very polite: as frightened men frequently are.

“对于贾尔斯先生的观点，我举双手赞成。”一个身材矮小但绝不瘦弱的人说道。他面色苍白，彬彬有礼——受了惊吓的人大多都是这般模样。

"I shouldn't wish to appear ill-mannered, gentlemen," said the third, who had called the dogs back, "Mr. Giles ought to know."

“绅士们，我可不希望显得没教养，”第三个人已经把狗唤回来了，他说，“贾尔斯先生肯定知道这一点。”

"Certainly," replied the shorter man; "and whatever Mr. Giles says, it isn't our place to contradict him. No, no, I know my sitiwation! Thank my stars, I know my sitiwation.” To tell the truth, the little man—did—seem to know his situation, and to know perfectly well that it was by no means a desirable one; for his teeth chattered in his head as he spoke.

“当然，”个子较矮的一人回答道，“无论贾尔斯先生说什么，我们都没有立场反对。不，不，我很清楚我的处境！感谢苍天，我清楚我的处境。”说实话，这个小个子——确实——很清楚自己的处境，也完全明白目前这绝不是一种令人满意的处境。他说话的时候，上下牙齿一直在打战。

"You are afraid, Brittles," said Mr. Giles. "Brittles"的翻译无法查证，参照参考译文。

“布里特尔斯，你害怕了吧。”贾尔斯先生说道。

"I an't," said Brittles.

“我才不怕呢。”布里特尔斯说。

"You are," said Giles.

“你就是害怕了。”贾尔斯说。

"You're a falsehood, Mr. Giles," said Brittles.

“你这是胡说八道，贾尔斯先生。”布里特尔斯说。

"You're a lie, Brittles," said Mr. Giles.

“你这是在扯谎，布里特尔斯。”贾尔斯先生说。

Now, these four retorts arose from Mr. Giles's taunt; and Mr. Giles's taunt had arisen from his indignation at having the responsibility of going home again, imposed upon himself under cover of a compliment. The third man brought the dispute to a close, most philosophically.

此时此刻，贾尔斯先生的嘲弄引来了这四句你来我往的反驳。贾尔斯先生之所以作这一番嘲弄，是因为他感到气愤难当。别人用一句恭维的话作幌子，就想把回家的责任推到他的头上来。第三个人以正统的哲学方法给这场争论画上了句号。

"I'll tell you what it is, gentlemen," said he, "we're all afraid.”

“绅士们，我来说说这到底是怎么回事。”他说，“我们都害怕了。”

"Speak for yourself, sir," said Mr. Giles, who was the palest of the party.

“先生，你是在说你自己吧。”贾尔斯先生说。在这几个人中，脸色最苍白的就数他了。

"So I do," replied the man. "It's natural and proper to be afraid, under such circumstances. I am.”

“我是在说我自己。”这个人回答道，“在这种情况下，害怕是自然的，也是正常的。我确实是害怕了。”

"So am I," said Brittles; "only there's no call to tell a man he is, so bounceably.”

“我也是。”布里特尔斯说，“根本就没必要虚张声势，指责别人害怕。”

These frank admissions softened Mr. Giles, who at once owned that-he- was afraid; upon which, they all three faced about, and ran back again with the completest unanimity, until Mr. Giles (who had the shortest wind of the party, as was encumbered with a pitchfork) most handsomely insisted on stopping, to make an apology for his hastiness of speech.

他承认得如此坦率，贾尔斯先生的态度也软化了下来，他立刻承认他自己也害怕了。三个人转身往回跑去，动作整齐划一，直到贾尔斯先

生（在这一伙人中他最气短，而且还拖着一把干草叉）极力主张停下来，好让他对刚才的草率发言表示一下歉意。

"But it's wonderful," said Mr. Giles, when he had explained, "what a man will do, when his blood is up. I should have committed murder—I know I should—if we'd caught one of them rascals.”

“不过，这事真奇怪。”贾尔斯先生解释完又说，“一个人要是火气上来了，还真是什么事情都能干出来。要是我们抓到了那群流氓中的一个，我恐怕会犯谋杀罪的——我很清楚——我一定会的。”

As the other two were impressed with a similar presentiment; and as their blood, like his, had all gone down again; some speculation ensued upon the cause of this sudden change in their temperament.

另外两个人也深有同感，他们的火气跟他的一样，都消退下去了。接着，他们便开始思索，想知道是什么原因导致了他们性情上的变化。

"I know what it was," said Mr. Giles; "it was the gate."

“我知道是怎么回事了，”贾尔斯先生说，“准是那个门的缘故。”

"I shouldn't wonder if it was," exclaimed Brittles, catching at the idea.

“要是门的话，我不会觉得奇怪。”布里特尔斯立马接受了这个想法，大叫起来。

"You may depend upon it," said Giles, "that that gate stopped the flow of the excitement. I felt all mine suddenly going away, as I was climbing over it."

“你信我这话没错，”贾尔斯说，“那个门挡住了我们火气的上涌。我感觉到了，当我爬过那个门的时候，所有的火气都没了。”

By a remarkable coincidence, the other two had been visited with the same unpleasant sensation at that precise moment. It was quite obvious, therefore, that it was the gate; especially as there was no doubt regarding the time at which the change had taken place, because all three remembered that they had come in sight of the robbers at the instant of its occurance.

真是无巧不成书，另外的两位也正在那一刻产生了相同的感觉，那感觉令人相当难受。因此非常明显，问题就出在那个门上，尤其是考虑到发生这一改变的时间是不存在任何疑问的。三个人此时都回想了起来，正是在这一切发生的瞬间，他们看到了那些强盗。

This dialogue was held between the two men who had surprised the burglars, and a travelling tinker who had been sleeping in an outhouse, and who had been roused, together with his two mongrel curs, to join in the pursuit. Mr. Giles acted in the double capacity of butler and steward to the old lady of the mansion; Brittles was a lad of

all-work: who, having entered her service a mere child, was treated as a promising young boy still, though he was something past thirty.

谈话的这三个人中，有两个是吓跑小偷的男子，还有一个是到处游走的补锅匠。当时补锅匠正在房子外的一间小屋子里睡觉。他和他的那两只杂种狗被吵醒后，也一道加入了这场追击。贾尔斯先生身兼两职。这所大房子主人是个老太太，他既是她的司膳总管，又是男管家。布里特尔斯先生则什么活都干。他从小便在老太太家做事，尽管他已经过了而立之年，至今仍被当成一个的小毛孩，只说他将来会有出息。

Encouraging each other with such converse as this; but, keeping very close together, notwithstanding, and looking apprehensively round, whenever a fresh gust rattled through the boughs; the three men hurried back to a tree, behind which they had left their latern, lest its light should inform the thieves in what direction to fire. Catching up the light, they made the best of their way home, at a good round trot; and long after their dusky forms had ceased to be discernible, the light might have been seen twinkling and dancing in the distance, like some exhalation of the damp and gloomy atomosphere through which it was swiftly borne.

三个人用此类话语相互鼓励一番，却依旧紧紧靠在一起。每当一阵劲风刮过，树枝沙沙作响时，他们便会紧张兮兮地往四下里看一看。三个人匆匆忙忙地跑到一棵树后；他们之前把提灯留在了那里，以防灯光提示小偷该往哪个方向开火。他们抓起提灯，一路疾行向家奔去。时间过去了很久，连他们朦胧的身影也早已辨认不清了，那灯光却始终在远处摇曳闪烁，就像是从潮湿阴沉的空气里喷出的磷火一般。

The air grew colder, as day came slowly on; and the mist rolled along the ground like a dense cloud of smoke. The grass was wet; the pathways, and low places, were all mire and water; the damp breath of an unwholesome wind went languidly by, with a hollow moaning. Still, Oliver lay motionless and insensible on the spot where Sikes had left him.

天慢慢亮了，天气却愈加寒冷。迷雾好似一团浓厚的烟云，在地面上来回滚动。草湿漉漉的，小路上和一些低洼处全是泥水。腐臭的风夹杂着潮气，无力地吹着，发出呜呜的呻吟声。奥利弗依旧躺在赛克斯抛下他的那个地方，一动不动，毫无知觉。

Morning drew on apace. The air become more sharp and piercing, as its first dull hue—the death of night, rather than the birth of day—glimmered faintly in the sky. The objects which had looked dim and terrible in the darkness, grew more and more defined, and gradually resolved into their familiar shapes. The rain came down, thick and fast, and pattered noisily among the leafless bushes. But, Oliver felt it not, as it beat against him; for he still lay stretched, helpless and unconscious, on his bed of clay.

很快就到早上了。随着第一抹模糊的色彩——与其说这是白昼的新生，不如说是黑夜的死亡——在天空中发出微弱的光，空气变得更加严寒刺骨。那些在黑暗中看上去暗淡可怕的物体逐渐变得清晰起来，慢慢回复了人们熟悉的形状。雨倾盆而下，噼里啪啦地打在没有半片树叶的灌木丛上。尽管雨点落到了奥利弗身上，但他没有任何感觉。他依旧手脚摊开躺在他的泥土床上，无依无助，无知无觉。

At length, a low cry of pain broke the stillness that prevailed; and uttering it, the boy awoke. His left arm, rudely bandaged in a shawl, hung heavy and useless at his side; the bandage was saturated with blood. He was so weak, that he could scarcely raise himself into a sitting posture; when he had done so, he looked feebly round for help, and groaned with pain. Trembling in every joint, from cold and exhaustion, he made an effort to stand upright; but, shuddering from head to foot, fell prostrate on the ground.

最后，一声痛苦而低沉的哭泣打破了一直笼罩着四周的沉寂。男孩呜咽着，醒了过来。他的左臂被人用一条披肩草草地包扎了起来，笨重地垂在身旁，使不上半分力气；披肩上则浸满了鲜血。男孩浑身无力，几乎无法起身。最后，他终于坐了起来，虚弱地扭头环视了一下四周，想要向人求救，却又疼得呻吟起来。他浑身发寒，筋疲力尽，身上每一处关节都在颤抖。他挣扎着站起来，但从头到脚都在哆嗦，最后又倒回了地上。

After a short return of the stupor in which he had been so long plunged, Oliver: urged by a creeping sickness at his heart, which seemed to warn him that if he lay there, he must surely die: got upon his feet, and essayed to walk. His head was dizzy, and he staggered to and fro like a drunken man. But he kept up, nevertheless, and, with his head drooping languidly on his breast, went stumbling onward, he knew not whither.

奥利弗刚从长时间的昏迷中醒来不久，突然觉得心里好像有什么东西爬过一般，十分恶心难受。这种感觉似乎在警告他，如果他继续躺在那里，就必死无疑。他站了起来，颤颤巍巍地尝试着走动。他头晕目眩，摇摇晃晃地向前走了几步，又向后退了几步，像极了一个醉汉。尽管如此，他还是挺了下来。他的脖子使不上力，只能把脑袋耷拉在胸前，一路上跌跌撞撞地往前走。至于究竟要去哪，他自己也不知道。

And now, hosts of bewildering and confused ideas came crowding on his mind. He seemed to be still walking between Sikes and Crackit, who were angrily disputing—for the very words they said, sounded in his ears; and when he caught his own attention, as it were, by making some violent effort to save himself from falling, he found that he was talking to them. Then, he was alone with Sikes, plodding on as on the previous day; and as shadowy people passed them, he felt the robber's grasp upon his wrist. Suddenly, he started back at the report of

firearms; there rose into the air, loud cries and shouts; lights gleamed before his eyes; all was noise and tumult, as some unseen hand bore him hurriedly away. Through all these rapid visions, there ran an undefined, uneasy consciousness of pain, which wearied and tormented him incessantly.

这个时候，他困惑迷茫，诸多想法涌上了他的心头。他彷佛依旧走在赛克斯和格拉基特之间，那两个人正在愤怒地争吵——他们讲的每一句话都在他耳边回荡。为了不倒下去，他努力挣扎了一下。这时他突然清醒了过来，发现自己正在跟他们两个讲话。接着，就是他单独跟赛克斯呆在一块儿了。两人就像是前一天那样，拖着沉重的步伐往前走着。如同幻影一般的人们从他们身边走过；他能感觉到，那个强盗正紧紧地抓着他的手腕。突然，枪声响了，他往后退了几步，响亮的吵闹声和呼喊声在空中回荡，光线在他的眼前晃动。周围一片喧嚣骚动，看不见的手领着他匆匆离开。透过这些一一闪过的幻影，一种难以名状且令人不安的疼痛感不断侵蚀着他，折磨着他。

Thus he staggered on, creeping, almost mechanically, between the bars of gates, or through hedge-gaps as they came in his way, until he reached a road. Here the rain began to fall so heavily, that it roused him.

就这样，他继续跌跌撞撞地走着，几乎毫无意识，只是茫然地从挡在他面前的大门栅栏间或者篱笆间隙间爬了过去。直到他走上一条大路，情况才有所改变。这时雨开始倾盆而下，他清醒了过来。

He looked about, and saw that at no great distance there was a house, which perhaps he could reach. Pitying his condition, they might have compassion on him; and if they did not, it would be better, he thought, to die near human beings, than in the lonely open fields. He summoned up all his strength for one last trial, and bent his faltering steps towards it.

他环视了一下四周，发现离他不远的地方有一个房子。如果他坚持一下，也许就能撑着走到那儿。里面的人看到他的可怜处境，或许会对他发发善心。他觉得就算他们不同情他，死在有人的地方也比做个孤魂野鬼好。为了这最后一次尝试，他使出了全身的力气，迈着蹒跚的步子朝那个房子走去。

As he drew nearer to this house, a feeling come over him that he had seen it before. He remembered nothing of its details; but the shape and aspect of the building seemed familiar to him.

他一步步靠近那所房子，心头升起一种似曾相识的感觉。他记不得任何细节了，但是房子的外观和朝向他好像在哪里见过。

That garden wall! On the grass inside, he had fallen on his knees last night, and prayed the two men's mercy. It was the very house they had attempted to rob.

花园的围墙！昨天晚上他就是跪在围墙里面的草地上，乞求那两个人发发慈悲的。这就是他们试图抢劫的那户人家。

Oliver felt such fear come over him when he recognised the place, that, for the instant, he forgot the agony of his wound, and thought only of flight. Flight! He could scarcely stand: and if he were in full possession of all the best powers of his slight and youthful frame, whither could he fly? He pushed against the garden-gate; it was unlocked, and swung open on its hinges. He tottered across the lawn; climbed the steps; knocked faintly at the door; and, his whole strength failing him, sunk down against one of the pillars of the little portico.

他一认出这个地方，强烈的恐惧就袭上了心头。在那一瞬间，他忘记了伤口的疼痛，想到的只有逃跑。逃跑！可他连站都站不稳。不过，就算他那年幼的小身板精力充沛，他又能逃到何处去呢？他推了推花园大门，门没有上锁，链条一下子就开了。他步履蹒跚地穿过草坪，爬上台阶，无力地敲了敲门。此时此刻，他已体力不支，靠在门廊里的一根柱子上，瘫软了下去。

It happened that about this time, Mr. Giles, Brittles, and the tinker, were recruiting themselves, after the fatigues and terrors of the night, with tea and sundries, in the kitchen. Not that it was Mr. Giles's habit to admit to too great familiarity the humbler servants: towards whom it was rather his wont to deport himself with a lofty affability, which, while it gratified, could not fail to remind them of his superior position in society. But, death, fires, and burglary, make all men equals; so Mr. Giles sat with his legs stretched out before the kitchen fender, leaning his left arm on the table, while, with his right, he illustrated a circumstantial and minute account of the robbery, to which his bearers (but especially the cook and housemaid, who were of the party) listened with breathless interest.

碰巧这个时候，贾尔斯先生、布里特尔斯以及补锅匠由于昨晚劳累过度，又受了惊吓，都在厨房里用茶点，以此来恢复体力。与卑微的仆人过于亲近，向来不是贾尔斯先生的风格。他比较习惯以一种高贵而又和蔼的举止与他们相处。这既能使他们满意，又能时刻提醒他们，他的社会地位比他们高。然而，在死亡、火灾和入室抢劫面前，人人平等。所以，贾尔斯先生坐在厨房挡泥板前面，双腿伸直，左胳膊支在桌子上，右手比划着，正在向听众们仔仔细细地讲述这起抢劫案的详情。他的听众们（尤其是这一群人中的厨娘和女仆），一个个屏住呼吸，听得津津有味。

"It was about half-past two," said Mr. Giles, "or I wouldn't swear that it mightn't have been a little nearer three, when I woke up, and, turning round in my bed, as it might be so, (here Mr. Giles turned round in his chair, and pulled the corner of the table-cloth over him to imitate bed-clothes,) I fancied I heerd a noise.”

“大约两点半左右，”贾尔斯先生说，“或者是快三点的时候吧，我也说不准。我当时醒了，在床上翻了个身，就像这样（说到这里，贾尔斯先生在椅子上转了个身，把桌布的一角扯过来搭在身上当被子），我感觉好像听到了什么声音。”

At this point of the narrative the cook turned pale, and asked the housemaid to shut the door: who asked Brittles, who asked the tinker, who pretended not to hear.

故事讲到这时候，厨娘的脸色一下子变白了，她叫女仆把门关上。女仆转请布里特尔斯先生代劳，布里特尔斯先生又让那个补锅匠去，补锅匠假装没有听到。

“—Heerd a noise," continued Mr. Giles. "I says, at first, 'This is illusion'; and was composing myself off to sleep, when I heerd the noise again, distinct.”

“——听到了什么声音，”贾尔斯先生继续讲，“开始的时候，我告诉自己‘这是幻觉’，正打算放松精神继续睡觉。突然，我再次听到了那个声音，这一次非常清晰。”

"What sort of a noise?" asked the cook.

“什么样子的声音呢？”厨娘问。

"A kind of a busting noise," replied Mr. Giles, looking round him.

“像是什么东西破了的声音。”贾尔斯先生边回答边向四周看了看。

"More like the noise of powdering a iron bar on a nutmeg-grater," suggested Brittles.

“更像是铁棒在肉豆蔻礤床上摩擦的声音。”布里特尔斯提出了自己的看法。

"It was, when—you—heerd it, sir," rejoined Mr. Giles; "but, at this time, it had a busting sound. I turned down the clothes"; continued Giles, rolling back the table-cloth, "sat up in bed; and listened."

“那是你听到的时候的声音，先生，”贾尔斯先生答道，“不过，在这个时候，还是什么东西破了的声音。我掀开了被子，”贾尔斯将桌布翻回原处，接着说道，“在床上坐了起来，又仔细听了听。”

The cook and housemaid simultaneously ejaculated "Lor!" and drew their chairs closer together.

厨娘和女仆不约而同地“哦”了一声，把椅子挪得更近了些。

"I heerd it now, quite apparent," resumed Mr. Giles. "Somebody," I says, "is forcing of a door, or window; what's to be done? I'll call up that poor lad, Brittles, and save him from being murdered in his bed; or his throat," I says, "may be cut from his right ear to his left, without his ever knowing it." Here, all eyes were turned upon Brittles, who

fixed his upon the speaker, and stared at him, with his mouth wide open, and his face expressive of the most unmitigated horror.

“这时候我听得非常清楚了，”贾尔斯先生继续说，“‘有人，’我心里想，‘在砸门，或者是窗户。该怎么办呢？我得把那个可怜的小家伙，也就是布里特尔斯叫醒。我得救他，免得他被人杀死在床上。要不然的话，’我想，‘他的气管说不定就让别人从右耳到左耳割了下来，而他自己却从头到尾都不知道呢。’”这时候，所有的目光都转投到布里特尔斯身上；布里特尔斯则是目瞪口呆地盯着那位讲故事的人看，满脸都是真真切切的恐惧。

"I tossed off the clothes," said Giles, throwing away the table-cloth, and looking very hard at the cook and housemaid, "got softly out of bed; drew on a pair of—” "Ladies present, Mr. Giles," murmured the tinker.

“我快速套上衣服，”贾尔斯将桌布抛开，神情严肃地盯着厨娘和女仆，“轻手轻脚地下了床，穿上一双——”“有女士在呢，贾尔斯先生。”补锅匠小声地说。

“—Of—shoes—, sir," said Giles, turning upon him, and laying great emphasis on the word; "seized the loaded pistol that always goes upstairs with the plate-basket; and walked on tiptoes to his room.” "Brittles," I says, when I had woke him, "don't be frightened! "So you did," observed Brittles, in a low voice.

“一双鞋——，先生。”贾尔斯朝他转过脸来，在“鞋”这个字上加重了语气，“我拿起一把装足了药的手枪，这把手枪我每天都要连同餐具篮子一起拿到楼上去，然后我踮着脚尖，走进了他的房间。”“布里特尔斯，”我把他叫醒后说，“别害怕。”“你是这么说的。”布里特尔斯低声说。

"We're dead men, I think, Brittles," I says, continued Giles; "but don't be frightened.” “—Was—he frightened?" asked the cook.

“我觉得我们怕是要没命了，布里特尔斯，”贾尔斯继续说，“但是别害怕。”“他害怕了吗？”厨娘问道。

"Not a bit of it," replied Mr. Giles. "He was as firm—ah! pretty near as firm as I was.”

“一点也没怕。”贾尔斯回答，“他很坚强——啊！差不多跟我一样坚强。”

"I should have died at once, I'm sure, if it had been me," observed the housemaid.

“要是我的话，我保证立马就被吓死了。”女仆说。

"You're a woman," retorted Brittles, plucking up a little.

“你是妇道人家嘛。”布里特尔斯稍稍振作了一点，说道。

"Brittles is right," said Mr. Giles, nodding his head, approvingly; "from a woman, nothing else was to be expected. We, being men, took a dark lantern that was standing on Brittle's hob, and groped our way downstairs in the pitch dark,—as it might be so.”

“布里特尔斯说得对极了。”贾尔斯先生点着头赞许地说道，“对于妇道人家，没什么可以期待的。我们可是男人。我们提上那盏放在布里特尔斯屋里壁炉架上的遮光灯，摸着黑走下了楼——就像这个样子。”

Mr. Giles had risen from his seat, and taken two steps with his eyes shut, to accompany his description with appropriate action, when he started violently, in common with the rest of the company, and hurried back to his chair. The cook and housemaid screamed.

贾尔斯先生从椅子上面站了起来，闭着眼睛走了两步，以此来给自己的描述配上恰当的动作。就在这个时候，他跟别人一样吓了一跳，急忙回到椅子上。厨娘和女仆都尖叫起来。

"It was a knock," said Mr. Giles, assuming perfect serenity. "Open the door, somebody."

“有人敲门。”贾尔斯先生故作镇静地说道，“哪位去开开门吧。”

Nobody moved.

没有人动。

"It seems a strange sort of a thing, a knock coming at such a time in the morning," said Mr. Giles, surveying the pale faces which surrounded him, and looking very blank himself; "but the door must be opened. Do you hear, somebody?"

“看上去是件怪事，一大早就来敲门。”贾尔斯先生打量着周围一张张苍白的面孔，他自己也同样面无血色，“但是，总得有人去开门啊。听见没有，那谁？”

Mr. Giles, as he spoke, looked at Brittles; but that young man, being naturally modest, probably considered himself nobody, and so held that the inquiry could not have any application to him; at all events, he tendered no reply. Mr. Giles directed an appealing glance at the tinker; but he had suddenly fallen asleep. The women were out of the question.

贾尔斯说着，瞅了瞅布里特尔斯。这小伙子生性谦逊，也许是考虑到自己无足轻重，所以认为这个询问不可能跟自己有什么关系。总之，他没给任何回应。贾尔斯先生又向补锅匠投去请求的一眼，可是他偏偏就在这时候突然睡着了。那些妇道人家更不能指望了。

"If Brittles would rather open the door, in the presence of witnesses," said Mr. Giles, after a short silence, "I am ready to make one."

“要是布里特尔斯非得当着证人的面才能去开门的话，”贾尔斯先生沉默了一会儿后，说道，“我愿意去当这个证人。”

"So am I," said the tinker, waking up, as suddenly as he had fallen asleep.

“我也愿意。”补锅匠又醒了过来，就跟他睡着一样突然。

Brittles capitulated on these terms; and the party being somewhat re-assured by the discovery (made on throwing open the shutters) that it was now broad day, took their way upstairs; with the dogs in front. The two women, who were afraid to stay below, brought up the rear. By the advice of Mr. Giles, they all talked very loud, to warn any evil-disposed person outside, that they were strong in numbers; and by a master-stoke of policy, originating in the brain of the same ingenious gentleman, the dogs' tails were well pinched, in the hall, to make them bark savagely.

听完这些，布里特尔斯屈服了。大家发现（他们打开窗板得知的）天已经大亮了，这让他们稍微放心了一点。他们让狗跑在前面，一群人跟在后面走上楼去。两位女士害怕留在下面，也在后头跟了上去。根据贾尔斯的建议，大家边走边大声说话，以此来提醒外面某个起了坏心的人，他们的人数绝对占有优势。又根据同一位天才的绅士想出的妙计，他们使劲揪着狗的尾巴，让狗大声狂叫。

These precautions having been taken, Mr. Giles held on fast by the tinker's arm (to prevent his running away, as he pleasantly said), and gave the word of command to open the door. Brittles obeyed; the group, peeping timorously over each other's shoulders, beheld no more formidable object than poor little Oliver Twist, speechless and exhausted, who raised his heavy eyes, and mutely solicited their compassion.

在采取了这几项预防措施之后，贾尔斯先生紧紧抓着补锅匠的手腕（他还亲切地说，这是怕他溜掉），命令开门。布里特尔斯照办了。这群人隔着别人的肩膀，胆怯地往外瞅着，没有看到什么可怕的东西，只有可怜的小奥利弗·特威斯特。他筋疲力尽，已经说不出话了，正努力抬起沉重的头，无声地请求他们发发慈悲。

"A boy!" exclaimed Mr. Giles, valiantly, pushing the tinker into the background. "What's the matter with the—eh? —Why—Brittles—look here—don't you know?”

“一个男孩！”贾尔斯先生大叫起来，勇敢地把补锅匠扯到了身后，“这是怎么回事——啊？——这个——布里特尔斯——你瞧——你还没明白吗？”

Brittles, who had got behind the door to open it, no sooner saw Oliver, than he uttered a loud cry. Mr. Giles, seizing the boy by one

leg and one arm (fortunately not the broken limb) lugged him straight into the hall, and deposited him at full length on the floor thereof.

布里特尔斯之前为了开门，站到了门背后；这时他才看到奥利弗，不由得大叫了一声。贾尔斯先生抓住这个孩子的一条腿和一只胳膊（幸好不是受伤的一只），径直把他拖进了大厅里，让他全身摊开，躺在地上。

"Here he is!" bawled Giles, calling in a state of great excitement, up the staircase; "here's one of the thieves, ma'am! Here's a thief, miss! Wounded, miss! I shot him, miss; and Brittles held the light.”

“就是他！”贾尔斯先生非常激动地冲着楼上大喊道，“太太，抓到了一个小贼！这里有一个小贼，小姐！他还受伤了呢，小姐！是我射中了他，小姐，是布里特尔斯先生帮我提着灯。”

“—In a lantern, miss," cried Brittles, applying one hand to the side of his mouth, so that his voice might travel the better.

“——用的是一盏提灯，太太。”布里特尔斯也喊了起来。他把一只手拢在嘴边，好让他的声音传得更加清楚一些。

The two women-servants ran upstairs to carry the intelligence that Mr. Giles had captured a robber; and the tinker busied himself in endeavouring to restore Oliver, lest he should die before he could be hanged. In the midst of all this noise and commotion, there was heard a sweet female voice, which quelled it in an instant.

两个女仆带着贾尔斯先生抓到一个小贼的消息冲上楼去，补锅匠正忙着救醒奥利弗，免得他还没来得及上绞刑架，就撑不住死了。在这一片嘈杂喧闹之中，一个甜美的女声响了起来，瞬间一切都静了下来。

"Giles!" whispered the voice from the stair-head.

“贾尔斯！”那声音从楼梯口轻轻传来。

"I'm here, miss," replied Mr. Giles. "Don't be frightened, miss; I ain't much injured. He didn't make a very desperate resistance, miss! I was soon too many for him.”

“我在这，小姐。”贾尔斯先生回答，“别怕，小姐。我没怎么受伤。他也没有拼死反抗，小姐。我对付他轻而易举。”

"Hush!" replied the young lady; "you frighten my aunt as much as the thieves did. Is the poor creature much hurt?"

“嘘！”年轻的女士回答，“那些小偷吓到了姑妈，你也像他们一样要把姑妈吓坏了。这个可怜的小家伙伤得很重吧？”

"Wounded desperate, miss," replied Giles, with indescribable complacency.

“伤得非常厉害，小姐。”贾尔斯先生带着难以形容的得意劲回答

道。

"He looks as if he was a-going, miss," bawled Brittles, in the same manner as before. "Wouldn't you like to come and look at him, miss, in case he should?”

“他看上去快不行了，小姐。”布里特尔斯高声喊道，那样子跟之前一模一样，“小姐，您不想来看看他？要是他真死了可就没得看了。”

"Hush, pray; there's a good man!" rejoined the lady. "Wait quietly only one instant, while I speak to aunt."

“嘘，快别嚷嚷了，行吗？要有绅士样啊！”年轻的女士回答，“安静呆着，就等一会儿，我去跟姑妈说说。”

With a footstep as soft and gentle as the voice, the speaker tripped away. She soon returned, with the direction that the wounded person was to be carried, carefully, upstairs to Mr. Giles's room; and that Brittles was to saddle the pony and betake himself instantly to Chertsey: from which place, he was to despatch, with all speed, a constable and doctor.

说话的人轻轻地走开了，她的脚步跟她的声音一样轻柔。过了一会儿，她又回来了，吩咐把那个受伤的人小心地抬到楼上贾尔斯先生的房间去。她还吩咐布里特尔斯去替那匹小马备鞍，骑着它立刻动身去杰茨，从那里请一位警官跟一个大夫过来，再全速赶回。

"But won't you take one look at him, first, miss?" asked Mr. Giles, with as much pride as if Oliver were some bird of rare plumage, that he had skilfully brought down. "Not one little peep, miss?"

“但是，您不先看看他吗，小姐？”贾尔斯先生自豪地问，就像奥利弗是某种羽毛珍奇的小鸟，被他这位神枪手打下来一般，“一眼都不看吗，小姐？”

"Not now, for the world," replied the young lady. "Poor fellow! Oh! treat him kindly, Giles for my sake!"

“就算要看，也决不是现在看。”年轻的女士回答道，“可怜的人！哦！对他好点，贾尔斯，看在我的面子上！”

The old servant looked up at the speaker, as she turned away, with a glance as proud and admiring as if she had been his own child. Then, bending over Oliver, he helped to carry him upstairs, with the care and solicitude of a woman.

说完，她转身离开了。老管家抬头看着她，眼神中充满了自豪和钦佩，就好像她是他自己的孩子一样。然后，他朝着奥利弗俯下身去，带着女性般的爱护和关怀，帮忙将他抬到了楼上。

CHAPTER XXIX Has an introductory account of the inmates of the house, to which Oliver resorted.

第二十九章 介绍奥利弗投靠的这一大家子的情况

In a handsome room: though its furniture had rather the air of old-fashioned comfort, than of modern elegance: there sat two ladies at a well-spread breakfast-table. Mr. Giles, dressed with scrupulous care in a full suit of black, was in attendance upon them. He had taken his station some half-way between the side-board and the breakfast-table; and, with his body drawn up to its full height, his head thrown back, and inclined the merest trifle on one side, his left leg advanced, and his right hand thrust into his waist-coat, while his left hung down by his side, grasping a waiter, looked like one who laboured under a very agreeable sense of his own merits and importance.

尽管屋内陈设样式老旧，注重舒适却毫无时下流行的典雅气息，但还算得上是一间美观的屋子。两位女士正坐在餐桌前，桌子上摆着丰盛的早餐。贾尔斯先生穿着全套黑礼服，正在侍奉她们用餐；他的着装一丝不苟，穿衣时显然下了一番功夫。他站在餐具架和餐桌之间的某个位置。他的身体笔直立着，头向后仰，只稍稍向旁边偏了一点；左腿在前，右手插在背心里，而左手则是贴在身边，紧握着托盘：一看就知道这是一个对自己功绩和地位感觉良好，并带着这种感觉服务他人的人。

Of the two ladies, one was well advanced in years; but the high-backed oaken chair in which she sat, was not more upright than she. Dressed with the utmost nicety and precision, in a quaint mixture of by—gone costume, with some slight concessions to the prevailing taste, which rather served to point the old style pleasantly than to impair its effect, she sat, in a stately manner, with her hands folded on the table before her. Her eyes (and age had dimmed but little of their brightness) were attentively upon her young companion.

两位女士中，一位年事已高。不过她腰板挺直，连她坐的那把高背橡木椅都比她不过。她的穿着极其考究精致，旧式服饰中流露出少许对流行品味的让步。这流行元素不但无损于旧式格调，反而起到了令人愉快的点缀作用。她坐在那里，举止端庄，双手交叉着放在身前的桌子上。她的眼神（这眼神几乎丝毫没有因岁月流逝而有失明亮）仔细地凝视着与她同桌的那位年轻的女士。

The younger lady was in the lovely bloom and spring-time of womanhood; at that age, when, if ever angels be for God's good purposes enthroned in mortal forms, they may be, without impiety, supposed to abide in such as hers.

年轻女士青春焕发，正值妙龄。如果说真有天使持着上帝美好的愿望投胎到人间，那她们一定跟她形容相仿；这样想丝毫不会亵渎神灵。

She was not past seventeen. Cast in so slight and exquisite a mould; so mild and gentle; so pure and beautiful; that earth seemed not her element, nor its rough creatures her fit companions. The very intelligence that shone in her deep blue eye, and was stamped upon her noble head, seemed scarcely of her age, or of the world; and yet the changing expression of sweetness and good humour, the thousand lights that played about the face, and left no shadow there; above all, the smile, the cheerful, happy smile, were made for Home, and fireside peace and happiness.

她不到十七岁。气质却如此纤细优美、温文尔雅、纯洁美丽，彷佛这个世间不是她的容身之处，而凡间的俗物也都不是她的同类一般。智慧在她那深邃的蓝眼睛中闪烁，在她高贵的额头上展现；对于她的年龄来说，拥有如此智慧极为难得，甚至在整个人世间都极其罕见。还有她那甜美可爱的丰富表情，那照亮整个面庞没留下一丝阴影的光辉，那最为宝贵的微笑，那洋溢着快乐与幸福的微笑——这一切的一切都营造了家庭的温馨、炉火边的安逸以及常驻心间的幸福。

She was busily engaged in the little offices of the table. Chancing to raise her eyes as the elder lady was regarding her, she playfully put back her hair, which was simply braided on her forehead; and threw into her beaming look, such an expression of affection and artless loveliness, that blessed spirits might have smiled to look upon her.

她匆忙地打理着餐桌旁的种种琐事。她偶尔抬头，发现老太太正目不转睛地看着自己。她便调皮地把前额上简单编过的头发往后撩一下，嫣然一笑，流露出脉脉温情和不加雕琢的可爱。就连神灵看到了这一刻，都会对她低首微笑的。

"And Brittles has been gone upwards of an hour, has he?" and the old lady, after a pause.

“布里特尔斯动身一个多小时了，是吗？”老太太顿了顿，而后问道。

"An hour and twelve minutes, ma'am," replied Mr. Giles, referring to a silver watch, which he drew forth by a black ribbon.

“一小时十二分钟了，太太。”贾尔斯先生拉住一条黑缎表带，看了看一块银制怀表，回答道。

"He is always slow," remarked the old lady.

“他老是慢吞吞的。”老太太说。

"Brittles always was a slow boy, ma'am," replied the attendant. And seeing, by the bye, that Brittles had been a slow boy for upwards of thirty years, there appeared no great probability of his ever being a

fast one.

“布里特尔斯向来都是个行动迟缓的孩子，太太。”管家附和道。顺便说一句，布里特尔斯三十多年来一直都是个行动迟缓的小伙子。所以说，若想要他做事麻利起来，看来已经没有多大可能了。

"He gets worse instead of better, I think," said the elder lady.

“我觉得他不仅没变快，倒是越来越慢了。”老太太说。

"It is very inexcusable in him if he stops to play with any other boys," said the young lady, smiling.

“要是他停下来跟别的男孩子玩，那才不可原谅呢。”年轻女士微笑着说。

Mr. Giles was apparently considering the propriety of indulging in a respectful smile himself, when a gig drove up to the garden-gate: out of which there jumped a fat gentleman, who ran straight up to the door: and who, getting quickly into the house by some mysterious process, burst into the room, and nearly overturned Mr. Giles and the breakfast-table together.

贾尔斯先生显然正在琢磨，自己此时恭敬地微笑一下是否得体。就在这时候，一辆双轮马车行驶到了花园门前，车上跳下来一位胖胖的绅士。他以一种让人难以理解的方式迅速走进了门，然后闯入房间，差点把贾尔斯先生和整桌早餐一起撞翻。

"I never heard of such a thing!" exclaimed the fat gentleman. "My dear Mrs. Maylie—bless my soul—in the silence of the night, too—I—never—heard of such a thing!”

“我从来没听说过这种事情！”胖胖的绅士大声叫道，“亲爱的梅莱太太——上帝保佑——而且还是在夜深人静的时候，我——从来没有——听过这种事情！”

With these expressions of condolence, the fat gentleman shook hands with both ladies, and drawing up a chair, inquired how they found themselves.

胖先生一边说着安慰话，一边跟两位女士握手。他拖来一把椅子，询问她们感觉如何。

"You ought to be dead; positively dead with the fright," said the fat gentleman. "Why didn't you send? Bless me, my man should have come in a minute; and so would I; and my assistant would have been delighted; or anybody, I'm sure, under such circumstances. Dear, dear! So unexpected! In the silence of the night, too!”

“您会丢了性命的，肯定会被吓死的。”胖绅士说，“您干嘛不派人送个信呢？上帝保佑，我的人一分钟之内就可以赶到，我也是。我敢保证，在这种情形下，我的人，或是任何人，都会乐意帮忙的。天呢，天

呢！真是没想到呢！而且还是发生在夜深人静的时候呢！”

The doctor seemed expecially troubled by the fact of the robbery having been unexpected, and attempted in the night-time; as if it were the established custom of gentlemen in the housebreaking way to transact business at noon, and to make an appointment, by post, a day or two previous.

对这起抢劫案出人意料且是夜间作案这一事实，这位医生似乎感到格外困惑和不安。就好像是按照惯例，干入室抢劫这一行的绅士们应该白天动手，而且还会提前一两天发封信来预约一下似的。

"And you, Miss Rose," said the doctor, turning to the young lady, "I—”

“还有您，罗丝小姐，”大夫说着转向那位年轻女士，“我——”

"Oh! very much so, indeed," said Rose, interrupting him; "but there is a poor creature upstairs, whom aunt wishes you to see."

“哦！太不可思议了，确实如此。”罗丝打断他说道，“不过楼上有个可怜的小家伙，姑妈希望您去看看。”

"Ah! to be sure," replied the doctor, "so there is. That was your handiwork, Giles, I understand."

“啊！当然，”大夫回答，“我差点给忘了。据我所知，那是你干的吧，贾尔斯。”

Mr. Giles, who had been feverishly putting the tea-cups to rights, blushed very red, and said that he had had that honour.

贾尔斯先生正紧张地把茶杯整理好，他涨红了脸说，做了这事是他的荣幸。

"Honour, eh?" said the doctor; "well, I don't know; perhaps it's as honourable to hit a thief in a back kitchen, as to hit your man at twelve paces. Fancy that he fired in the air, and you've fought a duel, Giles.”

“荣幸，嗯？”大夫说，“这个，我可不明白，也许在后面厨房里打中了一个小贼，就跟在十二步以外打中你的对手一样荣幸吧。贾尔斯，来想象一下。他也开了一枪，只是射偏了，那你就是参加了一场决斗啊。”

Mr. Giles, who thought this light treatment of the matter an unjust attempt at diminishing his glory, answered respectfully, that it was not for the like of him to judge about that; but he rather thought it was no joke to the opposite party.

贾尔斯先生认为，大夫对事情这样轻描淡写地处理，对自己并不公平，更会有损自己的荣誉。于是他恭恭敬敬地答道，事情并非他这样的人可以判断的。他倒是觉得对这场决斗的另一方来说，这可不是闹着玩

的事。

"Gad, that's true!"said the doctor. "Where is he? Show me the way. I'll look in again, as I come down, Mrs. Maylie. That's the little window that he got in at, eh? Well, I couldn't have believed it!”

“天呢，这倒是真的！”大夫说道，“他在哪里呢？带我去看看。我下来的时候，会再替你们检查一下，梅莱太太。这就是那个他钻进来的小窗户吧，嗯？哎，我真的无法相信！”

Talking all the way, he followed Mr. Giles upstairs; and while he is going upstairs, the reader may be informed, that Mr. Losberne, a surgeon in the neighbourhood, known through a circuit of ten miles round as "the doctor," had grown fat, more from good-humour than from good living: and was as kind and hearty, and withal as eccentric an old bachelor, as will be found in five times that space, by any explorer alive.

他跟着贾尔斯先生走上楼去，一路上都在絮絮叨叨。趁他上楼这段时间，也许可以向读者交代一下情况。这位罗斯伯力先生是附近一位外科医生，是方圆十英里之内赫赫有名的“大夫”。他已经发福了许多，这点与其说是因为生活富裕，倒不如说是因为他天性幽默乐观。他为人友好，待人热心，还是个性情古怪的老光棍。任何一位在世的探险家都得搜索比此地大五倍的地方，才能找到他这样一个人物。

The doctor was absent, much longer than either he or the ladies had anticipated. A large flat box was fetched out of the gig; and a bedroom bell was rung very often; and the servants ran up and down stairs perpetually; from which tokens it was justly concluded that something important was going on above. At length he returned; and in reply to an anxious inquiry after his patient; looked very mysterious, and closed the door, carefully.

大夫在楼上呆的时间很长，远远多于他本人和两位女士的预想。一个大而扁的箱子从马车里取了出来，房间里频频传出铃声，仆人们不停地跑上跑下。根据这些完全可以推断出，某件重要的事情正在楼上进行着。最后，大夫走了下来。别人焦急地询问病人的情况，他却显得非常神秘。他小心翼翼地关上了门，这才开始作答：

"This is a very extraordinary thing, Mrs. Maylie," said the doctor, standing with his back to the door, as if to keep it shut.

“这件事情非同寻常，梅莱太太。”大夫说话的时候背对着房间门，彷佛是为了确保门一直紧闭着，

"He is not in danger, I hope?" said the old lady.

“我希望他已经脱离危险了，是吧？”老太太询问。

"Why, that would—not—be an extraordinary thing, under the circumstances," replied the doctor; "though I don't think he is. Have

you seen the thief?”

“咳，在这个情形下，这事也不算离奇。”大夫回答说，“尽管我认为他还没有脱离危险。你们见过这个小偷吗？”

"No," rejoined the old lady.

“没有。”老太太回答。

"Nor heard anything about him?"

“也没听说过任何关于他的事情？”

"No."

“没有。”

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, " interposed Mr. Giles; "but I was going to tell you about him when Doctor Losberne came in."

“请原谅我，太太。”贾尔斯先生插话说，“罗斯伯力大夫来的时候，我正要告诉您关于这个贼的事情。”

The fact was, that Mr. Giles had not, at first, been able to bring his mind to the avowal, that he had only shot a boy. Such commendations had been bestowed upon his bravery, that he could not, for the life of him, help postponing the explanation for a few delicious minutes; during which he had flourished, in the very zenith of a brief reputation for undaunted courage.

事实上，贾尔斯先生一开始并没有足够的勇气，承认自己打中的仅仅是个孩子。他的勇敢赢得了那么多的称赞，就算他拼尽全力，也克制不住自己为了那美妙的几分钟将解释推迟。这几分钟里，他临危不惧、勇猛无敌的好名声会依旧处于风光无限的巅峰之上。

"Rose wished to see the man," said Mrs. Maylie, "but I wouldn't hear of it.”

“罗丝想要看看那个人，”梅莱太太说，“我没有答应。”

"Humph!" rejoined the doctor. "There is nothing very alarming in his appearance. Have you any objection to see him in my presence?"

“哼！”大夫回答，“他外貌倒是没有什么惊人之处。我陪着你们去看看他，您不会反对吧？”

"If it be necessary," replied the old lady, "certainly not."

“如果必要的话，”老太太回答，“当然不反对。”

"Then I think it is necessary," said the doctor; "at all events, I am quite sure that you would deeply regret not having done so, if you postponed it. He is perfectly quiet and comfortable now. Allow me—Miss Rose, will you permit me? Not the slightest fear, I pledge you my honour!”

“我觉得很有必要。”大夫说，“总之，我非常确定，如果您迟迟不去看他，将来肯定会后悔的。他现在非常安静，正舒舒服服地躺着。请允许我——罗丝小姐，请允许我可以吗？您一点也不会害怕，我用我的荣誉发誓！”

CHAPTER XXX Relates what Oliver's new visitors thought of him

第三十章 讲述前来探望奥利弗的人对他的印象

With many loquacious assurances that they would be agreeably surprised in the aspect of the criminal, the doctor drew the young lady's arm through one of his; and offering his disengaged hand to Mrs. Maylie, led them, with much ceremony and stateliness, upstairs.

大夫啰啰嗦嗦，一次又一次保证，说她们看到这个罪犯后肯定会大吃一惊。他让年轻的小姐挽着他的胳膊，又把自己另一只手递给梅莱太太，然后彬彬有礼、威严庄重地带着她们走上楼去。

"Now," said the doctor, in a whisper, as he softly turned the handle of a bedroom-door, "let us hear what you think of him. He has not been shaved very recently, but he don't look at all ferocious notwithstanding. Stop, though! Let me first see that he is in visiting order.”

“现在，”大夫轻轻转动卧室的门把手，低声说道，“说说你们对他的印象吧。他有些时候没理发了，尽管如此，看上去也不是那么吓人。还是先等等！让我先去看看现在可不可以探视他。”

Stepping before them, he looked into the room. Motioning them to advance, he closed the door when they had entered; and gently drew back the curtains of the bed. Upon it, in lieu of the dogged, black-visaged ruffian they had expected to behold, there lay a mere child: worn with pain and exhaustion, and sunk into a deep sleep. His wounded arm, bound and splintered up, was crossed upon his breast; his head reclined upon the other arm, which was half hidden by his long hair, as it streamed over the pillow.

他上前了几步，朝屋子里看了看。然后他示意她们跟上来。等她们进了门后，大夫便把门关上，又轻轻地撩开了挂在床边的帘子。在床上，并非如她们所预想的那样，躺着一个顽固凶煞的恶棍，而只是一个小孩子。他受伤痛折磨，疲惫不堪，已陷入沉睡之中。他胳膊受了伤，正缠着绷带，并用夹板固定着放在胸前。头向另一只胳膊上倾斜着，长长的头发散落在枕头上，遮住了这条胳膊的一半。

The honest gentleman held the curtain in his hand, and looked on, for a minute or so, in silence. Whilst he was watching the patient thus, the younger lady glided softly past, and seating herself in a chair by the bedside, gathered Oliver's hair from his face. As she stooped over him, her tears fell upon his forehead.

这位正直的先生手拉床帘看了一分钟左右，没有说一句话。正当他

端详着病人的时候，年轻的女士静静地走了过来，坐在床边的椅子上，把奥利弗脸上的头发撩到了一边。她朝他俯下身去，她的眼泪一滴一滴落到了他的额头上。

The boy stirred, and smiled in his sleep, as though these marks of pity and compassion had awakened some pleasant dream of a love and affection he had never known. Thus, a strain of gentle music, or the rippling of water in a silent place, or the odour of a flower, or the mention of a familiar word, will sometimes call up sudden dim remembrances of scenes that never were, in this life; which vanish like a breath; which some brief memory of a happier existence, long gone by, would seem to have awakened; which no voluntary exertion of the mind can ever recall.

孩子动了一下，在睡梦中笑了，就如同这些怜悯与同情的印记唤起了某个充满温情与爱意的甜蜜美梦一般，这是他之前从未感觉到的。就像这样，一首温和的曲子，一处平静水面泛起的涟漪，一朵花儿的芬芳，或者是提起的一个熟悉的字眼，有时候都会突然唤起对一些场景的模糊记忆，而这些场景都是今生从未见过的。那些回忆会像微风一般飘散不见，而发生在很久之前的快乐往事却会在回忆中被短暂唤起。平日里无论你怎样努力回想，这些往事是不会浮现在你脑海中的。

"What can this mean?" exclamied the elder lady. "This poor child can never have been the pupil of robbers!"

“这是怎么回事？”老太太大声说，“这个可怜的孩子不可能是那群强盗的徒弟！”

"Vice," said the surgeon, replacing the curtain, "takes up her abode in many temples; and who can say that a fair outside shell not enshrine her?"

“邪恶，”大夫一边放下帘子一边说，“在许多神殿中都可以逗留，谁敢说它不会藏在这漂亮的外表之下呢？”

"But at so early an age!" urged Rose.

“但是他多小啊！”罗丝坚持说。

"My dear young lady," rejoined the surgeon, mournfully shaking his head; "crime, like death, is not confined to the old and withered alone. The youngest and fairest are too often its chosen victims."

“我亲爱的小姐，”大夫悲伤地摇摇头，说道，“罪行，与死亡别无二致，并不是只跟年老体弱的人有关啊。最年轻、最漂亮的人，也常常可以成为被选中的牺牲品啊。”

"But, can you—oh! can you really believe that this delicate boy has been the voluntary associate of the worst outcasts of society?" said Rose.

“但是，你能——哦！你能够相信，这样一个病弱的孩子，竟然自愿做那些社会败类的帮凶吗？”罗丝说。

The surgeon shook his head, in a manner which intimated that he feared it was very possible; and observing that they might disturb the patient, led the way into an adjoining apartment.

大夫摇摇头，用这一方式暗示他担心这点完全有可能。他注意到他们可能会打扰到病人，于是便带头走进了隔壁房间。

"But even if he has been wicked," pursued Rose, "think how young he is; think that he may never have known a mother's love, or the comfort of a home; that ill-usage and blows, or the want of bread, may have driven him to herd with men who have forced him to guilt. Aunt, dear aunt, for mercy's sake, think of this, before you let them drag this sick child to a prison, which in any case must be the grave of all his chances of amendment.

“不过就算他是邪恶的，”罗丝穷追不舍，“想想他多么小啊。你想想，或许他从来都没有得到过妈妈的爱，也未感受过家的温暖。虐待、殴打、生计所迫，都可能使他跟那些逼他干坏事的人混到一起。姑妈，亲爱的姑妈，发发慈悲吧，在他们把这个病着的孩子押进监狱之前，您可一定要想一想啊。他要是一进监狱，所有改正的机会可就全没了。

Oh! as you love me, and know that I have never felt the want of parents in your goodness and affection, but that I might have done so, and might have been equally helpless and unprotected with this poor child, have pity upon him before it is too late!”

哦！您爱我，您知道，因为您的仁慈与关爱，我从来没有感觉到自己失去了父母。我本来也可能会做错事，跟这个可怜的孩子一样无依无靠、无人救助。趁着现在还来得及，您就可怜可怜他吧。”

"My dear love," said the elder lady, as she folded the weeping girl to her bosom, "do you think I would harm a hair of his head?"

“亲爱的，”老太太说着把这个哭泣的姑娘揽在了怀里，“你觉得我会伤害他一根头发吗？”

"Oh, no!" replied Rose, eagerly.

“不，不会的！”罗丝急切地回答。

"No, surely," said the old lady; "my days are drawing to their close: and may mercy be shown to me as I show it to others! What can I do to save him, sir?”

“不会，当然不会。”老太太说，“我的日子所剩无几了，同情别人就等于宽恕自己！我怎样做才能救他呢，先生？”

"Let me think, ma'am," said the doctor; "let me think."

“让我想想，太太。”大夫说，“让我想想。”

Mr. Losberne thrust his hands into his pockets, and took several turns up and down the room; often stopping, and balancing himself on his toes, and frowning frightfully. After various exclamations of "I've got it now" and "no, I haven't," and as many renewals of the walking and frowning, he at length made a dead halt, and spoke as follows:

罗斯伯力先生把双手插在口袋里，在房间里来回走动，时而停下来，用脚尖调整一下平衡；他眉头紧皱，样子十分吓人。他发出各种各样的感慨，比如“我想到了”“不，还没呢”一类的话，而且还反复地走动，不停地皱眉头。最后，他终于停了下来，说了下面这番话：

"I think if you give me a full and unlimited commission to bully Giles, and that little boy, Brittles, I can manage it. Giles is a faithful fellow and an old servant, I know; but you can make it up to him in a thousand ways, and reward him for being such a good shot besides. You don't object to that?”

“我认为，只要您能全权委托我去威胁贾尔斯先生和布里特尔斯那个小伙子，我就能做到。我知道贾尔斯是个忠诚的老仆人，不过您有上千种方法来补偿他。除此以外，您还可以对他这样一个好射手进行一下褒奖。您不反对这么做吧？”

"Unless there is some other way of preserving the child," replied Mrs. Maylie.

“除非您还有别的保护这个孩子的方法。”梅莱太太说道。

"There is no other," said the doctor. "No other, take my word for it."

“除此之外，别无他法。”大夫说，“别无他法，相信我吧。”

"Then my aunt invests you with full power," said Rose, smiling through her tears; "but pray don't be harder upon the poor fellows than is indispensably necessary.”

“这样的话，姑妈就全权委托你了。”罗丝笑着说，脸上还挂着眼泪，“不过，除非情势所迫，请您千万不要过分为难那两个可怜的人。”

"You seem to think," retorted the doctor, "that everybody is disposed to be hard-hearted to-day, except yourself, Miss Rose. I only hope, for the sake of the rising male sex generally, that you may be found in as vulnerable and soft-hearted a mood by the first eligible young fellow who appeals to your compassion; and I wish I were a young fellow, that I might avail myself, on he spot, of such a favourable opportunity for doing so, as the present.”

“您似乎认为，”大夫回答说，“今天在场的各位都是铁石心肠，只有您自己例外，罗丝小姐。我只希望，为了成长中的众多男性着想，当第

一个有资格的年轻人寻求您的怜悯时，你能够像现在一样心存仁厚。我多希望我也是一个年轻人，那样我就有了优势，可以捉住眼前这样一个有利的机会。”

"You are as great a boy as poor Brittles himself," returned Rose, blushing.

“您也是个大孩子，跟可怜的布里特尔斯一样。”罗丝红着脸说。

"Well," said the doctor, laughing heartily, "that is no very difficult matter. But to return to this boy. The great point of our agreement is yet to come. He will wake in an hour or so, I dare say; and although I have told that thick-headed constable-fellow downstairs that he musn't be moved or spoken to, on peril of his life, I think we may converse with him without danger. Now I make this stipulation—that I shall examine him in your presence, and that, if, from what he says, we judge, and I can show to the satisfaction of your cool reason, that he is a real and thorough bad one (which is more than possible), he shall be left to his fate, without any farther interference on my part, at all events.”

“是啊，”大夫开怀地笑了起来，“这不是什么难办的事情。不过还是先谈谈这个男孩吧。咱们还没说到协议的重要部分呢。我保证，他再过一个小时左右就会醒了。尽管我已经嘱咐过楼下那个一根筋的警察老兄，说这个孩子现在不能说话也不能挪动，否则会要了他的命。不过我想我们还是可以跟他谈谈的，不会有什么危险。现在，咱们做这样一个约定——我当着你们的面审问他，如果我们根据他的话作出判断，并且我能让你们通过冷静的推理，看清楚他本来就是一个十足的恶棍（这种可能性比较大）。那样的话，他就只能听天由命了，无论怎样，我也不会再管这事了。”

"Oh no, aunt!" entreated Rose.

“哦，不，姑妈！”罗丝恳求道。

"Oh yes, aunt!" said the doctor. "Is is a bargain?"

“哦，就是这样，姑妈！”大夫说，“这是讨价还价吗？”

"He cannot be hardened in vice," said Rose; "It is impossible."

“他不会沦为一个坏蛋的，”罗丝说，“这不可能的。”

"Very good," retorted the doctor; "then so much the more reason for acceding to my proposition."

“很好，”大夫反驳道，“那样的话，你就更有理由接受我的建议了。”

Finally the treaty was entered into; and the parties thereunto sat down to wait, with some impatience, until Oliver should awake.

最后，协议就这样缔结了。几个人都坐了下来，耐着性子等着奥利弗清醒过来。

The patience of the two ladies was destined to undergo a longer trial than Mr. Losberne had led them to expect; for hour after hour passed on, and still Oliver slumbered heavily. It was evening, indeed, before the kind-hearted doctor brought them the intelligence, that he was at length sufficiently restored to be spoken to. The boy was very ill, he said, and weak from the loss of blood; but his mind was so troubled with anxiety to disclose something, that he deemed it better to give him the opportunity, than to insist upon his remaining quiet until next morning: which he should otherwise have done.

两位女士的耐性注定要接受长时间的考验，这考验比罗斯伯力先生为她们估算的还要长久。时间一小时一小时地过去了，奥利弗依旧沉睡着。事实上，直到黄昏时分，这位好心的大夫才给她们带来了消息。他说奥利弗终于醒了过来，而且神智足够清醒，可以跟他谈一谈了。大夫又说，这个男孩病得非常严重，还因失血而变得非常虚弱。不过他此时心中忐忑不安，急切地想要找人倾诉一些事情。大夫认为最好现在能给他这个机会，而不是坚持让他保持安静，留到等到明早再说；反正无论早晚，这些话总是要说的。

The conference was a long one. Oliver told them all his simple history, and was often compelled to stop, by pain and want of strength. It was a solemn thing, to hear, in the darkened room, the feeble voice of the sick child recounting a weary catalogue of evils and calamities which hard men had brought upon him. Oh! if when we oppress and grind our fellow-creatures, we bestowed but one thought on the dark evidences of human error, which, like dense and heavy clouds, are rising, slowly it is true, but not less surely, to Heaven, to pour their after-vengeance on our heads; if we heard but one instant, in imagination, the deep testimony of dead men's voices, which no power can stifle, and no pride shut out; where would be the injury and injustice, the suffering, misery, cruelty, and wrong, that each day's life brings with it!

这次谈话持续了很长时间。奥利弗向他们诉说了他简单的身世。他疼痛难忍，浑身无力，中间不得不经常停下来。在这样一个昏暗的房间里，听一个生病的孩子用虚弱的声音讲述那些铁石心肠的人带给他的不可胜数的伤害和灾难，真是一件庄严肃穆的事情。哦！如果我们压制折磨自己的同类时，能够想一下，那些如同乌云一般浓密厚重的人类犯罪证据，尽管上升地十分缓慢，但是最终还是会到达天堂，然后把恶报施加到人类头上。如果我们能够在想象中，哪怕只有短短一刻，听一下死者发出的证言，那些任何力量也无法镇压，任何尊严也无法封锁的证言，那么那些日常生活中的伤害、不公正、痛苦、不幸、残忍和错误，哪里还有容身之地？

Oliver's pillow was smoothed by gentle hands that night; and loveliness and virtue watched him as he slept. He felt calm and happy, and could have died without a murmur.

当天夜里，奥利弗的枕头被一双双温柔的手抚平，美与善看护着他进入了梦乡。他感到平静，感到幸福，就是死去也无怨无憾。

The momentous interview was no sooner concluded, and Oliver composed to rest again, than the doctor, after wiping his eyes, and condemning them for being weak all at once, betook himself downstairs to open upon Mr. Giles. And finding nobody about the parlours, it occurred to him, that he could perhaps originate the proceedings with better effect in the kitchen; so into the kitchen he went.

这场重要的谈话刚刚结束。一等到奥利弗平静下来再次入睡，大夫就立刻揉了揉眼睛，责怪这双眼睛怎么突然不管用了。然后他站起身来，走到楼下去做贾尔斯的思想工作了。他发现客厅里里外外连个人影也没有。这时他突然想到，在厨房里开始这一工作效果可能会更好，于是他又走进了厨房。

There were assembled, in that lower house of the domestic parliament, the women-servants, Mr. Brittles, Mr. Giles, the tinker (who had received a special invitation to regale himself for the remainder of the day, in consideration of his services), and the constable. The latter gentleman had a large staff, a large head, large features, and large half-boots; and he looked as if he had been taking a proportionate allowance of ale—as indeed he had.

在这个家庭议会的下议院里，集合起来出席会议的有：女仆们、布里特尔斯先生、贾尔斯先生、补锅匠（考虑到他作了不少贡献，特意邀请他在当天剩下的时间前来享受盛情款待），还有那位警官。最后提到的那位绅士长着一个很大的脑袋，五官也都很大，穿着大号的半筒靴，还配着一根粗大的警棍；看起来他好像很享受那份相应份额的啤酒——事实也确实如此。

The adventures of the previous night were still under discussion; for Mr. Giles was expatiating upon his presence of mind, when the doctor entered; Mr. Brittles, with a mug of ale in his hand, was corroborating everything, before his superior said it.

前一天夜里异乎寻常的经历依旧是讨论的话题。大夫进门的时候，贾尔斯先生正在详细讲述他当时是如何临危不惧；布里特尔斯先生则手持一杯啤酒，没等他的上级把话说完，就开口作证，担保他说的每一句都是真话。

"Sit still!" said the doctor, waving his hand.

“都坐好了！”大夫挥挥手，说道。

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Giles. "Misses wished some ale to be given out, sir; and as I felt no ways inclined for my own little room, sir, and was disposed for company, I am taking mine among 'em here.”

“谢谢您，先生。”贾尔斯先生说，“太太和小姐吩咐给大家喝点儿啤酒。我想也没必要老是呆在自己的小屋子里，所以就来这儿陪陪大家了。”

Brittles headed a low murmur, by which the ladies and gentlemen generally were understood to express the gratification they derived from Mr. Giles's condescension. Mr. Giles looked round with a patronising air, as much as to say that so long as they behaved properly, he would never desert them.

布里特尔斯带头，在场女士先生们也都很知趣地跟着低声咕哝了几句，对贾尔斯先生屈身俯就大驾光临表示领情。贾尔斯先生则带着一种高人一等的姿态环视四周，好像在说只要他们表现良好，他是不会忽视他们的。

"How is the patient to-night, sir?" asked Giles.

“先生，病人今天晚上情况如何？”贾尔斯问。

"So-so”; returned the doctor. "I am afraid you have got yourself into a scrape there, Mr. Giles."

“就那样吧。”大夫回答，“贾尔斯先生，恐怕你惹到麻烦了。”

"I hope you don't mean to say, sir," said Mr. Giles, trembling, "that he's going to die. If I thought it, I should never be happy again. I wouldn't cut a boy off: no, not even Brittles here; not for all the plate in the county, sir.”

“先生，我希望您不是想说，”贾尔斯打着哆嗦说，“他快要死了。我只要一想到这件事，这一辈子都不会再开心了。我不想打死一个孩子。不，就连布里特尔斯也不会想的。就算把全郡所有的盘子都给我，我也下不了手，先生。”

"That's not the point," said the doctor, mysteriously. "Mr. Giles, are you a Protestant?"

“这不是重点。”大夫故弄玄虚地说，“贾尔斯先生，你是个新教徒吧？”

"Yes, sir, I hope so," faltered Mr. Giles, who had turned very pale.

“是啊，先生，我希望是的。”贾尔斯先生面色苍白，支支吾吾地说。

"And what are— you—, boy?" said the doctor, turning sharply upon Brittles.

“那么——你呢，孩子？”大夫突然转向布里特尔斯，问道。

"Lord bless me, sir!" replied Brittles, starting violently; "I'm the same as Mr. Giles, sir.”

“上帝保佑，先生！”布里特尔斯猛地跳了起来，“我跟贾尔斯先生一样，先生。”

"Then tell me this," said the doctor, "both of you, both of you! Are you going to take upon yourselves to swear, that that boy upstairs is the boy that was put through the little window last night? Out with it! Come! We are prepared for you!"

“那你们告诉我，”大夫说，“你们俩，你们两个人！你们能够发誓，楼上的那个男孩，就是昨天晚上给人从小窗户里塞进来的那个小男孩吗？说啊！快说啊！我们都在等着你们开口呢！”

The doctor, who was universally considered one of the best-tempered creatures on earth, made this demand in such a dreadful tone of anger, that Giles and Brittles, who were considerably muddled by ale and excitement, stared at each other in a state of stupefaction.

大夫被公认为是这个世界上脾气最好的生物之一。但是这位大夫竟然用这样一种可怕又充满愤怒的口气，提出这样的询问。贾尔斯先生和布里特尔斯先生之前喝过点啤酒，本来就挺兴奋，头脑还有些混沌不清，此时更是茫然无措、面面相觑。

"Pay attention to the reply, constable, will you?" said the doctor, shaking his forefinger with great solemnity of manner, and tapping the bridge of his nose with it, to bespeak the exercise of that worthy's utmost acuteness. "Something may come of this before long."

“警官，请您注意他们的回答，可以吗？”大夫说着，极其严肃地晃了晃他的食指，又点了一下自己的鼻梁骨，请求这位值得尊敬的人物用最大限度的敏锐观察这件事。他又补充道：““这事不久就要略见端倪了。”

The constable looked as wise as he could, and took up his staff of office: which had been reclining indolently in the chimney-corner.

警官尽量显出了一副英明睿智的样子，还把之前一直撂在壁炉旁边的警棍拿了起来。

"It's a simple question of identity, you will observe," said the doctor.

“您会看到，这是一个很简单的鉴定问题。”大夫说。

"That's what it is, sir," replied the constable, coughing with great violence; for he had finished his ale in a hurry, and some of it had gone the wrong way.

“就是这么回事，先生。”警官刚一回答，便拼命咳嗽起来；他之前喝得太匆忙，结果一部分啤酒走了岔路，进了气管。

"Here's the house broken into," said the doctor, "and a couple of men catch one moment's glimpse of a boy, in the midst of gunpowder smoke, and in all the distraction of alarm and darkness. Here's a boy comes to that very same house, next morning, and because he happens to have his arm tied up, these men lay violent hands upon him—by doing which, they place his life in great danger—and swear he is the thief. Now, the question is, whether these men are justified by the fact; if not, in what situation do they place themselves?”

“有人闯进了这个房子。”大夫说，“这两个人在一个瞬间瞥见了一个孩子。当时硝烟弥漫、漆黑一片、警铃大作，所有人都乱成一团。第二天，有一个男孩恰好来到了这个房子，他的胳膊又碰巧吊了起来，于是这几个男人就对他下了重手——就因为这样，他们使得他现在生命垂危——他们甚至还发誓说他就是小偷。现在问题是，根据事实，这些男人的行为是否正当。如果不正当，那么他们又把自己置于了怎样一种境地呢？”

The constable nodded profoundly. He said, if that wasn't law, he would be glad to know what was.

警官意味深长地点点头。他说，要是这一番话没有法律依据的话，他倒是想看看，什么才算是有法律依据的。

"I ask you again," thundered the doctor, "are you, on your solemn oaths, able to identify that boy?"

“我再问你们一次，”大夫大声吼道，声如响雷，“你们两个郑重起誓，到底是否能够指正那个孩子？”

Brittles looked doubtfully at Mr. Giles; Mr. Giles looked doubtfully at Brittles; the constable put his hand behind his ear, to catch the reply; the two women and the tinker leaned forward to listen; the doctor glanced keenly round; when a ring was heard at the gate, and at the same moment, the sound of wheels.

布里特尔斯先生迷惑地看着贾尔斯先生，贾尔斯先生也迷惑地看着布里特尔斯先生。警察将一只手拢在耳朵后面，以便随时捕捉他们的答案；两个女人和补锅匠为了听清回答，也都向前倾着身子；大夫则敏锐地环视着四周。就在这个时候，门口传来一阵铃声，同时还响起的还有车轮滚动的声音。

"It's the runners!" cried Brittles, to all appearance much relieved.

“是巡捕来了！”布里特尔斯说道，很明显他大大松了一口气。

"The what?" exclaimed the doctor, aghast in his turn.

“什么来了？”大夫大叫起来，这下轮到他吓呆了。

"The Bow Street officers, sir," replied Brittles, taking up a candle; "me and Mr. Giles sent for 'em this morning.”

“是波雾街来的警官，先生。”布里特尔斯举起一支蜡烛，回答说，“今天早上我跟贾尔斯先生派人去请的他们。”

"What?" cried the doctor.

“什么？”大夫叫了一声。

"Yes," replied Brittles; "I sent a message up by the coachman, and I only wonder they weren't here before, sir.”

“是的，”布里特尔斯回答，“我让车夫带了个口信过去。刚才我还一直奇怪，他们怎么还没到呢，先生。”

"You did, did you? Then confound your—slow coaches down here; that's all," said the doctor, walking away.

“你们干的，你们干的？你们这些该死的——该死的慢吞吞的马车，把事都弄砸了。行了，就这样吧。”大夫说完，径自走开了。

CHAPTER XXXI Involves a critical position

第三十一章 危急的处境

"Who's that?" inquired Brittles, opening the door a little way, with the chain up, and peeping out, shading the candle with his hand.

“谁？”布里特尔斯问道，链子还挂在门上，他把门拉开一个小缝，并用手挡住蜡烛的亮光，向外张望着。

"Open the door," replied a man outside; "it's the officers from Bow Street, as was sent to today.”

“开门，”门外的人回答道，“我们是从波雾街来的巡视官，你们今天派人去请的。”

Much comforted by this assurance, Brittles opened the door to its full width, and confronted a portly man in a great-coat; who walked in, without saying anything more, and wiped his shoes on the mat, as coolly as if he lived there.

听了这话，布里特尔斯大感宽慰。他把门完全打开，面前是一个胖胖的穿着大衣的男人。那人什么话也没说就走了进来，好像在自己家一样从容地把鞋往蹭脚垫上擦了擦。

"Just send somebody out to relieve my mate, will you, young man?" said the officer; "he's in the gig, a-minding the prad. Have you got a coach 'us here, that you could put it up in, for five or ten minutes?”

“派个人换下我的同事，行吗，年轻人？”巡视官说，“他正在车上照看马匹。你们这儿有停放马车的地方吗？可以把马车拉进去呆个五分钟或十分钟的。”

Brittles replying in the affirmative, and pointing out the building, the portly man stepped back to the garden-gate, and helped his companion to put up the gig: while Brittles lighted them, in a state of great admiration. This done, they returned to the house, and, being shown into a parlour, took off their great-coats and hats, and showed like what they were.

布里特尔斯回答说有，并指了指停放马车的地方。壮汉就回到花园门口，帮他的同伴把马车赶进去，而布里特尔斯怀着巨大的钦佩之情，在旁边为他们照路。完事之后，他们就回到屋子里。两位巡视官被带进客厅，他们脱下外衣，摘掉帽子，露出了原有的相貌。

The man who had knocked at the door, was a stout personage of middle height, aged about fifty: with shiny black hair, cropped pretty close; half-whiskers, a round face, and sharp eyes. The other was a

red-headed, bony man, in top-boots; with a rather ill-favoured countenance, and a turned-up sinister-looking nose.

敲门的那个人大约五十来岁，中等个头，身体结实，头发剪得很短，乌黑发亮，蓄着半截连鬓胡子，脸圆圆的，目光敏锐。另一个人红头发，骨瘦如柴的，脚上蹬着长筒靴，其貌不扬，还长了一个朝天鼻，样子看上去很凶恶。

"Tell your governor that Blathers and Duff is here, will you?" said the stouter man, smoothing down his hair, and laying a pair of handcuffs on the table. "Oh! Good-evening, master. Can I have a word or two with you in private, if you please?”

“告诉你家主人，布拉瑟斯和达夫来了，好吗？”身材较胖的那位说道。他捋了捋头发，将一副手铐放在桌上。“噢!晚上好，先生。如果你不介意的话，我能私下和你聊聊吗？”

This was addressed to Mr. Losberne, who now made his appearance; that gentleman, motioning Brittles to retire, brought in the two ladies, and shut the door.

这话是对刚刚出现的罗斯伯力先生说的。罗斯伯力先生做了个手势让布里特尔斯出去，自己则带两位女士进来，关上了门。

"This is the lady of the house," said Mr. Losberne, motioning towards Mrs. Maylie.

“这位是女主人。”罗斯伯力指着梅莱太太说。

Mr. Blathers made a bow. Being desired to sit down, he put his hat on the floor, and taking a chair, motioned to Duff to do the same. The latter gentleman, who did not appear quite so much accustomed to good society, or quite so much at his ease in it—one of the two—seated himself, after undergoing several muscular affections of the limbs, and the head of his stick into his mouth, with some embarrassment.

布拉瑟斯向她鞠了一躬。主人请他坐下，他把帽子放到地板上，坐到一张椅子上，并示意达夫也坐下来。达夫先生看起来不太习惯上流社会的礼节，或者说他对这样的交际，感觉很不舒坦——反正不是前者，就是后者——他四肢痉挛了一阵后，有点难堪地将手杖顶部塞进自己的嘴里，才坐下来。

"Now, with regard to this here robbery, master," said Blathers. "What are the circumstances?"

“现在，关于这起盗窃案，先生，”布拉瑟斯说，“情况究竟如何？”

Mr. Losberne, who appeared desirous of gaining time, recounted them at great length, and with much circumlocution. Messrs. Blathers and Duff looked very knowing meanwhile, and occasionally

exchanged a nod.

罗斯伯力先生看来急需争取时间，便非常详细地、啰啰唆唆地叙述了盗窃案的情况。与此同时，布拉瑟斯先生和达夫先生显出了解内情的样子，不时地相互点点头。

"I can't say, for certain, till I see the work, of course," said Blathers; "but my opinion at once is,—I don't mind committing myself to that extent,—that this wasn't done by a yokel; eh, Duff?”

“当然，要等到我查清楚后才能有结论，”布拉瑟斯说，“不过，我初步的看法是——我不介意现在就说出来——这不是乡巴佬干的，对吧，达夫？”

"Certainly not," replied Duff.

“肯定不是。”达夫回答道。

"And, translating the word yokel for the benefit of the ladies, I apprehend your meaning to be, that this attempt was not made by a countryman?" said Mr. Losberne, with a smile.

“而且，为了让女士们明白，我翻译一下‘乡巴佬’这个词，我领会你的意思是，这事不是乡下人干的，是吗？”罗斯伯力先生笑着说道。

"That's it, master," replied Blathers. "This is all about the robbery, is it?"

“没错，先生。”布拉瑟斯回答道。“这就是这个盗窃案的全部情况，是不是？”

"All," replied the doctor.

“全部情况。”医生回答道。

"Now, what is this, about this here boy that the servants are a-talking on?" said Blathers.

“那么，仆人们都在谈论的这里的一个男孩是怎么回事？”布拉瑟斯问。

"Nothing at all," replied the doctor.

“没有这样的事。”医生回答，

"One of the frightened servants chose to take it into his head, that he had something to do with this attempt to break into the house; but it's nonsense: sheer absurdity.”

“有一个受惊的仆人竟然以为他与这次入室盗窃未遂有些关系。但这是胡说八道，纯粹是无稽之谈。”

"Wery easy disposed of, if it is," remarked Duff.

“如果是这样，那很容易解决。”达夫说道。

"What he says is quite correct," observed Blathers, nodding his head in a confirmatory way, and playing carelessly with the handcuffs, as if they were a pair of castanets. "Who is the boy? What account does he give of himself? Where did he come from? He didn't drop out of the clouds, did he, master?”

“他说的话非常正确。”布拉瑟斯说，并肯定地点了点头，还漫不经心地玩着手铐，仿佛它们是一副响板似的。“这孩子是什么人？他自己是怎么说的？他从哪里来？他不会是从天上掉下来的吧，先生？”

"Of course not, replied the doctor, with a nervous glance at the two ladies. "I know his whole history: but we can talk about that presently. You would like, first, to see the place where the thieves made their attempt, I suppose?”

“当然不是。”医生回答道，忐忑不安地望了两位女士一眼。“我知道他的全部经历，但是我们眼下不该谈论这些。我想，你们一定想先去看一看窃贼企图入室盗窃的地点吧？”

"Certainly," rejoined Mr. Blathers. "We had better inspect the premises first, and examine the servants afterwards. That's the usual way of doing business.”

“当然。”布拉瑟斯先生说，“我们最好先检查犯罪现场，然后再询问仆人。这是办事的老规矩。”

Lights were then procured; and Messrs. Blathers and Duff, attended by the native constable, Brittles, Giles, and everybody else in short, went into the little room at the end of the passage and looked out at the window; and afterwards went round by way of the lawn, and looked in at the window; and after that, had a candle handed out to inspect the shutter with; and after that, a lantern to trace the footsteps with; and after that, a pitchfork to poke the bushes with. This done, amidst the breathless interest of all beholders, they came in again; and Mr. Giles and Brittles were put through a melodramatic representation of their share in the previous night's adventures: which they performed some six times over: contradicting each other, in not more than one important respect, the first time, and in not more than a dozen the last. This consummation being arrived at, Blathers and Duff cleared the room, and held a long council together, compared with which, for secrecy and solemnity, a consultation of great doctors on the knottiest point in medicine, would be mere child's play.

于是有人把蜡烛拿过来了。布拉瑟斯先生和达夫先生就在一名地方警官、布里特尔斯、贾尔斯，简单地说，在其他所有在场的人的陪同下，走进过道尽头的那个小房间，从窗口往外看，后来又绕过草坪，透过窗户往里看。然后又举着一支蜡烛出去，检查了百叶窗，之后又提着一盏马灯追踪脚印，再拿过一把干草叉在灌木丛里乱捅了一会儿。这些

做完之后，所有的旁观者屏住呼吸，在旁观者的注视下，他们又走进屋里来，让贾尔斯和布里特尔斯重现他们前一天夜里在那次惊险经历中自己参与的部分。两人来回重演了至少六遍，他们在重大情节上彼此意见不一。演第一遍时只有一处明显的矛盾，到最后一遍时，便不下十二处了。最后总算完成了这个任务。布拉瑟斯和达夫让屋子里的人都出去，他们留下来一块儿商量了很长时间。与他们讨论案件时的保密程度和严肃程度相比，那些名医针对最棘手的医术问题进行的会诊也只不过是儿戏而已。

Meanwhile, the doctor walked up and down the next room in a very uneasy state; and Mrs. Maylie and Rose looked on, with anxious faces.

与此同时，医生在隔壁房间里坐立不安，不停地来回踱步，而梅莱太太和罗丝小姐则带着焦虑的神色在一旁望着他。

"Upon my word," he said, making a halt, after a great number of very rapid turns, "I hardly know what to do."

“说实在的，”他在房间里转了很多圈之后停了下来，说道，“我简直不知道该怎么办。”

"Surely," said Rose, "the poor child's story, faithfully repeated to these men, will be sufficient to exonerate him.”

“无疑，”罗丝说，“如果我们如实地向两位警官复述这个可怜孩子的经历，足以使他免罪。”

"I doubt it, my dear young lady," said the doctor, shaking his head. "I don't think it would exonerate him, either with them, or with legal functionaries of a higher grade. What is he, after all, they would say? A runaway. Judged by mere worldly considerations and probabilities, his story is a very doubtful one.”

“我对此表示怀疑，亲爱的小姐，”医生摇摇头说道，“我认为，无论是他们，还是更高级的法官，都不能让他免罪。毕竟，他们会问，他是干什么的呢？一个逃跑的人。仅从世俗的因素和倾向判断，他的经历是非常可疑的。”

"You believe it, surely?" interrupted Rose.

“你相信他的经历，是吧？”罗丝打断他，说道。

“—I—believe it, strange as it is; and perhaps I may be an old fool for doing so," rejoined the doctor; "but I don't think it is exactly the tale for a practical police-officer, nevertheless.”

“——我——相信，尽管听起来很不可思议。也许我这样是老糊涂了，”医生回答道，“不过，我想，对一个经验丰富的警官讲这样的故事，可能不足为信。”

"Why not?" demanded Rose.

“为什么不呢？”罗丝追问道。

"Because, my pretty cross-examiner," replied the doctor: "because, viewed with their eyes, there are many ugly points about it; he can only prove the parts that look ill, and none of those that look well. Confound the fellows, they—will—have the why and the wherefore, and will take nothing for granted. On his own showing, you see, he has been the companion of thieves for some time past; he has been carried to a police-officer, on a charge of picking a gentleman's pocket; he has been taken away, forcibly, from that gentleman's house, to a place which he cannot describe or point out, and of the situation of which he has not the remotest idea. He is brought down to Chertsey, by men who seem to have taken a violent fancy to him, whether he will or no; and is put through a window to rob a house; and then, just at the very moment when he is going to alarm the inmates, and so do the very thing that would set him all to rights, there rushes into the way, a blundering dog of a half-bred butler, and shoots him! As if on purpose to prevent his doing any good for himself! Don't you see all this?”

“因为，我漂亮的盘问人，”医生回答道，“因为在他们看来，他的经历中有不少丑陋之处，而他只能证明那些显得对他不利的部分，而对他有利的部分却无法证明。这些讨厌的家伙，他们一定会问明原因和理由，绝不会把任何问题看作是理所当然的。你瞧，据他所说，他在过去的某段时间里一直与小偷们为友。他曾被送去过警察局，因为被指控扒窃一位先生的钱包。他从那位先生家里被强行带到一个他无从描述也无法指认的地方。他对那个地方的情况一无所知。他被人带到了彻特西，那些人似乎对他抱着莫大的希望，不管他愿不愿意。后来他被人从一个窗口塞进去，想要抢劫一户人家。然后，正当他想叫醒这家人，从而做出使自己走上正道、洗刷罪名的举动时，半路突然窜出一个没教养的男管家，像笨狗一样，还向他开枪！那个管家好像有意阻止他做出任何能对自己有益的事似的！难道你不明白这一切吗？”

"I see it, of course," replied Rose, smiling at the doctor's impetuosity; "but still I do not see anything in it, to criminate the poor child."

“我当然明白，”罗丝微笑地看着医生急躁的样子，回答道，“但是有一点我怎么也不明白，那就是这里面有什么能给这个可怜的孩子定罪呢。”

"No," replied the doctor; "of course not! Bless the bright eyes of your sex! They never see, whether for good or bad, more than one side of any question; and that is, always, the one which first presents itself to them."

“没有吧，”医生回答道，“当然没有！愿上帝保佑你们女人明亮的眼睛！好也罢，坏也罢，对任何问题，他们永远只看到一面，还总是他们

最先接触到的那个方面。”

Having given vent to this result of experience, the doctor put his hands into his pockets, and walked up and down the room with even greater rapidity than before.

大夫慷慨陈词，发表了这番经验之谈后，便把双手插进裤兜里，开始在屋子里踱来踱去，步调比刚才还快。

"The more I think of it," said the doctor, "the more I see that it will occasion endless trouble and difficulty if we put these men in possession of the boy's real story. I am certain it will not be believed; and even if they can do nothing to him in the end, still the dragging it forward, and giving publicity to all the doubts that will be cast upon it, must interfere, materially, with your benevolent plan of rescuing him from misery.”

“我越想越觉得，”医生说，“如果让这些人知道了这孩子的真实情况，必定会引起没完没了的困难和麻烦。我断定他们不会相信的。而且即使他们到最后不能拿他怎么样，但长时间的拖延，以及把可能存在的疑点公开讨论的话，必然会大大妨碍你们想把他从苦难中拯救出来的慈善计划。”

"Oh! what is to be done?" cried Rose. "Dear, dear! why did they send for these people?"

“噢！那怎么办呢？”罗丝叫起来，“天哪，天哪！他们为什么要去把这些人找来？”

"Why, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Maylie. "I would not have had them here, for the world."

“哎，真是的！”梅莱太太叫着说，“说什么我也不愿让他们来这里。”

"All I know is," said Mr. Losberne, at last: sitting down with a kind of desperate calmness, "that we must try and carry it off with a bold face. The object is a good one, and that must be our excuse. The boy has strong symptoms of fever upon him, and is in no condition to be talked to any more; that's one comfort. We must make the best of it; and if bad be the best, it is no fault of ours. Come in!”

“我所知道的只是，”罗斯伯力先生终于冷静地坐下来，带着一副孤注一掷的神情，说道，“我们必须硬着头皮尽力将这件事情对付过去。我们的目的是正当的，因此情有可原。这孩子有严重的热病症状，他的健康状况再也不允许任何人跟他交谈。这是让我们感到欣慰的地方。我们必须充分利用这一点。如果这样还帮不上忙，那么也不是我们的过错了。进来！”

"Well, master," said Blathers, entering the room followed by his colleague, and making the door fast, before he said any more. "This

warn't a put-up thing.”

“好了，先生。”布拉瑟斯走进房间说道，后面跟着他的同事，他先把房门关紧了，然后才继续说道，“这不是一件有预谋的案子。”

"And what the devil's a put-up thing?" demanded the doctor, impatiently.

“那到底什么算是有预谋呢？”医生不耐烦地问道。

"We call it a put-up robbery, ladies," said Blathers, turning to them, as if he pitied their ignorance, but had a contempt for the doctor's, "when the servants is in it."

“当有仆人介入其中时，我们就把这样的案件定义为有预谋的盗窃案，女士们。”布拉瑟斯转过身来对两位女士说道，仿佛对她们的无知深感同情，对医生的一无所知却十分蔑视似的。

"Nobody suspected them, in this case," said Mrs. Maylie.

“在本案中，没有人怀疑过他们。”梅莱太太说道。

"Wery likely not, ma'am," replied Blathers; "but they might have been in it, for all that."

“很可能没有人值得怀疑，太太。”布拉瑟斯回答道，“不过，尽管如此，他们本来是可以介入其中的。”

"More likely on that wery account," said Duff.

“正因为无人怀疑的缘故，他们更可能介入。”达夫说道。

"We find it was a town hand," said Blathers, continuing his report; "for the style of work is first-rate.”

“我们发现，这是伦敦人干的，”布拉瑟斯继续报告说，“因为作案的手法是一流的。”

"Wery pretty indeed it is," remarked Duff, in an undertone.

“确实很巧妙。”达夫低声附和道。

"There was two of 'em in it," continued Blathers; "and they had a boy with 'em; that's plain from the size of the window. That's all to be said at present. We'll see this lad that you've got upstairs at once, if you please.”

“有两个人作案，”布拉瑟斯继续说道，“他们还带来了一个男孩，一看那扇窗户的大小就明白了。眼下能说的就这么多。如果方便的话，我们马上要去看看楼上的那个孩子。”

"Perhaps they will take something to drink first, Mrs. Maylie?" said the doctor: his face brightening, as if some new thoughts has occured to him. "Oh! to be sure!" exclaimed Rose, eagerly. "You shall have it immediately, if you will."

“也许他们想先喝点儿什么，梅莱太太？”医生说道，面露喜色，仿佛想出了什么新主意。“噢！当然可以！”罗丝急切地大声说道，“如果你们愿意的话，马上可以办到。”

"Why, thank you, miss!" said Blathers, drawing his coat-sleeve across his mouth; "it's s dry work, this sort of duty. Anythink that's handy, miss; don't put yourself out of the way, on our accounts.”

“哦，谢谢，小姐！”布拉瑟斯说，并拉起衣袖在嘴上抹了一把，“这种差事容易让人口渴。什么方便就喝什么，小姐，别特意为我们劳神了。”

"What shall it be?" asked the doctor, following the young lady to the sideboard.

“喝什么呢？”医生问道，跟着小姐来到餐具柜前。

"A little drop of spirits, master, if it's all the same," replied Blathers. "It's s a cold ride from London, ma'am; and I always find that spirits comes home warmer to the feelings.”

“来点儿烈酒，先生，如果你们不介意的话。”布拉瑟斯回答道，“从伦敦一路乘马车过来很冷，太太。而且我发现烈酒总是更容易御寒，令人有种热乎乎的感觉。”

This interesting communication was addressed to Mrs. Maylie, who received it very graciously. While it was being conveyed to her, the doctor slipped out of the room.

这一有趣的看法是讲给梅莱太太听的，而梅莱太太也非常亲切地倾听着。就在布拉瑟斯正向她发表这一见解的时候，医生悄悄溜出了房间。

"Ah!" said Mr. Blathers: not holding his wine-glass by the stem, but grasping the bottom between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand: and placing it in front of his chest; "I have seen a good many pieces of business like this, in my time, ladies."

“噢！”布拉瑟斯说，他不是握着高脚酒杯的杯颈，而是用左手的拇指和食指抓住杯底，把它举到自己胸前，“在我的一生中，像这类案子见得多啦，女士们。”

"That crack down in the back lane at Edmonton, Blathers," said Mr. Duff, assisting his colleague's memory.

“那次在埃德蒙顿后巷发生的案子就是，布拉瑟斯。”达夫先生为了帮助他的同事回忆，插嘴说。

"That was something in this way, warn't it?" rejonied Mr.Blathers; "that was done by Conkey Chinkweed, that was."

“那个案子和这次的差不多，是不是？”布拉瑟斯接着说，“作案人是

康基·齐克韦德，就是他。”

"You always gave that to him" replied Duff. "It was the Family Pet, I tell you. Conkey hadn't any more to do with it than I had.”

“你总把那个案子算在他的名下，”达夫回答说，“这案子是家养的狗干的，我跟你说。康基和我一样，跟那个案子一点关系都没有。”

"Get out!" retorted Mr. Blathers; "I know better. Do you mind that time when Conkey was robbed of his money, though? What a start that was! Better than any novel-book I ever see!”

“去你的吧！”布拉瑟斯反驳说，“我比你更清楚。你还记得那次康基的钱被抢走的事吗？事情发生得令人吃惊！比我看过的任何一部小说都精彩！”

"What was that?" inquired Rose: anxious to encourage any symptoms of good-humour in the unwelcome visitors.

“那是怎么回事？”罗丝问道，只要能让这两个不受欢迎的客人开心，任何话题她都急切地予以支持。

"It was a robbery, miss, that hardly anybody would have been down upon," said Blathers. "This here Conkey Chickweed—” "Conkey means Nosey, ma'am," interposed Duff.

“小姐，那是一件很少人能碰上的盗窃案，”布拉瑟斯说，“这里说的这个康基·齐克韦德——”“康基就是大鼻子的意思，小姐。”达夫插嘴说。

"Of course the lady knows that, don't she?” demanded Mr. Blathers. "Always interrupting, you are, partner! This here Conkey Chickweed, miss, kept a public-house over Battlebridge way, and he had a cellar, where a good many young lords went to see cock-fighting, and badger-drawing, and that; and a wery intellectual manner the sports was conducted in, for I've seen 'em off'en. He warn't one of the family, at that time; and one night he was robbed of three hundred and twenty-seven guineas in a canvas bag, that was stole out of his bedroom in the dead of night, by a tall man with a black patch over his eye, who had concealed himself under the bed, and after committing the robbery, jumped slap out of window: which was only a story high. He was wery quick about it. But Conkey was quick, too; for he fired a blunderbuss arter him, and roused the neighbourhood. They set up a hue-and-cry, directly, and when they came to look about 'em, found that Conkey had hit the robber; for there was traces of blood, all the way to some palings a good distance off; and there they lost 'em. However, he had made off with the blunt; and, consequently, the name of Mr. Chickweed, licensed witler, appeared in the Gazette among the other bankrupts; and all manner of benefits and

subscriptions, and I don't know what all, was got up for the poor man, who was in a wery low state of mind about his loss, and went up and down the streets, for three or four days, a pulling his hair off in such a desperate manner that many people was afraid he might be going to make away with himself. One day he came up to the office, all in a hurry, and had a private interview with the magistrate, who, after a deal of talk, rings the bell, and orders Jem Spyers in (Jem was a active officer), and tells him to go and assist Mr. Chickweed in apprehending the man as robbed his house. 'I see him, Spyers,' said Chickweed, 'pass my house yesterday morning.' 'Why didn't you up, and collar him!' says Spyers. 'I was so struck all of a heap, that you might have fractured my skull with a toothpick,' says the poor man; 'but we're sure to have him; for between ten and eleven o'clock at night he passed again.' Spyers no sooner heard this, than he put some clean linen and a comb, in his pocket, in case he should have to stop a day or two; and away he goes, and sets himself down at one of the public-house windows behind the little red curtain, with his hat on, all ready to bolt out, at a moment's notice. He was smoking his pipe here, late at night, when all of a sudden Chickweed roars out, 'Here he is! Stop thief! Murder!' Jem Spyers dashes out; and there he sees Chickweed, a-tearing down the street full cry. Away goes Spyers; on goes Chickweed; round turns the people; everybody roars out, 'Thieves!' and Chickweed himself keeps on shouting, all the time, like mad. Spyers loses sight of him a minute as he turns a corner; shoots round; sees a little crowd; dives in; 'Which is the man?' 'D—me!' says Chickweed, 'I've lost him again!' It was a remarkable occurrence, but he warn't to be seen nowhere, so they went back to the public-house. Next morning, Spyers took his old place, and looked out, from behind the curtain, for a tall man with a black patch over his eye, till his own two eyes ached again. At last, he couldn't help shutting 'em, to ease 'em a minute; and the very moment he did so, he hears Chickweed a-roaring out, 'Here he is!' Off he starts once more, with Chickweed half-way down the street ahead of him; and after twice as long a run as the yesterday's one, the man's lost again! This was done, once or twice more, till one-half the neighbours gave out that Mr. Chickweed had been robbed by the devil, who was playing tricks with him arterwards; and the other half, that poor Mr. Chickweed had gone mad with grief.”

“小姐当然知道这个，是吧？”布拉瑟斯先生说道,“你怎么老是打岔，你这个伙计！小姐，就是这个康基·齐克韦德在战桥大道上开了一家酒馆，他有一个酒窖，许多年轻少爷都去那里看斗鸡、耍獾子一类的游戏；摆弄这些游戏可得费不少脑子，因为我也常常去看。他那会儿并不是什么家族的成员。一天晚上，深更半夜时，他装在一个帆布袋里的三百二十七个几尼被一个戴着黑眼罩的高个子男人偷走了。那个男人先躲

在床下面，得手后便纵身从窗口逃走了。那窗子只有一层楼高。他的动作非常麻利。但是康基的动作也不慢，因为他被一阵声音吵醒后立即从床上跳下来，从背后朝他开了一枪，把左邻右舍都惊醒了。他们马上一起大叫着追赶，四处张望，然后他们发现康基其实打中了那个贼，因为一路上都是血迹，一直到离得很远的围篱那里，血迹就消失了。但是不管怎样，那个贼已经把那笔钱弄走了。因此，持照酒商齐克韦德先生的名字便和别的破产者的名字一起出现在公报上了。于是对那个可怜的人的各种救济金和捐赠接踵而至，我也不知道到底有多少。可他心情一直很低落，一连三四天在街上跑来跑去，发疯似的揪着自己的头发，许多人都担心他可能要寻短见。有一天他匆匆忙忙来到警察局，单独会见了治安官。经过一阵谈话后，铃铛响了，杰姆•斯派尔斯被叫了进去（杰姆是个很能干的警官）。治安官让他去帮助齐克韦德先生抓住那个抢劫他家的人。‘昨天早上我看到他了，’齐克韦德说，‘他从我家门口走过去。’‘那你为什么不赶过去把他给抓住！’斯派尔斯说。‘我当时已经吓得浑身瘫软，任何人用根牙签就能把我的脑壳给砸碎，’那可怜的人说，‘可我们一定能抓住他的，因为在夜里十到十一点钟之间他又从这里经过。’斯派尔斯一听到这话立即往口袋里放了一些干净的亚麻布，还装上一把梳子，想着得去个一两天，然后就跟着齐克韦德去了。斯派尔斯呆在酒馆的一个窗子边，藏在那块小小的红窗帘后，头上仍戴着帽子，只要一听到动静就能立即冲出去。深夜，他正在这儿吸烟斗，这时齐克韦德突然大喊：‘他来了！抓贼啦！杀人啦！’杰姆·斯派尔斯冲了出来，他看见齐克韦德沿着那条街拼命地跑，而且边跑边大喊捉贼。斯派尔斯也跑了过去。齐克韦德则一直往前跑。人们转过身来，大家都高喊‘捉贼啦！’而齐克韦德自己像发疯似的一直不停地叫喊。斯派尔斯沿街角拐弯的时候，却看不见他的踪影。等他再冲过去，就只见一小堆人聚在那里。他钻进去：‘要抓的人呢？’‘真见鬼！’齐克韦德说，‘又让他跑掉了！’这真是一件怪事，可现在哪儿也找不到他了。于是他们也只得回酒馆了。第二天早上，斯派尔斯还在老地方藏着，从窗帘后面往外张望，寻找那个戴着黑眼罩的高个子男人，直到他的双眼又感到酸痛了。最后他不得不闭上眼睛，让自己稍稍舒服一会儿。可是他刚合上眼睛，便听到齐克韦德大声叫喊着：‘他来啦！’他再次猛冲出去，齐克韦德跑在他前头，已跑到沿街的半路上。在跑了比昨天多一倍的路程之后，那个贼又不见了。这样的追捕又重复了一两次，直到有一半的邻居声称齐克韦德是被魔鬼抢劫了，魔鬼之后又来捉弄他。而另一半邻居则认为可怜的齐克韦德先生已因悲痛而疯掉了。”

"What did Jem Spyers say?" inquired the doctor; who had returned to the room shortly after the commencement of the story.

“杰姆·斯派尔斯怎么说？”医生问。在这个故事开始不久，他就回到房里来了。

"Jem Spyers," resumed the officer, "for a long time said nothing at all, and listened to everything without seeming to, which showed he understood his business. But, one morning, he walked into the bar, and taking out his snuffbox, says 'Chickweed, I've found out who done

this here robbery.' 'Have you?' said Chickweed. 'Oh, my dear Spyers, only let me have wengeance, and I shall die contented! Oh, my dear Spyers, where is the villain!' 'Come!' said Spyers, offering him a pinch of snuff, 'none of that gammon! You did it yourself.' So he had; and a good bit of money he had made by it, too; and nobody would never have found it out, if he hadn't been so precious anxious to keep up appearances!" said Mr. Blathers, putting down his wine-glass, and clinking the handcuffs together.

“杰姆·斯派尔斯，”警官继续说道，“有很长时间他什么话也不说，但耳听八方，别人从表面上却看不出来，这说明他精通本行。可是有一天早上，他走进酒吧，掏出鼻烟盒，说道：‘齐克韦德，我已经找到抢劫犯了。”“是吗？’齐克韦德说，‘噢，亲爱的斯派尔斯，快让我去找他报了这个仇，那我死也瞑目了！哦，我亲爱的斯派尔斯，那个恶棍在哪儿？”“得了吧！’斯派尔斯说，倒给他一撮鼻烟，‘收起你那一套鬼把戏吧！这事是你自己干的！’事实上就是他干的。他借此已经捞了一大笔钱，他要是不那么急于为自己撇清，装神弄鬼，谁也别想抓住他！”布拉瑟斯说，他放下酒杯，拿起那副叮当作响的手铐。

"Very curious, indeed," observed the doctor. "Now, if you please, you can walk upstairs."

“听起来的确很新鲜。”医生说，“现在，如果你们愿意，你们可以上楼去了。”

"If—you—please, sir," returned Mr. Blathers. Closely following Mr. Losberne, the two officers ascended to Oliver's bedroom; Mr. Giles preceding the party, with a lighted candle.

“您——先——请，先生。”布拉瑟斯先生回应说。两位警官于是紧跟在罗斯伯力先生身后，到楼上奥利弗的房间里去。贾尔斯先生举着蜡烛在前面带路。

Oliver had been dozing; but looked worse, and was more feverish than he had appeared yet. Being assisted by the doctor, he managed to sit up in bed for a minute or so; and looked at the strangers without at all understanding what was going forward—in fact, without seeming to recollect where he was, or what had been passing.

奥利弗一直在打瞌睡，但看上去情况更糟糕了，身上的温度也比刚开始时更高了。在医生的帮助下，他勉强在床上坐了一两分钟。望着这两个陌生人完全不知道是怎么回事——事实上，他看来似乎也记不起自己身在何处，或这里发生了什么事情了。

"This," said Mr. Losberne, speaking softly, but with great vehemence notwithstanding, "this is the lad, who, being accidently wounded by a spring-gun in some boyish trespass on Mr. What—d' ye—call—him's grounds, at the back here, comes to the house for assistance this morning, and is immediately laid hold of and

maltreated, by that ingenious gentleman with the candle in his hand: who has placed his life in considerable danger, as I can professionally certify.”

“这个孩子，”罗斯伯力先生饱含感情，轻声说道“这个就是他们说的那个小子，他因为淘气误闯进这后面一位名叫什么来的先生的园子，被人用弹簧枪打伤了。今天一早跑到这里求助，却马上被现在这位手持蜡烛的先生给抓起来了。他可真够聪明的，还虐待这个孩子。作为医生，我可以证明，他已经把这个孩子的生命置于相当危险的境地。”

Messrs. Blathers and Duff looked at Mr. Giles, as he was thus recommended to their notice. The bewildered butler gazed from them towards Oliver, and from Oliver towards Mr. Losberne, with a most ludicrous mixture of fear and perplexity.

听了医生这样介绍贾尔斯先生后，布拉瑟斯先生和达夫先生都不由自主地注视着他。这位手足无措的男管家怀着既恐惧又困惑不解的表情，先茫然地看看他们，又看看奥利弗，然后再看看罗斯伯力先生，显得很可笑。

"You don't mean to deny that, I suppose?" said the doctor, laying Oliver gently down again.

“我想，你该不是想否认吧？”医生一边说，一边轻轻地扶着奥利弗重新躺到床上。

"It was all done for the—for the best, sir," answered Giles. "I am sure I thought it was the boy, or I wouldn't have meddled with him. I am not of an inhuman disposition, sir.”

“我这样做完全——完全出于好意，先生。”贾尔斯回答道，“我当时真的以为他就是那个男孩，否则我就不会那样对他。我不是一个生性残酷的人，先生。”

"Thought it was what boy?" inquired the senior office.

“以为他是哪个男孩？”年长的警官问道。

"The housebreaker's boy, sir!" replied Giles "They—they certainly had a boy.”

“盗贼带来的孩子，先生！”贾尔斯回答道，“他们——他们肯定带着一个男孩。”

"Well? Do you think so now?" inquired Blathers.

“是吗？你现在还这么认为吗？”布拉瑟斯问。

"Think what, now?" replied Giles, looking vacantly at his questioner.

“现在认为什么？”贾尔斯问道，茫然地望着提问的人。

"Think it's the same boy, Stupid-head?" rejoined Blathers,

impatiently.

“笨蛋，你还认为是同一个男孩吗？”布拉瑟斯不耐烦地说道。

"I don't know; I really don't know," said Giles, with a rueful countenance. "I couldn't swear to him.”

“我不知道，我真的不知道。”贾尔斯满脸愁容地回答道，“我当时不能断定是不是他。”

"What do you think?" asked Mr. Blathers.

“你现在认为呢？”布拉瑟斯先生问。

"I don't know what to think," replied poor Giles. "I don't think it is the boy; indeed, I'm almost certain that it isn't. You know it can't be.”

“我不知道该怎么想。”可怜的贾尔斯回答，“我认为他不是那个孩子，其实，我几乎可以肯定他不是。这不可能，您也知道。”

"Has this man been a-drinking, sir?" inquired Blathers, turning to the doctor.

“这个人喝醉了吗，先生？”布拉瑟斯回过头来问医生。

"What a precious muddle-headed chap you are!" said Duff, addressing Mr. Giles, with supreme contempt.

“你真是一个大傻瓜！”达夫极其轻蔑地对贾尔斯先生说道。

Mr. Losberne had been feeling the patient's pulse during this short dialogue; but he now rose from the chair by the bedside, and remarked, that if the officers had any doubts upon the subject, they would perhaps like to step into the next room, and have Brittles before them.

在这段简短的对话过程中，罗斯伯力先生一直在给奥利弗号脉。这会儿，他从床边的椅子上站起来，说如果警官们对这个问题还有任何疑问的话，不如到隔壁房间去，再问问布里特尔斯。

Acting upon this suggestion, they adjourned to a neighbouring apartment, where Mr. Brittles, being called in, involved himself and his respected superior in such a wonderful maze of fresh contradictions and impossibilities, as tended to throw no particular light on anything, but the fact of his own strong mystification; except, indeed, his declarations that he shouldn't know the real boy, if he were put before him that instant; that he had only taken Oliver to be he, because Mr. Giles had said he was; and that Mr. Giles had, five minutes previously, admitted in the kitchen, that he began to be very much afraid he had been a little too hasty. Among other ingenious surmises, the question was then raised, whether Mr. Giles had really hit anybody; and upon examination of the fellow pistol to that which

he had fired, it turned out to have no more destructive loading than gunpowder and brown paper: a discovery which made a considerable impression on everybody but the doctor, who had drawn the ball about ten minutes before. Upon no one, however, did it make a greater impression than on Mr. Giles himself; who, after labouring, for some hours, under the fear of having mortally wounded a fellow-creature, eagerly caught at this new idea, and favoured it to the utmost. Finally, the officers, without troubling themselves very much about Oliver, left the Chertsey constable in the house, and took up their rest for that night in the town; promising to return the next morning.

两位警官接受了这一建议，他们一起走去旁边的一间屋子。布里特尔斯也被叫了过来，只是他自己和他可敬的上司一样，陷入了一个神奇的迷宫中，不同的矛盾和不可能发生的事情不断涌出，丝毫无助于说明任何问题，除了让人明白他脑子里是一团浆糊。除此之外，事实上，他只是声称，如果此刻作案的小孩站在他面前，他也辨认不出来。他把奥利弗当作那个作案的孩子，只是因为贾尔斯先生说他是。况且，贾尔斯先生在五分钟前还在厨房承认，他开始感到非常担心，可能自己有点儿草率了。在其他种种别出心裁的猜测中，有人提出这样的问题：盖尔斯是否真的开枪击中过任何人。在检查了与他用过的那只枪配对的另一支手枪之后，人们发现除了装上火药和牛皮纸外，根本没有装上任何比它们更具杀伤力的东西。这一发现给在场的每个人都留下了深刻的印象，不过除了医生以外，因为在大约十分钟前，他已经把子弹取出来了。不过，谁也比不上贾尔斯先生对此印象深刻。几个小时以来，他一直为对一个同伴造成了致命伤害而苦恼。现在，他急切地抓住这一新的看法，极力加以赞成。最终，这两位警官不怎么再操心奥利弗的事了。他们离开了彻特西，自己到镇上找地方过夜，答应明天一早再来。

With the next morning, there came a rumour, that two men and a boy were in the cage at Kingston, who had been apprehended over night under suspicious circumstances; and to Kingston Messrs. Blathers and Duff journeyed accordingly. The suspicious circumstances, however, resolving themselves, on investigation, into the one fact, that they had been discovered sleeping under a haystack; wihch, although a great crime, is only punishable by imprisonment, and is, in the merciful eye of the English law, and its comprehensive love of all the King's subjects, held to be no satisfactory proof, in the absence of all other evidence, that the sleeper, or sleepers, have committed burglary accompanied with violence, and have therefore rendered themselves liable to the punishment of death; Messrs. Blathers and Duff came back again, as wise as they went.

第二天早晨，有传言说，在金斯顿关了两个男人和一个男孩，他们是前一天夜晚因行迹可疑被抓起来的。于是布拉瑟斯先生和达夫先生便

去了金斯顿。但那所谓行迹可疑的情况，经过调查已经完全弄清了。事实上，他们只不过被发现在一个草垛下睡觉。这虽然是一大罪行，却只能处以监禁，而且，根据英国法律仁慈的特点及其他对英王所有臣民的普遍关爱，没有其他确凿的证据能够认定那个睡觉的人或那几个睡觉的人犯了夜晚暴力盗窃的罪行，因此他们不可能被判死刑。布拉瑟斯和达夫两位先生又回来了，毫无所获地白跑了一趟。

In short, after some more examination, and a great deal more conversation, a neighbouring magistrate was readily induced to take the joint bail of Mrs. Maylie and Mr. Losberne for Oliver's appearance if he should ever be called upon; and Blathers and Duff, being rewarded with a couple of guineas, returned to town with divided opinions on the subject of their expedition: the latter gentleman on a mature consideration of all the circumstances, inclining to the belief that the burglarious attempt had originated with the Family Pet; and the former being equally disposed to concede the full merit of it to the great Mr. Conkey Chickweed.

总之，经过更进一步的调查和多次交涉之后，附近的一位治安官才同意了奥利弗由梅莱太太和罗斯伯力先生共同保释的要求，但必须保证奥利弗随叫随到。布拉瑟斯和达夫在得到几个几尼的酬劳金之后就回到市里去了。不过二人对此行所办案子的结论却大相径庭：后一位先生在慎重地考虑了各方面的情况之后，倾向于相信这一未遂的抢劫案必是由家养狗发起的。而前一位先生则在同等程度上倾向于相信，这一切都出自康基·齐克韦德之手。

Meanwhile, Oliver gradually throve and prospered under the united care of Mrs. Maylie, Rose, and the kind-hearted Mr. Losberne. If fervent prayers, gushing from hearts overcharged with gratitude, be heard in heaven—and if they be not, what prayers are!—the blessings which the orphan child called down upon them, sunk into their souls, diffusing peace and happiness.

与此同时，奥利弗在梅莱太太、罗丝，还有好心的罗斯伯力先生共同照料下逐渐恢复。倘若那些热情迸发、满怀感激，又发自内心的祷告，在天国能够听到——如果不被听到，那什么算是祷告！——那么，这个孤儿为他们祈求的神恩已渗入他们的灵魂，将为他们带来安宁和幸福。

CHAPTER XXXII Of the happy life Oliver began to lead with his kind friends

第三十二章 奥利弗和善良的朋友们开始幸福的生活

Oliver's ailings were neither slight nor few. In addition to the pain and delay attendant on a broken limb, his exposure to the wet and cold had brought on fever and ague: which hung about him for many weeks, and reduced him sadly. But, at length, he began, by slow degrees, to get better, and to be able to say sometimes, in a few tearful words, how deeply he felt the goodness of the two sweet ladies, and how ardently he hoped that when he grew strong and well again, he could do something to show his gratitude; only something, which would let them see the love and duty with which his breast was full; something, however slight, which would prove to them that their gentle kindness had not been cast away; but that the poor boy whom their charity had rescued from misery, or death, was eager to serve them with his whole heart and soul.

奥利弗身上有各种各样的疼痛，而且疼得都不轻。除了手臂被打断、医治不及时外，由于经常在潮湿、寒冷的户外生活，奥利弗又发烧又患疟疾。他被病魔缠身达数周之久，这让他看起来总是没什么精神。然而，他的健康状况终于渐渐好转。他有时也能含着眼泪说上几句，说他多么深刻地感受到两位可爱女士的善良，多么热切地希望自己的身体重新变得又强壮又健康，能做些什么事表达他的感激之情。仅仅做些什么，让她们可以看到他内心充满着爱和责任；不论是多么微不足道的小事，他都将向她们证明，她们的慷慨和善良没有白费。相反地，她们用仁慈从痛苦和死亡中拯救出的这个可怜的孩子，真心实意地渴望为她们效劳。

"Poor fellow!" said Rose, when Oliver had been one day feebly endeavouring to utter the words of thankfulness that rose to his pale lips; "you shall have many opportunities of serving us, if you will. We are going into the country, and my aunt intends that you shall accompany us. The quiet place, the pure air, and all the pleasure and beauties of spring, will restore you in a few days. We will employ you in a hundred ways, when you can bear the trouble."

有一天，感激的言辞直冲到奥利弗苍白的唇边，身体虚弱的他挣扎着把它们说出口，罗丝听了，说道：“可怜的孩子！只要你愿意，会有许多机会为我们效劳的。我们就要到乡下去住一段时间，婶婶打算让你和我们一块儿去。那里环境幽静、空气清新，还有春天里的各种事物令人赏心悦目，不用几天你就可以完全恢复健康了。只要你不嫌麻烦，我们有很多地方都用得着你呢。”

"The trouble!" cried Oliver. "Oh! dear lady, if I could but work for you; if I could only give you pleasure by watering your flowers, or watching your birds, or running up and down the whole day long, to make you happy; what would I give to do it!"

“怎么会麻烦！”奥利弗大叫着，“噢！亲爱的小姐，我只求能为你干些什么事情。要是为你浇浇花、看看鸟，或者整天跑上跑下就能让你高兴的话，我要付出什么才能得到这样的机会呢！”

"You shall give nothing at all," said Miss Maylie, smiling; "for, as I told you before, we shall employ you in a hundred ways; and if you only take half the trouble to please us, that you promise now, you will make me very happy indeed."

“你什么也不用付出，”梅莱小姐说，“因为正像我前面对你说的，我们用得着你的地方多着呢。要是你能花上一半的精力，你就真的让我感到很高兴了。”

"Happy, ma'am!" cried Oliver; "how kind of you to say so!"

“高兴，小姐！”奥利弗叫道，“你这么说，真是太善良了！”

"You will make me happier than I can tell you," replied the young lady. "To think that my dear good aunt should have been the means of rescuing any one from such sad misery as you have described to us, would be an unspeakable pleasure to me; but to know that the object of her goodness and compassion was sincerely grateful and attached, in consequence, would delight me, more than you can well imagine. Do you understand me?" she inquired, watching Oliver's thoughtful face.

“你会让我感到无以言表的幸福。”年轻的小姐回答说，“只要一想到我亲爱的好婶婶曾把一个人从你所描述的那种不幸的苦难中拯救出来，我就感到说不出的快乐。然后又知道了她所怜悯的对象是个真诚的、充满感激而且有情有意的人，这带给我的喜悦，你是难以想象的。你明白我的意思吗？”看着奥利弗若有所思的样子，她问道。

"Oh yes, ma'am, yes!" replied Oliver eagerly; "but I was thinking that I am ungrateful now."

“噢，明白，小姐，明白！”奥利弗急切地回答道，“可是我刚才在想，我现在是个忘恩负义的人。”

"To whom?" inquired the young lady.

“对谁忘恩负义呢？”年轻的小姐问。

"To the kind gentleman, and the dear old nurse, who took so much care of me before," rejoined Oliver. "If they knew how happy I am, they would be pleased, I am sure."

“对那位善良的先生和那位可亲的老保姆。他们以前很照顾我。”奥

利弗回答道，“如果他们知道我现在有多幸福，我肯定他们也会感到高兴的。”

"I am sure they would," rejoined Oliver's benefactress; "and Mr. Losberne has already been kind enough to promise that when you are well enough to bear the journey, he will carry you to see them."

“我相信他们会的。”奥利弗的女恩人说道，“罗斯伯力先生真体贴，他已经答应在你能承受旅途劳顿的时候，陪你去看望他们。”

"Has he, ma'am?" cried Oliver, his face brightening with pleasure. "I don't know what I shall do for joy when I see their kind faces once again!”

“他答应了吗，小姐？”奥利弗笑逐颜开，叫了起来，“等我再见到他们慈祥的面容时，肯定高兴得都不知道该如何是好了！”

In a short time Oliver was sufficiently recovered to undergo the fatigue of this expedition. One morning he and Mr. Losberne set out, accordingly, in a little carriage which belonged to Mrs. Maylie. When they came to Chertsey Bridge, Oliver turned very pale, and uttered a loud exclamation.

没过多久，奥利弗的身体就基本恢复了，足以经受住出这趟远门的疲劳了。于是，一天早上，奥利弗和罗斯伯力先生便乘坐梅莱太太的一辆小马车上路了。当他们到达彻特西桥的时候，奥利弗的脸色变得非常苍白，大叫了一声。

"What's the matter with the boy?" cried the doctor, as usual, all in a bustle. "Do you see anything—hear anything—feel anything—eh?”

“这孩子怎么了？”医生和平时一样忙忙叨叨地叫道,“你是不是看到什么了——听到什么了——还是感觉到什么了——嗯？”

"That, sir," cried Oliver, pointing out of the carriage window. "That house!"

“那边，先生，”奥利弗指着车窗外叫着说，“那个房子！”

"Yes; well, what of it? Stop coachman. Pull up here," cried the doctor. "What of the house, my man; eh?"

“好的，那个房子怎么了？停下，车夫。在这儿停一停。”医生嚷着说，“那个房子怎么了，小伙子，啊？”

"The thieves—the house they took me to!" whispered Oliver. "The devil it is!" cried the doctor. "Hallo, there! let me out!" But, before the coachman could dismount from his box, he had tumbled out of the coach, by some means or other; and, running down to the deserted tenement, began kicking at the door like a madman. "Hallos?" said a little ugly hump-backed man: opening the door so suddenly, that the doctor, from the very impetus of his last kick, nearly fell forward into

the passage. "What's the matter here?”

“那些贼——他们带我来过这个房子！”奥利弗小声说。“这是什么鬼地方！”医生叫道，“嗨，就停在这里！让我下车！”可是不等车夫从驾驶座里下来，他不知怎么就已经从车里骨碌着爬出来了。他直奔那所废弃的公寓，像个疯子似的踢门。“嗨？”一个丑陋、矮小又驼背的男人猛地拉开门，问道。而医生由于最后一脚太用力，差点儿摔进过道里。“这是怎么回事？”

"Matter!" exclaimed the other, collaring him, without a moment's s reflection. "A good deal. Robbery is the matter."

“怎么回事！”另一个大叫道，想也没想就一把揪住了他的领子。“问题多了。就是抢劫的问题。”

"There'll be Murder the matter, too," replied the hump-backed man, coolly, "if you don't take your hands off. Do you hear me?”

“还可能会有谋杀问题呢，”那驼背的人冷冷地回答说，“你要是不赶快松手的话。你听见我的话没有？”

"I hear you," said the doctor, giving his captive a hearty shake.

“我听见了。”大夫说着，又使劲摇晃着他抓在手里的这个人。

"Where's—confound the fellow, what's his rascally name—Sikes; that's it. Where's Sikes, you thief?”

“他在哪里——那个该死的家伙，他叫什么狗名字来着——赛克斯，就是这个名字。赛克斯在哪儿，你这个贼？”

The hump-backed man stared, as if in excess of amazement and indignation; then, Twisting himself, dexterously, from the doctor's grasp, growled forth a volley of horrid oaths, and retired into the house. Before he could shut the door, however, the doctor had passed into the parlour, without a word of parley.

那驼背人怒不可遏地瞪大眼睛望着他，似乎惊恐万分，然后他灵巧地从医生的手中挣脱，像发连珠炮似的破口大骂，退回到屋子里去。但是他还没来得及关上门，医生已经走进了客厅，一言未发。

He looked anxiously round; not an article of furniture; not a vestige of anything, animate or inanimate; not even the position of the cupboards; answered Oliver's description!

他焦虑不安地四处张望，发现里面没有任何家具，也没有任何东西留下痕迹，不管是有生命的还是无生命的，甚至连那个橱柜的位置都和奥利弗的描述全不相符！

"Now!" said the hump-backed man, who had watched him keenly, "what do you mean by coming into my house, in this violent way? Do you want to rob me, or to murder me? Which is it?"

“喂！”驼背人一直敏锐地观察着他，说道，“你这样横冲直撞地闯进我家来，是什么意思？你想抢劫我，还是想谋杀我？究竟是哪一样？”

"Did you ever know a man come out to do either, in a chariot and pair, you ridiculous old vampire?" said the irritable doctor.

“难道你见过一个坐着双驾马车的人出来抢劫杀人的，你这可笑的老吸血鬼？”烦躁不安的医生说道。

"What do you want, then?" demanded the hunchback. "Will you take yourself off, before I do you a mischief? Curse you!"

“那么，你想干什么？”驼背人问，“你快滚出去，免得我动手。天杀的！”

"As soon as I think proper," said Mr. Losberne, looking into the other parlour; which, like the first, bore no resemblance whatever to Oliver's account of it. "I shall find you out, some day, my friend."

“到该走的时候我会走的。”罗斯伯力先生一边说，一边朝另一个客厅看去。那个客厅跟前面这个一样，一点儿也不像奥利弗描述的那样。“总有一天我会揭开你的老底的，我的朋友。”

"Will you?" sneered the ill-favoured cripple. "If you ever want me, I'm here. I haven't lived here mad and all alone, for five-and-twenty years, to be scared by you. You shall pay for this; you shall pay for this.” And so saying, the mis-shapen little demon set up a yell, and danced upon the ground, as if wild with rage.

“是吗？”长相丑陋的驼背人冷笑道，你什么时候来抓我都行，我就在这儿。我在这里已经住了二十五年了。我既没有疯，也不是孤单一人，还怕你不成？你会为此付出代价的。你会为此付出代价的。”说完后，这个畸形的恶魔便开始大喊大叫，像气得发疯了一样在地上跳来跳去。

"Stupid enough, this," muttered the doctor to himself; "the boy must have made a mistake. Here! Put that in your pocket, and shut yourself up again." With these words he flung the hunchback a piece of money, and returned to the carriage.

“这件事干得真够蠢的，”医生自言自语地低声说道，“那孩子一定是弄错了。喂！把这个装进口袋，再把你自己关起来吧。”说着他扔给那驼背人一张钞票，便回到马车上了。

The man followed to the chariot door, uttering the wildest imprecations and curses all the way; but as Mr. Losberne turned to speak to the driver, he looked into the carriage, and eyed Oliver for an instant with a glance so sharp and fierce and at the same time so furious and vindictive, that, waking or sleeping, he could not forget it for months afterwards. He continued to utter the most fearful imprecations, until the driver had resumed his seat; and when they

were once more on their way, they could see him some distance behind: beating his feet upon the ground, and tearing his hair, in transports of real or pretended rage.

那人一直跟到马车门边，一路上发出一连串最恶毒的辱骂和诅咒。但是，当罗斯伯力先生转身和车夫说话时，他向车里望了望，一眼看到奥利弗，目光是那么锐利、凶狠，又是那么愤怒、恶毒，使奥利弗在后来的几个月里，无论是睡着还是醒着，都难以忘记。直到车夫回到自己的座位上去，那人还一直恶狠狠地骂个不停，甚至马车上路后，还可以远远地看到他站在原地，或真或假，怒不可遏地跺脚，拉扯自己的头发。

"I am an ass!" said the doctor, after a long silence. "Did you know that before, Oliver?"

“我真是个笨蛋！”沉默了很久后，医生说，“你以前知道那个地方吗，奥利弗？”

"No, sir."

“不知道，先生。”

"Then don't forget it another time.”

“那么下一次再见到可别忘了。”

"An ass," said the doctor again, after a further silence of some minutes. "Even if it had been the right place, and the right fellows had been there, what could I have done, single-handed? And if I had had assistance, I see no good that I should have done, except leading to my own exposure, and an unavoidable statement of the manner in which I have hushed up this business. That would have served me right, though. I am always involving myself in some scrape or other, by acting on impulse. It might have done me good.”

“大笨蛋。”医生再次沉默，几分钟后又说道，“即使就是这个地方，那些人也都在这儿，我孤身一人，能做什么呢？就算有人帮我，这么做除了暴露我自己，以及不可避免地要说出我是怎样遮掩此事之外，我看不出有什么好处。不过那样我也是活该。我总是凭一时冲动行事，使自己陷入这样或那样的困境。这教训也许对我有帮助。”

Now, the fact was that the excellent doctor had never acted upon anything but impulse all through his life, and it was no bad compliment to the nature of the impulses which governed him, that so far from being involved in any peculiar troubles or misfortunes, he had the warmest respect and esteem of all who knew him. If the truth must be told, he was a little out of temper, for a minute or two, at being disappointed in procuring corroborative evidence of Oliver's story on the very first occasion on which he had a chance of obtaining any. He soon came round again, however; and finding that Oliver's

replies to his questions, were still as straightforward and consistent, and still delivered with as much apparent sincerity and truth, as they had ever been, he made up his mind to attach full credence to them, from that time forth.

事实上，这位杰出的医生，一生中所做的任何事情都是凭一时冲动而为之。这里要对总是控制他做事的冲动的本性，说上一句不是恶意的恭维话，那就是，他非但没有因此陷入任何特别的麻烦和不幸，反而赢得了所有认识他的人最真诚的尊重和敬佩。实事求是地说，在最初的一两分钟他是有点儿生气，因为他对没有获得有关奥利弗经历的佐证大失所望，而这正是他第一次有机会获取这样的证据。但他的怒气很快就平息下来了。同时，他发现奥利弗回答他的问题时依然像从前一样坦白，前后一致，依然带着像过去那样显而易见的诚心诚意，于是，他决心从今以后完全相信他说的话。

As Oliver knew the name of the street in which Mr. Brownlow resided, they were enabled to drive straight thither. When the coach turned into it, his heart beat so violently, that he could scarcely draw his breath.

因为奥利弗知道布朗洛先生所住街道的名字，他们可以赶着车直接就找到那里。当马车转进那条街的时候，奥利弗的心剧烈地跳动，以致他几乎喘不过气来。

"Now, my boy, which house is it?" inquired Mr. Losberne.

“现在，我的孩子，是哪个房子？”罗斯伯力先生问道。

"That! "That!" replied Oliver, pointing eagerly out of the window. "The white house. Oh! make haste! Pray make haste! I feel as if I should die: it makes me tremble so.”

“那个！”奥利弗迫不及待地指着车窗外回答说，“就是那个白房子。噢！快点儿！请快点儿！我觉得我好像马上就要死了，忍不住浑身发抖。”

"Come, come!" said the good doctor, patting him on the shoulder. "You will see them directly, and they will be overjoyed to find you safe and well."

“到了，到了！”好心的医生轻轻地拍着他的肩膀说，“你马上就能看到他们了，他们看到你安然无恙肯定会欣喜若狂的。”

"Oh! I hope so!" cried Oliver. "They were so good to me; so very, very good to me."

“哦！我希望如此！”奥利弗叫道，“他们对我太好了，对我非常非常好。”

The coach rolled on. It stopped. No; that was the wrong house; the next door. It went on a few paces, and stopped again. Oliver

looked up at the windows, with tears of happy expectation coursing down his face.

马车继续前进。它停了下来。不对，不是这家，旁边的那家才对。马车又前走了几步，然后又停了下来。奥利弗朝窗户里望去，他的脸上，因为即将和亲人相见，挂满了喜悦的泪水。

Alas! the white house was empty, and there was a bill in the window. "To Let."

哎呀！那个白房子是空的，窗户外贴了一张招贴，上面写着："招租"。

"Knock at the next door," cried Mr. Losberne, taking Oliver's arm in his. "What has become of Mr. Brownlow, who used to live in the adjoining house, do you know?"

"去敲敲隔壁家的门。"罗斯伯力先生拉着奥利弗的一只胳膊大声说，"您知不知道，原来一直住在隔壁的布朗洛先生去哪里了？"

The servant did not know; but would go and inquire. She presently returned, and said, that Mr. Brownlow had sold off his goods, and gone to the West Indies, six weeks before. Oliver clasped his hands, and sank feebly backward.

仆人说不知道，但可以进去问问。她很快就折回来了，说布朗洛先生在六个星期以前便卖掉了所有家当，搬到西印度群岛去了。奥利弗握紧双手，无力地向后倒去。

"Has his housekeeper gone too?" inquired Mr. Losberne, after a moment's s pause.

"他的管家太太也走了吗？"罗斯伯力先生停顿了一下，问道。

"Yes, sir"; replied the servant. "The old gentleman, the housekeeper, and a gentleman who was a friend of Mr. Brownlow's, all went together."

"是的，先生。"仆人回答说，"那位老先生、他的管家，还有一位先生——他是布朗洛先生的朋友，都一起去了。"

"Then turn towards home again," said Mr. Losberne to the driver; "and don't stop to bait the horses, till you get out of this confounded London!"

"那就回家去吧，"罗斯伯力先生对车夫说，"咱们一口气跑出这该死的伦敦城，路上先不要喂马！"

"The book-stall keeper, sir?" said Oliver. "I know the way there. See him, pray, sir! Do see him!"

"还有书摊老板，先生？"奥利弗说道，"我知道去那里的路。去看看他吧，求您了，先生！去看看他吧！"

"My poor boy, this is disappointment enough for one day," said the doctor. "Quite enough for both of us. If we go to the book-stall keeper's, we shall certainly find that he is dead, or has set his house on fire, or run away. No; home again straight!" And in obedience to the doctor's impulse, home they went.

“我可怜的孩子，这一天已经够让人失望了。”医生说，“对咱们俩来说，已经足够了。如果我们去书摊老板那里，肯定会发现他要么已经死了，要么房子被烧了，或者他逃跑了。于是，在医生的一时冲动下，他们往回走了。

This bitter disappointment caused Oliver much sorrow and grief, even in the midst of his happiness; for he had pleased himself, many times during his illness, with thinking of all that Mr. Brownlow and Mrs. Bedwin would say to him: and what delight it would be to tell them how many long days and nights he had passed in reflecting on what they had done for him, and in bewailing his cruel separation from them. The hope of eventually clearing himself with them, too, and explaining how he had been forced away, had buoyed him up, and sustained him, under many of his recent trials; and now, the idea that they should have gone so far, and carried with them the belief that he was an impostor and a robber—a belief which might remain uncontradicted to his dying day—was almost more than he could bear.

这难以忍受的失望给奥利弗带来了极大的痛苦和悲伤，即使是在他感觉无比幸福的时候，因为他在生病期间，曾无数次开心地想象，布朗洛先生和贝德温太太见到他可能会对他说什么话；而他会带着何等喜悦的心情，亲口告诉他们，在那么多个漫长的日日夜夜里，他都在回忆他们对他的无限关怀，感伤被残忍地与他们分开。最终他能对他们说清一切，讲清他完全是被劫持而去的。这样的希望在他最近所经受的苦难中一直支撑着他，使他没有倒下。可是现在，一想到他们已经去了那么远的地方，在心里还始终认为他是一个骗子或者一个强盗——这样的想法可能到他自己死了都无法改变——奥利弗几乎无法忍受。

The circumstance occasioned no alteration, however, in the behaviour of his benefactors. After another fortnight, when the fine warm weather had fairly begun, and every tree and flower was putting forth its young leaves and rich blossoms, they made preparations for quitting the house at Chertsey, for some months.

不过，这种情况没有让他的恩人们在对他的态度上发生任何变化。又过了两个星期，暖和、晴朗的天气到来了，树木渐渐长出嫩叶，花朵繁盛绽放，他们便为要离开彻特西的这个房子，到乡下去呆几个月做准备。

Sending the plate, which had so excited Fagin's cupidity, to the banker's; and leaving Giles and another servant in care of the house,

they departed to a cottage at some distance in the country, and took Oliver with them.

他们把曾让费金动了贪念的金属餐具送到银行代为保管，留下贾尔斯和另一个仆人看房子，然后带着奥利弗一起到了远处的一个乡间村舍。

Who can describe the pleasure and delight, the peace of mind and soft tranquillity, the sickly boy felt in the balmy air, and among the green hills and rich woods, of an inland village! Who can tell how scenes of peace and quietude sink into the minds of pain-worn dwellers in close and noisy places, and carry their own freshness, deep into their jaded hearts! Men who have lived in crowded, pent-up streets, through lives of toil, and who have never wished for change; men, to whom custom has indeed been second nature, and who have come almost to love each brick and stone that formed the narrow boundaries of their daily walks; even they, with the hand of death upon them, have been known to yearn at last for one short glimpse of Nature's face; and, carried far from the scenes of their old pains and pleasures, have seemed to pass at once into a new state of being. Crawling forth, from day to day, to some green sunny spot, they have had such memories wakened up within them by the sight of the sky, and hill and plain, and glistening water, that a foretaste of heaven itself has soothed their quick decline, and they have sunk into their tombs, as peacefully as the sun whose setting they watched from their lonely chamber window but a few hours before, faded from their dim and feeble sight! The memories which peaceful country scenes call up, are not of this world, nor of its thoughts and hopes. Their gentle influence may teach us how to weave fresh garlands for the graves of those we loved: may purify our thoughts and bear down before it old enmity and hatred; but beneath all this, there lingers, in the least reflective mind, a vague and half-formed consciousness of having held such feelings long before, in some remote and distant time, which calls up solemn thoughts of distant times to come, and bends down pride and worldliness beneath it.

谁能描述这个多病的孩子在内陆的乡村里，呼吸着清香的空气，置身于青山密林中，有多么的愉悦，多么的心绪平静，又有多么的柔和与安谧！谁能晓得静寂、宁静的景色是如何渗入到喧闹的城市中，那些因痛苦而憔悴不堪的居民脑海中，又是如何将生机深深地带到他们精疲力竭的心灵里！对那些终生辛勤劳作，在拥挤、封闭的街道上生活，却从未希望改变这些状况的人们来说，习惯已成为其第二天性，而几乎可以说他们也已经爱上了构成他们日常生活中狭隘小天地的一砖一石。即使是这样的人，当死神即将降临，他们最终还是渴望能看一眼大自然的容貌，从而远离记载他们旧日的痛苦和往昔的欢乐的地方，他们似乎立即进入了一种崭新的生存状态。一天又一天，他们缓慢地走向某个绿色的

阳光地带，看到天空、山丘、平原，以及闪闪发光的湖水，他们的心中便会唤起无限的回忆。那样提前品尝到天堂的味道就会安抚他们迅速沉沦的痛苦。几个小时前他们还在卧室窗口，孤寂地看到逐渐沉没的太阳，光线变得愈来愈暗淡，他们会像太阳一样安静地进入自己的坟墓！平静的乡村景象所唤起的记忆，不属于这个世界，也不属于这个世界所具有的思想和希望。这些记忆会温和地影响我们，可以教我们如何为所爱的人，编织鲜艳的花环，放在他们的坟墓边；也可以净化我们的思想，抑制往日的仇恨。而在这一切之下，即使在那最不愿思考的头脑中，萦回着一种模糊的尚未形成的意识；仿佛在许久以前，在某个遥远的过去，曾有过这样的感觉，唤起人们庄严地看待遥远的未来，将傲慢和世俗之见打压下去。

It was a lovely spot to which they repaired. Oliver, whose days had been spent among squalid crowds, and in the midst of noise and brawling, seemed to enter on a new existence there. The rose and honeysuckle clung to the cottage walls; the ivy crept round the trunks of the trees; and the garden-flowers perfumed the air with delicious odours. Hard by, was a little churchyard; not crowded with tall unsightly gravestones, but full of humble mounds, covered with fresh turf and moss: beneath which, the old people of the village lay at rest. Oliver often wandered here; and, thinking of the wretched grave in which his mother lay, would sometimes sit him down and sob unseen; but, when he raised his eyes to the deep sky overhead, he would cease to think of her as lying in the ground, and would weep for her, sadly, but without pain.

他们去的地方很美好。奥利弗以前一直生活在脏乱的人群里，在嘈杂和吵闹中打发日子，现在他似乎完全开始了一种崭新的生活。玫瑰和忍冬附着在村舍的墙壁上，常春藤爬上了树干，花园里各种花香弥漫在空气中。不远处是一块小小的教堂坟场，那里没有堆满高大难看的墓碑，都是些简陋的坟冢，覆盖着新鲜的草皮和青苔，村里作古的老人就长眠于此。奥利弗常在这里闲逛，有时他想起母亲那悲惨的坟墓，就坐下来，偷偷掉眼泪。但当他一抬眼，望向头上深蓝的天空，就不再想着她还睡在坟地里，虽然他会悲伤地为母亲哭泣，但并没有感到痛苦。

It was a happy time. The days were peaceful and serene; the nights brought with them neither fear nor care; no languishing in a wretched prison, or associating with wretched men; nothing but pleasant and happy thoughts. Every morning he went to a white-headed old gentleman, who lived near the little church: who taught him to read better, and to write: and who spoke so kindly, and took such pains, that Oliver could never try enough to please him. Then, he would walk with Mrs. Maylie and Rose, and hear them talk of books; or perhaps sit near them, in some shady place, and listen whilst the young lady read: which he could have done, until it grew too dark to see the letters. Then, he had his own lesson for the next day to

prepare; and at this, he would work hard, in a little room which looked into the garden, till evening came slowly on, when the ladies would walk out again, and he with them: listening with such pleasure to all they said: and so happy if they wanted a flower that he could climb to reach, or had forgotten anything he could run to fetch: that he could never be quick enough about it. When it became quite dark, and they returned home, the young lady would sit down to the piano, and play some pleasant air, or sing, in a low and gentle voice, some old song which it pleased her aunt to hear. There would be no candles lighted at such times as these; and Oliver would sit by one of the windows, listening to the sweet music, in a perfect rapture.

这是一段幸福的时光。他白天过得那么平静、安详，夜晚也不会感到恐惧和忧虑；没有置身于肮脏监牢中的苦痛，也不用和流氓、暴徒打交道。脑子里只有快乐和幸福的想法。每天早上，他都到离小教堂不远的一位白发老者的家里。老者教他更好地发音，教他写字。他讲话那么和蔼又那么耐心，奥利弗觉得不管怎样努力讨好他都不为过。然后，他就会陪梅莱太太和罗丝小姐一块儿散步，听她们谈论书籍；或者在某个阴凉处，就坐在她们旁边，听罗丝小姐读书。他会一直这样听下去，直到天黑得看不见字了。接着，他要准备第二天的功课。这个时候，他常常在一间面朝花园的小房间里埋头用功。直到夜幕徐徐降临，又到了女士们出去散步的时候，他就陪着她们，乐呵呵地听她们谈论一切。倘若她们要他攀折一枝花，或者跑回去取一件忘带的东西，他总是乐此不疲，跑得再快也不觉得快。当天色已晚，他们回到家里后，年轻的小姐就坐下来弹钢琴，弹奏一支悦耳的歌曲，或者以低柔的嗓音吟唱一些她的婶婶喜欢的老歌。这样的时刻从不需点蜡烛，奥利弗就坐在一扇窗户边，喜不自胜地聆听美妙的音乐。

And when Sunday came, how differently the day was spent, from any way in which he had ever spent it yet! and how happily too; like the other days in that most happy time! There was the little church, in the morning, with the green leaves fluttering at the windows: the birds singing without: and the sweet-smelling air stealing in at the low porch, and filling the homely building with its fragrance. The poor people were so neat and clean, and knelt so reverently in prayer, that it seemed a pleasure, not a tedious duty, their assembling there together; and though the singing might be rude, it was real, and sounded more musical (to Oliver's ears at least) than any he had ever heard in church before. Then, there were the walks as usual, and many calls at the clean houses of the labouring men; and at night, Oliver read a chapter or two from the Bible, which he had been studying all the week, and in the performance of which duty he felt more proud and pleased, than if he had been the clergyman himself.

礼拜日来了，那一天他过得与以往度过的任何一天都是那么的不同！但还是那么的开心！和在最快乐的时候里度过的其他日子一样！清

晨的小教堂，绿叶在窗口摇曳，教堂外边有小鸟啾啾地鸣叫，芳香的空气悄悄飘进低矮的门廊，令朴实的建筑物弥漫着馥郁的芬芳。穷人们也穿得那么整齐干净，虔诚地跪下祈祷。他们聚集在教堂里似乎不是因为要履行冗长乏味的义务，而是出于一种乐趣；虽然唱诗的歌声也许是拙劣的，但它是真实的，听起来（至少在奥利弗听来）比他以前在教堂里听过的任何歌都更加悦耳动听。接着就是像平时一样散步，以及走访许多工作的人，去他们干净的住所看看。晚上，奥利弗读一两章《圣经》，他整个星期都在研究《圣经》。在完成这项任务的过程中，他觉得自己比当上牧师还要自豪和高兴。

In the morning, Oliver would be a-foot by six o'clock, roaming the fields, and plundering the hedges, far and wide, for nosegays of wild flowers, with which he would return laden, home; and which it took great care and consideration to arrange, to the best advantage, for the embellishment of the breakfast-table. There was fresh groundsel, too, for Miss Maylie's birds, with which Oliver, who had been studying the subject under the able tuition of the village clerk, would decorate the cages, in the most approved taste. When the birds were made all spruce and smart for the day, there was usually some little commission of charity to execute in the village; or, failing that, there was rare cricket-playing, sometimes, on the green; or, failing that, there was always something to do in the garden, or about the plants, to which Oliver (who had studied this science also, under the same master, who was a gardener by trade,) applied himself with hearty good-will, until Miss Rose made her appearance: when there were a thousand commendations to be bestowed on all he had done.

清晨，奥利弗六点就开始在田野上闲逛，并从周围的树篱上采摘一束束野花，满载而归；他在这些野花中精心挑选，将早餐桌装饰得非常好看。他用新鲜的千里光草来喂养梅莱太太的鸟。奥利弗在村里一位能干的文书指导下，一直在钻研这门手艺。他还用千里光来装饰鸟笼，大受表扬。把这些鸟打扮得整整齐齐、漂漂亮亮之后，奥利弗通常到村子里做一些小小的善事。或者如果没有任务的话，他偶尔打打板球，有时就在草地上进行。再不然的话，花园里总有活要干，就是侍弄花草树木的活。奥利弗（他一直向同一位老师学习这门技术，这位老师可是专门搞园艺的）投入地精心照料这些植物，直到罗丝小姐露面。罗丝小姐对他所做的一切总会赞不绝口。

So three months glided away; three months which, in the life of the most blessed and favoured of mortals, might have been unmingled happiness, and which, in Oliver's were true felicity. With the purest and most amiable generosity on one side; and the truest, warmest, soul-felt gratitude on the other; it is no wonder that, by the end of that short time, Oliver Twist had become completely domesticated with the old lady and her niece, and that the fervent attachment of his young and sensitive heart, was repaid by their pride in, and

attachment to, himself.

于是，三个月一晃就过去了。这三个月，在那些最幸运也最受宠爱的人们的一生中，也许就是纯粹的欢乐，可是对奥利弗而言，这三个月则是他真正的幸福。一边是最纯洁、最亲切的慷慨行为，另一边是最真诚、最热烈、最刻骨铭心的感激之忱。难怪三个月之后，奥利弗•特威斯特和那位老太太及她的侄女已经完全成为一家人了，强烈的依恋在他那颗年轻而敏感的心里油然而生，而她们以爱回报，并为他感到自豪。

CHAPTER XXXIII Wherein the happiness of Oliver and his friends, experiences a sudden check

第三十三章 奥利弗和朋友们的幸福生活突然被打断了

Spring flew swiftly by, and summer came. If the village had been beautiful at first it was now in the full glow and luxuriance of its richness. The great trees, which had looked shrunken and bare in the earlier months, had now burst into strong life and health; and stretching forth their green arms over the thirsty ground, converted open and naked spots into choice nooks, where was a deep and pleasant shade from which to look upon the wide prospect, steeped in sunshine, which lay stretched beyond. The earth had donned her mantle of brightest green; and shed her richest perfumes abroad. It was the prime and vigour of the year; all things were glad and flourishing.

春天稍纵即逝，夏天来临了。如果说这个村子最初是漂亮的话，那么，现在则是鲜艳夺目、郁郁葱葱。在几个月前看上去萎缩的、光秃秃的大树，如今迸发出强大的生命力和勃勃的生机。它们伸出绿色的臂膀，遮盖住干渴的地面，把开阔、无遮蔽的地方变成了宜人的、浓密的阴凉角落。从那里，人们可以看到在阳光的笼罩下，辽阔的景色向远处伸展开来。大地穿上了最明亮的绿装，四处散发着馥郁的芳香。这是一年中最好的且最具有活力的时光，万物欣欣向荣，茁壮成长。

Still, the same quiet life went on at the little cottage, and the same cheerful serenity prevailed among its inmates. Oliver had long since grown stout and healthy; but health or sickness made no difference in his warm feelings of a great many people. He was still the same gentle, attached, affectionate creature that he had been when pain and suffering had wasted his strength, and when he was dependent for every slight attention, and comfort on those who tended him.

在那个小村舍里，生活依然平静安定，居住在那里的人们，关系也依然安宁和欢愉。奥利弗已经恢复了健康，强壮起来。尽管健康或疾病会使许多人的感情发生变化，但奥利弗却从未改变过对身边的人亲切的感情。他仍然像病痛和苦难消耗他的体力时一样，像极度依赖别人的悉心照料和安慰时一样，温顺、眷恋并充满感情。

One beautiful night, when they had taken a longer walk than was customary with them: for the day had been unusually warm, and there was a brilliant moon, and a light wind had sprung up, which was unusually refreshing. Rose had been in high spirits, too, and they had walked on, in merry conversation, until they had far exceeded their

ordinary bounds. Mrs. Maylie being fatigued, they returned more slowly home. The young lady merely throwing off her simple bonnet, sat down to the piano as usual. After running abstractedly over the keys for a few minutes, she fell into a low and very solemn air; and as she played it, they heard a sound as if she were weeping.

一个美丽的夜晚，他们外出散步的时间比平常久了一些，因为那天的天气异常暖和，而且明月当空，和风吹拂，确实令人心旷神怡。罗丝也一直兴致勃勃的，他们谈笑风生，继续往前走，直到远远超出平常的散步范围。梅莱太太太累了，他们便慢慢走回家去，速度比平时要慢。罗丝匆匆地摘下简单的女帽，如平常一样坐在钢琴边。她的手指飞快地在键盘上掠过，这样心不在焉地持续了几分钟，然后开始弹奏一首低沉而严肃的曲子。当她弹奏时，大家仿佛听到她在哭泣。

"Rose, my dear!" said the elder lady.

“罗丝，亲爱的！”老太太说道。

Rose made no reply, but played a little quicker, as though the words had roused her from some painful thoughts.

罗丝没有回答，略微加快了速度，仿佛这句话把她从一些痛苦的思绪中唤醒似的。

"Rose, my love!" cried Mrs. Maylie, rising hastily, and bending over her. "What is this? In tears! My dear child, what distresses you?"

“罗丝，我的宝贝！”梅莱太太喊道，她急急忙忙地站起来，将身子贴近罗丝。“怎么啦？你哭了！亲爱的孩子，什么事让你这么伤心？”

"Nothing, aunt; nothing," replied the young lady. "I don't know what it is; I can't describe it; but I feel—" "Not ill, my love?" interposed Mrs. Maylie.

“没什么，婶婶，没什么。”年轻小姐回答说，“我不知道是怎么回事，我说不上来，但是我觉得——”“不是生病了吧，亲爱的？”梅莱太太插话道。

"No, no! "Oh, not ill!" replied Rose: shuddering as though some deadly chillness were passing over her, while she spoke; "I shall be better presently. Close the window, pray!" Oliver hastened to comply with her request. The young lady, making an effort to recover her cheerfulness, strove to play some livelier tune; but her fingers dropped powerless over the keys. Covering her face with her hands, she sank upon a sofa, and gave vent to the tears which she was now unable to repress.

“不是，不是！“哦，我没有生病！”罗丝回答说。她说话的时候浑身直哆嗦，好像有股致命的寒气从她身上穿过似的，“我很快就会好的。请把窗户关上！”奥利弗急忙关上窗户。罗丝努力恢复愉悦的心情，试图弹奏一支比较轻松活泼的曲子，可是她的手指却无力地落在了键盘上。她

双手掩面，瘫在沙发上，她再也抑制不住了，泪水倾泻而出。

"My child!" said the elderly lady, folding her arms about her, "I never saw you so before."

“我的孩子！”老太太说道，把她抱在怀里，“我以前从来没见过你这样。”

"I would not alarm you if I could avoid it," rejoined Rose; "but indeed I have tried very hard, and cannot help this. I fear I—am—ill, aunt.”

“如果我能不这样就好了，我不愿让您担心，”罗丝回答说，“实际上我已经很努力地控制了，可还是忍不住。我恐怕是——病了，婶婶。”

She was, indeed; for, when candles were brought, they saw that in the very short time which had elapsed since their return home, the hue of her countenance had changed to a marble whiteness. Its expression had lost nothing of its beauty; but it was changed; and there was an anxious haggard look about the gentle face, which it had never worn before. Another minute, and it was suffused with a crimson flush: and a heavy wildness came over the soft blue eye. Again this disappeared, like the shadow thrown by a passing cloud; and she was once more deadly pale.

她确实病了。当蜡烛拿上来时，他们发现从散步回来，这么短的时间里，她的脸色已经变得和大理石一样苍白。她的容貌丝毫没有失去原有的美丽，但脸色确实变了。那温和的脸上满是焦虑、憔悴，这是以前从未有过的神色。过了一分钟，她脸上出现一片绯红，温柔的蓝眼睛里，眼神变得非常狂野。不一会儿，这一切像浮云投下的阴影一样，再次消失了。她的脸色又变得像死人一样惨白。

Oliver, who watched the old lady anxiously, observed that she was alarmed by these appearances; and so in truth, was he; but seeing that she affected to make light of them, he endeavoured to do the same, and they so far succeeded, that when Rose was persuaded by her aunt to retire for the night, she was in better spirits; and appeared even in better health: assuring them that she felt certain she should rise in the morning, quite well. "I hope," said Oliver, when Mrs. Maylie returned, "that nothing is the matter? She don't look well to-night, but—” The old lady motioned to him not to speak; and sitting herself down in a dark corner of the room, remained silent for some time. At length, she said, in a trembling voice: "I hope not, Oliver. I have been very happy with her for some years: too happy, perhaps. It may be time that I should meet with some misfortune; but I hope it is not this.”

奥利弗忧心忡忡地望着老太太，察觉到她因为罗丝的脸色而显得很惊慌。事实上，奥利弗自己也是一样。但是他看到老太太尽量装出没事

的样子，他也努力学着做，而这样做果然有效，当梅莱太太劝罗丝上床睡觉的时候，罗丝的精神已经好些了，甚至看上去脸色也好多了。罗丝叫他们放心，说是第二天早上起床时肯定就好了。“我希望，”梅莱太太回来后，奥利弗说，“没什么事吧？她今晚看上去脸色不太好，但是——”老太太摆手叫他不要再说了，然后她在房间里一个昏暗的角落坐下来，一言不发地呆了好一阵。最后，她用颤抖的声音说：“我也希望没事，奥利弗。我和她一起生活的这些年，过得很快乐，也许太快乐了。现在也许到了我该承受某种不幸的时候了，但我希望不会是这个。”

"What?" inquired Oliver.

“什么？”奥利弗问。

"The heavy blow," said the old lady, "of losing the dear girl who has so long been my comfort and happiness."

“沉重的打击，”老太太说，“失去这个宝贝姑娘的沉重打击，这么多年来她一直是我的安慰和幸福。”

"Oh! God forbid!" exclaimed Oliver, hastily.

“哦！上帝不会允许的！”奥利弗脱口而出。

"Amen to that, my child!" said the old lady, wringing her hands.

“但愿如此，我的孩子！”老太太搓着双手说道。

"Surely there is no danger of anything so dreadful?" said Oliver. "Two hours ago, she was quite well."

“绝对不会存在任何如此可怕的事吧？”奥利弗说，“两个小时前，她还很好呢。”

"She is very ill now," rejoined Mrs. Maylies; "and will be worse, I am sure. My dear, dear Rose! Oh, what shall I do without her!"

“可现在她病得很厉害！”梅莱太太说，“而且我肯定病情还会加重。我亲爱的，宝贝罗丝！啊，没有她我可怎么办！”

She gave way to such great grief, that Oliver, suppressing his own emotion, ventured to remonstrate with her; and to beg, earnestly, that, for the sake of the dear young lady herself, she would be more calm.

她不禁悲伤万分，奥利弗只好抑制住自己的情感，硬着头皮去劝慰她，真诚地恳求她，为了这位年轻的可爱姑娘，她应该更加冷静。

"And consider, ma'am," said Oliver, as the tears forced themselves into his eyes, despite of his efforts to the contrary. "Oh! consider how young and good she is, and what pleasure and comfort she gives to all about her. I am sure—certain—quite certain—that, for your sake, who are so good yourself; and for her own; and for the sake of all she makes so happy; she will not die. Heaven will never let her die so young.”

“您想一想，夫人，”奥利弗怎么忍也忍不住，泪水不受控制地涌进眼睛里，说道，“哦！想一想她那么年轻，那么善良，给她身边所有的人又带来了那么多的欢乐和安慰。我相信——肯定地——十分肯定地——相信，为了同样善良的您，为了她自己，也为了因她而幸福的人们，她绝不会死的。上帝也绝不会让她在这么年轻的时候就死去。”

"Hush!" said Mrs. Maylie, laying her hand on Oliver's head. "You think like a child, poor boy. But you teach me my duty, notwithstanding. I had forgotten it for a moment, Oliver, but I hope I may be pardoned, for I am old, and have seen enough of illness and death to know the agony of separation from the objects of our love. I have seen enough, too, to know that it is not always the youngest and best who are spared to those that love them; but this should give us comfort in our sorrow; for Heaven is just; and such things teach us, impressively, that there is a brighter world than this; and that the passage to it is speedy. God's will be done! I love her; and He knows how well!”

“别说了！”梅莱太太把一只手放在奥利弗的头上说，“你的想法太幼稚了，可怜的孩子。但无论如何，你让我看到了我的职责。我一时把它给忘了，奥利弗。但愿我能得到宽恕。我年纪大了，已经看够了病魔和死亡，深知与我们所爱的人分离有多么痛苦。我也看够了这种情况，知道最年轻和最善良的人未必会因有那些爱他们的人而得以幸免。不过，在我们悲痛时，这一点能让我们感到安慰，因为上帝是公正的。这些事情令人难以忘怀，告诉我们，还有一个世界比这个世界更加光明，而且人们能够很快地到那里去。上帝的意志必须服从！我爱她，上帝对此了如指掌！”

Oliver was surprised to see that as Mrs. Maylie said these words, she checked her lamentations as though by one effort; and drawing herself up as she spoke, became composed and firm. He was still more astonished to find that this firmness lasted; and that, under all the care and watching which ensued, Mrs. Maylie was every ready and collected: performing all the duties which had devolved upon her, steadily, and, to all external appearances, even cheerfully. But he was young, and did not know what strong minds are capable of, under trying circumstances. How should he, when their possessors so seldom know themselves?

奥利弗诧异地发现，梅莱太太说出这番话时似乎在努力抑制自己的悲伤，而且她直起身子，变得镇定和坚强起来。这种坚强一直在延续，梅莱太太对紧接下来的照料和看护做了充分的准备，镇定自若而且从容不迫，就外表看来甚至是兴致勃勃地履行她所肩负的一切职责，奥利弗对此更为惊奇。可是他还年轻，还不懂得人们在逆境中能表现出多么坚强的意志。可拥有坚强意志的人都很难了解他们自己，奥利弗又怎能懂得呢？

An anxious night ensued. When morning came, Mrs. Maylie's predictions were but too well verified. Rose was in the first stage of a high and dangerous fever.

接踵而至的是一个令人忧虑不安的夜晚。早晨来临时，梅莱太太的预言得到了充分证实。罗丝处于一种危险的高热病的初发阶段。

"We must be active, Oliver, and not give way to useless grief," said Mrs. Maylie, laying her finger on her lip, as she looked steadily into his face; "this letter must be sent, with all possible expedition, to Mr. Losberne. It must be carried to the market-town: which is not more than four miles off, by the footpath across the field: and thence dispatched, by an express on horseback, straight to Chertsey. The people at the inn will undertake to do this: and I can trust to you to see it done, I know."

“我们必须积极主动，奥利弗，不可以屈服于徒劳的悲伤。”梅莱太太将一只手指放在嘴唇上，目不转睛地盯着奥利弗的脸，说，“这封信必须以最快的速度送到罗斯伯力先生手里。必须先将它送到集镇。若穿过田野走小路的话，集镇离这里最多四英里。然后派邮差骑马快递，直达彻特西。客栈里的人会负责安排这件事。你要亲眼看着他们把信发出去，我相信你做得到。”

Oliver could make no reply, but looked his anxiety to be gone at once.

奥利弗一时说不出话来，不过看上去他脸上的忧愁马上烟消云散了。

"Here is another letter," said Mrs. Maylie, pausing to reflect; "but whether to send it now, or wait until I see how Rose goes on, I scarcely know. I would not forward it, unless I feared the worst."

“这里还有一封信，”梅莱太太停下来想了一下，说道，“不过，我也拿不定主意，是现在送去，还是等我观察观察罗丝的病情变化后再说。除非我所担心的最坏情况发生了，否则我就不把这封信寄出去。”

"Is it for Chertsey, too, ma'am?" inquired Oliver; impatient to execute his commission, and holding out his trembling hand for the letter.

“这封信也是发往彻特西吗，夫人？”奥利弗问道，他急于执行自己的任务，伸出一只颤抖的手要接这封信。

"No," replied the old lady, giving it to him mechanically. Oliver glanced at it, and saw that it was directed to Harry Maylie, Esquire, at some great lord's house in the country; where, he could not make out.

“不是。”老太太回答道，机械地把信交给了他。奥利弗扫了一眼那个信封，发现是寄给乡下某个贵族庄园的哈里·梅莱先生的，具体在什么地方他也弄不清。

"Shall it go, ma'am?" asked Oliver, looking up, impatiently.

“这封信也要发出去吗，夫人？”奥利弗焦急地抬起头来问道。

"I think not," replied Mrs. Maylie, taking it back. "I will wait until to-morrow.”

“我看还是先别发出去。”梅莱太太说着，又把信收回去。“等到明天再说。”

With these words, she gave Oliver her purse, and he started off, without more delay, at the greatest speed he could muster.

说完，她把钱包交给奥利弗。奥利弗没有再耽搁什么，立刻以他最快的速度出发了。

Swiftly he ran across the fields, and down the little lanes which sometimes divided them: now almost hidden by the high corn on either side, and now emerging on an open field, where the mowers and haymakers were busy at their work: nor did he stop once, save now and then, for a few seconds, to recover breath, until he came, in a great heat, and covered with dust, on the little market-place of the market-town.

他飞速地穿过田野，沿着乡间小道奔跑。这些小道有时候几乎被两边高高的庄稼遮住，有时候则出现在一片开阔的田野上，有一些割草的人和晒干草的人正在那里忙着农活。除了有时停几秒钟喘口气外，他不曾停下来，直到他满身尘土地跑到那座镇上的小集市。

Here he paused, and looked about for the inn. There were a white bank, and a red brewery, and a yellow town-hall; and in one corner there was a large house, with all the wood about it painted green: before which was the sign of "The George." To this he hastened, as soon as it caught his eye.

他在这里停下来，四处寻找客栈。有一幢白色的房子是银行，一幢红色的房子是酿酒厂，一幢黄色的房子是镇公所。在街角处有一座大房子，木头部分全部漆成了绿色，房子前面的招牌上写着“乔治客栈”。他一看到这块招牌，就立即往那里奔去。

He spoke to a postboy who was dozing under the gateway; and who, after hearing what he wanted, referred him to the ostler; who after hearing all he had to say again, referred him to the landlord; 打盹儿 who was a tall gentleman in a blue neckcloth, a white hat, drab breeches, and boots with tops to match, leaning against a pump by the stable-door, picking his teeth with a silver toothpick.

他询问了一个正在门口打盹儿的邮差。邮差听了他要办的事后叫他去找马夫。马夫听了他又一次陈述来由后，叫他去找客栈老板。客栈老板个子高高的，系着蓝领结，戴着白帽子，穿着土黄色的马裤，脚上长筒靴子的靴面和马裤颜色相配，他倚在马厩门边的水泵上，正在用银牙

签剔牙。

This gentleman walked with much deliberation into the bar to make out the bill: which took a long time making out: and after it was ready, and paid, a horse had to be saddled, and a man to be dressed, which took up ten good minutes more. Meanwhile Oliver was in such a desperate state of impatience and anxiety, that he felt as if he could have jumped upon the horse himself, and galloped away, full tear, to the next stage. At length, all was ready; and the little parcel having been handed up, with many injunctions and entreaties for its speedy delivery, the man set spurs to his horse, and rattling over the uneven paving of the market-place, was out of the town, and galloping along the turnpike-road, in a couple of minutes.

这位先生慢吞吞地走进酒吧间去开账单，花了很长时间。等付了帐之后，得给马套上鞍，邮差还得穿好衣服，这样足足又花了十几分钟。与此同时，奥利弗焦急不堪，忧心如焚，恨不得亲自跨上那匹马，不顾一切地飞奔到下一站。终于，一切准备就绪，那个小包裹递上去了。奥利弗又是吩咐，又是恳求，要求迅速地把信送出去，邮差这才策马哒哒哒地越过集市高低不平的石子路，几分钟之后便出了镇，沿着收税大道疾驰而去。

As it was something to feel certain that assistance was sent for, and that no time had been lost, Oliver hurried up the inn-yard, with a somewhat lighter heart. He was turning out of the gateway when he accidently stumbled against a tall man wrapped in a cloak, who was at that moment coming out of the inn door.

奥利弗确信请求救援的信已经发出去了，而且也没有耽搁时间，就怀着稍微轻松一点的心情匆匆走过客栈的院子。他正要在院子的大门口转弯时，却意外地撞在一个裹着斗篷的高个子男人身上。这个人此刻正从客栈走出来。

"Hah!" cried the man, fixing his eyes on Oliver, and suddenly recoiling. "What the devil's this?”

“嘿！”男人喊道，眼睛直直地盯着奥利弗，突然往后退。“搞什么鬼名堂？”

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Oliver; "I was in a great hurry to get home, and didn't see you were coming.”

“对不起，先生，”奥利弗说道，“我急着往家赶，没有看见你走过来。”

"Death!" muttered the man to himself, glaring at the boy with his large dark eyes. "Who would have thought it! Grind him to ashes! He'd start up from a stone coffin, to come in my way!”

“要死呀！”男人喃喃自语道，睁着一双乌黑的大眼睛盯着这个孩

子。“谁会料到有这样的事！把他磨成灰！否则他还会从石棺里蹦出来挡住我的去路！”

"I am sorry," stammered Oliver, confused by the strange man's wild look. "I hope I have not hurt you!"

“对不起。”奥利弗结结巴巴地说，这个怪人疯狂的神色扰得他心慌意乱。“但愿我没有伤到您！”

"Rot you!" murmured the man, in a horrible passion; between his clenched teeth; "if I had only had the courage to say the word, I might have been free of you in a night. Curses on your head, and black death on your heart, you imp! What are you doing here?"

“混蛋！”男人暴跳如雷、咬牙切齿地嘟囔道，“要是我过去有勇气说这话，我一个晚上就能摆脱你。我诅咒你，灾祸降临到你头上，黑死病降临到你心脏里，你这个小魔鬼！你在这儿干什么？”

The man shook his fist, as he uttered these words incoherently. He advanced towards Oliver, as if with the intention of aiming a blow at him, but fell violently on the ground: writhing and foaming, in a fit.

这男人一边语无伦次地说着这些话，一边挥舞着拳头。他朝奥利弗走过来，好像想要给他一拳，可是他却突然重重地瘫倒在地，满地打滚，口吐白沫。

Oliver gazed, for a moment, at the struggles of the madman (for such he supposed him to be); and then darted into the house for help. Having seen him safely carried into the hotel, he turned his face homewards, running as fast as he could, to make up for lost time: and recalling with a great deal of astonishment and some fear, the extraordinary behaviour of the person from whom he had just parted.

奥利弗呆呆地看了一会儿这个疯子（奥利弗以为他是个疯子）在地上挣扎，然后便飞奔到屋里求救。见到他被安全地抬进客栈后，奥利弗才掉头往回走。他尽可能快地一路奔跑，以便把刚才耽误的时间补回来。同时，带着极大的惊奇和些许后怕，他回想着刚刚离开的那个男人的古怪行为。

The circumstance did not dwell in his recollection long, however: for when he reached the cottage, there was enough to occupy his mind, and to drive all considerations of self completely from his memory.

然而，这件事并没有在他的脑海中停留很久，因为当他回到村舍时，太多的事情让他牵挂着，他完全没有考虑自身的余地。

Rose Maylie had rapidly grown worse; before mid-night she was delirious. A medical practitioner, who resided on the spot, was in constant attendance upon her; and after first seeing the patient, he had taken Mrs. Maylie aside, and pronounced her disorder to be one

of a most alarming nature. "In fact," he said, "it would be little short of a miracle, if she recovered."

罗丝·梅莱的病情迅速恶化，还没到午夜，她已经神志不清了。一位当地的医生昼夜护理着她。他第一次给她看病之后，就把梅莱太太拉到一边，告诉她罗丝的病情十分令人担心。“事实上，”他说道，“如果她痊愈了，那简直是奇迹。”

How often did Oliver start from his bed that night, and stealing out, with noiseless footstep, to the staircase, listen for the slightest sound from the sick chamber! How often did a tremble shake his frame, and cold drops of terror start upon his brow, when a sudden trampling of feet caused him to fear that something too dreadful to think of, had even then occurred! And what had been the fervency of all the prayers he had ever muttered, compared with those he poured forth, now, in the agony and passion of his supplication for the life and health of the gentle creature, who was tottering on the deep grave's verge!

那天夜里，奥利弗有多少回从床上跳起来，悄悄地溜到楼梯口，不发出一丝声响，倾听从病室里传出的最微弱的气息声！不知有多少回他被突然响起的脚步声吓得浑身哆嗦，额头直冒冷汗。他担心那可怕的、令人不敢想象的事情已经发生了！他怀着极大的痛苦和悲哀，为那位正徘徊在深深的坟墓边缘的温柔的姑娘祈祷，祈求让她恢复生机，身体健康。在热切程度上，他过去曾经做过的一切祈祷与此相比都差得太远了！

Oh! the suspense, the fearful, acute suspense, of standing idly by while the life of one we dearly love, is trembling in the balance! Oh! the racking thoughts that crowd upon the mind, and make the heart beat violently, and the breath come thick, by the force of the images they conjure up before it; the desparate anxiety—to be doing something—to relieve the pain, or lessen the danger, which we have no power to alleviate; the sinking of soul and spirit, which the sad remembrance of our helplessness produces; what tortures can equal these; what reflections or endeavours can, in the full tide and fever of the time, allay them!

噢！当我们深爱的人的生命处于危急之中的时候，那种站在一边束手无策的极度焦虑实在可怕。噢！脑海里浮现出的影像令那些极为痛苦的想法涌上心头，让人心跳加剧、呼吸急促。那不顾一切的渴望从心底发出——急于想做些什么，以减轻我们无力减轻的痛苦或减少我们无力减少的危险。我们悲痛地回想着我们无能为力时，心灵和精神都陷入颓丧，还有什么折磨能与此相比。在这最紧要、最关键的时刻，什么样的想法或者努力能够减轻这种痛苦呢！

Morning came; and the little cottage was lonely and still. People spoke in whispers; anxious faces appeared at the gate, from time to

time; women and children went away in tears. All the livelong day, and for hours after it had grown dark, Oliver paced softly up and down the garden, raising his eyes every instant to the sick chamber, and shuddering to see the darkened window, looking as if death lay stretched inside. Late that night, Mr. Losberne arrived. "It is hard," said the good doctor, turning away as he spoke; "so young; so much beloved; but there is very little hope."

早晨来临了，小村舍孤零零的，一片寂静。人们低声地交谈，焦虑的面孔不时地出现在大门口，妇女和孩子们都含着眼泪离去。整整一个白天，以及天黑后的几个小时里，奥利弗都轻轻地在花园里来回踱步。每一刻，他都要抬起头来望望那个病室，战栗地看着昏暗的窗户。看上去死神好像已经伸展着四肢躺在房子里面了。夜深了，罗斯伯力先生终于来了。“这太残酷了，”好心的医生把头转向一边说，“这么年轻，人们这么喜爱她，但看来希望渺茫。”

Another morning. The sun shone brightly; as brightly as if it looked upon no misery or care; and, with every leaf and flower in full bloom about her; with life, and health, and sounds and sights of joy, surrounding her on every side: the fair young creature lay, wasting fast. Oliver crept away to the old churchyard, and sitting down on one of the green mounds, wept and prayed for her, in silence.

又一个早晨到来了。阳光灿烂，仿佛看不到任何痛苦或忧伤。园中枝叶茂盛、繁花似锦，一派生机勃勃、精神焕发的气象，到处也都充斥着欢乐的声音和景色。可是美丽的、年轻的小姐正躺在病榻上，身体迅速地衰弱下去。奥利弗蹑手蹑脚地走进古老的教堂墓地，在其中一座绿草萋萋的坟前坐下，默默地为她垂泪、为她祈祷。

There was such peace and beauty in the scene; so much of brightness and mirth in the sunny landscape; such blithesome music in the songs of the summer birds; such freedom in the rapid flight of the rook, careering overhead; so much of life and joyousness in all; that, when the boy raised his aching eyes, and looked about, the thought instinctively occurred to him, that this was not a time for death; that Rose could surely never die when humbler things were all so glad and gay; that graves were for cold and cheerless winter: not for sunlight and fragrance. He almost thought that shrouds were for the old and shrunken; and that they never wrapped the young and graceful form in their ghastly folds.

景色如此寂静、优美。阳光照耀下的风景如此璀璨夺目、一派喜悦，夏日百鸟的歌声如此轻快悦耳，从头顶急速翱翔的白嘴鸦也是如此自由自在。世间万物都生机勃勃、充满愉悦。当孩子抬起发疼的双眼环顾四周时，他本能地想到，这不是死亡的时刻。既然这些小东西都能如此的欢畅，罗丝肯定不会死的；坟墓只适合寒冷和阴郁的冬天，与阳光和芳香是格格不入的。他几乎认为，裹尸布只是用来裹住老朽、皱缩的

尸体的，那可怕的褶层从来不会包裹年轻而优美的躯体。

A knell from the church bell broke harshly on these youthful thoughts. Another! Again! It was tolling for the funeral service. A group of humble mourners entered the gate: wearing white favours; for the corpse was young. They stood uncovered by a grave; and there was a mother—a mother once—among the weeping train. But the sun shone brightly, and the birds sang on.

教堂的丧钟敲响了，无情地打断了他这些稚嫩的思绪。又一声！再一声！这是为葬礼而鸣。一群出身卑微的哀悼者走进墓地大门，身上佩戴着白色花结，因为死者还很年轻。他们脱帽伫立在坟墓旁；在哭泣的出殡行列中有一位母亲——痛失孩子的母亲。但是阳光依然灿烂，百鸟仍然在歌唱。

Oliver turned homeward, thinking on the many kindnesses he had received from the young lady, and wishing that the time could come again, that he might never cease showing her how grateful and attached he was. He had no cause for self-reproach on the score of neglect, or want of thought, for he had been devoted to her service; and yet a hundred little occasions rose up before him, on which he fancied he might have been more zealous, and more earnest, and wished he had been. We need be careful how we deal with those about us, when every death carries to some small circle of survivors, thoughts of so much omitted, and so little done—of so many things forgotten, and so many more which might have been repaired! There is no remorse so deep as that which is unavailing; if we would be spared its tortures, let us remember this, in time.

奥利弗掉头往回走，回忆着年轻的小姐给予他的诸多帮助，渴望再有这样的机会，让他可以不停地向她表示他对她是多么的感激和依恋。他没有理由为自己的怠慢或考虑不周而自责，因为他始终一心一意地为她效劳。然而，许多微小的场合浮现在他眼前。在那些场合中，他想象自己本来可以更热情些、更真挚些，可惜他没有。每当一个人去世，总会使某个小圈子里还活着的人想到有那么多的事被忽略了，那么多的事还没有做，还有那么多的事被遗忘了，那么多的事本来是可以弥补的。因此我们必须十分留意应如何对待我们身边的人。再也没有什么比徒劳的后悔更令人痛心的了。倘若我们希望不再遭受这种折磨，那我们就应该及时地记住这一点。

When he reached home Mrs. Maylie was sitting in the little parlour. Oliver's heart sank at sight of her; for she had never left the bedside of her niece; and he trembled to think what change could have driven her away. He learnt that she had fallen into a deep sleep, from which she would waken, either to recovery and life, or to bid them farewell, and die.

他到家时，梅莱太太正坐在小客厅里。一看到她，奥利弗的心就猛

地沉了下去，因为梅莱太太从未离开侄女的病榻半步。一想到肯定是有什么变化才会促使她离开，他便浑身发抖。他获悉罗丝已经酣睡，她会从酣睡中醒来。那时，她要么痊愈并活过来，要么就是向他们告别，与世长辞。

They sat, listening, and afraid to speak, for hours. The untasted meal was removed, with looks which showed that their thoughts were elsewhere, they watched the sun as he sank lower and lower, and, at length, cast over sky and earth those brilliant hues which herald his departure. Their quick ears caught the sound of an approaching footstep. They both involuntarily darted to the door, as Mr. Losberne entered.

接连几个小时，他们就坐在那里仔细倾听，不敢说话。饭菜原封不动地撤了回去。他们心不在焉地看着太阳逐渐沉没，最终，向天空和大地投射出宣布离去的万道霞光。他们灵敏地听到有人朝他们走过来，脚步越来越近。罗斯伯力先生进来时，他们都不由自主地冲到门口。

"What of Rose?" cried the old lady. "Tell me at once! I can bear it; anything but suspense! Oh, tell me! in the name of Heaven!

“罗丝怎么样了？”老太太叫道，“马上告诉我！我能受得了，就是不想再这样担心了！噢，告诉我吧！看在上帝的份上！

"You must compose yourself," said the doctor supporting her. "Be calm, my dear ma'am, pray.”

“你必须镇定。”医生扶着她说，“请保持镇定，亲爱的太太。”

"Let me go, in God's name! My dear child! She is dead! She is dying!”

“看在上帝的份上，放开我！我亲爱的孩子！她死啦！她快死啦！”

"No!" cried the doctor, passionately. "As He is good and merciful, she will live to bless us all, for years to come."

“不！”医生激动地喊道，“上帝是善良而慈悲的，所以她今后还能活很多年，来为我们大家祝福。”

The lady fell upon her knees, and tried to fold her hands together; but the energy which had supported her so long, fled up to Heaven with her first thanksgiving; and she sank into the friendly arms which were extended to receive her.

老夫人跪倒在地，想把双手交叉起来。可是，这么久以来支撑她的那点力气随着她第一声感恩的祷词飞上了天庭。她倒在了友好地向她伸出手臂的朋友怀中。

CHAPTER XXXIV Contains some introductory particulars relative to a young gentleman who now arrives upon the scene; and a new adventure which happened to Oliver

第三十四章 介绍一位新登场的年轻先生的相关情况和奥利弗一次新的奇遇

It was almost too much happiness to bear. Oliver felt stunned and stupefied by the unexpected intelligence; he could not weep, or speak, or rest.

这样的大喜事，几乎超出了人的承受能力。这意想不到的消息竟然使奥利弗目瞪口呆，茫然不知所措。他哭也哭不出来，说也说不出来，坐卧不安。

He had scarcely the power of understanding anything that had passed, until, after a long ramble in the quiet evening air, a burst of tears came to his relief, and he seemed to awaken, all at once, to a full sense of the joyful change that had occurred, and the almost insupportable load of anguish which had been taken from his breast. The night was fast closing in, when he returned homeward: laden with flowers which he had culled, with peculiar care, for the adornment of the sick chamber. As he walked briskly along the road, he heard behind him, the noise of some vehicle, approaching at a furious pace. Looking round, he saw that it was a post-chaise, driven at great speed; and as the horses were galloping, and the road was narrow, he stood leaning against a gate until it should have passed him.

他几乎无法理解他所经历的这一切事情，直到他在宁静的夜空下漫步很久，如雨的泪水迸发出来，使他略得宽慰，他这才似乎突然清醒过来，充分意识到令人欢欣的变化已经发生了，并感觉到一直压在心头的、让自己无法忍受的痛苦终于消失了。夜幕迅速降临了，他朝着家的方向往回走，怀里抱着一大堆为了装饰病室而精心采摘的花。当他沿着那条路正轻快地走着时，听到后面有马车飞驰而过的声音。他一回头，看到一辆急速前行的驿车，由于马跑得很快，道路又窄，他不得不靠在一个门上站着，让马车过去。

As it dashed on, Oliver caught a glimpse of a man in a white nightcap, whose face seemed familiar to him, although his view was so brief that he could not identify the person. In another second or two, the nightcap was thrust out of the chaise-window, and a stentorian voice bellowed to the driver to stop: which he did, as soon as he could pull up his horses. Then, the nightcap once again

appeared: and the same voice called Oliver by his name.

马车从奥利弗面前猛冲过去，他看到一个戴着白睡帽的男人在眼前一晃，看上去很面熟，但因为时间太仓促，他无法辨认出那是什么人。过了一两秒钟，那白睡帽从马车的窗口探出来，用洪亮的声音大叫着让车夫停车。车夫立即勒住马，让马车停下来。然后那个白睡帽又出现在窗口，用同样洪亮的声音大喊奥利弗的名字。

"Here!" cried the voice. "Oliver, what's the news? Miss Rose! Master O-li-ver!”

“过来！”那声音喊道，“奥利弗，情况怎样？罗丝小姐怎么样？奥——利——弗少爷！”

"Is is you, Giles?" cried Oliver, running up to the chaise-door.

“是你吗，贾尔斯？”奥利弗向车门跑去，大声叫道。

Giles popped out his nightcap again, preparatory to making some reply, when he was suddenly pulled back by a young gentleman who occupied the other corner of the chaise, and who eagerly demanded what was the news.

贾尔斯又探出他戴着白睡帽的脑袋，正准备回答，可这时他突然被坐在车子另一角的一位年轻先生推开，那人急着打探消息。

"In a word!" cried the gentleman, "Better or worse?"

“一句话！”那先生叫道，“好些了，还是恶化了？”

"Better—much better!" replied Oliver, hastily.

“好些了——好多了！”奥利弗连忙回答说。

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed the gentleman. "You are sure?"

“谢天谢地！”那先生叫喊着，“你肯定？”

"Quite, sir," replied Oliver. "The change took place only a few hours ago; and Mr. Losberne says, that all danger is at an end."

“非常肯定，先生。”奥利弗回答，“几个小时前情况才开始好转。罗斯伯力先生还说，一切危险都过去了。”

The gentleman said not another word, but, opening the chaise-door, leaped out, and taking Oliver hurriedly by the arm, led him aside.

那先生不再说话，只是打开车门跳下车来，匆匆抓住奥利弗的一只胳膊，把他拉到路边上去。

"You are quite certain? There is no possibility of any mistake on your part, my boy, is there?" demanded the gentleman in a tremulous voice. "Do not deceive me, by awakening hopes that are not to be fulfilled."

“你非常肯定吗？你没可能弄错的，孩子，是吗？”那位先生声音发颤地问道，“别骗我，让我空欢喜一场。”

"I would not for the world, sir," replied Oliver. "Indeed you may believe me. Mr. Losberne's words were, that she would live to bless us all for many years to come. I heard him say so.”

“说什么我也不能骗你，先生。”奥利弗说，“你真的可以相信我。罗斯伯力先生的原话是，她会活下去的，而且活很多年，为我们大家带来幸福。我听到他是这么说的。”

The tears stood in Oliver's eyes as he recalled the scene which was the beginning of so much happiness; and the gentleman turned his face away, and remained silent, for some minutes. Oliver thought he heard him sob, more than once; but he feared to interrupt him by any fresh remark—for he could well guess what his feelings were—and so stood apart, feigning to be occupied with his nosegay.

奥利弗回想起当时那个成为大家无比欢喜的源泉的情景，眼里噙满了泪水。那位先生则把脸转向一边，半晌一言未发。奥利弗觉得不止一次听到那位先生哭泣的声音，但他不敢再说些什么话打断他——因为他完全可以猜出他此时的感情——因此奥利弗只是站在一边，假装在摆弄他手里的花束。

All this time, Mr. Giles, with the white nightcap on, had been sitting on the steps of the chaise, supporting an elbow on each knee, and wiping his eyes with a blue cotton pocket-handkerchief dotted with white spots. That the honest fellow had not been feigning emotion, was abundantly demonstrated by the very red eyes with which he regarded the young gentleman, when he turned round and addressed him.

这期间，贾尔斯先生仍然戴着白睡帽，一直坐在马车的脚蹬板上，用膝盖支撑着胳膊肘，拿着一块印有白点的蓝布手巾擦眼睛。这的确是这位老实人的真情流露，而并非虚情假意。他转身对那位年轻先生说话时，露出的红眼圈就能充分地说明。

"I think you had better go on to my mother's in the chaise, Giles," said he. "I would rather walk slowly on, so as to gain a little time before I see her. You can say I am coming."

“我想你最好就坐这车到我母亲那里去，贾尔斯。”年轻的先生说，“我想慢慢地走过去，再过一会儿去见她。你就说我正过来呢。”

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Harry," said Giles: giving a final polish to his ruffled countenance with the handkerchief; "but if you would leave the postboy to say that, I should be very much obliged to you. It wouldn't be proper for the maids to see me in this state, sir; I should never have any more authority with them if they did.”

“对不起，哈里先生，”贾尔斯说，用手巾最后擦了擦哭花的脸，“如果您要是让邮童去传这些话，我会感激不尽的。我不能让那些女仆看到我这番模样，先生，要是让她们看到，那往后我在她们面前就一点儿威信也没有了。”

"Well," rejoined Harry Maylie, smiling, "you can do as you like. Let him go on with the luggage, if you wish it, and do you follow with us. Only first exchange that nightcap for some more appropriate covering, or we shall be taken for madmen."

“那好，”哈里·梅莱微笑着回答说，“你愿意怎么样就怎么样。如果你希望那样，那就让他拉着行李去，你跟着我们就好了。只是你得先把睡帽摘掉，换上别的更合适的帽子，否则，人家会以为我们是疯子。

Mr. Giles, reminded of his unbecoming costume, snatched off and pocketed his nightcap; and substituted a hat, of grave and sober shape, which he took out of the chaise. This done, the postboy drove off; Giles, Mr. Maylie, and Oliver, followed at their leisure.

贾尔斯这才意识到自己的服饰有失体统，他立刻把睡帽摘下来，塞进口袋里，然后从马车里拿出一顶样式看上去很庄重的礼帽，戴上来。之后，邮差驱车而去，贾尔斯、梅莱先生和奥利弗在后面悠闲地跟着。

As they walked along, Oliver glanced from time to time with much interest and curiosity at the new comer. He seemed about five-and-twenty years of age, and was of the middle height; his countenance was frank and handsome; and his demeanor easy and prepossessing. Notwithstanding the difference between youth and age, he bore so strong a likeness to the old lady, that Oliver would have had no great difficulty in imagining their relationship, if he had not already spoken of her as his mother.

就在他们前行的路上，奥利弗怀着极大的兴趣和好奇心时不时地瞅瞅这位新来的先生。他看上去大概二十五岁，中等身材，相貌真诚英俊，举止随和大方。尽管年轻时的模样和年迈时的存在差异，但他长得太像老太太了。即使他未提及老太太是他的母亲，奥利弗也能不费周折地猜出他们之间的母子关系。

Mrs. Maylie was anxiously waiting to receive her son when he reached the cottage. The meeting did not take place without great emotion on both sides.

当他们一行抵达村舍时，梅莱太太正心急火燎地等着她的儿子。这次见面，母子二人都非常激动。

"Mother!" whispered the young man; "why did you not write before?"

“妈妈！”年轻人低声说道，“你为什么不早点儿给我写信？”

"I did," replied Mrs. Maylie; "but, on reflection, I determined to

keep back the letter until I had heard Mr. Losberne's opinion.”

“我早就写好了，”梅莱太太回答道，“可是深思熟虑后，我决定把信扣下来，等听了罗斯伯力先生的意见后再发出去。”

"But why," said the young man, "why run the chance of that occurring which so nearly happened? If Rose had—I cannot utter that word now—if this illness had terminated differently, how could you ever have forgiven yourself! How could I ever have know happiness again!”

“可是为什么呢，”年轻人说道，“为什么要冒这种风险呢，这样的事差点儿就发生了！倘若罗丝已经——我现在说不出那个词——如果这场病的结果不是这样，你怎能原谅自己！我以后怎能再知道幸福是什么滋味！”

"If that had been the case, Harry," said Mrs. Maylie, "I fear your happiness would have been effectually blighted, and that your arrival here, a day sooner or a day later, would have been of very, very little import."

“如果情况真是那样的话，哈里，”梅莱太太说道，“我怕你的幸福也就全被毁了，你早一天或晚一天抵达这里就真的无关紧要了。”

"And who can wonder if it be so, mother?" rejoined the young man; "or why should I say if? —It is—it is—you know it, mother—you must know it!”

“即使果真如此，谁会觉得奇怪呢，妈妈？”年轻人回答道，“再说，我为什么要说‘即使’呢？——这是——这是——你知道的，妈妈——你一定知道！”

"I know that she deserves the best and purest love the heart of man can offer," said Mrs. Maylie; "I know that the devotion and affection of her nature require no ordinary return, but one that shall be deep and lasting. If I did not feel this, and know, besides, that a changed behaviour in one she loved would break her heart, I should not feel my task so difficult of performance, or have to encounter so many struggles in my own bosom, when I take what seems to me to be the strict line of duty."

“我知道，她值得拥有男人能够奉献出的心中最好、最纯洁的爱情，”梅莱太太说道，“我知道，她天性中的忠诚和热情需要的也是非同一般的回报，那种回报是深刻而永恒的。如果我没有感觉到这一点，而且还知道，她所爱的人态度上有任何改变，都必将使她心碎，我也就不会在严格履行我的职责时，竟然感到如此难于尽责，或在内心深处有那么多的挣扎了。”

"This is unkind, mother," said Harry. "Do you still suppose that I am a boy ignorant of my own mind, and mistaking the impulses of my

own soul?"

“这不好，妈妈。”哈里说，“你还把我看成是一个孩子，以为我对自己的想法糊里糊涂的，对自己内心深处的冲动也不能正确地看待吗？”

"I think, my dear son," returned Mrs. Maylie, laying her hand upon his shoulder, "that youth has many generous impulses which do not last; and that among them are some, which, being gratified, become only the more fleeting. Above all, I think" said the lady, fixing her eyes on her son's face, "that if an enthusiastic, ardent, and ambitious man marry a wife on whose name there is a stain, which, though it originate in no fault of hers, may be visited by cold and sordid people upon her, and upon his children also: and, in exact proportion to his success in the world, be cast in his teeth, and made the subject of sneers against him: he may, no matter how generous and good his nature, one day repent of the connection he formed in early life. And she may have the pain of knowing that he does so.”

“我想，亲爱的儿子，”梅莱太太把一只手放在他的肩膀上回答说，“年轻人许多无偏见的冲动总是不会持续很久，其中有些若是得到了满足，更是转瞬即逝。特别是，我认为，”老太太直盯着她儿子的脸接着说，“如果一个满腔热情且有远大抱负的男人，娶了一个名声上有污点的妻子，尽管这污点完全不是因为她的过错造成的，但可能还是会有些残酷卑鄙的人将这污点强加于她，甚至是他的子女。而且，这个男人在这个世界上越成功，他就越可能受到众人的奚落，成为被嘲笑的对象。无论他的天性是多么大度和善良，有朝一日，他还是可能会后悔年轻时建立起的婚姻关系。而做妻子的知道他后悔了，也会很痛苦。”

"Mother," said the young man, impatiently, "he would be a selfish brute, unworthy alike of the name of man and of the woman you describe, who acted thus."

“妈妈，”年轻人急躁地说道，“那个有此行为的人肯定是一个自私自利的畜生，他玷污了男人的名声，也配不上你所描述的那个姑娘。”

"You think so now, Harry," replied his mother.

“这只是你现在的想法，哈里。”他母亲说道。

"And ever will!" said the young man. "The mental agony I have suffered, during the last two days, wrings from me the avowal to you of a passion which, as you well know, is not one of yesterday, nor one I have lightly formed. On Rose, sweet, gentle girl! my heart is set, as firmly as ever heart of man was set on woman. I have no thought, no view, no hope in life, beyond her; and if you oppose me in this great stake, you take my peace and happiness in your hands, and cast them to the wind. Mother, think better of this, and of me, and do not disregard the happiness of which you seem to think so little."

“我永远都会这么想的！”年轻人说，“最近两天里，我遭受着精神上的折磨，迫使我坦率地向你承认自己的感情。这份感情，正如你完全明白，既不是昨天才有的，也不是我草率就产生的。我倾心于罗丝，那么甜美又温柔的女孩！我已经铁了心，像任何已经爱上女人的男人一样坚定。如果没有她，我就没有任何思想，看不见任何前途，也不会对生活有任何希望；如果你在这个重大问题上反对我，那你就是亲手夺取我的安宁和幸福，将它们抛向风中。妈妈，请再多想想这件事，想想我，请不要对我的幸福置之不理，不要把它们看得完全无足轻重。”

"Harry," said Mrs. Maylie, "it is because I think so much of warm and sensitive hearts, that I would spare them from being wounded. But we have said enough, and more than enough, on this matter, just now."

“哈里，”梅莱太太说，“正是因为我十分重视那热情而敏感的心，我才会这样做使它们免受伤害。不过，在这件事上，我们现在已经谈得够多了，简直是太多了。”

"Let it rest with Rose, then," interposed Harry. "You will not press these overstrained opinions of yours, so far, as to throw any obstacle in my way?"

“那就让罗丝来决定吧。”哈里插嘴说，“你总不会把你那紧张过度的想法强加于人，就为了给我制造任何障碍吧？”

"I will not," rejoined Mrs. Maylie; "but I would have you consider—" "I have considered!" was the impatient reply; "Mother, I have considered, years and years. I have considered, ever since I have been capable of serious reflection. My feelings remain unchanged, as they ever will; and why should I suffer the pain of a delay in giving them vent, which can be productive of no earthly good? No! Before I leave this place, Rose shall hear me."

“我不会，”梅莱夫人回答说，“不过我要你好好考虑一下——”“我已经考虑好了！”哈里不耐烦地回答道，“妈妈，我已经考虑好多年了。我已经考虑过了，自从我能够认真地看待事情以来，我便一直在考虑。我的感情没有改变，永远都也不会。我为什么要一再拖延，迟迟不把我的心事说出来，听任自己忍受痛苦，这样到底有什么好的？不成！在我离开前，我必须要和罗丝说说。

"She shall," said Mrs. Maylie.

“她会听你说的。”梅莱太太说。

"There is something in your manner, which would almost imply that she will hear me coldly, mother," said the young man.

“妈妈，你这样说几乎是在暗示，她对我的话反应一定很冷淡。”年轻人说。

"Not coldly," rejoined the old lady; "far from it."

“不是冷淡，”老太太说，“远不是冷淡。”

"How then?" urged the young man. "She has formed no other attachment?"

“那是怎样？”年轻人追问道，“她已经爱上别人了吗？”

"No, indeed," replied his mother; "you have, or I mistake, too strong a hold on her affections already. What I would say," resumed the old lady, stopping her son as he was about to speak, "is this. Before you stake your all on this chance; before you suffer yourself to be carried to the highest point of hope; reflect for a few moments, my dear child, on Rose's history, and consider what effect the knowledge of her doubtful birth may have on her decision: devoted as she is to us, with all the intensity of her noble mind, and with that perfect sacrifice of self which, in all matters, great or trifling, has always been her characteristic.”

“没有，确实没有，”他母亲说，“你已经，如果我没弄错的话，紧紧抓住了她的心。我要说的，”在她儿子正要开口说话的时候，老太太拦住他继续说道，“正是这个。在你决定碰这个运气、孤注一掷之前，在你对这件事所抱的希望，将达到最高点之前，我亲爱的孩子，稍稍想一想罗丝的过去，考虑一下如果她知道自己的出身令人怀疑的话，这会对她做出的决定产生什么影响。她品德高尚，对我们是全心全意，无论事情极为重要还是微不足道，她完全不怕做出牺牲，这就是她的性格。”

"What do you mean?"

“您想说什么？”

"That I leave you to discover," replied Mrs. Maylie. "I must go back to her. God bless you!"

“这留给你自己去琢磨吧。”梅莱太太回答道，“我必须回到她身边了。愿上帝保佑你！”

"I shall see you again to-night?" said the young man, eagerly.

“我今晚再去找你，行吗？”年轻人急切地说。

"By and by," replied the lady; "when I leave Rose."

“到时候再说，”老太太回答，“在我离开罗丝之后。”

"You will tell her I am here?" said Harry.

“你会告诉她我在这儿吗？”哈里说。

"Of course," replied Mrs. Maylie.

“当然。”梅莱太太回答。

"And say how anxious I have been, and how much I have suffered, and how I long to see her. You will not refuse to do this,

mother?"

“还有告诉她我多么焦急，多么痛苦，多么想见到她。你不会拒绝这样做的吧，妈妈？”

"No," said the old lady; "I will tell her all." And pressing her son's hand, affectionately, she hastened from the room.

“不会，”老太太说，“我全都会告诉她的。”她体贴地捏了捏儿子的手，便匆匆走出房间。

Mr. Losberne and Oliver had remained at another end of the apartment while this hurried conversation was proceeding. The former now held out his hand to Harry Maylie; and hearty salutations were exchanged between them. The doctor then communicated, in reply to multifarious questions from his young friend, a precise account of his patient's s situation; which was quite as consolatory and full of promise, as Oliver's statement had encouraged him to hope; and to the whole of which, Mr. Giles, who affected to be busy about the luggage, listened with greedy ears.

在这段对话匆匆忙忙地进行时，罗斯伯力先生和奥利弗一直呆在房间的另一端。现在，罗斯伯力先生向哈里·梅莱伸出手来，两人彼此热情地、诚挚地问候。然后，医生与他年轻的朋友交谈着，回答了他的各种问题，并把病人的病情全部告诉了他。正像奥利弗的话曾使他充满希望一样，这些情况对他来说是莫大的安慰，更使他信心百倍。而在一旁装着忙于收拾行李的贾尔斯，一直竖着耳朵凝听所有的话。

"Have you shot anything particular, lately, Giles?" inquired the doctor, when he had concluded.

“最近又开枪打中什么特别的东西了吗，贾尔斯？”医生说完话后问道。

"Nothing particular, sir," replied Mr. Giles, colouring up to the eyes.

“没什么特别的，先生。”贾尔斯满脸通红地回答说。

"Nor catching any thieves, nor identifying any house-breakers?" siad the doctor.

“既没有抓到小偷，也没有认出破门行窃的盗贼？”医生问。

"None at all, sir," replied Mr. Giles, with much gravity.

“都没有，先生。”贾尔斯先生十分严肃地说。

"Well," said the doctor, "I am sorry to hear it, because you do that sort of thing admirably. Pray, how is Brittles?"

“那么，”医生说，“听起来真遗憾，因为你在这方面堪称高手。请问布里特尔斯怎么样了？”

"The boy is very well, sir," said Mr. Giles, recovering his usual tone of patronage; "and sends his respectful duty, sir."

“那个孩子很好，先生，”贾尔斯先生又恢复了原来的施恩似的的声调说，“他让我向您问好，先生。”

"That's well," said the doctor. "Seeing you here, reminds me, Mr. Giles, that on the day before that on which I was called away so hurriedly, I executed, at the request of your good mistress, a small commission in your favour. Just step into this corner a moment, will you?"

“很好。”医生说，“在这儿看到你，贾尔斯先生，让我想起，在我被匆忙叫走的前一天，你家善良的女主人请求我为你办了件事。咱们到这个角落呆一会儿，好吗？”

Mr. Giles walked into the corner with much importance, and some wonder, and was honoured with a short whispering conference with the doctor, on the termination of which, he made a great many bows, and retired with steps of unusual stateliness. The subject matter of this conference was not disclosed in the parlour, but the kitchen was speedily enlightened concerning it; for Mr. Giles walked straight thither, and having called for a mug of ale, announced, with an air of majesty, which was highly effective, that it had pleased his mistress, in consideration of his gallant behaviour on the occasion of that attempted robbery, to deposit, in the local savings-bank, the sum of five-and-twenty pounds, for his sole use and benefit. At this, the two women-servants lifted up their hands and eyes, and supposed that Mr. Giles, pulling out his shirt-frill, replied, "No, no"; and that if they observed that he was at all haughty to his inferiors, he would thank them to tell him so. And then he made a great many other remarks, no less illustrative of his humility, which were received with equal favour and applause, and were, withal, as original and as much to the purpose, as the remarks of great men commonly are.

贾尔斯先生感觉关系重大，带着几分惊异，走到那个角落，荣幸地和大夫进行短暂的耳语。谈完后，他向大夫连连鞠躬，迈着不同寻常的、庄严的步伐退下了。这次交谈的话题没有在客厅里透露，可是相关消息在厨房里很快就传开了。因为贾尔斯先生径直走到厨房，要了一杯啤酒，显得十分气派且很恰到时机地宣布，他的女主人对于他在那次未遂的盗窃案中的英勇表现，感到十分欣慰，并在当地的储蓄银行里为他，并且仅供他使用，存入了二十五英镑。听到这话，两个女仆抬起双手，眼皮向上翻，想象着贾尔斯先生一定会显得十分得意。而实际上贾尔斯先生却拉出塞在裤腰里的衬衫说道：“不会，不会。”还说，她们要是看到他对下人们表现出傲慢的神态，就直接相告，他会感激不尽的。接着他又说了许多同样表示谦逊的话，受到了大家的欢迎，引起一片叫好声。大家认为他就像大人物们一样，讲的话别出心裁，切中要害。

Above stairs, the remainder of the evening passed cheerfully away; for the doctor was in high spirits; and however fatigued or thoughtful Harry Maylie might have been at first, he was not proof against the worthy gentleman's good humour, which displayed itself in a great variety of sallies and professional recollections, and an abundance of small jokes, which struck Oliver as being the drollest things he had ever heard, and caused him to laugh proportionately; to the evident satisfaction of the doctor, who laughed immoderately at himself, and made Harry laugh almost as heartily, by the very force of sympathy. So, they were as pleasant a party as, under the circumstances, they could well have been; and it was late before they retired, with light and thankful hearts, to take that rest of which, after the doubt and suspense they had recently undergone, they stood much in need.

而楼上，那一晚剩下的时光在轻快的氛围中度过了，因为大夫的兴致很高。不管一开始哈里·梅莱如何感到疲乏而心事重重，他终于经受不住那位高尚的先生，在各种各样的俏皮话、行医的趣闻轶事，和一大堆小笑话中所表现的幽默。而那些谈话，在奥利弗听来更是他闻所未闻的、世上最滑稽的笑话，他一阵阵地开怀大笑。这显然使医生感到十分满意，他自己也常常笑得前仰后合。在他的影响下，哈里也几乎是开开心心地笑起来了。所以，他们的聚会，可以说是当时那种情况下的最开心的聚会了。直到很晚，他们才带着轻快和感恩的心情散去，各自回房休息了，在刚刚经历了一段充满疑虑和悬疑的磨难之后，这正是他们迫切需要的。

Oliver rose next morning, in better heart, and went about his usual occupations, with more hope and pleasure than he had known for many days. The birds were once more hung out, to sing, in their old places; and the sweetest wild flowers that could be found, were once more gathered to gladden Rose with their beauty. The melancholy which had seemed to the sad eyes of the anxious boy to hang, for days past, over every object, beautiful as all were, was dispelled by magic. The dew seemed to sparkle more brightly on the green leaves; the air to rustle among them with a sweeter music; and the sky itself to look more blue and bright. Such is the influence which the condition of our own thoughts, exercise, even over the appearance of external objects. Men who look on nature, and their fellow-men, and cry that all is dark and gloomy, are in the right; but the sombre colours are reflections from their own jaundiced eyes and hearts. The real hues are delicate, and need a clearer vision.

奥利弗第二天早晨起床时心情好多了。他带着多日来不曾有过的希望和快乐，去做他每天一早必做的事情。鸟笼又被挂出去了，鸟儿们还是在同一个地方唱歌。他采来能找到的最甜美的野花，想再次用鲜花的美丽让罗丝开心。过去几天里，这个焦急的孩子无论看到什么美丽的东

西，眼里都满是悲愁，现在这种悲愁已经神奇地被驱散开来。绿叶上的露珠似乎显得愈加闪闪发亮了；空气中树叶迎风沙沙作响的声音似乎变得更动听了；天空也比从前更加湛蓝、更加明亮了。这就是我们内心的想法对外物产生的影响，这种影响甚至施加在外物的形态上。人们观察自然和自己的同胞，大呼到处是黑暗和阴郁，这没有错。但那阴郁的色彩就是他们带有偏见的目光和心境的反映。真正的色彩是十分柔和的，需要更加明亮的目光。

It is worthy of remark, and Oliver did not fail to note it at the time, that his morning expeditions were no longer made alone. Harry Maylie, after the very first morning when he met Oliver coming laden home, was seized with such a passion for flowers, and displayed such a taste in their arrangement, as left his young companion far behind. If Oliver were behindhand in these respects, he knew where the best were to be found; and morning after morning they scoured the country together, and brought home the fairest that blossomed. The window of the young lady's chamber was opened now; for she loved to feel the rich summer air stream in, and revive her with its freshness; but there always stood in water, just inside the lattice, one particular little bunch, which was made up with great care, every morning. Oliver could not help noticing that the withered flowers were never thrown away, although the little vase was regularly replenished; nor, could he help observing, that whenever the doctor came into the garden, he invariably cast his eyes up to that particular corner, and nodded his head most expressively, as he set forth on his morning's walk. Pending these observations, the days were flying by; and Rose was rapidly recovering.

值得注意的是，奥利弗当时就发现了，清晨的采花之行已经不是他一个人在独自进行了。哈里·梅莱从第一天早上看到奥利弗抱着野花回家起，便忽然对鲜花充满了热情，并且在插花艺术方面表现出了不错的鉴赏力，把他年轻的同伴远远地抛在了后面。尽管奥利弗在这些方面落后了，但他知道在哪里可以采到最美丽的花。于是，一个早晨又一个早晨，他们一起，踏遍了乡野，把最美丽的盛开的鲜花带回家。罗丝小姐病房里的窗户现在都敞开着，因为她喜欢让夏天浓郁的气息流进屋里来，让新鲜的空气帮助自己恢复健康。就在那个格子窗户里，每天早晨，总有一小束很特别的且是经过精心修剪的花，插在那里，上面还沾着露珠。奥利弗不由地注意到，尽管插在小花瓶的花会按时更新，但那些枯萎了的花草从未被扔掉。他无意中还发现，每天早晨，医生来到花园的时候，总是雷打不动地朝那个特别的角落望去，再意味深长地地点点头，然后才开始散步。在这些观察中，日子飞快地过去了，罗丝也迅速康复了。

Nor did Oliver's time hang heavy on his hands, although the young lady had not yet left her chamber, and there were no evening walks, save now and then, for a short distance, with Mrs. Maylie. He

applied himself, with redoubled assiduity, to the instructions of the white-headed old gentleman, and laboured so hard that his quick progress surprised even himself. It was while he was engaged in this pursuit, that he was greatly startled and distressed by a most unexpected occurrence.

尽管年轻小姐还没有离开病房，除了偶尔和梅莱太太稍微走几步外，晚上不再出去散步，但奥利弗并没有感到时间有多难熬。他加倍努力，向那位白发老者学习。经过刻苦努力，他很快就取得了进步，这甚至让他自己也吃了一惊。就在他埋头苦学的时候，却发生了一件让他又是害怕又是苦恼的事情，这是他万万料想不到的。

The little room in which he was accustomed to sit, when busy at his books, was on the ground-floor, at the back of the house. It was quite a cottage-room, with a lattice-window: around which were clusters of jessamine and honeysuckle, that crept over the casement, and filled the place with their delicious perfume. It looked into a garden, whence a wicket-gate opened into a small paddock; all beyond, was fine meadow-land and wood. There was no other dwelling near, in that direction; and the prospect it commanded was very extensive.

他每天刻苦读书的小屋子，位于房子后面的底楼。这是一间非常典型的农舍，房屋窗子上装有格子架，一簇簇茉莉和忍冬爬满了窗格，到处弥漫着沁人的香气。窗户正对着花园，那里有一扇侧门通向一片小围场，再过去就是茂盛的草地和树林了。那个方向再没有别的房舍了，前面十分空旷，视野很开阔。

One beautiful evening, when the first shades of twilight were beginning to settle upon the earth, Oliver sat at this window, intent upon his books. He had been poring over them for some time; and, as the day had been uncommonly sultry, and he had exerted himself a great deal, it is no disparagement to the authors, whoever they may have been, to say, that gradually and by slow degrees, he fell asleep.

一个迷人的黄昏，夜色开始把第一片阴影洒向大地，奥利弗坐在这扇窗户旁，专心地看书。他已经看了一会儿了，由于那天天气特别闷热，他又十分用功，他就慢慢地、一点点地睡着了。无论作者是什么样的人，我们这样说，毫不败坏他的名声。

There is a kind of sleep that steals upon us sometimes, which, while it holds the body prisoner, does not free the mind from a sense of things about it, and enable it to ramble at its pleasure. So far as an overpowering heaviness, a prostration of strength, and an utter inability to control our thoughts or power of motion, can be called sleep, this is it; and yet, we have a consciousness of all that is going on about us, and, if we dream at such a time, words which are really spoken, or sounds which really exists at the moment, accommodate

themselves with surprising readiness to our visions, until reality and imagination become so strangely blended that it is afterwards almost matter of impossibility to separate the two. Nor is this, the most striking phenomenon incidental to such a state. It is an undoubted fact, that although our senses of touch and sight be for the time dead, yet our sleeping thoughts, and the visionary scenes that pass before us, will be influenced and materially influenced, by the—mere silent presence—of some external object; which may not have been near us when we closed our eyes: and of whose vicinity we have had no waking consciousness.

有时候，有一种睡意会向我们偷偷袭来，在它控制住我们身体的时候，却没有让我们的心灵失去感知周围的能力，我们的心灵仍可以自由地奔驰。如果说一种难以承受的沉重感，一种力量上的虚弱无力，以及一种无法控制我们的思想或行为的状态，可以被称作睡眠，那么这就是了。然而，此时，我们对于在我们周围进行的一切活动仍有知觉。而且如果在这个时候我们做起梦来，任何真正说出来的话或发出的声音，便会以极快的速度融入我们的幻觉，以致想象和现实是如此离奇地融合在一起，事后要想将二者分清楚，几乎是不可能的了。这还不是最令人震惊的现象。一个不容怀疑的事实是，在这时虽然我们的触觉和视觉已经失去效用，但我们却会因某种外在事物无声的存在而受到影响；这甚至真实地影响我们睡眠中的意识，影响我们对眼前发生事情的视觉感受。在我们闭上眼睛时，它可能并非触手可及，而我们也不曾清醒地意识到它近在身边的存在。

Oliver knew, perfectly well, that he was in his own little room; that his books were lying on the table before him; that the sweet air was stirring among the creeping plants outside. And yet he was asleep. Suddenly, the scene changed; the air became close and confined; and he thought, with a glow of terror, that he was in the Jew's house again. There sat the hideous old man, in his accustomed corner, pointing at him, and whispering to another man, with his face averted, who sat beside him.

奥利弗非常清楚地知道，他是在自己的小房间里，他的书摆在他面前的书桌上。馥郁的气息从外面蔓延的植物中涌进来。但他却睡着了。突然间，眼前的景象完全变了，空气变得浑浊，令人窒息。他在想象中又一次惊恐地回到了犹太人的家。那个可怕的老头仍坐在他常呆的那个角落里，一边用手指着他，一边扭过头，和坐在他身边的另一个男人窃窃私语。

"Hush, my dear!" he thought he heard the Jew say; "it is he, sure enough. Come away."

“小点儿声，亲爱的！”他觉得似乎听到那个犹太人说话，“就是他，非常肯定。那走吧。”

"He!" the other man seemed to answer; "could I mistake him,

think you? If a crowd of ghosts were to put themselves into his exact shape, and he stood amongst them, there is something that would tell me how to point him out. If you buried him fifty feet deep, and took me across his grave, I fancy I should know, if there wasn't a mark above it, that he lay buried there?”

“就是他！”另一个男人似乎在回答，“你认为我还能把他给认错？即使有一群鬼魂全都变成他的样子，让他和他们站在一起，我还是能根据某些特点把他给认出来。即使你把他深埋在地下五十英尺的地方，让我在他的坟墓上走过，我也能指出他埋在哪里，就算地面上没有任何标志。”

The man seemed to say this, with such dreadful hatred, that Oliver awoke with the fear, and started up.

那人仿佛带着血海深仇似的说出这些话，奥利弗被吓醒了，突然站起身来。

Good Heaven! what was that, which sent the blood tingling to his heart, and deprived him of his voice, and of power to move! There—there—at the window—close before him—so close, that he could have almost touched him before he started back: with his eyes peering into the room, and meeting his: there stood the Jew! And beside him, white with rage or fear, or both, were the scowling features of the man who had accosted him in the inn-yard.

天哪！那是什么，他突然觉得血涌心头，说不出话来，一动也不动！那边——那边——在窗口——离他很近——那么近，要不是他惊吓得退了几步，他几乎都可以摸到那个人——站在那里的那个犹太人。他正睁着眼睛向屋里张望，和奥利弗的眼神相遇了。站在他旁边的，正是那天在客栈庭院里碰见的那个人，他的脸由于恐惧或愤怒，或者二者都有，变得煞白。

It was but an instant, a glance, a flash, before his eyes; and they were gone. But they had recognised him, and he them; and their look was as firmly impressed upon his memory, as if it had been deeply carved in stone, and set before him from his birth. He stood transfixed for a moment; then, leaping from the window into the garden, called loudly for help.

这一切转瞬即逝，在他眼前一闪而过，他们都不见了。不过他们认出了他，奥利弗也认出了他们。他们的相貌仿佛从他一出生就出现在他的面前，像刻在石头上一样，深深地印入他的记忆里。他站在那里好一会儿不能动弹，然后他从窗口跳进花园里，大声呼救。

CHAPTER XXXV Containing the unsatisfactory result of Oliver's adventure; and a conversation of some importance between Harry Maylie and Rose

第三十五章 奥利弗的奇遇结果令人不太满意；哈里·梅莱和罗丝之间一次比较重要的谈话

When the inmates of the house, attracted by Oliver's cries, hurried to the spot from which they proceeded, they found him, pale and agitated, pointing in the direction of the meadows behind the house, and scarcely able to articulate the words, "The Jew! the Jew!"

屋子里的人听到奥利弗的叫声，急忙赶到事发现场，发现奥利弗脸色苍白、神情激动。他手指着屋子后面那片草地的方向，话都说不清楚了，只是叫着“老犹太人！老犹太人！”

Mr. Giles was at a loss to comprehend what this outcry meant; but Harry Maylie, whose perceptions were something quicker, and who had heard Oliver's history from his mother, understood it at once.

贾尔斯先生弄不懂这喊叫是什么意思，一时不知所措；哈里·梅莱的反应要快些，他从母亲那里听说过奥利弗的身世，因此立刻就明白了。

"What direction did he take?" he asked, catching up a heavy stick which was standing in a corner.

“他朝哪个方向跑了？”他问道，抓起一根立在角落里的沉甸甸的棍子。

"That," replied Oliver, pointing out the course the man had taken; "I missed them in an instant."

“那边。”奥利弗回答道，手指着那人逃走的方向，“一转眼就不见人影了。”

"Then, they are in the ditch!" said Harry. "Follow! And keep as near me, as you can." So saying, he sprang over the hedge, and darted off with a speed which rendered it matter of exceeding difficulty for the others to keep near him.

“那么，他们一定是躲到沟里了！”哈里说，“追！尽可能跟着我。”他这么说着，纵身一跃，翻过篱笆，冲了出去，速度快得让其他人很难跟得上。

Giles followed as well as he could; and Oliver followed too; and in the course of a minute or two, Mr. Losberne, who had been out walking, and just then returned, tumbled over the hedge after them, and picking himself up with more agility than he could have been

supposed to possess, struck into the same course at no contemptible speed, shouting all the while, most prodigiously, to know what was the matter.

贾尔斯尽量跟上，奥利弗也紧随其后；不出一两分钟，外出散步刚刚回来的罗斯伯力先生也跟在他们后面，跌跌跰跰地翻过篱笆，然后一骨碌站起身来，身手敏捷得超乎想象。他也朝着那个方向跑去，速度不容小觑。他一边跑一边放开嗓门高声叫着，想要弄清楚发生了什么事。

On they all went; nor stopped they once to breathe, until the leader, striking off into an angle of the field indicated by Oliver, began to search, narrowly, the ditch and hedge adjoining; which afforded time for the remainder of the party to come up; and for Oliver to communicate to Mr. Losberne the circumstances that had led to so vigorous a pursuit.

他们继续追着，谁都不曾停下来喘口气。直到领头的那位冲到奥利弗所指的那片田野的一角，开始仔细搜查水沟和附近的篱笆，这才让后面的人有时间赶了上来；奥利弗也抓住机会，向罗斯伯力先生讲明引起这场奋力追击的原因。

The search was all in vain. There were not even the traces of recent footsteps, to be seen. They stood now, on the summit of a little hill, commanding the open fields in every direction for three or four miles. There was the village in the hollow on the left; but, in order to gain that, after pursuing the track Oliver had pointed out, the men must have made a circuit of open ground, which it was impossible they could have accomplished in so short a time. A thick wood skirted the meadow-land in another direction; but they could not have gained that covert for the same reason.

搜查徒劳无功。甚至连新近留下的脚印痕迹都没有看到。他们现在站在一座小山丘顶上，周围三四里的开阔地形都能尽收眼底。村子坐落在左边的小山谷里，但是，在顺着奥利弗所指的方向一路追击之后，再想要到达村子，他们必须要在开阔的地面上兜个圈子，这是在那么短的时间内不可能做到的。另一边是一片茂密的树林，位于草地的边缘，但是由于同样的原因，他们也无法到达那里。

"It must have been a dream, Oliver," said Harry Maylie.

“这肯定是你的幻想，奥利弗。”哈里·梅莱说。

"Oh no, indeed, sir," replied Oliver, shuddering at the very recollection of the old wretch's countenance; "I saw him too plainly for that. I saw them both, as plainly as I see you now."

“哦，不，是真的，先生。”奥利弗回答，他一想起那个老无赖的脸就不禁哆嗦。“我清清楚楚地看到他了。我看到他们两个人了，清楚得就像我现在看着你一样。”

"Who was the other?" inquired Harry and Mr. Losberne, together.

“另一个人是谁？”哈里和罗斯伯力先生一起问道。

"The very same man I told you of, who came so suddenly upon me at the inn," said Oliver. "We had our eyes fixed full upon each other; and I could swear to him."

“就是我告诉你的那个人，在客栈里撞上我的那个人。”奥利弗说，“当时我们俩都瞪大了眼睛看着对方，我敢发誓一定是他。”

"They took this way?" demanded Harry: "are you sure?"

“他们是朝这个方向跑了吗？”哈里问道，“你确定吗？”

"As I am that the men were at the window," replied Oliver, pointing down, as he spoke, to the hedge which divided the cottage-garden from the meadow. "The tall man leaped over, just there; and the Jew, running a few paces to the right, crept through that gap."

“没错，那个人刚才就在窗户那里。”奥利弗回答，并且手朝下，指着将花园和草地隔开的篱笆。“那个高个子跳了过来，就从那里；然后那犹太人往右边跑了几步，从空隙里爬了出来。”

The two gentlemen watched Oliver's earnest face, as he spoke, and looking from him to each other, seemed to feel satisfied of the accuracy of what he said. Still, in no direction were there any appearances of the trampling of men in hurried flight. The grass was long; but it was trodden down nowhere, save where their own feet had crushed it. The sides and brinks of the ditches were of damp clay; but in no one place could they discern the print of men's shoes, or the slightest mark which would indicate that any feet had pressed the ground for hours before.

两位先生看着奥利弗说话时一脸的真诚，又相互对望了一眼，似乎相信他说得很准确。然而，四处都看不见因为有人慌张逃跑而踩过的痕迹。草长得很高，但是除了他们自己踩倒的之外，再没有任何践踏的痕迹了。水沟两边和边缘的泥土都是湿湿的，但是他们并没发现人的脚印，也找不到任何证据可以表明在过去的几小时内有人从上面走过。

"This is strange!" said Harry.

“这可奇怪了！”哈里说。

"Strange?" echoed the doctor. "Blathers and Duff, themselves, could make nothing of it."

“奇怪？”医生附和道，“就是布拉泽斯和达夫他们自己也搞不出什么名堂来。”

Notwithstanding the evidently useless nature of their search, they did not desist until the coming on of night rendered its further

prosecution hopeless; and even then, they gave it up with reluctance. Giles was dispatched to the different ale-houses in the village, furnished with the best description Oliver could give of the appearance and dress of the strangers. Of these, the Jew was, at all events, sufficiently remarkable to be remembered, supposing he had been seen drinking, or loitering about; but Giles returned without any intelligence, calculated to dispel or lessen the mystery.

尽管搜查已经明显是徒劳一场，但是直到夜色降临，无法再进一步取证时，他们才停手。即使是这样，他们也是十分不情愿地停下来的。关于这两个陌生人的模样与衣着打扮，依据奥利弗能够给出的最详细的描述，大家派贾尔斯去村子里各个酒吧看看，找找这两个人。若是有人曾看见这两个人在附近喝酒闲逛的话，老犹太人是无论如何叫人忘不了的。但是贾尔斯却空手而归，没能搜集到任何能够解开谜团或至少能提供一丝线索的消息。

On the next day, fresh search was made, and the inquiries renewed; but with no better success. On the day following, Oliver and Mr. Maylie repaired to the market-town, in the hope of seeing or hearing something of the men there; but this effort was equally fruitless. After a few days, the affair began to be forgotten, as most affairs are, when wonder, having no fresh food to support it, dies away of itself.

次日，大家又进行了一次搜查，继续打听消息，但仍旧是一无所获。第三天，奥利弗和梅莱先生赶往镇上，希望能从那里看到或打听到什么消息。可是这番努力同样没有结果。几天以后，人们渐渐忘记了这回事。正如大多数事情那样，如果没有新鲜的消息加以补充，再令人惊奇的事情也会消逝不见了。

Meanwhile, Rose was rapidly recovering. She had left her room: was able to go out; and mixing once more with the family, carried joy into the hearts of all.

在此期间，罗丝恢复得很快。她已经能够离开房间，自己外出了。她再一次与家人团聚，欢乐被带到每一个人的心里。

But, although this happy change had a visible effect on the little circle; and although cheerful voices and merry laughter were once more heard in the cottage; there was at times, an unwonted restraint upon some there: even upon Rose herself: which Oliver could not fail to remark. Mrs. Maylie and her son were often closeted together for a long time; and more than once Rose appeared with traces of tears upon her face. After Mr. Losberne had fixed a day for his departure to Chertsey, these symptoms increased; and it became evident that something was in progress which affected the peace of the young lady, and of somebody else besides.

尽管这样的变化令人开心，也给这个小圈子带来了显而易见的影响；尽管欢乐的声音和愉快的笑声又一次回响在村舍里，然而有时候，有些人，甚至包括罗丝本人，却表现出一种异常的拘谨，奥利弗不由地察觉到了这一点。梅莱太太和她的儿子时常在房间里密谈很久；罗丝也不止一次脸上挂着泪痕，出现在大家面前。在罗斯伯力先生确定了他要离开这里，前往彻特西的日子之后，这样的迹象更多了；很显然，一些事情正在发生，而且影响到了这位年轻女士和其他一些人平静的心绪。

At length, one morning, when Rose was alone in the breakfast-parlour, Harry Maylie entered; and, with some hesitation, begged permission to speak with her for a few moments.

最终，一天早晨，当罗丝一个人坐在吃早餐的客厅时，哈里·梅莱进来了。他略略犹豫了一下，问她是否能够和他说会儿话。

"A few—a very few—will suffice, Rose," said the young man, drawing his chair towards her. "What I shall have to say, has already presented itself to your mind; the most cherished hopes of my heart are not unknown to you, though from my lips you have not heard them stated."

“一会儿——就一小会儿——就够了，罗丝。”年轻人说道，把椅子拉向她。“我想要说什么，你心里其实明白的；而我最珍爱的期待你并不是不知道，尽管你还没有听我亲口说出。”

Rose had been very pale from the moment of his entrance; but that might have been the effect of her recent illness. She merely bowed; and bending over some plants that stood near, waited in silence for him to proceed.

自从他走进来那一刻起，罗丝的脸色就十分苍白，不过这也许是她近来一直生病的缘故。她微微欠了欠身，朝身旁的几盆植物俯下身去，安静地等着他接着说下去。

"I—I—ought to have left here, before," said Harry.

“我——我——也许早该离开这里了。”哈里说。

"You should, indeed," replied Rose. "Forgive me for saying so, but I wish you had."

“没错，你本该早点儿离开的。”罗丝回答，“原谅我这么说，但是我希望你离开。”

"I was brought here, by the most dreadful and agonising of all apprehensions," said the young man; "the fear of losing the one dear being on whom my every wish and hope are fixed. You had been dying; trembling between earth and heaven. We know that when the young, the beautiful, and good, are visited with sickness, their pure spirits insensibly turn towards their bright home of lasting rest; we know, Heaven help us! that the best and fairest of our kind, too often

fade in blooming."

“我来到这里，是缘于一种最可怕、最痛苦的担忧，”年轻人说，“那是一种害怕失去意中人的担忧，我把种种希望和期盼都寄托在她身上。你差点儿死去，一直在凡间与天国之间徘徊。我们都明白，每当年轻的、美丽的，而且善良的人们为病痛所折磨，他们纯净的灵魂总会于无形中前往他们那光明、永恒的安息之所；上帝保佑我们！在我们当中，那些最美丽也最善良的人往往在风华正茂时就离开了。”

There were tears in the eyes of the gentle girl, as these words were spoken; and when one fell upon the flower over which she bent, and glistened brightly in its cup, making it more beautiful, it seemed as though the outpouring of her fresh young heart, claimed kindred naturally, with the loveliest things in nature.

听到这些话，温柔的姑娘眼中不觉泛出泪光；一颗泪珠落在她身下的花朵上，在花冠上晶莹闪亮，花朵也因此显得更加娇美；从她那年轻纯净的心中流露出来的这种感情，仿佛能够理所当然地与世间最美好的事物相媲美。

"A creature," continued the young man, passionately, "a creature as fair and innocent of guile as one of God's own angels, fluttered between life and death. Oh! who could hope, when the distant world to which she was akin, half opened to her view, that she would return to the sorrow and calamity of this! Rose, Rose, to know that you were passing away like some soft shadow, which a light from above, casts upon the earth; to have no hope that you would be spared to those who linger here; hardly to know a reason why you should be; to feel that you belonged to that bright sphere whither so many of the fairest and the best have winged their early flight; and yet to pray, amid all these consolations, that you might be restored to those who loved you—these were distractions almost too great to bear. They were mine, by day and night; and with them, came such a rushing torrent of fears, and apprehensions, and selfish regrets, lest you should die, and never know how devotedly I loved you, as almost bore down sense and reason in its course. You recovered. Day by day, and almost hour by hour, some drop of health came back, and mingling with the spent and feeble stream of life which circulated languidly within you, swelled it again to a high and rushing tide. I have watched you change almost from death, to life, with eyes that turned blind with their eagerness and deep affection. Do not tell me that you wish I had lost this; for it has softened my heart to all mankind.”

“上帝的一个创造物，”年轻人激动地继续说道，“像上帝身旁的天使一样美丽动人、天真无邪的创造物，却在生死之间游移不定。哦！当那个她所熟悉的遥远的世界，已在她眼前展开了一半，谁又能期盼她还会回到这个充满悲伤、灾难重重的世界呢！罗丝，罗丝，当我想到你正如

上天投射在尘世间的某种柔和的光影一般隐去，我就不再抱有希望，不再幻想你能够再回到那些流连世间的人们中间，我也不知道什么应该是你回来的理由；我感觉，你是属于那光明之所的，那是许多美丽善良之人已展翅前往的地方；然而，在这些自我安慰的幻想里，我仍祈祷你能够回到那些爱你的人身边——这些念头太沉重了，令我几乎承受不起。我整日整夜地这样想着，伴随而来的还有汹涌湍流一般的担忧、恐惧，以及自私的悔恨，如果你死了，就将永远无法得知我是如此深刻地爱着你；这股激流几乎一路摧毁了我的直觉和理智。然而你竟好转了。每一日，甚至每一小时，健康如水滴般一点点涌入你的身体，汇入那已经筋疲力尽、无力流淌的生命之流，使其再次成为汹涌澎湃的浪潮。我看着你死而复生，双眼因为热切的渴望和深切的爱意而几乎盲目。不要告诉我，你希望我放弃这份热情，因为它已经使我的心里满是对人类的柔情。”

"I did not mean that," said Rose, weeping; "I only wish you had left here, that you might have turned to high and noble pursuits again; to pursuits well worthy of you."

“我不是那个意思。”罗丝抹着眼泪说道，“我只是希望你离开这儿，这样你就可以重新追求高贵的事业，追求那些值得你去追逐的事业。”

"There is no pursuit more worthy of me: more worthy of the highest nature that exists: than the struggle to win such a heart as yours," said the young man, taking her hand. "Rose, my own dear Rose! For years—for years—I have loved you; hoping to win my way to fame, and then come proudly home and tell you it had been pursued only for you to share; thinking, in my daydreams, how I would remind you, in that happy moment, of the many silent tokens I had given of a boy's attachment, and claim your hand, as in redemption of some old mute contract that had been sealed between us! That time has not arrived; but here, with not fame won, and no young vision realised, I offer you the heart so long your own, and stake my all upon the words with which you greet the offer.”

“再没有什么事业，哪怕是世上最崇高的事业，会比赢得你的芳心更值得我去追逐。”年轻人拉起她的手说道，“罗丝，我亲爱的罗丝！这么多年——这么多年来，我一直爱着你；我希望功成名就，然后可以衣锦还乡，告诉你我所追逐的这一切都只是为了与你分享；白日梦中，我总是想着，在那个幸福的时刻，我该怎样让你知道我曾做出的那些沉默的姿态实则是孩子般的对你的依恋。我要向你求婚，以此取代我们之间长久以来就存在的无声的默契！那个时刻还未到来；但是眼下，虽然我既无功名，年轻时的憧憬也还未实现，我却要向你献上我这一颗心，它早就是属于你的了；我将我的一切都寄托在你做出的回应之上。”

"Your behaviour has ever been kind and noble." said Rose, mastering the emotions by which she was agitated.

“一直以来，你品行良好，道德高尚。”罗丝说，努力抑制着自己激

动的情绪。

"As you believe that I am not insensible or ungrateful, so hear my answer."

“既然你相信我并非冷漠无情，亦非忘恩负义之人，那么请听听我的回答吧。”

"It is, that I may endeavour to deserve you; it is, dear Rose?"

“回答就是，我能够努力使自己配得上你；就是这回答，是不是，亲爱的罗丝？”

"It is," replied Rose, "that you must endeavour to forget me; not as your old and dearly-attached companion, for that would wound me deeply; but, as the object of your love. Look into the world; think how many hearts you would be proud to gain, are there. Confide some other passion to me, if you will; I will be the truest, warmest, and most faithful friend you have.”

“我的回答是，”罗丝答道，“你必须努力忘掉我，不是要你忘掉我曾是你长久以来亲密的伙伴，那样会让我很伤心，而是要你忘掉我是你爱上的人。世界之大，想想有那么多女孩，你都会因为赢取了她们的芳心而骄傲的。若你收获了另外一份爱情，可以向我倾吐，我定会成为你最真挚、最贴心，也是最忠诚的朋友。”

There was a pause, during which, Rose, who had covered her face with one hand, gave free vent to her tears. Harry still retained the other.

接着就是一阵沉默。罗丝用一只手遮着脸，泪如泉涌。哈里仍握着她的另外一只手。

"And your reasons, Rose," he said, at length, in a low voice; "your reasons for this decision?"

“罗丝，”终于，他用低沉的声音说道，“告诉我你的理由，你做出这个决定的理由！”

"You have a right to know them," rejoined Rose. "You can say nothing to alter my resolution. It is a duty that I must perform. I owe it, alike to others, and to myself."

“你有权知道理由。”罗丝回答说，“但是，无论你再说什么也改变不了我的心意。这是我必须承担的责任。这是我对别人，也是对我自己的责任。”

"To yourself?"

“对你自己？”

"Yes, Harry. I owe it to myself, that I, a friendless, portionless, girl, with a blight upon my name, should not give your friends reason

to suspect that I had sordidly yielded to your first passion, and fastened myself, a clog, on all your hopes and projects. I owe it to you and yours, to prevent you from opposing, in the warmth of your generous nature, this great obstacle to your progress in the world."

“是的，哈里。这是对我自己的责任，我这个既无朋友也没财产的女孩，名声也并非完全清清白白，不应该让你的朋友有理由怀疑我是因为居心不良，才接受你的第一次动心，成为你梦想成真以及计划实施的阻碍。这也是我对你以及你的亲人的责任，让你不会因慷慨天性中的热情，而在前进的道路上遇上这样巨大的障碍。”

"If your inclinations chime with your sense of duty—" Harry began.

“如果你的意愿与你的责任感是一致的话——”哈里开始说道。

"They do not," replied Rose, colouring deeply.

“它们不一致。”罗丝脸涨得通红，回答道。

"Then you return my love?" said Harry. "Say but that, dear Rose; say but that; and soften the bitterness of this hard disappointment!"

“那么，你会回应我的爱吗？”哈里问，“请答应了吧，亲爱的罗丝；请这么答应吧，好让这沉重的失望给我带来的苦楚得以舒缓！”

"If I could have done so, without doing heavy wrong to him I loved," rejoined Rose, "I could have—" "Have received this declaration very differently?" said Harry. "Do not conceal that from me, at least, Rose."

“如果我可以这么做，而又不会对我爱的人造成伤害的话，”罗丝回答，“我本可以——”“会以迥然不同的心情接受我的请求？”哈里说，“至少，不要对我隐瞒，罗丝。”

"I could," said Rose. "Stay!" she added, disengaging her hand, "why should we prolong this painful interview? Most painful to me, and yet productive of lasting happiness, notwithstanding; for it will be happiness to know that I once held the high place in your regard which I now occupy, and every triumph you achieve in life will animate me with new fortitude and firmness. Farewell, Harry! As we have met to-day, we meet no more; but in other relations than those in which this conversation have placed us, we may be long and happily entwined; and may every blessing that the prayers of a true and earnest heart can call down from the source of all truth and sincerity, cheer and prosper you!”

“我可以。”罗丝说，“打住！”她补充道，抽出手来，“为什么我们还要继续这令人痛苦的谈话？对我来说实在很痛苦，尽管它能够带来长久的幸福感；知道你曾经像现在这样看重我，这让我觉得幸福，而你在人生中取得的每一个胜利也将激励我更加刚强，更加坚定。再见，哈里！

我们今日这样的见面，以后再不会有了；但是，只要我们不是像今天这场谈话中所处的关系，我们彼此间仍旧能够以别的身份，维持长久美好的情谊；愿一切怀有真心和诚挚感情的祈祷者为你祝福，从那源头降下的所有真理和真情，使你快乐，能得成就！”

"Another word, Rose," said Harry. "Your reason in your own words. From your own lips, let me hear it!"

“再听我说一句，罗丝。”哈里说，“用你自己的话讲讲道理。让我听听从你嘴里说出的道理！”

"The prospect before you," answered Rose, firmly, "is a brilliant one. All the honours to which great talents and powerful connections can help men in public life, are in store for you. But those connections are proud; and I will neither mingle with such as may hold in scorn the mother who gave me life; nor bring disgrace or failure on the son of her who has so well supplied that mother's place. In a word," said the young lady, turning away, as her temporary firmness forsook her, "there is a stain upon my name, which the world visits on innocent heads. I will carry it into no blood but my own; and the reproach shall rest alone on me."

罗丝坚定地回答道：“你前程似锦。你才华横溢，又有些有势力的亲友，在社会上都能够帮助你，一切荣耀都在等着你。但是你这些亲友都很骄傲，而我既不会与这些嘲笑我亲生母亲的人来往，也不会给那位在我心里，取代了我母亲位置的人的儿子带来耻辱和挫败。总之，”姑娘说，她那坚定的态度已有所动摇，于是转过身去，“我的名声已沾上了污点，世人却要因此殃及清白之人。一切我都会自己承担，绝不会使别人蒙受不白之冤；让惩罚只降临在我头上吧。”

"One word more, Rose. Dearest Rose! one more!" cried Harry, throwing himself before her. "If I had been less—less fortunate, the world would call it—if some obscure and peaceful life had been my destiny—if I had been poor, sick, helpless—would you have turned from me then? Or has my probable advancement to riches and honour, given this scruple birth?”

“再听我一句，罗丝。最亲爱的罗丝！就一句！”哈里叫道，冲到她身前。“如果我并不是这么——这么富贵，如世人所说——如果我命中注定要过的是一种平淡而安静的生活——如果我出生贫苦，多病而无助——那么你还会拒我于千里之外吗？还是因为我将来有可能享有富贵和荣誉，所以你才计较我的出身？”

"Do not press me to reply," answered Rose. "The question does not arise, and never will. It is unfair, almost unkind, to urge it."

“别逼我回答。”罗丝答道，“不存在这个问题，永不。提出这样的问题是不公平的，甚至并非出于善意。”

"If your answer be what I almost dare to hope it is," retorted Harry, "it will shed a gleam of happiness upon my lonely way, and light the path before me. It is not an idle thing to do so much, by the utterance of a few brief words, for one who loves you beyond all else. Oh, Rose: in the name of my ardent and enduring attachment; in the name of all I have suffered for you, and all you doom me to undergo; answer me this one question!”

“如果你的回答正是我几乎所奢求的那样，”哈里反驳道，“这就在我孤独的路途上洒下一丝幸福的微光，照亮我前行的路。你简单的几句话，对于一个爱你甚过一切的人来说，却是多么重要。哦，罗丝，看在我对你热切持久的爱意份上，看在我因你要承受的折磨，以及你使我注定要经受的一切痛苦的份上，回答我这个问题吧！”

"Then, if your lot had been differently cast," rejoined Rose; "if you had been even a little, but not so far, above me; if I could have been a help and comfort to you in any humble scene of peace and retirement, and not a blot and drawback in ambitious and distinguished crowds; I should have been spared this trial. I have every reason to be happy, very happy, now; but then, Harry, I own I should have been happier."

“那么，如果你的命运是另一种安排，”罗丝回答道，“如果你的出身只是比我略微高贵一些，而不是相距甚远；如果，在安静幽居的卑微生活中，我能够给予你帮助和安慰，而不是在那充满抱负的杰出人群中成为你的一个污点，一种障碍，我也无需遭受这种折磨。我现在完全有理由感到幸福，极度的幸福；但是，哈里，我承认我本应该拥有更大的幸福。”

Busy recollections of old hopes, cherished as a girl, long ago, crowded into the mind of Rose, while making this avowal; but they brought tears with them, as old hopes will when they come back withered; and they relieved her.

罗丝一边这样倾诉着，一边不禁回想起往事，想起当她还是个小女孩时就珍藏在心里的愿望，此刻一起涌上心头，但那已经是枯萎的旧日期望，罗丝流下眼泪，这也使她得到宽慰。

"I cannot help this weakness, and it makes my purpose stronger," said Rose, extending her hand. "I must leave you now, indeed."

“我无法改变这种软弱，而它也使我的决心更加坚定。”罗丝伸出手来，说道，“如今，我必须要离开你了。”

"I ask one promise," said Harry. "Once, and only once more,—say within a year, but it may be much sooner,—I may speak to you again on this subject, for the last time.”

“我请求你答应一件事情。”哈里说，“一次，只是再一次——比如说一年之内，也许会更早——我能够再跟你谈一次这件事，最后一次。”

"Not to press me to alter my right determination," replied Rose, with a melancholy smile; "it will be useless."

“不要逼我改变正确的决定。”罗丝回答，忧郁地笑了笑，“没有用的。”

"No," said Harry; "to hear you repeat it, if you will—finally repeat it! I will lay at your feet, whatever of station of fortune I may possess; and if you still adhere to your present resolution, will not seek, by word or act, to change it.”

“不。”哈里说，“我要再听你说一次，如果你愿意——最后再同我说一次！无论我拥有什么地位财富，我都会把它们放在你脚下；如果到那时你还坚持你现在的决定，我也不会试图用言语或行动来改变它。”

"Then let it be so," rejoined Rose; "it is but one pang the more, and by that time I may be enabled to bear it better."

“那么就这样吧。”罗丝说，“那只会再增添一次痛苦，不过，到了那时，也许我就能够承受得住了。”

She extended her hand again. But the young man caught her to his bosom; and imprinting one kiss on her beautiful forehead, hurried from the room.

她再一次伸出手。但是年轻人却拥抱了她，在她美丽的额头上留下一吻，然后匆匆离开了房间。

CHAPTER XXXVI Is a very short one, and may appear of no great importance in its place, but it should be read notwithstanding, as a sequel to the last, and a key to one that will follow when its time arrives

第三十六章 本篇很短，看起来似乎不是特别重要，尽管如此，读者还是应将其当作上一章的延续来读，也应当把它看作是了解将来自会发生之事的关键

"And so you are resolved to be my travelling companion this morning; eh?" said the doctor, as Harry Maylie joined him and Oliver at the breakfast-table. "Why, you are not in the same mind or intention two half-hours together!”

“那么，你决定今天早上做我的旅伴了，嗯？”看到哈里·梅莱坐到桌边，和自己与奥利弗一起享用早餐，医生这样问道，“哎，你后半个小时的心绪和意图跟前半个小时的都不一样！”

"You will tell me a different tale one of these days," said Harry, colouring without any perceptible reason.

“总有一天你会改变这个看法的。”哈里说着，无缘无故地红了脸。

"I hope I may have good cause to do so," replied Mr. Losberne; "though I confess I don't think I shall. But yesterday morning you had made up your mind, in a great hurry, to stay here, and to accompany your mother, like a dutiful son, to the sea-side. Before noon, you announce that you are going to do me the honour of accompanying me as far as I go, on your road to London. And at night, you urge me, with great mystery, to start before the ladies are stirring; the consequence of which is, that young Oliver here is pinned down to his breakfast when he ought to be ranging the meadows after botanical phenomena of all kinds. Too bad, isn't it, Oliver?”

“我倒是希望我会。”罗斯伯力先生回答道，“虽然我得承认，我并不这么认为。昨天早上你才匆忙做出决定，要留在这里，像个孝顺的儿子一样陪着令堂到海边去。昨天中午前，你却宣布要去伦敦，赏脸顺道陪我走一程。到了晚上，你又神神秘秘地催我，要我在女士们起身之前动身；结果呢，奥利弗现在还得呆在这儿吃早饭，要不然他早该到草地上去搜寻各种各样的奇花异草了。这可太糟了，是不是，奥利弗？”

"I should have been very sorry not to have been at home when you and Mr. Maylie went away, sir," rejoined Oliver.

“要是你和梅莱先生出发的时候，我却不在家的话，我会很难过的，先生。”奥利弗回答道。

"That's a fine fellow," said the doctor; "you shall come and see me when you return. But, to speak seriously, Harry; has any communication from the great nobs produced this sudden anxiety on your part to be gone?"

“真是个好小子。”医生说，“你回来后可得来看我。不过，说正经的，哈里，你这么急着离开，是不是大人物那边传下什么话来了？”

"The great nobs," replied Harry, "under which designation, I presume, you include my most stately uncle, have not communicated with me at all, since I have been here; nor, at this time of the year, is it likely that anything would occur to render necessary my immediate attendance among them."

“我想，”哈里回答，“你所说的大人物包括我那位庄重体面的叔叔吧。自从我来到这里，他还从没和我联系过呢；而且，在一年的这个时候，好像也不会发生什么事情，需要我立刻赶到他们身边的。”

"Well," said the doctor, "you are a queer fellow. But of course they will get you into parliament at the election before Christmas, and these sudden shiftings and changes are no bad preparation for political life. There's something in that. Good training is always desirable, whether the race be for place, cup, or sweepstakes.”

“那么，”医生说，“你可真是个怪人。不过，在圣诞节前的选举中，他们肯定会把你弄进议会的吧，这套变来变去的作风对政治生活来说倒不失为不错的准备。这里准有些道理。不管是争夺地位、奖杯，还是赛马奖，良好的训练总是需要的。”

Harry Maylie looked as if he could have followed up this short dialogue by one or two remarks that would have staggered the doctor not a little; but he contented himself with saying, "We shall see," and pursued the subject no farther. The post-chaise drove up to the door shortly afterwards; and Giles coming in for the luggage, the good doctor bustled out, to see it packed.

哈里·梅莱看起来只需一两句话就能结束这段简短的对话，而且这两句话还能让医生大吃一惊；不过他只说了一句话“我们走着瞧”，就不再继续谈下去了。过了不久，驿车停在了门口；贾尔斯走进来取行李，好心的医生奔出门去，看着他们捆扎行李。

"Oliver," said Harry Maylie, in a low voice, "let me speak a word with you."

“奥利弗，”哈里·梅莱低声说道说，“我跟你说句话。”

Oliver walked into the window-recess to which Mr. Maylie beckoned him; much surprised at the mixture of sadness and

boisterous spirits, which his whole behaviour displayed.

梅莱先生在窗台向奥利弗招手，奥利弗便走了过去；可是梅莱先生表现出一副悲痛与兴奋交织的神态，让奥利弗大吃一惊。

"You can write well now?" said Harry, laying his hand upon his arm.

“你现在会写字了吧？”哈里抓着奥利弗的胳膊，问道。

"I hope so, sir," replied Oliver.

“我想，差不多，先生。”奥利弗回答。

"I shall not be at home again, perhaps for some time; I wish you would write to me—say once a fort-night: every alternate Monday: to the General Post Office in London. Will you?”

“我又要离开家了，也许要过一段时间才能回来；我希望你给我写信——比如，两周一次，也就是隔一周一写一次，寄到伦敦邮政总局。可以吗？”

"Oh! certainly, sir; I shall be proud to do it," exclaimed Oliver, greatly delighted with the commission.

“哦！当然可以，先生，我很荣幸能为您效劳。”奥利弗大声说，对于这一任务感到十分高兴。

"I should like to know how—how my mother and Miss Maylie are," said the young man; "and you can fill up a sheet by telling me what walks you take, and what you talk about, and whether she—they, I mean—seem happy and quite well. You understand me?”

“我想要知道——我的母亲和梅莱小姐过得怎么样，”年轻人说，“你可以写在一张纸上，告诉我，你们怎么散步的，说了什么话啊，她——我是说她们——看起来是不是很开心，很健康。你明白我的意思吗？”

"Oh! quite, sir, quite," replied Oliver.

“哦！明白了，先生，非常明白。”奥利弗回答道。

"I would rather you did not mention it to them," said Harry, hurrying over his words; "because it might make my mother anxious to write to me oftener, and it is a trouble and worry to her. Let it be a secret between you and me; and mind you tell me everything! I depend upon you."

“我希望你别跟她们说这回事。”哈里赶忙说，“因为这样会让我母亲很担心，给我写信写得就更勤了，这对她来说是件又麻烦又发愁的事。这件事就当成是我俩之间的秘密，别忘了告诉我每一件事！我就靠你了。”

Oliver, quite elated and honoured by a sense of his importance, faithfully promised to be secret and explicit in his communications.

Mr. Maylie took leave of him, with many assurances of his regard and protection.

奥利弗意识到自己的重要性，觉得又得意又荣幸，信誓旦旦地保证一定会保守秘密，而且信也一定写得详细。梅莱先生向他告别，再三向他保证以后会关心他、保护他。

The doctor was in the chaise; Giles (who, it had been arranged, should be left behind) held the door open in his hand; and the women-servants were in the garden, looking on. Harry cast one slight glance at the latticed window, and jumped into the carriage.

医生已坐上了马车；贾尔斯（已经安排他留下来）站在一旁，用手扶着打开的车门；几个女仆在花园里张望着。哈里朝格子窗轻轻一瞥，然后跳上马车。

"Drive on!" he cried, "hard, fast, full gallop! Nothing short of flying will keep pace with me, to-day.”

“走！”他大叫一声，“加油，快跑，全力跑起来！今天，只有飞速前进才能配得上我的步伐。”

"Halloa!" cried the doctor, letting down the front glass in a great hurry, and shouting to the postillion; "something very short of flying will keep pace with me. Do you hear?"

“啊呀！”医生叫道，急忙拉下前面的玻璃，冲着车夫大喊，“可千万不要飞速前进啊，这才配得上我的步伐。听到了吗？”

Jingling and clattering, till distance rendered its noise inaudible, and its rapid progress only perceptible to the eye, the vehicle wound its way along the road, almost hidden in a cloud of dust: now wholly disappearing, and now becoming visible again, as intervening objects, or the intricacies of the way, permitted. It was not until even the dusty cloud was no longer to be seen, that the gazers dispersed.

车铃发出叮当声，车轮则咔嗒作响，直到马车走出了一段距离，才听不见这些声音。只能看见它飞快地向前驶去。马车在蜿蜒的大道上飞驰，几乎湮没在扬起的尘土里：时而完全不见，时而又清晰可见，这要看是否有东西遮挡住了视线或者路况的曲折程度。直到连扬起的尘土都看不见了，目送马车远去的人才散去。

And there was one looker-on, who remained with eyes fixed upon the spot where the carriage had disappeared, long after it was many miles away; for, behind the white curtain which had shrouded her from view when Harry raised his eyes towards the window, sat Rose herself.

然而，直到马车已驶出去几英里了，还有一位送行者仍盯着它消失的地方；刚才哈里望向窗户时，并没有看到被白色窗帘遮住了的、就坐在窗边的罗丝。

"He seems in high spirits and happy," she said, at length. "I feared for a time he might be otherwise. I was mistaken. I am very, very glad."

“他看起来精神十足，也很快乐。”她终于说道，“我还曾经担心他会很难过呢。看来是我错了。这样，我也非常、非常高兴。”

Tears are signs of gladness as well as grief; but those which coursed down Rose's face, as she sat pensively at the window, still gazing in the same direction, seemed to tell more of sorrow than of joy.

眼泪既能象征悲伤，也能象征喜悦；但是当罗丝若有所思地坐在窗前，仍旧注视着那个方向时，那些顺着她脸庞滑落的泪水却是哀多过喜。

CHAPTER XXXVII In which the reader may perceive a contrast, not uncommon in matrimonial cases

第三十七章 在本章里，读者将看到婚姻生活里司空见惯的反差情形

Mr. Bumble sat in the workhouse parlour, with his eyes moodily fixed on the cheerless grate, whence, as it was summer time, no brighter gleam proceeded, than the reflection of certain sickly rays of the sun, which were sent back from its cold and shining surface. A paper fly-cage dangled from the ceiling, to which he occasionally raised his eyes in gloomy thought; and, as the heedless insects hovered round the gaudy net-work, Mr. Bumble would heave a deep sigh, while a more gloomy shadow overspread his countenance. Mr. Bumble was meditating; it might be that the insects brought to mind, some painful passage in his own past life.

邦布尔先生坐在济贫院的会客室里，闷闷不乐地盯着死气沉沉的壁炉，因为是夏天，除了阳光照在冰冷、闪亮的炉壁上反射出来的几道微弱的光芒以外，就没有更为明亮的光线了。天花板上吊着一只晃晃荡荡的纸制捕蝇笼，邦布尔先生时不时满心郁闷地抬头看一眼；几只小虫子绕着花哨的网兜随心所欲地飞来飞去，邦布尔先生深深地叹口气，脸上现出一道更沉郁的阴影。他沉思着，大概是那几只小虫子使他想起了生命中某些痛苦的往事。

Nor was Mr. Bumble's gloom the only thing calculated to awaken a pleasing melancholy in the bosom of a spectator. There were not wanting other appearances, and those closely connected with his own person, which announced that a great change had taken place in the position of his affairs. The laced coat, and the cocked hat; where were they? He still wore knee-breeches, and dark cotton stockings on his nether limbs; but they were not the breeches. The coat was wide-skirted; and in that respect like the coat, but, oh how different! The mighty cocked hat was replaced by a modest round one. Mr. Bumble was no longer a beadle.

旁观者的心里也不禁泛起一阵愉悦的伤感之情，倒不仅仅是因为邦布尔先生的阴郁。不需要更多证明，那些与他本人紧密相连的情形表明，他的生活处境已经发生了翻天覆地的变化。那件带花边的外套，还有三角帽，都到哪里去了？他仍穿着长及膝部的短裤，腿上套着深色棉袜；但短裤已不是原来的那条。外套还是宽边式的，这一点跟从前的那件很像，不过，哦，还是截然不同的。以前那顶帽边向上卷的、气派的三角帽，如今却换成了一顶朴素的圆帽子。邦布尔先生不再是一位教区执事了。

There are some promotions in life, which, independent of the more substantial rewards they offer, require peculiar value and dignity from the coats and waistcoats connected with them. A field-marshal has his uniform; a bishop his silk apron; a counsellor his silk gown; a beadle his cocked hat. 丝质 Strip the bishop of his apron, or the beadle of his hat and lace; what are they? Men. Mere men. Dignity, and even holiness too, sometimes, are more questions of coat and waistcoat than some people imagine.

生活中时有升迁，且不说由此带来的更可观的好处，升迁需要体现出特别的价值和威严都在与此相关的外套和背心上了。陆军元帅有相配的军装；主教有自己的丝质法衣；律师有丝绸长袍；执事则有三角帽。若是脱了主教的法衣，或者摘去教区执事的帽子，脱下他的带花边的外套，他们还有什么身份？就只是普通百姓了。有时，一个人的尊严，甚至神圣，与外套和背心的关系要比人们想象的紧密得多。

Mr. Bumble had married Mrs. Corney, and was master of the workhouse. Another beadle had come into power. On him the cocked hat, gold-laced coat, and staff, had all three descended.

邦布尔先生娶了科尼太太，成了济贫院的院长。另一位教区执事上任了。卷边三角帽、带金边的外套，以及手杖，这三件全都传给了下一任教区执事。

"And to-morrow two months it was done!" said Mr. Bumble, with a sigh. "It seems a age."

“到明天,这事就过去两个月了！”邦布尔先生叹了口气，说道，“感觉就像过去了一辈子那么长。”

Mr. Bumble might have meant that he had concentrated a whole existence of happiness into the short space of eight weeks; but the sigh—there was a vast deal of meaning in the sigh.

邦布尔先生也许是想说，他把一辈子的幸福都集中在那短短的八个星期里。但是那声叹息——那声叹息可是意味深长。

"I sold myself," said Mr. Bumble, pursuing the same train of relection, "for six teaspoons, a pair of sugar-tongs, and a milk-pot; with a small quantity of second-hand furniture, and twenty pound in money. I went very reasonable. Cheap, dirt cheap!”

“我把自己给卖了，”邦布尔先生顺着思路说道，“就是为了六把汤匙、一双糖夹子和一口牛奶锅，再加上少得可怜的二手家具和二十英镑。真是个好价钱。便宜，卖得也太便宜了！”

"Cheap!" cried a shrill voice in Mr. Bumble's ear： "you would have been dear at any price; and dear enough I paid for you, Lord above knows that!"

“便宜！”一个尖锐的声音在邦布尔先生耳边响起，“不管出什么价买

你都是贵的，我出的价已经很高了，上帝心里明白！”

Mr. Bumble turned, and encountered the face of his interesting consort, who, imperfectly comprehending the few words she had overheard of his complaint, had hazarded the foregoing remark at a venture.

邦布尔先生转过身去，他那位有趣的妻子正好映入眼帘。她无意中听到丈夫的抱怨，并没有彻底明白那几句话，就未经考虑地尝试着发表一通上述感言。

"Mrs. Bumble, ma'am!" said Mr. Bumble, with a sentimental sternness.

“邦布尔太太，夫人！”邦布尔先生带着一种伤感而严厉的语气说。

"Well!" cried the lady.

“怎么！”女士高声叫道。

"Have the goodness to look at me," said Mr. Bumble, fixing his eyes upon her. (If she stands such a eye as that," said Mr. Bumble to himself, "she can stand anything. It is a eye I never knew to fail with paupers. If it fails with her, my power is gone.") Whether an exceedingly small expansion of eye be sufficient to quell paupers, who, being lightly fed, are in no very high condition; or whether the late Mrs. Corney was particularly proof against eagle glances; are matters of opinion. The matter of fact, is, that the matron was in no way overpowered by Mr. Bumble's scowl, but, on the contrary, treated it with great disdain, and even raised a laugh thereat, which sounded as though it were genuine.

“行行好，看着我。”邦布尔先生盯着她说。（“如果她能受得了这样的眼神，”邦布尔先生对自己说道，“那么她就没什么受不了的了。这种眼神用在那些穷人身上从来没有失败过。如果在她身上失效了，我的权威就尽失了。”）对于那些吃不饱饭、状况很差的穷人们来说，是否只稍微瞪一瞪眼就能让他们乖乖听话；或者，已故的科尼先生的遗孀是不是正好不畏惧尖锐的目光，各位的见解可能不尽相同。事实上，这位主妇一点儿也没有被邦布尔先生的怒容压倒。相反，她对此极为鄙夷，甚至发出一阵笑声，听起来倒像是发自肺腑的。

On hearing this most unexpected sound, Mr. Bumble looked, first incredulous, and afterwards amazed. He then relapsed into his former state; nor did he rouse himself until his attention was again awakened by the voice of his partner.

邦布尔先生听到这始料未及的笑声，先是露出不可置信的表情，接着便惊住了。于是他又恢复到原有的状态，直到他那位伴侣的声音再一次引起他的注意，邦布尔先生才又清醒过来。

"Are you going to sit snoring there, all day?" inquired Mrs.

Bumble.

“你就打算一整天都坐在这里打呼噜？”邦布尔太太问道。

"I am going to sit here, as long as I think proper, ma'am," rejoined Mr. Bumble; "and although I was not snoring, I shall snore, gape, sneeze, laugh, or cry, as the humour strikes me; such being my prerogative."

“我是打算坐在这里，只要我觉得合适，想坐多久就坐多久，夫人。”邦布尔先生回答，“尽管我刚才并没有打呼噜，但是只要我高兴，我就可以打呼噜、打哈欠、打喷嚏，大笑或者大哭，这是我的特权。”

“—Your—prerogative!" sneered Mrs. Bumble, with ineffable contempt.

“你的——特权！”邦布尔太太冷笑着说，脸上带着难以形容的轻蔑。

"I said the word, ma'am," said Mr. Bumble. "The prerogative of a man is to command."

“我说的正是那个字眼，夫人。”邦布尔先生说，“一个男人的特权就是下达命令。”

"And what's the prerogative of a woman, in the name of Goodness?" cried the relict of Mr. Corner deceased.

“那么，看在上帝份上，什么是女人的特权？”科尼先生的遗孀叫道。

"To obey, ma'am," thundered Mr. Bumble. "Your late unfortunate husband should have taught it you; and then, perhaps, he might have been alive now. I wish he was, poor man!"

“服从命令，夫人。”邦布尔先生大声吼道，“你那倒霉的死去的丈夫真是应该教教你，那么，说不定他也能活到现在了。我真希望他还活着，可怜的人！”

Mrs. Bumble, seeing at a glance, that the decisive moment had now arrived, and that a blow struck for the mastership on one side or other, must necessarily be final and conclusive, no sooner heard this allusion to the dead and gone, than she dropped into a chair, and with a loud scream that Mr. Bumble was a hard-hearted brute, fell into a paroxysm of tears.

邦布尔太太一眼就看出，现在到了决定性的时刻了，为夺取控制权，双方都有必要做出致命的最后一击。因此，一听到他提起死去的人，邦布尔太太便瘫倒在椅子上，眼泪夺眶而出，尖声哭叫着邦布尔先生是一个硬心肠的野兽。

But, tears were not the things to find their way to Mr. Bumble's

soul; his heart was waterproof. Like washable beaver hats that improve with rain, his nerves were rendered stouter and more vigorous, by showers of tears, which, being tokens of weakness, and so far tacit admissions of his own power, pleased and exalted him. He eyed his good lady with looks of great satisfaction, and begged, in an encouraging manner, that she should cry her hardest: the exercise being looked upon, by the faculty, as strongly conducive to health.

然而，眼泪在邦布尔先生身上完全不起作用，他的心与水绝缘。就像可清洗的獭皮帽子越淋雨越好一样，他的神经接受了眼泪的洗礼后，变得愈加顽强和有力。眼泪代表了软弱，此时也代表了对他个人威信的默认，这让他高兴，认为是对自己的礼赞。他带着极大的满足感看着自己的好太太，用一种鼓励的语气恳求她尽最大努力哭出来；从功能这个角度来说，这种锻炼十分有助于健康。

"It opens the lungs, washes the countenance, exercises the eyes, and softens down the temper," said Mr. Bumble. "So cry away."

“哭能够敞开肺脏，清洗面孔，活动眼睛，而且能够平息愤怒。”邦布尔先生说，“放声哭吧。”

As he discharged himself of this pleasantry, Mr. Bumble took his hat from a peg, and putting it on, rather rakishly, on one side, as a man might, who felt he had asserted his superiority in a becoming manner, thrust his hands into his pockets, and sauntered towards the door, with much ease and waggishness depicted in his whole appearance.

说完这番取乐的话，邦布尔先生从挂帽钉上取下帽子，相当随意地歪着戴上，正如一个人感觉自己以一种合适的方式维护了优势地位那样。他手插在口袋里，晃晃荡荡地走到门口，整个人一副悠闲自得、诙谐可笑的样子。

Now, Mrs. Corney that was, had tried the tears, because they were less troublesome than a manual assault; but, she was quite prepared to make trial of the latter mode of proceeding, as Mr. Bumble was not long in discovering.

科尼太太首先尝试了眼泪这一招，因为它比动手打人要省事；不过，她也准备好了要试一试后一种方法，邦布尔先生马上就会领教到。

The first proof he experienced of the fact, was conveyed in a hollow sound, immediately succeeded by the sudden flying off of his hat to the opposite end of the room. This preliminary proceeding laying bare his head, the expert lady, clasping him tightly round the throat with one hand, inflicted a shower of blows (dealt with singular vigour and dexterity) upon it with the other. This done, she created a little variety by scratching his face, and tearing his hair; and, having, by this time, inflicted as much punishment as she deemed necessary

for the offence, she pushed him over a chair, which was luckily well situated for the purpose: and defied him to talk about his prerogative again, if he dared.

他体会到这个事实的第一个证据就是有东西打在某个物体上发出了沉闷声，紧接着他的帽子忽然飞向房间的另一端。这一准备活动使他头上没了遮盖，于是这位专家级的太太一只手紧紧地掐住他的脖子，另一只手则照着脑袋雨点般地打下去（力气非凡，技术精湛）。这一招之后，她又略略改变了战术，开始抓他的脸，扯他的头发；至此，她认为对于邦布尔先生刚才的冒犯已经做出了足够的惩罚，于是就把他推到一张位置正合适的椅子上，使他和椅子一起摔倒在地，又问他还敢不敢再说什么特权。

"Get up!" said Mrs. Bumble, in a voice of command. "And take yourself away from here, unless you want me to do something desperate."

“起来！”邦布尔太太用一种命令的语气喝道，“赶紧滚出去，如果你不想我让做出什么不要命的事情。”

Mr. Bumble rose with a very rueful countenance: wondering much what something desperate might be. Picking up his hat, he looked towards the door.

邦布尔先生面色悲戚地站起身来，心里琢磨着那不要命的事情究竟是什么。他捡起帽子，朝门口看了看。

"Are you going?" demanded Mrs. Bumble.

“还不走？”邦布尔太太问道。

"Certainly, my dear, certainly," rejoined Mr. Bumble, making a quicker motion towards the door. "I didn't intend to—I'm going, my dear! You are so very violent, that really I—" At this instant, Mrs. Bumble stepped hastily forward to replace the carpet, which had been kicked up in the scuffle. Mr. Bumble immediately darted out of the room, without bestowing another thought on his unfinished sentence: leaving the late Mrs. Corney in full possession of the field.

“当然，亲爱的，当然。”邦布尔先生回答道，快速地朝门口走去。“我不是有意——我就走，亲爱的！你太粗暴了，真让我——”这会儿，邦布尔太太匆匆地走过去，想要把地毯整理成原样，毯子在刚才那场混战中被踢乱了。邦布尔先生没来得及把话说完，就立刻冲出了房间，把整个战场留给了前科尼太太。

Mr. Bumble was fairly taken by surprise, and fairly beaten. He had a decided propensity for bullying: derived no inconsiderable pleasure from the exercise of petty cruelty; and, consequently, was (it is needless to say) a coward. This is by no means a disparagement to his character; for many official personages, who are held in high

respect and admiration, are the victims of similar infirmities. The remark is made, indeed, rather in his favour than otherwise, and with a view of impressing the reader with a just sense of his qualifications for office.

邦布尔先生相当吃惊，也着实挨了一顿打。很明显，他有一种欺凌弱小的倾向，并从那种微不足道的残酷中获得了绝非微不足道的乐趣，结果（自然用不着说）成了个胆小鬼。这绝不是对他性格的贬低，许多备受敬仰的官场要人也是类似弱点的受害者。确实，说这句话并没有什么其他意思，而是为了他好，想要让读者对他执行公务的能力有一个公平的判断。

But, the measure of his degradation was not yet full. After making a tour of the house, and thinking, for the first time, that the poor-laws really were too hard on people; and that men who ran away from their wives, leaving them chargeable to the parish, ought, in justice to be visited with no punishment at all, but rather rewarded as meritorious individuals who had suffered much; Mr. Bumble came to a room where some of the female paupers were usually employed in washing the parish linen: when the sound of voices in conversation, now proceeded.

但是，他出丑还没有出完。他绕着屋子走了一圈，平生头一次想到，济贫法对人实在是太苛刻了；那些把妻子丢给教区，自己跑掉的男人，公平地说，根本不该受到惩罚，相反，倒是应该作为饱经苦难的有功人士而获得嘉奖。邦布尔先生走向一间屋子，这里通常会有些女贫民负责清洗从教区送来的麻布衣衫。这时屋里传来说话的声音。

"Hem!" said Mr. Bumble, summoning up all his native dignity. "These women at least shall continue to respect the prerogative. Hallo! hallo there! What do you mean by this noise, you hussies?"

“哼！”邦布尔先生说道，又摆出他原来那副威风的架子。“至少这些女人会尊重这样的特权。喂！喂，那边！你们吵吵嚷嚷地干什么呢，你们这群粗野的人？”

With these words, Mr. Bumble opened the door, and walked in with a very fierce and angry manner: which was at once exchanged for a most humiliated and cowering air, as his eyes unexpectedly rested on the form of his lady wife.

邦布尔一边这样说着，一边推开门，怒气冲冲地走了进去。可当他的目光始料未及地落在自己那位夫人身上时，这副面容立刻变成了一种卑微怯懦的样子。

"My dear," said Mr. Bumble, "I didn't know you were here.”

“亲爱的，”邦布尔先生说，“我没想到你也在这里。”

"Didn't know I was here!" repeated Mrs. Bumble. "What do—you

—do here?”

“没想到我在这里！”邦布尔太太重复道，“你到这里来做——什——么？”

"I thought they were talking rather too much to be doing their work properly, my dear," replied Mr. Bumble: glancing distractedly at a couple of old women at the wash-tub, who were comparing notes of admiration at the workhouse-master's humility.

“我以为她们一直在说话，怕是不能好好干活，亲爱的。”邦布尔先生回答，他心烦意乱地瞥了一眼站在洗衣盆那边的两个老婆子，她俩看到院长这种卑微的态度，都很钦佩，交头接耳地讨论着。

“—You—thought they were talking too much?" said Mrs. Bumble. "What business is it of yours?"

“你——觉得她们说话太多了？”邦布尔太太说，“关你什么事？”

"Why, my dear—” urged Mr. Bumble submissively.

“哎，亲爱的——”邦布尔先生支吾着，一副恭顺的样子。

"What business is it of yours?" demanded Mrs. Bumble, again.

“关你什么事？”邦布尔太太又逼问道。

"It's very true, you're matron here, my dear," submitted Mr. Bumble; "but I thought you mightn't be in the way just then.”

“没错，您是这儿的头，亲爱的。”邦布尔先生屈服了，“不过，我刚才以为，你这会儿也许不在这里。”

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Bumble," returned his lady. "We don't want any of your interference. You're a great deal too fond of poking your nose into things that don't concern you, making everybody in the house laugh, the moment your back is turned, and making yourself look like a fool every hour in the day. Be off; come!”

“我告诉你，邦布尔先生，”他的太太回答道，“我们不需要你多管闲事。你也太喜欢掺和跟自己不相关的事情了，转身就让全院的人笑话。你每时每刻看起来都跟个傻瓜似的。出去，快！”

Mr. Bumble, seeing with excruciating feelings, the delight of the two old paupers, who were tittering together most rapturously, hesitated for an instant. Mrs. Bumble, whose patience brooked no delay, caught up a bowl of soap-suds, and motioning him towards the door, ordered him instantly to depart, on pain of receiving the contents upon his portly person.

邦布尔先生见到那两个老婆子乐开了花，吃吃地偷笑着，感到极度难受，不禁犹豫了一下。邦布尔太太一点儿耐心也没有了，端起一盆肥皂水，指着门的方向，命令他马上离开，要不然就让他那肥胖的身子尝

尝肥皂水的味道。

What could Mr. Bumble do? He looked dejectedly round, and slunk away; and, as he reached the door, the titterings of the paupers broke into a shrill chuckle of irrepressible delight. It wanted but this. He was degraded in their eyes; he had lost caste and station before the very paupers; he had fallen from all the height and pomp of beadleship, to the lowest depth of the most snubbed hen-peckery.

邦布尔先生还能怎么办呢？他沮丧地四下看了看，就溜走了；当他走到门口的时候，那些女贫民咯咯的发笑声爆发成一种无法抑制的大笑。少的就是这个。他在她们眼中丢尽了脸，他在这群贫民面前失去了身份和地位；他从教区执事的华丽高位跌到了最被人不齿的、怕老婆的深渊。

"All in two months!" said Mr. Bumble, filled with dismal thoughts. "Two months! No more than two months ago, I was not only my own master, but everybody else's, so far as the porochial workhouse was concerned, and now!—" It was too much. Mr. Bumble boxed the ears of the boy who opened the gate for him (for he had reached the portal in his reverie); and walked, distractedly, into the street.

“仅仅是两个月的时间！”邦布尔先生满心凄凉，说道，“两个月！两个月之前，我不仅能替自己作主，也是这济贫院里其他所有人的主人，可是现在——”实在是难以接受。邦布尔先生给了替他开门的小男孩一个耳光（满腹心事的邦布尔先生已经来到大门口），心烦意乱地走到街上。

He walked up one street, and down another, until exercise had abated the first passion of his grief; and then the revulsion of feeling made him thirsty. He passed a great many public-houses; but, at length paused before one in a by-way, whose parlour, as he gathered from a hasty peep over the blinds, was deserted, save by one solitary customer. It began to rain, heavily, at the moment. This determined him. Mr. Bumble stepped in; and ordering something to drink, as he passed the bar, entered the apartment into which he had looked from the street.

他走过了一条又一条街，直到他悲哀的情绪开始缓解，这种情绪上的急剧转变让他觉得口渴。他走过许多家酒吧，最终在一家小路上的酒吧门口停住脚。他透过百叶窗匆匆地朝里望了一眼，看见单间里空空的，只有一个顾客。这时，下起了大雨。这让他做出了决定。邦布尔先生走了进去，经过吧台时点了一些喝的，然后走进他在街上看到的单间里。

The man who was seated there, was tall and dark, and wore a large cloak. He had the air of a stranger; and seemed, by a certain haggardness in his look, as well as by the dusty soils on his dress, to

have travelled some distance. He eyed Bumble askance, as he entered, but scarcely deigned to nod his head in acknowledgment of his salutation.

坐在里面的那个人，个子高高的，皮肤很黑，披着一件大斗篷。他看起来不太像本地人，从那憔悴的神情以及衣服上的尘土来看，他好像是走了很远的路。邦布尔先生进来时，对他打了个招呼。他侧目瞟了邦布尔先生一眼，仅仅点了一下头算是回应。

Mr. Bumble had quite dignity enough for two; supposing even that the stranger had been more familiar: so he drank his gin-and-water in silence, and read the paper with great show of pomp and circumstance.

邦布尔先生本来就比一般人傲慢些，即使陌生人更容易亲近，他也不一定会搭理人家。因此，他默默地喝着掺了水的杜松子酒，摆出极虚荣的姿态读起了报纸。

It so happened, however: as it will happen very often, when men fall into company under such circumstances: that Mr. Bumble felt, every now and then, a powerful inducement, which he could not resist, to steal a look at the stranger: and that whenever he did so, he withdrew his eyes, in some confusion, to find that the stranger was at that moment stealing a look at him. Mr. Bumble's awkwardness was enhanced by the very remarkable expression of the stranger's eye, which was keen and bright, but shadowed by a scowl of distrust and suspicion, unlike anything he had ever observed before, and repulsive to behold.

然而，人们在这种情况下往往会走到一起，现在也是如此。邦布尔先生不时地感到一种强烈的、不可抑制的冲动，想要偷瞄那人一两眼。每当他这么做时，又总是慌乱地收回眼光，因为他发现那个陌生人同时也在偷偷地瞧着他。那陌生人的眼里带着一种非同寻常的神态，目光犀利而明亮，却蒙着一层猜忌和怀疑的怒气。邦布尔先生以前从没见过这样令人讨厌的目光，不禁感到更加难堪。

When they had encountered each other's glance several times in this way, the stranger, in a harsh, deep voice, broke silence.

他们这样对望了几次，那陌生人用一种低沉刺耳的声音打破了沉默。

"Were you looking for me," he said, "when you peered in at the window?"

“你刚才从窗户外往里张望时，”他说，“是在找我吗？”

"Not that I am aware of, unless you're Mr. —" Here Mr. Bumble stopped short; for he was curious to know the stranger's name, and thought in his impatience, he might supply the blank.

“我没这个意思，除非你是——”邦布尔先生在这儿打住，他很想知道陌生人的名字，就耐心等着，以为对方会接着他的话说下去。

"I see you were not," said the stranger; an expression of quiet sarcasm playing about his mouth; "or you have known my name. You don't know it. I would recommend you not to ask for it.”

“我看你也没有，”陌生人说，唇边悄无声息地露出一丝讽刺的味道，“不然你应该是知道我的名字的。而你不知道。我劝你不要打听我的名字。”

"I meant no harm, young man," observed Mr. Bumble, majestically.

“我可没有恶意，年轻人。”邦布尔先生庄重地说。

"And have done none," said the stranger.

“你没做什么不好的事。”陌生人说。

Another silence succeeded this short dialogue: which was again broken by the stranger.

这段简短的对话过后又是一阵沉默，然后陌生人又开口打破僵局。

"I have seen you before, I think?" said he. "You were differently dressed at that time, and I only passed you in the street, but I should know you again. You were beadle here, once; were you not?"

“我想，我以前见过你？”他说，“那时你的衣着很不一样，我当时只是在街上从你身边走过，不过我还是能认出你来。你曾经是这儿的教区执事，对不对？”

"I was," said Mr. Bumble, in some surprise; "porochial beadle."

“我以前是，”邦布尔先生有些吃惊，“教区执事。”

"Just so," rejoined the other, nodding his head. "It was in that character I saw you. What are you now?"

“没错。”另一位说道，点了点头。“我那次看见你时，你正是这个职务。你现在是什么身份？”

"Master of the workhouse," rejoined Mr. Bumble, slowly and impressively, to check any undue familiarity the stranger might otherwise assume. "Master of the workhouse, young man!"

“济贫院院长。”邦布尔先生慢慢说道，尽量给人以深刻的印象，免得让陌生人产生过分亲切的感觉。“济贫院院长，年轻人！”

"You have the same eye to your own interest, that you always had, I doubt not?" resumed the stranger, looking kneely into Mr. Bumble's eyes, as he raised them in astonishment at the question.

“不过，你还不是老样子，只关心自己的利益，没错吧？”陌生人接

着说。邦布尔先生听到这个问题，有些惊讶地抬起头来，陌生人则用锐利的目光盯着他。

"Don't scruple to answer freely, man. I know you pretty well, you see.”

“别犹豫，直说了吧，伙计。你瞧，我很了解你。”

"I suppose, a married man," replied Mr. Bumble, shading his eyes with his hand, and surveying the stranger, from head to foot, in evident perplexity, "is not more averse to turning an honest penny when he can, than a single one. Porochial officers are not so well paid that they can afford to refuse any little extra fee, when it comes to them in a civil and proper manner."

”我想，一个结了婚的男人，”邦布尔先生回答道，一边用手遮住光线，从头到脚地打量了陌生人一番，明显还是不知所措，“和单身男人一样，要是能老老实实地挣两个钱，都不会有意见的。教区执事薪酬不高，所以不会拒绝赚些外快的机会的，只要是正大光明的手段得来的。”

The stranger smiled, and nodded his head again: as much to say, he had not mistaken his man; then rang the bell.

陌生人微笑了，又点了点头，好像在说他并没有看错人，然后拉了一下铃。

"Fill this glass again," he said, handing Mr. Bumble's empty tumbler to the landlord. "Let it be strong and hot. You like it so, I suppose?"

“再把杯子满上。”他一边说，一边把邦布尔先生的空玻璃杯递给店主。“来杯热热的烈酒。我想，你喜欢这个吧？”

"Not too strong," replied Mr. Bumble, with a delicate cough.

“不要太烈。”邦布尔先生轻咳一声，说道。

"You understand what that means, landlord!" said the stranger, drily.

“你知道那是什么意思，老板！”陌生人冷淡地说。

The host smiled, disappeared, and shortly afterwards returned with a steaming jorum: of which, the first gulp brought the water into Mr. Bumble's eyes.

店主笑着离开了，过了一会儿又拿着一杯热气腾腾的酒回来了。邦布尔先生刚喝了一口，就呛出了眼泪。

"Now listen to me," said the stranger, after closing the door and window. "I came down to this place, to-day, to find you out; and, by one of those chances which the devil throws in the way of his friends sometimes, you walked into the very room I was sitting in, while you

were uppermost in my mind. I want some information from you. I don't ask you to give it for nothing, slight as it is. Put up that, to begin with.”

“现在，听我说。”陌生人关上了门窗，说道，“我今天来到这里，就是要把你找出来。有时候，还真是因为什么鬼运气，正当我心里想着你的时候，你就碰巧走进我在的这间房里来了。我向你打听点儿事。尽管是些小事，我也不会叫你白白告诉我的。先把这个收着。”

As he spoke, he pushed a couple of sovereigns across the table to his companion, carefully, as though unwilling that the chinking of money should be heard without. When Mr. Bumble had scrupulously examined the coins, to see that they were genuine, and had put them up, with much satisfaction, in his waistcoat-pocket, he went on: "Carry your memory back—let me see—twelve years, last winter.”

说着，他小心地把两块金币推给桌子对面的同伴，好像不想让人听见钱币的叮当声。邦布尔先生仔细地把金币检查了一番，确定都是真的，然后心满意足地把它们放进背心口袋里。陌生人接着说道，“把你的记忆拉回到——我想想——十二年前的那个冬天。”

"It's a long time," said Mr. Bumble. "Very good. I've done it.”

“那可是很久远了。”邦布尔先生说，“很好。我想起来了。”

"The scene, the workhouse."

“地点是在济贫院。”

"Good!"

“好！”

"And the time, night."

“时间是晚上。”

"Yes."

“是的。”

"And the place, the crazy hole, wherever it was, in which miserable drabs brought forth the life and health so often denied to themselves—gave birth to puling children for the parish to rear; and hid their shame, rot 'em in the grave!"

“场景，那个破烂窝里，不管它在哪儿，一些凄惨的娼妓们，自己的性命和健康都不能保证——却还生出些体弱的小孩子，交给教区抚养，然后把她们的丑事都带进坟墓，烂在里面了！”

"The lying-in room, I suppose?" said Mr. Bumble, not quite following the stranger's excited descripition.

“我想，是产房吧？”邦布尔先生说道，他不太能跟得上那陌生人的

慷慨陈词。

"Yes," said the stranger. "A boy was born there."

“对，就是那里。”陌生人说，“有个男孩子出生在那里。”

"A many boys," observed Mr. Bumble, shaking his head, despondingly.

“那里出生过很多男孩。”邦布尔先生失望地摇了摇头，说道。

"A murrain on the young devils!" cried the stranger; "I speak of one; a meek-looking, pale-faced boy, who was apprenticed down here, to a coffin-maker—I wish he had made his coffin, and screwed his body in it—and who afterwards ran away to London, as it was supposed.”

“那些该死的小鬼！”陌生人喊道，“我说的是有一个男孩，看起来柔弱苍白，在一个做棺材的那里当学徒——我倒希望他给自己也做了一口，自己躺进去，再拧上螺丝——听说后来跑到伦敦去了。”

"Why, you mean Oliver! Young Twist!" said Mr. Bumble; "I remember him, of course. There wasn't a obstinater young rascal—” "It's not of him I want to hear; I've heard enough of him," said the stranger, stopping Mr. Bumble in the outset of a tirade on the subject of poor Oliver's vices. "It's of a woman; the hag that nursed his mother. Where is she?”

“啊，你是说奥利弗啊！小特威斯特！”邦布尔先生说道，“我当然记得他。再没有比他更固执的捣蛋鬼了——”“我要打听的不是他,我已经听够了他的事了。”邦布尔先生正准备就奥利弗的种种劣迹发表一番长篇大论，刚起个头就被陌生人给打断了。“我想打听的是个女人，照顾过他母亲的那个老婆子。她现在在哪儿？”

"Where is she?" said Mr. Bumble, whom the gin-and-water had rendered facetious. "It would be hard to tell. There's no midwifery there, whichever place she's gone to; so I suppose she's out of employment, anyway.”

“她现在在哪儿？”邦布尔先生喝多了掺水的杜松子酒，开起玩笑起来。“那可真不好说了。无论她去哪儿了，那地方都不需要接生婆，所以我觉得不管怎么样，她是没活干了。”

"What do you mean?" demanded the stranger, sternly.

“你是什么意思？”陌生人厉声问道。

"That she died last winter," rejoined Mr. Bumble.

“我的意思是去年冬天她死了。”邦布尔先生答道。

The man looked fixedly at him when he had given this information, and although he did not withdraw his eyes for some time

afterwards, his gaze gradually became vacant and abstracted, and he seemed lost in thought. For some time, he appeared doubtful whether he ought to be relieved or disappointed by the intelligence; but at length he breathed more freely; and withdrawing his eyes, observed that it was no great matter. With that he rose, as if to depart.

陌生人听到这个消息，盯着邦布尔先生看了一会儿。虽然接下来的一段时间里，他并没有把眼光移开，但他的目光却渐渐变得空洞飘渺起来，似乎陷入了沉思。好一阵，他看上去并不知道听到这个消息究竟是该觉得宽慰还是失望。不过，最终他舒了口气，移开目光，说这也不是什么要紧的事。说着站起身来，好像要离开了。

But Mr. Bumble was cunning enough; and he at once saw that an opportunity was opened, for the lucrative disposal of some secret in the possession of his better half. He well remembered the night of old Sally's death, which the occurrences of that day had given him good reason to recollect, as the occasion on which he had proposed to Mrs. Corney; and although that lady had never confided to him the disclosure of which she had been the solitary witness, he had heard enough to know that it related to something that had occurred in the old woman's attendance, as workhouse nurse, upon the young mother of Oliver Twist.

不过邦布尔先生是很狡猾的，他立刻看出机会来了，可以从他那位贤内助掌握的一些秘密中大赚一笔。他对老萨莉去世的那天晚上记得清清楚楚，那天正是他向科尼太太求婚的日子，发生了很多事，有充分的理由让他记得那一天。太太是那件事的唯一见证人，虽然她从未对他吐露事情经过，但他已经听说很多，知道那些都与在济贫院做护士的老妇人在照料奥利弗·特威斯特年轻的母亲时，发生的一些事有关。

Hastily calling this circumstance to mind, he informed the stranger, with an air of mystery, that one woman had been closeted with the old harridan shortly before she died; and that she could, as he had reason to believe, throw some light on the subject of his inquiry.

他很快就想到这个情况，便神神秘秘地告诉陌生人，那老妇人临死前曾经和一个女人密谈过。而他有理由相信，那个女人能给他要打听的事提供些线索。

"How can I find her?" said the stranger, thrown off his guard; and plainly showing that all his fears (whatever they were) were aroused afresh by the intelligence.

“我怎么能找到她？”陌生人说，完全没了戒备，明显表现出，听到这个消息后，他的所有恐惧（无论是为什么）又都重新回来了。

"Only through me," rejoined Mr. Bumble.

“只能靠我。”邦布尔先生回答。

"When?" cried the stranger, hastily.

“什么时候？”陌生人焦急地大声问道。

"To-morrow," rejoined Bumble.

“明天。”邦布尔说。

"At nine in the evening," said the stranger, producing a scrap of paper, and writing down upon it, an obscure address by the water-side, in characters that betrayed his agitation; "at nine in the evening, bring her to me there. I needn't tell you to be secret. it's your interest.”

“晚上九点钟，”陌生人说，掏出一小片纸，在上面写上了一个很不起眼的地址，那是在河边，从那字迹上看得出，他很激动不安，“晚上九点钟，带她到这儿来。不用我告诉你要保密了吧。这对你有好处。”

With these words, he led the way to the door, after stopping to pay for the liquor that had been drunk. Shortly remarking that their roads were different, he departed, without more ceremony than an emphatic repetition of the hour of appointment for the following night.

说着，他朝门口走去，中途停下付了酒钱。他说了一句两人要走不一样的路，又强调了一下第二天见面的时间，再没说什么客套话，就离开了。

On glancing at the address, the parochial functionary observed that it contained no name. The stranger had not gone far, so he made after him to ask it.

济贫院院长瞟了一眼地址，发现上面没写名字。陌生人还没走远，所以他赶上去想要打听明白。

"What do you want?" cried the man, turning quickly round, as Bumble touched him on the arm. "Following me?"

“你想干什么？”邦布尔拍了拍陌生人的肩膀，那人猛地转过身来，大声说，“你在跟踪我？”

"Only to ask a question," said the other, pointing to the scrap of paper. "What name am I to ask for?"

“只是问个问题。”邦布尔先生说，指了指小纸片。“我要找的人叫什么名字呢？”

"Monks!" rejoined the man; and strode hastily, away.

“蒙克斯！”那人说完，就匆匆忙忙地走开了。

CHAPTER XXXVIII Containing an account of what passed between Mr. and Mrs. bumble, and Mr. monks, at their nocturnal interview

第三十八章 本章记述了邦布尔夫妇与蒙克斯先生的夜间会晤

It was a dull, close, overcast summer evening. The clouds, which had been threatening all day, spread out in a dense and sluggish mass of vapour, already yielded large drops of rain, and seemed to presage a violent thunder-storm, when Mr. and Mrs. Bumble, turning out of the main street of the town, directed their course towards a scattered little colony of ruinous houses, distant from it some mile and a-half, or thereabouts, and erected on a low unwholesome swamp, bordering upon the river.

那是一个天气阴沉、闷热潮湿的夏夜。整个白天都是阴云密布。晚上，乌云散作浓厚凝滞的大团水汽，并凝聚成大滴的雨点，似乎预示着一场猛烈的暴风雨将要来临。此时，邦布尔夫妇刚拐出镇上的大街，朝着大约一英里半开外的一个小居民点走去。那里零落地散布着一些破旧的房屋，坐落在河岸边的一片低洼肮脏的沼泽地上。

They were both wrapped in old and shabby outer garments, which might, perhaps, serve the double purpose of protecting their persons from the rain, and sheltering them from observation. The husband carried a lantern, from which, however, no light yet shone; and trudged on, a few paces in front, as though—the way being dirty—to give his wife the benefit of treading in his heavy footprints. They went on, in profound silence; every now and then, Mr. Bumble relaxed his pace, and turned his head as if to make sure that his helpmate was following; then, discovering that she was close at his heels, he mended his rate of walking, and proceeded, at a considerable increase of speed, towards their place of destination.

他们俩都裹着破破烂烂的外套，这样一来可以挡雨，二来可以避人眼目，也许能一举两得。丈夫拿着个没亮光的灯笼，艰难地走在前头。路上很脏，他这样做似乎是想让身后的妻子可以踩着他深深的脚印前进。他们这样走着，一言不发。邦布尔先生时不时地放慢脚步，回过头去好像要确定他的贤内助是否跟得上，而看到她紧随其后，他就又调整好步伐，以相当快的速度，向他们的目的地走去。

This was far from being a place of doubtful character; for it had long been known as the residence of none but low ruffians, who, under various pretences of living by their labour, subsisted chiefly on

plunder and crime. It was a collection of mere hovels: some, hastily built with loose bricks: others, of old worm-eaten ship-timber: jumbled together without any attempt at order or arrangement, and planted, for the most part, within a few feet of the river's bank. A few leaky boats drawn up on the mud, and made fast to the dwarf wall which skirted it: and here and there an oar or coil of rope: appeared, at first, to indicate that the inhabitants of these miserable cottages pursued some avocation on the river; but a glance at the shattered and useless condition of the articles thus displayed, would have led a passer-by, without much difficulty, to the conjecture that they were disposed there, rather for the preservation of appearances, than with any view to their being actually employed.

那地方远不止是一个名声不好的地方，因为人们很早就认识到，居住在那里的都是些底层的暴徒恶棍，他们打着各种各样的幌子，声称靠劳动吃饭，其实主要是靠抢劫和犯案过活。那里聚集了各样简陋肮脏的棚户：有一些是用松散的砖块匆匆垒成的，另一些是拿破旧的虫蛀船板搭成的。这些棚屋混杂在一起，完全没有试着合理规划，大部分就这么杵在距离河岸几英尺远的地方。几条拖上泥滩的破船被拴在岸边的矮墙上，到处都能看到一支桨或一卷缆绳散落在周围。一眼看上去，好像在这些破房子里住着的人都是在河上谋生的。不过，看到这些东西凌乱地散落着，毫无用处，过路人不费吹灰之力，就能推测出，这些东西丢在这里倒不是有人真的要用，只不过是保持原来的样子罢了。

In the heart of this cluster of huts; and skirting the river, which its upper stories overhung; stood a large building, formerly used as a manufactory of some kind. It had, in its day, probably furnished employment to the inhabitants of the surrounding tenements. But it had long since gone to ruin. The rat, the worm, and the action of the damp, had weakened and rotted the piles on which it stood; and a considerable portion of the building had already sunk down into the water; while the remainder, tottering and bending over the dark stream, seemed to wait a favourable opportunity of following its old companion, and involving itself in the same fate.

在这个棚户区的中心，紧靠河边，有一栋大房子，上面的几层楼都悬在水上。这个房子以前是当做生产某种产品的工厂用的。在工厂还运作的时候，它也许给住在附近廉价公寓里的居民们提供过工作机会。但是，它已经荒废很久了。老鼠、蛀虫，以及湿气的侵蚀已经使房子的木桩腐烂了，削弱了其支撑房子的力量。房子很大一部分都已经没入了水下，剩余的部分也在黑乎乎的水流上方摇摇欲坠、歪歪斜斜的，仿佛在等待一个合适的时机，步它那老伙伴的后尘，经历同样的命运。

It was before this ruinous building that the worthy couple paused, as the first peal of distant thunder reverberated in the air, and the rain commenced pouring violently down.

正是在这座被严重损害的房子前，这对可敬的夫妇停下了脚步。这时，从远处传来了第一阵隆隆的雷声，在空中回荡，接着便下起了倾盆大雨。

"The place should be somewhere here," said Bumble, consulting a scrap of paper he held in his hand.

“那地方肯定就在这附近。”邦布尔先生看了看手上拿着的纸片说道。

"Halloa there!" cried a voice from above.

“喂！”一个声音在上面喊道。

Following the sound, Mr. Bumble raised his head and descried a man looking out of a door, breast-high, on the second story.

顺着声音，邦布尔先生抬起头，望见有个男人从三楼门口探出半个身子来看着他们。

"Stand still, a minute," cried the voice; "I'll be with you directly.” With which the head disappeared, and the door closed.

“站着别动，等一分钟。”那声音叫道，“我马上就下来。”说着他把头缩了回去，门也关上了。

"Is that the man?" asked Mr. Bumble's good lady.

“是那个人吗？”邦布尔先生的贤内助问道。

Mr. Bumble nodded in the affirmative.

邦布尔先生肯定地点了点头。

"Then, mind what I told you," said the matron: "and be careful to say as little as you can, or you'll betray us at once.”

“那么，记住我和你说过的话。”女总管说，“能少说话就少说，不然你会立刻让我们露陷的。”

Mr. Bumble, who had eyed the building with very rueful looks, was apparently about to express some doubts relative to the advisability of proceeding any further with the enterprise just then, when he was prevented by the appearance of Monks: who opened a small door, near which they stood, and beckoned them inwards.

邦布尔先生很是懊恼地看了看这座房子，很明显，他对继续深入这件事是否可行表现出一些疑惑。可是正在这时，他还没来得及发表见解，蒙克斯就出来了，他打开了他们身边的一扇小门，招呼他们进来。

"Come in!" he cried impatiently, stamping his foot upon the ground. "Don't keep me here!”

“进来吧！”他不耐烦地喊道，直跺脚。“别让我在这儿等着！”

The woman, who had hesitated at first, walked boldly in, without any other invitation. Mr. Bumble, who was ashamed or afraid to lag behind, followed: obviously very ill at ease and with scarcely any of that remarkable dignity which was usually his chief characteristic.

女人先是迟疑了一下，然后不等他再招呼，就大胆地走了进去。邦布尔先生觉得惭愧，当然也没敢落在后面，紧跟着走了进去；显然他很不自在，平日性格里，那种最突出的、自命不凡的样子也几乎都看不见了。

"What the devil made you stand lingering there, in the wet?" sadi Monks, turning round, and addressing Bumble, after he had bolted the door behind them.

“你搞什么鬼，刚才站在雨里干嘛呢？”蒙克斯闩上门，转过头来问邦布尔。

"We—we were only cooling ourselves," stammered Bumble, looking apprehensively about him.

“我们——我们就是凉快会儿。”邦布尔一边结结巴巴地说，一边忧心重重地四下张望。

"Cooling yourselves!" retorted Monks. "Not all the rain that ever fell, or ever will fall, will put as much of hell's fire out, as a man can carry about with him. You won't cool yourself so easily; don't think it!”

“凉快会儿！”蒙克斯回嘴道，“那些已经下了的和将要下的雨全加起来也浇不灭一个人心里的欲望之火，正如浇不灭那地狱之火一样。你可没办法这么容易就让自己凉快下来，没门儿！”

With this agreeable speech, Monks turned short upon the matron, and bent his gaze upon her, till even she, who was not easily cowed, was fain to withdraw her eyes, and turn them towards the ground.

这一段有趣的话结束后，蒙克斯猛地转向女总管，眼睛直盯着她，直到这位从不轻易屈服的女强人也不得不收回目光，看着地面。

"This is the woman, is it?" demanded Monks.

“就是这女人，是吗？”蒙克斯问道。

"Hem! That is the woman," replied Mr. Bumble, mindful of his wife's caution.

“嗯！就是这女人。”邦布尔先生回答，不忘妻子对他的警告。

"You think women never can keep secrets, I suppose?" said the matron, interposing, and returning, as she spoke, the searching look of Monks.

“我猜，你认为没有女人能守得住秘密？”女总管插嘴道，边说边回

敬蒙克斯锐利的目光。

"I know they will always keep one till it's found out," said Monks.

“我知道女人们只能守得住一个秘密，直到被发现了为止。”蒙克斯说。

"And what may that be?" asked the matron.

“什么秘密？”女总管问道。

"The loss of their own good name," replied Monks. "So, by the same rule, if a woman's a party to a secret that might hang or transport her, I'm not afraid of her telling it to anybody; not I! Do you understand, mistress?”

“就是她们失去了自己的好名声这样的秘密。”蒙克斯回答，“所以，同样地，如果一个女人卷入了一个会把她送上绞刑架，或者会被流放的秘密，我才不担心她会把这个秘密告诉别人呢，绝不担心！明白吗，夫人？”

"No," rejoined the matron, slightly colouring as she spoke.

“不明白。”女总管答道，脸微微地发红。

"Of course you don't!" said Monks. "How should you?"

“你当然不明白！”蒙克斯说，“你怎么会明白呢？”

Bestowing something half-way between a smile and a frown upon his two companions, and again beckoning them to follow him, the man hastened across the apartment, which was of considerable extent, but low in the roof. He was preparing to ascend a steep staircase, or rather ladder, leading to another floor of warehouses above: when a bright flash of lightning streamed down the aperture, and a peal of thunder followed, which shook the crazy building to its centre.

那人对他这两位客人投去半笑半恼的表情，又招呼他们跟着他，就快步穿过这个空间相当宽敞但是屋顶很低的房间。他正准备爬上通往楼上仓库的陡峭的楼梯——或者不如说是梯子，一道明亮的闪电劈进屋子来，一声响雷紧随其后，这座破旧的房子摇晃起来。

"Hear it!" he cried, shrinking back. "Hear it! Rolling and crashing on as if it echoed through a thousand caverns where the devils were hiding from it. I hate the sound!"

“听见了吗！”他直往后退，大声说道，“听见了吗！轰轰隆隆就打进来了，就像在魔鬼藏身的上千个洞穴里回荡一样。我讨厌这声音！”

He remained silent for a few moments; and then, removing his hands suddenly from his face, showed, to the unspeakable discomposure of Mr. Bumble, that it was much distorted and discoloured.

他沉默了一会儿，然后忽然将双手从脸上移开。他表情扭曲，面无血色，让邦布尔先生心里感到说不出的不安。

"These fits come over me, now and then," said Monks, observing his alarm; "and thunder sometimes brings them on. Don't mind me now; it's all over for this once.”

“我时不时地会像这样发作。”蒙克斯见到邦布尔惊慌的样子，说道，“有时听到雷声就会发作。现在不要管我，这次已经过去了。”

Thus speaking, he led the way up the ladder; and hastily closing the window-shutter of the room into which it led, lowered a lantern which hung at the end of a rope and pulley passed through one of the heavy beams in the ceiling: and which cast a dim light upon an old table and three chairs that were placed beneath it.

他这么说着，带着两位爬上了梯子，然后急忙关上通往楼上的窗板。天花板的一根大梁上装着一个滑轮，滑轮的绳子末端吊着一盏灯，他把灯拉下来，幽暗的灯光照在下面放着的一张旧桌子和三把椅子上。

"Now," said Monks, when they had all three seated themselves, "the sooner we come to our business, the better for all. The woman know what it is, does she?"

“现在，”他们三个都坐下后，蒙克斯说，“我们越早进入正题，对大家越好。这女人知道要说什么，是不是？”

The question was addressed to Bumble; but his wife anticipated the reply, by intimating that she was perfectly acquainted with it.

问题是冲着邦布尔提的，但是他的妻子抢着回答了，表示她完全清楚整件事情。

"He is right in saying that you were with this hag the night she died; and that she told you something—" "About the mother of the boy you named," replied the matron interrupting him. "Yes."

“他说你在那老太婆死的那天晚上和她在一起，她还跟你说了些事——”“关于你说的那个男孩的母亲。”女总管打断了他。“没错。”

"The first question is, of what nature was her communication?" said Monks.

“第一个问题，她说的事究竟是什么性质的？”蒙克斯说。

"That's the second," observed the woman with much deliberation. "The first is, what may the communication be worth?"

“那是第二个问题。”女人格外谨慎地说，“第一个问题是，她说的事能值个什么价？”

"Who the devil can tell that, without knowing of what kind it is?" asked Monks.

“还不知道这是个什么样的事，鬼才知道？”蒙克斯问道。

"Nobody better than you, I am persuaded," answered Mrs. Bumble: who did not want for spirit, as her yoke-fellow could abundantly testify.

“我相信没人比你更清楚了。”邦布尔太太回答，她气势逼人，其同负一轭的夫君足以证明这一点。

"Humph!" said Monks significantly, and with a look of eager inquiry; "there may be money's worth to get, eh?”

“哼！”蒙克斯脸上带着一种急切想要打听的神色，意味深长地说，“也许能值上几个钱吧，嗯？”

"Perhaps there may," was the composed reply.

“也许是吧。”回答的人很平静。

"Something that was taken from her," said Monks. "Something that she wore. Something that—” "You had better bid," interrupted Mrs. Bumble. "I have heard enough, already, to assure me that you are the man I ought to talk to."

“有一样东西从她身上拿走了。”蒙克斯说，“她以前戴在身上的。那件——”“赶紧出个价吧。”邦布尔太太打断了他，“我已经听够了，我相信我的确应该跟你说说这事。”

Mr. Bumble, who had not yet been admitted by his better half into any greater share of the secret than he had originally possessed, listened to this dialogue with outstretched neck and distended eyes: which he directed towards his wife and Monks, by turns, in undisguised astonishment; increased, if possible, when the latter sternly demanded, what sum was required for the disclosure.

关于这个秘密，邦布尔先生知道的也就那么多。他以前从未获准从他另一半那里得到更多的消息。他这会儿不禁伸长了脖子、瞪大了眼睛留神听着。他的目光在他妻子和蒙克斯之间不停游移，面带无法掩饰的惊讶；当他听到后者严肃地问透露这个秘密要多少钱时，他更加吃惊了，如果之前还不算最惊讶的话。

"What's it worth to you?" asked the woman, as collected as before.

“对你来说值多少？”女人问道，像之前一样镇定。

"It may be nothing; it may be twenty pounds," replied Monks. "Speak out, and let me know which."

“也许不值一分钱；也许值二十镑。”蒙克斯回答道，“说吧，让我瞧瞧到底值多少。”

"Add five pounds to the sum you have named; give me five-and-twenty pounds in gold," said the woman; "and I'll tell you all I know.

Not before.”

“照你说的价再加五镑，给我二十五个金镑，”女人说，“然后我就全告诉你。

"Five-and-twenty pounds!" exclaimed Monks, drawing back.

“二十五镑！”蒙克斯叫道，向后退了一步。

"I spoke as plainly as I could," replied Mrs. Bumble. "It's not a large sum, either.”

“我说得够明白了，”邦布尔太太答道，“而且也不算是个大数目。”

"Not a large sum for a paltry secret, that may be nothing when it's told!" cried Monks impatiently; "and which has been lying dead for twelve years past or more!"

“这种小秘密，也许说出来并没有什么价值，还不是个大数目！”蒙克斯不耐烦地大喊,“而且，这秘密已经埋藏了十二年了，或许时间还久！”

"Such matters keep well, and, like good wine, often double their value in course of time," answered the matron, still preserving the resolute indifference she had assumed. "As to lying dead, there are those who will lie dead for twelve thousand years to come, or twelve million, for anything you or I know, who will tell strange tales at last!"

“这种事藏得越久越好，就像好酒一样，时间越久价值越翻倍。”女总管回答，脸上仍挂着那副坚决的、不在乎的表情。“至于藏在地下，埋了一万两千年的东西还有可能会再出来呢，或者埋了一千两百万年的，你我都知道，最终会有人出来讲些奇怪的事的！”

"What if I pay it for nothing?" asked Monks, hesitating.

“要是我给了钱，得不到东西怎么办？”蒙克斯犹豫地问道。

"You can easily take it away again," replied the matron. "I am but a woman; alone here; and unprotected."

“你可以轻而易举地再拿回去。”女总管说，“我只不过是个女人，一个人在这儿，也没人保护。”

"Not alone, my dear, nor unprotected, neither," submitted Mr. Bumble, in a voice tremulous with fear: “—I—am here, my dear. And besides," said Mr. Bumble, his teeth chattering as he spoke, "Mr. Monks is too much of a gentleman to attempt any violence on porochial persons. Mr. Monks is aware that I am not a young man, my dear, and also that I am a little run to seed, as I may say; but he has heerd: I say I have no doubt Mr. Monks has heerd, my dear: that I am a very determined officer, with very uncommon strength, if I'm once

roused. I only want a little rousing; that's all.”

“你可不是一个人，亲爱的，也不是没人保护。”邦布尔先生因为害怕，颤颤巍巍地说道，“——我——我在这儿呢，亲爱的。而且，”邦布尔先生牙齿直打颤，说，“蒙克斯先生确实是个绅士，他是不会对教区人士动粗的。蒙克斯先生知道，我不年轻了，亲爱的，他也知道我身体不算结实，可以这么说。不过他听说过——我是说我相信蒙克斯先生听说过，亲爱的——要是惹怒了我，力气过人的我绝不会手软。只要稍微惹恼了我，我就会这样。”

As Mr. Bumble spoke, he made a melancholy feint of grasping his lantern with fierce determination; and plainly showed, by the alarmed expression of every feature, that he did want a little rousing, and not a little, prior to making any very warlike demonstration: unless, indeed, against paupers, or other person or persons trained down for the purpose.

邦布尔先生说着，手里紧紧地握着灯，装出一副恶狠狠的坚决的样子来，可惜处处又都表现出一副惊恐的表情。很明显，他的确需要给稍微惹恼一下，而且不仅仅是一下，才能做出这耀武扬威的姿态来。不过，若是对着贫民们，或者其他专门为着这个目的而接受训练的人们，就另当别论了。

"You are a fool," said Mrs. Bumble, in reply; "and had better hold your tongue."

“你这个傻瓜。”邦布尔太太回答道，“最好赶紧给我闭嘴。”

"He had better have cut it out, before he came, if he can't speak in a lower tone," said Monks, grimly. "So! He's your husband, eh?”

“来之前，就应该把他舌头给割了，要是他不能小点儿声音说话。”蒙克斯冷冰冰地说，“那么！他是你丈夫，嗯？”

"He my husband!" tittered the matron, parrying the question.

“他，我丈夫！”女总管嗤笑着，并没有回答问题。

"I thought as much, when you came in," rejoined Monks, marking the angry glance which the lady darted at her spouse as she spoke. "So much the better; I have less hesitation in dealing with two people, when I find that there's only one will between them. I'm in earnest. See here!”

“你们一进来，我就是这么觉得的。”蒙克斯回答，注意到邦布尔太太在说话时，狠狠地瞪了一眼她的另一半。“那样就更好了，要是我发现跟我打交道的两个人是一个心思，我就能少点儿犹豫。我是认真的。看这儿！”

He thrust his hand into a side-pocket; and producing a canvas bag, told out twenty-five sovereigns on the table, and pushed them

over to the woman.

他把手伸进侧边口袋里，掏出个帆布袋子，数出二十五个金镑放在桌上，把它们全部推到女士面前。

"Now," he said, "gather them up; and when this cursed peal of thunder, which I feel is coming up to break over the house-top, is gone, let's s hear your story.”

“现在，”他说，“收起来吧，我觉得又要有雷声在屋顶炸开了，等它过去了，我再来听听你的故事吧。”

The thunder, which seemed in fact much nearer, and to shiver and break almost over their heads, having subsided, Monks, raising his face from the table, bent forward to listen to what the woman should say. The faces of the three nearly touched, as the two men leant over the small table in their eagerness to hear, and the woman also leant forward to render her whisper audible. The sickly rays of the suspended lantern falling directly upon them, aggravated the paleness and anxiety of their countenances: which, encircled by the deepest gloom and darkness, looked ghastly in the extreme.

雷声听起来比上次更近了，几乎就在他们头顶上颤动着炸响。等雷声渐渐变小，蒙克斯从桌边抬起头，身子前倾，想要听听这女人要说些什么。两个男人都俯身在小小的桌子上，想要听个明白，女人也向前倾着身子，好让大家能听到她低声的说话，因此这三个人的脸几乎贴到一块儿去了。头上悬着的灯发出微弱的光芒，直照在他们身上，使他们的脸色愈发苍白和忧虑，映衬着身边无尽的黑暗，看起来十分恐怖。

"When this woman, that we called old Sally, died," the matron began, "she and I were alone."

“这个女人，我们都叫她老莎莉，她死的时候，”女总管开始了，“是和我单独在一起的。”

"Was there no one by?" asked Monks, in the same hollow whisper; "No sick wretch or idiot in some other bed? No one who could hear, and might, by possibility, understand?"

“旁边没别的人了吗？”蒙克斯用同样低沉的声音问道，“别的床上就没有可怜的病鬼或傻瓜？没有其他能听见，或者有可能听懂的人吗？”

"Not a soul," replied the woman; "we were alone. —I—stood alone beside the body when death came over it.”

“连个鬼影都没有。”女人回答道，“就我们俩。死神降临的时候，我——就我一个人站在她旁边。”

"Good," said Monks, regarding her attentively. "Go on."

“好。”蒙克斯全神贯注地看着她，说道，“继续。”

"She spoke of a young creature," resumed the matron, "who had brought a child into the world some years before; not merely in the same room, but in the same bed, in which she then lay dying."

“她提到了一位年轻人。”女总管接着说道，“那人前几年生了个孩子，不仅正是在那间屋子，还正是在她那时躺着的这张床上。”

"Ay?" said Monks, with quivering lip, and glancing over his shoulder, "Blood! How things come about!"

“啊？”蒙克斯说，嘴唇颤抖起来，回头看了一眼，“该死！怎么会这样！”

"The child was the one you named to him last night," said the matron, nodding carelessly towards her husband; "the mother this nurse had robbed."

“那孩子就是你昨晚跟他说起过的那个，”女总管说，不经意地朝她丈夫点了点头，“那护士偷了她母亲的东西。”

"In life?" asked Monks.

“活着的时候？”蒙克斯问道。

"In death," replied the woman, with something like a shudder. "She stole from the corpse, when it had hardly turned to one, that which the dead mother had prayed her, with her last breath, to keep for the infant's s sake.”

“死了以后。”女人仿佛打了个冷颤，回答道，“那个母亲快要断气的时候，曾经请求她把那东西留给孩子。可是她一死，老萨莉就把东西从死者身上偷走了。”

"She sold it," cried Monks, with desperate eagerness; "did she sell it? Where? When? To whom? How long before?"

“她卖掉了那东西，”蒙克斯极度焦急地喊道，“她是不是把那东西给卖了？卖哪儿了？什么时候卖的？卖给谁了？多久以前卖的？”

"As she told me, with great difficulty, that she had done this," said the matron, "she fell back and died."

“她费了很大的劲儿才说出来，她做了这件事，”女总管说，“然后就倒下死了。”

"Without saying more?" cried Monks, in a voice which, from its very suppression, seemed only the more furious. "It's a lie! I'll not be played with. She said more. I'll tear the life out of you both, but I'll know what it was.”

“没多说一个字？”蒙克斯喊道，他尽量压低声音，但是倒显得更加愤怒了。“你说谎！我不会上当的。她肯定还说了其他话。我得知道她究竟还说了什么，要不然，我就要了你们俩的命。”

"She didn't utter another word," said the woman, to all appearance unmoved (as Mr. Bumble was very far from being) by the strange man's violence; "but she clutched my gown, violently, with one hand, which was partly closed; and when I saw that she was dead, and so removed the hand by force, I found it clasped a scrap of dirty paper."

“她再没说什么话了，”女人说道，对这奇怪的人粗暴的举动无动于衷（邦布尔先生的表现就差得远了）；“不过她一只手紧紧地抓着我的袍子，并没有握紧。当我看到她死了，就使劲把她的手掰开，我发现她手里攥着一小片脏脏的纸条。”

"Which contained—" interposed Monks, stretching forward.

“上面写着什么——”蒙克斯的身子向前倾了倾，插嘴问。

"Nothing," replied the woman; "it was a pawnbroker's duplicate."

“什么也没写。”女人答道，“那是张当票。”

"For what?" demanded Monks.

“当什么的？”蒙克斯问道。

"In good time I'll tell you." said the woman. "I judge that she had kept the trinket, for some time, in the hope of turning it to better account; and then had pawned it; and had saved or scraped together money to pay the pawnbroker's interest year by year, and prevent its running out; so that if anything came of it, it could still be redeemed. Nothing had come of it; and, as I tell you, she died with the scrap of paper, all worn and tattered, in her hand. The time was out in two days; I thought something might one day come of it too; and so redeemed the pledge."

“到时候我自然会告诉你。”女人说。“我想她把这小东西藏了一段时间，希望能卖个好价钱；后来把它给当了，又攒钱，或者说是设法省钱，年复一年地支付当铺的利息，以免过期；那样，如果那东西以后能派上什么用场，还能再赎回来。不过到底没能派上什么用场，我告诉你，她手里拿着那张烂得不行了的小纸片，就死了。当时那张当票还有两天就过期了，我想也许哪天那东西真能派上点用场，就把它赎回来了。”

"Where is it now?" asked Monks quickly.

“那东西现在在哪儿？”蒙克斯急忙问道。

“—There—," replied the woman. And, as if glad to be relieved of it, she hastily threw upon the table a small kid bag scarcely large enough for a French watch, which Monks pouncing upon, tore open with trembling hands. It contained a little gold locket: in which were two locks of hair, and a plain gold wedding-ring.

“——在这儿——。”女人回答。她匆匆忙忙地将一个正好够装下一只法国表的小羊皮袋扔在桌上，好像很高兴终于摆脱了这东西。蒙克斯扑过去，双手颤抖地撕开袋子。袋子里装着一个金色的小盒子，盒子里面有两缕头发，还有一枚纯金的结婚戒指。

"It has the word 'Agnes' engraved on the inside," said the woman.

“上面有字，里圈刻着‘阿格尼丝’几个字。”女人说道，

"There is a blank left for the surname; and then follows the date; which is within a year before the child was born. I found out that."

“还留出了空，用来填姓氏，后面还有日期，那是孩子出生前的一年。我查清楚了。”

"And this is all?" said Monks, after a close and eager scrutiny of the contents of the little packet.

“就这些？”蒙克斯急切而又仔细地检查了小袋子里的东西之后说道。

"All," replied the woman.

“就这些。”女人回答。

Mr. Bumble drew a long breath, as if he were glad to find that the story was over, and no mention made of taking the five-and-twenty pounds back again; and now he took courage to wipe the perspiration which had been trickling over his nose, unchecked, during the whole of the previous dialogue.

邦布尔先生长出了一口气，好像很高兴故事终于结束了，男人也没提出要收回那二十五个金镑。他鼓起勇气擦了擦鼻尖上的汗珠，在之前的对话中，他鼻子上不停地冒汗。

"I know nothing of the story, beyond what I can guess at," said his wife addressing Monks, after a short silence; "and I want to know nothing; for it's safer not. But I may ask you two questions, may I?”

“除了我能猜到的，我再也不知道什么了。”一阵短暂的沉默之后，女人对蒙克斯说，“我也不想知道，那样安全一点儿。但是我想问你两个问题，行吗？”

"You may ask," said Monks, with some show of surprise; "but whether I answer or not is another question."

“问吧。”蒙克斯略带惊讶地说，“不过，我回不回答就是另外的问题了。”

“—Which makes three," observed Mr. Bumble, essaying a stroke of facetiousness.

“那就是三个问题了。”邦布尔先生说，想要卖弄一下自己在开玩笑方面的技巧。

"Is that what you expected to get from me?" demanded the matron.

“这就是你想要从我这里拿到的东西吗？”女总管问道。

"It is," replied Monks. "The other question?"

“正是。”蒙克斯回答，“另一个问题？”

"What do you propose to do with it? Can it be used against me?"

“你想要拿它干什么？会不会对我不利？”

"Never," rejoined Monks; "nor against me either. See here! But don't move a step forward, or your life is not worth a bulrush.”

“绝不会。”蒙克斯回答，“也不会对我不利。看这里！不过，别向前挪一步，不然你的命连根草都不值。”

With these words, he suddenly wheeled the table aside, and pulling an iron ring in the boarding, threw back a large trap-door which opened close at Mr. Bumble's feet, and caused that gentleman to retire several paces backward, with great precipitation.

他说着，忽然拉开桌子，抓住地板上的一个铁环，拉起一块大活板门，就在邦布尔先生脚边，吓得这位先生仓促地连退几步。

"Look down," said Monks, lowering the lantern into the gulf. "Don't fear me. I could have let you down, quietly enough, when you were seated over it, if that had been my game.”

“往下看。”蒙克斯说，并把灯放低朝洞里晃去。“别害怕。要是我有这打算，你们刚坐在这儿的时候，我就可以悄无声息地让你们都下去。”输入错误。刚“在”坐在这儿-0.5

Thus encouraged, the matron drew near to the brink; and even Mr. Bumble himself, impelled by curiousity, ventured to do the same. The turbid water, swollen by the heavy rain, was rushing rapidly on below; and all other sounds were lost in the noise of its plashing and eddying against the green and slimy piles. There had once been a water-mill beneath; the tide foaming and chafing round the few rotten stakes, and fragments of machinery that yet remained, seemed to dart onward, with a new impulse, when freed from the obstacles which had unavailingly attempted to stem its headlong course.

女总管受到鼓励，走到洞边去，甚至邦布尔先生自己也在好奇心的驱使下，做出同样的举动。大雨过后，浑浊的河水暴涨，从下面奔腾而过，冲击着沾满泥巴的绿色木桩，浪花四溅，一切声音都隐没在喧哗的水声中。这下面以前有个水磨，泛起泡沫的浪头打在几根腐烂了的柱子和残留的机器零部件上。摆脱了这些徒劳无功的、企图阻止水流奔涌前进的障碍物，浪潮似乎又有了新的动力，一路向前奔去。

"If you flung a man's body down there, where would it be to-morrow morning?" said Monks, swinging the latern to and fro in the dark well.

“如果把一个人的尸体扔在这下面，明天早上会在哪儿？”蒙克斯说着，将吊灯在黑压压的井里来来回回地摇动。

"Twelve miles down the river, and cut to pieces besides," replied Bumble, recoiling at the thought.

“顺着这条河十二英里外的地方，而且已经被切成碎片了。”邦布尔先生说，想到这一点，他不禁往后退缩。

Monks drew the little packet from his breast, where he had hurriedly thrust it; and tying it to a leaden weight, which had formed a part of some pulley, and was lying on the floor, dropped it into the stream. It fell straight, and true as a die; clove the water with a scarcely audible splash; and was gone.

蒙克斯从怀里掏出刚刚匆忙塞进去的那个小袋子，绑上个铅块，那铅块是从滑轮上掉在地板上，然后他把口袋扔进水流里。它笔直地掉了下去，划开水面，几乎听不见声响，然后就不见了。

The three looking into each other's faces, seemed to breathe more freely.

这三人面面相觑，似乎都松了口气。

"There!" siad Monks, closing the trap-door, which fell heavily back into its former position. "If the sea ever gives up its dead, as books say it will, it will keep its gold and silver to itself, and that trash among it. We have nothing more to say, and may break up our pleasant party."

“喂！”蒙克斯说着，关上了活板门，门板重重地落回原来的位置。“要是大海能把死了的人送到岸上，就像书上说的那样，它也会把金银财宝留给自己的，还有那个没用的垃圾。我们也没什么好谈的了，这次愉快的见面不如就到此为止吧。”

"By all means," observed Mr. Bumble, with great alacrity.

“当然可以。”邦布尔先生说道，欣然接受这样的提议。

"You'll keep a quiet tongue in your head, will you?" said Monks, with a threatening look. "I am not afraid of your wife."

“你会对这件事守口如瓶，对吧？”蒙克斯带着威胁的表情说，“我可不担心你老婆。”

"You may depend upon me, young man," answered Mr. Bumble, bowing himself gradually towards the ladder, with excessive politeness. "On everybody's account, young man; on my own, you

know, Mr. Monks.”

“你完全可以信任我，年轻人。”邦布尔先生一边回答，一边弓着身子慢慢地朝梯子退去，客气得有点儿过分。“那是为了每个人好，年轻人，也是为了我自己，你知道的，蒙克斯先生。”

"I am glad, for your sake, to hear it," remarked Monks. "Light your lantern! And get away from here as fast as you can."

“看在你的份上，我很高兴听到你这么说。”蒙克斯先生说，“把灯点亮！赶紧离开这儿。”

It was fortunate that the conversation terminated at this point, or Mr. Bumble, who had bowed himself to within six inches of the ladder, would infallibly have pitched headlong into the room below. He lighted his lantern from that which Monks had detached from the rope, and now carried in his hand; and making no effort to prolong the discourse, descended in silence, followed by his wife. Monks brought up the rear, after pausing on the steps to satisfy himself that there were no other sounds to be heard than the beating of the rain without, and the rushing of the water.

在这个时候结束对话，对邦布尔先生来说还是很幸运的，要不然他准得一头栽到下面的房间里，因为他已经弓着身子退到离梯子不足六英寸的地方了。蒙克斯从绳子上解下灯来，邦布尔先生就借火点亮了自己手里的灯，没再多说什么，沉默地下楼去了。他的妻子跟在身后。蒙克斯在梯子上停下来，直到确定除了屋外的雨声和水流的声音之外再听不到别的声音了，他才最后一个走下来。

They traversed the lower room, slowly, and with caution; for Monks started at every shadow; and Mr. Bumble, holding his lantern a foot above the ground, walked not only with remarkable care, but with a marvellously light step for a gentleman of his figure: looking nervously about him for hidden trap-doors. The gate at which they had entered, was softly unfastened and opened by Monks; merely exchanging a nod with their mysterious acquaintance, the married couple emerged into the wet and darkness outside.

他们慢慢地穿过楼下的房间，小心翼翼地走着，因为每一个影子都能让蒙克斯吃惊不已；邦布尔先生提着的灯离地一英尺高，步伐格外谨慎，对于他这种体型的人来说，这样轻快的步子算是了不起了。他还紧张地四处张望，怕再有什么隐藏着的活板门。蒙克斯轻轻地拿掉门闩，打开他们进来时的那扇门。这对夫妇只是跟他们这位神秘的朋友点了点头，就走向门外黑暗的雨夜里去了。

They were no sooner gone, than Monks, who appeared to entertain an invincible repugnance to being left alone, called to a boy who had been hidden somewhere below. Bidding him go first, and bear the light, he returned to the chamber he had just quitted.

他们刚走，蒙克斯似乎就对单独呆在这里感到一种抑制不住的恶心。于是，他把一个一直藏在楼下某个地方的男孩叫了出来。蒙克斯让他提着灯走在前面，又回到了他刚刚离开的那个房间里。

CHAPTER XXXIX Introduces some respectable characters with whom the reader is already acquainted, and shows how Monks and the Jew laid their worthy heads together

第三十九章 介绍几位值得尊敬的人物，都是读者已经熟知的人了；看看蒙克斯和老犹太人是怎样顶着颇有价值的脑袋聚在一起的

On the evening following that upon which the three worthies mentioned in the last chapter, disposed of their little matter of business as therein narrated, Mr. William Sikes, awakening from a nap, drowsily growled forth an inquiry what time of night it was.

上一章里提到，那三位大人物在那晚做成了一笔小小的生意。第二天晚上，威廉·赛克斯先生小憩后醒来，睡眼惺忪，咆哮着问现在是晚上几点了。

The room in which Mr. Sikes propounded this question, was not one of those he had tenanted, previous to the Chertsey expedition, although it was in the same quarter of the town, and was situated at no great distance from his former lodgings. It was not, in appearance, so desirable a habitation as his old quarters: being a mean and badly-furnished apartment, of very limited size; lighted only by one small window in the shelving roof, and abutting on a close and dirty lane. Nor were there wanting other indications of the good gentleman's having gone down in the world of late: for a great scarcity of furniture, and total absence of comfort, toget her with the disappearance of all such small moveables as spare clothes and linen, bespoke a state of extreme poverty; while the meagre and attenuated condition of Mr. Sikes himself would have fully confirmed these symptoms, if they had stood in any need of corroboration.

赛克斯先生提出这个问题时所在的房间，并不是以前他来彻特西时，住过的那一间，尽管是同在小镇上的一个城区，而且跟他以前的住处相距不远。这个地方从表面看来不如他的旧居那样令人满意；设施简陋，破败不堪，面积也很有限，只在屋顶上开了一个小窗采光，而且屋子毗邻一条狭窄肮脏的小巷。这位绅士近来运气非常不好，这一点已不需要再多做说明，住处缺少家具，全无舒适可言，甚至像换洗衣物这样琐碎的财产都没有，这一切无不表现出一种极度贫困的境况。如果这些迹象还有待确认的话，那赛克斯先生本人皮包骨头的样子也能给予充分的证明。

The housebreaker was lying on the bed, wrapped in his white

great-coat, by way of dressing-gown, and displaying a set of features in no degree improved by the cadaverous hue of illness, and the addition of a soiled nightcap, and a stiff, black beard of a week's growth. The dog sat at the bedside: now eyeing his master with a wistful look, and now pricking his ears, and uttering a low growl as some noise in the street, or in the lower part of the house, attracted his attention. Seated by the window, busily engaged in patching an old waistcoat which formed a portion of the robber's ordinary dress, was a female: so pale and reduced with watching and privation, that there would have been considerable difficulty in recognising her as the same Nancy who has already figured in this tale, but for the voice in which she replied to Mr. Sikes's question.

这个强盗正躺在床上，身上裹着他那件白色的大外套，当作睡衣穿着；他的脸上露出如死尸般的病容，加上肮脏的睡帽，以及一周都没刮过的、又黑又硬的胡子，这一切表明他的形象一点儿都没得到改进。那条狗趴在床边，不时用愁闷的眼神瞧瞧自己的主人；当听到街上或者楼下传来什么声音，它就竖起耳朵，发出一声低沉的吠声。一个女人坐在窗边，正忙着补一件旧背心，那是强盗平常穿的。因为要照顾病人，加上生活贫困，她脸色苍白，十分瘦弱，如果不是听到她回答赛克斯先生的声音，很难认出她就是前文里提到过的那个南希。

"Not long gone seven," said the girl. "How do you feel to-night, Bill?”

“刚过七点。”姑娘回答，“你今晚觉得怎么样，比尔？”

"As weak as water," replied Mr. Sikes, with an imprecation on his eyes and limbs. "Here; lend us a hand, and let me get off this thundering bed anyhow."

“弱得像水一样。”赛克斯先生回答道，对着自己的眼睛和手脚咒骂了一声。“过来，帮我一把，让我从这该死的床上下来。”

Illness had not improved Mr. Sikes's temper; for, as the girl raised him up and led him to a chair, he muttered various curses on her awkwardness, and struck her.

病痛并没能让赛克斯先生的脾气有所收敛，姑娘扶他起身，朝一把椅子走去，他一直骂骂咧咧着，说她笨手笨脚，还打了她。

"Whining are you?" said Sikes. "Come! Don't stand snivelling there. If you can't do anything better than that, cut off altogether. D'ye hear me?”

“你哭了？”赛克斯说，“过来！别站在那儿哭哭啼啼的。你要是除了哭，什么都不干的话，还不如赶紧滚蛋。听到我的话了吗？”

"I hear you," replied the girl, turning her face aside, and forcing a laugh. "What fancy have you got in your head now?"

“听到了。”姑娘回答道，转过脸去，强挤出一丝笑容。“你这会儿又在想什么呢？”

"Oh! you've thought better of it, have you?" growled Sikes, marking the tear which trembled in her eye. "All the better for you, you have."

“哦！你改变主意了，是吗？”赛克斯看到泪水在她眼眶里打转，低声咆哮道，“你想通了，这对你有好处。”

"Why, you don't mean to say, you'd be hard upon me to-night, Bill," said the girl, laying her hand upon his shoulder.

“哎，你今晚不是故意想对我这么凶的吧，比尔。”姑娘一只手放在他肩膀上，说道。

"No!" cried Mr. Sikes. "Why not?"

“不是？”赛克斯先生叫道，“为什么不是？”

"Such a number of nights," said the girl, with a touch of woman's tenderness, which communicated something like sweetness of tone, even to her voice: "such a number of nights as I've been patient with you, nursing and caring for you, as if you had been a child: and this the first that I've seen you like yourself; you wouldn't have served me as you did just now, if you'd thought of that, would you? Come, come; say you wouldn't.”

“这么多个晚上，”姑娘带着一丝女性的温柔说道，连声音都变得悦耳甜美。“这么多个晚上，我悉心照顾你，看护你，把你当作孩子似的。今晚还是我第一次看到你又变成老样子，你要是想到了那一点，就不会像刚才那样对我了吧，是不是？快说，快说，说你不会。”

"Well, then," rejoined Mr. Sikes, "I wouldn't. Why, damme, now, the girls's whining again!”

“那么，好吧，”赛克斯先生说道，“我不会。哎，天哪，为什么这女人又哭起来了！”

"It's nothing," said the girl, throwing herself into a chair. "Don't you seem to mind me. it's s ll soon be over.”

“没事。”姑娘说着，自己坐到一把椅子上。“你别管我。一会儿我就没事了。”

"What's ll be over?" demanded Mr. Sikes in a savage voice. "What foolery are you up to, now, again? Get up and bustle about, and don't come over me with your woman's nonsense.”

“什么没事了？”赛克斯先生凶巴巴地问道，“现在，你又在犯什么傻呢？起来，干活去，别再拿你们女人的傻话来烦我。”

At any other time, this remonstrance, and the tone in which it

was delivered, would have had the desired effect; but the girl being really weak and exhausted, dropped her head over the back of the chair, and fainted, before Mr. Sikes could get out a few of the appropriate oaths with which, on similar occasions, he was accustomed to garnish his threats. Not knowing, very well, what to do, in this uncommon emergency; for Miss Nancy's hysterics were usually of that violent kind which the patient fights and struggles out of, without much assistance; Mr. Sikes tried a little blasphemy: and finding that mode of treatment wholly ineffectual, called for assistance.

在其他任何时候，这种告诫及说话的腔调都能够达到预期效果，但是这会儿，姑娘实在是太虚弱了，她已经精疲力竭了。赛克斯先生还想再说上几句在此类情况下应该说的恶语，习惯性地给他的告诫加点儿装饰，不过话还没来得及出口，姑娘的头就向椅背后一仰，晕了过去。在这种紧急情况下，赛克斯先生完全不知道应该怎么办才好，因为南希小姐的歇斯底里症一发作就十分猛烈，只能靠病人自己的拼命挣扎才能得到解脱，外人帮不上什么忙；赛克斯先生试了试咒骂几句，发现这方法完全没有效果，只好叫人来帮忙。

"What's the matter here, my dear?" said Fagin, looking in.

“这里怎么啦，亲爱的？”费金朝屋里看了看，问道。

"Lend a hand to the girl, can't you?" replied Sikes impatiently. "Don't stand chattering and grinning at me!”

“来帮帮这姑娘，行不行？”赛克斯不耐烦地说，“别光站在那儿看热闹，还嘻皮笑脸的！”

With an exclamation of surprise, Fagin hastened to the girl's assistance, while Mr. John Dawkins (otherwise the Artful Dodger), who had followed his venerable friend into the room, hastily deposited on the floor a bundle with which he was laden; and snatching a bottle from the grasp of Master Charles Bates who came close at his heels, uncorked it in a twinkling with his teeth, and poured a portion of its contents down the patient's s throat: previously taking a taste, himself, to prevent mistakes.

费金发出一声惊叹，赶紧上前帮忙。而约翰·道金斯先生（也就是机灵鬼）跟着他那位德高望重的朋友进了屋，赶忙把背着的东西放在地板上。然后他从紧跟着他走进来的查尔斯·贝茨少爷手里一把抓过瓶子，一眨眼就用牙把它咬开了。他先自己尝了点儿，以免弄错，然后把里面的东西往病人的喉咙里灌了些。

"Give her a whiff of fresh air with the bellows, Charley," said Mr. Dawkins; "and you slap her hands, Fagin, while Bill undoes the petticuts."

“用风箱让她吸几口新鲜空气，查理，”道金斯先生说，“比尔解开她衬裙时，你就拍拍她的手，费金。”

These united restoratives, administered with great energy: especially that department consigned to Master Bates, who appeared to consider his share in the proceedings, a piece of unexampled pleasantry: were not long in producing the desired effect. The girl gradually recovered her senses; and, staggering to a chair by the bedside, hid her face upon the pillow: leaving Mr. Sikes to confront the new comers, in some astonishment at their unlooked—for appearance.

大家齐心协力，起劲地做急救工作，特别是贝茨少爷的那部分，他似乎觉得自己在抢救工作里的行为是一种前所未有的乐趣。不一会儿，救助就产生了令人满意的效果。姑娘逐渐恢复过来，踉踉跄跄地走向床边的一把椅子，把脸埋在枕头里，留下赛克斯先生自己对付这群客人，他们不请自来让赛克斯颇感意外。

"Why, what evil wind has blowed you here?" he asked Fagin.

“哎，什么鬼风把你们给吹来了？”他问费金。

"No evil wind at all, my dear, for evil winds blow nobody any good; and I've brought something good with me, that you'll be glad to see. Dodger, my dear, open the bundle; and give Bill the little trifles that we spent all our money on, this morning.”

“没什么鬼风，亲爱的，鬼风不能给人带来任何好处，而我带了些好东西来，你见了一定会很高兴的。机灵鬼，亲爱的，打开那个包裹，把那些小东西拿给比尔，今天早上我们花光了所有的钱才买到的那些东西。”

In compliance with Mr. Fagin's request, the Artful untied this bundle, which was of large size, and formed of an old table-cloth; and handed the articles it contained, one by one, to Charley Bates: who placed them on the table, with various encomiums on their rarity and excellence.

机灵鬼听到费金先生吩咐，便解开包裹。包裹很大，用一块旧桌布包着。机灵鬼把里面的东西一件件拿出来递给查理·贝茨，后者一边把东西放在桌上，一边对东西的珍贵精美赞不绝口。

"Sitch a rabbit pie, Bill," exclaimed that young gentleman, disclosing to view a huge pasty; "sitch delicate creeturs, with sitch tender limbs, Bill, that the wery bones melt in your mouth, and there's no occasion to pick 'em; half a pound of seven and six-penny green, so precious strong that if you mix it with biling water, it's s ll go nigh to blow the lid of the tea-pot off; a pound and a half of moist sugar that the niggers didn't work at all at, afore they got it up to sitch a pitch of

goodness,—oh no! Two half-quartern brans; pound of best fresh; piece of double Glo'ster; and, to wind up all, some of the richest sort you ever lushed!”

“多棒的兔肉馅饼，比尔，”这位年轻的绅士说着，拿出了一大块馅饼来，“多棒的东西，多嫩的腿肉，比尔，连骨头都会在你嘴里化了呢，都用不着剔出来。半磅绿茶，七先令六便士一磅，特别浓，要是你用开水一泡，可能会把茶壶盖也给掀飞了呢；一磅半的糖，有些潮了，肯定是那群黑鬼又偷懒了，以前他们把这弄得可好了——哦，不！两个两磅重的大面包，一磅最好的鲜肉，一块双料格罗斯特奶酪，最后，还有你喝过的最名贵的酒！”

Uttering this last panegyric, Master Bates produced, from one of his extensive pockets, a full-sized wine-bottle, carefully corked; while Mr. Dawkins, at the same instant, poured out a wine-glassful of raw spirits from the bottle he carried: which the invalid tossed down his throat without a moment's s hesitation.

说完最后这句赞词，贝茨少爷从他的大口袋里掏出一整瓶还没开封的酒来。这时，道金斯先生也从他带来的瓶子里倒出一杯烈酒，病人毫不迟疑地灌了下去。

"Ah!" said Fagin, rubbing his hands with great satisfaction. "You'll do, Bill; you'll do now.”

“啊！”费金相当满意地搓搓手，说道，“你行的，比尔，你现在可以的。”

"Do!" exclaimed Mr. Sikes; "I might have been done for, twenty times over, afore you'd have done anything to help me. What do you mean by leaving a man in this state, three weeks and more, you false-hearted wagabond?”

“行！”赛克斯先生喊道，“在你们帮上任何忙之前，我怕是已经不行二十回了。你们是什么意思？竟忍心抛下一个这样的病人三个多星期？这群没良心的混蛋？”

"Only hear him, boys!" said Fagin, shrugging his shoulders. "And us come to bring him all these beau-ti-ful things.”

“听听他说的，孩子们！”费金耸耸肩说，“我们还给他带来这么些好——东——西。”

"The things is well enough in their way," observed Mr. Sikes: a little soothed as he glanced over the table; "but what have you got to say for yourself, why you should leave me here, down in the mouth, health, blunt, and everything else; and take no more notice of me, all this mortal time, than if I was that'ere dog. —Drive him down, Charley!”

“东西倒是很好，”赛克斯先生说道，他扫了一眼桌上的东西，稍微

觉得有点儿顺心，“但是你们自己准备怎么辩解？为什么把我留在这儿，吃不好，又生着病，混混沌沌的，什么都没有，这么长时间你们还不管我，还不如一只狗。——把他赶下去，查理！”

"I never see such a jolly dog as that," cried Master Bates, doing as he was desired. "Smelling the grub like a old lady a going to market! He'd make his fortun on the stage that dog would, and rewive the drayma besides.”

“我还从没见过这么有意思的狗。”贝茨少爷一边把狗赶跑，一边大声说道，“就像要去市场的老太太一样，总能闻到食物的味道！要是上了舞台，它准能成名，还能复兴戏剧呢。”

"Hold your din," cried Sikes, as the dog retreated under the bed: still growling angrily. "What have you got to say for yourself, you withered old fence, eh?"

“别吵了。”赛克斯喊道。那狗退到床下，仍然低声怒吼着。“你们准备怎么辩解呢，你们这些没用的老贼头，嗯？”

"I was away from London, a week and more, my dear, on a plant," replied the Jew.

“我有一个多星期不在伦敦，亲爱的，办事去了。”犹太人答道。

"And what about the other fortnight?" demanded Sikes. "What about the other fortnight that you've left me lying here, like a sick rat in his hole?”

“那么另外两周怎么解释？”赛克斯追问道，“怎么解释另外两周，你把我丢在这里，像只生病的老鼠似的躺在洞里？”

"I couldn't help it, Bill. I can't go into a long explanation before company; but I couldn't help it, upon my honour.”

“我没办法啊，比尔。当着别人的面，我没法解释清楚；不过我真的是没办法，我拿名誉担保。”

"Upon your what?" growled Sikes, with excessive disgust. "Here! Cut me off a piece of that pie, one of you boys, to take the taste of that out of my mouth, or it's s ll choke me dead.”

“拿什么？”赛克斯露出极度厌恶的神情，吼道，“喂！你们谁给我切块馅饼，去去嘴里的味儿，他这话简直要让我窒息了。”

"Don't be out of temper, my dear," urged Fagin, submissively. "I have never forgot you, Bill; never once."

“别发脾气，亲爱的。”费金恭恭敬敬地劝道，“我从来都没忘了你啊，比尔，一次也没有。”

"No! I'll pound it that you han't," replied Sikes, with a bitter grin. "You've been scheming and plotting away, every hour that I have laid

shivering and burning here; and Bill was to do this; and Bill was to do that; and Bill was to do it all, dirt cheap, as soon as he got well: and was quite poor enough for your work. If it hadn't been for the girl, I might have died.”

“没有！我谅你也不敢。”赛克斯说道，苦笑了一下。“我躺在这里，浑身发烫，抖个不停，你却时刻在谋划算计着，让比尔做这个，或者做那个；只要他一好，什么都让比尔来做，真是廉价的劳力，比尔又穷得可以，正好来给你做事。要不是这姑娘，我也许早就死了。”

"There now, Bill," remonstrated Fagin, eagerly catching at the word. "If it hadn't been for the girl! Who but poor ould Fagin was the means of your having such a handy girl about you?”

“比尔，你看。”费金赶紧接过话来，抱怨道，“要不是这姑娘！除了可怜的老费金，谁还能给你找个这样的姑娘围着你转？”

"He says true enough there!" siad Nancy, coming hastily forward. "Let him be; let him be."

“这话他可说对了！”南希连忙走上前说，“随他去吧。随他去吧。”

Nancy's appearance gave a new turn to the conversation; for the boys, receiving a sly wink from the wary old Jew, began to ply her with liquor: of which, however, she took very sparingly; while Fagin, assuming an unusual flow of spirits, gradually brought Mr. Sikes into a better temper, by affecting to regard his threats as a little pleasant banter; and, moreover, by laughing very heartily at one or two rough jokes, which, after repeated applications to the spirit-bottle, he condescended to make.

南希一出现，谈话就转了方向；谨慎的老犹太人给那两个小伙子使了个狡猾的眼色，他们便开始一个劲儿地给她敬酒。不过，她喝得很少；费金这会儿却装出一副特别高兴的样子，慢慢哄得赛克斯先生收了脾气。费金把他的威胁只当作善意的玩笑。而且，赛克斯先生一个劲儿地喝酒，也撂下脸来讲一两个粗俗的笑话，费金开怀大笑。

"It's all very well," said Mr. Sikes; "but I must have some blunt from you to-night.”

“这倒是不错。”赛克斯先生说，“不过今晚你得给我些钱。”

"I haven't a piece of coin about me," replied the Jew.

“我身上一个硬币也没有了。”犹太人答道。

"Then you've got lots at home," retorted Sikes; "and I must have some from there."

“你家里肯定有很多钱，”赛克斯反驳说，“我得从那儿拿点儿来。”

"Lots!" cried Fagin, holding up his hands. "I haven't so much as

would—” "I don't know how much you've got, and I dare say you hardly know yourself, as it would take a pretty long time to count it," said Sikes; "but I must have some to-night; and that's flat.”

“很多钱！”费金叫道，举起双手。“我的钱还没多到——”“我不知道你有多少钱，我敢说你自己也不知道，因为要数清楚可得花会儿功夫呢。”赛克斯说，“不过我今晚非得拿到一些，就这样。”

"Well, well," said Fagin, with a sigh, "I'll send the Artful round presently.”

“好吧，好吧。”费金叹了口气，说道，“我一会儿让机灵鬼给你送来。”

"You won't do nothing of the kind," rejoined Mr. Sikes. "The Artful's a deal too artful, and would forget to come, or lose his way, or get dodged by traps and so be perwented, or anything for an excuse, if you put him up to it. Nancy shall go to the ken and fetch it, to make all sure; and I'll lie down and have a snooze while she's gone.”

“你可不会做这种事的。”赛克斯先生回嘴道，“机灵鬼可太机灵了，准会忘了送来，或者迷路了，要不就是遇上警察来不了了，总之只要你发话，他一定有个借口。南希会到你窝里去拿，确保一切顺利；她走了，我就躺下睡一会儿。”

After a great deal of haggling and squabbling, Fagin beat down the amount of the required advance from five pounds to three pounds four and sixpence: protesting with many solemn asseverations that that would only leave him eighteen-pence to keep house with; Mr. Sikes sullenly remarking that if he couldn't get any more he must accompany him home; with the Dodger and Master Bates put the eatables in the cupboard. The Jew then, taking leave of his affectionate friend, returned homeward, attended by Nancy and the boys: Mr. Sikes, meanwhile, flinging himself on the bed, and composing himself to sleep away the time until the young lady's return.

费金讨价还价了好一会儿，才把要求的总数从五镑降到了三镑四先令六便士，还郑重其事地抱怨说，这样他只剩下十八个便士度日了；赛克斯先生不高兴地说，要是他弄不来更多的钱，自己就要跟他一起到家里去；这空当，机灵鬼和贝茨少爷把吃的东西都放进橱柜里了。于是，犹太人跟他亲爱的朋友道别，与两个小伙子和南希一块儿走了；赛克斯先生一头倒在床上，安安稳稳地睡了很长时间，等着姑娘回来。

In due course, they arrived at Fagin's abode, where they found Toby Crackit and Mr. Chitling intent upon their fifteenth game at cribbage, which it is scarcely necessary to say the latter gentleman lost, and with it, his fifteenth and last sixpence: much to the amusement of his young friends. Crackit Chitling 人名无法查证，沿用

参考译文 Mr. Crackit, apparently somewhat ashamed at being found relaxing himself with a gentleman so much his inferior in station and mental endowments, yawned, and inquiring after Sikes, took up his hat to go.

之后，他们顺利抵达费金的住处，发现托比·格拉基特和基特宁先生正专注地玩着第十五局纸牌。不用说，又是后面这位绅士输了，而且输掉了他第十五个也是最后一个便士，这让他年轻的朋友们觉得很有意思。拿这么一位状态和智力都远不如自己的绅士寻开心，格拉基特先生显然觉得很不好意思，于是他打着哈欠，问了问赛克斯的情况，就拿上帽子准备离开。

"Has nobody been, Toby?" asked Fagin.

“有人来过吗，托比？”费金问。

"Not a living leg," answered Mr. Crackit, pulling up his collar; "it's been as dull as swipes. You ought to stand something handsome, Fagin, to recompense me for keeping house so long. Damme, I'm as flat as a juryman; and should have gone to sleep, as fast as Newgate, if I hadn't had the good natur' to amuse this youngster. Horrid dull, I'm blessed if I an't!”

“腿都没一条。”格拉基特先生拉了拉领子回答道，“就像喝剩的啤酒一样没劲。你该给我点儿好东西，费金，作为我看家这么久的报酬。见鬼，我像个陪审员一样无聊，要不是我好心给这个年轻人解解闷，我早该睡觉去了，跟在监狱里一样。真是太无聊了，不无聊才怪呢！”

With these and other ejaculations of the same kind, Mr. Toby Crackit swept up his winnings, and crammed them into his waistcoat pocket with a haughty air, as though such small pieces of silver were wholly beneath the consideration of a man of his figure; this done, he swaggered out of the room, with so much elegance and gentility, that Mr. Chitling, bestowing numerous admiring glances on his legs and boots till they were out of sight, assured the company that he considered his acquaintance cheap at fifteen sixpences an interview, and that he didn't value his losses the snap of his little finger.

托比·格拉基特先生一边发着同样的牢骚，一边神气地把赢的一些小钱拢在一起，放进背心口袋里，好像这点儿小银币根本不入他这位先生的法眼。收好了钱，他摇摇晃晃地走出屋子，彬彬有礼，风度翩翩，基特宁先生不禁频频朝他穿着靴子的双腿投以羡慕的目光，直到看不见为止。他向众人保证道，花十五个六便士银币认识这么个人实在是太便宜了，他根本不介意像弹弹小手指一样输掉的那点儿钱。

"Wot a rum chap you are, Tom!" siad Master Bates, highly amused by this declaration.

“你真是个怪人，汤姆！”贝茨少爷说，他觉得这番话很有意思。

"Not a bit of it," replied Mr. Chitling. "Am I, Fagin?"

“一点儿也不是。”基特宁先生回答道，“我怪吗，费金？”

"A very clever fellow, my dear," said Fagin, patting him on the shoulder, and winking to his other pupils.

“你很聪明，亲爱的。”费金拍了拍他的肩膀说，一边对其他的跟班使眼色。

"And Mr. Crackit is a heavy swell; an't he, Fagin?" asked Tom.

“格拉基特先生真是一位名流，不是吗，费金？”汤姆问道。

"No doubt at all of that, my dear."

“毫无疑问，亲爱的。”

"And it is a creditable thing to have his acquaintance; an't it, Fagin?" pursued Tom.

“能认识他可真是件体面的事情，是不是，费金？”汤姆追问道。

"Very much so, indeed, my dear. They're only jealous, Tom, because he won't give it to them.”

“可不是嘛，的确是，亲爱的。他们只是嫉妒你，汤姆，因为他们没能认识他。”

"Ah!" cried Tom, triumphantly, "that's where it is!” He has cleaned me out. But I can go and earn some more, when I like; can't I, Fagin?”

“啊！”汤姆得意地叫道，“就是这个原因了！他赢走了我所有的钱。不过，我想要的时候可以去赚更多的钱，对吧，费金？”

"To be sure you can, and the sooner you go the better, Tom; so make up your loss at once, and don't lose any more time. Dodger! Charley! it's time you were on the lay. Come! it's near ten, and nothing done yet.”

“你当然行，越早去越好，汤姆，赶紧去把输的钱赚回来吧，别再浪费时间了。机灵鬼！查理！该干活了。来吧！都快十点了，还什么都没干呢。”

In obedience to this hint, the boys, nodding to Nancy, took up their hats, and left the room; the Dodger and his vivacious friend indulging, as they went, in many witticisms at the expense of Mr. Chitling; in whose conduct, it is but justice to say, there was nothing very conspicuous or peculiar: inasmuch as there are a great number of spirited young bloods upon town, who pay a much higher price than Mr. Chitling for being seen in good society: and a great number of fine gentlemen (composing the good society aforesaid) who established their reputation upon very much the same footing as flash Toby Crackit.

小伙子们听到吩咐，向南希点点头，顺从地拿起帽子，离开了房间，机灵鬼和他那个活泼的朋友一边走，一边拿基特宁先生取笑。公平地说，基特宁先生的举止并无特别出格奇异之处。镇上还有很多精神头儿十足的年轻人，他们为了能步入上流社会而付出的代价比基特宁先生可多得多；还有好多讲究的绅士（就是他们组成了上面说到的上流社会），他们正是从与花里胡哨的托比·格拉基特几乎相同的起点，建立起自己的名声的。

"Now," said Fagin, when they had left the room, "I'll go and get you that cash, Nancy. This is only the key of a little cupboard where I keep a few odd things the boys get, my dear. I never lock up my money, for I've got none to lock up, my dear—ha! ha! ha! —none to lock up. it's a poor trade, Nancy, and no thanks; but I'm fond of seeing the young people about me; and I bear it all, I bear it all. Hush!" he said, hastily concealing, the key in his breast; "who's that? Listen!”

“现在，”他们走后，费金说，“我去给你拿钱，南希。这是一个小橱柜的钥匙，里面放着孩子们弄来的零碎东西，亲爱的。我从不给钱上锁，因为我没钱可锁，亲爱的——哈！哈！哈！——没钱可锁。这真是件苦差事，南希，不讨好，不过我喜欢看着这些孩子们在我身边，我可以忍受这一切，我可以忍受。嘘！”他说，急忙把钥匙藏进怀里。那是谁？听！”

The girl, who was sitting at the table with her arms folded, appeared in no way interested in the arrival: or to care whether the person, whoever he was, came or went: until the murmur of a man's voice reached her ears. The instant she caught the sound, she tore off her bonnet and shawl, with the rapidity of lightning, and thrust them under the table. The Jew, turning round immediately afterwards, she muttered a complaint of the heat: in a tone of languor that contrasted, very remarkably, with the extreme haste and violence of this action: which, however, had been unobserved by Fagin, who had his back towards her at the time.

姑娘正抱着胳膊坐在桌边，对来者一点儿也不感兴趣，或者说根本不在乎谁在走来走去，直到她听到一个男人的低语声。她一听到那个声音，赶忙扯下软帽和披肩，扔在桌下，速度快得好像闪电一般。犹太人立刻转过身来，她抱怨了一声天热，语气懒洋洋的，跟刚才慌乱迅速的动作形成鲜明对比。费金没注意到这一切，当时他正背对着她。

"Bah!" he whispered, as though nettled by the interruption; "it's the man I expected before; he's coming downstairs. Not a word about the money while he's here, Nance. He won't stop long. Not ten minutes, my dear.”

“呸！”他低声说道，好像对这打扰感到很生气。“那是我之前等的人，他正下楼来着。他在这儿的时候，别提钱的事，南希。他不会呆太久的。不超过十分钟，亲爱的。”

Laying his skinny forefinger upon his lip, the Jew carried a candle to the door, as a man's step was heard upon the stairs without. He reached it, at the same moment as the visitor, who, coming hastily into the room, was close upon the girl before he observed her.

犹太人伸出消瘦的食指，放在嘴唇上，然后拿着蜡烛走向门口，能听见门外楼梯上男人的脚步声。他刚走到门口，来人也正好匆匆走进房间。他都走到姑娘跟前了，才看见她。

It was Monks.

那是蒙克斯。

"Only one of my young people," said Fagin, observing that Monks drew back, on beholding a stranger. "Don't move, Nancy."

“那是我的一个手下，”费金见蒙克斯看到有陌生人在，后退了一步，便说道，“别动，南希。”

The girl drew closer to the table, and glancing at Monks with an air of careless levity, withdrew her eyes; but as he turned towards Fagin, she stole another look; so keen and searching, and full of purpose, that if there had been any bystander to observe the change, he could hardly have believed the two looks to have proceeded from the same person.

姑娘往桌前靠了靠，漫不经心地瞟了蒙克斯一眼，然后收回目光；不过，等他转过身去，面对着费金时，她又偷看了一眼，这次目光锐利、意味深长，如果这时有位看客注意到这一变化，肯定难以相信这两种眼神竟出自同一人。

"Any news?" inquired Fagin.

“有什么消息吗？”费金问道。

"Great."

“大消息。”

"And—and—good?" asked Fagin, hesitating as yhough he feared to vex the other man by being too sanguine.

“那么——那么——是好消息吗？”费金犹豫地问，好像怕自己乐观的态度惹恼了另一位。

"Not bad, any way," replied Monks with a smile. "I have been prompt enough this time. Let me have a word with you."

“反正不坏。”蒙克斯笑着回答，“这次我动作可够快的。我想单独跟你谈谈。”

The girl drew closer to the table, and made no offer to leave the room, although she could see that Monks was pointing to her. The Jew: perhaps fearing she might say something aloud about the money,

if he endeavoured to get rid of her: pointed upward, and took Monks out of the room.

姑娘又往桌前靠了靠，虽然她知道蒙克斯这句话是针对她的，但她并没表现出要离开房间的意思。犹太人害怕如果要赶姑娘走，她可能会大声提钱的事情。于是他指了指楼上，带着蒙克斯离开了房间。

"Not that infernal hole we were in before," she could hear the man say as they went upstairs. Fagin laughed; and making some reply which did not reach her, seemed, by the creaking of the boards, to lead his companion to the second story.

“不再是我们之前的那个烂摊子了。”她听到两个人一边上楼一边说道。费金笑了，回了几句话，她没听真切。从木板的咯吱声判断，费金好像是把来客领上了二楼。

Before the sound of their footsteps had ceased to echo through the house, the girl had slipped off her shoes; and drawing her gown loosely over her head, and muffling her arms in it, stood at the door, listening with breathless interest. The moment the noise ceased, she glided from the room; ascended the stairs with incredible softness and silence; and was lost in the gloom above.

他们的脚步声还在屋子里回响，南希却已经脱掉了鞋子，拉起衣服，松松地蒙在头上，裹住肩膀。她站在门口，屏住呼吸，专注地听着。响声一停下来，她就溜出房间，轻巧无声地上了楼梯，消失在阴暗的楼上。

The room remained deserted for a quarter of an hour or more; the girl glided back with the same unearthly tread; and, immediately afterwards, the two men were heard descending. Monks went at once into the street; and the Jew crawled upstairs again for the money. When he returned, the girl was adjusting her shawl and bonnet, as if preparing to be gone.

起码有一刻钟，屋子里没有人，然后，姑娘又迈着极轻的步子溜回了房间，紧接着，就听到两个男人下楼的声音。蒙克斯直接出门到街上去了，犹太人又爬上楼拿钱。他回到房间，看到姑娘在整理着披肩和软帽，好像准备走了。

"Why, Nance!" exclaimed the Jew, starting back as he put down the candle, "how pale you are!"

“哎，南希！”犹太人放下蜡烛，惊得后退了一步，喊道，“你脸色可真苍白！”

"Pale!" echoed thegirl, shading her eyes with her hands, as if to look steadily at him.

“苍白！”姑娘答道，双手遮住眼睛，好像准备好好打量打量他。

"Quite horrible. What have you been doing to yourself?"

“真可怕。你一直在这儿做什么？”

"Nothing that I know of, except sitting in this close place for I don't know how long and all," replied the girl carelessly. "Come! Let me get back; that's a dear.”

“没什么，除了坐在这个憋闷的地方，根本不知道你们谈些什么，要谈多久。”姑娘随意地答道，“快！让我走吧，这才好。”

With a sigh for every piece of money, Fagin told the amount into her hand. They parted without more conversation, merely interchanging a "good-night.”

费金点着钱，放在姑娘手里，点一张叹一口气。他们只互道了一句“晚安”，没再多说话就分手了。

When the girl got into the open street, she sat down upon a doorstep; and seemed, for a few moments, wholly bewildered and unable to pursue her way. Suddenly she arose; and hurrying on, in a direction quite opposite to that in which Sikes was awaiting her returned, quickened her pace, until it gradually resolved into a violent run. After completely exhausting herself, she stopped to take breath: and, as if suddenly recollecting herself, and deploring her inability to do something she was bent upon, wrung her hands, and burst into tears.

姑娘走到大街上，在一个台阶上坐了下来。有一会儿，她看上去好像完全迷茫了，不知要走哪条路似的。突然，她站起身，朝一个方向快步走去，那正是跟赛克斯正等着她回去的地方相反的方向。她渐渐加快步伐，最后竟狂奔起来。她跑得精疲力尽，终于停了下来喘口气；接着，她好像忽然意识到自己正在做一件想完成却无力完成的事情，不禁十分悲伤。她搓着双手，眼泪夺眶而出。

It might be that her tears relieved her, or that she felt the full hopelessness of her condition; but she turned back; and hurrying with nearly as great rapidity in the contrary direction; partly to recover lost time, and partly to keep pace with the violent current of her own thoughts: soon reached the dwelling where she had left the housebreaker.

可能是泪水让她得到了发泄，要不就是对自己的境况感到完全绝望，她转过身来，朝着反方向以差不多同样的速度跑起来。一方面为了补上浪费的时间，另一方面也是为了与自己脑中激烈的思想意识保持一致，不一会儿，她就回到了强盗的住处。

If she betrayed any agitation, when she presented herself to Mr. Sikes, he did not observe it; for merely inquiring if she had brought the money, and receiving a reply in the affirmative, he uttered a growl

of satisfaction, and replacing his head upon the pillow, resumed the slumbers which her arrival had interrupted.

她见到赛克斯先生的时候，尽管无意中流露出了一些焦虑不安，但对方并未察觉出。他只是问了问她是不是拿了钱来，听到肯定的回答，也就满意地嘟囔了一声，又倒回枕头上，继续那因为姑娘回来而被打断的美梦。

It was fortunate for her that the possession of money occasioned him so much employment next day in the way of eating and drinking; and withal had so beneficial an effect in smoothing down the asperities of his temper; that he had neither time nor inclination to be very critical upon her behaviour and deportment. That she had all the abstracted and nervous manner of one who is on the eve of some bold and hazardous step, which it has required no common struggle to resolve upon, would have been obvious to the lynx-eyed Fagin, who would most probably have taken the alarm at once; but Mr. Sikes lacking the niceties of discrimination, and being troubled with no more subtle misgivings than those which resolve themselves into a dogged roughness of behaviour towards everybody; and being, furthermore, in an unusually amiable condition, as has been already observed; saw nothing unusual in her demeanor, and indeed, troubled himself so little about her, that, had her agitation been far more perceptible than it was, it would have been very unlikely to have awakened his suspicions.

她运气很好，赛克斯第二天拿着钱就去吃吃喝喝了，这样一来他暴躁的脾气也得到了缓和，效果颇佳；他既没有时间，也没有心思对她的行为举止挑三拣四。她心不在焉，神经紧张，好像正要迈出大胆而危险的一步，这也是她经过一番非同寻常的斗争才做出的决定。这样的表情逃不过费金锐利的目光，他很可能立刻就警觉起来；不过赛克斯先生的辨别能力就没有这么细致了，他从不为细微的事情担心，要不然就是用固执的粗暴态度解决了，而且，前面已经说到，他现在态度和蔼，颇为反常；因此，他并没觉得她的行为有什么异常，也的确实没有因为她而有一丝担心。即使她的不安更为明显，也不大可能引起他的疑心。

As that day closed in, the girl's excitement increased; and, when night came on, and she sat by, watching until the housebreaker should drink himself asleep, there was an unusual paleness in her cheek, and a fire in her eye, that even Sikes observed with astonishment.

那天晚些时候，姑娘越来越焦躁。夜色降临后，她坐在一旁看着、等着强盗喝醉后再睡着。她脸色异常苍白，眼睛里似乎有火焰燃烧，赛克斯看了也大吃一惊。

Mr. Sikes being weak from the fever, was lying in bed, taking hot water with his gin to render it less inflammatory; and had pushed his glass towards Nancy to be replenished for the third or fourth time,

when these symptoms first struck him.

因为发烧，赛克斯先生十分虚弱。他躺在床上，喝着为减轻刺激而掺了水的杜松子酒；这是他第三次或第四次把杯子推到南希面前，让她给满上。这时，他才首次注意到这些迹象，大吃一惊。

"Why, burn my body!" said the man, raising himself on his hands as he stared the girl in the face. "You look like a corpse come to life again. What's the matter?”

“哎，该死！”男人说道，他盯着姑娘的脸，用手撑着坐起来。“你简直就像是又活过来的死尸。

"Matter!" replied the girl. "Nothing. What do you look at me so hard for?"

“什么！”姑娘答道。“没什么。你这么盯着我干嘛？”

"What foolery is this?" demanded Sikes, grasping her by the arm, and shaking her roughly. "What is it? What do you mean? What are you thinking of?"

“这叫什么蠢话？”赛克斯追问道，抓住她的胳膊，粗鲁地摇着。“究竟什么事？你什么意思？在想什么呢？”

"Of many things, Bill," replied the girl, shivering, and as she did so, pressing her hands upon her eyes. "But, Lord! What odds in that?"

“在想很多事，比尔。”姑娘颤抖着回答，一边用双手捂住眼睛。“可是，天哪！没什么可奇怪的！”

The tone of forced gaiety in which the last words were spoken, seemed to produce a deeper impression on Sikes than the wild and rigid look which had preceded them.

她强装欢乐地说出那最后一句话，比之前那种魂不守舍的样子更让赛克斯印象深刻。

"I tell you wot it is," said Sikes; "if you haven't caught the fever, and got it comin" on, now, there's something more than usual in the wind, and something dangerous too. You're not a-going to—. No, damme! you wouldn't do that! ”

“我来告诉你这是什么，”赛克斯说，“你不是发烧了，而且是即将发作的话，就一定是有些什么事不对劲了，应该还挺危险。你不会是要——不，见鬼！你不会干出这种事！”

"Do what?" asked the girl.

“干出什么事？”姑娘问。

"There ain't," said Sikes, fixing his eyes upon her, and muttering the words to himself; "there ain't a stauncher-hearted gal going, or I'd have cut her throat three months ago. She's got the fever coming on;

that's it.”

“不，”赛克斯盯着她，喃喃自语道，“再没有比这女人更忠诚的了，要不早在三个月前，我就已经割断她的喉咙了。她一定是热病要发作了，肯定是这样。”

Fortifying himself with this assurance, Sikes drained the glass to the bottom, and then, with many grumbling oaths, called for his physic. The girl jumped up, with great alacrity; poured it quickly out, but with her back towards him; and held the vessel to his lips, while he drank off the contents.

赛克斯通过这样的想法增强自己对南希的信心，他把酒喝了个底朝天，然后又骂骂咧咧地叫南希给他拿药。姑娘异常敏捷地跳起来，迅速倒好了药，不过是背对着他的，接着把杯子举到他唇边，他一饮而尽。

"Now," said the robber, "come and sit aside of me, and put on your own face; or I'll alter it so, that you won't know it agin when you do want it.”

“现在，”这个强盗说，“过来坐在我旁边，拿出你原先的样子来，不然我可要让你变个模样，变得你连自己都认不出来。”

The girl obeyed. Sikes, locking her hand in his, fell back upon the pillow: turning his eyes upon her face. They closed; opened again; closed once more; again opened. He shifted his position restlessly; and, after dozing again, and again, for two or three minutes, and as often springing up with a look of terror, and gazing vacantly about him, was suddenly stricken, as it were, while in the very attitude of rising, into a deep and heavy sleep. The grasp of his hand relaxed; the upraised arm fell languidly by his side; and he lay like one in a profound trance.

姑娘照做了。赛克斯把姑娘的手紧握在自己手里，躺倒在枕头上，眼神落在她身上。他闭了会儿眼，又睁开；然后又闭上，再睁开。他不停地换姿势，时不时睡个两三分钟，然后一脸恐惧地醒过来，茫然地看看四周。他好像正要起身，却突然倒下去，陷入了沉睡。他的手松开了，高举着的手臂无力地落在身旁，他躺在那里，昏睡不醒。

"The laudanum has taken effect at last," murmured the girl, as she rose from the bedside. "I may be too late, even now."

“鸦片酊还是见效了。”姑娘喃喃说道，从床边站起身来。“但是现在，可能已经太晚了。”

She hastily dressed herself in her bonnet and shawl: looking fearfully round, from time to time, as if, despite the sleeping draught, she expected every moment to feel the pressure of Sikes's heavy hand upon her shoulder; then, stooping softly over the bed, she kissed the robber's lips; and then opening and closing the room-door with

noiseless touch, hurried from the house.

她匆匆戴上软帽，裹上披肩，时不时紧张地向四周望望。虽然用上了安眠药，但她每时每刻好像还能感觉到赛克斯的大手搭在她肩膀上。然后，她温柔地俯下身，吻了吻强盗的嘴唇，接着悄无声息地打开房门，再关上门，匆忙走了出去。

A watchman was crying half-past nine, down a dark passage through which she had to pass, in gaining the main thoroughfare.

要走到大街上，她还得穿过一条黑沉沉的小巷。在那里，她听到守夜人吆喝着九点半了。

"Has it long gone the half-hour?" asked the girl.

“已经过半点了吗？”姑娘问道。

"It'll strike the hour in another quarter," said the man: raising his lantern to her face.

“再过一刻钟就十点了。”守夜人答道，并举起灯笼，光线照在她的脸上。

"And I cannot get there in less than an hour or more," muttered Nancy: brushing swiftly past him, and gliding rapidly down the street.

“我没法在一个多小时内赶到那儿。”南希低声嘀咕着，轻快地从他身边走过，不一会儿就来到了大街上。

Many of the shops were already closing in the back lanes and avenues through which she tracked her way, in making from Spitalfields towards the West-End of London. Spitalfields 地名无法查证，沿用参考译文 The clock struck ten, increasing her impatience. She tore along the narrow pavement: elbowing the passengers from side to side; and darting almost under the horses' heads, crossed crowded streets, where clusters of persons were eagerly watching their opportunity to do the like.

她从斯皮达菲赶往伦敦西区，一路上，经过了许多大街小巷，而路上的店家大都已经打烊了。钟敲响了十下，她愈发急躁不安了。她沿着狭窄的人行道快步往前走，胳膊肘不时撞到行人。当其他人还在心急如焚地等马车过去再过马路时，她却几乎是从马的头底下冲到马路对面。

"The woman is mad!" said the people, turning to look after her as she rushed away.

“这女人疯了！”她匆忙过去后，人们纷纷转过身来看她，说道。

When she reached the more wealthy quarter of the town, the streets were comparatively deserted; and here her headlong progress excited a still greater curiosity in the stragglers whom she hurried past.

她来到镇上比较富裕的地区，这里的街道相比宽敞些。她鲁莽地前行，那些被她匆忙超越的人更加好奇了。

Some quickened their pace behind, as though to see whither she was hastening at such an unusual rate; and a few made head upon her, and looked back, surprised at her undiminished speed; but they fell off one by one; and when she neared her place of destination, she was alone.

有些人在后面加快了步伐，好像想要搞清楚她这么急匆匆的是想要往哪里去；有几个人赶到她前面回头看，惊讶地发现她仍然没有放慢速度；人们一个接一个地给落在了后面，快到目的地的时候，只剩她一个人了。

It was a family hotel in a quiet but handsome street near Hyde Park. As the brilliant light of the lamp which burnt before its door, guided her to the spot, the clock struck eleven. She had loitered for a few paces as though irresolute, and making up her mind to advance; but the sound determined her, and she stepped into the hall. The porter's seat was vacant. She looked round with an air of incertitude, and advanced towards the stairs.

那是一间家庭旅馆，坐落在海德公园附近一条安静美观的大街上。旅馆门前的路灯发出耀眼的光芒，她顺着灯光来到门口，这时，钟敲了十一下。她在门口徘徊了几步，似乎有些犹豫，又想要下决心走进去。不过这钟声让她打定了主意，于是她走进了旅馆大厅。门房的座位上没有人。她疑惑地向四处打量了一番，又朝楼梯走去。

"Now, young woman!" said a smartly-dressed female, looking out from a door behind her, "who do you want here?"

“喂，小姐！”一个穿着入时的女人从她身后的一道门里探出头来，叫住了她。“你找谁？”

"A lady who is stopping in this house," answered the girl.

“住在这里的一位小姐。”姑娘答道。

"A lady!" was the reply accompanied with a scornful look. "What lady?"

“一位小姐！”那女人带着轻蔑的神色回敬道，“哪位小姐？”

"Miss Maylie," said Nancy.

“梅莱小姐。”南希说。

The young woman, who had by this time, noted her appearance, replied only by a look of virtuous disdain; and summoned a man to answer her. To him, Nancy repeated her request. "What name am I to say?" asked the waiter.

那女人这时才注意到南希的模样，高傲而鄙夷地看了她一眼，就找来一个男人招呼她。南希又向他重复了一遍请求。“您怎么称呼？”侍者问道。

"It's of no use saying any," replied Nancy.

“不用说我的名字。”南希答道。

"Nor business?" said the man.

“也不说什么事吗？”男人问。

"No, nor that neither," rejoined the girl. "I must see the lady."

“不，那也不用说。”姑娘回答,“我必须要见见这位小姐。”

"Come!" said the man, pushing her towards the door. "None of this. Take yourself off."

“得了吧！”男人把她往门口推。“没这样的事。你出去。”

"I shall be carried out if I go!" said the girl violently; "and I can make that a job that two of you won't like to do. Isn't there anybody here," she said, looking round, "that will see a simple message carried for a poor wretch like me?"

“除非你把我抬出去！”南希情绪激动地嚷道，“那样你们两个人恐怕都不行。这里还有别人吗？”她四处张望着，“能不能帮我这可怜的人带个简单的口信？”

This appeal produced an effect on a good-tempered-faced man-cook, who with some of the other servants was looking on, and who stepped forward to interfere.

这个请求打动了一位看起来好脾气的厨子，他刚才正和其他几位侍者在一旁看热闹，这时便走了出来。

"Take it up for her, Joe; can't you?" said this person.

“乔，就给她带个口信吧，行吗？”厨子说。

"What's the good?" replied the man. "You don't suppose the young lady will see such as her; do you?”

“有什么用？”男人问道，“难道你认为小姐会见她这种人？”

This allusion to Nancy's doubtful character, raised a vast quantity of chaste wrath in the bosoms of four housemaids, who remarked, with great fervour, that the creature was a disgrace to her sex; and strongly advocated her being thrown, ruthlessly, into the kennel.

这句话似乎暗示南希身份可疑，于是在那四个贞洁的女仆心中激起了极大的怒火，她们义愤填膺，纷纷表示她是女人的耻辱，强烈建议要把她毫不留情地扔到沟里去。

"Do what you like with me," said the girl, turning to the men again; "but do what I ask you first, and I ask you to give this message for God Almighty's sake.”

“随便你们。”姑娘说着，又转向男人，“不过先答应我的请求，看在上帝的份上，我要你带个口信。”

The soft-hearted cook added his intercession, and the result was that the man who had first appeared undertook its delivery.

那位善良的厨子又调解一番，结果还是最先出来的那位侍者去传话。

"What's it to be?" siad the man, with one foot on the stairs.

“什么口信？”男人问道，一只脚踏上了楼梯。

"That a young woman earnestly asks to speak to Miss Maylie alone," said Nancy; "and that if the lady will only hear the first word she has to say, she will know whet her to hear her business, or to have her turned out of doors as an impostor."

“有一个年轻女人真心希望能和梅莱小姐单独谈谈。”南希说，“梅莱小姐只要听到这个年轻女人说的第一个字，就会知道是应该听来者继续说下去，还是把她当作骗子赶出门去。”

"I say," said the man, "you're coming it strong!”

“我说，”男人说道，“你倒是挺会添枝加叶的！”

"You give the message," said the girl firmly; "and let me hear the answer."

“你就这么传话，”姑娘坚定地说，“让我知道回话。”

The man ran upstairs. Nancy remained, pale and almost breathless, listening with quivering lip to the very audible expressions of scorn, of which the chaste housemaids were very prolific; and of which they became still more so, when the man returned, and said the young woman was to walk upstairs.

男人跑上楼去了。南希呆在原地，脸色苍白，几乎屏住了呼吸，听着那些女仆喋喋不休地大声冷嘲热讽，她气得嘴唇发抖；侍者回来后，让她上楼去，于是她们更是变本加厉地议论起来。

"It's no good being proper in this world," said the first housemaid.

“这世上，恪守规矩可没什么好处。”第一位侍女说道。

"Brass can do better than the gold what has stood the fire," said the second.

“破铜烂铁也比烧过的金子强。”第二位说。

The third contented herself with wondering "what ladies was

made of"; and the fourth took the first in a quartette of "Shameful!" with thich the Dianas concluded.

第三位为自己提出“小姐是什么样的”，颇感满足；而第四位则叫道“无耻”，为四重奏开了个头，然后这几位如戴安娜般贞洁的女士都重复了这句话后，才总算住口了。

Regardless of all this: for she had weightier matters at heart: Nancy followed the man, with trembling limbs, to a small ante-chamber, lighted by a lamp from the ceiling. Here he left her, and retired.

南希对这些一点儿也不在意，因为她心里想着更重要的事情；她浑身发颤，跟着侍者来到一间小小的会客厅，天花板上的一盏吊灯照亮了屋子。侍者留下她一个人，退了出去。

CHAPTER XL A strange interview, which is a sequel to the last chamber

第四十章 紧接着上一章而来的一次不寻常的会面

The girl's life had been squandered in the streets, and among the most noisome of the stews and dens of London, but there was something of the woman's original nature left in her still; and when she heard a light step approaching the door opposite to that by which she had entered, and thought of the wide contrast which the small room would in another moment contain, she felt burdened with the sense of her own deep shame, and shrunk as though she could scarcely bear the presence of her with whom she had sought this interview.

这姑娘一直混迹于街头，在伦敦那些最肮脏的妓院和贼窝中生活，不过她心里仍然保留着一些女人的天性。她听见一阵轻轻的脚步声，朝着与她进去时那扇门的相反方向走来，想到在这个小小的房间内马上就要出现的鲜明对比，她觉得一种深重的自卑感压上心头，她缩起身子，似乎无法承受即将与她会面的那个人的出现。

But struggling with these better feelings was pride,—the vice of the lowest and most debased creatures no less than of the high and self-assured. The miserable companion of thieves and ruffians, the fallen outcast of low haunts, the associate of the scourings of the jails and hulks, living within the shadow of the gallows itself,—even this degraded being felt too proud to betray a feeble gleam of the womanly feeling which she thought a weakness, but which alone connected her with that humanity, of which her wasting life had obliterated so many, many traces when a very child.

不过，与这些想法相斗争的是一种骄傲——这个坏习惯在那些最底层、最下贱的人身上不见得就比在那些高贵自信的人身上少。这个可怜的姑娘与一群窃贼、恶棍为伍，是个经常出没于下流地方的、无家可归的人，还与一些监狱牢房里的渣滓为伴，那些人自己都生活在绞刑架的阴影之下。即使是这么一个堕落的人也会觉得骄傲，不愿流露出一丝女性的情感，她觉得那是软弱的象征。但正是这种情感将她和人性相联系，但从她小时候起，那虚度光阴的生活就已经抹去了许多人性的痕迹。

She raised her eyes sufficiently to observe that the figure which presented itself was that of a slight and beautiful girl; then, bending them on the ground, she tossed her head with affected carelessness as she said: "It's a hard matter to get to see you, lady. If I had taken offence, and gone away, as many would have done, you'd have been sorry for it one day, and not without reason either.”

她抬起眼来，刚好看见一位苗条、美丽的姑娘出现在面前，然后她又垂下眼看着地上，故作轻松地摇摇头，说道："要见到您可真不容易啊，小姐。要是我像别人一样生气了，或者转身就走了，你有一天肯定会为此感到后悔的，而且这后悔是有缘故的。"

"I am very sorry if any one has behaved harshly to you," replied Rose. "Do not think of that. Tell me why you wished to see me. I am the person you inquired for."

"如果有人冒犯了你，我很抱歉。"罗丝回答道，"别再去想它了。告诉我，为什么你想见我。我就是你要找的人。"

The kind tone of this answer, the sweet voice, the gentle manner, the absence of any accent of haughtiness or displeasure, took the girl completely by surprise, and she burst into tears.

小姐答话时所用的这种亲切的语气，甜美的声音，温柔的态度，丝毫没有任何傲慢或者不满，这完全是姑娘没有想到的，她一下子哭了出来。

"Oh, lady, lady!" she said, clasping her hands passionately before her face, "if there was more like you, there would be fewer like me,—there would—there would!"

"哦，小姐，小姐！"她双手紧握在面前，激动地说，"要是像你这样的人多一些，我这样的人就会少很多——是这样的——就是这样的！"

"Sit down," said Rose, earnestly. "If you are in poverty or affliction I shall be truly glad to relieve you if I can,—I shall indeed. Sit down."

"请坐。"罗丝诚恳地说，"要是你生活困苦，或者有什么不幸，只要我能做到，我都会诚心诚意地帮你——真的。请坐。"

"Let me stand, lady," said the girl, still weeping, "and do not speak to me so kindly till you know me better. It is growing late. Is—is—that door shut?"

"就让我站着吧，小姐。"姑娘抽泣着说道，"在你了解我之前，请不要这样亲切地和我说话。越来越晚了。门——门——那扇门关上了吗？"

"Yes," said Rose, recoiling a few steps, as if to be nearer assistance in case she should require it. "Why?"

"关上了。"罗丝说着，后退了几步，好像一旦需要帮助时，这样可以更方便些。"怎么了？"

"Because," said the girl, "I am about to put my life and the lives of others in your hands. I am the girl that dragged little Oliver back to old Fagin's on the night he went out from the house in Pentonville."

"因为，"姑娘说，"我将要把我和其他一些人的性命都交给你。我就是那个把小奥利弗拖回老费金家的姑娘，就是在他从本顿维尔那间屋子

里跑出来的那个晚上。”

"You!" said Rose Maylie.

“是你！”罗丝·梅莱说。

"I, lady!" replied the girl. "I am the infamous creature you have heard of, that lives among the thieves, and that never from the first moment I can recollect my eyes and senses opening on London streets have known any better life, or kinder words than they have given me, so help me God! Do not mind shrinking openly from me, lady. I am younger than you would think, to look at me, but I am well used to it. The poorest women fall back, as I make my way along the crowded pavement."

“是我，小姐！”姑娘答道，“我就是你听说过的那个无耻的人，和小偷们住在一起。自从我能够记起来走上伦敦街头的那一刻，我就没过上一天好日子，没听过一句好听话，我一直顺从他们的意思生活，听他们的话。上帝啊，帮帮我！你要是想离我远一些，我不会介意的，小姐。我要比你眼里看到的小一些，我对此已经习以为常了。我走在拥挤的人行道上时，连最贫穷的女人都要连连后退。”

"What dreadful things are these!" said Rose, involuntarily falling from her strange companion.

“这都是些多么可怕的事啊！”罗丝说道，不自觉地从这位陌生来客身边退开。

"Thank Heaven upon your knees, dear lady," cried the girl, "that you had friends to care for and keep you in your childhood, and that you were never in the midst of cold and hunger, and riot and drunkenness, and—and—something worse than all—as I have been from my cradle. I may use the word, for the alley and the gutter were mine, as they will be my deathbed.”

“跪下来感谢上帝吧，亲爱的小姐，”姑娘大声说道，“在你童年时有朋友来照顾你、陪伴你，从来没有缺衣少食，没有经历过暴乱和醉酒闹事，还有——还有——比这些更糟糕的事——而我从在摇篮里起就对这一切习惯了。我用这个词，是因为小巷和阴沟就是我的摇篮，它们也将成为我临死所卧之床。”

"I pity you!" said Rose, in a broken voice. "It wrings my heart to hear you!"

“你真可怜！”罗丝喊着，她几乎说不出话了。“听到你这么说，我的心都碎了！”

"Heaven bless you for your goodness!" rejoined the girl. "If you knew what I am sometimes, you would pity me, indeed. But I have stolen away from those who would surely murder me, if they knew I had been here, to tell you what I have overheard. Do you know a man

named Monks?"

“上帝保佑你的好心！”姑娘回答道，“要是你知道我有时候是怎么样的，你也许确实会同情我。但是我从那些人身边逃出来了，他们要是知道我在这儿，还把我偷听来的话告诉你，他们准会杀了我的。你认不认识一个叫蒙克斯的人？”

"No," said Rose.

“不认识。”罗丝说。

"He knows you," replied the girl; "and knew you were here, for it was by hearing him tell the place that I found you out."

“可是他认识你。”姑娘回答，“也知道你住在这里，我就是听到他说出这个地址，才来这里找你的。”

"I never heard the name," said Rose.

“我从没听过这个名字。”罗丝说。

"Then he goes by some other amongst us," rejoined the girl, "which I more than thought before. Some time ago, and soon after Oliver was put into your house on the night of the robbery, I—suspecting this man—listened to a conversation held between him and Fagin in the dark. I found out, from what I heard, that Monks—the man I asked you about, you know—" "Yes," said Rose, "I understand."

“那一定是我们那伙人里的谁告诉他的。”姑娘答道，“我之前也这么想过。不久前，就在奥利弗因为抢劫被带到你家里的那晚不久，我——因为怀疑这个人——所以暗中偷听到他和费金之间的一段对话。根据我听到的，我发现蒙克斯，就是我刚才问你的那个人，你知道——”“是的，”罗丝说，“我知道。”

“—That Monks," pursued the girl, "had seen him accidently with two of our boys on the day we first lost him, and had known him directly to be the same child that he was watching for, though I couldn't make out why. A bargain was struck with Fagin, that if Oliver was got back he should have a certain sum; and he was to have more for making him a thief, which this Monks wanted for some purpose of his own.”

“——蒙克斯，”姑娘继续说道，“碰巧看见奥利弗和我们的另外两个男孩子在一起，就在他头一次不见了的那一天，而且，蒙克斯立刻就知道这正是他要找的孩子，虽然我不知道为什么。于是他和费金谈成了一笔交易，要是能把奥利弗弄回来，费金就能拿到一笔钱；要是还能把他培养成个小偷，能拿到的钱就更多了，蒙克斯这样做自有他的目的。”

"For what purpose?" asked Rose.

“什么目的？”罗丝问道。

"He caught sight of my shadow on the wall as I listened, in the hope of finding out," said the girl; "and there are not many people besides me that could have got out of their way in time to escape discovery. But I did; and I saw him no more till last night."

“我正偷听着，希望能弄明白，可他在墙上看到了我的影子，”姑娘说，“除了我，没有多少人能及时逃走而且不被发现。可是我就是逃走了，直到昨晚我才再看到他。”

"And what occurred then?"

“那么当时又发生了什么事？”

"I'll tell you, lady. Last night he came again. Again they went upstairs, and I, wrapping myself up so that my shadow would not betray me, again listened at the door. The first words I heard Monks say were these: 'So the only proofs of the boy's identity lie at the bottom of the river, and the old hag that received them from the mother is rotting in her coffin.’ "They laughed, and talked of his success in doing this; and Monks, talking on about the boy, and getting very wild, said that though he had got the young devil's money safely now, he'd rather have had it the other way; for, what a game it would have been to have brought down the boast of the father's will, by driving him through every jail in town, and then hauling him up for some capital felony which Fagin could easily manage, after having made a good profit of him besides.”

“我这就告诉你，小姐。昨晚他又来了。他们又到楼上去，而我呢，我把自己给裹了起来，这样就不会因为影子而暴露了。我又在门口偷听。我听到蒙克斯说的第一句话是这样的：‘这样，那些唯一可以证明孩子身份的东西已经沉入河底了，而那个从他母亲那里得到这些东西的老婆子正在她的棺材里腐烂呢。’他们笑了，说他这次干得很出色，蒙克斯又继续说起那个孩子，语气变得很野蛮，他说虽然现在那小鬼的钱已经到手了，他倒希望是用另一种方式拿到的；因为，要是能在他身上好好赚上一笔之后，再把他送到伦敦每一所监狱里去，然后让费金毫不费力地给他弄个死罪吊死，把他父亲在遗嘱中吹下的牛皮捅破，这才好玩呢。”

"What is all this!" said Rose.

“这都是些什么话！”罗丝说。

"The truth, lady, though it comes from my lips," replied the girl. "Then, he said, with oaths common enough in my ears, but strange to yours, that if he could gratify his hatred by taking the boy's life without bringing his own neck in danger, he would; but, as he couldn't, he'd be upon the watch to meet him at every turn in life; and if he took advantage of his birth and history, he might harm him yet.” 'In short, Fagin,' he says, 'Jew as you are, you never laid such

snares as I'll contrive for my young brother, Oliver.'" "His brother!" exclaimed Rose.

“真话，小姐，虽然是从我嘴里说出来的。”姑娘回答道，“后来，他又说了些脏话，我是听惯了的，不过你肯定没听过。他说要是他能既要了这孩子的命，自己又不会有上绞刑架的危险，他一定会这样做来泄心头之恨的。但是，他能力不够，因此他要在奥利弗生命的每一个转折关头盯着他，如果他能利用奥利弗的出身和经历，就还有机会伤害他。‘简而言之，费金，’他说，‘虽然你是犹太人，但也绝不会像我这样给我小兄弟，奥利弗，设下这种陷阱的。’”“他的兄弟！”罗丝惊叫道。

"Those were his words," said Nancy, glancing uneasily round, as she had scarcely ceased to do, since she began to speak, for a vision of Sikes haunted her perpetually. "And more. When he spoke of you and the other lady, and said it seemed contrived by Heaven, or the devil, against him, that Oliver should come into your hands, he laughed, and said there was some comfort in that too, for how many thousands and hundreds of thousands of pounds would you not give, if you had them, to know who your two-legged spaniel was.”

“那是他的原话。”南希一边说，一边不安地四下看看。自从她开始说话以来，就几乎不停地向四周张望，因为她总感觉赛克斯的影子就在她身边。“还有呢。当他提到你和另一位女士时说，好像上帝或者魔鬼存心跟他作对，才让奥利弗落到你们的手里；他笑了起来，还说这事想起来倒也让人觉得安慰，你们为了弄清楚这两条腿的哈巴狗是谁，几千几万英镑你们也愿意出，只要你们出得起。”

"You do not mean," said Rose, turning very pale, "to tell me that this was said in earnest?"

“你不会是，”罗丝说道，脸色变得十分苍白，“要告诉我这话是真的吧？”

"He spoke in hard and angry earnest, if a man ever did," replied the girl, shaking her head. "He is an earnest man when his hatred is up. I know many who do worse things; but I'd rather listen to them all a dozen times, than to that Monks once. It is growing late, and I have to reach home without suspicion of having been on such an errand as this. I must get back quickly.”

“他说这话时咬牙切齿，恶狠狠的，绝对当真。”姑娘摇了摇头回答道，“他的仇恨心一起，从不会说笑。我认识的好些人都做过更坏的事，不过我情愿听他们所有人讲上十次八次，也不愿听蒙克斯讲一次。越来越晚了，我得赶紧回家，免得让人怀疑我为这件事跑了一趟。我得赶快回去了。”

"But what can I do?" said Rose. "To what use can I turn this communication without you? Back! Why do you wish to return to companions you paint in such terrible colors? If you repeat this

information to a gentleman whom I can summon in an instant from the next room, you can be consigned to some place of safety without half an hour's delay.”

“那我能做些什么？”罗丝说，“你走了，我根据你这番话能做些什么呢？回来！你把你的同伴描述得那么可怕，你为什么还要想着回去呢？我可以马上从隔壁房间叫一位绅士来，要是你把这些话再对他重复一遍，不出半小时，你就能给安排到安全的地方。”

"I wish to go back," said the girl. "I must go back, because—how can I tell such things to an innocent lady like you? —because among the men I have told you of, there is one: the most desperate among them all; that I can't leave: no, not even to be saved from the life I am leading now.”

“我想回去，”姑娘说，“我必须得回去，因为——我怎么能把这种事跟你这位单纯的小姐说呢？——因为在我刚才跟你提起的那些人中间，有这么一位，他是最不顾死活的，我不能离开他。是的，哪怕能让我摆脱我现在的这种生活，我也离不开他。”

"Your having interfered in this dear boy's behalf before," said Rose; "your coming here, at so great a risk, to tell me what you have heard; your manner, which convinces me of the truth of what you say; your evident contrition, and sense of shame; all lead me to believe that you might yet be reclaimed. Oh!" said the earnest girl, folding her hands as the tears coursed down her face, "do not turn a deaf ear to the entreaties of one of your own sex; the first—the first, I do believe, who ever appealed to you in the voice of pity and compassion. Do hear my words, and let me save you yet, for better things.”

“你以前保护过这个可爱的孩子，”罗丝说，“你冒着这么大的危险，来到这儿告诉我你偷听到的话；你说话的语气让我相信你所说的一切都是真的，你明显带着悔意和羞耻感，这一切都让我相信你是可以改过自新的。哦！”罗丝恳切地说道，她双手合在一起，泪水划过脸庞，“我也是一个女子，不要对我的恳求置若罔闻。我是第一个——我相信我是第一个用这样充满怜惜和同情的语气对你说话的人。听我的话吧，让我来挽救你，你可以做一些好事。”

"Lady," cried the girl, sinking on her knees, "dear, sweet, angel lady, you are the first that ever blessed me with such words as these, and if I had heard them years ago, they might have turned me from a life of sin and sorrow; but it is too late, it is too late!"

“小姐，”姑娘跪下来，哭着说，“亲爱的、可爱的、如天使一样的小姐啊，你是第一个用这样的话为我祝福的人。如果我几年前听到这番话，也许它们能把我从充满罪恶和伤痛的生活中解救出来，但是现在一切都晚了，太晚了！”

"It is never too late," said Rose, "for penitence and atonement."

“忏悔和赎罪，”罗丝说，“从来都不会太晚的。”

"It is," cried the girl, writhing in agony of her mind; "I cannot leave him now! I could not be his death."

“太晚了。”姑娘内心痛苦地挣扎，哭道，“现在我已经离不开他了！我不能让他去送死。”

"Why should you be?" asked Rose.

“你怎么会让他去送死？”罗丝问道。

"Nothing could save him," cried the girl. "If I told others what I have told you, and led to their being taken, he would be sure to die. He is the boldest, and has been so cruel!"

“什么都救不了他了。”姑娘哭着说，“如果我把刚才对你说的那番话告诉了别人，让他们都被抓起来，他就必死无疑了。他是最鲁莽的那个，而且很残忍！”

"Is it possible," cried Rose, "that for such a man as this, you can resign every future hope, and the certainty of immediate rescue? It is madness."

“为了这么一个人，”罗丝也哭着说，“你怎么能放弃所有未来的希望，放弃那近在咫尺的获救机会呢？这简直是发疯了。”

"I don't know what it is," answered the girl; "I only know that it is so, and not with me alone, but with hundreds of others as bad and wretched as myself. I must go back. Whether it is God's wrath for the wrong I have done, I do not know; but I am drawn back to him through every suffering and ill usage; and I should be, I believe, if I knew that I was to die by his hand at last.”

“我也不知道这是为什么，”姑娘答道，“我只知道就是这样的，而且不光我一人，还有成百上千个像我一样又可恶又可怜的人。我必须回去。我不知道是不是因为我做过的坏事惹得上帝发怒了，可是无论要承受怎样的折磨和虐待，我还是要回到他身边。我相信，即使我知道我最终将死在他手上，我也必须回去。”

"What am I to do?" said Rose. "I should not let you depart from me thus."

“那么我该做些什么？”罗丝说，“我不该让你就这样离开的。”

"You should, lady, and I know you will," rejoined the girl, rising. "You will not stop my going because I have trusted in your goodness, and forced no promise from you, as I might have done."

“你应该的，小姐，我也知道你会这么做的。”姑娘站起身来，回答道，“你不会不让我走的，因为我相信你的善良，我也没有逼你做出任何承诺，尽管我本可以这样做。”

"Of what use, then, is the communication you have made?" said Rose. "This mystery must be investigated, or how will its disclosure to me, benefit Oliver, whom you are anxious to serve?"

“那么，你刚才说的那番话有什么用？”罗丝说，“这个谜团必须解开，不然你对我说的这番话要怎么样帮助奥利弗呢，你又是这么急切地想要搭救他？”

"You must have some kind gentleman about you that will hear it as a secret, and advise you what to do," rejoined the girl.

“你得找你身边一位好心的绅士，让他知道这个秘密，然后他就会告诉你应该怎么做。”姑娘回答道。

"But where can I find you again when it is necessary?" asked Rose. "I do not seek to know where these dreadful people live, but where will you be walking or passing at any settled period from this time?"

“不过，如果我要找你，能在哪里再找到你呢？”罗丝问，“我并不是想知道这些可怕的人住在哪儿，不过，以后你会在什么固定的时间散步或者经过什么地方吗？”

"Will you promise me that you will have my secret strictly kept, and come alone, or with the only other person that knows it; and that I shall not be watched or followed?" asked the girl.

“你得答应我，严格保守我告诉你的这个秘密，就你一个人，或者和另一位也知道这秘密的人一起来找我，而我也不会被盯梢或者跟踪，行吗？”姑娘问道。

"I promise you solemnly," answered Rose.

“我郑重地向你承诺。”罗丝回答。

"Every Sunday night, from eleven until the clock strikes twelve," said the girl without hesitation, "I will walk on London Bridge if I am alive."

“每个礼拜天的晚上，从十一点直到钟敲十二下，”姑娘不假思索地说，“如果我还活着，我会走在伦敦大桥上。”

"Stay another moment," interposed Rose, as the girl moved hurriedly towards the door. "Think once again on your own condition, and the opportunity you have of escaping from it. You have a claim on me: not only as the voluntary bearer of this intelligence, but as a woman lost almost beyond redemption. Will you return to this gang of robbers, and to this man, when a word can save you? What fascination is it that can take you back, and make you cling to wickedness and misery? Oh! is there no chord in your heart that I can touch! Is there nothing left, to which I can appeal against this terrible infatuation!”

“再等一下。”罗丝看到姑娘急匆匆地往门口走去，赶紧打断。“再为

你自己想一想，好好考虑一下这个脱身的机会。你可以向我提出要求，不仅是因为你主动带来这个消息，更因为作为一个女人，你已经几乎迷失到没法改过自新了。只要一句话就能救你，你还要回到那群强盗、那个人身边吗？是什么魔法把你拉回去，让你紧抓着邪恶与苦难不放？哦！我无法触动你的心弦吗！没有留下一点儿我可以激发的东西，以打破这可怕的迷恋吗！”

"When ladies as young, and good, and beautiful as you are," replied the girl steadily, "give away your hearts, love will carry you all lengths—even such as you, who have home, friends, other admirers, everything, to fill them. When such as I, who have no certain roof but the coffinlid, and no friend in sickness or death but the hospital nurse, set our rotten hearts on any man, and let him fill the place that has been a blank through all our wretched lives, who can hope to cure us? Pity us, lady—pity us for having only one feeling of the woman left, and for having that turned, by a heavy judgment, from a comfort and a pride, into a new means of violence and suffering.”

“每当像你这样年轻、善良又美丽的小姐，”姑娘坚定地回答道，“付出了真心，爱情就会带你到天涯海角——即使是像你这样有家、有朋友，还有其他倾慕者的人也一样，总要倾尽所有。像我这样只有块棺材板，甚至连个屋顶都没有的人，生病了或者要死时除了医院的护士，再没有朋友在身旁；而像我这样的人们，我们把腐烂的心随便给某个男人，让他来填满贯穿我们悲惨一生的空缺，还能指望谁来治愈我们呢？可怜我们吧，小姐——可怜可怜我们，因为我们只剩下女人这最后一丝的感情了，这感情本可以带来宽慰和骄傲，却因为冷漠的天意而变成了一种新的痛苦和折磨。”

"You will," said Rose, after a pause, "take some money from me, which may enable you to live without dishonesty—at all events until we meet again?”

“你可以，”罗丝停顿了一下，说道，“从我这里拿点儿钱，也许可以使你不用再靠欺骗生活——起码直到我们再次见面？”

"Not a penny," replied the girl, waving her hand.

“我一分钱也不会拿的。”姑娘摇着手回答道。

"Do not close your heart against all my efforts to help you," said Rose, stepping gently forward. "I wish to serve you indeed."

“不要对我想要帮助你而做出的所有努力关上心门。”罗丝温柔地上前一步，说道，“我是真心实意地想要帮助你。”

"You would serve me best, lady," replied the girl, wringing her hands, "if you could take my life at once; for I have felt more grief to think of what I am, to-night, than I ever did before, and it would be something not to die in the hell in which I have lived. God bless you,

sweet lady, and send as much happiness on your head as I have brought shame on mine!”

“要是你能立刻要了我的命，小姐，”姑娘搓着双手回答道，“就是对我最大的帮助了。因为今晚，我一想到自己的身份，就比以前更加感到悲伤。我一直生活在地狱里，要是死后能不进地狱就算是不简单的了。上帝保佑你，可爱的小姐，但愿我受了多少耻辱，你就得到多少幸福！”

Thus speaking, and sobbing aloud, the unhappy creature turned away; while Rose Maylie, overpowered by this extraordinary interview, which had more the semblance of a rapid dream than an actual occurrence, sank into a chair, and endeavoured to collect her wandering thoughts.

这不幸的人一边说着，一边大声啜泣着，转身走了。这次不寻常的会面更像是一场转瞬即逝的梦，而不像是一件实实在在发生了的事情。罗丝·梅莱因它感到精疲力竭，她瘫倒在椅子上，努力想要从纷乱的想法中理出个头绪来。

CHAPTER XLI Containing fresh discoveries, and showing that suprises, like misfortunes, seldom come alone.

第四十一章 有了这么多新的发现，表明意外总是接踵而来，正如总是祸不单行一样

Her situation was, indeed, one of no common trial and difficulty. While she felt the most eager and burning desire to penetrate the mystery in which Oliver's history was enveloped, she could not but hold sacred the confidence which the miserable woman with whom she had just conversed, had reposed in her, as a young and guileless girl. Her words and manner had touched Rose Maylie's heart; and, mingled with her love for her young charge, and scarcely less intense in its truth and fervour, was her fond wish to win the outcast back to repentance and hope.

她所面临的这次考验确实非同寻常，使她处境非常艰难。她极其渴望弄清楚奥利弗的身世之谜，而刚刚和她交谈的那个不幸的女子对她如此信赖，认为她是一个诚实可靠的姑娘，她不由得将这份信任看得神圣无比。她的言行打动了罗丝·梅莱的心，她爱这个在她保护之下的孩子，这种爱和她的期望交织在一起，几乎同样真挚和炽烈。她希望这个无家可归的女子能迷途知返、重塑希望。

They purposed remaining in London only three days, prior to departing for some weeks to a distant part of the coast. It was now midnight of the first day. What course of action could she determine upon, which could be adopted in eight-and-forty hours? Or how could she postpone the journey without exciting suspicion?

她们打算在伦敦只停留三天，然后启程前往一个远处的沿海地方，在那儿呆上几个星期。现在已是第一天的午夜时分。在其后的四十八个小时里，她会确定怎样的行动路线，又会如何行动呢？或者，她会如何使这次旅行延期，而又不会引起人们的纷纷猜测呢？

Mr. Losberne was with them, and would be for the next two days; but Rose was too well acquainted with the excellent gentleman's impetuosity, and foresaw too clearly the wrath with which, in the first explosion of his indignation, he would regard the instrument of Oliver's recapture, to trust him with the secret, when her representations in the girl's behalf could be seconded by no experienced person. These were all reasons for the greatest caution and most circumspect behaviour in communicating it to Mrs. Maylie, whose first impulse would infallibly be to hold a conference with the

worthy doctor on the subject. As to resorting to any legal adviser, even if she had known how to do so, it was scarcely to be thought of, for the same reason. Once the thought occurred to her of seeking assistance from Harry; but this awakened the recollection of their last parting, and it seemed unworthy of her to call him back, when—the tears rose to her eyes as she pursued this train of reflection—he might have by this time learnt to forget her, and to be happier away.

罗斯伯力先生现在和她们在一起，并且接下来的两天里，他也将呆在她们身边。然而，罗丝深知这位品行不凡的绅士性情急躁，也能够十分清楚地预见，一旦她将那个再次抓走奥利弗的帮凶这样的事向他和盘托出，他会立即勃然大怒；到那时，她站在那个姑娘的立场上所做的任何辩解，在所有经历过这样的事的人看来都是不能接受的。这样的原因也使得在告诉梅莱夫人这件事情的时候，必须面面俱到、谨小慎微，但她的第一反应准是去找那位令人尊敬的医生商量这件事。至于求助法律顾问，即使她知道如何去求助，出于相同的原因，她几乎也不会加以考虑。有一次，她突然想到可以找哈里帮忙，但这个想法使她想起了他们最后一次分别的情形，似乎她不配让他回来——随着她一连串的沉思回忆，眼泪涌上了双眼——现在，他也许已经学会了怎么样忘记她，离开之后也许过得更加快乐了。

Disturbed by these different reflections; inclining now to one course and then to another, and again recoiling from all, as each successive consideration presented itself to her mind; Rose passed a sleepless and anxious night. After more communing with herself next day, she arrived at the desperate conclusion of consulting Harry.

万千思绪纷扰，种种办法在罗丝的脑海中依次出现，她一会儿倾向这种办法，一会儿倾向那种办法，一会儿又退缩不前，不知如何是好。就这样，她度过了一个焦灼不安的不眠之夜。第二天，她考虑再三，在走投无路之下，她最终还是决定去找哈里商量。

"If it be painful to him," she thought, "to come back here, how painful it will be to me! But perhaps he will not come; he may write, or he may come himself, and studiously abstain from meeting me—he did when he went away. I hardly thought he would; but it was better for us both.” And here Rose dropped the pen, and turned away, as though the very paper which was to be her messenger should not see her weep.

“如果他回到这里感到痛苦的话，”她心想，“那对我来说也是多么痛苦的一件事啊！”不过，也许他不会来，他可能会写信，或者，他人是来了，却故意不来见我——他离开的时候就是这样做的。我从没想到他会这样做，但这对我们双方都更好。”想到这一点，罗丝搁下笔，转过脸去，仿佛不愿让这张即将成为她使者的信笺看到她潸然泪下的样子。

She had taken up the same pen, and laid it down again fifty times, and had considered and reconsidered the first line of her letter

without writing the first word, when Oliver, who had been walking in the streets, with Mr. Giles for a body-guard, entered the room in such breathless haste and violent agitation, as seemed to betoken some new cause of alarm.

她将同一支笔拿起又放下，这样的动作已经重复五十次了。她再三推敲这封信该怎样起头，却只字未写。这时，先前一直由贾尔斯先生护着，在街上散步的奥利弗气喘吁吁地冲进了房间，从他按捺不住的激动表情来看，似乎又有令人恐慌的事情即将发生。

"What makes you look so flurried?" asked Rose, advancing to meet hin.

“发生什么事了，你这么慌张？”罗丝迎上前去问道。

"I hardly know how; I feel as if I should be choked," replied the boy. "Oh dear! To think that I should see him at last, and you should be able to know that I have told you the truth!"

“我不知道这是怎么了，我感觉好像快喘不过气来了。”男孩回答道，“哦，天哪！想想看，我终于要见到他了，你应该知道我对你们说的都是实话！”

"I never thought you had told us anything but the truth," said Rose, soothing him. "But what is this? —of whom do you speak?”

“我一直认为你对我们说的全是实话。”罗丝安慰他说，“但这是怎么回事？——你说的是谁呢？”

"I have seen the gentleman," replied Oliver, scarcely able to articulate, "the gentleman who was so good to me—Mr. Brownlow, that we have so often talked about.”

“我已经见到那位先生了，”奥利弗回答道，几乎说不出话来了，“就是过去对我很好的那位先生——布朗洛先生，我们常常说起的那位。”

"Where?" asked Rose.

“在哪里？”罗丝问道。

"Getting out of a coach," replied Oliver, shedding tears of delight, "and going into a house. I didn't speak to him—I couldn't speak to him, for he didn't see me, and I trembled so, that I was not able to go up to him. But Giles asked, for me, whether he lived there, and they said he did. Look here," said Oliver, opening a scrap of paper, "here it is; here's where he lives—I'm going there directly! Oh, dear me, dear me! What shall I do when I come to see him and hear him speak again!”

“他从一辆马车上下来，”奥利弗喜极而泣，回答道，“走进了一个房子。我没跟他说话——我根本没法跟他说话，因为他也没看见我，而我止不住地全身发抖，根本无法朝他走过去。但是贾尔斯替我打听了他是

不是就住在那里，他们说是的。你看这儿，”奥利弗展开一张纸片，说道，“就是这里，他就住在这里——我马上就去那儿！哦，哎呀，哎呀呀！我再见到他、再听到他说话的时候，我该如何是好呢！”

With her attention not a little distracted by these and a great many other incoherent exclamations of joy, Rose read the address, which was Craven Street, in the Strand. She very soon determined upon turning the discovery to account.

奥利弗的这番话，夹杂着许多语无伦次的欢呼，将罗丝的注意力大大转移了。她看了一下地址，是斯特兰克雷文大街。她当即决定要利用这个发现。

"Quick!" she said. "Tell them to fetch a hackney-coach, and be ready to go with me. I will take you there directly, without a minute's loss of time. I will only tell my aunt that we are going out for an hour, and be ready as soon as you are.”

“快！”她说，“让他们雇一辆马车，准备好和我一起去。我这就带你去那儿，一分钟也不耽误。我只会告诉婶婶我们要出去一个钟头，你准备好了我们就走。”

Oliver needed no prompting to despatch, and in little more than five minutes they were on their way to Craven Street. When they arrived there, Rose left Oliver in the coach, under pretence of preparing the old gentleman to receive him; and sending up her card by the servant, requested to see Mr. Brownlow on very pressing business. The servant soon returned, to beg that she would walk upstairs; and following him into an upper room, Miss Maylie was presented to an elderly gentleman of benevolent appearance, in a bottle-green coat. At no great distance from whom, was seated another old gentleman, in nankeen breeches and gaiters; who did not look particularly benevolent, and who was sitting with his hands clasped on the top of a thick stick, and his chin propped thereupon.

奥利弗早已迫不及待，大约五分钟后，他们就启程前往克雷文大街了。到那儿之后，罗丝让奥利弗呆在马车里，借口说老先生接待他也需要准备准备；她让仆人递上她的名片，说有十分紧急的事情请求见一见布朗洛先生。仆人一会儿就回来了，并请她上楼。梅莱小姐随他来到楼上的一个房间，在那里见到了一位和蔼可亲的老先生，穿着一件深绿色的外套。离他不远的地方，坐着另外一位老先生，穿着淡黄色的马裤，裹着绑腿。他看上去并不太和善，坐在那儿，双手紧握在一根粗重的手杖顶部，并将下巴靠在上面。

"Dear me," said the gentleman, in the bottle-green coat, hastily rising with great politeness, "I beg your pardon, young lady—I imagined it was some importunate person who—I beg you will excuse me. Be seated, pray.”

“哎呀，”身穿深绿色外套的先生急忙站起来，彬彬有礼地说，“请您原谅，小姐——我原以为是某个纠缠不休的人——望您见谅。请坐。”

"Mr. Brownlow, I believe, sir?" said Rose, glancing from the other gentleman to the one who had spoken.

“我想，您就是布朗洛先生吧，对吗？”罗丝说，匆匆看了一下另外一位先生，又将目光收回到刚才说话的那位身上。

"That is my name," said the old gentleman. "This is my friend, Mr. Grimwig. Grimwig, will you leave us for a few minutes?"

“正是在下。”老先生说，“这位是我的朋友，格林维格先生。格林维格，您不介意让我们单独呆几分钟吧？”

"I believe," interposed Miss Maylie, "that at this period of our interview, I need not give that gentleman the trouble of going away. If I am correctly informed, he is cognizant of the business on which I wish to speak to you."

“以我之见，”梅莱小姐插话说，“我们谈话的时候，不必麻烦那位先生回避。如果我所闻无误的话，他应该知晓我要与您谈的事情。”

Mr. Brownlow inclined his head. Mr. Grimwig, who had made one very stiff bow, and risen from his chair, made another very stiff bow, and dropped into it again.

布朗洛先生点了点头。格林维格先生刚刚僵硬地鞠了一躬，已从座位上站了起来，现在又僵硬地鞠了一躬，一下子坐了回去。

"I shall surprise you very much, I have no doubt," said Rose, naturally embarrassed; "but you once showed great benevolence and goodness to a very dear young friend of mine, and I am sure you will take an interest in hearing of him again."

“毫无疑问，我会让您大吃一惊，”罗丝说道，不由得觉得有些尴尬，“但您曾经对我的一个非常可爱的小朋友尽善尽德，我相信您会有兴趣再次听听他的事。”

"Indeed!" said Mr. Brownlow.

“确实不假！”布朗洛先生说。

"Oliver Twist you knew him as," replied Rose.

“他叫奥利弗·特威斯特，您是知道的。”罗丝回答道。

The words no sooner escaped her lips, than Mr. Grimwig, who had been affecting to dip into a large book that lay on the table, upset it with a great crash, and falling back in his chair, discharged from his features every expression but one of unmitigated wonder, and indulged in a prolonged and vacant stare; then, as if ashamed of having betrayed so much emotion, he jerked himself, as it were, by a

convulsion into his former attitude, and looking out straight before him emitted a long deep whistle, which seemed, at last, not to be discharged on empty air, but to die away in the innermost recesses of his stomach.

话才刚刚说出口，一直假装翻阅放在桌上的一本大书的格林维格先生就把书给掀翻了，发出巨大的声响；他向后一仰，靠在椅背上，除了十足的惊愕外，脸上没有任何表情，他眼神茫然，愣了好久。随后，他似乎因为自己的情绪过分暴露而感到难为情，于是，他猛然一动，恢复了先前的姿态，两眼直视前方，向外望去；他发出了一声悠长而低沉的口哨，最后，口哨声似乎不是消散在空洞的空气中，而是渐渐消失在他胃部最深处的地方。

Mr. Browlow was no less surprised, although his astonishment was not expressed in the same eccentric manner. He drew his chair nearer to Miss Maylie's, and said, "Do me the favour, my dear young lady, to leave entirely out of the question that goodness and benevolence of which you speak, and of which nobody else knows anything; and if you have it in your power to produce any evidence which will alter the unfavourable opinion I was once induced to entertain of that poor child, in Heaven's name put me in possession of it.”

布朗洛先生也很惊愕，但他没有通过这种古怪的方式表现出来。他把椅子向梅莱小姐那边挪了挪，说：“帮帮忙，我亲爱的小姐，再也不要提及您所说的尽善尽德，也没有其他人知道这些。如果您能够出示任何证据，可以改变我曾经对那个可怜孩子的不佳印象，看在上帝的份上，让我看看您的证据吧。”

"A bad one! I'll eat my head if he is not a bad one," growled Mr. Grimwig, speaking by some ventriloquial power, without moving a muscle of his face.

“一个坏小子！如果他不是一个坏小子的话，我就不是人。”格林维格先生吼道，他是用某种腹语在说话，因为他脸上的肌肉一丝不动。

"He is a child of a noble nature and a warm heart," said Rose, colouring; "and that Power which has thought fit to try him beyond his years, has planted in his breast affections and feelings which would do honour to many who have numbered his days six times over."

“这个孩子品质高尚，有一副热心肠。”罗丝说，脸有些发红，“神授意要让他承受本不该在他这个年龄承受的磨难，在他的心中种下了爱和感情，这种爱和感情即使对许多比他年长六倍的人来说也是可以引以为豪的事情。”

"I'm only sixty-one," said Mr. Grimwig, with the same rigid face. "And, as the devil's in it if this Oliver is not twelve years old at least, I

don't see the application of that remark.”

“我才六十一岁。”格林维格先生说，面部表情依然很僵硬。“而且，这个奥利弗少说也有十二岁了，这件事真是见鬼了，我不明白你说的话是什么意思。”

"Do not heed my friend, Miss Maylie," said Mr. Brownlow; "he does not mean what he says."

“千万别把我朋友的话放在心上，梅莱小姐，”布朗洛先生说，“他说的不是那个意思。”

"Yes, he does," growled Mr. Grimwig.

“是的，就是那个意思。”格林维格先生低声吼道。

"No, he does not," said Mr. Brownlow, obviously rising in wrath as he spoke.

“不，不是那个意思。”布朗洛先生说，显然越说越生气了。

"He'll eat his head, if he doesn't," growled Mr. Grimwig.

“如果不是那个意思，他就不是人。”格林维格先生怒吼道。

"He would deserve to have it knocked off, if he does," said Mr. Brownlow.

“如果是的话，真应该敲掉他的脑袋。”布朗洛先生说。

"And he'd uncommonly like to see any man offer to do it," responded Mr. Grimwig, knocking his stick upon the floor.

“他倒十分想看看谁会这么做。”格林维格先生边回答边用他的手杖敲打着地板。

Having gone thus far, the two old gentlemen severally took snuff, and afterwards shook hands, according to their invariable custom.

事情有些过头了，这两位老先生好几次大为光火，随后又握手言和，这是他们之间永不会改变的习惯。

"Now, Miss Maylie," said Mr. Brownlow, "to return to the subject in which your humanity is so much interested. Will you let me know what intelligence you have of this poor child: allowing me to promise that I exhausted every means in my power of discovering him, and that since I have been absent from this country, my first impression that he had imposed upon me, and had been persuaded by his former associates to rob me, has been considerably shaken.”

“好了，梅莱小姐，”布朗洛先生说，“让我们回到主题上来吧，就是那个吸引您慈悲和善良的主题。您能告诉我这个可怜孩子的一些情况吗？请允许我说两句，我发誓，为了找到他，我费尽周折。他曾被他以前的同伙唆使来我这里想捞点儿好处，但自从我去国外之后，我对他的

第一印象已经有很大的动摇了。”

Rose, who had had time to collect her thoughts, at once related, in a few natural words, all that had befallen Oliver since he left Mr. Brownlow's house; reserving Nancy's information for that gentleman's private ear, and concluding with the assurance that his only sorrow, for some months past, had been not being able to meet with his former benefactor and friend.

罗丝事先已理清了她的思绪，三两句话就讲述了奥利弗离开布朗洛先生家之后发生的事情，不过她保留了南希的消息，想私下告诉这位先生。最后，她十分确信地说，奥利弗在过去的几个月中唯一感到悲伤的事情就是无法见到他过去的恩人和朋友。

"Thank God!" said the old gentleman. "This is great happiness to me, great happiness. But you have not told me where he is now, Miss Maylie. You must pardon my finding fault with you,—but why not have brought him?”

“谢天谢地！”老先生说，“我真是太开心了，太开心了。但您还没告诉我，如今他人在哪里，梅莱小姐。请您一定要原谅我对您的指责，——但是您为什么不带他一起来呢？”

"He is waiting in a coach at the door," replied Rose.

“他正在门外的一辆马车里等着。”罗丝回答道。

"At this door!" cried the old gentleman.

“就在这个门外！”老先生大叫一声。

With which he hurried out of the room, down the stairs, up the coachsteps, and into the coach, without another word.

话音未落，他就急匆匆地走出了房间，直奔楼下，踩上马车踏板，二话不说就钻进了马车。

When the room-door closed behind him, Mr. Grimwig lifted up his head, and converting one of the hind legs of his chair into a pivot, described three distinct circles with the assistance of his stick and the table; sitting in it all the time. After performing this evolution, he rose and limped as fast as he could up and down the room at least a dozen times, and then stopping suddenly before Rose, kissed her without the slightest preface.

房门在他身后关上之后，格林维格先生抬起头，用后面的一条椅腿做支撑，借助他的手杖和桌子，坐在椅子里转了整整三圈。表演完这一转体动作之后，他站了起来，跛着脚，来来回回在屋子里走了不下十二次，然后他突然停住，没有任何预兆地吻了罗丝。

"Hush!" he said, as the young lady rose in some alarm at this unusual proceeding. "Don't be afraid. I'm old enough to be your

grandfather. You're a sweet girl. I like you. Here they are!”

“安静！”他说，此时这位年轻的女士已经因为这不寻常的举止而警觉地站了起来。“别怕。我年纪大得都可以当你爷爷了。你是个可爱的女孩。我喜欢你。他们来了！”

In fact, as he threw himself at one dexterous dive into his former seat, Mr. Brownlow returned, accompanied by Oliver, whom Mr. Grimwig received very graciously; and if the gratification of that moment had been the only reward for all her anxiety and care in Oliver's behalf, Rose Maylie would have been well repaid.

实际上，他刚快步坐回原先的位子，布朗洛先生就带着奥利弗一起回来了，格林维格先生非常彬彬有礼地欢迎他们；而且，如果此刻的喜悦是罗丝对奥利弗的担心和惦念所得到的唯一回报的话，罗丝也觉得收获颇丰了。

"There is somebody else who should not be forgotten, by the bye," said Mr. Brownlow, ringing the bell. "Send Mrs. Bedwin here, if you please."

“对了对了，还有个人不该被忘了。”布朗洛先生摇响了铃，说道，“劳驾把贝德温太太请到这儿来。”

The old housekeeper answered the summons with all dispatch; and dropping a curtsey at the door, waited for orders.

老管家匆匆赶来，在门口行了礼，然后待命。

"Why, you get blinder every day, Bedwin," said Mr. Brownlow, rather testily.

“为什么，你的眼神一天比一天糟糕，贝德温。”布朗洛先生问道，口气听起来相当气恼。

"Well, that I do, sir," replied the old lady. "People's eyes, at my time of life, don't improve with age, sir.”

“恩，是啊，先生。”老太太答道，“人的视力，到了我这个岁数，是不会随着年龄再提高了，先生。”

"I could have told you that," rejoined Mr. Brownlow; "but put on your glasses, and see if you can't find out what you were wanted for, will you?”

“我早就跟你说过，”布朗洛先生又说，“但你怎么不戴上眼镜啊，看看能不能明白为什么叫你过来，看看？”

The old lady began to rummage in her pocket for her spectacles. But Oliver's patience was not proof against this new trial; and yielding to his first impulse, he sprang into her arms.

老太太开始在她的衣服口袋里翻找眼镜。但是奥利弗可没耐心再经

受这个新的考验，他还是屈服于自己最初的冲动，立即跑过去扑到老太太怀里。

"God be good to me!" cried the old lady, enbracing him; "it is my innconent boy!"

“我的天啊！”老太太哭着，抱着他，“这是我那无辜的孩子啊！”

"My dear old nurse!"cried Oliver.

“亲爱的奶妈！”奥利弗哭道。

"He would come back—I knew he would," said the old lady, holding him in her arms.

“他会回来的——我就知道他会的。”老太太说着，把他抱在怀里，

"How well he looks, and how like a gentleman's son he is dressed again! Where have you been, this long, long while? Ah! the same sweet face, but not so pale; the same soft eye, but not so sad. I have never forgotten them or his quiet smile, but have seen them every day, side by side with those of my own dear children, dead and gone since I was a lightsome young creature.” Running on thus, and now holding Oliver from her to mark how he had grown, now clasping him to her and passing her fingers fondly through his hair, the good soul laughed and wept upon his neck by turns.

“瞧他看起来气色多好，穿得多像个公子哥啊！这么长时间你去哪儿了呀？啊！还是这么秀气的脸蛋，但是没有那么苍白了；还是这么温柔的眼睛，但是没有那么忧伤了。我从没忘记过这些，也从没忘记过他温和的微笑，我每天就这样看着，总是拿这些跟我自己那几个可爱孩子做比较，我那些可爱的孩子们在我还年轻的时候就离我远去了。”老太太就这么一直说着，一会儿让奥利弗退一步量量他长高了多少，一会儿握着他双手，宠爱地摸摸他的头发，就这么搂着他的脖子哭着，笑着。

Leaving her and Oliver to compare notes at leisure, Mr. Brownlow led the way into another room; and there, heard from Rose a full narration of her interview with Nancy, which occasioned him no little surprise and perplexity. Rose also explained her reasons for not confiding in her friend Mr. Losberne in the first instance. The old gentleman considered that she had acted prudently, and readily undertook to hold solemn conference with the worthy doctor himself. To afford him an early opportunity for the execution of this design, it was arranged that he should call at the hotel at eight o'clock that evening, and that in the meantime Mrs. Maylie should be cautiously informed of all that had occurred. These preliminaries adjusted, Rose and Oliver returned home.

布朗洛先生走开了，以便她和奥利弗叙旧，带着罗丝去了另外一间屋子。在那里，他听罗丝完整地讲述了她和南希的见面经过，这使得他

极为震惊同时又忐忑不安。罗丝也解释了她为什么没有第一时间向她的朋友罗斯伯力先生坦诚相告的理由。老先生认为她做得非常谨慎，随即毫不迟疑地答应前去跟那位令人敬佩的医生进行一次正式的会谈。为了能让他早些完成这次计划，他们安排当天晚上八点由他去旅店进行一次拜访，同时也将详细地告知梅莱夫人发生的所有事情。这些准备措施一切安排妥当后，罗丝和奥利弗便返回家去了。

Rose had by no means overrated the measure of the good doctor's wrath. Nancy's history was no sooner unfolded to him, than he poured forth a shower of mingled threats and execrations; threatened to make her the first victim of the combined ingenuity of Messrs. Blathers and Duff; and actually put on his hat preparatory to sallying forth to obtain the assistance of those worthies. And, doubtless, he would, in this first outbreak, have carried the intention into effect without a moment's consideration of the consequences, if he had not been restrained, in part, by corresponding violence on the side of Mr. Brownlow, who was himself of an irascible temperament, and party by such arguments and representations as seemed best calculated to dissuade him from his hotbrained purpose.

罗丝绝对没有高估那位善良的医生发起火来是什么样子。刚向他说明南希的来历，他的嘴中就不停地涌出一番威胁和诅咒，还扬言说要通过布拉瑟斯先生和达夫先生的全力配合，把南希第一个抓起来。然后他戴上帽子，准备立即去请那些人帮忙。此时，毫无疑问，在一时兴起的刺激下，他会把这个想法付诸实际，一点儿也不会考虑后果。所幸的是他被阻止了，一方面是由于布朗洛先生以相同的强烈态度加以阻拦，他本身也是这种急脾气，另一方面是因为大家提出各种争论和意见，用这样的方法来打消那些冲动的想法最有效了。

"Then what the devil is to be done?" said the impetuous doctor, when they had rejoined the two ladies. "Are we to pass a vote of thanks to all these vagabonds, male and female, and beg them to accept a hundred pounds, or so, apiece, as a trifling mark of our esteem, and some slight acknowledgment of their kindness to Oliver?"

“然后呢，到底怎么办呀？”当他们与两位女士会合时，医生又不加思索地问道，“难道我们要通过一项法案，来感谢所有的那些流氓，不管是男的还是女的，恳求他们接受我们一百镑左右的报酬，就当是我们的些许敬意，以及感谢他们善待了奥利弗呢？”

"Not exactly that," rejoined Mr. Brownlow, laughing; "but we must proceed gently and with great care."

“不全是这样，”布朗洛先生说道，笑了笑，“但是我们必须得事事小心。”

"Gentleness and care," exclaimed the doctor. "I'd send them one and all to—" "Never mind where," interposed Mr. Brownlow. "But

reflect whether sending them anywhere is likely to attain the object we have in view."

“事事小心，”医生叫嚷着，“我要把他们都送到——”“不用考虑送到哪儿，”布朗洛先生打断了他，“但是要思考思考，是不是把他们送到某个地方，就达到了我们原有的目的。”

"What object?"asked the doctor.

“什么目的？”医生问。

"Simply, the discovery of Oliver's parentage, and regaining for him the inheritance of which, if this story be true, he has been fraudulently deprived.”

“非常简单，弄清楚奥利弗的身世，再帮助他把属于他的遗产要回来；如果这个事情是真实的，那么说明他的这些遗产已经被人用不正当的手段骗走了啊。”

"Ah!" said Mr. Losberne, cooling himself with his pocket-handkerchief; "I almost forgot that."

“啊！”罗斯伯力先生用小手巾擦擦脸，让自己冷静，说，“我几乎把这个给忘了。”

"You see," pursued Mr. Brownlow; "placing this poor girl entirely out of the question, and supposing it were possible to bring these scoundrels to justice without compromising her safety, what good should we bring about?"

“你看啊，”布朗洛先生继续说，“先不考虑这位可怜的姑娘，假如说能够把这些坏蛋诉诸法律并且可以避免伤害到她，我们能得到什么好处？”

"Hanging a few of them at least, in all probability," suggested the doctor, "and transporting the rest."

“至少要把其中一些人绞死，”医生建议说，“并且要把其他的都遣送。”

"Very good," replied Mr. Brownlow, smiling; "but no doubt they will bring that about for themselves in the fulness of time, and if we step in to forestall them, it seems to me that we shall be performing a very Quixotic act, in direct opposition to our own interest—or at least to Oliver's, which is the same thing.”

“非常好，”布朗洛先生笑着答道，“但是他们早晚会受到惩罚的，如果我们涉足抢先会怎么样，只会做出非常可笑的事情，这与我们自己的利益——或者至少是奥利弗的利益大相径庭，其实这就是同一件事。”

"How?" inquired the doctor.

“那怎么办？”医生询问说。

"Thus. It is quite clear that we shall have extreme difficulty in getting to the bottom of this mystery, unless we can bring this man, Monks, upon his knees. That can only be done by stratagem, and by catching him when he is not surrounded by these people. For, suppose he were apprehended, we have no proof against him. He is not even (so far as we know, or as the facts appear to us) concerned with the gang in any of their robberies. If he were not discharged, it is very unlikely that he could receive any further punishment than being committed to prison as a rogue and vagabond; and of course ever afterwards his mouth would be so obstinately closed that he might as well, for our purposes, be deaf, dumb, blind, and an idiot.”

“因此，非常明确，如果说要弄明白这个秘密，我们会面对极大的困难，除非我们能让这个叫蒙克斯的人乖乖就范。这只能通过智谋实现，只有在他没有跟那些同党在一起的时候抓住他。因为，假如他已经被逮捕，我们又没有证据证明他有罪的话。他甚至（正如我们所知，或者摆在我们面前的事实）会被认为没有参与到这帮坏蛋的任何一次抢劫中。即使他没有被放出来，他也不大可能再受到什么惩罚，也就是当作流浪汉、混混关几天监狱，这样我们以后也别想从他那里问出什么，他会装聋作哑、装瞎子，再装成一个白痴。”

"Then," said the doctor impetuously, "I put it to you again, whether you think it reasonable that this promise to the girl should be considered binding; a promise made with the best and kindest intentions, but really—” "Do not discuss the point, my dear young lady, pray," said Mr. Brownlow, interrupting Rose as she was about to speak. "The promise shall be kept. I don't think it will, in the slightest degree, interfere with our proceedings. But, before we can resolve upon any precise course of action, it will be necessary to see the girl; to ascertain from her whether she will point out this Monks, on the understanding that he is to be dealt with by us, and not by the law; or, if she will not, or cannot do that, to procure from her such an account of his haunts and description of his person, as will enable us to identify him. She cannot be seen until next Sunday night; this is Tuesday. I would suggest that in the meantime, we remain perfectly quiet, and keep these matters secret even from Oliver himself.”

“然后呢，”医生着急地问，“我再问你，你是否坚持认为对那位姑娘的承诺是合情合理的，是出于最真诚和最善良的意愿所作出的承诺，但实际上——”“不要讨论这个问题，我亲爱的小姐。”罗丝正打算说话的时候，布朗洛先生打断了她，“这个承诺必定会遵守。我相信我们的行动不会因此而受到妨碍。但是，在我们能采取任何具体措施之前，我们必须去看看那位姑娘，以确保她是否愿意指认蒙克斯，也就是说告诉她蒙克斯是由我们来处置，而不是通过法律；或者，如果她不愿意，或者不能那么做的话，可以问她蒙克斯常去什么地方，是个什么样的人，以便我们能够认出他。在周日晚上之前是找不她的，今天是周二。同时，我建

议我们最好保持绝对冷静，保守秘密，甚至对奥利弗本人。”

Although Mr. Losberne received with many wry faces a proposal involving a delay of five whole days, he was fain to admit that no better course occurred to him just then; and as both Rose and Mrs. Maylie sided very strongly with Mr. Brownlow, that gentleman's proposition was carried unanimously.

尽管罗斯伯力先生对接受这个拖延五天的提议，做了很多怪表情，但他还是勉强承认这个时候没有更好的办法了；而且因为罗丝和梅莱夫人也坚决地站在布朗洛先生的那边，这样这位老先生的提议被一致通过了。

"I should like," he said, "to call in the aid of my friend Grimwig. He is a strange creature, but a shrewd one, and might prove of material assistance to us; I should say that he was bred a lawyer, and quitted the Bar in disgust because he had only one brief and a motion of course, in twenty years, though whether that is recommendation or not, you must determine for yourselves."

“我愿意，”布朗洛说，“去找我朋友格林维格帮忙。他是个奇怪的人，但是却很精明，也许能给我们点儿实际的帮助；我想说一下，他是个律师，因为二十年里只收到一件案情摘要和诉讼请求，他一怒之下便退出了这个行业，不知道这算不算建议，你们还是自己决定吧。”

"I have no objection to your calling in your friend if I may call in mine," said the doctor.

“如果我能叫我的朋友来，那么你叫你的朋友来，我就没有意见。”医生说。

"We must put it to the vote," replied Mr. Brownlow, "who may he be?"

“我们必须投票决定，”布朗洛先生答道，“他是谁呢？”

"That lady's son, and this young lady's—very old friend," said the doctor, motioning towards Mrs. Maylie, and concluding with an expressive glance at her niece.

“是那位女士的儿子，这位年轻女士的——老朋友。”医生说着，指了指梅莱夫人，最后又意味深长地看了一眼她的侄女。

Rose blushed deeply, but she did not make any audible objection to this motion (possibly she felt in a hopeless minority); and Harry Maylie and Mr. Grimwig were accordingly added to the committee.

罗丝脸通红，却也没有提出任何异议（可能她觉得反对的也只是少数）；因此哈里·梅莱和格林维格先生也自然而然地加入了。

"We stay in town, of course," said Mrs. Maylie, "while there remains the slightest prospect of prosecuting this inquiry with a

chance of success. I will spare neither trouble nor expense in behalf of the object in which we are all so deeply interested, and I am content to remain here, if it be for twelve months, so long as you assure me that any hope remains."

“当然，我们会一直在镇上。”梅莱夫人说，“只要还有一丝希望，就有机会顺利地把这个调查继续下去。对于我们大家都如此深切关心的问题，我不怕麻烦，也不会计较开支，只要能呆在这里，我也知足，就算是一年，只要你们能让我相信事情还是有希望的。

"Good!" rejioned Mr.Brownlow.

“好！”布朗洛先生应道，

"And as I see on the faces about me, a disposition to inquire how it happened that I was not in the way to corroborate Oliver's tale, and had so suddenly left the kingdom, let me stipulate that I shall be asked no questions until such time as I may deem it expedient to forestall them by telling my own story. Believe me, I make this request with good reason, for I might otherwise excite hopes destined never to be realised, and only increase difficulties and disappointments already quite numerous enough. Come! Supper has been announced, and young Oliver, who is all alone in the next room, will have begun to think, by this time, that we have wearied of his company, and entered into some dark conspiracy to thrust him forth upon the world.”

“我看大家的神情，好像都想知道我怎么会突然出国，导致需要我证明奥利弗事情的时候却找不到，让我事先讲明，到我认为合适的时候，我自然会告诉诸位，不劳大家来问我。相信我，我这样做绝对是有理由的，不然我可能也会产生一些注定没法实现的希望，只会增加本来就不计其数的困难和失望。好了！已经可以开始用晚餐了，还有，一直单独呆在隔壁屋的小奥利弗，这会儿会开始想我们是不是不喜欢他了，正在密谋什么毒计要将他赶出这里呢。”

With these words, the old gentleman gave his hand to Mrs. Maylie, and escorted her into the supper-room. Mr. Losberne followed, leading Rose; and the council was, for the present, effectually broken up.

说完这些，老先生向梅莱夫人伸出手，陪她走进餐厅。罗斯伯力先生跟在后面，领着罗丝。目前，讨论会到此暂时告一段落了。

CHAPTER XLII An old acquaintance of Oliver's, exhibiting decided marks of genius, becomes a public character in the metropolis

第四十二章 奥利弗的一个老熟人展示出极高的天赋，在首都成了一个公众人物

Upon the night when Nancy, having lulled Mr. Sikes to sleep, hurried on her self-imposed mission to Rose Maylie, there advanced towards London, by the Great North Road, two persons, upon whom it is expedient that this history should bestow some attention.

晚上，南希把赛克斯先生哄睡着了之后，急急忙忙地赶到罗丝·梅莱那里，去完成她自己揽上身的任务。此时，在北方大道上，有两个人正向着伦敦走来，这本传记最好还是应当对他们有所关注。

They were a man and woman; or perhaps they would be better described as a male and female: for the former was one of those long-limbed, knock-kneed, shambling, bony people, to whom it is difficult to assign any precise age,—looking as they do, when they are yet boys, like undergrown men, and when they are almost men, like overgrown boys. The woman was young, but of a robust and hardy make, as she need have been to bear the weight of the heavy bundle which was strapped to her back. Her companion was not encumbered with much luggage, as there merely dangled from a stick which he carried over his shoulder, a small parcel wrapped in a common handkerchief, and apparently light enough. This circumstance, added to the length of his legs, which were of unusual extent, enabled him with much ease to keep some half-dozen paces in advance of his companion, to whom he occasionally turned with an impatient jerk of the head: as if reproaching her tardiness, and urging her to greater exertion.

那两人是一位先生和一位太太，或者倒不如说成是一男一女，因为前者四肢修长、膝盖外翻、步履蹒跚，而且还骨瘦如柴，这种人不易看出其确切的年纪——当他们还是小男孩时就是这个样子了，像是个发育不完全的男人；而当他们接近成年时，则更像是个大孩子。那女人年轻些，长得结实有力，因此她不得不承担那拴在背上的、沉重的包袱。她的同伴并没有提多少行李，只有一个用普通手帕包起来的小包裹，显然十分轻巧，悬吊在扛在肩头上的一根手杖上。在这种情况下，加上他的两条腿异常修长，男人总能轻轻松松地就超过他的同伴六七步；他时不时回头，不耐烦地摇头望着女人，好像在责怪她又落后了，并催促她再加把劲。

Thus, they had toiled along the dusty road, taking little heed of any object within sight, save when they stepped aside to allow a wider passage for the mail-coaches which were whirling out of town, until they passed through Highgate archway; when the foremost traveller stopped and called impatiently to his companion, "Come on, can't yer? What a lazybones yer are, Charlotte.”

就这样，他们在尘土飞扬的大道上吃力地走着，对眼前的一切全不在意，只有当城里来的邮车疾驰而过时，他们才站到一旁，给邮车让出路来；他们这样走着，一直穿过高门拱道，这时，走在前面的那位停下脚步，对他的同伴不耐烦地喊道：“快点儿，你就不能走快点儿吗？你真是懒骨头，夏洛特。”

"It's a heavy load, I can tell you," said the female, coming up, almost breathless with fatigue.

“跟你说吧，这包袱太重了。”女人说着，赶了上来，累得几乎喘不过气来。

"Heavy! What are yer talking about? What are yer made for?" rejoined the male traveller, changing his own little bundle as he spoke, to the other shoulder. "Oh, there yer are, resting again! Well, if yer ain't enough to tire anybody's patience out, I don't know what is!”

“重！你说什么呐？你是干什么用的？”男人一边说，一边把他那小小的包裹换到另一个肩膀上。“哦，你又来了，又要休息！好吧，你除了能让所有人失去耐心，我就真不知道你还能做些什么！”

"Is it much farther?" asked the woman, resting herself against a bank, and looking up with the perspiration streaming from her face.

“还有很远吗？”女人问道，靠着路边坐下来休息。她抬起头来，脸上汗如雨下。

"Much farther! Yer as good as there," said the long-legged tramper, pointing out before him. "Look there! Those are the lights of London."

“很远？我们差不多就要到了。”长腿徒步旅行者指着前方说，“看那儿！那就是伦敦的灯光了。”

"They're a good two mile off, at least," said the woman despondingly.

“至少还有足足两英里远呢。”女人沮丧地说，

"Never mind whether they're two mile off, or twenty," said Noah Claypole; for he it was; "but get up and come on, or I'll kick yer, and so I give yer notice.”

“别管是两英里还是二十英里，”诺亚·克雷波尔说，“赶紧起身上路，不然我要踢你起来了，我可是事先打过招呼了。”

As Noah's red nose grew redder with anger, and as he crossed the road while speaking, as if fully prepared to put his threat into execution, the woman rose without any further remark, and trudged onward by his side.

诺亚一生气，他那红色的鼻头就变得更红了，他边说着边走过马路来，好像真准备要动手似的，女人没再说什么就起来了，在他身边步履艰难地走着。

"Where do you mean to stop for the night, Noah?" she asked, after they had walked a few hundred yards.

“你准备在哪儿停下过夜，诺亚？”他们走出了几百码远后，她问道。

"How should I know?" replied Noah, whose temper had been considerably impaired by walking.

“我怎么知道？”诺亚回答，因为长时间走路，他的脾气变得很坏。

"Near, I hope," said Charlotte.

“我希望就在附近。”夏洛特说。

"No, not near," replied Mr. Claypole. "There! Not near; so don't think it.”

“不，不在附近。”克雷波尔先生回答，“听着！不在附近，别再想了。”

"Why not?"

“为什么不？”

"When I tell yer that I don't mean to do a thing, that's enough, without any why or because either," replied Mr. Claypole with dignity.

“如果我告诉你我不想这么做，我就是不想，这足够了，没有什么为什么，也没有原因。”克雷波尔先生盛气凌人地说道。

"Well, you needn't be so cross," said his companion.

“好吧，你也犯不着这么生气。”他的同伴说。

"A pretty thing it would be, wouldn't it to go and stop at the very first public-house outside the town, so that Sowerberry, if he come up after us, might poke in his old nose, and have us taken back in a cart with handcuffs on," said Mr. Claypole in a jeering tone. "No! I shall go and lose myself among the narrowest streets I can find, and not stop till we come to the very out—of— the— wayest house I can set eyes on. "Cod, yer may thanks yer stars I've got a head; for if we hadn't gone, at first, the wrong road a purpose, and come back across country, yer'd have been locked up hard and fast a week ago, my lady. And serve yer right for being a fool.”

“如果我们在城外遇到的第一个旅馆住下，那苏尔伯雷就可以来插上一脚；如果他在跟踪我们的话，他会给我们带上手铐，装在大车里抓回去，那可就好看了。”克雷波尔先生用一种奚落的口吻说着，“不！我一定要找一条我能够找到的最窄的巷子，走进去就看不见人了，而且还要一直走，直到我见到一家最偏僻的旅馆才停下来。你真该感谢自己的运气，我还算有点儿头脑；如果我们不是一开始故意走错路，再穿过田地走回去，你一个星期前就已经给牢牢地锁起来了，我的小姐。你也真该给关起来，谁让你是个傻瓜呢。”

"I know I ain't as cunning as you are," replied Charlotte; "but don't put all the blame on me, and say I should have been locked up. You would have been if I had been, any way.”

“我知道我不如你聪明，”夏洛特回答，“但是也别全都怪在我身上呀，还说我会被关起来。我要是给关了起来，你也别想跑，不管怎么说。”

"Yer took the money from the till, yer know yer did," said Mr. Claypole.

“是你从抽屉里拿了钱，你知道那是你做的。”克雷波尔先生说。

"I took it for you, Noah, dear," rejoined Charlotte.

“我是为了你才拿的，诺亚，亲爱的。”夏洛特接着说。

"Did I keep it?" asked Mr. Claypole.

“那么钱一直放在我这里了吗？”克雷波尔先生问。

"No; you trusted in me, and let me carry it like a dear, and so you are," said the lady, chucking him under the chin, and drawing her arm through his.

“没有。你相信我，让我带在身上，就像个宝贝一样，你也是我的宝贝。”女人说着，摸了摸他的下巴，挽起他的胳膊。

This was indeed the case; but as it was not Mr. Claypole's habit to repose a blind and foolish confidence in anybody, it should be observed, in justice to that gentleman, that he had trusted Charlotte to this extent, in order that, if they were pursued, the money might be found on her: which would leave him an opportunity of asserting his innocence of any theft, and would greatly facilitate his chances of escape. Of course, he entered at this juncture, into no explanation of his motives, and they walked on very lovingly together.

事实上确实是这么回事，但是克雷波尔先生从来没有盲目而愚蠢地相信任何人的习惯。应当公正地说一句，这位绅士这般信任夏洛特，为的是如果他们给逮住了，钱也是在她身上，这样他就有借口在面临任何偷窃的指控前证明自己的清白，从而使他有极大机会逃脱。当然，在这一刻，他还不想表明自己的动机，于是两人亲密无间地并排走着。

In pursuance of this cautious plan, Mr. Claypole went on, without halting, until he arrived at the Angel at Islington, where he wisely judged, from the crowd of passengers and numbers of vehicles, that London began in earnest.

照着这个谨慎的计划行事，克雷波尔先生一刻不停地走着，直到来到伊斯灵顿区附近的安琪儿酒店。凭着对行人以及车辆数目的明智判断，他认定他们已经到达伦敦城了。

Just pausing to observe which appeared the most crowded streets, and consequently the most to be avoided, he crossed into Saint John's Road, and was soon deep in the obscurity of the intricate and dirty ways, which, lying between Gray's Inn Lane and Smithfield, render that part of the town one of the lowest and worst that improvement has left in the midst of London.

他停下脚步，观察着哪些街最为拥挤，因此那也就是最要避开的道大道。他穿过马路来到圣约翰路，一转眼身影就隐没在错综复杂、肮脏不堪的小路中。小路位于格雷旅馆胡同和伦敦肉市之间，是伦敦中部因为改建而遗留下来的最破、最烂的地区之一。

Through these streets, Noah Claypole walked, dragging Charlotte after him; now stepping into the kennel to embrace at a glance the whole external character of some small public-house; now jogging on again, as some fancied appearance induced him to believe it too public for his purpose. At length, he stopped in front of one, more humble in appearance and more dirty than any he had yet seen; and, having crossed over and surveyed it from the opposite pavement, graciously announced his intention of putting up there, for the night.

诺亚·克雷波尔走过这些街巷，夏洛特跟在后面；他时而跨进路边的沟里，打量一眼某家小旅店的整体外观；时而又慢悠悠地向前走去，好像某种想象出的景象使他觉得店里旅客过多，不合他意。最终，他在一家旅馆门前停住了脚步，这家店是他所见过的最简陋也最肮脏的一家；他又走到街对面好好地观察了一下，然后郑重地宣布他们今晚就在这里过夜。

"So give us the bundle," said Noah, unstrapping it from the woman's shoulders, and slinging it over his own; "and don't yer speak, except when yer spoke to. What's the name of the house—t-h-r—three what?”

“给我包袱，”诺亚一边说，一边从女人肩上解下包袱扛在自己背上，“别说话，等我让你说时再开口。这家店叫什么名字——三——三个什么？”

"Cripples," said Charlotte.

“瘸子。”夏洛特说。

"Three Cripples," repeated Noah, "and a very good sign too. Now, then! Keep close at my heels, and come along." With these injunctions, he pushed the rattling door with his shoulder, and entered the house, followed by his companion.

“三个瘸子，”诺亚重复道，“真是个不错的招牌。喂喂！紧跟着点儿，过来。”他边下达着命令，边用肩膀顶开咯吱作响的大门，走进旅馆，他的同伴跟在后面。

There was nobody in the bar but a young Jew, who, with his two elbows on the counter, was reading a dirty newspaper. He stared very hard at Noah, and Noah stared very hard at him.

吧台里除了有一个年轻的犹太佬外就再没别人了，那年轻人双肘支在柜台上，正在读一张脏脏的报纸。他恶狠狠地盯着诺亚，诺亚也凶巴巴地盯着他。

If Noah had been attired in his charity-boy's dress, there might have been some reason for the Jew opening his eyes so wide; but as he had discarded the coat and badge, and wore a short smock-frock over his leathers, there seemed no particular reason for his appearance exciting so much attention in a public-house.

如果诺亚这时穿的仍是那一身孤儿院的衣服，那么还能解释这犹太佬为何把眼睛瞪得这么大；但是诺亚已经把外套和徽章给扔了，现在，他穿着皮短裤，上边是短款的长罩衫，这样的外表，似乎没有什么特别的理由能够在一间旅馆里引起别人这么大的关注。

"Is this the Three Cripples?" asked Noah.

“这里是‘三个瘸子’旅馆吗？”诺亚问道。

"That is the dabe of this 'ouse'," replied the Jew.

“是叫这个名字。”犹太佬回答。

"A gentleman we met on the road, coming up from the country, recommended us here," said Noah, nudging Charlotte, perhaps to call her attention to this most ingenious device for attracting respect, and perhaps to warn her to betray no surprise. "We want to sleep here to-night.”

“我们从乡下来，在路上遇到一位绅士，他向我们推荐了这里。”诺亚说，用胳膊肘轻轻地碰了碰夏洛特，可能是想让她注意到这种赢取别人尊重的最机智的办法，也可能是警告她不要大惊小怪。“我们今晚想睡在这里。”

"I"b dot certaid you cad," said Barney, who was the attendant sprite; "but I'll idquire.”

“这事我说了不算。”巴尼说，本书中要常常见到这个怪物，“我去给你问问。”

"Show us the tap, and give us a bit of cold meat and a drop of beer while yer inquiring, will yer?" said Noah.

“告诉我们酒吧在哪儿，再给我们来点儿冷肉、一些啤酒，然后你再去问，行吗？”诺亚说。

Barney complied by ushering them into a small back-room, and setting the required viands before them; having done which, he informed the travellers that they could be lodged that night, and left the amiable couple to their refreshment.

巴尼照做了，把他们领到后面的一个小房间里，在他们面前摆上了要的酒菜，然后告诉这两位旅客他们今晚可以留宿在这里，接着退了出去，留下这友好的一对自己用餐歇息。

Now, this back-room was immediately behind the bar, and some steps lower, so that any person connected with the house, undrawing a small curtain which concealed a single pane of glass fixed in the wall of the last-named apartment, about five feet from its flooring, could not only look down upon any guests in the back-room without any great hazard of being observed (the glass being in a dark angle of the wall, between which and a large upright beam the observer had to thrust himself), but could, by applying his ear to the partition, ascertain with tolerable distinctness, their subject of conversation.

小房间就在吧台的背后，比吧台低几个台阶。旅馆的任何相关人员，只要掀开一层小小的帘子，透过被帘子遮住的一层玻璃，玻璃就在上述房间的墙上，离地大约五英尺高，不仅能俯身看到小房间里的任何客人，而且几乎不用担心被发现（玻璃在墙的暗处，观察者正处在这个暗处与一根笔直的大梁之间），并且，只要将耳朵贴在这隔断上，外面的人也基本上能够听清楚房间里的谈话内容。

The landlord of the house had not withdrawn his eye from this place of espial for five minutes, and Barney had only just returned from making the communication above related, when Fagin, in the course of his evening's business, came into the bar to inquire after some of his young pupils.

旅馆老板的目光从这个观察点移开还不足五分钟，巴尼也刚刚向客人说完那几句话回来，这时费金就走了进来，他正在进行晚上的活动，想要打听自己几个徒弟的情况。

"Hush!" said Barney:"strangers id the next roob."

“嘘！”巴尼说，“隔壁屋里有陌生人。”

"Strangers!" repeated the old man in a whisper.

“陌生人！”老头低声重复道。

"Ah! Ad rub uds too," added Barney. "Frob the cuttry, but subthig

in your way, or I'd bistaked.”

“啊！是两个古怪的家伙。”巴尼补充道，“从乡下来，我要是没看错，他们绝对是你们这一行的。”

Fagin appeared to receive this communication with great interest.

听了这话，费金看上去很感兴趣。

Mounting a stool, he cautiously applied his eye to the pane of glass, from which secret post he could see Mr. Claypole taking cold beef from the dish, and porter from the pot, and administering homeopathic doses of both to Charlotte, who sat patiently by, eating and drinking at his pleasure.

他爬上一张椅子，小心地把眼睛凑在玻璃上，从这个秘密哨岗上可以看见，克雷波尔先生正从盘子里拿冷牛肉吃，从大壶里倒黑啤酒喝，还随意地给耐心坐在一旁的夏洛特分了一点儿吃的喝的，分量少得就跟顺势疗法的剂量一样。

"Aha!" he whispered, looking round to Barney, "I like that fellow'looks. He'd be of use to us; he knows how to train the girl already. Don't make as much noise as a mouse, my dear, and let me hear 'em talk—let me hear 'em.”

“啊哈！”他回过头看着巴尼，低声说，“我喜欢那人的样子。他会对我们有用的，他已经知道如何训练那女人了。别跟老鼠似的弄出那么大的声响，亲爱的，让我听听他们说话——让我听听。”

He again applied his eye to the glass, and turning his ear to the partition, listened attentively: with a subtle and eager look upon his face, that might have appertained to some old goblin.

他又将眼睛凑在玻璃上，把耳朵贴在隔断上专心地听着，脸上露出微妙而急切的表情，像极了某个老妖怪。

"So I mean to be a gentleman," said Mr. Claypole, kicking out his legs, and continuing a conversation, the commencement of which Fagin had arrived too late to hear. "No more jolly old coffins, Charlotte, but a gentleman's life for me: and, if yer like, yer shall be a lady.”

“所以我想要做个绅士。”克雷波尔先生踢了踢腿，接着说，费金来迟了一步，没有听到开头的部分。“再也不用去恭维那些老棺材了，夏洛特，我要过绅士的生活，并且，如果你愿意，你就做一位太太。”

"I should like that well enough, dear," replied Charlotte; "but tills ain't to be emptied every day, and people to get clear off after it.”

“我当然非常愿意，亲爱的，”夏洛特回答道，“但是我们不能天天去扫荡装钱的抽屉，人们事后会查出来的。”

"Tills be blowed!" said Mr. Claypole; "there's more things besides tills to be emptied.”

“见鬼的抽屉！”克雷波尔先生说，“除了扫荡抽屉外，还有很多别的事情可做呢。”

"What do you mean?" asked his companion.

“你是什么意思？”他的女伴问。

"Pockets, women's ridicules, houses, mail-coaches, banks!" said Mr. Claypole, rising with the porter.

“口袋、女人的手袋、住宅、邮车，还有银行！”克雷波尔先生举起一杯黑啤酒说道。

"But you can't do all that, dear," said Charlotte.

“但是这些事，你一个人也做不了啊，亲爱的。”夏洛特说。

"I shall look out to get into company with them as can," replied Noah.

“我会找到能跟我合作的人。”诺亚回答，

"They'll be able to make us useful some way or another. Why, you yourself are worth fifty women; I never see such a precious sly and deceitful creetur as yer can be when I let yer.”

“他们总能让我们派上点儿用场。哎，你一个人抵得上五十个女人；只要我放你出去，绝对没有一个女人能像你这样矫揉造作、诡计多端。”

"Lor, how nice it is to hear yer say so!" exclaimed Charlotte, imprinting a kiss upon his ugly face.

“天哪，听你这样说,我真是太高兴了！”夏洛特叫道，在他那张丑陋的脸上吻了一下。

"There, that's ll do: don't yer be too affectionate, in case I'm cross with yer," said Noah, disengaging himself with great gravity. "I should like to be the captain of some band, and have the whopping of'em, and follering 'em about, unbeknown to themselves. That would suit me, if there was good profit; and if we could only get in with some gentleman of this sort, I say it would be cheap at that twenty-pound note you've got,—especially as we don't very well know how to get rid of it ourselves.”

“行了行了，你别太亲密了，免得我生气。”诺亚说着，费了好大劲才挣脱出来。“我想要做某个团伙的头，让他们都听我的话，还要悄悄地跟着他们，连他们自己都不知道。这很适合我，只要有利可图，只要我们能碰上这一行的绅士，就是花掉你得到的那二十镑支票也值得——特别是，现在我们也不清楚怎么才能把它花掉。”

After expressing this opinion, Mr. Claypole looked into the porter-

pot with an aspect of deep wisdom; and having well shaken its contents, nodded condescendingly to Charlotte, and took a draught, wherewith he appeared greatly refreshed. He was meditating another, when the sudden opening of the door, and the appearance of a stranger, interrupted him.

发表完这一高见之后，克雷波尔先生带着一副大智慧的神气盯着啤酒壶看了一阵；他摇了摇壶里的酒，施恩似的向夏洛特点点头，他又呷了口啤酒，似乎因此大大地提起精神来。他正想着要再喝一口，这时突然有人打开了房门，门口站着一个陌生人，打断了他。

The stranger was Mr. Fagin. And very amiable he looked, and a very low bow he made, as he advanced, and setting himself down at the nearest table, ordered something to drink of the grinning Barney.

这个陌生人就是费金先生。他看上去十分亲切，走上前一步，深深地鞠了个躬，然后坐在最近的桌子旁；巴尼咧嘴笑着，费金向他点了一些喝的东西。

"A pleasant night, sir, but cool for the time of year," said Fagin, rubbing his hands. "From the country, I see, sir?"

“真是个愉快的晚上啊，先生，但是这个时节有些冷了。”费金搓着手说，“我猜，您是从乡下来的吧，先生？”

"How do yer see that?" asked Noah Claypole.

“你是怎么看出来的？”诺亚·克雷波尔问道。

"We have not so much dust as that in London," replied Fagin, pointing from Noah's shoes to those of his companion, and from them to the two bundles.

“我们伦敦这里可没有那么多尘土。”费金回答，手指着诺亚和其同伴的鞋，又指了指那两个包袱。

"Yer a sharp feller," said Noah. "Ha! ha! only hear that, Charlotte!"

“真是个厉害的家伙。”诺亚说，“哈！哈！听听这个，夏洛特！”

"Why, one need be sharp in this town, my dear," replied the Jew, sinking his voice to a confidential whisper; "and that's the truth.”

“哎，在这城里没点儿眼力可不成啊，亲爱的。”这个犹太佬低声说道，好像在悄声说一个秘密，“这是真话。”

Fagin followed up this remark by striking the side of his nose with his right forefinger,—a gesture which Noah attempted to imitate, though not with complete success, in consequence of his own nose not being large enough for the purpose. However, Mr. Fagin seemed to interpret the endeavour as expressing a perfect coincidence with his

opinion, and put about the liquor which Barney reappeared with, in a very friendly manner.

费金说罢，用右手食指敲了敲鼻翼，诺亚也试图模仿这个动作，却因为自己的鼻子还不够大而没有成功。然而，费金先生似乎将诺亚这个尝试看成是对他观点极度赞同的表示，然后以一种非常友好的态度，将巴尼端上来的酒敬给诺亚。

"Good stuff that," observed Mr. Claypole, smacking his lips.

“真是好东西。”克雷波尔先生咂着嘴说道。

"Dear!" said Fagin.

“亲爱的！”费金说,

"A man need be always emptying a till, or a pocket, or a woman's reticule, or a house, or a mail-coach, or a bank, if he drinks it regularly.”

“如果一个人想常常喝到这种酒，他就要经常对抽屉、口袋、女士提包、住宅，或者邮车以及银行扫荡一番。”

Mr. Claypole no sooner heard this extract from his own remarks than he fell back in his chair, and looked from the Jew to Charlotte with a countenance of ashy paleness and excessive terror.

克雷波尔先生一听到这段从他自己刚才那番话中摘出来的片段，不由得瘫倒在椅子里，望望犹太佬，又望望夏洛特，面色苍白，表情极度惊恐。

"Don't mind me, my dear," said Fagin, drawing his chair closer. "Ha! ha ! it was lucky it was only me that heard you by chance. It was very lucky it was only me."

“别介意，亲爱的。”费金说着，把他的椅子拉近一些。“哈！哈！还好只是让我碰巧听见了你的话，你真够走运的。你很幸运，仅仅是被我听到了。”

"I didn't take it," stammered Noah, no longer stretching out his legs like an independent gentleman, but coiling them up as well as he could under his chair; "it was all her doing; yer've got it now, Charlotte, yer know yer have.”

“不是我拿的。”诺亚结结巴巴地说，不再像个自信的绅士一样把腿伸得长长的，而是尽可能地把它们缩回到椅子下，“都是她干的。现在你就拿着的，夏洛特，你知道是你自己干的。”

"No matter who's got it, or who did it, my dear," replied Fagin, glancing, nevertheless, with a hawk's eye at the girl and the two bundles. "I'm in that way myself, and I like you for it.”

“别管是谁拿着，或者是谁干的，亲爱的。”费金回答道，但是他用

鹰一般的眼睛扫了一眼女人和那两个包裹。“我也是干这一行的。因此我才喜欢你们。”

"In what way?" asked Mr. Claypole, a little recovering.

“哪一行？”克雷波尔先生稍稍回过神来，问道。

"In that way of business," rejoined Fagin; "and so are the people of the house. You've hit the right nail upon the head, and are as safe here as you could be. There is not a safer place in all this town than is the Cripples; that is, when I like to make it so. And I have taken a fancy to you and the young woman; so I've said the word, and you may make your minds easy."

“正经生意。”费金继续说，“这个店里的人也都一样。你算是找对地方了，这里再安全不过了。你在全城都找不到比瘸子旅店更安全的地方；我是说，如果我想让它这样的话。我挺喜欢你和你的年轻女伴，所以我才这么说，你尽可以放心。”

Noah Claypole's mind might have been at ease after this assurance, but his body certainly was not; for he shuffled and writhed about, into various uncouth positions: eyeing his new friend meanwhile with mingled fear and suspicion.

听了这番保证，诺亚·克雷波尔总算是放了心，但他的身子还没有放松；他不断扭动着，变换着各种粗野笨拙的姿势，用一种交织着恐惧与怀疑的目光打量着这个新朋友。

"I'll tell you more," said Fagin, after he had reassured the girl, by dint of friendly nods and muttered encouragements. "I have got a friend that I think can gratify your darling wish, and put you in the right way, where you can take whatever department of the business you think will suit you best at first, and be taught all the others."

“我还要告诉你更多。”费金向夏洛特嘀咕了几句鼓励的话，又朝她友好地点了点头，让她放心，然后说道，“我认识一个朋友，也许能满足你迫切的愿望，引你走上正路。一开始，你可以选择这一行里你认为最适合的工作来做，然后还能学会其他的。”

"Yer speak as if yer were in earnest," replied Noah.

“你说这话好像很认真。”诺亚回答。

"What advantage would it be to me to be anything else?" inquired Fagin, shrugging his shoulders. "Here! Let me have a word with you outside."

“不认真对我有什么好处呢？”费金耸耸肩，问道，“来！我跟你到外面去说句话。”

"There's no occasion to trouble ourselves to move," said Noah, getting his legs by gradual degrees abroad again. "She'll take the

luggage upstairs the while. Charlotte, see to them bundles.”

“用不着起来吧，挺麻烦的。”诺亚说，又慢慢地把他的腿伸了出来。“我们说话时她会拿行李上楼去。夏洛特，看好那些行李。”

This mandate, which had been delivered with great majesty, was obeyed without the slightest demur; and Charlotte made the best of her way off with the packages while Noah held the door open and watched her out.

这道命令带着说一不二的权威，执行者也丝毫没有异议；诺亚拉开房门，看着她出去，夏洛特赶紧拿上行李走了出去。

"She's kept tolerably well under, ain't she?" he asked as he resumed his seat: in the tone of a keeper who had tamed some wild animal.

“她表现得很听话，不是吗？”他又坐回去，以一种饲养员驯服了野兽的口吻问道。

"Quite perfect," rejoined Fagin, clapping him on the shoulder. "You're a genius, my dear.”

“真不赖。”费金拍了拍诺亚的肩膀，说道，“你真是个天才，亲爱的。”

"Why, I suppose if I wasn't, I shouldn't be here," replied Noah. "But, I say, she'll be back if yer lose time.”

“哎，我想，如果我不是的话，我也就不会在这儿了。”诺亚回答道，“但是，我说，你要是再浪费时间的话，她就该回来了。”

"Now, what do you think?" said Fagin. "If you was to like my friend, could you do better than join him?"

“那么，你是怎么想的？”费金说，“如果你喜欢我的朋友，有什么比加入到他那里更好呢？”

"Is he in a good way of business; that's where it is!" responded Noah, winking one of his little eyes.

“他的生意到底好不好，这就是问题所在！”诺亚眨巴着一只小眼睛，答道。

"The top of the tree; employs a power of hands; has the very best society in the profession."

“顶级好,他雇了大批人手，他们是圈子里最厉害的一群人。”

"Regular town-maders?" asked Mr. Claypole.

“全是城里人？”克雷波尔先生问道。

"Not a countryman among 'em; and I don't think he'd take you, even on my recommendation, if he didn't run rather short of assistants

just now," replied Fagin.

“没一个乡下人；而且，如果不是他现在正好缺帮手，即使有我的推荐他也不一定会接纳你。”费金回答。

"Should I have to hand over?" said Noah, slapping his breeches-pocket.

“我要不要先送点儿礼？”诺亚拍了拍短裤上的口袋，说道。

"It couldn't possibly be done without," replied Fagin, in a most decided manner.

“不送恐怕不行。”费金用一种斩钉截铁的语气回答。

"Twenty pound, though—it's a lot of money!”

“二十镑，可是——这是很大的一笔钱！”

"Not when it's in a note you can't get rid of," retorted Fagin.

“如果你有一张无法出手的支票，那就不一样了。”费金反驳道，

"Number and date taken, I suppose? Payment stopped at the Bank? Ah! it's not worth much to him. it's s ll have to go abroad, and he couldn't sell it for a great deal in the market.”

“我想，数字和日期都记下来了吧？不能在银行付款？啊！这对他倒没什么用。只能弄到外国去，在市场上也卖不出什么好价钱。”

"When could I see him?" asked Noah doubtfully.

“我什么时候能见到他？”诺亚怀疑地问。

"To-morrow morning.”

“明天早上。”

"Where?"

“在哪儿？”

"Here."

“就在这里。”

"Um!" sadi Noah. "What's the wages?”

“嗯！”诺亚说，“酬劳有多少？”

"Live like a gentleman—board and lodging, pipes and spirits free—half of all you earn, and half of all the young woman earns," replied Mr. Fagin.

“像一个绅士一样生活——吃的、住的，还有香烟、烈酒全都免费——还有你赚的一半加上你那位年轻女伴赚的一半。”费金回答。

Whether Noah Claypole, whose rapacity was none of the least

comprehensive, would have acceded even to these glowing terms, had he been a perfectly free agent, is very doubtful; but as he recollected that, in the event of his refusal, it was in the power of his new acquaintance to give him up to justice immediately (and more unlikely things had come to pass), he gradually relented, and said he thought that would suit him.

如果诺亚·克雷波尔是自由身，以他那不知满足的贪婪之心，很让人怀疑他是否会接受这些光彩熠熠的条件；但是，他想到如果自己拒绝的话，他这位新朋友很有可能会立即将自己送到法庭（比这更不可能的事都发生过），于是他的态度渐渐缓和了些，说他认为这工作很适合他。

"But, yer see," observed Noah, "as she will be able to do a good deal, I should like to take something very light."

“不过，你看，”诺亚说，“既然那女人可以做很多事，我希望能干点儿轻松的活。”

"A little fancy work?" suggested Fagin.

“一件不累又好玩的活？”费金建议道。

"Ah! something of that sort," replied Noah.

“啊！就是那样的活。”诺亚回答，

"What do you think would suit me now? Something not too trying for the strength, and not very dangerous, you know. That's the sort of thing!”

“你觉得现在有什么适合我？你知道，一些不用耗费太多体力，又不太危险的事情。就是那一类的事！”

"I heard you talk of something in the spy way upon the others, my dear," said Fagin. "My friend wants somebody who would do that well, very much."

“我听你说起过关于盯梢的事，亲爱的。”费金说，“我的朋友正需要能做这事的人，非常需要。”

"Why, I did mention that, and I shouldn't mind turning my hand to it sometimes," rejoined Mr. Claypole slowly; "but it wouldn't pay by itself, you know.”

“哎，我确实说过这话，而且我也不介意有时候做做这样的事。”克雷波尔先生缓缓地说，“但是，你知道，这活本身赚不来钱啊。”

"That's true!" observed the Jew, ruminating or pretending to ruminate. "No, it might not."

“那倒是！”犹太佬说道，沉思着，或者说装出一副沉思的样子。“不，也许不是的。”

"What do you think, then?" asked Noah, anxiously regarding him.

"Something in the sneaking way, where it was pretty sure work, and not much more risk than being at home."

“那么，你觉得呢？”诺亚热切地看着他，问道,“有没有一些偷偷摸摸的事，可靠性很大的工作，不会比在家危险到哪里去？”

"What do you think of the old ladies?" asked Fagin.

“你认为老妇人怎么样？”费金问道。

"There's a good deal of money made in snatching their bags and parcels, and running round the corner.”

“抢了她们的提包和手袋，然后转个弯就跑不见了，可是能赚很多钱啊。”

"Don't they holler out a good deal, and scratch sometimes?" asked Noah, shaking his head. "I don't think that would answer my purpose. Ain't there any other line open?”

“但有时候她们不是会大喊大叫、到处乱抓吗？”诺亚摇着头问道，“我觉得这不合我的意。没有其他门路了吗？”

"Stop!" said Fagin, laying his hand on Noah's knee.

“嘿！”费金说，一只手放在诺亚的膝盖上。

"The kinchin lay."

“收娃娃税。”

"What's that?" demanded Mr. Claypole.

“那是什么？”克雷波尔先生追问。

"The kinchins, my dear," said Fagin, "is the young children that's sent on errands by their mothers, with sixpences and shillings; and the lay is just to take their money away—they've always got it ready in their hands,—then knock "em into the kennel, and walk off very slow, as if there were nothing else the matter but a child fallen down and hurt itself.

“亲爱的，娃娃，”费金说，“就是给妈妈打发去办差事的小孩子，手里总有个几便士或先令的；税就是指抢走他们手里的钱——他们总是把钱攥在手里——再把他们推到路沟里，然后慢悠悠地走开，装作好像什么事都没发生过一样，只不过是有个小孩子跌倒弄伤了自己。

Ha! ha! ha!”

哈！哈！哈！”

"Ha! ha!" roared Mr. Claypole, kicking up his legs in an ecstasy. "Lord, that's the very thing!”

“哈！哈！”克雷波尔先生放声大笑，欣喜若狂地叫道，“天哪，就是

这种事！”

"To be sure it is," replied Fagin; "and you can have a few good beats chalked out in Camden Town, and Battle Bridge, and neighborhoods like that, where they're always going errands; and you can upset as many kinchins as you want, any hour in the day. Ha! ha! ha!

“就是这样的事，”费金答道，“我们可以在卡姆登镇、战桥，以及附近类似的地方划出几块好地盘给你，那些地方出来办差事的小孩很多；你想把多少小孩推到沟里都成，白天任何时候都可以。哈！哈！哈！”

With this, Fagin poked Mr. Claypole in the side, and they joined in a burst of laughter both long and loud.

说到这里，费金戳了一下克雷波尔先生的肋部，接着他们一同爆发出一阵持久而又响亮的大笑。

"Well, that's all right!" said Noah, when he had recovered himself, and Charlotte had returned. "What time to-morrow shall we say?”

“好啊，那样真不错！”诺亚恢复了常态，说道；这时夏洛特也回来了。“说好明天什么时候？”

"Will ten do?" asked Fagin, adding, as Mr. Claypole nodded assent, "What name shall I tell my good friend."

“十点钟怎么样？”费金问。克雷波尔先生赞同地点了点头，费金又补充道，“向我的好朋友介绍你时，我该怎么称呼你呢？”

"Mr. Bolter," replied Noah, who had prepared himself for such emergency. "Mr. Morris Bolter. This is Mrs. Bolter."

“博尔特先生。”诺亚回答，他早已对这种紧急情况有所准备。“莫里斯·博尔特先生。这位是博尔特太太。”

"Mrs. Bolter's humble servant," said Fagin, bowing with grotesque politeness. "I hope I shall know her better very shortly."

“愿为博尔特太太效劳。”费金鞠了个躬，带着极不协调的礼节说道，“希望短时间之内便能更好地了解太太。”

"Do you hear the gentleman, Charlotte?" thundered Mr. Claypole.

“你听到这位绅士的话了吗，夏洛特？”克雷波尔先生吼道。

"Yes, Noah, dear!" replied Mrs. Bolter, extending her hand.

“听到了，诺亚，亲爱的！”博尔特太太一边回答，一边伸出手来。

"She calls me Noah, as a sort of fond way of talking," said Mr. Morris Bolter, late Claypole, turning to Fagin. "You understand?"

“她叫我诺亚，这是说话时的昵称。”莫里斯·博尔特先生，即前克雷波尔先生，转向费金说道，“你明白吗？”

"Oh yes, I understand—perfectly," replied Fagin, telling the truth for once. "Good-night! Good-night!”

“哦，当然，我明白——完全明白。”费金答道，他就这一次说了实话。“晚安！晚安！”

With many adieus and good wishes, Mr. Fagin went his way. Noah Claypole, bespeaking his good lady's attention, proceeded to enlighten her relative to the arrangement he had made, with all that haughtiness and air of superiority, becoming, not only a member of the sterner sex, but a gentleman who appreciated the dignity of a special appointment on the kinchin lay, in London and its vicinity.

说了许多次再见和祝好之后，费金先生便走开了。诺亚·克雷波尔提醒他那位精明的太太要打起精神，又向她讲明了自己计划中的相关安排。他带着高傲而又优越的气场，不仅使之成为堂堂男子汉中合格的一员，更是一位绅士，并能够体会到在伦敦及其近郊执行收娃娃税这一特殊任命的尊贵之处。

CHAPTER XLIII Wherein is shown how the artful Dodger got into trouble

第四十三章 以下讲述狡猾的机灵鬼是怎样遇到麻烦的

"And so it was you that was your own friend, was it?" asked Mr. Claypole, otherwise Bolter, when, by virtue of the compact entered into between them, he had removed next day to Fagin's house. "Cod, I thought as much last night!"

“那么你的朋友原来就是你自己啊，是不是？”克雷波尔先生，即博尔特先生问道。根据他们之间达成的协议，他次日便搬进了费金的家里。“天哪，我昨晚也想到了！”

"Every man's his own friend, my dear," replied Fagin, with his most insinuating grin. "He hasn't as good a one as himself anywhere.”

“每个人都是他自己的朋友，亲爱的。”费金露出最谄媚的笑，回答道，“任何地方都再找不出像他自己这么好的朋友。”

"Except sometimes," replied Morris Bolter, assuming the air of a man of the world. "Some people are nobody's enemies but their own, yer know.”

“有时候也不一定，”莫里斯·博尔特说，摆出一副见过世面的样子。“你知道，有些人没有别的敌人，专跟自己过不去。”

"Don't believe that," said Fagin. "When a man's his own enemy, it's only because he's too much his own friend; not because he's careful for everybody but himself. Pooh! pooh! There ain't such a thing in nature.”

“别相信那个。”费金说，“如果一个人跟自己过不去，那只是因为他跟自己是太过要好的朋友了，并不是因为他对任何人都很关心，唯独不在意自己。呸！呸！世上可没有这种事。”

"There oughn't to be, if there is," replied Mr. Bolter.

“如果有，也实在是不应该。”博尔特先生回答道。

"That stands to reason. Some conjurers say that number three is the magic number, and some say number seven. It's neither, my friend, neither. It's number one.”

“这才说得过去。有些变戏法的说，三是神奇的数字，而有些却说七才是。哪个都不是，我的朋友，哪个都不是。数字一才是。”

"Ha! ha!" cried Mr. Bolter. "Number one for ever."

“哈！哈！”博尔特先生叫道，“一永远是第一。”

"In a little community like ours, my dear," said Fagin, who felt it necessary to qualify this position, "we have a general number one, without considering me too as the same, and all the other young people."

“在一个像我们这样的小团体中，亲爱的，”费金说，他觉得有必要解释清楚这一观点，“我们有个总的一号，要想想我，其他的年轻人一样都是。”

"Oh, the devil!" exclaimed Mr. Bolter.

“哦，真见鬼！”博尔特先生喊道。

"You see," pursued Fagin, affecting to disregard this interruption, "we are so mixed up together, and identified in our interests, that it must be so. For instance, it's your object to take care of number one—meaning yourself.”

“你知道，”费金接着说，装作没听见刚才那一声，“我们都混在一起，有共同的利益，非这样不可。比如说，你的目标是关心照顾一号——就是你自己。”

"Certainly," replied Mr. Bolter. "Yer about right there."

“当然。”博尔特先生回答，“你说得对。”

"Well! You can't take care of yourself, number one, without taking care of me, number one.”

“对啊！所以你就不能只负责你自己这个一号，而不关心我这个一号。”

"Number two, you mean," said Mr. Bolter, who was largely endowed with the quality of selfishness.

“你是说二号吧。”博尔特先生说，他在自私自利这方面实在很有天赋。

"No, I don't!" retorted Fagin. "I'm of the same importance to you, as you are to yourself.”

“不，我没说二号！”费金反驳道，“我对你一样重要，就像你对你自己很重要一样。”

"I say," interrupted Mr. Bolter, "yer a very nice man, and I'm very fond of yer; but we ain't quite so thick together, as all that comes to.”

“我说，”博尔特先生打断了他，“你是个很好的人，我很喜欢你，但是到目前为止，我们还没到那么亲密的程度吧。”

"Only think," said Fagin, shrugging his shoulders, and stretching out his hands; "Only consider. You've done what's a very pretty thing, and what I love you for doing; but what at the same time would put the cravat round your throat, that's so very easily tied and so very

difficult to unloose—in plain English, the halter!”

“只是让你想一想，”费金耸耸肩膀说，伸出手来。“只是想一想。你做了一件很不错的事，我也喜欢你这么做；但是同时，这事也让你的脖子上套上了条领巾，套上去很容易，但是拿下来就难——说明白点儿，就是绞索！”

Mr. Bolter put his hand to his neckerchief, as if he felt it inconveniently tight; and murmured an assent, qualified in tone but not in substance.

博尔特先生用手摸了摸领巾，好像觉得它有些紧，不太舒服；他嘟囔着表示同意，不过是用语调，而不是话语。

"The gallows," continued Fagin, "the gallows, my dear, is an ugly finger-post, which points out a very short and sharp turning that has stopped many a bold fellow's career on the broad highway. To keep in the easy road, and keep it at a distance, is object number one with you.”

“绞刑架，”费金接着说，“绞刑架，亲爱的，是一块丑陋的路标，指向一条急转直下的短道，断送了多少条好汉的远大前程。始终挑容易的路走，而且始终要离绞刑架远远的，这就是你的一号目标。”

"Of course it is," replied Mr. Bolter. "What do yer talk about such things for?"

“当然，确定无疑。”博尔特先生回答说，“你说这些是为了什么？”

"Only to show you my meaning clearly," said the Jew, raising his eyebrows. "To be able to do that, you depend upon me. To keep my little business all snug, I depend upon you. The first is your number one, the second my number one. The more you value your number one, the more careful you must be of mine; so we come at last to what I told you at first—that a regard for number one holds us all together, and must do so, unless we would all go to pieces in company.”

“只是想把我的意思明明白白地告诉给你听。”这犹太佬抬了抬眉毛，说道，“要想做成那事，你得靠我。为了让我那点儿小生意平平稳稳的，我得靠你。前者是你的一号，后者则是我的一号。你越重视你的一号，你就必须越留心我的一号，因此我们就回到了我刚才对你说的一番话上——以一号为重，我们才能团结在一起，而且必须这么做，否则只有散伙。”

"That's true," rejoined Mr. Bolter, thoughtfully. "Oh! yer a cunning old codger!"

“这倒是。”博尔特先生若有所思地说道，“哦！你可真是老奸巨猾！”

Mr. Fagin saw, with delight, that this tribute to his powers was no

mere compliment, but that he had really impressed his recruit with a sense of his wily genius, which it was most important that he should entertain in the outset of their acquaintance. To strengthen an impression so desirable and useful, he followed up the blow by acquainting him, in some detail, with the magnitude and extent of his operations; blending truth and fiction together, as best served his purpose; and bringing both to bear, with so much art, that Mr. Bolter's respect visibly increased, and became tempered, at the same time, with a degree of wholesome fear, which it was highly desirable to awaken.

费金看出对他能力的这一称赞并不只是恭维话，感到很高兴；他已经给他的新手下留下了一个诡计多端的印象，在两人交往之初就留下这种印象是最为重要的。为了加深这个有用而又令人满意的印象，他又继续跟进，把业务的范围和意义更加详尽地向博尔特介绍了一遍；为了更好地突出自已的意图，他还将真实的事与捏造的事混杂在一起；并且，他两者都运用得颇有水平，使得博尔特先生的尊敬之情明显地有所增加，脾气也变得温和了；有时，他还带着一丝对费金有利的畏惧之心，而唤起这种畏惧是相当令人满意的。

"It's this mutual trust we have in each other that consoles me under heavy losses," said Fagin. "My best hand was taken from me, yesterday morning."

“正是我们对彼此的这种相互信任，使我在惨痛的损失面前得以安慰。”费金说，“昨天早上，我最好的手下离开了我。”

"You don't mean to say he died?" cried Mr. Bolter.

“你的意思不会是他死了吧？”博尔特惊叫道。

"No, no," replied Fagin, "not so bad as that. Not quite so bad."

“不，不，”费金回答，“还不至于那样糟。不至于那样糟。”

"What, I suppose he was—" "Wanted," interposed Fagin. "Yes, he was wanted."

“那么，我想他是——”“嫌疑犯。”费金插嘴说，“对，他成了嫌疑犯了。”

"Very particular?" inquired Mr. Bolter.

“很严重吗？”博尔特先生询问道，

"No," replied Fagin, "not very.

“不，”费金回答，“不是很严重。

He was charged with attempting to pick a pocket, and they found a silver snuff-box on him,—his own, my dear, his own, for he took snuff himself, and was very fond of it. They remanded him till to-day,

for they thought they knew the owner. Ah! he was worth fifty boxes, and I'd give the price of as many to have him back. You should have known the Dodger, my dear; you should have known the Dodger.”

他被指控扒窃，他们在他身上找到了个银的鼻烟盒——那是他自己的，亲爱的，他自己的，因为他自己吸鼻烟，很喜欢吸。他们一直把他拘留到今天，因为他们认为已经确认了失主的身份。啊！他值五十个鼻烟盒的价钱，而且我也愿意出这个价钱把他弄回来。你应该见见这个机灵鬼，亲爱的，你应该认识认识这个人。”

"Well, but I shall know him, I hope; don't yer think so?" sadi Bolter.

“嗯，我想我以后会认识他的，希望如此，你不这样认为吗？”博尔特先生说。

"I'm doubtful about it," replied Fagin, with a sigh. "If they don't get any fresh evidence, it's s ll only be a summary conviction, and we shall have him back again after six weeks or so; but, if they do, it's a case of lagging. They know what a clever lad he is; he'll be a lifer. They'll make the Artful nothing less than a lifer.”

“我很怀疑。”费金叹了口气说，“如果他们拿不到什么新的证据，这只是个即席判决案，差不多六周之后我们就能再见到他；但是，如果他们拿出了证据，这就成了累积案了。他们知道他有多机灵，但他会得到一张永久票。他们什么都不会给这个机灵鬼，除了给他弄一张永久票。”

"What do you mean by lagging and a lifer?" demanded Mr. Bolter.

“你说的累积案和永久票是什么意思？”博尔特追问道，

"What's the good of talking in that way to me; why don't yer speak so as I can understand yer?”

“用那些个字眼跟我说话有什么好处，为什么不用我能听懂的话来说呢？”

Fagin was about to translate these mysterious expressions into the vulgar tongue; and, being interpreted, Mr. Bolter would have been informed that they represented that combination of words, "transportation for life," when the dialogue was cut short by the entry of Master Bates, with his hands in his breeches-pockets, and his face twisted into a look of semi-comical woe.

费金正要把这些难懂的表达用平实的语言翻译出来，这样博尔特先生听了解释，就会明白这些词语表示“终生流放”的意思。就在此时，贝茨少爷突然进来了，打断了对话，他两手插在裤兜里，脸上表情扭曲，呈现一种令人觉得好笑的悲伤之情。

"It's all up, Fagin," said Charley, when he and his new companion had been made known to each other.

“全完了，费金。”查理和他的新同伙相互认识之后说道。

"What do you mean?"

“什么意思？”

"They've found the gentleman as owns the box; two or three more's a coming to dentify him; and the Artful's booked for a passage out," replied Master Bates. "I must have a full suit of mourning, Fagin, and a hatband, to wisit him in, afore he sets out upon his travels. To think of Jack Dawkins—lummy Jack—the Dodger—the Artful Dodger—going abroad for a common twopenny-halfpenny sneeze-box! I never thought he'd a done it under a gold watch, chain, and seals, at the lowest. Oh, why didn't he rob some rich old gentleman of all his walables, and go out as a gentleman, and not like a common prig, without no honour nor glory!”

“他们找到了那个烟盒的主人，还有两三个人要来指认他，机灵鬼必须要走这一趟了。”贝茨少爷回答，“我得穿上一套丧服，费金，并且扎上帽带，在他上路前去看看他。想想吧，杰克·道金斯——了不起的杰克——机灵鬼——厉害的机灵鬼为了一个普普通通的、只值两个半便士的喷嚏盒子而要给流放！我想，要是流放，最起码也得是为了一个带链子和印章的金表。哦，他怎么不去把一些有钱的老绅士抢个精光，然后像个绅士似的流放，而不是作为一个普通的小偷，这样既不光彩也不体面！”

With this expression of feeling for his unfortunate friend, Master Bates sat himself on the nearest chair with an aspect of chagrin and despondency.

发表了这一通对其友人不幸遭遇的演讲之后，贝茨少爷坐在离他最近的一张椅子上，流露出沮丧、懊恼的神态。

"What do you talk about his having neither honour nor glory for!" exclaimed Fagin, darting an angry look at his pupil.

“你说些什么‘他既不光彩又不体面’的话！”费金怒气冲冲地看着他的徒弟，大声说道，

"Wasn't he always the top-sawyer among you all! Is there one of you that could touch him or come near him on any scent! Eh?”

“他不是一直是你们中间的头儿吗！你们中有谁在任何一点上能赶得上他，哪怕是跟他水平相当！嗯？”

"Not one," replied Master Bates, in a voice rendered husky by regret; "not one."

“谁都不行，”贝茨少爷回答，他的声音因为后悔而变得有些沙哑，“一个也没有。”

"Then what do you talk of?" replied Fagin angrily; "what are you

blubbering for?"

“那你还在说些什么？”费金生气地说，“那你还哭哭啼啼的做什么？”

"Cause it isn't on the rec-ord, is it?" said Charley, chafed into perfect defiance of his venerable friend by the current of his regrets; "cause it can't come out in the 'dictment'; cause nobody will never know half of what he was. How will he stand in the Newgate Calendar? P'raps not be there at all. Oh, my eye, my eye, wot a blow it is!”

“因为这事不会给记录下来，不是吗？”查理说道，他现在十分懊恼，竟不耐烦地顶撞起自己的恩师。“因为这事不会出现在‘判决书’上；因为没有人会对他是个什么样的人有个一知半解。他怎么会出现在新门监狱的囚犯名册上？也许根本都不会在那上面出现。哦，天哪，天哪，多大的一个打击啊！”

"Ha! ha!" cried Fagin, extending his right hand, and turning to Mr. Bolter in a fit of chuckling which shook him as though he had the palsy; "see what a pride they take in their profession, my dear. Ain't it beautiful?”

“哈！哈！”费金叫喊起来，摊开他的右手，转向博尔特先生，爆发出一阵大笑，好像得了麻痹症似的颤抖起来，“看看他们对自己的职业有多骄傲，亲爱的。是不是很好？”

Mr. Bolter nodded assent, and Fagin, after contemplating the grief of Charley Bates for some seconds with evident satisfaction, stepped up to that young gentleman and patted him on the shoulder.

博尔特先生点点头表示同意，费金带着显而易见的、满意的神情打量了悲痛的查理·贝茨几秒钟，接着走上前去拍了拍年轻人的肩膀。

"Never mind, Charley," said Fagin soothingly; "it'll come out, it'll be sure to come out. They'll all know what a clever fellow he was; he'll show it himself, and not disgrace his old pals and teachers. Think how young he is too! What a distinction, Charley, to be lagged at his time of life!”

“别担心，查理，”费金安慰他说，“会写出来的，一定会写出来的。他们都会知道他曾是个多么机智的家伙；他会自己来证明这一点，不会给他的老伙计、老师傅丢脸的。想想看，他还这么年轻！查理，在他这么个年纪就给请去，这是何等荣耀啊！”

"Well, it is a honour that is!" said Charley, a little consoled.

“确实，这倒是很光彩！”查理说，稍稍觉得安慰了些。

"He shall have all he wants," continued the Jew. "He shall be kept in the Stone Jug, Charley, like a gentleman. Like a gentleman! With

his beer every day, and money in his pocket to pitch and toss with, if he can't spend it.”

“他想要什么就会有什么。”犹太佬继续说，“他在那石头牢房里，查理，会过得像一位绅士一样。像一位绅士！每天都有啤酒喝，兜里也装着钱，如果花不出去的话，还可以抛着玩。”

"No, shall he though?" cried Charley Bates.

“不，要是他能花出去呢？”查理·贝茨大叫道，

"Ay, that he shall," replied Fagin, "and we'll have a big-wig, Charley: one that's got the greatest gift of the gab: to carry on his defence; and he shall make a speech for himself too, if he likes; and we'll read it all in the papers— Artful Dodger—shrieks of laughter—here the court was convulsed”—eh, Charley, eh?”

“啊，那他就会花出去，”费金答道，“而我们要找一位大人物，查理，一个说话最有天赋的人来给他辩护；他也可以为自己辩护，要是他愿意的话；然后我们会在报纸上读到这一切——‘厉害的机灵鬼数次高声大笑，整个法庭里的人都笑得前仰后合’——嗯，查理，嗯？”

"Ha! ha!" laughed Master Bates, "what a lark that would be, would't it, Fagin? I say, how the Artful would bother "em wouldn't he?”

“哈！哈！”贝茨少爷笑着说，“那将会多有趣啊，不是吗，费金？我说，机灵鬼要给他们添多少麻烦啊，不是吗？”

"Would!" cried Fagin.

“是的！”费金喊道，

"He shall—he will!”

“他会的——他会的！”

"Ah, to be sure, so he will," repeated Charley, rubbing his hands.

“啊，没错，他肯定会这么干的。”查理重复道，搓了搓手。

"I think I see him now," cried the Jew, bending his eyes upon his pupil.

“我想我现在就看见他了。”犹太佬叫道，眼睛望着他的徒弟。

"So do I," cried Charley Bates. "Ha! ha! ha! so do I. I see it all afore me, upon my soul I do, Fagin. What a game! What a regular game! All the big-wigs trying to look solemn, and Jack Dawkins addressing of 'em as intimate and comfortable as if he was the judge's own son making a speech arter dinner—ha! ha! ha!”

“我也是。”查理·贝茨也叫道，“哈！哈！哈！我也是。好像这一切全在我眼前，我敢发誓，费金。多好玩啊！真是有意思！所有的大人物

都试图装出庄重的样子，而杰克·道金斯亲切而又愉快地跟他们说话，就好像是法官自己的儿子在发表餐后演说一样——哈！

In fact, Mr. Fagin had so well humoured his young friend's eccentric disposition, that Master Bates, who had at first been disposed to consider the imprisoned Dodger rather in the light of a victim, now looked upon him as the chief actor in a scene of most uncommon and exquisite humour, and felt quite impatient for the arrival of the time when his old companion should have so favourable an opportunity of displaying his abilities.

事实上，费金先生巧妙地迁就着他这位年轻朋友古怪的个性，一开始贝茨先生还把关在监狱里的机灵鬼想成是个牺牲品，现在却把他看做是一场最不寻常、最精彩的滑稽剧里的领衔主演，而且他迫不及待地等着那个时刻的到来，让他那老伙计能有个大好机会好好地展示一下自己的本领。

"We must know how he gets on to-day, by some handy means or other," said Fagin. "Let me think."

“我们得知道他今天过得怎么样，得找个什么省事的办法还是怎么样。”费金说，“让我想一想。”

"Shall I go?" asked Charley.

“要我去吗？”查理问道。

"Not for the world," replied Fagin. "Are you mad, my dear, stark mad, that you'd walk into the very place where—No, Charley, no. One is enough to lose at a time.”

“不行不行。”费金回答，“你疯了吗，亲爱的，彻底疯了，你也会进到那儿的——不，查理，不。一次失去一个人就够了。”

"You don't mean to go yourself, I suppose?" said Charley with a humorous leer.

“我猜，你不会是想要自己亲自去吧？”查理滑稽地挤了挤眼，不怀好意地说。

"That wouldn't quite fit," replied Fagin shaking his head.

“那也不是很合适。”费金摇摇头回答道。

"Then why don't you send this new cove?" asked Master Bates, laying his hand on Noah's arm. "Nobody knows him."

“那你干嘛不让这个新人去？”贝茨少爷把手搭在诺亚的胳膊上，问道，“没人认识他。”

"Why, if he didn't mind—" observed Fagin.

“哎，如果他不介意的话——”费金说。

"Mind!" interposed Charley. "What should he have to mind?"

“介意！”查理插嘴道。“他怎么会介意？”

"Really nothing, my dear," said Fagin, turning to Mr. Bolter, "really nothing."

“倒真是没什么，亲爱的，”费金说着，转过身面向博尔特先生，“倒是没什么可介意的。”

"Oh, I dare say about that, yer know," observed Noah, backing towards the door, and shaking his head with a kind of sober alarm. "No, no—none of that. It's not in my department, that ain't.”

“哦，我斗胆说两句，你知道。”诺亚说着，一边朝门口退去，一边摇着头，脸上带着一种煞有介事的恐慌。“不，不——那不行。那种事可不在我的工作范围之内，不在。”

"Wot department has he got, Fagin?" inquired Master Bates, surveying Noah's lank form with much disgust. "The cutting away when there's anything wrong, and the eating all the wittles when there's everything right; is that his branch?”

“他接受了什么工作任务，费金？”贝茨少爷问道，极其厌恶地打量着诺亚瘦长的身形。“一有什么不对劲就走人，而一切正常的时候就大吃大喝，这就是他的分内事？”

"Never mind," retorted Mr. Bolter; "and don't yer take liberties with yer superiors, little boy, or yer'll find yerself in the wrong shop.”

“这样算什么，”博尔特反驳道，“不许对前辈这么没规矩，小伙子，小心找错了人。”

Master Bates laughed so vehemently at this magnificent threat, that it was some time before Fagin could interpose, and represent to Mr. Bolter that he incurred no possible danger in visiting the police-office; that, inasmuch as no account of the little affair in which he had engaged, nor any description of his person, had yet been forwarded to the metropolis, it was very probable that he was not even suspected of having resorted to it for shelter; and that, if he were properly disguised, it would be as safe a spot for him to visit as any in London, inasmuch as it would be, of all places, the very last, to which he could be supposed likely to resort of his own free will.

听到这一番义正言辞的威胁，贝茨少爷不可抑制地大笑起来，费金过了好一会儿才找到机会插上话，向博尔特先生保证造访警察局不会有任何危险。鉴于还没有任何关于他曾插手过的那件小事的记录，也没有任何对他本人的描述传到首都来，很可能没有人会怀疑他已经躲到首都来了；另外，如果他乔装打扮得很好，去到那里只会和去伦敦其他任何地方一样安全，因为在所有地点中，最让人们想不到的就是他会自愿前往警局。

Persuaded, in part, by these representations, but overborne in a much greater degree by his fear of Fagin, Mr. Bolter at length consented, with a very bad grace, to undertake the expedition. By Fagin's directions, he immediately substituted for his own attire, a waggoner's frock, velveteen breeches, and leather leggings: all of which articles the Jew had at hand. He was likewise furnished with a felt hat well garnished with turnpike tickets; and a carter's whip. Thus equipped, he was to saunter into the office, as some country fellow from Covent Garden market might be supposed to do for the gratification of his curiousity; and as he was as awkward, ungainly, and raw-boned a fellow as need be, Mr. Fagin had no fear but that he would look the part to perfection. Covent Garden

博尔特给说服了，部分是因为这些理由，但更主要的是他屈服于对费金的极大恐惧。他最终极不情愿地接受了这么一次探险。根据费金的指示，他立刻换下了自己的一套衣服，穿上一件赶车人的长罩衫，平绒裤子，裹上皮绑腿，这些都是犹太佬手边现成的。他还戴上了一顶毛毡帽子，上面插着几张过路税票，手里还拿着一根车夫的鞭子。这么打扮好了，他就准备闲逛到警局里去，正像个考文特市场来的乡巴佬，人家会以为他是为了满足好奇心而来的；他本来就笨拙难看，而且骨瘦如柴的，简直像极了，正适合扮演这个角色，费金一点儿都不担心。

These arrangements completed, he was informed of the necessary signs and tokens by which to recognise the Artful Dodger, and was conveyed by Master Bates through dark and winding ways to within a very short distance of Bow Street. Having described the precise situation of the office, and accompanied it with copious directions how he was to walk straight up the passage, and when he got into the side, and pull off his hat as he went into the room, Charley Bates bade him hurry on alone, and promised to bide his return on the spot of their parting.

做好这些安排之后，他们告诉了他一些能够认出机灵鬼的外貌特征，然后博尔特由贝茨少爷护送，穿过黑暗曲折的小路，直到来到离波雾街不远的地方。贝茨向他描述了警局的具体位置，还详细补充说他应该怎样径直穿过马路，直到走到那一边后，他应该摘下帽子走进房间。然后查理·贝茨催促他快点行动，答应在分手的地方等他回来。

Noah Claypole, or Morris Bolter as the reader pleases, punctually followed the directions he had received, which—Master Bates being pretty well acquainted with the locality—were so exact that he was enabled to gain the magisterial presence without asking any question, or meeting with any interruption by the way.

诺亚·克雷波尔，或者如果读者愿意也可以叫他莫里斯·博尔特，准确地遵照得到的指示行事——贝茨少爷对这地方相当熟悉，指示十分准确，因此他一路上不需要再问什么人，也没遇到什么障碍，就进了地方

法庭。

He found himself jostled among a crowd of people, chiefly women, who were huddled together in a dirty frowsy room, at the upper end of which was a raised platform railed off from the rest, with a dock for the prisoners on the left hand against the wall, a box for the witnesses in the middle, and a desk for the magistrates on the right; the awful locality last named, being screened off by a partition which concealed the bench from the common gaze, and left the vulgar to imagine (if they could) the full majesty of justice.

他发现自己挤在一群人当中，多数是妇女，大家聚集在一间肮脏、闷热的房间里。房间前头有一个用栏杆隔开的、高出来的台子，左手靠墙的地方是囚犯的被告席，中间是证人席，右边的桌子是地方法官的审判席；最后提到的那个可怕的位置给一道隔断遮住了，这样普通民众就看不到审判席，而这班粗人就只能自己去想象法官的无限庄严（如果他们能够想象出的话）。

There were only a couple of women in the dock, who were nodding to their admiring friends, while the clerk read some depositions to a couple of policemen and a man in plain clothes who leant over the table. A jailer stood reclining against the dock-rail, tapping his nose listlessly with a large key, except when he repressed an undue tendency to conversation among the idlers, by proclaiming silence; or looked sternly up to bid some woman "Take that baby out," when the gravity of justice was disturbed by feeble cries, half-smothered in the mother's shawl, from some meagre infant. The room smelt close and unwholesome; the walls were dirt-discoloured; and the ceiling blackened. There was an old smoky bust over the mantel-shelf, and a dusty clock above the dock—the only thing present, that seemed to go on as it ought; for depravity, or poverty, or an habitual acquaintance with both, had left a taint on all the animate matter, hardly less unpleasant than the thick greasy scum on every inamimate object that frowned upon it.

只有几个女人坐在被告席上，朝仰慕她们的朋友们点头，书记员正向几位警察和一位衣着平实的、伏在桌上的男人读着几份证词。一位看守倚在被告席的栏杆上站着，无精打采地用一把大钥匙轻敲着鼻子，偶尔大喊一声“肃静”，以制止一群闲人不合时宜的交谈倾向；有时，司法的庄严给营养不良的婴孩微弱的哭声打断，那孩子半露在母亲的襁褓之外，这时看守就神色严肃地抬起脸来，命令女人“把孩子带出去”。房间里有股闷热而不舒服的气味，灰尘遮住了墙壁本来的颜色，屋顶也成了黑的。壁炉架上摆着一尊陈旧的、被烟熏过的半身塑像，被告席上方挂着一只布满灰尘的钟——这是房间里看起来唯一正常运转的东西；堕落、贫困，或者两者兼具，已经在屋里所有活物的身上留下了痕迹，这同那些积着一层厚厚的油腻污渍，在旁皱眉观望的每一件没有生命的东西相比，几乎同样令人生厌。

Noah looked eagerly about him for the Dodger; but although there were several women who would have done very well for that distinguished character's mother or sister, and more than one man who might be supposed to bear a strong resemblance to his father, nobody at all answering the description given him of Mr. Dawkins was to be seen. He waited in a state of much suspense and uncertainty until the women, being committed for trial, went flaunting out; and then was quickly relieved by the appearance of another prisoner who he felt at once could be no other than the object of his visit.

诺亚急切地四下张望着，寻找机灵鬼的身影；但是，虽然有那么几个女人可以很好地胜任这位著名人士的母亲或姐妹一职，也有不止一个男人看起来很像他的父亲，诺亚却看不到一个符合自己被告知的关于道金斯先生特征的人。他心里焦急万分，忐忑不安地等待着，直到那两个被判收监再审的女人趾高气扬地走出去，接着又走进来一个犯人，诺亚立刻松了口气，那不是别人，正是他要探访的对象。

It was indeed Mr. Dawkins, who, shuffling into the office with the big coat sleeves tucked up as usual, his left hand in his pocket, and his hat in his right hand, preceded the jailer, with a rolling gait altogether indescribable, and, taking his place in the dock, requested in an audible voice to know what he was placed in that'ere disgraceful sitivation for.

那的确是道金斯先生。他拖着步子走进法庭，宽大的外套袖子像往常一样卷了起来，左手插在口袋里，右手拿着帽子，身后跟着那个看守；他摇摇晃晃地走着，那步子难以形容。走到被告席的位置上，他用大家都能听见的声音问，为什么把他安置在这么个可耻的位置上。

"Hold your tongue, will you?" said the jailer.

“闭嘴，听到没有？”看守说。

"I'm an Englishman, ain't I?" rejoined the Dodger.

“我是个英国人，不是吗？”机灵鬼回嘴道，

"Where are my priwileges?"

“我的权利到哪里去了？”

"You'll get your privileges soon enough," retorted the jailer, "and pepper with 'em.”

“你很快就能得到你的权利了。”看守反驳说，“而且是接连不断的权利。”

"We'll see wot the Secretary of State for the Home Affairs has got to say to the beaks, if I don't," replied Mr. Dawkins. "Now then! Wot is this here business? I shall thank the madg'strates to dispose of this here little affair, and not to keep me while they read the paper, for

I've got an appointment with a genelman in the City, and as I am a man of my word and wery punctual in business matters, he'll go away if I ain't there to my time, and then pr'aps ther won't be an action for damage against them as kep me away. Oh no, certainly not!”

“要是我得不到我的权利，咱们就等着瞧，看看内政大臣会对这些法官说些什么吧。”道金斯先生回答，“喂！这里是怎么回事啊？我真是得感谢地方法官们亲自处理我这一点儿小事。要是他们看报纸时也没让我在这儿等着，我就更感谢他们了，因为我和一位绅士约好了在城里见面。我可是个言而守信的人，办公事时十分准时，如果我没能按时出现，他会走的；不过如果不让我等，我就不会起诉他们，让他们赔偿耽误我的损失了。哦，不，绝对不行！”

At this point, the Dodger, with a show of being very particular with a view to proceedings to be had thereafter, desired the jailer to communicate "the names of them two files as was on the bench." Which so tickled the spectators, that they laughed almost as heartily as Master Bates could have done if he had heard the request. "Silence there!" cried the jailer.

这时，机灵鬼做出一副决心已定的样子，好像马上就要提出诉讼，希望看守通报一声“那两个坐在长凳上的、滑头的名字”。这让全体观众哄堂大笑，贝茨少爷要是听到了这一请求，一定也会这样开怀大笑的。“肃静，肃静！”看守喊道。

"What is this?" inquired one of the magistrates.

“什么案子？”一位地方法官问道。

"A pick-pocketing case, your worship.”

“是扒手案，大人。”

"Has the boy ever been here before?"

“那孩子以前上过庭吗？”

"He ought to have been, a many times," replied the jailer.

“他应当是来过很多次了。”看守回答，

"He has been pretty well everywhere else. —I—know him well, your worship.”

“他也几乎去过每一个地方了。——我——很了解他，大人。”

"Oh! you know me, do you?" cried the Artful, making a note of the statement. "Wery good. That's a case of deformation of character, any way.”

“哦！你了解我，是吗？”机灵鬼叫道，抓住这句话不放。“很好。不管怎么说，这是人身诽谤。”

Here there was another laugh, and another cry of silence.

于是又响起一阵笑声，紧接着又是一声“肃静”。

"Now then, where are the witnesses?" said the clerk.

“那么，目击证人在哪儿？”书记员说。

"Ah! that's right," added the Dodger. "Where are they? I should like to see 'em.”

“啊！这才对。”机灵鬼补充道，“他们在哪儿？

This wish was immediately gratified, for a policeman stepped forward who had seen the prisoner attempt the pocket of an unknown gentleman in a crowd, and indeed take a handkerchief therefrom, which, being a very old one, he deliberately put back again, after trying it on his own countenance. For this reason, he took the Dodger into custody as soon as he could get near him, and the said Dodger, being searched, had upon his person a silver snuff-box, with the owner's name engraved upon the lid. This gentleman had been discovered on reference to the Court Guide, and being then and there present, swore that the snuff-box was his, and that he had missed it on the previous day, the moment he had disengaged himself from the crowd before referred to. He had also remarked a young gentleman in the throng, particularly active in making his way about, and that young gentleman was the prisoner before him.

这个愿望很快得到了满足，一位警官站出来说，他看见犯人在人群里窥视一位不知姓名的绅士的口袋，并且的确从口袋里掏出一块很旧的手巾，犯人拿手巾在自己脸上试了试，便又小心翼翼地放了回去。鉴于这个原因，警官本人一靠近机灵鬼，就拘捕了他；经过搜查，在这个所谓的机灵鬼身上发现了一个银质的鼻烟盒，盒盖上刻着主人的名字。经查询《名绅录》，也已找到了这位绅士。绅士当场发誓说这个鼻烟盒是自己的，就是在他前一天从人群里挤出去时弄丢的，前面提到过。他当时也注意到人群中有一位年轻的绅士，特别卖力地挤出一条路，而那位绅士就是他眼前的犯人。

"Have you anything to ask this witness, boy?" said the magistrate.

“孩子，你有没有什么要问这位证人的？”地方法官问。

"I wouldn't abase myself by descending to hold no conversation with him," replied the Dodger.

“我不愿意降低身份跟他说话。”机灵鬼回答道。

"Have you anything to say at all?"

“你到底有没有话要说？”

"Do you hear his worship ask if you've anything to say?" inquired the jailer, nudging the silent Dodger with his elbow.

“你听没听到，大人在问你有没有什么话要说？”看守问道，用胳膊肘碰了碰沉默的机灵鬼。

"I beg your pardon," said the Dodger, looking up with an air of abstraction.

“请您原谅，”机灵鬼心不在焉地抬起头来说道，

"Did you redress yourself to me, my man?"

“你在跟我说话吗，兄弟？”

"I never see such an out-and-out young wagabond, your worship," observed the officer with a grin. "Do you mean to say anything, you young shaver?"

“我从没见过这么个彻头彻尾的小无赖，大人。”警官咧牙一笑说道，“你有没有什么想说的，你这个毛头小子？”

"No," replied the Dodger, "not here, for this ain't the shop for justice: besides which, my attorney is a-breakfasting this morning with the Wice President of the House of Commons; but I shall have something to say elsewhere, and so will he, and so will a wery numerous and 'spectable circle of acquaintance as'll make them beaks wish they'd never been born, or that they'd got their footmen to hang 'em up to their own hat-pegs, afore they let 'em come out this morning to try it on upon me. I'll—" "There! He's fully committed!" interposed the clerk.

“没有。”机灵鬼回答，“不在这里说，因为这儿不是讲公道的地方；除此之外，我的律师今天早晨在跟下议院的副议长共进早餐；但是我要在别处说，他也是，另外一大群有名望的熟人也是，他们会让这些法官希望自己从没给生下来，或者责怪仆人没在他们今早出门上庭审判我之前，把他们给挂在帽钩上。我要——”“好了！可以收监了！”书记员插嘴道，

"Take him away."

“把他带走。”

"Come on," said the jailer.

“来吧。”看守说。

"Oh ah! I'll come on," replied the Dodger, brushing his hat with the palm of his hand. "Ah! (to the Bench) it's no use your looking frightened; I won't show you no mercy, not a ha"porth of it. —You'll—pay for this, my fine fellers. I wouldn't be you for something! I wouldn't go free, now, if you was to fall down on your knees and ask me. Here, carry me off to prison! Take me away!”

“哦，啊！我会来的。”机灵鬼回答，用手掌刷了刷帽子。“啊！（面

对审判席）你们这么害怕也没用；我不会宽恕你们的，半点儿都不宽恕。你们会为此付出代价的，我的好伙计们。我不跟你们计较！现在，如果你们跪下来求我，我就不走了。算了，带我去监狱吧！带我下去！”

With these last words, the Dodger suffered himself to be led off by the collar; threatening, till he got into the yard, to make a parliamentary business of it; and then grinning in the officer's face, with great glee and self-approval.

说完这最后几句话，机灵鬼给揪着领子带走了，直到走到院子里他还威胁着要把这事闹到议会里去；然后，又当着警官的面，带着自我肯定的表情大笑起来。

Having seen him locked up by himself in a little cell, Noah made the best of his way back to where he had left Master Bates. After waiting here some time, he was joined by that young gentleman, who had prudently abstained from showing himself until he had looked carefully abroad from a snug retreat, and ascertained that his new friend had not been followed by any impertinent person.

看见他给关进一间小小的囚室之后，诺亚赶快回到他与贝茨少爷分手的地方。他在那里等了一会儿，那位年轻绅士才来。贝茨少爷十分审慎，躲在一个隐蔽的地方没露面，他仔细地四处观望一番，直到确定这位新朋友并没有被什么不相干的人跟着，才走出来。

The two hastened back together, to bear to Mr. Fagin the animating news that the Dodger was doing full justice to his bringing-up, and establishing for himself a glorious reputation.

这两人赶忙一起往回走，要将这一振奋人心的消息带给费金先生，那就是机灵鬼完全对得起他的栽培，正在为自己博得一个光荣的名声。

CHAPTER XLIV The time arrives for Nancy to redeem her pledge to Rose Maylie. She fail.

第四十四章 到了向罗丝·梅莱履行承诺的时候，南希却无法赴约

Adept as she was, in all the arts of cunning and dissimulation, the girl Nancy could not wholly conceal the effect which the knowledge of the step she had taken, wrought upon her mind. She remembered that both the crafty Jew and the brutal Sikes had confided to her schemes, which had been hidden from all others: in the full confidence that she was trustworthy and beyond the reach of their suspicion. Vile as those schemes were, desperate as were their originators, and bitter as were her feelings towards Fagin, who had led her, step by step, deeper and deeper down into an abyss of crime and misery, whence was no escape; still, there were times when, even towards him, she felt some relenting, lest her disclosure should bring him within the iron grasp he had so long eluded, and he should fall at last—richly as he merited such a fate—by her hand.

虽然那个名叫南希的姑娘精于一切诡计和掩饰的技巧，却也无法完全隐藏她已迈出的这一步在她心中的影响。她想起，那精明的犹太佬和残忍的赛克斯把那些瞒着其他人的阴谋诡计都告诉了她，因为他们都深信她是值得信赖的，而且对她从不怀疑。尽管这些诡计十分险恶，策划者又这样无法无天，而她对于费金也是万分憎恶，正是这个人带着她一步步地在罪恶与不幸的深渊中越陷越深，令她无法逃脱；然而有时，即使是对于他，姑娘也会感到心软，恐怕自己透露风声会使他落入已躲避多时的铁拳，而最终丧命在自己手里——虽然他得此命运也是罪有应得。

But, these were the mere wanderings of a mind unable wholly to detach itself from old companions and associations, though enabled to fix itself steadily on one object, and resolved not to be turned aside by any consideration. Her fears for Sikes would have been more powerful inducements to recoil while there was yet time; but she had stipulated that her secret should be rigidly kept, she had dropped no clue which could lead to his discovery, she had refused, even for his sake, a refuge from all the guilt and wretchedness that encompasses her—and what more could she do! She was resolved.

但是，这些都只是思想上的一些动摇，她无法完全脱离旧时的同伙，然而，她能够坚定不移地认准一个目标，决不因任何顾虑而改变心意。她担心赛克斯，这本会使她更有可能在最后关头退缩；但是她已经同别人讲定要严守她的秘密，也没有留下任何可能暴露赛克斯行踪的线

索；她甚至为了他的缘故而拒绝躲避那包围着她的所有罪恶以及苦难——她还能再怎么做呢！她决心已定。

Though all her mental struggles terminated in this conclusion, they forced themselves upon her, again and again, and left their traces too. She grew pale and thin, even within a few days. At times, she took no heed of what was passing before her, or no part in conversations where once, she would have been the loudest. At other times, she laughed without merriment, and was noisy without a moment afterwards—she sat silent and dejected, brooding with her head upon her hands, while the very effort by which she roused herself, told, more forcibly than even these indications, that she was ill at ease, and that her thoughts were occupied with matters very different and distant from those in the course of discussion by her companions.

虽然她内心所有的挣扎都以这样的结果告终，这些不安却一遍遍地向她袭来，并在她身上留下印记。甚至几日之内，她就渐渐变得苍白消瘦。有时，她注意不到眼前发生的事情；以前她在谈话中总是最大声的，现在却常常无从开口。有时，她强颜欢笑，却感觉不到快乐，或者忽然之间又吵闹起来。她一言不发地坐着，神情低落，双手支着脑袋想事情。虽然她也竭力想振作起来，但这种努力只是比那些迹象更加明显地表现出她的惴惴不安，她脑里想的东西与她的同伴正谈论着的毫不相干。

It was Sunday night, and the bell of the nearest church struck the hour. Sikes and the Jew were talking, but they paused to listen. The girl looked up from the low seat on which she crouched, and listened too. Eleven.

那是礼拜天的晚上，附近教堂的钟声开始报时。赛克斯和犹太佬正在谈话，但这时他们也都停下来聆听。姑娘蜷缩地坐在一张矮凳上，也抬起头来听着。十一点。

"An hour this side of midnight," said Sikes, raising the blind to look out and returning to his seat. "Dark and heavy it is too. A good night for business this."

“还有一个钟头到午夜。”赛克斯说，他起身拉起窗帘，向外看了看，又回到座位上。“外面又黑又暗。正是做生意的好时候啊。”

"Ah!" replied Fagin. "What a pity, Bill, my dear, that there's none quite ready to be done.”

“啊！”费金回答，“真可惜，比尔，亲爱的，连一笔可做的生意都没有。”

"You're right for once," replied Sikes gruffly. "It is a pity, for I'm in the humour too.”

“你这回可说对了。”赛克斯粗声粗气地回答，“确实是可惜，我也有这种感觉。”

Fagin sighed, and shook his head despondingly.

费金叹了口气，失望地摇摇头。

"We must make up for lost time when we've got things into a good train. That's all I know," said Sikes.

“等到事情都上了轨道，我们非得把损失掉的时间都补回来。这就是我知道的。”赛克斯说。

"That's the way to talk, my dear," replied Fagin, venturing to pat him on the shoulder. "It does me good to hear you."

“你说得对，亲爱的。”费金回答，大胆地拍了拍他的肩膀。“我很高兴听到你这么说。”

"Does you good, does it!" cried Sikes.

“你很高兴，确实！”赛克斯叫起来，

"Well, so be it."

“行了，就这样吧。”

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Fagin, as if he were relieved by even this concession. "You're like yourself to-night, Bill. Quite like yourself.”

“哈！哈！哈！”费金笑起来，好像这一让步使他松了口气似的。“比尔，你今晚真像你自己。这才是你。”

"I don't feel like myself when you lay that withered old claw on my shoulder, so take it away," said Sikes, casting off the Jew's hand.

“你那干瘪的老爪子搭在我肩膀上，我才没感觉像我自己。快点儿拿开。”赛克斯说道，甩开犹太佬的手。

"It make you nervous, Bill,—reminds you of being nabbed, does it?" said Fagin, determined not to be offended.

“这让你很紧张，比尔——让你想起自己给逮住了，是吗？”费金决定不放在心上，问道。

"Reminds me of being nabbed by the devil," returned Sikes. "There never was another man with such a face as yours, unless it was your father, and I suppose he is singeing his grizzled red beard by this time, unless you came straight from the old 'un without any father at all betwixt you; which I shouldn't wonder at, a bit.” 对照原文

“这让我想起被魔鬼给逮起来了。”赛克斯反唇相讥，“你那副样子，除了你老爸，再找不出第二个人来了，我想他现在正烧着他那花白的红胡子吧；要不你就是根本没有爹，直接从魔鬼那里来的，我才不会对此感到惊讶，一点儿也不。”

Fagin offered no reply to this compliment: but, pulling Sikes by the sleeve, pointed his finger towards Nancy, who had taken advantage of the foregoing conversation to put on her bonnet, and was now leaving the room.

费金对这一番恭维不置可否，只是扯了扯赛克斯的袖子，手指着南希的方向。姑娘趁着刚刚那番谈话的时候戴上了软帽，这时正要离开房间。

"Hallo!" cried Sikes. "Nance. Where's the gal going to at this time of night?”

“喂！”赛克斯叫道，“南希。这么晚了，你这小姑娘要上哪儿去？”

"Not far."

“没多远。”

"What answer's that?" retorted Sikes. "Do you hear me?"

“这叫什么话？”赛克斯说，“听见我说话了吗？”

"I don't know where," replied the girl.

“我也不知道是哪儿。”姑娘回答道。

"Then I do," said Sikes, more in the spirit of obstinacy than because he had any real objection to the girl going where she listed. "Nowhere. Sit down."

“我倒是知道。”赛克斯说，他这么说倒不是因为对姑娘要去的地方有什么意见，只是因为自己固执的脾气。“哪儿也不许去。坐下。”

"I'm not well. I told you that before," rejoined the girl. "I want a breath of air."

“我不舒服。我之前告诉过你了。”姑娘回答，“我想出去呼吸点儿新鲜空气。”

"Put your head out of the winder," replied Sikes.

“把脑袋伸出窗外不就行了。”赛克斯回答。

"There's not enough there," said the girl. "I want it in the street."

“那还不够。”姑娘说，“我想到街上去。”

"Then you won't have it," replied Sikes. With which assurance he rose, locked the door, took the key out, and pulling her bonnet from her head, flung it up to the top of an old press. "There," said the robber. "Now stop quietly where you are, will you?"

“那你就别呼吸空气了。”赛克斯答道。他一边这样斩钉截铁地说着，一边站起身来锁上门，拔出钥匙，并从她头上摘下软帽，扔在一个旧衣柜顶上。“得了。”这强盗说，“现在回老地方安静地呆着，行吗？”

"It's not such a matter as a bonnet would keep me," said the girl turning very pale. "What do you mean, Bill? Do you know what you're doing?”

“别以为没了软帽就能留住我，不是这样的。”姑娘说着，脸色变得苍白。“你想干什么，比尔？你知不知道你在干什么？”

"Know what I'm—Oh!" cried Sikes, turning to Fagin, "she's out of her senses, you know, or she daren't talk to me in that way.”

“知道我在——哦！”赛克斯大叫起来，转向费金，“她疯了，你瞧，要不然她可不敢这么跟我说话。”

"You'll drive me on the something desperate," muttered the girl placing both hands upon her breast, as though to keep down by force some violent outbreak. "Let me go, will you,—this minute—this instant.”

“你是要把我往绝路上逼啊。”姑娘双手按在胸前，喃喃自语道，似乎是想要强按下怒火。“让我走，听见没有——现在——立刻。”

"No!" said Sikes.

“不行！”赛克斯说。

"Tell him to let me go, Fagin. He had better. It's s ll be better for him. Do you hear me?" cried Nancy stamping her foot upon the ground.

“费金，告诉他让我走。他最好这么做。这样对他好。你听见我说话了吗？”南希一面跺着脚一面哭喊着。

"Hear you!" repeated Sikes turning round in his chair to confront her. "Aye! And if I hear you for half a minute longer, the dog shall have such a grip on your throat as'll tear some of that screaming voice out. Wot has come over you, you jade! Wot is it?”

“听见你说话！”赛克斯坐在椅子里，转过身来面对着她说，“啊！要是过半分钟我还听见你说话，狗就会咬住你的脖子，把你那大声尖叫的声音撕裂。见什么鬼了，你这贱人。怎么回事？”

"Let me go," said the girl with great earnestness; then sitting herself down on the floor, before the door, she said, "Bill, let me go; you don't know what you are doing. You don't, indeed. For only one hour—do—do!”

“让我走。”姑娘心急如焚地说，接着一屁股坐在门口的地板上，说道，“比尔，让我走吧，你不知道你在干什么。你不知道，真的。我只去一个钟头——就让我去吧——求你了！”

"Cut my limbs off one by one!" cried Sikes, seizing her roughly by the arm, "If I don't think the gal's stark raving mad. Get up.”

“这娘儿们要不是彻底疯了的话，就把我的手脚统统砍下来！”赛克斯叫喊道，粗暴地抓住她的胳膊。“起来。”

"Not till you let me go—not till you let me go—Never—never!" screamed the girl. Sikes looked on, for a minute, watching his opportunity, and suddenly pinioning her hands dragged her, struggling and wrestling with him by the way, into a small room adjoining, where he sat himself on a bench, and thrusting her into a chair, held her down by force. She struggled and implored by turns until twelve o'clock had struck, and then, wearied and exhausted, ceased to contest the point any further. With a caution, backed by many oaths, to make no more efforts to go out that night, Sikes left her to recover at leisure and rejoined Fagin.

“不让我走，我就不起来——你不让我走我就不起来——不——决不！”姑娘尖叫道。赛克斯观察了一分钟，瞅准机会，突然捉住她的双手，任凭她一路挣扎扭打，把她拖进隔壁的小房间里，推倒在椅子上，奋力按住她，然后自己在长凳上坐下。她时而挣扎，时而哀求，一直闹到十二点的钟声敲响。然后她终于筋疲力尽，不再坚持原来的要求。赛克斯给了个警告，夹杂着一通诅咒，让她今晚不准再想着出去，然后留下她慢慢缓过神来，自己回到费金那里。

"Whew!" said the housebreaker wiping the perspiration from his face. "Wot a precious strange gal that is!"

“嘿！”强盗擦了擦脸上的汗说，“真是个古怪的姑娘！”

"You may say that, Bill," replied Fagin thoughtfully. "You may say that."

“说得没错，比尔。”费金若有所思地回答道，“说得没错。”

"Wot did she take it into her head to go out to-night for, do you think?" asked Sikes. "Come; you should know her better than me. Wot does it mean?"

“你说，她今晚是想出去干嘛？”赛克斯问，“说吧，你应该比我更了解她。那是什么意思？”

"Obstinacy; woman's obstinacy, I suppose, my dear.”

“倔脾气，我猜是女人的倔脾气，亲爱的。”

"Well, I suppose it is," growled Sikes. "I thought I had tamed her, but she's as bad as ever.”

“哎，我也这么觉得。”赛克斯嘟囔着说，“我原以为把她训练好了，没想到还是这么可恶。”

"Worse," said Fagin thoughtfully. "I never knew her like this, for such a little cause."

“还更坏了。”费金依旧是若有所思地说，“我从没见过她这样，为了这么点儿小事情。”

"Nor I," said Sikes. "I think she's got a touch of that fever in her blood yet, and it won't come out—eh?”

“我也没见过。”赛克斯说，“我觉得，她是不是血里染上了那热病，出不来了——嗯？”

"Like enough."

“很有可能。”

"I'll let her a little blood, without troubling the doctor, if she's took that way again," said Sikes.

“要是她再这个样子，我就要给她放点儿血，不用找医生。”赛克斯说。

Fagin nodded an expressive approval of this mode of treatment.

费金点了点头，对这种治疗方法表示赞同。

"She was hanging about me all day, and night too, when I was stretched on my back; and you, like a blackhearted wolf as you are, kept yourself aloof," said Sikes. "We was poor too, all the time, and I think, one way or other, it's worried and fretted her; and that being shut up here so long has made her restless—eh?”

“在我卧床不起的时候，她整日整夜地守在我身边；而你呢，你就跟头黑心狼似的，自己躲得远远儿的。”赛克斯说，“而且我们一直以来也太寒酸了，我想，无论怎样这都让她担心烦躁；给关在这里这么久，总让她觉得不耐烦——嗯？”

"That's it, my dear," replied the Jew in a whisper. "Hush!"

“没错，亲爱的。”犹太佬悄声回答道，“嘘！”

As he uttered these words, the girl herself appeared and resumed her former seat. Her eyes were swollen and red; she rocked herself to and fro; tossed her head; and, after a little time, burst out laughing.

正当他说着，姑娘出来了，坐回到她原来的位置上。她的双眼又红又肿，前后摇晃身子，猛地抬起头来；过了一会儿，她突然放声大笑起来。

"Why, now she's on the other tack!" exclaimed Sikes, turning a look of excessive surprise on his companion.

“嘿，现在她又换了个花样！”赛克斯说道，向他的同伴露出十分惊讶的表情。

Fagin nodded to him to take no further notice just then; and, in a few minutes, the girl subsided into her accustomed demeanour.

Whispering Sikes that there was no fear of her relapsing, Fagin took up his hat and bade him good-night. He paused when he reached the room-door, and looking round, asked if somebody would light him down the dark stairs.

费金向他点了点头，让他先不要理她；几分钟以后，姑娘平静下来，又恢复了往常的样子。费金小声告诉赛克斯，姑娘已无复发的危险了，然后拿上帽子，向赛克斯道了晚安。走到门口的时候，他停了一下，四下张望一番，问有没有人愿意给他下楼时照个亮。

"Light him down," said Sikes, who was filling his pipe. "It's a pity he should break his neck himself, and disappoint the sight-seers. Show him a light.”

“去给他照个亮。”赛克斯一边往烟斗里塞烟草，一边说道，“要是他自己摔断了脖子，叫看热闹的观众扫了兴，那真是可惜了。给他点个灯。”

Nancy followed the old man downstairs, with a candle. When they reached the passage, he laid his finger on his lip, and drawing close to the girl, said, in a whisper.

南希手里拿着蜡烛，跟着费金下了楼。到了走廊，他一根手指按在嘴唇上，靠近姑娘，轻声说道：

"What is it, Nancy, dear?"

“怎么回事，南希，亲爱的。”

"What do you mean?" replied the girl, in the same tone.

“你什么意思？”南希同样轻声地回答道。

"The reason of all this," replied Fagin. "If—he—” —he pointed with his skinny fore-finger up the stairs—“is so hard with you (he's a brute, Nance, a brute-beast), why don't you—” "Well?" said the girl, as Fagin paused, with his mouth almost touching her ear, and his eyes looking into hers.

“所有这一切的原因。”费金说，“如果——他——”他用瘦削的食指往楼上指了指，“对你这么糟糕（他是个畜生，南希，冷酷无情的畜生），那你为什么不——”“什么？”姑娘问。费金停顿了一下，他的嘴几乎碰到了姑娘的耳朵，而眼睛则注视着她的双眼。

"No matter just now. We'll talk of this again. You have a friend in me, Nance; a staunch friend. I have the means at hand, quiet and close. If you want revenge on those that treat you like a dog—like a dog! worse than his dog, for he humours him sometimes—come to me. I say, come to me. He is the mere hound of a day, but you know me of old, Nance.”

“现在不说了。以后再谈。我是你的朋友，南希，忠实的朋友。我有

办法，秘密又保险的办法。要是你想报仇的话，就为那些他把你当狗一样对待的事——像狗一样对待！还不如他的狗呢，他有时还和狗玩——你就来找我吧。我说，来找我。你跟他认识的时间不长，但是咱们可是老朋友了，南希。”

"I know you well," replied the girl, without manifesting the least emotion. "Good-night.”

“我很了解你。”姑娘回答道，丝毫不露感情。“晚安。”

She shrank back, as Fagin offered to lay his hand on hers, but said good-night again, in a steady voice, and, answering his parting look with a nod of intelligence, closed the door between them.

费金伸出手来，想要放在她的手上，但她却向后退了一步，又道了晚安，声音平稳；接着她心领神会地点点头，算是对他临别一瞥的回应，然后关上了门。

Fagin walked towards his home, intent upon the thoughts that were working within his brain. He had conceived the idea—not from what had just passed though that had tended to confirm him, but slowly and by degrees—that Nancy, wearied of the housebreaker's brutality, had conceived an attachment for some new friend. Her altered manner, her repeated absences from home alone, her comparative indifference to the interests of the gang for which she had once been so zealous, and, added to these, her desperate impatience to leave home that night at a particular hour, all favoured the supposition, and rendered it, to him at least, almost matter of certainty. The object of this new liking was not among his myrmidons. He would be a valuable acquisition with such an assistant as Nancy, and must (thus Fagin argued) be secured without delay.

费金向自己家里走去，专心地想着脑子里的事情。他已经想到——不是由刚才那一幕得出的，虽然那也进一步使他确定，而是渐渐地、一步步得出来的——南希已不堪忍受那个强盗的残忍野蛮，她找到了些新朋友。她性情大变，总是单独离家，以前她总是对团伙利益十分上心，如今却不那么感兴趣了。另外，今天晚上她不顾死活，非要在某一时刻离家，这一切都印证了费金的猜想，而且，至少在他看来，这几乎已经是确凿无疑的事情了。她的这位新欢并不在他的忠实追随者中间。有了南希这个帮手，从他身上肯定能捞上一大笔，（费金这样想着）必须赶紧弄到手。

There was another, and a darker object, to be gained. Sikes knew too much, and his ruffian taunts had not galled Fagin the less, because the wounds were hidden. The girl must know, well, that if she shook him off, she could never be safe from his fury, and that it would be surely wreaked—to the maiming of limbs, or perhaps the loss of life—on the object of her more recent fancy.

同时还有另外一个更为邪恶的目标需要实现。赛克斯知道的太多了，他那些粗鲁刺耳的嘲讽给费金带来的伤害虽然无法看见，但因此产生的仇恨却丝毫不减。那姑娘肯定清楚，要是甩了他，她一定逃不出他怒不可遏的报复，而且这报复一定是要实现在她那位新欢身上，直到弄得个缺胳膊少腿，甚至丧命他才罢休。

"With a little persuasion," thought Fagin, "what more likely than that she would consent to poison him? Women have done such things, and worse, to secure the same object before now. There would be the dangerous villain: the man I hate: gone; another secured in his place; and my influence over the girl, with a knowledge of this crime to back it, unlimited."

“只要略加劝诱，”费金想，“她除了会同意对他下毒，还能怎么样呢？女人们总是这么做，甚至更残忍，只为了达到此前的一贯目的。那个危险的混蛋，那个让我憎恨的家伙，就等死吧；会有人填他的位置的，那姑娘有这个杀人的把柄在我手上，肯定任我摆布。”

These things passed through the mind of Fagin, during the short time he sat alone, in the housebreaker's room; and with them uppermost in his thoughts, he had taken the opportunity afterwards afforded him, of sounding the girl in the broken hints he threw out at parting. There was no expression of surprise, no assumption of an inability to understand his meaning. The girl clearly comprehended it. Her glance at parting showed that.

刚才，费金独自坐在那个强盗屋里，短短的时间里，他脑子里尽想着这些事。对他来说，这些是最重要的事。后来他瞅准时机，在临别时向那姑娘断断续续地做出了暗示。姑娘没有表现出惊讶的表情，也没有表现出不明白他的意思。她显然已经了解了他的意思。从她告别时的一瞥就能看出。

But perhaps she would recoil from a plot to take the life of Sikes, and that was one of the chief ends to be attained. "How," thought Fagin, as he crept homeward, "can I increase my influence with her? What new power can I acquire?"

但是，也许她会在谋害赛克斯这一阴谋面前退缩，而这个阴谋是最重要的，必须实现。“那么究竟，”费金缓慢地走回家，想着，“我该怎么样加大对她的控制呢？我还能怎么再加把力呢？”

Such brains are fertile in expedients. If, without extracting a confession from herself, he laid a watch, discovered the object of her altered regard, and threatened to reveal the whole history to Sikes (of whom she stood in no common fear) unless she entered into his designs, could he not secure her compliance?

这样的脑子在紧急时刻最为灵光。即使不能逼她就范的话，他也能用个暗探，找到她新近结识的对象，然后威胁说，除非她加入他的计

划，要不然就将整件事告诉赛克斯（她对赛克斯可不是一般地害怕），这样他还怕她不顺从？

"I can," said Fagin, almost aloud. "She durst not refuse me then. Not for her life, not for her life! I have it all. The means are ready, and shall be set to work. I shall have you yet!"

“我可以的。”费金差点儿脱口而出，“到那时她可不敢不由我。又不是要她的命，不是要她的命！我有绝对把握。办法已经想到了，接下来就该付诸行动了。肯定能得到你！”

He cast back a dark look, and a threatening motion of the hand, towards the spot where he had left the bolder villain; and went on his way: busying his bony hands in the folds of his tattered garment, which he wrenched tightly in his grasp, as though there were a hated enemy crushed with every motion of his fingers.

他扭头恶狠狠地看了一眼跟那无耻的混蛋分手的地方，还做了个威胁的手势，然后继续赶路。他那双皮包骨头的手不停地使劲拧着身上那件破烂外套的褶缝，好像手指的每一个动作都能把一个憎恨的敌人碾成粉末。

CHAPTER XLV Noah Claypole is employed by Fagin on a secret mission

第四十五章 费金雇诺亚·克雷波尔完成一项秘密任务

The old man was up, betimes, next morning, and waited impatiently for the appearance of his new associate, who after a delay that seemed interminable, at length presented himself, and commenced a voracious assault on the breakfast. "Bolter," said Fagin, drawing up a chair and seating himself opposite Morris Bolter.

老人第二天一大早就起身了，不耐烦地等着自己的新伙计露面。这位伙计耽搁了很久才姗姗来迟，来了就马上狼吞虎咽地吃起早饭来。“博尔特。”费金一边说，一边拉过一把椅子，坐在莫里斯·博尔特对面。

"Well, here I am," returned Noah. "What's the matter? Don't yer ask me to do anything till I have done eating. That's a great fault in this place. Yer never get time enough over yer meals.”

“嗯，我在这儿。”诺亚回答，“什么事？在我吃完饭之前别叫我做任何事。这真是这地方一个挺严重的毛病。吃顿饭的时间从来都不给够。”

"You can talk as you eat, can't you?" said Fagin, cursing his dear young friend's greediness from the very bottom of his heart.

“你可以一边吃一边说，对吧？”费金说,心底里却暗自咒骂他这位亲爱的年轻伙计真是贪吃。

"Oh yes, I can talk. I get on better when I talk," said Noah, cutting a monstrous slice of bread. "Where's Charlotte?”

“哦，当然可以。边吃边谈还更自在些。”诺亚说着，切下一片大得惊人的面包。“夏洛特呢？”

"Out," said Fagin. "I sent her out this morning with the other young woman, because I wanted us to be alone."

“出去了。”费金说，“今天早上，我让她跟另外一位小姐出去了，因为我想单独跟你呆在一起。”

"Oh!" said Noah. "I wish yer'd ordered her to make some buttered toast first. Well. Talk away. Yer won't interrupt me.”

“哦！”诺亚说，“你应该让她先做一些抹了黄油的面包。好吧。继续说吧。你不会妨碍到我的。”

There seemed, indeed, no great fear of anything interrupting him, as he had evidently sat down with a determination to do a great deal of business.

的确，看起来不用担心有什么事能够妨碍到他，他刚才坐下时，就很明显是下定了决心要大干一番。

"You did well yesterday, my dear," said Fagin. "Beautiful! Six shillings and ninepence halfpenny on the very first day! The kinchin lay will be a fortune to you."

“你昨天做得很好，亲爱的。”费金说，“很漂亮！第一天就赚了六先令九个半便士！你收娃娃税能大赚一笔的。”

"Don't you forget to add three pint-pots and a milk-can," said Mr. Bolter.

“别忘了，还有三个品脱壶和一个牛奶罐。”博尔特先生说。

"No, no, my dear. The pint-pots were great strokes of genius: but the milk-can was a perfect masterpiece.”

“忘不了，忘不了，亲爱的。那些品脱壶可是天才的表现，而且牛奶罐也简直是完美的杰作了。”

"Pretty well, I think, for a beginner," remarked Mr. Bolter complacently. "The pots I took off airy railings, and the milk-can was standing by itself outside a public-house. I thought it might get rusty with the rain, or catch cold, yer know. Eh? Ha! ha! ha!”

“我想，对一个初学者来说，这个头开得还算不错。”博尔特先生自鸣得意地说道，“锅子是我从晾衣杆上取下来的，牛奶罐则是在一家酒吧外面放着。我想它要是淋了雨可能就会生锈了，或着凉了，你知道。呃？哈！哈！哈！”

Fagin affected to laugh very heartily; and Mr. Bolter having had his laugh out, took a series of large bites, which finished his first hunk of bread and butter, and assisted himself to a second.

费金假装笑得真心实意；博尔特先生自己笑完了之后，又大吃大嚼了几口，吃掉了他的第一片抹了黄油的面包，接着自己又取了一片。

"I want you, Bolter," said Fagin, leaning over the table, "to do a piece of work for me, my dear, that needs great care and caution."

“博尔特，”费金朝桌子俯下身去，说，“我想要你给我做一件事，亲爱的，需要格外小心谨慎。”

"I say," rejoined Bolter, "don't yer go shoving me into danger, or sending me any more o' yer police-offices. That don't suit me, that don't; and so I tell yer.”

“我说，”博尔特回答道，“你可别推着我做危险的事啊，也别再让我到警局里去了。那些都不适合我，不适合，我告诉你。”

"That's not the smallest danger in it—not the very smallest," said the Jew; "it's only to dodge a woman.”

“这事一点儿都不危险——一点儿都不，”犹太佬说，“只不过是跟踪一个女人。”

"An old woman?" demanded Mr. Bolter.

“一个老女人？”博尔特问道。

"A young one," replied Fagin.

“年轻女人。”费金回答。

"I can do that pretty well, I know," said Bolter. "I was a regular cunning sneak when I was at school. What am I to dodge her for? Not to—" "Not to do anything, but to tell me where she goes, who she sees, and, if possible, what she says; to remember the street, if it is a street, or the house, if it is a house; and to bring me back all the information you can."

“这我能胜任，我知道。”博尔特说，“我在学校的时候就是个固定不变的、狡猾的告密者了。我为什么要跟着她？要不要——”“什么都不要做，只要告诉我她去了哪儿，见了谁，如果可能的话，再告诉我她说了些什么；如果她去了条街的话，就记住是哪条街；如果进了屋，就记住是哪间屋，然后回来告诉我你得到的一切信息。”

"What's ll yer give me?" asked Noah, setting down his cup, and looking his employer, eagerly, in the face.

“你给我什么报酬？”诺亚问道。他放下杯子，满脸热切地看着他的老板。

"If you do it well, a pound, my dear. One pound," said Fagin, wishing to interest him in the scent as much as possible. "And that's what I never gave yet, for any job of work where there wasn't valuable consideration to be gained.”

“如果你做的不错，我就给你一英镑，亲爱的。一英镑。”费金说，希望能尽量引起他的兴趣。“对一件不能收获多少价值的任务，我从来都不会给这么多的报酬的。”

"Who is she?" inquired Noah.

“她是谁？”诺亚问道。

"One of us."

“我们中的一个。”

"Oh Lor!" cried Noah, curling up his nose. "Yer doubtful of her, are yer?"

“哦，天哪！”诺亚把鼻子一皱，叫起来,“你对她起了疑心，是不是？”

"She has found out some new friends, my dear, and I must know

who they are," replied Fagin.

“她找了些新朋友，亲爱的，我得知道他们是些什么人。”费金回答。

"I see," said Noah. "Just to have the pleasure of knowing them, if they're respectable people, eh? Ha! ha! ha! I'm your man.”

“我懂了。”诺亚说，“只是想认识认识他们，看看他们是不是正派人，嗯？哈！哈！哈！悉听吩咐。”

"I knew you would be," cried Fagin, elated by the success of his proposal.

“我就知道你会这么说的。”费金大声说，为自己计划成功而欢呼雀跃。

"Of course, of course," replied Noah. "Where is she? Where am I to wait for her? Where am I to go?"

“当然，当然。”诺亚回答，“她在哪儿？我要在哪儿等着她？我要去哪儿？”

"All that, my dear, you shall hear from me. I'll point her out at the proper time," said Fagin. "You keep ready, and leave the rest to me."

“这些，亲爱的，我都会告诉你。我会在适当的时候把她指给你看。”费金说，“你先准备准备，剩下的事就由我来操心吧。”

That night, and the next, and the next again, the spy sat booted and equipped in his carter's dress: ready to turn out at a word from Fagin. Six nights passed—six long weary nights—and on each, Fagin came home with a disappointed face, and briefly intimated that it was not yet time. On the seventh, he returned earlier, and with an exultation he could not conceal. It was Sunday.

这天晚上，第二天晚上，再一天晚上，这位密探坐在家里，穿好了靴子，套上车夫的行头，只等着费金一声令下就开始行动。六个晚上过去了——六个漫长煎熬的晚上，每天夜里，费金都一脸失望地回家，简略地告诉诺亚现在还不到时候。第七天晚上，他比平时回来得早一点儿，脸上带着掩藏不住的欢喜。这天是礼拜天。

"She goes abroad to-night," said Fagin, "and on the right errand, I'm sure; for she has been alone all day, and the man she is afraid of will not be back much before daybreak. Come with me. Quick!”

“今晚她出门了，”费金说，“肯定是去办那件事，错不了。她整天都独自一人，而让她害怕的男人不到天亮是不会回来的。跟我来。快！”

Noah started up without saying a word; for the Jew was in a state of such intense excitement that it infected him. They left the house stealthily, and hurrying through a labyrinth of streets, arrived at

length before a public-house, which Noah recognised as the same in which he had slept, on the night of his arrival in London.

诺亚一句话没说就起来了，犹太佬这种强烈的激动情绪也感染了他。他们悄悄离开家，急急忙忙地穿过迷宫似的街道，最终来到了一家酒吧前；诺亚认出，这就是他刚到伦敦的那天晚上呆过的那家酒吧。

It was past eleven o'clock, and the door was closed. It opened softly on its hinges as Fagin gave a low whistle. They entered, without noise; and the door was closed behind them.

过了十一点钟，酒吧已经关门了。费金轻轻地吹了声口哨，门又缓缓地打开了。他们悄无声息地走了进去，门在他们身后关上了。

Scarcely venturing to whisper, but substituting dumb show for words, Fagin, and the young Jew who had admitted them, pointed out the pane of glass to Noah, and signed to him to climb up and observe the person in the adjoining room.

费金和那个给他们开门的年轻犹太佬连悄声说话都不敢，只是打了几句暗语，向诺亚指了指那块玻璃，示意他爬上去，看看在邻屋里的人。

"Is that the woman?" he asked, scarcely above his breath.

“是那个女人吗？”他压着声音问道，几乎和呼吸声同样轻。

Fagin nodded yes.

费金点点头，表示正确。

"I can't see her face well," whispered Noah. "She is looking down, and the candle is behind her.

“我看不太清楚她的脸。”诺亚小声说，“她低着头，蜡烛在她身后。”

"Stay there," whispered Fagin. He signed to Barney, who withdrew. In an instant, the lad entered the room adjoining, and, under pretence of snuffing the candle, moved it in the required position, and, speaking to the girl, caused her to raise her face.

“呆在那儿。”费金悄声说。他朝巴尼做了个手势，让他下去。一转眼，这小伙子就走进了小房间，借口要给蜡烛剪烛心，把它移到了指定的位置，然后跟姑娘说了句话，使她抬起脸来。

"I see her now," cried the spy.

“我现在看到她了。”密探大叫起来。

"Plainly?"

“看清楚了吗？”

"I should know her among a thousand."

“一千个人里我也能把她给挑出来。”

He hastily descended, as the room-door opened, and the girl came out. Fagin drew him behind a small partition which was curtained off, and they held their breaths as she passed within a few feet of their place of concealment, and emerged by the door at which they had entered.

这时，房门开了，姑娘走了出来，他赶紧退下去。费金把他拉到一块帘子遮住的隔断后面，屏住呼吸；她就从离他们藏身之处几步远的地方走过去，从他们刚刚进来的那道门出去了。

"Hist!" cried the lad who held the door.

“嘘！”把门的小伙子喊道，

"Dow."

“是时候了。”

Noah exchanged a look with Fagin, and darted out.

诺亚和费金交换了个眼色，冲了出去。

"To the left," whispered the lad; "take the left had, and keep od the other side."

“左边。”小伙子轻声提醒，“向左走，走在马路那边。”

He did so; and, by the light of the lamps, saw the girl's retreating figure, already at some distance before him. He advanced as near as he considered prudent, and kept on the opposite side of the street, the better to observe her motions. She looked nervously round, twice or thrice, and once stopped to let two men who were following close behind her, pass on. She seemed to gather courage as she advanced, and to walk with a steadier and firmer step. The spy preserved the same relative distance between them, and followed: with his eye upon her.

他照做了。借着路灯的光线，他看见了姑娘那远去的身影，离他已经有段距离了。他在自认为谨慎的程度下尽可能地接近她，一直走在马路的对面，以便更好地观察她的举动。她紧张地接连两三次四处张望，还有一次停下来，让两个紧跟在她后面的男人走过去。她似乎越走越有勇气，步子也越来越坚定沉稳了。密探一直保持着差不多远的距离跟在她身后，监视着她。

CHAPTER XLVI The appointment kept

第四十六章 守约

The church clocks chimed three quarters past eleven, as two figures emerged on London Bridge.

教堂的钟敲响十一点三刻的时候，两个身影出现在伦敦桥上。

One, which advanced with a swift and rapid step, was that of a woman who looked eagerly about her as though in quest of some expected object; the other figure was that of a man, who slunk along in the deepest shadow he could find, and, at some distance, accommodated his pace to hers: stopping when she stopped: and as she moved again, creeping stealthily on: but never allowing himself, in the ardour of his pursuit, to gain upon her footsteps. Thus, they crossed the bridge, from the Middlesex to the Surrey shore, when the woman, apparently disappointed in her anxious scrutiny of the foot-passengers, turned back. The movement was sudden; but he who watched her, was not thrown off his guard by it; for, shrinking into one of the recesses which surmount the piers of the bridge, and leaning over the parapet the better to conceal his figure, he suffered her to pass on the opposite pavement. When she was about the same distance in advance as she had been before, he slipped quietly down, and followed her again. At nearly the centre of the bridge, she stopped. The man stopped too.

走在前面的是个女子，她步伐敏捷迅速，急切地四处张望，像是在寻找期望中的某个目标；另一个则是个男人，鬼鬼祟祟地走在他能找到的、最黑暗的阴影里，他和女人保持着一定距离，并且调整步伐与她一致：她停下，他也停下；她继续走，他也偷偷摸摸地跟着，但是即使在追踪的兴头上，他也绝对不让自己赶在她前头。就这样，他们过了桥，从米德尔塞克斯来到了萨里河岸，那女人焦急地在行人中搜寻，这时她明显失望了，转过身来。她的举动很突然，但监视她的那个男人却并没因此放松警惕，他缩进桥墩上面一个凹进去的隐蔽处，并且伏在栏杆上，更好地隐藏身形，任她走过对面的人行道。当她走到和之前两人相距差不多远的距离时，男人才静静地溜出来，再次跟上了她。在大约桥中间的地方，女人停了下来。男人也停了下来。

It was a very dark night. The day had been unfavourable, and at that hour and place there were few people stirring. Such as there were, hurried quickly past: very possibly without seeing, but certainly without noticing, either the woman, or the man who kept her in view. Their appearance was not calculated to attract the importunate regards of such of London's destitute population, as chanced to take

their way over the bridge that night in search of some cold arch or doorless hovel wherein to lay their heads; they stood there in silence: neither speaking nor spoken to, by any one who passed.

这天晚上天色很暗。天气非常不好，在那个时间，那样的地方都没什么人在走动。就是有人，也是急匆匆走过，不太可能看见那个女人以及密切监视她的那个男人，就是看到了也肯定不会去注意。他们的外表也没有招来穷人缠扰不休的注视，几个贫民那晚碰巧走过那座桥，想找个冰冷的拱门或是没关门的小破屋睡觉。两个人就一言不发地站着，不跟人说话，也没有过路人跟他们搭腔。

A mist hung over the river, deepening the red glare of the fires that burnt upon the small craft moored off the different wharfs, and rendering darker and more indistinct the murky buildings on the banks. The old smoke-stained storehouses on either side, rose heavy and dull from the dense mass of roofs and gables, and frowned sternly upon water too black to reflect even their lumbering shapes. The tower of old Saint Saviour's Church, and the spire of Saint Magnus, so long the giant-warders of the ancient bridge, were visible in the gloom; but the forest of shipping below bridge, and the thickly scattered spires of churches above, were nearly all hidden from sight.

薄雾笼罩着河面，让停泊在各个码头的小船上，燃着的红色灯火的颜色变得更深了，也让站立在两岸的、黑黑的建筑物显得更阴暗模糊了。两岸那些被烟熏得污点斑斑的老仓库，从一大片密集的房顶和山墙中耸立出来，显得笨重呆滞。它们阴森森地对着河水皱眉，那水太黑了，甚至连它们笨重的身形都照不出来。老圣救世主教堂的塔楼以及圣马格纳斯教堂的尖塔，长久以来一直是这座古老石桥的巨大守卫，在阴暗中仍然可以看见它们。但桥下林立的船只和岸上密密麻麻散布的教堂尖塔，几乎都隐没在人们的视线之外。

The girl had taken a few restless turns to and fro—closely watched meanwhile by her hidden observer—when the heavy bell of St. Paul's tolled for the death of another day. Midnight had come upon the crowded city. The palace, the night-cellar, the jail, the madhouse: the chambers of birth and death, of health and sickness, the rigid face of the corpse and the calm sleep of the child: midnight was upon them all.

那女子焦虑地转来转去——同时，躲在暗处的人还在密切监视着她——这时圣保罗大教堂沉重的钟声宣告了一天的结束。午夜降临到这座拥挤的城市。宫殿、地下酒吧、监狱、疯人院，这些承载着生死轮回、健康疾病、尸体僵硬面容，以及孩子恬静睡眠的房间，都被午夜笼罩。

The hour had not struck two minutes, when a young lady, accompanied by a grey-haired gentleman, alighted from a hackney-carriage within a short distance of the bridge, and, having dismissed the vehicle, walked straight towards it. They had scarcely set foot

upon its pavement, when the girl started, and immediately made towards them.

午夜的钟声敲过了还不到两分钟时，离大桥不远的地方，一位年轻的女士在一位头发花白的老绅士陪伴下，走下了一辆出租马车，他们遣走马车，径直向桥走来。他们刚一踏上人行道，那姑娘就猛然一惊，立即向他们走去。

They walked onward, looking about them with the air of persons who entertained some very slight expectation which had little chance of being realised, when they were suddenly joined by this new associate. They halted with an exclamation of surprise, but suppressed it immediately; for a man in the garments of a countryman came close up—brushed against them, indeed—at that precise moment.

他们一直向前走，同时向四周张望，似乎对极不可能实现的的事情不抱太大希望。这时那位新同伴突然加入了他们。他们停了下来，并发出一声惊呼，但是立刻噤声，因为就在那一刻，一个乡下人打扮的男人走到了近前——事实上是擦身而过。

"Not here," said Nancy hurriedly, "I am afraid to speak to you here. Come away—out of the public road—down the steps yonder!”

“别在这儿，”南希急忙说，“我不敢在这儿跟你们说。离开——别在大马路上——走下远处的台阶那里去！”

As she uttered these words, and indicated, with her hand, the direction in which she wished them to proceed, the countryman looked round, and roughly asking what they took up the whole pavement for, passed on.

她一边这样说，一边用手朝自己希望他们去的那个方向比划，那个乡下人四下望了望，粗鲁地问他们干嘛占着整个人行道，然后就走了。

The steps to which the girl had pointed, were those which, on the Surrey bank, and on the same side of the bridge as Saint Saviour's Church, form a landing-stairs from the river. To this spot, the man bearing the appearance of a countryman, hastened unobserved; and after a moment's survey of the place, he began to descend.

姑娘指的台阶在萨里河岸，和圣救世主教堂同在桥的一边，筑成了从河上登岸的阶梯。打扮成乡下人模样的男人已经神不知鬼不觉地赶到了那个地方，环顾了一下地形，走了下去。

These stairs are a part of the bridge; they consist of three flights. Just below the end of the second, going down, the stone wall on the left terminates in an ornamental pilaster facing towards the Thames. At this point the lower steps widen: so that a person turning that angle of the wall, is necessarily unseen by any others on the stairs who chance to be above him, if only a step. The countryman looked hastily

round, when he reached this point; and as there seemed no better place of concealment, and, the tide being out, there was plenty of room, he slipped aside, with his back to the pilaster, and there waited: pretty certain that they would come no lower, and that even if he could not hear what was said, he could follow them again, with safety.

这些阶梯是桥的一部分，一共有三段。往下走，恰好到第二段阶梯末端，左侧石墙尽头处是一根面向泰晤士河的装饰性壁柱。从这里开始下面的阶梯变宽了，所以一个人转到墙的那个角落，肯定不会被上面任何人看见，哪怕只高出一个台阶。乡下人匆忙地环顾四周，发现了这个地方，而且似乎没有比这里更好的隐身处了，再说潮水已经退了，那里有足够的空间。他溜到旁边，背贴着壁柱等着，十分确定他们不会走下更低的地方，而且即使他听不到他们说什么，也能安全地继续跟着他们。

So tardily stole the time in this lonely place, and so eager was the spy to penetrate the motives of an interview so different from what he had been led to expect, that he more than once gave the matter up for lost, and persuaded himself, either that they had stopped far above, or had resorted to some entirely different spot to hold their mysterious conversation. He was on the point of emerging from his hiding-place, and regaining the road above, when he heard the sound of footsteps, and directly afterwards of voices almost close at his ear.

时间在这个偏僻的地方过得如此缓慢。而这位密探又是如此热切地想要看穿这个与预计完全不同的会面动机。他已经不止一次以为这事告吹了，并劝自己，他们不是在上面很远的地方停下，就是去了某个完全不同的地方来进行神秘的对话。他正要从藏身的地方现身，回到上面的路上，就听到了脚步声，紧接着就是几乎近在耳边的声音。

He drew himself straight upright against the wall, and, scarcely breathing, listened attentively.

他挺直身体靠在墙上，屏住呼吸，凝神聆听。

"This is far enough," said a voice, which was evidently that of the gentleman. "I will not suffer the young lady to go any farther. Many people would have distrusted you too much to have come even so far, but you see I am willing to humour you."

“这里够远了，”一个声音说，这显然是那个绅士的。“我不会让这位小姐再往前走了。很多人不相信你，连这里都不会跟你来的，但你看，我愿意迁就你。”

"To humour me!" cried the voice of the girl whom he had follow. "You're considerate, indeed, sir. To humour me! Well, well, it's no matter.”

“迁就我！”被跟踪的那个姑娘叫道，“你真体贴，先生。迁就我！好

啦，好啦，这不算什么。”

"Why, for what," said the gentleman in a kinder tone, "for what purpose can you have brought us to this strange place? Why not have let me speak to you, above there, where it is light, and there is something stirring, instead of bringing us to this dark and dismal hole?"

“哎，为什么，”绅士的语气和善些，“你把我们带到这个奇怪的地方有什么目的？为什么不让我在上面又亮堂又有人走动的地方和你说话，却要把我们带到这个又黑又暗的窟窿里来？”

"I told you before," replied Nancy, "that I was afraid to speak to you there. I don't know why it is," said the girl, shuddering, "but I have such a fear and dread upon me to-night that I can hardly stand.”

“我之前跟你说过了，”南希回答，“我害怕在那儿和你说话。我不知道为什么，”姑娘战栗着说，“但是今晚我感到害怕和恐惧，我几乎站不住了。”

"A fear of what?"asked the gentleman, who seemed to pity her.

“害怕什么？”绅士问道，听起来似乎有些怜悯她。

"I scarcely know of what," replied the girl. "I wish I did. Horrible thoughts of death, and shrouds with blood upon them, and a fear that has made me burn as if I was on fire, have been upon me all day. I was reading a book to-night, to wile the time away, and the same things came into the print.”

“我几乎什么都不知道。”姑娘说道，“我希望自己知道。一整天，我脑中都充斥着像死亡和沾着血的裹尸布这种可怕的想法，还有一种仿佛被架在火上烧的恐惧。今晚，为打发时间，我读了本书，同样的东西又从书里冒了出来。”

"Imagination," said the gentleman, soothing her.

“这只是想象。”绅士安慰她说。

"No imagination," replied the girl in a hoarse voice. "I'll swear I saw 'coffin'written in every page of the book in large black letters,—aye, and they carried one close to me, in the streets to-night.”

“不是想象。”姑娘哑着嗓子回答，“我发誓，我看见书上每一页都用大大的黑体字写着‘棺材’二字——是的，而且今天晚上，在大街上，就有人从我旁边抬着一副棺材走去。”

"There is nothing unusual in that," said the gentleman. "They have passed me often."

“那没什么奇怪的。”绅士说，“他们也经常从我身边经过。”

“—Real ones—," rejoined the girl. "This was not."

“——那是真的棺材——，”姑娘争辩说，“这个不是。”

There was something so uncommon in her manner, that the flesh of the concealed listener crept as he heard the girl utter these words, and the blood chilled within him. He had never experienced a greater relief than in hearing the sweet voice of the young lady as she begged her to be calm, and not allow herself to become the prey of such fearful fancies.

她的态度很异常，听到这些话，隐藏的窃听者顿觉毛骨悚然，血液里都冒着寒气。他听到那位年轻女士恳请姑娘冷静下来的甜美声音，他觉得自己从未听到过如此能让人减轻忧虑的声音，女士请姑娘不要让自己成为这种可怕幻觉的牺牲者。

"Speak to her kindly," said the young lady to her companion. "Poor creature! She seems to need it."

“对她说话温和点儿。”年轻女士对她的同伴说，“可怜的人！她似乎需要这样。”

"Your haughty religious people would have held their heads up to see me as I am to-night, and preached of flames and vengeance," cried the girl. "Oh, dear lady, why ar'n't those who claim to be God's own folks as gentle and as kind to us poor wretches as you, who, having youth, and beauty, and all that they have lost, might be a little proud instead of so much humbler?”

“你们这些高傲虔诚的人该抬头看看今晚的我，然后祈祷地狱火焰和上帝惩罚的降临。”姑娘叫道，“噢，亲爱的小姐，为什么那些自称上帝子民的人不像你这样温柔亲切地对我们穷人呢？你年轻貌美，有他们失去了的一切，应该更骄傲一些，而不是如此谦逊。”

"Ah!" said the gentleman. "A Turk turns his face, after washing it well, to the East, when he says his prayers; these good people, after giving their faces such a rub against the World as to take the smiles off, turn with no less regularity, to the darkest side of Heaven. Between the Mussulman and the Pharisee, commend me to the first!"

“啊！”绅士说道，“土耳其人洗净脸后，面朝东方进行祈祷，这些好人经历俗世的磨难后，脸上的笑容也被抹掉了，变得一成不变，总是面朝天堂最黑暗的一面。在异教徒和伪君子之间，我宁可把自己托付给前者！”

These words appeared to be addressed to the young lady, and were perhaps uttered with the view of affording Nancy time to recover herself. The gentleman, shortly afterwards, addressed himself to her.

这些话看起来是对年轻女士说的，但也可能是为了给南希恢复常态的时间。不一会儿，绅士自己和她说了起来。

"You were not here last Sunday night," he said.

“你上周日晚上不在这儿。”他说。

"I couldn't come," replied Nancy; "I was kept by force."

“我来不了。”南希回答，“我被强留下了。”

"By whom?"

“被谁？”

"Him that I told the young lady of before."

“是我之前跟小姐说过的那人。”

"You were not suspected of holding any communication with anybody on the subject which has brought us here to-night, I hope?" asked the old gentleman.

“我想，你应该没被其他人怀疑要把今晚我们到此谈的那件事泄露给任何人吧？”老绅士问。

"No," replied the girl, shaking her head. "It's not very easy for me to leave him unless he knows why; I couldn't give him a drink of laudanum before I came away.”

“没有。”姑娘摇摇头回答道，“要在他不知情的情况下出门，对我来说并不容易，要不是我出门前给他喝了点鸦片酒，上次也来不了。”

"Did he awake before you returned?" inquired the gentleman.

“在你回去前他醒了吗？”绅士问道。

"No; and neither he nor any of them suspect me."

“不，他和其他人都没有怀疑我。”

"Good," said the gentleman. "Now listen to me."

“很好。”绅士说，“现在听我说。”

"I am ready," replied the girl, as he paused for a moment.

“我准备好了。”姑娘在他停了一下后说。

"This young lady," the gentleman began, "has communicated to me, and to some other friends who can be safely trusted, what you told her nearly a fortnight since. I confess to you that I had doubts, at first, whether you were to be implicitly relied upon, but now I firmly believe you are."

“这位年轻女士，”绅士开始说道，“她向我以及其他几位信得过的朋友谈过你在大约两周前告诉她的事情。我承认最初怀疑过你是否完全可靠，但是现在我很坚定地相信，你是靠得住的。”

"I am," said the girl earnestly.

“我靠得住。”姑娘诚挚地说。

"I repeat that I firmly believe it. To prove to you that I am disposed to trust you, I tell you without reserve, that we propose to extort the secret, whatever it may be, from the fear of this man Monks. But if—if—" said the gentleman, "he cannot be secured, or, if secured, cannot be acted upon as we wish, you must deliver up the Jew."

“我重申我坚定地相信这一点。为了向你证明我的信任，我毫无保留地告诉你，我们打算利用蒙克斯这个人的恐惧，逼问出那个秘密，不管这秘密会是什么。但是如果——如果——”绅士说，“没法逮住他，或是逮住了，却不能像我们希望的那样奏效，你必须供出犹太佬。”

"Fagin," cried the girl, recoiling.

“费金。”姑娘一边叫着，一边往后退。

"That man must be delivered up by you," said the gentleman.

“你必须供出那个人。”绅士说。

"I will not do it! I will never do it!" replied the girl. "Devil that he is, and worse than devil as he has been to me, I will never do that."

“我不会那么做的！我绝对不会那么做的！”姑娘回答，“费金是个魔鬼，他对我比魔鬼还可怕，但是我绝对不会那么做的。”

"You will not?" said the gentleman, who seemed fully prepared for this answer.

“你不会？”绅士说道，似乎早料到这种回答。

"Never!" returned the girl.

“绝不！”姑娘回嘴道。

"Tell me why?"

“告诉我为什么？”

"For one reason," rejoined the girl firmly, "for one reason, that the lady knows and will stand by me in, I know she will, for I have her promise: and for this other reason, besides, that, bad life as he has led, I have led a bad life too; there are many of us who have kept the same courses together, and I'll not turn upon them, who might—any of them—have turned upon me, but didn't, bad as they are.”

“一个原因是，”姑娘坚决地答道，“一个原因是，小姐知道而且会站在我这边，我知道她会的，因为她对我许诺过。而另一个原因是，他生活在邪恶中，我也过着不道德的生活，很多我们这样的人都干着同样的勾当，我不会供出他们的。他们中的任何一个人都可以供出我，但是他们没有，尽管他们不是好人。”

"Then," said the gentleman, quickly, as if this had been the point he had been aiming to attain; "put Monks into my hands, and leave

him to me to deal with."

“那么，”绅士很快说道，好像这才是他一直想要达到的目标，“把蒙克斯交给我吧，让我来对付他。”

"What if he turns against the others?"

“要是他供出其他人怎么办？”

"I promise you that in that case, if the truth is forced from him, there the matter will rest; there must be circumstances in Oliver's little history which it would be painful to drag before the public eye, and if the truth is once elicited, they shall go scot free.”

“我保证要是那样，他被逼说出了真相，这件事就作罢。要把奥利弗短暂经历里的一些事情公诸于众肯定很痛苦，一旦真相大白，他们会没事的。”

"And if it is not?" suggested the girl.

“如果得不到真相呢？”姑娘提醒。

"Then," pursued the gentleman, "this Fagin shall not be brought to justice without your consent. In such a case I could show you reasons, I think, which would induce you to yield it."

“那么，”绅士继续说，“只有你同意了，这个费金才会被绳之以法。在这种情况下，我想，我能向你表明原因，让你同意这样做。”

"Have I the lady's promise for that?" asked the girl.

“小姐是否能对此许诺？”姑娘问道。

"You have," replied Rose. "My true and faithful pledge."

“是的。”罗丝回答，“我真心实意地承诺。”

"Monks would never learn how you knew what you do?" said the girl, after a short pause.

“蒙克斯绝对不会知道你们是怎么知道的？”姑娘顿了一下说。

"Never," replied the gentleman. "The intelligence should be brought to bear upon him, that he could never even guess."

“绝对不会。”绅士回答，“消息会压在他头上，让他绝对连猜都没法猜。”

"I have been a liar, and among liars from a little child," said the girl after another interval of silence, "but I will take your words."

“我是个骗子，从小就生活在骗子中间，”姑娘又沉默了一会儿说，“但是我相信你的话。”

After receiving an assurance from both, that she might safely do so, she proceeded in a voice so low that it was often difficult for the

listener to discover even the purport of what she said, to describe, by name and situation, the public-house whence she had been followed that night. From the manner in which she occasionally paused, it appeared as if the gentleman were making some hasty notes of the information she communicated. When she had thoroughly explained the localities of the place, the best position from which to watch it without exciting observation, and the night and hour on which Monks was most in the habit of frequenting it, she seemed to consider for a few moments, for the purpose of recalling his features and appearances more forcibly to her recollection.

在得到这两个人的保证，确定这么做或许是安全的了之后，她就开始描述那个晚上自己一出来就被跟踪的酒馆的名字和位置。她的声音很低，窃听者甚至连大意也很难理解。从她不时停下的样子来看，那个绅士好像是在匆忙记录着她所说的信息。她详细解释了那地方的位置，从哪个地方监视它不会引起注意，以及蒙克斯最习惯出入那地方的几个晚上和具体钟点。为了能记起蒙克斯比记忆中更有说服力的相貌特征，她似乎想了一阵。

"He is tall," said the girl, "and a strongly made man, but not stout; he has a lurking walk; and as he walks, constantly looks over his shoulder, first on one side, and then on the other. Don't forget that, for his eyes are sunk in his head so much deeper than any other man's, that you might almost tell him by that alone. His face is dark, like his hair and eyes; and, although he can't be more than six or eight and twenty, withered and haggard. His lips are often discoloured and disfigured with the marks of teeth; for he has desperate fits, and sometimes even bites his hands and covers them with wounds—why did you start?" said the girl, stopping suddenly.

“他很高，”姑娘说，“人很结实，但是不胖，他走路总是偷偷摸摸的，不停地回头看，先看一边，再看另一边。别忘了，他的眼睛往里凹陷，比其他任何人都陷得深，仅靠这一点基本上就能认出他来。他脸很黑，像他的头发和眼睛一样；尽管他不会超过二十六或者二十八岁，但面容憔悴。他的嘴唇常常没有血色，被牙齿咬得非常难看。他一抽筋就很厉害，有时甚至咬得手上全是伤——你为什么吃了一惊？”姑娘突然停下问道。

The gentleman replied, in a hurried manner, that he was not conscious of having done so, and begged her to proceed.

绅士神色匆忙地回答，说自己没意识到这么做了，并请求她继续说。

"Part of this," said the girl, "I have drawn out from other people at the house I tell you of, for I have only seen him twice, and both times he was covered up in a large cloak.

“有一部分情况，”姑娘说，“我是从跟你说到的那酒馆里的其他人那儿知道的，我只见过他两次，而且每次他都裹着一件大斗篷。

I think that's all I can give you to know him by. Stay though," she added. "Upon his throat: so high that you can see a part of it below his neckerchief when he turns his face: there is—" "A broad red mark, like a burn or scald?" cried the gentleman.

我想这是我能告诉你的，能认出他的全部特征了。等等，还有，”她又说，“他转头的时候，在他喉咙上很高的地方，你能从他领巾下面看见一部分，有一个——”“红色的印记，像是烧伤或是烫伤的？”绅士喊道。

"How's this?" said the girl. "You know him!"

“这是怎么回事？”姑娘说，“你认识他！”

The young lady uttered a cry of surprise, and for a few moments they were so still that the listener could distinctly hear them breathe.

年轻女士发出一声惊叫，有一会儿他们实在太安静了，窃听者都能清楚地听见他们的呼吸声。

"I think I do," said the gentleman, breaking silence. "I should by your description. We shall see. Many people are singularly like each other. It may not be the same."

“我想是的。”绅士说道，打破了沉寂。“按照你的描述我应该认识。到时再看吧。很多人出奇地相像。可能不是同一个人。

As he expressed himself to this effect, with assumed carelessness, he took a step or two nearer the concealed spy, as the latter could tell from the distinctness with which he heard him mutter, "It must be he!"

他说话的时候带着装出来的漫不经心的表情，并向藏着的暗探那里走了一两步，这使得后者都能清楚地听到他的喃喃低语：“一定是他！”。

"Now," he said, returning: so it seemed by the sound: to the spot where he had stood before, "you have given us most valuable assistance, young woman, and I wish you to be the better for it. What can I do to serve you?"

“好啦，”他说道，声音听起来好像回到了之前站的地方，“你向我们提供了很有价值的帮助，我希望你能有好报。我能为你做些什么吗？”

"Nothing," replied Nancy.

“不用。”南希回答。

"You will not persist in saying that," rejoined the gentleman, with a voice and emphasis of kindness that might have touched a much harder and more obdurate heart. "Think now. Tell me."

“不要坚持那么说。”绅士又说，声音和语气亲切得能感动所有坚硬冷酷的心。“想一想。告诉我。”

"Nothing, sir," rejoined the girl, weeping. "You can do nothing to help me. I am past all hope, indeed."

“不用，先生。”姑娘流着泪回答，“你什么也帮不了我。事实上我已经完全没指望了。”

"You put yourself beyond its pale," said the gentleman. "The past has been a dreary waste with you, of youthful energies mis-spent, and such priceless treasures lavished, as the Creator bestows but once and never grants again, but, for the future, you may hope. I do not say that it is in our power to offer you peace of heart and mind, for that must come as you seek it; but a quiet asylum, either in England, or, if you fear to remain here, in some foreign country, it is not only within the compass of our ability but our most anxious wish to secure you. Before the dawn of morning, before this river wakes to the first glimpse of day-light, you shall be placed as entirely beyond the reach of your former associates, and leave as utter an absence of all trace behind you, as if you were to disappear from the earth this moment. Come! I would not have you go back to exchange one word with any old companion, or take one look at any old haunt, or breathe the very air which is pestilence and death to you. Quit them all, while there is time and opportunity!”

“你在排斥你自己。”绅士说道，“你的过去是一堆令人沮丧的垃圾，你浪费了青春活力，把造物主只给每人一次，而且永远不会再度赐予的无价之宝白白挥霍了。但是，对于未来，你却可以保持希望。我不是说，我们能有力量使你获得内心的安宁，那要靠你自己去寻找。但是为你提供一处安静的避难所，在英国也好，若是你害怕留在这里，在某个其他国家也行；这不仅在我们能力范围之内，而且也是我们想要保护你的热切希望。在黎明到来之前，在河流被第一缕日光唤醒之前，你将被送到一个你以前的同伙完全找不到的地方，并且完全不留一点痕迹，就像你从这一刻起就要从地球上消失一样。来吧！我不想让你回去和任何一个老同伙说一个字，或是到任何一处老巢看一眼，或是吸一口那种空气，那对你来说就是瘟疫和死亡。趁着还有时间和机会，抛下所有这些吧！”

"She will be persuaded now," cried the young lady. "She hesitates, I am sure."

“她就要被说服了。”年轻女士叫道，“她在犹豫，我确定。”

"I fear not, my dear," said the gentleman.

“我恐怕不是，亲爱的。”绅士说道。

"No sir, I do not," replied the girl, after a short struggle. "I am

chained to my old life. I loathe and hate it now, but I cannot leave it. I must have gone too far to turn back,—and yet I don't know, for if you had spoken to me so, some time ago, I should have laughed it off. But," she said, looking hastily round, "this fear comes over me again. I must go home."

“不，先生，我不要。”姑娘挣扎了一小会儿，回答道，“我和过去的生活绑在一起了。我现在嫌恶它、讨厌它，但是却不能离开它。我一定是走得太远了，回不了头了——可我不知道，如果不久以前你对我这么说，我应该也会一笑置之的。但是，”她匆忙地环顾四周，说道，“这种恐惧又来了。我必须回家了。”

"Home!" repeated the young lady, with great stress upon the word.

“家！”年轻女士重复道，特别强调了这个字。

"Home, lady," rejoined the girl.

“家，小姐。”姑娘说，

"To such a home as I have raised for myself with the work of my whole life. Let us part. I shall be watched or seen. Go! Go! If I have done you any service all I ask is, that you leave me, and let me go my way alone."

“这么一个家是我工作了一辈子攒钱建立的。我们分开吧。我会被跟踪或是被别人看见的。走吧！走吧！如果我做的对你们有任何帮助的话，我所求的只是你们不要管我，让我走自己的路。”

"It is useless," said the gentleman, with a sigh. "We compromise her safety, perhaps, by staying here. We may have detained her longer than she expected already."

“没有用的。”绅士叹息道，“我们站在这里也许会危及她的安全。我们让她停留的时间可能已经超出她的预期了。”

"Yes, yes," urged the girl. "You have."

“是的，是的。”姑娘催道，“你们让我停留太久了。”

"What," cried the young lady, "can be the end of this poor creature's life!”

“什么，”年轻女士叫道，“这个可怜人的人生会怎样收场啊！”

"What!" repeated the girl. "Look before you, lady. Look at that dark water. How many times do you read of such as I who spring into the tide, and leave no living thing, to care for, or bewail them. It may be years hence, or it may be only months, but I shall come to that at last."

“怎样收场！”姑娘重复说，“看看你眼前，小姐。看看那黑暗的河

水。你读到过多少这种故事，像我这样的人跳进河水之中，不会有活着的人关心、担忧，或者为此痛哭。这可能是几年以后，也有可能只是几个月之后，但我最终会走到这一步的。”

"Do not speak thus, pray," returned the young lady, sobbing.

“别这么说，求求你了。”年轻女士呜咽着回话。

"It will never reach your ears, dear lady, and God forbid such horrors should!" replied the girl. "Good-night, good-night!”

“这事绝对不会传到你耳朵里的，亲爱的小姐，上帝保佑这种惨事不要发生！”姑娘回答，“晚安，晚安！”

The gentleman turned away.

绅士转过身去。

"This purse," cried the young lady. "Take it for my sake, that you may have some resource in an hour of need and trouble."

“这个钱袋，”年轻女士叫道，“看在我的份上，收下它吧，你有需要或是有麻烦了的时候多少能有些用处。”

"No!" replied the girl. "I have not done this for money. Let me have that to think of. And yet—give me something that you have worn: I should like to have something—no, no, not a ring—your gloves or handkerchief—anything that I can keep, as having belonged to you, sweet lady. There. Bless you! God bless you. Good-night, good-night!”

“不！”姑娘回答，“我这么做不是为了钱。让我记着这一点吧。但是——给我一样你戴过的东西吧，我很想要点儿什么——不，不，不是戒指——你的手套或是手帕——任何你拥有过，而我又能保存着的东西，可爱的小姐。好啦。上帝保佑！上帝保佑你。晚安，晚安！”

The violent agitation of the girl, and the apprehension of some discovery which would subject her to ill-usage and violence, seemed to determine the gentleman to leave her, as she requested.

姑娘非常激动，绅士担心被人发现可能会让她遭到暴力虐待，这似乎让他决定，要像她请求的那样让她离开。

The sound of retreating footsteps were audible and the voices ceased.

可以听见，脚步声渐渐远去，说话声也停止了。

The two figures of the young lady and her companion soon afterwards appeared upon the bridge. They stopped at the summit of the stairs.

年轻女士和她同伴的身影不一会儿就出现在桥上。他们停在了阶梯最高处。

"Hark!" cried the young lady, listening. "Did she call! I thought I heard her voice."

“听！”年轻女士一边聆听，一边叫道，“她在叫！我想我听见她的声音了。”

"No, my love," replied Mr. Brownlow, looking sadly back. "She has not moved, and will not till we are gone."

“不，亲爱的。”布朗洛先生悲哀地向后看了一下，回答道，“她没动，我们不离开她是不会走的。”

Rose Maylie lingered, but the old gentleman drew her arm through his, and led her, with gentle force, away. As they disappeared, the girl sunk down nearly at her full length upon one of the stone stairs, and vented the anguish of her heart in bitter tears.

罗丝·梅莱逗留在那里，但是老绅士拉着她的胳膊，轻轻地用了一点力把她带走了。他们离开后，姑娘几乎全身一挺地倒在一级石阶上，心中的苦闷化为了痛苦的泪水一涌而出。

After a time she arose, and with feeble and tottering steps ascended the street. The astonished listener remained motionless on his post for some minutes afterwards, and having ascertained, with many cautious glances round him, that he was again alone, crept slowly from his hiding-place, and returned, stealthily and in the shade of the wall, in the same manner as he had descended.

过了一会儿，她站了起来，脚步虚浮蹒跚地走上了街。那惊讶不已的窃听者一动不动地在原地呆了几分钟，非常谨慎地往四周环顾了好几眼，确认又只有他一个人之后，他才慢慢地从藏身之处爬了出来，用他下来时一样的方式，躲在墙的阴影下鬼鬼祟祟地往回走。

Peeping out, more than once, when he reached the top, to make sure that he was unobserved, Noah Claypole darted away at his utmost speed, and made for the Jew's house as fast as his legs would carry him.

诺亚·克雷波尔走到上面，往外窥视了好几次，确认没人看到自己，才飞奔而去，撒开双腿向犹太佬的住处狂奔。

CHAPTER XLVII Fatal consequences

第四十七章 致命后果

It was nearly two hours before day-break; that time which in the autumn of the year, may be truly called the dead of night; when the streets are silent and deserted; when even sounds appear to slumber, and profligacy and riot have staggered home to dream; it was at this still and silent hour, that Fagin sat watching in his old lair, with face so distorted and pale, and eyes so red and blood-shot, that he looked less like a man, than like some hideous phantom, moist from the grave, and worried by an evil spirit.

离天亮大约还有两个钟头，那个时间在秋季其实可能该称为深夜。街道寂静清冷，甚至各种声响都陷入了沉睡，而放荡和骚动也都摇摇晃晃地回家进入了梦乡。费金正是在这个寂静无声的时候，坐在他的老巢里等着。他的脸格外扭曲、苍白，充血的眼睛分外红肿，看着不太像个人，而是像某种可怕的幽灵，湿乎乎地爬出墓地，还受到恶魔的侵扰。

He sat crouching over a cold hearth, wrapped in an old torn coverlet, with his face turned towards a wasting candle that stood upon a table by his side. His right hand was raised to his lips, and as, absorbed in thought, he hit his long black nails, he disclosed among his toothless gums a few such fangs as should have been a dog's or rat's.

他蹲坐在冰冷的灶台上，裹着一张破床单，脸面向立在旁边桌上的一支快要燃尽的蜡烛。他右手举起，放在唇边，似乎陷入了沉思；他用长长的黑指甲敲着几颗从牙齿脱落了的牙龈上露出来的尖牙，按说只有狗或老鼠才会长这样的尖牙。

Stretched upon a mattress on the floor, lay Noah Claypole, fast asleep. Towards him the old man sometimes directed his eyes for an instant, and then brought them back again to the candle; which with a long-burnt wick drooping almost double, and hot grease falling down in clots upon the table, plainly showed that his thoughts were busy elsewhere.

诺亚·克雷波尔直直地躺在地上一张床垫上，睡得很熟。老人不时地朝他瞟一眼，然后就收回目光继续盯着蜡烛；被烧了很久的蜡烛芯垂了下来，几乎变成了两截，热热的油脂滴在桌上结成了块，这些都清楚地显示他正忙着想别的事情。

Indeed they were. Mortification at the overthrow of his notable scheme; hatred of the girl who had dared to palter with strangers; and utter distrust of the sincerity of her refusal to yield him up; bitter

disappointment at the loss of his revenge on Sikes; the fear of detection, and ruin, and death; and a fierce and deadly rage kindled by all; these were the passionate considerations which, following close upon each other with rapid and ceaseless whirl, shot through the brain of Fagin, as every evil thought and blackest purpose lay working at his heart.

事实上他确实是。他为自己的妙计落空而感到丢了面子，他憎恨那个竟敢和陌生人讨价还价的姑娘，他完全不相信姑娘拒绝出卖他是出于真心，对于自己失去了报复赛克斯的机会也非常失望。他害怕自己被抓，担心老巢被毁，畏惧死亡到来，这一切激起了一阵狂暴激烈的愤怒。这些暴怒的想法一个紧跟着一个，飞快地、不停地旋转着从费金的脑中掠过，各种邪恶的念头和最为黑暗的企图在他心里打转。

He sat without changing his attitude in the least, or appearing to take the smallest heed of time, until his quick ear seemed to be attracted by a footstep in the street.

他坐在那里，姿势一点都没变，看起来好像完全没有注意时间，直到他灵敏的耳朵似乎被大街上一阵脚步声吸引。

"At last," he muttered, wiping his dry and fevered mouth. "At last!"

“终于来了。”他擦着自己干燥发热的嘴，喃喃自语，“终于来了！”

The bell rang gently as he spoke. He crept upstairs to the door, and presently returned accompanied by a man muffled to the chin, who carried a bundle under one arm. Sitting down and throwing back his outer coat, the man displayed the burly frame of Sikes.

他说这话的时候，门铃轻轻地响了。他爬上楼走到门边，不一会儿和一个男人一起回来了，那个男人全身上下直到下巴都被裹着，胳膊下夹着一个包。坐下后，那男人把脱下的外套扔到一边，露出魁梧的身躯，这人正是赛克斯。

"There!" he said, laying the bundle on the table. "Take care of that, and do the most you can with it. It's been trouble enough to get; I thought I should have been here, three hours ago.”

“你瞧！”他把包搁在桌上，说道，“把它收好，尽全力卖个好价钱。拿到它可费了不少功夫，我本以为三个小时前就能到这儿的。”

Fagin laid his hand upon the bundle, and locking it in the cupboard, sat down again without speaking. But he did not take his eyes off the robber, for an instant, during this action; and now that they sat over against each other, face to face, he looked fixedly at him, with his lips quivering so violently, and his face so altered by the emotions which had mastered him, that the housebreaker involuntarily drew back his chair, and surveyed him with a look of

real affright.

费金拿起那个包，把它锁在柜子里，一言不发地又坐了下来。但在这个过程中，他的目光一刻也没有离开那个盗贼。现在他们面对面坐着，费金紧紧盯着赛克斯，嘴唇抖得厉害，各种情绪主宰着他，让他的脸色变来变去，这使得那个强盗不知不觉地把椅子向后挪了挪，脸上带着真实的惊恐表情打量他。

"Wot now?" cried Sikes. "Wot do you look at a man so for?"

“怎么？”赛克斯叫道，“你这么看着我干嘛？”

Fagin raised his right hand, and shook his trembling forefinger in the air; but his passion was so great, that the power of speech was for the moment gone.

费金抬起右手，在空中摇了摇发抖的食指，但他太激动了，一时间讲不出话来。

"Damme!" said Sikes, feeling in his breast with a look of alarm. "He's gone mad. I must look to myself here.”

“该死！”赛克斯说道，一脸惊慌地抚了下胸口。“他疯了。我可得小心。”

"No, no," rejoined Fagin, finding his voice. "It's not—you're not the person, Bill. I've no—no fault to find with you.”

“不，不。”费金找回了自己的声音，回答道，“不是——不是你，比尔。我没有——没有找你的麻烦。”

"Oh, you haven't, haven't you?" said Sikes, looking sternly at him, and ostentatiously passing a pistol into a more convenient pocket. "That's lucky—for one of us. Which one that is, don't matter.”

“噢，你没有，是吗？”赛克斯说着，严肃地看着他，招摇地把手枪放进一个更方便拿出的口袋里。“这是运气——对我们中的一个来说。至于是哪一个，这不重要。”

"I've got that to tell you, Bill," said Fagin, drawing his chair nearer, "will make you worse than me."

“我有话要和你说，比尔，“费金把椅子拖近了点儿，说道，“这事会让你比我更难过。”

"Aye?" returned the robber with an incredulous air. "Tell away! Look sharp, or Nance will think I'm lost.”

“是吗？”强盗一副怀疑的样子回答道，“说吧！快点儿说，要不然南希会以为我出事了的。”

"Lost!" cried Fagin. "She has pretty well settled that, in her own mind, already."

“出事！”费金叫道，“她已经在心里把这事算计好啦。”

Sikes looked with an aspect of great perplexity into the Jew's face, and reading no satisfactory explanation of the riddle there, clenched his coat collar in his huge hand and shook him soundly.

赛克斯以一副极度困惑的样子看着犹太佬的脸，在那儿没读出对谜团的满意解释，他用自己的大手抓住费金的外衣领子，狠狠地摇晃着他。

"Speak, will you!" he said; "or if you don't, it shall be for want of breath. Open your mouth and say wot you've got to say in plain words. Out with it, you thundering old cur, out with it!”

“说，你快说！”他说道，“不然我让你喘不过来气。把嘴张开，把你要说的话明明白白讲出来。说出来，你这个遭雷劈的老杂种，说出来！”

"Suppose that lad that's laying there—” Fagin began.

“假如躺在那里的那个伙计——”费金开始说。

Sikes turned round to where Noah was sleeping, as if he had not previously observed him. "Well!" he said, resuming his former position.

赛克斯转过头去看诺亚正睡着的地方，好像之前压根儿没发现他。“好啦！”他恢复之前的姿势，说道，

"Suppose that lad," pursued Fagin, "was to peach—to blow upon us all—first seeking out the right folks for the purpose, and then having a meeting with 'em in the street to paint our likenesses, describe every mark that they might know us by, and the crib where we might be most easily taken. Suppose he was to do all this, and besides to blow upon a plant we've all been in, more or less—of his own fancy; not grabbed, trapped, tried, earwigged by the parson and brought to it on bread and water,—but of his own fancy; to please his own taste; stealing out at nights to find those most interested against us, and peaching to them. Do you hear me?" cried the Jew, his eyes flashing with rage. "Suppose he did all this, what then?"

“假如那个伙计，”费金继续道，“要告发——要把我们所有人搞臭——带着这个目的首先找到合适的人，然后在街上和他们碰面，描述我们的相貌，形容我们的每一个特征，让他们能借此认出我们，还告诉他们在哪里可以最轻易地逮住我们。假如他要去做这一切，另外还要供出我们多多少少都参与了的一桩事——这全出自他自己的幻想，他既没有被抓住，也没有中圈套，或是受到教区牧师的暗中唆使，更不是说没有吃的喝的——而是出于他自己的想法，为了满足他自己的口味，在晚上偷偷溜出去，找到对我们最感兴趣的那些人，向他们告密。你听见我说的了吗？”犹太佬叫道，眼中闪着怒火。“假如他做了这一切，那怎么办？”

"What then!" replied Sikes; with a tremendous oath. "If he was left alive till I came, I'd grind his skull under the iron heel of my boot into as many grains as there are hairs upon his head.”

“怎么办！”赛克斯带着一种可怕的诅咒语气回答道，“如果在我来之前他还活着，我会用靴子的铁后跟把他的脑壳磨成粒，他脑袋上有多少根头发，就磨成多少粒。”

"What if I did it!" cried Fagin almost in a yell. "I, that knows so much, and could hang so many besides myself!"

“如果是我做的呢！”费金几乎是嚷着说道，“我知道那么多事，除了我自己，我还能让很多人都被绞死！”

"I don't know," replied Sikes, clenching his teeth and turning white at the mere suggestion. "I'd do something in the jail that 'ud get me put in irons; and if I was tried along with you, I'd fall upon you with them in the open court, and beat your brains out afore the people. I should have such strength," muttered the robber, poising his brawny arm, "that I could smash your head as if a loaded waggon had gone over it."

“我不知道。”赛克斯咬着牙回答，仅仅听到这个假设，他脸就变白了。“我会在监狱里干件什么事，让他们给我戴上镣铐。如果我和你一起受审，我会戴着它们扑在你身上，在众目睽睽之下把你的脑浆打出来。我应该有这样的力气，”强盗扬了扬肌肉发达的手臂，喃喃低语，“我能把你的脑袋打碎，碎得像一辆装满货物的马车从上面碾过去了似的。”

"You would?"

“你会这么干？”

"Would I!" said the housebreaker. 全文都用 强盗？ "Try me."

“我会的！”强盗说，“你可以试试看。”

"If it was Charley, or the Dodger, or Bet, or—" "I don't care who," replied Sikes impatiently. "Whoever it was, I'd serve them the same.”

“如果是查利，或是机灵鬼、贝特，或者——”“我不在乎是谁。”赛克斯不耐烦地回答，“不论是谁，我都会用同样的手段来对待他们。”

Fagin looked hard at the robber; and, motioning him to be silent, stooped over the bed upon the floor, and shook the sleeper to rouse him. Sikes leant forward in his chair: looking on with his hands upon his knees, as if wondering much what all this questioning and preparation was to end in.

费金死死盯住强盗，示意他安静下来，然后弯身俯向地铺，摇摇正在睡觉的人，让他起来。赛克斯坐在椅子上向前倾了下，他双手放在膝盖上看着，好像非常疑惑所有这些询问和准备都是为了什么。

"Bolter, Bolter! Poor lad!" "Poor lad!" said Fagin, looking up with an expression of devilish anticipation, and speaking slowly and with marked emphasis. "He's tired—tired with watching for her so long,—watching for—her—, Bill.”

“博尔特，博尔特！可怜的家伙！”“可怜的家伙！”费金带着一脸邪恶的期待，说得很慢，非常明显地强调，“他很疲倦——因为监视她太长时间了才很疲倦——监视——她——，比尔。”

"Wot d'ye mean?" said Sikes, drawing back.

“你是什么意思？”赛克斯缩回来，说道。

Fagin made no answer, but bending over the sleeper again, hauled him into a sitting posture. When his assumed name had been repeated several times, Noah rubbed his eyes, and, giving a heavy yawn, looked sleepily about him.

费金没有回答，而是再次弯身，把睡觉的人拖成坐着的姿势。当他的假名字被叫了好几遍后，诺亚揉揉眼睛，打了个很大的呵欠，睡眼朦胧地看着他。

"Tell me that again—once again, just for him to hear," said the Jew, pointing to Sikes as he spoke.

“再把那事和我说一遍——再来一遍，正好让他听听。”犹太佬指着赛克斯说道。

"Tell yer what?" asked the sleepy Noah, shaking himself pettishly.

“告诉他什么？”昏昏欲睡的诺亚问道，怒气冲冲地晃了晃身子。

"That about—Nancy—," said Fagin, clutching Sikes by the wrist, as if to prevent his leaving the house before he had heard enough. "You followed her?"

“那件关于——南希——的事。”费金说着，抓住赛克斯的手腕，好像要防止他还没听完就要离开这间屋子。“你跟踪她？”

"Yes."

“是的。”

"To London Bridge?"

“去了伦敦桥？”

"Yes."

“是的。”

"Where she met two people."

“她在那儿见了两个人。”

"So she did."

“她是这么做了。”

"A gentleman and a lady that she had gone to of her own accord before, who asked her to give up all her pals, and Monks first, which she did—and to describe him, which she did—and to tell her what house it was that we meet at, and go to, which she did—and where it could be best watched from, which she did—and what time the people went there, which she did. She did all this. She told it all every word without a threat, without a murmur—she did—did she not?" cried Fagin, half mad with fury.

“那是一位绅士和一位小姐，南希以前主动去找过他们，他们让她放弃自己所有的伙伴，先是蒙克斯，她照办了——让她描述他的相貌，她那么做了——要她说出我们见面和常去的酒馆，她说了——从哪里可以最好地监视我们，她说了——大家什么时候去那儿，她也说了。她做了这一切。她在没有受到一点儿威胁的情况下，牢骚都不发一下地都说了——她说了——是不是？”费金叫道，又疯狂又愤怒。

"All right," replied Noah, scratching his head. "That's just what it was!”

“没错。”诺亚抓抓头回答，“事情就是那样！”

"What did they say, about last Sunday?"

“关于上个星期天他们是怎么说的？”

"About last Sunday!" replied Noah, considering. "Why I told yer that before."

“关于上个星期天！”诺亚想了想，回答道，“我不是之前告诉过你了吗？”

"Again. Tell it again!" cried Fagin, tightening his grasp on Sikes, and brandishing his other hand aloft, as the foam flew from his lips.

“再来一遍。再把它讲一遍！”费金叫道，把赛克斯抓得更紧了，同时高高挥舞他的另一只手，唾沫横飞。

"They asked her," said Noah, who, as he grew more wakeful, seemed to have a dawning perception who Sikes was, "they asked her why she didn't come, last Sunday, as she promised. She said she couldn't.”

“他们问她，”诺亚越来越清醒了，似乎开始明白赛克斯是谁了，“他们问她，上个星期天她为什么没按约定的那样过来。她说她没法来。”

"Why—why? Tell him that.”

“为什么——为什么？告诉他。”

"Because she was forcibly kept at home by Bill, the man she had told them of before," replied Noah.

“因为比尔强迫她留在家里，她以前跟他们说起过这个人。”诺亚回答。

"What more of him?" cried Fagin. "What more of the man she had told them of before? Tell him that, tell him that."

“还说了他什么？”费金叫道，“她以前还跟他们说了他什么？告诉他，告诉他。”

"Why, that she couldn't very easily get out of doors unless he knew where she was going to," said Noah; "and so the first time she went to see the lady, she—ha! ha! ha! it made me laugh when she said it, that it did—she gave him a drink of laudanum.”

“哎，除非他知道她要去哪儿，否则她就没法轻易出门，”诺亚说，“所以她第一次去见那个小姐的时候，她——哈！哈！哈！她说这些的时候让我想笑，真的——她给他喝了鸦片酒。”

"Hell's fire!" cried Sikes, breaking fiercely from the Jew.

“天杀的！”赛克斯叫道，猛烈地挣开犹太佬的手。

"Let me go!"

“让我走！”

Flinging the old man from him, he rushed from the room, and darted, wildly and furiously, up the stairs.

他粗暴地把老头推到一边，冲出了房间，狂野愤怒地奔上楼。

"Bill, Bill!" cried Fagin, following him hastily. "A word. Only a word."

“比尔，比尔！”费金急忙跟着他，叫道，“听我一句。就一句。”

The word would not have been exchanged, but that the housebreaker was unable to open the door: on which he was expending fruitless oaths and violence, when the Jew came panting up.

这句话本来没机会说出口的，但是那强盗打不开门，他徒劳地对着它咒骂，对它使着蛮劲儿，这时犹太佬气喘吁吁地爬了上来。

"Let me out," said Sikes. "Don't speak to me; it's not safe. Let me out, I say!”

“让我出去。”赛克斯说，“别跟我说话，小心点儿。让我出去，我说！”

"Hear me speak a word," rejoined Fagin, laying his hand upon the lock. "You won't be—" "Well," replied the other.

“听我说一句。”费金把手放在锁上，又说，“你不会——”“好吧。”另一个人回答道。

"You won't be—too—violent, Bill?”

“你不会——太——暴力吧，比尔？”

The day was breaking, and there was light enough for the men to see each other's faces. They exchanged one brief glance; there was a fire in the eyes of both, which could not be mistaken.

天要亮了，光线足够让两人看清彼此的脸。他们很快地互相看了一眼，双方眼中都有不容错认的怒火。

"I mean," said Fagin, showing that he felt all disguise was now useless, "not too violent for safety. Be crafty, Bill, and not too bold."

“我的意思是，”费金表明，他感到现在所有的伪装都没用了，“为了安全，不要太暴力。放机灵点儿，比尔，别太莽撞了。”

Sikes made no reply; but, pulling open the door, of which Fagin had turned the lock, dashed into the silent streets.

赛克斯没有回答，但是，费金一打开锁，他就拉开门，冲向了寂静的街道。

Without one pause, or moment's s consideration; without once turning his head to the right or left, or raising his eyes to the sky, or lowering them to the ground, but looking straight before him with savage resolution: his teeth so tightly compressed that the strained jaw seemed starting through his skin; the robber held on his headlong course, nor muttered a word, nor relaxed a muscle, until he reached his own door. He opened it, softly, with a key; strode lightly up the stairs; and entering his own room, double-locked the door, and lifting a heavy table against it, drew back the curtain of the bed.

赛克斯一刻不停，不做任何思考，一次也没有扭头左右顾盼，也没有抬眼看天，或是低头看地，他带着报复的决心直直往前看去。他把牙死死咬在一起，绷紧的下巴好像要把皮给戳穿了。这个强盗继续一路向前冲，一声不吭，绷紧全身肌肉，直到来到了自己家门前。他用钥匙轻轻开了门，迈开大步静静上了楼，走进自己的房间，给门上了两道锁，又搬了张很重的桌子抵住门，然后拉开了床帘。

The girl was lying, half-dressed, upon it. He had roused her from her sleep, for she raised herself with a hurried and startled look.

姑娘衣衫不整地躺在上面。他把她从睡梦中弄醒，她吃惊地看了他一眼，急忙坐了起来。

"Get up!" cried the man.

“起来！”男人说。

"It is you, Bill!" said the girl, with an expression of pleasure at his return.

“是你，比尔！”姑娘说道，看见他回来显得很高兴。

"It is," was the reply. "Get up."

“是的。”男人回答，“起来。”

There was a candle burning, but the man hastily drew it from the candlestick, and hurled it under the grate. Seeing the faint light of early day without, the girl rose to undraw the curtain.

屋里点了一支蜡烛，但是男人迅速地把它从烛台上拔了下来，丢在了壁炉下面。看见外面微弱的晨光，姑娘起来，要拉开窗帘。

"Let it be," said Sikes, thrusting his hand before her. "There's enough light for wot I've got to do.”

“别管它。”赛克斯说着，猛地把手挡在她面前。“这光线对我接下来要做的事来说足够了。”

"Bill," said the girl, in the low voice of alarm, "why do you look like that at me!"

“比尔，”姑娘惊慌地低声说，“你为什么那样看着我！”

The robber sat regarding her, for a few seconds, with dilated nostrils and heaving breast; and then, grasping her by the head and throat, dragged her into the middle of the room, and looking once towards the door, placed his heavy hand upon her mouth.

强盗坐在那儿，注视了她一会儿，鼻孔张大，胸口起伏，然后，抓住她的头和脖子，把她拖到屋中间，再一次往门那儿看了看，用大手捂住了她的嘴。

"Bill, Bill!" gasped the girl, wrestling with the strength of mortal fear,— "I—I won't scream or cry—not once—hear me—speak to me—tell me what I have done!”

“比尔，比尔！”姑娘喘着气挣扎，极度的恐惧给了她力量。“我——我不会尖叫或大喊的——一下也不会——听我说——和我说话吧——告诉我，我做什么了让你这样对我！”

"You know, you she devil!" returned the robber, suppressing his breath. "You were watched to-night; every word you said was heard.”

“你自己知道，你这个恶婆娘！”强盗回答，尽量让自己呼吸平稳。“你今晚被人监视了，你说的每句话都被人听见了。”

"Then spare my life for the love of Heaven, as I spared yours," rejoined the girl, clinging to him. "Bill, dear Bill, you cannot have the heart to kill me. Oh! think of all I have given up, only this one night, for you. You—shall—have time to think, and save yourself this crime; I will not loose my hold, you cannot throw me off. Bill, Bill, for dear God's sake, for your own, for mine, stop before you spill my blood! I

have been true to you, upon my guilty soul I have!”

“那看在老天爷的份上，饶我一命吧，像我饶了你一样。”姑娘贴在他身上回答，“比尔，亲爱的比尔，你无法狠心杀死我的。噢！想想就是在这一个晚上，我为你放弃的一切吧。你——应该——找时间想一想，避免自己犯下这项罪行，我不会松手的，你休想抛下我。比尔，比尔，看在亲爱的上帝的份上，为了你自己，也为了我，在让我鲜血溅出前停下吧！我对你是真心的，我以自己有罪的灵魂发誓！”

The man struggled violently, to release his arms; but those of the girl were clasped round his, and tear her as he would, he could not tear them away.

男人激烈地挣扎，想把手臂挣开，但是姑娘的胳膊紧紧抱住他，他尽全力扯她，也没法把她的胳膊掰开。

"Bill," cried the girl, striving to lay her head upon his breast, "the gentleman and that dear lady, told me to-night of a home in some foreign country where I could end my days in solitude and peace. Let me see them again, and beg them, on my knees, to show the same mercy and goodness to you; and let us both leave this dreadful place, and far apart lead better lives, and forget how we have lived, except in prayers, and never see each other more. It is never too late to repent. They told me so—I feel it now—but we must have time—a little, little time!”

“比尔，”姑娘叫道，努力把头靠在他胸口，“那位绅士和那位亲爱的小姐今晚告诉我，我可以在国外有个家，清净安宁地过完余生。让我再见他们一次，跪下求他们，让他们也给你同样的怜悯和仁慈，让我们双双离开这个可怕的地方，走得远远的，去过更美好的日子；除了祷告的时候以外，让我们忘掉过去的生活，永远不再见其他人。悔悟永远不会太晚的。他们这么告诉我的——我现在也这么觉得——但是我需要时间——一点点，只要一点点时间！”

The housebreaker freed one arm, and grasped his pistol. The certainty of immediate detection if he fired, flashed across his mind even in the midst of his fury; and he beat it twice with all the force he could summon, upon the upturned face that almost touched his own.

强盗挣脱了一只胳膊，握住了手枪。即使在盛怒之下，他的脑中也闪过了一旦开枪肯定会马上败露的念头。姑娘的脸向上仰着，几乎挨到了他自己的脸，而他用尽全身力气拿枪托朝姑娘的脸猛敲了两下。

She staggered and fell: nearly blinded with the blood that rained down from a deep gash in her forehead; but raising herself, with difficulty, on her knees, drew from her bosom a white handkerchief—Rose Maylie's own—and holding it up, in her folded hands, as high towards Heaven as her feeble strength would allow, breathed one prayer for mercy to her Maker.

她摇晃着倒下了，鲜血从前额上一道很深的口子里流了下来，几乎盖住了眼睛。但她还是艰难地跪了起来，从胸口拽出了一块白手帕——罗丝·梅莱的那块——双手交叉，抓着手帕，用她微弱的力量尽量把它高高地向天举起，小声祷告着，祈求造物主的宽恕。

It was a ghastly figure to look upon. The murderer staggering backward to the wall, and shutting out the sight with his hand, seized a heavy club and struck her down.

这个样子看起来非常可怕。凶手摇摇晃晃地退到墙边，用手挡住视线，抓住一根沉重的棒子，把她打倒在地。

CHAPTER XLVIII The flight of sikes

第四十八章 赛克斯逃亡

Of all bad deeds that, under cover of the darkness, had been committed within wide London's bounds since night hung over it, that was the worst. Of all the horrors that rose with an ill scent upon the morning air, that was the foulest and most cruel.

夜幕降临后，在伦敦这片广大区域里发生的恶行，是所有在黑暗遮掩下的劣迹中，最恶劣的了。早晨的空气中弥漫着恶臭的气味，在所有发生的惨事里，这一件是最邪恶、最残忍的。

The sun—the bright sun, that brings back, not light alone, but new life, and hope, and freshness to man—burst upon the crowded city in clear and radiant glory. Through costly-coloured glass and paper-mended window, through cathedral dome and rotten crevice, it shed its equal ray. It lighted up the room where the murdered woman lay. It did. He tried to shut it out, but it would stream in. If the sight had been a ghastly one in the dull morning, what was it, now, in all that brilliant light!

太阳——明亮的太阳，不仅带来光明，还给人类带来了新的生命、希望以及勃勃生机——突然清晰明朗、光辉灿烂地出现在这座拥挤城市的上空。阳光公平地穿透奢华的彩色玻璃和纸糊的窗户，穿过大教堂的穹顶和腐朽的裂缝。它照亮了被谋杀的女人躺着的那个房间。赛克斯试图把阳光挡在外面，但阳光还是会照进来。如果说，这幅景象在阴暗的清晨里十分可怕的话，那么现在，在明朗的阳光下它又是怎样的呢！

He had not moved; he had been afraid to stir. There had been a moan and motion of the hand; and, with terror added to rage, he had struck and struck again. Once he threw a rug over it; but it was worse to fancy the eyes, and imagine them moving towards him, than to see them glaring upward, as if watching the reflection of the pool of gore that quivered and danced in the sunlight on the ceiling. He had plucked it off again. And there was the body—mere flesh and blood, no more—but such flesh, and so much blood!

他没有动，一下都不敢动。女人曾经发出一声呻吟，手动了一下，在盛怒之下加之恐惧让他给了她一击又一击。他曾经扔了张毯子在尸体上，但是想到那双眼睛，想到它们朝自己转过来，这要比看见它们直直地往上盯着，就像在看天花板上那滩血的倒影在阳光中轻微抖动，还要糟糕。他又把毯子拽开了。于是尸体露了出来——仅仅只有血和肉，没有别的——却是这样的肉，这么多的血！

He struck a light, kindled a fire, and thrust the club into it. There

was hair upon the end, which blazed and shrunk into a light cinder, and, caught by the air, whirled up the chimney. Even that frightened him, sturdy as he was; but he held the weapon till it broke, and then piled it on the coals to burn away, and smoulder into ashes. He washed himself, and rubbed his clothes; there were spots that would not be removed, but he cut the pieces out, and burnt them. How those stains were dispersed about the room! The very feet of the dog were bloody.

他擦燃了一根火柴，点燃炉火，把木棒塞了进去。木棒末端的毛发燃烧着萎缩成一点灰烬，被风带起，打着转飞进了烟囱。即使是这样，他也感到害怕，尽管他以前十分强壮；他抓着那件凶器，直到它破裂开来，然后把它放在煤堆上，让它烧尽，接着燃成了灰。他把自己清洗了一番，并擦了擦衣服，衣服上有些污点无法去掉，他就把这几片剪下来烧了。这些污迹怎么会弄得满屋都是！连狗的爪子上都是血。

All this time he had, never once, turned his back upon the corpse; no, not for a moment. Such preparations completed, he moved, backward, towards the door: dragging the dog with him, lest he should soil his feet anew and carry out new evidence of the crime into the streets. He shut the door softly, locked it, took the key, and left the house.

在这整段时间里，他背对着尸体，一次也没有转过身去，是的，一刻也没有。做完了这些准备之后，他朝门退去，还牵着狗，以防它把爪子再弄脏，把这项罪行的新证据带到大街上。他轻轻地关门落锁，拿了钥匙，离开了房子。

He crossed over, and glanced up at the window, to be sure that nothing was visible from the outside. There was the curtain still drawn, which she would have opened to admit the light she never saw again. It lay nearly under there. —He—knew that. 原文 God, how the sun poured down upon the very spot!

他穿到马路对面，向上朝窗户看了一眼，确定从外面什么也看不见。窗帘仍然低垂着，她本想打开它，让阳光照进去，但她再也见不到光亮了。尸体几乎就躺在那下面。——他——知道的。上帝，阳光怎么偏偏倾洒在那个地方！

The glance was instantaneous. It was a relief to have got free of the room. He whistled on the dog, and walked rapidly away.

那一眼只是一瞬间的事。它是对摆脱了那间屋子的一个安慰。他对狗吹着口哨，快速地走开了。

He went through Islington; strode up the hill at Highgate on which stands the stone in honour of Whittington; turned down to Highgate Hill, unsteady of purpose, and uncertain where to go; struck off to the right again, almost as soon as he began to descend it; and

taking the foot-path across the fields, skirted Caen Wood, and so came on Hampstead Heath. 地名 Traversing the hollow by the Vale of Heath, he mounted the opposite bank, and crossing the road which joins the villages of Hampstead and Highgate, made along the remaining portion of the heath to the fields at North End, in one of which he laid himself down under a hedge, and slept.

他穿过伊斯灵顿，大步越过在海格特旁边、矗立着惠廷顿纪念碑的小山坡，转向海格特山。他没有确定的目标，不知道该到哪儿去，几乎刚开始下山，他就再次往右边穿过去，走上穿过田野的小径，沿着凯恩森林的边缘，来到了汉普斯特德荒地。横穿过希斯谷旁边的小山谷，他爬上对面的山坡，又穿过了连接汉普斯特德和海格特两处村子的大路，沿着余下的那段荒地来到了北郊的田野，他在一块地的树篱下面躺了下来，睡着了。

Soon he was up again, and away,—not far into the country, but back towards London by the high-road—then back again—then over another part of the same ground as he already traversed—then wandering up and down in fields, and lying on ditches' brinks to rest, and starting up to make for some other spot, and do the same, and ramble on again.

很快他又爬起来赶路——不是深入村庄，而是沿着大路朝伦敦方向返回——然后又倒回来——接着从另一侧越过他已经穿行了的同一片地——然后在田野里四处游荡，在水渠边休息，又突然跃起换一个地点，做同样的事情，然后再次闲逛。

Where could he go, that was near and not too public, to get some meat and drink? Hendon. 地名 That was a good place, not far off, and out of most people's way. Thither he directed his steps,—running sometimes, and sometimes, with a strange perversity, loitering at a snail's pace, or stopping altogether and idly breaking the hedges with a stick. But when he got there, all the people he met—the very children at the doors—seemed to view him with suspicion. Back he turned again, without the courage to purchase bit or drop, though he had tasted no food for many hours; and once more he lingered on the Heath, uncertain where to go.

他能去附近哪个人不太多的地方弄些吃的和喝的呢？亨登。那是个好地方，不算太远，并且很少有人路过。他决定往那儿走——一会儿奔跑，一会儿又出于一种怪癖，以蜗牛那样的速度游荡，或是完全停下来，无所事事地用木棍毁坏树篱。但是当他到达那地方的时候，他遇见的所有人——甚至是门边的孩子们——似乎都用怀疑的眼神看他。他再次转身，没有勇气买一点儿吃的，或是一滴喝的，尽管他已经很多个钟头没有吃过东西了，他再一次徘徊在荒地上，不知道要去哪里。

He wandered over miles and miles of ground, and still came back to the old place. Morning and noon had passed, and the day was on

the wane, and still he rambled to and fro, and up and down, and round and round, and still lingered about the same spot. At last he got away, and shaped his course for Hatfield. 地名

他徘徊了很多里路，还是回到了老地方。早晨和中午过去了，白天就要结束了。他仍在来回游荡，上上下下，兜了一圈又一圈，还是在同一个地方逗留。最后他离开了，动身前往哈特菲尔德。

It was nine o'clock at night, when the man, quite tired out, and the dog, limping and lame from the unaccustomed exercise, turned down the hill by the church of the quiet village, and plodding along the little street, crept into a small public-house, whose scanty light had guided them to the spot. There was a fire in the tap-room, and some country-labourers were drinking before it.

这时已是晚上九点，这个男人相当精疲力尽，连狗也因为这不寻常的运动变得一瘸一拐的。村子很安静，他们从教堂旁边的小山坡走下来，沿着小街，步伐沉重地缓步走着；他们悄悄走进了一家小酒馆，那里昏暗的光线把他们引了过去。酒吧间里生了炉火，几个农民正在炉火前喝酒。

They made room for the stranger, but he sat down in the furthest corner, and ate and drank alone, or rather with his dog: to whom he cast a morsel of food from time to time.

他们给陌生人让出了一块地方，但他却在最远的角落坐了下来，独自吃喝，或者说是跟他的狗一起吃喝，他不时给狗扔一些食物。

The conversation of the men assembled here, turned upon the neighbouring land, and farmers; and when those topics were exhausted, upon the age of some old man who had been buried on the previous Sunday; 周日 星期日 礼拜日 the young men present considering him very old, and the old men present declaring him to have been quite young—not older, one white-haired grandfather said, than he was—with ten or fifteen year of life in him at least—if he had taken care; if he had taken care.

聚在这儿的男人们，聊起了附近的土地和农民，当那些话题没什么可说的之后，又谈起了上周日下葬的某位老人的年龄。在场的年轻人认为他很老了，而老年人则宣称他还相当年轻——一个满头白发的老爷子说，他没有自己年纪大——他至少还能再活十到十五年，如果他注意保养了的话，如果他注意保养了。

There was nothing to attract attention, or excite alarm in this. The robber, after paying his reckoning, sat silent and unnoticed in his corner, and had almost dropped asleep, when he was half wakened by the noisy entrance of a new comer.

这谈话里没什么能引起注意或激起恐慌的东西。强盗付完账单之

后，静静地坐在角落里，无人注意，然后他几乎要睡着了，这时他被一个新来的客人进门的吵闹声弄得清醒了一半。

This was an antic fellow, half pedlar and half mountebank, who travelled about the country on foot to vend hones, strops, razors, washballs, harness-paste, medicine for dogs and horses, cheap perfumery, cosmetics, and such-like wares, which he carried in a case slung to his back. His entrance was the signal for various homely jokes with the countrymen, which slackened not until he had made his supper, and opened his box of treasures, when he ingeniously contrived to unite business with amusement.

这是个哗众取宠的小贩兼江湖骗子，他在乡间徒步旅行，兜售磨刀石、皮带、剃刀、洗衣球、马具浆糊、医治狗和马的药、廉价香水、化妆品，以及类似的货物，他把这些都装在背上的一个箱子里。他一进来，就跟乡下人讲起各种各样的家常笑话，直到他吃完晚饭，才缓了下来。他打开自己的宝贝箱子，非常巧妙地设法把生意和娱乐结合了起来。

"And what be that stoof? Good to eat, Harry?" asked a grinning countryman, pointing to some composition-cakes in one corner.

“那是什么东西？好吃吗，哈里？”一个咧着嘴笑的乡下人，指着角落里一些形状像蛋糕的东西问道。

"This," said the fellow, producing one, "this is the infallible and invaluable composition for removing all sorts of stain, rust, dirt, mildew, spick, speck, spot, or spatter, from silk, satin, linen, cambric, cloth, crape, stuff, carpet, merino, muslin, bombazeen, or woollen stuff. spick无法查证此词 Wine-stains, fruit-stains, beer-stains, water-stains, paint-stains, pitch-stains, any stains, all come out at one rub with the infallible and invaluable composition. If a lady stains her honour, she has only need to swallow one cake and she's cured at once—for it's poison. If a gentleman wants to prove this, he has only need to bolt one little square, and he has put it beyond question—for it's quite as satisfactory as a pistol-bullet, and a great deal nastier in the flavour, consequently the more credit in taking it. One penny a square. With all these virtues, one penny a square!”

“这个，”那家伙拿起一个说，“这个是绝对可靠的无价合成物，可以去除丝绸、缎子、亚麻、棉布、衣料、填料、地毯、绉纱、呢绒、平纹细布、斜纹布，或是羊毛纺织品上的各种各样的染色、锈斑、泥土、霉菌、斑点、污点，或泼溅的印迹。不论是葡萄酒渍、水果渍、啤酒渍、水渍、涂料渍,还是沥青渍，任何污渍，只要用绝对可靠的无价混合物擦一下，就能全部除去。如果哪位女士名誉被玷污，她只需要吞下一块这种蛋糕，就能药到病除——因为它是一种毒药。如果哪位绅士想要证明这一点，他只需要咽下一小块，就会确信无疑了——因为它像手枪子弹一样令人满意，并且在味道上要更让人厌恶得多，因此拿它更加可靠。

一便士一小块。它有这么多好处，一小块只要一便士！”

There were two buyers directly, and more of the listeners plainly hesitated. The vendor observing this, increased in loquacity.

立刻就有两个人买了，更多的听众明显在犹豫。小贩注意到这一点，叫卖得更起劲了。

"It's all bought up as fast as it can be made," said the fellow. "There are fourteen water-mills, six steam-engines, and a galvanic battery, always a-working upon it, and they can't make it fast enough, though the men work so hard that they die off, and the widows is pensioned directly, with twenty pound a-year for each of the children, and a premium of fifty for twins. One penny a square! Two half-pence is all the same, and four farthings is received with joy. One penny a square! Wine-stains, fruit-stains, beer-stains, water-stains, paint-stains, pitch-stains, mud-stains, blood-stains! Here is a stain upon the hat of a gentleman in company, that I'll take clean out, before he can order me a pint of ale.”

“它一问世，就立刻被抢购一空啦。”那家伙说，“现在有十四座水磨，六座蒸汽机，还有一个原电池在不停地生产它。还是生产得不够快，尽管工人们拼命工作，累得丢了性命，寡妇们马上得了抚恤金，一个孩子一年二十镑，双胞胎补贴五十镑。一小块只要一便士！半便士的来两个也一样，四分之一便士的收四个我也很乐意。一小块只要一便士！葡萄酒渍、水果渍、啤酒渍、水渍、涂料渍、沥青渍、泥渍、血渍！这是在座的一位绅士帽子上的一个污点，他还没来得及请我喝一品脱啤酒，我就会把这污点弄干净。”

"Hah!" cried Sikes starting up. "Give that back."

“嘿！”赛克斯猛地站起来叫道，“把它还给我。”

"I'll take it clean out, sir," replied the man, winking to the company, "before you can come across the room to get it. Gentlemen all, observe the dark stain upon this gentleman's hat, no wider than a shilling, but thicker than a half-crown. Whether it is a wine-stain, fruit-stain, beer-stain, water-stain, paint-stain, pitch-stain, mud-stain, or blood-stain—" The man got no further, for Sikes with a hideous imprecation overthrew the table, and tearing the hat from him, burst out of the house.

“我会把它弄干净的，先生，”那人朝在座的人眨眨眼，回答道，“在您穿过房间拿到它之前。先生们，都注意看这位绅士帽子上的这个深色污点，不比一个先令大，却比一个半克朗的硬币还要厚。不论它是葡萄酒渍、水果渍、啤酒渍、水渍、涂料渍、沥青渍、泥渍还是血——渍——”这人没能继续说下去，因为赛克斯发出一声可怕的咒骂，推翻了桌子，从他那儿扯回帽子，冲出了酒馆。

With the same perversity of feeling and irresolution that had fastened upon him, despite himself, all day, the murderer, finding that he was not followed, and that they most probably considered him some drunken sullen fellow, turned back up the town, and getting out of the glare of the lamps of a stage-coach that was standing in the street, was walking past, when he recognised the mail from London, and saw that it was standing at the little post-office. He almost knew what was to come; but he crossed over, and listened.

同样的反常情绪和犹豫不定牢牢控制着这个凶手，折磨了他整整一天，他发现自己没有被跟踪，并且他们很可能以为自己只是某个闷闷不乐的醉汉，就回头向镇上走去。一辆公共马车停在路边，他避开马车的灯光，从旁边经过时，认出了这是从伦敦来的驿车，看见它停在小邮局的前面。他差不多知道接下来要发生什么，但还是穿过马路，留神听着。

The guard was standing at the door, waiting for the letter-bag. A man, dressed like a game-keeper, came up at the moment, and he handed him a basket which lay ready on the pavement.

驿车押运员站在门边，等着邮包。这时，一个穿得像猎场看守人的男人出现了，押运员交给他一个已经放在人行道上的篮子。

"That's for your people," said the guard. "Now, look alive in there, will you. Damn that'ere bag, it warn't ready night afore last; this won't do, you know!”

“这是给你的人的。”押运员说，“喂，里面的人快点儿行不行。那该死的邮包，前天晚上都还没弄好，这样不行，你知道的！”

"Anything new up in town, Ben?" asked the game-keeper, drawing back to the window-shutters, the better to admire the horses.

“城里有什么新鲜事吗，本？”猎场看守人为了更好地欣赏那几匹马，向百叶窗退去。

"No, nothing that I knows on," replied the man, pulling on his gloves. "Corn's up a little. I heerd talk of a murder, too, down Spitalfields way, but I don't reckon much upon it.” 地名无法查证，建议沿用参考译文

“不，据我所知没有。”男人回答着，戴上手套。“小麦价格涨了一点儿。我还听说了斯皮达菲那里的一起凶杀案，但是我不太相信。”

"Oh, that's quite true," said a gentleman inside, who was looking out of the window. "And a dreadful murder it was."

“噢，确实是真的。”马车里面的一位绅士一面从窗户向外看，一面说道，“而且是一起可怕的凶杀案。”

"Was it, sir?"rejoined the guard, touching his hat. "Man or woman,

pray, sir?"

“是吗，先生？”押运员碰了碰帽子，又说，“是男人还是女人，劳驾，先生？”

"A woman," replied the gentleman. "It is supposed—" "Now, Ben," replied the coachman impatiently.

“一个女人。”绅士回答，“根据猜测——”“喂，本。”马车夫不耐烦地喊道。

"Damn that'ere bag," said the guard; "are you gone to sleep in there?"

“那该死的邮包，”押运员说，“里面的人睡着了吗？”

"Coming!" cried the office keeper, running out.

“来啦！”邮局管理员跑出来叫道。

"Coming," growled the guard. "Ah, and so's the young 'ooman of property that's going to take a fancy to me, but I don't know when. Here, give hold. All ri—ight!”

“来啦。”押运员咆哮着说，“啊，将要爱上我的那位有钱小姐也会来的，但是我不知道什么时候才会来。好啦，抓好了。好——咧！”

The horn sounded a few cheerful notes, and the coach was gone.

喇叭发出几个欢快的音符，马车离开了。

Sikes remained standing in the street, apparently unmoved by what he had just heard, and agitated by no stronger feeling than a doubt where to go. At length he went back again, and took the road which leads from Hatfield to St. Albans.

赛克斯仍然站在街上，显然对刚听到的那些无动于衷，他除了疑惑要到哪儿去，没有更强烈的焦虑了。最终他又走了回去，走上从哈特菲尔德通向圣奥尔本斯的大路。

He went on doggedly; but as he left the town behind him, and plunged into the solitude and darkness of the road, he felt a dread and awe creeping upon him which shook him to the core. Every object before him, substance or shadow, still or moving, took the semblance of some fearful thing; but these fears were nothing compared to the sense that haunted him of that morning's ghastly figure following at his heels. He could trace its shadow in the gloom, supply the smallest item of the outline, and note how stiff and solemn it seemed to stalk along. He could hear its garments rustling in the leaves, and every breath of wind came laden with that last low cry. If he stopped it did the same. If he ran, it followed—not running too: that would have been a relief: but like a corpse endowed with the mere machinery of

life, and borne on one slow melancholy wind that never rose or fell.

他固执地往前走，但当他把小镇抛在身后，投入大路上的孤独黑暗里的时候，他感到一丝恐惧和畏怯在身上蔓延，彻底动摇了他。他面前的所有物体，实物或影子，静态的或动态的，都很像某种可怕的东西，但这些恐惧都比不上萦绕在他周围的那种感觉，他感到那天早晨的可怕身影一直跟在他身后。他能在一片幽暗中发现它的影子，说出它轮廓最细小的特征，记下它一路走来的样子是多么僵硬阴森。他能听见它的衣服在树叶间沙沙作响，以及每阵风都带来的那最后一声低低的叫喊。如果他停下，它也停下。如果他跑起来，它就跟着——并非也在跑，要是它也跑，那也算是一种安慰，但是它像一具仅仅被赋予了生命机能的尸体，被一阵缓慢忧郁、既不上升也不下沉的风往前推动。

At times, he turned, with desperate determination, resolved to beat this phantom off, though it should look him dead; but the hair rose on his head, and his blood stood still, for it had turned with him and was behind him then. He had kept it before him that morning, but it was behind now—always. He leaned his back against a bank, and felt that it stood above him, visibly out against the cold night-sky. He threw himself upon the road—on his back upon the road. At his head it stood, silent, erect, and still—a living grave-stone, with its epitaph in blood.

有时，他带着不顾一切的决心转过身来，决定赶跑这个幻影，尽管它会死死看着他。但是他头发都竖了起来，血液也凝固了，因为它也随他转过身来，就在他身后。那天早晨的事一直在他面前，但是现在它在他的身后了——一直在。他背靠着一个土堆，感到它站在他上面，在寒冷的夜空中清晰可见。他躺倒在大路上——背贴着路面。它则笔直地、静静地立在他头顶，一动不动——一块活墓碑，碑文由鲜血撰写。

Let no man talk of murderers escaping justice, and hint that Providence must sleep. There were twenty score of violent deaths in one long minute of that agony of fear.

谁都别说凶手可以逍遥法外，并且暗示上帝一定睡着了。在恐惧带来的极度痛苦中，度过漫长的一分钟，就相当于惨死二十回。

There was a shed in a field he passed, that offered shelter for the night. Before the door, were three tall poplar trees, which made it very dark within; and the wind moaned through them with a dismal wail. He—could not—walk on, till daylight came again; and here he stretched himself close to the wall—to undergo new torture.

他经过的一片田地里有个小屋子，这为他提供了一个过夜的栖身之处。屋门前是三棵高高的白杨树，这使屋里非常暗，风带着凄凉的哀号从树间呜咽而过。他——不能——继续走了，直到再次天亮，在这里他紧靠着墙，伸展肢体——来忍受新的折磨。

For now, a vision came before him, as constant and more terrible

than that from which he had escaped. Those widely staring eyes, so lustreless and so glassy, that he had better borne to see them than think upon them, appeared in the midst of the darkness: light in themselves, but giving light to nothing. There were but two, but they were everywhere. If he shut out the sight, there came the room with every well-known object—some, indeed, that he would have forgotten, if he had gone over its contents from memory—each in its accustomed place. The body was in—its—place, and its eyes were as he saw them when he stole away. He got up, and rushed into the field without. The figure was behind him. He re-entered the shed, and shrunk down once more. The eyes were there, before he had laid himself along.

现在，一个幻影来到他面前，和他逃避的那个一样顽固，并且更加可怕。那些睁得大大的眼睛出现在黑暗之中，如此黯淡无神，让他宁肯忍受看着它们，也不愿想象它们，它们自己会发光，却无法照亮任何东西。仅仅只有两只眼睛，但它们却无处不在。如果他闭上眼睛，脑海中就会出现那个每样物品他都熟知的房间——事实上，如果他按记忆浏览一遍房中物品的话，有些他应该已经忘了——每样东西都在它通常的位置上。尸体也在——它的——位置上，那眼睛就像他溜走时看见的一样。他爬起来，冲进了外面的田地。那身影跟在他后面。他又回到小屋，再一次蜷缩起来。那双眼睛在他躺下之前就出现在那里。

And here he remained in such terror as none but he can know, trembling in every limb, and the cold sweat starting from every pore, when suddenly there arose upon the night-wind the noise of distant shouting, and the roar of voices mingled in alarm and wonder. Any sound of men in that lonely place, even though it conveyed a real cause of alarm, was something to him. He regained his strength and energy at the prospect of personal danger; and springing to his feet, rushed into the open air.

此时，他继续留在这种只有他自己才知道的恐惧中，四肢发抖，浑身所有的毛孔都直冒冷汗。突然，夜风中传来远处叫嚷呼喊的喧闹声音，里面掺杂着恐慌和惊愕。在那种偏僻的地方，任何人声，即使它传达的真的是恐慌的到来，对他而言也意义非凡。想到关系到个人安危，他重新获得了力量和精神，一下子跳了起来，冲到了外面的田地里。

The broad sky seemed on fire. Rising into the air with showers of sparks, and rolling one above the other, were sheets of flame, lighting the atmosphere for miles round, and driving clouds of smoke in the direction where he stood. The shouts grew louder as new voices swelled the roar, and he could hear the cry of Fire! mingled with the ringing of an alarm-bell, the fall of heavy bodies, and the cracking of flames as they twined round some obstacle, and shot aloft as though refreshed by food. The noise increased as he looked. There were people there—men and women—light, bustle. It was like new life to

him. He darted onward—straight, headlong—dashing through brier and brake, and leaping gate and fence as madly as his dog, who careered with loud and sounding bark before him.

广阔的天空似乎都着了火。片片火焰带着倾泻四溅的火星冲上天，翻卷着一片高过一片，照亮了周围几里的天空，朝他站着的方向推来一团团浓烟。叫嚷声变得更大了，因为新的声音加入了呼喊的行列，他能听见“着火了！”的大叫，与警钟的鸣响、沉重的物体倒下的声音，以及火焰发出的噼啪声混杂在一起，火焰缠绕住某个障碍物，火舌朝天空窜起，就像得到了食物的补充。他看着看着，喧闹声更大了。那里有人——有男人，也有女人——火光明亮，闹哄哄的，一片忙乱。这对他来说，就像新的生命一样。他往前狂奔起来——直直地一头向前冲——冲过荆棘和灌木丛，越过大门和篱笆，像他那只一边在他前面猛冲，一边大声吠叫的狗一样疯狂。

He came upon the spot. There were half-dressed figures tearing to and fro, some endeavouring to drag the frightened horses from the stables, others driving the cattle from the yard and out-houses, and others coming laden from the burning pile, amidst a shower of falling sparks, and the tumbling down of red-hot beams. The apertures, where doors and windows stood an hour ago, disclosed a mass of raging fire; walls rocked and crumbled into the burning well; the molten lead and iron poured down, white hot, upon the ground. Women and children shrieked, and men encouraged each other with noisy shouts and cheers. The clanking of the engine-pumps, and the spirting and hissing of the water as it fell upon the blazing wood, added to the tremendous roar. He shouted, too, till he was hoarse; and flying from memory and himself, plunged into the thickest of the throng. Hither and thither he dived that night: now working at the pumps, and now hurrying through the smoke and flame, but never ceasing to engage himself wherever noise and men were thickest. Up and down the ladders, upon the roofs of buildings, over floors that quaked and trembled with his weight, under the lee of falling bricks and stones, in every part of that great fire was he; but he bore a charmed life, and had neither scratch nor bruise, nor weariness nor thought, till morning dawned again, and only smoke and blackened ruins remained.

他来到了现场。很多衣衫不整的身影在来回奔跑，一些人试图把受惊的马从马厩拉出来，另一些则把牛从院子和牛棚里赶出来，还有一些在飞溅的火星中以及将要坍塌的、炽热的横梁下，从火堆里往外搬东西。一个小时之前本是门和窗的地方，现在变成喷出熊熊烈火的缝隙，墙壁在燃烧的火井中摇晃崩塌，铅和铁融化成白色的滚烫液体，倾泻到地上。女人和孩子尖叫着，男人们用吵闹的呼喊和吆喝互相鼓劲。消防水泵的铿然之声，水落在燃烧的木头上发出的哗哗声和嘶嘶声，汇聚到巨大的轰鸣声中。赛克斯也高声呼喊起来，直到嗓子都哑了，他摆脱了

记忆，也摆脱了自己，跳进了最密集的人群。这天晚上他冲来冲去，一会儿开动水泵，一会儿又急忙穿过烟火，一刻不停地让自己在喧闹声和人群最密集的地方忙碌。他上上下下地爬梯子、上房顶，穿过几乎撑不住他的体重而摇摇晃晃的楼层，冒着掉落的砖头和石块，出现在大火燃烧的每一个地方；但他如有神助，既没有被擦伤，也没有被碰伤，一点儿都不疲惫，脑中空空如也，直到再次破晓，四周只剩下烟雾和焦黑的废墟。

This mad excitement over, there returned, with ten-fold force, the dreadful consciousness of his crime. He looked suspiciously about him, for the men were conversing in groups, and he feared to be the subject of their talk. The dog obeyed the significant beck of his finger, and they drew off, stealthily, together. He passed near an engine where some men were seated, and they called to him to share in their refreshment. He took some bread and meat; and as he drank a draught of beer, heard the firemen, who were from London, talking about the murder. "He has gone to Birmingham, they say," said one: "but they'll have him yet, for the scouts are out, and by to-morrow night there'll be a cry all through the country.”

这疯狂的兴奋劲儿过去之后，那关于他犯下罪行的可怕意识带着十倍的威力回来了。他疑心很重地环顾四周，人们在成群地交谈，他害怕自己成为他们谈话的主题。他意味深长地动了动手指，狗听他使唤，他们一起悄悄离开了。他经过一个水泵近旁时，坐在那儿的几个人招呼他一起吃些东西。他吃了点儿面包和肉，刚喝了一口啤酒，就听见伦敦来的消防员们在谈论那起凶杀案。“他们说他去了伯明翰，”一个人说，“但他们还是会抓住他的，因为侦探们已经出发了，明天晚上之前通缉令就会遍布全国。”

He hurried off, and walked till he almost dropped upon the ground; then lay down in a lane, and had a long, but broken and uneasy sleep. He wandered on again, irresolute and undecided, and oppressed with the fear of another solitary night.

他急忙离开了，一直走到几乎倒在地上。然后他在一条小路上躺下，睡了一觉，这一觉时间很长，却断断续续，并不安稳。他再次徘徊起来，踌躇不定，并且感到恐惧的压迫，他害怕又是一个孤独的夜晚。

Suddenly, he took the desperate resolution to going back to London.

突然，他孤注一掷，决定回到伦敦去。

"There's somebody to speak to there, at all event," he thought. "A good hiding-place, too. They'll never expect to nab me there, after this country scent. Why can't I lie by for a week or so, and, forcing blunt from Fagin, get abroad to France? Damme, I'll risk it.”

“无论如何，在那里可以和人说说话。”他想，“也是个藏身的好地

方。我在乡下留下这处踪迹后，他们绝对想不到在那儿逮我。我为什么不歇上一个星期左右，然后硬逼费金给我一笔钱，到法国去呢？该死，我来冒这个险。”

He acted upon this impulse without delay, and choosing the least frequented roads began his journey back, resolved to lie concealed within a short distance of the metropolis, and, entering it at dusk by a circuitous route, to proceed straight to that part of it which he had fixed on for his destination.

他立刻把这阵心血来潮付诸于行动，挑选了人们最不常走的道路，开始了他回程的旅途；他下定决心要在距首都不远处栖身藏匿，然后采取一条迂回的路线在黄昏进入伦敦，接着直接奔向城中他事先选定的目的地。

The dog, though. If any description of him were out, it would not be forgotten that the dog was missing, and had probably gone with him. This might lead to his apprehension as he passed along the streets. He resolved to drown him, and walked on, looking about for a pond: picking up a heavy stone and tying it to his handkerchief as he went.

可是还有狗。如果有任何对他的描述已经发出去了，那么有一点不会被忘记，那就是狗也不见了，并且很可能跟他在一起。这可能导致他在沿街行走的时候被捕。他决定淹死这条狗，于是继续往前走，四下张望，寻找池塘；他捡起一块很重的石头，一边走一边把它拴在手帕上。

The animal looked up into his master's face while these preparations were making; whether his instinct apprehended something of their purpose, or the robber's sidelong look at him was sterner than ordinary, he skulked a little farther in the rear than usual, and cowered as he came more slowly along. When his master halted at the brink of a pool, and looked round to call him, he stopped outright.

他做这些准备的时候，那只狗抬起头来，看着主人的脸。不知是它的本能察觉到某些目的，还是强盗侧眼看它的样子比平常还要严厉，它偷偷摸摸地走在后面，比平常落得更远一点，并且越走越慢，畏畏缩缩的。当它的主人停在池塘边，环顾四下叫它的时候，它彻底停了下来。

"Do you hear me call? Come here!" cried Sikes.

“你听见我叫你了没？过来！”赛克斯叫道。

The animal came up from the very force of habit; but as Sikes stooped to attach the handkerchief to his throat, he uttered a low growl and started back.

那狗受习惯驱使走上前来，但是当赛克斯弯腰把手帕绑在它脖子上时，它发出一声低低的咆哮，向后退去。

"Come back!" said the robber.

“回来！”强盗说。

The dog wagged his tail, but moved not. Sikes made a running noose and called him again.

狗摇了摇尾巴，但是没有动。赛克斯做了个活套，再一次叫它过来。

The dog advanced, retreated, paused an instant, and scoured away at his hardest speed.

狗向前挪动，又向后退去，停了一下，然后以最快的速度跑了。

The man whistled again and again, and sat down and waited in the expectation that he would return. But no dog appeared, and at length he resumed his journey.

男人一遍遍地吹着口哨，坐下来等着，希望它会回来。但是狗没再出现，最终，他重返旅途。

CHAPTER XLIX Monks and Mr. Brownlow at length meet. Their conversation, and the intelligence that interrupts it

第四十九章 蒙克斯和布朗洛先生终于见面，他们的谈话以及打断此次谈话的一则消息

The twilight was beginning to close in, when Mr. Brownlow alighted from a hackney-coach at his own door, and knocked softly. The door being opened, a sturdy man got out of the coach and stationed himself on one side of the steps, while another man, who had been seated on the box, dismounted too, and stood upon the other side. At a sign from Mr. Brownlow, they helped out a third man, and taking him between them, hurried him into the house. This man was Monks.

暮色开始降临，布朗洛先生此时刚从一辆出租马车上下来。他走到自己家门前，轻轻敲了敲门。门开了。与此同时，一个健壮的男人出了马车，站到了车踏板的一侧；另一个原本坐在车座上的男人也下了车，站到了车踏板的另一侧。布朗洛先生打了个手势，那两人扶着第三个人出了马车。他们把他夹在中间，急匆匆地进了房子。这个人就是蒙克斯。

They walked in the same manner up the stairs without speaking, and Mr. Brownlow, preceding them, led the way into a back-room. At the door of this apartment, Monks, who had ascended with evident reluctance, stopped. The two men looked at the old gentleman as if for instructions.

三个人就这样默默上了楼。布朗洛先生走在前面，把他们领进了一个位置靠里的房间。上楼的时候，蒙克斯就表现得很不情愿，等到了房门前，他干脆停下不走了。那两个男人看着老绅士，像是在等待指示。

"He knows the alternative," said Mr. Browlow. "If he hesitates or moves a finger but as you bid him, drag him into the street, call for the aid of the police, and impeach him as a felon in my name."

“他知道自己有几条路可以选。”布朗洛先生说，“如果他犹豫了，或是不按你们的吩咐，做出什么小动作来，就把他拖到大街上去，叫警察来帮忙，并以我的名义检举他，控告他是个重罪犯。”

"How dare you say this of me?" asked Monks.

“你怎么敢这样说我？”蒙克斯问道。

"How dare you urge me to it, young man?" replied Mr. Brownlow, confronting him with a steady look. "Are you mad enough to leave

this house? Unhand him. There, sir. You are free to go, and we to follow. But I warn you, by all I hold most solemn and most sacred, that instant will have you apprehended on a charge of fraud and robbery. I am resolute and immoveable. If you are determined to be the same, your blood be upon your own head!"

“你怎么敢逼我这样说，年轻人？”布朗洛先生目不转睛地与他对视，回答道，“你已经愚蠢到要离开这所房子了吗？松开他。好啦，先生。你可以走了，这是你的自由；我们也会跟着你，这是我们的自由。但我警告你，以我心中最神圣、最庄严的一切警告你，你一旦踏出这所房子，会立刻因诈骗和抢劫罪被捕。我已打定主意，决不动摇。如果你还是要一意孤行，那么你的罪必归到你自己的头上！”

"By what authority am I kidnapped in the street, and brought here by these dogs?" asked Monks, looking from one to the other of the men who stood beside him.

“这些走狗在大街上绑架我，还把我带到这儿来，又是谁的授意？”蒙克斯一边问，一边依次打量着站在他身边的两个男人。

"By mine," replied Mr. Brownlow. "Those persons are indemnified by me. If you complain of being deprived of your liberty—you had power and opportunity to retrieve it as you came along, but you deemed it advisable to remain quiet—I say again, throw yourself for protection on the law. I will appeal to the law too; but when you have gone too far to recede, do not sue to me for leniency, when the power will have passed into other hands; and do not say I plunged you down the gulf into which you rushed, yourself.”

“是我。”布朗洛先生答道,“这些人是受我庇护的。如果你是在抱怨自由被剥夺了的话——在来的路上，你就有权利也有机会重获自由，但当时你却认为保持沉默比较明智——我再说一遍，你可以把自己置于法律的保护之下。我也会诉诸法律。但是当你走得太远、无法回头时，别来求我对你宽大处理，那时权利已经转到了别人手上；也别说是我把你推进深渊的，推你进深渊的恰恰是你自己。”

Monks was plainly disconcerted, and alarmed besides. He hesitated.

很显然，蒙克斯此时已是心神不宁，甚至还有些惊慌失措。他犹豫了。

"You will decide quickly," said Mr. Brownlow, with perfect firmness and composure. "If you wish me to prefer my charges publicly, and consign you to a punishment the extent of which, although I can, with a shudder, foresee, I cannot control, once more, I say, for you know the way. If not, and you appeal to my forbearance, and the mercy of those you have deeply injured, seat yourself, without a word, in that chair. It has waited for you two whole days."

“你快点决定好。”布朗洛先生说，语气坚定、气势沉稳，“如果你希望我公开提出指控，并且把你移交法办的话，那我对你的量刑无能为力；尽管我能预见到你将会受到什么程度的处罚，尽管一想到那种处罚我也会浑身哆嗦。我再说一遍，这条路你也知道地很清楚。如果你也不希望如此，你求我宽恕你，求那些曾被你深深伤害过的人对你宽大处理，那就一个字也别说，坐到那把椅子上去吧。这把椅子已经等了你整整两天了。

Monks muttered some unintelligible words, but wavered still.

蒙克斯咕哝了几句，但谁也没听明白他说了什么。他还是站在那里，犹豫不前。

"You will be prompt," said Mr. Brownlow. "A word from me, and the alternative has gone for ever."

“你快点。”布朗洛先生说，“只要我一句话，你就再也没有选择的余地了。”

Still the man hesitated.

那个男人还是摇摆不定。

"I have not the inclination to parley," said Mr. Brownlow, "and, as I advocate the dearest interests of others, I have not the right."

“我没有谈判的爱好，”布朗洛先生说，“也没有谈判的权利，因为我是在维护其他人的切身利益。”

"Is there—" demanded Monks with a faltering tongue,—“is there—no middle course?”

“那就——”蒙克斯结结巴巴地问，“那就——没有什么折中的办法了吗？”

"None."

“没有。”

Monks looked at the old gentleman, with an anxious eye; but, reading in his countenance nothing but severity and determination, walked into the room, and, shrugging his shoulders, sat down.

蒙克斯看着老绅士，目光中满是渴望，但是从老绅士脸上，他只能读出严厉和决心。他只得走进房间，耸了耸肩坐了下来。

"Lock the door on the outside," said Mr. Brownlow to the attendants, "and come when I ring."

“从外面把门锁上，”布朗洛先生对随从们说道，“等我摇铃再进来。”

The men obeyed, and the two were left alone together.

两个男人听命离开，留下这二人独处。

"This is pretty treatment, sir," said Monks, throwing down his hat and cloak, "from my father's oldest friend.”

“这可真是不错的待遇，先生，”蒙克斯把帽子和斗篷朝地上一扔，说道，“我父亲多年的挚友就是这样对待我的。”

"It is because I was your father's oldest friend, young man," returned Mr. Brownlow; "it is because the hopes and wishes of young and happy years were bound up with him, and that fair creature of his blood and kindred who rejoined her God in youth, and left me here a solitary, lonely man: it is because he knelt with me beside his only sisters' death-bed when he was yet a boy, on the morning that would—but Heaven willed otherwise—have made her my young wife; it is because my seared heart clung to him, from that time forth, through all his trials and errors, till he died; it is because old recollections and associations filled my heart, and even the sight of you brings with it old thoughts of him; it is because of all these things that I am moved to treat you gently now—yes, Edward Leeford, even now—and blush for your unworthiness who bear the name.”

“正是因为我是你父亲多年的挚友，年轻人，”布朗洛先生回答，“正是因为在我年轻快乐的时光里，所有希望和心愿都是与他联系在一起的，都是与和他有血缘同胞关系的那个美丽人儿联系在一起的——她年纪轻轻就重返上帝怀抱，留下我一人孤单寂寞——正是因为在他唯一的姐姐临终时，他和我一起跪在她的床前，那时他还只是个孩子；那个早上，她本来——但是上帝有了别的旨意——该成为我年轻的妻子。正是因为我这颗饱受痛苦煎熬的心从那时起就向着他，陪着他经受种种考验，看着他犯下一个个错误，直到他离开人世。正是因为我的内心充满了对旧日的回忆、对过往的感怀，甚至只是看你一眼，我就会回想起有关他的往事。正是因为所有这些事情，现在我才不得不温和地对待你——是的，爱德华·黎福特，即使是现在——你不配拥有这个姓氏，我为你感到羞愧。”

"What has the name to do with it?" asked the other, after contemplating, half in silence, and half in dogged wonder, the agitation of his companion. "What is the name to me?"

“这跟姓氏有什么关系？”另一个人一言不发地沉思了一会儿，然后问道。他实在想不通，身边的人为何会如此激动，“这姓氏跟我又有什么关系呢？”

"Nothing," replied Mr. Brownlow, "nothing to you. But it was—hers—, and even at this distance of time brings back to me, an old man, the glow and thrill which I once felt, only to hear it repeated by a stranger. I am very glad you have changed it—very—very.”

“没有，”布朗洛先生回答，“跟你没有关系。但是，这是——她的——姓氏。尽管已经过了这么长时间，但只要有人提起这个姓氏，就算

那只是个陌生人，我这个垂暮之人都会像当年那样全身发热、激动难抑。我非常高兴你改了姓氏——非常——非常高兴。”

"This is all mighty fine," said Monks (to retain his assumed designation) after a long silence, during which he had jerked himself in sullen defiance to and fro, and Mr. Brownlow had sat, shading his face with his hand. "But what do you want with me?"

“这真是再好不过了。”蒙克斯（在此保留他的化名）开口说。在此之前他沉默了很久，只是生着闷气，前前后后使劲地晃动身体，一副公然挑衅的样子。布朗洛先生则坐了下来，用双手遮着脸。“但是你到底想要我干什么？”

"You have a brother," said Mr. Brownlow, rousing himself: "a brother, the whisper of whose name in your ear when I came behind you in the street, was, in itself, almost enough to make you accompany me hither, in wonder and alarm."

“你有一个弟弟，”布朗洛先生振作了一下精神，然后说道，“你有一个弟弟。在街上的时候，我走到你身后，在你耳边低声念了他的名字。我只凭这个名字，就足以让你自愿跟着我回到这儿来，也足以让你一路心神不宁、坐立不安。”

"I have no brother," replied Monks. "You know I was an only child. Why do you talk to me of brothers? You know that, as well as I."

“我没有什么弟弟。”蒙克斯回答，“你知道我是独子。为什么你要跟我说起兄弟的事？这件事你跟我一样清楚。”

"Attend to what I do know, and you may not," said Mr. Brownlow. "I shall interest you by and by. I know that of the wretched marriage, into which family pride, and the most sordid and narrowest of all ambition, forced your unhappy father when a mere boy, you were the sole and most unnatural issue."

“你给我仔细听着。有些事我很了解，而你却可能不知道。”布朗洛先生说，“慢慢地，我会让你产生兴趣的。我知道那场不幸的婚姻，是家族荣誉和最肮脏狭隘的抱负野心强迫了你那不幸的父亲，当时他还仅仅是个孩子，而你就是那场婚姻唯一的，也是最不自然的结果。”

"I don't care for hard names," interrupted Monks with a jeering laugh. "You know the fact, and that's enough for me.”

“我不介意骂人的话。”蒙克斯嘲弄地笑了笑，打断了他，“你知道事实，这对我来说就已经足够了。”

"But I also know," pursued the old gentleman, "the misery, the slow torture, the protracted anguish of that ill-assorted union. I know how listlessly and wearily each of that wretched pair dragged on their heavy chain through a world that was poisoned to them both. I know

how cold formalities were succeeded by open taunts; how indifference gave place to dislike, dislike to hate, and hate to loathing, until at last they wrenched the clanking bond asunder, and retiring a wide space apart, carried each a galling fragment, of which nothing but death could break the rivets, to hide it in new society beneath the gayest looks they could assume. Your mother succeeded; she forgot it soon. But it rusted and cankered at your father's heart for years.”

“但我也知道，”老绅士继续说，“那场不相配的结合带来的苦难、一点一滴的折磨以及无休无止的痛苦。我知道那对不幸的夫妇双双拖着沉重的枷锁，在这毒害了他们的人世间，过得有多么无精打采、厌倦消沉。我也知道，冷冰冰的拘谨后来是怎样变成公开的嘲讽，漠不关心是怎样被不喜欢取代，不喜欢是怎样变成了讨厌，而讨厌又怎样变成了嫌恶，直到最后他们将那条叮当作响的锁链扭断，各自带着一截难堪的碎片分开得远远的，但只有他们死时才能将那碎链条彻底挣开。他们在新的社交圈子尽量装出一副快乐无忧的样子，把这碎片藏匿其下。你的母亲成功了，她很快就忘记了这一切。但在你父亲心里，这截碎片却存在了很多年，一直在生锈、腐烂。”

"Well, they were separated," said Monks, "and what of that?"

“咳，他们分居了，”蒙克斯说，“那又怎么样呢？”

"When they had been separated for some time," returned Mr. Brownlow, "and your mother, wholly given up to continental frivolities, had utterly forgotten the young husband ten good years her junior, who, with prospects blighted, lingered on at home, he fell among new friends. This circumstance, at least, you know already."

“他们分居一段时间后，”布朗洛先生回答，“你的母亲在欧洲大陆寻欢作乐、沉溺放纵，把小她足足十岁的年轻丈夫忘得一干二净。他那时前途无望，暂时留在了国内，结识了一些新朋友。这个情况，你最起码是知道的。”

"Not I," said Monks, turning away his eyes and beating his foot upon the ground, as a man who is determined to deny everything. "Not I."

“我不知道，”蒙克斯说道。他把目光移向别处，用脚拍打着地面，像是打定主意要否认一切，“我不知道。”

"Your manner, no less than your actions, assures me that you have never forgotten it, or ceased to think of it with bitterness," returned Mr. Brownlow. "I speak of fifteen years ago, when you were not more than eleven years old, and your father but one-and-thirty—for he was, I repeat, a boy, when—his—father ordered him to marry. Must I go back to events which cast a shade upon the memory of your parent, or will you spare it, and disclose to me the truth?”

“看了你的态度和你的行动后，我很确定，你不仅从未忘记过这件事，还时常痛苦地想起它。”布朗洛先生回答，“我说的是十五年前，你那时最多十一岁，而你父亲也只有三十一岁——因为他，我再重复一遍，他只是个孩子——当——他的——父亲命令他结婚的时候。你是非要让我重提那些事情，给关于你父亲的回忆蒙上阴影呢，还是省下这麻烦，把真相明明白白地告诉我？”

"I have nothing to disclose," rejoined Monks. "You must talk on if you will."

“我没什么可以告诉你的。”蒙克斯回答，“如果你愿意，尽管继续说下去。”

"These new friends, then," said Mr. Brownlow, "were a naval officer retired from active service, whose wife had died some half-a-year before, and left him with two children—there had been more, but, of all their family, happily but two survived. They were both daughters; one a beautiful creature of nineteen, and the ot her a mere child of two or three years old.”

“那时候，在那些新朋友里，”布朗洛先生说，“有一个退役了的海军军官。他的妻子大约半年前死了，留给他两个孩子——本来还有更多的，但他们家的孩子里运气好活下来的就只剩两个。两个都是女儿，一个是十九岁的美人，另一个是只有两三岁大的孩子。”

"What's this to me?" asked Monks.

“这跟我有什么关系呢？”蒙克斯问道。

"They resided," said Mr. Brownlow, without seeming to hear the interruption, "in a part of the country to which your father in his wandering had repaired, and where he had taken up his abode. Acquaintance, intimacy, friendship, fast followed on each other. Your father was gifted as few men are. He had his sister's soul and person. As the old officer knew him more and more, he grew to love him. I would that it had ended there. His daughter did the same.”

“他们住在，”布朗洛先生似乎没有听到他插嘴了，继续说道，“乡下的一个地方。你父亲也徘徊到了那一带，他在那儿住了下来。他们相识了，彼此愈来愈亲密，很快就成为了朋友。你父亲的天赋很少有人能比得上。他拥有他姐姐那样的情操和容貌。老军官对他越来越了解，也就越来越喜欢他。我宁愿一切到此为止。老军官的女儿和她父亲一样，也越来越喜欢他。”

The old gentleman paused; Monks was biting his lips, with his eyes fixed upon the floor; seeing this, he immediately resumed: "The end of a year found him contracted, solemnly contracted, to that daughter; the object of the first, true, ardent, only passion of a guileless girl."

老绅士顿了顿，但他见蒙克斯咬着嘴唇，双眼紧盯着地板，又立刻说了下去：“年底的时候他订了婚，庄严神圣地和那个姑娘订了婚。这是那个天真无邪的姑娘第一次、也是仅有的一次真诚热烈的爱情。”

"Your tale is of the longest," observed Monks, moving restlessly in his chair.

“你的故事可真够长的。”蒙克斯评论道，他一刻不停在椅子上动来动去。

"It is a true tale of grief and trial, and sorrow, young man," returned Mr. Brownlow, "and such tales usually are; if it were one of unmixed joy and happiness, it would be very brief. At length one of those rich relations to strengthen whose interest and importance your father had been sacrificed, as others are often—it is no uncommon case—died, and to repair the misery he had been instrumental in occasioning, left him his panacea for all griefs—Money. It was necessary that he should immediately repair to Rome, whither this man had sped for health, and where he had died, leaving his affairs in great confusion. He went; was seized with mortal illness there; was followed, the moment the intelligence reached Paris, by your mother who carried you with her; he died the day after her arrival, leaving no will—no will—so that the whole property fell to her and you.”

“这是一个真实的故事，充满了不幸、苦难和悲伤，年轻人，”布朗洛先生继续说，“这种故事通常都是这样；如果一个故事里只剩下欢乐幸福，那个故事通常会非常简短。最后，你家的一个有钱的亲戚，之前就是这个人，为了巩固自己的利益和地位，牺牲了你父亲，这种事别人也常遇到——并不是件稀罕事——那亲戚死了，为了弥补他一手造成的不幸，他把他认为能救治所有不幸的万能灵药留给了你的父亲——钱。你父亲必须马上赶去罗马。那亲戚本来在那里休养，结果却死在了那里，留下了一堆乱七八糟的事务。你父亲去了，在那里得了不治之症。消息一传到巴黎，你母亲就带着你跟去了。她到的第二天，他就死了，没有留下遗嘱——没有遗嘱——于是所有的财产就归你母亲和你所有了。”

At this part of the recital Monks held his breath, and listened with a face of intense eagerness, though his eyes were not directed towards the speaker. As Mr. Brownlow paused, he changed his position with the air of one who has experienced a sudden relief, and wiped his hot face and hands.

布朗洛先生说到这一段往事的时候，蒙克斯尽管没有看着他的眼睛，却屏息聆听着他的话，一脸的急切。布朗洛先生顿了顿，蒙克斯也立即换了个姿势。他擦了擦自己发热的脸和双手，好像在那一瞬间，他卸下了什么重担似的。

"Before he went abroad, and as he passed through London on his way," said Mr. Brownlow, slowly, and fixing his eyes upon the other's

face, "he came to me."

“你父亲出国之前，路过伦敦，”布朗洛先生一字一顿地说，眼睛盯着对方的脸，“他来找过我。”

"I never heard of that," interrupted Monks in a tone intended to appear incredulous, but savouring more of disagreeable surprise.

“我从没听过有这回事。”蒙克斯打断他。他本想从语气中表现出自己的怀疑，但话一出口，听上去更多的反而是不快和惊讶。

"He came to me, and left with me, among some other things, a picture—a portrait painted by himself—a likeness of this poor girl—which he did not wish to leave behind, and could not carry forward on his hasty journey. He was worn by anxiety and remorse almost to a shadow; talked in a wild, distracted way, of ruin and dishonour worked by himself; confided to me his intention to convert his whole property, at any loss, into money, and, having settled on his wife and you a portion of his recent acquisition, to fly the country—I guessed too well he would not fly alone—and never see it more. Even from me, his old and early friend, whose strong attachment had taken root in the earth that covered one most dear to both—even from me he withheld any more particular confession, promising to write and tell me all, and after that to see me once again, for the last time on earth. Alas! —That—was the last time. I had no letter, and I never saw him more.”

“他去找我，在我那儿留下一些东西。其中有一幅画像——他自己亲手画的一幅肖像——是那位可怜姑娘的一幅画像——他本不想把画留下，但却没法带着它匆匆上路。他被焦虑和懊悔折磨得形销骨立、精神恍惚。他语无伦次地谈到他造成的祸患与耻辱，向我吐露了他的打算。他准备不计一切代价，把他所有的财产转换成现金，把他新得财产的一部分授予他的妻子和你，然后就立刻启程前往国外——我完全猜得到，他不会只身离开——再也不会回来。即使对我，他多年的老友，我们之间的情谊深深扎根于这片埋葬了我们两人最爱的土地——即使是对我，他也忍住没有透露更详细的计划，只是允诺会写信告诉我全部，并且在那之后再见我一面，在这片土地上的最后一面。唉！——那——就是最后一次。我没收到信，也没再见过他。

"I went," said Mr. Brownlow, after a short pause, "I went, when all was over, to the scene of his—I will use the term the world would freely use, for worldly harshness or favour are now alike to him—of his guilty love, resolved that if my fears were realised that erring child should find one heart and home to shelter and compassionate her. The family had left that part a week before; they had called in such trifling debts as were outstanding, discharged them, and left the place by night. Why, or whither, none can tell.”

“我去了，”布朗洛先生稍稍顿了顿，又接着说道，“当所有事情过去之后，我去了那个地方——我将使用全世界都用得毫无顾忌的那个词，因为世俗的苛责和赞许对他来说已经没什么两样了——那个他结下孽缘的地方。我下定决心，如果我的担心成真的话，那个犯了错的孩子应该需要一颗怜悯同情她的心，更需要一个可以庇佑她的家。那家人一个星期前就离开了那一带。他们结清了各种债务，尽管数额都很小，但他们绝不含糊，用对待巨额债务的态度处理妥当，然后连夜离开了那个地方。他们为什么这么做，他们去了哪里，却无人知晓。”

Monks drew his breath yet more freely, and looked round with a smile of triumph.

蒙克斯舒了口气，呼吸畅快多了，还带着胜利的微笑环顾了一下四周。

"When your brother," said Mr. Brownlow, drawing nearer to the other's chair, "When your brother: a feeble, ragged, neglected child: was cast in my way by a stronger hand than chance, and rescued by me from a life of vice and infamy—" "What?" cried Monks.

“当你弟弟，”布朗洛先生一边说，一边朝对方的椅子挪了挪，“当你的弟弟，一个身体虚弱、衣衫褴褛、被人忽视的孩子，被一只比偶然更为有力的手推到我面前的时候，我把他从罪恶耻辱的生活中解救了出来——”“什么？”蒙克斯叫道。

"By me," said Mr. Brownlow. "I told you I should interest you before long. I say by me—I see that your cunning associate suppressed my name, although for ought he knew, it would be quite strange to your ears. When he was rescued by me, then, and lay recovering from sickness in my house, his strong resemblance to this picture I have spoken of, struck me with astonishment. Even when I first saw him in all his dirt and misery, there was a lingering expression in his face that came upon me like a glimpse of some old friend flashing on one in a vivid dream. I need not tell you he was snared away before I knew his history—" "Why not?" asked Monks hastily.

“是我救了他。”布朗洛先生说道，“我跟你说过，我很快就能让你产生兴趣的。我说是我救了他——我知道你狡猾的同伙隐瞒了我的名字，尽管他应该清楚我是谁；你听到这名字反而会觉得陌生吧。他被我救了后，就住在我家里养病。他长得酷似我刚提过的那幅肖像，这让我非常震惊。我第一次见他时，他满身泥垢、处境悲惨。但即使是在那个时候，他的脸上仍然留存着一种表情。我一见那种表情，就觉得好像身处一个逼真的梦境之中，瞥见某个老朋友在我面前一闪而过。我没必要告诉你，我还没来得及了解他的过去，他就被人设计拐走了——”“为什么没这必要呢？”蒙克斯连忙问。

"Because you know it well."

“因为这件事你自己心里有数。”

"I!"

“我！”

"Denial to me is vain," replied Mr. Brownlow. "I shall show you that I know more than that."

“在我面前，否认是没用的。”布朗洛先生回答，“我还会告诉你，我还知道的还不止这些。”

"You—you—can't prove anything against me," stammered Monks. "I defy you to do it!"

“你——你——你证明不了任何对我不利的事情。”蒙克斯结结巴巴地说，“我谅你也做不到！”

"We shall see," returned the old gentleman with a searching glance. "I lost the boy, and no efforts of mine could recover him. Your mother being dead, I knew that you alone could solve the mystery if anybody could, and as when I had last heard of you you were on your own estate in the West Indies—whither, as you well know, you retired upon your mother's death to escape the consequences of vicious courses here—I made the voyage. You had left it, months before, and were supposed to be in London, but no one could tell where. I returned. Your agents had no clue to your residence. You came and went, they said, as strangely as you had ever done: sometimes for days together and sometimes not for months: keeping to all appearance the same low haunts and mingling with the same infamous herd who had been your associates when a fierce ungovernable boy. I wearied them with new applications. I paced the streets by night and day, but until two hours ago, all my efforts were fruitless, and I never saw you for an instant.”

“我们走着瞧。”老绅士带着探究的目光扫了他一眼，回答道，“我失去了那个孩子，不论我怎么努力，都没法把他找回来。你母亲已经死了，我知道如果还有谁能解开谜团，只可能是你。我最后一次听到你的消息时，你在西印度群岛自己的产业那儿——为什么在那儿，你自己清楚。你母亲一死，你就用退隐来逃避在这里种下的恶果——我又渡海去找你。几个月前你就已经离开了，有人说你在伦敦，但是没人能说出具体在哪儿。于是我又回来了。你的几个代理人对你的住处也是一无所知。他们说，你来去无踪，像以前一样怪异。有时好几天都和他们呆在一起，有时一连几个月也不见人影。很显然，你还混迹于以前那些低俗场所，和同一帮声名狼藉的家伙混在一起；当你还是个无法无天的孩子时，你就已经和他们打成一片了。我老是去找他们打听，他们都不胜其烦了。我没日没夜地在街上踱步，但是直到两小时前，我付出的所有努力都还毫无收获，我一次都没看见过你。”

"And now you do see me," said Monks, rising boldly, "what then? Fraud and robbery are high-sounding words—justified, you think, by a

fancied resemblance in some young imp to an idle daub of a dead man's Brother! You don't even know that a child was born of this maudlin pair; you don't even know that.”

“那现在你可见着我了，”蒙克斯大大咧咧地站了起来，说道，“可那又怎么样？诈骗和抢劫听起来都是很了不得的字眼——你认为仅凭你的胡乱猜想，说某个年幼小鬼长得酷似一幅画像，那幅画还是一个将死之人的无聊涂鸦，就能证明什么吗！你甚至不知道那对痴情种有没有生下一个孩子，你甚至连那都不知道。”

"I—did not—," replied Mr. Brownlow, rising too; "but within the last fortnight I have learnt it all. You have a brother; you know it, and him. There was a will, which your mother destroyed, leaving the secret and the gain to you at her own death. It contained a reference to some child likely to be the result of this sad connection, which child was born, and accidentally encountered by you, when your suspicions were first awakened by his resemblance to your father. You repaired to the place of his birth. There existed proofs—proofs long suppressed—of his birth and parentage. Those proofs were destroyed by you, and now, in your own words to your accomplice the Jew, “—the only proofs of the boy's identity lie at the bottom of the river, and the old hag that received them from the mother is rotting in her coffin—.” "Unworthy son, coward, liar,—you, who hold your councils with thieves and murderers in dark rooms at night,—you, whose plots and wiles have brought a violent death upon the head of one worth millions such as you,—you, who from your cradle were gall and bitterness to your own father's heart, and in whom all evil passions, vice, and profligacy, festered, till they found a vent in a hideous disease which had made your face an index even to your mind—you, Edward Leeford, do you still brave me!”

“我——以前不知道——”布朗洛先生也站了起来，回答道，“但是在过去两个星期里，我已经知道了全部。你有一个弟弟，你知道的，而且你也认识他。曾经有过一份遗嘱，但你母亲把那份遗嘱销毁了。她死的时候，把这个秘密和得到的好处都留给了你。那遗嘱里提到了某个孩子。那场可悲的结合可能会有结果，就是那个孩子。他还是出生了，并且意外地被你遇见了。你一见他长得酷似你父亲，就起了疑心。你去过他出生的地方。那儿留有证据——被长期掩盖的证据——关于他的出生和血统的证据。你毁掉了那些证据，现在，援引你对你的同伙犹太佬说的话‘——仅有的几件能证明那孩子身份的证据已经沉入河底，而从他母亲那儿得到这些东西的丑老太婆也已经烂在了棺材里——’。”“不孝子、懦夫、骗子——你，深夜在暗室里和盗贼与杀人犯们密谋——你，你的阴谋诡计让一个比你好千万倍的姑娘惨死——你，打从在摇篮里就是自己父亲心中的苦胆，邪恶欲望、罪恶行径、挥霍恶习，这一切都在你身上溃烂，直到在一种丑恶的病态中找到了发泄口。这种病态甚至让你的心中所想在你脸上暴露无遗——你，爱德华·黎福特，你还敢不把我放在

眼里！”

"No, no, no!" returned the coward, overwhelmed by these accumulated charges.

“不，不，不！”那懦夫被这一个接一个的控诉压倒，只得这样回答。

"Every word!" cried the gentleman, "every word that has passed between you and this detested villain, is known to me. Shadows on the wall have caught your whispers, and brought them to my ear; the sight of the persecuted child has turned vice itself, and given it the courage and almost the attributes of virtue. Murder has been done, to which you were morally if not really a party."

“每一个字眼！”绅士叫道，“你和那个可恶的恶棍说的每一个字眼我都知道。墙上的影子听见了你们的耳语，把你们的话传到了我耳朵里，看见那孩子受如此迫害，让一个曾经作恶的姑娘痛改前非，还给了她勇气和几乎是美德的品性。凶案已经发生了，即使你不是真正的同党，在道德上也难辞其咎。”

"No, no," interposed Monks. "I—I knew nothing of that; I was going to inquire the truth of the story when you overtook me. I didn't know the cause. I thought it was a common quarrel.”

“不，不。”蒙克斯插嘴道，“我——我对那事可一点也不知情。你赶上我的时候，我正要去询问那件事情的原委。我不知道起因。我原本以为那是一场普通的争吵。”

"It was the partial disclosure of your secrets," replied Mr. Brownlow. "Will you disclose the whole?"

“你的秘密我还没有全部揭露出来。”布朗洛先生回答，“你愿意全部讲出来吗？”

"Yes, I will."

“是的，我愿意。”

"Set your hand to a statement of truth and facts, and repeat it before witnesses?"

“你愿意签署一份有关真相和事实的声明，并当着证人的面复述吗？”

"That I promise too."

“这我也向您保证。”

"Remain quietly here, until such a document is drawn up, and proceed with me to such a place as I may deem most advisable, for the purpose of attesting it?"

“安安静静呆在这里，写好这份文件，然后再跟着我去一个我认为最

合适的地方，证明这份文件的真实性，你愿意吗？”

"If you insist upon that, I'll do that also," replied Monks.

“如果您坚持要那样，我也会照做的。”蒙克斯回答。

"You must do more than that," said Mr. Brownlow. "Make restitution to an innocent and unoffending child, for such he is, although the offspring of a guilty and most miserable love. You have not forgotten the provisions of the will. Carry them into execution so far as your brother is concerned, and then go where you please. In this world you need meet no more."

“你要做的还不止那些。”布朗洛先生说，“你必须赔偿那个天真无辜、无意伤害任何人的孩子。他本身没有错，尽管他是一场有罪而不幸的爱情的结果。那份遗嘱里的条款，你肯定还未忘记。执行与你弟弟有关的条款，之后你想去哪里，随你喜欢。在这个世界上，你们不需要再见面了。

While Monks was pacing up and down, meditating with dark and evil looks on this proposal and the possibilities of evading it: torn by his fears on the one hand and his hatred on the other: the door was hurriedly unlocked, and a gentleman (Mr. Losberne) entered the room in violent agitation.

蒙克斯踱来踱去，满脸阴沉邪恶的表情。他正思考着这项提议以及逃避它的可能性。他一方面恐惧害怕，另一方面又心怀仇恨，这让他左右为难，这种感觉简直要把他撕扯成两半。这时候，门被匆匆打开了，一位绅士（罗斯伯力先生）激动万分地走进了房间。

"The man will be taken," he cried. "He will be taken to-night!”

“那人要被抓住了，”他叫道，“今晚他就要被抓住了！”

"The murderer?" asked Mr. Brownlow.

“那个凶手吗？”布朗洛先生问。

"Yes, yes," replied the other. "His dog has been seen lurking about some old haunt, and there seems little doubt that his master either is, or will be, there, under cover of the darkness. Spies are hovering about in every direction. I have spoken to the men who are charged with his capture, and they tell me he cannot escape. A reward of a hundred pounds is proclaimed by Government to-night.”

“是的，是的。”对方回答，“有人看见，他的狗在他常出没的一个地方附近偷偷转悠。看来几乎可以肯定了，那狗的主人要么现在就在那儿，要么将会在夜色掩护下到那儿去。那个地方的四周围都有侦探在转悠。我和负责逮捕他的人说过话了，他们告诉我，他肯定跑不了。政府今晚公布了一百英镑的悬赏。”

"I will give fifty more," said Mr. Brownlow, "and proclaim it with

my own lips upon the spot, if I can reach it. Where is Mr. Maylie?"

“我愿意再追加五十镑，”布朗洛先生说，“并且会在现场亲自宣布，如果我能赶到那儿的话。梅莱先生在哪儿？”

"Harry? As soon as he had seen your friend here, safe in a coach with you, he hurried off to where he heard this," replied the doctor, "and mounting his horse sallied forth to join the first party at some place in the outskirts agreed upon between them."

“哈里？他一看见你这位朋友在这儿，还和你相安无事地坐在马车里，就急急忙忙前往他打听到这则消息的地方了，”医生回答，“他们事先商量好，会在郊区某个地方会和，他一上马就奔去了那儿，要去加入第一拨搜查队伍。”

"Fagin," said Mr. Brownlow; "what of him?"

“费金呢，”布朗洛先生说，“他怎么样？”

"When I last heard, he had not been taken, but he will be, or is, by this time. They're sure of him.”

“我最近一次打听的时候，他还没被逮住，但他肯定没法走脱，或许这个时候已经被逮住了。他们对他很有把握。”

"Have you made up your mind?" asked Mr. Brownlow, in a low voice, of Monks.

“你决定好了吗？”布朗洛先生低声问蒙克斯。

"Yes," he replied. "You—you—will be secret with me?”

“是的。”他回答，“你——你——会替我保密吗？”

"I will. Remain here till I return. It is your only hope of safety."

“我会的。呆在这里，直到我回来。这是保你安全的唯一希望。”

They left the room, and the door was again locked.

他们离开了房间，房门再次被落了锁。

"What have you done?" asked the doctor in a whisper.

“你都做了些什么？”医生低声问道。

"All that I could hope to do, and even more. Coupling the poor girl's intelligence with my previous knowledge, and the result of our good friend's inquiries on the spot, I left him no loophole of escape, and laid bare the whole villainy which by these lights became plain as day. Write and appoint the evening after to-morrow, at seven, for the meeting. We shall be down there, a few hours before, but shall require rest: especially the young lady, who—may—have greater need of firmness than either you or I can quite foresee just now. But my blood boils to avenge this poor murdered creature. Which way have they

taken?”

“所有我希望做的事，甚至还做了更多。将那可怜姑娘得到的消息和我以前所知结合起来，再加上我们的好朋友在现场的调查结果，我没留任何容他逃避的空子。我还将他的全部恶行都揭露了出来，有了这些事实，那些恶行变得像白昼一样清楚明白。写信通知大家，后天晚上七点钟会面。我们必须提前几个小时到那儿，但之前还是要休息一下；尤其是那位年轻的小姐，她——可能——需要坚强些，比你我现在能预见的还要更加坚强些。但我的血液已经沸腾了，我要为那被谋杀的可怜姑娘报仇。他们走了哪条路？”

"Drive straight to the office and you will be in time," replied Mr. Losberne. "I will remain here."

“他们直接去了警察局，不过你能及时赶到的。”罗斯伯力先生回答，“我会留在这里。”

The two gentlemen hastily separated; each in a fever of excitement wholly uncontrollable.

两位绅士匆匆分别，彼此都激动不已，兴奋得难以自抑。

CHAPTER L The pursuit and escape

第五十章 逃与追

Near to that part of the Thames on which the church at Rotherhithe abuts, where the buildings on the banks are dirtiest and the vessels on the river blackest with the dust of colliers and the smoke of close-built low-roofed houses, there exists the filthiest, the strangest, the most extraordinary of the many localities that are hidden in London, wholly unknown, even by name, to the great mass of its inhabitants.

在泰晤士河临近罗瑟西斯教堂的那一带，河上的煤船带来了煤渣灰尘，紧紧挨在一起的低矮房屋里也冒出滚滚烟尘；两岸的建筑是全伦敦最脏的，河上的船也是最黑的。那里隐藏着很多伦敦最肮脏、最奇怪、最不寻常的地方。这些地方藏得很深，里面的大多数居民甚至连这些地方叫什么名字都不知道。

To reach this place, the visitor has to penetrate through a maze of close, narrow, and muddy streets, thronged by the roughest and poorest of waterside people, and devoted to the traffic they may be supposed to occasion. The cheapest and least delicate provisions are heaped in the shops; the coarsest and commonest articles of wearing apparel dangle at the salesman's door, and stream from the house-parapet and windows. Jostling with unemployed labourers of the lowest class, ballast-heavers, coal-whippers, brazen women, ragged children, and the raff and refuse of the river, he makes his way with difficulty along, assailed by offensive sights and smells from the narrow alleys which branch off on the right and left, and deafened by the clash of ponderous waggons that bear great piles of merchandise from the stacks of warehouses that rise from every corner. Arriving, at length, in streets remoter and less-frequented than those through which he has passed, he walks beneath tottering house-fronts projecting over the pavement, dismantled walls that seem to totter as he passes, chimneys half crushed half hesitating to fall, windows guarded by rusty iron bars that time and dirt have almost eaten away, every imaginable sign of desolation and neglect.

要到达这个地方，来客必须穿过一片迷宫，里面全是狭窄、泥泞的街道，街与街之间没有多大空隙。那里聚集着最不幸、最贫穷的水上人家，他们所做的买卖可想而知。最廉价、最粗糙的食物堆积在商店里，最粗劣、最普通的衣物悬挂在商家的门前，在房子的矮墙和窗户上迎风招展。他在最下等的无业人员、搬压舱物的挑夫、煤炭装卸工、厚颜无耻的女人、衣衫褴褛的孩童以及河里的垃圾废物中挤来挤去，困难地前

行。左右叉开的狭窄小巷里不时闪过令人不忍卒视的景象，散发出极为难闻的气味；笨重的马车拉载着大堆的货物，从遍布于各个角落的货栈仓库中驶了出来，发出震耳欲聋的撞击声。来客最终到了一条街上。这条街比他之前经过的地方都要偏僻、人迹更少。他从摇摇欲坠、延伸到人行道上的房子正面走过，经过随时会倒下的残垣断壁。不少烟囱已塌了一半，另一半正在犹豫是否要倒下。窗户装着生锈的铁护栏，几乎被岁月和污垢侵蚀殆尽，所有别人能想到的荒芜破落景象，在这儿无处不在。

In such a neighborhood, beyond Dockhead in the Borough of Southwark, stands Jacob's Island, surrounded by a muddy ditch, six or eight feet deep and fifteen or twenty wide when the tide is in, once called Mill Pond, but known in the days of this story as Folly Ditch. It is a creek or inlet from the Thames, and can always be filled at high water by opening the sluices at the Lead Mills from which it took its old name. At such times, a stranger, looking from one of the wooden bridges thrown across it at Mill Lane, will see the inhabitants of the houses on either side lowering from their back doors and windows, buckets, pails, domestic utensils of all kinds, in which to haul the water up; and when his eye is turned from these operations to the houses themselves, his utmost astonishment will be excited by the scene before him. Crazy wooden galleries common to the backs of half a dozen houses, with holes from which to look upon the slime beneath; windows, broken and patched, with poles thrust out, on which to dry the linen that is never there; rooms so small, so filthy, so confined, that the air would seem too tainted even for the dirt and squalor which they shelter; wooden chambers thrusting themselves out above the mud, and threatening to fall into it—as some have done; dirt-besmeared walls and decaying foundations; every repulsive lineament of poverty, every loathsome indication of filth, rot, and garbage; all these ornament the banks of Folly Ditch.

在这个区里，萨瑟克区的多克希德再往前一些的地方，坐落着雅各布岛。这个岛被一条满是泥泞的沟渠环绕；涨潮的时候，那沟渠能有六到八英尺深，十五到二十英尺宽。这条沟曾经叫做磨坊池，但在此时人们管它叫荒唐沟。这条沟渠是从泰晤士河流出的一条小溪或水湾。涨潮时只要打开利德磨坊的水闸，水面就会升至最高，磨坊池这一名字由此而来。在这种时候，如果一个外地人从磨坊路上某条横跨沟渠的木桥上朝下望去，就会看见两侧屋内的居民从他们的后门和窗户放下吊桶、提桶和家里各种各样的器皿，再用这些器皿把水拉上去。此时他若将目光从这些放下拉起的动作上移开，转到房子本身上，映入他眼帘的这番景象准会让他惊愕万分。每五六所房子聚成了一群，每群房子的背面共用一条七零八落、胡拼乱凑出来的木走廊，透过走廊上的孔洞甚至可以看见下面的淤泥；窗户破破烂烂，满是修补过的痕迹；用来晾亚麻衣物的晾衣杆从窗户中横戳了出来，只是上面从来没有晾过衣服。房间太小、

太脏、太密闭了，就算这里头是藏污纳垢之所，房里的空气还是太过污浊；木房子立在泥地之上，摇摇欲坠——有些已然倒下了。房子的墙壁上满是污垢、肮脏不堪，房基正在腐烂。从桥上望去，四处可见彰显贫穷的可憎轮廓，到处都是凸显污秽、腐朽和荒废的讨厌景象——这所有的一切装点了荒唐沟的两岸。

In Jacob's Island, the warehouses are roofless and empty; the walls are crumbling down; the windows are windows no more; the doors are falling into the streets; the chimneys are blackened, but they yield no smoke. Thirty or forty years ago, before losses and chancery suits came upon it, it was a thriving place; but now it is a desolate island indeed. The houses have no owners; they are broken open, and entered upon by those who have the courage; and there they live, and there they die. They must have powerful motives for a secret residence, or be reduced to a destitute condition indeed, who seek a refuge in Jacob's Island.

在雅各布岛上，货栈没有屋顶，里面空空如也，墙壁几欲倒塌。窗户甚至不能算是窗户，门板倒在大街上，熏黑的烟囱从不冒烟。三四十年前，这里还不曾遭遇经济萧条和法律官司，是个繁华之地。但是现在，它已成了一座名副其实的荒岛。这里的房子都是无主的。有些人很有胆量，直接破门而入，一直住到他们死去。他们一定是出于很重要的原因，需要寻找一处隐秘居所，或是实在是一贫如洗了，才会在雅各布岛避难。

In an upper room of one of these houses—a detached house of fair size, ruinous in other respects, but strongly defended at door and window: of which house the back commanded the ditch in manner already described—there were assembled three men, who, regarding each other every now and then with looks expressive of perplexity and expectation, sat for some time in profound and gloomy silence. One of these was Toby Crackit, another Mr. Chitling, and the third a robber of fifty years, whose nose had been almost beaten in, in some old scuffle, and whose face bore a frightful scar which might probably be traced to the same occasion. This man was a returned transport, and his name was Kags.

在其中一栋房子楼上的房间里——这房子是所孤房，相当大，其他地方都破败不堪，但门和窗户都封得很严实。房子后面濒临沟渠，之前已经描述过了这种布局——房间里聚集了三个人。他们不时地打量着彼此，都是一脸的困惑和期待。三人一言不发地坐了很久，屋里的气氛很是阴沉。其中一人是托比·格拉基特，另一个是基特宁先生，第三个人是一个盗贼，入这行已经有五十年了。他的鼻子在过去的某场混战中被打扁了，脸上还带了道可怕的疤痕，或许也是同一场打斗中得来的。这人是个潜逃回国的流放犯，名叫凯格斯。

"I wish," said Toby turning to Mr. Chitling, "that you had picked

out some other crib when the two old ones got too warm, and had not come here, my fine feller."

“我多么希望，”托比把脸转向基特宁先生，说道，“其他两个老窝呆不下去了的时候，你会另挑一个可藏身的地方，而不是来了这儿，我的好伙计。”

"Why didn't you, blunder-head!" said Kags.

“你怎么就没那么干呢，你个榆木脑袋！”凯格斯说。

"Well, I thought you'd have been a little more glad to see me than this," replied Mr. Chitling, with a melancholy air.

“咳，我原以为比起你们现在的表现，你们见到我会更高兴一点儿呢。”基特宁先生回答道，一副忧伤沮丧的表情。

"Why, look'e, young gentleman," said Toby, "when a man keeps himself so very exclusive as I have done, and by that means has a snug house over his head with nobody a prying and smelling about it, it's rather a startling thing to have the honour of a wisit from a young gentleman (however respectable and pleasant a person he may be to play cards with at conweniency) circumstanced as you are.”

“嗨，年轻人，你自己想想，”托比说，“一个像我这样独来独往的人，靠那种方法才给自己弄到了一间舒舒服服、没有人在周围打听探察的房子。这个时候，他居然有此荣幸，接待了一位跟你境况相同的年轻绅士（不论情况合适的时候，他可能是一位多么值得尊重、多么令人愉快的牌友），那可真让人吓一跳啊。”

"Especially, when the exclusive young man has got a friend stopping with him, that's arrived sooner than was expected from foreign parts, and is too modest to want to be presented to the Judges on his return," added Mr. Kags.

“尤其是，这位独来独往的年轻人已经收留了一位朋友。这位朋友提前从国外回来了，而且他太过低调，不愿向法官报告他已经回国了。”凯格斯先生补充道。

There was a short silence, after which Toby Crackit, seeming to abandon as hopeless any further effort to maintain his usual devil-may-care swagger, turned to Chitling and said, "When was Fagin took then?"

他们又沉默了一小会儿。托比·格拉基特平日里趾高气扬，魔鬼见了也要发愁，此时却怎么也撑不起那架势了。他把脸转向基特宁先生，问道：“那么费金是什么时候被抓住的？”

"Just at dinner-time—two o'clock this afternoon. Charley and I made our lucky up the wash—us chimney, and Bolter got into the empty water-butt, head downwards; but his legs were so precious long

that they stuck out at the top, and so they took him too.”

“就在午饭的时候——今天下午两点。查利和我运气好，爬上洗衣房的烟囱逃走了。博尔特则一头栽进了一个又大又空的水桶里。可惜他的腿太长，两条都伸出了桶外，所以也被抓住了。”

"And Bet?"

“那贝齐呢？”

"Poor Bet! She went to see the Body, to speak to who it was," replied Chitling, his countenance falling more and more, "and went off mad, screaming and raving, and beating her head against the boards; so they put a strait-weskut on her and took her to the hospital—and there she is.”

“可怜的贝齐！她去看尸体，说是要和死者道别，”基特宁回答，说到这里，他的脸色越变越差，“然后就发了疯，又是尖叫又是怒吼，还用头撞地板。他们只好给她穿上束身衣，把她送去了医院——现在她还在那里。”

"Wot's s come of young Bates?" demanded Kags.

“小贝茨呢？”凯格斯问。

"He hung about, not to come over here afore dark, but he'll be here soon," replied Chitling. "There's nowhere else to go to now, for the people at the Cripples are all in custody, and the bar of the ken—I went up there and see it with my own eyes—is filled with traps.”

“他在附近转悠，天黑前不会过来，不过应该也快了。”基特宁回答，“现在除了这里，我们无处可去了。瘸子酒馆的人全被拘留了。我们那个窝——我去过一趟，亲眼看见——里面全是别人下的圈套。”

"This is a smash," observed Toby, biting his lips. "There's more than one will go with this.”

“这可真是场大扫荡。”托比咬了咬嘴唇，评论道，“赔进去的人肯定不止一个。”

"The sessions are on," said Kags: "if they get the inquest over, and Bolter turns King's evidence: as of course he will, from what he's said already: they can prove Fagin an accessory before the fact, and get the trial on on Friday, and he'll swing in six days from this, by G—!”

“而且现在正赶上是开庭期，”凯格斯说，“如果他们审问完毕，而博尔特供出了金的证据——他肯定会和盘托出，这从他之前说过的话就能看出——他们就能证明费金是事前从犯；周五就能开庭审讯，之后再过六天他就会被挂上绞刑架，在上头荡来荡去了，看在上帝——”

"You should have heard the people groan," said Chitling; "the officers fought like devils, or they'd have torn him away. He was down

once, but they made a ring round him, and fought their way along. You should have seen how he looked about him, all muddy and bleeding, and clung to them as if they were his dearest friends. I can see 'em now, not able to stand upright with the pressing of the mob, and draggin him along amongst 'em; I can see the people jumping up, one behind another, and snarling with their teeth and making at him; I can see the blood upon his hair and beard, and hear the cries with which the women worked themselves into the centre of the crowd at the street corner, and swore they'd tear his heart out!”

“你们应该都已经听到，那些人抱怨得有多厉害了，”基特宁说，“要不是那些警察拼了命地压制，他们早就把他给撕了。有那么一次，他被拉了下去，幸好那些警察绕着他围了一个圈，硬是护着他闯了出去。你们真该看看他四下张望的那副样子。他浑身上下又是泥又是血，还死命地贴着那些警察，就好像他们是他关系最好的朋友一样。我现在还能看见，他们在民众的推挤下站都站不直，他被夹在人群当中拖走了。我能看见人们一个接一个地跳了起来，咬牙咆哮着冲向他。我还能看见，他的头发和胡子上都沾着血。在街的拐角处，那些娘们正使劲往人群中间挤；我能听见她们的喊叫，她们发誓要把他的心掏出来！”

The horror-stricken witness of this scene pressed his hands upon his ears, and with his eyes closed got up and paced violently to and fro, like one distracted.

这幅场景的目击者被吓坏了。他用手堵住耳朵站了起来，连眼睛都是闭着的；他还在屋里来来回回地踱步，跨步时又猛又用力，就像发狂了一样。

While he was thus engaged, and the two men sat by in silence with their eyes fixed upon the floor, a pattering noise was heard upon the stairs, and Sikes's dog bounded into the room. They ran to the window, downstairs, and into the street. The dog had jumped in at an open window; he made no attempt to follow them, nor was his master to be seen.

正当他做出这种表现的时候，那两人静静地坐在旁边，眼睛盯着地板。这时楼梯上响起啪嗒啪嗒的声音，赛克斯的狗蹿进了房间。他们连忙跑向窗口看了看，接着又奔下楼，跑到了街上。狗是从一扇打开的窗户外跳进来的，他们跑出去时，它没有跟上来；他们也没看见它的主人。

"What's the meaning of this?" said Toby when they had returned. "He can't be coming here. I—I—hope not.”

“这到底是什么意思？”他们又回到了房间，托比开口道，“他肯定不会来这儿的。我——我——希望不会。”

"If he was coming here, he'd have come with the dog," said Kags, stooping down to examine the animal, who lay panting on the floor.

"Here! Give us some water for him; he has run himself faint."

“如果他要来这儿，就会跟狗一块儿过来。”凯格斯俯下身去检查那畜生，它正卧在地板上喘着粗气，“嘿！我们给它点儿水喝吧，它跑得没劲了。”

"He's drunk it all up, every drop," said Chitling after watching the dog some time in silence. "Covered with mud—lame—half blind—he must have come a long way.”

“它都喝光了，一滴都没不剩。”基特宁一言不发地观察了这狗一会儿，说道，“它浑身是泥——腿瘸了——眼睛也几乎瞎了——它一定走了很长的路。”

"Where can he have come from!" exclaimed Toby. "He's been to the other kens of course, and finding them filled with strangers come on here, where he's been many a time and often. But where can he have come from first, and how comes he here alone without the other!”

“它能从哪儿来！”托比大叫，“它当然是从别的老窝那边过来的。它发现那些地方全是陌生人，就到这儿来了；它经常来这里，不知道来过多少次了。但是它一开始是打哪儿来呢？没有主人陪着，它又怎么会独自跑来这里！”

"He"—(none of them called the murderer by his old name)—”He can't have made away with himself. What do you think?" said Chitling.

“他——（他们都不用凶手原来的名字称呼他）他不会自杀吧，你们觉得呢？”基特宁说道。

Toby shook his head.

托比摇摇头。

"If he had," said Kags, "the dog 'ud want to lead us away to where he did it. No. I think he's got out of the country, and left the dog behind. He must have given him the slip somehow, or he wouldn't be so easy.”

“如果他真那样做了，”凯格斯说，“他死在哪里，这狗会想要把我们领去那个地方的。他不会自杀的。我觉得他已经潜逃出国了，把这狗抛在了后头。他一定用什么方法偷偷甩掉了它，不然这狗不会这么老实。

This solution, appearing the most probable one, was adopted as the right; the dog, creeping under a chair, coiled himself up to sleep, without more notice from anybody.

这种解答似乎是最有可能的，就被当作实情采纳了。那狗爬到了一把椅子下面，把自己蜷成一团睡了，谁都没再注意它。

It being now dark, the shutter was closed, and a candle lighted and placed upon the table. The terrible events of the last two days had made a deep impression on all three, increased by the danger and uncertainty of their own position. They drew their chairs closer together, starting at every sound. They spoke little, and that in whispers, and were as silent and awe-stricken as if the remains of the murdered woman lay in the next room.

此刻天已经黑了下来。他们关上了窗板，只点燃了一支蜡烛，放到了桌上。这两天发生的这些可怕事件给三个人留下了极深的印象。他们此时处境危险、吉凶难料，这种印象更是有增无减。他们挪动着椅子，彼此越靠越近；一有风吹草动，三个人就会吓得从椅子上跳起来。他们不怎么说话，即使偶尔开口，声音也被压得很低。他们就这样安安静静、满心敬畏地呆着，仿佛那个被谋杀的女人的尸体正躺在隔壁房间里。

They had sat thus, some time, when suddenly was heard a hurried knocking at the door below.

他们就这样坐了一会儿。这时，楼下突然传来一阵急促的敲门声。

"Young Bates," said Kags, looking angrily round, to check the fear he felt himself.

“这个小贝茨。”凯格斯说着，愤怒地环顾四周，以压制自己的恐惧。

The knocking came again. No, it wasn't he. He never knocked like that.

敲门声又来了。不，不是贝茨。他从来不那样敲门。

Crackit went to the window, and shaking all over, drew in his head. There was no need to tell them who it was; his pale face was enough. The dog too was on the alert in an instant, and ran whining to the door.

格拉基特走到窗边，又浑身哆嗦着把头缩了回来。已经没有必要告诉他们来人是谁了，他苍白的脸说明了一切。那狗也立刻警觉了起来，哀叫着朝门口跑去。

"We must let him in," he said, taking up the candle.

“我们必须得让他进来。”格拉基特说着，拿起了蜡烛。

"Isn't there any help for it?" asked the other man in a hoarse voice.

“就没什么别的法子吗？”另一个人哑着嗓子地问。

"None. He—must—come in.”

“没有。他—决意要——进来。”

"Don't leave us in the dark," said Kags, taking down a candle from the chimney-piece, and lighting it, with such a trembling hand that the knocking was twice repeated before he had finished.

“别让我们俩呆在一间黑房里。”凯格斯说着，从壁炉台上取下一支蜡烛，想要点亮它。可他的手抖得太厉害了，在蜡烛亮起来前，敲门声又响了两次。

Crackit went down to the door, and returned followed by a man with the lower part of his face buried in a handkerchief, and another tied over his head under his hat. He drew them slowly off. Blanched face, sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, beard of three days' growth, wasted flesh, short thick breath; it was the very ghost of Sikes.

格拉基特下楼去开门，回来时后面跟着一个人。那人的下半边脸被一条手帕遮住了，帽子下的脑袋上也系着一条。慢慢地，他解开了两条手帕。苍白的脸色、深陷的眼睛、凹下去的脸颊、三天没刮的胡子、消瘦的身体、短而粗重的呼吸，这简直是赛克斯的鬼魂。

He laid his hand upon a chair which stood in the middle of the room, but shuddering as he was about to drop into it, and seeming to glance over his shoulder, dragged it back close to the wall—as close as it would go—and ground it against it—and sat down.

他把手搭在屋中间的一张椅子上，正要坐上去，突然打了个哆嗦，似乎想要回头看看。他没这么做，而是把椅子向后拖，往墙边拖——直到近得不能再近了——直到抵到了墙上——这才坐了下来。

Not a word had been exchanged. He looked from one to another in silence. If an eye were furtively raised and met his, it was instantly averted. When his hollow voice broke silence, they all three started. They seemed never to have heard its tones before.

这期间，这几个人都一言不发。他沉默不语，挨个打量他们。即使三人中有人偷偷抬眼，正好与他目光相碰了，也会立即把眼睛移开。当他空洞的声音打破沉默的时候，他们三个都吓了一大跳。好像他们以前从未听过他说话一样。

"How came that dog here?" he asked.

“那狗怎么会在这儿？”他问。

"Alone. Three hours ago."

“它自己来的。三个小时前到的。”

"To-night's paper says that Fagin's took. Is it true, or a lie?”

“今晚的报纸说，费金被抓住了。是真的，还是骗人的？”

"True."

“是真的。”

They were silent again.

他们又陷入了沉默。

"Damn you all!" said Sikes, passing his hand across his forehead.

“这些该死的混蛋！”赛克斯用手抹了抹额头，说道，

"Have you nothing to say to me?"

“你们就没什么话要对我说吗？”

There was an uneasy movement among them, but nobody spoke.

三个人动了动，都显得很局促不安，但还是没人说话。

"You that keep this house," said Sikes, turning his face to Crackit, "do you mean to sell me, or to let me lie here till this hunt is over?"

“你是这房子的主人。”赛克斯把脸扭向格拉基特，说道，“你是打算出卖我，还是让我呆在这儿，直到这次搜捕结束？”

"You may stop here, if you think it safe," returned the person addressed, after some hesitation.

“你可以留在这里，如果你觉得这里安全的话。”被提问的人稍稍犹豫了一下，才这样回答道。

Sikes carried his eyes slowly up the wall behind him: rather trying to turn his head than actually doing it: and said, "Is—it—the body—is it buried?”

赛克斯抬起头来，慢慢看向他身后的墙；他似乎想要转过头去，但实际上并没有这么做。他开口问道：“它——尸体——它被埋了吗？”

They shook their heads.

他们摇了摇头。

"Why isn't it!" he retorted with the same glanve behind him. "Wot do they keep such ugly things above the ground for? —Who's that knocking?”

“为什么没有！”他又跟刚才一样往身后扫了一眼，抗议道，“他们为什么要把这样丑陋的东西留在地面上？——是谁在敲门？”

Crackit intimated, by a motion of his hand as he left the room, that there was nothing to fear; and directly came back with Charley Bates behind him. Sikes sat opposite the door, so that the moment the boy entered the room he encountered his figure.

格拉基特打了个手势，暗示他没什么好怕的，然后离开了房间。他很快又径直回来了，后面还跟着查利·贝茨。赛克斯正对着门坐着，男孩进屋一进门就看见了他。

"Toby," said the boy falling back, as Sikes turned his eyes towards

him, "why didn't you tell me this, downstairs?”

“托比，”男孩叫了起来。赛克斯的目光一转向他，他就直往后退，“你怎么不告诉我这件事，你在楼下怎么没告诉我？”

There had been something so tremendous in the shrinking off of the three, that the wretched man was willing to propitiate even this lad. Accordingly he nodded, and made as though he would shake hands with him.

那三个人畏畏缩缩，着实吓得不轻，连那坏人都想安慰一下这个少年了。于是他点了点头，伸出手来想跟他握手。

"Let me go into some other room," said the boy, retreating still farther.

“带我去其他的房间。”男孩一边说，一边退得更远了。

"Charley!" said Sikes, stepping forward. "Don't you—don't you know me?”

“查利！”赛克斯说着，走上前去，“你难道——难道不认识我了吗？”

"Don't come nearer me," answered the boy, still retreating, and looking, with horror in his eyes, upon the murderer's face. "You monster!"

“别再往我这边走了，”男孩答道，脚下仍不住地往后退。他眼露恐惧，抬头看向凶手的脸，“你这个怪物！”

The man stopped half-way, and they looked at each other; but Sikes's eyes sunk gradually to the ground.

男人停在了半路。他们看着彼此，但是赛克斯的目光渐渐垂向了地面。

"Witness you three," cried the boy shaking his clenched fist, and becoming more and more excited as he spoke. "Witness you three—I'm not afraid of him—if they come here after him, I'll give him up; I will. I tell you out at once. He may kill me for it if he likes, or if he dares, but if I am here I'll give him up. I'd give him up if he was to be boiled alive. Murder! Help! If there's the pluck of a man among you three, you'll help me. Murder! Help! Down with him!”

“你们三个作证，”男孩攥紧拳头，一边晃一边大声叫道，情绪也越来越激动，“你们三个作证——我不怕他——如果他们来这儿找他，我会把他交出去的，我会的。我会立刻告发你。他大可为此杀了我，如果他想这么干或是有这胆子的话。但只要我在这里，我就会把他交出去。如果他们能把他活煮了的话，我愿意把他交出去。杀人啦！救命啊！要是你们三个还带种的话，就帮我一把。杀人啦！救命啊！把他拿下！”

Pouring out these cries, and accompanying them with violent gesticulation, the boy actually threw himself, single-handed, upon the strong man, and in the intensity of his energy and the suddenness of his surprise, brought him heavily to the ground.

男孩一边喊，一边使劲打着手势，果真单枪匹马就朝那强壮的男人扑了上去。他用劲很猛，又出其不意，竟把赛克斯重重地摔在了地上。

The three spectators seemed quite stupefied. They offered no interference, and the boy and man rolled on the ground together; the former, heedless of the blows that showered upon him, wrenching his hands tighter and tighter in the garments about the murderer's breast, and never ceasing to call for help with all his might.

三个旁观者呆若木鸡。他们没有出手干涉，男孩和男人在地上滚作一团。男孩完全不顾拳头雨点般砸在他身上，他双手抓住凶手胸前的衣服，越攥越紧；嘴里还在声嘶力竭地求救，一声又一声，一刻都不曾停下。

The contest, however, was too unequal to last long. Sikes had him down, and his knee was on his throat, when Crackit pulled him back with a look of alarm, and pointed to the window. There were lights gleaming below, voices in loud and earnest conversation, the tramp of hurried footsteps—endless they seemed in number—crossing the nearest wooden bridge. One man on horseback seemed to be among the crowd; for there was the noise of hoofs rattling on the uneven pavement. The gleam of lights increased; the footsteps came more thickly and noisily on. Then, came a loud knocking at the door, and then a hoarse murmur from such a multitude of angry voices as would have made the boldest quail.

然而，这场比试双方实力太不对等，根本不可能进行太久。赛克斯把他扔到地上，用膝盖抵住了他的咽喉。这时，格拉基特一脸惊慌地把赛克斯拉了回来，还用手指了指窗户。下面火光闪烁，气氛热烈。人们大声谈着话，脚下走得很快，发出沉重的脚步声——听上去人数众多，数不胜数——他们正在经过离这所房子最近的那座木桥。人群中好像有个骑马的人；石子铺成的道路凹凸不平，可以听见马蹄踩在上面发出的嗒嗒声。火光越聚越多，脚步声也变得更加沉重、嘈杂。紧接着，门口传来一声巨响，有人在敲门；然后是一阵沙哑低语，像是由很多愤怒的声音汇聚而成的，即使最勇敢的人听到这儿也会胆战心惊。

"Help!" shrieked the boy in a voice that rent the air.

“救命啊！”男孩尖叫起来，声音响彻夜空，

"He's here! Break down the door!”

“他在这儿！快把门砸开！”

"In the King's name," cried the voices without; and the hoarse cry

arose again, but louder.

“以国王的名义。”屋外有人喊道，嘶哑的叫喊声也再次响起，与之前相比，声音更大了。

"Break down the door!" screamed the boy. "I tell you they'll never open it. Run straight to the room where the light is. Break down the door!”

“快把门砸开！”男孩又尖叫起来，“我告诉你们，他们永远也不会开门的。直接冲进有光亮的房间。快把门砸开！”

Strokes, thick and heavy, rattled upon the door and lower window-shutters as he ceased to speak, and a loud huzzah burst from the crowd; giving the listener, for the first time, some adequate idea of its immense extent.

他的话音刚落，门和楼下的窗板上就响起了又密又重的撞击声。人群中爆发出一阵高亢的欢呼，这让听者第一次充分认识到，呼声响亮的极致。

"Open the door of some place where I can lock this screeching Hell-babe," cried Sikes fiercely; running to and fro, and dragging the boy, now, as easily as if he were an empty sack. "That door. Quick!" He flung him in, bolted it, and turned the key. "Is the downstairs door fast?"

“找个地方把门打开，我要把这个大叫大嚷的小混蛋锁起来。”赛克斯满面怒容，大声喊道。他拖着男孩跑来跑去，一点儿都不显得吃力，好像他拖着的只是一个空袋子，“那扇门。快！”他把男孩往里头一掼，下了门闩，还转了下钥匙，“楼下的门牢靠吗？”

"Double-locked and chained," replied Crackit, who, with the other two men, still remained quite helpless and bewildered.

“落了两道锁，还上了门链。”格拉基特回答。和其他两个人一样，他仍然是一副无能为力、一筹莫展的样子。

"The panels—are they strong?”

“那门板——牢固吗？”

"Lined with sheet-iron.”

“衬着铁板呢。”

"And the windows too?"

“窗户也衬着？”

"Yes, and the windows."

“是的，窗户也衬着。”

"Damn you!" cried the desperate ruffian, throwing up the sash and

menacing the crowd. "Do your worst! I'll cheat you yet!”

“该死！”绝望的暴徒叫着，把窗框往上一推，冲着人群威胁道，“尽管来吧！我还要好好耍耍你们呢！”

Of all the terrific yells that ever fell on mortal ears, none could exceed the cry of the infuriated throng. Some shouted to those who were nearest to set the house on fire; others roared to the officers to shoot him dead. Among them all, none showed such fury as the man on horseback, who, throwing himself out of the saddle, and bursting through the crowd as if he were parting water, cried, beneath the window, in a voice that rose above all others, "Twenty guineas to the man who brings a ladder!"

人群被激怒了。世上所有活人听过的叫喊声中，没有哪种声音能盖过此时他们的怒吼。一些人冲着离房子最近的人呼喊，让他们放火烧了这房子；另一些人则冲警官们咆哮，要他们开枪射杀凶手。在所有人中，骑马的那人看起来最是愤怒。他飞快地跳下马鞍，像分开水流一样迅速分开人群，奔到窗子下，用盖过其他所有人的嗓门喊道：“谁搬个梯子过来，我就给谁二十几尼！”

The nearest voices took up the cry, and hundreds echoed it. Some called for ladders, some for sledge-hammers; some ran with torches to and fro as if to seek them, and still came back and roared again; some spent their breath in impotent curses and execrations; some pressed forward with the ecstasy of madmen, and thus impeded the progress of those below; some among the boldest attempted to climb up by the water-spout and crevices in the wall; and all waved to and fro, in the darkness beneath, like a field of corn moved by an angry wind: and joined from time to time in one loud furious roar.

离他最近的几个人也这样喊起来，接着成百上千的人也都开始有样学样。有的人叫着要梯子，有的要大锤；有的人拿着火把跑来跑去，像是在找这两样东西，可又空手返回再次呼喊起来；有的人咒骂着凶手，却是枉费唇舌、无济于事；有的人像疯子一般拼命往前挤，阻碍了楼下那些人的行动。有几个最大胆的尝试沿着落水管和墙壁的裂缝爬上去。所有人都在黑暗之中前后摇摆，像是狂风肆虐下不停晃动的一片玉米地；不时还联合起来发出一声怒吼。

"The tide," cried the murderer, as he staggered back into the room, and shut the faces out, "the tide was in as I came up. Give me a rope, a long rope. They're all in front. I may drop into the Folly Ditch, and clear off that way. Give me a rope, or I shall do three more murders and kill myself.”

“潮水，”凶手将那些脸孔关在窗外，蹒跚地退回屋内，叫道，“我上来的时候正在涨潮。给我一根绳子，要长点的。他们全都在前面。我可以跳进荒唐沟，从那里脱身。给我一根绳子，不然我干脆再解决掉三个

人，然后自杀。”

The panic-stricken men pointed to where such articles were kept; the murderer, hastily selecting the longest and strongest cord, hurried up to the house-top.

那三人被吓坏了，一齐指了指放置绳索一类物品的地方。凶手急急忙忙挑了根最长最结实的细绳，匆匆爬上了房顶。

All the window in the rear of the house had been long ago bricked up, except one small trap in the room where the boy was locked, and that was too small even for the passage of his body. But, from this aperture, he had never ceased to call on those without, to guard the back; and thus, when the murderer emerged at last on the house-top by the door in the roof, a loud shout proclaimed the fact to those in front, who immediately began to pour round, pressing upon each other in an unbroken stream.

房子背面所有的窗户在很久以前就都被砖砌上了，只有关男孩的那个房间有一扇活动天窗。但那窗子太小了，连那孩子的小身板都没法钻过去。但就是通过这个小孔，男孩从未停止向屋外的那些人呼喊，让他们守住房子背面。当凶手最终通过屋顶的门、出现在房子的最高处时，一声大喊也随之响了起来，将这一情况宣告给身处房子前面的人们。他们立刻开始蜂拥而来，人挤人、人推人，汇成一股不间断的人流。

He planted a board, which he had carried up with him for the purpose, so firmly against the door that it must be matter of great difficulty to open it from the inside; and creeping over the tiles, looked over the low parapet.

凶手特意带了一块木板上去；他将木板牢牢地抵在了门上，这样的话，想从里面开门就非得花大力气不可。接着他从瓦上爬到了房子背面，越过低矮的护墙往下看。

The water was out, and the ditch a bed of mud.

潮水退了，荒唐沟成了一片泥床。

The crowd had been hushed during these few moments, watching his motions and doubtful of his purpose, but the instant they perceived it and knew it was defeated, they raised a cry of triumphant execration to which all their previous shouting had been whispers. Again and again it rose. Those who were at too great a distance to know its meaning, took up the sound; it echoed and re-echoed; it seemed as though the whole city had poured its population out to curse him.

在这几个瞬间里，人群安静了下来。人们看着他的动作，猜测着他的动机。当他们意识到他究竟想干什么时，立马知道这个图谋已经落空。人群中响起了一阵胜利的欢呼和诅咒的咆哮，和这相比，他们之前

所有的叫喊都只能算是轻声耳语。嘈杂声此起彼伏。那些离得太远的人虽然不知道这是什么意思，但也跟着叫了起来。喊声一遍又一遍地回响，好像整个城市的人都涌了出来，一齐咒骂凶手。

On pressed the people from the front—on, on, on, in a strong struggling current of angry faces, with here and there a glaring torch to lighten them up, and show them out in all their wrath and passion. The houses on the opposite side of the ditch had been entered by the mob; sashes were thrown up, or torn bodily out; there were tiers and tiers of faces in every window; cluster upon cluster of people clinging to every house-top. Each little bridge (and there were three in sight) bent beneath the weight of the crowd upon it. Still the current poured on to find some nook or hole from which to vent their shouts, and only for an instant see the wretch.

有些人正对着房子走去，他们越靠越近——向前、向前、向前，愤怒的脸庞汇聚成一股激流，艰难缓慢地向前涌动；各处闪耀的火把为他们照亮了道路，也照出了他们满腔的激动和愤怒。大批民众涌入了沟渠对岸的房子；窗框被他们推了上去，甚至被完全扯破。每扇窗户边都挤满了一排又一排的脸孔；每栋房子的房顶上都附着一群又一群的人。每一座小桥（看得到的就有三座）竟都被桥上人群的重量压弯了。人流还在涌过来，都想找个角落或小孔来大喊大叫一番，更想看看那个坏人，哪怕只是一眼。

"They have him now," cried a man on the nearest bridge. "Hurrah!"

“这回他们总算抓住他了。”一个人喊道，他站在离房子最近的那座桥上，“太好了！”

The crowd grew light with uncovered heads; and again the shout uprose.

人们心中一松，纷纷脱去帽子，叫喊声再一次响起。

"I will give fifty pounds," cried an old gentleman from the same quarter, "to the man who takes him alive. I will remain here, till he come to ask me for it."

“我出五十英镑，”同样站在那座桥上的一位老绅士喊道，“给那位活捉凶手的人。我会一直呆在这里，直到那人来找我领这笔钱。”

There was another roar. At this moment the word was passed among the crowd that the door was forced at last, and that he who had first called for the ladder had mounted into the room. The stream abruptly turned, as this intelligence ran from mouth to mouth; and the people at the windows, seeing those upon the bridges pouring back, quitted their stations, and running into the street, joined the concourse that now thronged pell-mell to the spot they had left: each

man crushing and striving with his neighbor, and all panting with impatience to get near the door, and look upon the criminal as the officers brought him out. The cries and shrieks of those who were pressed almost to suffocation, or trampled down and trodden under foot in the confusion, were dreadful; the narrow ways were completely blocked up; and at this time, between the rush of some to regain the space in front of the house, and the unavailing struggles of others to extricate themselves from the mass, the immediate attention was distracted from the murderer, although the universal eagerness for his capture was, if possible, increased

呼喊声再一次响起。这时候，人群中传出一则消息，那扇被顶住的门终于被强行打开了。第一个喊着要搬梯子的人已经登上梯子，爬进了房间。这则消息一经传开，人流立刻就变了方向。那些站在窗边的人看见桥上的人往回涌，也离开了他们原来的位置跑到街上，加入了正匆匆忙忙返回原地的大批人群。大家彼此推搡着，连连喘着粗气，急不可耐地想要靠近那扇门，只为在警官们把犯人带出来的时候看上那么一眼。有些人被挤得几乎窒息，还有些人在混乱中被挤倒在地、遭人踩踏。他们又是呼喊又是尖叫，这情形着实可怕；狭窄的道路完全堵塞了。这时候，有的人冲过来想重新占据房子前面的位置，另一些人却试图把自己从人群中解救出来，但他们的努力却是徒劳无功。集中在凶手身上的注意力立刻被分散了，尽管若还有可能，大家心中亲手捉住他的渴望是有增无减。

The man had shrunk down, thoroughly quelled by the ferocity of the crowd, and the impossibility of escape; but seeing this sudden change with no less rapidity than it had occurred, he sprang upon his feet, determined to make one last effort for his life by dropping into the ditch, and, at the risk of being stifled, endeavouring to creep away in the darkness and confusion.

男人畏缩不前，人群的凶暴和逃跑的无望把他完全压垮了。尽管如此，他还是立刻就发现发现了人群的突然变化。他跳了起来，决定为自己的生命作最后一搏，那就是跳入沟渠，冒着窒息的危险，趁着夜色的掩护和周围的混乱偷偷离开。

Roused into new strength and energy, and stimulated by the noise within the house which announced that an entrance had really been effected, he set his foot against the stack of chimneys, fastened one end of the rope tightly and firmly round it, and with the other made a strong running noose by the aid of his hands and teeth almost in a second. He could let himself down by the cord to within a less distance of the ground than his own height, and had his knife ready in his hand to cut it then and drop.

作完这个决定，他力量顿生，干劲也足了。此时，屋内传出了喧闹声，说明确实有人已经进了房子，这让他大受刺激。他用一只脚抵住烟

囱筒，把绳子一端绕着烟囱结结实实栓住，然后在手齿并用，几乎在一瞬间就用绳子的另一端做好了一个坚固的活套。他可以顺着细绳滑到距地面不到自己身高的地方，到时候再用手里的小刀割断绳子，把自己放下去。

At the very instant when he brought the loop over his head previous to slipping it beneath his arm-pits, and when the old gentleman before-mentioned (who had clung so tight to the railing of the bridge as to resist the force of the crowd, and retain his position) earnestly warned those about him that the man was about to lower himself down—at that very instant the murderer, looking behind him on the roof, threw his arms above his head, and uttered a yell of terror.

就在他把活结套在自己头上，马上要让绳结滑到腋窝下的时候，之前提到的那位老绅士（他紧紧贴在桥栏杆上来抵挡人群的推力，保住自己的立足之地）急切地警告周围的人们，那男人要把自己放下来——就在此刻，凶手在房顶回头看了一眼，突然把双手举过头顶，发出了一声令人心胆俱裂的叫喊。

"The eyes again!" he cried in an unearthly screech.

“又是那双眼睛！”他诡异地尖叫了一声。

Staggering as if struck by lightning, he lost his balance and tumbled over the parapet. The noose was on his neck. It ran up with his weight, tight as a bow-string, and swift as the arrow it speeds. He fell for five-and-thirty feet. There was a sudden jerk, a terrific convulsion of the limbs; and there he hung, with the open knife clenched in his stiffening hand.

他好像被闪电击中了一般，身体失去了平衡，晃了两晃后从护墙上跌落了下来。他脖子上还套着活套。绳子被他的重量一拉，迅速绷得像弓弦一样紧，拉直的速度更是像箭一样快。他往下落了整整三十五英尺。他被绳子猛地一拉，四肢可怕地抽动了一下。人被吊在那里，手已经变硬了，手心里还紧紧握着一把打开的小刀。

The old chimney quivered with the shock, but stood it bravely. The murderer swung lifeless against the wall; and the boy, thrusting aside the dangling body which obscured his view, called to the people to come and take him out, for God's sake.

老烟囱受了这次冲击，颤了一颤，但还是英勇地挺了过来。杀人犯像一块死肉一般，面对着墙壁荡来荡去，挡住了男孩的视线。男孩把摇摇晃晃的尸体使劲推到一边，请求人们看在上帝的份上，过去把他从那儿弄出来。

A dog, which had lain concealed till now, ran backwards and forwards on the parapet with a dismal howl, and collecting himself for

a spring, jumped for the dead man's shoulders. Missing his aim, he fell into the ditch, turning completely over as he went; and striking his head against a stone, dashed out his brains.

一条狗凄凉地嚎叫起来，这条狗之前一直潜藏着没露面。它在胸墙上前前后后地跑，等蓄好势，就朝着死者肩膀跳了过去。可惜它偏离了目标，一头栽进了沟渠。往下落的时候，它还完全翻了个身，头直直地撞在一块石头上，脑浆撒了一地。

CHAPTER LI Affording an explanation of more mysteries than one, and comprehending a proposal of marriage with no word of settlement or pin-money

第五十一章 本章将为若干谜团解开谜底，并讲述一桩没有承诺亦没有彩礼的婚事

The events narrated in the last chapter were yet but two days old, when Oliver found himself, at three o'clock in the afternoon, in a travelling-carriage rolling fast towards his native town. Mrs. Maylie, and Rose, and Mrs. Bedwin, and the good doctor were with him: and Mr. Brownlow followed in a post-chaise, accompanied by one other person whose name had not been mentioned.

上一章讲述的事件仅仅才过去两天。那天下午三点，一辆旅行马车朝着奥利弗出生的那个镇子飞驰而去，奥利弗自己正坐在车里。与他同行的有梅莱夫人、罗丝、贝德温夫人和那位好心的医生。布朗洛先生则和另一位不知姓名的人士乘坐一辆驿站马车紧随其后。

They had not talked much upon the way; for Oliver was in a flutter of agitation and uncertainty which deprived him of the power of collecting his thoughts, and almost of speech, and appeared to have scarcely less effect on his companions, who shared it, in at least an equal degree. He and the two ladies had been very carefully made acquainted by Mr. Brownlow with the nature of the admissions which had been forced from Monks; and although they knew that the object of their present journey was to complete the work which had been so well begun, still the whole matter was enveloped in enough of doubt and mystery to leave them in endurance of the most intense suspense.

一路上，他们交谈甚少。奥利弗心情激荡，又因前路难卜而焦躁不安；他无法捋清自己的思绪，几乎连话都说不出。同行的几个人受到的影响似乎也不亚于他下。蒙克斯被迫供认，布朗洛先生谨慎小心地将他供出的实情告诉了奥利弗和两位夫人。尽管大家知道此行的目的是让本已顺利开始的工作圆满收尾，但整件事情仍然扑朔迷离，他们心中一直感到焦虑万分。

The same kind friend had, with Mr. Losberne's assistance, cautiously stopped all channels of communication through which they could receive intelligence of the dreadful occurrences that so recently taken place. "It was quite true," he said, "that they must know them before long, but it might be at a better time than the present, and it could not be at a worse." So, they travelled on in silence: each busied

with reflections on the object which had brought them together: and no one disposed to give utterance to the thoughts which crowded upon all.

在罗斯伯力先生的帮助下，又是那位善良的朋友考虑周全。他小心地切断了所有消息的来源渠道，使他们无法了解最近发生的一桩桩可怕的事情。“不错，”他说，“要不了多久他们就会知道的，但是，早知道不如晚知道，反正再糟糕也不过如此了。”于是，一路上谁都没有说话，一行人都在琢磨着那件将他们聚到一起的事情，但没有一个人愿意打破沉默，把困扰所有人的想法说出来。

But if Oliver, under these influences, had remained silent while they journeyed towards his birth-place by a road he had never seen, how the whole current of his recollections ran back to old times, and what a crowd of emotions were wakened up in his breast, when they turned into that which he had traversed on foot: a poor houseless, wandering boy, without a friend to help him, or a roof to shelter his head.

奥利弗思绪万千，他正沿着一条之前从未见过的大道，一点一点地靠近他的出生地，如果说此时他仍能保持沉默，那么等他们的马车转进了那条他曾徒步走过的路，那条见证了他曾是个可怜巴巴、无友可依、无片瓦遮头的流浪儿的路时，又会有多少往事涌入他的心头，唤醒他胸中多少复杂的感情。

"See there, there!" cried Oliver, eagerly clasping the hand of Rose, and pointing out at the carriage window; "that's the stile I came over; there are the hedges I crept behind, for fear any one should overtake me and force me back! Yonder is the path across the fields, leading to the old house where I was a little child! oh Dick, Dick, my dear old friend, if I could only see you now!”

“瞧那儿，那儿！”奥利弗急切地抓住罗丝的手，指着车窗外喊道，“我爬过那个栅栏，然后从那些篱笆后面溜走，当时就怕有人会抓住我，把我押回去！远处那条小路穿过田野，通向我小时候住过的老房子。哦，迪克，迪克，我亲爱的老朋友，真想现在就见到你！”

"You will see him soon," replied Rose, gently taking his folded hands between her own. "You shall tell him how happy you are, and how rich you have grown, and that in all your happiness you have none so great as the coming back to make him happy too."

“你会很快见到他的。”罗丝温柔地握着他交叉在一起的双手，答道，“你还可以告诉他，你现在有多开心、多富有。尽管你拥有了所有这一切，但对你来说最大的幸福，还是回到这里让他也获得幸福。”

"Yes, yes," said Oliver, "and we'll—we'll take him away from here, and have him clothed and taught, and send him to some quiet country place where he may grow strong and well,—shall we?”

“是呀，是呀，”奥利弗说道，“我们要——我们要把他从这里带走，给他穿新衣，教他念书，还要把他送到安静的乡下，这样他就能快快长大了——对吗？”

Rose nodded "yes," for the boy was smiling through such happy tears that she could not speak.

罗丝唯有点点头。看着这孩子一边微笑一边流着幸福的泪水，她一时说不出话来。

"You will be kind and good to him, for you are to every one," said Oliver. "It will make you cry, I know, to hear what he can tell; but never mind, never mind, it will be all over, and you will smile again—I know that too—to think how changed he is; you did the same with me. He said 'God bless you'to me when I ran away," cried the boy with a burst of affectionate emotion; "and I will say 'God bless you' now, and show him how I love him for it!”

“你一定会对他非常好的，因为你对每个人都一样好。”奥利弗说，“我知道，听过他的故事，你会大哭一场。但是不要紧，不要紧的，一切都会结束的；你也会再次微笑的——这我也知道——当你想到他的变化时。你对我就是这样的。我逃走的时候，他对我说‘愿上帝保佑你’。”奥利弗难以自已，失声痛哭，“现在，该我对他说‘愿上帝保佑你’了；我要让他知道，因为这句话，我有多么爱他。”

As they approached the town, and at length drove through its narrow streets, it became matter of no small difficulty to restrain the boy within reasonable bounds. There was Sowerberry's the undertaker's just as it used to be, only smaller and less imposing in appearance than he remembered it—there were all the well-known shops and houses, with almost every one of which he had some slight incident connected—there was Gamfield's cart, the very cart he used to have, standing at the old public-house door—there was the workhouse, the dreary prison of his youthful days, with its dismal windows frowning on the street—there was the same lean porter standing at the gate, at sight of whom Oliver involuntarily shrunk back, and then laughed at himself for being so foolish, then cried, then laughed again—there were scores of faces at the doors and windows that he knew quite well—there was nearly everything as if he had left it but yesterday, and all his recent life had been but a happy dream.

他们离镇子越来越近。最后，他们的马车终于进了镇，穿行在一条条狭窄的街道中。此时让奥利弗克制自己、保持理性，实在不是件容易事。苏尔伯雷的棺材铺还和原来一样，只是比奥利弗印象中的小了一些，而且也没那么富丽堂皇了；店铺和房子看上去都很眼熟，他几乎和每家都曾有过些联系；那是甘菲尔德的马车，那辆他曾用过的马车，就停在那家老字号的客栈门口——那是济贫院，他童年时代可怕的牢笼，它那阴郁的窗户总是怨念地望着街道——站在门口的还是那个瘦弱的看

门人，看到他，奥利弗便不由自主地往后一缩，他随即又笑自己如此愚蠢，然后又哭，接着又笑。门口处，窗户旁，有很多他熟悉的面孔；这里几乎人事依旧，仿佛他只不过昨天才离开，而他近来的整个生活只是一场美梦罢了。

But it was pure, earnest, joyful reality. They drove straight to the door of the chief hotel (which Oliver used to stare up at, with awe, and think a mighty palace, but which had somehow fallen off in grandeur and size); and here was Mr. Grimwig all ready to receive them, kissing the young lady, and the old one too, when they got out of the coach, as if he were the grandfather of the whole party, all smiles and kindness, and not offering to eat his head—no, not once; not even when he contradicted a very old postboy about the nearest road to London, and maintained he knew it best, though he had only come that way once, and that time fast asleep. There was dinner prepared, and there were bedrooms ready, and everything was arranged as if by magic.

然而，现实是真实的、纯粹的，不掺一丝虚假而又令人愉悦的。马车径直驶向镇上最豪华的那家饭店（奥利弗曾怀着敬畏的心情瞻仰过这家饭店，觉得它简直就是一座气势恢弘的宫殿，可现在不知怎的，它失去了昔日的雄伟之姿）格林维格先生已经做好了一切准备，正站在门口恭候他们的到来。等他们下了车，他亲了亲年轻的小姐，又亲了亲年长的夫人，仿佛他是所有人的祖父，那样笑容满面、和蔼可亲。不过他没有提到吃掉自己的脑袋——没错，一次也没提到，甚至在和一位老邮差争论去伦敦哪条路最近的时候，他都没提起。他坚称自己最清楚哪条路最近，尽管那条路他只走过一次，且在路上睡得人事不省。晚餐、卧室都已备好，一切都安排得妥妥当当，仿佛被施了魔法一般神奇。

Notwithstanding all this, when the hurry of the first half-hour was over, the same silence and constraint prevailed that had marked their journey down. Mr. Brownlow did not join them at dinner, but remained in a separate room. The two other gentlemen hurried in and out with anxious faces, and, during the short intervals when they were present, conversed apart. Once, Mrs. Maylie was called away, and after being absent for nearly an hour, returned with eyes swollen with weeping. All these things made Rose and Oliver, who were not in any new secrets, nervous and uncomfortable. They sat wondering, in silence; or, if they exchanged a few words, spoke in whispers, as if they were afraid to hear the sound of their own voices.

尽管如此，当最初忙乱的半个小时过后，之前那种沉默、压抑的气氛再次蔓延开来。这一路走来，这种气氛已经使得他们这行人陷于低潮。布朗洛先生没有和他们共进晚餐，他一直呆在一间单独的房间里。其他两位绅士则神情焦虑，进出匆忙。就算中间短暂地回来过几次，他们也只是在一旁交流谈话。中间有一次，梅莱夫人被叫走了。她大约一个小时以后才回来，眼睛竟然都哭肿了。罗丝和奥利弗对最新的情况一

无所知，而所有这些事情更是让他们神经紧绷、如坐针毡。他们坐着发愣，沉默不语；即使偶尔交谈几句，也都是低声耳语，好像连听见自己的声音也觉得害怕一般。

At length, when nine o'clock had come, and they began to think they were to hear no more that night, Mr. Losberne and Mr. Grimwig entered the room, followed by Mr. Brownlow and a man whom Oliver almost shrieked with surprise to see; for they told him it was his brother, and it was the same man he had met at the market-town, and seen looking in with Fagin at the window of his little room. Monks cast a look of hate, which, even then, he could not dissemble, at the astonished boy, and sat down near the door. Mr. Brownlow, who had papers in his hand, walked to a table near which Rose and Oliver were seated.

终于到了九点钟。他们本以为今晚不会再听到什么新的消息了，可就在这时，罗斯伯力先生和格林维格先生走进了房间，后面跟着布朗洛先生和另一个男人。看到此人，奥利弗大吃一惊，差点叫了出来。他们告诉他，这是他的哥哥。此人曾在集市上见过他一面，还曾同费金一道，在他的小屋窗口外探头探脑。蒙克斯恶狠狠地瞪了一眼尚未从惊讶中恢复的奥利弗，在门边坐了下来。事到如今，他还是无法掩饰自己的仇恨。布朗洛先生拿着几份文件，走到一张桌子跟前；罗丝和奥利弗就坐这张桌子旁。

"This is a painful task," said he, "but these declarations, which have been signed in London before many gentlemen, must be in substance repeated here. I would have spared you the degradation, but we must hear them from your own lips before we part, and you know why."

“这是份苦差事。”他说道，“这些声明已经在伦敦当着许多绅士的面签署过了，但我认为在这里简明扼要地重新宣读一遍，很有必要。我本不想让你难堪，但是在大家分开前，我还是需要听你亲口再念一遍，原因你是知道的。”

"Go on," said the person addressed, turning away his face. "Quick. I have almost done enough, I think. Don't keep me here.”

“说下去，”发言人把脸转到一边，说道，“快点。我觉得我也做得够多了。别再难为我了。”

"This child," said Mr. Brownlow, drawing Oliver to him, and laying his hand upon his head, "is your half-brother; the illegitimate son of your father, my dear friend Edwin Leeford, by poor young Agnes Fleming, who died in giving him birth.”

“这个孩子，”布朗洛先生把奥利弗拉到身旁，把一只手放在他的头上，说道，“是你同父异母的兄弟，是你父亲、我的好友埃德温·黎福特的非婚生子。他的母亲，那可怜的小阿格尼丝·弗莱明，在生他的时候难

产死了。”

"Yes," said Monks, scowling at the trembling boy: the beating of whose heart he might have heard. "That is the bastard child."

“是啊，”蒙克斯一脸怒容，瞪着那个浑身颤抖的男孩，或许还能听到对方砰砰的心跳声，“他就是个私生子。”

"The term you use," said Mr. Brownlow, sternly, "is a reproach to those long since passed beyond the feeble censure of the world. It reflects disgrace on no one living, except you who use it. Let that pass. He was born in this town."

“你用这个字眼，”布朗洛先生厉声喝道，“想要侮辱的那些人早已超脱于世间种种流言蜚语之外。你用这个字眼非但不会败坏任何生者的名誉，反倒会让你自取其辱。不说这些了。他是在这个镇上出生的。”

"In the workhouse of this town," was the sullen reply. "You have the story there." He pointed impatiently to the papers as he spoke.

“在本镇的救济院里。”蒙克斯回道，口气甚是阴沉，“你那儿不是写着整件事嘛。”他一边说，一边不耐烦地指了指那些文件。

"I must have it here, too," said Mr. Brownlow, looking round upon the listeners.

“我要在这里证实一下。”布朗洛先生说道，环顾了一下四周的听众。

"Listen then! You!" returned Monks.

“那就听着！你们！”蒙克斯回道，

"His father being taken ill at Rome, was joined by his wife, my mother, from whom he had been long separated, who went from Paris and took me with her—to look after his property, for what I know, for she had no great affection for him, nor he for her. He knew nothing of us, for his senses were gone, and he slumbered on till next day, when he died. Among the papers in his desk, were two, dated on the night his illness first came on, directed to yourself"; he addressed himself to Mr. Brownlow; "and enclosed in a few short lines to you, with an intimation on the cover of the package that it was not to be forwarded till after he was dead. One of these papers was a letter to this girl Agnes; the other a will."

“他的父亲在罗马病倒了。他父亲的妻子，也就是我母亲，带着我从巴黎赶往罗马——去料理他的财产。他们分居已久，而且据我所知，他们之间没什么感情。他根本不知道我们去了那里。当时他毫无知觉，一直昏迷不醒，到了第二天，他就死了。他书桌上的文件里，有两封写于他刚发病那晚，上面指明要直接寄给你本人。”他对布朗洛先生说，“里面有他给你写的几句话，文件封皮上还附有一则说明，即要等他死后才

能寄出。文件中还夹了一封信，就是写给这个叫阿格尼丝的姑娘的，另一封就是遗嘱。”

"What of the letter?" asked Mr. Brownlow.

“那封信上写了什么？”布朗洛先生问道。

"The letter? —A sheet of paper crossed and crossed again, with a penitent confession, and prayers to God to help her. He had palmed a tale on the girl that some secret mystery—to be explained one day—prevented his marrying her just then; and so she had gone on, trusting patiently to him, until she trusted too far, and lost what none could ever give her back. She was, at that time, within a few months of her confinement. He told her all he had meant to do, to hide her shame, if he had lived, and prayed her, if he died, not to curse his memory, or think the consequences of their sin would be visited on her or their young child; for all the guilt was his. He reminded her of the day he had given her the little locket and the ring with her christian name engraved upon it, and a blank left for that which he hoped one day to have bestowed upon her—prayed her yet to keep it, and wear it next her heart, as she had done before—and then ran on, wildly, in the same words, over and over again, as if he had gone distracted. I believe he had.”

“那封信？不过就是一张纸，上面尽是涂涂改改的痕迹。纸上写着他的忏悔、坦白，还有祈求上帝帮助她的祷告。他扯了个谎，骗她说因为某个难以说清的秘密——他终有一日会向她解释的——他那时没法娶她。她一如既往地相信了他，但信任得过了头，失去了任何人都无法给她再找回来的东西。那个时候，她还有几个月就要生了。他把自己的打算都告诉了她：如果他活着，会保护她的名誉；如果他死了，恳请她不要诅咒他的亡灵，或认为他们的罪恶会给她或他们年幼的孩子招致惩罚，因为他才是罪魁祸首。他提醒她，他曾送给她一个能藏东西的项链坠和一枚刻有她基督教名的戒指，并希望有朝一日在名字旁边的空白处能刻上随他的姓氏——他恳请她保存好戒指，像从前一样，把它挂在胸前——然后他失控了，一遍又一遍疯狂地写着同样的话，好像神经错乱了一样。他当时肯定是神经错乱了。”

"The will," said Mr. Brownlow, as Oliver's tears fell fast. Monks was silent.

“说说那遗嘱。”布朗洛先生说道。此时，奥利弗已泪如雨下。蒙克斯默不作声。

"The will," said Mr. Brownlow, speaking for him, "was in the same spirit as the letter. He talked of miseries which his wife had brought upon him; of the rebellious disposition, vice, malice, and premature bad passions of you his only son, who had been trained to hate him; and left you, and your mother, each an annuity of eight hundred

pounds. The bulk of his property he divided into two equal portions—one for Agnes Fleming, and the other for their child, if it should be born alive, and ever come of age. If it were a girl, it was to inherit the money unconditionally; but if a boy, only on the stipulation that in his minority he should never have stained his name with any public act of dishonour, meanness, cowardice, or wrong. He did this, he said, to mark his confidence in the other, and his conviction—only strengthened by approaching death—that the child would share her gentle heart, and noble nature. If he were disappointed in this expectation, then the money was to come to you: for then, and not till then, when both children were equal, would he recognise your prior claim upon his purse, who had none upon his heart, but had, from an infant, repulsed him with coldness and aversion.”

“那份遗嘱，”布朗洛先生替他说道，“和那封信差不多。他谈到他妻子带给他的痛苦，还谈到你的反叛性情、恶劣行径、为人不善以及过早形成的阴毒。你是他唯一的儿子，却受人教唆，对他心怀仇恨。他给你和你母亲各留了八百磅的年金。他将自己大部分的财产平均分为两份，一份给阿格尼丝·弗莱明，另一份留给他们的孩子；只要孩子能生下来，并达到法定年龄。如果孩子是女孩，那么她将无条件继承遗产；如果是男孩，那他只有满足下列条件，才可继承遗产：在其未成年期间，不能以任何有损名誉、卑鄙、怯懦或违法的行为玷污他的姓氏。他说，这么做是为了表明他对孩子母亲的信任，以及他的信念——越是临近死亡，这种信念越是坚定——他坚信，他们的孩子会继承母亲的温柔心肠、高贵品质。如果他的希望落了空，那么那部分遗产则全部归你。只有到了那个时候，只有当两个孩子同为一丘之貉时，他才承认你有优先继承权。你从小就以冷漠与憎恨打击你的父亲，因而你不得他的欢心。”

"My mother," said Monks, in a louder tone, "did what a woman should have done. She burnt this will. The letter never reached its destination; but that, and other proofs, she kept, in case they ever tried to lie away the blot. The girl's father had the truth from her with every aggravation that her violent hate—I love her for it now—could add. Goaded by shame and dishonour he fled with his children into a remote corner of Wales, changing his very name that his friends might never know of his retreat; and here, no great while afterwards, he was found dead in his bed. The girl had left her home, in secret, some weeks before; he had searched for her, on foot, in every town and village near; it was on the night when he returned home, assured that she had destroyed herself, to hide her shame and his, that his old heart broke.”

“我的母亲，”蒙克斯提高了嗓音，说道，“我的母亲做了一个女人应该做的事情。她把遗嘱烧了。那封信永远到不了收信人手里，但她把那封信和其他的证据一并留了下来，以防那些人想要掩盖自己不光彩的行为。那姑娘的父亲从她那里得知了真相，出于刻骨的仇恨——我真爱她

这点——她还添油加醋，极力抹黑。他羞愧难当，自觉名誉尽损，带着孩子们逃到了威尔士的一个偏远角落。他还改名换姓，让朋友们找不到他隐退的地方。到那里没多久，他就被人发现死在了床上。几周前，那个女孩悄悄离家出走；他为了找她，徒步走遍附近的每个镇子，每一个村庄。他死的那天晚上，刚回到家，认定女儿为了掩盖自己的丑事，为了不使自己的父亲蒙羞，结束了自己的生命。一想到这里，他那颗年老的心都碎了。”

There was a short silence here, until Mr. Brownlow took up the thread of the narrative.

房间里鸦雀无声。片刻过后，布朗洛先生接过话头，继续讲了下去，

"Years after this," he said, "this man's—Edward Leeford's—mother came to me. He had left her, when only eighteen; robbed her of jewels and money; gambled, squandered, forged, and fled to London: where for two years he had associated with the lowest outcasts. She was sinking under a painful and incurable disease, and wished to recover him before she died. Inquiries were set on foot, and strict searches made. They were unavailing for a long time, but ultimately successful; and he went back with her to France.”

“几年后，”他说，“这个男人——爱德华·黎福特——他的母亲来找我。他十八岁的时候就离开了她，还卷走了她的首饰钱财。他滥赌成瘾、挥霍无度、造假欺诈，最后逃到了伦敦,在那里和社会底层的无法无天之徒混了两年。她深受一种不治之症的折磨，痛苦不堪，身体每况愈下。她希望能在自己死前，把儿子找回来。她四处打听调查，不放过一处地方。有很长一段时间，所有的努力都毫无成果，但最终还是让她找着了他。他便跟着她回了法国。”

"There she died," said Monks, "after a lingering illness; and, on her death-bed, she bequeathed these secrets to me, together with her unquenchable and deadly hatred of all whom they involved—though she need not have left me that, for I had inherited it long before. She would not believe that the girl had destroyed herself, and the child too, but was filled with the impression that a male child had been born, and was alive. I swore to her, if ever it crossed my path, to hunt it down; never to let it rest; to pursue it with the bitterest and most unrelenting animosity; to vent upon it the hatred that I deeply felt, and to spit upon the empty vaunt of that insulting will by draggin it, if I could, to the very gallows-foot. She was right. He came in my way at last. I began well; and, but for babbling drabs, I would have finished as I began!”

“她死在了那里。”蒙克斯说道，“她的病一点一点吞噬了她。临终前，她将这些秘密，连同她对牵涉其中的每个人那永远无法压制的刻骨仇恨一起传给了我——尽管她没必要这么做，因为我早已继承了这份仇

恨。她不相信那个姑娘自杀了，不相信她的孩子也死了。她总觉得那姑娘生了个男孩，那个男孩还好好地活在这个世上。我向她发誓，如果我遇到了那个家伙，一定不会让他有片刻安宁，甚至要把他置于死地；我要把我刻骨的仇恨都发泄到他的头上，我会狠狠地收拾他，让他体会到无休无止的憎恶；如果可以，我还要把他拖到绞刑架下，以此来向那张满纸空话的辱人遗嘱吐口水。她没说错。我最终还是遇到了他。开头很顺利，要不是那些满口胡话的婊子，我早就得手了！”

As the villain folded his arms tight together, and muttered curses on himself in the impotence of baffled malice, Mr. Brownlow turned to the terrified group beside him, and explained that the Jew, who had been his old accomplice and confidant, had a large reward for keeping Oliver ensnared: of which some part was to be given up, in the event of his being rescued: and that a dispute on this head had led to their visit to the country house for the purpose of identifying him.

这恶棍将双臂紧紧地交叉在胸前，怀着无处发泄的怨恨喃喃自语，咒骂自己无能。在场的每个人都听得毛骨悚然，布朗洛先生转过身来，向他们解释说，那个犹太人与他合作了很久，既是他的帮凶也是心腹。他诱惑奥利弗上钩，得到一大笔酬金。不过如果奥利弗得救了，他还得退还部分酬金。他们在这个问题上起了争执，才会前往乡村别墅，目的就是为了确认，那孩子的确是奥利弗。

"The locket and ring?" said Mr. Brownlow, turning to Monks.

“那个项链坠和戒指呢？”布朗洛转头问蒙克斯。

"I bought them from the man and woman I told you of, who stole them from the nurse, who stole them from the corpse," answered Monks without raising his eyes. "You know what became of them."

“我曾跟你提起过一对男女。那两样东西我就是从他们手上买来的，他们是从看护偷来的，看护又是从死人身上扒拉下来的。”蒙克斯答道，连眼皮都没抬一下，“剩下的事情，你都知道了。”

Mr. Brownlow merely nodded to Mr. Grimwig, who disappearing with great alacrity, shortly returned, pushing in Mrs. Bumble, and dragging her unwilling consort after him.

布朗洛先生只是朝格林维格先生点了点头，后者欣然离开。他很快又回来了，前面推着邦布尔夫人，后面还拽着她很不情愿的丈夫。

"Do my hi's deceive me!" cried Mr. Bumble, with ill-feigned enthusiasm, "or is that little Oliver? Oh O-li-ver, if you know'd how I've been a-grieving for you—" "Hold your tongue, fool," murmured Mrs. Bumble.

“我不是眼花了吧！”邦布尔先生热情地大叫起来，一副惺惺作态的嘴脸，“这不是奥利弗吗？哦，奥——利——弗，你都不知道我为了你有多么伤心——”“住嘴，蠢货！”邦布尔夫人嘟囔着。

"Isn't natur, natur, Mrs. Bumble?"remonstrated the workhouse master.

“这难道不是人之常情——人之常情吗，邦布尔夫人？”济贫院院长反驳道，

"Can't I be supposed to feel—I as brought him up porochially—when I see him a-setting here among ladies and gentlemen of the very affablest description! I always loved that boy as if he'd been my—my—my own grandfather," said Mr. Bumble, halting for an appropriate comparison. "Master Oliver, my dear, you remember the blessed gentleman in the white waistcoat? Ah! he went to heaven last week, in a oak coffin with plated handles, Oliver."

“我就不能有所感触——是我代表教区把他抚养大的——现在看到他和这些亲切友善的先生女士们在一起，我就不能有所感触吗！我一直很爱这孩子，就像他是我的——我的——我的亲爷爷一样。”邦布尔先生顿了一下，才找到了这样一个恰当的比方，“亲爱的奥利弗少爷，您记不记得那位好命的白背心绅士？唉！他上礼拜回到上帝的怀抱去了，用了一口橡木棺材，连把手都是镀金的，奥利弗。”

"Come, sir," said Mr. Grimwig, tartly; "suppress your feelings."

“省省吧，老兄，”格林维格先生讽刺地说道，“控制一下自己的情绪。”

"I will do my endeavours, sir," replied Mr. Bumble. "How do you do, sir? I hope you are very well."

“我尽量，先生。”邦布尔先生答道，“您近来可好，先生？愿您身体安康。”

This salutation was addressed to Mr. Brownlow, who had stepped up to within a short distance of the respectable couple. He inquired, as he pointed to Monks, "Do you know that person?"

这一番话是问候布朗洛先生的。他正朝着这对可敬的夫妇走来，此时已经离他们很近了。他指着蒙克斯，问道：“你认识那人吗？”

"No," replied Mrs. Bumble flatly.

“不认识。”邦布尔夫人断然否认。

"Perhaps—you—don't?" said Mr. Brownlow, addressing her spouse.

“恐怕——你——也不认识吧？”布朗洛先生转而问她的配偶。

"I never saw him in all my life," said Mr. Bumble.

“我这辈子从没见过他。”邦布尔先生说。

"Nor sold him anything, perhaps?"

“或许，也没卖过他什么东西吗？”

"No," replied Mrs. Bumble.

“没有。”邦布尔夫人答道。

"You never had, perhaps, a certain gold locket and ring?" said Mr.Brownlow.

“或许，你们也从未有过一个项链坠和一枚金戒指吧？”布朗洛先生说道。

"Certainly not," replied the matron. "Why are we brought here to answer to such nonsense as this?"

“当然没有，”女管家答道，“你干嘛把我们带这儿来，还让我们回答这样毫无意义的问题？”

Again Mr. Brownlow nodded to Mr. Grimwig; and again that gentleman limped away with extraordinary readiness. But not again did he return with a stout man and wife; for this time, he led in two palsied women, who shook and tottered as they walked.

布朗洛先生再次向格林维格先生点了点头，那位绅士又一瘸一拐地离开了房间，看得出来他非常乐意干这件事。不过这次他带回来的，不是一对身强体壮的夫妇，而是两位全身瘫软的女人。她们摇摇晃晃地走进了房间，浑身哆嗦个不停。

"You shut the door the night old Sally died," said the foremost one, raising her shrivelled hand, "but you couldn't shut out the sound, nor stop the chinks.”

“老萨利死的那个晚上，你关上了门，”走在前面的一个抬起一只满是皱纹的手，说道，“但你关不住声响，也堵不住门缝。”

"No, no," said the other, looking round her and wagging her toothless jaws. "No, no, no."

“你办不到，办不到，”另一个望了望四周，摇了摇没有牙齿的嘴巴，“办不到，办不到，办不到。”

"We heard her try to tell you what she'd done, and saw you take a paper from her hand, and watched you too, next day, to the pawnbroker's shop," said the first. "Yes," added the second, "and it was a locket and gold ring." "We found out that, and saw it given you. We were by. Oh! we were by."

“我们俩听见她想把做过的事情告诉你，还瞧见你从她手里拿走了一张纸。第二天我们盯着你，看见你去了当铺。”头一个说。“没错，”第二个女人补充道，“那是个项链坠和一枚金戒指。”“我们认出了那些东西，还眼见那些东西被交给了你。我们当时就在旁边。哦！我们就在旁边。”

"And we know more than that," resumed the first, "for she told us

often, long ago, that the young mother had told her that, feeling she should never get over it, she was on her way, at the time that she was taken ill, to die near the grave of the father of the child."

“我们可知道的可不光是这点事。”第一个女人接着说，“很久以前，她就经常向我们提起，那位年轻母亲觉得自己快撑不住了时，曾经对她讲过，她那时正在赶路，想要死在孩子父亲的坟前，不想自己却病倒在了半路。”

"Would you like to see the pawnbroker himself?" asked Mr.Grimwig with a motion towards the door.

“你还想见见当铺老板本人吗？”格林维格先生做了个朝门口走的动作，问道。

"No," replied the woman; " if he—she pointed to Monks—”has been coward enough to confess, as I see he has, and you have sounded all these hags till you have found the right ones, I have nothing more to say. I—did—sell them, and they're where you'll never get them. What then?”

“不想，”那女人答道，“如果他——”她指了指蒙克斯，“他这个懦夫都招了的话，依我所见他肯定已经这么干了；你又向这里所有的老太婆打听过，最后还真给你找对了证人，那我也没什么好否认的了。我的确卖过那两件东西，可你们也永远找不到那些东西了。你们还能拿我怎么着？”

"Nothing," replied Mr. Brownlow, "except that it remains for us to take care that neither of you is employed in a situation of trust again. You may leave the room."

“不怎么着，”布朗洛先生答道，“只不过我们注意到，你们两人都不值得信任，不能再担当职务了。你们可以走了。”

"I hope," said Mr. Bumble, looking about him with great ruefulness, as Mr. Grimwig disappeared with the two old women: "I hope that this unfortunate little circumstance will not deprive me of my porochial office?"

“我希望，”格林维格先生带着两个老妇人出去后，邦布尔先生看了看左右，满脸悔恨地说，“我希望，不要因为这丁点儿不愉快的事情，就撤掉我的教区公职，好吗？”

"Indeed it will," replied Mr. Brownlow. "You may make up your mind to that, and think yourself well off besides."

“撤职是免不了的，”布朗洛先生答道，“你还是知足吧，你们已经很走运了。”

"It was all Mrs. Bumble. She—would—do it," urged Mr. Bumble; first looking round to ascertain that his partner had left the room.

“这都是邦布尔夫人干的。她——非要——这么做。”邦布尔先生先四下里看了看，确定他的配偶已经离开了房间，这才连声解释道。

"That is no excuse," replied Mr. Brownlow. "You were present on the occasion of the destruction of these trinkets, and indeed are the more guilty of the two, in the eye of the law; for the law supposes that your wife acts under your direction."

“这不是借口。”布朗洛先生回应道，“销毁这些首饰的时候你在场，而且从法律的角度看，你的罪责更为严重，因为依照法律推断，你妻子的所作所为是受你指使的。”

"If the law supposes that," said Mr. Bumble, squeezing his hat emphatically in both hands, "the law is a ass—a idiot. If that's the eye of the law, the law is a bachelor; and the worst I wish the law is, that his eye may be opened by experience—by experience.”

“如果法律这样推断，”邦布尔先生双手夹着帽子，使劲地往中间挤，说道，“那法律就是个蠢货——还是个白痴。如果这就是法律的角度，那么法律一定是个单身汉。我期望法律落到最糟糕的境遇，就是通过亲身体验，开眼明白真相——通过亲身体验。”

Laying great stress on the repetition of these two words, Mr. Bumble fixed his hat on very tight, and putting his hands in his pockets, followed his helpmate downstairs.

邦布尔先生又一次重重强调了那几个字，然后紧紧地扣上帽子，双手插兜，跟着他的贤妻下楼去了。

"Young lady," said Mr. Brownlow, turning to Rose, "give me your hand. Do not tremble. You need not fear to hear the few remaining words we have to say."

“小姐，”布朗洛先生对罗丝说，“把你的手给我。别抖。还有几句话我们不得不说，但是你完全没有必要害怕。”

"If they have—I do not know how they can, but if they have—any reference to me," said Rose, "pray let me hear them at some other time. I have not strength or spirits now."

“如果这些话——我不知道这怎么可能，但如果这些话——跟我有任何关联，”罗丝说，“请一定另找时间告诉我。我现在没有力气，精神也不好。”

"Nay," returned the old gentlman, drawing her arm through his; "you have more fortitude than this, I am sure. Do you know this young lady, sir?"

“不，”老绅士挽起她的手臂，回答道，“我相信你的毅力不只如此。先生，你认识这位小姐吗？”

"Yes," replied Monks.

“认识。”蒙克斯回答。

"I never saw you before," said Rose faintly.

“我从没见过你。”罗丝说，声音十分虚弱。

"I have seen you often," returned Monks.

“我可是见过你很多次。”蒙克斯答道。

"The father of the unhappy Agnes had—two—daughters," said Mr. Brownlow. "What was the fate of the other—the child?”

“那不幸的阿格尼丝的父亲有两个女儿。”布朗洛先生说，“另一个女儿——那个孩子的命运如何呢？”

"The child," replied Monks, "when her father died in a strange place, in a strange name, without a letter, book, or scrap of paper that yielded the faintest clue by which his friends or relatives could be traced—the child was taken by some wretched cottagers, who reared it as their own.”

“那个孩子啊，”蒙克斯回答，“她父亲客死他乡，除了一个假名，没留下一封信、一本书，甚至是一张纸片，没法提供一星半点的线索，别人找不到他的朋友或亲戚——后来那个孩子被一户穷苦农家带走了，并将她视如己出，抚养着她。”

"Go on," said Mr. Brownlow, signing to Mrs. Maylie to approach. "Go on!"

“接着说，”布朗洛先生一边示意让梅莱夫人过来，一边说道，“接着说！”

"You couldn't find the spot to which these people had repaired," said Monks, "but where friendship fails, hatred will often force a way. My mother found it, after a year of cunning search—ay, and found the child.”

“这些人已经把原来的地方重新翻修过，所以你找不到那地儿了。”蒙克斯说，“但是，友好善心一旦毁灭，憎恶就会滋生。我的母亲找到了她，经过一年巧妙的调查——哈，她终于找到了那个孩子。”

"She took it, did she?"

“她把她带走了，对么？”

"No. The people were poor and began to sicken—at least the man did—of their fine humanity; so she left it with them, giving them a small present of money which would not last long, and promised more, which she never meant to send. She didn't quite rely, however, on their discontent and poverty for the child's unhappiness, but told the history of the sister's shame, with such alterations as suited her; bade them take good heed of the child, for she came of bad blood; and

told them she was illegitimate, and sure to go wrong at one time or other. The circumstances countenanced all this; the people believed it; and there the child dragged on an existence, miserable enough even to satisfy us, until a widow lady, residing, then, at Chester, saw the girl by chance, pitied her, and took her home. There was some cursed spell, I think, against us; for in spite of all our efforts she remained there and was happy. I lost sight of her, two or three years ago, and saw her no more until a few months back.”

“没有。那家人很穷，逐渐开始厌倦了自己的善心——至少那家的男人是这样的想法。于是，她给了他们一点儿钱，让他们把孩子留下，但那些钱维持不了多久；她答应会再给，可事实上她压根没打算这么做。后来，她嫌那家人的不满和贫穷整得那孩子还不够惨，就把那孩子姐姐的丑事全抖了出来；她还添油加醋，只凭自己喜欢。她提醒那些人，要小心提防这孩子；这孩子是个坏痞子，还是私生子，有一天肯定得走上歪路。她说的一切与实际情况很相符，那些人就信了她。那孩子后来苟且偷生，活得苦不堪言，连我们都感到很满意。直到有一天，一位住在切斯特的寡妇偶然碰到了她，觉得她很可怜，就把她带回了家。我觉得我们是被诅咒了。不管我们怎么努力，她依旧呆在那里，还过得很快活。我有两三年没见过她了，直到几个月前，我才又碰到她。”

"Do you see her now?"

“她此时在你面前吗？”

"Yes. Leaning on your arm."

“在。她正靠着你的胳膊呢。”

"But not the less my niece," cried Mrs. Maylie, folding the fainting girl in her arms; "not the less my dearest child. I would not lose her now, for all the treasures of the world. My sweet companion, my own dear girl!"

“她就是我的侄女，”梅莱夫人一把将那虚弱的女孩揽在怀里，大声说道，“她就是我最最亲爱的孩子。把全世界的财富给我，我也不会丢下她。我可爱的伙伴，我最宝贝的女孩！”

"The only friend I ever had," cried Rose, clinging to her. "The kindest, best of friends. My heart will burst. I cannot bear all this."

“你是我唯一的朋友，”罗丝紧紧抱住她，说道，“最好最善良的朋友。我的心要炸了。这一切的一切，我再也承受不住了。”

"You have borne more, and have been, through all, the best and gentlest creature that ever shed happiness on every one she knew," said Mrs. Maylie, embracing her tenderly. "Come, come, my love, remember who this is who waits to clasp you in his arms, poor child! See here—look, look, my dear!”

“你比别人经历得多，这些你都挺过来了；你是最善良、最温柔的姑

娘，总是把幸福分给认识的每个人。”梅莱夫人温柔地抱着她说，“来，过来，宝贝，还记得吗，这儿有人还等着把你抱在他怀里呢，可怜的孩子！看这儿——看呐，看呐，亲爱的！”

"Not aunt," cried Oliver, throwing his arms about her neck; "I'll never call her aunt—sister, my own dear sister, that something taught my heart to love so dearly from the first! Rose, dear, darling Rose!”

“我不会叫你姨妈的，”奥利弗搂着她的脖子，大声说道，“我永远也不叫你姨妈的——姐姐，我亲爱的好姐姐，难怪有什么东西从一开始就教导我，教我用心去爱你！罗丝，罗丝，亲爱的罗丝！”

Let the tears which fell, and the broken words which were exchanged in the long close embrace between the orphans, be sacred. A father, sister, and mother, were gained, and lost, in that one moment. Joy and grief were mingled in the cup; but there were no bitter tears: for even grief itself arose so softened, and clothed in such sweet and tender recollections, that it became a solemn pleasure, and lost all character of pain.

两个孤儿紧紧拥抱在一起，很久很久都不愿分开；他们泪流满面，断断续续地说着话——所有的一切都变得那样神圣。转眼之间，他们知道了自己的父亲、姐姐、母亲都是谁，然而这些亲人都已去世，跟不知道没什么两样。""""""欢乐与哀伤水乳交融，但这里没有痛苦的泪水，因为即使是哀伤本身，也以柔和的形状出现，包裹在这甜蜜亲切的回忆中；所有的苦痛都已不见，化为一种庄严神圣的愉悦。

They were a long, long time alone. A soft tap at the door, at length announced that some one was without. Oliver opened it, glided away, and gave place to Harry Maylie.

屋里只剩下他们两个人，时间就这样过了很久很久。最后，门口传来了轻轻的敲门声，门外有人。奥利弗打开门溜了出去，哈里·梅莱走进了房间。

"I know it all," he said, taking a seat beside the lovely girl. "Dear Rose, I know it all."

“我全知道了。”他拿了把椅子，坐到了这位可爱女士的身旁，说道，“亲爱的罗丝，我全知道了。”

"I am not here by accident," he added after a lengthened silence; "nor have I heard all this to-night, for I knew it yesterday—only yesterday. Do you guess that I have come to remind you of a promise?”

“我到这儿来，并不是偶然。”他停了下来，沉默了很长一段时间，接着又继续说道，“我也不是今晚才知道这一切的，我昨天就知道了——不过也就是昨天。你猜到了吗？我这次来，是为了向你重提一个承诺的。”

"Stay," said Rose. "You—do—know all.”

“等等，”罗丝说道，“你全都知道了。”

"All. You gave me leave, at any time within a year, to renew the subject of our last discourse."

“我全都知道了。你允诺过我，在这一年之内的任何时间，我都可以重提我们最后一次谈到的话题。”

"I did."

“是的，我这么说过。”

"Not to press you to alter your determination," pursued the young man, "but to hear you repeat it, if you would. I was to lay whatever of station or fortune I might possess at your feet, and if you still adhered to your former determination, I pledged myself, by no word or act, to seek to change it."

“我不是想逼你改变主意。”年轻人继续说道，“但如果你愿意的话，我想听你再说一遍你的决定。无论我拥有何种地位或财富，都会置于你脚下任你支配。倘若你仍然坚持你之前的决定，我也郑重承诺过，绝不用任何言语或行动加以改变。”

"The same reasons which influenced me then, will influence me now," said Rose firmly. "If I ever owed a strict and rigid duty to her, whose goodness saved me from a life of indigence and suffering, when should I ever feel it, as I should to-night? It is a struggle," said Rose, "but one I am proud to make; it is a pang, but one my heart shall bear."

“曾经影响我做决定的原因，现在仍然影响着我。”罗丝斩钉截铁地答道，“你的母亲心地善良，把我从穷困潦倒、水深火热的生活中解救出来。我感到，我对她负有不可推卸的责任，而且，这种感觉何时像今晚这般强烈过？这是场斗争。”罗丝又说，“但这是一场我为之骄傲的斗争；虽然痛苦，但我甘心承受。”

"The disclosure of to-night," —Harry began.

“今晚揭露的真相——”哈里刚打开话头。

"The disclosure of to-night," replied Rose softly, "leaves me in the same position, with reference to you, as that in which I stood before."

“今晚揭露的真相，”罗丝轻声接过他的话，“没有改变我原来的立场；有关你的问题，我立场依旧。”

"You harden your heart against me, Rose," urged her lover.

“你对我真是太狠心了，罗丝。”她的恋人步步紧逼。

"Oh Harry, Harry," said the young lady, bursting into tears; "I wish I could, and spare myself this pain."

“哦，哈里，哈里，”年轻的姑娘放声大哭，“我也希望能答应你，也希望能把自己从这痛苦中解脱出去呀。”

"Then why inflict it on yourself?" said Harry, taking her hand.

“那你为何要如此痛苦地折磨自己呢？”哈里握着她的手，问道，

"Think, dear Rose, think what you have heard to-night.”

“想想看，亲爱的罗丝，想想你今晚听到的事情。”

"And what have I heard! What have I heard!" cried Rose.

“我都听到了些什么！我都听到了些什么！”罗丝大声说道，

"That a sense of his deep disgrace so worked upon my own father that he shunned all—there, we have said enough, Harry, we have said enough.”

“我父亲感到颜面失尽，这种羞耻感在他心中扎得如此之深，他因此避开了所有人——好了，我们已经说够多了，哈里，我们已经说够多了。”

"Not yet, not yet," said the young man, detaining her as she rose. "My hopes, my wishes, prospects, feeling: every thought in life except my love for you: have undergone a change. I offer you, now, no distinction among a bustling crowd; no mingling with a world of malice and detraction, where the blood is called into honest cheeks by aught but real disgrace and shame; but a home—a heart and home—yes, dearest Rose, and those, and those alone, are all I have to offer.”

“还不够，还不够。”罗丝想要站起来，年轻人却拦住了她，“我的希望、心愿、前程、感情，以及其他所有对生活的看法都发生了改变，唯有对你的感情不变。现在，我要给你的，不是在喧嚣世间的显赫声名，更不是与这个充满怨恨与诽谤的世道同流合污的行动。在这个世上，正直诚实的人被抹黑诋毁，而污蔑他们的人才是真正的恬不知耻。我要给你的是一个家——真心一颗和爱巢一个——是的，亲爱的罗丝，我能给你的，只有这些。”

"What do you mean!" She faltered.

“你在说什么！”她的声音都发颤了。

"I mean but this—that when I left you last, I left you with a firm determination to level all fancied barriers between yourself and me; resolved that if my world could not be yours, I would make yours mine; that no pride of birth should curl the lip at you, for I would turn from it. This I have done. Those who have shrunk from me because of this, have shrunk from you, and proved you so far right. Such power and patronage: such relatives of influence and rank: as smiled upon me then, look coldly now; but there are smiling fields and waving trees in England's richest county; and by one village church—mine,

Rose, my own! —there stands a rustic dwelling which you can make me prouder of, than all the hopes I have renounced, measured a thousandfold. This is my rank and station now, and here I lay it down!”

“我不过是想说，自从我上次离开你之后，我就下定决心，要铲平你我之间一切虚幻的阻碍。如果我的世界不能成为你的，那就让你的世界成为我的吧。我不会让你受到任何门第之见的撇嘴蔑视，因为我根本不在乎这些。这一点我已经做到了。那些因此而躲避我的人，也曾躲避你，这就证明了你一直都是对的。当初那些对我笑脸相迎的权贵，那些有权有势、地位显要的亲戚们，如今对我却是冷眼相待。但在英格兰最富裕的一个郡里，有微笑的田野和摇曳的树木，还有一个乡村教堂——那是我的，罗丝，那是我的！在教堂边，有个乡村小屋；如果你能住进去，我将会以它为荣，比起我放弃的所有心愿，要自豪一千倍。这就是我现在的地位和身份，我全放于此！”

"It's a trying thing waiting supper for lovers," said Mr. Grimwig, waking up, and pulling his pocket-handkerchief from over his head.

“要等坠入爱河的人共进晚餐，可真是件令人难受的事啊。”格林维格先生睡醒了，一边把盖在头上的手帕拉下来，一边这样说道。

Truth to tell, the supper had been waiting a most unreasonable time. Neither Mrs. Maylie, nor Harry, nor Rose (who all came in together), could offer a word in extenuation.

说实话，晚餐很早就备好了，只是这等候的时间实在是有些超出常理。梅莱夫人、哈里和罗丝（他们三人是一块儿进来的）中没人为了缓和气氛，开口说话。

"I had serious thoughts of eating my head to-night," said Mr. Grimwig, "for I began to think I should get nothing else. I'll take the liberty, if you'll allow me, of saluting the bride that is to be.”

“我今晚真想把我的脑袋吃掉，”格林维格先生说道，“因为我已经觉得我吃不着别的东西了。请恕我冒昧，如果你们不介意的话，我可要向准新娘表示祝贺了。”

Mr. Grimwig lost no time in carrying this notice into effect upon the blushing girl; and the example, being contagious, was followed both by the doctor and Mr. Brownlow: some people affirm that Harry Maylie had been observed to set it, orginally, in a dark room adjoining; but the best authorities consider this downright scandal: he being young and a clergyman.

说时迟那时快，格林维格先生立刻付诸行动，吻了一下那个涨红了脸的姑娘。在这个实例的感染下，医生和布朗洛先生也相继模仿了他。有人声称，刚才哈里·梅莱在隔壁那间黑漆漆的屋子里已首创了先例，但最具权威的人士认为这纯属造谣，因为哈里年纪尚轻，还是位牧师。

"Oliver, my child," said Mrs. Maylie, "where have you been, and why do you look so sad? There are tears stealing down your face at this moment. What is the matter?"

“奥利弗，我的孩子，”梅莱夫人道，“你去哪儿了，为什么你看上去如此悲伤？你看你，不声不响，眼泪都顺着脸颊流下来了。出什么事了啦？”

It is a world of disappointment: often to the hopes we most cherish, and hopes that do our nature the greatest honour.

有的希望我们最为珍视，有的希望给予了我们的本性最崇高的荣誉，但当我们怀着这些希望时，这个世界往往令我们失望透顶。

Poor Dick was dead!

可怜的迪克死了！

CHAPTER LII Fagin's last night alive

第五十二章 费金在人世间的最后一夜

The court was paved, from floor to roof, with human faces. Inquisitive and eager eyes peered from every inch of space. From the rail before the dock, away into the sharpest angle of the smallest corner in the galleries, all looks were fixed upon one man—Fagin. Before him and behind: above, below, on the right and on the left: he seemed to stand surrounded by a firmament, all bright with gleaming eyes.

上至屋顶，下至地板，法庭里堆满了人的面孔。这里的每一寸空间都挤满了眼睛，每一双都在好奇而急切地向外张望着。从被告席前面的围栏，到旁听席最狭小、棱角最分明的角落，所有人的目光都集中在一个人的身上——费金。他前前后后，上上下下，左左右右，仿佛被一个大天幕包围了起来，上面布满了闪闪发亮的眼睛。

He stood there, in all this glare of living light, with one hand resting on the wooden slab before him, the other held to his ear, and his head thrust forward to enable him to catch with greater distinctness every word that fell from the presiding judge, who was delivering his charge to the jury. At times, he turned his eyes sharply upon them to observe the effect of the slightest featherweight in his favour; and when the points against him were stated with terrible distinctness, looked towards his counsel, in mute appeal that he would, even then, urge something in his behalf. Beyond these manifestations of anxiety, he stirred not hand or foot. He had scarcely moved since the trial began; and now that the judge ceased to speak, he still remained in the same strained attitude of close attention, with his gaze bent on him, as though he listened still.

众目睽睽之下，他站在那里，一手扶着前面的木板，一手罩在耳朵上。他的头使劲向前倾，以便能够更清楚地听到审判长所说的每一个字眼；后者正在向陪审团陈述关于他的指控。他不时地将目光猛地转向陪审团，观察他们对陈述中一些有利于自己的极其细微之处作何反应。当审判长掷地有声地历数其罪行时，他又转向自己的法律顾问，无声地请求他，不管何时也要替他辩护一二。除了这些焦虑不安的表现以外，他的手脚没动弹过一下。开庭以来，他几乎一动也没动过。此刻，审判长已经陈述完毕，他却仍然保持着那副全神贯注的样子，弓着身盯着审判长，好像还在仔细倾听着。

A slight bustle in the court, recalled him to himself. Looking round, he saw that the juryman had turned together, to consider their verdict. As his eyes wandered to the gallery, he could see the people

rising above each other to see his face: some hastily applying their glasses to their eyes: and others whispering their neighbours with looks expressive of abhorrence. A few there were, who seemed unmindful of him, and looked only to the jury, in impatient wonder how they could delay. But in no one face—not even among the women, of whom there were many there—could he read the faintest sympathy with himself, or any feeling but one of all-absorbing interest that he should be condemned.

突然，法庭里起了一阵小骚动，他这才醒过神来。他转过头去，看见陪审团正凑到一起，讨论着该如何裁定。他目光游移，不知不觉又看到了旁听席上。人们为了看清他，争先恐后地站了起来：有的赶忙带上眼镜，有的则与邻座小声耳语，厌恶之情溢于言表。还有一些人根本不理会他，只是不难烦地盯着陪审团看，不明白他们怎么能拖这么长时间。但是他没能从一张脸上——即便是从在场为数众多的女人脸上——读到哪怕一丝对自己的同情。他只能感觉到，在场所有的人都有一个共同的心愿，那就是将他惩以重刑。

As he saw all this in one bewildered glance, the deathlike stillness came again, and looking back he saw that the jurymen had turned towards the judge. Hush!

正当他瞟见这一切，张皇失措之时，四周围再一次死一般地沉寂了下来。他回头一看，陪审团已转向法官。肃静！

They only sought permission to retire.

他们只是请求退到庭外，以便考虑裁决。

He looked, wistfully, into their faces, one by one when they passed out, as though to see which way the greater number leant; but that was fruitless. The jailer touched him on the shoulder. He followed mechanically to the end of the dock, and sat down on a chair. The man pointed it out, or he would not have seen it.

陪审员们一一离开。他带着渴望的眼神，观察着他们中每个人的脸色；他试图看出大多数人倾向于哪种判决，但这不过是徒劳罢了。看守拍了拍他的肩膀。他呆呆地随他走到被告席的尽头，然后坐到了一把椅子上。要不是看守指了指那把椅子，他肯定看不到自己的座位。

He looked up into the gallery again. Some of the people were eating, and some fanning themselves with handkerchiefs; for the crowded place was very hot. There was one young man sketching his face in a little note-book. He wondered whether it was like, and looked on when the artist broke his pencil-point, and made anot her with his knife, as any idle spectator might have done.

他又抬头向旁听席望去。有人正在吃东西；还有人因为人群中太热，正拿着手帕扇风。还有个年轻小伙子正在一个小笔记本上画他的素

描。他很想知道，这小伙子画得究竟像不像，于是便像个无所事事的观众那样，一直盯着他看，一直看到那位艺术家把铅笔尖折断了，又拿起小刀削起铅笔来。

In the same way, when he turned his eyes towards the judge, his mind began to busy itself with the fashion of his dress, and what it cost, and how he put it on. There was an old fat gentleman on the bench, too, who had gone out, some half an hour before, and now come back. He wondered within himself whether this man had been to get his dinner, what he had had, and where he had had it; and pursued this train of careless thought until some new object caught his eye and roused another.

他又跟刚才一样漫不经心地将注意力转向法官，开始琢磨他一身行头的款式、价格和穿法。审判席上有位胖胖的老绅士，大约半个小时前走了出去，这时候又回来了。他心里想着这个人是不是出去吃晚饭了？吃了什么？在哪儿吃的？就这样，他一直漫无边际地乱琢磨，直到看见某个新目标，然后又开始下一段胡思乱想。

Not that, all this time, his mind was, for an instant, free from one oppressive overwhelming sense of the grave that opened at his feet; it was ever present to him, but in a vague and general way, and he could not fix his thoughts upon it. Thus, even while he trembled, and turned burning hot at the idea of speedy death, he fell to counting the iron spikes before him, and wondering how the head of one had been broken off, and whether they would mend it, or leave it as it was. Then, he thought of all the horrors of the gallows and the scaffold—and stopped to watch a man sprinkling the floor to cool it—and then went on to think again.

这段时间以来，他没有一刻能摆脱得了一种难以承受的压抑，甚至会感觉坟墓已在他脚下大张着打开。这种感觉虽然模糊不清、无法详说，但一直困扰着他，使他无法安心思考。他一想到快要到来的死亡，就会浑身发抖、五脏欲焚。即便如此，因为上述原因，他仍会不由自主地数起面前铁栏杆上的尖头，琢磨着其中的一个尖头是如何折断的，他们是准备把这尖头修好呢，还是就这么着了呢。接着，他又想起了绞刑架和断头台的种种可怖之处——接着又停下思考，看着一个男的朝地上泼水降温——接着又继续胡思乱想。

At length there was a cry of silence, and a breathless look from all towards the door. The jury returned, and passed him close. He could glean nothing from their faces; they might as well have been of stone. Perfect stillness ensued—not a rustle—not a breath—Guilty.

终于，有人喊了一声“肃静”，众人皆屏住呼吸，一同朝门口望去。陪审员们擦着他的身走了过去，又回到了法庭上。他们面无表情，一个个都如石像一般；他从他们脸上读不出任何东西。全场随即鸦雀无声——没有一丝沙沙声——没有一丝呼吸声——“被告罪名成立”！

The building rang with a tremendous shout, and another, and another, and then it echoed loud groans, that gathered strength as they swelled out, like angry thunder. It was a peal of joy from the populace outside, greeting the news that he would die on Monday.

大楼里响起了巨大的呼喊声，一声接着一声；然后又回荡起呻吟叹息；声浪起伏，愈来愈响，如同愤怒的雷鸣。法庭外，群众发出一片响亮的欢呼声，庆祝他将于周一被处死这则消息。

The noise subsided, and he was asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. He had resumed his listening attitude, and looked intently at his questioner while the demand was made; but it was twice repeated before he seemed to hear it, and then he only muttered that he was an old man—an old man—and so, dropping into a whisper, was silent again.

喧嚣声渐渐平息了下来，有人问他是否对死刑有异议。他又摆出了之前那副认真倾听的样子。问话人向他提出这个问题时，他只是专注地看着他。但这问题重复了两遍，他似乎才听进去，接着也只是嘟囔着自己不过是个老头——是个老头——诸如此类的话。他越说越轻，像是在低声自语，然后就再次沉默了。

The judge assumed the black cap, and the prisoner still stood with the same air and gesture. A woman in the gallery, uttered some exclamation, called forth by this dread solemnity; he looked hastily up as if angry at the interruption, and bent forward yet more attentively. The address was solemn and impressive; the sentence fearful to hear. But he stood, like a marble figure, without the motion of a nerve. His haggard face was still thrust forward, his under-jaw hanging down, and his eyes staring out before him, when the jailer put his hand upon his arm, and beckoned him away. He gazed stupidly about him for an instant, and obeyed.

法官戴上了黑色法帽，准备宣判死刑；犯人仍旧一动不动地站在那里，神色也没什么变化。旁听席上的一个女人觉得这肃穆的气氛甚是可怕，不由地惊呼了一声。他慌忙抬起头，似乎对这干扰很是恼怒，然后又把身体往前倾了一些，显得更为专注了。宣判是庄严而令人难忘的，而所宣判的刑罚是令人毛骨悚然的。但他仍像座大理石雕一般，一动不动地站在那里。直到看守一手压在他的胳膊上，叫他退席时，他那张憔悴的脸依然使劲朝前伸着，下巴耷拉下来，双眼凸出，直直地盯着前方。他呆呆地朝四下里望了一眼，这才跟着他走了。

They led him through a paved room under the court, where some prisoners were waiting till their turns came, and others were talking to their friends, who crowded round a grate which looked into the open yard. There was nobody there to speak to-him-; but, as he passed, the prisoners fell back to render him more visible to the people who were clinging to the bars: and they assailed him with opprobrious names,

and screeched and hissed. He shook his fist, and would have spat upon them; but his conductors hurried him on, through a gloomy passage lighted by a few dim lamps, into the interior of the prison.

看守把他带到法庭下面的一间石板房间里，几名犯人正在那里等候提审，还有几名正和挤在围栏前的亲友说话；透过这个围栏，里面的人可以观察到外面院子中的一举一动。房间里没人理会他。可当他经过时，犯人们都向后退了退，好让那些挤在围栏前的人把他看得更清楚些。这些人用不堪入耳的字眼辱骂他，冲他尖叫，还用嘘声轰他。他挥了挥拳头，想朝他们脸上吐口唾沫教训一下他们，可是几名带路的看守催着他往前走。他们穿过一段灯光昏暗的甬道，到了监狱的内部。

Here, he was searched, that he might not have about him the means of anticipating the law; this ceremony performed, they led him to one of the condemned cells, and left him there—alone.

在这里，看守把他从头到脚搜查了一遍，确定他身上没有带任何能抢在法律前面了结他的工具。这仪式执行完毕后，看守把他带到了一间关押死刑犯的牢房，留他一人呆在那里。

He sat down on a stone bench opposite the door, which served for seat and bedstead; and casting his blood-shot eyes upon the ground, tried to collect his thoughts. After awhile, he began to remember a few disjointed fragments of what the judge had said: though it had seemed to him, at the time, that he could not hear a word. These gradually fell into their proper places, and by degrees suggested more: so that in a little time he had the whole, almost as it was delivered. To be hanged by the neck, till he was dead—that was the end. To be hanged by the neck till he was dead.

他在牢房门对面的一张长条石凳上坐了下来，这石凳既能坐又能躺。他睁着那双充血的眼睛，盯着地板，试图理清自己的思绪。过了一会儿，他开始记起法官那一席话中的几个断断续续的片段，尽管当时他好像一个字也没能听进去。渐渐地，这些杂乱的片段还原到了原本的顺序，信息一点一点地显露出来，愈来愈完整；不一会儿，他就全明白了，所用的时间几乎和宣布判决一样短。结果就是——判处绞刑，直到他被绞死。判处绞刑，直到被绞死。

As it came on very dark, he began to think of all the men he had known who had died upon the scaffold; some of them through his means. They rose up, in such quick succession, that he could hardly count them. He had seen some of them die,—and had joked too, because they died with prayers upon their lips. With what a rattling noise the drop went down; and how suddenly they changed, from strong and vigorous men to dangling heaps of clothes!

牢房里越来越黑，已经伸手不见五指。他开始回忆所有他认识的死在绞刑台上的人，其中有一些还是经他陷害死掉的。他们的样子一个接

一个浮现在他脑海中，数都数不过来。他曾亲眼见过其中一些人死去——而且还拿他们开玩笑，因为他们到死还在念祷告。那块踏板哐当一声掉下来，转瞬之间，那些人从身强体壮、精力充沛的汉子变成了一副副悬在空中的皮囊！

Some of them might have inhabited that very cell—sat upon that very spot. It was very dark; why didn't they bring a light? The cell had been built for many years. Scores of men must have passed their last hours there. It was like sitting in a vault strewn with dead bodies—the cap, the noose, the pinioned arms, the faces that he knew, even beneath that hideous veil. —Light, light!

他们当中的一些人可能就住过这间牢房——甚至还坐过这个地方。牢房里这么黑，为什么不点个灯呢？这间牢房已经建了很多年了。一定有很多人在这里度过他们人生中最后的几个小时。他好像坐在一个地下墓穴里，里面到处是死尸——套在头上的帽子、绳索，被捆住的胳膊，一张张他熟悉的面孔，即使有那可怕的面罩挡着，他也认得出来。——点个灯，点个灯！

At length, when his hands were raw with beating against the heavy door and walls, two men appeared: one bearing a candle, which he thrust into an iron candlestick fixed against the wall: the other dragging in a mattress on which to pass the night; for the prisoner was to be left alone no more.

他用手敲打着结实的牢门和墙壁，直敲到皮破血流，这时才终于来了两个人。其中一人拿着一支蜡烛，插进了固定在墙上的铁烛台上；另一人拖进来一床垫子，准备在这里过夜。这下子，犯人就不再是独自一人了。

Then came the night—dark, dismal, silent night. Other watchers are glad to hear this church-clock strike, for they tell of life and coming day. To him they brought despair. The boom of every iron bell came laden with the one, deep, hollow sound—Death. What availed the noise and bustle of cheerful morning, which penetrated even there, to him? It was another form of knell, with mockery added to the warning.

夜晚来临了——漆黑、阴沉、沉寂的夜晚。教堂的钟声响起了。其他的守夜人听到了都很高兴，他们能从中领悟到生命的存在和明日的来临。于他而言，这钟声带来的却是绝望。铁钟每轰鸣一次，就会传来一声经久不息的声音，低沉而又空洞——那便是死亡的声音。早晨那喜气洋洋的喧嚣与吵闹已渗入了牢房中，但这对他又有何用呢？这是另外一种形式的丧钟，警告中还带有嘲讽的意味。

The day passed off. Day? There was no day; it was gone as soon as come—and night came on again; night so long, and yet so short; long in its dreadful silence, and short in its fleeting hours. At one time

he raved and blasphemed; and at another howled and tore his hair. Venerable men of his own persuasion had come to pray beside him, but he had driven them away with curses. They renewed their charitable efforts, and he beat them off.

白天过去了。白天？这里根本没有白天，即使有也来去匆匆——然后黑夜便再次降临。黑夜既漫长又短暂：漫长是因为那死一般的沉寂，短暂是因为那也不过是飞逝而过的几小时而已。他有时胡言乱语，甚至对神不敬；有时又嚎啕大哭，还会揪扯自己的头发。几位和他宗教信仰相同的德高望重者曾到他身旁做祈祷，但都被他咒骂着赶走了。他们本打算再施善举，可他竟把人打跑了。

Saturday night. He had only one night more to live. And as he thought of this, the day broke—Sunday.

礼拜六晚上。他活在人世的时间只剩下一夜了。他一想到这里，天已破晓——礼拜天到了。

It was not until the night of this last awful day, that a withering sense of his helpless, desperate state came in its full intensity upon his blighted soul; not that he had ever held any defined or positive hope of mercy, but that he had never been able to consider more than the dim probability of dying so soon. He had spoken little to either of the two men, who relieved each other in their attendance upon him; and they, for their parts, made no effort to rouse his attention. He had sat there, awake, but dreaming. Now, he started up, every minute, and with gasping mouth and burning skin, hurried to and fro, in such a paroxysm of fear and wrath that even they—used to such sights—recoiled from him with horror. He grew so terrible, at last, in all the tortures of his evil conscience, that one man could not bear to sit there, eyeing him alone; and so the two kept watch together.

直到这可怕的最后一夜，一种绝望无助的幻灭感才向他那枯萎凋零的灵魂发出全力的一击。他倒不是抱有某种确定或积极向上的希望，以为自己能够得到宽恕。他只是从来没有、甚至没有从最微小的可能性出发，考虑过死亡已经如此临近。他和那两个轮流看守他的人几乎没说过话，那两个人也没打算引起他的注意。他坐在那里，人醒着，却一直在做梦。此刻他时时惊跳起来，喘着粗气，浑身皮肤犹如火烤，慌乱地走来走去。他的恐惧与暴躁突然发作，连那两位看守——他们本对这种场面司空见惯——都恐惧万分、连连后退。最后，在他自己的险恶心肠的折磨下，他变得十分可怕。那两个男人都不敢独自坐在那儿面对他，于是他们两人一起看守他。

He cowered down upon his stone bed, and thought of the past. He had been wounded with some missiles from the crowd on the day of his capture, and his head was bandaged with a linen cloth. His red hair hung down upon his bloodless face; his beard was torn, and Twisted into knots; his eyes shone with a terrible light; his unwashed

flesh crackled with the fever that burnt him up. Eight—nine—ten. If it was not a trick to frighten him, and those were the real hours treading on each other's heels, where would he be, when they came round again! Eleven! Another struck, before the voice of the previous hour had ceased to vibrate. At eight, he would be the only mourner in his own funeral train; at eleven— Those dreadful walls of Newgate, which have hidden so much misery and such unspeakable anguish, not only from the eyes, but, too often, and too long, from the thoughts, of men, never held so dread a spectacle as that. The few who lingered as they passed, and wondered what the man was doing who was to be hanged tomorrow, would have slept but ill that night, if they could have seen him.

他又怯懦地缩回石床上，回想起从前的事。那天他被逮捕的时候，被人群中掷出的什么东西打伤了，头上缠着块亚麻布。他红色的头发垂落在毫无血色的脸上，被扯掉不少的胡子拧成一结一结的，眼睛里还闪着凶光；他很久没洗澡了，又发起了高烧，连皮肤都被烧得起了皱。八点——九点——十点。若这不仅仅是一个吓唬他的恶作剧，而是实实在在纷至沓来的一个又一个小时，那么当时间轮转回来的时候，他又会在哪儿呢！十一点！又是一声钟鸣，此时前一个整点的钟声还没停止振动。八点钟，他将是自己的葬礼行列中唯一的哀悼者；十一点到了——新门监狱那可怕的围墙曾掩藏了多少不幸和无法言说的痛苦，它不仅瞒过了人们的眼睛，且因处罚太过频繁，存在太过长久，还瞒过了人们的思维。就是这样的一面围墙，也从未见过如此可怖的场面。几个路过的人在门外徘徊了一会儿，琢磨着明天就要被绞死的人正在做什么；他们要是真能看到他，那天晚上就别想睡好了。

From early in the evening until nearly midnight, little groups of two and three presented themselves at the lodge-gate, and inquired, with anxious faces, whether any reprieve had been received. These being answered in the negative, communicated the welcome intelligence to clusters in the street, who pointed out to one another the door from which he must come out, and showed where the scaffold would be built, and, walking with unwilling steps away, turned back to conjure up the scene. By degrees they fell off, one by one; and, for an hour, in the dead of night, the street was left to solitude and darkness.

从黄昏一直到近乎午夜，三三两两的人们不断出现在接待室门口，神情急切地打听那里有没有接到什么缓刑的命令。他们得到了否定的回答，然后便将这大快人心的消息奔走相告，传给大街上一团一团的人群。大家指着一个又一个的门，讨论着犯人肯定会从哪道门出来，比划着绞刑台会在哪儿搭建，最后才拖着不情愿的脚步离开，不时地还回过头看上一眼，在脑中构想着行刑的场景。人们一个接一个离开了；一个小时后，在这死寂的夜晚里，街道上唯余一片孤寂和黑暗。

The space before the prison was cleared, and a few strong

barriers, painted black, had been already thrown across the road to break the pressure of the expected crowd, when Mr. Brownlow and Oliver appeared at the wicket, and presented an order of admission to the prisoner, signed by one of the sheriffs. They were immediately admitted into the lodge.

监狱前的空地已清理出来，街道四周都用结实的黑漆栅栏围了起来，以挡住预期中将会出现的大量民众的推挤。此时，布朗洛先生和奥利弗出现在栅栏入口，出示了一张名誉市长签过字的准许探监令。把守的人随即放行，还把他们领进了接待室。

"Is the young gentleman to come too, sir?" said the man whose duty was to conduct them.

“这位小绅士也一起去吗，先生？”负责引路的警察问道，

"It's not a sight for children, sir.”

“监狱可不是一个适合小孩参观的地方，先生。”

"It is not indeed, my friend," rejoined Mr. Brownlow; "but my business with this man is intimately connected with him; and as this child has seen him in the full career of his success and villainy, I think it as well—even at the cost of some pain and fear—that he should see him now.”

“的确不适合小孩子看，我的朋友。”布朗洛先生回答道，“但是我与这个人之间的事情同这个孩子密切相关，并且这孩子在此人为非作歹最为猖狂的时候见过他，所以我想即使需要忍受些痛苦和恐惧，这孩子现在也该见见他。”

These few words had been said apart, so as to be inaudible to Oliver. The man touched his hat; and glancing at Oliver with some curiousity, opened another gate, opposite to that by which they had entered, and led them on, through dark and winding ways, towards the cells.

两个人走到了一旁交谈，为了不让奥利弗听到这番话。警察摸了摸帽子，好奇地瞟了奥利弗一眼，然后打开了与他们进来的那道门相对的另一道门，带他们穿过一条条黑暗曲折的甬道，向牢房走去。

"This," said the man, stopping in a gloomy passage where a couple of workmen were making some preparations in profound silence—"this is the place he passes through. If you step this way, you can see the door he goes out at."

“这儿，”警察在一条幽暗的通道处停了下来，几名工人正在那里一声不响地做着一些准备工作，“这儿就是他上路的地方。如果你们走这边，可以看到他出去时会经过的那道门。”

He led them into a stone kitchen, fitted with coppers for dressing

the prison food, and pointed to a door. There was an open grating above it, through which came the sound of men's voices, mingled with the noise of hammering, and the throwing down of boards. There were putting up the scaffold.

他带他们走进一间石头砌成的厨房，里面摆放着为犯人做饭的铜锅，他又指了指另一道门。门的上方有一个敞开的栅栏，从那里传来男人说话的声音，还混杂着捶击声和木板掉落的声音。这是工人们正在搭建绞刑架。

From this place, they passed through several strong gates, opened by other turnkeys from the inner side; and, having entered an open yard, ascended a flight of narrow steps, and came into a passage with a row of strong doors on the left hand. Motioning them to remain where they were, the turnkey knocked at one of these with his bunch of keys. The two attendants, after a little whispering, came out into the passage, stretching themselves as if glad of the temporary relief, and motioned the visitors to follow the jailer into the cell. They did so.

他们从这里穿过几道结实的牢门，这些牢门都是由别的狱警从里面打开的；接着走进一个露天大院，上了一段狭窄的楼梯，进入走廊，走廊的左手边是一排坚固的牢门。狱警示意他们呆在原地别动，然后拿出一串钥匙，在其中的一个牢门上敲了敲。两位看守小声耳语了几句后，出了牢房走到走廊里，舒展了一下筋骨，好像对这次临时的换班很是高兴，然后便示意探视人跟着那位警察进牢房。布朗洛先生和奥利弗走了进去。

The condemned criminal was seated on his bed, rocking himself from side to side, with a countenance more like that of a snared beast than the face of a man. His mind was evidently wandering to his old life, for he continued to mutter, without appearing conscious of their presence otherwise than as a part of his vision.

那名死刑犯坐在床上，身体摇来晃去，表情不大像人类，反倒更像是一头落入陷阱的野兽。很显然，他的心思正徘徊于往事之间，因为他们进来后，他仍在喃喃自语，除了把他们当作自己幻觉的一部分外，根本没有意识到他们的到来。

"Good boy, Charley—well done—" he mumbled. "Oliver, too, ha! ha! ha! Oliver too—quite the gentleman now—quite the—take that boy away to bed!"

“好小子，查利——干得好——”他嘟囔着，“还有奥利弗，哈！哈！哈！还有奥利弗——现在他越发地像个绅士了——越发地——带这孩子去睡觉！”

The jailer took the disengaged hand of Oliver; and, whispering him not to be alarmed, looked on without speaking.

狱警拉起奥利弗那只空着的手，轻声嘱咐他不要惊慌，自己在一旁静观其变。

"Take him away to bed!" cried Fagin.

“带他睡觉去！”费金大声喊道，

"Do you hear me, some of you? He has been the—the—somehow the cause of all this. It's worth the money to bring him up to it—Bolter's throat, Bill; never mind the girl—Bolter's throat as deep as you can cut. Saw his head off!”

“你们听到我说话了吗，你们几个？他就是——就是——所有一切的起因。花钱把他养大真值——割断博尔特的喉咙，比尔。不要管那丫头——博尔特的脖子，你能割多深就割多深。把他的头锯掉算了！”

"Fagin," said the jailer.

“费金！”狱警叫道。

"That's me!" cried the Jew, falling instantly, into the attitude of listening he had assumed upon his trial.

“我就是！”犹太佬喊道，转眼间又恢复成他受审时那副认真细听的样子，

"An old man, my Lord; a very old, old man!"

“我年纪大了，大人，我的年纪已经很大很大了！”

"Here," said the turnkey, laying his hand upon his breast to keep him down. "Here's somebody wants to see you, to ask you some questions, I suppose. Fagin, Fagin! Are you a man?”

“嘿，”狱警把手放在费金胸口上，示意他别起身，然后说道，“有人想见你，我想他们是要问你几个问题。费金，费金！你还是不是人？”

"I shan't be one long," he replied, looking up with a face retaining no human expression but rage and terror. "Strike them all dead! What right have they to butcher me?"

“很快就不是了。”他抬起头回答道，脸上属于人的表情已经荡然无存，只剩下狂怒与恐惧，“把他们全揍死！他们有什么权利宰了我？”

As he spoke he caught sight of Oliver and Mr. Brownlow. Shrinking to the furthest corner of the seat, he demanded to know what they wanted there.

说这话时，他终于看到了奥利弗和布朗洛先生。他立刻就往石凳最远处的角落里缩，一边退还一边问他们，来这儿想干什么。

"Steady," said the turnkey, still holding him down. "Now, sir, tell him what you want. Quick, if you please, for he grows worse as the time gets on."

“镇定。”狱警说道，手还压在他胸口上，“您请，先生，告诉他您想要什么。请快一点儿，时间越久，他会越来越不成人样。”

"You have some papers," said Mr. Brownlow advancing, "which were placed in your hands, for better security, by a man called Monks."

“你手上有些文件，”布朗洛先生上前说道，“是一个叫做蒙克斯的人为了安全起见，交到你手上的。”

"It's all a lie together," replied Fagin. "I haven't one—not one.”

“一派胡言！”费金答道，“我没有什么文件——连一份也没有。”

"For the love of God," said Mr. Brownlow solemnly, "do not say that now, upon the very verge of death; but tell me where they are. You know that Sikes is dead; that Monks has confessed; that there is no hope of any further gain. Where are those papers?"

“看在上帝的份上，”布朗洛先生严肃地说，“临死前就别在这儿撒谎了，告诉我，那些文件在哪儿。你知道赛克斯死了，蒙克斯也招供了，别指望还能再捞点儿什么了。那些文件在哪儿？”

"Oliver," cried Fagin, beckoning to him. "Here, here! Let me whisper to you."

“奥利弗！”费金一边喊，一边向他招手，“过来这边，过来这边！我悄悄告诉你。”

"I am not afraid," said Oliver in a low voice, as he relinquished Mr. Brownlow's hand.

“我不怕。”奥利弗松开布朗洛先生的手，低声说道。

"The papers," said Fagin, drawing Oliver towards him, "are in a canvas bag, in a hole a little way up the chimney in the top front-room. I want to talk to you, my dear. I want to talk to you.”

“那些文件，”费金说着，把奥利弗朝自己这边拉，“在一个帆布包里。前面最高的那间屋子有个烟囱，靠近烟囱上方的地方有个洞，包就在那个洞里。我想跟你聊聊，亲爱的，我想跟你聊聊。”

"Yes, yes," returned Oliver. "Let me say a prayer. Do! Let me say one prayer. Say only one, upon your knees, with me, and we will talk till morning."

“好的，好的。”奥利弗答道，“那我念段祷告吧。来吧！我念一段祷告。你跟我一起跪下吧，我就只念一段，然后我们可以一直聊到明天早上。”

"Outside, outside," replied Fagin, pushing the boy before him towards the door, and looking vacantly over his head. "Say I've gone to sleep—they'll believe you. You can get me out, if you take me so.

Now then, now then!”

“到外面去，到外面去。”费金回答，他推着奥利弗往门口走去，眼神越过他的头顶，茫然地看着前方，“你就跟他们说，我已经睡觉了——他们会相信你的。这样，你就能把我弄出去了。快啊，快！”

"Oh! God forgive this wretched man!" cried the boy with a burst of tears.

“哦！上帝原谅这可怜的人吧！”男孩嚎啕大哭。

"That's right, that's right," said Fagin. "That's ll help us on. This door first. If I shake and tremble, as we pass the gallows, don't you mind, but hurry on. Now, now, now!”

“这就对啦，这就对啦。”费金说道，“这对我们继续走下去很有帮助。这道门至关重要。我们经过那些绞刑架的时候，如果我摇摇晃晃或是哆哆嗦嗦，你别管我，只管走。快，快，快！”

"Have you nothing else to ask him, sir?" inquired the turnkey.

“您没有什么别的要问他了吗，先生？”狱警问道。

"No other question," replied Mr. Brownlow. "If I hoped we could recall him to a sense of his position—” "Nothing will do that, sir," replied the man, shaking his head. "You had better leave him."

“没别的问题了。”布朗洛先生答道，“我本以为可以让他看清自己的处境——”“事已至此，无法挽回了，先生。”狱警摇了摇头，说道，“您最好还是别管他了。”

The door of the cell opened, and the attendants returned.

牢门打开了，两名看守回来了。

"Press on, press on," cried Fagin. "Softly, but not so slow. Faster, faster!"

“加把劲儿，加把劲儿。”费金大声喊道，“手脚轻点儿，但也别太慢。快点，快点！”

The men laid hands upon him, and disengaging Oliver from his grasp, held him back. He struggled with the power of desperation, for an instant; and then sent up cry upon cry that penetrated even those massive walls, and rang in their ears until they reached the open yard.

几个男人用手按住费金，帮奥利弗从他手中挣脱出来，然后又将他拽了回去。费金拼命地挣扎了一下，接着又开始放声嚎叫，那一声又一声的哀嚎甚至穿透了无比厚重的墙壁。直到他们回到露天大院，那叫声仍在他们耳边回响。

It was some time before they left the prison. Oliver nearly swooned after this frightful scene, and was so weak that for an hour or more, he had not the strength to walk.

他们又在监狱里逗留了一会儿才离去。看到这可怕的场面，奥利弗几欲昏厥。之后的一个小时甚至更长时间，他都非常虚弱，连走路的力气都没有。

Day was dawning when they again emerged. A great multitude had already assembled; the windows were filled with people, smoking and playing cards to beguile the time; the crowd were pushing, quarrelling, joking. Everything told of life and animation, but one dark cluster of objects in the centre of all—the black stage, the cross-beam, the rope, and all the hideous apparatus of death.

他们再次出现的时候，已是黎明时分。一大群人已聚集在这里。窗户旁挤满了人，他们抽着烟、打着牌，以此来消磨时间。人们相互推搡着、争吵着、说笑着。一切都显得那样生机勃勃，但人群中央有一堆黑乎乎的东西——黑色的台子、十字架、绞索以及其他所有可怕的死刑刑具。

CHAPTER LIII And last

第五十三章 大结局

The fortunes of those who have figured in this tale are nearly closed. The little that remains to their historian to relate, is told in few and simple words.

凡是这个故事中出现过的人物，其命运基本都已经讲完。他们的传奇故事已近尾声，作者会简而言之。

Before three months had passed, Rose Fleming and Harry Maylie were married in the village church which was henceforth to be the scene of the young clergyman's labours; on the same day they entered into possession of their new and happy home.

不到三个月，罗丝·弗莱明就与哈里·梅莱在村里的教堂结婚了，这个教堂也正是这位年轻牧师以后工作的地方。同一天，他们搬进了充满幸福的新居。

Mrs. Maylie took up her abode with her son and daughter-in-law, to enjoy, during the tranquil remainder of her days, the greatest felicity that age and worth can know—the contemplation of the happiness of those on whom the warmest affections and tenderest cares of a well-spent life, have been unceasingly bestowed.

梅莱夫人搬来与儿子、儿媳同住；她安度晚年，享受着经过岁月沉淀、品德淬炼过的最美好的幸福。这幸福便是体味孩子们的幸福，永不停息地给予他们最温暖、最无微不至的关爱，让自己此生充满意义。

It appeared, on full and careful investigation, that if the wreck of property remaining in the custody of Monks (which had never prospered either in his hands or in those of his mother) were equally divided between himself and Oliver, it would yield, to each, little more than three thousand pounds. By the provisions of his father's will, Oliver would have been entitled to the whole; but Mr. Brownlow, unwilling to deprive the elder son of the opportunity of retrieving his former vices and pursuing an honest career, proposed this mode of distribution, to which his young charge joyfully acceded.

经过全面细致的调查，他们发现，如果将蒙克斯手上还残存的那部分遗产（这笔遗产从没有在蒙克斯或他母亲手里增过值）平均分给他自己和奥利弗，则每人可拿到三千英镑出头。根据他父亲的遗愿，奥利弗将继承全部遗产，但布朗洛先生不愿剥夺那家长子弃恶从善的机会，于是提出了上述的分配方式，那个由他监护的孩子欣然接受了这一提议。

Monks, still bearing that assumed name, retired with his portion

to a distant part of the New World; where, having quickly squandered it, he once more fell into his old courses, and, after undergoing a long confinement for some fresh act of fraud and knavery, at length sunk under an attack of his old disorder, and died in prison. As far from home, died the chief remaining members of his friend Fagin's gang.

蒙克斯仍旧用他的假名，带着他得到的那笔遗产，退隐到了新大陆一个偏远的地方。没过多久，他便把钱挥霍殆尽，只能重操旧业。结果，他因为诈骗而被判处长期监禁，最终旧病复发，死在狱中。至于他的朋友费金那一伙人，还剩下的几个主要成员也都客死异乡。

Mr. Brownlow adopted Oliver as his son. Removing with him and the old housekeeper to within a mile of the parsonage-house, where his dear friends resided, he gratified the only remaining wish of Oliver's warm and earnest heart, and thus linked together a little society, whose condition approached as nearly to one of perfect happiness as can ever be known in this changing world.

布朗洛先生收养奥利弗为养子。他带着奥利弗和老管家移居到离牧师家，也就是他的好朋友梅莱夫妇家，不足一英里的地方。这样，他便满足了奥利弗那颗温暖真挚的心中剩下的唯一愿望。一个小社会就这样连接而成，它几乎拥有这个瞬息万变的世界中有史以来最完美的幸福。

Soon after the marriage of the young people, the worthy doctor returned to Chertsey, where, bereft of the presence of his old friends, he would have been discontented if his temperament had admitted of such a feeling; and would have turned quite peevish if he had known how. For two or three months, he contented himself with hinting that he feared the air began to disagree with him; then, finding that the place really no longer was, to him, what it had been, he settled his business on his assistant, took a bachelor's cottage outside the village of which his young friend was pastor, and instantaneously recovered. Here he took to gardening, planting, fishing, carpentering, and various other pursuits of a similar kind: all undertaken with his characteristic impetuosity. In each and all he has since become famous throughout the neighborhood, as a most profound authority.

两个年轻人婚后不久，那位德高望重的医生便回到了彻特西。在那里，他没有了老朋友的陪伴。如果他生性是爱发牢骚或易于暴躁之人，在那种情况下,他早就牢骚满腹、暴跳如雷了。有那么两三个月，他一直自我宽慰，暗示自己这边的空气恐怕已经开始不适合他了。随后，他发现这个地方的确不再适合他居住，他就把生意交给了助手，在哈里当牧师的村外租了间单身汉住的小屋，一切不如意瞬间消散。他在那里种植花木、钓鱼、做木工，还热衷于其他各种各样类似的消遣。但无论做什么，他总会带上那种风风火火的急躁性格。从那时起，他在各个方面都逐渐成为了见解最为深刻的权威，名气在附近流传了开来。

Before his removal, he had managed to contract a strong

friendship for Mr. Grimwig, which that eccentric gentleman cordially reciprocated. He is accordingly visited by Mr. Grimwig a great many times in the course of the year. On all such occasions, Mr. Grimwig plants, fishes, and carpenters, with great ardour; doing everything in a very singular and unprecedented manner, but always maintaining with his favourite asseveration, that his mode is the right one. On Sundays, he never fails to criticise the sermon to the young clergyman's face: always informing Mr. Losberne, in strict confidence afterwards, that he considers it an excellent performance, but deems it as well not to say so. It is a standing and very favourite joke, for Mr. Brownlow to rally him on his old prophecy concerning Oliver, and to remind him of the night on which they sat with the watch between them, waiting his return; but Mr. Grimwig contends that he was right in the main, and, in proof thereof, remarks that Oliver did not come back after all; which always calls forth a laugh on his side, and increases his good humour.

他在离开前，就已经成功地和格林维格先生结下了深厚的友情，而那位性情古怪的绅士也真诚地视他为知己。因此在这一年中，格林维格先生多次拜访他。每次到访，格林维格先生都会热情高涨地种植花草、钓鱼、做木工。他做什么都别具一格、独辟蹊径，还总是用他最喜欢的格言来证明自己的方法是对的。每逢礼拜天，他总是要当着年轻牧师的面评价一番布道，事后又总会神秘万分地告诉罗斯伯力先生，其实牧师讲得非常好，只不过他觉得不能直说罢了。布朗洛先生把这事当成他最喜欢的一个笑话，还经常用这事来取笑格林维格先生原先关于奥利弗的预言，并以此来提醒他,有那么一个晚上，他们把一只怀表放在两人中间，坐等奥利弗回来。但格林维格先生坚持自己大体上是对的，并称那晚奥利弗没有回来就是证据。他这么说时自己都会哈哈大笑，心情也会更加愉悦。

Mr. Noah Claypole: receiving a free pardon from the Crown in consequence of being admitted approver against Fagin: and considering his profession not altogether as safe a one as he could wish: was, for some little time, at a loss for the means of a livelihood, not burdened with too much work. After some consideration, he went into business as an Informer, in which calling he realises a genteel subsistence. His plan is, to walk out once a week during church time attended by Charlotte in respectable attire. The lady faints away at the doors of charitable publicans, and the gentleman being accommodated with three-penny worth of brandy to restore her, lays an information next day, and pockets half the penalty. Sometimes Mr. Claypole faints himself, but the result is the same.

诺亚·克雷波尔先生因为告发费金而得到皇室的赦免。他觉得自己的职业不像期望中那样安全，但是在短时间内，他又找不到一份不用太过劳累的营生。经过一番思量，他觉得告密是个上等并能糊口的营生，于

是投身此行。他计划用每周做礼拜的时间，由夏洛特陪同，穿着体面地出去转转。这位女士走到那些心肠慈悲的酒店老板门口，就会晕厥过去。这位绅士就会向店老板要几便士的白兰地把她救醒。第二天他就会去告发酒店老板，并私吞一半的罚款。有时候，克雷波尔先生自己昏倒，但结果是一样的。

Mr. and Mrs. Bumble, deprived of their situations, were gradually reduced to great indigence and misery, and finally became paupers in that very same workhouse in which they had once lorded it over others. Mr. Bumble has been heard to say, that in this reverse and degradation, he has not even spirits to be thankful for being separated from his wife.

邦布尔夫妇被撤职后，变得穷困潦倒，最后在那家他们原来呼风唤雨的济贫院当起了贫民，过上了被救济的生活。听说邦布尔先生时运不济，境况日益窘迫，连感谢上帝将他和他老婆分开的精力都没有了。

As to Mr. Giles and Brittles, they still remain in their old posts, although the former is bald, and the last-named boy quite grey. They sleep at the parsonage, but divide their attentions so equally among its inmates, and Oliver and Mr. Brownlow, and Mr. Losberne, that to this day the villagers have never been able to discover to which establishment they properly belong.

贾尔斯先生和布里特尔斯仍任原职，尽管前者谢了顶，布里特尔斯这个大男孩的头发也已灰白。他们住在牧师家里，但是他们对牧师一家、奥利弗、布朗洛先生，以及罗斯伯力先生同等地热心照料。这让村民们到今天都分不清他们到底是哪家的仆人。

Master Charles Bates, appalled by Sikes's crime, fell into a train of reflection whether an honest life was not, after all, the best. Arriving at the conclusion that it certainly was, he turned his back upon the scenes of the past, resolved to amend it in some new sphere of action.

He struggled hard, and suffered much, for some time; but, having a contented disposition, and a good purpose, succeeded in the end; and, from being a farmer's drudge, and a carrier's lad, he is now the merriest young grazier in all Northamptonshire. "Northamptonshire"的译名无法查证。

查尔斯·贝茨少爷看到赛克斯犯下的罪行，心中很受触动。他开始了一系列的思考，考虑诚实做人究竟是不是最好的选择。他得出了肯定的答案，于是洗心革面，决心在新的行当里采取行动，修正往昔的错误。他曾一度拼命奋斗，吃了很多苦头，但因为他生性容易满足，且一心向善，他最终取得了成功。他为农夫做过苦工，给搬运工打过下手，现在成了北安普敦郡最快乐的年轻放牧人。

And now, the hand that traces these words, falters, as it approaches the conclusion of its task; and would weave, for a little

longer space, the thread of these adventures.

现在，讲述这些事情的笔者，随着故事临近尾声，下笔有些迟疑。我想要以这些传奇故事为线为引，再编织出些许篇幅来。

I would fain linger yet with a few of those among whom I have so long moved, and share their happiness by endeavouring to depict it. I would show Rose Maylie in all the bloom and grace of early womanhood, shedding on her secluded path in life soft and gentle light, that fell on all who trod it with her, and shone into their hearts. I would paint her the life and joy of the fire-side circle and the lively summer group; I would follow her through the sultry fields at noon, and hear the low tones of her sweet voice in the moonlit evening walk; I would watch her in all her goodness and charity abroad, and the smiling untiring discharge of domestic duties at home; I would paint her and her dead sister's child happy in their love for one another, and passing whole hours together in picturing the friends whom they had so sadly lost; I would summon before me, once again, those joyous little faces that clustered round her knee, and listen to their merry prattle; I would recall the tones of that clear laugh, and conjure up the sympathising tear that glistened in the soft blue eye. These, and a thousand looks and smiles, and turns of thought and speech—I would fain recall them every one.

尽管我与书中的几个人物相处多时，但我仍愿意同他们再多呆一会儿。我要努力描绘他们的快乐，来分享他们的幸福。我要让罗丝·梅莱拥有少妇的风华正茂和优雅神韵，将柔和细腻的光芒撒向她那条人生的幽径，撒向与她同行的人，一直照到他们心中。我要描绘她冬日围炉的快乐生活和夏日欢聚的蓬勃朝气。中午，我要随她穿过闷热的田间；月夜，我要听她漫步时用甜美的嗓音低声吟唱；我要看她在外行善为乐，在家笑容满面，孜孜不倦地管理内务。我要描绘她与她姐姐的遗孤相亲相爱，无比幸福；他们常常会用几个小时的时间来勾勒他们痛失的朋友们。我要再次把围坐在她膝旁的那些快乐的小脸蛋们唤到我跟前，听他们快活地闲聊。我要重拾记忆中那爽朗的笑声，那柔情似水的蓝眼睛里闪烁的同情之泪。这一切，这千百张面孔，这千百次微笑；我愿意唤醒对这一切的记忆。

How Mr. Brownlow went on, from day to day, filling the mind of his adopted child with stores of knowledge, and becoming attached to him, more and more, as his nature developed itself, and showed the thriving seeds of all he wished him to become—how he traced in him new traits of his early friend, that awakened in his own bosom old remembrances, melancholy and yet sweet and soothing—how the two orphans, tried by adversity, remembered its lessons in mercy to others, and mutual love, and fervent thanks to Him who had protected and preserved them—these are all matters which need not to be told. I have said that they were truly happy; and without strong affection

and humanity of heart, and gratitude to that Being whose code is Mercy, and whose great attribute is Benevolence to all things that breathe, happiness can never be attained.

日复一日，布朗洛先生不断丰富着奥利弗的学识，与他情感上的联系也愈加深厚。他的本性逐渐自然发展起来，潜藏的种子正向着布朗洛先生期望的方向茁壮成长——他在奥利弗身上寻找着黎福特这位老友以前不为他所知的特征。这些唤起了他内心深处的回忆，虽然哀伤，却又幸福欣慰。这两个孤儿怎样历经磨难，懂得如何宽厚待人、相亲相爱，又对一直保护他们的布朗洛先生心存怎样的感激——这些都是不言自明的。我说过，他们真的很幸福。但如果他们没有深沉的爱与仁慈之心，对慈悲为怀、普渡众生的上帝又不知感恩，是不可能得到幸福的。

Within the altar of the old village church there stands a white marble tablet, which bears as yet but one word: "AGNES." There is no coffin in that tomb; and may it be many, many years, before another name is placed above it! But, if the spirits of the Dead ever come back to earth, to visit spots hallowed by the love—the love beyond the grave—of those whom they knew in life, I believe that the shade of Agnes sometimes hovers round that solemn nook. I believe it none the less because that nook is in a Church, and she was weak and erring.

在乡村旧教堂的祭坛里，立着一个白色大理石碑，上面仅刻有一个名字：“阿格尼丝”。墓穴里没有棺材，但也许很多年以后，另一个名字也会出现在石碑上！如果死者的灵魂能够返回人间，游访这一处处爱的圣地——那是超越生死的爱——那是来自死者生前好友的爱。我想，阿格尼丝的魂魄会时常游荡在这神圣的角落里。我仍然相信她会回来，因为那角落在教堂里，而她又曾是那么的脆弱不堪，自感铸成了大错。

小城畸人

作品塑造了美国俄亥俄州一个小城里的一系列平凡而真实的人物形象。

舍伍德·安德森 著
Sherwood Anderson

外语教学与研究出版社

Winesburg, Ohio

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小城畸人

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外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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CHAPTER 1 Hands

第一章 一双手

Upon the half decayed veranda of a small frame house that stood near the edge of a ravine near the town of Winesburg, Ohio, a fat little old man walked nervously up and down. Across a long field that had been seeded for clover but that had produced only a dense crop of yellow mustard weeds, he could see the public highway along which went a wagon filled with berry pickers returning from the fields. The berry pickers, youths and maidens, laughed and shouted boisterously. A boy clad in a blue shirt leaped from the wagon and attempted to drag after him one of the maidens, who screamed and protested shrilly. The feet of the boy in the road kicked up a cloud of dust that floated across the face of the departing sun. Over the long field came a thin girlish voice. "Oh, you Wing Biddlebaum, comb your hair, it's falling into your eyes," commanded the voice to the man, who was bald and whose nervous little hands fiddled about the bare white forehead as though arranging a mass of tangled locks.

在俄亥俄州温斯堡镇旁的山谷边缘附近有一座小木屋。一个矮胖的老头儿正焦急地在半旧的走廊上来回踱步。小木屋前是一片开阔的田野，种的是苜蓿，却只开出了浓密的黄色芥末草。穿过田野，他看到一辆货车正在公路上行驶，车上坐满了刚从地里采完浆果回来的人。采浆果的那些年轻的小伙子和姑娘们大笑着、高声喊叫着。一个穿着蓝色衬衣的小伙子跳下货车，并试图把他身后的一个姑娘拽下来，那女孩尖叫着大声抗议。小伙子的脚踩在地上，扬起一片尘土，漂浮在落日的余晖中。田野那头传来了一个尖细的少女似的声音。“噢，温·彼得波姆，你梳梳头发吧，都快掉进眼睛里了！”声音所指的那个老头儿，头上光秃秃的，一双小手紧张地摸了摸白净的脑门，就好像在整理一大团凌乱的头发似的。

Wing Biddlebaum, forever frightened and beset by a ghostly band of doubts, did not think of himself as in any way a part of the life of the town where he had lived for twenty years. Among all the people of Winesburg but one had come close to him. With George Willard, son of Tom Willard, the proprietor of the New Willard House, he had formed something like a friendship. George Willard was the reporter on the Winesburg Eagle and sometimes in the evenings he walked out along the highway to Wing Biddlebaum's house. Now as the old man walked up and down on the veranda, his hands moving nervously about, he was hoping that George Willard would come and spend the evening with him. After the wagon containing the berry pickers had passed, he went across the field through the tall mustard weeds and

climbing a rail fence peered anxiously along the road to the town. For a moment he stood thus, rubbing his hands together and looking up and down the road, and then, fear overcoming him, ran back to walk again upon the porch on his own house.

这就是温·彼得波姆，一个总是惊惶不安、疑虑重重的老头儿。他在这个镇上住了二十年，却从来不认为自己是镇上生活的一份子。温斯堡镇里只有一个人和他有交情。那个人叫乔治•威拉德，是新威拉德旅社老板汤姆•威拉德的儿子。乔治和温之间建立了一种类似友谊的感情。乔治·威拉德在《温斯堡鹰报》当记者，有时他会在夜晚沿着公路步行到温·彼得波姆的家里。现在，老头儿就在山谷里来回踱步，双手紧张地四处动着，一心希望乔治能来和他共度这个夜晚。载着采浆果的少男少女的货车过去后，彼得波姆就从那片高高的芥末草地中间穿过田野，爬上铁路的围栏，沿着通向镇上的公路急切地眺望着。他在那里站了一会儿，不停地搓着手，来来回回地向公路张望着。接着，恐惧袭向他，他又跑回房子，重新在自家的门廊上踱步。

In the presence of George Willard, Wing Biddlebaum, who for twenty years had been the town mystery, lost something of his timidity, and his shadowy personality, submerged in a sea of doubts, came forth to look at the world. With the young reporter at his side, he ventured in the light of day into Main Street or strode up and down on the rickety front porch of his own house, talking excitedly. The voice that had been low and trembling became shrill and loud. The bent figure straightened. With a kind of wriggle, like a fish returned to the brook by the fisherman, Biddlebaum the silent began to talk, striving to put into words the ideas that had been accumulated by his mind during long years of silence.

二十年来，温·彼得波姆一直是小镇上的一个谜。但是，在乔治•威拉德面前，他却没那么怯懦了，而他那淹没于疑虑之海里的若隐若现的个性也得以展现出来。当那位年轻的记者站在他身边时，彼得波姆敢在大白天走上大街，也敢在自己家歪斜的门廊里大步徜徉，兴奋地讲话了。以往低沉而颤抖的声音也变得尖锐而响亮。驼着的背也挺得笔直。就像一尾鱼从渔夫的手中一扭身重又潜入小溪，沉默的彼得波姆一旦开始谈话，那股劲头像是要把漫长沉寂岁月里积攒在他脑袋里的思想全部化作语言一般。

Wing Biddlebaum talked much with his hands. The slender expressive fingers, forever active, forever striving to conceal themselves in his pockets or behind his back, came forth and became the piston rods of his machinery of expression.

温·彼得波姆很善于用手势语言。他十指纤长，富于表现力，尽管非常活跃，却总是被竭力隐藏在口袋里或是背后。可是，现在这双手变成了他传情达意的生力军。

The story of Wing Biddlebaum is a story of hands. Their restless

activity, like unto the beating of the wings of an imprisoned bird, had given him his name. Some obscure poet of the town had thought of it. The hands alarmed their owner. He wanted to keep them hidden away and looked with amazement at the quiet inexpressive hands of other men who worked beside him in the fields, or passed, driving sleepy teams on country roads.

温·彼得波姆的故事就是这双手的故事。这双手无休止的动作就好像是囚鸟在扑扇着双翼，温·彼得波姆也因此而得名（“温”在英文中和“翼”同音）。——这是镇上的一位无名诗人想出来的。可是，这双手却吓坏了它们的主人。他想要将它们藏起来，同时，他又惊奇地注视着其他人的手——那些手的主人和他并肩在田地里劳作，或者在乡村大路上赶着瞌睡的牲畜经过——他们的手安静而毫无表现力。

When he talked to George Willard, Wing Biddlebaum closed his fists and beat with them upon a table or on the walls of his house. The action made him more comfortable. If the desire to talk came to him when the two were walking in the fields, he sought out a stump or the top board of a fence and with his hands pounding busily talked with renewed ease.

彼得波姆对乔治说话的时候，紧握着拳头，敲打着桌子或者是他房子的墙。这种行为让他更舒服。当他们在田野里散步，彼得波姆想要谈话的时候，他会设法找到一截树桩或者是一块栅栏顶板，然后用手不停地、重重地敲打着，这样，他就能重新从容自在地交谈了。

The story of Wing Biddlebaum's hands is worth a book in itself. Sympathetically set forth it would tap many strange, beautiful qualities in obscure men. It is a job for a poet. In Winesburg the hands had attracted attention merely because of their activity. With them Wing Biddlebaum had picked as high as a hundred and forty quarts of strawberries in a day. They became his distinguishing feature, the source of his fame. Also they made more grotesque an already grotesque and elusive individuality. Winesburg was proud of the hands of Wing Biddlebaum in the same spirit in which it was proud of Banker White's new stone house and Wesley Moyer's bay stallion, Tony Tip, that had won the two-fifteen trot at the fall races in Cleveland.

温·彼得波姆这双手的故事真值得大写特写。如果感性地写，那将会探及无名小卒的诸多奇异美好的品质。可这是诗人的工作。在温斯堡，这双手之所以引人注目仅仅是因为它们的动作而已。凭着这双手，温·彼得波姆曾在一天内摘过多达一百四十夸脱的草莓。这双手成了他的显著特征，使他出了名。它们同样使得这个原本怪异而不可捉摸的人变得更加离奇。温斯堡对温·彼得波姆的双手引以为傲，就好像为班克·怀特的新石头房子感到自豪，或者是因为威斯利·摩耶的的栗色雄马托尼·蒂普在克利夫兰秋季赛马中创下二分十五秒的记录而感到骄傲一样。

As for George Willard, he had many times wanted to ask about the hands.

至于乔治·威拉德，他也曾经很多次地想要问问有关这双手的事。

At times an almost overwhelming curiosity had taken hold of him. He felt that there must be a reason for their strange activity and their inclination to keep hidden away and only a growing respect for Wing Biddlebaum kept him from blurting out the questions that were often in his mind.

有时，他被一种几乎无法抗拒的好奇心所控制。他感到其中必定有什么原因使得这双手行为奇特却总是深藏不露。但是，他对这双手的主人的尊敬与日俱增，这使得他没能把这萦绕心头的问题脱口说出。

Once he had been on the point of asking. The two were walking in the fields on a summer afternoon and had stopped to sit upon a grassy bank. All afternoon Wing Biddlebaum had talked as one inspired. By a fence he had stopped and beating like a giant woodpecker upon the top board had shouted at George Willard, condemning his tendency to be too much influenced by the people about him, "You are destroying yourself," he cried. "You have the inclination to be alone and to dream and you are afraid of dreams. You want to be like others in town here. You hear them talk and you try to imitate them."

有一次，他几乎话到嘴边了。那正是个夏日的午后，他们两人在田野里散步，停下来，坐在草堤边。整个下午，彼得波姆说个不停，情绪高昂。他在篱笆边上停下来，对着乔治·威拉德大声叫嚷着，像只巨型啄木鸟似的，一下一下敲打着顶上的木板。他谴责他太易受旁人左右："你在毁灭自我，"他大声喊道，"你容易孤独，又喜好做梦，可你又害怕这些梦。你希望和镇上其他的人一样。你听见他们谈话，还试图去模仿。"

On the grassy bank Wing Biddlebaum had tried again to drive his point home. His voice became soft and reminiscent, and with a sigh of contentment he launched into a long rambling talk, speaking as one lost in a dream.

坐在草堤边上的时候，温·彼得波姆又尽力阐明观点。他声音变得柔和，充满了怀旧情绪。他心满意足地叹了口气，像个迷失在梦境里的人一样开始了漫无边际的长谈。

Out of the dream Wing Biddlebaum made a picture for George Willard. In the picture men lived again in a kind of pastoral golden age. Across a green open country came clean-limbed young men, some afoot, some mounted upon horses. In crowds the young men came to gather about the feet of an old man who sat beneath a tree in a tiny garden and who talked to them.

他为乔治·维拉德描绘了这个梦。在梦境中，人们重又生活在一种田园牧歌式的黄金时代。越过一片苍翠开阔的乡村，一群手足匀称的年轻小伙子走了过来，有的步行，有的骑马。他们走过去，聚集在一位老人的周围。这位老人坐在小花园的一棵树下，正对着他们侃侃而谈。

Wing Biddlebaum became wholly inspired. For once he forgot the hands. Slowly they stole forth and lay upon George Willard's shoulders. Something new and bold came into the voice that talked. "You must try to forget all you have learned," said the old man. "You must begin to dream. From this time on you must shut your ears to the roaring of the voices."

彼得波姆整个人变得亢奋起来。就这一次，他忘记了自己的那双手。慢慢地，这双手滑了出来，停在了乔治·威拉德的肩膀上。彼得波姆说话的声音听起来有些不同，透着勇敢。“你必须尽力忘掉所有你学过的东西，”他说道，“你必须开始做梦。从此刻起，你万不可再听信旁人的高谈阔论。”

Pausing in his speech, Wing Biddlebaum looked long and earnestly at George Willard. His eyes glowed. Again he raised the hands to caress the boy and then a look of horror swept over his face.

他停顿下来，热切而长久地注视着乔治。他的眼睛里闪闪发光。接下来，他抬起手轻抚着年轻人。而一瞥惊惧之色随即划过了他的脸庞。

With a convulsive movement of his body, Wing Biddlebaum sprang to his feet and thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets. Tears came to his eyes. "I must be getting along home. I can talk no more with you," he said nervously.

彼得波姆浑身一震，跳了起来，然后将手深深地插进了自己的裤袋里。泪水随即涌入了他的眼眶。“我得回家了。我不能再和你多谈了。”他神色慌张地说。

Without looking back, the old man had hurried down the hillside and across a meadow, leaving George Willard perplexed and frightened upon the grassy slope. With a shiver of dread the boy arose and went along the road toward town. "I'll not ask him about his hands," he thought, touched by the memory of the terror he had seen in the man's eyes. "There's something wrong, but I don't want to know what it is. His hands have something to do with his fear of me and of everyone.”

老头儿头也不回地急急忙忙冲下山坡，穿过一片草地，留下乔治困惑又惶恐地坐在绿草如茵的山坡上。年轻人吓得哆嗦了一下，随后站了起来，沿着通向镇上的公路走去。“我不想再问他有关那双手的事了。”乔治想着，记起他在老人眼中看到的恐惧，不禁动容。“肯定有什么隐情，可我也不想弄明白。他对我和其他人的惧怕一定和他的那双手有关。”

And George Willard was right. Let us look briefly into the story of the hands. Perhaps our talking of them will arouse the poet who will tell the hidden wonder story of the influence for which the hands were but fluttering pennants of promise.

乔治·威拉德是对的。我们不妨简单地说说这双手的故事吧。也许我们的故事会引起某些诗人的注意。那些诗人愿意谈及感化的隐匿奇迹，对他们而言，这双手也不过是两面感化成功的旌旗罢了。

In his youth Wing Biddlebaum had been a school teacher in a town in Pennsylvania. He was not then known as Wing Biddlebaum, but went by the less euphonic name of Adolph Myers. As Adolph Myers he was much loved by the boys of his school.

温·彼得波姆年轻时曾经在宾夕法尼亚的一个小镇上当过学校老师。那时他并不叫这个名字，而以音调欠佳的阿道夫·迈尔斯为名。作为教师的阿道夫·迈尔斯深受学校男孩子们的喜爱。

Adolph Myers was meant by nature to be a teacher of youth. He was one of those rare, little-understood men who rule by a power so gentle that it passes as a lovable weakness. In their feeling for the boys under their charge such men are not unlike the finer sort of women in their love of men.

阿道夫·迈尔斯生来就是给年轻人当老师的。有些人世上少有，世人难解，性格过分温柔，以至于被当成一种可爱的缺点。他便是其中之一。这类人对于被管教的男孩子们的感情类似于性情温和的女子对于男子的爱情。

And yet that is but crudely stated. It needs the poet there. With the boys of his school, Adolph Myers had walked in the evening or had sat talking until dusk upon the schoolhouse steps lost in a kind of dream. Here and there went his hands, caressing the shoulders of the boys, playing about the tousled heads. As he talked his voice became soft and musical. There was a caress in that also. In a way the voice and the hands, the stroking of the shoulders and the touching of the hair were a part of the schoolmaster's effort to carry a dream into the young minds. By the caress that was in his fingers he expressed himself. He was one of those men in whom the force that creates life is diffused, not centralized. Under the caress of his hands doubt and disbelief went out of the minds of the boys and they began also to dream.

可这还不过是粗略的表述。这里需要诗人来解释。阿道夫·迈尔斯曾经同他学校的男孩子们在傍晚散步，或者坐在校舍的台阶上谈天说地直到黄昏，全然迷失在一种梦境中。他的手四处游走，抚摩男孩子们的肩膀，把玩他们蓬蓬乱发的脑袋。当他说话的时候，声音变得轻柔又富于音律。声音也在爱抚着。在某种意义上，这声音和这双手，轻抚肩膀以

及抚摸头发，都是这个老师在以某种方式努力将一个梦灌入那些年轻的头脑中。通过手指的爱抚，他也表达了自己的内心。有些人创造生活的力量是发散而不集中的，他亦是其中之一。在他双手的爱抚下，孩子们内心的疑虑被驱散了，于是也开始做梦。

And then the tragedy. A half-witted boy of the school became enamored of the young master. In his bed at night he imagined unspeakable things and in the morning went forth to tell his dreams as facts. Strange, hideous accusations fell from his loose-hung lips. Through the Pennsylvania town went a shiver. Hidden, shadowy doubts that had been in men's minds concerning Adolph Myers were galvanized into beliefs.

可这便是悲剧的开始。学校里一个懵懂的男孩子迷恋上了这位年轻的老师。他夜里躺在床上时幻想些不可名状的东西，清晨又将梦境当作事实讲了出来。从他那没有遮拦的嘴里说出了奇怪而可怕的控诉。整个宾夕法尼亚小镇为之不寒而栗。那些曾经隐藏在人们心里的对阿道夫·迈尔斯朦朦胧胧的怀疑，如今一下子激变成了让人坚信不移的事实。

The tragedy did not linger. Trembling lads were jerked out of bed and questioned. "He put his arms about me," said one. "His fingers were always playing in my hair," said another.

悲剧的势头急转直下。颤栗着的少年们从床上被拽起来问话。“他用胳膊搂过我。”一个孩子说。“他总是用手指抚摸我的头发。”另一个说。

One afternoon a man of the town, Henry Bradford, who kept a saloon, came to the schoolhouse door. Calling Adolph Myers into the school yard he began to beat him with his fists. As his hard knuckles beat down into the frightened face of the school-master, his wrath became more and more terrible. Screaming with dismay, the children ran here and there like disturbed insects. "I'll teach you to put your hands on my boy, you beast," roared the saloon keeper, who, tired of beating the master, had begun to kick him about the yard.

一个下午，镇上的酒吧店主亨利·布莱德福德来到了学校的大门口。他将阿道夫·迈尔斯叫到学校后院，开始用拳头揍他。他坚硬的拳头落在了老师惊恐的脸上，可他的怒火却愈发不可遏止。惶恐不安的孩子们惊声尖叫，四处乱跑，像被惊扰的小虫子。“你竟敢把你的脏手伸到我孩子身上，你这个畜生，我得好好教训教训你。”酒吧店主咆哮着，打得不解气，就开始蛮院子地又踢又踹。

Adolph Myers was driven from the Pennsylvania town in the night. With lanterns in their hands a dozen men came to the door of the house where he lived alone and commanded that he dress and come forth. It was raining and one of the men had a rope in his hands. They had intended to hang the school-master, but something in his figure, so small, white, and pitiful, touched their hearts and they let

him escape. As he ran away into the darkness they repented of their weakness and ran after him, swearing and throwing sticks and great balls of soft mud at the figure that screamed and ran faster and faster into the darkness. For twenty years Adolph Myers had lived alone in Winesburg. He was but forty but looked sixty-five. The name of Biddlebaum he got from a box of goods seen at a freight station as he hurried through an eastern Ohio town. He had an aunt in Winesburg, a black-toothed old woman who raised chickens, and with her he lived until she died. He had been ill for a year after the experience in Pennsylvania, and after his recovery worked as a day laborer in the fields, going timidly about and striving to conceal his hands. Although he did not understand what had happened he felt that the hands must be to blame. Again and again the fathers of the boys had talked of the hands. "Keep your hands to yourself," the saloon keeper had roared, dancing, with fury in the schoolhouse yard.

夜里，阿道夫·迈尔斯被从宾西尼亚的小镇赶了出去。一群男人，手里拿着灯笼，聚集到他独居的房子门前，命令他穿好衣服出来。天正下着雨，其中一个人手里还拿着一根绳子。他们本打算将他吊死，但是，这个老师看起来瘦小、苍白、可怜兮兮的，他们动了恻隐之心，于是，就让他逃走了。当他逃进黑暗中的时候，他们又懊悔自己心软，便在后面追赶他，一边咒骂着，一边用木棍和大块的软泥砸向他。老师尖声叫着，越跑越快，终于消失在了夜色里。阿道夫·迈尔斯在温斯堡住了二十年，孑然一身。不过四十来岁的人看上去倒有六十五岁。彼得波姆这个名字也是他在慌忙中经过俄亥俄东部的一个小镇时，在货站的一个货物箱上看到而得来的。他有个姑妈住在温斯堡，是个养鸡的老太太，长了一口黑牙，他一直和她住在一起，直到她去世。在经历了宾夕法尼亚的事情之后，他病了一年。身体康复后，他白天便在田里干活，四处走动时也畏畏缩缩地，总是尽力把手藏起来。尽管他不明白那究竟是怎么一回事，可他感到这双手是罪魁祸首。因为那些男孩的父亲们一次次地提到过这双手。“管好你的脏手。”那个酒吧店主就曾在校园的院子里暴跳如雷地这样咆哮过。

Upon the veranda of his house by the ravine, Wing Biddlebaum continued to walk up and down until the sun had disappeared and the road beyond the field was lost in the grey shadows. Going into his house he cut slices of bread and spread honey upon them. When the rumble of the evening train that took away the express cars loaded with the day's harvest of berries had passed and restored the silence of the summer night, he went again to walk upon the veranda. In the darkness he could not see the hands and they became quiet. Although he still hungered for the presence of the boy, who was the medium through which he expressed his love of man, the hunger became again a part of his loneliness and his waiting. Lighting a lamp, Wing Biddlebaum washed the few dishes soiled by his simple meal and,

setting up a folding cot by the screen door that led to the porch, prepared to undress for the night. A few stray white bread crumbs lay on the cleanly washed floor by the table; putting the lamp upon a low stool he began to pick up the crumbs, carrying them to his mouth one by one with unbelievable rapidity. In the dense blotch of light beneath the table, the kneeling figure looked like a priest engaged in some service of his church. The nervous expressive fingers, flashing in and out of the light, might well have been mistaken for the fingers of the devotee going swiftly through decade after decade of his rosary.

在山谷边，小木屋的回廊上，温·彼得波姆又开始来来回回地踱步。他一直徘徊到夕阳西下，直到田野那头的公路也消失在灰色的阴影里。他进了屋，切了几片面包，涂上蜂蜜。当晚间快车载着一天收获的浆果隆隆驶去，夏夜重新恢复寂静时，他又走到前门廊上。在黑夜中，他看不见那双手，手也一动不动。他仍然热切地盼望乔治能够出现。通过这位年轻人，他向人类表达了自己的亲近之情。但是，这种盼望最终也变成了他孤独的一部分，使得他总在等待。他点亮一盏灯，洗了洗那顿简单的晚餐弄脏的几个盘子，在通向门廊的纱门边支起一张折叠床，准备脱衣服睡觉。一些零星的白面包屑掉在桌旁洗涮干净的地板上；他把灯放在一张矮凳上，开始捡面包屑。然后，把它们一个接一个地放进嘴里，速度惊人。在桌子下浓密的阴影里，他跪着的身影看上去像是一个忙于教堂事务的牧师。他那些紧张而充满表现力的手指，在光影里闪现，人们很可能将它们误认为是信徒的手，在快速地、十个十个地数着念珠。

CHAPTER 2 Paper Pills

第二章 纸球

He was an old man with a white beard and huge nose and hands. Long before the time during which we will know him, he was a doctor and drove a jaded white horse from house to house through the streets of Winesburg. Later he married a girl who had money. She had been left a large fertile farm when her father died. The girl was quiet, tall, and dark, and to many people she seemed very beautiful. Everyone in Winesburg wondered why she married the doctor. Within a year after the marriage she died.

他是一个大鼻子、大手的白胡子老头。很久以前，早在我们认识他以前，他曾是一个医生，赶着匹疲倦的白马穿过温斯堡的街道，从这个房子到下个房子。后来，他娶了个有钱的姑娘。他的岳父在死后给女儿留下了一大片肥沃的农场。这个姑娘文静、高挑，肤色偏黑。在很多人看来，她十分漂亮。温斯堡的人都很好奇，为什么她最后嫁给了这个医生。婚后不到一年，她就死了。

The knuckles of the doctor's hands were extraordinarily large. When the hands were closed they looked like clusters of unpainted wooden balls as large as walnuts fastened together by steel rods. He smoked a cob pipe and after his wife's death sat all day in his empty office close by a window that was covered with cobwebs. He never opened the window. Once on a hot day in August he tried but found it stuck fast and after that he forgot all about it.

这个医生的手指关节特别粗大。当他双手紧握的时候，看上去就像两个未经涂漆的木制大球，还是用钢针串在一起的、胡桃般大的那种。他用科波烟斗抽烟。在妻子死后，他成天坐在空荡荡的办公室里，挨着一扇结满了蜘蛛网的窗户。他从不打开这扇窗户。他也曾在八月的一个热天试着开窗，却发现窗子已经卡死了。此后，他也完全忘记了这件事。

Winesburg had forgotten the old man, but in Doctor Reefy there were the seeds of something very fine. Alone in his musty office in the Heffner Block above the Paris Dry Goods Company's store, he worked ceaselessly, building up something that he himself destroyed. Little pyramids of truth he erected and after erecting knocked them down again that he might have the truths to erect other pyramids.

温斯堡已经忘记了这个老人，但是，瑞非医生这个人身上有些非常优秀的品质。他的办公室在海夫纳街区的巴黎干货公司大楼上。他独自一人在发霉的办公室里无休止地工作，试图把他亲手毁掉的东西重新建立起来。他建起一座座小型真理金字塔，然后再将它们敲碎，这样，他

或许就有理由去建立其他的金字塔。

Doctor Reefy was a tall man who had worn one suit of clothes for ten years. It was frayed at the sleeves and little holes had appeared at the knees and elbows. In the office he wore also a linen duster with huge pockets into which he continually stuffed scraps of paper. After some weeks the scraps of paper became little hard round balls, and when the pockets were filled he dumped them out upon the floor. For ten years he had but one friend, anothe old man named John Spaniard who owned a tree nursery. Sometimes, in a playful mood, old Doctor Reefy took from his pockets a handful of the paper balls and threw them at the nursery man. "That is to confound you, you blathering old sentimentalist," he cried, shaking with laughter.

瑞非医生是个高个子，一套衣服穿了十年。衣服的袖子磨损了，膝盖和手肘的地方都有小的破洞。他在办公室里也穿着一件亚麻的防尘服，衣服上有大大的口袋，里面总是被他塞满了纸片。数周后，这些纸片就会变成坚硬的、圆圆的小纸球。当口袋被装满的时候，他就把它们倒在地板上。十年来，他只有一个朋友。那是另一个老头，名叫约翰·斯帕尼亚德；他有一间苗圃。有时，老瑞非医生会开玩笑似的从口袋里掏出一把纸球，朝着苗圃的主人扔过去。“那是用来砸晕你的，你这个唠唠叨叨的老感伤派。”他大声地叫道，然后笑得全身直抖。

The story of Doctor Reefy and his courtship of the tall dark girl who became his wife and left her money to him is a very curious story. It is delicious, like the twisted little apples that grow in the orchards of Winesburg. In the fall one walks in the orchards and the ground is hard with frost under-foot. The apples have been taken from the trees by the pickers. They have been put in barrels and shipped to the cities where they will be eaten in apartments that are filled with books, magazines, furniture, and people. On the trees are only a few gnarled apples that the pickers have rejected. They look like the knuckles of Doctor Reefy's hands. One nibbles at them and they are delicious. Into a little round place at the side of the apple has been gathered all of its sweetness. One runs from tree to tree over the frosted ground picking the gnarled, twisted apples and filling his pockets with them. Only the few know the sweetness of the twisted apples.

瑞非医生的故事，还有他向他的妻子——那个高挑的、黑皮肤的姑娘——求爱、结婚，然后获得一大笔遗产的故事非常具有传奇色彩。这个故事很有趣，就像温斯堡果园里长的那种不够圆溜的小苹果一样很美味。秋天里，人们在果园里散步，脚下的土地因结了霜，变得十分坚硬。苹果被工人从树上摘下来。苹果被放进桶里并装船运往各个城市，然后被人们吃掉。被吃掉的地点是在挤满了人，放满了书籍、杂志和家具的公寓里。树上只剩下一些结疤的苹果，工人们一般不会把它们摘下来。它们看起来就像瑞非医生的指关节。咬上一口，真是美味无比。苹

果的甜味都集中在边上一个小小的、圆圆的地方。有人会从这棵树跑到那棵树，踩在结了霜的地面上，采摘那些结疤的歪苹果，把口袋装得满满的。只有少数几个人知道这种苹果是甜的。

The girl and Doctor Reefy began their courtship on a summer afternoon. He was forty-five then and already he had begun the practice of filling his pockets with the scraps of paper that became hard balls and were thrown away. The habit had been formed as he sat in his buggy behind the jaded white horse and went slowly along country roads. On the papers were written thoughts, ends of thoughts, beginnings of thoughts.

瑞非医生和那个姑娘的爱情故事开始于一个夏日的下午。那时他已四十五岁，已经开始养成把口袋装满纸片，把纸片变成硬硬的纸球，然后扔掉的习惯。当他坐着马车，由一匹疲倦的白马拉着在乡村公路上慢慢行进的时候，这种习惯就养成了。他把所思所想都写在纸上，有的是结尾，有的是开头。

One by one the mind of Doctor Reefy had made the thoughts. Out of many of them he formed a truth that arose gigantic in his mind. The truth clouded the world. It became terrible and then faded away and the little thoughts began again.

瑞非医生的念头一个个渐渐变成了思想。众多的思想汇集在一起变成了真理，在他脑海里变成了庞然大物。这个真理遮蔽了整个世界。它先是变得可怕，然后渐渐淡去，但随即那些琐碎的思绪又重新冒了出来。

The tall dark girl came to see Doctor Reefy because she was in the family way and had become frightened. She was in that condition because of a series of circumstances also curious.

那个高个子的黑皮肤姑娘来找瑞非医生，是因为她怀了孕，心中惊惶不安。她之所以会沦落到这步田地也是因为一系列奇妙的际遇。

The death of her father and mother and the rich acres of land that had come down to her had set a train of suitors on her heels. For two years she saw suitors almost every evening. Except two they were all alike. They talked to her of passion and there was a strained eager quality in their voices and in their eyes when they looked at her. The two who were different were much unlike each other. One of them, a slender young man with white hands, the son of a jeweler in Winesburg, talked continually of virginity. When he was with her he was never off the subject. The other, a black-haired boy with large ears, said nothing at all but always managed to get her into the darkness, where he began to kiss her.

她的父母双亡，一大片富饶的土地落到了她手里，这就招致了一大群求婚者尾追不舍。两年内，她几乎每晚都有求婚者。除了两个人以

外，其他求婚者都大同小异。他们同她谈论激情，望着她的时候，声音和眼睛里有种压抑的渴望。而这与众不同的两个人，彼此也是截然不同的。其中一位身材颀长的年轻人有着白净的手，是温斯堡一个珠宝商的儿子。他总是不停地同她谈及贞洁。每当他同她相处时，总是提到这个话题。而另一个黑发的男子，长着大耳朵，什么也不说，可总是想方设法地将她拉到暗处，然后开始亲吻她。

For a time the tall dark girl thought she would marry the jeweler's son. For hours she sat in silence listening as he talked to her and then she began to be afraid of something. Beneath his talk of virginity she began to think there was a lust greater than in all the others. At times it seemed to her that as he talked he was holding her body in his hands. She imagined him turning it slowly about in the white hands and staring at it. At night she dreamed that he had bitten into her body and that his jaws were dripping. She had the dream three times, then she became in the family way to the one who said nothing at all but who in the moment of his passion actually did bite her shoulder so that for days the marks of his teeth showed. After the tall dark girl came to know Doctor Reefy it seemed to her that she never wanted to leave him again. She went into his office one morning and without her saying anything he seemed to know what had happened to her.

这个高个的黑姑娘一度曾考虑着应该嫁给珠宝商的儿子。她一言不发地坐上几个小时听他说话，接着她开始感到有些害怕。她觉得，在他关于贞洁的言论表象之下，隐藏着比其他人更加强烈的欲望。有时，在她看来，他说话时是将她的身体抱在手里的。她想象着他用那白净的双手慢慢转动自己的身体，定睛凝视着。夜晚，她梦到他咬了她身上，他的嘴里还滴着血。这样的梦她重复做了三次，然后，她就怀上了那位沉默的求婚者的孩子。他在激情迸发的时刻切切实实地咬在她的肩上，以至于那些牙印多日后还清晰可见。这位姑娘结识了瑞非医生后，似乎不想再离开他。一个清晨，她走进他的办公室，什么都没说，医生却似乎知道她发生了什么事。

In the office of the doctor there was a woman, the wife of the man who kept the bookstore in Winesburg. Like all old-fashioned country practitioners, Doctor Reefy pulled teeth, and the woman who waited held a handkerchief to her teeth and groaned. Her husband was with her and when the tooth was taken out they both screamed and blood ran down on the woman's white dress. The tall dark girl did not pay any attention. When the woman and the man had gone the doctor smiled. "I will take you driving into the country with me," he said.

他的办公室里有个女人，是温斯堡书店的老板娘。像所有老式的乡村医师一样，瑞非医生也拔牙。候诊的这个女人用块手帕捂住牙齿在呻吟着。书店老板陪着妻子。当那颗牙被拔出来的时候，他们都尖叫起来，血流到了女人的白色裙子上。可那个高挑的黑姑娘丝毫没有注意。

书店老板夫妇离开后，医生笑了起来。“我开车带你去乡下吧。”他说。

For several weeks the tall dark girl and the doctor were together almost every day. The condition that had brought her to him passed in an illness, but she was like one who has discovered the sweetness of the twisted apples, she could not get her mind fixed again upon the round perfect fruit that is eaten in the city apartments. In the fall after the beginning of her acquaintanceship with him she married Doctor Reefy and in the following spring she died. During the winter he read to her all of the odds and ends of thoughts he had scribbled on the bits of paper. After he had read them he laughed and stuffed them away in his pockets to become round hard balls.

姑娘和医生好几个星期来几乎天天呆在一起。使姑娘结识医生的那件事经过一场病痛后过去了。但是，她就像那些发现了歪苹果的甜蜜秘密的人一样，对于坐在城市的公寓里吃那些圆溜溜的苹果再也喜欢不起来。在他们结识后的那个秋天，姑娘嫁给了瑞非医生，第二年的春天，她就死了。整个冬天，他把自己写在纸片上的那些零零碎碎的思想都念给她听了。念过之后，他便哈哈大笑，重新把纸片塞进衣袋里，让它们变成又圆又硬的纸球。

CHAPTER 3 Mother

第三章 母亲

Elizabeth Willard the mother of George Willard, was tall and gaunt and her face was marked with smallpox scars. Although she was but forty-five, some obscure disease had taken the fire out of her figure. Listlessly she went about the disorderly old hotel looking at the faded wallpaper and the ragged carpets and, when she was able to be about, doing the work of a chambermaid among beds soiled by the slumbers of fat traveling men. Her husband, Tom Willard, a slender, graceful man with square shoulders, a quick military step, and a black mustache trained to turn sharply up at the ends, tried to put the wife out of his mind. The presence of the tall ghostly figure, moving slowly through the halls, he took as a reproach to himself. When he thought of her he grew angry and swore. The hotel was unprofitable and forever on the edge of failure and he wished himself out of it. He thought of the old house and the woman who lived there with him as things defeated and done for. The hotel in which he had begun life so hopefully was now a mere ghost of what a hotel should be. As he went spruce and business-like through the streets of Winesburg, he sometimes stopped and turned quickly about as though fearing that the spirit of the hotel and of the woman would follow him even into the streets. "Damn such a life, damn it!" he sputtered aimlessly.

伊丽莎白·威拉德是乔治·威拉德的母亲。她个子很高，看上去十分憔悴，脸上布满着天花留下的伤疤。虽然才四十五岁，可某种不知名的疾病已经熄灭了她的生命之火。她无精打采地在这个杂乱无章、又老又旧的旅馆里转悠，看着那些褪了色的墙纸和残破的地毯；而且，当她能够活动时，她会做些清扫女工干的活儿——收拾那些被肥胖的旅客们睡觉时弄脏的床。可她的丈夫，汤姆·威拉德，身材颀长、气质文雅，有着宽宽的肩膀；走路像军人似的迈着大步，黑色的胡子两头梳得翘了起来；他一心想要把妻子置诸脑后。当他看见她那高高的、幽灵似的身影慢慢地穿过大厅时，总是引以为耻。他一想到她，就会怒火攻心，开始咒骂。旅店也不赚钱，总是在破产的边缘挣扎。他一心想自己能摆脱这个负担。他把这座老房子以及和他一起生活的这个女人看成是否中失败的、没救的东西。他曾经满怀希望地想在这个旅馆里开始新生活，可现如今，这个旅馆形同幽灵。当他衣冠楚楚、煞有介事地在温斯堡大街上穿行的时候，他时常会停下来，迅速地转个身，就好像害怕那旅店和他妻子的幽灵会跟着他跑到街上来似的。“这该死的日子，真该死！”他漫无目的、气急败坏地说。

Tom Willard had a passion for village politics and for years had been the leading Democrat in a strongly Republican community. Some

day, he told himself, the fide of things political will turn in my favor and the years of ineffectual service count big in the bestowal of rewards. He dreamed of going to Congress and even of becoming governor. Once when a younger member of the party arose at a political conference and began to boast of his faithful service, Tom Willard grew white with fury. "Shut up, you," he roared, glaring about. "What do you know of service? What are you but a boy? Look at what I've done here! I was a Democrat here in Winesburg when it was a crime to be a Democrat. In the old days they fairly hunted us with guns.”

汤姆·威拉德对乡村政治怀有极大的热情。多年来，在这个共和党占主导地位的社区，他一直是一名民主党的领军人物。他跟自己说，有朝一日，政治形势会变得有利于我；这么些年来毫无功效的努力，在论功行赏的时候必然会有巨大的回报。他还梦想着进入国会，甚至当上州长。一次，党内一个比他年轻的成员在一次政治会议上站出来，吹嘘自己忠贞不二的表现，汤姆·威拉德为此气得脸色发白，怒火中烧。“你给我闭嘴！”他咆哮着，怒目圆睁，“你懂什么效劳？你不过是个毛头小子？瞧瞧我都做了什么！在温斯堡还没人敢做个民主党人的时候，我就是个民主党人了。过去，他们竟还用枪抓捕过民主党。”

Between Elizabeth and her one son George there was a deep unexpressed bond of sympathy, based on a girlhood dream that had long ago died. In the son's presence she was timid and reserved, but sometimes while he hurried about town intent upon his duties as a reporter, she went into his room and closing the door knelt by a little desk, made of a kitchen table, that sat near a window. In the room by the desk she went through a ceremony that was half a prayer, half a demand, addressed to the skies. In the boyish figure she yearned to see something half forgotten that had once been a part of herself recreated. The prayer concerned that. "Even though I die, I will in some way keep defeat from you," she cried, and so deep was her determination that her whole body shook. Her eyes glowed and she clenched her fists. "If I am dead and see him becoming a meaningless drab figure like myself, I will come back," she declared. "I ask God now to give me that privilege. I demand it. I will pay for it. God may beat me with his fists. I will take any blow that may befall if but this my boy be allowed to express something for us both." Pausing uncertainly, the woman stared about the boy's room. "And do not let him become smart and successful either," she added vaguely.

伊丽莎白同她唯一的儿子乔治之间联结着一条深切的、难以言说的感情纽带——惺惺相惜之情，源于她少女时候的一个梦，那梦很久以前就泯灭了。同儿子在一起的时候，伊丽莎白是胆怯而保守的。可是，有时乔治在镇上忙忙碌碌、执行记者的公务的时候，她就会来到他的房间，关上门，跪在窗户旁一张小小的、用厨房餐桌改成的书桌旁。就在

这个房间的书桌旁，她进行着某种仪式，对着天空念念有词，半是祷告，半是要求。在她儿子身上，她渴望见到某种东西再现，那东西曾经是她的一部分，却已经快被淡忘了。祈祷的内容就是如此。“即使我死去，我也要使你远离失败，”她叫道。她的决心非常强烈，以至于她全身颤抖。她的眼睛灼灼闪光，双拳紧握。“假如我死了，看到我的儿子变成了一个像我一样的无用之辈，我就会回来。”她发誓道，“我恳请上帝现在给予我这种权利。我要求这个特权。我愿意为此付出代价。上帝可以予我以痛击。我情愿承受可能降临的任何打击，只要允许我的儿子能代表我们两个人而有所作为。”她迟疑地停顿了一会儿，开始环顾儿子的房间。“但也不要让他变得精明或者成功。”她模模糊糊地加了一句。

The communion between George Willard and his mother was outwardly a formal thing without meaning. When she was ill and sat by the window in her room he sometimes went in the evening to make her a visit. They sat by a window that looked over the roof of a small frame building into Main Street. By turning their heads they could see through another window, along an alleyway that ran behind the Main Street stores and into the back door of Abner Groff's bakery. Sometimes as they sat thus a picture of village life presented itself to them. At the back door of his shop appeared Abner Groff with a stick or an empty milk bottle in his hand. For a long time there was a feud between the baker and a grey cat that belonged to Sylvester West, the druggist. The boy and his mother saw the cat creep into the door of the bakery and presently emerge followed by the baker, who swore and waved his arms about. The baker's eyes were small and red and his black hair and beard were filled with flour dust. Sometimes he was so angry that, although the cat had disappeared, he hurled sticks, bits of broken glass, and even some of the tools of his trade about. Once he broke a window at the back of Sinning's Hardware Store. In the alley the grey cat crouched behind barrels filled with torn paper and broken bottles above which flew a black swarm of flies. Once when she was alone, and after watching a prolonged and ineffectual outburst on the part of the baker, Elizabeth Willard put her head down on her long white hands and wept. After that she did not look along the alleyway any more, but tried to forget the contest between the bearded man and the cat. It seemed like a rehearsal of her own life, terrible in its vividness.

乔治·威拉德同他母亲的感情交流从表面上来看中规中矩、别无他意。当她生病，坐在自己房间的窗边时，他有时会在晚上去看望她。他们会靠着窗户坐着，从窗户望出去，目光可越过窗外一户低矮楼房的屋顶看到大街。转过头，他们可以从另一扇窗户看出去，沿着大街店面后的一条巷道，看到阿布纳·格罗夫面包店的后门。有的时候，他们就那么坐着，一副乡村生活的场景就会展现在他们眼前。阿布纳·格罗夫会手拿一根手杖或一个空牛奶瓶从店的后门出来。这位面包店老板同一只灰猫

在很长一段时间里势同水火；那只猫的主人是药剂师西尔维斯特·韦斯特。母子俩看见猫偷偷溜进面包店的后门，又马上出来了，猫后面紧跟着面包店老板；他挥舞着胳膊，大声咒骂着。他小小的眼睛充着血，黑色的头发和胡子上都沾满了面粉。有时，他大发雷霆，尽管猫都跑得不见踪影了，他还在到处猛扔木棍、玻璃碎片，甚至是他做生意用的家伙。有一次，他甚至砸碎了思宁五金店的一扇后窗。那只灰猫经常蹲伏在小巷里的几个木桶后；桶里装满了碎纸片和破酒瓶，一大群黑压压的苍蝇在上面飞来飞去。有一次，伊丽莎白独自坐在那里，看到面包店老板徒劳地发了很久的脾气之后，她把头俯在自己纤长而白皙的手上，哭了起来。从那以后，她再也不往小巷里张望了，而且极力忘记这场面包师和灰猫之间的战争。那就像她自己生活的一场预演，活灵活现得可怕。

In the evening when the son sat in the room with his mother, the silence made them both feel awkward. Darkness came on and the evening train came in at the station. In the street below feet tramped up and down upon a board sidewalk. In the station yard, after the evening train had gone, there was a heavy silence. Perhaps Skinner Leason, the express agent, moved a truck the length of the station platform. Over on Main Street sounded a man's voice, laughing. The door of the express office banged. George Willard arose and crossing the room fumbled for the doorknob. Sometimes he knocked against a chair, making it scrape along the floor. By the window sat the sick woman, perfectly still, listless. Her long hands, white and bloodless, could be seen drooping over the ends of the arms of the chair. "I think you had better be out among the boys. You are too much indoors," she said, striving to relieve the embarrassment of the departure. "I thought I would take a walk," replied George Willard, who felt awkward and confused.

晚上，母子俩坐在房间里时，沉默的气氛让他们都感到尴尬难堪。夜幕降临，晚班车驶进车站。楼下街道上，沉重的脚步声在木板人行道上来来往往。夜班车开走后，车站里一片寂静。也许此时列车代理人斯金纳·利生正在移动一辆卡车，足有整个车站月台那么长。前面的大街上传来了一个男人的大笑声。列车办公室的门被人敲得砰砰响。乔治站起身来，穿过房间，在黑暗里摸索着找门把。有时他会撞在椅子上，椅子在地板上摩擦发出声响。母亲靠窗坐着，一动不动，无精打采。她那双纤长的、苍白而毫无血色的手，无力地垂在扶手的两边。“我想你最好出门去找你的年轻朋友们。你呆在屋里的时间太多了。”她说，竭力消除分别时的尴尬。“我想我该去散会儿步。”乔治回答，心里觉得尴尬又心烦。

One evening in July, when the transient guests who made the New Willard House their temporary home had become scarce, and the hallways, lighted only by kerosene lamps turned low, were plunged in gloom, Elizabeth Willard had an adventure. She had been ill in bed for

several days and her son had not come to visit her. She was alarmed. The feeble blaze of life that remained in her body was blown into a flame by her anxiety and she crept out of bed, dressed and hurried along the hallway toward her son's room, shaking with exaggerated fears. As she went along she steadied herself with her hand, slipped along the papered walls of the hall and breathed with difficulty. The air whistled through her teeth. As she hurried forward she thought how foolish she was. "He is concerned with boyish affairs," she told herself. "Perhaps he has now begun to walk about in the evening with girls."

七月，在新威拉德旅店投宿的短期旅客数量减少了。一个夜晚，只点着煤油灯的走廊昏暗不明，显得低矮。伊丽莎白进行了一次难忘的探险。她已卧病在床了好几天，可乔治没有来看望她。她忧虑不安。因为焦虑，她体内微弱的生命余烬被煽动起来，变成了熊熊火焰。她爬下床，穿上衣服，沿着走廊急忙往儿子的房间走去，全身因为被放大的恐惧而簌簌发抖。她用手支撑自己走着，沿着大厅的墙纸悄然疾行，呼吸困难。气流从她的牙齿缝间呼呼吹过。就在她往前赶的时候，她又觉得自己非常愚蠢。“他在忙男孩子该干的事情呢，”她暗自想，“也许他现在已经开始和姑娘们一起在夜里散步呢。”

Elizabeth Willard had a dread of being seen by guests in the hotel that had once belonged to her father and the ownership of which still stood recorded in her name in the county courthouse. The hotel was continually losing patronage because of its shabbiness and she thought of herself as also shabby. Her own room was in an obscure corner and when she felt able to work she voluntarily worked among the beds, preferring the labor that could be done when the guests were abroad seeking trade among the merchants of Winesburg.

伊丽莎白害怕在旅店里被客人看见。这家旅店过去是她父亲的产业，现在在乡公所的记录里归在她的名下。旅店简陋，不断地失去主顾。现在，她觉得自己也是破旧不堪的了。她的房间在一个不起眼的角落里。当她觉得还能干些事情的时候，她会主动去整理床铺。客人们外出同温斯堡的商户做生意的时候，她愿意做些力所能及的事。

By the door of her son's room the mother knelt upon the floor and listened for some sound from within. When she heard the boy moving about and talking in low tones a smile came to her lips. George Willard had a habit of talking aloud to himself and to hear him doing so had always given his mother a peculiar pleasure. The habit in him, she felt, strengthened the secret bond that existed between them. A thousand times she had whispered to herself of the matter. "He is groping about, trying to find himself," she thought. "He is not a dull clod, all words and smartness. Within him there is a secret something that is striving to grow. It is the thing I let be killed in myself." In the darkness in the hallway by the door the sick woman arose and started

again toward her own room. She was afraid that the door would open and the boy come upon her. When she had reached a safe distance and was about to turn a corner into a second hallway she stopped and bracing herself with her hands waited, thinking to shake off a trembling fit of weakness that had come upon her. The presence of the boy in the room had made her happy. In her bed, during the long hours alone, the little fears that had visited her had become giants. Now they were all gone. "When I get back to my room I shall sleep," she murmured gratefully.

母亲跪在儿子房门外的地板上，听着屋里面传出来的响声。等她听见儿子走动和低声说话的时候，唇角浮现出了微笑。乔治有高声自言自语的习惯。每当听见他这样说话的时候，伊丽莎白都会感到特别愉快。在母亲看来，他的这个习惯强化了母子间的那层神秘的关系。她无数次跟自己悄声谈及这个问题。“他正在努力探寻，发掘自我。”她想道，“他不是个迟钝的孩子，能言善道，而且机灵。他身上有种神秘的东西在努力壮大。那正是我曾拥有却被扼杀了的东西。”生病的母亲从走廊门前的地板上直起身来，在黑暗里重新朝着自己的房间走回去。她怕儿子会打开门撞见她。当她到了一个安全的距离，马上要转个弯到另一条走廊上的时候，她才停下来。她用手撑着自己，等了一会儿，想着撑过这一阵因身体虚弱而引起的颤抖。儿子呆在房间里，这让她十分高兴。在她独自躺在床上的漫长时光里，拜访她的那些小小的担忧曾经变成了巨人。可现在都烟消云散了。“回到房间我就该睡了。”她心怀感激地喃喃说道。

But Elizabeth Willard was not to return to her bed and to sleep. As she stood trembling in the darkness the door of her son's room opened and the boy's father, Tom Willard, stepped out. In the light that steamed out at the door he stood with the knob in his hand and talked. What he said infuriated the woman.

但是，她不能回到床上睡觉了。当她在黑暗中颤抖着站起来的时候，儿子的门打开了，走出来的却是她的丈夫汤姆·威拉德。他站在门开着的亮光中，手扶着门把，说着话。他的话立刻激怒了这位母亲。

Tom Willard was ambitious for his son. He had always thought of himself as a successful man, although nothing he had ever done had turned out successfully. However, when he was out of sight of the New Willard House and had no fear of coming upon his wife, he swaggered and began to dramatize himself as one of the chief men of the town. He wanted his son to succeed. He it was who had secured for the boy the position on the Winesburg Eagle. Now, with a ring of earnestness in his voice, he was advising concerning some course of conduct. "I tell you what, George, you've got to wake up," he said sharply. "Will Henderson has spoken to me three times concerning the matter. He says you go along for hours not hearing when you are spoken to and acting like a gawky girl. What ails you?" Tom Willard

laughed good-naturedly. "Well, I guess you'll get over it," he said. "I told Will that. You're not a fool and you're not a woman. You're Tom Willard's son and you'll wake up. I'm not afraid. What you say clears things up. If being a newspaper man had put the notion of becoming a writer into your mind that's all right. Only I guess you'll have to wake up to do that too, eh?”

汤姆·威拉德对儿子有很高的期望。他一直自认为是个成功的男人，尽管他从没做成过一件成功的事。但是，一旦他离开新威拉德旅店，而且不用担心会碰见自己的妻子的时候，他便大摇大摆地开始扮演这个城镇上的大人物。他想要他的儿子成功。是他为儿子在《温斯堡鹰报》谋得了一个职位。此时，他正用一种恳切的语气就为人之道对儿子进行说教。“我告诉你，乔治，你得醒醒了。”他严厉地说，“就这个问题，威尔·亨德森已经对我说过三次了。他说你很长一段时间都对他说的话充耳不闻，行动起来像个傻里傻气的姑娘。你有什么烦心事吗？”汤姆·威拉德和善地笑了起来。“我想你会改掉这个毛病的。”他说，“我是这样告诉威尔的。你既不傻也不是个娘娘腔。你是我汤姆·威拉德的儿子，你会打起精神来的。我一点儿都不担心。你所说的证明了这一点。即使当记者使你产生了当作家的念头，那也是可以的。只不过我想你总得振作起来努把力吧，嗯？”

Tom Willard went briskly along the hallway and down a flight of stairs to the office. The woman in the darkness could hear him laughing and talking with a guest who was striving to wear away a dull evening by dozing in a chair by the office door. She returned to the door of her son's room. The weakness had passed from her body as by a miracle and she stepped boldly along. A thousand ideas raced through her head. When she heard the scraping of a chair and the sound of a pen scratching upon paper, she again turned and went back along the hallway to her own room.

汤姆步履轻快地沿着走廊下了一段楼梯，进了自己的办公室。伊丽莎白在黑暗里能听见他大笑的声音，还有他同一个顾客的谈话声。那位客人坐在靠近办公室门边的椅子上，打着瞌睡，试图以此来消磨枯燥的夜晚。她返身往儿子的房门走去。身体虚弱奇迹般地消失了，她大胆自信地向前走着。她脑袋里飞快地闪过无数念头。当听到椅子摩擦地面的声音和笔落在纸上的沙沙声时，她重又转过身，沿着来时的走廊往自己的房间走去。

A definite determination had come into the mind of the defeated wife of the Winesburg hotel keeper. The determination was the result of long years of quiet and rather ineffectual thinking. "Now," she told herself, "I will act. There is something threatening my boy and I will ward it off." The fact that the conversation between Tom Willard and his son had been rather quiet and natural, as though an understanding existed between them, maddened her. Although for years she had hated her husband, her hatred had always before been a quite

impersonal thing. He had been merely a part of something else that she hated. Now, and by the few words at the door, he had become the thing personified. In the darkness of her own room she clenched her fists and glared about. Going to a cloth bag that hung on a nail by the wall she took out a long pair of sewing scissors and held them in her hand like a dagger. "I will stab him," she said aloud. "He has chosen to be the voice of evil and I will kill him. When I have killed him something will snap within myself and I will die also. It will be a release for all of us."

这位失败的妻子——温斯堡旅店的老板娘——在心里做了一个不可动摇的决定。这个决定是长年累月思考的结果，尽管这种思考是无声而且毫无成效的。“现在，” 她对自己说，“我得做点什么了。有件事情正在威胁着我的孩子，我不能让它发生。”父子间刚才的谈话平静而自然，就好像他们之间相互理解一样。这样的事实使她抓狂。多年以来，尽管伊丽莎白恨自己的丈夫，她的憎恨之前一直是以一种置身事外的形式存在着。他不过是她所恨着的某件不相干的东西的一部分。可是现在，他在门边说的那几句话，使他变成了一个活生生的可恨之人。她站在自己黑暗的房间里，紧握着拳头，愤怒地环顾四周。她走到墙边，从挂在钉子上的布袋里取出一把长长的缝纫剪刀，像把匕首似的握在手里。“我要捅死他。”她大声地说,“他自己选择了当魔鬼的代言人，我要杀了他。一旦我杀了他，我的生命也会中止，我也会死掉。这样我们就都解脱了。”

In her girlhood and before her marriage with Tom Willard, Elizabeth had borne a somewhat shaky reputation in Winesburg. For years she had been what is called "stage-struck" and had paraded through the streets with traveling men guests at her father's hotel, wearing loud clothes and urging them to tell her of life in the cities out of which they had come. Once she startled the town by putting on men's clothes and riding a bicycle down Main Street.

在她的少女时代，在嫁给汤姆·威拉德之前，伊丽莎白在温斯堡的名声就不大好。多年来，她一直想做演员，曾经穿着花哨的衣服，跟她父亲旅店里的客人一起在街上招摇过市。那些人来自不同的城市，她总追着他们给她讲述那里的生活。有一次，她穿着男人的衣服，在大街上骑自行车，把全镇的人都吓了一跳。

In her own mind the tall dark girl had been in those days much confused. A great restlessness was in her and it expressed itself in two ways. First there was an uneasy desire for change, for some big definite movement to her life. It was this feeling that had turned her mind to the stage. She dreamed of joining some company and wandering over the world, seeing always new faces and giving something out of herself to all people. Sometimes at night she was quite beside herself with the thought, but when she tried to talk of the matter to the members of the theatrical companies that came to Winesburg and stopped at her father's hotel, she got nowhere. They

did not seem to know what she meant, or if she did get something of her passion expressed, they only laughed. "It's not like that," they said. "It's as dull and uninteresting as this here. Nothing comes of it.”

在那段日子里，这个高个子、黑皮肤的姑娘心里很混乱。内心巨大的躁动通过两个途径被释放了出来。首先，她渴望变化，渴望生活能发生大而明确的变化，尽管这种渴望会使她感到焦虑不安。正是这种情感使得她将注意力转向了舞台。她梦想能加入某个剧团，然后周游世界，不停地结识新的人，将自己的某些东西展现给所有人看。有时，她在夜晚想得如痴如醉，不能自已。但是，当她试着同一些来温斯堡住在她父亲旅店的剧团谈这个问题的时候，她却一无所获。他们似乎弄不明白她在说什么，或者，当她确实表达出了自己强烈的感情时，他们却只是哈哈大笑。“事情并非你想的样子。”他们说，“哪里都一样，和这里一样地乏味无趣。没什么结果的。”

With the traveling men when she walked about with them, and later with Tom Willard, it was quite different. Always they seemed to understand and sympathize with her. On the side streets of the village, in the darkness under the trees, they took hold of her hand and she thought that something unexpressed in herself came forth and became a part of an unexpressed something in them.

同那些旅行的人一起四处散步及后来同汤姆·威拉德在一起，却是极为不同的。他们似乎总能理解她，并赞同她。在乡村的小路上，在树下的阴影里，他们握住她的手，她觉得体内某种未表达出的东西释放了出来，并化作了他们身上未表现出的某种东西的一部分。

And then there was the second expression of her restlessness. When that came she felt for a time released and happy. She did not blame the men who walked with her and later she did not blame Tom Willard. It was always the same, beginning with kisses and ending, after strange wild emotions, with peace and then sobbing repentance. When she sobbed she put her hand upon the face of the man and had always the same thought. Even though he were large and bearded she thought he had become suddenly a little boy. She wondered why he did not sob also.

这便是她释放躁动的第二种方式。每当那时，她都会一度感到放松和快乐。她既没有责备那些同她散步的人，后来，她也没有责备汤姆·威拉德。事情总是这样，从亲吻开始，经历了奇怪的激情之后，归于平静，最后是哭泣着忏悔。当她哭泣时，会把手放在那个男人的脸上，心里总有相同的想法。即使对方身材高大、满脸胡子，她也觉得他突然变成了小男孩。她奇怪为什么他不和她一样哭泣。

In her room, tucked away in a corner of the old Willard House, Elizabeth Willard lighted a lamp and put it on a dressing table that stood by the door. A thought had come into her mind and she went to a closet and brought out a small square box and set it on the table.

The box contained material for make-up and had been left with other things by a theatrical company that had once been stranded in Winesburg. Elizabeth Willard had decided that she would be beautiful. Her hair was still black and there was a great mass of it braided and coiled about her head. The scene that was to take place in the office below began to grow in her mind. No ghostly worn-out figure should confront Tom Willard, but something quite unexpected and startling. figure Tall and with dusky cheeks and hair that fell in a mass from her shoulders, a figure should come striding down the stairway before the startled loungers in the hotel office. The figure would be silent—it would be swift and terrible. As a tigress whose cub had been threatened would she appear, coming out of the shadows, stealing noiselessly along and holding the long wicked scissors in her hand.

她的房间位于这间旅店的一个角落里。伊丽莎白·威拉德在她房里点了盏灯，并将灯放在门边的梳妆台上。她忽然想到了什么，走到壁橱前，拿出一个小的方盒子，放在桌子上。盒子里装着化妆用的材料，是一个剧团滞留在温斯堡镇的时候留下来的；他们还留了其他东西。伊丽莎白觉得她该弄得漂亮些。她的头发依旧乌黑，厚厚的头发编成发辫盘在头上。接下来在楼下办公室将要发生的情景开始在她脑海里预演。一个像幽灵一样憔悴的人影是无法同汤姆·威拉德对抗的，除非是某种很出人意料、令人吃惊的东西。一个高高的人影，双颊灰白，头发大片地垂过肩膀，会大步地走下楼梯，来到旅店办公室，站在目瞪口呆的闲人面前。这个人影将是沉默的——行动迅猛而可怕。她将会像护卫受到威胁的幼仔的母虎一样，无声无息地从阴暗的地方出现，潜行，手里紧握着长长的凶器。

With a little broken sob in her throat, Elizabeth Willard blew out the light that stood upon the table and stood weak and trembling in the darkness. The strength that had been as a miracle in her body left and she half reeled across the floor, clutching at the back of the chair in which she had spent so many long days staring out over the tin roofs into the main street of Winesburg. half reeled across the floor In the hallway there was the sound of footsteps and George Willard came in at the door. Sitting in a chair beside his mother he began to talk. "I'm going to get out of here," he said. "I don't know where I shall go or what I shall do but I am going away.”

伊丽莎白低低地发出一声伤心的呜咽，吹灭了桌上的灯，虚弱地站在黑暗中发抖。身体里那股奇迹般的力量已经消失，她几乎是踉踉跄跄地穿过地板，紧紧抓住椅背。在这张椅子上，她曾度过了漫长的岁月——坐在上面越过锡制的屋顶，望着温斯堡的大街。走廊里响起了脚步声，接着，乔治从门外走了进来。他坐在母亲身边的椅子上，开始说话。“我打算离开这儿。”他说，“我不知道该去哪儿，也不知道该做什么，但我要离开了。”

The woman in the chair waited and trembled. An impulse came to

her. "I suppose you had better wake up," she said. "You think that? You will go to the city and make money, eh? It will be better for you, you think, to be a business man, to be brisk and smart and alive?" She waited and trembled.

这位母亲坐在椅子上，等着，颤抖不已。她感到一阵冲动。“我想你该醒醒了。”她说，“你在想什么？跑到城市里，然后赚些钱，是吗？你可能认为这对你比较适合——做个商人，自信、干练、精明，然后就这么活着？”她等了等，不停地颤抖。

The son shook his head. "I suppose I can't make you understand, but oh, I wish I could," he said earnestly. "I can't even talk to father about it. I don't try. There isn't any use. I don't know what I shall do. I just want to go away and look at people and think.”

儿子摇了摇头。“我想我无法让您明白，但是，我真希望我能做到啊。”他恳切地说，“我甚至不能和爸爸谈这个。我不会去试的。没什么意义。我真不知道该做什么。我只不过想出去走走，看看其他人，思考一下。”

Silence fell upon the room where the boy and woman sat together. Again, as on the other evenings, they were embarrassed. After a time the boy tried again to talk. "I suppose it won't be for a year or two but I've been thinking about it," he said, rising and going toward the door. "Something father said makes it sure that I shall have to go away." He fumbled with the doorknob. In the room the silence became unbearable to the woman. She wanted to cry out with joy because of the words that had come from the lips of her son, but the expression of joy had become impossible to her. "I think you had better go out among the boys. You are too much indoors," she said. "I thought I would go for a little walk," replied the son stepping awkwardly out of the room and closing the door.

母子俩一起坐在那里，又一次沉默相对。于是，像无数个夜晚那样，他们感到尴尬。过了一会儿，儿子试着重新开口。“我想这用不了一两年，可我一直想这么做。”他站起来，向门走去，说道，“爸爸说的话让我更加确信，是时候出去走走了。”他摸索着门把。房间里，沉默变得让这位母亲难以忍受。儿子刚才所说的话使她欢喜得想要大叫出来，可是对她而言，欢乐的表情已变得不可能。“我想你最好出去找伙伴们。你呆在屋里的时间太多了。”她说。“我想，我该出去走走。”儿子回答，同时极不自然地大步走出了房间，关上了门。

CHAPTER 4 The Philosopher

第四章 哲学家

Doctor Parcival was a large man with a drooping mouth covered by a yellow mustache. He always wore a dirty white waistcoat out of the pockets of which protruded a number of the kind of black cigars known as stogies. His teeth were black and irregular and there was something strange about his eyes. The lid of the left eye twitched; it fell down and snapped up; it was exactly as though the lid of the eye were a window shade and someone stood inside the doctor's head playing with the cord.

帕斯瓦尔医生身材高大，嘴角下垂，留着一撇黄色的小胡子。他总穿着一件脏兮兮的白马甲，口袋里鼓鼓囊囊地塞满了廉价细长的黑雪茄。他的牙齿发黑、十分不整齐，眼睛也有些奇怪。左眼皮总在抽搐，落下去又猛地睁开，活像一扇百叶窗，并且有人站在他脑袋里面，把玩着那根窗绳。

Doctor Parcival had a liking for the boy, George Willard. It began when George had been working for a year on the Winesburg Eagle and the acquaintanceship was entirely a matter of the doctor's own making.

帕斯瓦尔医生特别喜欢一个年轻人——乔治·威拉德。事情开始于乔治在《温斯堡鹰报》工作的一年后。他们的交情全是医生的一厢情愿。

In the late afternoon Will Henderson, owner and editor of the Eagle, went over to Tom Willy's saloon. Along an alleyway he went and slipping in at the back door of the saloon began drinking a drink made of a combination of sloe gin and soda water. Will Henderson was a sensualist and had reached the age of forty-five. He imagined the gin renewed the youth in him. Like most sensualists he enjoyed talking of women, and for an hour he lingered about gossiping with Tom Willy. The saloon keeper was a short, broad-shouldered man with peculiarly marked hands. That flaming kind of birthmark that sometimes paints with red the faces of men and women had touched with red Tom Willy's fingers and the backs of his hands. As he stood by the bar talking to Will Henderson he rubbed the hands together. As he grew more and more excited the red of his fingers deepened. It was as though the hands had been dipped in blood that had dried and faded.

某个傍晚，《鹰报》的老板兼主编——威尔·亨德森前往汤姆·威利的酒吧。他沿着小巷走，悄悄从酒吧的后门进去,然后喝一种掺苏打水的黑刺李杜松子酒。威尔·亨德森是个好色之徒，已经四十五岁了。他觉着杜

松子酒能让他青春焕发。同大多数酒色之徒一样，他也喜欢谈论女人。他在那里逗留了一个小时，同汤姆·威利闲谈风月。酒吧的老板是个矮个子的男人，肩膀很宽，手上有种特殊的记号。那是一种胎记。人们有时会在男人或女人的脸上见到，红红的，就像火焰。汤姆·威利的手指和手背上就有这种红色的胎记。他站在吧台边上同威利·亨德森聊天的时候，不停地搓着手。随着他变得越来越兴奋，手指上的红色也变深了。这情景就好像是之前手曾被浸入血中，只不过血已经变干、变淡了。

As Will Henderson stood at the bar looking at the red hands and talking of women, his assistant, George Willard, sat in the office of the Winesburg Eagle and listened to the talk of Doctor Parcival.

当威利·亨德森在酒吧看着这双红色的手闲谈风月的时候，他的助手乔治·威拉德正坐在《温斯堡鹰报》的办公室里，聆听帕斯瓦尔医生的高见。

Doctor Parcival appeared immediately after Will Henderson had disappeared. One might have supposed that the doctor had been watching from his office window and had seen the editor going along the alleyway. Coming in at the front door and finding himself a chair, he lighted one of the stogies and crossing his legs began to talk. He seemed intent upon convincing the boy of the advisability of adopting a line of conduct that he was himself unable to define.

威尔·亨德森刚离开报社，这位医生就来了。这让人不禁怀疑，这位医生是否一直在从他办公室的窗户里监视这里，并且看到主编大人拐进了那条小巷。他从前门一进来，就给自己找了把椅子坐下，然后点了根廉价细长的雪茄，跷起二郎腿，聊了起来。看起来，他是打算说服这个年轻人采纳某种连他自己都无法界定的做人之道。

"If you have your eyes open you will see that although I call myself a doctor I have mighty few patients," he began. "There is a reason for that. It is not an accident and it is not because I do not know as much of medicine as anyone here. I do not want patients. The reason, you see, does not appear on the surface. It lies in fact in my character, which has, if you think about it, many strange turns. Why I want to talk to you of the matter I don't know. I might keep still and get more credit in your eyes. I have a desire to make you admire me, that's a fact. I don't know why. That's why I talk. It's very amusing, eh?”

“如果你留意过的话，你会发现，虽然我自称医生，其实并没有几个病人。”他开口说道，“这是有原因的。这不是种偶然，也不是因为我比这儿的任何人都学艺不精。我不想给人看病。你该明白，这个原因不是浮在表面上的。它是由于我的性格。如果你仔细想想，就会发现我性格里有很多奇怪的地方。我也不明白为什么我想把这件事告诉你。我可以保持沉默，然后获得你更多的信任。事实上，我倒很希望你能仰慕我。我也不知道这是怎么回事。所以想同你谈谈。这很有趣，不是吗？”

Sometimes the doctor launched into long tales concerning himself. To the boy the tales were very real and full of meaning. He began to admire the fat unclean-looking man and, in the afternoon when Will Henderson had gone, looked forward with keen interest to the doctor's coming.

时不时地，这位医生会对他自己的经历大谈特谈一番。在年轻人听来，那些故事是非常真实、意味深长的。他开始对这位胖胖的、看上去很邋遢的人心生敬仰。每当威尔·亨德森下午离开时，他就很期待那位医生的光临。

Doctor Parcival had been in Winesburg about five years. He came from Chicago and when he arrived was drunk and got into a fight with Albert Longworth, the baggageman. The fight concerned a trunk and ended by the doctor's being escorted to the village lockup. When he was released he rented a room above a shoe-repairing shop at the lower end of Main Street and put out the sign that announced himself as a doctor. Although he had but few patients and these of the poorer sort who were unable to pay, he seemed to have plenty of money for his needs. He slept in the office that was unspeakably dirty and dined at Biff Carter's lunch room in a small frame building opposite the railroad station. In the summer the lunch room was filled with flies and Biff Carter's white apron was more dirty than his floor. Doctor Parcival did not mind. Into the lunch room he stalked and deposited twenty cents upon the counter. "Feed me what you wish for that," he said laughing. "Use up food that you wouldn't otherwise sell. It makes no difference to me. I am a man of distinction, you see. Why should I concern myself with what I eat.”

帕斯瓦尔医生来温斯堡镇有五年了。他来自芝加哥。到这儿的时候酩酊大醉，还同脚夫阿尔伯特·朗沃思打了一架。打架的起因源于一个行李箱，结果是医生被押往村拘留所。等到他被释放后，他就在大街街尾的一家修鞋店的楼上租了个房间，挂牌行医了。尽管他没几个病人，有也是穷得付不了诊费的，可他看起来生活阔绰，足以满足自己的所需。他睡在脏得没法形容的诊室里，在火车站对面一间名叫比夫·卡特午餐厅的小木屋里吃饭。夏天的时候，午餐厅里飞满了苍蝇；老板身上的围裙比地板还要脏。可帕斯瓦尔医生一点也不介意。他满不在乎地走进午餐厅，扔了二十美分在柜台上。“随便给我弄些吃的。”他笑着说，“用你卖不出去的菜就行了。我无所谓的。我是个有身份的人，你知道的。我不会在乎吃的东西。”

The tales that Doctor Parcival told George Willard began nowhere and ended nowhere. Sometimes the boy thought they must all be inventions, a pack of lies. And then again he was convinced that they contained the very essence of truth.

医生说给乔治听的故事都是没头没尾的。有时候，乔治觉得那都是

他杜撰的，一派胡言。可接下来，他又坚信故事里包含了真谛。

"I was a reporter like you here," Doctor Parcival began. "It was in a town in Iowa—or was it in Illinois? I don't remember and anyway it makes no difference. Perhaps I am trying to conceal my identity and don't want to be very definite. Have you ever thought it strange that I have money for my needs although I do nothing? I may have stolen a great sum of money or been involved in a murder before I came here. There is food for thought in that, eh? If you were a really smart newspaper reporter you would look me up. In Chicago there was a Doctor Cronin who was murdered. Have you heard of that? Some men murdered him and put him in a trunk. In the early morning they hauled the trunk across the city. It sat on the back of an express wagon and they were on the seat as unconcerned as anything. Along they went through quiet streets where everyone was asleep. The sun was just coming up over the lake. Funny, eh—just to think of them smoking pipes and chattering as they drove along as unconcerned as I am now. Perhaps I was one of those men. That would be a strange turn of things, now wouldn't it, eh?" Again Doctor Parcival began his tale: "Well, anyway there I was, a reporter on a paper just as you are here, running about and getting little items to print. My mother was poor. She took in washing. Her dream was to make me a Presbyterian minister and I was studying with that end in view.

“我做过记者，和你在这儿一样。”帕斯瓦尔医生开口说，“是在艾奥瓦州或是伊利诺伊州的一个小镇？我记不清了，反正这不重要。或许我正在试图隐瞒我的身份，不想被人看穿。你是不是也觉得奇怪？我虽然无所事事，可还衣食无忧。也许在来这里之前，我偷过一大笔钱，又或者，涉及过一场谋杀案。这些都能让人浮想联翩，不是吗？你要真是个机灵点儿的记者，你就该调查调查我。芝加哥有个名叫克罗宁的医生被人谋杀。你听说了吗？有些人杀了他，然后把尸体装进一个箱子。清晨，他们把箱子从城市一头拖到另一头。他们把它放在一辆高速货车后面，然后，若无其事地坐在座位上。他们静悄悄地穿过城市的大街小巷，那时人们还在睡觉呢。太阳刚从湖面上升起来。有趣吧——想想看，他们抽着烟斗，赶着车，若无其事地聊着天，就像我现在这个样子。或许我就是其中之一。现在事情就会出现奇怪的变化了，你说是吗？”医生又开始往下讲：“嗯，无论如何我都在那儿做过报社记者，就像你现在这样。四处跑跑，找点小新闻，登在报纸上。我妈妈是个穷人。她靠给人洗衣服谋生。她的梦想是让我当个长老会的牧师，我就为这个读的书。

"My father had been insane for a number of years. He was in an asylum over at Dayton, Ohio. There you see I have let it slip out! All of this took place in Ohio, right here in Ohio. There is a clew if you ever get the notion of looking me up."

“我爸疯了很多年。 他呆在俄亥俄州代顿的一家精神病院里。你

看，我不小心说漏嘴了！所有一切都发生在这里，就在俄亥俄州。如果你有心要调查我，这就是个线索。”

"I was going to tell you of my brother. That's the object of all this. That's what I'm getting at. My brother was a railroad painter and had a job on the Big Four. You know that road runs through Ohio here. With other men he lived in a box car and away they went from town to town painting the railroad property—switches, crossing gates, bridges, and stations.”

“我打算跟你说说我的兄弟。这才是我的真正意图。我马上要讲到正题了。他是个铁路油漆工，在四大铁路公司工作。你知道铁路穿过俄亥俄州。他和其他工人一起住在货柜车厢里，往返于各个城镇间，给铁路设施涂漆——开关、闸门、桥梁和车站。”

"The Big Four paints its stations a nasty orange color. How I hated that color! My brother was always covered with it. On pay days he used to get drunk and come home wearing his paint-covered clothes and bringing his money with him. He did not give it to mother but laid it in a pile on our kitchen table.”

“四大铁路公司的车站涂的是那种令人恶心的橘红色油漆。我真讨厌这种颜色！我的兄弟身上总有这种颜色。发薪水的时候，他常喝得烂醉，回家时穿着那件满是油漆的衣服，身上带着钱。他从不把钱给母亲，就那么摞成一摞堆在厨房的桌上。”

"About the house he went in the clothes covered with the nasty orange colored paint. I can see the picture. My mother, who was small and had red, sad-looking eyes, would come into the house from a little shed at the back. That's where she spent her time over the washtub scrubbing people's dirty clothes. In she would come and stand by the table, rubbing her eyes with her apron that was covered with soap-suds.”

“他总穿着那件满是橘红色油漆的恶心衣服在房里走动。我现在还能回忆起那个场景。我的母亲很瘦小，眼睛红红的，表情悲伤，总是从后门的一个小棚子走进房子里。那是她洗衣服的地方，她每天趴在洗衣盆上刷洗别人的脏衣服。她会走进来站在桌子边上，用围裙揉揉眼睛，围裙上满是肥皂沫。”

“'Don't touch it! Don't you dare touch that money,' my brother roared, and then he himself took five or ten dollars and went tramping off to the saloons. When he had spent what he had taken he came back for more. He never gave my mother any money at all but stayed about until he had spent it all, a little at a time. Then he went back to his job with the painting crew on the railroad. After he had gone things began to arrive at our house, groceries and such things. Sometimes there would be a dress for mother or a pair of shoes for

me.”

“‘别碰！看谁敢动那钱！’我的兄弟咆哮着说。接着，他就拿着五或十美元，踏着沉重的脚步往酒吧去了。 等他花光了拿去的钱，他就回家来再拿。他从不给母亲一分钱。每次都呆在外面直到把钱花光，一次花一点儿。之后，他就和别的油漆工回铁路上去上班了。他走之后，蔬菜和一些生活用品就源源不断地被送到家里来。有时，会带回给妈妈的裙子，或是给我的鞋。”

"Strange, eh? My mother loved my brother much more than she did me, although he never said a kind word to either of us and always raved up and down threatening us if we dared so much as touch the money that sometimes lay on the table three days."

“很奇特，对不对？虽然他没对我们说过一句好话，还总是暴跳如雷地威胁我们不准动他放在桌上的钱——哪怕那钱会放上三天，可我母亲还是更偏爱他些。”

"We got along pretty well. I studied to be a minister and prayed. I was a regular ass about saying prayers. You should have heard me. When my father died I prayed all night, just as I did sometimes when my brother was in town drinking and going about buying the things for us. In the evening after supper I knelt by the table where the money lay and prayed for hours. When no one was looking I stole a dollar or two and put it in my pocket. That makes me laugh now but then it was terrible. It was on my mind all the time. I got six dollars a week from my job on the paper and always took it straight home to mother. The few dollars I stole from my brother's pile I spent on myself, you know, for trifles, candy and cigarettes and such things.”

“我们关系很好。我为了做牧师读书，还祈祷。我祷告时就是个不折不扣的蠢蛋。你真该听听。我爸死的时候，我祈祷了一整晚。我兄弟在镇上喝酒、忙着给我们买东西的时候，我也时常这样为大家祈祷。晚饭过后，我会跪在放钱的桌子旁，祈祷好几个小时。趁着没人注意，从桌上偷一两块，放进自己的口袋。现在我说起来觉得好笑，可在那时，真是胆战心惊。我一直都记得这件事。我在报社工作，每周能挣六块钱，我总是直接拿回家给母亲。可从桌上那一摞钱里偷的几块我都花在了自己身上。你知道，都用来买了些小东西，糖、香烟什么的。”

"When my father died at the asylum over at Dayton, I went over there. I borrowed some money from the man for whom I worked and went on the train at night. It was raining. In the asylum they treated me as though I were a king."

“父亲在代顿的精神病院里过世的时候，我曾去过。我向我的老板借了一些钱，晚上乘火车去的。那时下着雨。在精神病院，他们款待我的样子就好像我是个国王。”

"The men who had jobs in the asylum had found out I was a

newspaper reporter. That made them afraid. There had been some negligence, some carelessness, you see, when father was ill. They thought perhaps I would write it up in the paper and make a fuss. I never intended to do anything of the kind."

“在那家精神病院工作的人发现我是个报社记者。这让他们很害怕。要知道，当我父亲病重的时候，他们有些疏忽大意。他们觉得我可能会小题大作地在报纸上报道一番。可我从没这么想过。”

Anyway, in I went to the room where my father lay dead and blessed the dead body. I wonder what put that notion into my head. Wouldn't my brother, the painter, have laughed, though. There I stood over the dead body and spread out my hands. The superintendent of the asylum and some of his helpers came in and stood about looking sheepish. It was very amusing. I spread out my hands and said, 'Let peace brood over this carcass.' That's what I said.” Jumping to his feet and breaking off the tale, Doctor Parcival began to walk up and down in the office of the Winesburg Eagle where George Willard sat listening. He was awkward and, as the office was small, continually knocked against things. "What a fool I am to be talking," he said. "That is not my object in coming here and forcing my acquaintanceship upon you. I have something else in mind. You are a reporter just as I was once and you have attracted my attention. You may end by becoming just such another fool. I want to warn you and keep on warning you. That's why I seek you out.”

“总之，我走进父亲停灵的房间，对着他的尸体开始祷告。我弄不清为什么我会那么做。即便这样，我那当油漆工的兄弟也不会笑话我。我站在尸体身旁，伸出双手。精神病院的院长和他的助手们走了进来，站在旁边，看着很窘迫。那场面很滑稽。我伸出双手说道：‘愿这具畜体安息。’我就是这么说的。”他一下站了起来，中断了讲述，开始在报社的办公室里来回地踱步，乔治·威拉德就坐在那里听着。他动作笨拙，办公室很小，所以总磕磕碰碰。“我说这些真像个傻瓜。”他说，“我来这儿可不是因为想强迫你同我交朋友。我有别的打算。你是个记者，我曾经也是。所以，你引起了我的注意。你有可能最后也变成另一个像我一样的傻瓜。我想给你提个醒，并一直想给你敲敲警钟。我就是为这个找你的。”

Doctor Parcival began talking of George Willard's attitude toward men. It seemed to the boy that the man had but one object in view, to make everyone seem despicable. "I want to fill you with hatred and contempt so that you will be a superior being," he declared. "Look at my brother. There was a fellow, eh? He despised everyone, you see. You have no idea with what contempt he looked upon mother and me. And was he not our superior? You know he was. You have not seen him and yet I have made you feel that. I have given you a sense of it. He is dead. Once when he was drunk he lay down on the tracks and

the car in which he lived with the other painters ran over him."

于是，帕斯瓦尔医生开始和乔治谈起了处世之道。可在乔治看来，他只有一个目的——让人人都看起来卑鄙。“我想让你充满憎恨和藐视，这样，你才能成为人上人。”他郑重地说，“你看我的兄弟，他就是个例子，不是吗？要知道，他谁也瞧不起。你压根儿想不到他有多瞧不起我和母亲。他难道不比我们强吗？你知道的，他确实如此。你没见过他，可我已经让你感觉到了。我已经让你有了这种感觉。他死了。有一次他喝醉了，躺在铁轨上。他同其他油漆工住的那节车厢从他身上碾了过去。”

One day in August Doctor Parcival had an adventure in Winesburg. For a month George Willard had been going each morning to spend an hour in the doctor's office. The visits came about through a desire on the part of the doctor to read to the boy from the pages of a book he was in the process of writing. To write the book Doctor Parcival declared was the object of his coming to Winesburg to live.

八月的一天，帕斯瓦尔医生在温斯堡有过一次难忘的经历。那个月，乔治每天早上都会到医生的办公室呆上一个小时。因为医生想给乔治读读他在写的一本书。医生声称，他正是为了写这本书才住到温斯堡来的。

On the morning in August before the coming of the boy, an incident had happened in the doctor's office. There had been an accident on Main Street. A team of horses had been frightened by a train and had run away. A little girl, the daughter of a farmer, had been thrown from a buggy and killed.

八月的一个早上，乔治还没来。医生的诊室里发生了一个小插曲。大街上发生了一起事故。一群马被火车惊了，跑掉了。一个农夫的女儿——一个小姑娘，从马车上被甩下来，摔死了。

On Main Street everyone had become excited and a cry for doctors had gone up. All three of the active practitioners of the town had come quickly but had found the child dead. From the crowd someone had run to the office of Doctor Parcival who had bluntly refused to go down out of his office to the dead child. The useless cruelty of his refusal had passed unnoticed. Indeed, the man who had come up the stairway to summon him had hurried away without hearing the refusal.

大街上的人都惊动了，都叫着要找医生来。镇上三位积极的医生迅速赶了过去，却发现孩子已经死了。人群里有人跑到帕斯瓦尔医生的办公室，但医生却断然拒绝去救那个死去的孩子。当事人并没有注意到他的冷酷拒绝。事实上，奔上楼来叫他的人，没听见他拒绝就匆匆忙忙地走掉了。

All of this, Doctor Parcival did not know and when George

Willard came to his office he found the man shaking with terror. "What I have done will arouse the people of this town," he declared excitedly. "Do I not know human nature? Do I not know what will happen? Word of my refusal will be whispered about. Presently men will get together in groups and talk of it. They will come here. We will quarrel and there will be talk of hanging. Then they will come again bearing a rope in their hands."

帕斯瓦尔医生显然对此也一无所知。乔治·威拉德走进他的办公室的时候，发现医生害怕得浑身发抖。“我的所作所为肯定会激起公愤的。”他大声喊起来，“我还不了解人类的本性吗？我还不知道会发生些什么吗？人们肯定会私下传播我拒绝的消息。不久，他们就会聚集起来，议论纷纷。他们会到这儿来。我们会争论一番，然后提到绞刑。接着，再来时，他们就会手里拿着根绳子。”

Doctor Parcival shook with fright. "I have a presentiment," he declared emphatically. "It may be that what I am talking about will not occur this morning. It may be put off until tonight but I will be hanged. Everyone will get excited. I will be hanged to a lamp post on Main Street."

医生害怕得一直抖。“我有预感，”他郑重其事地宣布，“我刚才说的一切估计不会在今天早上发生。可最迟拖到晚上，我就会被吊死。他们会群情激愤。我将会被吊死在大街的灯柱上。”

Going to the door of his dirty office, Doctor Parcival looked timidly down the stairway leading to the street. When he returned the fright that had been in his eyes was beginning to be replaced by doubt. Coming on tiptoe across the room he tapped George Willard on the shoulder. "If not now, sometime," he whispered, shaking his head. "In the end I will be crucified, uselessly crucified."

他走到他那脏兮兮的办公室的门边，畏畏缩缩地看着通往街道的楼梯。等他转回身来的时候，眼里的恐惧开始变成了怀疑。他轻手轻脚地穿过房间走过来，拍了拍乔治的肩膀。“如果不是现在，有朝一日也会，”他低声地说道，摇摇头，“最后，我也会被钉死的，毫无意义地钉死。”

Doctor Parcival began to plead with George Willard. "You must pay attention to me," he urged. "If something happens perhaps you will be able to write the book that I may never get written. The idea is very simple, so simple that if you are not careful you will forget it. It is this—that everyone in the world is Christ and they are all crucified. That's what I want to say. Don't you forget that. Whatever happens, don't you dare let yourself forget."

医生又开始恳求乔治。“你必须对我留点心。”他催促道，“如果有事发生，或许你能把我没写完的书完成。这本书的主题很简单，简单到稍

不留心就会忘记。那就是——世上人人都是基督，都被钉在十字架上。这就是我想说的。你千万别忘了。无论发生什么，你千万别忘记。”

CHAPTER 5 Nobody Knows

第五章 无人知晓

Looking cautiously about, George Willard arose from his desk in the office of the Winesburg Eagle and went hurriedly out at the back door. The night was warm and cloudy and although it was not yet eight o'clock, the alleyway back of the Eagle office was pitch dark. A team of horses tied to a post somewhere in the darkness stamped on the hard-baked ground. A cat sprang from under George Willard's feet and ran away into the night. The young man was nervous. All day he had gone about his work like one dazed by a blow. In the alleyway he trembled as though with fright.

乔治·威拉德先四处小心地望了望，然后从《温斯堡鹰报》办公室的书桌后站起身，急急忙忙地从后门出去了。这是个温暖而阴沉的夜晚，尽管不到八点，《鹰报》办公楼后的小巷内已经一片漆黑。黑暗中，一群马被拴在一根柱子上，踢着腿，蹬在烤得发硬的地面上。一只猫从乔治·威拉德脚下跳了过去，消失在黑夜里。年轻人有些紧张。一整天，他都像个被打昏了的人似的忙着工作。在巷子里，他就好像是被惊吓了似的颤抖着。

In the darkness George Willard walked along the alleyway, going carefully and cautiously. The back doors of the Winesburg stores were open and he could see men sitting about under the store lamps. In Myerbaum's Notion Store Mrs.Willy the saloon keeper's wife stood by the counter with a basket on her arm. Sid Green the clerk was waiting on her. He leaned over the counter and talked earnestly.

乔治·威拉德在黑暗里小心翼翼地沿着小巷走着。温斯堡各个商店的后门都开着，他可以看见人们在店里的灯下闲坐着。在梅尔波姆杂货店里，酒吧店的老板娘威利太太站在柜台边，胳膊上挽着一个篮子。店员锡德·格林陪在她旁边。他斜靠在柜台上面，郑重其事地说着话。

George Willard crouched and then jumped through the path of light that came out at the door. He began to run forward in the darkness. Behind Ed Griffith's saloon old Jerry Bird the town drunkard lay asleep on the ground. The runner stumbled over the sprawling legs. He laughed brokenly.

乔治·威拉德蹲下身子，随即一跃，跳过了从门口照出来的一片亮光。他开始在黑暗里向前奔跑。在埃德·格里菲思酒吧店的后面，老酒鬼杰里·伯德躺在地上睡着了。乔治绊在他伸出来的腿上。他笑得喘不过气。

George Willard had set forth upon an adventure. All day he had

been trying to make up his mind to go through with the adventure and now he was acting. In the office of the Winesburg Eagle he had been sitting since six o'clock trying to think.

乔治·威拉德在做件冒险的事。这一整天，他都在竭力下定决心要将这件事做到底。现在，他就在付诸实践。在《鹰报》的办公室里，他从六点钟开始就一直坐着，努力思考着。

There had been no decision. He had just jumped to his feet, hurried past Will Henderson who was reading proof in the printshop and started to run along the alleyway.

他并没有做出什么决定。他于是跳起来，匆忙越过在印刷室里校样的威尔·亨德森，开始沿着小巷奔跑起来。

Through street after street went George Willard, avoiding the people who passed. He crossed and recrossed the road. When he passed a street lamp he pulled his hat down over his face. He did not dare think. In his mind there was a fear but it was a new kind of fear. He was afraid the adventure on which he had set out would be spoiled, that he would lose courage and turn back.

乔治·威拉德跑过一条又一条街道，躲过沿路的行人。他穿过马路，再穿回来。当穿过一盏街灯的时候，他把帽子拉下来盖住脸。他不敢想。他心里有种恐惧，可这是种新的恐惧。他害怕正在进行的这个冒险被破坏，那他将会失去勇气，无功而返。

George Willard found Louise Trunnion in the kitchen of her father's house. She was washing dishes by the light of a kerosene lamp. There she stood behind the screen door in the little shedlike kitchen at the back of the house. George Willard stopped by a picket fence and tried to control the shaking of his body. Only a narrow potato patch separated him from the adventure. Five minutes passed before he felt sure enough of himself to call to her. "Louise! Oh, Louise!" he called. The cry stuck in his throat. His voice became a hoarse whisper.

乔治·威拉德看见路易丝·特鲁宁在她父亲的厨房里。她在一盏煤油灯下洗着盘子。厨房在房子的后面，像个小棚屋似的。她就站在纱门后面。乔治·威拉德停在一道尖尖的篱笆旁，竭力控制他颤抖的身体。隔开他同这次冒险行为的只有一片窄小的土豆地。五分钟后，他才觉得有足够的信心开口叫她。“路易丝！哦，路易丝！”他叫道。叫声卡在了他的喉咙里。他的声音变成了嘶哑的低语。

Louise Trunnion came out across the potato patch holding the dish cloth in her hand. "How do you know I want to go out with you," she said sulkily. "What makes you so sure?"

路易丝·特鲁宁穿过那片土豆地走出来，手里还拿着洗碗布。“你怎

么知道我想同你一起出去？”她闷闷不乐地说，“你凭什么这么自信？”

George Willard did not answer. In silence the two stood in the darkness with the fence between them.

乔治·威拉德没有答话。两个人隔着篱笆默默地站在黑暗里。

"You go on along," she said. "Pa's in there. I'll come along. You wait by Williams' barn.”

“你先走吧。”她说，“我爸爸在那儿，我就来。你在威廉斯的谷仓旁等我。”

The young newspaper reporter had received a letter from Louise Trunnion. It had come that morning to the office of the Winesburg Eagle. The letter was brief. "I'm yours if you want me," it said. He thought it annoying that in the darkness by the fence she had pretended there was nothing between them. "She has a nerve! Well, gracious sakes, she has a nerve," he muttered as he went along the street and passed a row of vacant lots where corn grew. The corn was shoulder high and had been planted right down to the sidewalk. When Louise Trunnion came out of the front door of her house she still wore the gingham dress in which she had been washing dishes. There was no hat on her head. The boy could see her standing with the doorknob in her hand talking to someone within, no doubt to old Jake Trunnion, her father. Old Jake was half deaf and she shouted. The door closed and everything was dark and silent in the little side street. George Willard trembled more violently than ever.

年轻的记者收到过路易丝·特鲁宁的一封信。信是早上送到《鹰报》办公室的。内容很简洁。上面写的是：“如果你愿意，我就是你的。”可是，刚才在黑漆漆的篱笆边上她装作两人之间毫无关系的样子让他觉得气恼。“她真放肆！嘿，老天，她真放肆！”他低声嘟囔着，顺着街道走过一排种着玉米的空地。玉米长到人的肩膀那么高，一直种到了人行道上。路易丝从家里的前门出来，仍旧穿着洗碗时的格子布裙。她没有戴帽子。乔治看见她握着门把站在那里，同门里的人说话，毫无疑问，是同她的父亲，老杰克·特鲁宁。老杰克有些耳聋，她大声地嚷着。门关上了，小巷里一片漆黑寂静。乔治·威拉德比以往抖得更厉害了。

In the shadows by Williams' barn George and Louise stood, not daring to talk. She was not particularly comely and there was a black smudge on the side of her nose. George thought she must have rubbed her nose with her finger after she had been handling some of the kitchen pots.

乔治和路易丝站在谷仓旁的阴影里，谁也不敢开口。她并不是很漂亮，鼻子旁还有块黑印。乔治想，她一定是在拿过厨房的锅后拿手指擦过鼻子。

The young man began to laugh nervously. "It's warm," he said. He wanted to touch her with his hand. "I'm not very bold," he thought. Just to touch the folds of the soiled gingham dress would, he decided, be an exquisite pleasure. She began to quibble. "You think you're better than I am. Don't tell me, I guess I know," she said drawing closer to him.

这个年轻人开始神经质地大笑起来。“天气很暖和啊，”他说。他想用手碰碰她。“我不要太冒失。”他想。他打定主意，就去摸摸她那条弄脏了的格子棉裙的花边，那应该也很美妙。她开始找茬了。“你觉得你比我强。别告诉我，我想我知道。”她说着，向他靠近了些。

A flood of words burst from George Willard. He remembered the look that had lurked in the girl's eyes when they had met on the streets and thought of the note she had written. Doubt left him. The whispered tales concerning her that had gone about town gave him confidence. He became wholly the male, bold and aggressive. In his heart there was no sympathy for her. "Ah, come on, it'll be all right. There won't be anyone know anything. How can they know?" he urged.

乔治·威拉德突然滔滔不绝地开始说话了。他记起在街上遇见的时候，这姑娘的眼睛里曾隐藏着的神情，然后他想起她写的那封信。他不再怀疑了。小镇里流传的那些关于她的事情给了他信心。他变得雄性十足，放肆大胆、勇往直前。在他的内心，他并不同情她。“啊，过来，没关系的。没人会知道。他们怎么可能知道呢？”他怂恿道。

They began to walk along a narrow brick sidewalk between the cracks of which tall weeds grew. Some of the bricks were missing and the sidewalk was rough and irregular. He took hold of her hand that was also rough and thought it delightfully small. "I can't go far," she said and her voice was quiet, unperturbed.

他们开始沿着一条狭窄的砖块铺成的人行道往前走；砖头缝里长着长长的杂草。有的地方砖头都没了，路面凹凸不平。他握住她的手。那只手也十分粗糙，可他觉得小得可爱。“我不能走远。”她说，声音安静而镇定。

They crossed a bridge that ran over a tiny stream and passed another vacant lot in which corn grew. The street ended. In the path at the side of the road they were compelled to walk one behind the other. Will Overton's berry field lay beside the road and there was a pile of boards. "Will is going to build a shed to store berry crates here," said George and they sat down upon the boards.

他们穿过一座小溪上的桥，然后经过了另一片长着玉米的空地。到了街道的尽头。在马路旁的小道上，他们只能一前一后地走。威尔·奥佛顿的浆果地就在马路边，那里有堆木板。“威尔打算在这里搭个棚子来放

浆果箱。”乔治说，然后他们就在木板上坐了下来。

When George Willard got back into Main Street it was past ten o'clock and had begun to rain. Three times he walked up and down the length of Main Street. Sylvester West's Drug Store was still open and he went in and bought a cigar. When Shorty Crandall the clerk came out at the door with him he was pleased. For five minutes the two stood in the shelter of the store awning and talked. George Willard felt satisfied. He had wanted more than anything else to talk to some man. Around a corner toward the New Willard House he went whistling softly.

当乔治·威拉德回到大街上的时候，已经十点多了，而且开始下雨了。他在大街上来回走了整整三趟。西尔维斯特·韦斯特的杂货店还在营业，他进去买了支雪茄。店员肖提·克兰德尔送他出门的时候，他心情愉快。两个人站在店门的避雨蓬下聊了五分钟。乔治·威拉德感到心满意足。他特别想找个人聊聊。他轻轻地吹着口哨，往街转角的新威拉德旅店走去。

On the sidewalk at the side of Winney's Dry Goods Store where there was a high board fence covered with circus pictures, he stopped whistling and stood perfectly still in the darkness, attentive, listening as though for a voice calling his name. Then again he laughed nervously. "She hasn't got anything on me. Nobody knows," he muttered doggedly and went on his way.

他停在温尼的干货店旁的人行道上，那里有一块高高的木栅栏，上面贴满了马戏团的照片。他一动不动地站在黑暗中，停止了吹口哨，开始聚精会神地聆听，就好像有个声音在叫他的名字似的。接着，他又神经兮兮地笑起来。“她什么也没从我这儿得到。没人知道。”他固执地喃喃自语，然后继续走他的路。

CHAPTER 6 Godliness

第六章 虔诚

A Tale in Four Parts

一个由四部分组成的故事

I

一

There were always three or four old people sitting on the front porch of the house or puttering about the garden of the Bentley farm. Three of the old people were women and sisters to Jesse. They were a colorless, soft voiced lot. Then there was a silent old man with thin white hair who was Jesse's uncle.

本特利农场里总有三四位老人，或坐在房前的门廊里，或在花园里散步。其中的三位老太太是女的，是杰西的姐姐。她们面容苍白,说起话来轻声细语。还有一位是杰西的叔叔，有一头稀少的白发，总是缄默不语的。

The farmhouse was built of wood, a board outer-covering over a framework of logs. It was in reality not one house but a cluster of houses joined together in a rather haphazard manner. Inside, the place was full of surprises. One went up steps from the living room into the dining room and there were always steps to be ascended or descended in passing from one room to another. At meal times the place was like a beehive. At one moment all was quiet, then doors began to open, feet clattered on stairs, a murmur of soft voices arose and people appeared from a dozen obscure corners.

这座农舍用木头建成，是一大块向外伸着的木板盖在木头架子上。事实上，这不是一座房子，而是好几座，不过以相当无序的方式连在一起了。房子里面处处令人吃惊。从起居室到餐厅要上台阶，从一个房间走到另一个也要上下台阶。吃饭的时候，这个地方就像个马蜂窝。开始时，一切都很安静；接着，门纷纷被打开，杂乱的脚步声在台阶上响起；然后，听到轻声的喃喃自语，这些人便从各个不起眼的角落里冒了出来。

Besides the old people, already mentioned, many others lived in the Bentley house. There were four hired men, a woman named Aunt Callie Beebe, who was in charge of the housekeeping, a dull-witted girl named Eliza Stoughton, who made beds and helped with the milking, a boy who worked in the stables, and Jesse Bentley himself, the owner and overlord of it all.

除了之前提及的四位老人，农场里还住着许多人。这里有四个男仆；有管理家务的考利·毕比大妈；负责铺床和挤牛奶的傻丫头伊莱扎·斯托顿；收拾马厩的一个小伙子；还有杰西·本特利本人，他是这里的主人，主宰一切。

By the time the American Civil War had been over for twenty years, that part of Northern Ohio where the Bentley farms lay had begun to emerge from pioneer life. Jesse then owned machinery for harvesting grain. He had built modern barns and most of his land was drained with carefully laid tile drain, but in order to understand the man we will have to go back to an earlier day.

那时，美国内战已过去二十年了，本特利农场所在的俄亥俄北部地区已经开始从拓荒生活中崛起。杰西当时已经拥有了收割稻谷的机器。他已经建起了新式的谷仓，还用仔细铺设的排水瓦管给大多数土地排了水。但为了弄明白这个人，我们还得从更早的时候说起。

The Bentley family had been in Northern Ohio for several generations before Jesse's time. They came from New York State and took up land when the country was new and land could be had at a low price. For a long time they, in common with all the other Middle Western people, were very poor. The land they had settled upon was heavily wooded and covered with fallen logs and underbrush. After the long hard labor of clearing these away and cutting the timber, there were still the stumps to be reckoned with. Plows run through the fields caught on hidden roots, stones lay all about, on the low places water gathered, and the young corn turned yellow, sickened and died.

在杰西这一辈之前，本特利家族已经有好几代人在俄亥俄北部居住了。他们来自纽约州；当时这片土地还未经开垦，所以可以以低价买到，于是他们便买下了地，在这里扎根下来。在很长的一段时间内，他们同中西部的其他美国人一样，非常贫穷。他们定居的土地上森林繁茂，满是倒下来的原木和矮树丛。他们付出了长期而艰苦的劳动来清理这些东西、砍伐木材。但现在他们还有残留的树桩需要清理。耕地时，犁常会碰上埋在地下的树根和遍地都是的石头；低洼的地方有积水；刚长出来的玉米就变黄、枯萎，最后死掉了。

When Jesse Bentley's father and brothers had come into their ownership of the place, much of the harder part of the work of clearing had been done, but they clung to old traditions and worked like driven animals. They lived as practically all of the farming people of the time lived. In the spring and through most of the winter the highways leading into the town of Winesburg were a sea of mud. The four young men of the family worked hard all day in the fields, they ate heavily of coarse, greasy food, and at night slept like tired beasts on beds of straw. Into their lives came little that was not coarse and brutal and outwardly they were themselves coarse and brutal. On

Saturday afternoons they hitched a team of horses to a three-seated wagon and went off to town. In town they stood about the stoves in the stores talking to other farmers or to the store keepers. They were dressed in overalls and in the winter wore heavy coats that were flecked with mud. Their hands as they stretched them out to the heat of the stoves were cracked and red. It was difficult for them to talk and so they for the most part kept silent. When they had bought meat, flour, sugar, and salt, they went into one of the Winesburg saloons and drank beer. Under the influence of drink the naturally strong lusts of their natures, kept suppressed by the heroic labor of breaking up new ground, were released. A kind of crude and animal-like poetic fervor took possession of them. On the road home they stood up on the wagon seats and shouted at the stars. Sometimes they fought long and bitterly and at other times they broke forth into songs. Once Enoch Bentley, the older one of the boys, struck his father, old Tom Bentley, with the butt of a teamster's whip, and the old man seemed likely to die. For days Enoch lay hid in the straw in the loft of the stable ready to flee if the result of his momentary passion turned out to be murder. He was kept alive with food brought by his mother, who also kept him informed of the injured man's condition. When all turned out well he emerged from his hiding place and went back to the work of clearing land as though nothing had happened.

等到杰西的父亲和兄弟们接手这片土地时，大部分艰苦的清理工作已经完成。可是，他们仍旧坚持旧式的农作方式，像牲口似的劳作。他们几乎和当时所有的庄稼汉们一样生活着。在春天和大部分冬天，通往温斯堡镇的大路都是一片泥泞。家里的四个年轻男人整天都在地里拼命干活，吃大量粗糙、油腻的食物，晚上睡在稻草床上，像累坏了的野兽一般。他们的生活中很少有不粗俗、不野蛮的人；表面上看，他们自己也是粗鄙、鲁莽的。每到周六下午，他们就赶着马，驾着一辆三人座的马车往小镇上去。在那里，他们会围在商店的火炉边上，同别的农夫或者店主们交谈。他们穿着套头衣，冬天时就穿着厚厚的、满是泥点的外套。他们在烤火时伸出来的手是干裂发红的。他们不善交谈，于是大多时候保持缄默。当他们买了肉、面粉、糖和盐之后，便会找间温斯堡的酒吧去喝啤酒。在酒精的作用下，平时被开垦新疆土的英雄劳动所压抑的、天生的强烈欲望便被释放了出来。他们被一种原始的、类似动物般的、充满诗意的热情所控制。回家途中，他们站在马车座位上，对着星星大叫大嚷。有时他们会长时间凶狠地斗殴，有时则会放声高歌。有一次，老大伊诺克·本特利用一个马车夫的马鞭鞭柄抽了他的父亲老汤姆·本特利一顿，老头看上去都要断气了。有好多天，艾诺克都藏在马厩阁楼的稻草堆里。一旦他那一时冲动的结果变成谋杀，他便准备偷偷逃走。他靠母亲带来的食物维系生命，她也将老头的伤情告诉他。情况一好转，他就从藏身之处冒了出来，像什么都没发生过一样回去开垦土地。

The Civil War brought a sharp turn to the fortunes of the Bentleys

and was responsible for the rise of the youngest son, Jesse. Enoch, Edward, Harry, and Will Bentley all enlisted and before the long war ended they were all killed. For a time after they went away to the South, old Tom tried to run the place, but he was not successful. When the last of the four had been killed he sent word to Jesse that he would have to come home.

内战迅速地改变了本特利家族的命运，也成就了最小的儿子杰西。伊诺克·本特利、爱德华·本特利、哈里·本特利和威尔·本特利全都报名参了军；在漫长的战争结束之前，他们全死在了战场上。他们离家前往南方打仗之后，老汤姆曾试着独自耕作，却没能成功。当最后一个儿子也死在战场上时，他给杰西捎信，要他无论如何必须回家。

Then the mother, who had not been well for a year, died suddenly, and the father became altogether discouraged. He talked of selling the farm and moving into town. All day he went about shaking his head and muttering. The work in the fields was neglected and weeds grew high in the corn. Old Tim hired men but he did not use them intelligently. When they had gone away to the fields in the morning he wandered into the woods and sat down on a log. Sometimes he forgot to come home at night and one of the daughters had to go in search of him.

接着，病了一年的母亲突然去世，父亲便完全意志消沉了。他谈到想卖掉农场，搬到镇上去。他整天四处游荡，摇着脑袋喃喃自语。田地被荒废，玉米地里杂草丛生。老汤姆雇来工人却不善管理。工人们早上到田里干活的时候，他便在树林里盘桓，坐在一根木头上。有时候他晚上也忘了回家，女儿不得不四处寻找。

When Jesse Bentley came home to the farm and began to take charge of things he was a slight, sensitive-looking man of twenty-two. At eighteen he had left home to go to school to become a scholar and eventually to become a minister of the Presbyterian Church. All through his boyhood he had been what in our country was called an "odd sheep" and had not got on with his brothers. Of all the family only his mother had understood him and she was now dead. When he came home to take charge of the farm, that had at that time grown to more than six hundred acres, everyone on the farms about and in the nearby town of Winesburg smiled at the idea of his trying to handle the work that had been done by his four strong brothers.

杰西·本特利回到农场的家里开始接管一切的时候，已经是个二十二岁的成年男子了，看上去瘦弱而敏感。他十八岁时离家去上学，想成为一名学者，最后做一名长老会的神父。整个少年时期，他就是那种农村里称为“乖僻的羊”的人；他同几个哥哥的关系也不好。家里只有母亲理解他，但她现在也过世了。他回家接管的农场在那时已经扩大到了超过六百英亩。见他没法去接手过去由四个身强力壮的哥哥干的活，附近农

场和温斯堡镇郊的所有人都嘲笑他。

There was indeed good cause to smile. By the standards of his day Jesse did not look like a man at all. He was small and very slender and womanish of body and, true to the traditions of young ministers, wore a long black coat and a narrow black string tie. The neighbors were amused when they saw him, after the years away, and they were even more amused when they saw the woman he had married in the city.

事实上，他们也有足够的理由笑话他。按照当时的标准，杰西看上去完全不像个男人。他瘦小纤细，身材像个女人；着装严格按照年轻牧师的传统穿戴：一件黑色长外套，系了个窄窄的黑色蝶形领结。每次邻居们看见他都忍俊不禁。多年以后，当他们看见他娶的城里的妻子时更是乐不可支。

As a matter of fact, Jesse's wife did soon go under. That was perhaps Jesse's fault. A farm in Northern Ohio in the hard years after the Civil War was no place for a delicate woman, and Katherine Bentley was delicate. Jesse was hard with her as he was with everybody about him in those days. She tried to do such work as all the neighbor women about her did and he let her go on without interference. She helped to do the milking and did part of the housework; she made the beds for the men and prepared their food. For a year she worked every day from sunrise until late at night and then after giving birth to a child she died.

事实上，他的妻子不久便死了。那或许都是杰西的错。在战后的艰难时世里，一个北俄亥俄州的农场并不适合雅致的女性；可凯瑟琳·本特利正是一位雅致的女人。杰西待她十分严厉，如同他那时待身边的每个人一样。她努力像周围所有的女人那样去干活，他也任她去，不加干涉。她帮着挤牛奶，做一部分家务，还给男人们铺床煮饭。她就这样每天从早到晚地操劳了一年，刚生完一个孩子就死了。

As for Jesse Bentley—although he was a delicately built man there was something within him that could not easily be killed. He had brown curly hair and grey eyes that were at times hard and direct, at times wavering and uncertain. Not only was he slender but he was also short of stature. His mouth was like the mouth of a sensitive and very determined child. Jesse Bentley was a fanatic. He was a man born out of his time and place and for this he suffered and made others suffer. Never did he succeed in getting what he wanted out of life and he did not know what he wanted. Within a very short time after he came home to the Bentley farm he made everyone there a little afraid of him, and his wife, who should have been close to him as his mother had been, was afraid also. At the end of two weeks after his coming, old Tom Bentley made over to him the entire ownership of the place and retired into the background. Everyone retired into

the background. In spite of his youth and inexperience, Jesse had the trick of mastering the souls of his people. He was so in earnest in everything he did and said that no one understood him. He made everyone on the farm work as they had never worked before and yet there was no joy in the work. If things went well they went well for Jesse and never for the people who were his dependents. Like a thousand other strong men who have come into the world here in America in these later times, Jesse was but half strong. He could master others but he could not master himself. The running of the farm as it had never been run before was easy for him. When he came home from Cleveland where he had been in school, he shut himself off from all of his people and began to make plans. He thought about the farm night and day and that made him successful. Other men on the farms about him worked too hard and were too fired to think, but to think of the farm and to be everlastingly making plans for its success was a relief to Jesse. It partially satisfied something in his passionate nature. Immediately after he came home he had a wing built on to the old house and in a large room facing the west he had windows that looked into the barnyard and other windows that looked off across the fields. By the window he sat down to think. Hour after hour and day after day he sat and looked over the land and thought out his new place in life. The passionate burning thing in his nature flamed up and his eyes became hard. He wanted to make the farm produce as no farm in his state had ever produced before and then he wanted something else. It was the indefinable hunger within that made his eyes waver and that kept him always more and more silent before people. He would have given much to achieve peace and in him was a fear that peace was the thing he could not achieve.

至于杰西·本特利本人——虽然他体格柔弱，可他体内仍有些东西不会被轻易抹杀。他有着一头棕色的卷发和一双灰色的眼睛。有时眼神冷酷而犀利，有时游移不定。他不但长得瘦，而且个头较矮。他的嘴很像一个敏感而非常固执的孩子的嘴。杰西·本特利是个狂热分子。他生来同这个时代和地方格格不入，因此，他备受煎熬，也折磨着别人。他从未成功地从生活里得到他想要的东西，而他也不知道他想要什么。在他回到本特利农场的一段非常短的时间内，农场里的人都有些怕他。他的妻子本应当像他母亲那样同他亲近，却也一样怕他。他回家两周后，老汤姆·本特利就将这个地方的全部所有权移交给了他，自己则退隐到幕后。人人都退隐到了幕后。尽管杰西年轻、缺乏经验，可他自有方法降伏他的手下。他对自己的所言所行极为较真，以至于没人能理解。他使农场里的人空前地忙碌，然而工作毫无乐趣。如果事情进展顺利，那也只对杰西有利，而对那些赖他生存的人而言则毫无益处。就像其他后期来到美国的成千上万的强者一样，杰西仅仅是外强中干而已。他能掌控别人，却无法控制自己。管理这个从未被管理过的农场于他是一件易事。他一从就学的克利夫兰回到家，就不与他的所有手下接触，而是自己着

手制定计划。他夜以继日地对农场进行筹谋，并取得了成功。他周边其他农场的人都在过于辛苦地工作，过于激情似火，而无暇思考，可对杰西而言，考虑农场，并为使农场经营成功而不断制定计划却是一种放松。这部分地满足了他狂热天性中的某种东西。他一回家就紧挨着老屋搭建了一间偏房，里面有间朝西的大房间，一边的窗户能看到谷场，另一边的窗户能望到整个田野。他就坐在窗边思考。日复一日，他接连好几个小时坐在那里眺望这片土地，悟出了新的人生定位。天性中燃烧着的热情开始变成熊熊大火，他的眼神也变得坚定起来。他想让农场的产出达到州内其他的农场无法企及的目标，接下来，他还想要些别的什么。他内心的这种莫名的饥渴使他的眼神犹疑，在人前也愈发沉默。他本当多多付出以获得一种平静，但他心里担心这种平静是自己无法企及的。

All over his body Jesse Bentley was alive. In his small frame was gathered the force of a long line of strong men. He had always been extraordinarily alive when he was a small boy on the farm and later when he was a young man in school. In the school he had studied and thought of God and the Bible with his whole mind and heart. As time passed and he grew to know people better, he began to think of himself as an extraordinary man, one set apart from his fellows. He wanted terribly to make his life a thing of great importance, and as he looked about at his fellow men and saw how like clods they lived it seemed to him that he could not bear to become also such a clod. Although in his absorption in himself and in his own destiny he was blind to the fact that his young wife was doing a strong woman's work even after she had become large with child and that she was killing herself in his service, he did not intend to be unkind to her. When his father, who was old and twisted with toil, made over to him the ownership of the farm and seemed content to creep away to a corner and wait for death, he shrugged his shoulders and dismissed the old man from his mind.

杰西·本特利整个人都活力四射。在他矮小的骨架里聚集了一长排强者的合力。在农场还是个小男孩的时候，他的精力就格外充沛，后来青年时期在学校里也是如此。求学期间，他全心全意地研习和思考上帝与《圣经》。随着时光流逝，他逐渐对人类有了更深的认识，于是开始将自己看作是一个非比寻常的人，与他的同伴们截然不同。他特别想让自己的人生变得意义非凡。当他环顾四周，看到他人皆是碌碌无为，在他看来如同傻瓜一般时，他决不能容忍自己也成为一个傻瓜。他专心思考着自己及自己的命运，却忽略了一个事实——他年轻的妻子即使在怀孕之后仍在做着一个强壮农妇做的家事；她在为他付出，但也在自杀。尽管如此，他本无意如此虐待她。他的老父亲因长年辛劳而佝偻着身体，将农场之主的权力移交予他后便看似满意地隐身到角落里去，等待大限到来。而他则耸耸肩，随后便将这位老人置于脑后了。

In the room by the window overlooking the land that had come

down to him sat Jesse thinking of his own affairs. In the stables he could hear the tramping of his horses and the restless movement of his cattle. Away in the fields he could see other cattle wandering over green hills. The voices of men, his men who worked for him, came in to him through the window. From the milkhouse there was the steady thump, thump of a churn being manipulated by the half-witted girl, Eliza Stoughton. Jesse's mind went back to the men of Old Testament days who had also owned lands and herds. He remembered how God had come down out of the skies and talked to these men and he wanted God to notice and to talk to him also. A kind of feverish boyish eagerness to in some way achieve in his own life the flavor of significance that had hung over these men took possession of him. Being a prayerful man he spoke of the matter aloud to God and the sound of his own words strengthened and fed his eagerness.

杰西坐在房间的窗边，思考着自己的事情，透过窗户可看见传到他手里的这片土地。他能听到自己的马群在牲畜棚里踏步，牛也在不停地来回走动着。远处，他能看到其他的牛在牧场的青山上转悠。为他干活的工人们的声音从窗户外传了进来。从挤奶房那儿传来一成不变的咚咚作响声，那是傻姑娘伊莉扎·斯托顿在摆弄搅乳器。杰西想到了《旧约》里的情形，那时的人也拥有土地和牲畜。他记得上帝是如何从天上来到凡间，并同人类交谈，他也希望上帝能看到他，并也来同他交谈。他多么希望能够在自己生命中以某种方式实现曾降临在那些人身上的荣光，这种狂热的、孩子气的迫切心情占据了他的身心。作为一个勤于祈祷的人，他将这番心事大声地说给上帝听，而他的祷告声同时也增强和满足了他的渴望。

"I am a new kind of man come into possession of these fields," he declared. "Look upon me, O God, and look Thou also upon my neighbors and all the men who have gone before me here! O God, create in me another Jesse, like that one of old, to rule over men and to be the father of sons who shall be rulers!" Jesse grew excited as he talked aloud and jumping to his feet walked up and down in the room. In fancy he saw himself living in old times and among old peoples. The land that lay stretched out before him became of vast significance, a place peopled by his fancy with a new race of men sprung from himself. It seemed to him that in his day as in those other and older days, kingdoms might be created and new impulses given to the lives of men by the power of God speaking through a chosen servant. He longed to be such a servant. "It is God's work I have come to the land to do," he declared in a loud voice and his short figure straightened and he thought that something like a halo of Godly approval hung over him.

“我是继承这片土地的新新人类。”他大声说道，“请看看我，上帝啊，请您也看看我的四邻和我的先辈们！啊，上帝，请将我造成另一个

杰西吧，像古代的杰西一样，统治众人，我的儿子们也注定成为统治者！”他在大声祷告的时候变得激动起来，于是跳起身，在房里走来走去。他幻想着自己置身于那个时代，置身于那些古人之中。那片在他眼前延伸开去的土地变得意义重大；在他的幻想里，那里住着一种由他繁衍而来的新新人类。在他看来，他所在的时代便如同那些其他的旧日光辉年代一般，通过一名上帝挑选的仆人来宣告上帝的力量。由此，新的王国将被创造，新的力量被注入人类的生活。他渴望成为上帝的那个仆人。“我正是来这里完成上帝指派的使命的。”他高声宣告道，瘦小的身体挺得绷直，他觉得好像自己头上悬着上帝所许的光环。

It will perhaps be somewhat difficult for the men and women of a later day to understand Jesse Bentley. In the last fifty years a vast change has taken place in the lives of our people. A revolution has in fact taken place. The coming of industrialism, attended by all the roar and rattle of affairs, the shrill cries of millions of new voices that have come among us from overseas, the going and coming of trains, the growth of cities, the building of the inter-urban car lines that weave in and out of towns and past farmhouses, and now in these later days the coming of the automobiles has worked a tremendous change in the lives and in the habits of thought of our people of Mid-America. 此句较长,建议在 the building前进行拆分。 Books, badly imagined and written though they may be in the hurry of our times, are in every household, magazines circulate by the millions of copies, newspapers are everywhere. In our day a farmer standing by the stove in the store in his village has his mind filled to over-flowing with the words of other men. The newspapers and the magazines have pumped him full. Much of the old brutal ignorance that had in it also a kind of beautiful childlike innocence is gone forever. The farmer by the stove is brother to the men of the cities, and if you listen you will find him talking as glibly and as senselessly as the best city man of us all.

对后世的人而言，要理解杰西·本特利恐非易事。在刚过去的五十年里，人们的生活发生了巨大的变化。事实上，一场革命已经开始了。工业主义伴随着喧嚣和纷扰来到：我们中数以百万的海外移民发出尖锐的呼喊声；火车来往奔忙；城市兴起；在建的城间火车线穿过城镇、经过乡村；而近来发明的汽车也已使在美国中部生活的人们在生活及思维习惯上发生了巨大变化。书本——尽管在我们这个年代看来是仓促而就、缺乏想象与文采的——却已经成为居家必备；杂志的发行量超过百万，报纸更是遍地皆是。我们这个年代的农夫会站在村中小店的炉火边，脑袋里塞满了别人的语言，侃侃而谈。报纸和杂志已为这些人提供了诸多谈资。曾经的粗鄙无知，虽然有种孩子般的纯真美好，也已经永远消失了。炉火边的农夫同城里的人就如兄弟一般，如果听听他们说话，你会发现他同城里最棒的人一样，浅薄愚昧。

In Jesse Bentley's time and in the country districts of the whole Middle West in the years after the Civil War it was not so. Men

labored too hard and were too tired to read. In them was no desire for words printed upon paper. As they worked in the fields, vague, half-formed thoughts took possession of them. They believed in God and in God's power to control their lives. In the little Protestant churches they gathered on Sunday to hear of God and his works. The churches were the center of the social and intellectual life of the times. The figure of God was big in the hearts of men.

但是，在杰西所处的年代里，整个中西部的农村在内战后的多年里都远非如此。人们疲于劳作，根本没力气再去阅读。他们对于印在纸上的铅字压根没有兴趣。当他们在田间劳作的时候，脑海里是些模糊而未成形的思想。他们信仰上帝，并坚信借由上帝的力量来掌控自己的生活。周日，他们聚集在小型的新教教堂里聆听上帝及其功绩。这些教堂就是当时社会和精神生活的中心。上帝的形象在当时人们的心中是伟大的。

And so, having been born an imaginative child and having within him a great intellectual eagerness, Jesse Bentley had turned wholeheartedly toward God. When the war took his brothers away, he saw the hand of God in that. When his father became ill and could no longer attend to the running of the farm, he took that also as a sign from God. In the city, when the word came to him, he walked about at night through the streets thinking of the matter and when he had come home and had got the work on the farm well under way, he went again at night to walk through the forests and over the low hills and to think of God.

因此，作为一个生来就富于想象力和极具强大知识渴求的孩子，杰西·本特利全身心地投入了上帝的怀抱。当内战夺走了他几个哥哥的生命时，他看到了上帝的力量。当他的父亲病倒，再也不能管理农场的时候，他也将此看作是上帝的指示。当他在城市里接到消息的时候，他在夜里步行穿过街道，思索着这个问题；当他回到家并将农场事务安排得井井有条的时候，他又在夜里步行穿过树林，越过低矮的山坡，同时思考着上帝。

As he walked the importance of his own figure in some divine plan grew in his mind. He grew avaricious and was impatient that the farm contained only six hundred acres. Kneeling in a fence corner at the edge of some meadow, he sent his voice abroad into the silence and looking up he saw the stars shining down at him. One evening, some months after his father's death, and when his wife Katherine was expecting at any moment to be laid abed of childbirth, Jesse left his house and went for a long walk. The Bentley farm was situated in a tiny valley watered by Wine Creek, and Jesse walked along the banks of the stream to the end of his own land and on through the fields of his neighbors. As he walked the valley broadened and then narrowed again. Great open stretches of field and wood lay before him. The

moon came out from behind clouds, and, climbing a low hill, he sat down to think.

当他这样步行的时候，自己在某种神圣计划中的重要性越发地浮现在他的脑海里。他因农场只有六百英亩而变得贪婪、缺乏耐心。在某个草地边，他跪倒在篱笆的转角处放声高喊，周围一片静寂。他抬头仰望星空，看到星光照耀洒落在自己身上。父亲去世几个月后，他的妻子凯瑟琳也在随时待产。一个夜晚，杰西离开自己的房子去远处散步。本特利农场坐落在瓦英河所灌溉的一个小山谷里，杰西沿着溪流的河岸一直走到自家土地的尽头，再接着走过邻居家的田地。他一路走来，山谷时而宽时而窄。广袤的田野延伸开去，树林也展现在眼前。月亮从云层里出来，他爬上一座小山坡，坐下来思考。

Jesse thought that as the true servant of God the entire stretch of country through which he had walked should have come into his possession. He thought of his dead brothers and blamed them that they had not worked harder and achieved more. Before him in the moonlight the tiny stream ran down over stones, and he began to think of the men of old times who like himself had owned flocks and lands.

杰西想，作为上帝忠实的仆人，他所走过的整个农田都应当归他所有。他想起几个死去的哥哥，不由得责怪他们没能更努力些劳动，获得更多的土地。眼前，月光下的小溪顺着石子潺潺流下，他开始想到旧时和他一样的伟人们，他们曾牛羊成群，良田千顷。

A fantastic impulse, half fear, half greediness, took possession of Jesse Bentley. He remembered how in the old Bible story the Lord had appeared to that other Jesse and told him to send his son David to where Saul and the men of Israel were fighting the Philistines in the Valley of Elah. Into Jesse's mind came the conviction that all of the Ohio farmers who owned land in the valley of Wine Creek were Philistines and enemies of God. "Suppose," he whispered to himself, "there should come from among them one who, like Goliath the Philistine of Gath, could defeat me and take from me my possessions." In fancy he felt the sickening dread that he thought must have lain heavy on the heart of Saul before the coming of David. Jumping to his feet, he began to run through the night. As he ran he called to God. His voice carried far over the low hills. "Jehovah of Hosts," he cried, "send to me this night out of the womb of Katherine, a son. Let Thy grace alight upon me. Send me a son to be called David who shall help me to pluck at last all of these lands out of the hands of the Philistines and turn them to Thy service and to the building of Thy kingdom on earth."

一种奇异的冲动——半是害怕，半是贪婪——占据了杰西·本特利的心。他记起在《圣经》故事中，上帝如何出现在那个杰西面前，告知他

将儿子大卫派到以拉谷去，在那里，扫罗正联合以色列人同非利士人打仗。杰西的心中此时坚定了一个信念：所有俄亥俄州瓦英谷里拥有土地的农场主们都是非利士人，也就是上帝的敌人。“假设，”他低声自语道，“他们当中会有一个像歌利亚一样的迦特非利士人，能够击败我并夺走我的所有。”在幻想中，他感到了那种令人厌恶的恐惧，他认为这种情绪必然也在大卫到来之前重重压在扫罗的心头。他跳起来，开始在黑夜中奔跑。他一边跑，一边呼唤着上帝。他的声音传遍了低矮的山坡。“万能的主啊”，他叫道，“今夜，从凯瑟琳的子宫里赐给我一个儿子吧。请您赐福与我。赐给我一个叫大卫的儿子，帮我从非利士人手中最终夺得所有这些土地，并使他们臣服于您，为您在世上建立王国。”

II

二

David Hardy of Winesburg, Ohio, was the grandson of Jesse Bentley, the owner of Bentley farms. When he was twelve years old he went to the old Bentley place to live. His mother, Louise Bentley, the girl who came into the world on that night when Jesse ran through the fields crying to God that he be given a son, had grown to womanhood on the farm and had married young John Hardy of Winesburg, who became a banker. Louise and her husband did not live happily together and everyone agreed that she was to blame. She was a small woman with sharp grey eyes and black hair. From childhood she had been inclined to fits of temper and when not angry she was often morose and silent. In Winesburg it was said that she drank. Her husband, the banker, who was a careful, shrewd man, tried hard to make her happy. When he began to make money he bought for her a large brick house on Elm Street in Winesburg and he was the first man in that town to keep a manservant to drive his wife's carriage.

俄亥俄州温斯堡的大卫·哈代是本特利农场主杰西·本特利的外孙。当他十二岁大的时候，便住到本特利老宅去了。他的母亲，路易丝·本特利，就是杰西当晚在田野里奔跑呼喊着上帝赐予儿子的时候降临人世的那个女儿。她在农场长大，嫁给了温斯堡镇年轻的后来成了银行家的约翰·哈代。路易丝同丈夫生活得并不幸福，大家一致认为责任在她。她是个瘦小的女人，有敏锐的灰眼睛和一头黑发。从儿时起，她便爱发脾气，不生气的时候，她也总是面容阴郁，沉默不语。温斯堡里传言她酗酒。她的银行家丈夫是个谨慎精明的人，竭尽全力来使她高兴。当他开始赚钱的时候，他便在温斯堡的埃尔姆大街上为她买了幢砖砌的大房子；他是镇上首位为妻子的马车雇佣男仆的人。

But Louise could not be made happy. She flew into half insane fits of temper during which she was sometimes silent, sometimes noisy and quarrelsome. She swore and cried out in her anger. She got a knife from the kitchen and threatened her husband's life. Once she

deliberately set fire to the house, and often she hid herself away for days in her own room and would see no one. Her life, lived as a half recluse, gave rise to all sorts of stories concerning her. It was said that she took drugs and that she hid herself away from people because she was often so under the influence of drink that her condition could not be concealed. Sometimes on summer afternoons she came out of the house and got into her carriage. Dismissing the driver she took the reins in her own hands and drove off at top speed through the streets. If a pedestrian got in her way she drove straight ahead and the frightened citizen had to escape as best he could. To the people of the town it seemed as though she wanted to run them down. When she had driven through several streets, tearing around corners and beating the horses with the whip, she drove off into the country. On the country roads after she had gotten out of sight of the houses she let the horses slow down to a walk and her wild, reckless mood passed. She became thoughtful and muttered words. Sometimes tears came into her eyes. And then when she came back into town she again drove furiously through the quiet streets. But for the influence of her husband and the respect he inspired in people's minds she would have been arrested more than once by the town marshal.

可是，路易丝并不容易取悦。她很容易半癫狂地发脾气，有时沉默，有时狂躁、爱与人争吵。她生气时会咒骂和大声叫嚷。她还从厨房拿过刀，威胁要杀死丈夫。有一次，她故意在房里纵火；而且她经常躲在自己的房间里，好几天谁都不见。她过着半隐居的生活，各种关于她的故事甚嚣尘上。有传言说她吸毒，还说她受酗酒的影响很大，身体的状况往往无法掩饰，所以只得躲起来不见人。有时在夏日的下午，她会从房子里出来，登上马车。她将车夫赶开，自己抓着缰绳，飞一般地驶过街道。若是有行人挡道，她也照直冲过去，吓得那人不得不赶紧逃开。在镇上的人看来，她几乎是存心从他们身上碾过去的。她驶过几条街，疾转过几个弯，然后用鞭子抽打着马匹向乡村奔去。当驶上乡村的大道，再看不到镇上的房子的时候，她便让马慢下来，而她那狂野鲁莽的情绪总算过去了。她陷入了深思，开始喃喃自语。有时泪水会涌上她的眼眶。可当她返回镇上时，她又开始发疯般地在安静的街道上横冲直撞。要不是她丈夫的影响力，以及当地人对他心怀的敬意，她早被镇上的警长逮捕过不止一次了。

Young David Hardy grew up in the house with this woman and as can well be imagined there was not much joy in his childhood. He was too young then to have opinions of his own about people, but at times it was difficult for him not to have very definite opinions about the woman who was his mother. David was always a quiet, orderly boy and for a long time was thought by the people of Winesburg to be something of a dullard. His eyes were brown and as a child he had a habit of looking at things and people a long time without appearing to

see what he was looking at. When he heard his mother spoken of harshly or when he overheard her berating his father, he was frightened and ran away to hide. Sometimes he could not find a hiding place and that confused him. Turning his face toward a tree or if he was indoors toward the wall, he closed his eyes and tried not to think of anything. He had a habit of talking aloud to himself, and early in life a spirit of quiet sadness often took possession of him.

年轻的大卫·哈代跟着妈妈在这间房子里长大，可以想见，他的童年没有多少乐趣可言。那时的他太年幼，很难对人形成自己的观点。但对于这个是自己母亲的女人不持有非常肯定的观点，有时倒很难。大卫一直是个安静规矩的孩子，长久以来，温斯堡的人都认为他有些傻气。他的眼睛是棕色的，还是个孩子时他就养成了一种习惯：长时间地看着人或物，可看起来又好像什么也没看见。当他听见别人无情地谈及他的母亲或是无意听到母亲在叱骂父亲的时候，他就感到害怕，要找个地方躲起来。有时他找不到藏身之处，就会惊惶失措。于是，他将脸转向一棵树，如果在房内就转向墙，闭上双眼，竭力什么也不去想。他习惯高声自言自语；幼年时，一种寂静的哀伤时常占据心头。

On the occasions when David went to visit his grandfather on the Bentley farm, he was altogether contented and happy. Often he wished that he would never have to go back to town and once when he had come home from the farm after a long visit, something happened that had a lasting effect on his mind.

每当他前往本特利农场看望外公的时候，他总感到意足和快乐。他常常希望可以永远不再回到镇上去。有一次，他在农场呆了很长一段时间后返回家中时，发生了一件事，并对他产生了深远的影响。

David had come back into town with one of the hired men. The man was in a hurry to go about his own affairs and left the boy at the head of the street in which the Hardy house stood. It was early dusk of a fall evening and the sky was overcast with clouds. Something happened to David. He could not bear to go into the house where his mother and father lived, and on an impulse he decided to run away from home. He intended to go back to the farm and to his grandfather, but lost his way and for hours he wandered weeping and frightened on country roads. It started to rain and lightning flashed in the sky. The boy's imagination was excited and he fancied that he could see and hear strange things in the darkness. Into his mind came the conviction that he was walking and running in some terrible void where no one had ever been before. The darkness about him seemed limitless. The sound of the wind blowing in trees was terrifying. When a team of horses approached along the road in which he walked he was frightened and climbed a fence. Through a field he ran until he came into another road and getting upon his knees felt of the soft ground with his fingers. But for the figure of his grandfather, whom he

was afraid he would never find in the darkness, he thought the world must be altogether empty. When his cries were heard by a farmer who was walking home from town and he was brought back to his father's house, he was so tired and excited that he did not know what was happening to him.

大卫同一个仆人返回镇上。那个仆人急于去忙自己的事情，就将他一个孩子扔在了哈代家房子所在的那条街的街头上。当时正值秋夜的傍晚时分，天空乌云密布。大卫变了主意。他无法忍受再回到父母住的那座房子里，冲动之下，他决定离家出走。他打算回农场和外公呆在一起，可迷了路。他在乡间的马路上哭泣着转悠了好几个小时，惊惶不安。天开始下雨，闪电划过天空。孩子的想象力被激发起来，他幻想着能够看到和听见黑暗中奇怪的东西。他心里坚信他正漫步、奔跑在前人未曾涉足过的某个恐怖虚幻空间里。笼罩在他四周的黑暗似乎无边无际。大风吹过树林的声响令人毛骨悚然。当一队人马沿着他所在的马路接近他的时候，他受到了惊吓，爬上了一道篱笆。他飞奔着越过田野，来到另一条马路上，然后双膝跪倒，用手指抚摸着身下松软的大地。要不是他外公的身影——他害怕他在黑暗中再也找不到他了——他认为这个世界必定是完全虚空的。一个从镇上步行回家的农夫听到了他的喊叫，将他送回了他父亲的家。他又累又兴奋，对于发生的事情茫然无知。

By chance David's father knew that he had disappeared. On the street he had met the farm hand from the Bentley place and knew of his son's return to town. When the boy did not come home an alarm was set up and John Hardy with several men of the town went to search the country. The report that David had been kidnapped ran about through the streets of Winesburg. When he came home there were no lights in the house, but his mother appeared and clutched him eagerly in her arms. David thought she had suddenly become another woman. He could not believe that so delightful a thing had happened. With her own hands Louise Hardy bathed his tired young body and cooked him food. She would not let him go to bed but, when he had put on his nightgown, blew out the lights and sat down in a chair to hold him in her arms. For an hour the woman sat in the darkness and held her boy. All the time she kept talking in a low voice. David could not understand what had so changed her. Her habitually dissatisfied face had become, he thought, the most peaceful and lovely thing he had ever seen. When he began to weep she held him more and more tightly. On and on went her voice. It was not harsh or shrill as when she talked to her husband, but was like rain falling on trees. Presently men began coming to the door to report that he had not been found, but she made him hide and be silent until she had sent them away. He thought it must be a game his mother and the men of the town were playing with him and laughed joyously. Into his

mind came the thought that his having been lost and frightened in the darkness was an altogether unimportant matter. He thought that he would have been willing to go through the frightful experience a thousand times to be sure of finding at the end of the long black road a thing so lovely as his mother had suddenly become.

大卫的父亲偶然间知道了孩子失踪这件事。他在街上遇到了那个本特利农场来的仆人，得知儿子已经返回镇上了。孩子没有回到家时，约翰·哈代就马上警觉了起来。他同镇上的几个人前往乡村寻找。大卫被绑架的消息马上传遍了温斯堡的街头巷尾。当他回到家里时，房子里一片漆黑，只有他的母亲跑了出来，迫不及待地将他紧紧抱住。大卫觉得她突然变成了另一个女人。他不能相信竟然发生了这样的好事。路易丝·哈代亲自给疲倦的儿子洗澡，给他做饭吃。她甚至舍不得让他去睡觉。当他穿上睡袍，她便吹熄了灯，将他抱在怀里，坐在椅子上。这个女人在黑夜里搂着儿子坐了有一个钟头。她一直不停地低声说着话。大卫不明白是什么使她发生了如此变化。他认为，她那张习惯性布满怨怼的脸已变成了一张他所见过的最平和、最可爱的面庞。当他开始呜呜哭泣的时候，她便抱得更紧了。她不停地说着话。那声音与她平时同丈夫说话时的那种沙哑或者尖锐的嗓音不同，而像是落在树间的雨滴的声音。不一会儿，有些人开始到门口来汇报，说孩子还没有找到。可她却一声不吭地将孩子藏了起来，直到将来人都打发走。大卫想这一定是妈妈和镇上的人同他玩的一个游戏，于是他兴高采烈地大笑起来。他不由得觉得他的走失和在黑夜中受到的惊吓都不过是件完全无足轻重的事情。他觉得只要能在那条漫长黑暗的道路尽头确定看到一个如此可爱的妈妈突然出现，那么即使要他再经历这可怕的体验一千遍，他也愿意。

During the last years of young David's boyhood he saw his mother but seldom and she became for him just a woman with whom he had once lived. Still he could not get her figure out of his mind and as he grew older it became more definite. When he was twelve years old he went to the Bentley farm to live. Old Jesse came into town and fairly demanded that he be given charge of the boy. The old man was excited and determined on having his own way. He talked to John Hardy in the office of the Winesburg Savings Bank and then the two men went to the house on Elm Street to talk with Louise. They both expected her to make trouble but were mistaken. She was very quiet and when Jesse had explained his mission and had gone on at some length about the advantages to come through having the boy out of doors and in the quiet atmosphere of the old farmhouse, she nodded her head in approval. "It is an atmosphere not corrupted by my presence," she said sharply. Her shoulders shook and she seemed about to fly into a fit of temper. "It is a place for a man child, although it was never a place for me," she went on. "You never wanted me there and of course the air of your house did me no good. It was like poison in my blood but it will be different with him."

在大卫儿童时期的最后几年里，他很少见到母亲。对他而言，她变成了一个仅仅只是和他生活过一段时间的女人。但他仍不能将她的影子从脑海里抹去，随着年岁渐长，这个影子愈发变得清晰了。他长到十二岁时便住到了本特利农场。老杰西来到镇上，严正要求他们将孩子交给他管。老人非常激动而且决意如此。他在约翰·哈代的温斯堡储蓄银行的办公室里同他进行了会谈，然后两个人便一起回到位于埃尔姆大街的房子去和路易丝商量。他们都以为她会阻挠，可事实并非如此。她非常平静。当杰西说明了此行的目的，详细解释了让孩子呆在户外和老式农场安静的环境里生活的好处之后，她就点头表示同意了。“那里的气氛不会因为有我而变糟。”她一针见血地说。她的双肩颤抖，看上去似乎马上就要发火了。“那地方适合男孩子，尽管永远不适合我。”她继续说，“您从来都不想让我去那儿，当然，您房子那儿的空气对我也没好处。它对我而言就像毒药，可对大卫来说就不同了。”

Louise turned and went out of the room, leaving the two men to sit in embarrassed silence. As very often happened she later stayed in her room for days. Even when the boy's clothes were packed and he was taken away she did not appear. The loss of her son made a sharp break in her life and she seemed less inclined to quarrel with her husband. John Hardy thought it had all turned out very well indeed.

路易丝转身走出了房间，留下两个男人尴尬地默然相对。之后，她和往常的做法一样，在自己的房间里呆了好些天。甚至直到孩子的衣服收拾好，孩子也被带走了，她都没有出现。失去儿子在她的生活里划下了一道深深的伤痕，她几乎都懒得同丈夫吵架了。事实上，约翰·哈代认为这一切变化都非常好。

And so young David went to live in the Bentley farmhouse with Jesse. Two of the old farmer's sisters were alive and still lived in the house. They were afraid of Jesse and rarely spoke when he was about. One of the women who had been noted for her flaming red hair when she was younger was a born mother and became the boy's caretaker. Every night when he had gone to bed she went into his room and sat on the floor until he fell asleep. When he became drowsy she became bold and whispered things that he later thought he must have dreamed.

于是，小大卫便同老杰西住进了本特利农场。这位老农场主的两个姐姐还健在，仍住在那里。她们都挺害怕杰西。他在的时候，她们便很少说话。其中一个女人曾因年轻时有一头耀眼的红发而引人注目。她是个天生的母亲，于是就担任起了照顾孩子的工作。每晚大卫上床后，她就来到他的房间，坐在地板上直到他入睡。当他昏昏欲睡时，她就变得胆大了，开始喃喃地絮叨起来，大卫后来觉得自己一定是在做梦。

Her soft low voice called him endearing names and he dreamed that his mother had come to him and that she had changed so that she was always as she had been that time after he ran away. He also grew

bold and reaching out his hand stroked the face of the woman on the floor so that she was ecstatically happy. Everyone in the old house became happy after the boy went there. The hard insistent thing in Jesse Bentley that had kept the people in the house silent and timid and that had never been dispelled by the presence of the girl Louise was apparently swept away by the coming of the boy. It was as though God had relented and sent a son to the man.

这位姑婆声音低沉柔和，用各种昵称叫着他；他梦见母亲来找他，完全变成了他离家出走回来后的那副温柔的样子。他也变得大胆起来，伸出手去抚摸站在地板上的那个姑妈的脸，这使她欣喜若狂。男孩来到这儿后，老屋子里的每个人都变得快乐了。杰西·本特利的性格严厉固执，弄得屋子里人人缄默胆怯，即使是他的女儿路易丝在的时候也没能让他改变。可是，大卫的到来却改变了这一切。这就好像是上帝垂怜他，赐给了他一个儿子。

The man who had proclaimed himself the only true servant of God in all the valley of Wine Creek, and who had wanted God to send him a sign of approval by way of a son out of the womb of Katherine, began to think that at last his prayers had been answered. Although he was at that time only fifty-five years old he looked seventy and was worn out with much thinking and scheming. The effort he had made to extend his land holdings had been successful and there were few farms in the valley that did not belong to him, but until David came he was a bitterly disappointed man.

他曾经自诩为上帝在瓦英河谷唯一忠诚的仆人，并祈求上帝通过凯瑟琳的子宫赐给他一个儿子以示首肯，如今他才觉得他的祈祷终于有了回应。尽管那时他才五十五岁，可看上去足有七十，过度的思考筹谋使他衰老。他扩张领土的努力成效卓著，山谷里几乎所有的农场都属于他，可直到大卫到来，他仍然是个极度失望的人。

There were two influences at work in Jesse Bentley and all his life his mind had been a battleground for these influences. First there was the old thing in him. He wanted to be a man of God and a leader among men of God. His walking in the fields and through the forests at night had brought him close to nature and there were forces in the passionately religious man that ran out to the forces in nature. The disappointment that had come to him when a daughter and not a son had been born to Katherine had fallen upon him like a blow struck by some unseen hand and the blow had somewhat softened his egotism. He still believed that God might at any moment make himself manifest out of the winds or the clouds, but he no longer demanded such recognition. Instead he prayed for it. Sometimes he was altogether doubtful and thought God had deserted the world. He regretted the fate that had not let him live in a simpler and sweeter time when at the beckoning of some strange cloud in the sky men left

their lands and houses and went forth into the wilderness to create new races. While he worked night and day to make his farms more productive and to extend his holdings of land, he regretted that he could not use his own restless energy in the building of temples, the slaying of unbelievers and in general in the work of glorifying God's name on earth.

杰西·本特利的心里有两股力量在起作用，终其一生，这两股力量都在他脑子里相互厮杀搏斗。其一是他身上传统的东西。他希望成为上帝的仆人，并成为众人的领袖。他夜间在田野丛林里的漫步使得他亲近自然，然而，这个狂热的宗教信徒身上又有种力量向自然之力奔涌而出。凯瑟琳生的是女儿而非儿子这个事实使他失望，就好像有个看不见的人伸手狠狠打了他一拳，这个打击从而多少压制了他的妄自尊大。他仍然相信上帝会在任何时候从风中或者云里现身，可他不再要求亲眼目睹。取而代之的是，他为此而祈祷。有时他也会十分怀疑，认为上帝已经遗弃了这个世界。他抱怨自己命运不济，不能生在更单纯、甜蜜的年代，那时的人们听从天空中一片奇云的召唤就舍弃家园，去荒野中创造新的民族。在他日以继夜增加农场的产量和扩张土地的时候，他遗憾自己不能将这使不完的劲儿用来建造庙宇、宰杀异徒，以及一切在这个世上传扬上帝美名的事情。

That is what Jesse hungered for and then also he hungered for something else. He had grown into maturity in America in the years after the Civil War and he, like all men of his time, had been touched by the deep influences that were at work in the country during those years when modern industrialism was being born. He began to buy machines that would permit him to do the work of the farms while employing fewer men and he sometimes thought that if he were a younger man he would give up farming altogether and start a factory in Winesburg for the making of machinery. Jesse formed the habit of reading newspapers and magazines. He invented a machine for the making of fence out of wire. Faintly he realized that the atmosphere of old times and places that he had always cultivated in his own mind was strange and foreign to the thing that was growing up in the minds of others. The beginning of the most materialistic age in the history of the world, when wars would be fought without patriotism, when men would forget God and only pay attention to moral standards, when the will to power would replace the will to serve and beauty would be well-nigh forgotten in the terrible headlong rush of mankind toward the acquiring of possessions, was telling its story to Jesse the man of God as it was to the men about him. The greedy thing in him wanted to make money faster than it could be made by tilling the land. More than once he went into Winesburg to talk with his son-in-law John Hardy about it. "You are a banker and you will have chances I never had," he said and his eyes shone. "I am thinking about it all the time.

Big things are going to be done in the country and there will be more money to be made than I ever dreamed of. You get into it. I wish I were younger and had your chance." Jesse Bentley walked up and down in the bank office and grew more and more excited as he talked. At one time in his life he had been threatened with paralysis and his left side remained somewhat weakened. As he talked his left eyelid twitched. Later when he drove back home and when night came on and the stars came out it was harder to get back the old feeling of a close and personal God who lived in the sky overhead and who might at any moment reach out his hand, touch him on the shoulder, and appoint for him some heroic task to be done. Jesse's mind was fixed upon the things read in newspapers and magazines, on fortunes to be made almost without effort by shrewd men who bought and sold. For him the coming of the boy David did much to bring back with renewed force the old faith and it seemed to him that God had at last looked with favor upon him.

这是杰西曾渴望的事情，当时，他也曾渴望些别的东西。他在美国内战后长大成人，和那个时代的所有人一样，他被当时正在萌芽的现代工业主义在乡下的深远影响所触动。他开始购买机器，这使他在从事农场工作的时候可以减少雇佣人手。有时他甚至想，如果再年轻些，他会完全放弃农场工作，到温斯堡去开个工厂生产机器。杰西养成了阅读报纸和杂志的习惯。他还发明了一种用铁丝来做篱笆的机器。他模糊地意识到，时常盘桓在他脑海里的那种旧时代和地方的气氛同他人心里所想是大相径庭的。这是世界历史上最物质化的时代的开始：战争可以不为保家卫国；人类遗忘了上帝，只关注道德尺度；服务的意愿被权势的渴望所替代；美全然被置诸脑后，人们一股脑地热衷于获取财富。这个年代正在向杰西倾述它的历史，正如它向杰西周围的人倾诉一样。他变得贪婪，想要比耕作土地更快地获得金钱。他不止一次到温斯堡同女婿约翰·哈代谈及此事。“你是一个银行家，有我不可能有的机会。”他两眼灼灼地说，“我一直在想这件事。这个国家会发生大事，人们能赚到比我曾梦想过的更多的钱。你会实现这一切的。我真希望自己能年轻些，能有你这样的好机会。”杰西·本特利在银行的办公室里来回走着，越说越激动。他人生中曾有一次险些瘫痪，左半边身体因为后遗症不大灵活。说话的时候，他左边的眼睑抽搐。后来他驾车回家，当夜幕降临，繁星闪烁，他再难找回旧时那种同上帝亲近的感觉：住在天上的那位上帝随时会向他伸出手，触摸他的肩膀，托付他去完成某种英雄般的工作。杰西的心思完全被报纸杂志上的报道吸引——一些精明的买卖人几乎不费吹灰之力便发了财。对他而言，大卫的到来重新鼓起了他的旧时信仰，仿佛上帝最终眷顾于他。

As for the boy on the farm, life began to reveal itself to him in a thousand new and delightful ways. The kindly attitude of all about him expanded his quiet nature and he lost the half timid, hesitating manner he had always had with his people. At night when he went to

bed after a long day of adventures in the stables, in the fields, or driving about from farm to farm with his grandfather, he wanted to embrace everyone in the house. If Sherley Bentley, the woman who came each night to sit on the floor by his bedside, did not appear at once, he went to the head of the stairs and shouted, his young voice ringing through the narrow halls where for so long there had been a tradition of silence. In the morning when he awoke and lay still in bed, the sounds that came in to him through the windows filled him with delight. He thought with a shudder of the life in the house in Winesburg and of his mother's angry voice that had always made him tremble. There in the country all sounds were pleasant sounds. When he awoke at dawn the barnyard back of the house also awoke. In the house people stirred about. Eliza Stoughton the half-witted girl was poked in the ribs by a farm hand and giggled noisily, in some distant field a cow bawled and was answered by the cattle in the stables, and one of the farm hands spoke sharply to the horse he was grooming by the stable door. David leaped out of bed and ran to a window. All of the people stirring about excited his mind, and he wondered what his mother was doing in the house in town.

对来到农场的大卫来说，生活正以无数种崭新又愉快的方式向他敞开怀抱。周遭所有的人对他都慈爱有加，这使他安静的天性变得开朗起来，逐渐改变了他同周围人在一起时半是胆怯半是犹疑的样子。整个白天，他都在马厩、田野里历险，或驾车同外公从一个农场驰骋到另一个农场，等晚上上床睡觉时，他几乎想要拥抱房子里的每个人。如果每晚来他房间坐在他床边的那位姑婆婆雪莉·本特利没有马上出现，他便会跑到楼梯头上大声喊叫，那稚嫩的声音在惯常寂静无声的狭窄走道里回响。清晨，当他醒来，静静地躺在床上时，从窗口飘进来的声音总让他满心喜悦。他战栗地想起温斯堡家里的生活和妈妈那总是让他浑身发抖的生气的声音。然而，这乡村里的所有声音都是令人愉快的。天亮，他起床的时候，房子后面的谷场上也开始有人工作了。人们在房子里四处走动。一个农场帮工捅着傻姑娘伊莱扎·斯托顿的肋骨，惹得她大声咯咯地笑。远处，一只奶牛在田野里哞哞叫唤，牲畜棚里的牛群应和着。另一个农场帮工正在马棚门边呵斥被洗刷的马匹。大卫从床上跳起来，跑到窗边。所有嘈杂的人声都令他兴奋，他不禁好奇，此刻镇上的妈妈正在房子里做什么。

From the windows of his own room he could not see directly into the barnyard where the farm hands had now all assembled to do the morning shores, but he could hear the voices of the men and the neighing of the horses. When one of the men laughed, he laughed also. Leaning out at the open window, he looked into an orchard where a fat sow wandered about with a litter of tiny pigs at her heels. Every morning he counted the pigs. "Four, five, six, seven," he said slowly, wetting his finger and making straight up and down marks on

the window ledge. David ran to put on his trousers and shirt. A feverish desire to get out of doors took possession of him. Every morning he made such a noise coming down stairs that Aunt Callie, the housekeeper, declared he was trying to tear the house down. When he had run through the long old house, shutting the doors behind him with a bang, he came into the barnyard and looked about with an amazed air of expectancy. It seemed to him that in such a place tremendous things might have happened during the night. The farm hands looked at him and laughed. Henry Strader, an old man who had been on the farm since Jesse came into possession and who before David's time had never been known to make a joke, made the same joke every morning. It amused David so that he laughed and clapped his hands. "See, come here and look," cried the old man. "Grandfather Jesse's white mare has tom the black stocking she wears on her foot.”

从他房间的窗户不能直接看到谷场，在那里，农场的帮工们现在都已集合起来开始了早晨的工作。可是，他能听到他们的声音和马匹的嘶鸣。当有人大笑起来，他也不禁笑了。他从开着的窗户探出头去，看到果园里有只肥母猪在闲逛，身后还跟了一群小猪仔。每天清晨，他都会数数猪。“四、五、六、七。”他慢慢地说，将手指沾湿，在窗台上上上下下地划着竖线。大卫跑去赶紧将裤子和衬衣穿好。他忽然有种要冲出门去的强烈愿望。每天早晨，他下楼时都弄出很大的声响，管家考利婶婶常说他是要把房子给拆掉。等他跑过长长的老房子，将身后的门砰地关上，他来到谷场上，带着吃惊的神情四处张望，满怀期待。在他看来，晚上这里可能发生过一些惊人的大事。农场帮工们望着他大笑起来。一个从杰西接管这里便开始在这里工作的老帮工亨利·斯特雷德，在大卫来之前，没人知道他会说笑话。现在，他每天早晨都会讲同一个笑话。大卫觉得非常有趣，拍着巴掌哈哈大笑。“看，过来看啊，”老人大声叫道，“杰西爷爷的白色母马把穿在脚上的黑色长袜子给撕烂了。”

Day after day through the long summer, Jesse Bentley drove from farm to farm up and down the valley of Wine Creek, and his grandson went with him. They rode in a comfortable old phaeton drawn by the white horse. The old man scratched his thin white beard and talked to himself of his plans for increasing the productiveness of the fields they visited and of God's part in the plans all men made. Sometimes he looked at David and smiled happily and then for a long time he appeared to forget the boy's existence. More and more every day now his mind turned back again to the dreams that had filled his mind when he had first come out of the city to live on the land. One afternoon he startled David by letting his dreams take entire possession of him. With the boy as a witness, he went through a ceremony and brought about an accident that nearly destroyed the companionship that was growing up between them.

在漫长的夏季里，杰西·本特利每天都驾车在瓦英河谷的农场里来回奔驰，他的外孙也同他一起。他们驾着一辆舒适的旧马车，由一匹白马拉着。老人捋着稀薄的白胡子，自言自语地谈起他要增加他们看过的这片农田的产量的计划，还有上帝在众人制定的计划中所扮演的角色。有时他看着大卫，高兴地微笑着，可接着，有很长一段时间，他又像是忘了孩子的存在。现在，他每天都越来越多地回想起当初刚离开城市，并以农场为家时那些充斥在他脑子里的梦想。一天下午，他完全进入梦魇的样子把大卫吓坏了。他让孩子做见证，自己举行了一场仪式，结果导致了一场事故，几乎毁掉了两人之间日益深厚的情谊。

Jesse and his grandson were driving in a distant part of the valley some miles from home. A forest came down to the road and through the forest Wine Creek wriggled its way over stones toward a distant river. All the afternoon Jesse had been in a meditative mood and now he began to talk. His mind went back to the night when he had been frightened by thoughts of a giant that might come to rob and plunder him of his possessions, and again as on that night when he had run through the fields crying for a son, he became excited to the edge of insanity. Stopping the horse he got out of the buggy and asked David to get out also. The two climbed over a fence and walked along the bank of the stream. The boy paid no attention to the muttering of his grandfather, but ran along beside him and wondered what was going to happen. When a rabbit jumped up and ran away through the woods, he clapped his hands and danced with delight. He looked at the tall trees and was sorry that he was not a little animal to climb high in the air without being frightened. Stooping, he picked up a small stone and threw it over the head of his grandfather into a clump of bushes. "Wake up, little animal. Go and climb to the top of the trees," he shouted in a shrill voice.

杰西同外孙驱车前往离家几英里的一个河谷偏远处。路边有一片森林，瓦英河穿过林区，蜿蜒地流过林林总总的石头，流向远处的一条河流。整个下午，杰西都沉浸在深思中，现在他开始说话了。他回想起了某个深恐有巨人来抢劫财物的夜晚。而且，和他在田野里奔跑，高声祈求儿子的那个夜晚一样，他变得激动起来，近乎疯狂。他停住马，从车上下来，叫大卫也下了车。两人翻过一道围栏，沿着小溪的河岸走。孩子没注意到外公在一旁喃喃自语，只是挨着他奔跑，好奇接下来会发生什么。看到一只野兔跳起来，穿过树林跑掉时，他高兴得拍着巴掌跳起舞来。他看着那些高大的树木，非常遗憾自己不是只小动物，不能毫不畏惧地爬到高处。他蹲下来捡起一块小石子，从他外公的头上扔过去，石子掉进了一丛灌木丛里。“快起来，小家伙。爬到树顶上去。”他尖声地大声叫着。

Jesse Bentley went along under the trees with his head bowed and with his mind in a ferment. His earnestness affected the boy, who presently became silent and a little alarmed. Into the old man's mind

had come the notion that now he could bring from God a word or a sign out of the sky, that the presence of the boy and man on their knees in some lonely spot in the forest would make the miracle he had been waiting for almost inevitable. "It was in just such a place as this that other David tended the sheep when his father came and told him to go down unto Saul," he muttered.

杰西·本特利在树下低着头往前走，心里躁动不安。他郑重其事的样子影响到了孩子，大卫很快变得安静，继而有些不安起来。一个念头冲入这位老人的脑海之中：他能从天上的上帝那里获得一个承诺或是一个暗示，只要他和外孙在树林的某个僻静处跪下，就能将他一直期待的奇迹变为近乎必然的事实。“正是在像这样的一个地方，另一个大卫在那里牧羊，接着他的父亲来叫他下山去找扫罗。”他喃喃地说。

Taking the boy rather roughly by the shoulder, he climbed over a fallen log and when he had come to an open place among the trees he dropped upon his knees and began to pray in a loud voice.

他粗鲁地抓住孩子的肩膀，越过倒在地上的木头，来到树林一片空地前，然后他双膝跪倒，开始大声地祈祷。

A kind of terror he had never known before took possession of David. Crouching beneath a tree he watched the man on the ground before him and his own knees began to tremble. It seemed to him that he was in the presence not only of his grandfather but of someone else, someone who might hurt him, someone who was not kindly but dangerous and brutal. He began to cry and reaching down picked up a small stick, which he held tightly gripped in his fingers. When Jesse Bentley, absorbed in his own idea, suddenly arose and advanced toward him, his terror grew until his whole body shook. In the woods an intense silence seemed to lie over everything and suddenly out of the silence came the old man's harsh and insistent voice. Gripping the boy's shoulders, Jesse turned his face to the sky and shouted. The whole left side of his face twitched and his hand on the boy's shoulder twitched also. "Make a sign to me, God," he cried. "Here I stand with the boy David. Come down to me out of the sky and make Thy presence known to me."

大卫感到从未有过的恐惧。他蹲在一棵树下，注视着面前空地上的这个男人，双膝开始颤抖。在他看来，在他面前的不再是他的外祖父，而是个会伤害到他的陌生人，不再慈爱，而是危险粗暴。他开始哭了起来，低头捡了根小树枝，紧紧地攥在手里。杰西·本特利全副心神都集中在那个念头上，他猛地站起来朝孩子走过去，大卫更害怕了，开始全身发抖。树林里的一切仿佛被一种死寂笼罩着，突然，老人沙哑而固执的声音打破了寂静。他紧抓住孩子的肩膀，将脸转向天空大喊起来。他的整个左半边脸抽搐着，放在孩子肩上的手也抽搐不停。“赐予我神谕吧，上帝。”他喊道，“我在这里，和这个名叫大卫的孩子一起。请您从天上

降临人间，显显灵吧。”

With a cry of fear, David turned and, shaking himself loose from the hands that held him, ran away through the forest. He did not believe that the man who turned up his face and in a harsh voice shouted at the sky was his grandfather at all. The man did not look like his grandfather. The conviction that something strange and terrible had happened, that by some miracle a new and dangerous person had come into the body of the kindly old man, took possession of him. On and on he ran down the hillside, sobbing as he ran. When he fell over the roots of a tree and in falling struck his head, he arose and tried to run on again. His head hurt so that presently he fell down and lay still, but it was only after Jesse had carried him to the buggy and he awoke to find the old man's hand stroking his head tenderly that the terror left him. "Take me away. There is a terrible man back there in the woods," he declared firmly, while Jesse looked away over the tops of the trees and again his lips cried out to God. "What have I done that Thou dost not approve of me," he whispered softly, saying the words over and over as he drove rapidly along the road with the boy's cut and bleeding head held tenderly against his shoulder.

大卫惊恐地大叫一声，从外公手里挣脱出来，转身逃离了树林。他根本不相信，刚刚那个仰着脸朝天空用沙哑的声音大喊大叫的人是他的外公。那个人看上去不像外公。他深信，一定是发生了什么奇怪、可怕的事，是某种神奇的力量使一个陌生、危险的人进入到了原本慈爱的外公的体内。他伤心地哭着，一路不停地跑下山坡。他绊倒在一棵树的树根上，磕到了头，接着，他站了起来，试图再接着跑。他的头很痛，不久便跌倒在地上躺着不动了。杰西将他抱到马车上，他醒来时，发现老人的手正慈爱地抚摩着他的头。直到那时，他心里的恐惧才消失。“带我走。树林后面有个可怕的人。”他坚定地大声说。可杰西眺望着树顶，嘴里又开始对上帝念念有词，“上帝啊，您并不赞同我的所为。”他轻声低语，反复地说着那些话，驾着车沿着公路飞驰，将孩子流着血的头轻轻地靠在自己的肩膀上。

III Surrender

三 屈服

The story of Louise Bentley, who became Mrs. John Hardy and lived with her husband in a brick house on Elm Street in Winesburg, is a story of misunderstanding. Before such women as Louise can be understood and their lives made livable, much will have to be done. Thoughtful books will have to be written and thoughtful lives lived by people about them.

路易丝·本特利嫁给了约翰·哈代，并住在温斯堡埃尔姆大街的一间砖头房子里。她的故事是一个关于误解的故事。要理解路易丝这类女人并使她们的生活有意义，需要大费周章。得写上几本有深度的书，周边的

人还得过一段深思熟虑的生活。

Born of a delicate and overworked mother, and an impulsive, hard, imaginative father, who did not look with favor upon her coming into the world, Louise was from childhood a neurotic, one of the race of over-sensitive women that in later days industrialism was to bring in such great numbers into the world.

她有一个纤弱而过度劳累的母亲，还有一个冲动、严厉而富于想象力的父亲；父亲并不希望她降临于世。从儿时起，路易丝就有些神经质，属于过度敏感的女性。工业化主义发展到后期，这样的女性便越来越多。

During her early years she lived on the Bentley farm, a silent, moody child, wanting love more than anything else in the world and not getting it. When she was fifteen she went to live in Winesburg with the family of Albert Hardy, who had a store for the sale of buggies and wagons, and who was a member of the town board of education.

她幼年住在本特利农场的时候，是一个沉默又阴郁的孩子，极度渴望被爱却得不到。等她长到十五岁，便住到了温斯堡阿尔伯特·哈代家里。此人经营一间出售马车和货车的商店，同时也是镇上教育委员会的一员。

Louise went into town to be a student in the Winesburg High School and she went to live at the Hardys' because Albert Hardy and her father were friends.

路易丝到镇上读温斯堡高中，她住在哈代家，是因为阿尔伯特同她父亲是朋友。

Hardy, the vehicle merchant of Winesburg, like thousands of other men of his times, was an enthusiast on the subject of education. He had made his own way in the world without learning got from books, but he was convinced that had he but known books things would have gone better with him. To everyone who came into his shop he talked of the matter, and in his own household he drove his family distracted by his constant harping on the subject.

温斯堡车商哈代同那个时代的其他千千万万人一样，热衷于教育问题。他在世上建功立业，并未借助书本上的知识，但他深信，若是读过书，他就能做得更好。他对每个光临的客人谈及此事，在家里也总是重弹旧调，惹人厌烦。

He had two daughters and one son, John Hardy, and more than once the daughters threatened to leave school altogether. As a matter of principle they did just enough work in their classes to avoid punishment. "I hate books and I hate anyone who likes books,"

Harriet, the younger of the two girls, declared passionately.

他有两个女儿，还有一个儿子——约翰·哈代；女儿们曾不止一次吵着要一起休学。在学业上，她们遵循着得过且过的原则。“我讨厌书本，也讨厌爱读书的人。”妹妹哈丽雅特情绪激昂地宣布道。

In Winesburg as on the farm Louise was not happy. For years she had dreamed of the time when she could go forth into the world, and she looked upon the move into the Hardy household as a great step in the direction of freedom. Always when she had thought of the matter, it had seemed to her that in town all must be gaiety and life, that there men and women must live happily and freely, giving and taking friendship and affection as one takes the feel of a wind on the cheek. After the silence and the cheerlessness of life in the Bentley house, she dreamed of stepping forth into an atmosphere that was warm and pulsating with life and reality. And in the Hardy household Louise might have got something of the thing for which she so hungered but for a mistake she made when she had just come to town.

路易丝在温斯堡同在农场一样不快乐。多年来，她一心希望走出去见见世面，她把住进哈代家看作奔向自由的重要一步。每当她思及此事，都会觉得小镇必定是充满欢乐、生机勃勃的，那里男男女女幸福自在地共处，共享友谊与爱情，那感觉就像微风拂过脸颊一般。经历了本特利家沉寂而无趣的生活后，她梦想着走进那种温暖又洋溢着生命和现实的氛围里。在哈代家，路易丝本可以得到她曾如此渴望的东西，却因为她刚到镇里时的一个过失使这一切化为泡影。

Louise won the disfavor of the two Hardy girls, Mary and Harriet, by her application to her studies in school. She did not come to the house until the day when school was to begin and knew nothing of the feeling they had in the matter. She was timid and during the first month made no acquaintances. Every Friday afternoon one of the hired men from the farm drove into Winesburg and took her home for the weekend, so that she did not spend the Saturday holiday with the town people. Because she was embarrassed and lonely she worked constantly at her studies. To Mary and Harriet, it seemed as though she tried to make trouble for them by her proficiency. In her eagerness to appear well Louise wanted to answer every question put to the class by the teacher. She jumped up and down and her eyes flashed. Then when she had answered some question the others in the class had been unable to answer, she smiled happily. "See, I have done it for you," her eyes seemed to say. "You need not bother about the matter. I will answer all questions. For the whole class it will be easy while I am here."

她在学校学习勤奋刻苦，使得她遭到了哈代姐妹玛丽同哈丽雅特的冷落。她一直到学校开学才搬进哈代家，因此关于姐妹俩对学习的看法

这事，她一无所知。她性格胆怯，开头的一个月里没有交什么朋友。每周五下午，农场会派来帮工驾车将她从温斯堡接回家度周末，因此她没和镇上的人一起过周六的假期。由于局促不安、性情孤僻，她便专心向学。在玛丽和哈丽雅特看来，她似乎在用自己的优秀给她们找麻烦。她急于表现良好，便想答上老师在课堂上提出的每个问题。她跳来跳去，眼睛忽闪着。当她答出班里其他学生不会的问题时，便高兴地微笑。“看吧，我替你们做出来了。”她的眼睛仿佛在说，“你们不需要再费劲了。我能答出所有的问题。只要我在，全班都能轻松些。”

In the evening after supper in the Hardy house, Albert Hardy began to praise Louise. One of the teachers had spoken highly of her and he was delighted. "Well, again I have heard of it," he began, looking hard at his daughters and then turning to smile at Louise. "Another of the teachers has told me of the good work Louise is doing. Everyone in Winesburg is telling me how smart she is. I am ashamed that they do not speak so of my own girls." Arising, the merchant marched about the room and lighted his evening cigar.

在哈代家，晚上用过晚餐后，阿尔伯特便开始夸赞路易丝。有个老师非常赞赏她，因此他也觉得高兴。“哎，我又听说了，”他开口说道，严厉地望着自己的女儿们，然后转过头去朝路易丝微笑着，“又有一个老师向我表扬了路易丝做的功课。温斯堡的每个人都在告诉我她很聪明。令我感到惭愧的是，他们没有这样夸我的女儿们。”这位商人站起身来，在房里走来走去，点了一支晚上抽的雪茄。

The two girls looked at each other and shook their heads wearily. Seeing their indifference the father became angry. "I tell you it is something for you two to be thinking about," he cried, glaring at them. "There is a big change coming here in America and in learning is the only hope of the coming generations. Louise is the daughter of a rich man but she is not ashamed to study. It should make you ashamed to see what she does."

他的两个女儿对望了一眼，无奈地摇了摇头。父亲见到她们如此漠然，便生起气来了。“我跟你们说，你们两个该好好想想了，”他大声说着，怒视着她们，“现在美国正在经历巨变，只有学知识才是你们这代人的唯一出路。路易丝是有钱人家的孩子，可她却能不耻向学。和她相比，你们真该觉得羞愧。”

The merchant took his hat from a rack by the door and prepared to depart for the evening. At the door he stopped and glared back. So fierce was his manner that Louise was frightened and ran upstairs to her own room. The daughters began to speak of their own affairs. "Pay attention to me," roared the merchant. "Your minds are lazy. Your indifference to education is affecting your characters. You will amount to nothing. Now mark what I say—Louise will be so far ahead of you that you will never catch up.”

商人从门边的帽架上拿下帽子，打算晚上出门。他在门边停了一下，回头狠狠地瞪了一眼。他的目光太过凶狠，以至于路易丝被吓得逃回了楼上自己的房间。哈代姐妹俩开始谈论起自己的事情来。“给我听着，”她们的父亲大声咆哮着，“你们这些不动脑筋的懒丫头。你们对教育的漠然正在影响着你们的性格。你们会一事无成的。现在记住我说的话——路易丝会一直把你们甩得远远的，你们永远也追不上。”

The distracted man went out of the house and into the street shaking with wrath. He went along muttering words and swearing, but when he got into Main Street his anger passed. He stopped to talk of the weather or the crops with some other merchant or with a farmer who had come into town and forgot his daughters altogether or, if he thought of them, only shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, well, girls will be girls," he muttered philosophically.

这位懊恼的父亲走出家门来到街上，全身气得发抖。他一路走着，口里咕咕哝哝地低声抱怨着、咒骂着，可当他走到大街上，他的愤怒就烟消云散了。他停下来同其他的某个商人或是刚进城的某个农夫谈起了天气或庄稼收成，将女儿们忘得一干二净了。假使他想起来，也不过是耸耸肩。“咳，算了，女孩子总归是女孩子。”他颇有哲理地唠叨着。

In the house when Louise came down into the room where the two girls sat, they would have nothing to do with her. One evening after she had been there for more than six weeks and was heartbroken because of the continued air of coldness with which she was always greeted, she burst into tears. "Shut up your crying and go back to your own room and to your books," Mary Hardy said sharply.

在他的家里，当路易丝从房间里下楼来的时候，那两姐妹坐在那里，谁也不愿理睬她。路易丝在那里住了六周多后，一个夜晚，她因为常常遭遇这种冷淡的氛围而伤心不已，放声大哭起来。“别哭了，回你自己的房间去读书吧！”玛丽·哈代尖刻地说。

The room occupied by Louise was on the second floor of the Hardy house, and her window looked out upon an orchard. There was a stove in the room and every evening young John Hardy carried up an armful of wood and put it in a box that stood by the wall. During the second month after she came to the house, Louise gave up all hope of getting on a friendly footing with the Hardy girls and went to her own room as soon as the evening meal was at an end.

路易丝住的房间在哈代家二楼，窗户正对着一个果园。房间里有个炉子，每晚小约翰·哈代都捧来一抱木柴放在靠墙放着的箱子里。路易丝来这儿的第二个月后就彻底放弃了同哈代姐妹友好共处的希望，晚饭一结束便回到自己的房间。

Her mind began to play with thoughts of making friends with John Hardy. When he came into the room with the wood in his arms,

she pretended to be busy with her studies but watched him eagerly. When he had put the wood in the box and turned to go out, she put down her head and blushed. She tried to make talk but could say nothing, and after he had gone she was angry at herself for her stupidity. The mind of the country girl became filled with the idea of drawing close to the young man. She thought that in him might be found the quality she had all her life been seeking in people. It seemed to her that between herself and all the other people in the world, a wall had been built up and that she was living just on the edge of some warm inner circle of life that must be quite open and understandable to others. She became obsessed with the thought that it wanted but a courageous act on her part to make all of her association with people something quite different, and that it was possible by such an act to pass into a new life as one opens a door and goes into a room. Day and night she thought of the matter, but although the thing she wanted so earnestly was something very warm and close it had as yet no conscious connection with sex. It had not become that definite, and her mind had only alighted upon the person of John Hardy because he was at hand and unlike his sisters had not been unfriendly to her.

她开始考虑同约翰·哈代交朋友。当他抱着木柴进到房间里时，她假装忙于学习，却在仔细地观察他。等他把木柴放进箱子，转身出去的时候，她低下头，脸红了。她试图同他交谈可又开不了口，等他走了，她又为自己的愚笨感到生气。这个农场姑娘的脑海里满是同那个年轻人拉近距离的想法。她想，或许能在他身上找到她一直以来在人们身上寻觅的那种品质。在她看来，她同世上所有其他人之间横亘着一堵墙。她生活在某种温暖的生活内圆的边缘，这种内圆世界必定是对其他人完全敞开的，也是可以理解的。她沉迷于这个想法里，也许就需要她一个有勇气的行动来使自己同其他人之间的关系变得全然不同，那样也许就能有一个全新的生活，就好像开启了一扇门，进入了另一个房间。她日以继夜地想着这个问题，可尽管她那么热切向往的东西是非常温暖而亲密的，但却和性没有丝毫有意的联系。这个想法并不确定，她看中约翰这个人不过因为他近在左右，而且不像他的姐妹们那样敌视她。

The Hardy sisters, Mary and Harriet, were both older than Louise. In a certain kind of knowledge of the world they were years older. They lived as all of the young women of Middle Western towns lived. In those days young women did not go out of our towns to Eastern colleges and ideas in regard to social classes had hardly begun to exist. A daughter of a laborer was in much the same social position as a daughter of a farmer or a merchant, and there were no leisure classes. A girl was "nice" or she was "not nice." If a nice girl, she had a young man who came to her house to see her on Sunday and on Wednesday evenings. Sometimes she went with her young man to a dance or a

church social. At other times she received him at the house and was given the use of the parlor for that purpose. No one intruded upon her. For hours the two sat behind closed doors. Sometimes the lights were turned low and the young man and woman embraced. Cheeks became hot and hair disarranged. After a year or two, if the impulse within them became strong and insistent enough, they married.

哈代姐妹——玛丽和哈丽雅特——都比路易丝大。在对这个世界的认识上，她们要老道得多。她们像所有中西部小镇上的年轻女孩那样生活着。在那时，年轻女孩们不会离开镇子到东部的大学去上学，也几乎不存在社会阶层的想法。工人的女儿同农夫或者商人的女儿社会地位完全平等，没有什么有闲阶级。评价一个女孩的标准只有“漂亮”或者“不漂亮”。一个漂亮的姑娘周日和周三晚便会有年轻男子上门求见。有时，她也会同那名追求者去参加舞会或教堂的社交。其余的时候，她在家中接待他，并拨有专门的会客室。没有人进去打搅。两个年轻人关起门来呆上好几个小时。有时，灯光被调暗，年轻男女拥抱在一起。双颊嫣红，发丝凌乱。一两年后，若是他们之间的激情足够强烈和持久，他们便会结婚。

One evening during her first winter in Winesburg, Louise had an adventure that gave a new impulse to her desire to break down the wall that she thought stood between her and John Hardy. It was Wednesday and immediately after the evening meal Albert Hardy put on his hat and went away. Young John brought the wood and put it in the box in Louise's room. "You do work hard, don't you?" he said awkwardly, and then before she could answer he also went away.

路易丝在温斯堡的第一个冬天的某个夜晚，经历了一次奇遇，使得她有了一种新的冲动，想去打破同约翰·哈代之间的那堵墙。那是一个星期三，阿尔伯特一吃完晚饭便戴上帽子出门去了。年轻的约翰将木柴放进路易丝房间的箱子里。“你真的很用功，对吧？”他讷讷地说道，然后在她反应过来之前就出去了。

Louise heard him go out of the house and had a mad desire to run after him. Opening her window she leaned out and called softly, "John, dear John, come back, don't go away.” The night was cloudy and she could not see far into the darkness, but as she waited she fancied she could hear a soft little noise as of someone going on tiptoes through the trees in the orchard. She was frightened and closed the window quickly. For an hour she moved about the room trembling with excitement and when she could not longer bear the waiting, she crept into the hall and down the stairs into a closet-like room that opened off the parlor.

路易丝听到他走出房子的声音，有股疯狂的冲动想追出去。她打开窗户，探出身子，轻声叫道，“约翰，亲爱的约翰，回来，别走。”天上有云，黑暗中她看不清楚，可当她等待时，她想象着自己能听到一种轻

微的响声，像是有个人踮着脚穿过果园里的果树。她害怕起来，迅速关上了窗户。她在房间里来回走动了一个小时，激动地颤抖着。当她再也无法忍受这等待的时候，她就轻轻地溜过走廊，下楼来到一间类似壁橱的房间，那里有门通往会客室。

Louise had decided that she would perform the courageous act that had for weeks been in her mind. She was convinced that John Hardy had concealed himself in the orchard beneath her window and she was determined to find him and tell him that she wanted him to come close to her, to hold her in his arms, to tell her of his thoughts and dreams and to listen while she told him her thoughts and dreams. "In the darkness it will be easier to say things," she whispered to herself, as she stood in the little room groping for the door.

路易丝决定将数周来盘桓在脑海里的那个勇敢之举付诸实施。她相信约翰·哈代已经藏身在她窗下的果园里，她决意找到他并告诉他，她希望他同她接近，拥她入怀，告诉她他的想法和梦想，也希望他能倾听她的想法和梦想。“黑暗里比较容易说话。”她低声自语道，同时站在小房子里，摸索着朝门走去。

And then suddenly Louise realized that she was not alone in the house. In the parlor on the other side of the door a man's voice spoke softly and the door opened. Louise just had time to conceal herself in a little opening beneath the stairway when Mary Hardy, accompanied by her young man, came into the little dark room.

就在那时，路易丝突然意识到她并不是独自一人在这房子里。门那头的会客室里有个男人在轻声说话，接着，门开了。路易丝刚来得及把自己藏在楼梯下的一小块空地里，玛丽·哈代同她那年轻的追求者就进了那间昏暗的小房间。

For an hour Louise sat on the floor in the darkness and listened. Without words Mary Hardy, with the aid of the man who had come to spend the evening with her, brought to the country girl a knowledge of men and women. Putting her head down until she was curled into a little ball she lay perfectly still. It seemed to her that by some strange impulse of the gods, a great gift had been brought to Mary Hardy and she could not understand the older woman's determined protest.

漆黑中，路易丝坐在地板上倾听了一个小时。玛丽·哈代没有说话，她同那位前来与她共度良宵的男子一道教会了这个农场姑娘什么是男女之事。她把头一直往下低，直到整个人蜷成一团，无声无息地躺在那里。在她看来，玛丽·哈代像是因为众神的一时冲动而被赋予了某种特质，她无法理解这位比她年长的女孩为什么决意要抵抗。

The young man took Mary Hardy into his arms and kissed her. When she struggled and laughed, he but held her the more tightly. For an hour the contest between them went on and then they went back

into the parlor and Louise escaped up the stairs. "I hope you were quiet out there. You must not disturb the little mouse at her studies," she heard Harriet saying to her sister as she stood by her own door in the hallway above.

年轻男子抱着玛丽·哈代，亲吻着她。当她挣扎着大笑起来的时候，他却反而抱得更紧。他们之间的这场嬉戏持续了一个小时，之后便回到会客室，路易丝也逃回了楼上。“我真希望你在那儿安静些。你不能打搅到那只学习的小耗子。”当她站在楼上自己房间的门边时，听到哈丽·雅特对自己的姐姐说道。

Louise wrote a note to John Hardy and late that night, when all in the house were asleep, she crept downstairs and slipped it under his door. She was afraid that if she did not do the thing at once her courage would fail. In the note she tried to be quite definite about what she wanted. "I want someone to love me and I want to love someone," she wrote. "If you are the one for me I want you to come into the orchard at night and make a noise under my window. It will be easy for me to crawl down over the shed and come to you. I am thinking about it all the time, so if you are to come at all you must come soon."

路易丝给约翰·哈代写了张便条。深夜时，房里的人都睡着了，她偷偷下楼，把纸条从他门边塞了进去。她深恐如果自己不马上做这件事，勇气就会消失。她试着在便条上相当明确地了阐明了自己想要的是什么。“我想有人来爱我，也想去爱一个人。”她如是写道，“如果你就是那个人，我希望你晚上到果园里来，在我窗下弄出些声响。我能很容易地爬下窗蓬来找你。我一直在想这件事，所以，如果你真打算来就要快。”

For a long time Louise did not know what would be the outcome of her bold attempt to secure for herself a lover. In a way she still did not know whether or not she wanted him to come. Sometimes it seemed to her that to be held tightly and kissed was the whole secret of life, and then a new impulse came and she was terribly afraid. The age-old woman's desire to be possessed had taken possession of her, but so vague was her notion of life that it seemed to her just the touch of John Hardy's hand upon her own hand would satisfy. She wondered if he would understand that. At the table next day while Albert Hardy talked and the two girls whispered and laughed, she did not look at John but at the table and as soon as possible escaped. In the evening she went out of the house until she was sure he had taken the wood to her room and gone away. When after several evenings of intense listening she heard no call from the darkness in the orchard, she was half beside herself with grief and decided that for her there was no way to break through the wall that had shut her off from the joy of life.

很长一段时间里，路易丝都不知道她想为自己找个情人的鲁莽举动会有什么结果。在某种意义上，她也弄不明白自己究竟是否希望他来。有时候，她似乎觉得被人紧紧抱住并亲吻是生活的全部秘密，但随之一种新的冲动袭来，她怕得要死。女人自古以来情愿被男人占有的欲望已经占据了她的心灵，可她的人生准则是如此模糊，仿佛她只想让约翰的手碰到她的手便会满足。她很想知道他是否明白这些。第二天，当阿尔伯特·哈代坐在餐桌旁说话，两个女儿窃窃私语和大笑的时候，她没有朝约翰看，只规规矩矩地吃完饭后便溜之大吉。晚上，她在房子外面一直呆到确信约翰已经将木柴放进她的房间并离开了。之后的好几个夜晚，她都紧张地聆听着，却没听到来自黑暗中果园里的任何呼唤声。她心情低落，悲痛欲绝。她想自己是无法打破那堵将她同那欢乐的世界隔开的墙了。

And then on a Monday evening two or three weeks after the writing of the note, John Hardy came for her. Louise had so entirely given up the thought of his coming that for a long time she did not hear the call that came up from the orchard. On the Friday evening before, as she was being driven back to the farm for the weekend by one of the hired men, she had on an impulse done a thing that had startled her, and as John Hardy stood in the darkness below and called her name softly and insistently, she walked about in her room and wondered what new impulse had led her to commit so ridiculous an act.

写纸条事件两三周后，一个星期一的夜晚，约翰·哈代来找她了。路易丝已经完全放弃了他会来的这个想法，所以很长一段时间，她都没有听到果园传来的叫声。上周五的晚上，当她由农场的帮工送回家去度周末的时候，一时冲动之下，做了件令自己都目瞪口呆的事情。当约翰·哈代站在窗户下的黑暗处轻声又长久地呼唤她的名字时候，她在自己房间里来回地走，好奇是怎样的冲动使她做出了这样荒唐的举动。

The farm hand, a young fellow with black curly hair, had come for her somewhat late on that Friday evening and they drove home in the darkness. Louise, whose mind was filled with thoughts of John Hardy, tried to make talk but the country boy was embarrassed and would say nothing. Her mind began to review the loneliness of her childhood and she remembered with a pang the sharp new loneliness that had just come to her. "I hate everyone," she cried suddenly, and then broke forth into a tirade that frightened her escort. "I hate father and the old man Hardy, too," she declared vehemently. "I get my lessons there in the school in town but I hate that also."

那名农场的帮工是个有着一头黑色卷发的年轻小伙子。那周五晚上，不知什么原因他来晚了，所以他们只能在黑夜里驾车回家。路易丝满心里想的都是约翰·哈代，她试着同那个农场小伙子说话，可他太窘了，什么也说不出来。她开始回忆起童年的孤独时光，也痛苦地记起刚刚发生的那种新的强烈的孤独感。“我恨每一个人。”她突然大叫道，接

着便说了一番令那名护送者惊恐万分的激烈言论。“我恨爸爸，也很哈代老头。”她愤怒地大声宣布，“我在镇上的学校上学，可我也恨上学。”

Louise frightened the farm hand still more by turning and putting her cheek down upon his shoulder. Vaguely she hoped that he like that young man who had stood in the darkness with Mary would put his arms about her and kiss her, but the country boy was only alarmed. He struck the horse with the whip and began to whistle. "The road is rough, eh?" he said loudly. Louise was so angry that reaching up she snatched his hat from his head and threw it into the road. When he jumped out of the buggy and went to get it, she drove off and left him to walk the rest of the way back to the farm.

路易丝转过头把脸放在那个小伙子的肩上，把他吓得更厉害了。她朦胧地希望他能像那个同玛丽站在黑暗房间里的年轻人那样，用胳膊抱住她亲吻，可这个乡下小伙子只是被吓呆了。他用鞭子赶着马，开始吹口哨。“这路不平，是吧？”他大声地说。露易丝非常生气，她伸出手一把从他头上抓下了他的帽子，扔到了路边。等他跳下马车去找帽子的时候，她驾着马车把他扔在后面，让他走回农场去。

Louise Bentley took John Hardy to be her lover. That was not what she wanted but it was so the young man had interpreted her approach to him, and so anxious was she to achieve something else that she made no resistance. When after a few months they were both afraid that she was about to become a mother, they went one evening to the county seat and were married. For a few months they lived in the Hardy house and then took a house of their own. All during the first year Louise tried to make her husband understand the vague and intangible hunger that had led to the writing of the note and that was still unsatisfied. Again and again she crept into his arms and tried to talk of it, but always without success. Filled with his own notions of love between men and women, he did not listen but began to kiss her upon the lips. That confused her so that in the end she did not want to be kissed. She did not know what she wanted.

路易丝·本特利把约翰·哈代当作情人。这并非她所愿，而是约翰就是这样解释她接近他的行为。她太急于去获得一些别的东西，所以也没有反抗。几个月后，他们都害怕她会怀孕，于是就在一个晚上去了县政府，结了婚。他们在哈代家住了几个月，之后就自己买了一所房子。婚后的一年里，路易丝都在试图让丈夫明白她的那种模糊而隐秘的渴望，那是她写下便条的原因，可至今仍未能被满足。她依偎在他怀里反复地谈及，可总也不能成功。约翰自有一套关于男女之爱的信条，他非但不听，反而开始亲吻她的双唇。这把她给弄懵了，最后不想被亲吻了。她也不知道自己想要什么。

When the alarm that had tricked them into marriage proved to be groundless, she was angry and said bitter, hurtful things. Later when

her son David was born, she could not nurse him and did not know whether she wanted him or not. Sometimes she stayed in the room with him all day, walking about and occasionally creeping close to touch him tenderly with her hands, and then other days came when she did not want to see or be near the tiny bit of humanity that had come into the house. When John Hardy reproached her for her cruelty, she laughed. "It is a man child and will get what it wants anyway," she said sharply. "Had it been a woman child there is nothing in the world I would not have done for it."

最终当怀孕一事被证实是子虚乌有的时候，她生起气来，说了些刻薄伤人心的话。后来，儿子大卫出生时，她不能哺育他，而且不知道自己是否想要他。她有时整天和儿子呆在房间里，四处走动，时不时地轻轻走过去用手温柔地触碰他，接下来的日子里，她又不想看见或靠近这个降临到她家里的小生命。当约翰指责她无情的时候，她大笑起来。“他是个男孩，无论如何都会得到想要的一切。”她尖刻地说，“假若她是个女孩，我便会为她付出一切。”

IV Terror

四 恐惧

When David Hardy was a tall boy of fifteen, he, like his mother, had an adventure that changed the whole current of his life and sent him out of his quiet corner into the world. The shell of the circumstances of his life was broken and he was compelled to start forth. He left Winesburg and no one there ever saw him again. After his disappearance, his mother and grandfather both died and his father became very rich. He spent much money in trying to locate his son, but that is no part of this story.

当大卫·哈代长成为一个十五岁的高个子男孩时，像母亲一样，他也有了一次足以改变生活现状的历险。这使他从自己安静的角落里走出来，进入到了大千世界之中。他生活环境的外壳被打破，于是他被强迫前行。他离开温斯堡后，没人再在那里见过他。自他消失后，他的母亲和外公都过世了，父亲变得非常富有。他花了很多钱去寻找儿子，可那部分已不属于这个故事了。

It was in the late fall of an unusual year on the Bentley farms. Everywhere the crops had been heavy. That spring, Jesse had bought part of a long strip of black swamp land that lay in the valley of Wine Creek. He got the land at a low price but had spent a large sum of money to improve it. Great ditches had to be dug and thousands of tile laid. Neighboring farmers shook their heads over the expense. Some of them laughed and hoped that Jesse would lose heavily by the venture, but the old man went silently on with the work and said nothing.

那是一个深秋，一个本特利农场不同寻常的年头。到处庄稼都是大丰收。那年春天，杰西刚购进了瓦英河谷里的一长片黑色沼泽地。他低价购得这块地，却花了一大笔钱去改良它。他得挖许多沟渠，砌上大量的瓦片。左右的农夫们对这笔开销频频摇头。其中有些人甚至嘲笑杰西，希望他在这上面栽个大跟头，可老头儿一声不吭地继续他的工作。

When the land was drained he planted it to cabbages and onions, and again the neighbors laughed. The crop was, however, enormous and brought high prices. In the one year Jesse made enough money to pay for all the cost of preparing the land and had a surplus that enabled him to buy two more farms. He was exultant and could not conceal his delight. For the first time in all the history of his ownership of the farms, he went among his men with a smiling face.

等到土壤被弄干后，他种上了卷心菜和洋葱，这又遭到了邻居们的嘲弄。可是，这片庄稼收成非常可观，卖价极高。于是，就在这一年里，杰西不仅赚回了修缮土地的全部成本，还有盈余，能让他再买两个农场。他喜不自禁，无法掩饰内心的喜悦。在他接管农场的历史上，这是他第一次在帮工面前露出笑脸。

Jesse bought a great many new machines for cutting down the cost of labor and all of the remaining acres in the strip of black fertile swamp land. One day he went into Winesburg and bought a bicycle and a new suit of clothes for David and he gave his two sisters money with which to go to a religious convention at Cleveland, Ohio.

杰西购进大批新机器来削减人工成本，也将剩下的所有肥沃的黑色沼泽地买了下来。有一天，他去温斯堡给大卫买了一辆自行车和一套新衣服，他还给两个姐姐钱去参加在俄亥俄州克利夫兰举办的宗教集会。

In the fall of that year when the frost came and the trees in the forests along Wine Creek were golden brown, David spent every moment when he did not have to attend school, out in the open. Alone or with other boys he went every afternoon into the woods to gather nuts. The other boys of the countryside, most of them sons of laborers on the Bentley farms, had guns with which they went hunting rabbits and squirrels, but David did not go with them. He made himself a sling with rubber bands and a forked stick and went off by himself to gather nuts. As he went about thoughts came to him. He realized that he was almost a man and wondered what he would do in life, but before they came to anything, the thoughts passed and he was a boy again. One day he killed a squirrel that sat on one of the lower branches of a tree and chattered at him. Home he ran with the squirrel in his hand. One of the Bentley sisters cooked the little animal and he ate it with great gusto. The skin he tacked on a board and suspended the board by a string from his bedroom window.

那年秋天，霜冻已至，瓦英河边森林里的树木都已变成了金黄色。

大卫只要不上学，就会每时每刻呆在野外。他要么独自一人，要么和其他的男孩子一起，每个下午都到树林里去拾坚果。乡下其他的男孩子们大多是本特利农场工人的儿子。他们带着枪打野兔和松鼠，可大卫不和他们一起。他给自己用橡皮筋和叉形木棍做了一个弹弓，独自去采坚果。他一边四处走，一边也在思考。他意识到自己已经差不多是个男人了，很想知道将来要干些什么，可在还没想到一些具体的事情之前，这些想法就烟消云散了。他又变成了个小男孩。一天，他射中了一只呆在低矮的树枝上对着他叽叽喳喳的松鼠。他拿着那只松鼠跑回了家。一个姑婆把这只小动物煮了，他吃得津津有味。他把松鼠皮钉在一块木板上，用一根绳子把木板悬挂在他卧室的窗户上。

That gave his mind a new turn. After that he never went into the woods without carrying the sling in his pocket and he spent hours shooting at imaginary animals concealed among the brown leaves in the trees. Thoughts of his coming manhood passed and he was content to be a boy with a boy's impulses.

这件事使他的想发生了新的转变。从此后，他去树林就总在口袋里带着弹弓，花上几个小时射击想象中藏匿在棕色树叶间的动物。想做大人的念头消失了，他心满意足地想做一个冲动的孩子。

One Saturday morning when he was about to set off for the woods with the sling in his pocket and a bag for nuts on his shoulder, his grandfather stopped him. In the eyes of the old man was the strained serious look that always a little frightened David. At such times Jesse Bentley's eyes did not look straight ahead but wavered and seemed to be looking at nothing. Something like an invisible curtain appeared to have come between the man and all the rest of the world. "I want you to come with me," he said briefly, and his eyes looked over the boy's head into the sky. "We have something important to do today. You may bring the bag for nuts if you wish. It does not matter and anyway we will be going into the woods."

一个周六下午，他在口袋里装着弹弓、肩上背着一袋坚果，正准备出发去树林，可外公拦住了他。老人的双眼里有种压抑的严肃的表情，那总让这个孩子有些害怕。每当这时，杰西·本特利的眼睛不会笔直地向前看，而是犹疑逡巡，似乎什么也没看。像是有种看不见的幕布将他和世界上其余的一切事物隔了开来。“我想让你跟我来。”他简短地说道，眼睛越过孩子的头顶，望向天空。“我们今天有点儿要紧事要做。如果你想的话，可以带上这袋坚果。没关系的，反正我们也要去树林。“

Jesse and David set out from the Bentley farmhouse in the old phaeton that was drawn by the white horse. When they had gone along in silence for a long way they stopped at the edge of a field where a flock of sheep were grazing. Among the sheep was a lamb that had been born out of season, and this David and his grandfather caught and tied so tightly that it looked like a little white ball. When

they drove on again Jesse let David hold the lamb in his arms. "I saw it yesterday and it put me in mind of what I have long wanted to do," he said, and again he looked away over the head of the boy with the wavering, uncertain stare in his eyes.

杰西和大卫乘着那匹白马拉着的轻便老马车从本特利农舍出发。他们沉默地走了一长段路，停在一片田野边上，那里有一群绵羊在吃草。羊群里有只不当季出生的小羊，大卫和外公抓住它，并把它紧紧捆得像只小白球。他们赶车接着往前，杰西让大卫抱着这只小羊。“我昨天看到了它，它让我想起了一直想做的事情。”他说着，又带着那种逡巡不定的眼神越过孩子的头顶看向远处。

After the feeling of exaltation that had come to the farmer as a result of his successful year, another mood had taken possession of him. For a long time he had been going about feeling very humble and prayerful. Again he walked alone at night thinking of God and as he walked he again connected his own figure with the figures of old days. Under the stars he knelt on the wet grass and raised up his voice in prayer. Now he had decided that like the men whose stories filled the pages of the Bible, he would make a sacrifice to God. "I have been given these abundant crops and God has also sent me a boy who is called David," he whispered to himself. "Perhaps I should have done this thing long ago." He was sorry the idea had not come into his mind in the days before his daughter Louise had been born and thought that surely now when he had erected a pile of burning sticks in some lonely place in the woods and had offered the body of a lamb as a burnt offering, God would appear to him and give him a message.

这个成功之年给他带来的志得意满渐渐褪去，另一种情绪占据了他的心头。很长一段时间里，他到处走动，感到极其卑微，常常祷告。他又在夜晚独自散步，想到了上帝；散步时，他又将自己同古时代的先辈们联系了起来。星空下，他跪倒在湿润的草地上，祈祷时提高了嗓音。现在，他决定像《圣经》中连篇累牍记载的圣人们那样，向上帝献祭。“上帝赐予我这大片的良田，还送给我了一个名叫大卫的男孩。”他喃喃低语，“也许我早该这么做了。”他很遗憾没在女儿路易丝出生前的日子里想到这个主意，而现在，他笃信，等他在树林里的某个偏僻处燃起一堆树枝，将羊羔的尸体作为焚烧的供物，上帝就会出现在他面前，给他神示。

More and more as he thought of the matter, he thought also of David and his passionate self-love was partially forgotten. "It is time for the boy to begin thinking of going out into the world and the message will be one concerning him," he decided. "God will make a pathway for him. He will tell me what place David is to take in life and when he shall set out on his journey. It is right that the boy should be there. If I am fortunate and an angel of God should appear, David will see the beauty and glory of God made manifest to man. It

will make a true man of God of him also."

他越是想及此事，就越是想到大卫；他那狂热的自爱之情便被忘记了大半。“这孩子该开始考虑进社会了，上帝的神示也会有些与他相关的。”他打定主意，“上帝必将为他指明一条道路。他一定会告诉我大卫将如何立足于世，还有他将何时开始人生的征途。这么看，这个孩子在场就是正确的。如果我够幸运，上帝的天使应当会出现，大卫就能看到上帝向凡人神示的美景和光荣了。这也必将使他成为一个真正的圣徒。”

In silence Jesse and David drove along the road until they came to that place where Jesse had once before appealed to God and had frightened his grandson. The morning had been bright and cheerful, but a cold wind now began to blow and clouds hid the sun. When David saw the place to which they had come he began to tremble with fright, and when they stopped by the bridge where the creek came down from among the trees, he wanted to spring out of the phaeton and run away.

杰西同大卫一直沉默地沿路赶着车，直到他们来到那次杰西向上帝恳求并吓坏大卫的地方。这天早晨，阳光明媚，天气宜人，可现在，冷风开始吹了，乌云遮住了太阳。当大卫看见这个他们曾来过的地方时，他开始害怕得发抖。他们停在桥旁，溪水穿过树林顺流而下。他想要跳出马车逃走。

A dozen plans for escape ran through David's head, but when Jesse stopped the horse and climbed over the fence into the wood, he followed. "It is foolish to be afraid. Nothing will happen," he told himself as he went along with the lamb in his arms. There was something in the helplessness of the little animal held so tightly in his arms that gave him courage. He could feel the rapid beating of the beast's heart and that made his own heart beat less rapidly. As he walked swiftly along behind his grandfather, he untied the string with which the four legs of the lamb were fastened together. "If anything happens we will run away together," he thought.

他脑子里闪过了无数逃跑的计划，可当杰西停下马车，爬过篱笆，进入树林的时候，他还是跟了上去。“害怕是件很傻的事情。什么事也不会发生。”他抱着小羊羔，边走边对自己说。他手里紧紧抓着的这只无助的小动物身上的某种东西给了他勇气。他能感觉到它快速的心跳，这倒让他的心跳不那么剧烈了。当他在后面迅速地跟着外祖父往前走的时候，他解开了那条将羊羔四条腿绑在一起的绳子。“如果有事发生，我们就一起逃。”他想着。

In the woods, after they had gone a long way from the road, Jesse stopped in an opening among the trees where a clearing, overgrown with small bushes, ran up from the creek. He was still silent but began at once to erect a heap of dry sticks which he presently set afire. The boy sat on the ground with the lamb in his arms. His imagination

began to invest every movement of the old man with significance and he became every moment more afraid. "I must put the blood of the lamb on the head of the boy," Jesse muttered when the sticks had begun to blaze greedily, and taking a long knife from his pocket he turned and walked rapidly across the clearing toward David.

他们沿着公路一直走了很久，到了树林里，杰西停在树木间的一块空地上，那里有一片四周长满低矮灌木丛的开阔地，从小溪边一直延伸过来。他依然一言不发，却立即开始堆高高的干柴堆，一会儿又点了火。孩子抱着小羊坐在地上。他的想象力使得老人的每个动作都别有意义，于是，他越来越感到害怕。“我必须将羊羔的血洒到大卫的头上。”杰西咕哝着。此时，柴火堆已经开始熊熊燃烧。他从口袋里拿出一把长长的匕首，然后转过身，快速穿过空地，朝大卫走过去。

Terror seized upon the soul of the boy. He was sick with it. For a moment he sat perfectly still and then his body stiffened and he sprang to his feet. His face became as white as the fleece of the lamb that, now finding itself suddenly released, ran down the hill. David ran also. Fear made his feet fly. Over the low bushes and logs he leaped frantically. As he ran he put his hand into his pocket and took out the branched stick from which the sling for shooting squirrels was suspended. When he came to the creek that was shallow and splashed down over the stones, he dashed into the water and turned to look back, and when he saw his grandfather still running toward him with the long knife held tightly in his hand he did not hesitate, but reaching down, selected a stone and put it in the sling. With all his strength he drew back the heavy rubber bands and the stone whistled through the air. It hit Jesse, who had entirely forgotten the boy and was pursuing the lamb, squarely in the head. With a groan he pitched forward and fell almost at the boy's feet. When David saw that he lay still and that he was apparently dead, his fright increased immeasurably. It became an insane panic.

恐惧占据了孩子的心灵。他就怕这个。他一动不动地坐了片刻，接着，他的身体变得僵硬，然后他一下子跳了起来。他的脸变得和这个羊羔的羊毛一样雪白。此时，羊羔突然发现松了绑，沿着山坡跑下去了。大卫也开始跑。恐惧使他箭步如飞。他疯一般地跳过低矮的灌木丛和圆木。他边跑边把手放进口袋里，拿出那个原本用来做弹弓射松鼠的树杈。当他来到那条清浅的、拍打着石头流淌而过的小溪时，他冲进水里，然后转身去看。当他看到外公手里紧握着那把长刀向他跑过来，他毫不迟疑地从水里选出一块石子放到弹弓上。他用尽全力将厚厚的皮筋往后一拉，石子嗖地飞了出去。石子正打在杰西的头上。他当时完全忘记了孩子，正全力追赶那只羊羔。他呻吟了一声，向前倒了下去，几乎就摔在了孩子的脚边上。当大卫看到他动也不动地躺在那里，显然是死了，他心中的恐惧剧增。这种恐惧几乎变成了一种失去理智的疯狂。

With a cry he turned and ran off through the woods weeping

convulsively. "I don't care—I killed him, but I don't care," he sobbed. As he ran on and on he decided suddenly that he would never go back again to the Bentley farms or to the town of Winesburg. "I have killed the man of God and now I will myself be a man and go into the world," he said stoutly as he stopped running and walked rapidly down a road that followed the windings of Wine Creek as it ran through fields and forests into the west.

他大叫一声，转过身去，抽泣着穿过树林，跑掉了。“我不在乎——我杀了他，可我不在乎。”他呜咽着说。他不停地跑着，突然下决心再也不回本特利农场或是温斯堡镇了。“我杀了上帝的信徒，现在我自己已经成人，要出去闯世界了。”他坚定地说着，并停止了奔跑，转而快步地走上那条穿过田野和森林、沿着瓦英河蜿蜒向西的公路。

On the ground by the creek Jesse Bentley moved uneasily about. He groaned and opened his eyes. For a long time he lay perfectly still and looked at the sky. When at last he got to his feet, his mind was confused and he was not surprised by the boy's disappearance. By the roadside he sat down on a log and began to talk about God. That is all they ever got out of him. Whenever David's name was mentioned he looked vaguely at the sky and said that a messenger from God had taken the boy. "It happened because I was too greedy for glory," he declared, and would have no more to say in the matter.

杰西·本特利在溪边的地上艰难地挪动着。他呻吟着睁开双眼。很长时间，他静静地躺在地上，望着天空。最后，他站了起来，脑袋里一片混沌，对孩子的失踪一点儿也不吃惊。他在路边的一根圆木上坐了下来，开始谈起上帝。那就是人们能从他身上打听出来的一切。每当大卫的名字被提起，他都模模糊糊地看向天空，说是上帝的信使带走了那孩子。“这都是因为我太贪婪，想要荣誉啊。”他大声地说道。此外，关于此事，他再不多谈。

CHAPTER 7 A Man Of Ideas

第七章 一位有思想的人

He lived with his mother, a grey, silent woman with a peculiar ashy complexion. The house in which they lived stood in a little grove of trees beyond where the main street of Winesburg crossed Wine Creek. His name was Joe Welling, and his father had been a man of some dignity in the community, a lawyer, and a member of the state legislature at Columbus. Joe himself was small of body and in his character unlike anyone else in town. He was like a tiny little volcano that lies silent for days and then suddenly spouts fire. No, he wasn't like that—he was like a man who is subject to fits, one who walks among his fellow men inspiring fear because a fit may come upon him suddenly and blow him away into a strange uncanny physical state in which his eyes roll and his legs and arms jerk. He was like that, only that the visitation that descended upon Joe Welling was a mental and not a physical thing. He was beset by ideas and in the throes of one of his ideas was uncontrollable. Words rolled and tumbled from his mouth. A peculiar smile came upon his lips. The edges of his teeth that were tipped with gold glistened in the light. Pouncing upon a bystander he began to talk. For the bystander there was no escape. The excited man breathed into his face, peered into his eyes, pounded upon his chest with a shaking forefinger, demanded, compelled attention.

他同母亲住在一起。母亲是个头发花白、沉默寡言、面容奇特、面色如死灰一般的女人。他们住的房子坐落在一片小树林中，再过去就是温斯堡大街同瓦英河交汇的地方。他的名字叫乔·韦林，他的父亲是名律师，也是哥伦布市的州立法议员，曾是这个社区里有名望的人。乔本人身材矮小，性格也同镇上的其他人不一样。他就像一座沉睡多日的小型火山，突然就喷发火焰。不，也不像——他倒像一个被疯病控制了的人，由于疯病会突然来袭，将他推进莫名古怪的生理状况：翻着白眼，四肢抽搐，因此他在同伴中是个令人害怕的人。他就是这么个样子，只不过乔·韦林这种间歇性发作的毛病不是生理上的，而是精神上的。他被各种想法困扰，沉迷其中一个想法的苦痛让他无法自控。语言在他嘴里翻滚、踉跄而出。一种怪笑浮上他的双唇。他镶了金边的牙齿在太阳下闪闪发光。他猛抓住旁边的人就开始侃侃而谈。对于被抓的人，真是无处可逃。这位激动的倾诉者将热气喷到对方脸上，直望进人家的眼里；他用颤抖的食指戳着对方的胸膛，强迫对方认真听他说。

In those days the Standard Oil Company did not deliver oil to the consumer in big wagons and motor trucks as it does now, but delivered instead to retail grocers, hardware stores, and the like. Joe

was the Standard Oil agent in Winesburg and in several towns up and down the railroad that went through Winesburg. He collected bills, booked orders, and did other things. His father, the legislator, had secured the job for him.

当时，美孚石油公司不像现在这样用大货车和机动卡车将油送到消费者手中，而是运到杂货零售商、五金店和其他诸如此类的店里。乔便是美孚公司在温斯堡和沿着那条穿过该城的铁路线前后几个镇的代理商。他收集账单、下订单，并做些其他的工作。这是他的立法委员父亲为他找来的工作。

In and out of the stores of Winesburg went Joe Welling—silent, excessively polite, intent upon his business. Men watched him with eyes in which lurked amusement tempered by alarm. They were waiting for him to break forth, preparing to flee. Although the seizures that came upon him were harmless enough, they could not be laughed away. They were overwhelming. Astride an idea, Joe was overmastering. His personality became gigantic. It overrode the man to whom he talked, swept him away, swept all away, all who stood within sound of his voice.

乔·韦林出入于温斯堡的那几家店铺——缄默、彬彬有礼，专心工作。人们暗中观察他，眼里隐藏着被警觉抑制着的消遣的神情。他们等着他发病，时刻准备好逃跑。尽管他的发作不足以造成什么伤害，可也不能一笑置之。那些时候让人难以承受。当被一个想法驾驭时，乔所向披靡。他的气场大得如巨人一般。这气场能压倒同他交谈的人，扫荡对方，扫荡一切，扫荡所有能听到他声音的人。

In Sylvester West's Drug Store stood four men who were talking of horse racing. Wesley Moyer's stallion, Tony Tip, was to race at the June meeting at Tiffin, Ohio, and there was a rumor that he would meet the stiffest competition of his career. It was said that Pop Geers, the great racing driver, would himself be there. A doubt of the success of Tony Tip hung heavy in the air of Winesburg.

在西尔维斯特·韦斯特药店里站着四个人，他们正在谈论赛马。韦斯利·摩耶的那匹种马托尼·蒂普将参加六月份在俄亥俄州蒂芬举行的比赛。有谣言说那将是他职业生涯中最艰难的一战。据说那个了不起的骑师波普·吉尔斯会亲自到场。温斯堡的人都为托尼·蒂普的夺标捏了一把汗。

Into the drug store came Joe Welling, brushing the screen door violently aside. With a strange absorbed light in his eyes he pounced upon Ed Thomas, he who knew Pop Geers and whose opinion of Tony Tip's chances was worth considering.

乔·韦林猛地推开纱门，走进了药店。他眼里带着一种奇怪的、专注的神情，他一把拽住埃德·托马斯。埃德认识波普·吉尔斯，而且他对托尼赢得比赛的看法值得重视。

"The water is up in Wine Creek," cried Joe Welling with the air of Pheidippides bringing news of the victory of the Greeks in the struggle at Marathon. His finger beat a tattoo upon Ed Thomas's broad chest. "By Trunion bridge it is within eleven and a half inches of the flooring," he went on, the words coming quickly and with a little whistling noise from between his teeth. An expression of helpless annoyance crept over the faces of the four.

“瓦英河水涨起来了。”乔大叫着，那感觉就像是费迪皮迪兹带来了希腊人在马拉松中获胜的消息。他的手指在埃德宽阔的胸膛上敲鼓似的击打着。“在特鲁连桥那儿，水离桥面只有十一点五英寸了。”他接着说，语速飞快，齿缝间还发出些微的口哨音。其余四个人的脸上都浮现出无奈又厌恶的表情。

"I have my facts correct. Depend upon that. I went to Sinnings' Hardware Store and got a rule. Then I went back and measured. I could hardly believe my own eyes. It hasn't rained you see for ten days. At first I didn't know what to think. Thoughts rushed through my head. I thought of subterranean passages and springs. Down under the ground went my mind, delving about. I sat on the floor of the bridge and rubbed my head. There wasn't a cloud in the sky, not one. Come out into the street and you'll see. There wasn't a cloud. There isn't a cloud now. Yes, there was a cloud. I don't want to keep back any facts. There was a cloud in the west down near the horizon, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand.”

“我的数据绝对正确。请务必相信。我到思宁五金店买了把尺子。然后我回去量的。我简直不敢相信自己的眼睛。你知道，十天没下雨了。起初，我也不知道怎么回事。各种想法在我脑袋里转得飞快。我想到了地下潜流和泉水。我的思维沉入地下去寻根探由。我在桥上席地而坐，挠了挠头。天上一片云也没有。到街上去，你就能看到。一片云都没有。现在也没有。哦，刚刚有一片云。我不想隐瞒事实。刚刚西边地平线附近有一片云，那云还没有一个人手掌大。”

"Not that I think that has anything to do with it. There it is, you see. You understand how puzzled I was."

“可我不认为它同这件事有什么关系。就在那儿，你看。你明白我刚刚有多困惑了吧。”

"Then an idea came to me. I laughed. You'll laugh, too. Of course it rained over in Medina County. That's interesting, eh? If we had no trains, no mails, no telegraph, we would know that it rained over in Medina County. That's where Wine Creek comes from. Everyone knows that. Little old Wine Creek brought us the news. That's interesting. I laughed. I thought I'd tell you—it's interesting, eh?”

“接着，我突然有了灵感。我就笑起来了。你也会笑的。当然，梅迪

纳县那边下过雨了。有趣吧，嗯？如果我们没火车，没邮局，没电报，我们还是会知道梅迪纳县那儿下过雨。那里是瓦英河的源头。人人都知道这件事。不起眼的老瓦英河给我们带来了这个消息。真有趣。我笑起来了。我觉得我该告诉你——有趣吧，嗯？”

Joe Welling turned and went out at the door. Taking a book from his pocket, he stopped and ran a finger down one of the pages. Again he was absorbed in his duties as agent of the Standard Oil Company. "Hern's Grocery will be getting low on coal oil. I'll see them," he muttered, hurrying along the street, and bowing politely to the right and left at the people walking past.

乔·韦林转身走到门边。他从口袋里拿出一本书，站住了，手指快速划过其中一页。他又沉浸于自己身为美孚石油公司代理商的职责中了。“赫恩杂货店的煤油快断货了，我得去看看。”他喃喃说道，然后匆匆沿着街道走去，一路上向左右两边经过的人有礼貌地鞠躬致意。

When George Willard went to work for the Winesburg Eagle he was besieged by Joe Welling. Joe envied the boy. It seemed to him that he was meant by Nature to be a reporter on a newspaper. "It is what I should be doing, there is no doubt of that," he declared, stopping George Willard on the side-walk before Daugherty's Feed Store. His eyes began to glisten and his forefinger to tremble. "Of course I make more money with the Standard Oil Company and I'm only telling you," he added. "I've got nothing against you but I should have your place. I could do the work at odd moments. Here and there I would run finding out things you'll never see.”

乔治·威拉德去《温斯堡鹰报》上班的时候，被乔·威林围住了。乔嫉妒这个男孩子。在他看来，他像是天生做记者的料。“这才是我该干的事。毫无疑问。”他大声地说，并在多尔蒂饭店前的人行道上拦住了乔治。他的双眼开始发光，食指也开始颤抖。“当然，我在美孚赚的钱更多。我只不过想告诉你，”他补充说，“我对你没有恶意，可你的工作本该是由我来做的。我可以用业余时间做这件工作。我可以到处跑，发现你从没见过的事情。“

Becoming more excited Joe Welling crowded the young reporter against the front of the feed store. He appeared to be lost in thought, rolling his eyes about and running a thin nervous hand through his hair. A smile spread over his face and his gold teeth glittered. "You get out your note book," he commanded. "You carry a little pad of paper in your pocket, don't you? I knew you did. Well, you set this down. I thought of it the other day. Let's take decay. Now what is decay? It's fire. It burns up wood and other things. You never thought of that? Of course not. This sidewalk here and this feed store, the trees down the street there—they're all on fire. They're burning up. Decay you see is always going on. It doesn't stop. Water and paint can't stop it. If a

thing is iron, then what? It rusts, you see. That's fire, too. The world is on fire. Start your pieces in the paper that way. Just say in big letters 'The World Is On Fire.' That will make 'em look up. They'll say you're a smart one. I don't care. I don't envy you. I just snatched that idea out of the air. I would make a newspaper hum. You got to admit that.”

乔越来越激动，把年轻的记者挤到了饭店前面。他像是陷入思考中了，紧张地翻着白眼，瘦长的手紧张地耙着头发。他微微笑起来，露出金牙，闪闪发光。“你把笔记本拿出来。”他命令道，“你口袋里随身带着一个小便笺本，对吧？我知道你是这么干的。嗯，你把这个写下来。我前几天想到的。让我们接受衰败。那什么是衰败？就是火。它烧焦木头和其他东西。你从没那么想过？当然没有。这儿的人行道，这个饭店，街那头的树林——都着火了。它们将被烧毁。你知道，衰败总是在发生。它不会停止。水和油漆也阻止不了。如果是铁的东西，会怎么样呢？会生锈，你明白吧。那也是火。整个世界都着火了。你就在报纸上这么写。用大号的字写‘全世界都着了火’。那会让他们尊敬你。他们会说你是个聪明的小伙子。我不在乎。我也不嫉妒你。我只是凭空想出这么个点子。我能让一张报纸热闹起来。你得承认这点。”

Turning quickly, Joe Welling walked rapidly away. When he had taken several steps he stopped and looked back. "I'm going to stick to you," he said. "I'm going to make you a regular hummer. I should start a newspaper myself, that's what I should do. I'd be a marvel. Everybody knows that.” When George Willard had been for a year on the Winesburg Eagle, four things happened to Joe Welling. His mother died, he came to live at the New Willard House, he became involved in a love affair, and he organized the Winesburg Baseball Club.

乔·韦林飞快地转过身走掉了。他走了几步，停下来回头看看。“我会盯着你的。”他说，“我打算让你时不时地活泼一下。我应该自己开个报社，就该这么干。我会引起轰动的。人人都知道。”乔治·威拉德在《温斯堡鹰报》工作的一年期间，乔·韦林遭遇了四件事。他的母亲死了；他住进了新威拉德旅社；他恋爱了；他成立了温斯堡棒球俱乐部。

Joe organized the baseball club because he wanted to be a coach and in that position he began to win the respect of his townsmen. "He is a wonder," they declared after Joe's team had whipped the team from Medina County. "He gets everybody working together. You just watch him."

乔成立棒球俱乐部是因为他想当教练，他担任此职位后便开始赢得镇上人们的尊重。“他真是个奇迹。”在他的队员横扫梅迪纳县队后，人们都这么说，“他让队员们齐心协力。你就看着他吧。”

Upon the baseball field Joe Welling stood by first base, his whole body quivering with excitement. In spite of themselves all the players watched him closely. The opposing pitcher became confused. "Now! Now! Now! Now!" shouted the excited man. "Watch me! Watch me!

Watch my fingers! Watch my hands! Watch my feet! Watch my eyes! Let's work together here! Watch me! In me you see all the movements of the game! Work with me! Work with me! Watch me! Watch me! Watch me!”

在棒球场上，乔·韦林站在第一垒旁边，全身兴奋地微微颤抖。所有的选手都不顾他们自己，而是紧紧地盯着他。这让对方的投球手十分困惑。“现在！现在！现在！现在！”这个兴奋的人大声嚷着，“看着我！看着我！看着我的手指！看着我的手！看着我的脚！看着我的眼睛！让我们在这儿齐心协力！看着我！你们能在我身上看到所有比赛的动作。和我一起冲！和我一起冲！看着我！看着我！

With runners of the Winesburg team on bases, Joe Welling became as one inspired. Before they knew what had come over them, the base runners were watching the man, edging off the bases, advancing, retreating, held as by an invisible cord. The players of the opposing team also watched Joe. They were fascinated. For a moment they watched and then, as though to break a spell that hung over them, they began hurling the ball wildly about, and amid a series of fierce animal-like cries from the coach, the runners of the Winesburg team scampered home.

和温斯堡队的跑垒手们在一起的时候，乔·韦林变成了一个如有神助的人。在弄明白发生的事情之前，这些跑垒手紧紧盯着教练，跑过垒、前进、后退，好像被根无形的线牵着。对方球队的队员也盯着乔。他们都迷惑万分。他们盯了一会儿，紧接着，仿佛为了挣脱身上的魔咒，开始将球四处猛掷，就在那位教练一阵阵野兽般恶狠狠的叫喊声中，温斯堡的跑垒手们迅速跑到了本垒。

Joe Welling's love affair set the town of Winesburg on edge. When it began everyone whispered and shook his head. When people tried to laugh, the laughter was forced and unnatural. Joe fell in love with Sarah King, a lean, sad-looking woman who lived with her father and brother in a brick house that stood opposite the gate leading to the Winesburg Cemetery.

乔·韦林的恋爱让全温斯堡镇的人为之焦虑。开始的时候，人们窃窃私语，大摇其头。人们想笑，笑声却是勉强而不自然的。乔爱上了萨拉·金，一个身材瘦削，面容悲伤的姑娘。她同父亲、哥哥一起住在温斯堡公墓大门对面的一个砖头房子里。

The two Kings, Edward the father, and Tom the son, were not popular in Winesburg. They were called proud and dangerous. They had come to Winesburg from some place in the South and ran a cider mill on the Trunion Pike. Tom King was reported to have killed a man before he came to Winesburg. He was twenty-seven years old and rode about town on a grey pony. Also he had a long yellow mustache that dropped down over his teeth, and always carried a heavy, wicked-

looking walking stick in his hand. Once he killed a dog with the stick. The dog belonged to Win Pawsey, the shoe merchant, and stood on the sidewalk wagging its tail. Tom King killed it with one blow. He was arrested and paid a fine of ten dollars. Old Edward King was small of stature and when he passed people in the street laughed a queer unmirthful laugh. When he laughed he scratched his left elbow with his right hand. The sleeve of his coat was almost worn through from the habit. As he walked along the street, looking nervously about and laughing, he seemed more dangerous than his silent, fierce-looking son.

父亲爱德华·金和哥哥汤姆·金在镇上都不受欢迎。人们说他们骄傲又危险。他们来自南部的某个地方，在特鲁连山峰上开了家苹果酒坊。据说汤姆·金在来温斯堡前杀过人。他二十七岁，骑着匹小灰马在镇上溜达。他还在唇上留着长长的一直盖到牙齿的黄色胡子，手里总拿着一根沉甸甸的、看上去意图不善的手杖。他有一次用手杖杀了一条狗。那只狗是鞋商温·波西家的，它站在路边摇着尾巴。汤姆·金一棍子下去就杀死了它。他因此而被捕，罚了十美金。老爱德华·金身材矮小，当他在街上经过的时候，发出一种奇怪而不悦的笑声。他大笑的时候总拿右手去挠左手肘。这个习惯使他的外套袖子几乎都磨破了。他沿着大街散步的时候，一边紧张地四处张望，一边大笑，看上去比他那沉默又面容凶狠的儿子更加危险。

When Sarah King began walking out in the evening with Joe Welling, people shook their heads in alarm. She was tall and pale and had dark rings under her eyes. The couple looked ridiculous together. Under the trees they walked and Joe talked. His passionate eager protestations of love, heard coming out of the darkness by the cemetery wall, or from the deep shadows of the trees on the hill that ran up to the Fair Grounds from Waterworks Pond, were repeated in the stores. Men stood by the bar in the New Willard House laughing and talking of Joe's courtship. After the laughter came the silence. The Winesburg baseball team, under his management, was winning game after game, and the town had begun to respect him. Sensing a tragedy, they waited, laughing nervously.

当萨拉·金开始和乔·韦林在夜晚出门散步的时候，人们惊恐地摇着头。她个子高但脸色苍白，眼睛下有黑眼圈。这对情侣在一起，看上去很荒唐。他们在树林里散步，乔说着话。乔热情迫切的山盟海誓从公墓墙边的阴影处传出来，或是从自来水厂通向贸易广场的山上那浓浓的树影中传来，然后在温斯堡的各个商店中流传。男人们站在新威拉德旅社的吧台边笑着谈论乔的求爱过程。笑过之后是一阵沉默。温斯堡棒球队在他的领导之下捷报频传，因此，全镇的人都开始尊敬他。他们感觉到了悲剧即将上演，他们等待着，神经质地大笑着。

Late on a Saturday afternoon the meeting between Joe Welling and the two Kings, the anticipation of which had set the town on

edge, took place in Joe Welling's room in the New Willard House. George Willard was a witness to the meeting. It came about in this way:

之后，一个周六的下午，在新威拉德旅社乔·卫林的房间里，全镇人期待已久、为之焦虑万分的事情终于发生了——乔同两位金先生见面了。乔治·威拉德是这场会面的见证人。经过是这样的：

When the young reporter went to his room after the evening meal he saw Tom King and his father sitting in the half darkness in Joe's room. The son had the heavy walking stick in his hand and sat near the door. Old Edward King walked nervously about, scratching his left elbow with his right hand. The hallways were empty and silent.

那位年轻的记者在晚饭后走进他房间的时候，看见汤姆·金和他的父亲坐在乔光线不明的房间里。汤姆拿着那枝沉甸甸的手杖，坐在靠门的地方。老爱德华·金在房里紧张地踱着步，右手挠着左手肘。走廊里空无一人，静悄悄的。

George Willard went to his own room and sat down at his desk. He tried to write but his hand trembled so that he could not hold the pen. He also walked nervously up and down. Like the rest of the town of Winesburg he was perplexed and knew not what to do. It was seven-thirty and fast growing dark when Joe Welling came along the station platform toward the New Willard House. In his arms he held a bundle of weeds and grasses. In spite of the terror that made his body shake, George Willard was amused at the sight of the small spry figure holding the grasses and half running along the platform.

乔治·威拉德回到自己的房间，在书桌旁坐下。他试图写些东西，可手抖得厉害，连笔都握不住。他也在房里紧张地踱起步来。他和镇上其他人一样，感觉很困惑，却不知如何是好。时间已经是晚上七点半，天色很快暗下来，乔·韦林沿着车站的月台朝旅社走来。他怀里抱着一束野草。尽管乔治因为害怕而全身发抖，他还是被此情此景逗乐了：那个敏捷的小个子抱着草，沿着月台快步小跑而来。

Shaking with fright and anxiety, the young reporter lurked in the hallway outside the door of the room in which Joe Welling talked to the two Kings. There had been an oath, the nervous giggle of old Edward King, and then silence. Now the voice of Joe Welling, sharp and clear, broke forth. George Willard began to laugh. He understood. As he had swept all men before him, so now Joe Welling was carrying the two men in the room off their feet with a tidal wave of words. The listener in the hall walked up and down, lost in amazement.

这位年轻的记者躲在乔·韦林同金家父子谈话的房间门外的走廊里，因害怕和焦虑发着抖。开始时传来一个誓言，老爱德华·金神经兮兮地咯咯笑了一阵，接着是一阵沉默。现在，乔突然发出尖锐而清晰的声音。

乔治·威拉德开始笑了起来。他明白了。正如乔·韦林曾经横扫众人那样，如今他又开始用那滔滔不绝的言浪辞海使房里的两个人甘拜下风。在走廊里听着的那个人来回踱着步，惊奇得出了神。

Inside the room Joe Welling had paid no attention to the grumbled threat of Tom King. Absorbed in an idea he closed the door and, lighting a lamp, spread the handful of weeds and grasses upon the floor. "I've got something here," he announced solemnly. "I was going to tell George Willard about it, let him make a piece out of it for the paper. I'm glad you're here. I wish Sarah were here also. I've been going to come to your house and tell you of some of my ideas. They're interesting. Sarah wouldn't let me. She said we'd quarrel. That's foolish.”

房间里，乔·韦林丝毫没有注意到汤姆·金的低声威胁。他沉浸在一个想法中，他关上了门，点亮了灯，将那捧杂草摊在地板上。“我这儿有些东西。”他严肃地宣布道，“我打算告诉乔治·威拉德这件事，让他就此给报纸写个报道。我很高兴你们在这儿。我真希望萨拉也在。我一直打算去你们的房子那儿告诉你们我的一些想法。非常有趣的想法。可萨拉不让我这么做。她说我们会吵起来的。那可真傻。”

Running up and down before the two perplexed men, Joe Welling began to explain. "Don't you make a mistake now," he cried. "This is something big." His voice was shrill with excitement. "You just follow me, you'll be interested. I know you will. Suppose this—suppose all of the wheat, the corn, the oats, the peas, the potatoes, were all by some miracle swept away. Now here we are, you see, in this county. There is a high fence built all around us. We'll suppose that. No one can get over the fence and all the fruits of the earth are destroyed, nothing left but these wild things, these grasses. Would we be done for? I ask you that. Would we be done for?” Again Tom King growled and for a moment there was silence in the room. Then again Joe plunged into the exposition of his idea. "Things would go hard for a time. I admit that. I've got to admit that. No getting around it. We'd be hard put to it. More than one fat stomach would cave in. But they couldn't down us. I should say not.”

乔在两个困惑不解的人面前快步踱着，开始解释。“你们现在不是犯了错吗？”他大叫道，“这是件大事。”他的声音因为激动而尖锐起来。“你们跟着我，你们会感兴趣的。我知道你们会的。假设这个——假设所有的小麦、玉米、燕麦、豆子、土豆都被某种神奇的力量给一扫而光了。现在，我们在这儿，你们知道，在这个县里。在我们周围建有一道高高的护栏。我们就假设这样。没人能越过护栏，全世界的果实都被毁灭了，只剩下这些野生的东西，这些草。我们会就此完蛋吗？我问你们。我们会就此完蛋吗？”汤姆·金又生气地嘟囔着；房间里一时间陷入沉寂。接着，乔再次单刀直入，开始了他的鸿篇大论。“情况会变得艰难一阵子。我承认。我得承认。不会回避。我们必定会陷入困境。不止一

个胖肚子要瘪下去。可这都不会把我们难倒。我必须说不会的。”

Tom King laughed good naturedly and the shivery, nervous laugh of Edward King rang through the house. Joe Welling hurried on. "We'd begin, you see, to breed up new vegetables and fruits. Soon we'd regain all we had lost. Mind, I don't say the new things would be the same as the old. They wouldn't. Maybe they'd be better, maybe not so good. That's interesting, eh? You can think about that. It starts your mind working, now don't it?”

汤姆·金敦厚地大笑起来，爱德华·金那颤抖的、神经质的笑声也响彻整座房子。乔·韦林急忙接着往下说。“你们知道，我们得要开始培育新的蔬菜和果实。很快，我们就能重新获得失去的一切。注意，我并不是说新的东西会和旧东西一样。它们会不同。也许会更好，也许不会。很有趣，不是吗？你们可以想想看。这能让你们的思维转起来，不是吗？”

In the room there was silence and then again old Edward King laughed nervously. "Say, I wish Sarah was here," cried Joe Welling. "Let's go up to your house. I want to tell her of this.”

房间里一片沉默，紧接着，老爱德华·金又神经兮兮地大笑起来。“我就说吧，我真希望萨拉在这儿。”乔·韦林大声说道，“我们到你们的房子那儿去。我想告诉她这件事。”

There was a scraping of chairs in the room. It was then that George Willard retreated to his own room. Leaning out at the window he saw Joe Welling going along the street with the two Kings. Tom King was forced to take extraordinary long strides to keep pace with the little man. As he strode along, he leaned over, listening—absorbed, fascinated. Joe Welling again talked excitedly. "Take milkweed now," he cried. "A lot might be done with milkweed, eh? It's almost unbelievable. I want you to think about it. I want you two to think about it. There would be a new vegetable kingdom you see. It's interesting, eh? It's an idea. Wait till you see Sarah, she'll get the idea. She'll be interested. Sarah is always interested in ideas. You can't be too smart for Sarah, now can you? Of course you can't. You know that.”

房间里传出一阵椅子摩擦的声音。就在那时，乔治·威拉德退回了自己的房间。从窗户探身望出去，他看见乔·韦林同金家父子沿着大街走着。汤姆·金不得不迈开大步跟上那个小个子男人。他一边大步走，一边倾身过去，倾听着——专注又兴味盎然。乔·韦林又在兴奋地说着话。“现在，拿着马利筋。”他大声说，“拿它或许能干很多事，对吧？简直难以相信。我想让你们想想看。我想让你们俩想想看。将会有个新的蔬菜王国，你们知道的。很有趣吧？这是个好点子。等你们见到萨拉，她也会明白这个想法的。她会感兴趣的。她一直对各种想法都感兴趣。没有比她更聪明的姑娘了，那么，你们能吗？当然，你们办不到。你们知道的。”

CHAPTER 8 Adventure

第八章 冒险

Alice Hindman, a woman of twenty-seven when George Willard was a mere boy, had lived in Winesburg all her life. She clerked in Winney's Dry Goods Store and lived with her mother, who had married a second husband.

在乔治·威拉德还只是个小男孩的时候，艾丽斯·欣德曼是个27岁的女子，一直都住在温斯堡镇。她在温尼干货店工作，同她再嫁了的妈妈住在一起。

Alice's step-father was a carriage painter, and given to drink. His story is an odd one. It will be worth telling some day.

艾丽斯的继父是马车油漆工，嗜酒如命。他的故事很奇怪。值得哪天来大书特书一番。

At twenty-seven Alice was tall and somewhat slight. Her head was large and overshadowed her body. Her shoulders were a little stooped and her hair and eyes brown. She was very quiet but beneath a placid exterior a continual ferment went on.

二十七岁时的艾丽斯身材高挑，有些纤瘦。她的头很大，看起来和身体不大协调。她的肩膀微微有些驼；她的眼睛和头发都是棕色的。她非常文静，可在平静的外表下一直有种躁动。

When she was a girl of sixteen and before she began to work in the store, Alice had an affair with a young man. The young man, named Ned Currie, was older than Alice. He, like George Willard, was employed on the Winesburg Eagle and for a long time he went to see Alice almost every evening. Together the two walked under the trees through the streets of the town and talked of what they would do with their lives. Alice was then a very pretty girl and Ned Currie took her into his arms and kissed her. He became excited and said things he did not intend to say and Alice, betrayed by her desire to have something beautiful come into her rather narrow life, also grew excited. She also talked. The outer crust of her life, all of her natural diffidence and reserve, was torn away and she gave herself over to the emotions of love. When, late in the fall of her sixteenth year, Ned Currie went away to Cleveland where he hoped to get a place on a city newspaper and rise in the world, she wanted to go with him. With a trembling voice she told him what was in her mind. "I will work and you can work," she said. "I do not want to harness you to a needless expense that will prevent your making progress. Don't marry me now. We will

get along without that and we can be together. Even though we live in the same house no one will say anything. In the city we will be unknown and people will pay no attention to us.”

在她十六岁，还没到店里工作的时候，艾丽斯曾经同一个年轻人相爱过。那位年轻人名叫内德·柯里，比艾丽斯年长些。他同乔治·威拉德一样，受雇于《温斯堡鹰报》，有很长一段时间，他几乎每晚都去同艾丽斯见面。两人一起在树下走过镇上的街道，谈起今后共同的生活。艾丽斯在当时是个非常漂亮的姑娘，内德·柯里用双臂抱着她亲吻。他变得兴奋起来，说了些原先没打算说的话。而艾丽斯则因为渴望有些美好的东西走进自己相当狭窄的生活而动了情，也越来越激动。她也说着。她生活的外壳，以及那层与生俱来的怯懦和保守都被撕破了，她让自己沉溺在爱情的洪流中。在她十六岁的那个深秋，内德·柯里离开此地，前往克利夫兰，想在城里的一家报社谋求职位，以期借此出人头地。艾丽斯想同他一起去。她用颤抖的声音告诉他自己的想法。“我会去工作，你也可以工作。”她说，“我不想拖累你，使你花些不必要的钱，让你的前途受阻。现在，你不必娶我。我们可以不结婚就在一起。即使我们住在一间房里，也没人会说什么的。在城市里，没人认识我们，人们也不会注意我们。”

Ned Currie was puzzled by the determination and abandon of his sweetheart and was also deeply touched. He had wanted the girl to become his mistress but changed his mind. He wanted to protect and care for her. "You don't know what you're talking about," he said sharply; "you may be sure I'll let you do no such thing. As soon as I get a good job I'll come back. For the present you'll have to stay here. It's the only thing we can do.”

内德·柯里被这位心上人的决心和轻率弄糊涂了，但也深受感动。他曾经想过让这个姑娘做他的情人，可又改变了主意。他想要保护并关爱她。“你不知道你在说些什么。”他严厉地说，“有一点你可以确定，我不会让你这么做的。我一找到份工作就会回来。现在，你还是得留在这里。这才是我们唯一能做的。”

On the evening before he left Winesburg to take up his new life in the city, Ned Currie went to call on Alice. They walked about through the streets for an hour and then got a rig from Wesley Moyer's livery and went for a drive in the country. The moon came up and they found themselves unable to talk. In his sadness the young man forgot the resolutions he had made regarding his conduct with the girl. They got out of the buggy at a place where a long meadow ran down to the bank of Wine Creek and there in the dim light became lovers. When at midnight they returned to town they were both glad. It did not seem to them that anything that could happen in the future could blot out the wonder and beauty of the thing that had happened. "Now we will have to stick to each other, whatever happens we will have to do that," Ned Currie said as he left the girl at her father's door.

在他离开温斯堡前往城市，开始新生活的前一夜，内德·柯里去找艾丽斯。他们在街上散了一个小时的步，然后在韦斯利·莫耶车行租了一辆马车到乡间去兜风。月亮升上来，他们无法言语，陷入了沉默。在悲伤中，这位年轻人忘记了自己之前曾下定的决心——有关自己对这姑娘的行为的。他们从马车里下来，在瓦英河边长长的草地上找了一个地方，在昏暗的光线里，成了情人。午夜时分，他们回到镇上，两人都很开心。仿佛对他们而言，将来无论发生什么，都难以将刚才所经历的奇妙和美好抹煞。“现在，我们必须相依为命了。无论发生什么，我们必须这么做。”内德在她父亲门前同她分手时，这么说道。

The young newspaper man did not succeed in getting a place on a Cleveland paper and went west to Chicago. For a time he was lonely and wrote to Alice almost every day. Then he was caught up by the life of the city; he began to make friends and found new interests in life. In Chicago he boarded at a house where there were several women. One of them attracted his attention and he forgot Alice in Winesburg. At the end of a year he had stopped writing letters, and only once in a long time, when he was lonely or when he went into one of the city parks and saw the moon shining on the grass as it had shone that night on the meadow by Wine Creek, did he think of her at all.

年轻的记者没能在克利夫兰的报业觅到一席之地，便往西去了芝加哥。他一度感到孤独，几乎每天给艾丽斯写信。后来，他被城市的生活迷住了。他开始结交朋友，并在生活中寻找到了新的乐趣。在芝加哥，他住在一家有几位女士的房子里。其中一位吸引住了他，他便将在温斯堡的艾丽斯抛在了脑后。一年后，他不再写信，只有在极少数的时候，当他感到孤独或者在城市的某个公园里看到月光洒满草地，就像那晚在瓦英河边的草地上一样，他才会想起她。

In Winesburg the girl who had been loved grew to be a woman. When she was twenty-two years old her father, who owned a harness repair shop, died suddenly. The harness maker was an old soldier, and after a few months his wife received a widow's pension. She used the first money she got to buy a loom and became a weaver of carpets, and Alice got a place in Winney's store. For a number of years nothing could have induced her to believe that Ned Currie would not in the end return to her.

在温斯堡，这个经历过爱情的女孩变成了女人。在她二十二岁的时候，她的父亲——马具维修店的老板——突然过世了。这个马具商人是个老兵，过了几个月，他的妻子收到了一笔遗孀抚恤金。她用第一笔钱买了一架织布机，成了一位地毯织工，而艾丽斯也在温尼的店里找了份工作。许多年过去了，什么也无法让她相信内德·柯里最后不会再回来找她了。

She was glad to be employed because the daily round of toil in

the store made the time of waiting seem less long and uninteresting. She began to save money, thinking that when she had saved two or three hundred dollars she would follow her lover to the city and try if her presence would not win back his affections.

她乐于工作，因为平日店里的辛劳工作能让她的等待变得不那么漫长和枯燥。她开始存钱，想着等她存到两三百美元的时候，就能到城市里去找她的情人，试试看她的出现能否赢回他的爱情。

Alice did not blame Ned Currie for what had happened in the moonlight in the field, but felt that she could never marry another man. To her the thought of giving to another what she still felt could belong only to Ned seemed monstrous. When other young men tried to attract her attention she would have nothing to do with them. "I am his wife and shall remain his wife whether he comes back or not," she whispered to herself, and for all of her willingness to support herself could not have understood the growing modern idea of a woman's owning herself and giving and taking for her own ends in life.

艾丽斯并不为那晚在月光下的野地里发生的事情责怪过内德·柯里，但觉得自己再不能嫁给其他人了。在她看来，在仍觉得自己只属于耐德的时候委身他人似乎是荒谬的。当其他的年轻人向她示好的时候，她不为所动。“我是他的妻子，无论他回不回来都是。”她轻声对自己说。虽然她决心自立，可也不能理解现代女性逐渐增强的自主自爱、为自己而活的观点。

Alice worked in the dry goods store from eight in the morning until six at night and on three evenings a week went back to the store to stay from seven until nine. As time passed and she became more and more lonely she began to practice the devices common to lonely people. When at night she went upstairs into her own room she knelt on the floor to pray and in her prayers whispered things she wanted to say to her lover. She became attached to inanimate objects, and because it was her own, could not bare to have anyone touch the furniture of her room. The trick of saving money, begun for a purpose, was carried on after the scheme of going to the city to find Ned Currie had been given up. It became a fixed habit, and when she needed new clothes she did not get them. Sometimes on rainy afternoons in the store she got out her bank book and, letting it lie open before her, spent hours dreaming impossible dreams of saving money enough so that the interest would support both herself and her future husband.

艾丽斯在干货店从早上八点干到晚上六点，每周有三个晚上在店里从七点守到九点。随着时光流逝，她变得越来越孤独，于是开始尝试孤独的人都会做的事情。她每晚回到楼上自己的房间时就跪在地板上祈祷，将想对情人说的事情低声倾诉在祈祷里。她开始依恋无生命的东西；因为她将自己房里的家具视为几有，所以她无法忍受任何人触碰。

她为了某个目的而开始的存钱计划，在放弃了去城市里找内德·柯里的打算之后，仍在进行着。它变成了一个固定的习惯，即使是当她需要新衣服的时候，她也没有动过那些钱。有时，在下雨的午后，在店里，她会拿出银行存折，打开来就放在面前，好几个小时都不切实际地幻想着自己攒够了钱，光是利息就能养活她自己和将来的丈夫。

"Ned always liked to travel about," she thought. "I'll give him the chance. Some day when we are married and I can save both his money and my own, we will be rich. Then we can travel together all over the world.”

“内德总爱四处游玩。”她想,“我会给他这个机会。哪天我们结婚的时候，我就能攒够我们两个人的钱，我们会很富有。我们就能一起去环游世界。”

In the dry goods store weeks ran into months and months into years as Alice waited and dreamed of her lover's return. Her employer, a grey old man with false teeth and a thin grey mustache that drooped down over his mouth, was not given to conversation, and sometimes, on rainy days and the winter when a storm raged in Main Street, long hours passed when no customers came in. Alice arranged and rearranged the stock. She stood near the front window where she could look down the deserted street and thought of the evenings when she had walked with Ned Currie and of what he had said. "We will have to stick to each other now." The words echoed and reechoed through the mind of the maturing woman. Tears came into her eyes. Sometimes when her employer had gone out and she was alone in the store she put her head on the counter and wept. "Oh, Ned, I am waiting," she whispered over and over, and all the time the creeping fear that he would never come back grew stronger within her.

艾丽斯在干货店里等待并幻想着她的情人的归来，时间从星期转瞬成了月，月又转瞬成了年。她的老板是个头发灰白的老人，戴着假牙，留着一直盖过嘴的稀薄的灰白胡须，也不爱说话。有时，在下雨天和冬季，大街上暴风雨肆虐，很久都没有一个顾客光临。艾丽斯就把货物摆了又摆。她站在前门的窗边，那里可以看到空无一人的街道，想起无数个夜晚当她和内德在一起散步时，他说过的话。“我们现在只有相依为命了。”这句话反反复复地在这位逐渐成熟的女人的心中回响。泪水涌上了她的眼眶。有时，当她的老板出了门，她独自守店的时候，她就将头伏在柜台上抹眼泪。“噢，内德，我在等你。”她一遍又一遍地低声说着。可是，那种他可能永远不会回来的恐惧日益蔓延，在她心里越变越强烈。

In the spring when the rains have passed and before the long hot days of summer have come, the country about Winesburg is delightful. The town lies in the midst of open fields, but beyond the fields are pleasant patches of woodlands. In the wooded places are many little

cloistered nooks, quiet places where lovers go to sit on Sunday afternoons. Through the trees they look out across the fields and see farmers at work about the barns or people driving up and down on the roads. In the town bells ring and occasionally a train passes, looking like a toy thing in the distance.

春天的雨季已经结束而漫长炎热的夏天尚未到来之时，温斯堡周边的乡村是令人心怡的。整座小镇座落在一马平川的的田野中央，但越过田野却是一片片赏心悦目的树林。在密林之中有许多小小的隐秘的角落，那地方很安静，情侣们周日下午常去那里坐。他们可以从树林中眺望田野，看见农夫们在谷仓边工作，或是人们驾车在马路上奔驰。小镇的钟声敲响，不时有火车经过，远看就像一个玩具。

For several years after Ned Currie went away Alice did not go into the wood with the other young people on Sunday, but one day after he had been gone for two or three years and when her loneliness seemed unbearable, she put on her best dress and set out. Finding a little sheltered place from which she could see the town and a long stretch of the fields, she sat down. Fear of age and ineffectuality took possession of her. She could not sit still, and arose. As she stood looking out over the land something, perhaps the thought of never ceasing life as it expresses itself in the flow of the seasons, fixed her mind on the passing years. With a shiver of dread, she realized that for her the beauty and freshness of youth had passed. For the first time she felt that she had been cheated. She did not blame Ned Currie and did not know what to blame. Sadness swept over her. Dropping to her knees, she tried to pray, but instead of prayers words of protest came to her lips. "It is not going to come to me. I will never find happiness. Why do I tell myself lies?" she cried, and an odd sense of relief came with this, her first bold attempt to face the fear that had become a part of her everyday life.

内德·柯里走后的几年里，艾丽斯没在周日同其他的年轻人去过那片树林。但是，他离开两三年后，某日当她的寂寞无法排解之时，她便穿上最好的衣服出门去。她找到一小处能看到小镇和一大片农田的栖身地，坐下来。韶华逝去和空等一场的恐惧占据了她的身心。她再坐不住了，便站了起来。当她立在那里眺望农田的时候，某种东西，或许是四季轮回、生命无止尽的想法使她更加留恋过去。她意识到对她而言，青春的美丽和鲜活已经成为过去，不禁害怕得簌簌发抖。第一次，她感到被欺骗了。她并没责怪内德·柯里，也不知道有什么可责怪的。悲伤漫过心头。她双膝跪倒，试着祈祷，不过，从她唇间发出的是抗议之辞而非祷告词。“幸福不会降临到我身上。我永不会找到幸福。我为什么对自己说谎呢？”她哭着，一种奇怪的解脱感随之而来；这是她第一次大胆地试着去面对恐惧，尽管恐惧已经成为了她每日生活的一部分。

In the year when Alice Hindman became twenty-five two things happened to disturb the dull uneventfulness of her days. Her mother

married Bush Milton, the carriage painter of Winesburg, and she herself became a member of the Winesburg Methodist Church. Alice joined the church because she had become frightened by the loneliness of her position in life. Her mother's second marriage had emphasized her isolation. "I am becoming old and queer. If Ned comes he will not want me. In the city where he is living men are perpetually young. There is so much going on that they do not have time to grow old," she told herself with a grim little smile, and went resolutely about the business of becoming acquainted with people. Every Thursday evening when the store had closed she went to a prayer meeting in the basement of the church and on Sunday evening attended a meeting of an organization called The Epworth League.

艾丽斯·欣德曼二十五岁那年，有两件事情发生，打乱了她乏味又平淡的生活。她的妈妈嫁给了温斯堡的马车油漆工布什·米尔顿；她自己成为了温斯堡卫理教的成员。艾丽斯入教是因为已经被自己生活处境中的孤独吓坏了。她妈妈的再婚进一步加深了她的孤独。“我变得又老又古怪。如果内德回来，也不会要我了。他所在的那个城市里，男人们都永远是年轻的。有那么多的事情发生，他们都没有时间变老。”她微微冷笑着自言自语道，下定决心与人亲近。每周四晚，当店里打烊后，她便去参加教堂地下室的祷告会；周日晚则参加一个名为爱普华斯团组织的集会。

When Will Hurley, a middle-aged man who clerked in a drug store and who also belonged to the church, offered to walk home with her she did not protest. "Of course I will not let him make a practice of being with me, but if he comes to see me once in a long time there can be no harm in that," she told herself, still determined in her loyalty to Ned Currie.

当威尔·赫尔利——一位在药店工作的中年人，同时也是她的教友——提出陪她散步回家的时候，她没有拒绝。“当然我不会真的让他常同我在一起，可是如果他偶尔来看我一次也无伤大雅。”她这样告诉自己，仍打定主意要忠于内德·柯里。

Without realizing what was happening, Alice was trying feebly at first, but with growing determination, to get a new hold upon life. Beside the drug clerk she walked in silence, but sometimes in the darkness as they went stolidly along she put out her hand and touched softly the folds of his coat. When he left her at the gate before her mother's house she did not go indoors, but stood for a moment by the door. She wanted to call to the drug clerk, to ask him to sit with her in the darkness on the porch before the house, but was afraid he would not understand. "It is not him that I want," she told herself; "I want to avoid being so much alone. If I am not careful I will grow unaccustomed to being with people."

她对发生着的事情并不了解，可凭着日益增长的决心，她开始如履薄冰地尝试着在生活中寻找一个新的支点。她同那位药店店员并肩沉默地走着，但有时当他们漠然地在黑暗中行进的时候，她便伸出手轻轻地触摸他外衣的褶皱。当他将她送至母亲家的房门前时，她并不进去，反而在门边站了一会儿。她想叫住那个药店职员，让他同自己在门前走廊上的黑暗处坐上一会儿，可又害怕他不能理解。“他不是我想要的那个人，”她对自己说，“我只是不想总一个人。如果我不小心，会变得不习惯与人相处。”

During the early fall of her twenty-seventh year a passionate restlessness took possession of Alice. She could not bear to be in the company of the drug clerk, and when, in the evening, he came to walk with her she sent him away. Her mind became intensely active and when, weary from the long hours of standing behind the counter in the store, she went home and crawled into bed, she could not sleep. With staring eyes she looked into the darkness. Her imagination, like a child awakened from long sleep, played about the room. Deep within her there was something that would not be cheated by phantasies and that demanded some definite answer from life.

在她二十七岁的那个早秋，一种狂热的躁动占据了艾丽斯的心头。她不能忍受同那个药店职员作伴，于是当他傍晚来同她散步时，她便打发走他了。她的思维变得极为活跃。她因在店里长时间站在柜台后面而感到厌倦，可回家爬上床后又无法入睡。她睁着双眼凝视着黑夜。她的想象便如同酣眠后醒来的孩子一般，在这房间里四处移动。她内心深处有种东西不想被幻想欺骗，并要求从生活里找到某种确定的答案。

Alice took a pillow into her arms and held it tightly against her breasts. Getting out of bed, she arranged a blanket so that in the darkness it looked like a form lying between the sheets and, kneeling beside the bed, she caressed it, whispering words over and over, like a refrain. "Why doesn't something happen? Why am I left here alone?" she muttered. Although she sometimes thought of Ned Currie, she no longer depended on him. Her desire had grown vague. She did not want Ned Currie or any other man. She wanted to be loved, to have something answer the call that was growing louder and louder within her.

她拿过一个枕头紧紧抱在怀里。她从床上下来，将毯子整理了一下，在黑暗中看上去就像是一个人影躺在被褥间，然后自己跪在床边，抚摸着它，吟歌一般轻声地一遍又一遍地低语着。“为什么没什么事发生？为什么我被一个人留在这里？”她抱怨着。虽然她还会时常想起内德·柯里，可也已经不再指望他了。她的欲望变得模糊。她不再需要内德或是其他的男人。她希望被爱，希望有什么来回应心里越来越强烈的呼唤。

And then one night when it rained Alice had an adventure. It

frightened and confused her. She had come home from the store at nine and found the house empty. Bush Milton had gone off to town and her mother to the house of a neighbor. Alice went upstairs to her room and undressed in the darkness. For a moment she stood by the window hearing the rain beat against the glass and then a strange desire took possession of her. Without stopping to think of what she intended to do, she ran downstairs through the dark house and out into the rain. As she stood on the little grass plot before the house and felt the cold rain on her body a mad desire to run naked through the streets took possession of her.

后来，在一个雨夜，艾丽斯有了一次奇遇。那使她害怕又困惑。九点，她从店里回家后发现房子里没有人。布什·米尔顿去了镇上，她的妈妈在一个邻居家。艾丽斯上楼回到自己的房间，在黑暗中脱掉衣服。她在窗边站了一会儿，听着雨点打在玻璃上，接着，一种奇怪的欲望占据了她。她没有停下来想自己要做什么就跑下了楼，穿过黑暗的房子，冲到雨里去了。当她站在门前小小的草地上，感受着冰冷的雨水打在身体上，一种想要在街头裸奔的疯狂欲望占据了她的身心。

She thought that the rain would have some creative and wonderful effect on her body. Not for years had she felt so full of youth and courage. She wanted to leap and run, to cry out, to find some other lonely human and embrace him. On the brick sidewalk before the house a man stumbled homeward. Alice started to run. A wild, desperate mood took possession of her. "What do I care who it is. He is alone, and I will go to him," she thought; and then without stopping to consider the possible result of her madness, called softly. "Wait!" she cried. "Don't go away. Whoever you are, you must wait.”

她觉得雨水会在她的身体上产生一些富于创意的、奇妙的作用。很多年来，她都没有感到那样充满青春和勇气。她想要跳跃和奔跑，想大声叫喊，去找另一个孤独的人并拥抱他。房前的砖砌人行道上，有个男人跌跌撞撞地往家走。艾丽斯开始奔跑。她心里充满了一种狂乱又绝望的情绪。“我干嘛要在乎那是谁。他独自一人，我要去找他。”她暗自想着，轻声呼唤着，并没有停下来想这疯狂之举可能产生的结果。“等一下！”她叫道，“别走！无论你是谁，都要等一下！”

The man on the sidewalk stopped and stood listening. He was an old man and somewhat deaf. Putting his hand to his mouth, he shouted. "What? What say?" he called.

人行道上的那个人停下来，站在那里听着。他是个老头，有些聋。他将手放在嘴边，喊道，“什么？说什么？”他大声问。

Alice dropped to the ground and lay trembling. She was so frightened at the thought of what she had done that when the man had gone on his way she did not dare get to her feet, but crawled on hands and knees through the grass to the house. When she got to her

own room she bolted the door and drew her dressing table across the doorway. Her body shook as with a chill and her hands trembled so that she had difficulty getting into her nightdress. When she got into bed she buried her face in the pillow and wept broken-heartedly. "What is the matter with me? I will do something dreadful if I am not careful," she thought, and turning her face to the wall, began trying to force herself to face bravely the fact that many people must live and die alone, even in Winesburg.

艾丽斯倒在地上，躺着颤抖。想到刚才自己的行为，艾丽斯惊恐万分，以至于当那个老人继续往前走的时候，她也不敢站起来，而是匍匐着爬过草地，回到房子里。她回到自己的房间后，栓上了门，拉过梳妆台顶住门背。她全身就像冻着了似的直发抖；她的双手抖得厉害，连睡裙也穿不上。等她上了床，她将脸埋在枕头里，伤心地呜呜哭起来。“我是怎么了？如果不小心，我就会做出些可怕的事来。”她想着，转过脸朝着墙，开始强迫自己勇敢地面对这个事实——即使是在温斯堡，很多人也必会孤独终老。

CHAPTER 9 Respectability

第九章 可敬之处

If you have lived in cities and have walked in the park on a summer afternoon, you have perhaps seen, blinking in a corner of his iron cage, a huge, grotesque kind of monkey, a creature with ugly, sagging, hairless skin below his eyes and a bright purple underbody. This monkey is a true monster. In the completeness of his ugliness he achieved a kind of perverted beauty. Children stopping before the cage are fascinated, men turn away with an air of disgust, and women linger for a moment, trying perhaps to remember which one of their male acquaintances the thing in some faint way resembles.

如果你在城市里住过，并在夏日的午后去公园里散过步，你或许见过一种巨大、奇怪的猴子，眼睛下面的皮肤丑陋、松弛、无毛，下体一片鲜亮的紫红色，在铁笼子的角落里眨着眼睛。这种猴子真是种怪物。它那极致丑陋的外表却造就了一种反常美。孩子们站在笼子前面着迷不已，男人们带着一种恶心的表情转过身去，而女人们则会驻足一会儿，可能在试着回忆在她们认识的男人中，有哪个和这个东西有些微相似之处。

Had you been in the earlier years of your life a citizen of the village of Winesburg, Ohio, there would have been for you no mystery in regard to the beast in his cage. "It is like Wash Williams," you would have said. "As he sits in the corner there, the beast is exactly like old Wash sitting on the grass in the station yard on a summer evening after he has closed his office for the night."

如果你童年时曾在俄亥俄州的温斯堡住过，就会发现这个笼中野兽毫无神秘可言。“它长得就像沃什·威廉斯。”你就会这么说的，“当它坐在角落那儿的时候，看上去完全和老沃什在夏天晚上停止营业后坐在车站广场的草坪上一样。”

Wash Williams, the telegraph operator of Winesburg, was the ugliest thing in town. His girth was immense, his neck thin, his legs feeble. He was dirty. Everything about him was unclean. Even the whites of his eyes looked soiled.

沃什·威廉斯，温斯堡的电报接线员，是镇上最丑的人。他粗腰、细脖子、两腿瘦弱。他很脏。有关他的一切都不干净。甚至连他的眼白看上去都是脏的。

I go too fast. Not everything about Wash was unclean. He took care of his hands. His fingers were fat, but there was something sensitive and shapely in the hand that lay on the table by the

instrument in the telegraph office. In his youth Wash Williams had been called the best telegraph operator in the state, and in spite of his degradement to the obscure office at Winesburg, he was still proud of his ability.

我说得太过分了。沃什并不是样样东西都是脏的。他对自己的手就很小心。他的手指粗大，可放在电报局发报机旁的那只手却有着某种敏感而匀称的美感。年轻时，沃什·威姆斯曾被称作本州最佳发报员，尽管被贬到温斯堡发报局这么个不起眼的地方，他仍然为自己的能力自豪。

Wash Williams did not associate with the men of the town in which he lived. "I'll have nothing to do with them," he said, looking with bleary eyes at the men who walked along the station platform past the telegraph office. Up along Main Street he went in the evening to Ed Griffith's saloon, and after drinking unbelievable quantities of beer staggered off to his room in the New Willard House and to his bed for the night.

沃什不与他住的这个镇上的人们来往。“我和他们没什么关系。”他说道，眼神朦胧地望着那些沿着车站月台经过发报局的人们。他在夜晚沿着大街走到埃德·格里菲思酒吧，不可思议地大喝一通后，步履蹒跚地回到新威拉德旅社自己的房间，上床睡觉。

Wash Williams was a man of courage. A thing had happened to him that made him hate life, and he hated it wholeheartedly, with the abandon of a poet. First of all, he hated women. "Bitches," he called them. His feeling toward men was somewhat different. He pitied them. "Does not every man let his life be managed for him by some bitch or another?" he asked.

沃什·威廉斯是个勇敢的人。发生在他身上的某件事让他痛恨生活，他以一个诗人的狂热对生活恨彻心肺。首先，他憎恨女人。“荡妇。”他这样称呼她们。他对男人的感情却有所不同。他可怜男人。“难道哪个男人不是让自己的生活被这个或是那个荡妇左右吗？”他问道。

In Winesburg no attention was paid to Wash Williams and his hatred of his fellows. Once Mrs. White, the banker's wife, complained to the telegraph company, saying that the office in Winesburg was dirty and smelled abominably, but nothing came of her complaint. Here and there a man respected the operator. Instinctively the man felt in him a glowing resentment of something he had not the courage to resent. When Wash walked through the streets such a one had an instinct to pay him homage, to raise his hat or to bow before him. The superintendent who had supervision over the telegraph operators on the railroad that went through Winesburg felt that way. He had put Wash into the obscure office at Winesburg to avoid discharging him, and he meant to keep him there. When he received the letter of complaint from the banker's wife, he tore it up and laughed

unpleasantly. For some reason he thought of his own wife as he tore up the letter.

在温斯堡，没人注意沃什，也没注意到他对人们的痛恨。有一次，银行家的夫人怀特太太向电报公司投诉说温斯堡的电报局办公室太脏，气味难闻，可是无人回应。总有人尊敬这位电报员。这类人本能地感到沃什内心有一种灼人的忿恨是他们不敢去做的。当沃什穿过街巷的时候，这样的人会对他肃然起敬，向他举帽致意或鞠躬行礼。监管温斯堡路段发报员的督察就有这样的感觉。他将沃什安置在温斯堡不起眼的办公室里，以免他被解雇，而且他特意将他留在那儿。当他收到银行家夫人的投诉信后，他将信撕毁，令人不快地笑了起来。出于某种原因，他撕信的时候想起了自己的妻子。

Wash Williams once had a wife. When he was still a young man he married a woman at Dayton, Ohio. The woman was tall and slender and had blue eyes and yellow hair. Wash was himself a comely youth. He loved the woman with a love as absorbing as the hatred he later felt for all women.

沃什·威廉斯曾有过一个妻子。年轻时，他在俄亥俄州的代顿娶过一个女人。那位女子高挑而苗条，有着蓝色的眼睛和黄色的头发。沃什那时也是个英俊的小伙子。他对妻子真挚的爱绝不亚于后来他对所有女人的恨。

In all of Winesburg there was but one person who knew the story of the thing that had made ugly the person and the character of Wash Williams. He once told the story to George Willard and the telling of the tale came about in this way:

全温斯堡只有一个人知道这件事情的来龙去脉，这件事使沃什成为了一个外貌和性情都丑陋的人。他曾将故事讲给乔治·威拉德听，故事是这样开始的：

George Willard went one evening to walk with Belle Carpenter, a trimmer of women's hats who worked in a millinery shop kept by Mrs. Kate McHugh. The young man was not in love with the woman, who, in fact, had a suitor who worked as bartender in Ed Griffith's saloon, but as they walked about under the trees they occasionally embraced. The night and their own thoughts had aroused something in them. As they were returning to Main Street they passed the little lawn beside the railroad station and saw Wash Williams apparently asleep on the grass beneath a tree. On the next evening the operator and George Willard walked out together. Down the railroad they went and sat on a pile of decaying railroad ties beside the tracks. It was then that the operator told the young reporter his story of hate.

乔治·威拉德在一个傍晚同女帽装饰工贝拉·卡彭特一起散步，她在凯特·麦克林太太的女帽店里工作。这个年轻人并未爱上这个女人，事实

上，贝拉有一名在埃德·格里菲思酒吧当酒保的追求者。可是，他们在树林下散步时，偶尔还是会拥抱。夜色和他们自己的思维唤起了他们心里的某种东西。他们返回大街时，经过车站旁的小草坪，看见沃什在一棵树下的草地上，显然是睡着了。第二天傍晚，发报员同乔治·威拉德一同去散步。他们沿着铁路走，在铁轨旁一堆腐烂的枕木上坐了下来。就是在那时，他对年轻的记者谈起了自己关于憎恨的故事。

Perhaps a dozen times George Willard and the strange, shapeless man who lived at his father's hotel had been on the point of talking. The young man looked at the hideous, leering face staring about the hotel dining room and was consumed with curiosity. Something he saw lurking in the staring eyes told him that the man who had nothing to say to others had nevertheless something to say to him. On the pile of railroad ties on the summer evening, he waited expectantly. When the operator remained silent and seemed to have changed his mind about talking, he tried to make conversation. "Were you ever married, Mr. Williams?" he began. "I suppose you were and your wife is dead, is that it?"

或许，乔治·威拉德同住在他父亲旅社里的这位奇怪而丑陋的男人有过十几次交谈的契机。乔治看着这张可怕的、目光猥亵的脸，发现这人正凝望着旅社的餐厅，这个年轻人心里万分好奇。他在那双瞪大的眼睛里看到了些许隐藏着的东西，这个同他人无话可说的人却有些东西要告诉他。夏夜，他坐在一堆枕木上，满心期待地等着。那名发报员仍旧沉默，似乎改变了主意，不想说话了，于是他试着打开话题。“威廉斯先生，你结过婚吗？”他开口问道，“我猜你结过，可你的妻子去世了，是这样吗？”

Wash Williams spat forth a succession of vile oaths. "Yes, she is dead," he agreed. "She is dead as all women are dead. She is a living-dead thing, walking in the sight of men and making the earth foul by her presence.” Staring into the boy's eyes, the man became purple with rage. "Don't have fool notions in your head," he commanded. "My wife, she is dead; yes, surely. I tell you, all women are dead, my mother, your mother, that tall dark woman who works in the millinery store and with whom I saw you walking about yesterday—all of them, they are all dead. I tell you there is something rotten about them. I was married, sure. My wife was dead before she married me, she was a foul thing come out a woman more foul. She was a thing sent to make life unbearable to me. I was a fool, do you see, as you are now, and so I married this woman. I would like to see men a little begin to understand women. They are sent to prevent men making the world worth while. It is a trick in Nature. Ugh! They are creeping, crawling, squirming things, they with their soft hands and their blue eyes. The sight of a woman sickens me. Why I don't kill every woman I see I don't know.”

沃什·威廉斯迸出一串不雅的咒骂。“是的，她死了。”他表示同意，“她和所有女人一样都死了。她就是个行尸走肉，在男人的面前晃动；她的存在弄得这世界一团糟。”这个男人凝视着小伙子的双眼，因为愤怒而脸涨得通红。“别在脑子里装蠢念头。”他以命令的口吻说道，“我的妻子，她死了；是的，没错。我告诉你，所有的女人都是死的，我的母亲，你的母亲，还有那个在帽子店工作的高个子的黑姑娘，我看见你和她昨天散步了——她们所有人，统统都死了。我跟你说，她们心里有些东西烂掉了。我结过婚，当然。我的妻子在嫁给我之前就死掉了，生养她的是个更糟糕的女人。她就是上天派来把我的生活弄得不堪忍受的东西。我就是个傻瓜，你明白吗，就像你现在这样，所以我娶了她。我想看到男人们开始稍微明白些女人的真相。她们是上天派来阻止男人创造世界的。这是造化的诡计。噢！她们有柔软的双手和蓝色的眼睛，是匍匐行进、来回扭动的东西。看见女人就让我恶心。我真不懂我怎么没看见一个杀一个。”

Half frightened and yet fascinated by the light burning in the eyes of the hideous old man, George Willard listened, afire with curiosity. Darkness came on and he leaned forward trying to see the face of the man who talked. When, in the gathering darkness, he could no longer see the purple, bloated face and the burning eyes, a curious fancy came to him. Wash Williams talked in low even tones that made his words seem the more terrible. In the darkness the young reporter found himself imagining that he sat on the railroad ties beside a comely young man with black hair and black shining eyes. There was something almost beautiful in the voice of Wash Williams, the hideous, telling his story of hate.

乔治·威拉德有些害怕，可又被这个丑陋的老头眼睛里燃着的光吸引，便饶有兴味地听着。夜幕降临，他向前倾着身体，试图看清这个说话的老人的脸。夜幕渐浓，他再也看不见那张通红的、肿胀的脸和那双熊熊燃烧的眼睛，这时，一种奇异的幻想浮上心头。沃什·威廉斯用一种低沉而平缓的声调讲述着，这使他的话听起来更加可怕。在黑暗中，年轻的记者发现自己正想象着坐在身边铁轨枕木上的是个英俊的、有着黑发和闪闪发光的黑眼睛的年轻人。丑陋的沃什·威廉姆斯在讲述他那个关于憎恨的故事时，声音里似乎有种美的东西。

The telegraph operator of Winesburg, sitting in the darkness on the railroad ties, had become a poet. Hatred had raised him to that elevation. "It is because I saw you kissing the lips of that Belle Carpenter that I tell you my story," he said. "What happened to me may next happen to you. I want to put you on your guard. Already you may be having dreams in your head. I want to destroy them."

黑暗中，坐在枕木上的这个电报员变成了一个诗人。仇恨将他培养成了一位诗人。“就是因为我看见你吻了贝拉·卡彭特，我才会告诉你我的故事。”他说，“我所遭遇的事或许将来会发生在你身上。我想让你小心。你或许已经在做梦了。我想打破这些梦。”

Wash Williams began telling the story of his married life with the tall blonde girl with the blue eyes whom he had met when he was a young operator at Dayton, Ohio. Here and there his story was touched with moments of beauty intermingled with strings of vile curses. The operator had married the daughter of a dentist who was the youngest of three sisters. On his marriage day, because of his ability, he was promoted to a position as dispatcher at an increased salary and sent to an office at Columbus, Ohio. There he settled down with his young wife and began buying a house on the installment plan. The young telegraph operator was madly in love. With a kind of religious fervor he had managed to go through the pitfalls of his youth and to remain virginal until after his marriage. He made for George Willard a picture of his life in the house at Columbus, Ohio, with the young wife. "In the garden back of our house we planted vegetables," he said, "you know, peas and corn and such things. We went to Columbus in early March and as soon as the days became warm I went to work in the garden. With a spade I turned up the black ground while she ran about laughing and pretending to be afraid of the worms I uncovered. Late in April came the planting. In the little paths among the seed beds she stood holding a paper bag in her hand. The bag was filled with seeds. A few at a time she handed me the seeds that I might thrust them into the warm, soft ground."

沃什·威廉斯开始讲述当他年轻时在俄亥俄州的代顿做发报员的时候同那个高个子的金发碧眼的姑娘相遇并结婚的故事。他的故事因拥有美丽的时刻而打动人心，可也时不时地夹杂着一连串恶毒的诅咒。这位发报员同一名牙医的三个女儿中最小的那一位结了婚。结婚当日，他由于能力出众升职做了分报员，薪水也涨了，然后被派往俄亥俄州哥伦布市的一间发报局。他同年轻的妻子在那里定居，并开始计划贷款买房。年轻的电报员处于疯狂的热恋之中。由于笃信宗教，他年轻时洁身自好，将处男之身保留到了婚前。他给乔治·威拉德描述了他同年轻的妻子在哥伦布市那所房子里的生活。“我们在房子后面的花园里种植蔬菜，”他说道，“你知道，就是豆子和玉米这一类的。我们在三月初去的哥伦布市，很快天气就变得暖和起来，我们到花园里去干活。我用锹将黑色的地翻过来，她就笑着四处跑，假装害怕被我挖出来的虫子。四月末，我们开始播种。她站在苗床的小田埂间，手里拿着个纸袋。袋子里装满了种子。每次她递给我一些种子，我再将它们插进温暖松软的土壤里。”

For a moment there was a catch in the voice of the man talking in the darkness. "I loved her," he said. "I don't claim not to be a fool. I love her yet. There in the dusk in the spring evening I crawled along the black ground to her feet and groveled before her. I kissed her shoes and the ankles above her shoes. When the hem of her garment touched my face I trembled. When after two years of that life I found she had managed to acquire three other lovers who came regularly to

our house when I was away at work, I didn't want to touch them or her. I just sent her home to her mother and said nothing. There was nothing to say. I had four hundred dollars in the bank and I gave her that. I didn't ask her reasons. I didn't say anything. When she had gone I cried like a silly boy. Pretty soon I had a chance to sell the house and I sent that money to her." Wash Williams and George Willard arose from the pile of railroad ties and walked along the tracks toward town. The operator finished his tale quickly, breathlessly.

这个在黑暗中讲话的人声音里有片刻的哽咽。“我爱她。”他说，“我承认自己是个傻瓜。我仍旧爱她。春日的黄昏里，我爬过黑色的土地来到她的脚边，匍匐到她跟前。我亲吻她的鞋子和鞋子上面的脚踝。当她长裙的裙裾碰到我的脸时，我会颤抖。那样的生活过了两年之后，我发现她设法另外还拥有三个情人。他们常常在我外出工作的时候到我们的房子里来。我不想对他们或她兴师问罪。我只是把她送回了娘家，什么也没说。已经没有什么可说的了。我在银行里存了四百美元，我把钱都给了她。我没有问她原因。我什么都没说。她走的时候，我哭得像个傻呼呼的小孩子。很快，我找到机会把房子卖了，就把钱寄给了她。”沃什·威廉斯和乔治·威拉德从枕木上站起来，沿着铁轨向镇里走去。发报员迅速地一口气结束了他的故事。

"Her mother sent for me," he said. "She wrote me a letter and asked me to come to their house at Dayton. When I got there it was evening about this time."

“她的母亲派人来找我。”他说，“她给我写了信，要我回她们代顿的房子那里。我到的时候，就和现在一样是夜晚。”

Wash Williams' voice rose to a half scream. "I sat in the parlor of that house two hours. Her mother took me in there and left me. Their house was stylish. They were what is called respectable people. There were plush chairs and a couch in the room. I was trembling all over. I hated the men I thought had wronged her. I was sick of living alone and wanted her back. The longer I waited the more raw and tender I became. I thought that if she came in and just touched me with her hand I would perhaps faint away. I ached to forgive and forget."

他的声音抬高，几乎是在尖叫了。“我在那所房子的门廊里坐了两个小时。她的妈妈将我带进去后就离开了。那所房子很时髦。他们是所谓的受人尊敬的人。房间里有几张长毛绒的椅子和一张长沙发。我浑身都在发抖。我恨那些我认为使她受冤的男人们。我厌倦了独自生活，想让她回来。等待的时间越长，我就变得越痛苦和脆弱。我想，如果她进来就用手碰碰我，我也许就会晕倒。我渴望既往不咎。”

Wash Williams stopped and stood staring at George Willard. The boy's body shook as from a chill. Again the man's voice became soft and low. "She came into the room naked," he went on. "Her mother did that. While I sat there she was taking the girl's clothes off, perhaps

coaxing her to do it. First I heard voices at the door that led into a little hallway and then it opened softly. The girl was ashamed and stood perfectly still staring at the floor. The mother didn't come into the room. When she had pushed the girl in through the door she stood in the hallway waiting, hoping we would—well, you see—waiting.”

沃什·威廉斯停下来站住，盯着乔治·威拉德。乔治的身体不寒而栗。沃什的声音再次变得低沉而柔和。“她光着身子走进了房间。”他继续说道，“是她妈妈的主意。我坐在那里的时候，她脱掉女儿的衣服，或许是半哄半劝地。一开始，我听到通往小走廊的门边传来的声音，接着门轻轻打开了。我的前妻很羞愧，一动不动地站着，眼睛仍盯着地板。她的妈妈并没进来。当她把女儿从门里推进来的时候，她就站在走廊里等着，希望我们能——嗯，你明白的——就等着。”

George Willard and the telegraph operator came into the main street of Winesburg. The lights from the store windows lay bright and shining on the sidewalks. People moved about laughing and talking. The young reporter felt ill and weak. In imagination, he also became old and shapeless. "I didn't get the mother killed," said Wash Williams, staring up and down the street. "I struck her once with a chair and then the neighbors came in and took it away. She screamed so loud you see. I won't ever have a chance to kill her now. She died of a fever a month after that happened.”

乔治·威拉德同发报员来到了温斯堡的大街上。商店窗户里灯火通明，灯光照在了人行道上。人们来来往往，笑着，交谈着。年轻的记者感到不舒服，浑身无力。在幻想中，他也变得又老又丑了。“我没有杀掉那位母亲。”沃什·威廉斯说道，上下打量着街道。“我用椅子砸了她一下，接着邻居们进来，拿走了椅子。她叫得那样大声，你知道。我现在也没有机会去杀她了。事情发生一个月后，她死于热病。”

CHAPTER 10 The Thinker

第十章 思考者

The house in which Seth Richmond of Winesburg lived with his mother had been at one time the show place of the town, but when young Seth lived there its glory had become somewhat dimmed. The huge brick house which Banker White had built on Buckeye Street had overshadowed it. The Richmond place was in a little valley far out at the end of Main Street. Farmers coming into town by a dusty road from the south passed by a grove of walnut trees, skirted the Fair Ground with its high board fence covered with advertisements, and trotted their horses down through the valley past the Richmond place into town. As much of the country north and south of Winesburg was devoted to fruit and berry raising, Seth saw wagon-loads of berry pickers—boys, girls, and women—going to the fields in the morning and returning covered with dust in the evening. The chattering crowd, with their rude jokes cried out from wagon to wagon, sometimes irritated him sharply. He regretted that he also could not laugh boisterously, shout meaningless jokes and make of himself a figure in the endless stream of moving, giggling activity that went up and down the road.

塞斯·里士满与母亲在温斯堡住的房子曾是镇上的观光胜地，但是，在塞斯幼时住在那里的时候，它就已经多少有些不复当年的荣光了。银行家怀特在七叶树街上建的巨大砖房将它笼罩在其阴影之下。里士满家的房子在大街尽头远远的一个小山谷里。沿着南面尘土飞扬的马路过来准备进镇的农夫们会经过一片核桃树林，绕过集市广场，那里建着高高的贴满了广告的木板围栏，然后，他们会放慢速度，让马小跑着穿过山谷，经由里士满家进入镇里。温斯堡的南北两边乡村大都经营水果和浆果种植，因此，塞斯看得到一车车的采浆果的工人——男孩们、女孩们、还有女人们——早上到田里去，傍晚时分满面尘土地回来。这群喧闹的人，说着粗俗的笑话，从这辆马车上朝那辆马车大叫大嚷。有时，这一切会让他烦躁得抓狂。他懊恼自己不能也那样肆意地大笑，大声讲些毫无意义的玩笑话，成为这路上来来往往、川流不息的嘻嘻哈哈大军中的一员。

The Richmond house was built of limestone, and, although it was said in the village to have become run down, had in reality grown more beautiful with every passing year. Already time had begun a little to color the stone, lending a golden richness to its surface and in the evening or on dark days touching the shaded places beneath the eaves with wavering patches of browns and blacks. The house had been built by Seth's grandfather, a stone quarryman, and it, together

with the stone quarries on Lake Erie eighteen miles to the north, had been left to his son, Clarence Richmond, Seth's father. Clarence Richmond, a quiet passionate man extraordinarily admired by his neighbors, had been killed in a street fight with the editor of a newspaper in Toledo, Ohio. The fight concerned the publication of Clarence Richmond's name coupled with that of a woman school teacher, and as the dead man had begun the row by firing upon the editor, the effort to punish the slayer was unsuccessful. After the quarryman's death it was found that much of the money left to him had been squandered in speculation and in insecure investments made through the influence of friends.

里士满家的房子是用石灰建的，尽管村里的人总说它已变得衰败了，可事实上，随着时光流逝，它反倒变得愈发美丽了。时光已经开始一点点地给石头涂上了颜色，将鲜艳富丽的金色涂在表面，而在傍晚或是阴天再将屋檐下被遮盖的地方涂上起伏的一块块棕色和黑色。塞斯的祖父——一个采石工人——亲手建造了这间房子。后来，他将这房子连同往北十八英里的伊利湖边的采石场一起留给了儿子克拉伦斯·里士满，也就是塞斯的父亲。克拉伦斯·里士满是一个安静又热情的人，深受邻居们的欣赏。可一次，他在俄亥俄州托莱多的街上同一家报社的编辑打架时被杀了。那场纠纷的起因是克拉伦斯·里士满的名字同一个女教师的名字被同时刊登了出来，由于纠纷是死者向编辑开枪而引发的，惩处凶手的努力便无果而终。在他死后，人们才发现留给他的大量遗产都在朋友们的怂恿下被用来进行投机买卖和风险投资而挥霍掉了。

Left with but a small income, Virginia Richmond had settled down to a retired life in the village and to the raising of her son. Although she had been deeply moved by the death of the husband and father, she did not at all believe the stories concerning him that ran about after his death. To her mind, the sensitive, boyish man whom all had instinctively loved, was but an unfortunate, a being too fine for everyday life. "You'll be hearing all sorts of stories, but you are not to believe what you hear," she said to her son. "He was a good man, full of tenderness for everyone, and should not have tried to be a man of affairs. No matter how much I were to plan and dream of your future, I could not imagine anything better for you than that you turn out as good a man as your father."

他的妻子弗吉尼亚·里士满只剩下了一点微薄的收入。于是她在乡村过起了退隐生活，一心抚养儿子。尽管她因丈夫和公公的死而悲痛万分，可她一点儿也不相信人们在丈夫死后所说的那些事情。在她想来，敏感而有些孩子气的丈夫是个人见人爱的人，只不过他很走运，由于太完美了而不能见容于世。“你会听到各种流言，可你绝不要相信。”她对儿子说，“他是个好人，对人温和，不会惹是生非。无论我将如何计划和想象你的未来，我都认为你长大后能成为一个像你父亲一样的好人是最好的选择。”

Several years after the death of her husband, Virginia Richmond had become alarmed at the growing demands upon her income and had set herself to the task of increasing it. She had learned stenography and through the influence of her husband's friends got the position of court stenographer at the county seat. There she went by train each morning during the sessions of the court, and when no court sat, spent her days working among the rosebushes in her garden. She was a tall, straight figure of a woman with a plain face and a great mass of brown hair.

丈夫死后的几年，弗吉尼亚·里士满渐渐对入不敷出的状况感到惊慌，于是便开始工作以增加收入。她学过速记，在丈夫朋友们的帮助下，她找到了法庭速记员的工作。在开庭的日子里，她每天清晨乘火车前往法院；没有庭审的时候，她便在自家花园的玫瑰丛里工作来打发日子。她是个高个子、身材笔挺的女人，长相普通，有一头浓密的棕发。

In the relationship between Seth Richmond and his mother, there was a quality that even at eighteen had begun to color all of his traffic with men. An almost unhealthy respect for the youth kept the mother for the most part silent in his presence. When she did speak sharply to him he had only to look steadily into her eyes to see dawning there the puzzled look he had already noticed in the eyes of others when he looked at them.

塞斯同母亲的关系中有一种特质，甚至，在十八岁时，那种特质已经开始体现在他同其他男性的交往上。一种可以算得上是对年轻人并不健康的尊重使得他的母亲同他在一起的大多数时候都缄默不语。当她对他严词厉色的时候，他就平静地望着她的眼睛，看着里面浮现出一种困惑的神情，而这样的神情他已经在别人身上试验并见证过了。

The truth was that the son thought with remarkable clearness and the mother did not. She expected from all people certain conventional reactions to life. A boy was your son, you scolded him and he trembled and looked at the floor. When you had scolded enough he wept and all was forgiven. After the weeping and when he had gone to bed, you crept into his room and kissed him.

事实上，儿子心里非常明白，可母亲却不然。她原以为所有的人对生活都有着某种惯常的反应。如果你的孩子是个儿子，你责骂他时，他便会颤抖着望着地面。等你骂够了，他便应当呜呜哭泣，于是一切便得到谅解。哭泣过后，他回去睡觉，你再悄悄地走进他的房间去亲吻他。

Virginia Richmond could not understand why her son did not do these things. After the severest reprimand, he did not tremble and look at the floor but instead looked steadily at her, causing uneasy doubts to invade her mind. As for creeping into his room—after Seth had passed his fifteenth year, she would have been half afraid to do anything of the kind.

弗吉尼亚·里士满不明白为什么她的儿子不这样做。即使是在最严厉的苛责过后，他也不会颤抖着望向地面，而是平静地望着她，使得她心里生出不安的疑虑。至于悄悄进入他的房间——在塞斯长到十五岁之后，她怕是不敢再做这类事情了。

Once when he was a boy of sixteen, Seth in company with two other boys ran away from home. The three boys climbed into the open door of an empty freight car and rode some forty miles to a town where a fair was being held. One of the boys had a bottle filled with a combination of whiskey and blackberry wine, and the three sat with legs dangling out of the car door drinking from the bottle. Seth's two companions sang and waved their hands to idlers about the stations of the towns through which the train passed. They planned raids upon the baskets of farmers who had come with their families to the fair. "We will live like kings and won't have to spend a penny to see the fair and horse races," they declared boastfully.

在塞斯还是个十六岁的少年时，曾经同另外两个男生结伴离家出走过。三个少年爬进一辆开着门的空货车，车开了大约四十英里后来到了一个正在举办市集的小镇。其中一个少年带了一满瓶酒，里面混合了威士忌和黑莓酒，他们三个人晃荡着双腿坐在车门边，喝着这瓶酒。塞斯的两个伙伴唱着歌，向在小镇上火车经过的车站周围闲晃的人挥着手。他们计划去抢那些带着家眷来赶集的农夫们的篮子。“我们会像国王一样生活，一分钱也不必花就可以逛市集、看赛马。”他们大声地吹嘘着。

After the disappearance of Seth, Virginia Richmond walked up and down the floor of her home filled with vague alarms. Although on the next day she discovered, through an inquiry made by the town marshal, on what adventure the boys had gone, she could not quiet herself. All through the night she lay awake hearing the clock tick and telling herself that Seth, like his father, would come to a sudden and violent end. So determined was she that the boy should this time feel the weight of her wrath that, although she would not allow the marshal to interfere with his adventure, she got out a pencil and paper and wrote down a series of sharp, stinging reproofs she intended to pour out upon him. The reproofs she committed to memory, going about the garden and saying them aloud like an actor memorizing his part.

塞斯失踪后，弗吉尼亚在房间的地板上来回踱步，心中隐约感到惊恐。尽管第二天她就通过镇警司的侦讯了解了这场冒险的始末，她仍然无法使自己平静。整个夜晚，她都睡不着，躺着听钟声滴答，她告诉自己，塞斯会和他的父亲一样，最后有个突然而惨烈的结局。尽管她没打算让警长来插手此事，她仍旧决定是时候让儿子感觉到她愤怒的份量了。她拿出铅笔和纸，写下一长串尖锐而严厉的训斥，打算劈头盖脸地训斥他一顿。她在花园里走来走去，专心背着那些训斥的话。她大声地讲着，就像演员在背台词。

And when, at the end of the week, Seth returned, a little weary and with coal soot in his ears and about his eyes, she again found herself unable to reprove him. Walking into the house he hung his cap on a nail by the kitchen door and stood looking steadily at her. "I wanted to turn back within an hour after we had started," he explained. "I didn't know what to do. I knew you would be bothered, but I knew also that if I didn't go on I would be ashamed of myself. I went through with the thing for my own good. It was uncomfortable, sleeping on wet straw, and two drunken Negroes came and slept with us. When I stole a lunch basket out of a farmer's wagon I couldn't help thinking of his children going all day without food. I was sick of the whole affair, but I was determined to stick it out until the other boys were ready to come back.”

等到周末的时候，塞斯回来了，有些疲惫，耳朵里、眼睛旁都是煤灰，她又觉得自己不忍责骂他。他走进房子里，将帽子挂在厨房门上的钉子上，然后站在那里凝视着她。“我们离开一个小时后我就想回来了。”他解释道，“可我不知道怎么做。我知道你会担心，可我也知道如果我不继续下去，我会为自己感到羞愧的。我是为了自己做完这件事情的。睡在湿漉漉的草上的感觉很不舒服，还有两个喝醉了的黑鬼过来和我们睡在一起。我从一个农夫的马车上偷走一个午餐篮的时候，不禁在想他的孩子们会一天都没东西吃。我对这整件事情感到厌烦，可我决心将它做完，直到另两个人准备回来。”

"I'm glad you did stick it out," replied the mother, half resentfully, and kissing him upon the forehead pretended to busy herself with the work about the house.

“我很高兴你坚持到底了。”母亲半是怨恨地答道，然后在他的前额上亲了亲，假装忙活家务事去了。

On a summer evening Seth Richmond went to the New Willard House to visit his friend, George Willard. It had rained during the afternoon, but as he walked through Main Street, the sky had partially cleared and a golden glow lit up the west. Going around a corner, he turned in at the door of the hotel and began to climb the stairway leading up to his friend's room. In the hotel office the proprietor and two traveling men were engaged in a discussion of politics.

一个夏日的傍晚，塞斯·里士满到新威拉德旅社去拜访他的朋友——乔治·威拉德。整个下午都在下雨，可他走过大街的时候，天已经开始有些放晴，一道金光点亮了西边。转过一个弯，他来到了旅社的门前，开始爬那段通向他朋友房间的楼梯。旅社的办公室里，老板同两个旅客正忙于谈论政治。

On the stairway Seth stopped and listened to the voices of the men below. They were excited and talked rapidly. Tom Willard was berating the traveling men. "I am a Democrat but your talk makes me

sick," he said. "You don't understand McKinley. McKinley and Mark Hanna are friends. It is impossible perhaps for your mind to grasp that. If anyone tells you that a friendship can be deeper and bigger and more worth while than dollars and cents, or even more worth while than state politics, you snicker and laugh.”

塞斯在楼梯上停住了，听着楼下男人们的声音。他们非常兴奋，飞快地说着。汤姆·威拉德正在严厉指责那两个旅客。“我是个民主党人，可你说的话让我厌烦。”他说，“你不了解麦金利。麦金利和马克·汉纳是朋友。以你们的心智，理解这点或许是不可能的。如果有人对你说友谊比金钱更深切、更重要、更有价值，或者比国家政治更重要，你们就会窃笑、大笑了。”

The landlord was interrupted by one of the guests, a tall, grey-mustached man who worked for a wholesale grocery house. "Do you think that I've lived in Cleveland all these years without knowing Mark Hanna?" he demanded. "Your talk is piffle. Hanna is after money and nothing else. This McKinley is his tool. He has McKinley bluffed and don't you forget it.”

其中一位在批发杂货店工作的高个子、留着灰胡子的旅客打断了这个老板。“难道你认为我在克利夫兰住了这些年都不了解马克·汉纳吗？”他诘问道，“你在瞎说。汉纳就只会要钱。这个麦金利就是他的工具。他连麦金利都骗了，你别忘了。”

The young man on the stairs did not linger to hear the rest of the discussion, but went on up the stairway and into the little dark hall. Something in the voices of the men talking in the hotel office started a chain of thoughts in his mind. He was lonely and had begun to think that loneliness was a part of his character, something that would always stay with him. Stepping into a side hall he stood by a window that looked into an alleyway. At the back of his shop stood Abner Groff, the town baker. His tiny bloodshot eyes looked up and down the alleyway. In his shop someone called the baker, who pretended not to hear. The baker had an empty milk bottle in his hand and an angry sullen look in his eyes.

站在楼梯上的年轻人没有再听下去，而是继续上楼，进到那个又小又黑的门厅里。这群男人在办公室里的谈话中有某些东西使他开始思考。他很孤独，已经开始认为孤独是他性格的一部分，会一直存在。他走进一个侧厅，站在一扇可以望见小巷的窗边。小镇的面包师阿布纳·格罗夫站在他店铺的后部。他那细小的、充血的眼睛在来回逡巡着小巷。有人在店里叫他，他假装没听见。他手里拿着个空奶瓶，眼睛里露出愤怒、阴郁的表情。

In Winesburg, Seth Richmond was called the "deep one." "He's like his father," men said as he went through the streets. "He'll break out some of these days. You wait and see.”

塞斯·里士满在温斯堡被称为“深沉的人”。“他就像他的父亲。”当他走过街道时人们这么说，“他会在某一天爆发的。你们就等着瞧吧。”

The talk of the town and the respect with which men and boys instinctively greeted him, as all men greet silent people, had affected Seth Richmond's outlook on life and on himself. He, like most boys, was deeper than boys are given credit for being, but he was not what the men of the town, and even his mother, thought him to be. No great underlying purpose lay back of his habitual silence, and he had no definite plan for his life. When the boys with whom he associated were noisy and quarrelsome, he stood quietly at one side. With calm eyes he watched the gesticulating lively figures of his companions. He wasn't particularly interested in what was going on, and sometimes wondered if he would ever be particularly interested in anything. Now, as he stood in the half-darkness by the window watching the baker, he wished that he himself might become thoroughly stirred by something, even by the fits of sullen anger for which Baker Groff was noted. "It would be better for me if I could become excited and wrangle about politics like windy old Tom Willard," he thought, as he left the window and went again along the hallway to the room occupied by his friend, George Willard.

小镇里的这种言论，以及所有男人和男孩不由主地对他表示的尊重——正如所有人对沉默者的致意——已经影响到了塞斯对生活和对自己的看法。像大多数的男孩子一样，他比人们所认为的要老成，可是，他也并不是小镇的人们甚至他母亲所认为的那个样子。在他习惯性的沉默背后并没隐藏什么远大目标，他对自己的生活甚至没有确定的计划。同他交往的同龄人在吵闹、争吵的时候，他就静静地站在一边。他用冷静的眼光观察同伴们指手画脚的活泼身影。他对正在进行着的一切并不是特别感兴趣，有些时候，他曾好奇自己是否会对什么特别感兴趣。现在，当他站在光线不明的窗边，看着那个面包师，他真希望自己也能被什么完全激怒，即使是像生闷气出了名的面包师格罗夫那样也好。“如果我能像夸夸其谈的老汤姆·威拉德那样因为政治而变得激动起来，并为此争吵也是好的。”他想着，同时从窗户边走开，再次沿着走廊往朋友乔治·威拉德所在的房间走去。

George Willard was older than Seth Richmond, but in the rather odd friendship between the two, it was he who was forever courting and the younger boy who was being courted. The paper on which George worked had one policy. It strove to mention by name in each issue, as many as possible of the inhabitants of the village. Like an excited dog, George Willard ran here and there, noting on his pad of paper who had gone on business to the county seat or had returned from a visit to a neighboring village. All day he wrote little facts upon the pad. "A. P. Wringlet had received a shipment of straw hats. Ed Byerbaum and Tom Marshall were in Cleveland Friday. Uncle Tom

Sinnings is building a new barn on his place on the Valley Road."

乔治·威拉德比他年长，但是在两人奇特的友谊中，却总是乔治主动，而塞斯处于被动位置。乔治工作的报社有一个规定。那就是尽可能地在每个报道中提及乡村居民的名字。乔治·威拉德像条兴奋的狗一样四处奔波，在记事本上记载下哪个人到县政府去办事，或者谁到邻村去串门后又回来了。他整天在纸上记下琐碎的事件。“A. P. 温莱特刚收到了一批草帽。埃德·拜尔波姆和汤姆·马歇尔周五呆在克利夫兰。汤姆·思宁斯大叔正在河谷路自己的房子那儿建一个新的谷仓。”

The idea that George Willard would some day become a writer had given him a place of distinction in Winesburg, and to Seth Richmond he talked continually of the matter, "It's the easiest of all lives to live," he declared, becoming excited and boastful. "Here and there you go and there is no one to boss you. Though you are in India or in the South Seas in a boat, you have but to write and there you are. Wait till I get my name up and then see what fun I shall have."

人们认为乔治·威拉德将来会成为作家，因此温斯堡人都十分尊敬他。他总是向塞斯·里士满提起此事：“这样活着是最容易的。”他大声说着，变得激动而自豪，“你去哪里都成，没人对你发号施令。就算你在印度或是南海岸的船上，只需要动动笔，目的就达到了。等我成了名，再看看我能写出点什么有趣的东西来。”

In George Willard's room, which had a window looking down into an alleyway and one that looked across railroad tracks to Biff Carter's Lunch Room facing the railroad station, Seth Richmond sat in a chair and looked at the floor. George Willard, who had been sitting for an hour idly playing with a lead pencil, greeted him effusively. "I've been trying to write a love story," he explained, laughing nervously. Lighting a pipe he began walking up and down the room. "I know what I'm going to do. I'm going to fall in love. I've been sitting here and thinking it over and I'm going to do it.”

透过乔治·威拉德房间里的一扇窗户可以往下看到巷子，透过另一扇能越过铁轨看到车站对面比夫·卡特午餐厅；塞斯坐在一张扶手椅上，眼睛望着地板。乔治·威拉德已经在屋里坐了一个小时，百无聊赖地转着一支铅笔玩。他过分热情地迎接了他。“我一直在试着写一个爱情故事。”他解释道，神经兮兮地大笑着。他点了一支烟，开始在房间里来回地走。“我知道自己该干什么。我打算谈恋爱。我坐在这儿仔细地想过了，打算实践一下。”

As though embarrassed by his declaration, George went to a window and turning his back to his friend leaned out. "I know who I'm going to fall in love with," he said sharply. "It's Helen White. She is the only girl in town with any 'get-up' to her.”

乔治像是被自己的宣言给窘住了；他来到窗边，背对着他的朋友，

探出身去。“我也知道我打算同谁恋爱。”他尖声地说，“就是海伦·怀特。她是镇上唯一一个‘会打扮’的姑娘。”

Struck with a new idea, young Willard turned and walked toward his visitor. "Look here," he said. "You know Helen White better than I do. I want you to tell her what I said. You just get to talking to her and say that I'm in love with her. See what she says to that. See how she takes it, and then you come and tell me.”

忽然，年轻的威拉德想到了一个新点子，向朋友走过去。“喂，”他说，“你比我熟悉海伦·怀特。我想让你去告诉她我的想法。你就去跟她说我爱上了她。看看她会说些什么。看看她的反应，你再回来告诉我。“

Seth Richmond arose and went toward the door. The words of his comrade irritated him unbearably. "Well, good-bye," he said briefly.

塞斯·里士满站起来，向门走去。他朋友的话让他恼怒得无法忍受。“那么，再见。”他简短地说。

George was amazed. Running forward he stood in the darkness trying to look into Seth's face. "What's the matter? What are you going to do? You stay here and let's talk," he urged. A wave of resentment directed against his friend, the men of the town who were, he thought, perpetually talking of nothing, and most of all, against his own habit of silence, made Seth half desperate. "Aw, speak to her yourself," he burst forth and then, going quickly through the door, slammed it sharply in his friend's face. "I'm going to find Helen White and talk to her, but not about him," he muttered.

乔治被惊呆了。他跑上前去，站在黑暗中，试着看清塞斯的脸。“怎么了？你准备干什么？你别走，我们谈谈。”他请求道。一阵忿恨涌上塞斯的心头，他认为，城里人总是聊些没有意义的事，大多数都与他沉默的习惯背道而驰，这使得他几乎绝望。“喔，你自己去对她说吧。”他突然喊道，然后迅速走出了门口，当着朋友的面狠狠地摔上了门。“我这就去找海伦·怀特谈谈，但不会提他。”他低声咕哝着。

Seth went down the stairway and out at the front door of the hotel muttering with wrath. Crossing a little dusty street and climbing a low iron railing, he went to sit upon the grass in the station yard. George Willard he thought a profound fool, and he wished that he had said so more vigorously. Although his acquaintanceship with Helen White, the banker's daughter, was outwardly but casual, she was often the subject of his thoughts and he felt that she was something private and personal to himself. "The busy fool with his love stories," he muttered, staring back over his shoulder at George Willard's room, "why does he never tire of his eternal talking."

塞斯下了楼梯，走出旅社的大门，还在忿然地低声抱怨着。他穿过一条满是尘土的小道，爬过一道低矮的铁栏杆，在车站广场的草地上坐

了下来。乔治·威拉德真是个大傻瓜，他暗地想，真希望自己刚才能说得更大声些。尽管他同银行家的女儿海伦·怀特的交情表面上是随意的，可她却经常是他遐想的对象，对他而言，她是自己的某种私有物。“那个忙碌的傻瓜，还有他的爱情小说，”他咕哝着，转过头去盯着乔治·威拉德的房间，“他怎么就从不厌烦自己的喋喋不休。”

It was berry harvest time in Winesburg and upon the station platform men and boys loaded the boxes of red, fragrant berries into two express cars that stood upon the siding. A June moon was in the sky, although in the west a storm threatened, and no street lamps were lighted. In the dim light the figures of the men standing upon the express truck and pitching the boxes in at the doors of the cars were but dimly discernible. Upon the iron railing that protected the station lawn sat other men. Pipes were lighted. Village jokes went back and forth. Away in the distance a train whistled and the men loading the boxes into the cars worked with renewed activity.

现在正是温斯堡浆果收获的季节，在车站的月台上，男人们和小伙子们将整箱整箱芳香四溢的红色果子装到停在铁路旁轨上的两辆快车车厢里。尽管西边一场暴风雨即将来临，街灯一盏都没有点亮，但一轮六月的明月仍旧高高挂在天空。在昏暗的光线里，站在快车车厢边和在车门边往里搬箱子的人影只能依稀可见。另外一些人则坐在车站周围保护草坪的铁栏杆上。他们点着烟斗。时不时地说着些乡下的笑话。远处传来了火车的呼啸声，装箱的人又干得起劲起来。

Seth arose from his place on the grass and went silently past the men perched upon the railing and into Main Street. He had come to a resolution. "I'll get out of here," he told himself. "What good am I here? I'm going to some city and go to work. I'll tell mother about it tomorrow.”

塞斯从草地上起来，默默地经过栏杆上休息的人们，走到大街上。他下定了一个决心。“我要离开这儿。”他对自己说，“我在这儿有什么好呆的？我要去某个城市找份工作。明天我就告诉妈妈。”

Seth Richmond went slowly along Main Street, past Wacker's Cigar Store and the Town Hall, and into Buckeye Street. He was depressed by the thought that he was not a part of the life in his own town, but the depression did not cut deeply as he did not think of himself as at fault. In the heavy shadows of a big tree before Doctor Welling's house, he stopped and stood watching half-witted Turk Smollet, who was pushing a wheelbarrow in the road. The old man with his absurdly boyish mind had a dozen long boards on the wheelbarrow, and, as he hurried along the road, balanced the load with extreme nicety. "Easy there, Turk! Steady now, old boy!" the old man shouted to himself, and laughed so that the load of boards rocked dangerously.

塞斯·里士满沿着大街慢慢走着，经过了瓦克尔香烟店和温斯堡政府大厅，来到了七叶树街。他无法融入自己生活的这所小镇，这个想法让他感到沮丧。可是，因为他并不觉得是自己有错，所以，这种沮丧程度并不深。在威林医生房前的一棵大树的浓重阴影里，他停了下来，站在那里望着傻呼呼的特克·斯莫利特，这人正在路上推着一辆独轮手推车。这个幼稚、愚蠢的老头在车上放了十几块长木板。他一边忙着赶路，一边费尽心思地保持木板的平衡。“慢点儿，特克！现在稳着点儿，老伙计！”老头儿对着自己大声叫着，笑的声音那么大，连车上的木板都岌岌可危地摇晃起来。

Seth knew Turk Smollet, the half dangerous old wood chopper whose peculiarities added so much of color to the life of the village. He knew that when Turk got into Main Street he would become the center of a whirlwind of cries and comments, that in truth the old man was going far out of his way in order to pass through Main Street and exhibit his skill in wheeling the boards. "If George Willard were here, he'd have something to say," thought Seth. "George belongs to this town. He'd shout at Turk and Turk would shout at him. They'd both be secretly pleased by what they had said. It's different with me. I don't belong. I'll not make a fuss about it, but I'm going to get out of here.”

塞斯了解这个几乎可以说是危险的老伐木工人特克·斯莫利特，他的古怪给乡间生活增色不少。他知道每当特克到镇上大街去，总会成为众矢之的。事实上，老头儿是特意绕远从大街上经过，想展示一下他推木板的绝技。“如果乔治·威拉德在这儿，他准会有话说。”塞斯想，“乔治是属于这所小镇的。他会嘲笑特克，然后特克也会回嘴。他们都会暗自为这种交流感到满意。可我不一样。我不属于这里。我不会对此大惊小怪，可我打算离开。”

Seth stumbled forward through the half-darkness, feeling himself an outcast in his own town. He began to pity himself, but a sense of the absurdity of his thoughts made him smile. In the end he decided that he was simply old beyond his years and not at all a subject for self-pity. "I'm made to go to work. I may be able to make a place for myself by steady working, and I might as well be at it," he decided.

塞斯在昏暗中蹒跚前行，觉得自己是个自己城镇的弃儿。他开始可怜自己，可是这种荒唐的想法让他笑了起来。最后，他断定，自己只不过是过于老成了，完全不必自怜自艾。“我生来就是要工作的。我或许能靠稳定的工作为自己找到一席之地，我不妨就这么干。”他下定了决心。

Seth went to the house of Banker White and stood in the darkness by the front door. On the door hung a heavy brass knocker, an innovation introduced into the village by Helen White's mother, who had also organized a women's club for the study of poetry. Seth raised the knocker and let it fall. Its heavy clatter sounded like a report from distant guns. "How awkward and foolish I am," he thought. "If Mrs.

White comes to the door, I won't know what to say.”

塞斯来到银行家怀特的房子前，站在前门的阴暗处里。门上挂了一个沉甸甸的铜质门环，这是海伦·怀特的母亲在村里做的一个革新，她还组建了一个女子诗歌研究俱乐部。塞斯举起门环，然后让它落下。门环发出一阵沉重的声响，就像远处传来的枪声。“我真是又笨又傻，”他想，“如果怀特太太出来开门，我都不知道该说些什么。”

It was Helen White who came to the door and found Seth standing at the edge of the porch. Blushing with pleasure, she stepped forward, closing the door softly. "I'm going to get out of town. I don't know what I'll do, but I'm going to get out of here and go to work. I think I'll go to Columbus," he said. "Perhaps I'll get into the State University down there. Anyway, I'm going. I'll tell mother tonight.”

海伦·怀特自己来开的门，她看见塞斯站在门廊的边上。她因为愉快而涨红了脸；她轻轻关上门，走上前来。“我打算离开这个小镇。我不知道会做什么，可是我准备离开这儿去工作。我想我会去哥伦布市。”他说，“也许我会去上那里的州立大学。无论怎样，我要走了。今晚我就告诉妈妈。”

He hesitated and looked doubtfully about. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind coming to walk with me?”

他踌躇着，犹疑地四处张望。“或许你不介意同我散一会儿步吧？”

Seth and Helen walked through the streets beneath the trees. Heavy clouds had drifted across the face of the moon, and before them in the deep twilight went a man with a short ladder upon his shoulder. Hurrying forward, the man stopped at the street crossing and, putting the ladder against the wooden lamp-post, lighted the village lights so that their way was half lighted, half darkened, by the lamps and by the deepening shadows cast by the low-branched trees. In the tops of the trees the wind began to play, disturbing the sleeping birds so that they flew about calling plaintively. In the lighted space before one of the lamps, two bats wheeled and circled, pursuing the gathering swarm of night flies.

塞斯和海伦在树林下的街道上散着步。大片乌云从月亮表面掠过，在浓浓的暮色中，有个人肩扛着一个短梯子从他们身边经过。他急匆匆地往前走着，在街边的十字路口停下来，将梯子靠在木头灯柱上，点亮了村里的路灯。于是，在路灯下，在低矮的树枝投射的浓重阴影下，他们走的路变得半明半暗。树梢上开始有风吹过，惊醒了沉睡的鸟儿，于是，它们随风飞起，哀哀地叫着。在一盏路灯前面的一个光线明亮的地方，有两只蝙蝠盘旋飞行着，追逐着聚集起来的夜蝇群。

Since Seth had been a boy in knee trousers there had been a half expressed intimacy between him and the maiden who now for the first time walked beside him. For a time she had been beset with a

madness for writing notes which she addressed to Seth. He had found them concealed in his books at school and one had been given him by a child met in the street, while several had been delivered through the village post office.

从塞斯还是个穿短裤的男孩开始，他与这个如今第一次同他并肩散步的少女之间就有种只差言明的亲昵。她曾经一度因沉迷于给塞斯写便条而苦恼不已。在学校，他发现这些便条被藏在了他的书本里。有一次一个小孩子在路上递给他一张便条，还有几张是从村邮局寄来的。

The notes had been written in a round, boyish hand and had reflected a mind inflamed by novel reading. Seth had not answered them, although he had been moved and flattered by some of the sentences scrawled in pencil upon the stationery of the banker's wife. Putting them into the pocket of his coat, he went through the street or stood by the fence in the school yard with something burning at his side. He thought it fine that he should be thus selected as the favorite of the richest and most attractive girl in town.

这些便条上的字迹圆润而孩子气，透露出作者在读完小说后所激起的热情。尽管一些用铅笔潦草地写在银行家妻子的信笺上的句子打动并愉悦了塞斯，但他却没有回信。他将信放进外衣口袋里，然后穿过街道或是站在学校操场的围栏边，心里激情澎湃。他觉得自己竟被这镇上最有钱、最可爱的姑娘看上真是太好了。

Helen and Seth stopped by a fence near where a low dark building faced the street. The building had once been a factory for the making of barrel staves but was now vacant. Across the street upon the porch of a house a man and woman talked of their childhood, their voices coming dearly across to the half-embarrassed youth and maiden. There was the sound of scraping chairs and the man and woman came down the gravel path to a wooden gate. Standing outside the gate, the man leaned over and kissed the woman. "For old times' sake," he said and, turning, walked rapidly away along the sidewalk.

海伦和塞斯在围栏边停了下来，旁边一座低矮阴暗的建筑物正对着大街。这座建筑曾经是用来制作桶板的工厂，可现在却是空荡荡的。街对面一所房子的门廊上，一对男女谈着童年趣事，声音清楚地传进这对有些羞窘的年轻人耳中。接着传来了椅子摩擦的声音，那对男女走下了碎石小径，来到了木门前。那名男子站在门外倾过身亲吻了女人。“为了旧日时光。”他说着，然后转过身，沿着人行道快步地走了。

"That's Belle Turner," whispered Helen, and put her hand boldly into Seth's hand. "I didn't know she had a fellow. I thought she was too old for that.” Seth laughed uneasily. The hand of the girl was warm and a strange, dizzy feeling crept over him. Into his mind came a desire to tell her something he had been determined not to tell.

"George Willard's in love with you," he said, and in spite of his agitation his voice was low and quiet. "He's writing a story, and he wants to be in love. He wants to know how it feels. He wanted me to tell you and see what you said.”

“那是贝拉·特纳，”海伦小声说，大胆地将自己的手放进塞斯的手中。“我原先不知道她有情人。我想她已经太老，过了那个年龄。”塞斯不安地笑了。女孩子的手很温暖，一种奇怪而晕眩的感觉传遍了他的全身。他脑子里有种欲望，想要对她说点儿他曾经决心不对她说的话。“乔治·威拉德爱上了你。”他说，尽管他心烦意乱，声音却是低沉而平静的。“他在写一个故事，因此想谈一场恋爱。他想感受一下爱情。他让我告诉你，看看你怎么说。”

Again Helen and Seth walked in silence. They came to the garden surrounding the old Richmond place and going through a gap in the hedge sat on a wooden bench beneath a bush.

海伦和塞斯再一次沉默地走着。他们来到老里士满房子附近的花园，穿过树篱中的一个豁口，在灌木丛下的一条木头长凳上坐了下来。

On the street as he walked beside the girl new and daring thoughts had come into Seth Richmond's mind. He began to regret his decision to get out of town. "It would be something new and altogether delightful to remain and walk often through the streets with Helen White," he thought. In imagination he saw himself putting his arm about her waist and feeling her arms clasped tightly about his neck. One of those odd combinations of events and places made him connect the idea of love-making with this girl and a spot he had visited some days before. He had gone on an errand to the house of a farmer who lived on a hillside beyond the Fair Ground and had returned by a path through a field. At the foot of the hill below the farmer's house Seth had stopped beneath a sycamore tree and looked about him. A soft humming noise had greeted his ears. For a moment he had thought the tree must be the home of a swarm of bees.

当他在街上同身边的少女同行的时候，塞斯·里士满的脑海里浮现出了新鲜而大胆的想法。他开始懊悔自己打算离开小镇的决定。“留下来，并时常同海伦·怀特一起在街上散步将会是一件新鲜又十分令人快乐的事。”他想。他在幻想中看见自己搂着她的腰，感觉她的双臂紧紧地环在他的脖子上。这些事件和地点奇怪地组合在一起，使他将与这个姑娘相爱和前些天去过的一个地方联系在了一起。有一次，他到一个农夫的家里去办事，那个人住在集市广场那头的山坡上。返回的时候，他经过一条横穿田野的小径。在那个农夫房子下面的山脚下，塞斯曾在一棵梧桐树下停留，寻找他。一阵轻柔的哼鸣声传入他的耳中。一时间，他以为树里面一定有一群蜜蜂在此安家。

And then, looking down, Seth had seen the bees everywhere all about him in the long grass. He stood in a mass of weeds that grew

waist-high in the field that ran away from the hillside. The weeds were abloom with tiny purple blossoms and gave forth an overpowering fragrance. Upon the weeds the bees were gathered in armies, singing as they worked.

接着，塞斯往下望去，看到蜜蜂在他周围长长的草丛里到处飞来飞去。他站在田地上密密层层的杂草间，那些草从山坡上一路绵延而下，高及人腰。草丛里开出紫色的小花，散发出阵阵袭人的芬芳。草丛上蜜蜂成群结对，嗡嗡地飞着采蜜。

Seth imagined himself lying on a summer evening, buried deep among the weeds beneath the tree. Beside him, in the scene built in his fancy, lay Helen White, her hand lying in his hand. A peculiar reluctance kept him from kissing her lips, but he felt he might have done that if he wished. Instead, he lay perfectly still, looking at her and listening to the army of bees that sang the sustained masterful song of labor above his head.

塞斯幻想自己在夏天的傍晚躺在树下浓密的草丛中。在这幅幻想出的景象里，海伦·怀特躺在他身边，手放在他的手里。一种奇怪的厌恶情绪使他没有去亲吻她，可他认为，如果他想的话也许可以那样做。可是，他纹丝不动地躺在那里，望着她，耳边听着成群的蜜蜂在他头上哼唱那经年不断的、精彩的劳动之歌。

On the bench in the garden Seth stirred uneasily. Releasing the hand of the girl, he thrust his hands into his trouser pockets. A desire to impress the mind of his companion with the importance of the resolution he had made came over him and he nodded his head toward the house. "Mother'll make a fuss, I suppose," he whispered. "She hasn't thought at all about what I'm going to do in life. She thinks I'm going to stay on here forever just being a boy.”

塞斯在花园里的长凳上躁动不安。他松开了海伦的手，将双手插进自己的裤袋里。有种欲望涌上他的心头——他要向他的同伴印证自己刚才做的决定是多么重大。于是，他朝房子点点头。“我想妈妈会大惊小怪的。”他低声说，“她从没想过我将来会干什么。她认为我永远会呆在这儿，只做个孩子。”

Seth's voice became charged with boyish earnestness. "You see, I've got to strike out. I've got to get to work. It's what I'm good for.”

塞斯的声音充满了孩子气的一本正经。“你知道，我得独立去闯。我得去工作。那就是我擅长的事情。”

Helen White was impressed. She nodded her head and a feeling of admiration swept over her. "This is as it should be," she thought. "This boy is not a boy at all, but a strong, purposeful man." Certain vague desires that had been invading her body were swept away and she sat up very straight on the bench. The thunder continued to rumble and

flashes of heat lightning lit up the eastern sky. The garden that had been so mysterious and vast, a place that with Seth beside her might have become the background for strange and wonderful adventures, now seemed no more than an ordinary Winesburg back yard, quite definite and limited in its outlines.

海伦·怀特被打动了。她点点头，钦佩之情油然而生。“就该这样。”她想，“这个少年根本不是个孩子，而是一个坚强、有志气的男人。”曾经占据她心灵的某种朦胧的欲望被一扫而光。她挺直身子，坐在长凳上。雷声不断轰鸣，一道道明亮的闪电照亮了东面的天空。这个曾经是如此神秘而辽阔的花园，这个本来可能会因为有赛斯在她身边而变成某种奇妙冒险的绝佳之地，现在看上去却和温斯堡的所有平淡无奇的后花园一样，界垒分明。

"What will you do up there?" she whispered. Seth turned half around on the bench, striving to see her face in the darkness. He thought her infinitely more sensible and straightforward than George Willard, and was glad he had come away from his friend. A feeling of impatience with the town that had been in his mind returned, and he tried to tell her of it. "Everyone talks and talks," he began. "I'm sick of it. I'll do something, get into some kind of work where talk don't count. Maybe I'll just be a mechanic in a shop. I don't know. I guess I don't care much. I just want to work and keep quiet. That's all I've got in my mind.”

“你会在那里做什么呢？”她小声说。塞斯在长凳上侧过半身，尽力在黑暗中看清她的脸。他觉得她比乔治·威拉德更理智、更坦诚。他很庆幸自己离开了那位朋友。对小镇居民的那种厌烦之情又被记起，他试着告诉她：“人人都在说话、说话。”他开始说道，“我对此感到厌倦。我要做一种与说话没什么重大关系的工作。或许，我会到某个店里做机械师。我也不知道。我想，我并不很在意。我就想工作，保持安静。这就是我所想的。”

Seth arose from the bench and put out his hand. He did not want to bring the meeting to an end but could not think of anything more to say. "It's the last time we'll see each other," he whispered.

塞斯从长凳上站起来，伸出手。他不想结束谈话，可也想不出别的可说的。“这是我们最后一次见面了。”他低声说。

A wave of sentiment swept over Helen. Putting her hand upon Seth's shoulder, she started to draw his face down toward her own upturned face. The act was one of pure affection and cutting regret that some vague adventure that had been present in the spirit of the night would now never be realized. "I think I'd better be going along," she said, letting her hand fall heavily to her side. A thought came to her. "Don't you go with me; I want to be alone," she said. "You go and talk with your mother. You'd better do that now.” Seth hesitated and,

as he stood waiting, the girl turned and ran away through the hedge. A desire to run after her came to him, but he only stood staring, perplexed and puzzled by her action as he had been perplexed and puzzled by all of the life of the town out of which she had come. Walking slowly toward the house, he stopped in the shadow of a large tree and looked at his mother sitting by a lighted window busily sewing. The feeling of loneliness that had visited him earlier in the evening returned and colored his thoughts of the adventure through which he had just passed. "Huh!" he exclaimed, turning and staring in the direction taken by Helen White. "That's how things'll turn out. She'll be like the rest. I suppose she'll begin now to look at me in a funny way.” He looked at the ground and pondered this thought. "She'll be embarrassed and feel strange when I'm around," he whispered to himself. "That's how it'll be. That's how everything'll turn out. When it comes to loving someone, it won't never be me. It'll be someone else—some fool—someone who talks a lot—someone like that George Willard.”

一阵伤感席上海伦的心头。她把手放在塞斯肩上，开始将他的脸拉下来对着自己仰着的脸。这个动作完全出于爱慕，也是一种令人心伤的遗憾，原本会发生在今夜暧昧气氛中的某种冒险如今再也不能实现了。“我想我得回去了。”她说，手猛地垂到身体一侧。她脑海中冒出一个念头。“你别跟着我，我想一个人。”她说道，“你回去同你妈妈谈谈。你最好现在就去。”塞斯犹豫着，他站在那里等着的时候，女孩子转过身从篱笆里穿出去跑了。他想去追她，可他只是站在那里看着，对她的举动感到困惑不解，就像他曾对她所在的这个小镇上的其他事感到困惑不解一样。他慢慢地朝房子走去，停在一棵大树的树阴下，看着他的母亲坐在一扇亮着灯光的窗边正忙着缝缝补补。今晚早些时候他曾感到的那种孤独再次来袭，也影响了他对刚刚所经历的那次历险的看法。“嘿！”他大喊一声，转过身看着海伦·怀特走的方向。“那就是事情最后会变成的样子。她会和其他人一样。我想，她会开始用一种可笑的方式来看待我。”他看着地面，反复考虑着这个想法。“当我在她周围的时候，她会觉得尴尬和奇怪。”他低声自语道，“会变成那样的。每件事都会变成那样。她会爱上某个人，可永远都不会是我。那会是其他的人——某个傻瓜——某个夸夸其谈的人——像乔治·威拉德那样的人。”

CHAPTER 11 Tandy

第十一章 坦迪

Until she was seven years old she lived in an old unpainted house on an unused road that led off Trunion Pike. Her father gave her but little attention and her mother was dead. The father spent his time talking and thinking of religion. He proclaimed himself an agnostic and was so absorbed in destroying the ideas of God that had crept into the minds of his neighbors that he never saw God manifesting himself in the little child that, half forgotten, lived here and there on the bounty of her dead mother's relatives.

七岁前，她一直住在一座未经粉刷的老房子里，房子坐落于通往特鲁连山峰的一条荒凉的道路上。她的父亲没给予她多少疼爱，她的母亲也过世了。那位父亲将时间都用来谈论和思考宗教了。他宣称自己是个不可知论者，并且专心于消灭那些悄悄进入他邻居们头脑中的上帝思想，如此专心以至于他从未发现上帝在这个小女孩身上显灵。小女孩几乎已被遗忘，四处漂泊不定的，靠她已故母亲的亲戚们的善心过活。

A stranger came to Winesburg and saw in the child what the father did not see. He was a tall, red-haired young man who was almost always drunk. Sometimes he sat in a chair before the New Willard House with Tom Hard, the father. As Tom talked, declaring there could be no God, the stranger smiled and winked at the bystanders. He and Tom became friends and were much together.

一个外乡人来到温斯堡，在这孩子身上看到了她父亲没有发现的东西。他是个高大的红头发青年，总是喝得醉醺醺的。有时，他同那位名叫汤姆·哈德的父亲坐在新威拉德旅社前面的一张椅子上。当汤姆高谈阔论，宣称上帝可能并不存在的时候，他就微微一笑，朝旁边的人眨眨眼睛。他和汤姆成了朋友，经常呆在一起。

The stranger was the son of a rich merchant of Cleveland and had come to Winesburg on a mission. He wanted to cure himself of the habit of drink, and thought that by escaping from his city associates and living in a rural community he would have a better chance in the struggle with the appetite that was destroying him.

这位外乡人是克利夫兰的一个富商的儿子，来温斯堡是为了一个目的。他希望能改掉嗜酒的坏习惯，并认为逃离城市的社交生活，住在乡村里，会比较有可能改掉这个正在毁掉他的嗜好。

His sojourn in Winesburg was not a success. The dullness of the passing hours led to his drinking harder than ever. But he did succeed in doing something. He gave a name rich with meaning to Tom Hard's

daughter.

他暂居温斯堡的生活不算成功。乏味的生活使他比以前喝得更厉害。但是，他也做成了一件事。他给汤姆·哈德的女儿起了一个饱含深意的名字。

One evening when he was recovering from a long debauch the stranger came reeling along the main street of the town. Tom Hard sat in a chair before the New Willard House with his daughter, then a child of five, on his knees. Beside him on the board sidewalk sat young George Willard. The stranger dropped into a chair beside them. His body shook and when he tried to talk his voice trembled.

一个傍晚，这个外乡人从长时间的迷醉中清醒过来，沿着小镇的大街踉跄着往回走。汤姆·哈德坐在新威拉德旅社前的一张椅子里，他五岁的女儿坐在他的腿上。年轻的乔治·威拉德坐在他旁边的人行道路面上。这位外乡人倒在他们旁边的一张扶椅上。他的身体在颤抖，说话的时候声音也在发抖。

It was late evening and darkness lay over the town and over the railroad that ran along the foot of a little incline before the hotel. Somewhere in the distance, off to the west, there was a prolonged blast from the whistle of a passenger engine. A dog that had been sleeping in the roadway arose and barked. The stranger began to babble and made a prophecy concerning the child that lay in the arms of the agnostic.

夜已经深了，黑暗笼罩着小镇和旅社前那条沿着小山坡的底部铺设的铁路。远处，一列开往西部客车的汽笛发出一声长鸣。一条躺在路面上睡觉的狗被吵醒了，汪汪地大叫起来。外乡人开始瞎侃，对躺在那位不可知论者怀里的小孩做了一番预言。

"I came here to quit drinking," he said, and tears began to run down his cheeks. He did not look at Tom Hard, but leaned forward and stared into the darkness as though seeing a vision. "I ran away to the country to be cured, but I am not cured. There is a reason." He turned to look at the child who sat up very straight on her father's knee and returned the look.

“我是来这儿戒酒的。”他说，泪水开始从脸颊上流下来。他没有去看汤姆·哈德，而是向前倾着身体，凝视着夜色，仿佛在看着什么幻境。“我跑到乡下是来治病的，可是没治好。这是有原因的。”他转过头望着笔直地坐在父亲膝上的小女孩，她也回望着他。

The stranger touched Tom Hard on the arm. "Drink is not the only thing to which I am addicted," he said. "There is something else. I am a lover and have not found my thing to love. That is a big point if you know enough to realize what I mean. It makes my destruction inevitable, you see. There are few who understand that."

这个外乡人拍拍汤姆·哈德的胳膊。“喝酒不是我唯一上瘾的事，”他说，“还有别的东西。我是个多情的人，可还没找到我所爱的东西。这一点很重要，如果你能完全理解我的意思。你看，这使得我的毁灭不可避免。但没人明白这些。”

The stranger became silent and seemed overcome with sadness, but another blast from the whistle of the passenger engine aroused him. "I have not lost faith. I proclaim that. I have only been brought to the place where I know my faith will not be realized," he declared hoarsely. He looked hard at the child and began to address her, paying no more attention to the father. "There is a woman coming," he said, and his voice was now sharp and earnest. "I have missed her, you see. She did not come in my time. You may be the woman. It would be like fate to let me stand in her presence once, on such an evening as this, when I have destroyed myself with drink and she is as yet only a child."

这位外乡人沉默下来，似乎被悲伤给击倒了，然而，客车汽笛发出的又一次长鸣将他惊醒。“我还没有失去信仰。我声明。我只是被扔到了一个我知道我的信仰不会被实现的地方。”他声嘶力竭地大叫道。他不再管那位父亲，而是紧紧地盯着孩子，开始对她说起话来。“有个女人出现了，”他说，声音立刻变得尖锐又热切。“你看，我错过了她。她没在我的时代出现。你也许就是那个女人。就好像是命运让我有一次机会站在她面前，在这样的一个傍晚，我已经用酒精把自己毁掉，而她却还只是个小孩子。”

The shoulders of the stranger shook violently, and when he tried to roll a cigarette the paper fell from his trembling fingers. He grew angry and scolded. "They think it's easy to be a woman, to be loved, but I know better," he declared. Again he turned to the child. "I understand," he cried. "Perhaps of all men I alone understand."

这位外乡人的双肩剧烈地抖动着。他试图卷起一根烟，可烟纸却从他颤抖着的指间掉下去了。他变得有些恼怒，大骂起来。“他们觉得做女人、被人爱是件容易的事情，可我懂得更透彻。”他说道。他再一次转向小女孩。“我懂，”他叫着，“也许所有的男人中只有我懂。”

His glance again wandered away to the darkened street. "I know about her, although she has never crossed my path," he said softly. "I know about her struggles and her defeats. It is because of her defeats that she is to me the lovely one. Out of her defeats has been born a new quality in woman. I have a name for it. I call it Tandy. I made up the name when I was a true dreamer and before my body became vile. It is the quality of being strong to be loved. It is something men need from women and that they do not get.' The stranger arose and stood before Tom Hard. His body rocked back and forth and he seemed about to fall, but instead he dropped to his knees on the sidewalk and

raised the hands of the little girl to his drunken lips. He kissed them ecstatically. "Be Tandy, little one," he pleaded. "Dare to be strong and courageous. That is the road. Venture anything. Be brave enough to dare to be loved. Be something more than man or woman. Be Tandy."

他的眼神又飘向了夜色深深的街道。“我懂她，尽管她从没遇见过我。”他轻柔地说，“我明白她的奋斗和失败。就是因为她的失败，她对我而言才是个可爱的人。从她的失败中衍生出一种女性的新品质。我给它起了个名字。我叫它坦迪。我想到这个名字时还是个虔诚的梦想家，身体也还没变坏。这是一种勇于被爱的坚强品质。这是男人需要从女人身上获得、但却无法获得的品质。”这位外乡人起身，站在汤姆·哈德面前。他的身躯前后摇晃着，看上去就要摔倒了，可相反，他在人行道上跪下来，将小女孩的双手捧到自己醉醺醺的唇边。他痴迷地吻着这双手。“做坦迪吧，小家伙，”他恳求着，“你要坚强、勇敢。那才是你的路。勇敢面对一切。勇敢地去被爱。要胜于寻常男女。做坦迪吧。”

The stranger arose and staggered off down the street. A day or two later he got aboard a train and returned to his home in Cleveland. On the summer evening, after the talk before the hotel, Tom Hard took the girl child to the house of a relative where she had been invited to spend the night. As he went along in the darkness under the trees he forgot the babbling voice of the stranger and his mind returned to the making of arguments by which he might destroy men's faith in God. He spoke his daughter's name and she began to weep.

外乡人站了起来，沿着街道跌跌撞撞地走了。一两天之后，他登上了一辆火车，返回了自己的故乡克利夫兰。在旅社前的那场谈话结束后的一个夏夜，汤姆·哈德将女儿送到一个亲戚家，他们邀请小女孩去过夜。他黑夜里走在树下的时候，早已忘记了那位异乡人滔滔不绝的话语，脑袋里又开始想着如何组织观点去摧毁人们心中对上帝的笃信。他叫女儿的名字，可她开始哭起来。

"I don't want to be called that," she declared. "I want to be called Tandy—Tandy Hard.” The child wept so bitterly that Tom Hard was touched and tried to comfort her. He stopped beneath a tree and, taking her into his arms, began to caress her. "Be good, now," he said sharply; but she would not be quieted. With childish abandon she gave herself over to grief, her voice breaking the evening stillness of the street. "I want to be Tandy. I want to be Tandy. I want to be Tandy Hard," she cried, shaking her head and sobbing as though her young strength were not enough to bear the vision the words of the drunkard had brought to her. 检1162，扣分0.1

“我不想叫那个，”她说道，“我想叫坦迪——坦迪·哈德。”小女孩哭得如此伤心，触动了汤姆·哈德，他试着安慰她。他抱着女儿停在一棵树下，开始安抚她。“现在乖一点儿。”他厉声说，可是小女孩不愿安静下来。她孩子气地任性起来，伤心地嚎啕大哭，声音打破了夜晚街上的宁

静。“我要叫坦迪。我要叫坦迪。我要叫坦迪·哈德。”她喊着，摇着头，哭泣着，仿佛年幼的力量还不足以承担那个醉汉的话带给她的幻境。

CHAPTER 12 The Strength Of God

第十二章 上帝的力量

The reverend Curtis Hartman was pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Winesburg, and had been in that position ten years. He was forty years old, and by his nature very silent and reticent. To preach, standing in the pulpit before the people, was always a hardship for him and from Wednesday morning until Saturday evening he thought of nothing but the two sermons that must be preached on Sunday. Early on Sunday morning he went into a little room called a study in the bell tower of the church and prayed. In his prayers there was one note that always predominated. "Give me strength and courage for Thy work, O Lord!" he pleaded, kneeling on the bare floor and bowing his head in the presence of the task that lay before him.

受人尊敬的柯蒂斯·哈特曼是温斯堡基督教长老会的一名牧师，他任职已经有十年了。他四十岁，天性极为沉默寡言。对他而言，站在讲坛上面对众人布道永远是件苦差。因此，从周三清晨到周六傍晚，他只想着周日必须要做的两场布道。周日一大早，他就到教堂钟楼里一间名为书房的小房间里去祈祷。在他的祷告词中，有一条总是占主导地位。“哦，上帝啊，请赐予我力量与勇气来为你服务吧！”他跪在没铺地毯的地板上，低着头，为即将开始的使命殷殷恳求着。

The Reverend Hartman was a tall man with a brown beard. His wife, a stout, nervous woman, was the daughter of a manufacturer of underwear at Cleveland, Ohio. The minister himself was rather a favorite in the town. The elders of the church liked him because he was quiet and unpretentious and Mrs. White, the banker's wife, thought him scholarly and refined.

哈特曼牧师个子很高，留着棕色的胡子。他的妻子是个神经兮兮的胖女人。她是俄亥俄州克利夫兰的一个内衣制造商的女儿。牧师本人在镇上非常受人喜爱。教会长老们喜欢他，因为他安静谦恭。银行家的妻子怀特太太则认为他博学而优雅。

The Presbyterian Church held itself somewhat aloof from the other churches of Winesburg. It was larger and more imposing and its minister was better paid. He even had a carriage of his own and on summer evenings sometimes drove about town with his wife. Through Main Street and up and down Buckeye Street he went, bowing gravely to the people, while his wife, afire with secret pride, looked at him out of the corners of her eyes and worried lest the horse become frightened and run away.

基督教长老会与温斯堡其他教会相比而言，保持着较为清高的地

位。基督教长老会规模更大、气势更宏伟，牧师的薪水也更高。牧师甚至有自己的马车；在夏天的傍晚，有时他会同妻子驾车在镇里四处逛逛。他穿过大街，往来于七叶树街上，庄重地向人们鞠躬；而他的妻子则暗藏得意、异常激动，一面从眼角的余光中望着他，一面还在担心若是马惊了会脱缰跑了。

For a good many years after he came to Winesburg things went well with Curtis Hartman. He was not one to arouse keen enthusiasm among the worshippers in his church but on the other hand he made no enemies. In reality he was much in earnest and sometimes suffered prolonged periods of remorse because he could not go crying the word of God in the highways and byways of the town. He wondered if the flame of the spirit really burned in him and dreamed of a day when a strong sweet new current of power would come like a great wind into his voice and his soul and the people would tremble before the spirit of God made manifest in him. "I am a poor stick and that will never really happen to me," he mused dejectedly, and then a patient smile lit up his features. "Oh well, I suppose I'm doing well enough," he added philosophically.

自柯蒂斯·哈特曼来到温斯堡，多年来一直诸事顺利。在他供职的教堂里，他不属于那种能让信徒们产生狂热的人，但另一方面，他也从不树敌。事实上，他非常虔诚，有时，因为不能去镇上大街小巷高唱上帝福音而悔恨很长时间。他很疑惑圣灵之火是否真的在他内心燃烧；他还梦想着那么一天，一股强大而温柔的崭新力量会像一阵大风吹进他的声音和灵魂。那时，人们会因上帝在他身上显灵而颤抖。“我是个可怜的家伙，那种事永远不会发生在我身上。”他沮丧地沉思着，接着，忍耐的微笑浮上嘴角。“哦，那么，我想我做得够多了。”他冷静地补充了一句。

The room in the bell tower of the church, where on Sunday mornings the minister prayed for an increase in him of the power of God, had but one window. It was long and narrow and swung outward on a hinge like a door. On the window, made of little leaded panes, was a design showing the Christ laying his hand upon the head of a child. One Sunday morning in the summer as he sat by his desk in the room with a large Bible opened before him, and the sheets of his sermon scattered about, the minister was shocked to see, in the upper room of the house next door, a woman lying in her bed and smoking a cigarette while she read a book. Curtis Hartman went on tiptoe to the window and closed it softly. He was horror stricken at the thought of a woman smoking and trembled also to think that his eyes, just raised from the pages of the book of God, had looked upon the bare shoulders and white throat of a woman. With his brain in a whirl he went down into the pulpit and preached a long sermon without once thinking of his gestures or his voice. The sermon attracted unusual attention because of its power and clearness. "I wonder if she is

listening, if my voice is carrying a message into her soul," he thought and began to hope that on future Sunday mornings he might be able to say words that would touch and awaken the woman apparently far gone in secret sin.

每周日清晨，牧师都去教堂钟楼的房间祈求上帝赐予他更多的神力。那个房间只有一扇窗户。窗子狭长，像门一样倚着合叶向外开着。窗户是由若干小块的镶铅框的窗玻璃组成，上面画有一幅图案：基督将手放在一个孩子头上。夏日里一个周日的清晨，他坐在房间的书桌旁，面前摊开着一本很大的《圣经》，几张布道板散落在旁边。就在此时，他吃惊地发现，在隔壁房子楼上的房间里，一个女人躺在床上边抽烟边看书。柯蒂斯·哈特曼踮着脚来到窗边，轻轻地关上了窗户。他一想到女人居然抽烟就觉得恐怖万状，再想到自己刚刚从《圣经》上抬起眼就看到了一个女人裸露的肩膀和雪白的脖颈，不由得浑身发抖。他的头脑里混乱一片，于是他下楼来到讲坛上做了一个长长的布道，根本没考虑自己的姿势或者声音。这次布道因为清楚有力而引起了不同寻常的关注。“我想知道她是否在听，我的话是否给她的灵魂带去了启示。”他这样想着，开始希望在以后的周日清晨能够用自己的言辞感染她，让这位显然深陷于隐秘罪恶的女人清醒过来。

The house next door to the Presbyterian Church, through the windows of which the minister had seen the sight that had so upset him, was occupied by two women. Aunt Elizabeth Swift, a grey competent-looking widow with money in the Winesburg National Bank, lived there with her daughter Kate Swift, a school teacher. The school teacher was thirty years old and had a neat trim-looking figure. She had few friends and bore a reputation of having a sharp tongue. When he began to think about her, Curtis Hartman remembered that she had been to Europe and had lived for two years in New York City. "Perhaps after all her smoking means nothing," he thought. He began to remember that when he was a student in college and occasionally read novels, good although somewhat worldly women, had smoked through the pages of a book that had once fallen into his hands. With a rush of new determination he worked on his sermons all through the week and forgot, in his zeal to reach the ears and the soul of this new listener, both his embarrassment in the pulpit and the necessity of prayer in the study on Sunday mornings.

牧师从窗子里看到令他如此懊恼景象的那座房子紧挨着基督教长老会教堂，现在里面住着两位女士。伊丽莎白·斯威夫特阿姨是一位寡妇。她头发花白，样子很精干，在温斯堡国家银行里有存款。与她同住的是她的女儿凯特·斯威夫特，是一位教师。这位老师有三十岁了，她身材匀称，看起来整洁利落。她没有几个朋友，出了名的说话刻薄。柯蒂斯·哈特曼开始琢磨她，记起来她曾去过欧洲，还在纽约市住过两年。“或许她抽烟根本不算什么。”他想。他记起自己在大学时偶尔也读些小说，有一次落在他手中的一本书里面就连续好多页描写了善良却有些世俗的女子

也会抽烟。于是，他怀着一番新的决心，一整周都在致力于他的布道。在一心想要打动那位新听众的耳朵和灵魂的热忱中，他将在讲坛上的困窘与周日清晨在书房里必做的祷告统统忘记了。

Reverend Hartman's experience with women had been somewhat limited. He was the son of a wagon maker from Muncie, Indiana, and had worked his way through college. The daughter of the underwear manufacturer had boarded in a house where he lived during his school days and he had married her after a formal and prolonged courtship, carried on for the most part by the girl herself. On his marriage day the underwear manufacturer had given his daughter five thousand dollars and he promised to leave her at least twice that amount in his will. The minister had thought himself fortunate in marriage and had never permitted himself to think of other women. He did not want to think of other women. What he wanted was to do the work of God quietly and earnestly.

哈特曼牧师对女人的经验终究是有限的。他是印第安纳州曼西市一名马车匠的儿子，半工半读完成了大学学业。在他读书期间，内衣制造厂商的女儿和他分租一套房子。在经历了一番正式而漫长的求爱过程后，他同她结了婚，而求爱的过程大部分都是那个姑娘自己安排的。结婚当天，内衣制造商给了他的女儿五千美金作为嫁妆，并承诺在他的遗嘱里至少会留给她两倍于这个数额的钱。牧师认为自己的婚姻是幸运的，从不允许自己想其他女人。他也不愿意想其他女人。他就想安静虔诚地做好这份神职工作。

In the soul of the minister a struggle awoke. From wanting to reach the ears of Kate Swift, and through his sermons to delve into her soul, he began to want also to look again at the figure lying white and quiet in the bed. On a Sunday morning when he could not sleep because of his thoughts he arose and went to walk in the streets. When he had gone along Main Street almost to the old Richmond place he stopped and picking up a stone rushed off to the room in the bell tower. With the stone he broke out a corner of the window and then locked the door and sat down at the desk before the open Bible to wait. When the shade of the window to Kate Swift's room was raised he could see, through the hole, directly into her bed, but she was not there. She also had arisen and had gone for a walk and the hand that raised the shade was the hand of Aunt Elizabeth Swift.

牧师心里激起了一场斗争。从希望自己的布道能传达到凯特·斯威夫特的耳朵里，以便触及她的灵魂，到也开始想再看一眼那静静地躺在床上的雪白的身体。一个周日的清晨，他因为胡思乱想睡不着，便起身到街上去散步。当他沿着大街快走到老里士满房子的时候，他停了下来，从地上拾起一块石头，快步向钟楼的房间赶去。他用石头打破了窗户的一角，然后锁上门，坐在书桌旁，对着摊开的《圣经》等待着。当凯特·斯威夫特房间的窗帘被拉起来的时候，他可以透过那个洞望见她的床，

可她并不在那儿。她也起床出去散步了，那只拉窗帘的手是伊丽莎白·斯威夫特阿姨的。

The minister almost wept with joy at this deliverance from the carnal desire to "peep" and went back to his own house praising God. In an ill moment he forgot, however, to stop the hole in the window. The piece of glass broken out at the corner of the window just nipped off the bare heel of the boy standing motionless and looking with rapt eyes into the face of the Christ.

得以从这“偷窥”的肉欲中解脱出来使这位牧师几乎喜极而泣，于是他回到自己的房子里歌颂上帝。然而，他心慌意乱之际却忘了将窗户上的洞填起来。那块从窗子角落被敲下来的玻璃正好是图案上那个静静站在上帝面前、满怀喜悦地望着基督面容的孩子赤裸的脚后跟。

Curtis Hartman forgot his sermon on that Sunday morning. He talked to his congregation and in his talk said that it was a mistake for people to think of their minister as a man set aside and intended by nature to lead a blameless life. "Out of my own experience I know that we, who are the ministers of God's word, are beset by the same temptations that assail you," he declared. "I have been tempted and have surrendered to temptation. It is only the hand of God, placed beneath my head, that has raised me up. As he has raised me so also will he raise you. Do not despair. In your hour of sin raise your eyes to the skies and you will be again and again saved."

柯蒂斯·哈特曼忘记了那个周日早晨的布道。他同他的会众交谈。在谈话中他说，人们认为牧师是另一类人，天生过着清白无过错的生活，这种想法是错误的。“从我的亲身经历中，我了解到，我们这些上帝教义的使徒也会受到那些烦扰你们的诱惑的困扰。”他郑重地说，“我就受过诱惑，并屈从于它。只有上帝之手托住我的头，才使我得以超脱。正如他使我解脱一样，他也会使你们得到解脱。不要灰心。在你们犯罪的时候抬头望向上苍，你们将会一再地得到拯救。”

Resolutely the minister put the thoughts of the woman in the bed out of his mind and began to be something like a lover in the presence of his wife. One evening when they drove out together he turned the horse out of Buckeye Street and in the darkness on Gospel Hill, above Waterworks Pond, put his arm about Sarah Hartman's waist. When he had eaten breakfast in the morning and was ready to retire to his study at the back of his house he went around the table and kissed his wife on the cheek. When thoughts of Kate Swift came into his head, he smiled and raised his eyes to the skies. "Intercede for me, Master," he muttered, "keep me in the narrow path intent on Thy work."

牧师毅然地将床上女人的念头从脑海中摒弃了，并开始在妻子面前表现得像一个爱人。一天晚上，他们一同驾车外出，他将马车赶出七叶树街。在福音山上，俯瞰着水库池塘，他在黑暗中搂住了萨拉·哈特曼的

腰。早上他吃过早饭，准备回房子后面的书房时，他绕过餐桌，吻了妻子的脸颊。每当关于凯特·斯威夫特的念头出现，他便微笑着抬头望天。“主啊，请您宽恕我，”他喃喃自语道，“让我坚守在一心为您服务的小径上吧。”

And now began the real struggle in the soul of the brown-bearded minister. By chance he discovered that Kate Swift was in the habit of lying in her bed in the evenings and reading a book. A lamp stood on a table by the side of the bed and the light streamed down upon her white shoulders and bare throat. On the evening when he made the discovery the minister sat at the desk in the dusty room from nine until after eleven and when her light was put out stumbled out of the church to spend two more hours walking and praying in the streets. He did not want to kiss the shoulders and the throat of Kate Swift and had not allowed his mind to dwell on such thoughts. He did not know what he wanted. "I am God's child and he must save me from myself," he cried, in the darkness under the trees as he wandered in the streets. By a tree he stood and looked at the sky that was covered with hurrying clouds. He began to talk to God intimately and closely. "Please, Father, do not forget me. Give me power to go tomorrow and repair the hole in the window. Lift my eyes again to the skies. Stay with me, Thy servant, in his hour of need."

现在，这位棕色胡子的牧师心里开始了真正的挣扎。他偶然发现凯特·斯威夫特习惯在夜里躺在床上看书。床边的书桌上立着一盏灯，灯光倾泻在她雪白的肩膀和裸露的脖子上。发现这个景象的夜晚，牧师在满是灰尘的房间的书桌边从九点一直坐到十一点多。直到她熄了灯，他才蹒跚地走出教堂，又花了两个多小时到街上散步和祈祷。他并不想去亲吻凯特·斯威夫特的肩膀和脖子，他也不允许自己动那样的念头。他也不知道自己想要什么。“我是上帝的孩子，他必定能把我从自我堕落中解救出来的。”他在街上游荡时，站在树林下的阴影里大喊道。他站在一棵树旁，望着流云遮蔽的天空。他开始频繁而亲密地同上帝谈话。“天父啊，请你不要抛弃我。赐予我力量明天去修补那个窗洞吧。让我抬起头再次望向苍穹吧。请在你的仆人需要你的时候，与我同在。”

Up and down through the silent streets walked the minister and for days and weeks his soul was troubled. He could not understand the temptation that had come to him nor could he fathom the reason for its coming. In a way he began to blame God, saying to himself that he had tried to keep his feet in the true path and had not run about seeking sin. "Through my days as a young man and all through my life here I have gone quietly about my work," he declared. "Why now should I be tempted? What have I done that this burden should be laid on me?"

牧师在寂静的街上来来回回地走着，数日甚至数周以来，他的灵魂一直深受困扰。他无法理解这突如其来的诱惑，也弄不懂它到来的原

因。他开始有些责怪上帝了，他对自己说他已经竭力回归正道，并未去追逐罪恶。“在我整个年轻的岁月里，以及我在这里的全部生活中，我都在安静地做我的工作。”他申述着，“为什么现在我应当受到诱惑呢？我究竟做错了什么，竟要承受这般罪责？”

Three times during the early fall and winter of that year Curtis Hartman crept out of his house to the room in the bell tower to sit in the darkness looking at the figure of Kate Swift lying in her bed and later went to walk and pray in the streets. He could not understand himself. For weeks he would go along scarcely thinking of the school teacher and telling himself that he had conquered the carnal desire to look at her body. And then something would happen. As he sat in the study of his own house, hard at work on a sermon, he would become nervous and begin to walk up and down the room. "I will go out into the streets," he told himself and even as he let himself in at the church door he persistently denied to himself the cause of his being there. "I will not repair the hole in the window and I will train myself to come here at night and sit in the presence of this woman without raising my eyes. I will not be defeated in this thing. The Lord has devised this temptation as a test of my soul and I will grope my way out of darkness into the light of righteousness."

那年的初秋和冬天，柯蒂斯·哈特曼曾有三次从自己的房子偷偷出来，进入钟楼的房间，坐在黑暗中望着凯特·斯威夫特躺在床上的身体，然后到街上去散步和祷告。他无法理解自己。他可以好几个星期几乎不想那位教师，并且告诉自己已经战胜了偷窥她身体的情欲了。但是接下来就会有事发生。当他坐在自己房子的书房里，努力为布道做准备时，他会变得紧张，开始在房里走来走去。“我要到街上去。”他对自己说，但即使他使自己跨进了教堂大门，他仍会固执地否认他到此的理由。“我就不补窗户上的那个洞，我要训练自己晚上来这里，即使那个女人出现在面前也不会抬一下眼睛。我不会在这件事情上被打倒。上帝为考验我的灵魂而设计了这个诱惑，我会摸索着走出黑暗，找到正义的光明。”

One night in January when it was bitter cold and snow lay deep on the streets of Winesburg Curtis Hartman paid his last visit to the room in the bell tower of the church. It was past nine o'clock when he left his own house and he set out so hurriedly that he forgot to put on his overshoes. In Main Street no one was abroad but Hop Higgins the night watchman and in the whole town no one was awake but the watchman and young George Willard, who sat in the office of the Winesburg Eagle trying to write a story. Along the street to the church went the minister, plowing through the drifts and thinking that this time he would utterly give way to sin. "I want to look at the woman and to think of kissing her shoulders and I am going to let myself think what I choose," he declared bitterly and tears came into his eyes. He began to think that he would get out of the ministry and try some

other way of life. "I shall go to some city and get into business," he declared. "If my nature is such that I cannot resist sin, I shall give myself over to sin. At least I shall not be a hypocrite, preaching the word of God with my mind thinking of the shoulders and neck of a woman who does not belong to me."

一月的一个夜晚，天气严寒，温斯堡的街上有了厚厚的积雪。柯蒂斯·哈特曼最后一次造访教堂钟楼的那个房间。他离家的时候已过九点，他走得那样急，都忘了穿上套鞋。大街上空无一人，只有守夜人霍普·希金斯。除了守夜人和坐在《温斯堡鹰报》办公室里打算写篇报道的年轻人乔治·威拉德，全镇的人都已沉入了梦乡。牧师沿着街道前往教堂，他踏着积雪，向前跋涉，心里想着这次他将完全屈从于罪恶了。“我想去看看那个女人，幻想亲吻她的肩膀，让自己爱想什么就想什么。”他痛苦地宣布着，泪水涌上了眼眶。他开始考虑不再做牧师，试着从事其他的行业。“我应当到某个城市去从商。”他断言，“如果我天性如此，无法抵制罪恶，那么我就把自己交给罪恶吧。起码，我不会做个伪君子。我传道的同时，脑袋里却想着一个并不属于我的女人的肩膀和脖子。”

It was cold in the room of the bell tower of the church on that January night and almost as soon as he came into the room Curtis Hartman knew that if he stayed he would be ill. His feet were wet from tramping in the snow and there was no fire. In the room in the house next door Kate Swift had not yet appeared. With grim determination the man sat down to wait. Sitting in the chair and gripping the edge of the desk on which lay the Bible he stared into the darkness thinking the blackest thoughts of his life. He thought of his wife and for the moment almost hated her. "She has always been ashamed of passion and has cheated me," he thought. "Man has a right to expect living passion and beauty in a woman. He has no right to forget that he is an animal and in me there is something that is Greek. I will throw off the woman of my bosom and seek other women. I will besiege this school teacher. I will fly in the face of all men and if I am a creature of carnal lusts I will live then for my lusts."

教堂钟楼的那个房间在一月的夜晚是极其寒冷的。几乎在他一踏进房间时就明白，如果呆在里面是会生病的。他的脚因踩过雪都湿了，而房间里也没有生火。而隔壁屋子的房间里，凯特·斯威夫特还没出现。这个男人怀着坚强的决心坐了下来，等待着。他坐在椅子里，抓着放《圣经》的书桌的边缘，凝视着夜色，想着他人生最黑暗的念头。他想起了自己的妻子，在这一刻，他几乎是恨她的。“她总以情欲为耻，还欺骗了我。”他想着，“男人有权利期望女人身上具有生动的激情和美丽。他不该忘记自己也是一种动物，我身上就有些希腊人的特质。我要抛弃这个属于我的女人，去追求其他的女人。我要追求这个女教师。我要公然违抗所有人；如果我是一个耽于肉欲的动物，那我就要为了自己的欲望而活。”

The distracted man trembled from head to foot, partly from cold,

partly from the struggle in which he was engaged. Hours passed and a fever assailed his body. His throat began to hurt and his teeth chattered. His feet on the study floor felt like two cakes of ice. Still he would not give up. "I will see this woman and will think the thoughts I have never dared to think," he told himself, gripping the edge of the desk and waiting.

这个心烦意乱的人从头到脚都在发抖，一半是因为寒冷，一半是因为他陷入了内心的挣扎。几小时过去了，他开始发烧。他的喉咙开始感到疼痛，牙齿也开始打颤。他的脚放在书房的地板上，冷得就像两块冰。他却还不愿放弃。“我要看看这个女人，然后想想我从来不敢想的事。”他对自己说，一边抓紧了桌角等待着。

Curtis Hartman came near dying from the effects of that night of waiting in the church, and also he found in the thing that happened what he took to be the way of life for him. On other evenings when he had waited he had not been able to see, through the little hole in the glass, any part of the school teacher's room except that occupied by her bed. In the darkness he had waited until the woman suddenly appeared sitting in the bed in her white night-robe. When the light was turned up she propped herself up among the pillows and read a book. Sometimes she smoked one of the cigarettes. Only her bare shoulders and throat were visible.

那个夜晚在教堂的等待使柯蒂斯·哈特曼差点被冻死，但从发生过的事情中，他也发现了自己所认可的生活方式。在他之前等候的夜晚里，透过玻璃上的小洞，除了女老师的床，他没有注意到房间里任何其他的东西。他在黑暗中等待着，直到这个女人突然出现；她坐在床上，穿着白色的睡袍。她点亮灯，靠着一堆枕头看小说。有时，她会抽上一根烟。只能看见她裸露的肩膀和脖子。

On the January night, after he had come near dying with cold and after his mind had two or three times actually slipped away into an odd land of fantasy so that he had by an exercise of will power to force himself back into consciousness, Kate Swift appeared. In the room next door a lamp was lighted and the waiting man stared into an empty bed. Then upon the bed before his eyes a naked woman threw herself. Lying face downward she wept and beat with her fists upon the pillow. With a final outburst of weeping she half arose, and in the presence of the man who had waited to look and not to think thoughts the woman of sin began to pray. In the lamplight her figure, slim and strong, looked like the figure of the boy in the presence of the Christ on the leaded window.

那个一月的夜晚，在他几乎快被冻死，好几次脑海里出现了奇怪的幻景，以至于他不得不用意志力强迫自己清醒之后，凯特·斯威夫特终于出现了。隔壁的房间亮起了灯，这位苦苦守候的牧师紧盯着那张空床。

紧接着，在他眼前，一个赤裸的女人倒在了床上。她脸朝下躺在那里哭泣着，用拳头捶打着枕头。最后一轮恸哭爆发完了，她半坐起身。就在这个等着偷窥而且完全忘记了思考的男人面前，这个罪恶化身的女人开始祈祷。在灯光下，她展露的身体苗条而结实，看上去就像镶铅框的窗玻璃上基督面前的那个男孩。

Curtis Hartman never remembered how he got out of the church. With a cry he arose, dragging the heavy desk along the floor. The Bible fell, making a great clatter in the silence. When the light in the house next door went out he stumbled down the stairway and into the street. Along the street he went and ran in at the door of the Winesburg Eagle. To George Willard, who was tramping up and down in the office undergoing a struggle of his own, he began to talk half incoherently. "The ways of God are beyond human understanding," he cried, running in quickly and closing the door. He began to advance upon the young man, his eyes glowing and his voice ringing with fervor. "I have found the light," he cried. "After ten years in this town, God has manifested himself to me in the body of a woman." His voice dropped and he began to whisper. "I did not understand," he said. "What I took to be a trial of my soul was only a preparation for a new and more beautiful fervor of the spirit. God has appeared to me in the person of Kate Swift, the school teacher, kneeling naked on a bed. Do you know Kate Swift? Although she may not be aware of it, she is an instrument of God, bearing the message of truth."

柯蒂斯·哈特曼永远都回忆不起自己是如何走出教堂的。他大叫一声站起来，把沉重的书桌也拽得在地板上拖了一下。《圣经》掉在地上，在寂静中发出巨大的声响。当隔壁房子的灯光熄灭后，他跌跌撞撞地走下楼梯，来到了街上。他沿着街道，边走边跑，来到《温斯堡鹰报》的门前。那时，乔治·威拉德正在办公室里走来走去，内心经历着挣扎。牧师便开始向他断断续续地讲述着。“上帝之道远非世人所能了解的啊。”他喊道，迅速跑进屋里，关上了门。他开始靠近这位年轻人，两眼发光，声音充满了热情。“我找到光明了，”他喊着，“我在这个镇上呆了十年之后，上帝通过一个女人的身体向我显灵了。”他的声音低下去，变成了低语。“我本来不明白，”他说，“我原本以为那是对灵魂的考验，结果它只是为一种崭新的、更美丽的灵做准备。上帝在凯特·斯威夫特这个赤裸着跪在床上的女教师身上向我显灵了。你认识凯特·斯威夫特吗？尽管她也许没有意识到，她是上帝的工具，承载着真理之义。”

Reverend Curtis Hartman turned and ran out of the office. At the door he stopped, and after looking up and down the deserted street, turned again to George Willard. "I am delivered. Have no fear." He held up a bleeding fist for the young man to see. "I smashed the glass of the window," he cried. "Now it will have to be wholly replaced. The strength of God was in me and I broke it with my fist."

柯蒂斯·哈特曼牧师转身跑出了报社办公室。他在门口处停住，来回

打量着空荡荡的街道，又转过来面对着乔治·威拉德。“我得救了。再也无所畏惧了。”他举起一只流着血的拳头给乔治看。“我砸碎了窗玻璃，”他大声说道，“现在整个窗子都要换了。上帝赐予了我力量，我便用拳头把窗子打破了。”

CHAPTER 13 The Teacher

第十三章 女教师

Snow lay deep in the streets of Winesburg. It had begun to snow about ten o'clock in the morning and a wind sprang up and blew the snow in clouds along Main Street. The frozen mud roads that led into town were fairly smooth and in places ice covered the mud. "There will be good sleighing," said Will Henderson, standing by the bar in Ed Griffith's saloon. Out of the saloon he went and met Sylvester West the druggist stumbling along in the kind of heavy overshoes called arctics. "Snow will bring the people into town on Saturday," said the druggist. The two men stopped and discussed their affairs. Will Henderson, who had on a light overcoat and no overshoes, kicked the heel of his left foot with the toe of the right. "Snow will be good for the wheat," observed the druggist sagely.

温斯堡的街道上积着厚厚的雪。早上十点左右开始下雪，接着一阵风刮起来，把大街上的雪吹得如云雾般四处飞散。通往镇上的泥巴路被冻住了，变得非常光滑；有的地方，泥巴上面还覆盖着一层冰。“滑起雪橇来肯定很好。”威尔·亨德森站在埃德·格里菲思酒吧的吧台边说。他走出酒吧，遇到了药剂师西尔维斯特·韦斯特，后者穿着一种笨重的保暖防水套鞋，踉跄地沿街走着。“大雪会让人们星期六到镇上来的。”药剂师说道。两人停下脚步，交谈起来。威尔·亨德森只穿着一件薄外套，没穿套鞋，冷得用右脚脚趾磕着左脚后跟。“下雪对小麦生长有好处。”药剂师一副洞察先机的样子。

Young George Willard, who had nothing to do, was glad because he did not feel like working that day. The weekly paper had been printed and taken to the post office Wednesday evening and the snow began to fall on Thursday. At eight o'clock, after the morning train had passed, he put a pair of skates in his pocket and went up to Waterworks Pond but did not go skating. Past the pond and along a path that followed Wine Creek he went until he came to a grove of beech trees. There he built a fire against the side of a log and sat down at the end of the log to think. When the snow began to fall and the wind to blow he hurried about getting fuel for the fire.

无事可干的乔治·威拉德很高兴，因为他那天刚好不想开工。周报已经印好，周三晚上就送往了邮局，雪正好从周四开始下。八点的时候，早班火车已经开走，他把一双溜冰鞋放进口袋，朝水库池塘走去，但却没有在那里溜冰。他经过池塘，沿着瓦英河旁的一条小路一直走到一片毛榉树林里。他在一根圆木旁生起了火，然后坐在木头尾上开始思索。开始下雪的时候，风也刮了起来，他急忙给火堆添柴。

The young reporter was thinking of Kate Swift, who had once been his school teacher. On the evening before he had gone to her house to get a book she wanted him to read and had been alone with her for an hour. For the fourth or fifth time the woman had talked to him with great earnestness and he could not make out what she meant by her talk. He began to believe she must be in love with him and the thought was both pleasing and annoying.

这位年轻的记者在想凯特·斯威夫特，她过去曾是他的教师。前晚，他去她家拿了一本她想让他看的书，同她单独呆了一个小时。这已经是第四还是第五次了，那位女教师极热情地同他攀谈，可他弄不懂她这么做是什么意思。他开始确信她必然爱上了自己，这个想法让他感到既开心又烦恼。

Up from the log he sprang and began to pile sticks on the fire. Looking about to be sure he was alone he talked aloud pretending he was in the presence of the woman, "Oh, you're just letting on, you know you are," he declared. "I am going to find out about you. You wait and see."

他从木头上一跃而起，开始往火堆上添柴。他环视四周，确定周围没有人，然后开始高声地自言自语，假装那位女士就在他面前。“噢，你只不过是装模作样，你自己知道。”他宣布，“我要把这件事弄明白。你等着瞧吧。”

The young man got up and went back along the path toward town leaving the fire blazing in the wood. As he went through the streets the skates clanked in his pocket. In his own room in the New Willard House he built a fire in the stove and lay down on top of the bed. He began to have lustful thoughts and pulling down the shade of the window closed his eyes and turned his face to the wall. He took a pillow into his arms and embraced it thinking first of the school teacher, who by her words had stirred something within him, and later of Helen White, the slim daughter of the town banker, with whom he had been for a long time half in love.

年轻人站起身，沿着回镇上的小路走了，丢下火堆在树林里熊熊燃烧。他穿过街道的时候，那双溜冰鞋在他口袋里铿锵作响。在新威拉德旅社他自己的房间里，他在壁炉里生起火，然后靠在床头。他开始绮念丛生，于是他拉上百叶窗，闭上眼睛，面朝着墙躺着。他拿过一个枕头搂在怀里，先是想到了那位女教师，她用语言点燃了他内心的激情。接着，他又想到了海伦·怀特，那位本镇银行家的苗条的女儿；他已经暗恋她很长时间了。

By nine o'clock of that evening snow lay deep in the streets and the weather had become bitter cold. It was difficult to walk about. The stores were dark and the people had crawled away to their houses. The evening train from Cleveland was very late but nobody was

interested in its arrival. By ten o'clock all but four of the eighteen hundred citizens of the town were in bed.

那天夜里九点钟时，街上的雪已经积得很厚了，天气变得极冷。走路变得很困难。商店里漆黑一片，人们都慢吞吞地回自己家去了。从克利夫兰来的夜班火车晚点了很长时间，但却没人在意。到十点的时候，小镇里的一千八百位居民都已入眠，只有四人例外。

Hop Higgins, the night watchman, was partially awake. He was lame and carried a heavy stick. On dark nights he carried a lantern. Between nine and ten o'clock he went his rounds. Up and down Main Street he stumbled through the drifts trying the doors of the stores. Then he went into alleyways and tried the back doors. Finding all tight he hurried around the corner to the New Willard House and beat on the door. Through the rest of the night he intended to stay by the stove. "You go to bed. I'll keep the stove going," he said to the boy who slept on a cot in the hotel office.

守夜人霍普·希金斯半睡半醒。他是个瘸子，拄着一根沉重的拐杖。深夜里他拿着一盏灯。在九点到十点间巡夜。他蹒跚地踏着积雪走过整条大街，检查每家商店的门是否关好。接着他转进小巷，检查每家的后门。确定所有的门都锁好后，他便急忙转过街角，到新威拉德旅社去敲门。夜晚接下来的时间，他就打算呆在炉火边了。“你去睡吧。我来看炉子。”他对睡在旅社办公室里一张简易床上的服务生说道。

Hop Higgins sat down by the stove and took off his shoes. When the boy had gone to sleep he began to think of his own affairs. He intended to paint his house in the spring and sat by the stove calculating the cost of paint and labor. That led him into other calculations. The night watchman was sixty years old and wanted to retire. He had been a soldier in the Civil War and drew a small pension. He hoped to find some new method of making a living and aspired to become a professional breeder of ferrets. Already he had four of the strangely shaped savage little creatures, that are used by sportsmen in the pursuit of rabbits, in the cellar of his house. "Now I have one male and three females," he mused. "If I am lucky by spring I shall have twelve or fifteen. In another year I shall be able to begin advertising ferrets for sale in the sporting papers."

霍普·希金斯在炉边坐下，脱下鞋子。那名服务生去睡觉后，他开始思考自己的事情。他打算在春天的时候粉刷房子，于是坐在炉边计算油漆和人工的花费。那使他想起了其他的账。这位守夜人六十岁了，他想退休。内战时他当过兵，现在领着一笔微薄的补助。他希望能找到一个新的谋生之法，想要成为一名专业的雪貂养殖员。他已经在自己家的地窖里养了四头这种模样古怪的、凶狠的小动物，那是打猎爱好者用来追赶兔子用的。“现在，我有一只雌的，三只雄的。”他若有所思地说，“如果幸运的话，到春天我就能有十二或十五只了。再过一年，我就能在打

猎报纸上登广告出售雪貂了。”

The nightwatchman settled into his chair and his mind became a blank. He did not sleep. By years of practice he had trained himself to sit for hours through the long nights neither asleep nor awake. In the morning he was almost as refreshed as though he had slept.

守夜人坐在椅子里，脑袋里一片空白。他没睡着。多年的习惯使他练就了长夜里静坐几个钟头不眠也不醒的本事。到了早上，他又精神焕发，犹如睡过一觉一样。

With Hop Higgins safely stowed away in the chair behind the stove only three people were awake in Winesburg. George Willard was in the office of the Eagle pretending to be at work on the writing of a story but in reality continuing the mood of the morning by the fire in the wood. In the bell tower of the Presbyterian Church the Reverend Curtis Hartman was sitting in the darkness preparing himself for a revelation from God, and Kate Swift, the school teacher, was leaving her house for a walk in the storm.

除了安稳地坐在火炉后面的椅子里的霍普·希金斯，温斯堡里只有三个人还醒着。乔治·威拉德在《鹰报》办公室里假装忙着写报道。实际上，他还在继续早晨在树林火堆边上的胡思乱想。在基督教长老会的钟楼里，柯蒂斯·哈特曼牧师正坐在黑暗中，准备接受上帝的启示；而凯特·斯威夫特，那位学校女教师，正离开家要去风雪中散步。

It was past ten o'clock when Kate Swift set out and the walk was unpremeditated. It was as though the man and the boy, by thinking of her, had driven her forth into the wintry streets. Aunt Elizabeth Swift had gone to the county seat concerning some business in connection with mortgages in which she had money invested and would not be back until the next day. By a huge stove, called a base burner, in the living room of the house sat the daughter reading a book. Suddenly she sprang to her feet and, snatching a cloak from a rack by the front door, ran out of the house.

凯特·斯威夫特出门的时候已经十点多了，她原本没打算去散步。就仿佛是因为那一老一少正想着她才驱使她走进寒冬的街道上。伊丽莎白·斯威夫特阿姨去镇政府了。她去办她投资项目的抵押贷款事宜，直到第二天才会回来。她的女儿坐在起居室里一个叫自动加料火炉的大火炉旁边看书。突然，她跳起来，从前门衣架上抓过一件斗篷，跑出了房子。

At the age of thirty Kate Swift was not known in Winesburg as a pretty woman. Her complexion was not good and her face was covered with blotches that indicated ill health. Alone in the night in the winter streets she was lovely. Her back was straight, her shoulders square, and her features were as the features of a tiny goddess on a pedestal in a garden in the dim light of a summer evening. During the

afternoon the school teacher had been to see Doctor Welling concerning her health. The doctor had scolded her and had declared she was in danger of losing her hearing. It was foolish for Kate Swift to be abroad in the storm, foolish and perhaps dangerous.

三十岁的凯特·斯威夫特并不是温斯堡闻名的美女。她肤色不太好，脸上还有雀斑，显示出身体的不健康。她独自一人走在冬天黑夜的街头时却是可爱的。她的背很直，肩膀宽阔结实，她的容貌很像夏日傍晚昏暗光线中花园里的女神小雕像的模样。下午，这位女教师去找韦林医生检查过身体。医生责备了她，并告诉她有失聪的危险。凯特·斯威夫特呆在风雪中是不明智的，不明智的甚至是危险的。

The woman in the streets did not remember the words of the doctor and would not have turned back had she remembered. She was very cold but after walking for five minutes no longer minded the cold. First she went to the end of her own street and then across a pair of hay scales set in the ground before a feed barn and into Trunion Pike. Along Trunion Pike she went to Ned Winters' barn and turning east followed a street of low frame houses that led over Gospel Hill and into Sucker Road that ran down a shallow valley past Ike Smead's chicken farm to Waterworks Pond. As she went along, the bold, excited mood that had driven her out of doors passed and then returned again.

这个女人已经不记得医生的警告了，即便她记得，她也不会回去。她觉得很冷，可走了五分钟后就不再想冷不冷了。起初，她走到了她所在街道的尽头，接着穿过两个放置在饲料仓前面地上的干草堆，然后进入了特鲁连山。沿着特鲁连山她来到内德·温特斯谷仓，接着转向东边，顺着一条两边都是低矮房屋的街道穿过福音山，走上萨克路。这条路沿着浅浅的山谷，经过艾克·斯米德养鸡场一直延伸到水库池塘。她一路走着，那种驱使她走出家门的鲁莽而兴奋的情绪去而复返。

There was something biting and forbidding in the character of Kate Swift. Everyone felt it. In the schoolroom she was silent, cold, and stern, and yet in an odd way very close to her pupils. Once in a long while something seemed to have come over her and she was happy. All of the children in the schoolroom felt the effect of her happiness. For a time they did not work but sat back in their chairs and looked at her.

凯特·斯威夫特的性格中有些尖锐且令人难以亲近的品质。人们都感觉到了。在学校教室里，她沉默、冷淡、严厉，可她却以一种奇特的方式和学生们十分亲近。很长一段时间，她才偶尔一次会心血来潮，变得快乐。全教室的孩子们都能感到她的欢乐。有好一会儿他们都不学习，只是坐在椅子上看着她。

With hands clasped behind her back the school teacher walked up and down in the schoolroom and talked very rapidly. It did not seem

to matter what subject came into her mind. Once she talked to the children of Charles Lamb and made up strange, intimate little stories concerning the life of the dead writer. The stories were told with the air of one who had lived in a house with Charles Lamb and knew all the secrets of his private life. The children were somewhat confused, thinking Charles Lamb must be someone who had once lived in Winesburg.

这位教师双手在背后紧握着，在教室里走来走去，飞快地说着话。她想到了什么似乎无关紧要。一次，她对孩子们说起了查尔斯·兰姆，还编了些奇怪又亲切的小故事来谈到这位已经过世的作家。故事是在这样一种氛围下被讲述的：某人曾住在查尔斯·兰姆的家中，还了解他的一些个人隐私。孩子们都有些弄糊涂了，觉得查尔斯·兰姆一定曾在温斯堡住过。

On another occasion the teacher talked to the children of Benvenuto Cellini. That time they laughed. What a bragging, blustering, brave, lovable fellow she made of the old artist! Concerning him also she invented anecdotes. There was one of a German music teacher who had a room above Cellini's lodgings in the city of Milan that made the boys guffaw. Sugars McNutts, a fat boy with red cheeks, laughed so hard that he became dizzy and fell off his seat and Kate Swift laughed with him. Then suddenly she became again cold and stern.

还有一次，这位女教师对孩子们谈到了本韦努托·切利尼。那次他们都哈哈大笑。她将那位老艺术家塑造成了一个多么狂妄、暴躁、勇敢而又可爱的人啊！她也编了些关于他的奇闻轶事。故事中出现了一位同在米兰市、就住在切利尼楼上的德国音乐教师，使得孩子们大笑不止。一个叫休格斯·麦肯纳茨的胖胖的、脸颊红红的男孩子笑得太厉害了，竟晕头转向地从椅子上掉了下去，弄得凯特也和他一起大笑了起来。接下来，她突然又变得冷淡而严厉起来。

On the winter night when she walked through the deserted snow-covered streets, a crisis had come into the life of the school teacher. Although no one in Winesburg would have suspected it, her life had been very adventurous. It was still adventurous. Day by day as she worked in the schoolroom or walked in the streets, grief, hope, and desire fought within her. Behind a cold exterior the most extraordinary events transpired in her mind. The people of the town thought of her as a confirmed old maid and because she spoke sharply and went her own way thought her lacking in all the human feeling that did so much to make and mar their own lives. In reality she was the most eagerly passionate soul among them, and more than once, in the five years since she had come back from her travels to settle in Winesburg and become a school teacher, had been compelled to go out of the house and walk half through the night fighting out some

battle raging within. Once on a night when it rained she had stayed out six hours and when she came home had a quarrel with Aunt Elizabeth Swift. "I am glad you're not a man," said the mother sharply. "More than once I've waited for your father to come home, not knowing what new mess he had got into. I've had my share of uncertainty and you cannot blame me if I do not want to see the worst side of him reproduced in you.”

在冬夜里，当她在冰雪覆盖的无人街头散步时，这位女教师的生活中出现了一次危机。尽管温斯堡没人会疑心，但她的生活曾经险象环生。当她日复一日地在教室里工作，或是在街头漫步时，悲伤、希望和欲望就在她内心激战。冷漠的外表下，她的内心却发生着不同寻常的大事件。镇上的居民认为她是个不折不扣的老处女，因为她言辞犀利、特立独行，他们便觉得她少了那种使生活有血有肉的普通人的情感。事实上，她是所有人中灵魂最渴望激情的。自从她旅游回来定居在温斯堡，并随后成为一名学校教师的这五年里，她不止一次地被内心激烈的交战驱使着走出家门，在外散步到深更半夜。有一个雨夜，她在外面呆了六个钟头，回家后和伊丽莎白·斯威夫特阿姨吵了一架。“我真高兴你不是个男人，”这位母亲尖刻地说，“我曾经不止一次地等待你爸爸回家，不知道他又惹了什么新麻烦。我有理由感到不安，如果我是不想看到你父亲最糟糕的那面在你身上重现，你不可以埋怨我。”

Kate Swift's mind was ablaze with thoughts of George Willard. In something he had written as a school boy she thought she had recognized the spark of genius and wanted to blow on the spark. One day in the summer she had gone to the Eagle office and finding the boy unoccupied had taken him out Main Street to the Fair Ground, where the two sat on a grassy bank and talked. The school teacher tried to bring home to the mind of the boy some conception of the difficulties he would have to face as a writer. "You will have to know life," she declared, and her voice trembled with earnestness. She took hold of George Willard's shoulders and turned him about so that she could look into his eyes. A passer-by might have thought them about to embrace. "If you are to become a writer you'll have to stop fooling with words," she explained. "It would be better to give up the notion of writing until you are better prepared. Now it's time to be living. I don't want to frighten you, but I would like to make you understand the import of what you think of attempting. You must not become a mere peddler of words. The thing to learn is to know what people are thinking about, not what they say.”

凯特·斯威夫特一想到乔治·威拉德，心里就炽热起来。在他学生时代写的东西里面，她认为她发现了天才的火花，她想要让这火花燃成熊熊大火。夏日的某一天，她来到《鹰报》办公室，发现这个年轻人没事可干，于是她便带着他走出大街，来到集市广场。两个人坐在草坪上谈话。女教师试图使这个年轻人意识到，作为一名作家他将会遇到的一些

困难。“你必须弄懂生活。”她断言，声音因恳切而颤抖。她握住乔治的肩膀，将他转了过来，以便她能正视他。路过的人有可能以为他们是要拥抱。“你要想当作家，就必须停止玩弄文字。”她解释道，“在你准备得更充分之前，最好能放弃动笔的念头。现在是去体验生活的时候。我不想吓唬你，可我得让你明白你想尝试的事情的重要性。你不能仅仅做一个文字贩子。你该去学习的是人们在想些什么，而不是他们在说些什么。”

On the evening before that stormy Thursday night when the Reverend Curtis Hartman sat in the bell tower of the church waiting to look at her body, young Willard had gone to visit the teacher and to borrow a book. It was then the thing happened that confused and puzzled the boy. He had the book under his arm and was preparing to depart. Again Kate Swift talked with great earnestness. Night was coming on and the light in the room grew dim. As he turned to go she spoke his name softly and with an impulsive movement took hold of his hand. Because the reporter was rapidly becoming a man, something of his man's appeal, combined with the winsomeness of the boy, stirred the heart of the lonely woman. A passionate desire to have him understand the import of life, to learn to interpret it truly and honestly, swept over her. Leaning forward, her lips brushed his cheek. At the same moment he for the first time became aware of the marked beauty of her features. They were both embarrassed, and to relieve her feeling she became harsh and domineering. "What's the use? It will be ten years before you begin to understand what I mean what I talk to you," she cried passionately.

在那个周四暴风雪之夜的前一晚，当柯蒂斯·哈特曼牧师在教堂钟楼坐等一窥女教师裸体的时候，年轻的维拉德曾前去拜访女教师并向她借一本书。接下来便发生了那件使年轻人困惑不解的事情。他将书夹在胳膊下，准备离开。凯特·斯威夫特又一次以极大的热忱对他说话。夜色降临，房间里的光线变得昏暗。在他转身要走的时候，她轻声地叫他的名字，并在冲动之下抓住了他的手。因为这位记者正迅速地成长为一个男人，他的几分男性吸引力，与男孩的迷人特质相结合，使这位孤独女人的内心躁动了起来。一股想使他明白生活的意义、让他学会真实而诚实地解读生活的狂热欲望传遍了她的全身。她往前靠过去，嘴唇擦过他的脸颊。与此同时，他第一次发现了她五官的显著之美。他们都感到有些尴尬。为了摆脱这种感觉，她变得严厉而专横。“有什么用呢？得再过十年，你才会开始明白我跟你说的话是什么意思。”她激动地叫道。

On the night of the storm and while the minister sat in the church waiting for her, Kate Swift went to the office of the Winesburg Eagle, intending to have another talk with the boy. After the long walk in the snow she was cold, lonely, and tired. As she came through Main Street she saw the light from the printshop window shining on the snow and on an impulse opened the door and went in. For an hour she sat by

the stove in the office talking of life. She talked with passionate earnestness. The impulse that had driven her out into the snow poured itself out into talk. She became inspired as she sometimes did in the presence of the children in school. A great eagerness to open the door of life to the boy, who had been her pupil and who she thought might possess a talent for the understanding of life, had possession of her. So strong was her passion that it became something physical. Again her hands took hold of his shoulders and she turned him about. In the dim light her eyes blazed. She arose and laughed, not sharply as was customary with her, but in a queer, hesitating way. "I must be going," she said. "In a moment, if I stay, I'll be wanting to kiss you.”

那个暴风雪的夜晚，就在牧师在教堂里苦苦等候她的同时，凯特·斯威夫特来到了《温斯堡鹰报》的办公室，打算同年轻人再谈一次。在雪地里走得久了，她感到寒冷、孤独和疲惫。当她走过大街的时候，看到印刷室窗户里透出的灯光照在雪地上。于是，冲动之下，她打开门走了进去。她在办公室里的炉火边坐了一个小时，谈着生活。她满怀激情与热忱地说着。那种驱使她走入雪中的冲动全都被注入了这次谈话之中。她变得充满灵感，就像她有时在学校的孩子们面前那样。一种想要向这个年轻人开启人生大门的强烈渴望占据着她的内心。这个人曾是她学生，而且在她看来，他也许具备某种洞察生活的天赋。这种热切太强烈了，以至于变成了生理上的冲动。她的双手又扶住了他的肩膀，将他转过身来。在昏暗的灯光中，她的眼睛闪闪发亮。她起身大笑起来，并不是她平时的那种尖刻的笑，而是一种奇特的、犹豫不决的笑。“我必须得走了。”她说，“马上就走，如果我留下，我会想要吻你的。”

In the newspaper office a confusion arose. Kate Swift turned and walked to the door. She was a teacher but she was also a woman. As she looked at George Willard, the passionate desire to be loved by a man, that had a thousand times before swept like a storm over her body, took possession of her. In the lamplight George Willard looked no longer a boy, but a man ready to play the part of a man.

报社办公室里一阵手忙脚乱。凯特·斯威夫特转身走向门口。她虽然是教师，可她也是一个女人。当她看着乔治·威拉德的时候，那种想要被男人去爱的强烈欲望——曾千百次像暴风雪般袭遍全身的欲望——占据了她的身心。在灯光中，乔治·威拉德看上去不再是个男孩，而是一个可以扮演男性角色的男子汉。

The school teacher let George Willard take her into his arms. In the warm little office the air became suddenly heavy and the strength went out of her body. Leaning against a low counter by the door she waited. When he came and put a hand on her shoulder she turned and let her body fall heavily against him. For George Willard the confusion was immediately increased. For a moment he held the body of the woman tightly against his body and then it stiffened. Two sharp little fists began to beat on his face. When the school teacher had run away

and left him alone, he walked up and down the office swearing furiously.

女教师让乔治·威拉德抱住自己。在这间小小的、温暖的办公室里，空气突然变得沉重，她也失去了全身的力气。她靠在门边一个低矮的柜台上，等待着。他走过来，把一只手放在她的肩膀上；她转过身，让自己重重地倒在他身上。乔治·威拉德随即变得愈加困惑了。有一会儿，他将这个女人的身体紧紧抱在胸前，但那身体随即就变得僵硬了。两个小拳头突然开始打在他的脸上。等那位女教师落荒而逃，只留他独自一人时，他便在办公室里来回踱着步，愤怒地大骂。

It was into this confusion that the Reverend Curtis Hartman protruded himself. When he came in George Willard thought the town had gone mad. Shaking a bleeding fist in the air, the minister proclaimed the woman George had only a moment before held in his arms an instrument of God bearing a message of truth.

直到柯蒂斯·哈特曼牧师突然闯进来的时候，他还在困惑之中。牧师闯进来的时候，乔治·威拉德觉得全镇的人都疯了。牧师挥动着一只流血的拳头，宣布那位前一刻还被乔治抱在怀里的女人是上帝启示真理的工具。

George blew out the lamp by the window and locking the door of the printshop went home. Through the hotel office, past Hop Higgins lost in his dream of the raising of ferrets, he went and up into his own room. The fire in the stove had gone out and he undressed in the cold. When he got into bed the sheets were like blankets of dry snow.

乔治吹熄了窗边的灯，锁上印刷室的门，回家了。他经过旅社的办公室，走过还沉迷于饲养雪貂美梦中的霍普·希金斯，然后他上楼进了自己的房间。炉子里的火已经熄灭，他在寒冷中脱掉衣服。他上床的时候，觉得被单就像干雪做成的毛毯一样。

George Willard rolled about in the bed on which had lain in the afternoon hugging the pillow and thinking thoughts of Kate Swift. The words of the minister, who he thought had gone suddenly insane, rang in his ears. His eyes stared about the room. The resentment, natural to the baffled male, passed and he tried to understand what had happened. He could not make it out. Over and over he turned the matter in his mind. Hours passed and he began to think it must be time for another day to come. At four o'clock he pulled the covers up about his neck and tried to sleep. When he became drowsy and closed his eyes, he raised a hand and with it groped about in the darkness. "I have missed something. I have missed something Kate Swift was trying to tell me," he muttered sleepily. Then he slept and in all Winesburg he was the last soul on that winter night to go to sleep.

乔治·威拉德在床上辗转反侧。今天下午他还躺在床上，抱着枕头，

思索着凯特·斯威夫特的想法。他觉得突然变疯了的牧师的话又在耳边响起，。他双眼盯着房子。忿恨是遭受挫折的男性的一种常情。那股愤懑过去后，他试图弄明白究竟发生了什么。他仍搞不清楚。于是他在心里翻来覆去地想着。几个小时过去了，他开始意识到一定是新的一天到了。四点钟的时候，他把被子拉到脖子下，准备睡觉。就在他昏昏欲睡，合上眼睛的时候，他伸出一只手在黑暗里摸索。“我错过了什么事。我错过了凯特·斯威夫特一直想要告诉我的事情。”他睡意沉沉地咕哝着。接着他就睡着了。他于是成了温斯堡在这个冬夜里最后一个入眠的人。

CHAPTER 14 Loneliness

第十四章 孤独

He was the son of Mrs. Al Robinson who once owned a farm on a side road leading off Trunion Pike, east of Winesburg and two miles beyond the town limits. The farmhouse was painted brown and the blinds to all of the windows facing the road were kept closed. In the road before the house a flock of chickens, accompanied by two guinea hens, lay in the deep dust. Enoch lived in the house with his mother in those days and when he was a young boy went to school at the Winesburg High School. Old citizens remembered him as a quiet, smiling youth inclined to silence. He walked in the middle of the road when he came into town and sometimes read a book. Drivers of teams had to shout and swear to make him realize where he was so that he would turn out of the beaten track and let them pass.

他是阿尔·鲁滨孙太太的儿子。阿尔·鲁滨孙太太在温斯堡东面两英里的小镇边界外曾有过一个农场，位于从特鲁连山峰蜿蜒而下的一条小路上。农场的农舍漆成了棕色，所有朝着马路的窗户的百叶窗都紧闭着。房前的马路上，一群小鸡和两只雌珠鸡窝在厚厚的尘土里。那段日子，伊诺克就同母亲住在这房子里。那时他还是个少年，在温斯堡高中读书。老一辈的人记得他是个安静却面带笑容的少年，不怎么爱说话。他走到镇上的时候会走在大马路中间，有时还看着一本书。赶着联畜马车的车夫不得不朝他大吼大骂，好让他知道自己是走在哪儿了，他才会从中间道上离开，让别人过去。

When he was twenty-one years old Enoch went to New York City and was a city man for fifteen years. He studied French and went to an art school, hoping to develop a faculty he had for drawing. In his own mind he planned to go to Paris and to finish his art education among the masters there, but that never turned out.

伊诺克二十一岁时去了纽约，在那儿做了十五年的城里人。他学习法语，还进了一家艺术学校，希望能开发自己的绘画才能。他暗自打算去巴黎，在大师手下完成自己的艺术学习，但却从未成行。

Nothing ever turned out for Enoch Robinson. He could draw well enough and he had many odd delicate thoughts hidden away in his brain that might have expressed themselves through the brush of a painter, but he was always a child and that was a handicap to his worldly development. He never grew up and of course he couldn't understand people and he couldn't make people understand him. The child in him kept bumping against things, against actualities like money and sex and opinions. Once he was hit by a street car and

thrown against an iron post. That made him lame. It was one of the many things that kept things from turning out for Enoch Robinson

伊诺克·鲁滨孙始终一事无成。他能画得很好，脑子里也有许多奇巧的想法原可以用一个画家的笔描绘出来。可是，他总是孩子气，这成了他取得世俗成就的障碍。他从未长大，所以他无法理解别人，也无法使别人理解自己。他内心的孩子气使他一直与一些东西发生碰撞，比如金钱、性爱或者舆论之类的现实的东西。有一次，他被一辆电车撞倒，摔到了一根铁柱子上。那次事故使他瘸了腿。这也是诸多阻碍伊诺克·鲁滨孙成功的原因之一。

In New York City, when he first went there to live and before he became confused and disconcerted by the facts of life, Enoch went about a good deal with young men. He got into a group of other young artists, both men and women, and in the evenings they sometimes came to visit him in his room. Once he got drunk and was taken to a police station where a police magistrate frightened him horribly, and once he tried to have an affair with a woman of the town met on the sidewalk before his lodging house. The woman and Enoch walked together three blocks and then the young man grew afraid and ran away. The woman had been drinking and the incident amused her. She leaned against the wall of a building and laughed so heartily that another man stopped and laughed with her. The two went away together, still laughing, and Enoch crept off to his room trembling and vexed.

伊诺克初到纽约，还没被生活的现实弄得迷惑慌乱的时候，他经常和一群年轻人来往。他加入了一个年轻艺术家团体，里面有男有女。他们有时会在夜晚来他家里拜访。一次他喝醉了，被带到了警察局，一位警官把他狠狠地吓唬了一通。还有一次，他在自己住所前的人行道上遇到一个妓女，他想跟她发生关系。那名女子跟伊诺克一同走过了三个街区，接着这个年轻人就害怕起来，于是落荒而逃。那名女子一直在喝酒；这个小插曲倒让她乐不可支。她靠在一栋建筑的墙上放声大笑，她笑得那么开心，还引得另一名男子停下来和她一起大笑。后来那两个人一起大笑着走了，伊诺克却偷偷溜回自己的房间，浑身颤抖，懊恼不已。

The room in which young Robinson lived in New York faced Washington Square and was long and narrow like a hallway. It is important to get that fixed in your mind. The story of Enoch is in fact the story of a room almost more than it is the story of a man.

年轻的鲁滨孙在纽约的住所正对着华盛顿广场，房间又长又窄，像个过道。牢记这点很重要。伊诺克的故事实际上就是一个房间的故事，而不仅仅是一个人的故事。

And so into the room in the evening came young Enoch's friends. There was nothing particularly striking about them except that they

were artists of the kind that talk. Everyone knows of the talking artists. Throughout all of the known history of the world they have gathered in rooms and talked. They talk of art and are passionately, almost feverishly, in earnest about it. They think it matters much more than it does.

于是，晚上的时候，年轻的伊诺克的朋友们便到他的房间来了。他们并没什么特别的过人之处，不过是些夸夸其谈的艺术家。人们都知道这类空谈的艺术家。古往今来，他们都是聚在房间里高谈阔论。他们谈论艺术，激情澎湃，几乎称得上是狂热且认真无比。他们认为这比艺术本身重要得多。

And so these people gathered and smoked cigarettes and talked and Enoch Robinson, the boy from the farm near Winesburg, was there. He stayed in a corner and for the most part said nothing. How his big blue childlike eyes stared about! On the walls were pictures he had made, crude things, half finished. His friends talked of these. Leaning back in their chairs, they talked and talked with their heads rocking from side to side. Words were said about line and values and composition, lots of words, such as are always being said.

就这样，这些人聚在一起，边抽烟边谈论。伊诺克·鲁滨孙，这个从温斯堡镇边上的农场里来的小伙子，也在那里。他呆在角落里，大多数时候一言不发。他那双孩子般的蓝色大眼睛是多么出神地望着！墙上挂着他作的画，都是粗糙的半成品。他的朋友们谈到了那些画。他们靠在扶手椅里，摇头晃脑地说个不停。关于线条、价值和构思的诸多言论再三被提起。

Enoch wanted to talk too but he didn't know how. He was too excited to talk coherently. When he tried he sputtered and stammered and his voice sounded strange and squeaky to him. That made him stop talking. He knew what he wanted to say, but he knew also that he could never by any possibility say it. When a picture he had painted was under discussion, he wanted to burst out with something like this: "You don't get the point," he wanted to explain; "the picture you see doesn't consist of the things you see and say words about. There is something else, something you don't see at all, something you aren't intended to see. Look at this one over here, by the door here, where the light from the window falls on it. The dark spot by the road that you might not notice at all is, you see, the beginning of everything. There is a clump of elders there such as used to grow beside the road before our house back in Winesburg, Ohio, and in among the elders there is something hidden. It is a woman, that's what it is. She has been thrown from a horse and the horse has run away out of sight. Do you not see how the old man who drives a cart looks anxiously about? That is Thad Grayback who has a farm up the road. He is taking corn to Winesburg to be ground into meal at Comstock's

mill. He knows there is something in the elders, something hidden away, and yet he doesn't quite know.

伊诺克也想谈点什么，可他不知道怎么说。他太激动了，所以语不成句。他竭力开口的时候就会语无伦次、期期艾艾，声音听起来奇怪而刺耳。这使得他干脆闭上了嘴。他知道自己想说什么，可他也知道他是永不可能说出来的。当别人评价他的某幅画时，他想这样突然说："你们没明白。"他还想解释："你们面前的这幅画并不是你们看到和谈论的那样。那里面有些别的东西，有些你们根本没看出来、也根本没打算看出来的东西。看看这边的这张，就在门边上，有窗外的灯照在上面。路边的黑点你们根本就没注意到，你看，那才是所有东西的开端。那里有一丛接骨木树，就是经常长在俄亥俄州温斯堡我家门前路边的那种树，树里面藏着某种东西。那是个女人，是个女人藏在里面。她从马背上摔下来，可马已经跑得看不见了。难道你们没看到驾车的老人在焦急地张望吗？那是萨德·格雷拜克，他在路那头有个农场。他在把玉米运往温斯堡，再到科姆斯托克磨坊去磨成粉。他知道接骨木树丛里有东西，有东西藏在那儿，可他不太知道那是什么。

"It's a woman you see, that's what it is! It's a woman and, oh, she is lovely! She is hurt and is suffering but she makes no sound. Don't you see how it is? She lies quite still, white and still, and the beauty comes out from her and spreads over everything. It is in the sky back there and all around everywhere. I didn't try to paint the woman, of course. She is too beautiful to be painted. How dull to talk of composition and such things! Why do you not look at the sky and then run away as I used to do when I was a boy back there in Winesburg, Ohio?"

"是个女人，你看，就是个女人！是个女人，喔，她真可爱！她受了伤，疼痛万分，可她一声不吭。你难道没看出是怎么了吗？她十分平静地躺着，洁白而平静，美从她身体中流淌出来，蔓延至万物。美融在那背后的天空和周围的一切中。当然了，我没打算画那个女人。她太美了，画笔无法描绘。谈论构图这类东西太乏味了！你们为什么不看看天空然后走掉呢，就像我还是孩子时在俄亥俄州的温斯堡镇常做的那样？"

That is the kind of thing young Enoch Robinson trembled to say to the guests who came into his room when he was a young fellow in New York City, but he always ended by saying nothing. Then he began to doubt his own mind. He was afraid the things he felt were not getting expressed in the pictures he painted. In a half indignant mood he stopped inviting people into his room and presently got into the habit of locking the door. He began to think that enough people had visited him, that he did not need people any more. With quick imagination he began to invent his own people to whom he could really talk and to whom he explained the things he had been unable to explain to living people. His room began to be inhabited by the spirits of men and women among whom he went, in his turn saying words. It

was as though everyone Enoch Robinson had ever seen had left with him some essence of himself, something he could mould and change to suit his own fancy, something that understood all about such things as the wounded woman behind the elders in the pictures.

那就是年轻的伊诺克·鲁滨孙颤抖着想对这些来他房间的客人们说的话，那时他还是纽约市的一个年轻小伙子，可他总是最后什么也没说。接着，他开始怀疑自己的想法。他害怕他的感受没有在他的作品中表达出来。在几乎羞恼的情绪中，他不再邀请朋友们到他的房间里来，继而现在养成了闭门谢客的习惯。他开始觉得，来找他的人已经太多了，他不再需要什么人了。他开始以敏锐的想象力塑造出一群自己人，他可以真正同他们谈话，给他们解释他无法对现实中的人解释的事情。他的房间里开始常驻着这样一群男男女女的灵魂，他出入其中，轮到自己说话就发言。仿佛每个伊诺克·鲁滨孙见过的人都留给了他一些自己的精髓所在，一些他能将其塑造或改变以满足他自己幻想的东西，一些能完全理解诸如他作品里接骨木树后面那名受伤的女子之类的东西。

The mild, blue-eyed young Ohio boy was a complete egotist, as all children are egotists. He did not want friends for the quite simple reason that no child wants friends. He wanted most of all the people of his own mind, people with whom he could really talk, people he could harangue and scold by the hour, servants, you see, to his fancy. Among these people he was always self-confident and bold. They might talk, to be sure, and even have opinions of their own, but always he talked last and best. He was like a writer busy among the figures of his brain, a kind of tiny blue-eyed king he was, in a six-dollar room facing Washington Square in the city of New York.

这个温和的蓝眼睛俄亥俄年轻小伙子成了一个彻底的自我主义者，就像所有的孩子都是自我主义者一样。他不想要朋友的原因很简单：孩子们都不想要朋友。他最需要的是迎合他心意的人，他可以真正与之交谈的人，他可以随时对其夸夸其谈并任意责骂的人。你知道的，那是他幻想中的奴仆。同他们在一起时，他总是自信又大胆。他们当然也会交谈，甚至会有自己的意见，但他总是最后一个发言，而且说得最好。他就像个作家，忙于在头脑里塑造各种角色。在纽约市的这个面对华盛顿广场的每月租金六美元的房间里，他就像个蓝眼睛的小国王。

Then Enoch Robinson got married. He began to get lonely and to want to touch actual flesh-and-bone people with his hands. Days passed when his room seemed empty. Lust visited his body and desire grew in his mind. At night strange fevers, burning within, kept him awake. He married a girl who sat in a chair next to his own in the art school and went to live in an apartment house in Brooklyn. Two children were born to the woman he married, and Enoch got a job in a place where illustrations are made for advertisements.

伊诺克·鲁滨孙结婚了。他开始感到孤独，希望用手触摸有血有肉

的、实实在在的人。时光流逝，他的房间看上去一片空寂。性欲造访他的身体，欲望也开始在他的心中滋生。晚上，身体里某种奇怪的狂热在熊熊燃烧，使他夜不能眠。他同艺术学校里邻座的女孩子结了婚，住在布鲁克林的一间公寓里。他的妻子生了两个孩子，伊诺克则在一家广告公司找了一份画插图的工作。

That began another phase of Enoch's life. He began to play at a new game. For a while he was very proud of himself in the role of producing citizen of the world. He dismissed the essence of things and played with realities. In the fall he voted at an election and he had a newspaper thrown on his porch each morning. When in the evening he came home from work he got off a streetcar and walked sedately along behind some business man, striving to look very substantial and important. As a payer of taxes he thought he should post himself on how things are run. "I'm getting to be of some moment, a real part of things, of the state and the city and all that," he told himself with an amusing miniature air of dignity. Once, coming home from Philadelphia, he had a discussion with a man met on a train. Enoch talked about the advisability of the government's owning and operating the railroads and the man gave him a cigar. It was Enoch's notion that such a move on the part of the government would be a good thing, and he grew quite excited as he talked. Later he remembered his own words with pleasure. "I gave him something to think about, that fellow," he muttered to himself as he climbed the stairs to his Brooklyn apartment.

伊诺克的生活进入了一个新的阶段。他开始玩一种新游戏。有一段时间，他为自己繁衍后代的角色感到非常自豪。他摒弃了事物的本质，玩起了现实游戏。秋天的时候，他在一次选举中投了票，还订了一份报纸。报纸每天清晨被送到他家走廊上。傍晚，他下班回家，从电车上下来，跟在某个生意人的身后庄重地走着。他努力使自己看上去显赫又高贵。作为纳税人，他感到有必要使自己了解社会的运作。“我一定会在某个时刻，在州里、城里等等，有所作为的。”他带着一种略微有趣的神气庄重地对自己说。一次，他从费城回家，在火车上同一个男人做了一次交谈。伊诺克谈到了由政府持有和运作铁路是明智之举，那名男子递给了他一支雪茄。在他看来，政府做这样一个举措将是件好事，于是他说着说着就变得相当激动起来。后来，他满心愉悦地回忆自己的言论。“我给了他一些事情思考，那个家伙。”他在爬布鲁克林公寓楼梯的时候这样喃喃自语道。

To be sure, Enoch's marriage did not turn out. He himself brought it to an end. He began to feel choked and walled in by the life in the apartment, and to feel toward his wife and even toward his children as he had felt concerning the friends who once came to visit him. He began to tell little lies about business engagements that would give him freedom to walk alone in the street at night and, the chance

offering, he secretly rerented the room facing Washington Square. Then Mrs. Al Robinson died on the farm near Winesburg, and he got eight thousand dollars from the bank that acted as trustee of her estate. That took Enoch out of the world of men altogether. He gave the money to his wife and told her he could not live in the apartment any more. She cried and was angry and threatened, but he only stared at her and went his own way. In reality the wife did not care much. She thought Enoch slightly insane and was a little afraid of him. When it was quite sure that he would never come back, she took the two children and went to a village in Connecticut where she had lived as a girl. In the end she married a man who bought and sold real estate and was contented enough.

可以确定的是，伊诺克的婚姻也不成功。他自己将它结束了。他开始感到公寓里的生活局促而令人窒息，于是觉得他的妻子甚至是孩子们都像那些曾经来拜访他的朋友一样令人厌烦。他开始撒些小谎，假借工作会面使自己能自由地夜晚到街上独自散步。机缘巧合下，他悄悄地重新租下了华盛顿广场对面的那个房间。后来，阿尔·鲁滨孙太太在温斯堡边上的农场里去世了。他从托管她房产的银行里得到了八千美金的遗产。这使得伊诺克彻底地从男人的世界里脱身出来。他将钱给了妻子，告诉她自己不能再住在公寓里了。她哭着，气急败坏地威胁他，可他仅仅望了她一眼就扬长而去了。事实上，这位妻子也并不太在意。她觉得伊诺克有轻微的精神失常，有些怕他。当确信他永远都不会再回来后，她带着两个孩子去了康涅狄格州的一个村庄；她当姑娘时曾住在那里。最后，她嫁给一个买卖地产的商人，心满意足。

And so Enoch Robinson stayed in the New York room among the people of his fancy, playing with them, talking to them, happy as a child is happy. They were an odd lot, Enoch's people. They were made, I suppose, out of real people he had seen and who had for some obscure reason made an appeal to him. There was a woman with a sword in her hand, an old man with a long white beard who went about followed by a dog, a young girl whose stockings were always coming down and hanging over her shoe tops. There must have been two dozens of the shadow people, invented by the child-mind of Enoch Robinson, who lived in the room with him.

于是，伊诺克·鲁滨孙呆在纽约的那间房子里，同幻想中的人们在一起，跟他们玩乐、交谈，高兴得像孩子一样。他们是古怪的一群人，是伊诺克的人。我想，他们是他根据所见过的真人创造出来的，而这些人身上有些隐晦的原因吸引了他。其中有个单手握剑的女人，一个长着长长的白胡子的老头，身边总跟着一条狗，还有一个年轻姑娘，她的长袜子总是掉下来，悬在鞋尖上。伊诺克·鲁滨孙的童心创造出来了应该有二十多个幻想人物，他们都同他住在这个房间里。

And Enoch was happy. Into the room he went and locked the door. With an absurd air of importance he talked aloud, giving

instructions, making comments on life. He was happy and satisfied to go on making his living in the advertising place until something happened. Of course something did happen. That is why he went back to live in Winesburg and why we know about him. The thing that happened was a woman. It would be that way. He was too happy. Something had to come into his world. Something had to drive him out of the New York room to live out his life an obscure, jerky little figure, bobbing up and down on the streets of an Ohio town at evening when the sun was going down behind the roof of Wesley Moyer's livery barn.

伊诺克非常愉快。他一进屋就锁上门。他以一种荒谬的郑重口吻高声谈话、发号施令、品评生活。他快乐而心满意足地继续在广告公司工作养活自己，直到一件事发生。当然会有事发生。正是因为如此，他才回到温斯堡生活，我们才能了解他。事情是一个女人引起的。总是这样。他太高兴了。势必会有些东西闯入他的世界。势必会有些东西将他从纽约的那间房子里赶出去，过一种不起眼的、愚蠢的小人物的生活，让他在傍晚时分，在太阳落到韦斯利·莫耶的马车出租行后面的屋檐下时，在俄亥俄州一个小镇的街道上快速地四处走动，。

About the thing that happened, Enoch told George Willard about it one night. He wanted to talk to someone, and he chose the young newspaper reporter because the two happened to be thrown together at a time when the younger man was in a mood to understand.

关于发生的这件事情，伊诺克在某个夜晚告诉了乔治·威拉德。他想对某个人说，于是选择了这位年轻的报社记者，因为他们碰巧遇到一起的时候，更年轻的那个人有心情去理解他。

Youthful sadness, young man's sadness, the sadness of a growing boy in a village at the year's end, opened the lips of the old man. The sadness was in the heart of George Willard and was without meaning, but it appealed to Enoch Robinson.

对青春的感伤，这种年轻人特有的悲哀情绪——一个长在乡村的少年在年底岁末的悲哀情绪——使老人张开了口。这种悲哀在乔治·威拉德的心中，虽毫无意义，却吸引了伊诺克·鲁滨孙。

It rained on the evening when the two met and talked, a drizzly wet October rain. The fruition of the year had come and the night should have been fine with a moon in the sky and the crisp sharp promise of frost in the air, but it wasn't that way. It rained and little puddles of water shone under the street lamps on Main Street. In the woods in the darkness beyond the Fair Ground, water dripped from the black trees. Beneath the trees wet leaves were pasted against tree roots that protruded from the ground. In gardens back of houses in Winesburg dry shriveled potato vines lay sprawling on the ground. Men who had finished the evening meal and who had planned to go

uptown to talk the evening away with other men at the back of some store changed their minds. George Willard tramped about in the rain and was glad that it rained. He felt that way. He was like Enoch Robinson on the evenings when the old man came down out of his room and wandered alone in the streets. He was like that only that George Willard had become a tall young man and did not think it manly to weep and carry on. For a month his mother had been very ill and that had something to do with his sadness, but not much. He thought about himself and to the young that always brings sadness.

他们两人遇见并交谈的那个傍晚下着雨；那是一个淅淅沥沥的十月阴雨天。收获的季节已经到来，夜晚天上本应是一轮圆月，空气中透出霜冻将至的清新凛冽的气息，可那天却不是这样。天上下着雨，小水坑里的水在大街的路灯下闪着光。集市广场那边漆黑一片的树林里，水从黑黢黢的树上滴下来。树下，湿漉漉的树叶粘在从地下突起的树根上。在温斯堡每家的后花园里，干瘪枯萎的土豆藤蔓在地面上蔓延。男人们吃过晚饭，本打算到镇上商店的后面去同其他人谈天，现在都改变了主意。乔治·威拉德在雨里大步行走，为下雨感到高兴。他有那种感觉。他就像是伊诺克·鲁滨孙；傍晚时这位老人走出他的房间，来到街头独自漫步。他很像他，只是乔治已经长成了一个高个子的年轻男人，而且不认为哭泣且一贯为之是男子汉所为。他的母亲已经重病一个月了，这和他的悲伤有些关系，但关系不大。他想到了自己，对年轻人来说，这总是会引发悲伤的。

Enoch Robinson and George Willard met beneath a wooden awning that extended out over the sidewalk before Voight's wagon shop on Maumee Street just off the main street of Winesburg. They went together from there through the rain-washed streets to the older man's room on the third floor of the Heffner Block. The young reporter went willingly enough. Enoch Robinson asked him to go after the two had talked for ten minutes. The boy was a little afraid but had never been more curious in his life. A hundred times he had heard the old man spoken of as a little off his head and he thought himself rather brave and manly to go at all. From the very beginning, in the street in the rain, the old man talked in a queer way, trying to tell the story of the room in Washington Square and of his life in the room. "You'll understand if you try hard enough," he said conclusively. "I have looked at you when you went past me on the street and I think you can understand. It isn't hard. All you have to do is to believe what I say, just listen and believe, that's all there is to it.”

伊诺克·鲁滨孙和乔治·威拉德在一个木头雨蓬下相遇。那个雨篷一直延伸出去，直到位于莫米大街的沃伊特马车行前面的人行道上。莫米大街刚好是从温斯堡大街分岔出来的。他们从那里开始同行，穿过被雨冲刷过的街道，来到老人在赫夫纳街区三楼的房间里。年轻的记者是非常乐意前往的。伊诺克·鲁滨孙在两人交谈了十分钟后邀请他来家里。这个

年轻人有些害怕，可生平他从没有这么好奇过。他曾经上百次听人们说这个老头有些神经错乱，他觉得自己去他的家是相当勇敢而充满男子汉气概的举动。最初，在雨中的街道上时，这个老人用一种奇怪的方式说着，试图讲述华盛顿广场那个房间的故事和他在里面的生活。“如果你认真地试过了，就会明白。”他肯定地说道，“你在街上经过我身边时，我已经看到你了，我想你能明白。这并不难。你需要做的就是相信我所说的，只要听和相信，那就足够了。”

It was past eleven o'clock that evening when old Enoch, talking to George Willard in the room in the Heffner Block, came to the vital thing, the story of the woman and of what drove him out of the city to live out his life alone and defeated in Winesburg. He sat on a cot by the window with his head in his hand and George Willard was in a chair by a table. A kerosene lamp sat on the table and the room, although almost bare of furniture, was scrupulously clean. As the man talked George Willard began to feel that he would like to get out of the chair and sit on the cot also. He wanted to put his arms about the little old man. In the half darkness the man talked and the boy listened, filled with sadness.

那天夜里，在赫夫纳街区的房间里，当老伊诺克对乔治讲到故事的关键，就是那个女人和那件将他最终赶出那座城市，并在温斯堡里孤独终老、一败涂地的事情时，时针已经指过了十一点。他坐在窗边的一张简易床上，手捧着头，乔治·威拉德则坐在桌子旁的一张椅子上。桌上放着一盏煤油灯，尽管房间里没什么家具，却收拾得极其整洁。当老人讲述的时候，乔治·威拉德开始觉得他宁愿从椅子上起来，也坐到那张床上去。他想抱住那个瘦小的老头。在半明半暗间，老人说着，年轻人听着，内心充满了悲伤。

"She got to coming in there after there hadn't been anyone in the room for years," said Enoch Robinson. "She saw me in the hallway of the house and we got acquainted. I don't know just what she did in her own room. I never went there. I think she was a musician and played a violin. Every now and then she came and knocked at the door and I opened it. In she came and sat down beside me, just sat and looked about and said nothing. Anyway, she said nothing that mattered.”

“在那个房间空寂了多年后，她闯了进来。”伊诺克说道，“她在房子的走廊里看见的我，于是我们便认识了。我现在都不知道她到底在自己的屋子里做什么。我从没进过她的房间。我认为她是个音乐家，拉小提琴。她时常过来敲门，我就把门打开。她进来坐在我身边，就那么坐着四处看着，什么也没说。无论怎样，她没说过一句要紧的话。”

The old man arose from the cot and moved about the room. The overcoat he wore was wet from the rain and drops of water kept falling with a soft thump on the floor. When he again sat upon the cot

George Willard got out of the chair and sat beside him.

老人从床上站起身，在房间里四处走动。他穿的外套在雨里淋湿了，雨水一直往下滴，在地板上发出柔和低沉的滴答声。当他再次坐到床上的时候，乔治·威拉德从椅子上起来，坐到了他的身边。

"I had a feeling about her. She sat there in the room with me and she was too big for the room. I felt that she was driving everything else away. We just talked of little things, but I couldn't sit still. I wanted to touch her with my fingers and to kiss her. Her hands were so strong and her face was so good and she looked at me all the time.”

“我对她产生了感情。她就和我坐在房间里，可她相对那房间来说太大了。我感到她正在把其他的东西都赶出去。我们就谈些琐碎的小事，可我无法坐着不动。我想要用手指触摸她，亲吻她。她的手很强壮，面庞生得很美，而她总是望着我。”

The trembling voice of the old man became silent and his body shook as from a chill. "I was afraid," he whispered. "I was terribly afraid. I didn't want to let her come in when she knocked at the door but I couldn't sit still. 'No, no,' I said to myself, but I got up and opened the door just the same. She was so grown up, you see. She was a woman. I thought she would be bigger than I was there in that room.”

老人颤抖的声音沉寂了下来，身体像是怕冷似的发着抖。“我害怕，”他低声说，“我非常害怕。她敲门的时候我不想让她进来，可我无法坐着不动。‘不，不，’我对自己说，可我还是站起来开了门。你看，她是那么成熟。她是个女人。我想，在那间屋子里她会比我还大。”

Enoch Robinson stared at George Willard, his childlike blue eyes shining in the lamplight. Again he shivered. "I wanted her and all the time I didn't want her," he explained. "Then I began to tell her about my people, about everything that meant anything to me. I tried to keep quiet, to keep myself to myself, but I couldn't. I felt just as I did about opening the door. Sometimes I ached to have her go away and never come back any more.”

伊诺克·鲁滨孙注视着乔治·威拉德，他那双孩子般的蓝眼睛在灯光中熠熠生辉。他再次颤抖起来。“我想要她，可我又总是不想她来。”他解释道，“于是我开始告诉她我的那帮朋友，以及那些对我意义重大的每件事。我试图保持安静，独善其身，可我做不到。我感到就像我要去开门一样。有时，我让她离开，再不要回来，这使我感到很痛苦。”

The old man sprang to his feet and his voice shook with excitement. "One night something happened. I became mad to make her understand me and to know what a big thing I was in that room. I wanted her to see how important I was. I told her over and over.

When she tried to go away, I ran and locked the door. I followed her about. I talked and talked and then all of a sudden things went to smash. A look came into her eyes and I knew she did understand. Maybe she had understood all the time. I was furious. I couldn't stand it. I wanted her to understand but, don't you see, I couldn't let her understand. I felt that then she would know everything, that I would be submerged, drowned out, you see. That's how it is. I don't know why.”

老人跳起来，声音因为激动而发抖。“一天晚上，事情发生了。我发疯似的想让她弄懂我，让她了解在那个房间里我是多么重要。我希望她能看到我的重要。我一遍又一遍地告诉她。当她试图离开的时候，我跑过去锁上了门。我跟着她。我不停地说，突然，事情搞砸了。她的眼睛里露出一种神情，我知道她真的明白了。也许她一直都是明白的。我勃然大怒。我无法忍受。我希望她了解，可是，难道你不懂吗，我又不能让她明白。你看，那时我感到她会明白一切的，我会被淹没、被溺死。就是这么回事。我也莫名其妙。”

The old man dropped into a chair by the lamp and the boy listened, filled with awe. "Go away, boy," said the man. "Don't stay here with me any more. I thought it might be a good thing to tell you but it isn't. I don't want to talk any more. Go away.”

老人倒在灯旁的一张椅子上，而年轻人倾听着，心中充满敬畏。“走吧，孩子。”老头说，“别再在这儿跟我呆在一块儿了。我原以为告诉你会是件好事，可却不是的。我不想再说了。你走吧。”

George Willard shook his head and a note of command came into his voice. "Don't stop now. Tell me the rest of it," he commanded sharply. "What happened? Tell me the rest of the story."

乔治·威拉德摇头，声音里带着一种命令的口吻。“别现在停下来。告诉我接下来的故事。”他厉声命令道，“发生了什么？告诉我下面的故事。”

Enoch Robinson sprang to his feet and ran to the window that looked down into the deserted main street of Winesburg. George Willard followed. By the window the two stood, the tall awkward boy-man and the little wrinkled man-boy. The childish, eager voice carried forward the tale. "I swore at her," he explained. "I said vile words. I ordered her to go away and not to come back. Oh, I said terrible things. At first she pretended not to understand but I kept at it. I screamed and stamped on the floor. I made the house ring with my curses. I didn't want ever to see her again and I knew, after some of the things I said, that I never would see her again.”

伊诺克·鲁滨孙跳起来，跑到窗边，从那儿可以看到空无一人的温斯堡大街。乔治·威拉德跟了上去。两个人站在窗边，一个是高大而笨拙的

男孩般的男人，一个是矮小的、长满皱纹的男人模样的男孩。那孩子气的、急切的声音继续讲述着故事。“我咒骂她。”他解释道，“我说了些下流话。我命令她离开，再也别回来。噢，我说了些很糟糕的话。起初，她假装不懂，可我一直在说。我尖叫着，在地板上跺着脚。我弄得整间屋子都充满了我的咒骂声。我从未想过再见到她，我知道，在我说过那些话之后，我再不会见到她了。”

The old man's voice broke and he shook his head. "Things went to smash," he said quietly and sadly. "Out she went through the door and all the life there had been in the room followed her out. She took all of my people away. They all went out through the door after her. That's the way it was.”

老人的声音停顿了一下，他摇摇头。“事情都弄砸了。”他静静地、哀伤地说，“她穿过门离开了，房间里曾有的所有生活都随着她离去了。她带走了我所有的人物。他们都随着她穿过门离去了。就是这么回事。”

George Willard turned and went out of Enoch Robinson's room. In the darkness by the window, as he went through the door, he could hear the thin old voice whimpering and complaining. "I'm alone, all alone here," said the voice. "It was warm and friendly in my room but now I'm all alone.”

乔治·威拉德转身离开了伊诺克·鲁滨孙的房间。当他穿过房门的时候，他能听见那个单薄而苍老的声音在窗边的黑暗里呜咽、抱怨。“我孑然一身，在这里我是完全孤独的。”那个声音说道，“我的房间里曾经温暖友好，可现在，我是完全孤独了。”

CHAPTER 15 An Awakening

第十五章 一次觉醒

Belle Carpenter had a dark skin, grey eyes, and thick lips. She was tall and strong. When black thoughts visited her she grew angry and wished she were a man and could fight someone with her fists. She worked in the millinery shop kept by Mrs. Kate McHugh and during the day sat trimming hats by a window at the rear of the store. She was the daughter of Henry Carpenter, bookkeeper in the First National Bank of Winesburg, and lived with him in a gloomy old house far out at the end of Buckeye Street. The house was surrounded by pine trees and there was no grass beneath the trees. A rusty tin eavestrough had slipped from its fastenings at the back of the house and when the wind blew it beat against the roof of a small shed, making a dismal drumming noise that sometimes persisted all through the night.

贝尔·卡彭特皮肤黝黑，有着灰色的眼睛和厚厚的嘴唇。她个子很高，身体强壮。当烦闷涌上心头的时候，她就感到愤怒，希望自己是个男人，可以用拳头和谁打一架。她在凯特·麦克林太太的女帽店里工作，白天就坐在店后面的窗户边装饰各种帽子。她是温斯堡第一国家银行记账员亨利·卡彭特的女儿。她同父亲住在很远的七叶树街尾一间阴暗古老的房子里。屋子的四周长着松柏，可树下却寸草不生。屋后有一根生锈的檐槽在接头处松脱了。一起风，它就敲打着一间小棚子的屋顶，发出沉闷的击鼓声，有时还会响上一整晚。

When she was a young girl Henry Carpenter made life almost unbearable for Belle, but as she emerged from girlhood into womanhood he lost his power over her. The bookkeeper's life was made up of innumerable little pettinesses. When he went to the bank in the morning he stepped into a closet and put on a black alpaca coat that had become shabby with age. At night when he returned to his home he donned another black alpaca coat. Every evening he pressed the clothes worn in the streets. He had invented an arrangement of boards for the purpose. The trousers to his street suit were placed between the boards and the boards were clamped together with heavy screws. In the morning he wiped the boards with a damp cloth and stood them upright behind the dining room door. If they were moved during the day he was speechless with anger and did not recover his equilibrium for a week. The bank cashier was a little bully and was afraid of his daughter. She, he realized, knew the story of his brutal treatment of her mother and hated him for it. One day she went home at noon and carried a handful of soft mud, taken from the road, into the house. With the mud she smeared the face of the boards used for

the pressing of trousers and then went back to her work feeling relieved and happy.

在贝尔还是个小姑娘的时候，亨利·卡彭特把生活弄得让她难以忍受，但当她从女孩子变成女人后，他就无力管她了。这位记账员的生活是由数不尽的琐碎小事组成的。早上去银行上班的时候，他走进衣帽间，穿上一件因年久而变得破旧的黑色驼毛外套。晚上回家以后，他再换上另一件黑色驼毛外套。每天晚上，他把出门上街穿的衣服熨好。为此，他还发明了一种木板装置。他将上街穿的裤子放在木板中间，然后用大螺丝将木板夹在一起。早上，他用一块湿抹布擦拭木板，然后让它们直立在餐厅的门后。如果谁在白天移动了木板，他就会气得不说话，一个星期都平复不了。这个记账员有一点儿欺软怕硬，而且怕他女儿。他明白，他的女儿知道他曾经虐待过她的母亲，并为此憎恨他。一天中午，她回到家，手里捧着一把从路边弄来的烂泥进了屋。她把泥巴糊在夹裤子的木板上，然后觉得出了口气，高兴地回去上班了。

Belle Carpenter occasionally walked out in the evening with George Willard. Secretly she loved another man, but her love affair, about which no one knew, caused her much anxiety. She was in love with Ed Handby, bartender in Ed Griffith's Saloon, and went about with the young reporter as a kind of relief to her feelings. She did not think that her station in life would permit her to be seen in the company of the bartender and walked about under the trees with George Willard and let him kiss her to relieve a longing that was very insistent in her nature. She felt that she could keep the younger man within bounds. About Ed Handby she was somewhat uncertain. Handby, the bartender, was a tall, broad-shouldered man of thirty who lived in a room upstairs above Griffith's saloon. His fists were large and his eyes unusually small, but his voice, as though striving to conceal the power back of his fists, was soft and quiet. At twenty-five the bartender had inherited a large farm from an uncle in Indiana. When sold, the farm brought in eight thousand dollars, which Ed spent in six months. Going to Sandusky, on Lake Erie, he began an orgy of dissipation, the story of which afterward filled his hometown with awe.

贝尔·卡彭特偶尔和乔治·威拉德在晚上出去散步。她偷偷地爱着另一个男人，可这份无人知晓的暗恋弄得她极其烦躁。她爱上的是埃德·汉德比，埃德·格里菲思酒吧的酒保。她和年轻的记者出门只不过是她感情的一种宣泄罢了。她觉得自己的社会地位是不允许她同那名酒保结伴而行的。她同乔治·威拉德在树林下走走，让他亲吻自己，可以让她内心的强烈渴望得到慰藉。她觉得她能让这个年轻的男人不越界。可对于埃德·汉德比，她可就没把握了。这个酒保是个高个子、肩膀宽阔的三十岁男人，住在格里菲思酒吧楼上的一间房里。他的拳头很大，眼睛却异常小，但似乎是想要努力隐藏那双拳头的威力似的，他的声音既轻柔又平静。在这个酒保二十五岁的时候，他从印第安纳州的一个叔叔那里继承

了一个大农场。埃德只用了六个月的时间就花光了卖掉农场得到的八千美金。他来到伊利湖边的桑达斯基，过上了花天酒地的放荡生活。这个故事后来让他的乡亲们敬畏有加。

Here and there he went throwing the money about, driving carriages through the streets, giving wine parties to crowds of men and women, playing cards for high stakes and keeping mistresses whose wardrobes cost him hundreds of dollars.

他四处挥霍，驾着马车穿街走巷，设酒宴款待男男女女，下大注赌牌，还包养情妇，她们的衣服就花了他几百美金。

One night at a resort called Cedar Point, he got into a fight and ran amuck like a wild thing. With his fist he broke a large mirror in the wash room of a hotel and later went about smashing windows and breaking chairs in dance halls for the joy of hearing the glass rattle on the floor and seeing the terror in the eyes of clerks who had come from Sandusky to spend the evening at the resort with their sweethearts.

一天晚上，在一个名叫雪松点的游乐场里，他和人打了一架，那疯狂的样子就像一头野兽。他用拳头打碎了酒店洗手间里的一面大镜子，后来又在舞厅里砸窗户、摔椅子，为的不过是以图一乐，听听玻璃碎在地板上的声音，看看那些从桑达斯基带着情人来此消磨夜晚的职员们眼里露出的惊慌神色。

The affair between Ed Handby and Belle Carpenter on the surface amounted to nothing.

埃德·汉德比与贝尔·卡彭特从表面上看其实没什么暧昧。

He had succeeded in spending but one evening in her company. On that evening he hired a horse and buggy at Wesley Moyer's livery barn and took her for a drive. The conviction that she was the woman his nature demanded and that he must get her settled upon him and he told her of his desires. The bartender was ready to marry and to begin trying to earn money for the support of his wife, but so simple was his nature that he found it difficult to explain his intentions. His body ached with physical longing and with his body he expressed himself. Taking the milliner into his arms and holding her tightly in spite of her struggles, he kissed her until she became helpless. Then he brought her back to town and let her out of the buggy. "When I get hold of you again I'll not let you go.

他曾经得以和她晚上同行，但只有一晚。那晚，他从韦斯利·莫耶的马车出租行租了一匹马和一辆马车，带着她去兜风。他深信她就是自己想要的女人，因此他必须要让她依靠自己过活，于是他将自己的渴望告诉了他。酒保已经做好准备结婚，开始努力赚钱养家，可是，他的性格太过单纯，很难将他的心意说明白。他的身体因生理的渴望而疼痛，他

便用身体来表达自己。他将这位女帽店店员揽在怀里，不顾她的挣扎紧紧抱着她，吻她，直到她无计可施。后来，他将她带回镇上，让她下了马车。“等我再次抱住你，我就不会再让你离开。

You can't play with me," he declared as he turned to drive away. Then, jumping out of the buggy, he gripped her shoulders with his strong hands. "I'll keep you for good the next time," he said. "You might as well make up your mind to that. It's you and me for it and I'm going to have you before I get through.”

你不能玩弄我。”他说着，掉转身打算驾车离开。接着，他跳下马车，用强壮的双手抓住她的肩膀。“下一次，我永远不会放手了。”他说，“你还是打定主意吧。这是我跟你两个人的事，我等不及安排好就想娶你了。”

One night in January when there was a new moon George Willard, who was in Ed Handby's mind the only obstacle to his getting Belle Carpenter, went for a walk. Early that evening George went into Ransom Surbeck's pool room with Seth Richmond and Art Wilson, son of the town butcher. Seth Richmond stood with his back against the wall and remained silent, but George Willard talked. The pool room was filled with Winesburg boys and they talked of women. The young reporter got into that vein. He said that women should look out for themselves, that the fellow who went out with a girl was not responsible for what happened. As he talked he looked about, eager for attention. He held the floor for five minutes and then Art Wilson began to talk. Art was learning the barber's trade in Cal Prouse's shop and already began to consider himself an authority in such matters as baseball, horse racing, drinking, and going about with women. He began to tell of a night when he with two men from Winesburg went into a house of prostitution at the county seat. The butcher's son held a cigar in the side of his mouth and as he talked spat on the floor. "The women in the place couldn't embarrass me although they tried hard enough," he boasted. "One of the girls in the house tried to get fresh, but I fooled her. As soon as she began to talk I went and sat in her lap. Everyone in the room laughed when I kissed her. I taught her to let me alone."

一月的某个夜晚，天上挂着一弯新月，乔治·威拉德外出散步。在埃德·汉德比看来，他是自己迎娶贝尔·卡彭特的唯一障碍。当晚早些时候，乔治同赛思·里士满和本镇屠夫的儿子阿特·威尔逊一起进了兰塞姆·塞柏克的台球厅。赛思·里士满德背靠墙站着，一言不发，可乔治·威拉德在说话。台球厅里都是温斯堡的年轻男孩，他们谈到了女人。年轻的记者便插了进去。他说女人们应当自己当心，同姑娘们外出的小伙子们可不会对发生的事情负责。他说的时候望着周围，希望引起注意。他讲了五分钟，接着阿特·威尔逊就开口了。阿特在卡尔·普劳斯的店里学习理发，并开始认为自己在棒球、赛马、喝酒和玩女人这些方面已经是个老手了。

他开始讲起某个夜晚他和两个温斯堡男人到镇政府的妓院去的事情。这名屠夫的儿子在嘴边叼了根雪茄，当他说话的时候，就吐在了地板上。“那地方的女人才不会让我觉得害臊，哪怕她们费力地想要那么干。”他吹嘘道，“其中的一个妓女想要搞点新花样，可我耍了她。她一开始说话，我就走过去坐在了她的大腿上。我吻她的时候，全屋的人都放声大笑起来。我让她不要惹我。”

George Willard went out of the pool room and into Main Street. For days the weather had been bitter cold with a high wind blowing down on the town from Lake Erie, eighteen miles to the north, but on that night the wind had died away and a new moon made the night unusually lovely. Without thinking where he was going or what he wanted to do, George went out of Main Street and began walking in dimly lighted streets filled with frame houses.

乔治·威拉德走出台球厅，来到大街上。连日来，天气酷寒，劲风从十八英里以北的伊利湖直吹到镇上。可是那个晚上却没有风，一弯新月使夜色变得分外可爱。没想到去哪儿，也没想要做什么，乔治走出大街，开始在灯光昏暗、两旁满是木板房的街道上走着。

Out of doors under the black sky filled with stars he forgot his companions of the pool room. Because it was dark and he was alone he began to talk aloud. In a spirit of play he reeled along the street imitating a drunken man and then imagined himself a soldier clad in shining boots that reached to the knees and wearing a sword that jingled as he walked. As a soldier he pictured himself as an inspector, passing before a long line of men who stood at attention. He began to examine the accoutrements of the men. Before a tree he stopped and began to scold. "Your pack is not in order," he said sharply. "How many times will I have to speak of this matter? Everything must be in order here. We have a difficult task before us and no difficult task can be done without order."

在这缀满星星的漆黑夜空下，他忘记了台球厅里的同伴们。因为天黑，路上只有他一个人，他开始高声自语。他玩心大发，先是模仿一个醉汉沿着街道踉踉跄跄地走，接着又想像自己是个穿着铮亮的、长及膝盖的皮靴的士兵，戴着佩剑，走路时发出铿锵的声音。一想到士兵，他又幻想自己是个长官，正在检阅面前一长排立正的队伍。他开始检查这些士兵的装备。他在一棵树前面停下来，开始训话。“你的背包不整齐。”他严厉地说，“这个问题我还要说多少遍？在这里，每样东西都必须有秩序。我们面前有个艰巨的任务，没有秩序，什么困难的任务都办不成。”

Hypnotized by his own words, the young man stumbled along the board sidewalk saying more words. "There is a law for armies and for men too," he muttered, lost in reflection. "The law begins with little things and spreads out until it covers everything. In every little thing

there must be order, in the place where men work, in their clothes, in their thoughts. I myself must be orderly. I must learn that law. I must get myself into touch with something orderly and big that swings through the night like a star. In my little way I must begin to learn something, to give and swing and work with life, with the law."

年轻人被自己的话蛊惑了，跌跌撞撞地沿着木板人行道走着，越说越起劲儿。“军队是有纪律的，男人也一样。”他喃喃地说，陷入深思中。“纪律起源于琐碎小事，然后延伸到所有的事情上。每件小事都必须有秩序，人们工作的地方，他们的衣着，还有思想，都是如此。我自己就必须遵守秩序。我必须学习纪律。我必须使自己接触那些有秩序又伟大的东西，它们就像星星一样闪亮整个夜空。在我自己的小范围内，我必须开始去学习一些东西，开始用生命和纪律去付出，去大干一场，去工作。”

George Willard stopped by a picket fence near a street lamp and his body began to tremble. He had never before thought such thoughts as had just come into his head and he wondered where they had come from. For the moment it seemed to him that some voice outside of himself had been talking as he walked. He was amazed and delighted with his own mind and when he walked on again spoke of the matter with fervor. "To come out of Ransom Surbeck's pool room and think things like that," he whispered. "It is better to be alone. If I talked like Art Wilson the boys would understand me but they wouldn't understand what I've been thinking down here.”

乔治·威拉德在路灯旁的一道尖桩篱栅前停下来，身体开始发抖。在这样的念头出现之前，他从未想过这些，他也不知道它们从何而来。在那一刻，仿佛有个外来的声音一直在他散步的时候同他说话。他对自己的思绪感到又惊又喜，当他继续走的时候，再一次狂热地谈起这个问题。“走出兰塞姆·塞柏克的台球厅，像这样思考问题，”他低声说，“还是一个人呆着好。”如果我像阿特·威尔逊那样说话，那帮小子是能听懂。可是，他们不会懂得我刚在这里思考的一切。“

In Winesburg, as in all Ohio towns of twenty years ago, there was a section in which lived day laborers. As the time of factories had not yet come, the laborers worked in the fields or were section hands on the railroads. They worked twelve hours a day and received one dollar for the long day of toil. The houses in which they lived were small cheaply constructed wooden affairs with a garden at the back. The more comfortable among them kept cows and perhaps a pig, housed in a little shed at the rear of the garden.

像二十年前的所有俄亥俄的小镇一样，温斯堡镇里也有一块特定的区域，里面住着打零工的人。由于工厂的时代还没有到来，工人们在田里干活，或者在铁路沿线上当护路工。他们一天工作十二个小时，辛劳一天的所得是一美元。他们住的房子很小，是用廉价的木料简单搭建而

成的，后面有个花园。其中一些生活舒适点儿的人会养些奶牛或者一头猪，牲畜棚就建在花园的小棚子里。

With his head filled with resounding thoughts, George Willard walked into such a street on the clear January night. The street was dimly lighted and in places there was no sidewalk. In the scene that lay about him there was something that excited his already aroused fancy. For a year he had been devoting all of his odd moments to the reading of books and now some tale he had read concerning life in old world towns of the middle ages came sharply back to his mind so that he stumbled forward with the curious feeling of one revisiting a place that had been a part of some former existence. On an impulse he turned out of the street and went into a little dark alleyway behind the sheds in which lived the cows and pigs.

在这个一月的晴朗夜空下，乔治·威拉德脑袋里回响着那些念头，走上了这样一条街。这条街上灯光昏暗，有的地方连人行道都没有。展现在他眼前的景象中，有些东西激起了他已经萌发的幻想。有一整年，他曾把所有的业余时间都用来阅读。现在，曾读过的那些关于中世纪古老城镇生活的故事清晰地出现在了他的脑海。于是，他蹒跚向前，有一种故地重游般的奇特感觉。冲动之下，他转出了街道，走进了一条阴暗的小巷。小巷位于关着奶牛和猪的牲畜棚后面。

For a half hour he stayed in the alleyway, smelling the strong smell of animals too closely housed and letting his mind play with the strange new thoughts that came to him. The very rankness of the smell of manure in the clear sweet air awoke something heady in his brain. The poor little houses lighted by kerosene lamps, the smoke from the chimneys mounting straight up into the clear air, the grunting of pigs, the women clad in cheap calico dresses and washing dishes in the kitchens, the footsteps of men coming out of the houses and going off to the stores and saloons of Main Street, the dogs barking and the children crying—all of these things made him seem, as he lurked in the darkness, oddly detached and apart from all life.

他在那里呆了半个小时，闻着极为拥挤的牲畜棚里传来的臭味的同时，在脑袋里玩味着那突如其来的新奇念头。清新香甜的空气里充斥着肥料的臭气，唤醒了他脑海里某种兴奋的东西。简陋的小房子里面点着煤油灯，烟囱里冒出的烟直直地升上天空，猪的哼哼声，女人们穿着廉价的花布衣裳在厨房里洗盘子的声音，男人们离开房子、走进大街上的商店和酒吧的脚步声，狗的叫声，还有孩子们的哭声——所有一切使他看上去仿佛潜伏在黑暗中，怪异地超脱于众生之外。

The excited young man, unable to bear the weight of his own thoughts, began to move cautiously along the alleyway. A dog attacked him and had to be driven away with stones, and a man appeared at the door of one of the houses and swore at the dog.

George went into a vacant lot and throwing back his head looked up at the sky. He felt unutterably big and remade by the simple experience through which he had been passing and in a kind of fervor of emotion put up his hands, thrusting them into the darkness above his head and muttering words. The desire to say words overcame him and he said words without meaning, rolling them over on his tongue and saying them because they were brave words, full of meaning. "Death," he muttered, night, the sea, fear, loveliness.”

兴奋的年轻人无法承受自己思想的重量，开始小心地沿着小巷前行。一条狗扑过来，被他用石头赶开了。接着,一栋房子的门前出现了一个男人，朝那条狗叫骂着。乔治来到一块空地上，仰起头望着天。他感到自己变得说不出的大，并且自己被这刚刚的简单体验给重塑了。他怀着一种狂热的情感把双手举过头顶，伸到黑暗之中，喃喃自语。想说点儿什么的欲望征服了他，他开始说些无意义的话。话语从他的舌尖滚落，之所以说这些话，是因为它们都是勇敢之词，意义重大。“死亡，”他喃喃地说，“黑夜，海洋，恐惧，美丽。”

George Willard came out of the vacant lot and stood again on the sidewalk facing the houses. He felt that all of the people in the little street must be brothers and sisters to him and he wished he had the courage to call them out of their houses and to shake their hands. "If there were only a woman here I would take hold of her hand and we would run until we were both tired out," he thought. "That would make me feel better." With the thought of a woman in his mind he walked out of the street and went toward the house where Belle Carpenter lived. He thought she would understand his mood and that he could achieve in her presence a position he had long been wanting to achieve. In the past when he had been with her and had kissed her lips he had come away filled with anger at himself. He had felt like one being used for some obscure purpose and had not enjoyed the feeling. Now he thought he had suddenly become too big to be used.

乔治·威拉德离开那片空地，重又站在房子对面的人行道上。他觉得那小街上的所有人都必定是他的手足，他希望自己能有勇气去将他们唤出屋来，同他们握手。“如果这里只有一个女人，我会牵着她的手一同奔跑，直到我们都精疲力竭为止。”他想，“那会让我好受些。”想到女人，他走出那条街，朝着贝尔·卡彭特住的房子走去。他觉得她能理解他的情绪，并且在她面前，他能做到他一直想达到的境地。以前，当他同她在一起并吻过她的双唇后，他对自己充满愤怒。他觉得自己像是被某种隐藏的目的利用了，因此并不享受这样的情感。现在，他觉得自己突然长大了，不会再被利用了。

When George got to Belle Carpenter's house there had already been a visitor there before him. Ed Handby had come to the door and calling Belle out of the house had tried to talk to her. He had wanted to ask the woman to come away with him and to be his wife, but

when she came and stood by the door he lost his self-assurance and became sullen. "You stay away from that kid," he growled, thinking of George Willard, and then, not knowing what else to say, turned to go away. "If I catch you together I will break your bones and his too," he added. The bartender had come to woo, not to threaten, and was angry with himself because of his failure.

当乔治来到贝尔·卡彭特的屋前时，那里已经有了一个拜访者。埃德·汉德比已到了门边，正在叫贝尔出来，想跟她说话。他想让这个女人同他一道离开，做他的妻子，可当她走出来站到门边的时候，他失去了自信，变得郁郁寡欢起来。“你离那个毛孩子远点儿。”想到乔治·威拉德，他怒吼起来。然后不知该说些什么，他便转身走了。“如果我再看到你们在一起，我就打断你的骨头，还有他的。”他加了一句。这个酒保原本是来求婚而非威胁的，却因自己的失败而生自己的气。

When her lover had departed Belle went indoors and ran hurriedly upstairs. From a window at the upper part of the house she saw Ed Handby cross the street and sit down on a horse block before the house of a neighbor. In the dim light the man sat motionless holding his head in his hands. She was made happy by the sight, and when George Willard came to the door she greeted him effusively and hurriedly put on her hat. She thought that, as she walked through the streets with young Willard, Ed Handby would follow and she wanted to make him suffer.

当她的情人离开后，贝尔走进屋子，急急忙忙跑上楼。从房子上方的窗户里，她看到埃德·汉德比穿过街道，然后坐在邻居家门前的一块栓马石上。那个男人在昏暗的灯光下动也不动地坐着，双手捧着头。看到这个情景，她高兴起来。当乔治·威拉德来到门口时，她热情地欢迎了他，急忙戴上了帽子。她觉得，等她和年轻的威拉德散步穿过街道的时候，埃德·汉德比就会跟上来，她想让他不好受。

For an hour Belle Carpenter and the young reporter walked about under the trees in the sweet night air. George Willard was full of big words. The sense of power that had come to him during the hour in the darkness in the alleyway remained with him and he talked boldly, swaggering along and swinging his arms about. He wanted to make Belle Carpenter realize that he was aware of his former weakness and that he had changed. "You'll find me different," he declared, thrusting his hands into his pockets and looking boldly into her eyes. "I don't know why but it is so. You've got to take me for a man or let me alone. That's how it is.”

在这夜晚甜蜜的空气中，贝尔·卡彭特和年轻记者在树林下走了快一个小时。乔治满口豪言壮语。在黑暗小巷中涌上来的力量仍留在他心中，他大胆地说着，挥动着双臂，大摇大摆地走着。他想让贝尔·卡彭特明白，他已经意识到了自己之前的不足，现在他已经改变了。“你会发现

我变了。”他说道，手插在裤袋里，大胆地直视着她。“我也不知为何，可就是这样的。你必须把我当一个男人对待，要么就别来惹我。就是这么回事。”

Up and down the quiet streets under the new moon went the woman and the boy. When George had finished talking they turned down a side street and went across a bridge into a path that ran up the side of a hill. The hill began at Waterworks Pond and climbed upward to the Winesburg Fair Grounds. On the hillside grew dense bushes and small trees and among the bushes were little open spaces carpeted with long grass, now stiff and frozen.

一弯新月下，女人和男孩安静地在街道上来来回回地走着。乔治说完后，他们便转到了一条小街上，穿过一座桥，来到通往山坡上的小径。这座山从水库池塘那里开始，一直延伸到温斯堡的集市广场。山坡上长满了密密的灌木丛和小树，灌木丛中有小块的开阔地，上面覆盖着长长的草，现在草都变硬结冰了。

As he walked behind the woman up the hill George Willard's heart began to beat rapidly and his shoulders straightened. Suddenly he decided that Belle Carpenter was about to surrender herself to him. The new force that had manifested itself in him had, he felt, been at work upon her and had led to her conquest. The thought made him half drunk with the sense of masculine power. Although he had been annoyed that as they walked about she had not seemed to be listening to his words, the fact that she had accompanied him to this place took all his doubts away. "It is different. Everything has become different," he thought and taking hold of her shoulder turned her about and stood looking at her, his eyes shining with pride.

乔治·威拉德跟在女人的身后往山上走，他的心开始跳得很快，肩膀也挺直了。突然，他肯定贝尔·卡彭特准备委身与他了。他觉得，在他身上表现出来的新力量已经在她身上起了作用，使她臣服了。这个想法使他感受到了男性的力量，几乎有些陶醉其中了。尽管他们一路上走来，她似乎没有听进去他说的话，这让他有些生气，可事实上她陪着他来到了这个地方，这打消了他所有的疑虑。“这是不同的。每件事都不同了。”他想着，抓住她的肩膀将她转过来，他站在那里看着她，眼睛里闪着骄傲的光。

Belle Carpenter did not resist. When he kissed her upon the lips she leaned heavily against him and looked over his shoulder into the darkness. In her whole attitude there was a suggestion of waiting. Again, as in the alleyway, George Willard's mind ran off into words and, holding the woman tightly he whispered the words into the still night. "Lust," he whispered, "lust and night and women."

贝尔·卡彭特没有反抗。他亲吻她嘴唇的时候，她重重地倒在他怀里，同时越过他的肩膀看向黑夜。她的整个态度都在暗示着她在等待。

像在小巷里一样，乔治·威拉德的思绪又回到了语言上，他紧紧地抱着这个女人，在寂静的黑夜中低声地说着。“欲望，”他低声说，“欲望、夜晚和女人。”

George Willard did not understand what happened to him that night on the hillside. Later, when he got to his own room, he wanted to weep and then grew half insane with anger and hate. He hated Belle Carpenter and was sure that all his life he would continue to hate her. On the hillside he had led the woman to one of the little open spaces among the bushes and had dropped to his knees beside her. As in the vacant lot, by the laborers' houses, he had put up his hands in gratitude for the new power in himself and was waiting for the woman to speak when Ed Handby appeared.

乔治·威拉德没弄懂那晚在山坡上发生了什么事。后来，等他回到自己的房间，他想大哭一场，接着，因为愤怒和仇恨而变得几近疯狂。他恨贝尔·卡彭特，并确信他会恨她一辈子。在山坡上，他将那个女人带到了灌木丛中的一小片开阔地上，在她身边跪下来。正如同他在那些工人的房子旁边的空地上举起双手，为身上的新力量而满怀感激一样，他也在等着这个女人说些什么。此时，埃德·汉德比出现了。

The bartender did not want to beat the boy, who he thought had tried to take his woman away. He knew that beating was unnecessary, that he had power within himself to accomplish his purpose without using his fists. Gripping George by the shoulder and pulling him to his feet, he held him with one hand while he looked at Belle Carpenter seated on the grass. Then with a quick wide movement of his arm he sent the younger man sprawling away into the bushes and began to bully the woman, who had risen to her feet. "You're no good," he said roughly. "I've half a mind not to bother with you. I'd let you alone if I didn't want you so much.”

这个酒保并不想打这个男孩，尽管在他看来，他正试图抢走他的女人。他明白打人没有必要，他有能力不用拳头来达成自己的目的。他抓住乔治的肩膀，把他给拉了起来，然后用一只手抓着这个男孩，同时看着坐在草地上的贝尔·卡彭特。接着，他的胳膊迅速向边上一抬，将年轻人远远地摔到了灌木丛里，随后他开始恐吓那个已经站起来的女人。“你不听话。”他粗暴地说，“我有点儿不想和你继续纠缠了。要不是我那么想要你，我才不来管你。”

On his hands and knees in the bushes George Willard stared at the scene before him and tried hard to think. He prepared to spring at the man who had humiliated him. To be beaten seemed to be infinitely better than to be thus hurled ignominiously aside.

乔治·威拉德在灌木丛里趴着，望着他眼前的情景，竭力去思考是怎么回事。他打算跳起来,扑向那个羞辱了他的男人。被痛打一顿似乎比这样被耻辱地扔到一边要好得多。

Three times the young reporter sprang at Ed Handby and each time the bartender, catching him by the shoulder, hurled him back into the bushes. The older man seemed prepared to keep the exercise going indefinitely but George Willard's head struck the root of a tree and he lay still. Then Ed Handby took Belle Carpenter by the arm and marched her away.

年轻的记者三次跳起来扑向埃德·汉德比，每次都被调酒师抓住肩膀给扔回了灌木丛。年长些的男人看起来预备将这种练习无限地进行下去，可是乔治·威拉德的头撞在一棵树根上，静静地躺在那里。于是埃德·汉德比拽着贝尔，扬长而去。

George heard the man and woman making their way through the bushes. As he crept down the hillside his heart was sick within him. He hated himself and he hated the fate that had brought about his humiliation. When his mind went back to the hour alone in the alleyway he was puzzled and stopping in the darkness listened, hoping to hear again the voice outside himself that had so short a time before put new courage into his heart. When his way homeward led him again into the street of frame houses he could not bear the sight and began to run, wanting to get quickly out of the neighborhood that now seemed to him utterly squalid and commonplace.

乔治听见他们穿过灌木丛走出去。当他爬下山坡的时候，他的心情糟透了。他恨他自己，恨命运带给他如此奇耻大辱。当他回想起那小巷里独处的一小时，他感到迷惑了；他停下来在黑暗中倾听着，希望再次听见不久前使他充满勇气的外在之音。在他回家的路上再次来到了两边都是木板棚屋的街道上，可他无法忍受看到的景象，于是开始跑起来。他想尽快摆脱周围的一切，现在那些东西在他看来十分脏乱，稀疏平常。

CHAPTER 16 "Queer"

第十六章 “古怪”

From his seat on a box in the rough board shed that stuck like a burr on the rear of Cowley & Son's store in Winesburg, Elmer Cowley, the junior member of the firm, could see through a dirty window into the printshop of the Winesburg Eagle. Elmer was putting new shoelaces in his shoes. They did not go in readily and he had to take the shoes off. With the shoes in his hand he sat looking at a large hole in the heel of one of his stockings. Then looking quickly up, he saw George Willard, the only newspaper reporter in Winesburg, standing at the back door of the Eagle printshop and staring absentmindedly about. "Well, well, what next!" exclaimed the young man with the shoes in his hand, jumping to his feet and creeping away from the window.

温斯堡镇里有一家考利父子商店。埃尔默·考利，年轻的小老板，正在紧贴在商店后面的一间简易木板棚屋里。他坐在一个箱子充当的座位上，从那里透过一面满是灰尘的窗户，他可以看见《温斯堡鹰报》的打印室。埃尔默正在给鞋子穿上新鞋带。鞋带不太好穿，他不得不把鞋子脱下来。他坐在那里看着一只袜子后跟上的大洞，一手还拿着鞋子。接着，他飞快地抬起头来，看到镇上唯一的报社记者乔治·威拉德正站在《鹰报》打印室的后门边，心不在焉地四处张望着。“好，好，接下来又是什么！”年轻人大叫道，手里还拿着一只鞋。他跳起来，从窗边悄悄地走开了。

A flush crept into Elmer Cowley's face and his hands began to tremble. In Cowley & Son's store a Jewish traveling salesman stood by the counter talking to his father. He imagined the reporter could hear what was being said and the thought made him furious. With one of the shoes still held in his hand he stood in a corner of the shed and stamped with a stockinged foot upon the board floor.

埃尔默·考利的脸慢慢变红，双手开始颤抖。在考利父子商店里，一个犹太籍的旅行推销员站在柜台边上，正同他的父亲说话。他觉得那个记者能听到他们的谈话，这个想法让他怒火中烧。他站在棚屋的角落里，手里仍然拿着一只鞋，一只只穿着袜子的脚在木地板上跺着。

Cowley & Son's store did not face the main street of Winesburg. The front was on Maumee Street and beyond it was Voight's wagon shop and a shed for the sheltering of farmers' horses. Beside the store an alleyway ran behind the main street stores and all day drays and delivery wagons, intent on bringing in and taking out goods, passed up and down. The store itself was indescribable. Will Henderson once

said of it that it sold everything and nothing. In the window facing Maumee Street stood a chunk of coal as large as an apple barrel, to indicate that orders for coal were taken, and beside the black mass of the coal stood three combs of honey grown brown and dirty in their wooden frames.

考利父子商店并不是朝着温斯堡大街的。它的正门开在莫米大街上，过去便是沃伊特马车行和一间给农夫们歇马的马棚。商店的旁边是一条横在大街商店背后的小巷，整天有运货马车和送料车来来往往，将货物运进运出。商店本身很难描述。威尔·亨德森曾经提到过一次，说它什么都卖又什么都不卖。商店朝着莫米大街的窗户上立着一块苹果桶大小的大煤块，以示此店接受燃煤的订单。在黑煤块的旁边放着三个蜂房的蜂蜜，都已经变成了褐色，木架子也脏兮兮的。

The honey had stood in the store window for six months. It was for sale as were also the coat hangers, patent suspender buttons, cans of roof paint, bottles of rheumatism cure, and a substitute for coffee that companioned the honey in its patient willingness to serve the public.

蜂蜜在商店的窗子上已经放了半年之久。同样出售的还有外衣衣架、有专利的吊带纽扣、罐装的屋顶油漆、瓶装风湿药以及咖啡替代品，它们同蜂蜜一起，耐心地等待着服务大众。

Ebenezer Cowley, the man who stood in the store listening to the eager patter of words that fell from the lips of the traveling man, was tall and lean and looked unwashed. On his scrawny neck was a large wen partially covered by a grey beard. He wore a long Prince Albert coat. The coat had been purchased to serve as a wedding garment. Before he became a merchant Ebenezer was a farmer and after his marriage he wore the Prince Albert coat to church on Sundays and on Saturday afternoons when he came into town to trade. When he sold the farm to become a merchant he wore the coat constantly. It had become brown with age and was covered with grease spots, but in it Ebenezer always felt dressed up and ready for the day in town.

站在店里听着那名旅行推销员喋喋不休的男人名叫埃比尼泽·考利，他是个瘦高个，看上去不怎么整洁。在他干瘦的脖子上长着一个老大的粉瘤，被盖下来的灰白色胡须遮住了一半。他身穿一件双排扣的男长礼服。这件外套原本是买来做结婚礼服的。在做商人之前，埃比尼泽是名农夫。婚后，周日时他穿着这件男礼服去教堂，周六下午则穿着进镇做买卖。自从他卖掉农场，成为一名商人之后，他便常常穿着它。时间久了，衣服开始发黄，上面满是油污点，可是埃比尼泽总觉得穿上它便衣着光鲜，可以白天去镇上。

As a merchant Ebenezer was not happily placed in life and he had not been happily placed as a farmer. Still he existed. His family, consisting of a daughter named Mabel and the son, lived with him in

rooms above the store and it did not cost them much to live. His troubles were not financial. His unhappiness as a merchant lay in the fact that when a traveling man with wares to be sold came in at the front door he was afraid. Behind the counter he stood shaking his head. He was afraid, first that he would stubbornly refuse to buy and thus lose the opportunity to sell again; second that he would not be stubborn enough and would in a moment of weakness buy what could not be sold.

作为商人的埃比尼泽生活得不快乐，可做农夫的时候，他也同样不快乐。可他还是生存着。他有一个女儿，名叫梅布尔，还有一个儿子。三人住在商店的楼上，生活的开销不大。他的苦恼并不是金钱方面的。他作为商人的不幸在于：当旅行推销员从前门进来，拿着物品来卖的时候，他便开始害怕。他站在柜台后面直摇头。他害怕的原因有：首先，如果他坚持不买，那么就失去了再卖出去的机会；其次，他往往不够坚持，会一时心软，买下卖不出去的东西。

In the store on the morning when Elmer Cowley saw George Willard standing and apparently listening at the back door of the Eagle printshop, a situation had arisen that always stirred the son's wrath. The traveling man talked and Ebenezer listened, his whole figure expressing uncertainty. "You see how quickly it is done," said the traveling man, who had for sale a small flat metal substitute for collar buttons. With one hand he quickly unfastened a collar from his shirt and then fastened it on again. He assumed a flattering wheedling tone. "I tell you what, men have come to the end of all this fooling with collar buttons and you are the man to make money out of the change that is coming. I am offering you the exclusive agency for this town. Take twenty dozen of these fasteners and I'll not visit any other store. I'll leave the field to you.”

这天早上，在商店里，当埃尔默·考利看见乔治·威拉德站在《鹰报》打印室的后门边，明显是在偷听的时候，这样一个总能激起他怒火的情况再次激怒了这位儿子。那名旅行推销员说着，埃比尼泽听着，他的整个身影传达出犹豫不决的信息。“你看这多快。”旅行推销员说道，他在推销一种小巧、扁平、能代替衣领纽扣的金属制品。他用一只手就迅速地解开了自己的衬衣衣领，然后又重新扣好了。他带着一副谄媚、哄骗的腔调。“我告诉你吧，人们就快不用这种愚蠢的衬衣纽扣了，你正好利用这个改变来赚钱。我把这个镇的独家代理权交给你。你只要买二十打这种别针，我就不再去别家店了。我把这个市场都留给你。”

The traveling man leaned over the counter and tapped with his finger on Ebenezer's breast. "It's an opportunity and I want you to take it," he urged. "A friend of mine told me about you. 'See that man Cowley,' he said. 'He's a live one.’”

旅行推销员靠在柜台上探过身去，用手指敲敲埃艾比尼泽的胸

膛。“这可是个好机会，我希望你抓住它。”他怂恿道，“我的一个朋友向我提过你。‘去见见那个叫考利的人。’他说，‘他可是个有头脑的。’”

The traveling man paused and waited. Taking a book from his pocket he began writing out the order. Still holding the shoe in his hand Elmer Cowley went through the store, past the two absorbed men, to a glass showcase near the front door. He took a cheap revolver from the case and began to wave it about. "You get out of here!" he shrieked. "We don't want any collar fasteners here.” An idea came to him. "Mind, I'm not making any threat," he added. "I don't say I'll shoot. Maybe I just took this gun out of the case to look at it. But you better get out. Yes sir, I'll say that. You better grab up your things and get out.”

旅行推销员停下来，等了会儿。他从口袋里拿出一个本子，开始写订单。埃尔默·考利还把那只鞋拿在手里。他穿过商店，经过聚精会神的两个人，然后来到前门边的一个玻璃陈列柜前。他从柜子里拿出一把廉价的手枪，开始上下挥舞。“你滚出去！”他尖叫道，“我们这里不需要什么衣领别针。”他忽然想到一个点子。“当心，我可不是在吓唬谁。”他加了一句，“我没说我会开枪。我也许不过是把枪从陈列柜里拿出来看看。可是，你最好滚出去。是的，先生，我就是这个意思。你最好拿好你的东西给我滚。”

The young storekeeper's voice rose to a scream and going behind the counter he began to advance upon the two men. "We're through being fools here!" he cried. "We ain't going to buy any more stuff until we begin to sell. We ain't going to keep on being queer and have folks staring and listening. You get out of here!”

这个小老板的声音高得像在尖叫，他走到柜台后面，朝那两人走过去。“我们在这儿是彻头彻尾的傻瓜！”他喊道，“等我们开始卖得出东西才进货。我们不打算再这么古怪下去，引得别人偷看或偷听。你给我滚出去！”

The traveling man left. Raking the samples of collar fasteners off the counter into a black leather bag, he ran. He was a small man and very bow-legged and he ran awkwardly. The black bag caught against the door and he stumbled and fell. "Crazy, that's what he is—crazy!" he sputtered as he arose from the sidewalk and hurried away.

那名旅行推销员离开了。他把柜台上的衣领别针样品扫进一个黑皮包里，然后落荒而逃。他是个矮个子男人，罗圈腿很严重，跑步的样子十分笨拙。那个黑皮包勾在门上，让他跌跌撞撞地摔了一跤。“疯了，他真的是——疯了！”他一边气急败坏地说着，一边从人行道上爬起来，急忙跑了。

In the store Elmer Cowley and his father stared at each other. Now that the immediate object of his wrath had fled, the younger man

was embarrassed. "Well, I meant it. I think we've been queer long enough," he declared, going to the showcase and replacing the revolver. Sitting on a barrel he pulled on and fastened the shoe he had been holding in his hand. He was waiting for some word of understanding from his father but when Ebenezer spoke his words only served to reawaken the wrath in the son and the young man ran out of the store without replying. Scratching his grey beard with his long dirty fingers, the merchant looked at his son with the same wavering uncertain stare with which he had confronted the traveling man. "I'll be starched," he said softly. "Well, well, I'll be washed and ironed and starched!”

埃尔默·考利在店里和父亲大眼瞪着小眼。使他爆发这场怒火的直接对象已经逃走了，这个年轻人变得有些尴尬。“嗯，我就是这个意思。我觉得我们这么古里古怪的时间够久了。”他说着，走到陈列柜边，把枪放回了原处。他坐在一个桶上，然后穿上那只一直拿在手里的鞋，并把鞋带系好。他期待父亲表示理解地说些什么，可埃比尼泽开口说的话却让儿子怒火重燃。那年轻人没有回嘴，而是跑出了商店。这位店主用又长又脏的手指抓了抓自己的灰胡子，用方才面对那个旅行推销员时露出的犹豫不定的眼神望着自己的儿子。“我会被上浆的。”他轻声说，“唉，唉，我会被洗了之后熨平，再上浆！”

Elmer Cowley went out of Winesburg and along a country road that paralleled the railroad track. He did not know where he was going or what he was going to do. In the shelter of a deep cut where the road, after turning sharply to the right, dipped under the tracks he stopped and the passion that had been the cause of his outburst in the store began to again find expression. "I will not be queer—one to be looked at and listened to," he declared aloud. "I'll be like other people. I'll show that George Willard. He'll find out. I'll show him!”

埃尔默·考利离开温斯堡镇，沿着一条和铁轨并行的乡村小路走着。他不知道去哪儿，也不知道自己要做什么。马路向右急转之后从铁轨下穿过，就在那里有个深沟。他在沟旁停下来，使他在店里突然爆发的那股激愤又开始冒了出来。“我不想做个怪人——被人盯着看，被人偷听。”他大声宣布，“我要和平常人一样。我要让乔治·威拉德看看。他会发现的。我要让他看看！”

The distraught young man stood in the middle of the road and glared back at the town. He did not know the reporter George Willard and had no special feeling concerning the tall boy who ran about town gathering the town news. The reporter had merely come, by his presence in the office and in the printshop of the Winesburg Eagle, to stand for something in the young merchant's mind. He thought the boy who passed and repassed Cowley & Son's store and who stopped to talk to people in the street must be thinking of him and perhaps laughing at him. George Willard, he felt, belonged to the town,

typified the town, represented in his person the spirit of the town. Elmer Cowley could not have believed that George Willard had also his days of unhappiness, that vague hungers and secret unnamable desires visited also his mind. Did he not represent public opinion and had not the public opinion of Winesburg condemned the Cowleys to queerness? Did he not walk whistling and laughing through Main Street? Might not one by striking his person strike also the greater enemy—the thing that smiled and went its own way—the judgment of Winesburg?

心烦意乱的年轻人站在马路中央，回头怒视着那座小镇。他并不认识乔治·威拉德记者，对这个在镇上东奔西跑采集新闻的高个子男孩也没什么特别的感觉。记者在《温斯堡鹰报》办公室和印刷室的现身，不过是代表这位年轻商人心里的某种东西而已。他觉得这个多次经过考利父子商店，并在大街上停下同人们交谈的小伙子一定是在谈他，或许还在嘲笑他。他觉得乔治·威拉德属于这个小镇，是小镇的典型人物。在他身上代表了小镇的精神。埃尔默·考利不会相信乔治也有不快乐的时候，那些朦胧的渴求，以及隐秘又无可名状的欲望也曾造访过他的心灵。难道他不是代表着公众的看法吗？难道温斯堡众人的看法没有指责过考利一家太过古怪吗？难道他不曾边走边吹着口哨，笑声响遍大街？打击他不就是打击了更大的敌人——那微笑着我行我素的东西——温斯堡的裁判？

Elmer Cowley was extraordinarily tall and his arms were long and powerful. His hair, his eyebrows, and the downy beard that had begun to grow upon his chin, were pale almost to whiteness. His teeth protruded from between his lips and his eyes were blue with the colorless blueness of the marbles called "aggies" that the boys of Winesburg carried in their pockets. Elmer had lived in Winesburg for a year and had made no friends. He was, he felt, one condemned to go through life without friends and he hated the thought.

埃尔默·考利格外高，双臂长而有力。他的头发、眉毛和下巴上开始长出来的细软的胡子都是灰白的，几乎是白色的。他的牙齿从双唇间凸出来；他的眼睛是蓝色的，就像温斯堡的男孩子们口袋里装着的那种叫“爱吉斯”的玩具子珠的暗蓝色。埃尔默在温斯堡住了一年，没有交到任何朋友。他觉得自己注定终生没有朋友，他恨这个想法。

Sullenly the tall young man tramped along the road with his hands stuffed into his trouser pockets. The day was cold with a raw wind, but presently the sun began to shine and the road became soft and muddy. The tops of the ridges of frozen mud that formed the road began to melt and the mud clung to Elmer's shoes. His feet became cold. When he had gone several miles he turned off the road, crossed a field and entered a wood. In the wood he gathered sticks to build a fire, by which he sat trying to warm himself, miserable in body and in mind.

这个高个子的年轻人把手塞在裤子口袋里，闷闷不乐地沿着马路，拖着步子走。天气很冷，吹着凛冽的风，可这会儿太阳开始冒出来了，马路变得松软、泥泞。路上尽是冻泥形成的垄脊，顶上的部分开始融化了，泥巴都粘在埃尔默的鞋上。他的双脚开始变冷。走了几英里之后，他从马路上下来，穿过一片田野，进入了一个树林。他在林子里用木棍燃起火堆。他坐在火堆旁，试着让自己暖和一些；他的身上和心里都痛苦极了。

For two hours he sat on the log by the fire and then, arising and creeping cautiously through a mass of underbrush, he went to a fence and looked across fields to a small farmhouse surrounded by low sheds. A smile came to his lips and he began making motions with his long arms to a man who was husking corn in one of the fields.

他在火堆边的木头上坐了两个小时，然后站起身，小心地爬过一大片低矮的灌木丛，来到一道篱笆前，越过田野望向被一片矮屋棚围住的一家小农舍。一个微笑浮现在他嘴角。他开始用长长的手臂朝着一个正在田里剥玉米的男人打起手势来。

In his hour of misery the young merchant had returned to the farm where he had lived through boyhood and where there was another human being to whom he felt he could explain himself. The man on the farm was a half-witted old fellow named Mook. He had once been employed by Ebenezer Cowley and had stayed on the farm when it was sold. The old man lived in one of the unpainted sheds back of the farmhouse and puttered about all day in the fields.

在这个年轻商人痛苦的这段时间里，他回到了自己幼年时期生活过的那间农场。在那里有另一种人，他觉得能对他们解释自己。农场里的那个男人名叫穆克，是个弱智的老头。埃比尼泽·考利曾经雇佣过他。他一直呆在那里，直到农场被卖掉。那个老头住在农舍后面的一间未经粉刷的棚屋里，整日在田地里闲晃。

Mook the half-wit lived happily. With childlike faith he believed in the intelligence of the animals that lived in the sheds with him, and when he was lonely held long conversations with the cows, the pigs, and even with the chickens that ran about the barnyard. He it was who had put the expression regarding being "laundered" into the mouth of his former employer. When excited or surprised by anything he smiled vaguely and muttered: "I'll be washed and ironed. Well, well, I'll be washed and ironed and starched.”

可是蠢笨的穆克活得很开心。他有种孩子般的信仰，相信和他一同住在棚屋里的动物的理解力。当他感到孤独时，就会和奶牛、猪，甚至是在谷场里到处跑的小鸡长时间地交谈。就是他把“被洗熨”之类的词变成了他前雇主的口头禅。遇到令人兴奋或是吃惊的事情，他就茫然地微笑，喃喃地说：“我要被洗了再熨平。唉，唉，我要被洗了之后熨平，再上浆。”

When the half-witted old man left his husking of corn and came into the wood to meet Elmer Cowley, he was neither surprised nor especially interested in the sudden appearance of the young man. His feet also were cold and he sat on the log by the fire, grateful for the warmth and apparently indifferent to what Elmer had to say.

这个蠢笨的老人丢下在剥的玉米，去树林里见埃尔默·考利。对年轻人的突然出现，老人既不感到惊讶，也没有表现得特别好奇。他也觉得脚冷，于是坐在火堆旁的那根木头上；他因为温暖而表示感激，却明显对埃尔默要说的话表现得漠不关心。

Elmer talked earnestly and with great freedom, walking up and down and waving his arms about. "You don't understand what's the matter with me so of course you don't care," he declared. "With me it's different. Look how it has always been with me. Father is queer and mother was queer, too. Even the clothes mother used to wear were not like other people's clothes, and look at that coat in which father goes about there in town, thinking he's dressed up, too. Why don't he get a new one? It wouldn't cost much. I'll tell you why. Father doesn't know and when mother was alive she didn't know either. Mabel is different. She knows but she won't say anything. I will, though. I'm not going to be stared at any longer. Why, look here, Mook, father doesn't know that his store there in town is just a queer jumble, that he'll never sell the stuff he buys. He knows nothing about it. Sometimes he's a little worried that trade doesn't come and then he goes and buys something else. In the evenings he sits by the fire upstairs and says trade will come after a while. He isn't worried. He's queer. He doesn't know enough to be worried.”

埃尔默热切又畅快地说着，一边走来走去，一边挥动着双臂。“你不知道我出了什么事，所以你当然不在意。”他说道，“可我就不一样了。你看，我总是摆脱不掉。爸爸古里古怪，妈妈也是这样。即使是妈妈以前穿的衣服也和别人不一样，看看爸爸穿到镇里去的那件外套吧，他还觉得挺体面呢。他为什么不买件新的？又花不了多少钱。我来告诉你原因。爸爸不知道，即使是妈妈还活着的时候，她也不知道。梅布尔不同。她知道，可她不会说什么。可是，我会。我不打算再让别人盯着我们看了。为什么，听我说，穆克，爸爸不知道他的店在镇上只不过是个古怪的杂物堆，他买的东西从来都卖不出去。他对此一无所知。有时候他因为没生意有些着急，就去买些别的东西。晚上的时候，他坐在楼上的火炉旁，说不久就会有生意了。他并不着急。他是个古怪的人。他甚至不太懂得去担心着急。”

The excited young man became more excited. "He don't know, but I know," he shouted, stopping to gaze down into the dumb, unresponsive face of the half-wit. "I know too well. I can't stand it. When we lived out here it was different. I worked and at night I went to bed and slept. I wasn't always seeing people and thinking as I am

now. In the evening, there in town, I go to the post office or to the depot to see the train come in, and no one says anything to me. Everyone stands around and laughs and they talk but they say nothing to me. Then I feel so queer that I can't talk either. I go away. I don't say anything. I can't.”

激动的年轻人变得愈发激动起来。“他不知道，可我知道。”他喊着，不再低头盯着弱智老头的那张迟钝、木讷、毫无反应的脸。“我了解得一清二楚。我再也忍不下去了。我们住在这儿的时候是不一样的。我白天工作，晚上上床睡觉。我不像现在这样经常能见到人，还要思考。在镇上的晚上，我就去邮局或者到车站去看火车进站，没人同我说话。大家站在四周，大笑着，他们互相交谈，可不对我说话。我觉得太古怪了，结果我也不会说话了。我就离开。什么也不说。我说不出。”

The fury of the young man became uncontrollable. "I won't stand it," he yelled, looking up at the bare branches of the trees. "I'm not made to stand it.”

年轻人的怒火无法遏制。“我受不了了，”他高声喊道，抬头望着光秃秃的树杈，“我生来不是为了忍耐的。”

Maddened by the dull face of the man on the log by the fire, Elmer turned and glared at him as he had glared back along the road at the town of Winesburg. "Go on back to work," he screamed. "What good does it do me to talk to you?" A thought came to him and his voice dropped. "I'm a coward too, eh?" he muttered. "Do you know why I came clear out here afoot? I had to tell someone and you were the only one I could tell. I hunted out another queer one, you see. I ran away, that's what I did. I couldn't stand up to someone like that George Willard. I had to come to you. I ought to tell him and I will.”

埃尔默被坐在火堆边木头上那人的沉闷的脸给弄疯了。他转身瞪着他，就像他回身瞪着通往温斯堡的马路一样。“回去干活吧，”他尖声叫道，“我跟你说话有什么用处呢？”他突然想到了什么，声音低了下去。“我也是个懦夫，不是吗？”他喃喃自语道，“你知道我为什么一直徒步到这儿来？我非得和谁说说不可，你是唯一我能说话的人。我又找到了另一个怪家伙，你看。我逃走了，我就是这么干的。我受不了乔治·威拉德那样的人。我不得不来找你。我应该告诉他，我会这么干的。“

Again his voice arose to a shout and his arms flew about. "I will tell him. I won't be queer. I don't care what they think. I won't stand it.”

他又提高了嗓音，变成大喊大叫，挥舞着胳膊。“我要告诉他，我不会做个怪人。我不在乎他们怎么想。我再也受不了了。”

Elmer Cowley ran out of the woods leaving the half-wit sitting on the log before the fire. Presently the old man arose and climbing over the fence went back to his work in the corn. "I'll be washed and ironed

and starched," he declared. "Well, well, I'll be washed and ironed.” Mook was interested. He went along a lane to a field where two cows stood nibbling at a straw stack. "Elmer was here," he said to the cows. "Elmer is crazy. You better get behind the stack where he don't see you. He'll hurt someone yet, Elmer will.”

埃尔默·考利跑出了树林，留下弱智的老头坐在火堆前的木头上。不久，老人站了起来，翻过篱笆，又回去剥玉米了。“我要被洗了之后熨平，再上浆。”他说着，“哎哟，哎哟，我要被洗了之后熨平，再上个浆。”穆克很感兴趣。他沿着小巷来到一片田边，两头奶牛正站在那里一点点地啃食着谷草堆。“埃尔默在那儿。”他对奶牛说，“埃尔默疯了。你们最好躲到草堆后面去，别叫他看见。他终究会伤害某个人的，埃尔默会的。”

At eight o'clock that evening Elmer Cowley put his head in at the front door of the office of the Winesburg Eagle where George Willard sat writing. His cap was pulled down over his eyes and a sullen determined look was on his face. "You come on outside with me," he said, stepping in and closing the door. He kept his hand on the knob as though prepared to resist anyone else coming in. "You just come along outside. I want to see you."

当天晚上八点的时候，乔治·威拉德坐在《鹰报》办公室里写东西，埃尔默·考利在前门探头进来。他把帽子拉低盖住了眼睛，脸上露出一种阴沉而坚定的神情。“你跟我出来一下。”他一边说着，一边走进去关上门。他的手一直放在门把上，好像在防止别人进来。“你就到外面来一下。我想见你。”

George Willard and Elmer Cowley walked through the main street of Winesburg. The night was cold and George Willard had on a new overcoat and looked very spruce and dressed up. He thrust his hands into the overcoat pockets and looked inquiringly at his companion. He had long been wanting to make friends with the young merchant and find out what was in his mind. Now he thought he saw a chance and was delighted. "I wonder what he's up to? Perhaps he thinks he has a piece of news for the paper. It can't be a fire because I haven't heard the fire bell and there isn't anyone running," he thought.

乔治·威拉德和埃尔默·考利在温斯堡的大街上散步。夜里很冷，乔治·威拉德穿了件新大衣，看上去衣冠楚楚的，非常帅气。他的双手插在大衣口袋里，探询地望着他的同伴。他老早就在想和这个年轻商人结交，想弄明白他在想些什么。现在他认为机会来了，所以感到很高兴。“我真想知道他有什么事？或许他觉得他有条可以上报纸的新闻。不会是场火灾，因为我没听到过火警，也没有人跑动。”他想着。

In the main street of Winesburg, on the cold November evening, but few citizens appeared and these hurried along bent on getting to the stove at the back of some store. The windows of the stores were

frosted and the wind rattled the tin sign that hung over the entrance to the stairway leading to Doctor Welling's office. Before Hern's Grocery a basket of apples and a rack filled with new brooms stood on the sidewalk. Elmer Cowley stopped and stood facing George Willard. He tried to talk and his arms began to pump up and down. His face worked spasmodically. He seemed about to shout. "Oh, you go on back," he cried. "Don't stay out here with me. I ain't got anything to tell you. I don't want to see you at all.”

寒冷的十一月的傍晚，温斯堡的大街上只有少数几个人，他们都在匆忙赶路，一心想到某个商店后门的火炉边取个暖。很多商店的窗户上都结了霜，寒风吹得挂在韦林医生诊所楼梯入口的锡制标牌哐啷作响。在赫恩的水果店前，一筐苹果和一个装满新扫帚的架子立在人行道上。埃尔默·考利停下来，面朝乔治·威拉德站着。他试图说话，胳膊开始上下挥动。他的脸痉挛地抽搐着。他看起来要大声喊了。“噢，你回去吧。”他喊道，“别和我一起站在这儿。我没什么可告诉你的，我根本不想见到你。”

For three hours the distracted young merchant wandered through the resident streets of Winesburg blind with anger, brought on by his failure to declare his determination not to be queer. Bitterly the sense of defeat settled upon him and he wanted to weep. After the hours of futile sputtering at nothingness that had occupied the afternoon and his failure in the presence of the young reporter, he thought he could see no hope of a future for himself.

心烦意乱的年轻商人在温斯堡这片居民区的街道上来回晃荡了三个钟头。因为没能宣布自己不愿再做怪人的决心，他气得两眼发黑。涌上心头挫败的感觉太苦涩了，他想要流泪。整个下午他数个小时的气急败坏却毫无意义，连同他在年轻记者面前的失败，使他觉得再也看不到自己的未来了。

And then a new idea dawned for him. In the darkness that surrounded him he began to see a light. Going to the now darkened store, where Cowley & Son had for over a year waited vainly for trade to come, he crept stealthily in and felt about in a barrel that stood by the stove at the rear. In the barrel beneath shavings lay a tin box containing Cowley & Son's cash. Every evening Ebenezer Cowley put the box in the barrel when he closed the store and went upstairs to bed. "They wouldn't never think of a careless place like that," he told himself, thinking of robbers.

之后，他有了一个新的想法。他开始在周遭的黑暗中看到了一丝光亮。他来到已经黑灯打烊的考利父子商店。这商店已经在那儿空等了一年多，却没有生意上门。他偷偷爬进去，摸索着店后面炉边立着的一个圆桶。圆桶里面装的刨花下面放着一个锡制的盒子，里面装着考利父子商店的现金。每晚，埃比尼泽·考利关上店门，把盒子放进桶里，然后上

楼睡觉。“他们永远都想不到这样一个不起眼的地方。”他自言自语，心里想着盗贼。

Elmer took twenty dollars, two ten-dollar bills, from the little roll containing perhaps four hundred dollars, the cash left from the sale of the farm. Then replacing the box beneath the shavings he went quietly out at the front door and walked again in the streets. The idea that he thought might put an end to all of his unhappiness was very simple. "I will get out of here, run away from home," he told himself. He knew that a local freight train passed through Winesburg at midnight and went on to Cleveland, where it arrived at dawn. He would steal a ride on the local and when he got to Cleveland would lose himself in the crowds there. He would get work in some shop and become friends with the other workmen and would be indistinguishable. Then he could talk and laugh. He would no longer be queer and would make friends. Life would begin to have warmth and meaning for him as it had for others.

卖掉农场剩余的现金卷成了一小卷，大概四百美金。埃尔默从里面拿出两张十元的钞票，共二十美元。然后他将盒子重又放回刨花下面，静静地走出前门，重新回到街上。他想到的结束不幸的方法非常简单。“我要离开这儿，离开家。”他告诉自己。他知道有一趟货运慢车会在午夜经过温斯堡，然后开往克利夫兰，并在黎明到达那里。他可以偷偷搭乘这趟区间车，等他到达克利夫兰就会消失在人群中。他可以在某个店里打工，同其他的工人们交朋友，然后变得和其他人没什么差异了。那时，他就可以交谈和大笑。他不会再那么古怪，会交上朋友。生活于他就会开始变得温暖而富有意义，就像对其他人一样。

The tall awkward young man, striding through the streets, laughed at himself because he had been angry and had been half afraid of George Willard. He decided he would have his talk with the young reporter before he left town, that he would tell him about things, perhaps challenge him, challenge all of Winesburg through him.

这个笨拙的高个年轻人大步穿过街道，嘲笑自己曾那么生气，还有些害怕乔治·威拉德。他决定在离开小镇前应当同那位年轻记者谈谈，告诉他这一切，也许会向他挑战，并由此向全温斯堡的人挑战。

Aglow with new confidence Elmer went to the office of the New Willard House and pounded on the door. A sleep-eyed boy slept on a cot in the office. He received no salary but was fed at the hotel table and bore with pride the title of "night clerk." Before the boy Elmer was bold, insistent. "You wake him up," he commanded. "You tell him to come down by the depot. I got to see him and I'm going away on the local. Tell him to dress and come on down. I ain't got much time.”

埃尔默重又充满了自信，容光焕发。他来到新威拉德旅社的办公

室，砰砰地敲着门。一个睡眼惺忪的男孩睡在办公室里的一张简易床上。他不拿薪水，只是吃住在旅社，并自豪地顶着“夜班员工”的头衔。埃尔默在这个男孩子面前是大胆而坚定的。“你‘叫他起来”，他命令道，“你告诉他到火车站来。我要见见他，我要搭区间车走了。告诉他穿上衣服下来。我没多少时间了。”

The midnight local had finished its work in Winesburg and the trainsmen were coupling cars, swinging lanterns and preparing to resume their flight east. George Willard, rubbing his eyes and again wearing the new overcoat, ran down to the station platform afire with curiosity. "Well, here I am. What do you want? You've got something to tell me, eh?" he said.

午夜的区间车结束了在温斯堡的工作，铁路工人正在挂车厢，摇灯，准备继续往东行驶。乔治·威拉德揉着眼睛，重新穿上了那件新大衣，满心好奇地一路跑到月台上来。“好了，我来了。你想干嘛？你有话要对我说，不是吗？”他说。

Elmer tried to explain. He wet his lips with his tongue and looked at the train that had begun to groan and get under way. "Well, you see," he began, and then lost control of his tongue. "I'll be washed and ironed. I'll be washed and ironed and starched," he muttered half incoherently.

埃尔默试图解释。他舔了舔嘴唇，望着开始鸣笛并开动的火车。“嗯，你看，”他开口说，接着，舌头就不听使唤了。“我要被洗了之后熨平。我会被洗了之后熨平，再上浆。”他不太连贯地低声说道。

Elmer Cowley danced with fury beside the groaning train in the darkness on the station platform. Lights leaped into the air and bobbed up and down before his eyes. Taking the two ten-dollar bills from his pocket he thrust them into George Willard's hand. "Take them," he cried. "I don't want them. Give them to father. I stole them.” With a snarl of rage he turned and his long arms began to flay the air. Like one struggling for release from hands that held him he struck out, hitting George Willard blow after blow on the breast, the neck, the mouth. The young reporter rolled over on the platform half unconscious, stunned by the terrific force of the blows. Springing aboard the passing train and running over the tops of cars, Elmer sprang down to a flat car and lying on his face looked back, trying to see the fallen man in the darkness. Pride surged up in him. "I showed him," he cried. "I guess I showed him. I ain't so queer. I guess I showed him I ain't so queer.” 检1285，扣分0.6

在月台的阴影里，埃尔默·考利站在鸣笛的火车旁，怒火中烧地跳起来。灯光斜射进空气中，在他眼前上下跳动。他从口袋里拿出那两张十元钞票，把他们塞进乔治·威拉德的手里。“拿着。”他喊道，“我不想要了。把钱给我父亲。这是我偷来的。”他愤怒地吼叫了一声，然后转过

身，长长的双臂开始在空中乱抓。仿佛是要从禁锢他的一双手中挣脱出来一样，他大打出手，一拳一拳地打在乔治·威拉德的胸膛、脖颈和嘴上。年轻记者被这拳头凶猛的力量打晕了，他在月台上翻滚了几下，陷入半昏迷状态。埃尔默跳上了开动的火车，他跑过几节车厢的车顶，跳到了一节平整的车厢上，趴在那里往回望，竭力想看到倒在黑暗中的那个人。他的自豪感油然而生。“我让他看见了。”他叫道，“我想我让他看见了。我没那么古怪。我想我让他看见了，我并没那么古怪。”

CHAPTER 17 The Untold Lie

第十七章 未讲出口的谎言

Ray Pearson and Hal Winters were farm hands employed on a farm three miles north of Winesburg. On Saturday afternoons they came into town and wandered about through the streets with other fellows from the country.

雷·皮尔逊和哈尔·温特斯是温斯堡以北三英里处一家农场雇佣的帮工。每周六下午，他们来到镇上，同其他的乡下伙计一起在街上闲逛。

Ray was a quiet, rather nervous man of perhaps fifty with a brown beard and shoulders rounded by too much and too hard labor. In his nature he was as unlike Hal Winters as two men can be unlike.

雷是个五十岁左右的男人。他性格安静，相当神经质，留着棕色的胡子。因为干了太多的重活，他的肩膀是圆圆的。他同哈尔·温特斯的性格差异要多大有多大。

Ray was an altogether serious man and had a little sharp-featured wife who had also a sharp voice. The two, with half a dozen thin-legged children, lived in a tumble-down frame house beside a creek at the back end of the Wills farm where Ray was employed.

雷是个不折不扣的不苟言笑之人。他的妻子身材小巧，五官分明，声音也十分尖细。他们俩带着六个细胳膊细腿的孩子，住在一个摇摇欲坠、破烂不堪的木板房子里。房子位于雷被雇佣的农场后面的一条小河边上。

Hal Winters, his fellow employee, was a young fellow. He was not of the Ned Winters family, who were very respectable people in Winesburg, but was one of the three sons of the old man called Windpeter Winters who had a sawmill near Unionville, six miles away, and who was looked upon by everyone in Winesburg as a confirmed old reprobate.

他的工友哈尔·温特斯是个年轻小伙子。他不是内德·温特斯家族的成员，那个家族在温斯堡非常受人尊敬。但他却是那位叫温德彼得·温特斯的老人的三个儿子中的一个。这位老人在六英里外的尤宁维尔有一家锯木厂，全温斯堡的人都认为他是一个地地道道的老败家子。

People from the part of Northern Ohio in which Winesburg lies will remember old Windpeter by his unusual and tragic death. He got drunk one evening in town and started to drive home to Unionville along the railroad tracks. Henry Brattenburg, the butcher, who lived out that way, stopped him at the edge of the town and told him he

was sure to meet the down train but Windpeter slashed at him with his whip and drove on. When the train struck and killed him and his two horses a farmer and his wife who were driving home along a nearby road saw the accident. They said that old Windpeter stood up on the seat of his wagon, raving and swearing at the onrushing locomotive, and that he fairly screamed with delight when the team, maddened by his incessant slashing at them, rushed straight ahead to certain death. Boys like young George Willard and Seth Richmond will remember the incident quite vividly because, although everyone in our town said that the old man would go straight to hell and that the community was better off without him, they had a secret conviction that he knew what he was doing and admired his foolish courage. Most boys have seasons of wishing they could die gloriously instead of just being grocery clerks and going on with their humdrum lives.

来自温斯堡所在的俄亥俄北部地区的人都记得老温德彼得，因为他死得十分意外而且悲惨。一天晚上，他在镇上喝醉了，然后驾着马车沿着铁轨回尤宁维尔的家。住在那条路旁的屠夫亨利·布莱顿伯格在小镇边拦住了他，告诉他这样一定会撞上下行的火车，可温德彼得给了他一鞭子，然后继续赶路。他和两匹马被火车撞死的时候，一对驾马车回家的农民夫妇正好从附近的路上经过，目睹了这场事故。他们说，老温德彼得站在马车的座位上，朝着迎面而来的火车头胡言乱语、大声叫骂。当那两匹马在他不断的抽打下发疯般地朝着必死无疑的结局笔直冲过去的时候，他还高兴地大声尖叫。像乔治·威拉德和塞思·里士满这样的男孩子都真真切切地记得那次事故，因为，尽管镇上的每个人都觉得那个老头该下地狱，大家也会因为他的死过得更好，但他们却私下深信不疑老温德彼得其实知道自己是在干什么，因此钦佩他愚蠢的勇气。大多数的男孩子都会有那么一段时期，希望自己能光荣地死去，而不是做个杂货店的店员，过着平凡无奇的生活。

But this is not the story of Windpeter Winters nor yet of his son Hal who worked on the Wills farm with Ray Pearson. It is Ray's story. It will, however, be necessary to talk a little of young Hal so that you will get into the spirit of it.

但这不是关于温德彼得·温特斯的故事，也不是那个在威尔斯农场同雷·皮尔逊一同干活的他的儿子哈尔的故事。这个故事是关于雷的。可是，难免还是要稍微地谈及一下年轻的哈尔，这样你才能明白其中的真意。

Hal was a bad one. Everyone said that. There were three of the Winters boys in that family, John, Hal, and Edward, all broad-shouldered big fellow like old Windpeter himself and all fighters and woman-chasers and generally all-around bad ones.

哈尔是个坏小子。人人都这么说。温特斯家有三个儿子：约翰、哈尔和爱德华。他们都像父亲老温德彼得一样有着宽阔的肩膀和高大的身

材，也都爱打架，玩女人，总而言之是无恶不作。

Hal was the worst of the lot and always up to some devilment. He once stole a load of boards from his father's mill and sold them in Winesburg. With the money he bought himself a suit of cheap, flashy clothes. Then he got drunk and when his father came raving into town to find him, they met and fought with their fists on Main Street and were arrested and put into jail together.

其中哈尔最恶劣，常常到了邪门的地步。有一次他从父亲的锯木厂里偷了一堆木板，到温斯堡卖掉了。他用得来的钱给自己买了一套廉价又花哨的衣服。然后他就喝得酩酊大醉。他的父亲咒骂着到镇上来找他，两人一见面就在大街上大打出手，一起被抓起来关进了监狱。

Hal went to work on the Wills farm because there was a country school teacher out that way who had taken his fancy. He was only twenty-two then but had already been in two or three of what were spoken of in Winesburg as "women scrapes." Everyone who heard of his infatuation for the school teacher was sure it would turn out badly. "He'll only get her into trouble, you'll see," was the word that went around.

哈尔来到威尔斯农场工作，因为他迷上了附近的一个乡村女教师。他那时才二十二岁，可他已经去过两三个温斯堡人说的“妓院”了。听说他迷恋了那位女教师，每个人都断定这事不会有好结果。“他只会给她带来麻烦，你们就等着瞧吧。”这就是人们相互传的话。

And so these two men, Ray and Hal, were at work in a field on a day in the late October. They were husking corn and occasionally something was said and they laughed. Then came silence. Ray, who was the more sensitive and always minded things more, had chapped hands and they hurt. He put them into his coat pockets and looked away across the fields. He was in a sad, distracted mood and was affected by the beauty of the country. If you knew the Winesburg country in the fall and how the low hills are all splashed with yellows and reds you would understand his feeling. He began to think of the time, long ago when he was a young fellow living with his father, then a baker in Winesburg, and how on such days he had wandered away into the woods to gather nuts, hunt rabbits, or just to loaf about and smoke his pipe. His marriage had come about through one of his days of wandering. He had induced a girl who waited on trade in his father's shop to go with him and something had happened. He was thinking of that afternoon and how it had affected his whole life when a spirit of protest awoke in him. He had forgotten about Hal and muttered words. "Tricked by Gad, that's what I was, tricked by life and made a fool of," he said in a low voice.

十月下旬的一天，雷和哈尔两人在地里干活。他们剥着玉米，时不

时地说点什么，一起哈哈大笑。然后他们都陷入了沉默。相比之下，雷更敏感，对事情总要更在意一些，他的两只手皴裂了，疼得厉害。他把手放进外衣口袋，眺望远处的田野。他带着悲伤又心烦的情绪，却被这乡间的美景感染了。如果你了解温斯堡乡间的秋天，知道那些低矮的山坡是如何被染成各种黄色和红色，你就会明白他的感受。他开始想起很久以前的时光，那时他还是个小伙子，同当时在温斯堡做面包师的父亲住在一起。在那些日子里，他就会来到树林里漫步，捡果子，打野兔，或者只是叼着烟斗四处闲逛。他的婚姻就是在他闲逛的日子里产生的。他引诱了一个在他父亲店里等着买东西的女孩子和他一同外出，接着就出了事。他想起了那个下午，以及它如何影响了他的一生，心里便油然生出一种不平的情绪。他忘了哈尔在旁边，开始喃喃自语了起来。“被上帝骗了，我就是这样，被生活骗了、耍了。”他低声说。

As though understanding his thoughts, Hal Winters spoke up. "Well, has it been worth while? What about it, eh? What about marriage and all that?" he asked and then laughed. Hal tried to keep on laughing but he too was in an earnest mood. He began to talk earnestly. "Has a fellow got to do it?" he asked. "Has he got to be harnessed up and driven through life like a horse?"

仿佛明白他的想法似的，哈尔·温特斯大声地问道：“那么，值得吗？怎么样呢，嗯？婚姻以及所有的这一切如何呢？”他问，然后大笑起来。哈尔试图一直笑下去，可他的情绪也是诚挚的。他开始诚恳地说话。“是个人都得这么过吗？”他问，“一个人终生非得像匹马似的被套牢、被驱赶吗？”

Hal didn't wait for an answer but sprang to his feet and began to walk back and forth between the corn shocks. He was getting more and more excited. Bending down suddenly he picked up an ear of the yellow corn and threw it at the fence. "I've got Nell Gunther in trouble," he said. "I'm telling you, but you keep your mouth shut.”

哈尔并没有等他回答，而是跳起来，在玉米堆之间来回走动。他变得越来越激动。他突然弯下身，捡起一穗黄玉米，扔到篱笆上。“我让内尔·冈瑟有麻烦了。”他说，“我跟你说，可你别说出去。”

Ray Pearson arose and stood staring. He was almost a foot shorter than Hal, and when the younger man came and put his two hands on the older man's shoulders they made a picture. There they stood in the big empty field with the quiet corn shocks standing in rows behind them and the red and yellow hills in the distance, and from being just two indifferent workmen they had become all alive to each other. Hal sensed it and because that was his way he laughed. "Well, old daddy," he said awkwardly, "come on, advise me. I've got Nell in trouble. Perhaps you've been in the same fix yourself. I know what everyone would say is the right thing to do, but what do you say? Shall I marry and settle down? Shall I put myself into the harness to be worn out

like an old horse? You know me, Ray. There can't anyone break me but I can break myself. Shall I do it or shall I tell Nell to go to the devil? Come on, you tell me. Whatever you say, Ray, I'll do.”

雷·皮尔逊立起身，站在那里望着。他几乎比哈尔矮一英尺，等年轻者走过来把双手放在年长者肩膀上的时候，他们构成了一幅画。他们站在辽阔又空荡荡的田野里，玉米一排排安静地堆在身后，远处是黄红相间的连绵山坡，他们从两个漠不关心的工友变成了令彼此生气勃勃的人。哈尔感觉到了，因为那是他的方式，他大笑起来，“咳，老伙计，”他有些局促地说，“来吧，给我点儿建议。我让内尔有麻烦了。或许你也曾经陷入这样的困境。我知道大家说的是应该做的事，可你怎么看呢？我该结婚，然后安定下来吗？我是不是该套上马具，像匹老马似的疲于奔命呢？你了解我，雷。除了我自己，没人能打倒我。我是该这么做呢，还是该让内尔滚开？来吧，你来告诉我。无论你怎么说，雷，我都听你的。”

Ray couldn't answer. He shook Hal's hands loose and turning walked straight away toward the barn. He was a sensitive man and there were tears in his eyes. He knew there was only one thing to say to Hal Winters, son of old Windpeter Winters, only one thing that all his own training and all the beliefs of the people he knew would approve, but for his life he couldn't say what he knew he should say.

雷没有回答。他把哈尔的手抖落，转过身，笔直地朝谷仓走去。他是个敏感的人，眼泪在他眼里打转。他知道他只能对老温德彼得·温特斯的儿子哈尔·温特斯说一件事，这件事是他的教养和所有他认识的人的信条所赞同的。可无论如何，他都说不出口他明知道该说的话。

At half past four that afternoon Ray was puttering about the barnyard when his wife came up the lane along the creek and called him. After the talk with Hal he hadn't returned to the cornfield but worked about the barn. He had already done the evening chores and had seen Hal, dressed and ready for a roistering night in town, come out of the farmhouse and go into the road. Along the path to his own house he trudged behind his wife, looking at the ground and thinking. He couldn't make out what was wrong. Every time he raised his eyes and saw the beauty of the country in the failing light he wanted to do something he had never done before, shout or scream or hit his wife with his fists or something equally unexpected and terrifying. Along the path he went scratching his head and trying to make it out. He looked hard at his wife's back but she seemed all right.

下午四点半的时候，雷的妻子沿着河边的小路走过来叫他，那时他正在谷场那里闲逛。同哈尔谈过话后，他没有再回到玉米地里去，而是在谷仓旁干活。他已经做完了晚上的杂事，看见哈尔穿戴整齐，从农舍出来走上了马路，准备到镇上去找乐子。他拖着步子跟在妻子的身后，边眼睛望着地思索着，边沿着小路往家里走去。他弄不懂是哪里出了

错。每当他抬眼看到薄暮中的乡间美景，他都想要做点儿从没做过的事，比如大喊、尖叫，用拳头揍妻子一顿，或者其他什么想象不到的可怕的事。他沿着小路走着，抓耳挠腮地想要弄明白。他使劲地看着妻子的后背，可她似乎一切如常。

She only wanted him to go into town for groceries and as soon as she had told him what she wanted began to scold. "You're always puttering," she said. "Now I want you to hustle. There isn't anything in the house for supper and you've got to get to town and back in a hurry.”

她只想让他到镇上去买些食物，可她刚一对他说到想要买的东西，就开始责骂他。“你总在闲逛。”她说，“现在我想让你忙起来。家里没有晚饭了，你得赶快到镇上去买回来。”

Ray went into his own house and took an overcoat from a hook back of the door. It was torn about the pockets and the collar was shiny. His wife went into the bedroom and presently came out with a soiled cloth in one hand and three silver dollars in the other. Somewhere in the house a child wept bitterly and a dog that had been sleeping by the stove arose and yawned. Again the wife scolded. "The children will cry and cry. Why are you always puttering?" she asked.

雷进了自己的家，从门后的衣钩上拿了件外套。衣服口袋都已经磨破了，衣领也磨得发亮。他的妻子进了卧室，很快就出来，一只手上拿着一块脏兮兮的抹布，另一只手里拿着三块银元。孩子在房子里的什么地方大声哭起来，炉边睡觉的狗起来打了个哈欠。妻子又开始骂他。“孩子们总是不停地哭。你干嘛总是在闲逛？”她问道。

Ray went out of the house and climbed the fence into a field. It was just growing dark and the scene that lay before him was lovely. All the low hills were washed with color and even the little clusters of bushes in the corners of the fences were alive with beauty. The whole world seemed to Ray Pearson to have become alive with something just as he and Hal had suddenly become alive when they stood in the corn field stating into each other's eyes.

雷走出房子，翻过篱笆进了一片田地。天渐渐黑下来，眼前的景色美极了。所有低矮的山坡都被涂上了色彩，即使是篱笆角落里的小灌木丛也美得生机盎然。在雷·皮尔逊看来，整个世界变得栩栩如生，就如同他和哈尔站在玉米地里四目相对时，突然变得生气勃勃了一样。

The beauty of the country about Winesburg was too much for Ray on that fall evening. That is all there was to it. He could not stand it. Of a sudden he forgot all about being a quiet old farm hand and throwing off the torn overcoat began to run across the field. As he ran he shouted a protest against his life, against all life, against everything that makes life ugly. "There was no promise made," he cried into the

empty spaces that lay about him. "I didn't promise my Minnie anything and Hal hasn't made any promise to Nell. I know he hasn't. She went into the woods with him because she wanted to go. What he wanted she wanted. Why should I pay? Why should Hal pay? Why should anyone pay? I don't want Hal to become old and worn out. I'll tell him. I won't let it go on. I'll catch Hal before he gets to town and I'll tell him.”

在那个秋日的傍晚，温斯堡的乡间美景让雷感到无力承受。仅此而已。他却无法承受。突然间，他完全忘掉了要做一名安静的农场老帮工。他脱掉那件磨破的外套，开始在田野里狂奔。他边跑边大声地喊出对自己生活的抗议，对所有生活的抗议，对使生活变得丑陋的所有东西的抗议。“没有承诺。”他朝四周的旷野大喊道，“我没有向我的明妮做过任何承诺，哈尔也没有对内尔许诺过什么。我知道他没有。她跟着他到树林里，是因为她想去。他想要的和她一样。为什么我得付出代价？为什么哈尔得付出代价？为什么要有人付出代价？我不想哈尔变得又老又憔悴。我要告诉他。我不能让这事继续下去。我要在哈尔到镇上前拦住他，我要告诉他。”

Ray ran clumsily and once he stumbled and fell down. "I must catch Hal and tell him," he kept thinking, and although his breath came in gasps he kept running harder and harder. As he ran he thought of things that hadn't come into his mind for years—how at the time he married he had planned to go west to his uncle in Portland, Oregon—how he hadn't wanted to be a farm hand, but had thought when he got out West he would go to sea and be a sailor or get a job on a ranch and ride a horse into Western towns, shouting and laughing and waking the people in the houses with his wild cries. Then as he ran he remembered his children and in fancy felt their hands clutching at him. All of his thoughts of himself were involved with the thoughts of Hal and he thought the children were clutching at the younger man also. "They are the accidents of life, Hal," he cried. "They are not mine or yours. I had nothing to do with them."

雷笨拙地跑着，脚下一拌还摔倒了一次。“我必须拦住哈尔，告诉他。”他不停地想，尽管他喘个不停，可还是越来越使劲地跑着。他跑的时候想到了一些多年来从未想过的事情——他结婚的时候是如何计划到西部去找在俄勒冈州波特兰市的叔叔——他是多么不想做个农场帮工，想到如果到了西部他就会到海上做水手或者在大牧场找份工作，骑马到西部小镇去，大叫大笑地吵醒家家户户。接着，他跑的时候想到了孩子们，觉得他们的手紧紧地抓着他。所有他想到自己的这些事情他都套在了哈尔身上，他觉得这些孩子们的手也紧紧地抓着那个年轻人。“他们是生活的意外，哈尔。”他喊道，“他们不是我的，也不是你的。我和他们一点儿关系都没有。

Darkness began to spread over the fields as Ray Pearson ran on and on. His breath came in little sobs. When he came to the fence at

the edge of the road and confronted Hal Winters, all dressed up and smoking a pipe as he walked jauntily along, he could not have told what he thought or what he wanted.

雷·皮尔逊不停地跑着，田野里开始黑了下来。他的呼吸声变成了小声的哭泣。当他到达马路边的篱笆时碰到了哈尔·温特斯，后者衣冠楚楚，洋洋得意地叼着烟斗散步。他却无法说出他的想法还有渴望。

Ray Pearson lost his nerve and this is really the end of the story of what happened to him. It was almost dark when he got to the fence and he put his hands on the top bar and stood staring. Hal Winters jumped a ditch and coming up close to Ray put his hands into his pockets and laughed. He seemed to have lost his own sense of what had happened in the corn field and when he put up a strong hand and took hold of the lapel of Ray's coat he shook the old man as he might have shaken a dog that had misbehaved.

雷·皮尔逊失去了勇气，这个故事发生在他身上的部分真正结束了。他来到篱笆边的时候，天已经快黑透了。他把手放在木桩的上面，站在那里望着。哈尔·温特斯跳过一条沟，来到雷面前，将双手放进口袋里笑起来。他似乎忘记了在玉米地里发生过的事了，他举起一只有力的手抓住雷的外套翻领，摇晃着这个老人，就跟他摇晃一只不听话的狗一样。

"You came to tell me, eh?" he said. "Well, never mind telling me anything. I'm not a coward and I've already made up my mind.” He laughed again and jumped back across the ditch. "Nell ain't no fool," he said. "She didn't ask me to marry her. I want to marry her. I want to settle down and have kids.”

“你来告诉我，是吗？”他说，“好吧，别再费心告诉我什么了。我不是个懦夫，我已经打定了主意。”他又大笑起来，转回去跳过那道沟。“内尔不傻。”他说，“她没有要我娶她。是我想娶她。我想安定下来，生儿育女。”

Ray Pearson also laughed. He felt like laughing at himself and all the world.

雷·皮尔逊也大笑起来。他感到像是在嘲笑自己和全世界。

As the form of Hal Winters disappeared in the dusk that lay over the road that led to Winesburg, he turned and walked slowly back across the fields to where he had left his torn overcoat. As he went some memory of pleasant evenings spent with the thin-legged children in the tumble-down house by the creek must have come into his mind, for he muttered words. "It's just as well. Whatever I told him would have been a lie," he said softly, and then his form also disappeared into the darkness of the fields.

当哈尔·温特斯的身影消失在通向温斯堡的马路尽头的暮霭中，他转

身慢慢地穿过田野，来到那件旧外套被扔下的地方。他走路的时候，必定想起了和他细胳膊细腿的孩子们在河边那座摇摇欲坠、破烂不堪的房子里一起渡过的愉快夜晚，因为他在喃喃自语：“这也不错。我无论告诉他什么都有可能是个谎言。”他轻声说道。然后，他的身影也消失在了田间的黑暗之中。

CHAPTER 18 DRINK

第十八章 一醉

Tom Foster came to Winesburg from Cincinnati when he was still young and could get many new impressions. His grandmother had been raised on a farm near the town and as a young girl had gone to school there when Winesburg was a village of twelve or fifteen houses clustered about a general store on the Trunion Pike.

汤姆·福斯特从辛辛那提来温斯堡的时候还年幼，能够留下很多新鲜的印象。他的外祖母是在小镇旁的一座农场里长大的，她小女孩的时候在镇上读过书。那时温斯堡还是个有十二或十五座房子的小村落，聚集在特鲁连山上的一家杂货店的周围。

What a life the old woman had led since she went away from the frontier settlement and what a strong, capable little old thing she was! She had been in Kansas, in Canada, and in New York City, traveling about with her husband, a mechanic, before he died. Later she went to stay with her daughter, who had also married a mechanic and lived in Covington, Kentucky, across the river from Cincinnati.

从她离开这个边远的定居地开始，这位老太太过的是一种什么样的生活啊！她又是个多么坚强、能干的小老太太啊！她的丈夫生前是个机械师。在他过世前，他们曾一起四处旅行，去过堪萨斯州、加拿大和纽约市。后来，她跟她的女儿住在一起。她女儿也嫁给了一个机械师，住在肯塔基州的卡温顿市，和辛辛那提隔江相望。

Then began the hard years for Tom Foster's grandmother. First her son-in-law was killed by a policeman during a strike and then Tom's mother became an invalid and died also. The grandmother had saved a little money, but it was swept away by the illness of the daughter and by the cost of the two funerals. She became a half worn-out old woman worker and lived with the grandson above a junk shop on a side street in Cincinnati. For five years she scrubbed the floors in an office building and then got a place as dish washer in a restaurant. Her hands were all twisted out of shape. When she took hold of a mop or a broom handle the hands looked like the dried stems of an old creeping vine clinging to a tree.

后来，汤姆·福斯特的外祖母的艰难岁月便开始了。起初，她的女婿在一次罢工中被警察打死了，接着，汤姆的母亲一病不起也去世了。外祖母的一点积蓄，也由于女儿的病和两场葬礼花光了。她差不多变成了一满脸倦容的老年女工，和外孙一起住在辛辛那提一条小巷里的旧货商店楼上。她在一间办公楼里打扫地板了五年，然后到一家餐馆做洗碗工。她的双手都已经扭曲变形了。她握着拖把或是扫帚的时候，那双手

看着就像一根紧贴在树上蔓延着的老藤蔓的枯茎。

The old woman came back to Winesburg as soon as she got the chance. One evening as she was coming home from work she found a pocketbook containing thirty-seven dollars, and that opened the way. The trip was a great adventure for the boy. It was past seven o'clock at night when the grandmother came home with the pocketbook held tightly in her old hands and she was so excited she could scarcely speak. She insisted on leaving Cincinnati that night, saying that if they stayed until morning the owner of the money would be sure to find them out and make trouble. Tom, who was then sixteen years old, had to go trudging off to the station with the old woman, bearing all of their earthly belongings done up in a worn-out blanket and slung across his back. By his side walked the grandmother urging him forward. Her toothless old mouth twitched nervously, and when Tom grew weary and wanted to put the pack down at a street crossing, she snatched it up and if he had not prevented would have slung it across her own back. When they got into the train and it had run out of the city she was as delighted as a girl and talked as the boy had never heard her talk before.

老太太一找到机会就回到了温斯堡。一天晚上，她下班回家的时候捡到了一个钱包，里面装有三十七美元，于是机会来了。这次旅行对孩子而言是个天大的历险。当外祖母用枯老的双手紧紧地抓着那个钱包回到家的时候已经是晚上七点多了，她兴奋得几乎说不出话来。她坚持在当晚离开辛辛那提，她说要是留到第二天早上，失主肯定会把他们揪出来找麻烦的。那时汤姆十六岁，不得不背着用一条破毯子包起来的所有家当，吃力地跟着这位老妇来到车站。走在身旁的外祖母不停地催促他往前走。她掉了牙齿的干瘪的嘴紧张地抽搐着。当汤姆感到疲惫，想要把包袱放下来在十字路口休息的时候，她一把抓起包袱，如果他不阻拦，她就会把它扔到自己的背上去。等他们上了火车，火车驶离那座城市时，她高兴得就像个小姑娘，说话的样子就像是这个少年从来没有听过她说话一样。

All through the night as the train rattled along, the grandmother told Tom tales of Winesburg and of how he would enjoy his life working in the fields and shooting wild things in the woods there. She could not believe that the tiny village of fifty years before had grown into a thriving town in her absence, and in the morning when the train came to Winesburg she did not want to get off. "It isn't what I thought. It may be hard for you here," she said, and then the train went on its way and the two stood confused, not knowing where to turn, in the presence of Albert Longworth, the Winesburg baggage master.

随着火车哐当前行，外祖母整夜都在给汤姆讲有关温斯堡的故事，讲到了他将如何愉快地享受在田里干活和在林间打猎的生活。她无法相

信，在她离开的时光里，五十年前的小村落竟然变成了一座欣欣向荣的城镇。早晨，火车到达温斯堡，她却不想下车。“这不是我原来想象的。你在这里怕日子不好过。”她说。火车开走了，两个人站在温斯堡行包负责人艾伯特·朗沃思的面前困惑不安，不知道该去哪里。

But Tom Foster did get along all right. He was one to get along anywhere. Mrs. White, the banker's wife, employed his grandmother to work in the kitchen and he got a place as stable boy in the banker's new brick barn.

可是汤姆·福斯特却过得很好。他是个随遇而安的人。他的外祖母被银行家的妻子怀特太太雇去当厨娘，而他自己则在这位银行家用砖新砌的马房里做小马官。

In Winesburg servants were hard to get. The woman who wanted help in her housework employed a "hired girl" who insisted on sitting at the table with the family. Mrs. White was sick of hired girls and snatched at the chance to get hold of the old city woman. She furnished a room for the boy Tom upstairs in the barn. "He can mow the lawn and run errands when the horses do not need attention," she explained to her husband.

在温斯堡，找佣人很难。那位需要人帮忙做家务的太太雇佣了一个“女仆”，这个女仆坚持要跟这家人同桌吃饭。怀特太太讨厌这些女仆，于是抓住机会找到了这位来自城市的老妇人。她在马房的楼上给少年汤姆置办出了一间房。“不看马的时候，他可以修剪草坪，跑跑腿儿。”她对丈夫解释说。

Tom Foster was rather small for his age and had a large head covered with stiff black hair that stood straight up. The hair emphasized the bigness of his head. His voice was the softest thing imaginable, and he was himself so gentle and quiet that he slipped into the life of the town without attracting the least bit of attention.

汤姆·福斯特看上去比实际年龄小得多，大大的脑袋上又黑又硬的头发根根直立。头发令他的头显得更大。他的声音轻柔之极，他本人也非常温顺和安静，所以当他静悄悄地进入小镇生活的时候，没有引起一丁点儿的注意。

One could not help wondering where Tom Foster got his gentleness. In Cincinnati he had lived in a neighborhood where gangs of tough boys prowled through the streets, and all through his early formative years he ran about with tough boys. For a while he was a messenger for a telegraph company and delivered messages in a neighborhood sprinkled with houses of prostitution. The women in the houses knew and loved Tom Foster and the tough boys in the gangs loved him also.

人们不禁好奇，汤姆·福斯特是如何养成这样温顺的脾气的。他住在

辛辛那提时，邻居里有些匪里匪气的男孩子成群结伙地在街上晃荡。他最初成长的那几年就和那些小流氓一起到处跑。他做过一阵子电报公司的送信员，往附近散落着很多妓院的地区送信。妓院的女人们认识他，也喜欢他，那帮小混混们也喜欢他。

He never asserted himself. That was one thing that helped him escape. In an odd way he stood in the shadow of the wall of life, was meant to stand in the shadow. He saw the men and women in the houses of lust, sensed their casual and horrible love affairs, saw boys fighting and listened to their tales of thieving and drunkenness, unmoved and strangely unaffected.

他从不表现自己。这个品质使他得以超脱。他以一种奇特的方式站在生活这面墙的阴影处，而且是故意站在阴影里。他看到妓院里男男女女的欲望，了解他们随便又可怕的情爱纠葛；他看到男孩子们打架，听他们说偷窃和酗酒的故事，可他不为所动，也奇怪地不受影响。

Once Tom did steal. That was while he still lived in the city. The grandmother was ill at the time and he himself was out of work. There was nothing to eat in the house, and so he went into a harness shop on a side street and stole a dollar and seventy-five cents out of the cash drawer.

汤姆的确做过一次贼。那时他还住在城市里。外祖母那时病倒了，而他自己也没有找到工作。家里没有一点儿吃的，于是他进了小巷上的一家马具店，从装现金的抽屉里偷了一美元七十五美分。

The harness shop was run by an old man with a long mustache. He saw the boy lurking about and thought nothing of it. When he went out into the street to talk to a teamster Tom opened the cash drawer and taking the money walked away. Later he was caught and his grandmother settled the matter by offering to come twice a week for a month and scrub the shop. The boy was ashamed, but he was rather glad, too. "It is all right to be ashamed and makes me understand new things," he said to the grandmother, who didn't know what the boy was talking about but loved him so much that it didn't matter whether she understood or not.

这家马具店是一个长胡子老头开的。他看到这个男孩子躲在一边，并没当回事。当他到街上去同一个赶马的人谈话的时候，汤姆就打开了装现金的抽屉，拿了钱溜之大吉了。后来他被抓住了，外祖母以一个月每周给店主擦两次地板的条件平息了此事。这孩子很惭愧，可他也相当高兴。“羞愧是对的，这使我懂了一些新东西。”他对外祖母说。可外祖母不懂孩子在说些什么，可她那么爱他，懂不懂也没有关系。

For a year Tom Foster lived in the banker's stable and then lost his place there. He didn't take very good care of the horses and he was a constant source of irritation to the banker's wife. She told him to

mow the lawn and he forgot. Then she sent him to the store or to the post office and he did not come back but joined a group of men and boys and spent the whole afternoon with them, standing about, listening and occasionally, when addressed, saying a few words. As in the city in the houses of prostitution and with the rowdy boys running through the streets at night, so in Winesburg among its citizens he had always the power to be a part of and yet distinctly apart from the life about him.

汤姆·福斯特在银行家的马房里住了一年，然后丢了那儿的差事。他不太会看马，而且总是让那位银行家的太太生气。她让他修剪草坪，可他却忘记了。接着，她差他去商店或是邮局，可他却没有回去，而是加入了一帮男人和男孩中间，和他们一起消耗掉了整个下午。他闲站着，听人说话，偶尔被问及就说上几句。正如他在城市妓院里的待遇和晚间跟小流氓们走街串巷一样，他身处温斯堡居民中间总有本事融入其中，可又超脱其外。

After Tom lost his place at Banker White's he did not live with his grandmother, although often in the evening she came to visit him. He rented a room at the rear of a little frame building belonging to old Rufus Whiting. The building was on Duane Street, just off Main Street, and had been used for years as a law office by the old man, who had become too feeble and forgetful for the practice of his profession but did not realize his inefficiency. He liked Tom and let him have the room for a dollar a month. In the late afternoon when the lawyer had gone home the boy had the place to himself and spent hours lying on the floor by the stove and thinking of things. In the evening the grandmother came and sat in the lawyer's chair to smoke a pipe while Tom remained silent, as he always, did in the presence of everyone.

他失去怀特太太那里的工作后，便不同外婆住在一起了，但她常常在傍晚来看他。他在老鲁弗斯·怀廷的一座小木板房的后部租了一间房。那房子位于杜安街，就在大街的尽头，多年来一直被老人用来做律师事务所。现在老人年老体弱又健忘，无法再从事这个行当了，可他却没意识到自己的无能。他喜欢汤姆，便让他每月付一美元租金租了那间房。下午晚些时候，当律师回家后，少年有了自己的空间，就一连好几个小时躺在炉火边的地板上，想些事情。傍晚时分，外祖母来了，坐在律师的椅子上抽烟斗，而汤姆沉默着，就和他平时在大家面前一样。

Often the old woman talked with great vigor. Sometimes she was angry about some happening at the banker's house and scolded away for hours. Out of her own earnings she bought a mop and regularly scrubbed the lawyer's office. Then when the place was spotlessly clean and smelled clean she lighted her clay pipe and she and Tom had a smoke together. "When you get ready to die then I will die also," she said to the boy lying on the floor beside her chair.

这位老妇人经常精力充沛地说话。有时，她会对银行家家里发生的事情感到生气，一连骂上好几个钟头。她用自己赚的钱买了一个拖把，经常打扫律师的办公室。于是，等整个房间一尘不染，空气也清新时，她就点燃她那只陶制的烟斗，和汤姆一起抽烟。“要是你准备去死，我也会死的。”她对躺在自己椅子旁的地板上的少年说。

Tom Foster enjoyed life in Winesburg. He did odd jobs, such as cutting wood for kitchen stoves and mowing the grass before houses. In late May and early June he picked strawberries in the fields. He had time to loaf and he enjoyed loafing. Banker White had given him a cast-off coat which was too large for him, but his grandmother cut it down, and he had also an overcoat, got at the same place, that was lined with fur. The fur was worn away in spots, but the coat was warm and in the winter Tom slept in it. He thought his method of getting along good enough and was happy and satisfied with the way life in Winesburg had turned out for him.

汤姆·福斯特很享受在温斯堡的生活。他打零工，比方说给厨房的炉子砍柴，割一割房子前的草。五月末到六月初，他就到田地里去摘草莓。他有时间到处闲晃，并享受其中。银行家怀特曾给过他一件不要了的外套，可他穿太大了，于是外祖母把它改小。他还有一件毛皮衬里的大衣，也是从那儿得来的。毛皮有的地方脱落了，但外套却很暖和，冬天汤姆就穿着它睡觉。他觉得自己的生活方式很好，对于在温斯堡的生活感到开心，也很满足。

The most absurd little things made Tom Foster happy. That, I suppose, was why people loved him. In Hern's Grocery they would be roasting coffee on Friday afternoon, preparatory to the Saturday rush of trade, and the rich odor invaded lower Main Street. Tom Foster appeared and sat on a box at the rear of the store. For an hour he did not move but sat perfectly still, filling his being with the spicy odor that made him half drunk with happiness. "I like it," he said gently. "It makes me think of things far away, places and things like that."

最荒唐的小事也能使他高兴。我想，这就是人们喜欢他的原因。在赫恩的杂货店，他们会在周五的下午煮咖啡，那是为周六的生意高峰期做准备，浓郁的香味传遍了大街的下段。汤姆·福斯特出现了，坐在商店后面的一个箱子上。他会安静地坐上一个小时，一动不动，让自己沐浴在香味中，快乐得有些陶醉。“我喜欢它。”他轻轻地说，“它使我想起遥远的东西，像这样的地方和东西。”

One night Tom Foster got drunk. That came about in a curious way. He never had been drunk before, and indeed in all his life had never taken a drink of anything intoxicating, but he felt he needed to be drunk that one time and so went and did it.

有一夜，汤姆·福斯特喝醉了。这事情发生得稀奇古怪。他以前从未醉酒，事实上他一生中从没喝过任何使人兴奋的东西，可他觉得有必要

醉一次，所以就那么干了。

In Cincinnati, when he lived there, Tom had found out many things, things about ugliness and crime and lust. Indeed, he knew more of these things than anyone else in Winesburg. The matter of sex in particular had presented itself to him in a quite horrible way and had made a deep impression on his mind. He thought, after what he had seen of the women standing before the squalid houses on cold nights and the look he had seen in the eyes of the men who stopped to talk to them, that he would put sex altogether out of his own life. One of the women of the neighborhood tempted him once and he went into a room with her. He never forgot the smell of the room nor the greedy look that came into the eyes of the woman. It sickened him and in a very terrible way left a scar on his soul. He had always before thought of women as quite innocent things, much like his grandmother, but after that one experience in the room he dismissed women from his mind. So gentle was his nature that he could not hate anything and not being able to understand he decided to forget.

汤姆住在辛辛那提的时候，他发现了许多东西，诸如丑陋、罪恶和肉欲之类的东西。实际上，他比温斯堡的所有人都要更加懂得这些东西。尤其是性事，曾以一种恐怖的方式展现在他面前，因此在他心里流下了深刻的印象。他觉得，在他看到在寒冷的夜晚站在肮脏的房门前的妓女们，以及停下来和她们谈话的男人们眼中的神情之后，他便将性这件事完全摒弃在自己的生活之外。一次，邻居有个女人勾引他，他便跟着她进了房间。他永远也忘不了那个房间里的气味和那个女人眼中流露出的急色。那使他感到恶心，并以一种糟糕的方式在他的心灵中留下了一道伤疤。之前，他总以为女人是非常单纯的，就像他的外祖母，可在那间房里的经历过后，他将女人赶出了自己的脑海。他的天性非常温柔，因此不会去恨任何东西，所以因为无法理解，他决定忘记。

And Tom did forget until he came to Winesburg. After he had lived there for two years something began to stir in him. On all sides he saw youth making love and he was himself a youth. Before he knew what had happened he was in love also. He fell in love with Helen White, daughter of the man for whom he had worked, and found himself thinking of her at night.

而且直到来温斯堡前，汤姆确实已经忘记了。可他在那儿住了两年之后，开始有些骚动不安。他到处看到有年轻人做爱，而他本身也是一个年轻人。他还不知道怎么回事就已经陷入爱河了。他爱上了海伦·怀特，他曾打工的老板家的女儿，他发觉自己在夜里也在想她。

That was a problem for Tom and he settled it in his own way. He let himself think of Helen White whenever her figure came into his mind and only concerned himself with the manner of his thoughts. He had a fight, a quiet determined little fight of his own, to keep his

desires in the channel where he thought they belonged, but on the whole he was victorious.

这对汤姆而言是个难题，他便用自己的方式解决。每当海伦·怀特的身影出现在他的脑海，他便放任自己想着她，他只关心自己的思考方法。他同自己搏斗，一种静静的、坚决的小型搏斗，从而使他的欲望回归到他所认为的正途。可总体来说，他是胜利的。

And then came the spring night when he got drunk. Tom was wild on that night. He was like an innocent young buck of the forest that has eaten of some maddening weed. The thing began, ran its course, and was ended in one night, and you may be sure that no one in Winesburg was any the worse for Tom's outbreak.

接着便发生了春日夜晚的酒醉一事。汤姆在那晚变得很狂野。他就像森林里一头单纯的年轻雄鹿，吃了某种令人发疯的草。整件事在一个晚上开始，发展和结束。可以确信，温斯堡没有第二个人比汤姆爆发得更厉害。

In the first place, the night was one to make a sensitive nature drunk. The trees along the residence streets of the town were all newly clothed in soft green leaves, in the gardens behind the houses men were puttering about in vegetable gardens, and in the air there was a hush, a waiting kind of silence very stirring to the blood.

首先，那是个使天性敏感的人喝醉的夜晚。小镇住宅区街道旁的树都披上了一身嫩绿的新叶；屋后的花园里男人们在菜园里闲逛；空气里有一种寂静，一种等待的沉默，使人热血澎湃。

Tom left his room on Duane Street just as the young night began to make itself felt. First he walked through the streets, going softly and quietly along, thinking thoughts that he tried to put into words. He said that Helen White was a flame dancing in the air and that he was a little tree without leaves standing out sharply against the sky. Then he said that she was a wind, a strong terrible wind, coming out of the darkness of a stormy sea and that he was a boat left on the shore of the sea by a fisherman.

夜幕刚刚降临，汤姆便离开了他在杜安大街的房间。起初，他在街上散步，轻轻地、安静地走着，思考着他想要转化成语言的思绪。他说海伦·怀特就像空气中跳动的火焰，而他自己则是一株小小的无叶树，突兀地站在天幕下。接着，他说她是一阵风，一阵狂风，从黑暗的波浪滔天的海上吹来，而他就是一艘被渔夫留在海边的船。

That idea pleased the boy and he sauntered along playing with it. He went into Main Street and sat on the curbing before Wacker's tobacco store. For an hour he lingered about listening to the talk of men, but it did not interest him much and he slipped away. Then he decided to get drunk and went into Willy's saloon and bought a bottle

of whiskey. Putting the bottle into his pocket, he walked out of town, wanting to be alone to think more thoughts and to drink the whiskey.

这个想法令少年感到愉快，他一边散步一边玩味着。他来到大街上，在瓦克尔烟草店门前的石栏上坐下来。他逗留了一个小时，听着人们交谈，但他并不太感兴趣，于是就溜走了。然后，他决定去大醉一场，就走进了威利酒吧，买了一瓶威士忌。他将酒瓶放进口袋，走出小镇，想要独处来思考更多的想法，并喝威士忌。

Tom got drunk sitting on a bank of new grass beside the road about a mile north of town. Before him was a white road and at his back an apple orchard in full bloom. He took a drink out of the bottle and then lay down on the grass. He thought of mornings in Winesburg and of how the stones in the graveled driveway by Banker White's house were wet with dew and glistened in the morning light. He thought of the nights in the barn when it rained and he lay awake hearing the drumming of the raindrops and smelling the warm smell of horses and of hay. Then he thought of a storm that had gone roaring through Winesburg several days before and, his mind going back, he relived the night he had spent on the train with his grandmother when the two were coming from Cincinnati. Sharply he remembered how strange it had seemed to sit quietly in the coach and to feel the power of the engine hurling the train along through the night.

汤姆坐在镇北一英里马路边新生的草坪上，喝醉了。他面前是一条白色的马路，身后是鲜花盛开的苹果园。他从酒瓶里喝了一口酒，然后就躺倒在草地上。他想起了温斯堡的清晨，还有怀特家旁边的马路上的石子，在晨光里因露水的湿润而发着光。他想起了在马房里的夜晚，下雨的时候他醒着躺在那儿，听着雨水的滴答声，闻着马匹和干草发出的温暖的气味。接着，他还想起了几天前咆哮着席卷整个温斯堡的那场暴风雨。他的思绪继续向前，重又想起了他们祖孙两人从辛辛那提而来，在火车上渡过的那个夜晚。他清楚地记得：静静地坐在座位上，感受发动机推动火车在夜里飞驰的力量，那感觉是那么新奇。

Tom got drunk in a very short time. He kept taking drinks from the bottle as the thoughts visited him and when his head began to reel he got up and walked along the road going away from Winesburg. There was a bridge on the road that ran out of Winesburg north to Lake Erie and the drunken boy made his way along the road to the bridge. There he sat down. He tried to drink again, but when he had taken the cork out of the bottle he became ill and put it quickly back. His head was rocking back and forth and so he sat on the stone approach to the bridge and sighed. His head seemed to be flying about like a pinwheel and then projecting itself off into space and his arms and legs flopped helplessly about.

汤姆很快就喝醉了。他在思考的时候不停地从酒瓶里喝着酒，然后他开始觉得头晕，于是站起身，沿着马路离开温斯堡。从温斯堡的北部通向伊利湖的马路上有一座桥，喝醉的少年就沿着这条路往桥上而去。他在那里坐下来。他试图再接着喝，可是他一拔开酒瓶的木塞便觉得难受，于是很快又塞回去。他的头前摇后晃的，于是他坐在靠近桥的石头上叹息。他的头好像风车般飞转着，接着头向前点去，四肢不受控制地晃动。

At eleven o'clock Tom got back into town. George Willard found him wandering about and took him into the Eagle printshop. Then he became afraid that the drunken boy would make a mess on the floor and helped him into the alleyway.

11点的时候，汤姆回到镇上。乔治·威拉德看到他在闲逛，便将他带到了《鹰报》的印刷室。继而他怕这个醉酒的少年会把地板弄脏，就扶他到过道里。

The reporter was confused by Tom Foster. The drunken boy talked of Helen White and said he had been with her on the shore of a sea and had made love to her. George had seen Helen White walking in the street with her father during the evening and decided that Tom was out of his head. A sentiment concerning Helen White that lurked in his own heart flamed up and he became angry. "Now you quit that," he said. "I won't let Helen White's name be dragged into this. I won't let that happen." He began shaking Tom's shoulder, trying to make him understand. "You quit it," he said again.

记者被汤姆·福斯特给弄糊涂了。喝醉的少年提到了海伦·怀特，说他曾和她到过海边，同她做过爱。乔治曾在傍晚见过海伦·怀特同她的父亲在街上散步，因此断定汤姆已经头脑不清了。潜藏在他内心的对海伦·怀特的情感被点燃，于是他生气了。“你别再说了，”他说，“我不会让海伦·怀特的名字和这种事扯上关系的。我不会让这种事发生。”他开始摇晃汤姆的肩膀，想让他清醒过来。“你别说了。”他再次说道。

For three hours the two young men, thus strangely thrown together, stayed in the printshop. When he had a little recovered George took Tom for a walk. They went into the country and sat on a log near the edge of a wood. Something in the still night drew them together and when the drunken boy's head began to clear they talked.

这两个年轻人莫名其妙地遇到一起，在印刷室里呆了三个钟头。等到汤姆有些清醒的时候，乔治就带他出去走走。他们来到乡间，坐在树林边的一根木头上。宁静的夜晚里有些什么东西将他们拉到一起，当醉酒的男孩子开始清醒的时候，他们谈了起来。

"It was good to be drunk," Tom Foster said. "It taught me something. I won't have to do it again. I will think more dearly after this. You see how it is."

“喝醉是件好事。”汤姆·福斯特说，“它教会我一些事。我不会再这么做了。此后，我会想得更明白的。你明白是怎么回事。”

George Willard did not see, but his anger concerning Helen White passed and he felt drawn toward the pale, shaken boy as he had never before been drawn toward anyone. With motherly solicitude, he insisted that Tom get to his feet and walk about. Again they went back to the printshop and sat in silence in the darkness.

乔治·威拉德不明白，可他关于海伦·怀特的那股怒火已经过去，他被这个苍白、全身发抖的少年吸引住了，他以前从没被任何人吸引过。他带着一种母亲般的担心，坚持要汤姆站起来走动走动。他们又走回印刷室，沉默地坐在黑暗中。

The reporter could not get the purpose of Tom Foster's action straightened out in his mind. When Tom spoke again of Helen White he again grew angry and began to scold. "You quit that," he said sharply. "You haven't been with her. What makes you say you have? What makes you keep saying such things? Now you quit it, do you hear?”

记者没办法弄懂汤姆·福斯特行为的意图。当汤姆再次谈到海伦·怀特时，他便又生气起来，开始斥责他。“你别说了，”他严厉地说，“你和她没有在一起过。为什么你要说有？是什么让你一直说这些事？现在你别再说了，听见没有？”

Tom was hurt. He couldn't quarrel with George Willard because he was incapable of quarreling, so he got up to go away. When George Willard was insistent he put out his hand, laying it on the older boy's arm, and tried to explain.

汤姆觉得受到了伤害。他无法同乔治·威拉德争吵，因为他不善吵架，于是他站起来准备离开。乔治·威拉德很坚持，汤姆便将手放在这个年长些的少年的胳膊上，试图解释。

"Well," he said softly, "I don't know how it was. I was happy. You see how that was. Helen White made me happy and the night did too. I wanted to suffer, to be hurt somehow. I thought that was what I should do. I wanted to suffer, you see, because everyone suffers and does wrong. I thought of a lot of things to do, but they wouldn't work. They all hurt someone else.”

“好吧，”他轻声地说，“我也不知道是怎么回事。我很快乐。你看，就是这样。海伦·怀特使我快乐，夜晚也使我快乐。我希望痛苦，受点伤害。我觉得那是我该做的事。我希望痛苦，你看，因为每个人都在受苦，也会做错事。我想要做很多事情，可都没有用。那都会伤害到其他人。”

Tom Foster's voice arose, and for once in his life he became

almost excited. "It was like making love, that's what I mean," he explained. "Don't you see how it is? It hurt me to do what I did and made everything strange. That's why I did it. I'm glad, too. It taught me something, that's it, that's what I wanted. Don't you understand? I wanted to learn things, you see. That's why I did it.”

汤姆·福斯特的声音抬高了，他长这么大头一次几乎激动起来。“就好比是做爱，我就是那个意思。”他解释说，“你难道不懂是怎么回事吗？做我做过的事情会使我受到伤害，让每件事情都变得奇怪。这就是我这么做的原因。我也很高兴。它教会我一些东西，就是这样，这就是我要的。你还不明白吗？我想学习东西，你看。这就是我这么干的原因。“

CHAPTER 19 DEATH

第十九章 死亡

The stairway leading up to Doctor Reefy's office, in the Heffner Block above the Paris Dry Goods store, was but dimly lighted. At the head of the stairway hung a lamp with a dirty chimney that was fastened by a bracket to the wall. The lamp had a tin reflector, brown with rust and covered with dust. The people who went up the stairway followed with their feet the feet of many who had gone before. The soft boards of the stairs had yielded under the pressure of feet and deep hollows marked the way.

瑞菲医生的诊所位于赫夫纳街区的帕里斯干货店的楼上，通向诊所的楼梯里只有昏暗的灯光。楼梯口挂着一盏灯，灯罩脏兮兮的，被用一个支架固定在了墙上。灯上有一个锡制的反光镜，锈成了褐色，上面布满了灰尘。上楼的人循着以前来过的人留下的脚印往上爬。软绵绵的楼梯板在脚步的压力下凹陷，深深的凹痕留在了这条路上。

At the top of the stairway a turn to the right brought you to the doctor's door. To the left was a dark hallway filled with rubbish. Old chairs, carpenter's horses, step ladders and empty boxes lay in the darkness waiting for shins to be barked. The pile of rubbish belonged to the Paris Dry Goods Company. When a counter or a row of shelves in the store became useless, clerks carried it up the stairway and threw it on the pile.

上到楼顶，往右转就到了医生的门口。左边是个昏暗的走廊，里面堆满了废品。旧凳子、木匠的脚架、步梯，还有空箱子，都堆在黑暗里，随时都会蹭破小腿。这堆废弃物属于帕里斯干货公司。每当店里的一个柜台或是一排架子没用了，店员便搬上楼梯，堆在上面。

Doctor Reefy's office was as large as a barn. A stove with a round paunch sat in the middle of the room. Around its base was piled sawdust, held in place by heavy planks nailed to the floor. By the door stood a huge table that had once been a part of the furniture of Herrick's Clothing Store and that had been used for displaying custom-made clothes. It was covered with books, bottles, and surgical instruments. Near the edge of the table lay three or four apples left by John Spaniard, a tree nurseryman who was Doctor Reefy's friend, and who had slipped the apples out of his pocket as he came in at the door.

瑞菲医生的诊所大得像个仓库。房间的中央是个圆形的火炉。炉子的底座堆着木屑，用钉在地板上的大厚板归拢在一起。门边放了一张超大的桌子，那曾经是赫里克服装店的一件家具，曾用来展示定制服装

的。桌上面放满了书、药瓶和外科仪器。桌子边沿上放了三四个苹果，是约翰·斯帕尼亚德留下来的，他是瑞菲医生的朋友，是个护林员。苹果是他进门的时候悄悄从口袋里拿出来的。

At middle age Doctor Reefy was tall and awkward. The grey beard he later wore had not yet appeared, but on the upper lip grew a brown mustache. He was not a graceful man, as when he grew older, and was much occupied with the problem of disposing of his hands and feet.

瑞菲医生是个中年人，个子很高，可有些笨拙。他后来长的灰色胡须还没冒出来，可嘴上面却长着棕色的小胡子。他不是一个优雅的人，随着年纪渐老，越发觉得手脚不知放在哪里好了。

On summer afternoons, when she had been married many years and when her son George was a boy of twelve or fourteen, Elizabeth Willard sometimes went up the worn steps to Doctor Reefy's office. Already the woman's naturally tall figure had begun to droop and to drag itself listlessly about. Ostensibly she went to see the doctor because of her health, but on the half dozen occasions when she had been to see him the outcome of the visits did not primarily concern her health. She and the doctor talked of that but they talked most of her life, of their two lives and of the ideas that had come to them as they lived their lives in Winesburg.

伊丽莎白·威拉德结婚多年，儿子乔治已经十二或十四岁了。夏日的午后，她有时会爬上老旧的楼梯来找瑞菲医生看病。这个女人天生的高挑身材已经开始萎缩，她无精打采地拖着身子四处走动。表面上她是因为健康的原因来找医生看病，可有五六次，她来见他的目的并不主要是为了看病。她和医生会谈及她的身体状况，可他们大多数时候是在谈她的生活，他们两个人的生活，以及他们在温斯堡生活时曾经有的一些想法。

In the big empty office the man and the woman sat looking at each other and they were a good deal alike. Their bodies were different, as were also the color of their eyes, the length of their noses, and the circumstances of their existence, but something inside them meant the same thing, wanted the same release, would have left the same impression on the memory of an onlooker. Later, and when he grew older and married a young wife, the doctor often talked to her of the hours spent with the sick woman and expressed a good many things he had been unable to express to Elizabeth. He was almost a poet in his old age and his notion of what happened took a poetic turn. "I had come to the time in my life when prayer became necessary and so I invented gods and prayed to them," he said. "I did not say my prayers in words nor did I kneel down but sat perfectly still in my chair. In the late afternoon when it was hot and quiet on Main Street

or in the winter when the days were gloomy, the gods came into the office and I thought no one knew about them. Then I found that this woman Elizabeth knew, that she worshipped also the same gods. I have a notion that she came to the office because she thought the gods would be there but she was happy to find herself not alone just the same. It was an experience that cannot be explained, although I suppose it is always happening to men and women in all sorts of places."

这个男人和这位妇女坐在大而空荡的办公室里，彼此注视着，他们有很多相似的地方。他们的身体不同，眼睛的颜色也不同，鼻子的长度和生存的环境也不相同。可是，他们内在的某些东西是一样的，他们都想要解脱，都会在旁观者的记忆里留下相同的印象。后来，他变老了，却娶了一位年轻的妻子。医生经常向她谈到他与那个女病人在一起度过的时光，说了很多他当时无法对伊丽莎白表达的话。他老年的时候几乎成了一个诗人，对发生的事情的认知有了一种富有诗意的转变。“我的人生中曾有过一段日子祷告变得极为必要，因此我造了一些神，并向他们祈祷。”他说，“我不用语言做祷告，也不下跪，而是静静地坐在我的椅子上。傍晚时分，大街上燥热而安静的时候，或是在冬日，天气阴沉的时候，这些神就会造访我的诊所，我想没人知道他们。后来我发现那个名叫伊丽莎白的女人是知道的，她也膜拜过同样的神。我觉得她到我的诊所来是因为她相信那些神会在那里，而且也因为发现自己并不孤单而感到高兴。这是一种很难解释的经历，尽管我猜想它总是发生在各个地方的男男女女身上。”

On the summer afternoons when Elizabeth and the doctor sat in the office and talked of their two lives they talked of other lives also. Sometimes the doctor made philosophic epigrams. Then he chuckled with amusement. Now and then after a period of silence, a word was said or a hint given that strangely illuminated the life of the speaker, a wish became a desire, or a dream, half dead, flared suddenly into life. For the most part the words came from the woman and she said them without looking at the man.

夏日的午后，伊丽莎白和医生坐在诊所里，谈起他们两人各自的生活，也谈到了其他人的生活。有时，医生会说些哲人般的警世箴言。然后，他自己乐得咯咯笑。时不时的，在一段沉默过后，他们会说上一两个字或者给出某个暗示，由此奇怪地启发了说话者的生活。于是，希望变成了欲望或是梦想，本以几乎熄灭，却又突然被重新点燃。大多数时候，话是那位妇女说的，说的时候她并不看着那个男人。

Each time she came to see the doctor the hotel keeper's wife talked a little more freely and after an hour or two in his presence went down the stairway into Main Street feeling renewed and strengthened against the dullness of her days. With something approaching a girlhood swing to her body she walked along, but when she had got back to her chair by the window of her room and when

darkness had come on and a girl from the hotel dining room brought her dinner on a tray, she let it grow cold. Her thoughts ran away to her girlhood with its passionate longing for adventure and she remembered the arms of men that had held her when adventure was a possible thing for her. Particularly she remembered one who had for a time been her lover and who in the moment of his passion had cried out to her more than a hundred times, saying the same words madly over and over: "You dear! You dear! You lovely dear!" The words, she thought, expressed something she would have liked to have achieved in life.

每次这个旅社老板娘来看医生都会在说话的时候变得更自如一些。在医生面前呆上一两个钟头后，她走下楼来到大街上，感到焕然一新，并重新有力量去面对自己沉闷的生活。她用一种近乎少女的姿势摇摇摆摆地走回去，可一旦她坐回到自己房间窗边的椅子上，夜幕降临，女仆从旅社餐厅用托盘把她的晚餐端来，她则任由它慢慢地冷掉。她的思绪奔回到自己的少女时期，那时充满了对冒险的狂热渴望。她记得那些抱住她的男人的臂膀，那时冒险对她而言触手可及。她特别记得那个曾经做过她情人的男子，在激情的时刻不下一百次地对她高喊着，一遍又一遍疯狂地说着同样的话："亲爱的！亲爱的！我最亲爱的！"她想，这些话说出了她原本想在生活中寻觅的东西。

In her room in the shabby old hotel the sick wife of the hotel keeper began to weep and, putting her hands to her face, rocked back and forth. The words of her one friend, Doctor Reefy, rang in her ears.

在这家破旧的旅店里，生病的老板娘在自己的房间里开始呜咽，双手捂着脸，前后摇晃着。她唯一的朋友瑞菲医生的话在她耳边回响。

"Love is like a wind stirring the grass beneath trees on a black night," he had said. "You must not try to make love definite. It is the divine accident of life. If you try to be definite and sure about it and to live beneath the trees, where soft night winds blow, the long hot day of disappointment comes swiftly and the gritty dust from passing wagons gathers upon lips inflamed and made tender by kisses."

"爱情就像一阵风，在漆黑的夜晚拂动树下的草地。"他曾说过，"你切勿试图将爱确定。那是生活中一次神圣的意外。如果你试图确定和确信爱，并跑到那温柔的夜风拂过的树下去生活，那么漫长炎热的白昼会立即令你失望，来往的车马扬起的沙尘会堆积在你因亲吻而红肿的娇柔双唇上。"

Elizabeth Willard could not remember her mother who had died when she was but five years old. Her girlhood had been lived in the most haphazard manner imaginable. Her father was a man who had wanted to be let alone and the affairs of the hotel would not let him alone. He also had lived and died a sick man. Every day he arose with a cheerful face, but by ten o'clock in the morning all the joy had gone

out of his heart. When a guest complained of the fare in the hotel dining room or one of the girls who made up the beds got married and went away, he stamped on the floor and swore. At night when he went to bed he thought of his daughter growing up among the stream of people that drifted in and out of the hotel and was overcome with sadness. As the girl grew older and began to walk out in the evening with men he wanted to talk to her, but when he tried was not successful. He always forgot what he wanted to say and spent the time complaining of his own affairs.

伊丽莎白·威拉德记不起她的母亲了，母亲在她只有五岁的时候就死了。她的少女时代过得糟糕至极。她的父亲喜欢清净，不被打扰，可是旅社的事务无法让他清净自在。他活着的时候也在生病，最后一病呜呼。他每天兴高采烈地起床，可到了早上十点，所有的欢乐就都从他心里消失了。每当有客人投诉旅社的餐厅收费，或是铺床的女仆因为结婚而离开的时候，他就跺着地板咒骂。到了晚上上床时，他想到女儿在这些进进出出、川流不息的人群中长大，便悲从中来。等到女儿长大些，开始在傍晚同男子外出散步的时候，他想和她谈谈，他试过却没有成功。他总是忘记想说的话，时间都花在抱怨他自己的事情上了。

In her girlhood and young womanhood Elizabeth had tried to be a real adventurer in life. At eighteen life had so gripped her that she was no longer a virgin but, although she had a half dozen lovers before she married Tom Willard, she had never entered upon an adventure prompted by desire alone. Like all the women in the world, she wanted a real lover. Always there was something she sought blindly, passionately, some hidden wonder in life. The tall beautiful girl with the swinging stride who had walked under the trees with men was forever putting out her hand into the darkness and trying to get hold of some other hand. In all the babble of words that fell from the lips of the men with whom she adventured she was trying to find what would be for her the true word.

在她的女孩和少女时期，伊丽莎白曾试图在生活中做一个真正的冒险家。十八岁时，她对生活如此着迷，因此失去了童贞。然而，尽管在嫁给汤姆·威拉德之前她有过6个情人，她却从没仅仅受欲望驱使而冒过一次险。和世上的所有女人一样，她想要一个真正的情人。她总是盲目而又充满激情地寻找人生中隐藏的某种惊奇。这个摇摇摆摆地迈开大步、同男人们在树林下散步的高个子美丽姑娘，总是把手伸到黑暗里，试图去握住另一个人的手。从那些与她冒险的男人们嘴里源源不断地说出来的话中，她试图找出对她的真心话。

Elizabeth had married Tom Willard, a clerk in her father's hotel, because he was at hand and wanted to marry at the time when the determination to marry came to her. For a while, like most young girls, she thought marriage would change the face of life. If there was in her mind a doubt of the outcome of the marriage with Tom she

brushed it aside. Her father was ill and near death at the time and she was perplexed because of the meaningless outcome of an affair in which she had just been involved. Other girls of her age in Winesburg were marrying men she had always known, grocery clerks or young farmers. In the evening they walked in Main Street with their husbands and when she passed they smiled happily. She began to think that the fact of marriage might be full of some hidden significance. Young wives with whom she talked spoke softly and shyly. "It changes things to have a man of your own," they said.

伊丽莎白嫁给了她父亲旅社里的一个伙计汤姆·威拉德，因为当她下定决心结婚的时候，他就在面前，而且在那时他也想要结婚。有一阵子，她像大多数的年轻女孩一样，认为婚姻将会改变生活的面貌。如果她心里曾对与汤姆结婚的结果有过疑虑，她也将它忽略掉。当时，她的父亲病入膏肓，她也因刚刚结束了一场毫无意义的恋爱而十分困惑。温斯堡其他像她这样年纪的女孩们都在准备嫁人，对象都是她认识的人、杂货店的店员或是年轻的农夫。她们晚上同丈夫在大街上散步。当她经过时，她们会露出幸福的笑容。于是她开始想，婚姻这件事可能饱含着某种隐秘的意义。同她交谈的年轻妻子们说起话来轻言细语，娇羞无限。“有个自己的男人就会很不同了。”她们如是说。

On the evening before her marriage the perplexed girl had a talk with her father. Later she wondered if the hours alone with the sick man had led to her decision to marry. The father talked of his life and advised the daughter to avoid being led into another such muddle. He abused Tom Willard, and that led Elizabeth to come to the clerk's defense. The sick man became excited and tried to get out of bed. When she would not let him walk about he began to complain. "I've never been let alone," he said. "Although I've worked hard I've not made the hotel pay. Even now I owe money at the bank. You'll find that out when I'm gone.”

新婚的前一夜，这个困惑的姑娘和父亲有过一次谈话。后来，她怀疑是不是和生病的父亲单独在一起的那几个小时才导致她嫁人的决定。父亲谈及自己的生活，忠告女儿不要使自己陷入同样的困境。他大骂汤姆·威拉德，这使得伊丽莎白为那位伙计辩护。病重的父亲愈发激动，挣扎着要下床。当她阻止他下床走动的时候，他开始抱怨。“我从没有清静过。”他说，“尽管我努力地工作，可还是没能让旅社赚到钱。甚至现在我还欠着银行的钱。等我死了你就会发现的。”

The voice of the sick man became tense with earnestness. Being unable to arise, he put out his hand and pulled the girl's head down beside his own. "There's a way out," he whispered. "Don't marry Tom Willard or anyone else here in Winesburg. There is eight hundred dollars in a tin box in my trunk. Take it and go away.”

病人的声音因为认真而紧张起来。因为站不起来，他伸出手把女儿

的头拉下来挨着自己。“有个解决的办法。”他低声说，“别嫁给汤姆·威拉德或者温斯堡的任何人。在我箱子的锡盒里有八百美元，你拿上钱离开吧。”

Again the sick man's voice became querulous. "You've got to promise," he declared. "If you won't promise not to marry, give me your word that you'll never tell Tom about the money. It is mine and if I give it to you I've the right to make that demand. Hide it away. It is to make up to you for my failure as a father. Some time it may prove to be a door, a great open door to you. Come now, I tell you I'm about to die, give me your promise.”

病人的声音重又变得怨声不断。“你得保证，”他说道，“如果你不答应不嫁人，就向我保证，永远不要告诉汤姆钱的事情。那是我的钱，如果我给了你，就有权提出要求。把钱藏起来。这是我作为一个失败的父亲对你的补偿。某个时候，它能为你打开一扇门，一扇敞开的大门。好了，我跟你说我快死了，向我保证。”

In Doctor Reefy's office, Elizabeth, a tired gaunt old woman at forty-one, sat in a chair near the stove and looked at the floor. By a small desk near the window sat the doctor. His hands played with a lead pencil that lay on the desk. Elizabeth talked of her life as a married woman. She became impersonal and forgot her husband, only using him as a lay figure to give point to her tale. "And then I was married and it did not turn out at all," she said bitterly. "As soon as I had gone into it I began to be afraid. Perhaps I knew too much before and then perhaps I found out too much during my first night with him. I don't remember.

伊丽莎白，这位四十一岁、疲惫瘦削的老女人，坐在瑞菲医生诊所火炉边的一张椅子上，眼睛望着地面。医生坐在靠窗的一张小书桌旁。他手里玩弄着一支放在桌上的铅笔。伊丽莎白谈到她结婚以后的生活。她变得很冷漠，也忘了自己的丈夫，只在讲述自己故事的时候将他作为一个道具。“后来我结了婚，发现根本不是那么回事。”她痛苦地说，“我一结婚就开始害怕。或许是我以前懂得太多，又或许在我和他的初夜我发现了太多。我记不清了。

"What a fool I was. When father gave me the money and tried to talk me out of the thought of marriage, I would not listen. I thought of what the girls who were married had said of it and I wanted marriage also. It wasn't Tom I wanted, it was marriage. When father went to sleep I leaned out of the window and thought of the life I had led. I didn't want to be a bad woman. The town was full of stories about me. I even began to be afraid Tom would change his mind.”

“我真是个傻瓜。我的爸爸给我那笔钱，尽力劝说我不要结婚，我却没有听。我想到了结了婚的女孩子们说过的关于婚姻的话，所以我也想结婚了。汤姆并非我想要的，我想要的是婚姻。爸爸睡着的时候我从窗

户里探出身去，想到我过去的生活。我不想做个坏女人。小镇里到处都是关于我的流言。我甚至开始害怕汤姆会改变主意。”

The woman's voice began to quiver with excitement. To Doctor Reefy, who without realizing what was happening had begun to love her, there came an odd illusion. He thought that as she talked the woman's body was changing, that she was becoming younger, straighter, stronger. When he could not shake off the illusion his mind gave it a professional twist. "It is good for both her body and her mind, this talking," he muttered.

女人的声音因为激动而颤抖起来。瑞菲医生已经开始爱上了她，但他自己却没有察觉，于是产生了奇怪的幻觉。他觉得这个妇女在讲述的时候，她的身体正在发生着变化，她变得年轻、挺拔、强壮了。当他无法摆脱这个幻像时，便在心里做了一个专业性的歪解。“这样的谈话对她的身心都有好处。”他低声说道。

The woman began telling of an incident that had happened one afternoon a few months after her marriage. Her voice became steadier. "In the late afternoon I went for a drive alone," she said. "I had a buggy and a little grey pony I kept in Moyer's Livery. Tom was painting and repapering rooms in the hotel. He wanted money and I was trying to make up my mind to tell him about the eight hundred dollars father had given to me. I couldn't decide to do it. I didn't like him well enough. There was always paint on his hands and face during those days and he smelled of paint. He was trying to fix up the old hotel, and make it new and smart.”

这位妇人开始讲述结婚数月之后的一个下午所发生的一件小事。她的声音开始平静了下来。“傍晚的时候，我独自驾马车外出。”她说，“我在莫耶的车行养了一辆马车和一匹灰色的小马。汤姆在旅社里粉刷房间，重贴墙纸。他需要钱，我也准备打定主意告诉他我爸爸留给我的八百块钱。可我下不了决心这么做。我还不够喜欢他。那段时间，他的手上和脸上总是有油漆，闻起来也一股油漆味。他想把老旅社翻新，让它变得崭新而时髦。”

The excited woman sat up very straight in her chair and made a quick girlish movement with her hand as she told of the drive alone on the spring afternoon. "It was cloudy and a storm threatened," she said. "Black clouds made the green of the trees and the grass stand out so that the colors hurt my eyes. I went out Trunion Pike a mile or more and then turned into a side road. The little horse went quickly along up hill and down. I was impatient. Thoughts came and I wanted to get away from my thoughts. I began to beat the horse. The black clouds settled down and it began to rain. I wanted to go at a terrible speed, to drive on and on forever. I wanted to get out of town, out of my clothes, out of my marriage, out of my body, out of everything. I

almost killed the horse, making him run, and when he could not run any more I got out of the buggy and ran afoot into the darkness until I fell and hurt my side. I wanted to run away from everything but I wanted to run towards something too. Don't you see, dear, how it was?”

在她说起那个春天的下午她驾车独自出行的时候，这个兴奋的女人在椅子坐得笔直，用手飞快地做了一个女孩子气的动作。“那天阴云密布，快要下暴雨的样子。”她说，“乌云衬得树木和青草的绿色分外鲜明，那颜色刺痛了我的眼睛。我走出特鲁连山峰一英里多，然后转下一条小道。小马驹快速地沿着山路上下奔跑。我没了耐心。思绪纷沓而至，而我想摆脱这些思绪。我开始抽打小马。乌云聚集，天开始下雨了。我想要飞奔，永远这样驰骋下去。我要离开小镇，脱掉衣服，摆脱婚姻，丢掉这个躯壳，抛弃一切。我不停地让马奔跑，快把马给累死了。当马跑不动了，我便从马车上下来，徒步朝着黑暗奔去，直到摔倒在地，伤了肋骨。我想逃离一切，可我也想要奔向什么。你难道不明白吗，亲爱的，怎么会这样呢？”

Elizabeth sprang out of the chair and began to walk about in the office. She walked as Doctor Reefy thought he had never seen anyone walk before. To her whole body there was a swing, a rhythm that intoxicated him. When she came and knelt on the floor beside his chair he took her into his arms and began to kiss her passionately. "I cried all the way home," she said, as she tried to continue the story of her wild ride, but he did not listen. "You dear! You lovely dear! Oh you lovely dear!" he muttered and thought he held in his arms not the tired-out woman of forty-one but a lovely and innocent girl who had been able by some miracle to project herself out of the husk of the body of the tired-out woman. Doctor Reefy did not see the woman he had held in his arms again until after her death. On the summer afternoon in the office when he was on the point of becoming her lover a half grotesque little incident brought his love-making quickly to an end. As the man and woman held each other tightly heavy feet came tramping up the office stairs. The two sprang to their feet and stood listening and trembling. The noise on the stairs was made by a clerk from the Paris Dry Goods Company. With a loud bang he threw an empty box on the pile of rubbish in the hallway and then went heavily down the stairs. Elizabeth followed him almost immediately. The thing that had come to life in her as she talked to her one friend died suddenly. She was hysterical, as was also Doctor Reefy, and did not want to continue the talk. Along the street she went with the blood still singing in her body, but when she turned out of Main Street and saw ahead the lights of the New Willard House, she began to tremble and her knees shook so that for a moment she thought she would fall in the street.

伊丽莎白从椅子上跳起来，在诊所里来回走动。她用一种瑞菲医生从未见过的方式走着。她的身体里仿佛有一个钟摆，那种节奏令他陶醉。当她走过来在他椅子旁边跪倒的时候，他抱住她，开始狂热地亲吻她。“我一路哭着回到家。”她说着，试图继续讲述她那次狂野的驾车之行，可他没有听。“亲爱的！我最亲爱的！哦，我最亲爱的！”他喃喃地说着，觉得自己抱住的不是那个身心疲惫的四十一岁女人，而是一个可爱又纯真的姑娘，那姑娘借助某种奇迹将自己从这个疲惫不堪的女人的躯壳中拉了出来。直到她死后，瑞菲医生才再次见到他曾拥在怀里的这个女人。那个夏日的午后，在诊所里，当他即将成为她的情人的时候，一件几乎是离奇的小插曲立即终结了他的爱情。就在这一男一女紧紧地抱在一起的时候，诊所的楼梯上响起了沉重的脚步声。两个人跳起来，战战兢兢地站在那里听着。楼梯上的响声是一名帕里斯干货公司的伙计发出的。他砰的一声将一个空箱子扔到走廊里的废物堆上，然后再咚咚地下了楼。伊丽莎白几乎立即就跟在他后面下去了。她和她唯一的朋友交谈时在心里复苏的某种东西，突然间死去了。她和瑞菲医生都有些歇斯底里，她不想继续说下去了。她沿着街道走着，身体里的血液仍旧在沸腾。可当她一转过大街，看见新威拉德旅社的灯光时就开始发抖，膝盖抖得如此厉害，以至于有一刹那她以为自己要摔倒在街上了。

The sick woman spent the last few months of her life hungering for death. Along the road of death she went, seeking, hungering. She personified the figure of death and made him now a strong black-haired youth running over hills, now a stem quiet man marked and scarred by the business of living. In the darkness of her room she put out her hand, thrusting it from under the covers of her bed, and she thought that death like a living thing put out his hand to her. "Be patient, lover," she whispered. "Keep yourself young and beautiful and be patient."

这个女病人在对死亡的渴望中度过了生命中最后的几个月。她在死亡的路上走着，追寻着，渴求着。她把死亡拟人化了，将他时而想象成是一个正在翻越山坡的强壮的黑发年轻人，时而又变成了一个严肃而安静的男子，被生活烙上了印记，弄得满身伤痕。在她房间里，黑暗中，她从被褥里伸出手，觉得死亡就像一个活生生的东西在向她伸出手来。“耐心点儿，爱人。”她低声说，“让自己保持年轻和美丽，有点儿耐心。”

On the evening when disease laid its heavy hand upon her and defeated her plans for telling her son George of the eight hundred dollars hidden away, she got out of bed and crept half across the room pleading with death for another hour of life. "Wait, dear! The boy! The boy! The boy!" she pleaded as she tried with all of her strength to fight off the arms of the lover she had wanted so earnestly.

到了晚上，病痛给了她沉重的一击，她本打算告诉儿子乔治那偷藏的八百美元的计划被击碎了。她下了床，爬过半个房间，向死亡恳求再多一个小时的生命。“等等，亲爱的！我的儿子！我的儿子！我的儿

子！”她一边恳求，一边用尽全身的力气去挣脱那曾万分期待的情人的双臂。

Elizabeth died one day in March in the year when her son George became eighteen, and the young man had but little sense of the meaning of her death. Only time could give him that. For a month he had seen her lying white and still and speechless in her bed, and then one afternoon the doctor stopped him in the hallway and said a few words.

伊丽莎白死在三月的一天，她的儿子乔治那年十八岁，那个年轻人对她死亡的意义几乎没有感觉。只有时间能教会他这些。他看到她在床上躺了一个月，脸色苍白，一动不动，也不说话。接着，一天下午，医生在走廊里拦住他，跟他说了几句话。

The young man went into his own room and closed the door. He had a queer empty feeling in the region of his stomach. For a moment he sat staring at, the floor and then jumping up went for a walk. Along the station platform he went, and around through residence streets past the high-school building, thinking almost entirely of his own affairs. The notion of death could not get hold of him and he was in fact a little annoyed that his mother had died on that day. He had just received a note from Helen White, the daughter of the town banker, in answer to one from him. "Tonight I could have gone to see her and now it will have to be put off," he thought half angrily.

年轻人走进自己的房间，关上了门。他的腹部区域有一种奇异的空虚感。他坐着盯着地板看了一会，然后跳起来出门去散步。他沿着车站的月台走，然后穿过住宅区的街道，经过高中的教学楼，几乎全都在想着自己的事情。他没有明白死亡的含义，实际上，母亲在那天死去使他有些恼怒。他刚刚收到银行家的女儿海伦·怀特的便条，是答复他的。“今夜我本可以去见她，可现在只能延期了。”他几乎有些恼怒地这样想。

Elizabeth died on a Friday afternoon at three o'clock. It had been cold and rainy in the morning but in the afternoon the sun came out. Before she died she lay paralyzed for six days unable to speak or move and with only her mind and her eyes alive. For three of the six days she struggled, thinking of her boy, trying to say some few words in regard to his future, and in her eyes there was an appeal so touching that all who saw it kept the memory of the dying woman in their minds for years. Even Tom Willard, who had always half resented his wife, forgot his resentment and the tears ran out of his eyes and lodged in his mustache. The mustache had begun to turn grey and Tom colored it with dye. There was oil in the preparation he used for the purpose and the tears, catching in the mustache and being brushed away by his hand, formed a fine mistlike vapor. In his grief Tom

Willard's face looked like the face of a little dog that has been out a long time in bitter weather.

伊丽莎白是在周五下午三点死的。早晨的时候天气很冷，还下着雨，但是下午太阳就出来了。她死前瘫痪着躺了六天，既不能说也不能动，只有思维和眼睛是活着的。这六天中有三天她在挣扎，想到自己的儿子，她试图想就他的将来说几句话。在她眼里出现的那种恳求之情是那样令人为之动容，以至于凡是见过的人在后来的很多年里都还记得这个垂死的女人。即使是一直有些怨恨妻子的汤姆·威拉德也忘记了怨恨。他的泪水涌出眼眶，粘在胡须上。汤姆的胡须已经开始变白，是他自己给染成了黑色。他用来染色的东西里有油，眼泪落在他的胡须上，被他用手擦去，变成了细小的雾状水蒸汽。汤姆·维威拉德悲痛的脸看上去就像一只长时间被丢弃在坏天气里的小狗。

George came home along Main Street at dark on the day of his mother's death and, after going to his own room to brush his hair and clothes, went along the hallway and into the room where the body lay. There was a candle on the dressing table by the door and Doctor Reefy sat in a chair by the bed. The doctor arose and started to go out. He put out his hand as though to greet the younger man and then awkwardly drew it back again. The air of the room was heavy with the presence of the two self-conscious human beings, and the man hurried away.

母亲去世的那天，乔治在夜色中沿着大街走回家。他回到自己的房间，整理了一下头发和服饰后，沿着走廊来到了停放尸体的房间。门边的梳妆台上放着一只蜡烛，瑞菲医生坐在床边的一张椅子上。医生站起来，开始往外走。他伸出手，仿佛在迎接这个年轻人，可接着又尴尬地收了回去。房间里的气氛因为这两个尴尬的人而变得沉重，于是医生很快离开了。

The dead woman's son sat down in a chair and looked at the floor. He again thought of his own affairs and definitely decided he would make a change in his life, that he would leave Winesburg. "I will go to some city. Perhaps I can get a job on some newspaper," he thought, and then his mind turned to the girl with whom he was to have spent this evening and again he was half angry at the turn of events that had prevented his going to her.

这位已逝妇女的儿子坐在椅子上，看着地板。他又开始想自己的事情，并下定决心要改变自己的生活，离开温斯堡。“我要到某个城市去。或许我能在报社找份工作。”他这么想，接着他转念想到了那个本打算共度今夜的女孩，又有些恼怒这件事使得他无法去见那个女孩。

In the dimly lighted room with the dead woman the young man began to have thoughts. His mind played with thoughts of life as his mother's mind had played with the thought of death. He closed his eyes and imagined that the red young lips of Helen White touched his

own lips.

同死去的母亲一同呆在灯光昏暗的房间里，年轻人开始有了一些想法。他在心里品味着有关生命的想法，就像他的母亲曾品味过有关死亡的想法一样。他闭上眼睛，想象着海伦·怀特年轻的红唇碰触到了他自己的双唇。

His body trembled and his hands shook. And then something happened. The boy sprang to his feet and stood stiffly. He looked at the figure of the dead woman under the sheets and shame for his thoughts swept over him so that he began to weep. A new notion came into his mind and he turned and looked guiltily about as though afraid he would be observed.

他的身体战栗，双手颤抖。接着，事情能够发生了。小伙子跳了起来，僵直地站立着。他看着被单下死去的妇人的遗体，为自己刚刚的想法而羞愧难当，开始呜咽起来。一个新的想法冒了出来，他转身负疚地望了望周围，似乎害怕有人在看他。

George Willard became possessed of a madness to lift the sheet from the body of his mother and look at her face. The thought that had come into his mind gripped him terribly. He became convinced that not his mother but someone else lay in the bed before him. The conviction was so real that it was almost unbearable. The body under the sheets was long and in death looked young and graceful. To the boy, held by some strange fancy, it was unspeakably lovely. The feeling that the body before him was alive, that in another moment a lovely woman would spring out of the bed and confront him, became so overpowering that he could not bear the suspense. Again and again he put out his hand. Once he touched and half lifted the white sheet that covered her, but his courage failed and he, like Doctor Reefy, turned and went out of the room. In the hallway outside the door he stopped and trembled so that he had to put a hand against the wall to support himself. "That's not my mother. That's not my mother in there," he whispered to himself and again his body shook with fright and uncertainty. When Aunt Elizabeth Swift, who had come to watch over the body, came out of an adjoining room he put his hand into hers and began to sob, shaking his head from side to side, half blind with grief. "My mother is dead," he said, and then forgetting the woman he turned and stared at the door through which he had just come. "The dear, the dear, oh the lovely dear," the boy, urged by some impulse outside himself, muttered aloud.

乔治·威拉德生出了一种疯狂的念头，他想要揭开尸体上的被单，看看母亲的脸。这个念头出现在他脑海里，挥之不去。他相信，躺在他面前的床上的不是他的母亲，而是别的什么人。这样的信念太过真实，让他几乎无法忍受。被单下的尸体纤长，因为死亡而显得年轻而优雅。这

个小伙子竟然产生了某种奇异的幻想，觉得那尸体不可言喻的美丽。他觉得面前的尸体是活的，在下一秒一个可爱的女子便会从床上跳出来迎接他。这种感觉如此强烈，让他无法承受这种疑虑。他一次次地伸出手。有一次，他摸到了白色的被单，快要把它揭起来了，可他的勇气消失了，他也像瑞菲医生一样转身走出了房间。他停在门外的走廊上，浑身发抖，因此不得不用手扶着墙支撑自己。“那不是我的母亲。躺在那里的不是我的母亲。”他小声地对自己说，身体再次因为害怕和不确定而发起抖来。伊丽莎白·斯威夫特阿姨从旁边的房间里走出来照料尸体。他把手放进她的手中，开始哭泣起来，摇着头，悲恸得几乎失神。“我的妈妈死了。”他说。接着他忘记了面前的女人，转过身，凝视着他刚刚出来的那扇门。“亲爱的，亲爱的，我最亲爱的。”小伙子被外界的某种冲动驱使着，高声叫道。

As for the eight hundred dollars the dead woman had kept hidden so long and that was to give George Willard his start in the city, it lay in the tin box behind the plaster by the foot of his mother's bed. Elizabeth had put it there a week after her marriage, breaking the plaster away with a stick. Then she got one of the workmen her husband was at that time employing about the hotel to mend the wall. "I jammed the corner of the bed against it," she had explained to her husband, unable at the moment to give up her dream of release, the release that after all came to her but twice in her life, in the moments when her lovers Death and Doctor Reefy held her in their arms.

至于那八百美元，已逝的母亲藏了那么久是准备给乔治·威拉德到城市用于创业之用的。钱放在那个锡盒里，藏在他母亲床脚旁的石灰墙的后面。伊丽莎白结婚一周后，用一根木棍把墙角的石灰敲掉，将盒子放在那里。然后，她找来一名当时丈夫雇佣的旅社伙计将墙补好。“我猛推床角，撞到了墙。”她向丈夫解释说，那时她还无法放弃想要解脱的梦想。可这样的解脱后来在她的生活中只出现过两次：即她的死神情人和瑞菲医生将她抱在怀中的时候。

CHAPTER 20 SOPHISTICATION

第二十章 成熟

It was early evening of a day in the late fall and the Winesburg County Fair had brought crowds of country people into town. The day had been clear and the night came on warm and pleasant. On the Trunion Pike, where the road after it left town stretched away between berry fields now covered with dry brown leaves, the dust from passing wagons arose in clouds. Children, curled into little balls, slept on the straw scattered on wagon beds. Their hair was full of dust and their fingers black and sticky. The dust rolled away over the fields and the departing sun set it ablaze with colors.

深秋的一个傍晚，大批的乡下人涌入镇上的温斯堡乡村集市。白天天气晴朗，夜晚温暖宜人。马路从镇上延伸出来，从特鲁连山峰上伸向远方。路两边都是浆果田，而今铺满了枯黄的叶子，来往的马车扬起的灰尘飘在半空中。孩子们蜷成一个个小团，睡在马车上散乱的稻草铺上。他们的头发上满是尘土，手指乌黑黏腻。扬起的尘土飘到田野上，在夕阳下发着彩色的光。

In the Main Street of Winesburg crowds filled the stores and the sidewalks. Night came on, horses whinnied, the clerks in the stores ran madly about, children became lost and cried lustily, an American town worked terribly at the task of amusing itself.

温斯堡镇的大街上，商店里和人行道上都挤满了人群。夜晚降临，马声嘶鸣，店里面的伙计们疯狂地跑老跑去，孩子们不知所措，使劲大喊大叫。这个美国小镇在纵情欢乐。

Pushing his way through the crowds in Main Street, young George Willard concealed himself in the stairway leading to Doctor Reefy's office and looked at the people. With feverish eyes he watched the faces drifting past under the store lights. Thoughts kept coming into his head and he did not want to think. He stamped impatiently on the wooden steps and looked sharply about. "Well, is she going to stay with him all day? Have I done all this waiting for nothing?" he muttered.

年轻的乔治·威拉德挤过大街上拥挤的人群，躲在通往瑞菲医生诊所的楼梯上，望着往来的人们。他用狂热的目光注视着商店灯光下不断闪现的面孔。各种想法不停地进入他的脑海，可他不想思考。他不耐烦地用脚跺着木制楼梯，敏锐地四处张望。“那么，她会和他呆上一整天吗？我就这么干坐着等吗？”他咕哝着。

George Willard, the Ohio village boy, was fast growing into

manhood and new thoughts had been coming into his mind. All that day, amid the jam of people at the Fair, he had gone about feeling lonely. He was about to leave Winesburg to go away to some city where he hoped to get work on a city newspaper and he felt grown up. The mood that had taken possession of him was a thing known to men and unknown to boys. He felt old and a little tired. Memories awoke in him. To his mind his new sense of maturity set him apart, made of him a half-tragic figure. He wanted someone to understand the feeling that had taken possession of him after his mother's death.

乔治·威拉德，这个俄亥俄州的乡下少年，飞快地长成了一个男人，有了新的想法。整整一天，他在集市的人群中走来走去，却觉得很孤独。他打算离开温斯堡到某个城市里去，希望能在城市报社找份工作，他觉得自己已经成年了。这种充斥在他心头的情绪是仅男人才懂，而少年不识的。他觉得自己老了，有些累了。回忆在他心中苏醒。这种新的成熟的感觉使他内心分裂，构成了他近乎悲剧性的人生。他希望有人能理解他在母亲死后心里产生的感觉。

There is a time in the life of every boy when he for the first time takes the backward view of life. Perhaps that is the moment when he crosses the line into manhood. The boy is walking through the street of his town. He is thinking of the future and of the figure he will cut in the world. Ambitions and regrets awake within him. Suddenly something happens; he stops under a tree and waits as for a voice calling his name. Ghosts of old things creep into his consciousness; the voices outside of himself whisper a message concerning the limitations of life. From being quite sure of himself and his future he becomes not at all sure. If he be an imaginative boy a door is torn open and for the first time he looks out upon the world, seeing, as though they marched in procession before him, the countless figures of men who before his time have come out of nothingness into the world, lived their lives and again disappeared into nothingness. The sadness of sophistication has come to the boy. With a little gasp he sees himself as merely a leaf blown by the wind through the streets of his village. He knows that in spite of all the stout talk of his fellows he must live and die in uncertainty, a thing blown by the winds, a thing destined like corn to wilt in the sun. He shivers and looks eagerly about. The eighteen years he has lived seem but a moment, a breathing space in the long march of humanity. Already he hears death calling. With all his heart he wants to come close to some other human, touch someone with his hands, be touched by the hand of another. If he prefers that the other be a woman, that is because he believes that a woman will be gentle, that she will understand. He wants, most of all, understanding.

每个少年人生中都会有这么一段时期，他生平第一次回顾自己的人

生。也许那便是他越过那条界线，成为男人的时刻。这个少年在家乡小镇的街道上漫步。他在思考未来，还有他将在这世界上扮演的角色。他心中涌动着野心和悔恨。突然，发生了一件事；他停在一棵树下等待着，仿佛有人在呼喊他的名字。旧事的阴影爬上了他的心头；身外的声音在低声地述说着生命的有限。他曾一度对自己和未来非常有信心，可是如今又不那么确信了。他若是个充满想象力的少年，便会看到一扇门裂开，他得以第一次探望外面的世界，仿佛能看到无数前人浩浩荡荡地列队从他面前经过。他们来自虚无，进入这个世界，活过了，又消失于虚无之中。成长的悲伤浮上少年的心头。他低低地喘着气，觉得自己不过是一片树叶，被风吹着飘荡在故乡的街头。他知道，无论他的同伴如何言之凿凿，他必定生死无常，就如飘荡在风中的一件东西，或是像谷物一样注定会在太阳下枯萎。他战栗着，急切地四处张望。他生活的这十八年仿佛就是一刹那，是人类征途中呼吸的一瞬。他已经听到死亡在召唤了。他全心全意地想要接近别人，用双手来触摸别人，也被别人触摸。如果让他选，他愿意那是个女人，因为他觉得女人温柔，她也能理解。他最需要的就是理解。

When the moment of sophistication came to George Willard his mind turned to Helen White, the Winesburg banker's daughter. Always he had been conscious of the girl growing into womanhood as he grew into manhood. Once on a summer night when he was eighteen, he had walked with her on a country road and in her presence had given way to an impulse to boast, to make himself appear big and significant in her eyes. Now he wanted to see her for another purpose. He wanted to tell her of the new impulses that had come to him. He had tried to make her think of him as a man when he knew nothing of manhood and now he wanted to be with her and to try to make her feel the change he believed had taken place in his nature.

当乔治·威拉德走向成熟的那一刻，他想到了海伦·怀特，温斯堡镇上银行家的女儿。他总是觉得那个女孩正成长为女人，如同他正成长为一个男子一样。在他十八岁时的一个夏夜，他同她在乡间马路上散步，他一时冲动便开始了吹嘘，为的是想使自己在她眼中看起来成熟伟岸。现在他想见她却是为了另一个目的。他想告诉她涌上自己心头的这些新冲动。在他还不懂什么男子气概的时候，他竭力要使她相信自己是个男子汉。现在，他想同她在一起，好让她感觉到他认为已经在自己身上发生的变化。

As for Helen White, she also had come to a period of change. What George felt, she in her young woman's way felt also. She was no longer a girl and hungered to reach into the grace and beauty of womanhood. She had come home from Cleveland, where she was attending college, to spend a day at the Fair. She also had begun to have memories. During the day she sat in the grandstand with a young man, one of the instructors from the college, who was a guest of her mother's. The young man was of a pedantic turn of mind and she felt

at once he would not do for her purpose. At the Fair she was glad to be seen in his company as he was well dressed and a stranger. She knew that the fact of his presence would create an impression. During the day she was happy, but when night came on she began to grow restless. She wanted to drive the instructor away, to get out of his presence. While they sat together in the grandstand and while the eyes of former schoolmates were upon them, she paid so much attention to her escort that he grew interested. "A scholar needs money. I should marry a woman with money," he mused.

对海伦·怀特而言，她也已经到了一个转型期。乔治感受到的东西，她也在以年轻女人的方式感觉着。她不再是个小姑娘，而是渴望获得成熟女子的优雅与美丽。她刚刚从克利夫兰回到家。她在那里上大学，回来是准备去集市上玩一天。她也开始有了回忆。白天，她同一名年轻男子坐在大看台上，那是她母亲的客人，也是她大学里的导师。这位年轻人有些迂腐，她很快感到他不合她意。在集市上，她倒是很乐意被人看到与他结伴，因为他穿着体面，还是个陌生人。她知道他的陪伴会引人注意。白天的时候她很高兴，可当夜晚来临，她就有些坐不住了。她想把那个导师支开，别在她面前出现。当他们一起坐在大看台上，以前的同学将目光停留在他们身上的时候，她对自己男伴的过度关注使他来了兴趣。“学者需要钱。我必须娶个有钱的姑娘。”他暗地想。

Helen White was thinking of George Willard even as he wandered gloomily through the crowds thinking of her. She remembered the summer evening when they had walked together and wanted to walk with him again. She thought that the months she had spent in the city, the going to theaters and the seeing of great crowds wandering in lighted thoroughfares, had changed her profoundly. She wanted him to feel and be conscious of the change in her nature.

海伦·怀特在想着乔治·威拉德，正如他也闷闷不乐地穿行在拥挤的人群中想着她。她记起他们一起漫步的那个夏夜，很想再同他散一次步。她认为自己在城市里呆了几个月，去剧院看过戏，也看过乌泱泱的人群在灯火辉煌的大道上漫步，她已经改变了很多。她希望他能感觉到并且明白她身上的变化。

The summer evening together that had left its mark on the memory of both the young man and woman had, when looked at quite sensibly, been rather stupidly spent. They had walked out of town along a country road. Then they had stopped by a fence near a field of young corn and George had taken off his coat and let it hang on his arm. "Well, I've stayed here in Winesburg—yes—I've not yet gone away but I'm growing up," he had said. "I've been reading books and I've been thinking. I'm going to try to amount to something in life.

两位年轻男女铭记的那个共度的夏夜，若十分理智地来看的话，是过得非常愚蠢的。他们沿着乡间马路走出镇子。然后他们在一片刚长起

来的玉米地的篱笆旁停下，乔治脱掉外套，搭在胳膊上。“嗯，我一直呆在温斯堡——是啊——我还没出过远门，可我正在长大。”他说着，“我一直在阅读，一直在思考。我希望在人生中成就些什么。”

"Well," he explained, "that isn't the point. Perhaps I'd better quit talking.”

“可是，”他解释道，“这不是重点。也许我最好还是别谈这个了。”

The confused boy put his hand on the girl's arm. His voice trembled. The two started to walk back along the road toward town. In his desperation George boasted, "I'm going to be a big man, the biggest that ever lived here in Winesburg," he declared. "I want you to do something, I don't know what. Perhaps it is none of my business. I want you to try to be different from other women. You see the point. It's none of my business I tell you. I want you to be a beautiful woman. You see what I want.”

困惑的少年把手放在女孩的手臂上。他的声音颤抖。两个人开始沿着马路回小镇。绝望之时，乔治吹嘘道：“我会成为一个大人物，温斯堡里没出过的大人物。”他宣称道，“我希望你做点儿什么，我还不清楚是什么。这或许不关我的事。我希望你能努力和其他的女人不一样。你明白我的意思。我告诉你，这可和我没关系。我希望你成为一个美丽的女人。你明白我要的是什么。”

The boy's voice failed and in silence the two came back into town and went along the street to Helen White's house.

少年的声音低了下去，两个人沉默地回到镇上，沿着街道来到了海伦·怀特的家。

At the gate he tried to say something impressive. Speeches he had thought out came into his head, but they seemed utterly pointless. "I thought—I used to think—I had it in my mind you would marry Seth Richmond. Now I know you won't," was all he could find to say as she went through the gate and toward the door of her house.

在门口，他打算说点儿让人印象深刻的话。他之前想出来的长篇大论冒了出来，可它们似乎完全没有意义。“我想——我曾经想——我在心里以为你会嫁给塞思·里士满。现在我知道你不会了。”当她走进大门，朝屋门走去的时候，他总算找到一句话说了。

On the warm fall evening as he stood in the stairway and looked at the crowd drifting through Main Street, George thought of the talk beside the field of young corn and was ashamed of the figure he had made of himself. In the street the people surged up and down like cattle confined in a pen. Buggies and wagons almost filled the narrow thoroughfare. A band played and small boys raced along the sidewalk, diving between the legs of men. Young men with shining red faces

walked awkwardly about with girls on their arms. In a room above one of the stores, where a dance was to be held, the fiddlers tuned their instruments. The broken sounds floated down through an open window and out across the murmur of voices and the loud blare of the horns of the band. The medley of sounds got on young Willard's nerves. Everywhere, on all sides, the sense of crowding, moving life closed in about him. He wanted to run away by himself and think. "If she wants to stay with that fellow she may. Why should I care? What difference does it make to me?" he growled and went along Main Street and through Hern's Grocery into a side street.

在温暖的秋夜里，乔治站在楼梯口望着大街上川流不息的人群，想到玉米地旁的那次交谈，不禁为自己扮演的角色感到羞愧。街上的人涌来涌去，就像关在牛栏里的牛群。马车和货车几乎塞满了狭窄的主干道。一个乐队在演奏，小孩子们在人行道上追逐，在男人们的腿之间乱钻。红光满面的年轻男子挽着女孩的胳膊，笨拙地走来走去。一家商店楼上的房间里正要举办舞会，提琴手正在调音。断断续续的声音从开着的窗户里飘出来，同嗡嗡的人声，还有乐队喇叭响亮的奏鸣声混在一起。混杂的声音刺激着年轻的威拉德的神经。每个角落、四面八方，生活拥挤、动荡的感觉包围着他。他想要一个人逃离，静静地思考。“要是她想和那个家伙呆在一起，就随她愿吧。我干嘛要在乎？这于我有什么意义呢？”他咕哝了一声，然后沿着大街走去，穿过赫恩的杂货店，来到一条小街上。

George felt so utterly lonely and dejected that he wanted to weep but pride made him walk rapidly along, swinging his arms. He came to Wesley Moyer's livery barn and stopped in the shadows to listen to a group of men who talked of a race Wesley's stallion, Tony Tip, had won at the Fair during the afternoon. A crowd had gathered in front of the barn and before the crowd walked Wesley, prancing up and down boasting. He held a whip in his hand and kept tapping the ground. Little puffs of dust arose in the lamplight. "Hell, quit your talking," Wesley exclaimed. "I wasn't afraid, I knew I had 'em beat all the time. I wasn't afraid.”

乔治觉得十分孤独和沮丧，想要落泪。可是骄傲使他挥动着双臂，迅速地向前走着。他来到韦斯利·莫耶的马车出租行，停在阴影里听一伙人谈论赛马，韦斯利的种马托尼·蒂普赢了下午集市上的比赛。一群人聚在马房前面，韦斯利在人们面前神气地走来走去，吹嘘着。他手里拿着根皮鞭，不断拍打着地面。一团团的尘土在灯光下飞扬。“见鬼，你别再说了。”韦斯利大叫道，“我不怕，我知道我总能把他们打败。我可不怕。”

Ordinarily George Willard would have been intensely interested in the boasting of Moyer, the horseman. Now it made him angry. He turned and hurried away along the street. "Old windbag," he sputtered. "Why does he want to be bragging? Why don't he shut up?”

平常，乔治·威拉德准会聚精会神地听骑手莫耶吹牛。可现在这让他恼火。他转过身，急忙沿着街道走了。“说大话的老家伙。”他气急败坏地说，“他为什么总想吹牛呢？他干嘛不闭上嘴？”

George went into a vacant lot and, as he hurried along, fell over a pile of rubbish. A nail protruding from an empty barrel tore his trousers. He sat down on the ground and swore. With a pin he mended the torn place and then arose and went on. "I'll go to Helen White's house, that's what I'll do. I'll walk right in. I'll say that I want to see her. I'll walk right in and sit down, that's what I'll do," he declared, climbing over a fence and beginning to run.

乔治来到一片空地，他走得太匆忙了，摔倒在一堆垃圾上。空桶上突出来的一颗钉子撕破了他的裤子。他坐在地上，咒骂着。他用一个别针把破的地方别起来，然后站起来，继续往前走。“我要到海伦·怀特家去找她，我就要这么干。我要照直走进去。我就说想见她。我要走进去，坐下来，就这么办。”他一边说着，一边越过一道篱笆，开始跑起来。

On the veranda of Banker White's house Helen was restless and distraught. The instructor sat between the mother and daughter. His talk wearied the girl. Although he had also been raised in an Ohio town, the instructor began to put on the airs of the city. He wanted to appear cosmopolitan. "I like the chance you have given me to study the background out of which most of our girls come," he declared. "It was good of you, Mrs. White, to have me down for the day." He turned to Helen and laughed. "Your life is still bound up with the life of this town?" he asked. "There are people here in whom you are interested?" To the girl his voice sounded pompous and heavy.

在家里的阳台上，海伦·怀特坐立不安，心烦意乱。那位导师坐在母亲和女儿中间。他的谈话使少女感到厌烦。尽管他也在俄亥俄州的小镇长大，可这位导师却开始摆出一副城市人的派头。他想表现得像个见过世面的人。“我很高兴你给我这个机会，来研究我们学校大多数女士的出身背景。”他说道，“你真是太好了，怀特太太，能邀请我来乡下玩上一天。”他转向海伦，笑起来。“你的生活还是和这个小镇的生活紧密联系着吗？”他问道，“这儿有没有你中意的人呢？”在这女孩听来，他的声音既傲慢又老气横秋。

Helen arose and went into the house. At the door leading to a garden at the back she stopped and stood listening. Her mother began to talk. "There is no one here fit to associate with a girl of Helen's breeding," she said.

海伦站起来，进了屋子。她在通往后花园的门边停了下来，站在那里听着。她的母亲开始说话。“这儿没有一个人配得上和海伦这样有教养的姑娘交往。”她说。

Helen ran down a flight of stairs at the back of the house and into the garden. In the darkness she stopped and stood trembling. It seemed to her that the world was full of meaningless people saying words. Afire with eagerness she ran through a garden gate and, turning a corner by the banker's barn, went into a little side street. "George! Where are you, George?" she cried, filled with nervous excitement. She stopped running, and leaned against a tree to laugh hysterically. Along the dark little street came George Willard, still saying words. "I'm going to walk right into her house. I'll go right in and sit down, " he declared as he came up to her. He stopped and stared stupidly. "Come on," he said and took hold of her hand. With hanging heads they walked away along the street under the trees. Dry leaves rustled under foot. Now that he had found her George wondered what he had better do and say.

海伦跑下房子后面的楼梯，进了花园。她在黑暗中停下来，站着全身发抖。在她看来，整个世界都是些无聊的人在说话。怀着炽烈的渴望，她跑出花园的大门，然后在马房旁转了个弯，来到一条小街上。“乔治！你在哪里，乔治？”她喊着，满心紧张和激动。她停下奔跑，靠在一棵树上歇斯底里地大笑起来。乔治·威拉德沿着这条阴暗的小街走出来，口里还在喃喃自语。“我要直接走进她的家。我要直接走进去，坐下来。”他一边说一边向她走来。他停下来，傻乎乎地望着她。“来吧。”他说着，抓起她的手。他们仰着头，沿着街道在树下走着。枯黄的树叶被踩在脚下，沙沙作响。现在乔治已经找到了她，他却不知道怎么做、怎么说才好。

At the upper end of the Fair Ground, in Winesburg, there is a half decayed old grandstand. It has never been painted and the boards are all warped out of shape. The Fair Ground stands on top of a low hill rising out of the valley of Wine Creek and from the grandstand one can see at night, over a cornfield, the lights of the town reflected against the sky.

在温斯堡集市广场的北边，有一个半腐朽的、古旧的大看台。它从没被粉刷过，木板全都弯曲变形了。集市广场坐落在一个从瓦英河谷突出来的小山的山头上。晚上，站在大看台上，越过一片玉米地，人们可以看到小镇的灯光在天幕下熠熠生辉。

George and Helen climbed the hill to the Fair Ground, coming by the path past Waterworks Pond. The feeling of loneliness and isolation that had come to the young man in the crowded streets of his town was both broken and intensified by the presence of Helen. What he felt was reflected in her.

乔治和海伦从水库池塘边的小路爬上山，来到了集市广场。年轻人站在镇上拥挤的街头时心里涌上的孤独感和孤立感，被海伦的出现给击碎了，可也同时被加强了。他的感受也影响了她。

In youth there are always two forces fighting in people. The warm unthinking little animal struggles against the thing that reflects and remembers, and the older, the more sophisticated thing had possession of George Willard. Sensing his mood, Helen walked beside him filled with respect. When they got to the grandstand they climbed up under the roof and sat down on one of the long bench-like seats.

年轻时，人们心中总有两股力量在较量。内心中那个热情、轻率的小动物正在同那个会深思和回忆的小家伙博弈；年龄越大，乔治·威拉德越容易被成熟的东西左右。海伦感受到了他的情绪，满心尊敬地走在他身边。等他们到了大看台，他们爬了上去，在屋顶下面一个长凳样的座椅上坐了下来。

There is something memorable in the experience to be had by going into a fair ground that stands at the edge of a Middle Western town on a night after the annual fair has been held. The sensation is one never to be forgotten. On all sides are ghosts, not of the dead, but of living people. Here, during the day just passed, have come the people pouring in from the town and the country around. Farmers with their wives and children and all the people from the hundreds of little frame houses have gathered within these board walls. Young girls have laughed and men with beards have talked of the affairs of their lives. The place has been filled to overflowing with life. It has itched and squirmed with life and now it is night and the life has all gone away. The silence is almost terrifying. One conceals oneself standing silently beside the trunk of a tree and what there is of a reflective tendency in his nature is intensified. One shudders at the thought of the meaninglessness of life while at the same instant, and if the people of the town are his people, one loves life so intensely that tears come into the eyes.

在一年一度的集市结束后的夜里，走进这样一个中西部小镇边上的集市广场，总会有些难以忘怀的经历。那种感触是让人永难忘怀的。四面八方都是憧憧的影子，并非是魂灵，而是人影。在这里，在刚刚过去的白天里，人们从镇上和周围的乡村涌过来。携家带口的农夫，成百上千来自小木板房的居民，都聚集在这些木板墙里面。年轻的姑娘们大笑着，留着胡子的男人们谈论着他们的生活琐事。整个地方洋溢着生活的气息。生活曾在这里渴望过，蠢蠢欲动，可现在夜幕降临，一切都消失了。这沉默几乎令人觉得害怕。当一个人沉默地隐藏在树干旁，天性中深思的倾向会增强。而此刻，若思及生活的无意义，一个人会不寒而栗，而若是镇上的人都是他的乡亲，他便会因对生活强烈的爱而热泪盈眶。

In the darkness under the roof of the grandstand, George Willard sat beside Helen White and felt very keenly his own insignificance in the scheme of existence. Now that he had come out of town where the presence of the people stirring about, busy with a multitude of affairs,

had been so irritating, the irritation was all gone. The presence of Helen renewed and refreshed him. It was as though her woman's hand was assisting him to make some minute readjustment of the machinery of his life. He began to think of the people in the town where he had always lived with something like reverence. He had reverence for Helen. He wanted to love and to be loved by her, but he did not want at the moment to be confused by her womanhood. In the darkness he took hold of her hand and when she crept close put a hand on her shoulder. A wind began to blow and he shivered. With all his strength he tried to hold and to understand the mood that had come upon him. In that high place in the darkness the two oddly sensitive human atoms held each other tightly and waited. In the mind of each was the same thought. "I have come to this lonely place and here is this other," was the substance of the thing felt.

在大看台屋顶下的黑暗中，乔治·威拉德坐在海伦·怀特旁边，敏锐地感到在这个生存体制中自己的渺小。小镇里人们四处奔波、忙忙碌碌，令人心情烦躁。现在他出了镇，这种烦闷便一扫而光。海伦的陪伴令他精神焕发、神清气爽。仿佛是因为她用那只女人的手帮他将生活的机器微微调整了一下。他开始带着近乎敬畏的心情去看待同他一起生活的小镇居民。他也对海伦肃然起敬。他想要爱她，也希望被她所爱，但是，他不想在此刻被她的女性气质所迷惑。他在黑暗中握住她的手，并在她悄悄靠近的时候伸手搂住了她的肩膀。一阵风起，他打了个冷战。他用尽全力试图保持镇定，弄懂自己此刻的心情。在这个黑暗的高处，这两个异常敏感的人类分子紧紧地互相拥抱，等待着。他们的心里有着同样的想法。“我来到了这个孤单的地方，而这里还有另一个人。”这便是他们感受到的实质。

In Winesburg the crowded day had run itself out into the long night of the late fall. Farm horses jogged away along lonely country roads pulling their portion of weary people. Clerks began to bring samples of goods in off the sidewalks and lock the doors of stores. In the Opera House a crowd had gathered to see a show and further down Main Street the fiddlers, their instruments tuned, sweated and worked to keep the feet of youth flying over a dance floor.

在温斯堡，熙熙攘攘的白天已经结束，深秋的漫长黑夜开始了。农场的马匹拖着各自疲惫的主人，沿着寂静的乡间马路缓缓而去。伙计们开始把人行道上的货物样品拿进去，并锁上店门。在歌剧院里，一群人聚在那里等着看表演；沿着大街再往前，小提琴手调好了弦，大汗淋漓地演奏着，让年轻的舞步在舞池里不停旋转。

In the darkness in the grandstand Helen White and George Willard remained silent. Now and then the spell that held them was broken and they turned and tried in the dim light to see into each other's eyes. They kissed but that impulse did not last. At the upper end of the Fair Ground a half dozen men worked over horses that had

raced during the afternoon. The men had built a fire and were heating kettles of water. Only their legs could be seen as they passed back and forth in the light. When the wind blew the little flames of the fire danced crazily about.

大看台上的海伦·怀特和乔治·威拉德仍然在黑暗中沉默着。将他们绑在一起的那股魔咒时不时地被打破。他们转过身，竭力在昏暗的灯光中望见彼此的眼睛。他们接吻，可这股激情并不持久。在集市广场的北边，六名男子在检查下午参加了比赛的马匹。他们生了一堆火，用水壶在烧水。在火光中只能看见他们走来走去的腿。起风的时候，微弱的火焰被吹得疯狂地跳动。

George and Helen arose and walked away into the darkness. They went along a path past a field of corn that had not yet been cut. The wind whispered among the dry corn blades. For a moment during the walk back into town the spell that held them was broken. When they had come to the crest of Waterworks Hill they stopped by a tree and George again put his hands on the girl's shoulders. She embraced him eagerly and then again they drew quickly back from that impulse. They stopped kissing and stood a little apart. Mutual respect grew big in them. They were both embarrassed and to relieve their embarrassment dropped into the animalism of youth. They laughed and began to pull and haul at each other. In some way chastened and purified by the mood they had been in, they became, not man and woman, not boy and girl, but excited little animals.

乔治和海伦站起来，走向黑暗。他们沿着一条小径经过一片尚未收割的玉米地。风在干枯的玉米叶子间呼啸着。在他们走回镇的路上，将他们绑在一起的魔咒一度被打破。他们来到水库山的山顶，停在一棵树旁边，乔治再次把手放在女孩的肩膀上。她热情地拥抱他，接着他们又再次迅速地从那种冲动中清醒过来。他们停止接吻，往边上站开一点儿。他们更加尊重彼此了。他们都感到尴尬，为了缓解这种窘迫情绪，他们便顺从了年轻的兽性。他们大笑起来，开始互相拉拉扯扯。在某种意义上，他们被自己正处于的这种情绪修正并净化，变得既不是男人和女人，也不是少年和少女，而是兴奋的小动物。

It was so they went down the hill. In the darkness they played like two splendid young things in a young world. Once, running swiftly forward, Helen tripped George and he fell. He squirmed and shouted. Shaking with laughter, he rolled down the hill. Helen ran after him. For just a moment she stopped in the darkness. There was no way of knowing what woman's thoughts went through her mind but, when the bottom of the hill was reached and she came up to the boy, she took his arm and walked beside him in dignified silence. For some reason they could not have explained they had both got from their silent evening together the thing needed.

他们就这样走下山坡。黑暗中，他们像两只年轻漂亮的小动物在年轻的世界里嬉戏。一次，在往前猛冲的时候，海伦把乔治绊倒了。他扭动着大叫起来。他笑得全身发抖，滚下山去了。海伦追赶着他。她在黑暗里稍停了一会儿。她的脑子里闪过了什么样的女性思想无从得知。但等到达山脚下，她就朝少年走过去，拉住他的手臂，在庄严的沉默中走在他的身边。由于某种原因，他们都无法解释，为何他们都从那个共同度过的沉默夜晚里得到了所需要的东西。

Man or boy, woman or girl, they had for a moment taken hold of the thing that makes the mature life of men and women in the modern world possible.

男人或是男孩，女人或是女孩，他们都曾片刻间抓住过这种能使男人和女人有可能在现代世界里过上成熟生活的东西。

CHAPTER 21 DEPARTURE

第二十一章 离乡

Young George Willard got out of bed at four in the morning. It was April and the young tree leaves were just coming out of their buds. The trees along the residence streets in Winesburg are maple and the seeds are winged. When the wind blows they whirl crazily about, filling the air and making a carpet underfoot.

年轻的乔治·威拉德清晨四点就起了床。正值四月，幼嫩的树叶正从苞芽中抽出。温斯堡住宅区街道两旁都是枫树，种子四处飘散。起风的时候，种子便随着风疯狂地打转，飞散在空中，然后落在地上，变成了脚下的地毯。

George came downstairs into the hotel office carrying a brown leather bag. His trunk was packed for departure. Since two o'clock he had been awake thinking of the journey he was about to take and wondering what he would find at the end of his journey. The boy who slept in the hotel office lay on a cot by the door. His mouth was open and he snored lustily. George crept past the cot and went out into the silent deserted main street. The east was pink with the dawn and long streaks of light climbed into the sky where a few stars still shone.

乔治拿着一个棕色的皮包，下楼来到旅社办公室。出发的行李已经收拾妥当。他从两点钟醒来就一直在思考这次将要进行的旅行，想知道在旅程的尽头他会发现些什么。睡在旅社办公室里的小伙子躺在靠门边的一张简易床上。他张着嘴，鼾声如雷。乔治悄悄地越过那张床，走出旅社，来到寂静无人的大街上。东方曙光初现，一条条长长的光带爬上天空，只剩几颗星星仍在闪烁。

Beyond the last house on Trunion Pike in Winesburg there is a great stretch of open fields. The fields are owned by farmers who live in town and drive homeward at evening along Trunion Pike in light creaking wagons. In the fields are planted berries and small fruits. In the late afternoon in the hot summers when the road and the fields are covered with dust, a smoky haze lies over the great flat basin of land. To look across it is like looking out across the sea. In the spring when the land is green the effect is somewhat different. The land becomes a wide green billiard table on which tiny human insects toil up and down.

越过特鲁连山峰上的最后一座房子，有一大块开阔的田野。田野的所有者是住在镇上的农夫，他们在傍晚驾着咯吱作响的轻便马车，顺着特鲁连山往家里赶。田野里种着各种浆果和小型水果。炎热的夏季午后，马路上和田野里都覆盖着尘土，一层烟雾笼罩着这一大片平坦的盆

地。眺望这片田野就像是在眺望大海。春季的时候，大地一片葱绿，景象又不尽相同。土地变成一大块绿色的台球桌面，微型的人形小昆虫在其间耕耘劳作。

All through his boyhood and young manhood George Willard had been in the habit of walking on Trunion Pike. He had been in the midst of the great open place on winter nights when it was covered with snow and only the moon looked down at him; he had been there in the fall when bleak winds blew and on summer evenings when the air vibrated with the song of insects. On the April morning he wanted to go there again, to walk again in the silence. He did walk to where the road dipped down by a little stream two miles from town and then turned and walked silently back again. When he got to Main Street clerks were sweeping the sidewalks before the stores. "Hey, you George. How does it feel to be going away?" they asked.

乔治·威拉德的整个少年和青年期都有在特鲁连山峰散步的习惯。他曾经在冬夜到过这片巨大的空地，那时候地面白雪皑皑，只有月亮照在他身上；他也曾在秋天来过，萧瑟的秋风吹拂着；而在夏夜，空气因虫鸣而微微颤动。他想在四月的清晨再去一次，再静静地散一次步。他的确步行到了小镇两英里外，那里的马路被一条小溪淹没了。然后，他转身再默默地走回来。当他回到大街时，伙计们正在店门前清扫人行道。“嘿，乔治。要出远门感觉如何啊？”他们问道。

The westbound train leaves Winesburg at seven forty-five in the morning. Tom Little is conductor. His train runs from Cleveland to where it connects with a great trunk line railroad with terminals in Chicago and New York. Tom has what in railroad circles is called an "easy run." Every evening he returns to his family. In the fall and spring he spends his Sundays fishing in Lake Erie. He has a round red face and small blue eyes. He knows the people in the towns along his railroad better than a city man knows the people who live in his apartment building.

西行的火车将于早上七点四十五分从温斯堡驶出。汤姆·利特尔是列车员。他的火车从克利夫兰发出，行驶到与主干线相接的地方，线路的终点是芝加哥和纽约。汤姆负责的这段行程被铁路圈的人称作“轻松行”。每天晚上他都回家。秋天和春天的时候，他就在礼拜天到伊利湖去钓鱼。他有着红润的圆脸和蓝色的小眼睛。他对铁路沿线上的小镇居民的熟悉程度，可比一个城市人对他同住一栋公寓楼的人的了解程度要强多了。

George came down the little incline from the New Willard House at seven o'clock. Tom Willard carried his bag. The son had become taller than the father.

乔治在七点钟的时候从新威拉德旅社出来，走下小斜坡。汤姆·威拉德拿着他的包。儿子已经长得比父亲还要高些。

On the station platform everyone shook the young man's hand. More than a dozen people waited about. Then they talked of their own affairs. Even Will Henderson, who was lazy and often slept until nine, had got out of bed. George was embarrassed. Gertrude Wilmot, a tall thin woman of fifty who worked in the Winesburg post office, came along the station platform. She had never before paid any attention to George. Now she stopped and put out her hand. In two words she voiced what everyone felt. "Good luck," she said sharply and then turning went on her way.

在站台上，每个人都同这个年轻人握手。还有十几个人等在旁边。他们聊着自己的事情。就连懒惰的常常每天睡到九点的威尔·亨德森也起来了。乔治很窘迫。在温斯堡邮局工作的格特鲁德·威尔莫特，一位瘦高的五十岁女人，也沿着站台走了过来。她之前从没留意过乔治。可现在，她停下来，伸出手。她用两个词就说出了每个人的感受。“祝你好运。”她简单地说，然后转身走了。

When the train came into the station George felt relieved. He scampered hurriedly aboard. Helen White came running along Main Street hoping to have a parting word with him, but he had found a seat and did not see her. When the train started Tom Little punched his ticket, grinned and, although he knew George well and knew on what adventure he was just setting out, made no comment. Tom had seen a thousand George Willards go out of their towns to the city. It was a commonplace enough incident with him. In the smoking car there was a man who had just invited Tom to go on a fishing trip to Sandusky Bay. He wanted to accept the invitation and talk over details.

火车进站的时候，乔治终于感到解脱了。他急忙跳上了车。海伦·怀特沿着大街跑过来，希望和他道个别，可他已经找到位置坐下了，没有看到她。火车开动的时候，汤姆·利特尔来检票，冲他咧嘴笑。尽管他很了解乔治，也知道他此次出发是为了什么冒险，他却不发表任何意见。汤姆已经见过无数个乔治·威拉德这样的年轻人离开他们的小镇，前往城市。对他而言，这是再普通不过的一件事情。在吸烟车厢，有个人刚刚邀请了汤姆到桑达斯基湾去钓鱼。他想接受这份邀请，再谈谈细节问题。

George glanced up and down the car to be sure no one was looking, then took out his pocketbook and counted his money. His mind was occupied with a desire not to appear green. Almost the last words his father had said to him concerned the matter of his behavior when he got to the city. "Be a sharp one," Tom Willard had said. "Keep your eyes on your money. Be awake. That's the ticket. Don't let anyone think you're a greenhorn.”

乔治上下打量了一下这节车厢，确定没有人注意他后，便拿出钱包

来开始数钱。他满脑子想着不要表现得像个新手。他的父亲所说的最后几句话几乎都是关于他到城市后的行为举止问题。“放机灵点儿。”汤姆·威拉德说，“看好自己的钱。警觉点。这是车票。别让人觉得你什么都不懂。”

After George counted his money he looked out of the window and was surprised to see that the train was still in Winesburg.

乔治数完钱之后，就望着窗外，惊奇地发现火车仍然还在温斯堡。

The young man, going out of his town to meet the adventure of life, began to think but he did not think of anything very big or dramatic. Things like his mother's death, his departure from Winesburg, the uncertainty of his future life in the city, the serious and larger aspects of his life did not come into his mind.

这个离开故土去冒险闯荡的年轻人开始思考，可他并没有思考什么十分重大或是戏剧性的事件。诸如母亲的死，他离开温斯堡，他在城市中的未知的生活，这些生活中的严肃面和重大面还没有进入他的思想。

He thought of little things—Turk Smollet wheeling boards through the main street of his town in the morning, a tall woman, beautifully gowned, who had once stayed overnight at his father's hotel, Butch Wheeler the lamp lighter of Winesburg hurrying through the streets on a summer evening and holding a torch in his hand, Helen White standing by a window in the Winesburg post office and putting a stamp on an envelope.

他反而想到许多的小事——特克·斯莫利特在清晨推着木板车穿过镇上的大街；一个高个子、穿着美丽睡袍的女人，曾有一次在父亲的旅社里呆了一整夜；温斯堡的点灯人布奇·惠勒拿着手电筒，在一个夏夜里急忙穿过街道；海伦·怀特站在温斯堡的邮局窗户边，往一个信封上贴邮票。

The young man's mind was carried away by his growing passion for dreams. One looking at him would not have thought him particularly sharp. With the recollection of little things occupying his mind he closed his eyes and leaned back in the car seat. He stayed that way for a long time and when he aroused himself and again looked out of the car window the town of Winesburg had disappeared and his life there had become but a background on which to paint the dreams of his manhood.

对梦想的高涨的热情占据了这个年轻人的心。看着他，没人会觉得他特别机灵。他在脑海里一边回忆着各种小事情，一边闭上眼睛向后靠在车座上。他就这样呆了很长的一段时间。当他醒过来再次望向车窗外时，温斯堡镇已经消失，他在那里的生活也已经成为了一个背景色。在这个背景色上，他将描绘自己成年时期的梦想。

End.

终结

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Aristotle

RHETORIC

修辞学

（古希腊）亚里士多德 著
蓝纯 高秀平 王强 译

Rhetoric is a counterpart of Dialectic; for both have to do with matters that are in a manner within the cognizance of all men and not confined to any special science. Hence all men in a manner have a share of both; for all, up to a certain point, endeavor to criticize or uphold an argument, to defend

外语教学与研究出版社
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外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京　BEIJING

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu

Beijing, China 100089

http://www.fltrp.com

图书在版编目（CIP）数据

修辞学：英汉对照 /（古希腊）亚里士多德著；蓝纯等译．—北京：外语教学与研究出版社，2011.8
（外研社双语读库．学·书系）
书名原文：Rhetoric
ISBN 978-7-5135-1117-9

Ⅰ．①修…　Ⅱ．①亚…　②蓝…　Ⅲ．①英语 - 汉语 - 对照读物②修辞学 - 古希腊　Ⅳ．①H319.4: H

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字（2011）第159630号

出版人　蔡剑峰
责任编辑　李文静
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出版发行　外语教学与研究出版社
社　　址　北京市西三环北路19号（100089）
网　　址　http://www.fltrp.com
版　　次　2011年8月第1版
书　　号　ISBN 978-7-5135-1117-9

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总序

外研社自创立之日起就一贯秉承“记载人类文明，沟通世界文化”的宗旨。上世纪90年代以来，我们陆续出版了“九十年代英语系列丛书”、“大师经典文库”、“英美文学文库”等系列经典图书，在最大限度满足国内英语学习者阅读需求的同时，也为中华民族引进和吸收海外优秀文化发挥了重要的桥梁纽带作用。

在多年出版实践中我们发现，对原版图书简单地以外语形式呈现，会使一些初级和中级外语学习者望而却步；而纯粹的译著，在翻译过程中又容易失掉原著中的某些精妙之笔，甚至丢失信息，因为每种语言都蕴含着其他语言无法精确对应的情致、智慧和对真善美的洞见。文化交流本身是一个双向互动的过程，因此在大量引入外文作品的同时，我们也不能忽略本民族文化在世界范围内的推广和传播，即把中国文化传递给世界。

基于上述考虑，我们应时推出“外研社双语读库”，立足经典，涵盖中外名家名作，涉及社会科学各个领域，以书系划分，采用双语编排，对文化背景附有注释。旨在积累世界各民族精粹文化的同时，向世界传递中国文化，为国内广大英语学习者提供题材广泛、质量过硬的双语经典读物，也为社科各领域学者了解西方学术经典提供优质的研究素材。

2010年1月，双语读库“文·书系”出版问世，该书系收录了20部西方经典著作，多出自19和20世纪著名作家、学者、思想家和哲学家笔下，作品的题材丰富，包括传记、小说、游记、杂文、回忆录等。该书系自问世以来，受到了广大英语爱好者的欢迎和好评。

2010年3月，外研社和中国外语教育研究中心联合设立“外汉翻译教学研究基金”项目，选取百余部国外经典学术著作，面向全国高校公开招募翻译项目组，参与投标者遍及全国近百所高校，在国内具有较大影响力。中标的译者多为全国重点高校的翻译专家、学者及中青年翻译人才，经过层层选拔脱颖而出；每个中标项目组还聘请相关领域的专家顾问，为其提供专业领域方面的支持和帮助，以确保译文的准确性和权威性。

此次推出的双语读库“学·书系”拟收录该“基金”项目中的优秀译作分批次进行出版，并细分为哲学辑、经济学辑、历史学辑、地理学辑、语

言学辑、社会学辑、教育学辑等。“学·书系”依旧采用英汉对照编排，可作为社科各领域的学术研究读物以及中、高端英汉双语读物使用。

“学·书系”所选原作虽为经典名著，却也无法避免时间和空间上的局限性，希望读者朋友们能“取其精华，去其糟粕”。各篇译作均为译者倾尽全力、呕心沥血之作，不足之处，还请各位读者批评、指正。

译者　序

亚里士多德（公元前384年—前322年）是古希腊著名哲学家，他与苏格拉底和柏拉图一起被公认为西方哲学的奠基者。亚里士多德在许多领域都留下了开拓性的著作，包括物理学、形而上学、诗学、生物学、动物学、心理学、逻辑学、政治学、伦理学以及修辞学等。[1]

亚里士多德的《修辞学》是欧洲第一部系统完整的修辞学著作。在该书中，亚里士多德将古希腊的修辞学实践和理论进行了提炼和升华，不但总结了古希腊修辞学的精髓，也奠定了后世西方修辞学的基本理论框架。[2]有些学者甚至认为“不仅是西塞罗和昆提利安的修辞学，而且连中世纪、文艺复兴时期和现代的修辞学，就其精华而言，根本上还是亚里士多德的东西”[3]。从实质上来看，亚里士多德以后的修辞学家们只是对他的理论进行加工和提炼，至多偶有扩充而已。时至今日，西方修辞学界所研究的根本问题仍然不外乎亚里士多德所规定的一些内容，包括修辞行为的五个步骤和修辞语篇的分类，以及修辞的目的、手段、受众、修辞者等问题。[4]而这正是我们翻译此书的意义所在。

1．全书概览

《修辞学》全书共分三卷，第一卷阐述修辞学的定义、证明的分类、修辞演说的分类和各类修辞演说的部目；第二卷着重分析受众的情感和性格以及与之相应的情感诉求方式和人品诉求方式，此外还分析了理性诉求的方式和进行修辞式推理的方法；第三卷在总结卷一、卷二的基础上，重点讨论文体风格与谋篇布局，涉及演说的立意、取材、辞格运用、风格的把握和锤炼等。

下面是全书的基本框架：

第一卷：

第一章：修辞学与辩证法的联系和区别、修辞学的作用、对修辞学研究的误区

第二章：修辞学定义、证明的分类、修辞式推理和例证法、普遍部目和专用部目

第三章：三种修辞演说（议政演说、诉讼演说和宣德演说）

第四至八章：议政修辞的专用部目

第九章：宣德修辞的专用部目

第十至十四章：诉讼修辞的专用部目

第十五章：不属于修辞学的五类证明

第二卷：

第一章：情感诉求和人品诉求概述

第二至十一章：各种情感的分析

第十二至十七章：各种性格的分析

第十八至二十六章：理性诉求的部目和修辞式推理

第三卷：

第一章：卷一和卷二总结、朗诵和风格概述

第二至十二章：文体风格的详细探讨

第十三至十九章：演讲的谋篇布局

2．翻译说明

2.1 加译

在翻译过程中，为了明晰地传达原文的意思，便于读者理解，我们在必要的情况下采用了加译，并将加译的文字放在中括号内以示区别。加译主要出于以下考虑：

2.1.1解释、补充背景知识

例1　第一卷第二章：

For example, to prove that Dionysius is aiming at a tyranny, because he asks for a bodyguard…

比如，为了证明［叙拉古僭主］狄奥西奥斯企图专权，因为他要求贴身护卫……

例2　第三卷第十五章：

For instance, when Diomedes chose Odysseus for his companion, it may be said on the one hand that he did so because he considered him to be the bravest of men, on the other, that it was because Odysseus was the only man who was no possible rival for him…

例如，当狄俄墨得斯挑选奥德修斯作为［侦察敌营的］同伴时，一方面可以说他这么做是因为他认为奥德修斯最勇敢；另一方面也可以说原因在于奥德修斯是唯一不可能抢他风头的人……

2.1.2明确代词的所指

例3　第一卷第五章：

This also depends upon bodily excellences and good fortune; for unless a man is free from illness and is strong, he will never be free from suffering, nor will he live long and painlessly without good fortune.

这［即安乐的晚年］也取决于良好的身体素质和好运气；须知一个人除非无疾无患、身体强壮，否则就无法避免病痛；除非有好运气，否则就无法长寿，无法无痛无苦。

例4　第一卷第六章：

It is evident, then, what things, likely to happen or already existing, the orator should aim at, when exhorting, and what when

dissuading; for they are opposites.

至此，在劝说和劝阻时，演讲者应该分别瞄准哪些可能发生的事情或者业已存在的事物，答案已经很明确；须知它们［即劝说之事和劝阻之事］截然相反。

2.1.3使中文句子结构或意思完整

例5　第一卷第十章：

... the fact of being temperate produces in the temperate man good opinions and desires in the matter of pleasant things, in the intemperate man the contrary.

……节制可以让节制之人对愉悦之事产生好的想法和欲望，而让无节制之人［产生］相反的［想法和欲望］。

例6　第一卷第十章：

In a word, it will be necessary to take account of all the circumstances that make men's characters different; for instance, if a man fancies himself rich or poor, fortunate or unfortunate, it will make a difference.

总之，我们有必要考虑塑造人们不同性格的所有因素；比如，一个人觉得自己是富还是穷，是幸运还是不幸，［对其性格］是会有影响的。

例7　第一卷第十一章：

This being so, it is evident that there is pleasure both for those who remember and for those who hope, since there is sensation.

这样的话，很显然，心存回忆或期望的人都是愉悦的，因为［在回忆和期望中］存在着感知。

2.1.4使篇章结构以及句子与句子之间的关系更明显

例8　第一卷第六章：

Whatever reason might assign to each and whatever reason does assign to each in individual cases, that is good for each; and that whose presence makes a man fit and also independent; and independence in general; and that which produces or preserves such things, or on which such things follow, or all that is likely to prevent or destroy their opposites.

理性可能赋予每个人的所有事物，以及理性在具体情况下赋予每个人的所有事物，对接受者来说都是好的。［此外还有：］其存在能使人健康而且自主的事物；普遍意义上的独立；产生或保存这类好事物的事物，或者好事情紧随其后的事物，以及所有可能阻止或破坏好事物的对立面的事物。

2.1.5强化意义

例9　第一卷第五章：

In a word, being wealthy consists rather in use than in possession; for the actualization and use of such things is wealth.

总之，财富体现在使用而不是拥有上；因为驾驭和使用财产才是［真正的］财富。

2.2 译本

2.2.1译本版本问题

本书翻译的底本是John Henry Freese的英语译本，该译本风格古雅，行文流畅，独具魅力。但我们发现Freese出于种种考虑，在某些地方牺牲了一定的准确性。为此，我们在翻译过程中参考了其他译本，特别是George Kennedy（2007）[5]的英译本和罗念生（2005）[6]的汉译本，以期尽可能准确贴切地传达亚里士多德想表达的意思。例如，第二卷第四章开篇对love这一概念的界定，Freese的译本是这样写的：

Let loving, then, be defined as wishing for anyone the things which we believe to be good, for his sake but not for our own, and procuring them for him as far as lies in our power.

根据上下文可以判断，这里的love不限于男女之间的“爱情”，Kennedy（2007）证实了我们的这一理解，因为Kennedy没有用love一词，而用的是friendliness和being friendly。因此我们将love译为“关爱”：

不妨把关爱定义为出于利他而不是利己的考虑希望某人获得我们认为好的东西，并尽力为他谋取这些好东西。

再比如，在第三卷第十五章中，有一段话讲到Odysseus（奥德修斯），但前半部分称其bravest（最勇敢），后面却又说他是poltroon（懦夫），这显然自相矛盾：

For instance, when Diomedes chose Odysseus for his companion, it may be said on the one hand that he did so because he considered him to be the bravest of men, on the other, that it was because Odysseus was the only man who was no possible rival for him, since he was a poltroon.

通过对比，我们发现此处Kennedy（2007）的处理更圆通，他没有用poltroon一词，而用的是worthless（[he regarded him] as worthless, chosen because he alone would not be a rival）。据此，我们将上文翻译为：

例如，当狄俄墨得斯挑选奥德修斯作为［侦查敌营的］同伴时，一方面可以说他这么做是因为他认为奥德修斯最勇敢；另一方面也可以说原因在于奥德修斯是唯一不可能抢他风头的

人，因为［他认为］奥德修斯无足挂齿。

2.2.2译本中加译的处理

在John Henry Freese的英文译本中，为了更加明晰地传达原著的意思，Freese在必要的情况下采取了加译，并将加译的文字放在中括号中以示区别，我们在译文中将相应文字放在圆括号中以示区别。

例1　第一卷第二章

[We will discuss these matters in detail when we come to speak of the emotions.]

（在后文讨论情感时我们将详细探讨这些内容。）

2.3 背景知识

在翻译过程中，我们深感背景知识的重要。要读懂英文原文，必须了解相关的背景知识。比如，亚里士多德在论及叙述的作用时，说过这样一段话：

再者，应该只讲那些如果描述得栩栩如生便能激发同情或者义愤的往事。例如，［奥德修斯讲给］阿尔喀诺俄斯听的故事，在讲给珀涅罗珀听的时候被缩减为60行。（第三卷第十六章）

这段话中提到奥德修斯的两个讲话对象，一个是国王阿尔喀诺俄斯，一个是奥德修斯的妻子珀涅罗珀。对象不同，讲述的目的不同，因此讲述的方式也不同。要正确理解这段话，读者必须对荷马史诗《奥德赛》的相关内容有所了解，否则就会如坠雾中，不知所云。

类似的情况比比皆是。除了《奥德赛》，亚里士多德还大量引用了《伊里亚特》中的典故，例如："为宙斯所宠爱的国王［总是］怒气冲天"，而且"事后他可能仍不善罢甘休"（第二卷第二章）。这里"国王"是谁？为什么他会怒气冲天？答案必须去《伊利亚特》第一章寻找。

因此，如果读者对西方修辞学，特别是亚里士多德的著作感兴趣，浏览荷马史诗将会大有裨益。此外，了解古希腊神话故事和古希腊悲剧也很有必要。这些背景知识不仅能帮助我们理解亚里士多德的修辞学，而且有助于我们更好地把握西方文化的源流和脉络。

3．结语

亚里士多德虽然生活在两千多年前，但所幸透过他的文字，我们仍然能够捕捉到他的理性、坦诚、博学和睿智。本书虽然探讨的是修辞学理论，但亚里士多德在介绍演讲的各个部目时，涉及了许多普世话题，不需要高深的知识就能看懂；仔细阅读，还会发现其中很多内容能让人会心一笑，甚至忍俊不禁。

比如，千百年来，人们都在追求幸福，然而幸福之于每个人究竟意味着什么，则众说纷纭，莫衷一是。亚里士多德开列的幸福的必备要素是这样的：

高贵的出身、众多的朋友、知己、财富、优秀的子嗣、众多的子嗣和安乐的晚年；还包括身体方面的优点，比如健康、美貌、力量、身材和体育竞技素质，此外还有好名声、荣誉、好运气和美德。（第一卷第五章）

逐一审视，我们会发现这个概括实在是太精妙了。又比如，亚里士多德认为表扬和劝告彼此相通，劝告的事情在措辞上稍作修改即可成为赞颂之词。例如，“人不应该以运气所赐自居，而应以自身努力所获为荣”，若这样表达，就有劝谏之意；但若改为“他不以运气所赐自居，而以自身努力所获为荣”，就成了表扬。亚里士多德建议：“如果你想进行表扬，不妨先看看你会劝谏的事情；如果你想提出忠告，不妨先看看你会表扬的事情。”（第一卷第九章）这样的世事洞明和人情练达，以这样客观平和的方式陈述出来，实在叫人感叹不已。

亚里士多德应该是个极理性的人，但他对爱的理解却入木三分。探讨愉悦时，他提到了热恋之人的心态：

……正因如此，虽然爱人不在是痛苦的，但是甚至在悲恸和哀伤中也有一点快乐的成分；因为痛苦是由于爱人不在，但在回忆起［爱人］时，在恍如爱人就在眼前、他的举止和品貌历历在目时，是有一种快乐的。（第一卷第十一章）

对这样明察秋毫的智者，爱会不会无处遁形、无由产生？

两千多年前的亚里士多德在没有任何科技手段辅助的情况下，仅凭一双慧眼，便能将世间万象看得如此透彻，直接洞穿人心。两千多年过去了，我们进化得更好、更聪明了吗？这是我们在翻译过程中常常忍不住扪心自问的问题。

2010年初夏我们开始本书的翻译，2010年11月28日正式提交译稿，半年多的心血和汗水，甘苦自知。在翻译过程中，三位译者既有明确的分工，但更多的是坦诚和无私的合作，每一章译稿都经过三位译者的多轮校对。高秀平负责翻译卷一第一至第三、第十至第十五章、卷二第七至第二十二章和卷三第一至第十章；王强负责翻译卷一第四至第九章、卷二第一至第六、第二十三至第二十六章和卷三第十一至第十九章；蓝纯全程参与各章翻译，并负责全书的审校和统稿。因水平有限，译稿肯定会有很多错谬，在此我们恳请读者指正。希望我们的努力没有太过辱没亚里士多德的睿智，也希望我们的译文能让您的阅读不至太过辛苦。

译者

2011年春

注释

1 参考Barnes, Jonathan. 1982. *Aristotle*. Oxford: Oxford University Press，pp. 1-3.

2 参考Aristotle. 2007. *On Rhetoric: A Theory of Civic Discourse* (George Kennedy, Trans). New York: Oxford University Press, pp. x-xi.

3 转引自胡曙中，2007，《现代英语修辞学》［M］。上海：上海外语教育出版社，第427页。

4 参考蓝纯，2010，《修辞学：理论与实践》［M］。北京：外语教学与研究出版社，第39页。

5 Aristotle. 2007. *On Rhetoric: A Theory of Civic Discourse* (George Kennedy, Trans). New York: Oxford University Press.

6 亚里士多德，2005，《修辞学》［M］，罗念生译。上海：上海人民出版社。

BOOK I

CHAPTER 1

Rhetoric is a counterpart of Dialectic; for both have to do with matters that are in a manner within the cognizance of all men and not confined to any special science. Hence all men in a manner have a share of both; for all, up to a certain point, endeavor to criticize or uphold an argument, to defend themselves or to accuse. Now, the majority of people do this either at random or with a familiarity arising from habit. But since both these ways are possible, it is clear that matters can be reduced to a system, for it is possible to examine the reason why some attain their end by familiarity and others by chance; and such an examination all would at once admit to be the function of an art.

Now, previous compilers of "Arts" of Rhetoric[1] have provided us with only a small portion of this art, for proofs are the only things in it that come within the province of art; everything else is merely an accessory. And yet they say nothing about enthymemes which are the body of proof, but chiefly devote their attention to matters outside the subject; for the arousing of prejudice, compassion, anger, and similar emotions has no connection with the matter in hand,[2] but is directed only to the dicast[3]. The result would be that, if all trials were now carried on as they are in some States, especially those that are well administered, there would be nothing left for the rhetorician to say. For all men either think that all the laws ought so to prescribe, or in fact carry out the principle and forbid speaking outside the subject, as in the court of Areopagus[4], and in this they are right. For it is wrong to warp the dicast's feelings, to arouse him to anger, jealousy or compassion, which would be like making the rule crooked which one intended to use. Further, it is evident that the only business of the litigant is to prove that the fact in question is or is not so, that it has happened or not; whether it is important or unimportant, just or unjust, in all cases in which the legislator has not laid down a ruling,

is a matter for the dicast himself to decide; it is not the business of the litigants to instruct him.

First of all, therefore, it is proper that laws, properly enacted, should themselves define the issue of all cases as far as possible, and leave as little as possible to the discretion of the judges; in the first place, because it is easier to find one or a few men of good sense, capable of framing laws and pronouncing judgments, than a large number; secondly, legislation is the result of long consideration, whereas judgments are delivered on the spur of the moment, so that it is difficult for the judges properly to decide questions of justice or expediency. But what is most important of all is that the judgment of the legislator does not apply to a particular case, but is universal and applies to the future, whereas the member of the public assembly and the dicast have to decide present and definite issues, and in their case love, hate, or personal interest is often involved, so that they are no longer capable of discerning the truth adequately, their judgment being obscured by their own pleasure or pain.

All other cases, as we have just said, should be left to the authority of the judge as seldom as possible, except where it is a question of a thing having happened or not, of its going to happen or not, of being or not being so; this must be left to the discretion of the judges, for it is impossible for the legislator to foresee such questions. If this is so, it is obvious that all those who definitely lay down, for instance, what should be the contents of the exordium or the narrative, or of the other parts of the discourse, are bringing under the rules of art what is outside the subject; for the only thing to which their attention is devoted is how to put the judge into a certain frame of mind. They give no account of the artificial proofs, which make a man a master of rhetorical argument.

Hence, although the method of deliberative and forensic Rhetoric is the same, and although the pursuit of the former is nobler and more worthy of a statesman than that of the latter, which is limited to transactions between private citizens, they say nothing about the

former, but without exception endeavor to bring forensic speaking under the rules of art. The reason of this is that in public speaking it is less worthwhile to talk of what is outside the subject, and that deliberative oratory lends itself to trickery less than forensic, because it is of more general interest. For in the assembly the judges decide upon their own affairs, so that the only thing necessary is to prove the truth of the statement of one who recommends a measure, but in the law courts this is not sufficient; there it is useful to win over the hearers, for the decision concerns other interests than those of the judges, who, having only themselves to consider and listening merely for their own pleasure, surrender to the pleaders but do not give a real decision. That is why, as I have said before, in many places the law prohibits speaking outside the subject in the law courts, whereas in the assembly the judges themselves take adequate precautions against this.

It is obvious, therefore, that a system arranged according to the rules of art is only concerned with proofs; that proof is a sort of demonstration, since we are most strongly convinced when we suppose anything to have been demonstrated; that rhetorical demonstration is an enthymeme, which, generally speaking, is the strongest of rhetorical proofs and lastly, that the enthymeme is a kind of syllogism. Now, as it is the function of Dialectic as a whole, or of one of its parts, to consider every kind of syllogism in a similar manner, it is clear that he who is most capable of examining the matter and forms of a syllogism will be in the highest degree a master of rhetorical argument, if to this he adds a knowledge of the subjects with which enthymemes deal and the differences between them and logical syllogisms. For, in fact, the true and that which resembles it come under the purview of the same faculty, and at the same time men have a sufficient natural capacity for the truth and indeed in most cases attain to it; wherefore one who divines well in regard to the truth will also be able to divine well in regard to probabilities.

It is clear, then, that all other rhetoricians bring under the rules of art

what is outside the subject, and have rather inclined to the forensic branch of oratory. Nevertheless, Rhetoric is useful, because the true and the just are naturally superior to their opposites, so that, if decisions are improperly made, they must owe their defeat to their own advocates; which is reprehensible. Further, in dealing with certain persons, even if we possessed the most accurate scientific knowledge, we should not find it easy to persuade them by the employment of such knowledge. For scientific discourse is concerned with instruction, but in the case of such persons instruction is impossible; our proofs and arguments must rest on generally accepted principles, as we said in the *Topics*[5], when speaking of converse with the multitude. Further, the orator should be able to prove opposites, as in logical arguments; not that we should do both [for one ought not to persuade people to do what is wrong], but that the real state of the case may not escape us, and that we ourselves may be able to counteract false arguments, if another makes an unfair use of them. Rhetoric and Dialectic alone of all the arts prove opposites; for both are equally concerned with them. However, it is not the same with the subject matter, but, generally speaking, that which is true and better is naturally always easier to prove and more likely to persuade. Besides, it would be absurd if it were considered disgraceful not to be able to defend oneself with the help of the body, but not disgraceful as far as speech is concerned, whose use is more characteristic of man than that of the body. If it is argued that one who makes an unfair use of such faculty of speech may do a great deal of harm, this objection applies equally to all good things except virtue, and above all to those things which are most useful, such as strength, health, wealth, generalship; for as these, rightly used, may be of the greatest benefit, so, wrongly used, they may do an equal amount of harm.

It is thus evident that Rhetoric does not deal with any one definite class of subjects, but, like Dialectic, [is of general application]; also, that it is useful; and further, that its function is not so much to persuade, as to find out in each case the existing means of persuasion.

The same holds good in respect to all the other arts. For instance, it is not the function of medicine to restore a patient to health, but only to promote this end as far as possible; for even those whose recovery is impossible may be properly treated. It is further evident that it belongs to Rhetoric to discover the real and apparent means of persuasion, just as it belongs to Dialectic to discover the real and apparent syllogism. For what makes the sophist is not the faculty but the moral purpose. But there is a difference: in Rhetoric, one who acts in accordance with sound argument, and one who acts in accordance with moral purpose, are both called rhetoricians; but in Dialectic it is the moral purpose that makes the sophist, the dialectician being one whose arguments rest, not on moral purpose but on the faculty.

Let us now endeavor to treat of the method itself, to see how and by what means we shall be able to attain our objects. And so let us as it were start again, and having defined Rhetoric anew, pass on to the remainder of the subject.

第一卷

第一章

修辞学与辩证法相对应，因为二者均探讨所有人都或多或少能够理解的事物，而不局限于任何具体学科。可以说所有人都或多或少地拥有这两种技艺，因为在一定程度上所有人都会力图批判或支持某个观点，捍卫自己或攻击他人。大多数人做这些事情的时候，要么随机为之，要么凭借熟能生巧。但是，既然这两种方式都有可能，那么我们显然可以将其纳入一个体系，因为我们可以探究为什么有的人因驾轻就熟而达成演讲目的，有的人则依靠运气。大家应该都会即刻同意，这种探究正是一门艺术的功能。

以前的修辞学“技艺”的编纂者们只给我们提供了这门艺术的一小部分，须知证明才是这门艺术唯一的核心内容，其他仅能算作附属品。但是，这些编纂者却完全忽视了作为证明的主体的修辞式推理，而把主要精力放在非核心内容上；须知激发偏见、怜悯、愤怒及类似情感的做法与正在讨论的案情毫无关系，只是指向法官的一种诉求［，而这恰恰是这些编撰者关注的内容］。结果就是，如果所有庭审都按照现在某些城邦——尤其是那些管理比较规范的城邦——的做法来执行的话，那么修辞学家就无话可说了。须知人们要么认为所有法律就应该制定这样的原则，要么已经实施了这一原则，在法庭上禁止谈论与主题无关的内容，如雅典最高法院所做的那样。在这一点上他们是对的。须知影响法官的情感，激发他的愤怒、嫉妒和怜悯都是错谬的。这种行为如同扭曲人们意欲用来度量的尺子一样。再者，诉讼当事人所要做的显然只是证明所诉事情是否属实以及是否已经发生。至于所诉之事是重要还是不重要，是正义还是不正义，只要立法者没有给出详细规定，就必须交由法官自己来决断；诉讼当事人无权教化法官。

如此一来，首要的一点便是，凡妥当拟就的法律条文应该尽可能地明确界定所有案件的事项，尽量减少法官裁决的空间。原因如下：第一，寻找一个或几个审慎精明、善于立法和判断的人容易，而寻找大批此类人员则要困难得多；其次，立法是长时间斟酌的结果，而庭审判决却需要当场做出，因此庭审法官难以正确判断涉及正义或利益的问题。

不过，最重要的原因在于，立法者的决定针对的并非某个具体案例，而是普遍的、未来可能出现的情况；而公共集会成员和法官则需要对面前的具体案例做出裁决，在这种情况下，友爱、仇恨或私利等因素常常掺杂进来，以致集会成员和法官丧失了洞察事实真相的能力，他们的判决也被个人喜乐或痛苦所蒙蔽。

如前所述，除了少数几种情况外，其他全部的案件审理都应该尽可能少地留待法官判决。这几种例外情况是：某事是否曾经发生、将来是否会发生、是否真实等。这些问题必须交由法官来裁决，因为立法者无法对其做出预判。如果确实如此，那么很显然，当人们言之凿凿地规定诸如开场白、叙述或诉讼演讲的其他部分应包括哪些内容的时候，他们其实是在将修辞学主旨之外的东西纳入修辞艺术的体系，因为这些人关心的问题只有一个，即如何给法官限定一个既有的思维框架。他们只字不提属于修辞艺术本身的证明，而恰恰是这些证明可以助人成为修辞辩论的高手。

因此，尽管议政演讲和诉讼演讲的方法一样，尽管从事前者比从事后者更高贵，更应该为从政者所推崇——因为后者仅限于私人间的交易——但是他们［即先前的修辞学著作编纂者］却闭口不提议政演讲，而是无一例外地致力于将诉讼演讲纳入修辞艺术。导致这种现状的原因是，在公开的议政演讲中讨论主题之外的东西不那么值当，而且议政演讲也不像诉讼演讲那样动辄采用欺骗手段，因为议政演讲关注的是更具普遍意义的话题。须知在公共集会中，裁决人是在就关乎自身的事情做出判断，因此唯一需要做的是证明某项措施的动议者其言论的真实性，但在法庭上这是不够的。在法庭上，征服听众往往能够奏效，因为法官裁决的是别人的而非自己的事情，所以他们仅考虑自身利益、凭一己好恶偏听偏信，任由控辩双方摆布，而不是做出真正的裁决。这就是为什么，如我们上文所说，在很多地方，法律明文规定庭审时禁止讨论无关内容，而在公共集会上裁决人自己就会尽力避免这种倾向。

如此一来，有几点就很明显：根据修辞艺术的规则所建立的体系只关注证明；证明是明示的一种，因为当我们感觉某事被明示时，我们会被最有力地说服；修辞明示是一种修辞式推理，这也是一般意义上的最有力的修辞证明；最后，修辞式推理是一种三段论。辩证法无论作为一个整体抑或作为几个部分的整合，其要旨都是用类似的方法来看待任何形式的三段论；与此相类，显然，如果一个人非常善于考察三段论的内

容和形式，并且在此之上又了解修辞式推理所讨论的主题，以及修辞式推理与逻辑三段论的区别，那么他就是最高层次上的修辞辩论高手。须知，事实上，真理和近似真理归属同样的认知机制的范畴；不仅如此，人们还拥有足够的本能辨别真伪，并且在大多数情况下也确实能够把握真相。因此，善于推测真相的人也善于推测各种或然性。

至此，有一点业已说明，即一般的修辞学作者所做的是将修辞学主旨之外的东西纳入修辞艺术的条规，故此这些人更愿意讨论诉讼演说术。无论如何，修辞学是有用的，因为凡真实的和正义的事物相比它们的对立面都具有天然的优势，所以，如果裁决者做出不恰当的判决，那么失败的原因一定在于某议题的动议者；这是应该受到指责的。此外，在有些听众面前，我们即使拥有最精确的科学知识，也不容易运用这些知识去说服他们。须知科学语篇关注的是教化，但在面对这类听众时教化是不可能的；我们必须让我们的证明和论证都建立在为人们所普遍接受的原则之上，这一点我们在《部目篇》中探讨如何与普通听众对话时已经讲过。第三，就像在逻辑论证中一样，演讲者必须能够证明［其论题的］对立面；这并不是说我们应该双管齐下（因为我们不能劝说他人去做错事），而是指我们不应该错过案情的真相，在有人运用错误的论点进行狡辩时我们要能予以反驳。在所有技艺中，唯有辩证法和修辞学会求证论题的对立面，因为它们对论题的对立面给予同等的关注。不过，主题本身却并非如此［即不偏不倚地支持论题及其对立面］；但是，一般而言，真实的事情和更好的事情本身总是［比其对立面］更容易被证明，也更容易被人相信。第四，如果一个人无力用身体保护自己被视为耻辱，而无法用言语来为自己辩护却被视为正常，这该是多么荒谬的事情，因为诉诸语言比诉诸蛮力更能体现人之为人的根本。有人可能会对此提出异议，认为以不正当的方式诉诸语言会造成巨大的危害，但是，这种指责同样适用于除美德以外的所有美好事物，尤其适用于那些最有用的事物，比如，力量、健康、财富和将才。正如正确地使用这些禀赋可以带来最大的益处一样，错误地使用它们也可能带来同样大的害处。

综上可见，修辞学并不局限于某一类确定的主题，而是和辩证法一样（具有普遍性）；而且，修辞学是一门有用的学问。此外，修辞学的要旨主要不在于劝说本身，而在于在每一个特定场合挖掘现存的劝说方式。这一点也适用于其他所有技艺。比如，医术的要旨不是让一个病人

恢复健康，而是帮助人在健康之路上走得尽可能远；须知即使是那些没有康复可能的人也可以得到合适的治疗。此外还有一点不言自明，即发现真实的和貌似的劝说方法也是修辞学的职责，正如发现真实的和貌似的三段论是辩证法的职责一样。须知让一个人变成“诡辩者”的不是他的认知能力，而是他的道德目的。但是，二者也有区别：对修辞学来说，依据确凿的论证来行事和依据道德企图来行事的人都可以被称为“修辞者”；但对于辩证法而言，一个人成为“诡辩者”是因为他有某种道德企图，“辩证法学者”则单指那些将论证建立在认知能力而非道德企图之上的人。

接下来，我们将尝试研究修辞方法本身，看看如何能够以及以何种方式能够实现我们的目标。上文重新定义了修辞学，下面让我们从头开始，讨论修辞学的其他内容。

CHAPTER 2

Rhetoric then may be defined as the faculty of discovering the possible means of persuasion in reference to any subject whatever. This is the function of no other of the arts, each of which is able to instruct and persuade in its own special subject; thus, medicine deals with health and sickness, geometry with the properties of magnitudes, arithmetic with number, and similarly with all the other arts and sciences. But Rhetoric, so to say, appears to be able to discover the means of persuasion in reference to any given subject. That is why we say that as an art its rules are not applied to any particular definite class of things.

As for proofs, some are artificial, others inartificial. By the latter I understand all those which have not been furnished by ourselves but were already in existence, such as witnesses, tortures, contracts, and the like; by the former, all that can be constructed by system and by our own efforts. Thus we have only to make use of the latter, whereas we must invent the former.

Now the proofs furnished by the speech are of three kinds. The first depends upon the moral character of the speaker, the second upon putting the hearer into a certain frame of mind, the third upon the speech itself, in so far as it proves or seems to prove.

The orator persuades by moral character when his speech is delivered in such a manner as to render him worthy of confidence; for we feel confidence in a greater degree and more readily in persons of worth in regard to everything in general, but where there is no certainty and there is room for doubt, our confidence is absolute. But this confidence must be due to the speech itself, not to any preconceived idea of the speaker's character; for it is not the case, as some writers of rhetorical treatises lay down in their "Art," that the worth of the orator in no way contributes to his powers of persuasion; on the contrary, moral character, so to say, constitutes the most effective means of

proof. The orator persuades by means of his hearers, when they are roused to emotion by his speech; for the judgments we deliver are not the same when we are influenced by joy or sorrow, love or hate; and it is to this alone that, as we have said, the present-day writers of treatises endeavor to devote their attention. [We will discuss these matters in detail when we come to speak of the emotions.[6]] Lastly, persuasion is produced by the speech itself, when we establish the true or apparently true from the means of persuasion applicable to each individual subject.

Now, since proofs are effected by these means, it is evident that, to be able to grasp them, a man must be capable of logical reasoning, of studying characters and the virtues, and thirdly the emotions—the nature and character of each, its origin, and the manner in which it is produced. Thus it appears that Rhetoric is as it were an offshoot of Dialectic and of the science of Ethics, which may be reasonably called Politics. That is why Rhetoric assumes the character of Politics, and those who claim to possess it, partly from ignorance, partly from boastfulness, and partly from other human weaknesses, do the same. For, as we said at the outset, Rhetoric is a sort of division or likeness of Dialectic, since neither of them is a science that deals with the nature of any definite subject, but they are merely faculties of furnishing arguments. We have now said nearly enough about the faculties of these arts and their mutual relations.

But for purposes of demonstration, real or apparent, just as Dialectic possesses two modes of argument, induction and the syllogism, real or apparent, the same is the case in Rhetoric; for the example is induction, and the enthymeme a syllogism, and the apparent enthymeme an apparent syllogism. Accordingly I call an enthymeme a rhetorical syllogism, and an example rhetorical induction. Now all orators produce belief by employing as proofs either examples or enthymemes and nothing else; so that if, generally speaking, it is necessary to prove any fact whatever either by syllogism or by induction—and that this is so is clear from the *Analytics*[7]—each of the

two former must be identical with each of the two latter. The difference between example and enthymeme is evident from the *Topics*, where, in discussing syllogism and induction, it has previously been said that the proof from a number of particular cases that such is the rule, is called in Dialectic induction, in Rhetoric example; but when, certain things being posited, something different results by reason of them, alongside of them, from their being true, either universally or in most cases, such a conclusion in Dialectic is called a syllogism, in Rhetoric an enthymeme.

It is evident that Rhetoric enjoys both these advantages—for what has been said in the *Methodica*[8] holds good also in this case—for rhetorical speeches are sometimes characterized by examples and sometimes by enthymemes, and orators themselves may be similarly distinguished by their fondness for one or the other. Now arguments that depend on examples are not less calculated to persuade, but those which depend upon enthymemes meet with greater approval. Their origin and the way in which each should be used will be discussed later;[9] for the moment let us define more clearly these proofs themselves.

Now, that which is persuasive is persuasive in reference to some one, and is persuasive and convincing either at once and in and by itself, or because it appears to be proved by propositions that are convincing; further, no art has the particular in view, medicine for instance what is good for Socrates or Callias, but what is good for this or that class of persons [for this is a matter that comes within the province of an art, whereas the particular is infinite and cannot be the subject of a true science]; similarly, therefore, Rhetoric will not consider what seems probable in each individual case, for instance to Socrates or Hippias, but that which seems probable to this or that class of persons. It is the same with Dialectic, which does not draw conclusions from any random premises—for even madmen have some fancies—but it takes its material from subjects which demand reasoned discussion, as Rhetoric does from those which are common subjects of deliberation.

The function of Rhetoric, then, is to deal with things about which we

deliberate, but for which we have no systematic rules; and in the presence of such hearers as are unable to take a general view of many stages, or to follow a lengthy chain of argument. But we only deliberate about things which seem to admit of issuing in two ways; as for those things which cannot in the past, present, or future be otherwise, no one deliberates about them, if he supposes that they are such; for nothing would be gained by it. Now, it is possible to draw conclusions and inferences partly from what has been previously demonstrated syllogistically, partly from what has not, which however needs demonstration, because it is not probable. The first of these methods is necessarily difficult to follow owing to its length, for the judge is supposed to be a simple person; the second will obtain little credence, because it does not depend upon what is either admitted or probable. The necessary result then is that the enthymeme and the example are concerned with things which may, generally speaking, be other than they are, the example being a kind of induction and the enthymeme a kind of syllogism, and deduced from few premises, often from fewer than the regular syllogism; for if any one of these is well known, there is no need to mention it, for the hearer can add it himself. For instance, to prove that Dorieus was the victor in a contest at which the prize was a crown, it is enough to say that he won a victory at the Olympic games; there is no need to add that the prize at the Olympic games is a crown, for everybody knows it.

But since few of the propositions of the rhetorical syllogism are necessary, for most of the things which we judge and examine can be other than they are, human actions, which are the subject of our deliberation and examination, being all of such a character and, generally speaking, none of them necessary; since, further, facts which only generally happen or are merely possible can only be demonstrated by other facts of the same kind, and necessary facts by necessary propositions [and that this is so is clear from the *Analytics*], it is evident that the materials from which enthymemes are derived will be sometimes necessary, but for the most part only generally true;

and these materials being probabilities and signs, it follows that these two elements must correspond to these two kinds of propositions, each to each. For that which is probable is that which generally happens, not however unreservedly, as some define it, but that which is concerned with things that may be other than they are, being so related to that in regard to which it is probable as the universal to the particular. As to signs, some are related as the particular to the universal, others as the universal to the particular. Necessary signs are called tekmeria; those which are not necessary have no distinguishing name. I call those necessary signs from which a logical syllogism can be constructed, wherefore such a sign is called tekmērion; for when people think that their arguments are irrefutable, they think that they are bringing forward a tekmērion, something as it were proved and concluded; for in the old language tekmar and peras have the same meaning [limit, conclusion].

Among signs, some are related as the particular to the universal; for instance, if one were to say that all wise men are just, because Socrates was both wise and just. Now this is a sign, but even though the particular statement is true, it can be refuted, because it cannot be reduced to syllogistic form. But if one were to say that it is a sign that a man is ill, because he has a fever, or that a woman has had a child because she has milk, this is a necessary sign. This alone among signs is a tekmērion; for only in this case, if the fact is true, is the argument irrefutable. Other signs are related as the universal to the particular, for instance, if one were to say that it is a sign that this man has a fever, because he breathes hard; but even if the fact be true, this argument also can be refuted, for it is possible for a man to breathe hard without having a fever. We have now explained the meaning of probable, sign, and necessary sign, and the difference between them; in the *Analytics* we have defined them more clearly and stated why some of them can be converted into logical syllogisms, while others cannot.

We have said that example is a kind of induction and with what kind

of material it deals by way of induction. It is neither the relation of part to whole, nor of whole to part, nor of one whole to another whole, but of part to part, of like to like, when both come under the same genus, but one of them is better known than the other. For example, to prove that Dionysius is aiming at a tyranny, because he asks for a bodyguard, one might say that Pisistratus before him and Theagenes of Megara did the same, and when they obtained what they asked for made themselves tyrants. All the other tyrants known may serve as an example of Dionysius, whose reason, however, for asking for a bodyguard we do not yet know. All these examples are contained under the same universal proposition, that one who is aiming at a tyranny asks for a bodyguard.

We have now stated the materials of proofs which are thought to be demonstrative. But a very great difference between enthymemes has escaped the notice of nearly every one, although it also exists in the dialectical method of syllogisms. For some of them belong to Rhetoric, some syllogisms only to Dialectic, and others to other arts and faculties, some already existing and others not yet established. Hence it is that this escapes the notice of the speakers, and the more they specialize in a subject, the more they transgress the limits of Rhetoric and Dialectic. But this will be clearer if stated at greater length.

I mean by dialectical and rhetorical syllogisms those which are concerned with what we call "topics," which may be applied alike to Law, Physics, Politics, and many other sciences that differ in kind, such as the topic of the more or less[10], which will furnish syllogisms and enthymemes equally well for Law, Physics, or any other science whatever, although these subjects differ in kind. Specific topics on the other hand are derived from propositions which are peculiar to each species or genus of things; there are, for example, propositions about Physics which can furnish neither enthymemes nor syllogisms about Ethics, and there are propositions concerned with Ethics which will be useless for furnishing conclusions about Physics; and the same holds good in all cases. The first kind of topics will not make a man

practically wise about any particular class of things, because they do not deal with any particular subject matter; but as to the specific topics, the happier a man is in his choice of propositions, the more he will unconsciously produce a science quite different from Dialectic and Rhetoric. For if once he hits upon first principles, it will no longer be Dialectic or Rhetoric, but that science whose principles he has arrived at. Most enthymemes are constructed from these specific topics, which are called particular and special, fewer from those that are common or universal. As then we have done in the *Topics*, so here we must distinguish the specific and universal topics, from which enthymemes may be constructed. By specific topics I mean the propositions peculiar to each class of things, by universal those common to all alike. Let us then first speak of the specific topics, but before doing so let us ascertain the different kinds of Rhetoric, so that, having determined their number, we may separately ascertain their elements and propositions.

第二章

故此，修辞可被定义为针对任何主题找出可能的劝说方法的能力。其他任何一门技艺都不具备这种功能，而只能够针对各自的专有主题进行教导和劝说；比如，医学探讨健康和疾病，几何学探讨大小的特征，算术探讨数字，所有其他技艺或学科都是如此。但是修辞学则不同，可以说，它几乎能够针对任一既定主题找到劝说方法。正因如此，我们说，作为一种技艺，修辞学的规则不针对任何一种具体的、确定的事物类别。

至于证明，有些是属于修辞艺术本身的，有些则不属于修辞艺术本身。我将后者理解为非由我们提供的、业已存在的证据，如证人、刑讯、契约及类似证据；而将前者理解为可以根据修辞体系或靠我们自身的努力制造出来的证据。因此，对于后者，我们只需要拿来使用；而对于前者，我们却必须将其谋划出来。

通过演说完成的证明分为三种。第一种取决于演讲者的道德品格，第二种取决于把听者带入一种思维定式，第三种取决于演说本身，如果一个演说的确证明了或似乎证明了什么的话。

当演说者的演说方式能够为他赢得信任，他就是在利用道德品格进行劝说，因为总体说来，在任何事情上我们都是在更大程度上并且更愿意相信品格高尚的人；在没有确定性或有理由存疑的情况下，我们对这样的演说者的信任更是绝对的。不过，这种信任应该来自演说本身，而不是对演讲者品格的臆测；须知事实并不像有些修辞学作者在其“修辞艺术论”中所声称的那样，说什么演说者的品德无助于他的说服力；恰恰相反，道德品格可以说算得上是最有效的证明手段。当演说者借助演说激发听众的情感，他就是在利用听众进行劝说；须知当我们受喜悦或悲伤、友爱或仇恨等情绪影响时，会做出不同的判断；如前所述，这是现今一些修辞学作者所关注的唯一内容。（在后文讨论情感时我们将详细探讨这些内容。）最后，如果我们利用适合各个特定主题的劝说方法来证明某事为真或貌似为真，我们就是在利用演说本身进行说服。

既然证明是通过这些手段［即道德品格、听众情感和演说本身］来实现的，那么很明显，要想掌握它们，演说者必须长于进行逻辑推理，长于分析人的性格和品德，还有［长于分析人的］情感，包括每种情感

的性质和特点、起源以及产生的方式。如此一来，修辞学似乎成了辩证法和伦理学的分支，在一定程度上似乎也可以被称为政治学。正因如此，修辞学具有政治学的特征。那些部分出于无知、部分出于傲慢、部分出于其他的人性弱点而宣称拥有修辞能力的人，也是如此。如我们在本书开篇所言，修辞学在一定程度上是辩证法的分支或类似物，因为二者都不是探讨某个特定主题的性质的学科，而只涉及实施论证的能力。至此，对于这两种技艺所涉及的能力及它们之间的关系，我们已经说得够多了。

不过正如辩证法拥有两种论证方式，即归纳法和三段论，包括真实的和貌似真实的，修辞学为了进行真实的或貌似真实的证明，情况也是如此：修辞学的例证法就是一种归纳，修辞式推理就是一种三段论，貌似的修辞式推理就是貌似的三段论。因此，我把修辞式推理叫做修辞式三段论，把例证叫做修辞式归纳。为了让听众产生信任，所有的演说者采用的证据不外乎例证和修辞式推理，此外再无其他。因此，一般说来，如果需要使用三段论或者归纳法证明某事——事实也的确如此，对此《分析篇》中有明确论述——那么前两者一定要与后两者一一对应。例证与修辞式推理之间的差异在《部目篇》中已有明确论述。在探讨三段论和归纳法时，《部目篇》曾提到，用多个具体事例进行证明得出一个一般规律，这在辩证法中叫做归纳，在修辞学中叫做例证；但是，在前提预设的情况下，通过对前提的推理，从前提的普遍真实性或大多数情况下的真实性产生出一个和前提并行的不同前提的结论，这在辩证法中叫做三段论，在修辞学中叫做修辞式推理。

很明显，修辞学可以同时享有上述两种方法带来的便利——《方法篇》中的有关论述同样适用于此——须知修辞演说有时多用例证，有时多用修辞式推理；同样，演说者也因对两者的不同偏好而具有各自的特点。虽然依赖例证的论证其说服力并不逊于依赖修辞式推理的论证，但是后者更受欢迎。这两种论证的起源及使用方法将在下文讨论；现在，让我们先更加明确地定义上述几种证明。

一个观点有说服力是针对某人而言的，其说服力和信度要么是即时的、固有的，要么是由于貌似被可信的命题所证明；进一步说，没有一种技艺关注个别的事物，比如医术研究的不是什么东西对苏格拉底或者卡利阿斯的健康有益，而是什么东西对某一类人的健康有益（因为这才属于一门技艺所研究的范围，而个别的事物是无限的，不能成为一门真

正的科学所关注的主题）；因此，与此相似，修辞学也不研究针对每个具体案例的可能的劝说方式，比如针对苏格拉底或希庇亚斯的劝说方式，而是研究针对某一类人的可能的劝说方式。辩证法也一样。它不会根据任意的散乱前提得出结论——须知即使疯子也有一定的想象力——它从需要理性探讨的主题中取材，就像修辞学从人们探讨的普通主题中取材一样。

所以，修辞学的功能是研究那些我们会反复思量但尚未掌握系统规律的事物，［以及如何说服］那些无法从整体上把握多个步骤或者无法听懂一长串论证的听众。不过我们只思量那些看起来有两种可能性的事物。至于那些在过去、现在或者将来都不可能两样的事物，没有人会去费心考量——只要他认定那些事物就是如此——因为这样的思量毫无益处。做出结论和推断可以部分根据业已被三段论法证明的命题，也可以部分根据尚未被三段论法证明的命题，不过后一种［命题］因为一般不被人相信，仍然需要证明。第一种方法由于过于冗长，必定难以理解，因为裁决者一般是头脑简单的人；第二种方法的可信度很低，因为它不是建立在被大众接受的或可信的命题上。于是，必然的结果是：修辞式推理和例证法关注的是那些一般说来会有另一种状态的事物（例证是一种归纳法，修辞式推理是一种三段论），而且其结论可以从较少的前提（即往往少于典型的三段论的前提）导出，因为如果其中一个前提是众所周知的，那么就无需提及，听者总归会自行加上。比如，为了证明多里欧司赢得了一场以桂冠为奖品的竞赛，只要说他赢得的是一场奥林匹克赛事就够了，不需要补充奥林匹克赛事的奖品是桂冠，因为这是尽人皆知的。

修辞式三段论的前提很少是必然的，须知我们判断和考察的事情大都会有另一种状态；而作为我们思考和研究的主题，人类行为更是普遍具有这种特征——一般说来，没有任何一种人类行为是必然的。此外，一方面，只是经常发生的事情或仅仅具有可能性的事情［即或然的事情］只能通过同类的其他事实［即或然的前提］得以证明；另一方面，必然的事情只能通过必然的前提得以证明（这一点《分析篇》中有明确论述）。从这两点可以显见，产生修辞式推理的材料有时是必然的，但是大多数时候只是通常情况下为真［即是或然的］。既然这些材料皆为或然之事和证据，可以推知，它们应该与［或然和必然的］两种前提一一对应。或然之事就是那些经常发生的事，但并非像某些人定义的那样

无条件发生，而是指那些可能具有另一种状态的事物，该事物对于另一事物而言是或然的，它们之间的关系恰似一般与个别之间的关系。至于证据［与其所证明的论点之间的关系］，有些是个别与一般的关系，另一些则是一般与个别的关系。必然的证据叫做tekmeria，非必然的证据没有专属名称。我把那些可以用于构建逻辑三段论的证据叫做必然证据，因此这种证据又被称作tekmērion。因为当人们认为自己的论点无可辩驳时，就会认定自己搬出的是一个tekmērion，也就是一个已被证明且有了定论的证据。须知在从前的语言里tekmar和peras意思相同（都表示“限制、结论”之义）。

在各种证据中，有的与论点的关系恰如个别与一般的关系。比如，有人可能会说“所有智慧之人都是正义的，因为苏格拉底就是既智慧又正义的”。这里苏格拉底的确构成一个证据，但是即使上述个别断言为真，它仍然可以被驳倒，因为它无法以三段论的形式呈现。但是，如果有人说“一个人生病了，证据是他发烧了”，或者“一个女人有孩子，证据是她有奶水”，这就是必然的证据。在各种证据中，只有这类证据才是tekmērion；因为只有在这种情况下，如果作为证据的事实为真，则其论点不可辩驳。其他证据与论点的关系则如同一般与个别的关系。比如，有人可能会说“这个人发烧，证据是他呼吸困难”。但是即使这个事实［即这个人发烧］为真，该论点还是可以驳倒的，因为一个人呼吸困难时可能并不发烧。至此，我们已经解释了或然性、证据和必然证据的含义以及它们之间的区别；《分析篇》对此给过更清晰的定义，并解释了为什么有些证据可以转化为逻辑三段论，有些却不可以。

上文已经说过，例证是一种归纳，并介绍了例证法在进行归纳时所使用的材料。例证与论点之间既不是部分与整体的关系，也不是整体与部分的关系，也不是一个整体与另一个整体的关系，而是部分与部分的关系，是同类事物之间的关系；两者属于同一类别，但其中一个比另一个更为人们所熟知。比如，为了证明［叙拉古僭主］狄奥尼西奥斯企图专权，因为他要求贴身护卫，我们可以说“在他之前［雅典］的庇西特拉图以及麦加拉城的特埃吉尼斯都有过同样的要求，并且二人在获得贴身护卫后都成为了暴君”。其他有名的暴君也可以用作狄奥尼西奥斯一案的例证，尽管我们尚不知道狄奥尼西奥斯索要贴身护卫的真实原因。所有这些例证都属于同一个全称命题，即：力图专权者都索要贴身护卫。

至此，我们探讨了被认为可以用于证明的论证材料。但是，大家几

乎全都忽视了不同的修辞式推理之间的一个重要区别，尽管这一区别在辩证法形式的三段论中也存在。须知有些修辞式推理属于修辞学，有些三段论则只属于辩证法，还有一些属于其他的技艺和能力，其中有些已经存在，有些尚未建立。这便是为演说者所忽视的一点，而且他们越是专于某一学科，就越容易脱离修辞学和辩证法的边界。稍作铺陈就会使这一点更加明了。

我所说的辩证法和修辞学的三段论指的是那些与我们称作“部目”的事物有关的论证，适用于法律、物理、政治学以及其他不同类别的学科；例如，比较部目在法律、物理或其他任何学科中都可以很好地用于制造三段论和修辞式推理，尽管这些学科属于不同类别。相反，专用部目则来自那些只适用于某一事物类别的命题，比如，物理学的命题就无法用于制造关于伦理学的修辞式推理或三段论；同样，伦理学的命题也无法用于得出物理学的结论；所有其他学科皆如此。第一类部目无法帮助人们在实践中精通任何一类具体的事物，因为它们并不涉及任何具体学科；专用部目则不同，一个人越擅长自己所选的命题，就越容易不知不觉地炮制出一个迥异于辩证法和修辞学的学科。因为一旦他触及一些基本原则，他所探讨的就不再是辩证法或修辞学，而是他所悟出的那些原则所属的学科。大多数修辞式推理都是基于这些被视为“具体的”或“专属的”专用部目所构建的，基于通用的或普遍的部目构建的修辞式推理则相对较少。正如我们在《部目篇》中所做的那样，这里我们也应该区分可以用于构建修辞式推理的专用部目和普遍部目。所谓专用部目，我指的是专属于某一类事物的命题；普遍部目则是指适用于所有类别事物的命题。我们不妨首先探讨专用部目，不过在进入正题之前，我们需要明确不同类型的修辞，这样，在确定了修辞的种类之后，我们才好分别确定它们各自的要素和命题。

CHAPTER 3

The kinds of Rhetoric are three in number, corresponding to the three kinds of hearers. For every speech is composed of three parts: the speaker, the subject of which he treats, and the person to whom it is addressed, I mean the hearer, to whom the end or object of the speech refers. Now the hearer must necessarily be either a mere spectator or a judge, and a judge either of things past or of things to come. For instance, a member of the general assembly is a judge of things to come; the dicast, of things past; the mere spectator, of the ability of the speaker. Therefore there are necessarily three kinds of rhetorical speeches, deliberative, forensic, and epideictic.

The deliberative kind is either hortatory or dissuasive; for both those who give advice in private and those who speak in the assembly invariably either exhort or dissuade. The forensic kind is either accusatory or defensive; for litigants must necessarily either accuse or defend. The epideictic kind has for its subject praise or blame.

Further, to each of these a special time is appropriate: to the deliberative the future, for the speaker, whether he exhorts or dissuades, always advises about things to come; to the forensic the past, for it is always in reference to things done that one party accuses and the other defends; to the epideictic most appropriately the present, for it is the existing condition of things that all those who praise or blame have in view. It is not uncommon, however, for epideictic speakers to avail themselves of other times, of the past by way of recalling it, or of the future by way of anticipating it.

Each of the three kinds has a different special end, and as there are three kinds of Rhetoric, so there are three special ends. The end of the deliberative speaker is the expedient or harmful; for he who exhorts recommends a course of action as better, and he who dissuades advises against it as worse; all other considerations, such as justice and injustice, honor and disgrace, are included as accessory in

reference to this. The end of the forensic speaker is the just or the unjust; in this case also all other considerations are included as accessory. The end of those who praise or blame is the honorable and disgraceful; and they also refer all other considerations to these. A sign that what I have stated is the end which each has in view is the fact that sometimes the speakers will not dispute about the other points. For example, a man on trial does not always deny that an act has been committed or damage inflicted by him, but he will never admit that the act is unjust; for otherwise a trial would be unnecessary. Similarly, the deliberative orator, although he often sacrifices everything else, will never admit that he is recommending what is inexpedient or is dissuading from what is useful; but often he is quite indifferent about showing that the enslavement of neighboring peoples, even if they have done no harm, is not an act of injustice. Similarly, those who praise or blame do not consider whether a man has done what is expedient or harmful, but frequently make it a matter for praise that, disregarding his own interest, he performed some deed of honor. For example, they praise Achilles because he went to the aid of his comrade Patroclus, knowing that he was fated to die, although he might have lived.[11] To him such a death was more honorable, although life was more expedient.

From what has been said it is evident that the orator must first have in readiness the propositions on these three subjects. Now, necessary signs, probabilities, and signs are the propositions of the rhetorician; for the syllogism universally consists of propositions, and the enthymeme is a syllogism composed of the propositions above mentioned. Again, since what is impossible can neither have been done nor will be done, but only what is possible, and since what has not taken place nor will take place can neither have been done nor will be done, it is necessary for each of the three kinds of orators to have in readiness propositions dealing with the possible and the impossible, and as to whether anything has taken place or will take place, or not. Further, since all, whether they praise or blame, exhort

or dissuade, accuse or defend, not only endeavor to prove what we have stated, but also that the same things, whether good or bad, honorable or disgraceful, just or unjust, are great or small, either in themselves or when compared with each other, it is clear that it will be necessary for the orator to be ready with propositions dealing with greatness and smallness and the greater and the less, both universally and in particular; for instance, which is the greater or less good, or act of injustice or justice; and similarly with regard to all other subjects. We have now stated the topics concerning which the orator must provide himself with propositions; after this, we must distinguish between each of them individually, that is, what the three kinds of Rhetoric, deliberative, epideictic, and forensic, are concerned with.

第三章

修辞有三种，分别与三类听众相对应。每一个演说都由三要素构成：演讲者、他所讨论的主题以及他演说的对象，即听众，也即是演说的目的或目标所指。听众要么是一介看客，要么是裁决人，而后者所裁决的要么是过去的事情，要么是将来的事情。比如，公共集会的成员裁决的是将来之事；法官裁决的是既往之事；普通观众裁决的是演说者的能力。与此相应，修辞演说也势必分成三类，即［针对公共集会裁决人的］议政演说、［针对法官的］诉讼演说和［针对普通观众的］宣德演说。

议政演说［的主旨］不外乎劝说和劝阻，须知无论是私下进言者还是集会演说者，其所做的无非是劝说或者劝阻。诉讼演说［的主旨］不外乎指控或辩护，须知诉讼当事人必然要控告对方或者为自己辩护。宣德演说则以赞颂或谴责为其主旨。

进一步而言，三种演说都有各自适宜的特定时间：议政演说面向未来，因为演说者无论是劝说还是劝阻，总是就将要发生的事提出建议；诉讼演说面向过去，因为控辩双方总是就已经发生的事展开控辩；宣德演说最适宜着眼于当前，因为在称赞或者谴责时，演说者关注的总是眼下的状况。不过，宣德演讲者提及其他时段的情况也并不鲜见，比如回顾过去或者预测未来。

三种演说都有各自特殊的目的，而且正如修辞有三种，相应地，演说目的也有三种。议政演讲者的目的是阐明利弊，因为演说者在劝说时会力陈某种行为的好处，在劝阻时则会强调它的坏处；所有其他因素，如正义和非正义、荣誉和耻辱，则作为利弊之外的补充被包括进来。诉讼演讲者的目的是明辨正义或不正义，为此目的，所有其他因素都是次要的。宣德演讲者称赞或指责的目的是明示光荣和耻辱，其他所有因素都以此为参照。有一种现象可以证实以上所言确为每一种演讲的目的，即有时演说者不会就目的之外的其他话题展开争论。比如，被告不一定总是否认他做了某事或造成了伤害，但是他绝不会承认他的行为是不正义的；否则就无需审判了。同样，议政演说者虽然常常在各个方面让步，但却绝不会承认他所建议的事情是无益的，或者他所劝阻的事情是有用的；不过，他一般不屑于证明诸如奴役邻邦人民之类的行为不是非

正义的，即使那些邻邦人民的确无辜。同样，宣德演说者在赞扬或谴责某人时，一般不考虑这个人所做的事是有利还是有害，而是常常称赞他不顾个人利益的高尚行为。比如，他们会赞颂阿喀琉斯，因为他向自己的同伴普特洛克勒斯施以援手，尽管他知道这样做他注定会丧命，而不这样做却可能性命无忧。对阿喀琉斯来说，虽然生更加有利，但是死却无比荣耀。

综上所述，很明显，演说者必须首先熟知与上述三种主题相关的命题。修辞学家使用的命题包括必然的证据、或然之事和［或然的］证据；整体而言，三段论是由命题构成的，而修辞式推理则是由上述三种命题构成的一种三段论。再者，既然不可能之事过去不可能做过，将来也不可能去做（只有可能之事过去可能做过，将来也可能去做）；既然未曾发生且将来也不可能发生之事过去不可能做过，将来也不可能去做；那么上述三种演说者都需要掌握与可能之事和不可能之事相关的命题，与已经发生或将会发生之事相关的命题，以及与未曾发生或将来也不会发生之事相关的命题。另外，无论演说者是称赞还是谴责、劝说还是劝阻、指控还是辩护某事，他们都不仅会努力证明上文所述之观点，而且还会证明其所讨论的事情（无论是好还是坏，是荣耀还是耻辱，是正义还是不正义）本身或彼此之间是大还是小。由此可见，演说者需要掌握与事物的绝对和相对的大和小、较大和较小相关的命题。比如，哪件事的益处大，哪件事的益处小；哪个行为正义，哪个行为不正义；其他所有主题皆如此。至此，我们探讨了演说者应该掌握其相关命题的部目。接下来，我们应该逐个区分这些部目，即探讨议政、宣德和诉讼修辞分别与哪些部目有关。

CHAPTER 4

We must first ascertain about what kind of good or bad things the deliberative orator advises, since he cannot do so about everything, but only about things which may possibly happen or not. Everything which of necessity either is or will be, or which cannot possibly be or come to pass, is outside the scope of deliberation. Indeed, even in the case of things that are possible advice is not universally appropriate; for they include certain advantages, natural and accidental, about which it is not worth while to offer advice. But it is clear that advice is limited to those subjects about which we take counsel; and such are all those which can naturally be referred to ourselves and the first cause of whose origination is in our own power; for our examination is limited to finding out whether such things are possible or impossible for us to perform.

However, there is no need at present to endeavor to enumerate with scrupulous exactness or to classify those subjects which men are wont to discuss, or to define them as far as possible with strict accuracy, since this is not the function of the rhetorical art but of one that is more intelligent and exact, and further, more than its legitimate subjects of inquiry have already been assigned to it. For what we have said before is true: that Rhetoric is composed of analytical science and of that branch of political science which is concerned with Ethics, and that it resembles partly Dialectic and partly sophistical arguments. But in proportion as anyone endeavors to make of Dialectic or Rhetoric, not what they are, faculties, but sciences, to that extent he will, without knowing it, destroy their real nature, in thus altering their character, by crossing over into the domain of sciences, whose subjects are certain definite things, not merely words. Nevertheless, even at present we may mention such matters as it is worthwhile to analyze, while still leaving much for political science to investigate.

Now, we may say that the most important subjects about which all

men deliberate and deliberative orators harangue, are five in number, to wit: ways and means, war and peace, the defence of the country, imports and exports, legislation.

Accordingly, the orator who is going to give advice on ways and means should be acquainted with the nature and extent of the State resources, so that if any is omitted it may be added, and if any is insufficient, it may be increased. Further, he should know all the expenses of the State, that if any is superfluous, it may be removed, or, if too great, may be curtailed. For men become wealthier, not only by adding to what they already possess, but also by cutting down expenses. Of these things it is not only possible to acquire a general view from individual experience, but in view of advising concerning them it is further necessary to be well informed about what has been discovered among others.

In regard to war and peace, the orator should be acquainted with the power of the State, how great it is already and how great it may possibly become; of what kind it is already and what additions may possibly be made to it; further, what wars it has waged and its conduct of them. These things he should be acquainted with, not only as far as his own State is concerned, but also in reference to neighboring States, and particularly those with whom there is a likelihood of war, so that towards the stronger a pacific attitude may be maintained, and in regard to the weaker, the decision as to making war on them may be left to his own State. Again, he should know whether their forces are like or unlike his own, for herein also advantage or disadvantage may lie. With reference to these matters he must also have examined the results, not only of the wars carried on by his own State, but also of those carried on by others; for similar results naturally arise from similar causes.

Again, in regard to the defense of the country, he should not be ignorant of how it is carried on; he should know both the strength of the guard, its character, and the positions of the guard-houses [which is impossible for one who is unacquainted with the country], so that if

any guard is insufficient it may be increased, or if any is superfluous it may be disbanded, and greater attention devoted to suitable positions.

Again, in regard to food, he should know what amount of expenditure is sufficient to support the State; what kind of food is produced at home or can be imported; and what exports and imports are necessary, in order that contracts and agreements may be made with those who can furnish them; for it is necessary to keep the citizens free from reproach in their relations with two classes of people—those who are stronger and those who are useful for commercial purposes.

With a view to the safety of the State, it is necessary that the orator should be able to judge of all these questions, but an understanding of legislation is of special importance, for it is on the laws that the safety of the State is based. Wherefore he must know how many forms of government there are; what is expedient for each; and the natural causes of its downfall, whether they are peculiar to the particular form of government or opposed to it. By being ruined by causes peculiar to itself, I mean that, with the exception of the perfect form of government, all the rest are ruined by being relaxed or strained to excess. Thus democracy, not only when relaxed, but also when strained to excess, becomes weaker and will end in an oligarchy; similarly, not only does an aquiline or snub nose reach the mean, when one of these defects is relaxed, but when it becomes aquiline or snub to excess, it is altered to such an extent that even the likeness of a nose is lost. Moreover, with reference to acts of legislation, it is useful not only to understand what form of government is expedient by judging in the light of the past, but also to become acquainted with those in existence in other nations, and to learn what kinds of government are suitable to what kinds of people. It is clear, therefore, that for legislation books of travel are useful, since they help us to understand the laws of other nations, and for political debates historical works. All these things, however, belong to Politics and not to Rhetoric.

Such, then, are the most important questions upon which the would-

be deliberative orator must be well informed. Now let us again state the sources whence we must derive our arguments for exhortation or discussion on these and other questions.

第四章

首先，我们必须明确议政演说者所游说的好的或坏的事情是什么，因为他无法对所有事物展开游说，而只能就可能发生也可能不发生的事情进言献策。凡是现在／将来一定会存在或现在／将来都不可能存在的事物，均不在议政论辩的范围。事实上，即使对于那些可能的事物，游说也未必普遍适用；须知那些事物包含某些机巧，有天然的，也有偶然的，为此进言殊为不值。显然，游说仅限于我们需要纳谏的话题；这些话题指的是那些自然地归属于我们、且其产生的根本原因也在我们掌控之中的事情；须知我们的考察仅限于探明我们有无可能完成那些事情。

不过，现在还没有必要去精确地列举或者划分人们惯于讨论的话题，也没有必要去极尽严格地为它们下定义，因为这并不是修辞学的功能，而是一种更具智慧也更精确的学科的功能。再说，我们赋予修辞学的探讨内容已经超越了它应有的范围。须知我们先前所述是正确的：修辞学包括分析科学以及政治学中与伦理学有关的分支；修辞学一方面像辩证法，一方面像诡辩术。然而，人们越是企图使辩证法或修辞学成为科学，而不是［保持］它们各自的本来面目，即能力，他们就越有可能在毫不自知的情况下破坏辩证法和修辞学的真实本质，并因此改变它们的性质，跨入科学的范畴；但科学所讨论的话题是具体的事物，而不是单纯的文字。无论如何，让我们现在就提一提各种值得分析的事物，同时将足够多的内容留给政治学去研究。

可以说，所有人讨论的以及所有议政演说者滔滔不绝的最重要的话题不外乎五个，即赋税征收、战争与和平、国防、进出口和立法。

与此相应，意欲就赋税征收进言的演说者就应该熟悉城邦的各种资源的属性和数量。这样，如果某种税赋被遗漏了，则可以添加；如果征收不足，则可以增量。此外，他还应该了解城邦的各项开支。这样，如果某项开支纯属冗余，则可以去掉；如果某项开支太大，则可以削减。须知人之致富，不仅要增加已有的财富，还要削减各项开支。对于上述事情，［演讲者］不仅可以从个人经历中获得一般的认识，而且为了就这些事情进言献策，还有必要充分了解其他人的发现。

关于战争与和平，演说者应该熟悉城邦的国力：现今实力如何，未来实力可能如何；拥有何种兵力，还可能增添什么；以及，迄今已发动

过哪些战争，历次战争有何作为。演说者不仅需要了解自己城邦的情况，而且需要了解各相邻城邦的情况，特别是那些可能与之交战的城邦。这样，面对强国，可以保持和平态势；面对弱国，是否与其交战则可任由己方决定。另外，演说者还需要了解对方军队与己方军队是相同还是相异，因为这里面可能暗含敌我双方的优劣。针对这些问题，演说者还应当研究历次战争的结果，包括自己城邦的和其他城邦的；须知相似的结果往往产生于相似的原因。

再者，关于国防，演讲者不能对防卫的执行一无所知；他应该了解驻军的兵力、特点和驻扎地的位置（对国家［的情况］不熟悉的人，不可能了解这些信息）。这样，如果驻军不足，就可以补足；如果驻军过剩，就可以削减；还可以将更多的关注投入到要塞位置。

再者，关于粮食，演讲者应该了解维持城邦日常供应需要多少［粮食］，哪些粮食种类是国内生产的，哪些可以进口；［还要了解］哪些进口和出口是必须的，以便与各个供货方订立合同和契约；须知［我们］有必要使公民在与两个阶层的人士相处时免受责难——有势力的人和因商业目的而有用的人。

考虑到城邦的安全，演说者必须能够对上述问题做出判断，不过，理解立法程序尤其重要，须知城邦的安全建立在法律的基础之上。因此，演说者必须清楚政府的形式有几种；对每一种［政体］而言什么是有利的；什么因素——无论是专属某种特定的政体的还是与其相对的——会必然导致政府的灭亡。我说的“被自身特有的因素毁灭”指的是，除了完美的政府形式之外，所有其他的政府形式皆毁灭于过度松散或过度严苛。因此，民主［政府］不单是在过度松散时，而且在过度严苛时，都会被削弱并陷入寡头政治；同理，以鹰钩鼻子和塌鼻子为例，不单是在这两个缺陷之一减弱的时候，鼻子的高度会接近平均值，而且在它们各自接近极限时，鼻子的形状都会被扭曲到连鼻子都不像了。再者，关于立法行为，不仅要参照过去来弄清楚什么样的政体是有益的，而且还要熟悉其他国家现存的政体，并了解什么样的政府适合什么样的人民。因此，很显然，对立法而言游记类书籍是很有用的，因为这类书籍能帮助我们理解其他国家的法律；而对政治辩论而言，历史著作是很有用的。不过，这些问题都属于政治学而不是修辞学了。

以上便是未来的议政演说者必须熟知的最重要的议题。接下来，我们将再次说明，对于这些议题及其他议题，我们应该从哪些源泉来提取

进行劝戒或商讨的论点。

CHAPTER 5

Men, individually and in common, nearly all have some aim, in the attainment of which they choose or avoid certain things. This aim, briefly stated, is happiness and its component parts. Therefore, for the sake of illustration, let us ascertain what happiness, generally speaking, is, and what its parts consist in; for all who exhort or dissuade discuss happiness and the things which conduce or are detrimental to it. For one should do the things which procure happiness or one of its parts, or increase instead of diminishing it, and avoid doing those things which destroy or hinder it or bring about what is contrary to it.

Let us then define happiness as well-being combined with virtue, or independence of life, or the life that is most agreeable combined with security, or abundance of possessions and slaves, combined with power to protect and make use of them; for nearly all men admit that one or more of these things constitutes happiness. If, then, such is the nature of happiness, its component parts must necessarily be: noble birth, numerous friends, good friends, wealth, good children, numerous children, a good old age; further, bodily excellences, such as health, beauty, strength, stature, fitness for athletic contests, a good reputation, honor, good luck, virtue. For a man would be entirely independent, provided he possessed all internal and external goods; for there are no others. Internal goods are those of mind and body; external goods are noble birth, friends, wealth, honor. To these we think should be added certain capacities and good luck; for on these conditions life will be perfectly secure. Let us now in the same way define each of these in detail.

Noble birth, in the case of a nation or State, means that its members or inhabitants are sprung from the soil, or of long standing; that its first members were famous as leaders, and that many of their descendants have been famous for qualities that are highly esteemed.

In the case of private individuals, noble birth is derived from either the father or the mother side, and on both sides there must be legitimacy[12]; and, as in the case of a State, it means that its founders were distinguished for virtue, or wealth, or any other of the things that men honor, and that a number of famous persons, both men and women, young and old, belong to the family.

The blessing of good children and numerous children needs little explanation. For the commonwealth it consists in a large number of good young men, good in bodily excellences, such as stature, beauty, strength, fitness for athletic contests; the moral excellences of a young man are self-control and courage. For the individual it consists in a number of good children of his own, both male and female, and such as we have described. Female bodily excellences are beauty and stature, their moral excellences self-control and industrious habits, free from servility. The object of both the individual and of the community should be to secure the existence of each of these qualities in both men and women; for all those States in which the character of women is unsatisfactory, as in Lacedaemon[13], may be considered only half-happy.

Wealth consists in abundance of money, ownership of land and properties, and further of movables, cattle, and slaves, remarkable for number, size, and beauty, if they are all secure, liberal, and useful. Property that is productive is more useful, but that which has enjoyment for its object is more liberal. By productive I mean that which is a source of income, by enjoyable that which offers no advantage beyond the use of it—at least, none worth mentioning. Security may be defined as possession of property in such places and on such conditions that the use of it is in our own hands; and ownership as the right of alienation or not, by which I mean giving the property away or selling it. In a word, being wealthy consists rather in use than in possession; for the actualization and use of such things is wealth.

A good reputation consists in being considered a man of worth by all,

or in possessing something of such a nature that all or most men, or the good, or the men of practical wisdom desire it.

Honor is a token of a reputation for doing good; and those who have already done good are justly and above all honored, not but that he who is capable of doing good is also honored. Doing good relates either to personal security and all the causes of existence; or to wealth; or to any other good things which are not easy to acquire, either in any conditions, or at such a place, or at such a time; for many obtain honor for things that appear trifling, but this depends upon place and time. The components of honor are sacrifices, memorials in verse and prose, privileges, grants of land, front seats, public burial, State maintenance, and among the barbarians, prostration and giving place, and all gifts which are highly prized in each country. For a gift is at once a giving of a possession and a token of honor; wherefore gifts are desired by the ambitious and by those who are fond of money, since they are an acquisition for the latter and an honor for the former; so that they furnish both with what they want.

Bodily excellence is health, and of such a kind that when exercising the body we are free from sickness; for many are healthy in the way Herodicus[14] is said to have been, whom no one would consider happy in the matter of health, because they are obliged to abstain from all or nearly all human enjoyments.

Beauty varies with each age. In a young man, it consists in possessing a body capable of enduring all efforts, either of the racecourse or of bodily strength, while he himself is pleasant to look upon and a sheer delight. This is why the athletes in the pentathlon[15] are most beautiful, because they are naturally adapted for bodily exertion and for swiftness of foot. In a man who has reached his prime, beauty consists in being naturally adapted for the toils of war, in being pleasant to look upon and at the same time awe-inspiring. In an old man, beauty consists in being naturally adapted to contend with unavoidable labors and in not causing annoyance to others, thanks to

the absence of the disagreeable accompaniments of old age.

Strength consists in the power of moving another as one wills, for which purpose it is necessary to pull or push, to lift, to squeeze or crush, so that the strong man is strong by virtue of being able to do all or some of these things.

Excellence of stature consists in being superior to most men in height, depth, and breadth, but in such proportion as not to render the movements of the body slower as the result of excess.

Bodily excellence in athletics consists in size, strength, and swiftness of foot; for to be swift is to be strong. For one who is able to throw his legs about in a certain way, to move them rapidly and with long strides, makes a good runner; one who can hug and grapple, a good wrestler; one who can thrust away by a blow of the fist, a good boxer; one who excels in boxing and wrestling is fit for the pancratium[16], he who excels in all for the pentathlon.

A happy old age is one that comes slowly with freedom from pain; for neither one who rapidly grows old nor one who grows old insensibly but with pain enjoys a happy old age. This also depends upon bodily excellences and good fortune; for unless a man is free from illness and is strong, he will never be free from suffering, nor will he live long and painlessly without good fortune. Apart from health and strength, however, there is a power of vitality in certain cases; for many live long who are not endowed with bodily excellences. But a minute examination of such questions is needless for the present purpose.

The meaning of numerous and worthy friends is easy to understand from the definition of a friend. A friend is one who exerts himself to do for the sake of another what he thinks is advantageous to him. A man to whom many persons are so disposed, has many friends; if they are virtuous, he has worthy friends.

Good fortune consists in the acquisition or possession of either all, or the most, or the most important of those goods of which fortune is the cause. Now fortune is the cause of some things with which the arts also are concerned, and also of many which have nothing to do with

art, for instance, such as are due to nature [though it is possible that the results of fortune may be contrary to nature]; for art is a cause of health, but nature of beauty and stature. Speaking generally, the goods which come from fortune are such as excite envy. Fortune is also a cause of those goods which are beyond calculation; for instance, a man's brothers are all ugly, while he is handsome; they did not see the treasure, while he found it; the arrow hit one who stood by and not the man aimed at; or, one who frequented a certain place was the only one who did not go there on a certain occasion, while those who went there then for the first time met their death. All such instances appear to be examples of good fortune.

The definition of virtue, with which the topic of praise is most closely connected, must be left until we come to treat of the latter.[17]

第五章

人，无论是个体还是群体，几乎都有一个目标；为了实现这个目标，人们会选择或者规避某些事物。这个目标，简言之，就是幸福及其组成部分。为了便于阐述，让我们先确定总体而言幸福是什么，幸福包括哪些组成部分；须知所有进行劝说或劝阻的人都会讨论幸福以及有助于或有损于幸福的事情。要知道人总归应该做能够产生幸福或幸福的组成部分的事情，做能增进幸福而不是减少幸福的事情，同时避免做那些损害幸福、阻碍幸福或者会招致幸福对立面的事情。

我们不妨将幸福定义为安乐加美德，或者生活自足自立，或者舒适且安稳的一生，或者财产及奴隶皆富足有余并有能力保护和使用自己的财产和奴隶；要知道几乎所有人都会承认上述诸因素中的一项或几项正是构成幸福的要素。如果这就是幸福的本质，那么幸福的组成部分必定包括：高贵的出身、众多的朋友、挚友、财富、优秀的子嗣、众多的子嗣和安乐的晚年；还包括身体方面的优点，比如健康、美貌、力量、身材和体育竞技素质，此外还有好名声、荣誉、好运气和美德。要知道如果一个人拥有所有内在和外在的好事物，他就会完全自足自立；除此之外，别无他求。内在的好事物与心智和身体有关，外在的好事物则指高贵的出身、友人、财富和荣誉。此外，我们认为还应该加上某些能力和好运气；须知只有这样，生活才能完全无虞。现在，让我们以同样的方式将这些好事物一一界定。

高贵的出身，对一个国家或城邦而言，是指其成员或居民源自那片土地，或者历史悠久；还指其先民曾是著名的领袖，并有众多因备受推崇的品质而著称的子嗣。对于个人而言，高贵的出身可以来自父亲一方，也可以来自母亲一方，但是双方都必须具有合法性；与城邦的情况一样，［对个人而言］高贵的出身还意味着家族创始人因美德、财富或为人推崇的其他品质而著称，意味着这个家族拥有众多名人，无论男女，无论长幼。

优秀的子嗣和众多的子嗣所带来的福祉无需太多解释。对于联邦而言，这体现在拥有众多的优秀青年上，这些青年身体素质良好，比如身材、美貌、力量和体育竞技素质，还拥有自律和勇敢等优秀品质。对于个人而言，这体现在养育多个优秀的孩子上，男女都有，如前所述。女

性身体方面的优点包括美貌和身材，道德方面的优点包括自律、勤勉和不卑从。个人和群体所追求的目标应该都是确保上述品质在男性和女性身上均得以体现；须知那些女性性格欠佳的城邦，例如拉栖第梦，最多拥有一半的幸福。

财富体现在大量的金钱以及土地和房产的所有权上，也体现在拥有动产、家畜和奴隶上，这些东西如果都安稳、自在、好使，就足以夸耀其量多、个大、形美。能带来收益的财产更有用；不过以愉悦为功能的财产更随性。我说的“能带来收益”指的是一种收入的来源；“愉悦”指的是除了本身的用途之外，并无其他益处——至少，没有什么值得一提的益处。“安稳”可以定义为在一些地方拥有房产，并可以随意使用；“所有权”可以定义为是否出让的处置权，即赠与或出售房产的权利。总之，财富体现在使用而不是拥有上；因为驾驭和使用财产才是［真正的］财富。

好名声体现在被公认为值得尊敬上，或者体现在拥有所有人或多数人、好人或精明的人都希望获得的品质上。

荣誉是善行所致声望的象征；行善之人理当并且尤其应该获得殊荣，当然有行善能力的人也常常受到推崇。大凡行善事，要么涉及个人安全及所有性命攸关的事情，要么涉及财富，要么涉及在任何条件下或在当时当地难以获得之好东西；须知很多人因看似无足轻重的事情获得荣誉，不过这取决于时间和地点。荣誉的组成包括祭祀、诗文中的纪念、特权、土地的授予、前排的座位、公共葬礼、国家供养——在野蛮之邦，还包括俯伏和让位——以及在各国备受珍视的所有礼物。须知礼物既是财物的馈赠，也是荣誉的象征；因此有野心者向往之，恋财物者渴求之。因为对于后者，礼物是敛财；对于前者，礼物是荣誉。总之，礼物使两类人各获所需。

身体方面的优点即健康，也就是在活动身体时没有疾患的困扰；要知道很多人的健康是像传说中的赫洛狄科斯的那种，但是没人会觉得这些人的健康是种幸福，因为他们［为获得健康］必须戒除全部或者几乎全部的人类的享受。

美则因年龄而异。对于年轻人来说，美丽表现在拥有能够忍受所有辛劳的身体上——无论是赛跑还是体力的较量——同时看上去很悦目，令人乐见。这就是为什么从事铁人五项竞赛的运动员美丽无比，因为他们能自然地适应体能挑战，且脚步如风。对于成年人来说，美丽体现为

能自然地适应征战的苦役，看上去很悦目，同时令人敬畏。对于老年人来说，美丽体现为能自然地适应去对抗各种无法避免的劳作，也体现为由于没有伴随年老而来的疾患而不给他人添麻烦。

力量体现为随心所欲地移动他物的能力，为此必须拉、推、举、挤、压；强壮者之所以强壮就在于他们能够做到上述的全部或部分事情。

身材方面的优点体现为身高、肢长和肩宽都超过多数人，而且比例得当，不至于因过度而使动作迟缓。

运动方面的身体优点体现在体型、力量和速度上；须知迅捷就是强壮。能够以某种方式迈开双腿、快速移动、大步向前的人可以成为跑步好手；能紧抱不舍、扭住不放的人可以成为摔跤好手；能抡拳猛砸者可以成为拳击好手；而在拳击和摔跤上都技高一筹者则适合从事拳击摔跤。至于在所有项目上都出类拔萃者当然是适合铁人五项竞赛。

安乐的晚年是指慢慢地、没有痛苦地变老；须知无论是快速衰老者，还是不知不觉间痛苦地老去者，都无法安享晚年。这［即安乐的晚年］也取决于良好的身体素质和好运气；须知一个人除非无疾无患、身体强壮，否则就无法避免病痛；除非有好运气，否则就无法长寿，无法无痛无苦。不过，除健康和力量外，在某些情况下，生命力也很重要；要知道很多身体条件并不优越的人也能长寿。但是我们暂且没有必要详细讨论这些问题。

朋友众多且值得信赖的意思从朋友的定义就很好理解。朋友即竭尽全力为他人做其认为有益之事的人。能得到多人如此对待者即拥有众多朋友者；如果这些朋友都有德行，他就算是拥有良友。

好运气体现为获得或拥有全部的或多数的或最重要的运气带来的好东西。运气既可以带来某些关乎技艺的东西，也可以带来很多与技艺无关的东西，例如各种天然如此的东西（尽管运气的结果可能违背自然）；须知技艺能带来健康，而美貌和身材则有赖天赐。一般来说，凭着运气获得的好东西都会招致嫉妒。运气还能带来各种意想不到的好事：例如，某人的兄弟都相貌丑陋，而他却很英俊；别人都没有发现这笔宝藏，而他发现了；箭射中了站在旁边的人，却没有射中被瞄准的人；或者一个人总去某个地方，在某个时间却是唯一没去那里的人，而这个时间里那些第一次去的人却都丧了命。这些应该都算是好运气的例子。

美德与赞扬这个话题联系最密切，其定义必须留到后面我们讨论赞扬的时候再讲述。

CHAPTER 6

It is evident, then, what things, likely to happen or already existing, the orator should aim at, when exhorting, and what when dissuading; for they are opposites. But since the aim before the deliberative orator is that which is expedient, and men deliberate, not about the end, but about the means to the end, which are the things which are expedient in regard to our actions; and since, further, the expedient is good, we must first grasp the elementary notions of good and expedient in general.

Let us assume good to be whatever is desirable for its own sake, or for the sake of which we choose something else; that which is the aim of all things, or of all things that possess sensation or reason; or would be, if they could acquire the latter. Whatever reason might assign to each and whatever reason does assign to each in individual cases, that is good for each; and that whose presence makes a man fit and also independent; and independence in general; and that which produces or preserves such things, or on which such things follow, or all that is likely to prevent or destroy their opposites.

Now things follow in two ways—simultaneously or subsequently; for instance, knowledge is subsequent to learning, but life is simultaneous with health. Things which produce act in three ways; thus, healthiness produces health; and so does food; and exercise as a rule. This being laid down, it necessarily follows that the acquisition of good things and the loss of evil things are both good; for it follows simultaneously on the latter that we are rid of that which is bad, and subsequently on the former that we obtain possession of that which is good. The same applies to the acquisition of a greater in place of a less good, and a less in place of a greater evil; for in proportion as the greater exceeds the less, there is an acquisition of the one and a loss of the other. The virtues also must be a good thing; for those who possess them are in a sound condition, and they are also productive of good things and

practical. However, we must speak separately concerning each—what it is, and of what kind. Pleasure also must be a good; for all living creatures naturally desire it. Hence it follows that both agreeable and beautiful things must be good; for the former produce pleasure, while among beautiful things some are pleasant and others are desirable in themselves.

To enumerate them one by one, the following things must necessarily be good. Happiness, since it is desirable in itself and self-sufficient, and to obtain it we choose a number of things. Justice, courage, self-control, magnanimity, magnificence, and all other similar states of mind, for they are virtues of the soul. Health, beauty, and the like, for they are virtues of the body and produce many advantages; for instance, health is productive of pleasure and of life, wherefore it is thought to be best of all, because it is the cause of two things which the majority of men prize most highly. Wealth, since it is the excellence of acquisition and productive of many things. A friend and friendship, since a friend is desirable in himself and produces many advantages. Honor and good repute, since they are agreeable and produce many advantages, and are generally accompanied by the possession of those things for which men are honored. Eloquence and capacity for action; for all such faculties are productive of many advantages. Further, natural cleverness, good memory, readiness to learn, quick-wittedness, and all similar qualities; for these faculties are productive of advantages. The same applies to all the sciences, arts, and even life, for even though no other good should result from it, it is desirable in itself. Lastly, justice, since it is expedient in general for the common weal.

These are nearly all the things generally recognized as good; in the case of doubtful goods, the arguments in their favor are drawn from the following. That is good the opposite of which is evil, or the opposite of which is advantageous to our enemies; for instance, if it is specially advantageous to our enemies that we should be cowards, it is clear that courage is specially advantageous to the citizens. And,

speaking generally, the opposite of what our enemies desire or of that in which they rejoice, appears to be advantageous; wherefore it was well said: "Of a truth Priam[18] would exult.[19]" This is not always the case, but only as a general rule, for there is nothing to prevent one and the same thing being sometimes advantageous to two opposite parties; hence it is said that misfortune brings men together, when a common danger threatens them.

That which is not in excess is good, whereas that which is greater than it should be, is bad. And that which has cost much labor and expense, for it at once is seen to be an apparent good, and such a thing is regarded as an end, and an end of many efforts; now, an end is a good. Wherefore it was said: "And they would [leave Argive Helen for Priam and the Trojans] to boast of,[20]" and, "It is disgraceful to tarry long,[21]" and the proverb, "[to break] the pitcher at the door.[22]"

And that which many aim at and which is seen to be competed for by many; for that which all aim at was recognized as a good, and the majority may almost stand for "all." And that which is the object of praise, for no one praises that which is not good. And that which is praised by enemies; for if even those who are injured by it acknowledge its goodness, this amounts to a universal recognition of it; for it is because of its goodness being evident that they acknowledge it, just as those whom their enemies praise are worthless. Wherefore the Corinthians imagined themselves insulted by Simonides, when he wrote, "Ilium does not blame the Corinthians."

And that which one of the practically wise or good, man or woman, has chosen before others, as Athene chose Odysseus, Theseus Helen, the goddesses Alexander [Paris], and Homer Achilles.

And, generally speaking, all that is deliberately chosen is good. Now, men deliberately choose to do the things just mentioned, and those which are harmful to their enemies, and advantageous to their friends, and things which are possible. The last are of two kinds: things which might happen, and things which easily happen; by the latter are meant things that happen without labor or in a short time, for

difficulty is defined by labor or length of time. And anything that happens as men wish is good; and what they wish is either what is not evil at all or is less an evil than a good, which will be the case for instance, whenever the penalty attached to it is unnoticed or light. And things that are peculiar to them, or which no one else possesses, or which are out of the common; for thus the honor is greater. And things which are appropriate to them; such are all things befitting them in respect of birth and power. And things which they think they lack, however unimportant; for none the less they deliberately choose to acquire them. And things which are easy of accomplishment, for being easy they are possible; such things are those in which all, or most men, or those who are equals or inferiors have been successful. And things whereby they will gratify friends or incur the hatred of enemies. And all things that those whom they admire deliberately choose to do. And those things in regard to which they are clever naturally or by experience; for they hope to be more easily successful in them. And things which no worthless man would approve, for that makes them the more commendable. And things which they happen to desire, for such things seem not only agreeable, but also better. Lastly, and above all, each man thinks those things good which are the object of his special desire, as victory of the man who desires victory, honor of the ambitious man, money of the avaricious, and so in other instances. These then are the materials from which we must draw our arguments in reference to good and the expedient.

第六章

至此，在劝说和劝阻时，演讲者应该分别瞄准哪些可能发生的事情或者业已存在的事物，答案已经很明确；须知它们［即劝说之事和劝阻之事］截然相反。但是因为议政演讲者针对的是有利的事情，而且人们并不就目的进行磋商，而是就实现目的的手段——即那些对我们的行动来说有利的事情——展开论争；再者，有利的就是好的，所以我们必须首先理解一般来说“好”和“有利”包括哪些基本观念。

我们不妨假设好事情即所有本身就很吸引人的事情，或者我们会为之选择他物的事情，或者是一切存在所追求的目标，至少是一切拥有感觉或理性的存在都在追求或意欲追求的目标——如果他们能获得理性的话。理性可能赋予每个人的所有事物，以及理性在具体情况下赋予每个人的所有事物，对接受者来说都是好的。［此外还有：］其存在能使人健康而且自主的事物；普遍意义上的独立；产生或保存这类好事物的事物，或者好事情紧随其后的事物，以及所有可能阻止或破坏好事物的对立面的事物。

事物之发生不外乎两种情况——或同时，或先后；例如，知识发生在学习之后，但是生命与健康同时存在。事物产生结果的方式有三种：比如，健康的状态产生健康；食物也产生健康；锻炼一般说来也产生健康。确立这一点之后，则必然可以说好事的获得和坏事的失去都是好事情；因为后者意味着我们同时摆脱了坏事，而前者意味着我们随后拥有了好事。同样的道理也适用于小善的失去和大善的获得，或者大害的失去和小害的获得；因为与大善超过小善、小害超过大害成比例，一方的获取即另一方的失去。美德也肯定是好的，因为拥有美德的人处于良好的状态，而且美德还能带来各种好事情，且很实用。不过，我们必须分开讨论每一种美德——它是什么？属于什么类别？快乐也肯定是好的；须知所有生物都本能地追求快乐。因此，宜人的和漂亮的东西一定是好的；须知前者［即宜人的东西］产生快乐，至于漂亮的东西，其中有的是宜人的，有的本身是人皆向往的。

还是将好的事情逐一列举吧，以下事情必定是好的：幸福，因其本身是人皆向往的和自足的，而且为了获得幸福，我们会作出很多选择。公正、勇气、自律、宽宏、大度以及其他类似的心态［都是好的］，因

为它们均为灵魂的美德。健康、美貌及诸如此类的禀赋［也是好的］，因为这些都是身体的优点，并且能产生很多优势；例如，健康能产生快乐和生命；它之所以被视为最好的事物，也正因为它能带来大多数人最珍视的这两样东西。财富，因为它是聚敛的成就，且能带来众多收益。朋友和友谊，因为朋友本身就是人皆向往的，而且能够带来众多好处。荣誉和好名声，因为它们是令人愉悦的，并且也能够带来很多好处，而且常有人们引以为荣的东西与其相随。能言善辩和办事干练；须知所有这些能力都能带来诸多优势。另外还有天资聪颖、强记、好学、机敏和其他类似品质；须知这些能力都可以带来很多优势。同样，所有的科学、艺术乃至生命也都是好的，因为就算它们不能产生其他好事情，但其本身已是人皆向往的。最后还有正义，因为总体而言它有益于公共福利。

上面所举几乎穷尽了所有公认的好事情；至于有些存疑的好事情，下面的论述可以为其正名。［首先，］凡是其对立面是坏的事情，或者其对立面是于敌人有利的事情，都是好事情。比如，如果我们的怯懦对敌人大有好处，那么很明显勇气就是对我方民众特别有利的好事情。［其次，］一般来讲，敌人所希望的事情的对立面，或者他们为之欢呼的事情的对立面，对我们来说也应该是有利的；在这一点上，［荷马］有一句话说得好："普里阿摩斯一定会欢呼。"但这只是一般规律，事情并不总是如此，因为没有什么可以阻止同一种事物有时对于敌我双方都有利；因此，人们常说，当共同的危险来袭时，厄运使人团结。

［第三，］不过分的事情是好的，而如果某事超过其应有的份量，它就是不好的。［第四，］消耗大量劳力和开支的事情［是好的］，因为首先它显然被视为好事，兼之又被视为目的，而且是为之大量付出的目的，而目的总是好的。因此，［荷马史诗中］说："他们将（把希腊的海伦留给普里阿摩斯和特洛伊人）去夸耀"，还说："逗留那么久［却无功而返］乃是耻辱"，另外还有一句谚语"到了门口（摔坏）水罐"。

［第五，］众人向往的事情及众人为之争斗的事情［是好的］；须知所有人都向往的事情可被视为好事情，而众人差不多可以代表"所有人"。［第六，］被赞扬的事情［是好的］，因为没有人会赞扬不好的东西。［第七，］被敌人赞扬的事情［是好的］；须知如果连那些深受其害的人都承认它的好，这就等于说所有人都认可它；要知道正是由于它的好显而易见，敌人才会予以承认，这正如那些为敌人所乐见的人［对

我方而言] 毫无价值一样。因此，科林斯人感觉自己被西摩尼得斯羞辱了，因为他写道：“伊利翁不责备科林斯人。”[第八，] 被精明或睿智的男人或女人先于其他事情选中的事情 [是好的] ，正如雅典娜选择了奥德修斯，忒修斯选择了海伦，众女神选择了 [特洛伊王子] 亚历山大（帕里斯），荷马选择了阿喀琉斯。

[第九，] 一般来说，所有被人们有意选取的事情都是好的。人们会有意选取上述事情，选取那些对敌人有害而对朋友有益的事情，以及那些可能的事情。最后一种 [即可能的事情] 包括两类：可能发生的事和容易发生的事；后者指的是不需劳动或者用很短时间就能完成的事情，因为难度是用劳动和耗时长短来衡量的。[第十，] 所有如人所愿的事情都是好的；[因为] 人之所愿要么是毫无坏处的事，要么是好的方面大于坏的方面的事，例如，所给的判罚不为人注意或者很轻，便是这 [后一种] 情况。[第十一，] 专属自己或者没有其他人拥有或者不寻常的事情 [是好的] ；须知这样荣誉会更大。[第十二，] 与己相宜的事情 [是好的] ；在出身和权力方面能给人带来利益的事情就是这样的好事情。[第十三，] 人们认为自己缺乏的事情，无论多么不重要 [，也都是好的] ；须知不管怎样，人们还是有意选择去获取它们。[第十四，] 容易完成的事情 [是好的] ，因为容易，所以可能；这指的是所有人或多数人或普通人或下等人都已成功做到的事情。[第十五，] 能让朋友开心或者招致敌人仇恨的事情 [是好的] 。[第十六，] 受众人崇拜的人有意选取的事情 [也都是好的] 。[第十七，] 人们天生擅长或因熟生巧的事情 [也是好的] ；须知人们都希望在这些事情上更轻松地获得成功。[第十八，] 卑贱者无一赞许的事情 [是好的] ，因为这更彰显了它们的价值。[第十九，] 人们偏巧就是喜欢的事情 [是好的] ，因为这些事情似乎不仅宜人，而且更好。最后，也是最重要的是，每个人都认为作为自己的特殊欲望的对象的事情 [是好的] ，例如胜利之于渴望胜利的人，荣誉之于雄心勃勃的人，金钱之于贪财的人，以及其他种种。以上便是我们在论及好的和有利的事情时应该从中提取论点的材料。

CHAPTER 7

But since men often agree that both of two things are useful, but dispute which is the more so, we must next speak of the greater good and the more expedient. Let one thing, then, be said to exceed another, when it is as great and something more—and to be exceeded when it is contained in the other. "Greater" and "more" always imply a relation with less; "great" and "small," "much" and "little" with the general size of things; the "great" is that which exceeds, and that which falls short of it is "small"; and similarly "much" and "little." Since, besides, we call good that which is desirable for its own sake and not for anything else, and that which all things aim at and which they would choose if they possessed reason and practical wisdom; and that which is productive or protective of good, or on which such things follow; and since that for the sake of which anything is done is the end, and the end is that for the sake of which everything else is done, and that is good for each man which relatively to him presents all these conditions, it necessarily follows that a larger number of good things is a greater good than one or a smaller number, if the one or the smaller number is reckoned as one of them; for it exceeds them and that which is contained is exceeded.

And if that which is greatest in one class surpass that which is greatest in another class, the first class will surpass the second; and whenever one class surpasses another, the greatest of that class will surpass the greatest of the other. For instance, if the biggest man is greater than the biggest woman, men in general will be bigger than women; and if men in general are bigger than women, the biggest man will be bigger than the biggest woman; for the superiority of classes and of the greatest things contained in them are proportionate. And when this follows on that, but not that on this [then "that" is the greater good]; for the enjoyment of that which follows is contained in that of the other. Now, things follow simultaneously, or successively, or

potentially; thus, life follows simultaneously on health, but not health on life; knowledge follows subsequently on learning [but not learning on knowledge]; and simple theft potentially on sacrilege, for one who commits sacrilege will also steal. And things which exceed the same thing by a greater amount [than something else] are greater, for they must also exceed the greater. And things which produce a greater good are greater; for this we agreed was the meaning of productive of greater. And similarly, that which is produced by a greater cause; for if that which produces health is more desirable than that which produces pleasure and a greater good, then health is a greater good than pleasure. And that which is more desirable in itself is superior to that which is not; for example, strength is a greater good than the wholesome, which is not desirable for its own sake, while strength is; and, this we agreed was the meaning of a good. And the end is a greater good than the means; for the latter is desirable for the sake of something else, the former for its own sake; for instance, exercise is only a means for the acquirement of a good constitution. And that which has less need of one or several other things in addition is a greater good, for it is more independent [and "having less need" means needing fewer or easier additions]. And when one thing does not exist or cannot be brought into existence without the aid of another, but that other can, then that which needs no aid is more independent, and accordingly is seen to be a greater good.

And if one thing is a first principle, and another not; if one thing is a cause and another not, for the same reason; for without cause or first principle nothing can exist or come into existence. And if there are two first principles or two causes, that which results from the greater is greater; and conversely, when there are two first principles or two causes, that which is the first cause or principle of the greater is greater. It is clear then, from what has been said, that a thing may be greater in two ways; for if it is a first principle but another is not, it will appear to be greater, and if it is not a first principle [but an end], while another is; for the end is greater and not a first principle. Thus,

Leodamas, when accusing Callistratus, declared that the man who had given the advice was more guilty than the one who carried it out; for if he had not suggested it, it could not have been carried out.[23] And conversely, when accusing Chabrias, he declared that the man who had carried out the advice was more guilty than the one who had given it; for it could not have been carried out, had there not been some one to do so, and the reason why people devised plots was that others might carry them out.

And that which is scarcer is a greater good than that which is abundant, as gold than iron, although it is less useful, but the possession of it is more valuable, since it is more difficult of acquisition. From another point of view, that which is abundant is to be preferred to that which is scarce, because the use of it is greater, for "often" exceeds "seldom,"; whence the saying: "Water is best." And, speaking generally, that which is more difficult is preferable to that which is easier of attainment, for it is scarcer; but from another point of view that which is easier is preferable to that which is more difficult; for its nature is as we wish. And that, the contrary or the deprivation of which is greater, is the greater good. And virtue is greater than non-virtue, and vice than non-vice; for virtues and vices are ends, the others not. And those things whose works are nobler or more disgraceful are themselves greater; and the works of those things, the vices and virtues of which are greater, will also be greater, since between causes and first principles compared with results there is the same relation as between results compared with causes and first principles. Things, superiority in which is more desirable or nobler, are to be preferred; for instance, sharpness of sight is preferable to keenness of smell for sight is better than smell. And loving one's friends more than money is nobler, whence it follows that love of friends is nobler than love of money. And, on the other hand, the better and nobler things are, the better and nobler will be their superiority; and similarly, those things, the desire for which is nobler and better, are themselves nobler and better, for greater longings are

directed towards greater objects. For the same reason, the better and nobler the object, the better and nobler are the desires.

And when the sciences are nobler and more dignified, the nobler and more dignified are their subjects; for as is the science, so is the truth which is its object, and each science prescribes that which properly belongs to it; and, by analogy, the nobler and more dignified the objects of a science, the nobler and more dignified is the science itself, for the same reasons. And that which men of practical wisdom, either all, or more, or the best of them, would judge, or have judged, to be a greater good, must necessarily be such, either absolutely or in so far as they have judged as men of practical wisdom. The same may be said in regard to everything else; for the nature, quantity, and quality of things are such as would be defined by science and practical wisdom. But our statement only applies to goods; for we defined that as good which everything, if possessed of practical wisdom, would choose; hence it is evident that that is a greater good to which practical wisdom assigns the superiority. So also are those things which better men possess, either absolutely, or in so far as they are better; for instance courage is better than strength. And what the better man would choose, either absolutely or in so far as he is better; thus, it is better to suffer wrong than to commit it, for that is what the juster man would choose. And that which is more agreeable rather than that which is less so; for all things pursue pleasure and desire it for its own sake; and it is by these conditions that the good and the end have been defined. And that is more agreeable which is less subject to pain and is agreeable for a longer time. And that which is nobler than that which is less noble; for the noble is that which is either agreeable or desirable in itself. And all things which we have a greater desire to be instrumental in procuring for ourselves or for our friends are greater goods, and those as to which our desire is least are greater evils. And things that last longer are preferable to those that are of shorter duration, and those that are safer to those that are less so; for time increases the use of the first and the wish that of the second; for

whenever we wish, we can make greater use of things that are safe.

And things in all cases follow the relations between coordinates and similar inflections; for instance, if "courageously" is nobler than and preferable to "temperately," then "courage" is preferable to "temperance," and it is better to be "courageous" than "temperate." And that which is chosen by all is better than that which is not; and that which the majority choose than that which the minority choose; for, as we have said, the good is that which all desire, and consequently a good is greater, the more it is desired. The same applies to goods which are recognized as greater by opponents or enemies, by judges, or by those whom they select; for in the one case it would be, so to say, the verdict of all mankind, in the other that of those who are acknowledged authorities and experts. And sometimes a good is greater in which all participate, for it is a disgrace not to participate in it; sometimes when none or only a few participate in it, for it is scarcer. And things which are more praiseworthy, since they are nobler. And in the same way things which are more highly honored, for honor is a sort of measure of worth; and conversely those things are greater evils, the punishment for which is greater. And those things which are greater than what is acknowledged, or appears, to be great, are greater. And the same whole when divided into parts appears greater, for there appears to be superiority in a greater number of things. Whence the poet says that Meleager was persuaded to rise up and fight by the recital of "All the ills that befall those whose city is taken; the people perish, and fire utterly destroys the city, and strangers carry off the children."

Combination and building up, as employed by Epicharmus, produce the same effect as division, and for the same reason; for combination is an exhibition of great superiority and appears to be the origin and cause of great things. And since that which is harder to obtain and scarcer is greater, it follows that special occasions, ages, places, times, and powers, produce great effects; for if a man does things beyond his powers, beyond his age, and beyond what his equals could do, if they

are done in such a manner, in such a place, and at such a time, they will possess importance in actions that are noble, good, or just, or the opposite. Hence the epigram on the Olympian victor: "Formerly, with a rough basket on my shoulders, I used to carry fish from Argos to Tegea." And Iphicrates lauded himself, saying, "Look what I started from!" And that which is natural is a greater good than that which is acquired, because it is harder. Whence the poet says: "Self-taught am I." And that which is the greatest part of that which is great is more to be desired; as Pericles[24] said in his Funeral Oration, that the removal of the youth from the city was like the year being robbed of its spring. And those things which are available in greater need, as in old age and illness, are greater goods. And of two things that which is nearer the end proposed is preferable. And that which is useful for the individual is preferable to that which is useful absolutely; that which is possible to that which is impossible; for it is the possible that is useful to us, not the impossible. And those things which are at the end of life; for things near the end are more like ends.

And real things are preferable to those that have reference to public opinion, the latter being defined as those which a man would not choose if they were likely to remain unnoticed by others. It would seem then that it is better to receive than to confer a benefit; for one would choose the former even if it should pass unnoticed, whereas one would not choose to confer a benefit, if it were likely to remain unknown. Those things also are to be preferred, which men would rather possess in reality than in appearance, because they are nearer the truth; wherefore it is commonly said that justice is a thing of little importance, because people prefer to appear just than to be just; and this is not the case, for instance, in regard to health. The same may be said of things that serve several ends; for instance, those that assist us to live, to live well, to enjoy life, and to do noble actions; wherefore health and wealth seem to be the greatest goods, for they include all these advantages. And that which is more free from pain and accompanied by pleasure is a greater good; for there is more than one

good, since pleasure and freedom from pain combined are both goods. And of two goods the greater is that which, added to one and the same, makes the whole greater. And those things, the presence of which does not escape notice, are preferable to those which pass unnoticed, because they appear more real; whence being wealthy would appear to be a greater good than the appearance of it. And that which is held most dear, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by other things, is a greater good. Wherefore he who puts out the eye of a one-eyed man and he who puts out one eye of another who has two, does not do equal injury; for in the former case, a man has been deprived of that which he held most dear.

第七章

人们通常会认可两种事物都有用，至于哪个更有用，则经常争论不休。因此我们接下来应该讲一讲更好的事物和更有利的事物。当某事物和另一事物一样大且有所超出时，我们说该事物超过另一事物；当某事物被包含在另一事物之中时，我们说该事物被另一事物超过。“更大”和“更多”总意味着与“较小”和“较少”的比较关系；“大”与“小”、“多”与“少”都关乎事物的一般体积；“大”指的是超过一般体积，不足一般体积的就是“小”；“多”与“少”与此类似。既然我们称之为好事物的事物包括：那些本身（而不是因为其他原因）就吸引人的事物；所有事物都以之为目的的事物；任何拥有理性和实践智慧的生物都会选取的事物；能够产生或者保护好事物的事物，或者好事物与之相随的事物；既然人们为之采取行动的事物就是目标，［换言之］目标就是人们为之采取行动的事物，而能针对每个个体提供所有这些条件的事物即好事物，那么必然的结论就是较多的好事物胜过一个或者较少的好事物，如果后者被视作前者的一部分的话；须知前者超过后者，而被包含即被超过。

如果某一类别中的最大者超过另一类别中的最大者，则第一类别超过第二类别；而且只要某一类别超过另一类别，则该类别的最大者一定超过另一类别的最大者。例如，如果体型最大的男人比体型最大的女人大，那么一般而言男性比女性体型大；如果一般而言男性比女性体型大，那么体型最大的男人一定比体型最大的女人大；须知类别的优劣和其所包括的最好成员的优劣是成比例的。还有，如果某物甲跟随某物乙，而乙并不跟随甲（那么乙是更大的好事物）；须知对甲的享受包含于对乙的享受之中。事物的相随关系有三种，即同时、先后或者潜在；比如，生命与健康同时相随，但是健康并不与生命同时相随；知识与学习先后相随（而不是学习与知识先后相随）；小偷小摸与渎神潜在相随，因为渎神的人也可能偷窃。（与其他事物相比）以较大数量超过同一事物者更大，因为这样的事物也必定超过其他较大的事物。能产生更大的好事物者是更好的事物；须知我们都同意这就是“能产生更大的好事物”的意思。与之类似，由更好的因由导致的事物［也相应地更好］；须知如果产生健康的东西比产生快感的东西更令人向往，是更大的好东

西，那么健康就是比快感更大的好东西。那些本身更吸引人的事物胜过那些本身不那么吸引人的事物；例如，力量是比健康更大的好东西，因为健康本身并不吸引人，而力量则很诱人；而我们都同意这就是好东西的意思。目标是比手段更大的好事物；须知后者是由于其他东西才受人追捧，而前者本身就很诱人；例如，锻炼只是获取健壮体魄的手段［，而健康作为目标则是更大的好东西］。那些较少需要其他一种或几种附加物的事物是更大的好事物，因为它们更加独立（“较少需要”指的是需要的附加物较少或较容易得到）。如果没有其他事物的帮助，某一事物就不存在或者无法产生，而另一事物则可以［存在或产生］，那么无需帮助的事物更加独立，并因此可被视为更大的好事物。

如果某一事物是本原，而另一事物不是［，那么前者比后者更好］；同样的道理，如果某一事物是因由，而另一事物不是［，那么前者比后者更好］；须知如果没有因由或本原，则任何事物都不可能存在或产生。如果有两个本原或两个因由，那么由其中较重大者产生的事物更好；反之，如果有两个本原或两个因由，那么能产生更好的事物的因由或本原更重大。从以上所述可以看出，某物可能在两个方面优于他物：［第一，］该物是本原而他物不是，则该物会显得更好；［第二，］该物不是本原（而是目的），而他物是本原［，则该物也会显得更好］；须知目的比本原更重大。所以，勒俄达马斯指控卡利特剌托斯时，声称出谋划策者比实施［罪行］者更加罪恶深重，因为如果不是他的建议，罪行本来无法实施。与之相反，在指控卡布里阿斯时，他［即勒俄达马斯］认为听从建议实施［恶行］者比出谋划策者更加罪恶深重；须知如果没有人实施，该恶行就不会发生，而人们之所以策划各种阴谋，正是因为会有人将其付诸行动。

稀缺的东西比丰富的东西更好，正如金胜过铁，尽管金不如铁有用，但是因为金更难获得，所以更有价值。从另一个角度看，数量巨大的东西胜过稀缺的东西，因为前者用处更大，要知道“经常”胜过“间或”，因此才有这样的谚语：“水乃至善。”一般来说，难以获得的东西比易于获得的东西更受人青睐，须知前者更加稀缺；但是从另一个角度看，易于获得的东西又比难以获得的东西更招人喜欢，须知它的本性符合我们所愿。如果某物的反面或缺失更为重大，则该物是更大的好事物。美德比无德更重大，恶行比无恶行更重大；须知美德和恶行都是目的，而无德和无恶行不是。其功效更高尚或更可鄙的事物，本身更重

大；其功效所携的恶行或善行更重大的事物，本身更重大；因为因由及本原与结果的关系和结果与因由及本原的关系相同。如果在某类事物上表现出众是更诱人、更高尚的，那么这类事物也是更可取的；例如，视力敏锐比嗅觉灵敏更可取，因为视觉优于嗅觉。关爱朋友比贪恋钱财是更高尚的行为，因此，对朋友的关爱比对钱财的贪恋也更高尚。另一方面，某类事物越好越高尚，其卓越性也就越好越高尚；与此类似，对某物的欲求越好越高尚，则该物也越好越高尚，因为人们总是更加向往更好的目标。同理，目标越好越高尚，［对目标的］追求也就越好越高尚。

各种科学越高尚越有尊严，则其主题也越高尚越有尊严，因为科学如此，其追求的真理也是如此，每门科学都规定了各自恰当的范畴；以此类推，科学所追求的目标越高尚越有尊严，则该科学本身也就越高尚越有尊严，原因同上。凡全体或多数或最优秀的拥有实践智慧的人可能认定或者已经认定为更大的好事物者，一定是更大的好事物，要么绝对如此，要么就如拥有实践智慧者所判定的。其他一切事物莫不如此，因为事物的属性、数量和质量都是由科学和实践智慧界定的。不过我们的陈述仅限于各种好事物；我们将好事物界定为拥有实践智慧的万物均会选择的事物，因此，很显然，实践智慧认定的最卓著者是更大的好事物。那些为更优秀的人所拥有的东西是更大的好东西——要么绝对如此，要么在那些拥有者确为更优秀的人的基础之上如此；例如，勇气比力量更好。优秀的人可能选择的东西［是更好的东西］——要么绝对如此，要么在其选取者确为更优秀的人的基础之上如此；因此，遭受冤屈比制造冤屈要好，因为前者是更正义的人才会选择的。更加宜人的东西较之不甚宜人的东西［是更好的东西］；因为万物都追求快乐，并且因快乐本身而向往之，而好东西和目的正是由这些条件界定的。不太招致痛苦的东西更讨人喜欢，而且其讨人喜欢的时间也更长。高贵者较之不甚高贵者［更好］，因为前者本身就讨人喜欢或者令人向往。如果我们更希望某物帮助我们或我们的朋友实现目标，则所有这类事物都是更大的好事物，而我们最不喜欢的东西是较坏的东西。耐久的东西比不耐久的东西更受欢迎，安全的东西比不安全的东西更受欢迎；因为时间增加了第一类东西的用处，而愿望增加了第二类东西的用处；须知无论什么时候，只要我们愿意，我们总能让那些安全的东西发挥更大的用处。

在任何条件下，事物都遵循［语言中的］并列或类似的屈曲变化关

系；例如，如果“勇敢地”比“克制地”更高尚更可取，那么“勇敢”就比“克制”更可取，而“勇敢的”也要胜过“克制的”。所有人都选择的东西优于不被所有人选择的东西；多数人选择的东西优于少数人选择的东西；因为，如前所述，好东西是所有人向往的，因此，越是被人向往的东西就越好。同理，被敌人或对手、裁决者或者其所挑选的人所看重的东西是更好的东西；因为其一，这可以说是所有人的判断，其二，也可以说是被众人认可的权威和专家所作的判断。有时，所有人参与的事情是更好的事情，因为不参与该事是一种耻辱；有时，没有人或者少有人参与的事情是更好的事情，因其稀缺。还有更值得赞颂的事物［是更好的事物］，因为它们更高尚。同理，更受尊崇的事物［也是更好的事物］，因为荣誉是衡量价值的一种方式；反之，所受惩罚更重的事物是更坏的事物。如果某事物比公认的或者貌似重大的事物更重大，则该事物更重大。同一个整体被分割成各部分以后，会显得更重大，因为数量较多会显得格外突出。因此，诗人［荷马］说，墨勒阿革罗斯被如下吟诵所说服，继而奋起斗争：“城池失陷，灾祸横行，生灵涂炭，烈焰噬城，异邦人掳掠儿童。”

同理，组合与叠加（如埃庇卡摩斯所采用的）可以产生与分割相同的效果；因为组合能够展现程度之甚，并且似乎是重大事物的缘起和动因。由于更难获取之物或者稀缺之物是更好的事物，因此特定的机缘、年龄、地点、时间和能力等因素都可以产生巨大影响；须知如果一个人所做之事超越了自己的能力、年龄和同类所及，且他在某时、某地、以某种方式做成了此事，其行为就会因高尚、美好、正义或相反的品质而彰显出来。因此，奥林匹亚胜利者有这样的名言：“过去，我肩扛粗制的篮子，从阿耳戈斯运鱼到忒格亚”。伊菲克拉底曾经自诩：“看看我的发迹之处！”天生的好东西胜过后天获得的好东西，因为前者更难获得。因此，诗人［荷马］说：“我是自学的！”好东西的最好部分［较之其他部分］更好；正如伯里克利在《葬礼演说》中所讲，城邦失去青年人，好比一年被剥夺了春天。在有更大需求的时候派上用场的东西是更好的东西，如人在年老和生病时所需求的东西。两件事物之中，较接近所设目标者更好。对个人有用的东西比绝对有用的东西更好；力所能及的东西比无法企及的东西更好；因为对我们有用的是前者，而非后者。属于人生目标的东西［是更好的东西］，因为接近目标的东西更像目标。

真实的东西比那些关乎民意的东西更好，后者的定义是：如果不为

人所知就不会有人选择的东西。如此一来，接受恩惠似乎比给予恩惠更好；因为即使不为人所知，人们也会选择前者，而如果可能不为人知，人们通常不会选择后者。人们愿意实际拥有而非形式上拥有的东西更好，因为这些东西更接近真理；之所以人们常说公正是微不足道的东西，就是因为人们更愿意表现得公正，而不是真正做到公正；不过，人们对健康的态度就不是这样。同理，那些有助实现多个目标的东西是更好的东西；例如，那些有助于我们生存、很好地生活、享受生活以及行高尚之事的东西；健康和财富之所以看起来是最好的东西，就是因为它们都具备这些优点。远离痛苦且伴随快乐的东西是更大的好东西；因为这里的好不只一种，快乐和远离痛苦本身也都是好的。两件好东西中，添加到同一事物之上能使整体更好者，是更好的东西。其存在不会被人忽视的东西比那些不为人所知的东西更好，因为前者显得更真实；这就是为什么富裕要比貌似富裕更好。那些在单独存在或有他物相伴时均被人珍视的东西是更大的好东西。挖独眼人的那只独眼和挖健全人的双目之一所造成的伤害之所以不同，就是因为在第一种情况下，独眼人被剥夺了他最珍视的东西。

CHAPTER 8

These are nearly all the topics from which arguments may be drawn in persuading and dissuading; but the most important and effective of all the means of persuasion and good counsel is to know all the forms of government and to distinguish the manners and customs, institutions, and interests of each; for all men are guided by considerations of expediency, and that which preserves the State is expedient. Further, the declaration of the authority is authoritative, and the different kinds of authority are distinguished according to forms of government; in fact, there are as many authorities as there are forms of government.

Now, there are four kinds of government, democracy, oligarchy, aristocracy, monarchy, so that the supreme and deciding authority is always a part or the whole of these. Democracy is a form of government in which the offices are distributed by the people among themselves by lot; in an oligarchy, by those who possess a certain property-qualification; in an aristocracy, by those who possess an educational qualification, meaning an education that is laid down by the law. In fact, in an aristocracy, power and office are in the hands of those who have remained faithful to what the law prescribes, and who must of necessity appear best, whence this form of government has taken its name. In a monarchy, as its name indicates, one man alone is supreme over all; if it is subject to certain regulations, it is called a kingdom; if it is unlimited, a tyranny.

Nor should the end of each form of government be neglected, for men choose the things which have reference to the end. Now, the end of democracy is liberty, of oligarchy wealth, of aristocracy things relating to education and what the law prescribes, ..., of tyranny self-protection. It is clear then that we must distinguish the manners and customs, institutions, and interests of each form of government, since it is in reference to this that men make their choice. But as proofs are

established not only by demonstrative, but also by ethical argument—since we have confidence in an orator who exhibits certain qualities, such as goodness, goodwill, or both—it follows that we ought to be acquainted with the characters of each form of government; for, in reference to each, the character most likely to persuade must be that which is characteristic of it. These characters will be understood by the same means; for characters reveal themselves in accordance with moral purpose, and moral purpose has reference to the end.

We have now stated what things, whether future or present, should be the aim of those who recommend a certain course; from what topics they should derive their proofs of expediency; further, the ways and means of being well equipped for dealing with the characters and institutions of each form of government, so far as was within the scope of the present occasion; for the subject has been discussed in detail in the *Politics*[25].

第八章

上文所述差不多穷尽了在劝说和劝阻时可资提取论点的所有部目。不过在所有劝说和进谏手段当中，最重要、最有效的是了解全部的政体，区分各政体的风俗、习惯、机构和利益；须知人皆趋利而动，而能保护城邦政体的政策才是有利的。再者，掌权者的敕令具有权威性，不同种类的掌权者可按照不同的政体进行区分。事实上，有多少种政体，就有多少种掌权者。

政体有四种，即民主制、寡头制、贵族制和君主制，拥有决策权的最高掌权者总是这些政体的一部分或者全部。在民主制政体下，官员职位由人民通过抽签的方法来分配；在寡头制下，由掌握一定财产资格的人来分配；在贵族制下，由拥有某种教育资格的人来分配，［这里的教育资格］指的是法律规定的教育。事实上，在贵族制下，权力与职位掌握在遵纪守法的人手中，这些人必须表现得最好，这种体制也因此而得名。在君主制下，如其名所示，只有一人至高无上。如果其权力受到某些规定的约束，这种君主制就被称为“王国”；如果其权力不受约束，就被称为“专制”。

各种政体的目的也不应该被忽视，因为人们［往往］选择那些与目的有关的东西。民主制的目的是自由，寡头制的目的是财富，贵族制的目的是与教育及法律规定有关的事物，……专制的目的是自保。很明显，我们必须区分各种政体的风俗、习惯、机构和利益，因为人们的选择正是针对这些而做出的。但是，由于证据的确立不仅依赖推理论证，而且依赖道德论证——因为我们愿意相信那些表现出优秀、善意或兼具二者的演讲者——所以我们应该熟悉每种政体的特点；须知就各种政体而言，最具说服力的特点必然是其最典型的特点。我们将依此理解［各种政体的］特点；因为特点体现在相应的道德目的上，而道德目的与政体的目标有关。

至此，我们已经叙述了哪些事情（现在的也好，未来的也好）应该成为进言者的目标；［也叙述了］进言者应该从哪些部目来为所言之事提取论据；［还叙述了］掌握各种政体的特点和制度的方式和途径，当然，是在本书的范围之内，因为这个话题已经在《政治学》中详细讨论过了。

CHAPTER 9

We will next speak of virtue and vice, of the noble and the disgraceful, since they constitute the aim of one who praises and of one who blames; for, when speaking of these, we shall incidentally bring to light the means of making us appear of such and such a character, which, as we have said, is a second method of proof[26]; for it is by the same means that we shall be able to inspire confidence in ourselves or others in regard to virtue. But since it happens that men, seriously or not, often praise not only a man or a god but even inanimate things or any ordinary animal, we ought in the same way to make ourselves familiar with the propositions relating to these subjects. Let us, then, discuss these matters also, so far as may serve for illustration.

The noble, then, is that which, being desirable in itself is at the same time worthy of praise, or which, being good, is pleasant because it is good. If this is the noble, then virtue must of necessity be noble, for, being good, it is worthy of praise. Virtue, it would seem, is a faculty of providing and preserving good things, a faculty productive of many and great benefits, in fact, of all things in all cases. The components of virtue are justice, courage, self-control, magnificence, magnanimity, liberality, gentleness, practical and speculative wisdom. The greatest virtues are necessarily those which are most useful to others, if virtue is the faculty of conferring benefits. For this reason justice and courage are the most esteemed, the latter being useful to others in war, the former in peace as well. Next is liberality, for the liberal spend freely and do not dispute the possession of wealth, which is the chief object of other men's desire. Justice is a virtue which assigns to each man his due in conformity with the law; injustice claims what belongs to others, in opposition to the law. Courage makes men perform noble acts in the midst of dangers according to the dictates of the law and in submission to it; the contrary is cowardice. Self-control is a virtue which disposes men in regard to the pleasures of the body

as the law prescribes; the contrary is licentiousness. Liberality does good in many matters; the contrary is avarice. Magnanimity is a virtue productive of great benefits; the contrary is little-mindedness. Magnificence is a virtue which produces greatness in matters of expenditure; the contraries are little-mindedness and meanness. Practical wisdom is a virtue of reason, which enables men to come to a wise decision in regard to good and evil things, which have been mentioned as connected with happiness.

Concerning virtue and vice in general and their separate parts, enough has been said for the moment. To discern the rest presents no difficulty; for it is evident that whatever produces virtue, as it tends to it, must be noble, and so also must be what comes from virtue; for such are its signs and works. But since the signs of virtue and such things as are the works and sufferings of a good man are noble, it necessarily follows that all the works and signs of courage and all courageous acts are also noble. The same may be said of just things and of just actions; [but not of what one suffers justly; for in this alone amongst the virtues that which is justly done is not always noble, and a just punishment is more disgraceful than an unjust punishment]. The same applies equally to the other virtues. Those things of which the reward is honor are noble; also those which are done for honor rather than money. Also, those desirable things which a man does not do for his own sake; things which are absolutely good, which a man has done for the sake of his country, while neglecting his own interests; things which are naturally good; and not such as are good for the individual, since such things are inspired by selfish motives.

And those things are noble which it is possible for a man to possess after death rather than during his lifetime, for the latter involve more selfishness; all acts done for the sake of others, for they are more disinterested; the successes gained, not for oneself but for others; and for one's benefactors, for that is justice; in a word, all acts of kinds, for they are disinterested. And the contrary of those things of which we are ashamed; for we are ashamed of what is disgraceful, in words,

acts, or intention; as, for instance, when Alcaeus said: "I would fain say something, but shame holds me back," Sappho rejoined: "Hadst thou desired what was good or noble, and had not thy tongue stirred up some evil to utter it, shame would not have filled thine eyes; but thou would'st have spoken of what is right."

Those things also are noble for which men anxiously strive, but without fear; for men are thus affected about goods which lead to good repute. Virtues and actions are nobler, when they proceed from those who are naturally worthier, for instance, from a man rather than from a woman. It is the same with those which are the cause of enjoyment to others rather than to ourselves; this is why justice and that which is just are noble. To take vengeance on one's enemies is nobler than to come to terms with them; for to retaliate is just, and that which is just is noble; and further, a courageous man ought not to allow himself to be beaten. Victory and honor also are noble; for both are desirable even when they are fruitless, and are manifestations of superior virtue. And things worthy of remembrance, which are the more honorable the longer their memory lasts; those which follow us after death; those which are accompanied by honor; and those which are out of the common. Those which are only possessed by a single individual, because they are more worthy of remembrance. And possessions which bring no profit; for they are more gentlemanly. Customs that are peculiar to individual peoples and all the tokens of what is esteemed among them are noble; for instance, in Lacedaemon it is noble to wear one's hair long, for it is the mark of a gentleman, the performance of any servile task being difficult for one whose hair is long. And not carrying on any vulgar profession is noble, for a gentleman does not live in dependence on others.

We must also assume, for the purpose of praise or blame, that qualities which closely resemble the real qualities are identical with them; for instance, that the cautious man is cold and designing, the simpleton good-natured, and the emotionless gentle. And in each case we must adopt a term from qualities closely connected, always in the

more favorable sense; for instance, the choleric and passionate man may be spoken of as frank and open, the arrogant as magnificent and dignified; those in excess as possessing the corresponding virtue, the fool-hardy as courageous, the recklessly extravagant as liberal. For most people will think so, and at the same time a fallacious argument may be drawn from the motive; for if a man risks his life when there is no necessity, much more will he be thought likely to do so when it is honorable; and if he is lavish to all comers, the more so will he be to his friends; for the height of virtue is to do good to all. We ought also to consider in whose presence we praise, for, as Socrates said, it is not difficult to praise Athenians among Athenians. We ought also to speak of what is esteemed among the particular audience, Scythians, Lacedaemonians, or philosophers, as actually existing there. And, generally speaking, that which is esteemed should be classed as noble, since there seems to be a close resemblance between the two. Again, all such actions as are in accord with what is fitting are noble; if, for instance, they are worthy of a man's ancestors or of his own previous achievements; for to obtain additional honor is noble and conduces to happiness. Also, if the tendency of what is done is better and nobler, and goes beyond what is to be expected; for instance, if a man is moderate in good fortune and stout-hearted in adversity, or if, when he becomes greater, he is better and more forgiving. Such was the phrase of Iphicrates, "Look what I started from!" and of the Olympian victor: "Formerly, with a rough basket on my shoulders, I used to carry fish from Argos to Tegea." and of Simonides: "Daughter, wife, and sister of tyrants.[27]"

Since praise is founded on actions, and acting according to moral purpose is characteristic of the worthy man, we must endeavor to show that a man is acting in that manner, and it is useful that it should appear that he has done so on several occasions. For this reason also one must assume that accidents and strokes of good fortune are due to moral purpose; for if a number of similar examples can be adduced, they will be thought to be signs of virtue and moral

purpose.

Now praise is language that sets forth greatness of virtue; hence it is necessary to show that a man's actions are virtuous. But encomium deals with achievements—all attendant circumstances, such as noble birth and education, merely conduce to persuasion; for it is probable that virtuous parents will have virtuous offspring and that a man will turn out as he has been brought up. Hence we pronounce an encomium upon those who have achieved something. Achievements, in fact, are signs of moral habit; for we should praise even a man who had not achieved anything, if we felt confident that he was likely to do so. Blessing and felicitation are identical with each other, but are not the same as praise and encomium, which, as virtue is contained in happiness, are contained in felicitation.

Praise and counsels have a common aspect; for what you might suggest in counseling becomes encomium by a change in the phrase. Accordingly, when we know what we ought to do and the qualities we ought to possess, we ought to make a change in the phrase and turn it, employing this knowledge as a suggestion. For instance, the statement that "one ought not to pride oneself on goods which are due to fortune, but on those which are due to oneself alone," when expressed in this way, has the force of a suggestion; but expressed thus, "he was proud, not of goods which were due to fortune, but of those which were due to himself alone," it becomes praise. Accordingly, if you desire to praise, look what you would suggest; if you desire to suggest, look what you would praise. The form of the expression will necessarily be opposite, when the prohibitive has been changed into the non-prohibitive.

We must also employ many of the means of amplification; for instance, if a man has done anything alone, or first, or with a few, or has been chiefly responsible for it; all these circumstances render an action noble. Similarly, topics derived from times and seasons, that is to say, if our expectation is surpassed.[28] Also, if a man has often been successful in the same thing; for this is of importance and would

appear to be due to the man himself, and not to be the result of chance. And if it is for his sake that distinctions which are an encouragement or honor have been invented and established; and if he was the first on whom an encomium was pronounced, as Hippolochus, or to whom a statue was set up in the market-place, as to Harmodius and Aristogiton. And similarly in opposite cases. If he does not furnish you with enough material in himself, you must compare him with others, as Isocrates[29] used to do, because of his inexperience of forensic speaking. And you must compare him with illustrious personages, for it affords ground for amplification and is noble, if he can be proved better than men of worth. Amplification is with good reason ranked as one of the forms of praise, since it consists in superiority, and superiority is one of the things that are noble. That is why, if you cannot compare him with illustrious personages, you must compare him with ordinary persons, since superiority is thought to indicate virtue. Speaking generally, of the topics common to all rhetorical arguments, amplification is most suitable for epideictic speakers, whose subject is actions which are not disputed, so that all that remains to be done is to attribute beauty and importance to them. Examples are most suitable for deliberative speakers, for it is by examination of the past that we divine and judge the future. Enthymemes are most suitable for forensic speakers, because the past, by reason of its obscurity, above all lends itself to the investigation of causes and to demonstrative proof. Such are nearly all the materials of praise or blame, the things which those who praise or blame should keep in view, and the sources of encomia and invective; for when these are known their contraries are obvious, since blame is derived from the contrary things.

第九章

下面我们将讨论美德与恶德，高尚与可耻，因为它们构成了人们褒贬的目标。讨论这些的时候，我们会顺便介绍能使我们表现出某种品质的方法，而这些方法，如上一章所述，就是第二种论证方法；须知激发［听众］对我们自己和他人的美德的信任也依赖相同的方法。既然人们不仅经常颂扬人或神祇，甚至颂扬无生命的事物或者普通动物，真心也好，假意也罢，那么我们应该以同样的方式去熟悉这些话题的相关命题。为了举例说明，我们不妨就此做一番讨论。

高尚的事情是那些本身可取且同时值得表扬的事情，或者是那些本身就是好的并因此令人愉悦的事情。如果高尚者如斯，那么美德就一定是高尚的，因为美德因其好而值得颂扬。美德应该是一种能够提供和保存各种好东西的能力，一种能够产生许多大益处的能力。事实上，美德可以在任何情况下产生一切事物。美德的组成包括公正、勇气、自律、大度、宽宏、慷慨、谦和、实践智慧和思辨智慧。最大的美德必然是那些对他人最有用的美德，如果美德是给予恩惠的能力的话。因此，［在所有美德中］公正和勇气最受推崇，因为在战争中后者对他人有用，而在和平年代，前者对他人也有用。其次就是慷慨，因为慷慨者随心付出，不为财富而争执，而财富正是他人最想要的东西。公正作为一种美德，指的是依法给予每个人应得之物；而不公正则是违法占有属于别人的东西。勇气使置身险境的人依法顺法行高尚之事；怯懦则与其相反。自律作为一种美德，帮助人们把肉体的享乐置于法律规约之内；放荡则与其相反。慷慨在很多事情上行善举；贪婪则与其相反。宽宏作为一种美德，能产生诸多大益处；狭隘则与其相反。大度作为一种美德，能够在事关付出时表现出大气；狭隘和吝啬则与其相反。实践智慧作为一种理性的美德，能让人明辨以上所讲的种种关乎幸福的善恶品性。

至此，关于美德和恶德之整体及各自的组成，我们已做了充分介绍。要明辨余下的内容并不困难；须知所有能产生美德的事情，因其趋近美德，显而易见是高尚的，而产生于美德的事情显然也是高尚的，因为这些恰是美德的标志和效果。不过，既然美德的标志和诸如好人的成就及痛苦之类的事情都是高尚的，那么勇气及所有勇敢行为［作为美德的一种］，其成就和标志也必然是高尚的。公正的事情和公正的行为也

是如此；（不过一个人理应遭受的惩罚则不在此例，因为在所有公正实施的美德当中，只有这个并不总是高尚的，而且［得到］公正的惩罚比［得到］不公正的惩罚更加可耻）。这个道理同样适用于其他美德。能得到荣誉奖赏的事情是高尚的，为了荣誉而不是钱财所做的事情也是高尚的。［高尚的事情］还有非为私利所做的好事；纯粹的好事，即不顾个人利害、为国家所做的好事；以及天性即为好的事情。但［仅］对个人有益的事情则不是高尚的，因为这些事情由自私的动机所驱动。

死后而非此生才可能拥有的东西是高尚的，因为在世的时候拥有的东西会更多地涉及私利；为他人所做的事情［是高尚的］，因为这些事情更无私；不是为自己而是为别人取得的成功［是高尚的］；为自己的捐助人所做的事情［是高尚的］，因为这就是公正之所在；总之，所有善行［都是高尚的］，因为它们都不关乎个人私利。还有，与我们引以为耻的相反的事情［是高尚的］，因为令我们感到羞耻的都是可鄙的事情，包括言语、行为或意图；例如，当阿尔凯奥斯说："我想说点什么，但是羞耻心让我说不出口"，萨福回答道："如果你追求美好或者高尚的东西，如果你的舌头不曾激发邪恶进而念叨它，你的眼里就不会充盈着羞耻，你就会说出恰当的话。"

人们一无所惧、力求实现的事情是高尚的；须知人们就是这样被能够带来好名声的事情所影响。来自那些生而尊贵者的美德和行为更加高尚，例如，来自男人而不是女人的美德和行为。同样，能为他人而不是自己带来快乐的事情［也更加高尚］，这就是为什么公正和公正的事情是高尚的。向敌人寻仇要比同敌人和解更高尚，因为复仇是正义的，而正义的事情是高尚的；再者，勇敢者也不应该容许自己被打败。胜利和荣誉也是高尚的，因为两者即使徒劳，也都是令人向往的，且彰显了高贵的美德。值得铭记的事情［是高尚的］，被人铭记越久，就越尊贵；肉身消逝之后仍然留存的事情［是高尚的］；有荣誉相伴的事情［是高尚的］；不同寻常的事情［是高尚的］。只被一人拥有的事情［是高尚的］，因为这样的事情更值得铭记。不带来收益的财富［是高尚的］，因为这样的财富更温文尔雅。某个民族独有的风俗习惯以及代表该民族尊崇之物的所有符号都是高贵的；例如，在拉栖第梦，蓄长发是高贵的，因为这是绅士的标志，留着长发的人很难从事任何卑贱的劳作。不从事任何粗俗行当是高贵的，因为绅士不依赖他人而生活。

为了褒奖或谴责，我们还必须假定凡酷似真实品质的品质等同于真

实品质；例如，审慎之人会表现得冷漠且工于算计；单纯之人会表现得性格淳良；平和之人会表现得温文尔雅。在每一种情况下，我们都应该从那些联系密切的品质中选取一个更具褒义的词汇：例如，对于暴躁而感情用事的人，不妨用坦率和豪爽等字眼；对于傲慢自大的人，不妨说成大度和威严；再就是把过度的方面说成对应的优点：例如，对于蛮干的人，不妨说成勇敢，对于挥霍无度者，不妨说成慷慨。须知大多数人就是这样认为的，此外，人们也可能从动机中推出站不住脚的论断：例如，如果一个人在没有必要的情况下不惜生命，那么人们会认为在不惜生命是高尚之举时他更有可能这样做；同样，如果一个人对所有来者都很慷慨，那么他［就会被认为］对朋友将更加慷慨；总之，至高的美德是为所有人做善事。我们还应该考虑当着谁的面进行表扬，因为正如苏格拉底所说，在雅典人中间表扬雅典人并不困难。我们还应该论及为特定观众所推崇且确实存在的事情，例如，锡西厄人、拉栖第梦人、或哲学家等。一般而言，被人们推崇的事情应被列入高尚的事情，因为二者看起来极为相似。再者，所有合适的行为都是高尚的，比如配得上自己的祖先或者自己已有成就的行为；须知获取额外的荣誉是高尚的，而且能够带来幸福感。如果已做的事情趋向于更好更高尚，并且超过人们的期望，［那么它就是高尚的：］例如，如果某人在顺境中是谦谦君子，在逆境中坚忍不拔；或者如果某人地位越高，反而越善良越宽容。正如伊菲克拉底所说："看看我的发迹之处吧！"又如奥林匹亚的胜利者所说："过去，我肩扛粗制的篮子，从阿耳戈斯运鱼到忒格亚。"又如西摩尼得斯所说："她是暴君的女儿，暴君的妻子，暴君的姐妹。"

因为表扬是基于行为的，而按照道德目的行事乃是可敬之人的特点，所以我们［在演说中］应该努力证明某人是按照道德目的行事的；如果能说明他曾经多次如此行事，也很有用。为此，演说者还得假定各种巧合和好运也是出于道德目的［而发生］；如果能够举出多个类似的例子，那么这些例子就可被视作美德和道德目的的标志。

表扬是用语言展示美德之伟大，因此，演说者有必要说明某人的行为富含美德。但是颂词讲的是成就——所有的附带情况，如高贵的出身和所受的教养等仅能协助［演讲人进行］说服，须知品行端正的父母很有可能养育品行端正的后代，而且一个人的言行会反映其教养的优劣。因此，我们［只］为那些有所建树的人作颂词。成就其实就是道德习惯的标志；为此，如果我们觉得某人很可能有所建树，即使他尚无任何成

就，我们也应该颂扬他。祝福和祝贺类似，但是二者与表扬和颂词不同，正如美德属于幸福，表扬和颂词属于祝贺。

表扬和劝告有一个共同之处；须知你在劝告时提到的事情在措辞上稍作修改即可成为赞颂之词。因此，当我们知道我们应该做些什么，应该具备哪些品质后，就应该［在演讲中］改变措辞，运用这些知识进言献策。例如，“人不应该以运气所赐自居，而应以自身努力所获为荣”这句话，如果表达如上，就有劝谏之意；但是如果表述如下：“他不以运气所赐自居，而以自身努力所获为荣”，这句话就成了表扬。因此，如果你想进行表扬，不妨先看看你会劝谏的事情；如果你想提出忠告，不妨先看看你会表扬的事情。当被禁止的事情变成了不被禁止的事情，表述的方式必然相反。

我们还应该使用多种［能增强表达效果的］铺陈手段；例如，说一个人独自完成了某事，或者说是某人第一次完成了某事，或者说某人与少数人一起完成了某事，或者说那人在某事中扮演主要角色等等，这些情况的铺陈都可以使某种行为变得高尚。同样，［我们还可以从］时代或契机的角度［进行铺陈］，如果某种行为超出了我们的预期的话。此外，如果一个人在某件事情上总是取得成功［，那么，这一点就值得大书特书］；须知这一点很重要，而且应该归于这个人自身，而不是源于偶然性。还有，如果人们为了某人而创造或确立了各种荣誉以资鼓励或奖赏［，那么，这就是值得铺陈的］；如果他是第一个被颂词赞颂的人，如希波罗科斯，或者如果他的塑像被树立在集市上，如哈摩狄俄斯和阿里斯托格通［，那么，这也是值得铺陈的］。上述情况的对立面也是如此。如果［你要表扬的人］提供给你的素材不够多，你就应该把他与其他人做比较，正如伊索克拉底过去所做的那样，因为他不善于诉讼演讲。而且你最好把他与杰出人士相比，因为这样能够提供进行铺陈的依据；如果确能证明他优于其他可敬之人的话，这种做法也是高妙的。铺陈无疑是一种表扬方式，因为它能展示［表扬对象的］卓越性，而卓越性是一种高贵的品质。这就是为什么如果无法将某人与杰出人士相提并论的话，你就应该把此人与普通人相比，因为［即使只比普通人］卓越也被视为一种美德。总而言之，在所有修辞论证的共有部目中，铺陈最适合宣德演说者，他们的话题事关毫无争议的行为，因此只需要为之加上美感和重要性即可。举例最适合议政演讲者，因为正是通过审视过去，我们才能推测和判断未来。修辞式推理最适合诉讼演讲者，因为过

去的情况不甚明晰，最适合探究原因，进行推理论证。以上我们几乎穷尽了颂扬或谴责所涉及的全部素材，颂扬者或谴责者应该了解的事情，以及赞誉和诋毁的根源，因为当人们了解了［有关颂扬的］这些知识之后，它们的反面就很清楚了，而谴责就源自它们的反面。

CHAPTER 10

We have next to speak of the number and quality of the propositions of which those syllogisms are constructed which have for their object accusation and defence. Three things have to be considered; first, the nature and the number of the motives which lead men to act unjustly; secondly, what is the state of mind of those who so act; thirdly, the character and dispositions of those who are exposed to injustice. We will discuss these questions in order, after we have first defined acting unjustly.

Let injustice, then, be defined as voluntarily causing injury contrary to the law. Now, the law is particular or general. By particular, I mean the written law in accordance with which a state is administered; by general, the unwritten regulations which appear to be universally recognized. Men act voluntarily when they know what they do, and do not act under compulsion. What is done voluntarily is not always done with premeditation; but what is done with premeditation is always known to the agent, for no one is ignorant of what he does with a purpose. The motives which lead men to do injury and commit wrong actions are depravity and incontinence. For if men have one or more vices, it is in that which makes him vicious that he shows himself unjust; for example, the illiberal in regard to money, the licentious in regard to bodily pleasures, the effeminate in regard to what makes for ease, the coward in regard to dangers, for fright makes him desert his comrades in peril; the ambitious in his desire for honor, the irascible owing to anger, one who is eager to conquer in his desire for victory, the rancorous in his desire for vengeance; the foolish man from having mistaken ideas of right and wrong, the shameless from his contempt for the opinion of others. Similarly, each of the rest of mankind is unjust in regard to his special weakness.

This will be perfectly clear, partly from what has already been said about the virtues, and partly from what will be said about the

emotions. It remains to state the motives and character of those who do wrong and of those who suffer from it. First, then, let us decide what those who set about doing wrong long for or avoid; for it is evident that the accuser must examine the number and nature of the motives which are to be found in his opponent; the defendant, which of them are not to be found in him. Now, all human actions are either the result of man's efforts or not. Of the latter some are due to chance, others to necessity. Of those due to necessity, some are to be attributed to compulsion, others to nature, so that the things which men do not do of themselves are all the result of chance, nature, or compulsion. As for those which they do of themselves and of which they are the cause, some are the result of habit, others of longing, and of the latter some are due to rational, others to irrational longing. Now wish is a [rational] longing for good, for no one wishes for anything unless he thinks it is good; irrational longings are anger and desire. Thus all the actions of men must necessarily be referred to seven causes: chance, nature, compulsion, habit, reason, anger, and desire.

But it is superfluous to establish further distinctions of men's acts based upon age, moral habits, or anything else. For if the young happen to be irascible, or passionately desire anything, it is not because of their youth that they act accordingly, but because of anger and desire. Nor is it because of wealth or poverty; but the poor happen to desire wealth because of their lack of it, and the rich desire unnecessary pleasures because they are able to procure them. Yet in their case too it will not be wealth or poverty, but desire, that will be the mainspring of their action. Similarly, the just and the unjust, and all the others who are said to act in accordance with their moral habits, will act from the same causes, either from reason or emotion, but some from good characters and emotions, and others from the opposite. Not but that it does happen that such and such moral habits are followed by such and such consequences; for it may be that from the outset the fact of being temperate produces in the temperate man

good opinions and desires in the matter of pleasant things, in the intemperate man the contrary. Therefore we must leave these distinctions on one side, but we must examine what are the usual consequences of certain conditions. For, if a man is fair or dark, tall or short, there is no rule that any such consequences should follow, but if he is young or old, just or unjust, it does make a difference. In a word, it will be necessary to take account of all the circumstances that make men's characters different; for instance, if a man fancies himself rich or poor, fortunate or unfortunate, it will make a difference. We will, however, discuss this later;[30] let us now speak of what remains to be said here.

Things which are the result of chance are all those of which the cause is indefinite, those which happen without any end in view, and that neither always, nor generally, nor regularly. The definition of chance will make this clear. Things which are the result of nature are all those of which the cause is in themselves and regular; for they turn out always, or generally, in the same way. As for those which happen contrary to nature there is no need to investigate minutely whether their occurrence is due to a certain force of nature or some other cause [it would seem, however, that such cases also are due to chance]. Those things are the result of compulsion which are done by the agents themselves in opposition to their desire or calculation. Things are the result of habit, when they are done because they have often been done. Things are the result of calculation which are done because, of the goods already mentioned, they appear to be expedient either as an end or means to an end, provided they are done by reason of their being expedient; for even the intemperate do certain things that are expedient, for the sake, not of expediency, but of pleasure. Passion and anger are the causes of acts of revenge. But there is a difference between revenge and punishment; the latter is inflicted in the interest of the sufferer, the former in the interest of him who inflicts it, that he may obtain satisfaction. We will define anger when we come to speak of the emotions.[31] Desire is the cause of things

being done that are apparently pleasant. The things which are familiar and to which we have become accustomed are among pleasant things; for men do with pleasure many things which are not naturally pleasant, when they have become accustomed to them.

In short, all things that men do of themselves either are, or seem, good or pleasant; and since men do voluntarily what they do of themselves, and involuntarily what they do not, it follows that all that men do voluntarily will be either that which is or seems good, or that which is or seems pleasant. For I reckon among good things the removal of that which is evil or seems evil, or the exchange of a greater evil for a less, because these two things are in a way desirable; in like manner, I reckon among pleasant things the removal of that which is or appears painful, and the exchange of a greater pain for a less. We must therefore make ourselves acquainted with the number and quality of expedient and pleasant things. We have already spoken of the expedient when discussing deliberative rhetoric;[32] let us now speak of the pleasant. And we must regard our definitions as sufficient in each case, provided they are neither obscure nor too precise.

第十章

我们接下来讲一讲构成以控告和辩护为目的的三段论命题的数量和性质。有三点必须厘清：第一，诱使人们行不义之事的动机具有什么性质以及数量是多少；第二，行不义之事者的思维状态；第三，遭受不义之事者的品格和性情。在界定了不义之事后，我们将依次探讨这些问题。

不义之事可被定义为违反法律、有意造成伤害［的行为］。而法律又分为特别法与普通法。我说的特别法指的是以其作为依据治理一个邦国的成文法；普通法指的是看似被普遍认可的不成文法。如果人们知道自己所做之事为何，且不是出于强迫而做，那么他们的行为就是有意的。有意为之的事并不总是有预谋的，但是有预谋而为之的事一定是肇事者明知的，因为没有人会不知道自己有目的而为之的事情。诱使人造成伤害和做错事的动机是堕落和无节制。因为如果人有某一种或多种恶德，他的不义之处就会体现在使他变得邪恶的恶习上；比如，吝啬者之于金钱，放荡者之于肉体享乐，柔弱者之于安逸，怯懦者之于危险（因为恐惧使他抛弃身处险境的同伴），野心勃勃者之于对荣耀的觊觎，暴躁者之于愤怒，醉心征服者之于对胜利的渴求，怀恨者之于复仇的欲望，愚蠢者之于对是非的误判，无耻者之于对他人看法的无视。同样，其他人也都［可能］由于各自的弱点而成为不义之人。

根据我们已讲的关于美德的内容，以及我们将要讲的关于情感的内容，这一点将再清楚不过了。剩下的就是探讨行不义之事的人以及受其伤害的人的动机和性格。下面我们首先确定图谋不轨者希望获得或避免什么；因为很显然，原告必须分析对方可能具有的动机的数量和性质；而被告［则必须分析］其中哪些自己并没有。所有的人类活动，要么是有意为之的结果，要么不是。在后一种情况中，有些是出于机缘，有些则是出于必然。而出于必然的事情中，有些是出于强迫，有些则出于本性。总之人们并非主动为之的事情都是三种因由的结果，即机缘、本性或强迫。至于人们有意为之的事情以及以他们为因由的事情，有些是习惯所致，其他则是渴求的结果，而在后者中，有些是出于理性的渴求，其他的则是出于非理性的渴求。希望是对好东西的（理性的）渴求，因为除非一个人认为某件东西是好的，否则他不会希望获得这件东西。非

理性的渴求则包括愤怒和欲望。总之，人类的所有行为必定可以归结为七种因由：机缘、本性、强迫、习惯、理性、愤怒和欲望。

不过，根据年龄、道德习惯或者其他标准来进一步区分人的行为就是多余的了。因为即使年轻人性情暴躁，或者欲念强烈，他们相应的行为也不是由于年纪轻，而是出于愤怒和欲望。［人们的欲念］也不是富裕或贫穷所致，虽然穷人难免会因为缺少财富而渴望财富，富人也会因为有能力获得而渴望奢侈的享乐。但是，在这两种情形中，人们行为的主要诱因并不是财富或贫穷，而仍然是欲望。同样，正义之人和不义之人，以及其他所谓凭自己的道德习惯行事之人，也是出于同样的原因而行事，要么是理性，要么是情感，只不过有些人是出于良好的品性和情感，而其他人则是出于相反的［品性和情感］。但是，并不是说某种道德习惯碰巧导致了某种结果；须知或许从一开始节制就可以让节制之人对愉悦之事产生好的想法和欲望，而让无节制之人［产生］相反的［想法和欲望］。因此，我们有必要［暂时］撇开这些区别，但是［稍后］我们必须考察某些条件一般会导致什么结果。因为一个人是白还是黑，是高还是矮，并不一定导致任何结果，但他是年轻还是年老，正义还是不正义，则会产生差别。总之，我们有必要考虑塑造人们不同性格的所有因素；比如，一个人觉得自己是富还是穷，是幸运还是不幸，［对其性格］是会有影响的。但是，这一点我们后文再说，现在我们接着讲本章未尽之内容。

机缘所致之事包括原因不明确的事情，没有预期结果的事情，不是一直发生、经常发生或有规律发生的事情。对机缘的定义可以使这一点更明晰。本性所致之事即其因由在于自身且有规律的事情，须知这样的事情总是或经常以同样的方式发生。至于违背本性而发生的事情，我们不需要详细分析其发生是出于某种本性的力量还是其他什么原因（但是，这种情形看起来也是机缘所致）。强迫所致之事指的是当事人亲自为之但违背了自己的欲望或思虑的事情。习惯所致之事即人们因为经常为之而为之的事情。思虑所致之事指的是人们做这些事是因其作为目的或者作为达到目的的途径对于前文所述的种种好事是有利的，只要人们做这些事是因为认识到其用处；要知道甚至无节制之人也会为了享乐（而不是为了利益）而做某些有利之事。冲动和愤怒是报复行为的因由。但是报复和惩罚之间有一点不同：后者的实施是为了受罚者的利益，而前者则是为了实施报复者的利益，即他能获得满足。愤怒我们将

留待下文讨论情感时再做界定。欲望是人们做一些貌似愉悦之事的因由。我们熟悉且做惯了的事是愉悦之事；因为有些事虽然本身并不令人愉悦，但是一旦人们习以为常，就会愉快地去做。

简而言之，人们主动做的事情要么是好的或愉悦的，要么看起来是好的或愉悦的；而且既然人们主动做的事情都是自愿为之，不主动做的事情都非自愿为之，那么很显然，所有人们自愿为之的事情都要么是好的或令人愉悦的，要么看起来是好的或令人愉悦的。我认为好事情包括去除那些恶的或看似恶的东西，或者用程度更甚之恶换得程度较浅之恶，因为这两种事情在一定意义上都是可取的；同样，我认为愉悦之事包括去除那些痛苦的或看似痛苦的东西，或者用程度更甚之痛换得程度较轻之痛。因此，我们必须熟悉有利和愉悦之事的数量和性质。我们在讨论议政修辞时已经讲过有利之事，接下来我们说说愉悦之事。还有，我们在各种情况下都应该把自己下的定义视为充分的，只要它们既不模糊，也不过度精确。

CHAPTER 11

Let it be assumed by us that pleasure is a certain movement of the soul, a sudden and perceptible settling down into its natural state, and pain the opposite. If such is the nature of pleasure, it is evident that that which produces the disposition we have just mentioned is pleasant, and that that which destroys it or produces the contrary settling down is painful. Necessarily, therefore, it must be generally pleasant to enter into a normal state [especially when what is done in accordance with that state has come into its own again]; and the same with habits. For that which has become habitual becomes as it were natural; in fact, habit is something like nature, for the distance between "often" and "always" is not great, and nature belongs to the idea of "always," habit to that of "often." That which is not compulsory is also pleasant, for compulsion is contrary to nature. That is why what is necessary is painful, and it was rightly said, "For every act of necessity is disagreeable." Application, study, and intense effort are also painful, for these involve necessity and compulsion, if they have not become habitual; for then habit makes them pleasant. Things contrary to these are pleasant; wherefore states of ease, idleness, carelessness, amusement, recreation, and sleep are among pleasant things, because none of these is in any way compulsory. Everything of which we have in us the desire is pleasant, for desire is a longing for the pleasant.

Now, of desires some are irrational, others rational. I call irrational all those that are not the result of any assumption. Such are all those which are called natural; for instance, those which come into existence through the body—such as the desire of food, thirst, hunger, the desire of such and such food in particular; the desires connected with taste, sexual pleasures, in a word, with touch, smell, hearing, and sight. I call those desires rational which are due to our being convinced; for there are many things which we desire to see or

acquire when we have heard them spoken of and are convinced that they are pleasant.

And if pleasure consists in the sensation of a certain emotion, and imagination is a weakened sensation, then both the man who remembers and the man who hopes will be attended by an imagination of what he remembers or hopes. This being so, it is evident that there is pleasure both for those who remember and for those who hope, since there is sensation. Therefore all pleasant things must either be present in sensation, or past in recollection, or future in hope; for one senses the present, recollects the past, and hopes for the future. Therefore our recollections are pleasant, not only when they recall things which when present were agreeable, but also some things which were not, if their consequence subsequently proves honorable or good; whence the saying: "Truly it is pleasant to remember toil after one has escaped it," and, "When a man has suffered much and accomplished much, he afterwards takes pleasure even in his sorrows when he recalls them.[33]" The reason of this is that even to be free from evil is pleasant. Things which we hope for are pleasant, when their presence seems likely to afford us great pleasure or advantage, without the accompaniment of pain. In a word, all things that afford pleasure by their presence as a rule also afford pleasure when we hope for or remember them. Wherefore even resentment is pleasant, as Homer said of anger that it is "Far sweeter than dripping honey;[34]" for no one feels resentment against those whom vengeance clearly cannot overtake, or those who are far more powerful than he is; against such, men feel either no resentment or at any rate less.

Most of our desires are accompanied by a feeling of pleasure, for the recollection of a past or the hope of a future pleasure creates a certain pleasurable enjoyment; thus, those suffering from fever and tormented by thirst enjoy the remembrance of having drunk and the hope that they will drink again. The lovesick always take pleasure in talking, writing, or composing verses about the beloved; for it seems to them that in all this recollection makes the object of their affection

perceptible. Love always begins in this manner, when men are happy not only in the presence of the beloved, but also in his absence when they recall him to mind. This is why, even when his absence is painful, there is a certain amount of pleasure even in mourning and lamentation; for the pain is due to his absence, but there is pleasure in remembering and, as it were, seeing him and recalling his actions and personality. Wherefore it was rightly said by the poet; "Thus he spake, and excited in all a desire of weeping.[35]"

And revenge is pleasant; for if it is painful to be unsuccessful, it is pleasant to succeed. Now, those who are resentful are pained beyond measure when they fail to secure revenge, while the hope of it delights them. Victory is pleasant, not only to those who love to conquer, but to all; for there is produced an idea of superiority, which all with more or less eagerness desire. And since victory is pleasant, competitive and disputatious amusements must be so too, for victories are often gained in them; among these we may include games with knuckle-bones, ball-games, dicing, and draughts. It is the same with serious sports; for some become pleasant when one is familiar with them, while others are so from the outset, such as the chase and every description of outdoor sport; for rivalry implies victory. It follows from this that practice in the law courts and disputation are pleasant to those who are familiar with them and well qualified. Honor and good repute are among the most pleasant things, because every one imagines that he possesses the qualities of a worthy man, and still more when those whom he believes to be trustworthy say that he does. Such are neighbors rather than those who live at a distance; intimate friends and fellow-citizens rather than those who are unknown; contemporaries rather than those who come later; the sensible rather than the senseless; the many rather than the few; for such persons are more likely to be trustworthy than their opposites. As for those for whom men feel great contempt, such as children and animals, they pay no heed to their respect or esteem, or, if they do, it is not for the sake of their esteem, but for some other reason.

A friend also is among pleasant things, for it is pleasant to love—for no one loves wine unless he finds pleasure in it—just as it is pleasant to be loved; for in this case also a man has an impression that he is really endowed with good qualities, a thing desired by all who perceive it; and to be loved is to be cherished for one's own sake. And it is pleasant to be admired, because of the mere honor. Flattery and the flatterer are pleasant, the latter being a sham admirer and friend. It is pleasant to do the same things often; for that which is familiar is, as we said, pleasant. Change also is pleasant, since change is in the order of nature; for perpetual sameness creates an excess of the normal condition; whence it was said: "Change in all things is sweet." This is why what we only see at intervals, whether men or things, is pleasant; for there is a change from the present, and at the same time it is rare. And learning and admiring are as a rule pleasant; for admiring implies the desire to learn, so that what causes admiration is to be desired, and learning implies a return to the normal. It is pleasant to bestow and to receive benefits; the latter is the attainment of what we desire, the former the possession of more than sufficient means, both of them things that men desire. Since it is pleasant to do good, it must also be pleasant for men to set their neighbors on their feet, and to supply their deficiencies. And since learning and admiring are pleasant, all things connected with them must also be pleasant; for instance, a work of imitation, such as painting, sculpture, poetry, and all that is well imitated, even if the object of imitation is not pleasant; for it is not this that causes pleasure or the reverse, but the inference that the imitation and the object imitated are identical, so that the result is that we learn something. The same may be said of sudden changes and narrow escapes from danger; for all these things excite wonder. And since that which is in accordance with nature is pleasant, and things which are akin are akin in accordance with nature, all things akin and like are for the most part pleasant to each other, as man to man; horse to horse, youth to youth. This is the origin of the proverbs: "The old have charms for the old, the young for the young",

"Like to like", "Beast knows beast", "Birds of a feather flock together," and all similar sayings.

And since things which are akin and like are always pleasant to one another, and every man in the highest degree feels this in regard to himself, it must needs be that all men are more or less selfish; for it is in himself above all that such conditions are to be found. Since, then, all men are selfish, it follows that all find pleasure in what is their own, such as their works and words. That is why men as a rule are fond of those who flatter and love them, of honor, and of children; for the last are their own work. It is also pleasant to supply what is wanting, for then it becomes our work. And since it is most pleasant to command, it is also pleasant to be regarded as wise for practical wisdom is commanding, and philosophy consists in the knowledge of many things that excite wonder. Further, since men are generally ambitious, it follows that it is also agreeable to find fault with our neighbors. And if a man thinks he excels in anything, he likes to devote his time to it; as Euripides says: "And allotting the best part of each day to that in which he happens to surpass himself, he presses eagerly towards it." Similarly, since amusement, every kind of relaxation, and laughter are pleasant, ridiculous things—men, words, or deeds—must also be pleasant. The ridiculous has been discussed separately in the *Poetics*[36]. Let this suffice for things that are pleasant; those that are painful will be obvious from the contraries of these.

第十一章

让我们将愉悦理解为灵魂的一种运动，一种突然的、能够感觉到的灵魂回归本真状态的运动。痛苦则与此相反。如果这是愉悦的本质，那么可以显见，能够产生上述状态的事物就是令人愉悦的，而破坏上述状态或产生相反状态的事物就是痛苦的。因此，一般而言，进入正常状态一定是令人愉悦的（尤其是在符合该状态下所做之事再次回到其自然状态时）；习惯也是如此。须知已成习惯的事似乎也会变得自然。其实，习惯是一种类似本性的东西，因为“经常”和“总是”的差距并不大，本性属于“总是”的范畴，习惯则属于“经常”。未经强迫而为的事情也是令人愉悦的，因为强迫是违背本性的。正因如此，必须的事情总是令人痛苦的，有个说法很有道理：“每件必须之事都是使人烦恼的”。勤勉、学习和努力也都是令人痛苦的，因为它们都包含必要和强迫的成分——如果这些事情尚未成为习惯的话，因为习惯可以使它们变得令人愉悦。与这些相反的事是令人愉悦的；因此闲适、慵懒、无忧、消遣、娱乐、睡眠等状态都属于令人愉悦之事，因为这些没有一件是强迫性的。我们自身对其怀有欲望的所有事情都是愉悦的，因为欲望是对愉悦之事的向往。

而欲望有些是无理性的，有些是理性的。我说的无理性的欲望指的是那些未经任何思考而产生的［欲望］。所谓的自然的欲望都属此列；比如，因肉体而生的欲望——包括食物、饥渴和对某种具体食物的欲望，与味觉相关的欲望，性欲；总之，一切与触觉、味觉、听觉和视觉相关的欲望。我说的理性的欲望指的是由于我们被劝服而产生的［欲望］；须知有很多事物，当我们听别人说起且被劝服相信它们是令人愉悦的，就会意欲看到或得到它们。

再者，如果愉悦是对某种情感的感知，而想象是一种弱化了的感知，那么心存回忆或期望的人总会有其回忆或期望之事所激发的想象相伴。这样的话，很显然，心存回忆或期望的人都是愉悦的，因为［在回忆和期望中］存在着感知。因此，所有的愉悦之事一定是感知中的当下，或回忆中的过去，或期望中的将来；须知人可以感知当下，回忆过去，期望将来。因此，我们的回忆是愉悦的，不仅限于它们会唤起当初发生时就令人愉悦的事，也包括一些当初并不令人愉悦的事，只要这些事的结果后来证明是高尚的或美好的；因此人们才会说：“摆脱苦难以后

再回忆苦难，确是一件愉悦之事。”还有人说：“若饱受苦难而成就非凡，则日后回忆起来，悲伤也变成愉悦。”这是因为即使只是摆脱苦难也是令人愉悦的。我们所期望的事也是愉悦的，只要它们的存在看起来能带给我们莫大的快乐和利益，而不会伴随痛苦。总之，凡是在发生之时能带来快乐的事，一般而言，在我们期望或回忆时，也能带来快乐。因此，甚至愤恨也是愉悦的，正如荷马在谈及愤怒时所说，它“比欲滴的蜂蜜更加甘甜”；因为没有人会对显然不可能被报复所害的人或者比自己强大得多的人怀有愤恨之情；对这［两种人］，人们要么没有愤恨之情，要么即使有，程度也比较轻。

我们的大多数欲望都伴随着愉悦的感觉，因为对过去［愉悦之事］的回忆和对未来愉悦之事的期望都能带来某种愉悦的体验；因此，发烧和口渴之人会因回忆起曾经的畅饮经历和期望再次畅饮而感到快乐。遭受相思之苦的人总会因为谈论、描述或作诗怀念爱人而感到快乐；须知对他们而言，这样做的时候，回忆使他们能感觉到爱的对象。爱总是以这种方式开始的，即人们不仅在与爱人相处时感到快乐，而且当爱人不在、回忆起爱人时［也会感到快乐］。正因如此，虽然爱人不在是痛苦的，但是甚至在悲恸和哀伤中也有一点快乐的成分；因为痛苦是由于爱人不在，但在回忆起［爱人］时，在恍如爱人就在眼前、他的举止和品貌历历在目时，是有一种快乐的。因此，诗人［荷马］才这样言之凿凿：“他这样一说，就激起了众人哭泣的欲望。”

报复也是令人愉悦的；因为如果说报复失败是痛苦的，那么报复成功就是快乐的。所以，心怀愤恨之人，如果未能实施报复，是无比痛苦的，但是对报复的期待却能带给他快乐。胜利是令人愉悦的，不仅对好胜之人如此，对所有人［都是如此］；因为胜利会产生一种优越感，而所有人或多或少都会期望［获得这种感觉］。再者，既然胜利是令人愉悦的，那么竞技和争辩游戏一定也是［令人愉悦的］，因为胜利常常在这类游戏中产生；这些［游戏］可以包括玩羊骨、打球、掷骰子和下跳棋。严肃的体育运动也是如此；因为有些运动在熟练了之后就是令人愉悦的，而有些从一开始就是令人愉悦的，比如狩猎和每一项户外运动；因为对抗孕育着胜利。由此亦可推知，法庭辩论和争辩会对熟悉和擅长此道之人也是令人愉悦的。荣耀和好名声属于最令人愉悦的事物，因为每个人都会幻想自己具有正人君子的品格，尤其是当他信赖的人这样称赞他时。［人们信赖的］这些人包括近邻，而不是远客；密友和同胞，

而不是陌生人；同时代的人，而不是后来者；有见识的人，而不是荒唐的人；多数人，而不是少数人；因为前一类人比后一类人更可能值得信任。至于人们极度轻视的，比如孩童和牲畜，人们并不在乎他们的尊敬或赞誉，或者即使在乎，也不是因为他们的赞誉，而是因为一些别的原因。

朋友也是令人愉悦的，因为爱［别人］是令人愉悦的——因为除非喝酒时能感到快乐，否则没有人会爱酒——正如被爱也是令人愉悦的；因为在这种情况下［即爱别人］，一个人会认为自己的确具有良好品质，这是所有能感受到的人都期望获得的一种体验；而被爱意味着因为自己本身而被人珍惜。再者，被仰慕也是令人愉悦的，因为［这意味着］荣耀。阿谀和阿谀者也是令人愉悦的，后者是伪装的仰慕者和朋友。经常做同一件事是令人愉悦的，因为熟悉之事，如前所述，是令人愉悦的。变化也是令人愉悦的，因为变化符合自然；须知长久［保持常态］不变会造成过度，因此有人说："所有事物的变化都是甜美的。"正因如此，我们每隔一段时间才能看到的人或物是令人愉悦的，因为这给现状带来了改变，而同时又不常见。再者，求知和仰慕一般而言也是令人愉悦的；须知仰慕意味着求知的欲望，所以人们会渴求能引起仰慕之物，而求知意味着回归本真状态。施惠和受惠是令人愉悦的；后者意味着得到我们渴求之物，前者［意味着］拥有财物且有富余，二者都是人们渴求的。既然行善是令人愉悦的，那么扶助邻居，给予彼之所缺，一定也是令人愉悦的。再者，既然求知和仰慕是令人愉悦的，那么与之相关的所有事情一定也是令人愉悦的；比如，摹仿的作品——包括绘画、雕塑、诗歌以及所有摹仿得很好的作品——即使摹仿的对象并不令人愉悦；因为带来快乐或其反面的并不是摹仿的对象，而是摹仿品和被仿者完全相同的结论，总之结果是我们学有所获。这些也适用于突变和脱险，因为二者皆可激发惊奇之情。再者，既然符合本性之事是令人愉悦的，而同类的事物是因其本性而同类，那么所有同类和类似之物对彼此而言大抵也是使之愉悦的，比如人对人，马对马，年轻人对年轻人。这正是如下这些谚语的来源："老娱老，少娱少"，"物以类聚"，"兽兽相识"，"鸟以群分"以及类似的谚语。

再者，既然同类和类似之物对彼此而言总是使之愉悦的，而每个人都在自己身上最大程度地感受到这一点，那么必然的结论就是所有人都或多或少是自私的，因为上述情况［即同类或类似］首先存在于每个人

自身。既然所有人都是自私的，那么与此相应，所有人都会因自己的一切，诸如作品和言语，而感到愉悦。这就是为什么人们一般而言都喜欢阿谀和喜爱自己的人，喜欢荣耀，喜欢孩子；因为最后这点［即孩子］恰是自己的作品。补足匮乏的东西也是令人愉悦的，因为这样一来它就成了我们的成就。再者，既然指挥他人是非常令人愉悦的，那么被认为拥有智慧也是令人愉悦的，因为实践智慧可以用来号令他人，而哲学［智慧］在于知晓很多能激发惊奇之情的事物。另外，既然人们一般都是喜欢炫耀的，那么发现邻人的毛病也是令人愉快的。再者，如果一个人认为自己擅长某事，他就会乐于在上面花费时间；正如欧里庇得斯所说："他把每天最好的时光投在自己碰巧能力超群的事情上，并为之付出热切的努力。"同样，既然娱乐、各种消遣以及欢笑都是令人愉悦的，那么可笑的事物——人、言语或者行为——也一定是令人愉悦的。可笑之事在《诗学》中已经单独探讨过。关于愉悦之事，我们就讲到这里。至于痛苦之事，从其反面即可明了。

CHAPTER 12

Such are the motives of injustice; let us now state the frame of mind of those who commit it, and who are the sufferers from it. Men do wrong when they think that it can be done and that it can be done by them; when they think that their action will either be undiscovered, or if discovered will remain unpunished; or if it is punished, that the punishment will be less than the profit to themselves or to those for whom they care. As for the kind of things which seem possible or impossible, we will discuss them later[37], for these topics are common to all kinds of rhetoric. Now men who commit wrong think they are most likely to be able to do so with impunity, if they are eloquent, business-like, experienced in judicial trials, if they have many friends, and if they are wealthy. They think there is the greatest chance of their being able to do so, if they themselves belong to the above classes; if not, if they have friends, servants, or accomplices who do; for thanks to these qualities they are able to commit wrong and to escape discovery and punishment. Similarly, if they are friends of those who are being wronged, or of the judges; for friends are not on their guard against being wronged and, besides, they prefer reconciliation to taking proceedings; and judges favor those whom they are fond of, and either let them off altogether or inflict a small penalty.

Those are likely to remain undetected whose qualities are out of keeping with the charges, for instance, if a man wanting in physical strength were accused of assault and battery, or a poor and an ugly man of adultery. Also, if the acts are done quite openly and in sight of all; for they are not guarded against, because no one would think them possible. Also, if they are so great and of such a nature that no one would even be likely to attempt them, for these also are not guarded against; for all guard against ordinary ailments and wrongs, but no one takes precautions against those ailments from which no

one has ever yet suffered. And those who have either no enemy at all or many; the former hope to escape notice because they are not watched, the latter do escape because they would not be thought likely to attack those who are on their guard and because they can defend themselves by the plea that they would never have attempted it. And, those who have ways or places of concealment for stolen property, or abundant opportunities of disposing of it. And those who, even if they do not remain undetected, can get the trial set aside or put off, or corrupt the judges. And those who, if a fine be imposed, can get payment in full set aside or put off for a long time, or those who, owing to poverty, have nothing to lose. And in cases where the profit is certain, large, or immediate, while the punishment is small, uncertain, or remote. And where there can be no punishment equal to the advantages, as seems to be the case in a tyranny. And when the unjust acts are real gains and the only punishment is disgrace; and when, on the contrary, the unjust acts tend to our credit, for instance, if one avenges father or mother, as was the case with Zeno, while the punishment only involves loss of money, exile, or something of the kind. For men do wrong from both these motives and in both these conditions of mind; but the persons are not the same, and their characters are exactly opposite. And those who have often been undetected or have escaped punishment; and those who have often been unsuccessful; for in such cases, as in actual warfare, there are always men ready to return to the fight. And all who hope for pleasure and profit at once, while the pain and the loss come later; such are the intemperate, intemperance being concerned with all things that men long for. And when, on the contrary, the pain or the loss is immediate, while the pleasure and the profit are later and more lasting; for temperate and wiser men pursue such aims. And those who may possibly be thought to have acted by chance or from necessity, from some natural impulse or from habit, in a word, to have committed an error rather than a crime. And those who hope to obtain indulgence; and all those who are in need, which is of two kinds; for men either

need what is necessary, as the poor, or what is superfluous, as the wealthy. And those who are highly esteemed or held in great contempt; the former will not be suspected, the latter no more than they are already.

In such a frame of mind men attempt to do wrong, and the objects of their wrongdoing are men and circumstances of the following kind. Those who possess what they themselves lack, things either necessary, or superfluous, or enjoyable; both those who are far off and those who are near, for in the one case the gain is speedy, in the other reprisals are slow, as if, for instance, Greeks were to plunder Carthaginians. And those who never take precautions and are never on their guard, but are confiding; for all these are easily taken unawares. And those who are indolent; for it requires a man who takes pains to prosecute. And those who are bashful; for they are not likely to fight about money. And those who have often been wronged but have not prosecuted, being, as the proverb says, "Mysian booty[38]." And those who have never, or those who have often, suffered wrong; for both are off their guard, the one because they have never yet been attacked, the others because they do not expect to be attacked again. And those who have been slandered, or are easy to slander; for such men neither care to go to law, for fear of the judges, nor, if they do, can they convince them; to this class belong those who are exposed to hatred or envy. And those against whom the wrongdoer can pretend that either their ancestors, or themselves, or their friends, have either committed, or intended to commit, wrong either against himself, or his ancestors, or those for whom he has great regard; for, as the proverb says, "evil-doing only needs an excuse." And both enemies and friends; for it is easy to injure the latter, and pleasant to injure the former. And those who are friendless. And those who are unskilled in speech or action; for either they make no attempt to prosecute, or come to terms, or accomplish nothing. And those to whom it is no advantage to waste time waiting for the verdict or damages, such as strangers or husbandmen; for they are ready to compromise on easy terms and to

drop proceedings. And those who have committed numerous wrongs, or such as those from which they themselves are suffering; for it seems almost an act of justice that a man should suffer a wrong such as he had been accustomed to make others suffer; if, for instance, one were to assault a man who was in the habit of outraging others. And those who have already injured us, or intended, or intend, or are about to do so; for in such a case vengeance is both pleasant and honorable, and seems to be almost an act of justice. And those whom we wrong in order to ingratiate ourselves with our friends, or persons whom we admire or love, or our masters, in a word, those by whom our life is ruled. And those in reference to whom there is a chance of obtaining merciful consideration. And those against whom we have a complaint, or with whom we have had a previous difference, as Callippus acted in the matter of Dio;[39] for in such cases it seems almost an act of justice. And those who are going to be attacked by others, if we do not attack first, since it is no longer possible to deliberate; thus, Aenesidemus is said to have sent the prize in the game of cottabus[40] to Gelon, who, having reduced a town to slavery, had anticipated him by doing what he had intended to do himself. And those to whom, after having injured them, we shall be enabled to do many acts of justice, in the idea that it will be easy to repair the wrong; as Jason[41] the Thessalian said one should sometimes commit injustice, in order to be able also to do justice often.

Men are ready to commit wrongs which all or many are in the habit of committing, for they hope to be pardoned for their offences. They steal objects that are easy to conceal; such are things that are quickly consumed, as eatables; things which can easily be changed in form or color or composition; things for which there are many convenient hiding-places, such as those that are easy to carry or stow away in a corner; those of which a thief already possesses a considerable number exactly similar or hard to distinguish. Or they commit wrongs which the victims are ashamed to disclose, such as outrages upon the women of their family, upon themselves, or upon their children. And all those

wrongs in regard to which appeal to the law would create the appearance of litigiousness; such are wrongs which are unimportant or venial. These are nearly all the dispositions which induce men to commit wrong, the nature and motive of the wrongs, and the kind of persons who are the victims of wrong.

第十二章

以上就是［人们行］不义之事的各种动机；现在我们来讲行不义之事者的心理状态，以及遭受不义之事的是哪些人。人们行不义之事时，［要么］认为这件事能做，且能由他们来做；［要么］认为他们的行为不会被发现，或者即使发现了也不会被惩罚；或者即使被惩罚，也会小于他们自己或他们所在意的人将得到的益处。至于那些看似可能或不可能的事情，我们以后再谈，因为这些部目适用于所有的修辞类型。行不义之事者认为［在如下条件下］他们最有可能如此行事而不被惩罚：如果他们口才好、效率高且精于诉讼，［或者］如果他们朋友众多，财富众多。他们认为如果自己属于上述类别，就最有可能［行不义之事而不被惩罚］；如果不是，那么他们的朋友、仆人或同伴属于上述类别亦可；因为依靠这些条件，他们也能够行不义之事而不被发现和惩罚。与此相似，如果他们是受害者的朋友或者法官的朋友亦可；因为朋友对不义之事没有防备，而且朋友更愿意和解，而不是起诉；而法官则偏袒自己喜欢的人，要么将其赦免，要么从轻处罚。

那些与被诉人的特质不相符的人也较有可能［行不义之事而］不被发现，比如，一个体弱者被控暴力殴打，或者一个贫穷之人或丑陋之人被控通奸。再者，如果不义之事是在大庭广众之下发生［，也较有可能不被发现］；因为人们对其没有提防，原因是没有人会认为它们［即大庭广众之下的不义之事］是可能的。再者，如果它们［即不义之事］极为恶劣，性质超常，以至于没有人会想到去尝试［，它们也比较可能不被发现］，因为人们不会提防这类事情。须知所有人都会提防普通的病痛和不义之事，但是没有人会谨防未曾有人遭受过的病痛。没有敌人或树敌众多之人［也有可能行不义之事］。前者有望躲过别人的注意，因为没有人监视他们；后者则的确能躲过别人的注意，因为别人不会认为他们会去攻击那些早有防范的敌人，再说他们还可以利用自己不可能有此企图作为托词来为自己辩护。那些有藏匿赃物的途径或地方、或者有很多销赃手段的人，以及那些即使被发现也能使诉讼被驳回或拖延、或者收买法官的人［，也都有可能行不义之事］。那些即使被处以罚款也能够长期置之不理或拖延缴款的人，或者那些由于贫穷而不会有任何损失的人［，也有可能行不义之事］。在利益明确、巨大且能即刻兑现，

而惩罚微小、不确定或遥遥无期的情况下［，人们亦可能行不义之事］。在没有什么惩罚可以与获益相比的情况下，［人们亦可能行不义之事，］如暴政下的情形。当不义之事能带来切实的利益，而唯一的惩罚只是坏名声；或者与此相反，当不义之事可以使我们受到赞誉——比如像芝诺一样，为父亲或母亲报仇——而惩罚不过是罚款、放逐或者其他的类似处罚［，人们亦可能行不义之事］。总之人们出于这两种动机和心态［即为了利益无视毁誉，或为了荣誉无视惩罚］都可能行不义之事；但是［这两种情形下的］人是不同的，其性格是完全相反的。此外，那些常常不被发现或躲过惩罚的人，还有那些常常失手的人［，也可能行不义之事］；因为在这样的情况下，正如在真实的战争中一样，总有人愿意再试身手。还有所有希望即刻获得享乐和利益、而［在其看来］痛苦和损失稍后才会兑现的人［，亦可能行不义之事］；无节制之人就是这样，他们的无节制涉及人们渴求的所有东西。在相反的情况下，即痛苦或损失就在眼前，而享乐和利益来得较晚但更长久［，人们也可能行不义之事］；比如自律者和智者就追求这样的目标［即吃苦在先，享乐在后］。还有一些人，人们会认为他们行不义之事是出于偶然、出于不得已、出于某种自然的冲动或习惯，总之，［人们会认为］他们是犯了错误而不是罪行［，这样的人亦有可能行不义之事］。还有那些希望得以放纵的人，以及所有拥有需求的人［，都有可能行不义之事］，这样的人分两种：须知人们要么需要必需品，如穷人，要么［需要］奢侈品，如富人。那些声望极高或名誉扫地的人［亦有可能行不义之事］；前者不会被怀疑，后者已被轻贱，也就无所谓更被轻贱。

在上述所列心态下，人们会试图行不义之事，而遭受不义之事的是如下的人和情形。那些拥有心怀不轨者所缺物品的人，不管是必需品、奢侈品还是享乐之物［，皆可能受害］；远方的人和身边的人［亦皆可能受害］，因为一种情况［即伤害身边的人］获益来得快，另一种情况［即伤害远方的人］报复来得慢，正如希腊人去劫掠迦太基人的情形一样；那些从不警惕、从不提防、只是一味轻信的人［亦可能受害］，因为对这些人很容易攻其不备。还有懒惰的人，因为愿意耗费精力者才会去起诉。还有胆怯的人，因为他们不太可能为钱财而争斗。还有常常遭受不义之事却从不起诉的人，正如谚语所云，［他们］是“密细亚牺牲者”。还有从未遭受或者经常遭受不义之事的人；因为这两种人都不会设防，前者是由于从未遭受过攻击，后者是由于没有预料到会再次遭受攻

击。还有曾被诽谤或容易被诽谤的人；因为这样的人要么由于害怕法官而不愿意打官司，要么即使打官司，也无法说服法官；易招人嫉恨之人属于此类。还有的人，针对他们，行不义之事者可以谎称他们的祖先、他们自己或者他们的朋友曾经对他［即行不义之事者］或他的祖先或他极为关心之人行过或试图行不义之事［，这样的人亦可能被害］；因为，正如谚语所云："恶行只需要一个借口。"还有敌人和朋友［也都有可能被害］；因为伤害后者是容易的，而伤害前者是愉悦的。还有没有朋友的人。还有那些不善于讲演或行动的人；因为他们要么不会尝试起诉，要么会和解，要么一无所获。还有的人，浪费时间等待审判或赔偿对他们来说是不利的，比如外地人和自耕农［，这样的人亦可能被害］；因为他们愿意轻易和解，放弃诉讼。还有的人，他们曾经［对别人］做过众多不义之事，或者他们自己现在正遭受之事［，这样的人也可能被害］；因为一个常常伤害别人的人遭受同样的伤害，几乎可被视为正义之事；比如，如果有人攻击一个惯于凌辱别人的人［，这是会被视为正义之举的］。还有曾经伤害过我们，或者曾经试图、正在试图或者打算这样做的人［，亦可能被害］；因为在这种情况下，［我们施以］报复既是令人愉悦的，也是荣耀的，而且几乎可被视为正义之举。还有一种人，如果我们对其行不义之事是为了讨好我们的朋友，或者我们尊敬或喜爱的人，或者我们的主人，总之，所有掌管我们生活的人［，那么这种人也可能被害］。还有的人，如果对其行不义之事有机会赢得［他人的］同情［，那么这种人可能被害］。还有我们曾与其有过纠纷的人，或者我们曾与其有过分歧的人［，他们亦可能被害］，比如卡利波斯对狄翁所行之事；因为在这些情况下，这几乎算是正义之举。还有的人，假如我们不率先攻击他们，他们就会被别人攻击，因为已经不可能进行磋商［，这样的人亦可能被害］；比如，据说埃奈西德穆将泼酒游戏的奖品送给革隆，因为革隆曾先他一步做了他想做之事：将一个城池的人掠为奴隶。还有的人，我们伤害他们之后，能够做很多正义之事，因为弥补过错将是很容易的［，这样的人亦可能被害］；正如帖撒利人伊阿宋所说，一个人应该不时行不义之事，以便能够常常行正义之事。

人们倾向于做那些所有人或很多人惯于做的不义之事，因为他们认为自己的过错会被原谅。他们偷窃易于藏匿之物，包括：能够快速用完的物品，如食品；能够轻易改变形状或颜色或构成的物品；有很多方便

的藏匿之处的物品，如易于搬运或存放于角落的物品；还有窃贼已经拥有大量同类的或难以辨别之物的物品。人们还会做受害者羞于声张的不义之事，比如对自己家族的女性、对自己或对子女施暴。还有的不义之事，如果［受害者］就其打官司会给人以诉讼成癖的印象［，所有这些事亦可能被实施］；不重要或琐碎的不义之事就属于此类。这些差不多就是引诱人们行不义之事的所有情形，不义之事的性质和动机，以及遭受不义之事的人的种类。

CHAPTER 13

Let us now classify just and unjust actions generally, starting from what follows. Justice and injustice have been defined in reference to laws and persons in two ways. Now there are two kinds of laws, particular and general. By particular laws I mean those established by each people in reference to themselves, which again are divided into written and unwritten; by general laws I mean those based upon nature. In fact, there is a general idea of just and unjust in accordance with nature, as all men in a manner divine, even if there is neither communication nor agreement between them. This is what Antigone[42] in Sophocles evidently means, when she declares that it is just, though forbidden, to bury Polynices, as being naturally just: "For neither to-day nor yesterday, but from all eternity, these statutes live and no man knoweth whence they came." And as Empedocles says in regard to not killing that which has life, for this is not right for some and wrong for others, "But a universal precept, which extends without a break throughout the wide-ruling sky and the boundless earth." Alcidamas also speaks of this precept in his Messeniacus[43].... And in relation to persons, there is a twofold division of law; for what one ought to do or ought not to do is concerned with the community generally, or one of its members.

Therefore there are two kinds of just and unjust acts, since they can be committed against a definite individual or against the community; he who commits adultery or an assault is guilty of wrong against a definite individual, he who refuses to serve in the army of wrong against the State. All kinds of wrong acts having been thus distinguished, some of which affect the State, others one or several individuals, let us repeat the definition of being wronged[44], and then go on to the rest. Being wronged is to suffer injustice at the hands of one who voluntarily inflicts it, for it has been established that injustice is a voluntary act. And since the man who suffers injustice necessarily

sustains injury and that against his will, it is evident from what has been said in what the injuries consist; for things good and bad have already been distinguished in themselves[45], and it has been said that voluntary acts are all such as are committed with knowledge of the case[46]. Hence it necessarily follows that all accusations concern the State or the individual, the accused having acted either ignorantly and against his will, or voluntarily and with knowledge, and in the latter case with malice aforethought or from passion. We will speak of anger when we come to treat of the passions[47], and we have already stated in what circumstances and with what dispositions men act with deliberate purpose.

But since a man, while admitting the fact, often denies the description of the charge or the point on which it turns—for instance, admits that he took something, but did not steal it; that he was the first to strike, but committed no outrage; that he had relations, but did not commit adultery, with a woman; or that he stole something but was not guilty of sacrilege, since the object in question was not consecrated; or that he trespassed, but not on public land; or that he held converse with the enemy, but was not guilty of treason—for this reason it will be necessary that a definition should be given of theft, outrage, or adultery, in order that, if we desire to prove that an offence has or has not been committed, we may be able to put the case in a true light. In all such instances the question at issue is to know whether the supposed offender is a wrongdoer and a worthless person, or not; for vice and wrongdoing consist in the moral purpose, and such terms as outrage and theft further indicate purpose; for if a man has struck, it does not in all cases follow that he has committed an outrage, but only if he has struck with a certain object, for instance, to bring disrepute upon the other or to please himself. Again, if a man has taken something by stealth, it is by no means certain that he has committed theft, but only if he has taken it to injure another or to get something for himself. It is the same in all other cases as in these.

We have said that there are two kinds of just and unjust actions [for

some are written, but others are unwritten], and have spoken of those concerning which the laws are explicit; of those that are unwritten there are two kinds. One kind arises from an excess of virtue or vice, which is followed by praise or blame, honor or dishonor, and rewards; for instance, to be grateful to a benefactor, to render good for good, to help one's friends, and the like; the other kind contains what is omitted in the special written law. For that which is equitable seems to be just, and equity is justice that goes beyond the written law. These omissions are sometimes involuntary, sometimes voluntary, on the part of the legislators; involuntary when it may have escaped their notice, voluntary when, being unable to define for all cases, they are obliged to make a universal statement, which is not applicable to all, but only to most, cases; and whenever it is difficult to give a definition owing to the infinite number of cases, as, for instance, the size and kind of an iron instrument used in wounding; for life would not be long enough to reckon all the possibilities. If then no exact definition is possible, but legislation is necessary, one must have recourse to general terms; so that, if a man wearing a ring lifts up his hand to strike or actually strikes, according to the written law he is guilty of wrongdoing, but in reality he is not; and this is a case for equity.[48]
If then our definition of equity is correct, it is easy to see what things and persons are equitable or not. Actions which should be leniently treated are cases for equity; errors, wrong acts, and misfortunes, must not be thought deserving of the same penalty. Misfortunes are all such things as are unexpected and not vicious; errors are not unexpected, but are not vicious; wrong acts are such as might be expected and vicious, for acts committed through desire arise from vice. And it is equitable to pardon human weaknesses, and to look, not to the law but to the legislator; not to the letter of the law but to the intention of the legislator; not to the action itself, but to the moral purpose; not to the part, but to the whole; not to what a man is now, but to what he has been, always or generally; to remember good rather than ill treatment, and benefits received rather than those conferred; to bear

injury with patience; to be willing to appeal to the judgment of reason rather than to violence; to prefer arbitration to the law court, for the arbitrator keeps equity in view, whereas the dicast looks only to the law, and the reason why arbitrators were appointed was that equity might prevail. Let this manner of defining equity suffice.

第十三章

我们现在大体上划分一下正义之事和非正义之事，从下面的分析开始。正义与非正义可以用两种方法就其与法律和人的关系进行定义。而法律分为两种，特别法和普通法。我所说的特别法指每个民族为约束自己的成员而制定的那些［法律］，又可分为成文法和不成文法；我所说的普通法指基于自然［法则］制定的那些［法律］。其实，与自然［法则］相吻合，存在一个关于正义和非正义的一般理念，如同所有人在某种程度上都能凭直觉感知的一样，即使他们并没有沟通或者协商。索福克勒斯悲剧中的人物安提戈涅表达的便是这个意思。她声称，埋葬波吕涅刻斯虽然是被禁止的［行为］，但是按照自然法则却是正义的："因为这些法则存在着，不限于昨今，而是归于永久，没有人知道它们来自何处。"再如恩培多克勒劝人不要杀生，因为这对某些［生物］来说是不对的，对其他［生物］来说则是错误的："［这是］一个普遍的戒律，绵延不断，穿越无垠的天宇和广袤的大地。"阿尔西达麦在他的《墨塞尼阿克斯辞》里也提到这条戒律……就与人的关系来说，法律也可以分为两种。一个人应该做或不应该做的事要么涉及全社会，要么涉及其中的某一成员。

因此，正义之事和非正义之事也可分为两类，因为它们针对的要么是某一个个人，要么是全社会；比如一个人如果通奸或攻击他人，那么他危害的就是某个具体的人；如果他拒绝服兵役，那么他危害的就是国家。这样我们就区分了所有种类的不义之事，有一些涉及国家，其他的则涉及一个或数个个体。我们先重复一下"受害"的定义，然后再讨论其他内容。受害是指在有意为之者手里遭受不义之事，因为前文已经论述过不义之事是一种有意的行为。既然遭受不义之事的人必定会蒙受伤害，且违背其意愿，那么从上文所说就可以显见伤害的构成是什么；而此前我们已经区分了本身为好的和坏的事情，并且也已经说过有意的行为是指明知而为的行为。因此可以肯定，所有的指控要么涉及国家，要么涉及个人；被告的所作所为要么是出于无知且违背其意愿，要么是有意而为且知晓其所为；在后一种情况中要么是有预谋的，要么是一时冲动。下文探讨冲动时，我们再讲愤怒；而前文我们已经讲过人们在何种情形下、本着何种心态蓄意而为。

但是一个人承认事实的同时，往往会否认控词中的陈述或所指——比如，［一个人］会承认自己拿了东西，但是［不承认］偷窃；［承认］首先动手打人，但是［不承认］犯了攻击他人罪；［承认］与某个女人发生关系，但是［不承认］与其通奸；或者［承认］自己偷了东西，但是［不承认］偷盗圣器，因为所偷物品并非祭品；或者［承认］侵占［土地］，但是［不承认］是公有土地；或者［承认］与敌人有过对话，但是［不承认］犯有叛国罪——因此，我们有必要定义偷窃、暴行或者通奸等罪行，以便当我们想证明某人犯了某罪或没有犯某罪时，能够正确地处置案件。在上述所有案例中，根本的问题都是要弄清楚假定的肇事者是否犯了罪，是否是卑劣之人；须知恶德和罪行在于其所蕴涵的道德目的，而暴行和偷窃等指控进一步彰显了其目的；比如，一个人动手打人，但是这并不一定意味着他犯了暴行罪，除非他动手打人是有一定目的的，比如为了侮辱对方或者愉悦自己。再如，一个人偷了某件东西，但这并不一定意味着他犯了偷窃罪，除非他偷东西是为了伤害另一个人或者自己占有这件东西。所有其他情况都与此相似。

我们已经说过正义之事和不义之事可分为两种（有些是成文法规定的，其他则是未成文法规定的），还讲了那些涉及法律明文规定的事情；至于那些涉及不成文法的事情，亦可分为两类。一类来自至善或极恶，它们会得到赞扬或谴责，荣誉或耻辱，回报［或报应］；比如，对恩人心怀感激，以善报善，帮助自己的朋友，诸如此类；另一类则包含特别的成文法中所缺失的内容。要知道适合衡平法的事情似乎也是公正的［，但是却没有被成文法所覆盖］，而所谓衡平就是成文法之外的公正。从立法者的角度看，这些缺失有时是无意的，有时是有意的；无意是指立法者没有注意到的情况，有意是指立法者因为无法为所有情形作出界定，不得不给出一个笼统的说法，这个说法无法适用于所有情形，只适用于大多数情形；还有的时候因为涉及无限量的情形，所以下定义很困难，比如用于伤人的铁器的大小和种类；须知人穷尽一生也无法尽数所有的可能性。那么，如果不可能给出确切的定义，而立法又是必须的，立法者就不得不诉诸普遍的条款；因此，如果一个戴着戒指的人抬手准备打人或者确实打了人，那么根据成文法他犯了罪，但事实上他并未犯罪；这就是使用衡平法的案例。

如果我们对衡平法的定义是正确的，那么就很容易判断哪些事情和人符合或不符合衡平法。应当宽恕的行为适用于衡平法；［比如，］过

失、罪行及不幸事件就不应该被认为应得到同样的惩罚。不幸事件是指所有那些出乎意料但不是出于恶德的事件；过失不是出乎意料的，但是并非出于恶德；罪行则可能是意料之中的或出于恶德的，因为欲望所致之事皆源自恶德。下面这些做法都是符合衡平法的：原谅人性的弱点，不拘泥于法律，而是考虑立法者的立场；不拘泥于法律的文字，而是多考虑立法者的用意；不拘泥于行为本身，而是多考虑道德意图；不拘泥于局部，而是通览全局；不拘泥于一个人现在的状况，而是虑及他的过去，即一直以来或者总体而言其人品如何；多记住善待，而不是虐待；［多记住］所受之惠，而不是所施之恩；隐忍所受之伤害；愿意诉诸理性的判断，而不是诉诸暴力；选择仲裁，而不是法庭诉讼，因为仲裁者会考虑衡平法，而法官只考虑成文法，而之所以任命仲裁者也是为了衡平法能够流行。姑且就这样定义衡平法吧。

CHAPTER 14

Wrong acts are greater in proportion to the injustice from which they spring. For this reason the most trifling are sometimes the greatest, as in the charge brought by Callistratus against Melanopus that he had fraudulently kept back three consecrated half-obols[49] from the temple-builders; whereas, in the case of just actions, it is quite the contrary.[50] The reason is that the greater potentially inheres in the less; for he who has stolen three consecrated half-obols will commit any wrong whatever. Wrong acts are judged greater sometimes in this way, sometimes by the extent of the injury done. A wrong act is greater when there is no adequate punishment for it, but all are insufficient; when there is no remedy, because it is difficult if not impossible to repair it; and when the person injured cannot obtain legal satisfaction, since it is irremediable; for justice and punishment are kinds of remedies. And if the sufferer, having been wronged, has inflicted some terrible injury upon himself, the guilty person deserves greater punishment; wherefore Sophocles, when pleading on behalf of Euctemon, who had committed suicide after the outrage he had suffered, declared that he would not assess the punishment at less than the victim had assessed it for himself. A wrong act is also greater when it is unprecedented, or the first of its kind, or when committed with the aid of few accomplices; and when it has been frequently committed; or when because of it new prohibitions and penalties have been sought and found: thus, at Argos the citizen owing to whom a new law has been passed, is punished, as well as those on whose account a new prison had to be built. The crime is greater, the more brutal it is; or when it has been for a long time premeditated; when the recital of it inspires terror rather than pity. Rhetorical tricks of the following kind may be used:—the statement that the accused person has swept away or violated several principles of justice, for example, oaths, pledges of friendship, plighted word, the sanctity of marriage;

for this amounts to heaping crime upon crime. Wrong acts are greater when committed in the very place where wrongdoers themselves are sentenced, as is done by false witnesses; for where would a man not commit wrong, if he does so in a court of justice? They are also greater when accompanied by the greatest disgrace; when committed against one who has been the guilty person's benefactor, for in that case, the wrongdoer is guilty of wrong twice over, in that he not only does wrong, but does not return good for good. So too, again, when a man offends against the unwritten laws of right, for there is greater merit in doing right without being compelled; now the written laws involve compulsion, the unwritten do not[51]. Looked at in another way, wrongdoing is greater, if it violates the written laws; for a man who commits wrongs that alarm him and involve punishment, will be ready to commit wrong for which he will not be punished. Let this suffice for the treatment of the greater or less degree of wrongdoing.

第十四章

罪行的动机越不正当，由其引发的罪行就越严重。因此，最微小的［罪行］有时却是最严重的，比如卡利特剌托斯控告莫拉诺波斯从建庙工人处骗得三枚小奥波币圣款；而正义之举则与此相反。这是因为严重的行为可能从微小的行为衍生而来；要知道一个偷窃三枚小奥波币圣款的人，任何罪行都干得出来。有时人们会以这种方式认定罪行的轻重，有时则会根据所造成的伤害程度［来判定］。如果对一个罪行而言没有足够的惩罚，所有的惩罚都差强人意，那么这个罪行就更严重；如果［对其而言］无法补偿，因为弥补其伤害即使并非不可能也很难进行［，那么这个罪行也更严重］；如果受害者无法获得法律上的满意［结果］，因为［其所承受的］罪行是无法补偿的［，那么这个罪行也更严重］；须知伸张正义和实施惩罚都属于补偿。如果受害者在被害后戕害了自己，那么罪犯也应受到更严重的惩罚；因此，索福克勒斯［在其作品中］为遭受暴行之后自杀身亡的欧克忒蒙申诉时声称，［对罪犯的］惩罚不应小于受害者［即欧克忒蒙］对自己的戕害。如果一个罪行没有先例，或者是其种类的第一例，或者没有同类的共犯，那么它也更严重；如果一个罪行被频繁实施，或者如果新的禁令和惩罚因其而设［，那么它也更严重］：因此，在阿耳戈斯，必须为其通过一项新法律的公民会被惩罚，必须为其建造新监狱的人也会［被惩罚］。罪行越残忍，就越严重；或者如果它经过长期预谋，如果讲出来会引发恐惧而不是同情［，那么这样的罪行也更严重］。我们［在庭审时］还可以使用以下这种修辞技巧［使罪行显得更严重］，即指控被告无视或违犯了多项关于正义的准则，比如［对神祇的］誓言、交好的承诺、保证词和婚姻的神圣性；须知这种指控相当于罪上加罪。在罪犯本人受审的地方［即法庭］所实施的罪行更严重，比如作伪证；因为如果一个人胆敢在法庭上犯罪，那么他在哪里不敢犯罪呢？如果一个罪行伴随莫大的耻辱，或者如果它危害的是犯罪者的恩人［，那么它也更加严重］，因为在后一种情形下，犯罪者的罪行是双重的：他不但犯了罪，而且没有报恩。此外，当一个人违反不成文法所界定的义举时［，其罪行更加严重］，须知一个人不因被强迫而做好事是更高尚的美德；而成文法有强制性，不成文法则没有。从另一个角度看，如果一个罪行违反了成文法，那么它

也更严重；因为一个人若犯下那些会使之恐惧并受罚的罪行［即违反成文法的罪行］，那么他也会犯下那些不会因之受到惩罚的罪行［即违反不成文法的罪行］。关于对罪行的严重程度的处理，就说这些吧。

CHAPTER 15

Following on what we have just spoken of, we have now briefly to run over what are called the inartificial proofs, for these properly belong to forensic oratory. These proofs are five in number: laws, witnesses, contracts, torture, oaths. Let us first then speak of the laws, and state what use should be made of them when exhorting or dissuading, accusing or defending. For it is evident that, if the written law is counter to our case, we must have recourse to the general law and equity, as more in accordance with justice; and we must argue that, when the dicast takes an oath to decide to the best of his judgment, he means that he will not abide rigorously by the written laws; that equity is ever constant and never changes, even as the general law, which is based on nature, whereas the written laws often vary (this is why Antigone in Sophocles justifies herself for having buried Polynices contrary to the law of Creon, but not contrary to the unwritten law: "For this law is not of now or yesterday, but is eternal... this I was not likely [to infringe through fear of the pride] of any man)[52];" and further, that justice is real and expedient, but not that which only appears just; nor the written law either, because it does not do the work of the law; that the judge is like an assayer of silver, whose duty is to distinguish spurious from genuine justice; that it is the part of a better man to make use of and abide by the unwritten rather than the written law. Again, it is necessary to see whether the law is contradictory to another approved law or to itself; for instance, one law enacts that all contracts should be binding, while another forbids making contracts contrary to the law. If the meaning of the law is equivocal, we must turn it about, and see in which way it is to be interpreted so as to suit the application of justice or expediency, and have recourse to that. If the conditions which led to the enactment of the law are now obsolete, while the law itself remains, one must endeavor to make this clear and to combat the law

by this argument. But if the written law favors our case, we must say that the oath of the dicast "to decide to the best of his judgment" does not justify him in deciding contrary to the law, but is only intended to relieve him from the charge of perjury, if he is ignorant of the meaning of the law; that no one chooses that which is good absolutely, but that which is good for himself; that there is no difference between not using the laws and their not being enacted; that in the other arts there is no advantage in trying to be wiser than the physician, for an error on his part does not do so much harm as the habit of disobeying the authority; that to seek to be wiser than the laws is just what is forbidden in the most approved laws. Thus much for the laws.

Witnesses are of two kinds, ancient and recent; of the latter some share the risk of the trial, others are outside it. By ancient I mean the poets and men of repute whose judgments are known to all; for instance, the Athenians, in the matter of Salamis, appealed to Homer as a witness,[53] and recently the inhabitants of Tenedos to Periander of Corinth against the Sigeans. Cleophon also made use of the elegiacs of Solon against Critias, to prove that his family had long been notorious for licentiousness, otherwise Solon would never have written: "Bid me the fair-haired Critias listen to his father.[54]" One should appeal to such witnesses for the past, but also to interpreters of oracles for the future; thus, for instance, Themistocles interpreted the wooden wall to mean that they must fight at sea.[55] Further, proverbs, as stated, are evidence; for instance, if one man advises another not to make a friend of an old man, he can appeal to the proverb, "Never do good to an old man." And if he advises another to kill the children, after having killed the fathers, he can say, "Foolish is he who, having killed the father, suffers the children to live."

By recent witnesses I mean all well-known persons who have given a decision on any point, for their decisions are useful to those who are arguing about similar cases. Thus for instance, Eubulus, when attacking Chares in the law courts, made use of what Plato said

against Archibius[56], namely, "that the open confession of wickedness had increased in the city." And those who share the risk of the trial, if they are thought to be perjurers. Such witnesses only serve to establish whether an act has taken place or not, whether it is or is not the case; but if it is a question of the quality of the act, for instance, whether it is just or unjust, expedient or inexpedient, they are not competent witnesses; but witnesses from a distance are very trustworthy even in regard to this. But ancient witnesses are the most trustworthy of all, for they cannot be corrupted. In regard to the confirmation of evidence, when a man has no witnesses, he can say that the decision should be given in accordance with probabilities, and that this is the meaning of the oath "according to the best of one's judgment"; that probabilities cannot be bribed to deceive, and that they cannot be convicted of bearing false witness. But if a man has witnesses and his adversary has none, he can say that probabilities incur no responsibility, and that there would have been no need of evidence, if an investigation according to the arguments were sufficient. Evidence partly concerns ourselves, partly our adversary, as to the fact itself or moral character; so that it is evident that one never need lack useful evidence. For, if we have no evidence as to the fact itself, neither in confirmation of our own case nor against our opponent, it will always be possible to obtain some evidence as to character that will establish either our own respectability or the worthlessness of our opponent. As for all the other questions relative to a witness, whether he is a friend, an enemy, or neutral, of good or bad or middling reputation, and for all other differences of this kind, we must have recourse to the same topics as those from which we derive our enthymemes.

As for contracts, argument may be used to the extent of magnifying or minimizing their importance, of proving that they do or do not deserve credit. If we have them on our side, we must try to prove them worthy of credit and authoritative; but if they are on the side of our opponent, we must do the opposite. In view of rendering them

worthy or unworthy of credit, the method of procedure is exactly the same as in the case of witnesses; for contracts are trustworthy according to the character of their signatories or depositaries. When the existence of the contract is admitted, if it is in our favor, we must strengthen it by asserting that the contract is a law, special and partial; and it is not the contracts that make the law authoritative, but it is the laws that give force to legal contracts. And in a general sense the law itself is a kind of contract, so that whoever disobeys or subverts a contract, subverts the laws. Further, most ordinary and all voluntary transactions are carried out according to contract; so that if you destroy the authority of contracts, the mutual intercourse of men is destroyed. All other arguments suitable to the occasion are easy to see. But if the contract is against us and in favor of our opponents, in the first place those arguments are suitable which we should oppose to the law if it were against us; that it would be strange if, while we consider ourselves entitled to refuse to obey ill-made laws, whose authors have erred, we should be obliged to consider ourselves always bound by contracts. Or, that the judge is the dispenser of justice; so that it is not the contents of the contract that he has to consider, but what is juster. Further, that one cannot alter justice either by fraud or compulsion, for it is based upon nature, whereas contracts may be entered into under both conditions. In addition to this, we must examine whether the contract is contrary to any written law of our own or foreign countries, or to any general law, or to other previous or subsequent contracts. For either the latter are valid and the former not, or the former are right and the latter fraudulent; we may put it in whichever way it seems fit. We must also consider the question of expediency—whether the contract is in any way opposed to the interest of the judges. There are a number of other arguments of the same kind, which are equally easy to discern.

Torture is a kind of evidence, which appears trustworthy, because a sort of compulsion is attached to it. Nor is it difficult to see what may be said concerning it, and by what arguments, if it is in our favor, we

can exaggerate its importance by asserting that it is the only true kind of evidence; but if it is against us and in favor of our opponent, we can destroy its value by telling the truth about all kinds of torture generally; for those under compulsion are as likely to give false evidence as true, some being ready to endure everything rather than tell the truth, while others are equally ready to make false charges against others, in the hope of being sooner released from torture. It is also necessary to be able to quote actual examples of the kind with which the judges are acquainted. It may also be said that evidence given under torture is not true; for many thick-witted and thick-skinned persons, and those who are stout-hearted heroically hold out under sufferings, while the cowardly and cautious, before they see the sufferings before them, are bold enough; wherefore evidence from torture may be considered utterly untrustworthy.

As to oaths four divisions may be made; for either we tender an oath and accept it, or we do neither, or one without the other, and in the last case we either tender but do not accept, or accept but do not tender.[57] Besides this, one may consider whether the oath has already been taken by us or by the other party. If you do not tender the oath to the adversary,[58] it is because men readily perjure themselves, and because, after he has taken the oath, he will refuse to repay the money, while, if he does not take the oath, you think that the dicasts will condemn him; and also because the risk incurred in leaving the decision to the dicasts is preferable, for you have confidence in them, but not in your adversary. If you refuse to take the oath yourself,[59] you may argue that the oath is only taken with a view to money; that, if you had been a scoundrel, you would have taken it at once, for it is better to be a scoundrel for something than for nothing; that, if you take it, you will win your case, if not, you will probably lose it; consequently, your refusal to take it is due to moral excellence, not to fear of committing perjury. And the apophthegm of Xenophanes is apposite—that "it is unfair for an impious man to challenge a pious one," for it is the same as a strong man challenging a weak one to hit

or be hit. If you accept the oath, you may say that you have confidence in yourself, but not in your opponent, and, reversing the apophthegm of Xenophanes, that the only fair way is that the impious man should tender the oath and the pious man take it; and that it would be monstrous to refuse to take the oath yourself, while demanding that the judges should take it before giving their verdict. But if you tender the oath, you may say that it is an act of piety to be willing to leave the matter to the gods; that your opponent has no need to look for other judges, for you allow him to make the decision himself; and that it would be ridiculous that he should be unwilling to take an oath in cases where he demands that the dicasts should take one.

Now, since we have shown how we must deal with each case individually, it is clear how we must deal with them when taken two and two; for instance, if we wish to take the oath but not to tender it, to tender it but not to take it, to accept and tender it, or to do neither the one nor the other. For such cases, and similarly the arguments, must be a combination of those already mentioned. And if we have already taken an oath which contradicts the present one, we may argue that it is not perjury; for whereas wrongdoing is voluntary, and perjury is wrongdoing, what is done in error or under compulsion is involuntary. Here we must draw the conclusion that perjury consists in the intention, not in what is said. But if the opponent has taken such an oath, we may say that one who does not abide by what be has sworn subverts everything, for this is the reason why the dicasts take an oath before applying the laws; and [we may make this appeal]: "They demand that you abide by your oath as judges, while they themselves do not abide by theirs." Further, we should employ all means of amplification. Let this suffice for the inartificial proofs.

第十五章

紧接着前面所讲的内容，我们现在简要地谈一谈所谓的不属于修辞艺术本身的证明，因为这些理当属于诉讼演说的范畴。这些证明可分为五类：法律、证人、契约、刑讯、誓言。我们先说法律，讲一讲劝说或者劝阻、指控或者辩护时应该如何使用它们。很明显，如果一项成文法对我们的案件不利，那么我们就应该诉诸普通法和衡平法，以期更符合公正；我们应当做如下的据理力争：当法官发誓会根据自己的最佳判断来做判决，他的意思就是他不会拘泥于成文法；衡平法是永恒不变的，就像基于自然法则的普通法一样，而成文法则是经常变化的（正因如此，索福克勒斯［悲剧］中的安提戈涅才这样为自己埋葬波吕涅刻斯的行为辩护，认为这虽然违反了克瑞翁的法律，却没有违反不成文法："须知这项天条不属于昨今，而归于永恒……我不会因为惧于任何人的骄矜而违反它"）；还有，正义是真实的、有益的，仅仅貌似正义的东西则不是［真实的、有益的］；成文法也不［总］是［真实的、有益的］，因为它并非［总是］履行法律的职能；法官就像鉴定银子的技师，其职责是区分假冒的和真正的正义；好人的本分就是使用和遵守不成文法而不是成文法。再者，我们还需要考查某项法律是否有悖于另一项已被认可的法律或者其自身；比如，一项法律要求所有的合同都应有约束力，而另一项法律则禁止制定违反法律的合同。如果某项法律的意思模棱两可，我们就应该仔细权衡，看以何种方式阐释它才能符合正义或利益的要求，进而诉诸此种阐释。如果促成该法律颁布的情况已过时，而该法律仍在使用，我们就应该努力澄清这一点，并据此反对该法律。但是，如果一项成文法对我们的案件有利，我们就应该这样说：法官"根据自己的最佳判断来做判决"的誓词不能成为他违反法律［进行判决］的借口，而只是在他因不明白该法律的意思［而做出错误判决］时使他免遭作伪誓的指控；没有人会选择绝对好的东西，而只会选择对自己有好处的东西；不使用法律无异于不颁布法律；在［以医术为代表的］其他技艺中，试图比医生更聪明没有任何好处，因为医生即使犯错，他所造成的伤害也没有漠视［医生］权威的恶习所造成的伤害多；［同样，］试图比法律更高明恰是那些最被认可的法律所禁止的。关于法律我们就说这些。

证人分两种，古代的和近代的；在后者中，有些要分担被审判的风险，其他的则置身审判之外。我所说的古代的［证人］是指诗人和其他知名人士，他们的判断是人所共知的；比如，雅典人在萨拉米斯事件中就把荷马引为证人，最近忒涅多斯岛的居民也把科林斯的佩里安德引为证人，来反驳西革昂人。克莱奥丰也曾经用过梭伦的挽歌来攻击克里提阿斯，以证明后者的家族长久以来因淫荡而臭名昭著，否则梭伦绝不会这样写道："叫红头发的克里提阿斯听他父亲的话。"对于过往之事，我们必须诉诸这些［古代的］证人，但是对于未来之事则还需要求助于神谕的解释者；比如地米斯托克利对［神谕中的］木墙的解释是他们必须在海上作战。另外，谚语，如前所述，也是证据；比如，如果一个人建议另一个人不要与老年人交友，他可以诉诸这条谚语："莫敬老者。"而如果他建议另一个人杀了父亲之后还要杀孩子，就可以说："愚蠢啊，那些杀了父亲却饶了子女的人！"

我所说的近代的证人是指对某一问题做过判断的知名人士，因为他们的判断对于正在论证类似案件的人来说是有用的。比如，欧部罗斯在法庭上攻击卡瑞斯时，引用了柏拉图攻击阿耳喀比俄斯的话，即："在这座城市里，对自己的恶行大言不惭的人越来越多了。"还有一些人，如果他们被认为作了伪誓，就会有被审判的危险［，这类人也可以充当证人］。［不过］这类证人的作用只是确定某个行为是否曾经发生，是否属实；但是对于涉及该行为的性质的问题，比如，该行为是否正义，是否有益，这些人就不是合格的证人了；而来自远方的证人在这一点上则依然值得信赖［，因为他们与案件毫无瓜葛］。不过，古代的证人是所有证人中最可信的，因为他们不可能被贿赂。针对证据的确认［效果］，如果一个人没有证人，那么他可以说：法庭应该根据或然性来判决，这才是［法官的］誓词"根据自己的最佳判断来做判决"的意思；或然之事不可能被贿赂而说谎，也不可能被判伪证罪［，因此应该根据或然性而不是证人来判决］。但是如果一个人有证人而对方没有，那么他可以说或然之事不会招致任何责任［，所以不可信］，而且如果单凭论辩揆清已经足够，就不需要证据了。就事实本身或者道德品性而言，证据一部分与我们自身有关，一部分与我们的对手有关；因此可以显见，我们永远都不会缺少有用的证据。要知道即使我们缺乏证据来证明事实本身——既缺乏证实我方的证据，也缺乏攻击对方的证据——我们也总有可能找到一些证据来证明在品格上我们是高尚的，或者对方是可鄙

的。至于与证人有关的所有其他问题，［例如，］他是朋友、敌人或者中立者，他的名声是好、坏或者普通，以及诸如此类的其他差异，我们都应该诉诸那些用于制造修辞式推理的部目。

而契约则可以利用论证来夸大或贬低其重要性，证明它们值得或不值得信赖。如果契约对我们有利，我们就应该努力证明它们是可信的、权威的；但是如果契约对我们的对手有利，我们就应该证明它们不足信、不权威。如何让契约可信或不可信，可用的方法与证明证人可信或不可信的方法完全一样；因为契约的信度取决于其签署方或受托人的品德。在承认存在契约的情况下，如果它对我们有利，我们就应该强化它，坚称契约就是法律，是特设的、不完全的法律；不是契约使法律具有权威，而是法律赋予了合法的契约以效力。而且从一般意义上讲，法律本身就是一种契约，因此无论谁违反或者破坏契约，都是在破坏法律。再者，大多数普通的以及所有自愿的交易都是根据契约实施的；因此如果你破坏了契约的权威，你就破坏了人们之间的交往。适合这种情形［即契约对我们有利］的所有其他论点都是显而易见的。但是如果契约对我们不利，而对对方有利，那么首先那些可用于反驳不利于我们的法律的论点就是可用的；［我们还可以说：］如果我们认为自己有权拒绝遵守因制定者的错误而谬定的法律，但是却必须永远受契约约束，那也未免太奇怪了。［我们还］可以说，法官是掌管正义的人，因此他应该考虑的不是契约的内容，而是什么［判决］更加正义。再者，［我们还可以说］正义是不会因造假或强迫而更改的，因为它建立在自然法则之上，但这两种情况［即造假和强迫］都可能导致契约的签订。除此之外，我们还应该考查所涉契约是否与我们国家或外国的任何一项成文法、或者普通法、或者其他的之前或之后的契约相左。因为［在这种情况下］要么后者有效，前者无效；要么前者正确，后者虚假。我们可以按照任何一种看起来合适的方式来进行申述。我们还应该考虑利益的问题——即契约是否在某种程度上不利于法官的利益。其他同类论点还有不少，不过都很容易厘清。

刑讯［也］是一种证据，因其带有一种强迫性而似乎值得相信。关于刑讯可讲的东西和可以使用的论点是不难找到的：如果它对我们有利，就坚称它是唯一一种真实的证据，以夸大它的重要性；但是，如果它不利于我们，却利于对方，我们就可以指出各类刑讯的普遍真相，以破坏它的价值；［这个真相即是：］那些处于强迫之下的人既有可能说

出实情，亦有可能提供伪证；有些人宁可忍受各种酷刑也不吐露真相；同样，另一些人则随时准备诬告他人，以求尽早摆脱刑讯之苦。我们还应该能够引用为法官所熟悉的上述种种实例。我们还可以说，刑讯逼供的证据是不真实的；因为很多头脑迟钝、皮糙肉厚的人，还有那些意志坚定的人，在酷刑之下仍会坚贞不屈，而那些生性懦弱、谨小慎微的人，没看到酷刑之前可能还足够嘴硬［，看到之后就会屈服了］；因此，刑讯得来的证据可以说是完全不足信的。

至于誓言，有四种情形：我们提供并接受誓言；我们既不提供也不接受誓言；我们只做其一，不做其二，即：要么我们只提供但是不接受誓言；要么我们只接受但是不提供誓言。除此之外，我们还可以考虑我们或对方是否已经立下某项誓言。如果你不向对方提供誓言，［你可以这样为自己辩解：］你这样做是因为人们总是立伪誓，而且立誓之后就会拒绝赔款，但如果一个人不立誓，法官就会判他有罪；［你还可以说你不向对方提供誓言是］因为让法官来裁决的风险比较小，因为你相信法官，不相信对方。如果是你自己拒绝立誓，那么你可以辩解说：人们立誓都是为了钱；如果你是一条恶棍，你早就立誓了，因为与其不立誓而枉担虚名，还不如立誓而自认恶棍；而且如果你立誓，你就可以打赢官司，不立誓就可能输掉；因此，你拒绝立誓是由于道德高尚，而不是由于害怕犯伪誓罪。色诺芬尼的名言［对此］很适切，即："让一个不虔诚的人挑战一个虔诚的人，这是不公平的"，就如同一个强壮的人要和一个体弱的人决斗一样。如果你接受了誓言，你可以说［这是因为］你相信自己，但是不相信对方；你还可以颠倒色诺芬尼的名言，说唯一公平的方式就是让不虔诚的人提供誓言，让虔诚的人接受誓言；自己拒绝立誓，却要求法官在宣判前立誓，这是很荒谬的。但是如果是你提供的誓言，你就可以这样说：愿意让神明来判决是一种虔诚的行为；你的对手不需要寻找其他法官，因为你允许他［通过是否接受誓言］自己来作决定；如果他不愿意立誓，却要求法官立誓，那将是很可笑的。

至此，既然我们已经介绍了如何分别应对每一种情形，那么两种情形放在一起该如何应对也就很清楚了；比如，如果我们想接受但是不想提供誓言，或者想提供但是不想接受誓言，或者既想接受又想提供誓言，或者既不想接受又不想提供誓言。这些情形以及［与其相应的］论点，必然是上述论点的组合。另外，如果我们曾经立过的誓言与现今的这个相矛盾，我们可以辩解说它［即曾经立的誓］并不是伪誓；因为虽

然犯罪是故意的，而立伪誓的确是犯罪，但是出于过失或强迫的事情不能算故意。至此，我们应该得出这样的结论：伪誓体现在［做伪誓的］意图上，而不是所说的内容上。但是，如果对方立过这样的［与现今的誓言相矛盾的］誓言，我们就可以说一个不遵守自己的誓言的人败坏了一切，正因如此，法官才在使用法律之前立誓；而且（我们还可做此指控）："他们要求你作为法官遵守你的誓言，可是他们自己却不遵守他们的誓言。"另外，我们还应该利用所有的铺陈法。关于不属于修辞艺术本身的各种证明，就说这些吧。

Notes

1　以前的修辞学"技艺"的编纂者（previous compilers of "Arts" of Rhetoric），编纂并出售公共演讲技巧手册的人。

2　在亚里士多德的时代，诉讼／法庭演讲是最重要的演讲形式，也是修辞学讨论的主要内容。因此，在本书中反复出现"案情"、"诉讼当事人"、"裁决人"、"法官"等与诉讼演讲有关的内容。

3　法官（dicast），此处的法官指古希腊时代雅典等城邦的审判员。他们并非专业的法官，而是由城邦定期从公民中挑选、在审理案件时负责判理案件的人，大概综合了当今法官和陪审员的功能。

4　最高法院（Areopagus），指雅典的阿勒奥珀格斯山，因古雅典城邦的最高法院院址在阿勒奥珀格斯山，此山名便成为了最高法院的代名词。

5　《部目篇》（Topics），亚里士多德的辩证法著作，探讨如何利用或然之事进行论证。

6　尽管亚里士多德反对将情感诉诸作为唯一的劝说手段，但他还是在第二卷第二章至第十一章做了详细讨论。

7　《分析篇》（Analytics），亚里士多德的逻辑学著作，主要讨论三段论，包括《前分析篇》（Prior Analytics）和《后分析篇》（Post Analytics）。

8　《方法篇》（Methodica），亚里士多德的著作，已佚失，据传其内容与逻辑学相关。

9　参见第二卷第二十至第二十四章。

10　比较部目（the topic of the more or less），又称"较多或较少部目"，该部目下的事例比较两者之间哪个更多、哪个更少。参见第二卷第二十三章"4.多和少部目"。

11　阿喀琉斯（Achilles）和普特洛克勒斯（Patroclus）是荷马史诗《伊利亚特》中的人物。他们所属的希腊联军攻打特洛伊时，普特洛克勒斯被特洛伊的赫克托耳（Hector）杀死。阿喀琉斯要为同伴报仇，但是他的母亲警告他，如果他去报仇自己也会丧命。阿喀琉斯不顾警告，杀死了赫克托耳，终为同伴报仇，但是他自己也被特洛伊王子帕里斯（Paris）杀死。

12　合法性（legitimacy），指父母在合法婚姻的前提下生下孩子。

13　拉栖第梦（Lacedaemon），斯巴达的古称。

14　赫洛狄科斯（Herodicus），古希腊时代的一位医生，主张运动疗法，备受柏拉图的嘲讽。

15　铁人五项竞赛（pentathlon），古希腊时代的运动项目，包括跳远、跑步、掷铁饼、掷标枪和摔跤。

16　拳击摔跤比赛（pancratium），古希腊的一种结合了拳击和摔跤的竞技运动。

17　参见本卷第九章。

18　普里阿摩斯（Priam），特洛伊的末代国王，特洛伊王子帕里斯的父亲，统治期间发生了特洛伊战争。

19　这句话引自荷马史诗《伊利亚特》（Iliad），是希腊智者内斯特（Nestor）所说。当时正值特洛伊战争，希腊这方的阿喀琉斯和阿伽门农（Agamemnon）在争吵，所以内斯特说：“［特洛伊国王］普里阿摩斯若是知道我们在争吵，一定会欢呼。”

20　这句话引自荷马史诗《伊利亚特》，是赫拉（Hera）对雅典娜（Athena）讲的，请求雅典娜阻止希腊人撤退，以便把希腊的海伦（Helen）留在特洛伊，让他们去夸耀。

21　这句话引自荷马史诗《伊利亚特》，是奥德修斯（Odysseus）所说。他劝告军队不要撤退，因为已经在特洛伊停留了很久，若无功而返乃是耻辱，所以应该继续坚持，争取胜利。

22　这句谚语是指从水井打水回来，到了门口时水罐摔坏了。以上三个例子都是用来说明花费了很多气力获得的东西是好的。

23　俄罗波斯城（Oropos），于公元前366年被忒拜（Thebai）人占领。卡利特剌托斯（Callistratus）建议该城暂归忒拜人所有，这个建议由卡布里阿斯（Chabrias）执行，后来，忒拜人拒绝返还俄罗波斯，靳俄达马斯（Leodamas）因而指控卡利特剌托斯和卡布里阿斯。

24　伯里克利（Pericles，约公元前495—前429），古雅典民主派政治家，出身贵族，公元前444年前后历任首席将军，成为雅典国家的实际统治者。

25　《政治学》（Politics），亚里士多德专门讨论政治问题和原理的著作。

26　第二种论证方法（second method of proof），在本卷第八章结尾处，作者提到两种论证方法，即推理论证和道德论证，此处的“第二种论证方法”指后者。

27　此处所引西摩尼得斯（Simonides）的话：“她是暴君的女儿，暴君的妻子，暴君的姐妹。尽管如此，她还是很谦逊。”这是西摩尼得斯为阿尔克迪克（Arkhedike）所写的墓志铭，阿尔克迪克的父亲、丈夫和兄弟都是独裁君主。

28　此句译者在翻译时参考了George Kennedy （2007）的英译本：“And [praise can be taken from] the historical contexts or the opportunities of the moment, especially if the actions surpass expectation”（p.81）。

29　伊索克拉底（Isoc-rates，436-338BC），雅典雄辩家、教育教，其演说反映当时社会的重大问题，呼吁马其顿国王领导希腊各城邦反对波斯帝国，希腊丧失独立后绝食身亡。

30　参见第二卷第十二至十七章关于性格的论述。

31　参见第二卷第二章关于愤怒的论述。

32　参见本卷第六章。

33　这句话选自荷马史诗《奥德赛》，是牧猪奴对奥德修斯讲述自己的悲惨身世时所说的话。

34　这句话选自荷马史诗《伊利亚特》，是阿喀琉斯在好友普特洛克勒斯战死之后所发的感慨。原话是：“那使聪明人变得荒唐的暴怒，它像一滴比蜂蜜还甜的汁液，迷住了我们的心智，然后又像烟雾一样，涨满了我的胸膛。”

35　这是荷马史诗《伊利亚特》中对众人哀悼普特洛克勒斯的描述。

36　《诗学》（Poetics），亚里士多德的著作，主要探讨悲剧和史诗。

37　参见第二卷第十九章。

38　密细亚牺牲者（Mysian　booty），指非常容易被欺侮的人。在古希腊时期，密细亚人有懦弱和不好战的名声。

39　卡利波斯（Callippus）曾帮助狄翁（Dio）征服西西里港市锡拉库扎（Siracusa），后暗杀狄翁，自己成为独裁者。

40　泼酒游戏（cottabus），源起于西西里岛，后流行于古希腊。席间宾客斜倚而坐，将自己杯中所余之酒泼入一金属盂中，必须发出响亮的响声，但不得溅出；也可以将残酒泼在漂浮

于盂中的浅碟内，要求相同。在这里，埃奈西德穆（Aenesidemus）将奖品送给革隆（Gelon），意在讽刺革隆赢了掠城的“游戏”。

41　伊阿宋（Jason），帖撒利王子，曾率领阿尔戈的英雄们到海外寻找金羊毛，历经艰险，终于在美狄亚（Medea）的帮助下取得了成功。

42　安提戈涅（Antig-one），索福克勒斯（Sophocles）的悲剧《俄狄浦斯王》中的人物，是俄狄浦斯（Oedipus）的女儿。她不顾其舅父克瑞翁（Creon）的禁令，埋葬了阵亡之兄波吕涅刻斯（Polynices），因而被囚入岩洞墓穴，后自缢身亡。

43　《墨塞尼阿克斯辞》（Messeniacus），阿尔西达麦（Alcidamas）为支持麦西尼亚人摆脱斯巴达人奴役而作的演说辞。

44　参见本卷第十章。

45　参见本卷第六章。

46　参见本卷第十章。

47　参见第二卷第二章。

48　法律规定用铁器伤人者有罪，这个人戴着铁戒指打人，按照成文法他就犯了罪。但是，戒指虽然是铁器，却不是凶器，因此，按照衡平法，可以恕此人无罪。

49　奥波币（obol），指古代希腊的银币，相当于10分，小奥波币（half-obol）则相当于5分。

50　最微小的罪行有时是最严重的，而最微小的正义之举则不是最重要的。

51　如果不因强迫而做好事更高尚，那么因为没有法律的强制性就去做坏事就更卑劣。

52　关于这个例子的注释参见本卷第十三章第127页注1。

53　雅典人曾经同麦加拉人争夺萨拉米斯岛（Salamis），斯巴达人出面仲裁时，雅典人用荷马史诗中的诗句来证明萨拉米斯岛是他们的。

54　克莱奥丰（Cleophon）攻击的是克里提阿斯（Critias）三世，而梭伦（Solon）的挽歌提及的是他的祖父克里提阿斯一世。克莱奥丰抓住挽歌中“叫红头发的克里提阿斯听他父亲的话”这一句，指责克里提阿斯的祖先是不孝子。事实上，梭伦对这个家族非常敬重，他说这句话的重点是赞扬父亲，而不是批评儿子。

55　据说在萨拉米斯海战前，雅典人求得一道神谕，说宙斯会给雅典人一片攻不破的木墙。地米斯托克利（Themistocles）对木墙的解释是雅典人应该在海上作战，因为那时的战船是木质的。最终，雅典人打败了波斯海军。

56　阿耳喀比俄斯（Archibius），古希腊喜剧诗人，与阿里斯托芬（Ari-stophanes）处于同一时代，但是作品全部失传，只剩题目。

57　在古希腊，庭审之前或之中，可以通过“向神明立誓以申明无罪”进行判决。诉讼双方或一方可挑战对方，要求其向神祇立誓。这里所说的“提供誓言”是指一方提供誓言的内容，要求对方立誓；“接受誓言”是指接受对方提供的誓言，即立誓。这样做的前提是假定神祇会惩罚故意立伪誓的人，因此下文说“立誓对不虔诚的人是无用的”。

58　这样做是拒绝给对方立誓的机会，让法官凭判断做判决，而不是根据立誓做判决。

59　这样做是拒绝对方的挑战，即拒绝对方提供的誓言内容，也即拒绝立誓。

BOOK II

CHAPTER 1

Such then are the materials which we must employ in exhorting and dissuading, praising and blaming, accusing and defending, and such are the opinions and propositions that are useful to produce conviction in these circumstances; for they are the subject and source of enthymemes, which are specially suitable to each class [so to say] of speeches. But since the object of Rhetoric is judgment—for judgments are pronounced in deliberative rhetoric and judicial proceedings are a judgment—it is not only necessary to consider how to make the speech itself demonstrative and convincing, but also that the speaker should show himself to be of a certain character and should know how to put the judge into a certain frame of mind. For it makes a great difference with regard to producing conviction—especially in demonstrative, and, next to this, in forensic oratory—that the speaker should show himself to be possessed of certain qualities and that his hearers should think that he is disposed in a certain way towards them; and further, that they themselves should be disposed in a certain way towards him. In deliberative oratory, it is more useful that the orator should appear to be of a certain character, in forensic, that the hearer should be disposed in a certain way; for opinions vary, according as men love or hate, are wrathful or mild, and things appear either altogether different, or different in degree; for when a man is favorably disposed towards one on whom he is passing judgment, he either thinks that the accused has committed no wrong at all or that his offence is trifling; but if he hates him, the reverse is the case. And if a man desires anything and has good hopes of getting it, if what is to come is pleasant, he thinks that it is sure to come to pass and will be good; but if a man is unemotional or not hopeful, it is quite the reverse.

For the orator to produce conviction three qualities are necessary; for, independently of demonstrations, the things which induce belief are

three in number. These qualities are good sense, virtue, and goodwill; for speakers are wrong both in what they say and in the advice they give, because they lack either all three or one of them. For either through want of sense they form incorrect opinions, or, if their opinions are correct, through viciousness they do not say what they think, or, if they are sensible and good, they lack goodwill; wherefore it may happen that they do not give the best advice, although they know what it is. These qualities are all that are necessary, so that the speaker who appears to possess all three will necessarily convince his hearers. The means whereby he may appear sensible and good must be inferred from the classification of the virtues[1]; for to make himself appear such he would employ the same means as he would in the case of others. We must now speak of goodwill and friendship in our discussion of the emotions.

The emotions are all those affections which cause men to change their opinion in regard to their judgments, and are accompanied by pleasure and pain; such are anger, pity, fear, and all similar emotions and their contraries. And each of them must be divided under three heads; for instance, in regard to anger, the disposition of mind which makes men angry, the persons with whom they are usually angry, and the occasions which give rise to anger. For if we knew one or even two of these heads, but not all three, it would be impossible to arouse that emotion. The same applies to the rest. Just as, then, we have given a list of propositions in what we have previously said[2], we will do the same here and divide the emotions in the same manner.

第二卷

第一章

以上就是我们进行劝说和劝阻、赞扬和指责、指控与辩护时应该使用的材料，以及在这些场合有助于说服听众的观点和命题；它们是分别适用于每一种演说的修辞式推理的话题和来源。既然修辞学的对象是判断——议政修辞要宣讲各种判断，而审判［即诉讼修辞］亦是一种判断——那么我们就不仅需要考虑如何使演讲本身更具证明性和说服力，而且还应将自己塑造成一个具有某种品质的人，并且应该懂得如何将法官置于某种心境之中。这是因为在制造信度上，演说者展现自己的某些品质，使观众认为他对他们有某种好感，进而让观众觉得他们也应该对他有某种好感，这是能产生重大影响的——尤其是在推理演说，其次是在诉讼演说中。在议政演说中，演说者表现出某种品性；在诉讼演说中，演说者使听话人对自己怀有某种好感——这些都很有益处；因为人们的观点因爱恨和喜怒而异，而很多事情也［因此］要么显得大相径庭，要么只是程度有别。如果裁决者对被裁决者有好感，那么他要么会认为被告根本没有犯罪，要么会认为被告所犯的罪行微不足道；但是如果裁决者憎恶被裁决者，情况就恰恰相反。如果一个人想要得到某样东西并认为很有希望得到它，如果即将到来之物是令人愉悦的，那么这个人会觉得这样东西是一定会出现并且是好的；但是如果一个人怀着无所谓的心情或者不抱希望，情况就将截然相反。

要说服他人，演说者必须具有三种品质，因为独立于逻辑推理之外可用于说服的东西就是三种。这几种品质分别是见识、美德和善意。如果演说者所说之事和所建议之事不正确，原因即在于他们缺乏以上三种品质或者其中之一。人们因缺乏见识而形成错误的观点；或者，即使他们的观点正确，然而出于恶德他们口是心非；或者，他们有见识亦有好人品，但是却缺乏善意；因此他们有可能明知何为最佳建议却不肯提出。这些便是［说服他人］所需要的全部品质，因此，一个显然拥有这三种品质的演说者必然可以说服其听众。演说者用以表现见识和美德的方法应该从关于美德的分类中推知，须知为了使自己表现出这样的品质，演说者会采用令他人表现出这些品质的相同的方法。我们将在讨论

情感时说说善意与友谊。

情感是能够使人改变观念、影响判断的种种情绪，伴随着快乐和痛苦；愤怒、怜悯以及各种类似情感和它们的反面便是这样。每种情感应分为三个部分。例如，愤怒可分为使人愤怒的心境、经常使人愤怒的人以及导致愤怒的情形。如果我们只懂得其中之一二，而不是全部，我们就无法激发［听众的］愤怒。同样的道理也适用于其他情感。我们在前面已经就所述内容列出了一系列命题，这里我们也将如此，采用同样的方法对情感进行分类。

CHAPTER 2

Let us then define anger as a longing, accompanied by pain, for a real or apparent revenge for a real or apparent slight, affecting a man himself or one of his friends, when such a slight is undeserved. If this definition is correct, the angry man must always be angry with a particular individual [for instance, with Cleon, but not with men generally], and because this individual has done, or was on the point of doing, something against him or one of his friends; and lastly, anger is always accompanied by a certain pleasure, due to the hope of revenge to come. For it is pleasant to think that one will obtain what one aims at; now, no one aims at what is obviously impossible of attainment by him, and the angry man aims at what is possible for himself. Wherefore it has been well said of anger, that "Far sweeter than dripping honey down the throat it spreads in men's hearts.[3]" for it is accompanied by a certain pleasure, for this reason first, and also because men dwell upon the thought of revenge, and the vision that rises before us produces the same pleasure as one seen in dreams.

Slighting is an actualization of opinion in regard to something which appears valueless; for things which are really bad or good, or tend to become so, we consider worthy of attention, but those which are of no importance or trifling we ignore. Now there are three kinds of slight: disdain, spitefulness, and insult. For he who disdains, slights, since men disdain those things which they consider valueless and slight what is of no account. And the spiteful man appears to show disdain; for spitefulness consists in placing obstacles in the way of another's wishes, not in order that any advantage may accrue to him who spites, but to prevent any accruing to the other. Since then he does not act in this manner from self-interest, it is a slight; for it is evident that he has no idea that the other is likely to hurt him, for in that case he would be afraid of him instead of slighting him; nor that he will be of any use to him worth speaking of, for in that case his thought would be

how to become his friend.

Similarly, he who insults another also slights him; for insult consists in causing injury or annoyance whereby the sufferer is disgraced, not to obtain any other advantage for oneself besides the performance of the act, but for one's own pleasure; for retaliation is not insult, but punishment. The cause of the pleasure felt by those who insult is the idea that, in ill-treating others, they are more fully showing superiority. That is why the young and the wealthy are given to insults; for they think that, in committing them, they are showing their superiority. Dishonor is characteristic of insult; and one who dishonors another slights him; for that which is worthless has no value, either as good or evil. Hence Achilles in his wrath exclaims: "He has dishonored me, since he keeps the prize he has taken for himself," and "[has treated me] like a dishonored vagrant," as if being angry for these reasons. Now men think that they have a right to be highly esteemed by those who are inferior to them in birth, power, and virtue, and generally, in whatever similar respect a man is far superior to another; for example, the rich man to the poor man in the matter of money, the eloquent to the incompetent speaker in the matter of oratory, the governor to the governed, and the man who thinks himself worthy to rule to one who is only fit to be ruled. Wherefore it has been said: "Great is the wrath of kings cherished by Zeus," and "Yet it may be that even afterwards he cherishes his resentment,"[4] for kings are resentful in consideration of their superior rank. Further, men are angry at slights from those by whom they think they have a right to expect to be well treated; such are those on whom they have conferred or are conferring benefits, either themselves, or someone else for them, or one of their friends; and all those whom they desire, or did desire, to benefit.

It is now evident from these considerations what is the disposition of those who are angry, with whom they are angry, and for what reasons. Men are angry when they are pained, because one who is pained aims at something; if then anyone directly opposes him in

anything, as, for instance, prevents him from drinking when thirsty, or not directly, but seems to be doing just the same; and if anyone goes against him or refuses to assist him, or troubles him in any other way when he is in this frame of mind, he is angry with all such persons. Wherefore the sick, the necessitous, [those at war], the lovesick, the thirsty, in a word, all who desire something and cannot obtain it, are prone to anger and easily excited, especially against those who make light of their present condition; for instance, the sick man is easily provoked in regard to his illness, the necessitous in regard to his poverty, the warrior in regard to warlike affairs, the lover in regard to love affairs, and so with all the rest; for the passion present in his mind in each case paves the way for his anger. Again, men are angry when the event is contrary to their expectation, for the more unexpected a thing is, the more it pains; just as they are overjoyed if, contrary to expectation, what they desire comes to pass. From this it is obvious what are the seasons, times, states of mind, and conditions of age in which we are easily moved to anger; and what are the various times, places, and reasons, which make us more prone to anger in proportion as we are subject to their influence.

Such then are the dispositions of those who are easily roused to anger. As to the objects of their anger, men are angry with those who ridicule, mock, and scoff at them, for this is an insult. And with those who injure them in ways that are indications of insult. But these acts must be of such a kind that they are neither retaliatory nor advantageous to those who commit them; for if they are, they then appear due to gratuitous insult[5]. And men are angry with those who speak ill of or despise things which they themselves consider of the greatest importance; for instance, if a man speaks contemptuously of philosophy or of personal beauty in the presence of those who pride themselves upon them; and so in all other cases. But they are far more angry if they suspect that they do not possess these qualities, either not at all, or not to any great extent, or when others do not think they possess them. For when they feel strongly that they do possess those

qualities which are the subject of mockery, they pay no heed to it. And they are more angry with those who are their friends than with those who are not, for they think that they have a right to be treated well by them rather than ill. And they are angry with those who have been in the habit of honoring and treating them with respect, if they no longer behave so towards them; for they think that they are being treated with contempt by them, otherwise they would treat them as before. And with those who do not return their kindnesses nor requite them in full; and with those who oppose them, if they are inferiors; for all such appear to treat them with contempt, the latter as if they regarded them as inferiors, the former as if they had received kindnesses from inferiors.

And they are more angry with those who are of no account, if they slight them; for anger at a slight was assumed to be felt at those who ought not to behave In such a manner; for inferiors ought not to slight their superiors. And they are angry with friends, if they neither speak well of nor treat them well, and in an even greater degree, if they do the opposite. And if they fail to perceive that they want something from them, as Plexippus in Antiphon's tragedy reproached Meleager; for failure to perceive this is a sign of slight; since, when we care for people, these things are noticed. And they are angry with those who rejoice, or in a general way are cheerful when they are unfortunate; for this is an indication of enmity or slight. And with those who do not care if they pain them; whence they are angry with those who bring bad news. And with those who listen to the tale of their faults, or look on them with indifference, for they resemble slighters or enemies; for friends sympathize and all men are pained to see their own faults exposed. And further, with those who slight them before five classes of persons: namely, their rivals, those whom they admire, those by whom they would like to be admired, those whom they respect, or those who respect them; when anyone slights them before these, their anger is greater. They are also angry with those who slight such persons as it would be disgraceful for them not to defend, for instance,

parents, children, wives, and dependents. And with those who are ungrateful, for the slight is contrary to all senses of obligation. And with those who employ irony, when they themselves are in earnest; for irony shows contempt. And with those who do good to others, but not to them; for not to think them worthy of what they bestow upon all others also shows contempt. Forgetfulness also is a cause of anger, such as forgetting names, although it is a mere trifle, since even forgetfulness seems a sign of slight; for it is caused by indifference, and indifference is a slight. We have thus stated at one and the same time the frame of mind and the reasons which make men angry, and the objects of their anger. It is evident then that it will be necessary for the speaker, by his eloquence, to put the hearers into the frame of mind of those who are inclined to anger, and to show that his opponents are responsible for things which rouse men to anger and are people of the kind with whom men are angry.

第二章

姑且将愤怒定义为一种伴随着痛苦的欲望，一种由于当事人或其朋友受到了本不应受到的真实或显然的轻慢而产生的真实或显然的报复欲望。如果此定义准确无误，那么发怒者肯定总是对某个特定的个人发怒（例如，对克勒翁发怒，而不是对所有人发怒），而且是因为此人曾轻慢过或者正在轻慢发怒者或其朋友；最后，因为对报复的预期，愤怒往往伴随着某种快乐。须知想到自己将得偿所愿，这是令人愉悦的；而且，没有人会以自己明显不可能完成的事情作为目标，所以发怒者也是以那些对他来说力所能及的事情为目标的。因此，关于愤怒，有句话说得好，“［愤怒］在人的心中蔓延开来，远比顺着喉咙滴下的蜂蜜还要甜美”，因为它［总是］伴随着某种快乐（这是首要的原因），还因为人们念念不忘报复，而我们想象［报复］的时候会感到如同在梦境之中的快乐。

轻慢乃是对看似无价值的东西所持想法的外在表现；那些真正好的或者坏的东西，或者趋向于好的或坏的东西，我们认为值得重视，而那些不甚重要或者细枝末节的东西，我们则视而不见。轻慢有三种形式：鄙视、怨毒和侮辱。鄙视他人即是轻慢他人，因为人们鄙视那些他们认为不名一文的东西，轻慢那些他们认为无足重轻的东西。怨毒之人显然［也在］鄙视他人；怨毒体现在阻碍他人实现愿望上，其目的不在于让怨毒者本人获益，而是为了阻止他人得利。既然怨毒者如此行事并不是出于私利，其行为便是一种［对他人的］轻慢；很显然，怨毒者并不认为对方会伤害他，否则，他会惧怕而不是轻慢对方；而且［他也不认为］对方会对他有任何值得一提的用处，否则他所考虑的将是如何与对方交好。

同理，侮辱他人也是轻慢他人；因为侮辱体现在伤人肉体或致人恼怒上，从而使被辱者蒙受耻辱。除了实施侮辱行为之外，侮辱者的目的并不是为自己捞取任何好处，而是为了得到快感；须知报复不是侮辱，而是惩罚。那些侮辱他人者之所以感到快乐，是因为他们认为在恶意对待他人时自己更能充分展示优越性。这就是为什么年轻人和有钱人总是惯于侮辱别人；因为他们认为侮辱别人时，他们在展示自己的优越。羞辱是侮辱的特征，羞辱他人也即轻慢他人；须知一文不名的东西，无论

好坏，都毫无价值可言。因此，阿喀琉斯愤怒地喊道：“他［阿伽门农］羞辱了我，因为他把奖赏据为己有”，而且还“（视我）如同一个毫无颜面的乞丐”，看起来他正是由于这些原因而愤怒。人们［习惯于］认为自己应该被那些在出身、权力、美德以及诸如此类的所有事情上远不及自己的人所尊崇。例如，有钱人在金钱方面之于穷人，能言善道者在口才方面之于不善言辞者，统治者之于被统治者，认为自己有权统治的人之于只适合被统治的人，等等。因此有人说，“为宙斯所宠爱的国王［总是］怒气冲天”，而且“事后他可能仍不善罢甘休”，要知道位高权重的国王脾气也大。再者，人们会因为被那些他们认为应该善待他们的人所轻慢而愤怒。这些人包括：他们自己或者代表他们的人或者他们的朋友曾经或者正在施以恩德的人，以及所有他们希望施以恩德或者曾经希望施以恩德的人。

从以上所述，我们可以明了发怒者的性情、他们生气的对象以及原因。人们在遭受痛苦时会愤怒，因为痛苦者必然是对某物有所求。假如这时有人直接阻碍他——比如不允许口渴之人喝水——或者虽然不直接阻碍，但是做出的事情恰是如此；假如有人反对他或拒绝支持他，或者在他处在这种心境时［即对某物有所求时］用其他方式制造困难，那么他会对所有这些人发怒。因此，病人、穷人、（参战之人）、相思之人、饥渴之人，总之，所有有求而不得之人，都动辄发怒，容易激动，尤其容易对那些轻视他们现状的人发怒；比如，病人很容易因别人无视他们的病痛而被激怒；穷人很容易因别人无视他们的贫穷而生气；武士很容易因别人无视其战功而生气；相思之人很容易因别人无视其情事而生气；其他人等莫不如此，须知在［上述］每一种情况下，一个人内心的冲动都能使他发怒。当某事的发生与预期相反时，人们会动怒，须知一件事情越是始料未及，越是令人苦恼；正如当心中所愿之事出乎意料地实现时，人们会欣喜若狂。从以上所述可以显见，我们在什么季节、什么时候、什么心境下和什么年龄段容易被激怒，以及哪些时节、地点和理由会令我们受制于其影响从而更容易动怒。

以上便是易怒之人的性情。至于人们发怒的对象，人们通常对那些讥笑、嘲弄和讥讽他们的人发怒，因为这些都是一种侮辱。人们也对那些以暗含侮辱的方式伤害他们的人动怒。不过这些伤害行为必须具有两个特点：既不是出于报复，也不会给实施者带来好处；因为只有这样，它们才显然是由无端的侮辱所导致。人们对那些恶语中伤或者蔑视他们

最为珍视之物的人也会动怒；例如，如果有人在那些以哲学自居或以美貌为荣的人面前不屑地谈论哲学或美貌［，肯定会招致愤怒］；其他情况也如此。不过，人们更易动怒的情况是当他们自觉并不具备［自己最为珍视的］那些品质——要么完全不具备，要么程度勉强——或者当别人并不认为他们具备那些品质时。要知道当人们坚信自己的确具有某些被人嘲笑的品质时，他们是不会理睬那些嘲笑的。此外，人们对朋友的愤怒胜过对不是朋友的人，因为他们觉得自己理当被［朋友］厚待，而不是薄待。人们会因那些一向尊重、礼遇自己的人不再如此对待自己而动怒；因为他们觉得自己被那些人蔑视了，否则那些人会一如既往地尊重、礼遇他们。对那些忘恩负义或者不充分报恩的人，还有那些不如自己却反对自己的人［，人们也会愤怒］；因为这两种人似乎都在蔑视他们，后者似乎把他们视为下等人，前者似乎认为自己当初所受之惠来自下等人。

如果被那些无足轻重的人所轻慢，人们会更加愤怒，须知一般认为由轻慢所致的愤怒是向那些不应如此行事的人发作的，而不如别人的人不应轻慢别人。人们还会对朋友发怒，如果朋友既不称赞也不善待他们；如果朋友做出相反的事情［即贬损他们或恶待他们］，则人们会更加愤怒。如果人们对朋友有所求，朋友却没有看出来［，人们也会动怒］，正如安提丰的悲剧中普勒克西波斯对墨勒阿革罗斯的斥责。因为看不到朋友的所求是一种轻慢的表现，要知道当我们在乎某人时，我们是会注意到这些事情的［即我们在乎的人需要什么］。当人们面临不幸，他人却幸灾乐祸或一如寻常地快乐无忧时，人们会感到愤怒；因为这是敌意或轻慢的表现。［人们还会］对那些给自己带来痛苦却毫不在乎的人［发怒］，正因如此，人们会对那些带来坏消息的人感到愤怒。还有那些道听途说他们的过错的人，那些漠然对待他们的人［，也都令人气愤］，因为这些人与轻慢者或敌对者毫无二致；要知道朋友会表现出同情，而所有人都会因自己的过错为人所知而怫然不悦。此外，人们会对在下述五种人面前轻慢自己的人发怒，即他们的竞争对手、他们敬佩的人、他们希望敬佩自己的人、他们尊重的人和尊重他们的人。如果在这五种人面前被人轻慢，人们会格外愤怒。人们还会对轻慢如下这些人的人发怒，因为不去保护这些被轻慢者是一种耻辱，例如，父母、子女、妻子以及受自己赡养的人。人们也对那些忘恩负义者发怒，因为这种轻慢与［报恩的］责任背道而驰。当人们以诚相待，他人却含讥带讽

时［，人们亦会发怒］；因为讥讽中透出蔑视。［人们还会］对那些给其他人带来好处、却没有给他们带来好处的人［动怒］；因为认为他们配不上那些施与别人的好处也是一种蔑视。遗忘也能导致愤怒——比如忘记别人的姓名，尽管这只是小事一桩——因为遗忘也是一种轻慢的表现，它由漠不关心引起，而漠不关心就是一种轻慢。至此，我们已经同时讨论了导致人们愤怒的心境、原因和愤怒的对象。很显然，演讲者必须凭借自己的口才将听众置于容易发怒的心境，证明其对手应该为使人愤怒之事负责，并且就是人们应该愤怒的对象。

CHAPTER 3

And since becoming angry is the opposite of becoming mild, and anger of mildness, we must determine the state of mind which makes men mild, towards whom they become mild, and the reasons which make them so. Let us then define making mild as the quieting and appeasing of anger. If then men are angry with those who slight them, and slight is voluntary, it is evident that they are mild towards those who do none of these things, or do them involuntarily, or at least appear to be such; and towards those who intended the opposite of what they have done, and all who behave in the same way to themselves, for no one is likely to slight himself. And towards those who admit and are sorry for a slight; for finding as it were satisfaction in the pain the offenders feel at what they have done, men cease to be angry. Evidence of this may be seen in the punishment of slaves; for we punish more severely those who contradict us and deny their offence, but cease to be angry with those who admit that they are justly punished. The reason is that to deny what is evident is disrespect, and disrespect is slight and contempt; anyhow, we show no respect for those for whom we entertain a profound contempt. Men also are mild towards those who humble themselves before them and do not contradict them, for they seem to recognize that they are inferior; now, those who are inferior are afraid, and no one who is afraid slights another. Even the behavior of dogs proves that anger ceases towards those who humble themselves, for they do not bite those who sit down.[6] And men are mild towards those who are serious with them when they are serious, for they think they are being treated seriously, not with contempt. And towards those who have rendered them greater services. And towards those who want something and deprecate their anger, for they are humbler. And towards those who refrain from insulting, mocking, or slighting anyone, or any virtuous man, or those who resemble themselves. And generally speaking, one

can determine the reasons that make for mildness by their opposites. Thus, men are mild towards those whom they fear or respect, as long as they feel so towards them, for it is impossible to be afraid and angry at the same time. And against those who have acted in anger they either feel no anger or in a less degree, for they do not seem to have acted from a desire to slight. For no one slights another when angry, since slight is free from pain, but anger is accompanied by it. And men are not angry with those who usually show respect for them.

It is also evident that those are mild whose condition is contrary to that which excites anger, as when laughing, in sport, at a feast, in prosperity, in success, in abundance, and, in general, in freedom from pain, in pleasure which does not imply insult, or in virtuous hope. Further, those whose anger is of long standing and not in its full flush, for time appeases anger. Again, vengeance previously taken upon one person appeases anger against another, even though it be greater. Wherefore Philocrates[7], when someone asked him why he did not justify himself when the people were angry with him, made the judicious reply, "Not yet." "When then?" "When I see someone accused of the same offence"; for men grow mild when they have exhausted their anger upon another, as happened in the case of Ergophilus. For although the Athenians were more indignant with him than with Callisthenes, they acquitted him, because they had condemned Callicrates to death on the previous day.[8] Men also grow mild towards those whom they pity; and if an offender has suffered greater evil than those who are angry would have inflicted, for they have an idea that they have as it were obtained reparation. And if they think that they themselves are wrong and deserve what they suffer, for anger is not aroused against what is just; they no longer think that they are being treated otherwise than they should be, which, as we have said, is the essence of anger. Wherefore we should inflict a preliminary verbal chastisement, for even slaves are less indignant at punishment of this kind. And men are milder if they think that those punished will never know that the punishment comes from them in requital for their own

wrongs; for anger has to do with the individual, as is clear from our definition. Wherefore it is justly said by the poet: "Tell him that it is Odysseus, sacker of cities," as if Polyphemus[9] would not have been punished, had he remained ignorant who had blinded him and for what. So that men are not angry either with any others who cannot know who punishes them, or with the dead, since they have paid the last penalty and can feel neither pain nor anything else, which is the aim of those who are angry. So then, in regard to Hector, Homer, when desirous of restraining the anger of Achilles against a dead man, well says: "For it is senseless clay that he outrages in his wrath.[10]" It is evident, then, that men must have recourse to these topics when they desire to appease their audience, putting them into the frame of mind required and representing those with whom they are angry as either formidable or deserving of respect, or as having rendered them great services, or acted involuntarily, or as exceedingly grieved at what they have done.

第三章

既然生气与消气相反，愤怒与温和相对，［那么作为演说者］我们［也］应该明了哪些心境、哪些人和哪些原因能使人变温和。让我们权且将温和定义为平怒和消气。如果说人们对轻慢自己的人动怒，且轻慢是一种故意的行为，那么很显然，人们会对没有轻慢他们的人，或者不是故意轻慢他们的人，或者至少表面上没有轻慢他们的人，持温和态度；还有那些只是无意间轻慢了他们的人和那些待人如己的人［，人们也都会抱温和态度］，因为没有人会轻慢自己。［人们还会温和地对待］那些承认轻慢行为并为之感到难过的人；因为如果发现冒犯者为所作所为感到痛苦，人们便会消歇怒气。这方面的证据可见于对奴隶的惩罚，因为我们总是更严厉地惩罚那些忤逆并且拒不承认冒犯行为的奴隶，但是对于那些承认自己罪有应得的人，我们会平息愤怒。原因在于，否认很显然的事情是一种不敬，而不敬就是轻慢和蔑视。毕竟，我们不会尊重那些我们满怀鄙视的人。人们还会对那些行事谦卑而且不忤逆的人抱温和态度，因为这样的人似乎承认自己不如他人；［承认自己］不如他人者心存畏惧，而没有一个心存畏惧者会轻慢别人。甚至狗的行为都能证明这一点：狗会对那些谦卑者息怒，要知道它们不咬那些坐下来的人。如果他人以诚意对待自己的诚意，人们也会对其抱温和态度，因为人们觉得自己被重视，而不是被蔑视。还有那些为他们带来更大益处的人［，人们也会抱温和态度］。还有那些虽急需某物却能控制怒气的人，因为这样的人更谦卑。［人们还会温和地对待］那些不侮辱、嘲弄或轻慢他人的人，那些品德高尚的人以及那些与自己相似的人。总而言之，我们可以通过其反面［即使人发怒的原因］来确定使人变得温和的各种原因。可以推知，人们会对他们害怕或者敬重的人抱温和态度——只要他们的确害怕或敬重那些人——要知道人不可能同时既害怕又愤怒。对于那些出于愤怒而行事的人，人们则要么并不感到生气，要么即使生气，也不会太厉害，因为这些人［即出于愤怒而行事的人］似乎并不是因有意轻慢而如此行事。要知道没有人会在发怒时轻慢他人，因为轻慢与痛苦无关，但愤怒却与痛苦相伴。还有，人们［通常］不会对那些一贯尊重自己的人动怒。

此外，显而易见的是，若身处与激发愤怒的心境相反的心境中，人

们也会心平气和，例如，欢笑、游乐、宴饮、繁华、成功、富足，总而言之，处于没有痛苦的自在、不含欺侮的快乐、或者美好愿望的伴随中。再者，那些怀怒已久且已不再盛怒的人［也会比较温和］，因为时间能抚平怒气。还有，之前对某个人的报复也能抚慰对另一个人的怨怒，即使后者更严重。因此，当有人问菲罗克拉忒斯，众人对他发怒而他为什么不为自己辩护时，他审慎地回答道："还没到时候。""那要到什么时候呢？""等我看到别人也遭到同样指责时"；须知人们将怒气发泄到他人身上后，也就消歇怒气了，正如厄尔戈菲罗斯的情形：尽管较之卡利斯提尼斯，雅典人更恨厄尔戈菲罗斯，但是却放过了他，因为前一天雅典人已经将卡利斯提尼斯判处了死刑。人们还会对那些他们怜悯的人变得温和；另外，如果一个冒犯者所受之灾祸远远超过发怒者可能施与之程度［，发怒者的愤怒也会消歇］，因为他们认为好像已经得到了补偿。如果人们认为自己有错，并且理应遭受所遭受的痛苦［，通常也会心平气和］，因为人们不会对公正的事情发怒。［在这种情况下，］人们不会觉得自己受到了不公正的对待，而这，如前所述，正是愤怒的核心所在。因此，我们首先应该以言语相斥，须知即使奴隶对这种惩罚也不会那么愤慨。如果人们认为受罚者永远不会知道惩罚来自谁，也不知道这惩罚是针对受罚者的恶行的报应，那么人们也会心平气和一些；因为怒气与特定的个人有关，这一点在我们的定义中再清楚不过了。因此诗人［荷马］讲得好，"告诉他，就说是掳城者奥德修斯"，好像如果独目巨人不知道是谁因为什么原因弄瞎了他的眼睛，他就等于没被惩罚一样。因此人们不会对那些不可能知道谁处罚了他们的人发怒，也不会对死者发怒，因为这些人已经受到了最终的惩罚［即死亡］，他们既感觉不到痛苦，也感觉不到其他任何事情，而这［即让人感到痛苦］恰是发怒之人的目的。因此，在［众神］谈及赫克托耳时，［阿波罗］想克制阿喀琉斯对死者的怒火，对此诗人荷马写得好，"他施暴泄怒的对象乃是一坨没有生命的烂泥。"很显然，如果想安抚观众，人们［即演讲者］应该诉诸上述部目，将观众置于必要的心境之中，将他们原本怨怒的对象描述成令人敬畏或值得尊敬的样子，或者将他们说成曾有大益处于观众，或者并不是存心做坏事，或者为他们的所作所为感到极度悲伤。

CHAPTER 4

Let us now state who are the persons that men love or hate, and why, after we have defined love and loving[11]. Let loving, then, be defined as wishing for anyone the things which we believe to be good, for his sake but not for our own, and procuring them for him as far as lies in our power. A friend is one who loves and is loved in return, and those who think their relationship is of this character consider themselves friends. This being granted, it necessarily follows that he is a friend who shares our joy in good fortune and our sorrow in affliction, for our own sake and not for any other reason. For all men rejoice when what they desire comes to pass and are pained when the contrary happens, so that pain and pleasure are indications of their wish. And those are friends who have the same ideas of good and bad, and love and hate the same persons, since they necessarily wish the same things; wherefore one who wishes for another what he wishes for himself seems to be the other's friend.

We also like those who have done good either to us or to those whom we hold dear, if the services are important, or are cordially rendered, or under certain circumstances, and for our sake only; and all those whom we think desirous of doing us good. And those who are friends of our friends and who like those whom we like, and those who are liked by those who are liked by us; and those whose enemies are ours, those who hate those whom we ourselves hate, and those who are hated by those who are hated by us; for all such persons have the same idea as ourselves of what is good, so that they wish what is good for us, which, as we said, is the characteristic of a friend. Further, we like those who are ready to help others in the matter of money or personal safety; wherefore men honor those who are liberal and courageous and just. And such we consider those who do not live upon others; the sort of men who live by their exertions, and among them agriculturists, and, beyond all others, those who work with their

own hands. And the self-controlled, because they are not likely to commit injustice; and those who are not busybodies, for the same reason. And those with whom we wish to be friends, if they also seem to wish it; such are those who excel in virtue and enjoy a good reputation, either generally, or amongst the best, or amongst those who are admired by us or by whom we are admired. Further, those who are agreeable to live or spend the time with; such are those who are good-tempered and not given to carping at our errors, neither quarrelsome nor contentious, for all such persons are pugnacious, and the wishes of the pugnacious appear to be opposed to ours.

And those are liked who are clever at making or taking a joke, for each has the same end in view as his neighbor, being able to take a joke and return it in good taste. And those who praise our good qualities, especially those which we ourselves are afraid we do not possess; those who are neat in their personal appearance and dress, and clean-living; those who do not make our errors or the benefits they have conferred a matter of reproach, for both these are inclined to be censorious; those who bear no malice and do not cherish the memory of their wrongs, but are easily appeased; for we think that they will be to ourselves such as we suppose them to be to others; and those who are neither given to slander, or eager to know the faults of their neighbors nor our own, but only the good qualities; for this is the way in which the good man acts. And those who do not oppose us when we are angry or occupied, for such persons are pugnacious; and those who show any good feeling towards us; for instance, if they admire us, think us good men, and take pleasure in our company, especially those who are so disposed towards us in regard to things for which we particularly desire to be either admired or to be thought worthy or agreeable. And we like those who resemble us and have the same tastes, provided their interests do not clash with ours and that they do not gain their living in the same way; for then it becomes a case of "Potter [being jealous] of potter." And those who desire the same things, provided it is possible for us to share them; otherwise the

same thing would happen again. And those with whom we are on such terms that we do not blush before them for faults merely condemned by public opinion, provided that this is not due to contempt; and those before whom we do blush for faults that are really bad. And those whose rivals we are, or by whom we wish to be emulated, but not envied,—these we either like or wish to be friends with them. And those whom we are ready to assist in obtaining what is good, provided greater evil does not result for ourselves. And those who show equal fondness for friends, whether absent or present; wherefore all men like those who show such feeling for the dead.

In a word, men like those who are strongly attached to their friends and do not leave them in the lurch; for among good men they chiefly like those who are good friends. And those who do not dissemble with them; such are those who do not fear to mention even their faults. [For, as we have said, before friends we do not blush for faults merely condemned by public opinion; if then he who blushes for such faults is not a friend, he who does not is likely to be one]. And men like those who are not formidable, and in whom they have confidence; for no one likes one whom he fears. Companionship, intimacy, kinship, and similar relations are species of friendship. Things that create friendship are doing a favor, and doing it unasked, and not making it public after doing it; for then it seems to have been rendered for the sake of the friend, and not for any other reason.

As for enmity and hatred, it is evident that they must be examined in the light of their contraries. The causes which produce enmity are anger, spitefulness, slander. Anger arises from acts committed against us, enmity even from those that are not; for if we imagine a man to be of such and such a character, we hate him. Anger has always an individual as its object, for instance Callias or Socrates, whereas hatred applies to classes; for instance, every one hates a thief or informer. Anger is curable by time, hatred not; the aim of anger is pain, of hatred evil; for the angry man wishes to see what happens; to one who hates it does not matter. Now, the things which cause pain

are all perceptible, while things which are especially bad, such as injustice or folly, are least perceptible; for the presence of vice causes no pain. Anger is accompanied by pain, but hatred not; for he who is angry suffers pain, but he who hates does not. One who is angry might feel compassion in many cases, but one who hates, never; for the former wishes that the object of his anger should suffer in his turn, the latter, that he should perish. It is evident, then, from what we have just said, that it is possible to prove that men are enemies or friends, or to make them such if they are not; to refute those who pretend that they are, and when they oppose us through anger or enmity, to bring them over to whichever side may be preferred. The things and persons that men fear and in what frame of mind, will be evident from the following considerations.

第四章

让我们首先给友谊和关爱下定义，然后说明哪些人为人们喜爱或者仇恨，以及爱恨的理由是什么。不妨把关爱定义为出于利他而不是利己的考虑希望某人获得我们认为好的东西，并尽力为他谋取这些好东西。朋友是关爱他人并被他人关爱的人，那些认为彼此间的关系属于此类的人即互认对方为朋友。以此为前提，结论必然是那些为了我们而非其他原因在顺境时与我们共享快乐、在逆境时与我们分担忧伤的人，是我们的朋友。所有人在得偿所愿时都会满心欢喜，而事与愿违时则满心苦恼，苦恼与欢喜正是他们内心愿望的表现。在判断事物好坏方面与我们看法相同、爱我所爱、恨我所恨者是我们的朋友，因为这样的人必然和我们怀有相同的愿望；因此，一个人若希望我们获得他自己想要的东西，这人便可算作我们的朋友。

我们也喜爱那些曾为我们或我们所珍视的人做过好事的人，只要这些事情是重要的，或者是真诚为之的，又或者是在恰当的情境下而做的，并且是只为了我们而做的；［我们也喜爱］所有我们认为乐于为我们做好事的人。［我们还喜爱］朋友的朋友，和那些喜爱我们所喜爱的人的人，以及那些被我们喜爱的人所喜爱的人；还有那些与我们的敌人为敌的人，那些仇恨我们所仇恨的人的人，以及那些被我们仇恨的人所仇恨的人。须知所有这些人在判断何为好事方面与我们看法一致，所以他们希望我们得到对我们有好处的东西，而这，如前所述，正是朋友的特点。此外，我们还喜爱那些乐于在金钱或人身安全方面帮助别人的人；正因为如此，人们尊重那些慷慨、勇敢和公正的人。我们将下列这些人归于此类：那些不依赖他人而生活的人；那些凭着自己的劳动谋生的人，包括农民；最重要的是，那些靠双手谋食的人。［我们还喜爱］那些有自制力的人，因为他们不大可能去行不义之事；［也喜爱］那些不好管闲事的人，原因同上。［我们还喜爱］那些我们希望与之交好的人，如果他们看起来也有此愿。这些人包括品德高尚者，以及为众人、或最好的人、或我们所敬仰的人、或敬仰我们的人所推崇的人。［我们还喜爱］那些可与之愉快地共同生活或者共享时光的人，比如，那些脾气好、不会对我们的过错喋喋不休的人，他们不吵架，不争辩，须知吵架和争辩者都好斗，而好斗者所希望的与我们截然相反。

［我们也喜爱］那些善于开玩笑或者善于接受玩笑的人，因为这两类人和他们的邻居持有相同的看法，能够接受别人的玩笑，也能够风雅地回应别人的玩笑。［我们还喜爱］那些表扬我们优点的人，特别是那些我们担心自己并不具备的优点；那些仪容大方、衣着整洁、生活干净的人；那些不拿我们的错误或者他们所施的恩惠来谴责我们的人，要知道这两种［谴责者］都比较吹毛求疵；那些不怀恶意、不念旧恨、愿意和解的人，因为我们觉得这类人如何对待他人，就会如何对待我们；那些不恶语中伤或打听邻居或者我们的过错、而是只关注他人优点的人，因为这正是好人的行事方式。［我们还喜爱］那些不在我们生气或忙碌时跟我们对抗的人，须知对抗者皆好斗；那些对我们示好的人，例如，崇拜我们、认为我们是好人并且乐于同我们作伴的人，尤其是那些因为我们特别希望被人称颂或认可或赞同的品质而如此对待我们的人。我们还喜爱那些与我们相似且趣味相投的人，只要他们的利益和我们没有冲突，而且他们的谋生手段和我们不同；［否则］就会出现“陶匠（嫉恨）陶匠”的事情［即同业相仇］。［我们也喜爱］那些和我们追求相同事物的人，只要我们能够与其分享这些事物；否则就会发生同样的事情［即同业相仇］。［我们还喜欢］那些与其相处时我们不会在其面前因被公众观念所谴责的错事而脸红的人，只要这不是因为我们藐视那人；还有那些在其面前我们会因为真正恶劣的错事而脸红的人。［我们也喜欢］那些作为我们对手的人，或者我们希望被其羡慕而不是嫉妒的人——这样的人我们要么会喜欢，要么乐于与其为友。［我们亦喜欢］那些我们乐成其美的人，只要此举不会为我们招致大麻烦。［我们还喜欢］那些无论朋友在场与否都能善待朋友的人；这就是为什么大家都喜欢那些对逝者表现出如此情感的人。

总而言之，人们喜欢那些与朋友关系密切、并且不会在朋友摔跟头时弃之于不顾的人；须知在好人中间，人们最喜欢的是好友。［人们还喜欢］那些不遮遮掩掩的人，比如，那些不害怕提及自己过错的人。（因为，如前所述，在朋友面前，我们不会因为那些仅为公众所谴责的过错而脸红；如果因此类事情而脸红的人不是朋友，那么不因此类事情而脸红的人就可能是朋友）。［人们还喜欢］那些不令人生畏、可以向其吐露心声的人，须知没有人会喜欢他害怕的人。伙伴、密友、亲人以及类似的关系，都属于友谊。能产生友谊的事情包括：为别人做好事，并且不待对方张口就做，而做完之后并不张扬；要知道只有这样才算是

为了朋友，而不是出于其他原因。

至于敌意和仇恨，很显然，我们要从它们的反面来探讨。产生敌意的原因有愤怒、怨毒和中伤。愤怒源自那些针对我们的不利之事，敌意则还可能源自那些并非针对我们的不利之事；因为当我们想象某人具有某种特点时，我们也会仇恨他们。愤怒总是以个人为对象，例如卡利阿斯或苏格拉底；而仇恨则是针对一类人，例如每个人都仇恨窃贼或告密者。愤怒可以被时间抚平，仇恨则不然；愤怒的目的是［使人］痛苦，而仇恨的目的是［造成］祸害；要知道愤怒的人希望看到将会发生什么，而仇恨的人对此则并不在乎。导致痛苦的事情都是可以感知的，而那些特别恶劣的事情，比如不公正或蠢行，则最难以感知；须知罪恶的存在并不导致痛苦。愤怒与痛苦相伴，仇恨则不然；因为愤怒者忍受着痛苦，而仇恨者并非如此。愤怒者可能在很多情况下会生发怜悯之情，而仇恨者永远不会；因为前者［只是］希望其愤怒的对象遭受自己所受的痛苦，而后者则希望对方彻底毁灭。从以上所述可以显见，证明某人是敌人还是朋友是可能的；如果他们不是的话，将其说成敌人或朋友也是可能的；我们还可以戳穿那些伪装朋友的人；并且当他们出于愤怒或敌意反对我们时，我们亦可以使他们的态度朝着我们希望的方向发展。以下将讨论人们所恐惧的人和事，以及恐惧时的心境。

CHAPTER 5

Let fear be defined as a painful or troubled feeling caused by the impression of an imminent evil that causes destruction or pain; for men do not fear all evils, for instance, becoming unjust or slow-witted, but only such as involve great pain or destruction, and only if they appear to be not far off but near at hand and threatening, for men do not fear things that are very remote; all know that they have to die, but as death is not near at hand, they are indifferent. If then this is fear, all things must be fearful that appear to have great power of destroying or inflicting injuries that tend to produce great pain. That is why even the signs of such misfortunes are fearful, for the fearful thing itself appears to be near at hand, and danger is the approach of anything fearful. Such signs are the enmity and anger of those able to injure us in any way; for it is evident that they have the wish, so that they are not far from doing so. And injustice possessed of power is fearful, for the unjust man is unjust through deliberate inclination. And outraged virtue when it has power, for it is evident that it always desires satisfaction, whenever it is outraged, and now it has the power. And fear felt by those able to injure us in any way, for such as these also must be ready to act. And since most men are rather bad than good and the slaves of gain and cowardly in time of danger, being at the mercy of another is generally fearful, so that one who has committed a crime has reason to fear his accomplices as likely to denounce or leave him in the lurch. And those who are able to ill-treat others are to be feared by those who can be so treated; for as a rule men do wrong whenever they can. Those who have been, or think they are being, wronged, are also to be feared, for they are ever on the look out for an opportunity. And those who have committed some wrong, when they have the power, since they are afraid of retaliation, which was assumed to be something to be feared. And those who are our rivals for the same things, whenever it is impossible to share

them, for men are always contending with such persons. And those who are feared by those who are stronger than we are, for they would be better able to injure us, if they could injure those stronger than ourselves and those whom those who are stronger than ourselves are afraid of, for the same reason. And those who have overthrown those who are stronger than us and those who attack those who are weaker, for they are either already to be feared, or will be, when they have grown stronger.

And among those whom we have wronged, or are our enemies or rivals, we should fear not the hot-tempered or outspoken, but those who are mild, dissemblers, and thorough rascals; for it is uncertain whether they are on the point of acting, so that one never knows whether they are far from it. All things that are to be feared are more so when, after an error has once been committed, it is impossible to repair it, either because it is absolutely impossible, or no longer in our power, but in that of our opponents; also when there is no possibility of help or it is not easy to obtain. In a word, all things are to be feared which, when they happen, or are on the point of happening, to others, excite compassion. These are, so to say, nearly all the most important things which are to be feared and which men fear. Let us now state the frame of mind which leads men to fear.

If then fear is accompanied by the expectation that we are going to suffer some fatal misfortune, it is evident that none of those who think that they will suffer nothing at all is afraid either of those things which he does not think will happen to him, or of those from whom he does not expect them, or at a time when he does not think them likely to happen. It therefore needs be that those who think they are likely to suffer anything should be afraid, either of the persons at whose hands they expect it, or of certain things, and at certain times. Those who either are, or seem to be, highly prosperous do not think they are likely to suffer anything; wherefore they are insolent, contemptuous, and rash, and what makes them such is wealth, strength, a number of friends, power. It is the same with those who

think that they have already suffered all possible ills and are coldly indifferent to the future, like those who are being beaten to death; for it is a necessary incentive to fear that there should remain some hope of being saved from the cause of their distress. A sign of this is that fear makes men deliberate, whereas no one deliberates about things that are hopeless. So that whenever it is preferable that the audience should feel afraid, it is necessary to make them think they are likely to suffer, by reminding them that others greater than they have suffered, and showing that their equals are suffering or have suffered, and that at the hands of those from whom they did not expect it, in such a manner and at times when they did not think it likely.

Now, since we have made clear what fear and fearful things are, and the frame of mind in each case which makes men fear, one can see from this what confidence is, what are the things that give it, and the frame of mind of those who possess it; for confidence is the contrary of fear and that which gives confidence of that which causes fear, so that the hope of what is salutary is accompanied by an impression that it is quite near at hand, while the things to be feared are either non-existent or far off. Confidence is inspired by the remoteness of fearful things, or by the nearness of things that justify it. If remedies are possible, if there are means of help, either great or numerous, or both; if we have neither committed nor suffered wrong; if we have no rivals at all, or only such as are powerless, or, if they have power, are our friends, or have either done us good or have received it from us; if those whose interests are the same as ours are more numerous, or stronger, or both. We feel confidence in the following states of mind: if we believe that we have often succeeded and have not suffered, or if we have often been in danger and escaped it; for men are unaffected by fear in two ways, either because they have never been tested or have means of help; thus, in dangers at sea, those who have never experienced a storm and those who have means of help as the result of experience have confidence as to the future. We are also reassured, when a thing does not inspire fear in our equals, our inferiors, or

those to whom we think ourselves superior; and we think ourselves superior to those whom we have conquered, either themselves or their superiors or equals. And if we think we possess more or more considerable advantages, such as make their possessors formidable; such are abundance of money, strength of body, friends, territory, military equipments, either all or the most important. And if we have never done wrong to anyone, or only to a few, or not to such as are to be feared; and, generally, if it is well with us in regard to the gods, especially as to intimations from signs and oracles, and everything else of the kind; for anger inspires confidence, and it is the wrong that we suffer and not that which we inflict upon others that causes anger, and the gods are supposed to assist those who are wronged. Lastly, we feel confidence when, at the beginning of any undertaking, we do not expect disaster either in the present or future, or hope for success. Such are the things that inspire fear or confidence.

第五章

我们将恐惧定义为人们由于感觉到灾祸迫在眉睫而且可能带来毁灭或痛苦，从而产生的痛苦或不安的情绪；人们并不害怕所有的灾祸，例如变得不公正或者变得头脑迟钝之类［就不足恐惧］，而只是害怕那些能带来巨大痛苦或者毁灭的灾祸，并且只是在它们看来并不遥远，而是近在咫尺、虎视眈眈时。要知道人们并不害怕那些非常遥远的［坏］事情，［比如，］所有人都知道自己会死，但是死亡并非迫在眉睫，所以人们不以为然。如果这就是恐惧的话，那么所有看似具有极大破坏力的事情，或者能导致巨大伤痛的事情，就一定是可怕的。这就是为什么连厄运的端倪都令人恐惧，因为［这些端倪使得］可怕的事情看似迫在眉睫，而危险正是可怕之事的逼近。［例如，］那些能够以某种方式伤害我们的人所怀有的敌意和愤怒，便是端倪，因为，很显然，既然他们有这样的念想，那么他们距离如此行事［即害我们］也就不远了。此外，掌握权力的不义之人也是可怕的，因为不义之人的不义就在于他们有意行不义之事。还有曾被激怒的勇敢者，一旦有了权力［，也是可怕的］，因为，很显然，这样的人只要被激怒，就会寻求报复，何况现在他又有了权力。那些有能力以某种方式伤害我们的人所感受到的恐惧［也是可怕的］，因为这些人肯定已准备行动［即伤害我们］。既然多数人品性恶劣而不是淳良，追逐利益，临危退缩，那么落入他人之手一般来说都是可怕的。因此犯下罪行的人有理由害怕其同伙会告发他或者弃他于不顾。可能被虐待的人会惧怕那些有能力虐待他人者，因为一般而言人们只要能够作恶，就会作恶。那些曾经受害或者认为自己正在受害的人也是可怕的，因为这些人一直在伺机［报复］。那些曾经作恶的人，一旦掌握了权力［，也是可怕的］，因为他们害怕报复，而报复当然是可怕的。还有那些和我们竞争同样东西的人，只要这些东西无法共享［，他们就是可怕的］，因为人们总是在与这样的人争斗。那些强于我们的人都惧怕的人［也是可怕的］，因为这些人如果能够伤害强于我们的人，那么他们就更有能力伤害我们；那些强于我们的人都害怕的人［也是可怕的］，理由同上。还有那些曾经打败过强于我们的人的人，和那些攻击弱于我们的人的人［，也都是可怕的］，因为他们要么已经令人生畏，要么待他们强大之后就会变得如此。

在那些我们曾经冤枉过、敌视过或者与其竞争过的人当中，我们无须害怕那些性格暴烈或者口无遮拦者，而应该害怕那些性格温和、吞吞吐吐的人以及纯粹的无赖，因为我们无法确定他们是否将采取［报复］行动，也因此无从知晓他们离报复行动有多远。那些可怕的事物［在下述两种情形下］会更加可怕：［第一，］某个过失一旦发生就无法弥补，要么因为完全没有可能弥补，要么因为它不再由我们掌控，而是由对手掌控；［第二，］我们无法获得帮助或者很难获得帮助。总之，如果某事一旦降临或者即将降临到他人身上就会激发怜悯之情，那么这件事就是可怕的。可以说，以上就是几乎所有可怕的、而且也是人人都害怕的最重要的事情。我们接下来讲讲导致人们恐惧的心境。

如果说恐惧总是伴随着对即将遭受某种致命厄运的预期，那么可以显见，那些认为自己不会遭受任何厄运的人既不会惧怕他们认为不可能降临到自己头上的事情，也不会惧怕不可能给他们带来厄运的人，亦不会在他们觉得不会发生厄运时心生恐惧。与此相应，那些认为自己可能遭受某些［坏］事情的人必然会心怀恐惧，要么害怕那些可能给他们带来厄运的人，要么害怕那些［可能给他们带来厄运的］事情，在那些［他们觉得坏事将要发生的］时间。那些志得意满或者似乎志得意满的人认为自己不可能遭受任何坏事情；因此，他们傲慢、轻蔑而且鲁莽，使他们如此行事的是他们家资殷盛、身强体健、朋友众多和权力显赫。那些认为自己已经遭受了所有可能的厄运并且对未来不抱任何希望的人也是如此，例如正在被人往死里打的人；须知要想让人心生恐惧，就必须让他残留一丝从其惨状中得救的希望。这方面的证据是恐惧会让人三思，但没有人会思考那些毫无希望的事情。因此，当我们需要观众体验恐惧时，我们就必须让他们感觉到自己也可能遭受厄运，［比如：］提醒他们那些比他们更强大的人都已遭此灾祸，告诉他们与他们能力相当者正在遭受或者已经遭受此祸，而且是由那些他们没有料想到的人、以出乎预料的方式、在意想不到的时间所致。

既然我们已经明确了恐惧和可怕的事情为何物，明确了各种使人心生恐惧的心境，那么据此可以显见信心为何物，何物能产生信心，以及自信者的心境；须知信心与恐惧相反，产生信心的事物也和产生恐惧的事物相反，所以在对有益之事怀抱希望时，人们会觉得这件事近在咫尺，而可怕的事情要么不存在，要么远在天边。信心的产生要么由于可怕之事离我们很远，要么由于能带来信心的事情离我们很近。如果有补

救的可能，如果有强有力的、或者众多的、或者有力且众多的施以援手的办法［，我们就会有信心］。如果我们既没有犯错也没有受害，如果我们完全没有对手，或者只有一些实力不强的对手，或者对手实力虽强但是我们的朋友，或者对手曾经为我们做过好事，或者受惠于我们［，我们就会有信心］。如果那些与我们利益一致的人［比与我们利益相左的人］更多或者更强，或者既多且强［，我们就会有信心］。处于以下心境时，我们也会有信心：我们认为自己常常成功而从未挫败，或者我们曾经屡遭危难但都成功逃脱。要知道人们在两种情况下不受恐惧困扰：要么他们从未经历考验，要么他们有办法应对。因此，在海上面临危险时，那些从未经历过风暴的人和那些因为经验丰富而有办法应对的人都会对前途抱有信心。如果某事并不会让那些与我们旗鼓相当的人恐惧，或者不会让那些不如我们的人恐惧，或者不会让那些我们觉得自己远远胜出的人恐惧，我们也会安心。我们认为自己胜过那些被我们征服的人，包括被征服者本人、比他们强的人或者和他们旗鼓相当的人。如果我们认为我们具有越来越多的优势，［特别是］能够让其拥有者更加可畏的优势，比如财产富足、身体强健、朋友众多、领土广袤、军械精良，无论是以上所有优势还是其中最重要的优势［，都会令我们充满信心］。如果我们没有对任何人犯过错，或者仅仅对少数人犯过错，或者没有对那些令人生畏者犯过错［，我们也会充满信心］。一般来说，如果我们与神祇关系良好，特别是从各种神迹、神谕以及其他类似征兆中获悉这一点［，我们也会充满信心］。要知道愤怒能激发信心，而导致愤怒的是我们所受的伤害，不是我们对他人的伤害，而神灵是会帮助那些被害者的。最后，在一件事情的开始阶段，当我们料想现在或将来都不会有灾祸，而只期待成功时，我们也会充满信心。以上就是能引起恐惧或激发信心的各种事物。

CHAPTER 6

What are the things of which men are ashamed or the contrary, and before whom, and in what frame of mind, will be clear from the following considerations. Let shame then be defined as a kind of pain or uneasiness in respect of misdeeds, past, present, or future, which seem to tend to bring dishonor; and shamelessness as contempt and indifference in regard to these same things. If this definition of shame is correct, it follows that we are ashamed of all such misdeeds as seem to be disgraceful, either for ourselves or for those whom we care for. Such are all those that are due to vice, such as throwing away one's shield or taking to flight, for this is due to cowardice; or withholding a deposit, for this is due to injustice. And illicit relations with any persons, at forbidden places or times, for this is due to licentiousness. And making profit out of what is petty or disgraceful, or out of the weak, such as the indigent or dead; whence the proverb, "to rob even a corpse," for this is due to base love of gain and stinginess. And to refuse assistance in money matters when we are able to render it, or to give less than we can; to accept assistance from those less able to afford it than ourselves; to borrow when anyone seems likely to ask for a loan, to ask for a loan from one who wants his money back, and asking for repayment from one who wants to borrow; to praise in order to seem to be asking for a loan, and when you have failed to obtain it to keep on asking; for all these are signs of stinginess. And to praise people when they are present, to overpraise their good qualities and to palliate the bad, to show excessive grief at another's grief when present, and all similar actions; for they are signs of flattery.

And not to submit to toils, which those put up with who are older or live luxuriously or hold higher positions, or, generally speaking, are less fitted to do so; for all these are signs of effeminacy. To accept favors from another and often, and then to throw them in his teeth; for all these things are signs of littleness and abasement of soul. And

to speak at great length about oneself and to make all kinds of professions, and to take the credit for what another has done; for this is a sign of boastfulness. Similarly, in regard to each of all the other vices of character, the acts resulting from them, their signs, and the things which resemble them, all these are disgraceful, and should make us ashamed. It is also shameful not to have a share in the honorable things which all men, or all who resemble us, or the majority of them, have a share in. By those who resemble us I mean those of the same race, of the same city, of the same age, of the same family, and, generally speaking, those who are on an equality; for then it is disgraceful not to have a share, for instance, in education and other things, to the same extent. All these things are the more disgraceful, if the fault appears to be our own; for they are at once seen to be due rather to natural depravity if we ourselves are the cause of past, present, or future defects. And we are ashamed when we suffer or have suffered or are likely to suffer things which tend to ignominy and reproach; such are prostituting one's person or performing disgraceful actions, including unnatural lust. And of these actions those that promote licentiousness are disgraceful, whether voluntary or involuntary [the latter being those that are done under compulsion], since meek endurance and the absence of resistance are the result of unmanliness or cowardice.

These and similar things are those of which men are ashamed. And since shame is an impression about dishonor, and that for its own sake and not for its results; and since no one heeds the opinion of others except on account of those who hold it, it follows that men feel shame before those whom they esteem.

Now men esteem those who admire them and those whom they admire, those by whom they wish to be admired, those whose rivals they are, and whose opinion they do not despise. They desire to be admired by those, and admire those who possess anything good that is greatly esteemed, or from whom they urgently require something which it is in their power to give, as is the case with lovers. And they

are rivals of those who are like them; and they give heed to the men of practical wisdom as likely to be truthful; such are the older and well educated. They are also more ashamed of things that are done before their eyes and in broad daylight; whence the proverb: The eyes are the abode of shame. That is why they feel more ashamed before those who are likely to be always with them or who keep watch upon them, because in both cases they are under the eyes of others.

Men are also ashamed before those who are not open to the same accusations, for it is evident that their feelings are contrary. And before those who are not indulgent towards those who appear to err; for a man is supposed not to reproach others with what he does himself, so it is clear that what he reproaches them with is what he does not do himself. And before those who are fond of gossiping generally; for not to gossip about the fault of another amounts to not regarding it as a fault at all.[12] Now those who are inclined to gossip are those who have suffered wrong, because they always have their eyes upon us; and slanderers, because, if they traduce the innocent, still more will they traduce the guilty. And before those who spend their time in looking for their neighbors' faults, for instance, mockers and comic poets; for they are also in a manner slanderers and gossips. And before those from whom they have never asked anything in vain, for they feel as if they were greatly esteemed. For this reason they feel ashamed before those who ask them for something for the first time, as never yet having lost their good opinion. Such are those who have recently sought their friendship [for they have only seen what is best in them, which is the point of the answer of Euripides to the Syracusans[13]], or old acquaintances who know nothing against us. And men are ashamed not only of the disgraceful things we have spoken of, but also of indications of them, for instance, not only of sensual pleasures, but also of the indications of them; and not only of doing, but also of saying disgraceful things. Similarly, men are ashamed not only before those who have been mentioned, but also before those who will reveal their faults to them, such as their

servants or friends. In a word, they are not ashamed either before those whose opinion in regard to the truth they greatly despise—for instance, no one feels shame before children or animals—or of the same things before those who are known to them and those who are not; before the former, they are ashamed of things that appear really disgraceful, before strangers, of those which are only condemned by convention.

Men are likely to feel shame in the following situations; first, if there are any who are so related to them as those before whom we said that they feel shame. These, as we pointed out, are those who are admired by them or who admire them, or by whom they wish to be admired, or from whom they need some service, which they will not obtain if they lose their reputation. These, again, are either persons who directly see what is going on [just as Cydias, when haranguing the people about the allotment of the territory of Samos, begged the Athenians to picture to themselves that the Greeks were standing round them and would not only hear, but also see what they were going to decree]; or neighbors; or those likely to be aware of what they say or do. That is why men do not like, when unfortunate, to be seen by those who were once their rivals, for rivalry presumes admiration. Men also feel shame when they are connected with actions or things which entail disgrace, for which either they themselves, or their ancestors, or any others with whom they are closely connected are responsible. In a word, men feel shame for those whom they themselves respect; such are those mentioned and those who have any relation to them, for instance, whose teachers or advisers they have been; similarly, when they are in rivalry with others who are like them; for there are many things which they either do or do not do owing to the feeling of shame which these men inspire. And they are more likely to be ashamed when they have to be seen and to associate openly with those who are aware of their disgrace. Wherefore the tragic poet Antiphon, when he was about to be flogged to death by order of Dionysius[14], seeing that those who

were to die with him covered their faces as they passed through the gates, said, "Why cover your faces? Is it because you are afraid that one of the crowd should see you tomorrow?" Let this account of shame suffice; as for shamelessness, it is evident that we shall be able to obtain ample knowledge of it from the contrary arguments.

第六章

人们对什么事情引以为耻、对什么事情引以为荣，以及在什么人面前、在什么心境下会感到羞耻，可以从下面的讨论中看出来。我们权且将羞耻定义为一种由过去、现在或者将来所做的、可能带来耻辱的不端行为所导致的痛苦或者不安；无耻则是对这类行为的不屑和漠然。如果上述定义无误，那么我们就会因所有看似有辱我们自己或我们所关爱的人的事情而感到羞耻。所有因恶德导致的事情都可归入此类，比如：扔掉盾牌或者临阵脱跑，这是懦弱所致；再如截留定金，这是不义所致。还有在禁止的地点和时间与他人发生不正当关系，这是淫荡所致。还有从卑鄙或者不光彩的事情中捞取好处，或者从弱者（比如穷人或者死者）身上榨取好处，正如谚语云："连死人都抢"，这是卑劣的贪财和吝啬所致。［可耻的事情还包括：］有能力施与金钱却拒绝帮助他人，或者不肯尽力帮助他人；接受那些境况不如自己的人的帮助；在别人似有可能需要借钱时向其张口借钱，或者在别人想要收回借款时向其借钱，或者在别人想要借钱时向其讨债；似乎是为了跟别人借钱而夸奖那人，在没有借到时继续纠缠。［以上这些都是可耻的行为，］因为它们都是吝啬的表现。还有当面表扬他人、言过其实地颂赞他们的优点、粉饰他们的缺点，当面对别人的悲痛表现出过度的悲痛，以及所有类似的行为［都是可耻的］；因为这些都是谄媚的表现。

还有人不胜劳作之苦，不能承受连年长者、养尊处优者、职位更高者或一般而言不应该吃苦的人都能忍受的辛苦［，这也是可耻的］，因为这些都是娇弱的表现。受人恩惠，并经常如此，然后却非难施惠之人［，这也是可耻的］；因为这些事情是灵魂渺小、卑劣的表现。长篇阔论地讲自己的事情，做各种各样的表白，拿别人的成就来博取赞扬［，亦是可耻的］，因为这是自吹自擂的表现。同样，就人性的其他所有恶德而言，它们所导致的行为、它们的表现以及与它们类似的东西，也都是可耻的，应该使我们感到羞愧。不分担所有人、或者所有类似我们的人、或者大多数类似我们的人都参与的正大光明的事情也是可耻的。我说的那些类似我们的人指的是与我们种族相同、来自同一个城市、年纪相仿、家庭条件类似的人，总而言之，就是那些和我们地位平等的人。如果在某件事情上，比如教育或其他方面，我们与他们的参与程度不

同，就是可耻的。如果过错似乎在于我们自身，那么上述事情会更加可耻；因为如果是我们自己在过去、现在或未来导致了这类事情，那么人们会即刻将其归为性格的缺陷。再者，如果我们遭受或者已经遭受或者很可能遭受那些导致耻辱和指责的事情，我们也会感到羞耻；诸如出卖肉体，或者做下作的事情，包括变态的淫欲。在这些行为中，那些助长淫荡的行为，无论是自愿还是不自愿（后者是指被迫为之），都是可耻的，因为逆来顺受和不抵抗都是由于没有胆量或者生性懦弱。

这些和类似的事情都是人们引以为耻的事情。因为羞耻是名誉扫地的感受，非为结果，而因自身；又因为除非很在乎某人，否则没有人会在意他人的看法，所以人们会在自己敬重的人面前感到羞耻。

人们敬重的人包括：那些仰慕他们的人，那些他们仰慕的人，那些他们希望仰慕自己的人，那些与他们处于竞争关系的人，以及那些他们并不鄙视其观点的人。人们希望被那些拥有备受推崇之品质的人仰慕，同时也仰慕那些人；人们也仰慕那些掌握着他们迫切需要之物的人，如情人。人们与类似自己的人竞争，而看重那些有见识的人，认为他们更具诚信，比如年长者和有教养者。人们会因那些众目睽睽和光天化日之下发生的事情而感到更加羞耻。故有谚云：目之炯兮，耻之所居。正因如此，在那些可能一直陪伴自己或者关注自己的人面前，人们会感到更加羞耻，因为在这两种情况下，人们都处在别人的目光之下。

人们也会在那些没有遭受相同指控的人面前感到羞耻，因为很显然后者的感受会截然不同。人们还会在那些不纵容过错的人面前［感到耻辱］；因为一般认为，人不应拿自己也会做的事情去指责别人，因此，很显然，一个人所指责的一定是他自己不会去做的事情。人们也会在那些通常喜欢传播流言的人面前［感到羞耻］；因为不议论他人的过失就等于不认为那是一种过失。喜欢传播流言的通常是那些曾经被冤枉的人，因为他们时刻关注着我们［以伺机报复］；还有诽谤者，因为如果他们连清白的人都诽谤，当然更会诽谤犯过错的人。［人们还会］在那些整天对邻居吹毛求疵的人面前［感到羞耻］，例如，嘲弄者和喜剧诗人；因为这些人在某种意义上也是诽谤者和流言传播者。［人们还会］在那些向来都是有求必应的人面前感到羞耻，因为人们觉得自己似乎很被这些人看重。因此，人们会在那些第一次有求于他们［却被拒绝］的人面前感到羞耻，因为［此前］他们还从未失去这些人对自己的好印象。比如，那些最近寻求与之交好的人（因为这些人只看到了他们最好

的一面，欧里庇得斯对叙拉古人的回答说的就是这个意思），还有那些不了解我们负面消息的老熟人。此外，人们不仅因为上述可耻之事而羞耻，而且会因这些事情的端倪而羞耻。例如，［人们］不仅会因肉体之欢而羞耻，而且会因其端倪而羞耻；不仅会因为做了某些不光彩的事而羞耻，而且会因为说过某些不光彩的话而羞耻。与此类似，不仅在上述人等面前，人们会感到羞耻，在可能向这些人揭露自己错误的人面前，人们也会感到羞耻，比如仆人或朋友。总体说来，在那些他们极度鄙视其是非观念的人面前，人们不会感到羞耻，例如，没有人会在儿童或动物面前感到羞耻。在熟识的人面前和在不熟识的人面前，人们引以为耻的事情也不相同：面对前者，人们会因为显然可耻的事情感到羞耻，而面对陌生人［即后者］，人们只会因为被公序良俗所谴责的事情感到羞耻。

人们还会在以下情况感到羞耻：首先，如果在场的人当中，有人与他们的关系如前所述［即在其面前他们会感到羞耻］。这些人，我们已经说过，包括那些人们赞赏的人，或者赞赏他们的人，或者他们希望赞赏自己的人，或者他们对其有所求的人（如果失去了好名声，所求之事就将无法获得）。另外，这些人要么将目睹即将发生之事（正如库狄阿斯就如何分配萨摩斯的领土对民众讲话时，请求雅典人想象一下希腊诸国的人正站在他们四周，不仅会听到而且会看到他们的裁决），要么是邻居，要么是可能知晓人们所说或所做之事的人。这就是为什么人们身处不幸时，不喜欢被那些曾经是竞争对手的人看到，须知竞争蕴含着赞赏。如果人们与那些意味着耻辱的行为或事情有关，他们也会感到羞耻。这些耻辱可能是他们自己或者他们的祖先或者与他们关系密切的人造成的。总之，人们会因［给］那些他们尊重的人［带来耻辱］而感到羞耻，比如，上文所述之人以及与自己有关系的人，包括人们曾经教过或进言过的人；同理，也包括那些类似自己且互为对手的人，须知正是由于这些人激发的羞耻感，有很多事情人们会去做，也有很多事情人们不会去做。当人们不得已被看到与那些知晓他们可耻之事的人公开交往的时候，会更有可能感到羞耻。因此，当悲剧诗人安提丰即将被人按照狄奥尼西奥斯的命令鞭挞至死的时候，看到那些将要与他一起赴死的人掩面经过城门，便问道：“为什么要掩面？是不是害怕人群之中有人明天会看见你们［的尸体］？”关于羞耻，我们就讲到这里；至于无耻，我们显然可以从相反的论述中获得充分的了解。

CHAPTER 7

The persons towards whom men feel benevolent, and for what reasons, and in what frame of mind, will be clear when we have defined what favor is. Let it then be taken to be the feeling in accordance with which one who has it is said to render a service to one who needs it, not in return for something nor in the interest of him who renders it, but in that of the recipient. And the favor will be great if the recipient is in pressing need, or if the service or the times and circumstances are important or difficult, or if the benefactor is the only one, or the first who has rendered it, or has done so in the highest degree. By needs I mean longings, especially for things the failure to obtain which is accompanied by pain; such are the desires, for instance, love; also those which arise in bodily sufferings and dangers, for when a man is in pain or danger he desires something. That is why those who help a man who is poor or an exile, even if the service be ever so small, are regarded with favor owing to the urgency and occasion of the need; for instance, the man who gave the mat to another in the Lyceum[15]. It is necessary then, if possible, that the service should be in the same direction; if not, that it should apply to cases of similar or greater need.

Since then it is evident on what occasions, for what reasons, and in what frame of mind a feeling of benevolence arises, it is clear that we must derive our arguments from this—to show that the one side either has been, or still is, in such pain or need, and that the other has rendered, or is rendering, such a service in such a time of need. It is evident also by what means it is possible to make out that there is no favor at all, or that those who render it are not actuated by benevolence; for it can either be said that they do, or have done so, for their own sake, in which case there is no favor; or that it was mere chance; or that they acted under compulsion; or that they were making a return, not a gift, whether they knew it or not; for in both

cases it is an equivalent return, so that in this case also there is no favor. And the action must be considered in reference to all the categories; for if there is a favor it is so because of substance, quantity, quality, time, or place. And it denotes lack of goodwill, if persons have not rendered a smaller service[16], or if they have rendered similar, equal, or greater services to our enemies; for it is evident that they do not act for our sake in this case either. Or if the service was insignificant, and rendered by one who knew it; for no one admits that he has need of what is insignificant.

第七章

人们乐善好施的对象、原因及心境，在我们定义了恩惠是什么之后，就清楚了。恩惠可以理解为这样一种情绪，处在这种情绪中的人会向有需要的人提供帮助，不是为了得到回报，也不是为了施惠者自己的利益，而是为了受助者的利益。在下列情形下所给予的恩惠尤其重大：受助者的需求很急迫，或者［施惠者］所提供的帮助及提供的时机或环境是重要的或艰难的，或者施惠者是唯一提供帮助的人，或者是第一个提供帮助或提供帮助最大的人。我所说的“需求”指的是渴望，尤其是对求之不得且因此而苦恼的东西［的渴望］，比如对爱情的渴望；还有那些由身体的痛苦和危险所引起的渴望，须知当一个人处于痛苦或危险之中时，他就会渴望获得一些东西。正因如此，那些帮助穷人或离乡者的人，即使所提供的帮助非常小，也会被认为是施了恩惠，因为［这种情况下受助者的］需求及情况非常急迫；比如，一个人在吕刻昂运动场给了别人一张垫子。总之，如果可能的话，人们都应该让自己给予的帮助朝着同样的方向［即给予需求最急迫的人］；即使不可能，也应该提供帮助给有类似的或更急迫需求的人。

既然施惠之情产生的情形、原因和心境已很清楚，那么可以显见，我们应该从以下这点展开论证——即证明一方曾经或正处于痛苦之中或有需求，而另一方在这种有求情景下曾经提供或正在提供某种帮助。［从以上所述］我们还可以明了用什么方法能够证明并不存在任何恩惠，或者施惠之人并非出于乐善好施之心［而提供帮助］。我们可以这样说：他们现在或过去这么做［即提供帮助］是为了私利，因此毫无恩惠可言；或者，［他们这么做］纯粹出于偶然；或者，他们是由于被强迫才这么做的；或者，他们是在回报，而不是在施惠，无论有意与否；须知在后面这两种情况下［即有意和无意］，他们所做的都是一报还一报，因此并不存在什么恩惠。考虑施惠行为时必须结合所有范畴，因为就算［一个行为中］存在恩惠，它也是因为具有一定的内容、数量、质量、时间和地点才成为恩惠的。下列情形说明［施惠之人］缺乏善意：他们未曾提供过更小一些的帮助，或者他们曾经向我们的敌人提供类似、同等或更大的帮助；因为由此可以显见，他们这次也不是为了我们的利益而如此行事。［还有一种情形：］所提供的帮助微不足道，而且

施惠者是有意这样做的［，这也说明施惠者缺乏善意］，须知没有人会承认自己需要微不足道的帮助。

CHAPTER 8

Let this suffice for benevolence and the opposite. We will now state what things and persons excite pity, and the state of mind of those who feel it. Let pity then be a kind of pain excited by the sight of evil, deadly or painful, which befalls one who does not deserve it; an evil which one might expect to come upon himself or one of his friends, and when it seems near. For it is evident that one who is likely to feel pity must be such as to think that he, or one of his friends, is liable to suffer some evil, and such an evil as has been stated in the definition, or one similar, or nearly similar. Wherefore neither those who are utterly ruined, are capable of pity, for they think they have nothing more to suffer, since they have exhausted suffering; nor those who think themselves supremely fortunate, who rather are insolent. For if they think that all good things are theirs, it is clear that they think that they cannot possibly suffer evil, and this is one of the good things. Now those persons who think they are likely to suffer are those who have already suffered and escaped; the advanced in age, by reason of their wisdom and experience; and the weak, and those who are rather more timid; and the educated, for they reckon rightly; and those who have parents, children, or wives, for these are part of them and likely to suffer the evils of which we have spoken; and those who are not influenced by any courageous emotion, such as anger or confidence, for these emotions do not take thought of the future and those who are not in a wantonly insolent frame of mind, for they also take no thought of future suffering; but it is those who are between the two extremes that feel pity. Those who are not in great fear; for those who are panic-stricken are incapable of pity, because they are preoccupied with their own emotion. And men feel pity if they think that some persons are virtuous; for he who thinks that no one is will think that all deserve misfortune. And, generally speaking, a man is moved to pity when he is so affected that he remembers that such

evils have happened, or expects that they may happen, either to himself or to one of his friends.

We have stated the frame of mind which leads men to pity; and the things which arouse this feeling are clearly shown by the definition. They are all painful and distressing things that are also destructive, and all that are ruinous; and all evils of which fortune is the cause, if they are great. Things distressing and destructive are various kinds of death, personal ill-treatment and injuries, old age, disease, and lack of food. The evils for which fortune is responsible are lack of friends, or few friends [wherefore it is pitiable to be torn away from friends and intimates], ugliness, weakness, mutilation; if some misfortune comes to pass from a quarter whence one might have reasonably expected something good; and if this happens often; and if good fortune does not come until a man has already suffered, as when the presents from the Great King were not dispatched to Diopithes until he was dead. Those also are to be pitied to whom no good has ever accrued, or who are unable to enjoy it when it has.

These and the like things, then, excite pity. The persons men pity are those whom they know, provided they are not too closely connected with them for if they are, they feel the same as if they themselves were likely to suffer. This is why Amasis is said not to have wept when his son was led to execution, but did weep at the sight of a friend reduced to beggary, for the latter excited pity, the former terror. The terrible is different from the pitiable, for it drives out pity, and often serves to produce the opposite feeling. Further, the nearness of the terrible makes men pity. Men also pity those who resemble them in age, character, habits, position, or family; for all such relations make a man more likely to think that their misfortune may befall him as well. For, in general, here also we may conclude that all that men fear in regard to themselves excites their pity when others are the victims. And since sufferings are pitiable when they appear close at hand, while those that are past or future, ten thousand years backwards or forwards, either do not excite pity at all or only in a less

degree, because men neither expect the one nor remember the other, it follows that those who contribute to the effect by gestures, voice, dress, and dramatic action generally, are more pitiable; for they make the evil appear close at hand, setting it before our eyes as either future or past. And disasters that have just happened or are soon about to happen excite more pity for the same reason. Pity is also aroused by signs and actions, such as the dress of those who have suffered, and all such objects, and the words and everything else that concerns those who are actually suffering, for instance, at the point of death. And when men show themselves undaunted at such critical times it is specially pitiable; for all these things, because they come immediately under our observation, increase the feeling of pity, both because the sufferer does not seem to deserve his fate, and because the suffering is before our eyes.

第八章

关于施惠及其反面，就讲到这里。现在我们来讲讲什么样的人和事能激发怜悯，以及人们在什么样的心境下会感到怜悯。怜悯可以理解为由于看到无辜之人遭受致命的或痛苦的不幸而产生的一种苦痛心情；这种不幸是人们设想自己或自己的朋友也会遭受的，且似乎近在咫尺。因为可以显见，会产生怜悯之情的人一定是那些认为自己或其朋友也可能遭受不幸的人，而且这种不幸正是上面定义中所讲的，或者是与之类似的，或者几乎类似的。因此，受尽折磨的人不可能怜悯，因为他们认为既然自己已经受尽所有不幸，就再没有其他不幸需要承受。认为自己超级幸运的人也不可能怜悯，这类人［通常会因自己的运气而］不可一世。要知道如果他们认为所有的好事都归自己所有，那么很明显他们也会认为自己不可能遭受不幸，而这也正是他们所享有的好事之一。认为自己可能遭受不幸的人包括：已经遭受过或逃脱过不幸的人；年长之人，因为他们有智慧和经验；体弱之人；极为胆怯之人；有教养的人，因为他们可以理智地判断；拥有父母、子女或者妻子的人，因为这些人是他们生活的一部分，且有可能遭受上面所说的不幸；未受诸如愤怒或信心等关乎勇气的情绪影响的人，因为［处在］这些情绪［中的人］不会考虑将来；还有不是处于狂傲心境中的人，因为他们［即狂傲者］也不会考虑将来的不幸；只有介于两个极端［即极度狂傲和极度恐惧］之间的人才会产生怜悯之情。［还有］未陷入极度恐惧的人，因为处于恐慌中的人无法体会怜悯——他们已完全被恐惧感所攫取。人们如果认可有些人是善良的，也会感受到怜悯之情；须知一个人如果认为［世界上］没有善良之人，那么他就会认为所有人都活该遭受不幸。再者，一般而言，当一个人被触动并想起一种不幸曾经发生在他自己或他朋友身上，或者设想这种不幸可能会发生［在他自己或他朋友身上］时，亦会生发怜悯之心。

［至此，］我们已经讲了使人产生怜悯之情的心境。根据［怜悯的］定义，激发这种感情的事物也很明确了。它们包括所有令人痛苦、沮丧的破坏性的事物，所有灾难性的事物，以及命运所致的所有不幸（如果这些不幸很严重的话）。令人沮丧的破坏性的事物包括：各种形式的死亡、个人遭受的虐待和伤害、衰老、疾病以及饥荒。命运所致的

不幸包括：没有朋友或者朋友很少（因此被迫与朋友及知己分离是值得怜悯的），相貌丑陋，身体羸弱，手脚残废，本应发生好事的时分却发生了不幸之事，而且这种事［即本应是好事却发生了不幸］时常发生，还有遭受不幸之后好运才降临，比如狄俄配忒斯死后国王的礼物才送到。从未交过好运的人，或者好运来临之时已经无法享受的人，也值得怜悯。

［上述］这些事物及类似的事物均能激发怜悯之情。人们怜悯的对象［通常］是他们认识的人，但是联系又并不很紧密，因为如果联系非常紧密，人们就会感同身受，似乎自己也可能遭受不幸。正因如此，据说阿马西斯在儿子被处决时没有流泪，看到朋友沦为乞丐却流泪了，因为后者激发的是怜悯，而前者激发的是恐惧。可惧之事不同于可怜之事，因为它［即可惧之事本身］会使怜悯之情消失，并且常常带来相反的情绪。不过，可惧之事的临近会使人产生怜悯之情。人们还会怜悯那些在年龄、性格、习惯、地位或家庭背景上与自己接近的人，须知所有这些关系都会使人更容易想到他人的不幸也可能降临到自己头上。总体而言，我们可以在此得出结论：人们担心会发生在自己身上的事情，若发生在他人身上，就会生出怜悯之情。再者，既然近在咫尺的不幸才会引发怜悯，而过往的或将来的不幸，比如一万年以前的或一万年以后的，要么根本不会激发怜悯之情，要么激发的怜悯之情很弱，因为人们不会预料到一万年以后的不幸，也不会记得一万年以前的不幸；那么，可以显见，那些通过手势、声音、服装或剧烈的行为增强［不幸］效果的人，一般而言更令人同情，因为他们将未来或过往的不幸置于我们眼前，使其历历在目。因为同样的原因，刚刚发生或即将发生的灾难也都会激发更多的怜悯。如下这些表征和行为也会激发怜悯之情，比如遭受不幸之人的衣服，以及所有此类物件，还有与正在遭受不幸之人（比如垂死之人）相关的言语和其他任何东西。人们在上述危急时刻表现无畏时，尤其让人同情。因为所有这些事情都历历在目，故而增强了怜悯之情：一则因为受害者似乎命不该如此，二则因为不幸就发生在我们眼前。

CHAPTER 9

Now what is called indignation is the antithesis to pity; for the being pained at undeserved good fortune is in a manner contrary to being pained at undeserved bad fortune and arises from the same character. And both emotions show good character, for if we sympathize with and pity those who suffer undeservedly, we ought to be indignant with those who prosper undeservedly; for that which happens beyond a man's deserts is unjust, wherefore we attribute this feeling even to gods. It would seem that envy also is similarly opposed to pity, as being akin to or identical with indignation, although it is really different; envy also is indeed a disturbing pain and directed against good fortune, but not that of one who does not deserve it, but of one who is our equal and like. Now, all who feel envy and indignation must have this in common, that they are disturbed, not because they think that any harm will happen to themselves, but on account of their neighbor; for it will cease to be indignation and envy, but will be fear, if the pain and disturbance arise from the idea that harm may come to themselves from another's good fortune. And it is evident that these feelings will be accompanied by opposite feelings; for he who is pained at the sight of those who are undeservedly unfortunate will rejoice or will at least not be pained at the sight of those who are deservedly so; for instance, no good man would be pained at seeing parricides or assassins punished; we should rather rejoice at their lot, and at that of men who are deservedly fortunate; for both these are just and cause the worthy man to rejoice, because he cannot help hoping that what has happened to his like may also happen to himself. And all these feelings arise from the same character and their contraries from the contrary; for he who is malicious is also envious, since, if the envious man is pained at another's possession or acquisition of good fortune, he is bound to rejoice at the destruction or non-acquisition of the same. Wherefore all these emotions are a

hindrance to pity, although they differ for the reasons stated; so that they are all equally useful for preventing any feeling of pity.

Let us then first speak of indignation, the persons with whom men feel indignant, for what reasons, and in what frame of mind; and then proceed to the rest of the emotions. What we have just said will make matters clear. For if indignation is being pained at the sight of good fortune that is apparently undeserved, in the first place it is clear that it is not possible to feel indignation at all good things; for no one will be indignant with a man who is just or courageous, or may acquire any virtue [for one does not feel pity in the case of opposites of those qualities], but men are indignant at wealth, power, in a word, at all the advantages of which good men are worthy. [And those who possess natural advantages, such as noble birth, beauty, and all such things.] And since that which is old seems closely to resemble that which is natural, it follows that, if two parties have the same good, men are more indignant with the one who has recently acquired it and owes his prosperity to it; for the newly rich cause more annoyance than those who have long possessed or inherited wealth. The same applies to offices of state, power, numerous friends, virtuous children, and any other advantages of the kind. And if these advantages bring them some other advantage, men are equally indignant; for in this case also the newly rich who attain to office owing to their wealth cause more annoyance than those who have long been wealthy; and similarly in all other cases of the same kind. The reason is that the latter seem to possess what belongs to them, the former not; for that which all along shows itself in the same light suggests a reality, so that the former seem to possess what is not theirs. And since every kind of good is not suitable to the first comer, but a certain proportion and suitability are necessary [as for instance beautiful weapons are not suitable to the just but to the courageous man, and distinguished marriages not to the newly rich but to the nobly born], if a virtuous man does not obtain what is suitable to him, we feel indignant. Similarly, if the inferior contends with the superior, especially among

those engaged in the same pursuit,—whence the saying of the poet, "He avoided battle with Ajax, son of Telamon, for Zeus was indignant with him, when he would fight with a better man;[17]" or, if the pursuit is not the same, wherever the inferior contends with the superior in anything whatever, as for instance, the musician with the just man; for justice is better than music.

From this it is clear, then, with whom men are indignant and for what reasons; they are these or of such a kind. Men are prone to indignation, first, if they happen to deserve or possess the greatest advantages, for it is not just that those who do not resemble them should be deemed worthy of the same advantages; secondly, if they happen to be virtuous and worthy, for they both judge correctly and hate what is unjust. And those who are ambitious and long for certain positions, especially if they are those which others, although unworthy, have obtained. And, in general, those who think themselves worthy of advantages of which they consider others unworthy, are inclined to be indignant with the latter and because of these advantages. This is why the servile and worthless and unambitious are not inclined to indignation; for there is nothing of which they think themselves worthy. It is evident from this what kind of men they are whose ill fortunes, calamities, and lack of success must make us rejoice or at least feel no pain; for the opposites are clear from what has been said. If then the speaker puts the judges into such a frame of mind and proves that those who claim our pity [and the reasons why they do so] are unworthy to obtain it and deserve that it should be refused them, then pity will be impossible.

第九章

所谓愤慨是怜悯的对立面。在某种意义上，因别人得到不应有的好运而痛苦，和因别人得到不应有的厄运而痛苦，是两种相对的情绪，但是都来自同样的性格。这两种情绪都代表了善良，因为如果我们同情和怜悯那些不应遭受却遭受了不幸的人，那么对于不应发达却发达了的人，我们也应当感到愤慨；因为一个人的所得超过其应得是不公正的，我们甚至认为神明都具有这种感情。与此相似，嫉妒似乎也与怜悯相对，而与愤慨相近或者相同，但实际上嫉妒是另一回事情。嫉妒的确也是一种令人坐卧不安的痛苦，并且也是针对［别人的］好运，但它不是针对不应得到好运的人，而是针对与我们地位相当或类似的人。所有心怀嫉妒和愤慨之情的人肯定有一个共同点，即他们都感到不安，并且不是因为他们认为自己可能受到伤害，而是因为邻人［交到了好运］；如果他们感到痛苦不安是因为想到别人的好运可能给自己造成伤害，那么他们的情绪就不会是愤慨和嫉妒，而是恐惧了。很明显，上述情绪总是与它们各自的对立情绪相伴：如果一个人在看到他人遭受不应有的厄运时感到难过，那么在看到他人遭受应有的厄运时他就会感到欣喜，至少不会难过。比如，没有一个好人会因为看到弑亲者或刺客被惩罚而难过；［相反，］我们会因为他们［被惩罚］的命运而欣喜；我们还会因为他人交到应有的好运而欣喜。须知这两种情况都是正义的，都会使好人欢喜，因为在看到同类所交的好运时，好人会禁不住希望这样的事情也发生在自己身上。所有这些情绪都源自同样的性格，其相反的情绪也都产生自相反的性格。比如邪恶之人也是嫉妒心重的人，因为既然一个嫉妒心重的人会因为他人拥有或获得好运而痛苦，那么他必定会因为他人的好运被破坏或失去而欢喜。因此，这些情绪虽然由于上述原因各有不同，但是它们都会妨碍怜悯之情的产生，所以它们在阻止怜悯之情上具有同样的功效。

下面我们先讲讲什么是愤慨，我们会对什么样的人、出于什么样的原因、在什么样的心境下感到愤慨，然后再讲其他的情感。上文所述将使这些问题变得清晰。如果愤慨是因为看到他人交到明显不应得的好运而愤愤不平，那么首先有一点很明显，即人不可能对一切好东西都感到愤慨；须知不会有人对正义的、勇敢的或者可能具有其他美德的人感到

愤慨（正如没有人会对这些品质的对立面感到怜悯一样），人们愤慨的对象总是［不义之］财和［不义之］权，总之，是好人才应当享有［而坏人不应当享有］的所有好处。（人们愤慨的对象还包括拥有先天优势的［坏］人，比如高贵的出身、美貌以及诸如此类的禀赋。）再者，既然有年头的东西看起来比较接近自然的东西，那么很显然，如果有两方拥有同样的好东西，人们愤慨的对象往往是新近得到这个好东西并因此而发达的一方，比如暴发户就比一向富裕或世袭富裕的人更容易让人恼怒。这一点同样适用于城邦官职、权力、众多的朋友、优秀的子嗣以及其他此类优势。如果这些优势为其拥有者带来其他的好处，人们同样会感到愤慨；须知在这种情况下，［诸如］暴发户以金钱谋取官职［之类的事情］比久富之人获得官职更令人恼怒；其他所有同类的情形也是如此。原因在于，后者拥有的东西似乎本来就属于他们，而前者［即暴发户］则不是；要知道一件事长期表现如一就显得像事实，所以前者拥有的东西似乎不属于他们。不过并不是每一种好东西都适合先到者，而是需要一定的比例和匹配（比如精良的武器就不适合正直的人，而适合勇敢者；显赫的联姻不适合新贵，而适合出身高贵者），因此如果善良之人得不到适合他的东西，我们也会感到愤慨。类似地，如果地位较低者同地位较高者相争，尤其是争夺同一件东西［，我们也会感到愤慨］；因此，诗人［荷马］说："他避免与忒拉蒙之子埃阿斯交战，因为他若与强者争斗，宙斯会感到愤慨"；即使他们争夺的不是同一件东西，只要是地位低者与地位高者相争，无论争夺什么［，我们都会感到愤慨］，比如乐师与正义者相争；须知正义比音乐重要。

从以上所述可以显见，人们对什么人、出于什么原因感到愤慨，这些人和这些原因如以上所列或与之类似。［此外，］下面这些人容易愤慨：第一，如果他们碰巧应该得到或已经拥有最好的东西［，则容易愤慨］，须知如果与他们不相似的人被认为应该得到同样的好东西，那就是不正当的；第二，如果他们碰巧是有德有才的人［，也容易愤慨］，因为这类人既能正确地进行判断，也会憎恨不义之事。［第三，］他们是有抱负、期望获得某些职位的人，如果这些职位已为其他不配之人获取，他们尤其［容易愤慨］。总之，人们如果认为自己应该获得某些他人不配的好处，就容易由于［后者获得］这些好处而对后者感到愤慨。正因如此，被奴役的、卑贱的、无抱负的人不易感到愤慨，因为没有什么东西是他们认为自己应该得到的。从这一点亦可以显见哪些人遭受的

厄运、灾难和失意会使我们欢喜，或者至少不感到难过；须知其对立面可以从上述内容明显地看出来。那么，如果演说者让裁决人进入这种心境，证明那些要求我们怜悯的人（以及他们这样做的原因）不应该得到怜悯，而是应该被拒绝，那么［裁决人］就不会有怜悯之情了。

CHAPTER 10

It is equally clear for what reason, and of whom, and in what frame of mind, men are envious, if envy is a kind of pain at the sight of good fortune in regard to the goods mentioned; in the case of those like themselves; and not for the sake of a man getting anything, but because of others possessing it. For those men will be envious who have, or seem to have, others "like" them. I mean like in birth, relationship, age, moral habit, reputation, and possessions. And those will be envious who possess all but one of these advantages; that is why those who attempt great things and succeed are envious, because they think that every one is trying to deprive them of their own. And those who are honored for some special reason, especially for wisdom or happiness. And the ambitious are more envious than the unambitious. And those who are wise in their own conceit, for they are ambitious of a reputation for wisdom; and, in general, those who wish to be distinguished in anything are envious in regard to it. And the little-minded, because everything appears to them to be great.

The advantages which excite envy have already been stated. Nearly all the actions or possessions which make men desire glory or honor and long for fame, and the favors of fortune, create envy, especially when men long for them themselves, or think that they have a right to them, or the possession of which makes them slightly superior or slightly inferior.

And it is evident whom men envy, for it has just been stated by implication. They envy those who are near them in time, place, age, and reputation, whence it was said, "Kinship knows how to envy also;" and those with whom they are in rivalry, who are those just spoken of; for no man tries to rival those who lived ten thousand years ago, or are about to be born, or are already dead; nor those who live near the Pillars of Hercules[18]; nor those who, in his own opinion or in that of others, are either far inferior or superior to him; and the people and

things which one envies are on the same footing. And since men strive for honor with those who are competitors, or rivals in love, in short, with those who aim at the same things, they are bound to feel most envious of these; whence the saying, "Potter [being jealous] of potter." And those who have succeeded with difficulty or have failed envy those whose success has been rapid. And those whose possessions or successes are a reproach to themselves, and these, too, are those near or like them; for it is clear that it is their own fault that they do not obtain the same advantage, so that this pains and causes envy. And those who either have or have acquired what was naturally theirs or what they had once acquired; this is why an older man is envious of a younger one. Those who have spent much envy those who have only spent little to obtain the same thing. And it is clear at what things and persons the envious rejoice, and in what frame of mind; for, as when they do not possess certain things, they are pained, so when they do possess them, they will rejoice in the opposite circumstances. So that if the judges are brought into that frame of mind, and those who claim their pity or any other boon are such as we have stated, it is plain that they will not obtain pity from those with whom the decision rests.

第十章

如果嫉妒是指看到与自己相似的人交到好运、得到上述好东西而感到的一种痛苦——不是因为自己可能得到某件东西，而是因为他人拥有这件东西，那么，人们因为什么原因、对什么人、由于何种心境感到嫉妒就同样非常清楚了。须知如果有或者似乎有与自己“相像”［但运气更好］的人，人们就会嫉妒。我所说的“相像”是指在出身、［亲属］关系、年龄、道德习性、声誉和财产方面。还有那些拥有所有这些优势、却独缺其一的人［，也会嫉妒］；正因如此，谋大事且成功者会嫉妒，因为他们认为每个人都在试图抢夺他的好东西。那些由于某些特殊的原因，尤其是智慧或者幸福，而被人尊敬者［，也会嫉妒］。有抱负的人比没有抱负的人嫉妒心更强。还有以智慧自居的人［亦会嫉妒］，因为他们渴望凭智慧获得声誉；总之，期望在某方面超出众人的人都会在这方面有嫉妒之心。心胸狭窄的人［也会嫉妒］，因为任何事在他们看来都很重大。

能激发嫉妒之情的种种优势前面已有论述。几乎所有使人觊觎荣耀或荣誉、使人渴望声誉的行为和所有物，以及命运的眷顾，都会激发嫉妒之情；当人们期望自己获得这些东西，或者认为自己应当获得这些东西，或者拥有这些东西会让他们感到自己略强或略逊于他人时，尤其会嫉妒。

人们嫉妒什么样的人［至此］也很清楚了，因为上述内容已包含了这些信息。人们嫉妒在时间、地点、年龄和声誉上与自己相近的人，因此诗人说：“亲属也会嫉妒。”［人们还会嫉妒］他们的竞争对手，这也属于刚才说的与己相近的那种人，因为人们不会和一万年前的人或尚未出生的人或已经过世的人竞争，不会和居住在赫拉克勒斯石柱旁的人竞争，也不会和在他看来或在别人看来远远弱于他或强于他的人竞争。人嫉妒的人和事［总是与自己］地位相当。人们与竞争对手争夺荣誉，与情敌争夺爱情，简而言之，人们与志在同一种东西的人竞争，因此注定最嫉妒这些人，所以诗人说：“陶匠（嫉恨）陶匠。”经历磨难才成功的人或者已经失败的人会嫉妒快速获得成功的人。［人们还会嫉妒］那些其所拥有的财产或成功使自己蒙羞的人，而这些人［通常］就是与嫉妒者自身相近或相像的人；因为很明显，嫉妒者没有获得［与自己相近或

相像的人] 同样的优势是他们自己的过错，这是令人痛苦的，且会导致嫉妒。 [人们还会嫉妒] 那些拥有或已经得到原本属于他们或他们曾经得到过的东西的人，正因如此，年长者会嫉妒年幼者。为获得同一件东西，付出较多者会嫉妒付出较少者。 [从以上所述，] 嫉妒之人因何物何人、在何种心境下会感到欢喜，也很清楚了。正如他们不拥有某些东西时会痛苦，那么他们在处于相反的境地，拥有那些东西时必定会欢喜。因此，如果让裁决者进入这种心境，且那些企图求得裁决者怜悯或其他恩惠的人如我们所述 [即满足了被嫉妒的条件] ，那么很明显，这些人就将无法获得裁决者的怜悯。

CHAPTER 11

The frame of mind in which men feel emulation, what things and persons give rise to it, will be clear from the following considerations. Let us assume that emulation is a feeling of pain at the evident presence of highly valued goods, which are possible for us to obtain, in the possession of those who naturally resemble us—pain not due to the fact that another possesses them, but to the fact that we ourselves do not. Emulation therefore is virtuous and characteristic of virtuous men, whereas envy is base and characteristic of base men; for the one, owing to emulation, fits himself to obtain such goods, while the object of the other, owing to envy, is to prevent his neighbor possessing them. Necessarily, then, those are emulous who hold that they have a claim to goods that they do not possess; for no one claims what seems impossible. Hence the young and high-minded are emulous. And so are those who possess such advantages as are worthy of honorable men, which include wealth, a number of friends, positions of office, and all similar things. For, believing it their duty to be good, because such goods naturally belong to those who are good, they strive to preserve them. And those are emulous, whom others think worthy of them. Honors obtained by ancestors, kinsfolk, intimates, nation, or city make men emulous in regard to such honors; for they think that these honors really belong to them and that they are worthy of them. And if highly valued goods are the object of emulation, it necessarily follows that the virtues must be such and all things that are useful and beneficial to the rest of mankind, for benefactors and virtuous men are honored; to these we may add all the goods which our neighbors can enjoy with us, such as wealth and beauty, rather than health.

It is also evident who are the objects of emulation; for they are those who possess these or similar goods, such as have already been spoken of, for instance, courage, wisdom, authority; for those in authority, such as generals, orators, and all who have similar powers, can do

good to many. And those whom many desire to be like, or to be their acquaintances or friends; those whom many or ourselves admire; those who are praised or eulogized either by poets or by prose writers. The opposite characters we despise; for contempt is the opposite of emulation, and the idea of emulation of the idea of contempt. And those who are in a condition which makes them emulate, or be emulated by, others, must be inclined to despise those persons [and for that reason] who suffer from defects contrary to the good things which excite emulation. That is why we often despise those who are fortunate, whenever their good fortune is not accompanied by highly valued goods. The means of producing and destroying the various emotions in men, from which the methods of persuasion that concern them are derived, have now been stated.

第十一章

人在何种心境下、因何物何人感到羡慕，通过下面的讨论就能清楚。我们把羡慕定义为一种由于明白地看见生来与我们相似的人拥有我们可能得到、且为我们珍视的好东西而起的苦恼的情绪——不是因为他人拥有这些东西，而是因为我们自己没有。因此，羡慕是高尚的，是高尚之人的特点；而嫉妒则是卑鄙的，是卑鄙之人的特点。须知一个人若是出于羡慕，会努力使自己获得那些好东西；若是出于嫉妒，则会阻碍其邻人获得那些好东西。由此，很显然，羡慕之人会认为自己有权拥有目前尚未拥有的好东西，因为没有人会谋求看似不可能的东西。因此，年轻人和志向高远者都会有羡慕之情。拥有与其高尚身份相称之优势的人［也会有羡慕之情］，这些优势包括财富、多友、官职以及所有类似的东西。因为这类人认为自己有责任成为好人，而那些好东西本就属于好人，所以他们会努力保有那些东西。被别人认为应该得到那些好东西的人也会有羡慕之情。祖先、亲属、密友、民族或城市获得的荣耀会使人对其产生羡慕之情，因为人们认为这些荣耀实际上属于他们自己，而他们也应该得到这些荣耀。如果人们极为珍视的好东西是羡慕的对象，那么很显然，美德一定如此［即是羡慕的对象］，对其他人有用、有益的所有东西也一定如此，因为施惠者［由于对他人有益和有用］和高尚的人［由于美德］都备受推崇。［羡慕的对象］还包括所有可以与邻人分享的好东西，比如财富和美貌，但是不包括健康。

至于哪些人是羡慕的对象［至此］也很清楚了：他们是拥有上述这些或类似好东西的人，比如前述的像勇气、智慧、权威等的好东西；因为拥有权威的人，如将军、雄辩家以及所有拥有类似权力的人，可以惠及很多人。［羡慕的对象］还包括很多人渴望与其相像或相识或交友的人，被很多人或者我们自己敬仰的人，以及诗人和演说作家赞扬或讴歌的人。与他们相反的人则是我们蔑视的对象。蔑视是羡慕的反面，羡慕之念是蔑视之念的反面。那些羡慕他人或被他人羡慕的人，对那些深受与令人羡慕之事相反的坏事之苦的人，必定倾向于（因此）心怀鄙视。正因如此，我们常常鄙视侥幸之人，如果他们徒有运气但没有为人珍视的好东西的话。激发和打消各种情感的方法——从中我们可以得到就这些情感进行说服的方式——到这里就讲完了。

CHAPTER 12

Let us now describe the nature of the characters of men according to their emotions, habits, ages, and fortunes. By the emotions I mean anger, desire, and the like, of which we have already spoken; by habits virtues and vices, of which also we have previously spoken, as well as the kind of things men individually and deliberately choose and practise. The ages are youth, the prime of life, and old age. By fortune I mean noble birth, wealth, power, and their contraries, and, in general, good or bad fortune.

The young, as to character, are ready to desire and to carry out what they desire. Of the bodily desires they chiefly obey those of sensual pleasure and these they are unable to control. Changeable in their desires and soon tiring of them, they desire with extreme ardor, but soon cool; for their will, like the hunger and thirst of the sick, is keen rather than strong. They are passionate, hot-tempered, and carried away by impulse, and unable to control their passion; for owing to their ambition they cannot endure to be slighted, and become indignant when they think they are being wronged. They are ambitious of honor, but more so of victory; for youth desires superiority, and victory is a kind of superiority. And their desire for both these is greater than their desire for money, to which they attach only the slightest value, because they have never yet experienced want, as Pittacus[19] said in his pithy remark on Amphiaraus. They are not ill-natured but simple-natured, because they have never yet witnessed much depravity; confiding, because they have as yet not been often deceived; full of hope, for they are naturally as hot-blooded as those who are drunken with wine, and besides they have not yet experienced many failures. For the most part they live in hope, for hope is concerned with the future as memory is with the past. For the young the future is long, the past short; for in the morning of life it is not possible for them to remember anything, but they have everything

to hope; which makes them easy to deceive, for they readily hope. And they are more courageous, for they are full of passion and hope, and the former of these prevents them fearing, while the latter inspires them with confidence, for no one fears when angry, and hope of some advantage inspires confidence. And they are bashful, for as yet they fail to conceive of other things that are noble, but have been educated solely by convention. They are high-minded, for they have not yet been humbled by life nor have they experienced the force of necessity; further, there is high-mindedness in thinking oneself worthy of great things, a feeling which belongs to one who is full of hope.

In their actions, they prefer the noble to the useful; their life is guided by their character rather than by calculation, for the latter aims at the useful, virtue at the noble. At this age more than any other they are fond of their friends and companions because they take pleasure in living in company and as yet judge nothing by expediency, not even their friends. All their errors are due to excess and vehemence and their neglect of the maxim of Chilon[20], for they do everything to excess, love, hate, and everything else. And they think they know everything, and confidently affirm it, and this is the cause of their excess in everything. If they do wrong, it is due to insolence, not to wickedness. And they are inclined to pity, because they think all men are virtuous and better than themselves; for they measure their neighbors by their own inoffensiveness, so that they think that they suffer undeservedly. And they are fond of laughter, and therefore witty; for wit is cultured insolence. Such then is the character of the young.

第十二章

我们现在根据人的情感、习性、年龄及命运描述人的性格的本质。我所说的情感是指我们已经讲过的愤怒、欲望及类似的情感；习性是指我们已经讲过的美德和恶德，还有人们各自有意选择且实施的各种事情。年龄包括青年、盛年和老年。我所说的命运是指高贵的出身、财富、权力以及它们的反面，总而言之，就是好运和厄运。

青年人，在性格方面，欲望强烈，且急于满足自己的欲望。在身体的欲望方面，他们主要受声色之欲所驱使，并且无法控制这些欲望。他们的欲望变化无常，很快就会腻烦；来势凶猛，但是很快就会衰退。他们的渴望就像病人的饥渴之欲，急迫而不强韧。他们热情，急躁，容易冲动，无法控制自己的热情。由于雄心勃勃，他们无法忍受被轻慢，而且一旦感觉自己受到不公正的对待，就会怒气冲冲。他们渴望荣誉，但是更渴望胜利，因为他们追求优越，而胜利就是一种优越。他们对这两者的欲望都比对金钱的欲望强烈，对金钱他们只给予最小的关注，因为他们尚未经历过穷困，就像庇塔科斯对安菲阿拉俄斯的警语中所说的。他们不会心怀恶意，而是心地单纯，因为他们尚未亲历多少邪恶；他们容易相信别人，因为他们尚未被多次欺骗；他们满怀憧憬，因为他们天生热血，如同醉酒的人，而且尚未经历多少失败。他们大多生活在希望之中，因为希望面向未来，而回忆面向过往。对青年人来说，来日方长，而去日尚短；在生命的清晨，他们没有什么事需要记住，却有很多事可以希冀，这就使他们容易上当，因为他们总是愿意憧憬。他们［比其他人］更勇敢，因为他们充满热情和憧憬，前者使他们无所畏惧，后者使他们满怀信心，须知愤怒者不会恐惧，而憧憬获得某种优势者会充满信心。他们也很腼腆，因为他们还只接受了习俗的教育，尚未理解更高贵的东西。他们志向远大，因为他们尚未遭受生活的坎坷，也没有经历过匮乏的难处。再者，他们心高气傲，认为自己能干大事，这是一种满怀憧憬之人才会有的心情。

在行为方面，他们宁愿做高尚的事，而不愿做有用的事；他们随性生活，而不是靠理智指引，因为后者追求有用的东西，而［天性中的］美德则追求高尚的东西。在这个年龄，他们比其他任何年龄的人都更喜欢朋友和伴侣，因为有人做伴令他们感到快乐，而且他们尚不会用有益

与否来判断任何事物，尤其是朋友。他们所有的错误都是由于太过火，太激烈，无视开伦的格言，因为他们做任何事都会过度，爱、恨以及其他任何事情［都是如此］。他们认为自己无所不知，并且自信地断言这一点，而这正是导致他们在所有事情上都过火的原因。如果他们害人，那也是因为傲慢，而不是因为邪恶。他们还容易怜悯他人，因为他们认为所有人都是善良的，都比他们好；他们自己没有恶意，并以此来衡量邻人，所以认为邻人受苦是不应该的。他们喜欢嬉笑，因此风趣，而风趣是一种有教养的傲慢。这就是青年人的性格。

CHAPTER 13

Older men and those who have passed their prime have in most cases characters opposite to those of the young. For, owing to their having lived many years and having been more often deceived by others or made more mistakes themselves, and since most human things turn out badly, they are positive about nothing, and in everything they show an excessive lack of energy. They always "think," but "know" nothing; and in their hesitation they always add "perhaps," or "maybe"; all their statements are of this kind, never unqualified. They are malicious; for malice consists in looking upon the worse side of everything. Further, they are always suspicious owing to mistrust, and mistrustful owing to experience. And neither their love nor their hatred is strong for the same reasons; but, according to the precept of Bias[21], they love as if they would one day hate, and hate as if they would one day love. And they are little-minded, because they have been humbled by life; for they desire nothing great or uncommon, but only the necessaries of life. They are not generous, for property is one of these necessaries, and at the same time, they know from experience how hard it is to get and how easy to lose. And they are cowardly and inclined to anticipate evil, for their state of mind is the opposite of that of the young; they are chilled, whereas the young are hot, so that old age paves the way for cowardice, for fear is a kind of chill. And they are fond of life, especially in their last days, because desire is directed towards that which is absent and men especially desire what they lack. And they are unduly selfish, for this also is littleness of mind. And they live not for the noble, but for the useful, more than they ought, because they are selfish; for the useful is a good for the individual, whereas the noble is good absolutely.

And they are rather shameless than modest; for since they do not care for the noble so much as for the useful, they pay little attention to what people think. And they are little given to hope owing to their

experience, for things that happen are mostly bad and at all events generally turn out for the worse, and also owing to their cowardice. They live in memory rather than in hope; for the life that remains to them is short, but that which is past is long, and hope belongs to the future, memory to the past. This is the reason of their loquacity; for they are incessantly talking of the past, because they take pleasure in recollection. Their outbursts of anger are violent, but feeble; of their desires some have ceased, while others are weak, so that they neither feel them nor act in accordance with them, but only from motives of gain. Hence men of this age are regarded as self-controlled, for their desires have slackened, and they are slaves to gain. In their manner of life there is more calculation than moral character, for calculation is concerned with that which is useful, moral character with virtue. If they commit acts of injustice it is due to vice rather than to insolence. The old, like the young, are inclined to pity, but not for the same reason; the latter show pity from humanity, the former from weakness, because they think that they are on the point of suffering all kinds of misfortunes, and this is one of the reasons that incline men to pity. That is why the old are querulous, and neither witty nor fond of laughter; for a querulous disposition is the opposite of a love of laughter. Such are the characters of the young and older men. Wherefore, since all men are willing to listen to speeches which harmonize with their own character and to speakers who resemble them, it is easy to see what language we must employ so that both ourselves and our speeches may appear to be of such and such a character.

第十三章

年龄较长者以及已过盛年之人，在大多数情况下，性格都与青年人相反。由于他们经历的岁月很多，曾屡被欺骗，屡犯错误，而大多人事皆不如意，因此他们对任何事情都不抱乐观态度，对所有事情都没有过度的激情。他们总是在“想”，却什么都不“知道”；在犹豫中，他们［说话］总是加上“大概”或“也许”；他们的言语都属此类，从不绝对化。他们心怀恶意揣度，因为恶意体现在总是从较坏的角度看任何事情。而且，由于不信任他人，他们总是多疑，而不信任源自［他们的］人生阅历。因为同样的原因，他们的爱和恨都不强烈，而是听从比阿斯的劝告：在爱一个人时做有朝一日会恨他的准备，在恨一个人时则做有朝一日会爱他的准备。他们志向不高，因为生活已经磨蚀了他们的骄傲；他们不奢求任何伟大或非凡的成就，只希望能满足生活的必需。他们做不到慷慨，因为钱财是必需品之一；同时，经验让他们知道钱财来得艰难，去得容易。他们怯懦，事情未发生已害怕在先，因为他们的心境与青年人相反：他们冷淡，而青年人热情；衰老为怯懦铺平了道路，须知恐惧就是一种冰冷的感觉。他们惜命，尤其是在暮年，因为［他们的］欲望所指已经消失，而人们总是特别渴望得到自己缺少的东西。他们过度自私，这也是志向短浅的表现。他们追求的不是高尚的东西，而是有用的东西，因为他们自私——这一点很过分；须知有用的东西只对个人是好的，而高尚的东西是绝对好的。

他们与其说是谦虚，毋宁说是寡廉鲜耻，因为他们既然不像在乎有用的东西那样在乎高尚的东西，也就不会在意他人的看法。他们也很少怀抱希望，一方面是因为他们的阅历——已经发生的事情大多是坏的，而且事情总体上总是越来越坏——另一方面是因为他们的怯懦。他们生活在回忆之中而不是憧憬之中，因为他们来日无多，去日渐长，而憧憬属于将来，回忆属于过往。这也是他们唠叨的原因。他们不停地谈论过往，因为他们在回忆中得到快乐。他们亦会暴怒，但是不持久；他们的有些欲望已经停息，余下的也很微弱，所以他们既感受不到多少欲望，也不会出于欲望而行事；他们的行为只因贪财。因此，这个年龄段的人会被认为自制力较强，因为他们的各种欲望已经减弱，他们只沦为钱财的奴隶。在他们的生活方式中，理智大于道德习性，因为理智关注有用

的东西，而道德习性关注美德。他们要是做了什么不义之事，那是因为邪恶，而不是傲慢。老年人，像青年人一样，也容易怜悯他人，但是原因不同；后者的怜悯是出于人性，前者则是出于衰弱，因为老年人认为自己亦将遭受种种不幸，而这正是使人产生怜悯之情的原因之一。也由于这个缘故，老年人爱发牢骚，既不诙谐，也不喜爱玩笑，因为爱发牢骚的品性与喜爱玩笑截然相反。这就是青年人和老年人的性格。因此，既然所有人都愿意听与自己性格相符的演讲，听与自己相像的演讲者的演讲，那么也就很容易看出我们应该使用什么样的语言才能让我们自己以及我们的演讲表现出某种性格。

CHAPTER 14

It is evident that the character of those in the prime of life will be the mean between that of the other two, if the excess in each case be removed. At this age, men are neither over-confident, which would show rashness, nor too fearful, but preserving a right attitude in regard to both, neither trusting nor distrusting all, but judging rather in accordance with actual facts. Their rule of conduct is neither the noble nor the useful alone, but both at once. They are neither parsimonious nor prodigal, but preserve the due mean. It is the same in regard to passion and desire. Their self-control is combined with courage and their courage with self-control, whereas in the young and old these qualities are found separately; for the young are courageous but without self-control, the old are self-controlled but cowardly. Speaking generally, all the advantages that youth and old age possess separately, those in the prime of life possess combined; and all cases of excess or defect in the other two are replaced by due moderation and fitness. The body is most fully developed from thirty to thirty-five years of age, the mind at about forty-nine. Let this suffice for youth, old age, and the prime of life, and the characters which belong to each.

第十四章

很明显，处于盛年之人的性格是老年人和青年人性格的中和，只要拿掉两者当中过度的部分即可。在这个年龄段，人们既不会过度自信（这会显得鲁莽），也不会过度胆怯，而是在这两方面都保持一种恰当的态度，既不会相信一切，也不会怀疑一切，而是根据事实做出判断。壮年人的行为准则不单单是高尚或者有用，而是两者兼具。他们不会过于节俭，也不会铺张浪费，而是保持适度。对于激情和欲望也是如此。他们的自制中融合了勇气，勇气中也不乏自制；而在青年人和老年人身上，这些特质都是分开的：青年人勇敢但是缺少自制，老年人自制却未免怯懦。一般而言，青年和老年分别具有的所有优势，盛年之人都是兼而有之；而前两者身上所有的过度或不足［在壮年人身上］都被适中和适度所替代。人的身体在三十到三十五岁之间完全成熟，心智则是在四十九岁臻于成熟。关于人生的青年、老年和盛年以及各个阶段的性格，就讲到这里。

CHAPTER 15

Let us next speak of the goods that are due to fortune, all those, at least, which produce certain characters in men. A characteristic of noble birth is that he who possesses it is more ambitious; for all men, when they start with any good, are accustomed to heap it up, and noble birth is a heritage of honor from one's ancestors. Such men are prone to look down even upon those who are as important as their ancestors, because the same things are more honorable and inspire greater vanity when remote than when they are recent. The idea of noble birth refers to excellence of race, that of noble character to not degenerating from the family type, a quality not as a rule found in those of noble birth, most of whom are good for nothing. For in the generations of men there is a kind of crop as in the fruits of the field; sometimes, if the race is good, for a certain period men out of the common are born in it, and then it deteriorates. Highly gifted families often degenerate into maniacs, as, for example, the descendants of Alcibiades and the elder Dionysius[22]; those that are stable into fools and dullards, like the descendants of Cimon, Pericles, and Socrates.

第十五章

我们接下来讲讲运气带来的好东西，至少该讲讲那些能在人身上造成某些性格的好东西。出身高贵的性格特点之一是拥有它的人更加志向高远；因为所有人，只要有点基础起家，就习惯于在这基础之上叠加，而高贵的出身便是祖先遗留的一种荣耀。这样的人甚至会瞧不起那些与他们的祖先地位相近的人，因为同样一件东西，久远的［总是］比新近的更荣耀，更值得骄傲。高贵的出身是指［出身于］优秀的家族；高贵的品质是指没有丧失家族传统，这种品质，一般而言，在出身高贵者中并不多见，他们当中的大多数都一无所长。因为在人的世代繁衍中，就像地里的果实一样，会有一种收成；有时，若一个家族是好的，它就会在一定的时期孕育出非凡的子嗣，然后就会退化。天资聪颖的家族常常退化成疯癫之人，比如亚西比德和老狄奥尼西奥斯的后代；意志坚强的家族则常常退化成蠢材和懒汉，比如西门、伯里克利和苏格拉底的后代。

CHAPTER 16

The characters which accompany wealth are plain for all to see. The wealthy are insolent and arrogant, being mentally affected by the acquisition of wealth, for they seem to think that they possess all good things; for wealth is a kind of standard of value of everything else, so that everything seems purchasable by it. They are luxurious and swaggerers, luxurious because of their luxury and the display of their prosperity, swaggerers and ill-mannered because all men are accustomed to devote their attention to what they like and admire, and the rich suppose that what they themselves are emulous of is the object of all other men's emulation. At the same time this feeling is not unreasonable; for those who have need of the wealthy are many in number. Hence the answer of Simonides to the wife of Hiero concerning the wise and the rich, when she asked which was preferable, to be wise or to be rich. "Rich," he answered, "for we see the wise spending their time at the doors of the rich." And the rich think they are worthy to rule, because they believe they possess that which makes them so. In a word, the character of the rich man is that of a fool favored by fortune. At the same time there is a difference between the character of the newly rich and of those whose wealth is of long standing, because the former have the vices of wealth in a greater degree and more; for, so to say, they have not been educated to the use of wealth. Their unjust acts are not due to malice, but partly to insolence, partly to incontinence, which tends to make them commit assault and battery and adultery.

第十六章

伴随财富的性格是显而易见的。富人骄慢狂妄，财富的聚敛影响了他们的心灵，因为他们似乎认为自己拥有所有的好东西；须知财富是衡量其他一切事物价值的一种标准，因此似乎什么都能用钱财买到。他们骄奢、自负：骄奢是因为他们的奢华和炫富；自负无礼是因为所有人都习惯于关注自己喜爱和赞慕的东西，而富人认为他们所追逐的东西也是其他人追逐的目标。不过，这种想法并非没有道理，因为需要富人［帮助］的人不在少数。因此，当希罗的妻子问西摩尼得斯智慧和富有哪一个更好时，西摩尼得斯就二者如此作答："富有更好，"他说，"因为我们常看到智者在富人的门口打发时光。"而且，富人认为自己理应统治［他人］，因为他们相信自己拥有这样的本钱。简言之，富人的性格就是受到命运眷顾的愚人的性格。不过，暴发户的性格和久富之人的性格有所区别，因为前者身上财富的恶性更强烈，也更多；可以说，他们尚未学会如何使用财富。他们［即暴发户］若是行不义之事，那不是出于邪恶，而是部分出于傲慢，部分出于无节制，这［两者都］容易使他们犯暴行和通奸罪。

CHAPTER 17

In regard to power, nearly all the characters to which it gives rise are equally clear; for power, compared with wealth, exhibits partly identical, and partly superior characteristics. Thus, the powerful are more ambitious and more manly in character than the rich, since they aim at the performance of deeds which their power gives them the opportunity of carrying out. And they are more energetic; for being obliged to look after their power, they are always on the watch. And they are dignified rather than heavily pompous; for their rank renders them more conspicuous, so that they avoid excess; and this dignity is a mild and decent pomposity. And their wrongdoings are never petty, but great.

Good fortune in its divisions[23] exhibits characters corresponding to those which have just been mentioned; for those which appear to be the most important kinds of good fortune tend in their direction; further, good fortune furnishes advantages over others in the blessing of children and bodily goods. Now, although men are more arrogant and thoughtless owing to good fortune, it is accompanied by a most precious quality. Fortunate men stand in a certain relation to the divinity and love the gods, having confidence in them owing to the benefits they have received from fortune. We have spoken of the characters associated with different ages and fortunes;[24] the opposite characters to those described, for instance, of the poor, of the unfortunate, and of the weak, are obvious from their opposites.

第十七章

至于权力，它所滋生的几乎所有性格是同样显而易见的；因为与财富相比，权力表现出的特征一部分相同，一部分更好。因此，当权者在性格上比富人更有抱负，也更果敢，因为他们的目的是利用权力带来的机会而有所作为。［较之富人，］他们更加精力充沛，因为他们必须确保自己的权力，所以总是时刻警惕。他们有威仪而不过度浮夸，因为他们的地位使他们更受关注，所以他们会避免过度；他们的威仪是一种温和、得体的作派。他们做的坏事必定不是小事，而是大恶。

好运的各个部分会养成上述种种性格，因为看似最重要的几种好运都指向这些性格；此外，好运还使人在儿女和身体方面比别人多得些益处。虽然好运会使人比较傲慢和轻率，但是却有一种极珍贵的品质与其相伴。［这种品质即］幸运者和神灵维持着某种关系，他们因为命运给予的种种眷顾而敬爱众神，信仰众神。［至此，］我们已经讲了与不同年龄和命运有关的各种性格；与之相反的性格，如穷人、不幸之人以及无权之人的性格，从其反面便可以显见。

CHAPTER 18

Now the employment of persuasive speeches is directed towards a judgment; for when a thing is known and judged, there is no longer any need of argument. And there is judgment, whether a speaker addresses himself to a single individual and makes use of his speech to exhort or dissuade, as those do who give advice or try to persuade, for this single individual is equally a judge, since, speaking generally, he who has to be persuaded is a judge; if the speaker is arguing against an opponent or against some theory, it is just the same, for it is necessary to make use of speech to destroy the opposing arguments, against which he speaks as if they were the actual opponent; and similarly in epideictic speeches, for the speech is put together with reference to the spectator as if he were a judge. Generally speaking, however, only he who decides questions at issue in civil controversies is a judge in the proper sense of the word, for in judicial cases the point at issue is the state of the case, in deliberative the subjects of deliberation. We have already spoken of the characters of forms of government in treating of deliberative rhetoric,[25] so that it has been determined how and by what means we must make our speeches conform to those characters.

Now, since each kind of Rhetoric, as was said, has its own special end,[26] and in regard to all of them we have gathered popular opinions and premises whence men derive their proofs in deliberative, epideictic, and judicial speeches[27], and, further, we have determined the special rules according to which it is possible to make our speeches ethical[28], it only remains to discuss the topics common to the three kinds of rhetoric. For all orators are obliged, in their speeches, also to make use of the topic of the possible and impossible, and to endeavor to show, some of them that a thing will happen, others that it has happened. Further, the topic of magnitude is common to all kinds of Rhetoric, for all men employ extenuation or amplification

whether deliberating, praising or blaming, accusing or defending. When these topics have been determined, we will endeavor to say what we can in general about enthymemes and examples, in order that, when we have added what remains, we may carry out what we proposed at the outset. Now, of the commonplaces amplification is most appropriate to epideictic rhetoric, as has been stated[29]; the past to forensic, since things past are the subject of judgment; and the possible and future to deliberative.

第十八章

说服性演讲的目的在于下判断，因为一件事情若是已知的且已经下过判断的，就不再需要任何争辩了。演说者即使只面对一个听者，利用自己的演说对其进行劝说或劝阻（如同建言或游说之人那样），［这里面］也有判断的成分，因为这一个听者同样是一个判断者，要知道一般而言，我们要去说服的人就是判断者；如果演说者是在与一个对手或就某种理论进行争辩，情况也是一样［即存在判断的成分］，因为他必须使用演说驳倒相反的观点，他与这些观点进行争辩，把它们当作真实的对手。宣德演说也是如此，因为这种演说也是把听众当作一个判断者。不过，总体而言，只有对具有社会争议性的问题作裁决的人才是真正意义上的裁决人，因为在诉讼演讲中争论的要点是案件的状态，而议政演讲的要点则是所议的主题。我们在讨论议政修辞时已经讲过各种政体的特点，所以我们应该如何以及通过哪些方式让我们的演说符合这些特点皆已确定。

既然每种修辞，如前所述，都有各自的特殊目的；而且，针对三种修辞，我们都已经收集了在议政、宣德和诉讼演说中人们提取证据所依循的常见意见和命题；再者，我们也已经确定了使我们的演说符合道德标准所需依循的特殊规则，那么就只剩下为这三种修辞所通用的部目有待讨论了。所有的演说者，在其演说中，都需要使用可能和不可能部目：有些演说者［即议政演说者］需要力图证明某事将要发生，有些［即诉讼演说者］则需要证明某事已经发生。另外，大小部目［也］是各种修辞通用的，因为所有人都要使用缩小或夸大［即铺陈］法，无论是议政，是称赞或谴责，还是控告或辩护。确定了这些部目之后，我们将尽我们所能从整体上讲讲修辞式推理和例证法；这样，把剩下的内容补上之后，我们就可以进行本书开篇提议的内容了。在通用部目中，如前所述，夸大法最适宜宣德修辞；过往部目最适宜诉讼修辞，因为过往之事是庭审的议题；可能部目和将来部目则最适宜议政修辞。

CHAPTER 19

Let us first speak of the possible and the impossible. If of two contrary things it is possible that one should exist or come into existence, then it would seem that the other is equally possible; for instance, if a man can be cured, he can also be ill; for the potentiality of contraries, qua contraries, is the same. Similarly, if of two like things the one is possible, so also is the other. And if the harder of two things is possible, so also is the easier. And if it is possible for a thing to be made excellent or beautiful, it is possible for it to be made in general; for it is harder for a beautiful house to be made than a mere house. Again, if the beginning is possible, so also is the end; for no impossible thing comes, or begins to come, into existence; for instance, that the diameter of a square should be commensurable with the side of a square is neither possible nor could be possible. And when the end is possible, so also is the beginning; for all things arise from a beginning. And if that which is subsequent in being or generation can come into being, so then can that which is antecedent; for instance, if a man can come into being, so can a child, for the child is antecedent; and similarly, if a child can come into being, so can a man, for the child is a beginning. And things which we love or desire naturally are possible; for as a rule no one loves the impossible or desires it. And those things which form the subject of sciences or arts can also exist and come into existence. And so with all those things, the productive principles of which reside in those things which we can control by force or persuasion, when they depend upon those whose superiors, masters, or friends we are. And if the parts are possible, so also is the whole; and if the whole is possible, so also are the parts, speaking generally; for instance, if the front, toe-cap, and upper leather, can be made, then shoes can be made, and if shoes, then the above parts. And if the whole genus is among things possible to be made, so is the species, and if the species, so the genus; for example, if a vessel can be

built, so can a trireme, if a trireme can, so can a vessel. If of two naturally corresponding things one is possible, so also is the other; for instance, if the double is possible, so is the half, if the half, so the double. If a thing can be made without art or preparation, much the more can it be made with the help of art and carefulness. Whence it was said by Agathon: "And moreover we have to do some things by art, while others fall to our lot by compulsion or chance." And if a thing is possible for those who are inferior, or weaker, or less intelligent, it will be still more so for those whose qualities are the opposite; as Isocrates said, it would be very strange if he were unable by himself to find out what Euthynus had learnt [with the help of others]. As for the impossible, it is clear that there is a supply of arguments to be derived from the opposite of what has been said about the possible.

The question whether a thing has or has not happened must be considered from the following points of view. In the first place, if that which is naturally less likely has happened, then that which is more likely will most probably have happened. If that which usually happens afterwards has happened, then that which precedes must also have happened; for instance, if a man has forgotten a thing, he must once have learnt it. If a man was able and wished to do a thing, he has done it; for all men do a thing, when they are able and resolve to do it, for nothing hinders them. Further, if a man wished to do it and there was no external obstacle; if he was able to do it and was in a state of anger; if he was able and desired to do it; for men as a rule, whenever they can, do those things which they long for, the vicious owing to want of self-control, the virtuous because they desire what is good. And if anything was on the point of being done, it most probably was done; for it is likely that one who was on the point of doing something has carried it out. And if all the natural antecedents or causes of a thing have happened; for instance, if it has lightened, it has also thundered; and if a man has already attempted a crime, he has also committed it. And if all the natural consequences or motives

of actions have happened, then the antecedent or the cause has happened; for instance, if it has thundered, it has also lightened, and if a man has committed a crime, he has also attempted it. Of all these things some are so related necessarily, others only as a general rule. To establish that a thing has not happened, it is evident that our argument must be derived from the opposite of what has been said.

In regard to the future, it is clear that one can argue in the same way; for if we are able and wish to do a thing, it will be done; and so too will those things which desire, anger, and reasoning urge us to do, if we have the power. For this reason also, if a man has an eager desire, or intention, of doing a thing, it will probably be done; since, as a rule, things that are about to happen are more likely to happen than those which are not. And if all the natural antecedents have happened; for instance, if the sky is cloudy, it will probably rain. And if one thing has been done with a view to another, it is probable that the latter will also be done; for instance, if a foundation has been laid, a house will probably be built.

What we have previously said clearly shows the nature of the greatness and smallness of things, of the greater and less, and of things great and small generally. For, when treating of deliberative rhetoric, we spoke of greatness of goods, and of the greater and less generally.[30] Therefore, since in each branch of Rhetoric the end set before it is a good, such as the expedient, the noble, or the just, it is evident that all must take the materials of amplification from these. To make any further inquiry as to magnitude and superiority absolutely would be waste of words; for the particular has more authority than the general for practical purposes. Let this suffice for the possible and impossible; for the question whether a thing has happened, or will happen, or not; and for the greatness or smallness of things.

第十九章

我们先讲可能和不可能部目。如果在一对相反的事物中，一个可能存在或出现，那么另一个应该也同样可能；比如，如果一个人可能被治愈，那么他也可能害病；因为相反的事物只要确实互相对立，其可能性就是一样的。与此相似，如果在一对相像的事物中，一个是可能的，那么另一个也是可能的。如果在一对事物中，较难的那个是可能的，那么较易的那个也是可能的。如果使某事物变得优异或美好是可能的，那么使它普普通通也是可能的；毕竟，建造一所漂亮的房子比建造一所普通的房子要困难。另外，如果开头是可能的，那么结尾也是可能的；要知道不可能之事不会存在或出现；比如，方形的对角线与它的边同长就既不是可能的，也不会成为可能。如果结尾是可能的，那么开头也是可能的；因为所有事物都起自一个开头。如果在存在或生成状态中比较靠后的事物有可能产生，那么比较靠前的事物也有可能产生；比如，如果成年人可能产生，那么孩童也可能产生，因为孩童比较靠前；类似地，如果孩童可能产生，那么成年人也可能产生，因为孩童是开头。我们天性喜爱或渴求的事物是可能的，因为，一般而言，没有人会喜爱或渴求不可能的事物。构成科学或技艺主题的事物也是可能存在或出现的。如果某些事物的生产准则依赖于我们可以靠强力或说服来控制的东西，如果我们是它们所依赖者的上级、主人或朋友，那么这些事物都是可能的。如果部分是可能的，那么整体也是可能的；如果整体是可能的，那么，一般而言，部分也是可能的；比如，如果鞋帮、鞋头和鞋面都可以制造出来，那么鞋也就可以制造出来；如果鞋可以制造出来，那么上述这些部分也都可以制造出来。如果整个属是可能制造出来的东西，那么［这个属所包含的］种也是可能制造出来的；如果种是［可能制造出来的］，那么［由这些种所构成的］属也是［可能制造出来的］；比如，如果可以造船，那么也可以造三层桨战船；如果可以造三层桨战船，那么也可以造船。如果在一对天然相配的事物中，一个是可能的，那么另一个也是可能的；比如，如果双倍是可能的，那么一半也是可能的；如果一半是可能的，那么双倍也是可能的。如果一件东西无需技术或准备就可以制造，那么在有技术和精心准备的情况下就更有可能制造。因此，阿伽松说：“有些东西我们必须凭技术去做，其他的东西则是靠强迫

或运气获得。”如果一件事情是较下等、较弱小或较不聪明的人可能做到的，那么拥有相反特质的人就更有可能做到；正如伊索克拉底所说，欧梯诺斯（在他人的帮助下）所学的东西，他［即伊索克拉底］自己若是发现不了，就太奇怪了。至于不可能之事，很显然，我们可以从上述可能之事的反面来提取充足的论点。

关于某事是否曾经发生这样的问题，应该从以下这些视角来看。首先，如果本身较不可能的事已经发生，那么较有可能的事就极有可能也已经发生。如果通常作为后续之事发生的事已经发生，那么先行之事肯定也已经发生；比如，如果一个人忘记了一件事，那么他必定曾经知道过这件事。如果一个人曾经有能力且有意愿去做一件事，那么他肯定已经做了这件事；须知人们若有能力又决意去做一件事，就一定会去做，因为没有什么阻止他们。再者，如果一个人曾经有意愿做一件事，且没有外部的阻碍；如果他曾经有能力做一件事，且处于愤怒的状态；或者如果他曾经有能力且有欲望去做一件事［，在这三种情形下，他肯定已经做了这件事］；要知道一般而言，只要有可能，人们都会做自己期望的事情，在邪恶之人是由于缺乏自制，在善良之人是因为他们良好的愿望。如果一个人即将做某事，他极有可能已经做了；因为一个人若即将做某事，那么很有可能他已经将其付诸实践。如果作为某事的自然先兆或起因的事情皆已发生［，那么这件事很可能也已经发生］；比如，如果已经闪了电，那么很可能也已经响了雷；如果一个人曾经企图犯罪，那么很可能他也已经实施了犯罪。如果作为某事的必然后果或者行为目的的事情皆已发生，那么其先兆或者起因必定也已经发生；比如，如果已经响了雷，那么肯定也已闪了电；如果某人已经实施犯罪，那么肯定他也已经企图犯罪。在所有这些事情中，有些事物是有必然联系的，其他的则只有一般的相关性。为了证明某事未曾发生，很明显，我们应该从上述内容的反面来提取论点。

至于将来部目，很显然，我们可以用同样的方式进行论证：须知如果我们现在有能力且有意愿做某事，我们将来就会去做；欲望、愤怒或理智驱使我们去做的事情也是如此，只要我们有这个能力。因为同样的原因，如果某人有急切的欲望或意愿做某事，他就很有可能去做这件事；因为，一般而言，打算做的事比不打算做的事更有可能发生。还有，如果所有自然的先兆之事都已经发生［，那么这件事也很可能会发生］；比如，如果天空阴云密布，就很可能会下雨。还有，如果为另一

件事情而做的事情已经做成，那么这后一件事情就很可能也会进行；比如，如果已经打好了地基，就很可能会建房。

至于事物的大或小、较大或较小以及一般意义上的大事或小事的本质，从前面所述就可以看清楚。要知道在探讨议政修辞时，我们已经讲了好东西的大小以及一般意义上的较大或较小。如此一来，既然每种修辞的目的都在于追求好东西，比如有用的、高尚的或者正义的东西，那么可以显见，所有［演说者］都应该从这些好东西中提取可用于夸大法的材料。再进一步探讨绝对的大小或优劣将是白费唇舌；因为在实际运用中，个别比一般更有权威性。关于可能和不可能部目，某事是否已发生或者是否会发生，以及事物的大或小，我们就讲到这里。

CHAPTER 20

It remains to speak of the proofs common to all branches of Rhetoric, since the particular proofs have been discussed. These common proofs are of two kinds, example and enthymeme [for the maxim is part of an enthymeme]. Let us then first speak of the example; for the example resembles induction, and induction is a beginning.

There are two kinds of examples; namely, one which consists in relating things that have happened before, and another in inventing them oneself. The latter are subdivided into comparisons or fables, such as those of Aesop and the Libyan[31]. It would be an instance of the historical kind of example, if one were to say that it is necessary to make preparations against the Great King and not to allow him to subdue Egypt; for Darius did not cross over to Greece until he had obtained possession of Egypt; but as soon as he had done so, he did. Again, Xerxes did not attack us until he had obtained possession of that country, but when he had, he crossed over; consequently, if the present Great King shall do the same, he will cross over, wherefore it must not be allowed. Comparison is illustrated by the sayings of Socrates; for instance, if one were to say that magistrates should not be chosen by lot, for this would be the same as choosing as representative athletes not those competent to contend, but those on whom the lot falls; or as choosing any of the sailors as the man who should take the helm, as if it were right that the choice should be decided by lot, not by a man's knowledge.

A fable, to give an example, is that of Stesichorus concerning Phalaris, or that of Aesop on behalf of the demagogue. For Stesichorus, when the people of Himera had chosen Phalaris dictator and were on the point of giving him a body-guard, after many arguments related a fable to them: "A horse was in sole occupation of a meadow. A stag having come and done much damage to the pasture, the horse, wishing to avenge himself on the stag, asked a man whether he could

help him to punish the stag. The man consented, on condition that the horse submitted to the bit and allowed him to mount him javelins in hand. The horse agreed to the terms and the man mounted him, but instead of obtaining vengeance on the stag, the horse from that time became the man's slave. So then," said he, "do you take care lest, in your desire to avenge yourselves on the enemy, you be treated like the horse. You already have the bit, since you have chosen a dictator; if you give him a body-guard and allow him to mount you, you will at once be the slaves of Phalaris." Aesop, when defending at Samos a demagogue who was being tried for his life, related the following anecdote. "A fox, while crossing a river, was driven into a ravine. Being unable to get out, she was for a long time in sore distress, and a number of dog-fleas clung to her skin. A hedgehog, wandering about, saw her and, moved with compassion, asked her if he should remove the fleas. The fox refused and when the hedgehog asked the reason, she answered: 'They are already full of me and draw little blood; but if you take them away, others will come that are hungry and will drain what remains to me.' You in like manner, O Samians, will suffer no more harm from this man, for he is wealthy; but if you put him to death, others will come who are poor, who will steal and squander your public funds." Fables are suitable for public speaking, and they have this advantage that, while it is difficult to find similar things that have really happened in the past, it is easier to invent fables; for they must be invented, like comparisons, if a man is capable of seizing the analogy; and this is easy if one studies philosophy. Thus, while the lessons conveyed by fables are easier to provide, those derived from facts are more useful for deliberative oratory, because as a rule the future resembles the past.

If we have no enthymemes, we must employ examples as demonstrative proofs, for conviction is produced by these; but if we have them, examples must be used as evidence and as a kind of epilogue to the enthymemes. For if they stand first, they resemble induction, and induction is not suitable to rhetorical speeches except

in very few cases; if they stand last they resemble evidence, and a witness is in every case likely to induce belief. Wherefore also it is necessary to quote a number of examples if they are put first, but one alone is sufficient if they are put last; for even a single trustworthy witness is of use. We have thus stated how many kinds of examples there are, and how and when they should be made use of.

第二十章

专用的或然式证明已经讲过了，所以我们只剩下适用于所有修辞种类的通用的或然式证明要讲。这些通用的证明分为两种——例证和修辞式推理（格言是修辞式推理的一部分）。我们不妨先讲例证，因为例证类似归纳，而归纳是［演绎的］起点。

例证也分为两种：一种采用从前发生过的事情，另一种采用自己虚构的事情。后者又可细分为类比和寓言，比如伊索寓言和利比亚寓言。下面是使用历史事件做例证的一个例子：如果有人建言必须防备波斯国王，不让他侵占埃及，因为大流士在征服埃及之前没有渡海前来［入侵］希腊，但是在征服埃及之后便即刻来犯；再者，薛西斯在征服那个国家［即埃及］之前也一直没有攻打我们［即希腊］，但是刚征服埃及就渡海前来；所以，如果现在的波斯国王也这么做［即侵占埃及］，那么他也一定会渡海来犯，因此决不能允许［他侵占埃及］。类比可以用苏格拉底的话来解释：比如，有人说不能通过抽签来选拔官吏，因为这样做无异于在挑选运动员代表时不选竞技能力强的，而是选被抽签抽到的；或者在挑选掌舵的水手时，不是根据水手的知识而是根据抽签的结果。

至于寓言，［吟游诗人］斯特西科罗斯所讲的关于［暴君］法拉里斯的故事以及伊索代表那位民众领袖所讲的故事都是例子。在希墨拉人推选法拉里斯为执政官且正要为他配备卫队时，斯特西科罗斯列举了很多证据，并讲了一个寓言："有一匹马独占着一片草场。一头鹿跑来，践踏了草地。马想报复鹿，于是问一个人能否帮他惩罚鹿。那人同意了，条件是马必须带上嚼子，并且让他手持标枪骑到身上。马答应了这些条件，于是那人骑到了马背上。但是他并没有帮助马惩罚鹿，而马从此沦为那人的奴隶。所以，"斯特西科罗斯说，"你们要当心，在报复敌人的欲望的驱使下，你们有可能遭受那匹马的命运。你们已经戴上了嚼子，因为你们已经推选了［法拉里斯做］执政官；如果你们再给他配备卫队，让他骑到你们身上，你们就会立刻沦为法拉里斯的奴隶。"伊索在萨摩斯为一位即将被判处死刑的民众领袖辩护时，讲了下面这个寓言："有一只狐狸，在过河的时候被冲进了石洞里。她钻不出来，吃了很久的苦头，而且好多狗虱粘在她身上。一只刺猬在闲逛时看到了她，起了同情

心，问她要不要他帮忙赶走虱子。狐狸拒绝了。刺猬问她为什么，狐狸答道：‘这些虱子已经喝饱了我的血，现在不怎么喝了；如果你把他们赶走，其他饥饿的虱子就会赶来，喝光我身上剩下的血。’萨摩斯人啊，你们也一样，这个人不会再让你们受害了，因为他已经很富有；但是如果你们处死了他，其他的人就会出现，他们很穷，会偷窃、挥霍你们的公款。”寓言适合公共演讲，它们有一个优势：寻找切实发生过的类似事件很难，但是编造寓言却很容易；要知道寓言必须编造，就像类比一样，只要演讲者能够抓住事物之间的相似点就行；如果演讲者学过哲学的话这一点是很容易做到的。不过，虽然寓言能阐释的道理更容易讲解，但是根据过去的事实提取的例证对议政演说更有用，因为一般而言未来与过去很像。

如果我们没有修辞式推理可用，那就应该使用例证作为论点，因为例证具有说服力；但是如果有修辞式推理可用，那么例证就应该用作证据，作为修辞式推理的结束语。这是因为，如果例子摆在开头，就很像归纳，而归纳不适于修辞演说，除了极少数情况；但如果例子摆在结尾，就很像证据，［比如，］在任何案件中，目击证人都很有可能使人信服。因此，如果摆在开头，就需要多举几个例子；如果摆在结尾，举一个就够了，要知道一个可信的见证就已经够用。关于例证的种类、如何使用例证以及应该何时使用例证，我们就讲到这里。

CHAPTER 21

In regard to the use of maxims, it will most readily be evident on what subjects, and on what occasions, and by whom it is appropriate that maxims should be employed in speeches, after a maxim has been defined. Now, a maxim is a statement, not however concerning particulars, as, for instance, what sort of a man Iphicrates was, but general; it does not even deal with all general things, as for instance that the straight is the opposite of the crooked, but with the objects of human actions, and with what should be chosen or avoided with reference to them. And as the enthymeme is, we may say, the syllogism dealing with such things, maxims are the premises or conclusions of enthymemes without the syllogism. For example: "No man who is sensible ought to have his children taught to be excessively clever," is a maxim; but when the why and the wherefore are added, the whole makes an enthymeme; for instance, "for, not to speak of the charge of idleness brought against them, they earn jealous hostility from the citizens." Another example: "There is no man who is happy in everything;" or, "There is no man who is really free." The latter is a maxim, but taken with the next verse it is an enthymeme: "for he is the slave of either wealth or fortune." Now, if a maxim is what we have stated, it follows that maxims are of four kinds[32]; for they are either accompanied by an epilogue or not. Now all those that state anything that is contrary to the general opinion or is a matter of dispute, need demonstrative proof; but those that do not, need no epilogue, either because they are already known, as, for instance, "Health is a most excellent thing for a man, at least in our opinion," for this is generally agreed; or because, no sooner are they uttered than they are clear to those who consider them, for instance, "He is no lover who does not love always." As for the maxims that are accompanied by an epilogue, some form part of an enthymeme, as "No one who is sensible, etc.," while others are enthymematic, but are not

part of an enthymeme; and these are most highly esteemed. Such are those maxims in which the reason of what is said is apparent: for instance, "Being a mortal, do not nourish immortal wrath;" to say that one should not always nourish immortal wrath is a maxim, but the addition "being a mortal" states the reason. It is the same with "A mortal should have mortal, not immortal thoughts."

It is evident, therefore, from what has been said, how many kinds of maxims there are, and to what it is appropriate to apply them in each case. For in the case of matters of dispute or what is contrary to the general opinion, the epilogue is necessary; but either the epilogue may be put first and the conclusion used as a maxim, as, for example, if one were to say, "As for me, since one ought neither to be the object of jealousy nor to be idle, I say that children ought not to be educated"; or put the maxim first and append the epilogue. In all cases where the statements made, although not paradoxical, are obscure, the reason should be added as concisely as possible. In such cases Laconic apophthegms[33] and riddling sayings are suitable; as, for instance, to say what Stesichorus said to the Locrians, that they ought not to be insolent, lest their cicadas should be forced to chirp from the ground.[34] The use of maxims is suitable for one who is advanced in years, and in regard to things in which one has experience; since the use of maxims before such an age is unseemly, as also is story-telling; and to speak about things of which one has no experience shows foolishness and lack of education. A sufficient proof of this is that rustics especially are fond of coining maxims and ready to make display of them.

To express in general terms what is not general is especially suitable in complaint or exaggeration, and then either at the beginning or after the demonstration. One should even make use of common and frequently quoted maxims, if they are useful; for because they are common, they seem to be true, since all as it were acknowledge them as such; for instance, one who is exhorting his soldiers to brave danger before having sacrificed may say, "The best of omens is to defend one's

country," and if they are inferior in numbers, "The chances of war are the same for both," and if advising them to destroy the children of the enemy even though they are innocent of wrong, "Foolish is he who, having slain the father, suffers the children to live."

Further, some proverbs are also maxims; for example, "An Attic neighbor.[35]" Maxims should also be used even when contrary to the most popular sayings, such as "Know thyself" and "Nothing in excess," either when one's character is thereby likely to appear better, or if they are expressed in the language of passion. It would be an instance of the latter if a man in a rage were to say, "It is not true that a man should know himself; at any rate, such a man as this, if he had known himself, would never have claimed the chief command." And one's character would appear better, if one were to say that it is not right, as men say, to love as if one were bound to hate, but rather to hate as if one were bound to love. The moral purpose also should be made clear by the language, or else one should add the reason; for example, either by saying "that it is right to love, not as men say, but as if one were going to love for ever, for the other kind of love would imply treachery"; or thus, "The maxim does not please me, for the true friend should love as if he were going to love for ever. Nor do I approve the maxim 'Nothing in excess,' for one cannot hate the wicked too much."

Further, maxims are of great assistance to speakers, first, because of the vulgarity of the hearers, who are pleased if an orator, speaking generally, hits upon the opinions which they specially hold. What I mean will be clear from the following, and also how one should hunt for maxims. The maxim, as we have said, is a statement of the general; accordingly, the hearers are pleased to hear stated in general terms the opinion which they have already specially formed. For instance, a man who happened to have bad neighbors or children would welcome any one's statement that nothing is more troublesome than neighbors or more stupid than to beget children. Wherefore the speaker should endeavor to guess how his hearers formed their preconceived opinions and what they are, and then express himself in general terms in regard

to them. This is one of the advantages of the use of maxims, but another is greater; for it makes speeches ethical. Speeches have this character, in which the moral purpose is clear. And this is the effect of all maxims, because he who employs them in a general manner declares his moral preferences; if then the maxims are good, they show the speaker also to be a man of good character. Let this suffice for what we had to say concerning maxims, their nature, how many kinds of them there are, the way they should be used, and what their advantages are.

第二十一章

至于格言的用法，在我们对格言做出界定后，在演说中应该就何种议题、于何种情形下使用格言以及何人适于使用格言就会非常清楚了。格言是一种陈述，但不是针对个别事物（比如伊菲克拉底是什么样的人），而是针对一般事物；它也不是针对所有的一般事物（比如直线和曲线相反），而是针对人类行为的对象，探讨人们应该选择什么，规避什么。如果说修辞式推理是论证上述问题的三段论，那么格言就是去掉三段论形式之后剩下的修辞式推理的前提或者结论。比如："头脑清醒者都不应该把子女教育成过度聪明的人"是一句格言，但是加上原因和因由之后，作为整体它就变成了一个修辞式推理，比如："因为他们不但会得到书呆子的骂名，还会招惹市民的恶意嫉妒。"再比如："没有人能获得全福"；或者，"没有人是真正自由的"。后面这句也是格言，但是加上下一句，它就成了修辞式推理："因为任何人都是财富或命运的奴隶。"格言如果就是我们所讲的这样，那么它就应该可以分为四类；因为格言要么伴有解释语，要么没有。如果格言所述内容与大众意见相悖或者有争议，就需要加以解释说明；否则，就不需要解释语，因为这样的格言［所述的道理］要么已经众所周知——比如："最大的幸福莫过于健康，至少在我们看来如是，"这便是众人都认可的——要么一经说出意思就很明了，比如："不永远爱你的人不能算作爱人。"至于有解释语相伴的格言，有些构成修辞式推理的一部分，比如："理智之人绝不应当如何如何"；其他的则是带有修辞式推理的特点，但不属于修辞式推理，这种格言最受欢迎。那些所述道理的原因显而易见的格言就属此类，比如："身为凡人，不可滋生神的愤怒。"说一个人不应当总是滋生神的愤怒是一句格言，而附加语"身为凡人"则点明了原因。"凡人应当有凡人的想法，而不是神的想法"这一句也是如此。

根据以上所讲，格言的种类以及不同情况适合使用哪种格言就很清楚了。如果［格言的］议题涉及分歧之事或者与大众意见相悖，就需要解释语；不过既可以把解释语放在开头，把结论当做格言——比如，我们可以说："在我看来，既然人不可招人嫉妒，也不可成为书呆子，因此我认为不应当让孩子接受教育"——也可以把格言放在开头，再加上解释语。如果所述内容虽然不是悖论、却意思模糊，就应该尽可能简明扼要

地把原因加进去。这种情况下，拉孔式警句和谜语就很适合；比如，斯特西科罗斯对洛克里斯人说：不要傲慢，免得知了只能在地上鸣叫。格言适合年长者使用，用来讲述自己经历过的事情；年轻人使用格言是不适宜的，同样不适合年轻人的还有讲故事；讲自己并未经历过的事是愚蠢和没有教养的表现。这方面的一个有力证据便是乡下人尤其喜欢杜撰格言，随时炫耀。

以通用的方式表达非通用的内容尤其适于抱怨和夸张，要么放在开头，要么放在证明之后。普通的、流行的格言，只要有用，也不妨使用；要知道它们正是由于普通，所以才显得正确，因为它们似乎为公众所认可；比如，如果在祭神前就想鼓动士兵冒险作战，那么可以说："最好的预兆是保卫祖国！"；如果己方兵力较弱，那么可以说："战神不偏不倚！"；如果要煽动士兵杀戮敌方的无辜儿童，那么可以说："愚蠢啊，那些杀了父亲却饶了子女的人！"

另外，有些谚语也是格言，比如"雅典人邻居"。即使某些格言与最流行的说法（比如"要有自知之明"和"凡事勿过度"）相反，我们也不妨使用，只要它们能使我们的性格显得更好，或者只要我们能以充满激情的语言将其表述出来。下面是关于后者的一个例子：一个发怒的人说："劝人要有自知之明纯属胡扯；不管怎么说，如果一个人真有自知之明，就不会当将军。"下面是让人性格显得更好的例子：一个人可以说，人们常说的"在爱一个人时要做日后会恨他的准备"是不对的，而应该是"在恨一个人时要做日后会爱他的准备"。道德意图也应当用语言表达清楚，或者指出其原因；比如，可以说："我们爱一个人，不应当像众人挂在嘴边的那样去爱他，而是应该永远爱他，因为众人挂在嘴边的那种爱有背叛的意味。"或者可以说："我不喜欢那句格言，因为真正的朋友若爱一个人，就会永远爱他。我也不同意'凡事勿过度'这句格言，因为对于坏人，怎样仇恨都不过分。"

格言对演说者的帮助很大，这主要是由于听众的庸俗，只要演说者在论及一般情况时能够触及听众的特殊想法，就能讨好听众。这一点，以及我们应该如何搜寻格言，大家在看完下文后就会清楚了。我们已经说过，格言是对一般事理的陈述；因此，听众若听到演讲者用普遍性的语言把自己对个别事理形成的想法表述出来，就会很高兴。比如，某人碰巧遭遇恶邻或孽子，他就会很高兴听到有人说"最麻烦的莫过于邻居"或者"最愚蠢的事莫过于生孩子"。因此，演说者应当努力揣摩听众原

有的想法是如何形成的，这些想法又是什么，然后再用普遍性的语言把它们表达出来。这是使用格言的好处之一，但是另一个好处更大，因为它让演说符合道德标准。演说是有个性的，其中有明确的道德意图。而这就是格言的作用，因为人们在用概括的方式使用格言时就表明了自己的道德喜好：如果那些格言是好的，它们就会展现出演说者的好的性格。关于格言、格言的性质、种类、用法和好处，我们就讲到这里。

CHAPTER 22

Let us now speak of enthymemes in general and the manner of looking for them, and next of their topics; for each of these things is different in kind. We have already said that the enthymeme is a kind of syllogism, what makes it so, and in what it differs from the dialectic syllogisms; for the conclusion must neither be drawn from too far back nor should it include all the steps of the argument. In the first case its length causes obscurity, in the second, it is simply a waste of words, because it states much that is obvious. It is this that makes the ignorant more persuasive than the educated in the presence of crowds; as the poets say, "the ignorant are more skilled at speaking before a mob." For the educated use commonplaces and generalities, whereas the ignorant speak of what they know and of what more nearly concerns the audience. Wherefore one must not argue from all possible opinions, but only from such as are definite and admitted, for instance, either by the judges themselves or by those of whose judgment they approve. Further, it should be clear that this is the opinion of all or most of the hearers; and again, conclusions should not be drawn from necessary premises alone, but also from those which are only true as a rule.

First of all, then, it must be understood that, in regard to the subject of our speech or reasoning, whether it be political or of any other kind, it is necessary to be also acquainted with the elements of the question[36], either entirely or in part; for if you know none of these things, you will have nothing from which to draw a conclusion. I should like to know, for instance, how we are to give advice to the Athenians as to making war or not, if we do not know in what their strength consists, whether it is naval, military, or both, how great it is, their sources of revenue, their friends and enemies, and further, what wars they have already waged, with what success, and all similar things? Again, how could we praise them, if we did not know of the naval engagement at

Salamis or the battle of Marathon, or what they did for the Heraclidae, and other similar things? For men always base their praise upon what really are, or are thought to be, glorious deeds. Similarly, they base their censure upon actions that are contrary to these, examining whether those censured have really, or seem to have, committed them; for example, that the Athenians subjugated the Greeks, and reduced to slavery the Aeginetans and Potidaeans who had fought with distinction on their side against the barbarians, and all such acts, and whatever other similar offences may have been committed by them. Similarly, in accusation and defence, speakers argue from an examination of the circumstances of the case. It makes no difference in doing this, whether it is a question of Athenians or Lacedaemonians, of a man or a god. For, when advising Achilles, praising or censuring, accusing or defending him, we must grasp all that really belongs, or appears to belong to him, in order that we may praise or censure in accordance with this, if there is anything noble or disgraceful; defend or accuse, if there is anything just or unjust; advise, if there is anything expedient or harmful. And similarly in regard to any subject whatever. For instance, in regard to justice, whether it is good or not, we must consider the question in the light of what is inherent in justice or the good.

Therefore, since it is evident that all men follow this procedure in demonstration, whether they reason strictly or loosely—since they do not derive their arguments from all things indiscriminately, but from what is inherent in each particular subject, and reason makes it clear that it is impossible to prove anything in any other way—it is evidently necessary, as has been stated in the *Topics*, to have first on each subject a selection of premises about probabilities and what is most suitable. As for those to be used in sudden emergencies, the same method of inquiry must be adopted; we must look, not at what is indefinite but at what is inherent in the subject treated of in the speech, marking off as many facts as possible, particularly those intimately connected with the subject; for the more facts one has, the

easier it is to demonstrate, and the more closely connected they are with the subject, the more suitable are they and less common. By common I mean, for instance, praising Achilles because he is a man, or one of the demigods, or because he went on the expedition against Troy; for this is applicable to many others as well, so that such praise is no more suited to Achilles than to Diomedes. By particular I mean what belongs to Achilles, but to no one else; for instance, to have slain Hector, the bravest of the Trojans, and Cycnus, who prevented all the Greeks from disembarking, being invulnerable; to have gone to the war when very young, and without having taken the oath; and all such things.

One method of selection then, and this the first, is the topical. Let us now speak of the elements of enthymemes [by element and topic of enthymeme I mean the same thing]. But let us first make some necessary remarks. There are two kinds of enthymemes, the one demonstrative, which proves that a thing is or is not, and the other refutative, the two differing like refutation and syllogism in Dialectic. The demonstrative enthymeme draws conclusions from admitted premises, the refutative draws conclusions disputed by the adversary. We know nearly all the general heads of each of the special topics that are useful or necessary; for the propositions relating to each have been selected, so that we have in like manner already established all the topics from which enthymemes may be derived on the subject of good or bad, fair or foul, just or unjust, characters, emotions, and habits. Let us now endeavor to find topics about enthymemes in general in another way, noting in passing those which are refutative and those which are demonstrative, and those of apparent enthymemes, which are not really enthymemes, since they are not syllogisms. After this has been made clear, we will settle the question of solutions and objections, and whence they must be derived to refute enthymemes.[37]

第二十二章

我们现在先从整体上讲修辞式推理，再讲寻找它们的方法，然后讲它们的部目；须知这些都是不同的内容。我们已经说过，修辞式推理是一种三段论，还讲了它为何是一种三段论，以及它与辩证法三段论的区别；要知道［在修辞式推理中］结论既不能从很远的步骤推导出来，也不应当包括所有的论证步骤。在第一种情形中［即从很远的步骤推出结论］，论证的长度会导致意思模糊；第二种情形［即罗列所有的论证步骤］则纯属浪费口舌，因为很多话已是不言自明。正因如此，在大庭广众之下，无教养的人比有教养的人［往往］更有煽动性；正如诗人所说："没有教养的人更善于在大众面前讲话。"这是因为有教养的人讲的是普遍的、一般的事理，而无教养的人讲的是自己知晓的事情，是听众更关切的东西。所以，我们不能根据所有可能的观点来论证，而只能根据确定的、已被认可的观点来论证，比如裁决者自己认同的观点或者裁决者认同的人所接受的观点。而且，这些观点显然还应该是所有或者大多数听众的观点；另外，结论不应当单单根据必然的前提得来，还应当使用或然的前提。

那么首先，我们必须明白一点：针对我们演讲或推理的题材，无论是政治性的还是任何其他种类的，都需要了解问题的要素，要么了解全部，要么了解部分；因为假若你对这些一无所知，你就没有任何材料可用来推导结论。比如，我想问问大家，假若我们不知道雅典的兵力构成（是海军、陆军还是两者兼具）、兵力规模、收入来源、敌友情况以及曾参与的战争和胜负等等，那么我们又将如何在战与和的问题上向雅典人进言呢？同样，假若我们不知道萨拉米斯海战或者马拉松战役，不知道雅典人对赫拉克勒斯家族的帮助以及类似的事情，那么我们又如何能赞扬他们呢？要知道人们的称赞总是以真实的光荣事迹或者被认为是光荣的事迹为依据。同样，人们的谴责总是以与这些相反的行为为依据，调查被谴责的人是否确实或似乎曾有过这些行为；比如，雅典人奴役过希腊人，并且使曾与之并肩抵抗蛮族的埃伊纳人和波提狄亚人沦为奴隶，还有所有此类行为，以及雅典人曾做过的其他类似的不义之事。同样，在控告和辩护中，演说者通过调查案情进行论证。无论是关于雅典人还是拉栖第梦人，是关于人还是神，这么做都没有区别。比如，在劝

告阿喀琉斯、称赞他或谴责他、控告他或为他辩护时，我们应该了解所有属于他或看似属于他的事情，这样的话，假如有任何光荣或可耻之事，我们便能以此为依据进行称赞或谴责；假如有任何正义或不正义之事，我们便能［以此为依据］进行控告或辩护；假如有任何有益或有害之事，我们便能［以此为依据］进行劝告。任何题材都是如此。比如，对于“正义是好还是坏”这个问题，我们应该根据“正义”或“好东西”的固有本质来考量。

因此，既然很明显所有人都按照这个步骤进行证明——无论他们的推理是严密还是松散——既然他们不是毫无区分地从所有事情中推导论点，而是考虑每种具体题材的固有特征，既然人们显然无法用其他方式来证明任何事情——因此，就如《部目篇》所讲，我们显然必须首先针对每个主题准备一些或然之事和最适切的命题［以为证据］。至于应对突发问题时使用的命题，我们也应该采取同样的调查方法：不要漫无目的地搜寻，而是寻找演讲的主题本身固有的特征，尽可能多地划出来，尤其是那些与主题有密切关系的事实；须知掌握的事实越多，证明就越容易；事实与主题的关系越密切，就越适用，越不流于普通。比如，要称赞阿喀琉斯，而理由是：他是人，或者半神，或者他曾经远征特洛伊，这就是我所说的流于普通，要知道这些事迹适用于其他很多人，所以将这种称赞用于阿喀琉斯并不比用于狄俄墨得斯更恰当。我所说的特别，是指只属于阿喀琉斯的事迹；比如，曾杀死最英勇的特洛伊武士赫克托耳，还杀死了阻碍希腊人登陆的刀枪不入的库克诺斯，还有少年之时就参加了特洛伊战争，并且未曾立誓，以及诸如此类的事情。

选择［修辞式推理］的一种方法（而且是第一种方法）是部目法。现在我们就来讲讲修辞式推理的要素（我所说的修辞式推理的要素和部目是同一个东西）。但是首先要做一些必要的说明。有两种修辞式推理：一种是证明性的，是为了证明某事是还是不是；另一种是反驳性的，二者的区别如同辩证法中反驳与三段论的区别。证明性的修辞式推理根据［双方］承认的前提推导结论，反驳性的修辞式推理得出的结论是对方不同意的。我们已经了解了几乎所有有用的和必需的专有部目，与每个部目有关的命题都已选好，我们也已经用类似的方法明确了就以下主题建立修辞式推理所依据的部目，这些主题包括好或坏、公正或邪恶、正义或不正义、性格、情绪以及习性。现在让我们以另一种方式寻找构建修辞式推理的一般部目，顺便指出哪些是反驳性的［修辞式推

理] ，哪些是证明性的 [修辞式推理] ，哪些是貌似的而不是真正的修辞式推理，因为它们不是三段论。这些讲清楚之后，我们再探讨反证和异议，以及为什么必须构建反证和异议来反驳修辞式推理。

CHAPTER 23

One topic of demonstrative enthymemes is derived from opposites; for it is necessary to consider whether one opposite is predicable of the other, as a means of destroying an argument, if it is not, as a means of constructing one, if it is; for instance, self-control is good, for lack of self-control is harmful; or as in the Messeniacus[38], "If the war is responsible for the present evils, one must repair them with the aid of peace." And, "For if it is unfair to be angry with those who have done wrong unintentionally, it is not fitting to feel beholden to one who is forced to do us good." Or, "If men are in the habit of gaining credit for false statements, you must also admit the contrary, that men often disbelieve what is true."

Another topic is derived from similar inflections, for in like manner the derivatives must either be predicable of the subject or not; for instance, that the just is not entirely good, for in that case good would be predicable of anything that happens justly; but to be justly put to death is not desirable.

Another topic is derived from relative terms. For if to have done rightly or justly may be predicated of one, then to have suffered similarly may be predicated of the other; there is the same relation between having ordered and having carried out, as Diomedon the tax-gatherer said about the taxes, "If selling is not disgraceful for you, neither is buying disgraceful for us."[39] And if rightly or justly can be predicated of the sufferer, it can equally be predicated of the one who inflicts suffering; if of the latter, then also of the former. However, in this there is room for a fallacy. For if a man has suffered justly, he has suffered justly, but perhaps not at your hands. Wherefore one must consider separately whether the sufferer deserves to suffer, and whether he who inflicts suffering is the right person to do so, and then make use of the argument either way; for sometimes there is a difference in such a case, and nothing prevents [its being argued], as

in the Alcmaeon of Theodectes: "And did no one of mortals loathe thy mother?" Alcmaeon replied: "We must make a division before we examine the matter." And when Alphesiboea asked "How?", he rejoined, "Their decision was that she should die, but that it was not for me to kill her." Another example may be found in the trial of Demosthenes and those who slew Nicanor. For since it was decided that they had justly slain him, it was thought that he had been justly put to death. Again, in the case of the man who was murdered at Thebes, when the defendants demanded that the judges should decide whether the murdered man deserved to die, since a man who deserved it could be put to death without injustice.

Another topic is derived from the more and less[40]. For instance, if not even the gods know everything, hardly can men; for this amounts to saying that if a predicate, which is more probably affirmable of one thing, does not belong to it, it is clear that it does not belong to another of which it is less probably affirmable. And to say that a man who beats his father also beats his neighbors, is an instance of the rule that, if the less exists, the more also exists. Either of these arguments[41] may be used, according as it is necessary to prove either that a predicate is affirmable or that it is not. Further, if there is no question of greater or less; whence it was said, "Thy father deserves to be pitied for having lost his children; is not Oeneus then equally to be pitied for having lost an illustrious offspring?" Other instances are: if Theseus did no wrong, neither did Alexander [Paris][42]; if the sons of Tyndareus[43] did no wrong, neither did Alexander; and if Hector did no wrong in slaying Patroclus, neither did Alexander in slaying Achilles; if no other professional men are contemptible, then neither are philosophers; if generals are not despised because they are frequently defeated, neither are the sophists; or, if it behoves a private citizen to take care of your reputation, it is your duty to take care of that of Greece.

Another topic is derived from the consideration of time. Thus Iphicrates, in his speech against Harmodius, says: "If, before

accomplishing anything, I had demanded the statue from you in the event of my success, you would have granted it; will you then refuse it, now that I have succeeded? Do not therefore make a promise when you expect something, and break it when you have received it." Again, to persuade the Thebans to allow Philip to pass through their territory into Attica, they were told that "if he had made this request before helping them against the Phocians, they would have promised; it would be absurd, therefore, if they refused to let him through now, because he had thrown away his opportunity and had trusted them."

Another topic consists in turning upon the opponent what has been said against ourselves; and this is an excellent method. For instance, in the Teucer...[44] and Iphicrates employed it against Aristophon, when he asked him whether he would have betrayed the fleet for a bribe; when Aristophon said no, "Then," retorted Iphicrates, "if you, Aristophon, would not have betrayed it, would I, Iphicrates, have done so?[45]" But the opponent must be a man who seems the more likely to have committed a crime; otherwise, it would appear ridiculous, if anyone were to make use of such an argument in reference to such an opponent, for instance, as Aristides[46]; it should only be used to discredit the accuser. For in general the accuser aspires to be better than the defendant; accordingly, it must always be shown that this is not the case. And generally, it is ridiculous for a man to reproach others for what he does or would do himself, or to encourage others to do what he does not or would not do himself.

Another topic is derived from definition. For instance, that the daimonion is nothing else than a god or the work of a god; but he who thinks it to be the work of a god necessarily thinks that gods exist. When Iphicrates desired to prove that the best man is the noblest, he declared that there was nothing noble attaching to Harmodius and Aristogiton, before they did something noble; and, "I myself am more akin to them than you; at any rate, my deeds are more akin to theirs than yours." And as it is said in the Alexander[47] that it would be generally admitted that men of disorderly passions are not satisfied

with the enjoyment of one woman's person alone. Also, the reason why Socrates refused to visit Archelaus[48], declaring that it was disgraceful not to be in a position to return a favor as well as an injury. In all these cases, it is by definition and the knowledge of what the thing is in itself that conclusions are drawn upon the subject in question.

Another topic is derived from the different significations of a word, as explained in the *Topics*, where the correct use of these terms has been discussed.

Another, from division. For example, "There are always three motives for wrongdoing; two are excluded from consideration as impossible; as for the third, not even the accusers assert it."

Another, from induction. For instance, from the case of the woman of Peparethus, it is argued that in matters of parentage women always discern the truth; similarly, at Athens, when Mantias the orator was litigating with his son, the mother declared the truth; and again, at Thebes, when Ismenias and Stilbon were disputing about a child, Dodonis declared that Ismenias was its father, Thettaliscus being accordingly recognized as the son of Ismenias. There is another instance in the Law of Theodectes: "If we do not entrust our own horses to those who have neglected the horses of others, or our ships to those who have upset the ships of others; then, if this is so in all cases, we must not entrust our own safety to those who have failed to preserve the safety of others." Similarly, in order to prove that men of talent are everywhere honored, Alcidamas said: "The Parians honored Archilochus, in spite of his evil-speaking; the Chians Homer, although he had rendered no public services; the Mytilenaeans Sappho, although she was a woman; the Lacedaemonians, by no means a people fond of learning, elected Chilon one of their senators; the Italiotes honored Pythagoras, and the Lampsacenes buried Anaxagoras, although he was a foreigner, and still hold him in honor... The Athenians were happy as long as they lived under the laws of Solon, and the Lacedaemonians under those of Lycurgus; and at

Thebes, as soon as those who had the conduct of affairs became philosophers, the city flourished."

Another topic is that from a previous judgment in regard to the same or a similar or contrary matter, if possible when the judgment was unanimous or the same at all times; if not, when it was at least that of the majority, or of the wise, either all or most, or of the good; or of the judges themselves or of those whose judgment they accept, or of those whose judgment it is not possible to contradict, for instance, those in authority, or of those whose judgment it is unseemly to contradict, for instance, the gods, a father, or instructors; as Autocles said in his attack on Mixidemides, "If the awful goddesses were content to stand their trial before the Areopagus, should not Mixidemides?" Or Sappho, "Death is an evil; the gods have so decided, for otherwise they would die." Or as Aristippus, when in his opinion Plato had expressed himself too presumptuously, said, "Our friend at any rate never spoke like that," referring to Socrates. Hegesippus, after having first consulted the oracle at Olympia, asked the god at Delphi whether his opinion was the same as his father's, meaning that it would be disgraceful to contradict him. Helen was a virtuous woman, wrote Isocrates, because Theseus so judged; the same applies to Alexander [Paris], whom the goddesses chose before others. Evagoras was virtuous, as Isocrates says, for at any rate Conon in his misfortune, passing over everyone else, sought his assistance.

Another topic is that from enumerating the parts, as in the *Topics*: What kind of movement is the soul? for it must be this or that. There is an instance of this in the Socrates of Theodectes[49]: "What holy place has he profaned? Which of the gods recognized by the city has he neglected to honor?"

Again, since in most human affairs the same thing is accompanied by some bad or good result, another topic consists in employing the consequence to exhort or dissuade, accuse or defend, praise or blame. For instance, education is attended by the evil of being envied, and by the good of being wise; therefore we should not be educated, for we

should avoid being envied; nay rather, we should be educated, for we should be wise. This topic is identical with the "Art" of Callippus[50], when you have also included the topic of the possible and the others which have been mentioned.

Another topic may be employed when it is necessary to exhort or dissuade in regard to two opposites, and one has to employ the method previously stated in the case of both. But there is this difference, that in the former case things of any kind whatever are opposed, in the latter opposites. For instance, a priestess refused to allow her son to speak in public; "For if," said she, "you say what is just, men will hate you; if you say what is unjust, the gods will." On the other hand, "you should speak in public; for if you say what is just, the gods will love you, if you say what is unjust, men will." This is the same as the proverb, "To buy the swamp with the salt"[51]; and retorting a dilemma on its proposer takes place when, two things being opposite, good and evil follow on each, the good and evil being opposite like the things themselves.

Again, since men do not praise the same things in public and in secret, but in public chiefly praise what is just and beautiful, and in secret rather wish for what is expedient, another topic consists in endeavoring to infer its opposite from one or other of these statements. This topic is the most weighty of those that deal with paradox.

Another topic is derived from analogy in things. For instance, Iphicrates, when they tried to force his son to perform public services because he was tall, although under the legal age, said: "If you consider tall boys men, you must vote that short men are boys." Similarly, Theodectes in his "law," says: "Since you bestow the rights of citizenship upon mercenaries such as Strabax and Charidemus on account of their merits, will you not banish those of them who have wrought such irreparable misfortunes?"

Another topic consists in concluding the identity of antecedents from the identity of results. Thus Xenophanes said: "There is as much

impiety in asserting that the gods are born as in saying that they die; for either way the result is that at some time or other they did not exist." And, generally speaking, one may always regard as identical the results produced by one or other of any two things: "You are about to decide, not about Isocrates alone, but about education generally, whether it is right to study philosophy." And, "to give earth and water is slavery," and "to be included in the common peace implies obeying orders." Of two alternatives, you should take that which is useful.

Another topic is derived from the fact that the same men do not always choose the same thing before and after, but the contrary. The following enthymeme is an example: "If, when in exile, we fought to return to our country, [it would be monstrous] if, now that we have returned, we were to return to exile to avoid fighting!" This amounts to saying that at one time they preferred to hold their ground at the price of fighting; at another, not to fight at the price of not remaining.

Another topic consists in maintaining that the cause of something which is or has been is something which would generally, or possibly might, be the cause of it; for example, if one were to make a present of something to another, in order to cause him pain by depriving him of it. Whence it has been said: "It is not from benevolence that the deity bestows great blessings upon many, but in order that they may suffer more striking calamities." And these verses from the Meleager of Antiphon: "Not in order to slay the monster, but that they may be witnesses to Greece of the valor of Meleager." And the following remark from the Ajax of Theodectes, that Diomedes chose Odysseus before all others, not to do him honor, but that his companion might be his inferior; for this may have been the reason.

Another topic common to forensic and deliberative rhetoric consists in examining what is hortatory and dissuasive, and the reasons which make men act or not. Now, these are the reasons which, if they exist, determine us to act, if not, not; for instance, if a thing is possible, easy, or useful to ourselves or our friends, or injurious and prejudicial to our enemies, or if the penalty is less than the profit. From these

grounds we exhort, and dissuade from their contraries. It is on the same grounds that we accuse and defend; for what dissuades serves for defence, what persuades, for accusation.[52] This topic comprises the whole "Art" of Pamphilus and Callippus.

Another topic is derived from things which are thought to happen but are incredible, because it would never have been thought so, if they had not happened or almost happened. And further, these things are even more likely to be true; for we only believe in that which is, or that which is probable: if then a thing is incredible and not probable, it will be true; for it is not because it is probable and credible that we think it true. Thus, Androcles of Pitthus, speaking against the law, being shouted at when he said "the laws need a law to correct them," went on, "and fishes need salt, although it is neither probable nor credible that they should, being brought up in brine; similarly, pressed olives need oil, although it is incredible that what produces oil should itself need oil."

Another topic, appropriate to refutation, consists in examining contradictories, whether in dates, actions, or words, first, separately in the case of the adversary, for instance, "he says that he loves you, and yet he conspired with the Thirty;" next, separately in your own case, "he says that I am litigious, but he cannot prove that I have ever brought an action against anyone"; lastly, separately in the case of your adversary and yourself together: "he has never yet lent anything, but I have ransomed many of you."

Another topic, when men or things have been attacked by slander, in reality or in appearance, consists in stating the reason for the false opinion; for there must be a reason for the supposition of guilt. For example, a woman embraced her son in a manner that suggested she had illicit relations with him, but when the reason was explained, the slander was quashed. Again, in the Ajax of Theodectes, Odysseus explains to Ajax why, although really more courageous than Ajax, he is not considered to be so.

Another topic is derived from the cause. If the cause exists, the effect

exists; if the cause does not exist, the effect does not exist; for the effect exists with the cause, and without cause there is nothing. For example, Leodamas, when defending himself against the accusation of Thrasybulus that his name had been posted in the Acropolis but that he had erased it in the time of the Thirty, declared that it was impossible, for the Thirty would have had more confidence in him if his hatred against the people had been graven on the stone.[53]

Another topic consists in examining whether there was or is another better course than that which is advised, or is being, or has been, carried out. For it is evident that, if this has not been done, a person has not committed a certain action; because no one, purposely or knowingly, chooses what is bad. However, this argument may be false; for often it is not until later that it becomes clear what was the better course, which previously was uncertain.

Another topic, when something contrary to what has already been done is on the point of being done, consists in examining them together. For instance, when the people of Elea asked Xenophanes if they ought to sacrifice and sing dirges to Leucothea[54], or not, he advised them that, if they believed her to be a goddess they ought not to sing dirges, but if they believed her to be a mortal, they ought not to sacrifice to her.

Another topic consists in making use of errors committed, for purposes of accusation or defence. For instance, in the *Medea*[55] of Carcinus, some accuse Medea of having killed her children,—at any rate, they had disappeared; for she had made the mistake of sending them out of the way. Medea herself pleads that she would have slain, not her children, but her husband Jason; for it would have been a mistake on her part not to have done this, if she had done the other. This topic and kind of enthymeme is the subject of the whole of the first "Art" of Theodorus[56].

Another topic is derived from the meaning of a name. For instance, Sophocles says, "Certainly thou art iron, like thy name.[57]" This topic is also commonly employed in praising the gods. Conon used to call

Thrasybulus "the man bold in counsel," and Herodicus said of Thrasymachus, "Thou art ever bold in fight,"[58] and of Polus, "Thou art ever Polus [colt] by name and colt by nature," and of Draco[59] the legislator that his laws were not those of a man, but of a dragon, so severe were they. Hecuba in Euripides speaks thus of Aphro-dite: "And rightly does the name of the goddess begin like the word aphro-syne [folly];" and Chaeremon of Pentheus[60], "Pentheus named after his unhappy future."

Enthymemes that serve to refute are more popular than those that serve to demonstrate, because the former is a conclusion of opposites in a small compass, and things in juxtaposition are always clearer to the audience. But of all syllogisms, whether refutative or demonstrative, those are specially applauded, the result of which the hearers foresee as soon as they are begun, and not because they are superficial [for as they listen they congratulate themselves on anticipating the conclusion]; and also those which the hearers are only so little behind that they understand what they mean as soon as they are delivered.

第二十三章

[1 . 对立面部目 :] 证明性修辞式推理的部目之一源自相互对立的命题，这是因为我们有必要考查对立命题能否推断其对立面：如果不可以，那么它就是破坏某个论点的手段；如果可以，那么它就是建立某个论点的手段。例如，自律是好的，因为缺乏自律是有害的；又如，在《墨塞尼阿克斯辞》中有这样的说法："如果是战争导致了现今的灾祸，那么就应该凭借和平来予以消弭。"又如："如果说对那些无意犯错的人动怒是不公平的，那么对那些迫不得已为我们做好事的人感恩戴德也是不合适的。"又如："如果人们惯于用谎言来博取赞扬，那么你就必须承认其反面，即人们往往不相信真实的事情"。

[2 . 变格部目 :] 另一个部目来自类似的 [词语的] 屈曲变化。[与对立面部目相似 ,] 派生词语必然也是要么可以推断相关主题，要么不可以。例如，"公正"未必全是好的，因为要是那样的话，"好"就可以用来断言所有公正的事情，但是被"公正地"处决就不是什么好事。

[3 . 相关性部目 :] 另一部目来自相关的说法。如果"正当地或公正地做了某事"可以推断 [相关说法] 其一，那么"正当地或公正地受到惩罚"就可以推断 [相关说法] 其二。在"下命令"和"执行命令"之间也存在着同样的关联，正如包税人狄俄墨冬关于赋税曾经说过的话，"如果出卖征税权对你们而言不是可耻的事情，那么我们购买征税权也不可耻。"如果"正当地或者公正地"可以用来断言受害者的行为，那么它也同样可以用来断言施罚者的行为；同理，如果它可以用来断言施罚者的行为，那么它也可以用来断言受罚者的行为。不过，这里面有悖论存在的可能。要知道如果一个人受到了公正的惩罚，那就是说他所受之罚是公正的，但这并不一定意味着他应该在你手中 [受罚] 。因此，我们必须分开考虑受罚者是否应该受罚和施罚者是否有权施罚，然后分别论述。要知道有时候就这个问题会有不同的见解，而且没有什么能阻止双方就其展开争论，比如塞奥德克泰斯的《阿尔克迈昂》就有这样的记述："难道没有一个凡人憎恶你的母亲吗？"对此阿尔克迈昂回答道："我们应该分清问题，再做讨论。"阿尔斐西玻亚问道："怎么分清？"阿尔克迈昂回答："他们判了她死罪，但并没有裁定由我来执行。"另一个例子是对狄摩西尼和那些杀死尼卡诺耳的人的审判。因为既然 [陪审团] 判定他们

正当地杀死了尼卡诺耳，那么大家就都认为他的被杀是正当的。又如，在那个发生在底比斯的杀人案中，被告要求法官裁定被杀之人是否该死，理由是如果一个人该死，那么杀死他便没有什么不正当。

［4．多和少部目：］另一个部目来自较多或较少。例如，“如果连神都不是无所不知，遑论凡人”。这句话等于说，如果一个可能更适于推断某事物的断言尚且不属于该事物，那么另一个不太适于推断该事物的断言显然更不属于它。推断殴打父亲的人也会殴打邻居，就是这一规则的一个实例，即如果［可能性］较少的情况存在，那么［可能性］较多的情况也存在。这两种论述，视其必要性，可以分别被用来证明某个断言是否成立。另外，即使不是数量多少的问题［，也可以这样论证］。因此，有人说：“你的父亲失去了孩子们固然值得同情，而俄纽斯失去了一个那么优秀的孩子，难道不是一样值得同情吗？”其他例子还有：如果说忒修斯没有犯错，那么亚历山大（帕里斯）也没有犯错；如果说廷达瑞俄斯的儿子们没有犯错，那么亚历山大也没有犯错；如果赫克托耳杀死普特洛克勒斯没有犯错，那么亚历山大杀死阿喀琉斯也没有犯错；如果从事其他职业的人不可鄙，那么哲学家也不可鄙；如果将军们屡打败仗却并未遭人鄙视，那么诡辩家们也不应该被鄙视；如果一个普通公民有义务爱护你的名誉，那么你也有义务爱护希腊的名誉。

［5．时间部目：］另一个部目源自对时间的考虑。伊菲克拉底在与哈摩狄俄斯争辩时说：“如果在我有所成就之前，我要求你在我功成之后为我树立一座塑像，你会答应；那么现在我成功了，你就应该拒绝吗？不要在期待得到某事时许诺，待你得手后却背弃承诺。”再比如，为了说服底比斯人允许腓力借道其领土进入阿提卡，就对他们说：“如果腓力在帮助他们对付佛西斯人之前提出借道，他们会答应，那么，如今因为他放弃了机会，并且信任了他们，他们便不肯借道，那该是多么荒唐。”

［6．反攻部目：］另一个部目体现在用对手攻击我们的话反攻对手。这是非常好的做法。例如，在［索福克勒斯的戏剧］《透克罗斯》中……伊菲克拉底也曾经用此法反驳阿里斯托芬。他问后者是否会为了受贿而出卖舰队，阿里斯托芬说不会；伊菲克拉底便反驳道：“那么，如果你阿里斯托芬都不会出卖舰队，我伊菲克拉底又怎么会出卖呢？”不过，［在使用此法时］对方必须是看起来更有可能犯下某罪的人，否则，［这种做法］就显得荒谬，［例如］如果有什么人用这种论证来攻

击诸如亚里斯泰迪斯这样正直的人［，就会显得荒谬］。这种方法只适合用来质疑原告。须知，一般来说，原告总是希望表现得比被告人品更好；因此，我们必须证明事实并非如此。而且，一般来说，一个人若拿自己做的事情或者可能做的事情去指责别人，或者鼓励别人去做那些他自己没有做或者不愿意做的事情，都是很荒唐的。

［7．定义部目：］另一个部目来自定义。例如，精灵不过是神或者神的创造物；凡是相信神的创造物的人，必然相信神的存在。当伊菲克拉底想要证明最好的人也就是最高尚的人时，他说在哈摩狄俄斯和阿里斯托格通做出高尚的事情之前，他们并无任何高尚之处。他还说："我比你们更像他们二人；［因为］不管怎么说，我的行为比你们的行为更像他们。"正如［波吕克拉底在宣德演说］《亚历山大》中所说，一般认为，滥情者不会满足于仅仅消受一个女人［，而亚历山大只钟情海伦，这证明他不是滥情之辈］。还有，苏格拉底拒绝拜访阿刻拉俄斯，他说无法报答恩德犹如无法报仇雪恨，都是可耻的。在这些例子中，人们都是通过对事物的定义和对事物的本质的了解，得出有关主题的结论。

［8．一词多义部目：］另一个部目来自一词多义，比如《部目篇》中所讲的正确使用字词的方法。

［9．分类部目：］另一个部目是分类。例如，"任何犯罪都只有三种动机；两个已经被认为不可能而被排除了；至于第三个，就连控告方也未曾提及。"

［10．归纳部目：］另一个部目是归纳。例如，在佩帕瑞托斯妇女一案中，演说者认为在孩子的父亲是谁的问题上，女人总能洞悉真相。同理，当演说家曼提阿斯和自己的儿子对簿公堂时，［孩子的］母亲道出了真相。又如，在底比斯，当伊斯美尼俄斯与斯提尔帮为一个孩子争执不下时，多多尼斯宣称伊斯美尼俄斯是孩子的父亲，忒塔利斯科斯则被认作伊斯美尼俄斯的儿子。又如，塞奥德克泰斯在名为《法律》的演讲中说："如果我们不把自己的马匹托付给那些疏于照顾他人马匹的人，也不把我们的舰船托付给那些倾覆过他人舰船的人，如果在所有类似情况下我们都如此行事，那么我们也不应该把自己的安全托付给那些未能保护他人安全的人。"同理，为了证明有才能的人处处受人尊敬，阿尔西达麦说："帕洛斯岛的人敬重阿喀罗科斯，尽管他言辞恶毒；开俄斯岛的人敬重荷马，尽管他并未担任过公职；米蒂利尼人敬重萨福，尽管她是女人；拉栖第梦人虽然根本不是喜爱学问的民族，但是他们却将开伦选

为议员；意大利人敬重毕达哥拉斯，兰普萨科斯人埋葬了阿那克萨哥拉并且至今仍然尊重他，尽管他是异邦人……雅典人只要在梭伦的律法下生活，就很开心；拉栖第梦人只要在莱客格斯的律法下生活，也会很开心；而在底比斯，当执政者们成为哲人，城邦便繁荣起来。”

［11．判断部目：］另一个部目来自之前所做的关于相同或者类似或者相反事物的判断，这种判断可能为所有人赞同或在所有时间都成立；如果不是，它至少是大多数人的判断，或者智者的判断（所有智者或者多数智者），或者好人的判断；又或者是裁决者本人或裁决者认可的人的判断，又或者是那些其判断无法驳斥的人的判断（例如权威人士），或者那些其判断不宜驳斥的人的判断（例如神祇、父亲或老师）；正如奥托克勒斯在攻击密克西德密德时所说：“如果可畏的女神们心甘情愿地在战神山受审，你密克西德密德难道就不应该如此吗？”又如萨福所说：“死亡是灾难；众神已然如此裁决，否则他们也愿意去死。”又如菲洛梅拉，他认为柏拉图说话太自负了，他说：“我们的朋友无论如何不会那样说话”，他指的是苏格拉底。再如赫革西波斯，他在奥林匹亚求得神谕之后，问德尔斐的神祇［即太阳神阿波罗］其观点是不是和他父亲相同，意思是如果跟父亲的意见相冲突，那将是可耻的。海伦是贞洁的女人，伊索克拉底这样写道，因为忒修斯就是如此判断的；同样的道理也适用于亚历山大（帕里斯），因为众女神青睐他而不是别人。欧阿戈洛斯是品德高尚的人，伊索克拉底这样说道，因为不管怎么说，困境中的科农没有考虑其他任何人，唯独寻求他［欧阿戈洛斯］的帮助。

［12．部分部目：］另一个部目来自对各部分的列举，如《部目篇》中所写：灵魂是一种什么样的运动？须知灵魂必然是这样或那样的运动。在塞奥德克泰斯的《苏格拉底辞》中有一个这样的例子：“他亵渎了什么圣地？怠慢了为城邦所笃信的众神中的哪一个？”

［13．后果部目：］另外，大凡人事，其结果不是好就是坏，因此有一个部目体现在运用后果来劝诫或劝阻，指控或辩护，称赞或指责。例如，受教育的坏的结果是会被人嫉妒，好的结果是能使人明智；因此，［可以说］“我们不应该受教育，因为我们要避免遭人嫉妒”；［也可以说］“哦不，我们应该受教育，因为我们应该变聪明”。这个部目加上可能部目以及前面提到的其他部目，就与卡利波斯的“修辞术”相同了。

[14．对立部目：] 当人们必须针对两个对立的事物进行劝诫或劝阻时，可以动用另一个部目，并且必须用前述方法从两方面进行论证。不过 [这两种情况] 存在差异：在前一种情况下 [即对立面部目] ，是任何两件事情相对立；在后一种情况下 [即对立部目] ，是两件对立的事情相对立。例如，女祭司拒绝让儿子在公共场合演讲，“因为，”她说，“如果你说正义的话，世人会憎恨你；如果你说不义的话，神祇会憎恶你。”另一方面， [她也可以对儿子说：] “你应该在公共场合演讲；因为如果你说正义的话，神祇会喜欢你；如果你说不义的话，世人会喜欢你。”这就如同谚语所说：“把盐和盐沼地一起买下来”；两事物互相对立，结果都有好有坏，好处和坏处如同这两件事物一样互相对立，这样就反击了提出两难悖论的人。

[15．相反部目：] 再者，既然人们不会在公共场合和私下里赞美相同的东西，而是在公共场合主要赞美正义和美好的东西，在私下里却希望获得有利的东西，那么还有一个部目便体现在从以上陈述的任何一个方面推断出其对立面。在用来对付自相矛盾的说法的部目中，这一个最有份量。

[16．类比部目：] 另一个部目来自事物中的类比。例如，伊菲克拉底的儿子虽然没有达到法定年龄，但是因为长得高，被人强迫去担任公职。伊菲克拉底说：“如果你们觉得高个子男孩是成人，那么，你们也应该投票表决把矮个子的成人当作小孩。”同理，塞奥德克泰斯在他名为《法律》的演讲中说：“既然你们考虑到斯特拉巴克和卡里得摩斯等雇佣兵的种种优点而给他们公民权，难道你们就不应该驱逐那些造成致命灾难的雇佣兵吗？”

[17．因果部目：] 另一个部目体现在从结果的相似性来推断前因的相似性。因此，色诺芬尼说：“断言神祇出生和断言神祇死亡一样，都是大不敬的言论；因为无论是哪种说法，结论都是在某个时期神不存在。”一般来说，人们总是可以把任何两件事情产生的结果看作完全相同：“你即将做的判断不仅仅关乎伊索克拉底，而是关乎教育的总体：学哲学到底对还是不对？”又比如：“割让河山就是臣服”，以及“缔结和平同盟就意味着服从命令”。在两个选项之中，你应该选择 [对你] 有用的那一个。

[18．前后选择矛盾部目：] 另一个部目来自这样的事实，即同一个人在事前和事后并不总是做出同样的选择，而是往往相反。下面这个

修辞式推理就是一个例证："如果说在流亡时我们为了回到祖国而战斗，那么现在我们回来了，如果还要重归流亡以避免战争（，那将多么荒谬）！"这相当于说，在某个时候人们愿意以战争为代价来保卫国土，而在另一个时候却以放弃国土为代价而不去战斗。

［19．可能动机部目：］另一个部目体现在把通常或可能导致某事物产生的原因当作该事物［实际］存在或者曾经存在的原因。例如，有人要送一件礼物给他人，［就说他送礼的］目的是通过剥夺这份礼物来给那人带来痛苦。因此，有人说："神祇并不是出于慈悲而给予众生祝福，而是为了让他们遭受更大的灾难。"安提丰的《墨勒阿革罗斯》中有这样一句诗："并不是为了杀掉怪兽，而是为了用他们向希腊人证明墨勒阿革罗斯的勇武。"在塞奥德克泰斯的［悲剧］《埃阿斯》中也有这样的言论：狄俄墨得斯选择奥德修斯而不选其他人，并不是为了给奥德修斯荣誉，而是想找一个不如自己的随从；须知这可能才是他的动机。

［20．原因部目：］另一个部目常见于诉讼和议政演说，体现在考察那些劝告性的和劝阻性的论据以及促使人们采取行动或者阻止人们采取行动的原因上。以下这些原因，如果存在，就会促使我们采取行动；如果不存在，就不会。例如，如果某事是可能的，容易的，或者对我们或我们的朋友有好处的，或者对我们的敌人有伤害、有坏处的，或者其惩罚小于所得的［，就会促使我们采取行动］。我们依据这些原因进行劝说，依据其反面进行劝阻。我们也利用相同的依据来指控和辩护，须知能用于劝阻的事情可用来辩护，能用来劝说的事情可以用作指控。这个部目包括了潘菲洛斯和卡利波斯所说的全部"修辞术"。

［21．不可思议事实部目：］另一个部目来自被认为已经发生但却是不可思议的事情，因为如果它们没有发生或者几乎发生，人们便不会这么认为［即认为这些事情发生了］。再者，这样的事情更有可能是真实的；因为［一般说来］我们只相信那些存在的或者可能的事情；那么，如果一件事情是不可思议而且不可能的，它就更应该是真实的，因为［在这种情况下］我们并不是因为它是可能的和可信的才相信它的真实。皮特苏斯的安德罗克勒斯曾经当众批判法律，当他说到"法律需要法律来修正"时，遭到一片嘘声，而他接着讲道："［腌制］鱼需要盐，尽管在咸水中长大的它们仍需要盐是不可能也不可思议的事情；同样，［食用］压榨过的橄榄渣需要加油，尽管本身含油的东西仍然需要油也是不可思议的事情。"

[22．矛盾部目：] 另一个部目适合反驳，体现在考察各方面的矛盾上，包括日期、行为或言语 [上的矛盾] 。首先，单独考虑对手的情况，例如，“他说他爱你们 [雅典人] ，却与三十暴君合谋”；其次，单独考虑你自己的情况，“他说我爱打官司，但却无法证明我曾经跟任何人打过官司”；最后，分别考虑对手和你自己的情况，“他从来没有借给你们任何东西，而我却花赎金救了你们很多人。”

[23．解释部目：] 另一个部目 [适宜] 在某人或某事被诽谤或者看似被诽谤时 [使用] ，它体现在陈述导致错误看法的原由上，因为推测一项罪名必定有其原因。例如，有个女人拥抱儿子，拥抱的方式让人以为他们之间有不正当的关系，但是当原因解释清楚之后，流言也就平息了。还有，在塞奥德克泰斯的《埃阿斯》中，奥德修斯对埃阿斯解释为什么别人认为他不比埃阿斯更勇敢，尽管他确实如此。

[24．因果部目：] 另一个部目来自原因。有因就有果；无因便无果；须知因果同在，没有原因，一切都不存在。例如，色拉西布洛斯指控勒俄达马斯，说他的名字曾经被刻在卫城上，只是他在三十暴君掌权的时候把它擦去了。面对这一指责，勒俄达马斯为自己辩护说这是不可能的，因为如果他对平民的仇恨被刻在石头上的话，三十暴君会更信任他 [，他也就没有必要擦掉了] 。

[25．更佳方案部目：] 另一个部目体现在考察是否曾经有过或是否存在一种方案胜过正在审议的、正被执行的或者已经被执行的方案上。很显然，如果一个人没有这样做 [即采取那种更好的方案] ，那么他也就没有做那件坏事；因为没有人会故意或者知情地选择坏的方案。不过，这个论证可能是错的；因为往往直到后来什么是更好的方案才会明确起来，而之前并不确定。

[26．合并考虑部目：] 另一个部目 [适宜] 当与已做之事相反的事情即将发生时 [使用] ，它体现在将这两件事合并考虑上。例如，当爱利亚人问色诺芬尼，他们是否应该为琉科忒亚献祭并唱挽歌，色诺芬尼劝告他们：如果他们觉得她是神，那就不应该唱挽歌；如果他们觉得她是凡人，那就不应该向她献上祭品。

[27．错误部目：] 另一个部目体现在用已犯的错误来指责或辩护上。例如，在卡耳喀诺斯写的《美狄亚》中，有人指控美狄亚，说她杀死了自己的孩子——不管怎么说，她的孩子们不见了——要知道她曾经犯过将孩子们送走的错误。美狄亚自己辩解说 [，即使她要杀人] ，她

想杀掉的也不是孩子，而是她丈夫伊阿宋；因为如果不这样做［即杀死丈夫］，却做了另一件事［即杀死孩子］，那么对她而言会是个错误。这个部目和这种修辞式推理构成了忒俄多洛斯最初的“修辞术”的全部内容。

［28．名字部目：］另一个部目来自名字的意思。例如，索福克勒斯说：“你真是块铁，跟你的名字一个样。”这个部目也经常被用来赞颂众神。科农常常称色拉西布洛斯为“勇于直谏的人”，赫洛狄科斯则说塞拉西马柯“你总是这么勇于战斗”；说波罗斯“你名叫波罗斯（小马），性格也总是如此”；他还说立法者德拉古的法律不是人的法律，而是蛇的法律，因为它们如此严酷。在欧里庇得斯的剧作中，赫卡柏曾这样说阿佛洛狄特（Aphro-dite）：“这位女神的名字起首的几个字母与aphro-syne（傻瓜）相同，真是太对了。”开瑞蒙则这样说彭透斯：“彭透斯因他那悲伤的未来而得名。”

用于反驳的修辞式推理比用于证明的修辞式推理更受欢迎，因为前者是简短地从对立之事得出结论，而并置的对立之事对观众而言总是更清楚。不过，在所有三段论当中，无论是反驳性的还是证明性的，特别受欢迎的总是那些能够在推论一开始就让观众预知结论且又不流于肤浅的三段论（因为观众在听的过程中会因为自己能够预知结论而窃喜）；特别受欢迎的还有那些观众能够紧随其后、话一说完马上就能理解的三段论。

CHAPTER 24

But as it is possible that some syllogisms may be real, and others not real but only apparent, there must also be real and apparent enthymemes, since the enthymeme is a kind of syllogism.

Now, of the topics of apparent enthymemes one is that of diction, which is of two kinds. The first, as in *Dialectic*, consists in ending with a conclusion syllogistically expressed, although there has been no syllogistic process, "therefore it is neither this nor that," "so it must be this or that"; and similarly in rhetorical arguments a concise and antithetical statement is supposed to be an enthymeme; for such a style appears to contain a real enthymeme. This fallacy appears to be the result of the form of expression. For the purpose of using the diction to create an impression of syllogistic reasoning it is useful to state the heads of several syllogisms: "He saved some, avenged others, and freed the Greeks"; for each of these propositions has been proved by others, but their union appears to furnish a fresh conclusion.

The second kind of fallacy of diction is homonymy. For instance, if one were to say that the mouse is an important animal, since from it is derived the most honored of all religious festivals, namely, the mysteries; or if, in praising the dog, one were to include the dog in heaven [Sirius], or Pan, because Pindar said, "O blessed one, whom the Olympians call dog of the Great Mother[61], taking every form," or were to say that the dog is an honorable animal, since to be without a dog is most dishonorable. And to say that Hermes is the most sociable of the gods, because he alone is called common;[62] and that words are most excellent, since good men are considered worthy, not of riches but of consideration; for λόγου[63] ἄξιος has a double meaning.

Another fallacy consists in combining what is divided or dividing what is combined. For since a thing which is not the same as another often appears to be the same, one may adopt the more convenient alternative. Such was the argument of Euthydemus, to prove, for

example, that a man knows that there is a trireme in the Piraeus[64], because he knows the existence of two things, the Piraeus and the trireme; or that, when one knows the letters, one also knows the word made of them, for word and letters are the same thing. Further, since twice so much is unwholesome, one may argue that neither is the original amount wholesome; for it would be absurd that two halves separately should be good, but bad combined. In this way the argument may be used for refutation, in another way for demonstration, if one were to say, one good thing cannot make two bad things. But the whole topic is fallacious. Again, one may quote what Polycrates said of Thrasybulus, that he deposed thirty tyrants, for here he combines them;[65] or the example of the fallacy of division in the *Orestes* of Theodectes: "It is just that a woman who has killed her husband" should be put to death, and that the son should avenge the father; and this in fact is what has been done. But if they are combined, perhaps the act ceases to be just.[66] The same might also be classed as an example of the fallacy of omission; for the name of the one who should put the woman to death is not mentioned.

Another topic is that of constructing or destroying by exaggeration, which takes place when the speaker, without having proved that any crime has actually been committed, exaggerates the supposed fact; for it makes it appear either that the accused is not guilty, when he himself exaggerates it, or that he is guilty, when it is the accuser who is in a rage. Therefore there is no enthymeme; for the hearer falsely concludes that the accused is guilty or not, although neither has been proved.

Another fallacy is that of the sign, for this argument also is illogical. For instance, if one were to say that those who love one another are useful to States, since the love of Harmodius and Aristogiton overthrew the tyrant Hipparchus[67]; or that Dionysius is a thief, because he is a rascal; for here again the argument is inconclusive; not every rascal is a thief although every thief is a rascal.

Another fallacy is derived from accident; for instance, when Polycrates

says of the mice, that, they rendered great service by gnawing the bowstrings.[68] Or if one were to say that nothing is more honorable than to be invited to a dinner, for because he was not invited Achilles was angry with the Achaeans at Tenedos; whereas he was really angry because he had been treated with disrespect, but this was an accident due to his not having been invited.

Another fallacy is that of the Consequence.[69] For instance, in the Alexander [Paris] it is said that Paris was high-minded, because he despised the companionship of the common herd and dwelt on Ida by himself; for because the high-minded are of this character, Paris also might be thought high-minded. Or, since a man pays attention to dress and roams about at night, he is a libertine, because libertines are of this character. Similarly, the poor sing and dance in the temples, exiles can live where they please; and since these things belong to those who are apparently happy, those to whom they belong may also be thought happy. But there is a difference in conditions; wherefore this topic also falls under the head of omission.

Another fallacy consists of taking what is not the cause for the cause, as when a thing has happened at the same time as, or after, another; for it is believed that what happens after is produced by the other, especially by politicians. Thus, Demades declared that the policy of Demosthenes was the cause of all the evils that happened, since it was followed by the war.

Another fallacy is the omission of when and how. For instance, Alexander [Paris] had a right to carry off Helen, for the choice of a husband had been given her by her father. But [this was a fallacy], for it was not, as might be thought, for all time, but only for the first time; for the father's authority only lasts till then. Or, if one should say that it is wanton outrage to beat a free man; for this is not always the case, but only when the assailant gives the first blow.

Further, as in sophistical disputations, an apparent syllogism arises as the result of considering a thing first absolutely, and then not absolutely, but only in a particular case. For instance, in *Dialectic*, it is

argued that that which is not is, for that which is not is that which is not; also, that the unknown can be known, for it can be known of the unknown that it is unknown. Similarly, in Rhetoric, an apparent enthymeme may arise from that which is not absolutely probable but only in particular cases. But this is not to be understood absolutely, as Agathon says: "One might perhaps say that this very thing is probable, that many things happen to men that are not probable;" for that which is contrary to probability nevertheless does happen, so that that which is contrary to probability is probable. If this is so, that which is improbable will be probable. But not absolutely; but as, in the case of sophistical disputations, the argument becomes fallacious when the circumstances, reference, and manner are not added, so here it will become so owing to the probability being not probable absolutely but only in particular cases. The "Art" of Corax[70] is composed of this topic. For if a man is not likely to be guilty of what he is accused of, for instance if, being weak, he is accused of assault and battery, his defence will be that the crime is not probable; but if he is likely to be guilty, for instance, if he is strong, it may be argued again that the crime is not probable, for the very reason that it was bound to appear so. It is the same in all other cases; for a man must either be likely to have committed a crime or not. Here, both the alternatives appear equally probable, but the one is really so, the other not probable absolutely, but only in the conditions mentioned. And this is what "making the worse appear the better argument" means. Wherefore men were justly disgusted with the promise of Protagoras; for it is a lie, not a real but an apparent probability, not found in any art except Rhetoric and Sophistic. So much for real or apparent enthymemes.

第二十四章

既然三段论中，有的是真实的，有的不是真实的，而只是貌似的，那么，修辞式推理也必然有真实的和貌似的，因为修辞式推理就是一种三段论。

［1．措辞部目：］貌似修辞式推理的部目之一是措辞部目，包括两类。第一类，如《辩证法》中所说，体现在用三段论形式的结论来收尾，尽管并没有三段论形式的论证过程。例如“因此，它既不是这样也不是那样”，以及“因此，它必然是这样或那样。”与此相似，在修辞论证中，简洁扼要且对仗工整的陈述也往往被认为是修辞式推理，因为这种风格似乎包含了真正的修辞式推理。这种悖论似乎源自措辞的方式。为了通过措辞来制造三段论论证的印象，把分别来自几个三段论的要素拼凑到一起是很有用的：［例如，］“他拯救了一些人，报复了一些人，解放了希腊人”；这些命题已经分别被其他命题证明过，而它们结合在一起似乎能产生新的结论。

措辞方面的第二种悖论是一词多义。例如，有人说老鼠是了不起的动物，因为所有宗教仪式中最尊贵的秘密教仪［mystery］是从老鼠一词［希腊语词根mus，表示“闭着嘴”］衍生而来；又如在赞扬狗的时候，把天上的狗（天狼星）甚至潘扯进来，因为［抒情诗人］品达说过：“哦，蒙恩的神啊，奥林匹亚山的诸神称你为伟大母亲的狗，你可以幻化为任何模样”；又比如，说狗是高贵的动物，因为没有狗［看家］是非常羞耻的。还比如，将赫尔墨斯说成是众神之中最爱社交的，因为只有他被称作common；又比如，把话语说成是最美好的东西，因为好人被视为可敬不是因为钱财，而是因为consideration［对应的希腊语单词是λόγου］，要知道λόγου　ἄξιος［即“值得λόγου”］一词具有双重意思。

［2．分合部目：］另一类悖论在于将原本分散［的陈述］并到一起，或者将原本合在一起［的陈述］割裂开来。这是因为既然两件并不相同的事情往往看似相同，那么人们便可能采取简便的做法［，即不去计较两者的异同］。比如，［智者］欧梯得摩斯的论点便是如此，他要证明的是一个人知道在比雷埃夫斯有三层桨的战船，理由是这人知道二者——比雷埃夫斯和那艘三层桨的战船——的存在。又如，一个人认识

字母，我们就说他也认识由字母组成的单词，理由是单词和字母是一回事。又比如，既然两倍于原来的数量是不健康的，那么我们可以说原来一份的数量也是不健康的，理由是如果两份中的每一份分开来都是好的，而结合到一起就变坏，这是说不通的。这种方式的论证可以用于反驳，另一种方式的论证可以用于证明。比如若有人说一件好事情不可能造成两件坏事情［，就可以用上述论证证明］。但这整个部目是个悖论。这里我们可以再次引用［智者］波吕克拉底的话，他说色拉西布洛斯废黜了30个暴君，他这是把他们加起来计算；又如塞奥德克泰斯的悲剧《俄瑞斯忒斯》中由割裂事实而产生悖论的例子："这是公正的：杀死了丈夫的妇人"应该被处死，儿子应该为父亲报仇；［俄瑞斯忒斯］正是做了这两件事情［即为父报仇和杀死母亲］。但是如果把这两件事情结合起来，或许这个行为就不再正义了。这个例子也可被视为省略悖论的例子，因为应该由谁来处死那个妇人并没有被提到。

［3．夸张部目：］另一个部目是通过夸张来构建或破坏［论证］，即演说者在没有证明有罪行被实施的情况下，夸大臆想的事实；这样，如果是被告自己夸大，被告就会显得无罪；如果是原告义愤填膺［地渲染事实］，被告就会显得有罪。因此，［这里］并不存在修辞式推理，因为［这种做法使］听话人错误地得出被告有罪或者无罪的结论，尽管这两点［即有罪或无罪］哪一个都没有得到证明。

［4．或然证据部目：］另外一个悖论是［或然式］证据的悖论，因为这种论证也是不符合逻辑的。例如，有人说相爱的人对城邦有利，理由是哈摩狄俄斯和阿里斯托格通的爱情推翻了暴君希帕科斯［，这便是一个证据的悖论］；又如，有人说狄奥尼西奥斯是个窃贼，理由是他是个无赖——这里的论证依然没有说服力，因为并不是每个无赖都是窃贼，尽管每个窃贼都是无赖。

［5．偶然事件部目：］还有一种悖论来自偶然事件；例如波吕克拉底提到老鼠时说老鼠咬断弓弦可是帮了大忙。又比如，有人说被邀赴宴是无上的荣耀，理由是当初阿喀琉斯就是因为没被邀请而对忒涅多斯的希腊人动怒。但是，阿喀琉斯生气的真正原因是他被［阿伽门农］轻视，而这只是他没有被邀请导致的偶然事件。

［6．后果部目：］另一类悖论是后果悖论。例如，在［演讲辞］《亚历山大》（帕里斯）中，帕里斯被说成生性高傲，因为他不屑于同普通人为伍，独自住在艾达上；须知高傲者就是这样一种性格，所以帕

里斯可以被视为高傲。又如，因为某人讲究穿着，喜欢夜晚四处游荡，就说这个人行为放荡，理由是放荡的人都具有这样的特征。同理，穷人在神庙里载歌载舞，流亡者随遇而安；既然这些事情［唱、跳、安居等］都属于那些显然幸福的人，那么它们的拥有者也可以被视作幸福的人。但是，这些事情背后的情况不同；因此，这个部目也属于省略部目。

［7．非因作因部目：］另一种悖论在于把不是原因的事情当作原因，［比如，］当某事与另一件事情同时发生或者在其后发生［，前者就被当作后者的原因］；政客们尤其喜欢相信发生在后面的事情是由发生在前面的事情引起的。因此，德马德斯宣称，狄摩西尼的政策是一切灾祸的根源，因为在政策［施行］之后发生了战争。

［8．省略部目：］另外一种悖论是省略时间和方式。例如，有人说亚历山大（帕里斯）有权带走海伦，理由是海伦的父亲给了她选择丈夫的权利。但是（这是个悖论），因为［这种权利］并不像有些人所认为的存在于任何时间，而是仅仅限于第一次［婚约］，因为父亲的权力到那时就结束了。又比如，有人说殴打自由人是恣意施暴；这种说法并不总是正确，只有在行凶者首先出手打人的情况下才是如此。

［9．混淆绝对和非绝对部目：］再者，在诡辩术中，先把事情说成绝对的，再说成非绝对的，只能算一个特例，由此便产生了一个貌似的三段论。例如，在《辩证法》中，我们说过，那些不存在的事物是存在的，因为那些不存在的事物存在于不存在；还有，未知的事物是已知的，因为我们已知未知事物是未知的。同理，在《修辞学》中，貌似的修辞式推理可以来自并非绝对可能、而是仅限于特定情形的事物。但是这一点也不能像阿伽松说的那样绝对化："有人可能会说这件事情是可能的，［因为］很多不可能的事情都发生在人们身上"；须知那些与可能性相反的事情确实在发生，所以与可能性相反的事情是可能的。如果是这样的话，那么［被视为］不可能的事情也是可能的。但是并非绝对如此；因为，正如在诡辩中，如果没有加上条件、参照以及方式，论证就会变得错谬一样，在这里它也会因为可能性并非绝对可能、而只是在特例下才有可能而变得错谬。科拉克斯的"修辞术"便是由这个部目构成的。如果一个人不大可能犯下被指控的罪行，例如，一个身体虚弱的人被指控袭击和殴打别人，他就可以为自己辩护说这是不可能的；但是，就算他有可能犯罪，比如，他身体健壮，他仍然可以说这个罪行是不可

能的，因为由于身体健壮，他显然会被认为有可能犯下此罪［，所以他不会这么做］。在其他情况下也是如此；须知人要么有可能犯过罪，要么没有可能。在这里，两种情况看似同样可能，但一个是绝对可能，另一个则不是绝对可能，而只是在上述条件下才有可能。这就是“让无理的论点看似有理”的意思。正因为如此，人们有理由对［智者］普罗泰哥拉的承诺感到反感；因为那是一个谎言，不具真实的可能性，只有貌似的可能性，在修辞术和诡辩术之外的其他任何技艺中都无法找到。关于真实的和貌似的修辞式推理，我们就讲到这里。

CHAPTER 25

Next to what has been said we must speak of refutation. An argument may be refuted either by a counter-syllogism or by bringing an objection. It is clear that the same topics may furnish counter-syllogisms; for syllogisms are derived from probable materials and many probabilities are contrary to one another. An objection is brought, as shown in the *Topics*, in four ways: it may be derived either from itself, or from what is similar, or from what is contrary, or from what has been decided. In the first case, if for instance the enthymeme was intended to prove that love is good, two objections might be made; either the general statement that all want is bad[71], or in particular, that Caunian love[72] would not have become proverbial, unless some forms of love had been bad. An objection from what is contrary is brought if, for instance, the enthymeme is that the good man does good to all his friends; it may be objected: But the bad man does not do harm [to all his friends]. An objection from what is similar is brought, if the enthymeme is that those who have been injured always hate, by arguing that those who have been benefited do not always love. The fourth kind of objection is derived from the former decisions of well-known men. For instance, if the enthymeme is that one should make allowance for those who are drunk, for their offence is the result of ignorance, it may be objected that Pittacus then is unworthy of commendation, otherwise he would not have laid down severer punishment for a man who commits an offence when drunk.

Now the material of enthymemes is derived from four sources—probabilities, examples, necessary signs, and signs. Conclusions are drawn from probabilities, when based upon things which most commonly occur or seem to occur; from examples, when they are the result of induction from one or more similar cases, and when one assumes the general and then concludes the particular by an example;

from necessary signs, when based upon that which is necessary and ever exists; from signs, when their material is the general or the particular, whether true or not. Now, the probable being not what occurs invariably but only for the most part, it is evident that enthymemes of this character can always be refuted by bringing an objection. But the objection is often only apparent, not real; for he who brings the objection endeavors to show, not that the argument is not probable, but that it is not necessary. Wherefore, by the employment of this fallacy, the defendant always has an advantage over the accuser. For since the latter always bases his proof upon probabilities, and it is not the same thing to show that an argument is not probable as to show that it is not necessary, and that which is only true for the most part is always liable to objection [otherwise it would not be probable, but constant and necessary],—then the judge thinks, if the refutation is made in this manner, either that the argument is not probable, or that it is not for him to decide, being deceived by the fallacy, as we have just indicated. For his judgment must not rest upon necessary arguments alone, but also upon probabilities; for this is what is meant by deciding according to the best of one's judgment. It is therefore not enough to refute an argument by showing that it is not necessary; it must also be shown that it is not probable. This will be attained if the objection itself is specially based upon what happens generally. This may take place in two ways, from consideration either of the time or of the facts. The strongest objections are those in which both are combined; for a thing is more probable, the greater the number of similar cases.

Signs and enthymemes based upon signs, even if true, may be refuted in the manner previously stated; for it is clear from the *Analytics* that no sign can furnish a logical conclusion. As for enthymemes derived from examples, they may be refuted in the same manner as probabilities. For if we have a single fact that contradicts the opponent's example, the argument is refuted as not being necessary, even though examples, more in number and of more common

occurrence, are otherwise; but if the majority and greater frequency of examples is on the side of the opponent, we must contend either that the present example is not similar to those cited by him, or that the thing did not take place in the same way, or that there is some difference. But necessary signs and the enthymemes derived from them cannot be refuted on the ground of not furnishing a logical conclusion, as is clear from the *Analytics*; the only thing that remains is to prove that the thing alleged is non-existent. But if it is evident that it is true and that it is a necessary sign, the argument at once becomes irrefutable; for, by means of demonstration, everything at once becomes clear.

第二十五章

接下来我们讲讲反驳。针对一个论证，我们既可以通过相反的三段论来反驳，也可以通过提出异议来反驳。显然，相同的部目可以构成相反的三段论，因为三段论来自或然的素材，而很多或然性之间会彼此抵触。异议，如《部目篇》中所讲，可以通过四种方式提出，即可以从自身、类似的事情、相反的事情或者从已经认定的事实中提出。第一，例如，如果有人使用修辞式推理来证明“爱情是好的”，我们可以提出两种异议：既可以做一般的论述，说所有欲望都是坏的；亦可以做具体的论述，说如果不是因为有些爱情是不好的，考尼俄斯式的爱情就不会成为话柄。［第二，］从相反的事情中提出异议。例如，如果某个修辞式推理说“好人为所有朋友做好事”，我们可以这样提出异议：但是坏人并不是对（所有朋友）都干坏事。［第三，］从类似的事情提出异议。［例如，］如果某个修辞式推理是“受伤害者永远心怀仇恨”，我们可以这样反驳：受益者并不都是满怀爱意。第四种方式是从名人所做的裁决提出异议。例如，如果某个修辞式推理是“应该包容醉酒之人，因为他们犯罪是出于无知”，我们可以提出这样的异议：［那样的话，］庇塔科斯就不值得称赞了；如果值得称赞的话，他就不应该制定严惩醉酒肇事者［的法律］。

修辞式推理的素材有四个来源，即或然之事、例子、必然的证据和［或然的］证据。我们可以从或然性中得出结论，如果依据是最常发生或者似乎最常发生的事情。我们也可以从例子中得出结论，如果这些例子是从一个或多个类似案例归纳得来；或者如果我们先假定一般，再从一个例子推出个别。我们还可以从必然的证据中得出结论，如果建立在必然而且一直存在的事情之上。我们亦可以从［或然的］证据得出结论，无论其素材是一般还是特殊，是真实还是不真实。既然或然之事并不总是发生，只是多数情况下发生，那么很显然，此类修辞式推理总是可以通过提出异议的方式来予以驳斥。但是异议经常只是貌似［为真］，而不是确实为真，因为提出异议的人力图证明的不是某个论点不具或然性，而是它不具必然性。因此，凭借这类悖论，被告总比原告占优势。既然后者［原告］总是将其证明建立在或然性之上，既然证明某论点不具或然性和不具必然性不是一回事，既然那些只在多数情况下为

真的事情总是容易被人提出异议（否则它就不是或然的，而是恒久必然的），那么，如果以上述方式进行反驳，裁决者因被悖论所蒙蔽，就会要么认为［原告的］论证不是或然的，要么认为这件事情不应该由他判决，正如我们刚刚说过的。［如果不想被蒙蔽，］他［即裁决者］的判决不应该仅仅依靠必然的论点，而且要考虑各种或然之事；这才是“竭尽自己的理解能力来判案”的意思。因此，仅仅通过证明不是必然如此来反驳一个论点是不够的，还必须证明该论点也不是或然的。如果异议本身是建立在普遍发生的事情之上，那么我们就可以实现这一点［即充分驳斥一个论点］。［提出建立在普遍发生的事情之上的异议］可以采取两种方式：考虑时间和考虑事实。将二者相结合的异议最有分量，因为类似的事情越多，一件事就越有可能。

［或然的］证据和基于［或然］证据的修辞式推理，即使是真实的，也可以被人用上述方法反驳；因为从《分析篇》中可以显见，任何［或然的］证据都无法推出符合逻辑的结论。至于建立在例子之上的修辞式推理，可以用反驳或然性论据的方法来予以驳斥。这是因为，只要我们有一个事例与对方的例子相反，就足以反驳对方的论点，说它不是必然的，尽管对方拥有更多、更常见的例子会于其有利；但是如果绝大多数例子以及更常见的例子都是对对手有利的，那么我们就应该辩称当前的例子和他所举的例子并不相似，或者当前的例子与他所说的例子发生的方式不同，或者说存在其他差异。不过，必然的证据及从中得出的修辞式推理不能通过说对方没有得出符合逻辑的结论来反驳，这一点从《分析篇》一书中可以看出。［面对这种情况，］只剩下一招，即证明所指控之事并不存在。但是如果很显然某事是真实的，而且有必然的证据，那么有关的论点马上就成了不可辩驳的了，因为通过明示，一切即刻一目了然。

CHAPTER 26

Amplification and depreciation are not elements of enthymeme [for I regard element and topic as identical], since element [or topic] is a head under which several enthymemes are included, but they are enthymemes which serve to show that a thing is great or small, just as others serve to show that it is good or bad, just or unjust, or anything else. All these are the materials of syllogisms and enthymemes; so that if none of these is a topic of enthymeme, neither is amplification or depreciation. Nor are enthymemes by which arguments are refuted of a different kind from those by which they are established; for it is clear that demonstration or bringing an objection is the means of refutation. By the first the contrary of the adversary's conclusion is demonstrated; for instance, if he has shown that a thing has happened, his opponent shows that it has not; if he has shown that a thing has not happened, he shows that it has. This, therefore, will not be the difference between them; for both employ the same arguments; they bring forward enthymemes to show that the thing is or that it is not. And the objection is not an enthymeme, but, as I said in the *Topics*, it is stating an opinion which is intended to make it clear that the adversary's syllogism is not logical, or that he has assumed some false premise. Now, since there are three things in regard to speech[73], to which special attention should be devoted, let what has been said suffice for examples, maxims, enthymemes, and what concerns the intelligence generally; for the sources of a supply of arguments and the means of refuting them. It only remains to speak of style and arrangement.

第二十六章

铺陈和贬低不是修辞式推理的要素（我认为要素和部目是一回事），因为要素（或者说部目）包括数个修辞式推理，而它们［即铺陈和贬低］则是被用来证明某事是大还是小的修辞式推理，正如其他的修辞式推理是被用来证明某事是好还是坏，正义还是非正义，等等。所有这些都是三段论和修辞式推理的素材；如果它们都不是修辞式推理的部目，那么铺陈和贬低也不是。用于反驳的修辞式推理与用于立论的修辞式推理并无二致；因为，很显然，明示或者提出异议都是反驳的手段。通过第一种［即明示］，与对方结论相反的结论得以证明；例如，如果一方证明某事发生了，对方就证明该事件并未发生；如果一方证明某事没有发生，对方就证明该事件发生了。因此，这［即明示和提出异议］并不是二者之间［即反驳和立论］的差别，因为它们都运用相同的论证，都搬出修辞式推理来证明某事是或者不是。提出异议并不是修辞式推理，而是，如我在《部目篇》中所讲，陈述一个观点，旨在说明对方的三段论不符合逻辑，或者对方使用了某些错误的前提。既然关于演讲有三件事值得我们特别关注，那么，有关举例、格言、修辞式推理、智力、论证的来源以及反驳的手段等，我们就讲到这里。剩下的就是讨论风格和安排了。

Notes

1 美德的分类参见第一卷第九章。

2 指第一卷的内容。

3 参见第一卷第十一章第107页注2。

4 这句话是预言师卡尔卡斯（Khalkhas）对阿喀琉斯所讲的，“国王”指阿伽门农。

5 这一句的翻译参考了George Kennedy（2007）的英译本：“for only then does it seem that they are done through hybris”（p.119:12）。

6 奥德修斯返乡之后，在经过牧猪奴的住处时，突然遇到四只恶狗袭击，他赶紧扔掉拐杖，蹲在地上。

7 菲罗克拉忒斯（Philocrates），狄摩西尼（Demosthenes）的政敌，属于亲马其顿派。后因政治纷争而流亡，流亡期间被判处死刑。

8 厄尔戈菲罗斯（Ergophilus）和卡利斯提尼斯（Cal-listhenes）都是雅典的将军，都打了败仗，但是雅典人先把卡利斯提尼斯处死，因而“消歇了怒气”，第二天就未判处厄尔戈菲罗斯死刑。

9 独目巨人（Polyp-hemus），海神波塞冬（Poseidon）之子，他将奥德修斯及其同伴囚禁在他居住的山洞，并残害了奥德修斯的几个同伴。后来，奥德修斯弄瞎了独目巨人的眼睛，

并成功逃脱。逃脱之后，奥德修斯特地告诉独目巨人是“掳城者奥德修斯”弄瞎了他的眼睛，好像不告诉他就如同没有惩罚他一样。

10　这句话选自荷马史诗《伊利亚特》，是阿波罗（Apollo）对众神祇所讲的。

11　本章的love作为名词是指“友谊、喜爱之情、关爱之情”，作为动词则是“喜爱、关爱”的意思。

12　搬弄是非的人讲述某人的过失，意味着他们认为那件过失是可耻的。

13　据说欧里庇得斯（Euripides）被派遣出使叙拉古，请求缔结和平友好关系，被对方拒绝。欧里庇得斯说：“叙拉古人（Syracusans）啊，就算是我们如今有求于你们才跟你们结好，你们也不应该拒绝，因为我们赞赏你们。”

14　狄奥尼西奥斯（Dionysius），叙拉古国王，性暴戾，好风雅，曾写过几部悲剧，但受到安提丰等人的嘲笑，故怒而杀人。

15　吕刻昂（Lyceum），古雅典的一个运动场。此处所说的给别人垫子是指送给在吕刻昂投宿的乞丐或流浪者垫子。

16　如果未曾提供过更微小的帮助，那么这次他们提供重大帮助的动机就可能不纯。

17　这句话选自荷马史诗《伊利亚特》。引文中的“他”指特洛伊王子帕里斯的兄弟刻布里俄涅斯（Kebriones）；埃阿斯（Ajax）是古希腊最勇猛的英雄。

18　赫拉克勒斯（He-rcules），古希腊的英雄，曾在欧洲和非洲的尽头建立两根石柱，古希腊人认为石柱标识了大地的边沿。

19　庇塔科斯（Pittacus），古希腊七哲之一。此处所说的警语已失传。

20　开伦（Chilon），古希腊七哲之一。此处所说的格言是“勿过度”。

21　比阿斯（Bias），古希腊七哲之一。

22　老狄奥尼西奥斯（the elder Dionysius），叙拉古暴君狄奥尼西奥斯一世，他二十五岁即成为叙拉古将军，后来又成为国王。他的儿子狄奥尼西奥斯二世则是一个酒色之徒。参见本卷第六章。

23　“好运的各个部分”（Good fortune in its divisions），指前文所说的高贵的出身、财富和权力。

24　参见本卷第十二至十四章（与年龄有关的性格）和第十五至十七章（与命运有关的性格）。

25　参见第一卷第八章。

26　参见第一卷第三章：议政演讲者的目的是阐明利弊，诉讼演讲者的目的是明辨正义或不正义，宣德演讲者的目的是明示光荣和耻辱。

27　分别参见第一卷第四至八章（议政演说）、第九章（宣德演说）和第十至十五章（诉讼演说）。

28　亚里士多德在前文并未明确讨论这个问题。George Kennedy（2007）认为这部分内容与对道德品性的论述（第二卷第十二至十七章）相融合。

29　参见第一卷第九章。

30　参见第一卷第七章。

31　利比亚寓言起源于非洲，多为动物寓言。

32　四类格言是指：第一，广为人知，无须解释的格言；第二，不广为人知但意思直白（同样无须解释）的格言；第三，构成修辞式推理的格言；第四，不是修辞式推理的一部分、但具有修辞式推理属性的格言。

33　孔式警句（Laconic apophthegms），指斯巴达式的句子。据说斯巴达人说话很简明扼要。

34　斯特西科罗斯（Stesichorus）所说警句的意思是，不要太傲慢，否则敌人可能将他们

的城池夷为平地，那样的话知了就只好在地上鸣叫了。

35　这个谚语是说与雅典人为邻，将不得安宁。在古代，雅典人有喜怒无常的坏名声，常常让邻人苦恼不堪。

36　问题的要素（the elements of the question），包括该问题所致之事、该问题的自然属性和逻辑属性以及该问题的相关事实和信息等。

37　参见本卷第二十五章：反驳有两种手段，第一种是反证，即通过反三段论（counter-syllogism）推导出与对方结论相反的结论，从而反驳对方；第二种是提出异议，具体包括指出与对方的观点相左的事件等四个方式。另参见本卷第二十六章关于明示（demonstration）的论述。

38　《墨塞尼阿克斯辞》，参见第一卷第十三章第127页注2。

39　包税制是古希腊的一种税收制度，具体做法是政府把征税权按照“价高者得”的原则，招标拍卖。这种制度其他地区也曾经流行，包括中世纪的欧洲以及阿拉伯世界。

40　参见第一卷第二章的更多更少部目，也称比较部目。

41　这两种论述指前面两个例子所展示的论述，即：第一，如果可能性大的情况不存在，那么可能性小的情况也不存在（神和人的例子）；第二，如果可能性小的情况存在，那么可能性大的情况也存在（父亲和邻居的例子）。

42　忒修斯（Theseus）曾经抢走海伦，海伦的兄弟将其救回；后来，亚历山大（即特洛伊王子帕里斯）也曾抢走海伦。

43　廷达瑞俄斯的儿子们（sons of Tyndareus），指海伦的兄弟，他们从忒修斯处救走海伦的时候，同时抢走了忒修斯的母亲。

44　这里亚里士多德并没有明确给出这个例子，或者流传过程中被遗漏了。

45　阿里斯托芬（Arist-ophon）控告伊菲克拉底（Iphicrates）在某次战役中出卖舰队，按兵不动；但是据说实情是当时风浪太大，无法作战。后来伊菲克拉底被判无罪。

46　亚里斯泰迪斯（Aristides），古希腊政治家，以为人正直著称。

47　在该演说中波吕克拉底（Polycrates）旨在赞颂特洛伊王子帕里斯（也名亚历山大），而不是亚历山大大帝。

48　阿刻拉俄斯（Arc-helaus），马其顿的国王。尽管他经常滥施恩德，但是苏格拉底并不喜欢他。他某次邀请苏格拉底前来，准备施以恩德，但是苏格拉底认为因自己将无以回报，这种邀请只会使自己陷入窘境。从这个意义上讲，这种邀请就是一种羞辱。

49　指塞奥德克泰斯为苏格拉底申辩的演说辞。

50　卡利波斯，伊索克拉底的学生，编有一本《修辞术手册》。

51　盐沼地是用来晒盐的低洼沼泽地。在古希腊时代，作为日用必需品，盐是宝贵的，而沼泽地无疑是不好的。连盐沼地一起买，意思是好的和坏的一起买。

52　用于劝阻的事情对当事人没有好处，被告可以据此称自己不可能做这样的事，从而为自己辩护；用于劝说的事情对当事人有好处，原告可以据此称对方可能做这样的事，从而指控对方。

53　在古希腊时代，雅典人把叛徒的名字刻在卫城上。色拉西布洛斯（Thrasybulus）指控勒俄达马斯曾是叛徒，说他的名字曾被刻在卫城上，在三十暴君掌权时被他自己擦掉了。勒俄达马斯反驳说，如果自己真的曾经是叛徒，就不会擦掉名字，因为保留名字反而能让三十暴君更信任他。

54　琉科忒亚（Leucothea），本是凡人，后投海幻化成海上的神。

55　美狄亚，伊阿宋的妻子，因丈夫另娶他人而想报仇。在欧力庇得斯的悲剧《美狄亚》中，她杀死了自己与伊阿宋所生的两个儿子；但是在此处提及的卡耳喀诺斯（Carcinus）的悲剧中，她并未杀死儿子。

56　忒俄多洛斯（Theodorus），此处指古希腊的一位修辞学家，曾编纂修辞术著作，第三卷第十一、十三和十四章也曾提到他。第三卷第二和第十一章提到了同名的另外一个人，是古希腊的一位悲剧演员。参见各处的加译。

57　这句话选自索福克勒斯的悲剧，用来形容一个铁石心肠的女人，她的名字和希腊语中“铁”的发音相近。

58　色拉西布洛斯，名字的意思就是“勇于提建议的人”，塞拉西马柯（Thrasymachus）的名字则意为“勇于战斗”。

59　德拉古（Draco），与希腊语中的drakon（蛇）相近。

60　彭透斯（Pentheus），和希腊语中“忧愁”一词发音相似。

61　伟大母亲（Great　Mother），指希腊神话中的大自然女神库柏勒（Kybele）；潘并不是狗，而是库柏勒的侍者，所以众神称潘为狗。

62　赫尔墨斯（Hermes）是幸运之神，而common一词对应的希腊语单词有“慷慨大方”和“好交往”两个意思。

63　希腊语的λόγου一词有“言语”和“考虑、敬重”两个意思。

64　比雷埃夫斯（Pira-eus），希腊的海港城市。

65　伯罗奔尼撒战争之后，雅典建立了亲斯巴达的寡头政府，30个寡头执掌政权，实施暴政，迫害异己。后来流亡将领色拉西布洛斯废黜了这30个寡头，推翻了他们的独裁统治。之后，色拉西布洛斯要求得到30倍的奖励，因为他推翻了30个暴君。

66　俄瑞斯忒斯（Ore-stes）的父亲被母亲杀死，他为父报仇，杀死了母亲。

67　哈摩狄俄斯（Har-modius）和阿里斯托格通（Aristogiton）是雅典的一对同性恋人，为反抗压迫刺杀了僭主希庇阿斯的兄弟希帕科斯（Hipparchus）。虽然这个偶然事件对城邦有利，但其出发点只是一起私人纠纷。

68　亚述人进攻埃及时，一天晚上，一大群老鼠涌进亚述人的营地，咬坏了他们的箭筒、弓箭和盾牌把手，导致亚述人第二天不得不撤兵。

69　这种谬误是把原本不可逆的命题认定为可逆的命题。例如，把“高傲者好独处”这一命题反过来说成“独居者就是高傲者”。

70　科拉克斯（Corax），修辞术的奠基人，他编写的《修辞术课本》是古希腊最早的修辞术著作。

71　爱情亦是一种欲望，所以和其他欲望一样，都是不好的。

72　考尼俄斯式的爱情（Caunian love），指不伦之爱，源于希腊神话中考尼俄斯对其姐妹的欲念。

73　这“三件事”指证明的来源、风格和安排，参见第三卷第一章。

BOOK III

CHAPTER 1

There are three things which require special attention in regard to speech: first, the sources of proofs; secondly, style; and thirdly, the arrangement of the parts of the speech. We have already spoken of proofs and stated that they are three in number, what is their nature, and why there are only three;[1] for in all cases persuasion is the result either of the judges themselves being affected in a certain manner, or because they consider the speakers to be of a certain character, or because something has been demonstrated. We have also stated the sources from which enthymemes should be derived—some of them being special[2], the others general commonplaces[3].

We have therefore next to speak of style; for it is not sufficient to know what one ought to say, but one must also know how to say it, and this largely contributes to making the speech appear of a certain character. In the first place, following the natural order, we investigated that which first presented itself—what gives things themselves their persuasiveness; in the second place, their arrangement by style; and in the third place, delivery, which is of the greatest importance but has not yet been treated of by anyone. In fact, it only made its appearance late in tragedy and rhapsody, for at first the poets themselves acted their tragedies. It is clear, therefore, that there is something of the sort in rhetoric as well as in poetry, and it has been dealt with by Glaucon of Teos among others. Now delivery is a matter of voice, as to the mode in which it should be used for each particular emotion; when it should be loud, when low, when intermediate; and how the tones, that is, shrill, deep, and intermediate, should be used; and what rhythms are adapted to each subject. For there are three qualities that are considered—volume, harmony, rhythm. Those who use these properly nearly always carry off the prizes in dramatic contests, and as at the present day actors have greater influence on the stage than the poets, it is the same in

political contests, owing to the corruptness of our forms of government.[4] But no treatise has yet been composed on delivery, since the matter of style itself only lately came into notice; and rightly considered it is thought vulgar. But since the whole business of Rhetoric is to influence opinion, we must pay attention to it, not as being right, but necessary; for, as a matter of right, one should aim at nothing more in a speech than how to avoid exciting pain or pleasure. For justice should consist in fighting the case with the facts alone, so that everything else that is beside demonstration is superfluous; nevertheless, as we have just said, it is of great importance owing to the corruption of the hearer. However, in every system of instruction there is some slight necessity to pay attention to style; for it does make a difference, for the purpose of making a thing clear, to speak in this or that manner; still, the difference is not so very great, but all these things are mere outward show for pleasing the hearer; wherefore no one teaches geometry in this way.

Now, when delivery comes into fashion, it will have the same effect as acting. Some writers have attempted to say a few words about it, as Thrasymachus, in his *Eleoi*; and in fact, a gift for acting is a natural talent and depends less upon art, but in regard to style it is artificial. Wherefore people who excel in this in their turn obtain prizes, just as orators who excel in delivery; for written speeches owe their effect not so much to the sense as to the style.

The poets, as was natural, were the first to give an impulse to style; for words are imitations, and the voice also, which of all our parts is best adapted for imitation, was ready to hand; thus the arts of the rhapsodists, actors, and others, were fashioned. And as the poets, although their utterances were devoid of sense, appeared to have gained their reputation through their style, it was a poetical style that first came into being, as that of Gorgias[5]. Even now the majority of the uneducated think that such persons express themselves most beautifully, whereas this is not the case, for the style of prose is not the same as that of poetry. And the result proves it; for even the

writers of tragedies do not employ it in the same manner, but as they have changed from the tetrametric to the iambic meter, because the latter, of all other meters, most nearly resembles prose, they have in like manner discarded all such words as differ from those of ordinary conversation, with which the early poets used to adorn their writings, and which even now are employed by the writers of hexameters. It is therefore ridiculous to imitate those who no longer employ that manner of writing. Consequently, it is evident that we need not enter too precisely into all questions of style, but only those which concern such a style as we are discussing. As for the other kind of style, it has already been treated in the *Poetics*.

第三卷

第一章

关于演说，有三点需要特别注意：第一，［或然式］证明的来源；第二，风格；第三，演说各部分的安排。我们已经讲完了证明，阐明了它们可分为三种，它们的性质是什么，以及为什么只有三种；须知在所有案件中，说服都产生于以下三种情况：要么是因为裁决人自己受到某种影响，要么是因为他们认为演说者具有某种品格，要么是因为某事已得到证明。我们还讲了用于推导修辞式推理的题材［即部目］——有些是专有的，其他则是通用的。

因此，我们接下来要讲风格；因为仅仅知道应该说什么是不够的，还必须知道怎么说，这在很大程度上能使演说显得独具特色。首先，按照自然的顺序，我们已经探讨了位列第一的问题——是什么使事物本身具有说服力；第二，［我们将探讨如何］根据风格来安排这些素材；第三，［我们还将探讨］朗诵［技巧］，这是最重要的，但是至今还没有人研究过。其实，朗诵最近才出现在悲剧［演出］和史诗诵读中，因为最早都是诗人亲自表演自己创作的悲剧［，所以长期都没有专业的演员和关于朗诵表演的研究］。因此很明显，演讲术和诗艺中都有朗诵的成分，忒俄斯人格劳孔以及其他一些人已经讨论过这一点。朗诵涉及声音的运用，比如应该使用何种声音表达何种情绪；何时大声，何时小声，何时用适中的声音；如何使用尖锐、低沉和适中等各种音调；以及针对各种题材应该使用何种节奏。［声音］有三个特质需要注意——音量、音高和节奏。能够娴熟地运用这三点的人几乎总能够在戏剧比赛中获奖，而且正如现在演员在台上的影响比［创作戏剧的］诗人要大，在政治角逐中也是如此，这源于我们的政体中存在的缺陷。但是，迄今还没有人写过关于朗诵的专著，因为风格问题本身也只是刚刚引起人们的注意；另外，朗诵理当被视为庸俗的［技艺］。但是，既然修辞术的全部任务就是影响［听众的］判断，那么我们就必须关注朗诵技巧，不是因为理应如此，而是因为必须如此。若论理应与否，那么我们在演讲中最应该致力于避免激发［听众的］痛苦或喜乐，而不是其他。这是因为正义应该体现在仅仅依靠事实就案件进行论争，所以除了证明之外的其他

任何说辞都是多余的；但是，如前所述，由于听众［自身］的缺陷，朗诵技巧［对于演说］是非常重要的。总之，在各个讲授方法中，都有关注风格的些许必要；要知道为了澄清一件事，是采取这种方式还是那种方式进行演说的确会产生区别；不过，区别并不太大，而且所有这些都纯属外在的表演，旨在取悦听众；所以不会有人用这种方式教授几何学。

朗诵开始流行后，会产生和表演一样的效果。有些［修辞学著作的］编纂者曾经论及朗诵，比如［智者］塞拉西马柯在他的《论怜悯》中的尝试；其实，表演才能是一种天赋，对技巧的依赖较少，但是［表演的］风格则有技巧的成分。因此，擅长此道的人就会获得奖赏，正如善于朗诵的演讲者一样，因为对书面讲稿而言，［所阐述的］意义所产生的影响并不像［演说］风格的影响那么强。

诗人是最早促使风格形成的人，这是很自然的事情；须知语词就是模仿，而声音在我们的所有官能中最适宜模仿，且是现成的模仿工具；游吟诗人、演员及其他人的技艺便是这样形成的。虽然诗人的语言缺少内容，但是其风格却似乎为他们赢得了声誉，所以首先出现的是诗歌化的风格，比如高尔吉亚的风格。甚至到现在，大多数未受过教育的人仍然认为这类［使用诗歌化风格的］人的表达非常华丽。然而事实并非如此，因为散文的风格与诗歌的风格迥然不同。［文体风格演变的］结果证明了这一点：如今连悲剧作家都不再照原样采用这种［诗化］风格了，正如他们从四双音步长短格转向了短长格音步（因为在所有音步中，后者最贴近散文），他们也同样摒弃了所有那些不同于人们日常会话用词的词汇，早期的诗人便是用这些［非日常用］词汇装饰自己的作品的，现在六步格诗歌的作家也还在沿用。这样说来，作家们自己都已经不再使用的写作方式，其他人还要去模仿，就很可笑了。总之，可以显见，我们无需深入探究有关风格的所有问题，只需考虑与我们正在讨论的风格［即散文的风格、演说的风格］相关的问题就好了。至于另一种风格［即诗歌化的风格］，《诗学》中已经讲过了。

CHAPTER 2

Let this suffice for the consideration of these points. In regard to style, one of its chief merits may be defined as perspicuity. This is shown by the fact that the speech, if it does not make the meaning clear, will not perform its proper function; neither must it be mean, nor above the dignity of the subject, but appropriate to it; for the poetic style may be is not mean, but it is not appropriate to prose. Of nouns and verbs it is the proper ones that make style perspicuous; all the others which have been spoken of in the *Poetics* elevate and make it ornate; for departure from the ordinary makes it appear more dignified. In this respect men feel the same in regard to style as in regard to foreigners and fellow-citizens. Wherefore we should give our language a "foreign air"; for men admire what is remote, and that which excites admiration is pleasant. In poetry many things conduce to this and there it is appropriate; for the subjects and persons spoken of are more out of the common. But in prose such methods are appropriate in much fewer instances, for the subject is less elevated; and even in poetry, if fine language were used by a slave or a very young man, or about quite unimportant matters, it would be hardly becoming; for even here due proportion consists in contraction and amplification as the subject requires. Wherefore those who practise this artifice must conceal it and avoid the appearance of speaking artificially instead of naturally; for that which is natural persuades, but the artificial does not. For men become suspicious of one whom they think to be laying a trap for them, as they are of mixed wines. Such was the case with the voice of Theodorus as contrasted with that of the rest of the actors; for his seemed to be the voice of the speaker, that of the others the voice of someone else. Art is cleverly concealed when the speaker chooses his words from ordinary language and puts them together like Euripides, who was the first to show the way.

Nouns and verbs being the components of speech, and nouns being of

the different kinds which have been considered in the *Poetics*, of these we should use strange, compound[6], or coined words only rarely and in few places. We will state later in what places they should be used;[7] the reason for this has already been mentioned, namely, that it involves too great a departure from suitable language. Proper and appropriate words and metaphors are alone to be employed in the style of prose; this is shown by the fact that no one employs anything but these. For all use metaphors in conversation, as well as proper and appropriate words; wherefore it is clear that, if a speaker manages well, there will be some thing "foreign" about his speech, while possibly the art may not be detected, and his meaning will be clear. And this, as we have said, is the chief merit of rhetorical language. [In regard to nouns, homonyms are most useful to the sophist, for it is by their aid that he employs captious arguments, and synonyms to the poet. Instances of words that are both proper and synonymous are "going" and "walking": for these two words are proper and have the same meaning.]

It has already been stated, as we have said, in the *Poetics*, what each of these things is, how many kinds of metaphor there are, and that it is most important both in poetry and in prose. But the orator must devote the greater attention to them in prose, since the latter has fewer resources than verse. It is metaphor above all that gives perspicuity, pleasure, and a foreign air, and it cannot be learnt from anyone else; but we must make use of metaphors and epithets[8] that are appropriate. This will be secured by observing due proportion; otherwise there will be a lack of propriety, because it is when placed in juxtaposition that contraries are most evident. We must consider, as a red cloak suits a young man, what suits an old one; for the same garment is not suitable for both. And if we wish to ornament our subject, we must derive our metaphor from the better species under the same genus; if to depreciate it, from the worse. Thus, to say [for you have two opposites belonging to the same genus] that the man who begs prays, or that the man who prays begs [for both are forms of

asking] is an instance of doing this;[9] as, when Iphicrates called Callias a mendicant priest instead of a torch-bearer, Callias replied that Iphicrates himself could not be initiated, otherwise he would not have called him mendicant priest but torch-bearer; both titles indeed have to do with a divinity, but the one is honorable, the other dishonorable. And some call actors flatterers of Dionysus, whereas they call themselves "artists."[10] Both these names are metaphors, but the one is a term of abuse, the other the contrary. Similarly, pirates now call themselves purveyors; and so it is allowable to say that the man who has committed a crime has "made a mistake," that the man who has "made a mistake" is "guilty of crime", and that one who has committed a theft has either "taken" or "ravaged." The saying in the *Telephus* of Euripides, "Ruling over the oar and having landed in Mysia," is inappropriate, because the word ruling exceeds the dignity of the subject, and so the artifice can be seen. Forms of words also are faulty, if they do not express an agreeable sound; for instance, Dionysius the Brazen in his elegiacs speaks of poetry as "the scream of Calliope[11];" both are sounds, but the metaphor is bad, because the sounds have no meaning.

Further, metaphors must not be far-fetched, but we must give names to things that have none by deriving the metaphor from what is akin and of the same kind, so that, as soon as it is uttered, it is clearly seen to be akin, as in the famous enigma, "I saw a man who glued bronze with fire upon another." There was no name for what took place, but as in both cases there is a kind of application, he called the application of the cupping-glass gluing. And, generally speaking, clever enigmas furnish good metaphors; for metaphor is a kind of enigma, so that it is clear that the transference is clever. Metaphors should also be derived from things that are beautiful, the beauty of a word consisting, as Licymnius[12] says, in its sound or sense, and its ugliness in the same. There is a third condition, which refutes the sophistical argument; for it is not the case, as Bryson said, that no one ever uses foul language, if the meaning is the same whether this or

that word is used; this is false; for one word is more proper than another, more of a likeness, and better suited to putting the matter before the eyes. Further, this word or that does not signify a thing under the same conditions; thus for this reason also it must be admitted that one word is fairer or fouler than the other. Both, indeed, signify what is fair or foul, but not qua fair or foul; or if they do, it is in a greater or less degree. Metaphors therefore should be derived from what is beautiful either in sound, or in signification, or to sight, or to some other sense. For it does make a difference, for instance, whether one says "rosy-fingered morn," rather than "purple-fingered," or, what is still worse, "red-fingered."

As for epithets, they may be applied from what is vile or disgraceful, for instance, "the matricide," or from what is more honorable, for instance, "the avenger of his father."[13] When the winner in a mule-race offered Simonides a small sum, he refused to write an ode, as if he thought it beneath him to write on half-asses; but when he gave him a sufficient amount, he wrote, "Hail, daughters of storm-footed steeds!" and yet they were also the daughters of asses[14]. Further, the use of diminutives[15] amounts to the same. It is the diminutive which makes the good and the bad appear less, as Aristophanes in the *Babylonians* jestingly uses "goldlet, cloaklet, affrontlet, diseaselet" instead of "gold, cloak, affront, disease." But one must be careful to observe the due mean in their use as well as in that of epithets.

第二章

关于以上各点，我们就说到这里。说回风格，它的一个主要优点可定义为明晰。这体现在一篇演说如果意思表达得不清楚，就无法发挥应有的作用上；它［即风格］既不应该太平实，也不应该超出题材的庄严性，而是应该力求适切；须知诗化风格也许并不平淡，却不适合散文。在名词和动词中，只有普通词语才能使风格明晰；《诗学》中讲到的所有其他词语［即非普通词语］都会提升［风格］，使之华美；须知偏离常见词语会使风格显得更加庄严。在这方面，人们对风格的感觉就像对外地人和本地人的感觉一样。因此，我们应该使自己的语言具有一种“异域情调”，因为人们仰慕远方的东西，而能够激发仰慕之情的东西是令人愉悦的。在诗歌创作中，很多东西都可以帮助实现这一点，而且对诗歌而言这也是适宜的，因为诗歌所讲的题材和人物是超越平凡的。可是在散文［即演说］中，适合这些方法的情况就少得多，因为［散文的］题材拔得没有那么高；而且即使是在诗歌中，假如华美的语言出自奴隶或很年轻的人之口，或者讲述的是相当琐碎的事情，也很难做到相宜；因为即使在诗歌中，为求适合，也需要根据题材压低或拔高［风格］。因此，运用这种技巧的人必须把它遮掩起来，以免说话显得矫揉造作，而非语出自然；须知自然的东西才有说服力，矫揉造作的则没有。因为人们会怀疑在他们看来给他们设圈套的人，就像怀疑酒里掺了水一样。［演员］忒俄多洛斯的声音有别于其他演员的声音，就是这种情况［，即因自然而有说服力］；他的声音就像是［剧中］说话人的声音，而其他演员的声音则像别的什么人的声音。演讲者如果像欧里庇得斯一样从日常语言中选取词汇，将它们组合在一起，就可以巧妙地遮掩技巧。欧里庇得斯开了这方面的先河。

名词和动词是构成话语的成分，名词的不同种类在《诗学》里已经讲过。在这些不同种类的名词中，奇词、双字复合词或新创词只能在很少的场合偶尔使用。我们稍后会讲在什么场合应该使用这些词；至于原因，前面已经讲过了，即这类词语过度偏离适中的语言。在散文风格中，只有普通的、本义的词语和隐喻才合用。这一点体现在除此之外没有人使用其他词汇和隐喻上。这是因为所有人都会在对话中不仅使用普通的和本义的词语，而且使用隐喻；因此，很明显，如果一个演讲者能

够拿捏得当，他的演讲就会带上一些“异域”情调，而且他的技巧还可能不被［听众］发觉，他的意思也会清楚明了。这一点，如前所述，恰是修辞性语言最主要的优点。（在各类名词中，同形异义词对诡辩家最有用，因为诡辩家正是借助同形异义词才能抛出诡辩的论证，而同义词对诗人最有用。比如，going和walking就既是普通词又是同义词，因为二者皆普遍使用，且意思相同［，即都是“走”的意思］。）

如前所述，《诗学》里面已经讲过各种词语分别指什么，隐喻有多少种类，还提到隐喻在诗歌和散文中都非常重要。不过，散文中的隐喻运用尤其需要演说者多加注意，因为可供后者［即散文］使用的［隐喻］资源比韵文［即诗歌］要少。隐喻比其他任何手段都更能使风格明晰、愉悦和富有异域情调，而且隐喻手法是无法向别人学习的；不过，我们在使用隐喻和附加描述词时应求其适合。要把握这一点，需要依循匀称的比例，否则就会显得不恰当，因为［在隐喻中］两件事并列在一起时对立是非常明显的。［比如，］红斗篷适合年轻人，至于什么适合老年人就需要斟酌，因为同一件斗篷不会同时适合这两者。如果我们想赞美某个主题，就应该从同类事物中较好的那个提取隐喻；如果想贬低［某个主题］，就［应该从同类事物中］较差的那个［提取隐喻］。举个例子（因为同一个类别中会有两个对立体），既可以说乞讨者在祈祷，也可以说祈祷者在乞讨（因为二者都是请求的方式）。再比如，伊菲克拉底称卡利阿斯为化缘祭司，而不是火炬祭司；卡利阿斯则回敬说，伊菲克拉底本人一定未被［教会］接受，否则他就不会称自己为化缘祭司而是火炬祭司了。这两个称呼都与圣职有关，但是一个［即火炬祭司］是光荣的，另一个［即化缘祭司］则是不光荣的。再比如，有些人把演员称为狄俄尼索斯的奉承者，演员们却称自己为“艺术家”。这两个称呼都是隐喻，但是第一个是侮辱性的，第二个则相反。与此相似，海盗现在自称为“物资筹备者”；同样，我们可以说一个犯罪的人“犯了错”，也可以说一个犯错的人“犯了罪”；而一个窃贼既可以说是“拿了东西”，也可以说是“抢了东西”。欧里庇得斯的［悲剧］《忒勒福斯》中所说的“他主宰着船桨，在密细亚登陆”是不恰当的，因为“主宰”这个词超过了题材的庄严度，［剧作家的］手法也因此被暴露。词汇的形式如果没有悦耳的声音相伴，也是一种缺陷；比如，青铜诗人狄奥尼西奥斯在他的碑铭体诗中把诗歌称作“卡利俄珀的尖叫”；虽然两者［即尖叫和诗歌］都发出声音，但是这个隐喻却很蹩脚，因为尖叫的声音是毫无意义

的。

另外，隐喻一定不能牵强；给没有名字的东西命名时要从同类相近的东西中提取隐喻，如此一来，这个名字一经说出口，人们就可以清楚地看出它与所命名的东西相近，比如那则有名的谜语：“我看到一个人用火把铜黏贴到另一个人身上。”这个动作［本来］是没有名字的，但是两者［即谜面和谜底所指的事情］都包含敷贴动作，所以拔火罐被称作黏贴。一般而言，巧妙的谜语都包含很好的隐喻；因为隐喻就是一种谜语，其中的转义显而易见是巧妙的。隐喻还应当从美好的事物中提取，而词汇的美好，正如利铿尼俄斯所言，在于其声音或意义；词汇的丑陋也在于此。还有第三点［需要注意］，这一点可用来驳斥诡辩论的说法：事实并非像［诡辩论者］布律宋所说，没有人会说丑陋的话，只要意思相同，用这个词或那个词都可以。这个说法是错误的，因为［在两个词当中］一定有一个比另一个更合适，更与事物相配，更能将其呈现在我们眼前。而且，这个词或那个词并不是在同样的情形下指代同一个事物；正因如此，我们必须承认一个词会比另一个词更美或者更丑。诚然，两个词都可以表示美或丑的东西，但并非只表示美丑；即使是，也有程度高低之分。因此，隐喻应当从具有声音美或意义美或能引起视觉或其他感官上的美感的东西中提取。比如，说“玫瑰色手指的曙光女神”比说“紫色手指的［曙光女神］”的确要好，比说“红色手指的［曙光女神］”更要好得多。

至于附加描述词，它们的使用可以着眼于邪恶的或可耻的意义，比如“弑母者”；也可以着眼于荣耀的意义，比如“为父报仇者”。［再比如，］当骡车竞赛的获胜者给［诗人］西摩尼得斯的钱很少时，西摩尼得斯就拒绝为他写颂诗，好像他觉得吟咏“半驴”有失身份似的；但是当那个获胜者给他的钱足够多时，他就写道：“为你欢呼，风驰电掣般的良驹的女儿！”，尽管它们［即骡子］还是驴的女儿。此外，使用指小词也可以达到同样的效果。正是指小词使事物显得没有那么好，或没有那么坏，比如阿里斯多芬尼斯在［喜剧］《巴比伦人》中诙谐地使用“小金币、小斗篷、小嘲弄、小病痛”代替“金币、斗篷、嘲弄、病痛”。但是，使用它们［即指小词］和附加描述词的时候，一定要小心把握分寸。

CHAPTER 3

Frigidity of style arises from four causes: first, the use of compound words, as when Lycophron speaks of the "many-faced sky of the mighty-topped earth," "narrow-passaged shore"; and Gorgias of "a begging-poet flatterer," "those who commit perjury and those who swear right solemnly." And as Alcidamas says, "the soul full of anger and the face fire-colored," "he thought that their zeal would be end-accomplishing," "he made persuasive words end-accomplishing," and "the azure-colored floor of the sea," for all these appear poetical because they are compound.

This is one cause of frigidity; another is the use of strange words; as Lycophron calls Xerxes "a monster of a man," Sciron "a human scourge"; and Alcidamas says "plaything in poetry," "the audaciousness of nature," "whetted with unmitigated wrath of thought."

A third cause is the use of epithets that are either long or unseasonable or too crowded; thus, in poetry it is appropriate to speak of white milk, but in prose it is less so; and if epithets are employed to excess, they reveal the art and make it evident that it is poetry. And yet such may be used to a certain extent, since it removes the style from the ordinary and gives a "foreign" air. But one must aim at the mean, for neglect to do so does more harm than speaking at random; for a random style lacks merit, but excess is vicious. That is why the style of Alcidamas appears frigid; for he uses epithets not as a seasoning but as a regular dish, so crowded, so long, and so glaring are they. For instance, he does not say "sweat" but "damp sweat"; not "to the Isthmian games[16]" but "to the solemn assembly of the Isthmian games"; not "laws", but "the laws, the rulers of states"; not "running", but "with a race-like impulse of the soul"; not "museum", but "having taken up the museum of nature"; and "the scowling anxiety of the soul"; "creator", not "of favor", but "all-popular favor"; and "dispenser of the pleasure of the hearers"; "he hid," not "with branches," but "with

the branches of the forest"; "he covered," not "his body," but "the nakedness of his body." He also calls desire "counter-initiative of the soul"—an expression which is at once compound and an epithet, so that it becomes poetry—and "the excess of his depravity so beyond all bounds." Hence those who employ poetic language by their lack of taste make the style ridiculous and frigid, and such idle chatter produces obscurity; for when words are piled upon one who already knows, it destroys perspicuity by a cloud of verbiage. People use compound words, when a thing has no name and the word is easy to combine, as χρονοτριβε῾ν, to pass time; but if the practice is abused, the style becomes entirely poetical. This is why compound words are especially employed by dithyrambic poets, who are full of noise; strange words by epic poets, for they imply dignity and self-assertion; metaphor to writers of iambics, who now employ them, as we have stated.

The fourth cause of frigidity of style is to be found in metaphors; for metaphors also are inappropriate, some because they are ridiculous—for the comic poets also employ them—others because they are too dignified and somewhat tragic; and if they are farfetched, they are obscure, as when Gorgias says: "Affairs pale and bloodless"; "you have sown shame and reaped misfortune"; for this is too much like poetry. And as Alcidamas calls philosophy "a bulwark of the laws," and the *Odyssey* "a beautiful mirror of human life," and "introducing no such plaything in poetry." All these expressions fail to produce persuasion, for the reasons stated. As for what Gorgias said to the swallow which, flying over his head, let fall her droppings upon him, it was in the best tragic style. He exclaimed, "Fie, for shame, Philomela[17]!"; for there would have been nothing in this act disgraceful for a bird, whereas it would have been for a young lady. The reproach therefore was appropriate, addressing her as she was, not as she is.

第三章

风格的呆板是由四种原因造成的：第一，使用双字复合词，比如吕科佛戎的“崇山峻岭上的多面孔的天空”、“通道狭窄的海岸”，还有高尔吉亚的“乞丐诗人一样的奉承者”、“那些假惺惺赌咒的人和那些正儿八经发誓的人”。再比如阿尔西达麦的“充满愤怒的灵魂和烈火般颜色的面庞”，“他以为他们的热诚是会实现目标的”，“他使劝说的话变得目标明确”，以及“天蓝色的海底”。所有这些表达都运用了双字复合词，所以听起来像诗歌。

这是［风格］呆板的原因之一；另一个原因是使用奇词，比如吕科佛戎称薛西斯为“人怪”，称斯喀戎为“瘟人”；再比如阿尔西达麦说的“诗歌中的玩物”、“大自然的孟浪”、“被思想的强烈愤怒所磨砺”。

第三个原因是使用的附加描述词太长、不合时宜或者太滥。因此，在诗歌中说“白色的牛奶”是适宜的，但是在散文中就不那么恰当；而且如果附加描述词使用过度，就会暴露手法，让人一眼就觉察这是诗歌。不过，附加词还是可以适度地使用的，因为这样可以使风格超脱平凡，带上“异域”情调。但是我们必须力求适中，因为流于疏忽比信口开河还要有害；要知道随意的风格只是无益，而过度的雕琢却是有害。这就是为什么阿尔西达麦的风格显得呆板，因为他不是把附加描述词作为调料使用，而是当作主菜，显得格外拥挤、格外冗长、格外刺眼。比如，他不说“汗水”，而说“潮湿的汗水”；不说“赴伊斯米亚运动会”，而说“赴伊斯米亚运动会的庄严集会”；不说“法律”，而说“法律，城邦的统治者”；不说“跑”，而说“灵魂的飞速冲动”；不说“博物馆”，而说“承载了大自然的博物馆”；还说“灵魂的愁眉不展的焦虑”；不说“恩惠的创造者”，而说“全民恩惠的创造者”；还有“播撒愉悦给听众的人”；不说“他用树枝掩盖”，而说“他用森林的树枝掩盖”；不说“他遮住身体”，而说“他遮住身体的赤裸”。他还把欲望叫做“灵魂的反创造力”——这个说法既是双字复合词，又是附加描述词，直奔诗歌风格——更不用说“过度的邪恶超过了所有局限”［这样的说法］了。总之，因没有品味而滥用诗化语言的人会使风格笨拙呆板，这种徒劳的唠叨只会使意思模糊不清；要知道听者已经懂了，你却还要堆砌词藻，这只会［给语言］蒙上一层赘语的阴云，破坏明晰。如果一件东西没有名字，而［相关的］字又比较好复合，人

们就会使用双字复合词，比如χρονοτριβεῖν“消磨时间”；但是如果滥用这种方法，风格就会完全诗化。这就是为什么写酒神赞歌的诗人尤其爱用双字复合词，［因为］他们喧闹异常；而写史诗的诗人爱用奇词，因为这种词凸显庄严和高傲；写短长格诗的诗人爱用隐喻，并且，如前所述，现在还在使用。

风格呆板的第四个原因与隐喻有关。隐喻也有不适宜的，有些是因为滑稽——须知喜剧诗人也使用隐喻——另一些则是因为太过庄严，还有点悲剧意味；而且如果隐喻比较牵强，意思就会含糊，比如高尔吉亚所说的“苍白的、没有血色的事件”和“你种下耻辱，收获灾难”；须知这类表达太像诗歌了。再比如，阿尔西达麦把哲学称为“法律的堡垒”，把［荷马史诗］《奥德赛》称为“人类生活的美丽镜子”，还说“不要在诗歌中介绍这种玩物”。所有这些表达都不足以说服听众，原因如前所述。至于高尔吉亚对那只飞过他头顶、将屎拉在他身上的燕子所说的话，倒是最具悲剧风格。他喊道：“呸！真丢脸，菲洛梅拉！”要知道这件事对鸟儿来说并没有什么丢脸的，而对少女而言则的确很丢脸。叫她过去的名字而不是现在的名字，这样的责备真是巧妙。

CHAPTER 4

The simile also is a metaphor; for there is very little difference. When the poet says of Achilles, "he rushed on like a lion," it is a simile; if he says, "a lion, he rushed on," it is a metaphor; for because both are courageous, he transfers the sense and calls Achilles a lion. The simile is also useful in prose, but should be less frequently used, for there is something poetical about it. Similes must be used like metaphors, which only differ in the manner stated. The following are examples of similes. Androtion said of Idrieus[18] that he was like curs just unchained; for as they attack and bite, so he when loosed from his bonds was dangerous. Again, Theodamas likened Archidamus to a Euxenus ignorant of geometry, by proportion; for Euxenus "will be Archidamus acquainted with geometry." Again, Plato in the *Republic* compares those who strip the dead to curs, which bite stones, but do not touch those who throw them; he also says that the people is like a ship's captain who is vigorous, but rather deaf; that poets' verses resemble those who are in the bloom of youth but lack beauty; for neither the one after they have lost their bloom, nor the others after they have been broken up, appear the same as before. Pericles[19] said that the Samians were like children who cry while they accept the scraps. He also compared the Boeotians to holm-oaks; for just as these are beaten down by knocking against each other, so are the Boeotians by their civil strife.[20] Demosthenes compared the people to passengers who are seasick.[21] Democrates said that orators resembled nurses who gulp down the morsel and rub the babies' lips with the spittle.[22] Antisthenes likened the skinny Cephisodotus to incense, for he also gives pleasure by wasting away. All such expressions may be used as similes or metaphors, so that all that are approved as metaphors will obviously also serve as similes which are metaphors without the details. But in all cases the metaphor from proportion should be reciprocal and applicable to either of the two things of the same

genus; for instance, if the goblet is the shield of Dionysus, then the shield may properly be called the goblet of Ares[23].

第四章

明喻也是一种隐喻，两者之间的差异很小。诗人［荷马］在提到阿喀琉斯时，如果说“他像一头雄狮一样奔跑”，这是明喻；如果说“他这头雄狮在奔跑”，这便是隐喻；因为［喻体和本体］两者都是勇敢的，所以诗人转移意义，直接把阿喀琉斯叫做雄狮。明喻对散文也是有用的，但是使用频率应该低一些，因为明喻中有诗化因素。使用明喻应该和使用隐喻一样，差异只有上面提到的一点。下面都是明喻的例子。安德洛提翁提到伊德里欧斯时，说他像刚刚被解开锁链的恶犬：狗会攻击和咬人，伊德里欧斯一旦被释放也会如此，所以很危险。再比如，忒俄达玛斯用类比法把阿尔喀达摩斯比作不懂几何学的欧克塞诺斯，因为欧克塞诺斯就是“懂几何学的阿尔喀达摩斯”。再比如，柏拉图在《理想国》中把剥死者衣服的人比作恶犬，后者撕咬石头，却不敢碰扔石头的人；他还说民众就像一艘船的船长，精力充沛却未免耳聋；又说诗人的诗行就像正值青春却缺乏美貌的人，因为诗行一旦被打乱，就如同没有美丽容颜的青年人失去青春，会显得跟从前大不一样。伯里克利说萨摩斯岛的人就像孩子，一边接受面包屑，一边哭泣。他还把皮奥夏人比作圣栎树，因为圣栎树是被用圣栎树做把手的斧头砍倒的，同样，皮奥夏人是被国内纷争拖垮的。狄摩西尼把民众比作晕船的乘客。德摩克拉提斯说演说家就像奶妈，自己把食物一口吞下，只用唾沫擦擦婴儿的嘴。安提斯忒涅斯把瘦削的刻菲索多托斯比作熏香，因为他也［像熏香一样］消耗自己，愉悦他人。所有这些表达都既可用作明喻，亦可用作隐喻，因此所有受欢迎的隐喻显然也都可以用作明喻，而明喻去掉了细节其实就是隐喻。不过，在所有情形下，类比式隐喻［的本体和喻体］都应当是可以互换的，而且对同一种类的两个事物都适用；比如，如果说酒杯是狄俄尼索斯的盾，那么盾也可以说是阿瑞斯的酒杯。

CHAPTER 5

Such then are the elements of speech. But purity, which is the foundation of style, depends upon five rules. First, connecting particles[24] should be introduced in their natural order, before or after, as they require; thus, μέν and ἐγὼ μέν require to be followed by δέ and ὁ δέ, they should be made to correspond whilst the hearer still recollects; they should not be put too far apart, nor should a clause be introduced before the necessary connection; for this is rarely appropriate. For instance, "As for me, I, after he had told me—for Cleon came begging and praying—set out, taking them with me." For in this phrase several connecting words have been foisted in before the one which is to furnish the apodosis[25]; and if the interval between "I" and "set out" is too great, the result is obscurity. The first rule therefore is to make a proper use of connecting particles; the second, to employ special, not generic terms[26]. The third consists in avoiding ambiguous terms, unless you deliberately intend the opposite, like those who, having nothing to say, yet pretend to say something; such people accomplish this by the use of verse, after the manner of Empedocles. For the long circumlocution takes in the hearers, who find themselves affected like the majority of those who listen to the soothsayers. For when the latter utter their ambiguities, they also assent; for example, "Croesus, by crossing the Halys, shall ruin a mighty dominion." [27] And as there is less chance of making a mistake when speaking generally, diviners express themselves in general terms on the question of fact; for, in playing odd or even, one is more likely to be right if he says "even" or "odd" than if he gives a definite number, and similarly one who says "it will be" than if he states "when." This is why soothsayers do not further define the exact time. All such ambiguities are alike, wherefore they should be avoided, except for some such reason. The fourth rule consists in keeping the genders distinct—masculine, feminine, and neuter, as laid down by

Protagoras; these also must be properly introduced: "She, having come [fem.] and having conversed [fem.] with me, went away.[28]" The fifth rule consists in observing number, according as many, few, or one are referred to: "They, having come [pl.], began to beat [pl.] me.[29]"

Generally speaking, that which is written should be easy to read or easy to utter, which is the same thing. Now, this is not the case when there are a number of connecting particles, or when the punctuation is hard, as in the writings of Heraclitus. For it is hard, since it is uncertain to which word another belongs, whether to that which follows or that which precedes; for instance, at the beginning of his composition he says: "Of this reason which exists always men are ignorant," where it is uncertain whether "always" should go with "which exists" or with "are ignorant." Further, a solecism results from not appropriately connecting or joining two words with a word which is equally suitable to both. For instance, in speaking of "sound" and "color", the word "seeing" should not be used, for it is not suitable to both, whereas "perceiving" is. It also causes obscurity, if you do not say at the outset what you mean, when you intend to insert a number of details in the middle; for instance, if you say: "I intended after having spoken to him thus and thus and in this way to set out" instead of "I intended to set out after having spoken to him," and then this or that happened, in this or that manner[30].

第五章

以上就是语言的组成部分。但是，作为风格的基础，［语言的］纯洁性依赖于五条准则。第一，连接词必须以其自然的顺序出现，或前或后，视需要而定；比如，μέν［他一方面……］和ἐγὼ μέν［我一方面……］之后需要跟δέ［另一方面……］和ὁδέ［［我另一方面……］。再者，应该在听众仍有印象时使用相呼应的连接词，而且还不应分得太开；另外，进行必要的连接之前不应引出子句，要知道这样做很少是适宜的。比如，“至于我，在他告诉我之后——因为克勒翁过来又是乞求又是祈祷——出发了，还带上了他们。”在这个短句中，插入了好几个连接词之后才用一个连接词引出完结子句；而且，因为“我”和“出发”之间间隔太长，所以造成了模糊。因此，第一条规则就是恰当地使用连接词；第二条是使用具体［名称］，而不是泛指名称。第三条是避免使用含糊的说法，除非你有意讲含糊的话。比如有些人，明明没什么可说的，却假装有话要说；这些人［通常］效法［哲学家］恩培多克勒，利用韵文来做到这一点。要知道冗长而又迂回的话语可以欺骗听众，他们会发现自己受到感染，就像听占卜者讲话的大多数人一样。因为当后者［即占卜者］讲模棱两可的话时，听众也会表示同意，比如：“克洛索斯王，渡过哈律斯河，将毁灭一个强大的帝国。”另外，因为讲笼统的话比较不容易犯错，所以预言者谈论事实问题时总是用笼统的说法；要知道，在奇偶猜数游戏中，说“奇数”或“偶数”比给出一个具体数字猜对的机会要大得多；类似地，［预言者］说“将会发生”比说“何时发生”［正确的机会也要大得多］。正因如此，占卜者们都不会进一步明示具体的时间。所有这些含糊的话语皆大同小异，因此都应该避免，除非为了上述［误导听众的］目的。第四条规则是遵循［修辞学家］普罗泰哥拉确定的标准，分清词性——阳性、阴性和中性，将这些都交待清楚，比如：“她来了，与我交谈了一番，然后走了。”第五条规则是遵守数［的要求］，厘清所指的是多数、少数还是单数，比如：“他们来了之后，开始打我。”

一般而言，写出来的东西应该易于阅读或言说，两者其实是一回事。不过，如果有很多连接词，或者很难加标点断句（比如赫拉克利特的著作），就不是这么回事了。［给赫拉克利特的著作加标点］很难，

因为不确定哪个字从属哪个字，是后面的还是前面的。比如，在其著作的开头，他说：“这个原因存在着永远人们却不了解”，在这里我们无法确定“永远”是和“存在着”在一起还是和“不了解”在一起。另外，如果有一个词与两个词连用同样适合，却未能恰当地使用该词来连接或组合这两个词，也会造成语法错误。比如，提到“声音”和“颜色”时，就不应该用“看”字，因为这个字不能同时描述声音和颜色，而“感知”却可以。一开始没有把意思交代清楚，却打算在中间插入大量细节，也会造成含糊；比如，如果你说：“我打算先跟他谈谈这事那事，以这种方式出发”，而不是说“我打算跟他谈过之后就出发”，然后“这事那事以这种那种方式发生了”[，意思就会含糊不清]。

CHAPTER 6

The following rules contribute to loftiness of style. Use of the description instead of the name of a thing; for instance, do not say "circle," but "a plane figure, all the points of which are equidistant from the center." But for the purpose of conciseness the reverse—use the name instead of the description. You should do the same to express anything foul or indecent; if the foulness is in the description, use the name; if in the name, the description. Use metaphors and epithets by way of illustration, taking care, however, to avoid what is too poetical. Use the plural for the singular, after the manner of the poets, who, although there is only one harbor, say "to Achaean[31] harbors," and, "Here are the many-leaved folds of the tablet." You should avoid linking up, but each word should have its own article: τῆς γυναικὸς τῆς ἡμετέρας. But for conciseness, the reverse: τῆς ἡμετέρας γυναικός. Employ a connecting particle or for conciseness omit it, but avoid destroying the connection; for instance "having gone and having conversed with him," or, "having gone, I conversed with him." Also the practice of Antimachus is useful, that of describing a thing by the qualities it does not possess; thus, in speaking of the hill Teumessus, he says, "There is a little windswept hill;" for in this way amplification may be carried on ad infinitum. This method may be applied to things good and bad, in whichever way it may be useful. Poets also make use of this in inventing words, as a melody "without strings" or "without the lyre"; for they employ epithets from negations, a course which is approved in proportional metaphors, as for instance, to say that the sound of the trumpet is a melody without the lyre[32].

第六章

下面这些准则可以帮助实现崇高的风格。［第一，］描述某物而不称其名，比如，不说“圆圈”，而说“平面中到中心点的距离为等值的所有点的集合”。但是，为了精简起见，就需要使用相反的手法——称某物的名而不是描述它。讲述不雅或粗鄙之事时应使用同样的手法；若不雅之处在于描述，就称其名；若在于名称，就述其状。［第二，］使用隐喻和附加描述词来说明，但是要谨慎，避免过于诗化。［第三，］使用复数代替单数，诗人们便是这样做的，比如即使只有一个港口，他们也会说“去亚加亚的各个港口”，再比如“这就是写字板的众多折页”。［第四，］避免［用一个冠词］统领不同的词，而应该让每个词都拥有自己的冠词，比如：τῆς γυναικὸς τῆς ἡμετέρας［属于属于我们的女人］。但是为了精简起见，就要使用相反的手法，比如：τῆς ἡμετέρας γυναικός［属于我们的女人］。［第五，］使用连接词，或者为了精简省去连接词，但要避免破坏衔接；比如“去到那里并且与他谈了话”，或者“我去到那里，与他谈了话”。［诗人］安提玛科斯的做法也很有用，即描述一件东西不具备的品质。比如讲到特摩索斯山的时候，他说：“有一座微风拂过的小山”；须知用这种方式进行铺陈，可以没有止境。这种方法既适于好事物，也适于坏事物，就看哪种对描写有用。诗人们也用此法创造新词，比如说“无弦的”或“无琴的”乐曲；这里他们用否定的方法使用附加描述词，这也是类比式隐喻中被认可的做法，比如，说号角的声音是无琴的曲调。

CHAPTER 7

Propriety of style will be obtained by the expression of emotion and character, and by proportion to the subject matter. Style is proportionate to the subject matter when neither weighty matters are treated offhand, nor trifling matters with dignity, and no embellishment is attached to an ordinary word; otherwise there is an appearance of comedy, as in the poetry of Cleophon, who used certain expressions that reminded one of saying "madam fig." Style expresses emotion, when a man speaks with anger of wanton outrage; with indignation and reserve, even in mentioning them, of things foul or impious; with admiration of things praiseworthy; with lowliness of things pitiable; and so in all other cases. Appropriate style also makes the fact appear credible; for the mind of the hearer is imposed upon under the impression that the speaker is speaking the truth, because, in such circumstances, his feelings are the same, so that he thinks [even if it is not the case as the speaker puts it] that things are as he represents them; and the hearer always sympathizes with one who speaks emotionally, even though he really says nothing. This is why speakers often confound their hearers by mere noise.

Character also may be expressed by the proof from signs, because to each class and habit there is an appropriate style. I mean class in reference to age—child, man, or old man; to sex—man or woman; to country—Lacedaemonian or Thessalian. I call habits those moral states which form a man's character in life; for not all habits do this. If then anyone uses the language appropriate to each habit, he will represent the character; for the uneducated man will not say the same things in the same way as the educated. But the hearers also are impressed in a certain way by a device employed ad nauseam by writers of speeches: "Who does not know?" "Everybody knows"; for the hearer agrees, because he is ashamed to appear not to share what is a matter of common knowledge.

The opportune or inopportune use of these devices applies to all kinds of Rhetoric. But whenever one has gone too far, the remedy may be found in the common piece of advice—that he should rebuke himself in advance; then the excess seems true, since the orator is obviously aware of what he is doing[33]. Further, one ought not to make use of all kinds of correspondence together; for in this manner the hearer is deceived. I mean, for instance, if the language is harsh, the voice, features, and all things connected should not be equally harsh; otherwise what each really is becomes evident. But if you do this in one instance and not in another, the art escapes notice, although the result is the same. If mild sentiments are harshly expressed or harsh sentiments mildly, the speech lacks persuasiveness.

Compound words, a number of epithets, and "foreign" words especially, are appropriate to an emotional speaker; for when a man is enraged it is excusable for him to call an evil "high-as-heaven" or "stupendous." He may do the same when he has gripped his audience and filled it with enthusiasm, either by praise, blame, anger, or friendliness, as Isocrates does at the end of his Panegyricus: "Oh, the fame and the name!" and "In that they endured." For such is the language of enthusiastic orators, and it is clear that the hearers accept what they say in a sympathetic spirit. Wherefore this style is appropriate to poetry; for there is something inspired in poetry. It should therefore be used either in this way or when speaking ironically, after the manner of Gorgias, or of Plato in the Phaedrus[34].

第七章

风格若能表现情感和品性，又切合主题，就是适合的。不草率对待重要的主题，不过分抬高不重要的主题，不雕饰普通词汇，这样的风格就是切合主题的。否则，就会显得像滑稽剧，如同克莱奥丰的诗歌一样，他用的一些词句会让人想起“无花果夫人”之类的［滑稽］说法。风格可以表达情感，比如演讲者讲到暴行时使用愤怒的口吻，讲到甚至提及丑陋或邪恶之事时使用愤慨和慎重的口吻，讲到可称赞之事时使用赞赏的口吻，讲到可怜之事时使用忧郁的口吻，其他情况依此类推。合适的风格还能使事实显得可信，须知听者心里会由此得出错误的印象，认为演讲者说的是真话，因为听者自己在那种情形下也会有同样的感受，所以会认为事情正如演讲者所说（即使事实并非如此）；而且听者总是同情那些言语动情的演说者，即使他言之无物。正因如此，演说者常常只是大嚷大叫，迷惑听者。

利用现象进行证明也能表现品性，因为不同种类和习惯的人都有各自适合的风格。我所说的种类指的是年龄（儿童、成人或老人）、性别（男人或女人）和国家（［比如］拉栖第梦人或帖撒利人）。我所说的习惯是指构成一个人生活中的品性的道德习性，要知道并非所有习性都能如此。那么，只要使用切合某种习惯的语言，任何人都能表现出相应的品性；须知无教养的人和有教养的人所说的话以及说话的方式都是不一样的。不过，听众亦会被演说辞作者用滥的一个伎俩所打动［，即问听众］：“［这件事］谁人不知？”“［这件事］人尽皆知”；［听闻此言，］听者都会认同，因为他若表现出不知道一件众所周知的事会很丢人。

这些手法的恰当运用和不恰当运用，均见于所有修辞种类。但是，无论哪种手法用得过火了，挽救之法皆在一句老生常谈——演说者应该预先自责，如此一来过火处也就显得真实了，因为［能预先自责的］演说者看起来显然知道自己在做什么。再者，演说者不可同时使用各种匹配手法，因为这样才能骗过听众。我指的是，比如，如果措辞凌厉，则声音、面孔以及相关的其他方面就不必同样凌厉；否则各种手法都会暴露无疑。但是，如果你只在某处偶一为之，在别处则不用此法，就不会被听众发现，可是也能收到同样的效果。如果用严厉的话语表达温和的

情绪，或者用温和的话语表达严厉的情绪，演讲都会缺少说服力。

双字复合词，大量的附加描述词，尤其是“外来”词，适合情绪激动的演说者使用；要知道一个人盛怒之下［即使］说一桩恶行“罪恶滔天”或“惊世骇俗”，也是会被［听众］原谅的。演说者若已经控制住听众，并用赞扬、谴责、愤怒或友谊等激发起听众的热情，也可以这么做［即用上述三类词］，比如伊索克拉底在《泛希腊集会辞》结尾时所说的“哦，［多么伟大的］名誉和名声！”和“他们［看到城邦荒废，心中多么］难受”。要知道情绪激昂的演说者用的便是此类语言，可以显见，听众也是怀着同样的情绪接受演说者所说的话的。因此，这种风格适用于诗歌，因为诗歌总是由灵感激发。也因此，这种风格应该在上述情况下使用，或者用于讥讽，比如像高尔吉亚或者像柏拉图在《斐德若篇》中的做法。

CHAPTER 8

The form of diction should be neither metrical nor without rhythm. If it is metrical, it lacks persuasiveness, for it appears artificial, and at the same time it distracts the hearer's attention, since it sets him on the watch for the recurrence of such and such a cadence; just as, when the public criers ask, "Whom does the emancipated choose for his patron?" the children shout "Cleon." If it is without rhythm, it is unlimited, whereas it ought to be limited [but not by meter]; for that which is unlimited is unpleasant and unknowable. Now all things are limited by number, and the number belonging to the form of diction is rhythm, of which the meters are divisions[35]. Wherefore prose must be rhythmical, but not metrical, otherwise it will be a poem. Nor must this rhythm be rigorously carried out, but only up to a certain point.

Of the different rhythms the heroic is dignified, but lacking the harmony of ordinary conversation; the iambic is the language of the many, wherefore of all meters it is most used in common speech; but speech should be dignified and calculated to rouse the hearer. The trochaic is too much like the cordax; this is clear from the tetrameters, which form a tripping rhythm. There remains the paean, used by rhetoricians from the time of Thrasymachus, although they could not define it.

The paean is a third kind of rhythm closely related to those already mentioned; for its proportion is 3 to 2, that of the others 1 to 1 and 2 to 1, with both of which the paean, whose proportion is 1 1/2 to 1, is connected. All the other meters then are to be disregarded for the reasons stated, and also because they are metrical; but the paean should be retained, because it is the only one of the rhythms mentioned which is not adapted to a metrical system, so that it is most likely to be undetected. At the present day one kind of paean alone is employed, at the beginning as well as at the end; the end, however, ought to differ from the beginning. Now there are two kinds of

paeans, opposed to each other. The one is appropriate at the beginning, where in fact it is used. It begins with a long syllable and ends with three short: "Δᾱλο̆γε̆νε̆ς εἴτε Λῠκῐαν, ["O Delos-born, or it may be Lycia"]," and "Χρῡσε̆ο̆κό̆μᾱ Ἕ̆κᾰτε̆ παῖ Διό̆ς ["Golden-haired far-darter, son of Zeus"]." The other on the contrary begins with three short syllables and ends with one long one: "με̆τὰ̆ δε̆ γᾶν ὕ̆δᾰτά̆ τ᾽ ὠκε̆ᾰνὸν ἠφά̆νῐσε̆νύξ ["after earth and waters, night obscured ocean"]." This is a suitable ending, for the short syllable, being incomplete, mutilates the cadence. But the period should be broken off by a long syllable and the end should be clearly marked, not by the scribe nor by a punctuation mark[36], but by the rhythm itself. That the style should be rhythmical and not unrhythmical, and what rhythms and what arrangement of them make it of this character, has now been sufficiently shown.

第八章

［散文的］措辞形式不应有格律，亦不能无节奏。如果有格律，就会缺乏说服力，因为这样会显得做作，同时还会干扰听众的注意力，因为格律会使听众留心某某格何时再次出现。正如公告人问："获释的奴隶选谁做保护人？"时，孩子们高喊"克勒翁"。如果没有节奏，就会缺少约束，而散文应该是有些约束的（只是不用格律而已）；因为没有约束的东西不讨人喜欢，也不好懂。所有事物都受数的限制，归属措辞形式的数就是节奏，格律是节奏的分节。因此，散文必须有节奏，但不能有格律，否则就变成了诗。这种节奏还不能太严格，只要达到一定程度即可。

在各种节奏中，英雄格最庄严，但它缺乏日常对话的和谐；短长格是大多数人的语言，因此在所有的格律中，它最常为日常说话所使用；但是演说应该具有一定的庄严性，且运筹得当，以调动听众的情绪。长短格太像科耳达克斯舞蹈［的轻快节奏］，这在构成轻快节奏的四音步诗行中显而易见。还剩下［一种节奏是］派安格，自塞拉西马柯时代就为修辞学家所运用，但［当时］他们并未能定义这种节奏。

派安格是与上述节奏密切相关的第三种节奏，其比例是3：2，另外［两种］节奏的比例是1：1和2：1，派安格的比例亦可看作1 1/2：1，与这两种节奏均密切相关。这样，所有其他的节奏都无需考虑了，除了上面的原因，还因为它们都是格律化的；但是派安格则应该保留，因为在上述节奏中只有派安格不从属格律体系，因此最不容易被［听众］发觉。如今只有一种派安格为人所用，既用于句头，亦用于句尾；但是，结尾的节奏应该有别于开头。派安格其实有两种，彼此相反。其中一种适用于句头，事实上它也是这样被使用的。它以一个长音节开始，以三个短音节结束［，比如］："Δα῾λο῾γε῾νε῾ς εἴτε Λυ῾κι῾αν（哦，得罗斯或者吕西亚所生的孩子啊）"和"Χρυ῾σε῾ο῾κό῾μα῾ Ἔ῾κα῾τε῾ παῖ Διό῾ς（金发的远投手，宙斯的儿子）"。另一种正好相反，以三个短音节开头，以一个长音节结尾［，比如］："με῾τὰ῾ δε῾ γᾶν ὕ῾δα῾τά῾ τ᾽ ὠκε῾α῾νὸν ἠφά῾νι῾σε῾νύξ（在覆盖了地和水之后，夜晚又笼罩了海洋）"。这种结尾是适宜的，要知道短音节因其不完整，会使节奏显得残缺。但是，整句应该以一个长音节收尾，而且结尾必须明确标识：不是

由抄写员或标点符号标注，而是由节奏本身表明。风格应该有节奏，不能无节奏，应该有什么样的节奏以及如何安排使之具有节奏等，到这里就讲清楚了。

CHAPTER 9

The style[37] must be either continuous and united by connecting particles, like the dithyrambic preludes, or periodic, like the antistrophes of the ancient poets. The continuous style is the ancient one; for example, "This is the exposition of the investigation of Herodotus[38] of Thurii[39]." It was formerly used by all, but now is used only by a few. By a continuous style I mean that which has no end in itself and only stops when the sense is complete. It is unpleasant, because it is endless, for all wish to have the end in sight. That explains why runners, just when they have reached the goal, lose their breath and strength, whereas before, when the end is in sight, they show no signs of fatigue. Such is the continuous style. The other style consists of periods, and by period I mean a sentence that has a beginning and end in itself and a magnitude that can be easily grasped. What is written in this style is pleasant and easy to learn, pleasant because it is the opposite of that which is unlimited, because the hearer at every moment thinks he is securing something for himself and that some conclusion has been reached; whereas it is unpleasant neither to foresee nor to get to the end of anything. It is easy to learn, because it can be easily retained in the memory. The reason is that the periodic style has number, which of all things is the easiest to remember; that explains why all learn verse with greater facility than prose, for it has number by which it can be measured. But the period must be completed with the sense and not stop short, as in the iambics of Sophocles, "This is Calydon, territory of the land of Pelops;" for by a division of this kind it is possible to suppose the contrary of the fact, as in the example, that Calydon is in Peloponnesus.[40]

A period may be composed of clauses, or simple. The former is a complete sentence, distinct in its parts and easy to repeat in a breath, not divided like the period in the line of Sophocles above, but when it

is taken as a whole. By clause I mean one of the two parts of this period, and by a simple period one that consists of only one clause. But neither clauses nor periods should be curtailed or too long. If too short, they often make the hearer stumble; for when he is hurrying on towards the measure of which he already has a definite idea, if he is checked by the speaker stopping, a sort of stumble is bound to occur in consequence of the sudden stop. If too long, they leave the hearer behind, as those who do not turn till past the ordinary limit leave behind those who are walking with them. Similarly long periods assume the proportions of a speech and resemble dithyrambic preludes. This gives rise to what Democritus[41] of Chios jokingly rebuked in Melanippides, who instead of antistrophes composed dithyrambic preludes: "A man does harm to himself in doing harm to another, and a long prelude is most deadly to one who composes it;" for these verses may be applied to those who employ long clauses. Again, if the clauses are too short, they do not make a period, so that the hearer himself is carried away headlong.

The clauses of the periodic style are divided or opposed; divided, as in the following sentence: "I have often wondered at those who gathered together the general assemblies and instituted the gymnastic contests"; opposed, in which, in each of the two clauses, one contrary is brought close to another, or the same word is coupled with both contraries; for instance, "They were useful to both, both those who stayed and those who followed; for the latter they gained in addition greater possessions than they had at home, for the former they left what was sufficient in their own country." Here "staying behind," "following," "sufficient," "more" are contraries. Again: "to those who need money and those who wish to enjoy it"; where "enjoying" is contrary to "acquiring." Again: "It often happens in these vicissitudes that the wise are unsuccessful, while fools succeed"; "At once they were deemed worthy of the prize of valor and not long after won the command of the sea"; "To sail over the mainland, to go by land over the sea, bridging over the Hellespont and digging through Athos"; "And that,

though citizens by nature, they were deprived of the rights of citizenship by law"; "For some of them perished miserably, others saved themselves disgracefully"; "Privately to employ barbarians as servants, but publicly to view with indifference many of the allies reduced to slavery"; "Either to possess it while living or to leave it behind when dead." And what some one said against Pitholaus and Lycophron in the lawcourt: "These men, who used to sell you when they were at home, having come to you have bought you." All these passages are examples of antithesis. This kind of style is pleasing, because contraries are easily understood and even more so when placed side by side, and also because antithesis resembles a syllogism; for refutation is a bringing together of contraries.

Such then is the nature of antithesis; equality of clauses is parisosis; the similarity of the final syllables of each clause paromoiosis. This must take place at the beginning or end of the clauses. At the beginning the similarity is always shown in entire words; at the end, in the last syllables, or the inflections of one and the same word, or the repetition of the same word. For instance, at the beginning: Ἀγρὸν γὰρ ἔλαβεν ἀργὸν παρ᾽ αὐτοῦ, "for he received from him land untilled"; "δωρητοί τ᾽ ἐπέλοντο παράρρητοί τ᾽ ἐπέεσσιν, "they were ready to accept gifts and to be persuaded by words;" "at the end: ᾠήθησαν αὐτὸν παιδίον τετοκέναι, ἀλλ᾽ αὐτοῦ αἴτιον γεγονέναι, "they thought that he was the father of a child, but that he was the cause of it"[42]; ἐν πλείσταις δὲ φροντίσι καὶ ἐν ἐλαχίσταις ἐλπίσιν, "in the greatest anxiety and the smallest hopes." Inflections of the same word: ἄξιος δὲ σταθῆναι χαλκοῦς, οὐκ ἄξιος ὢν χαλκοῦ, "worthy of a bronze statue, not being worth a brass farthing." Repetition of a word: σὺ δ᾽ αὐτὸν καὶ ζῶντα ἔλεγες κακῶς καὶ νῦν γράφεις κακῶς, "while he lived you spoke ill of him, now he is dead you write ill of him." Resemblance of one syllable: τί ἂν ἔπαθες δεινόν, εἰ ἄνδρ᾽ εἶδες ἀργόν, "what ill would you have suffered, if you had seen an idle man?" All these figures may be found in the same sentence at once—antithesis, equality of clauses, and similarity of

endings. In the *Theodectea*[43] nearly all the beginnings of periods have been enumerated. There are also false antitheses, as in the verse of Epicharmus: "τόκα μὲν ἐν τήνων ἐγὼν ἦν, τόκα δὲ παρὰ τήνοις ἐγών," at one time I was in their house, at another I was with them[44].

第九章

风格要么必须连贯，由连接词统一起来，像酒神赞歌的前奏那样；要么必须回旋，像古代诗人的回旋歌那样。连贯的风格是一种古老的句式，比如："这是图里人希罗多德对［历史］调查的展示。"过去所有人都用这种句式，但是现在只有少数人在用。我所说的连贯风格本身没有结尾，只到意思完成时才停住。这种句式会让人不舒服，因为它没完没了，而人们都希望能看到结尾。这就是为什么赛跑的人甫一到达终点，就会感到呼吸困难，浑身无力；而在此之前，即在终点就在前方时，他们不会表现出任何疲劳的症状。这就是连贯的风格。另一种风格由环形句构成，我所说的环形句是指本身有头有尾、长度容易掌握的句式。用这种风格写出来的句子讨人喜欢，容易理解；讨人喜欢是因为它和没有限制的句子正好相反，能让听众任何时候都觉得自己有所得，有所悟；如果某事的终点既遥不可见，又遥不可及，那是会让人很不舒服的。这种句子容易理解是因为容易记住。原因是回旋的风格有数［的限制］，而数在所有事物中是最容易记住的；这就解释了为什么所有人学韵文都比学散文容易，因为韵文有数律，这使其更容易记忆。但是，环形句必须意思完整，不能中途而断，比如索福克勒斯的短长格诗句："这地方是卡吕冬，属于伯罗普斯的领土"，要知道这样划分可能推出相反的意思，即如此例所示，认为卡吕冬在伯罗奔尼撒境内。

环形句既可以由多个子句或简单句构成。前者是一个完整句，各部分界限分明，容易一口气读完：不像上面所举的索福克勒斯的环形句那样断开，而是被当作一个整体。我所说的子句是指环形句的两部分之一，简单环形句是指只由一个子句构成的环形句。但是无论子句还是环形句都不应当太短或太长。如果太短，就会让听众摔跤；要知道听众正按照他理解的拍子前行，如果他被演讲者的停顿阻挡，这一突然的中断势必导致某种摔跤。如果太长，就会把听众落在后面，就像越过了界线才返回的人把同行者落在后面一样。与此相似，长的环形句端起了演说的架势，像酒神赞歌的序诗一样［散漫］。因此就有开俄斯岛人德谟克利特这样挖苦不写回旋歌却写散漫的酒神赞歌的［诗人］墨拉尼庇得斯："要害别人反而害了自己，冗长的酒神赞歌序诗对作者的危害最大"；这话也适用于那些使用冗长子句的人。不过，如果子句太短，就无

法构成环形句，以至于听众会向前跌倒。

具有环形句风格的子句有分立式和对立式两种；分立式的比如下面这个句子：“我常常对召集公共集会和组织体育竞赛的人感到惊奇”；在对立式的子句中，两个子句中的对立词相互并列，或者同一个词与两个对立词相结合，比如：“他们对留守在家的人和追随他们的人双方皆有好处：为后者他们占领了比在本国更多的土地，为前者他们留下了本国的足够的土地。”这里，“留守”和“追随”、“足够”和“更多”就是对立词。再比如：“对于需要挣钱的人和想要享乐的人”；在这里，“享乐”和“挣钱”相对。再比如：“在这样的变革中，往往是智者失败，愚者胜出”，“他们立即获得了勇气的奖赏，不久又赢得了海上的霸权”，“在陆上行船，在海上过兵，在赫勒斯邦海峡搭桥，在亚陀斯山挖河”，“他们虽生为公民，却被法律剥夺了公民权”，“他们当中一些人悲惨地死去，另一些人耻辱地偷生”，“私下里把蛮夷当做家奴使用，却公开地坐视许多盟友沦为奴隶”，“要么生时拥有，要么死后留下”。又例如有人在法庭上控告彼托劳斯和吕科佛戎：“这些人，在家时曾出卖你们，来到这里又收买了你们。”所有这些句子都是对立句的例子。这种风格很讨人喜欢，因为对立很容易理解，并列起来就更好理解；还因为对立句很像三段论，要知道反驳就是把对立体放在一起。

以上便是对立句的性质；两个子句等长的是平衡句，两个子句中尾音缀相似的是谐音句。这［即尾音缀相似］必须出现在子句的开头或结尾。若是在开头，则相似性总是体现在完整的字词上；若是在结尾，则体现在最后一个音缀或者同一个词的屈折变化上，或者体现在同一个词的重复出现上。出现在开头的例子：Ἀγρὸν γὰρ ἔλαβεν ἀργὸν παρ᾽ αὐτοῦ，“因为他从他那里接受了休耕的土地”；δωρητοί τ᾽ ἐπέλοντο παράρρητοί τ᾽ ἐπέεσσιν，“他们愿意接受礼物，听取进言”；出现在结尾的例子：ᾠήθησαν αὐτὸν παιδίον τετοκέναι, ἀλλ᾽ αὐτοῦ αἴτιον γεγονέναι，“他们［不］认为他是孩子的父亲，但孩子却因他而生”；ἐν πλείσταις δὲ φροντίσι καὶ ἐν ἐλαχίσταις ἐλπίσιν，“心怀最大的焦虑和最小的希望”。同一个词屈折变化的例子：ἄξιος δὲ σταθῆναι χαλκοῦς, οὐκ ἄξιος ὢν χαλκοῦ，“应得到一尊铜像，却不值一文铜钱”。同一个词重复出现的例子：σὺ δ᾽ αὐτὸν καὶ ζῶντα ἔλεγες κακῶς καὶ νῦν γράφεις κακῶς，“他活着的时候，你们说诋毁他的话；现在他死了，你们写诋毁他的文”。同一个音节重复的例子：τί ἂν

ἔπαθες δεινόν, εἰ ἄνδρ᾽ εἶδες ἀργόν，“如果看到一个懒汉，你会有多愤慨？”一个句子可以同时具有上述所有句式特点——对立、平衡及尾音缀相似。在《忒俄得克忒亚》中，环形句的几乎所有优点都被列举出来了。［当然，］也有假冒的对立句，比如［喜剧诗人］埃庇卡摩斯的诗句：τόκα μὲν ἐν τήνων ἐγὼν ἦν, τόκα δὲ παρὰ τήνοις ἐγών（有一回我在他们家里，还有一回我和他们在一起）。

CHAPTER 10

Having settled these questions, we must next state the sources of smart and popular sayings. They are produced either by natural genius or by practice; to show what they are is the function of this inquiry. Let us therefore begin by giving a full list of them, and let our starting-point be the following. Easy learning is naturally pleasant to all, and words mean something, so that all words which make us learn something are most pleasant. Now we do not know the meaning of strange words, and proper terms we know already. It is metaphor, therefore, that above all produces this effect; for when Homer calls old age stubble, he teaches and informs us through the genus; for both have lost their bloom. The similes of the poets also have the same effect; wherefore, if they are well constructed, an impression of smartness is produced. For the simile, as we have said, is a metaphor differing only by the addition of a word, wherefore it is less pleasant because it is longer; it does not say that this is that, so that the mind does not even examine this. Of necessity, therefore, all style and enthymemes that give us rapid information are smart. This is the reason why superficial enthymemes, meaning those that are obvious to all and need no mental effort, and those which, when stated, are not understood, are not popular, but only those which are understood the moment they are stated, or those of which the meaning, although not clear at first, comes a little later; for from the latter a kind of knowledge results, from the former neither the one nor the other.

In regard to the meaning of what is said, then, such enthymemes are popular. As to style, popularity of form is due to antithetical statement; for instance, "accounting the peace that all shared to be a war against their private interests," where "war" is opposed to "peace"; as to words, they are popular if they contain metaphor, provided it be neither strange, for then it is difficult to take in at a glance, nor superficial, for then it does not impress the hearer; further, if they set

things "before the eyes"; for we ought to see what is being done rather than what is going to be done. We ought therefore to aim at three things—metaphor, antithesis, actuality.

Of the four kinds of metaphor the most popular are those based on proportion. Thus, Pericles said that the youth that had perished during the war had disappeared from the State as if the year had lost its springtime. Leptines, speaking of the Lacedaemonians, said that he would not let the Athenians stand by and see Greece deprived of one of her eyes[45]. When Chares was eager to have his accounts for the Olynthian war examined, Cephisodotus indignantly exclaimed that, now he had the people by the throat, he was trying to get his accounts examined; on another occasion also he exhorted the Athenians to set out for Euboea without delay "and provision themselves there, like the decree of Miltiades[46]." After the Athenians had made peace with Epidaurus and the maritime cities, Iphicrates indignantly declared "that they had deprived themselves of provisions for the war.[47]" Pitholaus called the Paralus "the bludgeon of the people,[48]" and Sestos "the corn-chest of the Piraeus.[49]" Pericles recommended that Aegina, "the eyesore of the Piraeus," should be removed. Moerocles, mentioning a very "respectable" person by name, declared that he was as much a scoundrel as himself; for whereas that honest man played the scoundrel at 33 per cent. he himself was satisfied with 10 per cent. And the iambic of Anaxandrides, on girls who were slow to marry, "My daughters are 'past the time' of marriage." And the saying of Polyeuctus upon a certain paralytic named Speusippus, "that he could not keep quiet, although Fortune had bound him in a five-holed pillory of disease." Cephisodotus called the triremes "parti-colored mills[50]," and [Diogenes] the Cynic used to say that the taverns were "the messes" of Attica[51]. Aesion used to say that they had "drained" the State into Sicily[52], which is a metaphor and sets the thing before the eyes. His words "so that Greece uttered a cry" are also in a manner a metaphor and a vivid one. And again, as Cephisodotus bade the Athenians take care not to hold their "concourses" too often; and in

the same way Isocrates, who spoke of those "who rush together" in the assemblies. And as Lysias says in his Funeral Oration, that it was right that Greece should cut her hair at the tomb of those who fell at Salamis, since her freedom was buried along with their valor. If the speaker had said that it was fitting that Greece should weep, her valor being buried with them, it would have been a metaphor and a vivid one, whereas "freedom" by the side of "valor" produces a kind of antithesis. And as Iphicrates said, "The path of my words leads through the center of the deeds of Chares"; here the metaphor is proportional and the words "through the center" create vividness. Also, to say that one "calls upon dangers to help against dangers" is a vivid metaphor. And Lycoleon on behalf of Chabrias said, "not even reverencing the suppliant attitude of his statue of bronze," a metaphor for the moment, not for all time, but still vivid; for when Chabrias is in danger, the statue intercedes for him, the inanimate becomes animate, the memorial of what he has done for the State. And "in every way studying poorness of spirit," for "studying" a thing implies to increase it. And that "reason is a light that God has kindled in the soul," for both the words reason and light make something clear. "For we do not put an end to wars, but put them off," for both ideas refer to the future—putting off and a peace of such a kind. And again, it is a metaphor to say that such a treaty is "a trophy far more splendid than those gained in war; for the latter are raised in memory of trifling advantages and a single favor of fortune, but the former commemorates the end of the whole war"; for both treaty and trophy are signs of victory. Again, that cities also render a heavy account to the censure of men; for rendering an account is a sort of just punishment.

第十章

解决了上述问题之后，我们接下来有必要讲一讲巧妙的和受欢迎的话语出自何处。这样的话语要么出自天赋，要么出自苦练，本章要探讨的就是这类话语的性质。因此，我们不妨先将这些性质全部列出，从下面这一条开始讨论。轻松学习对所有人来说自然都是愉快的，而词总有一定的意思，这样一来所有能让我们［轻松］学到东西的词都能带给我们极大的愉快。奇词的意思我们不懂，而普通词的意思我们又都已知道。因此，在所有词汇中最能产生这种效果的［即让我们感觉学到东西的］是隐喻；比如荷马［在《奥德赛》中］称老年人为“残株”，他这是通过属［即种类］来让我们有所学和有所悟，因为二者［即老年和残株］都已枯萎。诗人用的明喻也有同样的效果，因此，如果明喻造得好，也会给人巧思的印象。我们曾说过，明喻就是一种隐喻，其区别只是添加了一个［比喻］词；明喻由于比较长，其愉悦度也有所降低；［另外，］它不是［直接］说此物是彼物，所以［我们的］头脑甚至不需要加以思索［就能理解明喻］。总之，能让我们快速领悟的所有风格和修辞式推理必定都是巧妙的。正因如此，肤浅的修辞式推理（我指的是所有人都能明白、不需要加以思索的修辞式推理）以及说出来也无法叫人明白的修辞式推理，都不受欢迎；只有一说出来就能叫人明白的修辞式推理，或者其意思虽然一开始不甚明确，但是稍后就能领会的修辞式推理［才是受欢迎的］；因为后［两］者能使我们获得某种知识，而前［两］者让我们一无所获，无论是在当时还是过后。

就所说话语的意义而言，这样的［即让人有所收获的］修辞式推理才是受欢迎的。至于风格，对立句的形式是受欢迎的，比如：“所有人都共享的和平，他们却视为妨碍自己私利的战争”，这里“战争”与“和平”相对立；至于词语，含有隐喻的一般都受欢迎，只要不是奇词——否则很难立即听懂，也不肤浅——否则就不会打动听众；另外，如果词语能够使事物“［活现］于眼前”［，也会受欢迎］；须知我们应该看到的是正在做什么而不是将要做什么。如此一来，我们应该瞄准三点——隐喻、对立句和活现性。

在四种隐喻中，最受欢迎的是基于类比的隐喻。因此，伯里克利说城邦失去了毁灭于战火中的青年，就像一年当中缺失了春天。勒普提涅

斯在谈到拉栖第梦人时说，他不会任由雅典人袖手旁观，坐视希腊被夺去一只眼睛。当卡瑞斯急于将他写的俄林托斯战争报告交付审查时，刻菲索多托斯愤慨地说，他［即卡瑞斯］现在已经扼住了人民的咽喉，就图谋让自己的报告通过审查；而在另一个场合，他［即刻菲索多托斯］劝说雅典人开赴埃维亚岛，切勿延误，“在那里备好口粮，就像米太亚德的法令一样”。［另外一个例子是］雅典人与埃皮达鲁斯城及沿海城镇媾和后，伊菲克拉底愤慨地说：“他们［即雅典人］剥夺了自己作战的辎重。”彼托劳斯把帕拉罗斯号快艇称为“人民的大头棒”，把塞斯托斯称为“比雷埃夫斯的粮囤”。伯里克利提议，埃伊纳岛，“比雷埃夫斯的眼中钉”，应该被除掉。摩洛克勒斯在提到一个非常“值得尊敬的”人的名字时，说那人跟他自己一样无耻，要知道那个好人干的坏事是提取33％的利息，而他自己只抽10％的利息。［喜剧作家］阿那珊里得斯在短长格诗句中谈到迟迟不嫁的女儿：“我的女儿已经待嫁‘过期’。”波吕欧克托斯［这样］描述一个叫斯剖西波斯的瘫子：“他无法保持安静，虽然命运已将他束缚在疾病的五孔枷上。”刻菲索多托斯把三桨战船称为“彩色的磨坊”，犬儒（第欧根尼）曾说酒馆是阿提卡人的“公共餐厅”。埃西翁曾说他们把［雅典］城邦“耗干”在西西里，这也是一个隐喻，使该事件活现在眼前。他的“所以希腊叫出了声”在某种意义上也是一个隐喻，而且还很生动。此外，刻菲索多托斯曾劝告雅典人要注意不要开太多的“吵闹会”；同样，伊索克拉底也曾提到那些“推搡着涌向”公共集会的人。在其《葬礼演说》中，吕西阿斯说，希腊应该在牺牲于萨拉米斯的英雄的墓前削发，因为她的自由和他们的勇气被埋在一起。如果演说者［吕西阿斯］说的是希腊应当哭泣，［因为］她的勇气和他们［即英雄们］埋在一起，这也是一个隐喻，而且也很生动，何况“自由”和“勇气”并列制造了一种对立。再如伊菲克拉底说过的话：“我的言辞之路直通卡瑞斯行为的中心”；这里的隐喻是类比式的，而且“直通中心”一语创造出逼真感。此外，说某人“以险克险”也是形象的隐喻。吕科勒翁为卡布里阿斯辩护时说：“甚至不尊重他的铜像的恳求姿势”，这在当时是隐喻，但后来并非一直如此，不过至今仍然非常形象；要知道在卡布里阿斯处于危险之中时，铜像［就像是］在为他求情，无生命的物体作为他功在城邦的纪念物，变得有生命。还有“用各种方式研习谦卑的精神”［也是一个隐喻］，因为“研习”某个东西意味着使之增加。还有“理智是神在灵魂里点亮的火光”［也是一个隐喻］，因为“理智”和“火光”都可使事物明

晰。“我们并没有结束战争，只是将其推迟”［也是一个隐喻］，因为两者都指向将来——“推迟”和“某种和平”。还有，说这样的条约是“比从战争中赢得的胜利纪念碑更光荣的纪念碑，因为后者只是为纪念微不足道的成就和一次幸运的眷顾而矗立，而前者纪念的却是整个战争的结束”，这也是一个隐喻；因为“条约”和“胜利纪念碑”都是胜利的象征。再者，“各城市也因人们的谴责开具巨额帐单”［也是一个隐喻］，因为开具帐单是一种正当的惩罚。

CHAPTER 11

We have said that smart sayings are derived from proportional metaphor and expressions which set things before the eyes. We must now explain the meaning of "before the eyes," and what must be done to produce this. I mean that things are set before the eyes by words that signify actuality. For instance, to say that a good man is "four-square" is a metaphor, for both these are complete, but the phrase does not express actuality, whereas "of one having the prime of his life in full bloom" does; similarly, "thee, like a sacred animal ranging at will" expresses actuality, and in "Thereupon the Greeks shooting forward with their feet" the word "shooting" contains both actuality and metaphor. And as Homer often, by making use of metaphor, speaks of inanimate things as if they were animate; and it is to creating actuality in all such cases that his popularity is due, as in the following examples: "Again the ruthless stone rolled down to the plain.[53]" "The arrow flew." "[The arrow] eager to fly [towards the crowd]." "[The spears] were buried in the ground, longing to take their fill of flesh." "The spear-point sped eagerly through his breast.". For in all these examples there is appearance of actuality, since the objects are represented as animate: "the shameless stone[54]," "the eager spear-point," and the rest express actuality. Homer has attached these attributes by the employment of the proportional metaphor; for as the stone is to Sisyphus, so is the shameless one to the one who is shamelessly treated. In his popular similes also he proceeds in the same manner with inanimate things: "Arched, foam-crested, some in front, others behind;[55]" for he gives movement and life to all, and actuality is movement.

As we have said before, metaphors should be drawn from objects which are proper to the object, but not too obvious; just as, for instance, in philosophy it needs sagacity to grasp the similarity in things that are apart. Thus Archytas said that there was no difference

between an arbitrator and an altar, for the wronged betakes itself to one or the other.[56] Similarly, if one were to say that an anchor and a pot-hook hung up were identical; for both are the same sort of thing, but they differ in this—that one is hung up above and the other below. And if one were to say "the cities have been reduced to the same level," this amounts to the same in the case of things far apart—the equality of "levelling" in regard to superficies and resources.

Most smart sayings are derived from metaphor, and also from misleading the hearer beforehand. For it becomes more evident to him that he has learnt something, when the conclusion turns out contrary to his expectation, and the mind seems to say, "How true it is! but I missed it." And smart apophthegms arise from not meaning what one says, as in the apophthegm of Stesichorus, that "the grasshoppers will sing to themselves from the ground.[57]" And clever riddles are agreeable for the same reason; for something is learnt, and the expression is also metaphorical. And what Theodorus calls "novel expressions" arise when what follows is paradoxical, and, as he puts it, not in accordance with our previous expectation; just as humorists make use of slight changes in words. The same effect is produced by jokes that turn on a change of letter; for they are deceptive. These novelties occur in poetry as well as in prose; for instance, the following verse does not finish as the hearer expected: "And he strode on, under his feet—chilblains," whereas the hearer thought he was going to say "sandals." This kind of joke must be clear from the moment of utterance. Jokes that turn on the word are produced, not by giving it the proper meaning, but by perverting it; for instance, when Theodorus said to Nicon, the player on the cithara, "you are troubled" [θράττει]; for while pretending to say "something troubles you," he deceives us; for he means something else[58]. Therefore the joke is only agreeable to one who understands the point; for if one does not know that Nicon is a Thracian, he will not see any joke in it. Similarly, "you wish to destroy him [πέρσαι][59]." Jokes of both these kinds must be suitably[60] expressed. Similar instances are such

witticisms as saying that "the empire of the sea" was not "the beginning of misfortunes" for the Athenians[61], for they benefited by it; or, with Isocrates, that "empire" was "the beginning of misfortunes for the city[62]"; in both cases that which one would not have expected to be said is said, and recognized as true. For, in the second example, to say that "empire is empire" shows no cleverness, but this is not what he means, but something else; in the first, the ἀρχή which is negatived is used in a different sense. In all these cases, success is attained when a word is appropriately applied, either by homonym or by metaphor. For example, in the phrase Anaschetos [Bearable] is Unbearable, there is a contradiction of the homonym, which is only appropriate, if Anaschetus is an unbearable person[63]. And, "Thou shalt not be more of a stranger than a stranger," or "not more than you should be," which is the same thing. And again, "The stranger must not always be a stranger," for here too the word repeated is taken in a different sense.[64] It is the same with the celebrated verse of Anaxandrides, "It is noble to die before doing anything that deserves death;" for this is the same as saying that "it is worthy to die when one does not deserve to die," or, that "it is worthy to die when one is not worthy of death," or, "when one does nothing that is worthy of death." Now the form of expression of these sayings is the same; but the more concisely and antithetically they are expressed, the greater is their popularity. The reason is that antithesis is more instructive and conciseness gives knowledge more rapidly. Further, in order that what is said may be true and not superficial, it must always either apply to a particular person or be suitably expressed; for it is possible for it to have one quality and not the other. For instance, "One ought to die guiltless of any offence," "The worthy man should take a worthy woman to wife." There is no smartness in either of these expressions, but there will be if both conditions are fulfilled: "It is worthy for a man to die, when he is not worthy of death." The more special qualities the expression possesses, the smarter it appears; for instance, if the words contain a metaphor, and a metaphor of a special kind, antithesis, and equality of

clauses, and actuality.

Similes also, as said above, are always in a manner approved metaphors; since they always consist of two terms, like the proportional metaphor, as when we say, for instance, that the shield is the goblet of Ares, and the bow a lyre without strings[65]. But such an expression is not simple[66], but when we call the bow a lyre, or the shield a goblet, it is. And similes may be formed as follows: a flute-player resembles an ape, a short-sighted man a spluttering lamp; for in both cases there is contraction[67]. But they are excellent when there is a proportional metaphor; for it is possible to liken a shield to the goblet of Ares and a ruin to the rag of a house; to say that Niceratus is a Philoctetes[68] bitten by Pratys, to use the simile of Thrasymachus, when he saw Niceratus, defeated by Pratys in a rhapsodic competition, still dirty with his hair uncut. It is herein that poets are especially condemned if they fail, but applauded if they succeed. I mean, for instance, when they introduce an answering clause: "He carries his legs twisted like parsley," or again, "Like Philammon punching the leather sack." All such expressions are similes, and similes, as has been often said, are metaphors of a kind.

Proverbs also are metaphors from species to species. If a man, for instance, introduces into his house something from which he expects to benefit, but afterwards finds himself injured instead, it is as the Carpathian says of the hare[69] for both have experienced the same misfortunes. This is nearly all that can be said of the sources of smart sayings and the reasons which make them so.

Approved hyperboles are also metaphors. For instance, one may say of a man whose eye is all black and blue, "you would have thought he was a basket of mulberries," because the black eye is something purple, but the great quantity constitutes the hyperbole. Again, when one says "like this or that" there is a hyperbole differing only in the wording: "Like Philammon punching the leather sack," or, "you would have thought that he was Philammon fighting the sack"; "Carrying his legs twisted like parsley," or, "you would have thought that he had no

legs, but parsley, they being so twisted." There is something youthful about hyperboles; for they show vehemence. Wherefore those who are in a passion most frequently make use of them: "Not even were he to offer me gifts as many in number as the sand and dust... but a daughter of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, I will not wed, not even if she rivalled golden Aphrodite in beauty, or Athene in accomplishments.[70]" [Attic orators are especially fond of hyperbole.] Wherefore it is unbecoming for elderly people to make use of them.

第十一章

我们刚刚说过，各种妙语都来自类比式隐喻和能够使事物活现于眼前的表达法。现在我们来解释什么叫“［活现］于眼前”，以及如何才能做到这一点。我想说的是通过能表达活现性的词汇可以使事物活现于眼前。例如，说一个好人“方方正正”是一个隐喻，因为二者［即好人和正方形］都是完满的。但这个短语并未传达出活现性，而“正处在花开的盛年”却能传达活现性；类似地，“你，像一只自由漫步的神兽”［也能够传达活现性］；在“希腊人甩步向前”中，“甩”字也既有活现性，又含隐喻。荷马常常使用隐喻，将无生命的事物描绘成有生命；他正是通过在下述各种情形下创造出活现性而获得盛名，比如下例：“无情的石头再次滚落到平原上。”“那箭飞出去了。”“（那箭）急切地飞（向人群）。”“（矛）插在地里，仍想啖肉。”“矛头急切地穿透了他的胸膛。”在这些例子中都有活灵活现的意象，因为其中的物体都被表征为有生命的东西：“无耻的石头”、“急切的矛头”以及其他说法都传达出活现性。荷马运用类比式隐喻赋予物体上述［有生命的］属性；例如石头之于西西弗斯，就如同无耻的人之于受到无耻对待的人。在他［即荷马］广受欢迎的明喻里，他对无生命的事物也采用了相同的手法，例如“拱着脊背，顶着泡沫，有的在前，有的在后”；须知他赋予所有事物以运动和生命，而活现性就在于运动。

如前所述，隐喻应该取自那些与该事物相配的事物，但是［这种相配性］不能太强［，否则不需要加以思索就能理解］；正如在哲学中需要凭借睿智来捕捉不同事物的相似点。因此，阿尔库塔斯说，仲裁者和神坛之间没有差别，因为受害者总是求助于二者之一。同理，有人会说锚和陶罐挂钩没有区别，因为两者是同一类事物，只有一点不同——一个挂在上面，一个垂在下面。如果有人说“各城邦被削减至同一个水平”，这也相当于在差别很大的事物中寻找相似点——外观的平整和资源数量的扯平之间的对等。

大多数妙语都来自隐喻，亦可来自预先误导听众。当结论与其预料相反时，他［即听众］会更清楚地意识到自己悟出了什么，心里似乎在说：“果然如此！可我竟没猜着。”巧妙的警句还来自意在言外，正如斯特西科罗斯的警句：“蚂蚱将在地上自吟自唱。”出于相同的原因，巧妙

的谜语也讨人喜欢；因为人们［从谜语中］可以有所领悟，而且其表达也包含隐喻。如果后面所说的事情似是而非，而且，如［修辞学家］忒俄多洛斯所说，出乎我们原先的预料，这时他所谓的“新奇表达法”就产生了；这就像幽默家对字词的微小变化善加利用一样。利用一个字母之差制造的笑话也有同样的效果；须知它们具有欺骗性。这样的新奇用法不仅见于散文，而且见于诗歌；例如，以下诗行就没有按听者的预期结尾：“他继续前行，脚下是——冻疮，”听者本来以为他［即诗人］要说“拖鞋”的。这种笑话必须一讲出来就十分明了。那些因改变字词而生出的笑话，不是通过赋予字词其本义，而是通过颠覆字词的本义来实现的；例如，［演员］忒俄多洛斯对竖琴师尼孔说：“你有麻烦了（θράττει）”；这里他表面上在说“有事情困扰着你”，以此蒙蔽我们；要知道他意在其他。因此，这个笑话只是对那些了解其中奥妙的人才有趣；如果不知道尼孔是个色雷斯人，就无法看出其中的可笑之处。类似地还有“你想要搏死他（πέρσαι）”。这两种笑话都必须以恰当的方式表述。类似的妙语还有“海上的帝国”并不是雅典人“厄运的源头”，因为他们［雅典人］曾从中受益；又比如，在伊索克拉底看来，“海上帝国”恰是“城邦厄运的源头”；在这两例中，所说的话语都出人意料，而且都被认为是正确的。在第二个例子中，如果说成“帝国是帝国”就毫无机智可言，但是他［即伊索克拉底］意不在此，而是另有他意；在第一个例子中，那个被否定的ἀρχή同样有别于其本义。在所有这些情况下，如果词语运用得当——要么通过同音字，要么通过隐喻——就能获得成功。例如，在“Anaschetos（可忍受的）是令人难以忍受的”这句话中，有一对同音字的对立，只有当Anaschetus其人的确令人难以忍受，这句话才算恰当。又如，“不要比外人还像外人”，或者“不要比你应该扮演的角色更甚”，也是同样的意思。又如，“外人不要永远是外人”，这里重复出现的词语［即“外人”］被用于表达不同的意思。阿那珊里得斯的那句著名诗句也是如此，“在犯下死罪之前死去是高贵的”；这相当于说“在不该死的时候去死是值得称道的”，或者“在不值得死的时候去死是值得的”，或者“在没有做任何该死的事情时［死去是值得称道的］”。这些说法的形式相同；但表达越简明，对立越明显，就越受欢迎。原因在于对立更有启发性，而简明的风格能够更快地传递知识。再者，为了使所说的话既正确又不肤浅，它应当总是要么针对某个特定的个人，要么以恰当的方式表述；要知道一句话可能具有上述品质之一［如正确性］，而不具备

之二［如不肤浅］。例如，“人应至死都不作奸犯科”，“值得敬重的人应该娶一个值得敬重的女子为妻。”这两个说法都不算巧妙，但是如果它们能同时满足上述两个条件，就会很巧妙。例如，“在不值得死去的时候死去是值得的。”一个说法所拥有的特殊品质越多，就越显得巧妙；例如，如果文字中包括隐喻、特殊隐喻、对立子句和平衡子句以及活现性［，就会显得巧妙］。

明喻，如前所述，在某种意义上也都是被认可的隐喻；因为它们总是包括两个可比项，就像类比式隐喻；例如，我们可以说盾牌是阿瑞斯的酒杯，弓是无弦的竖琴。不过，这样的表达并不是简单的隐喻；但是当我们把弓称作竖琴，或者把盾牌称作酒杯时，就是简单隐喻。明喻可以用如下方法构成：例如，说吹笛子的人像大猩猩［，因为二者的姿态很像］；说近视眼像飞溅的灯火，因为这两种情形下都有收缩［的动作］。但是明喻以含有类比式隐喻的为最佳；比如，可以把盾牌比作阿瑞斯的酒杯；把废墟比作房子的碎屑；把尼克拉托斯说成被普拉梯斯咬伤的菲罗克忒忒斯——当时，塞拉西马柯在一次赛诗会上看到尼克拉托斯被普拉梯斯击败，衣衫褴褛，头发凌乱，便用了这个明喻［来形容尼克拉托斯］。诗人们在使用明喻上，如果失败，即大获倒彩；如果成功，即大受追捧。我指的是，例如，当他们给出这样的答句：“他拖着弯曲如芹菜的双腿”，或者“像［拳击手］菲兰蒙捶击皮囊那样［痛揍某人］”［，都会大受追捧］。诸如此类的表达都是明喻，而明喻，我已经一再说过，就是一种隐喻。

谚语也是种与种之间的隐喻。例如，一个人带了一样东西回家，指望从中受益，但是后来却发现自己反受其害，这就像卡帕托斯人和野兔的故事；因为二者［即这人和卡帕托斯人］都经历了相同的不幸。以上就是差不多所有的巧语的来源和它们之所以巧妙的原因。

人所乐见的夸张也是隐喻。例如，人们可以这样描述被打得眼睛乌青的人：“你会以为他是一篮桑葚”，因为黑色的眼睛有点儿发紫，而这［一篮的］数量构成了夸张。又如，我们说“像这个或那个”时，也有夸张的成分，只不过措辞不同。例如，“像［拳击手］菲兰蒙捶击皮囊那样［痛揍某人］”一句可以改成“你会觉得他就是那痛揍皮囊的菲兰蒙”；“拖着他那如同芹菜一样弯曲的双腿”可以改成“他的双腿如此弯曲，你会觉得他根本没长腿，只拖着两根芹菜。”夸张的运用有年轻人的味道，因为它们表现出激情。这也就是为什么情绪激动的人最常使用夸

张［，比如］：“即使他给我如同沙粒和尘土一样多的礼物……阿特柔斯的儿子阿伽门农的女儿我也誓不会娶，就算她的美貌堪比金发的阿佛洛狄特，就算她的才艺堪比雅典娜。”（雅典的演说家尤其喜欢使用夸张。）这就是为什么老年人不适合用夸张手法。

CHAPTER 12

But we must not lose sight of the fact that a different style is suitable to each kind of Rhetoric. That of written compositions is not the same as that of debate; nor, in the latter, is that of public speaking the same as that of the law courts. But it is necessary to be acquainted with both; for the one requires a knowledge of good Greek, while the other prevents the necessity of keeping silent when we wish to communicate something to others, which happens to those who do not know how to write. The style of written compositions is most precise, that of debate is most suitable for delivery. Of the latter there are two kinds, ethical and emotional; this is why actors are always running after plays of this character, and poets[71] after suitable actors. However, poets whose works are only meant for reading are also popular, as Chaeremon, who is as precise as a writer of speeches, and Licymnius among dithyrambic poets. When compared, the speeches of writers appear meagre in public debates, while those of the rhetoricians, however well delivered, are amateurish when read. The reason is that they are only suitable to public debates; hence speeches suited for delivery, when delivery is absent, do not fulfill their proper function and appear silly. For instance, asyndeta and frequent repetition of the same word are rightly disapproved in written speech, but in public debate even rhetoricians make use of them, for they lend themselves to acting. [But one must vary the expression when one repeats the same thing, for this as it were paves the way for declamation: as, "This is he who robbed you, this is he who deceived you, this is he who at last attempted to betray you." This is what Philemon the actor did in *The Old Man's Folly* of Anaxandrides, when he says "Rhadamanthus and Palamedes," and when he repeats the word "I" in the prologue to *The Pious*. For unless such expressions are varied by action, it is a case of "the man who carries the beam"[72] in the proverb.]

It is the same with asyndeta: "I came, I met, I entreated." For here

delivery is needed, and the words should not be pronounced with the same tone and character, as if there was only one clause. Further, asyndeta have a special characteristic; for in an equal space of time many things appear to be said, because the connecting particle makes many things one, so that, if it be removed, it is clear that the contrary will be the case, and that the one will become many. Therefore an asyndeton produces amplification: thus, in "I came, I conversed, I besought," the hearer seems to be surveying many things, all that the speaker said. This also is Homer's intention in the passage "Nireus, again, from Syme..., Nireus son of Aglaia..., Nireus, the most beautiful...;" for it is necessary that one of whom much has been said should be often mentioned; if then the name is often mentioned, it seems as if much has been said; so that, by means of this fallacy, Homer has increased the reputation of Nireus, though he only mentions him in one passage; he has perpetuated his memory, though he never speaks of him again.

The deliberative style is exactly like a rough sketch, for the greater the crowd, the further off is the point of view; wherefore in both too much refinement is a superfluity and even a disadvantage. But the forensic style is more finished, and more so before a single judge, because there is least opportunity of employing rhetorical devices, since the mind more readily takes in at a glance what belongs to the subject and what is foreign to it; there is no discussion, so the judgment is clear. This is why the same orators do not excel in all these styles; where action is most effective, there the style is least finished, and this is a case in which voice, especially a loud one, is needed.

The epideictic style is especially suited to written compositions, for its function is reading; and next to it comes the forensic style. It is superfluous to make the further distinction that style should be pleasant or magnificent. Why so, any more than temperate, liberal, or anything else that indicates moral virtue? For it is evident that, if virtue of style has been correctly defined, what we have said will suffice to make it pleasant. For why, if not to please, need it be clear,

not mean, but appropriate? If it be too diffuse, or too concise, it will not be clear; but it is plain that the mean is most suitable. What we have said will make the style pleasant, if it contains a happy mixture of proper and "foreign" words, of rhythm, and of persuasiveness resulting from propriety. This finishes what we had to say about style; of all the three kinds of Rhetoric in general, and of each of them in particular. It only remains to speak of arrangement.

第十二章

但是不可忽视的是，不同的风格适合不同的修辞。书面文章的风格与［口头］辩论的风格不同；在后者之中，公共演说［即议政演说］的风格又与诉讼演说的风格不同。但这两种［风格］我们都有必要熟悉；第一种［即口头辩论的风格］要求精通希腊语，第二种［即书面文章的风格］则可以使我们在希望向［不在此时此地的］人传达信息时不至于被迫沉默，就像那些不会写作的人一样。书面文章的风格最精准，辩论的风格则最适合口头宣讲。后者又分两种：道德的和情感的；这就是为什么演员们总是追求此类剧本，而诗人们总是追求合适的演员。但是，那些只创作用来阅读的作品的诗人也很受欢迎，比如［悲剧诗人］开瑞蒙，他的风格像演说词作者的风格一样精确，写酒神赞歌的诗人利铿尼俄斯也是如此。两相比较，作家的演讲在公共辩论中往往显得贫乏；而修辞家的演说，无论讲得多么精彩，阅读的时候都会显得平庸。原因在于，它们［即修辞家的演说］只适合［口头的］公共辩论；因此，适合口头宣讲的演讲稿，如果不用于宣讲，就无法实现其真正的功用，而且会显得笨拙。例如，省略连接词和频繁地重复字词在书面演讲稿中是理当被诟病的，但是在［口头］公共辩论中，即使是修辞高手也会动用这样的手段，因为它们适合表演。（但是，重复的时候也应在表达方式上力求变化，因为这样可以做到琅琅上口：例如，“正是他抢劫了你，正是他欺骗了你，也正是他最后想要背叛你。”演员腓利门在阿那珊里得斯的［戏剧］《年老昏聩》中念到“拉达曼提斯和帕拉墨得斯”［这句台词］时就是这么做的，在重复《虔诚者》序诗中的那个“我”字时，他也是这么做的。要知道除非这些［重复的］语词在表述方式上有所变化，否则就如同谚语“扛横梁的人”所说的情形了。）

省略连接词的情况也与此类似［，比如］：“我来了，我遇见了，我恳求了。”这里也需要运用朗读技巧，不要用同一个音调、同一个方式来念那些字词，好像只有一个子句似的。再者，省略连接词［的句子］有一个特点：在相同的时段内，似乎讲了很多事情；这是因为连接词将许多事物变成了一件，所以如果去掉连接词，情况显然就会截然相反，一件事会变成多件事。因此，连接词的省略能产生夸张［的效果］：比如，在“我来了，我说话了，我恳求了”这个句子中，听者似乎从演说者

的话语中目睹了很多事情。这也是荷马在［《伊利亚特》的］这个段落中的意图：“尼柔斯，再一次，来自叙墨……，尼柔斯，阿格拉伊亚的儿子……，尼柔斯，最漂亮的男子……。”要知道一个经常被谈论的人，其名字也必然经常被提起；而如果名字经常被提起，那人也就会显得经常被谈论。这样，借助这种悖论，荷马增加了尼柔斯的名声，尽管荷马只在一段话中提到他，此后亦再未提起，但是荷马已经让他留名了。

议政演说的风格恰似草草勾勒的略图，观众越多，视点越远；所以对二者而言，繁复的修饰都是多余的，甚至是有害的。而诉讼演说的风格更精致，若只有一位听众作为裁决者，情况就更是如此，因为［这种情形下］几乎没有机会使用修辞技巧，原因是［裁决者的］头脑更能一眼辨别出哪些内容与主题有关，哪些与主题无关；须知没有［不同裁决者之间的］商讨，所以判决很清晰。这就是为什么同一个演说者无法在上述所有风格中胜出。表演技巧最奏效的场合，最不要求精致的风格，这种情况需要的是一副好嗓子，特别是大嗓门。

宣德演讲的风格特别适合书面文章，因为它的主要用处是供人阅读；诉讼演讲的风格紧随其后。至于进一步区分风格是应该使人愉悦还是恢宏大气，就是多余的了。为什么［单单］是这二者，而不是节制、自由或者任何其他能标识道德美德的特点呢？其实，只要风格的美被正确定义，那么很显然，我们前面所讲已经足够使其令人愉悦了。要知道如果不是为了愉悦众人，风格又何须清晰、恰当而又不流于平庸呢？如果太啰唆，或者太简洁，风格都会不够清晰；中庸［即不啰唆也不过简］显然才是最恰当的。至此，我们所讲的内容，包括巧妙搭配的本土和“外来”词汇、节奏、靠得体实现的说服力，都会使风格为人所乐见。关于风格、三种修辞风格的共性以及它们各自的特点，我们就讲到这里。只有布局尚待讨论。

CHAPTER 13

A speech has two parts. It is necessary to state the subject, and then to prove it. Wherefore it is impossible to make a statement without proving it, or to prove it without first putting it forward; for both he who proves proves something, and he who puts something forward does so in order to prove it. The first of these parts is the statement of the case, the second the proof, a similar division to that of problem and demonstration. But the division now generally made is absurd; for narrative only belongs in a manner to forensic speech, but in epideictic or deliberative speech how is it possible that there should be narrative as it is defined, or a refutation; or an epilogue in demonstrative speeches?[73] In deliberative speeches, again, exordium, comparison, and recapitulation are only admissible when there is a conflict of opinion. For both accusation and defence are often found in deliberative, but not qua deliberative speech. And further, the epilogue does not even belong to every forensic speech, for instance, when it is short, or the matter is easy to recollect; for in the epilogue what happens is that there is a reduction of length.

So then the necessary parts of a speech are the statement of the case and proof. These divisions are appropriate to every speech, and at the most the parts are four in number—exordium, statement, proof, epilogue; for refutation of an opponent is part of the proofs, and comparison is an amplification of one's own case, and therefore also part of the proofs; for he who does this proves something, whereas the exordium and the epilogue are merely aids to memory. Therefore, if we adopt all such divisions we shall be following Theodorus and his school, who distinguished narrative, additional narrative, and preliminary narrative, refutation and additional refutation. But one must only adopt a name to express a distinct species or a real difference; otherwise, it becomes empty and silly, like the terms introduced by Licymnius in his *Art*, where he speaks of "being wafted

along," "wandering from the subject," and "ramifications."

第十三章

演讲包括两部分。必须［先］陈述主题，然后证明主题。因此，不可能只陈述主题而不作证明，或者只证明而不陈述主题；因为进行证明的人总要证明某事，而陈述某个主题的人也是为了予以证明才进行陈述。第一部分是陈述，第二部分是证明，与问题和明示的划分类似。但是现在流行的划分方法却很荒谬，因为叙述只在某种意义上属于诉讼演说，而在宣德演说或议政演说中，怎么可能有所谓的“叙述”或者“反驳”，证明性的演说中［又怎么可能有］“结束语”呢？同样，在议政演说中，只有当观点相冲突时，才能有开场白、对比及总结等。指控和辩护常见于议政演说，不过并非只见于议政演说。再者，并不是每一种诉讼演说都有结束语，例如，如果篇幅短小，或者所述之事很容易回忆［，就无需结束语］；因为结束语无非是所述内容的缩写。

因此，演说中不可或缺的部分［只］是陈述主题和证明主题。这两个组成部分适用于各种演说。演说的组成部分最多能有四个——开场白、陈述、证明和结束语；须知反驳对手其实是证明的一部分，而对比则是对自己所述内容的彰显，因此也属于证明，要知道这样做［即进行对比］的演说者都是为了证明什么；至于开场白和结束语则仅仅是辅助记忆而已。故此，如果我们采纳上述这些划分，我们就是在追随［修辞学家］忒俄多洛斯及其学派了。他们区分了“叙述”、“附加叙述”和“预叙述”，还区分了“反驳”和“附加反驳”。但是，我们只应该为了明确表示类别或者描述真实的差异而命名事物；否则，命名就会空洞而愚蠢，如同［修辞学家］利铿尼俄斯在其《修辞术教材》中介绍的那些术语，诸如推动法、离题法和分支法之类。

CHAPTER 14

The exordium is the beginning of a speech, as the prologue in poetry and the prelude in flute-playing; for all these are beginnings, and as it were a paving the way for what follows. The prelude resembles the exordium of epideictic speeches; for as flute-players begin by playing whatever they can execute skilfully and attach it to the key-note, so also in epideictic speeches should be the composition of the exordium; the speaker should say at once whatever he likes, give the key-note and then attach the main subject. And all do this, an example being the exordium of the Helen of Isocrates[74]; for the eristics and Helen have nothing in common. At the same time, even if the speaker wanders from the point, this is more appropriate than that the speech should be monotonous.

In epideictic speeches, the sources of the exordia are praise and blame, as Gorgias, in the Olympiacus, says, "Men of Greece, you are worthy to be admired by many," where he is praising those who instituted the solemn assemblies. Isocrates on the other hand blames them because they rewarded bodily excellences, but instituted no prize for men of wisdom. Exordia may also be derived from advice, for instance, one should honor the good, wherefore the speaker praises Aristides, or such as are neither famous nor worthless, but who, although they are good, remain obscure, as Alexander, son of Priam; for this is a piece of advice. Again, they may be derived from forensic exordia, that is to say, from appeals to the hearer, if the subject treated is paradoxical, difficult, or commonly known, in order to obtain indulgence, like Choerilus: "But now when all has been allotted.[75]" These then are the sources of epideictic exordia—praise, blame, exhortation, dissuasion, appeals to the hearer. And these exordia may be either foreign or intimately connected with the speech.

As for the exordia of the forensic speech, it must be noted that they

produce the same effect as dramatic prologues and epic exordia [for those of dithyrambs resemble epideictic exordia: "For thee and thy presents or spoils[76]]." But in speeches and epic poems the exordia provide a sample of the subject, in order that the hearers may know beforehand what it is about, and that the mind may not be kept in suspense, for that which is undefined leads astray; so then he who puts the beginning, so to say, into the hearer's hand enables him, if he holds fast to it, to follow the story. Hence the following exordia: "Sing the wrath, O Muse.[77]" "Tell me of the man, O Muse.[78]" "Inspire me with another theme, how from the land of Asia a great war crossed into Europe.[79]" Similarly, tragic poets make clear the subject of their drama, if not at the outset, like Euripides, at least somewhere in the prologue, like Sophocles, "My father was Polybus.[80]" It is the same in comedy. So then the most essential and special function of the exordium is to make clear what is the end or purpose of the speech; wherefore it should not be employed, if the subject is quite clear or unimportant. All the other forms of exordia in use are only remedies, and are common to all three branches of Rhetoric. These are derived from the speaker, the hearer, the subject, and the opponent. From the speaker and the opponent, all that helps to destroy or create prejudice. But this must not be done in the same way; for the defendant must deal with this at the beginning, the accuser in the epilogue. The reason is obvious. The defendant, when about to introduce himself, must remove all obstacles, so that he must first clear away all prejudice; the accuser must create prejudice in the epilogue, that his hearers may have a livelier recollection of it.

The object of an appeal to the hearer is to make him well disposed or to arouse his indignation, and sometimes to engage his attention or the opposite; for it is not always expedient to engage his attention, which is the reason why many speakers try to make their hearers laugh. As for rendering the hearers tractable, everything will lead up to it if a person wishes, including the appearance of respectability, because respectable persons command more attention. Hearers pay

most attention to things that are important, that concern their own interests, that are astonishing, that are agreeable; wherefore one should put the idea into their heads that the speech deals with such subjects. To make his hearers inattentive, the speaker must persuade them that the matter is unimportant, that it does not concern them, that it is painful.

But we must not lose sight of the fact that all such things are outside the question, for they are only addressed to a hearer whose judgment is poor and who is ready to listen to what is beside the case; for if he is not a man of this kind, there is no need of an exordium, except just to make a summary statement of the subject, so that, like a body, it may have a head. Further, engaging the hearers' attention is common to all parts of the speech, if necessary; for attention slackens everywhere else rather than at the beginning. Accordingly, it is ridiculous to put this at the beginning, at a time when all listen with the greatest attention. Wherefore, when the right moment comes, one must say, "And give me your attention, for it concerns you as much as myself"; and, "I will tell you such a thing as you have never yet" heard of, so strange and wonderful. This is what Prodicus used to do; whenever his hearers began to nod, he would throw in a dash of his fifty-drachma lecture.[81] But it is clear that one does not speak thus to the hearer qua hearer[82]; for all in their exordia endeavor either to arouse prejudice or to remove their own apprehensions: "O prince, I will not say that with haste [I have come breathless].[83]" "Why this preamble?" This is what those also do who have, or seem to have, a bad case; for it is better to lay stress upon anything rather than the case itself. That is why slaves never answer questions directly but go all round them, and indulge in preambles. We have stated how the hearer's goodwill is to be secured and all other similar states of mind.[84] And since it is rightly said, "Grant that on reaching the Phaeacians I may find friendship or compassion,[85]" the orator should aim at exciting these two feelings.

In epideictic exordia, one must make the hearer believe that he shares

the praise, either himself, or his family, or his pursuits, or at any rate in some way or other. For Socrates says truly in his Funeral Oration that "it is easy to praise Athenians in the presence of Athenians, but not in the presence of Lacedaemonians."

Deliberative oratory borrows its exordia from forensic, but naturally they are very uncommon in it. For in fact the hearers are acquainted with the subject, so that the case needs no exordium, except for the orator's own sake, or on account of his adversaries, or if the hearers attach too much or too little importance to the question according to his idea. Wherefore he must either excite or remove prejudice, and magnify or minimize the importance of the subject. Such are the reasons for exordia; or else they merely serve the purpose of ornament, since their absence makes the speech appear offhand. For such is the encomium on the Eleans, in which Gorgias, without any preliminary sparring or movements, starts off at once, "Elis, happy city."

第十四章

开场白是演说的开头，正如诗歌的序诗和长笛演奏的序曲；这些都是开头，究其实都是为后面的内容做铺垫。序曲与宣德演说的开场白类似，因为正如长笛演奏者以演奏自己擅长的乐曲开始，把它与基调连起来，在宣德演说中开场白的拟定也是如此：演讲者应该先说点他想说的事情，引出基调，然后与主题相连。所有的演说者都是这样做的，比如伊索克拉底的［演讲］《海伦颂》的开场白，要知道辩论术与海伦［本来］并没有什么共同点。另外，即使演说者游离了主题，也比通篇单调乏味要合适。

在宣德演说中，开场白往往从赞扬和谴责中取材。比如高尔吉亚在其《奥林匹亚》演说辞中这样称颂那些创立庄严集会的召集者："希腊人啊，你们值得被众人景仰。"而伊索克拉底则谴责这些人，因为他们奖励身强体健者，却不奖励富有智慧者。开场白也可以从忠告中取材，例如，"我们应该尊重好人"，演说者据此褒奖亚里斯泰迪斯；或者"［我们应该尊重］那些虽无甚名气却并不卑贱的人"，即"品质虽好但籍籍无名的人"，比如普里阿摩斯的儿子亚历山大。这便是一条忠告。再者，如果讨论的主题似是而非、难以理解或者早已广为人知，开场白亦可效法诉讼演说的开头，诉诸听众的同情，以获得谅解，如科伊里洛斯所说的："但是现在所有的［主题］都被分配完了。"以上就是宣德演说开场白的素材——夸赞、指责、劝说、劝阻以及诉诸听众的理解。这些开场白既可以与演说［的正文］毫不相干，也可以与演说［的正文］密切相关。

至于诉讼演说的开场白，应该注意的是它们要产生与戏剧序诗和史诗序诗一样的效果（酒神赞歌的开场则与宣德演说的开场白相似［，比如］："为你、你的礼物或者战利品！"）。不过在［诉讼］演说和史诗中，开场白要透露主题的端倪，以便听众提前了解其内容，不至于心存悬念，要知道不确定的东西会让人感到迷惑；因此可以说，把开场白交到听众手中，能帮助听众跟随故事的发展，如果听众能好好将其把握的话。所以才有下面这样的开场白："高歌吟唱那愤怒吧，哦，女神！""请给我讲讲那人的故事吧，哦，女神！""赐予我另一个故事的灵感吧，关于一场大战如何从亚细亚打到欧罗巴。"与此相似，悲剧诗人也会明确表

达其剧作的主题，即使不是像欧里庇得斯那样在一开始就表述，至少也会像索福克勒斯那样在序诗的某个部分表白，［比如：］“我父亲是波吕波斯。”喜剧的情况也是如此。所以开场白最核心、最特殊的功能是明确演说的目标或者目的；因此，如果主题相当明确或者无关紧要的话，就不应该使用开场白。开场白的所有其他通用形式都只是［针对听众注意力涣散等问题的］补救手段，三类演说都是如此。这些手段取自演讲者、听者、主题以及反方。从演讲者和反方那里，［可以提取］能帮助消除或者制造偏见的开场白。不过［双方］不应采用相同的方式；因为被告应该在一开始就处理这个问题［即消除偏见］，而控方应该在结束语中处理这个问题［即制造偏见］。其中的原由显而易见。被告在准备介绍自己的时候，必须消除所有障碍，因此他应该首先清除所有的偏见；而原告应该在结束语中制造偏见，以便让听众记得更清楚。

诉诸听众［理解］的目的在于使他们对自己产生好感或者激发他们的愤慨，有时也在于吸引他们的注意力或者相反［即分散他们的注意力］；须知吸引注意力也并不总是有好处，这就是为什么很多演说家都力图使听众发笑。至于驾驭听众，只要愿意，任何手段都可以实现这一点，包括表现自己的可敬之处，因为可敬之人总能吸引更多的注意力。听众最关注那些重要的事情，那些关乎他们自身利益的事情，那些耸人听闻的事情，那些令人愉快的事情；因此，演说者应该让听众觉得自己的演说就是在讲这样的事情。为了让听众注意力分散，演说者则应当让他们相信所讲的事情并不重要，并不涉及他们的利益，或者会使他们痛苦。

但是我们千万不能忽视这样一个事实：所有这些事情都与演说主题无关，因为它们只针对那些判断力很差的听者，那些爱听无关主题之事的听者；因此，如果他［即听者］不是这样的人，就没有必要做［这样的］开场白，除了简述一下主题，以便让演说像人的身体一样有个头。再者，如果确有必要，吸引听众注意力的做法适用于演说的所有部分；须知听众的注意力在演说的任何部分都比在开头容易涣散。因此，把这［些吸引注意力的手段］用在开头是荒唐的，当所有听众的注意力都最集中的时候。所以，要到适当的时候演说者才有必要说：“请注意听，因为这不仅关乎我自己而且关乎大家”；以及“我将告诉你们一件你们从未”听过而且非常奇异美妙的事情。这正是普罗狄科斯经常使用的手法；只要听众开始打瞌睡，他就会穿插一句他那篇著名的价值五十德拉克马

的讲稿里的妙语。但是很显然，人们并不以这样的方式对那些合格的听众来发表演讲；须知所有演讲者都在各自的开场白里用力激发偏见，或者消除自身的不安［，比如］：“哦，君王啊，我不愿急急忙忙地说（我刚刚上气不接下气地赶到）。”“为什么这样开场呢？”那些遇到或者似乎遇到倒霉事的人也这样说话，因为［对他们而言］强调任何事情都胜过强调那件倒霉事本身。这就是为什么奴隶们从不直接回答问题，而总是拐弯抹角，做大量的铺垫。我们已经讲过如何争取听众的善意以及其他类似心境。有句话说得好：“请让我到那里得到菲埃克斯人的友谊或同情。”演说家也应该以激发这两种情感为目的。

在宣德演说的开场白中，［演说者］应该让听众相信他本人、他的家族或者他追求的东西都受到夸赞，至少是某种程度的夸赞。苏格拉底在其《葬礼演说》中说得好：“当着雅典人的面夸赞雅典人是容易的，但是当着拉栖第梦人的面［夸赞雅典人］却不容易。”

议政演说可以从诉讼演说借用开场白，但是二者在这一点上当然很不同。要知道听众其实很熟悉［议政演说］所讲的话题，因此并不需要开场白，除非出于演说者自身的原因，或者由于其对手的原因，或者如果演说者认为听众非常重视或者非常不重视某个问题。［在这些情形下，］他就必须激发或者消除偏见，夸大或者贬低话题的重要性。以上就是［使用］开场白的原因；除此之外，开场白只是起装饰的作用，因为如果没有开场白，演说就会显得突兀。正如在给伊利斯人的颂词中，高尔吉亚预先没有做任何热身活动，开口就道：“伊利斯啊，幸福的城邦！”

CHAPTER 15

One way of removing prejudice is to make use of the arguments by which one may clear oneself from disagreeable suspicion; for it makes no difference whether this suspicion has been openly expressed or not; and so this may be taken as a general rule. Another way consists in contesting the disputed points, either by denying the fact or its harmfulness, at least to the plaintiff; or by asserting that its importance is exaggerated; or that it is not unjust at all, or only slightly so; or neither disgraceful nor important. These are the possible points of dispute: as Iphicrates, in answer to Nausicrates, admitted that he had done what the prosecutor alleged and inflicted damage, but denied that he had been guilty of wrongdoing. Again, one may strike the balance, when guilty of wrongdoing, by maintaining that although the action was injurious it was honorable, painful but useful, or anything else of the kind.

Another method consists in saying that it was a case of error, misfortune, or necessity; as, for example, Sophocles said that he trembled, not, as the accuser said, in order to appear old, but from necessity, for it was against his wish that he was eighty years of age. One may also substitute one motive for another, and say that one did not mean to injure but to do something else, not that of which one was accused, and that the wrongdoing was accidental: "I should deserve your hatred, had I acted so as to bring this about."

Another method may be employed if the accuser, either himself or one closely related to him, has been involved in a similar charge, either now or formerly; or, if others are involved who are admittedly not exposed to the charge; for instance, if it is argued that so-and-so is an adulterer, because he is a dandy, then so-and-so must be.

Again, if the accuser has already similarly accused others, or himself been accused by others; or if others, without being formally accused, have been suspected as you are now, and their innocence has been

proved.

Another method consists in counter-attacking the accuser; for it would be absurd to believe the words of one who is himself unworthy of belief.

Another method is to appeal to a verdict already given, as Euripides did in the case about the exchange of property; when Hygiaenon accused him of impiety as having advised perjury in the verse, "My tongue hath sworn, but my mind is unsworn," Euripides replied that his accuser did wrong in transferring the decisions of the court of Dionysus to the law courts; for he had already rendered an account of what he had said there, or was still ready to do so, if his adversary desired to accuse him.

Another method consists in attacking slander, showing how great an evil it is, and this because it alters the nature of judgments, and that it does not rely on the real facts of the case.

Common to both parties is the topic of tokens, as in the *Teucer*[86], Odysseus reproaches Teucer with being a relative of Priam, whose sister his mother Hesione was; to which Teucer replied that his father Telamon was the enemy of Priam, and that he himself did not denounce the spies.[87]

Another method, suitable for the accuser, is to praise something unimportant at great length, and to condemn something important concisely; or, putting forward several things that are praiseworthy in the opponent, to condemn the one thing that has an important bearing upon the case. Such methods are most artful and unfair; for by their use men endeavor to make what is good in a man injurious to him, by mixing it up with what is bad.

Another method is common to both accuser and defender. Since the same thing may have been done from several motives, the accuser must disparage it by taking it in the worse sense, while the defender must take it in the better sense. For instance, when Diomedes chose Odysseus for his companion, it may be said on the one hand that he did so because he considered him to be the bravest of men, on the

other, that it was because Odysseus was the only man who was no possible rival for him, since he was a poltroon. Let this suffice for the question of prejudice.

第十五章

消除偏见的方法之一是用辩解来消弭不友善的怀疑。无论这种怀疑是否公开表达，结果都是一样，所以这一方法可被视为普遍的准则。另一个方法是对争议点提出异议，包括：否认事实或者否认其有害，说明至少对原告［无害］；或者断言它的重要性被夸大；或者［断言］它本非不义，或者不义程度很轻微；或者［断言它］既不可耻也不重要。这些都是可能的争议点：正如伊菲克拉底在回应瑙西克拉底时承认自己曾做过起诉者所说的事情，也造成了损害，但否认自己犯了罪。再者，即便犯下罪行，也可以坚称虽然自己的行为造成了伤害，但却是高尚的；虽然造成了痛苦，但却是有利的，诸如此类。

另一个方法是宣称［自己的所为］是出于差错，出于不幸，或者情非得已；例如，索福克勒斯说他的颤抖不是像原告所说的是为了做出老态，而是情非得已，因为年届八旬也不是他所情愿的。还可以用一种动机取代另一种动机，说自己并没有存心伤害，而是原本打算做另外一件并非被指控之事，而且罪行乃是出于意外［，比如］："我若是存心做此事的话，理应遭你痛恨。"

如果原告自己或者与原告关系密切之人，过去或当前涉嫌类似指控，被告就可以用另一种方法［来消除偏见，即反责法］；或者，如果另有他人涉案却众所周知未被指控［，也可以采用这一方法］；例如，［可以这样反责，］如果因为某某人是花花公子就说他是奸夫，那么［也可以说］另外那个某某人也一定是奸夫［，因为那个人也是花花公子］。

再者，如果原告已经用类似方法控告过他人，或者原告自己曾被他人指控；或者如果他人虽未被正式指控，但和你现在一样被人怀疑，而［后来］又被证明是清白的［，那么你也可以说自己是清白的］。

另一个方法是反击原告；因为若他自身不值得信任，那么再相信他的话就很荒谬了。

另一个方法是诉诸已经做出的判决，正如欧里庇得斯在一起财产交换案中的做法：胡格埃农指控欧里庇得斯不敬神，因为他在诗歌中教唆人们作伪证："我的口舌发了誓，但是心灵却没有"，对此，欧里庇得斯回应道，原告错把酒神节竞赛中的裁决挪到法庭上；要知道他早已为自

己在那里［即酒神节竞赛场地］所说的话做过解释，如果他的敌人想要指控他，他愿意再做解释。

另一个方法体现在攻击对方的诽谤上，说明诽谤是多么严重的恶行，因为它不仅会改变判决的性质，而且不依据事实真相。

迹象部目适用于控辩双方，正如在［索福克勒斯的戏剧］《透克罗斯》中，奥德修斯谴责透克罗斯是普里阿摩斯的亲戚，［因为］他母亲赫西俄涅是普里阿摩斯的妹妹；对此，透克罗斯回应说，他的父亲忒拉蒙是普里阿摩斯的敌人，而且他本人也没有揭发［希腊人派往特洛伊的］探子。

还有一个方法适用于原告，即长篇累牍地夸赞某个无关紧要的事情，然后三言两语地谴责某个重要的事情；或者在列举对方的几件好品质之后，随即谴责对方对本案造成重大影响的一件事情。这两种方法都非常狡猾且不公正；因为通过此法，人们竭力把美德与恶行混淆起来，利用他人的美德来伤害他人。

还有一种方法适合控辩双方。既然人们做同一件事可能出于数个动机，那么原告应该从较坏的方面入手来贬损该事，而被告则应当从较好的方面入手。例如，当狄俄墨得斯挑选奥德修斯作为［侦察敌营的］同伴时，一方面可以说他这么做是因为他认为奥德修斯最勇敢；另一方面也可以说原因在于奥德修斯是唯一不可能抢他风头的人，因为［他认为］奥德修斯无足挂齿。关于偏见的问题就讲到这里。

CHAPTER 16

In the epideictic style the narrative should not be consecutive, but disjointed; for it is necessary to go through the actions which form the subject of the speech. For a speech is made up of one part that is inartificial [the speaker being in no way the author of the actions which he relates], and of another that does depend upon art. The latter consists in showing that the action did take place, if it be incredible, or that it is of a certain kind, or of a certain importance, or all three together. This is why it is sometimes right not to narrate all the facts consecutively, because a demonstration of this kind is difficult to remember. From some facts a man may be shown to be courageous, from others wise or just. Besides, a speech of this kind is simpler, whereas the other is intricate and not plain. It is only necessary to recall famous actions; wherefore most people have no need of narrative—for instance, if you wish to praise Achilles; for everybody knows what he did, and it is only necessary to make use of it. But if you wish to praise Critias, narrative is necessary, for not many people know what he did...

But at the present day it is absurdly laid down that the narrative should be rapid. And yet, as the man said to the baker when he asked whether he was to knead bread hard or soft, "What! Is it impossible to knead it well?" so it is in this case; for the narrative must not be long, nor the exordium, nor the proofs either. For in this case also propriety does not consist either in rapidity or conciseness, but in a due mean; that is, one must say all that will make the facts clear, or create the belief that they have happened or have done injury or wrong, or that they are as important as you wish to make them. The opposite party must do the opposite. And you should incidentally narrate anything that tends to show your own virtue, for instance, "I always recommended him to act rightly, not to forsake his children"; or the wickedness of your opponent, for instance, "but he answered that,

wherever he might be, he would always find other children," an answer attributed by Herodotus to the Egyptian rebels;[88] or anything which is likely to please the dicasts.

In defence, the narrative need not be so long; for the points at issue are either that the fact has not happened or that it was neither injurious nor wrong nor so important as asserted, so that one should not waste time over what all are agreed upon, unless anything tends to prove that, admitting the act, it is not wrong. Again, one should only mention such past things as are likely to excite pity or indignation if described as actually happening; for instance, the story of Alcinous, because in the presence of Penelope it is reduced to sixty lines[89], and the way in which Phayllus[90] dealt with the epic cycle, and the prologue to the *Oeneus*.

And the narrative should be of a moral character, and in fact it will be so, if we know what effects this. One thing is to make clear our moral purpose; for as is the moral purpose, so is the character, and as is the end, so is the moral purpose. For this reason mathematical treatises have no moral character, because neither have they moral purpose; for they have no moral end. But the Socratic dialogues have; for they discuss such questions. Other ethical indications are the accompanying peculiarities of each individual character; for instance, "He was talking and walking on at the same time," which indicates effrontery and boorishness. Nor should we speak as if from the intellect, after the manner of present-day orators; but from moral purpose: "But I wished it, and I preferred it; and even if I profited nothing, it is better." The first statement indicates prudence, the second virtue; for prudence consists in the pursuit of what is useful, virtue in that of what is honorable. If anything of the kind seems incredible, then the reason must be added; of this Sophocles gives an example, where his Antigone says that she cared more for her brother than for her husband or children; for the latter can be replaced after they are gone, "but when father and mother are in the grave, no brother can ever be born." If you have no reason, you should at least say that you are

aware that what you assert is incredible, but that it is your nature; for no one believes that a man ever does anything of his own free will except from motives of self-interest.

Further, the narrative should draw upon what is emotional by the introduction of such of its accompaniments as are well known, and of what is specially characteristic of either yourself or of the adversary: "And he went off looking grimly at me"; and as Aeschines says of Cratylus, that he hissed violently and violently shook his fists. Such details produce persuasion because, being known to the hearer, they become tokens of what he does not know. Numerous examples of this may be found in Homer: "Thus she spoke, and the aged nurse covered her face with her hands;" for those who are beginning to weep lay hold on their eyes. And you should at once introduce yourself and your adversary as being of a certain character, that the hearers may regard you or him as such; but do not let it be seen. That this is easy is perfectly clear from the example of messengers; we do not yet know what they are going to say, but nevertheless we have an inkling of it.

Again, the narrative should be introduced in several places, sometimes not at all at the beginning. In deliberative oratory narrative is very rare, because no one can narrate things to come; but if there is narrative, it will be of things past, in order that, being reminded of them, the hearers may take better counsel about the future. This may be done in a spirit either of blame or of praise; but in that case the speaker does not perform the function of the deliberative orator. If there is anything incredible, you should immediately promise both to give a reason for it at once and to submit it to the judgment of any whom the hearers approve; as, for instance, Jocasta in the *Oedipus* of Carcinus is always promising, when the man who is looking for her son makes inquiries of her[91]; and similarly Haemon in Sophocles.

第十六章

在宣德演说风格中，叙述不应该连续铺陈，而应该分段进行；因为演讲者必须讲述构成演说主题的各个行动。须知演说的一部分并不依赖于［修辞］艺术（演说者本非他所讲述的行为的执行者），另一部分则依赖于［修辞］艺术。后者在于证明某事的确发生了——如果它令人难以置信的话——或者［证明它］属于某一种类，或者［证明它］具有某种重要意义，或者同时证明这三点。这就是为什么有时不应该流水账似的罗列所有事实，因为这样的明示难以被记住。我们可以通过某些事实证明某人勇敢，通过其他［事实证明某人］明智或者正直。另外，这类演说比较简单，而其他类型的演说则较为微妙且不那么直白。著名的事迹只需要提一下就够了；因此对多数［名］人的行为都没必要赘述——例如，如果你想赞扬阿喀琉斯［，就无需赘述］，因为人人都知道他的事迹，只需拿来用就可以了。但是如果你想赞扬克里提阿斯，铺叙就是必要的，因为没有多少人知道他的事迹……

可是现在居然有人规定叙述应当快速进行，这可真是荒唐。就如面包师问一个人面是要揉得软一点还是硬一点，那人回答："什么？难道就没法揉得好一点吗？"这里也是如此：叙述千万不要太长，开场白和证据也都不要太长［，而应恰到好处］。因为在这种情形下，适当与否也是既不体现在快速上，也不体现在简洁上，而是体现在适中上；即，只需说出足以阐明事实的内容，或使人相信这些事情确实发生过或者曾经造成伤害或者构成罪行，或证明这些事情如同你希望呈现的那样重要。对方则应当反其道而行之。另外，还应该顺便讲讲任何能够展示你的美德的事情，例如："我经常劝他行正义之事，不要抛弃孩子"；或者讲讲对手的恶德，例如："他竟然回答说无论在哪里，他总会生出新的孩子"，这是［历史学家］希罗多德转述的埃及叛军的回答；或者讲讲任何可能讨好法官的事情。

作为辩护，叙述不需要太长；因为争议的要点是所诉事实并未发生，或者并未造成伤害，或者并无过错，或者并非像宣称的那么重要。所以不应该在那些众人意见一致的事情上浪费时间，除非有什么能够帮助证明某行为虽的确发生，却并无过错。再者，应该只讲那些如果描述得栩栩如生便能激发同情或者义愤的往事。例如，［奥德修斯讲给］阿

尔喀诺俄斯听的故事，在讲给珀涅罗珀听的时候被缩减为60行，又如法宇罗斯处理史诗的方式以及［欧里庇得斯的悲剧］《俄纽斯》序诗的写作手法。

叙述还应该表现出一定的道德品性，事实上，如果我们知道是什么促成了品性的形成，我们的叙述就会表现出来。方法之一是明示我们的道德目的；道德目的清楚了，品性也就清楚了；目标清楚了，道德目的也就清楚了。从这个角度看，数学著作不具有任何道德品性，因为它们并不具有道德目的，而这是因为它们没有道德目标。但是苏格拉底式的对话拥有［这些］；因为它们讨论此类问题。其他道德表现则包括伴随每种品性的特征；例如，“他一边走，一边说”，这表现出无礼和粗俗。此外，我们也不要像如今的演说者那样靠机巧说话，而应该从道德目的出发［，比如］：“但是我希望如此，宁可如此；即使我一无所获，［也认为］这样更好。”第一句陈述体现了谨慎，而第二句体现了美德；谨慎表现在追求有用的事物，美德表现在追求高尚的事情。如果某种品性看似不可思议，就得加上理由；索福克勒斯给出了一个例子：他著作中的安提戈涅说她爱自己的哥哥胜过爱丈夫和孩子，［她给的理由是］因为后者失去了还可以被替代，“但是当父母入土后，就不会生出兄弟了”。如果没有理由，你至少应该说你已意识到你所说的话叫人难以置信，但这就是你的天性；要知道没有人会相信一个人会主动做任何事情，除非出于利己的动机。

再者，叙述应该诉诸情感，介绍与情感相关的各种为人所知的事情，以及有关己方或对方的典型事例［，比如］：“他离开时冷酷地看了我一眼”；又如埃斯喀涅斯关于克拉图鲁所说的话：他发出激烈的嘘声，并且猛烈地挥舞着拳头。这样的细节能说服人，因为它们既然已为听众所了解，就会成为标识听众所不了解的事物的迹象［，从而帮助他们了解这些事物］。荷马作品中有许多这样的例子：“她说完了，年老的奶妈双手掩面”，要知道刚开始哭泣的人会［用手］捂住眼睛。你还应该一开始就把自己和对手塑造成具有某种品性的人，以便让观众认为你或他就是那样；但是不要被人看穿［你的意图］。从［悲剧中］信使的例子可以显见，这一点是很容易做到的：我们虽然还不知道他们将要说什么，但多少能猜到些。

再者，叙述应该在多处进行，有时根本不在开头。在议政演说中叙述很少见，因为没有人能够叙述未来的事情；但是如果有叙述，那一定

是关于过去的事情，旨在提醒听众，以便他们能为将来做出更好的决断。这样的叙述可以本着指责的态度，也可以本着夸赞的态度；但若是这样，演说者就不是在扮演议政演说者的角色了［，而是宣德演说者］。如果有什么事情令人难以置信，你应该马上承诺说自己会立刻给出理由，并提交给听众认可的人做出裁决；例如，在卡耳喀诺斯的戏剧《俄狄浦斯》中，当那个寻找她［即伊俄卡斯忒］儿子的人问她的时候，伊俄卡斯忒一直在做承诺；索福克勒斯［的悲剧《安提戈涅》］中的海蒙也是如此。

CHAPTER 17

Proofs should be demonstrative, and as the disputed points are four, the demonstration should bear upon the particular point disputed; for instance, if the fact is disputed, proof of this must be brought at the trial before anything else; or if it is maintained that no injury has been done; or that the act was not so important as asserted; or was just, then this must be proved, the three last questions being matters of dispute just as the question of fact. But do not forget that it is only in the case of a dispute as to this question of fact that one of the two parties must necessarily be a rogue; for ignorance is not the cause, as it might be if a question of right or wrong were the issue; so that in this case one should spend time on this topic, but not in the others.

In epideictic speeches, amplification is employed, as a rule, to prove that things are honorable or useful; for the facts must be taken on trust, since proofs of these are rarely given, and only if they are incredible or the responsibility is attributed to another.

In deliberative oratory, it may be maintained either that certain consequences will not happen, or that what the adversary recommends will happen, but that it will be unjust, inexpedient, or not so important as supposed. But one must also look to see whether he makes any false statements as to things outside the issue; for these look like evidence that he makes misstatements about the issue itself as well.

Examples are best suited to deliberative oratory and enthymemes to forensic. The first is concerned with the future, so that its examples must be derived from the past; the second with the question of the existence or non-existence of facts, in which demonstrative and necessary proofs are more in place; for the past involves a kind of necessity. One should not introduce a series of enthymemes continuously but mix them up; otherwise they destroy one another. For there is a limit of quantity; thus, "Friend, since thou hast said as

much as a wise man would say," where Homer does not say τοιαῦτα [such things as], but τόσα [as many things as]. Nor should you try to find enthymemes about everything; otherwise you will be imitating certain philosophers, who draw conclusions that are better known and more plausible than the premises from which they are drawn. And whenever you wish to arouse emotion, do not use an enthymeme, for it will either drive out the emotion or it will be useless; for simultaneous movements drive each other out, the result being their mutual destruction or weakening. Nor should you look for an enthymeme at the time when you wish to give the speech an ethical character; for demonstration involves neither moral character nor moral purpose.

Moral maxims, on the other hand, should be used in both narrative and proof; for they express moral character; for instance, "I gave him the money and that although I knew that one ought not to trust." Or, to arouse emotion: "I do not regret it, although I have been wronged; his is the profit, mine the right."

Deliberative speaking is more difficult than forensic, and naturally so, because it has to do with the future; whereas forensic speaking has to do with the past, which is already known, even by diviners, as Epimenides the Cretan said; for he used to divine, not the future, but only things that were past but obscure. Further, the law is the subject in forensic speaking; and when one has a starting-point, it is easier to find a demonstrative proof. Deliberative speaking does not allow many opportunities for lingering—for instance, attacks on the adversary, remarks about oneself, or attempts to arouse emotion. In this branch of Rhetoric there is less room for these than in any other, unless the speaker wanders from the subject. Therefore, when at a loss for topics, one must do as the orators at Athens, amongst them Isocrates, for even when deliberating, he brings accusations against the Lacedaemonians, for instance, in the Panegyricus, and against Chares in the Symmachikos [On the Peace].

Epideictic speeches should be varied with laudatory episodes, after the

manner of Isocrates, who is always bringing somebody in. This is what Gorgias meant when he said that he was never at a loss for something to say; for, if he is speaking of Peleus, he praises Achilles, then Aeacus, then the god; similarly courage, which does this and that, or is of such a kind. If you have proofs, then, your language must be both ethical and demonstrative; if you have no enthymemes, ethical only. In fact, it is more fitting that a virtuous man should show himself good than that his speech should be painfully exact.

Refutative enthymemes are more popular than demonstrative, because, in all cases of refutation, it is clearer that a logical conclusion has been reached; for opposites are more noticeable when placed in juxtaposition. The refutation of the opponent is not a particular kind of proof; his arguments should be refuted partly by objection, partly by counter-syllogism[92]. In both deliberative and forensic rhetoric he who speaks first should state his own proofs and afterwards meet the arguments of the opponent, refuting or pulling them to pieces beforehand. But if the opposition is varied, these arguments should be dealt with first, as Callistratus did in the Messenian assembly; in fact, it was only after he had first refuted what his opponents were likely to say that he put forward his own proofs. He who replies should first state the arguments against the opponent's speech, refuting and answering it by syllogisms, especially if his arguments have met with approval. For as the mind is ill-disposed towards one against whom prejudices have been raised beforehand, it is equally so towards a speech, if the adversary is thought to have spoken well. One must therefore make room in the hearer's mind for the speech one intends to make; and for this purpose you must destroy the impression made by the adversary. Wherefore it is only after having combated all the arguments, or the most important, or those which are plausible, or most easy to refute, that you should substantiate your own case: "I will first defend the goddesses, for I [do not think] that Hera..."[93] in this passage the poet has first seized upon the weakest argument.

So much concerning proofs. In regard to moral character, since

sometimes, in speaking of ourselves, we render ourselves liable to envy, to the charge of prolixity, or contradiction, or, when speaking of another, we may be accused of abuse or boorishness, we must make another speak in our place, as Isocrates does in the *Philippus* and in the *Antidosis*. Archilochus uses the same device in censure; for in his iambics he introduces the father speaking as follows of his daughter: "There is nothing beyond expectation, nothing that can be sworn impossible,[94]" and the carpenter Charon in the iambic verse beginning "I [care not for the wealth] of Gyges;[95]" Sophocles, also, introduces Haemon, when defending Antigone against his father, as if quoting the opinion of others[96]. One should also sometimes change enthymemes into moral maxims; for instance, "Sensible men should become reconciled when they are prosperous; for in this manner they will obtain the greatest advantages," which is equivalent to the enthymeme "If men should become reconciled whenever it is most useful and advantageous, they should be reconciled in a time of prosperity."

第十七章

或然式证明应当能够证明论点，而且既然争议的要点有四种，那么证明就应该针对特定的争议点；比如，［第一，］如果争议的要点是所诉之事是否属实，则必须在庭审时首先证明这一点；［第二，］如果被告坚称没有导致伤害，或者［第三，］坚称其行为不像他人所说的那样重要，或者［第四，坚称］该行为是正义的，那么他就必须证明相应的那一点；后面这三个问题与事情是否属实的问题一样都是争议之所在。但是不要忘记，只有在关于事情是否属实的争议中，控辩双方才必有一方在撒谎；因为［此时］不知情并不是［导致争议的］原因，不像人们就对或错存有疑问时那样；因此，在事情是否属实这个问题上，人们应该着力讨论［对方撒谎］这一点，而其他三种情况下就不需要如此。

在宣德演说中，铺陈一般被用来证明事情是高尚或者有用的；要知道人们采信事实一定是基于信任，因为人们很少为事实给出或然式证明；只有在它们难以置信的时候，或者人们认为背后另有其人的时候［，才需要证明］。

在议政演说中，人们可能坚称某些后果不会发生，或者坚称对方建议的事情会发生，但是那将是不正义的、不利的，或者不如人们想的那么重要。不过，人们还必须注意观察对方是否就与所议话题无关的事说了假话；须知这些假话或许可以作为证据，证明对方对于所议话题也说了假话。

例证最适合用于议政演说，修辞式推理最适合诉讼演说。前者［即议政演说］关乎未来之事，因此所举的例子应该来自过去；而后者［即诉讼演说］关乎事实存在与否，因此证明性的和必然的证据更适合；而过去的事情皆带有某种必然性。［演说者］不应将一系列修辞式推理连续铺陈开来，而应该穿插摆放，否则它们会破坏彼此［的效果］。要知道［听众能够理解的］量是有限的，所以在“朋友，你既已说了智者才会说的那么多话”这个例子中，荷马没有用τοιαῦτα（如智者所说之事），而是用的τόσα（如智者所说之多）。［演说者］也不应企图寻找关于每一件事情的修辞式推理；否则你就是在模仿某些哲学家，他们得出来的结论能比导致结论的前提还更广为人知，更可信。无论什么时候，如果你想要激发情感，就不要使用修辞式推理，因为它可能削弱情感，也可

能毫无用处；要知道［头脑中］同时发生的运动［即推理和情感］会彼此排斥，结果是相互破坏或者彼此削弱。不要在你希望赋予演说某种道德品性的时候寻求修辞式推理，因为［利用修辞式推理进行的］证明既不具备道德品性，也不具备道德目的。

另一方面，可以在叙述和或然式证明中使用道德格言，因为它们能够表达道德品性；例如，“我给了他钱，尽管我知道‘不应该相信他人’的道理。”或者，为了激发情感［，也可以这样说］：“我并不后悔，尽管我被人害过；他获得的是利益，而我获得的是道义。”

议政演说比诉讼演说要难，这是必然的，因为议政演说涉及未来；相反，诉讼演说关注过去，而过去的事情早已为人所知，这一点，正如克里特人厄庇墨尼得斯所说，是连预言家都知道的；他［即厄庇墨尼得斯］曾经为人占卜，但是不卜未来，只卜过去的模糊不清的事情。再者，法律是诉讼演说的依据；有了这个出发点，就很容易找到证明的证据。议政演说没有多少说闲话的机会——例如攻击对手、介绍自己或者激发听众的情感等。在修辞术的这个分支［即议政演说］中，做这些事情的空间比其他演说类型要小，除非演说者跑题。因此，无话可说时，不妨效法雅典的演说家，特别是伊索克拉底：即使是在议政演说中，他也会攻击他人，例如在《泛希腊集会辞》中攻击拉栖第梦人，在《联盟辞》（又名《论和平》）中攻击卡瑞斯。

宣德演说应该穿插一些赞美之词，像伊索克拉底那样，他总是引入一些人物［加以赞扬］。高尔吉亚说他从来不会无话可说，也是这个意思；比如，如果他在讲佩琉斯，他可以赞颂［佩琉斯的儿子］阿喀琉斯，然后赞颂［佩琉斯的父亲］爱考士，然后赞颂［佩琉斯的祖父宙斯］天神；同理，如果他在讲勇气，他可以说勇气成就了这样那样的壮举，或者说勇气本身就是一种壮举。如果你动用逻辑论证，那么，你的语言应该既符合道德又具有证明性；如果你没有修辞式推理，那么［你的语言］只需要符合道德即可。事实上，一个有德行的人表现出自己的德行要比表现出自己的言辞精准得不差分毫更加得体。

反驳性的修辞式推理比证明性的更受欢迎，因为在所有的反驳中都可以更清楚地看到得出了符合逻辑的结论，要知道对立的事物放到一起时［其对立性］会更加明显。反驳对方并不是一种特殊的或然式证明；反驳对方的论点一方面靠提出异议，另一方面靠反三段论。在议政演说和诉讼演说中，首先发言的人都应该陈述自己的或然式证明，然后迎击

对方的论点，预先将其驳倒或者粉碎。但是如果对方的论点多种多样，就必须首先对付这些论点，正如卡利特剌托斯在麦西尼亚公民大会上所做的；事实上，他是在反驳了对方可能说的话之后才提出自己的或然式证明的。［而］回应对方的人，应该先提出用于反驳对方的演说的论点，利用三段论来予以驳斥和答复，特别是当对方的论点已经获得肯定的时候。如果人们预先对某个人产生了偏见，就不会对其怀有好感；对演讲来说也一样，如果听众认为我们的对手讲得很好的话［，就不会对我们的演说有好感］。因此，演说者应该在听众心里为自己即将发表的演说预留空间；为此目的，演说者应该破坏对方在听众心中留下的［好］印象。因此，只有在驳斥了所有论点，或最重要的论点，或看似可信的论点，或最易驳斥的论点之后，演说者才应该建立自己的论点［，比如］：“我将首先为女神们辩护，因为我（并不认为）赫拉……”，在这段话中，说话者首先抓住了［对方］最不堪一击的论点。

关于或然式证明，我们就讲到这里。至于道德品性，有时，我们在评说自己的时候，会招人嫉妒，被认为啰嗦或者前后矛盾；而当我们评说他人的时候，又可能被指责为口出恶言或者粗鲁无礼；既然这样，我们就应该让他人替我们说［这类］话语，正如伊索克拉底在《致腓力书》和《交换法》中的做法。阿喀罗科斯在攻击他人时也使用了相同的手段：在他的短长格诗句中，他借父亲之口责备女儿：“没有什么［坏］事是想不到的，没有什么［坏］事是可以被称为不可能的”；他在同一篇短长格诗中介绍木匠卡戎时，［用木匠的口吻］这样开篇：“我（不在乎）古阿斯的（财富）”；再如，索福克勒斯在其著作中介绍海蒙在父亲面前替安提戈涅求情时，也仿佛在引用他人的观点。有时演说者还可以将修辞式推理化作格言；例如，“智者应该在发达时与人和解，因为这样他们能获得最大的好处”，这句话相当于下面这个修辞式推理：“如果说人们应该在最有利而且最占优势的时候与人和解，那么他们就应该在发达时与人和解。”

CHAPTER 18

In regard to interrogation, its employment is especially opportune, when the opponent has already stated the opposite, so that the addition of a question makes the result an absurdity; as, for instance, when Pericles interrogated Lampon about initiation into the sacred rites of the savior goddess. On Lampon replying that it was not possible for one who was not initiated to be told about them, Pericles asked him if he himself was acquainted with the rites, and when he said yes, Pericles further asked, "How can that be, seeing that you are uninitiated?" Again, interrogation should be employed when one of the two propositions is evident, and it is obvious that the opponent will admit the other if you ask him. But the interrogator, having obtained the second premise by putting a question, should not make an additional question of what is evident, but should state the conclusion. For instance, Socrates, when accused by Meletus of not believing in the gods, asked whether he did not say that there was a divine something; and when Meletus said yes, Socrates went on to ask if divine beings were not either children of the gods or something godlike. When Meletus again said yes, Socrates rejoined, "Is there a man, then, who can admit that the children of the gods exist without at the same time admitting that the gods exist?" Thirdly, when it is intended to show that the opponent either contradicts himself or puts forward a paradox. Further, when the opponent can do nothing else but answer the question by a sophistical solution; for if he answers, "Partly yes, and partly no," "Some are, but some are not," "In one sense it is so, in another not," the hearers cry out against him as being in a difficulty. In other cases interrogation should not be attempted; for if the adversary raises an objection, the interrogator seems to be defeated; for it is impossible to ask a number of questions, owing to the hearer's weakness. Wherefore also we should compress our enthymemes as much as possible.

Ambiguous questions should be answered by defining them by a regular explanation, and not too concisely; those that appear likely to make us contradict ourselves should be solved at once in the answer, before the adversary has time to ask the next question or to draw a conclusion; for it is not difficult to see the drift of his argument. Both this, however, and the means of answering will be sufficiently clear from the *Topics*. If a conclusion is put in the form of a question, we should state the reason for our answer. For instance, Sophocles being asked by Pisander whether he, like the rest of the Committee of Ten, had approved the setting up of the Four Hundred, he admitted it. "What then?" asked Pisander, "did not this appear to you to be a wicked thing?" Sophocles admitted it. "So then you did what was wicked?" "Yes, for there was nothing better to be done." The Lacedaemonian, who was called to account for his ephoralty, being asked if he did not think that the rest of his colleagues had been justly put to death, answered yes. "But did not you pass the same measures as they did?" "Yes." "Would not you, then, also be justly put to death?" "No; for my colleagues did this for money; I did not, but acted according to my conscience." For this reason we should not ask any further questions after drawing the conclusion, nor put the conclusion itself as a question, unless the balance of truth is unmistakably in our favor.

As for jests, since they may sometimes be useful in debates, the advice of Gorgias was good—to confound the opponents' earnest with jest and their jest with earnest. We have stated in the *Poetics* how many kinds of jests there are, some of them becoming a gentleman, others not. You should therefore choose the kind that suits you. Irony is more gentlemanly than buffoonery; for the first is employed on one's own account, the second on that of another.

第十八章

至于质问，若对方已经陈述了［与我方］相反的论点，再追加一个问题即可证明其荒谬时，特别适合。例如，伯里克利曾向兰蓬询问有关守护女神的神圣祭礼的事情。兰蓬回答说没有入教的人不能被告知，于是伯里克利问兰蓬本人是否熟知那些礼仪，兰蓬回答“是”，伯里克利便进一步追问：“你又没有入教，你怎么可能知道呢？”再者，当两个命题［即三段论的大、小前提］之一显然成立，并且你若质问对手，他也显然会承认另一个命题时，就应该提出质问［，以推导出结论］。但是，质问者在已经通过提问获得第二个前提后，就不应该就那些显而易见的事情继续追问，而应该［立即］得出结论。例如，当苏格拉底被墨勒托斯指控为不信神的时候，苏格拉底问后者，他［即苏格拉底］是不是说过有神灵存在这样的话；在墨勒托斯给出肯定答复之后，苏格拉底又问神灵是不是神祇的孩子或者类似神的东西。在墨勒托斯再次给出肯定答复之后，苏格拉底反驳道：“难道会有人承认天神之子存在而不承认天神存在吗？”第三，当我们想要证明对方的说法自相矛盾或者似是而非时［，也可以进行质问］。再者，如果对方无计可施，只能通过诡辩手段来回答问题［，我们也可以进行质问］；要知道如果他回答“部分是，部分不是”，“有的是，有的不是”，或者“在某种意义上是，在另一种意义上不是”，听众就会大喝倒彩，以示他已陷入困境。在其他情况下，就不要动辄质问了；须知如果对方提出异议，质问方就会貌似被击溃；况且，限于听众的理解能力，我们也不可能问很多问题。因此，我们还应该尽可能地压缩修辞式推理。

回答意思含糊的问题，应该通过规范的解释来为之定义，而且回答不能太简短。那些看似可能使我们自相矛盾的问题，应该在回答中立刻予以解决，不要给对方提出下一个问题或者得出结论的时间；须知对方论证的走向是不难看出来的。不过，关于这一点，以及关于回答的方式，《部目篇》已经说得很清楚了。如果［对方的］结论是以问题的形式提出的，我们［除了回答还］应该陈述我们如此作答的理由。例如，佩珊德洛斯质问索福克勒斯是否像“十人委员会”的其他成员一样，同意成立“四百人议事会”，索福克勒斯承认了。“然后呢？”佩珊德洛斯问道，“难道你不觉得这是件邪恶的事情吗？”索福克勒斯又承认了。“那

么，你是干了邪恶的事情喽？”“是的，因为没有更好的办法。”［又如，］那位遭传唤并被要求解释其执政行为的拉栖第梦人，当被问道其同事被处死是否正当时，他回答说是。“但是难道你没有做跟他们一样的事情吗？”“做了。”“那么，如果你被处死，也是正义的了？”“不；因为我的同伴如此行事是为了金钱；而我不是，我的行为是出于良心。”因此，我们得出结论之后就不要继续提问，也不要以问题的形式表述结论［，以防给对方回答和解释的机会］，除非真相的天平毫无争议地向我们倾斜。

至于戏谑，在辩论中它们有时也能派上用场，既如此，高尔吉亚的建议是不错的——用戏谑扰乱对方的认真，用认真挫败对方的戏谑。我们已在《诗学》中讲过戏谑的种类，其中有的适合绅士，有的不适合。因此，应该选择适合自己的种类。讽刺比插科打诨更适合绅士，因为前者是娱己，后者是娱人。

CHAPTER 19

The epilogue is composed of four parts: to dispose the hearer favorably towards oneself and unfavorably towards the adversary; to amplify and depreciate; to excite the emotions of the hearer; to recapitulate. For after you have proved that you are truthful and that the adversary is false, the natural order of things is to praise ourselves, blame him, and put the finishing touches. One of two things should be aimed at, to show that you are either relatively or absolutely good and the adversary either relatively or absolutely bad. The topics which serve to represent men as good or bad have already been stated.[97] After this, when the proof has once been established, the natural thing is to amplify or depreciate; for it is necessary that the facts should be admitted, if it is intended to deal with the question of degree; just as the growth of the body is due to things previously existing. The topics of amplification and depreciation have been previously set forth.[98] Next, when the nature and importance of the facts are clear, one should rouse the hearer to certain emotions—pity, indignation, anger, hate, jealousy, emulation, and quarrelsomeness. The topics of these also have been previously stated,[99] so that all that remains is to recapitulate what has been said. This may appropriately be done at this stage in the way certain rhetoricians wrongly recommend for the exordium, when they advise frequent repetition of the points, so that they may be easily learnt. In the exordium we should state the subject, in order that the question to be decided may not escape notice, but in the epilogue we should give a summary statement of the proofs.

We should begin by saying that we have kept our promise, and then state what we have said and why. Our case may also be closely compared with our opponent's; and we may either compare what both of us have said on the same point, or without direct comparison: "My opponent said so-and-so, and I said so-and-so on this point and for these reasons." Or ironically, as for instance, "He said this and I

answered that; what would he have done, if he had proved this, and not simply that?" Or by interrogation: "What is there that has not been proved?" or, "What has my opponent proved?" We may, therefore, either sum up by comparison, or in the natural order of the statements, just as they were made, our own first, and then again, separately, if we so desire, what has been said by our opponent. To the conclusion of the speech the most appropriate style is that which has no connecting particles, in order that it may be a peroration, but not an oration: "I have spoken; you have heard; you know the facts; now give your decision."

第十九章

结束语含四个功能：使听众对自己产生好感而对敌方产生恶感；进行铺陈和贬低；激发听众的各种情感；进行总结。证明了自己是正确的，而对方是错误的之后，按照自然的顺序就该表扬自己，谴责对方，顺势收束。［演说者］应该努力实现下面两个目标之一：证明自己要么比较好，要么绝对好；或者证明对方要么比较坏，要么绝对坏。描述人之好坏的部目，我们早已讨论过。好坏已辨之后，当或然式证明业已确立，下一件事情自然就是铺陈或贬低；须知要讨论某事的程度问题，首先得承认该事；正如身体的生长是基于肉体的存在一样。铺陈和贬低的部目，我们也已讨论过。之后，当事实的性质和重要性都已明晰，就应该激发听众的种种情感——怜悯、义愤、愤怒、仇恨、嫉妒、羡慕和好斗。与这些相关的部目我们之前也已讨论，所以［在听众的情感被激发之后，］下面要做的只剩下概括演讲中已经讲过的内容了。在这个阶段，我们完全可以采用某些修辞学家错误地劝我们用于开场白的方法，即频频重复，以便让听众了解要点。在开场白中，我们应当陈述主题，以便使待议之题不至于被人忽视；但在结束语中我们应该扼要重述各项论证。

我们应该首先声明我们信守了承诺，然后重述我们说了什么以及为什么这样说。我们还可以比较我们和对方的论点：既可以针对同一个要点比较双方的论述，也可以不做直接的比较［，例如］："针对这个问题，我的对手如是说，我如是说，原因如下。"或者，可以进行讽刺，例如："他说了这，而我回答了那；如果他证明了这一点，却没有证明那一点，那么他到底做了什么呢？"或者可以进行质问："我还有什么没证明吗？"，或者："我的对手到底证明了什么？"总之，我们既可以通过比较来总结，也可以沿袭演讲前半部分陈述的自然顺序，先总结我们自己的陈述，然后，如果愿意的话，再单独总结对手的陈述。对演说的结论而言，最恰当的风格是省略连接词［的风格］，这样才是结束演说，而不是继续演说［，例如］："我已说完；你们已听到；你们已知道了事实；现在请做决定吧。"

Notes

1 参见第一卷第二章："通过演说实现的证明分为三种，第一种证明取决于演讲者的道德

品格，第二种证明取决于把听者带入一种思维定式，第三种证明取决于演说本身。”

2　参见第一卷第四至十四章。

3　参见第二卷第二十三章。

4　此处用戏剧表演类比政治演说。“演员的影响比诗人大”是指在戏剧演出中观众更关注表演，而不是诗人创作的戏剧的内容；同样，在民主政体中，参加公民大会的人更关注演说者的“表演”，而不是演说本身的内容。而这，大概就是作者所说的“政体的缺陷”。

5　高尔吉亚（Gorgias），古希腊哲学家和修辞学家。

6　这里的compound word不是我们现在所说的“复合词”，而是指把两个不常放在一起的词放在一起构成的新词，参见下一章。

7　参见本卷第三章和第七章。

8　附加描述（epithet），指一般附在名词后面、表示其性质或特征的描述性的词或短语。参见 下文。

9　“祈祷”和“乞讨”在希腊语和英语中都是同一个词，这就是“同一个词具有两个对立体”的例子。说乞讨者在祈祷是赞美人，说祈祷者在乞讨则是贬低人。

10　狄俄尼索斯（Dio-nysus）是希腊神话中的酒神。古希腊人非常崇拜酒神，而古希腊的戏剧艺术也是从酒神崇拜的纪念仪式演化而来的。因此，有人把演员称为“酒神的奉承者”，但是这个称呼明显没有“艺术家”体面。

11　卡利俄珀（Calliope），掌管史诗的缪斯女神。

12　利铿尼俄斯（Licy-mnius），公元前五世纪的酒神赞歌诗人和修辞学家。

13　这个例子引自欧里庇得斯的悲剧《俄瑞斯忒斯》。俄瑞斯忒斯的父亲阿伽门农被母亲杀害，他为父报仇，杀死母亲。称他为“弑母者”着眼于其行为的不合理，称他为“为父报仇者”则着眼于其行为的合理。

14　骡子是马和驴所生，所以既可以说是“半驴”或“驴的女儿”以耻笑骡车竞赛的获胜者，也可以说是“良驹的女儿”以赞颂获胜者。

15　指小词（diminutive），词的一种形式，一般是在名词后面加上表示“小”或“微”的意思的后缀，比如下文的-let。

16　伊斯米亚运动会（the Isthmian games），古希腊时期仅次于奥林匹亚运动会的运动会。

17　菲洛梅拉（Philo-mela），传说菲洛梅拉本是雅典国王潘迪翁（Pandion）的女儿，后来变成燕子。

18　伊德里欧斯（Idri-eus），小亚细亚加里亚的国王，登基前曾被人监禁。这里所说的“被释放”即指他从监狱中被释放出来。

19　伯里克利，参见第一卷第七章第75页注1。他这个比喻是说，萨摩斯岛人一边享受他带给他们的好处，一边抱怨。

20　斧头的把手一般是用圣栎树做的，结果斧头又用来砍伐圣栎树。皮奥夏（Boeotia）是古希腊的一个地区。

21　这个明喻是指由于政治局势不稳定，雅典人就像晕船一样，感到恶心。

22　这个明喻所说的演说家指侵吞公款的政治家。

23　狄俄尼索斯是酒神，对他来说最重要的是杯；阿瑞斯（Ares）是战神，对他来说最重要的是盾。所以，杯之于狄俄尼索斯和盾之于阿瑞斯构成类比，可以互相借用。

24　连接词（particle），指起连接作用的词，包括小品词、前置词和连词。

25　完结子句（apodosis），指在含有表示时间、条件等从句的句子中表示结果的句子。比如，在原文所引述的例子中，“在他告诉我之后”是表示时间的从句，“出发了”是表示主体动作的完结子句。

26　比如称狗为“狗”，而不是“动物”，前者是具体名称，后者是泛指名称。

27　克洛索斯王（Cro-esus）是吕底亚国的国王，他想渡过哈律斯河（Halys）去攻打波斯，为此派人去占卜。占卜的祭司给出了例子中的这个回答。结果，克洛索斯打了败仗，毁灭了自己的帝国。这里，祭司的回答是模棱两可的，“帝国”既可以指吕底亚，也可以指波斯。

28　在这个例子中，原文希腊语的“来”和“交谈”使用的都是阴性形式。

29　在这个例子中，原文希腊语的“来”和“打”使用的都是复数形式。

30　根据George Ken-nedy（2007）的英译本，“this or that happened，in this or that manner”是引文，应放在引号中，与前面的“I intended to set out after having spoken to him”相连。

31　亚加亚（Achaea），古希腊的一个地区。

32　号之于号声相当于琴之于曲调，这就构成类比，所以可以说号声是没有琴的曲调。

33　这个建议是指，演说者在使用某种手法过火后，要主动承认过火的事实，批评自己，这样就抢占了先机，听众就会认为演说者说过火的话是有道理的，就不至于不相信他了。

34　《斐德若篇》（Ph-aedrus），柏拉图《对话录》中的一篇。

35　古希腊时代，毕达哥拉斯学派的理论认为，“数”规约着万物，能规约语言的“数”就是节奏，它能给混乱不堪的话语带来秩序。

36　在古希腊语中，在句首第一个词下面画一条线，表示上一个句子在该词之前完结。

37　风格（style），本章所讲的“风格”主要指句式。

38　希罗多德（Herodotus），古希腊历史学家。

39　图里（Thurii），雅典人在亚平宁半岛南部建立的城邦。

40　这句诗的完整形式是“这地方是卡吕冬，属于伯罗普斯的领土／面对着它富饶的平原。”因为一个句子被分成两行，致使第一行产生歧义，即“卡吕冬在伯罗奔尼撒境内”。其实，卡吕冬在伯罗奔尼撒以北，中间隔着海湾。

41　德谟克利特（De-mocritus），这里指古希腊音乐家，并非著名哲学家德谟克利特。

42　这句话是用来讽刺生私生子的人的。其中的“不”字为译者加译。罗念生（2005）和英文译者George Kennedy（2007）都认为此处应为否定。

43　《忒俄得克忒亚》（Theodectea），亚里士多德早年为纪念学生忒俄得克忒亚所写的修辞学著作。

44　“在他们家里”与“和他们在一起”都是在别人家做客的意思，不构成对立，所以这是假冒的对立句。

45　“希腊被夺去一只眼睛”比喻的是雅典被拉栖第梦人攻占。

46　米太亚德（Miltiades），雅典统帅，他的某条建议曾经很快被通过，成为法令。所以“米太亚德的法令”指速成之物，在这里指让雅典人迅速开赴埃维亚岛。

47　这句话是说雅典人与这些城镇媾和，失去了掠夺它们、获取作战辎重的机会。

48　帕拉罗斯号快艇（Paralus）常被用来运载罪犯，被喻为“人民的大头棒”，是指政府用这种方式来威吓人民。

49　黑海沿岸的粮食首先集中在塞斯托斯（Sestos），然后再运到雅典的比雷埃夫斯，所以塞斯托斯被喻为“比雷埃夫斯的粮囤”。

50　磨坊（mill），喻指三桨战船是用来压榨盟邦的工具。

51　公共餐厅是斯巴达人会餐的简陋食堂，酒店是阿提卡人（Attica）饮酒作乐的场所，所以酒店之于阿提卡人就是公共餐厅之于斯巴达人，构成类比关系。

52　把雅典“耗干”在西西里（Sicily），指的是雅典远征军于公元前413年在西西里全军覆没。

53　这句引文讲的是下文将提到的西西弗斯（Sisyphus）。他是科林斯的暴君，生性诡

诈，大肆绑架和残杀客商，甚至一度绑架了死神，让世间没有了死亡。由于触怒了众神，他死后被判在冥域推一块巨石。每次他快把巨石推到山顶时，巨石都会滚下来，于是他只能永无休止地重复推石头。

54　这里的“无耻（shameless）”和上文的“无情（ruthless）”不一致，可能是英语译者的失误。

55　这句诗选自荷马史诗《伊利亚特》，描述的是咆哮翻滚的海浪。

56　在古希腊时代，任何人不得抓捕那些逃到神坛避难的人。因此，受害者既可以诉诸法律请求仲裁，也可以去神坛避难。

57　这个警句此处的英译疑有误，其中的“蚂蚱”应该是“知了”（cicada），参见第二卷第二十一章第261页注2。

58　忒俄多洛斯的原话πέρσαι既可以表示“你有麻烦了”，也可以表示“你简直是个色雷斯女奴”。这里忒俄多洛斯显然是要表达后者。如果听众不知道尼孔是色雷斯人，自然就不知道忒俄多洛斯的真正意图，也就无法体会其中的巧妙了。

59　这是一个文字游戏，文中的希腊原文πέρσαι（意为“毁坏、抢劫、劫掠”）与波斯的希腊语名称πέρσαι类似。

60　这里的“恰当性”包括发表演说的方式要得体，运用这些笑话的时机要恰当，还要注意使用那些能拥有两个意思的词语。

61　这里的文字游戏在于ἀρχή，这个词有两个意思：“帝国”和“开始或源头”。

62　这个文字游戏的中心词与前一个相同。伊索克拉底指的是海洋给雅典带来了灾难，因此海上帝国是雅典厄运的源头。

63　Anaschetos意为“可忍受的”，而Anaschetus是人名，两个词同音，若Anaschetus是个不可忍受的人，就可以说Anaschetus is Anaschetos，构成一种同音词的对立。

64　这里的两个“外人”分别指的是“陌生人”和“举止拘谨矜持的人”。

65　关于“盾牌”的隐喻参见本卷第四章第341页注2。弓弦之于弓和琴弦之于琴构成类比关系。在古希腊，弓平时不上弦，只有用时才上弦，所以说“弓是无弦的琴”。这是一个类比式隐喻。

66　因为这样的表达建立在类比关系的基础上，是复杂隐喻。

67　近视的人看东西需要眯着眼睛，不断收放眼睑，而火焰会或高或低、或明或暗地跳跃，二者有相似之处。

68　菲罗克忒忒斯（Ph-iloctetes），古代英雄，曾被毒蛇咬伤。

69　当初，卡帕托斯岛上的人引入了一种野兔。这种野兔繁殖速度惊人，很快就吃光了庄稼，使农夫遭殃。

70　这段话选自荷马史诗《伊利亚特》，是阿喀琉斯所说。因为阿伽门农曾夺其所爱，所以他发誓绝不娶阿伽门农的女儿。其中提到的阿特柔斯（Atreus）是阿伽门农的父亲。

71　这里的诗人指戏剧家，因为古希腊最初的戏剧都是由诗人创作的，而且用的是诗歌化的风格。参见本卷第一章。

72　扛横梁的人走路摇摇晃晃，就像生硬刻板的演说，两者都显得笨拙。

73　当时“流行的划分方法”是把所有演讲都分为四个部分：开场白（exordium）、叙述（narrative）、证明（proof）和结束语（peroration）。亚里士多德认为只有诉讼演说才需要叙述，即全面而详细地叙述之前发生的事情。在宣德演说和议政演说中，目标是证明某事，因此没有必要叙述。

74　伊索克拉底的［演讲］《海伦颂》（the Helen of Isocrates），该演讲的主题是褒奖海伦，但伊索克拉底旨在借此机会攻击智者学派。

75　在这句话中，诗人科伊里洛斯（Choerilus）抱怨可写之事已经所剩无几。

76　作者引用此诗是为了证明宣德演说的开场白比较华丽和豪迈。

77　荷马史诗《伊利亚特》的开篇诗句。

78　荷马史诗《奥德赛》的开篇诗句。

79　科利罗斯的残诗《波斯战争》的开篇诗句，其中的“大战”（a great war）指波斯人与希腊人的战争，其中的亚细亚应该是小亚细亚。

80　这句话选自索福克勒斯的悲剧《俄狄浦斯王》。

81　普罗狄科斯（Pro-dicus）是公元前五世纪的希腊诡辩家。德拉克马（drachma）是古希腊的银币。据说普罗狄科斯有一篇著名的讲稿卖了五十德拉克马。

82　合格的听众（qua hearer），指不带任何偏见的听众。

83　这句话选自索福克勒斯的悲剧《安提戈涅》，出自一个士兵之口。他奉国王克瑞翁的命令看守波吕涅刻斯的尸首。但是，尸首后来被安提戈涅埋葬。士兵前来向克瑞翁通报这个消息时，说了文中所引的开场白。参见第一卷第十三章第127页注1。

84　参见第二卷第一、四和八章。

85　这句话选自荷马史诗《奥德赛》。奥德修斯向雅典娜祷告，乞求得到菲埃克斯人的善待。

86　《透克罗斯》（Teucer），索福克勒斯的戏剧，剧中透克洛斯的父亲忒拉蒙（Telamon）曾经帮助赫拉克利特攻打特洛伊，后者将特洛伊女俘赫西俄涅（Hesione）送给忒拉蒙。由于赫西俄涅是特洛伊国王普里阿摩斯的姊妹，所以忒拉蒙和透克罗斯与普里阿摩斯就产生了亲戚关系。后来，透克罗斯曾被人以通敌叛逆罪起诉，理由就是他与普里阿摩斯是亲戚。

87　在这个例子中，亲戚关系和敌对关系都被视为迹象。

88　一群埃及士兵叛乱并准备逃走，国王普萨米提科斯（Psammetichus）请求他们不要抛妻弃子，其中一人作此回答。

89　奥德修斯曾经向费埃克斯国王阿尔喀诺俄斯（Alcinous）讲述自己的历险故事，从巨人国到冥府，绘声绘色，洋洋洒洒，绵延达四章之多。回到家后，奥德修斯又向妻子珀涅罗珀（Penelope）讲自己的经历，但是这次讲的内容大大压缩，只有60多行。

90　法宇罗斯（Phayllus），其著作均已失传，其人亦不可考。

91　伊俄卡斯忒（Jocasta）回答问讯的人时，说的话令人难以置信，所以一直承诺会作出解释。

92　反三段论（coun-ter-syllogism），指得出与对方结论相反结论的三段论。

93　这句话出自欧里庇得斯的戏剧《特洛伊妇女》，是赫卡柏驳斥海伦的话。赫卡柏劝海伦的丈夫墨涅拉俄斯（Menelaus）处死与特洛伊王子帕里斯私奔的海伦，海伦辩护说，自己之所以嫁给帕里斯，是因为赫拉、雅典娜和阿佛洛狄特这三位女神竞美并答应将海伦许给帕里斯。赫卡柏先抓住海伦最不堪一击的论点，回应道，三位女神不会蠢到出卖希腊。赫卡柏在驳斥完海伦的观点之后，才提出自己的观点，即海伦是因为爱上了帕里斯才背弃自己的丈夫而私奔，因此该死。

94　阿喀罗科斯（Arc-hilochus）曾经与吕侃波斯的女儿尼奥布尔订婚，但是女方的父亲却毁掉了婚约携女逃跑。阿喀罗科斯愤怒地追赶父女二人，同时恶语相向。不过阿喀罗科斯并没有直接骂与自己订婚的尼奥布尔，却借其父亲之口来咒骂她。

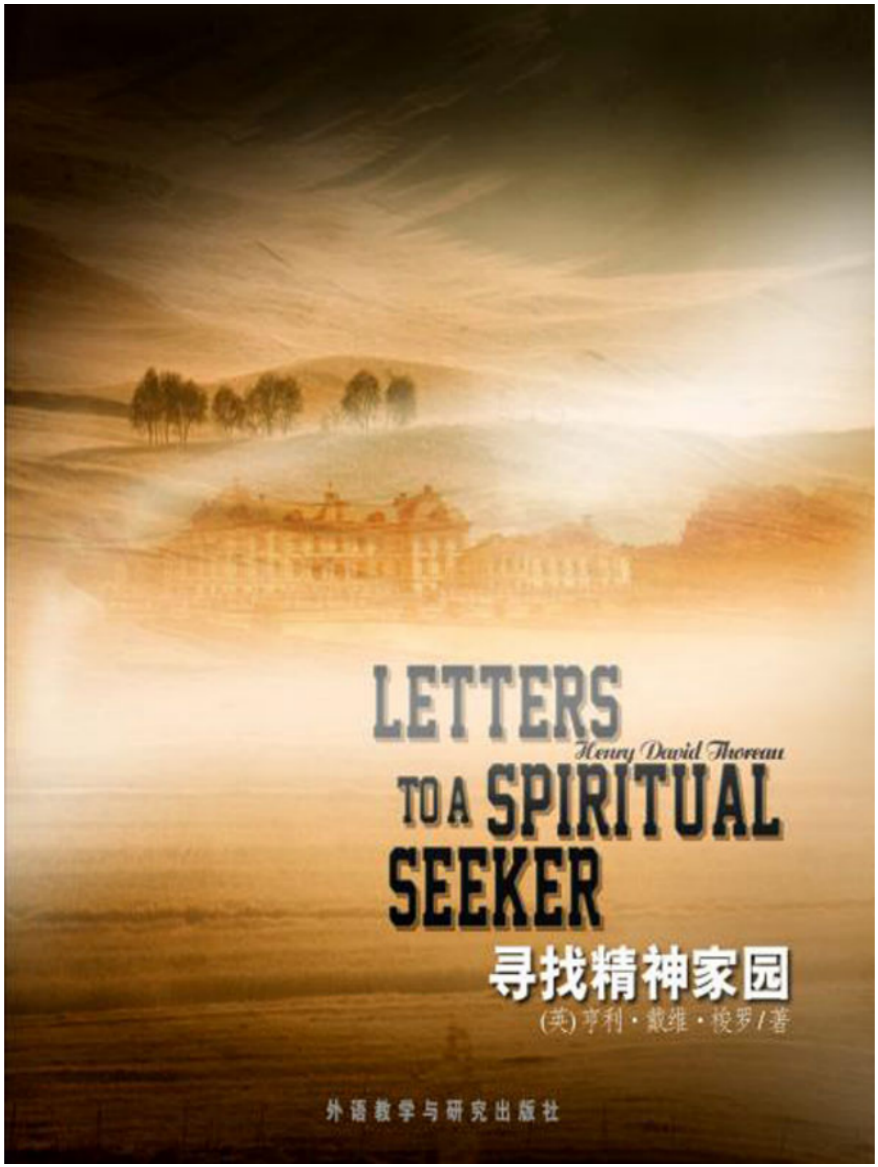
95　阿喀罗科斯借木匠卡戎（Charon）之口，表达自己对敛财之欲以及嫉妒他人钱财等恶性的不满。

96　海蒙在为安提戈涅求情时，对于克瑞翁残酷对待安提戈涅的做法并没有直接表达自己的立场，而是利用舆情来实现自己的目的，说城邦民众的看法如何如何。

97　参见第一卷第九章。

98 参见第二卷第十九章。

99 参见第二卷第一至十一章。


LETTERS
Henry David Thoreau
TO A SPIRITUAL
SEEKER
寻找精神家园
(英)亨利·戴维·梭罗/著
外语教学与研究出版社

Henry David Thoreau

Letters to a Spiritual Seeker

寻找精神家园

亨利·戴维·梭罗（美） 著
外研社编译组 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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letter one

第一封信

[From Harrison G. O. Blake; March 1848; Worcester, Massachusetts]

[来自哈里森.G. O. 布莱克；1848 年3 月；马萨诸塞州伍斯特]

In March 1848 Henry David Thoreau (1817—1862) was thirty years of age, Harrison Gray Otis Blake (1816—1898) a year older. After residing at Walden twenty-six months, Thoreau had left his retreat at the pond on September 6, 1847, six months before receiving this letter. While there he had written most of the manuscript for his first book, A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, which would not see publication until May 1849, and had written a complete draft of his second and most famous book, Walden, which remained unpublished until August 1854. Those were the only two books he published during his lifetime. As he mentions in Letter 3, he was at this time living in the Emerson[1] household, where he kept Lidian Emerson (1802—1892) company and served as handyman while her husband Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803—1882) lectured in England. Forty-two years after writing this letter Blake remarked, "Perhaps the best definite service I ever performed for my fellow-men was, like our best services generally, the unintended one of simply recognizing Thoreau at a time when he was yet so little recognized, giving him, as he said, 'an opportunity to live,' making by my letters an occasion for his…" I have added the paragraph breaks to this letter.

1848 年3 月， 亨利. 大卫. 梭罗（1817—1862）30岁， 哈里森.G. O. 布莱克（1816—1898） 比梭罗大一岁。在瓦尔登湖畔居住了26 个月后，梭罗于1847 年9 月6 日离开了他在湖畔的隐居地，6 个月后收到了下面这封信。梭罗在湖畔写出了他的第一本书——《在康科德河和梅里马克河上的一周》——的大部分手稿，这本书直到1849 年5 月才出版，同时他还写完了《瓦尔登湖》的初稿，这是他的第二本书，也是最著名的一本，这本书直到1854 年8 月才出版。梭罗一生中只出版过这两本书。正如梭罗在第三封信中提到的，他当时住在爱默生家中，与莉迪安. 爱默生（1802—1892）作伴，同时做些家庭修补的杂事，而莉迪安的丈夫拉尔夫. 瓦尔多. 爱默生（1803—1882）正在英格兰讲学。写完这封信42 年后，布莱克说：“也许我曾为同胞提供的最好的确切无疑的服务，如同一般意义上我们最好的服务，就是无意中在梭罗还不为人知时承认了他，如他所说，给了他‘生存的机会’，通过我的信，为他提供了一个机会……”我已经给这封信划分了段落。

It [Thoreau's essay "Aulus Persius Flaccus"] has revived in me a

haunting impression of you, which I carried away from some spoken words of yours…

它（梭罗的文章《佩尔西乌斯》）让我对你的印象又复苏了，这种印象一直萦绕在我心中，它来自你说过的几句话……

When I was last in Concord, you spoke of retiring farther from our civilization. I asked you if you would feel no longings for the society of your friends. Your reply was in substance, "No, I am nothing."

我上次在康科德时，你谈到要进一步远离我们的文明。我问你会不会思念你的一帮朋友。你的回答大体意思是："不，我无足轻重。"

That reply was memorable to me. It indicated a depth of resources, a completeness of renunciation, a poise and repose in the universe, which to me is almost inconceivable; which in you seemed domesticated, and to which I look up with veneration. I would know of that soul which can say "I am nothing." I would be roused by its words to a truer and purer life.

这个回答令我难忘。它显示了一种深刻的思想，一种彻底的摈弃自我的精神，以及一种融入自然的泰然自若和安宁，这对我来说几乎是不可想象的，然而在你身上却自然地流露出来，这种品质令我崇敬。我希望了解这个能够说"我无足轻重"的灵魂。这个灵魂的话会使我觉醒，将我引向一种更真实、更纯洁的生活。

Upon me seems to be dawning with new significance the idea that God is here; that we have but to bow before Him in profound submission at every moment, and He will fill our souls with his presence. In this opening of the soul to God, all duties seem to centre; what else have we to do? …

上帝在这里的观点，我似乎渐渐明白了其中的新意；只要我们时时刻刻无比虔诚地向上帝膜拜，他的存在将充满我们的灵魂。在向上帝敞开灵魂的过程中，所有责任似乎都汇聚于中心；除此之外，我们还要做什么呢？……

If I understand rightly the significance of your life, this is it: You would sunder yourself from society, from the spell of institutions, customs, conventionalities, that you may lead a fresh, simple life with God. Instead of breathing a new life into the old forms, you would have a new life without and within. There is something sublime to me in this attitude,—far as I may be from it myself…

如果我的理解正确，你人生的意义就在于：你将从社会中抽身而出，从机构、风俗和陈规陋习的束缚中解脱出来，于是你会与上帝为伴，过上一种清新、简单的生活。你不是要向旧的形式注入新的生活，而是要过上一种里里外外全新的生活。在我看来，这种态度里包含着某

些崇高的东西——尽管我自己可能离它很远……

Speak to me in this hour as you are prompted…

如果此刻你有所参悟，请对我说……

I honor you because you abstain from action, and open your soul that you may be somewhat. Amid a world of noisy, shallow actors it is noble to stand aside and say, "I will simply be." Could I plant myself at once upon the truth, reducing my wants to their minimum, … I should at once be brought nearer to nature, nearer to my fellow-men,—and life would be infinitely richer. But, alas! I shiver on the brink…

我尊敬你，因为你选择无为，并敞开了你的灵魂，从而得以存在。在这个充满了聒噪的、肤浅的演员的世界里，能站到一边并且说“我只想存在”，这是高尚的。如果我能立刻将自己植根于真理之中，将需求减到最少……我立刻就会更接近自然，更接近我的同胞——而生活将会变得无限充实。但是，哎呀！我在真理的边缘颤抖……

(1) 爱默生（1803—1882），美国散文 作 家、 思 想家、诗人。

letter two

第二封信

March 27, 1848, Monday; Concord, Massachusetts

1848 年3 月27 日，星期一；马萨诸塞州康科德

Concord, March 27, 1848.

1848 年3 月27 日于康科德

I am glad to hear that any words of mine, though spoken so long ago that I can hardly claim identity with their author, have reached you. It gives me pleasure, because I have therefore reason to suppose that I have uttered what concerns men, and that it is not in vain that man speaks to man. This is the value of literature. Yet those days are so distant, in every sense, that I have had to look at that page again, to learn what was the tenor of my thoughts then. I should value that article, however, if only because it was the occasion of your letter.

听说我的一些话对你产生了影响，我感到很高兴, 虽然这些话是很久之前说的，我几乎不敢宣称它们出自我的口中。我感到高兴是因为这样我就有理由相信，我说出过一些人们关注的东西，而且人与人之间的对话也不是徒劳的。这就是文学的价值。然而不管怎么说，那些日子太遥远了，我不得不重新翻开那一页，才能了解我当时大概的想法。但是，仅仅因为那篇文章是你写信的契机，我也应该重视它。

I do believe that the outward and the inward life correspond; that if any should succeed to live a higher life, others would not know of it; that difference and distance are one. To set about living a true life is to go [on] a journey to a distant country, gradually to find ourselves surrounded by new scenes and men; and as long as the old are around me, I know that I am not in any true sense living a new or a better life. The outward is only the outside of that which is within. Men are not concealed under habits, but are revealed by them; they are their true clothes. I care not how curious a reason they may give for their abiding by them. Circumstances are not rigid and unyielding, but our habits are rigid. We are apt to speak vaguely sometimes, as if a divine life were to be grafted on to or built over this present as a suitable foundation. This might do if we could so build over our old life as to exclude from it all the warmth of our affection, and addle it, as the thrush builds over the cuckoo's egg, and lays her own atop, and hatches that only; but the fact is, we—so there is the partition—hatch them both, and the cuckoo's always by a day first, and that young bird crowds the young thrushes out of the nest. No. Destroy the cuckoo's

egg, or build a new nest.

外部生活和内心生活是一致的，对此我确信无疑；如果有人会成功地过上一种更高境界的生活，其他人是无从得知的；差别和距离是同一的。开始过一种真正的生活，就是要踏上一段通往遥远国度的征程，渐渐地，我们会发现四周都是新的景致和陌生的人；只要旧事物还围绕在我身边，我就知道我并没有真正过上一种崭新的或更好的生活。外部生活只是内部生活的外显。人类本性不是隐藏于习惯下面，而是被习惯透露出来；习惯是人类真实的外衣。至于人们用何等稀奇的理由来解释他们为何遵守习惯，我并不关心。环境不是一成不变的，但我们的习惯是顽固的。我们有时容易说话含糊，似乎一种神圣的生活要嫁接到或建立在这个当前的状态上，而这个当前的状态是一个合适的基础。如果我们这样利用旧生活，这可能行得通：从旧生活中剔除我们情感中的所有温暖，然后使它腐坏，就像画眉鸟把巢建在杜鹃蛋上，把自己的蛋产在上面，然后只孵上面的蛋；但事实上，我们同时孵了两个蛋——这就是区别，而杜鹃的总是早一日孵出来，那只孵出的小杜鹃将那些小画眉挤到巢外。这是不行的，要么破坏杜鹃的蛋，要么重筑一个新巢。

Change is change. No new life occupies the old bodies;—they decay. It is born, and grows, and flourishes. Men very pathetically inform the old, accept and wear it. Why put it up with the almshouse when you may go to heaven? It is embalming,—no more. Let alone your ointments and your linen swathes, and go into an infant's body. You see in the catacombs of Egypt the result of that experiment,—that is the end of it.

改变就是改变。新生活不会占据旧躯壳；——因为旧躯壳会腐烂。新生活要新生，要成长，要繁荣。十分可悲的是，人们熟悉旧生活，欣然接受它并且保持它。如果可以去往天堂，为什么要忍受济贫院呢？这只是防止躯体腐烂——再无其他。更别提放下你的药膏和亚麻布绷带，进入一个新生儿的躯体。你在埃及的地下墓穴里看到了那个试验的结果——那就是它的终结。

I do believe in simplicity. It is astonishing as well as sad, how many trivial affairs even the wisest man thinks he must attend to in a day; how singular an affair he thinks he must omit. When the mathematician would solve a difficult problem, he first frees the equation of all encumbrances, and reduces it to its simplest terms. So simplify the problem of life, distinguish the necessary and the real. Probe the earth to see where your main roots run. I would stand upon facts. Why not see,—use our eyes? Do men know nothing? I know many men who, in common things, are not to be deceived; who trust no moonshine; who count their money correctly, and know how to invest it; who are said to be prudent and knowing, who yet will stand at a desk the greater part of their lives, as cashiers in banks, and glimmer and rust and finally go out there. If they know anything, what under the sun do they do that for? Do they know what bread is?

or what it is for? Do they know what life is? If they knew something, the places which know them now would know them no more forever.

我确实崇尚简单。即使是最聪明的人，也认为他在一天内必须处理那么多琐碎的事情；他还觉得必须省略一件杂事是不可思议的，这真让人既难过又吃惊。而数学家解决一道难题时，他会首先为方程式除去所有障碍，把它化为最简单的形式。因此，生活中的问题要简单化，要分清必要的和真实的东西。要深入地下，看看你的主根到底伸向何处。我将立足于事实。为什么不去看——用我们自己的眼睛去看呢？人类真的一无所知吗？我认识许多这样的人，他们在日常的事情上，不会受到欺骗；他们不相信空谈；他们精确地计算钱财，知道如何投资；人们说他们审慎、博学，但是他们生命的大部分时光仍然是站在桌旁，像银行的出纳员一样，发微光，生锈，最后离开。如果他们真的知道4 4一点什么，到底为什么还要那样做？他们知道面包4 4是什么吗？或面包是用来干什么的？他们知道生命是什么吗？如果他们知道4 4什么，那么他们应该知道现在认识他们的地方并非会永远认识他们。

This, our respectable daily life, in which the man of common sense, the Englishman of the world, stands so squarely, and on which our institutions are founded, is in fact the veriest illusion, and will vanish like the baseless fabric of a vision; but that faint glimmer of reality which sometimes illuminates the darkness of daylight for all men, reveals something more solid and enduring than adamant, which is in fact the corner-stone of the world.

有常识的人们，世界上的英国人，都规规矩矩地过着这样一种体面的日常生活，我们的社会制度也是以这种生活为基础，但是它其实是十足的假象，会像虚无缥缈的幻景一样消散；但是那缕现实的微光，有时会为大家照亮白天的黑暗，揭示出一些比硬石还要坚固、持久的东西，事实上这才是世界的基石。

Men cannot conceive of a state of things so fair that it cannot be realized. Can any man honestly consult his experience and say that it is so? Have we any facts to appeal to when we say that our dreams are premature? Did you ever hear of a man who had striven all his life faithfully and singly toward an object and in no measure obtained it? If a man constantly aspires, is he not elevated? Did ever a man try heroism, magnanimity, truth, sincerity, and find that there was no advantage in them? that it was a vain endeavor? Of course we do not expect that our paradise will be a garden. We know not what we ask. To look at literature;—how many fine thoughts has every man had! how few fine thoughts are expressed! Yet we never have a fantasy so subtile and ethereal, but that talent merely, with more resolution and faithful persistency, after a thousand failures, might fix and engrave it in distinct and enduring words, and we should see that our dreams are the solidest facts that we know. But I speak not of dreams.

事物的状态凡是人们能想象出来的，没有不能实现的。是否有人能诚实地比照自己的经历，说确实如此呢？当我们说我们的梦想不够成熟时，我们有任何事实根据吗？你听说过有人一生都忠诚和单独地向着某个目标努力，而始终不能成功的吗？如果一个人不断地追求，他能不提高吗？有没有人一直保持真诚宽宏大量，并且践行英雄主义、追求真理，最后却发现这些没有任何益处？这一切都是徒劳？当然我们并不期望我们的天堂是一个花园。我们不知道自己所求的是什么。看看文学吧——每个人的好想法如此之多！但是表达出来的却如此之少！但是我们的幻想从来不会如此微妙、缥缈，然而只有天才，再加上更大的决心和不懈的坚持，在历经千百次的失败后，才能将它用清晰的、连贯的词汇雕琢成型并表达出来，而且我们应该明白，梦想是我们知道的最可靠的事实。但是我要谈的不是梦想。

What can be expressed in words can be expressed in life.

文字能表达的东西，生活也能表达。

My actual life is a fact in view of which I have no occasion to congratulate myself, but for my faith and aspiration I have respect. It is from these that I speak. Every man's position is in fact too simple to be described. I have sworn no oath. I have no designs on society—or nature—or God. I am simply what I am, or I begin to be that. I live in the present. I only remember the past—and anticipate the future. I love to live, I love reform better than its modes. There is no history of how bad became better. I believe something, and there is nothing else but that. I know that I am—I know that another is who knows more than I who takes interest in me, whose creature and yet whose kindred, in one sense, am I. I know that the enterprise is worthy—I know that things work well. I have heard no bad news.

我的实际生活是一个平凡的事实，倘若没有我所敬重的信念和追求，我就没有理由自豪。我尊重生活。我正是从这些出发来谈的。每个人的立场事实上都简单得不用描述。我不曾立誓；对社会、自然或上帝也没有任何企图；我就是我，或者说我开始成为我；我生活在现在；只是记得过去，并且期待未来；我热爱生活，热爱改革胜过它的方式。历史上还没有坏东西能变好的先例。我相信某些事，除此之外再不相信其他。我知道我是谁——我还知道另外一位是谁，他比我还了解我，对我感兴趣，但从某种意义来说，他的产物，他的血亲，是我。我知道这项事业是高尚的，我也知道万事都会顺利。我还没有听到不好的消息。

As for positions—as for combinations and details—what are they? In clear weather when we look into the heavens, what do we see, but the sky and the sun?

至于那些职位——至于组合和细节——它们是什么？天气晴朗的时候，如果我们仰望天空，除了天空和太阳，我们还会看到什么？

If you would convince a man that he does wrong do right. But do

not care to convince him.—Men will believe what they see. Let them see.

如果你要使一个人承认他做错了，你就要做出正确的行为。但是不要试图说服他——人们都愿意相信他们亲眼所见的东西。让他们自己看吧。

Pursue, keep up with, circle round and round your life as a dog does his master's chaise. Do what you love. Know your own bone; gnaw at it, bury it, unearth it, and gnaw it still. Do not be too moral. You may cheat yourself out of much life so. Aim above morality. Be not simply good—be good for something.—All fables indeed have their morals, but the innocent enjoy the story.

追求、跟上、环绕着你的生活和在你的生活周围，如同狗追赶主人的马车。做你爱做的事。认准属于你自己的骨头；啃它，埋掉它，再挖出来啃。不要过分顾及道德，否则你的大半生里都可能这样自欺欺人。让自己的目标高于道德，不要一味地善良——要有原则的善良——所有寓言都有自己的寓意，但是天真的人才能欣赏这个故事。

Let nothing come between you and the light. Respect men as brothers only. When you travel to the celestial city, carry no letter of introduction. When you knock ask to see God—none of the servants. In what concerns you much do not think that you have companions—know that you are alone in the world.

不要让任何东西挡在你和光明之间。把别人只当成兄弟一样来尊重。当你到天国的城市去旅行，不必带着介绍信。当你叩响天国之门要求见上帝——而不是上帝的仆人们时，在与你相关的事情上，不要认为你还有同伴——要知道你在这个世界是孑然一身的。

Thus I write at random. I need to see you, and I trust I shall, to correct my mistakes. Perhaps you have some oracles for me.

我写得比较随意。为改正我的错误，我需要见到你，我相信我会的。也许你能为我带来一些神谕。

Henry Thoreau.

亨利. 梭罗

letter three

第三封信

May 2, 1848, Tuesday; Concord, Massachusetts

1848 年5 月2 日，星期二；马萨诸塞州康科德

The quotation beginning this letter—"We must have our bread"—is the first clear indication that Thoreau often and perhaps usually wrote on topics of Blake's choosing. In other words, his letters should be understood as one side of what was actually a dialogue between the two men.

信的开头引用了“我们需要面包”，这第一次清楚地表明，梭罗经常也可能总是按照布莱克选择的话题写信。换句话说，他的信应该当成对话双方的一方来理解。

Concord, May 2, 1848.

1848 年5 月2 日于康科德

"We must have our bread." But what is our bread? Is it baker's bread? Methinks it should be very home-made bread. What is our meat? Is it butcher's meat? What is that which we must have? Is that bread which we are now earning sweet? Is it not bread which has been suffered to sour, and then been sweetened with an alkali, which has undergone the vinous, acetous, and sometimes the putrid fermentation, and then been whitened with vitriol? Is this the bread which we must have? Man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, truly, but also by the sweat of his brain within his brow. The body can feed the body only. I have tasted but little bread in my life. It has been mere grub and provender for the most part. Of bread that nourished the brain and the heart, scarcely any. There is absolutely none even on the tables of the rich.

“我们需要面包。”但什么是我们的面包呢？是面包房里的面包吗？我觉得应该就是家里自制的面包。什么是我们的肉？是肉铺里的肉吗？什么是我们必需的？我们现在通过劳动挣来的面包香甜吗？有的面包变质变酸，放入碱后却有了甜味，再经过酒精发酵、醋酸发酵，有时甚至是腐化发酵，然后放入明矾使之变白，不是这样的面包吗？这是我们必需的面包吗？的确，人类必须挥洒额头的汗水来挣自己的面包，但也要通过额头里面大脑的努力来挣面包。身体只能喂养身体。我一生中几乎没有品尝过面包。大多数面包不过是果腹的食物，滋养大脑和心灵的面包则极其罕见，即使在富人的餐桌上也绝对没有。

There is not one kind of food for all men. You must and you will

feed those faculties which you exercise. The laborer whose body is weary does not require the same food with the scholar whose brain is weary. Men should not labor foolishly like brutes, but the brain and the body should always, or as much as possible, work and rest together, and then the work will be of such a kind that when the body is hungry the brain will be hungry also, and the same food will suffice for both; otherwise the food which repairs the waste energy of the overwrought body will oppress the sedentary brain, and the degenerate scholar will come to esteem all food vulgar, and all getting a living drudgery.

没有一种食物适合所有人。你必须并且势必喂养那些你使用的器官。筋疲力尽的体力劳动者与耗尽脑力的学者需要的食物是不同的。人类不应该像野兽那样愚蠢地劳动，应该让大脑和身体总是或尽可能地同时工作，同时休息，这样，当身体饥饿时，大脑也会饥饿，而相同的食物将满足两者的需要；否则，身体疲累后，为身体补充能量的食物会压迫习惯于案头工作的大脑，而体能退化的学者会认为所有食物都是粗糙的，一切谋生手段都是苦差事。

How shall we earn our bread is a grave question; yet it is a sweet and inviting question. Let us not shirk it, as is usually done. It is the most important and practical question which is put to man. Let us not answer it hastily. Let us not be content to get our bread in some gross, careless, and hasty manner. Some men go a-hunting, some a-fishing, some a-gaming, some to war; but none have so pleasant a time as they who in earnest seek to earn their bread. It is true actually as it is true really; it is true materially as it is true spiritually, that they who seek honestly and sincerely, with all their hearts and lives and strength, to earn their bread, do earn it, and it is sure to be very sweet to them. Avery little bread,—a very few crumbs are enough, if it be of the right quality, for it is infinitely nutritious. Let each man, then, earn at least a crumb of bread for his body before he dies, and know the taste of it, —that it is identical with the bread of life[1], and that they both go down at one swallow.

我们应该如何挣得面包，这是一个重大的问题，但也是一个令人愉快且引人入胜的问题。我们不要像往常那样逃避它。它是人类面对的最重要、最实际的问题。对这个问题，我们不要草率作答。我们不要满足于以某种粗俗、粗心、草率的方式获得面包。有人打猎，有人捕鱼，有人赌博，有人打仗；但他们的快乐程度都比不上认真挣取面包的人。通过诚挚的方式，全心全意、不遗余力地挣取面包的人，一定能获得面包，面包对他们来说也必定格外香甜。从真实的角度和实际的角度来说，这是毋庸置疑的，从物质的角度和精神的角度来说，这也是毋庸置疑的。一小块面包——少许面包屑就足够了，如果质量是上好的，因为好面包将提供无穷的营养。那就请每个人在去世之前，为他的身体至少挣得一片面包，然后品尝面包的味道——它与生命的面包是相同的，而

且两种面包都是一口就能咽下去。

Our bread need not ever be sour or hard to digest. What Nature is to the mind she is also to the body. As she feeds my imagination, she will feed my body; for what she says she means, and is ready to do. She is not simply beautiful to the poet's eye. Not only the rainbow and sunset are beautiful, but to be fed and clothed, sheltered and warmed aright, are equally beautiful and inspiring. There is not necessarily any gross and ugly fact which may not be eradicated from the life of man. We should endeavor practically in our lives to correct all the defects which our imagination detects. The heavens are as deep as our aspirations are high. So high as a tree aspires to grow, so high it will find an atmosphere suited to it. Every man should stand for a force which is perfectly irresistible. How can any man be weak who dares to be at all? Even the tenderest plants force their way up through the hardest earth, and the crevices of rocks; but a man no material power can resist. What a wedge, what a beetle, what a catapult, is an earnest man! What can resist him?

我们的面包从来都不必是酸的或者是难以消化的。大自然中有益心灵的也有益于身体。她滋养了我的想象力的同时，也将滋养我的身体；因为大自然向来说话算话，并且随时准备付诸行动。大自然不仅仅有诗人眼中的美丽。彩虹和落日固然是美丽的，而人类得到食物、衣服、住所和温暖，也同样是美好的、令人欢欣鼓舞的。在人类的生命中未必有根除不了的粗俗和丑陋。我们要在生活中实事求是地努力弥补想象力察觉到的一切缺陷。天空是高远的，而我们的抱负是远大的。无论一颗树渴望长到多高，它总会在那个高度找到适合自己生长的环境。每个人都应该代表一种完全不可抗拒的力量。敢于存在4 4的人怎么可能软弱呢？即使是最娇嫩的植物都能冲破最坚硬的土壤和岩石的缝隙向上生长，人类更是任何物质力量都不能阻挡的。一个认真的人，就是一根楔子、一把大槌、一支弹弓！有什么能阻挡他呢？

It is a momentous fact that a man may be good, or he may be bad; his life may be true, or it may be false; it may be either a shame or a glory to him. The good man builds himself up; the bad man destroys himself.

一个人可能是好人，也可能是坏人；他的生活可能是真实的，也可能是虚假的；对他来说生活可能是一种耻辱，也可能是一种荣耀；这是一个重要的事实。好人会逐步完善自我；坏人则逐渐毁灭自我。

But whatever we do we must do confidently (if we are timid, let us, then, act timidly), not expecting more 1ight, but having light enough. If we confidently expect more, then let us wait for it. But what is this which we have? Have we not already waited? Is this the beginning of time? Is there a man who does not see clearly beyond, though only a hair's breadth beyond where he at any time stands?

但是，不管做什么，我们都要充满信心地去做（如果我们胆小，我们就按照胆小的方式去做），不期待更多的光明，但已经拥有足够的光明。如果我们充满信心地期待更多，那就让我们耐心地等待。但是我们现在拥有的是什么呢？我们不是已经等待过了吗？这是时间的开始吗？会有人无法看清前方吗，即使前方距离他站立的地方仅一寸之遥？

If one hesitates in his path, let him not proceed. Let him respect his doubts, for doubts, too, may have some divinity in them. That we have but little faith is not sad, but that we have but little faithfulness. By faithfulness faith is earned. When, in the progress of a life, a man swerves, though only by an angle infinitely small, from his proper and allotted path (and this is never done quite unconsciously even at first; in fact, that was his broad and scarlet sin[2],—ah, he knew of it more than he can tell), then the drama of his life turns to tragedy, and makes haste to its fifth act[3]. When once we thus fall behind ourselves, there is no accounting for the obstacles which rise up in our path, and no one is so wise as to advise, and no one so powerful as to aid us while we abide on that ground. Such are cursed with duties, and the neglect of their duties. For such the decalogue was made, and other far more voluminous and terrible codes.

如果一个人在路上犹豫不决，那就让他停止不前吧。让他尊重自己的疑惑，因为疑惑本身也可能包含着神性。只有一点点信念并不可悲，可悲的是对我们的信念只有一点点的忠诚。通过忠诚，我们获得信念。在生命的旅程中，如果一个人偏离了正确的预定的道路，即使偏离的角度微乎其微（而且即使在最初，这也绝不是在无意中发生的；事实上，这是他又大又红的罪恶——啊，他心里明白，但说不出来），那么他人生这出戏将变成悲剧，匆匆忙忙走向第五幕。一旦我们因此落后于自己，我们将会在途中碰到闻所未闻的障碍，在那条路上彷徨时，没有人拥有足够的智慧向我们提出忠告，没有人拥有足够的力量帮助我们。这些是责任的诅咒，因为他们忽视了自己的责任。因此才出现了十诫和其他更加复杂更加可怕的法典。

These departures,—who have not made them?—for they are as faint as the parallax of a fixed star, and at the commencement we say they are nothing,—that is, they originate in a kind of sleep and forget fullness of the soul when it is naught. A man cannot be too circumspect in order to keep in the straight road, and be sure that he sees all that he may at any time see, that so he may distinguish his true path.

这些偏离——谁没有经历过呢？——因为它们像恒星视差一样微小，开始时我们说它们什么都不是，换句话说，它们从虚无中产生于灵魂的一种休眠和遗忘状态。人要慎之又慎才不会偏离正道，一定要高瞻远瞩，这样才能认清自己真正的道路。

You ask if there is no doctrine of sorrow in my philosophy. Of

acute sorrow I suppose that I know comparatively little. My saddest and most genuine sorrows are apt to be but transient regrets. The place of sorrow is supplied, perchance, by a certain hard and proportionately barren indifference. I am of kin to the sod, and partake largely of its dull patience,—in winter expecting the sun of spring. In my cheapest moments I am apt to think that it is not my business to be "seeking thespirit,"[4] but as much its business to be seeking me. I know very well what Goethe meant when he said that he never had a chagrin but he made a poem out of it. I have altogether too much patience of this kind. I am too easily contented with a slight and almost animal happiness. My happiness is a good deal like that of the woodchucks.

你问我，在我的哲学信条中是不是没有“悲伤”二字。对于极度悲伤，我想我还没怎么体验过。发自肺腑的最真最深切的悲痛在我这里往往化为转瞬即逝的遗憾。或许悲伤的空间已被某种坚实而荒凉的冷漠填满。我和草地是近亲，所以在很大程度上具有草地固执的耐性——在冬天期盼春天的太阳。在我最怠惰的时刻，我会想与其由我来“寻找神灵”，不如由神灵来寻找我。歌德说他从来没有懊恼，但他用懊恼来写诗，我非常明白他的意思。这样的耐性我有很多。我很容易满足于微小的快乐，几乎像动物一样容易满足。我的幸福很像土拨鼠的幸福。

Methinks I am never quite committed, never wholly the creature of my moods, being always to some extent their critic. My only integral experience is in my vision. I see, perchance, with more integrity than I feel.

我认为自己从未沉迷于某物，也从来不是一个完全情绪化的人，在某种程度上，我总是情绪的批评者。我唯一完整的体验是我的视野。或许，我的所见比我的所感更为完整。

But I need not tell you what manner of man I am,—my virtues or my vices. You can guess if it is worth the while; and I do not discriminate them well.

但我不必告诉你我的为人——我的美德或陋习。如果值得这样做，你可以揣测；而我也不能很好地分清自己的优缺点。

I do not write this time at my hut in the woods. I am at present living with Mrs. Emerson, whose house is an old home of mine, for company during Mr. Emerson's absence.

此刻我没有在林中的小屋里写信。目前，我和爱默生夫人住在一起，她的房子是我的老家，爱默生先生外出时我就在这里陪伴他的夫人。

You will perceive that I am as often talking to myself, perhaps, as speaking to you.

你会发现在和你交谈，我也许也是在与自己交谈。

(1) 《圣经. 约翰福音》第6 章第35节：“耶稣说，我就是生命的面包。到我这里来的，必定不饿。信我的，永远不渴。”

(2) 《圣经. 以赛亚书》第1 章第18节：“耶和华说，你们来，我们彼此辩论。你们的罪虽像朱红，必变成雪白。虽红如丹颜，必白如羊毛。”

(3) 著名的西方戏剧（ 古希腊戏剧，文艺复兴时期的戏剧以及新古典主义戏剧）大多数有五幕。

(4) 这句话用了圣经上的典故，例如《圣经. 歌罗西书》第3 章第1节：“所以你们若真与基督一同复活，就当求在上面的事。那里有基督坐在神的右边。”

letter four

第四封信

April 17, 1849, Tuesday; Concord, Massachusetts

1849 年4 月17 日，星期二；马萨诸塞州康科德

During the preceding five months Thoreau had on six occasions delivered one or another of his three Walden lectures in Portland, Maine, and in the Massachusetts towns of Concord, Lincoln, Salem, and Gloucester. Blake had probably arranged for him to deliver all three Walden lectures in Worcester on three successive Friday evenings at 7:30 p.m., the first in City Hall on April 20, the other two in Brinley Hall on April 27 and May 3. The previous month Thoreau contracted with James Munroe and Company of Boston to publish A Week at his own expense, with Walden to be published shortly afterward. He had also agreed to write up his February 1848 lecture on "Resistance to Civil Government" (later retitled "Civil Disobedience") for publication in May. So during this time he was extremely busy preparing his manuscripts and correcting proofs. His older sister Helen was also struggling through a final bout with tuberculosis at this time. She succumbed to the disease on June 14 . Thoreau rode the Fitchburg Railroad fifteen miles northwest to Groton, Massachusetts, where he changed to the Worcester & Nashua Railroad. The mention of Emerson is explained by the fact that Emerson traveled extensively as a professional lecturer and was therefore very familiar with railroad schedules and routes.

梭罗就《瓦尔登湖》写过三篇讲稿，在之前的五个月里，他用这三篇讲稿中的某一篇分别在六个地点做了演讲，这些地点分别是缅因州的波特兰，马萨诸塞州的康科德、林肯、塞勒姆和格洛斯特。布莱克可能帮他安排了在伍斯特演讲这三篇讲稿，时间是连续三个星期五晚上的7点30 分，第一场是4 月20 日，地点是市政厅，另外两场在布林利大厅，时间分别是4 月27 日和5 月3 日。上个月，梭罗和詹姆斯. 芒罗以及波士顿的出版公司签约，自费出版《在康科德河和梅里河上的一周》，《瓦尔登湖》也将于此后不久出版。他还同意把他1848 年2 月的演讲《抵制国民政府》（后来改名为《论公民的不服从权利》）撰写成文，准备5 月出版。所以这段时间，梭罗在准备手稿和改正校样，非常繁忙。他的姐姐海伦这段时间也正与肺结核作最后的较量，最终还是于6 月14 日病逝。梭罗沿着菲奇堡铁路公司的铁路线向西北行进了15 英里，到达马萨诸塞州的格罗顿，然后转到伍斯特和纳舒厄铁路线。信中他提到了爱默生，是因为作为专业演讲人，爱默生经常旅行，因此非常熟悉列车时刻表和路线。

Concord Apr. 17th 1849

1849 年4 月17 日于康科德

Dear Sir,

亲爱的先生：

It is my intention to leave Concord for Worcester, via Groton, at 12 o'clock on Friday of this week. Mr. Emerson tells me that it will take about two hours to go by this way. At any rate I shall try to secure 3 or 4 hours in which to see you & Worcester before the lecture.

我打算本周五12 点离开康科德去伍斯特，途经格罗顿。爱默生先生告诉我走这条路大约需要两个小时。无论如何，我会尽力在演讲前留出三四个小时去看你和伍斯特。

Yrs in haste Henry D. Thoreau

匆忙敬上亨利.D. 梭罗

letter five

第五封信

August 10, 1849, Friday; Concord, Massachusetts

1849 年8 月10 日，星期五；马萨诸塞州康科德

After sending off his corrected proofs of A Week, which had been published at the end of May, Thoreau had returned with redoubled energy to his manuscript of Walden, whose publication had been announced on a page at the end of A Week. But the commercial failure of A Week, perhaps not yet apparent in early August, was to delay Walden's appearance until August 1854.

《在康科德河和梅里马克河上的一周》已于5 月末出版，梭罗寄出这本书修改校样的定稿后，以加倍的精力投入到《瓦尔登湖》的写作中，这本书出版的消息已经在《在康科德河和梅里马克河上的一周》的最后一页发布。不过《在康科德河和梅里马克河上的一周》在商业上的失败，在8 月上旬可能还不甚明显，但是后来却导致《瓦尔登湖》的出版延迟到了1854 年8 月。

Concord, August 10, 1849

1849 年8 月10 日于康科德

Mr. Blake,—

布莱克先生：

I write now chiefly to say, before it is too late, that I shall be glad to see you in Concord, and will give you a chamber, etc., in my father's house, and as much of my poor company as you can bear.

我写信主要是想尽早告诉你，如果能在康科德看到你，我会非常高兴，也能为你提供一间我父亲家的房屋，以及其他必需品，如果你乐意，我也愿意陪伴你。

I am in too great haste this time to speak to your, or out of my, condition. I might say,—you might say,—comparatively speaking, be not anxious to avoid poverty. In this way the wealth of the universe may be securely invested. What a pity if we do not live this short time according to the laws of the long time,—the eternal laws! Let us see that we stand erect here, and do not lie along by our whole length in the dirt. Let our meanness be our footstool, not our cushion. In the midst of this labyrinth let us live a thread[1] of life. We must act with so rapid and resistless a purpose in one direction, that our vices will necessarily trail behind. The nucleus of a comet is almost a star. Was there ever a genuine dilemma? The laws of earth are for the feet, or

inferior man; the laws of heaven are for the head, or superior man; the latter are the former sublimed and expanded, even as radii from the earth's centre go on diverging into space. Happy the man who observes the heavenly and the terrestrial law in just proportion; whose every faculty, from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head, obeys the law of its level; who neither stoops nor goes on tiptoe, but lives a balanced life, acceptable to nature and to God.

这次我迫切地想谈谈你的处境，也是我的处境。我可能会说——你也可能会说——相对来说，不要急着逃避贫穷。这样，宇宙的财富才可能安全地授予我们。如果我们在短暂的一生中，不按照长久的法则——永恒的法则来生活，会多么令人遗憾！让我们看着自己笔直地站立在这里，而不是整个身体躺于泥土中。我们要把卑劣当脚凳，不要把它当坐垫。在这个迷宫中间，让我们保有一条生命之线。我们必须为如此不可抗拒的目标，疾速向着一个方向行动，这样我们的缺点必定会落在后面。一个彗核的核心几乎就是一颗恒星。曾经有过真正的难题吗？大地法则属于脚，或者说低等人；天堂法则属于头，或者说上等人；后者是前者的升华和扩张，就算地球半径从地心继续朝太空偏离也不会改变。按照合适的比例遵循大地法则和天堂法则，这样的人是幸福的；他们身上的每一个器官，从脚掌到头顶，都遵循着其所在层次的法则；他们不俯首，也不踮脚，而是过着平衡的生活，为自然和上帝所接受。

These things I say; other things I do.

这些事情是我要说的；其他事情是我要做的。

I am sorry to hear that you did not receive my book[2] earlier. I addressed it and left it in Munroe's shop to be sent to you immediately, on the twenty-sixth of May, before a copy had been sold.

听说你没有及早地收到我的书，我对此很抱歉。我在书上写好了姓名和地址，于5 月26 日把它留在了芒罗的店里，想在卖出第一本书之前尽快寄给你。

Will you remember me to Mr. Brown[3], when you see him next: he is well remembered by

你下次见到布朗先生的时候，请代我向他问好。想他的：

Henry Thoreau.

亨利. 梭罗

I still owe you a worthy answer.

我还欠你一个有价值的答案。

(1) 生命之线，古希腊神话中，在一次献祭中，雅典人忒修斯主动与受害人一起进入克里特国王弥诺斯建造的迷宫，他想杀死里面半人半牛的恶兽弥诺陶洛斯，停止雅典人要向他献上少男少女这样的供奉。弥诺斯的女儿阿里阿德涅爱上了忒修斯，送给他一个线团，忒修斯把线头

系在宫门上，边往迷宫深处走，边放开线团，杀死弥诺陶洛斯后，他沿着线安全地走出了迷宫。

(2) 梭罗的第一本书《在康科德河和梅里马克河上的一周》（A Weekon the Concord andMerrimcok Rivers）于1849 年5 月30 日正式出版，不过正如他提到的，他于5 月26日来到出版商詹姆斯. 芒罗出版公司位于波士顿的办事处，取走作者的样书并且寄了几本给朋友。

(3) 布朗（1811—1879），是美国的一个裁缝，出生在马萨诸塞州的雷霍博特，1828 年搬到伍斯特，加入他兄弟的裁缝公司。他们在市中心的店铺成为市里知识分子集会的地方。

letter six

第六封信

November 20, 1849, Tuesday; Concord, Massachusetts

1849 年11 月20 日，星期二；马萨诸塞州康科德

This fall and winter was an incredibly busy and important time for Thoreau. As he mentions in this letter, he had established a productive routine of reading and writing during mornings and evenings with along walk in the afternoon. But that routine must have been regularly disrupted as a consequence of the commercial failure of A Week, which by November was a settled fact and which left Thoreau with a debt of almost three hundred dollars—about a year's wages for the average working male at the time. To begin paying off his debt (it was not fully paid until late 1853) he worked long hours in his family's pencil factory and peddled finished pencils as well. Although he seriously considered speculating in cranberries, he dropped that scheme when he found that it would not pay. Instead, he announced his services as a professional surveyor. He had purchased surveying equipment years before, when teaching with his older brother John (1814—1842), in order to give his students a practical application of mathematics, and he had used the equipment while at Walden to produce a highly detailed survey of the pond. He had even done a small surveying job for Emerson in May 1849. But now he purchased a surveyor's handbook and took on two large surveying jobs, one of which lasted throughout the winter. The previous month he and William Ellery Channing (1817—1901) had gone on a five-day excursion to Cape Cod, and he immediately began drafting a lecture based on the trip, completing a draft by December. In September he had requested and received borrowing privileges at the Harvard College Library. He used those privileges to begin researching early New England history, in part to supplement his Cape Cod lectures. In 1843 he had conducted research on graphite, the principal ingredient used to make pencils, and had dramatically improved the graphite-grinding machinery in the family's mill. As a result of his ingenuity, the family business by 1849 had effected a transition from the manufacture of pencils to supplying powdered graphite to electrotypers, a transition which resulted in sufficient prosperity for the family to purchase a commodious house on Main Street in Concord. Although they purchased the house in November 1849, repairs and improvements delayed the move for a year. Finally, during this difficult period Thoreau's relationship with Emerson degenerated

badly. Emerson had encouraged Thoreau to publish A Week at his own expense but had criticized the book after it was published. Naturally, Thoreau felt betrayed by his erstwhile mentor, and although they continued to be on fairly good terms, their friendship never fully recovered.

这个秋天和冬天对梭罗来说异常繁忙和重要。正如他在这封信里提到的，他养成了一种习惯，每天上午和晚上阅读和写作，下午则进行长时间的散步，一整天过得颇有成效。但是这样的习惯经常被迫中断，因为《在康科德河和梅里马克河上的一周》在商业上失败了，截至11 月，亏本已经成为事实，梭罗因此欠债将近300 美元——这是当时普通男性工人约一年的工资。为了还债（直到1853年末才还清），梭罗长时间在自家的铅笔厂里工作，同时还要售卖生产出的铅笔。虽然梭罗认真地考虑过做蔓越橘生意，但是后来放弃了这个想法，因为他发现并不能盈利。于是，他决定做一个专业测量员，并且开始招徕业务。几年以前，梭罗就买了测量仪器，当时梭罗和哥哥约翰（1814—1842）一起教书，为了让学生们将数学应用于实践中，就买了测量仪器，在瓦尔登湖时，他使用这些仪器非常细致地测量过这个湖。他甚至在1849 年5 月为爱默生做过一次小型的测量工作。但是现在他买了测量员手册，并且接手了两个大型的测量项目，其中一个贯穿了整个冬天。上个月他和威廉.E. 钱宁（1817—1901）到科德角进行了一次为期5 天的短途旅行，返回后，他立即开始以这次旅行为基础草拟演讲稿，并于12 月完成了草稿。9月他申请了哈佛学院图书馆的借阅特权，并得到了批准。然后他利用这一特权开始研究新英格兰早期历史，这样做的部分原因是为他的科德角讲稿补充材料。1843 年，他对制作铅笔的主要材料石墨进行了研究，结果极大地改善了家庭工厂里石墨的磨粉工艺。由于梭罗的创新，家族生意到1849 年时已从铅笔制造转变为向电铸版提供石墨粉，这一转变使家里富裕起来，从而能在康科德主街上买下一座宽敞的房子。虽然他们1849 年11 月就买下了房子，但是因为要装修整顿，他们一年后才搬进去。最后，在这段艰难的时期，梭罗和爱默生的关系剧烈恶化。爱默生曾鼓励梭罗自费出版《在康科德河和梅里马克河上的一周》，但此书出版后，爱默生却对它提出了批评。自然，梭罗觉得被自己过去的良师益友背叛，虽然他们的关系仍然相当好，但是他们的友谊再也没有恢复如初。

Concord Nov. 20th 1849

1849 年11 月20 日于康科德

Mr. Blake,

布莱克先生：

I have not forgotten that I am your debtor. When I read over your letters, as I have just done, I feel that I am unworthy to have received or to answer them, though they are addressed, as I would have them to the ideal of me. It behooves me, if I would reply, to speak out of the rarest part of myself.

我没有忘记我负债于你。当我重读你的那些来信时，正如我刚刚所做的那样，我感到自己没有资格收到这些信件或是回复它们，虽然这些信都如我所期待的那样针对我的理想。如果我要回复的话，我就应该从灵魂深处说话。

At present I am subsisting on certain wild flowers which Nature wafts to me, which unaccountably sustain me, and make my apparently poor life rich. Within a year my walks have extended themselves, and almost every afternoon (I read, or write, or make pencils, in the forenoon, and by the last means get a living for my body) I visit some new hill or pond or wood many miles distant. I am astonished at the wonderful retirement through which I move, rarely meeting a man in these excursions, never seeing one similarly engaged, unless it be my companion[1], when I have one. I cannot help feeling that of all the human inhabitants of nature hereabouts, only we two have leisure to admire and enjoy our inheritance.

目前，我依靠大自然吹送给我的某些野花生活。这些野花奇妙地支撑了我，让我那明显贫穷的生活充实起来。一年内我散步的路途延长了，几乎每个下午（我在上午读书或写作，或制作铅笔；我通过最后这种方式维持生计），我都会游览好几英里外新的小山或池塘或树林。我惊叹于所过之处绝妙的隐逸，在这些旅程中，我很少碰到其他人，除非我有一个同伴，否则就再也看不到任何人和我做着相似的事情。我不禁觉得这附近大自然的所有人类居民中，只有我们两个有闲情逸致欣赏和享受大自然赐予我们的遗产。

"Free in this world, as the birds in the air, disengaged from every kind of chains, those who have practiced the yoga gather in Brahma the certain fruit of their works."[2] Depend upon it that rude and careless as I am, I would fain practise the yoga faithfully.

“那些修练‘瑜伽’的人在这个世界上挣脱了所有的束缚，就像天空中的小鸟一样自由自在，他们从梵天收获他们工作的果实。”毋庸置疑，即使我粗鲁又粗心，我也会欣然虔诚地修练“瑜伽”。

"The yogin, absorbed in contemplation, contributes in his degree to creation: he breathes a divine perfume, he hears wonderful things. Divine forms traverse him without tearing him, and united to the nature which is proper to him, he goes, he acts, as animating original matter."[3]

“沉浸在冥想中的瑜伽修练者，在某种程度上参与了创造：他呼吸神的芳香，聆听奇妙的圣音。神的形式穿透他却没有撕裂他，反而统一成适合他的性质，他游走，他行动，像充满生气的原始物。”

To some extent, and at rare intervals, even I am a yogin.

在某种程度上，就连我偶尔也是瑜伽修练者。

I know little about the affairs of Turkey, but I am sure that I know something about barberries and chest nuts of which I have collected a store this fall. When I go to see my neighbor he will formally communicate to me the latest news from Turkey, which he read in yesterday's Mail—how Turkey by this time looks determined, & Lord Palmerston—Why, I would rather talk of the bran, which, unfortunately, was sifted out of my bread this morning and thrown away. It is a fact which lies nearer to me. The newspaper gossip with which our hosts abuse our ears is as far from a true hospitality as the viands which they set before us. We did not need them to feed our bodies; and the news can be bought for a penny. We want the inevitable news, be it sad or cheering—wherefore and by what means they are extant, this new day. If they are well let them whistle and dance; if they are dyspeptic, it is their duty to complain, that so they may in any case be entertaining. If words are invented to conceal thought, I think that newspapers are a great improvement on a bad invention. Do not suffer your life to be taken by newspapers.

我对土耳其的事情知之甚少，但是我敢肯定自己了解小檗浆果和栗子，这个秋天我储存了好多。我去看望邻居时，他总会正式地向我传达来自土耳其的最新消息，这是他从昨天的邮报上读来的——土耳其现在看来是多么坚定，还有帕默斯顿爵士——可是，我宁可谈谈麸皮，那些今天早上不幸从我的面包上筛出来扔掉的麸皮，这是与我更贴近的事实。主人用来随意聒噪我们耳朵的八卦新闻，以及摆在我们面前的美味佳肴，都远非真正地殷勤好客。我们不需要它们喂养我们的身体；而新闻只需要一便士就能买到。我们需要的是必然发生的新闻，无论是令人悲伤的还是令人高兴的——它们以什么理由以及通过何种方式在这个新的一天仍然存在着。如果它们是令人愉快的，就让它们呼哨和手舞足蹈；如果它们是使人阴郁的，抱怨是它们的责任，这样，在任何情况下它们都是使人愉快的。如果文字的发明是要隐藏思想，我认为报纸是在一项糟糕的发明上的很大提高。不要让你的生活为报纸所控制，以致遭受痛苦。

I thank you for your hearty appreciation of my book. I am glad to have had such a long talk with you, and that you had patience to listen to me to the end. I think that I have the advantage of you, for I chose my own mood, and in one sense your mood too, that is a quiet and attentive reading mood. Such advantage has the writer over the talker. I am sorry that you did not come to Concord in your vacation. Is it not time for another vacation? I am here yet, and Concord is here.

谢谢你真心地欣赏我的书。很高兴和你进行了这次长谈，而你竟然耐心地听到了最后。我想我处的位置比你有利，因为我可以选择自己的心绪，从某种意义上说也可以选择你的心绪，这是一种宁静的、专注的阅读心绪。而写作的人比说话的人更为有利。很遗憾你在假期时没有来康科德。不过现在不是又要放假了吗？我依然在这里，康科德也依然在

这里。

You will have found out by this time who it is that writes this, and will be glad to have you write, to him, without his subscribing himself,

现在你将发现是谁在写信给你，而且他会很高兴你也写信给他，即使他不在信上署名。

Henry D. Thoreau

亨利.D. 梭罗

P.S. It is so long since I have seen you, that as you will perceive, I have to speak as it were in vacuum, as if I were sounding hollowly for an echo, & it did not make much odds what kind of a sound I made. But the gods do not hear my rude or discordant sound, as we learn from the echo; and I know that the nature toward which I launch these sounds is so rich that it will modulate anew and wonderfully improve my rudest strain.

附：我已经太久没有见到你了，以致于你都会感到，我不得不像在真空里一样说话，好像我空洞地发声就是要听到一声回音，而究竟发出什么声音一点都不重要。但是众神没有听见我粗鲁的或是不和谐的声音，这点从回音上我们就可以得知；而我知道大自然是如此的丰富多彩，我向它发出的这些声音必将得到它的重新调整，我最粗鲁的语气也将得到惊人的改善。

(1) 经常与梭罗一起散步的是诗人钱宁（Channing，1780—1842）。

(2) 这段引语和这封信中接下来的那段引语都是梭罗从《哈利维萨》翻译过来的。

(3) 见上注

letter seven

第七封信

April 3, 1850, Wednesday; Concord, Massachusetts

1850 年4 月3 日，星期三；马萨诸塞州康科德

Thoreau's studies in early New England history broadened into a serious interest in early Native American history that was to last the remainder of his life. He had begun recording notes from his reading on these topics in two notebooks, his "Indian Book" notes quickly spilling into several successive notebooks. During this same period he also began maintaining a "Commonplace Book" to record extracts from his reading in natural history, another lifelong interest. With the failure of A Week, he had laid his Walden manuscript aside, going back to it only occasionally to revise it slightly. His surveying business proved lucrative enough to enable him to purchase additional equipment this spring, and during the winter he had delivered his "Excursion to Cape Cod" lecture on four occasions, receiving pay for only two of those. Blake, in an effort to increase his own income, had by this time moved from Worcester, where there were not enough students to enable him to make a decent living, to Milton, Massachusetts, six miles south of downtown Boston. He taught in Milton with Christopher A. Greene (1816—1853), who had edited the short-lived reform journal Plain Speaker, was a friend of Thoreau's friend and townsman the educator Amos Bronson Alcott (1799—1888), and had partnered in 1841 with William M. Chace or Chase (1814—1862) in a utopian farm community.

梭罗在研究新英格兰早期历史的过程中，兴趣逐渐扩展，开始认真研究印第安人的早期历史，这项研究一直持续到他生命的尽头。他把阅读中碰到的相关资料记在两套笔记里，其中之一是“印第安人笔记”，很快，这部笔记就连续写了好几本。同一时期，他还开始写“常识笔记”，摘抄读过的自然史方面的资料，这是他另一个持续了一生的兴趣。由于《在康科德河和梅里马克河上的一周》发行情况不尽如人意，他将《瓦尔登湖》的手稿放到一边，只是偶尔回顾一下稍加修改。他的测量生意还挺赚钱，结果在这个春天他就有资金购买新仪器。冬天，他作了四次演讲，都是关于他的“科德角之行”的，其中只有两次拿到了报酬。当时布莱克已经搬离伍斯特，因为那里学生不多，不能够维持他体面的生活，所以为了增加自己的收入，他搬到了马萨诸塞州的米尔顿，在波士顿市区以南六英里处。布莱克和克里斯托弗.A. 格林（1816—1853）一起在米尔顿教书，后者曾编辑改革性的刊物《说白话的人》，但不久就停刊了。格林是梭罗一位朋友的朋友，也是同城教育家阿莫斯.B. 奥尔

科特（1799—1888）的朋友，1841 年与威廉.M. 蔡斯（1814—1862）一起合作成立乌托邦式的农庄。

Concord, April 3, 1850.

1850 年4 月3 日于康科德

Mr. Blake,—

布莱克先生：

I thank you for your letter, and I will endeavor to record some of the thoughts which it suggests, whether pertinent or not. You speak of poverty and dependence. Who are poor and dependent? Who are rich and independent? When was it that men agreed to respect the appearance and not the reality? Why should the appearance appear? Are we well acquainted, then, with the reality? There is none who does not lie hourly in the respect he pays to false appearance. How sweet it would be to treat men and things, for an hour, for just what they are! We wonder that the sinner does not confess his sin. When we are weary with travel, we lay down our load and rest by the wayside. So, when we are weary with the burden of life, why do we not lay down this load of falsehoods which we have volunteered to sustain, and be refreshed as never mortal was? Let the beautiful laws prevail. Let us not weary ourselves by resisting them. When we would rest our bodies we cease to support them; we recline on the lap of earth. So, when we would rest our spirits, we must recline on the Great Spirit[1]. Let things alone; let them weigh what they will; let them soar or fall. To succeed in letting only one thing alone in a winter morning, if it be only one poor frozenthawed apple[2] that hangs on a tree, what a glorious achievement! Methinks it lightens through the dusky universe. What an infinite wealth we have discovered! God reigns, i.e., when we take a liberal view, —when a liberal view is presented us.

谢谢你的来信。我将尽力探讨你信里提到的一些想法，不管恰当与否。你谈到贫穷和依赖。谁是贫穷的、依赖他人的？谁是富裕的、自立的？什么时候人们达成共识，都尊重表象而不是事实？为什么表象会出现？我们又是不是熟知事实呢？所有尊重假象的人们，都无时无刻不在撒谎。人们待人接物，要是能从其本来面目出发，哪怕只有一个小时，那该多好！有罪的人不忏悔他的罪过，我们感到奇怪。当我们在旅程中感到疲惫时，会卸下负荷，在路旁休息。所以，当生活的重担让我们感到疲惫时，为什么不放开我们主动承担的虚假的东西，然后以人类从未有过的方式重新振作精神呢？让这些美丽的法则盛行于世吧。不要因为抗拒它们而把我们自己弄得筋疲力尽。如果要使身体得到休息，我们就会停止支撑身体，斜倚在大地的怀抱中。因此，要使我们的精神得到休息，我们必须倚靠在大神上。不要打扰周围的事物；让它们自由地存在；任由它们高飞或降落。在冬日的早晨，哪怕只能做到不打扰一件东西，就算它是挂在树上的一个可怜的结冻后又融化的苹果，那也是多么

辉煌的成就！我觉得它照亮了黑暗的宇宙。我们发现的是一种无尽的宝藏！上帝在统治，就在我们秉持自由的观点时，就在自由的观点呈现在我们面前时。

Let God alone if need be. Methinks, if I loved him more, I should keep him,—I should keep myself rather,—at a more respectful distance. It is not when I am going to meet him, but when I am just turning away and leaving him alone, that I discover that God is. I say, God. I am not sure that that is the name. You will know whom I mean.

如果必要，不要去打扰上帝。我觉得自己越是爱上帝，就越要对他——确切地说是越要使自己对他敬而远之。不是当我打算去见他时，而是当我刚刚转身远离他时，我发现了上帝的存在。我是说，上帝。我不确定这是他的名字，但你知道我指的是谁。

If for a moment we make way with our petty selves, wish no ill to anything, apprehend no ill, cease to be but as the crystal which reflects a ray,—what shall we not reflect! What a universe will appear crystallized and radiant around us!

如果有那么一刹那，我们卑小的自我能够让路，不再希望任何事物遭遇厄运，不再为厄运而担忧，只是像能够反射阳光的水晶一样存在——还有什么我们不能反射的呢！我们周围的世界将会多么晶莹剔透、光芒四射！

I should say, let the Muse lead the Muse,—let the understanding lead the understanding, though in any case it is the farthest forward which leads them both. If the Muse accompany, she is no muse, but an amusement. The Muse should lead like a star which is very far off; but that does not imply that we are to follow foolishly, falling into sloughs and over precipices, for it is not foolishness, but understanding, which is to follow, which the Muse is appointed to lead, as a fit guide of a fit follower.

我想说，让缪斯引导缪斯——让明白人引导明白人，虽然无论何种情况，都是远在最前方的引导着这两者。如果缪斯陪伴在我们左右，她就不再是诗人，而变成了乐趣。缪斯应该像遥远的星星一样引路，但是这并不意味着我们会愚蠢地跟从，陷入沼泽，掉下悬崖，因为我们要跟从的不是愚蠢而是理解。理解才是缪斯要引导的，这才是合格的向导和合格的追随者。

Will you live? or will you be embalmed? Will you live, though it be astride of a sunbeam;[3] or will you repose safely in the catacombs for a thousand years? In the former case, the worst accident that can happen is that you may break your neck. Will you break your heart, your soul, to save your neck? Necks and pipe-stems are fated to be broken. Men make a great ado about the folly of demanding too much of life (or of eternity?), and of endeavoring to live according to that

demand. It is much ado about nothing[4]. No harm ever came from that quarter. I am not afraid that I shall exaggerate the value and significance of life, but that I shall not be up to the occasion which it is. I shall be sorry to remember that I was there, but noticed nothing remarkable,—not so much as a prince in disguise; lived in the golden age a hired man; visited Olympus[5] even, but fell asleep after dinner, and did not hear the conversation of the gods. I lived in Judæa eighteen hundred years ago, but I never knew that there was such a one as Christ among my contemporaries! If there is anything more glorious than a congress of men a-framing or amending of a constitution going on, which I suspect there is, I desire to see the morning papers. I am greedy of the faintest rumor, though it were got by listening at the key-hole. I will dissipate myself in that direction.

你要活着，还是要成为干尸呢？你是想骑坐在阳光之上而活着，还是要在地下陵寝中安全地休眠千年？在前一种情况下，可能发生的最糟糕的事情是你可能摔断自己的脖子。你会为了拯救自己的脖子而毁坏你的心灵、你的灵魂吗？脖子就像烟斗管，注定是要坏掉的。人类耗费很大的精力做着愚蠢的事情，就是向生活（或永恒？）要求的太多，并且企图按照那种要求生活。这真是庸人自扰。生活从来没有带给我们任何伤害。我不担心我会夸大生活的价值和意义，但是我担心自己的生活与其本来的重要意义不相符合。如果将来我回忆起自己当时在场，却没有发现任何不寻常的事，我会难过——就像一个乔装成青蛙的王子，一个生活在黄金时代的雇工；或者是拜访了奥林匹斯山，却在晚餐后睡着而没有听到众神的谈话。就好像我生活在1800 年前的犹太地，却从来不知道同辈中有耶稣这个人！如果有比国会议员们起草或修改宪法更光荣的事（我怀疑不会没有），我倒是想从早报中得知。我渴望听到哪怕一丝传闻，即使是从钥匙孔中听来的。我将不遗余力地朝这个方向努力。

I am glad to know that you find what I have said on Friendship[6] worthy of attention. I wish I could have the benefit of your criticism; it would be a rare help to me. Will you not communicate it?

你觉得我就友谊提出的见解值得注意，对此我很高兴。希望你能提出批评，这对我来说会受益匪浅。难道你不想对此与我交流意见吗？

(1) 大神，某些北美印第安部落崇拜大神，相当于一神论宗教中的上帝。

(2) 梭罗的文章《野苹果》的最后一部分取名为“‘结冻后又融化’的苹果”，他这样描述它们：“首先让霜来冻野苹果，冻得像石头一样坚硬，然后雨水或是温暖的冬日，将它们融化，它们会好像通过周围的空气从天堂借来了味道……”

(3) 出自法国小说家巴尔扎克（1799—1850）的短篇小说《公平的帝国婚姻》的最后一段：“菲斯特！她骑坐在一缕阳光之上，光焰之盛足以撞碎快乐的流星！

(4) 短语来自莎士比亚的一部喜剧的题目，该剧写于1598 年或稍晚一点。

(5) 奥林匹斯山，希腊神话中众神居住的地方。

(6) 梭罗的第一本书《在康科德河和梅里马科河上的一周》中有关于“友谊”的长篇论述。见“星期三”第一章。

letter eight

第八封信

May 28, 1850, Tuesday; Concord, Massachusetts

1850 年5 月28 日，星期二；马萨诸塞州康科德

Concord May 28 1850

1850 年5 月28 日于康科德

Mr. Blake,

布莱克先生：

I "never found any contentment in the life which the newspapers record"—any thing of more value than the cent which they cost. Contentment in being covered with dust an inch deep! We who walk the streets and hold time together, are but the refuse of ourselves,and that life is for the shells of us—of our body & our mind—for our scurf—a thoroughly scurvy life. It is coffee made of coffee-grounds the twentieth time, which was only coffee the first time—while the living water leaps and sparkles by our doors. I know some who in their charity give their coffee-grounds to the poor! We demanding news, and putting up with such news! Is it a new convenience or a new accident or rather a new perception of the truth that we want?

我“ 从未在报纸记录的生活中找到任何满足感”——报上东西的价值从未超过为买它而付的那点钱。身上堆积了一英寸厚的灰尘的那种满足感啊！我们走在大街上，共同拥有时间，我们不过是自己的垃圾，那样的生活属于我们的外壳——我们的身体和精神的外壳，属于我们的皮屑——一种十足的低贱生活。这种生活就像泡了二十次之后的咖啡渣泡成的咖啡，只有第一次才是真正的咖啡——那时我们门边的流水欢腾跳跃、光亮闪耀。我认识一些人，他们出于恻隐之心，竟然把他们的咖啡渣施舍给穷人！我们需要新闻，但是却忍受着这样的新闻！这是我们想要的新便利、新机遇或者说对事实的新认知吗？

You say that "the serene hours in which Friendship, Books, Nature, Thought, seem above primary considerations, visit you but faintly"—Is not the attitude of expectation somewhat divine?—a sort of homemade divineness? Does it not compel a kind of sphere music to attend on it? And do not its satisfactions merge at length by insensible degrees in the enjoyment of the thing expected?

你说“用于友谊、书籍、自然和思想的宁静时光，似乎超出生活中的首要的考虑范围，很难享受到”——难道这种期待的态度不是带有某种神性吗？——某种自发产生的神性? 难道这种期待不在迫使某种天堂之音

也与它相伴吗？难道从某种不可感知的程度上讲，这种满足感最终不是都和所期待的事情的乐趣结合到一起吗？

What if I should forget to write about my not writing. It is not worth the while to make that a theme. It is as if I had written every day—It is as if I had never written before—I wonder that you think so much about it, for not writing is the most like writing in my case of anything I know.

如果我忘记写有关我没有写作这件事会怎样呢，这不是一个值得探讨的主题。好像我每天都在写，又像以前从未写过——我不知道你为什么要纠结于此，因为对我来说，不写作在我知道的东西里最像写作。

Why will you not relate to me your dream? That would be to realize it somewhat. You tell me that you dream, but not what you dream.—I can guess what comes to pass. So do the frogs dream.[1] Would that I knew what. I have never found out whether they are awake or asleep—whether it is day or night with them.

你为什么不向我讲述你的梦呢？说出你的梦，它就可能在某种程度上得以实现。你告诉我你做梦，但没有说是什么梦。——我能猜到会发生什么。青蛙也会做梦，但愿我能知道它们梦些什么。我从未弄明白它们是醒着的还是睡着的——不明白对它们来说，那是白天还是黑夜。

I am preaching, mind you, to bare walls, that is to myself; and if you have chanced to come in and occupy a pew—do not think that my remarks are directed at you particularly, and so slam the seat in disgust. This discourse was written long before these exciting times.

请注意，我是在对着光秃秃的墙壁说教，也就是对着我自己说教；如果你碰巧走进来，坐在这里，不要以为我的话是特别针对你的，更不要嫌恶地摔凳而去。因为在距这段令人兴奋的时光很久以前，我就写了这段话。

Some absorbing employment on your higher ground—your upland farm, whither no cartpath leads—but where you mount alone with your hoe—where the life-ever-lasting grows—you raise a crop which needs not to be brought down into the valley to a market, which you barter for heavenly products.

你在高地从事的劳动还真是有趣——我是指你高地的农场, 没有车道通向那里——但是你带着锄头独自前往，永恒的生命在那里生长，你种植的作物不必带下山谷到集市上买卖，你可以直接拿它交换天国的产品。

Do you separate distinctly enough the support of your body from that of your essence? By how distinct a course commonly are these two ends attained! Not that they should not be attained by one & the same means—that indeed is the rarest success—but there is no half

and half about it.

你能足够清楚地区分身体的支柱和精神的支柱吗？一般来说，获得这两者结果的过程竟是如此迥异！不是我们不能通过一种以及同一种方式获得这两者——那确实是最罕见的成功——但是，它们不可能各占一半。

I shall be glad to read my lecture to a small audience in Worcester, such as you describe, and will only require that my expenses be paid. If only the parlor be large enough for an echo, and the audience will embarrass themselves with hearing as much as the lecturer would otherwise embarrass himself with reading. But I warn you that this is no better calculated for a promiscuous audience than the last two which I read to you. It requires in every sense a concordant audience.

你说在伍斯特有一小群听众，如果能够支付我的相关费用，我很乐意为他们演讲。 但愿客厅足够宽敞，能听得到回音，否则，演讲者读起来会觉得尴尬，而听众听起来也觉得别扭。但我想提醒你，和前两次为你读的讲稿一样，这一次也不适合混杂的听众，在任何一点上它都要求合拍的听众。

I will come on Saturday next and spend Sunday with you, if you wish it. Say so if you do.

如果你希望的话，我下个星期六过去，和你一起度过星期天。如果你希望我去，请告诉我。

Drink deep or taste not of the Pierian spring[2]. Be not deterred by melancholy on the path which leads to immortal health & joy. When they tasted of the water of the river over which they were to go, they thought that tasted a little bitterish to the palate, but it proved sweeter when it was own.[3]

畅饮智慧之泉，否则不应浅尝。在通往永恒的健康与快乐的路上，不要被忧郁困扰。当人们过河前尝河水的味道时，他们觉得有点苦，但是喝下去后才发现水是甜的。

H. D. T

梭罗

(1) 青蛙做梦，梭罗在1850 年6 月8日的日记中写道：“青蛙做梦时…夏季已经开始。”梭罗使用"dream"一词的意义是“作曲，演奏，乐器，快乐”。这些意思现在已经无人再用。

(2) 智慧之泉，皮埃利亚的一处泉水，对缪斯来说是神圣的，喝了里面的泉水会让人获得灵感或知识， 关于智慧之泉，英国诗人蒲柏的提法最著名，他在“论批评”一文中这样写道：“ 学识浅薄是一件危险的事情；智慧之泉要深吸，否则别饮……”

(3) 此句梭罗引用的是约翰. 班扬（John Bunyan，1 6 2 8— 1 6 8 8 ）《天路历程》中关于比拉国章节的最后一句：“在这个国度，所有不对他们胃口或不合他们思想的东西，（ 基督徒和希望）都听不到，看不到，感觉不到， 闻不到，尝不到；只有当他们要过河时尝到了河里的水，他们才觉得味道有点苦涩，但喝下去之后，却是甜的。”

letter nine

第九封信

August 9, 1850, Friday; Concord, Massachusetts

1850 年8 月9 日，星期五；马萨诸塞州康科德

Probably to supplement his lectures, Thoreau had visited Cape Cod again in late June, this time alone. He described the ocean in his lectures as a "vast morgue," an association that was doubtless heightened when, at Emerson's request, he left Concord on July 23 to search for the remains and personal effects of the well-known author Margaret Fuller (1810—1850), who with her husband, Giovanni Angelo, the Marquis of Ossoli (d. 1850), and their young son, Angelo (1848—1850), had perished in a shipwreck on July 19 off the coast of Fire Island, a barrier island off Long Island. The bodies of Fuller and Ossoli were never recovered. By the time Thoreau arrived, Angelo had already been buried and the ship's wreckage had been plundered, so his search was largely fruitless. He returned to Concord on July 29. Late in August the Thoreau family moved to the newly remodeled house on Main Street, where Thoreau occupied the third-floor attic. He continued, for the most part, to ignore his Walden manuscript. Although one scholar believes that Blake moved from Milton back to Worcester between July 22 and August 11, the fact that Blake's colleague in Milton, Christopher Greene, hand-carried this letter to Blake suggests that the move did not take place until a somewhat later date.

很可能是为了增补讲稿，梭罗在6 月末重游了科德角，这次是独自前往。应爱默生的请求，梭罗于7 月23日离开康科德去搜寻著名作家玛格丽特. 富勒（1810—1850）的遗体以及私人物品。梭罗曾在演讲中把海洋描述成一个“巨大的太平间”，而他的这次搜寻无疑将这种比拟大大地强化了。玛格丽特. 富勒与丈夫奥索利侯爵乔瓦尼. 安杰洛（卒于1850年）以及他们年幼的儿子安杰洛（1848—1850）死于7 月19 日发生在法尔岛沿岸的海难，法尔岛是长岛的障壁岛。富勒和丈夫的遗体一直没有找回。梭罗到达时，安杰洛的尸体已经下葬，那艘船的残骸已被洗劫一空，所以梭罗的搜寻基本没有成果。7 月29 日梭罗回到康科德，8 月末他们一家搬进了主街上刚刚装修完毕的房子，梭罗的房间在三楼的阁楼上。大多时候他仍然不理会《瓦尔登湖》的手稿。虽然有一位学者相信，布莱克在7 月22 日和8 月11 日之间从米尔顿搬回了伍斯特，但是这封信是布莱克在米尔顿的同事克里斯托弗. 格林亲手交给他的，这说明布莱克是在这段时间之后才搬家的。

H. G. O. Blake

H. G. O. 布莱克

Care of Mr. C. A. Greene

请C. A. 格林先生转交

Milton Mass.

马萨诸塞州米尔顿

Concord Aug. 9th 1850

1850 年8 月9 日于康科德

Mr Blake,

布莱克先生：

I received your letter just as I was rushing to Fire Island Beach to recover what remained of Margaret Fuller and read it on the way. That event and its train, as much as anything, have prevented my answering it before. It is wisest to speak when you are spoken to. I will now endeavor to reply at the risk of having nothing to say.

我在即将赶往法尔岛海滩寻找玛格丽特. 富勒遗体时收到了你的信，并在途中读了这封信。这次事件以及与之相关的一系列事情，使我无法及时回复来信。别人同你说话时，你也同他说话是最明智的做法，所以我现在要试着回信，即使冒着无话可说的危险。

I find that actual events, notwithstanding the singular prominence which we all allow them, are far less real than the creations of my imagination. They are truly visionary and insignificant—all that we commonly call life & death—and affect me less than my dreams. This petty stream which from time to time swells & carries away the mills and bridges of our habitual life—and that mightier stream or ocean on which we securely float—what makes the difference between them? I have in my pocket a button which I ripped off the coat of the Marquis of Ossoli on the sea-shore the other day. Held up it intercepts the light—an actual button—and yet all the life it is connected with is less substantial to me, and interests me less, than my faintest dream. Our thoughts are the epochs in our lives, all else is but as a journal of the winds that blew while we were here.

尽管我们都承认实际发生的事件异常重要，但我发现它们远不及我想象力所创造的事情真实。它们其实是虚幻的、无足轻重的——即便是我们通常所说的一切生和死——比起我的梦想，它们对我的影响更小。一条小河的河水不时地漫溢，冲走我们日常生活中的磨坊和桥梁——而另一条大河或另一片海洋，则可以任我们安全地漂浮其上——这两者之间有什么不同呢？我兜里有一颗纽扣，这是我前几天在海岸上从奥索利侯爵的外套上拽下来的。举起纽扣，它会阻挡光线——这是一枚实实在在的纽扣——但是与它相关的所有生命，对我来说，却不如我最模糊的

梦想那么实在，那么吸引我。我们的思想是我们生命中最值得纪念的事件，其他一切不过是我们活着时大风刮过后留下的痕迹。

I say to myself—Do a little more of that work which you have confessed to be good. You are neither satisfied nor dissatisfied with yourself without reason. Have you not a thinking-faculty of inestimable value? If there is an experiment which you would like to try—try it. Do not entertain doubts if they are not agreeable to you. Remember that you need not eat unless you are hungry. Do not read the newspapers. Improve every opportunity to be melancholy. As for health, consider yourself well. Do not engage to find things as you think they are. Do what nobody else can do for you—Omit to do anything else.

我告诉自己——多做一点你认为有益的工作。每个人都不会毫无道理地对自己满意或不满。你不是拥有价值无量的思考能力吗？如果你想尝试某个实验——那就试试吧。如果疑虑让你感到不愉快，那就抛开疑虑。记住，如果你不饿，就没有必要吃饭。不要读报纸。每当忧郁时，要见机解脱自己。至于健康方面，相信自己是健康的。不要试图去寻找自己以为存在的事物。做别人不能为你做的事情——不要做其他任何事。

It is not easy to make our lives respectable by any course of activity—We have repeatedly to withdraw into our shells of thought, like the tortoise, somewhat helplessly; yet there is more than philosophy in that.

无论采取何种行动来使我们的生活变得高尚，都是不容易的——我们像乌龟一样一再地缩进思想的外壳，带着几分无奈；这种行为不止是人生观的问题。

Do not waste any reverence on my attitude, I merely manage to sit up where I have dropped. I am sure that my acquaintances mistake me. They ask my advice on high matters, but they do not know, even how poorly on't I am for hats & shoes. I have hardly a shift. Just as shabby as I am in my outward apparel, aye, and more lamentably shabby—am I in my inward substance. If I should turn myself inside out, my rags and meanness would indeed appear. I am something to him that made me undoubtedly, but not much to any other that he has made.

你不必过于尊重我的观点，我只是设法在倒下的地方坐起来。我肯定那些熟人误解了我。他们就重大问题征求我的意见，但是他们不知道，连鞋帽的问题都会让我感到棘手。我几乎没有换洗的衣服。我外在的服装是如此的破旧，哎，令人悲伤的是——我内心的世界更加破败。如果我把自己的里面翻到外面，我的破败和卑劣就会真正地显现出来。毫无疑问，对创造我的造物主来说，我还有点重要，但是对造物主创造的其他人来说，我是无关紧要的。

Would it not be worth the while to discover Nature in Milton—be native to the universe? I too love Concord best; but I am glad when I discover in oceans and wildernesses far away the materials of a million Concords; indeed I am lost unless I discover them. I see less difference between a city and a swamp than formerly. It is a swamp however, too dismal and dreary even for me, and I should be glad if there were fewer owls & frogs & mosquitoes in it. I prefer even a more cultivated place—free from miasma and crocodiles—I am so sophisticated—and I will take my choice.

在米尔顿发现大自然——与宇宙亲近，难道不值得吗？我也最喜欢康科德；但是当我在遥远的海洋和荒野中发现数百万个康科德时，我非常高兴；事实上，如果我不发现它们，就会迷失自我。在我眼中，城市和沼泽的差别比以前小了。但是，即使对我来说，这个沼泽也太过阴暗和沉闷，如果里面没有那么多的猫头鹰、青蛙和蚊子，我会很高兴。我比较喜欢更加开化的地方——那里没有瘴气和鳄鱼——我真是老于世故——这样我就可以自由地选择。

As for missing friends—what if we do miss one another—have we not agreed on a rendezvous? While each wanders his own way through the wood, without anxiety, aye with serene joy, though it be on his hands & knees over rocks and fallen trees, he cannot but be on the right way.—There is no wrong way to him. How can he be said to miss his friends, whom the fruits still nourish and the elements sustain? A man who missed his friends at a turn, went on buoyantly, dividing the friendly air, & humming a tune to himself, ever and anon kneeling with delight to study each little lichen in his path, and scarcely made three miles a day for friendship.

至于思念朋友——思念彼此又能怎么样——我们不是约好了会面吗？当他们各自在林中各自的路上漫游时，没有焦虑，只有平静和快乐，虽然要用四肢攀越岩石和倒下的大树，但是他只可能是走在正确的道路上。对于他，没有错误的道路，水果还在养育他，大自然还在供养他，怎么能说他思念朋友呢？他在路转弯时想起朋友们，然后轻松愉快地继续前进，划开友谊的空气，轻声哼着小调，还不时愉悦地跪下来研究路上每一小块地衣，在追求友谊的道路上，整整一天他几乎前进不了三英里。

As for conforming outwardly, and living your own life inwardly,—I do not think much of that. Let not your right hand know what your left hand does[1] in that line of business. It will prove a failure. Just as successfully can you walk against a sharp steel edge which divides you cleanly right and left.[2] Do you wish to try your ability to resist distension? It is a greater strain than any soul can long endure. When you get God to pulling one way and the Devil the other, each having his feet well braced,—to say nothing of the conscience sawing transversely—almost any timber will give way.

至于在表面上顺应大家，内心过自己的生活——对此我没有想太多。以上这句话的用意是不要让你的右手知道你的左手在做什么。这用在生活中必将失败。就好像你能够成功地在锋利的钢刃上面行走，而它能将你轻松地分为左右两半。你想试一下自己抵抗拉扯的能力吗？这是一种巨大的负担，任何灵魂都不能长久地承受。如果上帝朝这边拉你，魔鬼朝那边拉你，而且他们各自的双脚都稳如泰山——更不用提你那横向切割着的良心——几乎任何木材都无法抵抗这样强大的拉力。

I do not dare invite you earnestly to come to Concord, because I know too well that the berries are not thick in my field, and we should have to take it out in viewing the landscape. But come on every account, and we will see—one another.

我不敢太过热情地邀请你来康科德，因为我十分清楚我园地里的浆果还没有成熟，我们外出观赏风景时将带上这些浆果。但是无论如何请你来吧，那样我们就可以见到——彼此了。

Henry D. Thoreau

亨利.D. 梭罗

(1) 此句出自《圣经. 马太福音》第6 章第3 节：“但是当你施舍时，不要让你的左手知道你的右手在做什么。”

(2) 这一句中，梭罗引用了他在《瓦尔登湖》第二章倒数第二段所用的比喻：“ 如果你站出来直面事实，你会发现太阳的两面都在发光，就如同刀具，你会感到自己从心脏到骨髓都被它的利刃切成两半， 于是，你会满怀喜悦地结束尘世的生命。不管是生是死，我们渴求的只是真实。”

letter ten

第十封信

July 21, 1852, Wednesday; Concord, Massachusetts

1852 年7 月21 日，星期三；马萨诸塞州康科德

A great deal had occurred in the two years since Thoreau's last letter. He and Channing had traveled to Montreal and Quebec in the fall of 1850, an excursion which Thoreau wrote up and lectured on in December 1851, one of fourteen lectures he had delivered since his last letter. The sectional strife that would tear the country apart in less than a decade accelerated dramatically with the passage of the Compromise of 1850, the most contentious part of which was the Fugitive Slave Law. This component of the omnibus bill mandated federal resources for the remanding of escaped slaves, but Americans at this time were highly skeptical of provisions allowing the federal government to infringe upon a state's sovereignty by forcibly removing anyone from within the state's borders. The April 1851 rendition of Anthony Sims from Boston ignited the wrath of Northerners, driving many into antislavery ranks. Thoreau himself responded by stepping up his participation in the Underground Railroad, sheltering escaped slaves and helping them on their way to Canada. He delivered the earliest version of his "Walking" lecture in April 1851, prefacing the lecture with a caustic remark about the Fugitive Slave Law. In this lecture he first uttered what may be his most famous proclamation, “[I]n Wildness is the preservation of the world." Later he would note that he regarded this lecture as "a sort of introduction to all I may write hereafter," a reference to the large natural history projects he would take up later in the decade and would continue working on for the remainder of his life. At the end of the following month, May 1851, after being fitted with false teeth, he delivered the lecture in Worcester, staying on three days to visit with Blake, Brown, and his other Worcester friends. His surveying business had been keeping him busier than he wished, although he continued to need the money to pay down his debt for A Week. Late in 1851 he finally got back to work on his Walden manuscript and would continue to steadily refine it until publication in August 1854. Since the fall of 1850 or so he had been putting considerable effort into learning botany, and studying the woods and fields of his hometown more systematically. At the time of this letter he was particularly interested in tracking the seasons more carefully, as the first note for this letter indicates. Blake was by this time once again back in

Worcester after having taught in Boston during the fall of 1851 and perhaps into the spring of 1852.

梭罗的上一封信写于两年前，这两年以来发生了很多事。1850 年秋天，他和钱宁一起前往蒙特利尔和魁北克，梭罗详细描写了这次旅行，并于1851 年就此发表了演讲，从上一封信以来，梭罗共发表了十四次演讲，这是其中的一次。当时的南北冲突已经很激烈，这种冲突在不到十年的时间内就会造成国家分裂，而《1850 年妥协案》的通过，使得南北冲突急剧地加剧，其中最有争议的部分是《逃奴法》。这个总括性法案的这一部分规定联邦政府必须竭力协助追捕逃亡奴隶，法案中的条款允许联邦政府将任何人强行从某州境内带走，这就侵害了各州的主权，因此当时的美国人对该法案颇为怀疑。1851 年4 月，安东尼. 西姆斯从波士顿被引渡，这引发了北方人的愤怒，使许多北方人加入了反对奴隶制度的行列。梭罗自己也作出了回应，他积极地参与到“地下铁路”运动中，庇护逃跑的奴隶，帮助他们逃往加拿大。他于1851 年4 月发表了题为《散步》的演讲，这是最早的版本，一开始就对《逃奴法》提出了尖锐的批评。在这次演讲中，梭罗首次提出了“荒野中蕴藏着世界”，这可能是他最著名的论断。后来他可能发现，他将这次演讲作为“我今后写的所有东西的引言”，这指的是他之后进行的大型自然史项目，他在这十年中的后几年开始研究自然史，并且一直持续工作到生命结束。下个月底，即1851 年5 月末，梭罗装上假牙之后到伍斯特发表演讲，在那里停留了三天，拜访了布莱克、布朗以及他在伍斯特的其他朋友。这段时间，测量事业让他变得比他所希望的更繁忙，尽管他还是需要资金来偿还出版《在康科德河和梅里马克河上的一周》欠下的债务。1851 年年末，他终于回到修改《瓦尔登湖》手稿的工作上，此后修改工作一直持续，直到1854 年8 月此书出版。大约从1850 年秋天开始，梭罗投入大量精力学习植物学，更加系统地研究家乡的树木和田野。写这封信的时候，他正对季节的变化尤其感兴趣，并在进行更细心的追踪观察，这封信的第一个注释会提到这点。布莱克于1851年秋天在波士顿教书，可能一直教到1852 年春天，现在，他又回到了伍斯特。

Concord July 21st '52.

1852 年7 月21 日于康科德

Mr. Blake,

布莱克先生：

I am too stupidly well these days to write to you. My life is almost altogether outward, all shell and no tender kernel; so that I fear the report of it would be only a nut for you to crack, with no meat in it for you to eat. Moreover, you have not cornered me up, and I enjoy such large liberty in writing to you that I feel as vague as the air. However, I rejoice to hear that you have attended so patiently to anything which I have said heretofore, and have detected any truths in it. It encourages me to say more—not in this letter I fear—but in some book which I may write one day. I am glad to know that I am as much

to any mortal as a persistent and consistent scarecrow is to a farmer—such a bundle of straw in a man's clothing as I am—with a few bits of tin[1] to sparkle in the sun dangling about me. As if I were hard at work there in the field. However, if this kind of life saves any man's corn,—why he is the gainer. I am not afraid that you will f latter me as long as you know what I am, as well as what I think, or aim to be, & distinguish between these two, for then it will commonly happen that if you praise the last, you will condemn the first.

我这些天过得太过无聊，以至于没有什么值得给你写信的。我的生活几乎完全成了外在的，整个都是坚硬的果壳，而没有柔嫩的果仁；因此我担心我叙述的生活对你来说只是一枚坚果，砸开它，里面却没有果肉可以供你吃。此外，你没有催我回信，因此对于何时回信，我很愉快地享受着如此大的自由，觉得自己像空气一样飘忽。不过，我高兴地得知，你以极大的耐心聆听了之前我所说的任何事情，并且发现了其中所有的真理。这鼓励我想多谈一些——但恐怕不是在这封信里——而是在将来我可能写的某本书中。知道自己对世人有贡献，这让我很高兴，就像坚持不懈、始终如一的稻草人对农民的贡献一样——我就如那一捆稻草，披着人类的外衣——身上晃荡着的几片马口铁在太阳下闪闪发光。好像我正在田间辛苦工作。但是，如果这种生活能拯救任何人的玉米——但他是得利者。既然你了解我的为人，知道我的想法和目标，并且能将两者区分开来，我就不担心你会奉承我，因为一般情况下，如果你赞美后者，就会谴责前者。

I remember that walk to Asnebumskit[2] very well;—a fit place to go on a Sunday, one of the true temples of the earth. A temple you know was anciently "an open place without a roof," whose walls served merely to shut out the world, and direct the mind toward heaven; but a modern meeting house shuts out the heavens, while it crowds the world into still closer quarters. Best of all is it when as on a Mt. top you have for all walls your own elevations and deeps of surrounding ether[3]. The partridge berries watered with Mt. dews, which are gathered there, are more memorable to me than the words which I last heard from the pulpit at least, and for my part I would rather walk toward Rutland[4] than Jerusalem. Rutland—modern town—land of ruts—trivial and worn—not too sacred—with no holy sepulchre, but prophane green fields and dusty roads,—and opportunity to live as holy a life as you can;—where the sacredness if there is any is all in yourself and not in the place.

我清晰地记得那次到阿斯尼伯姆斯基特的徒步之旅，那是一个适合星期日去的地方，是大地上真正的庙宇之一。你知道，在古代，庙宇是“没有穹顶的空旷地”，四围的墙壁只是要将世界挡在庙宇外面，指引精神升向天堂；但是现代的会堂则将天堂挡在门外，把世界塞进更加拥挤的空间。在我看来，山顶是最好的去处，无遮无拦，能得到自我提升，脚下还有以太环绕。蔓虎刺吸收了山上露水的精华，在那里茂盛地

生长，这至少比我上次从牧师那听来的话更令我难忘，就我来说，我更愿意朝向拉特兰步行，而不是耶路撒冷。拉特兰是一座现代小镇，布满了车辙的土地，平凡而破旧，它不是那么神圣，也没有圣墓，但是有碧绿而实在的田野和积满尘土的道路——在这里你有机会过着一种尽可能神圣的生活；——在这里如果神圣存在，也只存在于你自己身上，与地方无关。

I fear that your Worcester people do not often enough go to the hilltops, though, as I am told, the springs lie nearer to the surface on your hills than in your valleys. They have the reputation of being Free Soilers[5]—Do they insist on a free atmosphere too, that is, on freedom for the head or brain as well as the feet? If I were consciously to join any party it would be that which is the most free to entertain thought.

我担心你们伍斯特人不常攀上山顶，虽然我听说你们山上的泉水比山谷的泉水离地表更近。他们被誉为“自由占地者”——他们是否也坚持拥有自由的空气，即坚持拥有头脑或思想以及双脚的自由呢？如果我有意加入某个党派，我会选择思想最自由的党派。

All the world complain nowadays of a press of trivial duties & engagements which prevents their employing themselves on some higher ground they know of,—but undoubtedly if they were made of the right stuff to work on that higher ground, provided they were released from all those engagements—they would now at once fulfill the superior engagement, and neglect all the rest, as naturally as they breathe. They would never be caught saying that they had no time for this when the dullest man knows that this is all that he has time for. No man who acts from a sense of duty ever puts the lesser duty above the greater. No man has the desire and the ability to work on high things but he has also the ability to build himself a high staging.

现在全世界的人都在抱怨，说他们琐事缠身，没有时间和精力经营他们所知道的更高境界的生活——但是毋庸置疑，如果他们天生合适高尚生活，假定他们又能从一切琐事中解脱——那么他们即刻就能成就高尚的事业，从而忽略其他一切无足轻重的东西，这会像呼吸一样自然。他们再也不会抱怨自己没有时间进行高尚的追求，因为即使最呆笨的人也知道他要做的只有这件事。那些出于责任感而行动的人，绝不会把次要责任放在首要责任之上。那些渴望并有能力从事高尚事业的人，未必会有能力为自己搭建通往高处的平台。

As for passing through any great and glorious experience, and rising above it,—as an eagle might fly athwart the evening sky to rise into still brighter & fairer regions of the heavens, I cannot say that I ever sailed so creditably, but my bark ever seemed thwarted by some side wind and went off over the edge and now only occasionally tacks back toward the center of that sea again. I have outgrown nothing good, but, I do not fear to say, fallen behind by whole continents of

virtue which should have been passed as islands in my course; but I trust—what else can I trust?—that with a stiff wind some Friday, when I have thrown some of my cargo over board, I may make up for all that distance lost.

至于是否经历过伟大而又辉煌的体验，并且在体验中自我提升——就像雄鹰飞过夜空，冲向更光明、更晴朗的天空一样，我不敢说自己曾经有过如此光荣的航行，只是我的航船曾经似乎受到侧风的干扰，消失在海的边缘，现在只是偶尔才会重新驶回那片大海的中心。我还没有超越任何美好的东西，但我敢坦言，美德的整块大陆还在我的前方，它们本应该像我旅程中的小岛，被一一超越；不过我相信——我还能相信什么呢？——当某个星期五刮起强风时，我抛掉了船上的某些货物后，就可能补回我落下的所有的里程。

Perchance the time will come when we shall not be content to go back & forth upon a raft to some huge Homeric or Shakspearean India-man that lies upon the reef, but build a bark out of that wreck, and others that are buried in the sands of this desolate island, and such new timber as may be required, in which to sail away to whole new worlds of light & life where our friends are.

荷马或莎士比亚笔下的某艘巨大的“印度人”大商船躺在暗礁上，我们总是搭乘木筏来回去看它，但总有一天我们将不再满足于木筏，我们会用它的残骸、埋葬在这个荒凉岛屿沙土中的其他材料以及我们所需的其他新木材，建造一艘新的航船，这艘航船会驶向一个全新的、充满光明和活力的世界，那里会有我们的朋友。

Write again. There is one respect in which you did not finish your letter, you did not write it with ink, and it is not so good therefore against or for you in the eye of the law[6], nor in the eye of

请再写信给我。从某方面来看，你的信没有写完，而且不是用墨水写的，所以无论从法律的角度，还是从我的角度，这封信都不能很好地反驳或证明你的观点。

H. D. T

梭罗

(1) 马口铁，是一种反光材料，系在稻草人身上以吓跑乌鸦。

(2) 阿斯尼伯姆基斯特，伍斯特第二高山，位于帕克斯顿，在马萨诸塞州伍斯特西北6 英里处。

(3) 以太，古希腊哲学家设想出来的一种物质，曾被认为是电磁波的传播媒质，但后来被证实不存在。

(4) 拉特兰，是一个小镇，位于马萨诸塞州伍斯特的西北的10 英里处，刚好在帕克斯顿北面。

(5) 自由占地者，1848至1854 年， 自由占地党是美国第三大具有

影响力的党派。1854 年，该党派为共和党所取代，共和党将自由占地党的目标作为自己的目标。

(6) 许多法律文件要求用不褪色墨水书写。

letter eleven

第十一封信

September 1852; Concord, Massachusetts

1852 年9 月；马萨诸塞州康科德

In July 1852, Blake and one of his longtime students, Nancy Pope Howe Conant (1829—1872) decided they would marry during the forthcoming autumn. At thirty-six years of age, Blake had been a widower and single parent for six years. His fiancée was thirteen years his junior and from a wealthy family in Sterling, a small town twelve miles north of downtown Worcester. The couple married at a Unitarian church in Sterling on October 27, 1852. The marriage brought Blake financial security—a Worcester newspaper two years later reported that he paid tax on $20,590, whereas before he had been struggling to make ends meet—but more importantly it allied him to a woman who seems to have been as high-minded as he was. In late August 1852 he wrote to both Thoreau and Amos Bronson Alcott asking them, as he wrote in his letter to Alcott, how they thought a man and a woman could "help each other to be more truly solitary in the good & beautiful sense, to be more truly free, to be nearer the common Friend that we could be, apart? For we aim, I think, at nothing less than that. How shall we treat each other, with what reserve, with what Holy Reverence, so that the Mystery, the Poetry, & Beauty which hang about the dawning of love, may not be changed by too close an intercourse, by sharing, in common, the cares of daily life, into a prosaic & vulgar familiarity." His letter makes clear that he had conferred with his fiancée on these matters. Clearly, then, the high moral purpose of marital union was suggested by Blake and his fiancée just as much as it was assumed by Thoreau. Although Thoreau's cover letter for the two enclosures is undated, he would probably have needed two or three weeks to gather the "disconnected fragments" on "Love" and "Chastity and Sensuality" from his journal. Probably he sent them during September 1852. Just two passages from "Love" are extant in his early journal, the passages dating from the late summer and early autumn of 1849; all the other passages making up the two enclosures were probably torn out of the manuscript notebooks during the writing process. Reading these enclosures containing materials from 1849within the context of Thoreau's letters of 1852 gives one a clear sense of how dramatically his interests and prose style had changed during that three-year period.

1852 年7 月， 布莱克和他多年的学生南希. 波普. 豪. 科南特（1829—1872）决定于即将来临的秋天结婚。布莱克当时36 岁，他已经做了6 年的鳏夫和单身父亲。他的未婚妻比他小13 岁，来自斯特灵一个富裕的家庭，斯特灵是位于伍斯特市区以北12 英里的一个小镇。1852 年10 月27 日，两人在斯特灵的一座唯一神教教堂举行了婚礼。这段婚姻给布莱克带来了经济保障——两年后伍斯特的一家报纸报道，布莱克为20，590 美元的收入交税，而以前他只能勉强维持生活。然而更重要的是，婚姻使布莱克与一位似乎跟他一样高尚的女性结合在了一起。1852 年8 月末，布莱克给梭罗和阿莫斯. 布朗森. 阿尔科特都写过信，就婚姻问题向他们请教。他在给阿尔科特的信中询问男人和女人如何才能“在善和美的意义上彼此帮助，从而让对方真正地更加独立、更加自由、更接近我们分别可能会有的共同的朋友？因为我想我们的目标不应低于此。我们应该如何对待彼此，怀着怎样的矜持和虔敬，才能让爱情降临之初的神秘、诗意和美好，不会在我们亲密的交往和共享日常生活琐碎的过程中，变成一种庸俗乏味的熟悉状态。”布莱克的信表明，他和未婚妻已经讨论过这些问题了。此外，显然，布莱克和未婚妻所表明的婚姻应该是出于高尚的道德目的，这也正是梭罗所设想的。虽然两篇附录前的这封开篇信没有写明日期，但是梭罗大概需要两三周的时间，才能将日记中关于“爱情”和“纯洁与性欲”的“不连贯的片段”整理出来，然后可能在1852 年9 月将它们寄出。在梭罗早期的日记中，现在仅存《爱情》中的这两段文字，写作日期是1849 年夏末秋初，两篇附录中的所有其他段落可能是在写作过程中从手稿笔记本中撕走了。在梭罗1852 年的这封信的情境中阅读这些包含1849 年以来的材料的附录，我们可以明显地感到，在这三年里，梭罗的兴趣和写作风格都发生了怎样巨大的变化。

Mr. Blake,

布莱克先生：

Here come the sentences which I promised you. You may keep them if you will regard & use them as the disconnected fragments of what I may find to be a completer essay, on looking over my journal at last, and may claim again.

现在就附寄上我曾答应给你的这些文字。如果你把它们视为一些不连贯的片段并加以利用的话，你可以保留这些文字，我最后一看完我的日记，就觉得这些片断可能会补充成一篇完整的文章，因此可能会重新利用它们。

I send you the thoughts on chastity & sensuality with diffidence and shame, not knowing how far I speak to the condition of men generally, or how far I betray my peculiar defects. Pray enlighten me on this point if you can.

我把自己对贞洁和性欲的想法寄给你，我也不太自信，也不好意思，不知道自己说的在多大程度上贴合一般人的情况，也不知道我多大程度地暴露了自己特有的缺点。如果可能，请在这点上给我一些启迪。

Henry D. Thoreau

亨利.D. 梭罗

letter eleven-enclosure-1

第十一封信，附录1

September 1852; Concord, Massachusetts

1852 年9 月；马萨诸塞州康科德

LOVE.

爱情

What the essential difference between man and woman is that they should be thus attracted to one another, no one has satisfactorily answered. Perhaps we must acknowledge the justness of the distinction which assigns to man the sphere of wisdom, and to woman that of love, though neither belongs exclusively to either. Man is continually saying to woman, Why will you not be more wise? Woman is continually saying to man, Why will you not be more loving? It is not in their wills to be wise or to be loving; but, unless each is both wise and loving, there can be neither wisdom nor love.

男人和女人因为彼此的差异而互相吸引，但是他们的本质区别是什么呢？没有人曾给出一个令人满意的答案。或许我们必须承认这样划分的公正性：智慧的领域属于男人，爱情的领域属于女人，虽然智慧或爱情都不专属于男人或女人。男人不断地对女人说，你为什么不能更聪明一点？女人不断地对男人说，你为什么不能更有爱心？是否聪明或是否有爱心，不是他们的意愿所能决定的。但是，除非他们各自既聪明又有爱心，否则就不会有智慧或爱情。

All transcendent goodness is one, though appreciated in different ways, or by different senses. In beauty we see it, in music we hear it, in fragrance we scent it, in the palatable the pure palate tastes it, and in rare health the whole body feels it. The variety is in the surface or manifestation; but the radical identity we fail to express. The lover sees in the glance of his beloved the same beauty that in the sunset paints the western skies. It is the same daimon, here lurking under a human eyelid, and there under the closing eyelids of the day. Here, in small compass, is the ancient and natural beauty of evening and morning. What loving astronomer has ever fathomed the ethereal depths of the eye?

所有达到极致的善美都是一致的，尽管欣赏的角度或感觉会有所不同。在美好的事物中，我们看到它；在音乐中，我们听到它；在芳香中，我们闻到它；在美食中，我们尝到它；在极好的健康状态中，整个身体都能感觉到它。美的多样性体现在表面或现象，但是其根本的同一性我们却无法表达。恋人在爱人的视线中看到的美丽，就如同落日的余

晖撒满西边天空的美丽。那是同一个神灵，既潜伏在人类的眼皮底下，又潜伏于即将闭合的黄昏之眼。在这样狭小的空间里，这里呈现的是夜晚和清晨那古老而又自然的美。试问哪位有爱心的天文学家曾经测量过眼中的缥缈和深邃呢？

The maiden conceals a fairer flower and sweeter fruit than any calyx in the field, and if she goes with averred face confiding in her purity and high resolves, she will make the heavens retrospective, and all nature humbly confess its queen.

少女所隐藏的鲜花和果实，比田野里任何花萼所包裹的还要美丽和甜蜜。如果她带着自信的面容走过，对自己的纯洁和果断坚毅充满信心，那么她将让诸神怀念，并且整个大自然也会谦恭地尊称她为皇后。

Under the influence of this sentiment man is a string of an aeolian harp, which vibrates with the zephyrs of the eternal morning.

在这种情感的感染下，男人成为风弦琴上的一根弦，在永恒的清晨，随着和风摆动。

There is at first thought something trivial in the commonness of love. So many Indian youths and maidens along these banks have in ages past yielded to the influence of this great civilizer. Nevertheless this generation is not disgusted nor discouraged, for Love is no individual's experience, and though we are imperfect mediums, it does not partake of our imperfection; though we are finite, it is infinite and eternal, and the same divine influence broods over these banks, whatever race may inhabit them, and perchance still would, even if the human race did not dwell here.

乍一想，爱情如此普遍，似乎有点微不足道。在过去的年代中，多少沿河而居的印第安青年和少女，屈服于这种伟大文明的感化。虽然如此，这代人却并没有感到厌恶或气馁，因为爱情不是个人的体验；而且虽然我们不是完美的载体，但爱情不会分享我们的不完美；虽然我们的生命是有限的，但爱情是无限的、永恒的，在这些河岸边，不管居住着哪个种族，同样神圣的影响都会笼罩这些河岸，即使人类不再居住于此，影响恐怕也将一如既往。

Perhaps an instinct survives through the intensest actual love, which prevents entire abandonment and devotion, and makes the most ardent lover a little reserved. It is the anticipation of change. For the most ardent lover is not the less practically wise, and seeks a love which will last forever.

或许在最浓烈的真爱中，有种本能依然幸存，它阻止了完全的放纵和彻底的献身，使最深情的恋人也因此而有所保留。这种本能就是对变化的预知，因为最深情的恋人实际上并非不明智，寻求的是永恒之爱。

Considering how few poetical Friendships there are, it is

remarkable that so many are married. It would seem as if men yielded too easy an obedience to nature without consulting their genius. One may be drunk with love without being any nearer to finding his mate. There is more of good nature than of good sense at the bottom of most marriages. But the good nature must have the counsel of the good Spirit or Intelligence. If common sense had been consulted how many marriages would never have taken place; if uncommon or divine sense, how few marriages such as we witness, would ever have taken place!

想想，理想化的友谊那么少，结婚的人却那么多，就很值得注意了。男人似乎特别容易屈服于天性，却不使用他们的灵智。一个人可能陶醉于爱情之中，但却远未找到自己的伴侣。大多数婚姻的基础更多的是因为好的天性而不是因为好的感觉，但是好的天性必须有好的精神或智慧的劝导。如果虑及常理，许多婚姻将不会发生；如果求助过非常理或非凡的判断，那我们见证过的婚姻，又有几桩会发生！

Our love may be ascending or descending. What is its character if it may be said of it—

爱可以让我们升华或堕落。如果爱如下面所说，那爱还有什么品质呢——

We must respect the souls above,

我们必须尊重在上的灵魂，

But only those below we love.

但是只有那些在下的我们才爱。

Love is a severe critic. Hate can pardon more than Love. They who aspire to love worthily subject themselves to an ordeal more rigid than any other.

爱是个苛刻的批评家，恨比爱更宽容。渴望爱得有价值的人，容易比其他任何人经受更加严峻的考验。

Is your friend such a one that an increase of worth on your part will surely make her more your friend? Is she retained, is she attracted, by more nobleness in you, by more of that virtue which is peculiarly yours, or is she indifferent and blind to that? Is she to be flattered and won by your meeting her on any other than the ascending path? Then duty requires that you separate from her.

你越是提升自我的价值，她与你越是亲近，你的恋人是这样的人吗？如果你变得更高尚，有更多独特的美德，她会因此为你停留，被你吸引，还是漠不关心，视而不见？你与她在除了上升之外的路途中相遇，你会因此而赢得她的欢心吗？如果是，那么你最好对自己负责离开她。

Love must be as much a light as a flame.

爱情应该像火焰一样明亮。

Where there is not discernment, the behavior even of the purest soul may in effect amount to coarseness.

如果没有洞察力，即使最纯洁的灵魂的行为也将变得粗俗。

A man of f ine perceptions is more truly feminine than a merely sentimental woman. The heart is blind; but Love is not blind. None of the gods is so discriminating.

感觉敏锐的男人，比起只会多愁善感的女人，更像真正的女性。心是盲目的，但爱不是盲目的。没有任何神灵会如此洞察秋毫。

In love and friendship the imagination is as much exercised as the heart; and if either is outraged the other will be estranged. It is commonly the imagination which is wounded first, rather than the heart,—it is so much the more sensitive.

在爱情和友谊中，想象力和心一样发挥着重要作用；如果两者之一受到伤害，另外一个也会远离。一般情况下，最先受伤的总是想象力，而不是心——想象力比心敏感得多。

Comparatively, we can excuse any offence against the heart, but not against the imagination. The imagination knows—nothing escapes its glance from out its eyry—and it controls the breast. My heart may still yearn toward the valley, but my imagination will not permit me to jump off the precipice that debars me from it, for it is wounded, its wings are clipt, and it cannot fly, even descendingly. Our "blundering hearts!" some poet says. The imagination never forgets, it is a remembering. It is not foundationless, but most reasonable, and it alone uses all the knowledge of the intellect.

相对来说，我们能够原谅任何对心的冒犯，但不能原谅对想象力的冒犯。想象力知道——什么都不能逃过想象力从它的巢中射来的目光，并且它还控制着心绪。我的心可能依然向往山谷，但是我的想象力却不会允许我跳下阻隔我的悬崖，因为如果想象力受了伤，羽翼被折断，就再也无法飞翔，即使是向下飞也不行了。我们“粗笨的心！”有诗人这样说。想象力从不会忘记，它是重新记忆。想象力并非没有根基，相反它是最合乎情理的，而且只有想象力才能利用一切智所能及的知识。

Love is the profoundest of secrets. Divulged, even to the beloved, it is no longer Love. As if it were merely I that loved you. When love ceases, then it is divulged.

爱是最深奥的秘密。一旦泄露，即使泄露给爱人，它就不再是爱，这似乎是在说爱你的只有我。在爱终止得时候，它才会泄露。

In our intercourse with one we love, we wish to have answered

those questions at the end of which we do not raise our voice; against which we put no interrogation-mark,—answered with the same unfailing, universal aim toward every point of the compass.

在和我们爱的人的交往中，我们希望回答的是那样的一些问题，即问题结束时没有提高声调，问题结束后也没有问号——相反我们回答这些问题时带着始终如一的、普遍的目标，这目标指向罗盘上的每一个方位点。

I require that thou knowest everything without being told anything. I parted from my beloved because there was one thing which I had to tell her. She questioned me. She should have known all by sympathy. That I had to tell it her was the difference between us,—the misunderstanding.

我要求你能知道一切，而不用我来告诉你。我和我的爱人分手了，因为有一件事我必须告诉她。她曾向我提问，但她本该与我有情感共鸣，因早已了解这一切。所以我必须告诉她的是我们之间存在的差异——也就是误解。

A lover never hears anything that is told, for that is commonly either false or stale; but he hears things taking place, as the sentinels heard Trenck mining in the ground, and thought it was moles[1].

恋人从来不会听对方告知的事情，因为通常这些话要么虚假，要么是陈词滥调；但是他倾听正在发生的事情，就像哨兵听见特伦克在牢里挖地道，却以为那是鼹鼠。

The relation may be profaned in many ways. The parties may not regard it with equal sacredness. What if the lover should learn that his beloved dealt in incantations and philters! What if he should hear that she consulted a clairvoyant! The spell would be instantly broken.

爱情可能被玷污，玷污的方式有很多。相爱的双方可能没有怀着同样的神圣感看待它。要是恋人发现他的爱人沉溺 于咒语和春药，该怎么办？要是他听说她向通灵者求助，又该怎么办？如果真发生了这样的事，爱情的魔力就会立刻消散。

If to chaffer and higgle are bad in trade, they are much worse in Love. It demands directness as of an arrow.

如果买卖中的讨价还价是糟糕的，那么爱情中的讨价还价就更糟糕了。爱情要求的是箭一般的率直。

There is danger that we lose sight of what our friend is absolutely, while considering what she is to us alone.

我们可能看不到恋人的全部方面，因为我们只考虑到她呈现给我们的那一面。

The lover wants no partiality. He says, Be so kind as to be just.

恋人不需要偏袒。他说，我们要的是善良和正义。

Canst thou love with thy mind,

你能用理智去爱

And reason with thy heart?

用心去讲道理吗？

Canst thou be kind,

你是善良的吗？

And from thy darling part?

发自内心地善良吗？

Canst thou range earth, sea, and air,

你能穿越大地、海洋和天空，

And so meet me everywhere?

以便随时随地与我相见吗？

Through all events I will pursue thee,

历经万事，我还会追求你，

Through all persons I will woo thee.

茫茫人海，只有你是我的追求。

I need thy hate as much as thy love. Thou wilt not repel me entirely when thou repellest what is evil in me.

我需要你的爱，也需要你的恨。当你赶尽我身上的邪恶时，你也不能完全拒绝我。

Indeed, indeed, I cannot tell,

其实，我确实不知道，

Though I ponder on it well,

虽然我思来想去，

Which were easier to state,

哪个更容易陈述，

All my love or all my hate.

我全部的爱还是全部的恨。

Surely, surely, thou wilt trust me

当然，你无疑会相信我

When I say thou dost disgust me.

当我说你确实讨厌我。

O I hate thee with a hate

哦，我恨你入骨

That would fain annihilate;

那恨会毁灭一切；

Yet, sometimes, against my will,

然而，有时候，我的心又违背我的意愿，

My dear Friend, I love thee still.

我亲爱的恋人，我仍然爱你。

It were treason to our love,

这是对我们爱的背叛，

And a sin to God above,

也是对在上的上帝的罪恶，

One iota to abate

这纯洁而公正的恨，

Of a pure, impartial hate.

也不会减少很多。

It is not enough that we are truthful; we must cherish and carry our high purposes to be truthful about.

光有诚实是不够的；我们必须珍视和怀抱高尚的目标，这样诚实才能有所依托。

It must be rare, indeed, that we meet with one to whom we are prepared to be quite ideally related, as she to us. We should have no reserve; we should give the whole of ourselves to that society; we should have no duty aside from that. One who could bear to be so wonderfully and beautifully exaggerated every day. I would take my friend out of her low self and set her higher, infinitely higher, and there know her. But, commonly, men are as much afraid of love as of hate. They have lower engagements. They have near ends to serve. They have not imagination enough to be thus employed about a human being, but must be coopering a barrel, forsooth.

事实上，我们遇见一个人，并且准备好与她相当完美地结合，如她准备好和我们结合一样，这必定是难能可贵的。我们应该无所保留；我们应该全身心投入这样的交往；除了这种交往外，没有其他任何责任。我的恋人每天都接受那么奇妙和完美的夸夸其谈，而我会把她带离卑微的自我，然后将她安放在更高的地方，无限高的地方，最后我将在那里

与她相识。但是，一般来说，男人惧怕爱，就像惧怕恨一样。他们有更低级的事务要做，必须服务于眼前的目标。他们的想象力不够丰富，不能足以担任完善一个人的任务，真的只配去修理水桶。

What a difference, whether, in all your walks, you meet only strangers, or in one house is one who knows you, and whom you know. To have a brother or a sister! To have a gold mine on your farm! To find diamonds in the gravel heaps before your door! How rare these things are! To share the day with you,—to people the earth. Whether to have a god or a goddess for companion in your walks, or to walk alone with hinds and villains and carles[2]. Would not a friend enhance the beauty of the landscape as much as a deer or hare? Everything would acknowledge and serve such a relation; the corn in the field, and the cranberries in the meadow. The flowers would bloom, and the birds sing, with a new impulse. There would be more fair days in the year.

你散步时，遇见的全是陌生人，或者你在一座房子里，有一个人了解你，而你也了解他，这两种情况差别很大。你有了自己的兄弟或姐妹，或者你在自己的农场里发现了一座金矿，再或者你在门前的砂砾堆里发现了钻石，所有这些事情都是很难发生的！但是这个人将和你共度时光——你们同住在地球上。你想散步时有神或女神陪伴，还是想独自散步，让歹徒、恶棍和坏蛋与你相伴。麋鹿和野兔会为自然增色，恋人不也是自然中一道亮丽的风景吗？万物都会承认并服务于这样美好的恋情，以及地里的玉米和草原上的越橘。带着新的动力，花会因之而绽放，鸟会因之而歌唱，这一年里也会有更多晴朗的日子。

The object of love expands and grows before us to eternity, until it includes all that is lovely, and we become all that can love.

爱在我们面前壮大成长直到永恒，直到囊括一切可爱的东西，而我们大家也都成为懂得去爱的人。

(1) 弗雷德里克. 特伦克男爵（BaronFrederick von derTrenck，1745—1794）在自传《弗雷德里克. 特伦克男爵的一生》（1792）中写道，他在德国的马格德堡被囚禁十年后，开始挖地道，再挖六七英尺就可逃走时， 哨兵听到动静， 因为他“ 来回走动，想将装土的袋子”带到地道外面。第二天，哨兵和其他人来搜查他的牢房，但是一无所获，有人“ 对哨兵说，‘笨蛋！你听到的那是鼹鼠，不是特伦克。他怎么可能在离牢房那么远的地方挖地道？”

(2) 古英语， 意同"churl"和"villain"。

letter eleven-enclosure-2

第十一封信，附录2

September 1852; Concord, Massachusetts

1852 年9 月；马萨诸塞州康科德

CHASTITY AND SENSUALITY.

纯洁与性欲

The subject of sex is a remarkable one, since, though its phenomena concern us so much, both directly and indirectly, and, sooner or later, it occupies the thoughts of all, yet all mankind, as it were, agree to be silent about it, at least the sexes commonly one to another. One of the most interesting of all human facts is veiled more completely than any mystery. It is treated with such secrecy and awe, as surely do not go to any religion. I believe that it is unusual even for the most intimate friends to communicate the pleasures and anxieties connected with this fact, much as the external affair of love, its comings and goings, are bruited. The Shakers[1] do not exaggerate it so much by their manner of speaking of it, as all mankind by their manner of keeping silence about it. Not that men should speak on this or any subject without having anything worthy to say; but it is plain that the education of man has hardly commenced,—there is so little genuine intercommunication.

性这个话题极不寻常，因为尽管性与我们有着这么多的联系，既有直接的，也有间接的；而且它迟早会占据所有人的思想，但是，整个人类似乎达成了共识，要对这个话题缄默不语，至少在两性之间一般不谈论。人类最有趣的一个事实被遮蔽起来，遮蔽得比任何神秘的事都彻底。人们对待性如此神秘而又敬畏，确实任何宗教都没有这样讳莫如深。我相信即使最亲密的朋友，也很少彼此交流与性相关的快乐和焦虑，他们不会像对待婚外恋那样，众口流传它的来龙去脉。千年教派信徒用他们的方式谈性，全人类用他们的方式对性缄默不语，与后者相比，前者也就显得不那么夸张了。并非由于其他东西都不值一提，所以人类才应该谈论性，而是人类的教育几乎还没有开始——真正的交流实在太少了，这是显而易见的。

In a pure society, the subject of copulation would not be so often avoided from shame and not from reverence, winked out of sight, and hinted at only, but treated naturally simply,—perhaps simply avoided, like the kindred mysteries. If it cannot be spoken of for shame, how can it be acted of? But, doubtless, there is far more purity, as well as more impurity than is apparent.

在一个纯洁的社会，对性这个话题，人们不会如此频繁地回避，即使回避，也不是出于羞愧或尊敬，人们不会使眼色绕过这个话题，或者只是隐晦地暗示，而是自然地、单纯地对待它——或许单纯地避开它，如对待类似的秘密一样。如果因为羞愧，而不能谈论性行为，那又怎么能做它呢？但是，毋庸置疑，纯洁与肮脏远比表面所呈现的更多。

Men commonly couple with their idea of marriage a slight degree at least of sensuality; but every lover, the world over, believes in its inconceivable purity.

一般而言，人们对婚姻的想法中至少会掺杂少许的性欲；但是每个恋人，全世界的恋人，都相信婚姻是无比纯洁的。

If it is the result of a pure love, there can be nothing sensual in marriage. Chastity is something positive, not negative. It is the virtue of the married especially. All lusts or base pleasures must give place to loftier delights. They who meet as superior beings cannot perform the deeds of inferior ones. The deeds of love are less questionable than any action of an individual can be, for, it being founded on the rarest mutual respect, the parties incessantly stimulate each other to a loftier and purer life, and the act in which they are associated must be pure and noble indeed, for innocence and purity can have no equal. In this relation we deal with one whom we respect more religiously even than we respect our better selves, and we shall necessarily conduct as in the presence of God. What presence can be more awful to the lover than that of his beloved?

如果婚姻是纯洁爱情的产物，那婚姻中就不包含肉欲。纯洁是正面的品性，不是负面，它尤其是已婚的人们拥有的美德。所有性欲或低俗的乐趣都必须让位于更高尚的快乐。崇高的两人相遇后，不会做出低俗的行为。因爱而生的行为在一个人的所有行为中是最无可挑剔的，因为爱情建立在弥足珍贵的相互尊重的基础上，相爱的双方不断激励对方过上更高尚、更纯洁的生活，使两人结合的行为必定是纯洁的、高尚的，因为纯真和纯洁是无可比拟的。在这种关系中，我们尊重对方，甚至比尊重我们自己最好的一面还要虔诚，这样的行为必然如在上帝面前的行为一样。对于恋人来说，什么存在能比他的爱人更令他敬畏呢？

If you seek the warmth even of affection from a similar motive to that from which cats and dogs and slothful persons hug the fire, because your temperature is low through sloth, you are on the downward road, and it is but to plunge yet deeper into sloth. Better the cold affection of the sun, reflected from fields of ice and snow, or his warmth in some still wintry dell. The warmth of celestial love does not relax, but nerve sand braces its enjoyer. Warm your body by healthful exercise, not by cowering over a stove. Warm your spirit by performing independently noble deeds, not by ignobly seeking the sympathy of your fellows who are no better than yourself. A man's

social and spiritual discipline must answer to his corporeal. He must lean on a friend who has a hard breast, as he would lie on a hard bed. He must drink cold water for his only beverage. So he must not hear sweetened and colored words, but pure and refreshing truths. He must daily bathe in truth cold as spring water, not warmed by the sympathy of friends.

猫、狗和懒惰的人依偎在火炉旁，因为它们的懒惰导致了体温降低，如果你也出于同样的动机去寻求爱情的温暖，那么你就是在走下坡路，你只会更深地陷入懒惰中。与其这样，倒不如到冰天雪地中，寻求反射而来的太阳的冰冷情感，或者是到某些依然如冬的幽谷中，寻求太阳的温暖。神圣之爱的温暖不会让其享有者懈怠，而会让他鼓起勇气，打起精神。如果要温暖你的身体，就要进行健康的运动，而不是畏缩在火炉旁。如果要温暖你的心灵，就要独立地完成高尚的事情，而不是卑贱地寻求同伴的同情，他们并不比你强。一个人的社会和精神修行，必须与他的肉体锻炼相一致。他必须依靠拥有强健胸膛的朋友，就像躺在结实的床上一样。他必须把冷水当成唯一的饮品，因此他不能听甜言蜜语，而应该听纯洁而新颖的真理。他必须每天沐浴在寒如泉水的真理中，而不是靠着朋友们的同情取暖。

Can love be in aught allied to dissipation? Let us love by refusing, not accepting one another. Love and lust are far asunder. The one is good, the other bad. When the affectionate sympathize by their higher natures, there is love; but there is danger that they will sympathize by their lower natures, and then there is lust. It is not necessary that this be deliberate, hardly even conscious; but, in the close contact of affection, there is danger that we may stain and pollute one another, for we cannot embrace but with an entire embrace.

爱情在某方面可能意味着肉体的放纵吗？让我们通过拒绝彼此而不是接受彼此来相爱。爱情和性欲迥然不同。爱情是美好的，肉欲是丑陋的。相爱的两人，因为高尚的天性而产生感情的共鸣，这就是爱情；但他们也可能有风险因为低俗的天性而产生感情的共鸣，那就成了肉欲。这不一定是故意的，甚至可能他们并没有意识到；但是，在相爱的亲密接触中，我们可能玷污彼此，因为我们不得不拥抱彼此的全部。

We must love our friend so much that she shall be associated with our purest and holiest thoughts alone. When there is impurity, we have "descended to meet"[2], though we knew it not.

我们必须深爱我们的爱人，让她只与我们最崇高、最神圣的思想相连。如果出现了不纯洁的东西，我们就是在“屈尊相见”，虽然我们是不知不觉。

The luxury of affection,—there's the danger. There must be some nerve and heroism in our love, as of a winter morning. In the religion of all nations a purity is hinted at, which, I fear, men never attain to. We may love and not elevate one another. The love that takes us as it

finds us degrades us. What watch we must keep over the fairest and purest of our affections, lest there be some taint about them. May we so love as never to have occasion to repent of our love.

爱情是件奢侈品——所以存在着危险。在我们的爱中，一定要有勇气和英雄气概，就像冬日的早晨。在所有国家的宗教中，都对纯洁作了暗示，但是我担心人们从未获得过这种纯洁。我们可能相爱，却不会提升彼此。爱发现我们，接纳我们，又让我们堕落。我们必须很小心地守护最纯洁、最美好的爱情，唯恐上面染上污迹。但愿我们相爱了，就永远不会有为爱后悔的时候。

There is to be attributed to sensuality the loss to language of how many pregnant symbols? Flowers, which by their infinite hues and fragrance, celebrate the marriage of the plants, are intended for a symbol of the open and unsuspected beauty of all true marriage when man's flowering season arrives.

如果不是性欲，我们语言中要丧失多少意味深长的象征？鲜花用它们无穷的色彩和芳香，庆祝植物的婚姻，所以当人们的花季到来时，对于所有纯真的婚姻，鲜花本来可以象征其公开而清白的美丽。

Virginity, too, is a budding f lower, and by an impure marriage the virgin is deflowered. Whoever loves flowers, loves virgins and chastity. Love and lust are as far asunder as a flower garden is from a brothel.

贞洁也是含苞待放的花朵，不纯洁的婚姻会让处女凋零。爱花的人，也会爱处女和贞洁。正如花园与妓院不同，爱和性欲也截然不同。

J. Biberg, in the Amenitates Botanice, edited by Linnæus, observes (I translate from the Latin): "The organs of generation, which, in the animal kingdom, are for the most part concealed by nature as if they were to be ashamed of, in the vegetable kingdom are exposed to the eyes of all; and, when the nuptials of plants are celebrated, it is wonderful what delight they afford to the beholder, refreshing the senses with the most agreeable color and the sweetest odor; and, at the same time, bees and other insects, not to mention the hummingbird, extract honey from their nectaries, and gather wax from their effete pollen." Linnæus himself calls the calyx the thalamus, or bridal chamber; and the corolla the aulaeum, or tapestry of it, and proceeds to explain thus every part of the flower.

J. 比伯格在林奈编的《植物学》中这样评论道（我从拉丁语翻译过来）：“在动物王国里，大部分动物的生殖器官天生就被隐藏起来，仿佛要为它们感到羞愧，在植物王国里，植物的生殖器官暴露在所有人眼前；而且当植物庆祝婚礼时，带给观看者的是何等的愉悦，它们呈现出最宜人的色彩，散发出最甜美的芳香，让人耳目为之一新；同时，蜜蜂和其他昆虫，更不用说蜂鸟，从它们的蜜腺中吸取花蜜，并且从它们的

哀微的花粉中采集蜂蜡。”林奈本人称花萼为新房；花冠为洞房里的挂毯，而且以这样的方式介绍了花朵的每一部分。

Who knows but evil spirits might corrupt the flowers themselves, rob them of their fragrance and their fair hues, and turn their marriage into a secret shame and defilement? Already they are of various qualities, and there is one whose nuptials fill the lowlands in June with the odor of carrion.

邪恶的精神本身可能会腐蚀花朵，掠夺它们的芳香和美丽的色彩，让它们的婚礼变成不可告人的耻辱和污秽，这些事谁又说得准呢？花朵已经开始呈现各种品质，有些花的婚礼就让腐尸的臭味充满了六月的低地。

The intercourse of the sexes, I have dreamed, is incredibly beautiful, too fair to be remembered. I have had thoughts about it, but they are among the most fleeting and irrecoverable in my experience. It is strange that men will talk of miracles, revelation, inspiration, and the like, as things past, while love remains.

我所梦想的两性交合，美妙得不可思议，太过美好而无法记忆。我幻想过很多次，但这些想法在我的体验中转瞬即逝，无可挽回。很奇怪，人们谈到奇迹、启示、灵感等等的时候，使用的都是过去时，但只有爱情长存。

A true marriage will differ in no wise from illumination. In all perception of the truth there is a divine ecstasy, an inexpressible delirium of joy, as when a youth embraces his betrothed virgin. The ultimate delights of a true marriage are one with this.

纯真的婚姻无疑就是启示。当人完全领悟真理时，会有一种神圣的狂喜，会感到一种无法形容的狂喜之情，青年拥抱与他订婚的处女时，也会有同样的感受。所以，纯真婚姻的最高快乐与神启相同。

No wonder that, out of such a union, not as end, but as accompaniment, comes the undying race of man. The womb is a most fertile soil.

难怪这样的结合会带来人类的生生不息，并且不是作为结合的最终目的，而只是作为它的副产品，子宫则是自然界最肥沃的土壤。

Some have asked if the stock of men could not be improved,—if they could not be bred as cattle. Let Love be purified, and all the rest will follow. A pure love is thus, indeed, the panacea for all the ills of the world.

有人问人类是不是不能得到改善——如果他们不像牛马那样繁殖。我们让爱变得纯洁，其他一切也将变得纯洁。因此，纯洁的爱情确实是治愈世界上所有病症的灵丹妙药。

The only excuse for reproduction is improvement. Nature abhors

repetition. Beasts merely propagate their kind; but the offspring of noble men and women will be superior to themselves, as their aspirations are. By their fruits ye shall know them[3].

繁殖的唯一理由是改良，大自然憎恶重复，动物只是进行单纯的繁衍；但是高尚的男人和女人，他们的后代会更高尚，正如他们所希望的。所以，凭着他们的果实，人们也会了解他们。

(1) 千年教派，该教派的正式名称是“基督二次现身信徒联合会”或“千年教会”，创始人是安妮. 李（1736—1784）。

(2) 此句在1841 年出版的文章《友谊》中，爱默生断言：“ 几乎所有人相见时，都在屈尊。所有结合必定是一种妥协，而且，最糟的是，美丽的鲜花相遇时，鲜花和鲜花的芳香都会消失。”

(3) 此句见《圣经. 马太福音》第7 章第19—20 节：“ 凡不结好果子的树，就砍下来，丢在火里。所以凭着他们的果子，就可以知道果树的好坏。”

letter twelve

第十二封信

February 27, 1853, Sunday; Concord, Massachusetts

1853 年2 月27 日，星期日；马萨诸塞州康科德

The essay versions of Thoreau's "Excursion to Canada" lectures began to appear serially in the new Putnam's Monthly Magazine of American Literature, Science, and Art in January 1853 but publication was halted after the third installment (March) because Thoreau refused to allow George William Curtis (182———1892), the editor, to remove certain passages he regarded as "heresies." Still needing to pay down his debt for A Week, Thoreau stayed busy surveying, as he mentions at the beginning of this letter. He had delivered no lectures during the preceding nine months and would not deliver another till December. He continued work on his Walden manuscript and continued extracting passages from the books he was reading into his notebooks on Indians and natural history.

1853 年1 月，梭罗的《加拿大之行》系列演讲开始以文章的形式连载在《美国文学、科学和艺术之帕特南月刊》上，但是第三期（3 月）出版后，连载被停止，因为梭罗拒绝编辑乔治. 威廉姆斯. 柯蒂斯（1824—1892）删掉被后者视为“异端邪说”的段落。梭罗当时还要偿还因《在康科德河和梅里马克河上的一周》欠下的债务，所以如他在这封信开头提到的，他还忙于测量土地。过去的九个月中他没有发表演讲，直到12 月才发表了一次演讲。这期间，他继续修改《瓦尔登湖》的手稿，并继续摘录所读书中的文字，记在他关于印第安人和自然史的笔记本上。

Concord Feb. 27 '53

1853 年2 月27 日于康科德

Mr. Blake,

布莱克先生：

I have not answered your letter before because I have been almost constantly in the fields surveying of late. It is long since I have spent so many days so profitably in a pecuniary sense; so unprofitably, it seems to me, in a more important sense. I have earned just a dollar a day for 76 days past; for though I charge at a higher rate for the days which are seen to be spent, yet so many more are spent than appears. This is instead of lecturing, which has not offered to pay for that book[1] which I printed. I have not only cheap hours, but cheap weeks and months, i.e. weeks which are bought at the rate I have named.

Not that they are quite lost to me, or make me very melancholy, alas! for I too often take a cheap satisfaction in so spending them,—weeks of pasturing and browsing, like beeves and deer, which give me animal health, it may be, but create a tough skin over the soul and intellectual part. Yet if men should offer my body a maintenance for the work of my head alone, I feel that it would be a dangerous temptation.

我一直没有给你回信，因为最近我几乎一直在田地里测量。我花了好多天在这上面，而我好久不曾这样了，从金钱的意义上来说，我获得了很大的收益；但是从更重要的意义来说，我似乎毫无收获。过去的76天我每天只挣一元钱；尽管我为消耗的每一天收取的价格比这要高，但是我所花费的时间远比表面上看起来多。演讲不足以支付我出版那本书的费用，所以我只能靠测量还债。我不仅有一小时一小时的廉价时间，还有一周一周、一个月一个月的廉价时间，也就是说，这些时间是按照我提出的价格购买的。哎呀！我的意思并不是说这些时间浪费了，或让我很忧伤，因为在大多数情况下，这样度过时间，我也会有某种廉价的满足——连续几周时间像牛和鹿一样放牧和吃草，让我变得像动物一样健康，但是这种生活也可能在我灵魂和思想之外制造了一层坚硬的外皮。但是如果有人愿意仅仅因为我的思想，主动供养我的身体，我觉得这将是极危险的诱惑。

As to whether what you speak of as the "world's way" (which for the most part is my way) or that which is shown me, is the better, the former is imposture, the latter is truth. I have the coldest confidence in the last. There is only such hesitation as the appetites feel in following the aspirations. The clod hesitates because it is inert, wants animation. The one is the way of death, the other of life everlasting. My hours are not "cheap in such a way that I doubt whether the world's way would not have been better," but cheap in such a way that I doubt whether the world's way, which I have adopted for the time, could be worse. The whole enterprise of this nation which is not an upward, but a westward one, toward Oregon California, Japan &c, is totally devoid of interest to me, whether performed on foot or by a Pacific railroad. It is not illustrated by a thought, it is not warmed by a sentiment, there is nothing in it which one should lay down his life for, nor even his gloves, hardly which one should take up a newspaper for. It is perfectly heathenish—a filibustering toward heaven by the great western route. No, they may go their way to their manifest destiny which I trust is not mine. May my 76 dollars whenever I get them help to carry me in the other direction. I see them on their winding way, but no music "is" wafted from their host, only the rattling of change in their pockets. I would rather be a captive, knight[2], and let them all pass by, than be free only to go whither they are bound. What end do they propose to themselves beyond Japan?

What aims more lofty have they than the prairie dogs?

至于你所说的“世俗的方式”（很大程度上是我的方式）和显灵于我的东西，这两者之间哪个更好呢？前者是欺骗，后者是真理。我对后者充满最冷静的信心。只有当欲望跟不上渴望时，人才会感到犹豫。泥块会犹豫，因为它是不能动的，它需要生气。一种是死亡的方式，另一种是永生的方式。我的时间廉价，不是因为“我怀疑世俗的方式不可能会比现在更好”，而是因为我怀疑我现在采用的世俗的方式可能会变得更糟糕。整个国家的事业不是向上的，而是向西的事业，朝向俄勒冈、加利福尼亚、日本等等，不管它是通过双脚还是太平洋铁路开展，我对此都毫无兴趣。它没有思想的阐释，没有感情的温暖，在这里面，没有什么东西使人放弃自己的生命来追求，甚至不足以使人脱掉他的手套，也没有什么值得登在报纸上。西进是十足的异教行为——是以一条西向的大道来阻止人们通向天堂。不，他们可能走向他们的天定命运，而我不相信这是我的命运。希望我每次得到的76 元钱都能有助于把我带往相反的方向。我看见他们行进在蜿蜒的路上，但没有从他们主人那飘送来的音乐，只听见他们口袋中的零钱叮当作响。我宁可是一名俘虏，一名骑士，让他们从我身边经过，也不愿自己的自由身仅仅为了前往他们命定的地方。他们为自己确立了比日本更远的目标吗？他们还有比草原犬鼠更崇高的目标吗？

As it respects these things I have not changed an opinion one iota from the first. As the stars looked to me when I was a shepherd in Assyria[3] they look to me now a New Englander. The higher the mt. on which you stand, the less change in the prospect from year to year, from age to age. Above a certain height, there is no change. I am a Switzer on the edge of the glacier, with his advantages & disadvantages, goitre, or what not. (You may suspect it to be some kind of swelling at any rate.) I have had but one spiritual birth (excuse the word,) and now whether it rains or snows, whether I laugh or cry, fall farther below or approach nearer to my standard, whether Pierce or Scott[4] is elected,—not a new scintillation of light f lashes on me, but ever and anon, though with longer intervals, the same surprising & everlastingly new light dawns tome, with only such variations as in the coming of the natural day, with which indeed, it is often coincident.

就这些事情而言，我的观点从一开始就丝毫没有改变过。当我是亚述国的牧羊人时，星星看着我，现在，我是一个新英格兰人，它们一样看着我。你站立其上的山越高，周围的景色随着年月的流逝变化得越少。超过某个高度后，景色就不再变化。我是一个冰川边缘的瑞士人，有自己的优势和劣势，大脖子病，或其他一些东西。（无论如何你都可能猜到这是某种肿块。）我只有一次精神的诞生（原谅这一措辞），现在无论下雨还是飘雪，无论我笑还是哭，无论我的行为堕落而远低于我的个人标准或我的行为更接近这个标准，无论是皮尔斯还是斯科特当选——都不会有新的光芒闪烁，顷刻照亮我的心灵，但是不时地，虽然时

间间隔长一点，会有同样令人惊奇、历久弥新的光芒降临于我，这光芒和只有当白昼来临时才发生的变化一起来临，事实上，这经常是巧合。

As to how to preserve potatoes from rotting, your opinion may change from year to year, but as to how to preserve your soul from rotting, I have nothing to learn but something to practise.

对于如何防止土豆腐烂，你的观点可能每年都会改变，但是对于如何防止灵魂腐烂这个问题，我没有要学习的东西，但是有需要实践的东西。

Thus I declaim against them, but I in my folly am the world I condemn.

因此我抨击他们，但是我是愚蠢的，因为我谴责这个世界，而我自己也是其中一部分。

I very rarely indeed, if ever, "feel any itching to be what is called useful to my fellowmen." Sometimes, it may be when my thoughts for want of employment, fall into a beaten path or humdrum, I have dreamed idly of stopping a man's horse that was running away, but perchance I wished that he might run in order that I might stop him,—or, of putting out a fire, but then of course it must have got well a-going. Now, to tell the truth, I do not dream much of acting upon horses before they run, or of preventing fires which are not yet kindled. What a foul subject is this, of doing good[5], instead of minding one's life, which should be his business—doing good as a dead carcass, which is only fit for manure, instead of as a living man,—instead of taking care to flourish & smell & taste sweet and refresh all mankind to the extent of our capacity & quality. People will sometimes try to persuade you that you have done something from that motive, as if you did not already know enough about it. If I ever did a man any good, in their sense, of course it was something exceptional, and insignificant compared with the good or evil which I am constantly doing by being what I am. As if you were to preach to ice to shape itself into burning glasses, which are sometimes useful, and so the peculiar properties of ice be lost—Ice that merely performs the office of a burning glass does not do its duty.

事实上，如果我曾经想过，我很少“觉得自己渴望成为所谓对同胞有用的人”。有时候，我的思想怠惰，落入了老路或变得乏味，这时我可能漫无边际地幻想阻止某个人正在逃跑的马匹，但或许我又会暇想可能它逃跑就是为了我可以阻止它——或幻想扑灭一场火，当然，火势一定要旺。不过说实话，我现在不怎么幻想在马逃跑之前就阻止它们，或者在着火之前就去灭火。做善事，而不是关心自己的生活，这是一件多么糟糕的事，关心自己的生活才是人们的正事——做善事等成为尸体后再做吧，尸体只适合做粪肥，所以善事不是活人要做的——活人要做的是，努力成长，使自己充满了芳香和甜美，并竭尽全力使全人类振作。人们

有时企图说服你，你已经从行善的动机出发，做了一些善事了，好像觉得你对此还知之甚少。如果我曾经为一个人做过他们所谓的任何善事，那当然也只是特例，比起我为成为自己而不断进行的或善或恶的行动来看，都是无足轻重的。如同你要向冰说教，让它把自己塑造成取火镜，取火镜有时是有用的，那么冰的特性就消失了——只充当取火镜的冰根本未尽其职。

The problem of life becomes one cannot say by how many degrees more complicated as our material wealth is increased, whether that needle they tell of was a gate-way or not,—since the problem is not merely nor mainly to get life for our bodies, but by this or a similar discipline to get life for our souls; by cultivating the lowland farm on right principles, that is with this view, to turn it into an upland farm. You have so many more talents[6] to account for. If I accomplish as much more in spiritual work as I am richer in worldly goods, then I am just as worthy, or worth just as much as I was before, and no more. I see that, in my own case, money might be of great service to me, but probably it would not be, for the difficulty ever is that I do not improve my opportunities, and therefore I am not prepared to have my opportunities increased. Now I warn you, if it be as you say, you have got to put on the pack of an Upland Farmer in good earnest the coming spring, the lowland farm being cared for, aye you must be selecting your seeds forthwith and doing what winter work you can; and while others are raising potatoes and Baldwin[7] apples for you, you must be raising apples of the Hesperides[8] for them. (Only hear how he preaches!) No man can suspect that he is the proprietor of an Upland farm, upland in the sense that it will produce nobler crops and better repay cultivation in the long run, but he will be perfectly sure that he ought to cultivate it.

物质财富增加的同时，生命价值的问题变得更加复杂，我们无法说出到底多复杂，不管他们所说的那根针是否可以当作关口——因为问题并不仅仅是也不主要是为我们的身体获得生命，而是要通过这种或类似的方法，让我们的灵魂获得生命；按照正确的原则耕作低地农场，也就是说带着这个目的，将它变成高地农场。你得为此多投资大量的钱币。如果我精神财富的增加和世俗财富的增加一样多，那么我的价值还是和以前一样，没有比以前更有价值。从我自身来看，我知道金钱可能对我大有帮助，但它更可能对我没有帮助，因为困难一直在于，我不会利用自己的机会，因此我也没有准备好让机会增加。现在我提醒你，如果照你所说，你必须在即将来临的春天，郑重其事地经营高地农场，同时照顾低地农场，你就必须即刻选种，并且做足冬天该做的工作；当其他人为你种植土豆和鲍德温苹果时，你必须为他们种植赫斯珀里德斯们喜欢的金苹果。（听听他所说的！）没有人能怀疑他是高地农场的主人，高地的意思是，那里能种出更高贵的庄稼，并且从长远来看，耕作会获得更好的回报，但他应该非常清楚自己应该耕作这块土地。

Though we are desirous to earn our bread, we need not be anxious to satisfy men for it—though we shall take care to pay them, but God who alone gave it to us. Men may in effect put us in the debtor's jail, for that matter, simply for paying our whole debt to God which includes our debt to them, and though we have his receipt for it, for his paper is dishonored. The carrier will tell you that he has no stock in his bank.

尽管我们渴望挣取自己的面包，但我们不必急着为面包去满足世人的需要——虽然我们要小心偿付他们，但是只有上帝才能给我们面包。就此而言，其实世人可能已将我们送进债务人的监狱，仅仅因为我们要偿还对上帝的所有负债，其中也包含了对他们的负债，虽然我们收到了上帝的发票，但它是拒付支票。承兑人会告诉你上帝的银行里没有存款。

How prompt we are to satisfy the hunger & thirst of our bodies; how slow to satisfy the hunger & thirst of our souls. Indeed we who would be practical folks cannot use this word without blushing because of our infidelity, having starved this substance almost to a shadow. We feel it to be as absurd as if a man were to break forth into a eulogy on his dog who hasn't any. An ordinary man will work every day for a year at shovelling dirt to support his body, or a family of bodies, but he is an extraordinary man who will work a whole day in a year for the support of his soul. Even the priests, the men of God, so called, for the most part confess that they work for the support of the body. But he alone is the truly enterprising & practical man who succeeds in maintaining his soul here. Haven't we our everlasting life to get? And isn't that the only excuse at last for eating drinking sleeping or even carrying an umbrella when it rains? A man might as well devote himself to raising pork as to fattening the bodies or temporal part merely of the whole human family. If we made the true distinction we should almost all of us be seen to be in the almshouse for souls.

解决身体上的饥渴时，我们是何等的迅速；解决灵魂上的饥渴时，我们却是何等的缓慢。事实上，我们这些讲实用的凡人，用到灵魂这个词时总是会脸红，因为我们对它不忠，几乎已经将灵魂饿成了影子。我们觉得这太过荒唐，仿佛有人要为他所没有的狗迸发出写颂词的激情。普通人为了供养自己或家人的身体，一年里的每一天都在铲土，但如果有人一年里有一整天是为了供养自己的灵魂而工作，那他就是一个非凡的人。即使是牧师，所谓的上帝的使者，大部分也承认他们工作只是为了供养身体。但是只有在这里成功地维持自己灵魂的人，才是真正富于进取、注重实际的人。难道我们不是要获得永恒的生命吗？难道那不是我们吃、喝、睡或者甚至是在下雨时撑伞的唯一理由吗？要是人们只是想养肥整个人类家庭的身体或世俗的部分，还不如把精力花在养猪上。如果我们真的加以区别，几乎所有人都该被见到呆在灵魂的济贫院。

I am much indebted to you because you look so steadily at the better side, or rather the true center of me (for our true center may & perhaps oftenest does lie entirely aside from us and we are in fact eccentric,) and as I have elsewhere said "Give me an opportunity to live." You speak as if the image or idea which I see were reflected from me to you, and I see it again ref lected from you to me, because we stand at the right angle to one another; and so it goes, zig-zag, to what successive reflecting surfaces, before it is all dissipated, or absorbed by the more unreflecting, or differently reflecting,—who knows? Or perhaps what you see directly you refer to me. What a little shelf is required, by which we may impinge upon another and build there our eyrie in the clouds, and all the heavens we see above us we refer to the crags around and beneath us. Some piece of mica, as it were, in the face or eyes of one, as on the Delectable Mts.[9], slanted at the right angle, reflects the heavens to us. But in the slow geological depressions & upheavals, these mutual angles are disturbed, these suns set & new ones rise to us. That ideal which I worshipped was a greater stranger to the mica than tome. It was not the hero I admired but the reflection from his epaulet or helmet. It is nothing (for us) permanently inherent in another, but his attitude or relation to what we prize that we admire. The meanest man may glitter with micacious particles to his fellow's eye. There are the spangles that adorn a man. The highest union—the only un-ion (don't laugh) or central oneness, is the coincidence of visual rays. Our clubroom was an apartment in a constellation where our visual rays met (and there was no debate about the restaurant). The way between us is over the mount.

我非常感激你，因为你如此坚定地看着我更好的一面，或者说我最本质的一面（因为我们最本质的一面可能确实常常与我们完全分离，我们其实很古怪），正如我在其他地方所说的“给我生活的机会”。按照你所说的，似乎我看见的映像或思想从我身上反射到你身上，然后我又看见它从你反射到我，因为我们彼此站的角度正合适；它就这样曲折地行进，经过无数连续的反射面，直到完全耗散，或者被不能反射或很难反射的表面吸收——谁知道呢？或者你直接见到的就是我。我们需要的平台很小，这样我们可以相互激发，在那里建筑我们云端的城堡，想要看见头顶的所有天空，我们只需俯视四周和脚下的悬崖。某些云母片宛如存在于脸上或眼睛里，就像“令人愉快的大山”上的云母片一样，倾斜的角度正合适，所以将天空反射到我们身上。但是在缓慢的地质变化上下起伏中，这些彼此之间的角度被打乱，这些太阳落下，新的太阳向我们升起。比起云母，我尊崇的理想对我来说并不那么陌生。我仰慕的不是英雄，而是英雄的肩章或头盔反射的光。（对于我们来说）我们仰慕的不是对方身上固有的永恒不变的东西，而是他对于我们所珍视的东西的态度或关系。即使最鄙陋的人，在他的同伴眼中，也会像云母颗粒那样闪闪发光。而生活中确实有这样闪光的饰片来装饰人类。我们最高的结

合——唯一的结合（不要笑）或本质的一体，是视线的聚合。我们的俱乐部聚会室是一个星座里的一个房间，我们的视线在那里交汇（餐馆也如此，无可争辩），而我们之间的路却是在山峰之上。你的话让我想起一个相识的人，我偶尔会看见头顶的所有天空，我们只需俯视四周和脚下的悬崖。某些云母片宛如存在于脸上或眼睛里，就像“令人愉快的大山”上的云母片一样，倾斜的角度正合适，所以将天空反射到我们身上。但是在缓慢的地质变化上下起伏中，这些彼此之间的角度被打乱，这些太阳落下，新的太阳向我们升起。比起云母，我尊崇的理想对我来说并不那么陌生。我仰慕的不是英雄，而是英雄的肩章或头盔反射的光。（对于我们来说）我们仰慕的不是对方身上固有的永恒不变的东西，而是他对于我们所珍视的东西的态度或关系。即使最鄙陋的人，在他的同伴眼中，也会像云母颗粒那样闪闪发光。而生活中确实有这样闪光的饰片来装饰人类。我们最高的结合——唯一的结合（不要笑）或本质的一体，是视线的聚合。我们的俱乐部聚会室是一个星座里的一个房间，我们的视线在那里交汇（餐馆也如此，无可争辩），而我们之间的路却是在山峰之上。

Your words make me think of a man of my acquaintance whom I occasionally meet, whom you too appear to have met, one Myself, as he is called. Yet why not call him Your-self? If you have met with him & know him it is all I have done, and surely where there is a mutual acquaintance the my & thy make a distinction without a difference.

你的话让我想起一个相识的人，我偶尔会遇见他，你也似乎见过他，一个“我自己”，人们这样叫他。但是为何不叫他“你自己”？如果你和他相遇、相知，我全都是这样做的，如果有个共同的熟人，区分我的和你的当然就没有任何意义。

I do not wonder that you do not like my Canada story. It concerns me but little, and probably is not worth the time it took to tell it. Yet I had absolutely no design whatever in my mind, but simply to report what I saw. I have inserted all of myself that was implicated or made the excursion. It has come to an end at any rate, they will print no more, but return me my mss. when it is but little more than half done—as well as another I had sent them, because the editor Curtis requires the liberty to omit the heresies without consulting me—a privilege California is not rich enough to bid for.

你不喜欢我的加拿大游记，我并不感到奇怪。对此我并不在意，也许花时间来写这些游记并不值得。不过我心中完全没有任何打算，只是单纯地记述了我的所见，我把参与旅行的自己或与旅行相关的自己完全投入了进去。无论如何，现在都结束了，他们不会再印，只是把我的原稿还回来。这些手稿才写了一半多点——我送去的另一个稿子也是如此，因为编辑柯蒂斯要求，他可以不征得我同意，自由地删除异端邪说的章节——这个特权就连加利福尼亚也无法竞标购到，不论它是多么的富有。

I thank you again again for attending to me; that is to say I am glad that you hear me and that you also are glad. Hold fast to your most indefinite waking dream. The very green dust on the walls is an organized vegetable; the atmosphere has its fauna & flora floating in it; & shall we think that dreams are but dust & ashes, are always disintegrated & crumbling thoughts and not dust like thoughts trooping to its standard with music systems beginning to be organized. These expectations these are roots these are nuts which even the poorest man has in his bin, and roasts or cracks them occasionally in winter evenings, which even the poor debtor retains with his bed and his pig, i.e. his idleness & sensuality. Men go to the opera because they hear there a faint expression in sound of this news which is never quite distinctly proclaimed. Suppose a man were to sell the hue the least amount of coloring matter in the superficies of his thought,—for a farm—were to exchange an absolute & infinite value for a relative &finite one—to gain the whole world & lose his own soul!

我对你感激不尽，因为你在注意我；也就是说，我很高兴你在听我说话并且你也高兴。请珍藏你清醒时最模糊的梦想。墙上很绿的灰尘是一种组织严密的蔬菜；空气中漂浮着成群的动物和植物；我们是否应该认为梦想只是灰尘，总是不完整的、破碎的思想，而不是认为灰尘般的思想，正随着音乐系统群集在一起，最终达到思想的标准，开始变得有条理。这些期望，这些是根，这些是坚果，即使最贫穷的人也要储藏，在冬天的晚上，他会偶尔烧烤或砸开它们，即使贫穷的负债者也要保留它们，和他的床和猪一起，也就是他的懒惰和欲望。人们去听歌剧，因为在歌剧中，他们听到了这条消息的微弱讯息，而这条消息从未被清楚地宣布过。假设有人要出售这点色彩，即他思想表层最少量的色彩——来购买一个农场——那他就是用绝对而无限的价值交换相对而有限的价值——他得到了整个世界，却丢失了自己的灵魂！

Do not wait as long as I have before you write. If you will look at another star I will try to supply my side of the triangle.

不要像我一样拖了很长时间不能再拖时才回信。如果你想看向另一颗星星，我会努力为你提供三角的我的这一边。

Tell Mr Brown that I remember him & trust that he remembers me.

告诉布朗先生，我想他，相信他也想我。

Yrs

你的

H.D.T

梭罗

P.S. Excuse this rather flippant preaching—which does not cost

me enough—and do not think that I mean you always—though your letter requested the subjects.

附：请原谅我相当无礼的说教——这对我来说不太费力。不要以为我指的总是你——虽然你的来信要求了这样的主题。

(1) 指《在康科德河和梅里马克河上的一周》。

(2) 见塞万提斯（1547—1616）的小说《堂. 吉诃德》，堂. 吉诃德好几次说自己是“被俘的骑士”

(3) 亚述国，亚洲西南部底格里斯河流域的古国。

(4) 皮尔斯（1804—1869）和斯科特（1786—1866），分别为1852 年的美国总统竞选中，民主党候选人和辉格党候选人参选，最后皮尔斯当选，成为第14 任总统。

(5) 此句见《圣经. 加拉太书》第6 章第9 节，保罗劝告说，“我们行善，不可丧志。若不灰心，到了时候，就要收成。”不切实际的社会改良主义在战前美国非常盛行。

(6) 这里的 "talent"是钱币的单位。

(7) 鲍德温（1744—1807），美国工程师，独立战争时当过上校。1784 年，他为米尔塞克斯运河测量水道时，在马萨诸塞州的威灵顿发现了一种苹果，后来被称为鲍德温苹果。

(8) 赫斯珀里德斯，希腊神话中看守金苹果圣园的仙女。

(9) 令人愉快的大山，源自班扬《天路历程》第一部分第八章，朝圣者“基督徒”和“希望”曾爬上“令人愉快的大山”。

letter thirteen

第十三封信

April 10, 1853, Sunday; Concord, Massachusetts

1853 年4 月10 日，星期日；马萨诸塞州康科德

Concord, April 10, 1853.

1853 年4 月10 日于康科德

Mr. Blake,—

布莱克先生：

Another singular kind of spiritual foot-ball,—really nameless, handleless, homeless, like myself,—a mere arena for thoughts and feelings; definite enough outwardly, indefinite more than enough inwardly. But I do not know why we should be styled "misters" or "masters": we come so near to being anything or nothing, and seeing that we are mastered, and not wholly sorry to be mastered, by the least phenomenon. It seems to me that we are the mere creatures of thought,—one of the lowest forms of intellectual life, we men,—as the sunfish is of animal life. As yet our thoughts have acquired no definiteness nor solidity; they are purely molluscous, not vertebrate; and the height of our existence is to float upward in an ocean where the sun shines,—appearing only like a vast soup or chowder to the eyes of the immortal navigators. It is wonderful that I can be here, and you there, and that we can correspond, and do many other things, when, in fact, there is so little of us, either or both, anywhere. In a few minutes, I expect, this slight film or clash of vapor that I am will be what is called asleep,—resting! forsooth from what? Hard work? and thought? The hard work of the dandelion down, which floats over the meadow all day; the hard work of a pismire that labors to raise a hillock all day, and even by moonlight. Suddenly I can come forward into the utmost apparent distinctness, and speak with a sort of emphasis to you; and the next moment I am so faint an entity, and make so slight an impression, that nobody can find the traces of me. I try to hunt myself up, and find the little of me that is discoverable is falling asleep, and then I assist and tuck it up. It is getting late. How can I starve or feed? Can I be said to sleep? There is not enough of me even for that. If you hear a noise,—'t aint I, —'t aint I,—as the dog says with a tin-kettle tied to his tail.[1] I read of something happening to another the other day: how happens it that nothing ever happens to me? A dandelion down that never alights, —settles,—blown off by a

boy to see if his mother wanted him[2],—some divine boy in the upper pastures.

另一种非凡的精神足球——确实不可名状，也是无法把握、无家可归的，就像我自己——只是一个思想和情感的竞技场；外在十分明确，内在却无比模糊。但是我不知道我们为什么会被称为“先生”或“大师”：我们近乎无所不是或一无所是，但当我们被称为大师时，又不能通过任何迹象表示出自己被称为大师的遗憾。在我看来，我们人类只是有思想的动物——智慧生命的最低形式——就像太阳鱼是最低等动物。我们的思想还没有明确或固定下来；它们完全是软体的，没有脊椎；我们存在的高度是在太阳照耀下的海洋里仰面漂浮——在不朽的领航者眼中，这海洋看起来不过是一大锅炖汤或杂烩。我能在这里，你能在那里，我们能互相通信，还能做许多其他事情，这多么美妙；实际上，我们中的一个或两个在任何地方，个体的存在都是那么渺小。我是一层薄薄的碰撞的蒸汽，几分钟后，我希望将进入所谓的睡眠——休息！到底为何休息呢？停止辛苦的劳作？还是停止思想？蒲公英辛苦劳作，整天在草地上飘浮；蚂蚁辛苦劳作，整天忙着堆起一座小丘，甚至在月光下也要继续。突然之间，我可以变成极端明显的存在，用一种强调的语气和你说话；下一刻，我又变成模糊的实体，留下微弱的印象，以致于谁也找不到我的形迹。我试着找寻自己，发现那个可以找得到的渺小的我正要入睡，于是我帮忙盖好了被子。时间不早了。我怎么能挨饿或吃饭？我怎么能说是入睡了呢？我太渺小了，甚至不足以入睡。如果你听到了一个声音——不是我——不是我——就像尾巴上系着个白铁壶的狗所说的。前几天，我知道了一些事，它们正发生在别人身上：为什么从来就没有事情发生在我身上呢? 一株从不飞落的蒲公英——安定下来——被一个男孩吹散，男孩想看看妈妈是否还想要他——高处草原上的某个神圣的男孩。

Well, if there really is another such a meteor sojourning in these spaces, I would like to ask you if you know whose estate this is that we are on? For my part I enjoy it well enough, what with the wild apples and the scenery; but I shouldn't wonder if the owner set his dog on me next. I could remember something not much to the purpose, probably; but if I stick to what I do know, then—

好吧，如果真的有另一颗这样的流星降临到我们的空间，我想问你，你是否知道我们正住在谁的庄园？对我来说，我在这里过得相当好，因为这里有鲜嫩的野苹果和优美的自然风光；但是我不应该怀疑庄园主下一刻是否会让狗攻击我。也许我能够记得一些与此不大相关的事情；但是如果我坚持我知道的，那么——

It is worth the while to live respectably unto ourselves. We can possibly get along with a neighbor, even with a bedfellow, whom we respect but very little; but as soon as it comes to this, that we do not respect ourselves, then we do not get along at all, no matter how much money we are paid for halting. There are old heads in the world who cannot help me by their example or advice to live worthily and

satisfactorily to myself; but I believe that it is in my power to elevate myself this very hour above the common level of my life. It is better to have your head in the clouds, and know where you are, if indeed you cannot get it above them, than to breathe the clearer atmosphere below them, and think that you are in paradise.

我们在生活中尊重自己，这是值得的。我们也许可以和邻居，甚至是伙伴和谐相处，即使我们不怎么尊重他们；但是一旦我们自己不尊重自己，我们就根本无法相处下去，不管别人为此付我们多少钱。世界上有智者，可他们的经验或建议不能帮我，让我自己觉得生活得有价值、令人满意；但是我相信我有能力此刻就提升自我，让自己高于我生活的一般水平。最好是把你的头放到云彩里，清楚自己身处何地，即使你确定无法高出云端，也胜过呼吸着云彩下方更清新的空气，却以为自己身在天堂。

Once you were in Milton doubting what to do. To live a better life—this surely can be done. Dot and carry one. Wait not for a clear sight, for that you are to get. What you see clearly you may omit to do. Milton and Worcester? It is all Blake, Blake. Never mind the rats in the wall; the cat will take care of them. All that men have said or are is a very faint rumor, and it is not worth the while to remember or refer to that. If you are to meet God, will you refer to anybody out of that court? How shall men know how I succeed, unless they are in at the life? I did not see the "Times" reporter there.

有一次你在米尔顿时，不知道要干什么，过更好的生活——这当然能做到。逢十进一。不要等到一切都清晰明了的时候才采取行动。你清楚地看见的东西，可能不再去做。米尔顿和伍斯特？只有布莱克，布莱克。不要管墙里的老鼠；猫会对付它们。人们说的一切或他们本身，都是一个十分微弱的谣言，不值得记着或提及。如果你要见上帝，难道你会向天堂外的人求助吗？如果人们没有置身于这种生活，他们怎么能知道我的成功？而我在那里没有看见《泰晤士报》的记者。

Is it not delightful to provide one's self with the necessaries of life,—to collect dry wood for the fire when the weather grows cool, or fruits when we grow hungry?—not till then. And then we have all the time left for thought!

为自己提供生活的必需品—— 天气转凉时， 收集干燥木材生火，饥饿时，采集水果——难道不令人愉快吗？——那时快乐刚开始。之后，我们可以把时间全部用来思考！

Of what use were it, pray, to get a little wood to burn, to warm your body this cold weather, if there were not a divine fire kindled at the same time to warm your spirit?

在寒冷的天气，获得少许木材来燃烧以温暖你的身体，可是同时，却没有点燃神圣之火以温暖你的灵魂，这有什么用呢？

"Unless above himself he can

“除非在自己之上他才能直立起来，

Erect himself , how poor a thing is man!"[3]

人是多么可怜！”

I cuddle up by my stove, and there I get up another fire which warms fire itself. Life is so short that it is not wise to take roundabout ways, nor can we spend much time in waiting. Is it absolutely necessary, then, that we should do as we are doing? Are we chiefly under obligations to the devil, like Tom Walker?[4] Though it is late to leave off this wrong way, it will seem early the moment we begin in the right way; instead of mid-afternoon, it will be early morning with us. We have not got halfway to dawn yet.

我蜷缩在火炉旁，在那里我点燃了另一把火，它温暖了火本身。生命如此短暂，迂回绕道是不明智的，我们也不能花太多时间等待。那么做我们正在做的事情，难道不是绝对必要的吗？难道我们主要是向魔鬼偿债吗，就像汤姆. 沃克？虽然在歧途上耽搁了太久，但只要我们开始踏上正道，时间就不算晚；对我们来说，这不是下午过半，而是清晨。我们还没有走完破晓前路程的一半。

As for the lectures, I feel that I have something to say, especially on Traveling, Vagueness, and Poverty; but I cannot come now. I will wait till I am fuller, and have fewer engagements. Your suggestions will help me much to write them when I am ready. I am going to Haverhill tomorrow, surveying, for a week or more. You met me on my last errand thither.

至于演讲，我觉得我有东西要说，尤其是关于旅行、迷惑和贫穷；但是我现在不能过去。我要等思想更成熟、事情更少的时候再说。在我准备好写讲稿的时候，你的建议将对我帮助很大。我明天要去黑弗里尔山测量，需要一周或更久。上次我测量时，你在那儿见过我。

I trust that you realize what an exaggerater I am,—that I lay myself out to exaggerate whenever I have an opportunity,—pile Pelion upon Ossa, to reach heaven so[5]. Expect no trivial truth from me, unless I am on the witness-stand. I will come as near to lying as you can drive a coach-and-four. If it isn't thus and so with me, it is with something. I am not particular whether I get the shells or meat, in view of the latter's worth.

我相信你意识到我多能夸大其词——一旦有机会，我就开始夸大其词——把皮利翁山放到奥萨山上面，这样就可以到达天堂。不要期待从我这里听到毫无价值的真相，除非我站在证人席上。我几乎就快要说谎，就像你能驾驶一辆四匹马拉的马车。如果我不是这样，有些事情是这样。鉴于果肉的价值，得到果壳还是果肉，我并不在乎。

I see that I have not at all answered your letter, but there is time enough for that.

我知道我完全没有回答你信中的问题，但是我们还有足够的时间。

(1) 源于“狗追尾巴”的故事，狗不知道尾巴是自己身体的一部分，如果尾巴上还挂了白铁壶，情况就更复杂了。

(2) 在《野果》的《蒲公英》一章，梭罗这样描述：“如果男孩能一口气吹散所有的蒲公英花籽，那么他们的妈妈就不想要他们了。”

(3) 出自英国诗人塞缪尔. 丹尼尔（1562—1619）的诗《致玛格丽特夫人，坎伯兰伯爵夫人》。

(4) 汤姆. 沃克，美国作家华盛顿. 欧文曾于1800 年以《魔鬼和汤姆. 沃克》为题发表过小说。小说中，汤姆. 沃克与魔鬼签订下浮士德式的条约，并最终被魔鬼带走。

(5) 源于荷马史诗《奥德赛》（Odyssey）第2 部，泰坦神想把奥萨山放在奥林匹斯山上，再把皮利翁山放在奥萨山上，这样就可以丈量天堂有多高。

letter fourteen

第十四封信

December 19 and 22, 1853, Monday and Thursday;

1853 年12 月19 日和22 日，星期一和星期四；

Concord, Massachusetts

马萨诸塞州康科德

In September Thoreau had made his second trip into the Maine woods, where he was accompanied by his cousin George Thatcher and the Indian guide Joseph Aitteon. He quickly wrote the excursion up as a lecture and delivered it before his townsmen on December 14. An expanded version of this lecture is the second chapter, "Chesuncook," in his posthumously published book The Maine Woods. At the end of October he received the 706 unsold copies of A Week (of 1,000 printed),the debt for which he had still not quite paid. Having carried them up two flights of stairs to his attic apartment and observed their vast bulk, he remarked wryly in his journal, "I now have a library of nearly nine hundred volumes, over seven hundred of which I wrote myself." An entry in Emerson's journal of this period appears to relate to this particular letter: "H. D. T charged Blake, if he could not do hard tasks, to take the soft ones, & when he liked anything, if it was only a picture or a tune, to stay by it, find out what he liked, & draw that sense or meaning out of it, & do that: harden it, somehow, & make it his own. Blake thought & thought on this, & wrote afterwards to Henry, that he had got his first glimpse of heaven." Emerson later added the remark, "Henry was a good physician."

9月，梭罗第二次游览了缅因森林，与他同行的是他的堂兄乔治. 撒切尔和印第安向导约瑟夫. 艾蒂昂。梭罗很快就将这次旅行写成了讲稿，并于12 月14 日向同城的市民作了演讲。之后他对这篇讲稿作了扩充，成为《缅因森林》的第二章“车桑库克”，该书在梭罗去世后出版。10 月末，梭罗收到706 本滞销的《在康科德河和梅里马克河上的一周》（共印1000 本），当时他仍未还清为该书欠下的债务。梭罗将这些书搬到三楼自己的阁楼里，看着这么多的书，他在日记里自嘲：“现在我拥有一个藏书近900 部的图书馆了，其中700 多部是我自己写的。”爱默生这段时期的一篇日记似乎与这封信有关：“梭罗鼓励布莱克，如果他不能干重活，就做轻的，如果他喜欢什么东西，即使只是一幅画或一支曲子，就守在一边，找出他喜欢的地方，从中提炼出那种意义或感觉，然后去这样做：以某种方式强化它，让它完全成为自己的东西。布莱克对此思来想去，然后写信给亨利，说他终于得以一瞥天堂。”爱默生后来加了一句评论：“亨利是个好医生。”

Concord, December 19, 1853.

1853 年12 月19 日于康科德

Mr. Blake,—

布拉克先生：

My debt has accumulated so that I should have answered your last letter at once, if I had not been the subject of what is called a press of engagements, having a lecture to write for last Wednesday, and surveying more than usual besides. It has been a kind of running fight with me,—the enemy not always behind me, I trust.

我的债务又增加了，我本来应该马上回复你的上一封信，但是我事务缠身，要为上周三的演讲写讲稿，还要测量土地，甚至测量得比平日还多。我简直就是在和时间战斗——我相信，敌人并不总是在我身后。

True, a man cannot lift himself by his own waistbands, because he cannot get out of himself; but he can expand himself (which is better, there being no up nor down in nature), and so split his waistbands, being already within himself.

确实，人无法用自己的腰带把自己举高，因为他无法脱离自己；但是他可以扩展自己（这样更好，因为在本质上不会出现上升或下降），将腰带挣裂开来，因为他早已生活在自己体内。

You speak of doing and being, and the vanity, real or apparent, of much doing. The suckers—I think it is they—make nests in our river in the spring of more than a cart-load of small stones, amid which to deposit their ova. The other day I opened a muskrat's house. It was made of weeds, five feet broad at base, and three feet high, and far and low within it was a little cavity, only a foot in diameter, where the rat dwelt. It may seem trivial, this piling up of weeds, but so the race of muskrats is preserved. We must heap up a great pile of doing, for a small diameter of being. Is it not imperative on us that we do something, if we only work in a treadmill? And, indeed, some sort of revolving is necessary to produce a center and nucleus of being. What exercise is to the body, employment is to the mind and morals. Consider what an amount of drudgery must be performed,—how much humdrum and prosaic labor goes to any work of the least value. There are so many layers of mere white lime in every shell to that thin inner one so beautifully tinted. Let not the shell-fish think to build his house of that alone; and pray, what are its tints to him? Is it not his smooth close-fitting shirt merely, whose tints are not to him, being in the dark, but only when he is gone or dead, and his shell is heaved up to light, a wreck upon the beach, do they appear. With him, too, it is a Song of the Shirt, "Work,—work,—work!"[1] And the work is not merely a police in the gross sense, but in the higher sense a discipline. If it is

surely the means to the highest end we know, can any work be humble or disgusting? Will it not rather be elevating as a ladder, the means by which we are translated?

你谈到行为与存在，以及很多行为的虚荣，无论是真实的虚荣还是表面的虚荣。亚口鱼——我觉得是它们——在春天，用一车多的小石头在我们的河里筑巢，然后把卵放在里面。不久前有一天，我打开了一个麝鼠的巢穴。它的窝用杂草做成，底座宽五英尺，高三英尺，窝的低深处有个小洞，直径才一英尺，麝鼠就住在那里。堆积杂草这样的事，看起来似乎琐碎，但正是通过这种劳动，麝鼠一族才得以生存下去。我们必须积累大量的行为，才能获得一小点的存在。如果我们只是做着单调的工作，那么做4些什么难道不是势在必行吗？事实上，一些循环往复是必要的，因为它能产生存在的中心和核心。运动对于身体不可缺少，同样地，职业对于精神和道德也是不可或缺的。想想必须做多少苦工——要付出多少单调乏味的劳动，才能让工作变得有点价值。每个贝壳里面那色彩绚丽的薄薄的一层，外面又包裹了多少层洁白的石灰。不要让贝壳以为只有自己在建那样的房子；请问，这些色彩对它有何意义？难道那层对于它不只是光滑而贴身的衬衣？存在于黑暗中，色彩对贝壳是4毫无意义的，只有当贝壳离开黑暗或死去，外壳被推举到光线下，成为躺在海滩上的残骸，色彩才出现。伴随贝壳的，也是《衬衫之歌》：“劳动——劳动——劳动！”而这种劳动不只是粗俗意义上的警察监督，而是更高意义上的训练。如果劳动是实现我们知道的最高目的的必经之路，那么什么劳动会是卑微或令人生厌的呢？它不正像梯子一般让人提升，将我们带往高处吗？

How admirably the artist is made to accomplish his self-culture by devotion to his art! The wood-sawyer, through his effort to do his work well, becomes not merely a better wood-sawyer, but measurably a better man. Few are the men that can work on their navels,—only some Brahmins that I have heard of. To the painter is given some paint and canvas instead. In a thousand apparently humble ways men busy themselves to make some right take the place of some wrong, if it is only to make a better paste-blacking,—and they are themselves so much the better morally for it.

艺术家通过献身艺术而实现自我修养，这真让人钦佩！锯木工通过勤恳劳动，不只变成了更熟练的锯工，而且明显地变成了更好的人。很少有人能深思冥想——我听说只有一些婆罗门能这样做。对于画家，给他颜料和画布。人们通过千万种表面上卑微的方式忙碌着，从而让正确的代替错误的，哪怕只是为了调制更好的涂料——他们在道德上因此改进了许多。

You say that you do not succeed much. Does it concern you enough that you do not? Do you work hard enough at it? Do you get the benefit of discipline out of it? If so, persevere. Is it a more serious thing than to walk a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours? Do you get any corns by it? Do you ever think of hanging yourself on

account of failure?

你说你没有取得多少成功。你因此而很烦恼吗？你是否为它足够地劳动？你从中体验到了自律的好处了吗？如果是，请继续坚持。这件事比在1,000 个小时里连续步行1,000 英里还要严重吗？你从中收获玉米了吗？你曾因为失败而想上吊吗？

If you are going into that line,—going to besiege the city of God,—you must not only be strong in engines, but prepared with provisions to starve out the garrison. An Irishman came to see me to-day, who is endeavoring to get his family out to this New World. He rises at half past four, milks twenty-eight cows (which has swollen the joints of his fingers), and eats his breakfast, without any milk in his tea or coffee, before six; and so on, day after day, for six and a half dollars a month; and thus he keeps his virtue in him, if he does not add to it; and he regards me as a gentleman able to assist him; but if I ever get to be a gentleman, it will be by working after my fashion harder than he does. If my joints are not swollen it must be because I deal with the teats of celestial cows before breakfast (and the milker in this case is always allowed some of the milk for his breakfast), to say nothing of the flocks and herds of Admetus[2] afterward.

如果你走进了那条战线——准备围攻上帝之城——你不仅要有强大的动力，还要准备好充足的补给，让守城的士兵耐不住饥饿而弃城投降。今天有个爱尔兰人过来见我，他正试着将自己的家搬到这个新世界。他每天四点半起床，为28 头母牛挤奶（他手指的关节都挤肿了），然后在六点之前吃早餐，他的茶或咖啡里没有牛奶；如此等等，日复一日，每月挣6.5 美元；因此，如果没有增加，他也维持了自己身上的美德；而他觉得我是一位绅士，能够帮助他；但是如果我要成为一位绅士，我就必须按照我的方式，比他更努力地劳动。如果我的关节没有肿，那一定是因为早餐前我挤的是天国母牛的奶（在这种情况下，挤奶人吃早餐时，总会被允许喝点牛奶），更别提之后阿德墨托斯的牛群和羊群了。

It is the art of mankind to polish the world, and everyone who works is scrubbing in some part.

美化世界是人类的艺术，每个劳动的人都在擦洗世界的一部分。

If the work is high and far,

如果这劳动崇高而久远，

You must not only aim aright,

你不仅要瞄准目标，

But draw the bow with all your might,

而且要用尽全力拉开弓，

You must qualify yourself to use a bow which no humbler archer can bend.

逊色的射手无法拉开这张弓，所以你必须努力让自己达到这样的标准。

"Work,—work,—work!”

“劳动——劳动——劳动！”

Who shall know it for a bow? It is not of yew-tree[3]. It is straighter than a ray of light; flexibility is not known for one of its qualities.

谁会知道它是一张弓？它不是用紫杉制造的。这弓比光线还直；易弯曲本来就不是它的特点。

December 22.

12月22 日

So far I had got when I was called off to survey. Pray read the life of Haydon the painter, if you have not. It is a small revelation for these latter days; a great satisfaction to know that he has lived, though he is now dead. Have you met with the letter of a Turkish cadi at the end of Layard's "Ancient Babylon"? That also is refreshing, and a capital comment on the whole book which precedes it,—the Oriental genius speaking through him.

以上这些是我被叫去测量土地时写的。如果你还没读过的话，请读读画家海登的传记。它对最近这些日子有小小的启示；虽然海登现在已经去世，但他曾经在这个世界生活过，这让人无比慰藉。你读过土耳其法官的那封信了吗？它在莱亚德的《古巴比伦》的结尾处。那封信也让人振奋，是对前面整部书的精辟评论——简直是东方的天才通过他在说话。

Those Brahmins "put it through." They come off, or rather stand still, conquerors, with some withered arms or legs at least to show; and they are said to have cultivated the faculty of abstraction to a degree unknown to Europeans. If we cannot sing of health and triumph, we will sing our despair. We will be that kind of bird. There are day owls, and there are night owls, and each is beautiful and even musical while about its business.

那些婆罗门“获得成功”。他们成功，或者以征服者的姿态站立不动，至少可以以干瘠的双臂或双腿示人；据说，他们开发了抽象思维的能力，连欧洲人也无法望其项背。如果不能歌颂健康和胜利，我们就为绝望而歌唱。我们会成为这样的鸟。不论是白天的猫头鹰，还是晚上的猫头鹰，每种猫头鹰劳动时，都是美丽的，甚至连它们的声音也是悦耳的。

Might you not find some positive work to do with your back to

Church and State, letting your back do all the rejection of them? Can you not go upon your pilgrimage, Peter, along the winding mountain path whither you face? A step more will make those funereal church bells over your shoulder sound far and sweet as a natural sound.

难道你不能花些力气对教会和国家做些积极的劳动，而是做所有反对他们的事吗？难道你不能跟随彼得，沿着蜿蜒的山路去朝圣吗？向前一步，你身后那些教堂的丧钟，听起来就会更遥远一些，并且如自然的声音一般悦耳。

"Work,—work ,—work!”

“劳动——劳动——劳动！”

Why not make a very large mud-pie and bake it: in the sun! Only put no Church nor State into it, nor upset any other pepper-box that way. Digus a woodchuck,—for that has nothing to do with rotting institutions. Go ahead.

为何不做一个巨大无比的泥巴饼，然后放在太阳下烤！只要不在饼里放入教会或国家，也不要加入辣椒粉。挖出一只土拨鼠——因为土拨鼠与正在腐烂的机构毫无关系。开始吧！

Whether a man spends his day in an ecstasy or despondency, he must do some work to show for it, even as there are flesh and bones to show for him. We are superior to the joy we experience.

无论一个人是兴高采烈还是意气消沉地度过一天，他都必须用劳动来显示，正如他身上的肉和骨头显示了他的存在。我们在我们体验的快乐之上。

Your last two letters, methinks, have more nerve and will in them than usual, as if you had erected yourself more. Why are not they good work, if you only had a hundred correspondents to tax you?

我觉得比起往常，你上两封信里体现了更多的勇气和意志，仿佛你站得更直了。如果只有100 个通信人斥责你，那么怎么能说你所做的不是很好的劳动呢？

Make your failure tragical by the earnestness and steadfastness of your endeavor, and then it will not differ from success. Prove it to be the inevitable fate of mortals,—of one mortal,—if you can.

通过热忱而坚定地努力，让你的失败染上悲剧的色彩，那么失败会和成功没有区别。去证明失败是凡人——至少是一个凡人——不可避免的命运，如果你能做到的话。

You said that you were writing on Immortality. I wish you would communicate to me what you know about that. You are sure to live while that is your theme.

你说你现在所写的是关于不朽的。我希望你告诉我你对它的了解。

当不朽是你的主题时，你必定会活下去。

Thus I write on some text which a sentence of your letters may have furnished.

所以，我写的一些东西正是你信中的某句话引发开来的。

I think of coming to see you as soon as I get a new coat, if I have money enough left. I will write to you again about it.

如果剩下的钱足够的话，我想买件新大衣后马上去见你。关于此事，我会再写信给你。

(1) 见英国诗人托马斯. 胡德（ThomasH o o d, 1 7 9 9—1845）的《衬衫之歌》，诗中反复出现“ 劳动—— 劳动—— 劳动！”，反映了缝衣工人痛苦而单调的生活。

(2) 在希腊神话中，宙斯命令阿波罗为阿德墨托斯国王放牧，因为阿波罗杀死了独眼巨人基克洛普斯。

(3) 以前认为紫杉是制造长弓的珍贵材料。

letter fifteen

第十五封信

January 21, 1854, Saturday; Concord, Massachusetts

1854 年1 月21 日，星期六；马萨诸塞州康科德

Thoreau left for Worcester at noon on January 23 and returned to Concord at noon on January 25. From 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. on January 24 , which Thoreau noted in his journal was "a very cold day," he and Blake walked the six miles or so from Blake's house near downtown Worcester north to the small town of Holden and back. Thoreau was at this date almost done with his Walden manuscript, which he would soon present to the Boston publishers Ticknor and Fields.

梭罗于1 月23 日中午前往伍斯特，1 月25 日中午返回康科德。他在日记中形容1 月24 日是“非常寒冷的一天”，那天上午9 点，他和布莱克从布莱克靠近伍斯特市中心的家中出发，向北步行大约6 英里，来到赫尔顿小镇，下午4 点返回家中。梭罗在这一天基本改完了《瓦尔登湖》的手稿，不久他将把手稿送给波士顿的迪克诺与费尔兹出版公司。

Concord Jan 21st ‘54

1854 年1 月21 日于康科德

Mr. Blake,

布莱克先生：

My coat is at last done, and my mother & sister allow that I am so far in a condition to go abroad. I feel as if I had gone abroad the moment I put it on. It is, as usual a production strange to me, the wearer, invented by some Count D'Orsay, and the maker of it was not acquainted with any of my real depressions or elevations. He only measured a peg to hang it on, and might have made the loop big enough to go over my head. It requires a not quite innocent indifference not to say insolence to wear it. Ah, the process by which we get overcoats is not what it should be. Though the church declare it righteous & its priest pardons me, my own Good Genius tells me that it is hasty & coarse & false. I expect a time when, or rather an integrity by which a man will get his coat as honestly, and as perfectly fitting as a tree its bark. Now our garments are typical of our conformity to the ways of the world, i.e. of the Devil, & to some extent react on us and poison us like that shirt which Hercules put on.[1]

我的外衣终于做好了，我母亲和妹妹认为我现在4 4可以外出了。穿上外衣的瞬间，我觉得仿佛已经身处室外。像往常一样，这件外衣对我

这个穿衣人来说是陌生的，款式是某个德奥赛公爵发明的，制衣人也完全不了解我的高低和尺寸。他不过是测量了一个挂衣钩，也许还做了足够大的领口，使我的头能套进去。穿这件外衣，不仅需要一种不是很合法的冷漠，还要表现得傲慢无礼。哎，我们获取外衣的过程本来不应如此。虽然教会宣布这是正当的，而且牧师也宽恕我，但是我自己的良心告诉我，这是草率的、粗野的和错误的。我期待着这样一个时刻，更准确地说，期待着人们会带着一种正直的态度，去真诚地获得他们最合身的外衣，正如树皮穿在树上一样。现在我们的衣着象征了我们对世俗方式的遵从——即魔鬼准则的遵从，并且在某种程度上，我们的衣着反作用于我们，毒害我们，如同赫拉克勒斯身上的外衣。

I think to come & see you next week on Monday if nothing hinders. I have just returned from Court at Cambridge, whither I was called as a witness, having surveyed a water-privilege about which there is a dispute since you were here.

如果没有其他事情阻碍，我想下周一过去看你。我刚从剑桥的法庭上回来，他们传唤我过去当证人，因为之前我为别人调查过水利使用权，你来这里之后，他们因为用水权发生了纠纷。

Ah! what foreign countries there are, greater in extent than the U. S. or Russia, and with no more souls to a square mile—stretching away one very side from every human being with whom you have no sympathy. Their humanity affects me as simply monstrous. Rocks—earth—brute beasts comparatively are not so strange to me. When I sit in the parlors or kitchens of some with whom my business brings me—I was going to say in contact—(business, like misery, makes strange bedfellows[2]) I feel a sort of awe and as forlorn as if I were cast away on a desolate shore—I think of Riley's Narrative[3] & his sufferings. You who soared like a merlin with your mate through the realms of ether—in the presence of the unlike drop at once to earth a mere amorphous squab—divested of your air-inflated pinions. (By the way, excuse this writing, for I amusing the stub of the last feather I chance to possess.) You travel on, however, through this dark & desert world. You see in the distance an intelligent & sympathizing picture,—stars come forth in the dark &oases appear in the desert.

啊！那里是何等陌生的国度，面积比美国或俄国还大，一平方英里之内再无其他灵魂——土地从每个人的脚下向四周延伸，你和这些人之间没有感情上的共鸣。他们的人性简直令我震惊。岩石——大地——野兽，对这些我反倒相对没有那么陌生。当我因为生意而坐在人家的客厅或厨房，——应该说接触——（生意，如同苦难，让人结识陌生的伙伴），我觉得有种惊惧，仿佛被抛弃在荒凉的海岸上一般，孤立无助——我想到赖利的故事和他所受的苦难。你如同灰背隼一般，和伴侣一起在天空翱翔，——和一只未成形的雏鸟突然掉落地面不同，你的掉落会让你失去鼓起的双翼。（顺便提一下，请原谅我的书写，因为我用的是碰巧我拥有的最后一根羽毛。）然而，你继续飞行，穿过这个黑暗而

荒凉的世界。你看见远方蕴含智慧和同情的画面——星星在黑暗中闪烁，绿洲在沙漠中出现。

But (to return to the subject of coats), we are well nigh smothered under yet more fatal coats, which do not fit us, our whole lives long. Consider the cloak that our employment or station is—how rarely men treat each other for what in their true & naked characters they are. How we use & tolerate pretension; how the judge is clothed with dignity which does not belong to him, and the trembling witness with humility that does not belong to him, and the criminal perchance with shame or impudence which no more belong to him. It does not matter so much then what is the fashion of the cloak with which we cloak these cloaks. Change the coat—put the judge in the criminal box & the criminal on the bench, and you might think that you had changed the men.

但是（再回到外衣的话题上来），在我们整个一生中，还有更多致命的外衣，它们不适合我们，让我们近乎窒息。想想我们这件职业或身份的外衣——人们相处时，很少看重对方真实的、毫无遮掩的品格。我们如此善于利用伪装，容忍伪装；法官披着不属于他的庄严的外衣，发抖的证人披着不属于他的谦卑的外衣，罪犯也可能披着不再属于他的羞耻或粗鄙的外衣。所以，外衣的款式并不那么重要，我们不过是用外衣来遮掩自己。调换一下外衣——把法官放到被告席上，罪犯放到法官席上，你可能会以为你把人都改变了。

No doubt the thinnest of all cloaks is conscious deception or lies, it is sleazy & frays out, it is not close woven like cloth—but its meshes are a coarse net-work. A man can afford to lie only at the intersection of the threads, but truth puts in the filling & makes a consistent stuff.

毫无疑问，最薄的外衣是蓄意的欺骗或谎言，它质地单薄，容易磨损，不像布织得那样结实——它的网格只是粗糙的织品。人们只能在细线交叉点撒谎，但是真理能填补其他空间，织出完整的面料。

I mean merely to suggest how much the station affects the demeanor & self-respectability of the parties, & that the difference between the judge's coat of cloth & the criminal's is insignificant compared with—or only partially significant of—the difference between the coats which their respective stations permits them to wear. What airs the judge may put on over his coat which the criminal may not! The judge's opinion(sententia) of the criminal sentences him & is read by the clerk of the court, & published to the world, & executed by the sheriff—but the criminal's opinion of the judge has the weight of a sentence & is published &executed only in the supreme court of the universe—a court not of common pleas. How much juster is the one than the other? Men are continually sentencing each other, but whether we be judges or criminals, the sentence is ineffectual

unless we condemn ourselves.

我只是想说明，身份对各方的行为和自尊造成多大的影响，法官和罪犯身上的外衣之间的差异，比起他们各自身份允许他们穿的外衣之间的差异，微不足道——或者说不太重要。法官要何等装腔作势以配合他身份的外衣，罪犯却不用！法官对罪犯的意见判决罪犯，法庭书记官宣读这种意见，接着向世人公布，然后警官执行——但是罪犯对法官的意见也有判决的份量，而且只能在宇宙的最高法院公布和执行——这个法庭不受理普通的诉讼。这家法院比另一家公正多少呢？人们不断地对彼此作出判决，但不管我们是法官还是罪犯，除非我们认罪，否则任何判决都是无效的。

I am glad to hear that I do not always limit your vision when you look this way—that you sometimes see the light through me, that I am here & there windows & not all dead wall. Might not the community sometimes petition a man to remove himself as a nuisance—a darkener of the day—a too large mote?

我很高兴听到，你看向这边时，我没有总是遮挡你的视野——你有时能透过我，看到光亮，我身上到处是窗户，不全是死墙。难道大家有时不是会请求一个人走开，认为他碍事——因为他染黑白昼——像一粒太过巨大的尘埃？

H. D. T

梭罗

(1) 希腊神话中，赫拉克勒斯和妻子得伊阿尼拉要渡过一条河。赫拉克勒斯游过了河，但是得伊阿尼拉要请人首马身的艄公摆渡过河。艄公想占有她，因而被赫拉克勒斯的箭射中。艄公临死时，为了复仇而将自己的血送给得伊阿尼拉，骗她说只要将他的血涂到赫拉克勒斯身上他就能永不变心。得伊阿尼拉担心丈夫背叛，就把粘有怪物血的衣服给了赫拉克勒斯。赫拉克勒斯碰到外衣后疼痛难忍，因此他把自己的凡体连同外衣一起烧掉。最后，他永生不死的身体来到奥林匹斯山，宙斯将其安排在众星之间。

(2) 见莎士比亚《暴风雨》（1611）第二幕第二场第42行：“苦难使人结识陌生的伙伴。”

(3) 赖利（1777—1840），1815 年非洲西海岸沉船， 赖利和其他船员在非洲沙漠或沙赫布拉被游牧的阿拉伯人当成奴隶。

letter sixteen

第十六封信

August 8, 1854, Tuesday; Concord, Massachusetts

1854 年8 月8 日，星期二；马萨诸塞州康科德

Thoreau wrote this letter the day before Walden was published. In late May, at about the time he had completed his work on the proofs of his new book, Anthony Burns was arrested in Boston under the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law. With about 50,000 citizens lining the streets, Burns was escorted by federal troops from the Boston courthouse to a federal frigate, which remanded him to his owner in Virginia. A month later, on Independence Day, Thoreau read an extract from his essay "Slavery in Massachusetts" at an antislavery gathering in Framingham, Massachusetts. The full essay was given wide exposure by being reprinted in The Liberator on July 21 and on August 2 in the New York Tribune. At the same gathering and on the same stage, the fiery abolitionist William Lloyd Garrison (1805—1879) burned a copy of the U.S. Constitution, declaring it "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell" because of its provisions allowing slavery to stand. As he mentions at the beginning of the next letter, the day after he wrote this letter he took the train into Boston to pick up his author's copies of Walden from the publisher, Ticknor and Fields, and had the publisher send a copy of the book to Blake.

梭罗写这封信是在《瓦尔登湖》出版的前一天。五月末，就在梭罗完成新书校样的时候，安东尼. 伯恩斯因触犯《逃奴法》在波士顿被捕。当时大约5 万名市民在大街两旁围观，伯恩斯由联邦军队从波士顿法院押送到一艘联邦政府的大帆船上，他将被遣还给弗吉尼亚的主人。一个月后，在独立日那天，梭罗在马萨诸塞州弗雷明汗的一次反奴集会上，演讲了“马萨诸塞州的奴隶制度”一文的部分内容。后来文章全文发表在7 月21 日的《解放者》和8 月2 日的《纽约论坛报》上，广为人知。在同一次集会的同一个讲台上，激进的废奴主义者W. L. 加里森（1805—1879）烧掉了一份美国宪法，宣称这部宪法是“与死亡的盟约，与地狱的协定”，因为其中的条款允许奴隶制的存在。正如下一封信开头所提到的，写完这封信后的第二天，梭罗乘坐火车前往波士顿，要从出版商迪克诺与费尔兹出版公司那里取回他的样书，同时请出版商给布莱克送去一本。

Concord, August 8, 1854.

1854 年8 月8 日于康科德

Mr. Blake,—

布莱克先生：

Methinks I have spent a rather unprofitable summer thus far. I have been too much with the world, as the poet might say.[1] The completest performance of the highest duties it imposes would yield me but little satisfaction. Better the neglect of all such, because your life passed on a level where it was impossible to recognize them. Laterly, I have heard the very flies buzz too distinctly, and have accused myself because I did not still this superficial din. We must not be too easily distracted by the crying of children or of dynasties. The Irishman erects his sty, and gets drunk, and jabbers more and more under my eaves, and I am responsible for all that filth and folly. I find it, as ever, very unprofitable to have much to do with men. It is sowing the wind, but not reaping even the whirlwind;[2] only reaping an unprofitable calm and stagnation. Our conversation is a smooth, and civil, and never-ending speculation merely. I take up the thread of it again in the morning, with very much such courage as the invalid takes his prescribed Seidlitz powders[3]. Shall I help you to some of the mackerel? It would be more respectable if men, as has been said before, instead of being such pigmy desperates, were Giant Despairs[4]. Emerson says that his life is so unprofitable and shabby for the most part, that he is driven to all sorts of resources, and, among the rest, to men. I tell him that we differ only in our resources. Mine is to get away from men. They very rarely affect me as grand or beautiful; but I know that there is a sunrise and a sunset every day. In the summer, this world is a mere watering-place,—a Saratoga,—drinking so many tumblers of Congress water; and in the winter, is it any better, with its oratorios? I have seen more men than usual, lately; and, well as I was acquainted with one, I am surprised to find what vulgar fellows they are. They do a little business commonly each day, in order to pay their board, and then they congregate in sitting-rooms and feebly fabulate and paddle in the social slush; and when I think that they have sufficiently relaxed, and am prepared to see them steal away to their shrines, they go unashamed to their beds, and take on a new layer of sloth. They may be single, or have families in their faineancy. I do not meet men who can have nothing to do with me because they have so much to do with themselves. However, I trust that a very few cherish purposes which they never declare. Only think, for a moment, of a man about his affairs! How we should respect him! How glorious he would appear! Not working for any corporation, its agent, or president, but fulfilling the end of his being! A man about his business would be the cynosure of all eyes.

我觉得目前为止，这个夏天我过得毫无价值。正如诗人所说，我与这个世界纠缠太深。世界强加给我的最高责任，即使最圆满地完成，也

不能让我感到丝毫满足。最好忽视这些世俗的职责，因为你的生命已经进入这样一个层次，你不能再认可它们。近来，我非常清楚地听到苍蝇嗡嗡作响，我为此谴责自己，因为我没有平息这种浅薄的喧闹。我们一定不要轻易地让孩子的哭喊或王公贵族的叫嚷分散注意力。那个爱尔兰人建起了猪圈，经常喝醉酒，越来越频繁地在我屋檐底下胡言乱语，而我要对这所有的污秽和愚蠢负责。像以往一样，我发现与世人交往实在是毫无意义。播种的是风，却连暴风也没有收获，只收获了无益的平静和凝滞。我们的对话不过是平静的、文明的、永不停歇的思考。今天早上，我重新拾起对话的线索，花费的勇气就像病人要服用医生开出的赛德利茨粉时的勇气一样。你要来点鲭鱼吗？如以前所说的，如果人类不是绝望侏儒，而是失望巨人，他们会更值得尊敬。爱默生说他的生活大体上说都没有价值，没有光彩，他被迫转向其他事物寻求慰藉，其中就包括人。我告诉他，我们唯一的区别就在于此。我的办法是远离世人。世人很少因为伟大或美丽让我感动；可是我知道每天都有日出和日落。夏天，这个世界不过是一个矿泉疗养地——一个萨拉托加——喝着一瓶又一瓶的“国会矿泉水”；冬天，因为有神剧，难道就会更好吗？最近，我见到的人比以往多；而且，尽管和他们中的一个熟识，发现他们如此粗俗，我还是感到惊讶。他们每天一般都要做点事，不过是为了食宿，然后他们聚在大厅，高谈阔论，好似在社会的烂泥里虚弱地划船；当我以为他们已经放松够了，准备看着他们偷偷溜回自己的圣坛去时，他们竟然恬不知耻地躺到了床上，又多了一分新的懒惰。他们可能单身，或已经有了置之不理的家庭。那些忙于自己的事而和我没有关系的人，我不会与他们相识。但是，我相信有少数人能珍惜他们的目的，虽然他们从未说出来。想象一下，就几分钟，想想一个为自己而忙的人！我们应该尊重他啊！他将显得多么荣耀！他劳动着，不是为任何公司、公司的代理人或董事长，只是为了实现自己存在的价值！为自己4 4劳动的人才是众人瞩目的焦点。

The other evening I was determined that I would silence this shallow din; that I would walk in various directions and see if there was not to be found any depth of silence around. As Bonaparte sent out his horsemen in the Red Sea on all sides to find shallow water,[5] so I sent forth my mounted thoughts to find deep water. I left the village and paddled up the river to Fair Haven Pond.[6] As the sun went down, I saw a solitary boatman disporting on the smooth lake. The falling dews seemed to strain and purify the air, and I was soothed with an infinite stillness. I got the world, as it were, by the nape of the neck, and held it under in the tide of its own events, till it was drowned, and then I let it go down stream like a dead dog. Vast hollow chambers of silence stretched away on every side, and my being expanded in proportion, and filled them. Then first could I appreciate sound, and find it musical.

有天晚上，我下定决心，要平息这种肤浅的喧闹；我要朝各个方向行走，看看是否能在周围找到深度的安宁。如同波拿巴派出他的骑兵在

红海各处寻找浅水，我调遣骑在马上的思想去寻找深水。我离开村庄，逆水划向“费尔黑文湖”。太阳下山时，我看到一个划船的人，独自一人在平静的湖面荡舟。下落的露水似乎过滤、净化了空气，我平静下来，内心感到无比的宁静。我仿佛揪住了世界的脖颈，把它按在世间杂事的潮水中，直到它溺死，然后我放开手，让它如一条死狗般顺流而下。巨大而空旷的寂静之房向四面八方扩展，我的存在也随之扩展，充满整个房间。这时，我才能欣赏到天籁，并且发现这声音如此悦耳。

But now for your news. Tell us of the year. Have you fought the goodfight?[7] What is the state of your crops? Will your harvest answer well to the seed-time, and are you cheered by the prospect of stretching cornfields? Is there any blight on your fields, any murrain in your herds? Have you tried the size and quality of your potatoes? It does one good to see their balls dangling in the lowlands. Have you got your meadow hay before the fall rains shall have set in? Is there enough in your barns to keep your cattle over? Are you killing weeds nowadays? or have you earned leisure to go a-fishing? Did you plant any Giant Regrets last spring, such as I saw advertised? It is not a new species, but the result of cultivation and a fertile soil. They are excellent for sauce. How is it with your marrow squashes for winter use? Is there likely to be a sufficiency of fall feed in your neighborhood? What is the state of the springs? I read that in your country there is more water on the hills than in the valleys. Do you find it easy to get all the help you require? Work early and late, and let your men and teams rest at noon. Be careful not to drink too much sweetened water, while at your hoeing, this hot weather. You can bear the heat much better for it.

不过现在说说你的新鲜事吧。告诉我们这一年的情况。你有没有打一场漂亮的仗？你庄稼的长势如何？你的播种是否带来了丰收，看着一大片玉米地，你是否感到高兴？你的庄稼地里是否有枯叶病枝，你的牲畜是否染上瘟疫？你是否试验过土豆的大小和质量？见到它们在低地里摆动是件好事。秋雨来临之前，你收好干草了吗？你仓房里的饲料够不够牲畜过冬？现在你在除杂草吗？或者你是否有空去钓鱼？上个春天你有没有种下“巨大的遗憾”，如我在广告中看到的？它不是一个新品种，而是精心耕作和土地肥沃的结果。它们是很好的调味汁。你为冬天准备的西葫芦如何了？你附近一带秋天的饲料可能会供应充足吗？泉水的状况如何？我在书上读到，你们那里山上的水比山谷的水多。你很容易就能找到自己需要的所有帮手吗？早上和晚上劳动，让你的工人和团队中午休息。在这样的大热天锄地时，注意不要喝太多糖水，这样你更能耐热。

(1) 见英国诗人威廉. 华兹华斯（William Wordsworth，1770—1850）的诗《我们与世界纠缠太深》。

(2) 《圣经. 何希阿书》第8 章第7节：“他们所种的是风，所收的是暴风……”

(3) 赛德利茨粉，一种轻泻剂。

(4) “失望巨人”，见班扬《天路历程》第1 部第7 章。

(5) 在1798—1799 年的埃及战役中，拿破仑为了参观摩西井，在1798年12 月28 日早晨趁退潮时过了红海。但是傍晚返回时，潮水上涨，于是拿破仑派出骑兵去寻找浅水处，以渡过红海。

(6) 费尔黑文湖，苏德伯利河上一处宽敞的河面，在康科德以南两英里，距瓦尔登湖西南半英里。

(7) 《圣经. 提摩太前书》第6 章第12 节：“ 为信仰打上漂亮的一仗，把握永恒的生命，你是为此才被召唤，并且在诸多证人面前表现良好。”

letter seventeen

第十七封信

September 21, 1854, Thursday; Concord, Massachusetts

1854 年9 月21 日，星期四；马萨诸塞州康科德

By this date at least sixty-two reviews of Walden had appeared, mostly in newspapers, as was most common for the time, and most of there views were highly laudatory. Thinking that he could capitalize on the apparent success of his new book, Thoreau began planning a lecture tour to the West. At this time, however, he only had his long "Walking" lecture to work with, so he split that into four sections and began working each into a separate lecture. The "introductory" lecture to the course he tided "Moonlight"; the other three lectures he titled "Walking" and "The Wild," which required very little work, and "What Shall It Prof it," which required a great deal of work and was not actually completed until late November or early December.

迄今为止，关于《瓦尔登湖》的评论至少出现了62篇，大部分发表在报纸上，这是当时最流行的方式，而且大多数评论都对这本书进行了高度赞扬。新书显然很成功，梭罗希望利用它，所以他开始计划到西部演讲。然而，那时他只有很长的《散步》讲稿可用，所以他将这个讲稿分成了四部分，将每一部分写成独立的讲稿。他将“导言”那一部分取名为《月光》；其他三个讲稿分别取名为《散步》、《荒野》和《这有何益处》。其中《散步》和《荒野》不需要花多大功夫，而《这有何益处》则需要花很大功夫重写，实际上直到11 月末或12 月初才完成。

Concord, September 21, 1854.

1854 年9 月21 日于康科德

Blake,—

布莱克先生：

I have just read your letter, but do not mean now to answer it, solely for want of time to say what I wish. I directed a copy of "Walden" to you at Ticknor's, on the day of its publication, and it should have reached you before. I am encouraged to know that it interests you as it now stands,—a printed book, for you apply a very severe test to it,—you make the highest demand on me. As for the excursion you speak of, I should like it right well,—indeed I thought of proposing the same thing to you and Brown, some months ago. Perhaps it would have been better if I had done so then; for in that case I should have been able to enter into it with that infinite margin

to my views,—spotless of all engagements,—which I think so necessary. As it is, I have agreed to go a-lecturing to Plymouth, Sunday after next (October 1), and to Philadelphia in November, and thereafter to the West, if they shall want me; and, as I have prepared nothing in that shape, I feel as if my hours were spoken for. However, I think that, after having been to Plymouth, I may take a day or two—if that date will suit you and Brown. At any rate I will write you then.

我刚读了你的来信，但是现在我不会回信，只因没有时间说我想说的。在《瓦尔登湖》出版的当天，我请迪克诺出版公司给你寄了一本，你应该已经收到了吧。它现在的状态——出版的书，让你感兴趣，知道这点后我很受鼓舞。因为你对它进行了严峻的考验——你对我提出了最高要求。至于你提到的旅行，我也乐意前往——事实上，几个月前，我想过给你和布朗提同样的提议。如果那时我提议了可能会更好；因为要是当时能旅行，我的视野就会无边无际了——没有任何事务的干扰，我觉得这点很有必要。而现在我已经同意到普利茅斯作演讲，时间是下周日（10 月1 日），11 月到费城，此后再到西部，如果他们需要我的话；因为我还没有准备好讲稿，我觉得好像我的时间都被预定了。不过，我想，去了普利茅斯后，我可以留出一两天时间——如果日子对你和布朗合适的话。无论如何，我到时会给你写信的。

letter eighteen

第十八封信

October 5, 1854, Thursday; Concord, Massachusetts

1854 年10 月5 日，星期四；马萨诸塞州康科德

Thomas Cholmondeley (b.1823?) had arrived in Concord with letters of introduction to Emerson, who suggested he board at the Thoreau family home. According to Thoreau's biographer, Walter Harding, "Cholmondeley immediately took to Thoreau and lost all interest in Emerson." When Cholmondeley finally left for England, he asked Thoreau to accompany him, but according to Harding, Thoreau responded that "he was too attached to his native Concord to think of going abroad."

托马斯. 乔姆利（生于1823？）带着给爱默生的介绍信来到康科德，爱默生建议他住在梭罗的家中。据梭罗的传记作者沃尔特. 哈定所说：“乔姆利立刻喜欢上了梭罗，而对爱默生完全失去了兴趣。”在乔姆利最后要返回英国时，他邀请梭罗与他同行，但是据哈定所说，梭罗回答的是“他深深地爱着自己的故土康科德，所以不想出国。”

Concord Oct. 5 '54

1854 年10 月5 日于康科德

Mr. Blake,

布莱克先生：

After I wrote to you Mr. Watson postponed my going to Plymouth one week i.e. till next Sunday, and now he wishes me to carry my instruments & survey his grounds, to which he has been adding. Since I want a little money, though I contemplate but a short excursion, I do not feel at liberty to decline this work. I do not know exactly how long it will detain me—but there is plenty of time yet—& I will write to you again—perhaps from Plymouth—

我写信给你后，沃森先生将我的普利茅斯之行推迟了一周，即要等到下个星期日，现在他希望我带上仪器，去测量他一直在增加的土地。尽管我想进行一次短途旅行，但我缺少点钱，所以不能随意拒绝这份工作。我不知道它会确切地耽误多久——不过还有足够时间。我会再写信给你——也许是从普利茅斯写来。

There is a Mr. Thomas Cholmondeley (pronounced Chumly), a young English author, staying at our house at present—who asks me to teach him botany—i.e, anything which I know—and also to make an excursion to some mountain with him. He is a well-behaved

person, and possibly I may propose his taking that run to Wachusett with us—if it will be agreeable to you. Nay. If I do not hear any objection from you I will consider myself at liberty to invite him.

有位托马斯. 乔姆利先生目前正住在我们家中，他是位年轻的英国作家——他让我教他植物学——即所有我知道的东西——还邀我一起到一些山上旅行。他是一个举止有礼的人，我可能向他提议，请他和我们同游沃楚西特——如果你同意的话。不，如果你没有反对，我会认为我可以邀请他。

In haste,

匆忙而上

H. D. Thoreau

H. D. 梭罗

letter nineteen

第十九封信

October 14, 1854, Saturday; Concord, Massachusetts

1854 年10 月14 日，星期六；马萨诸塞州康科德

Thoreau delivered his new "Moonlight" lecture at Leyden Hallin Plymouth, Massachusetts, on Sunday evening, October 7.Accompanied by both Blake and Cholmondeley, he ascended Mount Wachusett on Thursday, October 19. Westminster and Princeton Center are the nearest towns north and south of Mount Wachusett, respectively.

10 月7 日星期日晚上，梭罗在马萨诸塞州普利茅斯的莱登大厅，发表了新的演讲《月光》。10 月19 日星期四，他同布莱克和乔姆利一起攀登了沃楚西特山。威斯敏斯特是距离沃楚西特山北边最近的城镇，普林斯顿中心则是它南边最近的城镇。

Concord Sat. pm. Oct 14 '54

1854 年10 月14 日，星期六下午于康科德

Blake,

布莱克：

I have just returned from Plymouth, where I have been detained surveying much longer than I expected.

我刚从普利茅斯回来，我一直在那里测量，羁留的时间比预期的长了很多。

What do you say to visiting Wachusett next Thursday? I will start at 7:15 a.m. unless there is a prospect ora stormy day, go by cars to Westminster, & thence on foot 5 or 6 miles to the mt tops, where I may engage to meet you at (or before) 12 m.

下个星期四去游览沃楚西特，你觉得如何？如果那天看起来不像要下暴雨，我会于上午7 点15 分出发，乘车到威斯敏斯特，然后再步行五六英里到达山顶，12 点（或12 点前）与你在山顶会合。

If the weather is unfavorable, I will try again—on Friday,—& again on Monday.

如果天气不好，我会再试一次——改到星期五，如果星期五天气还是不好——就改到星期一。

If a storm comes on after starting, I will seek you at the tavern in Princeton Center, as soon as circumstances will permit.

如果出发后突然下起了暴雨，只要情况允许我会尽快到普林斯顿中心的旅馆找你。

I shall expect an answer to clinch the bargain.

我等着你的答复，好作最后的决定。

Yrs

你的

Henry D. Thoreau.

亨利.D. 梭罗

letter twenty

第二十封信

December 19, 1854, Tuesday; Concord, Massachusetts

1854 年12 月19 日，星期二；马萨诸塞州康科德

Because he had not received enough invitations to make it worth his while, Thoreau was forced to give up his plans for a lecture tour to the West and instead began accepting engagements nearer to home. He had delivered his new "What Shall It Profit" lecture in Railroad Hall in Providence, Rhode Island, on December 6, meeting Theo Brown while in town and thereby setting up the pun which begins this letter.

因为没有收到足够多的邀请，所以不值得前往，梭罗被迫放弃了到西部巡回演讲的计划，而开始接受离家较近的演讲邀请。他于12 月6 日在罗得岛普罗维登斯的铁路礼堂发表了新的演讲《这有何益处》，他在该市遇见布朗，因此才有了这封信开始时的双关语。

Concord, December 19, 1854.

1854 年12 月19 日于康科德

Mr. Blake,—

布莱克先生:

I suppose you have heard of my truly providential[1] meeting with Mr T. Brown; providential because it saved me from the suspicion that my words had fallen altogether on stony ground, when it turned out that there was some Worcester soil there. You will allow me to consider that I correspond with him through you.

我想你已经听说了我与布朗先生在普罗维登斯的真正天意般的相遇；我说是天意，是因为这次会面让我不再怀疑我的演讲全部掉到了硬邦邦的地面上，我发现那里也有一些伍斯特的土壤。我想通过你和他通信，你会同意吧。

I confess that I am a very bad correspondent, so far as promptness of reply is concerned; but then I am sure to answer sooner or later. The longer I have forgotten you, the more I remember you. For the most part I have not been idle since I saw you. How does the world go with you? or rather, how do you get along without it? I have not yet learned to live, that I can see, and I fear that I shall not very soon. I find, however, that in the long run things correspond to my original idea,—that they correspond to nothing else so much; and thus a man may really be a true prophet without any great exertion. The day is

never so dark, nor the night even, but that the laws at least of light still prevail, and so may make it light in our minds if they are open to the truth. There is considerable danger that a man will be crazy between dinner and supper; but it will not directly answer any good purpose that I know of, and it is just as easy to be sane. We have got to know what both life and death are, before we can begin to live after our own fashion. Let us be learning our a-b-c's as soon as possible. I never yet knew the sun to be knocked down and rolled through a mud-puddle; he comes our honor-bright from behind every storm. Let us then take sides with the sun, seeing we have so much leisure. Let us not put all we prize into a football to be kicked, when a bladder will do as well.

我承认就回信的及时性来讲，我是一个很糟糕的通信者；但是我保证一定会回信，只是迟早的问题。我忘记你的时间越久，想起你的时候就越多。自从我见到你之后，大多数时间我都没有懒散地度过。世界和你相处得如何？或者说，没有世界，你过得如何？我知道，我还没有学会生活，我担心我也不能很快学会。但是，我发现从长远来看，事情总是与我最初的想法相吻合——它们不会与其他任何事情这么吻合；因此，人可能确实不必作多大努力，就能成为真正的预言家。白昼从未如此黑暗，甚至黑夜也从未如此，但是至少光明的法则仍占优势，因此它可能照亮我们的心灵，只要我们的心灵向真理敞开。午餐到晚餐之间，一个人极有会发疯的危险；但这无法达到我所知道的任何有益的目的，而恢复理智同样简单。我们必须知道何为生，何为死，之后，才能开始按照自己的方式生活。让我们尽可能快地开始学习生活的基础知识。我从未听说过太阳会被敲下来，在烂泥坑里打滚；太阳总是出现在暴风雨之后，明亮耀眼。既然我们有如此多的闲暇，那就让我们站到太阳这边。我们不要把所有珍惜的东西放进足球里，然后踢掉，因为我们也可以用袋子将它珍藏。

When an Indian is burned, his body may be broiled, it may be no more than a beefsteak. What of that? They may broil his heart, but they do not therefore broil his courage,—his principles. Be of good courage! That is the main thing.

印第安人被烧死时，他的身体可能被烤焦，焦得像牛排一样。那又如何？他们可以烤焦他的心4，但是不能因此烤焦他的勇气——他的原则。鼓足勇气！这才是重要的。

If a man were to place himself in an attitude to bear manfully the greatest evi[2] that can be inflicted on him, he would find suddenly that there was no such evil to bear; his brave back would go a-begging. When Atlas got his back made up, that was all that was required. (In this case, a priv., not pleon., and Τλῆμ.)[3] The world rests on principles. The wise gods will never make underpinning of a man. But as long as he crouches, and skulks, and shirks his work, every creature that has weight will be treading on his toes, and crushing him; he will

himself tread with one foot on the other foot.

如果有人准备好勇敢地承担强加给他的最大邪恶，他会突然发现邪恶不见了；他勇敢的脊背无处施展。当阿特拉斯准备好脊背去背负宇宙时，他就已经达标了。（这种情况下，是减法，不是加法，因此不是负担。）世界是建立于原则之上的。智慧的众神绝不会把人当作基础。但是只要他蹲下来，偷偷溜走，逃避自己的劳动，这时只要有重量的生物都会踩上他的脚趾，踩碎他；他自己的一只脚也会踩在另一只脚上。

The monster is never just there where we think he is. What is truly monstrous is our cowardice and sloth.

怪物从来不只在我们想得到的地方存在。真正可怕的是我们的懦弱和懒惰。

Have no idle disciplines like the Catholic Churchs and others; have only positive and fruitful ones. Do what you know you ought to do. Why should we ever go abroad, even across the way, to ask a neighbor's advice? There is a nearer neighbor within us incessantly telling us how we should behave. But we wait for the neighbor without to tell us of some false, easier way.

不要有天主教或其他教那样懒散的教规；只应有积极和富有成效的原则。做自己认为该做的事情。我们何必总要出门，甚至穿过走道去问邻居的意见呢？我们内心有一位离我们更近的邻居，不断地告诉我们应该如何行事。但是我们等待着外面的邻居，妄想他们告诉我们某种更简单但却是错误的方法。

They have a census-table in which they put down the number of the insane. Do you believe that they put them all down there? Why, in every one of these houses there is at least one man fighting or squabbling a good part of his time with a dozen pet demons of his own breeding and cherishing, which are relentlessly gnawing at his vitals; and if perchance he resolve at length that he will courageously combat them, he says, "Ah! ay! I will attend to you after dinner!" And, when that time comes, he concludes that he is good for another stage, and reads a column or two about the Eastern War![4] Pray to be in earnest, where is Sevastopol? Who is Menchik off and Nicholas behind there? Who the Allies? Did not we fight a little (little enough to be sure, but just enough to make it interesting) at Alma, at Balaclava, at Inkermann? We love to fight far from home. Ah! the Minié musket is the king of weapons. Well, let us get one then.

他们有一份人口普查表，在里面记录了疯子的数量。你相信他们把所有的疯子都写进去了吗？哎呀，在这里的每一个家庭中，至少有一个人，他大部分时间都在与十几个贴身的恶魔打架或争吵，这些恶魔是他自己养育的，并爱护有加，而它们却无情地啃咬着他的命脉；就算他终于下定决心，决定勇敢地与它们战斗，他也会说：“哎！哎！我吃完饭再

来对付你们！”可是，当他终于吃完了饭，他又决定最好去干另一件事，去阅读关于“东方战争”的一两个专栏！我诚心地请教你，塞瓦斯托波尔在哪里？门什科夫是谁？尼古拉斯是后台吗？谁是盟军？我们没有在阿尔玛、巴拉克拉瓦、因克尔曼小打几场吗（战争规模当然一定要小，不过不能太小，得让人看着觉得有趣）？我们喜欢在远离家乡的地方战斗。啊！米尼步枪是武器之王。好，那我们去弄一支吧。

I just put another stick into my stove,—a pretty large mass of white oak. How many men will do enough this cold winter to pay for the fuel that will be required to warm them? I suppose I have burned up a pretty good-sized tree to-night,—and for what? I settled with Mr. Tarbell for it the other day; but that wasn't the final settlement. I got off cheaply from him. At last, one will say, "Let us see, how much wood did you burn, sir?" And I shall shudder to think that the next question be, "What did you do while you were warm?" Do we think the ashes will pay for it? that God is an ash-man? It is a fact that we have got to render an account for the deeds done in the body.

我刚刚把另一根柴枝放进了火炉——一大块白橡树木头。这个寒冷的冬天，多少人能挣足够的钱去买温暖他们的燃料呢？我想今晚我烧掉了相当大的一棵树——为什么呢？那天我和塔贝尔先生结清了这棵树的账；但是那不是最后的清算。我是从他那廉价买来的。最后，有人会问：“让我们看看，你烧掉了多少木柴，先生？”而想到下个问题会是“你暖和的时候，做了什么？”我就会发抖。难道我们认为灰烬会付钱吗？上帝是扫灰人吗？我们必须为在身体里所做的行为开出账单，这是事实。

Who knows but we shall be better the next year than we have been the past? At any rate, I wish you a really new year,—commencing from the instant you read this,—and happy or unhappy, according to your deserts.

谁知道我们下一年会比上一年过得更好？无论如何，我希望你拥有真正崭新的一年——从你读到这封信时开始——快乐或不快乐，全在于你自己的功过。

(1) "providential" 一词有“天意”的意思。梭罗在这里一语双关，既指普罗维登斯，又指天意。

(2) 此句源自古希腊神话，在反对宙斯的战争中，巨人阿特拉斯和克洛诺斯结盟。宙斯因此惩罚阿特拉斯，让他用双肩扛起宇宙。

(3) "priv."和"pleon."，是拉丁语， 意思分别是“ 减法”和“加法”；“Τλῆμ” 是希腊语，意思是“负担”。

(4) 东方战争，即克里米亚战争。

letter twenty-one

第二十一封信

December 22, 1854, Friday; Concord, Massachusetts

1854 年12 月22 日，星期五；马萨诸塞州康科德

At all three of the lectures Thoreau mentions in this letter—in the seaport city of New Bedford, on the island of Nantucket south of Cape Cod, and in Worcester—he delivered "What Shall It Prof it," the essay version of which was posthumously published as "Life without Principle." Daniel Ricketson (1813—1898), his host in New Bedford, was an eccentric, independently wealthy Quaker, sometime historian, and nature lover whom Thoreau describes well in Letter 25. Ricketson had read Walden immediately upon its publication and had written Thoreau an admiring letter on August 12. Although most scholars believe that the highly flattering review of Walden which appeared in the National Anti-Slavery Standard on December 16, 1854, was written by novelist, editor, journalist, scholar, and ardent antislavery activist Lydia Maria Child (1802—1880), a few sentences in the review suggest Blake may have been the author. One such sentence reads: "It is refreshing to find…the sentiments of one man whose aim manifestly is to live and not to waste his time upon the externals of living." The abbreviation "inst." (for "instant") in the second paragraph means "during the present or current month."

梭罗这封信里共提到了三次演讲——一次在海港城市新贝德福德，一次在科德角南面的楠塔基特岛，一次在伍斯特——每次演讲的都是《这有何益处》，这篇文章在梭罗去世后以《无原则的生活》为题发表。丹尼尔. 里基森（1813—1898）在新贝德福德接待梭罗，他性格古怪，是富裕而独立的教友会成员，曾经是历史学家，热爱自然，梭罗在第25 封信中对他有详细的描述。《瓦尔登湖》刚一出版里基森就读了它，并于8 月12 日给梭罗写了封信，表达对该书的赞赏。1854 年12 月16 日，《全国反蓄奴旗帜》上登载了一篇非常热情地吹捧《瓦尔登湖》的评论，虽然大多数学者相信，它的作者是集小说家、编辑、记者、学者和反奴隶制激进分子于一身的莉迪亚. 玛丽亚. 蔡尔德（1802—1880），但评论中的一些句子却显示可能布莱克才是其作者。如其中一句：“有的人富有激情，其人生目标明明白白就是生活4 4，而不是把自己的时间浪费在生活以外的事物上……这种发现让人耳目一新。”信中第二段的缩写"inst."（是"instant"的缩写）意思是“在当前这个月”。

Concord Dec. 22nd '54

1854 年12 月22 日于康科德

Mr. Blake,

布莱克先生：

I will lecture for your Lyceum on the 4th of January next and I hope that I shall have time for that good day out of doors. Mr. Cholmondeley is in Boston, yet perhaps I may write him to accompany me.

我会于明年1 月4 日为你的学院作演讲，希望那天会有时间在户外游览。乔姆利先生在波士顿，不过我可能会写信给他，让他陪我过去。

I have engaged to lecture at New Bedford on the 26 inst. stopping with Daniel Ricketson 3 miles out of town; and Nantucket on the 28th; so that I shall be gone all next week. They say there is some danger of being weather-bound at Nantucket, but I see that others run the same risk.

我已经答应于本月26 日到新贝德福德演讲，暂住在丹尼尔. 里基森距城镇三英里的家中；28 日会到楠塔基特岛演讲；所以下个星期我整周都不在家。他们说在楠塔基特岛有可能遭遇恶劣天气，但是我看其他地方也有同样的风险。

You had better acknowledge the receipt of this at any rate, though you should write nothing else, otherwise I shall not know whether you get it; but perhaps you will not wait till you have seen me to answer my letter. I will tell you what I think of lecturing when I see you.

无论如何，收到这封信后，请一定回复，即使其他什么都不写，否则，我不知道你是否收到了我的信；但是也许你不会等到见了我，才回信。见到你时，我会告诉你我对演讲的想法。

Did you see the notice of Walden in the last Anti-Slavery Standard? You will not be surprised if I tell you that it reminded me of you.

你是否读过最新一期《全国反蓄奴旗帜》上对《瓦尔登湖》的评价？如果我告诉你这一评价让我想起你，你应该不会吃惊吧。

Yrs,

你的，

Henry D. Thoreau

亨利.D. 梭罗

letter twenty-two

第二十二封信

June 27, 1855, Wednesday; Concord, Massachusetts

1855 年6 月27 日，星期三；马萨诸塞州康科德

The weakness in his legs that Thoreau suffered throughout the remainder of this year and into the next was very likely a symptom of tuberculosis. Given his known susceptibility to psychosomatic illness (he suffered acutely from sympathetic lockjaw in the weeks after his older brother John died of the disease), one suspects that the weakness may have been brought about by Walden not being as well received as he had hoped. In any case, the debility caused him to postpone what would have been his third trip to Maine; instead he went on what amounted to a convalescent excursion to Cape Cod with Channing shortly after writing this letter. Neither Blake nor Brown was able to join him during his two week stay on the Cape. Essay versions of his earlier lecture course "An Excursion to Cape Cod" began appearing serially in Pumam's Monthly for June but halted peremptorily after the August issue, ostensibly because Curtis, still the editor, had not realized that "the Cape Cod paper 'was to be expanded into a book,'" by which he apparently meant that the whole was longer than he was willing to accommodate.

这一年剩下的时间以及下一年，梭罗一直双腿无力，这很可能是肺结核的一种症状。众所周知，梭罗患有心身易感症（他哥哥因为交感性牙关紧闭症去世后的几周里，他也因为这种病深受折磨），所以我们怀疑梭罗双腿无力，可能是由于《瓦尔登湖》不像他所期望的那样受欢迎。无论如何，双腿无力导致他推迟了本来要进行的第三次缅因之旅；写了这封信后不久，他和钱宁一同前往科德角，想通过此次旅行恢复健康。在科德角逗留的两个星期中，布莱克和布朗都没能和他在一起。从6 月份开始，他早期的讲稿《科德角之旅》开始以文章的形式连载在《帕特南月刊》上，但是8 月之后突然被勒令停止，显然是因为柯蒂斯（仍是编辑）没有意识到“科德角游记‘是要扩展成一本书的’”，很明显，柯蒂斯的意思是文章整体太长，不愿给它那么多版面。

Concord June 27th 1855

1855 年6 月27 日于康科德

Mr. Blake,

布莱克先生：

I have been sick and good for nothing but to lie on my back and

wait for something to turn up, for two or three months. This has compelled me to postpone several things, among them writing to you to whom I am so deeply in debt, and inviting you and Brown to Concord—not having brains adequate to such an exertion. I should feel a little less ashamed if I could give any name to my disorder, but I cannot, and our doctor cannot help me to it, and I will not take the name of any disease in vain. However, there is one consolation in being sick, and that is the possibility that you may recover to a better state than you were ever in before. I expected in the winter to be deep in the woods of Maine in my canoe long before this, but I am so far from that that I can only take a languid walk in Concord streets.

这两三个月来，我一直病着，除了躺在床上，什么都干不了，只能等着出现转机。这迫使我推迟了好几件事，其中包括给你写信，尽管我负债于你颇多，也没有邀请你和布朗到康科德来——我精神不济，无法陪伴你们。如果我能说出病名，也许就不会感到如此惭愧，但我不能，甚至连医生也帮不了我，而我也不愿徒劳地使用任何病名。不过，生病后值得安慰的是，身体可能恢复到比以前任何时候都好的状态。生病之前好久，我就期待着冬天能划着我的独木舟，深入缅因树林，但是现在这距离我太遥远了，我只能在康科德的大街上，无精打采地散步。

I do not know how the mistake arose about the Cape Cod excursion. The nearest I have come to that with anybody is that about a month ago Channing proposed to me to go to Truro on Cape Cod, with him& board there awhile, but I declined. For a week past however I have been a little inclined to go there & sit on the sea-shore a week or more, but I do not venture to propose myself as the companion of him or of any peripatetic man. Not that I should not rejoice to have you and Brown or C. sitting there also. I am not sure that C. really wishes to go now—and as I go simply for the medicine of it, while I need it, I should not think it worth the while to notify him when I am about to take my bitters.

我不知道科德角之行是怎样出现差错的。我最近一次与人谈及科德角之行是在一个月前，那时钱宁邀我同游科德角的特鲁罗，并在那里暂住一阵，但是我拒绝了。然而，在过去的一周里，我又有点想去那里，想在海岸上坐上一周或更久，不过我不想冒昧邀请钱宁或任何喜欢旅行的人与我为伴。这倒并不是我不喜欢你、布朗或钱宁也坐在那里。我不确定钱宁现在是否真的想去——因为我去那里仅仅是为了疗养，虽然我需要去，在我要喝下苦药时，觉得没有必要通知他。

Since I began this, or within 5 minutes, I have begun to think that I will start for Truro next Saturday morning—the 30th. I do not know at what hour the packet leaves Boston, nor exactly what kind of accommodation I shall find at Truro.

从写这封信开始，或写了五分钟后，我开始想我将要在下星期六早

上——30 日前往特鲁罗。我不知道班轮什么时刻驶离波士顿，也不确定我在特鲁罗会找到什么样的住处。

I should be singularly favored if you and Brown were there at the same time, and though you speak of the 20th of July, I will be so bold as to suggest your coming to Concord Friday night (when, by the way Garrison & Phillips[1] hold forth here) & going to the Cape with me. Though we take short walks together there we can have long talks, and you & Brown will have time enough for your own excursions besides.

如果你和布朗到时也能在那里，我会感到非常幸运，虽然你说的是7 月20 日，但是我想大胆地提议你们于星期五晚上来康科德（顺便提一下，那时候加里森和菲利普斯会在这里演讲），和我一起前往科德角。虽然在那里我们不能一起进行长时间的散步，但我们可以进行长时间的交谈，而且，你和布朗两人也有充足的时间自己四处游览。

I received a letter from Cholmondeley last winter, which I should like to show you, as well as his book. He said that he had "accepted the offer of a captaincy in the Salop Militia," and was hoping to take an active part in the war before long.

去年冬天我收到乔姆利的一封信，我想让你看看这封信以及他的书。他说他已经“接受了萨洛普自卫队的上尉一职”，希望不久就能积极投入战争。

I thank you again and again for the encouragement your letters are to me. But I must stop this writing, or I shall have to pay for it.

我要再三地感谢你，因为你的信对我是莫大的鼓励。但是我必须停笔了，否则我会为此付出代价。

Yours Truly

你真诚的

H. D. Thoreau

H. D. 梭罗

(1) 加里森（1805—1879）和温菲利普斯（1811—1884），美国战前著名的废奴主义者。加里森是《解放者》报的创始人和编辑；菲利普斯是加里森的好友和同事。

letter twenty-three

第二十三封信

July 8, 1855, Sunday; North Truro, Massachusetts

1855 年7 月8 日，星期日；马萨诸塞州北特鲁罗

The Highland Lighthouse is on the Atlantic side of the Cape in the town of North Truro at about the same latitude as the southern most part of Provincetown (42.0405°N), which is on the southern or bayside shore of the northern extremity of the Cape. Commerce Street seems to be an error for Commercial Street; Boston maps of the time show no Commerce Street but a Commercial Street paralleling the harbor from the foot of Long Wharf on the eastern side of the Boston peninsula around the northern tip of the peninsula to the Charles River (now Charlestown) Bridge. T Wharf was an extension jutting northward from about the center of Long Wharf and then running parallel to Long Wharf in an easterly direction. Long Wharf was and still is an extension into the harbor of State Street. As one might expect, "good livers" are those who know how to enjoy the pleasures of life.

高地灯塔在科德角靠近大西洋的一侧，位于北特鲁罗城，与普罗温斯敦的南端大部分地区大约处于相同的纬度（北纬42.0405 度），普罗温斯敦位于科德角最北端南面或湾边海岸。“商业街”似乎是“商业的大街”的误写；当时的波士顿地图上没有“商业街”，只有“商业的大街”，大街与海港平行，从波士顿半岛东侧大码头开始，绕过半岛北端，延伸到查尔斯河（现在的查尔斯顿）大桥。T 形码头大约是大码头中心向北面的延伸，在某处转而向东与大码头平行。过去和现在，大码头都延伸到国家街的海港里。正如大家所想的那样，“懂得生活的人”是指知道如何享受生活乐趣的人。

North Truro, July 8, 1855.

1855 年7 月8 日于北特鲁罗

There being no packet, I did not leave Boston till last Thursday, though I came down on Wednesday, and Channing with me. There is no public house here; but we are boarding with Mr. James Small, the keeper, in a little house attached to the Highland Lighthouse. It is true the table is not so clean as could be desired, but I have found it much superior in that respect to the Provincetown hotel. They are what is called "good livers." Our host has another larger and very good house, within a quarter of a mile, unoccupied, where he say she can accommodate several more. He is a very good man to deal with,—has

often been the representative of the town, and is perhaps the most intelligent man in it. I shall probably stay here as much as ten days longer: board $3.50 per week. So you and Brown had better come down forthwith. You will find either the schooner Melrose or another, or both, leaving Commerce Street, or else T Wharf, at 9 A.M.(it commonly means 10), Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays,—if not other days. We left about 10 A. M., and reached Provincetown at 5 P. M.,—a very good run. A stage runs up the Cape every morning but Sunday, starting at 4:30 A.M., and reaches the post office in North Truro, seven miles from Provincetown, and one from the lighthouse, about 6 o'clock. If you arrive at P. before night, you can walk over, and leave your baggage to be sent. You can also come by cars from Boston to Yarmouth, and thence by stage forty miles more,—through everyday, but it costs much more, and is not so pleasant. Come by all means, for it is the best place to see the ocean in these States. I hope I shall be worth meeting.

因为一直没有邮船，我直到星期四才离开波士顿，尽管我星期三就过来了，钱宁和我一起。这里没有旅馆；但是我们寄宿在灯塔看守人詹姆斯. 斯莫尔先生的家中，那是一个小房子，与高地灯塔相连。确实，里面的餐桌没有希望的干净，但是我发现与普罗温斯敦旅馆相比，这里干净很多。他们是人们所说的“懂得生活的人”。主人还有一个更大的房子，非常好，距此不到四分之一英里，目前无人居住，主人说他还可以接待好几个客人。他是一个很好相处的人——常常作为这个城镇的代表，可能是镇上最有智慧的人。我可能还要在这里停留十天：食宿费每周3.5 美元。所以你和布朗最好立刻过来。你们会发现“麦尔罗斯”纵帆船或另一艘船，有时是两艘船一起，在上午9 点（通常是10 点）驶离商业街或T 形码头，星期二、星期四和星期六有船——如果其他日子没有的话。我们大约上午10 点出发，下午5 点到达普罗温斯敦——旅程很顺利。除了星期天，每天早上都有去往科德角的公共马车，早上4 点半出发，大约6 点到达北特鲁罗的邮局。邮局距离普罗温斯敦七英里，距离灯塔一英里。如果你天黑前到达普罗温斯敦，可以走过来，行李留下让他们送。你也可以先从波士顿乘车到雅茅斯，然后再在那里转乘公共马车走四十多英里——马车每天都有。但是这样路费贵很多，旅程也不怎么愉快。请务必过来，因为在这几个州里，这儿是看海的最佳地点。我希望自己值得你来相见。

letter twenty-four

第二十四封信

July 14, 1855, Saturday; North Truro, Massachusetts

1855 年7 月14 日，星期六；马萨诸塞州北特鲁罗

Thoreau and Channing did indeed return to Concord from the Capeon Wednesday, July 18. To go "before the mast" means to serve as a common sailor and therefore be quartered in the forward part of a ship, as opposed to the officers, mares, and passengers, whose quarters were behind the mast. Richard Henry Dana (1815—1882), who graduated from Harvard College the same year as Thoreau 1837, had published his well-known travel book Two Years before the Mast in 1840.

梭罗和钱宁确实于7 月18 日星期三从科德角返回了康科德。“在桅杆前”意思是当一名普通水手，所以住在船的前部，与船长、大副和旅客正相反，这些人住在桅杆的后面4 4。理查德.H. 达纳（1815—1882）与梭罗同年（1837）毕业于哈佛学院，于1840 年出版了著名的游记《两年水手生涯》。

July, 14.

7 月14 日

You say that you hope I will excuse your frequent writing. I trust you will excuse my infrequent and curt writing until I am able to resume my old habits, which for three months I have been compelled to abandon. Methinks I am beginning to be better. I think to leave the Cape next Wednesday, and so shall not see you here; but I shall be glad to meet you in Concord, though I may not be able to go before the mast, in a boating excursion. This is an admirable place for coolness and sea-bathing and retirement. You must come prepared for cool weather and fogs.

你说希望我原谅你信写得太频繁。我相信你会原谅我信写得很少而且简短，等我能够恢复老习惯就好了。这三个月来我不得不放弃这些老习惯。我觉得身体开始好转了，想下个星期三离开科德角，所以不能在这里与你见面了；但是我会很高兴在康科德见到你，虽然我不能在乘船旅行的时候，站在桅杆前。这真是一个宜人的地方，你可以在这里避暑，洗海水浴，还可以退隐休养。这里天气凉爽，云雾缭绕，你来前一定要作好准备。

P. S.—There is no mail up till Monday morning.

附——星期一上午之前不会有邮件。

letter twenty- five

第二十五封信

September 26, 1855, Wednesday; Concord, Massachusetts

1855 年9 月26 日，星期三；马萨诸塞州康科德

The weakness Thoreau continued to experience in his legs portended ill for his artistry because, as he often suggested in his journal, his literary output was in fairly direct proportion to his peripatetic exertions. He appears not to have felt quite himself again until the spring.

梭罗双腿仍然无力，这预示了他艺术创作的衰退，因为正如他经常在日记里提到的，他的文学成果与其外出旅行刚好成正比。他的身体似乎一直不太好，直到第二年春天才康复。

Concord, September 26, 1855.

1855 年9 月26 日于康科德

Mr. Blake,—

布莱克先生：

The other day I thought that my health must be better,—that I gave at last a sign of vitality,—because I experienced a slight chagrin. But I do not see how strength is to be got into my legs again. These months of feebleness have yielded few, if any, thoughts, though they have not passed without serenity, such as our sluggish Musketaquid[1] suggests. I hope that the harvest is to come. I trust that you have at least warped up the stream a little daily, holding fast by your anchors at night, since I saw you, and have kept my place for me while I have been absent.

前几天我想我的身体一定是有所好转了——终于有点活力了——因为之前我感到有点懊恼。但是现在我不知道如何使我的双腿再次获得力量。这几个月来的虚弱并没有让我收获多少想法，虽然这段时间是在安静中度过的，正如我们缓慢流动的莫斯基塔奎德河所暗示的。我希望收获即将来临。我相信，自从我见到你后，你每天至少会逆河而上一点点，晚上会靠着锚稳稳地停在原地，而且在我不在的时候保留我的位置。

Mr. Ricketson of New Bedford has just made me a visit of a day and a half, and I have had a quite good time with him. He and Channing have got on particularly well together. He is a man of very simple tastes, notwithstanding his wealth; a lover of nature; but, above all, singularly frank and plain-spoken. I think that you might

enjoy meeting him.

新贝德福德的里基森先生刚来拜访了我，在这里呆了一天半，我们一起度过了一段愉快的时光。他和钱宁相处得特别好。他虽然富有，但是喜欢的东西却很朴素；他热爱自然；不过最重要的是，他特别真诚、坦率。我想你应该会很高兴与他相见。

Sincerity is a great but rare virtue, and we pardon to it much complaining, and the betrayal of many weaknesses. R. says of himself, that he sometimes thinks that he has all the infirmities of genius without the genius; is wretched without a hair-pillow, etc.; expresses a great and awful uncertainty with regard to "God," "Death," his "immortality"; says, "If I only knew," etc. He loves Cowper's "Task" better than anything else; and thereafter, perhaps, Thomson, Gray, and even Howitt[2]. He has evidently suffered for want of sympathizing companions. He says that he sympathizes with much in my books, but much in them is naught to him,—“namby-pamby,”—"stuff,"—"mystical." Why will not I, having common sense, write in plain English always; teach men in detail how to live a simpler life, etc.; not go off into—? But I say that I have no scheme about it,—node signs on men at all; and, if I had, my mode would be to tempt them with the fruit, and not with the manure. To what end do I lead a simple life at all, pray? That I may teach others to simplify their lives?—and so all our lives be simplified merely, like an algebraic for mula? Or not, rather, that I may make use of the ground I have cleared, to live more worthily and profitably? I would fain lay the most stress forever on that which is the most important,—imports the most tome,—though it were only (what it is likely to be) a vibration in the air. As a preacher, I should be prompted to tell men, not so much how to get their wheat-bread cheaper, as of the bread of life[3] compared with which that is bran. Let a man only taste these loaves, and he becomes a skillful economist at once. He'll not waste much time in earning those. Don't spend your time in drilling soldiers, who may turn our hirelings after all, but give to undrilled peasantry a country to fight for. The schools begin with what they call the elements, and where do they end?

真诚是很伟大却罕见的美德，一个人即使有很多抱怨，并且暴露了很多缺点，可是因为他真诚，我们就能宽恕他。里基森说有时觉得自己拥有天才所有的缺点，却没有天才的天姿；他说自己不幸，没有绒毛枕头，等等；说到“上帝”、“死亡”、他的“不朽”时，表现出一种崇高而又使人敬畏的不确定性；他说，“要是我知道就好了”等等。他最喜欢柯珀的《任务》；因此可能还喜欢汤姆森、格雷，甚至豪伊特。他缺乏可以交心的朋友，并且明显地深受其苦。他说我书中的许多东西都能引起他的共鸣，但是许多东西对他来说毫无意义——“无病呻吟的”——“啰嗦的”——“神秘的”。他说我拥有常识，为什么不经常写些通俗易懂的东

西；详细地教育人们如何过上更简单的生活等等；为什么我不开始——？但是我说我没有这样的打算——我根本不想教人们什么；而且，如果我有这样的打算，我的方法是用成果诱惑他们，而不是用肥料。我到底为什么要过简单的生活呢？是为了可以教育别人把他们的生活简单化吗？——这样，我们所有人的生活都简单化了，就像代数公式一样？或者不是如此，我的目的是利用我清理出的土地，生活得更有价值、更有意义？对于最重要的东西——对我来说最重要的——尽管它可能只是（有可能是）空气中的微小震动，我乐意永远给予最高的重视。作为一个说教者，我要立刻告诉他们的，不是如何用更低的价格得到他们的小麦面包，而是如何获得生命的面包，与后者相比，前者简直就是麸皮。让一个人仅仅品尝这些生命的面包，他立刻就能变成高明的经济学家，不会再为赚取那些小麦面包浪费大量的时间。不要花时间训练士兵，因为他们可能终将变成我们的雇工，但要给那些没有训练过的农民一个可以为之战斗的国家。学校的教学开始于所谓的基本的东西，但是终结于什么呢？

I was glad to hear the other day that Higginson[4] and Brown were gone to Ktaadn; it must be so much better to go to than a Woman's Rights or Abolition Convention; better still, to the delectable primitive mounts within you, which you have dreamed of from your youth up, and seen, perhaps, in the horizon, but never climbed.

那天我很高兴听说希金森和布朗去了卡特金山；比起参加妇女大会或废奴大会，这肯定是一个好得多的去处；还有更好的去处，那就是你内心那些令人愉快的原始山峰，你从小就梦想着爬上这些山峰，可能在地平线上见到过，但是从来没有登上过。

But how do you do? Is the air sweet to you? Do you find anything at which you can work, accomplishing something solid from day to day? Have you put sloth and doubt behind, considerably?—had one redeeming dream this summer? I dreamed, last night, that I could vault over any height it pleased me. That was something; and I contemplated myself with a slight satisfaction in the morning for it.

但是你4好吗？空气对于你是清新的吗？你有没有发现可以投身其中的事情，每天完成一点实在的东西？你有没有把懒惰和疑虑远远地抛在身后？——这个夏天有没有做过救赎的梦？昨天晚上我做梦了，梦见自己可以越过任何使我高兴的高度。这很了不起；为此今天早上我带着些许满意审视了自己。

Methinks I will write to you. Methinks you will be glad to hear. We will stand on solid foundations to one another,—I a column planted on this shore, you on that. We meet the same sun in his rising. We were built slowly, and have come to our bearing. We will not mutually fall over that we may meet, but will grandly and eternally guard the straits. Methinks I see an inscription on you, which the architect made, the stucco being worn off to it. The name of that

ambitious worldly king is crumbling away. I see it toward sunset in favorable lights. Each must read for the other, as might a sailer-by. Be sure you are star-y-pointing still. How is it on your side? I will not require an answer until you think I have paid my debts to you.

我想我会写信给你。我想你会高兴收到我的信。我们会站立在彼此坚实的基础之上——我矗立在河岸这边的柱子，你矗立在河岸的另一边。我们一起迎接同一轮太阳的升起。我们慢慢成长，就要结出硕果。我们不会为相见而倾倒，而会庄严地、永远地守卫在河的两岸。我想我在你身上看到了题词，这是建筑师的手笔，泥灰逐渐从它上面脱落。那个野心勃勃的俗世国王，他的名字正风化而去。在落日的余晖中我看见他的名字。每个人必须为对方读出来，如同驶过的船。你要确信自己仍是指向星空的尖塔。你那边怎么样？在你认为我还清了你的债务之前，我不要求你回信。

I have just got a letter from Ricketson, urging me to come to New Bedford, which possibly I may do. He says I can wear my old clothes there.

我刚从里基森那收到一封信，催我到新贝德福德去，我可能会去。他说在那里我可以穿自己的旧衣服。

Let me be remembered in your quiet house.

希望你在你安静的房子里能够想起我。

(1) 莫斯基塔奎德河，印第安人对康科德的称呼，意思是“草原”。

(2) 豪伊特， 可能指教友派诗人威廉. 豪伊特（William Howitt，1792—1897），其代表作是《四季书》； 也可能指威廉的妻子玛丽. 豪伊特（Mary Howitt，1799—1888），她也是教友派信徒， 代表作是《蜘蛛和苍蝇》。

(3) 生命的面包，《圣经. 约翰福音》第6 章第35节：“耶稣说，我就是生命的粮。到我这里来的，必定不饿。信我的，永远不渴。”

(4) 希金森（1823—1911）， 美国牧师、改革家、演说家、作家。

letter twenty-six

第二十六封信

December 9, 1855, Sunday; Concord, Massachusetts

1855 年12 月9 日，星期日；马萨诸塞州康科德

Thoreau took Blake in his boat up the Assabet River in Concordon November 9, both to collect wood for the coming winter (a highly significant annual ritual for Thoreau, one discussed in the "Housewarming" chapter of Walden as well as in this letter) and to salvage from the river planks and driftwood with which to build a suitable bookshelf for the books Cholmondeley had sent from England. As Thoreau remarks, the books arrived on November 30—appropriately enough, aboard a ship named Asia.

11 月9 日，梭罗带着布莱克乘坐他的船在康科德的阿萨比特河里逆流而上，他们都要为即将来临的冬天收集木柴（这对梭罗来说，是每年都进行的重要仪式，《瓦尔登湖》的“乔迁庆宴”一章以及这封信都谈到了这点），同时还要打捞河里的木板和浮木，用来做一个合适的书架，摆放乔姆利从英国寄来的书籍。正如梭罗所说，书于11 月30日到达——搭载它们的船名为“亚洲”，真是恰当不过了。

Concord, December 9, 1855.

1855 年12 月9 日于康科德

Mr. Blake,—

布莱克先生：

Thank you! thank you for going a-wooding with me,—and enjoying it,—for being warmed by my wood fire. I have indeed enjoyed it much alone. I see how I might enjoy it yet more with company,—how we might help each other to live. And to be admitted to Nature's hearth costs nothing. None is excluded, but excludes himself. You have only to push aside the curtain.

谢谢你！谢谢你陪我收集木材，并从中得到了欢乐，还在我的柴火旁得到了温暖。我独自一人时，确实也乐在其中，不过我发现有人相伴时，其中的乐趣更大——我们可以在生活中相互扶持。投入大自然的暖炉中，不必付费。大自然不会将任何人拒之门外，人们自己却会抗拒大自然。你要做的仅仅只是拉开帷幕。

I am glad to hear that you were there too. There are many more such voyages, and longer ones, to be made on that river, for it is the water of life. The Ganges[1] is nothing to it. Observe its reflections,—no idea but is familiar to it. That river, though to dull eyes it seems

terrestrial wholly, flows through Elysium. What powers bathe in it invisible to villagers! Talk of its shallowness,—that hay-carts can be driven through it at midsummer; its depth passeth my understanding. If, forgetting the allurements of the world, I could drink deeply enough of it; if, cast adrift from the shore, I could with complete integrity float on it, I should never be seen on the Mill-dam[2] again. If there is any depthin me, there is a corresponding depth in it. It is the cold blood of the gods. I paddle and bathe in their artery.

得知你当时也在那里我很高兴。我们在那条河上，还要进行更多这样的旅行，而且旅程要更长，因为这是生命之河。与它相比，恒河也不值一提。观察河水的反思——没有思想但近似思想。虽然在呆滞的目光里，那条河好像完全是在地面流淌，但其实它流过了天堂。蕴含其中的力量多么强大！可惜村民们无法看到！人们说河水很浅——仲夏时，干草拖车可以从河上开过去；但是河的深度是我无法理解的。如果忘记俗世的诱惑，我能畅饮河水；如果把我从岸上抛入河里，我能毫发无损地漂浮在河上，我将再也不会出现在磨坊水坝商业区。我的深度有多大，它的深度就有多大。河里流淌的是众神的冰冷的血。我在他们的动脉里划桨、沐浴。

I do not want a stick of wood for so trivial a use as to burn even, but they get it over night, and carve and gild it that it may please my eye. What persevering lovers they are! What infinite pains to attract and delight us! They will supply us with fagots wrapped in the daintiest packages, and freight paid; sweet scented woods, and bursting into flower, and resounding as if Orpheus[3] had just left them, —these shall be our fuel, and we still prefer to chaffer with the wood-merchant!

我不想为了如此不重要的用途，甚至是燃烧的用途而要一根木材，但是他们一夜之间就弄来了，他们雕刻这木材，给它镀上金色，好让它看起来赏心悦目。他们是多么坚忍的恋人！为了吸引我们的注意，让我们高兴，他们多么的辛劳！他们为我们提供包装最精美的柴捆，并且已经付好运费；散发芳香的木材，绽放出火花，余音缭绕，仿佛奥菲士刚刚离开它们——这些将会是我们的燃料，可是我们仍然宁愿与卖柴的商人讨价还价！

The jug we found still stands draining bottom up on the bank, on the sunny side of the house. That river,—who shall say exactly whence it came, and whither it goes? Does aught that flows come from a higher source? Many things drift downward on its surface which would enrich a man. If you could only be on the alert all day, and every day! And the nights are as long as the days.

我们发现的水壶依然倒置在河岸上，在房子沐浴阳光的那一边，不断向外滴水。那条河——谁能确切地说出它来自何处，又流向何方？任何流动的事物都来自更高的源头吗？许多东西在河面上漂浮而下，它们

可以使人们富有。希望时刻密切注意，日日密切注意！而且黑夜和白昼一样漫长。

Do you not think you could contrive thus to get woody fibre enough to bake your wheaten bread with? Would you not perchance have tasted the sweet crust of another kind of bread in the mean while, which ever hangs ready baked on the bread-fruit trees of the world?

你没有想过你这样能获得足够的木材，来烤自己的小麦面包吗？你难道没有同时偶然品尝到另外一种甜美的面包皮吗？那种面包早就烤好了，一直挂在世界的面包果树上。

Talk of burning your smoke after the wood has been consumed! There is a far more important and warming heat, commonly lost, which precedes the burning of the wood. It is the smoke of industry, which is incense. I had been so thoroughly warmed in body and spirit, that when at length my fuel was housed, I came near selling it to the ashman, as if I had extracted all its heat.

人们竟然说起木材燃尽后把烟烧尽！在木材燃烧之前，有一种更重要的、更温暖的热量，大家一般都会与之失之交臂。那是勤劳的烟，散发着香气。所以最后当我房里堆满燃料，几乎就要把它卖给扫灰的人，仿佛我已经汲取了它所有的热量时，我的身体和灵魂已经因此彻底变得温暖。

You should have been here to help me get in my boat. The last time I used it, November 27th, paddling up the Assabet, I saw a great round pine log sunk deep in the water, and with labor got it aboard. When I was floating this home so gently, it occurred to me why I had found it. It was to make wheels with to roll my boat into winter quarters upon. So I sawed off two thick rollers from one end, pierced them for wheels, and then of a joist which I had found drifting on the river in the summer I made an axletree, and on this I rolled my boat out.

你应该来这里帮我划船。我上次用船，是11 月27日，那天我在阿萨比特河里划船逆流而上时，看到一大段松木沉在水底，费了好大劲才将它弄到了船上。当我轻巧地把木头漂回家时，我忽然想到为什么要找它。我要用它做轮子，这样就可以把我的船推回冬天的住所。于是我从一端锯下来两块厚的圆木，把它们穿孔做成轮子，夏天时，我捡到过一根河里漂过来的大梁，用它做成轴承，凭借这些东西，我把船从河里推了出来。

Miss Mary Emerson[4] is here,—the youngest person in Concord, though about eighty,—and the most apprehensive of a genuine thought; earnest to know of your inner life; most stimulating society; and exceedingly witty withal. She says they called her old when she

was young, and she has never grown any older. I wish you could see her.

玛丽. 爱默生小姐在本地居住——她是康科德最年轻的人，虽然年近80——她最能了解你真实的想法；热切地渴望了解你的内心生活；她最为活跃；而且异常风趣。她说她年轻时，人们就说她老成，而她自此再也没有变得更老。我希望你能见见她。

My books did not arrive till November 30th, the cargo of the Asia having been complete when they reached Liverpool. I have arranged them in a case which I made in the mean while, partly of river boards. I have not dipped far into the new ones yet. One is splendidly bound and illuminated. They are in English, French, Latin, Greek, and Sanscrit. I have not made out the significance of this godsend yet.

我的书直到11 月30 日才运抵，“亚洲”号抵达利物浦时，满载货物。我把它们放在一个箱子里，箱子是我临时做的，一部分材料是我从河上捡来的木板。我还没有仔细地阅读这些新书。有一本书装订、装饰得非常精美。这些书是用英文、法文、拉丁文、希腊文和梵文写的。我还没有弄清楚这份幸运礼物的意义。

Farewell, and bright dreams to you!

晚安，祝你做个好梦！

(1) 恒河, 在印度神话、宗教和历史中，恒河的地位非常重要，印度前总理尼赫鲁（Nehru, 1889—1964）曾称它为“印度古老文化和文明的标志”。

(2) 磨坊水坝, 康科德大街上的购物区。

(3) 奥菲士，希腊神话中的诗人和歌手， 善弹竖琴，弹奏时猛兽俯首，顽石点头。

(4) 玛丽. 爱默生(1774—1863），拉尔夫. 沃尔多. 爱默生的姨母。

letter twenty-seven

第二十七封信

March 13, 1856, Thursday; Concord, Massachusetts

1856 年3 月13 日，星期四；马萨诸塞州康科德

Thoreau's exploration in this letter of the spring sugaring season's metaphorical implications shows his frame of mind as he went out the following day, March 14, to see if he could find sap flowing in maple trees. After using his knife to tap several white maples, none of which flowed, he discovered a red maple whose "limb was moistened by sap trickling along the bark. Tapping this, I was surprised to find it flow freely." He spent the entire week tapping maples, collecting sap, and boiling the sap down for sugar. At the end of the week he got into a dispute with his father, who pointed out that the time-consuming process kept Thoreau from his studies. "I made it my study," Thoreau replied. "I felt as if I had been to a university."

在这封信中，梭罗探讨了春天这个制糖季节的象征意义，这反映了他当时的心绪，写完这封信后的第二天，也就是3 月14 日，梭罗外出，想看看能不能找到从枫树里流出的浆液。他用小刀割开了好几棵白枫，都没有浆液流出，然后他发现一棵红枫，红枫的“浆液沿着树皮滴下，把树枝弄湿。割开它，我惊奇地发现浆液大量地流了出来。”他整个星期都在割枫树，收集浆液，把浆液熬成糖。周末的时候，他和父亲发生了争执，父亲认为这种耗时的工作妨碍了梭罗的学习。“我把它当作学习，”梭罗回答，“我觉得好像上了一所大学。”

Concord Mar. 13 1856.

1856 年3 月13 日于康科德

Mr. Blake—

布莱克先生：

It is high time I sent you a word. I have not heard from Harrisburg since offering to go there, and have not been invited to lecture anywhere else the past winter. So you see I am fast growing rich. This is quite right, for such is my relation to the lecture-goers. I should be surprised and alarmed if there were any great call for me. I confess that I am considerably alarmed even when I hear that an individual wishes to meet me, for my experience teaches me that we shall thus only be made certain of a mutual strangeness, which otherwise we might never have been aware of.

我该给你写信了。我提出去哈里斯堡之后，一直没有收到那边的回

信，去年冬天其他地方也没有邀请我演讲。所以你发现我正在飞速地变得富有。这是非常正确的，因为我和演讲听众之间的关系就是这样。要是有伟大的召唤呼唤我，我会觉得惊讶和警醒。我承认，即使听说某个人想见我，我也会相当不安，因为经验告诉我，这正使我们确定了我们彼此之间的陌生程度，要不是因为这样，我们可能永远也意识不到这点。

I have not yet recovered strength enough for such a walk as you propose, though pretty well again for circumscribed rambles &chamber work. Even now I am probably the greatest walker in Concord—to its disgrace be it said. I remember our walks & talks &sailing in the past, with great satisfaction, and trust that we shall have more of them ere long—have more woodings-up—for even in the spring we must still seek "fuel to maintain our fires."[1]

你提议出去散步，但我的体力还没有恢复到那个程度，虽然我已经恢复得相当好可以在有限的范围内漫步，或在屋内走动。即使是现在，我可能仍是康科德最活跃的步行者——这样的话说出来会让康科德丢人。我记得过去我们一起散步、聊天、划船，每次想起这些总是心满意足，我相信不久后我们就可以再一起外出——收集更多的木材——因为即使在春天，我们也必须寻找“维持火苗的燃料”。

As you suggest, we would fain value one another for what we are absolutely, rather than relatively. How will this do for a symbol of sympathy?

正如你所建议的，我们会乐意从绝对的意义上评价对方，而不是从相对的意义上。下面的图形作为同情的象征如何？

As for compliments,—even the stars praise me, and I praise them,—they & I sometimes belong to a mutual admiration society. Is it not so with you? I know you of old. Are you not tough & earnest to be talked at, praised or blamed? Must you go out of the room because you are the subject of conversation? Where will you go to—pray? Shall we look into the "Letter Writer"[2] to see what compliments are admissible. I am not afraid of praise for I have practised it on myself. As for my deserts, I never took an account of that stock, and in this connection care not whether I am deserving or not. When I hear praise coming do I not elevate & arch myself to hear it like the sky, and as impersonally? Think I appropriate any of it to my weak legs? No—praise away till all is blue.

至于赞美——连星星也赞美我，我也赞美星星——星星和我有时相互钦慕。你不是如此吗？我很早就认识你。被人谈论、赞美或批评的时候，难道你不是坚强而又认真地面对的吗？因为你是谈论的对象，你4就一定要走出房间吗？你要到哪里去呢——请问？我们需要浏览《书信大全》才明白什么赞美词是容许的吗？我不害怕赞美，因为我常常赞美自己。至于我应得的赏罚，我从未计较过，而且在这方面，我也不在乎

自己是否值得赞美。当我听到赞美时，难道我不是打起精神洗耳恭听，像天空一般高姿态，仿佛与己无关？以为我会把任意的赞美挪用到我虚弱的双腿上？不——赞美吧，直到极致。

I see by the newspapers that the season for making sugar is at hand. Now is the time, whether you be rock or white maple,—or hickory. I trust that you have prepared a store of sap tubs and sumach spouts, and invested largely in kettles. Early the first frosty morning tap your maples—the sap will not run in summer, you know—It matters not how little juice you get, if you get all you can, and boil it down. I made just one crystal of sugar once, one twentieth of an inch cube out of a pumpkin, & it sufficed. Though the yield be no greater than that,—this is not less the reason for it, & it will be not the less sweet,—nay, it will be infinitely the sweeter.

我从报上读到制糖的季节即将来临。现在正是时候，无论是糖枫或白枫——还是山核桃树。我相信你已经准备好了采集树液的小桶和漆树管，并且花大钱买了不少锅。第一次结霜的清早，割开枫树树皮——你知道，夏天没有枫浆液会流出来——收集的浆液再少也没有关系，只要你已经尽力而为，然后把枫浆液煮稠。我有一次只熬出了一块晶莹的枫糖，只是南瓜熬出的一英寸方糖的1/20，但已经足够了。虽然产出的糖不比那次多——这不能让我们停止用枫浆液制糖，甜度并不逊色——不，它甜得多。

Shall then the maple yield sugar, & not man? Shall the farmer be thus active, & surely have so much sugar to show for it before this very March is gone,—while I read the newspaper? While he works in his sugar camp, let me work in mine—for sweetness is in me, & to sugar it shall come;—it shall not all go to leaves & wood. Am I not a sugar maple man then?

枫树能产糖，人就不能吗？农民如果因此积极的话，在这个三月过去之前，能不制出许多的糖来卖吗？——同时我只是在读报纸。农民在他的园地里制糖，我也在自己的园地里劳动——因为甜分就在我身上，而且它终将变成糖；——甜分不会都跑到树叶上和树林里。那么我不就是一棵糖枫了吗？

Boil down the sweet sap which the spring causes to flow within you—Stop not at syrup; go on to sugar,—though you present the world with but a single crystal—a crystal not made from trees in your yard, but from the new life that stirs in your pores. Cheerfully skim your kettle, & watch it set & crystalize—making a holiday of it, if you will. Heaven will be propitious to you as to him.

春天让甜汁液在你体内流淌，煮浓汁液——熬成糖浆也不要停下；直到熬成糖——即使你呈现给世界的只有一块晶体——这块晶体不是用你院子里树的汁液制成，而是来自你毛孔中蠢蠢欲动的新生命。高高兴兴地撇去锅里的浮沫，看着汁液熬浓、结晶——如果你愿意，可以为此

庆祝一番。老天对每个人都是仁慈的。

Say to the farmer,—There is your crop,—Here is mine. Mine is sugar to sweeten sugar with. If you will listen to me, I will sweeten your whole load,—your whole life.

对农民说——那里是你的庄稼——这里是我的。我的糖是用来让糖变甜的。如果你愿意听我的话，我会让你的整个负荷——你的整个生命变甜。

Then will the callers ask—Where is Blake?—He is in his sugar-camp on the Mt. side.—Let the world await him.

然后来访者会不会问——布莱克在哪里？——他在他山腰的糖园里——让世界等着他。

Then will the little boys bless you, & the great boys too,—for such sugar is the origin of many condiments—Blakeians, in the shops of Worcester, of new form, with their mottos wrapped up in them.3

接着就会有小男孩祝福你，大男孩也会祝福你——因为这样的糖是许多调味品的来源——布莱克的调味品，在伍斯特的商店里，形式新颖，里面还包着他们的座右铭。

Shall men taste only the sweetness of the maple & the cane, the coming year?

人们来年只会品尝到枫糖和甘蔗的甜美吗？

A walk over the crust to Asnybumskit, standing there in its inviting simplicity,—is tempting to think of,—making a fire on the snow under some rock! The very poverty of outward nature implies an inward wealth in the walker. What a Golconda is he conversant with, thawing his fingers over such a blaze!—But—but—

走过通往阿斯尼伯姆斯基特山的小路，大山的淳朴吸引我驻足停留——不禁想到——在某块岩石下的雪上燃起一堆火！外部自然界的贫乏正暗示了散步人内心的富有。他熟悉的戈尔孔达竟是这样的，在这样的烈火中温暖自己的手指！——可是——可是——

Have you read the new poem—"The Angel in the House"?—perhaps you will find it good for you.

你读过这首新诗了吗——《房子里的天使》？——也许你会发现它对你有好处。

H. D. T

梭罗

(1) 见苏珊娜. 斯特里克兰. 穆迪（Susanna StricklandMoodie，1803—1884）的《林中生活》第12 章“走向达默”。

(2) 《书信大全》，1832年，波士顿出版商C. 盖洛德出版《书信大

全》，收录的书信涉及到各种主题， 如：生意、爱情、追求、婚姻、友谊，等等。

(3) 里面还包着他们的座右铭，1846年伦敦的糖果制造人汤姆. 史密斯开始在糖纸上印座右铭，不久之后，美国的糖果商开始效仿。

letter twenty-eight

第二十八封信

May 21, 1856, Wednesday; Concord, Massachusetts

1856 年5 月21 日，星期三；马萨诸塞州康科德

The day after Thoreau wrote this letter, Congressman Preston Brooks of South Carolina used a walking cane to beat Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts into unconsciousness on the floor of the Senate chambers. Sumner had delivered a strident speech on "Bleeding Kansas," where pro- and antislavery forces were violently contending with one another, and Brooks felt that Sumner had impugned the integrity of a relative. It took Sumner over three years to recover from his injuries. Thoreau does not mention this event in his journal, where he continued to concentrate heavily on observations of nature, although surely the event was a topic of conversation with Blake and Brown when they visited Concord on May 25. On the way to Fair Haven Pond, an expansion of the Sudbury River, the trio stopped at Clamshell Hill, where Thoreau found five Indian arrowheads. He had a special knack for finding arrowheads and other stone implements, in part because he knew where to look, having now studied Indian history for so many years. Thoreau reciprocated his friends' visit with an extended stay in Worcester the following month, June 13-19, rooming first at Brown's house and then at Blake's. While in Worcester he sat for a photograph at the rooms of the daguerreotypist Benjamin Maxham.

梭罗写完这封信的第二天，南卡罗来纳州的议员普莱斯顿. 布鲁克斯在参议院会议厅用手杖将马萨诸塞州的参议员查理. 萨姆纳击倒在地，将他打得昏迷不醒。此前萨姆纳发表了一篇尖锐的演讲，题名是《流血的堪萨斯》，当时那里拥护奴隶制和反对奴隶制的力量正展开激烈的较量，布鲁克斯觉得萨姆纳诋毁了他的一位亲戚正直的人品。萨姆纳三年多之后才康复。梭罗在日记中没有提到此事，他仍然继续专注于观察自然，不过在布莱克和布朗于5 月25 日拜访康科德时，这件事肯定成为他们谈话的一个主题。在前往费尔黑文湖的途中（费尔黑文湖是由萨德伯里河一处宽阔的河面形成的），三人在克莱姆希尔山停留，梭罗在那里发现了5 枚印第安人所用的箭头。他特别善于发现箭头和其他石器，部分原因是他已经研究了好多年印第安历史，知道哪里能找到这些东西。梭罗于下一个月回访了他的朋友，在伍斯特停留许久，从6 月13 日呆到了6 月19 日，先是住在布朗家，后来住在布莱克家。梭罗在伍斯特时，坐在摄影师本杰明. 马克西姆的房间里拍了照。

Concord May 21st '56

1856 年5 月21 日于康科德

Mr. Blake,

布莱克先生：

I have not for a long time been putting such thoughts together as I should like to read to the company you speak of. I have enough of that sort to say, or even read, but not time now to arrange it. Something I have prepared might prove for their entertainment or refreshment perchance, but I would not like to have a hat carried round for it. I have just been reading some papers to see if they would do for your company; but though I thought pretty well of them as long as I read them to myself, when I got an auditor to try them on, I felt that they would not answer. How could I let you drum up a company to hear them?—In fine, what I have is either too scattered or loosely arranged, or too light, or else is too scientific and matter of fact (I run a good deal into that of late) for so hungry a company.

我愿意对你谈到的那群人演讲，但是我已经好久没有整理自己的思绪了。在这方面我有很多话要说，甚至想要演讲，但是现在没有时间整理。我已经准备的一些东西可能会让他们觉得有趣或新鲜，但是我不想拿这些去演讲。我最近一直在读一些文章，想看看它们是否适合你的朋友们；虽然我只读给自己听时，觉得它们很好，但每当我找听众试验时，就觉得这些文章并不合适。我怎么能让你召集一群人来听这样的演讲呢？——总而言之，我手中的东西对于一群这样如饥似渴的听众来说，要么太散乱，要么结构不严谨，要么不够深刻，要么太科学、过于就事论事（我近来遇到很多这样的情况）。

I am still a learner, not a teacher, feeding somewhat omnivorously, browsing both stalk & leaves—but I shall perhaps be enabled to speak with the more precision & authority by & by—if philosophy & sentiment are not buried under a multitude of details.

我仍然是一名学生，不是一名老师，吸收的东西有点杂乱，连茎带叶囫囵吞下——但是如果哲理和观点没有被众多的细节掩埋，可能不久我的演讲就会更为精确，更具权威。

I do not refuse, but accept your invitation—only changing the time—I consider myself invited to Worcester once for all—& many thanks to the inviter.

我不拒绝你的邀请，而是接受它——不过请改一下时间——我觉得伍斯特对我的邀请应该是永远的——非常感谢向我发出邀请的人。

As for the Harvard excursion, will you let me suggest another? Do you& Brown come to Concord on Saturday, if the weather promises well, and spend the Sunday here on the river or hills or both. So we shall save some of our money, (which is of next importance to our

souls) and lose—I do not know what. You say you talked of coming here before, now do it. I do not propose this because I think that I am worth your spending time with—but because I hope that we may prove f lint &steel to one another. It is at most only an hour's ride further, & you can at any rate do what you please when you get here.

至于哈佛之旅，请允许我提议另一个地方，好吗？如果天气晴好，你和布朗一定要于星期六来康科德，在这里的河边或山上度过星期天，也可以两个地方都去。这样我们就可以节省一些钱（其重要性仅次于我们的灵魂），也可以避免损失——我不知道会损失什么。你说你以前提起过来这里，现在就来吧。我这样提议，不是因为我觉得自己值得你与我共度时光——而是因为我希望我们能证明彼此像燧石和钢片一样。来这里比去哈佛至多多一个小时的路程，而且，不管怎样，到这里后，你可以做任何你喜欢做的事。

Then we will see if we have any apology to offer for our existence. So come to Concord!—come to Concord!—come to Concord! or—your suit shall be defaulted.

然后我们可以看看，对于我们的存在，我们是否需要抱歉。所以来康科德吧！来康科德！来康科德！否则——你将会因未出庭而败诉。

As for the dispute about solitude & society any comparison is impertinent. It is an idling down on the plain at the base of a mountain instead of climbing steadily to its top. Of course you will be glad of all the society you can get to go up with. Will you go to glory with me? Is the burden of the song. I love society so much that I swallowed it all at a gulp—i.e. all that came in my way. It is not that we love to be alone, but that we love to soar, and when we do soar, the company grows thinner & thinner till there is none at all. It is either the Tribune on the plain, a sermon on the mount, or a very private ecstasy still higher up. We are not the less to aim at the summits, though the multitude does not ascend them. Use all the society that will abet you. But perhaps I do not enter into the spirit of your talk.

至于独处和社交之间的矛盾，任何比较都是不恰当的。这是在山脚的平原上，悠闲地踱下来，而不是一步步平稳地爬上山顶。当然，你会喜欢跟大家一起向上走。你会和我一起走向荣耀吗？这才是这首歌的主旨。我太爱社交了，因此一口将它吞了下去——也就是说，我容纳了所有与我有交往的人。不是我们喜欢独自一人，而是我们喜欢高飞，而当我们真的高飞时，我们的同伴会越来越少，越来越少，直到最后一个也不剩。这或者是平原上的论坛、是山峰上的讲道，或者是到达更高地方后个人的狂喜。虽然众人不去登山顶，但是我们仍然以巅峰为目标。利用所有于你有益的社交。但是也许我没有领会你话语中的精义。

H. D. T

梭罗

letter twenty-nine

第二十九封信

November 19, 1856, Wednesday; Perth Amboy, New Jersey

1856 年11 月19 日，星期三；新泽西州佩西安博伊

In 1852 the wealthy Quaker abolitionist Marcus Spring (1810—1874) had purchased 268 acres a little over a mile southwest of Perth Amboy, New Jersey, on the shore of Raritan Bay near the mouth of Raritan River, as the home for a cooperative community, the Raritan Bay Union. Like other utopian communities of the time, however, it faltered, failing completely in 1860. But in 1856, having renamed the area Eagleswood, Spring decided as a fiscal stopgap to subdivide the land and sell of flots. Thoreau's friend the educator and writer Amos Bronson Alcott(1799—1888) was a friend of Spring's and during a visit to Eagleswood in October 1856 suggested that Thoreau be commissioned to survey the land and, during his visit, deliver a few lectures. On the way to Eagleswood, on October 24, Thoreau stopped off in Worcester, but because Blake had gone to a horse race in Boston, the two did not meet. Thoreau instead spent the afternoon with Brown and Higginson before continuing his journey. While at Eagles wood he lectured on "Walking," "What Shall It Profit," and "Moose hunting," the latter of which he had called "An Excursion to Moosehead Lake" in December1853. He mentions in a letter to his sister Sophia that Blake had asked him "to stop at Worcester & lecture on my return," apparently asking specifically for a repeat of "What Shall It Profit," which he had delivered in Worcester on January 4, 1855. The three other individual she mentions in this letter are the famous editor of the New-York Tribune, Horace Greeley (1811—1872), who had for many years served him as an informal literary agent; the fiery abolitionist minister and extremely popular orator the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher (1813—1887), of whom he later wrote in his journal, "If Henry Ward Beecher knows so much more about God than another, if he has made some discovery of truth in this direction, I would thank him to publish it in Silliman's Journal [a scientific publication], with as few flourishes as possible”; and most particularly the poet Walt Whitman (1819—1892), whom he met at Whitman's Brooklyn home on November 10. It must have been an electric moment, this meeting of two giants of American literature, with Alcott and Whitman's mother also being present. Whitman recollected that Thoreau said to him during their meeting, "Whitman, do you have any idea that you are rather bigger and outside the

average—may perhaps have immense significance?" He also recalled Thoreau confessing, "There is much in you to which I cannot accommodate myself: the defect may be mine: but the objections are there." Although it is easy to see how Victorian-era readers of Leaves of Grass, published in July 1855, would have found Whitman's "sensuality" and "egotism" offensive, it is to Thoreau's credit that he was able to recognize Whitman's genius despite his objections. Years later Whitman remarked of Thoreau that he "was a surprising fellow—he is not easily grasped—is elusive: yet he is one of the native forces—stands for a fact, a movement, an upheaval: Thoreau belongs to America, to the transcendental, to the protestors... One thing about Thoreau keeps him very near to me: I refer to his lawlessness—his dissent—his going his own absolute road let hell blaze all it chooses." As Thoreau notes, Whitman maintained a routine precisely like his own: morning study and writing followed by an afternoon walk.

1852 年，富有的教友会信徒兼废奴主义者马库斯. 斯普林（1810—1874）在新泽西州佩西安博伊西南一英里以外的地方买了268 英亩土地，这块土地在靠近拉里坦河河口的拉里坦湾的岸上，是拉里坦湾合作社的大本营。但是，与当时其他乌托邦公社一样，这个合作社也维持得相当艰难，最后于1860 年彻底失败。1856 年，作为解决财政问题的权宜之计，斯普林将这块土地重新命名为伊格尔斯伍德，并决定将它分成小块廉价出售。梭罗的朋友，教育家兼作家A. B. 阿尔科特（1799—1888）也是斯普林的朋友，1856 年10 月到伊格尔斯伍德参观期间，他建议委托梭罗测量这块土地，并顺便发表几个演讲。10 月24 日，在前往伊格尔斯伍德的途中，梭罗在伍斯特停留，但是当时布莱克去了波士顿观看赛马，所以两人没有见面。梭罗和布朗以及希金森一起度过了那个下午，然后继续他的旅程。在伊格尔斯伍德期间，梭罗演讲了《散步》、《这有何益处》和《猎麋》，后者就是1853 年12 月他命名的《穆斯黑德湖游记》。他在给姐姐索菲亚的一封信中提到布莱克让他“回程中在伍斯特停留并演讲，”显然布莱克特别邀请他再演讲一次的是《这有何益处》，他已于1855 年1月4 日在伍斯特作过同样的演讲。梭罗在这封信中提到的另外三个人分别是：《纽约论坛报》著名编辑霍勒斯. 格里利（1811—1872），多年来他一直为梭罗充当非正式的文学经纪人；激进的废奴主义者以及极受欢迎的演说家亨利. 沃德. 比彻神父（1813—1887），梭罗后来在日记中这样写到他：“如果比彻比其他人更了解上帝，如果他在这方面发现了某些真理，他应该将发现发表在《西里曼期刊》（一种科学刊物）上，并且尽可能避免华丽辞藻，这样我会很感谢他”；还有最特别的一位，那就是诗人沃尔特. 惠特曼（1819—1892），梭罗于11 月10 日在惠特曼位于布鲁克林的家中与他见的面。那必定是一个激动人心的时刻，美国文学界的两大巨头会面，当时阿尔科特和惠特曼的母亲也在场。惠特曼回忆起两人见面时梭罗曾说过：“惠特曼，你知不知道自己比一般人更伟大、更杰出——可能产生非常重要的影响？”他同时回忆起梭罗坦白地承认：“你的很多观点我无法接受：问题可能在我：但我还是抱有不同意见。”1855 年7 月，《草叶

集》出版，显而易见，大多数维多利亚时代的读者发现惠特曼诗中的“欲望”和“自我主义”令人不快，但是值得称道的是，梭罗能承认惠特曼的天才，虽然他有不同意见。数年后，惠特曼评价梭罗说，他“是一个令人惊奇的同伴——他很难理解——难以捉摸：但是他是一种自然的力量——代表着一种事实，一种运动和一种变革：梭罗属于美国，属于超验主义，属于抗议者……梭罗身上有一点让他和我十分接近：我指的是他无视法律——他的不顺从——他坚持自己的道路，任凭地狱的火焰燃烧一切。”如梭罗所说，惠特曼的日常习惯正好和他一样：上午学习和写作，下午散步。

Eagleswood, N. J., November 19, 1856.

1856 年11 月19 日于新泽西州伊格尔斯伍德

Mr. Blake,—

布莱克先生：

I have been here much longer than I expected, but have deferred answering you, because I could not foresee when I shall return. I do not know yet within three or four days. This uncertainty makes it impossible for me to appoint a day to meet you, until it shall be too late to hear from you again, I think, therefore, that I must go straight home. I feel some objection to reading that "What shall it profit" lecture again in Worcester; but if you are quite sure that it will be worth the while (it is a grave consideration), I will even make an independent journey from Concord for that purpose. I have read three of my old lectures (that included) to the Eagles wood people, and, unexpectedly, with rare success—i.e., I was aware that what I was saying was silently taken in by their ears.

我在这里呆的时间比预期的长了很多，但迟迟没有给你回信，因为我还不能预知什么时候回去。三天后或是四天后，我还不知道。因为不能确定返回的时间，所以无法确定跟你见面的日期，这样下去，恐怕就会因为太迟而无法再收到你的来信了。因此，我想我必须直接回家，不太想再4到伍斯特演讲《这有何益处》了；但是如果你确定这很值得（这需要严肃地考虑），我会为了演讲专门从康科德去一趟伍斯特。我向伊格尔斯伍德的人们演讲了三篇旧讲稿（包括那篇），而且令我意外的是，演讲取得了难得的成功——也就是说，我意识到他们在静静地聆听，并领会了我演讲的含义。

You must excuse me if I write mainly a business letter now, for I am sold for the time,—am merely Thoreau the surveyor here,—and solitude is scarcely obtainable in these parts.

如果我现在写的信几乎成了商业信函，请务必原谅我，因为这段时间我把自己卖了，——我在这里只是测量员梭罗，——而且在这一带几乎不能独处。

Alcott has been here three times, and, Saturday before last, I went with him and Greeley, by invitation of the last, to G.'s farm, thirty-six miles north of New York. The next day A. and I heard Beecher preach; and what was more, we visited Whitman the next morning (A. had already seen him), and were much interested and provoked. He is apparently the greatest democrat the world has seen. Kings and aristocracy go by the board at once, as they have long deserved to. A remarkably strong though coarse nature, of a sweet disposition, and much prized by his friends. Though peculiar and rough in his exterior, his skin (all over [?]) red, he is essentially a gentleman. I am still somewhat in a quandary about him,—feel that he is essentially strange to me, at any rate; but I am surprised by the sight of him. He is very broad, but, as I have said, not fine. He said that I misapprehended him. I am not quite sure that I do. He told us that he loved to ride up and down Broadway all day on an omnibus, sitting beside the driver, listening to the roar of the carts, and sometimes gesticulating and declaiming Homer at the top of his voice. He has long been an editor and writer for the newspapers,—was editor of the "New Orleans Crescent" once; but now has no employment but to read and write in the forenoon, and walk in the afternoon, like all the rest of the scribbling gentry.

阿尔科特来过这里三次。上上个星期六，应格里利上次的邀请，我、阿尔科特和格里利一起去了他的农场，这个农场在纽约以北36 英里处。第二天，我和阿尔科特去听了比彻的讲道；另外，次日早上，我们又去拜访了惠特曼（阿尔科特已经见过他），这次见面很有趣，对我触动很大。他无疑是世人见过的最伟大的民主主义者。国王和贵族立刻被置于脑后，实际很久前他们就该受到这样的对待了。惠特曼天性异常坚强，虽然有点粗糙，但个性温和，朋友们对他评价很高。虽然他外表看起来奇怪而粗野，他的皮肤（全身？）是红色的，但他本质上是一位绅士。我仍然有点琢磨不透他——不管怎样，总觉得本质上他对于我来说是陌生的；但是看到他时，感到很惊讶。他眼界非常开阔，不过，就像我说过的，他不注重细节。他说我误解了他，我不肯定是不是确实如此。他告诉我们他喜欢整天乘坐公共马车往返于百老汇大街，坐在车夫旁边，聆听马车的轰鸣声，有时还边打手势边用最大的声音朗诵荷马的诗篇。他长久以来一直是报刊编辑和撰稿人——曾经当过《新奥尔良新月报》的编辑；但是现在没有工作，像其他作家一样，上午读书和写作，下午散步。

I shall probably be in Concord next week; so you can direct to me there.

我可能下周会在康科德；所以你可以把信寄到那儿。

letter thirty

第三十封信

December 6 and 7, 1856, Saturday and Sunday;

1856 年12 月6 日和7 日，星期六和星期日；

Concord, Massachusetts

马萨诸塞州康科德

When Thoreau left Eagleswood, he brought some of its stationery away with him and used it to write this letter, less the letterhead engraving, as he mentions.

梭罗离开伊格尔斯伍德时，带走了一些那里的信纸，这封信就是用这些信纸写的，如他提到的，信纸上没有抬头。

Concord Dec 6 '56

1856 年12 月6 日于康科德

Mr. Blake,

布莱克先生：

What is wanting above is merely an engraving of Eagleswood, which I have used. I trust that you got a note from me at Eagleswood about a fortnight ago. I passed thru' Worcester on the morning of the 25th of November, and spent several hours (from 3.30 to 6.20) in the travellers' room at the Depot, as in a dream, it now seems. As the first Harlem train unexpectedly connected with the first from Fitchburg, I did not spend the forenoon with you, as I had anticipated, on account of baggage &c—If it had been a seasonable hour I should have seen you, i.e. if you had not been gone to a horse-race. But think of making a call at half past three in the morning! (Would it not have implied a 3 o'clock in the morning courage in both you & me?) As it were ignoring the fact that mankind are really not at home—are not out, but so deeply in that they cannot be seen—nearly half their hours at this season of the year. I walked up & down the Main Street at half past 5 in the dark, and paused long in front of Brown's store trying to distinguish its features; considering whether I might safely leave his "Putnam" in the door handle, but concluded not to risk it. Meanwhile a watchman (?) seemed to be watching me, & I moved off. Took another turn around there, a little later, and had the very earliest offer of the Transcript from an urchin behind, whom I actually could not see, it was so dark. So I with drew, wondering if you & B. would know that I had been there. You little dream who is occupying Worcester

when you are all asleep. Several things occurred there that night, which I will venture to say were not put into the Transcript. A cat caught a mouse at the depot,& gave it to her kitten to play with. So that world famous tragedy goes on by night as well as by day, & nature is emphatically wrong. Also I saw a young Irishman kneel before his mother, as if in prayer, while she wiped a cinder out of his eye with her tongue; and I found that it was never too late (or early?) to learn something.—These things transpired while you and B. were, to all practical purposes, no where, & good for nothing—not even for society,—not for horseraces,—nor the taking back of a Putnam's Magazine. It is true I might have recalled you to life, but it would have been a cruel act, considering the kind of life you would have come back to.

上面只是缺了伊格尔斯伍德的抬头，就是我用过的那种。我相信大约两周前，你收到了我在伊格尔斯伍德写给你的短信。11 月25 日早上，我路过伍斯特，在车站的招待所里度过了几个小时（从3：30 到6：20），现在想来，恍然如梦。因为哈莱姆的第一列火车出乎意料地与菲奇堡发来的第一列火车相衔接，由于行李等原因，我没有按照预想的那样，与你一起度过上午——如果时间合适，我可能会见到你，也就是说，如果你没有去看赛马的话。但是想一想，在凌晨三点半去拜访你！（那不就暗示你我身上都要有凌晨三点的勇气？）因为这样做忽视了一个事实，即人类真的不在家——但也没有外出，只是深藏不露，不让别人看见他们——一年里这个季节的几乎一半时间都如此。凌晨五点半，我在黑暗中来回地行走在主街上，在布朗的店前停留了好久，试着辨别它的特征；考虑着我是否应该把他的《帕特南月刊》牢牢地挂在门把上，但是最后决定还是不要冒险。与此同时，一个守门人（？）似乎正盯着我，于是我走开了。过了一小会儿，我又转了回来，从身后的报童那里买到了当日最早的《伍斯特每日抄报》，其实我看不见报童，因为天太黑了。接着我离开了大街，想着你和布朗是否会知道我到过那里。你们都睡着的时候，很少梦到谁占据着伍斯特。那个晚上发生了好几件事，我敢说它们都没有被记录在《伍斯特每日抄报》里。一只猫在车站里抓到了一只老鼠，然后送给她的小猫玩耍。因此，那幕世界闻名的悲剧不仅在白昼上演，黑夜里也在上演，自然无疑出了毛病。我还看见一个年轻的爱尔兰人，跪在他妈妈面前，似乎在祈祷，而她用自己的舌头舔去了儿子眼中的炭渣；我发现学习永远不嫌晚（或早？）。——这些事发生的时候，你和布朗实际上不存在，并且一无是处——甚至对社会——对赛马——连《帕特南月刊》也不能拿回去。我确实能够把你们唤醒，但想想你们醒来后要面对的生活，那样做就太残酷了。

However, I would fain write to you now by broad daylight, and report to you some of my life, such as it is, and recall you to your life, which is not always lived by you, even by day light.

但是，现在是白昼，我很乐意给你写信，如实向你报告我的一些生活，把你唤回到你的生活中，即使在白昼，这生活也不总是由你过的。

Blake! Blake! Are you awake? Are you aware what an ever-glorious morning this is? What long expected never to be repeated opportunity is now offered to get life & knowledge?

布莱克！布莱克！你醒了吗？你意识到了这个早上何等辉煌吗？你知道现在呈现的是何等机遇吗？它是期待已久、不可重现的，我们要利用这个机会获得生命和知识。

For my part I am trying to wake up,—to wring slumber out of pores;—for, generally, I take events as unconcernedly as a fence post,—absorb wet & cold like it, and am pleasantly tickled with lichens slowly spreading over me. Could I not be content then to be a cedar post, which lasts 25 years? Would I not rather be that than the farmer that set it? or he that preaches to that farmer?—& go to the heaven of posts at last? I think I should like that as well as any would like it. But I should not care if I sprouted into a living tree, put forth leaves &flowers, & have fruit.

至于我自己，我正试图醒来——试图把睡眠从我的毛孔里拧出来——因为一般来说，我对事情是漠不关心的，如篱笆桩一般——像它那样吸收潮湿和寒冷，苔藓慢慢将我覆盖，如搔痒一般，让我愉快。那么难道我就不能满足于做一根持续了25 年的雪松篱笆桩，难道我不是宁愿做篱笆桩，也不愿做放置篱笆的农夫？或者做向农夫讲道的人？——最终走向篱笆桩的天堂？我想我会喜欢这样，如同任何人一样。但是我不在意自己长成一棵树，发芽，开花，结果。

I am grateful for what I am & have. My thanksgiving is perpetual. It is surprising how contented one can be with nothing definite—only a sense of (Eagleswood again all cut off!) existence. Well anything for variery. I am ready to try this for the next 1000 years, & exhaust it. How sweet to think of ! My extremities well charred, and my intellectual part too, so that there is no danger of worm or rot for along while. My breath is sweet to me. O how I laugh when I think of my vague indefinite riches. No run on my bank can drain it—for my wealth is not possession but enjoyment.

对于我的存在和我所拥有的，我心怀感激。我的感恩是永久的。令人吃惊的是，一个人竟然会如此满足于不确定的东西——只是一种存在感（伊格尔斯伍德又与外界隔绝了)。任何变化的事物都是好的。我准备在下一个千年里进行试验。想起来都高兴！我的四肢已经烧焦，我的思想也是，所以很长时间都没有虫蛀或腐烂的危险。我的呼吸对于我是甜蜜的。啊，想到我那些不确定的无形的财富，我就不禁要大笑。它们取之不尽——因为我的财富不是占有，而是享受。

What are all these years made for? and now another winter comes, so much like the last? Can't we satisfy the beggars once for all? Have you got in your wood for this winter? What else have you got in? Of what use a great fire on the hearth & a confounded little fire in

the heart? Are you prepared to make a decisive campaign—to pay for your costly tuition—to pay for the suns of past summers—for happiness & unhappiness lavished upon you?

所有这些年都是为了什么而活？现在又一个冬天来临了，和上个冬天那么像吗？我们难道就不能一劳永逸地使乞丐满足？你为这个冬天准备好柴火了吗？你还准备别的了吗？心里烧着困惑的小火，即使壁炉里是大火，又有何用？你是否准备好了打一场决定性的战役，支付昂贵的学费——为以前夏天的太阳付款——为你的幸福和不幸付款？

Does not Time go by swifter than the swiftest equine trotter or racket?

时间不是比最快的四步马跑得还快吗？

Stir up Brown—Remind him of his duties, which outrun the date & span of Worcester's years past & to come. Tell him to be sure that he is on the Main Street, however narrow it may be—& to have a lit sign, visible by night as well as by day.

唤醒布朗——提醒他责任在身，这责任超越了现在，并且贯穿伍斯特的过去和将来。告诉他确保自己在主街上，不管街面多窄——并竖立一个发光的招牌，白天和夜晚都看得见。

Are they not patient waiters—they who wait for us? But even they shall not be losers.

难道他们不是耐心的等待者吗——那些等待我们的人？但是即使他们也不会成为失败者。

Dec. 7

12 月7 日

That Walt Whitman, of whom I wrote to you, is the most interesting fact to me at present. I have just read his 2nd editions (which he gave me) and it has done me more good than any reading for a long time. Perhaps I remember best "the poem of Walt Whitman an American"& the "Sun Down Poem". There are 2 or 3 pieces in the book which are disagreeable to say the least, simply sensual. He does not celebrate love at all. It is as if the beasts spoke. I think that men have not been a shamed of themselves without reason. No doubt, there have always been dens where such deeds were unblushingly recited, and it is no merit to compete with their inhabitants. But even on this side, he has spoken more truth than any American or modern that I know. I have found his poem exhilarating encouraging. As for its sensuality,—& it may turn out to be less sensual than it appeared—I do not so much wish that those parts were not written, as that men & women were so pure that they could read them without harm, that is, without understanding them. One woman told me that no woman

could read it as if a man could read what a woman could not. Of course Walt Whitman can communicate to us no experience, and if we are shocked, whose experience is it that we are reminded of?

我在信中谈到过的那位沃尔特. 惠特曼目前令我最感兴趣。我刚读完了他诗集的第二版（他送给我的），在很长时间里，这本诗集带给我的益处大于其他任何阅读。我印象最深的诗应该是“美国人沃尔特. 惠特曼之诗”和“日落诗”。书中有两三首诗让人难以接受，这还是客气的说法，因为它们纯粹是有关肉欲的。他根本没有颂扬爱情，似乎只是野兽在说话。我想人类不会毫无理由地为自己感到羞耻。毋庸置疑，总是存在一些洞穴，在那里这样的行为被不知羞耻地传诵，与洞穴居民在这方面竞争，不是光彩的事。但是即使在这方面，比起我知道的任何美国人或现代人，他也说出了更多的真理。我发现他的诗令人欢欣鼓舞。至于诗里的肉欲——未必真的如它所表现的那么强烈——与其说我希望他不曾写出那些诗句，不如说我希望男人和女人是如此纯洁，他们读到之后不会受伤害，换句话说，我希望他们读不懂。一位女性告诉我，没有女人能够读这样的诗，似乎有些东西男人能读，女人不能读。当然，沃尔特. 惠特曼不能向我们传递任何经验，如果我们感到震惊，我们又想起了谁的经验呢？

On the whole it sounds to me very brave & American after whatever deductions. I do not believe that all the sermons so called that have been preached in this land put together are equal to it for preaching—

总的来说，这些诗歌即使打几次折扣，在我听来也是非常勇敢的，很有美国特色。我相信即使把这片土地上所谓的布道辞全部放在一起，说教的作用也不能与这些诗歌媲美——

We ought to rejoice greatly in him. He occasionally suggests something a little more than human. You can't confound him with the other inhabitants of Brooklyn or New York. How they must shudder when they read him! He is awefully good.

我们应该为了惠特曼的存在而喜悦。他偶尔会显露某些超出凡人的灵性，你不会把他和其他布鲁克林或纽约的居民弄混。他们读他的诗歌时，必定会战栗！他确实非常优秀。

To be sure I sometimes feel a little imposed on. By his heartiness & broad generalities he puts me into a liberal frame of mind prepared to see wonders—as it were sets me upon a hill or in the midst of a plain—stirs me well up, and then—throws in a thousand of brick. Though rude & sometimes ineffectual, it is a great primitive poem,—an alarm or trumpet-note tinging through the American camp. Wonderfully like the Orientals, too, considering that when I asked him if he had read them, he answered, "No: tell me about them.”

诚然，我有时会感到一些他强加于人的力量。惠特曼洋溢的热诚和

博大的概括力让我的心灵获得了自由解放，准备亲眼目睹奇迹的出现。我仿佛被放在了山上或平原的中央——先让我心情激扬，然后——向我扔来一千块砖头。虽然这些诗歌是粗野的，有时是无效果的，但是这又是一首伟大的原始之诗——是响彻美国人住所的警报或号角。这些诗歌与东方的作品惊人地相似，想起来我问他是否读过东方的作品时，他说："没有，讲给我听听吧。"

I did not get far in conversation with him,—two more being present,—and among the few things which I chanced to say, I remember that one was, in answer to him as representing America, that I did not think much of America or of politics, and so on, which may have been somewhat of a damper to him.

我和他没有深谈过——当时还有两个人在场——在我偶尔说过的几件事中，我记得其中一件是，回应他代表美国时，我说对于美国或政治，我没有很高的评价，如此等等，这可能给他泼了一点冷水。

Since I have seen him, I find that I am not disturbed by any brag or egoism in his book. He may turn out the least of a braggart of all, having a better right to be confident.

自从与他相见之后，我发现对于他书中的任何自夸或自我主义，我一点也不感到不舒服。他可能是自吹自擂的人中最收敛的，而他却有更多的理由感到自信。

He is a great Fellow.

他是一个了不起的家伙。

letter thirty-one

第三十一封信

December 31, 1856, Wednesday; Concord, Massachusetts

1856 年12 月31 日，星期三；马萨诸塞州康科德

Thoreau had delivered "Walking, or the Wild" in the basement vestry of the Congregational Church in Amherst, New Hampshire, on Thursday, December 16, noting in his journal afterward that he trusted his lecture "helped to undermine" that orthodox establishment. He had spent the two days previous to writing this letter in the field surveying the large farm of Davis Elwell near the confluence of the Sudbury and Assabet Rivers, a task he completed the following day.

12 月16 日，星期四，梭罗在新罕布什尔州阿默斯特公理会的地下室礼拜堂里发表了演讲，题目是《散步或荒野》，后来他在日记中写道，他相信自己的演讲“帮助破坏”了这个正统的教会。写这封信之前，他花了两天的时间测量土地，这次是测量戴维斯. 艾尔维尔的大农场，农场位于萨德伯里河和阿萨比特河的交汇处，写信后的第二天测量工作才完成。

Concord, December 31, 1856.

1856 年12 月31 日于康科德

Mr. Blake,—

布莱克先生：

I think it will not be worth the while for me to come to Worcester to lecture at all this year. It will be better to wait till I am—perhaps unfortunately—more in that line. My writing has not taken the shape of lectures, and therefore I should be obliged to read one of three or four old lectures, the best of which I have read to some of your auditors before. I carried that one which I call "Walking, or the Wild," to Amherst, N.H., the evening of that cold Thursday, and I am to read another at Fitchburg, Februar 3. I am simply their hired man. This will probably be the extent of my lecturing hereabouts.

我觉得我今年到伍斯特演讲，根本就毫无意义。等我——也许不幸地——更有所准备后再去演讲会比较好。我写的东西还算不上是讲稿，因此我不得不从以前的三四篇讲稿里挑出一篇来演讲，其中最好的一篇我以前已经向你们中的部分听众演讲过了。那个寒冷的星期四晚上，我到新罕布什尔州的阿默斯特演讲了《散步或荒野》，2 月3 日，我还要在菲奇堡演讲另一篇。我简直成了他们的雇工。这些可能会是我在这一带的全部演讲。

I must depend on meeting Mr. Wasson[1] some other time.

我必须要指望在其他时间会见沃森先生了。

Perhaps it always costs me more than it comes to lecture before a promiscuous audience. It is an irreparable injury done to my modesty even,—I become so indurated.

对着一群混杂的听众演讲，我的收获可能总比不上我的付出多。这甚至对我谦逊的秉性，也造成了无法弥补的伤害——我变得如此漠然。

O solitude! obscurity! meanness! I never triumph so as when I have the least success in my neighbor's eyes. The lecturer gets fifty dollars a night; but what becomes of his winter? What consolation will it be hereafter to have fifty thousand dollars for living in the world? I should like not to exchange any of my life for money.

哦，孤独！默默无闻！鄙陋！在邻居的眼里我最不成功时，我反觉得那是从未有过的胜利。演讲者每晚赚50美元；但是冬天他会怎样呢？就算之后有五万美元供他生活在这个世上，那又会给他带来什么慰藉呢？我不愿意用生命中的任何一部分来交换金钱。

These, you may think, are reasons for not lecturing, when you have no great opportunity. It is even so, perhaps. I could lecture on dry oak leaves; I could, but who could hear me? If I were to try it on any large audience, I fear it would be no gain to them, and a positive loss to me. I should have behaved rudely toward my rustling friends.

也许你会想，这些只是在我没有好机会时没有演讲的托词。也许的确如此。我可以讲述干枯的橡树叶；我可以，但是谁愿意听呢？如果我试着对任何一大群听众演讲，我担心他们不会有任何收获，而这对我则肯定是一种损失。因此我可能会无礼地对待那些繁忙的朋友们。

I am surveying instead of lecturing, at present. Let me have a skimming from your "pan of unwrinkled cream."[2]

我目前没有演讲，而是在测量土地。让我从你“无痕的奶油锅”里撇出奶油吧。

H. D. T.

梭罗

(1) 沃森（1823—1887），美国著名牧师、散文家、诗人。

(2) 见钱宁的诗歌《面包师的农场》：“无痕的奶油锅，诗人要把你投入他的搅拌器！”

letter thirty-two

第三十二封信

February 6, 1857, Friday; Concord, Massachusetts

1857 年2 月6 日，星期五；马萨诸塞州康科德

Contrary to his statement in the previous letter, Thoreau delivered "Walking, or the Wild," not "another" lecture, in Fitchburg, Massachusetts, on February 3. He had delivered an earlier version of the lecture in Worcester on May 31, 1851, but had "divided it into two" separate lectures, one on "Walking," the other on "The Wild," in the weeks after the publication of Walden.

与前一封信的说法不一致，梭罗2 月3 日在马萨诸塞州菲奇堡发表的演讲是《散步或荒野》，而不是“另外”一篇演讲。早在1851 年5 月31 日，梭罗就在伍斯特发表过这篇演讲较早的版本，但是《瓦尔登湖》出版后的几周内，他将讲稿“一分为二”成两篇独立讲稿，一篇讨论“散步”，另一篇讨论“荒野”。

Concord Feb. 6th 57

1857 年2 月6 日于康科德

Mr. Blake,

布莱克先生：

I will come to you on Friday Feb. 13th with that lecture. You may call it "The Wild"—or "Walking" or both—whichever you choose. I told Brown that it had not been much altered since I read it in Worcester, but now I think of it, much of it must have been new to you, because, having since divided it into two, I am able to read what before I omitted. Nevertheless, I should like to have it understood by those whom it concerns, that I am invited to read in public (if it be so) what I have already read, in part, to a private audience.

我会于2 月13 日即星期五带着那篇讲稿到你那里。那篇讲稿，你可以叫它《荒野》——或《散步》，或《荒野与散步》——随你选择。我对布朗说过，这篇讲稿我在伍斯特宣读后一直没有怎么改动，不过现在我想这篇讲稿的大多内容对你们来说都想必是新的，因为将它一分为二后，我能够讲一些以前省去的东西。但是，我希望相关人士明白，我这次是应邀公开演讲（如果是的话），而其中一部分内容我已经对一群私人听众演讲过了。

Henry D. Thoreau.

亨利.D. 梭罗

letter thirty-three

第三十三封信

April 17, 1857, Friday; Concord, Massachusetts

1857 年4 月17 日，星期五；马萨诸塞州康科德

The abolitionist fighter John Brown (1800-1859) visited Concord in March 1857 during a tour to raise funds for his military efforts in Kansas. He dined at the Thoreau family table, and Thoreau spoke with him at some length about his (Brown's) childhood, young manhood, and the Battle of Black Jack in Kansas the previous June. Thoreau heard him lecture in the Concord Town Hall and donated a small sum to Brown's cause. Thoreau had spent two full weeks at Ricketson's house in New Bedford, leaving Concord on April 2 without having informed Blake, who came to visit while Thoreau was away.

废奴主义战士约翰. 布朗（1800—1859）于1857 年3月来到康科德，当时他正为堪萨斯的军事行动四处募集资金。布朗在梭罗家的餐桌上用餐，梭罗和他详尽地谈论了他的(布朗的) 童年、少年以及去年6 月在堪萨斯发动的黑杰克之战。梭罗在康科德市政厅听了布朗演讲，并且为他的事业捐了一小笔钱。梭罗在新贝德福德里基森的家中呆了足足两个星期，他于4 月2 日离开康科德，但没有事先通知布莱克，而布莱克会在梭罗外出期间来访。

Concord Ap. 17th 1857

1857 年4 月17 日于康科德

Mr. Blake,

布莱克先生：

I returned from New Bedford night before last. I met Alcott there & learned from him that probably you had gone to Concord. I am very sorry that I missed you. I had expected you earlier, & at last thought that I should get back before you came, but I ought to have notified you of my absence. However, it would have been too late, after I had made up my mind to go. I hope you lost nothing by going a little round.

我前天晚上从新贝德福德回来了。我在那里碰到阿尔科特，他告诉我你可能去了康科德。我很抱歉和你错过了。离开康科德之前，我一直期盼着你的到来，最后我想我会在你来之前返回，但是我应该通知你我不在康科德。不过，在我下定决心去新贝德福德的时候，已经来不及通知你了。我希望你这样走一趟没有什么损失。

I took out the Celtis seeds at your request, at the time we spoke of

them, and left them in the chamber on some shelf or other. If you have found them, very well; if you have not found them, very well; but tell Hale[1] of it, if you see him.

上次我们谈到朴树种子时，应你的要求，我把它们拿出来了，放在房间里的某个架子的隔层上或其他地方。如果你找到了它们，很好；如果你没有找到它们，那也没关系；不过如果你看见黑尔，请把种子的事告诉他。

My mother says that you & Brown & Rogers[2] & Wasson (titles left behind) talk of "coming down on" me some day. Do not fail to come one & all, and within a week or two, if possible, else I may be gone again. Give me a short notice, and then come & spend a day on Concord River—or say that you will come if it is fair, unless you are confident of bringing fair weather with you. Come & be Concord, as I have been Worcestered.

我母亲说你、布朗、罗杰斯和沃森（省去了称号）说某天要过来拜访我。一定要全部都来，如果可能，在一两周之内来吧，否则我可能又外出了。来之前简要通知我一声，然后就来吧，到康科德河上度过一天——或者说天气好你们就过来，除非你们有信心可以把好天气带过来。来康科德吧，因为我已经去过伍斯特了。

Perhaps you came nearer to me for not finding me at home, for trains of thought the more connect when trains of cars do not. If I had actually met you, you would have gone again, but now I have not yet dismissed you.

你在我家中没有找到我，这也许反而让你我彼此更接近，因为当我们彼此拉开空间上的距离时，思想却连接得更紧密。要是我真的见到了你，你现在应该已经又离开了，但是如今你还在我身边。

I hear what you say about personal relations with joy. It is as if you were to say, I value the best & finest part of you, & not the worst. I can even endure your very near & real approach, & prefer it to a shake of the hand. This intercourse is not subject to time or distance.

我很开心地听到你谈论人际关系的内容。感觉就像你会说，我珍视你最精华、最美好的部分，而不是最糟糕的部分。我甚至不排斥我们之间亲密无间而又实实在在的接触，比起握手，我更喜欢这种靠近。这种交往是不受时间或距离限制的。

I have a very long new and faithful letter from Cholmondeley which I wish to show you. He speaks of sending me more books!!

乔姆利又给我来了一封信，这封信很长，写得很诚恳，我希望给你看看。他说要给我寄更多的书!!

If I were with you now I could tell you much of Ricketson, and my visit to New Bedford, but I do not know how it will be by & by. I

should like to have you meet R—who is the frankest man I know. Alcott & he get along very well together.

如果我现在和你在一起，我就可以给你讲述很多里基森的事，以及我在新贝德福德的旅行见闻，但我不知道将来会怎样。我想让你见见里基森——他是我知道的最真诚的人。阿尔科特和他相处得很好。

Channing has returned to Concord with me, probably for a short visit only.

钱宁和我一起回了康科德，可能在这里只呆很短的时间。

Consider this a business letter, which you know counts nothing in the game we play.

把这封信当作事务性信函吧，你知道在我们的游戏中，它毫无价值。

Remember me particularly to Brown.

请一定代我向布朗问候。

(1) 黑尔（1822—1909），美国人，教师、作家、编辑、牧师，同时是业余的博物学者

(2) 罗杰斯（1823—1893），美国人，原先是佛蒙特的医生，后于1850年迁往伍斯特。

letter thirty-four

第三十四封信

June 6, 1857, Saturday; Concord, Massachusetts

1857 年6 月6 日，星期六；马萨诸塞州康科德

Thoreau left for the Cape with Channing on June 12 and, as he mentions in the next letter, returned June 22. It was to be his last visit there.

6 月12 日，梭罗和钱宁同往科德角，并且如他在以下这封信中说到的，于6 月22 日返回。这将是梭罗最后一次游科德角。

Concord, June 6, 1857, 3 p.m.

1857 年6 月6 日下午3 点于康科德

Mr. Blake,—

布莱克先生：

I have just got your note, but I am sorry to say that this very morning I sent a note to Channing, stating that I would go with him to Cape Cod next week on an excursion which we have been talking of for some time. If there were time to communicate with you, I should ask you to come to Concord on Monday, before I go; but as it is, I must wait till I come back, which I think will be about ten days hence. I do not like this delay, but there seems to be a fate in it. Perhaps Mr. Wasson will be well enough to come by that time. I will notify you of my return, and shall depend on seeing you all.

我刚收到你的信，但是很抱歉，就在今天早上我刚给钱宁去了信，告诉他我想下周和他一起到科德角旅行，这次旅行我们已经谈论了一段时间。如果有时间与你交谈，我会在出发前让你于星期一来康科德；但是现在看来，我必须等到从科德角返回后再邀请你了，我想大约要到十天后吧。我不喜欢这种推迟，但是这似乎是命中注定的。或许那时沃森先生的身体康复了，也可以一起过来。我回来后会通知你，希望到时能和你们见面。

letter thirty-five

第三十五封信

June 23, 1857, Tuesday; Concord, Massachusetts

1857 年6 月23 日，星期二；马萨诸塞州康科德

On Monday morning, June 29, Thoreau and Blake went boating on the Assabet River in Concord, apparently unaccompanied by others. Probably he italicized "Mediterranean" to call attention to the word's etymology: "in the middle of land" or "surrounded by land." Cholmondeley's long letter to Thoreau dated May 26 has not yet been published; it contains, among other matters, his responses to the four books Thoreau sent.

6 月29 日星期一早上，梭罗和布莱克一起在康科德的阿萨比特河上泛舟，似乎没有其他人陪伴。梭罗用斜体标出“地中海”可能是想强调这个词的词源：“在地中央”或是“被地包围”。乔姆利5 月26 日给梭罗的长信当时还没有出版；除了其他事以外，其中包含了他对梭罗送去的4本书的回应。

Concord Tuesday Morning June 23d 1857

1857 年6 月23 日星期二上午于康科德

Mr. Blake,

布莱克先生：

I returned from Cape Cod last evening, and now take the first opportunity to invite you men of Worcester to this quiet Mediterranean shore. Can you come this week on Friday or next Monday? I mention the earliest days on which I suppose you can be ready. If more convenient name some other time within ten days. I shall be rejoiced to see you, and to act the part of skip per in the contemplated voyage. I have just got another letter from Cholmondeley, which may interest you somewhat.

我昨天晚上从科德角返回了，现在想第一时间邀请你们伍斯特那些人来这个宁静的地中海岸。这周星期五或下周星期一你们能来吗？我提这几个我认为你们能做好准备的最早日期。你们可以提出十日之内的其他日子，如果对你们来说更方便。我将很高兴见到你们，并且很乐意在预期的航行中充当船长的角色。我刚刚又收到一封乔姆利的来信，你可能会感兴趣。

H. D. T.

梭罗

letter thirty-six

第三十六封信

August 18, 1857, Tuesday; Concord, Massachusetts

1857 年8 月18 日，星期二；马萨诸塞州康科德

Thoreau hosted Theo Brown and Seth Rogers in Concord on July 4.On July 11 he wrote letters to Eben J. Loomis (1818—1912), a friend in nearby Cambridge, and to his cousin George Thatcher, who lived in Bangor, Maine, inquiring whether they would like to accompany him on an excursion into the woods of Maine. In his letter to Thatcher he mentioned a friend who wanted to go as well but who had "neither woodcraft nor strength enough." That friend was Blake, whom one suspects was upset with Thoreau for failing to invite him along. In any case, neither Loomis nor Thatcher was able to accompany Thoreau on such short notice, but he was able to get Edward Hoar (1823—1893),the son of Concord's leading citizen, Judge Samuel Hoar (1778—1856),to make the trip with him. When the two reached Maine they hired Joe Polis (1809—1884) of Old town as their guide. The trip lasted from July 20 to August 8. It was to be Thoreau's final excursion to the Maine woods; his account of it was published posthumously as the third chapter of The Maine Woods.

7 月4 日， 梭罗在康科德招待了西奥. 布朗和塞思. 罗杰斯。7 月11 日， 他写信给附近剑桥的朋友埃本.J. 卢米斯（1818—1912）和住在缅因州班戈的堂兄乔治. 撒切尔，询问他们是否愿意陪他同游缅因森林。梭罗给撒切尔的信中说他有个朋友也想去，但是他“既没有森林生活技能，也没有充足的体力”。这个朋友就是布莱克，他可能因为梭罗没有邀他同行而有点不爽。无论如何，因为梭罗邀约得太急，卢米斯和撒切尔都未能与之同行，不过梭罗说动爱德华. 霍尔（1823—1893）与他同游，爱德华是当地很有声望的塞谬尔. 霍尔法官（1778—1856）的儿子。两人到达缅因后，雇了奥德镇的乔. 波利斯（1809—1884）当向导。这次旅行从7 月20 日持续到8月8 日。这将是梭罗最后一次游缅因森林；梭罗去世后，这次旅行的见闻作为《缅因森林》的第三章发表于世。

H. G. O. Blake

H. G. O. 布莱克

Worcester Mass

马萨诸塞州伍斯特

Concord Aug. 18th 1857.

1857 年8 月18 日于康科德

Mr. Blake,

布莱克先生：

XVth ly

第十五次

It seems to me that you need some absorbing pursuit. It does not matter much what it is, so it be honest. Such employment will be favorable to your development in more characteristic and important directions. You know there must be impulse enough for steerage way, though it be not toward your port—to prevent your drifting helplessly—on to rocks or shoals. Some sails are set for this purpose only. There is the large fleet of scholars & men of science, for instance, always to be seen standing off and on on every coast, and saved thus from running on to reefs, who will at last run into their proper havens, we trust.

在我看来，你似乎需要某种引人入胜的追求。追求什么，并不重要，只要它发自你内心。这样的追求会有利于你在更具个性、更重要的方向上发展。你知道，必须有足够的动力，才能掌控船前进的方向，虽然不一定驶向你的港口——但可以阻止你无助地漂流——撞上岩石或暗礁。有些帆的安装只是为了这个目的。比如说，学者和科学工作者这个大船队，总是忽而支帆靠岸，忽而离岸航行，从而免于撞上暗礁，我们相信，他们最终都会驶入适合自己的避风港。

It is a pity you were not here with Brown and Rogers. I think that in this case, for a rarity, the more the merrier.

很遗憾，你未能与布朗和罗杰斯相聚在我这里。我觉得大家难得凑到一起，人越多，越快乐。

You perceived that I did not entertain the idea of our going together to Maine on such an excursion as I had planned. The more I thought of it, the more imprudent it appeared to me. I did think to have written to you before going, though not to propose your going also, but I went at last very suddenly, and could only have written a business letter, if I had tried, when there was no business to be accomplished.

你觉得，在我缅因之旅的计划中，我没有考虑过和你一同前往。我越想越觉得自己的做法有欠考虑。旅行之前，我确实想过写信给你，虽然不打算邀请你同行，但最后我走得很匆忙，就算写信，也可能不过是封商务信函，而事实上却没有要解决的事务。

I have now returned, and think I have had a quite profitable journey, chiefly from associating with an intelligent Indian[1]. My companion, Edward Hoar, also found his account in it, though he

Suffered considerably from being obliged to carry unusual loads over wet &rough "carries,"—in one instance five miles through a swamp, where the water was frequently up to our knees & the fallen timber higher than our heads. He went over the ground three times, not being able to carry all his load at once. This prevented his ascending Ktadn. Our best nights were those when it rained the hardest on account of the mosquitoes. I speak of these things, which were not unexpected, merely to account for my not inviting you.

我现在回来了。我觉得这次旅行收获颇丰，主要是因为结识了一位智慧的印地安人。我的同伴爱德华. 霍尔在这次旅行中也有收获，虽然他不得不扛着异常沉重的行李进行潮湿而艰难的“搬运”——有一次在沼泽地走了5 英里，在那里，水常常没过我们的膝盖，而倒下的树木高过我们的头顶。因为一次运不完所有行李，他在沼泽里走了3次。这也让他未能攀登卡特金山。因为蚊子的关系，我们认为最美好的晚上是那些雨下得最大的夜晚。这些事都不在意料之外，说出来只是想解释我为什么没有邀请你。

Having returned, I flatter myself that the world appears in some respects a little larger, and not, as usual, smaller & shallower, for having extended my range. I have made a short excursion into the new world which the Indian dwells in, or is. He begins where we leave off. It is worth the while to detect new faculties in man—he is so much the more divine,—and anything that fairly excites our admiration expands us. The Indian who can find his way so wonderfully in the woods possesses so much intelligence which the white man does not, and it increases my own capacity, as well as faith, to observe it. I rejoice to find that intelligence f lows in other channels than I knew—It redeems for me portions of what seemed brutish before.

回来后我不免得意，世界在某些方面似乎变大了，不像以往那样，变小或变浅了，因为我开阔了自己的眼界。我到新世界作了一趟短途旅行，那个印第安人在那里居住或存在。他开始于我们停止的地方。探索人的新才能是值得的——他实在比我们神圣得多——任何能让我们激赏的东西都能让我们成长壮大。那印第安人在丛林中总能准确地找到自己的路，他拥有的智慧是白人不能企及的，观察这种现象提升了我自己的能力以及信仰。我高兴地发现智慧流淌的渠道多于我所知道的那几个——有些东西以前看来是粗野的，现在我对它们的看法有了改变。

It is a great satisfaction to find that your oldest convictions are permanent. With regard to essentials I have never had occasion to change my mind. The aspect of the world varies from year to year, as the landscape is differently clothed, but I find that the truth is still true,& I never regret any emphasis which it may have inspired. Ktadn is there still, but much more surely my old conviction is there, resting with more than mountain breadth & weight on the world, the source

still of fertilizing streams, & affording glorious views from its summit, if I can get up to it again. As the mts. still stand on the plain, and far more unchangeable & permanent, stand still grouped around, farther or nearer to my maturer eye, the ideas which I have entertained—the everlasting teats from which we draw our nourishment.

发现最初的信仰始终如一，是一种巨大的满足。对于本质的东西，我从来没有改变自己想法的理由。世界的面貌一年不同于一年，如同山水披上不同的衣装，但是我发现真理仍然是真理，我从未后悔自己为真理所激发而确立的生活重点。卡特金山仍然在那里，但更加确定的是，我最初的信仰也在那里栖息，它比山更宽，比山更重，依然是滋养溪水的源头，如果我能再次登上峰顶从它的峰顶望去，呈现的会是一片壮丽景色。就像高山依然屹立于平原，而我的思想更加不可改变、更加持久，在我更成熟的视线周围或近或远屹立——它们是永不枯竭的乳头，我们从中汲取营养。

H. D. T.

梭罗

(1) 指约瑟夫. 波利斯（Joseph.Polis），有时称为“波鲁斯”；他是一位颇有成就的佩诺布斯科特印第安酋长，自从1842年开始，代表他的部落处理政治和宗教事务。

letter thirty-seven

第三十七封信

November 16, 1857, Monday; Concord, Massachusetts

1857 年11 月16 日，星期一；马萨诸塞州康科德

Very likely Blake undertook his solitary journey to the White Mountains in part because of the suggestion implicit in the previous letter—and made quite explicit in this letter—that he would not have been up to the rigors of the Maine excursion of July-August. Throughout the summer of 1857 the American economy had slowed noticeably, and in early September the failure of several New York banks precipitated a full scale financial panic. Banks that remained solvent reacted to the panic by suspending specie payments. This dramatic economic downturn, afterward called the Depression of1857, was the worst since the Depression of 1837. Sometime after returning from Maine, Thoreau grew a full beard, which he kept for the remainder of his life.

很可能布莱克独自游览了怀特山，部分原因正如上一封信中所暗示的——而这封信中则说得十分明确——他恐怕自己不能承受上次七八月间缅因之行的艰苦。1857 年整个夏天，美国经济增长明显放缓，九月初纽约几家银行的倒闭引发了全面的金融恐慌。有偿付能力的银行为了应对恐慌，中止了以金币兑换纸币。这次惊人的经济大衰退，后来被称为1857 年大萧条，是自1837 年以来最严重的一次。从缅因返回后不久，梭罗蓄了络腮胡子，一直保留着直到生命终结。

Concord, November 16, 1857.

1857 年11 月16 日于康科德

Mr. Blake,—

布莱克先生：

You have got the start again. It was I that owed you a letter or two, if I mistake not.

你又开始了新的话题。如果我没有弄错，我是欠了你一两封信。

They make a great ado nowadays about hard times; but I think that the community generally, ministers and all, take a wrong view of the matter, though some of the ministers preaching according to a formula may pretend to take a right one. This general failure, both private and public, is rather occasion for rejoicing, as reminding us whom we have at the helm,—that justice is always done. If our merchants did not most of them fail, and the banks too, my faith in

the old laws of the world would be staggered. The statement that ninety-six in a hundred doing such business surely break down is perhaps the sweetest fact that statistics have revealed,—exhilarating as the fragrance of sallows in spring. Does it not say somewhere, "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice"[1]? If thousands are thrown out of employment, it suggests that they were not well employed. Why don't they take the hint? It is not enough to be industrious; so are the ants. What are you industrious about?

现在他们穷于应付艰难时世；但是我觉得全体大众，包括牧师和其他所有人，关于这件事的观点是错误的，虽然有些牧师按照一套固定的模式布道，假装那是正确的。经济的普遍衰退，无论是个人的还是公众的，这反倒应该让人高兴，因为这提醒我们到底是谁在掌控全局——正义总会得到伸张。如果大多数商人没有破产，银行也没有破产，那我对世界古老法则的信仰将会动摇。100 个商人里有96 个必定要破产这种说法，可能是统计学已揭示的最令人高兴的事实——就像春天里柳树的清香，令人振奋。不是还有这样的说法：“耶和华作王，愿地快乐”吗？如果成千上万的人失业，那说明他们的工作并不适合他们。他们为什么不领会这种暗示呢？勤劳是不够的；蚂蚁也勤劳。你为了什么而勤劳？

The merchants and company have long laughed at transcendentalism, higher laws, etc., crying, "None of your moonshine," as if they were anchored to something not only definite, but sure and permanent. If there was any institution which was presumed to rest on a solid and secure basis, and more than any other represented this boasted common sense, prudence, and practical talent, it was the bank; and now those very banks are found to be mere reeds shaken by the wind[2].Scarcely one in the land has kept its promise. It would seem as if you only need live forty years in any age of this world, to see its most promising government become the government of Kansas, and banks nowhere. Not merely the Brook Farm and Fourierite communities[3], but now the community generally has failed. But there is the moonshine still, serene, beneficent, and unchanged. Hard times, I say, have this value, among others, that they show us what such promises are worth,—where the sure banks are. I heard some merchant praised the other day because he had paid some of his debts, though it took nearly all he had (why, I've done as much as that myself many times, and a little more), and then gone to board. What if he has? I hope he's got a good boarding-place, and can pay for it. It's not everybody that can. However, in my opinion, it is cheaper to keep house, —i.e., if you don't keep too big a one.

商人和公司长久以来一直嘲笑先验论和更高的法则等等，叫嚣着：“不要再宣扬你们的空话了”，仿佛他们抛锚停泊的地方是确定、可靠、永久的。如果存在一个机构，可以认定它建立在结实而可靠的基础之上，比其他机构更能代表这种可夸耀的判断力、审慎和办事才能，那

就是银行；但是现在人们却发现这些银行不过是任风吹动的芦苇。在这个世界，几乎没有人能坚守承诺。似乎在这个世界的任何时代，你只要生活四十年，就会目睹最有前途的政府沦落为堪萨斯州政府，而银行则无处可寻。现在不仅布鲁克农场和傅立叶公社破产了，整个美国社会都破产了。但是空话仍然存在，安详、仁慈、一成不变。我要说困难时期有它的价值，别的不说，这种时期向我们展示了这种承诺有何价值——可靠的银行在哪里。几天前我听到某个商人受到赞扬，因为他几乎竭尽所有偿还了部分债务，（哎，我自己也这样做过许多次，甚至比他做得还多），然后开始过寄宿生活。要是他真的去过寄宿生活又怎样呢？我希望他寄宿的地方好一点，并且他能支付得起租金。不是每个人都能支付得起的。但是，就我看来，住自己房子还更便宜一点——如果你的房子不是太大的话。

Men will tell you sometimes that "money's hard." That shows it was not made to eat, I say. Only think of a man in this new world, in his log cabin, in the midst of a corn and potato parch, with a sheepfold on one side, talking about money being hard! So are flints hard; there is no alloy in them. What has that to do with his raising his food, cutting his wood (or breaking it), keeping in-doors when it rains, and, if need be, spinning and weaving his clothes? Some of those who sank with the steamer the other day found out that money was heavy too. Think of a man's priding himself on this kind of wealth, as if it greatly enriched him. As if one struggling in mid-ocean with a bag of gold on his back should gasp out, "I am worth a hundred thousand dollars." I see them struggling just as ineffectually on dry land, nay, even more hopelessly, for, in the former case, rather than sink, they will finally let the bag go; but in the latter they are pretty sure to hold and go down with it. I see them swimming about in their greatcoats, collecting their rents, really getting their dues, drinking bitter draughts which only increase their thirst, becoming more and more water-logged, till finally they sink plumb down to the bottom. But enough of this.

有时人们会对你说“挣钱很难。”我说这正表明了钱不是用来吃的。想想一个人，在这个新世界里，在他的小木屋里，在玉米地和土豆地中间，一边是羊圈，竟然谈论着挣钱很难！火石也是硬的；火石里没有合金。他种植粮食，砍木头（或劈木头），下雨时呆在屋内，如果需要，纺纱并且编织自己的衣服，挣钱难不难和这些有何关系？前几天和轮船一起沉入海底的那些人，还发现钱也是沉的呢。想想有人竟然因为这种财富而洋洋自得，仿佛它使他变得极度富有。好像一个正在海中央挣扎的人，背上驮了一袋黄金，还应该气喘吁吁地大喊：“我的身价是10 万美元。”我看见他们在旱地上做着同样无效的挣扎，不，甚至更无望，因为在前种情况下，为避免沉入海底，他们最后会放开装有黄金的袋子；但是在后种情况下，他们必定会紧紧抓住袋子，和它一起堕落。我看见他们穿着厚重的大衣四处游走，收取租金，确保收到所有欠款，一口口

地喝着苦水，却感觉更渴，身上浸满的水越来越多，直到最后完全沉入海底。但是这个话题就到此为止吧。

Have you ever read Ruskin's[4] books? If not, I would recommend you to try the second and third volumes (not parts) of his "Modern Painters." I am now reading the fourth, and have read most of his other books lately. They are singularly good and encouraging, though not without crudeness and bigotry. The themes in the volumes referred to are infinity, Beauty, Imagination, Love of Nature, etc.,—all treated in a very living manner. I am rather surprised by them. It is remarkable that these things should be said with reference to painting chiefly, rather than literature. The "Seven Lamps of Architecture," too, is made of good stuff; but, as I remember, there is too much about art in it for me and the Hottentots[5]. We want to know about matters and things in general. Our house is as yet a hut.

你读过拉斯金的书吗？如果没有，我推荐你读一下他的《现代画家》第二卷和第三卷（不是部分）。我在读第四卷，而且最近几乎读完了他所有其他的著作。这些书异常优秀，很鼓舞人，虽然里面不乏粗糙和偏执的地方。这几卷书中涉及的主题包括永恒、美、想象力、热爱自然等等——所有主题都写得很生动，我为它们感到惊叹。值得注意的是，这些东西主要是以绘画为引子来讨论的，而不是文学。《建筑的七盏灯》也包含了很好的东西，但是，根据我的记忆，对我和霍屯督人来说，里面涉及到太多艺术的东西。我们想知道普通的事物和事情。我们的房子迄今还只是木屋。

You must have been enriched by your solitary walk over the mountains. I suppose that I feel the same awe when on their summits that many do on entering a church. To see what kind of earth that is on which you have a house and garden somewhere, perchance! It is equal to the lapse of many years. You must ascend a mountain to learn your relation to matter, and so to your own body, for it is at home there, though you are not. It might have been composed there, and will have no farther to go to return to dust there, than in your garden; but your spirit inevitably comes away, and brings your body with it, if it lives. Just as awful really, and as glorious, is your garden. See how I can play with my fingers! They are the funniest companions I have ever found. Where did they come from? What strange control I have over them! Who am I? What are they?—those little peaks—call them Madison, Jefferson, Lafayette. What is the matter? My fingers ten, I say. Why, erelong, they may form the top-most crystal of Mount Washington. I go up there to see my body's cousins. There are some fingers, toes, bowels, etc., that I take an interest in, and therefore I am interested in all their relations.

你独自游览了怀特山，一定收获颇丰。我想当我站在山顶时，将同许多人走进教堂时一样，怀着同样的敬畏。看看那是怎样的大地，在这

大地上某处你或许有自己的房子和花园！那感悟仿佛就是时光流逝多年后的蓦然回首。你必须爬上山顶，才能弄清你和物质的关系以及你和你自己身体的关系，因为那里是你身体的家，虽然不是你的家。你的身体可能在那里生成，从那里返回尘土，不用绕远路从你的花园归入尘土；但如果你的灵魂继续存活，必然会离开，还会带上你的身体。你的花园同样惊人，同样辉煌。看我如何玩自己的手指！它们是我发现的最有趣的伙伴。这些手指从何处来？我对手指的控制多么奇怪！我是谁？它们是什么？——那些小山峰——叫它们麦迪逊、杰斐逊、拉斐特。这个物体是什么？我的10 根手指，我说。啊，不久它们可能就会构成华盛顿山亮晶晶的最顶层。我爬上山顶去看我身体的表亲。那里有我感兴趣的一些手指、脚趾、肠子等，因此我对它们的所有亲戚都感兴趣。

Let me suggest a theme for you: to state to yourself precisely and completely what that walk over the mountains amounted to for you,—returning to this essay again and again, until you are satisfied that all that was important in your experience is in it. Give this good reason to yourself for having gone over the mountains, for mankind is ever going over a mountain. Don't suppose that you can tell it precisely the first dozen times you try, but at'em again, especially when, after a sufficient pause, you suspect that you are touching the heart or summit of the matter, reiterate your blows there, and account for the mountain to yourself. Not that the story need be long, but it will take a long while to make it short. It did not take very long to get over the mountain, you thought; but have you got over it indeed? If you have been to the top of Mount Washington, let me ask, what did you find there? That is the way they prove witnesses, you know. Going up there and being blown on is nothing. We never do much climbing while we are there, but we eat our luncheon, etc., very much as at home. It is after we get home that we really go over the mountain, if ever. What did the mountain say? What did the mountain do?

我给你提议一个主题吧：准确地、完整地向你自己陈述在山中散步的意义——然后反复琢磨这篇文章，将所有重要的经历都包含其中，直到你满意。这样你就可以给出充分的理由，说明自己为何要爬上大山，因为人类总是不断地翻过大山。别以为你试过最初的十几次之后，就能很准确地讲述出来，要反复尝试，尤其是在充足的停顿后，当你怀疑自己触摸到了事物的心脏或顶峰时，你更要在那里反复推敲，对自己解释爬山的理由。故事并不一定要长，但要花很长的时间才能写得简短。你以为翻过大山不需要花很长时间；但是你真的翻过大山了吗？如果你曾经到过华盛顿山的顶峰，那么我问你，你在那里发现了什么？你知道，他们就是这样求证于证人的。爬上山顶，任大风吹面，这没有什么了不起。在山里时，我们从未攀登过很多，只是在那吃午饭等等，几乎像在家里一样。我们回家后，才是真的翻过了大山，如果说我们曾经有过这种经历的话。山说过什么？山做过什么？

I keep a mountain anchored off eastward a little way, which I

ascend in my dreams both awake and asleep. Its broad base spreads over a village or two, which do not know it; neither does it know them, nor do I when I ascend it. I can see its general outline as plainly now in my mind as that of Wachusett. I do not invent in the least, but state exactly what I see. I find that I go up it when I am light-footed and earnest. It ever smokes like an altar with its sacrifice. I am not aware that a single villager frequents it or knows of it. I keep this mountain to ride instead of a horse.

我把一座山固定在向东一点点远的地方，无论醒着还是睡着，我都在梦中爬这座山。宽阔的山脚横跨一两个村庄，而村庄却不知道山的存在；山也不知道村庄的存在，甚至在我爬山的时候我也不知道它的存在。我现在能在心里看到它的大体轮廓，如同沃楚西特的轮廓一样清楚。我丝毫也没有编造，说的正是我所看见的。我发现当我脚步轻快、认真迫切时，我就能爬上山顶。山顶总是在冒烟，如同摆满祭祀品的圣坛。就我所知，没有哪个村民经常造访它或者知道它的存在。别人养马来骑，我养山来骑。

Do you not mistake about seeing Moosehead Lake from Mount Washington? That must be about one hundred and twenty miles distant, or nearly twice as far as the Atlantic, which last some doubt if they can see thence. Was it not Umbagog?

你说从华盛顿山上能看到穆斯黑德湖，是不是弄错了？两者之间大约相隔120 英里，或者说几乎比大西洋远一倍，能否从那里看到是值得怀疑的。那是不是安贝戈格湖？

Dr. Solger has been lecturing in the vestry in this town on Geography, to Sanborn's scholars, for several months past, at five P. M. Emerson and Alcott have been to hear him. I was surprised when the former asked me, the other day, if I was not going to hear Dr. Solger. What, to be sitting in a meeting-house cellar at that time of day, when you might possibly be outdoors! I never thought of such a thing. What was the sun made for? If he does not prize daylight, I do. Let him lecture to owls and dormice. He must be a wonderful lecturer indeed who can keep me indoors at such an hour, when the night is coming in which no man can walk[6].

过去的好几个月里，索尔格博士一直在城里的礼拜堂给桑伯恩的学者讲地理，时间在下午5 点。爱默生和阿尔科特去听过。有天爱默生问我是否去听索尔格博士的演讲，我感到吃惊。什么？在白昼的那个时间，坐在教堂的地下室里，而你本来可能呆在户外！我从未想过这事。要太阳来干什么？如果他不珍惜日光，我珍惜。让他对着猫头鹰和睡鼠演讲吧。在这样的时刻，如果有人能将我留在室内，那他必定是个极好的演说家，因为一旦黑夜降临，谁也无法外出散步。

Are you in want of amusement nowadays? Then play a little at the game of getting a living. There never was anything equal it. Do it

temperately, though, and don't sweat. Don't let this secret out, for I have a design against the Opera. OPERA!! Pass along the exclamations, devil[7].

你现在缺少娱乐吗？那就玩一玩谋求生计的游戏。没有什么能与这游戏媲美。不过，玩起来要节制，不要流汗。不要泄露这个秘密，因为我有个反对歌剧的计划。歌剧！！伴着惊叹传下去，小鬼。

Now is the time to become conversant with your wood-pile (this comes under Work for the Month), and be sure you put some warmth into it by your mode of getting it. Do not consent to be passively warmed. An intense degree of that is the hotness that is threatened. But a positive warmth within can withstand the fiery furnace, as the vital heat of a living man can withstand the heat that cooks meat.

现在是熟悉你柴堆的用途的时候了（这归入了“每月工作”中），一定要按照获得木柴的方式，把一些温暖放进去。不要默许消极地取暖。否则，高温产生的热烫会让人无法承受。但是内心里积极的暖意能够抵挡炽热的火炉，正如活人的生命热量能够抵挡煮肉的热度。

(1) 《圣经旧约. 诗篇》第97 章第1 节：“耶和华作王。愿地快乐，愿众海岛欢喜。”

(2) 《圣经新约. 马太福音》第11 章第7 节：“他们走的时候，耶稣就对众人谈论约翰说，你们从前出到旷野，是要看什么呢？要看风吹动的芦苇吗？”

(3) 傅立叶公社，由法国社会主义改革家弗朗西斯.M. C. 傅立叶（ F r a n c i e s M a r i eCharles Fourier，1772—1837） 提出；其主要宗旨是将社会组成公社来改善生活。

(4) 罗斯金（1819—1900）是梭罗那个时代的艺术家、科学家、诗人、环境保护主义者、哲学家以及杰出的艺术评论家。

(5) 霍屯督人，南美三大部落之一，在梭罗眼中，霍屯督人代表了人类野性的一面。

(6) 见《圣经. 约翰福音》第9 章第4 节：“ 趁着白日，我们必须作那差我来作的工。黑夜将到，就没有人能作工了。” 梭罗对此句作了改动。

(7) 小鬼, 梭罗这里指的是印刷厂年纪最小的学徒。

letter thirty-eight

第三十八封信

June 1, 1858, Tuesday; Concord, Massachusetts

1858 年6 月1 日，星期二；马萨诸塞州康科德

On the way to New York City in late May to conduct business relating to his family's graphite supply firm, Thoreau stayed overnight at Blake's in Worcester (May 22) and enjoyed a long outing the next day with Blake, Brown, and Rogers. The morning after writing this letter he met Blake at the rail depot in Fitchburg, Massachusetts, and the two men continued on together to Troy, New Hampshire, from which they walked to Mount Monadnock, five miles to the east. They camped two nights on the mountain, walked the twelve miles to the train station at Winchendon, Massachusetts, the morning of June 4, and returned to their respective homes. Thoreau's essay "Chesuncook" began appearing serially in the June issue of the Atlantic Monthly, but publication was halted after the August issue when the editor, James Russell Lowell(1819—1891), dropped without Thoreau's permission what he regarded as the heretical sentence "It [the pine tree] is as immortal as I am, and perchance will go to as high a heaven, there to tower above me still.”

5 月末，梭罗为了处理家中的有关石墨供给公司的生意前往纽约，途经伍斯特，他在布莱克家中过了一夜（5月22 日），第二天和布莱克、布朗以及罗杰斯一起享受了一次长时间的远足。写完这封信的第二天清晨，他在马萨诸塞州菲奇堡火车站与布莱克相遇，两人又一同前往新罕布什尔州的特洛伊，从那里向东步行五英里，到达残丘。两人在山上露营了两个晚上，于6 月4 日早上步行12 英里到达马萨诸塞州的温琴登火车站，然后各自回家。6 月，梭罗的文章《车桑库克》开始在《大西洋月刊》上连载，但是8 月后突然停止，因为编辑詹姆斯. 拉塞尔. 洛威尔（1819—1891）没有经过梭罗的同意，删掉了一句他认为亵渎神灵的话：“它（松树）就像我一样是不朽的，或许会生长到和天堂一样高，在那里依然比我高。”

Concord Tuesday 4 pm June 1st 1858

1858 年6 月1 日星期二下午4 点于康科德

Mr. Blake—

布莱克先生：

It looks as if it might rain tomorrow; therefore this is to inform you—if you have not left Worcester on account of rain, that if the

weather prevents my starting tomorrow, I intend to start on Thursday morning—i.e. if it is not decidedly rainy—or something more than a shower, and I trust that I shall meet you at Troy as agreed on.

明天好像要下雨；如果你因为下雨还没有离开伍斯特，我想写这封信通知你：如果因为天气的缘故，我明天无法出发，我打算在星期四早上出发，如果确定那天不下雨或下得不比阵雨大。我相信我会如约与你在特洛伊会合。

H. D. T

梭罗

letter thirty-nine

第三十九封信

June 29, 1858, Tuesday; Concord, Massachusetts

1858 年6 月29 日，星期二；马萨诸塞州康科德

As he explains in Letter 40, Thoreau mailed this letter to Blake's home in Worcester, but Blake appears to have been visiting his in-laws in Sterling, Massachusetts, and therefore did not receive the letter in a timely fashion.

正如梭罗在第四十封信中所解释的，他把这封信寄到了布莱克在伍斯特的家中，但是当时布莱克碰巧到马萨诸塞州斯特灵拜访妻子那方的亲戚，因此没有及时收到这封信。

Concord, June 29, 1858, 8 A.M.

1858 年6 月29 日上午8 点于康科德

Mr. Blake,—

布莱克先生：

Edward Hoar and I propose to start for the White Mountains in a covered wagon, with one horse, on the morning of Thursday the 1stof July, intending to explore the mountain tops botanically, and camp on them at least several times. Will you take a seat in the wagon with us? Mr. Hoar prefers to hire the horse and wagon himself. Let us hear by express, as soon as you can, whether you will join us here by the earliest train Thursday morning, or Wednesday night. Bring your map of the mountains, and as much provision for the road as you can,—hard bread, sugar, tea, meat, etc.,—for we intend to live like gypsies; also, a blanket and some thick clothes for the mountain top.

爱德华. 霍尔和我打算于7 月1 日星期四早上搭乘一匹有蓬马车，前往怀特山脉，打算去探索山顶的植物，并且在山上住上至少几晚。你想和我们一起前往吗？霍尔先生想由他一个人负担马和马车的租赁费。你是乘星期四最早的火车还是星期三晚上的火车到这里与我们会合，请尽快通过快递告诉我们。带上你的怀特山路线图，尽可能多带些路上吃的供给品——硬面包、糖、茶、肉等等——因为我们打算像吉普赛人一样生活；记得还要带上一条毯子和一些厚衣服，用于在山顶上御寒。

letter forty

第四十封信

July 1, 1858, Thursday; Concord, Massachusetts

1858 年7 月1 日，星期四；马萨诸塞州康科德

Apparently delayed because they had not heard from Blake, Hoar and Thoreau left Concord in their private carriage on July 2. The night of July 4 they camped near Senter (usually Center) Harbor, New Hampshire, a village at the northern extremity of Lake Winnepesaukee. On July 7 they stopped by the Glen House below Pinkham Notch, left a note there for Blake, and ascended Mount Washington, joined by one William H. H. Wentworth, whom Hoar had hired on as a packer. The following afternoon, as Thoreau reported in his journal, "we heard, as we thought, a faint shout, and it occurred to me that Blake... might possibly be looking for me; but soon Wentworth decided that it must be a bear, for they make a noise like a woman in distress. He has caught many of them. Nevertheless, we shouted in return and waved alight coat on the meadow. After an hour or two had elapsed, we heard the voice again, nearer, and saw two men, and I went up the stream to meet Blake and Brown, wet, ragged, and bloody with black flies." The next morning Thoreau sprained his ankle in Tuckerman Ravine and had to lay up the remainder of that day and the next. The five man party continued botanizing on and around Mount Washington until July 16, when Thoreau, Hoar, Blake, and Brown headed home, arriving in Concord at noon on July 19. A few of the incidents that took place during this trip are interestingly echoed in Letter 41.

显然，霍尔和梭罗出发延期了，因为他们没有收到布莱克的回信。7 月2 日，两人乘坐私人马车离开康科德。7 月4 日晚上，他们在新罕布什尔州的桑特港露营，桑特港是维纳帕索基湖最北边的一个村庄。7 月7 日，他们在平克姆山口下面的格伦旅店落脚，给布莱克留了一封短信，然后开始攀登华盛顿山。与他们一同爬山的还有威廉. H. H. 温特沃斯，霍尔雇他来搬运行李。第二天下午，如梭罗在日记中所写：“我们觉得隐约听到了呼喊声，我以为布莱克……可能在找我；但是温特沃斯马上断定那必定是熊的叫声，因为熊发出的声音就像女人痛苦时发出的声音一样。他逮过许多熊。但是，我们还是大声回应，在草地上挥舞一件浅色外套。一两个小时后，我们又听到这个声音，并且更近了，然后看到两个人，我向小溪上游走去，见到了布朗和布莱克。他们浑身湿透，衣衫褴褛，被黑蝇叮得血迹斑斑。”第二天早上，梭罗在塔克曼峡谷扭伤了脚踝，这天接下来的时间以及第二天都无法外出。五人继续在华盛顿山上

以及周围研究植物，直至7 月16日，当天，梭罗、霍尔、布莱克和布朗离开这里回家，7月19 日中午，他们到达康科德。对这次旅行中发生的一些事，第四十一封信中进行了精彩的描述。

Concord, July 1, 1858

1858 年7 月1 日于康科德

July 1st. Last Monday evening Mr. Edward Hoar said that he thought of going to the White Mountains. I remarked casually that I should like to go well enough if I could afford it. Whereupon he declared that if I would go with him, he would hire a horse and wagon, so that the ride would cost me nothing, and we would explore the mountaintops botanically, camping on them many nights. The next morning I suggested you and Brown's accompanying us in another wagon, and we could all camp and cook, gypsy-like, along the way,—or, perhaps, if the horse could draw us, you would like to bear half the expense of the horse and wagon, and take a seat with us. He liked either proposition, but said, that if you would take a seat with us, he would prefer to hire the horse and wagon himself. You could contribute something else if you pleased. Supposing that Brown would be confined, I wrote to you accordingly, by express on Tuesday morning, via Boston, stating that we should start to-day, suggesting provision, thick clothes, etc., and asking for an answer; but I have not received one. I have just heard that you may be at Sterling, and now write to say that we shall still be glad if you will join us at Senter Harbor, where we expect to be next Monday morning. In any case, will you please direct a letter to us there at once?

7 月1 日。上周星期一晚上，爱德华. 霍尔先生说他想游览怀特山。我随口说如果我能付得起旅费，我也很想去。于是霍尔先生提议，如果我陪他一起去，他负责租马和马车，这样这趟旅行我就不用花车旅费了，而且我们可以从植物学的角度探索山顶，在山上宿营多晚。第二天早上，我建议你和布朗乘坐另一辆马车，陪同我们前往，而且我们可以像吉普赛人一样，沿途一起宿营和做饭——或者，如果马拉得动，你们可以和我们同乘一辆马车，支付一半的车马费用。霍尔先生认为两个建议都行，不过他说，如果你们愿意和我们同乘，他想由他一个人来支付马和马车的租赁费。如果你们愿意，可以贡献点其他东西。我想布朗可能出不来，所以就在星期二早上经波士顿给你发快件，告诉你我们会在今天出发，提醒你带上食物、厚衣服等等，并且请求你答复；不过我还没收到你的回复。我刚刚听说你可能在斯特灵，所以现在写信告诉你，如果你能在桑特港和我们会合，我们仍然会很高兴，我们预计下个星期一早上会到达那里。无论如何，你能不能立刻给我们写封信并寄到桑特港？

letter forty-one

第四十一封信

January 1, 1859, Saturday; Concord, Massachusetts

1859 年1 月1 日，星期六；马萨诸塞州康科德

In late November Cholmondeley had mailed Thoreau a letter from Montreal stating that he would be visiting Boston before heading to the West Indies for the winter, whither he asked Thoreau to join him. Later, after Cholmondeley's arrival, he suggested to Thoreau that they explore the valley of the Amazon together, but Thoreau demurred once again, telling his English friend, "I think I had better stay in Concord." Thoreau's two most fervent admirers outside of his family, Blake and Ricketson, met one another and apparently did not hit it off particularly well. They were, in fact, very different personalities—Blake extremely serious and highly idealistic, Ricket son remarkably self-absorbed and literal-minded. Emerson and his compeers in the Saturday Club, had they stuck to their routine of meeting the last Saturday of the month, would have convened at the Parker House in Boston on Christmas Day. It would appear that Emerson attempted to attract Thoreau to the meeting.

11月末，乔姆利从蒙特利尔寄了一封信给梭罗，信中说他将拜访波士顿，然后前往西印度群岛过冬，他邀请梭罗同往。后来，乔姆利到达后，他邀请梭罗一同游览亚马逊山谷，但梭罗再次拒绝，告诉他的英国朋友说：“我想我最好呆在康科德。”梭罗在家族之外有两个最热烈的仰慕者，即布莱克和里基森，这两人见了面，但显然彼此并不怎么投缘。事实上，他们性格迥异——布莱克非常严肃，高度理想主义，里基森异常专注于自我，缺乏想象力。爱默生和他在星期六俱乐部的伙伴如果按照惯例，每月最后一个星期六集会，这次的集会地点应该是在波士顿的帕克饭店，时间是圣诞节。爱默生似乎试图想吸收梭罗参加集会。

Concord, January 1, 1859.

1859 年1 月1 日于康科德

Mr. Blake,—

布莱克先生：

It may interest you to hear that Cholmondeley has been this way again, via Montreal and Lake Huron, going to the West Indies, or rather to Weissnichtwo[1], whither he urges me to accompany him. He is rather more demonstrative than before, and, on the whole, what would be called "a good fellow,"—is a man of principle, and quite

reliable, but very peculiar. I have been to New Bedford with him, to show him a whaling town and Ricketson. I was glad to hear that you had called on R. How did you like him? I suspect that you did not see one another fairly.

下面的消息可能会让你感兴趣。乔姆利又要来这里了，途经蒙特利尔和休伦湖，之后他要前往西印度群岛，或者说“乌有之乡”，他恳请我和他同行。他比以前更热情了，而且，总的来说，他应该可以称为“一个好人”——他有原则，相当值得信赖，但非常古怪。我和他一起去了新贝德福德，带他参观了捕鲸城镇，并让他和里基森见了面。听说你拜访了里基森，我很高兴。你觉得他怎么样？我怀疑你们彼此不是很投缘。

I have lately got back to that glorious society called Solitude, where we meet our friends continually, and can imagine the outside world also to be peopled. Yet some of my acquaintance would fain hustle me into the almshouse for the sake of society, as if I were pining for that diet, when I seem to myself a most befriended man, and find constant employment. However, they do not believe a word I say. They have got a club, the handle of which is in the Parker House at Boston, and with this they beat me from time to rime, expecting to make me render or minced meat, so fit for a club to dine off.

我最近返回了光荣的“独处”社会，在那里我们不断地与朋友相见，并且可想见外面的世界有众生居住。但是我的一些熟人因为社会交往的关系，迫切地催促我进入济贫院，仿佛我渴望获得那里的食物似的，而对我来说，我似乎是朋友最多的人，并且总能找到事做。然而，他们对我的话一句也不相信。他们有个俱乐部，就像大棒一样，把手在波士顿的帕克饭店，他们会时不时用它击打我，想把我变软或变成肉末，以便被他们吃掉。

"Hercules with his club

“赫拉克勒斯拿着大棒

The Dragon did drub;

确实击打了恶龙；

But More of More Hall,

但是霍尔家的摩尔，

With nothing at all,

赤手空拳，

He slew the Dragon of Wantle." [2]

杀死了温特利之龙。”

Ah! that More of More Hall knew what fair play was. Channing, who wrote to me about it once, brandishing the club vigorously (being

set on by another, probably), says now, seriously, that he is sorry to find by my letters that I am "absorbed in politics," and adds, begging my pardon for his plainness, "Beware of an extraneous life!" and so he does his duty, and washes his hands of me. I tell him that it is as if he should say to the sloth, that Fellow that creeps so slowly along a tree, and cries ai from time to time, "Beware of dancing!"

啊！那位霍尔家的摩尔知道何为公平比赛。钱宁有次写信给我谈到这件事，当时他用力地挥舞着大棒（或许是别人给他的），严肃地说，现在从我的信中可以看出我“专注于政治”，这让他感到遗憾，他还说，“小心陷入外部生活！”，为此他请求我原谅他的直率。就这样他完成了自己的使命，然后不再管我。我告诉他，他这样做就好像在劝说树獭——那个在树上缓慢爬行还时不时唉声叹气的家伙，“不要跳舞！”

The doctors are all agreed that I am suffering from want of society. Was never a case like it. First, I did not know that I was suffering at all. Secondly, as an Irishman might say, I had thought it was indigestion of the society I got. It is indispensable that I should take a dose of Lowell& Agassiz & Woodman.

医生一致认为我的病痛是因为缺少社交所致。事实并非如此。首先，我不觉得自己有病痛，其次，正如爱尔兰人所说，我觉得是因为对周围的社交圈消化不良。我应该服下洛威尔、阿加西和伍德曼的一剂药，这是必不可少的。

As for the Parker House, I went there once, when the Club was away, but I found it hard to see through the cigar smoke, and men were deposited about in chairs over the marble floor, as thick as legs of bacon in a smoke-house. It was all smoke, and no salt, Attics[3] or other. The only room in Boston which I visit with alacrity is the Gentlemen's Room[4] at the Fitchburg Depot, where I wait for the cars, sometimes for two hours, in order to get out of town. It is a paradise to the Parker House, for no smoking is allowed, and there is far more retirement. A large and respectable club of us hire it (Town and Country Club[5]), and I am pretty sure to find some one there whose face is set the same way as my own.

至于帕克饭店，我去过一次，那时俱乐部的人已经散去。我发现里面雪茄烟气弥漫，遮挡了我的视线，人们散漫地坐在大理石地板上的椅子上，密实得像熏制室里的火腿。那里只有烟，没有盐，没有希腊式的机智或别的东西。在波士顿，唯一令我欣然向往的房间是菲奇堡车站的男性休息室，为了出城，我在那里等车，有时等上两个小时。与帕克饭店相比，那里简直是天堂，因为那里不允许抽烟，而且安静得多。我们一大群体面的人租了这个休息室（城乡俱乐部），我坚信在那里可以找到和我志趣相投的人。

My last essay, on which I am still engaged, is called Autumnal Tints. I do not know how readable (i.e., by me to others) it will be.

我最新的文章题目为《秋色》，现在还没写好，我不知道它可读性如何（如果我读给其他人听的话）。

I met Mr. James the other night at Emerson's, at an Alcottianconversation[6], at which, however, Alcott did not talk much, being disturbed by James's opposition. The latter is a hearty man enough, with whom you can differ very satisfactorily, on account of both his doctrines and his good temper. He utters quasi philanthropic dogmas in a metaphysic dress; but they are for all practical purposes very crude. He charges society with all the crime committed, and praises the criminal for committing it. But I think that all the remedies he suggests out of his head—for he goes no farther, hearty as he is—would leave us about where we are now. For, of course, it is not by a gift of turkey son Thanksgiving Day that he proposes to convert the criminal, but by a true sympathy with each one,—with him, among the rest, who lying tells the world from the gallows that he has never been treated kindly by a single mortal since he was born. But it is not so easy a thing to sympathize with another, though you may have the best disposition to do it. There is Dobson over the hill. Have not you and I and all the world been trying, ever since he was born, to sympathize with him? (as doubtless he with us), and yet we have got no farther than to send him to the House of Correction once at least; and he, on the other hand, as I hear, has sent us to another place several times. This is the real state of things, as I understand, at least so far as James's remedies go. We are now, alas! exercising what charity we actually have, and new laws would not give us any more. But, perchance, we might make some improvements in the House of Correction. You and I are Dobson; what will James do for us?

那天晚上，我在爱默生的家里见到了詹姆斯先生，我们都参与了一次阿尔科特式的交谈，但是在这次交谈中，阿尔科特本人说得不多，因为总会被詹姆斯的反对意见打断。詹姆斯是一个非常亲切的人，你可以毫无保留地对他提出异议，因为他脾气好又有自己的原则。他的话类似博爱的教义，却披着形而上学的外衣；但是事实上，它们非常粗糙。他把所有犯罪归罪于社会，为罪犯喝彩。但是我认为他的脑袋所能想出的所有补救办法——他不会想出更多的，虽然他很热诚——不会带给我们任何改变。因为，他提议的改变罪犯的方式，当然不是在感恩节送上火鸡当礼物，而是彼此之间真正的同情——不仅同情其他人，还要同情在绞刑架下向世界撒谎的人，这个人说自己自出生以来，从来没有一个人好好地对待过他。但是同情别人不是易事，即使你天生富有同情心。在山那边有个多布森。难道你、我以及全世界自他出生后没有一直试着同情他？（他无疑也同情我们），但我们所做的不过是把他送进感化院，至少一次；而另一方面，据我听说，他好几次把我们送进了另一个地方。根据我的理解，这才是真实的情形，至少是詹姆斯的挽救只能达到的程度。哎！我们现在给予的是我们真正拥有的慈善，而新的法律不会

给我们更多慈善。但是，或许我们可以改善一下感化院。假如你和我是多布森；詹姆斯会为我们做什么呢？

Have you found at last in your wanderings a place where the solitude is sweet?

你在漫游中是否终于找到了一个能恬然独居的地方？

What mountain are you camping on nowadays? Though I had a good time at the mountains, I confess that the journey did not bear any fruit that I know of. I did not expect it would. The mode of it was not simple and adventurous enough. You must first have made an infinite demand, and not unreasonably, but after a corresponding outlay, have an all-absorbing purpose, and at the same time that your feet bear you hither and thither, travel much more in imagination.

你现在在哪座山上宿营？虽然我在山上过得很愉快，但我承认这次旅行没有产生我熟知的成果。我原本也没有这么期待过。旅行的方式不够简单，也不够冒险。你必须首先提出无限的要求，不能提得毫无道理，而要考虑相应的费用，然后你要有专一的目的，最后，你的双脚带你四处漫游，与此同时，你更应该让你的想象力遨游。

To let the mountains slide,—live at home like a traveler. It should not be in vain that these things are shown us from day to day. Is not each withered leaf that I see in my walks some thing which I have traveled to find?—traveled, who can tell how far? What a fool he must be who thinks that his El Dorado[7] is anywhere but where he lives!

让我们把山间旅行先放放——住在家中，也要像旅行者一样。有些东西日复一日地在我们面前出现，这不是毫无意义的。我散步时看见的每片落叶，难道不正是我在旅行中要寻找的吗？——旅行，谁知道到底多远？有人以为，他的黄金国绝不会在他生活的地方，他多傻！

We are always, methinks, in some kind of ravine, though our bodies may walk the smooth streets of Worcester. Our souls (I use this word for want of a better) are ever perched on its rocky sides, overlooking that lowland. (What a more than Tuckerman's Ravine is the body itself, in which the "soul" is encamped, when you come to look into it! However, eagles always have chosen such places for their eyries.)

我觉得我们总是在某种狭小的深谷中，虽然我们的身体可能走在伍斯特平坦的大街上。我们的灵魂（我用了这个词，因为找不到更贴切的）总是栖息在山谷的岩石上，俯视着低地。（身体自身比塔克曼峡谷更好，当看身体时，你会发现“灵魂”在里面扎营！但是，鹰也总是选择这样的地方筑巢。）

Thus is it ever with your fair cities of the plain.[8] Their streets may be paved with silver and gold, and six carriages roll abreast in them,

but the real homes of the citizens are in the Tuckerman's Ravines which ray out from that center into the mountains round about, one for each man, woman, and child. The masters of life have so ordered it. That is their beau-ideal of a country seat. There is no danger of being tuckered out before you get to it.

你们平原上的漂亮城镇情况也一样。可能城镇的大街铺满金银，街上六辆马车并驾齐驱，但是居民真正的家4在塔克曼山谷，山谷从中心向周围的山分散，不管男人、女人还是小孩，都有一个自己的峡谷。生活的主人就是这样安排的。那是他们最美丽理想的国度。你到达前，不会有筋疲力尽的危险。

So we live in Worcester and in Concord, each man taking his exercise regularly in his ravine, like a lion in his cage, and sometimes spraining his ankle there. We have very few clear days, and a great many small plagues which keep us busy. Sometimes, I suppose, you hear a neighbor halloo (Brown, may be) and think it is a bear. Nevertheless, on the whole, we think it very grand and exhilarating, this ravine life. It is a capital advantage withal, living so high, the excellent drainage of that city of God. Routine is but a shallow and insignificant sort of ravine, such as the ruts are, the conduits of puddles. But these ravines are the source of mighty streams, precipitous, icy, savage, as they are, haunted by bears and loup-cerviers; there are born not only Sacos and Amazons, but prophets who will redeem the world. The at lasts mooth and fertilizing water at which nations drink and navies supply themselves begins with melted glaciers, and burst thunder-spouts. Let us pray that, if we are not f lowing through some Mississippi valley which we fertilize, —and it is not likely we are, —we may know ourselves shut in between grim and mighty mountain walls amid the clouds, falling a thousand feet in a mile, through dwarfed fir and spruce, over the rocky insteps of slides, being exercised in our minds, and so developed.

我们也是这样住在伍斯特和康科德，每个人在自己的山谷进行有规律的运动，像笼中的狮子，有时还会在那里扭伤脚。那里晴朗的天气很少，各种小麻烦不断，总是让我们很忙碌。有时，我想你听到邻居的喊声（可能是布朗），会以为那是熊。但是，整体来说，我们觉得这种山谷生活非常辉煌而快活。此外还有一个主要的好处，我们住得这么高，拥有上帝之城优异的排水系统。一成不变的不过是肤浅而无足轻重的山谷，就像车辙不过是泥水汇成的沟渠。但是这些山谷却是强大溪流的源头，尽管那里险峻、冰冷、荒芜无比，经常有熊和猞猁出没；但是不但沙克河和亚马逊河发源于那里，而且那些将要拯救世界的先知也在那里诞生。终于平静下来的河水，滋养着世界各国人民，也为海军供水，河水始于融化的冰川，渐渐变得气势汹汹。让我们祈祷，如果我们没有穿过我们使之肥沃的密西西比峡谷——我们不大可能如此，我们会知道自己夹在悬崖峭壁之间，四周云雾环绕，每上行1 英里就会下落1000 英

尺，必须穿过矮小的云杉和冷杉，跨过滑坡后的岩石，我们的精神如此得到磨炼，获得成长。

(1) 参见托马斯.卡莱尔（Thomas Carlyle，1795—1881）的《衣裳哲学：图夫尔斯德拉克先生的生活和意见》。本书的主人公生活在虚构的地方Weissnichtwo，在德语里指的是“乌有之乡”。

(2) 这是民谣《温特利之龙》的头几行，梭罗有所改动。民谣讲述的是当地英雄摩尔杀死恶龙的事。

(3) 这里的机智是指古希腊雅典人特有的睿智。

(4) 男性休息室，是专为不吸烟的人准备的。

(5) 城乡俱乐部，1849 年由爱默生和其他人发起，聚会地点在波士顿。

(6) 阿尔科特式的交谈，一种理想的交谈方式，由阿尔科特创立，在交谈中，每个参与者提出自己的见解，促进探讨的深入，但同时小心避免一个人支配探讨或使讨论过度复杂。

(7) El Dorado，西班牙语，是指早期来南美寻宝的人要发现的神秘国度，后用于比喻富裕或理想的地方。

(8) 《圣经. 创世纪》第13 章第12 节：“亚伯拉罕住在迦南，罗得住在平原的城邑，渐渐挪移帐篷，直到所多玛。”

letter forty-two

第四十二封信

January 19 and 29, 1859, Wednesday and Saturday;

1859 年1 月19 日和29 日，星期三和星期六；

Concord, Massachusetts

马萨诸塞州康科德

Thoreau's father, John Thoreau Sr., had been ill for quite some time, which circumstance had increasingly compelled Thoreau to handle matters relating to the family's business. Those matters fell wholly upon his shoulders when his father died on February 3. In the letter to which Thoreau responds here, Blake once again suggested that his friend deliver "What Shall It Profit" a second time in Worcester, either overlooking the remark in Letter 41 about "Autumnal Tints" or assuming Thoreau would not have that nascent lecture ready in goodtime. Blake also appears to have mentioned in his letter having written a paper about his "adventures in the Ravine." Tuckerman Ravine is doubtless meant, and the paper was almost certainly the result of Blake's compliance with the suggestion in Letter 37 that he "state to [himself] precisely and completely what his solitary walk over the mountains amounted to" for him.

梭罗的父亲老约翰. 梭罗生病很长时间了，这种情况迫使梭罗投入越来越多的时间和精力处理家里的生意。梭罗的父亲2 月3 日去世后，这些生意上的事务全部落到了梭罗身上。梭罗这封信是对布莱克来信的回复，在来信中，布莱克邀请他的朋友到伍斯特再次演讲《这有何益处》，这可能是因为忽视了梭罗在第四十一封信中关于《秋色》所说的话，也可能以为梭罗不能及时地准备好新的讲稿。布莱克似乎在来信中还提到他就“峡谷历险”写了一篇文章。这里无疑是指塔克曼峡谷，文章极有可能是回应梭罗第三十七封信中所提的建议：“准确完整地向你自己陈述在山中独自散步的意义。”

Concord, January 19, 1859.

1859 年1 月19 日于康科德

Mr. Blake,—

布莱克先生：

If I could have given a favorable report as to the skating, I should have answered you earlier. About a week before you wrote there was good skating; there is now none. As for the lecture, I shall be glad to come. I cannot now say when, but I will let you know, I think within a

week or ten days at most, and will then leave you a week clear to make the arrangements in. I will bring something else than "What shall it profit a Man?" My father is very sick, and has been for a long time, so that there is the more need of me at home. This occurs to me, even when contemplating so short an excursion as to Worcester.

要是我能精彩地叙述滑冰的事，我早就给你回信了。你来信前大约一周，滑冰还很盛行；现在却没人滑了。至于演讲，我很高兴去作。现在我不能确定何时过去，但到时我会通知你，应该在一周内，最多不超过十天。我到时会给你留一周的时间安排，但我这次带来的不是《这有何益处》。我父亲病得很严重，而且已经病了很长时间，所以家里更需要我。即使是去伍斯特这样的短途旅行，我也要顾虑这点。

I want very much to see or hear your account of your adventures in the Ravine, and I trust I shall do so when I come to Worcester. Cholmondeley has been here again, returning from Virginia (for he went no farther south) to Canada; and will go thence to Europe, he thinks, in the spring, and never ramble any more. (January 29). I am expecting daily that my father will die, therefore I cannot leave home at present. I will write you again within ten days.

我非常想读到或听到你对塔克曼峡谷冒险的叙述，我相信自己到伍斯特后，会读到或听到它。乔姆利又来这里了，他是从弗吉尼亚（因为他没有再往南行）返回加拿大；他想春天从加拿大返回欧洲，然后再也不外出漫游了。（1 月29 日）。我每天都觉得父亲可能会去世，所以现在我不能离开家。十天内我会再给你写信。

letter forty-three

第四十三封信

February 7, 1859, Monday; Concord, Massachusetts

1859 年2 月7 日，星期一；马萨诸塞州康科德

The delay occasioned by his father's illness and death enabled Thoreau to complete enough of "Autumnal Tints' to read a portion of it by February 15, but in a letter to Ricketson on February 12 he mentions that he was "going to Worcester to read a parlor lecture on the 22nd." He did indeed read the "Autumnal Tints" extracts in Worcester on that date, either at Blake's school at I Warren Block on Pearl Street or in Blake's home at 3 Bowdoin Street. As explained in note 3 to Letter 31 above, "Autumnal Tints" grew over the months into a much larger project that Thoreau called The Fall of the Leaf.

父亲的生病和去世延迟了梭罗的行程，他因此得以充分地完成《秋色》讲稿，并且于2 月15 日演讲了其中的一部分，但是梭罗在2 月12 日给里基森的一封信中提到他“将去伍斯特，在22 日作一次客厅里的演讲”。他那天在伍斯特确实演讲了《秋色》的选段，地点可能在珍珠街一号华伦街区布莱克的学校，也可能在包德温三街布莱克的家中。《秋色》在几个月内扩展为更长的作品，梭罗给它取名《落叶》。

Concord Feb. 7th 1859

1859 年2 月7 日于康科德

Mr. Blake,

布莱克先生：

I will come and read you an extract from "Autumnal Tints," on Tuesday the 15th, of this month, if that is agreeable to you,—leaving here probably at noon. Perhaps you had better acknowledge the receipt of this.

我将与本月15 日即星期二过去，为你演讲《秋色》里的部分内容，如果你方便的话——我可能在中午从这里出发。请你最好回信确认收到了这封信。

H. D. T.

梭罗

letter forty-four

第四十四封信

September 26, 1859, Monday; Concord, Massachusetts

1859 年9 月26 日，星期一；马萨诸塞州康科德

The Thoreau family business thrived throughout the 1850s, and with the death of his father Thoreau was left to run it himself, which reduced dramatically the free time he had become accustomed to enjoying over the years. Blake and Brown visited him in Concord on April 28, and the following month he again met John Brown, who once more visited Concord from Kansas. As he had done during his previous visit, Brown spoke at the Concord Town Hall, but this time Thoreau was considerably more impressed with Brown than he had been before. Doubtless inspired by Thoreau accounts of Cape Cod, Blake visited the Cape himself but clearly found the place not so much to his liking.

19 世纪50 年代期间，梭罗家里的生意兴隆，父亲去世后，全部生意都由梭罗一人打理，他多年来习惯享受的空闲时间，也因此而大大减少。4 月28 日，布莱克和布朗到康科德拜访梭罗，次月梭罗又见到约翰. 布朗，这是布朗再次从堪萨斯过来访问康科德。如同他上次的旅行，布朗又在康科德市政厅作了演讲，但是这次布朗让梭罗更有触动。无疑梭罗对科德角的描述激发了布莱克兴趣，所以布莱克独自游览了科德角，但是显然他发现自己并不怎么喜欢那个地方。

Concord Sep. 26th 1859

1859 年9 月26 日于康科德

Mr. Blake,

布莱克先生：

I am not sure that I am in a fit mood to write to you, for I feel & think rather too much like a business man, having some very irksome affairs to attend to these months and years on account of my family. This is the way I am serving King Admetus[1]—confound him! If it were not for my relations I would let the wolves prey on his flocks to their bellies' content. Such fellows you have to deal with! herdsmen of some other king, or of the same, who tell no tale, but in the sense of counting their flocks, & then lie drunk under a hedge. How is your grist ground?—Not by some murmuring stream, while you lie dreaming on the bank, but, it seems, you must take hold with your hands & shove the wheel round. You can't depend on streams, poor

feeble things! You can't depend on worlds, left to themselves, but you've got to oil them &goad them along. In short, you've got to carry on [2] farms at once, the farm on the earth, and the farm in your mind. Those Crimean and Italian battles were mere boy's play—they are the scrapes into which truants get. But what a battle a man must fight everywhere to maintain his standing army of thoughts, & march with them in orderly array through the always hostile country! How many enemies there are to sane thinking! Every soldier has succumbed to them before he enlists for those other battles. Men may sit in chambers, seemingly safe &sound, & yet despair, and turn out at last only hollowness & dust within, like a Dead-sea apple2. A standing army of numerous, brave, & well disciplined thoughts, & you at the head of them, marching straight to your goal! —How to bring this about is the problem, & Scotts' Tactics[3] will not help you to it. Think of a poor fellow begirt only with a sword belt,& no such staff of athletic thoughts! his brains rattling as he walks, and talks! —These are your Pretorian guard.

我不确定现在给你写信心绪是否合适，因为我的感受和想法太像一个生意人，由于家庭的关系，我不得不成年累月地处理一些讨厌的事务。这就是我现在服务阿德墨托斯国王的方式——讨厌的家伙！要不是考虑到我的亲戚，我会放任狼群尽情捕食他的羊群。你必须同这样的人打交道！其他国王或同一个国王的牧羊人，他们没有故事可讲，只是单纯数数羊的数量，然后就醉躺在篱笆下面。你的谷地如何了？——不要依靠潺潺的小溪，而自己却躺在溪边做梦，你一定要自己动手，推着轮子转。你不能指望小溪，可怜而脆弱的东西！你不能指望世界，任它们自生自灭，你必须给它们加油，驱使它们前进。简而言之，你必须同时经营两个农场，地上的农场和你心中的农场。克里米亚战斗和意大利战斗不过是孩童的游戏——它们只是逃学的儿童遇到的一些困境。但是，为了维持思想的常备军，并且在总是充满敌意的国度有秩序地与之列队行进，人随处都要打一场艰巨的仗！理智的思想有那么多敌人！每个士兵在投入其他战斗前就已经向敌人屈服。大家坐在房子里，看似安全、健康，但又很绝望，最后发现内心只有空虚和灰尘，就像一个死海苹果。一支思想的常备军，人数众多，勇敢，严守纪律，而你站在队伍的最前面，径直地向你的目标前进！——如何实现这些是一个问题，而斯哥特的战术帮不了你。想想一个可怜的家伙，只配带一支配剑，而没有强健的思想！他走路和说话时，大脑会嘎嘎作响！——这些就是你的禁卫军。

It is easy enough to maintain a family, or a state, but it is hard to maintain these children of your brain (or say rather these guests that trust to enjoy your hospitality), they make such great demands; and yet he who does only the former, and loses the power to think originally, or as only he ever can, falls miserably. Keep up the fires of thought and all will go well.

维持一个家庭或一个国家相当容易，但是供养你大脑的这些孩子（或更准确地说，这些希望享受你殷勤接待的客人）却是困难的，他们的要求如此苛刻；但是如果一个人只做前者，丧失了独立思考的能力，或他从来就只会做前者，会落得惨败的下场。保持思想的火焰，一切将会进展顺利。

Zouaves?—Pish! How you can overrun a country, climb any rampart, and carry any fortress, with an army of alert thoughts!—thoughts that send their bullets home to heaven's door—with which you can take the whole world, without paying for it, or robbing any body. See the conquering hero comes! You fail in your thoughts, or you prevail in your thoughts only. Provided you think well, the heavens falling, or the earth gaping, will be music for you to march by. No foe can ever see you, or you him; you cannot so much as think of him. Swords have no edges, bullets no penetration, for such a contest. In your mind must be a liquor which will dissolve the world whenever it is dropt in it. There is no universal solvent but this, & all things together cannot saturate it. It will hold the universe in solution, & yet be as translucent as ever. The vast machine may indeed roll over our toes, & we not know it, but it would rebound & be staved to pieces like an empty barrel, if it should strike fair & square, on the smallest & least angular of a man's thoughts.

佐阿夫大兵？——呸！你多么容易就可以侵占一个国家，爬上任何城墙，抢夺任何堡垒，只要你拥有一支有着警醒思想的军队！——这些思想将把他们的子弹正中要害地送上天堂之门——拥有这些思想，你能够得到整个世界，而不用为它付费，或抢劫任何人。看，征服的英雄归来了！不在思想中失败，就在思想中获胜！只要你善于思考，天堂倒塌或大地裂开，都将是伴你前进的音乐。任何敌人都看不到你，你也看不到他；你甚至连想都不会想4他。在这样的战斗中，剑不能刺穿你，子弹也不能穿透你。在你思想里一定有种溶剂，一旦世界掉落其中，它会将世界溶解。这是唯一的万能溶剂，所有事物聚在一起也不能让它饱和。它会将宇宙溶解于其中，但是看上去还是和以前一般透亮。巨大的机器可能确实在我们的脚趾上碾过，而我们并不知晓，但是如果结结实实撞到人思想的哪怕最小的一角，它就会反弹，并像空桶一样被砸成碎片。

You seem not to have taken Cape Cod the right way. I think that you should have persevered in walking on the beach and on the bank, even to the land's end, however soft, & so, by long knocking at Ocean's gate, have gained admittance at last; better if separately, & in a storm, not knowing where you would sleep by night, or eat by day. Then you should have given a day to the sand behind Provincetown, & ascended the hills there, & been blown on considerably. I hope that you like to remember the journey better than you did to make it.

你游览科德角的方式似乎不对。我觉得你应该坚持在海滩和海岸上

行走，不管它们多么柔软，甚至到达陆地的尽头，不断敲击海洋之门，直到最后得以进入；如果你是独自一人，并且遇到暴风雨，那更好，你不知道晚上在哪里睡觉，或白天在哪里吃饭。然后你应该把一天交给普洛斯顿后面的沙滩，从那里上山，享受大风的吹拂。我希望这次旅行在你的记忆中要比你经历的更美好。

I have been confined at home all this year, but I am not aware that I have grown any rustier than was to be expected. One while I explored the bottom of the river pretty extensively. I have engaged to read a lecture to Parker's society on the 9th of October next.

我今年整年都关在家中，但是我不觉得我变得比曾预料的更荒疏。今年有一阵我比较彻底地探索了河底。我答应明年10 月9 日到帕克协会演讲。

Emerson has been seriously lame for 2 or 3 months past—Sprained his foot—& does not yet get better.It has been a bad business for him—

爱默生过去两三个月来瘸得厉害——他扭伤了脚——现在还没有好转。这对他真是件坏事——

I am off—a barberrying

我要出发——去采酸莓了。

H. D. T.

梭罗

(1) 阿德墨托斯国王源自希腊神话，阿波罗被驱逐出天堂，为阿德墨托斯国王放牧九年。

(2) 死海苹果，据犹太罗马历史学家约瑟夫斯所说，（死海北面）索多玛树上的残留物“ 还能看得见，还有果实中生长的灰尘，这些果实的色彩让它们看起来似乎可以吃；但是如果你用手弹一下，果实会变成烟和灰。”

(3) 斯哥特战术，1835 年， 斯哥特将军（Scott，1786—1866） 出版共三卷的《步兵战术》。

letter forty-five

第四十五封信

October 31, 1859, Monday; Concord, Massachusetts

1859 年10 月31 日，星期一；马萨诸塞州康科德

Blake visited Thoreau on October 13, staying overnight and joining him the next morning for a walk around Flint's Pond in Lincoln, Massachusetts, one of the towns adjoining Concord. During this month Thoreau began work on a massively ambitious project, Wild Fruits, wherein he planned to catalog and describe in considerable detail the complete natural history of all the naturally occurring fruits of his hometown in their order of ripening, as well as survey how humankind over the millennia had used and enjoyed each of those fruits. Unfortunately, this project was left unfinished at his death, and a reconstructed version of the incomplete project was not published until 2000. On October 19, five days after Blake returned home from his visit, the first report arrived in Concord of John Brown's raid on the federal arsenal at Harpers Ferry, Virginia (now West Virginia).Brown and twenty-one men aspired to rid the land of the iniquity of slavery by leading an insurrection and arming the slaves with weapons from the arsenal. Instead, ten of the men were killed, including two of Brown's sons; five escaped and were never caught. Brown was among the remaining six who were captured and quickly brought to trial. Thoreau's response to the initial reports was swift, decisive, unequivocal. Brown's character, if not his specific actions, must be defended at all hazards. Thoreau's journal, filled with observations about nature in the days leading up to October 19, is filled with nothing but his thoughts on the John Brown affair through the remainder of the month. As more news came to him through the Boston newspapers, particularly the reports of what Brown said to his captors as he lay wounded on the armory's engine house floor, Thoreau's indignation mounted, as did his respect for Brown's character. While the nation rowdily debated the import of this incredibly dramatic event and argued about Brown's sanity, Thoreau organized his journal comments into a lecture. When he sent word around town that he would deliver a defense of Brown, the local abolitionists responded that a defense at that time might be counterproductive. Thoreau replied, "I did not send to you for advice, but to announce that I am to speak." His lecture "A Plea for Captain John Brown," delivered in the vestry of the Unitarian Meetinghouse in Concord on October 30, made him the first person in the country to

speak out publicly in support of Brown. It was a daring, even a dangerous act, but wholly characteristic. The lecture inaugurated a gradual swaying of the public's mind in the Free States, a development that was completed eighteen months later, when many troops assembled from those states and marched southward to the song "John Brown's Body." Two days after the Concord lecture and the day after this letter to Blake, November 1, Thoreau read the lecture again, this time in one of Boston's foremost auditoriums, the Tremont Temple. The black abolitionist orator Frederick Douglass had been scheduled to speak, but he had left hastily for Canada, fearing reprisals for his suspected involvement in planning Brown's raid. On October 31, probably after writing to Blake, Thoreau had received an urgent telegram from Boston asking him to stand in for Douglass. The lecture was scheduled for 7:30 p.m., but Tremont Hall was filled with 2,500 auditors at 7 p.m. Thoreau spoke for an hour and a half, giving what seems to have been one of his best performances on the lecture platform, for the newspaper reports indicate that the audience listened with "enthusiastic approval" and that Thoreau's speech was several times interrupted by applause. When Blake received this letter from Thoreau, he quickly rented Washburn Hall in Worcester's new Mechanic's Hall building on Main Street for Thursday, November 3.Higginson was not in town when the letter arrived but was returning from upstate New York, where he had gone to speak with Mrs. Brown in North Elba about persuading her husband to allow his friends in the North to rescue him from prison. (Brown, understanding that his martyrdom was far more valuable to the cause of abolition than his life, had refused offers of rescue.) The court in Virginia issued its verdict the day before Thoreau's Worcester engagement, November 2: death by hanging in one month. The next day's newspapers contained the text of John Brown's last speech to the court, a speech that many American school children throughout the latter half of the nineteenth century were required to recite from memory. Thoreau read Brown's brief speech at the close of his Worcester lecture that evening. The next day he stopped by Alcott's house in Concord and reported on both his Boston and Worcester lectures, after which Alcott wrote in his diary, "Thoreau has good right to speak fully his mind concerning Brown, and has been the first to speak and celebrate the hero's courage and magnanimity. It is these which he discerns and praises. The men have much in common: the sturdy manliness, straight-forwardness and independence. It is well they met, and that Thoreau saw what he sets forth as no one else can.”

10 月13 日，布莱克拜访梭罗并在那儿住了一晚，第二天早上，两人一起绕着马萨诸塞州林肯镇的弗林特湖散步，林肯镇与康科德相邻。在这个月，梭罗雄心勃勃地开始了一项巨大的工程——《野果》，他计

划按成熟的先后顺序将家乡所有自然生长的野果编目，并且相当详尽地描述它们完整的自然史，同时调查过去一千年人类是如何使用和享用每种果实的。遗憾的是，这项工程直到梭罗去世都没有完成，未完成的遗稿直到2000 年才被整理出版。10 月19 日，也就是布莱克旅行结束回家五天后，约翰. 布朗袭击弗吉尼亚州（现在的西弗吉尼亚州）哈珀斯费里联邦军火库的消息第一次传到康科德。布朗和二十一位伙伴渴望在这块土地上消除邪恶的奴隶制度，他们发动了起义，用军火库的武器武装奴隶。结果，十人死亡，包括布朗的两个儿子；五人逃脱，之后一直未被抓住。布朗和余下的五人一起被逮捕，并且很快就被送去审判。最初听到这个消息时，梭罗作了迅速、果断而明确的回应。无论如何，不管这会有多么危险，就算不为布朗的特定行为辩护，也一定要捍卫布朗的人格。10 月19 日之前，梭罗的日记都是关于自然的观察见闻，但10 月剩下的日子里，日记中记载的全是他对布朗事件的想法。随着梭罗从波士顿报纸上读到越来越多的消息，尤其是读到布朗受伤后躺在军械库的地板上对逮捕者所说的话后，他的愤怒逐渐升级，对布朗的人格也越来越尊重。整个国家都在吵嚷，辩论这个极端戏剧化的事件的含义，并且争论布朗是否精神健全，这时，梭罗将日记里的评论整理成讲稿。他向镇里发出消息，说他要演讲，为布朗辩护，但是当地的废奴主义者回应说那个时候替布朗辩护可能会帮倒忙。梭罗回答：“我并不是向你们征求意见，而是宣布我要演讲。”他于10 月30 日在康科德的一神教教堂里的小礼拜室演讲了《为约翰. 布朗上尉辩护》，成为全国第一个公开表达支持布朗的人。这是大胆的、甚至危险的行为，但是完全符合梭罗的个性。这次演讲是自由州大众的想法逐渐转向支持布朗的开端，18 个月之后取得了很大进展，许多来自自由州的军队集合在一起，边向南行军边高唱《约翰. 布朗的尸体》。11 月1 日，在康科德演讲的两天后，也就是这封信写完后的第二天，梭罗再次发表了这篇演讲，这次地点是在波士顿最好的礼堂之一的特利蒙特神庙。原计划是由黑人废奴主义者演说家弗雷德里克. 道格拉斯来演讲，但是他已匆忙逃往了加拿大，因为涉嫌参与谋划布朗的袭击事件，担心受到报复。10 月31 日，可能在写完这封信后，梭罗收到一份波士顿发来的紧急电报，请他代替道格拉斯演讲。演讲定于晚上7 点30 分开始，但是7 点时，礼堂里就已经坐了2500 名听众。梭罗讲了一个半小时，这似乎是他在讲台上表现最精彩的演讲之一，因为报纸上的报道显示听众听演讲时“热烈赞成”，而且梭罗的演讲被掌声打断了好几次。布莱克收到梭罗的这封信后，迅速租下伍斯特大街上机械师新大楼里的沃什伯恩大厅，用于11月3 日即星期四的演讲。这封信到达时，希金森不在镇上，而是在从纽约州北部返回的途中，他到那里是为了和在北厄尔巴的布朗夫人商谈如何说服布朗，让他同意由北方的朋友劫狱救他。（布朗知道，比起活命，自己的牺牲对于废奴事业来说更有价值，因此他曾拒绝朋友营救。）11 月2 日，梭罗在伍斯特演讲的前一天，弗吉尼亚法院公布了判决：一个月后绞刑处死。第二天，报上发表了约翰. 布朗对法院作的最后陈词，这次演说在整个19 世纪后50 年里成为许多美国学生必背的文章。那天晚上，梭罗在伍斯特演讲的最后读了布朗简短的陈述。第二天，梭罗顺路拜访了阿尔科特在康科德的家，向他报告了在波士顿和伍斯特演讲的情况，之后，阿

尔科特在日记中写道：“梭罗有正当权利就布朗事件发表自己的想法，他第一个说出和颂扬了布朗的英雄气慨和高尚品德。这些正是他观察到并赞赏的。两人有不少共同之处：坚定的男子气概，直率和独立的个性。他们相遇是件好事，梭罗能看到布朗所追求的理想境界，其他任何人都不能与他相比。

Concord Oct 31st

10 月31 日于康科德

Mr. Blake.

布莱克先生：

I spoke to my townsmen last evening on "the character of Capt. Brown, now in the clutches of the slaveholder." I should like to speak to any company in Worcester who may wish to hear me, & will come, if only my expenses are paid.

昨天晚上，我向本市的市民发表了演说，题目是《成为奴隶主阶下囚的布朗上尉的人格》。任何伍斯特人想听我演说，我都愿意向他们演讲，只要他们愿意支付演说的费用，我就会过去。

I think that we should express ourselves at once, while Brown is alive. The sooner the better. Perhaps Higginson may like to have a meeting.

我想我们应该趁着布朗还活着，立刻表明自己的立场，越早越好。也许希金森希望我们见一面。

Wednesday evening would be a good time.

星期三晚上是一个合适的时间。

The people here are deeply interested in the matter.

这里的人们对此事极度关注。

Let me have an answer as soon as may be.

请尽快回复我。

Henry D. Thoreau

亨利.D. 梭罗

P. S. I may be engaged toward the end of the week.

附：我从现在到周末可能都很忙。

letter forty-six

第四十六封信

May 20, 1860, Sunday; Concord, Massachusetts

1860 年5 月20 日，星期日；马萨诸塞州康科德

Thoreau had delivered a new lecture, "Wild Apples," in Concord on February 8. It was part of Wild Fruits, the project he had begun working on the previous October, right around the time of Blake's last visit. Shortly after his delivery of "Wild Apples," he read the first American edition of On the Origin of Species, an intellectual bombshell that continues to be controversial in our time. Charles Darwin (1809-1882)had published the treatise in London the preceding October. He knew it would spark controversy, and it certainly did that. Thoreau was one of the first Americans to read the book, and because of his incredible open-mindedness and his wide reading in natural history, particularly since 1851, he was an unusually fit reader for this particular book. The final chapter contains an eloquent plea encouraging natural historians with evidence supporting the "developmental" thesis (now more popularly known as the theory of evolution) to gather and present their evidence. Thoreau responded by immediately beginning to assemble the observations on seed dispersion and forest succession scattered throughout his journal of the preceding ten and more years. As Thoreau well knew, those observations firmly, even conclusively supported one of the most critical links in Darwin's argument, the one on the geographical distribution of species. He read a paper on "The Succession of Forest Trees" in Concord on September 20, 1860.The essay was widely reprinted shortly thereafter. Regrettably, he did not live to complete his treatise The Dispersion of Seeds, the scattered leaves of which were not reconstructed and published until1993 in Faith in a Seed. In that manuscript he eloquently sums up his thoughts on Darwin's revolutionary theory: "The development theory implies a greater vital force in nature, because it is more flexible and accommodating, and equivalent to a sort of constant new creation." Precisely the same point can be made about Thoreau's religious thought.

2 月8 日，梭罗在康科德发表了新的演讲《野苹果》。它是《野果》的一部分，去年10 月，梭罗就开始写《野果》，正好是布莱克上次来访期间。《野苹果》演讲后不久，他阅读了美国最早版本的《物种起源》，这本著作是当时知识界的一枚炸弹，至今人们依然争论不休。查尔斯. 达尔文（1809—1882）于去年10 月在伦敦出版了这部专著。他

知道这部著作将引起人们的争论，事实确实如此。梭罗是最早阅读这本书的美国人之一，而且因为他思想异常开放，在自然史方面阅读广泛，尤其是1851年之后，所以他是这本书特别合适的读者。这本书的最后一章含有一个强有力的请求，达尔文鼓励那些拥有支持“发展”论（现在普遍称为进化论）的证据的自然史学者，收集并发表他们的证据。梭罗马上对此作出了回应，他开始整理种子传播和森林演替方面的观察资料，这些资料分散在他十多年来的日记中。梭罗十分清楚，这些资料能够有力地甚至决定性地证明达尔文进化论最关键几环中的一环，即物种的地理分布。1860 年9 月20日，梭罗在康科德宣读了论文《森林演替》。此后不久，这篇文章多次重印。遗憾的是，他没有完成著作《种子传播》就去世了，直到1993 年，著作残稿才得以整理出版，书名为《种子的信仰》。在这本书的手稿中，梭罗雄辩地总结了自己对达尔文进化论的思考：“发展论说明了大自然中存在着一种更强大的生命力，因为它有更强的灵活性和适应性，等同于某种持续不断的新创造。”这也正是梭罗的宗教观点。

Concord May 20 1860

1860年5月20日于康科德

Mr. Blake,

布莱克先生：

I must endeavor to pay some of my debts to you.

我必须努力偿还对你欠下的一些债务。

To begin where we left off then.

那么从我们上次停下的地方开始吧。

The presumption is that we are always the same; our opportunities & Nature herself fluctuating. Look at mankind. No great difference between two, apparently; perhaps the same height and breadth and weight; and yet to the man who sits most E., this life is a weariness, routine, dust and ashes, and he drowns his imaginary cares (!) (a sort of friction among his vital organs), in a bowl. But to the man who sits most W., his contemporary (!), it is a field for all noble endeavors, an elysium, the dwelling place of heroes & knights. The former complains that he has a thousand affairs to attend to; but he does not realize, that his affairs, (though they may be a thousand,) and he are one.

假设我们总是不变的；我们的机遇和大自然本身是变化的。看看人类，表面看来，人和人之间没有很大差别；他们可能有相同的高度、宽度和重量；但是对于东方人来说，生活是令人厌倦、一成不变的，如尘土一般，他把自己的想象力（！）（他重要器官之间的摩擦力）溺死在碗里。而对于他的同代人（！），即西方人来说，生活是成就各种崇高事业的园地，是极乐世界，是英雄和骑士的居所。前者抱怨说，他有一

千件事情要处理；但他没有意识到，他的事情（即使有一千件）和他本人是同一的。

Men & boys are learning all kinds of trades but how to make men of themselves. They learn to make houses, but they are not so well housed, they are not so contented in their houses, as the woodchucks in their holes. What is the use of a house if you haven't got a tolerable planet to put it on? If you can not tolerate the planet it is on? Grade the ground first. If a man believes and expects great things of himself, it makes no odds where you put him, or what you show him, (of course, you cannot put him anywhere nor show him anything,) he will be surrounded by grandeur. He's in the condition of a healthy & hungry man, who says to himself—How sweet this crust is!

男人和男孩学习各种手艺，唯独没有学习如何做人。他们学习建房子，但住得并不好，他们在房子里不像洞里的土拨鼠那样感到满足。如果你没有尚好的星球安置房子，房子又有何用？如果你不能容忍房子所在的星球，房子又有何用？先把土地分级。如果一个人相信并期望自己能取得很大的成就，无论你把他放在何处或使他见到何物，都没有多大区别，（当然，你不能把他放在任何地方或向他展示任何东西，）他将被辉煌围绕。他的处境像一个健康而饥饿的人，他对自己说——面包皮真香甜！

If he despairs of himself, then Tophet is his dwelling place, and he is in the condition of a sick man who is disgusted with the fruits of finest flavor.

如果一个人对自己绝望，托非特地狱将是他的住所，他的处境像一个病人，即使最可口的水果，也会让他厌恶。

Whether he sleeps or wakes, whether he runs or walks, whether he uses a microscope or a telescope, or his naked eye, a man never discovers anything, never overtakes anything or leaves anything behind, but himself. Whatever he says or does he merely reports himself. If he is in love, he loves; if he is in heaven he enjoys, if he is in hell he suffers, it is his condition that determines his locality.

无论睡着还是醒着，奔跑还是行走，无论是使用显微镜或望远镜还是自己的肉眼，人永远不会发现任何东西，永远不会超过任何东西或把任何东西抛在脑后，除了人自己。无论他说什么或做什么，都不过是在报告自己。如果在恋爱中，他就爱着；如果在天堂里，他就快乐，如果在地狱中，他就痛苦。他的环境决定了他的归宿。

The principal, the only thing a man makes is his condition, or fate. Though commonly he does not know it, nor put up a sign to this effect, "My own destiny made & mended here" (not yours). He is a master-workman in this business. He works 24 hours a day at it and gets it done. Whatever else he neglects or botches, no man was ever

known to neglect this work. A great many pretend to make shoes chiefly and would scout the idea that they make the hard times which they experience.

人的环境或命运，是他所能做的最重要，也是唯一能做的事情。虽然一般情况下，他不知道这点，也没有挂起一块牌子，大意是“我自己的命运在这里被制造和修改”不是你的命运）。他是这一行当里大师级的工匠，每天 24小时都要为命运劳作，然后才将它完成。人可能疏忽或弄糟其他任何事情，唯独从来没有人疏忽命运。许多人假装自己的主要工作是做鞋，他们不相信他们所经历的苦难是他们自己制造的说法。

Each reaching and aspiration is an instinct with which all nature consists & cooperates, and therefore it is not in vain. But alas! each relaxing and desperation is an instinct too. To be active, well, happy, implies rare courage. To be ready to fight in a duel or a battle implies desperation, or that you hold your life cheap.

每次的追求和抱负都是一种本能，整个大自然与本能一致并与之协作，因此这一切不是徒劳的。但是，哎呀！每次的放松和绝望也是一种本能。积极、健康、幸福，其中蕴含的是罕见的勇气。准备决斗或战斗，其中蕴含的是绝望，或对生命的轻视。

If you take this life to be simply what old religious folks pretend, (I mean the effete, gone to seed in a drought, mere human galls stung by the Devil once), then all your joy & serenity is reduced to grinning and bearing it. The fact is, you have got to take the world on your shoulders like Atlas and put along with it. You will do this for an idea's sake, and your success will be in proportion to your devotion to ideas. It may make your back ache occasionally, but you will have the satisfaction of hanging it or twirling it to suit yourself. Cowards suffer, heroes enjoy. After a long day's walk with it, pitch it into a hollow place, sit down and eat your luncheon. Unexpectedly, by some immortal thoughts, you will be compensated. The bank whereon you sit will be a fragrant and flowery one, and your world in the hollow a sleek and light gazelle.

如果你觉得就应该像老派宗教信徒们一样装模做样过生活，（我指的是衰弱的懦夫，在旱灾中衰老，不过是被魔鬼叮过一次的人类的伤口），那么你所有的欢乐和宁静都会贬值，成为咧嘴苦笑和忍受。事实是，你必须像阿特拉斯一样把世界扛在双肩上，并且带着它前行。你要为思想负重而行，你成功的大小将取决于你对思想的投入。你的背偶尔会感到疼痛，但是将其挂在身上或是使其旋转会让你舒服，让你满足。懦夫受苦，英雄享乐。带着它步行漫长的一天之后，把它扔到空地上，坐下来吃你的午餐。出乎意料地，一些不朽的想法将涌现，你将因此获得补偿。你所坐的河岸将会绽放鲜花，溢出芳香，你在空地上的世界将会是光滑而轻盈的羚羊。

Where is the "Unexplored land" [1] but in our own untried

enterprises? To an adventurous spirit any place,—London, New York, Worcester, or his own yard, is "unexplored land," to seek which Freemont & [2] Kane travel so far. To a sluggish & defeated spirit even the Great Basin & the Polaris are trivial places. If they ever get there (& indeed they are there now) they will want to sleep & give it up, just as they always do. These are the regions of the Known & of the Unknown. What is the use of going right over the old track again? There is an adder in the [3]path which your own feet have worn. You must make tracks into the Unknown. That is what you have your board & clothes for. Why do you ever mend your clothes, unless that, wearing them, you may mend your ways?

除了我们未曾尝试的体验，何处还有“未经探索的土地”？对于喜欢冒险的灵魂，任何地方——伦敦、纽约、伍斯特或自己的院子，都是“未经探索的土地”，为了找寻它，弗里蒙特和凯恩旅行了那么远。对于慵懒而挫败的灵魂，即使大盆地和北极星也是微不足道的地方。如果他们到了那里（事实上他们现在就在那里），他们会想睡觉和放弃，正如他们一直所做的那样。这些是已知和未知的领域。重新走上旧路又有何用呢？你双脚踩出的小路上有条毒蛇。你必须开拓进取未知的领域，那是你吃住的理由。要不是因为穿着衣服，你才可能修正生活之路，你为何要缝补衣服？

Let us sing.

让我们歌唱吧。

H. D. T.

梭罗

(1) 未经探索的土地许多老地图经常使用这句话标明未知的地方。

(2) 弗里蒙特（1813—1890）和凯恩（1820—1857）是梭罗时代美国最有名的两个探险家。

(3) 《圣经 创世纪》第49章第17节：“丹必作道上的蛇，路中的虺，咬伤马蹄，使骑马的坠落于后。”

letter forty-seven

第四十七封信

August 3, 1860, Friday; Concord, Massachusetts

1860年8月3日，星期五；马萨诸塞州康科德

The last recorded visit Blake had made to Concord was the one of the previous October, just before John Brown's raid at Harpers Ferry. At the time he wrote this letter Thoreau was enthusiastically, almost feverishly engaged in studying the woodlots of Concord and in fact had been so engaged for quite some time. His principal aim was to fill out more completely the first of his Darwinian treatises, "The Succession of Forest Trees," the main components of which also appear in his larger study, The Dispersion of Seeds. He spent a great deal of time in his attic study, where he worked on his manuscripts of these works, occasionally worked as well on his Wild Fruits and The Fall of the Leaf manuscripts, combed through his journals for material related to these projects, and read related books and articles. He and Channing left for Mount Monadnock on August 4 and returned on August 9.

根据记载，布莱克最后一次拜访康科德是去年 10 月，.刚好在约翰布朗袭击哈珀斯渡口之前。梭罗写这封信时，正热情而近乎狂热地致力于研究康科德的林地，其实，他已经研究了好长一段时间。梭罗的主要目的是更完整地充实他的第一部达尔文主义专著《森林演替》，这本书中的主要内容也出现在他更大型的研究《种子传播》里。他花大量时间呆在阁楼书房里，修改这些著作的手稿，偶尔也会修改《野果》和《落叶》的手稿，查阅日记寻找与这些研究相关的材料，并阅读相关书籍和文章。8月4日，梭罗和钱宁前往残丘，8月9日返回。

Concord, August 3, 1860.

1860年8月3日于康科德

Mr. Blake,—

布莱克先生：

I some time ago asked Channing if he would not spend a week with me on Monadnoc; but he did not answer decidedly. Lately he has talked of an excursion somewhere, but I said that now I must wait till my sister returned from Plymouth, N.H. She has returned,—and accordingly, on receiving your note this morning, I made known its contents to Channing, in order to see how far I was engaged with him. The result is that he decides to go to Monadnoc to-morrow morning;

so I must defer making an excursion with you and Brown to another season. Perhaps you will call as you pass the mountain. I send this by the earliest mail.

我前些天问钱宁是否愿意和我一起到残丘呆一周；可他没有给予明确的答复。最近，他谈起想到某处进行一次短途旅行，但是我说现在我必须等我妹妹从新罕布什尔州的普利茅斯回来。现在我妹妹已经回来了——于是，今天早上一收到你的短笺，我就把内容告诉了钱宁，想看看我和他还能否一起出行。结果他决定明天早上去残丘；因此我必须把与你和布朗一起的旅行推迟到另一个季节。也许你经过这座山时，会来拜访我们。这封信是通过最早的邮车寄去的。

P.S.—That was a very insufficient visit you made here the last time. My mother is better, though far from well; and if you should chance along here any time after your journey, I trust that we shall all do better.

附：你上次的来访很不尽兴。我母亲身体有所好转虽然远谈不上健康；如果你旅行后任何时间偶然来到这里，相信我们都会做得更好。

letter forty-eight

第四十八封信

November 4, 1860, Sunday; Concord, Massachusetts

1860年11月4日，星期日；马萨诸塞州康科德

Obviously, Blake and Brown had passed by Mount Monadnock, probably on a train, while Thoreau and Channing were on the mountain, but I have not been able to determine their destination. Thoreau at the time of his letter was still vigorously pursuing his various natural history studies, but by this time he had shifted his attention almost exclusively to The Dispersion of Seeds. Election Day fell two days after this letter was written. Abraham Lincoln received a majority vote among Northerners, but did not receive a majority of the popular vote. The combined opposition outpolled him by almost one million votes. He would be a minority president, lacking a clear mandate, and his inauguration would not take place until March. President James Buchanan was the "lame-duck" president during the intervening four months.

显然，梭罗和钱宁在残丘时，布莱克和布朗经过了这座山，可能在火车上，但是我无法确定他们的目的地。梭罗写这封信的时候依然精力充沛地专注于他的各种自然史研究，但是此时他几乎已经将注意力全部转移到了《种子传播》。这封信写完两天之后是选举日。林肯获得了北方人的多数投票，但是没有在全国获得大多数的普选票，他几个对手所获的选票加起来比他多近 100 万张。林肯将是少数选民支持的总统，缺少明确的授权，等到 3 月才能就.职。在这 4 个月的过渡期间，詹姆斯布坎南总统担任“即将卸任的”总统。

Concord Nov. 4 1860

1860年11月4日于康科德

Mr. Blake,

布莱克先生：

I am glad to hear any particulars of your excursion. As for myself, I looked out for you somewhat on that Monday, when, it appears, you passed Monadnock—turned my glass upon several parties that were ascending the mountain half a mile on one side of us. In short, I came as near to seeing you as you to seeing me. I have no doubt that we should have had a good time if you had come, for I had, all ready, two good spruce houses, in which you could stand up, complete in all respects, half a mile apart, and you & B could have lodged by

[1]yourselves in one, if not with us1.

我很乐意听到你们旅行的任何细节。至于我自己，那个星期一，我不时地在搜寻你们，现在看来，你们经过残丘时——我正用望远镜遥望我们一侧半英里处正在爬山的人群。简而言之，我几乎都可以看见你们了，你们也几乎可以看见我。我肯定如果你们那时过来，我们一定会玩得很愉快，因为我已经准备好了两座非常舒适的云杉房，你们在里面可以站起来，各方面设施也都很完善，两座房子相隔半英里，如果不和我们一起住，你和布朗可以单独住其中的一座。

We made an excellent beginning of our mt. life. You may remember that the Saturday previous was a stormy day. Well, we went up in the rain—wet through, and found ourselves in a cloud there at mid pm. in no situation to look about for the best place for a camp. So I proceeded at once, through the cloud, to that memorable stone "chunk yard," in which we made our humble camp once, and there, after putting our packs under a rock, having a good hatchet, I proceeded to build a substantial house, which C declared the handsomest he ever saw. (He never camped out before, and was, no doubt, prejudiced in its favor.) This was done about dark, and by that time we were nearly as wet as if we had stood in a hogshead of water. We then built a fire before the door, directly on the site of our little camp of two years ago, and it took a long time to burn thro' its remains to the earth beneath. Standing before this, and turning round slowly, like meat that is roasting, we were as dry if not drier than ever after a few hours, & so, at last we "turned in."

我们的游山生活开始得很精彩。你可能记得上个星期六是一个风暴之日。恩，我们在雨中爬山——全身湿透了，下午过半时，发现自己置身一片云雾之中，这种情况下根本找不到最合适的宿营地。所以我们立刻离开继续前行，穿过云雾，到达那个令人难忘的石头“广场”，我们曾经在那里做过一次简陋的宿营。在“广场”里，我们把背包放在一块岩石下，拿起一把锋利的斧头，我开始搭建一所牢固的房子，钱宁说这是他见过的最漂亮的房子。（他以前从未露营过，所以无疑对它有点偏爱。）房子建好时，天差不多快黑了，那时，我们已经全身湿透，简直就像在一大桶水里站着一样。我们接着在门边生了火，正好就在我们两年前宿营的地方，过了很长时间火才燃尽。站在火前，我们慢慢地转身，就像在烤肉一样，几小时后，我们的身子就完全烤干了，所以最后我们“转了进去”休息。

This was a great deal better than going up there in fair weather, & having no adventure (not knowing how to appreciate either fair weather or foul) but dull common-place sleep in a useless house, & before a comparatively useless fire—such as we get every night. Of course, we thanked our stars, when we saw them, which was about midnight, that they had seemingly withdrawn for a season. We had the mt. all to ourselves that pm & night. There was nobody going up

that day to engrave his name on the summit, nor to gather blueberries. The Genius of the mts. saw us starting from Concord & it said,—There come two of our folks. Let us get ready for them—Get up a serious storm, that will send a-packing these holiday guests. (They may have their say another time.) Let us receive them with true mt. hospitality—kill the fatted cloud—Let them know the value of a spruce roof, & of a fire of dead spruce stumps. Every bush dripped tears of joy at our advent. Fire did its best & received our thanks.—What could fire have done in fair weather?—Spruce roof got its share of our blessings. And then such a view of the wet rocks with the wet lichens on them, as we had the next morning, but did not get again!

这比在晴朗的天气爬山强多了，那样就没有什么惊险可言（即不知道如何欣赏好天气或坏天气），只是在一间无价值的房子里，像往常一样无聊地睡觉，面对一堆相对来说无价值的炉火——就像我们家中每晚的炉火。当然，我们感谢星星，我们在将近午夜时才看到这些星星，觉得它们好像已经隐匿长达一个季节。那个下午和晚上，整座山都为我们所有。那天没有人爬上山去把他的名字刻在山顶，也没有人去采蓝莓。山神看见我们从康科德出发，就说——有两个人来了，让我们准备好迎接他们——大风刮起来，大雨下起来，赶走那些度假的客人。（他们这次可没有发言权。）让我们用大山真正的盛情迎接这两个人——杀死“肥胖的云”——让他们明白云杉屋顶的价值，明白用死掉的云杉树桩生的火的价值。一丛丛灌木为我们的到来欢喜得直掉眼泪。火竭尽全力为我们效劳，而它也收到了我们的感谢。——在晴朗的天气，火能做什么呢？——云杉屋顶也分享了我们的祝福。第二天早上，这样的景象呈现眼前：潮湿的岩石，上面生长着潮湿的地衣，可以后，我们再也无缘目睹这种景色了！

We & the mt. had a sound season, as the saying is. How glad we were to be wet in order that we might be dried!—how glad we were of the storm which made our house seem like a new home to us! This day's experience was indeed lucky for we did not have a thunder shower during all our stay. Perhaps our host reserved this attention in order to tempt us to come again.

俗话说得好，我们和山一起共度了美好时光。我们很高兴被淋湿了，这样就可以被烤干！——遭遇暴风雨，我们是多么高兴，暴风雨将我们的房子洗刷一新，看上去就像一个新家！这天的经历真的很幸运，因为我们逗留期间，没有遭遇雷阵雨。或许我们主人的殷勤有所保留，以吸引我们下次再来。

Our next house was more substantial still. One side was rock, good for durability, the floor the same, & the roof which I made would have upheld a horse. I stood on it to do the shingling.

我们的另一座房子更加结实。一面是石头，这样可以增加房子的持久性，地板也是石头，屋顶是我做的，几乎可以支撑一匹马。铺屋顶板

时，我就站在它上面。

I noticed, when I was at the White Mts. last, several nuisances which render travelling there-abouts unpleasant. The chief of these was the mt. houses. I might have supposed that the main attraction of that region even to citizens, lay in its wildness and unlikeness to the city, & yet they make it as much like the city as they can afford to. I heard that the Crawford House was lighted with gas, & had a large saloon, with its band of music, for dancing. But give me a spruce house made in the rain.

上次我游览怀特山脉时，发现了几件讨厌的事，让那次旅行变得很不愉快。主要的一件是山中的房子。我本来以为即使对于城市市民来说，这个地区的吸引力也主要在于它的野生状态以及和城市的不同，但是他们却费尽财力让它更像城市。我听说克劳福德山庄用煤气照明，举行大型沙龙，沙龙上还有乐队演奏，而人们则随着音乐跳舞。但是，请给我一个在雨中建造起来的云杉房子。

An old Concord farmer tells me that he ascended Monadnock once, & danced on the top. How did that happen? Why, he being up there, a party of young men & women came up bringing boards & a fiddler, and having laid dlown the boards they made a level floor, on which they danced to the music of the fiddle. I suppose the tune was "Excelsior." This reminds me of the Fellow who climbed to the top of a very high spire, stood upright on the ball, & then hurrahed for—what? Why for Harrison & Tyler. That's the kind of sound which most ambitious people emit when they culminate. They are wont to be singularly frivolous in the thin atmosphere; they can't contain themselves, though our comfort & their safety require it; it takes the pressure of many atmospheres to do this; & hence they helplessly evaporate there. It would seem, that, as they ascend, they breathe shorter and shorter, and at each expiration, some of their wits leave them, till, when they reach the pinnacle, they are so light headed as to be fit only to show how the wind sits. I suspect that Emerson's criticism called Monadnock was inspired not by remembering the inhabitants of N.H. as they are in the valleys, so much as by meeting some of them on the mt. top.

康科德的一位老农告诉我，有一次他爬上了残丘，还在山顶跳过舞。这是怎么回事？原来，他到达山顶后，一群年轻人也爬了上来，有男有女，带着木板和一名小提琴手，他们用木板将山地铺平，之后随着小提琴的音乐在上面跳舞。我猜那首曲子是《埃克塞尔西》。这让我想起有个家伙爬到一个很高的塔顶，笔直地站在圆球上，然后大声欢呼——为了什么欢呼呢？为什么为哈里森和泰勒欢呼。最有野心的人，到达顶点时发出的就是这种声音。置身稀薄的大气中，他们惯常于变得异常轻浮；他们无法控制自己，虽然我们的舒适和他们的安全要求他们控制自己；他们欢呼时，要克服许多大气压强；因此他们只能无助地在那

发泄。似乎他们爬得越高，呼吸就越来越短促，每呼气一次，他们的智慧就消失一点，到他们到达山顶时，就变得神志不清，只能任凭大风摆布。我怀疑爱默生创作《残丘》这篇批评的灵感，不是因为他想起了居住在山谷中的新罕布什尔州居民，而是他在山顶遇见了他们中的一些人。

After several nights' experience C came to the conclusion that he was "lying out doors," and inquired what was the largest beast that might nibble his legs there. I fear that he did not improve all the night, as he might have done, to sleep, I had asked him to go and spend a week there. We spent 5 nights, being gone 6 days, for C suggested that 6 working days made a week, & I saw that he was ready to de-camp. However, he found his account in it, as well as I.

体验了几个晚上之后，钱宁决定他要“睡在外面”，他问我外面可能啃他腿的最大野兽是什么。我担心他整晚都睡不好觉，他本来就那样，所以就让他到那里去过一周。我们度过了五个夜晚，离开了六天，因为钱宁说六个工作日是一个星期，我发现他已经准备要撤离营地。但是，他觉得宿营对他有好处，我也是。

We were seen to go up in the rain, grim & silent like 2 Genii of the storm, by Fassett's men or boys, but we were never identified afterward, though we were the subject of some conversation which we overheard. Five hundred persons at least came onto the mt. while we were there, but not one found our camp. We saw one party of three ladies & two gentlemen spread their blankets and spend the night on the top, & heard them converse, but they did not know that they had neighbors, who were comparatively old settlers. We spared them the chagrin which that knowledge would have caused them, & let them print their story in a newspaper accordingly.

体验了几个晚上之后，钱宁决定他要“睡在外面”，他问我外面可能啃他腿的最大野兽是什么。我担心他整晚都睡不好觉，他本来就那样，所以就让他到那里去过一周。我们度过了五个夜晚，离开了六天，因为钱宁说六个工作日是一个星期，我发现他已经准备要撤离营地。但是，他觉得宿营对他有好处，我也是。法赛特的男人或孩子看见我们在冒雨爬山，像两个暴风雨中的精灵，严肃、沉默，但是后来再没有人认出我们，不过我们无意中会听到有人谈论我们。我们在那里时，至少有五百人在山上宿营，但是没有人发现我们的营地。我们看见一群人——三位女士和两位男士，铺开他们的毯子在山顶过夜，我们还听到了他们谈话，但是他们不知道自己有邻居，而且来得比他们还早。我们没有让他们发现我们，省得他们懊恼，这样，他们就可以把自己的故事登在报上了。

From what I heard of Fassett's infirmities I concluded that his partner was Tap. He has moved about thirty rods further down the mt., & is still hammering at a new castle there when you go by, while

Tap is probably down cellar. Such is the Cerberus[2] that guards this passage. There always is one you know. This is not so bad to go by as the Glen House. However, we left those Elysian fields by a short cut of our own which departed just beyond where he is stationed.

从听说的法赛特的弱点，我断定他的合伙人是塔普。他向山下搬移了约 165 码，当你走过，会发现他依然在那里忙着建新城堡，这时塔普大概呆在酒窖里。这就是守卫这条通道的刻耳柏洛斯。你知道总会有这么一条通道。从这条通道上走过，并不像通过格伦饭店旁边的山道那样糟糕。然而，我们离开那片乐土时，还是走了我们自己的捷径，就在新城堡的后面。

Yes, to meet men on an honest and simple Goring, meet with rebuffs, suffer from sore feet, as you did, aye & from a sore heart, as perhaps you also did,—all that is excellent. What a pity that that young prince[3] could not enjoy a little of the legitimate experience of travelling, be dealt with simply & truly though rudely. He might have been invited to some hospitable house in the country, had his bowl of bread & milk set before him, with a clean pin-a-fore, been told that there were the punt & the fishing rod, and he could amuse himself as he chose—might have swung a few birches, dug out a woodchuck, & had a regular good time, & finally been sent to bed with the boys,—and so never have been introduced to Mr. Everett at all. I have no doubt that this would have been a far more memorable & valuable experience than he got.

是的，在诚实而简单的基础上与人相见，却遭到粗暴的拒绝，双脚酸疼，你应该经历过，心灵受伤，你也可能经历过——这一切都是精彩的体验。多么遗憾，那位年轻的王子无法享受哪怕一点合乎情理的旅行体验，不能受到简单、真实的对待，即使那对待是粗野的。他可能被那个国家某个好客的家庭邀请去做客，他的面前摆放着面包和牛奶碗，还有干净的围裙，这家人告诉他家里有平底船和钓鱼竿，他还可以选择干任何事情以自娱——可能压弯几枝桦树条，挖出一只土拨鼠，就像常人那样度过一段快乐时光，最后和其他男孩一起被送到床上休息——所以永远根本不会被介绍给埃弗里特先生。我毫不怀疑这种体验会远比他的经历更难忘、更宝贵。

The snow-clad summit of Mt. Washington must have been a very interesting sight from Wachusett. How wholesome winter is seen far or near, how good above all mere sentimental warm-blooded—short-lived, soft-hearted moral goodness, commonly so called. Give me the goodness which has forgotten its own deeds,—which God has seen to be good and let be. None of your just made perfect—pickled eels![4] All that will save them will be their picturesqueness, as with blasted trees. Whatever is and is not ashamed to be is good. I value no moral goodness or greatness unless it is good or great even as that snowy peak is. Pray how could thirty feet of bowels improve it? Nature is

goodness crystalized. You looked into the land of promise. Whatever beauty we behold, the more it is distant, serene, and cold, the purer & more durable it is. It is better to warm ourselves with ice than with fire.

从沃楚西特望过来，白雪覆盖的华盛顿山顶峰必定是一副很有趣的景象。无论从远处来看还是从近处来看，冬天都那么有益身心，比起人们常说的纯粹的、多愁善感的、热情的——富有同情心的但短暂的道德上的良善要好得多。请赐给我那忘了自己行为的善良——上帝认为它是真正的善良，任它存在。绝不是你被成全的正义——咸鳗鱼！能拯救它们的只有它们自身的美丽，正如枯萎的大树。凡是存在且不为存在羞耻的就是善良。我看不上所谓道德上的善良或伟大，除非它像白雪覆盖的山峰那样善良或伟大。请问 30 英尺的肠子又怎能将此改变？自然是善良的结晶。望向希望之乡，我们看到的不论是何种美景，它越是遥远，越是宁静，越是冰冷，就越是纯洁，越是持久。我们最好用冰取暖，而不是用火取暖。

Tell Brown that he sent me more than the price of the book—viz. a word from himself, for which I am greatly his debtor.

告诉布朗他送来的东西比书贵重——即他对我说的话，我因此对他无限感激。

H. D. T

梭罗

(1) 1858年6月，梭罗和布莱克参观残丘时，梭罗建的云杉房子离地只有 18 英寸高。这两座新建的房子中，更宽敞的云杉房子建在同一个地方；另外一座建在东北半英里处。

(2) 刻耳柏洛斯，希腊神话中守卫冥府的看门狗。

(3) 指的是 18 岁的威尔士王子阿尔.伯特 爱德华（Albert Edward，1841—1910）。

(4) 见《圣经 希伯来书》第12章第22—23节：“你们乃是来到锡安山，永生神的城邑，就是天上的耶路撒冷。那里有千万的天使，有名录在天上诸长子之会所共聚的总会，有审判众人的神，和被成全之义人的灵魂。”

letter forty-nine

第四十九封信

December 2, 1860, Sunday; Concord, Massachusetts

1860年12月2日，星期日；马萨诸塞州康科德

The results of the election earlier in the month reflected a deeply divided country. Lincoln's victory prompted secession conventions in seven states of the Deep South, and by the end of November the convention in South Carolina had rapidly moved toward a resolution to secede. Its Ordinance of Secession would not be formally issued, however, until December 20. On November 29 Thoreau had met with Alcott to discuss a meeting in Boston to commemorate the upcoming anniversary of the execution of John Brown. Alcott had a very bad cold at the time, apparently picked up four days before while attending a convention of the Massachusetts Teachers' Association, and he apparently passed the cold on to Thoreau, who began suffering the symptoms four days later, at about the time he wrote this letter to Blake. Rather than cancel his Waterbury lecture engagement so that he could convalesce, he kept the engagement (he delivered "Autumnal Tints") and exacerbated what he later described as an already severe cold. As planned, he stopped off at Worcester on December 11 and stayed the night with Blake. A friend of Blake's stopped by to meet Thoreau that evening and described him as a very sick man. If his cold did not worsen into bronchitis before the trip to Waterbury, it certainly did during or very soon afterward. He remained housebound throughout the winter, during which time he busied himself with his natural history manuscripts and reading. He would never recover.

月初的选举结果反映了国家内部严重的分裂。林肯的当选促使南方腹地七州举行了几届脱离联邦政府的大会，11 月末，南卡罗来纳州的大会迅速达成了脱离联邦的决议。但是，南卡罗来纳州的《脱离法令》直到 12 月 20 日才正式发布。11 月 29 日，梭罗与阿尔科特见面，讨论在.波士顿集会，纪念即将到来的约翰 布朗就义一周年。阿尔科特当时患了重感冒，显然是四天前参加马萨诸塞州教师联盟的会议时染上的，他显然将感冒传染给了梭罗，四天后梭罗开始出现感冒症状，当时他正在给布莱克写这封信。梭罗没有取消沃特伯里的演讲去疗养，而是进行了演讲（他演讲了《秋色》），据他后来描述，重感冒因此而恶化。依照计划，12 月 11 日，梭罗途径伍斯特时在那里停留，在布莱克家里住了一晚。那天晚上，布莱克的一位朋友过来拜访梭罗后，说他病得很严重。他的感冒后来恶化成支气管炎，如果这不是发生在沃特伯里之行前，就一定是发生在沃特伯里之行期间或之后。他整个冬天都呆在家

中，忙于整理自然史手稿和阅读。后来他一直没有康复。

Concord Dec 2d'60

1860年12月2日于康科德

Mr. Blake,

布莱克先生：

I am going to Waterbury Ct. to lecture on the 11 the inst. If you are to be at home, & it will be agreeable to you, I will spend the afternoon & night of the 10th with you & Brown.

我准备于本月 11 日前往康涅狄格州的沃特伯里发表演说。如果那时你在家，而且你愿意的话，我想 10 日的下午和晚上与你和布朗一起度过。

H. D. Thoreau

H. D. 梭罗

letter fifty

第五十封信

May 3, 1861, Friday; Concord, Massachusetts

1861年5月3日，星期五；马萨诸塞州康科德

The secession of South Carolina on December 20 had been followed by the secession of Mississippi (January 9), Florida (January 10), Alabama (January 11), Georgia (January 19), Louisiana (January 26), and Texas (February 1). These seven states formed a Confederate constitution later in February and named Jefferson Davis provisional president pending elections. The seceded states also occupied or insisted on the surrender of federal forts within their borders, but President Buchanan refused to surrender any forts. During this period of crisis Kansas was admitted to the Union (January 29). At the end of February Blake and Brown ice-skated and walked to Concord from Worcester, the trip taking two days, and spent a day and a half enjoying "a solid talk" with Thoreau, although he confessed that his "pipes were not in good order." Lincoln's inauguration took place on March 4. He announced that he had no plans to end slavery in those states where it already existed, but he also said he would not accept secession. Lincoln informed South Carolina in early April that he would resupply Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor, and on April 10 Brigadier General Pierre Gustare Toutant Beauregard, in command of the provisional Confederate forces around the Union garrison, demanded its immediate surrender. When the garrison commander refused to surrender on April 12, Confederate batteries opened fire on the fort, which surrendered the following day. Lincoln issued a proclamation on April 15 announcing the existence of an "insurrection" and calling forth 75,000 of "the militia of the several States of the Union." Meanwhile, the physician attending Thoreau, Dr. Josiah Bartlett, the "Dr. B" mentioned near the end of the "Reading" chapter of Walden, had given his advice for Thoreau to visit warmer climes. Thoreau likely decided on Minnesota for a complex of reasons not mentioned in his letter. For one, a distant cousin had moved there a decade before with a respiratory ailment and had improved. Also, many stories were appearing in the Eastern press about the salutary effects of Minnesota's climate. The stories seem to have sprung from three facts: hundreds of thousands of Easterners suffered from tuberculosis, railroads to Minnesota (then relatively remote) were looking for more passengers, and pioneers in Minnesota were eager to encourage migration to their state. In any case, Thoreau stopped in

Worcester on May 11 and spent two days with Blake and Brown. He was unable to walk because of his illness, so the three men instead toured the countryside in a horse-drawn carriage. Thoreau was on his way west, accompanied by the young naturalist Horace Mann Jr. (1844—1868), the son of the famous educator, whose family had recently moved to Concord. "Dunleith," just across the Mississippi River from Dubuque, Iowa, is now named East Dubuque, Illinois. Fulton, Illinois, also on the Mississippi River, is fifty miles south-southeast of East Dubuque. It is altogether fitting that the final word of this, Thoreau's last letter to Blake, is "moral."

12 月 20 日南卡罗来纳州首先脱离联邦，接着密西西比州（1 月 9 日）、佛罗里达州（1 月 10 日）、亚拉巴马州（1 月 11 日）、佐治亚州（1 月 19 日）、路易斯安那州（1 月 26 日）和德克萨斯州（2 月 1 日）也相继脱离联邦。稍后，这七个州于 2 月颁布了新邦联的宪法，提名杰.斐逊 戴维斯为选举前的临时总统。脱离联邦的七个州还占领了他们境内的联邦要塞或者要求现政府交出这些要塞，但是布坎南总统拒绝交出任何要塞。在这种危急关头，堪萨斯被纳入联邦（1 月 29 日）。2 月末，布莱克和布朗花了两天的时间，通过溜冰和步行从伍斯特来到康科德，他们和梭罗一起度过了一天半的时间，进行了“充实的谈话”，虽然梭罗承认他的“气管还没康复。”林肯的就职典礼于 3 月 4 日举行。他宣布不打算在已经存在奴隶制的那些州内结束奴隶制，但同时也表明不接受各州脱离联邦政府。4 月初，林肯通知南卡罗来纳，他会重新为查尔斯顿港的萨姆特要塞提供给养。4 月 10 日， P. G. T. 博勒加德准将要求要塞驻军马上投降，他当时统领临时邦联政府在联邦要塞周围的军队。4 月 12 日，要塞指挥官拒绝投降，于是临时联邦政府军队炮轰要塞，要塞于第二天投降。4 月 15 日，林肯发表声明，宣布存在“叛乱”，并招募 75000 名“来自联邦政府好几个州的民兵”。同时，梭.罗的医生乔赛亚 巴特勒特，也就是《瓦尔登湖》“阅读”一章最后提到的“B 医生”，建议梭罗到更暖和的地方疗养。由于各种复杂的原因，梭罗很可能决定去明尼苏达州，但信中并未明确地说明原因。其中的一个原因是，十年前，他的一位患有呼吸道疾病的远房兄弟搬到那里，之后病情有所好转。而且，东部报纸上出现了许多谈及明尼苏达州的气候有益于健康的文章。这些文章的出现有以下三个原因：第一，成千上万的东部人患有肺结核，第二，开往明尼苏达（那时相对比较偏远）的火车正寻求更多的客源，第三，明尼苏达的拓荒者急于鼓励更多人移民到这个州。不管怎样，5 月 11 日，梭罗在伍斯特逗留，与布莱克和布朗一起度过了两天。梭罗因病而无法行走，所以三人乘坐马车游览了乡村。梭罗后来前往西部，与他同行的.是年轻的自然学家小霍勒斯 曼（1844—1868），他的父亲是著名的教育家，当时他们家刚搬到康科德。“德恩雷斯”现在叫“东迪比克”，位于伊利诺伊州，正好在爱荷华州的迪比克对面，它们之间隔着密西西比河。富尔顿位于伊利诺伊州，也在密西西比河上，在东迪比克东南偏南50 英里处。梭罗给布莱克的最后一封信里，以“道德”二字结尾是完全恰当的。

Concord May 3rd 1861

1861年5月3日于康科德

Mr. Blake,

布莱克先生：

I am still as much an invalid as when you & Brown were here, if not more of one, and at this rate there is danger that the cold weather may come again, before I get over my bronchitis. The Doctor accordingly tells me that I must "clear out," to the West Indies, or elsewhere, he does not seem to care much where. But I decide against the West Indies, on account of their muggy heat in the summer, & the S. of Europe, on ac of the expense of time & money, and have at last concluded that it will be most expedient for me to try the air of Minnesota, say somewhere about St Paul. I am only waiting to be well enough to start—hope to get off within a week or 10 days.

同上次与你和布朗见面时相比，我的病情没有好转，甚至可能变得更重了，照这样下去，在我的支气管炎好之前，冷天气可能就会再次来临。因此医生告诉我必须“离开这里”，前往西印度群岛或其他地方，他好像不怎么在意我去哪个地方。但是我不准备去西印度群岛，那里的夏天闷热潮湿，我也不想去南欧，去一趟需要大量的时间和金钱，最后我决定去呼吸明尼苏达州的空气，比如圣保罗，这对我是最适宜的。现在我就等病情好转一点后启程——希望一周或十天内可以出发。

The inland air may help me at once, or it may not. At any rate I am so much of an invalid that I shall have to study my comfort in traveling to a remarkable degree—stopping to rest &c &c if need be. I think to get a through ticket to Chicago—with liberty to stop frequently on the way, making my first stop of consequence at Niagara Falls—several days or a week, at a private boarding house—then a night or day at Detroit—& as much at Chicago, as my health may require.

内陆空气可能马上就会对我有所帮助，也可能不会。无论如何，病情如此，我必须仔细琢磨，让自己在旅程中尽可能地舒适——如果需要，就停下来休息。我想买一张到芝加哥的通票——途中可以随时停下来，第一次重要的停留选在尼亚加拉大瀑布——在那里逗留几天或一周，投宿私人旅馆，然后在底特律呆一晚或一天——在芝加哥也如此，我的健康需要这样的旅程安排。

At Chicago I can decide at what point (Fulton, Dunleith or another) to strike the Mississippi & take a boat to St. Paul.

到芝加哥后，我会决定从哪个地方（富尔顿、德恩雷斯或别的地方）进入密西西比河，然后乘船去圣保罗。

I trust to find a private boarding house in one or various

agreeable places in that region, & spend my time there.

我希望在那里的一个或多个宜人的地方找家私人寄宿旅馆，在那里度过一段时间。

I expect, and shall be prepared to be gone 3 months—& I would like to return by a different route—perhaps Mackinaw & Montreal.

我打算并且准备离开3个月，想从另一条路线返回——可能是麦基诺和蒙特利尔。

I have thought of finding a companion, of course, yet not seriously, because I had no right to offer myself as a companion to anybody—having such a peculiarly private & all absorbing but miserable business as my health, & not altogether his, to attend to—causing me to stop here & go there &c &c unaccountably.

我当然想过找一个同伴，但是没有认真考虑过，因为我没有权利要求任何人作我的同伴——照顾我的健康而不总是他的健康，是一件很私人又很劳力费神的苦差事——因为我不得不令人不可理解地停留在一个地方或前往另一个地方等等。

Nevertheless, I have just now decided to let you know of my intentions, thinking it barely possible that you might like to make a part or the whole of this journey, at the same time, & that perhaps your own health may be such as to be benefitted by it.

尽管如此，我刚刚决定告诉你我的打算，因为我想你几乎不可能参与这次旅程的一部分或全部，而同时我又想，也许你的健康也可能从这次旅行中获益。

Pray let me know, if such a statement offers any temptations to you. I write in great haste for the mail & must omit all the moral.

如果我的话让你有点心动，请告诉我。为了赶邮件，信写得很匆忙，必须省去此次旅行的所有道德含义。

H. D. Thoreau

H. D. 梭罗

一个自己的房间

（英）弗吉尼亚·伍尔夫 著

A Room Of One's Own

外语教学与研究出版社

Virginia Woolf

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吴来安 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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CHAPTER ONE

第一章

But, you may say, we asked you to speak about women and fiction—what, has that got to do with a room of one's own? I will try to explain. When you asked me to speak about women and fiction I sat down on the banks of a river and began to wonder what the words meant. They might mean simply a few remarks about Fanny Burney; a few more about Jane Austen; a tribute to the Brontes and a sketch of Haworth Parsonage under snow; some witticisms if possible about Miss Mitford; a respectful allusion to George Eliot; a reference to Mrs Gaskell and one would have done. But at second sight the words seemed not so simple. The title women and fiction might mean, and you may have meant it to mean, women and what they are like, or it might mean women and the fiction that they write; or it might mean women and the fiction that is written about them, or it might mean that somehow all three are inextricably mixed together and you want me to consider them in that light. But when I began to consider the subject in this last way, which seemed the most interesting, I soon saw that it had one fatal drawback. I should never be able to come to a conclusion. I should never be able to fulfil what is, I understand, the first duty of a lecturer to hand you after an hour's discourse a nugget of pure truth to wrap up between the pages of your notebooks and keep on the mantelpiece for ever. All I could do was to offer you an opinion upon one minor point—a woman must have money and a room of her own if she is to write fiction; and that, as you will see, leaves the great problem of the true nature of woman and the true nature of fiction unsolved. I have shirked the duty of coming to a conclusion upon these two questions—women and fiction remain, so far as I am concerned, unsolved problems. But in order to make some amends I am going to do what I can to show you how I arrived at this opinion about the room and the money. I am going to develop in your presence as fully and freely as I can the train of thought which led me to think this. Perhaps if I lay bare the ideas, the prejudices, that lie behind this statement you will find that they have some bearing upon women and some upon fiction. At any rate, when a subject is highly controversial—and any question about sex is that—one cannot hope to tell the truth. One can only show how one came to hold whatever opinion one does hold. One can only give one's audience the chance of drawing their own conclusions as they observe the limitations, the prejudices, the idiosyncrasies of the speaker. Fiction here is likely to contain more truth than fact. Therefore I propose, making use of all

the liberties and licences of a novelist, to tell you the story of the two days that preceded my coming here—how, bowed down by the weight of the subject which you have laid upon my shoulders, I pondered it, and made it work in and out of my daily life. I need not say that what I am about to describe has no existence; Oxbridge is an invention; so is Fernham; 'I' is only a convenient term for somebody who has no real being. Lies will flow from my lips, but there may perhaps be some truth mixed up with them; it is for you to seek out this truth and to decide whether any part of it is worth keeping. If not, you will of course throw the whole of it into the waste-paper basket and forget all about it.

但是，你们也许会说，我们要求你讲的是女人和小说——这和一个自己的房间有什么关系呢？我会全力说明的。当初你们要求我讲女人和小说的时候，我就坐在河岸边，开始想这几个字的含义。也许它们只是意味着关于范尼·伯尼的几句评论，再加上几句对简·奥斯汀的评论，对勃朗特姐妹的赞扬，以及对白雪覆盖下的霍沃思牧师公寓的概述；如果有可能，再说一些关于米特福德小姐的俏皮话，恭敬地提一提乔治·艾略特，然后论及加斯克尔夫人，这样就算完事了。但是再看一看，这几个字的含义似乎并不那么简单。“女人和小说”这个题目也许是指女人和她们的样子，这也可能也是你们想要传递的意思，它也许是指女人和她们所写的小说，也许是指女人和关于她们的小说，或者是指这三个意思不知怎的就难解难分地混在了一起，而你们想要我从这个角度来考虑它们。但是当我用最后这种看上去最为有趣的方式开始思考这个主题时，我马上发现，它有一个致命的缺点。我永远也得不出一个结论。我永远也不能在一个小时的演讲之后，给你们一个有价值的纯粹的真理，让你们把它包在笔记本的页张之间，永远保留在壁炉架上，而我知道，这是一个演讲者的第一责任。我所能做的就是，就一个小问题给你们一个观点——一个女人要写小说，她必须有钱，有一个她自己的房间；你们会看到，这就使得女人真正的性格以及小说真正的性质这个大问题得不到解决。我逃避了责任，没有对这两个问题下一个结论，我认为，女人和小说仍是悬而未决的问题。但是为了做一些补偿，我将做我所能做的，给你们解释我这个关于房间和钱的观点是怎么形成的。我将在你们面前，把导致我产生这个想法的思路尽可能充分而自由地展开来。如果我将这一观点背后的想法和偏见也表达出来，你们也许会发现，它们与女人有些关系，与小说也有些关系。无论如何，当一个题目颇具争议时——所有关于性别的问题都是如此——人们也就不指望说出真理了。他只能解释自己所持的那个观点是如何形成的。他只能给听众一个机会，让他们在观察演讲者的局限、偏见、癖好的时候，得出他们自己的结论。在这里，小说包含的真理可能多于事实。因此，我打算，利用一个小说家所有的特权和自由，告诉你们我到这儿来的前两天发生的事情——被你们放在我肩上的题目给压倒后，我如何思考这个题目，如何把它用在我日常生活的里里外外。我不需要说，我将要描述的东西并不存在，“牛津剑桥”是捏造的，“弗恩汉姆”也是，“我”也只是为了方便而给某个并不真实存在的人起的名称。谎话将从我的嘴里流淌出来，但可能

也有一些真理掺杂其中；要让你们去寻找这真理，并且决定哪些部分是值得保留的。如果不这样做，你们当然会把它整个扔到废纸篓里，然后忘得一干二净。

Here then was I (call me Mary Beton, Mary Seton, Mary Carmichael or by any name you please—it is not a matter of any importance) sitting on the banks of a river a week or two ago in fine October weather, lost in thought. That collar I have spoken of, women and fiction, the need of coming to some conclusion on a subject that raises all sorts of prejudices and passions, bowed my head to the ground. To the right and left bushes of some sort, golden and crimson, glowed with the colour, even it seemed burnt with the heat, of fire. On the further bank the willows wept in perpetual lamentation, their hair about their shoulders. The river reflected whatever it chose of sky and bridge and burning tree, and when the undergraduate had oared his boat through the reflections they closed again, completely, as if he had never been. There one might have sat the clock round lost in thought. Thought—to call it by a prouder name than it deserved—had let its line down into the stream. It swayed, minute after minute, hither and thither among the reflections and the weeds, letting the water lift it and sink it until—you know the little tug—the sudden conglomeration of an idea at the end of one's line: and then the cautious hauling of it in, and the careful laying of it out? Alas, laid on the grass how small, how insignificant this thought of mine looked; the sort of fish that a good fisherman puts back into the water so that it may grow fatter and be one day worth cooking and eating. I will not trouble you with that thought now, though if you look carefully you may find it for yourselves in the course of what I am going to say.

那么这就是我（可以叫我玛丽·贝顿，玛丽·西顿，玛丽·卡迈克尔，或者任何你喜欢的名字——这完全不重要），一两个星期前，在十月晴朗的天气里，我坐在河岸边，陷入了沉思。我所说的那个衣领，也就是女人和小说，以及对一个引起各种偏见和强烈情感的题目下结论的需要，把我的头压到了地上。我的左边和右边都长着某种灌木，是金黄色和深红色的，那火一般的颜色明亮夺目，甚至就像是炉火在燃烧。远处的河岸边，垂杨带着永久的悲哀，它们的头发披在肩上。河水倒映着它从天空、桥梁和燃烧的树木中挑选出来的各种东西，一个大学生划着船穿过了这些倒影，但它们很快就又完整地合上了，好像那个大学生从未来过一样。一个人可以在那坐上一昼夜，沉浸在思考中。思考——这是给它的一个它不太配的光荣的名字——已经把它的钓线垂到河里去了。一分钟又一分钟，钓线在倒影和水草之间四处摆动，随着水流漂起沉下，直到——你知道那轻轻地一拉——一个想法忽然聚到了钓线的末端，然后小心地把它拉进来，再把它仔细地摊开。唉，我这摊在草地上的思想看起来多么渺小，多么无足轻重啊，就好像那种被高明的渔夫放回水中的小鱼，好让它长得肥点，有一天值得拿来煮着吃。我现在不拿

那个思想来烦你们，虽然你们仔细观察的话，可能会在我说话的过程中发现它。

But however small it was, it had, nevertheless, the mysterious property of its kind—put back into the mind, it became at once very exciting, and important; and as it darted and sank, and flashed hither and thither, set up such a wash and tumult of ideas that it was impossible to sit still. It was thus that I found myself walking with extreme rapidity across a grass plot. Instantly a man's figure rose to intercept me. Nor did I at first understand that the gesticulations of a curious-looking object, in a cut-away coat and evening shirt, were aimed at me. His face expressed horror and indignation. Instinct rather than reason came to my help, he was a Beadle; I was a woman. This was the turf; there was the path. Only the Fellows and Scholars are allowed here; the gravel is the place for me. Such thoughts were the work of a moment. As I regained the path the arms of the Beadle sank, his face assumed its usual repose, and though turf is better walking than gravel, no very great harm was done. The only charge I could bring against the Fellows and Scholars of whatever the college might happen to be was that in protection of their turf, which has been rolled for 300 years in succession they had sent my little fish into hiding.

但是无论多么渺小，它依然有它那种神秘的性质——把它放到脑子里，它就立刻变得非常令人兴奋，变得很重要；它猛冲下沉、四处闪现的时候，激起了汹涌的水流和巨大的波动，以至于我不可能再静静地坐着。于是，我急速地穿过一片草地。一个男人的身影立刻出现了。他过来阻拦我。起初我还不明白，这个人看上去很奇怪，穿着常礼服以及晚上穿的衬衫，原来他所做的手势是针对我的。他的脸上写着恐惧和愤怒。是本能而不是理智帮了我的忙；他是教区执事，而我是个女人。这是草皮，小路在那边。这里只允许研究员和学者来，砾石路才是给我的地方。这些想法都是一瞬间产生的。我重回到小路上，教区执事的手臂就放下了，他的脸上恢复了通常的平静；尽管草皮比砾石路走着舒服，但我也没造成什么很大的伤害。不管是什么学院的研究员和学者，我能够针对他们提出的唯一控诉就是，这块草皮被连续压了300年，他们在保护它的时候，把我的小鱼吓得藏了起来。

What idea it had been that had sent me so audaciously trespassing I could not now remember. The spirit of peace descended like a cloud from heaven, for if the spirit of peace dwells anywhere, it is in the courts and quadrangles of Oxbridge on a fine October morning. Strolling through those colleges past those ancient halls the roughness of the present seemed smoothed away; the body seemed contained in a miraculous glass cabinet through which no sound could penetrate, and the mind, freed from any contact with facts (unless one trespassed on the turf again), was at liberty to settle down upon

whatever meditation was in harmony with the moment. As chance would have it, some stray memory of some old essay about revisiting Oxbridge in the long vacation brought Charles Lamb to mind—Saint Charles, said Thackeray, putting a letter of Lamb's to his forehead. Indeed, among all the dead (I give you my thoughts as they came to me), Lamb is one of the most congenial; one to whom one would have liked to say, Tell me then how you wrote your essays? For his essays are superior even to Max Beerbohm's, I thought, with all their perfection, because of that wild flash of imagination, that lightning crack of genius in the middle of them which leaves them flawed and imperfect, but starred with poetry. Lamb then came to Oxbridge perhaps a hundred years ago. Certainly he wrote an essay—the name escapes me—about the manuscript of one of Milton's poems which he saw here. It was LYCIDAS perhaps, and Lamb wrote how it shocked him to think it possible that any word in LYCIDAS could have been different from what it is. To think of Milton changing the words in that poem seemed to him a sort of sacrilege. This led me to remember what I could of LYCIDAS and to amuse myself with guessing which word it could have been that Milton had altered, and why. It then occurred to me that the very manuscript itself which Lamb had looked at was only a few hundred yards away, so that one could follow Lamb's footsteps across the quadrangle to that famous library where the treasure is kept. Moreover, I recollected, as I put this plan into execution, it is in this famous library that the manuscript of Thackeray's ESMOND is also preserved. The critics often say that ESMOND is Thackeray's most perfect novel. But the affectation of the style, with its imitation of the eighteenth century, hampers one, so far as I can remember; unless indeed the eighteenth-century style was natural to Thackeray—a fact that one might prove by looking at the manuscript and seeing whether the alterations were for the benefit of the style or of the sense. But then one would have to decide what is style and what is meaning, a question which—but here I was actually at the door which leads into the library itself. I must have opened it, for instantly there issued, like a guardian angel barring the way with a flutter of black gown instead of white wings, a deprecating, silvery, kindly gentleman, who regretted in a low voice as he waved me back that ladies are only admitted to the library if accompanied by a Fellow of the College or furnished with a letter of introduction.

是什么想法让我大胆地闯入了草地，我现在已经记不得了。安谧的精神就像云一样从天上降下来，如果说安谧的精神存在于某一个地方的话，那它就是在十月的一个晴朗的早晨，存在于牛津剑桥的庭院和四方形场地里。漫步穿过那些学院，经过那些古老的大厅，当前的不愉快似乎消失了，身体好像被装在一个不可思议的小玻璃房间里，任何声音都不能传进去。同时脑子因为没有接触任何事实（除非再次闯到草地上

去），可以自由地沉浸在与这个时刻相协调的各种冥想中。有一篇老文章是讲在漫长的假期重访牛津剑桥，我对这篇文章有零星的记忆，这些记忆碰巧让我想起了查尔斯·拉姆——萨克雷把一封拉姆的信放在他的前额上时说，圣徒查尔斯。确实，在所有死去的文人中（我有了什么想法，就会告诉你们），拉姆是最亲切的之一，人们会想对他说，那么告诉我，你怎么写散文？我认为，他的散文甚至比马克斯·比尔博姆的还要好——尽管后者的散文很完美，这是因为想象力的疯狂闪现，因为文章中天才的像闪电一样的噼啪声，这虽然使他的文章有了缺点，并不完美，但也使它们闪耀着诗意。大约在一百年前拉姆来过牛津剑桥，当然他写了一篇散文——题目我忘了，是关于他在这儿看见的弥尔顿的一首诗的手稿。大概是《利西达斯》，拉姆写道，想到《利西达斯》中的任何一个字都可以被其他的字所取代，他震惊不已。想到弥尔顿改了那首诗里的字，这在他看来似乎是一种渎圣行为。这使我想起我所能记得的《利西达斯》的一部分，并猜测着哪些字弥尔顿可能改过以及他为什么改，以此自娱；接着我想到，拉姆所看的那个手稿离这儿不过几百码，人们可以追随拉姆的脚步，穿过四方院，来到那个著名的图书馆，那件珍宝就保存在那儿。而且，当我向图书馆走的时候，我记起，这个著名的图书馆里也保存着萨克雷的《埃斯蒙德》的手稿。批评家常说，《埃斯蒙德》是萨克雷最完美的小说。但是根据我的记忆，那矫揉造作的文体，以及它对18世纪的模仿，都是束缚人的；除非18世纪的文体对萨克雷而言确实是自然的——这个事实通过看手稿便可以证明，从手稿上可以看出那些修改是为了文体还是为了意思。但是这样，人们就必须决定什么是文体，什么是意思，这个问题——但这时我其实已经到了通往图书馆的大门的门口。我一定是开了门的，因为立刻就有一位表示反对、满头银发的和蔼绅士走了出来，就像守护天使一样挡住了路，不过挥的是黑袍子而不是白翅膀；他一面挥手叫我后退，一面用低声表示遗憾，说女士得由一位本学院的研究员陪着或是带着介绍信才准进这个图书馆。

That a famous library has been cursed by a woman is a matter of complete indifference to a famous library. Venerable and calm, with all its treasures safe locked within its breast, it sleeps complacently and will, so far as I am concerned, so sleep for ever. Never will I wake those echoes, never will I ask for that hospitality again, I vowed as I descended the steps in anger. Still an hour remained before luncheon, and what was one to do? Stroll on the meadows? sit by the river? Certainly it was a lovely autumn morning; the leaves were fluttering red to the ground; there was no great hardship in doing either. But the sound of music reached my ear. Some service or celebration was going forward. The organ complained magnificently as I passed the chapel door. Even the sorrow of Christianity sounded in that serene air more like the recollection of sorrow than sorrow itself; even the groanings of the ancient organ seemed lapped in peace. I had no wish to enter had I the right, and this time the verger might have stopped me, demanding perhaps my baptismal certificate, or a letter of

introduction from the Dean. But the outside of these magnificent buildings is often as beautiful as the inside. Moreover, it was amusing enough to watch the congregation assembling, coming in and going out again, busying themselves at the door of the chapel like bees at the mouth of a hive. Many were in cap and gown; some had tufts of fur on their shoulders; others were wheeled in bath-chairs; others, though not past middle age, seemed creased and crushed into shapes so singular that one was reminded of those giant crabs and crayfish who heave with difficulty across the sand of an aquarium. As I leant against the wall the University indeed seemed a sanctuary in which are preserved rare types which would soon be obsolete if left to fight for existence on the pavement of the Strand. Old stories of old deans and old dons came back to mind, but before I had summoned up courage to whistle—it used to be said that at the sound of a whistle old Professor instantly broke into a gallop—the venerable congregation had gone inside. The outside of the chapel remained. As you know, its high domes and pinnacles can be seen, like a sailing-ship always voyaging never arriving, lit up at night and visible for miles, far away across the hills. Once, presumably, this quadrangle with its smooth lawns, its massive buildings and the chapel itself was marsh too, where the grasses waved and the swine rootled. Teams of horses and oxen, I thought, must have hauled the stone in wagons from far countries, and then with infinite labour the grey blocks in whose shade I was now standing were poised in order one on top of another, and then the painters brought their glass for the window, and the masons were busy for centuries up on that roof with putty and cement, spade and trowel. Every Saturday somebody must have poured gold and silver out of a leathern purse into their ancient fists, for they had their beer and skittles presumably of an evening. An unending stream of gold and silver, I thought, must have flowed into this court perpetually to keep the stones coming and the masons working; to level, to ditch, to dig and to drain. But it was then the age of faith, and money was poured liberally to set these stones on a deep foundation, and when the stones were raised, still more money was poured in from the coffers of kings and queens and great nobles to ensure that hymns should be sung here and scholars taught. Lands were granted; tithes were paid. And when the age of faith was over and the age of reason had come, still the same flow of gold and silver went on; fellowships were founded; lectureships endowed; only the gold and silver flowed now, not from the coffers of the king, but from the chests of merchants and manufacturers, from the purses of men who had made, say, a fortune from industry, and returned, in their wills, a bounteous share of it to endow more chairs, more lectureships, more fellowships in the university where they had learnt their craft.

一个著名的图书馆被一个女人诅咒过，这对这个著名的图书馆来说，完全是一件不必在乎的事情。它神圣庄严，心平气和，所有珍品都安全地锁在它的胸中；它沾沾自喜地沉睡着，而且我认为，它会永远这样睡下去。我带着满腔怒火走下台阶的时候，我发誓再也不会激起那些回声，再也不去要求它的热情款待。吃午餐之前还有一个小时，该做些什么呢？在草地上散步？在河边坐着？当然，那是一个可爱的秋天的早上，树叶闪着红色飘落到地上；这两件事做起来都不是什么太苦的事。但是音乐声传入耳朵里。某种仪式或庆典正在进行。我走过小礼拜堂的门前时，风琴正在用美妙的乐声诉着苦。在那种晴朗的天气里，甚至连基督教的悲哀听上去都像悲哀的回想，而不是悲哀本身；连古老风琴的呻吟都好像被平静所包住了。假使我有权进去，我也不希望进去；这次，教堂司事也许会拦住我，大概会要求我交出洗礼证明书，或是教务长的介绍信。不过，这些宏伟建筑的外观常常和其内部一样美丽。而且，看着会众们聚集起来，进去又出来，就已经够有趣的了；他们在礼拜堂的门口忙碌着，就像蜜蜂在蜂房的入口处一样。许多人都戴着方帽子，穿着长袍。有的人肩上戴着一簇簇毛皮；有的人坐在轮椅里被人推着；还有的人，尽管还没过中年，却似乎已经皱成了很奇怪的样子，让人想起了水族馆里巨大的螃蟹和龙虾，它们费了很大劲笨拙地穿过沙子。当我斜靠着墙的时候，这所大学实在像一个避难所，里面有很多稀奇古怪的人；如果把这些人放到斯特兰大街的人行道上，让他们去谋生的话，他们很快就会被淘汰。一些老教务长和老学监的以前的故事又回到了我的脑海中，但是，在我鼓足勇气吹口哨之前——过去据说有一位老教授，一听到口哨声，立刻拔腿就跑——那些值得敬重的会众已经进去了。礼拜堂的外面还是照旧。你知道，它那高高的圆顶和尖塔夜里被点亮后，在几英里之外、群山的那一边都能看到，就像一直在航行永不靠岸的帆船一样。据推测，这个四方院，包括它平整的草坪、厚实的建筑以及礼拜堂本身，曾经也是一片沼泽地，当时青草在风中摇摆，猪在拱土觅食。我想，一队队的牛马一定是从很远的地方用四轮车把石头拉来，然后很多很多的劳力把这些灰色的石块整整齐齐地堆起来，一块叠着一块，我现在就站在这些灰色石头的阴影里。然后，油漆工给窗户装上玻璃，泥瓦匠在房顶上忙了几个世纪，带着油灰、水泥、铲子和泥刀。每一个星期六，都一定有人从皮制的钱袋里倒出一些金子和银子，倒到这些老工匠的手中，因为他们晚上大概要喝啤酒，玩撞柱游戏。我想，一定有源源不断的金银不断地流进这个院子，使得石头不断被运进来，也使得泥瓦匠不停地工作——整平、开沟、挖掘、排水。但是，当时是一个信仰的时代，大量的钱被倒进来，以便把这些石头立在很深的地基上。房子建起来后，皇帝、皇后和显赫的贵族们又从他们的钱柜里拿出了更多的钱，确保这儿唱着圣歌，教着学生。土地有人赏赐；十一税也有人缴纳。但信仰的时代过去，理智的时代到来的时候，仍然有同样多的金银流进来；于是，设立了奖学金，捐赠了讲师基金。只不过，金银现在不是从皇室的钱柜中流出来的了，而是从商人和制造商的钱箱里流出来的，是从那些比如说靠工业发了财的人的钱包里流出来的，在遗嘱中，他们将很大一部分财富回馈给大学，捐给他们，让他们聘请更多的教授和讲师，设立更多的奖学金。当时，他们就是在这些大学里学

到了手艺。

Hence the libraries and laboratories; the observatories; the splendid equipment of costly and delicate instruments which now stands on glass shelves, where centuries ago the grasses waved and the swine rootled. Certainly, as I strolled round the court, the foundation of gold and silver seemed deep enough; the pavement laid solidly over the wild grasses. Men with trays on their heads went busily from staircase to staircase. Gaudy blossoms flowered in window-boxes. The strains of the gramophone blared out from the rooms within. It was impossible not to reflect—the reflection whatever it may have been was cut short. The clock struck. It was time to find one's way to luncheon.

因此有了图书馆，实验室和观象台，还有昂贵、精致的仪器，它们构成的光彩夺目的设备立在玻璃架子上，而几个世纪之前，就在这里，青草随风摇晃，猪用鼻子拱着土。当然，当我在院子中四处漫步时，金银构建的基础似乎足够深了，铺在野草上的人行道也足够结实。头上顶着托盘的人匆忙地从一个楼梯走到另一个楼梯。窗口花坛中，华丽的花开着。留声机响亮的旋律从里面的屋子里传出来。不可能不去深思——无论深思的是什么，它可能已被打断了。是该去吃午饭的时候了。

It is a curious fact that novelists have a way of making us believe that luncheon parties are invariably memorable for something very witty that was said, or for something very wise that was done. But they seldom spare a word for what was eaten. It is part of the novelist's convention not to mention soup and salmon and ducklings, as if soup and salmon and ducklings were of no importance whatsoever, as if nobody ever smoked a cigar or drank a glass of wine. Here, however, I shall take the liberty to defy that convention and to tell you that the lunch on this occasion began with soles, sunk in a deep dish, over which the college cook had spread a counterpane of the whitest cream, save that it was branded here and there with brown spots like the spots on the flanks of a doe. After that came the partridges, but if this suggests a couple of bald, brown birds on a plate you are mistaken. The partridges, many and various, came with all their retinue of sauces and salads, the sharp and the sweet, each in its order; their potatoes, thin as coins but not so hard; their sprouts, foliated as rosebuds but more succulent. And no sooner had the roast and its retinue been done with than the silent servingman, the Beadle himself perhaps in a milder manifestation, set before us, wreathed in napkins, a confection which rose all sugar from the waves. To call it pudding and so relate it to rice and tapioca would be an insult. Meanwhile the wineglasses had flushed yellow and flushed crimson; had been emptied; had been filled. And thus by degrees was lit, half-way down the spine, which is the seat of the soul, not that hard little

electric light which we call brilliance, as it pops in and out upon our lips, but the more profound, subtle and subterranean glow which is the rich yellow flame of rational intercourse. No need to hurry. No need to sparkle. No need to be anybody but oneself. We are all going to heaven and Vandyck is of the company—in other words, how good life seemed, how sweet its rewards, how trivial this grudge or that grievance, how admirable friendship and the society of one's kind, as, lighting a good cigarette, one sunk among the cushions in the window-seat.

小说家有办法使我们相信，午餐会总是难忘的的，因为有人会说诙谐的话，或是有人会做机智的事，这个事实是很奇怪的。但是他们很少谈及所吃的东西。这是小说家习俗的一部分，就是不去提汤、鲑鱼和小鸭子，好像它们不重要似的，好像没有人曾经吸过一支雪茄或喝过一杯酒似的。但是，在这儿我要冒昧地违背这个习俗，告诉你们，这次午饭是以鳎鱼开始的，它被盛在深深的盘子里，学校的厨子在上面铺了一层床罩似的白色奶油，只是它四处点缀着棕色的小点，像雌鹿胁腹上的点一样。然后上的是山鹑，但是你们若以为它们只是盘子上躺着的两只无毛的棕色的鸟，你们就错了。各种各样且数量繁多的山鹑，带着它们的酱汁、生菜等所有随员而来，其中有味道浓的，也有甜的，全都排列有序。一起来的还有土豆片，它们像钱币一样薄，但又没有那么硬；还有甘蓝，就像玫瑰花蕾一样是一层一层的，却更美味多汁。烤山鹑及其随员刚被吃完，寡言的男佣人，也可能是表现得比较温和的教区执事本人，就把甜食放到我们面前；用餐巾缠绕着的甜食让所有白糖都从大海里涌了出来。如果称它为布丁并且将它与大米、木薯淀粉联系起来，那是对它的一种侮辱。同时，玻璃酒杯中奔涌着黄色和红色的酒，杯子空了，又满了。因此，在脊柱（灵魂所在的地方）的中间，渐渐被点亮的并不是我们称之为才华的那种刺目的微小电光——这种才华在我们的嘴上啪啪地进进出出，而是更深刻、更微妙、更隐蔽的光辉，那是理性交流的色彩浓烈的黄色火焰。不需要着急。不需要才华横溢。不需要成为自己以外的任何人。我们都终将走进天堂与范戴克为伴——换句话说，当一个人点燃一支好烟、坐到窗座的垫子中时，生活看起来多么美好，它的回报多么让人高兴，这个积怨或那个怨愤多么渺小，友谊和与同类朋友的交往又是多么令人钦佩。

If by good luck there had been an ash-tray handy, if one had not knocked the ash out of the window in default, if things had been a little different from what they were, one would not have seen, presumably, a cat without a tail. The sight of that abrupt and truncated animal padding softly across the quadrangle changed by some fluke of the subconscious intelligence the emotional light for me. It was as if someone had let fall a shade. Perhaps the excellent hock was relinquishing its hold. Certainly, as I watched the Manx cat pause in the middle of the lawn as if it too questioned the universe, something seemed lacking, something seemed different. But what was

lacking, what was different, I asked myself, listening to the talk? And to answer that question I had to think myself out of the room, back into the past, before the war indeed, and to set before my eyes the model of another luncheon party held in rooms not very far distant from these; but different. Everything was different. Meanwhile the talk went on among the guests, who were many and young, some of this sex, some of that; it went on swimmingly, it went on agreeably, freely, amusingly. And as it went on I set it against the background of that other talk, and as I matched the two together I had no doubt that one was the descendant, the legitimate heir of the other. Nothing was changed; nothing was different save only here I listened with all my ears not entirely to what was being said, but to the murmur or current behind it. Yes, that was it—the change was there. Before the war at a luncheon party like this people would have said precisely the same things but they would have sounded different, because in those days they were accompanied by a sort of humming noise, not articulate, but musical, exciting, which changed the value of the words themselves. Could one set that humming noise to words? Perhaps with the help of the poets one could.... A book lay beside me and, opening it, I turned casually enough to Tennyson. And here I found Tennyson was singing:

如果手边刚好有一个烟灰缸，如果一个人没有因为缺少烟灰缸而把烟灰弹到窗外，如果事情与实际状况稍有不同，那么他大概不会看到一只没有尾巴的猫。那只突然出现的、被砍了尾巴的动物轻轻地走过四方院，这一情景侥幸借着下意识的灵性，为我改变了情绪上的看法。好像有人放下了一个罩子。也许是那美妙的白葡萄酒的酒力正在过去。确实，当我看着这只马恩岛猫停在草坪中间，好像它也在质问宇宙时，一些东西看起来欠缺了，一些东西看起来不同了。但是欠缺的是什么，不同的是什么？我在听着谈话的时候，这样问自己。为了回答这个问题，我不得不想象自己离开了这间屋子，回到了过去，而且是回到了战前，并且在我的眼前放置另一个午餐聚会的模型，这个聚会就在离这些房间不太远的另一些房间里举行；但这又是不同的。一切都是不同的。与此同时，客人之间的谈话继续着，客人很多而且很年轻，男女都有。谈话顺利地进行着，进行得很惬意、很自由、很有趣。在谈话继续进行的时候，我把它与另一谈话的背景作了比较，当我把这两场谈话放在一起比较的时候，我毫不怀疑其中一场是另一场的后裔、合法继承人。没有什么发生了改变；没有什么变得不同了，只不过我此时全神贯注地倾听的并不全是讲出的话，而是其背后的窃窃私语抑或气流。对，就是这样——这就是改变。战前，在像这样的一个午餐聚会上，人们所说的事与现在完全一样，但是听起来却不同，因为那个时候的谈话被一种嗡嗡声伴随着，这种嗡嗡声不清晰，但是悦耳、刺激，这改变了话语本身的价值。可不可以用文字表达出那种嗡嗡声呢？或许在诗人的帮助下可以……我身边摆放着一本书，我翻开它，很不经意地翻到了丁尼生。在这儿我发现丁尼生唱道：

There has fallen a splendid tear

一颗美好的泪珠滚落下来，

From the passion-flower at the gate.

自门口的那株西番莲花。

She is coming, my dove, my dear;

她就要来了，我的宝贝，我亲爱的；

She is coming, my life, my fate;

她就要来了，我的生命，我的命运；

The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near';

红玫瑰喊道：“她走近了，她走近了”；

And the white rose weeps, 'She is late’;

白玫瑰泣诉：“她迟到了”；

The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear';

飞燕草倾听着：“我听到了，我听到了”；

And the lily whispers, 'I wait.'

百合低语：“我在等待。”

Was that what men hummed at luncheon parties before the war? And the women?

这就是男人在战前的午餐聚会上吟哦的内容吗？那女人呢？

My heart is like a singing bird

我的心像一只歌唱的鸟，

Whose nest is in a water'd shoot;

它的巢筑在一根被弄湿的嫩枝上；

My heart is like an apple tree

我的心像一棵苹果树，

Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit;

它的树枝被密密麻麻的果实压弯；

My heart is like a rainbow shell

我的心像一个五彩的贝壳，

That paddles in a halcyon sea;

在平静的海上戏水；

My heart is gladder than all these

我的心比这些都快乐，

Because my love is come to me.

因为我爱的人已经来到我身边。

Was that what women hummed at luncheon parties before the war?

这就是女人在战前的午餐聚会上吟哦的内容吗？

There was something so ludicrous in thinking of people humming such things even under their breath at luncheon parties before the war that I burst out laughing and had to explain my laughter by pointing at the Manx cat, who did look a little absurd, poor beast, without a tail, in the middle of the lawn. Was he really born so, or had he lost his tail in an accident? The tailless cat, though some are said to exist in the Isle of Man, is rarer than one thinks. It is a queer animal, quaint rather than beautiful. It is strange what a difference a tail makes—you know the sort of things one says as a lunch party breaks up and people are finding their coats and hats.

想起战前人们在午餐聚会上甚至压低嗓音吟哦这些东西，就有了滑稽之处，于是我大笑起来，还要指着那个马恩岛猫，作为我大笑的理由。可怜的小东西没有尾巴，站在草地中间，看起来的确有点滑稽。它真的生来就如此吗？还是在一场事故中失去了它的尾巴？尽管有些人说马恩岛上有没有尾巴的猫，但这些猫要比人们想象的罕见。它是一种奇怪的动物，与其说是漂亮，不如说是有趣。一条尾巴能带来如此大的差别，这很奇怪——你知道，当午餐聚会结束，人们找他们的大衣和帽子时，才会说这样的话。

This one, thanks to the hospitality of the host, had lasted far into the afternoon. The beautiful October day was fading and the leaves were falling from the trees in the avenue as I walked through it. Gate after gate seemed to close with gentle finality behind me. Innumerable beadles were fitting innumerable keys into well-oiled locks; the treasure-house was being made secure for another night. After the avenue one comes out upon a road—I forget its name—which leads you, if you take the right turning, along to Fernham. But there was plenty of time. Dinner was not till half-past seven. One could almost do without dinner after such a luncheon. It is strange how a scrap of poetry works in the mind and makes the legs move in time to it along the road. Those words—

由于主人的热情款待，这顿午餐一直持续到下午很晚的时候。那个美丽的十月天渐渐地暗了下来。当我走过林阴道的时候，树上的叶子正在飘落。一扇一扇大门似乎在我身后轻轻地而又断然地关闭了。无数的教区执事把数不清的钥匙插到很好用的门锁里；这座宝库又将安全地度过一个夜晚。走过林阴道之后，便是一条马路——它的名字我忘记了

——如果向右转，顺着这条马路就可到达弗恩汉姆。但是还有很多时间。晚餐要到七点半才开始。不过吃过这样一顿午餐后，人们几乎可以不用吃晚餐。很奇怪，一小段诗映入脑海，使得双腿和着它的节拍沿路前行。这些话——

There has fallen a splendid tear

一颗美好的泪珠滚落下来，

From the passion-flower at the gate.

自门口的那株西番莲花。

She is coming, my dove, my dear—

她就要来了，我的宝贝，我亲爱的——

sang in my blood as I stepped quickly along towards Headingley. And then, switching off into the other measure, I sang, where the waters are churned up by the weir:

当我快步走向赫丁利时，它们在我的血液中歌唱。然后转到另外一个音步，在拦河坝搅动着河水的地方，我唱道：

My heart is like a singing bird

我的心像一只歌唱的鸟，

Whose nest is in a water'd shoot;

它的巢筑在一根被弄湿的嫩枝上；

My heart is like an apple tree...

我的心像一颗苹果树……

What poets, I cried aloud, as one does in the dusk, what poets they were!

我大声地喊着，就像人们在薄暮中大喊一样：多么伟大的诗人，他们是多么伟大的诗人啊！

In a sort of jealousy, I suppose, for our own age, silly and absurd though these comparisons are, I went on to wonder if honestly one could name two living poets now as great as Tennyson and Christina Rossetti were then. Obviously it is impossible, I thought, looking into those foaming waters, to compare them. The very reason why that poetry excites one to such abandonment, such rapture, is that it celebrates some feeling that one used to have (at luncheon parties before the war perhaps), so that one responds easily, familiarly, without troubling to check the feeling, or to compare it with any that one has now. But the living poets express a feeling that is actually being made and torn out of us at the moment. One does not recognize it in the first place; often for some reason one fears it; one watches it

with keenness and compares it jealously and suspiciously with the old feeling that one knew. Hence the difficulty of modern poetry; and it is because of this difficulty that one cannot remember more than two consecutive lines of any good modern poet. For this reason—that my memory failed me—the argument flagged for want of material. But why, I continued, moving on towards Headingley, have we stopped humming under our breath at luncheon parties? Why has Alfred ceased to sing

我想，我是带着一种对我们所处的时代的妒忌情绪，进而想知道是否有人能够诚实地说出两位还在世的诗人的名字，他们像丁尼生和克里斯蒂娜·罗塞蒂那样伟大，尽管这样的比较是愚蠢和荒唐的。看着泛着泡沫的河水，我想，把他们进行对比很显然是不可能的。那首诗之所以让人们如此放纵、如此狂喜，是因为它赞扬了人们过去（或许是在战前的午餐聚会的时候）常常有的某种情感，因此人们可以很容易、很熟悉地作出反应，而不用费事去检查那些情感，或者拿它与他们现在有的任何一种情感作比较。然而还在世的诗人所表达的情感，事实上是此刻正在被制造出来、从我们身上夺去的情感。一开始，人们没有认出这种情感，而且常常因为某种原因害怕它。人们充满渴望地看着它，又带着猜疑和妒忌的情绪拿它和他们所知道的旧情感作比较。由此便产生了现代诗歌的困难，同时也正因为这个困难，对于任何一个优秀的现代诗人，人们最多只能记住他的连续两行诗歌。因为这个原因——我记忆力的衰退，这场争论由于资料的匮乏而显得枯燥乏味。但是，当我继续往赫丁利走的时候，我想道，为什么在午餐聚会上我们停止了低声吟哦？为什么艾尔弗雷德停止了歌唱：

She is coming, my dove, my dear.

她就要来了，我的宝贝，我亲爱的。

Why has Christina ceased to respond

为什么克里斯蒂娜不再作出反应：

My heart is gladder than all these

我的心比这些都快乐

Because my love is come to me?

因为我爱的人已经来到我身边？

Shall we lay the blame on the war? When the guns fired in August 1914, did the faces of men and women show so plain in each other's eyes that romance was killed? Certainly it was a shock (to women in particular with their illusions about education, and so on) to see the faces of our rulers in the light of the shell-fire. So ugly they looked—German, English, French—so stupid. But lay the blame where one will, on whom one will, the illusion which inspired Tennyson and Christina Rossetti to sing so passionately about the coming of their

loves is far rarer now than then. One has only to read, to look, to listen, to remember. But why say 'blame'? Why, if it was an illusion, not praise the catastrophe, whatever it was, that destroyed illusion and put truth in its place? For truth... those dots mark the spot where, in search of truth, I missed the turning up to Fernham. Yes indeed, which was truth and which was illusion? I asked myself. What was the truth about these houses, for example, dim and festive now with their red windows in the dusk, but raw and red and squalid, with their sweets and their bootlaces, at nine o'clock in the morning? And the willows and the river and the gardens that run down to the river, vague now with the mist stealing over them, but gold and red in the sunlight—which was the truth, which was the illusion about them? I spare you the twists and turns of my cogitations, for no conclusion was found on the road to Headingley, and I ask You to suppose that I soon found out my mistake about the turning and retraced my steps to Fernham.

我们是不是应该责怪战争呢？一九一四年八月枪声响起的时候，是不是男人女人的脸上都在彼此的眼中清晰地显示，浪漫被扼杀了？借着炮火的光亮看统治者的脸的确是令人惊愕的（特别是对女人来说，因为她们对教育仍抱有幻想等等）。他们看起来如此丑陋——无论德国的、英国的，还是法国的——都是如此愚蠢。但是无论抱怨什么，不管抱怨谁，如今唤起丁尼生和克里斯蒂娜·罗塞蒂的灵感，让他们为即将到来的爱人热情歌唱的幻觉要比当时少得多。人们现在只需要去阅读、观察、聆听和记忆。但为什么要“怨”呢？如果它是一种幻觉，为什么不去赞扬那种毁灭了幻觉并且用真实取而代之的灾难呢，无论是什么灾难？因为真实……这些点标志着我在寻找真实的过程中忘记转弯去弗恩汉姆的地方。是的，的确，哪个是真实，哪个是幻觉？我问自己。比如说，什么是关于这些房子的真实呢？薄暮时分它们看着很朦胧，红窗户显出了节日气氛；但是早上九点钟的时候，糖果、鞋带又使它们看上去通红，而且粗俗、污秽。柳树、河流，还有一直延伸到河边的花园，在薄雾静悄悄的笼罩下都是模糊的，但是在阳光下却是红彤彤、金光闪闪的——关于它们，哪些是真实，哪些又是幻觉呢？我不必告诉你们我思想的曲折变化，因为去赫丁利的路上我并没有得出结论。你们可以猜想，我很快就发现自己忘记转弯了，于是又往回走，再到弗恩汉姆去。

As I have said already that it was an October day, I dare not forfeit your respect and imperil the fair name of fiction by changing the season and describing lilacs hanging over garden walls, crocuses, tulips and other flowers of spring. Fiction must stick to facts, and the truer the facts the better the fiction—so we are told. Therefore it was still autumn and the leaves were still yellow and falling, if anything, a little faster than before, because it was now evening (seven twenty-three to be precise) and a breeze (from the south-west to be exact) had risen. But for all that there was something odd at work:

既然我已经说过那是十月的一天，我就不敢改变季节并描述花园墙头上悬垂的丁香花、番红花、郁金香以及其他春天的花朵，从而失去你们的尊重并危及小说这个好听的名字。小说必须忠于事实，事实越真实，小说就越好——别人是这样告诉我们的。因此仍旧是秋天，树叶仍旧是黄色的并且不断飘落。如果说有任何变化的话，那就是比以前落得更快了，因为现在已经是傍晚了（确切地说是七点二十三分），而且一阵微风（确切地说是西南风）刮了起来。但是尽管如此，总有一些怪东西在起作用：

My heart is like a singing bird

我的心像一只歌唱的鸟，

Whose nest is in a water'd shoot;

它的巢筑在一根被弄湿的嫩枝上；

My heart is like an apple tree

我的心像一颗苹果树，

Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit…

它的树枝被密密麻麻的果实压弯……

perhaps the words of Christina Rossetti were partly responsible for the folly of the fancy—it was nothing of course but a fancy—that the lilac was shaking its flowers over the garden walls, and the brimstone butterflies were scudding hither and thither, and the dust of the pollen was in the air. A wind blew, from what quarter I know not, but it lifted the half-grown leaves so that there was a flash of silver grey in the air. It was the time between the lights when colours undergo their intensification and purples and golds burn in window-panes like the beat of an excitable heart; when for some reason the beauty of the world revealed and yet soon to perish (here I pushed into the garden, for, unwisely, the door was left open and no beadles seemed about), the beauty of the world which is so soon to perish, has two edges, one of laughter, one of anguish, cutting the heart asunder. The gardens of Fernham lay before me in the spring twilight, wild and open, and in the long grass, sprinkled and carelessly flung, were daffodils and bluebells, not orderly perhaps at the best of times, and now wind-blown and waving as they tugged at their roots. The windows of the building, curved like ships' windows among generous waves of red brick, changed from lemon to silver under the flight of the quick spring clouds. Somebody was in a hammock, somebody, but in this light they were phantoms only, half guessed, half seen, raced across the grass—would no one stop her?—and then on the terrace, as if popping out to breathe the air, to glance at the garden, came a bent figure, formidable yet humble, with her great forehead and her shabby

dress—could it be the famous scholar, could it be J—H—herself? All was dim, yet intense too, as if the scarf which the dusk had flung over the garden were torn asunder by star or sword—the gash of some terrible reality leaping, as its way is, out of the heart of the spring. For youth—

也许克里斯蒂娜·罗塞蒂的诗句要对幻想的愚蠢行为负一定的责任——它当然仅仅只是幻想，幻想着丁香花在花园的墙头上摇摆它的花朵，黄粉蝶到处疾飞，花粉在空气中弥散。一阵风吹过来，我不知道是从哪个方向吹来的，刮起了还未长成的嫩叶，因此空中闪着银灰色。这是傍晚时分，各种颜色逐渐变深，紫色和金黄色在窗玻璃上燃烧，像一颗容易激动的心在跳动。这时，因为某种原因世界的美丽都呈现出来了，但是也很快消失了（这时我走进了花园，因为门很不谨慎地开着，而且附近似乎没有教区执事）。世界的美很快就会消失，它有两个刀口，一个是欢笑的，一个是痛苦的，把心切成了两部分。在春天的暮色中，弗恩汉姆的花园展现在我面前，荒芜而又开阔。高高的青草中疏落、随意地点缀着水仙花和蓝铃花，大概在花开得最盛时候也是没有秩序吧，现在被风吹得四处摇摆，用力拽着它们的根部。这些建筑的窗户呈弧形，就像在红砖的海洋中船的窗户一样。在很快飘过的春天的云朵下，这些窗户从柠檬色变成了银色。有人躺在吊床上；有人跑过草地，不过在这种光线里，他们仅仅是鬼魂，一半是我的猜想，一半是我看见的——难道没有人拉住她？然后在阳台上，走来一个佝偻的身影，好像是突然走出来呼吸些空气，看一看花园，她令人畏惧却又很谦恭。从她宽阔的前额和破旧的衣服来看，会不会是那个著名的学者，会不会就是J——H——本人？所有的一切都是朦胧的，但是也很强烈，就像是薄暮披在花园上的围巾被星星或刀剑给割成了数部分——某种可怕现实的切口以它自己的方式由春天的心里跳出来。因为青春——

Here was my soup. Dinner was being served in the great dining-hall. Far from being spring it was in fact an evening in October. Everybody was assembled in the big dining-room. Dinner was ready. Here was the soup. It was a plain gravy soup. There was nothing to stir the fancy in that. One could have seen through the transparent liquid any pattern that there might have been on the plate itself. But there was no pattern. The plate was plain. Next came beef with its attendant greens and potatoes—a homely trinity, suggesting the rumps of cattle in a muddy market, and sprouts curled and yellowed at the edge, and bargaining and cheapening and women with string bags on Monday morning. There was no reason to complain of human nature's daily food, seeing that the supply was sufficient and coal-miners doubtless were sitting down to less. Prunes and custard followed. And if anyone complains that prunes, even when mitigated by custard, are an uncharitable vegetable (fruit they are not), stringy as a miser's heart and exuding a fluid such as might run in misers' veins who have denied themselves wine and warmth for eighty years and yet not

given to the poor, he should reflect that there are people whose charity embraces even the prune. Biscuits and cheese came next, and here the water-jug was liberally passed round, for it is the nature of biscuits to be dry, and these were biscuits to the core. That was all. The meal was over. Everybody scraped their chairs back; the swing-doors swung violently to and fro; soon the hall was emptied of every sign of food and made ready no doubt for breakfast next morning. Down corridors and up staircases the youth of England went banging and singing. And was it for a guest, a stranger (for I had no more right here in Fernham than in Trinity or Somerville or Girton or Newnham or Christchurch), to say, 'The dinner was not good,'or to say (we were now, Mary Seton and I, in her sitting-room), 'Could we not have dined up here alone?' for if I had said anything of the kind I should have been prying and searching into the secret economies of a house which to the stranger wears so fine a front of gaiety and courage. No, one could say nothing of the sort. Indeed, conversation for a moment flagged. The human frame being what it is, heart, body and brain all mixed together, and not contained in separate compartments as they will be no doubt in another million years, a good dinner is of great importance to good talk. One cannot think well, love well, sleep well, if one has not dined well. The lamp in the spine does not light on beef and prunes. We are all PROBABLY going to heaven, and Vandyck is, we HOPE, to meet us round the next corner—that is the dubious and qualifying state of mind that beef and prunes at the end of the day's work breed between them. Happily my friend, who taught science, had a cupboard where there was a squat bottle and little glasses—(but there should have been sole and partridge to begin with)—so that we were able to draw up to the fire and repair some of the damages of the day's living. In a minute or so we were slipping freely in and out among all those objects of curiosity and interest which form in the mind in the absence of a particular person, and are naturally to be discussed on coming together again—how somebody has married, another has not; one thinks this, another that; one has improved out of all knowledge, the other most amazingly gone to the bad—with all those speculations upon human nature and the character of the amazing world we live in which spring naturally from such beginnings. While these things were being said, however, I became shamefacedly aware of a current setting in of its own accord and carrying everything forward to an end of its own. One might be talking of Spain or Portugal, of book or racehorse, but the real interest of whatever was said was none of those things, but a scene of masons on a high roof some five centuries ago. Kings and nobles brought treasure in huge sacks and poured it under the earth. This scene was for ever coming alive in my mind and placing itself by another of lean

cows and a muddy market and withered greens and the stringy hearts of old men—these two pictures, disjointed and disconnected and nonsensical as they were, were for ever coming together and combating each other and had me entirely at their mercy. The best course, unless the whole talk was to be distorted, was to expose what was in my mind to the air, when with good luck it would fade and crumble like the head of the dead king when they opened the coffin at Windsor. Briefly, then, I told Miss Seton about the masons who had been all those years on the roof of the chapel, and about the kings and queens and nobles bearing sacks of gold and silver on their shoulders, which they shovelled into the earth; and then how the great financial magnates of our own time came and laid cheques and bonds, I suppose, where the others had laid ingots and rough lumps of gold. All that lies beneath the colleges down there, I said; but this college, where we are now sitting, what lies beneath its gallant red brick and the wild unkempt grasses of the garden? What force is behind that plain china off which we dined, and (here it popped out of my mouth before I could stop it) the beef, the custard and the prunes?

我的汤来了。有人正把晚饭端到大饭厅里。离春天还很远，事实上，它只是十月的一个晚上。大家都聚集在大饭厅里。晚饭已经准备好了。这是汤。一碗平淡无奇的肉汤。里面没有什么东西可以引发幻想。透过透明的汤，人们可以看到盘子自身可能带有的任何图案。但是没有图案。盘子上没有装饰。接下来是牛肉，一起上来的还有青菜和土豆——很普通的三合一，使人想到泥泞的菜市场里牛的臀部，边缘卷起并且发黄了的嫩芽，讨价还价和降价出售，以及星期一早上拿着网袋的女人。鉴于供给很充足，而且煤矿工人无疑吃得更少，所以没有理由抱怨我们的日常食物。接下来上的是李子和蛋奶糕。如果有人抱怨说，即使有蛋奶糕来缓和一下，李子仍然是一种不慈悲的蔬菜（它们根本不是水果），李子是多筋的，就像一个守财奴的心一样，而且渗出的液体就像是守财奴的静脉里流动的液体一样，他们在八十年中舍不得喝酒，舍不得穿暖而且也不施舍穷人，如果有人这样抱怨，那么他就该想一想，有些人的慈善慷慨也不过就相当于李子而已。再接下来的是饼干和奶酪，这时水罐子被随意地传来传去，因为饼干的本性就是干的，并且这些是地地道道的饼干。这就是全部。一顿饭就结束了。每个人都擦着地板把椅子推到后面，双开式弹簧门前前后后地猛烈摆动。很快，饭厅里便没有了食物的痕迹，无疑是为第二天的早饭作准备。沿着走廊，爬上楼梯，英国的青年边奔边唱。一位客人，一个陌生人（因为我在弗恩汉姆享有的权力和我在特里尼蒂、萨默维尔、戈廷、纽纳姆或是克赖斯特彻奇享有的权力一样多）能否说“晚饭不好”，或者说（玛丽·西顿和我现在在她的起居室里）：“我们本来不能单独在这里吃饭吗？”如果我说了这样的话，那就是在窥探、调查这个家庭秘密的经济状况了。在生人眼里，这个家庭还穿着欢快和勇敢的漂亮外衣。不，我不能说这种话。的确，谈话一时间变得索然无味了。人的精神状态就是这样，心脏、躯干、大脑都混在一起，而不是装在分开的空间里，无疑一百万年之后它

们肯定会分开，因此一顿好的晚餐对于一场好的谈话非常重要。如果一个人没有吃好，他便不能好好地思考，好好地恋爱，好好地睡觉。脊椎里的那盏灯用牛肉和李子是点不着的。我们大概都要进天堂，并且希望范戴克在下一个街角遇到我们——那是一种含糊且合格的心理状态，是一天工作结束后，牛肉和李子在它们之间产生的一种状态。很高兴我的一位教科学的朋友有一个橱子，里面有一个矮胖的瓶子和一些小玻璃杯——（不过应该先有鳎鱼和山鹑）——因此我们能够靠到炉火旁边，补救一天的生活所带来的一些损害。大约一分钟之后，我们自由地围绕着那些奇特而又有趣的东西谈来谈去，那些东西都是一个特定的人不在场时在脑子里形成的，等再次聚会时自然又要讨论一番——某人怎么结婚了，某人怎么没结婚；一个人这么想，另一个人那么想；一个人通过各种知识得到了提升，另一个人很惊人地变坏了——还有对人性、对我们所居住的这个令人惊奇的世界的性质的思考，这些思考是那些谈话很自然的结果。然而，当谈到这些事情的时候，我很羞愧地意识到，有一股潮流很主动地涌出来，并把每件事都引到它自己的目的中去。人们可能会谈论西班牙或葡萄牙，谈论读书或赛马，但不论说什么，那些都不是真正的兴趣所在，真正的兴趣在于约五个世纪前泥瓦匠们在一个高高的屋顶上的情景。皇帝和贵族们用大麻袋把钱财带来，并把它倒进土里。这个情景总是很生动地进入我的脑海并且和另一个场景挨着，那些瘦的牛、泥泞的市场、枯萎的青菜，还有老人多筋的心脏——这两个画面完全不连贯、不相关，而且荒唐可笑，但又总是一起出现，互相争斗，而且使我完全任由它们摆布。如果不想使整个谈话被曲解，那么最好的办法就是把我的想法暴露在空气中，如果能交上好运，它就会枯萎破碎，像人们在温莎打开死皇帝的棺材时他的头颅一样。我很简短地告诉玛丽·西顿——那些年来泥瓦匠们一直在教堂顶上，皇帝、皇后和贵族们扛着用大麻袋装着的金银财宝并把它们铲进土里；然后我们自己时代的那些金融巨头来了，我猜测，他们把支票、债券放到了以前别人存放金锭和粗制金块的地方。我说过，所有那些都埋在学院的地底下；但是这个学院，我们现在坐着的地方，在其堂皇的红砖下面，在花园凌乱的野草下面，埋着些什么呢？在我们吃饭用的那种朴实的瓷器后面，还有（我还没来得及阻止，这些话就已经从我嘴里跳出来了）在牛肉、蛋奶糕以及李子后面，有些什么力量呢？

Well, said Mary Seton, about the year 1860—Oh, but you know the story, she said, bored, I suppose, by the recital. And she told me—rooms were hired. Committees met. Envelopes were addressed. Circulars were drawn up. Meetings were held; letters were read out; so-and-so has promised so much; on the contrary, Mr—won't give a penny. The SATURDAY REVIEW has been very rude. How can we raise a fund to pay for offices? Shall we hold a bazaar? Can't we find a pretty girl to sit in the front row? Let us look up what John Stuart Mill said on the subject. Can anyone persuade the editor of the—to print a letter? Can we get Lady—to sign it? Lady — is out of town. That was the way it was done, presumably, sixty years ago, and it was a prodigious effort, and a great deal of time was spent on it. And it was

only after a long struggle and with the utmost difficulty that they got thirty thousand pounds together.[1] So obviously we cannot have wine and partridges and servants carrying tin dishes on their heads, she said. We cannot have sofas and separate rooms. 'The amenities,' she said, quoting from some book or other, 'will have to wait.'[2]

玛丽·西顿说，大约一八六〇年的时候——但是你知道这个故事，她说，我猜她是对叙述感到厌烦。她告诉我——租了房子。委员会开了会。信封上写好了姓名地址。通告也写出来了。开了会，读了信，某某人许诺了这么多，相反，某某先生一个便士也不给。《星期六评论》一直很无礼。我们怎样才能够筹集到租办公室的钱呢？要不要举行一次义卖呢？难道我们找不到一个好看的女孩坐在前排吗？让我们看看约翰·斯图尔特·穆勒对这件事情说些什么。有没有人可以劝说某某报纸的主编刊登一封信呢？我们能不能请某夫人在信上签名呢？某某夫人不在城里。这大概就是六十年前这件事的处理方式，它需要巨大的努力，而且消耗了大量时间。只是经过一段长时间的挣扎和极端的困难之后，她们才一共募得了三万英镑。[1]所以很明显我们不能喝酒、吃山鹑，不能雇用头顶着锡盘子的仆人，她说。我们不能买沙发，不能拥有独立的房间。她引用了某本书的一句话，说道："那些便利设施，不得不再等等。"[2]

At the thought of all those women working year after year and finding it hard to get two thousand pounds together, and as much as they could do to get thirty thousand pounds, we burst out in scorn at the reprehensible poverty of our sex. What had our mothers been doing then that they had no wealth to leave us? Powdering their noses? Looking in at shop windows? Flaunting in the sun at Monte Carlo? There were some photographs on the mantelpiece. Mary's mother—if that was her picture—may have been a wastrel in her spare time (she had thirteen children by a minister of the church), but if so her gay and dissipated life had left too few traces of its pleasures on her face. She was a homely body; an old lady in a plaid shawl which was fastened by a large cameo; and she sat in a basket-chair, encouraging a spaniel to look at the camera, with the amused, yet strained expression of one who is sure that the dog will move directly the bulb is pressed. Now if she had gone into business; had become a manufacturer of artificial silk or a magnate on the Stock Exchange; if she had left two or three hundred thousand pounds to Fernham, we could have been sitting at our ease tonight and the subject of our talk might have been archaeology, botany, anthropology, physics, the nature of the atom, mathematics, astronomy, relativity, geography. If only Mrs Seton and her mother and her mother before her had learnt the great art of making money and had left their money, like their fathers and their grandfathers before them, to found fellowships and lectureships and prizes and scholarships appropriated to the use of their own sex, we might have dined very tolerably up here alone off a

bird and a bottle of wine; we might have looked forward without undue confidence to a pleasant and honourable lifetime spent in the shelter of one of the liberally endowed professions. We might have been exploring or writing; mooning about the venerable places of the earth; sitting contemplative on the steps of the Parthenon, or going at ten to an office and coming home comfortably at half-past four to write a little poetry. Only, if Mrs Seton and her like had gone into business at the age of fifteen, there would have been—that was the snag in the argument—no Mary. What, I asked, did Mary think of that? There between the curtains was the October night, calm and lovely, with a star or two caught in the yellowing trees. Was she ready to resign her share of it and her memories (for they had been a happy family, though a large one) of games and quarrels up in Scotland, which she is never tired of praising for the fineness of its air and the quality of its cakes, in order that Fernham might have been endowed with fifty thousand pounds or so by a stroke of the pen? For, to endow a college would necessitate the suppression of families altogether. Making a fortune and bearing thirteen children—no human being could stand it. Consider the facts, we said. First there are nine months before the baby is born. Then the baby is born. Then there are three or four months spent in feeding the baby. After the baby is fed there are certainly five years spent in playing with the baby. You cannot, it seems, let children run about the streets. People who have seen them running wild in Russia say that the sight is not a pleasant one. People say, too, that human nature takes its shape in the years between one and five. If Mrs Seton, I said, had been making money, what sort of memories would you have had of games and quarrels? What would you have known of Scotland, and its fine air and cakes and all the rest of it? But it is useless to ask these questions, because you would never have come into existence at all. Moreover, it is equally useless to ask what might have happened if Mrs Seton and her mother and her mother before her had amassed great wealth and laid it under the foundations of college and library, because, in the first place, to earn money was impossible for them, and in the second, had it been possible, the law denied them the right to possess what money they earned. It is only for the last forty-eight years that Mrs Seton has had a penny of her own. For all the centuries before that it would have been her husband's property—a thought which, perhaps, may have had its share in keeping Mrs Seton and her mothers off the Stock Exchange. Every penny I earn, they may have said, will be taken from me and disposed of according to my husband's wisdom—perhaps to found a scholarship or to endow a fellowship in Balliol or Kings, so that to earn money, even if I could earn money, is not a matter that interests me very greatly. I had better leave it to my husband.

那些年复一年工作的妇女想要积累两千英镑都那么困难，而她们用尽了力气才获得了三万英镑，想到这个，我们突然鄙视起我们女人的应受指摘的穷苦。我们的母亲一直在做些什么，都没能给我们留下任何财富？往她们的鼻子上擦粉？透过商店的橱窗往里看？在蒙特卡洛的阳光下招摇？在壁炉架上有几张照片。玛丽的母亲——如果那是她的相片——在闲余时间可能是个挥霍无度的人（她和教堂的一个牧师生了十三个孩子）。但是如果是这样的话，她放荡淫靡的生活并没有在她的脸上留下什么享乐的痕迹。她只是一个很平常的女人，一位披着彩格呢披肩的老太太，披肩用一块大大的多彩浮雕玉石扣住。她坐在柳条椅上，鼓励一只小狗看照相机，脸上带着一种既觉得有趣但又很紧张的神情，因为她知道，按下快门的时候，小狗肯定要动。假如当时她做了生意，或是成了人工丝绸的制造商或者证券交易所的巨头；假如她给弗恩汉姆留下了二三十万英镑，那么我们今晚就可以很舒服地坐着，我们谈话的主题可能就会是考古学、植物学、人类学、物理学、原子的性质、数学、天文学、相对论、地理学。要是西顿夫人，她的母亲，她母亲的母亲学过赚钱的大本领并且留下她们的钱，就像她们的父亲和祖父们一样，来设立专门为女性享用的研究员基金、讲师基金、奖金和奖学金，那该有多好啊！我们也许可以单独在这里很舒服地享用一只禽鸟和一瓶酒。我们也许可以带着不算过分的自信，期望在别人慷慨捐助的职业的庇护下度过愉快而又体面的一生。我们也许可以探险或者写作；或是在世界上受人尊敬的地方悠闲地消磨时日；坐在帕提侬神庙前的台阶上冥想；或是十点到办公室，四点半时舒舒服服地回家写上一首小诗。只是，如果西顿夫人和像她一样的人从十五岁就开始做生意，那就不会有玛丽了——这就是我这篇议论麻烦的地方。我问，玛丽对此怎么想呢？在窗帘之间是十月的夜空，安静而可爱，一两颗星星挂在正在变黄的树上。玛丽会不会为了弗恩汉姆可能得到的一笔五万英镑左右的捐款（这只需钢笔写一画）而准备放弃她的那份秋夜，放弃她的记忆（这个家庭纵然很大，但曾经很幸福）呢？那些在苏格兰游戏和争吵的记忆，而她对苏格兰的新鲜空气和美味糕饼永远都赞不绝口。因为捐助一所大学，必须要对子女进行压制。发了一笔大财同时还生养十三个孩子——没人能受得了。想想事实吧，我们说。首先，婴儿需要九个月才会出生。然后婴儿出生。接着得花费三四个月的时间来喂养婴儿。给婴儿哺乳之后，当然要花费五年的时间陪小孩玩。似乎不应该让孩子们在街上乱跑。曾经有人在俄国看到孩子撒野乱跑，他们就说这种情景令人很不愉快。人们也说，人性是在一至五岁期间形成的。我说，如果西顿夫人一直都在忙于赚钱，那么你对游戏和争吵会留有什么样的记忆呢？对苏格兰，那里的新鲜空气和糕饼，还有其他关于它的事情，你会知道什么呢？问这些问题是没用的，因为你根本就不会存在。而且，如果西顿夫人、她的母亲以及她母亲的母亲，积累了大量财富放在学院和图书馆的地基下面，会发生什么事？问这样的问题也是一样白问，因为第一，对她们来说，挣钱是不可能的；第二，就算可能，法律也会否定她们拥有自己所挣钱财的权利。只是在最近的四十八年以来，西顿夫人才拥有了属于她自己的一个便士。在那之前的所有世纪里，这个便士都会是她丈夫的财产——这个想法可能是西顿夫人、她的母亲、外祖母等不去证券交易所的理由

之一。她们可能会说，我赚的每一个便士都被拿走，并按照我丈夫的想法使用——也许会在巴利奥尔或者国王学院设立奖学金或者捐赠研究员基金，因此即使我能赚钱，我对赚钱也没有多大兴趣。我最好还是让我丈夫去赚钱吧。

At any rate, whether or not the blame rested on the old lady who was looking at the spaniel, there could be no doubt that for some reason or other our mothers had mismanaged their affairs very gravely. Not a penny could be spared for 'amenities'; for partridges and wine, beadles and turf, books and cigars, libraries and leisure. To raise bare walls out of bare earth was the utmost they could do.

无论如何，不管是否该归罪于那位看着小狗的老太太，毫无疑问，由于某种原因，我们的母亲们把她们的事情处理得十分不当。一个便士都不能用在“便利设施”上，不能用在山鹑和酒、教区执事和草皮、书和雪茄、图书馆和休闲活动上。她们最多就只能用毫无装饰的泥土砌成毫无装饰的墙。

So we talked standing at the window and looking, as so many thousands look every night, down on the domes and towers of the famous city beneath us. It was very beautiful, very mysterious in the autumn moonlight. The old stone looked very white and venerable. One thought of all the books that were assembled down there; of the pictures of old prelates and worthies hanging in the panelled rooms; of the painted windows that would be throwing strange globes and crescents on the pavement; of the tablets and memorials and inscriptions; of the fountains and the grass; of the quiet rooms looking across the quiet quadrangles. And (pardon me the thought) I thought, too, of the admirable smoke and drink and the deep armchairs and the pleasant carpets; of the urbanity, the geniality, the dignity which are the offspring of luxury and privacy and space. Certainly our mothers had not provided us with anything comparable to all this—our mothers who found it difficult to scrape together thirty thousand pounds, our mothers who bore thirteen children to ministers of religion at St Andrews.

我们就这样站在窗边谈着，像成千上万的人每晚都在往下看一样，俯视着我们下面那座著名的城市的圆屋顶和塔楼。在秋天的月光之下，这座城市非常美丽，非常神秘。古老的石头看上去非常地洁白，非常地神圣庄严。人们会想到收集在那下面的书籍；想到了年长的高级教士和名人的画像，它们挂在镶了壁板的屋子里；想到那些能会在人行道上投下奇怪的球形和月牙形影子的彩色窗户；想到那些匾额、纪念碑和碑文；想到喷水池和青草；想到对着静谧的四方院的那些安静的房间。而且（请原谅我的想法）我也想到值得赞美的烟、饮料以及深深的扶手椅，还有舒适的地毯，想到温文尔雅、和蔼和高贵，它们是奢侈、独处和空间的产物。当然我们的母亲们没有给我们任何可以和这些相比的东西——我们的母亲们积聚三万英镑都是困难的，我们的母亲们为圣安德

鲁斯的牧师们生了十三个孩子。

So I went back to my inn, and as I walked through the dark streets I pondered this and that, as one does at the end of the day's work. I pondered why it was that Mrs Seton had no money to leave us; and what effect poverty has on the mind; and what effect wealth has on the mind; and I thought of the queer old gentlemen I had seen that morning with tufts of fur upon their shoulders; and I remembered how if one whistled one of them ran; and I thought of the organ booming in the chapel and of the shut doors of the library; and I thought how unpleasant it is to be locked out; and I thought how it is worse perhaps to be locked in; and, thinking of the safety and prosperity of the one sex and of the poverty and insecurity of the other and of the effect of tradition and of the lack of tradition upon the mind of a writer, I thought at last that it was time to roll up the crumpled skin of the day, with its arguments and its impressions and its anger and its laughter, and cast it into the hedge. A thousand stars were flashing across the blue wastes of the sky. One seemed alone with an inscrutable society. All human beings were laid asleep—prone, horizontal, dumb. Nobody seemed stirring in the streets of Oxbridge. Even the door of the hotel sprang open at the touch of an invisible hand—not a boots was sitting up to light me to bed, it was so late.

因此我回到了我的小旅馆去，在走过那些黑暗的街道时，我想想这，想想那，就像一个人结束一天的工作时那样。我想着，西顿夫人为什么没有钱留给我们；穷困对脑子有什么影响；财富对脑子有什么影响；我想起那天早上看见的肩上镶着一簇簇绒毛的奇怪的老绅士们；我记起，如果有人吹口哨，他们中间的一个人就会跑；想起教堂中风琴发出的低沉的回响和图书馆关闭的大门；我想到被锁在门外是多么地不痛快；我又想到被锁在里头也许更糟；我还想到一种性别的人的安全和富足，以及另一性别的人的贫困和不安全；想起传统和缺乏传统分别对一位作家的脑子有什么影响；最后我想，该是时候把这一天弄皱的皮，连着它的议论、印象、怒气和欢乐，一起卷起来抛到树篱里去。上千颗星星在空阔的蓝色天空中闪过。人仿佛独自呆在一个不可捉摸的社会里。人们都睡着了——俯卧着、平躺着、安静无声。牛津剑桥的街上一个人都没有。甚至旅馆的大门都是由于一只无形的手的触摸而弹开的——旅馆里没有一个杂役等我回来，为我照明、送我回屋，夜是那样地深了。

[1] 'We are told that we ought to ask for 30,000 at least.... It is not a large sum, considering that there is to be but one college of this sort for Great Britain, Ireland and the Colonies, and considering how easy it is to raise immense sums for boys' schools. But considering how few people really wish women to be educated, it is a good deal.'—LADY STEPHEN, EMILY DAVIES AND GIRTON COLLEGE.

[1]“我们被告知，我们至少得要三万英镑……考虑到大不列颠、爱尔兰以及殖民地仅有一所这样的学院，考虑到为男子学校筹集大笔款项

是多么地容易，这就并不是一个很大的数额。但是再想一想有几个人真正希望女人接受教育，那这个数额就是很大的。”——斯蒂芬夫人，《埃米莉·戴维斯与格顿学院》

[2] Every penny which could be scraped together was set aside for building, and the amenities had to be postponed. —R. STRACHEY, THE CAUSE.

[2]所凑集起来的每一个便士都得留出来用在建筑校舍上，便利设施只好以后再说。——R. 斯特雷奇，《事业》

CHAPTER TWO

第二章

The scene, if I may ask you to follow me, was now changed. The leaves were still falling, but in London now, not Oxbridge; and I must ask you to imagine a room, like many thousands, with a window looking across people's hats and vans and motorcars to other windows, and on the table inside the room a blank sheet of paper on which was written in large letters WOMEN AND FICTION, but no more. The inevitable sequel to lunching and dining at Oxbridge seemed, unfortunately, to be a visit to the British Museum. One must strain off what was personal and accidental in all these impressions and so reach the pure fluid, the essential oil of truth. For that visit to Oxbridge and the luncheon and the dinner had started a swarm of questions. Why did men drink wine and women water? Why was one sex so prosperous and the other so poor? What effect has poverty on fiction? What conditions are necessary for the creation of works of art?—a thousand questions at once suggested themselves. But one needed answers, not questions; and an answer was only to be had by consulting the learned and the unprejudiced, who have removed themselves above the strife of tongue and the confusion of body and issued the result of their reasoning and research in books which are to be found in the British Museum. If truth is not to be found on the shelves of the British Museum, where, I asked myself, picking up a notebook and a pencil, is truth?

如果我可以要求你们跟随我的话，现在这个场景改变了。树叶还在飘落，不过现在是在伦敦，而不是在牛津剑桥，并且我必须请你们想像一个房间，这个房间像成千上万的其他房间一样有一扇窗户，隔着人的帽子、货车以及汽车，可以望见别的窗户。房间里的桌子上有一张白纸，上面写着几个大字“女人和小说”，其余什么都没有。不幸的是，在牛津剑桥吃过午饭和晚饭后，似乎不可避免地要去造访大英博物馆。人们必须要把这些印象里私人的、偶然的东西过滤出去，以此得到纯净的液体——真理的精油。因为那次在牛津剑桥的访问以及午餐和晚餐引发了一大堆的问题。为什么男人喝酒，而女人喝水呢？为什么这一性别的人这么富足，而那一性别的人那么贫穷呢？贫穷对小说有什么影响呢？艺术品的创造需要什么条件呢？——上千个问题立刻全冒出来了。不过，人们需要的是答案而不是问题。找到答案的唯一办法就是，去请教有学问、不带偏见的人，这些人超脱了口舌的争辩、肉体的困惑，并把他们推理和研究的结果发表在大英博物馆的书中。我拿起一本笔记本和一支铅笔，问自己，如果真理不在大英博物馆的书架上，那么它到底在何处？

Thus provided, thus confident and enquiring, I set out in the pursuit of truth. The day, though not actually wet, was dismal, and the streets in the neighbourhood of the Museum were full of open coal-holes, down which sacks were showering; four-wheeled cabs were drawing up and depositing on the pavement corded boxes containing, presumably, the entire wardrobe of some Swiss or Italian family seeking fortune or refuge or some other desirable commodity which is to be found in the boarding-houses of Bloomsbury in the winter. The usual hoarse-voiced men paraded the streets with plants on barrows. Some shouted; others sang. London was like a workshop. London was like a machine. We were all being shot backwards and forwards on this plain foundation to make some pattern. The British Museum was another department of the factory. The swing-doors swung open; and there one stood under the vast dome, as if one were a thought in the huge bald forehead which is so splendidly encircled by a band of famous names. One went to the counter; one took a slip of paper; one opened a volume of the catalogue, and ..... the five dots here indicate five separate minutes of stupefaction, wonder and bewilderment. Have you any notion of how many books are written about women in the course of one year? Have you any notion how many are written by men? Are you aware that you are, perhaps, the most discussed animal in the universe? Here had I come with a notebook and a pencil proposing to spend a morning reading, supposing that at the end of the morning I should have transferred the truth to my notebook. But I should need to be a herd of elephants, I thought, and a wilderness of spiders, desperately referring to the animals that are reputed longest lived and most multitudinously eyed, to cope with all this. I should need claws of steel and beak of brass even to penetrate the husk. How shall I ever find the grains of truth embedded in all this mass of paper? I asked myself, and in despair began running my eye up and down the long list of titles. Even the names of the books gave me food for thought. Sex and its nature might well attract doctors and biologists; but what was surprising and difficult of explanation was the fact that sex—woman, that is to say—also attracts agreeable essayists, light-fingered novelists, young men who have taken the M.A. degree; men who have taken no degree; men who have no apparent qualification save that they are not women. Some of these books were, on the face of it, frivolous and facetious; but many, on the other hand, were serious and prophetic, moral and hortatory. Merely to read the titles suggested innumerable schoolmasters, innumerable clergymen mounting their platforms and pulpits and holding forth with loquacity which far exceeded the hour usually alloted to such discourse on this one subject. It was a most strange phenomenon; and apparently—here I consulted the letter M—

one confined to the male sex. Women do not write books about men—a fact that I could not help welcoming with relief, for if I had first to read all that men have written about women, then all that women have written about men, the aloe that flowers once in a hundred years would flower twice before I could set pen to paper. So, making a perfectly arbitrary choice of a dozen volumes or so, I sent my slips of paper to lie in the wire tray, and waited in my stall, among the other seekers for the essential oil of truth.

作好了这样的准备，带着这样的自信和求知欲，我开始了对真理的探求。虽然那天实际上并没有下雨，却是很阴沉，大英博物馆周围的街上到处都是打开的储煤室，一麻袋一麻袋的煤被倒下去。四轮马车停了下来，把许多用绳子捆着的箱子放在人行道上，箱子里面装的可能是某个瑞士人或者意大利人全家的衣服。他们大概是冬天要到布卢姆斯伯里一带的家庭旅馆里去寻求好运、避难场所，或者其他某种合意的东西。一些平常就嗓音粗哑的人们推着装满植物的手推车，招摇地行走在街上。有些人喊，其他的人唱。伦敦就像一个作坊。伦敦就像一台机器。我们就像织布的梭子，在朴素的底子上被人穿来穿去以织出花样。大英博物馆是这个工厂的另一部分。推开双开式弹簧门，站在那个巨大的圆屋顶下面，好像自己是那个大而秃的前额里的一个思想，前额被一条写满了名人名字的精美带子缠绕着。走到柜台，拿起一个纸条，打开一本目录，并且……这六个点表明在不连续的五分钟内所体会到的惊愕、诧异和迷惑。你们知道一年之中人们会写出多少关于女人的书吗？你们知道其中有多少是男人写的吗？你们有没有意识到，你们或许是天地万物中被讨论得最多的动物？我带着一本笔记本、一支铅笔来这里，打算花费一个早上的时间来阅读，认为在早晨结束时，我可以将真理转移到我的笔记本上。但是我想，要应对这一切，我必须是一群大象和一大群蜘蛛。我是在绝望之际提到了据说是寿命最长和眼睛最多的动物。我需要钢爪铜喙才能穿透那层外壳。可是怎样才能在这一大堆纸中找到那一丁点儿的真理呢？我问自己，然后绝望地开始上上下下地看那长长的书单。甚至连那些书名都启发我深思。性别及其本质很可能引起了医生和生物学家的注意，但是令人吃惊并难以解释的事实是，性别——也就是说女人——也引起了讨人喜欢的散文家、手指灵巧的小说家、有硕士学位的青年、没有学位的男人以及除了不是女人之外没有任何明显资历的男人的关注。这其中有些书，从表面来看，是轻浮而琐屑的；但是从另一方面来说，许多书都是严肃的并带有预言性的，有教育意义并且起激励作用的。仅仅看看那些书名就使人想起，数不清的男教师、数不清的神职人员走上讲台和布道坛，滔滔不绝地讲着，所花的时间远远超过平常拨给这个题目的时间。这是一个非常奇怪的现象，而且很显然——这里我查阅了字母M栏——这种现象只出现在男性身上。女人不写关于男人的书——对这一事实我不禁带着安慰表示欢迎，因为如果我不得不先读完男人写的关于女人的所有书，然后读完女人写的关于男人的所有书，那么一百年开一次花的世纪树将会开两次，然后我才能下笔。因此，我十分随意地选了大概十二本书，把我的小纸条送到金属丝托盘里去，然后坐在我的座位上等着，周围是其他寻找真理精油的人。

What could be the reason, then, of this curious disparity, I wondered, drawing cart-wheels on the slips of paper provided by the British taxpayer for other purposes. Why are women, judging from this catalogue, so much more interesting to men than men are to women? A very curious fact it seemed, and my mind wandered to picture the lives of men who spend their time in writing books about women; whether they were old or young, married or unmarried, red-nosed or hump-backed—anyhow, it was flattering, vaguely, to feel oneself the object of such attention provided that it was not entirely bestowed by the crippled and the infirm—so I pondered until all such frivolous thoughts were ended by an avalanche of books sliding down on to the desk in front of me. Now the trouble began. The student who has been trained in research at Oxbridge has no doubt some method of shepherding his question past all distractions till it runs into his answer as a sheep runs into its pen. The student by my side, for instance, who was copying assiduously from a scientific manual, was, I felt sure, extracting pure nuggets of essential oil every ten minutes or so. His little grunts of satisfaction indicated so much. But if, unfortunately, one has had no training in a university, the question far from being shepherded to its pen flies like a frightened flock hither and thither, helter-skelter, pursued by a whole pack of hounds. Professors, schoolmasters, sociologists, clergymen, novelists, essayists, journalists, men who had no qualification save that they were not women, chased my simple and single question—Why are some women poor?—until it became fifty questions; until the fifty questions leapt frantically into midstream and were carried away. Every page in my notebook was scribbled over with notes. To show the state of mind I was in, I will read you a few of them, explaining that the page was headed quite simply, WOMEN AND POVERTY, in block letters; but what followed was something like this:

是什么原因造成了这种奇特的差异呢？我揣度着，一面在英国纳税人用于其它用途的小纸条上画着车轮。根据这个目录来看，为什么男人对女人的兴趣要比女人对男人的兴趣大得多？这看起来如此奇怪，于是我开始猜想那些把时间花费在写关于女人的书上的男人的生活。无论他们是年老的还是年轻的，结了婚的还是没结婚的，红鼻子的还是驼背的——无论如何，感觉到自己这样地被人关注是有点沾沾自喜的，只要这些关注不是全来自于那些老弱病残。我这样想着，一直到这些不相干的思想因为一大堆书滑到我面前的桌子上而告一段落。现在麻烦开始了。一个在牛津剑桥接受过研究工作训练的学生肯定有某种方法，能引导他的问题越过分心的事而归到它的答案中去，就像把羊赶入羊圈中一样。例如，我确信，坐在我旁边的那个正在认真抄写一本科学手册的学生，他每隔十分钟左右就提取出一些有价值的精油。他因满意而发出微弱的咕哝声，这正表明了这一点。但是如果一个人不幸没有在大学时得到训练，问题不但不会被赶回到它的“羊圈”里，反而会像一群受惊的羊一样

被一群猎狗追逐着，仓皇失措地东奔西跑。教授、男教师、社会学家、神职人员、小说家、散文家、新闻记者以及那些除了不是女人以外没有其他资历的男人追逐着我那简单而且单一的问题——为什么有些女人贫穷？——直到它变成五十个问题；直到那五十个问题狂乱地跳到河流正中被冲走。我笔记本中的每一页都潦草地写满了笔记。为了表明我当时的心境，我将把其中的一些念给你们听，需要说明的是，笔记的标题很简单，就是用大写字母写的“女人和贫困”，但是接下来的内容却是这样的：

Condition in Middle Ages of,

中世纪女人的状况，

Habits in the Fiji Islands of,

斐济岛女人的习惯，

Worshipped as goddesses by,

被男人当作女神来崇拜的女人，

Weaker in moral sense than,

道德观念较男人弱的女人，

Idealism of,

女人的理想主义，

Greater conscientiousness of,

女人更为勤恳，

South Sea Islanders, age of puberty among,

南太平洋诸岛女人的发育年龄，

Attractiveness of,

女人的吸引力，

Offered as sacrifice to,

女人被用作祭品，

Small size of brain of,

女人的脑部体积小，

Profounder sub-consciousness of,

女人的下意识更深，

Less hair on the body of,

女人的体毛较少，

Mental, moral and physical inferiority of,

女人的智力、道德和体力低下，

Love of children of,

女人对孩子的爱，

Greater length of life of,

女人的寿命较长，

Weaker muscles of,

女人的肌肉较无力，

Strength of affections of,

女人爱情的力量，

Vanity of,

女人的虚荣心，

Higher education of,

女人的高等教育，

Shakespeare's opinion of,

莎士比亚的女人观，

Lord Birkenhead's opinion of,

伯肯黑德勋爵的女人观，

Dean Inge's opinion of,

英奇教长的女人观，

La Bruyere's opinion of,

拉布吕耶尔的女人观，

Dr Johnson's opinion of,

约翰逊博士的女人观，

Mr Oscar Browning's opinion of, ...

奥斯卡·布朗宁先生的女人观……

Here I drew breath and added, indeed, in the margin, Why does Samuel Butler say, 'Wise men never say what they think of women'? Wise men never say anything else apparently. But, I continued, leaning back in my chair and looking at the vast dome in which I was a single but by now somewhat harassed thought, what is so unfortunate is that wise men never think the same thing about women. Here is Pope:

在这里我歇了口气，并且在边上的空白处切实地加了一句：为什么

塞缪尔·巴特勒说，“聪明的男人从来不谈他们对女人的看法”？而很显然，聪明的男人从来不说除女人之外其他的事情。但是，仰靠着我的椅子，望着巨大的圆屋顶——我是里面的一个思想，不过现在这思想有点儿窘困，我继续想道，很不幸的是，聪明人对女人的意见从未一致过。蒲柏说：

Most women have no character at all.

大多数的女人一点个性都没有。

And here is La Bruyere:

拉布吕耶尔说：

Les femmes sont extremes, elles sont meilleures ou pires que les hommes—

女人总是走极端，不是比男人好就是比男人坏。

a direct contradiction by keen observers who were contemporary. Are they capable of education or incapable? Napoleon thought them incapable. Dr Johnson thought the opposite.[3] Have they souls or have they not souls? Some savages say they have none. Others, on the contrary, maintain that women are half divine and worship them on that account. [4] Some sages hold that they are shallower in the brain; others that they are deeper in the consciousness. Goethe honoured them; Mussolini despises them. Wherever one looked men thought about women and thought differently. It was impossible to make head or tail of it all, I decided, glancing with envy at the reader next door who was making the neatest abstracts, headed often with an A or a B or a C, while my own notebook rioted with the wildest scribble of contradictory jottings. It was distressing, it was bewildering, it was humiliating. Truth had run through my fingers. Every drop had escaped.

这两个人处于同一时代，都是敏锐的观察家，却有着截然相反的观点。女人到底能不能受教育呢？拿破仑认为她们不能。约翰逊博士的想法正好相反。[3]她们究竟有没有灵魂？有些野蛮人说没有。相反，有些人断言女人几乎就是神，并因此崇拜她们。[4]有些圣人认为她们的头脑较浅薄；另一些则认为她们的意识更深刻。歌德尊敬她们；墨索里尼鄙视她们。不管朝哪儿看，男人都在思考女人，而且看法总是不同。我断定，把这些都弄清楚是不可能了。我羡慕地瞥了一眼隔壁那位读者，他把摘要写得那么工整，摘要上端往往都写着A、B或C，而我自己的笔记本则一团糟，涂满了极为潦草的相互对立的摘记。这让人烦恼，让人不知所措，同时又让人觉得丢脸。真理从我的指缝间溜走了。一滴都没有剩下。

I could not possibly go home, I reflected, and add as a serious contribution to the study of women and fiction that women have less

hair on their bodies than men, or that the age of puberty among the South Sea Islanders is nine—or is it ninety?—even the handwriting had become in its distraction indecipherable. It was disgraceful to have nothing more weighty or respectable to show after a whole morning's work. And if I could not grasp the truth about W.(as for brevity's sake I had come to call her) in the past, why bother about W. in the future? It seemed pure waste of time to consult all those gentlemen who specialize in woman and her effect on whatever it may be—politics, children, wages, morality—numerous and learned as they are. One might as well leave their books unopened.

我想我不能就这样回家，要在“女人与小说”的研究上加上这些：女人的体毛比男人少一些，或者南太平洋诸岛上女人的发育年龄是九岁——还是九十岁？这也算是一种重大的贡献，尽管笔迹因注意力分散而变得难以辨认。工作了整个早晨却没有干出一点有分量、可以拿得出手的成绩是不光彩的。而且，假使我还不能领会以前的关于W.（简便起见，我用“女人”这个单词的第一个字母"W"来代替女人）的真理，又何必为将来的W.烦恼呢？请教那些对女人及其在政治、孩子、工资、道德等方面的影响有专门研究的绅士们似乎是在白白浪费时间，纵使他们人数众多，学问也很高深。人们恐怕也不会翻开他们的书。

But while I pondered I had unconsciously, in my listlessness, in my desperation, been drawing a picture where I should, like my neighbour, have been writing a conclusion. I had been drawing a face, a figure. It was the face and the figure of Professor von X engaged in writing his monumental work entitled THE MENTAL, MORAL, AND PHYSICAL INFERIORITY OF THE FEMALE SEX. He was not in my picture a man attractive to women. He was heavily built; he had a great jowl; to balance that he had very small eyes; he was very red in the face. His expression suggested that he was labouring under some emotion that made him jab his pen on the paper as if he were killing some noxious insect as he wrote, but even when he had killed it that did not satisfy him; he must go on killing it; and even so, some cause for anger and irritation remained. Could it be his wife, I asked, looking at my picture? Was she in love with a cavalry officer? Was the cavalry officer slim and elegant and dressed in astrakhan? Had he been laughed at, to adopt the Freudian theory, in his cradle by a pretty girl? For even in his cradle the professor, I thought, could not have been an attractive child. Whatever the reason, the professor was made to look very angry and very ugly in my sketch, as he wrote his great book upon the mental, moral and physical inferiority of women. Drawing pictures was an idle way of finishing an unprofitable morning's work. Yet it is in our idleness, in our dreams, that the submerged truth sometimes comes to the top. A very elementary exercise in psychology, not to be dignified by the name of

psychoanalysis, showed me, on looking at my notebook, that the sketch of the angry professor had been made in anger. Anger had snatched my pencil while I dreamt. But what was anger doing there? Interest, confusion, amusement, boredom—all these emotions I could trace and name as they succeeded each other throughout the morning. Had anger, the black snake, been lurking among them? Yes, said the sketch, anger had. It referred me unmistakably to the one book, to the one phrase, which had roused the demon; it was the professor's statement about the mental, moral and physical inferiority of women. My heart had leapt. My cheeks had burnt. I had flushed with anger. There was nothing specially remarkable, however foolish, in that. One does not like to be told that one is naturally the inferior of a little man—I looked at the student next me—who breathes hard, wears a ready-made tie, and has not shaved this fortnight. One has certain foolish vanities. It is only human nature, I reflected, and began drawing cartwheels and circles over the angry professor's face till he looked like a burning bush or a flaming comet—anyhow, an apparition without human semblance or significance. The professor was nothing now but a faggot burning on the top of Hampstead Heath. Soon my own anger was explained and done with; but curiosity remained. How explain the anger of the professors? Why were they angry? For when it came to analysing the impression left by these books there was always an element of heat. This heat took many forms; it showed itself in satire, in sentiment, in curiosity, in reprobation. But there was another element which was often present and could not immediately be identified. Anger, I called it. But it was anger that had gone underground and mixed itself with all kinds of other emotions. To judge from its odd effects, it was anger disguised and complex, not anger simple and open.

但在我思考的时候，我又很倦怠、绝望，不知不觉地画了幅画，而这个画画的地方是用来像我邻座那样写结论的。我画了一张脸，一个人体。那是冯·X教授的脸和身体，他正在写着他的伟大著作——《女人的智力、道德和体力的低下》。他在我的图画里不是一个能吸引女人的男人。他身体笨重，下巴很大；为了与此协调，他长了一双很小的眼睛；他的脸很红。 他的神情表明，他正在某种情感的驱动下写作。这种情感促使他把笔往纸上戳，像是要在写字时戳死某个害虫，甚至把它弄死了还不能满足，还要继续戳。尽管这样，让他生气发怒的缘由仍未消散。看着这幅画，我猜度，难道是因为他太太吗？难道她爱上了一个骑兵军官？而那军官身材修长，举止文雅，穿着俄国羔皮衣？若采用弗洛伊德的理论，是不是他在孩提时代就被一个漂亮女孩嘲笑过？因为我觉得这位教授在孩提时代也不会是一个有吸引力的孩子。不管是哪种缘由，在我的素描中，这位教授在他的伟大著作中描写妇女智力、道德和体力上的低下时，看上去非常愤怒、非常丑陋。一上午的工作徒劳无益，画图画是结束这一上午工作的一种闲散的方式。然而有时候，就是在我们无

所事事时，在我们的幻想中，被淹没的真理会浮上来。通过心理学的基本练习（还不能称其为心理分析来抬高它的身价），我从笔记本上看出，这幅生气的教授的素描是我在气头上画出来的。在我胡思乱想的时候，怒气夺去了我的铅笔。不过怒气正在那里做什么呢？兴趣、困惑、娱乐、无聊——所有这些情绪我都可以感受到并把它们一一道出，因为整个上午它们一个接着一个涌上心头。难道怒气那条黑蛇就潜伏在那里面吗？对，素描说，怒气就潜伏在里面。它使我清楚明白地注意到那本书、那句话，是它们激怒了那魔鬼。那就是教授针对女人在智力、道德、体力上的低下所作的陈述。我心跳加快。脸颊发烧。气得满脸通红。尽管这是件傻事，但也不足为奇。没人愿意听说自己天生就不如这样一个小男人——我看着我旁边这个学生——他喘着粗气，戴着打好结的领带，而且两个星期没刮胡子了。每个人都会有某些愚蠢的虚荣心。我想这不过是人的天性，然后开始在这位发怒的教授的脸上画车轮，画圆圈，直到他看起来像一个着了火的小丛林，或者是燃烧的彗星——总之，活脱脱一个幽灵，既没有人的外表，也没有人的意义。现在，这位教授仅仅是汉普斯特德石南荒原上燃烧的柴把而已。不久我的怒气就得到了解释并消散了，不过好奇心未减。教授们的怒气又如何解释呢？他们为什么生气？每当要分析这些书留下的印象时，总会有一种激昂的成分。这种激昂表现出来的方式有很多：讽刺、伤感、好奇、责备。但也有另外一种成分，它经常出现而且不能被立即识别出来。我称之为怒气。但它是这样的怒气——钻到下面和别的各种情绪混在一起。根据它造成的奇特效果来判断，这怒气不是简单率性的怒气，而是化了装的、复杂的怒气。

Whatever the reason, all these books, I thought, surveying the pile on the desk, are worthless for my purposes. They were worthless scientifically, that is to say, though humanly they were full of instruction, interest, boredom, and very queer facts about the habits of the Fiji Islanders. They had been written in the red light of emotion and not in the white light of truth. Therefore they must be returned to the central desk and restored each to his own cell in the enormous honeycomb. All that I had retrieved from that morning's work had been the one fact of anger. The professors—I lumped them together thus—were angry. But why, I asked myself, having returned the books, why, I repeated, standing under the colonnade among the pigeons and the prehistoric canoes, why are they angry? And, asking myself this question, I strolled off to find a place for luncheon. What is the real nature of what I call for the moment their anger? I asked. Here was a puzzle that would last all the time that it takes to be served with food in a small restaurant somewhere near the British Museum. Some previous luncher had left the lunch edition of the evening paper on a chair, and, waiting to be served, I began idly reading the headlines. A ribbon of very large letters ran across the page. Somebody had made a big score in South Africa. Lesser ribbons announced that Sir Austen Chamberlain was at Geneva. A meat axe

with human hair on it had been found in a cellar. Mr justice—commented in the Divorce Courts upon the Shamelessness of Women. Sprinkled about the paper were other pieces of news. A film actress had been lowered from a peak in California and hung suspended in mid-air. The weather was going to be foggy. The most transient visitor to this planet, I thought, who picked up this paper could not fail to be aware, even from this scattered testimony, that England is under the rule of a patriarchy. Nobody in their senses could fail to detect the dominance of the professor. His was the power and the money and the influence. He was the proprietor of the paper and its editor and sub-editor. He was the Foreign Secretary and the judge. He was the cricketer; he owned the racehorses and the yachts. He was the director of the company that pays two hundred per cent to its shareholders. He left millions to charities and colleges that were ruled by himself. He suspended the film actress in mid-air. He will decide if the hair on the meat axe is human; he it is who will acquit or convict the murderer, and hang him, or let him go free. With the exception of the fog he seemed to control everything. Yet he was angry. I knew that he was angry by this token. When I read what he wrote about women—I thought, not of what he was saying, but of himself. When an arguer argues dispassionately he thinks only of the argument; and the reader cannot help thinking of the argument too. If he had written dispassionately about women, had used indisputable proofs to establish his argument and had shown no trace of wishing that the result should be one thing rather than another, one would not have been angry either. One would have accepted the fact, as one accepts the fact that a pea is green or a canary yellow. So be it, I should have said. But I had been angry because he was angry. Yet it seemed absurd, I thought, turning over the evening paper, that a man with all this power should be angry. Or is anger, I wondered, somehow, the familiar, the attendant sprite on power? Rich people, for example, are often angry because they suspect that the poor want to seize their wealth. The professors, or patriarchs, as it might be more accurate to call them, might be angry for that reason partly, but partly for one that lies a little less obviously on the surface. Possibly they were not 'angry' at all; often, indeed, they were admiring, devoted, exemplary in the relations of private life. Possibly when the professor insisted a little too emphatically upon the inferiority of women, he was concerned not with their inferiority, but with his own superiority. That was what he was protecting rather hot-headedly and with too much emphasis, because it was a jewel to him of the rarest price. Life for both sexes—and I looked at them, shouldering their way along the pavement—is arduous, difficult, a perpetual struggle. It calls for gigantic courage and strength. More than anything, perhaps, creatures

of illusion as we are, it calls for confidence in oneself. Without self-confidence we are as babes in the cradle. And how can we generate this imponderable quality, which is yet so invaluable, most quickly? By thinking that other people are inferior to one self. By feeling that one has some innate superiority—it may be wealth, or rank, a straight nose, or the portrait of a grandfather by Romney—for there is no end to the pathetic devices of the human imagination—over other people. Hence the enormous importance to a patriarch who has to conquer, who has to rule, of feeling that great numbers of people, half the human race indeed, are by nature inferior to himself. It must indeed be one of the chief sources of his power. But let me turn the light of this observation on to real life, I thought. Does it help to explain some of those psychological puzzles that one notes in the margin of daily life? Does it explain my astonishment of the other day when Z, most humane, most modest of men, taking up some book by Rebecca West and reading a passage in it, exclaimed, 'The arrant feminist! She says that men are snobs!' The exclamation, to me so surprising—for why was Miss West an arrant feminist for making a possibly true if uncomplimentary statement about the other sex?—was not merely the cry of wounded vanity; it was a protest against some infringement of his power to believe in himself.

不管理由是什么，审视桌上那一大堆书时，我想，就我的目的而言，所有这些书都没什么价值。也就是说，虽然从人类角度来看，这些书中充盈着教导、趣味、无聊以及关于斐济岛居民习性的一些十分古怪的事实，从科学上讲它们是无价值的。它们是在红色的情感之光下写成，而不是在白色的真理之光下。因此我必须把它们放回到中间的桌子上去，好让它们都回到位于大蜂房中的各自的巢室。我从一上午的工作中检索到的所有内容就是那个愤怒的事实。那些教授们——我这样把他们归并在一起——着实生气了。放回书后，我站在廊柱下，四周都是鸽子和史前的独木舟；我反复地问自己，但是为什么，为什么他们那么生气呢？就这样，我一边问着自己，一边踱着步子走出去，去找地方解决午餐。现在这个被我叫做“他们的怒气”的东西，它的真实性质到底是什么呢？我问道。这个谜团会一直持续下去，直到大英博物馆附近什么地方的一家小饭馆把饭菜端上来。之前某位用过午餐的客人把晚报的午刊留在了椅子上，我在等饭菜上来时，无所事事地读了读大标题。一行大字母像丝带一样横穿报纸。有人在南非取得了高分。小一点的字母声称，奥斯汀·张伯伦现在在日内瓦。一把肉斧在地窖里被发现，上面有人的头发。某某法官在离婚法庭上斥责妇女的无耻。散布在报纸各处的还有其他新闻。一个电影女演员在加利福尼亚的一个山顶上被人用绳子吊下来，悬在半空中。未来将会是多雾天气。我想，即便是在地球上短暂停留的旅客，如果捡起这张报纸，也能从这零碎的证据中看出，英国是被父权制统治。任何一个心智健全的人都会觉察出那位教授的统治地位。他就是权力，就是金钱，就是影响力。他是这份报纸的老板、主编、审稿人。他是外交大臣，是法官。他是板球运动员，拥有赛马用的

马和游艇。他是发给股东百分之两百红利的公司的董事。他留下了几百万财产，捐助他曾管理过的慈善机构和大学。他把女明星吊在半空中。他将决定肉斧上的头发是不是人的头发，是开释那个杀人犯还是定他死罪，是将他吊死还是还他自由。除了雾以外，他好像掌控着所有的事。可是他生气了。从这一点上，我知道他生气了。当读到他写的关于女人的文字时，我想的并不是他说的话，而是他本人。如果辩论者不带感情地争论，那么他想的只是论据；他的读者想着的不禁也是他的论据。如果他不带感情地写了关于女人的文字，用无可争辩的证据来证实自己的论点，并且毫无迹象表明他所希望的结果是此而非彼，那么人们也不会生气，人们会接受事实，就像承认豌豆是绿的、金丝雀是黄的一样。如果是这样的话，我就会说，就那样吧。可是我生气了，因为他生气了。我一边翻阅晚报一边在想，有这般权力的人也会生气，未免太荒唐了吧。我疑惑，难道怒气是权力带来的、为人所熟知的幽灵？譬如就说那些富人吧，他们生气是因为他们怀疑穷人想要夺取他们的财富。可那些教授们呢，或者叫他们族长可能更准确些，他们生气大概部分是因为那个理由，部分是因为一个在表面上看来不太明显的理由。可能他们根本就没有“生气”；确实，他们常常赞美别人，待人忠实，是私人生活中的典范。也可能在那位教授稍有点过分地强调女人的低下时，他所关心的并不是她们的低下，而是他自己的优越。而那才是他过分强调、急于庇护的东西，因为对他而言，它就是一颗价格极为罕见的宝石。生活，对于男女两性来说——我看着他们在人行道上用肩膀挤出一条路——都是艰苦的、困难的，是一场永久的斗争。需要超乎寻常的勇气和力量。或许我们是幻觉的产物，我们更需要的是对自己的信心。没有自信，我们就犹如躺在摇篮里的婴儿。那么，我们要怎么样才能最快地生成这种无法估量而又极其可贵的自信呢？那就是去想别人不如自己。认为自己天生比别人优越——可能是说财富、地位，或者直挺挺的鼻子，甚至一张罗姆尼所作的祖父的画像——因为人类想象力的那些可怜花样是无穷无尽的。因此对一个需要征服、需要统治的族长来说，这种多数人（实际上是人类的一半）天生都不如他的感觉尤为重要。这种优越的感觉一定是他权力的主要来源之一。但是我想，还是让我把这种观察的角度转到现实生活中去。它是不是有助于解释人们在日常生活的边缘中所注意到的一些心理上的困惑？它能解释我那天的惊讶吗？那天，Z——最通情达理、最谦和的一个人，拿起一本丽贝卡·韦斯特的书，读了一段就叫喊起来：“这个坏透了的女权主义者！竟说男人都是势利眼！”他的喊叫让我大为惊讶，为什么韦斯特小姐对男人作了一句不中听但却很可能正确的评语就成了坏透了的女权主义者呢？这声喊叫不仅是他受伤的虚荣心发出的喊叫，也是一种抗议，抗议对他自信的力量的某种侵犯。

Women have served all these centuries as looking-glasses possessing the magic and delicious power of reflecting the figure of man at twice its natural size. Without that power probably the earth would still be swamp and jungle. The glories of all our wars would be unknown. We should still be scratching the outlines of deer on the remains of mutton bones and bartering flints for sheep skins or whatever simple ornament took our unsophisticated taste. Supermen

and Fingers of Destiny would never have existed. The Czar and the Kaiser would never have worn crowns or lost them. Whatever may be their use in civilized societies, mirrors are essential to all violent and heroic action. That is why Napoleon and Mussolini both insist so emphatically upon the inferiority of women, for if they were not inferior, they would cease to enlarge. That serves to explain in part the necessity that women so often are to men. And it serves to explain how restless they are under her criticism; how impossible it is for her to say to them this book is bad, this picture is feeble, or whatever it may be, without giving far more pain and rousing far more anger than a man would do who gave the same criticism. For if she begins to tell the truth, the figure in the looking-glass shrinks; his fitness for life is diminished. How is he to go on giving judgement, civilizing natives, making laws, writing books, dressing up and speechifying at banquets, unless he can see himself at breakfast and at dinner at least twice the size he really is? So I reflected, crumbling my bread and stirring my coffee and now and again looking at the people in the street. The looking-glass vision is of supreme importance because it charges the vitality; it stimulates the nervous system. Take it away and man may die, like the drug fiend deprived of his cocaine. Under the spell of that illusion, I thought, looking out of the window, half the people on the pavement are striding to work. They put on their hats and coats in the morning under its agreeable rays. They start the day confident, braced, believing themselves desired at Miss Smith's tea party; they say to themselves as they go into the room, I am the superior of half the people here, and it is thus that they speak with that self-confidence, that selfassurance, which have had such profound consequences in public life and lead to such curious notes in the margin of the private mind.

女人这几百年来好像都是用来做镜子的，这镜子拥有神奇而又宜人的力量，能把男人的身形照成其天生大小的两倍。如果没有这种力量，只怕世界现在还只是沼泽和丛林。我们所有战争的光荣史就不会为人所知。只怕我们依然在残余的羊骨上画着鹿的图形，拿火石换取羊皮或任何能迎合我们质朴口味的简单装饰品。超人和命运之手就不会存在。俄国沙皇和德国皇帝就根本不会戴上了皇冠又失去皇冠。无论这些镜子在文明社会里有什么用途，它们对于暴力和英勇的行为来说是必需的。这就是为什么拿破仑和墨索里尼都如此强调女人的低下，因为假使她们不低下，他们就不能被放大。这也在一定程度上解释了女人对于男人的必要性。还可以用来解释女人的批判使他们如何地不安，而且她对他们说这本书不好，这幅画没有生气，或者其他什么毛病的时候，与一个男人作出同样的批评相比，她们都一定会导致更大的痛苦，并激起更大的愤怒。因为她一说实话，镜子里的身形就会缩小，他在生活中的合适程度就会降低。如果他在吃早餐、午餐时没能看见比自己的真实尺寸至少大一倍的自己，又怎能继续作出判断、教化土生土长者、制定法律、撰写

书籍、身穿礼服在宴会上演讲呢？我就这样揣摩着，同时弄碎了面包，搅动着咖啡，并时不时看看路上的行人。镜子的幻象至关重要，因为它能激发生命力，刺激神经系统。倘若把它拿走，男人也许会死，就像被夺走了可卡因的瘾君子一样。我望着窗外，思考着，人行道上有一半的人都在那幻影的魔力下大步奔向工作的地方。早晨，在镜子那令人愉快的光线下，他们戴上了帽子，穿好了衣服。这样，他们开始了充满自信、精神振奋的一天，相信会收到史密斯小姐的茶会的邀请。他们一边走进房间，一边对自己说，“我比这里一半的人都要优越”，也正因为如此，他们说话时富有自信，这种自信在公众生活中产生了深远的影响，并在私人头脑的边缘留下了怪异的注解。

But these contributions to the dangerous and fascinating subject of the psychology of the other sex—it is one, I hope, that you will investigate when you have five hundred a year of your own—were interrupted by the necessity of paying the bill. It came to five shillings and ninepence. I gave the waiter a ten-shilling note and he went to bring me change. There was another ten-shilling note in my purse; I noticed it, because it is a fact that still takes my breath away the power of my purse to breed ten-shilling notes automatically. I open it and there they are. Society gives me chicken and coffee, bed and lodging, in return for a certain number of pieces of paper which were left me by an aunt, for no other reason than that I share her name.

另一性别的心理是个危险而又吸引人的话题，但是对这一话题的这些贡献——希望等到你们每年有五百英镑自己的收入时，也研究一下这个话题——在必须付饭钱的时候被打断了。饭钱是五先令九便士。我递给侍者一张十先令的票子，他拿去找钱。我的钱包里还有一张十先令的票子；我注意到它了，因为这仍然是个让我激动得透不过气来的事实——我的钱包有自动产生十先令钞票的魔力。我每次打开它，钞票必定在那儿。社会提供给我鸡肉和咖啡、床和住所，来换取我一个姑妈留给我的若干纸张。这些纸张留给了我，只因为我和她名字一样，再没有其他理由。

My aunt, Mary Beton, I must tell you, died by a fall from her horse when she was riding out to take the air in Bombay. The news of my legacy reached me one night about the same time that the act was passed that gave votes to women. A solicitor's letter fell into the post-box and when I opened it I found that she had left me five hundred pounds a year for ever. Of the two—the vote and the money—the money, I own, seemed infinitely the more important. Before that I had made my living by cadging odd jobs from newspapers, by reporting a donkey show here or a wedding there; I had earned a few pounds by addressing envelopes, reading to old ladies, making artificial flowers, teaching the alphabet to small children in a kinder garten. Such were the chief occupations that were open to women before 1918. I need not, I am afraid, describe in any detail the hardness of the work, for

you know perhaps women who have done it; nor the difficulty of living on the money when it was earned, for you may have tried. But what still remains with me as a worse infliction than either was the poison of fear and bitterness which those days bred in me. To begin with, always to be doing work that one did not wish to do, and to do it like a slave, flattering and fawning, not always necessarily perhaps, but it seemed necessary and the stakes were too great to run risks; and then the thought of that one gift which it was death to hide—a small one but dear to the possessor—perishing and with it my self, my soul, —all this became like a rust eating away the bloom of the spring, destroying the tree at its heart. However, as I say, my aunt died; and whenever I change a tenshilling note a little of that rust and corrosion is rubbed off, fear and bitterness go. Indeed, I thought, slipping the silver into my purse, it is remarkable, remembering the bitterness of those days, what a change of temper a fixed income will bring about. No force in the world can take from me my five hundred pounds. Food, house and clothing are mine forever. Therefore not merely do effort and labour cease, but also hatred and bitterness. I need not hate any man; he cannot hurt me. I need not flatter any man; he has nothing to give me. So imperceptibly I found myself adopting a new attitude towards the other half of the human race. It was absurd to blame any class or any sex, as a whole. Great bodies of people are never responsible for what they do. They are driven by instincts which are not within their control. They too, the patriarchs, the professors, had endless difficulties, terrible drawbacks to contend with. Their education had been in some ways as faulty as my own. It had bred in them defects as great. True, they had money and power, but only at the cost of harbouring in their breasts an eagle, a vulture, for ever tearing the liver out and plucking at the lungs—the instinct for possession, the rage for acquisition which drives them to desire other people's fields and goods perpetually; to make frontiers and flags; battleships and poison gas; to offer up their own lives and their children's lives. Walk through the Admiralty Arch (I had reached that monument), or any other avenue given up to trophies and cannon, and reflect upon the kind of glory celebrated there. Or watch in the spring sunshine the stockbroker and the great barrister going indoors to make money and more money and more money when it is a fact that five hundred pounds a year will keep one alive in the sunshine. These are unpleasant instincts to harbour, I reflected. They are bred of the conditions of life; of the lack of civilization, I thought, looking at the statue of the Duke of Cambridge, and in particular at the feathers in his cocked hat, with a fixity that they have scarcely ever received before. And, as I realized these drawbacks, by degrees fear and bitterness modified themselves into pity and toleration; and then in a

year or two, pity and toleration went, and the greatest release of all came, which is freedom to think of things in themselves. That building, for example, do I like it or not? Is that picture beautiful or not? Is that in my opinion a good book or a bad? Indeed my aunt's legacy unveiled the sky to me, and substituted for the large and imposing figure of a gentleman, which Milton recommended for my perpetual adoration, a view of the open sky.

我有必要解释一下，我的姑妈玛丽·贝顿，在孟买骑马去户外呼吸新鲜空气时，从马上跌下来摔死了。就在妇女拥有选举权的法令得以通过的那天晚上，差不多同一时间，我得到了拥有这笔遗产的消息。律师的信落在信箱里，我拆开信后得知，她永久性地留给我每年五百英镑。这两件东西中间——选举权和钱，归我所有的钱似乎要重要得多。以前，我只能在报社里谋点零活勉强度日，诸如报道一下这里的骑驴表演，或是报道一下那里的婚礼。我也曾为了赚几个英镑，替人在信封上写姓名和地址，读书给老太太听，做假花，在幼儿园教小孩子念字母表。这些是一九一八年之前女人可以做的主要职业。恐怕用不着我去详细描述这些工作的艰辛，大概你们也认识做过这类事的女人；我也无需描述拿赚来的这么一点钱去维持生活的困苦，你们大概尝到过其中的滋味。不过直到现在，我还受着比上述两者更厉害的伤害，那就是那种日子在我身上产生的恐惧和愤恨的毒物。首先，总得做自己不爱做的工作，像奴隶一般谄媚、奉承，或许不一定总要这样，但又似乎需要这样，因为冒险的话，赌注太大了；再者，想到那用死亡隐藏的才能——它确实是很小的才能，不过对于拥有它的人来说却是弥足珍贵的——它和我的身体、我的灵魂一起消失了。所有这一切像锈菌一样腐蚀了春天的花朵，从树心摧毁了一棵树。不过，我上面说过了，我姑妈死了；每当我兑换一张十先令的票子，锈菌和因腐蚀而产生的一些东西就被擦拭掉一些，胆怯和愤恨也会消失。我把找回的银币放进钱包里，回想以往日子里的那种愤恨，心想，一笔固定的收入竟会让脾气产生如此大的改变，这的确是引人注目的。世界上没有哪种力量能从我这里把我的五百英镑夺走。衣、食、住永远都是我的。因此辛苦劳作没有了，仇恨和愤恨也烟消云散了。我不必怀恨任何人；任何人也伤害不了我。我也不再需要讨好奉承任何人；他给不了我什么东西。于是不知不觉，我改变了原来的对人类的另一半的态度。把任何阶级或任何性别作为一个整体来责难，这样的行为是荒唐的。巨大的人群从不需要对他们所做的事负责。他们受本能的驱使，这种本能他们自己也控制不了。那些族长、教授们也有无尽的困难和可怕的障碍需要克服。在一些方面，他们所接受的教育和我接受的教育一样有缺陷。这样的教育在他们身上产生了同样大的缺点。没错，他们有钱有权，但却是以把老鹰、兀鹫藏在胸口作为代价的，它们一直在撕扯肝脏，拉扯肺叶；那占有的本能、攫取的疯狂促使他们永不停息地想要获得他人的田地货物，促使他们乱划边界，滥挂旗帜，促使他们制造战舰毒气，促使他们贡献出他们自己和儿女的性命。穿过海军部大楼的拱门（我已经走到那个纪念门前了），或穿过陈列着战利品和大炮的那条大道，便可以回想在那里庆祝的那种光荣。或者在春光下看着股票经纪人和大律师，看他们走进屋里去赚钱，赚越来越多的钱；事

实上，每年五百英镑够一个人生活在阳光之中了。我经深思后明白，这些是令人很不愉快的本能。我想，它们是生活条件的产物，是文明缺失的产物；我目不转睛地盯着剑桥公爵像，特别是他三角帽上的羽毛，大概没有人像我这样凝视它们。等我意识到这些障碍，心里的胆怯和愤恨就渐渐地变成了怜悯和容忍；再过一两年，怜悯和容忍消失了，到来的是最大程度的解脱，那是一种就事物本身来考虑的自由。譬如，我喜不喜欢那建筑？那张画美不美？那本书我觉得好不好？确实，我姑妈的遗产将天空呈现在我面前，并且用开阔的天空的景象代替绅士高大不凡的身影，而这身影是弥尔顿建议我去永久崇拜的。

So thinking, so speculating I found my way back to my house by the river. Lamps were being lit and an indescribable change had come over London since the morning hour. It was as if the great machine after labouring all day had made with our help a few yards of something very exciting and beautiful—a fiery fabric flashing with red eyes, a tawny monster roaring with hot breath. Even the wind seemed flung like a flag as it lashed the houses and rattled the hoardings.

就这么默想、思索着，我取道回到了河边的家。灯已经点亮了，从早上起，伦敦城发生了一种无法形容的变化。好像是那台大机器，结束了一天的劳作后，在我们的协助下，造出了几码美丽而又令人兴奋的东西——一块闪着红色眼睛、如火一般的织物，一个喷着热气、吼叫着的黄褐色怪物。甚至风就像一面旗子在乱飘，它拍击着房子，弄得临时围篱啪啪作响。

In my little street, however, domesticity prevailed. The house painter was descending his ladder; the nursemaid was wheeling the perambulator carefully in and out back to nursery tea; the coal-heaver was folding his empty sacks on top of each other; the woman who keeps the green grocer's shop was adding up the day's takings with her hands in red mittens. But so engrossed was I with the problem you have laid upon my shoulders that I could not see even these usual sights without referring them to one centre. I thought how much harder it is now than it must have been even a century ago to say which of these employments is the higher, the more necessary. Is it better to be a coal-heaver or a nursemaid; is the charwoman who has brought up eight children of less value to the world than, the barrister who has made a hundred thousand pounds? It is useless to ask such questions; for nobody can answer them. Not only do the comparative values of charwomen and lawyers rise and fall from decade to decade, but we have no rods with which to measure them even as they are at the moment. I had been foolish to ask my professor to furnish me with 'indisputable proofs' of this or that in his argument about women. Even if one could state the value of any one gift at the moment, those values will change; in a century's time very possibly they will have changed completely. Moreover, in a hundred years, I thought,

reaching my own doorstep, women will have ceased to be the protected sex. Logically they will take part in all the activities and exertions that were once denied them. The nursemaid will heave coal. The shopwoman will drive an engine. All assumptions founded on the facts observed when women were the protected sex will have disappeared—as, for example (here a squad of soldiers marched down the street), that women and clergymen and gardeners live longer than other people. Remove that protection, expose them to the same exertions and activities, make them soldiers and sailors and engine-drivers and dock labourers, and will not women die off so much younger, so much quicker, than men that one will say, 'I saw a woman today', as one used to say, 'I saw an aeroplane'. Anything may happen when womanhood has ceased to be a protected occupation, I thought, opening the door. But what bearing has all this upon the subject of my paper, Women and Fiction? I asked, going indoors.

然而，在我的小街道上，家庭生活占着优势。房屋油漆匠正由梯子上下来；保姆小心翼翼地把婴儿车推进去，又推出来到育婴室给孩子喂茶点；煤炭装卸工人正在折叠空袋子，把它们一个一个摞起来；那个开蔬菜水果店的女人戴着红色手套，正把这一天的收入加起来。可是由于我全神贯注地思考着你们放在我肩上的问题，竟在看这些再普通不过的景象时，也不能把它们归纳到一个中心上去了。我想，甚至和一百年前相比，现在要说哪种工作更为高尚、更为必要，也要困难许多。是做煤炭装卸工人好还是做保姆好？是不是养育八个孩子的打杂女佣对世人的价值要比一年有十万英镑收入的律师小？问这些问题也是徒劳，因为没有人能回答。不只是打杂女佣与律师的相对价值每过十年就会有所涨落，而且我们没有标尺可用来衡量他们甚至在此刻的价值。我那时很愚蠢，去要求我的教授在他对女人的论证中，提供给我这样或那样的“无可争辩的证据”。即使一个人当下可以陈述出某种才能的价值，那些价值还会变；很可能一百年后，它们就变得面目全非。此外，当我到了家门口时，心想，一百年后女人就不再是被保护的性别了。按逻辑，那时她们可以参加各种活动，付出各种努力，而这些曾把她们拒之门外。保姆可能会去装卸煤炭。开店的女人将要开火车。在女人是被保护的性别时，人们基于所观察到的事实，产生了各种假定，而所有这些假定都将会消失——举个例子（现在有一小队兵走过这条街），人们都认为，女人、神职人员和园丁比其他人寿命长。取消那种保护，让她们付出同样的努力，参加同样的活动，让她们当兵，当水手，做火车司机，做码头工人，那女人是不是会比男人死得更早更快？人们将会说，“我今天看见了一个女人”，就像之前人们说“我今天看见了一架飞机”一样。等到女人不再是被保护的职业时，什么事都可能发生；我这么想着，同时打开了门。不过所有这些与我论文的主题“女人和小说”又有什么关系呢？进门时我问自己。

[3] ‘"Men know that women are an overmatch for them, and therefore they choose the weakest or the most ignorant. If they did not

think so, they never could be afraid of women knowing as much as themselves." ... In justice to the sex, I think it but candid to acknowledge that, in a subsequent conversation, he told me that he was serious in what he said.'—BOSWELL, THE JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES.

[3]"'男人知道，他们不是女人的对手，因此，他们选择女人中最弱、最无知的。如果他们不这么认为，他们就永远不会害怕懂得和他们一样多的女人。'……为了对女性公正起见，我认为承认下述事实是坦率的，即在随后的谈话中，他告诉我他说的话是认真的。"——鲍斯韦尔，《赫布里底群岛游记》

[4] 'The ancient Germans believed that there was something holy in women, and accordingly consulted them as oracles.'-FRAZER, GOLDEN BOUGH.

[4]"古代德国人认为，女人身上有一种神圣的东西，因此他们像请教神谕一样去请教她们。"——弗雷泽，《金枝》

CHAPTER THREE

第三章

It was disappointing not to have brought back in the evening some important statement, some authentic fact. Women are poorer than men because—this or that. Perhaps now it would be better to give up seeking for the truth, and receiving on one's head an avalanche of opinion hot as lava, discoloured as dish-water. It would be better to draw the curtains; to shut out distractions; to light the lamp; to narrow the enquiry and to ask the historian, who records not opinions but facts, to describe under what conditions women lived, not throughout the ages, but in England, say, in the time of Elizabeth. éé

晚上没有带回什么重要的陈述或可靠的事实，这真够让人失望的。女人比男人穷，因为——这样那样的原因。也许现在最好放弃寻求真理，并轻而易举地接纳那一堆炙热如熔岩、暗淡如泔水的意见。最好把窗帘拉上，抛开一切分心的事，点上灯，缩小询问的范围，去请教记载客观事实而非主观意见的历史学家，让他们来形容女人在怎样的条件下生存，不必描写所有时代，只针对英国，比如说，在伊丽莎白时代。

For it is a perennial puzzle why no woman wrote a word of that extraordinary literature when every other man, it seemed, was capable of song or sonnet. What were the conditions in which women lived? I asked myself; for fiction, imaginative work that is, is not dropped like a pebble upon the ground, as science may be; fiction is like a spider's web, attached ever so lightly perhaps, but still attached to life at all four corners. Often the attachment is scarcely perceptible; Shakespeare's plays, for instance, seem to hang there complete by themselves. But when the web is pulled askew, hooked up at the edge, torn in the middle, one remembers that these webs are not spun in mid-air by incorporeal creatures, but are the work of suffering human beings, and are attached to grossly material things, like health and money and the houses we live in.

因为这是一个始终未能解开的谜：为什么每两个男人中就有一个人能写诗歌或十四行诗，却没有一个女人为非凡的文学写出一字一句呢？那时女人的生存条件是什么样的呢？我问自己；因为小说是想象的作品，并不像科学一样，如一颗石子般落在地上。小说像一张蜘蛛网，也许总是很轻地依附，但四个角仍然都附着在生活上。很多时候人们几乎都察觉不出这种依附；譬如说，莎士比亚的戏剧似乎就完全靠自己悬在那里。不过，当蜘蛛网被拉歪，网边被钩住，中间被撕破时，人们才记起来，这些网并非是无形的动物在半空中所织，而是一些受苦的人们的

作品，它们大体上附在物质的东西上，诸如健康、金钱和我们居住的房屋。

I went, therefore, to the shelf where the histories stand and took down one of the latest, Professor Trevelyan's HISTORY OF ENGLAND. Once more I looked up Women, found 'position of' and turned to the pages indicated. 'Wife-beating', I read, 'was a recognized right of man, and was practised without shame by high as well as low.... Similarly,' the historian goes on, 'the daughter who refused to marry the gentleman of her parents' choice was liable to be locked up, beaten and flung about the room, without any shock being inflicted on public opinion. Marriage was not an affair of personal affection, but of family avarice, particularly in the "chivalrous" upper classes.... Betrothal often took place while one or both of the parties was in the cradle, and marriage when they were scarcely out of the nurses' charge.' That was about 1470, soon after Chaucer's time. The next reference to the position of women is some two hundred years later, in the time of the Stuarts. 'It was still the exception for women of the upper and middle class to choose their own husbands, and when the husband had been assigned, he was lord and master, so far at least as law and custom could make him. Yet even so,' Professor Trevelyan concludes, 'neither Shakespeare's women nor those of authentic seventeenth-century memoirs, like the Verneys and the Hutchinsons, seem wanting in personality and character.' Certainly, if we consider it, Cleopatra must have had a way with her; Lady Macbeth, one would suppose, had a will of her own; Rosalind, one might conclude, was an attractive girl. Professor Trevelyan is speaking no more than the truth when he remarks that Shakespeare's women do not seem wanting in personality and character. Not being a historian, one might go even further and say that women have burnt like beacons in all the works of all the poets from the beginning of time—Clytemnestra, Antigone, Cleopatra, Lady Macbeth, Phedre, Cressida, Rosalind, Desdemona, the Duchess of Malfi, among the dramatists; then among the prose writers: Millamant, Clarissa, Becky Sharp, Anna Karenina, Emma Bovary, Madame de Guermantes—the names flock to mind, nor do they recall women 'lacking in personality and character.' Indeed, if woman had no existence save in the fiction written by men, one would imagine her a person of the utmost importance; very various; heroic and mean; splendid and sordid; infinitely beautiful and hideous in the extreme; as great as a man, some think even greater. [5] But this is woman in fiction. In fact, as Professor Trevelyan points out, she was locked up, beaten and flung about the room.

因此，我走近摆放历史书的书架，并拿下那本最近出版的特里维廉教授的《英国史》。我又一次查找“女人”一词，找到了“女人的地位”一

栏，并翻到它所指的那一页。“打妻子”，我读道，“是男人公认的权利，不论地位高低，男人都打女人，且并不感到耻辱……同样，”历史家接着写道，“假使女儿拒绝跟父母选定的男人结婚，她就可能被关起来，在屋里被打来打去，而不会引起舆论的震惊。婚姻是不关乎个人情感的事情，而是关乎家庭贪婪的事，特别是在‘骑士时代’的上流社会中……往往男女中的一方或双方还在摇篮里的时候，他们就订婚了，还没有脱离保姆的照顾，就结婚了。”这些大概发生在一四七〇年，在乔叟时代结束后不久。下一次提到女人的地位则到了大约二百年后的斯图亚特时期。“中上阶层的女人按照自己的意愿选择丈夫，仍然还是遭到反对的。一旦丈夫被指定，他就是君王、一家之主，至少在当时的法律习俗下是这样的。然而即便如此，”特里维廉教授推断说，“不论是莎士比亚笔下的女人，还是可靠的十七世纪回忆录中的女人——像弗尼夫妇回忆录和哈钦森夫妇回忆录，似乎都不缺乏个性和品格。”当然，如果我们这样考虑，克娄巴特拉肯定有她自己的风格；麦克白夫人，人们可以猜想，有自己的意愿；罗莎琳德，人们可以推断，是个迷人的姑娘。特里维廉教授评论说，莎士比亚作品里的女人似乎都不缺乏个性和品格，他讲的都是事实。虽非历史学家，人们也可以更进一步说：女人有史以来就如烽火般在所有诗人的所有作品里燃烧——剧作家笔下，有克吕泰墨斯特拉、安提戈涅、克娄巴特拉、麦克白夫人、费德尔、克雷西达、罗莎琳德、苔丝狄蒙娜和马尔菲公爵夫人；散文家笔下，有米勒芒特、克拉丽莎、贝姬·夏普、安娜·卡列尼娜、埃玛·包法利、盖芒特夫人——所有这些名字蜂拥至脑海中，却没有一个让人想起“缺乏个性和品格”的女人。确实，假如女人只存在于男人写的小说中的话，人们会把她们想象成极度重要的人，千姿百态，既英勇又吝啬，既光彩照人又自私贪婪，既美丽无双又奇丑无比，她们和男人一样伟大，有些人甚至认为她们比男人还要伟大。[5]但这只是小说中的女h人。事实上，正如特里维廉教授指出的一样，她们被关起来，在屋子里被打来打去。

But the paradox of this world where in real life a respectable woman could hardly show her face alone in the street, and yet on the stage woman equals or surpasses man, has never been satisfactorily explained. In modern tragedy the same predominance exists. At all events, a very cursory survey of Shakespeare's work (similarly with Webster, though not with Marlowe or Jonson) suffices to reveal how this dominance, this initiative of women, persists from Rosalind to Lady Macbeth. So too in Racine; six of his tragedies bear their heroines' names; and what male characters of his shall we set against Hermione and Andromaque, Berenice and Roxane, Phedre and Athalie? So again with Ibsen; what men shall we match with Solveig and Nora, Heda and Hilda Wangel and Rebecca West?’—F. L. LUCAS, TRAGEDY, pp. 114-15.

在这个世界上，现实生活中，一个体面的女人几乎不能独自在大街上露面，然而在舞台上，女人与男人不相上下，甚至更胜一筹，这种矛盾一直没有得到令人满意的解释。在现代悲剧中，女人拥有同样的优

势。无论如何，对莎士比亚的作品作一个非常粗略的调查（韦伯斯特的作品也与此类似，但马洛或琼森的作品则不同），就足以显示出女人的这种支配地位和主动权是如何从罗莎琳德延续到麦克白夫人身上的。拉辛的作品也是如此，他的悲剧中有六部是以女主人公的名字命名的，他笔下的男性人物中，我们能拿谁和赫尔弥俄涅、安德罗玛克、贝雷妮丝、罗克珊、费德尔以及阿达莉作比较呢？还有易卜生也是如此，我们有什么男人能和索尔维格、诺拉、赫达、希尔达·旺格尔以及丽贝卡·韦斯特相配呢？”——F. L. 卢卡斯，《论悲剧》，第114—115页。

A very queer, composite being thus emerges. Imaginatively she is of the highest importance; practically she is completely insignificant. She pervades poetry from cover to cover; she is all but absent from history. She dominates the lives of kings and conquerors in fiction; in fact she was the slave of any boy whose parents forced a ring upon her finger. Some of the most inspired words, some of the most profound thoughts in literature fall from her lips; in real life she could hardly read, could scarcely spell, and was the property of her husband.

于是，一个很奇怪、集各种典型特点于一身的人出现了。想象中，她极为重要；实际上，她却完全无足轻重。她贯穿整个诗篇，却又在历史中缺席。她在小说里左右着帝王和征服者的一生，而事实上，只要一个男孩的父母强迫她戴上戒指，她就会成为这个男孩的奴隶。文学作品里，某些最有灵感的语言、某些最深刻的思想从她的嘴里说出来，而在现实生活中，她几乎不识字，也不能拼写，而且是她丈夫的财产。

It was certainly an odd monster that one made up by reading the historians first and the poets afterwards a worm winged like an eagle; the spirit of life and beauty in a kitchen chopping up suet. But these monsters, however amusing to the imagination, have no existence in fact. What one must do to bring her to life was to think poetically and prosaically at one and the same moment, thus keeping in touch with fact—that she is Mrs Martin, aged thirty-six, dressed in blue, wearing a black hat and brown shoes; but not losing sight of fiction either—that she is a vessel in which all sorts of spirits and forces are coursing and flashing perpetually. The moment, however, that one tries this method with the Elizabethan woman, one branch of illumination fails; one is held up by the scarcity of facts. One knows nothing detailed, nothing perfectly true and substantial about her. History scarcely mentions her. And I turned to Professor Trevelyan again to see what history meant to him. I found by looking at hisCHAPTERheadings that it meant—

一个人读过历史又看了诗集后创作出来的女人必定是个奇特的怪物，就像一只虫子安上了鹰的翅膀，生命与美的精灵却在厨房里切板油。但是这些怪物，不管想象起来多么有趣，事实上是不存在的。若想让她生动形象，人们必须满怀诗意、同时又平淡地去思考，这样一方面不会脱离事实——她是马丁夫人，三十六岁，身穿蓝色衣服，头戴黑色

帽子，脚穿棕色鞋，另一方面又不会忘记虚构——她是一件器皿，里面的各种锐气、力量在不停歇地流动、闪烁着。然而，人们一把这种方法用在伊丽莎白时代的女人身上，就无法阐明其中一方面，因为会被事实的匮乏所阻碍。关于她，人们不知道任何详细的、绝对真实的、实质性的事情。历史几乎没有提及她。我又向特里维廉教授求助，看看历史对他来说意味着什么。通过看他每章的题目，我发现历史意味着——

'The Manor Court and the Methods of Open-field Agriculture... The Cistercians and Sheep-farming... The Crusades... The University... The House of Commons... The Hundred Years' War... The Wars of the Roses... The Renaissance Scholars... The Dissolution of the Monasteries... Agrarian and Religious Strife... The Origin of English Sea-power... The Armada...' and so on. Occasionally an individual woman is mentioned, an Elizabeth, or a Mary; a queen or a great lady. But by no possible means could middle-class women with nothing but brains and character at their command have taken part in any one of the great movements which, brought together, constitute the historian's view of the past. Nor shall we find her in collection of anecdotes. Aubrey hardly mentions her. She never writes her own life and scarcely keeps a diary; there are only a handful of her letters in existence. She left no plays or poems by which we can judge her. What one wants, I thought—and why does not some brilliant student at Newnham or Girton supply it?—is a mass of information; at what age did she marry; how many children had she as a rule; what was her house like, had she a room to herself; did she do the cooking; would she be likely to have a servant? All these facts lie somewhere, presumably, in parish registers and account books; the life of the average Elizabethan woman must be scattered about somewhere, could one collect it and make a book of it. It would be ambitious beyond my daring, I thought, looking about the shelves for books that were not there, to suggest to the students of those famous colleges that they should rewrite history, though I own that it often seems a little queer as it is, unreal, lop-sided; but why should they not add a supplement to history, calling it, of course, by some inconspicuous name so that women might figure there without impropriety? For one often catches a glimpse of them in the lives of the great, whisking away into the background, concealing, I sometimes think, a wink, a laugh, perhaps a tear. And, after all, we have lives enough of Jane Austen; it scarcely seems necessary to consider again the influence of the tragedies of Joanna Baillie upon the poetry of Edgar Allan Poe; as for myself, I should not mind if the homes and haunts of Mary Russell Mitford were closed to the public for a century at least. But what I find deplorable, I continued, looking about the bookshelves again, is that nothing is known about women before the eighteenth century. I have no model in my mind to turn about this way and that. Here am I

asking why women did not write poetry in the Elizabethan age, and I am not sure how they were educated; whether they were taught to write; whether they had sitting-rooms to themselves; how many women had children before they were twenty-one; what, in short, they did from eight in the morning till eight at night. They had no money evidently; according to Professor Trevelyan they were married whether they liked it or not before they were out of the nursery, at fifteen or sixteen very likely. It would have been extremely odd, even upon this showing, had one of them suddenly written the plays of Shakespeare, I concluded, and I thought of that old gentleman, who is dead now, but was a bishop, I think, who declared that it was impossible for any woman, past, present, or to come, to have the genius of Shakespeare. He wrote to the papers about it. He also told a lady who applied to him for information that cats do not as a matter of fact go to heaven, though they have, he added, souls of a sort. How much thinking those old gentlemen used to save one! How the borders of ignorance shrank back at their approach! Cats do not go to heaven. Women cannot write the plays of Shakespeare.

“庄园宅第和露地农业的耕种方法……西多会修士和养羊业……十字军……大学……下议院……百年战争……玫瑰战争……文艺复兴时期的学者……寺院的瓦解……土地和宗教之争……英国海上霸权之缘由……西班牙无敌舰队……”等等。偶尔会提到一个女人，一个叫伊丽莎白的女人，或者一个叫玛丽的女人，一个女王或者一个贵妇。那些中产阶级妇女除了头脑和品格外便没有其他任何东西可以自由支配，她们是绝不可能参与任何伟大的运动的，而这些运动集聚起来就构成了历史学家对过去的看法。在趣闻轶事的集子里，我们也找不到她。奥布里几乎没有提到她。她从不写自己的生活，而且几乎不写日记；现存的只有她的几封信。她没留下任何可供我们对她作出评价的戏剧或诗歌。我想，人们所需要的是大量的信息：她们多大年龄结婚？她们通常有几个孩子？她们的房子怎样？有没有属于她们自己的房间？她们自己做不做饭，有没有可能雇佣仆人——可是为何在纽纳姆或戈廷没有某个才华横溢的学生提供这些信息呢？所有这些事实都位于某个地方，可能是记载在教区登记簿和账簿上；伊丽莎白时代的普通女人的生活肯定散落在什么地方，如果有人能够把它收集起来，就能编成一本书。在书架上找寻并不在架上的书时，我想，建议那些名牌大学的学生重写历史会很费力，而且也是我的胆量所不及的，虽然我承认历史似乎经常有些奇怪，有些不真实、不平衡；不过他们为什么不应该给历史补遗呢？给它一个不引人注目（这是当然了）的名字，这样，女人可以在其中出现而又不至于不得体。在伟大人物的传记中，人们常常会瞥见她们，她们很快地消失在背景中。有时我想，她们隐藏了一个眼色、一声大笑，也许是一滴泪珠。毕竟，简·奥斯汀的传记已经够多了，似乎也不太需要再考虑乔安娜·贝利的悲剧对埃德加·爱伦·坡的诗有什么影响；对我而言，如果玛丽·拉塞尔·米特福德的房屋和她常去的地方至少有一百年都不对外开放，我也不会在乎。当我环视书架继续寻思时，我发现，人们对于十八世纪以前的女

人一无所知，这真是可悲。我脑海中竟没有可以让我这样那样反复思考的例子。我要问的是，为什么在伊丽莎白时代女人都不写诗，而且我也不清楚，她们是怎么接受教育的，有没有人教她们写字，她们有没有自己的起居室，多少女人在二十一岁之前就有了孩子，总之，她们从早上八点至晚上八点都做什么。显然，她们没有钱；按照特里维廉教授的说法，不管她们愿不愿意，她们没出育婴室就嫁人了，很可能在十五六岁时就结婚了。最后我的结论是，仅由这一点就能看出，要是她们中有人突然写出了莎士比亚的戏剧，那就太奇怪了。我想起了那位现已过世、但曾做过主教的老先生，记得他曾经说过，任何一个女人，不论是在过去、现在，还是将来，都不会具有莎士比亚那样的天赋。他给报纸写文章阐述了这一看法。他还告诉一位向他咨询的女士，事实上猫是进不了天堂的，尽管——他补充道——它们也有某种灵魂。这些老先生花了多少心思来拯救人们啊！他们一走近，愚昧的边界就收缩了多少啊！猫进不了天堂。女人写不出莎士比亚的戏剧。

Be that as it may, I could not help thinking, as I looked at the works of Shakespeare on the shelf, that the bishop was right at least in this; it would have been impossible, completely and entirely, for any woman to have written the plays of Shakespeare in the age of Shakespeare. Let me imagine, since facts are so hard to come by, what would have happened had Shakespeare had a wonderfully gifted sister, called Judith, let us say. Shakespeare himself went, very probably,—his mother was an heiress—to the grammar school, where he may have learnt Latin—Ovid, Virgil and Horace—and the elements of grammar and logic. He was, it is well known, a wild boy who poached rabbits, perhaps shot a deer, and had, rather sooner than he should have done, to marry a woman in the neighbourhood, who bore him a child rather quicker than was right. That escapade sent him to seek his fortune in London. He had, it seemed, a taste for the theatre; he began by holding horses at the stage door. Very soon he got work in the theatre, became a successful actor, and lived at the hub of the universe, meeting everybody, knowing everybody, practising his art on the boards, exercising his wits in the streets, and even getting access to the palace of the queen. Meanwhile his extraordinarily gifted sister, let us suppose, remained at home. She was as adventurous, as imaginative, as agog to see the world as he was. But she was not sent to school. She had no chance of learning grammar and logic, let alone of reading Horace and Virgil. She picked up a book now and then, one of her brother's perhaps, and read a few pages. But then her parents came in and told her to mend the stockings or mind the stew and not moon about with books and papers. They would have spoken sharply but kindly, for they were substantial people who knew the conditions of life for a woman and loved their daughter—indeed, more likely than not she was the apple of her father's eye. Perhaps she scribbled some pages up in an apple loft on the sly but was careful to hide them

or set fire to them. Soon, however, before she was out of her teens, she was to be betrothed to the son of a neighbouring woolstapler. She cried out that marriage was hateful to her, and for that she was severely beaten by her father. Then he ceased to scold her. He begged her instead not to hurt him, not to shame him in this matter of her marriage. He would give her a chain of beads or a fine petticoat, he said; and there were tears in his eyes. How could she disobey him? How could she break his heart? The force of her own gift alone drove her to it. She made up a small parcel of her belongings, let herself down by a rope one summer's night and took the road to London. She was not seventeen. The birds that sang in the hedge were not more musical than she was. She had the quickest fancy, a gift like her brother's, for the tune of words. Like him, she had a taste for the theatre. She stood at the stage door; she wanted to act, she said. Men laughed in her face. The manager—a fat, looselipped man—guffawed. He bellowed something about poodles dancing and women acting—no woman, he said, could possibly be an actress. He hinted—you can imagine what. She could get no training in her craft. Could she even seek her dinner in a tavern or roam the streets at midnight? Yet her genius was for fiction and lusted to feed abundantly upon the lives of men and women and the study of their ways. At last—for she was very young, oddly like Shakespeare the poet in her face, with the same grey eyes and rounded brows—at last Nick Greene the actormanager took pity on her; she found herself with child by that gentleman and so—who shall measure the heat and violence of the poet's heart when caught and tangled in a woman's body?—killed herself one winter's night and lies buried at some cross-roads where the omnibuses now stop outside the Elephant and Castle.

可能实际上就是如此吧，看着书架上莎士比亚的作品，我不禁想，那位主教至少在这一点上是对的。任何女人在莎士比亚时期都不可能写出莎士比亚的戏剧，完全、彻底不可能。既然难以获得事实的依据，那就让我想象一下，假使莎士比亚有一个拥有非凡天赋的妹妹，就叫她朱迪思吧，会发生什么事情呢？莎士比亚自己很可能上过文法学校——他的母亲是个女继承人，在那里他应该学过拉丁文——奥维德、维吉尔、贺拉斯——以及文法和逻辑基础。众所周知，他是个很难约束的孩子，偷猎兔子，也许还射过鹿，远不到结婚的年龄就不得不跟附近的一个女人结了婚，那个女人给他生了个孩子，而生产的时间远远早于正常的时间。这些越轨行为逼他到伦敦去寻找发迹的机会。他似乎对戏院感兴趣，于是开始在剧场后门替人牵马。不久他就在戏院谋了份工作，成了一名成功的演员，并住在世界的中心，见过每一个人，认识每一个人，在舞台上运用他的演技，在街道上演练他的机智，甚至进入了女王的宫殿。同时让我们假设，他那有非凡天赋的妹妹一直呆在家里。她和他一样爱冒险、富有想像力，和他一样渴望了解世界。但是她没有上过学。她没有学习文法和逻辑的机会，更不用说读贺拉斯和维吉尔的作品了。

她偶尔会拿起一本书读上几页，可能是她哥哥的书吧。但是接着她父母就会进来，告诉她要补袜子，或者让她照看炖着的菜，而不让她在那里看书读报懒散度日。他们说这些话时，语气很严厉却又很慈爱，因为他们很富裕，知道女人的生活条件而且爱他们的女儿——的确，极有可能她是她父亲的掌上明珠。也许她偷偷地在堆苹果的阁楼上涂写过几页诗文，不过会小心地把它们藏起来或者烧掉。可是不久，在她还不满二十岁时，她就被许配给了邻近一个羊毛商的儿子。她哭喊着说她讨厌结婚，并且因为这个遭了父亲的一顿毒打。之后父亲不再责骂她。他转而恳求她不要伤他的心，不要在结婚这件事上丢他的脸。他说要给她一串珠链，或者一件精美的裙子，他的眼里含着泪水。她怎么可以违背他的意愿？她怎么可以伤他的心？自身的天赋的力量驱使她违背了父亲的意愿。她把她的行李打成了一个小包裹，在一个夏天的晚上顺着一根绳子滑下楼，启程去往伦敦。那时她不满十七岁。树篱中鸟儿的鸣唱都未必有她唱得动听。她对语言的语调有着最敏锐的想象力——像她哥哥一样的天赋。她也像哥哥一样对戏剧感兴趣。她站在剧院的后门口，说自己想演戏，男人们当着她的面笑了起来。经理——一个爱饶舌的胖男人——哈哈大笑起来。他大喊大叫了一些关于鬈毛狗跳舞和女人表演的事——说女人不可能当演员。他暗示——你能想象他暗示了什么。她不会得到任何技能训练。她甚至会在小酒馆乞求别人施舍给她饭菜，或是半夜在街头徘徊吗？然而她具备写小说的天赋，而且渴望从男男女女的生活以及对他们的习惯的研究中汲取大量素材。最后——因为她很年轻，说也奇怪，她的脸很像诗人莎士比亚，有着同样的灰色的眼睛和弯弯的眉毛——最后演员经理尼克·格林可怜她；她发现自己怀了这个绅士的孩子，所以——当诗人的心被囚禁、纠缠在一个女人的身体中时，谁能估量它的激情和狂热呢——她在一个冬夜里自杀了，被埋在某个十字路口，就是现在“大象和堡垒”酒店外停靠公共汽车的地方。

That, more or less, is how the story would run, I think, if a woman in Shakespeare's day had had Shakespeare's genius. But for my part, I agree with the deceased bishop, if such he was—it is unthinkable that any woman in Shakespeare's day should have had Shakespeare's genius. For genius like Shakespeare's is not born among labouring, uneducated, servile people. It was not born in England among the Saxons and the Britons. It is not born today among the working classes. How, then, could it have been born among women whose work began, according to Professor Trevelyan, almost before they were out of the nursery, who were forced to it by their parents and held to it by all the power of law and custom? Yet genius of a sort must have existed among women as it must have existed among the working classes. Now and again an Emily Bront? or a Robert Burns blazes out and proves its presence. But certainly it never got itself on to paper. When, however, one reads of a witch being ducked, of a woman possessed by devils, of a wise woman selling herbs, or even of a very remarkable man who had a mother, then I think we are on the track of a lost novelist, a suppressed poet, of some mute and

inglorious Jane Austen, some Emily Bront who dashed her brains out on the moor or mopped and mowed about the highways crazed with the torture that her gift had put her to. Indeed, I would venture to guess that Anon, who wrote so many poems without signing them, was often a woman. It was a woman Edward Fitzgerald, I think, suggested who made the ballads and the folk-songs, crooning them to her children, beguiling her spinning with them, or the length of the winter's night.

我想，莎士比亚时期如果有一个女人具备莎士比亚的天赋，那么她的故事大概就是这样的吧。然而对我来说，我同意那位已逝的主教（假若他是主教的话）的看法——在莎士比亚时期，有哪个女人能具有莎士比亚的天赋是不可思议的。因为莎士比亚那样的天赋是不会在辛苦劳作、未受教育、做奴仆的人们中诞生的。它不会在英国的撒克逊人和布立吞人中诞生。它也不会在现如今的工人阶级中诞生。那么它又怎么会在那些妇女中诞生呢？她们的工作，按照特里维廉教授所说，差不多在她们还未出育婴室就开始了，她们受父母的逼迫从事这样的工作，并且被习俗和法律的所有力量约束在这个工作中。然而，某种天赋肯定在女人中存在过，正如它肯定在工人阶级中存在过一样。偶尔会有一个埃米莉·勃朗特？或者一个罗伯特·彭斯光芒四射，证实了天赋的存在。不过当然，这种天赋从不曾诉诸于纸上。然而，当人们读到一个女巫被人们所回避，读到一个女人着了魔，读到一个聪明女人卖草药，甚至读到一个出众的人有位母亲，我就会想到，我们正追随一位失落的小说家，一位被压抑的诗人，某位沉默而又不出名的简·奥斯汀，某位在荒野中撞破头或因受自己才能的折磨而使她在公路上扮鬼脸的埃米莉·勃朗特。确实，我大胆地猜测那些写了很多诗而又不署名的无名氏常常是女人。我想，这令人想到女爱德华·菲茨杰拉德，她创作出民歌和民谣，低声哼唱给她的孩子们，以此消磨纺线的时光或者度过漫漫冬夜。

This may be true or it may be false—who can say?—but what is true in it, so it seemed to me, reviewing the story of Shakespeare's sister as I had made it, is that any woman born with a great gift in the sixteenth century would certainly have gone crazed, shot herself, or ended her days in some lonely cottage outside the village, half witch, half wizard, feared and mocked at. For it needs little skill in psychology to be sure that a highly gifted girl who had tried to use her gift for poetry would have been so thwarted and hindered by other people, so tortured and pulled asunder by her own contrary instincts, that she must have lost her health and sanity to a certainty. No girl could have walked to London and stood at a stage door and forced her way into the presence of actor-managers without doing herself a violence and suffering an anguish which may have been irrational—for chastity may be a fetish invented by certain societies for unknown reasons—but were nonetheless inevitable. Chastity had then, it has even now, a religious importance in a woman's life, and has so

wrapped itself round with nerves and instincts that to cut it free and bring it to the light of day demands courage of the rarest. To have lived a free life in London in the six teenth century would have meant for a woman who was poet and playwright a nervous stress and dilemma which might well have killed her. Had she survived, whatever she had written would have been twisted and deformed, issuing from a strained and morbid imagination. And undoubtedly, I thought, looking at the shelf where there are no plays by women, her work would have gone unsigned. That refuge she would have sought certainly. It was the relic of the sense of chastity that dictated anonymity to women even so late as the nineteenth century. Currer Bell, George Eliot, George Sand, all the victims of inner strife as their writings prove, sought ineffectively to veil themselves by using the name of a man. Thus they did homage to the convention, which if not implanted by the other sex was liberally encouraged by them (the chief glory of a woman is not to be talked of, said Pericles, himself a much-talked-of man) that publicity in women is detestable. Anonymity runs in their blood. The desire to be veiled still possesses them. They are not even now as concerned about the health of their fame as men are, and, speaking generally, will pass a tombstone or a signpost without feeling an irresistible desire to cut their names on it, as Alf, Bert or Chas. must do in obedience to their instinct, which murmurs if it sees a fine woman go by, or even a dog, Ce chien est a moi. And, of course, it may not be a dog, I thought, remembering Parliament Square, the Sieges Allee and other avenues; it may be a piece of land or a man with curly black hair. It is one of the great advantages of being a woman that one can pass even a very fine negress without wishing to make an Englishwoman of her.

这可能是真的也可能是假的——谁能说得清呢？不过回想了一下上面编的莎士比亚的妹妹的故事，我觉得，这里面有一点是真实的，就是十六世纪任何一个有伟大天赋的女人都无一例外地会发狂、自杀，或者在村外孤寂的小屋里终其一生，半是女巫，半是术士，既为人所畏惧，又为人所嘲笑。因为只要懂一点心理学就能确信，一个极有天赋的女孩想用才华写诗会遭到其他人的反对和阻止，她自己相互矛盾的本能也会使她饱受折磨、几乎被撕裂，因此，她必定会失去健康和理智。没有女孩能够走到伦敦，站在剧场后门口，并且不遭到强暴、不忍受痛苦就能闯到戏院经理面前。这种痛苦可能不够理性——因为贞洁大概只是某些社会为一些不为人知的理由而发明的一种供膜拜的东西——然而却是不可避免的。在那时，甚至在现在，贞洁在女人的生活中具有一种宗教上的重要性，而且它被神经和本能紧紧裹住，以至于想要割开这些东西、给它自由、把它带到阳光之下需要极为罕见的勇气。在十六世纪的伦敦，过一种自由的生活对一个既是诗人又是剧作家的女人来说，是一种精神压力，一种进退两难的困境，这很可能会要了她的命。就算她能活下来，她创作的任何作品也都是扭曲、畸形的，都是在那种紧张、病态

的想象中产生的。我看着那个书架，上面没有放置女人写的戏剧，我想，毫无疑问她的作品不会署名。她肯定会寻求那样的避难所。甚至直至十九世纪，这种贞操观念的遗毒仍然让女人匿名写作。柯勒·贝尔、乔治·艾略特、乔治·桑，正如她们的作品所证明的一样，都是内心的冲突的受害者。她们试图用男人的名字来掩饰自己，但却并未奏效。这样一来，她们就给习俗致了敬，这种习俗——即女人引起公众注意是令人厌恶的——即使不是男人灌输的，也是他们大力鼓励的（伯里克利说一个女人最首要的荣耀就是不被人谈论，而他自己却是人们经常谈论的一个人）。隐姓埋名是她们血液中的一部分。隐蔽自己的愿望仍然支配着她们。甚至在现在，女人也不像男人那样关心自己的名望。一般来说，她们在走过墓碑或指示牌时，都不会有想要把她们的名字刻上去的强烈欲望，而像阿尔夫、伯特或蔡斯就不同，他们会服从他们的本能。这种本能在看见一个漂亮的女人或者甚至是一条狗经过时，会低声说：这条狗是我的。当然，也许不是一条狗，我想道，记起了议会广场、西吉斯林阴道和其他林阴道；也可能是一块地或者一个长着黑色卷发的男人。可是作为女人的一个好处就是，她可以从一个漂亮的女黑人身边走过而不想把她变成英国女人。

That woman, then, who was born with a gift of poetry in the sixteenth century, was an unhappy woman, a woman at strife against herself. All the conditions of her life, all her own instincts, were hostile to the state of mind which is needed to set free whatever is in the brain. But what is the state of mind that is most propitious to the act of creation? I asked. Can one come by any notion of the state that furthers and makes possible that strange activity? Here I opened the volume containing the Tragedies of Shakespeare. What was Shakespeare's state of mind, for instance, when he wrote LEAR and ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA? It was certainly the state of mind most favourable to poetry that there has ever existed. But Shakespeare himself said nothing about it. We only know casually and by chance that he 'never blotted a line'. Nothing indeed was ever said by the artist himself about his state of mind until the eighteenth century perhaps. Rousseau perhaps began it. At any rate, by the nineteenth century selfconsciousness had developed so far that it was the habit for men of letters to describe their minds in confessions and autobiographies. Their lives also were written, and their letters were printed after their deaths. Thus, though we do not know what Shakespeare went through when he wrote LEAR, we do know what Carlyle went through when he wrote the FRENCH REVOLUTION; what Flaubert went through when he wrote MADAME BOVARY; what Keats was going through when he tried to write poetry against the coming death and the indifference of the world.

这么说来，十六世纪生来就具有作诗天赋的女人是一个不快乐的女人，是一个跟自己作斗争的女人。她的所有生活条件、所有本能都与她

的心境相冲突，而要释放脑子里的任何东西都需要这种心境。但是什么样的心境对创作行为最有帮助呢？我问道。人们可以了解促进、促成那个奇怪活动的心境吗？这时我打开了包含莎士比亚悲剧的那卷书。比方说，莎士比亚是在什么样的心境下写的《李尔王》和《安东尼和克莱奥帕特》呢？那肯定是迄今为止最有益于写诗的心境。不过莎士比亚自己并没有提及。我们只是意外地知道他“从未曾涂去一行”。实际上，可能直到十八世纪，艺术家才提到自己的心境。大概是从卢梭开始的。无论如何，到十九世纪时，自我意识已发展到一定程度，以至于以忏悔录和自传的形式来描述自己的心境成了文人的习惯。他们也描写自己的生活，并且他们的信件在他们死后被出版。所以，虽然我们不知道莎士比亚在写《李尔王》时经历了什么，但是我们知道卡莱尔在写《法国革命》时经历了什么，知道福楼拜写《包法利夫人》时经历了什么，知道济慈在写诗反抗即将来临的死亡和世情淡漠的世界时经历了什么。

And one gathers from this enormous modern literature of confession and self-analysis that to write a work of genius is almost always a feat of prodigious difficulty. Everything is against the likelihood that it will come from the writer's mind whole and entire. Generally material circumstances are against it. Dogs will bark; people will interrupt; money must be made; health will break down. Further, accentuating all these difficulties and making them harder to bear is the world's notorious indifference. It does not ask people to write poems and novels and histories; it does not need them. It does not care whether Flaubert finds the right word or whether Carlyle scrupulously verifies this or that fact. Naturally, it will not pay for what it does not want. And so the writer, Keats, Flaubert, Carlyle, suffers, especially in the creative years of youth, every form of distraction and discouragement. A curse, a cry of agony, rises from those books of analysis and confession. 'Mighty poets in their misery dead'—that is the burden of their song. If anything comes through in spite of all this, it is a miracle, and probably no book is born entire and uncrippled as it was conceived.

从大量的关于忏悔和自我分析的现代文学作品里我们可以得出，写一部天才级的著作差不多总是一项极困难的壮举。种种迹象表明，这样的著作不可能完完全全从作家的脑子里诞生。物质环境一般不允许如此。狗会叫；人会来打扰；要想着赚钱；身体会垮掉。此外，加重这些困难、使其更加难以难忍的是这个世界臭名昭著的冷漠。这个世界不要求人们写诗歌、小说或是历史；它不需要这些。这个世界根本不在乎福楼拜是否用了恰当的词，或卡莱尔是否缜密地证实了这个或那个事实。自然，它不会在它不需要的东西上付出什么。所以，济慈、福楼拜、卡莱尔等作家经历了各种分心的事情和令人沮丧的挫折，特别在年轻时的创作时期里？一种诅咒、一种痛苦的呼声从那些分析和忏悔的书里面发出来。“伟大的诗人在痛苦中死去”，这是他们吟唱的主题。假如有什么著作历经这些而最终完成了，那简直是奇迹，恐怕没有一本书能完整无

缺地照作者的设想写出来。

But for women, I thought, looking at the empty shelves, these difficulties were infinitely more formidable. In the first place, to have a room of her own, let alone a quiet room or a sound-proof room, was out of the question, unless her parents were exceptionally rich or very noble, even up to the beginning of the nineteenth century. Since her pin money, which depended on the goodwill of her father, was only enough to keep her clothed, she was debarred from such alleviations as came even to Keats or Tennyson or Carlyle, all poor men, from a walking tour, a little journey to France, from the separate lodging which, even if it were miserable enough, sheltered them from the claims and tyrannies of their families. Such material difficulties were formidable; but much worse were the immaterial. The indifference of the world which Keats and Flaubert and other men of genius have found so hard to bear was in her case not indifference but hostility. The world did not say to her as it said to them, write if you choose; it makes no difference to me. The world said with a guffaw, Write? What's the good of your writing? Here the psychologists of Newnham and Girton might come to our help, I thought, looking again at the blank spaces on the shelves. For surely it is time that the effect of discouragement upon the mind of the artist should be measured, as I have seen a dairy company measure the effect of ordinary milk and Grade A milk upon the body of the rat. They set two rats in cages side by side, and of the two one was furtive, timid and small, and the other was glossy, bold and big. Now what food do we feed women as artists upon? I asked, remembering, I suppose, that dinner of prunes and custard. To answer that question I had only to open the evening paper and to read that Lord Birkenhead is of opinion—but really I am not going to trouble to copy out Lord Birkenhead's opinion upon the writing of women. What Dean Inge says I will leave in peace. The Harley Street specialist may be allowed to rouse the echoes of Harley Street with his vociferations without raising a hair on my head. I will quote, however, Mr Oscar Browning, because Mr Oscar Browning was a great figure in Cambridge at one time, and used to examine the students at Girton and Newnham. Mr Oscar Browning was wont to declare 'that the impression left on his mind, after looking over any set of examination papers, was that, irrespective of the marks he might give, the best woman was intellectually the inferior of the worst man'. After saying that Mr Browning went back to his rooms—and it is this sequel that endears him and makes him a human figure of some bulk and majesty—he went back to his rooms and found a stable-boy lying on the sofa—‘a mere skeleton, his cheeks were cavernous and sallow, his teeth were black, and he did not appear to have the full use of his limbs. "That's Arthur" [said Mr Browning]. "He's a dear boy really and

most high-minded.”’ —The two pictures always seem to me to complete each other. And happily in this age of biography the two pictures often do complete each other, so that we are able to interpret the opinions of great men not only by what they say, but by what they do.

我看着空空的书架，心想，但是对于女人，这种种困难更是极其可怕。首先，拥有一个自己的房间都不可能，更不必说一个安静、隔音的房间了，除非她父母特别富有或者特别高贵。甚至一直到十九世纪初期，都还是这种状况。因为依赖父亲的好意所得的零花钱只够她穿衣蔽体，甚至连济慈、丁尼生、卡莱尔那样的穷男人可以得到的慰藉她都得不到，比如徒步旅行，去法国旅游一下，比如有单独的住所——即使这样的住所非常简陋，也可以使他们避开家庭的要求和专制。这类物质上的困难已经够可怕了，可是更糟的还有非物质的困难。济慈、福楼拜及其他天才难以忍受的世情冷漠，对女人来说，就不是冷漠而是敌视了。世人对她所说的话，并不像对他们说的那样：你想写什么就写什么，这和我不相干。世人放声大笑：写作？你写作有什么用处？再看看书架上的空地方，我想，纽纳姆和戈廷的心理学家现在可以来帮帮我们的忙了。现在确实是时候量量挫折对艺术家的思想产生多大影响了。有一次我看到一个乳制品公司测试普通牛奶和甲等牛奶对老鼠身体的影响有何不同，他们把两只老鼠并排放在笼子里，一只鬼鬼祟祟、胆子很小、个头也小，另一只皮毛光亮、大胆而且也有个头。现在想想我们拿些什么东西给有艺术天赋的女人吃呢？我问道。我想我记起了李子和蛋奶糕那一餐。要回答这个问题，我只需要打开晚报读读伯肯黑德勋爵的想法——不过其实我并不想费神把他对女人写作这件事的想法抄下来。英奇副主教说的话我不去惊动。哈莱街的专家可以纵情呼喊以激起街上的回声，我丝毫也不会被惊动。但是我要引用奥斯卡·勃朗宁先生的话，因为他曾是剑桥的大人物，而且曾担任过戈廷及纽纳姆一带的学生的考官。奥斯卡·勃朗宁先生常常宣称：“阅过任何一套考卷后，撇开他可能给的分数不管，他的印象都是最优秀的女人的智力还不如最糟的男人高。”说完这些话后，勃朗宁先生回到自己的房间——正是这个随之而来的事使他受到众人爱戴，成了众人心目中伟大威严的人——他回到自己的房间里，看见一个小马倌躺在沙发上——“简直是一副骨架，双颊深陷而又呈灰黄色，牙齿很黑，而且四肢看上去也不是很健全。‘那是阿瑟’（勃朗宁先生说），‘他真是很可爱，并且是最为思想崇高的孩子。’”这两幅图画在我看来总是相辅相成的。很幸运，在这个传记的时代，这两幅画面确实常常相辅相成，这样我们在解释大人物的意见时，不仅可以依据他们所说的话，还可以参照他们所做的事。

But though this is possible now, such opinions coming from the lips of important people must have been formidable enough even fifty years ago. Let us suppose that a father from the highest motives did not wish his daughter to leave home and become writer, painter or scholar. 'See what Mr Oscar Browning says,'he would say; and there so was not only Mr Oscar Browning; there was the SATURDAY REVIEW;

there was Mr Greg—the 'essentials of a woman's being', said Mr Greg emphatically, 'are that THEY ARE SUPPORTED BY, AND THEY MINISTER TO, MEN'—there was an enormous body of masculine opinion to the effect that nothing could be expected of women intellectually. Even if her father did not read out loud these opinions, any girl could read them for herself; and the reading, even in the nineteenth century, must have lowered her vitality, and told profoundly upon her work. There would always have been that assertion—you cannot do this, you are incapable of doing that—to protest against, to overcome. Probably for a novelist this germ is no longer of much effect; for there have been women novelists of merit. But for painters it must still have some sting in it; and for musicians, I imagine, is even now active and poisonous in the extreme. The woman composer stands where the actress stood in the time of Shakespeare. Nick Greene, I thought, remembering the story I had made about Shakespeare's sister, said that a woman acting put him in mind of a dog dancing. Johnson repeated the phrase two hundred years later of women preaching. And here, I said, opening a book about music, we have the very words used again in this year of grace, 1928, of women who try to write music. Of Mlle Germaine Tailleferre one can only repeat Dr Johnson's dictum concerning, a woman preacher, transposed into terms of music. "Sir, a woman's composing is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all."[6] So accurately does history repeat itself.

虽然现在能够这样做了，但是这些意见从重要的人嘴里说出来一定是很可怕的，甚至在五十年前也是如此。让我们设想，一个父亲出于最高尚的目的，不愿他的女儿离家去做作家、画家，或是学者。他会说，“看奥斯卡·勃朗宁说什么来着。”还不止奥斯卡·勃朗宁先生呢，还有《星期六评论》，还有格雷格先生——格雷格先生强调说，“一个女人生存的要诀就是男人赡养她们而她们侍奉男人”，还有一大堆男人的意见，大意是说，在智力上不能对女人抱有任何期望。即使父亲没有大声宣读这些意见，任何女孩也都能自己读；阅读这些，甚至在十九世纪，也必然会减少她的活力而且深深地影响她的工作。永远有这样的断言——你不能做这个，也做不了那个——需要被抗议、被克服。大概这个病菌对小说家不会再有多大的影响了，因为已经有了一些很优秀的女小说家。而对于画家，它肯定还在起一些作用；对于音乐家，我能想象到，它甚至在现在都极其活跃，毒性极大。女作曲家现在的地位，就相当于莎士比亚时代女演员的地位。回想我编的那个莎士比亚妹妹的故事，我想到尼克·格林曾说过，女人演戏使他联想到狗跳舞。二百年后的约翰逊在说女子布道时重复过这句话。在这儿我打开一本关于音乐的书，说道，在这体面的一年，一九二八年，我们又引用了这几个字来形容尝试作曲的女人。对于热尔梅娜·塔耶费尔小姐，只能重复约翰逊先生谈论一个女传教士时用的格言，不过是换成了音乐术语的形式。“先生，一个女人作曲

就像一只狗用后腿走路。走得不怎么样，但你还是能惊奇地发现它居然在走。”[6]历史竟如此丝毫不差地重演。

Thus, I concluded, shutting Mr Oscar Browning's life and pushing away the rest, it is fairly evident that even in the nineteenth century a woman was not encouraged to be an artist. On the contrary, she was snubbed, slapped, lectured and exhorted. Her mind must have been strained and her vitality lowered by the need of opposing this, of disproving that. For here again we come within range of that very interesting and obscure masculine complex which has had so much influence upon the woman's movement; that deepseated desire, not so much that SHE shall be inferior as that HE shall be superior, which plants him wherever one looks, not only in front of the arts, but barring the way to politics too, even when the risk to himself seems infinitesimal and the suppliant humble and devoted. Even Lady Bessborough, I remembered, with all her passion for politics, must humbly bow herself and write to Lord Granville Leveson-Gower: ‘... notwithstanding all my violence in politics and talking so much on that subject, I perfectly agree with you that no woman has any business to meddle with that or any other serious business, farther than giving her opinion (if she is ask'd).’ . And so she goes on to spend her enthusiasm where it meets with no obstacle whatsoever, upon that immensely important subject, Lord Granville's maiden speech in the House of Commons. The spectacle is certainly a strange one, I thought. The history of men's opposition to women's emancipation is more interesting perhaps than the story of that emancipation itself. An amusing book might be made of it if some young student at Girton or Newnham would collect examples and deduce a theory,—but she would need thick gloves on her hands, and bars to protect her of solid gold.

因此，不去管奥斯卡·勃朗宁先生的生活，把剩下的也抛开不讲，我的结论是：十分明显，甚至在十九世纪，也不提倡女人成为艺术家。相反，她遭到冷落、侮辱、训斥和规劝。她的脑子一定会因为需要反对这个、反驳那个而变得紧张，她的活力也会因此削减。现在我们再回到那个非常有趣而又模糊、深刻影响女人行为活动的男人情结；那种根深蒂固的欲望，与其说要女人低下，不如说要男人优越；男人的这种心理使他们无处不在——不论人们看向哪里，他们挡在艺术的前面，拦住从政的道路，即使对他们来说风险微乎其微、请求他们的人谦恭且忠诚时也是如此。我想起，甚至连贝斯伯勒夫人那样对政治极其热衷的女人都得谦卑地弯下腰来，写信给格兰维尔·莱维森—高尔勋爵：“……尽管我对政治很热衷，也在这个话题上发表过很多言论，但我完全赞同你的看法，即女人不应干预政治及其他严肃的事，最多可以发表一下她的意见（假如有人问她的话)。”于是她继续在那个极其重要的话题——格兰维尔勋爵在下议院的首次演讲——上消耗着她的热情，在那里她的热情没

有受到任何阻碍。我想，这种现象确实很奇怪。男人反对妇女解放的历史或许比妇女解放的故事本身还要有趣。如果在戈廷或纽纳姆有某个年轻学生愿意搜集这类例子，继而演绎出一个理论，那么就可以撰写一部很有趣的书——不过她会需要戴一副厚手套，还需要栏杆，以保护纯洁高尚的自己。

But what is amusing now, I recollected, shutting Lady Bessborough, had to be taken in desperate earnest once. Opinions that one now pastes in a book labelled cock-a-doodle-dum and keeps for reading to select audiences on summer nights once drew tears, I can assure you. Among your grandmothers and great-grandmothers there were many that wept their eyes out. Florence Nightingale shrieked aloud in her agony. 7 Moreover, it is all very well for you, who have got yourselves to college and enjoy sitting-rooms—or is it only bed-sitting-rooms?—of your own to say that genius should disregard such opinions; that genius should be above caring what is said of it. Unfortunately, it is precisely the men or women of genius who mind most what is said of them. Remember Keats. Remember the words he had cut on his tombstone. Think of Tennyson; think—but I need hardly multiply instances of the undeniable, if very fortunate, fact that it is the nature of the artist to mind excessively what is said about him. Literature is strewn with the wreckage of men who have minded beyond reason the opinions of others.

不过，合上贝斯伯勒夫人的书，我想起，现在被认为有趣的事，曾一度需要极认真地对待。那些被贴进一本荒唐无稽的书中、等待夏日的夜晚读给优秀的听众听的意见，我向你们保证，曾经让人热泪盈眶。你们的祖母和曾祖母中就曾有许多人哭得死去活来。费洛伦斯·南丁格尔沉浸在痛苦中大声嘶喊。7再者，你们上过大学，现在能享用自己的起居室或卧室兼起居室，因此你们完全有理由说，天才不该去管这类意见，天才不该去理会别人的评论。不幸的是，正是有天赋的男人或女人最在乎别人怎么评论他们。想想济慈，想想他在自己墓碑上刻着的话。想想丁尼生，想想——但是我不需要再增加例子来证明那不可否认的事实了（如果可以说这个事实会带来好运的话），那就是，过分在乎别人对自己的看法是艺术家的天性。文学作品里到处都是那些不理智、过分在意别人意见的不幸的人。

And this susceptibility of theirs is doubly unfortunate, I thought, returning again to my original enquiry into what state of mind is most propitious for creative work, because the mind of an artist, in order to achieve the prodigious effort of freeing whole and entire the work that is in him, must be incandescent, like Shakespeare's mind, I conjectured, looking at the book which lay open at ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. There must be no obstacle in it, no foreign matter unconsumed.

再回到我最开始的问题上，即哪种心境最宜于创作，我想，他们的

敏感性使他们的不幸加倍了，因为看着《安东尼和克莱奥帕特》处翻开的那本书时，我揣度，为了将自己的作品完整无缺地表达出来，需要极大的努力，艺术家的脑子一定要如莎士比亚般极度清晰。他们的脑子里不能有一点阻碍，也不能有任何未耗尽的异物。

For though we say that we know nothing about Shakespeare's state of mind, even as we say that, we are saying something about Shakespeare's state of mind. The reason perhaps why we know so little of Shakespeare—compared with Donne or Ben Jonson or Milton—is that his grudges and spites and antipathies are hidden from us. We are not held up by some 'revelation' which reminds us of the writer. All desire to protest, to preach, to proclaim an injury, to pay off a score, to make the world the witness of some hardship or grievance was fired out of him and consumed. Therefore his poetry flows from him free and unimpeded. If ever a human being got his work expressed completely, it was Shakespeare. If ever a mind was incandescent, unimpeded, I thought, turning again to the bookcase, it was Shakespeare's mind.

虽然我们说我们毫不了解莎士比亚的心境，但我们在说这话的时候，就已经在说关于莎士比亚心境的某些东西。也许我们之所以对莎士比亚了解得很少——与多恩、本·琼森和弥尔顿相比——是因为他的嫌恶、怨恨和反感不为世人体察。没有什么让我们想起作家的“启示”来阻碍我们。一切要抗议、传道、诉冤、报复、让世界来见证困难和冤情的愿望都从他的心里烧掉、耗尽了。因此他的诗才能自由畅快且不受阻碍地表达出来。如果有谁能把自己的作品完完整整地表达出来，那一定是莎士比亚。如果说谁有极度清晰、无所羁绊的头脑的话，我又看了看书架，心想，那就是莎士比亚的头脑了。

[5] 'It remains a strange and almost inexplicable fact that in Athena's city, where women were kept in almost Oriental suppression as odalisques or drudges, the stage should yet have produced figures like Clytemnestra and Cassandra Atossa and Antigone, Phedre and Medea, and all the other heroines who dominate play after play of the "misogynist" Euripides.

[5]“在雅典娜的城市，女人作为奴婢或是苦工，受着几乎是东方式的压迫，然而舞台上却出现了像克吕泰墨斯特拉和卡珊德拉、阿托莎和安提戈涅、费德尔和美狄亚这样的人物，以及在‘厌恶女人者’欧里庇得斯的一部又一部戏剧中占首要地位的所有其他女主人公，这一直是一个奇怪的、几乎无法解释的事实。

[6] A SURVEY OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC, Cecil Gray, P. 246.

[6]《当代音乐概述》，塞西尔·格雷，第246页。

[7] See CASSANDRA, by Florence Nightingale, printed in THE CAUSE, by R. Strachey.

[7]见R. 斯特雷奇的《事业》一书中，弗洛伦斯·南丁格尔的《卡珊德拉》。

CHAPTER FOUR

第四章

That one would find any woman in that state of mind in the sixteenth century was obviously impossible. One has only to think of the Elizabethan tombstones with all those children kneeling with clasped hands; and their early deaths; and to see their houses with their dark, cramped rooms, to realize that no woman could have written poetry then. What one would expect to find would be that rather later perhaps some great lady would take advantage of her comparative freedom and comfort to publish something with her name to it and risk being thought a monster. Men, of course, are not snobs, I continued, carefully eschewing 'the arrant feminism' of Miss Rebecca West; but they appreciate with sympathy for the most part the efforts of a countess to write verse. One would expect to find a lady of title meeting with far greater encouragement than an unknown Miss Austen or a Miss Bronte at that time would have met with.

人们会发现，在十六世纪一个女人能有那样的心境显然是不可能的。人们只要想想伊丽莎白时代的墓碑，上面那些小孩子紧握着双手跪着，想想他们的夭折，再看看他们的房子里那些黑暗、窄狭的房间，就意识到那时候没有女人能写诗。人们期望发现的是，或许后来某个贵妇利用她相对的自由和安逸，用自己的名字出版一些东西，并冒着被认为是怪物的危险。男人当然不是势利的人，我继续想，小心地避开丽贝卡·韦斯特小姐的“声名狼藉的女权主义”，不过他们大部分都带着同情对一位伯爵夫人写诗的努力表示赞赏。人们会发现，在那时，一位有爵位的贵妇得到的鼓励要比一位不知名的奥斯汀小姐或是勃朗特小姐多得多。

But one would also expect to find that her mind was disturbed by alien emotions like fear and hatred and that her poems showed traces of that disturbance. Here is Lady Winchilsea, for example, I thought, taking down her poems. She was born in the year 1661; she was noble both by birth and by marriage; she was childless; she wrote poetry, and one has only to open her poetry to find her bursting out in indignation against the position of women:

不过人们也会发现，她的心被畏惧、仇恨等与诗不相干的情感所扰乱，而且她的诗中显示出了这种搅扰的痕迹。例如温奇尔西夫人，我这样想道，并且把她的诗集取了下来。她生在一六六一年；她是贵族出身，又嫁给贵族；她没有孩子；她写诗，人们只要打开她的诗集就会发现她对女人的地位爆发出的愤慨：

How we are fallen! fallen by mistaken rules,

我们是多么地堕落！因错误的规则而堕落；

And Education's more than Nature's fools;

更多是受到教育的愚弄而非天生愚顽；

Debarred from all improvements of the mind,

不让我们的头脑得到改善，

And to be dull, expected and designed;

人们期望并设计我们变得无趣；

And if someone would soar above the rest,

若是有某人能胜人一筹，

With warmer fancy, and ambition pressed,

有较热切的幻想，并为雄心壮志所驱使，

So strong the opposing faction still appears,

反对派仍强大无比，

The hopes to thrive can ne'er outweigh the fears.

前进的希望永远不能战胜畏惧。

Clearly her mind has by no means 'consumed all impediments and become incandescent'. On the contrary, it is harassed and distracted with hates and grievances. The human race is split up for her into two parties. Men are the 'opposing faction'; men are hated and feared, because they have the power to bar her way to what she wants to do—which is to write.

她的头脑很显然并没有“消除一切障碍而变得极度清晰”。相反，她的头脑被仇恨和怨愤打扰，注意力被分散。人类在她看来分裂成两派。男人是“反对派”；男人是可恨、可怕的，因为他们有权力阻止她做想做的事——那就是写作。

Alas! a woman that attempts the pen,

唉！一个尝试写作的女人，

Such a presumptuous creature is esteemed,

被视为狂妄放肆之徒，

The fault can by no virtue be redeemed.

以至再没有美德能弥补这个过错。

They tell us we mistake our sex and way;

他们说我们弄错了我们的性别和行为方式；

Good breeding, fashion, dancing, dressing, play,

良好的教养、时尚、舞蹈、穿戴、游戏，

Are the accomplishments we should desire;

才是我们应当学的才艺；

To write, or read, or think, or to enquire,

写作、读书、思考，或者探究，

Would cloud our beauty, and exhaust our time,

会玷污我们的美丽，耗尽我们的时间，

And interrupt the conquests of our prime.

使我们青春的俘虏望而却步。

Whilst the dull manage of a servile house

而乏味地管理着满室奴仆，

Is held by some our utmost art and use.

被有些人认为是我们最高的技能和用途。

Indeed she has to encourage herself to write by supposing that what she writes will never be published; to soothe herself with the sad chant:

确实，她不得不先假定她所写的东西永远不会被发表，然后再鼓励自己去写作；她须用这种忧郁的歌唱来安慰自己：

To some few friends, and to thy sorrows sing,

对很少的几个朋友、对你自己的悲伤歌唱吧，

For groves of laurel thou wert never meant;

因为月桂树林从不是为你而生；

Be dark enough thy shades, and be thou there content.

树阴下确实很暗，你还是安心地呆在那里吧。

Yet it is clear that could she have freed her mind from hate and fear and not heaped it with bitterness and resentment, the fire was hot within her. Now and again words issue of pure poetry:

然而很显然，只要她能把心里的仇恨和畏惧除去，并且没有满怀悲苦和怨恨，那她心里的诗火就是炽热的。偶尔有带着纯粹诗意的词句流出来：

Nor will in fading silks compose,

也不会用褪色的丝线编织，

Faintly the inimitable rose.—they are rightly praised by Mr. Murry, and Pope, it is thought, remembered and appropriated those others:

隐约地再现那无双的玫瑰。这些诗句被默里先生公正地称赞过，而且大家认为，蒲柏记得、甚至曾用过其他几句：

Now the jonquille o'ercomes the feeble brain;

现在长寿花战胜了衰弱的大脑；

We faint beneath the aromatic pain.

我们在芬芳的痛苦下晕倒。

It was a thousand pities that the woman who could write like that, whose mind was tuned to nature and reflection, should have been forced to anger and bitterness. But how could she have helped herself? I asked, imagining the sneers and the laughter, the adulation of the toadies, the scepticism of the professional poet. She must have shut herself up in a room in the country to write, and been torn asunder by bitterness and scruples perhaps, though her husband was of the kindest, and their married life perfection. She 'must have', I say, because when one comes to seek out the facts about Lady Winchilsea, one finds, as usual, that almost nothing is known about her. She suffered terribly from melancholy, which we can explain at least to some extent when we find her telling us how in the grip of it she would imagine:

一个能写出这样的诗句的女人，一个在精神上热爱自然、乐于沉思的女人，被逼得抒发愤怒和悲苦，这真是太可惜了。但是她又怎能不这样呢？想象着那些冷嘲热讽、谄媚者的奉承，以及职业诗人的怀疑，我这样问道。她肯定是把自己关在乡下的一个房间里写作；虽然她的丈夫无比宽容，他们的婚姻生活完美无瑕，但是她或许还是会因悲苦和顾虑而心神分裂。我说“肯定”，是因为当人们在查找温奇尔西夫人的生平时，通常会发现，人们对她一无所知。她饱受忧郁之苦。她告诉我们，在忧郁时她会想象下面的诗句，我们发现这一点，就至少能在某种程度上对她的忧郁作出解释：

My lines decried, and my employment thought

我的诗行受人谴责，我的工作被人认为是

An useless folly or presumptuous fault:

一种无用的愚行或是狂妄的过错。

The employment, which was thus censured, was, as far as one can see, the harmless one of rambling about the fields and dreaming:

在人们看来，这个被如此责难的工作是一种在田野里漫步、幻想的无害工作：

My hand delights to trace unusual things,

我的手欣喜地探求不寻常的事物，

And deviates from the known and common way,

偏离那熟稔、普通的方式。

Nor will in fading silks compose,

也不会用褪色的丝线编织，

Faintly the inimitable rose.

隐约地再现那无双的玫瑰。

Naturally, if that was her habit and that was her delight, she could only expect to be laughed at; and, accordingly, Pope or Gay is said to have satirized her 'as a blue-stocking with an itch for scribbling'. Also it is thought that she offended Gay by laughing at him. She said that his TRIVIA showed that 'he was more proper to walk before a chair than to ride in one'. But this is all 'dubious gossip' and, says Mr Murry, 'uninteresting'. But there I do not agree with him, for I should have liked to have had more even of dubious gossip so that I might have found out or made up some image of this melancholy lady, who loved wandering in the fields and thinking about unusual things and scorned, so rashly, so unwisely, 'the dull manage of a servile house'. But she became diffuse, Mr Murry says. Her gift is all grown about with weeds and bound with briars. It had no chance of showing itself for the fine distinguished gift it was. And so, putting her back on the shelf, I turned to the other great lady, the Duchess whom Lamb loved, harebrained, fantastical Margaret of Newcastle, her elder, but her contemporary. They were very different, but alike in this that both were noble and both childless, and both were married to the best of husbands. In both burnt the same passion for poetry and both are disfigured and deformed by the same causes. Open the Duchess and one finds the same outburst of rage. 'Women live like Bats or Owls, labour like Beasts, and die like Worms....' Margaret too might have been a poet; in our day all that activity would have turned a wheel of some sort. As it was, what could bind, tame or civilize for human use that wild, generous, untutored intelligence? It poured itself out, higgledy-piggledy, in torrents of rhyme and prose, poetry and philosophy which stand congealed in quartos and folios that nobody ever reads. She should have had a microscope put in her hand. She should have been taught to look at the stars and reason scientifically. Her wits were turned with solitude and freedom. No one checked her. No one taught her. The professors fawned on her. At Court they jeered at her. Sir Egerton Brydges complained of her coarseness—'as flowing from a female of high rank brought up in the Courts'. She shut herself up at Welbeck alone.

自然，如果那是她的习惯，并且是她喜欢的，她就只有等着被人取笑，而且，据说蒲柏或是盖伊也曾因此讽刺她“是一个渴望乱写的女学者”。也有人认为，她因为取笑盖伊而得罪了他。她说，他的《琐事》表明“比起坐轿子来，他更适合抬轿子”。但是默里先生说，这些都是“可疑的闲话”，而且“令人厌烦”。但是在这点上我不赞同他的看法，因为即使是可疑的闲话，我也很愿意能多有一点，那样的话，我就可以找出或是拼出这位忧郁夫人的形象。她爱在田野里漫步，想一些不寻常的事情，并且如此轻率、不明智地蔑视了“对满室奴仆的乏味管理”。但是默里先生说她变得很散乱。她的天赋上长满了杂草，并且被欧石南缠绕。这优秀卓越的天赋没有机会把自己显露出来。所以，我把她的书放回书架，转向另一位贵妇——拉姆爱的那位公爵夫人，那位轻率的、富于幻想的玛格丽特·纽卡斯尔。她比温奇尔西夫人年纪大，但她们同时代。她们非常不同，但是在这几方面却是相同的：她们都是贵族，都没有孩子，都嫁了最好的丈夫。对诗都抱有同样的热情，而且都因同样的原因而毁了容。打开公爵夫人的书，人们发现书中同样爆发出了愤怒：“女人像蝙蝠或是猫头鹰一样活着，像牲畜一样劳动，像虫子一样死去……”玛格丽特本来也可能变成一位诗人；在我们这时代，所有那些活力最终会转动某种轮子。事实上，什么东西能约束、驯服，或是教化那种充满野性、十分丰富、未受教育的智慧来为人类做点事呢？那智慧杂乱无章地涌出来，体现在韵文、散文、诗和哲学的急流中，它们凝结在四开本和对开本的书中，这些书从未有人读过。应该有人拿一个显微镜放在她手里。应该有人教她观察星象并按科学的方法推理。她的智慧靠独处和自由来驱动。没有人阻止她。没有人教她。教授们奉承她。在宫廷里他们嘲笑她。埃杰顿·布里奇斯爵士抱怨她的粗野——“在宫廷里长大的上等女人的”粗野。她把自己独自关在韦尔贝克。

What a vision of loneliness and riot the thought of Margaret Cavendish brings to mind! as if some giant cucumber had spread itself over all the roses and carnations in the garden and choked them to death. What a waste that the woman who wrote 'the best bred women are those whose minds are civilest' should have frittered her time away scribbling nonsense and plunging ever deeper into obscurity and folly till the people crowded round her coach when she issued out. Evidently the crazy Duchess became a bogey to frighten clever girls with. Here, I remembered, putting away the Duchess and opening Dorothy Osborne's letters, is Dorothy writing to Temple about the Duchess's new book. 'Sure the poor woman is a little distracted, she could never be so ridiculous else as to venture at writing books, and in verse too, if I should not sleep this fortnight I should not come to that.'

玛格丽特·卡文迪什使人想起多么孤独、纷乱的景象啊！好像一棵巨大的黄瓜将枝叶伸展到了花园里所有的玫瑰和康乃馨上，使它们窒息而死。那是多么浪费啊，一个女人能写出“最有教养的女人是那些头脑最开明的女人”这样的话，却把她的时间浪费在了乱写些废话上面，而且越来

越深陷于阴暗和愚蠢之中，直到她一出门就会有很多人围住她的马车。很显然，这个疯狂的公爵夫人变成了用来恐吓聪明女孩的妖怪。我把公爵夫人的书放在一边，打开多萝西·奥斯本的信。我记得这是她写给坦普尔的信，关于公爵夫人的新书。“这可怜的女人真有点心烦意乱了，否则，她不会这样荒谬，来冒险写书，而且还是写诗。就是两个星期不睡觉，我也不会那么做。”

And so, since no woman of sense and modesty could write books, Dorothy, who was sensitive and melancholy, the very opposite of the Duchess in temper, wrote nothing. Letters did not count. A woman might write letters while she was sitting by her father's sick-bed. She could write them by the fire whilst the men talked without disturbing them. The strange thing is, I thought, turning over the pages of Dorothy's letters, what a gift that untaught and solitary girl had for the framing of a sentence, for the fashioning of a scene. Listen to her running on:

因此，既然没有哪个理性、谦虚的女人会去写书，那么敏感又忧郁、在性格上和这位公爵夫人正相反的多萝西就什么都没有写过。信不计算在内。一个女人坐在父亲的病床边时可能会写信。她可以在男人谈话的同时坐在炉火旁写信，不会打扰他们。翻着多萝西的信，我就想，奇怪的是，这个没有人教过、孤独的女孩在句子构造和场景设计上会有如此的天赋。听她说下去：

'After dinner we sit and talk till Mr B. comes in question, and then I am gone. The heat of the day is spent in reading or working, and about six or seven o'clock, I walked out into a common that lies hard by the house, where a great many young wenches keep sheep and cows, and sit in the shade singing of ballads. I go to them and compare their voices and beauties to some ancient shepherdesses that I have read of, and find a vast difference there; but, trust me, I think these are as innocent as those could be. I talk to them, and find they want nothing to make them the happiest people in the world but the knowledge that they are so. Most commonly when we are in the midst of our discourse, one looks about her and spies her cows going into the corn and then they all run as if they had wings at their heels. I, that am not so nimble, stay behind; and when I see them driving home their cattle, I think 'tis time for me to retire too. When I have supped, I go into the garden, and so to the side of a small river that runs by it where I sit down and wish you were with me....'

吃过饭我们坐下谈天，谈到B先生时我就走了。白天的炎热在看书和工作中度过了，大约六七点的时候，我走出去，来到房子附近的一片公共草地上，那里有很多乡村姑娘在放羊放牛，坐在树阴里唱民谣。我走向她们，并且把她们的声音、美貌和我在书里读到的古代牧羊女作比较，发现其中的差别很大。不过相信我，她们和古代牧羊女一样天真。我和她们交谈，发现她们是世界上最快乐的人，唯一欠缺的是她们并不

知道这一点。在我们谈话的时候，常有一个姑娘环顾四周，她发现她的那些牛正向谷地里走，于是她们全都跑了起来，好像脚上长了翅膀一样。我没有那么敏捷，就呆在后面；当我看见她们赶着牛回家时，我想我也该回去了。我吃过晚饭，就走进花园，走到它旁边的一条小河边上，坐在那里，希望你和我在一起……”

One could have sworn that she had the makings of a writer in her. But 'if I should not sleep this fortnight I should not come to that'—one can measure the opposition that was in the air to a woman writing when one finds that even a woman with a great turn for writing has brought herself to believe that to write a book was to be ridiculous, even to show oneself distracted. And so we come, I continued, replacing the single short volume of Dorothy Osborne's letters upon the shelf, to Mrs Behn.

人们可以确信她有作家的天赋。但是“就是两个星期不睡觉，我也不会那么做”——当人们发现，即使一个很有写作禀赋的女人都使自己相信写书是荒谬的，甚至使自己显得心烦意乱，那他们就可以估量出流传开来的反对女人写作的情绪有多强了。把薄薄一卷多萝西·奥斯本的书信放回书架，接下来，我们来看看贝英太太。

And with Mrs Behn we turn a very important corner on the road. We leave behind, shut up in their parks among their folios, those solitary great ladies who wrote without audience or criticism, for their own delight alone. We come to town and rub shoulders with ordinary people in the streets. Mrs Behn was a middle-class woman with all the plebeian virtues of humour, vitality and courage; a woman forced by the death of her husband and some unfortunate adventures of her own to make her living by her wits. She had to work on equal terms with men. She made, by working very hard, enough to live on. The importance of that fact outweighs anything that she actually wrote, even the splendid 'A Thousand Martyrs I have made', or 'Love in Fantastic Triumph sat', for here begins the freedom of the mind, or rather the possibility that in the course of time the mind will be free to write what it likes. For now that Aphra Behn had done it, girls could go to their parents and say, You need not give me an allowance; I can make money by my pen. Of course the answer for many years to come was, Yes, by living the life of Aphra Behn! Death would be better! and the door was slammed faster than ever. That profoundly interesting subject, the value that men set upon women's chastity and its effect upon their education, here suggests itself for discussion, and might provide an interesting book if any student at Girton or Newnham cared to go into the matter. Lady Dudley, sitting in diamonds among the midges of a Scottish moor, might serve for frontispiece. Lord Dudley, THE TIMES said when Lady Dudley died the other day, 'a man of cultivated taste and many accomplishments,

was benevolent and bountiful, but whimsically despotic. He insisted upon his wife's wearing full dress, even at the remotest shooting-lodge in the Highlands; he loaded her with gorgeous jewels', and so on, 'he gave her everything—always excepting any measure of responsibility'. Then Lord Dudley had a stroke and she nursed him and ruled his estates with supreme competence for ever after. That whimsical despotism was in the nineteenth century too.

跟着贝英太太，我们经历了一个非常重要的转折。我们把那些孤独的贵妇人留在身后，把她们和她们的对开本一起关在她们的庭院里。她们写作只为自己高兴，没有读者，也没有人批评。我们到城里和街上的普通人接触。贝英太太是一个中产阶级妇女，具有平民的所有美德——幽默、活力和勇气。她因为丈夫去世，再加上自己的几次不幸的冒险，被迫靠智慧谋生。她不得不和男人们在同等条件下工作。因为工作很努力，她赚的钱足够生存。这个事实比她实际上所写的任何东西都重要，甚至比她的杰出作品《我折磨了一千个人》或是《爱情坐在奇异的胜利里》都重要，因为在这儿思想开始获得自由，或是更确切地说，思想开始有可能会随着时间的推移，获得想写什么就写什么的自由。因为既然阿芙拉·贝英已经这样做了，女孩们可以去对她们的父母说：你们不用给我零花钱了，我能用我的钢笔赚钱。当然，多年来答案一直都是：是的，过阿芙拉·贝英那样的日子。死了也比那样强！门被砰地关上，而且关得比以往更快了。那个非常有趣的话题在这儿很值得讨论，那就是男人对女人的贞洁的重视，以及这种重视对她们所受教育的影响，而且如果戈廷或是纽纳姆的哪个学生愿意去研究的话，就可能写出一本有趣的书。戴着钻石、坐在蚊虫乱飞的苏格兰荒野中的达德利夫人，或许可以用作卷首插图。前几天，达德利夫人死后，《泰晤士报》说："达德利勋爵，是一个有教养、有品位，并且多才多艺的人，仁慈慷慨，但却古怪专制。他坚持让他的太太穿礼服，即使是在高地最遥远的狩猎小屋里也是如此；他把华丽的珠宝加到她的身上，"以及诸如此类的话，"他给她所有的东西——但从不包括任何责任"。后来达德利勋爵中风了，从此以后她照顾他，并用卓越的能力管理他的财产。那种古怪的专制在十九世纪也存在。

But to return. Aphra Behn proved that money could be made by writing at the sacrifice, perhaps, of certain agreeable qualities; and so by degrees writing became not merely a sign of folly and a distracted mind, but was of practical importance. A husband might die, or some disaster overtake the family. Hundreds of women began as the eighteenth century drew on to add to their pin money, or to come to the rescue of their families by making translations or writing the innumerable bad novels which have ceased to be recorded even in text-books, but are to be picked up in the fourpenny boxes in the Charing Cross Road. The extreme activity of mind which showed itself in the later eighteenth century among women—the talking, and the meeting, the writing of essays on Shakespeare, the translating of the

classics—was founded on the solid fact that women could make money by writing. Money dignifies what is frivolous if unpaid for. It might still be well to sneer at 'blue stockings with an itch for scribbling', but it could not be denied that they could put money in their purses. Thus, towards the end of the eighteenth century a change came about which, if I were rewriting history, I should describe more fully and think of greater importance than the Crusades or the Wars of the Roses.

但是话说回来。阿芙拉·贝英证明，或许以牺牲某些令人愉悦的品质为代价，写作可以赚钱，因此，渐渐地，写作变得不只是愚蠢和心烦意乱的标志，而且也具有实际的重要性。丈夫可能会去世，或者某种灾难会突然降临在家中。随着十八世纪的到来，成百上千名妇女开始通过做翻译或是写大量的蹩脚小说来多赚些私房钱，或是去拯救家庭。甚至在教科书里都不再提那些小说了，但是偶然还能在查灵十字街的廉价书摊上发现它们。在十八世纪后半叶，思想的极端活跃在女性中显现出来——她们讨论、聚会、写关于莎士比亚的散文、翻译经典作品，这种活跃是建立在妇女能通过写作来赚钱这一可靠的事实上的。对于那些没有报酬就显得没有意义的事，钱给了它们尊严。可能仍然有理由嘲笑她们是“渴望乱写的女学者”，但不可否认，她们能把钱装进自己的钱包里。因此，十八世纪末发生了一个变化。如果我能重写历史，我会更充分地描述它，并且认为它比十字军、玫瑰战争更重要。

The middle-class woman began to write. For if PRIDE AND PREJUDICE matters, and MIDDLEMARCH and VILLETTE and WUTHERING HEIGHTS matter, then it matters far more than I can prove in an hour's discourse that women generally, and not merely the lonely aristocrat shut up in her country house among her folios and her flatterers, took to writing. Without those forerunners, Jane Austen and the Brontes and George Eliot could no more have written than Shakespeare could have written without Marlowe, or Marlowe without Chaucer, or Chaucer without those forgotten poets who paved the ways and tamed the natural savagery of the tongue. For masterpieces are not single and solitary births; they are the outcome of many years of thinking in common, of thinking by the body of the people, so that the experience of the mass is behind the single voice. Jane Austen should have laid a wreath upon the grave of Fanny Burney, and George Eliot done homage to the robust shade of Eliza Carter—the valiant old woman who tied a bell to her bedstead in order that she might wake early and learn Greek. All women together ought to let flowers fall upon the tomb of Aphra Behn, which is, most scandalously but rather appropriately, in Westminster Abbey, for it was she who earned them the right to speak their minds. It is she—shady and amorous as she was—who makes it not quite fantastic for me to say to you tonight: Earn five hundred a year by your wits.

中产阶级女性开始写作了。因为如果《傲慢与偏见》重要，如果《米德尔马契》、《维莱特》和《呼啸山庄》重要，那么一般女性——不仅仅是把自己关在乡下的房子里、被对开本和奉承者包围的那些孤独的贵妇——开始写作的重要性，要比我在一个小时的论述中所能证明的大得多。没有那些先驱者，简·奥斯汀、勃朗特姐妹以及乔治·艾略特就不会写作，就像没有马洛，莎士比亚就不会写作一样，或者说马洛没有乔叟就不会写作，而没有那些已被遗忘的诗人，乔叟也不会写作，这些诗人铺好了道路、驯服了语言天生的野性。因为杰作的诞生并不是单一而独立的，杰作是许多年共同思考的结果，是主要人群思考的产物，因此，单一声音的后面是群体的经验。简·奥斯汀应该在范尼·伯尼的墓上放一个花圈，乔治·艾略特应该向伊莱扎·卡特强壮的灵魂致敬——那个勇敢的老太太为了早起学希腊语，在她的床架上系了一个铃铛。所有的女人应该一起把花撒落在阿芙拉·贝英的坟墓上，因为是她为她们争得了说出思想的权利。阿弗拉·贝恩的坟墓极其叫人反感而又相当合适地被安置在威斯敏斯特教堂。就是她——尽管她可疑而多情——使我觉得今晚向你们说“用你的智慧一年挣五百英镑”并不太荒诞。

Here, then, one had reached the early nineteenth century. And here, for the first time, I found several shelves given up entirely to the works of women. But why, I could not help asking, as I ran my eyes over them, were they, with very few exceptions, all novels? The original impulse was to poetry. The 'supreme head of song' was a poetess. Both in France and in England the women poets precede the women novelists. Moreover, I thought, looking at the four famous names, what had George Eliot in common with Emily Bronte? Did not Charlotte Bronte fail entirely to understand Jane Austen? Save for the possibly relevant fact that not one of them had a child, four more incongruous characters could not have met together in a room—so much so that it is tempting to invent a meeting and a dialogue between them. Yet by some strange force they were all compelled when they wrote, to write novels. Had it something to do with being born of the middle class, I asked; and with the fact, which Miss Emily Davies a little later was so strikingly to demonstrate, that the middle-class family in the early nineteenth century was possessed only of a single sitting-room between them. If a woman wrote, she would have to write in the common sitting-room. And, as Miss Nightingale was so vehemently to complain,—"women never have an half hour... that they can call their own"—she was always interrupted. Still it would be easier to write prose and fiction there than to write poetry or a play. Less concentration is required. Jane Austen wrote like that to the end of her days. 'How she was able to effect all this', her nephew writes in his Memoir, 'is surprising, for she had no separate study to repair to, and most of the work must have been done in the general sitting-room, subject to all kinds of casual interruptions. She was careful that her occupation should not be suspected by servants or visitors or any

persons beyond her own family party.'[8] Jane Austen hid her manuscripts or covered them with a piece of blotting-paper. Then, again, all the literary training that a woman had in the early nineteenth century was training in the observation of character, in the analysis of emotion. Her sensibility had been educated for centuries by the influences of the common sitting-room. People's feelings were impressed on her; personal relations were always before her eyes. Therefore, when the middle-class Woman took to writing, she naturally wrote novels, even though, as seems evident enough, two of the four famous women here named were not by nature novelists. Emily Bronte should have written poetic plays; the overflow of George Eliot's capacious mind should have spread itself when the creative impulse was spent upon history or biography. They wrote novels, however; one may even go further, I said, taking PRIDE AND PREJUDICE from the shelf, and say that they wrote good novels. Without boasting or giving pain to the opposite sex, one may say that PRIDE AND PREJUDICE is a good book. At any rate, one would not have been ashamed to have been caught in the act of writing PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. Yet Jane Austen was glad that a hinge creaked, so that she might hide her manuscript before anyone came in. To Jane Austen there was something discreditable in writing PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. And, I wondered, would PRIDE AND PREJUDICE have been a better novel if Jane Austen had not thought it necessary to hide her manuscript from visitors?

现在，人们到了十九世纪初期。在这里，我第一次发现好几个书架上放的全是女性的作品。但是一眼看去，我禁不住要问，为什么除了极个别的例外，这些作品都是小说？原始的冲动是写诗的冲动。“歌曲的最高领袖”是一位女诗人。在法国和英国，女诗人都先于女小说家出现。而且，看看那四个著名的名字，我想，乔治·艾略特和埃米莉·勃朗特有什么共同点呢？难道夏洛特·勃朗特不是完全不能了解简·奥斯汀吗？除了她们都没有小孩这一可能相关的事实之外，没有四个聚在一间屋子里的人能比她们四个更不相同的了，以至于创造她们之间的一次聚会和对话都颇为诱人。然而，在她们写作时，某种奇怪的力量迫使她们去写了小说。这是否与出生在中产阶级家庭有关，我问道，是否与稍晚一些埃米莉·戴维斯小姐十分引人注目地指出的事实——十九世纪初中产阶级家庭只有一间起居室——有关呢。如果一个女人要写作，她就不得不在公共起居室里写。并且，正如南丁格尔小姐所强烈抱怨的那样，“女人从来没有半个小时……能称作是她们自己的”，她总是被打扰。尽管如此，写散文和小说还是要比写诗歌或是戏剧容易一些。需要的注意力更少一些。简·奥斯汀就是那样写的，直至她生命的终结。她的外甥在他的《回忆录》里写道：“她能做到所有这一切是很惊人的，因为她没有单独的书房可去，大部分工作必须在公共起居室里完成，很容易受到各种各样偶然的打扰。她小心翼翼，不让佣人、客人或是家庭以外的任何人怀疑她的职业。”[8]简·奥斯汀把她的手稿藏起来，或是用一张吸墨纸把它们盖住。再

者，在十九世纪初期，一个女人所受的全部文学训练就是在性格观察、情感分析方面的训练。几个世纪以来，公共起居室的各种影响一直训练着她敏锐的感觉。人们的情感给她留了深刻的印象，人际关系总是在她的眼前呈现。因此，当中产阶级的女性开始写作时，她自然就写小说，即使这里提起的四个著名女性中有两个都似乎很明显不是天生的小说家。埃米莉·勃朗特本来应该写诗剧。当创作冲动被用在历史或是传记上时，乔治·艾略特头脑中横溢的才思就会展现出来。然而，她们写了小说。从书架上拿下《傲慢与偏见》，我说，人们也许可以更进一步，说她们写了好小说。不是自夸，也不是让男性痛苦，人们可以说《傲慢与偏见》是一本好书。无论如何，被人抓到在写《傲慢与偏见》应该不会感到羞耻。然而令简·奥斯汀高兴的是，门的铰链会吱吱作响，那样她就可以在有人进来之前把她的手稿藏起来。对简·奥斯汀来说，写《傲慢与偏见》是有些丢脸的。我想知道，如果简·奥斯汀认为没有必要把手稿藏起来不让客人看见，那《傲慢与偏见》会不会是一本更好的小说呢？

I read a page or two to see; but I could not find any signs that her circumstances had harmed her work in the slightest. That, perhaps, was the chief miracle about it. Here was a woman about the year 1800 writing without hate, without bitterness, without fear, without protest, without preaching. That was how Shakespeare wrote, I thought, looking at ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA; and when people compare Shakespeare and Jane Austen, they may mean that the minds of both had consumed all impediments; and for that reason we do not know Jane Austen and we do not know Shakespeare, and for that reason Jane Austen pervades every word she wrote, and so does Shakespeare. If Jane Austen suffered in any way from her circumstances it was in the narrowness of life that was imposed upon her. It was impossible for a woman to go about alone. She never travelled; she never drove through London in an omnibus or had luncheon in a shop by herself. But perhaps it was the nature of Jane Austen not to want what she had not. Her gift and her circumstances matched each other completely. But I doubt whether that was true of Charlotte Bronte, I said, opening JANE EYRE and laying it beside PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.

我读了一两页，看了一下，但是我完全看不出有任何迹象表明她的环境对她的写作造成了影响。这也许就是它主要的令人惊叹之处。这就是一个一八〇〇年前后写作的女人，没有仇恨，没有怨愤，没有畏惧，没有抗议，没有说教。我看着《安东尼与克莱奥帕特》，心想，那就是莎士比亚的写法。当人们把莎士比亚和简·奥斯汀进行比较时，他们可能是想说，他们两个人的思想消耗了所有的障碍。因为这个原因，我们不了解简·奥斯汀，我们不了解莎士比亚，也因为这个原因，简·奥斯汀渗透在她所写的每一个字中，莎士比亚也是这样。如果说简·奥斯汀因她所处的环境而遭受过什么痛苦的话，那就是强加在她身上的狭窄的生活。一个女人单独出门是不可能的。她从来没旅行过，从来没有坐着公共马车

穿过伦敦，或是独自一人在饭店里吃午餐。然而，或许简·奥斯汀的天性就是不想要她所没有的东西。她的天赋和她的环境完全匹配。但是我怀疑夏洛特·勃朗特是否也是这样，我如此说道，同时打开《简·爱》，把它放在《傲慢与偏见》的旁边。

I opened it atCHAPTERtwelve and my eye was caught by the phrase 'Anybody may blame me who likes'. What were they blaming Charlotte Bronte for? I wondered. And I read how Jane Eyre used to go up on to the roof when Mrs Fairfax was making jellies and looked over the fields at the distant view. And then she longed—and it was for this that they blamed her—that 'then I longed for a power of vision which might overpass that limit; which might reach the busy world, towns, regions full of life I had heard of but never seen: that then I desired more of practical experience than I possessed; more of intercourse with my kind, of acquaintance with variety of character than was here within my reach. I valued what was good in Mrs Fairfax, and what was good in Adele; but I believed in the existence of other and more vivid kinds of goodness, and what I believed in I wished to behold.

我把它翻到第十二章，目光被一个短语吸引了：“任何人只要他想责备我，就都可以责备我。”我很想知道，他们责备夏洛特·勃朗特什么呢？我读到，当费尔法克斯太太做果冻时，简·爱常常爬上屋顶，瞭望远处的田野。然后她就有一种渴望——就因为这个他们责备她——“我渴望有一种眼力，这种眼力可以超过那个限制，让我看到繁华的世界，那些我听说过但从未见过的城镇和充满活力的地方；然后，我渴望拥有比现在更多的实际经验，更多地与我的同类交往，并且除了我周围的人之外，认识更多各种各样性格的人。我很尊重费尔法克斯太太和阿黛尔的优点，但是我相信还有其他一些更有生气的美德，我希望亲眼看看我所相信的东西。

'Who blames me? Many, no doubt, and I shall he called discontented. I could not help it: the restlessness was in my nature; it agitated me to pain sometimes....

“谁责备我？无疑，有很多，大家会说我不知足。我没办法——我本性就好动求变，有时它让我很苦恼……

'It is vain to say human beings ought to be satisfied with tranquillity: they must have action; and they will make it if they cannot find it. Millions are condemned to a stiller doom than mine, and millions are in silent revolt against their lot. Nobody knows how many rebellions ferment in the masses of life which people earth. Women are supposed to be very calm generally: but women feel just as men feel; they need exercise for their faculties and a field for their efforts as much as their brothers do; they suffer from too rigid a restraint, too absolute a stagnation, precisely as men would suffer; and

it is narrow-minded in their more privileged fellow-creatures to say that they ought to confine themselves to making puddings and knitting stockings, to playing on the piano and embroidering bags. It is thoughtless to condemn them, or laugh at them, if they seek to do more or learn more than custom has pronounced necessary for their sex.

“说人类应该对平静感到满足，这是徒劳的——人必须要活动，如果找不到可做之事，他们就会创造。千百万人注定活得比我还平静，千百万人在无声地反抗自己的命运。没有人知道在被埋葬的芸芸众生中激荡着多少反叛。人们认为女人一般是非常平静的，但是女人的感觉和男人的感觉一样。她们和她们的兄弟一样需要运用她们的才能，需要一个施展的空间；太严格的限制、太绝对的停滞让她们感到痛苦，正如男人会为此感到痛苦一样。她们那些享受较多特权的同伴说她们应该只是做做布丁、织织袜子、弹弹钢琴、绣绣口袋而已，这未免太小心眼了。如果她们超出习俗对女性的要求，去做更多，学更多，而遭到谴责或嘲笑，那嘲笑、谴责她们的人就太欠考虑了。

'When thus alone I not unfrequently heard Grace Poole's laugh....’

“当我独自一人时，我时常听到格雷斯·普尔的笑声。”

That is an awkward break, I thought. It is upsetting to come upon Grace Poole all of a sudden. The continuity is disturbed. One might say, I continued, laying the book down beside PRIDE AND PREJUDICE, that the woman who wrote those pages had more genius in her than Jane Austen; but if one reads them over and marks that jerk in them, that indignation, one sees that she will never get her genius expressed whole and entire. Her books will be deformed and twisted. She will write in a rage where she should write calmly. She will write foolishly where she should write wisely. She will write of herself where she should write of her characters. She is at war with her lot. How could she help but die young, cramped and thwarted?

这是一个不合时宜的停顿，我想。突然说到格雷斯·普尔令人心烦意乱。连续性被打断了。把书放在《傲慢与偏见》旁边，我接着想，人们可能会说，写出这些书的女人比简·奥斯汀有更大的天赋。但是如果通读这些书，并注意到里面的激烈，注意到那种愤慨，人们就可以看出来她永远不能把她的天赋全部完整地表现出来。她的书将会是扭曲变形的。在应该平静地去写的地方，她却带着愤怒去写。在应该明智地去写的地方，她却写得很愚笨。在应该写作品中的人物的时候，她却写她自己。她和她的命运处于交战状态。她受到限制、遭受挫败，除了年纪轻轻地死去，还能怎样呢？

One could not but play for a moment with the thought of what might have happened if Charlotte Bronte had possessed say three hundred a year—but the foolish woman sold the copyright of her novels outright for fifteen hundred pounds; had somehow possessed

more knowledge of the busy world, and towns and regions full of life; more practical experience, and intercourse with her kind and acquaintance with a variety of character. In those words she puts her finger exactly not only upon her own defects as a novelist but upon those of her sex at that time. She knew, no one better, how enormously her genius would have profited if it had not spent itself in solitary visions over distant fields; if experience and intercourse and travel had been granted her. But they were not granted; they were withheld; and we must accept the fact that all those good novels, VILLETTE, EMMA, WUTHERING HEIGHTS, MIDDLEMARCH, were written by women without more experience of life than could enter the house of a respectable clergyman; written too in the common sitting-room of that respectable house and by women so poor that they could not afford to buy more than a few quires of paper at a time upon which to write WUTHERING HEIGHTS or JANE EYRE. One of them, it is true, George Eliot, escaped after much tribulation, but only to a secluded villa in St John's Wood. And there she settled down in the shadow of the world's disapproval. 'I wish it to be understood', she wrote, 'that I should never invite anyone to come and see me who did not ask for the invitation'; for was she not living in sin with a married man and might not the sight of her damage the chastity of Mrs Smith or whoever it might be that chanced to call? One must submit to the social convention, and be 'cut off from what is called the world'. At the same time, on the other side of Europe, there was a young man living freely with this gypsy or with that great lady; going to the wars; picking up unhindered and uncensored all that varied experience of human life which served him so splendidly later when he came to write his books. Had Tolstoi lived at the Priory in seclusion with a married lady 'cut off from what is called the world', however edifying the moral lesson, he could scarcely, I thought, have written WAR AND PEACE.

人们忍不住玩味一下这种想法，如果夏洛特·勃朗特一年拥有比如说三百英镑的话，那可能会发生什么事情呢——但是这个傻女人以一千五百英镑的价格把她的小说版权全卖掉了；如果通过某种方式她对繁华世界、城镇和充满活力的地区有更多的了解，如果她有更多的实际经验，如果和她的同类人有更多交往，能和各种各样性格的人相识，那么会发生什么呢？说这些话时，她不仅确切地指出她自己作为小说家的缺点，而且还指出当时所有女性的缺点。没有人比她更清楚，如果她的天赋不用在孤独地眺望遥远的田野，如果她能够得到经验、与人交往、出去旅行的话，她的天赋会获得多么巨大的益处。可是她得不到这些，没有赋予她这些机会。我们必须接受这个事实，就是所有那些好小说——《维莱特》、《埃玛》、《呼啸山庄》、《米德尔马契》——都是女人写的，这些女人的阅历至多就是走进一位可敬的牧师家里，她们在那所值得人们尊敬的房子的公共起居室里写作，而且她们穷得一次只能买几刀

纸，用来写《呼啸山庄》或是《简·爱》。的确，她们之中有一个人，乔治·艾略特，在经历诸多磨难之后逃脱了，不过也只是逃到了圣约翰森林一所隐蔽的别墅里。她在全世界都反对她的阴影下安顿了下来。她写道："我希望大家能理解，我不会请那些不主动要求过来的人来看我"。因为她不是和一个已婚男人未婚同居吗？看一看她岂不就会玷污史密斯太太或是任何碰巧过来看她的人的贞洁吗？一个人一定要顺从社会习俗，并且要"与世隔绝"。同时，在欧洲的另一端，有一个年轻的男子，他自由地和这个吉卜赛女人或者那个贵妇人住在一起，去打仗，并且不受阻碍、不受非议地获得各种各样的人生体验。他后来写书的时候，这些体验给他提供了十分不错的素材。假使托尔斯泰与某位"与世隔绝"的已婚隐居在小隐修院里，那么我想，不管这个道德教训有多大的启迪作用，他都很难写出《战争与和平》了。

But one could perhaps go a little deeper into the question of novel-writing and the effect of sex upon the novelist. If one shuts one's eyes and thinks of the novel as a whole, it would seem to be a creation owning a certain looking glass likeness to life, though of course with simplifications and distortions innumerable. At any rate, it is a structure leaving a shape on the mind's eye, built now in squares, now pagoda shaped, now throwing out wings and arcades, now solidly compact and domed like the Cathedral of Saint Sofia at Constantinople. This shape, I thought, thinking back over certain famous novels, starts in one the kind of emotion that is appropriate to it. But that emotion at once blends itself with others, for the 'shape' is not made by the relation of stone to stone, but by the relation of human being to human being. Thus a novel starts in us all sorts of antagonistic and opposed emotions. Life conflicts with something that is not life. Hence the difficulty of coming to any agreement about novels, and the immense sway that our private prejudices have upon us. On the one hand we feel You—John the hero—must live, or I shall be in the depths of despair. On the other, we feel, Alas, John, you must die, because the shape of the book requires it. Life conflicts with something that is not life. Then since life it is in part, we judge it as life. James is the sort of man I most detest, one says. Or, This is a farrago of absurdity. I could never feel anything of the sort myself. The whole structure, it is obvious, thinking back on any famous novel, is one of infinite complexity, because it is thus made up of so many different judgements, of so many different kinds of emotion. The wonder is that any book so composed holds together for more than a year or two, or can possibly mean to the English reader what it means for the Russian or the Chinese. But they do hold together occasionally very remarkably. And what holds them together in these rare instances of survival (I was thinking of WAR AND PEACE) is something that one calls integrity, though it has nothing to do with paying one's bills or behaving honourably in an emergency. What one

means by integrity, in the case of the novelist, is the conviction that he gives one that this is the truth. Yes, one feels, I should never have thought that this could be so; I have never known people behaving like that. But you have convinced me that so it is, so it happens. One holds every phrase, every scene to the light as one reads—for Nature seems, very oddly, to have provided us with an inner light by which to judge of the novelist's integrity or disintegrity. Or perhaps it is rather that Nature, in her most irrational mood, has traced in invisible ink on the walls of the mind a premonition which these great artists confirm; a sketch which only needs to be held to the fire of genius to become visible. When one so exposes it and sees it come to life one exclaims in rapture, But this is what I have always felt and known and desired! And one boils over with excitement, and, shutting the book even with a kind of reverence as if it were something very precious, a stand-by to return to as long as one lives, one puts it back on the shelf, I said, taking WAR AND PEACE and putting it back in its place. If, on the other hand, these poor sentences that one takes and tests rouse first a quick and eager response with their bright colouring and their dashing gestures but there they stop: something seems to check them in their development: or if they bring to light only a faint scribble in that corner and a blot over there, and nothing appears whole and entire, then one heaves a sigh of disappointment and says. Another failure. This novel has come to grief somewhere.

但是人们或许可以更深入地探讨小说写作以及性别对小说家的影响这个问题。如果闭上眼睛把小说作为一个整体来想，小说就是和生活有某种相似的创作，就像镜子中的生活一样，尽管肯定有无数的简化和歪曲。无论如何，它是在人们脑海中留下轮廓的建筑物，有时是方形的，有时是塔形的，有时伸出侧翼和拱廊，有时又很坚固紧凑，还带着像君士坦丁堡的圣索菲亚大教堂那样的圆顶。回想几本出名的小说，我想，这个轮廓激起了人们心中与其相称的那种情感。但是这种情感又立即与其他情感掺杂在一起，因为这种“轮廓”不是由石头与石头之间的关系构成的，而是人与人之间的关系。因此，一本小说在我们心中激起各种敌对、对立的情感。生活和某种不是生活的东西相冲突。因此我们很难对小说达成一致意见，个人偏见也对我们有极大的影响。一方面，我们觉得，你——主人公约翰——一定得活着，不然我就会非常绝望。另一方面，我们又觉得，啊，约翰，你一定得死去，因为这本书的形式需要你死。生活和某种不是生活的东西相冲突。既然它在某种程度上是生活，我们就把它当作生活加以判断。有人说，詹姆斯是我最厌恶的那类人。或者，这是荒谬的大杂烩。我自己从来没有过这种感觉。回想起任何一本著名的小说，很显然，那整个结构是极其复杂的，因为它是由这么多不同的评价、这么多种不同的情感构成的。奇怪的是，这种结构的书能在一两年之后仍保持完整，或者说，它对英国读者和它对俄国读者、中国读者的意义可能是一样的。但是它们的完整性偶尔的确保存得非常好。在这些罕见的幸存的例子中（我正在想《战争与和平》），能保存

它们完整性的正是人们所谓的正直，尽管这里指的并不是不欠账或是在紧急时刻表现得很可敬。对小说家来讲，所谓正直就是他会使你相信这是真实的。是的，人们会觉得，我绝不会想到会是这样的，我从来不知道有人会这么做。但是你让我相信，就是这样的，就是这样发生的。人们在阅读的时候，把每个短语、每个场景都拿到光亮下——很奇怪，因为大自然好像给了我们一种内心的光亮，通过它可以判断小说家正直与否。或者可以说，是大自然在她最不理性的时候用无形的墨水在思想的墙壁上写了一句预言，由这些大艺术家们来证实，又或是画了一幅草图，只要拿到天才之火前面就可以看得见。当人们让它这样显露出来并且看着它活起来的时候，会狂热地叫喊：这就是我一直感觉、知道而且盼望的！于是人们极度兴奋，甚至带着一种敬重把书合上——好像它是非常宝贵的东西，只要人们活着就可以向它寻求依靠——然后把它放回到书架上。我拿起《战争与和平》，并把它放回到原来的位置，这样说道。另一方面，假使这些人们抽出来并予以检查的可怜的句子，先以其明亮鲜艳的色彩、富有活力的姿态而激起一种迅速而热切的反响，但却又止步于此，仿佛有什么东西阻碍了它们的发展，或者，假使他们只是把角落里模糊潦草的字迹以及那里的污渍暴露出来，而没有完整全面的东西出现，那么，人们就会因失望而叹气说：又一次失败。这部小说在某些方面失败了。

And for the most part, of course, novels do come to grief somewhere. The imagination falters under the enormous strain. The insight is confused; it can no longer distinguish between the true and the false, it has no longer the strength to go on with the vast labour that calls at every moment for the use of so many different faculties. But how would all this be affected by the sex of the novelist, I wondered, looking at JANE EYRE and the others. Would the fact of her sex in any way interfere with the integrity of a woman novelist—that integrity which I take to be the backbone of the writer? Now, in the passages I have quoted from JANE EYRE, it is clear that anger was tampering with the integrity of Charlotte Bronte the novelist. She left her story, to which her entire devotion was due, to attend to some personal grievance. She remembered that she had been starved of her proper due of experience—she had been made to stagnate in a parsonage mending stockings when she wanted to wander free over the world. Her imagination swerved from indignation and we feel it swerve. But there were many more influences than anger tugging at her imagination and deflecting it from its path. Ignorance, for instance. The portrait of Rochester is drawn in the dark. We feel the influence of fear in it; just as we constantly feel an acidity which is the result of oppression, a buried suffering smouldering beneath her passion, a rancour which contracts those books, splendid as they are, with a spasm of pain.

当然，总的来说，小说的确在某些方面会失败。在极度紧张的状态

下，想象力就会衰退。洞察力就会混乱，再也不能分辨真伪，再也没有力量继续做大量的工作，这一工作时刻都需要使用许多不同的官能。不过，看着《简·爱》和其他的书，我就想，这一切怎么会受小说家性别的影响呢？性别会不会以什么方式影响一个女小说家的正直——那种我认为是作家的支柱的正直？现在，在我从《简·爱》里引用的段落中，可以清楚地看出，愤怒削弱了小说家夏洛特·勃朗特的正直。她离开她应该全心全意去写的故事，转而去写某些个人的委屈。她记得她一直没有得到她应得的那份经历——当她想要到世界上去自由游历时，却被迫呆在一个牧师的住所里补袜子。她的想象力因愤怒而偏离方向，我们能感觉得到。但是除了愤怒，还有其他影响在拉扯她的想象力，使想象力偏离正道。例如，无知。罗切斯特的画像是在黑暗中画的。在其中我们感觉到了恐惧的影响，正如我们经常感觉到一种由压迫带来的尖刻，一种隐埋在激情之下暗暗燃烧的痛苦，一种给那些作品带去阵阵痛苦的积怨，尽管这些作品很优秀。

And since a novel has this correspondence to real life, its values are to some extent those of real life. But it is obvious that the values of women differ very often from the values which have been made by the other sex; naturally, this is so. Yet it is the masculine values that prevail. Speaking crudely, football and sport are 'important'; the worship of fashion, the buying of clothes 'trivial'. And these values are inevitably transferred from life to fiction. This is an important book, the critic assumes, because it deals with war. This is an insignificant book because it deals with the feelings of women in a drawing-room. A scene in a battle-field is more important than a scene in a shop—everywhere and much more subtly the difference of value persists. The whole structure, therefore, of the early nineteenth-century novel was raised, if one was a woman, by a mind which was slightly pulled from the straight, and made to alter its clear vision in deference to external authority. One has only to skim those old forgotten novels and listen to the tone of voice in which they are written to divine that the writer was meeting criticism; she was saying this by way of aggression, or that by way of conciliation. She was admitting that she was 'only a woman', or protesting that she was 'as good as a man'. She met that criticism as her temperament dictated, with docility and diffidence, or with anger and emphasis. It does not matter which it was; she was thinking of something other than the thing itself. Down comes her book upon our heads. There was a flaw in the centre of it. And I thought of all the women's novels that lie scattered, like small pock-marked apples in an orchard, about the second-hand book shops of London. It was the flaw in the centre that had rotted them. She had altered her values in deference to the opinion of others.

既然小说和真实的生活有这种一致性，那小说的价值观在某种程度上就是真实生活的价值观。不过很显然，妇女的价值观常常和男人创造

的价值观不同，这很自然。然而，占上风的是男人的价值观。说白了就是，足球和运动“重要”，崇尚时尚、买衣服就是“小事”。这些价值观不可避免地由生活转移到小说上去。批评家断定这是一本重要的书，因为它写的是战争。这是一本无意义的书，因为它写的是客厅里的女人的情感。战场上的情景比店铺里的情景更重要——价值观的区别随处可见，并且更加微妙。因此，对于女作家，十九世纪初期小说的整体结构是由这样的思想构建的，它稍稍偏离直道，为了尊重外界的权威而改变自己清晰的构想。只要大略看看那些被人忘记的旧小说，听听写那些小说的语调，就可以看出作者当时遭到了批评，她通过挑衅或者安抚的方式表达出了这些。她承认自己“仅是一个女子”，或是抗议说自己“和男子一样优秀”。她随自己性情的指引来面对批评，或是顺从羞怯，或是愤怒强烈。是哪种都没有关系，她在想事情本身之外的东西。她的书压到我们头上来。书的中心有一个缺陷。我想起所有女作家的小说，它们就像果园里有麻子的小苹果一样，散落在伦敦的二手书店里。中心的缺陷使它们腐烂了。她为了遵从别人的意见而改变了自己的价值观。

But how impossible it must have been for them not to budge either to the right or to the left. What genius, what integrity it must have required in face of all that criticism, in the midst of that purely patriarchal society, to hold fast to the thing as they saw it without shrinking. Only Jane Austen did it and Emily Bronte. It is another feather, perhaps the finest, in their caps. They wrote as women write, not as men write. Of all the thousand women who wrote novels then, they alone entirely ignored the perpetual admonitions of the eternal pedagogue—write this, think that. They alone were deaf to that persistent voice, now grumbling, now patronizing, now domineering, now grieved, now shocked, now angry, now avuncular, that voice which cannot let women alone, but must be at them, like some too-conscientious governess, adjuring them, like Sir Egerton Brydges, to be refined; dragging even into the criticism of poetry criticism of sex;[9] admonishing them, if they would be good and win, as I suppose, some shiny prize, to keep within certain limits which the gentleman in question thinks suitable—‘…female novelists should only aspire to excellence by courageously acknowledging the limitations of their sex’.[10] That puts the matter in a nutshell, and when I tell you, rather to your surprise, that this sentence was written not in August 1828 but in August 1928, you will agree, I think, that however delightful it is to us now, it represents a vast body of opinion—I am not going to stir those old pools; I take only what chance has floated to my feet—that was far more vigorous and far more vocal a century ago. It would have needed a very stalwart young woman in 1828 to disregard all those snubs and chidings and promises of prizes. One must have been something of a firebrand to say to oneself, Oh, but they can't buy literature too. Literature is open to everybody. I refuse to allow you, Beadle though you are, to turn me off the grass. Lock up your libraries

if you like; but there is no gate, no lock, no bolt, that you can set upon the freedom of my mind.

不过她们既不向左移动一点儿，也不向右移动一点，这在当时是多么不可能的事情啊！在那个纯粹由男人统治的社会里，面对那些批评，需要何等的天赋、何等的正直才能毫不畏缩地完全忠于她们所看到的东西。只有简·奥斯汀和埃米莉·勃朗特做到了。这又是她们的另一项卓越成就，或许是最杰出的成就。她们像女人那样写作，而不是像男人那样。当时，写小说的上千个女人中，只有她们完全不理会那些永远在卖弄学问的教师，这些教师没完没了地给出忠告——该写这个，该想那个。只有她们对那反复出现的声音充耳不闻。那声音时而抱怨，时而高人一等，时而专横，时而伤心，时而震惊，时而愤怒，时而慈爱；它永远不会让女人单独静一静，而是像某个过于尽责的家庭女教师那样伴随她们，像埃杰顿·布里奇斯爵士那样恳求她们要优雅；甚至在批评诗的时候，它也要把对性别的批评拉进来；[9] 它劝告她们，若要表现良好而且赢得——据我猜测——闪闪发光的奖赏的话，就不要越过刚才那位先生所认为的恰当的界限——“……女小说家只有勇敢地承认女性的局限，才能追求卓越”。[10]这是用一句话概括了问题。如果我告诉你们，完全出乎你们的意料，这句话并不是写在一八二八年八月，而是写在一九二八年八月，我想你们一定会同意，无论目前我们有多喜欢它，它都代表着一大群人的意见，一个世纪前这一意见要铿锵有力、坦率激昂得多——我不是要去算旧账，只是拿起碰巧漂到我脚边的东西。一八二八年，若有一个女人能漠视所有的冷落、责骂和关于奖赏的承诺，那她必须非常坚毅。一个人差不多得是个煽动叛乱的人，他才会对自己说：哦，不过他们不能把文学也买走。文学是对每个人开放的。尽管你是教区执事，我也不会让你把我赶出草地。如果你乐意，你就锁上你的图书馆，但是你不能用门、用锁、用门闩禁锢我自由的思想。

But whatever effect discouragement and criticism had upon their writing—and I believe that they had a very great effect—that was unimportant compared with the other difficulty which faced them (I was still considering those early nineteenth-century novelists) when they came to set their thoughts on paper—that is that they had no tradition behind them, or one so short and partial that it was of little help. For we think back through our mothers if we are women. It is useless to go to the great men writers for help, however much one may go to them for pleasure. Lamb, Browne, Thackeray, Newman, Sterne, Dickens, De Quincey—whoever it may be—never helped a woman yet, though she may have learnt a few tricks of them and adapted them to her use. The weight, the pace, the stride of a man's mind are too unlike her own for her to lift anything substantial from him successfully. The ape is too distant to be sedulous. Perhaps the first thing she would find, setting pen to paper, was that there was no common sentence ready for her use. All the great novelists like Thackeray and Dickens and Balzac have written a natural prose, swift

but not slovenly, expressive but not precious, taking their own tint without ceasing to be common property. They have based it on the sentence that was current at the time. The sentence that was current at the beginning of the nineteenth century ran something like this perhaps: 'The grandeur of their works was an argument with them, not to stop short, but to proceed. They could have no higher excitement or satisfaction than in the exercise of their art and endless generations of truth and beauty. Success prompts to exertion; and habit facilitates success.' That is a man's sentence; behind it one can see Johnson, Gibbon and the rest. It was a sentence that was unsuited for a woman's use. Charlotte Bronte, with all her splendid gift for prose, stumbled and fell with that clumsy weapon in her hands. George Eliot committed atrocities with it that beggar description. Jane Austen looked at it and laughed at it and devised a perfectly natural, shapely sentence proper for her own use and never departed from it. Thus, with less genius for writing than Charlotte Bronte, she got infinitely more said. Indeed, since freedom and fullness of expression are of the essence of the art, such a lack of tradition, such a scarcity and inadequacy of tools, must have told enormously upon the writing of women. Moreover, a book is not made of sentences laid end to end, but of sentences built, if an image helps, into arcades or domes. And this shape too has been made by men out of their own needs for their own uses. There is no reason to think that the form of the epic or of the poetic play suit a woman any more than the sentence suits her. But all the older forms of literature were hardened and set by the time she became a writer. The novel alone was young enough to be soft in her hands another reason, perhaps, why she wrote novels. Yet who shall say that even now 'the novel' (I give it inverted commas to mark my sense of the words' inadequacy), who shall say that even this most pliable of all forms is rightly shaped for her use? No doubt we shall find her knocking that into shape for herself when she has the free use of her limbs; and providing some new vehicle, not necessarily in verse, for the poetry in her. For it is the poetry that is still denied outlet. And I went on to ponder how a woman nowadays would write a poetic tragedy in five acts. Would she use verse?—would she not use prose rather?

但是无论挫折和批评对她们的写作起了什么作用（我相信起了很大作用），比起她们把想法写到纸上时所遇到的其他困难（我还在想那些十九世纪初的小说家），那都不算什么。那时她们背后没有传统，或者说传统如此短暂，而且不完整，因此没什么用处。因为如果我们是女人的话，只能通过我们的母亲去回想。向伟大的男作家寻求帮助是没用的，即使我们常常从他们那里寻找乐趣。拉姆、布朗、萨克雷、纽曼、斯特恩、狄更斯、德昆西——不论是谁——从来没有帮助过女人，尽管她学到了一点他们的技巧，并加以利用。男人的思想的重量、速度、步

子都太不像她自己的了，所以她不能成功地从他那里取得任何实在的东西。她离得太远了，根本无法模仿他。或许当她拿起笔在纸上写的时候，她发现的第一件事情就是没有一句现成的常用句子可以用。所有伟大的小说家，像萨克雷、狄更斯还有巴尔扎克，他们写的散文都很自然，写得快却并不马虎，表达力强却并不矫揉造作，具有他们各自的色彩却又有共性。他们的文章都基于当时通用的语句。在十九世纪初，通用的语句或许是这样的："他们的著作的伟大之处在于，这些作品有一个主旨，它们不是突然刹住车，而是不断延伸下去。没有什么比运用他们的技巧以及不断产生真和美更让他们兴奋和满足的了。成功激发人努力，习惯促使人成功。"那是一个男人的句子；在它的背后，人们能看到约翰逊、吉本和其他人。这是一个不适合女人使用的句子。夏洛特·勃朗特在散文上有极大的天赋，但也由于手里拿着那个笨拙的武器而绊了一下跌倒了。乔治·艾略特因此而犯的大错不是笔墨所能描述的。简·奥斯汀看看它，嘲笑它，并且发明了一种完全自然、结构上很有美感、适合她自己使用的语句，并且从来没有偏离。因此，虽然她比夏洛特·勃朗特写作的天赋差，而她却表达出了比她多得多的东西。确实，表达的自由和完整是写作技巧的精髓，所以传统的缺失、工具的缺乏和不足肯定对女人的写作有极大的影响。此外，一本书不是由句子首尾相连组成的，如果借助图像，它就是由搭成拱廊和圆屋顶的句子组成的。这种形式也是男人为了自己的需要发明出来供自己使用的。没有理由认为史诗或是诗剧的形式会比句子更适合女人。但是在她成为作家的时候，之前所有的文学形式都已成形并固定下来了。只有小说还年轻，在她手里柔软可塑，这或许是她写小说的另一个理由。但是甚至到现在，谁能说"小说"（我给它加上引号，以表明我认为这个词不恰当），这个所有形式中最容易塑造的形式已经成形，适合她使用？无疑，等她能自由运用四肢的时候，我们会看到她把小说敲打成形供自己所用，而且为她内心的诗兴提供某种新载体，这个载体不一定是诗。因为是她的诗兴仍然得不到抒发。我继续沉思，现如今，怎会有女人去写一部五幕的诗歌体悲剧？她会用诗写吗？她会宁可不用散文吗？

But these are difficult questions which lie in the twilight of the future. I must leave them, if only because they stimulate me to wander from my subject into trackless forests where I shall be lost and, very likely, devoured by wild beasts. I do not want, and I am sure that you do not want me, to broach that very dismal subject, the future of fiction. So that I will only pause here one moment to draw your attention to the great part which must be played in that future so far as women are concerned by physical conditions. The book has somehow to be adapted to the body, and at a venture one would say that women's books should be shorter, more concentrated, than those of men, and framed so that they do not need long hours of steady and uninterrupted work. For interruptions there will always be. Again, the nerves that feed the brain would seem to differ in men and women, and if you are going to make them work their best and hardest, you must find out what treatment suits them—whether these hours of

lectures, for instance, which the monks devised, presumably, hundreds of years ago, suit them—what alternations of work and rest they need, interpreting rest not as doing noting but as doing something but something that is different; and what should that difference be? All this should be discussed and discovered; all this is part of the question of women and fiction. And yet, I continued, approaching the bookcase again, where shall I find that elaborate study of the psychology of women by a woman? If through their incapacity to play football women are not going to be allowed to practise medicine—

不过这些都是伏在未来的曙光里的难题。这些难题会促使我偏离主题而走到无路可走的森林里，我会迷路并且很有可能被野兽吞食，光是出于这个原因，我也要先把它们放下。我不想——而且我确信你们也不想让我——谈起那个使人消沉的话题，即小说的未来。所以我只是在这里暂停片刻，吸引你们注意——考虑到妇女的身体状况——一定会对小说的未来起很大作用的东西。不管怎么样，书得适应身体状况，而且，人们可以随意地说，女人的书应该比男人的更短、更集中，而且结构也应该适合女性的身体状况，这样她们就不需要很长时间不间断地持续工作。因为总是会有事情打扰她们写作。此外，那些支持大脑的神经，男女似乎也不同。假如你让这些神经竭尽全力地努力工作，你必须找出合适的方式对待它们，譬如说这几个小时的演讲——演讲大概是几百年前僧侣们发明出来的——是否适合它们，它们需要工作和休息怎么交替，休息的意思不是什么都不做而是做一些事情，一些不同的事，那么不同的事情又是什么呢？所有的这些都应该被讨论、被发现；所有这些都是妇女和小说这一问题的一部分。可是，当我走近书架，我又想，在哪儿可以找到一个女人所做的关于女人心理的详尽研究呢？如果因为女人不能踢足球，就不允许她们行医的话——

Happily my thoughts were now given another turn.

幸运的是，我的思绪现在又转向了另一个问题。

[8] MEMOIR OF JANE AUSTEN, by her nephew, James Edward Austen-Leigh.

[8]《简·奥斯汀回忆录》，作者为她的外甥詹姆斯·爱德华·奥斯汀—利。

[9] ‘[She] has a metaphysical purpose, and that is a dangerous obsession, especially with a woman, for women rarely possess men's healthy love of rhetoric. It is a strange lack in the sex which is in other things more primitive and more materialistic.’—NEW CRITERION, June 1928.

[9]“（她）有一个超自然的目的，那是一种很危险的困扰，特别是对于一个女人来说，因为女人极少像男人那样对修辞有一种健康的喜好。这是女性身上一种奇怪的不足，她们在其他事情上更倾向于本能，更加唯物。”——《新标准》，1928年6月。

[10] 'If, like the reporter, you believe that female novelists should only aspire to excellence by courageously acknowledging the limitations of their sex (Jane Austen [has] demonstrated how gracefully this gesture can be accomplished...).'—LIFE AND LETTERS, August 1928.

[10]“如果像那位记者一样，你相信女小说家只有勇敢地承认女性的局限才能追求卓越（简·奥斯汀已经证明，可以多么优雅地做出这种姿态……）。”——《生平与书信》，1928年8月。

CHAPTER FIVE

第五章

I had come at last, in the course of this rambling, to the shelves which hold books by the living; by women and by men; for there are almost as many books written by women now as by men. Or if that is not yet quite true, if the male is still the voluble sex, it is certainly true that women no longer write novels solely. There are Jane Harrison's books on Greek archaeology; Vernon Lee's books on aesthetics; Gertrude Bell's books on Persia. There are books on all sorts of subjects which a generation ago no woman could have touched. There are poems and plays and criticism; there are histories and biographies, books of travel and books of scholarship and research; there are even a few philosophies and books about science and economics. And though novels predominate, novels themselves may very well have changed from association with books of a different feather. The natural simplicity, the epic age of women's writing, may have gone. Reading and criticism may have given her a wider range, a greater subtlety. The impulse towards autobiography may be spent. She may be beginning to use writing as an art, not as a method of selfexpression. Among these new novels one might find an answer to several such questions.

就这样四处闲逛着，我最终走到了一个书架前，上面陈列着依然健在的作家的作品，有女作家的，也有男作家的，因为现在女人写的书差不多和男人一样多。或者，如果这种说法不是很对，如果男性仍然是更健谈的性别，那毫无疑问的就是，女人写的不再仅仅是小说而已。书架上有简·哈里森关于希腊考古学的书，有弗农·李关于美学的书，有格特鲁德·贝尔关于波斯的书。书架上有各种各样的书，而在一代人之前，没有女人可以接触到这些主题。有诗歌、戏剧和文艺评论，有历史、传记、游记以及学术成就和调查研究方面的著作，甚至还有少许哲学和科学、经济学的书。虽然还是小说占优势，但是小说和其他种类的书相关联，其自身也很有可能和以前大不相同了。那种自然和简单——女人写作史上的史诗时代，可能已经成为过去了。可能阅读与评论给了她更宽的领域和更多的精妙之处。想写自传的那种冲动恐怕已经耗尽了。她也许开始把写作当成一种艺术，而不是一种自我表达的方法。在这些新小说中，人们可能会找到这样的一些问题的答案。

I took down one of them at random. It stood at the very end of the shelf, was called LIFE'S ADVENTURE, or some such title, by Mary Carmichael, and was published in this very month of October. It seems to be her first book, I said to myself, but one must read it as if it were the last volume in a fairly long series, continuing all those other books

that I have been glancing at—Lady Winchilsea's poems and Aphra Behn's plays and the novels of the four great novelists. For books continue each other, in spite of our habit of judging them separately. And I must also consider her—this unknown woman—as the descendant of all those other women whose circumstances I have been glancing at and see what she inherits of their characteristics and restrictions. So, with a sigh, because novels so often provide an anodyne and not an antidote, glide one into torpid slumbers instead of rousing one with a burning brand, I settled down with a notebook and a pencil to make what I could of Mary Carmichael's first novel, LIFE'S ADVENTURE.

我随便拿下其中一本来。它就立在书架的末端，叫做《人生的冒险》，或者是类似的名字，是玛丽·卡迈克尔写的，而且就是在这个十月份出版的。我心里想，这好像是她的第一本著作，不过应该把它当作一个相当长的系列里的最后一册来读，它接在我在看的那些书后面——温奇尔西夫人的诗、阿芙拉·贝英的戏剧，还有那四位伟大的小说家的小说。因为书籍是彼此的延伸，尽管我们习惯将它们分开来评论。我一定要把她——这位不相识的女士——当作别的那些女性的后裔来看，我一直在扫视那些人所处的环境，要看看她从她们的特点和所受的束缚那儿继承了什么。我叹了口气，因为小说提供的往往是止痛药而不是解毒剂，它让人陷入昏昏沉沉的睡眠中，而不是用滚烫的烙铁把人惊醒。我坐下来，拿了一本笔记本和一支铅笔，尽量从玛丽·卡迈克尔的第一部小说《人生的冒险》中了解到一些东西。

To begin with, I ran my eye up and down the page. I am going to get the hang of her sentences first, I said, before I load my memory with blue eyes and brown and the relationship that there may be between Chloe and Roger. There will be time for that when I have decided whether she has a pen in her hand or a pickaxe. So I tried a sentence or two on my tongue. Soon it was obvious that something was not quite in order. The smooth gliding of sentence after sentence was interrupted. Something tore, something scratched; a single word here and there flashed its torch in my eyes. She was 'unhanding' herself as they say in the old plays. She is like a person striking a match that will not light, I thought. But why, I asked her as if she were present, are Jane Austen's sentences not of the right shape for you? Must they all be scrapped because Emma and Mr Woodhouse are dead? Alas, I sighed, that it should be so. For while Jane Austen breaks from melody to melody as Mozart from song to song, to read this writing was like being out at sea in an open boat. Up one went, down one sank. This terseness, this short-windedness, might mean that she was afraid of something; afraid of being called 'sentimental' perhaps; or she remembers that women's writing has been called flowery and so provides a superfluity of thorns; but until I have read a

scene with some care, I cannot be sure whether she is being herself or someone else. At any rate, she does not lower one's vitality, I thought, reading more carefully. But she is heaping up too many facts. She will not be able to use half of them in a book of this size. (It was about half the length of JANE EYRE.) However, by some means or other she succeeded in getting us all—Roger, Chloe, Olivia, Tony and Mr Bigham—in a canoe up the river. Wait a moment, I said, leaning back in my chair, I must consider the whole thing more carefully before I go any further.

首先，我把这一页上下浏览了一遍。我说，我要先弄懂她句子的含义，然后再去记住蓝眼睛、棕眼睛，还有克洛艾和罗杰之间可能存在的关系。我要先决定她手里拿的是一支笔还是一个镐，然后才有时间管那些。所以我试着读了一两个句子。很快就发现，有些东西明显不太妥当。句子与句子之间的那种平滑的过渡被打断了。有东西被撕破了，有东西被划伤了；这里一个字、那里一个字就像火把一样在我眼前闪耀。她在“解放”她自己，就像她们在老剧本里所说的。我想，她就像在划一根划不着的火柴。但是为什么呢？我问她，好像她就在我面前，为什么简·奥斯汀的句子对你来说不是合适的形式？难道因为埃玛和伍德豪斯先生死了，这些句子就都要被抛弃吗？唉，我叹气道，这样真是太可惜了！简·奥斯汀写出一个又一个旋律，就像莫扎特写出一首又一首歌一样，而读这本书却像乘着一艘没有甲板的船出海。人忽而升了上去，忽而沉了下来。这种简洁，这种扼要，可能表明她害怕什么东西，或许是害怕别人说她“伤感”，或者是她想起，人们一直说女人的作品辞藻华丽，因此加了一些多余的刺。不过直到我比较仔细地读过一节，我才能确信她是她本人还是其他人。我更仔细地读起来，心想，无论如何，她并没有降低人们的热情。不过她堆积了太多的事实。在这么长的一本书里，她连那些事实的一半都用不到。（那书只有《简·爱》的一半长。）然而，通过某种方法，她成功地把我们——罗杰、克洛艾、奥利维娅、托尼还有比格姆先生——全装在了一条独木舟里，往河流上游驶去。等一下，我坐在椅子上往后靠了靠说，我得更仔细地把整个东西都考虑一下才能进入下一步。

I am almost sure, I said to myself, that Mary Carmichael is playing a trick on us. For I feel as one feels on a switchback railway when the car, instead of sinking, as one has been led to expect, swerves up again. Mary is tampering with the expected sequence. First she broke the sentence; now she has broken the sequence. Very well, she has every right to do both these things if she does them not for the sake of breaking, but for the sake of creating. Which of the two it is I cannot be sure until she has faced herself with a situation. I will give her every liberty, I said, to choose what that situation shall be; she shall make it of tin cans and old kettles if she likes; but she must convince me that she believes it to be a situation; and then when she has made it she must face it. She must jump. And, determined to do

my duty by her as reader if she would do her duty by me as writer, I turned the page and read... I am sorry to break off so abruptly. Are there no men present? Do you promise me that behind that red curtain over there the figure of Sir Charles Biron is not concealed? We are all women you assure me? Then I may tell you that the very next words I read were these—'Chloe liked Olivia...' Do not start. Do not blush. Let us admit in the privacy of our own society that these things sometimes happen. Sometimes women do like women.

我暗想，我几乎确定玛丽·卡迈克尔在跟我们开玩笑。我的感觉就像是在铁路的之字爬坡路线上，以为车厢要向下沉，谁知它却一个急转弯又升了上来。玛丽正在窜改预期的次序。首先她拆分了句子，现在她又打乱了次序。那好吧，她完全有权去做这两样事情，如果她不是为了破坏，而是为了创造。到底是破坏还是创造，要等到她写到一个复杂紧要的情节，我才能确定。我说，我会给她全部的自由，让她去选择那将会是何种情节。只要她愿意，她可以用锡罐和破壶来制造出那个情节。但是，她必须让我信服，她相信那是一个复杂紧要的情节，而且，把这个情节制造出来后，她就必须面对它。她一定得跳。我决定对她尽我作为读者的义务，只要她对我尽到作为作者的义务，于是我翻过那一页读起来……很抱歉，我如此突然地停了下来。是不是没有男人在场？你们敢保证在那边红帘幕的后面没有隐藏着查尔斯·拜伦爵士的身影吗？你们能向我保证在场的全是女人吗？那么我可以告诉你们，我接着读到的内容就是“克洛艾喜欢奥利维娅”。不要吃惊。不要脸红。让我们私底下在自己的社交圈子里承认，这类事情有时是会发生的。有的时候女人确实喜欢女人。

'Chloe liked Olivia,' I read. And then it struck me how immense a change was there. Chloe liked Olivia perhaps for the first time in literature. Cleopatra did not like Octavia. And how completely ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA would have been altered had she done so! As it is, I thought, letting my mind, I am afraid, wander a little from LIFE'S ADVENTURE, the whole thing is simplified, conventionalized, if one dared say it, absurdly. Cleopatra's only feeling about Octavia is one of jealousy. Is she taller than I am? How does she do her hair? The play, perhaps, required no more. But how interesting it would have been if the relationship between the two women had been more complicated. All these relationships between women, I thought, rapidly recalling the splendid gallery of fictitious women, are too simple. So much has been left out, unattempted. And I tried to remember any case in the course of my reading where two women are represented as friends. There is an attempt at it in DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS. They are confidantes, of course, in Racine and the Greek tragedies. They are now and then mothers and daughters. But almost without exception they are shown in their relation to men. It was strange to think that all the great women of fiction were, until Jane

Austen's day, not only seen by the other sex, but seen only in relation to the other sex. And how small a part of a woman's life is that; and how little can a man know even of that when he observes it through the black or rosy spectacles which sex puts upon his nose. Hence, perhaps, the peculiar nature of woman in fiction; the astonishing extremes of her beauty and horror; her alternations between heavenly goodness and hellish depravity—for so a lover would see her as his love rose or sank, was prosperous or unhappy. This is not so true of the nineteenth-century novelists, of course. Woman becomes much more various and complicated there. Indeed it was the desire to write about women perhaps that led men by degrees to abandon the poetic drama which, with its violence, could make so little use of them, and to devise the novel as a more fitting receptacle. Even so it remains obvious, even in the writing of Proust, that a man is terribly hampered and partial in his knowledge of women, as a woman in her knowledge of men.

“克洛艾喜欢奥利维娅。”我读道。然后我忽然想起，这里有一个多么大的变化。克洛艾喜欢奥利维娅或许在文学史上是第一次。克娄巴特拉没有喜欢屋大维娅。假若她喜欢她，那《安东尼与克娄巴特拉》就会完全变了样。让我的思维稍稍偏离《人生的冒险》，我想，实际上，整个事情被简化了，被荒唐地惯例化了——如果人们敢于用“荒唐”来形容的话。克娄巴特拉对于屋大维娅唯一的情感就是妒忌。她比我高吗？她怎样梳她的头发？剧本也许不再需要别的了。不过假使这两个女人之间的关系更复杂一点，那该多么有意思啊？我迅速地记起小说中光彩夺目那群女人，心想，女人之间的这些关系都太简单。很多东西都不曾顾及，未曾尝试。我尽力回想，在我所读过的书中有没有两个女人被写成是朋友。在《十字路口的黛安娜》里有过一次这样的尝试。当然，在拉辛的悲剧和希腊悲剧里，她们是知己。偶尔她们是母女。不过差不多绝无例外，写的都是她们与男人的关系。想起来很奇怪，在简·奥斯汀之前，小说里所有的伟大女性都是通过异性得到理解的，而且仅仅是通过与异性的关系而得到理解。那是女人生活里多么小的一部分啊，而且透过性别戴在他鼻子上的黑色或是玫瑰色眼镜，一个男人甚至对这一小部分都了解得多么少。也许正因为如此，才有了小说里女人的奇怪性格，有了她美貌和可怕这两个惊人的极端，有了她在天堂般的善良和地狱般的堕落之间的交替——因为一个情人就是这样依照他爱情道路上的起起伏伏、幸运与不幸来理解女人的。当然，十九世纪的小说家所写的并非完全如此。十九世纪的小说中，女人变得更加多样、复杂得多。确实，也许是想写女人导致男人渐渐地放弃了写诗剧，而发明小说，把小说看作更合适的容器。诗剧太狂热，能用到女人的地方很少。虽然如此，男人对女人的认识明显还是非常受限制，而且带着偏见，就像女人对男人的认识一样，甚至在普鲁斯特的作品中也是如此。

Also, I continued, looking down at the page again, it is becoming evident that women, like men, have other interests besides the

perennial interests of domesticity. 'Chloe liked Olivia. They shared a laboratory together....' I read on and discovered that these two young women were engaged in mincing liver, which is, it seems, a cure for pernicious anaemia; although one of them was married and had—I think I am right in stating—two small children. Now all that, of course, has had to be left out, and thus the splendid portrait of the fictitious woman is much too simple and much too monotonous. Suppose, for instance, that men were only represented in literature as the lovers of women, and were never the friends of men, soldiers, thinkers, dreamers; how few parts in the plays of Shakespeare could be allotted to them; how literature would suffer! We might perhaps have most of Othello; and a good deal of Antony; but no Caesar, no Brutus, no Hamlet, no Lear, no Jaques—literature would be incredibly impoverished, as indeed literature is impoverished beyond our counting by the doors that have been shut upon women. Married against their will, kept in one room, and to one occupation, how could a dramatist give a full or interesting or truthful account of them? Love was the only possible interpreter. The poet was forced to be passionate or bitter, unless indeed he chose to 'hate women', which meant more often than not that he was unattractive to them.

而且，我再次低头看着这一页时继续想，除了对家庭生活一直有兴趣之外，女人明显也像男人一样有许多别的兴趣。“克洛艾喜欢奥利维娅。她们合用一个实验室……”我接着看下去，发现这两个年轻的女人在那里切动物肝脏，肝脏好像可以治恶性贫血，不过其中一个人已经结了婚，而且有两个很小的小孩子——我想我的陈述是正确的。当然，这些事全部都应当省略掉，于是小说中的女人那光彩夺目的肖像就变得过于简单、过于单调了。例如，假设男人在文学里的形象只是女人的情人，而从来不是男人的朋友，不是士兵、思想家、梦想家，那莎士比亚的剧本里能分配给他们的角色该多么地少啊，文学会受到多么大的损失啊！也许大部分奥赛罗仍会被保留下来，我们还会有很多安东尼，可是就不会有恺撒、布鲁图、哈姆雷特、李尔和杰奎斯——文学就会贫乏得令人难以置信。确实，因为将女人拒之门外，文学的贫乏已经超出了我们的估计。女人很不情愿地嫁人，被关在一间屋子里，做一样事情，这样一来，剧作家怎么能描写出她们完整、有趣或是真实的形象呢？爱情是唯一可能的解读途径。诗人不得不满怀热情或是满腹牢骚，除非他确实要“恨女人”，那就是说，他多半是在女人眼中没什么吸引力。

Now if Chloe likes Olivia and they share a laboratory, which of itself will make their friendship more varied and lasting because it will be less personal; if Mary Carmichael knows how to write, and I was beginning to enjoy some quality in her style; if she has a room to herself, of which I am not quite sure; if she has five hundred a year of her own—but that remains to be proved—then I think that something of great importance has happened.

如果克洛艾喜欢奥利维娅而且她们合用一间实验室，这件事本身就会使她们的友谊更丰富、更持久，因为这份友谊没那么涉及隐私；如果玛丽·卡迈克尔知道如何去写，而我又开始欣赏她风格中的某些东西；如果她有一个自己的房间，虽然这个我不大确定；如果她每年有属于自己的五百镑——这也有待查证——那么我想，某件非常重要的事情就发生了。

For if Chloe likes Olivia and Mary Carmichael knows how to express it she will light a torch in that vast chamber where nobody has yet been. It is all half lights and profound shadows like those serpentine caves where one goes with a candle peering up and down, not knowing where one is stepping. And I began to read the book again, and read how Chloe watched Olivia put a jar on a shelf and say how it was time to go home to her children. That is a sight that has never been seen since the world began, I exclaimed. And I watched too, very curiously. For I wanted to see how Mary Carmichael set to work to catch those unrecorded gestures, those unsaid or half-said words, which form themselves, no more palpably than the shadows of moths on the ceiling, when women are alone, unlit by the capricious and coloured light of the other sex. She will need to hold her breath, I said, reading on, if she is to do it; for women are so suspicious of any interest that has not some obvious motive behind it, so terribly accustomed to concealment and suppression, that they are off at the flicker of an eye turned observingly in their direction. The only way for you to do it, I thought, addressing Mary Carmichael as if she were there, would be to talk of something else, looking steadily out of the window, and thus note, not with a pencil in a notebook, but in the shortest of shorthand, in words that are hardly syllabled yet, what happens when Olivia this organism that has been under the shadow of the rock these million years—feels the light fall on it, and sees coming her way a piece of strange food—knowledge, adventure, art. And she reaches out for it, I thought, again raising my eyes from the page, and has to devise some entirely new combination of her resources, so highly developed for other purposes, so as to absorb the new into the old without disturbing the infinitely intricate and elaborate balance of the whole.

因为如果克洛艾喜欢奥利维娅，而且玛丽·卡迈克尔知道如何去表达，那她就会在那间从未有人去过的大房间里燃起一支火炬。那里原来只有些朦胧的光和很深的阴影，像那些蜿蜒的山洞，一个人拿着蜡烛走进去，上上下下仔细地看，不知道自己走到了哪里。我又看起了那本书，读到克洛艾看着奥利维娅把一个罐子放到架子上去，并跟她说该回家到孩子们身边去了。我惊呼道，这个情景是开天辟地以来从未有人看见过的。我也很好奇地注视着。因为我想看看玛丽·卡迈克尔是如何着手抓住那些未被记录的手势，以及那些没有说出来或是没有完全说出来的

话语，当女人和女人单独在一起，没有被男人变化无常、带有偏见的光芒照耀时，这些手势和话语就会自动形成，像天花板上飞蛾的影子一样不易察觉。我继续往下看，说道，如果她要这样做的话，就必须屏住呼吸。因为凡是背后没有明显动机的兴趣，女人都会表示怀疑，而且她们早就习惯了掩饰和隐瞒，因此一旦有观察的目光向她们那个方向一闪，她们就会停下来。我就对玛丽·卡迈克尔说——好像她就在我面前，我想，你做到这一点的唯一方法就是谈些别的事，同时沉着地看着窗外，然后去记录，当奥利维娅——这个有机这一百万年以来都呆在石头的阴影下——感觉到光照在石头下面，并且看见一块很奇怪的食物被送过来——那是知识、冒险经历和艺术，这个时候发生了什么。记录的时候不是用铅笔在笔记本上记，而是要用最简略的速记，用几乎从未用音节表示过的词去记。我又一次从书中抬起头来，心想，她伸出手去拿那食物，而且必须将自己各方面能力进行全新组合——这些能力已经因为其他的目的得到了高度发展，以便于把新东西吸收到旧的里面去，而又不打破整体上无比复杂、无比精巧的平衡。

But, alas, I had done what I had determined not to do; I had slipped unthinkingly into praise of my own sex. 'Highly developed'—'infinitely intricate'—such are undeniably terms of praise, and to praise one's own sex is always suspect, often silly; moreover, in this case, how could one justify it? One could not go to the map and say Columbus discovered America and Columbus was a woman; or take an apple and remark, Newton discovered the laws of gravitation and Newton was a woman; or look into the sky and say aeroplanes are flying overhead and aeroplanes were invented by women. There is no mark on the wall to measure the precise height of women. There are no yard measures, neatly divided into the fractions of an inch, that one can lay against the qualities of a good mother or the devotion of a daughter, or the fidelity of a sister, or the capacity of a housekeeper. Few women even now have been graded at the universities; the great trials of the professions, army and navy, trade, politics and diplomacy have hardly tested them. They remain even at this moment almost unclassified. But if I want to know all that a human being can tell me about Sir Hawley Butts, for instance, I have only to open Burke or Debrett and I shall find that he took such and such a degree; owns a hall; has an heir; was Secretary to a Board; represented Great Britain in Canada; and has received a certain number of degrees, offices, medals and other distinctions by which his merits are stamped upon him indelibly. Only Providence can know more about Sir Hawley Butts than that.

不过，唉，我又做了曾决定不要做的事，我未经思考就赞美起自己的性别来。“高度发展”，“无比复杂的”，不可否认这些都是赞美的话，而赞扬自己的性别总是可疑的，往往也是愚蠢的。此外，在现在这种情况下，怎样能证明这种赞美是有道理的呢？人们不能走到地图面前，说

哥伦布发现了美洲而且哥伦布是女人，不能拿起一个苹果，说牛顿发现了万有引力定律而且牛顿是女人，不能看看天空，说飞机在头上飞，而且飞机是女人发明的。墙上没有刻度来测量女人的确切高度。没有整齐地刻出每一英寸的码尺，可以用来量量好母亲的品质，量量女儿的孝心、姐妹的忠实，或是主妇的能力。即使是在现在，也几乎没有女人被分在大学的各个年级里；各种职业的磨难，陆军、海军、商业、政治、外交，几乎都没有考验过她们。即使是目前，她们也几乎是没有经过分类的。但是比如说，如果我想知道人们所了解的关于霍利·巴茨爵士的一切，我只需翻开《联合王国贵族谱系录》或是《德布雷特英国贵族年鉴》，就可以看到他获得了某某学位，拥有一所房子，有一个继承人，是某个委员会的秘书，曾任英国驻加拿大大使，接受了很多学位、职位、奖章以及其他荣誉，这些荣誉把他的功绩牢牢地印在他身上。只有上帝才能对霍利·巴茨爵士了解得更多。

When, therefore, I say 'highly developed', 'infinitely intricate' of women, I am unable to verify my words either in Whitaker, Debrett or the University Calendar. In this predicament what can I do? And I looked at the bookcase again. There were the biographies: Johnson and Goethe and Carlyle and Sterne and Cowper and Shelley and Voltaire and Browning and many others. And I began thinking of all those great men who have for one reason or another admired, sought out, lived with, confided in, made love to, written of, trusted in, and shown what can only be described as some need of and dependence upon certain persons of the opposite sex. That all these relationships were absolutely Platonic I would not affirm, and Sir William Joynson Hicks would probably deny. But we should wrong these illustrious men very greatly if we insisted that they got nothing from these alliances but comfort, flattery and the pleasures of the body. What they got, it is obvious, was something that their own sex was unable to supply; and it would not be rash, perhaps, to define it further, without quoting the doubtless rhapsodical words of the poets, as some stimulus; some renewal of creative power which is in the gift only of the opposite sex to bestow. He would open the door of drawing-room or nursery, I thought, and find her among her children perhaps, or with a piece of embroidery on her knee—at any rate, the centre of some different order and system of life, and the contrast between this world and his own, which might be the law courts or tile House of Commons, would at once refresh and invigorate; and there would follow, even in the simplest talk, such a natural difference of opinion that the dried ideas in him would be fertilized anew; and the sight of her creating in a different medium from his own would so quicken his creative power that insensibly his sterile mind would begin to plot again, and he would find the phrase or the scene which was lacking when he put on his hat to visit her. Every Johnson has his Thrale, and holds fast to her for some such reasons as these, and when the Thrale

marries her Italian music master Johnson goes half mad with rage and disgust, not merely that he will miss his pleasant evenings at Streatham, but that the light of his life will be 'as if gone out'.

因此，当我说女人“高度发展”、“无比复杂”的时候，我不能在惠特克的名录、《德布雷特英国贵族年鉴》，或是高等学校情况一览里找出证明来证实我的话。在这种困境中我能做什么？我又看了看书架。上面有很多人的传记，有约翰逊、歌德、卡莱尔、斯特恩、柯珀、雪莱、伏尔泰、勃朗宁，还有许多其他人。我想到，所有那些伟人都曾为某种原因仰慕过某些女人，找过她们，和她们共同生活过，信任她们，向她们求爱，写过她们，相信她们，并且表现出——只能这样描述——某种对她们的需要和依赖。我不会断言，所有的这些关系都纯粹是柏拉图式的，而且威廉·乔因森·希克斯爵士很可能也会否认。但要是我们坚持认为他们从这些关系中得到的仅仅是安慰、恭维和肉体上的快乐，那么我们就大大冤枉了这些名人。他们所得到的，很显然是男性所不能提供的东西，而且不用引用诗人那毫无疑问很狂热的语句，便可以将其进一步定义为一种刺激，一种创造力的恢复——只有女性的天赋才能带来这种创造力的恢复，恐怕这样定义也不算鲁莽把。我想，他会打开客厅或是育儿室的门，发现她可能和孩子们在一起，或者看见她膝上放了一块刺绣；无论如何，生活中某些不同的秩序和系统的中心，以及这个世界和他自己的世界之间的差异（他自己的世界也许是法庭或下议院），会立即让他精神振作、生气勃勃。接下来，即使在最简明的谈话中，也有自然产生的不同的观点重新给他干枯的思想带去养料；看到她以一种与他本人不同的方法进行创作，就会加强他的创造力，不知不觉地，他那贫瘠的头脑再次开始构思；他会找到那些当他戴上帽子拜访她时尚未琢磨出来的短语或场景。每一个约翰逊都有他的斯雷尔，紧紧抓住她也是出于这些原因。当斯雷尔和她的意大利音乐老师结了婚，约翰逊狂怒和厌恶几乎发疯，这不仅仅是由于他不能再享受在斯特雷特姆的欢乐夜，而且也是因为他的生命之光就“好像熄灭了”。

And without being Dr Johnson or Goethe or Carlyle or Voltaire, one may feel, though very differently from these great men, the nature of this intricacy and the power of this highly developed creative faculty among women. One goes into the room—but the resources of the English language would he much put to the stretch, and whole flights of words would need to wing their way illegitimately into existence before a woman could say what happens when she goes into a room. The rooms differ so completely; they are calm or thunderous; open on to the sea, or, on the contrary, give on to a prison yard; are hung with washing; or alive with opals and silks; are hard as horsehair or soft as feathers—one has only to go into any room in any street for the whole of that extremely complex force of femininity to fly in one's face. How should it be otherwise? For women have sat indoors all these millions of years, so that by this time the very walls are permeated by their creative force, which has, indeed, so overcharged

the capacity of bricks and mortar that it must needs harness itself to pens and brushes and business and politics. But this creative power differs greatly from the creative power of men. And one must conclude that it would be a thousand pities if it were hindered or wasted, for it was won by centuries of the most drastic discipline, and there is nothing to take its place. It would be a thousand pities if women wrote like men, or lived like men, or looked like men, for if two sexes are quite inadequate, considering the vastness and variety of the world, how should we manage with one only? Ought not education to bring out and fortify the differences rather than the similarities? For we have too much likeness as it is, and if an explorer should come back and bring word of other sexes looking through the branches of other trees at other skies, nothing would be of greater service to humanity; and we should have the immense pleasure into the bargain of watching Professor X rush for his measuring-rods to prove himself 'superior'.

哪怕不是约翰逊博士、歌德、卡莱尔，或者伏尔泰，一个人尽管和这些大人物有很大差别，但也会感受到女人无比复杂的天性和高度发展的创造才能的力量。一个人走进房间里——但他必须滥用英语语言的资源，并且语言的流淌必须以不符合语法的方式飞出来，这样一个女人才能说出，她走进房间时发生了什么事。房间各不相同：有的安静，有的极为喧闹；有的面朝大海，有的恰恰相反，对着监狱的院子；有的晾满衣物的；有的装饰着乳白玻璃和丝绸，显得富有生气；有的硬得像马鬃，有的软得如羽毛。一个人只要走进随便哪条街上的任何一个房间，就能感觉到女性那极其复杂的力量整个地扑面而来。怎么会是另外的样子呢？这几百万年来女人都坐在房间里，所以到现在那些墙壁都弥漫着她们的创造力。这种力量确实超出了砖瓦水泥的负荷能力，因此需要将其运用到写作、绘画、商业和政治上去。但这种创造力和男人的创造力全然不同。人们一定会得出这样的结论，假如这种创造力受到阻碍或是被浪费了的话，那是万分可惜的，因为它是经过几个世纪最严酷的磨练才赢得的，而且无可替代。假如女人也像男人那样写作或者生活，长得也像男人的话，那也是万分可惜的，因为要是两性都有不足之处，那么考虑到世界的广阔和多样，我们要是只有一种性别有怎能应付得了呢？难道教育不是应该揭示、强化两性的差异而并非相似之处吗？实际上我们有太多的相似之处，要是一位探险家回来告诉人们，其他性别的人从别的树的树枝中间看着另一片天空，那么他就是为人类做了最大的贡献，而且看着X教授跑去拿他的量尺，以证明他是“优越的”，我们获得了巨大的乐趣。

Mary Carmichael, I thought, still hovering at a little distance above the page, will have her work cut out for her merely as an observer. I am afraid indeed that she will be tempted to become, what I think the less interesting branch of the species—the naturalist-novelist, and not the contemplative. There are so many new facts for

her to observe. She will not need to limit herself any longer to the respectable houses of the upper middle classes. She will go without kindness or condescension, but in the spirit of fellowship, into those small, scented rooms where sit the courtesan, the harlot and the lady with the pug dog. There they still sit in the rough and ready-made clothes that the male writer has had perforce to clap upon their shoulders. But Mary Carmichael will have out her scissors and fit them close to every hollow and angle. It will be a curious sight, when it comes, to see these women as they are, but we must wait a little, for Mary Carmichael will still be encumbered with that self-consciousness in the presence of 'sin' which is the legacy of our sexual barbarity. She will still wear the shoddy old fetters of class on her feet.

我还是在那一页上方逗留着，距离那一页一小段距离，心想玛丽·卡迈克尔会仅仅作为一个观察者来安排写作。我真怕她会因为诱惑而成为自然主义小说家，而不是好沉思的小说家，我认为自然主义小说家是小说家中比较无趣的一派。有这么多新的事实让她观察。她再也不必把自己限制在中上层阶级的体面家庭里。她不是出于仁慈才走到那些洒了香水的小房间里，而是放下了高傲的姿态，带着友好的态度走进去。那些房间里坐着交际花、娼妓和抱着哈巴狗的女人。她们坐在那里，仍然穿着不讲究的、现成的衣服，男作家必然要拍拍她们的肩膀。但玛丽·卡迈克尔却会拿出她的剪刀，让每一个角和凹陷处都适合她们。当能看到这些女人的本来面目时，那一定会是奇特的景象。不过我们还得等一会儿，因为玛丽·卡迈克尔仍然会被在“罪恶”面前的自我意识所困扰，这种“罪恶”是我们性野蛮的遗产。她脚上仍然会戴着劣质而古老的阶级脚镣。

However, the majority of women are neither harlots nor courtesans; nor do they sit clasping pug dogs to dusty velvet all through the summer afternoon. But what do they do then? and there came to my mind's eye one of those long streets somewhere south of the river whose infinite rows are innumerably populated. With the eye of the imagination I saw a very ancient lady crossing the street on the arm of a middle-aged woman, her daughter, perhaps, both so respectably booted and furred that their dressing in the afternoon must be a ritual, and the clothes themselves put away in cupboards with camphor, year after year, throughout the summer months. They cross the road when the lamps are being lit (for the dusk is their favourite hour), as they must have done year after year. The elder is close on eighty; but if one asked her what her life has meant to her, she would say that she remembered the streets lit for the battle of Balaclava, or had heard the guns fire in Hyde Park for the birth of King Edward the Seventh. And if one asked her, longing to pin down the moment with date and season, but what were you doing on the fifth of April 1868, or the second of November 1875, she would look

vague and say that she could remember nothing. For all the dinners are cooked; the plates and cups washed; the children sent to school and gone out into the world. Nothing remains of it all. All has vanished. No biography or history has a word to say about it. And the novels, without meaning to, inevitably lie.

然而，大部分女人既不是娼妓，也不是交际花，而且夏天她们不会一下午都坐着，把哈巴狗紧紧抱在满是灰尘的丝绒上。那么她们都做些什么呢？河南岸的某个地方，那些长长的街道中的一条进入了我的脑海，河边一排排的房子里住着无数的人。用想象的目光，我看到一位非常年老的太太挽着一位中年女士的胳膊穿过街道，那位女士也许是她女儿吧，她们俩人都如此得体地穿着毛皮衣服和靴子，可见她们下午的打扮一定是像仪式一般隆重，而且在夏天的各个月份里，那些衣服肯定是都收在放了樟脑的橱柜里，每年都是这样。华灯初上之时，她们穿过街道（因为她们最喜欢傍晚时分），她们一定年年如此。年长的那位年近八十了，若是有人问她，一生对她而言有何意义，她会说，她还记得那些街道曾为巴拉克拉瓦之战而灯火辉煌，或者说她曾听见海德公园为国王爱德华七世的出生而鸣礼炮。若是有人想确定具体的日期和季节，于是去问她，那您在一八六八年四月五日或者一八七五年十一月二日在做些什么，她定会茫然地回答，她什么都不记得了。她煮饭，洗盘子、杯子，送孩子上学，送他们步入社会。但什么都没留下。一切都消逝了。没有传记或历史对此提过一个字。小说也不可避免地说了谎，虽然其本意并非如此。

All these infinitely obscure lives remain to be recorded, I said, addressing Mary Carmichael as if she were present; and went on in thought through the streets of London feeling in imagination the pressure of dumbness, the accumulation of unrecorded life, whether from the women at the street corners with their arms akimbo, and the rings embedded in their fat swollen fingers, talking with a gesticulation like the swing of Shakespeare's words; or from the violet-sellers and match-sellers and old crones stationed under doorways; or from drifting girls whose faces, like waves in sun and cloud, signal the coming of men and women and the flickering lights of shop windows. All that you will have to explore, I said to Mary Carmichael, holding your torch firm in your hand. Above all, you must illumine your own soul with its profundities and its shallows, and its vanities and its generosities, and say what your beauty means to you or your plainness, and what is your relation to the everchanging and turning world of gloves and shoes and stuffs swaying up and down among the faint scents that come through chemists' bottles down arcades of dress material over a floor of pseudo-marble. For in imagination I had gone into a shop; it was laid with black and white paving; it was hung, astonishingly beautifully, with coloured ribbons. Mary Carmichael might well have a look at that in passing, I thought, for it is a sight

that would lend itself to the pen as fittingly as any snowy peak or rocky gorge in the Andes. And there is the girl behind the counter too—I would as soon have her true history as the hundred and fiftieth life of Napoleon or seventieth study of Keats and his use of Miltonic inversion which old Professor Z and his like are now inditing. And then I went on very warily, on the very tips of my toes (so cowardly am I, so afraid of the lash that was once almost laid on my own shoulders), to murmur that she should also learn to laugh, without bitterness, at the vanities—say rather at the peculiarities, for it is a less offensive word—of the other sex. For there is a spot the size of a shilling at the back of the head which one can never see for oneself. It is one of the good offices that sex can discharge for sex—to describe that spot the size of a shilling at the back of the head. Think how much women have profited by the comments of Juvenal; by the criticism of Strindberg. Think with what humanity and brilliancy men, from the earliest ages, have pointed out to women that dark place at the back of the head! And if Mary were very brave and very honest, she would go behind the other sex and tell us what she found there. A true picture of man as a whole can never be painted until a woman has described that spot the size of a shilling. Mr Woodhouse and Mr Casuabon are spots of that size and nature. Not of course that anyone in their senses would counsel her to hold up to scorn and ridicule of set purpose—literature shows the futility of what is written in that spirit. Be truthful, one would say, and the result is bound to be amazingly interesting. Comedy is bound to be enriched. New facts are bound to be discovered.

所有这些无比默默无闻的人生都有待记录，我这样对玛丽·卡迈克尔说，好像她就在我面前。我顺着伦敦的街道一直想下去，在想象中感觉那种不能说话的压力，感觉积累下来的那些未被记录的人生。这或许是来自站在街角、双手叉腰的女人，她们的戒指嵌到肥大臃肿的指头里，说话时的手势像莎士比亚的语言一样铿锵有力；这或许是来自卖紫罗兰和卖火柴的女孩，以及坐在门口的干瘪老太婆；这或许是来自那些流浪女孩，她们的脸像是阳光白云下的波浪，标志着男人、女人们的到来和商店橱窗里闪烁的灯光。所有那些你都得去探索，握紧你手中的火把，我对玛丽·卡迈克尔说。最重要的是，你必须照亮自己的灵魂，以及它的深沉与浅薄、虚荣与慷慨，并且讲一讲，你的美貌或是平常相貌对于你意味着什么，你和这个不断变化、日新月异的世界有什么关系。这是一个手套、鞋子和各式物品的世界，它们在药剂师瓶子散发出的淡淡气味里上下摆动，那气味沿着人工大理石地板上卖衣料的拱廊散开来。我在想象中进入了一家商店，这家店铺着黑白相间的地砖，挂着美得惊人的彩带。我想，玛丽·卡迈克尔路过时完全应该看一看，因为这种景象非常适合拿来描写，就像安第斯山脉任何一个被白雪覆盖的山峰或是布满岩石的峡谷。还有柜台后的那个女孩——与其去读拿破仑的第150部传记，或是研究济慈极其弥尔顿式倒装法的第70篇报告（老教授Z先生极

其同类人正在编写），不如去了解这个女孩真实的个人经历。然后我踮着脚尖（我是如此胆小，如此害怕差点打在我肩上的鞭子），继续小心翼翼地低声说，她也应该学着以不带怨恨的方式嘲笑男人的虚荣，或者说是男人的特性，这个词比较中听一点儿。人的头背面有个一先令大小的斑点，自己永远无法看到。所以，去描述头背面那个一先令大小的斑点就成了两性间互利的好事之一。想想女人们从尤维纳利斯的意见和斯特林堡的评论中获得了多少益处啊。想一想，自古以来，男人把头背面的那块黑的地方指给女人看，是带着怎样的仁慈和智慧啊！如果玛丽非常勇敢诚实的话，那么她就该走到男人背后去，告诉我们她在那儿看到了什么。永远也画不出一个男人整体的真实画像，直到有女人描述了那个一先令大小的斑点。伍德豪斯和卡苏朋先生就是那样大小、那样性质的斑点。当然，任何理性的人都不会建议她有目的地去奚落嘲弄——文学告诉我们，以那种精神写出来的东西都是无用的。有人会说，只要真实，那么结果必定会惊人地有趣。喜剧的内容一定会得到充实。新的事实一定会被发现。

However, it was high time to lower my eyes to the page again. It would be better, instead of speculating what Mary Carmichael might write and should write, to see what in fact Mary Carmichael did write. So I began to read again. I remembered that I had certain grievances against her. She had broken up Jane Austen's sentence, and thus given me no chance of pluming myself upon my impeccable taste, my fastidious ear. For it was useless to say, 'Yes, yes, this is very nice; but Jane Austen wrote much better than you do', when I had to admit that there was no point of likeness between them. Then she had gone further and broken the sequence—the expected order. Perhaps she had done this unconsciously, merely giving things their natural order, as a woman would, if she wrote like a woman. But the effect was somehow baffling; one could not see a wave heaping itself, a crisis coming round the next corner. Therefore I could not plume myself either upon the depths of my feelings and my profound knowledge of the human heart. For whenever I was about to feel the usual things in the usual places, about love, about death, the annoying creature twitched me away, as if the important point were just a little further on. And thus she made it impossible for me to roll out my sonorous phrases about 'elemental feelings', the 'common stuff of humanity', 'the depths of the human heart', and all those other phrases which support us in our belief that, however clever we may be on top, we are very serious, very profound and very humane underneath. She made me feel, on the contrary, that instead of being serious and profound and humane, one might be—and the thought was far less seductive—merely lazy minded and conventional into the bargain.

不过，的确是时候再低头看看这一页了。最好还是看看玛丽·卡迈克尔事实上写了些什么，而不是去推测她可能会写什么，应该写什么。所

以我又开始读起来了。我记得我对她有些不满意的地方。她分解了简·奥斯汀的语句，使得我没机会再因为自己无可挑剔的品味和极难讨好的耳朵沾沾自喜。如果我不得不承认她们之间没有相似点，那么说“是的，是的，这个好，不过简·奥斯汀比你写得好多了”也是没用的。然后她又进一步打乱了顺序——预期的次序。也许她是无意中这么做的，只是赋予事物自然的顺序，就像女人那样，如果她像女人那样写作的话。可是效果却令人多少有些困惑，人们看不到高潮，看不到有危机即将发生。因此，我就不能炫耀自己情感的深度，以及我对人心的深刻了解。每当我要在平常的地方感受平常的事情时，感受关于爱与死亡的事情时，那讨厌的家伙就把我硬扯开，好像重要的那一点就在前面不远的地方。于是，她使我不能高声说出我那些关于“基本情感”、“人类共同本质”和“人心深处”的铿锵有力的词句，还有其他那些支持我们的信念的词句。我们相信，无论我们表面上多么机灵，内心都是非常认真、非常深刻、非常有人情味的。相反，她却让我觉得，人不是认真、深刻、有人情味的，而是有可能思想懒惰、因循守旧——这个想法实在是太不诱人了。

But I read on, and noted certain other facts. She was no 'genius' that was evident. She had nothing like the love of Nature, the fiery imagination, the wild poetry, the brilliant wit, the brooding wisdom of her great predecessors, Lady Winchilsea, Charlotte Bronte, Emily Bronte, Jane Austen and George Eliot; she could not write with the melody and the dignity of Dorothy Osborne—indeed she was no more than a clever girl whose books will no doubt be pulped by the publishers in ten years' time. But, nevertheless, she had certain advantages which women of far greater gift lacked even half a century ago. Men were no longer to her 'the opposing faction'; she need not waste her time railing against them; she need not climb on to the roof and ruin her peace of mind longing for travel, experience and a knowledge of the world and character that were denied her. Fear and hatred were almost gone, or traces of them showed only in a slight exaggeration of the joy of freedom, a tendency to the caustic and satirical, rather than to the romantic, in her treatment of the other sex. Then there could be no doubt that as a novelist she enjoyed some natural advantages of a high order. She had a sensibility that was very wide, eager and free. It responded to an almost imperceptible touch on it. It feasted like a plant newly stood in the air on every sight and sound that came its way. It ranged, too, very subtly and curiously, among almost unknown or unrecorded things; it lighted on small things and showed that perhaps they were not small after all. It brought buried things to light and made one wonder what need there had been to bury them. Awkward though she was and without the unconscious bearing of long descent which makes the least turn of the pen of a Thackeray or a Lamb delightful to the ear, she had—I began to think—mastered the first great lesson; she wrote as a woman, but as a woman who has forgotten that she is a woman, so that her pages

were full of that curious sexual quality which comes only when sex is unconscious of itself.

但我还是继续往下读，注意到了一些别的事实。她不是天才，这是明摆着的。不像她伟大的前辈温奇尔西夫人、夏洛特·勃朗特、埃米莉·勃朗特、简·奥斯汀和乔治·艾略特，她没有那种对大自然的热爱、充满激情的想象力、狂野的情感、非凡的才智和沉思的智慧；她又不能带着多萝西·奥斯本那样的抑扬顿挫和庄严去写作。其实，她不过就是个聪明的女子，毫无疑问，十年后她的书肯定会被书商制成纸浆。尽管如此，她却有某些优势，那些天赋远高于她的女人甚至在半个世纪前就缺乏这些优势。对她来说，男人不再是“反对派”。她不必浪费时间去责骂他们，也不必爬上屋顶，因为渴望她得不到的那些旅行、经历以及关于世界和人的性格的知识而弄得自己心神不宁。在对待男性时，恐惧和憎恨几乎都已远去，或者说它们的痕迹只是在对自由的欢乐的轻微夸大中表现出来，这是一种向刻薄、讽刺的方向发展的趋势，而不是向浪漫的方向发展。那么毫无疑问，作为一名小说家，她享有上层社会的某些自然的优势。她拥有丰富、热切、自由的情感。对几乎感觉不到的触碰，它都会作出反应。就像一株刚刚来到空气中的植物，尽情享受着不期而遇的每一个景象和每一个声响。它也带着好奇轻轻地穿梭在那些未知或未被记录的事物中；它落在渺小的事物上，并且表明，也许它们其实并不渺小。它把埋藏已久的东西挖掘出来，并且让人们很纳闷，当初有什么埋藏的必要。虽然她不够灵巧，也没有在不知不觉中继承悠久的传统——这一传统使得萨克雷或拉姆那种人即使轻轻一转笔也能写出悦耳的文字，但是，我现在觉得，她已经掌握了伟大的第一课；她像一个女人那样写作，但却是一个忘记自己性别的女人，所以她的书页里充斥着那种奇特的性别特征，而这些特征只有在没有意识到自身性别时才会出现。

All this was to the good. But no abundance of sensation or fineness of perception would avail unless she could build up out of the fleeting and the personal the lasting edifice which remains unthrown. I had said that I would wait until she faced herself with 'a situation'. And I meant by that until she proved by summoning, beckoning and getting together that she was not a skimmer of surfaces merely, but had looked beneath into the depths. Now is the time, she would say to herself at a certain moment, when without doing anything violent I can show the meaning of all this. And she would begin—how unmistakable that quickening is!—beckoning and summoning, and there would rise up in memory, half forgotten, perhaps quite trivial things in other chapters dropped by the way. And she would make their presence felt while someone sewed or smoked a pipe as naturally as possible, and one would feel, as she went on writing, as if one had gone to the top of the world and seen it laid out, very majestically, beneath.

所有的这些都是有利的。但是，丰富的感觉或是细微的洞察力并不会有多大用处，除非她能从转瞬即逝以及个人的东西中建造出那个仍未

被抛弃的永恒持久的大厦。我说过，我会一直等，直到她面对一个“复杂紧要的情节”。我的意思是说，直到她通过召唤、示意、聚集等方法，证明她不是一个只浏览表面的人，而是已经向下看到了深层次的东西。在某个时候她会对自己说，现在就是不用做出任何激烈的举动就能表现出这一切的意义的时候了。然后她就开始示意、召唤——这种复苏是多么清楚！——然后记忆里就会出现那些几乎被忘记、在别的章节里漏掉的非常琐碎的东西。她就会在某人做针线活或抽烟斗的时候使这些东西尽可能自然地出现。她继续写下去的话，人们就会感觉到自己似乎已经来到了世界之巅，并且看到整个世界在下面铺展开来，非常壮观。

At any rate, she was making the attempt. And as I watched her lengthening out for the test, I saw, but hoped that she did not see, the bishops and the deans, the doctors and the professors, the patriarchs and the pedagogues all at her shouting warning and advice. You can't do this and you shan't do that! Fellows and scholars only allowed on the grass! Ladies not admitted without a letter of introduction! Aspiring and graceful female novelists this way! So they kept at her like the crowd at a fence on the racecourse, and it was her trial to take her fence without looking to right or to left. If you stop to curse you are lost, I said to her; equally, if you stop to laugh. Hesitate or fumble and you are done for. Think only of the jump, I implored her, as if I had put the whole of my money on her back; and she went over it like a bird. But there was a fence beyond that and a fence beyond that. Whether she had the staying power I was doubtful, for the clapping and the crying were fraying to the nerves. But she did her best. Considering that Mary Carmichael was no genius, but an unknown girl writing her first novel in a bed-sitting-room, without enough of those desirable things, time, money and idleness, she did not do so badly, I thought.

无论如何，她是在尝试。当我注视着她持续地做着这个试验的时候，我看见——但希望她没发现——那些主教和教长们、博士和教授们、元老和学究们全都喊着警告她、劝她。你不能这么做，不许那样做！只有研究员和学者才能走到草坪上！女士们没有介绍信是不允许进入的！请胸怀大志、优雅的女小说家走这边。他们不断对她施加压力，就如赛马场上围栏边的人群一样，就看她能否不用左顾右盼就跨过围栏。我对她说：要是你停下来骂，那你就输掉了；要是你停下来笑，也是一样。如果犹豫不决或者笨手笨脚，你也就完了。只要想着跳，我恳求她，好像我把所有的钱都押在她身上了，而她就像小鸟那样飞过去了。可是前面还有一道又一道的围栏。我很怀疑她能否有那样的耐力，因为鼓掌和呐喊的声音令人神经紧张。可她尽力了。玛丽·卡迈克尔不是天才，不过是一个在卧室兼起居室的房间里写了第一部小说的无名女孩，像时间、金钱、闲情逸致这样的有利因素都不太具备。这样想来，我认为她也算做得不错了。

Give her another hundred years, I concluded, reading the last

chapter—people's noses and bare shoulders showed naked against a starry sky, for someone had twitched the curtain in the drawing-room—give her a room of her own and five hundred a year, let her speak her mind and leave out half that she now puts in, and she will write a better book one of these days. She will be a poet, I said, putting LIFE'S ADVENTURE, by Mary Carmichael, at the end of the shelf, in another hundred years' time.

读着最后一章的文字——人们的鼻子和裸露的肩膀在繁星点点的天空下显露出来，因为有人猛地拉开了客厅的窗帘——我得出了结论：如果再给她一百年，给她一个属于自己的房间，再给她每年五百英镑的收入，让她吐露心声，让她把现在写进书里的东西省掉一半，那么，她有一天会写出一本更好的书。我把玛丽·卡迈克尔的《人生的冒险》放在书架的尽头，说道，再过一百年，她会成为一位诗人。

CHAPTER SIX

第六章

Next day the light of the October morning was falling in dusty shafts through the uncurtained windows, and the hum of traffic rose from the street. London then was winding itself up again; the factory was astir; the machines were beginning. It was tempting, after all this reading, to look out of the window and see what London was doing on the morning of the 26th of October 1928. And what was London doing? Nobody, it seemed, was reading ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. London was wholly indifferent, it appeared, to Shakespeare's plays. Nobody cared a straw—and I do not blame them—for the future of fiction, the death of poetry or the development by the average woman of a prose style completely expressive of her mind. If opinions upon any of these matters had been chalked on the pavement, nobody would have stooped to read them. The nonchalance of the hurrying feet would have rubbed them out in half an hour. Here came an errand-boy; here a woman with a dog on a lead. The fascination of the London street is that no two people are ever alike; each seems bound on some private affair of his own. There were the business-like, with their little bags; there were the drifters rattling sticks upon area railings; there were affable characters to whom the streets serve for clubroom, hailing men in carts and giving information without being asked for it. Also there were funerals to which men, thus suddenly reminded of the passing of their own bodies, lifted their hats. And then a very distinguished gentleman came slowly down a doorstep and paused to avoid collision with a bustling lady who had, by some means or other, acquired a splendid fur coat and a bunch of Parma violets. They all seemed separate, selfabsorbed, on business of their own.

第二天，透过没有窗帘的窗户，十月的一束束晨光夹杂着尘埃照进来，街上传来了车水马龙的声音。伦敦又一次上足了发条，工厂骚动起来，机器开始运转。读完这些以后，就想往窗外看看，看伦敦在一九二八年十月二十六日的早上做些什么。那么伦敦在做什么呢？似乎没人在读《安东尼与克娄巴特拉》。看来伦敦对莎士比亚的戏剧完全不在意。对于小说的未来、诗歌的死亡，或者一个普通女人创造的能够完全表达她思想的散文风格，人们毫不在乎——我不会责怪他们。要是用粉笔把有关这些事的见解写在人行道上，也不会有人弯腰去读的。那些冷漠的匆匆脚步会在半小时内就把它们擦去。这儿来了个供差遣的童仆，那儿有一个女人牵着条狗。伦敦街道的魅力在于，从来没有两个人是相像的，每一个人似乎都某件自己的私事。有拎着小包认真务实的人；有用

手杖把庭院栏杆敲出响声的流浪汉；有把街道当作俱乐部聚会室的和蔼友善的人，他们和车里的人打招呼，不等人询问就把消息告诉他们。还有出殡的，这让人突然想起自己有一天也会死去，于是都举起帽子致哀。一位很高贵的绅士慢慢从门阶上走下来，为避免和一位匆忙的女士相撞，他停了一下。也不知用了什么法子，那位女士弄到了一件绝妙的皮大衣和一束帕尔马紫罗兰。他们看上去都各自独立，自我专注，忙着自己的事情。

At this moment, as so often happens in London, there was a complete lull and suspension of traffic. Nothing came down the street; nobody passed. A single leaf detached itself from the plane tree at the end of the street, and in that pause and suspension fell. Somehow it was like a signal falling, a signal pointing to a force in things which one had overlooked. It seemed to point to a river, which flowed past, invisibly, round the corner, down the street, and took people and eddied them along, as the stream at Oxbridge had taken the undergraduate in his boat and the dead leaves. Now it was bringing from one side of the street to the other diagonally a girl in patent leather boots, and then a young man in a maroon overcoat; it was also bringing a taxi-cab; and it brought all three together at a point directly beneath my window; where the taxi stopped; and the girl and the young man stopped; and they got into the taxi; and then the cab glided off as if it were swept on by the current elsewhere.

这时，行人车辆完全静下来，暂时停住了，这种情况在伦敦常常发生。没什么东西来大街上，也没人过街了。一片叶子从街道尽头的一棵悬铃木上脱落，就在一切暂停的时候落了下来。不知怎么的，那就像来了个信号，指向人们一直没注意到的那些东西里面蕴含的力量。它似乎指向一条河流，这条河流无形地绕过转角，流过街道，卷起漩涡带走了人们，就像牛津剑桥的那条河带走了船上的大学生和落叶一样。现在它把一个穿着新颖别致的皮靴的女孩从街的一边斜着带到另一边，又带来一位穿褐红色大衣的年轻男子，还有一辆出租车。它又把这三者一同带到一个点上，就在我窗户下面。车停了，女孩和年轻男人也停下来，一起上了车，然后车静静地开走了，好像又被那条河冲到另一个地方去了。

The sight was ordinary enough; what was strange was the rhythmical order with which my imagination had invested it; and the fact that the ordinary sight of two people getting into a cab had the power to communicate something of their own seeming satisfaction. The sight of two people coming down the street and meeting at the corner seems to ease the mind of some strain, I thought, watching the taxi turn and make off. Perhaps to think, as I had been thinking these two days, of one sex as distinct from the other is an effort. It interferes with the unity of the mind. Now that effort had ceased and that unity had been restored by seeing two people come together and get into a

taxicab. The mind is certainly a very mysterious organ, I reflected, drawing my head in from the window, about which nothing whatever is known, though we depend upon it so completely. Why do I feel that there are severances and oppositions in the mind, as there are strains from obvious causes on the body? What does one mean by 'the unity of the mind'? I pondered, for clearly the mind has so great a power of concentrating at any point at any moment that it seems to have no single state of being. It can separate itself from the people in the street, for example, and think of itself as apart from them, at an upper window looking down on them. Or it can think with other people spontaneously, as, for instance, in a crowd waiting to hear some piece of news read out. It can think back through its fathers or through its mothers, as I have said that a woman writing thinks back through her mothers. Again if one is a woman one is often surprised by a sudden splitting off of consciousness, say in walking down Whitehall, when from being the natural inheritor of that civilization, she becomes, on the contrary, outside of it, alien and critical. Clearly the mind is always altering its focus, and bringing the world into different perspectives. But some of these states of mind seem, even if adopted spontaneously, to be less comfortable than others. In order to keep oneself continuing in them one is unconsciously holding something back, and gradually the repression becomes an effort. But there may be some state of mind in which one could continue without effort because nothing is required to be held back. And this perhaps, I thought, coming in from the window, is one of them. For certainly when I saw the couple get into the taxicab the mind felt as if, after being divided, it had come together again in a natural fusion. The obvious reason would be that it is natural for the sexes to co-operate. One has a profound, if irrational, instinct in favour of the theory that the union of man and woman makes for the greatest satisfaction, the most complete happiness. But the sight of the two people getting into the taxi and the satisfaction it gave me made me also ask whether there are two sexes in the mind corresponding to the two sexes in the body, and whether they also require to be united in order to get complete satisfaction and happiness? And I went on amateurishly to sketch a plan of the soul so that in each of us two powers preside, one male, one female; and in the man's brain the man predominates over the woman, and in the woman's brain the woman predominates over the man. The normal and comfortable state of being is that when the two live in harmony together, spiritually co-operating. If one is a man, still the woman part of his brain must have effect; and a woman also must have intercourse with the man in her. Coleridge perhaps meant this when he said that a great mind is androgynous. It is when this fusion takes place that the mind is fully fertilized and uses all its

faculties. Perhaps a mind that is purely masculine cannot create, any more than a mind that is purely feminine, I thought. But it would be well to test what one meant by man-womanly, and conversely by woman-manly, by pausing and looking at a book or two.

这情景常见得很，奇怪的是我的想象赋予它的有节奏的秩序，以及这样的一个事实，即两个人坐进车里这种平常的场面也有一种力量，能将他们表面上的满足多少传达出来。我注视着那辆车拐了个弯开走了，心想，看见两个人沿街走来，在拐角碰面，这似乎缓解了心里的某种紧张情绪。这两天我一直认为一种性别与另一种性别是截然不同的，也许这样想是件费力的事吧。它妨碍了思想的协调一致。现在看到两个人走到一起坐进一辆出租车里，那费力的事就结束了，思想的协调性也恢复了。人脑真是个很神秘的器官——我边思考边把头从窗外缩回来——我们对它一无所知，却要完全依靠它。为什么我感觉头脑里有分裂和对立，就像身体因明显的原因而极度紧张一样？“思想的协调性”究竟是什么意思？我这样思考着，因为很显然，大脑具有非常巨大的力量，能在任何时候集中在任何一点上，它似乎不会只有一种单一的状态。譬如，它可以将自己和街上的人们分开，并且从高高的窗口向下望着他们，认为自己脱离了他们。或者它会不由自主地和别人一起思考，比如在人群里等着听人读出某条新闻的时候。它可以通过父亲或母亲往回思考，就像我曾说过的，写作的女人通过她的母亲往回思考。而且，一个人如果是女人的话，她就常常会因为意识的突然分裂而感到惊讶，比如走在怀特霍尔大街上的时候，她本来是那种文明的天生的继承人，此时却恰恰相反，变成了文明之外的东西，格格不入又持有批判态度。很明显，头脑总是不断改变其焦点，从不同的角度看待世界。但这些心境中有一些不如其他的舒服，即使它们是自然而然产生的。为了继续保持这样的心境，人在无意中会隐瞒一些事，渐渐地，这种压抑就变成费力的事了。不过也许也有一些心境，人可以保持这样的心境而又不必费力，因为没有需要隐瞒的东西。我从窗户那儿往里走的时候，心想，这也许就是其中一种吧。当然，当我看到那对男女一起上了出租车的时候，头脑的感觉就像是分开后又自然地融合在了一起。明显的原因就是，两性间的合作是很自然的事。人们有一种即便不理性却也根深蒂固的本能，这种本能支持一种理论，那就是男人和女人的结合能带来最大的满足和最圆满的幸福。然而两人坐进车里的场景及其给我的满足感令我还想问一下，脑中是否也有同身体相对应的两性，它们是否也需要结合起来才能拥有完满的满足和幸福呢？我进而很不熟练地草拟出一幅灵魂的示意图，于是我们每个人心中都有两种力量在起支配作用，一种是男性的，另一种是女性的。在男人的头脑中，男性力量胜过女性力量；而在女人的脑中，女性力量胜过男性力量。正常而又舒适的存在状态就是这两股力量和谐共处、精神上互相协作的时候。假如一个人是个男人，他脑中女性的那部分力量也必定在起作用；而女人肯定也与其内心的男性力量有交流。柯尔律治说一个伟大的头脑是兼有男女两性的，他的意思大概就是这个吧。只有在这种融合发生时，大脑才会彻底地充实，才能利用其全部的官能。我觉得，可能一个纯粹男性的头脑和一个纯粹女性的头脑都是不能创造的。不过最好还是暂停一下，去看一两本书，来考查一下人

们在谈到有男子气的女性或者具有女子气的男性时，到底是什么意思。

Coleridge certainly did not mean, when he said that a great mind is androgynous, that it is a mind that has any special sympathy with women; a mind that takes up their cause or devotes itself to their interpretation. Perhaps the androgynous mind is less apt to make these distinctions than the single-sexed mind. He meant, perhaps, that the androgynous mind is resonant and porous; that it transmits emotion without impediment; that it is naturally creative, incandescent and undivided. In fact one goes back to Shakespeare's mind as the type of the androgynous, of the man-womanly mind, though it would be impossible to say what Shakespeare thought of women. And if it be true that it is one of the tokens of the fully developed mind that it does not think specially or separately of sex, how much harder it is to attain that condition now than ever before. Here I came to the books by living writers, and there paused and wondered if this fact were not at the root of something that had long puzzled me. No age can ever have been as stridently sex-conscious as our own; those innumerable books by men about women in the British Museum are a proof of it. The Suffrage campaign was no doubt to blame. It must have roused in men an extraordinary desire for selfassertion; it must have made them lay an emphasis upon their own sex and its characteristics which they would not have troubled to think about had they not been challenged. And when one is challenged, even by a few women in black bonnets, one retaliates, if one has never been challenged before, rather excessively. That perhaps accounts for some of the characteristics that I remember to have found here, I thought, taking down a new novel by Mr A, who is in the prime of life and very well thought of, apparently, by the reviewers. I opened it. Indeed, it was delightful to read a man's writing again. It was so direct, so straightforward after the writing of women. It indicated such freedom of mind, such liberty of person, such confidence in himself. One had a sense of physical well-being in the presence of this well-nourished, well-educated, free mind, which had never been thwarted or opposed, but had had full liberty from birth to stretch itself in whatever way it liked. All this was admirable. But after reading aCHAPTERor two a shadow seemed to lie across the page. It was a straight dark bar, a shadow shaped something like the letter 'I'. One began dodging this way and that to catch a glimpse of the landscape behind it. Whether that was indeed a tree or a woman walking I was not quite sure. Back one was always hailed to the letter 'I'. One began to be tired of 'I'. Not but what this 'I' was a most respectable 'I'; honest and logical; as hard as a nut, and polished for centuries by good teaching and good feeding. I respect and admire that 'I' from the bottom of my heart. But—here I turned a page or two,

looking for something or other the worst of it is that in the shadow of the letter 'I' all is shapeless as mist. Is that a tree? No, it is a woman. But... she has not a bone in her body, I thought, watching Phoebe, for that was her name, coming across the beach. Then Alan got up and the shadow of Alan at once obliterated Phoebe. For Alan had views and Phoebe was quenched in the flood of his views. And then Alan, I thought, has passions; and here I turned page after page very fast, feeling that the crisis was approaching, and so it was. It took place on the beach under the sun. It was done very openly. It was done very vigorously. Nothing could have been more indecent. But... I had said 'but' too often. One cannot go on saying 'but'. One must finish the sentence somehow, I rebuked myself. Shall I finish it, 'But—I am bored!' But why was I bored? Partly because of the dominance of the letter 'I' and the aridity, which, like the giant beech tree, it casts within its shade. Nothing will grow there. And partly for some more obscure reason. There seemed to be some obstacle, some impediment in Mr A's mind which blocked the fountain of creative energy and shored it within narrow limits. And remembering the lunch party at Oxbridge, and the cigarette ash and the Manx cat and Tennyson and Christina Rossetti all in a bunch, it seemed possible that the impediment lay there. As he no longer hums under his breath, 'There has fallen a splendid tear from the passion-flower at the gate', when Phoebe crosses the beach, and she no longer replies, 'My heart is like a singing bird whose nest is in a water'd shoot', when Alan approaches what can he do? Being honest as the day and logical as the sun, there is only one thing he can do. And that he does, to do him justice, over and over (I said turning the pages) and over again. And that, I added, aware of the awful nature of the confession, seems somehow dull. Shakespeare's indecency uproots a thousand other things in one's mind, and is far from being dull. But Shakespeare does it for pleasure; Mr A, as the nurses say, does it on purpose. He does it in protest. He is protesting against the equality of the other sex by asserting his own superiority. He is therefore impeded and inhibited and self-conscious as Shakespeare might have been if he too had known Miss Clough and Miss Davies. Doubtless Elizabethan literature would have been very different from what it is if the women's movement had begun in the sixteenth century and not in the nineteenth.

柯尔律治提到一个伟大的头脑兼有男女两性的时候，他的意思当然不是说这个头脑对女人有任何特别的同情，也不是说这个头脑从事女人的事业或者专门致力于对女人的阐释。兼有男女两性的大脑大概比单一性的大脑更不易于产生这些差别。他的意思可能就是说：兼有两性的大脑是会产生共鸣的，是有渗透性的；它传递情感时没有障碍；它生来就是富有创造力、极其清晰、完整一致的。事实上，人们会回到莎士比亚的大脑上，将其作为兼有男女两性的大脑的典型以及男人女性的典型，

尽管不可能去讲莎士比亚对女人有什么想法。得到充分发展的大脑的一个标志就是它不会特意去想性别的问题，也不会把性别拿出来单独考虑，如果真是这样的话，那么现在要达到那种程度不知比以前要困难多少。现在我来到了一些在世作家的作品面前，并且停住了，想知道这个事实是否就是令我困惑了很久的某件事情的根源。没有一个时代像我们这个时代一样具有强烈的性别意识。大英博物馆里男人写的无数关于女人的书就是一个证据。无疑这要归咎于妇女选举权运动。那一定是在男人中间激起了一种想要独断专行的反常欲望，并且使得男人要强调自己的性别及其特征；要是没有受到挑战，他们是不会费神去想这些的。如果一个人从未受到过挑战，那么有人挑战他的时候，哪怕只是几个戴黑帽子的女人，他也会过分地进行报复。那也许解释了我记得是在这里发现的一些特点，我这样想着，拿下A先生的一部新小说。A先生正是风华正茂的时候，而且书评家们显然也觉得他不错。我翻开书。再一次读男人的作品确实很愉悦。看过女人的作品之后，就觉得男人的文章是如此直截了当。作品显示了思想的自由、人格的自主和内心的自信。这种得到很好的滋养、受到良好的教育、自由自在的思想从未受过阻挠，也从未有人反对，它自产生以来就享受完全的自由，可以随意伸展。一个人面对这种思想时，也感觉到了身体上的健康。所有这些都令人钦佩。但读过一两章后，一道阴影似乎横在书页内。那是一个直直的黑条，一个形似字母"I"的阴影。（注：英文中，字母"I"意为“我”。）人们开始左右闪躲，以便能瞥一眼后面的风景。我不太确定那到底是一棵树还是一个走路的女人。人们老是被招呼回去，去看字母"I"。他们开始厌烦字母"I"了。虽然这个"I"是一个非常值得尊敬的"I"，诚实又有逻辑头脑，硬如坚果，几百年的良好教育和良好饮食使它变得优雅。我由衷地尊重、羡慕那个"I"。可我翻了一两页，寻找某个东西，却发现最糟糕的是，在字母"I"的阴影里，一切都像雾一样没有形状。那是棵树么？不是，那是一个女人。可是看着菲比——那是她的名字——穿过海滩的时候，我觉得她身子里连一根骨头都没有。后来艾伦起床了，艾伦的影子马上就把菲比抹掉了。因为艾伦有见解，菲比就被他洪水般的见解消灭了。接下来，我又觉得艾伦有激情。我一页一页很快地翻过去，感觉关键的时刻就要到了，果然不出所料，事情就发生在阳光下的海滩边。写得非常直白。写得非常有力。没有比这个更下流的了。但是……我说了太多的“但是”。人不能老说“但是”。一个人总得想办法把句子说完，我谴责自己道。我要不要说完呢？“但是——我厌倦了！”可我为什么厌烦了呢？部分原因是字母"I"占据优势，而且枯燥乏味。就像一棵大山毛榉，字母"I"把这种枯燥乏味投在自己的阴影下。那儿什么都不能生长。还有一部分原因较为含糊。A先生脑中好像有某种阻碍，某种障碍物，它把创造力的源泉堵住了，把它送到窄小的范围里。想起牛津剑桥的午餐会、香烟灰、马恩岛猫、坦尼生和克里斯蒂娜·罗塞蒂——它们全聚在一起，那种障碍物似乎有可能就在那儿。菲比穿过海滩时，他不再低声哼哼“一颗美好的泪珠从门口那株西番莲花上滚落”，而艾伦走近时，她也不再回答说“我的心像一只歌唱的鸟，它的巢筑在一根被弄湿的嫩枝上”。那么，他能怎么办呢？诚实得像白昼，合理得像太阳，那么他能做的就只有一件事。平心而论，这件事他做了又做（我说道，一边翻着书），做

了又做。我意识到这种忏悔的可怕性质，又补充道，这件事似乎多少有点乏味。莎士比亚的不雅根除了人们脑海中上千件别的事情，而且绝不乏味。可莎士比亚是写着玩的，而正如保姆们所说，A先生是故意这样写的。他这样做是为了表示抗议。他坚持自己的优越性，以此来反对女性的平等。他因此受到阻碍和约束，并且具有了自我意识。假使莎士比亚也认识克拉夫小姐和戴维斯小姐的话，可能也会这样。毫无疑问，如果妇女运动在十六世纪而不是在十九世纪开始的话，伊丽莎白时代的文学本会和实际情况有很大的差别。

What, then, it amounts to, if this theory of the two sides of the mind holds good, is that virility has now become self-conscious-men, that is to say, are now writing only with the male side of their brains. It is a mistake for a woman to read them, for she will inevitably look for something that she will not find. It is the power of suggestion that one most misses, I thought, taking Mr B the critic in my hand and reading, very carefully and very dutifully, his remarks upon the art of poetry. Very able they were, acute and full of learning; but the trouble was that his feelings no longer communicated; his mind seemed separated into different chambers; not a sound carried from one to the other. Thus, when one takes a sentence of Mr B into the mind it falls plump to the ground—dead; but when one takes a sentence of Coleridge into the mind, it explodes and gives birth to all kinds of other ideas, and that is the only sort of writing of which one can say that it has the secret of perpetual life.

假如脑子具有两面性的理论行得通，那就等于说，男子气概现在就变成了男人的自我意识，也就是说，现在男人只是用他们脑子的男性面去写作。对于女人来说，读这些书真是错误，因为她必然会去寻找那些她怎么也找不到的东西。我认为，人们漏掉最多的就是暗示的力量。我拿起批评家B先生有关诗歌艺术的评论，仔细而忠实地去品读。这些评论非常出色，敏锐而博学；可问题在于，他不再传达感情。他的脑子似乎分隔成不同的房间，互相之间也不通音讯。因此，如果脑子里记一句B先生的句子，这句子会扑通一声掉在地上——死了。但若记一句柯尔律治的句子，这个句子会在头脑里爆炸，并激发出各种各样的其他想法，这才是人们所说的唯一一种具有永生奥秘的文笔。

But whatever the reason may be, it is a fact that one must deplore. For it means—here I had come to rows of books by Mr Galsworthy and Mr Kipling—that some of the finest works of our greatest living writers fall upon deaf ears. Do what she will a woman cannot find in them that fountain of perpetual life which the critics assure her is there. It is not only that they celebrate male virtues, enforce male values and describe the world of men; it is that the emotion with which these books are permeated is to a woman incomprehensible. It is coming, it is gathering, it is about to burst on one's head, one begins saying long before the end. That picture will

fall on old Jolyon's head; he will die of the shock; the old clerk will speak over him two or three obituary words; and all the swans on the Thames will simutaneously burst out singing. But one will rush away before that happens and hide in the gooseberry bushes, for the emotion which is so deep, so subtle, so symbolical to a man moves a woman to wonder. So with Mr Kipling's officers who turn their Backs; and his Sowers who sow the Seed; and his Men who are alone with their Work; and the Flag—one blushes at all these capital letters as if one had been caught eavesdropping at some purely masculine orgy. The fact is that neither Mr Galsworthy nor Mr Kipling has a spark of the woman in him. Thus all their qualities seem to a woman, if one may generalize, crude and immature. They lack suggestive power. And when a book lacks suggestive power, however hard it hits the surface of the mind it cannot penetrate within.

但不论理由可能是什么，那都是令人们深感遗憾的事实。因为这意味着——现在我走到了一排排摆着高尔斯华绥先生和吉卜林先生的书架前——我们最伟大的在世作家的一些最出色的作品却被人忽视。无论怎么做，女人在那些作品里面也不会找到批评家保证一定有的那种永生泉源。不仅是因为他们赞扬男性的美德、巩固男性的价值并且描述男人的世界，还因为，渗透在这些书中的情感是一个女人所无法领悟的。情感来临了，在聚集，就要在人的头上迸发出来，这种情感早早地就开始铺垫。一张画会落到老乔利恩头上；他会因此受惊而死；老牧师在他旁边念几句悼文；泰晤士河上所有的天鹅会同时唱起来。不过，还没等这种情感开始描述，女性读者就匆匆走开躲到醋栗丛中了。因为这种对男人来讲如此深刻、如此细腻、如此具有象征意义的感情，却令女人觉得不可思议。吉卜林先生笔下的那些转过身去的军官就是如此，还有他笔下的那些播下种子的播种人、他那些单独工作的人们，还有那面旗子——女人见到那些大写字体都会脸红，就像在窃听那些纯粹的男人的狂欢作乐时被抓个正着一样。原因在于，不论是高尔斯华绥先生，还是吉卜林先生，他们的脑海里没有一点点的女性思维。这样一来，可以这样概括，他们的所有特质在女人眼里似乎是天真而不成熟的。他们缺少暗示性的力量。一本书要是缺少暗示性的力量，那么不管它打在脑袋上有多重，还是不能渗透到大脑里面。

And in that restless mood in which one takes books out and puts them back again without looking at them I began to envisage an age to come of pure, of self-assertive virility, such as the letters of professors (take Sir Walter Raleigh's letters, for instance) seem to forebode, and the rulers of Italy have already brought into being. For one can hardly fail to be impressed in Rome by the sense of unmitigated masculinity; and whatever the value of unmitigated masculinity upon the state, one may question the effect of it upon the art of poetry. At any rate, according to the newspapers, there is a certain anxiety about fiction in Italy. There has been a meeting of

academicians whose object it is 'to develop the Italian novel'. 'Men famous by birth, or in finance, industry or the Fascist corporations' came together the other day and discussed the matter, and a telegram was sent to the Duce expressing the hope 'that the Fascist era would soon give birth to a poet worthy of it'. We may all join in that pious hope, but it is doubtful whether poetry can come of an incubator. Poetry ought to have a mother as well as a father. The Fascist poem, one may fear, will be a horrid little abortion such as one sees in a glass jar in the museum of some county town. Such monsters never live long, it is said; one has never seen a prodigy of that sort cropping grass in a field. Two heads on one body do not make for length of life.

我把书拿出来，看也不看便放回去，就是在这种焦躁不安的心境中，我开始想象一个纯粹的、以独断的男性气概为特征的未来时代，正如教授们的通信（譬如沃尔特·罗利爵士的信件）似乎预言过的那个时代一样，而意大利的统治者们则早在意大利使之成为了现实。在罗马，没有人不对这种十足的男性特征印象深刻，而且无论这种男性特征对于国家有怎样的价值，人们都可以质疑这种特征对诗歌艺术的影响。不管怎样，从报纸上看来，人们对意大利的小说有些忧心忡忡。学者们举行了一次会议，旨在“发展意大利小说”。几天前，“许多出生名门的人，或是来自金融届、实业届、法西斯党团体的人”，他们聚在一起，讨论这件事，还打个电报给元首，表示了他们的愿望，即“法西斯时代很快就会产生一位配得上这个时代的诗人”。我们也许都有这个虔诚的愿望，但是大家很怀疑诗歌能不能用孵卵器生产出来。诗歌应该有个母亲，也应该有个父亲。法西斯的诗歌恐怕是一个可怕的畸形儿，就像某些乡镇博物馆里放在玻璃瓶里的那样。据说这种怪物绝对活不长，从来没见过有这种怪物在田里割草。一个身体长两个头并不会让人长寿。

However, the blame for all this, if one is anxious to lay blame, rests no more upon one sex than upon the other. All seducers and reformers are responsible: Lady Bessborough when she lied to Lord Granville; Miss Davies when she told the truth to Mr Greg. All who have brought about a state of sex-consciousness are to blame, and it is they who drive me, when I want to stretch my faculties on a book, to seek it in that happy age, before Miss Davies and Miss Clough were born, when the writer used both sides of his mind equally. One must turn back to Shakespeare then, for Shakespeare was androgynous; and so were Keats and Sterne and Cowper and Lamb and Coleridge. Shelley perhaps was sexless. Milton and Ben Jonson had a dash too much of the male in them. So had Wordsworth and Tolstoi. In our time Proust was wholly androgynous, if not perhaps a little too much of a woman. But that failing is too rare for one to complain of it, since without some mixture of the kind the intellect seems to predominate and the other faculties of the mind harden and become barren. However, I consoled myself with the reflection that this is perhaps a

passing phase; much of what I have said in obedience to my promise to give you the course of my thoughts will seem out of date; much of what flames in my eyes will seem dubious to you who have not yet come of age.

然而，要怪罪的话，既不该怪男性，也不该怪女性。所有的骗子和改革家都有责任：对格兰维尔勋爵撒谎的贝斯伯勒夫人要负责任；对格雷格先生说真话的戴维斯小姐也要负责任。所有引起性别意识的人都有罪责。在戴维斯小姐和克拉夫小姐出世前，作家是平等地使用大脑的两个面的。当我想在书上施展才能的时候，正是这些人，驱使我在这幸福的时刻去寻找性意识。这样一来，我们不得不又回到莎士比亚，因为莎士比亚是兼顾两性的，还有济慈、斯特恩、柯珀、兰姆、柯尔律治都是。雪莱大概是中性的。弥尔顿和本·琼森则显现了太多的男性特征。华兹华斯和托尔斯泰也是如此。如果不算女性特征多一点的话，那么我们时代的普鲁斯特可是完全兼有两性的。不过那个缺点太少见了，不值得人们抱怨，因为如果没有那样的某种混合的话，智力似乎就占据了优势，而脑子其他的官能就变得麻木，贫乏，没有创造力。然而，让我聊以自慰的是，我觉得这也许是一个转瞬即逝的过程。我曾答应告诉你们我的思想历程，也遵照我的许诺讲了不少话，现在看来有不少似乎已经过时了；许多我眼中的闪光点，对于还没到成熟年岁的你们来说，似乎难以捉摸。

Even so, the very first sentence that I would write here, I said, crossing over to the writing-table and taking up the page headed Women and Fiction, is that it is fatal for anyone who writes to think of their sex. It is fatal to be a man or woman pure and simple; one must be woman-manly or man-womanly. It is fatal for a woman to lay the least stress on any grievance; to plead even with justice any cause; in any way to speak consciously as a woman. And fatal is no figure of speech; for anything written with that conscious bias is doomed to death. It ceases to be fertilized. Brilliant and effective, powerful and masterly, as it may appear for a day or two, it must wither at nightfall; it cannot grow in the minds of others. Some collaboration has to take place in the mind between the woman and the man before the art of creation can be accomplished. Some marriage of opposites has to be consummated. The whole of the mind must lie wide open if we are to get the sense that the writer is communicating his experience with perfect fullness. There must be freedom and there must be peace. Not a wheel must grate, not a light glimmer. The curtains must be close drawn. The writer, I thought, once his experience is over, must lie back and let his mind celebrate its nuptials in darkness. He must not look or question what is being done. Rather, he must pluck the petals from a rose or watch the swans float calmly down the river. And I saw again the current which took the boat and the under-graduate and the dead leaves; and the taxi took the man and the woman, I thought,

seeing them come together across the street, and the current swept them away, I thought, hearing far off the roar of London's traffic, into that tremendous stream.

即便如此，我走到书桌旁，拿起那张写着《妇女和小说》的纸，说道，我要写的第一句话就是：任何人在写作的时候，若考虑到自己的性别，都是致命的。若是一个纯粹的男人或女人，也是没救的。一个作家必须是具有男子气的女性或者具有女子气的男性。一个女人哪怕是发一点委屈牢骚，祈求一点公平待遇，总之只要是有意识地以女人的身份在说话，那都是致命的。我说的致命，并不是打比方，因为基于这种性别偏见写出的任何东西都注定死亡。这种作品也不会有所发展。这种作品在一两天内，可能显得才华横溢，引人注目，娴熟有力，可到夜幕降临，那就必定凋谢消亡，不会在读者的心里生长。要想完成艺术创作，大脑里必须同时拥有男性和女性的意识。这种男女意识必须合作到底。如果我们要了解到作家正在完全充分地传达他的感受，我们的整个心灵就必须完全敞开。还要有一种自由平和的心境。不能让一个车轮发出声响，不能让一盏灯发出微光。窗帘一定要拉严。我想，作者一旦叙述完他的经历，必定会躺下来，让他的头脑在黑暗中庆祝男女意识合作成功。他不会查看或者质疑正在发生什么。相反，他会去摘取玫瑰花的花瓣，或者看着天鹅静静地顺着河水而游走。而我又看到河水载走了那条船、那个大学生和那些枯叶；还有那辆出租车载着男人和女人，我觉得又看到他们一起穿过街道，也被冲到川流不息的河里去了；我一边想着，一边听着远处传来伦敦的行人车辆的轰鸣声，也卷入了奔流的河水中。

Here, then, Mary Beton ceases to speak. She has told you how she reached the conclusion—the prosaic conclusion—that it is necessary to have five hundred a year and a room with a lock on the door if you are to write fiction or poetry. She has tried to lay bare the thoughts and impressions that led her to think this. She has asked you to follow her flying into the arms of a Beadle, lunching here, dining there, drawing pictures in the British Museum, taking books from the shelf, looking out of the window. While she has been doing all these things, you no doubt have been observing her failings and foibles and deciding what effect they have had on her opinions. You have been contradicting her and making whatever additions and deductions seem good to you. That is all as it should be, for in a question like this truth is only to be had by laying together many varieties of error. And I will end now in my own person by anticipating two criticisms, so obvious that you can hardly fail to make them.

现在玛丽·贝顿不再说话了。她已经告诉你她是如何得出这个结论的——这个平庸乏味的结论：如果你要写小说或诗歌，那么需要一年有五百英镑的收入，还要一间门上有锁的屋子。她已经尽力把种种想法和印象都说出来了，正是这些想法和印象导致她这样思考。她请你随她跑到教区执事的怀里，在这儿吃午饭，在那儿用晚餐，去大英博物馆画画，

从书架上取下书，往窗外张望。她在做所有这些事情的时候，你一定会观察她的缺点和弱点，并判断这些缺点和弱点对她的想法有什么影响。你也一直在反驳她，在补充或者缩减，只要是看上去对自己有利的。本来就该这样，因为在这个问题上，只有把多种错误放在一起才能得到真理。我现在要亲自预言两种评论，以此作为结束。这两种评论非常明显，你也能想得出来。

No opinion has been expressed, you may say, upon the comparative merits of the sexes even as writers. That was done purposely, because, even if the time had come for such a valuation—and it is far more important at the moment to know how much money women had and how many rooms than to theorize about their capacities—even if the time had come I do not believe that gifts, whether of mind or character, can be weighed like sugar and butter, not even in Cambridge, where they are so adept at putting people into classes and fixing caps on their heads and letters after their names. I do not believe that even the Table of Precedency which you will find in Whitaker's ALMANAC represents a final order of values, or that there is any sound reason to suppose that a Commander of the Bath will ultimately walk in to dinner behind a Master in Lunacy. All this pitting of sex against sex, of quality against quality; all this claiming of superiority and imputing of inferiority belong to the private-school stage of human existence where there are 'sides', and it is necessary for one side to beat another side, and of the utmost importance to walk up to a platform and receive from the hands of the Headmaster himself a highly ornamental pot. As people mature they cease to believe in sides or in Headmasters or in highly ornamental pots. At any rate, where books are concerned, it is notoriously difficult to fix labels of merit in such a way that they do not come off. Are not reviews of current literature a perpetual illustration of the difficulty of judgement? 'This great book', 'this worthless book', the same book is called by both names. Praise and blame alike mean nothing. No, delightful as the pastime of measuring may be, it is the most futile of all occupations, and to submit to the decrees of the measurers the most servile of attitudes. So long as you write what you wish to write, that is all that matters; and whether it matters for ages or only for hours, nobody can say. But to sacrifice a hair of the head of your vision, a shade of its colour, in deference to some Headmaster with a silver pot in his hand or to some professor with a measuring-rod up his sleeve, is the most abject treachery, and the sacrifice of wealth and chastity which used to be said to be the greatest of human disasters, a mere flea-bite in comparison.

你也许会说，哪怕是作家，对于两性的相对优点，也并未表达过什么见解。那是故意的，因为即使到了衡量男女两性优缺点的时候 ——此

刻知道女人有多少钱和多少间房比空谈关于女性才干的理论更重要，即使到了那样的时候，我也不相信天赋——不管是思想上还是性格上的——能像糖和黄油那样称量，即使在剑桥大学也不能，哪怕在剑桥他们善于把人分门别类，把帽子戴在他们头上，并在名字后头标些字母。我认为，即使在《惠特克年鉴》里找到的尊卑序列表也不能代表价值的最终顺序，也没有任何充分的理由可以认为，赴宴的时候，巴思的一位高级爵士最后会走在精神病专家的后面。所有这种性别与性别、特质与特质之间的争斗，所有这种自命不凡、认为他人低劣的行径，都是人类存在过程中的私立学校阶段——存在着“派系”，这一派必须攻击另一派，最重要的事就是走上讲台、从校长手里接过那极为华丽的奖杯。但随着人变得成熟，他们就不再相信派系、校长或是极为华丽的奖杯。不管怎样，众所周知，谈到书籍的话，想要在书上贴上优点的标签而不让它们掉下来是相当困难的。难道当前文学的书评不是一个永久例证吗，证明了评判的难度？“这是本伟大的书”，“这是本无用的书”，同一本书就有两种评价。赞扬和指责都同样没有意义。是的，把估量别人的作品当成一种消遣可能令人愉悦，但却是所有职业中最无意义的工作；屈从于这些评论者的裁定，就是最奴颜婢膝的姿态。只要写你自己想写的东西就行了，别的都不重要；至于是否能世代流传还是只能存在片刻，谁也不知道。不过，为了尊重某位手拿银杯的校长或是某位拿着标尺的教授，而牺牲你一根头发般的想象力，牺牲其少许色彩，那都是最可悲的变节。相形之下，财富或贞洁的牺牲——曾被说成是人类最大灾难，只不过像是被跳蚤叮了一口而已。

Next I think that you may object that in all this I have made too much of the importance of material things. Even allowing a generous margin for symbolism, that five hundred a year stands for the power to contemplate, that a lock on the door means the power to think for oneself, still you may say that the mind should rise above such things; and that great poets have often been poor men. Let me then quote to you the words of your own Professor of Literature, who knows better than I do what goes to the making of a poet. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch writes:[11]

下面，我想你们可能会提出异议，认为我说的所有这些都太注重物质了。即便为象征主义留出充足的余地，让一年五百镑代表可以沉思的力量，而门上的锁意味着独自思考的力量，你仍然可以说，思想是高于这些的，而且大诗人一般都很穷困潦倒。那么就让我给你们引用一下你们文学教授的话，他比我更清楚什么能够造就诗人。阿瑟·奎勒—库奇爵士写道：[11]

'What are the great poetical names of the last hundred years or so? Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Landor, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Morris, Rossetti, Swinburne—we may stop there. Of these, all but Keats, Browning, Rossetti were University men, and of these three, Keats, who died young, cut off in his prime, was the only one not fairly well to do. It may seem a brutal thing to say, and it

is a sad thing to say: but, as a matter of hard fact, the theory that poetical genius bloweth where it listeth, and equally in poor and rich, holds little truth. As a matter of hard fact, nine out of those twelve were University men: which means that somehow or other they procured the means to get the best education England can give. As a matter of hard fact, of the remaining three you know that Browning was well to do, and I challenge you that, if he had not been well to do, he would no more have attained to write SAUL or THE RING AND THE BOOK than Ruskin would have attained to writing MODERN PAINTERS if his father had not dealt prosperously in business. Rossetti had a small private income; and, moreover, he painted. There remains but Keats; whom Atropos slew young, as she slew John Clare in a mad-house, and James Thomson by the laudanum he took to drug disappointment. These are dreadful facts, but let us face them. It is—however dishonouring to us as a nation—certain that, by some fault in our commonwealth, the poor poet has not in these days, nor has had for two hundred years, a dog's chance. Believe me—and I have spent a great part of ten years in watching some three hundred and twenty elementary schools, we may prate of democracy, but actually, a poor child in England has little more hope than had the son of an Athenian slave to be emancipated into that intellectual freedom of which great writings are born.'

“过去这几百年来，伟大诗人的名字都有哪些？柯尔律治，华兹华斯，拜伦，雪莱，兰多，济慈，丁尼生，勃朗宁，阿诺德，莫里斯，罗塞蒂，斯温伯恩——我们先说到这里。所有这些人中，除了济慈，布朗宁，罗塞蒂，其余都是大学生；而这三人中，年纪轻轻、正当盛年便去世的济慈是唯一一个家境不算优越的。这样说来似乎很残忍，也有些悲哀。可是，有人说，天才诗人不论身处何地，不论贫富，都能得到发展，这个理论就基本站不住脚，这可是铁一般的事实。事实上，这十二位中的九位是大学生，也就是说他们或多或少都能够受到过英国提供的最佳教育。事实上，余下的三位中，你也知道，勃朗宁家境殷实，我敢断言，倘若他家境不好，他就无法写出《扫罗》、《指环与书》，这就与如果罗斯金的父亲如果生意不兴隆，罗金斯也没法写成《现代画家》是一个道理。罗塞蒂有笔小小的个人收入，除此之外，他还卖画。那现在只剩下济慈了，命运女神阿特洛波斯带走了这个年轻人，就如在疯人院里带走了约翰·克莱尔，又带走了用鸦片酊麻醉失望的詹姆斯·汤姆逊。这些都是可怕的事实，可我们还是要面对。对于作为一个民族的我们来说，不管这是多么大的耻辱，可以肯定的是，由于我们国家的某些过失，今天穷诗人连最起码的机会都没有，过去两百年来都是如此。相信我——我用了十年的大部分时间观察了320多所小学，我们可能在胡扯些民主，其实，英国的穷孩子同雅典奴隶的孩子一样，几乎没有机会得到解放，获得智力上的自由，而正是这种自由，才能产生伟大的作品。”

Nobody could put the point more plainly. 'The poor poet has not

in these days, nor has had for two hundred years, a dog's chance... a poor child in England has little more hope than had the son of an Athenian slave to be emancipated into that intellectual freedom of which great writings are born.' That is it. Intellectual freedom depends upon material things. Poetry depends upon intellectual freedom. And women have always been poor, not for two hundred years merely, but from the beginning of time. Women have had less intellectual freedom than the sons of Athenian slaves. Women, then, have not had a dog's chance of writing poetry. That is why I have laid so much stress on money and a room of one's own. However, thanks to the toils of those obscure women in the past, of whom I wish we knew more, thanks, curiously enough to two wars, the Crimean which let Florence Nightingale out of her drawing-room, and the European War which opened the doors to the average woman some sixty years later, these evils are in the way to be bettered. Otherwise you would not be here tonight, and your chance of earning five hundred pounds a year, precarious as I am afraid that it still is, would be minute in the extreme.

没人能把这一点说得更清楚了。“今天穷诗人连最起码的机会都没有，过去两百年都是如此……英国的穷孩子同雅典奴隶的孩子一样，几乎没有机会得到解放，获得智力上的自由，而正是这种自由，才能产生伟大的作品。”的确如此。智力上的自由依赖于物质环境。而诗歌创作依赖于智力上的自由。而女人历来就很贫穷，不只是近二百年，是有史以来就如此。女人在智力上的自由比雅典奴隶的孩子们还少。所以，女人连创作诗歌的最起码的机会都没有。这就是为什么我那么重视金钱和一个自己的房间。然而，多亏了过去那些不为人知的女性的辛苦劳作——我希望对其多了解一些，说来也怪，也多亏了那两场奇怪的战争，一场是克里米亚战争，把弗洛伦斯·南丁格尔带出客厅，另一场是欧洲战争，它在约六十年后替普通妇女打开大门，正是由于这些，那些弊端才逐步得到改进。要不然你们今晚就不会在这儿了，一年赚五百英镑的机会——虽然现在恐怕仍是不确定的——也会小到极点。

Still, you may object, why do you attach so much importance to this writing of books by women when, according to you, it requires so much effort, leads perhaps to the murder of one's aunts, will make one almost certainly late for luncheon, and may bring one into very grave disputes with certain very good fellows? My motives, let me admit, are partly selfish. Like most uneducated Englishwomen, I like reading—I like reading books in the bulk. Lately my diet has become a trifle monotonous; history is too much about wars; biography too much about great men; poetry has shown, I think, a tendency to sterility, and fiction but I have sufficiently exposed my disabilities as a critic of modern fiction and will say no more about it. Therefore I would ask you to write all kinds of books, hesitating at no subject however trivial

or however vast. By hook or by crook, I hope that you will possess yourselves of money enough to travel and to idle, to contemplate the future or the past of the world, to dream over books and loiter at street corners and let the line of thought dip deep into the stream. For I am by no means confining you to fiction. If you would please me—and there are thousands like me—you would write books of travel and adventure, and research and scholarship, and history and biography, and criticism and philosophy and science. By so doing you will certainly profit the art of fiction. For books have a way of influencing each other. Fiction will be much the better for standing cheek by jowl with poetry and philosophy. Moreover, if you consider any great figure of the past, like Sappho, like the Lady Murasaki, like Emily Bronte, you will find that she is an inheritor as well as an originator, and has come into existence because women have come to have the habit of writing naturally; so that even as a prelude to poetry such activity on your part would be invaluable.

大概你们还会提出异议，你为什么认为女人写书那么重要？照你所说，那需要下很大的工夫，可能会使姑母丧命，几乎无疑会很晚才吃午饭，还可能与某些非常好的人发生严重的争执。我承认，某种程度上，我的动机是自私的。就如大部分没受过教育的英国女人一样，我喜欢读书——什么书我都喜欢看。近来，我的口味变得单调乏味。历史书里大都记载战争，传记都是描述大人物，感觉诗歌也开始显现出空洞贫乏的迹象，至于小说，我可是充分暴露了自己作为近现代小说批评家的无能，所以就不多说了。因此我愿请你们写各种各样的书，不管是多么琐碎还是多么宏大的主题，都不必犹豫。不管什么办法，我希望你们会拥有足够的钱，用于旅行闲游，思考这个世界的过去与未来，去看书、梦想，在街头巷角闲逛，让思想的钓线深深垂到河里去。因为我绝不会把你们限制在小说里的。如果你们愿意让我高兴——还有成千上万和我一样的人——你就可以写些游记和历险记、研究著作和学术专著、史书和传记、评论、哲学以及科学书籍。写这些书的同时，你们写小说的手法肯定也会提高。因为各种题材的书之间也会相互影响。小说要是和诗歌、哲学并肩携手就会好很多。除此之外，如果想想过去的大人物，如萨福，紫式部夫人，埃米莉·勃朗特，你会发现她们既是继承者，又是创始人，而且她们之所以能够存在，是因为女性最终自然地形成了写作的习惯。所以，即使是写一篇序诗，这样的写作也会让你受益匪浅。

But when I look back through these notes and criticize my own train of thought as I made them, I find that my motives were not altogether selfish. There runs through these comments and discursions the conviction—or is it the instinct?—that good books are desirable and that good writers, even if they show every variety of human depravity, are still good human beings. Thus when I ask you to write more books I am urging you to do what will be for your good and for the good of the world at large. How to justify this instinct or belief I

do not know, for philosophic words, if one has not been educated at a university, are apt to play one false. What is meant by 'reality'? It would seem to be something very erratic, very undependable—now to be found in a dusty road, now in a scrap of newspaper in the street, now a daffodil in the sun. It lights up a group in a room and stamps some casual saying. It overwhelms one walking home beneath the stars and makes the silent world more real than the world of speech—and then there it is again in an omnibus in the uproar of Piccadilly. Sometimes, too, it seems to dwell in shapes too far away for us to discern what their nature is. But whatever it touches, it fixes and makes permanent. That is what remains over when the skin of the day has been cast into the hedge; that is what is left of past time and of our loves and hates. Now the writer, as I think, has the chance to live more than other people in the presence of this reality. It is his business to find it and collect it and communicate it to the rest of us. So at least I infer from reading LEAR or EMMA or LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU. For the reading of these books seems to perform a curious couching operation on the senses; one sees more intensely afterwards; the world seems bared of its covering and given an intenser life. Those are the enviable people who live at enmity with unreality; and those are the pitiable who are knocked on the head by the thing done without knowing or caring. So that when I ask you to earn money and have a room of your own, I am asking you to live in the presence of reality, an invigorating life, it would appear, whether one can impart it or not.

但每当我回头看这些笔记，并且评价我在做这些笔记时的思路时，我发现我的动机并非全是自私的。在这些评论和漫谈中，始终有一种信念——或者说是本性？——好书是值得拥有的，而好的作家，即使表现出了每种人格的堕落，也仍为善人。所以，当我让你们写出更多的书的时候，我是在催促你们去做有利于自己和整个世界的事情。我不知道如何为这种本性或是信念辩护，因为没上过大学的人，很容易弄错哲学名词。“现实”是什么意思呢？它好像是很无常的一些东西，很不可靠——一会儿在尘土飞扬的马路上，一会儿在街上的一小块报纸上，一会儿又是阳光下的一株水仙花。它能让屋里的一群人都欢快起来，让某句无心之语被人牢记。它让星空下走路回家的人不知所措，使无声世界比有声世界更真实——然后它又出现在喧闹的皮卡迪利大街上的公交车里。有时它似乎又居住在离我们太远的形体里，让我们无法识别其本性。但无论它碰到了什么，它就定下来，并长久不变。那是白昼的外表被丢进树篱以后剩下的东西，也是时光和爱恨都流逝后留下的东西。我认为，现在作家比别人更有在这种现实面前生活的机会。作家的职责就是把这个现实找到、搜集起来，并传达给我们其他人。至少这是我在读《李尔王》、《爱玛》和《追忆似水年华》时推断出来的。因为阅读这些书就好像是在感官上做了一个奇特的白内障手术，人在手术后看得更深刻了，世界的遮盖物似乎被揭掉了，被赋予了更强的生命力。和虚幻作对

的人是令人羡慕的，而被那些无意中、不经意做出的事情当头击中的人是可怜的。所以当我要你们去赚钱，拥有自己的房间的时候，我是要你们生活在现实面前，一种充满生气的生活自会到来，不管人们能否将这种生活传达出来。

Here I would stop, but the pressure of convention decrees that every speech must end with a peroration. And a peroration addressed to women should have something, you will agree, particularly exalting and ennobling about it. I should implore you to remember your responsibilities, to be higher, more spiritual; I should remind you how much depends upon you, and what an influence you can exert upon the future. But those exhortations can safely, I think, be left to the other sex, who will put them, and indeed have put them, with far greater eloquence than I can compass. When I rummage in my own mind I find no noble sentiments about being companions and equals and influencing the world to higher ends. I find myself saying briefly and prosaically that it is much more important to be oneself than anything else. Do not dream of influencing other people, I would say, if I knew how to make it sound exalted. Think of things in themselves.

我想就此停住，不过迫于惯例的压力，每场演讲都应该以结论告终。而且你们也会赞成，一个面向女士的演讲结语应该有一些特别令人激动，令人尊敬的东西。我想请你们记得你们的责任，要更高雅，更注重精神世界；我也提醒你们，有无数事情依赖你们，你们对未来会有巨大影响。不过我想这些勉励的话语留给男人应该不错，他们一定会比我讲得流利得多，其实他们已经这样做了。当我在脑海里搜索的时候，并没有发现关于成为伙伴、人人平等以及为了更高的目标影响世界这样的高尚情感。我发现自己在简洁地、平淡无奇地说着话，意思就是，做自己比其他任何事情都重要。如果我知道怎么把话说得激动人心，我会说，不要想着去影响别人。要想事物本身。

And again I am reminded by dipping into newspapers and novels and biographies that when a woman speaks to women she should have something very unpleasant up her sleeve. Women are hard on women. Women dislike women. Women—but are you not sick to death of the word? I can assure you that I am. Let us agree, then, that a paper read by a woman to women should end with something particularly disagreeable.

当我翻阅报纸，阅读小说和人物传记的时候，我又想起，一个女人和另一个女人谈话的时候，总会有些不中听的话。女人对女人是不客气的。女人也不喜欢女人。女人——难道你们对这两个字还没烦死么？我向你们保证，我已经烦死了。让我们就此达成共识，即一个女人对许多女人读一篇论文的时候，当然会用一些非常令人不快的话结尾。

But how does it go? What can I think of? The truth is, I often like women. I like their unconventionality. I like their completeness. I like

their anonymity. I like—but I must not run on in this way. That cupboard there—you say it holds clean table-napkins only; but what if Sir Archibald Bodkin were concealed among them? Let me then adopt a sterner tone. Have I, in the preceding words, conveyed to you sufficiently the warnings and reprobation of mankind? I have told you the very low opinion in which you were held by Mr Oscar Browning. I have indicated what Napoleon once thought of you and what Mussolini thinks now. Then, in case any of you aspire to fiction, I have copied out for your benefit the advice of the critic about courageously acknowledging the limitations of your sex. I have referred to Professor X and given prominence to his statement that women are intellectually, morally and physically inferior to men. I have handed on all that has come my way without going in search of it, and here is a final warning—from Mr John Langdon Davies.[12] Mr John Langdon Davies warns women 'that when children cease to be altogether desirable, women cease to be altogether necessary'. I hope you will make a note of it.

可是怎么说呢？我能想出来什么呢？说实话，我是时常喜欢女人的。喜欢她们的不落俗套。喜欢她们的完整无缺。喜欢她们的默默无闻。我喜欢——我可不能这样一直说下去。那边的壁橱——你说里面只是些干净的餐巾，可要是阿奇博尔德·博德金爵士躲在餐巾里怎么办？那么还是让我严肃点吧。在前文中，人类的警告和责难我有没有给你们讲清楚？我已经讲过，奥斯卡·勃朗宁先生对你们的评价甚低。我已经指出，曾经的拿破仑是怎么看你们的，还有墨索里尼现在对你们的看法。那么，说不定你们当中有人要致力于小说创作，为了你们好，我已经抄写了那位评论家的建议，他所说的就是要勇于承认女性的性别局限性。我也提到过X教授，还专门介绍了他的说法，即女人在智力、道德和体力上都逊男人一筹。我已经传达了那些没有找就得来的看法，这是最后的警告——是约翰·兰登·戴维斯先生说的。[12]约翰·兰登·戴维斯先生警告女人,“等到人们不想要孩子的时候，女人的存在也就完全没有必要了”。我希望你们会记住这句话。

How can I further encourage you to go about the business of life? Young women, I would say, and please attend, for the peroration is beginning, you are, in my opinion, disgracefully ignorant. You have never made a discovery of any sort of importance. You have never shaken an empire or led an army into battle. The plays of Shakespeare are not by you, and you have never introduced a barbarous race to the blessings of civilization. What is your excuse? It is all very well for you to say, pointing to the streets and squares and forests of the globe swarming with black and white and coffee-coloured inhabitants, all busily engaged in traffic and enterprise and love-making, we have had other work on our hands. Without our doing, those seas would be unsailed and those fertile lands a desert. We have borne and bred and

washed and taught, perhaps to the age of six or seven years, the one thousand six hundred and twenty-three million human beings who are, according to statistics, at present in existence, and that, allowing that some had help, takes time.

我怎样才能进一步鼓励你们着手去经营自己的人生呢？年轻的女士们，请注意，我要从现在开始做结论，在我看来，你们愚昧得可耻。你们未曾有过任何重要发现。你们未曾威慑帝国，也未曾领军打仗。你们未曾写出莎士比亚那样的戏剧，也未曾用文明教化野蛮的民族。你们怎样为自己开脱呢？世界上云集着忙于交通、生意和求爱的黑人、白人和棕色人种，你们固然可以指着那里的街道、广场和树林，然后说，我们手头还有其他工作。倘若没有我们的工作，那么海上就无船航行，沃土就变成沙漠。女性生育了16.23亿人，还要养育他们、给他们洗澡、教育他们，可能一直到他们长到六七岁的时候——根据统计，这是现在在世的人数——就算有人帮忙，生养、教育这么多人也是需要时间的。

There is truth in what you say—I will not deny it. But at the same time may I remind you that there have been at least two colleges for women in existence in England since the year 1866; that after the year 1880 a married woman was allowed by law to possess her own property; and that in 1919—which is a whole nine years ago she was given a vote? May I also remind you that most of the professions have been open to you for close on ten years now? When you reflect upon these immense privileges and the length of time during which they have been enjoyed, and the fact that there must be at this moment some two thousand women capable of earning over five hundred a year in one way or another, you will agree that the excuse of lack of oppotunity, training, encouragement, leisure and money no longer holds good. Moreover, the economists are telling us that Mrs Seton has had too many children. You must, of course, go on bearing children, but, so they say, in twos and threes, not in tens and twelves.

你们说的话也对——我不否认这一点。但同时容我提醒你们，自1866年以来，英国至少有两个女子学院；1880年之后，法律允许一个已婚女人拥有自己的财产；在1919年，也就是整整九年前，女人就已享有选举权。我可否再提醒你们，在十年前，大多数职业就已经向女性敞开大门了。你们考虑一下这些巨大特权，以及她们享有这些特权的时间——事实上，就在此刻一定有大约两千名妇女能够以这种或那种方式每年赚五百多英镑，那么，你就会承认，缺少机会、训练、鼓励、空闲和金钱的借口就都站不住脚了。另外，经济学家告诉我们，西顿太太的孩子太多了。当然，你们一定也会生小孩的，可他们说，要两个三个地生，不要十个十二个地生。

Thus, with some time on your hands and with some book learning in your brains—you have had enough of the other kind, and are sent to college partly, I suspect, to be uneducated—surely you should embark upon another stage of your very long, very laborious and

highly obscure career. A thousand pens are ready to suggest what you should do and what effect you will have. My own suggestion is a little fantastic, I admit; I prefer, therefore, to put it in the form of fiction.

这样一来，由于手头上有时间，脑子里有书本知识——而其他方面的知识你们已经足够了，我猜你们被送去上大学的一部分原因就是为了不受教育——这样你们当然就可以开始另一个漫长、劳碌而极其朦胧的职业生涯。有成千支笔愿意建议你们应该做什么以及你们将会受到什么影响。我承认，我本人的意见是有些荒诞，所以我更乐意用小说形式提出建议。

I told you in the course of this paper that Shakespeare had a sister; but do not look for her in Sir Sidney Lee's life of the poet. She died young—alas, she never wrote a word. She lies buried where the omnibuses now stop, opposite the Elephant and Castle. Now my belief is that this poet who never wrote a word and was buried at the cross-roads still lives. She lives in you and in me, and in many other women who are not here tonight, for they are washing up the dishes and putting the children to bed. But she lives; for great poets do not die; they are continuing presences; they need only the opportunity to walk among us in the flesh. This opportunity, as I think, it is now coming within your power to give her. For my belief is that if we live another century or so—I am talking of the common life which is the real life and not of the little separate lives which we live as individuals—and have five hundred a year each of us and rooms of our own; if we have the habit of freedom and the courage to write exactly what we think; if we escape a little from the common sitting-room and see human beings not always in their relation to each other but in relation to reality, and the sky, too, and the trees or whatever it may be in themselves; if we look past Milton's bogey, for no human being should shut out the view; if we face the fact, for it is a fact, that there is no arm to cling to, but that we go alone and that our relation is to the world of reality and not only to the world of men and women, then the oppotunity will come and the dead poet who was Shakespeare's sister will put on the body which she has so often laid down. Drawing her life from the lives of the unknown who were her forerunners, as her brother did before her, she will be born. As for her coming without that preparation, without that effort on our part, without that determination that when she is born again she shall find it possible to live and write her poetry, that we cannot expect, for that would be impossible. But I maintain that she would come if we worked for her, and that so to work, even in poverty and obscurity, is worth while.

这篇论文中我曾告诉你们，莎士比亚有个妹妹，但不要到悉尼·李爵士写的诗人传记中去找她。她年纪轻轻就死去了——哎，一个字也没写过。她就葬在现在停公共汽车的地方，就在“大象与城堡”酒店对面。现

在我相信，这个葬在十字路口、从来没写过一个字的诗人还活着。她就活在你我身上，还活在今晚不在场的其他女人身上，因为她们在洗盘子、照顾孩子睡觉。可她还是活着的，因为伟大的诗人不会死去，而是一直存在的，需要的只是以肉体的形式走在我们中间的机会而已。我觉得，你们现在有能力给她提供这样一个机会。因为我相信，假如我们再活一个世纪左右——我是说我们共有的时间，也就是真正的生活，而不是我们作为个人单独过的小小生活——每人每年有五百镑的收入和自己的房间，假如我们有自由的习惯和记述真实想法的勇气，假如我们能稍稍逃出普通的客厅，从人与现实的角度去观察人类，而不是人与人之间的关系，还要看看天空和大树以及其他任何东西本身，假如我们越过弥尔顿的幽灵去观察，因为没人应该把视野给挡起来，假如我们面对事实——因为它就是一个事实，即没有力量可以依靠，只有我们独自行走，我们的关系是与这个现实世界的关系，而不仅仅是与这个男人和女人的世界的关系，那么，那个机会就会来临，莎士比亚的妹妹这位死去的诗人也就会活在她不常在的躯体上。就像他哥哥在她之前所做的那样，她会在无人知晓的前辈们的生命中汲取她的生命，获得重生。至于她的来临，在没有那种准备、没有我们的那种努力，也没有那种决心——当她再次重生时，她会发现有可能活着并且写她的诗歌——的时候，我们不能期望她的到来，因为那是不可能的。不过我坚持认为，如果我们为她努力，她就会回来，而且，哪怕穷困潦倒，这样的努力也是值得的。

[11] THE ART OF WRITING, by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.

[11]《写作的艺术》，阿瑟·奎勒—库奇爵士著。

[12] A SHORT HISTORY OF WOMEN, by John Langdon Davies.

[12] 《妇女简史》，约翰·兰登·戴维斯著。

The End

完

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（英）查尔斯·兰姆

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外语教学与研究出版社

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陈子博 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

Chinese translation copyright © Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press 2012

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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Old China

古瓷器

I have an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I inquire for the china-closet, and next for the picture gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference, but by saying, that we have all some taste or other, of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call to mind the first play, and the first exhibition, that I was taken to; but I am not conscious of a time when china jars and saucers were introduced into my imagination.

对于古瓷器，我怀有一种近乎女性的偏爱。每次进入大宅，我总是要求看看他们的瓷器橱柜，然后才去画室观赏。我不知道为什么我会分出这样的先后顺序，我只能说我们每个人都有这样那样的癖好，这些癖好古老得连我们自己也记不清究竟是何时养成的了。我至今仍记得我所观看的第一出戏和第一次展览，却记不起是什么时候喜欢上瓷罐和瓷碟的。

I had no repugnance then—why should I now have? —to those little, lawless, azure-tinctured grotesques, that under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspectives—a china tea-cup.

那时，我很喜欢——瓷茶杯上那些小巧的、不合章法的天青色奇异图像，男男女女浮在那里，既不受任何元素的限制，也还没有透视的说法——一个瓷茶杯。为什么现在会生出厌烦呢？

I like to see my old friends—whom distance cannot diminish—figuring up in the air (so they appear to our optics) yet on terra firma still—so we must in courtesy interpret that speck of deeper blue, which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, has made to spring up beneath their sandals.

我喜欢看我那些老朋友——距离不会使他们变小——漂浮在空中（我们看上去是这样），但同时又好像是脚踏实地——那位周到的画师为避荒谬之嫌，特地在他们的凉鞋下抹了一笔深蓝，而我们出于礼貌，就将那抹蓝色理解为土地。

I love the men with women's faces, and the women, if possible, with still more womanish expressions.

我喜欢那些长着女人般脸孔的男人，而女人呢，如果可能的话，我喜欢她们更有女人的神态。

Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from

a salver—two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on teacups—is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead—a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream!

这个茶杯上画着一位年轻有礼的官员，正托着杯盏向一位女士敬茶——两人相隔有两英里远。大概距离就象征着尊重！而这里，同一位女士，又或是另一位——因为茶杯上的人物容貌十分相似——正款款移步，登上一叶小巧精致的小舟。小舟停在安静的花园溪流的这一侧岸边，而照她举步的角度推测（依照我们的角度原理），她那只纤足恰恰会落在一片鲜花盛开的草地之上——都已经越过这奇怪溪流的对岸一弗隆了呢！

Farther on—if far or near can he predicated of their world—see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays.

再远一些——如果他的世界里可以推算远近——我们可以看到马匹、树木、塔楼，好像都在围着草垛跳舞。

Here—a cow and rabbit couchant, and co-extensive—so objects show, seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay.

这件瓷器上画着一头牛和一只抬头伏卧的兔子，所占面积相同——也许，在那美丽的中国，透过澄明空气所见到的事物真的是这般模样。

I was pointing out to my cousin last evening, over our Hyson (which we are old fashioned enough to drink unmixed still of an afternoon) some of these speciosa miracula upon a set of extra-ordinary old blue china (a recent purchase) which we were now for the first time using; and could not help remarking, how favourable circumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort—when a passing sentiment seemed to over-shade the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget.

昨天晚上，我与堂姐第一次将最近买的一套精美蓝色古瓷器茶具拿出来使用。我们喝着熙春（我们喝这茶时仍保留着过去的习惯，什么都不加，而且在下午饮用），我把茶具上的瑰丽之作向堂姐一一点评。我忍不住说，幸好近几年我们的境况好转不少，所以才买得起这类赏心悦目的玩物。堂姐一听，眉间似乎现了一丝愁容。我会很快地发现布丽奇特脸上的愁云。

"I wish the good old times would come again," she said, "when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean, that I want to be poor; but there was a middle state "—so she was pleased to ramble on,—“in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase,

now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and, O! how much ado I had to get you to consent in those times!) we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the for and against, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it.

“我倒希望过去的美好时光能回来，”她说，“我是说我们没什么钱的时候。我并不是说我想受穷，我指的是一种中间状态。”她开心地继续漫谈下去，“我肯定，那时我们要比现在开心得多。现在我们钱够多，都用不完，买件东西轻松得很。但在过去，这可是件高兴的事。每次想买件并不怎么贵的奢侈品，（唉！那时我得花多大劲儿才能说服你答应啊！）我们都要先争辩两三天，反复掂量权衡，还得想好这笔钱要从哪项开支里省下来，又应该怎么省，才刚好抵得上那样东西的价钱。那时我们付款之前都要先掂量一番，那样的东西买了才值得。

"Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to hang upon you, till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so thread-bare—and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent-garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late—and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasuries and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome—and when you presented it to me—and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (collating you called it)—and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till day-break—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and finical, give you half the honest vanity with which you flaunted it about in that over-worn suit—your old corbeau—for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen—or sixteen shillings was it ? —a great affair we thought it then—which you had lavished on the old folio. Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now.

“还记得你那套棕色的衣服吗？你一直穿到你所有的朋友都说你寒碜，它确实太破了——这都是因为那本博蒙特与弗莱彻的戏集子，那天深夜，你从修道院花园的巴克书店把这套开本拖回了家。你还记不记得，我们对那本书空望了好几个礼拜之后才下定决心要买下，而且是到

周六晚上快十点时才下了最后的决心。你从伊斯灵顿出发，就怕去得太晚——那老书商嘟嘟囔囔地开了门，借着摇曳的烛光（因为他准备去睡觉了），从他那落满了灰尘的宝贝书堆里照见了这部旧书。你把它拖回来时，觉得它再重上一倍就更好了——你把它拿到我眼前——我们便一同检查其完好程度（你称之为勘校）——我用浆糊黏散落的书页，你急不可待，不愿把这事儿拖到明天。当穷人不也很快活吗？现在我们有钱了，阔气了，你也穿上了整洁的黑色礼服，还经常仔细地刷来刷去。可是，你现在的神气劲儿，比得上你穿着那件破衣服到处晃悠时的一半吗？你把那件旧衣服多穿了四五周，以平复自己的良心，只因你买那本书花了十五或是十六先令——那时，我们觉得这是件大事——就是你在那本老开本上花了一大笔钱。现在你看上的书都能买得起了，可我却再没见你给我带回什么有趣的古籍了。

"When you come home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Lionardo, which we christened the 'Lady Blanch;' when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money—and thought of the money, and looked again at the picture—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now, you have nothing to do but to walk into Colnaghi's, and buy a wilderness of Lionardos. Yet do you?

“有一次，你回到家，不停地道歉，因为你花了几个先令买了一幅莱昂纳多的复制品，我们给它取名叫“布兰奇夫人”。你看看画，又想想钱——想想钱，又看看画——当穷人不也乐在其中吗？现在你有事没事就往科尔纳吉画廊里跑，莱昂纳多的画都不知买了多少了。但你高兴吗？

"Then, do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield, and Potter's Bar, and Waltham, when we had a holyday—holydays, and all other fun, are gone, now we are rich—and the little hand-basket in which I used to deposit our day's fare of savory cold lamb and salad—and how you would pry about at noon-tide for some decent house, where we might go in, and produce our store—only paying for the ale that you must call for—and speculate upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a table-cloth—and wish for such another honest hostess, as Izaak Walton has described many a one on the pleasant banks of the Lea, when he went a fishing—and sometimes they would prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us—but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savorily, scarcely grudging Piscator his Trout Hall? Now, when we go out a days pleasuring, which is seldom moreover, we ride part of the way—and go into a fine inn, and order the best of dinners, never debating the expense—which, after all, never has half the relish of those chance country snaps, when we were at the mercy of uncertain usage, and a precarious welcome.

“还有，你记不记得，以前每逢节日，我们就步行去恩菲尔德、波特

斯巴和沃尔瑟姆？现在我们宽裕了，可是节日，还有其他一切乐趣，都没有了——那时，我有个手提篮，用来放每天的食物，无非是些可口的冷羊肉和色拉——每到中午，你就会到处寻找，想找个像样的屋子，好进去吃我们储备好的食物——每次你都要喝淡啤酒，我们只需付酒钱就行——而且还要看女主人的脸色，推测她是不是愿意让我们铺上一块桌布——我们就盼着能遇上一位好客的女主人，就像艾萨克·沃尔顿笔下的那样。他描述了自己外出钓鱼，在迷人的丽河之畔遇上许多热情女主人的情形——有时她们确实热情，但有时也并不怎么待见我们——但我们还是开心地看着彼此，津津有味地吃着我们那些普通的食物，就算是皮斯卡托的鳟鱼旅店也不会羡慕。现在，我们很少出游了，即使偶尔出行，也总有一段路要乘车——而且总要住上等的旅店，点上好的饭菜，从不计较费用问题——可那味道及不上农村小吃的一半，尽管那时我们总吃不准会受到何种待遇，而且不知道能不能受到欢迎。

"You are too proud to see a play anywhere now but in the pit. Do you remember where it was we used to sit, when we saw the battle of Hexham, and the surrender of Calais, and Bannister and Mrs. Bland in the Children in the Wood—when we squeezed out our shillings a-piece to sit three or four times in a season in the one-shilling gallery—where you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me—and more strongly I felt obligation to you for having brought me—and the pleasure was the better for a little shame—and when the curtain drew up, what cared we for our place in the house, or what mattered it where we were sitting, when our thoughts were with Rosalind in Arden, or with Viola at the Court of Illyria. You used to say, that the gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially—that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequency of going—that the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays, were obliged to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on, on the stage—because a word lost would have been a chasm, which it was impossible for them to fill up. With such reflections we consoled our pride then—and I appeal to you, whether, as a woman, I met generally with less attention and accommodation, than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in indeed, and the crowding up those inconvenient staircases, was bad enough,—but there was still a law of civility to women recognised to quite as great an extent as we ever found in the other passage—and how a little difficulty overcome heightened the snug seat, and the play, afterwards! Now we can only pay our money, and walk in. You cannot see, you say, in the galleries now. I am sure we saw, and heard too, well enough then—but sight, and all, I think, is gone with our poverty.

“现在，你要是去看戏，就非要坐正厅后排，不然脸上就挂不住。你还记不记得我们以前看《赫克瑟姆之役》、《加来的沦陷》、班尼斯特

和布兰德夫人出演的《林中的孩子》时坐在哪儿？那时，我们拼命省钱，一个季度里才能看上三四回戏，坐着一先令的位子——你总觉得不该带我去——这样，我更感激你能带我来——正因为有些不好意思，看戏才更有趣——帷幕拉开时，我们哪里还在乎自己坐的是剧院里的什么位子，也不在乎自己坐在什么地方，因为我们的思绪早就随着罗莎琳德进了阿登森林，或是与薇奥拉一起步入了伊利里亚宫。你曾经说过，要与众人共享看戏之乐，最好的位子莫过于楼座了——正因为不常看戏，所以看时才觉得饶有趣味——我们在楼座遇到的观众多半没读过剧本，所以看的时候就会更加仔细，台上所发生的一切他们都看得格外认真——因为只要漏掉只言片语，剧情便会中断，就再也不可能补上。那时我们用这些想法来安慰我们的自尊——现在我想问问你，现在我坐的座位虽比当年昂贵许多，但作为一个女人，难道那时我遭到轻视和怠慢了么？入场时从那狭窄的楼梯爬上去确实不是什么好事——但是，大家对妇女的尊重丝毫不比其他通道差——而且经历了这些小麻烦之后，座位显得更舒适了，戏也更好看了！可现在，我们能做的就只是付钱，然后走进去而已。你说，你觉得现在已经不能在楼座看戏了。我确信，当年我们在楼座看到的和听到的都足够清楚——只是我想那种景象已随同我们的贫困一起消逝了。

"There was pleasure in eating strawberries, before they became quite common—in the first dish of peas, while they were yet dear—to have them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat can we have now? If we were to treat ourselves now—that is, to have dainties a little above our means, it would be selfish and wicked. It is the very little more that we allow ourselves beyond what the actual poor can get at, that makes what I call a treat—when two people living together, as we have done, now and then indulge themselves in a cheap luxury, which both like; while each apologises, and is willing to take both halves of the blame to his single share. I see no harm in people making much of themselves in that sense of the word. It may give them a hint how to make much of others. But now—what I mean by the word—we never do make much of ourselves. None but the poor can do it. I do not mean the veriest poor of all, but persons as we were, just above poverty.

“那时候，草莓还没怎么上市时，我们就先尝一点——豌豆还很贵的时候，我们也先在晚饭时来一盘，好好享受一下，这些都是乐趣啊。我们现在能享受到什么？如果我们现在——为了要享受，就在我们的经济能力之外花钱，那未免也太自私太任性了。我所说的享受，不过是允许让开支稍稍超出我们那微薄的收入而已——像我们那样，两个人生活在一起，偶尔买些两人都喜欢的廉价奢侈品；而向对方道歉时，也愿意将本该由两人共同分担的罪过全都揽到自己身上。我觉得人们像那样稍微重视一下自己也没什么不好。这会让他们懂得如何去重视别人。但现在——据我理解——我们是没法再重视自己了。只有穷人才能做到这一点。我指的不是那些赤贫之人，我是指像我们从前那样，比赤贫稍好一

些的人。

"I know what you were going to say, that it is mighty pleasant at the end of the year to make all meet—and much ado we used to have every Thirty-first Night of December to account for our exceedings—many a long face did you make over your puzzled accounts, and in contriving to make it out how we had spent so much—or that we had not spent so much—or that it was impossible we should spend so much next year—and still we found our slender capital decreasing—but then, betwixt ways, and projects, and compromises of one sort or another, and talk of curtailing this charge, and doing without that for the future—and the hope that youth brings, and laughing spirits (in which you were never poor till now,) we pocketed up our loss, and in conclusion, with 'lusty brimmers' (as you used to quote it out of hearty cheerful Mr. Cotton, as you called him), we used to welcome in the 'coming guest.' Now we have no reckoning at all at the end of the old year—no flattering promises about the new year doing better for us."

“我知道你会说什么，你会说，年底收支相抵是件大大的乐事——以前，每年12月31日晚上，我们都会苦苦查找超支的原因——账算不清楚，你就拉长了脸，竭力想弄明白为什么我们花了这么多钱——或者我们并没有花这么多钱——再或者明年绝对不能再有这么大的开支了——但尽管如此，我们发现，我们那一点点家当仍在不断减少——于是，我们便想尽办法，制定各种计划，作出这样或那样的妥协，讨论哪项开支可以缩减，将来哪项又可以取消——年轻带来的希望和开朗的精神状态（你到现在仍保持着这种状态）使我们接受了亏空的事实，最后还高举‘满溢的酒杯’（这是你所称道的快活诗人科顿先生说过的话），欢迎‘客人光临’。现在，我们不必在年底算账了——但随新年而来的一切盼头也就此失去了。”

Bridget is so sparing of her speech on most occasions, that when she gets into a rhetorical vein, I am careful how I interrupt it. I could not help, however, smiling at the phantom of wealth which her dear imagination had conjured up out of a clear income of poor—hundred pounds a year. "It is true we were happier when we were poorer, but we were also younger, my cousin. I am afraid we must put up with the excess, for if we were to shake the superflux into the sea, we should not much mend ourselves. That we had much to struggle with, as we grew up together, we have reason to be most thankful. It strengthened, and knit our compact closer. We could never have been what we have been to each other, if we had always had the sufficiency which you now complain of. The resisting power—those natural dilations of the youthful spirit, which circumstances cannot straiten—with us are long since passed away. Competence to age is supplementary youth; a sorry supplement indeed, but I fear the best that is to be had. We must ride where we formerly walked : live

better, and lie softer—and shall be wise to do so—than we had means to do in those good old days you speak of. Yet could those days return—could you and I once more walk our thirty miles a-day—could Bannister and Mrs. Bland again be young, and you and I young to see them—could the good old one shilling gallery days return—they are dreams, my cousin, now—but could you and I at this moment, instead of this quiet argument, by our well-carpeted fire-side, sitting on this luxurious sofa—be once more struggling up those inconvenient stair-cases, pushed about, and squeezed, and elbowed by the poorest rabble of poor gallery scramblers—could I once more hear those anxious shrieks of yours—and the delicious Thank God, we are safe, which always followed when the topmost stair, conquered, let in the first light of the whole cheerful theatre down beneath us—I know not the fathom line that ever touched a descent so deep as I would be willing to bury more wealth in than Croesus had or the great Jew R—is supposed to have, to purchase it. And now do just look at that merry little Chinese waiter holding an umbrella, big enough for a bed-tester, over the head of that pretty insipid half-Madonna-ish chit of a lady in that very blue summer-house."

布丽奇特平时很少开口，现在却滔滔不绝，我都不知道怎么才插得上话。但是，听到她说我们现在阔绰了，我不免觉得好笑，那不过是她自己的错觉罢了，其实我们现在的收入依然微薄，每年不过一百镑而已。“我们条件更差时，确实更开心，但那时我们也更年轻啊，堂姐。现在我们多出来那么多收入，恐怕也只好将就一下了，因为即使我们把那些钱都扔到海里去，也起不了什么补救作用。我俩历尽艰辛一起长大的岁月确实值得感谢。那些岁月加固了也加深了我们的情谊。要是我们当年就已像你如今所抱怨的那样富足，那我们彼此之间的情谊就不会像现在这样了。我们那股抗争的劲头——那种自然散发的、逆境无法摧折的青春朝气——早已经消散不见了。老年时的富足可以补偿逝去的青春，尽管这种补偿令人遗憾，但我想这总比没有好。现在我们以车代步，以前却只能步行：较之你所称道的那些美好的过往岁月，现在我们活得更好，睡得更舒服——这样做是明智的。但是，假如过去的岁月能再回来——你我一天仍能步行三十英里——班尼斯特和布兰德夫人恢复青春，你我也再度年轻，还能去看他们的戏——假如我们还能回到坐一先令楼座座位的美好年代——现在这些都只是一场梦，堂姐——此时此刻，你我不是呆在铺了地毯的火炉旁，不是坐在高级的沙发上进行这场安静的辩论——而是再次挣扎于狭窄的楼道之中，被那群再穷不过的楼座观众推搡着，拥挤着，碰撞着——我能再次听见你焦急的尖叫——当我们终于克服万难爬完最后一级台阶，一道亮光从脚下整个欢乐的剧院照上来，你发出甜美的感叹：‘感谢上帝，我们总算安全了。’如果这一切能够重来，我愿意用比克里萨斯或犹太富翁罗所拥有的更多的财富去填满一个深渊，不管多深，我都愿意。而现在，我们还是来欣赏一下这打着伞的、可爱小巧的中国侍从吧。那伞大得可以当床罩，伞下是一位美貌却沉闷的小妇人。她有点像圣母，正躲在蓝色的夏季房屋中。”

Mackery End in Hertfordshire

赫特福德郡麦考利村头旧访

Bridget Elia has been my housekeeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget, extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness; with such tolerable comfort, upon the whole, that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains, with the rash king's offspring, to bewail my celibacy. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habit—yet so, as "with a difference." We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings as it should be among near relations. Our sympathies are rather understood, than expressed; and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary, my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered. We are both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton, or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale, or adventure, whereof our common reading-table is daily fed with assiduously fresh supplies. Narrative teazes me. I have little concern in the progress of events. She must have a story—well, ill, or indifferently told—so there be life stirring in it, and plenty of good or evil accidents. The fluctuations of fortune in fiction—and almost in real life—have ceased to interest, or operate but dully upon me. Out-of-the-way humours and opinion—heads with some diverting twist in them—the oddities of authorship please me most. My cousin has a native disrelish of any thing that sounds odd or bizarre. Nothing goes down with her, that is quaint, irregular, or out of the road of common sympathy. She "holds Nature more clever." I can pardon her blindness to the beautiful obliquities of the *Religio Medici*; but she must apologise to me for certain disrespectful insinuations, which she has been pleased to throw out latterly, touching the intellectuals of a dear favourite of mine, of the last century but one—the thrice noble, chaste, and virtuous,—but again somewhat fantastical, and original-brain'd, generous Margaret Newcastle.

布丽奇特·伊莱亚当我的管家已经有些年头了。我在记事之前就已经受到了她的照顾。我们一个是老单身汉，一个是老姑娘，两个单身的人住在一起。我们总体来说过得还算舒适，我个人也丝毫不想像那位鲁莽国王的后人一样，跑到山上去为自己的独身生活大哭一场。我们的品位和习惯大体合拍——不过，也有“些微差别”。总体来说，我们相处和谐，偶尔会发生些口角，在近亲之间也是常情。我们不必等对方开口，

就能理解彼此的情感。有一次，我故意用比往常更友好的语气说话，我的堂姐听了潸然泪下，埋怨我变了。我们都爱读书，但各自喜好不同。我正欲罢不能地读着老伯顿或是他同时代的某位怪才的篇章时（这情形已有上千次了），她却被某个现代传说或探险故事吸引了去。我们都很勤勉，两人共用的书桌每天都堆满了新书。我受不了记叙文。我对情节发展没什么兴趣。但她必须看有故事情节的书——不管写得好，写得差，还是写得平平淡淡——只要里面写到生活中的纷扰，写到充足的好事或坏事就行。小说里命运的起落——甚至是现实生活中的——都已无法引起我的兴趣，只能给我带来一些模糊的影响。我最欣赏的还是独特的幽默和见地——奇思怪想的头脑——还有作者的奇谈怪论。我的堂姐天生讨厌任何听起来稀奇古怪的东西。那些离奇、异常、违背常理的东西统统不合她的胃口。她“坚信自然至上”。她对《医生的宗教》中的曲笔之美视而不见，这我就不计较了，但有一件事她得向我道歉。最近她对我最喜欢的一位文人不敬地含沙射影。这位文人是上上个世纪一位非常高贵、纯洁、善良，又有些奇思妙想、慷慨大方的玛格丽特•纽卡斯尔。

It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener perhaps than I could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine, free-thinkers, leaders, and disciples, of novel philosophies and systems; but she neither wrangles with, nor accepts, their opinions. That which was good and venerable to her, when a child, retains its authority over her mind still. She never juggles or plays tricks with her understanding.

也许是命运使然，堂姐和我结识了不少自由思想家，还有新哲学和新体系的领袖和信徒，接触之频繁让我觉得有些过了。但是，对于他们的观点，她既不反对，也不支持。她小时候所相信的正直、庄严的观念至今仍主宰着她的思想。她从不拿自己的思想来开玩笑、耍花招。

We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive; and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost uniformly this—that in matters of fact, dates, and circumstances, it turns out, that I was in the right, and my cousin in the wrong. But where we have differed upon moral points; upon something proper to be done, or let alone; whatever heat of opposition, or steadiness of conviction, I set out with, I am sure always, in the long run, to be brought over to her way of thinking.

我们俩都是有些自负的人。我发觉，我们每次争执的结果都几乎千篇一律——争执内容涉及事实、日期和情形时，最后对的总是我，错的总是我堂姐。但若是我们在道德问题上起了纷争，或是因某事该不该做而发生冲突，那么不管我起初多么强烈地反对，信心多么坚定，最后总是会屈从于她的思维方式。

I must touch upon the foibles of my kinswoman with a gentle hand, for Bridget does not like to be told of her faults. She hath an awkward trick (to say no worse of it) of reading in company: at which

times she will answer yes or no to a question, without fully understanding its purport—which is provoking, and derogatory in the highest degree to the dignity of the putter of the said question. Her presence of mind is equal to the most pressing trials of life, but will sometimes desert her upon trifling occasions. When the purpose requires it, and is a thing of moment, she can speak to it greatly; but in matters which are not stuff of the conscience, she hath been known sometimes to let slip a word less seasonably. Her education in youth was not much attended to; and she happily missed all that train of female garniture, which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it; but I can answer for it, that it makes (if the worst come to the worst) most incomparable old maids.

提起我这位女亲戚的缺点，我必须十分委婉，因为布丽奇特不喜欢别人指出她的毛病。别的不提，就说她喜欢当着别人的面读书的怪习惯吧：这种时候，她往往还没完全弄明白人家的意思，就用是或否作答。这对提问者来说是一种冒犯，而且也极大地伤害了人家的自尊。她在人生最紧要的关头可以镇定自若，但有时遇着琐碎小事，她的镇定却弃她而去了。要是万不得已又事关重大，她能说得头头是道。但要是谈论的问题和道德无关，她就会时不时地冒出些不太合时宜的话来。她年轻时没怎么受过教育，而妇女那一套以多才多艺的名义流传的规矩她也一概幸免。不知是无心还是有意，她小时候曾撞进一间大藏书室，里面全是古老的英文好书。于是，她便尽情地在这美丽鲜嫩的草场里大饱口福，不加选择也不受节制。我要是有二十个女儿，个个都要不打折扣地用这种方式培养。我不敢说她们的婚姻是否会因此而受到不良影响。但是，我敢肯定，这种方法培养出来的（若是往最坏的方面想）老姑娘肯定是卓尔不凡的。

In a season of distress, she is the truest comforter; but in the teazing accidents, and minor perplexities, which do not call out the will to meet them, she sometimes maketh matters worse by an excess of participation. If she does not always divide your trouble upon the pleasanter occasions of life she is sure always to treble your satisfaction. She is excellent to be at a play with, or upon a visit; but best, when she goes a journey with you.

痛苦的时候，她是你最真诚的慰藉。但若是遇到小麻烦或小困惑，本来你也用不着发挥意志力来应付，可有时她也要过多地干涉，把事情弄得更糟。虽说她不能时时为你分忧，但生活中要有什么乐事，她肯定能让你获得三倍的满足感。和她一起看戏剧或出访确实很妙，但最妙的还是与她一同出游。

We made an excursion together a few summers since, into Hertfordshire, to heat up the quarters of some of our less-known relations in that fine corn country.

几年前的一个夏天，我们曾一起到赫特福德郡远足。我们在那个盛产谷物的美丽乡村拜访了几位远房亲戚。

The oldest thing I remember is Mackery End; or Mackarel End, as it is spelt, perhaps more properly, in some old maps of Hertfordshire; a farmhouse, delightfully situated within a gentle walk from Wheathampstead. I can just remember having been there, on a visit to a great-aunt, when I was a child, under the care of Bridget; who, as I have said, is older than myself by some ten years. I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division. But that is impossible. The house was at that time in the occupation of a substantial yeoman, who had married my grandmother's sister. His name was Gladman. My grandmother was a Bruton, married to a Field. The Gladmans and the Brutons are still flourishing in that part of the county, but the Fields are almost extinct. More than forty years had elapsed since the visit I speak of; and, for the greater portion of that period, we had lost sight of the other two branches also. Who or what sort of persons inherited Mackery End—kindred or strange folk—we were afraid almost to conjecture, but determined some way to explore.

我最早的记忆里就有麦考利村头，或者是叫麦卡利尔村头——也许这个叫法更合适，赫特福德郡的一些老地图上就是这么写的。那是一座可爱的农舍，从那儿再走一小段路就能到威桑普斯泰德。我只记得自己小时候曾去那里拜访过一位姨婆，是布丽奇特带我去的。就像我说过的那样，她大概比我要大上十岁。我希望能把我们两人的余年合在一起，然后两人平分，一起度过。但这是不可能的。当年这座农舍里住的是一个家境殷实的农民，他娶了我外祖母的妹妹。他姓格莱德曼。我外祖母姓布鲁顿，嫁到了菲尔德家。在那一带乡间，格莱德曼和布鲁顿家人丁依然兴旺，但菲尔德家几乎要绝后了。我提到的那次造访离现在已经有四十余年了。这期间的大部分时间里，我们和那另外两家也没再来往过。我们几乎不敢猜测是谁或是什么样的人继承了麦考利村头的农舍——是亲戚还是陌生人。但是，我们决心设法打探一下。

By somewhat a circuitous route, taking the noble park at Luton in our way from Saint Alban's, we arrived at the spot of our anxious curiosity about noon. The sight of the old farm-house, though every trace of it was effaced from my recollection, affected me with a pleasure which I had not experienced for many a year. For though I had forgotten it, we had never forgotten being there together, and we had been talking about Mackery End all our lives, till memory on my part became mocked with a phantom of itself, and I thought I knew the aspect of a place, which, when Present, O how unlike it was to

that, which I had conjured up so many times instead of it!

我们从圣阿尔班出发，走了一条弯弯曲曲的路，经过贵气十足的鲁顿公园，终于在中午时分到达了让我们好奇又热切想要到达的地方。虽然老农舍的样子我已忘得一干二净，但它重现眼前时，我还是感到了一种多年不曾感受到的愉悦之情。因为我虽不记得农舍的样子了，但我俩从没忘记我们曾一起到过那里，而且后来我们也经常谈起麦考利村头，谈得我的记忆与农舍的幻想都混在一起，让我误以为自己对它熟然于心。但是，现在亲眼见到麦考利——噢，它与我想象中的竟是那样不同，我那一次次的幻想竟都是错误的！

Still the air breathed balmily about it; the season was in the "heart of June," and I could say with the poet, But thou, that didst appear so fair To fond imagination, Dost rival in the light of day Her delicate creation! Bridget's was more a waking bliss than mine, for she easily remembered her old acquaintance again—some altered features, of course, a little grudged at. At first, indeed, she was ready to disbelieve for joy; but the scene soon re-confirmed itself in her affection—and she traversed every out-post of the old mansion, to the wood-house, the orchard, the place where the pigeon-house had stood (house and birds were alike flown)—with a breathless impatience of recognition, which was more pardonable perhaps than decorous at the age of fifty odd. But Bridget in some things is behind her years.

农舍周围的空气仍旧馥郁芬芳。那时正值六月中旬，我恰可以与诗人一同吟诵：但是你啊，如此美丽可人，在美妙的幻影里。堪比白日阳光之下，那娇弱的景象！布丽奇特心中的愉悦比我清晰许多，因为她可以毫不费力地再记起这位旧相识——当然，她为农舍的一些改变小小地惋惜了一下。实际上，她一开始又惊又喜，不敢相信，但眼前的场景很快在她内心的情感中得到确认——她跑遍了这所老宅的每一个角落，包括柴房、果园，还有曾经安置鸽舍的地方（可惜鸽子和鸽舍都早已不知去向）。她急着辨识，有些急不可耐，气喘吁吁。这对于一个五十出头的人来说，这虽有失庄重，却也情有可原。但是，在某些方面，布丽奇特本来就比她的实际年龄小。

The only thing left was to get into the house—and that was a difficulty which to me singly would have been insurmountable; for I am terribly shy in making myself known to strangers and out-of-date kinsfolk. Love, stronger than scruple, winged my cousin in without me; but she soon returned with a creature that might have sat to a sculptor for the image of Welcome. It was the youngest of the Gladmans; who, by marriage with a Bruton, had become mistress of the old mansion. A comely brood are the Brutons. Six of them, females, were noted as the handsomest young women in the county. But this adopted Bruton, in my mind, was better than they all—more comely. She was born too late to have remembered me. She just recollected in early life to have had her cousin Bridget pointed out to

her, climbing a style. But the name kindred, and of cousinship, was enough. Those slender ties, that prove slight as gossamer in the rending atmosphere of a metropolis, bind faster, as we found it, in hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire. In five minutes we were as thoroughly acquainted as if we had been born and bred up together; were familiar, even to the calling each other by our Christian names. So Christians should call one another. To have seen Bridget, and her—it was like the meeting of the two scriptural cousins! There was a grace and dignity, an amplitude of form and stature, answering to her mind, in this farmer's wife, which would have shined in a palace—or so we thought it. We were made welcome by husband and wife equally—we, and our friend that was with us—I had almost forgotten him—but B. F. will not so soon forget that meeting, if peradventure he shall read this on the far distant shores where the Kangaroo haunts. The fatted calf was made ready, or rather was already so, as if in anticipation of our coming; and, after an appropriate glass of native wine, never let me forget with what honest pride this hospitable cousin made us proceed to Wheathampstead, to introduce us (as some new-found rarity) to her mother and sister Gladmans, who did indeed know something more of us, at a time when she almost knew nothing.— With what corresponding kindness we were received by them also—how Bridget's memory, exalted by the occasion, warmed into a thousand half-obliterated recollections of things and persons, to my utter astonishment, and her own—and to the astoundment of B. F. who sat by, almost the only thing that was not a cousin there,—old effaced images of more than half-forgotten names and circumstances still crowding back upon her, as words written in lemon come out upon exposure to a friendly warmth,—when I forget all this, then may my country cousins forget me; and Bridget no more remember, that in the days of weakling infancy I was her tender charge—as I have been her care in foolish manhood since—in those pretty pastoral walks, long ago about Mackery End, in Hertfordshire.

现在唯一剩下的事就是进屋了——这可是桩难事，如果这次我独自前来，那我是断不能逾越这障碍的。因为我结识生人和远亲时非常害羞。比疑虑更强烈的亲情驱使我的堂姐独自进了农舍，丢下了我。但她很快又回来了，还带了个人出来。那个人可以坐下让雕刻家依样雕刻出一尊“欢迎女神”的塑像。那是格莱德曼家最年轻的成员。她嫁给了一个姓布鲁顿的人，便成了这老宅子的女主人。布鲁顿家的人都长得很清秀。他们家的六个女儿是当时村里公认的最漂亮的姑娘。但布鲁顿家的这位儿媳，在我看来却要比她们都漂亮。她年纪太小，不认得我。她只记得小时候人家向她指出正迈过篱笆的布丽奇特表姐。但是，知道是亲戚，是表亲，这就足够了。这种生疏的关系在大城市那种互不往来的氛围下一定细若游丝，但在这热情、朴实、深情的赫特福德郡，我们却看到这种关系更迅速地把人联系在一起。过了五分钟，我们就完全熟络起

来，好像我们从出生就一起长大一样，熟悉得彼此都可以称呼对方的教名了。基督徒之间本来就该那样称呼的。而布丽奇特和她在一起——简直就像《圣经》里那两姐妹见面的场景！这位农家妇女自有一种娴雅端庄的风度，外形身姿都很大气，恰与她的心灵相配。她身处宫殿里也会光彩照人——至少我们是这样想的。男女主人都同样热情地接待我们——我们，还有与我们同去的一位朋友，我差点把他忘了——但B.F.是不会轻易忘记这次见面的。他现在正在有袋鼠出没的遥远海岸，说不定他也能读到这篇文章呢。肥牛犊已经备好，也可能早就备好了，好像知道我们要来似的。喝过一杯自制佳酿之后，那位热情好客的表亲又带我们去了威桑普斯泰德，她那副朴实又自豪的神情我永远都忘不了。她把我们介绍给了她的母亲和格莱德曼家的姐姐们（就像是发现了什么稀世珍宝似的）。她们果然比这位表亲知道更多关于我们的往事，那时她还太小，几乎什么都不懂。她家里人也以同样的热情款待了我们——受到此番情景的激发，布丽奇特记忆的闸门一下子打开了，快要遗忘了的上千个人和事的记忆涌出来，让我和她都着实吃了一惊。坐在一边的B.F.也很是吃惊，他大概是那儿唯一一个不是亲戚的人了。那些忘得差不多的姓名和场景的已经抹去的陈旧印象，都回到了她脑海中，就像用柠檬水写的字在温暖的环境下渐渐显现出形迹一样。我若是忘了这一切，那么就请这村子里的表亲们也忘掉我吧。布丽奇特也不必再想起，在我还是个羸弱的孩子时，她是如何细心地照顾我——长大成人后，我也依然傻傻地受着她的照料——很久以前，她曾和我一起在赫特福德郡走过麦考利村头那片美丽的田园。

New Year's Eve

除夕

EVERY man hath two birth-days; two days, at least, in every year, which set him upon revolving the lapse of time, as it affects his mortal duration. The one is that which in an especial manner he termeth his. In the gradual desuetude of old observances, this custom of solemnizing our proper birth-day hath nearly passed away, or is left to children, who reflect nothing at all about the matter, nor understand any thing in it beyond cake and orange. But the birth of a New Year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the First of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam.

每个人都有两次生日，一年至少两天，让他思索时光流逝对自己寿命的影响。其中一个是专属于他的生日。随着旧习俗渐渐废止，庄重地为自己庆生的风俗也几乎随之消失，只有小孩子还保持着。但是，他们对过生日的事又不会有什么想法，除了橘子和蛋糕之外，他们什么都不懂。但是，新年的诞生却关系重大，无论国王还是鞋匠，都不能漠然置之。没有人会对元月一日漠不关心。从那一天起，每个人都要好好规划时间，把握剩下的时日。那天是所有人共同的生日。

Of all sounds of all bell—(bells, the music nighest bordering upon heaven)—most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the Old Year. I never hear it without a gathering-up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelvemonth; all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth, as when a person dies. It takes a personal colour; nor was it a poetical flight in a contemporary, when he exclaimed: I saw the skirts of the departing Year.

在所有的钟声当中——钟声是最接近天堂的音乐——最庄严最感人的就是辞别旧岁的钟声了。每次听到这样的钟声，我就会集中精神，让过去十二个月里经历的所有场景在脑海中回放，回想自己在那段无可挽回的时间里做了什么，遭受过什么，完成了什么，又忽略了什么。然后我才如一个将死之人一样，认清了那段时光的价值。这件事带有个人色彩，而一位当代文人也并非由于一时诗性大发才发出如下感叹：“旧的一年一晃而过，我只瞥见了她的裙裾。”

It is no more than what in sober sadness every one of us seems to be conscious of, in that awful leave-taking. I am sure I felt it, and all felt it with me, last night; though some of my companions affected

rather to manifest an exhilaration at the birth of the coming year, than any very tender regrets for the decease of its predecessor. But I am none of those who— Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

在辞旧之际，我们每一个笼罩在清醒的伤感情绪之下的人才最能体会到这一点。我肯定我昨晚就体会到了这种心情，所有人都随我体会到了这一点。虽然我认识的有些人假装是在展现迎接新年的兴奋，而非惋惜前一年的逝去。但是，我不是那种人。那种“迎接新人，撵走旧客”的人。

I am naturally, beforehand, shy of novelties: new books, new faces, new years,—from some mental twist which makes it difficult in me to face the prospective. I have almost ceased to hope; and am sanguine only in the prospects of other (former) years. I plunge into foregone visions and conclusions. I encounter pell-mell with past disappointments. I am armour-proof against old discouragements. I forgive, or overcome in fancy, old adversaries. I play over again for love, as the gamesters phrase it, games, for which I once paid so dear. I would scarce now have any of those untoward accidents and events of my life reversed. I would no more alter them than the incidents of some well-contrived novel. Methinks, it is better that I should have pined away seven of my goldenest years, when I was thrall to the fair hair, and fairer eyes, of Alice W—n , than that so passionate a love-adventure should be lost. It was better that our family should have missed that legacy, which old Dorrell cheated us of, than that I should have at this moment two thousand pounds in banco, and be without the idea of that specious old rogue.

首先，我生来就对新的事物很害羞——新书、新面孔、新年——某种纠结的心理让我难以面对未来。我对未来几乎已经不抱希望了，只有在回想过去的时候才会感到快乐。我一头扎进过去的幻想和结局中。我会因过去的失望而心绪纷乱。面对过去的挫折，我如有盔甲护体。我会在想象中原谅或击败昔日仇敌。为了爱，我会再次像赌徒说的那样去玩票，尽管我曾经为此付出过沉重的代价。我不希望免遭过去我生命中那些不愉快的事情。正如我不愿去修改一部构思巧妙的小说中的情节，我也不愿改变那些事情。我觉得，臣服于艾丽斯•温那迷人的金发和更加迷人的碧眼，痛苦地度过黄金般的七年，这要比失去那段满含激情的爱恋冒险好。老多雷尔骗走我家的那份遗产，这要比此时看到那两千英镑存在银行里，还有那个表里不一的老无赖从脑海中消失要好。

In a degree beneath manhood, it is my infirmity to look back upon those early days. Do I advance a paradox, when I say, that, skipping over the intervention of forty years, a man may have leave to love himself, without the imputation of self-love?

说起来有点缺乏男子汉气概，我的弱点就在于喜欢回顾过去的日子。如果我说，一个人只有跳过四十年的障碍，才可以爱恋自己而不致

落下自恋的罪名，这算不算是谬论呢？

If I know aught of myself, no one whose mind is introspective—and mine is painfully so—can have a less respect for his present identity, than I have for the man Elia. I know him to be light, and vain, and humorsome; a notorious***addicted to****averse from counsel, neither taking it, nor offering it:—***besides, a stammering buffoon; what you will; lay it on, and spare not: I subscribe to it all, and much more, than thou canst be willing to lay at his door—but for the child Elia—that "other me," there, in the back-ground—I must take leave to cherish the remembrance of that young master—with as little reference, I protest, to this stupid changeling of five-and-forty, as if it had been a child of some other house, and not of my parents. I can cry over its patient small-pox at five, and rougher medicaments. I can lay its poor fevered head upon the sick pillow at Christ's, and wake with it in surprise at the gentle posture of maternal tenderness hanging over it, that unknown had watched its sleep. I know how it shrank from any the least colour of falsehood.—God help thee, Elia, how art thou changed! Thou art sophisticated.—I know how honest, how courageous (for a weakling) it was—how religious, how imaginative, how hopeful! From what have I not fallen, if the child I remember was indeed myself,—and not some dissembling guardian, presenting a false identity, to give the rule to my unpractised steps, and regulate the tone of my moral being!

如果我还有自知之明，那么在喜欢自省的人中——我尤其喜欢如此——没有人会像我瞧不起成年的伊莱亚一样瞧不起现在的自我。我知道伊莱亚生性轻浮，虚荣，还反复无常。他……是出了名的，而且还……成瘾。他对忠告抵触得很，既不听人劝，也不劝别人。另外，他还是个小丑，说话结结巴巴。你想怎样说，就尽管直说，不必客气。不管你怎样批判他，我都赞成，甚至还要加深程度。但是，至于童年的伊莱亚——也就是过去的那“另一个我”，我非常珍惜关于那个小少爷的回忆——我声明，他与现在这个年满四十五岁的傻瓜几乎没什么关系，仿佛他是别人家的孩子，而不是我父母生的。想到他五岁时得了天花，当他要服那难喝的药时，我流下泪来。我会把他那可怜的发着烧的脑袋放在基督慈幼院病床的枕头上，然后和他一起猛然惊醒，看到一个陌生人正像母亲一般温柔地照顾着他。这个人在他睡觉的时候看护着他。我知道，只要稍微流露出一点虚假，他就会退缩——上帝保佑，伊莱亚，你变化好大啊！你变得世故了。可我知道，过去你是多么诚实，多么勇敢（对于一个病弱的孩子来说），多么虔诚，多么富有想象力，多么充满希望！如果我记忆中的那个孩子确实是我自己——而不是由某位监护人假扮，以一个虚假的身份来规范我不甚熟练的步伐，纠正我的道德观念，那么比起那时，我不是堕落了吗！

That I am fond of indulging, beyond a hope of sympathy, in such retrospection, may be the symptom of some sickly idiosyncrasy. Or is

it owing to another cause; simply, that being without wife or family, I have not learned to project myself enough out of myself: and having no offspring of my own to daily with, I turn back upon memory, and adopt my own early idea, as my heir and favourite. If these speculations seem fantastical to thee, reader—(a busy man, perchance), if I tread out of the way of thy sympathy, and am singularly-conceited only, I retire, impenetrable to ridicule, under the phantom cloud of Elia.

我太喜欢沉浸在这样的回忆之中，别人无法与我产生同感，也许这是一种病态的表现。或者我这样是别有原因的。简单来说，我既无妻子，又无家庭，不知道怎样走出自己的世界。我也没有子女每日相伴，所以我只好回到记忆中去，将过去的想法看作自己的子嗣和宠儿。读者（您必定是一位大忙人），如果您觉得这些念头是空想，觉得我不过是狂妄自负，已经不值得您的同情，那我只好退到伊莱亚那虚幻、奚落无法穿透的云层里。

The elders, with whom I was brought up, were of a character not likely to let slip the sacred observance of any old institution; and the ringing out of the Old Year was kept by them with circumstances of peculiar ceremony.—In those days the sound of those midnight chimes, though it seemed to raise hilarity in all around me, never failed to bring a train of pensive imagery into my fancy. Yet I then scarce conceived what it meant, or thought of it as a reckoning that concerned me. Not childhood alone, but the young man till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal. He knows it indeed, and, if need were, he could preach a homily on the fragility of life; but he brings it not home to himself, any more than in a hot June we can appropriate to our imagination the freezing days of December. But now, shall I confess a truth?—I feel these audits but too powerfully. I begin to count the probabilities of my duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments and shortest periods, like miser's farthings. In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away "like a weaver's shuttle.” Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide, that smoothly bears human life to eternity: and reluct at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived; I, and my friends: to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age; or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave.— Any alteration, on this earth of mine, in diet or in lodging, puzzles and discomposes me. My

household gods plant a terrible fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian shores. A new state of being staggers me.

和我一起长大的年长者不会不遵循那些神圣的古老习俗。他们一定要听着钟声辞别旧岁，并且还有一些特殊的仪式。那时，午夜的钟声似乎在我周围营造出了快乐的氛围，但同时也在我脑海中引出了一连串的忧郁场景。但那时我几乎没有细想这意味着什么，也不觉得这和自己有什么关系。不只是孩子，就连三十岁的年轻人也几乎从来都不会想到自己会死去。他清楚地知道，如果需要，他还能就生命的脆弱性发表一通训诫。但他自己却意识不到，就像人们在炎热的六月很难想象到腊月的寒冷一样。但现在，我能说句实话吗？我对那种计算是深有体会的。我开始计算自己还能在世界上活多久，花一时片刻的时间也会吝惜，就像个守财奴守着自己的小钱一样。随着年月越来越少，越来越短，我更加珍惜流逝的时光，想要伸手挡住时间的大车轮上车条的转动，这也是无济于事的。我不甘心让自己像“织布工手里的梭子”一样穿过。这些比喻对我起不了慰藉作用，也不会让令人不快的死亡变得甜蜜。我不想让自己被时光的潮水冲走，把生命顺畅地冲到永恒之地，也不愿屈服于命运不可避免的进程。我爱上了这片绿色的土地，城市与村庄的样子，乡间难以言表的孤寂和安全甜美的街道。我愿意在此搭建帐篷。我愿意保持现在的年龄不变，愿我和我的朋友保持现在的年轻、富有和英俊的状态。我不想因为年龄增长而放弃，也不想像熟透的果实那样掉进坟墓。在我的世界里，食物也好，住处也好，只要有一点改变，都会让我困惑不安。我家的守护神牢牢地扎根在这片土地上，若要拔起，定会流血。他们不愿漂到大海的彼岸去。新的生活状态会让我慌乱。

Sun, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle-light, and fireside conversations, and innocent vanities, and jests, and irony itself—these things go out with life?

太阳、天空、和风、幽径、夏日的假期、绿色的原野、鲜美的鱼汤肉汁、社交活动、愉悦人心的杯盏、烛光、炉边倾谈、天真的虚荣、戏谑，还有讽刺本身——这些难道都要随生命一同流逝？

Can a ghost laugh, or shake his gaunt sides, when you are pleasant with him?

如果你和鬼相处的愉快，那它会笑吗？枯瘦的身体会不会颤抖？

And you, my midnight darlings, my Folios! must I part with the intense delight of having you (huge armfuls) in my embraces? Must knowledge come to me, if it come at all, by some awkward experiment of intuition, and no longer by this familiar process of reading?

还有你，午夜的宝贝，我的书卷！那种拥你们在怀（一满怀）的强烈快乐，也要与我就此分别了吗？如果我还能获取知识的话，那知识必

须要通过某种奇怪的直觉实验获得而非依靠读书这种熟悉的方式吗？

Shall I enjoy friendships there, wanting the smiling indications which point me to them here,—the recognisable face—the "sweet assurance of a look"—?

要是没有微笑的暗示把我指引给他们，没有熟悉的面孔，没有“给人以信心的甜美一望”，我还能享受友谊吗？

In winter this intolerable disinclination to dying—to give it its mildest name—does more especially haunt and beset me. In a genial August noon, beneath a sweltering sky, death is almost problematic. At those times do such poor snakes as myself enjoy an immortality. Then we expand and burgeon. Then are we as strong again, as valiant again, as wise again, and a great deal taller. The blast that nips and shrinks me, puts me in thoughts of death. All things allied to the insubstantial, wait upon that master feeling; cold, numbness, dreams, perplexity; moonlight itself, with its shadowy and spectral appearances,—that cold ghost of the sun, or Phoebus' sickly sister, like that innutritious one denounced in the *Canticles*:—I am none of her minions—I hold with the Persian.

冬天，那种不想死的难耐心绪——这是最委婉的说法——确实更容易困扰着我，挥之不去。在八月宜人的正午，在炙热的晴空之下，死亡几乎是个问题。这种时节，就连我这样的可怜虫也希望长生不老。于是，我们发芽抽枝，茁壮成长。我们又变得强壮，勇敢，聪明，还比以前高大了许多。但一阵寒风又会让我瑟缩退缩，重新想起死亡。一切都与虚无相连，静候着那种主宰的感觉。寒冷、麻木、梦幻、困惑，还有朦胧、幽灵似的月光本身——它是太阳冰冷的鬼魅，是太阳神羸弱的姊妹，如同《雅歌》中被谴责的那个营养不良的女人。我绝非她的追随者——我站在波斯人一边。

Whatsoever thwarts, or puts me out of my way, brings death into my mind. All partial evils, like humours, run into that capital plague-sore.—I have heard some profess an indifference to life. Such hail the end of their existence as a port of refuge; and speak of the grave as of some soft arms, in which they may slumber as on a pillow. Some have wooed death—but out upon thee, I say, thou foul, ugly phantom! I detest, abhor, execrate, and (with Friar John) give thee to six-score thousand devils, as in no instance to be excused or tolerated, but shunned as a universal viper; to be branded, proscribed, and spoken evil of! In no way can I be brought to digest thee, thou thin, melancholy Privation, or more frightful and confounding Positive!

阻碍我或是让我误入歧途的任何东西，都会使我想起死亡。所有细微的弊病，比如说心情不佳，都会酿成致命的灾疫。我听到有的人公开承认对生命的漠视。他们欢呼称死亡是他们的避风港，说坟墓是他们的温柔乡，可以在其中高枕酣睡。有人甚至还追求死亡——但是，我要对

你说，滚开，你这肮脏丑陋的幻影！我厌恶你，憎恨你，诅咒你，还要像约翰修道士那样把你交给七万二千名恶鬼去处置，绝无原谅或宽恕的可能。要把你当成毒蛇，让人人都避开你，还要在你身上烙上烙印，驱逐流放，受人唾骂！我无论如何都不可能接受你，不管你是瘦弱悲戚的虚无，还是更为可怕的错综混杂的实在！

Those antidotes, prescribed against the fear of thee, are altogether frigid and insulting, like thyself. For what satisfaction hath a man, that he shall "lie down with kings and emperors in death," who in his life-time never greatly coveted the society of such bed-fellows?—or, forsooth, that "so shall the fairest face appear?"—why, to comfort me, must Alice W—n be a goblin? More than all, I conceive disgust at those impertinent and misbecoming familiarities, inscribed upon your ordinary tombstones. Every dead man must take upon himself to be lecturing me with his odious truism, that "such as he now is, I must shortly he." Not so shortly, friend, perhaps, as thou imaginest. In the mean-time I am alive. I move about. I am worth twenty of thee. Know thy betters! Thy New Years' Days are past. I survive, a jolly candidate for 1821. Another cup of wine—and while that turn-coat bell, that just now mournfully chanted the obsequies of 1820 departed, with changed notes lustily rings in a successor, let us attune to its peal the song made on a like occasion, by hearty, cheerful Mr. Cotton. THE NEW YEAR. Hark, the cock crows, and yon bright star Tells us, the day himself's not far; And see where, breaking from the night, He gilds the western hills with light. With him old Janus doth appear, Peeping into the future year, With such a look as seems to say, The prospect is not good that way. Thus do we rise ill sights to see, And 'gainst ourselves to prophesy; When the prophetic fear of things A more tormenting mischief brings, More full of soul-tormenting gall, Than direst mischiefs can befall. But stay! but stay! methinks my sight, Better inform'd by clearer light Discerns sereneness in that brow, That all contracted seem'd but now. His revers'd face may show distaste, And frown upon the ills are past; But that which this way looks is clear, And smiles upon the New-born Year. He looks too from a place so high, The Year lies open to his eye; And all the moments open are To the exact discoverer. Yet more and more he smiles upon The happy revolution. Why should we then suspect or fear The influences of a year, So smiles upon us the first morn, And speaks us good so soon as born? Plague on't! the last was ill enough, This cannot but make better proof; Or, at the worst, as we brush'd through The last, why so we may this too; And then the next in reason shou'd Be superexcellently good: For the worst ills (we daily see) Have no more perpetuity, Than the best fortunes that do fall; Which also bring us wherewithal Longer their being to support, Than those do of the other sort: And who has one good year in three, And yet repines at

destiny, Appears ungrateful in the case, And merits not the good he has. Then let us welcome the New Guest With lusty brimmers of the best; Mirth always should Good Fortune meet, And renders e'en Disaster sweet: And though the Princess turn her back, Let us but line ourselves with sack, We better shall by far hold out, Till the next Year she face about.

那些本是为消除对你的恐惧而开出的解药，却显得和你一样冰冷，无礼。“死后便可与帝王君主共眠”，对那些一生从未觊觎过这些同榻而眠之人的群体，可以给人以什么满足感？或者，另有人言之凿凿，道“此间必能见到绝美容颜”——这么说来，为了给我以安慰，艾丽斯·温就必须化身为妖精吗？最让我厌恶的是，你那平平无奇的墓碑上，却刻着一些俗不可耐又不合时宜的亲密言语。每个已故之人都要拿他那套讨厌的老生常谈来教育我，比如“俯仰之间，君当如我”。朋友，恐怕没你想得那么快吧。现在我还活得好好的。我还能四处走动。一个我抵得上二十个你。识相点儿吧！你的新年已经过完了。而我还活着，会高高兴兴地进入1821年。再喝一杯酒吧——那易变的钟声，前一刻还在为过去的1820年哀鸣，后一刻便转换了调子，为新的一年大唱欢歌。让我们伴着钟声，一起高唱热心、快乐的科顿先生在一个类似场合下创作的歌曲。《新年颂》鸡鸣声声星辰闪耀，宣告黎明就要来到。划破夜空直上苍穹，西山之色有如金铜。双面之神一同降临，目光炯炯窥视来年，一副神气似在表示，来年光景未必顺利。这样刚一展身观望，入眼种种俱是恶象。我们生怕发生什么，更多灾祸折磨来到，心灵烦扰更多苦恼，甚至胜过实际苦难。不过且慢，且慢，窃以为，眼前景物渐渐清晰，眉宇之间辨出宁静，此刻顿觉湛然一片。原来脸上种种不悦，却在愁苦去年厄运。此般看来明了无限，对着新年笑逐颜开。他高瞻远瞩仔细看，一年好景尽展眼底。对于那副明察锐目，人间万变他都有数。愈来他愈笑容可掬，可能他已觑出转机。为何生出怀疑恐惧，担心一年否泰如何。黎明对你我展笑颜，初生即以美言称赞。若说旧岁一切不佳，今年只会更加奋发。既然去岁还能混过，今年岂能挡住你我！如此下去来年一到，万事必然好上加好。正如我们平日所见，不吉不利不会永远。好运必然再度降临，带给我们福祉无疑。好运所获长久支持，必将久于其他霉运。三年之中一年还好，已是命运极大回报。谁如对此仍然悻悻，那便与他嘉名不称。让我们速速迎新宾，快将佳酿盛满酒杯。欢乐好运从来成双，灾厄至此也会呈祥。虽然女神转瞬即去，且让酒袋鼓舞士气，且让我们奋战今年，直到来岁再拜新颜。

How say you, reader—do not these verses smack of the rough magnanimity of the old English vein? Do they not fortify like a cordial, enlarging the heart, and productive of sweet blood, and generous spirits, in the concoction? Where be those puling fears of death, just now expressed or affected?—passed like a cloud—absorbed in the purging sunlight of clear poetry—clean washed away by a wave of genuine Helicon, your only Spa for these hypochondries— And now another cup of the generous! and a merry New Year, and many of

them, to you all, my masters!

读者意下如何呢——这些诗句能不能传达出几分旧时英国佬的粗犷豪情？它们能否如一杯美酒一般，让你大受鼓舞，让你心胸开阔，热血沸腾，气度豪爽？之前表现出来的，或是装出来的那些对死亡的惧怕，现在到哪里去了呢？它如云朵般消散了——在清新诗歌的洁净光芒下融入了——在赫利康山下被真正的波浪清洗干净了，那是这些忧郁情绪的唯一浴场。那么，再喝一杯吧！新年快乐，各位先生，愿你们还能享受许许多多个新年新岁！

Oxford in the Vacation

牛津度假记

Casting a preparatory glance at the bottom of this article—as the wary connoisseur in prints, with cursory eye (which, while it reads, seems as though it read not,) never fails to consult the quis sculpsit in the corner, before he pronounces some rare piece to be a Vivares, or a Woollet—methinks I hear you exclaim, Reader, Who is Elia?

精明的鉴赏家每次鉴赏版画之前，必会先匆匆瞥一眼画底端的刻工之名（看的时候还似看非看），然后才宣布这一作品出自维瓦瑞斯或伍莱特之手——读者，我想我听到您大声发问，谁是伊莱亚？

Because in my last I tried to divert thee with some half-forgotten humours of some old clerks defunct, in an old house of business, long since gone to decay, doubtless you have already set me down in your mind as one of the self-same college—a votary of the desk—a notched and cropt scrivener—one that sucks his sustenance, as certain sick people are said to do, through a quill.

为了取悦您，我在上一篇文章中写了几个已故老职员几乎被人遗忘的陈年旧事，那都是发生在一个早已破败的老公司里的事情。因此，毫无疑问，您肯定已在心中将我判定为其中一员——一个死守着办公桌的人——一个剪着短发的刻板的书记员——就像某些病人传说中的那样，依靠鹅毛管汲取营养。

Well, I do agnize something of the sort. I confess that it is my humour, my fancy—in the forest of the day, when the mind of your man of letters requires some relaxation—(and none better than such as at first sight seems most abhorrent from his beloved studies)—to while away some good hours of my time in the contemplation of indigos, cottons, raw silk, piece-goods, flowered or otherwise. In the first place and then it sends you home with such increased appetite to your books not to say, that your outside sheets, and waste wrappers of foolscap, do receive into them, most kindly and naturally, the impression of sonnets, epigrams, essays—so that the very parings of a counting-house are, in some sort, the settings up of an author. The enfranchised quill, that has plodded all the morning among the cart-rucks of figures and cyphers, frisks and curvets so at its ease over the flowery carpet-ground of a midnight dissertation.—It feels its promotion. So that you see, upon the whole, the literary dignity of Elia is very little, if at all, compromised in the condescension.

好吧，我承认我差不多就是那号人。我承认这是我的爱好，我的雅兴——一天之中，你们这样的的文人雅士要放松一下头脑的最好方式便

是做一些乍一看与其深爱的研究格格不入的事情——就是喜欢将大好时光用在琢磨靛蓝、棉布、生丝、印花或不印花的布匹。一番研究后，你回家之时便更有读书的兴致，而且能让你可以在多余的表格和滑稽帽的废包装纸上写下些亲切而自然的十四行诗、格言警句和散文。这样，账房里那些零零碎碎的纸片从某种意义上来说倒是成就了一个作家。我那支鹅毛笔一整个上午都在数字和密码堆里沉重前行。一到午夜，它便获得了解放，在华丽的地毯上奔腾跳跃，创作文章。这让它觉得自己适得其所。所以，您瞧，伊莱亚的文学尊严很少受地位卑微的影响，即使有任何影响的话。

Not that, in my anxious detail of the many commodities incidental to the life of a public office, I would be thought blind to certain flaws, which a cunning carper might be able to pick in this Joseph's vest. And here I must have leave, in the fulness of my soul, to regret the abolition, and doing-away-with altogether, of those consolatory interstices, and sprinklings of freedom, through the four seasons,—the red-letter days, now become, to all intents and purposes, dead-letter days. There was Paul, and Stephen, and Barnabas — "Andrew and John, men famous in old times" we were used to keep all their days holy, as long back as I was at school at Christ's. I remember their effigies, by the same token, in the old Baskett Prayer Book. There hung Peter in his uneasy posture—holy Bartlemy in the troublesome act of flaying, after the famous Marsyas by Spagnoletti. I honoured them all, and could almost have wept the defalcation of Iscariot—so much did we love to keep holy memories sacred—only methought I a little grudged at the coalition of the better Jude with Simon—clubbing (as it were) their sanctities together, to make up one poor gaudy-day between them—as an economy unworthy of the dispensation.

我匆忙地列出办公室生活中常见的许多物品，不是表明我对某些缺点视而不见，这些缺点是一个精明的吹毛求疵之人可以从约瑟的背心上找出的茬。在这里，必须允许我全心全意地对一年四季之中那慰藉人心的空隙，那少得可怜的自由时间的取消和废除表示遗憾。出于各种目的和意图，原本用红色标明的日子如今都是形同虚设了。保罗、斯蒂芬和巴纳巴——我在基督慈幼院上学的时候，我们一直过纪念“安德鲁和约翰这些古代名人”的节日。我还记得他们在巴斯克特版的《祈祷书》里的画像，也是一样的象征意义。彼得被一种很不舒服的姿势吊了起来——而圣巴特利米，像斯巴诺来蒂画中的著名的玛息阿一样，遭受着残酷的剥皮之刑。我对他们都极为崇敬，差点还为加略人犹大盗用公款而流泪——我们是多么希望让神圣的记忆永远神圣下去。只是，好人犹大和西蒙合二为一，似乎是要把他们的圣洁凑在一起才可怜兮兮地拼成一个节日。我对这点有些不满——这种做法只图省事，却未免于圣道不合。

These were bright visitations in a scholar's and a clerk's life—"far off their coming shone." —I was as good as an almanac in those days.

I could have told you such a saint's-day falls out next week, or the week after. Peradventure the Epiphany, by some periodical infelicity would, once in six years, merge in a Sabbath. Now am I little better than one of the profane. Let me not be thought to arraign the wisdom of my civil superiors, who have judged the further observation of these holy tides to be papistical, superstitious. Only in a custom of such long standing, methinks, if their Holinesses the Bishops had, in decency, been first sounded—but I am wading out of my depths. I am not the man to decide the limits of civil and ecclesiastical authority—I am plain Elia—no Selden, nor Archbishop Usher—though at present in the thick of their books, here in the heart of learning, under the shadow of the mighty Bodley.

这些本是学者和职员们的好日子——它们“自远方来，熠熠生辉”——那时候，我简直就是一本活年历。我可以说出某个圣人的节日是在下周或是下下周。不幸的是，因为周期性，每隔六年，主显节就会和安息日重叠。现在，我比一个异教徒也好不了多少。不要以为我在控诉上司的头脑，他们觉得再过这些神圣的节日就是倾向天主教，就是迷信。我觉得，遇上这种历史悠久的风俗传统，可以先听听主教大人们对节日的神圣之处有何见解——不过，我有些越俎代庖了。政权和教权范围这等大事可轮不到我来管——我只是平凡的伊莱亚，不是塞尔登，也不是大主教厄舍——虽然此时此刻，我正在研学的中心，在宏伟的牛津大学图书馆的庇护之下，拜读他们的大作。

I can here play the gentleman, enact the student. To such a one as myself, who has been defrauded in his young years of the sweet food of academic institution, nowhere is so pleasant, to while away a few idle weeks at, as one or other of the Universities. Their vacation, too, at this time of the year, falls in so pat with ours. Here I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself of what degree or standing I please. I seem admitted ad eundem. I fetch up past opportunities. I can rise at the chapel-bell, and dream that it rings for me. In moods of humility I can be a Sizar, or a Servitor. When the peacock vein rises, I strut a Gentleman Commoner. In graver moments, I proceed Master of Arts. Indeed I do not think I am much unlike that respectable character. I have seen your dim-eyed vergers, and bed-makers in spectacles, drop a bow or curtsy, as I pass, wisely mistaking me for something of the sort. I go about in black, which favours the notion. Only in Christ Church reverend quadrangle, I can be content to pass for nothing short of a Seraphic Doctor. The walks at these times are so much one's own—the tall trees of Christ's, the groves of Magdalen! The halls deserted, and with open doors, inviting one to slip in unperceived, and pay a devoir to some Founder, or noble or royal Benefactress (that should have been ours) whose portrait seems to smile upon their over-looked beadsman, and to adopt me for their

own. Then, to take a peep in by the way at the butteries, and sculleries, redolent of antique hospitality: the immense caves of kitchens, kitchen fire-places, cordial recesses; ovens whose first pies were baked four centuries ago; and spits which have cooked for Chaucer! Not the meanest minister among the dishes but is hallowed to me through his imagination, and the Cook goes forth a Manciple.

在这里，我可冒充绅士，扮演学生。对于像我这样一个年轻时受骗没有享受到高等教育甜果的人来说，要消磨几周闲暇时光，可没有比某所大学更惬意的去处了。而他们的假期也正好与我们的休假时间相吻合。在这里，我可以自由地漫步，随意想象自己的学位或身份，全凭自己喜欢。我仿佛已经被授予了同等学历。我可以重拾过去失去的机会。我可以听到教堂的钟声后起床，想象它是为我而鸣。内心谦卑时，我就是一名减费生或工读生。傲气劲儿上来时，我便趾高气扬，俨然一个自费的贵族学生。气氛更庄严时，我便想象自己是文学硕士生。实际上，我也不觉得自己和那些尊贵人物有多大差别。我走在路上时，亲眼看到那些眼神欠佳的教堂司事和戴着眼镜的床工向我鞠躬或屈膝行礼。他们把我错当成了那类人物，这是明智之举。加上我总是身穿黑衣，他们便更容易认错。只有在基督教堂的教士四方院子里，我才可以满意地行走，丝毫不逊于“圣洁博士”。那段时间，散步简直由一人独享——基督学院里高耸的大树，还有马格达莱的小树丛！大厅里冷冷清清，大门敞开着，邀请人悄悄进去，向某个创建人或是某个贵族或皇家的女捐赠人（我们也蒙受了她的恩德）表示尊敬。他们的画像似乎在向着我这个曾被他们忽略的受济人微笑着，对我视如己出。然后，又顺便瞥一眼食品室和碗碟室，想起昔日的盛情：巨大的厨房、厨房的壁炉、可爱的壁龛、那四百年前就烤出了第一批馅饼的烤箱，以及那个曾用来为乔叟烤肉的铁叉！那些端盘子的最卑微的仆从也在他的想象中于我变得神圣，而厨师也与膳食长齐头并进！

Antiquity! thou wondrous charm, what art thou? that, being nothing, art every thing! When thou wert, thou wert not antiquity—then thou wert nothing, but hadst a remoter antiquity, as thou called'st it, to look back to with blind veneration; thou thyself being to thyself flat, jejune, modern! What mystery lurks in this retroversion? or what half Januses[1] are we, that cannot look forward with the same idolatry with which we for ever revert! The mighty future is as nothing, being every thing! the past is every thing, being nothing!

过往啊！你有那样神奇的魅力，你究竟是什么呢？你虚无缥缈，却又包罗万象。你存在之时还不是过往——那时你并不重要，把那些更久远的日子称为过往，回首之时带着盲目的崇拜之情。你觉得自己平庸、幼稚、满是现代气！这一回转之中究竟蕴含了怎样的秘密呢？或者说，我们都是半个双面神[1]，展望未来时，就全没了回顾过往时那种盲目的崇拜之心！那伟大的未来包罗万象，同时又虚无缥缈！过往虚无缥缈，同时又包罗万象！

What were thy dark ages? Surely the sun rose as brightly then as

now, and man got him to his work in the morning. Why is it that we can never hear mention of them without an accompanying feeling, as though a palpable obscure had dimmed the face of things, and that our ancestors wandered to and fro groping!

你心中的黑暗岁月是哪段时间呢？当然，那时的朝阳和现在升起时一样明亮，那时的人也是早晨便起身劳动。为什么每次一听到有人说起那样的岁月，我们心中总会伴有一种感觉，好像万物都明显蒙上了一层昏暗的阴影，我们的祖先来回游荡着摸索！

Above all thy rarities, old Oxenford, what do most arride and solace me, are thy repositories of mouldering learning, thy shelves — What a place to be in is an old library! It seems as though all the souls of all the writers, that have bequeathed their labours to these Bodleians, were reposing here, as in some dormitory, or middle state. I do not want to handle, to profane the leaves, their winding-sheets. I could as soon dislodge a shade. I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage; and the odour of their old moth-scented coverings is fragrant as the first bloom of those sciential apples which grew amid the happy orchard.

古老的牛津，在你所有的奇珍异宝之中，最让我满足和欣慰的当数你破败的浩繁藏书，还有你那一排排的书架。古老的图书馆是何等处所啊！将其心血都赠给牛津大学图书馆的所有作家的灵魂仿佛都在此安息着，就像躺在某个寝室里或中间地带一样。我不想去翻动书页，那是一种亵渎，因为书页就是他们的裹尸布。我一动那书页，就会惊扰一个灵魂。但是，在这书林间穿梭，我似乎得到了不少学问。那陈旧的书皮散发着飞蛾留下的味道，其香味堪与这快乐的果园里长着的知识苹果花初次绽放时的芬芳。

Still less have I curiosity to disturb the elder repose of MSS. Those variae lectiones, so tempting to the more erudite palates, do but disturb and unsettle my faith. I am no Herculanean raker. The credit of the three witnesses might have slept unimpeached for me. I leave these curiosities to Porson, and to G. D.—whom, by the way, I found busy as a moth over some rotten archive, rummaged out of some seldom-explored press, in a nook at Oriel. With long poring, he is grown almost into a book. He stood as passive as one by the side of the old shelves. I longed to new-coat him in Russia, and assign him his place. He might have mustered for a tall Scapula.

对于那些更古老的手稿，我就更不会好奇地去打扰它们安息了。那些各种各样的异文对于更博学、品位更高的人来说也许充满吸引力，但于我则是一种烦扰，只会让我心神不安。我可不是掘开赫库兰尼姆古城的人。那三个目击者也许会信任我，不会检举我。这好奇心就留给了波森，还有G. D.——顺便提一下，我刚刚还看到后者躲在奥丽尔的一个角落里，像个蛾子似的在一堆几乎无人问津的书柜里翻出来的破烂文件上

忙碌。读书读得久了，他自己也快要变成一本书了。他站在旧书架旁边一动不动。我真想给他披上俄罗斯的套封，把他放到书架上他的位置上去。他可以充当一本大部头。

D. is assiduous in his visits to these seats of learning. No inconsiderable portion of his moderate fortune, I apprehend, is consumed in journeys between them and Clifford's-inn—where, like a dove on the asp's nest, he has long taken up his unconscious abode, amid an incongruous assembly of attorneys, attorneys' clerks, apparitors, promoters, vermin of the law, among whom he sits, "in calm and sinless peace." The fangs of the law pierce him not—the winds of litigation blow over his humble chambers—the hard sheriff's officer moves his hat as he passes—legal nor illegal discourtesy touches him—none thinks of offering violence or injustice to him you would as soon "strike an abstract idea."

D孜孜不倦地去这些学习的地方。我想他那点家当，大部分都花在往返于这些地方与克利福德旅馆之间的旅途上了——在那里，他就像鸽子入了毒蛇洞。他长期住在那里，还察觉不到。与他同住的还有参差不齐的各类人，有律师、律师文书、传令官、起诉人等法律界的害虫。他身居这群人中仍然“平和而清白”。法律的獠牙没有伤害到他，诉讼之风过其陋室而不入。他经过时，强硬的治安官员向他脱帽致意。失礼的行为，不管合不合法，都没有影响过他。没有人想给他暴力或不公平的待遇，因为这就像是“鞭打一个抽象的概念”。

D. has been engaged, he tells me, through a course of laborious years, in an investigation into all curious matter connected with the two Universities; and has lately lit upon a MS. collection of charters, relative to C—, by which he hopes to settle some disputed point—particularly that long controversy between them as to priority of foundation. The ardor with which he engages in these liberal pursuits, I am afraid, has not met with all the encouragement it deserved, either here, or at C—. Your caputs, and heads of colleges, care less than any body else about these questions.—Contented to suck the milky fountains of their Alma Maters, without inquiring into the venerable gentlewomen's years, they rather hold such curiosities to be impertinent—unreverend. they have their good glebe lands in manu, and care not much to rake into the title-deeds. I gather at least so much from other sources, for D. is not a man to complain.

D告诉我说，他多年以来一直辛苦地研究着两所院校之间的奇怪关系。最近，他开始研究一本关于剑桥的宪章集子手稿，希望能借助它来弄清楚某些颇具争议的问题——特别是这两所大学谁先创建的问题。可我恐怕他在学术追求方面的热情并没有受到应得的鼓励，不管是在牛津还是在剑桥。学院领袖们和大学校长们比任何人都更对这些问题漠不关心——只要能吮吸到母校的乳汁，他们就满足了。至于可敬的母校究竟高龄几何，他们不想去查明，觉得这些好奇于礼不妥——是失敬的表

现。手中既有沃土良田，他们便也不愿费心探究地契了。我从别人那里得到了至少这么多信息，因为D不是个喜欢抱怨的人。

D. started like an unbroke heifer, when I interrupted him. A priori it was not very probable that we should have met in Oriel. But D. would have done the same, had I accosted him on the sudden in his own walks in Clifford's-inn, or in the Temple. In addition to a provoking short-sightedness (the effect of late studies and watchings at the midnight oil) D. is the most absent of men. He made a call the other morning at our friend M.' s in Bedford-square; and, finding nobody at home, was ushered into the hall, where, asking for pen and ink, with great exactitude of purpose he enters me his name in the book—which ordinarily lies about in such places, to record the failures of the untimely or unfortunate visitor—and takes his leave with many ceremonies, and professions of regret. Some two or three hours after, his walking destinies returned him into the same neighbourhood again, and again the quiet image of the fire-side circle at M.' s—Mrs. M. presiding at it like a Queen Lar, with pretty A.S. at her side—striking irresistibly on his fancy, he makes another call (forgetting that they were "certainly not to return from the country before that day week") and disappointed a second time, inquires for pen and paper as before: again the book is brought, and in the line just above that in which he is about to print his second name (his re-script) his first name (scarce dry) looks out upon him like another Sosia, or as if a man should suddenly encounter his own duplicate!—The effect may be conceived.

我打断D的时候，他像头未经驯服的小牛一样跳了起来。按理说我们不太可能在奥丽尔见面。但是，如果他在克利福德旅馆或是在伦敦法学院散步时，我突然叫住他，他也会被我吓一跳。他是个近视眼（那是他挑灯夜读的后果），这点确实很恼人。而除此之外，他的心不在焉也算是登峰造极。一天早晨，他去拜访我们的朋友——住在贝德福德广场上的M。他去了之后发现家里没人，于是被带到了客厅。他在那儿要了笔墨，把他自己的名字和来访目的都精确无比地写在了留言本上——一般这种地方都会有这么一个本子，供时机不对或不幸未能见到主人的访客登记。然后，他彬彬有礼地离开，还表达了自己的惋惜之情。两三个小时之后，他走着走着就像命中注定一样又走回了那一带。M一家围炉团坐的情景——M的太太像拉尔王后一般坐在主位，她身边是美丽的A.S.——不可抵制地吸引住了他。他又去登门造访（忘记了“一周之内他们不可能从乡下返回”），再次失望，随后他像前次一样要来纸笔。留言本又递了上来，他正要第二次签上自己的大名时，上一行他那墨迹未干的首次签名就像另一个索西亚一般盯着他，就像一个人突然遇到了自己的复制品一样！结果就可想而知了。

D. made many a good resolution against any such lapses in future. I hope he will not keep them too rigorously. For with G. D.—to be

absent from the body, is sometimes (not to speak it profanely) to be present with the Lord. At the very time when, personally encountering thee, he passes on with no recognition or, being stopped, starts like a thing surprised—at that moment, reader, he is on Mount Tabor—or Parnassus—or co-sphered with Plato—or, with Harrington, framing "immortal commonwealths"—devising some plan of amelioration to thy country, or thy species—peradventure meditating some individual kindness or courtesy, to be done to thee thyself, the returning consciousness of which made him to start so guiltily at thy obtruded personal presence.

后来D曾下过许多次决心，要杜绝此类差错。但我希望他不要太严格地遵守这个决定，因为对G. D.来说，魂不守舍有时（不能亵渎神灵）正是去见上帝了。有时你遇见他，他径直走过，根本没有认出你。若是你叫住他，他则会大吃一惊。读者，那个时候他的魂正在它泊山之上，或是在帕纳塞斯山上——或者就是在和柏拉图或哈林顿同游，规划着“不朽之国”的蓝图，为本国或世人设计改良之策——或者他正思量着某种个人风度或礼仪来接待你。若是你突然出现让他回过神来，他便会觉得歉疚不已。

D. is delightful any where, but he is at the best in such places as these. He cares not much for Bath. He is out of his element at Buxton, at Scarborough, or Harrowgate. The Cam and the Isis are to him "better than all the waters of Damascus.— On the Muses' hill he is happy, and good, as one of the Shepherds on the Delectable Mountains; and when he goes about with you to show you the halls and colleges, you think you have with you the Interpreter at the House Beautiful.

不管身在何方，D都是个讨人喜欢的人。但是，只有在这些地方，他才最感舒适。他不太喜欢巴思。巴克斯顿、斯卡伯勒和哈罗盖特都不对他的胃口。剑河和埃西斯对他来说“比大马士革的一切水流更妙”。在缪斯山上，他会觉得高兴而舒适，就像是牧羊人登上了满是羊群的欢乐山。若是你有机会跟着他去参观大学的厅堂和学院，你会觉得自己找到了丽宫最好的解说员。

[1] Januses of one face.—Sir Thomas Browne.

[1] 一张脸的两面神——托马斯·布朗爵士。

The Old and the New Schoolmaster

新旧教书先生

MY reading has been lamentably desultory and immethodical. Odd, out of the way, old English plays, and treatises, have supplied me with most of my notions, and ways of feeling.

说来可悲，我读起书来，既不循条理，也不依章法。奇怪的是，我的大部分思想和表达感情的方式来自于几部英国旧戏和几篇论文。

In every thing that relates to science, I am a whole Encyclopaedia behind the rest of the world.

说起学问，我与其他人相差了一本百科全书的距离。

I should have scarcely cut a figure among the franklins, or country gentlemen, in king John's days. I know less geography than a school-boy of six weeks' standing. To me a map of old Ortelius is as authentic as Arrowsmith. I do not know whereabout Africa merges into Asia; whether Ethiopia lie in one or other of those great divisions; nor can form the remotest conjecture of the position of New South Wales, or Van Diemen's Land.

就算置身约翰王时期的乡绅之中，我也未必能脱颖而出。我的地理知识比一个刚念了六个礼拜书的小学生还要少。对我来说，一幅奥特柳斯的老地图和一幅阿罗史密斯的地图一样可信。我不晓得非洲哪些地方与亚洲接壤，也不知道埃塞俄比亚到底在哪个大洲。至于新南威尔士或者范迪门之地究竟在何处，我头脑里更是一点儿模糊的影子都没有。

Yet do I hold a correspondence with a very dear friend in the first-named of these two Terrae Incognitae. I have no astronomy. I do not know where to look for the Bear, or Charles's Wain; the place of any star; or the name of any of them at sight. I guess at Venus only by her brightness—and if the sun on some portentous morn were to make his first appearance in the West, I verily believe, that, while all the world were gasping in apprehension about me, I alone should stand unterrified, from sheer incuriosity and want of observation.

不过，我确实同前面那两块无名土地上的一位密友保持着联系。我对天文学是一窍不通。不管是大熊星还是北斗星，我都不知道其位置；其实我也不知道任何星体的位置，看见了也叫不出名字。我只能凭着亮度来猜测金星——如果哪天早晨太阳中了邪，首次从西边出来了，我深信全世界都会忧虑重重胆战心惊，唯独我毫无畏惧，因为我根本不感兴趣，也看不出什么名堂。

Of history and chronology I possess some vague points, such as

one cannot help picking up in the course of miscellaneous study; but I never deliberately sat down to a chronicle, even of my own country. I have most dim apprehensions of the four great monarchies; and sometimes the Assyrian, sometimes the Persian, floats as first in my fancy. I make the widest conjectures concerning Egypt, and her shepherd kings.

关于历史和大事记，我倒是略知一二，全是偶然间杂七杂八地学来的。但是，我从没坐下来专心读过史书，就是本国历史也不例外。关于古代的四大帝国，我的了解同样是一片模糊。我一会儿想到亚述，一会儿又想到波斯，思绪飘忽不定。我还会对古埃及及其游牧时代的诸王不着边际地乱想一通。

My friend M., with great painstaking, got me to think I understood the first proposition in Euclid, but gave me over in despair at the second.

我的朋友M费了很大力气才让我明白了欧几里德第一定理，但绝望地放弃了教我第二定理。

I am entirely unacquainted with the modern languages; and, like a better man than myself, have "small Latin and less Greek."

我对现代各国语言一无所知。我像一位比我强的人一样，也是“稍通拉丁文，略知希腊文”。

I am a stranger to the shapes and texture of the commonest trees, herbs, flowers—not from the circumstance of my being town-born—for I should have brought the same inobservant spirit into the world with me, had I first seen it in "on Devon's leafy shores,”—and am no less at a loss among purely town-objects, tools, engines, mechanic processes.

我对最常见的花草树木的形态和结构也都一概陌生——这倒不是因为我生在城镇——即使我在那“草木葱茏的德文郡岸边”早就见过，我也同样记不住，因为我处世时总是抱着一种马马虎虎的态度。我对城市特有的一些事物，比如工具、机械、操作规程等等，也同样一无所知。

—Not that I affect ignorance—but my head has not many mansions, nor spacious; and I have been obliged to fill it with such cabinet curiosities as it can hold without aching.

我并不是在装糊涂——我这脑袋的空间容量真的不大也不阔，只能填塞些小物件，才不至撑得头痛。

I sometimes wonder, how I have passed my probation with so little discredit in the world, as I have done, upon so meagre a stock. But the fact is, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out, in mixed company; every body is so much more ready to produce his own, than to call for a display of your

acquisitions. But in a tete-a-tete there is no shuffling. The truth will out. There is nothing which I dread so much, as the being left alone for a quarter of an hour with a sensible, well-informed man, that does not know me. I lately got into a dilemma of this sort.

有时我会想，我的知识如此匮乏，究竟是怎么在这世道上混下去的，居然没有太丢脸。但实际上，一个人即使没什么知识也能混得很好，在纷繁复杂的人际关系中也不会漏出破绽。这是因为每个人都总想着要展现他自己，而不是想看你来显本事。但若是面对面，就不那么容易蒙混过关了。露馅是必然的。我最怕的就是与一个头脑灵活、知识丰富的陌生人单独相处一刻钟了。我最近就遇上一次这种尴尬的事情。

In one of my daily jaunts between Bishopsgate and Shacklewell, the coach stopped to take up a staid-looking gentleman, about the wrong side of thirty, who was giving his parting directions (while the steps were adjusting), in a tone of mild authority, to a tall youth, who seemed to be neither his clerk, his son, nor his servant, but something partaking of all three. The youth was dismissed, and we drove on.

我每天都从主教门搭车去沙克卢埃尔。有一天，马车中途停下，接了一位仪态端庄的绅士上车。那人大概三十开外，一边向前赶路（赶路时加快了步子），一边以一种温和又不失威严的口吻对身边的人作着指示。他身边是个高挑的年轻人，看上去既不像他的职员，又不像他的儿子，也不像是佣人，而是兼有这三种身份。他打发走那年轻人之后，我们继续赶路。

As we were the sole passengers, he naturally enough addressed his conversation to me; and we discussed the merits of the fare, the civility and punctuality of the driver; the circumstance of an opposition coach having been lately set up, with the probabilities of its success—to all which I was enabled to return pretty satisfactory answers, having been drilled into this kind of etiquette by some years' daily practice of riding to and fro in the stage aforesaid—when he suddenly alarmed me by a startling question, whether I had seen the show of prize cattle that morning in Smithfield?

车里只有我们两人，他自然只能找我聊天。我们谈论起车费的高低，马车夫是否有礼貌以及是否准时，最近新设的对开马车线路，以及这新线路成功的可能性——由于这几年来天天从前面提到的车站坐车往返，我已经习惯了这种规矩，对这类问题都能给出比较满意的答案。但是，他却突然问我那天上午去没去史密斯场看获奖牛展，这是个出人意料的问题，让我吃了一惊。

Now as I had not seen it, and do not greatly care for such sort of exhibitions, I was obliged to return a cold negative. He seemed a little mortified, as well as astonished, at my declaration, as (it appeared) he was just come fresh from the sight, and doubtless had hoped to compare notes on the subject.

我没有去，对这类展出也不感兴趣，所以只好给出了一个冷冰冰的否定回答。他对我的答案似乎有些失望，而且还有些吃惊，因为看样子他刚从那个展会回来，肯定希望有人与他就这个话题交换一下意见。

However he assured me that I had lost a fine treat, as it far exceeded the show of last year. We were now approaching Norton Falgate, when the sight of some shop-goods ticketed freshened him up into a dissertation upon the cheapness of cottons this spring.

不过，他向我保证，我错过了一次大饱眼福的机会，因为这次展会比去年精彩得多。说话间，我们到了诺顿·福尔盖特，一些标着价格的商品映入眼帘。这又激发他谈起了今年春天棉织品看跌的论断。

I was now a little in heart, as the nature of my morning avocations had brought me into some sort of familiarity with the raw material; and I was surprised to find how eloquent I was becoming on the state of the India market—when, presently, he dashed my incipient vanity to the earth at once, by inquiring whether I had ever made any calculation as to the value of the rental of all the retail shops in London.

这话题颇合我的心意，我每天上午的业余爱好让我对这种原材料比较熟悉。而且，一谈起印度市场我就滔滔不绝地讲起来，连我自己都感到吃惊。但是，我这刚刚冒出来的得意劲儿瞬间又被打落在地，因为他问我有没有对伦敦所有零售店铺的租金作过计算。

Had he asked of me, what song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, I might, with Sir Thomas Browne, have hazarded a "wide solution."

如果他问起海妖唱的是什么歌，阿喀琉斯藏身于妇女中时用的是什么名字，我也许还能像托马斯·布朗爵士那样冒险“随便编个答案”。

My companion saw my embarrassment, and, the almshouses beyond Shoreditch just coming in view, with great good-nature and dexterity shifted his conversation to the subject of public charities; which led to the comparative merits of provision for the poor in past and present times, with observations on the old monastic institutions, and charitable orders;—but, finding me rather dimly impressed with some glimmering notions from old poetic associations, than strongly fortified with any speculations reducible to calculation on the subject, he gave the matter up; and, the country beginning to open more and more upon us, as we approached the turnpike at Kingsland (the destined termination of his journey), he put a home thrust upon me, in the most unfortunate position he could have chosen, by advancing some queries relative to the North Pole Expedition.

我的旅伴见我很尴尬，而恰好这时肖尔迪奇那边的救济院进入了视线，他善意而巧妙地把话题引到慈善事业上来了。他将今昔济贫措施的

优劣作了对比，还针对旧日修道院体制和慈善规定谈了他的见解。但是，他后来发现我只是对旧诗歌的几句华丽诗句稍微感兴趣，对该话题没有发表任何深思熟虑后的见解作支撑，就没有再往下深谈了。这时，乡村广阔的田野已经开始尽展眼前，车快到金斯兰税栅了（他的目的地）。他竟给了我致命的一击，把我推到最坏的境地，开始向我讨教起北极探险的问题。

While I was muttering out something about the Panorama of those strange regions (which I had actually seen), by way of parrying the question, the coach stopping relieved me from any further apprehensions.

当我正在拼命招架，嘟囔出一些关于那些奇特地区概论（我确实看过）的东西时，马车停了下来，让我免于再遭受惶恐不安的折磨。

My companion getting out, left me in the comfortable possession of my ignorance; and I heard him, as he went off, putting questions to an outside passenger, who had alighted with him, regarding an epidemic disorder, that had been rife about Dalston; and which, my friend assured him, had gone through five or six schools in that neighbourhood.

我的旅伴下了马车，留下我一人在车里独享我那无知之乐。我听到他下车时还在向外面的与他同时下车的一位旅客询问达尔斯顿一带肆虐的流行病。我的这位朋友还确定地对那人讲，疫病已经传染到了附近的五六所学校。

The truth now flashed upon me, that my companion was a schoolmaster; and that the youth, whom he had parted from at our first acquaintance, must have been one of the bigger boys, or the usher.

这时，我才明白，原来我那旅伴是位教书先生。而我们初见面时与他分别的那个年轻人说不定是他班上大一点儿的学生，或许是他的助手。

He was evidently a kind-hearted man, who did not seem so much desirous of provoking discussion by the questions which he put, as of obtaining information at any rate. It did not appear that he took any interest, either, in such kind of inquiries, for their own sake; but that he was in some way bound to seek for knowledge. A greenish-coloured coat, which he had on, forbade me to surmise that he was a clergy-man.

他一看就是个善良的人，向你提问题显然并不是为了同你讨论什么，而是希望随时随地多获得一些信息。另外，他的兴趣也不在这些问题本身，而是在于通过某种方式不断探求知识。他身上的那件绿色衣服已使我断定他不是神职人员。

The adventure gave birth to some reflections on the difference between persons of his profession in past and present times. Rest to the souls of those fine old Pedagogues; the breed, long since extinct, of the Lilys, and the Linacres: who believing that all learning was contained in the languages which they taught, and despising every other acquirement as superficial and useless, came to their task as to a sport!

这次际遇倒促使我对这个行业中人员的今昔不同产生了一些感想。愿过去那些优秀教员们的灵魂安息，当年的莉莉、利纳克尔等辈也早已销声匿迹。他们认为，世上一切学问都在他们传授的语言之中，轻视其他学识，认为其肤浅无用。对他们来说，教书这项任务像是一种游艺！

Passing from infancy to age, they dreamed away all their days as in a grammar-school. Revolving in a perpetual cycle of declensions, conjugations, syntaxes, and prosodies; renewing constantly the occupations which had charmed their studious childhood; rehearsing continually the part of the past; life must have slipped from them at last like one day.

从小到大，他们都如同身处语法学校，一天天在梦里过日子。永恒循环往复的是变格、动词表、造句法和诗律学，不断重复着埋头苦读的童年时就曾沉迷其中的学业，屡屡扮演过去的角色，他们的日子一定过得飞快，一生恍若一日。

They were always in their first garden, reaping harvests of their golden time, among their Flori and their Spici-legia; in Arcadia still, but kings; the ferule of their sway not much harsher, but of like dignity with that mild sceptre attributed to king Basileus; the Greek and Latin, their stately Pamela and their Philoclea; with the occasional duncery of some untoward Tyro, serving for a refreshing interlude of a Mopsa, or a clown Damaetas!

他们总是呆在最初置身的花园里，在他们的黄金时段收获果实。他们在桃花源中，却又俨如帝王。他们手中的一具戒尺虽不若天威那般可怖，但也与圣巴西勒王的御杖同样尊贵；其拉丁语与希腊语是那高贵的帕梅拉与菲罗克里亚。而某个初学者偶尔丢人出丑又恰似故事里的满坡撒或滑稽的达米塔。

With what a savour doth the Preface to Colet's, or (as it is sometimes called) Paul's Accidence, set forth!

由科利特所编一书（有时称为保罗的《词法》）的前言兴奋地宣告：

"To exhort every man to the learning of grammar, that intendeth to attain the understanding of the tongues, wherein is contained a great treasury of wisdom and knowledge, it would seem but vain and lost labour; for so much as it is known, that nothing can surely be

ended, whose beginning is either feeble or faulty; and no building be perfect, whereas the foundation and ground-work is ready to fall, and unable to uphold the burden of the frame.”

“凡欲通晓古语藉以窥知智慧学问之宝库者，若以习文法劝诫之，将徒劳无功。盖因人所皆知，基础不牢或误入歧途者，势难期其有成。如若土质不固，根基动摇，势必不堪构架之重负，屋室亦不可尽美也。”

How well doth this stately preamble (comparable to those which Milton commendeth as "having been the usage to prefix to some solemn law, then first promulgated by Solon, or Lycurgus") correspond with and illustrate that pious zeal for conformity, expressed in a succeeding clause, which would fence about grammar-rules with the severity of faith-articles!—"as for the diversity of grammars, it is well profitably taken away by the king majesties wisdom, who foreseeing the inconvenience, and favourably providing the remedie, caused one kind of grammar by sundry learned men to be diligently drawn and so to be set out, only everywhere to be taught for the use of learners, and for the hurt in changing of schoolmaisters."

这篇序文言辞华丽（足可媲美弥尔顿所颂扬的“用于由索伦或莱克格斯率先颁布的庄严法令之前”的那些庄严律法），符合并论证了下句中所表达的对一致性的虔诚热忱，即文法规则之护卫，亦如信仰条文之护卫，必以严！“至于历来文法中之歧义，亦倚赖朝廷圣裁，于今已多消除。缘圣上俯察初学者之困难，惠以补救之道，敕令各方博学之士奋其才智编此语法一种，颁行全国，供教授使用，裨益学者，庶不致因教员易人而有所损失也。”

What a gusto in that which follows: "wherein it is Profitable that he Can orderly decline his noun, and his verb." His noun!

紧接着的一句很是有趣：“学习者若能有序进行名词及动词之变换，则学有成矣。”名词！

The fine dream is fading away fast; and the least concern of a teacher in the present day is to inculcate grammar-rules.

美梦很快就破灭了。现在的教书先生最不注重的就是文法规则的教授。

The modern schoolmaster is expected to know a little of every thing, because his pupil is required not to be entirely ignorant of any thing. He must be superficially, if I may so say, omniscient.

现代的教书先生必须什么都懂一点儿，因为他的学生不能对任何东西全然无知。他们必须表面上做到全知全能，如果我可以这么说的话。

He is to know something of pneumatics; of chemistry; of whatever is curious, or proper to excite the attention of the youthful mind; an insight into mechanics is desirable, with a touch of statistics; the

quality of soils, &c. botany, the constitution of his country, cum multis aliis.

他要懂些气体力学、化学，以及一切稀奇古怪的东西，一切能引起年轻人兴趣的东西。他最好还要对机械学具有洞察力，对于统计学，还有土壤特质、植物学，以及本国的宪法，都有所涉猎。

You may get a notion of some part of his expected duties by consulting the famous Tractate on Education addressed to Mr. Hartlib.

你翻看一下那篇献给哈特立布先生的“论教育”名篇，可能就会对教师的职责有一些了解。

All these things—these, or the desire of them—he is expected to instil, not by set lessons from professors, which he may charge in the bill, but at school-intervals, as he walks the streets, or saunters through green fields (those natural instructors), with his pupils.

所有这一切——所有的，或者说是对这一切的欲望——他都必须传授。而这种传授并非通过课堂讲授，那样他会按小时收费。这些都是在课堂之外传授的，比如和学生一起上街散步时，或者在田间野外（那些地方是自然的教授者）闲逛的时候。

The least part of what is expected from him, is to be done in school-hours. He must insinuate knowledge at the mollia tempora fandi.

他在课堂上所传授的那些知识反而最不受重视。他必须在合适的时间向学生灌输知识。

He must seize every occasion—the season of the year—the time of the day—a passing cloud—a rainbow—a waggon of hay—a regiment of soldiers going by—to inculcate something useful.

他必须抓住每一个机会——一年中的某个季节——一天中的某个时刻——一朵流云——一道彩虹——一辆运干草的车——一队走过的士兵——来向他的学生传授一点儿有用的东西。

He can receive no pleasure from a casual glimpse of Nature, but must catch at it as an object of instruction. He must interpret beauty into the picturesque.

对于偶然看到的自然风景，他并不感兴趣，但他必须利用这个作为教材。他必须将美诠释出来。

He cannot relish a beggar-man, or a gipsy, for thinking of the suitable improvement. Nothing comes to him, not spoiled by the sophisticating medium of moral uses.

他如果要为一个叫花子或一个吉卜赛人想出合适的改良措施，是无法从中感到快乐的。他碰到的每一件事情，都会因为他那番艰深晦涩的道德说教而变得情趣全无。

The Universe—that Great Book, as it has been called—is to him indeed, to all intents and purposes, a book, out of which he is doomed to read tedious homilies to distasting schoolboys.

《宇宙万物》——那本被称作“伟大书卷”的著作——实际上，的确只能让他读其中乏味的训诫给毫无兴趣的学童听。

—Vacations themselves are none to him, he is only rather worse off than before; for commonly be has some intrusive upper-boy fastened upon him at such times; some cadet of a great family; some neglected lump of nobility, or gentry; that he must drag after him to the play, to the Panorama, to Mr. Bartley's Orrery, to the Panopticon, or into the country, to a friend's house, or to his favourite watering-place.

假期对他来说毫无意义，甚至放假比不放假更糟。因为每到这时，一些高年级的孩子就会来找他，其中有大户人家的子弟，也有贵族或乡绅家里缺乏管教的糊涂虫。他必须带着他们去看戏、看全景图、看巴特利先生的太阳仪，要不就是去乡下，去朋友家里做客，或者去他最爱的温泉休闲地。

Wherever he goes, this uneasy shadow attends him. A boy is at his board, and in his path, and in all his movements. He is boy-rid, sick of perpetual boy.

不管他走到哪里，那麻烦的阴影就跟到哪里。他在用餐时，走在路上时，做任何事时，身边都有孩子。他想摆脱孩子，被孩子没完没了地闹腾，十分痛苦。

Boys are capital fellows in their own way, among their mates; but they are unwholesome companions for grown people. The restraint is felt no less on the one side, than on the other.

孩子们在同伴中间时，从自身看都是挺不错的小家伙。但是，他们若和大人作伴，就很令人讨厌了。他们哪一方都会感到极不自在。

—Even a child, that "plaything for an hour," tires always.

即使是小孩子，那种“玩一个小时的玩物”，也总会让人感到疲倦。

The noises of children, playing their own fancies—as I now hearken to them by fits, sporting on the green before my window, while I am engaged in these grave speculations at my neat suburban retreat at Shacklewell—by distance made more sweet—inexpressibly take from the labour of my task.

孩子们的喧闹声和他们自己的幻想，极大地减轻了我的写作艰苦——我在沙克卢埃尔雅致的别墅中进行严肃的思考的时候，一阵阵听到从窗前绿地上传来孩子们的嬉笑。那高一阵低一阵的声音由于隔着一段距离而更好听了。

It is like writing to music. They seem to modulate my periods. They ought at least to do so—for in the voice of that tender age there is a kind of poetry, far unlike the harsh prose-accents of man's conversation.

这时感觉就像伴着音乐写作。他们似乎是在调节我的写作节奏。这点是他们至少能做的——因为那发自幼儿口中的声音含有一种诗意，与成年人粗俗刺耳的乏味声音大不相同。

—I should but spoil their sport, and diminish my own sympathy for them, by mingling in their pastime.

我要是参加到他们的娱乐活动中去，只会毁了他们的乐趣，还会使我对他们产生的喜爱减色不少。

I would not be domesticated all my days with a person of very superior capacity to my own—not, if I know myself at all, from any considerations of jealousy or self-comparison, for the occasional communion with such minds has constituted the fortune and felicity of my life—but the habit of too constant intercourse with spirits above you, instead of raising you, keeps you down.

我不想时时刻刻都与一位能力大大超过我的人生活在一起。如若我还了解自己的话，这倒并非是出于我的嫉妒或自卑心理，因为偶尔与这类有才之士接触是我生活中的幸运和欢乐。但是，如果过于惯常地同那些比你聪明的人打交道，形成癖好，那你非但不会获得提高，还会感到压抑。

Too frequent doses of original thinking from others, restrain what lesser portion of that faculty you may possess of your own. You get entangled in another man's mind, even as you lose yourself in another man's grounds. You are walking with a tall varlet, whose strides out-pace yours to lassitude.

过于频繁地接受他人原创思想的灌输，你自己身上那点儿仅有的才能也会受到抑制。你会迷失陷进另一个人的心智当中，就像你在别人家的庭院里迷了路一样。又仿佛你同一个高大的仆从走在一起，他的步伐比你大，会让你走得十分疲倦。

The constant operation of such potent agency would reduce me, I am convinced, to imbecility. You may derive thoughts from others; your way of thinking, the mould in which your thoughts are cast, must be your own. Intellect may be imparted, but not each man's intellectual frame.

我深信，这种强势的作用长期发展下去，总有一天会把我变成傻子。你可以从别人那里汲取思想。但是，你的思想方法，你的思想所赖以铸成的模型，必须是你自己的。知识或许可以传授，但每个人的知识结构却无法传授。

As little as I should wish to be always thus dragged upwards, as little (or rather still less) is it desirable to be stunted downwards by your associates. The trumpet does not more stun you by its loudness, than a whisper teases you by its provoking inaudibility.

因此，尽管我不希望总是被人拽着往上走，我也不希望（甚至更不希望）被相交之人往下压。嘹亮的号角声音大得震耳欲聋，会使人受到惊吓。私语声音小得听不见，让人生气，对人的戏弄程度不在前者之下。

Why are we never quite at our ease in the presence of a schoolmaster?—because we are conscious that he is not quite at his ease in ours.

为什么我们在一名教书先生面前总是有些不太自在？这是因为我们意识到了他和我们在一起的时候他自己也不太自在。

He is awkward, and out of place, in the society of his equals. He comes like Gulliver from among his little people, and he cannot fit the stature of his understanding to yours. He cannot meet you on the square. He wants a point given him, like an indifferent whist-player. He is so used to teaching, that he wants to be teaching you.

他一接触到和他相当的人，就会感到别扭和无所适从。他好像刚从小人国里出来的格列弗似的，无法让他过人的智力与你的智力相适应。他不能平等待你。他想要你让给他一分，正如一位不太在行的惠斯特牌友一样。他平时教书习惯了，也想教你些什么。

One of these professors, upon my complaining that these little sketches of mine were any thing but methodical, and that I was unable to make them otherwise, kindly offered to instruct me in the method by which young gentlemen in his seminary were taught to compose English themes. —The jests of a schoolmaster are coarse, or thin. They do not tell out of school.

一位教书先生听到我讲自己写的这些短篇札记太没条理，而我又无力把它们修改得有条理时，当即善意地主动提出要用他在课上教年轻人英文作文时的方法教授我。教书先生嘴里的笑话总是太粗俗、太空洞。这类东西出了课堂是没人想听的。

He is under the restraint of a formal and didactive hypocrisy in company, as a clergyman is under a moral one. He can no more let his intellect loose in society, than the other can his inclinations. —He is forlorn among his co-evals; his juniors cannot be his friends.

他与别人在一起时，总是摆脱不掉正式、教条主义式的虚伪之束缚，就像牧师摆脱不了仁义道德的束缚一样。他在社交场合不能让自己的满腹学问发散出来，就像牧师不能表达自己的情感一样。他在同辈中感到孤独，而他的晚辈又成不了他的朋友。

"I take blame to myself," said a sensible man of this profession, writing to a friend respecting a youth who had quitted his school abruptly—“that your nephew was not more attached to me.

“我只能怪我自己，”教师行业里有一位明理之人曾写信给朋友讲述一个学生突然退学的事情，“令侄对我不再有好感了。

But persons in my situation are more to be pitied, than can well be imagined. We are surrounded by young, and, consequently, ardently affectionate hearts, but we can never hope to share an atom of their affections. The relation of master and scholar forbids this.

但是，处于我这样境地的人比大家想象的要可悲得多。我们周围都是情感丰富、热情洋溢的年轻人，但我们自己根本无法分享他们丝毫的情感。这是为师生关系所禁止的。

How pleasing this must be to you, how I envy your feelings, my friends will sometimes say to me, when they see young men, whom I have educated, return after some years absence from school, their eyes shining with pleasure, while they shake hands with their old master, bringing a present of game to me, or a toy to my wife, and thanking me in the warmest terms for my care of their education.

我的朋友们有时看到我教过的年轻人离校多年后又重返母校，眼里满是愉快的目光，和以前的老师握手，送野味给我，或送玩具给我妻子，并言辞热情地感激我对他们的教导。这时，我的朋友们会对我说，你一定对此感到很开心，我真羡慕那种感觉。

A holiday is begged for the boys; the house is a scene of happiness; I, only, am sad at heart—This fine-spirited and warm-hearted youth, who fancies he repays his master with gratitude for the care of his boyish years—this young man—in the eight long years I watched over him with a parent's anxiety, never could repay me with one look of genuine feeling.

为了接待这些男孩，我特地请了假。全家喜气洋洋，一片欢欣。只有我一个人心生悲伤——这个情绪高涨、满腔热血的年轻人以为报答了老师过去花在他身上的心血——这个年轻人——在我以父亲般的关切管教了他长达八年之久的过程中，从来没有给我过一个满含深情的眼神。

He was proud, when I praised; he was submissive, when I reproved him; but he did never love me—and what he now mistakes for gratitude and kindness for me, is but the pleasant sensation, which all persons feel at revisiting the scene of their boyish hopes and fears; and the seeing on equal terms the man they were accustomed to look up to with reverence.

我表扬他的时候，他得意过；我批评他的时候，他也很服贴。但他从来没有对我有过好感——而此刻他所误认为的感激和盛情只不过是一

种快乐的感觉罢了。每个人旧地重游，又见到他幼年时充满希望和恐惧的场景时，都会产生这种感情。这次他们是要与曾经习惯仰视的人物以平等的身份见面。

My wife too, this interesting correspondent goes on to say, "my once darling Anna, is the wife of a schoolmaster. —When I married her—knowing that the wife of a schoolmaster ought to be a busy notable creature, and fearing that my gentle Anna would ill supply the loss of my dear bustling mother, just then dead, who never sat still, was in every part of the house in a moment, and whom I was obliged sometimes to threaten to fasten down in a chair, to save her from fatiguing herself to death—I expressed my fears, that I was bringing her into a way of life unsuitable to her; and she, who loved me tenderly, promised for my sake to exert herself to perform the duties of her new situation.

还有我的妻子，这位风趣的通讯人接着写道："我那曾经十分可爱的安娜，如今是一名教师的夫人——我娶她时——因为深感教师的妻子得是一个终日忙碌的人，曾担心柔弱的安娜担负不起我那不停操劳的亲爱的母亲之重任。那时，她刚过世不久。她活着时，在屋里忙来忙去，从来没有停歇的时候。我有时只好威胁要把她捆在椅子上，以防把她累死——我曾向安娜表露过这种担忧，告诉她我将把她带入的这种生活怕是不适合她。她爱我极深，竟答应下来，为了我，竭尽全力担负起新环境里的责任。

She promised, and she has kept her word. What wonders will not woman's love perform?—My house is managed with a propriety and decorum, unknown in other schools; my boys are well fed, look healthy, and have every proper accommodation; and all this performed with a careful economy, that never descends to meanness.

她作出了承诺，也兑现了承诺。一个女人的爱有什么奇迹不能创造？我家里的一切都管理得体面而得体，比别的学校都强。我的学生个个营养良好，身体健康，食宿样样不差。而这一切都做得精打细算，从不会流于寒酸。

But I have lost my gentle, helpless Anna!—When we sit down to enjoy an hour of repose after the fatigue of the day, I am compelled to listen to what have been her useful (and they are really useful) employments through the day, and what she proposes for her to-morrow's task. Her heart and her features are changed by the duties of her situation.

可是，我那温柔、羸弱的安娜却再也见不到了！每当我们累了一天，坐下来想享受一个小时的轻松时，我不得不倾听她当天都完成了哪些有用的事（当然极为有用），或者明天她还打算干点儿什么。她的一颗心，她的一副容貌，早已因为她所处之位的责任而大大变样。

To the boys, she never appears other than the master's wife, and she looks up to me as the boys' master; to whom all show of love and affection would be highly improper, and unbecoming the dignity of her situation and mine.

在学生面前，她的身份永远只是教师的夫人。她把我当作学生的老师仰慕，而对待老师，所有爱和亲热的表达都是非常不合体统的，与我和她身份的尊严不相称。

Yet this my gratitude forbids me to hint to her. For my sake she submitted to be this altered creature, and can I reproach her for it?”

可是，我对她的感激之情使我难以暗示她这个情况。正是为了我的缘故，她才变成了今天这种情形，我又怎么能怪她呢？”

—For the communication of this letter, I am indebted to my cousin Bridget.

这封信得以写成，我受惠于我的表姐布丽奇特。

The Old Margate Hoy

老马盖特泛舟记

I AM fond of passing my vacations (I believe I have said so before) at one or other of the Universities. Next to these my choice would fix me at some woody spot, such as the neighbourhood of Henley affords in abundance, upon the banks of my beloved Thames. But somehow or other my cousin contrives to wheedle me once in three or four seasons to a watering place. Old attachments cling to her in spite of experience. We have been dull at Worthing one summer, duller at Brighton another, dullest at Eastbourn a third, and are at this moment doing dreary penance at Hastings—and all because we were happy many years ago for a brief week at Margate. That was our first sea-side experiment, and many circumstances combined to make it the most agreeable holyday of my life. We had neither of us seen the sea, and we had never been from home so long together in company.

记得我曾说过，我喜欢在这所或者那所大学里度过假期。除了这些地方，一些树木多的地方，比如位于我所爱的泰晤士河河畔的亨利周边的许多地方也很适合我。但是，不知怎么回事，每隔三四个季度，我堂姐总会用花言巧语把我哄到某个有水的地方去。她虽然经验丰富，但依然念旧。有一年夏天，我们在沃辛过得百无聊赖，又一年夏天在布赖顿过得更加无聊，而在伊斯特本的那年则是无聊至极，而现在，我们又跑到黑斯廷斯做可怕的苦修来了——这一切都是因为许多年前，我们在马盖特度过了短暂但愉快的一周。那是我们第一次尝试去海边度假，在许多因素的共同作用下，那成了我们人生中最快乐的一次宗教节日。之前我们俩谁也没见过海，也从没结伴离家这么久。

Can I forget thee, thou old Margate Hoy, with thy weatherbeaten, sun-burnt captain, and his rough accommodation—ill exchanged for the foppery and fresh-water niceness of the modern steam-packet? To the winds and waves thou committedst thy goodly freightage, and didst ask no aid of magic fumes, and spells, and boiling cauldrons. With the gales of heaven thou wentest swimmingly; or, when it was their pleasure, stoodest still with sailor-like patience. Thy course was natural, not forced, as in a hot-bed; nor didst thou go poisoning the breath of ocean with sulphureous smoke—a great sea-chimera, chimneying and furnacing the deep; or liker to that fire-god parching up Scamander.

古老的马盖特平底船，我怎么能忘记你呢？还有那饱经风霜、肤色黝黑的船长和他那套粗糙的装备——几乎还没换成内河现代汽船上那些时髦精致的装备。你仅借风浪之力就能顺利航行，无需求助于魔力般的

煤烟、水汽和沸腾的大锅。天刮大风的时候，你顺利航行；风和日丽的时候，你便带着水手般的耐心静静地停在那里。你的航行全凭自然之力，不受胁迫，如在温床之上一样。你不会用带着硫磺的烟气来毒害海洋的空气——你没有烟囱，也没有熔炉，不像那种巨大的海怪似的汽船，你也不像那个可以烧干斯卡曼达的火神。

Can I forget thy honest, yet slender crew, with their coy reluctant responses (yet to the suppression of anything like contempt) to the raw questions, which we of the great city would be ever and anon putting to them, as to the uses of this or that strange naval implement? 'Specially can I forget thee, thou happy medium, thou shade of refuge between us and them, conciliating interpreter of their skill to our simplicity, comfortable ambassador between sea and land whose sailor-trousers did not more convincingly assure thee to be an adopted denizen of the former, than thy white cap, and whiter apron over them, with thy neat-fingered practice in thy culinary vocation, bespoke thee to have been of inland nurture heretofore—a master cook of Eastcheap? How busily didst thou ply thy multifarious occupation, cook, mariner, attendant, chamberlain; here, there, like another Ariel, flaming at once about all parts of the deck, yet with kindlier ministrations—not to assist the tempest, but, as if touched with a kindred sense of our infirmities, to soothe the qualms which that untried motion might haply raise in our crude land-fancies. And when the o'er-washing billows drove us below deck (for it was far gone in October, and we had stiff and blowing weather) how did thy officious ministerings, still catering for our comfort, with cards, and cordials, and thy more cordial conversation, alleviate the closeness and the confinement of thy else (truth to say) not very savoury, nor very inviting, little cabin!

我又怎能忘记你那些船员们呢？他们人数不多，却忠诚可靠，羞怯又不情愿地（但是没有丝毫鄙夷的意思）回答我们那些外行的问题。我们这些从大城市来的人会时不时地问他们关于这个或者那个奇怪的航海工具的用途的问题。尤其是那位来自伊斯特奇普的大厨，我怎么能忘记呢？你是愉快的中间人，成了我们和水手之间的庇护所，为我们这些无知的人讲述水手们的航海技能，你也是海洋和陆地之间的友好使者。你穿的那水手长裤表明你是半道改行当了水手，而你头戴白帽，身着白色围裙，在厨房干活时手指那么灵巧利索。这都表明，你这些本事都是在来这里之前在陆地上培养出来的。你忙忙碌碌，一人身兼厨师、船员、侍应、管家多职，一会儿到这里，一会儿又到那里，仿佛是另一个阿里尔。你的火焰一次就能照遍整个甲板。不过，你还有一项更仁慈的工作要做——当然不是去给暴风雨帮忙，而是对我们的遭遇感同身受，安慰久居陆地、一坐船就头昏眼花的我们。有时滚滚巨浪逼得我们到甲板下去（当时正值十月下旬，天气恶劣，狂风大作）。那船舱很狭窄，不舒适也不吸引人，但是，多亏你悉心关照，为我们的舒适着想，拿出了纸

牌和甜酒，还热情有加地和我们聊天，使密闭与禁锢之感减轻了不少。

With these additaments to boot, we had on board a fellow-passenger, whose discourse in verity might have beguiled a longer voyage than we meditated, and have made mirth and wonder abound as far as the Azores. He was a dark, Spanish complexioned young man, remarkably handsome, with an officer-like assurance, and an insuppressible volubility of assertion. He was, in fact, the greatest liar I had met with then, or since. He was none of your hesitating, half story-tellers (a most painful description of mortals) who go on sounding your belief, and only giving you as much as they see you can swallow at a time—the 'nibbling pickpockets of your patience—but one who committed downright, day-light depredations upon his neighbour's faith. He did not stand shivering upon the brink, but was a hearty thorough-paced liar, and plunged at once into the depths of your credulity. I partly believe, he made pretty sure of his company. Not many rich, not many wise, or learned, composed at that time the common stowage of a Margate packet. We were, I am afraid, a set of as unseasoned Londoners (let our enemies give it a worse name) as Aldermanbury, or Watling-street, as that time of day could have supplied. There might be an exception or two among us, but I scorn to make any invidious distinctions among such a jolly, companionable ship's company, as those were whom I sailed with. Something too must he conceded to the Genius Loci. Had the confident fellow told us half the legends on land, which he favoured us with on the other element, I flatter myself the good sense of most of us would have revolted. But we were in a new world, with everything unfamiliar about us, and the time and place disposed us to the reception of any prodigious marvel whatsoever. Time has obliterated from thy memory much of his wild fablings; and the rest would appear but dull, as written, and to be read on shore. He had been Aid-de-camp (among other rare accidents and fortunes) to a Persian prince, and at one blow had stricken off the head of the King of Carimania on horseback. He, of course, married the Prince's daughter. I forget what unlucky turn in the politics of that court, combining with the loss of his consort, was the reason of his quitting Persia; but with the rapidity of a magician he transported himself, along with his hearers, back to England, where we still found him in the confidence of great ladies. There was some story of a Princess—Elizabeth, if I remember—having intrusted to his care an extraordinary casket of jewels, upon some extraordinary occasion—but as I am not certain of the name or circumstance at this distance of time, I must leave it to the Royal daughters of England to settle the honour among themselves in private. I cannot call to mind half his pleasant wonders but I perfectly remember, that in the course of his travels he had seen a phoenix; and he obligingly undeceived us

of the vulgar error, that there is but one of that species at a time, assuring us that they were not uncommon in some parts of Upper Egypt. Hitherto he had found the most implicit listeners. His dreaming fancies had transported us beyond the "ignorant present." But when (still hardying more and more in his triumphs over our simplicity) he went on to affirm that he had actually sailed through the legs of the Colossus at Rhodes, it really became necessary to make a stand. And here I must do justice to the good sense and intrepidity of one of our party, a youth, that had hitherto been one of his most deferential auditors, who, from his recent reading, made bold to assure the gentleman, that there must be some mistake, as "the Colossus in question had been destroyed long since:" to whose opinion, delivered with all modesty, our hero was obliging enough to concede thus much, that "the figure was indeed a little damaged." This was the only opposition he met with, and it did not at all seem to stagger him, or he proceeded with his fables, which the same youth appeared to swallow with still more complacency than ever, confirmed, as it were, by the extreme candour of that concession. With these prodigies he wheedled us on till we came in sight of the Reculvers, which one of our own company (having been the voyage before) immediately recognising, and pointing out to us, was considered by us as no ordinary seaman.

除了这些，船上还有一位乘客，讲起话来确实妙语连珠，令人叫绝，就算旅程再长些也不会觉得无聊，即使船开到亚速尔群岛也没关系。这个年轻人肤色很暗，像西班牙人一样。他英气逼人，看上去像个军官，有一种掩盖不住的健谈而自信的气质。但实际上，在那之前或之后，我都没遇到过比他会说瞎话的人。他跟那些吞吞吐吐、说话只说一半的骗子不一样（对人最惨的评价莫过于此），那些骗子会试探你到底信不信，你一次相信多少他们就说多少——仿佛要一点一点将你的耐心偷走——但他则是长驱直入，在光天化日之下盗取邻座人的信任。他不会在说谎前哆哆嗦嗦，而是一个十足的、彻头彻尾的骗子，一下子就能骗取你的深度信任。我有些相信，他一定是把同船的人都摸清楚了。没多少有钱人，没多少聪明人，也没多少有学问的人，这就是当时马盖特船上的普通乘客群。恐怕我们是一群从奥德曼伯利街或者瓦特林街来的、那个时代最不合时宜的伦敦人（我们的敌人要取更难听的名号也悉听尊便）。我们中也许有一两个不是伦敦人，但我不屑于在船上这群高高兴兴、和睦相处的人群中作任何个体之间的区分，因为我要与那些人一起航行。有时候也是要入乡随俗的。要是这自信的家伙在陆地上给我们讲这些奇闻（在船上受到我们的欢迎），我敢肯定，我们中的大多数人听到一半就会因良知而反感。但那时我们身处一个全新的世界，周围的一切都是陌生的。在那样的时间和那样的地点，我们可以接受任何奇谈怪论。时间已经将他的大部分无稽之谈从记忆中冲走。而剩下的东西，要拿到陆地上来，或写或看，都会显得非常无聊。他曾是一位波斯王子的侍从武官（这只是许多难得机遇和好运中的一例），而且曾一下

子就砍下了骑在马背上的卡利马尼亚国王的头颅。当然，他娶到了王子的女儿。我不记得他说宫廷里发生了什么不幸的政变，还说他的夫人过世了，于是他离开了波斯。但是，他又像魔术师那样迅速把自己和听众们送回了英国，并且宣称自己在英国同样受到高贵女性的信任。某位公主——是伊丽莎白，如果我没记错的话——在某个非同一般的场合下，曾把一盒非同一般的珠宝交给他保管——但是，隔了这么久，我已经记不清名字和具体经过了。所以，我只能让英国皇室的女儿们自己私下去探讨清誉问题了。他讲的那些有趣的奇事我忘了一半，但我清楚地记得，他曾在旅途中见到过凤凰。他还亲切地提醒我们说，别相信那些世俗谬论，说什么这种鸟一次只会出现一只。他向我们保证，在上埃及的某些地区，凤凰一点都不稀奇。说到这里，听众们都深信不疑。他那梦幻般的想象让我们超脱于“愚昧的现实”之上。他在我们这些纯朴的听众面前越说越来劲。但是，当他讲到自己确实曾坐船从罗德岛巨人像的两腿间穿过，我们有必要打断他了。在这里，我必须公正地提一下我们中间一位有良知、有胆量的年轻人。他本来也是一名非常顺从的听众，但他最近读过一本书，斗胆告诉那位绅士他也许是弄错了，因为“那座巨像很久以前就毁掉了”。面对这位年轻人以谦虚之态提出的观点，我们的主角很有气度地作了点让步，说“那巨像确实有点破损了”。这是他所遇到的唯一反对的观点，但似乎也丝毫没有让他犹豫，他继续讲他的故事。那个年轻人似乎比之前听得更满足，好像是因为那个极其坦率的让步而更加信任他。他一路上都在讲那些奇谈怪论，直到我们看见了里库尔维斯。我们之中的一位乘客即刻就认出来了（他曾经走过这段海路），并指给我们看。于是，我们都认为他是个不寻常的海员。

All this time sat upon the edge of the deck quite a different character. It was a lad, apparently very poor, very infirm, and very patient. His eye was ever on the sea, with a smile: and, if he caught now and then some snatches of these wild legends, it was by accident, and they seemed not to concern him. The waves to him whispered more pleasant stories. He was as one, being with us, but not of us. He heard the bell of dinner ring without stirring and when some of us pulled out our private stores—our cold meat and our salads—he produced none, and seemed to want none. Only a solitary biscuit he had laid in; provision for the one or two days and nights, to which these vessels then were oftentimes obliged to prolong their voyage. Upon a nearer acquaintance with him, which he seemed neither to court nor decline, we learned that he was going to Margate, with the hope of being admitted into the Infirmary there for sea-bathing. His disease was a scrofula, which appeared to have eaten all over him. He expressed great hopes of a cure; and when we asked him, whether he had any friends where he was going, he replied, "he had no friends." These pleasant, and some mournful passages, with the first sight of the sea, cooperating with youth, and a sense of holydays, and out-of-door adventure, to me—that had been pent up in populous cities for many months before, have left upon my mind the fragrance

as of summer days gone by, bequeathing nothing but their remembrance for cold and wintry hours to chew upon.

这段时间里，甲板边缘坐着一个截然不同的人物。那是一个少年，看上去很穷，身子很单薄，却很有耐心。他总是盯着海面，微笑着。即使偶尔有一星半点的奇闻轶事传到他耳朵里，他似乎也毫不关心。海浪对他轻声讲述的故事貌似更加好听。他虽和我们在一起，却不是我们中的一员。他听到了开饭的铃声，却一动不动。我们中有些人拿出了自己私人储存的食品——冷肉和沙拉——他什么都没拿出来，也好像什么都不想吃。他只储存了一块饼干。这就是他一两个白天和夜晚的全部干粮，而且当时这些船经常拖延航行时间。我们跟他进一步熟悉，他不欢迎也不抗拒。我们了解到他要去马盖特，希望可以到那里的医院进行海水洗浴。他患的是淋巴结核，这病好像已经将他吞噬了。他对这次治疗寄托了很大希望。我们问他在目的地有没有什么朋友，他回答说，“他没有朋友”。这是一段有时愉快、有时悲伤的旅程。我是第一次看到海，而且正值青春年华，很有圣日度假和外出猎奇之感。所以，对于我这个以前许多月都居住在人口稠密的城市的人来说，这段旅程在我心中留下的印象就像夏日过后的花朵余香，只剩了美好回忆，让我在寒冷的冬天细细咀嚼。

Will it be thought a digression (it may spare some unwelcome comparisons), if I endeavour to account for the dissatisfaction which I have heard so many persons confess to have felt (as I did myself feel in part on this occasion), at the sight of the sea for the first time? I think the reason usually given—referring to the incapacity of actual objects for satisfying our preconceptions of them—scarcely goes deep enough into the question. Let the same person see a lion, an elephant, a mountain, for the first time in his life, and he shall perhaps feel himself a little mortified. The things do not fill up that space, which the idea of them seemed to take up in his mind. But they have still a correspondency to his first notion, and in time grow up to it, so as to produce a very similar impression: enlarging themselves (if I may say so) upon familiarity. But the sea remains a disappointment. —Is it not, that in the latter we had exited to behold (absurdly, I grant, but, I am afraid, by the law of imagination unavoidably) not a definite object, as those wild beasts, or that mountain compassable by the eye, but all the sea at once, THE COMMENSURATE ANTAGONIST OF THE EARTH! I do not say we tell ourselves so much, but the craving of the mind is to be satisfied with nothing less. I will suppose the case of a young person of fifteen (as I then was) knowing nothing of the sea, but from description. He comes to it for the first time—all that he has been reading of it all his life, and that the most enthusiastic part of life,—all he has gathered from narratives of wandering seamen; what he has gained from true voyages, and what he cherishes as credulously from romance and poetry; crowding their images, and exacting

strange tributes from expectation. —He thinks of the great deep, and of those who go down unto it; of its thousand isles, and of the vast continents it washes; of its receiving the mighty Plata, or Orellana, into its bosom, without disturbance, or sense of augmentation; of Biscay swells, and the mariner

很多人告诉我，他们第一次看到海的时候，有一种不满足的感觉（我自己在那段旅程中也有同感）。如果我想冒昧解释一下这种不满足的感觉，会不会被当成是离题了呢？我觉得经常给出的原因——真实的事物往往不能满足我们对它们的先前概念——基本没有足够深入到这个问题。同样一个人一生中第一次见到狮子、大象、大山，他可能会觉得有点失望。他满脑子都是那些东西，真实事物不能填充那个空间。但是，他们和原先的想象还是有符合的地方，而且时间久了便会渐渐与想象契合，进而产生一种非常相似的印象：在不断熟悉的过程中扩大自己的影响（如果我可以这么说的话）。但是，海洋却是一直都让人失望的。海洋对于我们来说不是一个明确的物体（我承认这很荒唐，但这是不可避免的想象力规律），它和野兽或者可以目测大小的山不同。我们一下子就见到整个大海——大地的抗衡者。不是这样吗？我不是说我们告诉了自己太多东西，但是内心的渴望必须这样才能得到满足，一点也不能少。假设有一个十五岁的少年（我那时候就这么大）对大海一无所知，只是从别人的描述中有所了解。他第一次见到海——他一生所读到的关于海的记载，他生命中最热情的那个阶段——所有他从那些四处漂泊的水手那里收集来的描述，他从真实航海经历中的所得，以及从传奇故事和诗歌中得到的、令他信以为真并珍藏于心的印象都在涌动着丰富的形象，从期待中汲取种种奇特的幻想。他想象着那惊人的深度，还有那些涉足到海洋里的人们；想象着海上上千座岛屿，还有它冲刷着的广阔的大陆；想象着它将宏大的普拉塔或奥雷亚纳的洪流纳入胸怀，却不受干扰，也没有任何满溢之感；想象着比斯开湾的潮水，还有那位水手——

For many a day, and many a dreadful night, Incessant labouring round the stormy Cape;

多少个白昼，多少个可怕的夜晚，他绕着风雨交加的好望角不停地艰难航行。

of fatal rocks, and the "still-vexed Bermoothes;" of great whirlpools, and the water-spout; of sunken ships, and sumless treasures swallowed up in the unrestoring depths; of fishes and quaint monsters, to which all that is terrible on earth—

造成他死亡事故的礁石，那“依然动荡不息的百慕大群岛”，以及大漩涡和水柱。他还想到了沉船，以及海洋的无限深处那些被海水吞没的无数珍宝，还有鱼类和海怪。对于这些鱼类和海怪来说，陆地上一切可怕的东西——

Be but as buggs to frighten babes withal, Compared with the creatures in the sea's entral; of naked savages, and Juan Fernandez; of

pearls, and shells; of coral beds, and of enchanted isles; of mermaids' grots—

都只不过是吓唬小孩的玩意儿，若是与海洋深处的生物相比的话。他还想到了赤身裸体的野人、胡安·费尔南德斯、珍珠和贝壳，还有珊瑚礁和魔幻岛，以及美人鱼的洞穴——

I do not assert that in sober earnest he expects to be shown all these wonders at once, but he is under the tyranny of a mighty faculty, which haunts him with confused hints and shadows of all these; and when the actual object opens first upon him, seen (in tame weather too most likely) from our unromantic coast—a speck, a slip of sea-water, as it shows to him—what can it prove but a very unsatisfying and even diminutive entertainment? Or if he has come to it from the mouth of a river, was it much more than the river widening? and, even out of sight of land, what had he but a flat watery horizon about him, nothing comparable to the vast o'er-curtaining sky, his familiar object, seen daily without dread or amazement? —Who, in similar circumstances, has not been tempted to exclaim with Charuba, in the poem of Gebir,

我不是说他急切盼望着一下子就见到所有这些奇观，但他正处于一种强大力量的控制之下，使他心中萦绕着所有这些东西的模糊暗示和幻影。一旦真实事物在他眼前首次展现，从毫无浪漫可言的岸边望出去（那时的天气也很有可能非常乏味）——展现在他眼前的只是一片汪洋而已——除了不满足，甚至是微小的消遣，还能有什么？或者，如果他从一条河的河口乘船过来，那么海能比河口宽多少呢？即使陆地已在视野中消失，他周围除了一片单调的水域，还能有什么呢？这跟广阔的苍穹比起来什么都不是。他对天空很熟悉，每天都看得到，既不觉得可怕，也不觉得惊叹。在类似处境之下，谁能忍不住像《盖比尔》诗中的查鲁巴一样呼喊：

Is this the mighty ocean?—is this all?

这就是汪洋大海吗——这就是一切？

I love town, or country; but this detestable Cinque Port is neither. I hate these scrubbed shoots, thrusting out their starved foliage from between the horrid fissures of dusty innutritious rocks; which the amateur calls "verdure to the edge of the sea." I require woods, and they show me stunted coppices. I cry out for the water-brooks, and pant for fresh streams, and inland murmurs. I cannot stand all day on the naked beach, watching the capricious hues of the sea, shifting like the colours of a dying mullet. I am tired of looking out at the windows of this island-prison. I would fain retire into the interior of my cage. While I gaze upon the sea, I want to be on it, over it, across it. It binds me in with chains, as of iron. My thoughts are abroad. I should not so feel in Staffordshire. There is no home for me here. There is no sense

of home at Hastings. It is a place of fugitive resort, an heterogeneous assemblage of sea-mews and stock-brokers, Amphitrites of the town, and misses that coquet with the Ocean. If it were what it was in its primitive shape, and what it ought to have remained, a fair honest fishing town, and no more, it were something with a few straggling fishermen's huts scattered about, artless as its cliffs, and with their materials filched from them, it were something. I could abide to dwell with Meschek; to assort with fisher-swains, and smugglers. There are, or I dream there are, many of this latter occupation here. Their faces become the place. I like a smuggler. He is the only honest thief. He robs nothing but the revenue,—an abstraction I never greatly cared about. I could go out with them in their mackarel boats, or about their less ostensible business, with some satisfaction. I can even tolerate those poor victims to monotony, who from day to day pace along the beach, in endless progress and recurrence, to watch their illicit countrymen—townsfolk or brethren perchance—whistling to the sheathing and unsheathing of their cutlasses (their only solace), who under the mild name of preventive service, keep up a legitimated civil warfare in the deplorable absence of a foreign one, to show their detestation of run hollands, and zeal for old England. But it is the visitants from town, that come here to say that they have been here, with no more relish of the sea than a pond perch, or a dace might be supposed to have, that are my aversion. I feel like a foolish dace in these regions, and have as little toleration for myself here, as for them. What can they want here? if they had a true relish of the ocean, why have they brought all this land luggage with them? or why pitch their civilised tents in the desert? What mean these scanty book-rooms—marine libraries as they entitle them—if the sea were, as they would have us believe, a book "to read strange matter in ?" what are their foolish concert-rooms, if they come, as they would fain be thought to do, to listen to the music of the waves? All is false and hollow pretention. They come, because it is the fashion, and to spoil the nature of the place. They are mostly, as I have said, stockbrokers; but I have watched the better sort of them—now and then, an honest citizen (of the old stamp), in the simplicity of his heart, shall bring down his wife and daughters, to taste the sea breezes. I always know the date of their arrival. It is easy to see it in their countenance. A day or two they go wandering on the shingles, picking up cockle-shells, and thinking them great things; but, in a poor week, imagination slackens: they begin to discover that cockles produce no pearls, and then—O then!—if I could interpret for the pretty creatures (I know they have not the courage to confess it themselves) how gladly would they exchange their sea-side rambles for a Sunday walk on the green-sward of their accustomed Twickenham meadows!

我爱城镇，也爱乡村，但这讨人厌的五港非城非乡。我讨厌这些矮矮的小树丛，从满是灰尘、毫无养分的可怖岩石缝中伸出干瘦的枝叶，外行称它为“海滨绿意”。我想看的是树林，但看到的只是低矮的灌木丛。我迫切地想看溪流，渴望见到清泉，听到内陆水流的潺潺之声。我不能一整天都站在光秃秃的海滩上，看着海水的颜色无常变换，如同临死的胭脂鱼不停地变色。我一直从这“岛屿监狱”的窗口往外看，已经看腻了。我更愿意回到陆地上的牢笼里去。望着海面时，我希望到海上去，到海的对岸去。但它把我用铁链锁住了。我的思绪飘到了海外。在斯坦福德郡，我不会有这样的感觉。这里不是我的家。在黑斯廷斯，我没有家的感觉。它只是逃亡的避难所，是海鸥、股票商、城里的安菲特律特，以及对海洋卖弄风情的小姐杂乱地聚在一起的地方。如果它以其本来面貌示人——它本来也应该保持这样的面貌——它只是一个纯朴的渔镇，仅此而已。渔民的屋子零零星星散落在那里，就像此地的悬崖一样毫无矫饰之感，搭建屋子的材料也都取自悬崖——若是这样，倒还不错。我可以忍受与梅施克人共居，也可以同渔家少年和走私犯来往。这里走私犯确实很多，或者只是我这么认为。他们的脸成了这地方的标志。我喜欢走私犯。他是唯一诚实的窃贼。他什么都不抢，只抢税收——对这样的盗窃，我从来都不是很介意。我可以和他们一起乘捕鱼船出海，也愿意参与他们那种不太公开的生意，而且还带着些满足感。我甚至可以忍受那些受单调之害的可怜人，他们日复一日地沿着海滩走，周而复始，永无止境地监视着他们那些违禁的同胞们——没准儿还是他们的老乡或兄弟——一见到他们插或拔短刀就吹口哨（这是他们唯一的慰藉）。在防御服务这个委婉名号的掩护下，他们在不幸没有外战的时候一直进行着一场合法的内战，以表现他们对偷运的荷兰麻布的憎恨和对古老英国的热爱。但我讨厌那些城市的游客，他们来这里是为了说自己曾来过这里，而他们对大海的喜爱并不比池塘里的鲈鱼或鲦鱼可能对大海的喜爱多。在这些地方，我觉得自己就像一条愚蠢的鲦鱼，对自己和他人都没什么包容之心。他们来这里是想要什么？如果他们真的喜欢大海，为什么又要把在陆地上的行李都带过来呢？为什么要把他们文明的帐篷搭在这不毛之地呢？如果大海真的如他们所说，是一本“记载着奇闻轶事”的书，那么，那些简陋的图书馆——他们美其名曰“海上图书馆”——又算什么呢？如果真如他们希望别人所认为的那样，他们来到海边是为了倾听海浪的乐声，那么他们那些愚蠢的音乐厅又是干什么用的呢？所有这一切都是空洞的摆设罢了。他们来海边，是因为这是个时尚，结果把这个地方的自然之风都毁掉了。我说过，他们中大部分人是股票经纪人。但我观察到他们中也有上乘一些的游客——时而会有一位诚实的公民（作风比较老派）怀着一颗纯朴的心带妻子和女儿们来这里感受一下海风。他们到来的日期我都知道。这可以轻易地从他们的表情中看出。他们花一两天时间在海滩上漫步，捡捡贝壳，觉得它们是宝物。但不出一个礼拜，他们的兴致就消减了：他们开始发现贝壳里没有珍珠，这时——唉，这时啊——如果我能说出这些漂亮人物的心声（我知道他们自己没有勇气承认），如果把海边漫步换为在他们熟悉的肯南牧场青草地的周日散步，他们该多高兴啊！

I would ask of one of these sea-charmed emigrants, who think

they truly love the sea, with its wild usages, what would their feelings be, if some of the unsophisticated aborigines of this place, encouraged by their courteous questionings here, should venture, on the faith of such assured sympathy between them, to return the visit, and come up to see—London. I must imagine them with their fishing tackle on their back, as we carry our town necessaries. What a sensation would it cause in Lothbury? What vehement laughter would it not excite among the daughters of Cheapside, and wives of Lombard-street.

我想问问那些对海着迷、认为自己真心热爱汹涌的大海的游客们，如果这个地方的纯朴土著居民受了他们那礼貌垂询的鼓励，相信他们之间肯定惺惺相惜，决定回访，来伦敦瞧瞧，那他们又作何感想呢？我可以想象他们背上背着渔具的样子，就像我们带着城市的生活必需品一样。这会在洛兹伯里引起怎样的轰动啊！这会在奇普赛街的姑娘们和伦巴第街的太太们中间激起多少狂笑啊！

I am sure that no town-bred, or inland-born subjects, can feel their true and natural nourishment at these sea-places. Nature, where she does not mean us for mariners and vagabonds, bids us stay at home. The salt foam seems to nourish a spleen. I am not half so good-natured as by the milder waters of my natural river. I would exchange these sea-gulls for swans, and scud a swallow for ever about the banks of Thamesis.

我确信，没有哪个生在城里或长在内地的人身处这些沿海之地时，会真正地、自然地觉得受到滋养。自然如果没打算要我们成为水手或流浪汉，就会吩咐我们呆在家里。带着咸味的海水泡沫好像会让坏脾气滋长。我的脾气不及在家乡自然河流柔波旁边的一半好。我宁愿把海鸥换成天鹅，宁愿永远看着一只小燕子盘旋在泰晤士河的岸边。

Bilingual Classics
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陈子博 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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All Fools' Day

愚人节

The compliments of the season to my worthy masters, and a merry first of April to us all!

尊敬的先生们，大家节日快乐！愿我们都能度过一个愉快的四月一日！

Many happy returns of this day to you—and you—and you, Sir—nay, never frown, man, nor put a long face upon the matter. Do not we know one another? what need of ceremony among friends? we have all a touch of that same—you understand me—a speck of the motley. Beshrew the man who on such a day as this, the general festival, should affect to stand aloof. I am none of those sneakers. I am free of the corporation, and care not who knows it. He that meets me in the forest to-day, shall meet with no wise-acre, I can tell him. Stultus sum. Translate me that, and take the meaning of it to yourself for your pains. What, man, we have four quarters of the globe on our side, at the least computation.

祝大家能永享这个快乐的节日——祝您——祝您——还祝您，这位先生，请别一听到这件事就皱起眉头、拉长着脸。难道我们还不熟悉对方吗？朋友之间需要什么客套？我们都有几分——你懂我的意思——几分傻气。在这普天同庆的日子里若还有人自命清高，那他真该被诅咒。我可不是那种鬼鬼祟祟的人。我可没有大肚腩，也不怕别人知道。今天在这树林里遇上我的人，可别指望他见到的是个聪明人。我是个Stultus sum。（注：拉丁语，意为最笨的人。）各位自己翻译去吧，随你怎么理解，算是对你一番辛苦的报酬吧。要知道，这世界上少说也有四分之四的人站在我们这一边。

Fill us a cup of that sparkling gooseberry—we will drink no wise, melancholy, politic port on this day—and let us troll the catch of Amiens—duc ad me—duc ad me—how goes it?

为我们倒一杯亮晶晶的醋栗酒吧——今天我们不喝那睿智的、忧郁的、世故的波尔图葡萄酒——让我们轮唱亚眠曲——杜达米——杜达米——那歌是怎么唱的来着？

Here shall he see, gross fools as he.

他会在这里看到，像他一样的粗野傻瓜。

Now would I give a trifle to know historically and authentically, who was the greatest fool that ever lived. I would certainly give him in a bumper. Marry, of the present breed, I think I could without

much difficulty name you the party.

现在，我要稍费笔墨，弄明白在历史上，究竟谁才真正算得上世上最大的傻瓜。当然，我可以说出一大堆人。哎！在当今的傻瓜中，我想不必费神去想了，您就榜上有名。

Remove your cap a little further, if you please; it hides my bauble. And now each man bestride his hobby, and dust away his bells to what tune he pleases. I will give you, for my part, the crazy old church clock, and the bewildered chimes.

请您把帽子再挪开一点儿吧，它挡住了我的手杖。现在，大家都有自己的喜好，按自己喜欢的调子敲钟吧。至于我，我会给你们展现教堂里疯狂的老钟，听它敲出杂乱无章的钟鸣声。

Good master Empedocles, you are welcome. It is long since you went a salamander-gathering down Aetna. Worse than samphire-picking by some odds. 'Tis a mercy your worship did not singe your mustachios.

善良的恩佩多克里斯大师，欢迎您！离您上次去埃特纳火山捉火蜥蜴已经很久了吧。这可能要比采集海蓬子困难。没把胡子烧焦就该谢天谢地了。

Ha! Cleombrotus! and what salads in faith did you light upon at the bottom of the Mediterranean? You were founder, I take it, of the disinterested sect of the Calenturists.

哈！克里奥姆布鲁斯！当年您在地中海海底究竟发现了何种沙拉？我相信，您是那一批不为一己之私而去投海的热病患者的开山鼻祖。

Gebir, my old free-mason, and prince of plasterers at Babel, bring in your trowel, most Ancient Grand! You have claim to a seat at my right hand, as patron of the stammerers. You left your work, if I remember Herodotus correctly, at eight hundred million toises, or thereabout, above the level of the sea. Bless us, what a long bell you must have pulled, to call your top workmen to their nuncheon on the low grounds of Sennaar. Or did you send up your garlick and onions by a rocket? I am a rogue if I am not ashamed to show you our Monument on Fish-street Hill, after your altitudes. Yet we think it somewhat.

盖比尔，我的老石匠，巴别塔泥水匠中的头领，把您的泥刀带来吧，远古的大人物！这次您有资格坐在我的右边，来保护口吃者。如果我没记错希罗多德的记载的话，您的那个未完工的建筑物海拔高达八亿突阿斯（注：长度单位，约等于1.95米）左右。上帝保佑啊！那时您要打多长时间的钟，才能通知高处的工人到森纳尔的低地上用午餐啊。还是说您是用火箭把大蒜和洋葱送上去的？有了您创造的高度，我要是再不知羞耻地把我们鱼街山上的纪念塔在您面前炫耀，就太不知好歹了。

虽然，我们觉得它也还算不错了。

What, the magnanimous Alexander in tears?—cry, baby, put its finger in its eye, it shall have another globe, round as an orange, pretty moppet!

什么？心胸宽广的亚历山大居然流泪了？这小宝贝用手揉着眼睛，他闹着再要一个地球，圆圆的似桔子一样，多漂亮的宝宝呀！

Mister Adams—’odso, I honour your coat—pray do us the favour to read to us that sermon, which you lent to Mistress Slipslop—the twenty and second in your portmanteau there—on Female Incontinence—the same—it will come in most irrelevantly and impertinently seasonable to the time of the day.

亚当斯牧师——老天保佑，我敬重您这一身牧师袍——劳驾您给我们念一念当年你借给废话太太的那篇布道文吧——就是装在您箱子里的第二十二篇——论妇女的饶舌——这篇完全毫无关系、不知所云的文章很适合今天这个日子。

Go Master Raymund Lully, you look wise. Pray correct that error. Duns, spare your definitions. I must fine you a bumper, or a paradox. We will have nothing said or done syllogistically this day. Remove those logical forms, waiter, that no gentleman break the tender shins of his apprehension stumbling across them. Master Stephen, you are late.— Ha! Cokes, is it you?— Ague-cheek, my dear knight, let me pay my devoir to you.— Master Shallow, your worship's poor servant to command.— Master Silence, I will use few words with you.— Slender, it shall go hard if I edge not you in somewhere. You six will engross all the poor wit of the company to-day. I know it, I know it.

来吧，雷蒙德·拉莱先生，您看上去很聪明。请纠正一下个中错误。邓斯，把你的那些定义抛到一边吧。我要罚你一杯，或者给你出个难题。今天，我们说话、做事都不能用三段论。侍者，把那些逻辑程式弄走，免得哪位先生的理解力无意碰到它们受到了损害，就像被绊倒了，折了胫骨一样。司提反先生，您迟到啦——哈！焦炭，是您吗？冷面，我亲爱的骑士，我向您致敬。浅薄先生，我是您卑贱的仆人，听候您的吩咐。沉默先生，我也不会跟您多言的。苗条先生，我得特别护您，以免您在哪儿受了伤。你们六位今天会让来宾开开心心的。这一点我清楚，清楚得很。

Ha! honest R—, my fine old Librarian of Ludgate, time out of mind, art thou here again? Bless thy doublet, it is not over-new, threadbare as thy stories—what dost thou flitting about the world at this rate?— Thy customers are extinct, defunct, bed-rid, have ceased to read long ago.— Thou goest still among them, seeing if, peradventure, thou canst hawk a volume or two. —Good Granville S—, thy last patron, is flown.

哈！老实的拉先生，拉德盖特的图书馆优秀的老管理员。我们可是很久没见面了，您也来了？上帝保佑您身上那件紧身衣，它可有些年头了，和您的故事一样陈旧。您为什么还这样来去匆匆、到处奔波呢？您那些顾客有的不在了，死了，要不就是卧病在床，早就不读书了。可您还是到他们那里去，看看能不能再偶尔卖掉一两卷书。您的最后一位顾客，品德高尚的格朗维尔·夏，也已经撒手人寰了。

King Pandion, he is dead, All thy friends are lapt in lead. Nevertheless, noble R—, come in, and take your seat here, between Armado and Quisada: for in true courtesy, in gravity, in fantastic smiling to thyself, in courteous smiling upon others, in the goodly ornature of well-apparelled speech, and the commendation of wise sentences, thou art nothing inferior to those accomplished Dons of Spain. The spirit of chivalry forsake me for ever, when I forget thy singing the song of Macheath, which declares that he might be happy with either, situated between those two ancient spinsters—when I forget the inimitable formal love which thou didst make, turning now to the one, and now to the other, with that Malvolian smile—as if Cervantes, not Gay, had written it for his hero; and as if thousands of periods must revolve, before the minor of courtesy could have given his invidious preference between a pair of so goodly-propertied and meritorious-equal damsels. To descend from these altitudes, and not to protract our Fools' Banquet beyond its appropriate day,—for I fear the second of April is not many hours distant—in sober verity I will confess a Truth to thee, reader. I love a Fool—as naturally, as if I were of kith and kin to him. When a child, with child-like apprehensions, that dived not below the surface of the matter, I read those Parables—not guessing at their involved wisdom—I had more yearnings towards that simple architect, that built his house upon the sand, than I entertained for his more cautious neighbour; I grudged at the hard censure pronounced upon the quiet soul that kept his talent; and—prizing their simplicity beyond the more provident, and, to my apprehension, somewhat unfeminine wariness of their competitors—I felt a kindliness, that almost amounted to a tendre, for those five thoughtless virgins.— I have never made an acquaintance since, that lasted; or a friendship, that answered; with any that had not some tincture of the absurd in their characters. I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding. The more laughable blunders a man shall commit in your company, the more tests he giveth you, that he will not betray or overreach you. I love the safety, which a palpable hallucination warrants; the security, which a word out of season ratifies. And take my word for this, reader, and say a fool told it you, if you please, that he who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture, hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition. It is observed, that "the foolisher the fowl or fish,—woodcocks,—dotterels,—cod's-heads,

&c. the finer the flesh thereof," and what are commonly the world's received fools, but such whereof the world is not worthy? and what have been some of the kindliest patterns of our species, but so many darlings of absurdity, minions of the goddess, and her white boys? — Reader, if you wrest my words beyond their fair construction, it is you, and not I, that are the April Fool.

潘迪翁王已逝。你的朋友们都已经入了铅棺。不过，高贵的拉先生，进来坐吧，坐在阿玛多和吉诃德中间。因为您彬彬有礼，不苟言笑，对自己怪异地微笑，向别人温和地微笑，谈吐措辞华丽，妙语连珠，样样都不逊色于西班牙那两位有学问的唐先生。除非我身上的骑士精神荡然无存，我才有可能忘掉您坐在两个老姑娘中间唱《麦克西斯之歌》的情景。歌里唱道，娶了哪一位都会幸福。我也无法忘记您向那两位女士独特而正式地交合，一会儿看着这个，一会儿又转向那个，脸上还挂着马福里安式的微笑，好像这首歌的作者不是盖伊，而是塞万提斯似的。又好像不经历千万年的等待，这位礼仪之士就不能在这两位富有又美好的姑娘之间作出招人嫉妒的抉择。现在该从这样的高境界下来了，而且，我们这场愚人盛宴也不要拖得太久——因为我担心四月的第二天都快要到了——读者，在这里我对您说这句大实话。我爱傻瓜——这很自然，就好像我和他们沾亲带故似的。小时候，我读过一些寓言故事，孩童的理解力使我只能看到事情的表面，不明白其中包含的智慧。我比较偏爱那个把房子盖在沙子上的头脑简单的建筑师，而不是他那更加谨慎的邻居。当那个默默无闻的人把钱币保存下来，却遭到严厉的斥责时，我心怀怨恨。此外，我对那五个没头脑的女孩心存好感，甚至有点偏爱，在我看来，她们的天真淳朴比对手那种在我看来有些非女性化的精明和世故更为可贵。从那以后，我认识的人和我的朋友中，凡是关系长存、坦诚相待的，性格中必然都带着几分傻气。我尊敬那些在理解力上稍有偏差的老实人。你的某个同伴在你面前犯的错误越可笑，就越能保证他对你的忠诚，他将不会背叛或出卖你。我喜欢明显的幻觉和不合时宜的话语给我带来的安全感。读者，相信我，如果你愿意的话，就当是一个傻子告诉你的：一个人要是不带一丝傻气，那他必然有一大堆的坏心思。常言道：“禽类或鱼类之中，愈是愚钝如山鹬、雎鸠、鳘鱼头者，其肉愈是鲜美。”世人眼中的傻瓜其实不就是高于俗世之上的人吗？而我们人类之中一些称为最佳典范的人，不都是些荒唐的活宝、女神的宠儿和骄子吗？读者，若你非要曲解我，超出这些话的合理范围，那么，愚人节的傻瓜就是你，而不是我了。

Dream Children a Reverie

梦中的孩子：一场空想

CHILDREN love to listen to stories about their elders, when they were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw.

小孩喜欢听长辈们孩提时代的故事，展开想象，塑造出某位耳闻却从来没见过的叔公或祖母的形象。

It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood.

几天前的一个晚上，我那两个小家伙正是怀着这种心思在我身边磨蹭，要听听他们的曾祖母菲尔德的故事。曾祖母住在诺福克郡的一座大宅子里（那可比他们和爸爸住的房子要大上百倍）。那里曾是——至少那一带的人都普遍认为是——他们最近熟悉的、《林中的孩子》那首歌谣里悲惨故事的发生地。

Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich Person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it.

本来，那两个孩子和他们残忍的叔叔的整个故事是清楚地刻在大厅壁炉的木板上的，从开头直到结尾红胸脯知更鸟的情节都有。但后来，一个愚蠢的阔佬把那块木板卸了下来，换上了一块当代发明出的大理石炉面，上面没有故事。

Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding.

听到这儿，艾丽斯脸上浮现出一副与她亲爱的妈妈一样的神情。那神情太过温柔，简直算不上嗔容。

Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by every body, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred

living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.' s tawdry gilt drawing-room.

接着，我又继续讲他们的曾祖母菲尔德是多么虔诚，多么善良，受人爱戴和尊敬。她并不是那所大宅的主人，只因房主在邻郡另外购置了更新更入时的宅院，并选择迁入新居，托她看管旧居（从某种意义上说，她也可以算是房子的主人）。但是，她把那儿当成自己的家居住，在世时始终都维持着宅子的体面。后来，宅子破败了，差点儿倒塌，屋里的旧摆设都被拆卸一空，运往房主的另一所房子。它们摆放在新居里看起来很别扭，好像有人把自己最近在威斯敏斯特大教堂看到的古墓给搬了出来，硬是放到了某位贵妇金光闪闪却俗不可耐的客厅里。

Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psaltery by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides.

听到这里，约翰笑了，像是在说：“实在太蠢了。”然后，我又讲述了她去世时，方圆好几英里的所有穷人和一些乡绅都来参加了她的葬礼。他们来表达对她的尊敬和哀思之情，因为她是一位如此善良而虔诚的人，可以背下所有的赞美诗，嗯，还有《圣约》的大部分内容。

Here little Alice spread her hands.

小艾丽斯听罢，摊开了双手。

Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious.

我又接着说，他们的曾祖母菲尔德曾是个高挑、挺拔、优雅的人。她年轻时被大家公认为舞跳得最好的人——这时，艾丽斯的右脚不由自主地动了一下，见我一脸严肃，才停住了——刚才说到她是舞跳得最好

的人。后来，她被一种叫作癌症的可怕疾病压垮了，受尽了痛苦。但是，癌症永远都压不弯也压不垮她高尚的意念。她的意念依然屹立挺拔，因为她太善良，太虔诚了。

Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said "those innocents would do her no harm;" and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants.

我接着又说，以前她独自一人睡在那空荡荡的大房子里一个单独的房间内。她觉得半夜里可以看到两个婴儿的幽灵在她房间旁边那长长的楼梯上滑上滑下，但她说“那两个单纯的孩子不会伤害她”。但那时，虽然有女仆和我睡在一起，我还是害怕得很，因为我还不及曾祖母一半善良和虔诚——不过，我也从没见过那两个婴儿。

Here John expanded all his eye-brows and tried to look courageous.

约翰听了，便舒展眉头，想摆出勇敢的样子。

Then I told how good she was to all her grand-children, having us to the great-house in the holydays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Caesars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken pannels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying out upon a fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common

baits of children.

然后，我又说她对孙辈很好，每逢节假日就让我们去大宅子里玩。尤其是我，常常独自一人在大宅子里花数个时辰盯着那十二座罗马凯撒大帝的古老胸像出神，直盯到那古老的大理石头像仿佛活了过来，或者我自己也变成了同它们一样的大理石像。我在那所巨大的宅子里转悠时，从不觉得累。那儿有好多空荡荡的大房间，里面有破旧的帷幔、飘动的挂毯，还有雕了花的橡木板，上面的镀金快要完全剥落了。我有时到那座古老空旷的大花园里去玩，除了偶尔会碰上个孤零零的花匠，那花园简直就是我一个人的天下——油桃和蜜桃从墙上垂下，但我从不会去摘，只偶尔破几次例，因为那是禁果。因为我更喜欢在那些散发着忧郁之气的老紫杉或枞树间徜徉，捡捡红浆果和枞果，可惜那些果子都是中看不中吃——或者便是躺在嫩草地上，满园芳香环绕周身——或是在橘园里沐浴着阳光，想象自己同那些橘子、橙子一道在这令人愉悦的暖阳之下成熟——再或者就是去花园深处的鱼池边看鲦鱼在水中窜来窜去，到处有条发怒的大梭子鱼一动不动地停在池水一半深度的地方，仿佛在嘲笑那些小鱼举止轻浮。我更喜欢这类忙中带闲的消遣，而非一般吸引孩子的蜜桃、油桃和橘子的香味。

Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant.

听我这么一说，约翰便悄悄把一串葡萄放回到盘子里，艾丽斯也瞧见了。约翰本打算与她分着吃，但眼下似乎不妥，所以两人都愿意暂且割爱。

Then in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grand-children, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L—, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of every body, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk pain;—and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour,

it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had love him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarreled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he their poor uncle must have been when the doctor took his limb.

然后，我提高了些音调，说虽然曾祖母菲尔德对孙辈们都十分疼爱，但她尤其喜爱他们的伯父，约翰•兰——因为他是个十分帅气活泼的小伙子，对我们来说，他就是个王。他不会像我们中某些人那样徘徊在荒凉的角落里，而是会跨上他所能得到的性子最烈的马。那时，他只是个不比马大的顽童，却驱马一上午穿过半个郡。要是有猎户外出，他还会加入他们。他也很喜欢那所古老的大宅和花园，但他精力充沛，宅子的院墙关他不住。我还讲了他们的伯父长大成人，勇敢英俊，人人称羡，曾祖母菲尔德就更是欢喜得不行。那时我腿瘸，他又比我大了好多岁。我腿疼走不了路的时候，他便将我背在背上，走好几英里的路。可是后来，他自己也瘸了。他烦躁、疼痛的时候，我却没那么（我恐怕是这样）体谅他，也不太记得过去我自己腿瘸的时候，他对我是多么体贴。再后来，他过世了。虽然他才走不久，但生死两隔，他似乎已经去世很久了。起初我以为自己接受了他的故去，但后来却久久不得释怀。我并没有像别人那样痛哭伤怀（我想倘若我死了，他一定会这样），但我整日都在思念他，直到那时我才知道自己有多么爱他。我想念他的友好，想念他的暴躁，只盼他能复生，即便是与他吵嘴（有时我们也会吵架），也不要再也见不到他。失去了他，我心神不安，就像这位可怜的伯父当年被医生截去腿时的心情一样。

Here the children fell a crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them, some stories about their pretty dead mother.

听到这里，孩子们大哭起来，并问我他们穿的小丧服是不是为约翰伯伯穿的。他们仰起头，请求我不要再讲这位伯父了，还是讲讲他们那已故的美丽的妈妈吧。

Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens—when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to

my view, receding, and still receding till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech; "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice called Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams.

于是，我便讲了自己整整七年，时而满怀希望，时而深陷绝望，一直追求美丽的艾丽斯•温。然后，我又尽量用孩子能够理解的语言，向他们解释了少女的羞怯、犹豫和回绝意味着什么——这时，我转向艾丽斯，猛然发现她的双眸中流露出已故艾丽斯的眼波，活灵活现得让我都开始分不清站在我眼前的究竟是哪个艾丽斯，也辨不明那一头明亮的头发究竟是谁的。我站着凝视他们时，那两个孩子却在我眼前渐渐模糊，渐渐退后，最后只在无限茫远之处剩了两副愁容。他们没有开口，但奇怪的是，我可以听到他们在说：“我们不是艾丽斯的孩子，也不是你的，我们根本就不是孩子。艾丽斯的孩子是管巴特姆叫爸爸的。我们是虚无，甚至连虚无都算不上，不过是场梦而已。

We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name”—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

我们只是某种可能，必须在忘川河畔苦苦等待百万年方能转世成人，有姓有名。”这时，我猛然惊醒，发现自己安安静静地坐在我的单身汉扶手椅上，刚才就是这样睡着的。忠诚的布丽奇特仍然陪在我的身边——但约翰·兰（或詹姆斯·伊莱亚）却永远消失了。

A Bachelor's Complaint of the Behaviour of Married People

一个单身者痛陈已婚人士之言行

As a single man, I have spent a good deal of my time in noting down the infirmities of Married People, to console myself for those superior pleasures, which they tell me I have lost by remaining as I am.

我是个单身汉，那些结了婚的人告诉我说，因为单身，我失去了许多非常美妙的乐趣。我每天花去大把的时间来记录已婚人士的缺点，作为自我慰藉。

I cannot say that the quarrels of men and their wives ever made any great impression upon me, or had much tendency to strengthen me in those anti-social resolutions, which I took up long ago upon more substantial considerations. What oftenest offends me at the houses of married persons where I visit, is an error of quite a different description;—it is that they are too loving.

我不能说男人们和他们老婆之间的争吵给我留下了任何好印象，也不能说这就在多大程度上助长了我的反社会心理。其实我当年下决心单身是出于更加实质性的考虑。我去已婚人士家中造访时经常反感的是一种截然不同的错误——他们太恩爱了。

Not too loving neither: that does not explain my meaning. Besides, why should that offend me? The very act of separating themselves from the rest of the world, to have the fuller enjoyment of each other's society, implies that they prefer one another to all the world.

也不是说太恩爱，我不是那个意思。而且，他们恩爱为什么会让我反感呢？他们完全将自己与外界隔开，以便更充分地享受二人世界的乐趣。这一点说明他们对彼此的爱慕超越了世间的一切。

But what I complain of is, that they carry this preference so undisguisedly, they perk it up in the faces of us single people so shamelessly, you cannot be in their company a moment without being made to feel, by some indirect hint or open avowal, that you are not the object of this preference. Now there are some things which give no offence, while implied or taken for granted merely; but expressed, there is much offence in them. If a man were to accost the first homely-featured or plain-dressed young woman of his acquaintance, and tell her bluntly, that she was not handsome or rich enough for him, and he could not marry her, he would deserve to be kicked for

his ill manners; yet no less is implied in the fact, that having access and opportunity of putting the question to her, he has never yet thought fit to do it. The young woman understands this as clearly as if it were put into words; but no reasonable young woman would think of making this the ground of a quarrel. Just as little right have a married couple to tell me by speeches, and looks that are scarce less plain than speeches, that I am not the happy man, the lady's choice. It is enough that I know I am not: I do not want this perpetual reminding.

但我所不满的是，他们这般卿卿我我也太不加掩饰了。他们当着我们这些单身人士的面，就这样恬不知耻地大秀恩爱。只要跟他们在一起，他们就会用一些明言或暗示时时刻刻让你感到你就得不到这般爱意。有些事情，大家只要心照不宣或习以为常也不会招人反感。但一经挑明，就非常惹人讨厌了。如果一位男士遇见自己认识的一位姿色平庸或衣着朴素的年轻姑娘，便唐突地告诉人家说她不够漂亮或是不够有钱，所以不能娶她。就冲这样的无礼行为，他被揍一顿都不为过。但是，如果他既可以有机会向她求婚，却迟迟不做表示，那么个中意思也表达得很清楚了。即使没有明说，人家姑娘也会心知肚明。但凡讲点道理的姑娘，都不可能因为这个而大吵大闹。同样，已婚夫妇也不该靠语言或者几乎和语言一样清晰达意的表情来告诉我，我不是那位姑娘的意中人。我知道自己不是，这就可以了，我可不想要这种没完没了的提醒。

The display of superior knowledge or riches may be made sufficiently mortifying; but these admit of a palliative. The knowledge which is brought out to insult me, may accidentally improve me; and in the rich man's houses and pictures,—his parks and gardens, I have a temporary usufruct at least. But the display of married happiness has none of these palliatives: it is throughout pure, unrecompensed, unqualified insult.

在人前炫耀自己知识胜人一筹或财富高人一等也够让人家没面子的了，但至少这也还有些益处。向我卖弄学问，本来是要羞辱我，但我却恰好也可以从中得到长进。富翁的豪宅名画和庭院花园，至少也能怡我一时之情。但是，在我面前大秀婚后恩爱就一点好处都没有了——这是彻头彻尾的、纯粹的、毫无益处的、十足的羞辱。

Marriage by its best title is a monopoly, and not of the least invidious sort. It is the cunning of most possessors of any exclusive privilege to keep their advantage as much out of sight as possible, that their less favoured neighbours, seeing little of the benefit, may the less be disposed to question the right. But these married monopolists thrust the most obnoxious part of their patent into our faces.

说到底，婚姻不过是一种独占权，而且极易招人反感。享有任何特权的人往往都很精明，尽量不让别人看见自己得了什么好处。他们那些

未享受特权的邻居并没见到他们的获益，便也不太容易会质问他们的特权。但是，那些结了婚的专利拥有者却将他们专利里最惹人厌的部分横插到我们面前。

Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a new-married couple,—in that of the lady particularly: it tells you, that her lot is disposed of in this world: that you can have no hopes of her. It is true, I have none; nor wishes either, perhaps: but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed.

我最看不惯的就是新婚夫妇脸上散发出来的那种完全自得意满的神情，特别是妻子脸上的神情——那好像是在告诉你，她名花有主了，你死心吧。其实，我对她根本就没有什么企图，甚至连想法都没有。但是，正如我之前所说的，遵循其中一条真理：大家对这类事情心知肚明就好，不必言明。

The excessive airs which those people give themselves, founded on the ignorance of us unmarried people, would be more offensive if they were less irrational. We will allow them to understand the mysteries belonging to their own craft better than we who have not had the happiness to be made free of the company: but their arrogance is not content within these limits. If a single person presume to offer his opinion in their presence, though upon the most indifferent subject, he is immediately silenced as an incompetent person. Nay, a young married lady of my acquaintance, who, the best of the jest was, had not changed her condition above a fortnight before, in a question on which I had the misfortune to differ from her, respecting the properest mode of breeding oysters for the London market, had the assurance to ask with a sneer, how such an old Bachelor as I could pretend to know any thing about such matters.

那些人表现得气焰嚣张是因为他们觉得我们这些未婚者什么都不懂。如果他们的张扬是刻意为之的话，会让我们更厌恶。我们可以接受他们对属于自己领域的奥妙了解得比我们这些没能幸福地拥有伴侣的人深刻。但是，他们的嚣张气焰不愿到此为止。如果一个单身的人试图在他们面前发表自己的意见，哪怕和婚姻毫无干系，也会立刻被堵住话头，就像他不够格一样。更有甚者，我不幸与认识的一位年轻已婚女士在针对伦敦市场如何适当地养殖牡蛎这个问题上持不同看法，她居然冷笑着信心满满地质问我一个老光棍在这类事上充什么内行。最可笑的是，她自己脱离单身状态也不过半个月。

But what I have spoken of hitherto is nothing to the airs which these creatures give themselves when they come, as they generally do, to have children. When I consider how little of a rarity children are,—that every street and blind alley swarms with them,—that the poorest people commonly have them in most abundance,—that there are few

marriages that are not blest with at least one of these bargains,—how often they turn out ill, and defeat the fond hopes of their parents, taking to vicious courses, which end in poverty, disgrace, the gallows, &c.—I cannot for my life tell what cause for pride there can possibly be in having them. If they were young phoenixes, indeed, that were born but one in a year, there might be a pretext. But when they are so common—I do not advert to the insolent merit which they assume with their husbands on these occasions.

不过，我前面讲的与他们有了孩子后的样子相比，就不算什么了。而且他们通常总是会要孩子的。我认为孩子没什么好稀罕的：每条街上和死胡同里都蜂拥着孩子；最贫穷的人家里通常孩子最多；只要结婚了，托上天的福，至少会有一个小孩；而且，小孩长大后常常变坏，破灭了父母的殷切期望，走上邪路，最后穷困潦倒，毫无尊严，甚至上了绞刑架，诸如此类，我可说不出来有孩子有什么可骄傲的。若他们是一年只出一个的人中的龙凤，那就要另说了。但是，若他们尽是些平庸之辈——这种情况下，那些女人在她们丈夫面前居功自傲的神气，我就不说了。

Let them look to that. But why we, who are not their natural-born subjects, should be expected to bring our spices, myrrh, and incense,—our tribute and homage of admiration,—I do not see.

随她们去吧。但是，我们又不是她们天生的臣民，凭什么要捧着香料、没药和乳香作为我们膜拜的贡品以表达敬意，我想不通。

"Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant, even so are the young children." so says the excellent office in our Prayer-book appointed for the churching of women. "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them." So say I; but then don't let him discharge his quiver upon us that are weaponless;—let them be arrows, but not to gall and stick us. I have generally observed that these arrows are double-headed: they have two forks, to be sure to hit with one or the other. As for instance, when you come into a house which is full of children, if you happen to take no notice of them (you are thinking of something else, perhaps, and turn a deaf ear to their innocent caresses), you are set down as untractable, morose, a hater of children. On the other hand, if you find them more than usually engaging, if you are taken with their pretty manners, and set about in earnest to romp and play with them, some pretext or other is sure to be found for sending them out of the room: they are too noisy or boisterous, or Mr.—does not like children. With one or other of these forks the arrow is sure to hit you.

“儿童如巨人手中之箭”——祈祷书中有关妇女行安产感谢礼精彩的祷文里这么说。“箭囊充盈的都是有福之人。”我这么说；但是不要让他们针对手无寸铁的我们拿出箭囊——让箭囊里装满箭吧，但是不要让这些箭蹭到、扎到我们。我大致观察过，那些箭都是双头的：它们有两个

尖头，这样两个中肯定会有一个命中目标。比如，你进了一个挤满了孩子的屋子，而你碰巧没注意到他们（也许当时你正在想别的事，可能没理会他们天真的亲热举止），那你就会落下个不近人情、孤僻怪异、讨厌孩子的名声。另一方面，如果你觉得他们可爱的举动出奇地惹人喜爱，真诚地想要和他们一起嬉戏玩闹，大人们准会找个借口把他们赶出房间：比如，他们太吵或太闹，或者某某先生不喜欢小孩子。箭上那两个尖头，总有一个会刺中你。

I could forgive their jealousy, and dispense with toying with their brats, if it gives them any pain; but I think it unreasonable to be called upon to love them, where I see no occasion,—to love a whole family, perhaps, eight, nine, or ten, indiscriminately, to love all the pretty dears, because children are so engaging.

我可以原谅他们这种嫉妒心理，而且可以不和他们的孩子玩，如果那样做会惹他们不高兴的话。但是，我觉得毫无理由时，还要让我去喜爱他们——要爱那一大家子，可能有八九个，或者十个人，还要不偏不倚地喜欢所有这些可爱的小家伙，因为他们个个都很可爱——这就说不通了。

I know there is a proverb, "Love me, love my dog." that is not always so very practicable, particularly if the dog be set upon you to tease you or snap at you in sport. But a dog or a lesser thing—any inanimate substance, as a keep-sake, a watch or a ring, a tree, or the place where we last parted when my friend went away upon a long absence, I can make shift to love, because I love him, and any thing that reminds me of him; provided it be in its nature indifferent, and apt to receive whatever hue fancy can give it. But children have a real character and an essential being of themselves: they are amiable or unamiable per se; I must love or hate them as I see cause for either in their qualities. A child's nature is too serious a thing to admit of its being regarded as a mere appendage to another being, and to be loved or hated accordingly: they stand with me upon their own stock, as much as men and women do. O! but you will say, sure it is an attractive age, there is something in the tender years of infancy that of itself charms us. That is the very reason why I am more nice about them. I know that a sweet child is the sweetest thing in nature, not even excepting the delicate creatures which bear them; but the prettier the kind of a thing is, the more desirable it is that it should be pretty of its kind. One daisy differs not much from another in glory; but a violet should look and smell the daintiest.— I was always rather squeamish in my women and children. But this is not the worst: one must be admitted into their familiarity at least, before they can complain of inattention. It implies visits, and some kind of intercourse. But if the husband be a man with whom you have lived on a friendly footing before marriage, if you did not come in on the

wife's side,—if you did not sneak into the house in her train, but were an old friend in fast habits of intimacy before their courtship was so much as thought on,—look about you—your tenure is precarious—before a twelve-month shall roll over your head, you shall find your old friend gradually grow cool and altered towards you, and at last seek opportunities of breaking with you. I have scarce a married friend of my acquaintance, upon whose firm faith I can rely, whose friendship did not commence after the period of his marriage. With some limitations they can endure that: but that the good man should have dared to enter into a solemn league of friendship in which they were not consulted, though it happened before they knew him,—before they that are now are man and wife ever met,—this is intolerable to them. Every long friendship, every old authentic intimacy, must he brought into their office to be new stamped with their currency, as a sovereign Prince calls in the good old money that was coined in some reign before he was born or thought of, to be new marked and minted with the stamp of his authority, before he will let it pass current in the world. You may guess what luck generally befalls such a rusty piece of metal as I am in these new mintings.

我知道有句谚语叫“爱我，爱我的狗。”但这总是不那么容易实施，尤其是这狗开玩笑似的扑到你身上来逗你或咬你时。但是，如果我有个朋友将要远行，那么一条狗，或是更小的东西——任何没有生命的东西——比如一个纪念品、一块手表、一只戒指、一棵树，或是我和朋友告别的地方，都能让我喜爱，因为我爱那个人，所以我爱一切能让我想起他的东西。只要那些东西本身没有感情，可以接受任何色调的想象就行。但是，孩子有真实的性格和自己的本质：他们本身要么可爱，要么不可爱。我也只能根据他们的性格喜爱或讨厌他们。孩子的本质是件非常严肃的事，不仅不能认为他们是其他人的附属物，也不能因而，根据对其他人的好恶相应地喜爱或讨厌他们。在我看来，他们像世上所有的男男女女一样，是独立存在的。噢！你一定会说，那是一个吸引人的时期，童年稚嫩的年华本身就有让我们着迷的地方。这就是我对他们更加友好的确切原因。我知道一个可爱的孩子是自然中最甜蜜的事物，甚至这个孩子的母亲也比不上。但是，一类事物越是可爱，人们便越希望这类事物的每个个体都可爱。就光鲜艳丽来说，一朵雏菊与另一朵无甚差别。但是，一朵紫罗兰就得是最美艳、最芳香馥郁的。对于女人和孩子，我总是有些吹毛求疵。但这还不是最糟糕的。人们受冷落之前至少一定有过亲切熟悉的时候。这暗指造访和某种形式的往来。但是，如果这家丈夫结婚之前跟你关系很友好，如果你和这家的妻子不沾亲带故，如果你与这家认识并非由于女主人的缘故，而是在男主人草率结婚之前就是他的一位亲密老友——那你可要小心了，你的地位岌岌可危。不出一年，你那位老朋友就会对你越来越冷淡，甚至对你完全转变态度，最后找个借口和你断绝往来。婚前和我结成朋友的朋友中，结婚后几乎没有一个可以让我信赖其稳固的忠心。在一定限度内，他们的妻子尚可忍受我们的友谊。但是，如果她们的丈夫胆敢不询问她们的意思便与人订

立一项神圣的友谊盟约，即使这发生在他们认识之前——是在这对夫妇相识之前订立的——她们对此也无法容忍。每段长久的友谊和每个旧的、真正的亲密关系都必须送到她们的办公室里由她们审核后重新盖章。这就像新登基的国王把他出生之前或更早以前某个时期铸造的完好的旧币收回，重新印上或铸上他的政权标记，然后才允许这些货币在世上流通。像我这样的破铜烂铁，在这些新熔铸的过程中会有什么好运降临，你可以猜想一下。

Innumerable are the ways which they take to insult and worm you out of their husband's confidence. Laughing at all you say with a kind of wonder, as if you were a queer kind of fellow that said good things, but an oddity, is one of the ways—they have a particular kind of stare for the purpose—till at last the husband, who used to defer to your judgment, and would pass over some excrescences of understanding and manner for the sake of a general vein of observation (not quite vulgar) which he perceived in you, begins to suspect whether you are not altogether a humorist,—a fellow well enough to have consorted with in his bachelor days, but not quite so proper to be introduced to ladies. This may be called the staring way; and is that which has oftenest been put in practice against me.

她们使出数不胜数的招数来羞辱你，让她们的丈夫对你失去信任。比如，不管你说了什么，她们都惊异地嘲笑你，讲出来的东西虽好，却是个怪胎，这是她们用的方法之一，她们还会故意用一种特别的方式凝视你，旨在让她们丈夫不再尊重你的意见。之前，她们的丈夫为了保证交流的连贯性，会无视你一些令人费解的言谈和碍眼的举止（只要不是恶俗的那种就行）。但是，当他们的太太用上述招数，到后来，他们也开始怀疑你是不是个滑稽鬼——一个适合做他单身时的朋友，但不太适合介绍给女士认识的人。这一招可以称为“瞪眼术”，这是我最常中的招数。

Then there is the exaggerating way, or the way of irony: that is, where they find you an object of especial regard with their husband, who is not so easily to be shaken from the lasting attachment founded on esteem which he has conceived towards you; by never-qualified exaggerations to cry up all that you say or do, till the good man, who understands well enough that it is all done in compliment to him, grows weary of the debt of gratitude which is due to so much candor, and by relaxing a little on his part, and taking down a peg or two in his enthusiasm, sinks at length to that kindly level of moderate esteem,—that "decent affection and complacent kindness" towards you, where she herself can join in sympathy with him without much stretch and violence to her sincerity.

然后还有夸张法，或者说是反讽法。也就是说，如果她们发现自己的丈夫特别看重你，建立在他对你的敬重之上的持久情感不是那么容易动摇，她们就要使出这种招数了。不管你说什么做什么，她们都会不合

实际地表现出过度夸张的赞扬态度。她们的丈夫明确地知道这都是为了奉承自己，坦诚地心生感激，直到后来慢慢厌倦了这种感激债。他自己稍稍放松一下，让自己的热情降降温，最后对你仅保持一种适中的尊重——对你“以礼相待，和睦相处”，太太便在情感上配合丈夫，自己的忠诚没有太受曲解和受损。

Another way (for the ways they have to accomplish so desirable a purpose are infinite) is, with a kind of innocent simplicity, continually to mistake what it was which first made their husband fond of you. If an esteem for something excellent in your moral character was that which riveted the chain which she is to break, upon any imaginary discovery of a want of poignancy in your conversation, she will cry, "I thought, my dear, you described your friend, Mr.—as a great wit.” If, on the other hand, it was for some supposed charm in your conversation that he first grew to like you, and was content for this to overlook some trifling irregularities in your moral deportment, upon the first notice of any of these she as readily exclaims, "This, my dear, is your good Mr.—.” One good lady whom I took the liberty of expostulating with for not showing me quite so much respect as I thought due to her husband's old friend, had the candour to confess to me that she had often heard Mr.—speak of me before marriage, and that she had conceived a great desire to be acquainted with me, but that the sight of me had very much disappointed her expectations; for from her husband's representations of me, she had formed a notion that she was to see a fine, tall, officer-like looking man (I use her very words); the very reverse of which proved to be the truth. This was candid; and I had the civility not to ask her in return, how she came to pitch upon a standard of personal accomplishments for her husband's friends which differed so much from his own; for my friend's dimensions as near as possible approximate to mine; he standing five feet five in his shoes, in which I have the advantage of him by about half an inch; and he no more than myself exhibiting any indications of a martial character in his air or countenance.

她们的另一种手段（因为她们为达到这个热切的目的可以使出无穷无尽的招数）是用纯真和朴实，将你曾吸引他们丈夫喜欢你的特点不断地肆意歪曲。如果她的丈夫尊重你人格中的某个优点，而这个优点铸成了她想要扯断的链子，那么，只要她自以为发现了你谈吐中不够深刻之处，便会叫道：“亲爱的，你不是说你的朋友某某先生是位大才子吗？”另一方面，如果她丈夫最初喜欢你是因为你谈吐中的某个迷人之处，而且对此很满意，不计较你道德上的一些小毛病，她一旦注意到任何此类小毛病，便会欣然地大声说道：“亲爱的，这就是你那高尚的某某先生吗？”我曾经冒昧地劝说一位善良的太太不要因为我是她丈夫的老朋友——我自认为是这个原因——而对我表现得如此客气。她坦诚地承认，说婚前她常听她丈夫提起我，也很想认识我。但一见到本人，她就

大失所望。因为从她丈夫的描述看，她觉得我应该是个相貌堂堂、高大魁梧，有几分军官气质的人（这是她的原话），但这些想象与事实恰恰相反。她这话说得很坦诚。出于礼貌，我没有反过来问她，在评判个人外表方面，她对丈夫和他的朋友们要求的标准为何如此不同。因为我那位朋友的身材和我几乎没有差别，穿着鞋也不过五英尺五英寸高，还比我矮上半英寸呢。他的气质和面貌所表现出的军人气质也不比我多。

These are some of the mortifications which I have encountered in the absurd attempt to visit at their houses. To enumerate them all would be a vain endeavour: I shall therefore just glance at the very common impropriety of which married ladies are guilty, of treating us as if we were their husbands, and vice versa—. I mean, when they use us with familiarity, and their husbands with ceremony. Testacea, for instance, kept me the other night two or three hours beyond my usual time of supping, while she was fretting because Mr.—did not come home, till the oysters were all spoiled, rather than she would be guilty of the impoliteness of touching one in his absence. This was reversing the point of good manners: for ceremony is an invention to take off the uneasy feeling which we derive from knowing ourselves to be less the object of love and esteem with a fellow-creature than some other person is. It endeavors to make up by superior attentions in little points, for that invidious preference which it is forced to deny in the greater. Had Testacea kept the oysters back for me, and withstood her husband's importunities to go to supper, she would have acted according to the strict rules of propriety. I know no ceremony that ladies are bound to observe to their husbands, beyond the point of a modest behaviour and decorum: therefore I must protest against the vicarious gluttony of Cerasia, who at her own table sent away a dish of Morellas, which I was applying to with great good will, to her husband at the other end of the table, and recommended a plate of less extraordinary gooseberries to my unwedded palate in their stead. Neither can I excuse the wanton affront of— But I am weary of stringing up all my married acquaintance by Roman denominations. Let them amend and change their manners, or I promise to record the full-length English of their names, to the terror of all such desperate offenders in future.

这些就是我荒谬地去造访他们家时遭遇的耻辱。这样的例子不胜枚举，那么，我就只略说一下已婚女士的一个通病吧，即对待我们好像我们是她们的丈夫一样，而对自己的丈夫倒像是对外人一般。我的意思是，她们对我们不拘礼节，而对自己丈夫倒是彬彬有礼。比如，前几天的一个晚上，苔丝达西亚请我到她家吃晚饭，但我正常的晚饭时间都过去两三个钟头了，还没开饭，因为她正焦急地等待丈夫回家。一直等到牡蛎都放坏了，她也不肯在他回家之前先吃一口，以免失礼。这种行为与优雅的礼仪背道而驰，因为我们知道自己在某个人眼里不如其他某个

人更受爱戴和尊重，才会产生拘束不安之感，礼仪原本就是为了消除这种不安的感觉而产生的。礼仪就是努力在细枝末节上放特别多的注意力，以弥补它在大事上被迫否认的招人嫉妒的偏爱。如果苔丝达西亚的丈夫强硬地要求开饭，但她仍坚持要把牡蛎留给我享用，那么她的举动就是合乎礼仪的。在我看来，太太对丈夫必须履行的礼数不外乎行为谦恭与端庄有礼。因此，我对塞拉西亚间接的饕餮行为表示抗议。我在她家餐桌上怀着极大的兴趣享用着一盘黑樱桃时，她居然把它拿给在餐桌另一头的丈夫享用，而给我这个单身汉换上一盘极其普通的醋栗。另外，我也无法忍受那个叫——的肆意侮辱了。不过，我已经厌倦给我认识的已婚人士取罗马名字了。让他们痛改前非，纠正自己的行为吧。否则，我保证将来要把他们的英文全名记述下来，吓吓这些严重冒犯我的人。

A Dissertation upon Roast Pig

烤猪论

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day.

据我的朋友老曼好心给我阅读并讲解过的一篇中国的手稿里说，人类在诞生之初的七万年间，食用从活的动物身上撕咬下来的生肉，阿比西尼亚人(注：阿比西尼亚为埃塞俄比亚的旧称)至今仍保留这种吃法。

This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' holiday.

他们的大圣人孔子在他的著作《春秋》第二章里毫不隐晦地提到过这段时期。他用“厨丰”这个名词称这段时期为一种黄金时期。“厨丰”的字面意思就是“厨师的节日”。

The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following.

手稿里还说，烤肉的技艺，或者说是烧肉的技艺（我认为烤肉当认烧肉为长兄）是人类偶然发现的，其经过如下。

The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes.

一天早晨，一个叫何悌的养猪人按惯例，要到树林里给猪采集橡果，把农舍交给他的大儿子宝宝照看。宝宝是个傻乎乎的大男孩，和他那个年龄的孩子们一样喜欢玩火，一些火星溅到了一捆干草上，干草很快就燃了起来。大火蔓延到家里的各个角落，最后他们可怜的房屋烧成了灰烬。

Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished.

不只是茅屋（一种极其老旧、简陋，只能凑合着住的屋舍，你可以想象一下），更要命的是，一窝刚下的喜人的小猪崽，数量不少于九

只，也都跟着烧死了。

China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the east from the remotest periods that we read of.

从我们读到过的最遥远的时代开始，中国的猪在整个东方一直被视为一道珍馐。

Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

可想而知，宝宝吓得要命，倒不是因为房子没了——他爸爸和他只要随时用一些干树枝，花上一两个钟头的劳动，就能轻易地重新搭建起来——更让他害怕的是那窝烧死的小猪。

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced.

正当他绞着手面对其中一只夭折的受难者冒着烟的残骸，琢磨怎么向父亲交代时，一股香味扑鼻而来，那香味与他以往闻到的任何香味都不一样。

What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think.

这味道是从哪里传来的呢？不是烧毁的房屋散发出来的——他以前闻过那种味道——其实，这绝不是这位倒霉的玩火少年第一次因疏忽大意而酿成这样的事故了。这味道也一点儿都不像他知道的什么药、什么草、什么花的味道。与此同时，他的口水先知般地从下唇溢了出来。他实在想不出个所以然来。

He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crums of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—crackling!

然后，他弯下腰摸了摸小猪，看看它是否还有任何活着的迹象。他的手指烫到了，为了让它们变凉，他傻乎乎地把手指放到嘴里。几小片烧焦的猪皮粘在他的指头上。他平生头一回（其实就全世界来说也是破天荒头一回，因为在他之前没人知道）尝到了——脆猪皮的味道！

Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit.

接着，他又摸了摸小猪。这一回不那么烫手了，他有点习惯性地又舔了舔手指。

The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies.

最终，他那迟钝的脑袋明白了真相：散发出那种香味的就是这小猪，它吃起来竟是这样美味。他被这一新发现所产生的喜悦折服了，开始把那烧熟的小猪身上的皮连同肉都撕扯下来，像野兽一样一把一把地往嘴里塞。就在这时，他的父亲手持惩罚棍来到了这堆冒着烟的椽木中间。看到眼前的场景，他手里的棍棒便像冰雹一样落到了那个小混蛋的肩膀上。可是，宝宝毫不在意，好像只是有几只苍蝇在骚扰他一样。

The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

刚经历的口腹上极大的快乐和满足使他感觉不到身体稍远处的疼痛与不便了。不管他的父亲怎么打他，他就是不肯放下手里的猪肉，直到他基本把肉吃完了，才对自己的处境有了稍微多点的感知。他们进行了一场大致如下的对话。

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?”

“你这没教养的小崽子，你刚才吞下去的是什么？因为你那该死的胡闹把房子给我烧了三次，还嫌不够吗？现在你这个天杀的居然还吞起火来了，真搞不明白——我说，你刚吞下去的究竟是什么？”

"O father, the pig, the pig, do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

“哎呀，爸爸，是小猪，小猪。快来尝尝吧，烧死的小猪可好吃啦。”

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

何悌一听，吓得耳朵嗡嗡直响。他咒骂自己的儿子，咒骂自己怎么养出了这么一个儿子，竟然会吃起烧死的猪来了。

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord,”—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

宝宝的嗅觉从这个早晨开始已经磨练地非常灵敏了。他很快拉出来另一头猪，基本均等地撕成两半，把较小的那一半硬塞到何悌手里，一边叫道：“吃啊，吃啊，尝尝这烧过的小猪，爸爸，就尝尝吧——老天爷啊。”他一边这么野蛮地喊叫着，一边不断地往嘴里塞猪肉，好像要噎死的样子。

Ho-ti trembled every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

何悌抓着那令人厌恶的东西，气得浑身直哆嗦，颤抖着想他是不是该把自己的儿子当作一个不正常的小怪物弄死。就在这时，他被烧焦的猪皮烫到了手指，正像他儿子的手指被烫时一样，而他也采用了和儿子一样的补救措施，如此一来他也尝到了烧猪的滋味，他表面上作出一副苦脸当掩护，其实心底里明白味道一点儿都不差。最后（原稿在这里写得有点冗长），父子俩坐下来对着这堆肉好一顿吃，直到把那烧死的一窝小猪全部分光吃净、一点儿没剩才停下。

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them.

宝宝被严令禁止将此秘密泄漏出去，因为邻居们定会把他们父子二人当成可恶的坏蛋用石头砸死，因为他们居然敢妄动上苍赐予的上等好肉。

Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day,

others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever.

但是，奇闻怪讯还是流传开了。人们看出来，何悌家的茅屋比以往着火的次数频繁得多。从此以后，他们家便火灾不断。有时候大白天着火，有时是晚上。只要母猪一下崽，何悌家必然火光冲天。更值得注意的是，何悌不但不责骂儿子，反而比以前更加纵容他了。

At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town.

最后，他们受到监视，那骇人听闻的秘密终于被揭穿了。父子二人被传唤到北京接受审判。当时，北京不过是一个不足为道的小镇罢了，只是有一个巡回审判法庭而已。

Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box.

证据已有，那讨厌的食物就在公堂里做好。就在即将宣判的时候，审判长请求能否将一些据以控告犯人的烧猪肉应该交到陪审席上。

He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, towns—folk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

他摸了摸猪肉，陪审团其他成员也都摸了摸。像宝宝和他父亲一样，他们都被烫到了手指，天性促使他们每个人都付诸同样的补救措施，即把手指放到了嘴里吮。让整个法庭和小镇里的民众、外乡人、记者和其他所有在场人员吃惊的是，陪审员不管所有的事实和法官曾作出的最明确的指控，没有离席，也没有进行任何形式的协商，就一致作出了无罪的裁决。

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision: and, when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money.

法官是个精明的家伙，对明显的不公裁决睁一只眼，闭一只眼。退堂之后，他暗箱操作，靠金钱和人情买下了所有能买下的猪。

In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on

fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world.

几天之后，有人看见法官老爷府上着了火。这个事情不胫而走，放眼望去，四处都在着火冒烟。整个地区的干柴和生猪价格飞涨。担保机构纷纷关门大吉。人们造的屋子也越来越不结实，到后来简直叫人担心，建筑这门学问恐怕不久就要在人间失传了。

Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (burnt, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it.

据这部手稿记载，焚毁房屋之风就这样流传了下来，直到随着时间的推移，出现了一位堪比我国洛克的圣人，他发现猪肉和其他任何种类的肉可以烹制（当时他们的说法是烧熟），大可不必烧尽整座房子。

Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among man-kind.

于是，第一个简陋的烤架便出现了。挂在绳上或叉在叉子上的烧烤方式，出现在一两个世纪之后，我忘了具体是哪个朝代的事了。手稿总结道，这一做起来最为实用、看起来最为明白的技艺，就这样一步步慢慢地在人间发展起来。

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

以上的叙述虽不必全信，但也必须承认，如果有什么烹调食品可以为焚烧房屋这类如此危险的试验（特别是在那个年代）提供充分的借口的话，那么这个借口和理由就可能是烤猪。

Of all the delicacies in the whole mundus edibilis, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—princeps obsoniorum.

世间一切美味佳肴之中，我认为最美妙的还是烤猪——它可是无上珍馐啊。

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbydehoys—but a young and tender suckling—under a

moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the amor immunditiae, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble, and a grumble—the mild forerunner, or praeludium, of a grunt.

我所说的可不是你们的那些长大了的肉猪——那种介于幼猪与成年猪之间、半大不小的动物——而是指幼小稚嫩的小乳猪。它出生还不到一个月，还不曾被肮脏的猪圈玷污，从始祖起就遗传下来，代表污秽之爱的原始斑点还没有显现出来。它还未完全开嗓，发出的声音介于尖细的童音和咕哝声之间——那是哼哼声的温和前奏，或者叫做序曲。

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

这种乳猪一定要烤着吃。我知道我们的先人会将它们煮了吃——但这岂不是糟蹋了外面那层嫩皮！

There is no flavour comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, crackling, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—

我得说，什么滋味也比不上那脆脆的、精心看护下烤出且没有烤过头的、焦黄的乳猪脆皮。大家都如此美赞——它引诱着牙齿咬破害羞而又酥脆的薄皮去分享这盛宴中的快乐——还会尝到那层粘粘的膏脂——

O call it not fat—but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

哦，可别把那个称作脂肪——它是脂肪之下难以名状的甜美，脂肪开放出的娇嫩花朵，是蓓蕾初绽之时采集的脂肪，是在嫩芽初发、天真无邪之时所获。那是小乳猪嫩肉的膏脂与精华，说瘦又不瘦，而是肉中的极品——或者说，肥瘦（如果非要用这类词）巧妙结合，相得益彰，共同创造出浑然一体的珍馐。

Behold him, while he is doing—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string!— Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age, he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars.

看它在火上那样子——仿佛是一次神清气爽的取暖，而非被动地接

受火热的炙烤。它绕着吊丝转得多稳当啊！现在，它烤好了。它年纪幼小而极度敏感，漂亮的眼睛哭得通红，像亮晶晶的果冻，像飞闪的星星。

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood?

看它温顺地躺在盘中——它的第二摇篮。成熟一点的猪常常粗野难驯，你要让这天真无邪的小家伙长大变成那样吗？

Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away. Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade.

它十有八九会变成一个贪吃、懒惰、固执、讨人厌的家伙——沉溺于各类肮脏的勾当之中——现在，它可以开心地从那些罪孽中脱离。罪恶尚未将他沾染，忧伤尚未将他摧残。

Death came with timely care—his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon—no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

死亡贴心地及时降临。它的记忆是芳香萦绕的——它不会被做成难闻的咸肉，使小丑胃里恶心而遭其咒骂，也不会被制成恶臭的腊肠，被煤矿搬运工一口吞下——它进了考究的美食家感激的肚子里，那可是一个好归宿。有了这样的归宿，它也算死得其所了。

He is the best of Sapors. Pine-apple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause—too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her—like lovers kisses, she biteth; she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish—but she stoppeth at the palate—she meddleth not with the appetite—and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

它是各种风味中的首选。当然，凤梨也很妙。可是，凤梨真的太过于出类拔萃——吃凤梨的快感即使算不上罪过，也跟罪过差不多，良心脆弱的人真的最好敬而远之——对凡夫俗子来说，太过令人陶醉，人的嘴唇只要一靠近它，就会被它伤到并掉皮。她就像恋人的热吻，会咬到对方。它给人的快乐是临近于痛苦，源自它美味的剧烈与狂热。但是它停止于味觉满足，与食欲毫不相干，一个饥肠辘辘的人可能总会用它去换一块羊排。

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the

appetite, than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

乳猪——让我对它赞美一番——对人食欲的吸引可以让那些口味挑剔的人满意。强壮的食客会拿它当美食，而身体虚弱的人也不会排斥它温和的汁水。

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwisted, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbours' fare.

不像我们人类，兼具多重性格，各种善恶难以名状地交织在一起，须要冒险才能理清楚。小猪通身都是完美的。没有哪个部分比另一个部分好或差。它凭着自己微薄的力量，让所有人都享受到了它的益处。在宴席上，人们丝毫不会因为它而心生嫉妒。它是所有人都喜爱的食物。

I am one of those, who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own.

我这个人属于那些一旦交了好运得了好东西，总会毫不吝惜而大方地请友人共享的那类人（我的朋友中则很少有此类人）。我敢保证，我对朋友的快乐、爱好和适当的需求都像是对自己的事一样十分上心。

"Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chicken (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give every thing." I make my stand upon pig.

“礼物，”我常说，“使不在场的人分外可爱。”野兔、山鸡、鹧鸪、沙锥鸟、家鸡（那些“温顺的田园禽类”）、阉鸡、千鸟、腌猪肉，还有成桶的牡蛎——我一收到这些东西就大方地往外派送。我喜爱让我朋友的舌头尝尝这些美食的味道，就像我自己也尝到了一样。但是，凡事总得有个分寸。人不能像李尔王一样“奉送一切”。我把烤猪当成我的界线。

Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavours, to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house, slightingly, (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what) a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate— It argues an insensibility.

我觉得，如果我把这道命中注定恰好适合我个人口味的珍馐外送到

其他住所、或送出自己的房子一点儿，（用友谊或什么其他借口），那就是对所有美味给予者的不知感激——这是一种麻木不仁。

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school.

记得以前在学校的时候，我就遇到过这样一件令我良心不安的事情。

My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweet-meat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London bridge) a grey-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt at this time of day that he was a counterfeit).

我那年迈善良的姑妈，每次都会在我假期结束要离开时，往我口袋里塞点甜食或是别的好东西。一天晚上她跟我道别时，给了我一块还冒着热气刚出烤箱的梅子蛋糕。在我去学校的路上（那时我正经过伦敦桥），一个头发花白的老乞丐向我行了礼（现在我敢肯定他是个骗子）。

I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, school-boy-like, I made him a present of—the whole cake!

当时，我身上没有一个便士来施舍给他。可我出于自苦为荣的虚荣心理，和学生气的少爷慈善派头，给了他一份礼物，那一整块蛋糕！

I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger, that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself, and not another—would eat her nice cake—and what should I say to her the next time I saw her—how naughty I was to part with her pretty present—and the odour of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last—and I blamed my impertinent spirit of aims-giving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness, and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old grey impostor.

我往前走了一小段路，感到飘飘然，有一种甜美的自我满足感聊以慰藉，人在这种情况下都会这样。但是，我还没走到桥尾，就回过神来，流出了眼泪。我想到自己太对不起我的好姑妈了，竟将她送我的好礼物给了一个我素未谋面的人，说不定还不是什么好人。然后，我又想

到，我姑妈可能正感到开心，想着她那块美味的蛋糕进了我——而不是别人——的肚子。而且，下次我见到她时，应该怎么说呢？我太不懂事，把她那个精美的礼物送给了别人。随后，我又想起了那块喷香的蛋糕，我看着她做蛋糕时的愉悦与好奇，她把蛋糕放进烤箱时的欢喜，以及要是她知道我最后连一小口都没吃到会多么失望。于是，我开始为我的胡乱施舍和不合时宜的假慈悲而自责。最重要的是，我这辈子都不想再见到那个阴险狡诈、一无是处、头发灰白的老骗子。

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance, naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet.

我们的祖先在献祭这些稚嫩的小动物为牺牲品时，方法是相当考究的。我们在书上读到过用一把禾束把小猪抽打死，就像我们听到过其他已废弃的风俗一样。这种律法时代已经过去了，不然研究一下（仅仅是从哲学的角度去研究）这个过程对乳猪肉这种本来就那么鲜嫩可口的东西会有什么柔化和加嫩效果，应该会很有意思。这就像是在给紫罗兰上色。

Yet we should be cautious while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto—

不过，我们在谴责这种方法的不人道时，应该小心谨慎，不能将其中的精妙之处也一并否决了。这种做法说不定会赋予小猪肉一种特别的风味——

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavour of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (per flagellationem extremam) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

记得当年我在圣奥莫学院的时候，曾经听过年轻学生们的一场辩论，题目是这样一个假说“如果猪被抽打致死（极度的鞭打），它给人味蕾的快感比用其他任何我们可以想象的用到动物身上的受苦方法弄死它更强烈，我们用这种办法处死它是否合理？”辩论中，双方旁征博引，妙语连珠。我忘了结论如何。

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crums, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But, banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe.

烤猪的调料也需加以仔细研究。做猪肝猪脑时，少许面包屑和味道清淡的鼠尾草是必不可少的。但是，亲爱的厨师夫人，我恳求您凡是洋葱之类的，一概免放。

Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

为了尽力烤出口味的阉猪，你可以把它全部埋在葱堆里，把它们的身体里塞上整个园子里收获的呛人而讨人厌的大蒜，都没关系，你毁不了它们，或是让它们比现在的味道更大。但是，对于烤乳猪则要小心地考虑到它还很娇嫩，如同一朵鲜花一样。

Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago

三十五年前的基督医学院

IN Mr. Lamb's "Works" published a year or two since, I find a magnificent eulogy on my old school[1], such as it was, or now appears to him to have been, between the 1782 and 1789. It happens, very oddly, that my own standing at Christ's was nearly corresponding with his; and, with all gratitude to him for his enthusiasm for the cloisters, I think he has contrived to bring together whatever can be said in praise of them, dropping all the other side of the argument most ingeniously.

在兰姆先生一两年前出版的《文集》中，我发现了一篇赞颂我的母校[1]的精彩大作。文中所写之事都发生在，或者说据作者所记忆，都发生在1782至1789年间。奇怪是，碰巧我读基督医学院的时间几乎与作者相同。作者对于母校的拳拳之心让我对他不胜感激，但同时我也觉得，他尽力将可称道的方面一一道出，而对于事情的另一方面则巧妙地避开。

I remember L. at school; and can well recollect that he had some peculiar advantages, which I and others of his schoolfellows had not. His friends lived in town, and were near at hand; and he had the privilege of going to see them, almost as often as he wished, through some invidious distinction which was denied to us. The present worthy sub-treasurer to the Inner Temple can explain how that happened. He had his tea and hot rolls in a morning, while we were battening upon our quarter of a penny loaf—our crug moistened with attenuated small beer, in wooden piggins, smacking of the pitched leathern jack it was poured from. Our Mondays milk porritch, blue and tasteless, and the pease soup of Saturday, coarse and choking, were enriched for him with a slice of "extra-ordinary bread and butter," from the hot-loaf of the Temple. The Wednesday's mess of millet, somewhat less repugnant—(we had three banyan to four meat days in the week) was endeared to his palate with a lump of double-refined, and a smack of ginger (to make it go down the more glibly) or the fragrant cinnamon. In lieu of our half-pickled Sundays, or quite fresh boiled beef on Thursdays (strong as caro equina), with detestable marigolds floating in the pail to poison the broth—our scanty mutton crags on Fridays—and rather more savoury, but grudging, portions of the same flesh, rotten-roasted or rare, on the Tuesdays (the only dish which excited our appetites, and disappointed our stomachs, in almost equal proportion)—he had his hot plate of roast veal, or the more tempting griskin (exotics unknown to our palates), cooked in the

paternal kitchen (a great thing), and brought him daily by his maid or aunt! I remember the good old relative (in whom love forbade pride) squatting down upon some odd stone in a by-nook of the cloisters disclosing the viands (of higher regale than those cates which the ravens ministered to the Tishbite); and the contending passions of L. at the unfolding. There was love for the bringer; shame for the thing brought, and the manner of its bringing; sympathy for those who were too many to share in it; and, at top of all, hunger (eldest, strongest of the passions!) predominant, breaking down the stony fences of shame, and awkwardness, and a troubling over-consciousness.

我还记得兰姆在学校里的样子，还能清楚地想起他具备的某些独特的优越条件，那是我和其他同学所不具备的。他的朋友们就住在城里，离得很近。所以，兰姆就有经常去看望他们的特权，几乎是想什么时候去就什么时候去。而我们可就没这福分了，所以很嫉妒他的特权。至于个中详情，内殿法学院受人敬重的现任副司库员可以解释。每天早晨，他有茶喝，有热面包卷吃，而我们只能拿四分之一便士的廉价面包来填肚子——我们喝的则是一点点淡啤酒，用木桶盛着，往外倒的时候，夹杂着一种皮革味道。我们周一吃的牛奶粥有点发蓝，没什么味道；周六喝的豌豆汤粗糙得难以下咽，但他有内殿法学院厨房做出的一片“特制的黄油面包”来丰富饮食。周三的小米粥稍微不那么让人反胃——（我们一周中有三天吃素，四天开荤）——他还另有一块双倍提纯精制糖、一小块姜（让食物更容易下咽），或者香桂皮来让食物变得可口。我们周日靠还没有完全制好的腌菜度日，周四吃煮得半生不熟的牛肉（硬得像马肉似的），盛汤的桶里还漂着恶心的金盏花，汤就这样被毁了——周五吃的是很少量的羊脖子——周二的羊肉味道还行，但量少得可怜，而且不是烤过了就是不熟（这是唯一一道能够刺激我们胃口的菜了，但几乎每次吃到肚里都很失望）——他却能吃到热腾腾的烤小牛肉，或是更加诱人的熏肋条（这都是我们没吃过的稀世美味）。那都是他父亲厨房里做出来的（这是很棒的一件事），而且天天还由他家的女仆或姨给他送来！我记得那位好心的上了年纪的亲戚（因为爱而放下骄傲）在回廊一个偏僻的角落里，蹲在一块奇形怪状的石头上把那些食物打开（那些食物比乌鸦叼给以利亚的食物还要美味）；我也记得每次那位亲戚打开食物的时候，兰姆的心情是多么矛盾。他爱送东西过来的人，却对送来的东西和送东西的方式感到愧疚，对因为人数太多而无法分享食物的同学心怀同情。但是，饥饿（这是持续时间最长、最强烈的欲望！）占了上风，把由愧疚、尴尬，以及良心的不安所铸就的围墙击垮。

I was a poor friendless boy. My parents, and those who should care for me, were far away. Those few acquaintances of theirs, which they could reckon upon being kind to me in the great city, after a little forced notice, which they had the grace to take of me on my first arrival in town, soon grew tired of my holiday visits. They seemed to them to recur too often, though I thought them few enough; and, one after another, they all failed me, and I felt myself alone among six

hundred playmates.

我是个可怜的孩子，没什么朋友。我的父母和那些应照顾我的人都在远方。他们本指望着他们在这个大城市里的几个熟人可以对我加以照应。我初来乍到之时，他们勉强地对我表示过善意的关心，但很快就对我节假日的造访感到厌倦了。虽然我觉得自己去得根本不算多，但他们似乎觉得我来访过于频繁；他们便一个接一个都不理我了。即使周围有六百多名玩伴，我还是觉得孤独。

O the cruelty of separating a poor lad from his early homestead! The yearnings which I used to have towards it in those unfledged years! How, in my dreams, would my native town (far in the west) come back, with its church, and trees, and faces! How I would wake weeping, and in the anguish of my heart exclaim upon sweet Calne in Wiltshire!

啊，让一个可怜的孩子离开自己儿时的家，这是多么残忍啊！在那羽翼未丰的岁月里，我是多么思念我的家乡啊！多少次，我的家乡（远在西部），连同那里的教堂、树木和面孔一起出现在我的梦里！多少次，我从梦里哭醒，满腔痛苦地呼唤远在威尔特郡的可爱的迦恩！

To this late hour of my life, I trace impressions left by the recollection of those friendless holidays. The long warm days of summer never return but they bring with them a gloom from the haunting memory of those whole-day-leaves, when, by some strange arrangement, we were turned out, for the live-long day, upon our own hands, whether we had friends to go to, or none. I remember those bathing excursions to the New-River, which L. recalls with such relish, better, I think, than he can—for he was a home-seeking lad, and did not much care for such water-pastimes. How merrily we would sally forth into the fields; and strip under the first warmth of the sun; and wanton like young dace in the streams; getting us appetites for noon, which those of us that were pennyless (our scanty morning crust long since exhausted) had not the means of allaying—while the cattle, and the birds, and the fishes, were at feed about us, and we had nothing to satisfy our cravings—the very beauty of the day, and the exercise of the pastime, and the sense of liberty, setting a keener edge upon them. How faint and languid, finally, we would return, towards nightfall, to our desired morsel, half-rejoicing, half-reluctant, that the hours of our uneasy liberty had expired!

在我垂暮之年，我回忆着那些缺少朋友的节假日，追寻着这些回忆留下的印迹。那温暖而漫长的夏日是再也回不来了，但随之而来的是对全天假那挥之不去的记忆里的郁郁之情。那时，不知是出于什么奇怪的安排，我们都被遣出校门，一整天都要自己打发，不管我们有没有朋友可投奔。我记得去新开河游泳的经历，兰姆把这件事情讲得绘声绘色，但我觉得他未必记得这么真切——因为他是个恋家的孩子，对这些水里

的消遣游戏并没有太大兴趣。我们是多么开心呀，我们行进到田野里；在刚有些暖意的阳光下脱下衣服；像小鱼似的在溪水里嬉戏；玩到中午，我们肚子饿了，可我们中身无分文的那些人（早上吃的那一丁点儿面包早就消耗光了）没有办法缓解饥饿——而牛、鸟和鱼在我们周围吃得正欢，我们自己却没有东西拿来充饥——时光的美好、嬉戏中的运动和自由的感觉让饥饿之感更加强烈。最后，夜幕要降临时，我们返回学校去吃企盼已久的一点点晚饭，我们高兴之余，又有略带勉强，感叹我们不自在的自由时光的结束。这时，我们是多么眩晕与疲惫呀！

It was worse in the days of winter, to go prowling about the streets objectless—shivering at cold windows of print-shops, to extract a little amusement; or haply, as a last resort, in the hope of a little novelty, to pay a fifty-times repeated visit (where our individual faces should be as well known to the warden as those of his own charges) to the Lions in the Tower—to whose levee, by courtesy immemorial, we had a prescriptive title to admission. L.' s governor (so we called the patron who presented us to the foundation) lived in a manner under his paternal roof. Any complaint which he had to make was sure of being attended to. This was understood at Christ's, and was an effectual screen to him against the severity of masters, or worse tyranny of the monitors. The oppressions of these young brutes are heart-sickening to call to recollection. I have been called out of my bed, and waked for the purpose, in the coldest winter nights—and this not once, but night after night—in my shirt, to receive the discipline of a leathern thong, with eleven other sufferers, because it pleased my callow overseer, when there has been any talking after we were gone to bed, to make the six last beds in the dormitory, where the youngest children of us slept, answerable for an offence they neither dared to commit, nor had the power to hinder. The same execrable tyranny drove the younger part of us from the fires, when our feet were perishing with snow; and, under the cruelest penalties, forbad the indulgence of a drink of water, when we lay in sleepless summer nights, fevered with the season, and the day's sports.

冬天在街上漫无目的地闲逛就更糟糕了——在版画店冰冷的橱窗前冻得瑟瑟发抖，只为寻点乐趣；或者就搬出最后一招，第五十次去伦敦塔看狮子，希望能遇着点新鲜事（看护人看管的狮子应该和看护人一样熟悉我们那几张面孔）——像古时施恩的规定，我们去看那些狮子是免费的。兰姆的董事（我们这样称呼把我们送到这个学校的保荐人）就住在他父亲家中。所以，兰姆的任何抱怨都一定会有人出面处理。基督医学院的人对此都心知肚明。面对老师的严厉和班长更可怕的暴虐时，这对兰姆来说是一道有效的屏障。那些小畜牲的压迫回忆起来实在令人恶心。我就曾经被他们在最寒冷的冬夜从床上叫起来——这还不是一次，而是每个夜晚——只穿着衬衣去挨皮鞭子受罚，与我一起的还有另外十一个受罚的人。寝室最里面那六张床上睡的是我们当中年龄最小的孩

子，我们就寝后还有任何人讲话时，我那个乳臭未干的头儿喜欢让这些孩子为他们自己不敢、也没有权力制止他人的犯规行为负责。正因为这样，我们才挨打。还是在这种恶劣的暴政下，我们当中年纪较小的孩子，双脚在雪地里冻坏了，却不准靠近火炉。最残忍的惩罚莫过于夏天晚上，我们在炎热的天气中活动了一天，躺着辗转难眠，却连一口水都不准喝。

There was one H—, who, I learned, in after days, was seen expiating some maturer offence in the hulks. (Do I flatter myself in fancying that this might be the planter of that name, who suffered—at Nevis, I think, or St. Kits, some few years since? My friend Tobin was the benevolent instrument of bringing him to the gallows.) This petty Nero actually branded a boy, who had offended him, with a red hot iron; and nearly starved forty of us, with exacting contributions, to the one half of our bread, to pamper a young ass, which, incredible as it may seem, with the connivance of the nurse's daughter (a young flame of his) he had contrived to smuggle in, and keep upon the leads of the ward, as they called our dormitories. This game went on for better than a week, till the foolish beast, not able to fare well but he must cry roast meat—happier than Caligula's minion, could he have kept his own counsel—but, foolisher, alas! than any of his species in the fables—waxing fat, and kicking, in the fulness of bread, one unlucky minute would needs proclaim his good fortune to the world below; and, laying out his simple throat, blew such a ram's horn blast, as (toppling down the walls of his own Jericho) set concealment any longer at defiance. The client was dismissed, with certain attentions, to Smithfield; but I never understood that the patron underwent any censure on the occasion. This was in the stewardship of L.' s admired Perry.

其中有个叫霍什么的——后来我听说有人看到他曾在船上为某个更严重的罪过赎罪。（我想起几年后，有个同名的种植园主在尼维斯岛还是圣基茨岛上被处决，可能就是此人，我聪明吧？我的朋友托宾把他送上绞架，真是一桩善举了。）这位心胸狭窄的恶人曾经真的拿烧红的烙铁把一个得罪了他的男孩烙伤，还让我们中的四十名学生贡献出自己的一半面包去喂一头小驴子，差点没把我们饿死。虽然看起来很不可思议，这头驴子是他在保育员的女儿（他的小情人）的纵容下偷偷弄进来的，就养在牢房——他们称之为我们的寝室——的铅皮屋顶上。这场好戏上演了一个多星期，直到那头蠢驴不肯好好过日子，偏要大吹大擂——要是它自我收敛，会过得比卡利古拉的宠臣还要舒坦。但是，唉！这家伙比寓言里它的所有同类都蠢——它用面包填饱了肚子，体肥膘圆，还不停地乱踢，就等着那倒霉的一刻快点到来，好向下面的人炫耀自己的好运。于是，它扯开嗓子，猛吹羊角号（终于吹塌了自己的耶利哥城），再也无处藏身。它被小心翼翼地押运到了史密斯菲尔德。但是，我从未听说它的主人因此事而受到什么责备。这事发生在佩里管事

的时期，兰姆对他很是崇敬。

Under the same facile administration, can L. have forgotten the cool impunity with which the nurses used to carry away openly, in open platters, for their own tables, one out of two of every hot joint, which the careful matron had been seeing scrupulously weighed out for our dinners? These things were daily practised in that magnificent apartment, which L. (grown connoisseur since, we presume) praises so highly for the grand paintings "by Verrio, and others," with which it is "hung round and adorned." But the sight of sleek well-fed blue-coat boys in pictures was, at that time, I believe, little consolatory to him, or us, the living ones, who saw the better part of our provisions carried away before our faces by harpies; and ourselves reduced (with the Trojan in the hall of Dido) to feed our mind with idle portraiture.

还是在他这种松懈的管理下，保育员们公然把我们那热腾腾的大块肉分去一半，装在大盘子里端到她们自己的桌上。那本是认真的女管理员仔细称过，为我们准备的晚饭。兰姆能忘记她们端走肉而根本不会受到任何惩罚的情形吗？这些事情每天都会在那个气势恢宏的建筑里上演，兰姆（我们想，他从那以后就成鉴赏家了）大肆赞美里面“维里奥和其他人的”伟大画作，说那些作品“悬挂在四周，大有装饰之功”。但是，我相信，当时画里那些身着时髦蓝外套的胖小子对兰姆或我们这些活着的人都起不了什么安慰作用。我们都眼看着自己的多半食物被那些刁妇掳走，自己只好（像狄多殿中的特洛伊人那样）拿无用的画像来滋养心灵。

L. has recorded the repugnance of the school to gags, or the fat of fresh beef boiled; and sets it down to some superstition. But these unctuous morsels are never grateful to young palates (children are universally fat-haters) and in strong, coarse, boiled meats, unsalted, are detestable. A gag-eater in our time was equivalent to a goul, and held in equal detestation—suffered under the imputation—'Twas said he ate strange flesh.

兰姆记述了全校学生对咕噜肉的厌恶，也就是淡水煮牛肉上的肥肉；他还把这事归为某种迷信。但是，小孩子从来都不喜欢吃这些油腻的小块肉（小孩子普遍都讨厌肥肉）。何况那淡水煮的肉又硬又老，连盐都没加，实在是令人恶心。我们那时候，吃咕噜肉的人就相当于食尸鬼，也同样被人厌恶。有个同学就曾经背过这种恶名——相传他吃奇怪的肉。

He was observed, after dinner, carefully to gather up the remnants left at his table (not many, nor very choice fragments, you may credit me) and, in an especial manner, these disreputable morsels, which he would convey away, and secretly stow in the settle that stood at his bed-side. None saw when he ate them. It was rumoured that he privately devoured them in the night. He was

watched, but no traces of such midnight practices were discoverable. Some reported, that, on leave-days, he had been seen to carry out of the bounds a large blue check handkerchief, full of something. This then must be the accursed thing. Conjecture next was at work to imagine how he could dispose of it. Some said he sold it to the beggars. This belief generally prevailed. He went about moping. None spake to him. No one would lay with him. He was excommunicated; put out of the pale of the school. He was too powerful a boy to be beaten, but he underwent every mode of that negative punishment, which is more grievous than many stripes. Still he persevered. At length he was observed by two of his school-fellows, who were determined to get at the secret, and had traced him one leave-day for that purpose, to enter a large worn-out building, such as there exist specimens of in Chancery-lane, which are let out to various scales of pauperism with open door, and a common staircase. After him they silently slunk in, and followed by stealth up four flights, and saw him tap at a poor wicket, which was opened by an aged woman, meanly clad. Suspicion was now ripened into certainty. The informers had secured their victim. They had him in their toils. Accusation was formally preferred, and retribution most signal was looked for. Mr. Hathaway, the then steward (for this happened a little after my time), with that patient sagacity which tempered all his conduct, determined to investigate the matter, before he proceeded to sentence. The result was, that the supposed mendicants, the receivers or purchasers of the mysterious scraps, turned out to be the parents of—, an honest couple come to decay,—whom this seasonable supply had, in all probability, saved from mendicancy; and that this young stork, at the expense of his own good name, had all this while been only feeding the old birds! The governors on this occasion, much to their honour, voted a present relief to the family of—, and presented him with a silver medal. The lesson which the steward read upon RASH JUDGMENT, on the occasion of publicly delivering the medal to—, I believe, would not be lost upon his auditory. I had left school then, but I well remember—. He was a tall, shambling youth with a cast in his eye, not at all calculated to conciliate hostile prejudices. I have since seen him carrying a baker's basket. I think I heard he did not do quite so well by himself, as he had done by the old folks.

有人曾看到他吃过饭后把他桌上的剩饭小心翼翼地收起来（剩下的不多，也没什么好吃的，你可以相信我的话）。而且，他还会用一种特别的办法把那些见不得人的肉带走，偷偷藏在他床边的小柜子里。没人看见他是什么时候吃掉那些东西的。有传闻说他是半夜偷偷吞下去的。他受到了监视，但也没被发现半夜里吃过什么。也有人汇报说，有人在放假的时候瞧见他带了一块蓝色的方格大手帕出去，里面塞得鼓鼓的。里面肯定就是那该死的东西了。接下来，大家就开始猜测他会怎么处理

它。有人说，他把它卖给了要饭的。大家普遍相信了这种说法。他到处闲逛。没人搭理他。没人愿意和他玩。他被孤立了，被逐出了学校。他力气太大，没人打得过他。但是，他受到了比挨鞭子更痛苦的各类惩罚。不过，他依然顽固不化。最后，有两个同学决定去探个究竟。于是，放假那天，他们便跟在他身后，随他进了一座破破烂烂的大宅子。这种房子在大法庭巷还能看见，租给各种阶层的穷人，大门都敞开着，楼梯是共用的。他们在他身后默不作声地偷偷溜了进去，又鬼鬼祟祟地跟他上了四楼，见他轻轻地敲了敲一扇破旧的边门。开门的是个衣着寒酸的老妇人。怀疑就此得到证实。告密者抓住了他们的受害者。他落到了他们手中。控告正式提出，要求严惩不怠。当时的管理人是哈撒韦先生（因为这事发生在我离校后不久）。他为人处事沉稳睿智，决定先将此事调查一番，再作判决。调查结果表明，那所谓的乞丐——将那些神秘的剩饭收去或买去了的人——居然是那学生的父母。他们是一对老实的老夫妇，亏得有了那些及时的食物，否则他们很可能就要沦为乞丐了；这个年轻的鹳鸟牺牲掉自己的名誉，做这一切都只是为了养育双亲！学校的董事对此事深感荣耀，投票给那位学生家里发了一份救济金，还授予他一枚银制奖章。在公开为那个学生颁发奖章的仪式上，校管理人发表了一番关于轻言轻断的训戒之言，我相信听众都不会忘记他的话。那时，我已经离开了学校，但我还记得很清楚——他是个高个子年轻人，走路有些摇晃，还有点儿斜眼。他从来都没有打算要化解怀有敌意的偏见。后来，我曾见他提了个面包篮。我好像听说他待自己可不像待父母那么好。

I was a hypochondriac lad; and the sight of a boy in fetters, upon the day of my first putting on the blue clothes, was not exactly fitted to assuage the natural terrors of initiation. I was of tender years, barely turned of seven; and had only read of such things in books, or seen them but in dreams. I was told he had run away. This was the punishment for the first offence. As a novice I was soon after taken to see the dungeons. These were little, square, Bedlam cells, where a boy could just lie at his length upon straw and a blanket—a mattress, I think, was afterwards substituted—with a peep of light, let in askance, from a prison-orifice at top, barely enough to read by. Here the poor boy was locked in by himself all day, without sight of any but the porter who brought him his bread and water—who might not speak to him ;—or of the beadle, who came twice a week to call him out to receive his periodical chastisement, which was almost welcome because it separated him for a brief interval from solitude: and here he was shut up by himself of nights, out of the reach of any sound, to suffer whatever horrors the weak nerves, and superstition incident to his time of life, might subject him to.[2] This was the penalty for the second offence. Wouldst thou like, reader, to see what became of him in the next degree?

我是个患了忧郁症的孩子，我第一天穿着蓝色的衣服上学，就看到

了一个戴脚镣的孩子，这确实不太适合缓解第一次自然产生的恐惧。那时我年纪还小，刚满七岁；我只在书里读到过这些东西，或者只在梦里见过。有人告诉我，那个孩子逃跑了。眼前这情景就是对他初犯的惩罚。作为新生，我很快又被带去参观地牢。地牢里是一个个小小的方形隔间，像疯人院似的，每个隔间大小刚刚够让一个男孩躺下，下面铺了稻草，还有一张毯子——我记得后来大概换成了垫子——隔间顶上有个小孔，微弱的光线从孔里斜射进来，在这样的光线下，勉强能够看看书。可怜的孩子整天就被独自关在这里，除了给他送面包和水的门房，谁也见不到——但门房也不会搭理他；工役每周来两次，叫他出去接受定期的惩罚，但是就连惩罚他也期待，因为这样他就可以暂时摆脱孤寂：晚上，他独自一人被关在那里，什么声音都听不到，他神经脆弱，年纪又小，有点迷信，因此饱受恐惧的折磨。[2]这就是对他第二次犯错的惩罚。读者，您想不想知道他下一阶段怎么样了？

The culprit, who had been a third time an offender, and whose expulsion was at this time deemed irreversible, was brought forth, as at some solemn auto da fe, arrayed in uncouth and most appalling attire—all trace of his late "watchet weeds" carefully effaced, he was exposed in a jacket, resembling those which London lamplighters formerly delighted in, with a cap of the same. The effect of this divestiture was such as the ingenious devisers of it could have anticipated. With his pale an frighted features, it was as if some of those disfigurements in Dante had seized upon him. In this disguisement he was brought into the hall (L.' s favourite state-room), where awaited him the whole number of his school-fellows, whose joint lessons and sports he was thenceforth to share no more; the awful presence of the steward, to be seen for the last time; of the executioner beadle, clad in his state robe for the occasion; and of two faces more, of direr import, because never but in these extremities visible. These were governors; two of whom, by choice, or charter, were always accustomed to officiate at these Ultima Supplicia; not to mitigate (so at least we understood it), but to enforce the uttermost stripe. Old Bamber Gascoigne, and Peter Aubert, I remember, were colleagues on one occasion, when the beadle turning rather pale, a glass of brandy was ordered to prepare him for the mysteries. The scourging was, after the old Roman fashion, long and stately. The lictor accompanied the criminal quite round the hall. We were generally too faint with attending to the previous disgusting circumstances, to make accurate report with our eyes of the degree of corporal suffering inflicted. Report, of course, gave out the back knotty and livid. After scourging, he was made over, in his San Benito, to his friends, if he had any (but commonly such poor runagates were friendless), or to his parish officer, who, to enhance the effect of the scene, had his station allotted to him on the outside of the hall gate.

这个罪犯已经违规了三次，这次免不了要被开除出校了。他必须穿上一套怪异可怕的衣服，被带到某个肃穆的宗教审判仪式一样的场合——他之前还穿着的“浅蓝色衣服”已经完全不见了，现在正穿一件外套，就像伦敦的点灯人过去爱穿的那样，帽子也一样。脱掉他衣服的影响和精明的谋划者先前预料的一样。他脸色煞白，面露惊恐，就像是被但丁笔下的厉鬼抓去了一般。他穿着这身虚假的装束被带入了大厅（就是兰姆最喜欢的那个华丽大堂），学校的全体同学在那里等着他。从今往后，他再也不能和他们一起上课，一起玩乐了；校管理人也庄严出席了，这将是那孩子最后一次见他了；行刑差役也在场，还为这个场合穿上了官服；另外，还有两张脸更加可怕，因为除非是这种极端事件，他们是不会露面的。那两个人就是学校董事；每次遇上这种终极惩罚，学校董事会就会推举或委派两个人前来主持。他们不是来减轻处分的（至少我们这样理解），而是过来实施最严重的处罚。我还记得，老班伯格·加斯科因和彼得·奥伯特有一次一同主持。那次，差役紧张得脸色煞白，他们专门给了他一杯白兰地，让他为神秘的行刑准备。鞭刑是古罗马式的，时间很长，气氛很严肃。扈从带着犯人绕大厅走了一大圈。我们一般看到之前那骇人的场面都已经吓晕了，无法再细看犯人受的皮肉之苦有多严重。当然，细看的话，能看到犯人背部鞭痕凸显，呈青灰色。鞭刑过后，如果他有朋友的话，他就穿着这身悔罪服被移交到他朋友那里（不过一般来说，这类可怜的混混都没有朋友），或者交到他的教区官员那里。为了加强场面的效果，还专门在大厅门外为这位官员设了席位。

These solemn pageantries were not played off so often as to spoil the general mirth of the community. We had plenty of exercise and recreation after school hours; and, for myself, I must confess, that I was never happier, than in them. The Upper and the Lower Grammar Schools were held in the same room; and an imaginary line only divided their bounds. Their character was as different as that of the inhabitants on the two sides of the Pyrenees. The Rev. James Boyer was the Upper Master; but the Rev. Matthew Field presided over that portion of the apartment, of which I had the good fortune to be a member. We lived a life as careless as birds. We talked and did just what we pleased, and nobody molested us. We carried an accidence, or a grammar, for form; but, for any trouble it gave us, we might take two years in getting through the verbs deponent, and another two in forgetting all that we had learned about them. There was now and then the formality of saying a lesson, but if you had not learned it, a brush across the shoulders (just enough to disturb a fly) was the sole remonstrance. Field never used the rod and in truth he wielded the cane with no great good will—holding it "like a dancer." It looked in his hands rather like an emblem than an instrument of authority; and an emblem, too, he was ashamed of. He was a good easy man, that did not care to ruffle his own peace, nor perhaps set any great consideration upon the value of juvenile time. He came among us,

now and then, but often staid away whole days from us; and when he came, it made no difference to us—he had his private room to retire to, the short time he staid, to be out of the sound of our noise. Our mirth and uproar went on. We had classics of our own, without being beholden to "insolent Greece or haughty Rome," that passed current among us—Peter Wilkins—the Adventures of the Hon. Capt. Robert Boyle—the Fortunate Blue Coat Boy—and the like. Or we cultivated a turn for mechanic or scientific operations; making little sun-dials of paper; or weaving those ingenious parentheses, called cat-cradles; or making dry peas to dance upon the end of a tin pipe; or studying the art military over that laudable game "French and English," and a hundred other such devices to pass away the time—mixing the useful with the agreeable—as would have made the souls of Rousseau and John Locke chuckle to have seen us.

这种庄严的盛典不常有，学校里总体的愉快气氛还不至遭到破坏。我们的课后运动和娱乐活动多得很；但我得承认，对我来说，上课时间才是最快乐的。语法高级班和初级班在同一个教室里上课，两者仅由一道假想的线隔开。它们之间的区别就像比利牛斯山两边的居民之间的区别一样。詹姆斯·博耶牧师是高级班的老师；马修·菲尔德牧师掌管教室里的另一部分学生，我有幸是他班上的学生。我们的日子过得像鸟儿一样无忧无虑。我们在课上讲话，想干什么就干什么，没人管我们。我们带着一本词法书，或者语法书装样子；不过，这些书很烦人，我们大概花两年的时间搞明白异相动词，又用两年时间把学到的东西忘得一干二净。有时，我们要走背书这个过场，不过，如果背不出来，受到的惩罚也只是在肩膀上轻轻一扫（其力度正好够把苍蝇赶走）。菲尔德从来没用过教鞭，说实在的，他也从来没好好拿过教鞭——握着时“像一个舞蹈家”。教鞭在他手里好像只是个象征，而非权威的工具；而且，他还以这种象征为耻。他心地善良，为人随和，不喜欢扰乱自己平静的生活，他似乎也没有认真考虑青少年的时光有多宝贵。虽说他会时不时地来我们中间，但我们经常整天都见不着他；对我们来说，他来不来都一样——他呆的时间很短，而且一直躲在自己的私人房间里，以躲开我们的吵闹声。我们则继续嬉笑、闹腾。我们对“骄横的希腊或傲慢的罗马”没有好感，有自己奉为经典的书。我们当时相互传阅的是——《彼得·威尔金斯》——《可敬的罗伯特·博伊尔船长历险记》——《幸运的蓝衫少年》等等此类的书。我们有时也转向机械或者科学实践；用纸做个小日晷仪；或编一些巧妙的、被称为“猫的摇篮”的括弧状东西；或者把干豌豆弄到锡管口处蹦跶；再或者就玩一种叫“法国人和英国人”的很棒的游戏来研究军事艺术，此外还有其他上百种此类的消遣方式——又实用又好玩——若是卢梭和约翰·洛克在天有灵，看见我们后也一定会被逗乐。

Matthew Field belonged to that class of modest divines who affect to mix in equal proportion the gentleman, the scholar, and the Christian; but, I know not how, the first ingredient is generally found to he the predominating dose in the composition. He was engaged in

gay parties, or with his courtly bow at some episcopal levee when he should have been attending upon us. He had for many years the classical charge of a hundred children, during the four or five first years of their education; and his very highest form seldom proceeded further than two or three of the introductory fables of Phaedrus. How things were suffered to go on thus, I cannot guess. Boyer, who was the proper person to have remedied these abuses, always affected, perhaps felt, a delicacy in interfering in a province not strictly his own. I have not been without my suspicions, that he was not altogether displeased at contrast we presented to his end of the school. We were a sort of Helots to his young Spartans. He would sometimes, with ironic deference, send to borrow a rod of the Under Master, and then, with Sardonic grin, observe to one of his upper boys, "how neat and fresh the twigs looked." While his pale students were battering their brains over Xenophon and Plato, with a silence as deep as that enjoined by the Samite, we were enjoying ourselves at our ease in our little Goshen. We saw a little into the secrets of his discipline, and the prospect did but the more reconcile us to our lot. His thunders rolled innocuous for us; his storms came near, but never touched us; contrary to Gideon's miracle, while all around were drenched, our fleece was dry. His boys turned out the better scholars; we, I suspect, have the advantage in temper. His pupils cannot speak of him without something of terror allaying their gratitude; the remembrance of Field comes back with all the soothing images of indolence, and summer slumbers, and work like play, and innocent idleness, and Elysian exemptions, and life itself a "playing holiday."[3] Though sufficiently removed from the jurisdiction of Boyer, we were near enough (as I have said) to understand a little of his system. We occasionally heard sounds of the Ululantes, and caught glances of Tartarus. B. was a rabid pedant. His English style was crampt to barbarism. His Easter anthems (for his duty obliged him to those periodical flights) were grating as scrannel pipes. He would laugh, ay, and heartily, but then it must be at Flaccus's quibble about Rex—or at the tristis severitas in vultu, or inspicere in patinas, of Terence—thin jests, which at their first broaching could hardly have had vis enough to move a Roman muscle. He had two wigs, both pedantic, but of differing omen. The one serene, smiling, fresh powdered, betokening a mild day. The other, an old discoloured, unkempt, angry caxon, denoting frequent and bloody execution. Woe to the school, when he made his morning appearance in his passy, or passionate wig. No comet expounded surer.—J. B. had a heavy hand. I have known him double his knotty fist at a poor trembling child (the maternal milk hardly dry upon its lips) with a "Sirrah, do you presume to set your wits at me? Nothing was more common than to see him make a head-long entry into the

school-room, from his inner recess, or library, and, with turbulent eye, singling out a lad, roar out, "Od's my life, Sirrah," (his favourite adjuration) "I have a great mind to whip you," then, with as sudden a retracting impulse, fling back into his lair—and, after a cooling lapse of some minutes (during which all but the culprit had totally forgotten the context) drive headlong out again, piecing out his imperfect sense, as if it had been some Devil's Litany with the expletory yell—"and I WILL, too." In his gentler moods, when the rabidus furor was assuaged, he had resort to an ingenious method, peculiar, for what I have heard, to himself, of whipping the boy, and reading the Debates, at the same time; a paragraph, and a lash between; which in those times, when parliamentary oratory was most at a height and flourishing in these realms, was not calculated to impress the patient with a veneration for the diffuser graces of rhetoric.[4] Once, and but once, the uplifted rod was known to fall ineffectual from his hand—when droll squinting W—having been caught putting the inside of the master's desk to a use for which the architect had clearly not designed it, to justify himself, with great simplicity averred, that he did not know that the thing had been forewarned. This exquisite irrecognition of any law antecedent to the oral or declaratory, struck so irresistibly upon the fancy of all who heard it (the pedagogue himself not excepted) that remission was unavoidable.

马修•菲尔德属于最谦恭的那一类神职人员，他均匀地融合了绅士、学者和教士这三种身份；但是，不知为什么，我总觉得第一种身份占了主导地位。该来给我们上课的时候，他却在出席快乐的宴会，或在某个主教接见会上优雅地行着礼。多年来，他负责一百个学生长达四五年的初期教育的古典教学；他所教授的最高级的课程也几乎不超出两三篇费德鲁斯的引导性寓言。我猜不出这事何以能长期如此。博伊尔本来是修正这些弊病的最佳人选。但是，他常常作出为难的样子，也许是对干预并非严格属于自己职责范围的事情感到很为难。我也不是没怀疑过，他看到我们跟他教的那个班的差距时，也未必完全不高兴。如果说他的学生是年轻的斯巴达人，那我们就是希洛人。有时候，他会作出一副带有讽刺意味的敬重姿态，派人来借初级班老师的教鞭。然后，他对着他高级班里的一个学生嘲讽地笑道：“这枝条看起来多整洁多、新啊。”他那些面色苍白的学生为研究色诺芬和柏拉图而伤透脑筋时，周围沉寂得像受了萨米特的吩咐，而我们则正在我们的小小乐土上自得其乐。我们对他的管理门道有了小小的探究，发现前景对我们的命运更有利。他大发雷霆对我们毫无影响；他掀起的风暴近在咫尺，却碰不到我们；与基迪恩的奇迹相反，我们周围都被水淹了，但我们的羊毛却还是干的。他的学生对念书更在行；我们呢，我觉得是胜在性情上。提起他来，他的学生在感激之余不免有些畏惧。但关于菲尔德的回忆则充满了让人感到慰藉的景象——怠惰、夏日的慵懒、游戏一般的学习、天真无邪的闲散、快乐的零负担和“玩乐假期”的生活本身。[3]虽然完全不受博伊尔的管辖，但我们离得很近（正如我刚才所说），还能对他那套制度有些许了解。

我们不时地听到受难者的惨叫，瞥见地狱般的场景。他是个脾气暴躁的学究。他写的英文很潦草，几近粗俗。他的复活节赞歌（他的职责要求他每隔一段时间就得写点东西）就像刺耳的管乐器吹奏出的声音那样令人烦躁。啊，他也是会开怀大笑的，但仅仅是因为弗拉库斯对Rex这个词的双关使用——或者是因为特伦斯把某个骗子描写为一脸正经，或厨子说要以平底锅为鉴。这些无聊的笑话就算是第一次说出来，也未必能让罗马人挤出一丝笑容。他有两顶假发，都是书呆子型的，但预示的内容却不一样。其中一顶很祥和，喜气洋洋的，刚刚抹了粉上去，预示着这一天会平安无事。另一顶很旧，已经褪了色，乱蓬蓬的，饱含着怒气，预示着这一天将会是血腥的一天，惩罚不断。哪天早晨，要是他顶着这一头怒气冲冲，或者说愤怒暴躁的假发出现，学生就要遭殃了。这比扫把星还要灵验——博伊尔下手很重。我曾见他向一个可怜的瑟瑟发抖的学生（他嘴唇上的乳渍还没干呢）攥紧了他那疙疙瘩瘩的拳头，叫道："小子，你竟敢和我耍花样？"最常见的就是他从自己里面的房间或书房出来，直接冲进教室，满目凶光，抓起一个学生，吼道："天哪，小子"（那是他的口头禅），"我真想抽你一顿。"然后，他突然想撤回去了，转身冲回自己的住处——冷静了几分钟之后（除了那个犯事的学生，所有人都把这事给忘了），他又猛地冲进来，补充完整刚才没吼完的话，像魔鬼的连祷文似的："我会抽你的。"等他狂躁的怒气消退，心情稍好些的时候，又使出了一个妙招。据我所知，这是他专属的办法，那就是一边读辩论文一边打学生；读一段就抽一鞭。那时，国内正盛行议会演说文体。要想用这种办法使挨打的人欣赏文中的修辞之美，是行不通的。[4]有一次，也是唯一的一次，他举起教鞭，却又放下了，没有造成伤害——那次，滑稽又斜视的温同学使用了讲台里的抽屉，显然不是设计师设计的用途，被抓了正着。他被抓到时只简简单单地说了一句事先没人警告他不准这样做，以此为自己开脱。之前绝对没有任何口头或宣告性的守则受到绝对认可，这对听者（包括那位老师本人）产生了不可抗拒的影响，赦免也就在所难免了。

L. has given credit to B.' s great merits as an instructor. Coleridge, in his literary life, has pronounced a more intelligible and ample encomium on them. The author of the *Country Spectator* doubts not to compare him with the ablest teachers of antiquity. Perhaps we cannot dismiss him better than with the pious ejaculation of C.—when he heard that his old master was on his death-bed—"Poor J.B. !—may all his faults be forgiven; and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys, all head and wings, with no bottoms to reproach his sublunary infirmities."

兰姆盛赞了博伊尔作为教师的伟大成就。柯勒律治在他的文学生涯中对其表达了更明了、更充分的赞美。而《乡村旁观者》的作者则更是毫不犹豫地将他与古时能力最强的教师相比。也许科尔里奇虔诚的惊叹是我们对他最好的总结——他听说自己的老师快要离世时，说道——"可怜的博伊尔！——希望他所有的过错都能得到宽恕；希望小天使能将他引向福地，但愿小天使有头有翅膀，但没有臀部，这样就不能责备他在

尘世的罪过了。”

Under him were many good and sound scholars bred.—First Grecian of my time was Lancelot Pepys Stevens, kindest of boys and men, since Co-grammar-master (and inseparable companion) with Dr. T—e. What an edifying spectacle did this brace of friends present to those who remembered the anti-socialities of their predecessors! You never met the one by chance in the street without a wonder, which was quickly dissipated by the almost immediate sub-appearance of the other. Generally arm in arm, these kindly coadjutors lightened for each other the toilsome duties of their profession and when, in advanced age, one found it convenient to retire, the other was not long in discovering that it suited him to lay down the fasces also. Oh, it is pleasant, as it is rare, to find the same arm linked in yours at forty, which, at thirteen helped it to turn over the Cicero De Amicitia, or some tale of Antique Friendship which the young heart even then was burning to anticipate! Co-Grecian with S. was Th—, who has since executed with ability various diplomatic functions at the Northern courts. Th—was a tall, dark, saturnine youth, sparing of speech, with raven locks. Thomas Fanshaw Middleton followed him (now Bishop of Calcutta) a scholar and a gentleman in his teens. He has the reputation of an excellent critic; and is author (besides the *Country Spectator*) of a *Treatise on the Greek Article*, against Sharpe. — M. is said to bear his mitre high in India, where the regni novitas (I dare say) sufficiently justifies the bearing. A humility quite as primitive as that of Jewel or Hooker might not be exactly fitted to impress the minds of those Anglo-Asiatic diocesans with a reverence for home institutions, and the church which those fathers watered. The manners of M. at school, though firm, were mild, and unassuming. Next to M. (if not senior to him) was Richards, author of the *Aboriginal Britons*, the most spirited of the Oxford Prize Poems; a pale, studious Grecian.—Then followed poor S—, ill-fated M—of these the Muse is silent.

他培育出了不少优秀博学的学者——我那个时期第一个最高班学生是兰斯洛特·佩皮斯·史蒂文斯。他从小到大都是最善良的人，后来和T博士一起当了语法教师（两人是形影不离的伙伴）。对于那些记得他们那两位互不打交道的前任的人来说，这对好友呈现了一幅多么启迪人心的场景啊！你若是在街上碰到了他们的其中一人，必然会感到疑惑，紧接着你就会看到另一个，你的疑惑也会随之消散。这对贴心的伙伴总是手挽着手，使彼此从事的教书苦差有了乐趣。到了两人都步入晚年时，一个觉得差不多该退休了，另一个不久也会发现他也该放下教鞭了。啊，等你到了四十岁的时候还发现那只手臂依然挽着你的手臂，这是多么难能可贵而令人欣喜啊！这只手在你十三岁的时候帮你翻开过西塞罗的《论友谊》，或是某个讲述古时友情的故事。你年轻的心甚至在那时就

燃起了期待的火焰！和史蒂文斯同时期的最高班学生还有桑同学，他后来在北方宫廷里执行了各种外交任务，很是能干。桑同学个子很高，肤色较暗，是个忧郁的青年。他寡言少语，长着一头黑发。在他之后的是托马斯·范肖·米德尔顿（现在是加尔各答的主教），他十多岁时就是学者和绅士了。他享有优秀评论家的声誉；他写了《希腊冠词论》一书（除了《乡村旁观者》）来驳斥夏普。听闻米德尔顿戴着他那顶主教冠，在印度很有地位，这与英国在印度的新统治（我敢说）有很大关系。像朱厄尔或胡克那样纯朴的谦恭或许无法完全适合于促使英属亚洲各地的教区主教尊重宗主国的机构和受他们的先辈们滋润的教会。米德尔顿在校期间虽然行为固执，却也温和、谦逊。米德尔顿之后（如果不比他年长的话）的是理查兹，那首充满活力的牛津获奖诗歌《最初的不列颠人》就出自他笔下；他是个脸色苍白、勤奋刻苦的最高班学生——接下来是可怜的斯同学和倒霉的莫同学，这些人都不怎么受缪斯女神垂青。

Finding some of Edward's race unhappy, pass their annals by.

爱德华的一些后人愁苦不堪，没有看他们的史册。

Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard. How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, intranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the speech and the garb of the young Mirandula), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar—while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the inspired charity-boy! Many were the "wit-combats," (to dally awhile with the words of old Fuller,) between him and C. V. Le G—, "which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon, and an English man of war; Master Coleridge, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances. C. V. L., with the English man of war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

我记起了你开始萌发幻想的样子，希望如同火柱在你前方熠熠燃烧——黑色的柱子也还没有变色——塞缪尔·泰勒·柯勒律治——逻辑家、玄学家、吟游诗人。我曾见随意的路人在回廊驻足，对你心生钦佩（但同时他觉得这个少年米兰都拉的谈吐与衣着不太相称），倾听着你用那甜美深沉的音调揭开詹布利卡斯或普洛蒂努斯的秘密（即便在那些年里，你对这样的哲思也毫不畏惧），或是听你用希腊语背诵荷马或品达的大作——古老的灰色修道院的墙壁间就回荡着你这聪慧的慈幼院小男孩的声音！柯勒律治和C·V·勒格之间的“斗智”（在此随意借用一下老富勒的说法）也相当频繁——“在我看来，这两个人一个就像西班牙大船，另一个像英国勇士；柯勒律治大师是前者，学问更高深，底子更好，但行动

迟缓。C·V·勒格则像英国勇士，体积更小，但航行起来更轻快，在各种水流中转向自如，还善于凭借其敏捷的才思和智慧来利用各种风势。”

Nor shalt thou, their compeer, be quickly forgotten, Allen, with the cordial smile, and still more cordial laugh, with which thou wert wont to make the old Cloisters shake, in thy cognition of some poignant jest of theirs; or the anticipation of some more material, and, peradventure, practical one, of thine own. Extinct are those smiles, with that beautiful countenance, with which (for thou wert the Nireus formosus of the school), in the days of thy maturer waggery, thou didst disarm the wrath of infuriated town-damsel, who, incensed by provoking pinch, turning tigress-like round, suddenly converted by thy angel-look, exchanged the half-formed terrible "bl—," for a gentler greeting—"bless thy handsome face!"

艾伦，你作为他们二人的朋友也不会很快被遗忘。听到他们说了什么痛切的笑话，或者你自己想到了什么更实质性或更实际的笑话，你热诚的微笑，甚至是更热诚的大笑，可以让古老的回廊跟着震颤。如今，笑声无存，俊容不再。后来，你的幽默感更加成熟，凭着这样的音容笑貌（因为你是学校里英俊的尼鲁斯），在那更成熟的诙谐之时，你扑灭了城里姑娘的怒火。她们原本是被挑衅地掐了一下而火冒三丈，面目狰狞地转过身来，却见到了你天使般的面庞，邪恶的咒骂刚出口，马上就改成了更温柔的问候：“上帝保佑你那英俊的脸蛋！”

Next follow two, who ought to be now alive, and the friends of Elia—the junior Le G—and F—; who impelled, the former by a roving temper, the latter by too quick a sense of neglect—ill capable of enduring the slights poor Sizars are sometimes subject to in our seats of learning—exchanged their Alma Mater for the camp; perishing, one by climate, and one on the plains of Salamanca :—Le G—, sanguine, volatile, sweet-natured; F—dogged, faithful, anticipative of insult, warm-hearted, with something of the old Roman height about him.

接下来的两个人本来现在也仍该活着，而且还是伊莱亚的朋友——小勒格同学——和弗同学。这两人前者生性好动，后者太过轻易地感到自己被忽视——无法忍受贫困减免生在学校有时会受到的轻视——就离开了母校，转而投奔了军营；后来，一个死于不适应气候，一个在萨拉曼加平原上丧生：勒格同学——乐天活泼，心地善良；弗同学则固执忠诚，对于侮辱非常敏感，但他有一副热心肠，身材像古罗马士兵一样高大。

Fine, frank-hearted Fr—, the present master of Hertford, with Marmaduke T—, mildest of Missionaries—and both my good friends still—close the catalogue of Grecians in my time.

还有善良率真的弗兰同学——赫特福德的现任教师，以及最为温和的传教士马默杜克·特同学——他们二位现在仍是我的朋友——关于我读书时的最高班学生介绍就此结束。

[1] "Recollections Of Christ's Hospital”

[1] 指《基督慈幼院回忆录》

[2] One or two instances of lunacy, or attempted suicide, accordingly, at length convinced the governors of the impolicy of this part of the sentence, and the midnight torture to the spirits was dispensed with.—This fancy of dungeons for children was a sprout of Howard's brain; for which (saving the reverence due to Holy Paul) methinks, I could willingly spit on his statue.

[2] 后来发生了一两次精神失常事件，还有人企图自杀。因此，学校的董事们才觉得这种惩罚方式不妥，半夜的精神折磨终于取消了——这个儿童地牢的主意是霍华德想出来的；为此，我真想朝他的塑像上吐口水（在不冒犯神圣的保罗的前提下）。

[3] Cowley.

[3] 考利语。

[4] In this and everything B. was the antipodes of his co-adjutor. While the former was digging his brains for crude anthems, worth a pig-nut, F. would be recreating his gentlemanly fancy in the more flowery walks of the Muses. A little dramatic effusion of his, under the name of Vertumnus and Pomona, is not yet forgotten by the chroniclers of that sort of literature. It was accepted by Garrick, but the town did not give it their sanction.—B. used to say of it, in a way of half-compliment, hail-irony, that it was too classical for representation.

[4] 在这一点和其他诸多方面上，博伊尔和他的助手都是截然相反。前者挖空心思想圣歌，想出来的东西却一文不名，菲尔德则用更华丽的思想来消遣自己有绅士风度的想象。他偶尔以维特姆斯和波摩纳的名字发表一些引人注目的作品，那些作品载入了那一类文学的史册。加里克接受了这个事实，但这个城市没有接受。博伊尔曾半带恭维半含讽刺地说，他的作品太经典了，已经没有代表性了。

Grace Before Meat

饭前祷告

THE custom of saying grace at meals had, probably, its origin in the early times of the world, and the hunter-state of man, when dinners were precarious things, and a full meal was more than a common blessing; when a belly-full was a windfall, and looked like a special providence. In the shouts and triumphal songs with which, after a season of sharp abstinence, a lucky booty of deer's or goat's flesh would naturally be ushered home, existed, perhaps, the germ of the modern grace. It is not otherwise easy to be understood, why the blessing of food—the act of eating—should have had a particular expression of thanksgiving annexed to it, distinct from that implied and silent gratitude with which we are expected to enter upon the enjoyment of the many other various gifts and good things of existence. I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, these spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton—a grace before Shakspeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the Fairy Queen?—but, the received ritual having prescribed these forms to the solitary ceremony of manducation, I shall confine my observations to the experience which I have had of the grace, properly so called; commending my new scheme for extension to a niche in the grand philosophical, poetical, and perchance in part heretical, liturgy, now being compiled by my friend Homo Humanus, for the use of a certain snug congregation of Utopian Rabelaesian Christians, no matter where assembled.

饭前祷告的习俗由来已久，其根源可能要追溯到人类早期和狩猎时代。那时，饭食朝不保夕，一顿饱餐无异是齐天洪福。填饱肚子便是交到了意外的好运，像是受到上天特殊眷顾一样。人们在苦苦捱过一段吃不到食物的强烈痛楚之后，有幸猎到一头鹿或山羊。大家自然会在一片呼喊和胜利的欢歌中将猎物拖回家——这个或许就是今日饭前祷告的起源吧。看来这件事也只有这样去理解，才说得通我们何以对口腹之福——吃——有特别感恩的表达，而对世界上其他各种美好事物和佳妙惠赐只有含蓄和默然的感激？我承认，老实说，除去吃饭之外，我一天中还要在其他二十个场合下祷告。开始一次愉快的散步、一次月下漫步、好友快晤，乃至某一难题的解决，我都想有个形式。我们为何不为书籍——那些精神食粮——祷告呢？比如在读弥尔顿之前祷告一番，读莎士比亚之前祷告一番，读《仙后》之前举行一个适当的祷告仪式。这些都

没有。不过，既然既定习俗规定这种仪式仅限于吃饭，那么我只谈谈对所谓的饭前祷告的一些体会，把我新的延伸计划付诸于哲理、诗意，可能还有点异教的宏大祷告文（正在由我的朋友胡莫·修曼诺斯编撰）之一隅，为理想化、卑俗的基督教徒构建一个舒适的居所，不管他们在哪里集聚。

The form then of the benediction before eating has its beauty at a poor man's table, or at the simple and unprovocative repasts of children. It is here that the race becomes exceedingly graceful. The indigent man, who hardly knows whether he shall have a meal the next day or not, sits down to his fare with a present sense of the blessing, which can be but feebly acted by the rich, into whose minds the conception of wanting a dinner could never, but by some extreme theory, have entered. The proper end of food—the animal sustenance—is barely contemplated by them. The poor man's bread is his daily bread, literally his bread for the day. Their courses are perennial.

一个穷人的饭桌上或孩子简单而满足的餐饭前进行的饭前祷告的确有它的动人之处。这时的祷告才是真正的祷告。一个第二天的饭毫无保障的穷人坐下来吃饭时，一种感激之情就会油然而生。这种感受对一个富人来说便很轻微，他的心里从来没有过渴望饭食的想法，除非靠一些极端的理论揣测。他们很少思考食物的适当用途——维持生命。一个穷人的面包就是他每天吃的面包，也就是他当天的面包。富人一年四季都不会断粮。

Again, the plainest diet seems the fittest to be preceded by the grace. That which is least stimulative to appetite, leaves the mind most free for foreign considerations. A man may feel thankful, heartily thankful, over a dish of plain mutton with turnips, and have leisure to reflect upon the ordinance and institution of eating; when he shall confess a perturbation of mind, inconsistent with the purposes of the grace, at the presence of venison or turtle. When I have sate (a rarus hospes) at rich men's tables, with the savoury soup and messes steaming up the nostrils, and moistening the lips of the guests with desire and a distracted choice, I have felt the introduction of that ceremony to be unseasonable. With the ravenous orgasm upon you, it seems impertinent to interpose a religious sentiment. It is a confusion of purpose to mutter out praises from a mouth that waters. The heats of epicurism put out the gentle flame of devotion. The incense which rises round is pagan, and the belly-god intercepts it for his own. The very excess of the provision beyond the needs, takes away all sense of proportion between the end and means. The giver is veiled by his gifts. You are startled at the injustice of returning thanks—for what?—for having too much, while so many starve. It is to praise the Gods amiss.

另外，在享用最简单的食物之前做祷告再合适不过了。最不能引起

食欲的食物最能让头脑自由思考饮食之外的事情。面对一盘简单的萝卜炖羊肉，人既可以由衷感激，同时有空思考关于吃饭的条条框框。如果他面前摆的是鹿脯、甲鱼之类的东西，他会表现出不安的情绪，这与祷告的初衷是不相符的。我曾与富人同桌用餐（作为一个稀客）。美味的汤羹和各种菜肴上桌，香气扑鼻，客人们都垂涎欲滴，想吃又不知先吃哪一道菜。我觉得这时要祷告太不合理了。你想大快朵颐的时候，硬插个宗教仪式进来，似乎有失礼节。一边流口水一边念赞美词，这是一种目的的混乱。对美食热切的欲望已经压倒了信仰的温和火焰。异教气息在周边升腾，被食神半道截获，据为己有。食物多得超过了需要，就失去了目的和手段之间的平衡。馈赠者被他的礼物遮蔽了。你会对回赠感谢的不公感到震惊——为什么要感谢呢？因为你吃得太多，而许多人还在挨饿。这是在错误地赞美神。

I have observed this awkwardness felt, scarce consciously perhaps, by the good man who says the grace. I have seen it in clergymen and others—a sort of shame—a sense of the co-presence of circumstances which unhallow the blessing. After a devotional tone put on for a few seconds, how rapidly the speaker will fall into his common voice, helping himself or his neighbour, as if to get rid of some uneasy sensation of hypocrisy. Not that the good man was a hypocrite, or was not most conscientious in the discharge of the duty; but he felt in his inmost mind the incompatibility of the scene and the viands before him with the exercise of a calm and rational gratitude.

我注意到，祈祷的人会感觉到其中的怪异，只是可能很少意识到自己有这种感觉。我在牧师和其他人的身上都看到过这种感觉——一种羞耻感——当时场景下，这种羞耻感的存在玷污了祷告。祷告者用几秒钟的时间虔敬地做完祷告，声音迅速地恢复到常态，为自己或邻座的客人夹菜，仿佛是为了消除某种不自然的虚伪感觉。这倒不是说祈祷的人虚伪，或者说他履行祷告之责时没有至真至诚。但是，他的内心深处感觉到了某种不协调，即所处的场景和眼前的食物与他进行的平静、理性的感恩祷告不协调。

I hear somebody exclaim—would you have Christians sit down at table, like hogs to their troughs, without remembering the Giver? no—I would have them sit down as Christians, remembering the Giver, and less like hogs. Or if their appetites must run riot, and they must pamper themselves with delicacies for which east and west are ransacked, I would have them postpone their benediction to a fitter season, when appetite is laid; when the still small voice can be heard, and the reason of the grace returns—with temperate diet and restricted dishes. Gluttony and surfeiting are no proper occasions for thanksgiving. When Jeshurun waxed fat, we read that he kicked. Virgil knew the harpy-nature better, when he put into the mouth of Celaeno any thing but a blessing. We may be gratefully sensible of the deliciousness of some kinds of food beyond others, though that is a

meaner and inferior gratitude: but the proper object of the grace is sustenance, not relishes; daily bread, not delicacies; the means of life, and not the means of pampering the carcass. With what frame or composure, I wonder, can a city chaplain pronounce his benediction at some great Hall feast, when he knows that his last concluding pious word—and that, in all probability, the sacred name which he preaches—is but the signal for so many impatient harpies to commence their foul orgies, with as little sense of true thankfulness (which is temperance) as those Virgilian fowl! It is well if the good man himself does not feel his devotions a little clouded, those foggy sensuous steams mingling with and polluting the pure altar sacrifice.

我已经听到有人在高声反对——难道你是想让基督徒坐在桌边用餐时，也向猪在食槽前那样，对赐予食物的人毫无谢意吗？不——我想让他们进餐时像基督徒那样，时刻不忘食物的赐予者，不要像猪一样。或者说，如果他们的食欲根本无法控制，非吃尽从东方和西方搜刮来的珍馐，那么我认为，祈祷不妨推迟到更合适的时候再进行，即食欲平缓之时，听到良心的呼声、恢复优雅的理智之时，饮食适度而有节制之时。纵饮暴食之时，不适合施感恩之礼。我们读到，耶书伦吃得膘肥体壮后，便开始乱打乱踢。维吉尔对哈皮贪婪的本性了解得更深刻，因而他笔下的塞连诺从来不会说出祷告词。我们可能会对某些比较可口的食物心存谢意，虽然这是一种比较卑微和低级的感谢。可是，我们祷告的真正目的在于食物本身而非口味，在于每日的面包而非佳肴，在于维持生命而非满足贪欲。我很好奇，伦敦市里的牧师在某次市政厅宴会上做祈祷时，怎样保持得体的举止和镇定的态度。他知道，他念出最后一个虔敬的字眼——而且，这字眼很可能就是他信仰的神圣名字——就是向那一大群急不可耐的哈皮贪婪之徒发出信号，让他们开始胡吃海喝，心中真诚的感激之心早已荡然无存（真诚的感激应是节制饮食），就像维吉尔笔下的鸟身怪物一样！这种情况下，要是主人自己不觉得他的虔敬受到些许遮蔽，不觉得那些雾蒙蒙的美食气息与圣洁的祭坛混合在一起并玷污了它，就已经不错了。

The severest satire upon full tables and surfeits is the banquet which Satan, in the Paradise Regained, provides for a temptation in the wilderness: A table richly spread in regal mode, With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort And savour; beasts of chase, or fowl of game, In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled, Gris-amber-steamed; all fish from sea or shore, Freshet or purling brook, for which was drained Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast. The Tempter, I warrant you, thought these cates would go down without the recommendatory preface of a benediction. They are like to be short graces where the devil plays the host.—I am afraid the poet wants his usual decorum in this place. Was he thinking of the old Roman luxury, or of a gaudy day at Cambridge? This was a temptation fitter for a Heliogabalus. The whole banquet is too civic and culinary, and the

accompaniments altogether a profanation of that deep, abstracted, holy scene. The mighty artillery of sauces, which the cook-fiend conjures up, is out of proportion to the simple wants and plain hunger of the guest. He that disturbed him in his dreams, from his dreams might have been taught better. To the temperate fantasies of the famished Son of God, what sort of feasts presented themselves?—He dreamed indeed, —As appetite is wont to dream, Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet. But what meats?— Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood, And saw the ravens with their horny beaks Food to Elijah bringing, even and morn; Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought: He saw the prophet also how he fled Into the desert, and how there he slept Under a juniper; then how awaked He found his supper on the coals prepared, And by the angel was bid rise and eat, And ate the second time after repose, The strength whereof sufficed him forty days: Sometimes, that with Elijah he partook, Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.

对于饕餮满桌、饮食过度最严厉的讽刺要数《复乐园》中撒旦为了引诱耶稣而在野外摆设的那桌宴席了：一桌盛宴，奢华毕现，杯盘杂陈，佳肴盈案，捕获之兽，猎取之禽，烤炙蒸煮，香料佐之，遂成佳肴，海中鱼虾，大江大河或潺潺溪流里的水产，穷尽本都、卢克林海湾和非洲海岸。我告诉你们，这诱惑者觉得有了这样的山珍海味，饭前祈祷就可以省掉了。就像是如果魔鬼做东，祷告就可以从简了。恐怕诗人写到此处，也失去了平日的仪态。他心中想的是古罗马的奢华，还是剑桥的某个狂欢节日？这种诱惑对黑利阿加巴卢斯更合适些。整个宴席的都市味、庖厨气过浓，各种纷然杂陈的点心小吃对于那个深沉、出神入化和神圣的环境来说是一种亵渎。那个魔鬼厨师所制的一大串调味品也与那位饥饿客人简简单单的需要不甚相称。扰了他人之梦的人，最好能从别人的梦中受到点启发。在那忍饥挨饿的上帝之子适度的想象中，会出现什么样的食物呢？其实，他所想的是：食欲常常化作美梦，梦中有酒有肉，都是让人恢复精力的甜点。他在梦里吃些什么呢？梦中，他站在切利斯水畔，但见乌鸦以其细长利喙为以利亚衔来食物，自朝至暮。乌鸦虽贪婪，却严遵命令，一口不动衔来的食物。他还看到那位先知如何四下逃亡，进入沙漠，又看到他如何睡在杜松树下，以及如何一觉醒来，便见晚餐已在炭火上备齐，有位天使叫他起身用膳。休息过后，他再次进餐。四十天后，他才充满力量。有时，他与以利亚共享食物，有时又受丹尼尔之邀共同进餐。

Nothing in Milton is finelier fancied than these temperate dreams of the divine Hungerer. To which of these two visionary banquets, think you, would the introduction of what is called the grace have been most fitting and pertinent?

弥尔顿对这位神圣饿汉的温和梦想的构思比他其他任何构思都巧妙。就这两段虚构的盛宴来说，你觉得哪一次举行餐前感恩祷告更为合适、更为得体？

Theoretically I am no enemy to graces; but practically I own that (before meat especially) they seem to involve something awkward and unseasonable. Our appetites, of one or another kind, are excellent spurs to our reason, which might otherwise but feebly set about the great ends of preserving and continuing the species. They are fit blessings to be contemplated at a distance with a becoming gratitude; but the moment of appetite (the judicious reader will apprehend me) is, perhaps, the least fit season for that exercise. The Quakers who go about their business, of every description, with more calmness than we, have more title to the use of these benedictory prefaces. I have always admired their silent grace, and the more because I have observed their applications to the meat and drink following to be less passionate and sensual than ours. They are neither gluttons nor wine-bibbers as a people. They eat, as a horse bolts his chopt hay, with indifference, calmness, and cleanly circumstances. They neither grease nor slop themselves. When I see a citizen in his bib and tucker, I cannot imagine it a surplice.

从理论上讲，我不反对祷告。但实际上，我承认，它们似乎会显得有些尴尬和不合时宜（尤其是在餐前）。我们这样或那样的食欲是对理智绝好的激励，否则理智只能软弱不堪地开始保全和延续种族的伟业。若从远处思索，这些食欲也算是人类适当的恩赐，当恰当地表感激之情。但是，欲念强盛之时（明智的读者一定能理解我的意思）也许最不适宜行表达感激之礼。教友派做各种事时都比我们更镇定，他们更有资格进行这些感恩序礼。我向来佩服他们那种无声的祷告方式。我看到过他们祷告之后的吃喝之态不像我等那般狂热和庸俗，便更加佩服他们。他们作为人，既非贪吃之徒，也非好酒之辈。他们吃饭时，就像马吞下切好的干草，淡漠而镇定，而且又干净利落。他们身上不会溅上油污和汤渍。我看到一个人戴着围嘴和领布吃饭时，绝不能把那想象成白色袈裟。

I am no Quaker at my food. I confess I am not indifferent to the kinds of it. Those unctuous morsels of deer's flesh were not made to be received with dispassionate services. I hate a man who swallows it, affecting not to know what he is eating. I suspect his taste in higher matters. I shrink instinctively from one who professes to like minced veal. There is a physiognomical character in the tastes for food. C— holds that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple-dumplings. I am not certain but he is right. With the decay of my first innocence, I confess a less and less relish daily for those innocuous cates. The whole vegetable tribe have lost their gust with me. Only I stick to asparagus, which still seems to inspire gentle thoughts. I am impatient and querulous under culinary disappointments, as to come home at the dinner hour, for instance, expecting some savoury mess, and to find one quite tasteless and sapidless. Butter ill melted—that

commonest of kitchen failures—puts me beside my tenour.—The author of the Rambler used to make inarticulate animal noises over a favourite food. Was this the music quite proper to be preceded by the grace? or would the pious man have done better to postpone his devotions to a season when the blessing might be contemplated with less perturbation? I quarrel with no man's tastes, nor would set my thin face against those excellent things, in their way, jollity and feasting. But as these exercises, however laudable, have little in them of grace or gracefulness, a man should be sure, before he ventures so to grace them, that while he is pretending his devotions otherwhere, he is not secretly kissing his hand to some great fish—his Dagon—with a special consecration of no ark but the fat tureen before him. Graces are the sweet preluding strains to the banquets of angels and children; to the roots and severer repasts of the Chartreuse; to the slender, but not slenderly acknowledged, refection of the poor and humble man: but at the heaped-up boards of the pampered and the luxurious they become of dissonant mood, less timed and tuned to the occasion, methinks, than the noise of those better befitting organs would be, which children hear tales of, at Hog's Norton. We sit too long at our meals, or are too curious in the study of them, or too disordered in our application to them, or engross too great a portion of those good things (which should be common) to our share, to be able with any grace to say grace. To be thankful for what we grasp exceeding our proportion is to add hypocrisy to injustice. A lurking sense of this truth is what makes the performance of this duty so cold and spiritless a service at most tables. In houses where the grace is as indispensable as the napkin, who has not seen that never settled question arise, as to who shall say it; while the good man of the house and the visitor clergyman, or some other guest belike of next authority from years or gravity, shall be—bandying about the office between them as a matter of compliment, each of them not unwilling to shift the awkward burthen of an equivocal duty from his own shoulders?

我吃饭时可不像教友派的人。我承认，我对食物的种类不是漠不关心的。那些香滑的鹿肉也不该受到冷漠的对待。我讨厌那种狼吞虎咽却假装不知自己吃了什么的人。我对这种人在大事情上的品位也表示怀疑。对于一个自称爱吃碎牛肉的人，我会本能地敬而远之。从一个人吃东西的口味可以看出他的品质。C认为，一个不吃苹果布丁的人心灵不可能纯洁。我不确定他是否正确。坦白说，随着孩提时代天真烂漫的消失，我对那些日常的平淡食物越来越缺乏兴趣了。所有的蔬菜对我都没有吸引力了。只有芦笋我依然喜欢，它们似乎还能激发一些温柔的思绪。若是食物让我失望，比如晚饭饭点时回到家，满以为可以吃上可口的饭菜，却发现食物索然无味、难以下咽，我便会烦躁易怒。奶油没有化开——这是厨房里最常见的失误——会让我想大发脾气。《漫谈者》的作者只要吃到自己最喜欢的食物，便会像牲畜一样发出模糊不清的声

音。这种音乐放在祷告前合适吗？或者这位虔诚的先生把祷告推迟，在不那么混乱的心情下思考恩赐时再做祷告，是不是会更好？我不是要与谁在口味上一争高下，也不想让自己清瘦的脸与那些欢乐的事物——狂欢宴饮——对立。但是，不管这类活动多么值得称赞，其中感恩或优雅的成分毕竟不多。大家进行祷告之前，应该确认，自己在别处装出虔诚之态时，飞吻没有悄悄地献给一条大鱼——他的鱼神——这条鱼没有供在什么约柜之内，而是盛在面前油腻的盖碗之中。只有对于天使与儿童的宴会、加尔都西修道院的菜根饭或更粗糙的食物、穷人和低贱之人那别人看来简单但在他们眼里很隆重的便餐来说，祷告才算是甜美的序曲。但是，在宴饮无度、穷奢极欲之人珍馐杂陈的餐桌前，祷告便会显得与场合不和谐且不合时宜。相比起来，我觉得儿童故事里诺顿的猪弹风琴发出的声音更为应景。我们的用餐时间过长，或者对研究菜肴过于好奇，或用起餐来过于混乱，或为自己夹太多好吃的食物（那本该是大家共同享用的），无法再优雅地祷告。要感谢我们抢到的食物超出了应有的份额，这是在不公平的基础上又多加了一项虚伪之罪。隐约意识到了这个事实，让大家在执行这项神圣任务时总是冷冰冰的，无精打采。多数宴会桌上均是如此。在那些认为餐前祷告和餐巾一样不可缺少的家庭里面，谁没见过这样的情景——谁来领大家祷告一事总是悬而未决，一家之主、来访的牧师，或是年龄或名望稍居次位的客人客气地将之当成一种恭维来推来让去，想要摆脱这尴尬而不明确的差事？

I once drank tea in company with two Methodist divines of different persuasions, whom it was my fortune to introduce to each other for the first time that evening. Before the first cup was handed round, one of these reverend gentlemen put it to the other, with all due solemnity, whether he chose to say anything. It seems it is the custom with some sectaries to put up a short prayer before this meal also. His reverend brother did not at first quite apprehend him, but upon an explanation, with little less importance he made answer, that it was not a custom known in his church: in which courteous evasion the other acquiescing for good manner's sake, or in compliance with a weak brother, the supplementary or tea-grace was waived altogether. With what spirit might not Lucian have painted two priests, of his religion, playing into each other's hands the compliment of performing or omitting a sacrifice,—the hungry God meantime, doubtful of his incense, with expectant nostrils hovering over the two flamens, and (as between two stools) going away in the end without his supper.

一天晚上，我和两位属于不同派别的卫理公会牧师一起喝茶，而我也有幸介绍他们两位互相认识。第一杯茶还没喝，其中一位牧师先生便恭敬庄重地问另一位牧师有没有什么要说的。看来依照一些教派的习惯，就连这样的小饮之前也要来段简短的祷告。一开始，他那位教友还不太理解他的意思，但听了解释之后，便同样一本正经地回答说，他的教派内部没有这样的惯例。不知是出于礼貌，还是对信仰不坚的教友的迁就，对方对这委婉的托辞表示认同。于是，这附加的茶前祷告便完全

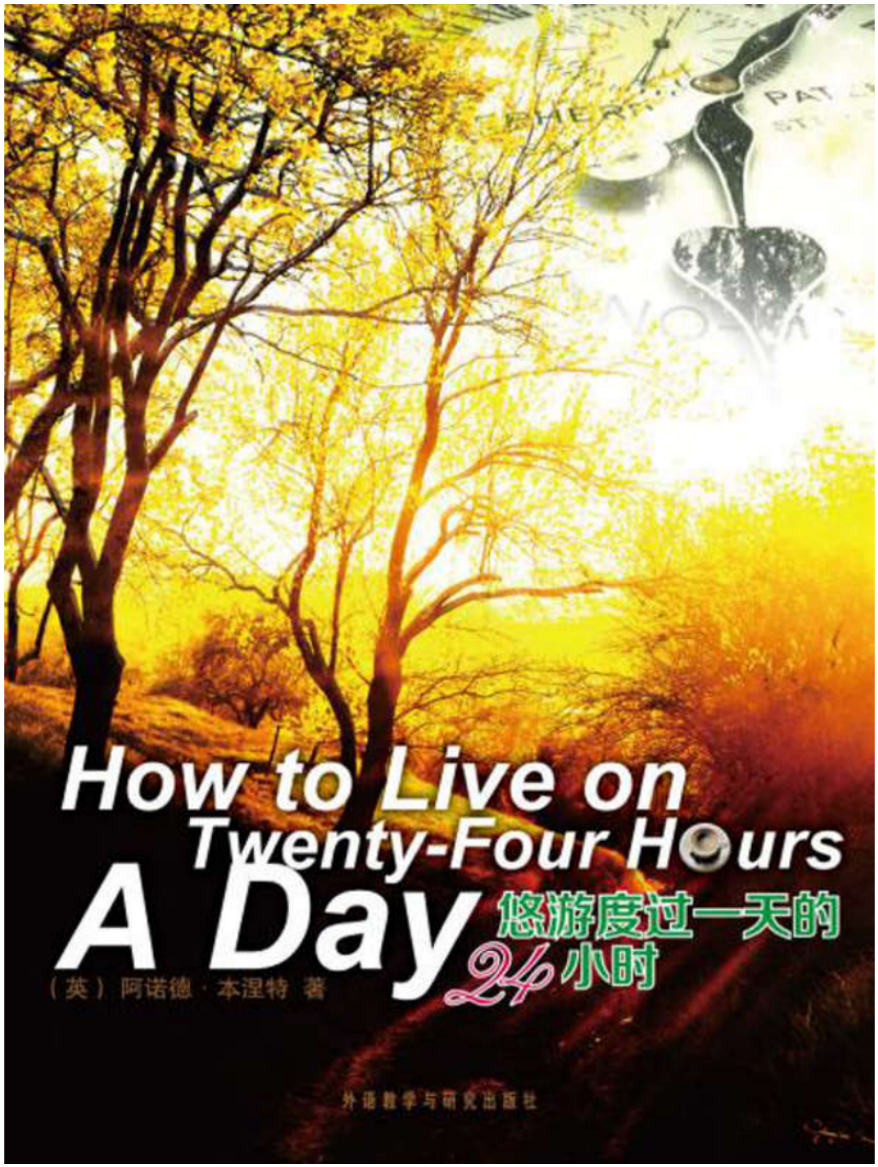
免去了。卢西恩倒是可以兴致大发，描绘一下他那个教派的两个教士是怎样客气地想要将供奉或撤销贡品的职责推到对方身上。在此期间，饥肠辘辘的上帝不能确定香火是否能得供奉，只能张大了鼻孔，在这两名祭司之间徘徊（像脚踏两条板凳似的），最后也没有吃到晚餐，悻悻离去。

A short form upon these occasions is felt to want reverence; a long one, I am afraid, cannot escape the charge of impertinence. I do not quite approve of the epigrammatic conciseness with which that equivocal wag (but my pleasant school-fellow) C. V. L., when importuned for a grace used to inquire, first slyly leering down the table, "Is there no clergyman here?"—significantly adding, "thank G—.”

这种场合下，祷告过短显得不够虔敬，过长恐怕又难逃不切实际之责。我不太赞成那位不太可靠、爱开玩笑（也是我讨人喜欢的校友）的C. V. L.祷告的方式，他的祷告就像警句一样简短。别人要求他祷告时，他总是狡猾地扫一眼餐桌，问一句：“在座的没有牧师吗？”然后，他便意味深长地补充一句，“感谢上帝。”

Nor do I think our old form at school quite pertinent, where we were used to preface our bald bread and cheese suppers with a preamble, connecting with that humble blessing a recognition of benefits the most awful and overwhelming to the imagination which religion has to offer. Non tunc illis erat locus. I remember we were put to it to reconcile the phrase "good creatures," upon which the blessing rested, with the fare set before us, wilfully understanding that expression in a low and animal sense,—till some one recalled a legend, which told how in the golden days of Christ's, the young Hospitallers were wont to have smoking joints of roast meat upon their nightly boards, till some pious benefactor, commiserating the decencies, rather than the palates, of the children, commuted our flesh for garments, and gave us—horresco referens—trowsers instead of mutton.

而我们学校所采用的古老祷告方式，我觉得也不太恰当。我们总得对着那些干巴巴的面包和奶酪晚餐念上一段开场白，将这简单的恩赐与我们极尽想象之力所得出的宗教带给我们的最大、最了不起的好处联系起来。可惜不合时宜。我记得祷告词念到“美好食物”时，我们努力想要将眼前的食物与那个词联系起来，自作主张地从一种低俗和动物性的角度去理解这个词。直到后来，有人记起了一则传闻，说基督医学院的黄金时期时，学员们每天晚上都能吃上冒热气的烤肉，但后来有位虔诚的捐赠人更同情孩子们的仪表而非伙食，于是，烤肉换成了校服——迄今思之，仍有余悸——羊肉换成了长裤。


How to Live on
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外语教学与研究出版社

Arnold Bennett

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阿诺德•本涅特（英） 著
外研社编译组 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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CHAPTER I The Daily Miracle

第一章 每日奇迹

"Yes, he's one of those men that don't know how to manage. Good situation. Regular income. Quite enough for luxuries as well as needs. Not really extravagant. And yet the fellow's always in difficulties. Somehow he gets nothing out of his money. Excellent f lat—half empty! Always looks as if he'd had the brokers in. New suit—old hat! Magnificent necktie—baggy trousers! Asks you to dinner: cut glass—bad mutton, or Turkish coffee—cracked cup! He can't understand it. Explanation simply is that he fritters his income away. Wish I had the half of it! I'd show him—"

“对，他就是那种不知怎样妥善安排的人。条件优越，收入稳定，完全够买各种必需品和奢侈品，不过也不是那么奢华。但这家伙却经常陷入窘境，不知为何花钱买不到什么。上好的寓所——空了一半！看起来似乎总有中介光顾。新套装——配顶旧帽子！漂亮的领带——配条宽松下垂的灯笼裤！邀你进餐：用雕花玻璃碗——装糟羊肉或土耳其咖啡——杯子是裂的！他搞不明白为什么。原因很简单，他的收入花得都不是地方。要是我有他一半的收入就好了！我会教他——”

So we have most of us criticised, at one time or another, in our superior way. We are nearly all chancellors of the exchequer: it is the pride of the moment. Newspapers are full of articles explaining how to live on suchand-such a sum, and these articles provoke a correspondence whose violence proves the interest they excite. Recently, in a daily organ, a battle raged round the question whether a woman can exist nicely in the country on £85 a year. I have seen an essay, "How to Live on Eight Shillings a Week." But I have never seen an essay, "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day." Yet it has been said that time is money. That proverb understates the case. Time is a great deal more than money. If you have time you can obtain money—usually. But though you have the wealth of a cloak-room attendant at the Carlton Hotel, you cannot buy yourself a minute more time than I have, or the cat by the fire has.

我们大多数人时不时地、不无优越地批评别人。我们几乎都是财政大臣，那不过是一时的骄傲罢了。报纸上充斥着教人如何靠一定量的钱过日子的文章，这些文章引起的反响特别热烈，人们对这个问题的兴趣可见一斑。最近，某日报谈论的话题为一个女人是否一年只需85英镑就能在这个国家过得舒适，由此引发了激烈论战。我曾见过一篇文章，名为《如何靠8先令过一星期》，但我还从没见过名为《怎样度过一天24小时》的文章。然而，早就有人说过时间就是金钱。该谚语低估了时间

的重要性，时间比金钱宝贵得多。如果你有时间，你就会有金钱——通常如此。然而，即使你和卡尔顿饭店寄存间的服务员一样富有，你也不能用金钱换来比我或火炉边的猫多哪怕一分钟的时间。

Philosophers have explained space. They have not explained time. It is the inexplicable raw material of everything. With it, all is possible; without it, nothing. The supply of time is truly a daily miracle, an affair genuinely astonishing when one examines it. You wake up in the morning, and lo! your purse is magically filled with twenty-four hours of the unmanufactured tissue of the universe of your life! It is yours. It is the most precious of possessions. A highly singular commodity, showered upon you in a manner as singular as the commodity itself!

哲学家阐释了空间，但没有阐明过时间。时间是万物难以言喻的原材料。拥有时间，一切皆有可能；没有时间，万事皆空。时间的供给，的确是每天发生的奇迹，仔细想想，这着实令人惊诧。早晨醒来，瞧！你的钱包里神奇地装上了24小时，这是你整个生命世界里未尝加工的一部分。这24小时是属于你的最宝贵的财富。时间是相当特殊的商品，总是以一种和这商品本身一样特殊的方式大量地赠予你！

For remark! No one can take it from you. It is unstealable. And no one receives either more or less than you receive.

注意！没人可以夺走你的时间。时间是偷不走的。别人得到的时间不会比你多，也不会比你少。

Talk about an ideal democracy! In the realm of time there is no aristocracy of wealth, and no aristocracy of intellect. Genius is never rewarded by even an extra hour a day. And there is no punishment. Waste your infinitely precious commodity as much as you will, and the supply will never be withheld from you. No mysterious power will say:—"This man is a fool, if not a knave. He does not deserve time; he shall be cut off at the meter." It is more certain than consols, and payment of income is not affected by Sundays. Moreover, you cannot draw on the future. Impossible to get into debt! You can only waste the passing moment. You cannot waste tomorrow; it is kept for you. You cannot waste the next hour; it is kept for you.

说说理想的民主吧！在时间的领域里，财富没有特权，知识也没有特权。即便是天才，每天也不可能比别人多拥有哪怕一小时。同样，也没有时间上的惩罚。即使你肆意浪费这无比贵重的商品，你的时间之源也并不会丧失。没有某种神秘的力量会说：“这人如果不是无赖，一定是傻瓜。他不配拥有时间；应将他的时间供应从计量表中切断。”时间比长期债券更可靠，时间的支付不受是不是礼拜天的影响。再者，你不能预支未来，因此不会欠下时间债！浪费的只可能是过去那一刻，而不可能浪费明天，明天给你预留着呢；你也不能浪费接下来的一小时，它也为你保留着。

I said the affair was a miracle. Is it not?

我说过这就是奇迹，难道不是吗？

You have to live on this twenty-four hours of daily time. Out of it you have to spin health, pleasure, money, content, respect, and the evolution of your immortal soul. Its right use, its most effective use, is a matter of the highest urgency and of the most thrilling actuality. All depends on that. Your happiness—the elusive prize that you are all clutching for, my friends!—depends on that. Strange that the newspapers, so enterprising and up-to-date as they are, are not full of "How to Live on a Given Income of Time," instead of "How to Live on a Given Income of Money"! Money is far commoner than time. When one ref lects, one perceives that money is just about the commonest thing there is. It encumbers the earth in gross heaps.

每天你得靠这24小时生活。从这每天的24小时里，你要拥有健康、获取快乐、挣得财富、获得满足和尊重以及你不朽灵魂的升华。怎样恰当、有效地利用时间是一个最急迫、最令人振奋的实际问题。一切都取决于怎样利用时间。你的快乐——你们都竭力追求却难得拥有的欢乐——都取决于对时间的利用，我的朋友们！奇怪的是，各报载文尽管看上去颇有创意又新潮，却鲜有文章谈论“怎样用固定的时间收入过活”，而更多的是“怎样靠固定的金钱收入过日子”！金钱远比时间平常。细想一下，就会发现金钱是世界上最普通的东西。累累金钱，触目皆是。

If one can't contrive to live on a certain income of money, one earns a little more—or steals it, or advertises for it. One doesn't necessarily muddle one's life because one can't quite manage on a thousand pounds a year; one braces the muscles and makes it guineas[1], and balances the budget. But if one cannot arrange that an income of twenty-four hours a day shall exactly cover all proper items of expenditure, one does muddle one's life definitely. The supply of time, though gloriously regular, is cruelly restricted.

如果一个人不能靠一定的收入过活，那么他要么去多挣钱，要么去偷盗，要么就登广告去讨钱。一个人一年一千英镑都不够花，并不意味着他一定会把生活搞糟；他鼓足干劲多赚钱，把一千英磅变成一千几尼，就能平衡收支。但是如果一个人不能妥善利用一天得到的这24小时来支付所有时间开销，他的生活绝对是一团糟。尽管时间的供应固定，让人欣慰，可同时时间有限得近乎残酷。

Which of us lives on twenty-four hours a day? And when I say lives, I do not mean exists, nor "muddles through." Which of us is free from that uneasy feeling that the "great spending departments" of his daily life are not managed as they ought to be? Which of us is quite sure that his fine suit is not surmounted by a shameful hat, or that in attending to the crockery he has forgotten the quality of the food? Which of us is not saying to himself—which of us has not been saying

to himself all his life: "I shall alter that when I have a little more time"?

我们中有谁过好了一天的24小时？我说的过好意思不是活着或“浑浑噩噩地活着”。日常生活的“重大消耗部”没掌管好，谁不曾有过这样的不安？谁能肯定自己笔挺的西装搭上寒酸的帽子，风度不会减损？谁又能肯定自己因专心观赏盛装食物的陶器而忽略了食物本身的品质？我们谁不正在乃至一生都在对自己说：“等我有多一点时间了，将会有所改变”？

We never shall have any more time. We have, and we have always had, all the time there is. It is the realisation of this profound and neglected truth (which, by the way, I have not discovered) that has led me to the minute practical examination of daily time-expenditure.

我们永远不会有更多的时间。我们现在跟以往一样，所有的时间也就这么多。正是意识到这一深刻而又往往被人忽略的真理（顺便说一句，这并非是我的发现），我才来仔细研究实际生活中我们每天是如何花费时间的。

(1)几尼，1663年英国发行的一种金币，1813年停止流通，后仅指等于1.05英磅的币值单位。

CHAPTER II The Desire To Exceed One's Programme

第二章 超越计划的渴望

"But," someone may remark, with the English disregard of everything except the point,"what is he driving at with his twenty-four hours a day? I have no difficulty in living on twenty-four hours a day. I do all that I want to do, and still find time to go in for newspaper competitions. Surely it is a simple affair, knowing that one has only twenty-four hours a day, to content one's self with twenty-four hours a day!”

“但是，”有人也许会这么说，以典型英国人对要点以外的一切都不以为然的态度，“一天24小时，他到底是什么意思？我过一天24小时，没有任何问题。不仅想做的事情都做了，而且还有时间参加报上的竞赛活动。这太简单了，谁不知道每天只有24小时，人就应该满足于一天24小时啊！”

To you, my dear sir, I present my excuses and apologies. You are precisely the man that I have been wishing to meet for about forty years. Will you kindly send me your name and address, and state your charge for telling me how you do it? Instead of me talking to you, you ought to be talking to me. Please come forward. That you exist, I am convinced, and that I have not yet encountered you is my loss. Meanwhile, until you appear, I will continue to chat with my companions in distress—that innumerable band of souls who are haunted, more or less painfully, by the feeling that the years slip by, and slip by, and slip by, and that they have not yet been able to get their lives into proper working order.

对您，亲爱的先生，我深表歉意。您正是我差不多四十年来一直期待遇见的人。能否请您给我您的姓名和地址，并请您告诉我需付多少钱，您才能对我说说您是怎样做到这一点的？不是我向您谈什么，而应该是您对我讲道理。请站出来。我深信，有您这样的人，我却不曾遇到过，这是我的损失。在您出现之前，我将继续同苦恼的同胞们聊天，那无数的灵魂或重或轻地为忧虑困扰，眼睁睁地看着岁月流逝，流逝，流逝……可一直未能有效地安排自己的生活。

If we analyse that feeling, we shall perceive it to be, primarily, one of uneasiness, of expectation, of looking forward, of aspiration. It is a source of constant discomfort, for it behaves like a skeleton at the feast of all our enjoyments. We go to the theatre and laugh; but between the acts it raises a skinny finger at us. We rush violently for the last train, and while we are cooling a long age on the platform

waiting for the last train, it promenades its bones up and down by our side and inquires:"O man, what hast thou done with thy youth? What art thou doing with thine age?" You may urge that this feeling of continuous looking forward, of aspiration, is part of life itself, and inseparable from life itself. True!

倘若揣摩这种情绪，我们会发现这主要是一种不安、期待、希求或渴望。这种情绪长久地令人不能舒畅，在我们一切享乐的盛宴上，它像骷髅一般时隐时现。我们看戏眉开眼笑，可剧幕间骷髅会伸出它皮包骨的手指朝我们指指点点。为了赶上最后一趟列车，我们向车站狂奔，站在月台上等这班列车到达、顺便喘息的那好一阵子，它又会拖着满身的骨头在我们身边晃荡并询问道："哦，你的年轻时代是怎样度过的？你现在这个年龄又在做些什么？"也许你会强调说，这种不断向前看的感觉抑或抱负是生活本身的一部分，跟生活密不可分。你说的没错！

But there are degrees. A man may desire to go to Mecca. His conscience tells him that he ought to go to Mecca. He fares forth, either by the aid of Cook's, or unassisted; he may probably never reach Mecca; he may drown before he gets to Port Said; he may perish ingloriously on the coast of the Red Sea; his desire may remain eternally frustrate. Unfulfilled aspiration may always trouble him. But he will not be tormented in the same way as the man who, desiring to reach Mecca, and harried by the desire to reach Mecca, never leaves Brixton[1].

但有程度之别。某人也许渴望去麦加，他的良心告诉自己应该去。他动身前往，或许有库克旅行社的帮助，或许毫无援助；很可能他永远到不了麦加，也许还没到塞德港就已溺水身亡；也许他在红海岸边不甚体面地溘然长逝；也许他的意愿永远无法实现。尚未实现的抱负可能一直困扰他。但他承受的折磨跟其他人所受的折磨又不一样，后者意欲抵达麦加，甚至为那种欲望所折磨，可却不曾离开过布里克斯顿。

It is something to have left Brixton. Most of us have not left Brixton. We have not even taken a cab to Ludgate Circus and inquired from Cook's the price of a conducted tour. And our excuse to ourselves is that there are only twenty-four hours in the day.

走出布里克斯顿，已经很了不起；我们大多数人都不曾离开布里克斯顿。我们甚至不曾搭计程车去拉德盖特广场咨询库克旅行社参加有向导的旅游得花费多少。我们给自己的借口是一天只有24小时。

If we further analyse our vague, uneasy aspiration, we shall,I think,see that it springs from a fixed idea that we ought to do something in addition to those things which we are loyally and morally obliged to do. We are obliged, by various codes written and unwritten, to maintain ourselves and our families (if any) in health and comfort, to pay our debts, to save, to increase our prosperity by increasing our efficiency. A task sufficiently difficult! A task which

very few of us achieve! A task often beyond our skill! Yet, if we succeed in it, as we sometimes do, we are not satisfied; the skeleton is still with us.

倘若我们进一步分析这种模糊而又令人焦躁的渴望，我想我们将会发现这种感觉源于一种固有观念：除了出于忠诚和道义必须完成的工作以外，我们还应该另有所为。按成文和不成文的规定，我们必须维持自己以及家人（如果有的话）的健康和舒适、偿还贷款、储蓄、提高效率以求增加财富。这相当不易！能做到的人寥寥无几！往往超出我们能力所及！然而，即便有时我们做到了，也并不感到满意，因为那骷髅还是纠缠着我们。

And even when we realise that the task is beyond our skill, that our powers cannot cope with it, we feel that we should be less discontented if we gave to our powers, already overtaxed, something still further to do.

即便我们意识到任务非我们能力所及，不可能凭自己的能力应对；但我们觉得，尽管已经超负荷工作了，只要还敦促自己做更多的事，就能减轻失落感。

And such is, indeed, the fact. The wish to accomplish something outside their formal programme is common to all men who in the course of evolution have risen past a certain level.

这是毋庸置疑的事实。所有在进化过程中已达到一定水平的人，一般都希望在正式工作计划之外也能有所成就。

Until an effort is made to satisfy that wish, the sense of uneasy waiting for something to start which has not started will remain to disturb the peace of the soul. That wish has been called by many names. It is one form of the universal desire for knowledge. And it is so strong that men whose whole lives have been given to the systematic acquirement of knowledge have been driven by it to overstep the limits of their programme in search of still more knowledge. Even Herbert Spencer[2], in my opinion the greatest mind that ever lived, was often forced by it into agreeable little backwaters of inquiry.

如果不为实现那一愿望而作出努力，希望有所行动却迟迟未行动的焦躁感会一直干扰本应平静的心灵。人们给这种愿望起了很多名字。这是一种普遍的求知欲，其程度十分强烈，以至于那些全身心地、有计划有步骤地追求知识的人，在这一强烈愿望的驱使下，超越了他们的计划，求索更多的知识。包括我眼里迄今最伟大的思想家赫伯特.斯宾塞也经常在这种渴望的驱使下，沉浸于令人愉快的知识探求的小小静水湾之中。

I imagine that in the majority of people who are conscious of the wish to live—that is to say, people who have intellectual curiosity—

the aspiration to exceed formal programmes takes a literary shape. They would like to embark on a course of reading. Decidedly the British people are becoming more and more literary. But I would point out that literature by no means comprises the whole field of knowledge, and that the disturbing thirst to improve one's self—to increase one's knowledge—may well be slaked quite apart from literature. With the various ways of slaking I shall deal later. Here I merely point out to those who have no natural sympathy with literature that literature is not the only well.

我认为大多数有生活欲望的人，即对知识有好奇心的人，他们超越正式计划的渴望都以某种文学形式体现出来。他们愿意踏上读书的征程。肯定地说，英国人越来越热爱文学。但我想指出文学绝不代表全部知识，那种令人寝食难安的、想要提高自我的渴望——要增长知识——也可借由文学以外的其他途径得到满足。在后面的章节里我将谈到那些途径。在此我想向那些生性不喜欢文学的人指出，文学并不是满足求知欲的唯一源泉。

(1)布里克斯顿，位于英国伦敦南部的兰贝斯自治区。

(2)赫伯特•斯宾塞（1820—1903），英国维多利亚女王时代的哲学家、社会学家，社会进化论和社会有机体论的代表人物。

CHAPTER III Precautions Before Beginning

第三章 开始前的提醒

Now that I have succeeded (if succeeded I have) in persuading you to admit to yourself that you are constantly haunted by a suppressed dissatisfaction with your own arrangement of your daily life; and that the primal cause of that inconvenient dissatisfaction is the feeling that you are every day leaving undone something which you would like to do, and which, indeed, you are always hoping to do when you have "more time"; and now that I have drawn your attention to the glaring, dazzling truth that you never will have "more time," since you already have all the time there is—you expect me to let you into some wonderful secret by which you may at any rate approach the ideal of a perfect arrangement of the day, and by which, therefore, that haunting, unpleasant, daily disappointment of things left undone will be got rid of!

既然我已经把你劝服（如果是这样的话），你承认自己总觉得压抑，老对自己的生活安排不满意；之所以这么郁郁不安，主要原因在于你总觉得每天都有很多你想完成的事情无法完成。确实，你总希望要是有“更多时间”就可以做那些想做的事。现在，既然我已经让你们注意到这样一个扎眼的、炫目的事实：你永远不会有“更多的时间”，因为你所有的时间就是这些——你一定期望我给你传授巧妙的秘诀，据此你至少可以接近理想，把每天的生活安排得尽善尽美，这样一来，先前那挥之不去的、总觉得事情没做完的不快与失望就会消散。

I have found no such wonderful secret. Nor do I expect to find it, nor do I expect that anyone else will ever find it. It is undiscovered. When you first began to gather my drift, perhaps there was a resurrection of hope in your breast. Perhaps you said to yourself, "This man will show me an easy, unfatiguing way of doing what I have so long in vain wished to do." Alas, no! The fact is that there is no easy way, no royal road. The path to Mecca is extremely hard and stony, and the worst of it is that you never quite get there after all.

我尚未找到这样巧妙的秘诀。我不期望自己能找到，也不指望别人能找到，因为那根本就找不到。当你最初开始领会我的大意时，也许你心中会涌起希望。也许你心想：“这人会给我指明一条路，怎样轻松地、不用劳神费力地实现我很久以来渴望实现却从没实现的愿望。”哦，不可能！事实上，没有这种简便方法，也没有任何捷径可走。通往麦加的路极其艰辛不易，最糟的是，你可能最终都不能到达那里。

The most important preliminary to the task of arranging one's life so that one may live fully and comfortably within one's daily budget

of twenty-four hours is the calm realisation of the extreme difficulty of the task, of the sacrifices and the endless effort which it demands. I cannot too strongly insist on this.

为了妥善安排生活以便利用好一天24小时这笔财富，过得充实而舒适，最重要的准备工作就是要冷静地预见到这件事十分困难，不仅需要牺牲，还需要不懈的努力。这一点我怎样强调都不过分。

If you imagine that you will be able to achieve your ideal by ingeniously planning out a time-table with a pen on a piece of paper, you had better give up hope at once. If you are not prepared for discouragements and disillusions; if you will not be content with a small result for a big effort, then do not begin. Lie down again and resume the uneasy doze which you call your existence.

如果你以为用一张纸一支笔别出心裁地作出一张时间表，就可以实现理想，你最好立刻放弃这种想法。如果你还没准备好去面对失意和幻灭，如果你不情愿付出多、回报少，那就不要开始。继续躺着，照样慵懒却不安地打瞌睡，这就是你所谓的生存。

It is very sad, is it not, very depressing and sombre? And yet I think it is rather fine, too, this necessity for the tense bracing of the will before anything worth doing can be done. I rather like it myself. I feel it to be the chief thing that differentiates me from the cat by the fire.

很可悲，难道不是吗？还很压抑、阴郁？我倒觉得很好，在做任何有价值的事之前，都有必要振作精神，我自己很喜欢这样。我认为这是我与炉火边那只猫的主要区别。

"Well," you say, "assume that I am braced for the battle. Assume that I have carefully weighed and comprehended your ponderous remarks; how do I begin?" Dear sir, you simply begin. There is no magic method of beginning. If a man standing on the edge of a swimming-bath and wanting to jump into the cold water should ask you, "How do I begin to jump?" you would merely reply, "Just jump. Take hold of your nerves, and jump."

“好的，”你说，“就算我振作起来准备战斗，就算我仔细掂量并理解你这番沉重的言辞，我要如何开始呢？”亲爱的先生，你开始就是了。对于开始，没有什么神奇妙方。如果一个人站在游泳池边，准备跳进冰冷的池水，问你：“我该怎么起跳？”你也不过这样回答道：“随便跳吧，鼓起勇气，跳吧！”

As I have previously said, the chief beauty about the constant supply of time is that you cannot waste it in advance. The next year, the next day, the next hour are lying ready for you, as perfect, as unspoilt, as if you had never wasted or misapplied a single moment in all your career. Which fact is very gratifying and reassuring. You can

turn over a new leaf every hour if you choose.

如先前所说，时间最美妙之处在于你不能预支时间拿去浪费。来年、明天、下一小时都为你准备好了，全新的，未被使用过，仿佛你整个生涯都没浪费或滥用一分一秒的时间。这着实令人无比欣慰。如果愿意，你随时可以开始崭新的一页。

Therefore no object is served in waiting till next week, or even until tomorrow. You may fancy that the water will be warmer next week. It won't. It will be colder.

因此没有什么事会一直等你到下周，甚至到明天，直到你作出决定。也许你幻想下星期池水会变暖，其实不会，只会更加冰冷。

But before you begin, let me murmur a few words of warning in your private ear.

尽管如此，你开始之前，还是让我在你耳边小声提醒你几句。

Let me principally warn you against your own ardour. Ardour in welldoing is a misleading and a treacherous thing. It cries out loudly for employment; you can't satisfy it at first; it wants more and more; it is eager to move mountains and divert the course of rivers. It isn't content till it perspires. And then, too often, when it feels the perspiration on its brow, it wearies all of a sudden and dies, without even putting itself to the trouble of saying, "I've had enough of this."

我主要想提醒你不要热情过度。希望成功的热情给人误导，很不可靠，它对你疾呼，让你使用它；一开始你就无法满足它，可它的需求越来越大，甚至渴望移山导流；不到汗水涔涔它就不会满足。可往往是当它汗流满面时，就会瞬间精疲力竭，倒地而亡，甚至懒得说一句：“我受够了。”

Beware of undertaking too much at the start. Be content with quite a little. Allow for accidents. Allow for human nature, especially your own.

注意开始时不要包揽太多，要满足于哪怕是微小的收获。允许意外事件的发生，给人之性情留下空间，尤其是你自己的性情。

A failure or so, in itself, would not matter, if it did not incur a loss of self-esteem and of self-confidence. But just as nothing succeeds like success, so nothing fails like failure. Most people who are ruined are ruined by attempting too much. Therefore, in setting out on the immense enterprise of living fully and comfortably within the narrow limits of twenty-four hours a day, let us avoid at any cost the risk of an early failure. I will not agree that, in this business at any rate, a glorious failure is better than a petty success. I am all for the petty success. A glorious failure leads to nothing; a petty success may lead to a success that is not petty.

一两次的失败本身是无关紧要的，只要没损害你的自尊和自信。就像“一事如意，事事顺利；一事失利，事事不利”，大多数人之所以一败涂地，是因为他们贪多。因此，我们要在一天24小时这么有限的时间里，经营这巨大的事业，即过上充实愉快的生活，无论如何应避免过早失败。说光辉的失败胜于渺小的成功，就这件事而言，我无论如何不敢苟同。我百分之百宁愿拥有渺小的成功。伟大的失败之后，一无所获；渺小的成功之后，可能还会带来并不渺小的成功。

So let us begin to examine the budget of the day's time. You say your day is already full to overflowing. How? You actually spend in earning your livelihood—how much? Seven hours, on the average? And in actual sleep, seven? I will add two hours, and be generous. And I will defy you to account to me on the spur of the moment for the other eight hours.

因此，现在让我们来探讨一下每日时间的分配。你说你每天的时间已经排得满满的。怎么会？实际上你用以维持生计的时间——有多少？平均一天七小时？实际的睡眠时间呢？也是七小时？我慷慨些，给你多加两小时。接下来，我倒要来请你讲讲剩下那八小时是如何度过的。

CHAPTER IV The Cause Of The Troubles

第四章 烦恼之源

In order to come to grips at once with the question of time-expenditure in all its actuality, I must choose an individual case for examination. I can only deal with one case, and that case cannot be the average case, because there is no such case as the average case, just as there is no such man as the average man. Every man and every man's case is special.

为了能立即确切地把握时间消费这一问题，我必须作个案分析。我只能举一个例子，该例子不可能具有普遍性，因为不存在具有普遍性的例子，就像没有一个人能代表所有人。每个人和每个人的情况都有其特殊性。

But if I take the case of a Londoner who works in an office, whose office hours are from ten to six, and who spends fifty minutes morning and night in travelling between his house door and his office door, I shall have got as near to the average as facts permit. There are men who have to work longer for a living, but there are others who do not have to work so long.

但是如果我以伦敦某办公室职员为例，他上班朝十晚六，早晚各花50分钟往返于从家到办公室的路上，那么可以说这个例子已经很接近一般情形。有人为了生计工作得更久，但也有人不必工作这么久。

Fortunately the financial side of existence does not interest us here; for our present purpose the clerk at a pound a week is exactly as well off as the millionaire in Carlton House-terrace.

幸好经济状况不是我们的兴趣点；就我们当下的目的而言，周薪为一英镑的职员与卡尔顿官邸平台的百万富翁是一样的。

Now the great and profound mistake which my typical man makes in regard to his day is a mistake of general attitude, a mistake which vitiates and weakens two-thirds of his energies and interests. In the majority of instances he does not precisely feel a passion for his business; at best he does not dislike it. He begins his business functions with reluctance, as late as he can, and he ends them with joy, as early as he can. And his engines while he is engaged in his business are seldom at their full "h.p.[1]" (I know that I shall be accused by angry readers of traducing the city worker; but I am pretty thoroughly acquainted with the City, and I stick to what I say.)

我说的这位典型人士在对待每天的时间问题时，最严重的错误在于总体态度不对，这种错误损耗和减弱了他三分之二的精力和兴趣。大多

数情况下他对工作没有热情；充其量不过是不厌恶罢了。到实在不能推托的时候，他才勉勉强强开工，然后早早地结束工作，结束时他可是欢欢喜喜。工作时，他极少全力以赴（我知道愤怒的读者会指控我诋毁这个城市的工薪一族；但我确实相当熟悉这座城市，我仍然坚持这个观点）。

Yet in spite of all this he persists in looking upon those hours from ten to six as "the day," to which the ten hours preceding them and the six hours following them are nothing but a prologue and epilogue. Such an attitude, unconscious though it be, of course kills his interest in the odd sixteen hours, with the result that, even if he does not waste them, he does not count them; he regards them simply as margin.

尽管这样，他还是坚持把10点到6点这段时间看成“一天”，之前的十小时以及之后的六小时只不过是序曲和尾章而已。这种态度，或许他自己都没意识到，自然会磨灭他对这剩余16小时的兴趣。因此，即使他没有浪费这16小时，却也没加以重视，不过把那段时间当作余暇而已。

This general attitude is utterly illogical and unhealthy, since it formally gives the central prominence to a patch of time and a bunch of activities which the man's one idea is to "get through" and have "done with." If a man makes two-thirds of his existence subservient to onethird, for which admittedly he has no absolutely feverish zest, how can he hope to live fully and completely? He cannot.

这种态度完全缺乏逻辑，也不健康，因为这样一来生活重心就是那一段时间和那一连串的事情，当事人就一个想法，就是要“熬过去”和“完事”。如果一个人将时间的三分之二看成是另外三分之一的附庸，并且无可否认的是，在那三分之一的时间里他没有投入高度的热情，他又怎能指望过得充实美满？不可能。

If my typical man wishes to live fully and completely he must, in his mind, arrange a day within a day. And this inner day, a Chinese box[2] in a larger Chinese box, must begin at 6 p.m. and end at 10 a.m. It is a day of sixteen hours; and during all these sixteen hours he has nothing whatever to do but cultivate his body and his soul and his fellow men. During those sixteen hours he is free; he is not a wage-earner; he is not preoccupied with monetary cares; he is just as good as a man with a private income. This must be his attitude. And his attitude is all important. His success in life (much more important than the amount of estate upon what his executors will have to pay estate duty) depends on it.

如果这位典型人士想过得充实美满，他脑子里必须在一天之内还安排一天。这个内在的一天就像大中国盒子中的小中国盒子，从下午6点到第二天早上10点，共有16小时。在这16个小时中，他要全部用来加强身心健康，结交朋友；在这16个小时中，他自由自在，不是上班族，不

必为生计发愁；他跟有额外收入的人一样。他必须抱持这样的态度，这是非常重要的。他一生成功与否（远比他的财产数目更重要，他的遗嘱执行人还要据此缴纳遗产税）就取决与此。

What? You say that full energy given to those sixteen hours will lessen the value of the business eight? Not so. On the contrary, it will assuredly increase the value of the business eight. One of the chief things which my typical man has to learn is that the mental faculties are capable of a continuous hard activity; they do not tire like an arm or a leg. All they want is change—not rest, except in sleep.

什么？你说把全副精力投入到那16小时会降低8小时的工作效率？不然，正相反，这样会提高那8小时的工作效率。这位典型人士需要了解的主要事情之一即人的大脑能持续繁忙地工作，不会像手臂或大腿那样感到疲倦。大脑唯一需要的是调节——而不是休息，睡眠过程除外。

I shall now examine the typical man's current method of employing the sixteen hours that are entirely his, beginning with his uprising. I will merely indicate things which he does and which I think he ought not to do, postponing my suggestions for "planting" the times which I shall have cleared—as a settler clears spaces in a forest.

现在我将探究这位代表人物是如何安排那完全属于他的16小时的，从他起床开始。我只想指出他所做的事情，以及我认为他不该有的举动，暂不建议如何“安置”我即将清理出来的时间——就像拓荒者在森林里开辟土地一样。

In justice to him I must say that he wastes very little time before he leaves the house in the morning at 9.10. In too many houses he gets up at nine, breakfasts between 9.7 and 9.9 1/2, and then bolts. But immediately he bangs the front door his mental faculties, which are tireless, become idle. He walks to the station in a condition of mental coma. Arrived there, he usually has to wait for the train. On hundreds of suburban stations every morning you see men calmly strolling up and down platforms while railway companies unblushingly rob them of time, which is more than money. Hundreds of thousands of hours are thus lost every day simply because my typical man thinks so little of time that it has never occurred to him to take quite easy precautions against the risk of its loss.

平心而论，我必须说他早上9点10分离开家之前，他几乎没有浪费一点时间。很多人都是9点起床，在9点零7分到9点零9分半钟之间吃完早餐，然后锁门。然而一旦他哐地一声关上前门，他不知疲倦的大脑就闲下来了。他步行至车站的路上，头脑一片空白。走进车站后，通常得等会儿。每天早上在数百个地铁站里，你会看见人们在月台上悠哉游哉地踱来踱去，铁路公司毫不歉疚地掠夺他们比金钱还宝贵的时间。每天不计其数的时间就这么浪费了，就因为这个典型人士对时间如此无动于衷，从未想过采取一些相当简单的预防措施阻止时间的流逝。

He has a solid coin of time to spend every day—call it a sovereign[3]. He must get change for it, and in getting change he is content to lose heavily.

每天都是一块坚硬的时间硬币，可供他花费——就称它为一枚沙弗林金币吧。他必须把金币换成零钱，换零的过程中，他甘愿折损，哪怕折损很大。

Supposing that in selling him a ticket the company said, "We will change you a sovereign, but we shall charge you three halfpence for doing so," what would my typical man exclaim? Yet that is the equivalent of what the company does when it robs him of five minutes twice a day.

试想公司卖给他一张票后说：“我们为你兑换这枚金币，但我们要收取1.5便士的手续费。”这位典型人士会作怎样的抗议？可这与铁路公司每天两次夺去他五分钟并无二致。

You say I am dealing with minutiae. I am. And later on I will justify myself.

你说我所说的都是些琐事，的确如此，然而过后我会给你一个交代。

Now will you kindly buy your paper and step into the train?

现在就请买张报纸，踏上列车吧？

(1)马力，此处为horsepower缩写形式。

(2)中国盒子，来源于中国古代的一种设计，即将形状相同，尺寸逐渐变小的盒子套在一起。后被世界各地采用，如俄罗斯的“套娃”。此处为隐喻的用法。

(3)沙弗林金币，英国旧时的一镑金币，又称作君主金币。

CHAPTER V Tennis And The Immortal Soul

第五章 网球与不朽的灵魂

You get into the morning train with your newspaper, and you calmly and majestically give yourself up to your newspaper. You do not hurry. You know you have at least half an hour of security in front of you. As your glance lingers idly at the advertisements of shipping and of songs on the outer pages, your air is the air of a leisured man, wealthy in time, of a man from some planet where there are a hundred and twenty-four hours a day instead of twenty-four. I am an impassioned reader of newspapers. I read five English and two French dailies, and the news-agents alone know how many weeklies, regularly. I am obliged to mention this personal fact lest I should be accused of a prejudice against newspapers when I say that I object to the reading of newspapers in the morning train. Newspapers are produced with rapidity, to be read with rapidity. There is no place in my daily programme for newspapers. I read them as I may in odd moments. But I do read them. The idea of devoting to them thirty or forty consecutive minutes of wonderful solitude (for nowhere can one more perfectly immerse one's self in one's self than in a compartment full of silent, withdrawn, smoking males) is to me repugnant. I cannot possibly allow you to scatter priceless pearls of time with such Oriental lavishness. You are not the Shah of time. Let me respectfully remind you that you have no more time than I have. No newspaper reading in trains! I have already "put by" about three-quarters of an hour for use.

你拿着报纸，登上早晨的列车，心平气静、泰然自若地读起报来。你一点也不着急，知道自己至少可以这样安安稳稳地呆半个小时。你的目光在报纸外页那些送货和歌曲广告中晃悠，俨然一副逍遥自在的神态，仿佛时间绰绰有余，好似你所在的星球，一天不是24小时，而是124小时。我酷爱读报，每天读五份英文日报、两份法文日报，至于我平常阅读的周报的数量，也只有报纸经销商知道了。我不得不提及这一个人爱好，是为了防备有人指责我反对早上坐车时读报是对报纸有偏见。报纸匆促地刊印，人们匆促地阅读。我的日程表里，没有专门的读报时间。我利用短暂的闲暇读报，但我确实也读报。而连续花三四十分钟独处的美妙时光读报（因为除了呆在满车厢安静、内敛、抽烟的男子中间以外，很难在其他场合得以彻底地沉浸于自我），这种想法让我受不了。我不能允许你这般浪费时间这无价之宝，就像奢侈的东方财主在肆意挥霍。你不是主宰时间的帝王。让我虔敬地提醒你，你拥有的时间并不比我多。不要在列车上读报！这样我又“储存”了45分钟可利用的时间。

Now you reach your office. And I abandon you there till six o'clock. I am aware that you have nominally an hour (often in reality an hour and a half) in the midst of the day, less than half of which time is given to eating. But I will leave you all that to spend as you choose. You may read your newspapers then.

此时你已到办公室。下午6点前，我都不管你。我知道午间通常有一个小时休息时间（事实上往往是一个半小时），午餐用不了其中一半的时间。我可以让你自由安排那段时间，你还可以在那时读报。

I meet you again as you emerge from your office. You are pale and tired. At any rate, your wife says you are pale, and you give her to understand that you are tired. During the journey home you have been gradually working up the tired feeling. The tired feeling hangs heavy over the mighty suburbs of London like a virtuous and melancholy cloud, particularly in winter. You don't eat immediately on your arrival home. But in about an hour or so you feel as if you could sit up and take a little nourishment. And you do. Then you smoke, seriously; you see friends; you potter; you play cards; you flirt with a book; you note that old age is creeping on; you take a stroll; you caress the piano.... By Jove! a quarter past eleven. You then devote quite forty minutes to thinking about going to bed; and it is conceivable that you are acquainted with a genuinely good whisky. At last you go to bed, exhausted by the day's work. Six hours, probably more, have gone since you left the office— gone like a dream, gone like magic, unaccountably gone!

你从办公室出来，我就又和你在一起了。你脸色苍白、疲惫不堪。不管怎样，你妻子说你气色不佳，你也的确给她这种感觉。回家路上，倦意越来越浓。疲倦就像那笼罩着伦敦郊外上空的沉沉阴霾，尤其是在冬天。你到家后并不立即用餐。过了差不多半小时，你觉得该坐起来吸收点营养了，你才吃东西。接着认真地抽起烟来、会见朋友、悠哉游哉、打牌、翻翻书、意识到年龄不饶人、散散步、摸摸钢琴……天哪！转眼就是11点一刻。接下来足足40分钟时间你在想是否该上床睡觉；可以想象你经常喝上好的威士忌。最后，累了一天的你终于上床睡觉了。从你离开办公室算起，六小时，也可能更多的时间就如梦一般神奇地消失了，说不清楚怎样就那么消失了。

That is a fair sample case. But you say: "It's all very well for you to talk. A man is tired. A man must see his friends. He can't always be on the stretch." Just so. But when you arrange to go to the theatre (especially with a pretty woman) what happens? You rush to the suburbs; you spare no toil to make yourself glorious in fine raiment; you rush back to town in another train; you keep yourself on the stretch for four hours, if not five; you take her home; you take yourself home. You don't spend three-quarters of an hour in "thinking about" going to bed. You go. Friends and fatigue have equally been forgotten,

and the evening has seemed so exquisitely long (or perhaps too short)! And do you remember that time when you were persuaded to sing in the chorus of the amateur operatic society, and slaved two hours every other night for three months? Can you deny that when you have something definite to look forward to at eventide, something that is to employ all your energy—the thought of that something gives a glow and a more intense vitality to the whole day?

这是一个很典型的例子。但你说："随你怎么说，但我确实疲惫了，也必须见朋友，不能总是把弦绷得紧紧的。"言之有理。然而假如你去剧院看戏（特别是同漂亮女人一道），情况会怎样呢？你匆忙赶去郊区，费尽周折翻腾出漂亮的衣服，把自己打扮得光鲜体面，又乘下一辆车赶回城里；这样纵使不是五个小时，也至少有四个小时你的精神都很紧张；你把她送回家，然后自己才回家，你不会花45分钟时间去"考虑"该不该睡觉，就立刻上床了。朋友和疲惫都被抛诸脑后，那个夜晚对你来说是多么漫长（或特别短暂）！可曾记得你在别人的劝说下参加业余剧团大合唱，三个月里隔天的晚上都艰苦训练两小时的日子？黄昏时分有所期盼，要全副精力地去做事——想到这就令你整天的生活焕然生辉，活力倍增，你能否认这一点吗？

What I suggest is that at six o'clock you look facts in the face and admit that you are not tired (because you are not, you know), and that you arrange your evening so that it is not cut in the middle by a meal. By so doing you will have a clear expanse of at least three hours. I do not suggest that you should employ three hours every night of your life in using up your mental energy. But I do suggest that you might, for a commencement, employ an hour and a half every other evening in some important and consecutive cultivation of the mind. You will still be left with three evenings for friends, bridge, tennis, domestic scenes, odd reading, pipes, gardening, pottering, and prize competitions. You will still have the terrific wealth of forty-four hours between 2 p.m. Saturday and 10 a.m. Monday. If you persevere you will soon want to pass four evenings, and perhaps five, in some sustained endeavour to be genuinely alive. And you will fall out of that habit of muttering to yourself at 11.15 p.m., "Time to be thinking about going to bed." The man who begins to go to bed forty minutes before he opens his bedroom door is bored; that is to say, he is not living.

我想对你提的建议是，在每天下午6点正视事实、承认自己并不疲倦（因为，你知道自己确实不疲倦），安排好晚间生活，中途不要让晚餐打断。这样一来，你就至少连续拥有三个小时的时间，我不是说你一辈子都应该用每晚三个小时耗尽所有脑力。但我确实建议，作为开端，你可以每隔一天晚上用一个半小时做一些重要的、能不断提升心智的事情。你还有三个晚上可以会朋友、玩桥牌、打网球、料理家事、随便翻翻书、吸几口烟、种植花木、溜达或参加有奖竞赛。你仍然拥有从周六

下午2点到下周一早上10点之间44个小时的时间，这是一笔绝佳的财富。如果你坚持不懈，很快你就会乐意投入四个甚至五个晚上做那项需要持续投入精力的事情，过真正充实的生活。这样你就会戒掉以前的习惯——往往在晚上11点15分时喃喃自语：“该考虑睡觉了。”在推开卧室门之前40分钟就打算睡觉的人肯定是无聊至极，换句话说，他根本没有在生活。

But remember, at the star t, those ninety nocturnal minutes thrice a week must be the most important minutes in the ten thousand and eighty. They must be sacred, quite as sacred as a dramatic rehearsal or a tennis match. Instead of saying, "Sorry I can't see you, old chap, but I have to run off to the tennis club," you must say, "... but I have to work." This, I admit, is intensely difficult to say. Tennis is so much more urgent than the immortal soul.

但是要记住，开始时，一周三个晚上，每晚90分钟的时间是三天10,080分钟里最为重要的。那段时间必须是神圣的，就跟戏剧彩排或网球比赛一样神圣。不要说：“对不起，老伙计，我不能见你，我得赶紧去网球俱乐部了”；你应当说：“……不过我得工作了。”我承认，说出这话异常困难。与追求不朽的灵魂相比，打网球要急迫得多。

CHAPTER VI Remember Human Nature

第六章 牢记人的天性

I have incidentally mentioned the vast expanse of forty-four hours between leaving business at 2 p.m. on Saturday and returning to business at 10 a.m. on Monday. And here I must touch on the point whether the week should consist of six days or of seven. For many years—in fact, until I was approaching forty—my own week consisted of seven days. I was constantly being informed by older and wiser people that more work, more genuine living, could be got out of six days than out of seven.

我已顺带提及了从周六下午2点下班到周一早上10点上班之间有一大段时间长达44小时。此刻我须谈谈一周应该是六天还是七天。多年来——实际上，直到我快要四十岁时——我的一周是七天。一直以来，年长睿智的人不断告诉我一周工作六天比七天更有效率，生活得更好。

And it is certainly true that now, with one day in seven in which I follow no programme and make no effort save what the caprice of the moment dictates, I appreciate intensely the moral value of a weekly rest. Nevertheless, had I my life to arrange over again, I would do again as I have done. Only those who have lived at the full stretch seven days a week for a long time can appreciate the full beauty of a regular recurring idleness. Moreover, I am ageing. And it is a question of age. In cases of abounding youth and exceptional energy and desire for effort I should say unhesitatingly: Keep going, day in, day out.

确实，如今七天里有一天我不安排任何计划，除了一时兴起，并不费心做什么，我十分理解每周放松一次的道德价值。然而，如果让我重新安排我的生活，我将依然故我。只有那些长期以来一周七天都全力以赴的人才能体会到拥有固定假期是多么美妙的事情。更何况，我正渐渐老去，这也是个年龄的问题。如果遇见朝气蓬勃、精力格外旺盛并渴望做更多事的年轻人，我会毫不犹豫地说：请不舍昼夜，努力拼搏。

But in the average case I should say: Confine your formal programme (super-programme, I mean) to six days a week. If you find yourself wishing to extend it, extend it, but only in proportion to your wish; and count the time extra as a windfall, not as regular income, so that you can return to a six-day programme without the sensation of being poorer, of being a backslider.

但一般情况下，我会说：一周限定六天执行你的正式计划（我指超级计划）。如果你想延长也可以延长，但要与你的企望成比例；把额外的时间当成意外之财，而不是稳定收入，这样你恢复六天的日程安排时，就不会觉得自己“收入”减少了，也不会感觉自己在退步。

Let us now see where we stand. So far we have marked for saving out of the waste of days, half an hour at least on six mornings a week, and one hour and a half on three evenings a week. Total, seven hours and a half a week.

现在看看我们了解了什么。目前我们明确了怎样从每天浪费的时间中节约出时间：每周六天，每天早上至少半小时；加上每周三个晚上，每晚各一个半小时，每周总共有七个半小时。

I propose to be content with that seven hours and a half for the present. "What?" you cry. "You pretend to show us how to live, and you only deal with seven hours and a half out of a hundred and sixtyeight! Are you going to perform a miracle with your seven hours and a half?" Well, not to mince the matter, I am—if you will kindly let me! That is to say, I am going to ask you to attempt an experience which, while perfectly natural and explicable, has all the air of a miracle. My contention is that the full use of those seven-and-a-half hours will quicken the whole life of the week, add zest to it, and increase the interest which you feel in even the most banal occupations. You practise physical exercises for a mere ten minutes morning and evening, and yet you are not astonished when your physical health and strength are beneficially affected every hour of the day, and your whole physical outlook changed. Why should you be astonished that an average of over an hour a day given to the mind should permanently and completely enliven the whole activity of the mind?

我提议现在我们应该满足于这节省出的七个半小时。“什么？”你叫道，“你声称教我们怎样生活，可你却不过在168个小时中抽出七个半小时做文章！用这七个半小时，你准备上演什么奇迹吗？”噢，毋庸讳言，我是要上演奇迹——如果你好心应允的话！换句话说，我想请你尝试体验一下，虽然这种体验极其自然，说得清道得明，但它跟奇迹并无二致。我认为充分利用那七个半小时会使你这一周过得更快，生活变得更有激情，连你一向觉得乏味至极的工作都能唤起你的兴趣。一早一晚你花区区十分钟锻炼身体，就会全天受益，体格改善、体力增强，你整个身体状况都有所改观，对此你并不惊讶。同理，平均一天花一个多小时来陶冶性情，也应能长久地使所有精神活动充满生机，对此你又何须惊异呢？

More time might assuredly be given to the cultivation of one's self. And in proportion as the time was longer the results would be greater. But I prefer to begin with what looks like a trifling effort.

或许应该投入更多时间提高自身素质。付出的时间越多，收获就越大。但我倾向于从看似微不足道的努力开始。

It is not really a trif ling effort, as those will discover who have yet to essay it. To "clear" even seven hours and a half from the jungle

is passably difficult. For some sacrifice has to be made. One may have spent one's time badly, but one did spend it; one did do something with it, however ill-advised that something may have been. To do something else means a change of habits.

其实也不是微不足道的努力，那些尚未有所尝试的人今后会发现这一点。即使从时间丛林中“清理出”七个半小时都有些困难，因为得作某种牺牲。也许一个人的确花了那些时间，不管过得多么糟糕；也许一个人也的确利用那时间做了些事，不管那些事做得多么不妥。但想要做其他事就意味着习惯的改变。

And habits are the very dickens to change! Further, any change, even a change for the better, is always accompanied by drawbacks and discomforts. If you imagine that you will be able to devote seven hours and a half a week to serious, continuous effort, and still live your old life, you are mistaken. I repeat that some sacrifice, and an immense deal of volition, will be necessary. And it is because I know the difficulty, it is because I know the almost disastrous effect of failure in such an enterprise, that I earnestly advise a very humble beginning. You must safeguard your self-respect. Self-respect is at the root of all purposefulness, and a failure in an enterprise deliberately planned deals a desperate wound at one's self-respect. Hence I iterate and reiterate: Start quietly, unostentatiously.

要改变习惯相当困难！况且，任何改变，哪怕是往好的方面改变总伴随着缺憾和不适。如果你想象自己每周都能利用那七个半小时坚持不懈地认真努力，却同时还能过着以前的生活，那你就错了。我重复一遍，某种牺牲以及过人的毅力是必需的。因为我知道要做到那样是多么困难，并且在这件事情上一旦失败会造成几乎是灾难性的后果，所以我诚恳地建议要非常缓和地开始。你必须维护你的自尊，自尊是一切动机的根本，在精心思量的事情上失败往往会给人的自尊带来致命的打击。因此我重申，再重申：要低调谦抑地开始。

When you have conscientiously given seven hours and a half a week to the cultivation of your vitality for three months—then you may begin to sing louder and tell yourself what wondrous things you are capable of doing.

如果你每周花七个半小时认真提升自己的精力，三个月下来，你就可以开始高声歌唱，可以告诉自己能做多么神奇的事。

Before coming to the method of using the indicated hours, I have one final suggestion to make. That is, as regards the evenings, to allow much more than an hour and a half in which to do the work of an hour and a half. Remember the chance of accidents. Remember human nature. And give yourself, say, from 9 to 11.30 for your task of ninety minutes.

在讲到利用那些时间的方法之前，我还有最后一个建议。就晚间活动安排而言，可以花超过一个半小时的时间做一个半小时的工作，因为要考虑到可能发生的意外，要想到人的天性。比如，让自己从晚上9点到11点半做本来计划90分钟内做完的事情。

CHAPTER VII Controlling The Mind

第七章 控制思绪

People say: "One can't help one's thoughts." But one can. The control of the thinking machine is perfectly possible. And since nothing whatever happens to us outside our own brain; since nothing hurts us or gives us pleasure except within the brain, the supreme importance of being able to control what goes on in that mysterious brain is patent. This idea is one of the oldest platitudes, but it is a platitude whose profound truth and urgency most people live and die without realising. People complain of the lack of power to concentrate, not witting that they may acquire the power, if they choose.

有人说："人无法左右自己的思绪。"事实绝非如此，控制这架思维机器是完全可能的。既然千思万绪都来自我们的大脑，喜怒哀乐都源自我们的思维，显然，控制这个神秘大脑中的思维是极其重要的。这虽是说过无数次的陈词滥调，但大多数人一生都没有意识到这种想法的深远含义和紧迫性。人们抱怨自己总是不能集中注意力，却不知道如果他们愿意，是能够获得这种能力的。

And without the power to concentrate—that is to say, without the power to dictate to the brain its task and to ensure obedience—true life is impossible. Mind control is the first element of a full existence.

不能集中注意力，即不能给大脑发号施令并使它服从，就没有真正的生活。对意志的控制是我们作为一个完整的存在体的首要条件。

Hence, it seems to me, the first business of the day should be to put the mind through its paces. You look after your body, inside and out; you run grave danger in hacking hairs off your skin; you employ a whole army of individuals, from the milkman to the pig-killer, to enable you to bribe your stomach into decent behaviour. Why not devote a little attention to the far more delicate machinery of the mind, especially as you will require no extraneous aid? It is for this portion of the art and craft of living that I have reserved the time from the moment of quitting your door to the moment of arriving at your office.

因此，在我看来，一天的第一要务应该是让大脑步入正轨。你从内到外照顾自己的身体；你冒着巨大风险，把皮肤上的毛发刮掉；你和一大群人打交道，从牛奶工到杀猪的屠夫，就为了让你的胃运转灵便。何不花一点工夫在"大脑"这部更为精密的机器上呢？尤其是你不需要任何外在帮助的时候。我为你保留了走出家门到抵达公司之前的这段时间来琢磨这部分生活的艺术和窍门。

"What? I am to cultivate my mind in the street, on the platform, in the train, and in the crowded street again?" Precisely. Nothing simpler! No tools required! Not even a book. Nevertheless, the affair is not easy.

“什么？我要在大街上、月台上和列车内锻炼心智？然后从车站出来到拥挤的街道上继续锻炼？”正是。这最简单不过了，不需要任何工具，甚至一本书都不需要。然而，这事并不容易。

When you leave your house, concentrate your mind on a subject (no matter what, to begin with). You will not have gone ten yards before your mind has skipped away under your very eyes and is larking round the corner with another subject.

离开家门时，集中精神想某件事（开始无论想什么都无妨）。可能走了不过十码的距离，你的思绪就在你眼皮底下悄悄溜开，跑到其他事情上逗留去了。

Bring it back by the scruff of the neck. Ere you have reached the station you will have brought it back about forty times. Do not despair. Continue. Keep it up. You will succeed. You cannot by any chance fail if you persevere. It is idle to pretend that your mind is incapable of concentration. Do you not remember that morning when you received a disquieting letter which demanded a very carefully-worded answer? How you kept your mind steadily on the subject of the answer, without a second's intermission, until you reached your off ice; whereupon you instantly sat down and wrote the answer? That was a case in which you were roused by circumstances to such a degree of vitality that you were able to dominate your mind like a tyrant. You would have no trif ling. You insisted that its work should be done, and its work was done.

你要揪住它的脖子，把它领回来。这样在你到车站前，你就会把它拽回来差不多四十次了。不要灰心，继续，坚持住，你会成功的。如果你坚持，就绝不会失败。借口自己精力无法集中，是懒惰的表现。你可记得有天早上收到一封令你忐忑不安的来信，你必须要字斟句酌地回复？到达办公室之前，你一刻不停地琢磨那封信，一进办公室，就立即坐下写了回函，你是怎样做到的？这个例子说明，某些情形下，你精力非常集中，能像一位专制的君王完全把控自己的思绪，可以排除一切杂念。你坚信能控制自己的思绪，结果就如愿以偿了。

By the regular practice of concentration (as to which there is no secret—save the secret of perseverance) you can tyrannise over your mind (which is not the highest part of you) every hour of the day, and in no matter what place. The exercise is a very convenient one. If you got into your morning train with a pair of dumb-bells for your muscles or an encyclopaedia in ten volumes for your learning, you would probably excite remark. But as you walk in the street, or sit in the

corner of the compartment behind a pipe, or "strap-hang" on the Subterranean, who is to know that you are engaged in the most important of daily acts? What asinine boor can laugh at you?

通过每日不断地训练自己集中精力（这并无诀窍，除了持之以恒），你就可以时时刻刻、随时随地随意统治自己的思绪（它并不是你最高、最权威的部分）。这种训练很方便。如果你早上上车时，为锻炼肌肉带着一对哑铃或为学习带着十卷本的百科全书，很可能会引人议论。但当你走在街上，坐在地铁车厢某个管道后面的角落里，或站在地铁里抓着吊环，谁知道你在进行一天最重要的活动？哪个蠢蛋会嘲笑你？

I do not care what you concentrate on, so long as you concentrate. It is the mere disciplining of the thinking machine that counts. But still, you may as well kill two birds with one stone, and concentrate on something useful. I suggest—it is only a suggestion—a little chapter of Marcus Aurelius[1] or Epictetus[2].

我不在意你集中精力想什么，只要你集中精力就够了；关键在于约束那个思维机器。尽管如此，你最好还是一箭双雕，全神贯注于有用的事情。我建议凝神思索马可.奥勒利乌斯或爱比克泰德作品里的某些章节，当然这只是个建议。

Do not, I beg, shy at their names. For myself, I know nothing more "actual," more bursting with plain common-sense, applicable to the daily life of plain persons like you and me (who hate airs, pose, and nonsense) than Marcus Aurelius or Epictetus. Read a chapter—and so short they are, the chapters!—in the evening and concentrate on it the next morning. You will see.

我请求你千万不要听到他们的名字就避而远之。就我知道的而言，除了马可.奥勒利乌斯或爱比克泰德之外，没有谁的作品是如此“实际”，充满常识、适合你我这样的凡人（我们都讨厌装模作样、故弄玄虚和废话连篇）。晚间读一章——每章篇幅如此之短，读数章！——翌日早上集中思考所读的内容，你就会赞同我所说的了。

Yes, my friend, it is useless for you to try to disguise the fact. I can hear your brain like a telephone at my ear. You are saying to yourself: "This fellow was doing pretty well up to his seventh chapter. He had begun to interest me faintly. But what he says about thinking in trains, and concentration, and so on, is not for me. It may be well enough for some folks, but it isn't in my line."

是的，我的朋友，想掩饰真相是毫无用处的。我能听到你脑子里的想法，就像在我耳边响起的电话铃声一样清晰，你在对自己说：“这家伙一直讲到第七章都还有道理，我刚开始有点兴趣，但他所说的在火车上思考、集中精力之类的话，不是讲给我听的。可能对有些人来说还有用，但我可无法办到。”

It is for you, I passionately repeat; it is for you. Indeed, you are the very man I am aiming at.

那是讲给你听的，我热切地重申一遍；事实上，我就是特别针对你讲的。

Throw away the suggestion, and you throw away the most precious suggestion that was ever offered to you. It is not my suggestion. It is the suggestion of the most sensible, practical, hard-headed men who have walked the earth. I only give it you at second-hand. Try it. Get your mind in hand. And see how the process cures half the evils of life—especially worry, that miserable, avoidable, shameful disease—worry!

如果拒绝这条建议，你就拒绝了曾听到过的最宝贵的建议。这不是我的建议，是最明智、最务实、最冷静的世人早就提出的建议。我只是转述而已，尝试一下，控制自己的思绪。看看这个方法如何去除你生命中一半的灾祸，特别是忧虑，这可悲的、无耻的但可避免的恶疾——忧虑！

(1)马可•奥勒利乌斯（121—180），在161—180年间统治罗马帝国，是罗马帝国五贤帝时代最后一个皇帝，也被认为是一位新斯多葛学派哲学家。

(2)爱比克泰德（约55—约135），古罗马新斯多葛学派哲学家。

CHAPTER VIII The Reflective Mood

第八章 深思反省

The exercise of concentrating the mind (to which at least half an hour a day should be given) is a mere preliminary, like scales on the piano. Having acquired power over that most unruly member of one's complex organism, one has naturally to put it to the yoke. Useless to possess an obedient mind unless one profits to the furthest possible degree by its obedience. A prolonged primary course of study is indicated.

练就全神贯注的能力（每天至少应该投入半小时）只是最基本的，就像刚开始学钢琴时的音阶练习。学会了掌控思绪，这有机体最难驾驭的部分，自然而然地就要驯服它。然而，除非被驯服的头脑能够最大限度地发挥作用，否则拥有它就毫无意义。因此，漫长的基础课程很有必要。

Now as to what this course of study should be there cannot be any question; there never has been any question. All the sensible people of all ages are agreed upon it. And it is not literature, nor is it any other art, nor is it history, nor is it any science. It is the study of one's self. Man, know thyself. These words are so hackneyed that verily I blush to write them. Yet they must be written, for they need to be written. (I take back my blush, being ashamed of it.) Man, know thyself. I say it out loud. The phrase is one of those phrases with which everyone is familiar, of which everyone acknowledges the value, and which only the most sagacious put into practice. I don't know why. I am entirely convinced that what is more than anything else lacking in the life of the average well-intentioned man of today is the reflective mood.

现在对这门课程的内容不应该有任何问题，从来都没有问题。所有具有判断力的人，不论老少都赞同这一点。这门课程不是文学，也不是任何其他艺术，既非历史也非科学，而是关于人自身的学问。人啊，去认识你自己吧。这些话已是老生常谈，令我羞于引用，但我必须写下来，因为有这必要（我收回“羞于引用”这几个字，并为此感到惭愧）。人啊，去认识你自己吧，我大声疾呼。这句格言人人皆知，其道理无人不晓，但不知为何只有最明达的人践行这句话。我十分确定今天普通良善的人们生活中最缺乏的就是深思反省。

We do not ref lect. I mean that we do not ref lect upon genuinely important things; upon the problem of our happiness, upon the main direction in which we are going, upon what life is giving to us, upon the share which reason has (or has not) in determining our actions,

and upon the relation between our principles and our conduct.

我们不反思。我的意思是我们不细想那些真正重要的事情：我们的幸福、我们人生的主方向、生活赐予我们的一切、理智在多大程度上决定了（或是不能决定）我们的行动、以及我们的原则和行为之间的关系。

And yet you are in search of happiness, are you not? Have you discovered it?

然而你正在寻求幸福，不是吗？你找寻到了没有？

The chances are that you have not. The chances are that you have already come to believe that happiness is unattainable. But men have attained it. And they have attained it by realising that happiness does not spring from the procuring of physical or mental pleasure, but from the development of reason and the adjustment of conduct to principles.

也许你还未找到，也许你已经发觉幸福是无法企及的，但有的人确实得到了幸福。因为他们领悟到幸福并非源于肉体或精神上的享乐，而在于充实自己的理性思考，并采取符合自己原则的行为方式。

I suppose that you will not have the audacity to deny this. And if you admit it, and still devote no part of your day to the deliberate consideration of your reason, principles, and conduct, you admit also that while striving for a certain thing you are regularly leaving undone the one act which is necessary to the attainment of that thing.

我想你没有胆量否认这一点。假如你承认这一点，却仍然丝毫不花时间用心去认真思考自己的理性、原则与行为，那么你也要承认，在你努力想完成某事时，你总是没落实对实现你的目标很关键的行动。

Now, shall I blush, or will you?

此刻，是该我脸红，还是你啊？

Do not fear that I mean to thrust certain principles upon your attention. I care not (in this place) what your principles are. Your principles may induce you to believe in the righteousness of burglary. I don't mind. All I urge is that a life in which conduct does not fairly well accord with principles is a silly life; and that conduct can only be made to accord with principles by means of daily examination, ref lection, and resolution. What leads to the permanent sorrowfulness of burglars is that their principles are contrary to burglary. If they genuinely believed in the moral excellence of burglary, penal servitude would simply mean so many happy years for them; all martyrs are happy, because their conduct and their principles agree.

不要担心我想强迫你将注意力转向某些原则。我不介意（就目前的立场）你的原则是什么。按你的原则，也许你认为入室行窃是正当之

举，我不在乎。我强调的只是行为与原则相互违背的人生是毫无意义的；只有通过日复一日的审视、自省和决心，才能让行为符合原则。令窃贼终生痛悔的是他们偷盗的行为和他们的原则是背道而驰的。如果他们坚信入室行窃是高尚义举，劳役拘禁之年将是他们的快乐年华；而所有烈士都是幸福的，因为他们的行为和原则相互吻合。

As for reason (which makes conduct, and is not unconnected with the making of principles), it plays a far smaller part in our lives than we fancy. We are supposed to be reasonable but we are much more instinctive than reasonable. And the less we reflect, the less reasonable we shall be. The next time you get cross with the waiter because your steak is over-cooked, ask reason to step into the cabinet-room of your mind, and consult her. She will probably tell you that the waiter did not cook the steak, and had no control over the cooking of the steak; and that even if he alone was to blame, you accomplished nothing good by getting cross; you merely lost your dignity, looked a fool in the eyes of sensible men, and soured the waiter, while producing no effect whatever on the steak.

至于理性（理性产生行动，且与原则的建立也不无关系），它在我们生活中所起的作用比我们想象的小得多。我们应该通情达理，可我们更多地依循本能，而不是理性。我们反省得越少，理性就丧失得越多。下次你因牛排过熟对服务员大动肝火时，请把理智换入大脑的密室，咨询一番。她很可能会告诉你牛排不是服务员煎的，他不管这档事，即便整件事都是他造成的，你跟他生气也于事无补，那只会降低你的人格，在智者眼里你就像个傻子，让服务员很沮丧，而对牛排却产生不了任何作用。

The result of this consultation with reason (for which she makes no charge) will be that when once more your steak is over-cooked you will treat the waiter as a fellow-creature, remain quite calm in a kindly spirit, and politely insist on having a fresh steak. The gain will be obvious and solid.

向理性咨询的结果（她不索求咨询费）将是：下次再遇到牛排煎得过熟时，你应把服务员视如同侪，和颜悦色，礼貌地坚持要求换一盘。这样一来，收获是明显而实在的。

In the formation or modification of principles, and the practice of conduct, much help can be derived from printed books (issued at sixpence each and upwards). I mentioned in my last chapter Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus. Certain even more widely known works will occur at once to the memory. I may also mention Pascal[1], La Bruyere[2], and Emerson[3]. For myself, you do not catch me travelling without my Marcus Aurelius. Yes, books are valuable. But not reading of books will take the place of a daily, candid, honest examination of what one has recently done, and what one is about to do—of a steady looking at

one's self in the face (disconcerting though the sight may be).

建立或修正原则并将原则付诸实践时，可以从书本上获得很多帮助（每本需6便士或更贵一些）。我在上一章提到了马可.奥勒利乌斯和爱比克泰德。即刻我还想起了一些更有名的书籍，如帕斯卡、拉布吕耶尔和爱默生的著作。至于我，旅行时马可.奥勒利乌斯的作品是必备的。是的，书籍是宝贵的。但阅读不能取代每日坦然而诚实地审视自己最近做过以及即将要做的事情——直面正视自己（虽然这目光可能令人有些不安）。

When shall this important business be accomplished? The solitude of the evening journey home appears to me to be suitable for it. A ref lective mood naturally follows the exertion of having earned the day's living. Of course if, instead of attending to an elementary and profoundly important duty, you prefer to read the paper (which you might just as well read while waiting for your dinner) I have nothing to say. But attend to it at some time of the day you must. I now come to the evening hours.

这项重要的工作应该在什么时候做呢？我认为傍晚独自回家时就适合做这件事。为生计忙碌一天后，人们自然会回顾当天的作为。当然，如果你执意不完成这一基本且相当重要的任务，而宁愿看报（其实最好在等晚餐时看），我也无话可说。但一天中你务必得抽时间反省。接下来我就谈谈晚上的时间。

(1)帕斯卡（1623—1662），法国数学家、物理学家、哲学家。

(2)拉布吕耶尔（1645—1696），法国散文家、小说家。

(3)爱默生（1803—1882)，美国散文作家、诗人、哲学家。

CHAPTER IX Interest In The Arts

第九章 对艺术的兴趣

Many people pursue a regular and uninterrupted course of idleness in the evenings because they think that there is no alternative to idleness but the study of literature; and they do not happen to have a taste for literature. This is a great mistake.

很多人晚间总想无所事事，一直闲着，因为他们觉得打发时间的唯一途径就是读文学作品，可他们对文学又提不起兴趣。这是一个严重的错误。

Of course it is impossible, or at any rate very difficult, properly to study anything whatever without the aid of printed books. But if you desire to understand the deeper depths of bridge or of boat-sailing you would not be deterred by your lack of interest in literature from reading the best books on bridge or boat-sailing. We must, therefore, distinguish between literature, and books treating of subjects not literary. I shall come to literature in due course.

没有纸质书籍，想要较好地学习任何东西当然不可能或是很艰难。但若你渴望了解打桥牌或操作帆船的高深技巧，你就不会因为对文学缺乏兴趣而对桥牌或帆船方面最好的书籍畏而远之了。因此我们必须区分文学书籍和非文学书籍。等该谈文学时我自然会谈及文学。

Let me now remark to those who have never read Meredith[1], and who are capable of being unmoved by a discussion as to whether Mr. Stephen Phillips[2] is or is not a true poet, that they are perfectly within their rights. It is not a crime not to love literature. It is not a sign of imbecility. The mandarins of literature will order out to instant execution the unfortunate individual who does not comprehend, say, the inf luence of Wordsworth[3] on Tennyson[4]. But that is only their impudence. Where would they be, I wonder, if requested to explain the influences that went to make Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic Symphony"?

现在，对那些从未读过梅瑞狄斯的作品、对斯蒂芬.菲利普是否真正算诗人的讨论无动于衷的人，我想说他们完全有权利这样做。不喜爱文学并不是罪恶，也不是愚笨的表现。文学界的达官贵人们认为，对那些连华兹华斯对丁尼生有何影响等类事情都不知晓的可悲的人，应该立即执行死刑。然而这不过是那些官令的轻率之举。我寻思如果要这些官令解释柴可夫斯基创作《悲怆交响曲》时所受的启示，他们会怎样？

There are enormous fields of knowledge quite outside literature which will yield magnificent results to cultivators. For example (since

I have just mentioned the most popular piece of high-class music in England today), I am reminded that the Promenade Concerts[5] begin in August. You go to them. You smoke your cigar or cigarette (and I regret to say that you strike your matches during the soft bars of the "Lohengrin" overture), and you enjoy the music. But you say you cannot play the piano or the fiddle, or even the banjo; that you know nothing of music.

文学之外，还有广阔的知识领域可以给人以极大的教化。比如（我刚刚提到了当今英国最流行的高级音乐），我想起每逢八月开始的逍遥音乐会。你参加音乐会，一边抽着雪茄或香烟（我不得不遗憾地告诉你，当《罗恩格林》序曲的优美旋律响起时，你却划了火柴），一边陶醉在音乐中。可是你说你不会弹钢琴，不会拉小提琴，甚至连班卓琴也不会；你认为自己对音乐一窍不通。

What does that matter? That you have a genuine taste for music is proved by the fact that, in order to fill his hall with you and your peers, the conductor is obliged to provide programmes from which bad music is almost entirely excluded (a change from the old Covent Garden[6] days!).

那有什么关系呢？为了使你和同伴们坐满音乐厅，乐队指挥挑选了精彩的曲目，次劣音乐完全没有立足之地（可不同于以前柯文特花园的日子！），这一事实足以证明你对音乐真正有品位。

Now surely your inability to perform "The Maiden's Prayer" on a piano need not prevent you from making yourself familiar with the construction of the orchestra to which you listen a couple of nights a week during a couple of months! As things are, you probably think of the orchestra as a heterogeneous mass of instruments producing a confused agreeable mass of sound. You do not listen for details because you have never trained your ears to listen to details.

因此现在很肯定的是，即便你不会用钢琴演奏《少女的祈祷》，也毫不妨碍你熟悉管弦乐队的结构，因为几个月来你每周花好几晚听乐队演奏。事实是，你很可能认为管弦乐队就是集中五花八门的乐器，奏出一系列混乱而又悦耳的声音。你没有注意听细节，因为你的耳朵还没受过相关训练。

If you were asked to name the instruments which play the great theme at the beginning of the C minor symphony you could not name them for your life's sake. Yet you admire the C minor symphony. It has thrilled you. It will thrill you again. You have even talked about it, in an expansive mood, to that lady—you know whom I mean. And all you can positively state about the C minor symphony is that Beethoven composed it and that it is a " jolly fine thing."

如果要你说出C小调交响曲响起时演奏主旋律的乐器名称，可能你

无论如何也说不出来。但你还是很欣赏这首曲子，它让你心潮澎湃，以后还会让你感到震撼。兴致高的时候，你还同那位女士谈过这首曲子——你知道我指的是谁。对于这首曲子，你能谈论的也仅限于那是贝多芬的作品，说它是“让人身心愉悦的好曲子”。

Now, if you have read, say, Mr. Krehbiel's[7] How to Listen to Music (which can be got at any bookseller's for less than the price of a stall at the Alhambra, and which contains photographs of all the orchestral instruments and plans of the arrangement of orchestras) you would next go to a promenade concert with an astonishing intensification of interest in it. Instead of a confused mass, the orchestra would appear to you as what it is—a marvellously balanced organism whose various groups of members each have a different and an indispensable function. You would spy out the instruments, and listen for their respective sounds. You would know the gulf that separates a French horn from an English horn, and you would perceive why a player of the hautboy gets higher wages than a fiddler, though the fiddle is the more difficult instrument. You would live at a promenade concert, whereas previously you had merely existed there in a state of beatific coma, like a baby gazing at a bright object.

但如果你读过，比如克雷比尔所著的《怎样听音乐》（几乎任何书店都可以买到，价格比阿罕布拉剧场的前排票价还低，还有管弦乐团所有乐器的图片以及乐队的安排方案）之后，下次去参加逍遥音乐会，你的兴味就会出奇浓厚了。你再也不会觉得管弦乐队是一堆繁杂乐器的总和，而会领略到管弦乐队真正的风采——是美妙和谐的一体，各成员各司其职，不可或缺。你能辨别各种乐器，听出各自的音色。你能领会法国号与英国管之间的巨大差异，也能明白为什么演奏高音双簧箫的人比小提琴手领到的薪水更多，尽管拉小提琴难度大些。你将切身体会音乐会的魅力，而以前你在那儿不过是像婴儿盯着一个闪亮的东西一般，沉浸在幸福的恍惚之中。

The foundations of a genuine, systematic knowledge of music might be laid. You might specialise your inquiries either on a particular form of music (such as the symphony), or on the works of a particular composer. At the end of a year of forty-eight weeks of three brief evenings each, combined with a study of programmes and attendances at concerts chosen out of your increasing knowledge, you would really know something about music, even though you were as far off as ever from jangling "The Maiden's Prayer" on the piano.

真正的、系统的音乐知识基础就这样奠定了。你可以深入了解某种形式的音乐（如交响乐），或是某位作曲家的作品。一年48个星期的时间里，每周三个晚上略抽一点时间去了解音乐，加之对节目的研究，随着相关知识的增长，选择参加一些音乐会，你就会真正懂得一些音乐的相关知识，虽然你还是跟从前一样，甚至不会用钢琴丁零当啷地敲出《少女的祈祷》。

"But I hate music!" you say. My dear sir, I respect you.

“但我讨厌音乐！”你说。我亲爱的先生，我尊重你的意见。

What applies to music applies to the other arts. I might mention Mr. Clermont Witt's[8] How to Look at Pictures, or Mr. Russell Sturgis's[9] How to Judge Architecture, as beginnings (merely beginnings) of systematic vitalising knowledge in other arts, the materials for whose study abound in London.

有关音乐的做法也适用于其他艺术形式。作为系统了解其他艺术的开始（仅仅是开始），或许我可以提及克莱蒙特.威特的《如何欣赏画作》、拉塞尔.斯特吉斯的《如何评价建筑》，这类书籍在伦敦可谓汗牛充栋。

"I hate all the arts!" you say. My dear sir, I respect you more and more.

“所有艺术我都讨厌！”你说。亲爱的先生，我对您越发尊重了。

I will deal with your case next, before coming to literature.

接下来我将分析你的情况，然后再谈文学。

(1)梅瑞狄斯（1828—1909)，英国维多利亚时代小说家、诗人。

(2)斯蒂芬•菲利普（1864—1915），英国著名诗人、剧作家。

(3)华兹华斯（1770—1850），英国浪漫主义诗人。

(4)丁尼生（1809—1892），英国19世纪中叶的著名诗人。

(5)逍遥音乐会，又称BBC逍遥音乐会（TheBBCProms），每年夏季定期在位于英国伦敦南肯辛顿的尔伯特音乐厅举行，为期八周。

(6)柯文特花园，此处为“柯文特花园皇家歌剧院”（CoventGardenRoyalOperaHouse）的简略说法，此剧院1732年建于英国伦敦的柯文特花园，1856年遭火灾，1858年重建。

(7)克雷比尔（1854—1923)，美国音乐评论家、音乐学家。

(8)罗伯特•威特爵士（1872—1952），英国美术史学家。

(9)拉塞尔•斯特吉斯（1836—1909），美国建筑家、艺术评论家。

CHAPTER X Nothing In Life Is Humdrum

第十章 生活中没有乏味的东西

Art is a great thing. But it is not the greatest. The most important of all perceptions is the continual perception of cause and effect—in other words, the perception of the continuous development of the universe—in still other words, the perception of the course of evolution. When one has thoroughly got imbued into one's head the leading truth that nothing happens without a cause, one grows not only large-minded, but large-hearted.

艺术是伟大的，但不是最伟大的。一切感知最重要之处在于不断体察因果联系，即感受宇宙的不断发展，亦即人类世界演变的过程。一个人若能完全领会万事皆有因这个伟大真理，其思想会更加开通，心胸会更加宽广。

It is hard to have one's watch stolen, but one ref lects that the thief of the watch became a thief from causes of heredity and environment which are as interesting as they are scientifically comprehensible; and one buys another watch, if not with joy, at any rate with a philosophy that makes bitterness impossible. One loses, in the study of cause and effect, that absurd air which so many people have of being always shocked and pained by the curiousness of life. Such people live amid human nature as if human nature were a foreign country full of awful foreign customs. But, having reached maturity, one ought surely to be ashamed of being a stranger in a strange land!

手表被偷固然令人懊丧，但一细想，偷手表的人之所以那样一定有其遗传和环境上的原因，这种解释不仅有趣，而且合理科学；自己又买一只表，即便不是如何开心，至少也是不会愤恨的达观态度。很多人生活中遇到意外时，总会遭受打击和伤害，但只要分析事情的前因后果，就不会陷入那样的处境。对这些人而言，人性仿佛是充满可怕习俗的奇邦异国，他们就生活在这样的人性里。然而，随着思想的成熟，他们一定会为这种不合群的做法感到羞耻。

The study of cause and effect, while it lessens the painfulness of life, adds to life's picturesqueness. The man to whom evolution is but a name looks at the sea as a grandiose, monotonous spectacle, which he can witness in August for three shillings third-class return. The man who is imbued with the idea of development, of continuous cause and effect, perceives in the sea an element which in the day-before-yesterday of geology was vapour, which yesterday was boiling, and which tomorrow will inevitably ice.

探寻因果可减轻生命之痛苦，使生活变得多姿多彩。看不到事物演变的人遥望大海时，只看到恢宏却单调的景象，这景象八月里坐上往返仅3先令的三等舱就能看到。然而如果一个人深刻知晓发展的道理以及连续的因果关系的道理，那他看到海洋时，就会从地质学角度观察海里的某一物质前天是水汽、昨天在沸腾、而明天必然会结冰。

He perceives that a liquid is merely something on its way to be solid, and he is penetrated by a sense of the tremendous, changeful picturesqueness of life. Nothing will afford a more durable satisfaction than the constantly cultivated appreciation of this. It is the end of all science.

他认识到液体不过是气体形成固体的中间过程，充溢他内心的是人生的无限丰富和变幻多姿，这种在不断提高修养的基础上获得的认识能给人带来最持久的满足感。这就是一切科学的目的。

Cause and effect are to be found everywhere. Rents went up in Shepherd's Bush[1]. It was painful and shocking that rents should go up in Shepherd's Bush. But to a certain point we are all scientific students of cause and effect, and there was not a clerk lunching at a Lyons Restaurant who did not scientifically put two and two together and see in the (once) Two-penny Tube the cause of an excessive demand for wigwams in Shepherd's Bush, and in the excessive demand for wigwams the cause of the increase in the price of wigwams.

随处可见因和果。谢菲尔德灌木区那一带的租金竟然上涨了。这真是令人头痛和震惊的事。但在某种程度上我们都是探究因果关系的理科学生，在里昂餐馆用午餐的职员无一不懂得推敲，从而知道正是由于这里的地铁票只需两便士（曾经如此），才使得谢菲尔德灌木区棚屋供不应求，也正是因为房屋的需求量加大，房价才上涨了。

"Simple!" you say, disdainfully. Everything—the whole complex movement of the universe—is as simple as that—when you can sufficiently put two and two together. And, my dear sir, perhaps you happen to be an estate agent's clerk, and you hate the arts, and you want to foster your immortal soul, and you can't be interested in your business because it's so humdrum.

“简单！”你不屑地说。如果你充分了解怎样根据事实进行推理判断，那么整个宇宙的复杂运动就那样简单。亲爱的先生，也许你恰好是房地产经纪公司的职员，讨厌艺术，也想培育不朽的灵魂，可你对自己的工作毫无兴趣，因为工作无聊极了。

Nothing is humdrum.

没有一件事是无聊的。

The tremendous, changeful picturesqueness of life is marvelously shown in an estate agent's office. What! There was a block of traffic in

Oxford Street; to avoid the block people actually began to travel under the cellars and drains, and the result was a rise of rents in Shepherd's Bush! And you say that isn't picturesque! Suppose you were to study, in this spirit, the property question in London for an hour and a half every other evening. Would it not give zest to your business, and transform your whole life?

在房地产公司的办公室里，生活可以神奇地显示出瞬息万变的奇异风采！什么！牛津大街交通拥堵，为避免拥堵，人们只得开始改乘地铁，结果导致谢菲尔德灌木区房屋的租金上涨！你说那并不新奇！但试想一下，如果你以这样的精神隔天花一个半小时研究伦敦的房地产问题，岂不会使你工作起来更有激情以至改变你的整个人生吗？

You would arrive at more difficult problems. And you would be able to tell us why, as the natural result of cause and effect, the longest straight street in London is about a yard and a half in length, while the longest absolutely straight street in Paris extends for miles. I think you will admit that in an estate agent's clerk I have not chosen an example that specially favours my theories.

你会碰到更难的问题。你会给我们讲为什么，按因果逻辑自然得出结论，在伦敦笔直的马路最长不超过一码半，而在巴黎最长的直街绵延几公里。我想你会承认我并没有特地从某家房地产职员那里挑选事例来支持我的说法。

You are a bank clerk, and you have not read that breathless romance (disguised as a scientific study), Walter Bagehot's[2] Lombard Street ? Ah, my dear sir, if you had begun with that, and followed it up for ninety minutes every other evening, how enthralling your business would be to you, and how much more clearly you would understand human nature.

你是银行职员，未曾读过那个引人入胜的浪漫故事（虽然表面上属科普类）——沃尔特.白芝霍特的《伦巴弟街》，是吧？哦，亲爱的先生，如果你以这本书作为开始，并且坚持隔天晚上读90分钟，你会发现你的工作对你是多么有吸引力，并且你将更清楚地了解人性的奥妙。

You are "penned in town," but you love excursions to the country and the observation of wild life—certainly a heart-enlarging diversion. Why don't you walk out of your house door, in your slippers, to the nearest gas lamp of a night with a butterfly net, and observe the wild life of common and rare moths that is beating about it, and co-ordinate the knowledge thus obtained and build a superstructure on it, and at last get to know something about something?

你被“禁锢在城市里”，但你喜欢去郊野远足，观察野生生物，这肯定是有利于扩大胸怀的趣好。那你晚上何不趿着拖鞋走出家门，拿着捕蝶网到离家最近的煤气灯那儿，观察平常而又罕见的飞蛾四下撞来撞

去，综合你所有的知识，力求获得更高层面的解悟，直至更深入地了解一些事情？

You need not be devoted to the arts, not to literature, in order to live fully.

要拥有充实的人生，不一定要致力于艺术和文学。

The whole f ield of daily habit and scene is waiting to satisfy that curiosity which means life, and the satisfaction of which means an understanding heart.

每天的习性和生活氛围都在迎合我们的好奇心和满足感；好奇心意味着生活，满足好奇心就意味着拥有一颗善于感悟的心。

I promised to deal with your case, O man who hates art and literature, and I have dealt with it. I now come to the case of the person, happily very common, who does "like reading."

我答应谈及像你这种不喜欢艺术和文学的情况，这方面我已经谈过了。现在我来谈谈那些确实“热爱读书”的人，幸好这类人很多。

(1)谢菲尔德灌木区，位于英国伦敦西部哈默尔史密斯—富勒姆自治市。

(2)沃尔特•白芝霍特（1826—1877），英国经济学家、社会学家。

CHAPTER XI Serious Reading

第十一章 认真研读

Novels are excluded from "serious reading," so that the man who, bent on self-improvement, has been deciding to devote ninety minutes three times a week to a complete study of the works of Charles Dickens will be well advised to alter his plans. The reason is not that novels are not serious—some of the great literature of the world is in the form of prose fiction—the reason is that bad novels ought not to be read, and that good novels never demand any appreciable mental application on the part of the reader. It is only the bad parts of Meredith's novels that are difficult. A good novel rushes you forward like a skiff down a stream, and you arrive at the end, perhaps breathless, but unexhausted. The best novels involve the least strain. Now in the cultivation of the mind one of the most important factors is precisely the feeling of strain, of difficulty, of a task which one part of you is anxious to achieve and another part of you is anxious to shirk; and that feeling cannot be got in facing a novel. You do not set your teeth in order to read Anna Karenina. Therefore, though you should read novels, you should not read them in those ninety minutes.

小说被排除在“认真研读”的范畴之外，因此若有意自我提高的人决定每周三次，每次花90分钟的时间全面研究查尔斯.狄更斯的作品，还是建议他们更改计划。原因并不是小说不严肃——事实上世界上一些伟大的文学作品就是散文小说——原因是：粗劣小说不应该读，而好小说根本不需读者费神。就像梅瑞狄斯的小说只有一些败笔让人难以读下去。读一本好小说，有如乘一叶扁舟顺流而下，快速顺畅地到达终点，也许你喘气不已，但毫无倦意。出色的小说往往不会让读者费劲。陶冶性灵的要素之一就是疲惫和困难的感觉，你渴望完成一项任务的同时又想逃避完成；读小说可不会有那样的感受。读《安娜.卡列尼娜》，无须咬紧牙关。因此，虽然你应该读小说，但不应该在那90分钟阅读。

Imaginative poetry produces a far greater mental strain than novels. It produces probably the severest strain of any form of literature. It is the highest form of literature. It yields the highest form of pleasure, and teaches the highest form of wisdom. In a word, there is nothing to compare with it. I say this with sad consciousness of the fact that the majority of people do not read poetry.

读幻想诗比读小说更耗脑力，诗很可能是让人神经绷得最紧的，也是最高层次的文学形式，给人最大的愉悦并予人最深邃的智慧。一句话，没有什么可跟诗歌相提并论。然而，很遗憾，事实上大多数人不读诗。

I am persuaded that many excellent persons, if they were confronted with the alternatives of reading Paradise Lost and going round Trafalgar Square at noonday on their knees in sack-cloth, would choose the ordeal of public ridicule. Still, I will never cease advising my friends and enemies to read poetry before anything.

我相信如果要许多优秀的人在阅读《失乐园》和中午时分衣衫褴褛地在特拉法尔加广场乞讨中做出选择，很多人会选择后者，哪怕遭受公众耻笑。然而，我还是奉劝朋友们，包括我的敌人，诗歌应是阅读的首选。

If poetry is what is called "a sealed book" to you, begin by reading Hazlitt's[1] famous essay on the nature of poetry in general. It is the best thing of its kind in English, and no one who has read it can possibly be under the misapprehension that poetry is a mediaeval torture, or a mad elephant, or a gun that will go off by itself and kill at forty paces. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine the mental state of the man who, after reading Hazlitt's essay, is not urgently desirous of reading some poetry before his next meal. If the essay so inspires you I would suggest that you make a commencement with purely narrative poetry.

如果诗歌对你来说像“天书”一般高深莫测，不妨先读黑兹利特的著名小品文《诗歌总论》，讲到了诗歌的特点，英语中类似的文章无出其右。看完后，你就不会误认为诗歌是中世纪的酷刑，或疯狂的大象，或是40步以内就会走火误杀人的枪支。要是一个人在读完黑兹利特的文章后，不急切地想在下一餐之前读几首诗歌的话，他的内心世界真是令人难以想象。如果这篇文章的确给你很大启发，我建议你接下来可以从读叙事诗开始。

There is an inf initely f iner English novel, written by a woman, than anything by George Eliot or the Brontes, or even Jane Austen, which perhaps you have not read. Its title is Aurora Leigh, and its author E.B. Browning[2]. It happens to be written in verse, and to contain a considerable amount of genuinely fine poetry. Decide to read that book through, even if you die for it. Forget that it is fine poetry. Read it simply for the story and the social ideas. And when you have done, ask yourself honestly whether you still dislike poetry. I have known more than one person to whom Aurora Leigh has been the means of proving that in assuming they hated poetry they were entirely mistaken.

有一部小说，它出自一位女作家之手，比乔治.艾略特、布朗特姐妹，甚或简.奥斯丁的作品都要好，或许这位作家的作品你没读过。这本小说就是《奥罗拉.利》，E.B.布朗宁著，全文采用诗体形式，里面有许多的优美诗句。一定要把它读完，哪怕为之献身。不要想那是一本好诗集，阅读时只要注意其情节和社会思想就行了。读完后，诚实地问自己是否还讨厌诗歌。我知道不止一个人，开始以为自己讨厌诗，读完《奥

罗拉·利》之后才发现自己大错特错了。

Of course, if, after Hazlitt, and such an experiment made in the light of Hazlitt, you are finally assured that there is something in you which is antagonistic to poetry, you must be content with history or philosophy. I shall regret it, yet not inconsolably. The Decline and Fall is not to be named in the same day with Paradise Lost, but it is a vastly pretty thing; and Herbert Spencer's First Principles simply laughs at the claims of poetry and refuses to be accepted as aught but the most majestic product of any human mind. I do not suggest that either of these works is suitable for a tyro in mental strains. But I see no reason why any man of average intelligence should not, after a year of continuous reading, be fit to assault the supreme masterpieces of history or philosophy. The great convenience of masterpieces is that they are so astonishingly lucid.

当然，如果读完黑兹利特的文章并按他的提示去做了之后，你深信自己是排斥诗歌的，那你则一定会从历史或哲学中获得满足。我对此有些遗憾，但并不是毫无安慰。《罗马衰亡史》虽不能和《失乐园》相提并论，但前者读起来也是饶有兴味的；赫伯特.斯宾塞的《第一原理》只是在嘲笑那些提倡诗歌的主张，并认为诗歌不能被称作是人类最崇高思想的结晶。我认为这些作品不适合推荐给入门者，让他们一开始就精神紧张。但我觉得有普通智力的人经过一年不断的阅读后，没有理由不去涉猎一些最杰出的历史或哲学著作。杰作显著的优点在于它们是如此清晰晓畅，令人惊佩。

I suggest no particular work as a start. The attempt would be futile in the space of my command. But I have two general suggestions of a certain importance. The first is to define the direction and scope of your efforts. Choose a limited period, or a limited subject, or a single author. Say to yourself: "I will know something about the French Revolution, or the rise of railways, or the works of John Keats[3]." And during a given period, to be settled beforehand, conf ine yourself to your choice. There is much pleasure to be derived from being a specialist.

开始时我不推荐任何特定的作品，在我的要求之下所做的尝试通常都毫无效果。但我有两条比较重要的建议：其一，界定你努力的方向和范围，选择一定的期限、某个特定的主题、或是某位作家。要对自己说：“我想了解法国革命、或铁路的兴建、或是约翰.济慈的作品。”在一定时间内，事先做好准备，然后把精力集中在自己的选择上。能成为某方面的专家是非常令人欣喜的事情。

The second suggestion is to think as well as to read. I know people who read and read, and for all the good it does them they might just as well cut bread-and-butter. They take to reading as better men take to drink. They fly through the shires of literature on a

motor-car, their sole object being motion. They will tell you how many books they have read in a year.

其二，要边读边想。我知道有的人会不停地读啊读，但读书的所得却比他们切切面包和黄油学到的多不了多少。他们热爱阅读就像好酒之徒沉湎于饮酒一样。他们驾车在文学领域里翱翔，唯一的目标就是运动。他们会告诉你一年里他们读了多少书。

Unless you give at least forty-five minutes to careful, fatiguing reflection (it is an awful bore at first) upon what you are reading, your ninety minutes of a night are chiefly wasted. This means that your pace will be slow.

除非花上至少45分钟来细心地、甚至是有些令人疲惫地思考你所读的内容（起初你会觉得相当乏味），否则，你一晚上90分钟的时间基本上就被浪费了。这意味着你将进展缓慢。

Never mind.

没关系。

Forget the goal; think only of the surrounding country; and after a period, perhaps when you least expect it, you will suddenly find yourself in a lovely town on a hill.

抛开目标；只想着周围的乡野；一段时间后，也许是你最不经意的时候，突然发现自己已置身于山丘上的一个可爱小镇。

(1)黑兹利特（1778—1830），英国著名散文家、文学评论家。

(2)E.B.布朗宁（1806—1861），又称布朗宁夫人，是19世纪英国著名女诗人。

(3)约翰•济慈（1795—1821），英国19世纪浪漫主义诗人。

CHAPTER XII Dangers To Avoid

第十二章 要规避的危险

I cannot terminate these hints, often, I fear, too didactic and abrupt, upon the full use of one's time to the great end of living (as distinguished from vegetating) without briefly referring to certain dangers which lie in wait for the sincere aspirant towards life. The first is the terrible danger of becoming that most odious and least supportable of persons—a prig. Now a prig is a pert fellow who gives himself airs of superior wisdom. A prig is a pompous fool who has gone out for a ceremonial walk, and without knowing it has lost an important part of his attire, namely, his sense of humour. A prig is a tedious individual who, having made a discovery, is so impressed by his discovery that he is capable of being gravely displeased because the entire world is not also impressed by it. Unconsciously to become a prig is an easy and a fatal thing.

关于如何利用时间以达到美好的生活境界（而不是像植物人一样过活）的建议，恐怕自己过于说教、毫不谦卑、不太连贯，但我还是不能就此结束，必须简短地谈谈对人生抱着真诚热望的人们可能遭遇的某些危险。第一个可怕的危险是成为最讨厌、最不受欢迎的人——假正经。这种人鲁莽无礼，总是摆出一幅有极高智商的神态。这种人是自命不凡的傻瓜，走在外面，会煞有介事地昂首阔步，浑然不觉自己的矫饰中缺乏很重要的一部分，也就是幽默感。这种乏味的家伙要是有什么发现，就会视之为伟大的壮举，如若他人对此不以为然，他就大为不快。人们很容易不自觉地变成这样的人，这是致命的危险。

Hence, when one sets forth on the enterprise of using all one's time, it is just as well to remember that one's own time, and not other people's time, is the material with which one has to deal; that the earth rolled on pretty comfortably before one began to balance a budget of the hours, and that it will continue to roll on pretty comfortably whether or not one succeeds in one's new role of chancellor of the exchequer of time. It is as well not to chatter too much about what one is doing, and not to betray a too-pained sadness at the spectacle of a whole world deliberately wasting so many hours out of every day, and therefore never really living. It will be found, ultimately, that in taking care of one's self one has quite all one can do.

因此，当一个人要展开好好利用自己时间的大业时，记住时间是自己的，不是别人的，你要自己安排。你对时间做出平衡预算之前，地球一直在顺利运转；不论你是否胜任时间的财务大臣这一新职务，地球还

是会一如既往地运转。切莫过多念叨自己正在做的事情；也不要因为看到整个世界每天故意浪费这么多时间而没有真正的生活，就感到过分悲伤并形诸于色。最终你将发现，只要管好自己分内的事，你就尽了最大努力。

Another danger is the danger of being tied to a programme like a slave to a chariot. One's programme must not be allowed to run away with one. It must be respected, but it must not be worshipped as a fetish. A programme of daily employ is not a religion.

另一危险就是被计划捆缚，仿佛是拉马车的奴隶。计划不能超出一个人所能承受的范围。必须尊重计划，但不能将它奉为神明；每天要施行的计划并非宗教。

This seems obvious. Yet I know men whose lives are a burden to themselves and a distressing burden to their relatives and friends simply because they have failed to appreciate the obvious. "Oh, no," I have heard the martyred wife exclaim, "Arthur always takes the dog out for exercise at eight o'clock and he always begins to read at a quarter to nine. So it's quite out of the question that we should…" etc., etc. And the note of absolute finality in that plaintive voice reveals the unsuspected and ridiculous tragedy of a career.

这似乎显而易见。然而我知道正因为有些人不懂得这道理，不仅自己背包袱，他们的亲人朋友也因此甚为恼火。“哦，不，”我曾听一位备受折磨的妻子抱怨道，“亚瑟总是8点钟出去遛狗，9点差一刻开始读书，所以我们毫无疑问是应该……”等等、等等。这种悲哀的控诉流露出绝对要终结的意味，显示出一项事业的悲剧性，始料不及又滑稽可笑。

On the other hand, a programme is a programme. And unless it is treated with deference it ceases to be anything but a poor joke. To treat one's programme with exactly the right amount of deference, to live with not too much and not too little elasticity, is scarcely the simple affair it may appear to the inexperienced.

另一方面，计划就是计划。若不遵从计划，计划就不成其为计划，只是个蹩脚的玩笑罢了。适当地遵从计划，不必过度紧张，也不能太过于放松，对没有经验的人而言，这说起来简单，做起来难。

And still another danger is the danger of developing a policy of rush, of being gradually more and more obsessed by what one has to do next. In this way one may come to exist as in a prison, and one's life may cease to be one's own. One may take the dog out for a walk at eight o'clock, and meditate the whole time on the fact that one must begin to read at a quarter to nine, and that one must not be late.

另一危险就是变得匆忙，被一件件接踵而来的事情困住。这样一来就仿佛身陷牢笼，生活不再属于自己。8点钟出去遛狗，可整个过程中都在想必须9点差一刻开始看书，千万不能耽误。

And the occasional deliberate breaking of one's programme will not help to mend matters. The evil springs not from persisting without elasticity in what one has attempted, but from originally attempting too much, from filling one's programme till it runs over. The only cure is to reconstitute the programme, and to attempt less.

有时故意不按计划行事也于事无补。罪恶并非源于一板一眼的坚持，而是源于从一开始贪求太多，把计划填得满满的以致满溢出来。唯一的办法是重定计划，降低企望。

But the appetite for knowledge grows by what it feeds on, and there are men who come to like a constant breathless hurry of endeavour. Of them it may be said that a constant breathless hurry is better than an eternal doze.

随着知识的积累，求知欲愈加旺盛，有的人如果不忙得晕头转向、气喘吁吁，心里就不踏实。对他们来说，不停歇的忙碌比总是打盹儿好。

In any case, if the programme exhibits a tendency to be oppressive, and yet one wishes not to modify it, an excellent palliative is to pass with exaggerated deliberation from one portion of it to another; for example, to spend five minutes in perfect mental quiescence between chaining up the St. Bernard and opening the book; in other words, to waste five minutes with the entire consciousness of wasting them.

无论怎样，如果计划让人觉得压抑，而这个人又不愿更改计划，一大良方就是把一部分时间极其从容地挪到其他地方；比如，从圣.伯纳德大街回来后、打开书本之前，花五分钟时间让大脑彻底休息；换句话说，刻意浪费这五分钟时间。

The last, and chiefest danger which I would indicate, is one to which I have already referred—the risk of a failure at the commencement of the enterprise.

最后我要指出的最大危险，也是我已经提到过的，即事业一开始就夭折的危险。

I must insist on it.

我必须坚持强调这一点。

A failure at the commencement may easily kill outright the newborn impulse towards a complete vitality, and therefore every precaution should be observed to avoid it. The impulse must not be over-taxed. Let the pace of the first lap be even absurdly slow, but let it be as regular as possible.

一开始就失败很容易立即扼杀想成就事业的新动机，因此必须相当谨慎地避免这一点，千万不要有过重的负担。起初的步伐要缓慢，慢到

出奇也无妨，但尽可能确保匀速。

And, having once decided to achieve a certain task, achieve it at all costs of tedium and distaste. The gain in self-confidence of having accomplished a tiresome labour is immense.

在决心完成一项任务后，不论任务是多么沉闷无趣，要不计一切代价完成。完成烦闷的任务后，自信会有极大增长。

Finally, in choosing the first occupations of those evening hours, be guided by nothing whatever but your taste and natural inclination.

最后，如何利用晚上那几小时，最初的选择只能由你的品味和习性决定。

It is a fine thing to be a walking encyclopaedia of philosophy, but if you happen to have no liking for philosophy, and to have a like for the natural history of street-cries, much better leave philosophy alone, and take to street-cries.

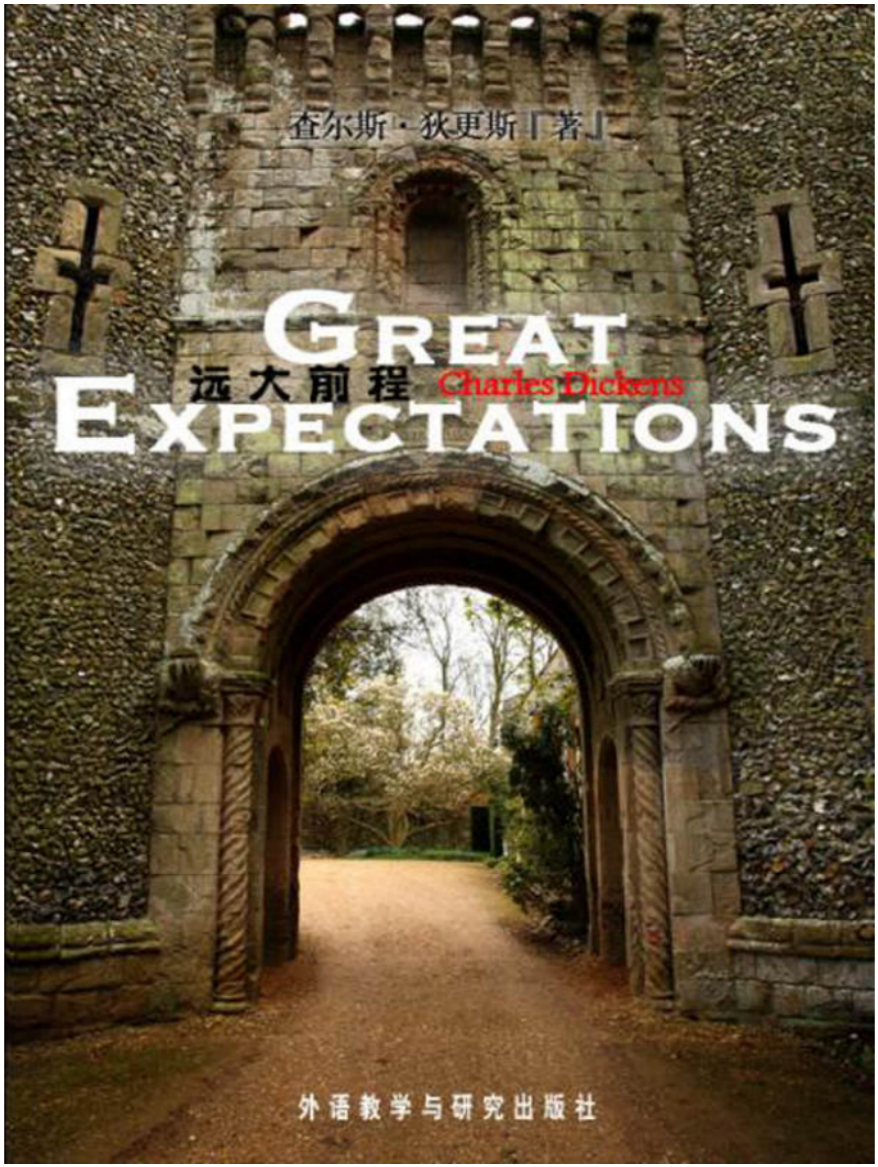
成为哲学的活百科全书固然是好，但若你偏偏对哲学没兴趣，而钟情于街头叫卖声的变迁史，那就把哲学放到 一边，去研究街头叫卖吧。

查尔斯·狄更斯『著』

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

远大前程

Charles Dickens



外语教学与研究出版社

Charles Dickens

Great Expectations

远大前程

查尔斯·狄更斯（英） 著
外研社编译组 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

Chinese translation copyright © Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press 2010

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press
No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu
Beijing, China 100089
http://www.fltrp.com

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CHAPTER 1

第一章

My father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So, I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.

我父亲姓皮利普，我的教名是菲利普。然而在我年幼时，对于这两个名字的音，我却只能发出“皮普”，再长或是再清晰一点，我都无法做到。因此，我就叫我自己皮普，最后人们也就都叫我皮普了。

I give Pirrip as my father's family name, on the authority of his tombstone and my sister—Mrs. Joe Gregory, who married the blacksmith. As I never saw my father or my mother, and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like, were unreasonably derived from their tombstones. The shape of the letters on my father's, gave me an odd idea that he was a square, stout, dark man, with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, 'ALSO GEORGIANA WIFE OF THE ABOVE,' I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly. To five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the memory of five little brothers of mine— who gave up trying to get a living, exceedingly early in that universal struggle—I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertained that they had all been born on their backs with their hands in their trousers-pockets, and had never taken them out in this state of existence.

我说我父亲姓皮利普是有根据的，一来父亲的墓碑上是这么刻的，二来我的姐姐——乔·格雷戈里太太也是这么说的。我姐姐她嫁给了铁匠乔·格雷戈里。因为我没有见过我的父母亲，也没有看到过他们任何一位的相片（因为他们那个时代距照相发明的时代还远着呢），所以我最初对他们长相的想象还是毫无根据地基于他们墓碑上字体的形状而来的。我父亲墓碑上字母的形状让我对他产生一个奇怪的想法——他是个方方正正、强壮结实、皮肤黝黑的男人，还有一头黑色的卷发。而根据碑文那几个字——“及上述者之妻乔治亚娜”的笔体和写法,我得出了一个很幼稚的结论：我的母亲脸上有雀斑，而且体弱多病。在我父母亲的坟墓旁，整整齐齐地排列着五座小小的菱形墓碑。每一座都大概有一英尺半那么高，这是用来纪念我五位小兄长的墓碑。他们五位早早地便放弃了世人为了生存而进行的奋斗——怀着一种宗教般的信念，我坚信他们出生时都是面朝天，两手插在裤袋里，而且永远没有拿出来过，就像现在

一样。

Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within, as the river wound, twenty miles of the sea. My first most vivid and broad impression of the identity of things seems to me to have been gained on a memorable raw afternoon towards evening. At such a time I found out for certain, that this bleak place overgrown with nettles was the churchyard; and that Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, and also Georgiana wife of the above, were dead and buried; and that Alexander, Bartholomew, Abraham, Tobias, and Roger, infant children of the aforesaid, were also dead and buried; and that the dark flat wilderness beyond the churchyard, intersected with dykes and mounds and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it, was the marshes; and that the low leaden line beyond, was the river; and that the distant savage lair from which the wind was rushing, was the sea; and that the small bundle of shivers growing afraid of it all and beginning to cry, was Pip.

我们家住在河边，位于一片乡村沼泽地区。小河蜿蜒而下，在距此不到二十英里处注入大海。似乎是在一个难忘的、阴冷的傍晚，我才第一次对周遭事物的特征有了生动而全面的印象。那时我才确切地发现，这个荨麻丛生的惨淡之地正是教堂墓地；已故的本教区居民菲利普·皮利普及其亡妻乔治亚娜都埋葬在此处；而他们年幼的孩子们，亚历山大、巴塞洛缪、亚伯拉罕、托拜厄斯和罗杰，也都已经故去并埋葬于此。我才明白，在墓地之外的那片幽暗而平坦的荒芜之地是沼泽。那里交错分布着沟渠、土堤和闸门，还有零星的牛群在四处觅食；远处那条低洼的、深灰色的线正是那条河流；更远处那荒芜的洞穴就是大海，风从那里不断地吹来；而那个因为惧怕这一切而浑身发抖，并哇哇大哭起来的小孩子正是我，皮普。

"Hold your noise!" cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves at the side of the church porch. "Keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!"

“别吵了！”一个恐怖的声音吼道，这时一个男人从教堂门廊旁边的坟墓堆中蹿了出来。“消停点，你这个小鬼！不然我就割破你的喉咙！”

A fearful man, all in coarse grey, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briars; who limped, and shivered, and glared and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

这是个让人不寒而栗的男人。他全身上下穿着粗糙的灰布衣服，腿上绑着一条大铁镣。他没有戴帽子，只是在头上裹了一圈破布，脚上穿着一双破旧的鞋。他曾在水中浸泡过，在泥潭中挣扎过。他的腿被石头弄伤，成了跛子，身上也被火石割破，被荨麻刺到，被荆棘划伤。他一

瘸一拐地走着，全身发抖，瞪大眼睛怒吼着。当他一把抓住我的下巴时，他的牙齿还在打战。

"O! Don't cut my throat, sir," I pleaded in terror. "Pray don't do it, sir."

“噢！请不要割破我的喉咙，先生。”我哀求着，声音里充满了恐惧。“先生，求求您不要这么做。”

"Tell us your name!"said the man.

“告诉我们你的名字。”那个男人说，

"Quick!"

“快说！”

"Pip, sir."

“皮普，先生。”

"Once more," said the man, staring at me. "Give it mouth!"

“再说一遍。”那人两眼盯着我说道，“张开嘴，说清楚一点！”

"Pip. Pip, sir."

“皮普。是皮普，先生。”

"Show us where you live," said the man. "Pint out the place!"

“告诉我们你住在哪里。”那个人说，“把那个地方指给我看！”

I pointed to where our village lay, on the flat in-shore among the alder-trees and pollards, a mile or more from the church.

我把我们村子的位置指给他看。就是那片海岸旁的平地，周围是一片赤杨树和修剪过的树丛，离教堂大概有一英里多远。

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside down, and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself—for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go head over heels before me, and I saw the steeple under my feet—when the church came to itself, I say, I was seated on a high tombstone, trembling, while he ate the bread ravenously.

那个人打量了我一会儿，然后把我头朝下倒拎了起来，把我口袋里的东西都倒空了。然而，我口袋里除了一片面包外，就什么都没有了。当教堂在我眼前恢复原态时——因为他刚才的动作太猛、太突然，把我头朝下调了个个，我看到塔尖到了我的脚底下——总之，就像我说的那样，当教堂在我的眼前恢复原态时，我正坐在一块高高的墓碑上，全身哆嗦着，而他却在大口大口地嚼着面包。

"You young dog," said the man, licking his lips, "what fat cheeks

you have got."

“你这只小狗。”他边舔着嘴唇边说，“你看看你的脸蛋多胖啊。”

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time undersized for my years, and not strong.

我也觉得我的脸蛋是挺胖的，虽然对于我这个年龄来说，我的个头有点矮小，身体也算不上强壮。

"Darn me if I couldn't eat 'em," said the man, with a threatening shake of his head, "and if I haven't half a mind to't!"

“我要吃不了它们才怪呢，妈的。”他又说，脑袋还威胁似的一晃,“我真想吃了它们！”

I earnestly expressed my hope that he wouldn't, and held tighter to the tombstone on which he had put me; partly, to keep myself upon it; partly, to keep myself from crying.

我急忙诚恳地希望他千万不要那么做，同时将他把我按上去的那块墓碑抓得更紧了，一方面是想坐得更稳一些，另一方面是为了让自己不哭出来。

"Now looked here!" said the man. "Where's your mother?"

“现在听我说！”他说，“你母亲在哪里？”

"There, sir!" said I.

“在那里，先生！”我回答。

He started, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder.

他吃了一惊，然后拔腿就跑，跑了几步又停了下来，回头看了看。

"There, sir!" I timidly explained. "Also Georgiana. That's my mother."

“在那里，先生！”我小心地解释道，“也就是乔治亚娜。那就是我母亲。”

"Oh!" said he, coming back. "And is that your father a longer your mother?"

“噢！”他说着又走了回来，“那么，和你母亲葬在一起的是你的父亲？”

"Yes, sir," said I; "him too; late of this parish."

“是的，先生。”我回答，“他也葬在这里，是位已故的本教区居民。”

"Ha!" he muttered then, considering. "Who dye live with—supposing you is kindly let to live, which I hadn't made up my mind

about?"

“哈！”他若有所思地嘟囔着说道，“你和谁一起生活——如果我很仁慈地让你活下去的话。当然，这件事目前我还没有做决定。”

"My sister, sir—Mrs. Joe Gregory—wife of Joe Gregory, the blacksmith, sir.”

“我的姐姐，先生——乔·格雷戈里太太——也就是铁匠乔·格雷戈里的妻子，先生。”

"Blacksmith, eh?" said he. And looked down at his leg.

“铁匠，哦。”他说着。他同时低下头去看他的腿。

After darkly looking at his leg and me several times, he came closer to my tombstone, took me by both arms, and tilted me back as far as he could hold me; so that his eyes looked most powerfully down into mine, and mine looked most helplessly up into his.

他阴郁地看看他的腿，又看看我。这样看了几次之后，他向我所在的墓碑凑近，抓住我的双臂，尽量把我的身体向后按。这样他就可以用他那咄咄逼人的目光盯着我的眼睛，而我却只能很无助地抬头看着他。

"Now looked here," he said, 'the question being whether you're to be let to live. You know what a file is?'

“现在，听我说。”他说，“问题就是我究竟让不让你活下去。你知道什么是锉刀吗？”

"Yes, sir."

“我知道，先生。”

"And you know what wittles is?"

“你知道什么是食物吗？”

"Yes, sir."

“我知道，先生。”

After each question he titled me over a little more, so as to give me a greater sense of helplessness and danger.

每问一个问题，他就把我再往后按一点，好让我感到更加的无助和危险。

"You get me a file." He tilted me again.

“你给我弄一把锉刀来。”他又把我往后按了一下。

"And you get me witless." He tilted me again. "You bring 'em both to me." He tilted me again. "Or I'll have your heart and liver out." He tilted me again.

“再给我弄点食物来。”他又把我往后按。“这两样东西你都要给我弄来。”他又把我往后按。“否则我就把你的心肝都挖出来。”他再一次把我往后按。

I was dreadfully frightened, and so giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, "If you would kindly please to let me keep upright, sir, perhaps I shouldn't be sick, and perhaps I could attend more."

我害怕极了，感到头晕目眩。于是我两手紧紧地抓住他，说：“请您发发慈悲，让我的身体直起来吧，先生，这样我可能就不会吐出来了，或许我就能更专心地听您说话了。”

He gave me a most tremendous dip and roll, so that the church jumped over its own weather-cock. Then, he held me by the arms, in an upright position on the top of the stone, and went on in these fearful terms: "You bring me, tomorrow morning early, that file and them witless. You bring the lot to me, at that old Battery over yonder. You do it, and you never dare to say a word or dare to make a sign concerning your having seen such a person as me, or any person sum ever, and you shall be let to live. You fail, or you go from my words in any par tickler, no matter how small it is, and your heart and your liver shall be tore out, roasted and ate. Now, I am not alone, as you may think I am. There's a young man hid with me, in comparison with which young man I am a Angel. That young man hears the words I speak. That young man has a secret way peculiar to himself, of getting at a boy, and at his heart, and at his liver. It is in wan for a boy to attempt to hide himself from that young man. A boy may lock his door, may be warm in bed, may tuck himself up, may draw the clothes over his head, may think he comfortable and safe, but that young man will softly creep and creep his way to him and tear him open. I am a keeping that young man from harming of you at the present moment, with great difficulty. I find it wary hard to hold that young man off of your inside. Now, what do you say?"

他把我使劲一推，让我滚到了地上。这样一来教堂也跳了起来，跳得比屋顶的定风针还要高。之后，他抓着我的双臂，让我直直地坐在墓碑上面，继续他那些令人恐惧的话语：“明天一早，你要给我带来锉刀和吃的。你把这些东西给我带到那边的老炮台去。你帮我办好这些事，但是不能透漏半点风声，不能留下任何痕迹，不能让人知道你曾经见到过我这个人，或见到到任何人。这样的话，我就会让你活命。如果你事情没有办成，或是有哪点和我说的不一样的话，不管是多小的差别，我都会把你的心肝挖出来，烤烤吃了。要知道，我并不是像你想的那样孤身一人。和我一起躲着的还有一个年轻人。跟他比起来，我可就是个天使了。他正在听着我说话呢。他抓小男孩，挖出他们的心肝可有一套独特的秘密法子。任何小男孩都不可能躲开这个年轻人。一个小男孩可以锁上家门，睡在暖和的床上，用被子把自己裹得严严实实的，再用衣服盖

在头上。这样他或许觉得自己既舒服又安全，但是那个年轻人会轻轻地爬啊，爬啊，一直爬到小男孩的身边，然后把他撕裂。现在，我费了很大劲，不让那个年轻人来伤害你。不过我发现，很难让他一直远离你。现在，你决定怎么办？”

I said that I would get him the file, and I would get him what broken bits of food I could, and I would come to him at the Battery, early in the morning.

我说我会给他弄到锉刀，并且尽量给他找些吃的，哪怕是残羹剩食。第二天一早我会把东西给他送到炮台那里。

"Say Lord strikes you dead if you don't!" said the man.

“那么你就发誓，要是你不来，就天打雷劈。”那人说。

I said so, and he took me down.

我照他说的发了誓，然后他就把我从墓碑上放了下来。

"Now," he pursued, "you remember what you've undertook, and you remember that young man, and you get home!"

“听着，”他继续说，“你要记得你答应我的事，记得那个年轻人！回家去吧！”

"Goo-good night, sir," I faltered.

“晚——晚安，先生。”我支支吾吾地说。

"Much of that!" said he, glancing about him over the cold wet flat. "I wish I was a frog. Or a eel!"

“不要再说了！”他说道，同时用目光扫视着他周边阴冷、潮湿的沼泽平地。“真希望我是只青蛙，或是一条泥鳅！”

At the same time, he hugged his shuddering body in both his arms—clasping himself, as if to hold himself together—and limped towards the low church wall. As I saw him go, picking his way among the nettles, and among the brambles that bound the green mounds, he looked in my young eyes as if he were eluding the hands of the dead people, stretching up cautiously out of their graves, to get a twist upon his ankle and pull him in.

说着，他用双臂环抱住自己抖动的身体——紧紧地抱着，仿佛要防止自己散架似的——一瘸一拐地向低矮的教堂围墙走去。我看着他离开，看着他在青青的坟堆中小心翼翼地穿过那一片片荨麻和荆棘。在我年幼的眼中，他仿佛是在躲避那些悄悄从坟墓里伸出来的手，防止它们扭住他的脚踝，把他拖进坟墓里去。

When he came to the low church wall, he got over it, like a man whose legs were numbed and stiff, and then turned round to look for me. When I saw him turning, I set my face towards home, and made

the best use of my legs. But presently I looked over my shoulder, and saw him going on again towards the river, still hugging him in both arms, and picking his way with his sore feet among the great stones dropped into the marshes here and there, for stepping-places when the rains were heavy, or the tide was in.

他走到教堂低矮的围墙下，翻了过去。他的两条腿仿佛麻木了一般，僵硬无比。之后他回过头来看了看我。看到他转过了头，我立刻面向回家的方向，以最快的速度朝着家里奔去。但是，过了一会儿，我回过头，看到他又朝着河那边走去，仍旧用两臂紧抱着自己的身体，拖着疼痛的双脚，踏着放在沼泽地里的大石头上前行。那些大石头星罗棋布，是用来在下大雨或涨潮的时候当垫脚石的。

The marshes were just a long black horizontal line then, as I stopped to look after him; and the river were just another horizontal line, not nearly so broad not yet so black; and the sky was just a row of long angry red lines and dense black lines intermixed. On the edge of the river I could faintly make out the only two black things in all the prospect that seemed to be standing upright; one of these was the beacon by which the sailors steered—like an unhooked cask upon a pole—an ugly thing when you were near it; the other a gibbet, with some chains hanging to it which had once held a pirate. The man was limping on towards this latter, as if he were the pirate come to life, and come down, and going back to hook himself up again. It gave me a terrible turn when I thought so; and as I saw the cattle lifting their heads to gaze after him, I wondered whether they thought so too. I looked all round for the horrible young man, and could see no signs of him. But, now I was frightened again, and ran home without stopping.

当我又一次停下来找寻他的身影时，沼泽地仿佛已经变成了一条又黑又长的水平线。而那条河成为了另一条水平线，虽然没有那么宽，也没有那么黑。天空则成了一排由暗红色线条和浓黑色线条交织在一起的长带子。在整个背景中，我只能依稀地分辨出在河流边上两个竖直站立的黑色的东西。一个是水手们用来掌舵的灯塔——仿佛一只脱了钩的桶被挂在杆子上——离得越近越觉得难看。另一个是绞刑架，上面悬着一些铁链，那里曾经绞死过一个海盗。那个人现在正朝着绞刑架一跛一跛地走去，仿佛他就是那个海盗，死而复生，从绞架上下来，又要重新把自己吊上去。这个想法让我觉得非常恐怖。当我看到他身后的牲畜也抬起头凝视着他时，我怀疑它们是不是也是这样想的。我又环视周围，想找到那个恐怖的年轻人，但一点迹象都没有发现。于是，我又吓得要死，一刻不停地跑回了家。

CHAPTER 2

第二章

My sister, Mrs. Joe Gregory, was more than twenty years older than I, and had established a great reputation with herself and the neighbors because she had brought me up 'by hand'. Having at that time to find out for myself what the expression meant, and knowing her to have a hard and heavy hand, and to be much in the habit of laying it upon her husband as well as upon me, I supposed that Joe Gregory and I were both brought up by hand.

我的姐姐乔·格雷戈里太太比我年长二十几岁。在邻居中，她以将我“一手”抚养大而享有盛誉。那时我就知道“一手”这个词是什么意思了。我知道她的手结实又笨重，她总是习惯把手打在她丈夫和我身上，我想我和乔·格雷戈里就是这样由她“一手”抚养大的吧。

She was not a good-looking woman, my sister; and I had a general impression that she must have made Joe Gregory marry her by hand. Joe was a fair man, with curls of flaxen hair on each side of his smooth face, and with eyes of such a much undecided blue that they seemed to have somehow got mixed with their own whites. He was a mild, good-natured, sweet-tempered, easy-going, foolish, dear fellow—a sort of Hercules in strength, and also in weakness.

我姐姐长得不怎么好看。我总有个印象，那就是一定是她“一手”策划好，让乔·格雷戈里娶她的。乔皮肤很白，光滑的脸颊两边留着淡黄色的卷发。他的双眼透着淡淡的蓝色，淡得几乎和眼白都混在一起，无法分辨。他性情温和、心地善良、脾气很好、十分随和。他虽然有些傻，却很讨人喜欢——他力大无比，却十分怕老婆，和赫尔克里士像极了。

My sister, Mrs. Joe, with black hair and eyes, had such a prevailing redness of skin that I sometimes used to wonder whether it was possible she washed herself with a nutmeg-grater instead of soap. She was tall and bony, and almost always wore a coarse apron, fastened over her figure behind with two loops, and having a square impregnable bib in front, that was stuck full of pins and needles. She made it a powerful merit in herself, and a strong reproach against Joe, that she wore this apron so much. Though I really see no reason why she should have worn it at all: or why, if she did wear it at all, she should not have taken it off, every day of her life.

我的姐姐乔太太长着一头黑发，一双黑眼睛，可全身的皮肤却是红色的。我过去常常想，她可能不是用肥皂，而是用肉豆蔻擦子擦洗身体的。她身材高挑、瘦骨嶙峋的，总是系着一条粗布围裙，在她的背后打了两个节。她的胸前围了一条方方正正的围兜，上面别满了大头针和缝

衣针。她每天都围着围裙，一方面把这当作自己的一大优良品质，另一方面还借此对乔大加责难。不过，我真的不明白她为什么要围着那个围裙。即使要围，我也不明白她为什么成天都围着，从不脱下来。

Joe's forge adjoined our house, which was a wooden house, as many of the dwellings in our country were—most of them, at that time. When I ran home from the churchyard, the forge was shut up, and Joe was sitting alone in the kitchen. Joe and I being fellow-sufferers, and having confidences as such, Joe imparted a confidence to me, the moment I raised the latch of the door and peeped in at him opposite to it, sitting in the chimney corner.

乔的铁匠铺紧挨着我们住的房子。和那时我们村里大多数人家住的房子一样，我们家的房子也是木制结构的。当我从教堂墓地跑回家时，铁匠铺已经关门了，乔正一个人坐在厨房里。乔和我是难兄难弟，同病相怜。我们彼此坦诚相待，所以当我刚一抬起门闩，把头探进门里，看到乔坐在对面的火炉旁边时，他就告诉了我一个秘密。

"Mrs. Joe has been out a dozen times, looking for you, Pip. And she's out now, making it a baker's dozen."

“乔太太出去找过你十二次了，皮普。现在她又出去了，总共是十三次了。”

"Is she?"

“她是去找我了吗？”

"Yes, Pip," said Joe; "and what's worse, she's got Tickler with her."

“是啊，皮普。”乔说，“更糟的是，她还带着那根胳肢棒呢。”

At this dismal intelligence, I twisted the only button on my waistcoat round and round, and looked in great depression at the fire. Tickler was a wax-ended piece of cane, worn smooth by collision with my tickled frame.

听到这个令人沮丧的情报，我不停地扭动着我背心上唯一的纽扣，极度抑郁地看着炉火。胳肢棒是一根一头涂着蜡的棒子。这根棒子经常在我身上搔痒，早就被磨得很光滑了。

"She sat down," said Joe, "and she got up, and she made a grab at Tickler, and she Rampaged out. That's what she did," said Joe, slowly clearing the fire between the lower bars with the poker, and looking at it: "she Rampaged out, Pip."

“她一会儿坐下，”乔说,“一会儿又站起来，之后她就抓起胳肢棒，发疯了似的冲了出去。就是这样。”乔一边说，一边用火钳慢慢地拨着火炉底层的木棒。他看着炉火说：“她就像发疯了一样地冲出去了，皮普。”

"Has she been gone long, Joe?" I always treated him as a larger species of child, and as no more than my equal.

“她出去很久了吗，乔？”我一贯把他看成是个身材高大一些的孩子，和我也没什么两样。

"Well," said Joe, glancing up at the Dutch clock, "she's been on the Rampage, this last spell, about five minutes, Pip. She's a coming! Get behind the door, old chap, and have the jack-towel betwixt you.”

“是啊。”乔瞥了一眼那座荷兰大钟，说道，“她发疯了一样地冲出去了，这最后一次已经有五分钟了，皮普。她回来了！老弟，躲到门后去，用那条长毛巾盖住你自己。”

I took the advice. My sister, Mrs. Joe, throwing the door wide open, and finding an obstruction behind it, immediately divined the cause, and applied Tickler to its further investigation. She concluded by throwing me—I often served as a connubial missile—at Joe, who, glad to get hold of me on any terms, passed me on into the chimney and quietly fenced me up there with his great leg.

我按他说的做了。我的姐姐乔太太狠狠地把门推开，发现门背后有什么东西阻挡她开门，立刻就猜到了是什么，于是把胳肢棒伸了出去，想试探一下。结果便是她把我投向了乔——我总是这样被当作他们夫妻间的飞箭——而乔不论怎样都会很高兴地接住我，把我放在了火炉旁，默默地用他那健壮的腿保护着我。

"Where have you been, you young monkey?" said Mrs. Joe, stamping her foot. "Tell me directly what you've been doing to wear me away with fret and fright and worry, or I'd have you out of that corner if you was fifty Pips, and he was five hundred Gorgers."

“你这只小野猴子，刚刚去哪里了？”乔太太边跺脚边说，“老实说你干什么去了，害得我又急又怕又担心。你要是不老实说，就算有五十个皮普，有五百个格雷戈里，我也要把你从那个角落里给拽出来。”

"I have only been to the churchyard," said I, from my stool, crying and rubbing myself.

“我只是去了教堂墓地。”我坐在凳子上说，边哭边揉着身上疼痛的地方。

"Churchyard!" repeated my sister. "If it wasn't for me you'd have been to the churchyard long ago, and stayed there. Who brought you up by hand?"

“教堂墓地！”我姐姐重复道，“要不是我，你早就去了那里啦，而且永远呆在那里回不来了啦。是谁一手把你拉扯大的？”

"You did," said I.

“是你。”我说。

"And why did I do it, I should like to know?" exclaimed my sister.

“我想问问你，我为什么要这么做？”我姐姐喊道。

I whimpered, "I don't know."

我呜咽着说：“我不知道。”

"I don't! " said my sister. "I'd never do it again! I know that. I may truly say I've never had this apron of mine off, since born you were. It's bad enough to be a blacksmith's wife (and him a Gregory) without being your mother.”

“不知道！”我姐姐说，“我再也不会这么做了！我可知道。我还真要告诉你，打你一出生，我的围裙就没脱下来过。当一个铁匠的老婆（还是他，格雷戈里铁匠）已经够倒霉的了，还得当你的妈。”

My thoughts strayed from that question as I looked disconsolately at the fire. For, the fugitive out on the marshes with the ironed leg, the mysterious young man, the file, the food, and the dreadful pledge I was under to commit a larceny on those sheltering premises, rose before me in the avenging coals.

我悲伤地望着炉火，思绪却早已离开了她提的那个问题。因为，沼泽地里遇到的那个腿上绑着铁链的逃犯、那个神秘的年轻人、锉刀、食物、还有我许下的那个可怕的誓言——为此我得去我寄宿的人家偷窃，所有这些都从那充满复仇之意的炉火中跳到我的面前。

"Hah!" said Mrs. Joe, restoring Tickler to his station. "Churchyard, indeed! You may well say churchyard, you two." One of us, by-the-bye, had not said it at all. "You'll drive me to the churchyard betwixt you, one of these days, and oh, a pr-r-recoils pair you'd be without me!"

“哈！”乔夫人说着把胳肢棒放回了原处，“教堂墓地！好啊！你们两个就好好地说教堂墓地吧。”其实，我们中有一个人根本就没有说过。“活在你们中间，你们就快要把我赶到教堂墓地了。等到那一天，噢，没有我，看你们这对，胆，胆小鬼怎么活！”

As she applied herself to set the tea-things, Joe peeped down at me over his leg, as if he were mentally casting me and himself up, and calculating what kind of pair we practically should make, under the grievous circumstances foreshadowed. After that, he sat feeling his right-side flaxen curls and whisker, and following Mrs. Joe about with his blue eyes, as his manner always was at squally times.

当她离开去布置茶点了之后，乔从他大腿上面偷偷地向下瞥我，好像他心里在设想着我和他自己，推测着如果她预言的悲惨情况真会发生的话，我们会变成怎样的一对。之后，他坐在那里，拨弄着自己右侧的淡黄色卷发和络腮胡，蓝色的眼睛跟随着乔太太的身影转动。每次起了风波，他总是这副模样。

My sister had a trenchant way of cutting our bread-and-butter for us that never varied. First, with her left hand she jammed the loaf hard and fast against her bib—where it sometimes got a pin into it, and sometimes a needle, which we afterwards got into our mouths. Then she took some butter (not too much) on a knife and spread it on the loaf, in an apothecary kind of way, as if she were making a plaster—using both sides of the knife with a slapping dexterity, and trimming and molding the butter off round the crust. Then, she gave the knife a final smart wipe on the edge of the plaster, and then sawed a very thick round off the loaf: which she finally, before separating from the loaf, hewed into two halves, of which Joe got one, and I the other.

我姐姐给我们切黄油面包时的动作总是很麻利，而且总是一个样子。首先，她用左手把一块面包牢牢地压在她的围兜上——有时那上面的大头针或缝衣针会扎进面包里，之后我们就会连针一起吃进嘴里。然后她在刀上涂一些黄油（不是很多），再涂到面包上。就像药剂师制做膏药一样——使用起刀子来极其敏捷，两面都不在话下。之后她根据面包壳的形状，修去多余的黄油。然后，她用刀子在“膏药”的边缘处进行最后的细致修整。最后，从整块面包上锯下很厚的一片，在这片和整块面包分离之前，将其一劈两半，乔一半，我一半。

On the present occasion, though I was hungry, I dared not eat my slice. I felt that I must have something in reserve for my dreadful acquaintance, and his ally the still more dreadful young man. I knew Mrs. Joe's housekeeping to be of the strictest kind, and that my larcenous researches might find nothing available in the safe. Therefore I resolved to put my hunk of bread-and-butter down the leg of my trousers.

在目前的情况下，虽然我很饿，却不敢吃我的那一片。我觉得我必须留一些给我那个恐怖的朋友吃，还有他的同伴——那个更恐怖的年轻人。我知道乔太太的持家风格是最严谨的。我若是想从食柜里偷到些什么，是不可能的。于是我决定把我那一大片黄油面包片放在我的裤腿里。

The effort of resolution necessary to the achievement of this purpose, I found to be quite awful. It was as if I had to make up my mind to leap from the top of a high house, or plunge into a great depth of water. And it was made the more difficult by the unconscious Joe. In our already-mentioned freemasonry as fellow-sufferers, and in his good-natured companionship with me, it was our evening habit to compare the way we bit through out slices, by silently holding them up to each other's admiration now and then—which stimulated us to new exertions. Tonight, Joe several times invited me, by the display of his fast-diminishing slice, to enter upon our usual friendly competition; but he found me, each time, with my yellow mug of tea

on one knee, and my untouched bread-and-butter on the other. At last, I desperately considered that the thing I contemplated must be done, and that it had best be done in the least improbable manner consistent with the circumstances. I took advantage of a moment when Joe had just looked at me, and got my bread-and-butter down my leg.

我发现很难下足够的决心来完成这一想法。这就仿佛是我要下定决心从一个很高的屋顶上往下跳，或是跳进很深的水中一样。而更难的是乔对此事毫无察觉。前面我提到过我们是一对同病相怜的难兄难弟，他也总是很友好地和我相处。晚上我们有个习惯，那就是比较一下我们吃面包的速度。我们会时不时地悄悄举起各自的面包，并相互赞许——这样就会鼓励我们继续地啃下去。今晚，乔曾几次向我展示他那快速吃剩下的小块面包，对我发出邀请，进行我们例行的友好比赛。但他却每次都发现我一只膝盖上放着那个黄色的茶杯，另一只膝盖上放着我没动过的黄油面包。最后，我痛下决心，认为我考虑的事情必须得完成，而且要完成得神不知鬼不觉才好。我抓住了乔刚刚把视线从我身上移开的那一刻，把黄油面包扔进了裤腿。

Joe was evidently made uncomfortable by what he supposed to be my loss of appetite, and took a thoughtful bite out of his slice, which he didn't seem to enjoy. He turned it about in his mouth much longer than usual, pondering over it a good deal, and after all gulped it down like a pill. He was about to take another bite, and had just got his head on one side for a good purchase on it, when his eye fell on me, and he saw that my bread-and-butter was gone.

乔显得不太自在，因为他以为我食欲不振。他若有所思地咬了一小口面包，却并不怎么起劲。他咬下的这口面包在嘴里咀嚼的时间比平常都要久。他一边嚼一边想心事，最后像吞药丸一样一口吞了下去。当他正要咬第二口，而且把头歪向一边，找准了下口的位置时，他的目光落在了我的身上，发现我的黄油面包不翼而飞了。

The wonder and consternation with which Joe stopped on the threshold of his bite and stared at me, was too evident to escape my sister's observation.

乔刚一咬就停住了，瞪着我，满脸的惊异和惶恐。这表情太明显了，怎能逃过我姐姐的观察。

"What's the matter now?" said she, smartly, as she put down her cup.

“出什么事了？”她机敏地说道，同时放下了手中的茶杯。

"I say, you know!" muttered Joe, shaking his head at me in very serious remonstrance. "Pip, old chap! You'll do yourself a mischief. It'll stick somewhere. You can't have chewed it, Pip."

“我说，你可是知道的！”乔低声说，他冲我摇着脑袋，很严肃地抗

议着，“皮普，老弟！你这样会让自己难受的。会卡住的。你不能直接吞下去的，皮普。”

"What's the matter now?" repeated my sister, more sharply than before.

“到底发生什么事了？”我姐姐用更尖锐的声音重新问了一遍。

"If you can cough any trifle on it up, Pip, I'd recommend you to do it," said Joe, all aghast. "Manners are manners, but still your elth's your elth."

“如果你能咳一点出来的话，皮普，我劝你还是试试。”乔不知所措地说道，“礼仪固然是礼仪，可身体是你自己的啊。”

By this time, my sister was quite desperate, so she pounced on Joe, and, taking him by the two whiskers, knocked his head for a little while against the wall behind him: while I sat in the corner, looking guiltily on.

这时我姐姐已经气急败坏了，她扑向乔，抓住他两边的络腮胡，把他的脑袋往他身后的墙上撞了好一阵子。我则坐在角落里，心中满是歉疚。

"Now, perhaps you'll mention what's the matter," said my sister, out of breath, "you staring great stuck pig."

“现在，或许你可以说说发生什么事了。”我姐姐上气不接下气地说，“你这头挨千刀的大呆猪。”

Joe looked at her in a helpless way; then took a helpless bite, and looked at me again.

乔无助地望着她，又无助地咬了一口面包，然后又看看我。

"You know, Pip," said Joe, solemnly, with his last bite in his cheek and speaking in a confidential voice, as if we two were quite alone, "you and me is always friends, and I'd be the last to tell upon you, any time. But such a—" he moved his chair and looked about the floor between us, and then again at me—"such a most on common Bolt as that!"

“你知道，皮普，”乔严肃地说，把最后一口面包放进嘴里，用秘密的语调跟我说，仿佛只有我们两个人一样，“你我永远都是朋友，无论任何时候，我都不会告发你的。不过像你那样——”他挪动了一下椅子，在我们两个中间的地上找了找，又继续对我说，“像你那样一口吞下去，太不正常了！”

"Been bolting his food, has he?" cried my sister.

“他把面包一口吞下去了，是不是？”我姐姐嚷道。

"You know, old chap," said Joe, looking at me, and not at Mrs.

Joe, with his bite still in his cheek, "I Bolted, myself, when I was your age—frequent—and as a boy I've been among a many Bolters; but I never see your Bolting equal yet, Pip, and it's a mercy you aren't Bolted dead."

“你知道，老弟，”乔看着我而不是乔太太，说道，他嘴里还含着那最后一口面包，“我在你这个年纪时，也那样吞过——总是那么做——那时我就已经是个吞食高手了。但是我还没见过像你那么吞的，皮普。吞那么一大块都没被噎死，真是上帝仁慈啊。”

My sister made a dive at me, and fished me up by the hair: saying nothing more than the awful words, "You come along and are dosed."

我姐姐冲到我面前，抓住我的头发像钓鱼一样把我拎起来，仅仅说了这样几个恐怖的字：“你给我过来，吃一剂药。”

Some medical beast had revived Tar-water in those days as a fine medicine, and Mrs. Joe always kept a supply of it in the cupboard; having a belief in its virtues correspondent to its nastiness. At the best of times, so much of this elixir was administered to me as a choice restorative that I was conscious of going about, smelling like a new fence. On this particular evening the urgency of my case demanded a pint of this mixture, which was poured down my throat, for my greater comfort, while Mrs. Joe held my head under her arm, as a boot would be held in a boot-jack. Joe got off with half a pint; but was made to swallow that (much to his disturbance, as he sat slowly munching and meditating before the fire), "because he had a turn." Judging from myself, I should say he certainly had a turn afterwards, if he had had none before.

在当时，某些江湖医生使柏油水作为一种良药流行起来。于是，乔太太的食柜里常常备有柏油水。柏油水又脏又恶心，而正因如此，乔太太相信其有很强的药效。哪怕是在情况最好的时候，我也喝下了不少这种被当成绝佳补品的灵丹妙药。这使得我四处走的时候，总觉得身上在散发出一股新筑成的篱笆的味道。在今晚这个特殊的时刻，我的情况非常紧急，需要喝上一品脱这种混合液。为了让我喝得舒服点，乔太太把我的头夹在她的胳肢窝下，用一种脱靴器拔靴子的姿势，将药水灌进了我的喉咙。乔只喝了半品脱，但却是被迫吞下这柏油水的（这让他很是烦心，他本坐在火炉前慢慢地咀嚼着面包，悠闲地思考着），“因为他刚刚受到了惊吓。”而在我看来，我得说如果刚才那次他没被吓到的话，这次他是着实受到了惊吓。

Conscience is a dreadful thing when it accuses man or boy; but when, in the case of a boy, that secret burden cooperates with another secret burden down the leg of his trousers, it is (as I can testify) a great punishment. The guilty knowledge that I was going to rob Mrs. Joe—I never thought I was going to rob Joe, for I never thought of any of the housekeeping property as his—united to the necessity of

always keeping one hand on my bread-and-butter as I sat, or when I was ordered about the kitchen on any small errand, almost drove me out of my mind. Then, as the marsh winds made the fire glow and flare, I thought I heard the voice outside, of the man with the iron on his leg who had sworn me to secrecy, declaring that he couldn't and wouldn't starve until tomorrow, but must be fed now. At other times, I thought, what if the young man who was with so much difficulty restrained from imbruing his hands in me, should yield to a constitutional impatience, or should mistake the time, and should think himself accredited to my heart and liver tonight, instead of tomorrow! If ever anybody's hair stood on end with terror, mine must have done so then. But, perhaps, nobody's ever done?

当男人或男孩受到良心谴责时，感觉会很糟糕。对一个男孩来说，这种秘密的包袱和另外一种他裤腿里的秘密的包袱叠加起来（我可以保证），绝对是个大大的惩罚。一来，我不得不去偷乔太太的东西——我从来没认为是乔的东西，因为我从不认为这家里的任何一件财产是他的——这让我产生负罪感；二来，无论我坐着还是被叫到厨房做事情，都不得不用一只手按住裤腿里的黄油面包，这两点让我快要疯了。那时，沼泽地吹来的风使得炉火烧得旺了起来，闪着刺眼的光，我觉得我听到外面传来了那个腿上绑着铁链的男人的声音，他曾让我发誓保守秘密。那个声音宣称他现在就要吃东西，他无法也不愿挨饿等到明天了。有时，我又会想到那个年轻人。那个男人花了好大力气才阻止他把侵犯的手伸向我，但要是他等得没有耐性了，或是弄错了时间，认为他应该在今晚而不是明天就来取我的心肝的话，我该怎么办！如果有谁曾经被吓得头发倒竖，那我当时一定也是这样了。但是，或许以前根本没有人被吓成这副样子。

It was Christmas Eve, and I had to stir the pudding for next day, with a copper-stick, from seven to eight by the Dutch clock. I tried it with the load upon my leg (and that made me think afresh of the man with the load on his leg), and found the tendency of exercise to bring the bread-and-butter out at my ankle, quite unmanageable. Happily, I slipped away, and deposited that part of my conscience in my garret bedroom.

今天是圣诞前夜，我必须坐在荷兰大钟旁边，拿一根铜棒搅拌明天吃的布丁，从七点一直搅到八点。我手里干着活，同时感到腿上负担的重量（这又让我想到那个腿上绑着重物的男人）。我感觉手部的搅动快要把黄油面包从脚踝处震出来了，太难控制了。让人高兴的是，我终于可以脱身了，我的大半个心都已经跑到我的阁楼卧室了。

"Hark!" said I, when I had done my stirring, and was taking a final warm in the chimney corner before being sent up to bed; "was that great guns, Joe?"

“听！”我说，我搅拌好后，趁着还没被叫去睡觉，来到火炉旁再取

个暖，“那是大炮的声音吗，乔？”

"Ah!" said Joe. "There's another convict off."

“啊！”乔说，“又有犯人逃跑了。”

"What does that mean, Joe?" said I.

“那是什么意思，乔？”我说。

Mrs. Joe, who always took explanations upon herself, said, snappishly, "Escaped. Escaped." Administering the definition like Tar-water.

乔太太总是喜欢主动解释说明，于是暴躁地说：“逃跑了。有人逃跑了。”她像灌柏油水一样向我灌输这种解释。

While Mrs. Joe sat with her head bending over her needlework, I put my mouth into the forms of saying to Joe, "What's a convict?" Joe put his mouth into the forms of returning such a highly elaborate answer, that I could make out nothing of it but the single word "Pip".

当乔太太低头做针线活的时候，我对着乔，做出口型：“什么是犯人？”乔也用嘴型给出了一个相当复杂的答案，我除了辨别出一个词“皮普”以外，什么都不明白。

"There was a convict off last night," said Joe, aloud, "after sun-set-gun. And they fired warning of him. And now, it appears they're firing warning of another."

“昨晚有犯人逃跑了，”乔大声说，“在日落之后。“他们放炮警告大家有逃犯。现在似乎是放炮通告又有一个犯人逃走了。”

"Who's firing?" said I.

“是谁在放炮？”我问。

"Drat that boy," interposed my sister, frowning at me over her work, "what a questioner he is. Ask no questions, and you'll be told no lies."

“你这个小鬼真烦，”我姐姐一边干着针线活，一边对我皱着眉，插嘴说道，“真是个问题篓子。不要总问问题，问多了难免要受骗。”

It was not very polite to herself, I thought, to imply that I should be told lies by her, even if I did ask questions. But she never was polite, unless there was company.

我想我姐姐真是有些无理，即使我确实问了些问题，也不该暗示说我就应该因此被她骗啊。但是只要没有客人在，她总是这样无礼。

At this point, Joe greatly augmented my curiosity by taking the utmost pains to open his mouth very wide, and to put it into the form of a word that looked to me like "sulks." Therefore, I naturally pointed

to Mrs. Joe, and put my mouth into the form of saying "her?" But Joe wouldn't hear of that, at all, and again opened his mouth very wide, and shook the form of a most emphatic word out of it. But I could make nothing of the word.

这时，乔尽最大的努力把他的嘴张大，这更增强了我的好奇心。他做的口型在我看来像“生气”这个词。于是，我很自然地指指乔太太，然后做出口型说“她吗”？但是乔根本不理我，又一次把口型张得很大，非常用力地做出那个词语的口型。但我还是一点也不明白。

"Mrs. Joe," said I, as a last resource, "I should like to know—if you wouldn't much mind—where the firing comes from?”

“乔太太，”我决定最后试一次，问道，“我想知道——如果你不那么介意的话——是什么地方在放炮？”

"Lord blesses the boy!" exclaimed my sister, as if she didn't quite mean that, but rather the contrary.

“愿主保佑这个孩子！”我姐姐大声叫道，仿佛她并不是真正想表达这个意思，而是正好相反。

"From the Hulks!"

“是监狱船！”

"Oh-h!" said I, looking at Joe. "Hulks!"

“哦！”我说，同时看着乔，“监狱船！”

Joe gave a reproachful cough, as much as to say, "Well, I told you so."

乔责备似的咳嗽了一声，就像是在说：“我跟你说了嘛。”

"And please what's Hulks?" said I.

“那请问什么是监狱船呢？”我说。

"That's the way with this boy!" exclaimed my sister, pointing me out with her needle and thread, and shaking her head at me. "Answer him one question, and he'll ask you a dozen directly. Hulks are prison-ships, right 'cross th' meshes." We always used that name for marshes, in our country.

“这孩子就是这样！”我姐姐叫道，用她的针线指着我，冲我摇着头，“回答他一个问题，他马上就再问你十几个。监狱船就是关押犯人的船，就在‘沼’的对面。”在我们村子里，人们总是用‘沼’这个词形容沼泽地。

"I wonder who's put into prison-ships, and why they're put there." said I, in a general way, and with quiet desperation.

“我想问是谁被关进监狱船，为什么把他们关在那里？”我问道，像

往常一样表面平静，内心却急切地想知道。

It was too much for Mrs. Joe, who immediately rose. "I tell you what, young fellow," said she, "I didn't bring you up by hand to badger people's lives out. It would be blame to me, and not praise, if I had. People are put in the Hulks because they murder, and because they rob, and forge, and do all sorts of bad; and they always begin by asking questions. Now, you get along to bed!"

这真是惹怒了乔太太，她猛地站了起来。“我告诉你，小家伙，”她说，“我一手把你拉扯大，可不是为了让你缠着人问问题的。如果我把你养成那样的话，别人都会骂我，而不是表扬我的。有人被关进监狱船，是因为他们杀人，因为他们抢劫、造假，做许许多多的坏事。而他们最开始学坏都是从爱问问题开始的。现在，你快去睡觉吧！”

I was never allowed a candle to light me to bed, and, as I went upstairs in the dark, with my head tingling—from Mrs. Joe's thimble having played the tambourine upon it, to accompany her last words—I felt fearfully sensible of the great convenience that the Hulks were handy for me. I was clearly on my way there. I had begun by asking questions, and I was going to rob Mrs. Joe.

我上楼睡觉时，姐姐从不允许我点蜡烛。当我在黑暗中上楼的时候，头感觉到阵阵刺痛——这是因为乔太太和我说最后那几句话时，用顶针敲我的头，仿佛敲小手鼓一样——她说的那几句话让我非常害怕，因为我很清楚监狱船离我近在咫尺。很明显，我已经在去那里的路上了。我已经开始喜欢问问题了，而且我又打算偷乔太太的东西。

Since that time, which is far enough away now, I have often thought that few people know what secrecy there is in the young, under terror. No matter how unreasonable the terror, so that it be terror. I was in mortal terror of the young man who wanted my heart and liver; I was in mortal terror of my interlocutor with the ironed leg; I was in mortal terror of myself, from whom an awful promise had been extracted; I had no hope of deliverance through my all-powerful sister, who repulsed me at every turn; I am afraid to think of what I might have done, on requirement, in the secrecy of my terror.

虽然已经过去很久了，但从那时起，我就经常想，很少有人知道孩子在恐惧之下，心里藏着怎样的秘密。不论这恐惧多么不近乎情理，对孩子来说却是真正的恐惧。我很害怕那个想取我心肝的年轻人。我很害怕和我交谈的那个腿上绑着铁链的人。我很害怕我自己，因为我许下了一个可怕的誓言。我不指望我无所不能的姐姐来解救我，她每次总是把我拒之门外。现在每当我想起当年在心里秘密的恐惧之下，自己可能会做出怎样的事情时，仍会觉得很不安。

If I slept at all that night, it was only to imagine myself drifting down the river on a strong spring-tide, to the Hulks; a ghostly pirate

calling out to me through a speaking-trumpet, as I passed the gibbet-station, that I had better come ashore and be hanged there at once, and not put it off. I was afraid to sleep, even if I had been inclined, for I knew that at the first faint dawn of morning I must rob the pantry. There was no doing it in the night, for there was no getting a light by easy friction then; to have got one, I must have struck it out of flint and steel, and have made a noise like the very pirate himself rattling his chains.

那天晚上，只要我一合眼，就会想象自己随着澎湃的浪潮顺流而下，向监狱船漂去。当我经过绞刑架时，一个幽灵般的海盗用喇叭向我呼喊着，让我最好靠岸，立刻接受绞刑，不要浪费时间。我非常害怕，即使我努力地想睡，却不敢睡着，因为我知道清晨第一道微微的曙光照亮时，我就必须去食品间偷东西了。夜里不能偷，因为那时还没有什么东西只要一擦，就能轻易地取到火。要想点着火，我就必须用火刀火石，制造出如同那个海盗身上的铁链般咔嗒咔嗒的噪音。

As soon as the great black velvet pall outside my little window was shot with grey, I got up and went down stairs; every board upon the way, and every crack in every board, calling after me, "stop thief!" And "Get up, Mrs. Joe!" In the pantry, which was far more abundantly supplied than usual, owing to the season, I was very much alarmed, by a hare hanging up by the heels, whom I rather thought I caught, when my back was half turned, winking. I had no time for verification, no time for selection, no time for anything, for I had no time to spare. I stole some bread, some rind of cheese, about half a jar of mincemeat (which I tied up in my pocket-handkerchief with my last night's slice), some brandy from a stone bottle (which I decanted into a glass bottle I had secretly used for making that intoxicating fluid, Spanish-liquorices-water, up in my room: diluting the stone bottle from a jug in the kitchen cupboard), a meat bone with very little on it, and a beautiful round compact pork pie. I was nearly going away without the pie, but I was tempted to mount upon a shelf, to look what it was that was put away so carefully in a covered earthen ware dish in a corner, and I found it was the pie, and I took it, in the hope that it was not intended for early use, and would not be missed for some time.

当我窗外那黑丝绒一般的罩子透出一点灰光时，我就起床下楼了。沿路的每一块楼梯板，楼梯板上的每一处裂缝，都在我身后高喊：“站住，小偷！“乔太太，快起来！”在食品间，我发现因为季节的原因，食物比平时要丰富得多。我半转过身子时，突然被一只倒悬着的野兔吓了一跳，而且我确实觉得那只野兔在向我眨眼。我没时间证实，也没时间选择，什么事都来不及了，因为我实在是没有时间耽搁了。我偷了一些面包、一些干酪皮、半罐子碎肉（把这些和昨晚的那块面包一起包进一块手帕里），还从石酒坛里倒出一些白兰地（我把白兰地倒进一个小玻

璃瓶里，这小瓶是我偷偷用来在楼上卧室制造能散发芳香的西班牙甘草水的。然后从厨房的食品柜里拿出水壶，把水灌进石酒坛里），还拿了一块没什么肉的骨头，和一块又圆又漂亮的猪肉馅饼。我本打算不拿馅饼就走的，但我还是试着爬上了架子，看看那只角落里盖得很严实的陶瓷碟子里倒底装了什么。结果我发现是一个馅饼，于是就拿了。我希望这不是马上就要用的，那样一时半会儿都没人会想起它。

There was a door in the kitchen, communicating with the forge; I unlocked and unbolted that door, and got a file from among Joe's tools. Then, I put the fastenings as I had found them, opened the door at which I had entered when I ran home last night, shut it, and ran for the misty marshes.

厨房里有一个门和铁匠铺相连。我打开锁，拉开门闩，从乔的工具中拿出一把锉刀。然后，我把其他器具放回原处，打开昨晚我回家时走的那扇门，再关好，然后跑向那充满雾气的沼泽地。

CHAPTER 3

第三章

It was a rimy morning, and very damp. I had seen the damp lying on the outside of my little window, as if some goblin had been crying there all night, and using the window for a pocket-handkerchief. Now, I saw the damp lying on the bare hedges and spare grass, like a coarser sort of spiders' webs; hanging itself from twig to twig and blade to blade. On every rail and gate, wet lay clammy; and the marsh-mist was so thick, that the wooden finger on the post directing people to our village—a direction which they never accepted, for they never came there—was invisible to me until I was quite close under it. Then, as I looked up at it, while it dripped, it seemed to my oppressed conscience like a phantom devoting me to the Hulks.

那个清晨一片白霜,空气非常潮湿。早上起来时，我就看到小窗户的外侧覆盖着一层湿气，仿佛有个小妖精在那里哭了一整夜，把窗户当作了擦泪的手帕。此刻，我看到湿气凝结在光秃秃的树篱和稀疏的草地上，就像粗糙的蜘蛛网，挂在树枝之间和草叶之间。每家的栅栏和大门上都有一层湿冷的水汽。沼雾太浓，所以只有走到近前，我才看清柱子上那根指向我们村庄的木制手指——其实人们从来没有按手指的指向走过，因为人们从来不会来这里。然后，我抬头看着这根木制手指，它正在往下滴水珠。对我受压抑的良知来说，它好似一个幽灵，一心要把我奉献给监狱船。

The mist was heavier yet when I got out upon the marshes, so that instead of my running at everything, everything seemed to run at me. This was very disagreeable to a guilty mind. The gates and dykes and banks came bursting at me through the mist, as if they cried as plainly as could be, "A boy with Somebody-else's pork pie! Stop his!" The cattle came upon me with like suddenness, staring out of their eyes, and steaming out of their nostrils, "Hollow, young thief!" One black ox, with a white cravat on—who even had to my awakened conscience something of a clerical air—fixed me so obstinately with his eyes, and moved his blunt head round in such an accusatory manner as I moved round, that I blubbered out to him, "I couldn't help it, sir! It wasn't for myself I took it!" Upon which he put down his head, blew a cloud of smoke out of his nose, and vanished with a kick-up of his hind-legs and a flourish of his tail.

当我来到沼泽地时，雾气就更浓了。置身其中，仿佛眼前的一切向我迎面扑来而不是我向前走去。这对心怀负罪感的我来说是非常讨厌的。闸门、堤坝、河岸都突然冲破迷雾，向我逼近。它们仿佛极其清楚

地喊道："偷拿别人猪肉馅饼的小子！捉住他！"仿佛突然之间，牛群出现在我面前。每头牛都双目圆睁、鼻孔喷气，似乎在说："嘿，小贼！"有一头黑色公牛，脖子上长了一圈白毛，就像戴着一条白色围巾。对于我被唤醒的良知来说，它有一种牧师的气场。这头牛的两眼死死地盯住我，我每动一下，它那愚钝的脑袋就随我动一下，一举一动之中满是指责。我只能朝它大声哭喊道："先生，我是身不由己啊！我偷猪肉馅饼并不是为了我自己啊！"听到这些话，它低下头，从鼻孔里喷出一团雾气，踢了踢后腿，甩了甩尾巴，然后就消失不见了。

All this time, I was getting on towards the river; but however fast I went, I couldn't warm my feet, to which the damp cold seemed riveted, as the iron was riveted to the leg of the man I was running to meet. I knew my way to the Battery, pretty straight, for I had been down there on a Sunday with Joe, and Joe, sitting on an old gun, had told me that when I was prentice to him regularly bound, we would have such Larks there! However, in the confusion of the mist, I found myself at last too far to the right, and consequently had to try back along the river-side, on the bank of loose stones above the mud and the stakes that staked the tide out. Making my way along here with all dispatch, I had just crossed a ditch which I knew to be very near the Battery, and had just scrambled up the mound beyond the ditch, when I saw the man sitting before me. His back was towards me, and he had his arms folded, and was nodding forward, heavy with sleep.

自始至终我都在朝河边赶去，但无论我跑得有多快，我的双脚仍然冰冷。湿气紧紧地裹住我的脚，就像铁镣死死地铐住我飞奔过去要见的那个人的腿一样。我认识去炮台的路，一直走下去就是，因为之前的某个星期日，我曾和乔去过那里。当时乔坐在一尊老古炮上对我说，如果我签下长期合约成为他的固定学徒，那我们该有多高兴啊！然而，浓雾之中，我迷失了方向，最终发现自己已经偏右走了很远，结果不得不沿着河岸、踩着岸边的湿泥上那松动的石块和防汛木桩往回走。我全速沿河向前赶路。我跨过了一条小沟——我知道炮台离这里很近了——接着迅速爬上小沟那边的土丘，一上土丘，就看到那个人坐在我的前方。他背对着我，双臂交叉置于胸前。他正在熟睡当中，头部不时微微向前点动。

I thought he would be gladder if I came upon him with his breakfast, in that unexpected manner, so I went forward softly and touched him on the shoulder. He instantly jumped up, and it was not the same man, but another man!

我想，如果我出其不意地带着早餐出现在他面前的话，他一定会更高兴的。于是我轻轻地走上前去，拍了一下他的肩膀。他马上跳了起来，但结果竟不是我以为的那个人，而是另一个人！

And yet this man was dressed in coarse grey, too, and had a great iron on his leg, and was lame, and hoarse, and cold, and was

everything that the other man was; except that he had not the same face, and had a flat broad-brimmed low-crowned felt that on. All this, I saw in a moment, for I had only a moment to see it in: he swore an oath at me, made a hit at me—it was a round weak blow that missed me and almost knocked himself down, for it made him stumble—and then he ran the mist, stumbling twice as he went, and I lost him.

但是同样地，这个人也穿着灰色的粗线布衣，腿上铐着巨大的铁镣，走路一瘸一拐，嗓音粗哑、浑身冰冷。除了一张不同的面孔以及戴在头上的一只低顶宽边毡帽以外，他和我要见的那个人一模一样。所有这些都是我在片刻之间观察到的，因为我也只有这片刻的时间。随即他就对我破口大骂，挥拳攻击。所幸这一拳是弯着胳膊打来的，力量不大，不但没有击中我，反而差点把他自己带倒。然后他跌跌撞撞地冲进大雾之中，绊倒了两次，之后就消失了。

"It's the young man!" I thought, feeling my heart shoot as I identified him. I dare say I should have felt a pain in my liver, too, if I had known where it was.

“他就是那个年轻人！”我这样想着，同时由于认出了他，我感到心脏一阵剧痛。我敢说，要是我知道肝脏是长在哪里的话，我肯定也会感到那里疼的。

I was soon at the Battery, after that, and there was the right man-hugging himself and limping to and fro, as if he had never all night left off hugging and limping—waiting for me. He was awfully cold, to be sure. I half expected to see him drop down before my face and die of deadly cold. His eyes looked so awfully hungry, too, that when I handed him the file and he laid it down on the grass, it occurred to me he would have tried to eat it, if he had not seen my bundle. He did not turn me upside down, this time, to get at what I had, but left me right side upwards while I opened the bundle and emptied my pockets.

很快我就来到了炮台。一到那里就看到我要见的那个人在那等我。他紧抱着自己的身体，一瘸一拐地走来走去，仿佛已经这样持续了一整夜而丝毫没有合眼——一直这样等着我。他一定是太冷了。我几乎预感到他会由于严寒在我面前倒地而死。同时，他的眼神中也流露出极度饥饿的神情。看到他把我递过去的锉刀随手丢在草地上，我突然觉得要不是看到我手中的食品包，他一定连锉刀也吃。这次他没有把我倒立起来搜个底朝天，然后拿走我所有的东西，而是让我自己打开食品包，掏空口袋。

"What's in the bottle, boy?" said he.

“小子，瓶子里装的是什么？”他问道。

"Brandy," said I.

“白兰地。”我答道。

He was already handing mincemeat down his throat in the most curious manner—more like a man who was putting it away somewhere in a violent hurry, than a man who was eating it—but he left off to take some of the liquor. He shivered all the while, so violently, that it was quite as much as he could do to keep the neck of the bottle between his teeth, without biting it off.

此时他已经在往嘴里猛塞碎肉了，那种奇怪的吃法让他看起来不像是在吃东西而是在匆忙而粗暴地将碎肉囤积在某个地方。但得知有白兰地之后，他丢开碎肉，开始喝酒。他一直都在颤抖，由于颤抖得非常厉害，所以他能把瓶颈咬在牙齿之间而没有把它咬断就已经很不容易了。

"I think you have got the ague," said I.

“我想你是染上了疟疾。”我说道。

"I'm much of your opinion, boy," said he.

“小子，我觉得多半是被你说中了。”他答道。

"It's bad about here," I told him. "You've been lying out on the meshes, and they're dreadful aguish. Rheumatic too."

“这儿条件太差了。”我对他说，“你一直都躺在沼泽地上，很容易染上疟疾的。还有风湿病。”

"I'll eat my breakfast afore they're the death of me," said he. "I'd do that, if I was going to be strung up to that there gallows as there is over there, directly afterwards. I'll beat the shivers so far, I'll bet you."

“就算他们会要了我的命也得等我把早餐吃完再说。”他说道，“即使眼下我马上要被送上绞刑架绞死，我还是要先吃完早餐。我敢和你打赌，我会战胜这些颤抖。”

He was gobbling mincemeat, meat bone, bread, cheese, and pork pie, all at once: staring distrustfully while he did so at the mist all round us, and often stopping—even stopping his jaws—to listen. Some real or fancied sound, some clink upon the river or breathing of beast upon the marsh, now gave him a start, and he said, suddenly:

他狼吞虎咽，把碎肉、肉骨、面包、奶酪以及猪肉馅饼一起往嘴里塞。同时还疑神疑鬼地环视我们四周的迷雾，常常停下来，甚至停止咀嚼，侧耳静听。也许是某种真实的声音或是他幻想中的声音，也许是河面上的叮当声或沼地里野兽的喘息声让他下了一跳，他突然问道：

"You're not a deceiving imp? You brought no one with you?"

“你不会是个招摇撞骗的小鬼吧？你没带其他人来吧？”

"No, sir! No!"

“没有，先生！绝对没有！”

"Nor give no one the office to follow you?"

“也没有给任何人留下线索来跟踪你吧？”

"No!"

“没有！”

"Well," said he, "I believe you. You'd be but a fierce young hound indeed; if at your time of life you could help to hunt a wretched war mint, hunted as near death and dunghill as this poor wretched war mint is!"

“好吧，”他说道，“我相信你。如果你小小年纪就帮着别人追捕一个落魄的可怜鬼，尤其是像我这样离死期不远、就快腐烂发臭的穷鬼，那你无疑就成了一条凶狠的小猎狗了！”

Something clicked in his throat, as if has works in him like a clock, and was going to strike. And he smeared his ragged rough sleeve over his eyes.

他喉咙里有什么东西咔嗒响了一下，仿佛他身体里有座钟，马上就要敲响一样。接着他用破烂的粗布衣袖擦了擦眼睛。

Pitying his desolation, and watching him as he gradually settled down upon the pie, I made bold to say, "I am glad you enjoy it."

看到他这般凄凉，我很是同情。看着他又开始吃猪肉馅饼，我鼓足了勇气对他说:“我很高兴你喜欢吃这个馅饼。”

"Did you speak?"

“你说什么？”

"I said I was glad you enjoyed it."

“我说我很高兴你喜欢吃这个馅饼。”

"Thanked, my boy. I do." I had often watched a large dog of ours eating his food; and I now noticed a decided similarity between the dog's way of eating, and the man's. The man took strong sharp sudden bites, just like the dog. He swallowed, or rather snapped up, every mouthful, too soon and too fast; and he looked sideways here and there while he ate, as if he thought there was danger in every direction, of somebody's coming to take the pie away. He was altogether too unsettled in his mind over it, to appreciate it comfortably, I thought, or to have anybody to dine with him, without making a chop with his jaws at the visitor. In all of which particulars he was very like the dog.

“谢谢你，我的孩子。我的确喜欢吃这个馅饼。”我以前时常看着我们家的一只大狗吃东西。现在我发现，这个人的吃法与那只狗的吃法简直是太相像了。这个人猛地用力咬上几口,就像狗一样。每一口食物他都是吞下去的，不，分明是抢着往里塞，吃得太快太急了。吃的时候，他

看看这边，瞅瞅那边，仿佛认定四面八方都隐藏着危险，随时会有人跳出来抢走他的馅饼一样。我想他如此心神不宁，肯定无法好好享受这个馅饼。要是有人和他一起进食，他非咬掉来者一块肉不可。所有这些细节都让他和那只狗更加相像了。

"I am afraid you won't leave any of it for him," said I, timidly; after a silence during which I had hesitated as to the politeness of making the remark. "There's no more to be got where that came from." It was the certainty of this fact that impelled me to offer the hint.

“恐怕你不会给他留一点了。”我小心翼翼地说。说前我迟疑了很久，不知道这样说有没有礼貌。“我只能弄到这么多食物了。”这是千真万确的，所以我才不得不跟他说。

"Leave any for him? Who's him?" said my friend, stopping in his crunching of pie-crust.

“给他留点？他是谁？”我的朋友正在咀嚼馅饼皮，听到我的话，停了下来反问我。

"The young man. That you spoke of. That was hid with you."

“那个年轻人。你说起过的那个。他和你躲藏在一起。”

"Oh ah!" he returned, with something like a gruff laugh. "Him? Yes, yes! He don't want no witless."

“噢！”他发出一声粗鲁的笑声，回答道，“他？　对，对！他不吃东西的。”

"I thought he looked as if he did," said I.

“我觉得他看起来还是要吃东西的。”我说道。

The man stopped eating, and regarded me with the keenest scrutiny and the greatest surprise.

这个人停下了咀嚼，用最尖锐、最诧异的目光审视着我。

"Looked? When?"

“看起来？什么时候？”

"Just now."

“刚刚。”

"Where?"

“在哪里？”

"Yonder," said I, pointing; "over there, where I found him nodding asleep, and thought it was you."

“那边，”我用手指着回答道，“就在那边，我看到他坐在那里打瞌

睡，我还以为是你。”

He held me by the collar and stared at me so, that I began to think his first idea about cutting my throat had revived.

他一把抓住我的衣领，死死地盯着我。我开始觉得他又有了起初那个割断我喉咙的打算。

"Dressed like you, you know, only with a hat," I explained, trembling; "and—and”—I was very anxious to put this delicately—“and with—the same reason for wanting to borrow a file. Didn't you hear the cannon last night?"

“穿得很想你，只不过多戴了顶帽子。”我颤抖着向他解释道，“而且——而且”——我急切地想说得委婉一些——“而且你们俩借来锉刀都是为了相同的目的。难道昨天夜里你没有听见炮声吗？”

"Then, there was firing!" he said to himself.

“哦，那的确是炮声！”他自言自语道。

"I wonder you shouldn't have been sure of that," I returned, "for we heard it up at home, and that's further away, and we were shut in besides."

“我很奇怪你怎么就不确定那是炮声呢。”我回答说，“我们住得更远一些，关在屋里都可以听到。”

"Why, see now!" said he. "When a man's alone on these flats, with a light head and a light stomach, perishing of cold and want, he hears nothing all night, but guns firing, and voices calling. Hears? He sees the soldiers, with their red coats lighted up by the torches carried afore, closing in round him. Hears his number called, hears himself challenged, hears the rattle of the muskets, hears the orders 'Make ready! Present! Cover him steady, men!' And is laid hands on—and there's nothing! Why, if I see one pursuing party last night—coming up in order, Damn 'em, with their tramp, tramp—I see a hundred. And as to firing! Why, I see the mist shake with the cannon, arter it was broad day—But this man," he had said all the rest, as if he had forgotten my being there; "did you notice anything in him?"

“唉，听我说！”他说道，“当一个人独自在这沼地，脑袋昏昏沉沉，胃里空无一物，缺衣少食、饥寒难耐的时候，整晚听到的都是枪声和喊声。只是听见么？他还看到士兵向他团团包围过来。士兵手中的火把，照亮了他们身上的红色军服。他听见自己的编号被叫到，听见自己被质问，听见火枪咔咔的响声，听见军令声‘弟兄们，各就各位！举枪！瞄准他！’接着他就被捉住了——他们也消失了！哎呀，我昨天夜里看见一个搜捕队。他们整齐有序地行进，他妈的，发出沉重的脚步声，我看见有一百人呢。至于炮声嘛！哎，大炮把雾气都震得发颤，那时候天已经亮了——但这个人，”他滔滔不绝，仿佛已经忘记了我的存在，“你察觉到

他有什么异常吗？”

"He had a badly bruised face," said I, recalling what I hardly knew I knew.

“他的脸上有严重的擦伤。”我说道，想起了这一个我自己都几乎不知道我曾注意到的细节。

"Not here?" exclaimed the man, striking his left cheek mercilessly, with the flat of his hand.

“不是在这里吗？”这个人用手掌狠狠地扇了自己的左脸颊，高声喊道。

"Yes, there!"

“对，就是那里！”

"Where is he?" He crammed what little food was left, into the breast of his grey jacket. "Show me the way he went. I'll pull him down, like a bloodhound. Curse this iron on my sore leg! Give us hold of the file, boy."

“他现在在哪里？”他将仅剩的一点食物包好，塞进他灰色夹克的胸口处。“给我指一下他往哪个方向去了。我要像一只猎犬一样追上他。这该死的铁镣，让我的腿痛得不行！小子，把锉刀拿来。”

I indicated in what direction the mist had shrouded the other man, and he looked up at it for an instant. But he was down on the rank wet grass, filing at his iron like a madman, and not minding me or minding his own leg, which has an old chafe upon it and was bloody, but which he handled as roughly as if it had no more feeling in it than the file. I was very much afraid of him again, now that he had worked himself into this fierce hurry, and I was likewise very much afraid of keeping away from home any longer. I told him I must go, but he took no notice, so I thought the best thing I could do was to slip off. The last I saw of him, his head was bent over his knee and he was working hard at his fetter, muttering impatient imprecations at it and at his leg. The last I heard of him, I stopped in the mist to listen, and the file was still going.

我给他指出了那个人消失在大雾之中的方向，他抬起头望了片刻。然后他就坐在茂盛、潮湿的草地上，发疯般地锉他的铁镣，毫不在意一旁的我或是他自己的腿。他腿上有一处旧伤，现在已经是血淋淋的，但他对此毫不在意，仿佛那条腿和锉刀一样没有知觉。我再一次对他感到非常害怕。现在他已经变得心急火燎了，而且我也担心自己离家的时间太久了。我告诉他我必须走了，但他根本没有听见。所以我想我最好还是悄悄地溜走。我看他最后一眼的时候，他正低着头，冲着膝盖，拼命地锉铁镣，嘴里不耐烦地咒骂着铁镣和他的腿。我最后听见他的声音时，我在迷雾之中停下了脚步，仔细聆听，那还是他锉脚镣的声音。

CHAPTER 4

第四章

I fully expected to find a Constable in the kitchen, waiting to take me up. But not only was there no Constable there, but no discovery had yet been made of the robbery. Mrs. Joe was prodigiously busy in getting the house ready for the festivities of the day, and Joe had been put upon the kitchen door-step to keep him out of the dust-pan—an article into which his destiny always led him sooner or later, when my sister was vigorously reaping the floors of her establishment.

我满以为厨房里会有一个警察，在那里等着逮捕我。然而不仅没有警察，而且没有人发现我偷拿了东西。乔太太正在为过节布置房屋，忙得不可开交。乔被支到了厨房门阶上，从而让他离簸箕远一点。不过像往常一样，他早晚还是会跑到簸箕那边添乱。此时我姐姐正在起劲地扫地。

"And where the deuce have you been?" was Mrs. Joe's Christmas salutation, when I and my conscience showed ourselves?

“你刚刚究竟跑到哪里去了？”当我满心愧疚地回到家时，乔太太给我的圣诞问候就是这句话。

I said I had been down to hear the Carols. "Ah! well!" observed Mrs. Joe. "You might ha' done worse." Not a doubt of that, I thought.

我说我跑去听圣诞颂歌了。“哦！那就好！”乔太太说道，“我以为你又跑去闯祸了。”我寻思着，真被她说中了。

"Perhaps if I wasn't a blacksmith's wife, and (what's the same thing) a slave with her apron never off, I should have been to hear the Carols," said Mrs. Joe. "I'm rather partial to Carols, myself, and that's the best of reasons for my never hearing any."

“要不是我嫁给了铁匠，整天像个奴隶一样戴着围裙忙来忙去的话，我也早就去听圣诞颂歌了。”乔太太说道，“我特别喜欢独自听颂歌，这正是我从没有去听过颂歌的最佳理由。”

Joe, who had ventured into the kitchen after me as the dust-pan had retired before us, drew the back of his hand across his nose with a conciliatory air when Mrs. Joe darted a look at him, and, when her eyes were withdrawn, secretly crossed his two forefingers, and exhibited them to me, as our token that Mrs. Joe was in a cross temper. This was so much her normal state that Joe and I would often, for weeks together, be, as to our fingers, like monumental Crusaders as to their legs.

乔壮着胆子尾随我进了厨房，簸箕在我们进来之前就被拿走了。乔太太瞪了乔一眼，乔就用手背擦了擦鼻子，做出想和解的姿态。当乔太太的目光转移到别处时，乔就偷偷地朝我做了个两根食指交叉的手势。这是我们的暗号，表示乔太太心情很差。她总是心情很差，我和乔时常一连几个星期都十指交叉，就像伟大的十字军战士们交叉的双腿一样。

We were to have a superb dinner, consisting of a leg of pickled pork and greens, and a pair of roast stuffed fowls. A handsome mince-pie had been made yesterday morning (which accounted for the mincemeat not being missed), and the pudding was already on the boil. These extensive arrangements occasioned us to be cut off unceremoniously in respect of breakfast; "for I ain't," said Mrs. Joe, "I ain't a-going to have no formal cramming and busting and washing up now, with what I've got before me, I promise you!"

我们的午餐将会非常丰盛，有青菜烧腌猪腿和一对八宝烤鸡。昨天早上已经做好了一个很大的肉末馅饼，所以我偷拿碎肉的事还没有被发现。布丁也已经开始蒸了。这些大量的准备工作蛮横地挤掉了我们的早餐。“我可没有时间，”乔太太说，“眼下我要忙的事情够多的了，我可没有时间另外给你们准备好吃的、好喝的，替你们洗洗涮涮了。别指望了！”

So, we had our slices served out, as if we were two thousand troops on a forced march instead of a man and boy at home; and we took gulps of milk and water, with apologetic countenances, from a jug on the dresser. In the meantime, Mrs. Joe put clean white curtains up, and tacked a new flowered-flounce across the wide chimney to replace the old one, and uncovered the little state parlor across the passage, which was never uncovered at any other time, but passed the rest of the year in a cool haze of silver paper, which even extended to the four little white crockery poodles on the mantelshelf, each with a black nose and a basket of flowers in his mouth, and each the counterpart of the other. Mrs. Joe was a very clean housekeeper, but had an exquisite art of making her cleanliness more uncomfortable and unacceptable than dirt itself. Cleanliness is next to Godliness, and some people do the same by their religion.

所以，我们只能吃几片面包来充饥。我们看起来不是呆在家里的大人和孩子，而是正被迫行军中的两千名士兵。同时我们一脸歉意地拿起橱柜上的罐子，大口大口地喝着牛奶和水。此时，乔太太挂起了洁白的窗帘，在宽大的壁炉四周钉上新的花边，换下了旧花边。她同时还打开了走廊上的小客厅。这个比较正式的小客厅平时从不打开，常年笼罩在锡箔纸蒙胧的寒光之中。这寒光甚至一直照到壁炉台上四只小巧玲珑的白色瓷制鬈毛狗身上。每只鬈毛狗都顶着个黑鼻头，嘴里叼着花篮，四只一模一样。乔太太是个非常爱干净的家庭主妇，但她却有本事让她的干净比灰尘本身更让人不自在，让人受不了。干净往往与虔诚联系在一起，有些人出于信仰而非常爱干净。

My sister having so much to do was going to church vicariously; that is to say, Joe and I were going. In his working clothes, Joe was a well-knit characteristic-looking blacksmith; in his holiday clothes, he was more like a scarecrow in good circumstances, than anything else. Nothing that he wore then, fitted him or seemed to belong to him; and everything that he wore then, grazed him. On the present festive occasion he emerged from his room, when the blithe bells were going, the picture of misery, in a full suit of Sunday penitential. As to me, I think my sister must have had some general idea that I was a young offender whom an Accouter Policemen had taken up (on my birthday) and delivered over to her, to be dealt with according to the outraged majesty of the law. I was always treated as if I had insisted on being born, in opposition to the dictates of reason, religion, and morality, and against the dissuading arguments of my best friends. Even when I was taken to have a new suit of clothes, the tailor had orders to make them like a kind of Reformatory, and on no account to let me have the free use of my limbs.

我姐姐总是有很多事要做，所以只能“间接”去教堂，也就是说，由我和乔替她去。穿着工作服，乔就是一个身膀结实、很有个性的铁匠；而穿上节日服装，他更像一个装扮一新的稻草人。那时他身上穿的所有衣服都不适合他，看起来根本不是他的衣服，他穿的每一件衣服都会把他擦伤。在这个充满节日气氛的时刻，随着欢快的钟声响起，他带着痛苦的表情走出房间，就像一个要去教堂做忏悔的人。至于我，我觉得我姐姐基本上认为我天生就是个小罪犯，就好像一生下来就被警察逮捕，然后交给了她，要她根据我触犯的法律来惩治我。一直以来我都被看作是一个违背理性、宗教、道德的指示，且不顾好友劝阻，执意要来到这个世界上的人。就连带我去做一身新衣服，都要让裁缝做出一套类似少年犯管教所里的行头，绝对不让我自由活动四肢。

Joe and I going to church, therefore, must have been a moving spectacle for compassionate minds. Yet, what I suffered outside was nothing to what I underwent within. The terrors that had assailed me whenever Mrs. Joe had gone near the pantry, or out of the room, were only to be equaled by the remorse with which my mind dwelt on what my hands had done. Under the weight of my wicked secret, I pondered whether the Church would be powerful enough to shield me from the vengeance of the terrible young man, if I divulged to that establishment. I conceived the idea that the time when the banns were read and when the clergyman said, "Ye are now to declare it!" would be the time for me to rise and propose a private conference in the vestry. I am far from being sure that I might not have astonished our small congregation by resorting to this extreme measure, but for its being Christmas Day and no Sunday.

因此，我和乔去教堂这件事在那些充满怜悯之心的人看来，一定是

令人大为感动的景象。然而，这些来自外部的痛苦与我内心的折磨相比简直是微不足道。每当乔太太走近食品间或走出房间时，我都极度恐惧。与这种恐惧一样折磨着我的是，一想起自己做过的事我就非常懊悔。这个不可告人的秘密重重地压在我的心头。我思忖着，要是我去忏悔，教堂能不能有足够的力量保护我免遭那个可怕的年轻人的报复。我打算，在结婚预告宣读完毕，牧师宣布“如有异议可陈述己见”的时候，我就要站起来要求与牧师到祈祷室去密谈。只不过这天是圣诞节而不是礼拜日，否则我说不定真会采取这种极端的做法，让为数不多的全体教堂会众大吃一惊。

Mr. Wopsle, the clerk at church, was to dine with us; and Mr. Hubble the wheelwright and Mrs. Hubble; and Uncle Pumblechook (Joe's uncle, but Mrs. Joe appropriated him), who was a well-to-do corn-chandler in the nearest town, and drove his own chaise-cart. The dinner hour was half-past one. When Joe and I got home, we found the table lay, and Mrs. Joe dressed, and the dinner dressing, and the front door unlocked (it never was at any other time) for the company to enter by, and everything most splendid. And still, not a word of the robbery.

教堂执事沃甫赛先生要来我们家吃饭，另外还有车匠哈布尔先生和他的太太还有彭波契克舅舅。彭波契克舅舅理应是乔的舅舅，但乔太太却也喊他是舅舅。他是邻镇上一个有钱的粮商，拥有一辆轻便马车。吃饭时间是下午一点半。当我和乔回到家时，我们发现餐桌已经布置妥当，乔夫人打扮好了，菜肴已经开始准备了，正门开着迎接客人的到来，要知道，平时这扇门是从不打开的。一切看上去都好极了。到目前为止，还没有任何关于失窃的消息。

The time came, without bringing with it any relief to my feelings, and the company came. Mr. Wopsle, united to a Roman nose and a large shining bald forehead, had a deep voice which he was uncommonly proud of; indeed it was understood among his acquaintance that if you could only give him his head, he would read the clergyman into fits; he himself confessed that if the Church was "thrown open," meaning to competition, he would not despair of making his mark in it. The Church not being "thrown open," he was, as I have said, our clerk. But he punished the Amens tremendously; and when he gave out the psalm—always giving the whole verse—he looked all round the congregation first, as much as to say, "You have heard my friend overhead; oblige me with your opinion of this style!"

午饭时间到了，但这并没有让我感到如释重负。客人们也都来了。沃甫赛先生长了个鹰钩鼻和一个硕大的、闪闪发光的秃脑门。他的嗓音低沉，对此他特别骄傲。的确，认识他的人都知道，如果任其发挥，他读经文比牧师读得都好。他自己也认为，如果教会举行公开竞选的话，他一定会成功当选。然而教会并不举行公开竞选，所以正如我之前所说的，他只是个执事。但是他很不喜欢大家总是附和“阿门”；当他诵读赞

美诗时——总是一下子读一整节——他先要环视一下教堂里的会众，仿佛是在说："你们已经听到我天上的朋友的声音，请对我这种风格提出你们的意见！"

I opened the door to the company—making believe that it was a habit of ours to open that door—and I opened it first to Mr. Wopsle, next to Mr. and Mrs. Hubble, and last of all to Uncle Pumblechook. N.B., I was not allowed to call him uncle, under the severest penalties.

我为来客们开门，以使他们相信我们平时也总开着这扇大门。我开门迎接的第一个人是沃甫赛先生，接着是哈布尔先生和他的太太，最后是彭波契克舅舅。注意，我是不能喊他舅舅的，否则会受到严厉的惩罚。

"Mrs. Joe," said Uncle Pumblechook: a large hard-breathing middle-aged slow man, with a mouth like a fish, dull staring eyes, and sandy hair standing upright on his head, so that he looked as if he had just been all but choked, and had that moment come to; "I have brought you, as the compliments of the season—I have brought you, Mum, a bottle of sherry wine—and I have brought you, Mum, a bottle of port wine."

彭波契克舅舅是个魁梧的中年人，行动迟缓、呼吸急促，嘴巴长得像鱼嘴，双目圆睁却目光呆滞，头上立着沙褐色的头发，这些让他看起来就好像是刚刚被噎到了，才缓过来一样。"乔太太，"他说道，作为节日的问候，太太，我给您带来一瓶雪莉酒。太太，我还给您带来一瓶波尔图葡萄酒。"

Every Christmas Day he presented himself, as a profound novelty, with exactly the same words, and carrying the two bottles like dumb-bells. Every Christmas Day, Mrs. Joe replied, as she now replied, "Oh, Un—cle Pum—ble—chook! This is kind!" Every Christmas Day, he retorted, as he now retorted, "It's no more than your merits. And now are you all bobbish, and how's Sixpennorth of halfpence?" Meaning me.

每年圣诞节他都会出现，讲同样的话，带来两个哑铃一样的酒瓶，而他却认为这很有创意。每年圣诞节，乔太太就像眼下这样回答他："噢，彭——波——契克舅舅！您太客气了！"每年圣诞节，他都像眼下这样回敬道："比起您来还是差远了。你们现在都身体安好吗？那个小东西怎么样了？""小东西"指的是我。

We dined on these occasions in the kitchen, and adjourned, for the nuts and oranges and apples, to the parlor; which was a change very like Joe's change from his working clothes to his Sunday dress. My sister was uncommonly lively on the present occasion, and indeed was generally more gracious in the society of Mrs. Hubble than in other company. I remember Mrs. Hubble as a little curly sharp-edged

person in sky-blue, who held a conventionally juvenile position, because she had married Mr. Hubble—I don't know at what remote period—when she was much younger than he. I remember Mr. Hubble as a tough high-shouldered stooping old man, of a saw dusty fragrance, with his legs extraordinarily wide apart: so that in my short days I always saw some miles of open country between them when I met him coming up the lane.

每年过节我们都在厨房吃饭，吃完后换到客厅去吃坚果、桔子、苹果。从厨房换到客厅给人的感觉就像看到乔把工作服换成节日礼服一样。我姐姐眼下非常愉快。的确，她与哈布尔太太在一起比和其他人在一起的时候更加和蔼可亲。我记得哈布尔太太身材娇小，头发卷曲，面部轮廓清晰，穿着天蓝色的衣服。她看起来仍是个传统的少女模样，因为她嫁给了比自己大得多的哈布尔先生。但我不知道他们是多久之前结的婚。我记得哈布尔先生是个身体健壮、肩膀高高、有点驼背的老头，身上散发出锯屑的香气，走路时两腿叉开得很大。所以在我个头还很矮的时候，如果路上见他迎面走来，我能从他叉开的两腿之间看到几英里以外的乡间旷野。

Among this good company I should have felt myself, even if I hadn't robbed the pantry, in a false position. Not because I was squeezed in at an acute angle of the table-cloth, with the table in my chest, and the Pumblechookian elbow in my eye, nor because I was not allowed to speak (I didn't want to speak), nor because I was regaled with the scaly tips of the drumsticks of the fowls, and with those obscure corners of pork of which the pig, when living, had had the least reason to be vain. No; I should not have minded that, if they would only have left me alone. But they wouldn't leave me alone. They seemed to think the opportunity lost, if they failed to point the conversation at me, every now and then, and stick the point into me. I might have been an unfortunate little bull in a Spanish arena, I got so startlingly touched up by these moral goads.

身处这些宾客之中，我感到即使我没有从食品间里偷东西，自己还是与他们格格不入。不是因为我被挤到了桌角，桌子高过我的胸口，而且彭波契克的胳膊肘总是碰到我的眼睛；不是因为他们不许我说话，其实我本来就不想说话；也不是因为他们用来招待我的都是些带着鳞皮的鸡爪尖，以及那些不知取自猪身上哪个部位，连猪生前都觉得不值得夸耀的肉。不，都不是因为这些，如果他们能让我自己呆着，我根本就不在乎这些。可他们就是不让我自己好好呆着。他们似乎认为，如果不时时地把对话引向我，拿我当话柄的话，就再也没有这个机会了。我就像西班牙斗牛场上的一头不幸的小公牛，被这些看似道德的刺棒打得遍体鳞伤。

It began the moment we sat down to dinner. Mr. Wopsle said grace with theatrical declamation—as it now appears to me, something like a religious cross of the Ghost in Hamlet with Richard

the Third—and ended with the very proper aspiration that we might be truly grateful. Upon which my sister fixed me with her eye, and said, in a low reproachful voice, "Do you hear that? Be grateful."

这种折磨从我们一坐下来吃饭就开始了。沃甫赛先生像念剧本台词似的大声做饭前祷告，我现在回想起来觉得那就像是《哈姆雷特》和《理查三世》中的幽灵结合成了一个教徒。最后沃甫赛先生希望大家能诚心感恩，祷告结束。这时我姐姐就紧盯着着我，用责备的口吻低声说道：“听到了吗？要感恩。”

"Especially," said Mr. Pumblechook, "be grateful, boy, to them which brought you up by hand."

“孩子，”彭波契克先生说道，“特别是要感谢那些亲手把你养大的人啊。”

Mrs. Hubble shook her head, and contemplating me with a mournful presentiment that I should come to no good, asked, "Why is it that the young are never grateful?" This moral mystery seemed too much for the company until Mr. Hubble tersely solved it by saying, "Naturally vicious." Everybody then murnured "True!" and looked at me in a particularly unpleasant and personal manner.

哈布尔太太摇了摇头，问道：“为什么现在的年轻人都不知道感恩呢？”同时她看着我，好像已经悲哀地预感到，我将来也好不到哪里去。这个道德谜团似乎难住了所有人，直到最后哈布尔先生简短的一句话解决了这个难题：“他们天生如此败坏。”所有人随即小声说道：“的确如此！”同时用极其不悦并极具攻击性的眼神看着我。

Joe's station and influence were something feebler (if possible) when there was company, than when there was none. But he always aided and comforted me when he could, in some way of his own, and he always did so at dinner-time by giving me gravy, if there were any. There being plenty of gravy today, Joe spooned into my plate, at this point, about half a pint.

有客人在的时候，乔即使有地位和影响力，也比没有外人的时候小得多。但他总是以他自己的方式尽可能地帮助我、安慰我。吃饭的时候，如果有肉汁，他就不停地给我肉汁，作为对我的安慰。今天饭桌上有很多肉汁，此刻乔用勺子往我盘子里舀了差不多半品脱。

A little later on in the dinner, Mr. Wopsle reviewed the sermon with some severity, and intimated—in the usual hypothetical case of the Church being "thrown open"—what kind of sermon he would have given them. After favoring them with some heads of that discourse, he remarked that he considered the subject of the day's homily, ill-chosen; which was the less excusable, he added, when there were so many subjects "going about."

吃了一会儿，沃甫赛先生开始严厉地批评牧师的布道词，同时一如既往地表示，如果教会进行公开竞选的话，他会给予会众多么好的布道词。吹嘘了一番之后，他又评论说今天讲道的主题选得太差了。他说，好的主题很多，这种糟糕的选择实在是不可原谅的。

"True again," said Uncle Pumblechook. "You've hit it, sir! Plenty of subjects going about, for them that know how to put salt upon their tails. That's what's wanted. A man needn't go far to find a subject, if he's ready with his salt-box." Mr. Pumblechook added, after a short interval of reflection, "Look at Pork alone. There's a subject! If you want a subject, look at Pork!"

“千真万确。”彭波契克舅舅说道，“您真是一语中的，先生！是有很多主题，对他们来说是要懂得如何抓住这些主题。这才是最重要的。如果诱饵准备妥当，一个人根本不用走太远就能找到猎物。” 彭波契克先生想了一会儿接着说道：“就看这猪肉，这就是个主题！ 如果你要找个布道主题，猪肉就是一个！”

"True, sir. Many a moral for the young," returned Mr. Wopsle; and I knew he was going to lug me in, before he said it; "might be deduced from that text."

“确实是这样的，先生。对年轻人来说太有寓意了。”沃甫赛先生答道，他没有说完我就知道他又要把话题转移到我身上了，“他们能从中得到很多教训。”

("You listen to this," said my sister to me, in a severe parenthesis.) Joe gave me some more gravy.

“你好好听着。”我姐姐十分严厉地对我说。乔又给我舀了些肉汁。

"Swine," pursued Mr. Wopsle, in his deepest voice, and pointing his fork at my blushes, as if he were mentioning my Christian name; "Swine were the companions of the prodigal. The gluttony of Swine is put before us, as an example to the young." (I thought this pretty well in him who had been praising up the pork for being so plump and juicy.) "What is detestable in a pig, is more detestable in a boy."

“猪，”沃甫赛先生用他深沉的嗓音继续说道，同时拿叉子指着我已经羞得通红的脸，仿佛他正在喊我的教名，“猪是挥霍浪费者的同伴。猪贪吃的下场已经摆在了我们面前，年轻人应该引以为戒。”（我觉得有趣的是，他刚刚还夸这猪肉肥厚多汁呢。）“猪身上令人厌恶的毛病放在一个男孩子身上就更加让人讨厌了。”

"Or girl," suggested Mr. Hubble.

“女孩也一样。”哈布尔先生提示说。

"Of course, or girl, Mr. Hubble," assented Mr. Wopsle, rather irritably, "but there is no girl present."

“当然，女孩也一样，哈布尔先生。”沃甫赛先生表示同意，但一脸怒气，“但这里没有女孩子。”

"Besides," said Mr. Pumblechook, turning sharp on me, "think what you've got to be grateful for. If you'd been born a Squeaker—”

“另外，”彭波契克先生迅速转向我说道，“想想你所拥有的值得感恩的一切。如果你生来就是个爱哭鬼——”

"He was, if ever a child was," said my sister, most emphatically.

“他就是个爱哭鬼，世间少有这样的孩子。”我姐姐断然答道。

Joe gave me some more gravy.

乔又给我舀了些肉汁。

"Well, but I mean a four-footed Squeaker," said Mr. Pumblechook. "If you had been born such, would you have been here now? Not you—”

“好吧，不过我说的是四只脚的爱哭鬼。”彭波契克先生说，“如果你生来是那样的话，你现在还能坐在这里吗？　你不会的——”

"Unless in that form," said Mr. Wopsle, nodding towards the dish.

“除非以那种形式。”沃甫赛先生说着朝盘子中的猪肉点了点头。

"But I don't mean in that form, sir," returned Mr. Pumblechook, who had an objection to being interrupted; "I mean, enjoying himself with his elders and betters, and improving himself with their conversation, and rolling in the lap of luxury. Would he have been doing that? No, he wouldn't. And what would have been your destination?" Turning on me again. "You would have been disposed of for so many shillings according to the market price of the article, and Duns table the butcher would have come up to you as you lay in your straw, and he would have whipped you under his left arm, and with his right he would have tucked up his frock to get a penknife from out of his waistcoat-pocket, and he would have shed your blood and had your life. No bringing up by hand then. Not a bit of it!”

“但我不是那个意思，先生。”彭波契克先生回答道，他很反感自己说话时被打断，“我的意思是，和大人长辈一起快乐地生活，在大人长辈的教导中进步，生活优裕、养尊处优。他能拥有这些吗？　不，他不能。那么你的命运会是怎样的呢？”他又转向我。“根据市场物价，你会被出售，换回很多先令。屠夫邓恩斯·泰布会朝你躺着的稻草堆走过来，他会把你夹在左胳膊下，用右手撩起衣服，从背心口袋里掏出一把小刀，然后放你的血，要你的命。那时就没有人亲手把你养大了。一个人也没有！”

Joe offered me more gravy, which I was afraid to take.

乔给我舀了更多的肉汁，我却不敢吃。

"He was a world of trouble to you, ma'am," said Mrs. Hubble, commiserating my sister.

“太太，他一定给你惹来不少麻烦。”哈布尔太太对我姐姐同情地说道。

"Trouble?" echoed my sister; "trouble?" and then entered on a fearful catalogue of all the illnesses I had been guilty of, and all the acts of sleeplessness I had committed, and all the high places I had tumbled from, and all the low places I had tumbled into, and all the injuries I had done myself, and all the times she had wished me in my grave, and I had contumaciously refused to go there.

“麻烦？”我姐姐附和道，“只有麻烦而已吗？”然后就开始了那令人厌烦的长篇大论，细数我染上的种种疾病，醒着的时候干下的种种坏事，曾经从哪些高处摔了下来，又跌进哪些低洼的地方，自作自受受了多少伤，以及一直以来她都希望我干脆死了算了，但我就是不让她如愿。

I think the Romans must have aggravated one another very much, with their noses. Perhaps, they became the restless people they were, in consequence. Anyhow, Mr. Wopsle's Roman nose so aggravated me, during the recital of my misdemeanors that I should have liked to pull it until he howled. But, all I had endured up to this time, was nothing in comparison with the awful feelings that took possession of me when the pause was broken which ensued upon my sister's recital, and in which pause everybody had looked at me (as I felt painfully conscious) with indignation and abhorrence.

我想罗马人一定是因为他们的鼻子而激怒了彼此。也许正是因此，他们最后成了一个不安分的民族。不管怎样，在我姐姐数落我的种种罪行时，沃甫赛先生的鼻子让我万分恼怒。我真想一把扯住他的鼻子，直到他大声嚎叫为止。我姐姐数落完之后出现了片刻的沉默。沉默当中我痛苦地感觉到，所有人都用满是愤怒和厌恶的眼神看着我。但到目前为止，我所承受的一切与沉默打破之后我糟糕的心情相比简直是微不足道。

"Yet," said Mr. Pumblechook, leading the company gently back to the theme from which they had strayed, "Pork—regarded as billed—is rich, too; isn't it?"

“但是，”彭波契克先生轻声地将大家带回之前背离的主题，“烹煮过的猪肉也是很有滋味的，不是吗？”

"Have a little brandy, uncle," said my sister.

“喝点白兰地吧，舅舅。”我姐姐说道。

O Heavens, it had come at last! He would find it was weak, he

would say it was weak, and I was lost! I held tight to the leg of the table under the cloth, with both hands, and awaited my fate.

天哪，这下大祸临头了！他会发现白兰地太淡了，他会说这酒怎么这么淡，那样我就完了。我两只手紧紧地抓住桌布下的桌腿，等待着厄运的到来。

My sister went for the stone bottle, came back with the stone bottle, and poured his brandy out: no one else taking any. The wretched man trifled with his glass—took it up, looked at it through the light, put it down—prolonged my misery. All this time, Mrs. Joe and Joe were briskly clearing the table for the pie and pudding.

我姐姐去取石酒坛。取回酒坛，给他满上白兰地，其他人一点也没喝。这个可恶的家伙摆弄着他的酒杯，举起来，对着光看看，再放下，这些都延长了我痛苦的时间。同时，乔太太和乔迅速地清理了饭桌，准备端上馅饼和布丁。

I couldn't keep my eyes off him. Always holding tight by the leg of the table with my hands and feet, I saw the miserable creature finger his glass playfully, take it up, smile, throw his head back, and drink the brandy off. Instantly afterwards, the company were seized with unspeakable consternation, owing to his springing to his feet, turning round several times in an appalling spasmodic whooping-cough dance, and rushing out at the door; he then became visible through the window, violently plunging and expectorating, making the most hideous faces, and apparently out of his mind.

我没法把目光从他身上移开。我的手脚一齐紧紧地抱住桌腿。我看着那可恶的家伙用手指打趣地划过酒杯，举起来，笑了笑，一仰头，将白兰地喝了下去。随后即刻之间，客人们就陷入了不可名状的惊愕当中，因为他跳了起来，转了几圈，身体抽搐，又喊又咳，手舞足蹈，让人大为震惊。接着他冲出门去，透过窗户可以看见他猛地俯下身去大口地往外咳着什么，面部表情扭曲难看，完全疯掉了一样。

I held on tight, while Mrs. Joe and Joe ran to him. I didn't know how I had done it, but I had no doubt I had murdered him somehow.

我紧紧地抱着桌腿，乔太太和乔跑了过去。我不知道自己是怎么做到的，但不管怎样，我确信是我谋害了他。

In my dreadful situation, it was a relief when he was brought back, and, surveying the company all round as if they had disagreed with him, sank down into his chair with the one significant gasp, "Tar!"

我惊恐万分，之后他被带了回来，我松了一口气。他审视着周围的客人，仿佛是他们跟他过不去，接着倒在椅子上，重重地喘了一口气，说：“柏油水！”

I had filled up the bottle from the tar-water jug. I knew he would be worse by-and-by. I moved the table, like a Medium of the present day, by the vigor of my unseen hold upon it.

我往酒坛里倒的是柏油水。我知道他之后会觉得越来越难受。由于抓得太紧，我挪动了一下桌子，就像如今的巫师，用看不见的力量挪动一个物体。

"Tar!" cried my sister, in amazement. "Why, how ever could Tar come there?"

“柏油水！”我姐姐惊讶地喊道，“什么，柏油水怎么跑到酒坛里去了？”

But, Uncle Pumblechook, who was omnipotent in that kitchen, wouldn't hear the word, wouldn't hear of the subject, imperiously waved it all away with his hand, and asked for hot gin-and-water.

然而，彭波契克舅舅此时就是这间厨房里万能的主。他不想再听见这个词，不想再提起这个话题，蛮横地一挥手，表示不要再说了，并要热的杜松子酒水。

My sister, who had begun to be alarmingly meditative, had to employ herself actively in getting the gin, the hot water, the sugar, and the lemon-peel, and mixing them. For the time being at least, I was saved. I still held on to the leg of the table, but clutched it now with the fervor of gratitude.

我姐姐从惊慌和思考中回过神来，赶紧去取来杜松子酒、热水、糖和柠檬皮，并把它们混合在一起。至少眼下我是得救了。我仍然抱着桌腿，但这次是心怀感激地抱着它。

By degrees, I became calm enough to release my grasp and partake of pudding. Mr. Pumblechook partook of pudding. All partook of pudding.

逐渐地，我镇静下来，松开了手，开始吃布丁。彭波契克先生吃起了布丁。大家都开始吃布丁。

The course terminated, and Mr. Pumblechook had begun to beam under the genial influence of gin-and-water. I began to think I should get over the day, when my sister said to Joe, "Clean plates—cold.”

甜食吃完了，彭波契克先生在杜松子酒水的帮助下，脸上开始泛起了红光。我开始觉得我能熬过今天了。突然我姐姐对乔说：“去拿干净的盘子来，冷盘子。”

I clutched the leg of the table again immediately, and pressed it to my bosom as if it had been the companion of my youth and friend of my soul. I foresaw what was coming, and I felt that this time I really was gone.

我马上又抓住了桌腿，把它紧紧地贴在胸前，仿佛它是我儿时的伙伴、灵魂的密友一样。我能预见即将发生的事情，我感觉这次真的完了。

"You must taste," said my sister, addressing the guests with her best grace, "You must taste, to finish with, such a delightful and delicious present of Uncle Pumblechook's!"

“你们一定要尝尝，”我姐姐和颜悦色地对客人说道，“在宴会结束之前，你们一定要尝尝彭波契克舅舅带来的令人愉悦的美味礼品！”

Must they! Let them not hope to taste it!

必须要他们尝尝吗！还是不要让他们尝吧！

"You must know," said my sister, rising, "it's a pie; a savory pork pie."

“你们得知道，”我姐姐站起来说道，“是一个馅饼，一个美味的猪肉馅饼。”

The company murmured their compliments. Uncle Pumblechook, sensible of having deserved well of his fellow-creatures, said—quite vivaciously, all things considered—"Well, Mrs. Joe, we'll do our best endeavors; let us have a cut at this same pie."

客人们小声地恭维着。彭波契克舅舅觉得，考虑到之前发生的事情，自己是客人当中最该享用馅饼的人，所以异常活跃地说道：“好吧，乔太太，我们会好好享用的，让我们共享一个馅饼吧。”

My sister went out to get it. I heard her steps proceed to the pantry. I saw Mr. Pumblechook balance his knife. I saw re-awakening appetite in the Roman nostrils of Mr. Wopsle. I heard Mr. Hubble remark that "a bit of savory pork pie would lay atop of anything you could mention, and do no harm," and I heard Joe say, "You shall have some, Pip." I have never been absolutely certain whether I uttered a shrill yell of terror, merely in spirit, or in the bodily hearing of the company. I felt that I could bear no more, and that I must run away. I released the leg of the table, and ran for my life.

我姐姐出去取馅饼了。我听见她走向食品间的脚步声。我看到彭波契克先生摆弄着餐刀。我从沃甫赛先生的鹰勾鼻鼻孔中看出他重新燃起的食欲。我听见哈布尔先生评论道：“一点猪肉馅饼是你所能提及的最好的东西了，而且没有害处。”我还听见乔说：“你也吃点，皮普。”我从来都不十分确定我只是从内心发出了惊恐的一声尖叫，还是真的发出了所有人都听得见的尖叫。我感觉我再也受不了了，我必须逃跑。我松开了桌腿，没命似的逃走了。

But, I ran no further than the house door, for there I ran head foremost into a party of soldiers with their muskets: one of whom held out a pair of handcuffs to me, saying, "Here you are, look sharp, come

on!"

但我刚刚跑到大门口就一头扎进一队士兵当中。他们都扛着火枪。一个士兵递给我一副手铐，说道：“在这里啊，看起来挺机灵的，快来！”

CHAPTER 5

第五章

The apparition of a file of soldiers ringing down the butt-ends of their loaded muskets on our door-step, caused the dinner-party to rise from table in confusion, and caused Mrs. Joe re-entering the kitchen empty-handed, to stop short and stare, in her wondering lament of "Gracious goodness gracious me, what's gone—with the—pie!”

这队士兵幽灵般地出现在我们家门口，哗啦啦地放下他们装满子弹的火枪，枪托搁在地上。这使客人们惊慌地从饭桌旁站了起来。乔太太空手回到了厨房，本来在疑惑地惋惜道：“天哪，馅饼——哪里——去了！”一看到这种场面，就立刻停了下来，变得目瞪口呆。

The sergeant and I were in the kitchen when Mrs. Joe stood staring; at which crisis I partially recovered the use of my senses. It was the sergeant who had spoken to me, and he was now looking round at the company, with his handcuffs invitingly extended towards them in his right hand, and his left on my shoulder.

当乔太太还呆若木鸡时，我和中士已经在厨房了。在这样一个危急时刻，我反而冷静了一些。刚刚跟我说话的就是这个中士，现在他正巡视客人。他左手搭在我的肩膀上，右手拿着手铐向他们扬了扬。

"Excuse me, ladies and gentleman," said the sergeant, "but as I have mentioned at the door to this smart young shaver" (which he hadn't), "I am on a chase in the name of the king, and I want the blacksmith."

“打扰了，女士们，先生们，”中士说道，“但是就像我刚刚在门口对这个机灵的小伙子说过的一样（其实他根本没说什么），我接受国王的命令进行追捕，我想找铁匠。”

"And pray what might you want with him?" retorted my sister, quick to resent his being wanted at all.

“您找他有什么事啊？”我姐姐听说要找铁匠，立刻愤愤不平地反问道。

"Missis," returned the gallant sergeant, "speaking for myself, I should reply, the honor and pleasure of his fine wife's acquaintance; speaking for the king, I answer, a little job done."

“太太，”中士殷勤地说道，“对我自己来说，今天能认识铁匠的太太乃是我的荣幸。对国王来说，他需要找铁匠做点事情。”

This was received as rather neat in the sergeant; insomuch that Mr. Pumblechook cried audibly, "Good again!"

中士回答得简洁明了，连彭波契克先生都大声说道：“说得好！”

"You see, blacksmith," said the sergeant, who had by this time picked out Joe with his eye, "we have had an accident with these, and I find the lock of one of 'em goes wrong, and the coupling don't act pretty. As they are wanted for immediate service, will you throw your eye over them?"

“你看，铁匠师傅，”中士说道，这时他已经一眼认出了乔，“这些出了点故障。我发现其中一个环的锁坏了，而且两个环之间的连接部也不好使了。因为我们马上要用，你能帮我们看一下吗？”

Joe threw his eye over them, and pronounced that the job would necessitate the lighting of his forge fire, and would take nearer two hours than one.

乔看了一眼，然后说道，要修理必须先生起风炉，要花上一个多小时将近两个小时的时间。

"Will it? Then will you set about it at once, blacksmith?" said the off-hand sergeant, "as it's on his Majesty's service. And if my men can beat a hand anywhere, they'll make themselves useful." With that, he called to his men, who came trooping into the kitchen one after another, and piled their arms in a corner. And then they stood about, as soldiers do; now, with their hands loosely clasped before them; now, resting a knee or a shoulder; now, easing a belt or a pouch; now, opening the door to spit stiffly over their high stocks, out into the yard.

“真的吗？那你能马上开始修吗，铁匠师傅？”中士不假思索地说道，“毕竟这是为国王效劳。如果我的部下能帮上任何忙的话，他们可供使唤。”说完这话，他叫来了他的部下。士兵一个接一个地列队进入厨房，把兵器堆放在一个角落里。然后他们就闲站在那里——士兵都会这样，一会儿把手松散地放在身前，一会儿放松了膝盖或肩膀，一会儿松了松腰带和子弹袋，一会儿打开门朝院子里吐口痰，虽然他们的衣领又高又硬。

All these things I saw without then knowing that I saw them, for I was in an agony of apprehension. But, beginning to perceive that the handcuffs were not for me, and that the military had so far got the better of the pie as to put it in the background, I collected a little more of my scattered wits.

所有这些我都看在眼里，但当时我无心顾及这些，因为那时我极度忧虑。但我开始渐渐意识到，手铐并不是用来逮捕我的，而且军队的出现占了上风，馅饼的事已经被丢到了一边，我也更理智一些了。

"Would you give me the time?" said the sergeant, addressing himself to Mr. Pumblechook, as to a man whose appreciative powers

justified the inference that he was equal to the time. "It's just gone half-past two.”

“你能告诉我现在几点吗？”中士对彭波契克先生说道。中士是个有鉴别力的人，这种能力让他断定，彭波契克先生肯定知道时间。“刚刚两点半。”

"That's not so bad," said the sergeant, reflecting; "even if I was forced to halt here nigh two hours, that'll do. How far might you call yourselves from the marshes, hereabouts? Not above a mile, I reckon?"

“不算太晚，”中士想了想说，“即使我还得在这里耽搁两个小时也没关系。你们知道从沼泽地到这里还有多远？我想不超过一英里吧？”

"Just a mile," said Mrs. Joe.

“刚好一英里。”乔太太说。

"That'll do.

“来得及。

We begin to close in upon 'em about dusk. A little before dusk, my orders are. That'll do." "Convicts, sergeant?" asked Mr. Wopsle, in a matter-of-course way.

我们大约在黄昏时分开始朝那里进发。我接到的命令是在黄昏之前出发。这也来得及。”“是追捕逃犯么，中士？”沃甫赛先生例行公事般地问道。

"Ay!" returned the sergeant, "two. They're pretty well known to be out on the marshes still, and they won't try to get clear of 'em before dusk. Anybody here saw anything of any such game?"

“嗯！”中士回答道，“两名逃犯。我们非常确定，他们还在沼泽地那里。而且黄昏之前他们不会从那里逃走。这里有谁见过他们吗？”

Everybody, myself excepted, said no, with confidence. Nobody thought of me.

除了我之外，每个人都肯定地说没有见过。没人想到我会见过逃犯。

"Well!" said the sergeant, "they'll find themselves trapped in a circle, I expect, sooner than they count on. Now, blacksmith! If you're ready, his Majesty the King is."

“那就好！”中士说道，“我预料他们不久就会被包围，比他们自己预想的还要早。好了，铁匠师傅！如果你准备好了，国王陛下的军队在此任你调遣。”

Joe had got his coat and waistcoat and cravat off, and his leather apron on, and passed into the forge. One of the soldiers opened its

wooden windows, another lighted the fire, another turned to at the bellows, the rest stood round the blaze, which was soon roaring. Then Joe began to hammer and clink, hammer and clink, and we all looked on.

乔已经脱下了外套和背心，解下了围巾，穿上了他的皮围裙，走进了铁匠铺。一名士兵打开木窗，一名士兵生起火，另外一名士兵拉起了风箱，其余的站在火炉四周。不一会儿，炉火就熊熊燃烧起来。然后乔开始叮叮当当地敲打，我们都在一旁看着。

The interest of the impending pursuit not only absorbed the general attention, but even made my sister liberal. She drew a pitcher of beer from the cask, for the soldiers, and invited the sergeant to take a glass of brandy. But Mr. Pumblechook said, sharply, "Give him wine, Mum. I'll engage there's no Tar in that:” so, the sergeant thanked him and said that as he preferred his drink without tar, he would take wine, if it was equally convenient. When it was given him, he drank his Majesty's health and Compliments of the Season, and took it all at a mouthful and smacked his lips.

即将进行的追捕激起了大家的兴趣，这不仅吸引了大家的注意力，甚至让我姐姐也大方起来了。她从酒桶中舀出一罐啤酒给士兵们喝，然后邀请中士喝一杯白兰地。但是彭波契克先生厉声说道：“给他喝葡萄酒吧，太太。我想葡萄酒里不会有柏油水吧。”于是，中士对他表示了感谢，并说他希望自己的酒里不会有柏油水，要是方便的话，他就喝葡萄酒。拿到葡萄酒后，他祝愿国王身体健康，祝愿大家节日愉快，然后一口喝了下去，使劲咂了咂嘴。

"Good stuff, eh, sergeant?" said Mr. Pumblechook.

“是好酒吧，嗯，中士？”彭波契克先生说道。

"I'll tell you something," returned the sergeant; "I suspect that stuff's of your providing."

“我告诉你，”中士回答说，“我猜想这是你带来的吧。”

Mr. Pumblechook, with a fat sort of laugh, said, "Ay, ay? Why?"

彭波契克先生大笑了一声，说道：“噢，噢，你怎么知道？”

"Because," returned the sergeant, clapping him on the shoulder, "you're a man that knows what's what."

“因为，”中士拍着他的肩膀说，“你是个识货的人。”

"Dye think so?" said Mr. Pumblechook, with his former laugh. "Have another glass!"

“你这样觉得吗？”彭波契克先生说道，同时发出之前那样的笑声。“再喝一杯！”

"With you. Hob and knob," returned the sergeant. "The top of mine to the foot of yours—the foot of yours to the top of mine—Ring once, ring twice—the best tune on the Musical Glasses! Your health. May you live a thousand years, and never be a worse judge of the right sort than you are at the present moment of your life!”

“和你一起喝。干杯。”中士回答说，“杯底碰杯头，杯头碰杯底，碰一次，碰两次，碰杯的声音最好听！祝你健康。愿你活到一千岁，愿你永远像现在一样有明智的判断力！”

The sergeant tossed off his glass again and seemed quite ready for another glass. I noticed that Mr. Pumblechook in his hospitality appeared to forget that he had made a present of the wine, but took the bottle from Mrs. Joe and had all the credit of handing it about in a gush of joviality. Even I got some. And he was so very free of the wine that he even called for the other bottle, and handed that about with the same liberality, when the first was gone.

中士一仰头又喝了一杯，而且看上去还想再喝一杯。我注意到，热情好客的彭波契克先生似乎忘了这瓶葡萄酒是他送给别人的礼物，反而从乔太太手里接过酒瓶，愉快地给所有人斟酒，抢走了所有的风头。连我都喝到了一点葡萄酒。他非常慷慨地拿出葡萄酒，第一瓶喝完之后，又要来一瓶，同样很大方地给大家斟酒。

As I watched them while they all stood clustering about the forge, enjoying themselves so much, I thought what terrible good sauce for a dinner my fugitive friend on the marshes was. They had not enjoyed themselves a quarter so much, before the entertainment was brightened with the excitement he furnished. And now, when they were all in lively anticipation of "the two villains" being taken, and when the bellows seemed to roar for the fugitives, the fire to flare for them, the smoke to hurry away in pursuit of them, Joe to hammer and clink for them, and all the murky shadows on the wall to shake at them in menace as the blaze rose and sank and the red-hot sparks dropped and died, the pale afternoon outside, almost seemed in my pitying young fancy to have turned pale on their account, poor wretches.

当我看着他们所有人站在铁匠铺中，兴高采烈地聚集一团时，我就想起沼泽地里那个逃亡的朋友，他成了这次宴会极好的调味料。要是没有他带来的刺激，他们压根不会像现在这样兴致勃勃。此时此刻，他们都热切地期盼捕获这两名逃犯。风箱似乎为追捕逃犯而怒吼，火苗似乎为追捕逃犯而熊熊燃烧，浓烟似乎已匆忙去追赶他们了。乔在为追捕逃犯而叮当敲打，墙面上阴暗的黑影在朝他们舞动，发出恐吓，火光起起伏伏，炽热的火星跌落下来化为灰烬。在我满是同情与幼稚幻想的心看来，因为他们这两个可怜人，外面的下午都变得惨淡起来。

At last, Joe's job was done, and the ringing and roaring stopped.

As Joe got on his coat, he mustered courage to propose that some of us should go down with the soldiers and see what came of the hunt. Mr. Pumblechook and Mr. Hubble declined, on the plea of a pipe and ladies' society; but Mr. Wopsle said he would go, if Joe would. Joe said he was agreeable, and would take me, if Mrs. Joe approved. We never should have got leave to go, I am sure, but for Mrs. Joe's curiosity to know all about it and how it ended. As it was, she merely stipulated, "If you bring the boy back with his head blown to bits by a musket, don't look to me to put it together again."

最终，乔的工作完成了，一切叮当声、怒吼声都停止了。乔穿上大衣后，鼓足勇气提议说，我们中的几个人应跟随士兵一起出发，看看追捕的结果。彭波契克先生和哈布尔先生以自己要抽烟并要参加妇女活动为借口拒绝前往。但沃甫赛先生说只要乔去，他就去。乔说他很乐意去，而且如果乔太太允许的话，他可以带我去。要不是乔太太出于好奇想知道详细过程和结果的话，我肯定她一定不会让我们去的。尽管如此，她还是规定：“如果你把这孩子带回来时，他的脑袋已经被火枪打开了花，那时候别指望我再把它补好。”

The sergeant took a polite leave of the ladies, and parted from Mr. Pumblechook as from a comrade; though I doubt if he were quite as fully sensible of that gentleman's merits under arid conditions, as when something moist was going. His men resumed their muskets and fell in. Mr. Wopsle, Joe, and I, received strict charge to keep in the rear, and to speak no word after we reached the marshes. When we were all out in the raw air and were steadily moving towards our business, I treasonably whispered to Joe, "I hope, Joe, we shan't find them." And Joe whispered to me, "I'd give a shilling if they had cut and run, Pip."

中士礼貌地与女士们道别，并且就像一位志同道合的同志一样与彭波契克先生道别，尽管我很怀疑如果在不喝酒的情况下，中士是否还会像现在一样看到彭波契克先生的优点。他的部下重新拾起火枪，列队站好。我和乔还有沃甫赛先生都接到了严格的命令，我们只能跟在队尾，而且到了沼泽地之后不能说话。我们在阴冷的空气当中稳步朝目的地行进。这时我有点邪恶地小声对乔说：“乔，我希望我们找不到他们。”乔小声回答我说：“皮普，要是他们砍断脚镣逃跑了的话，我就输一个先令。”

We were joined by no stragglers from the village, for the weather was cold and threatening, the way dreary, the footing bad, darkness coming on, and the people had good fires in-doors and were keeping the day. A few faces hurried to glowing windows and looked after us, but none came out. We passed the finger-post, and held straight on to the churchyard. There, we were stopped a few minutes by a signal from the sergeant's hand, while two or three of his men dispersed themselves among the graves, and also examined the porch. They

came in again without finding anything, and then we struck out on the open marshes, through the gate at the side of the churchyard. A bitter sleet came rattling against us here on the east wind, and Joe took me on his back.

村子里没有流浪汉跑来加入我们，因为天气寒冷、险恶，路途枯燥无味，脚下的路不好走。黑夜马上就来临了，人们都在屋内生着火欢度这个节日。几张面孔匆匆地贴在光亮的窗户上望着我们，但没人走出屋来。我们走过了指路牌，朝教堂墓地一直走去。在那里，中士做了个手势，示意我们停下几分钟。两三个士兵散布到墓穴间巡查，同时也巡查了门廊。他们毫无发现地归队。然后我们穿过教堂墓地旁边的大门，向广阔的沼泽地挺进。这时，乘东风之势，猛烈的雨夹雪向我们打来。乔把我背了起来。

Now that we were out upon the dismal wilderness where they little thought I had been within eight or nine hours and had seen both men hiding, I considered for the first time, with great dread, if we should come upon them, would my particular convict suppose that it was I who had brought the soldiers there? He had asked me if I was a deceiving imp, and he had said I should be a fierce young hound if I joined the hunt against him.

现在我们到了这荒凉的野外。他们绝对想不到，我八九个小时之前来过这里，而且看到了两个藏身在此的人。这时我才第一次无比恐惧地意识到，如果我们看到逃犯，那个我接触过的逃犯会不会认为是我把士兵带来的？他之前问过我是不是个招摇撞骗的小鬼，而且他还说过，要是我参与到对他的追捕当中，我就是一条凶狠的小猎狗。

Would he believe that I was both imp and hound in treacherous earnest, and had betrayed him? It was of no use asking myself this question now. There I was, on Joe's back, and there was Joe beneath me, charging at the ditches like a hunter, and stimulating Mr. Wopsle not to tumble on his Roman nose, and to keep up with us. The soldiers were in front of us, extending into a pretty wide line with an interval between man and man. We were taking the course I had begun with, and from which I had diverged in the mist. Either the mist was not out again yet, or the wind had dispelled it. Under the low red glare of sunset, the beacon, and the gibbet, and the mound of the Battery, and the opposite shore of the river, were plain, though all of a watery lead color.

他会不会认为我既是个骗子又是一条极度奸诈的猎狗，最终背叛了他？现在问自己这个问题已经没用了。眼下我趴在乔的背上，乔背着我像猎人一样跨过路上的沟渠，同时激励沃甫赛先生跟上我们，不要摔坏他的鹰钩鼻。士兵走在我们前面，拉开一条很宽的阵势，人与人之间保持一定的间隔。我们现在走的正是我早上走的那条路，当时我在大雾之中偏离了方向。现在，要么大雾还没有再次弥漫开来，要么风已经把雾

吹散了。在落日低低的红色光芒之中，灯塔、绞刑架、炮台的土丘以及河对岸都清晰可见，尽管它们都笼罩在一层淡淡的铅灰色之下。

With my heart thumping like a blacksmith at Joe's broad shoulder, I looked all about for any sign of the convicts. I could see none, I could hear none. Mr. Wopsle had greatly alarmed me more than once, by his blowing and hard breathing; but I knew the sounds by this time, and could dissociate them from the object of pursuit. I got a dreadful start, when I thought I heard the file still going; but it was only a sheep bell. The sheep stopped in their eating and looked timidly at us; and the cattle, their heads turned from the wind and sleet, stared angrily as if they held us responsible for both annoyances; but, except these things, and the shudder of the dying day in every blade of grass, there was no break in the bleak stillness of the marshes.

我的心贴在乔宽大的肩膀上，就像铁匠打铁般咚咚地跳。我四下望去，寻找着逃犯的踪迹。我一点踪迹也没看到，什么声音也没听到。沃甫赛先生的喘息声和重重的呼吸声不止一次地让我非常恐慌。但现在我知道那是他的声音，能够把他们与所追捕的逃犯的声音区分开来。突然，我好像听见锉铁镣的声音，我非常震惊，但仔细一听，发现那只不过是羊身上的铃铛在响。羊群停止吃草，胆怯地看着我们。寒风雨雪之中，牛群扭过头来愤怒地瞪着我们，仿佛认为这令人厌恶的寒风雪雨都是我们带来的。但除了这些以及残阳之中每片草叶的颤动声之外，没有什么打破沼泽地上荒凉的寂静。

The soldiers were moving on in the direction of the old Battery, and we were moving on a little way behind them, when, all of a sudden, we all stopped. For, there had reached us on the wings of the wind and rain, a long shout. It was repeated. It was at a distance towards the east, but it was long and loud. Nay, there seemed to be two or more shouts raised together—if one might judge from a confusion in the sound.

士兵在朝古炮台的方向挺进，我们跟在他们后面不远。突然，我们所有人都停了下来。因为，风雨之中，传来一声长长的喊声。接着又一声喊声。喊声从东边远远地传来，但拖得很长，声音很大。不仅如此，根据声音的混乱判断，似乎是两个甚至更多的人在一起喊。

To this effect the sergeant and the nearest men were speaking under their breath, when Joe and I came up. After another moment's listening, Joe (who was a good judge) agreed, and Mr. Wopsle (who was a bad judge) agreed. The sergeant, a decisive man, ordered that the sound should not be answered, but that the course should be changed, and that his men should make towards it "at the double." So we slanted to the right (where the East was), and Joe pounded away so wonderfully, that I had to hold on tight to keep my seat.

听到这种喊声，我和乔赶到队伍前面。这时中士正和他身边的士兵低声讨论着。又仔细听了一会儿之后，判断力很好的乔赞同了不止有一个人在喊的说法。判断力很差的沃甫赛先生也赞同了这种说法。中士很果断，他命令不许回应这一喊声，而应改变行进路线，命令士兵以双倍的速度向喊声发出的地方行进。于是我们斜向右跑去（也就是往东跑）。乔跑得飞快，我必须抓紧才不会从他背上摔下来。

It was a run indeed now, and what Joe called, in the only two words he spoke all the time, "a Winder." Down banks and up banks, and over gates, and splashing into dykes, and breaking among coarse rushes: no man cared where he went. As we came nearer to the shouting, it became more and more apparent that it was made by more than one voice. Sometimes, it seemed to stop altogether, and then the soldiers stopped. When it broke out again, the soldiers made for it at a greater rate than ever, and we after them. After a while, we had so run it down, that we could hear one voice calling "Murder!" and another voice, "Convicts! Runaways! Guard! This way for the runaway convicts!" Then both voices would seem to be stifled in a struggle, and then would break out again. And when it had come to this, the soldiers ran like deer and Joe too.

眼下我们真的是在飞奔。乔一直只念叨着两个字来形容，“快跑”。我们跑上河岸又跑下河岸，通过闸门，趟过水渠，击起一片水花，越过杂乱的灯芯草丛，没有人在意脚下的路。随着我们离喊声越来越近，我们也越来越清楚地知道，那不只是一个人的声音。有时候，喊声全部消失了，然后士兵们也停下了。当喊声再次响起来时，士兵们就以更快的速度朝那边奔过去，我们紧跟在后面。一会儿过后，我们已经离喊声很近了，我们能听到一个声音喊道：“杀人啦！”另一个声音喊道：“罪犯在这儿！逃犯！警卫！罪犯往这边跑啦！”然后两个人的声音似乎在扭打之中戛然而止，一会儿过后又响了起来。此时，士兵和乔都像鹿一样飞奔过去。

The sergeant ran in first, when we had run the noise quite down, and two of his men ran in close upon him. Their pieces were cocked and leveled when we all ran in.

我们离喊声越来越近，中士跑在最前面，他身后紧跟着两名士兵。当我们都跑到的时候，他们已经举起枪，扣上扳机，准备射击了。

"Here are both men!" Panted the sergeant, struggling at the bottom of a ditch. "Surrender, you two! and confound you for two wild beasts! Come asunder!"

“他们两个都在这里！”中士一边在沟底费力前进，一边气喘吁吁地说道，“投降吧，你们两个！你们这两头野兽！过来受死吧！”

Water was splashing, and mud was flying, and oaths were being sworn, and blows were being struck, when some more men went

down into the ditch to help the sergeant, and dragged out, separately, my convict and the other one. Both were bleeding and panting and execrating and struggling; but of course I knew them both directly.

水花四溅，污泥乱飞，同时传来一通叫骂声，还有一片拳打脚踢的声音。更多士兵跳下沟渠给中士帮忙。接着他们相继拽出我接触过的那个逃犯以及另外一个逃犯。两个人身上都血迹斑斑，他们气喘吁吁，破口大骂，奋力挣扎，但我还是一眼就认出了他们。

"Mind!" said my convict, wiping blood from his face with his ragged sleeves, and shaking torn hair from his fingers: "I took him! I give him up to you! Mind that!"

“记住了！”我认识的逃犯一边说一边用他破旧的衣袖拭去脸上的血迹，抖掉手指上扯下的头发，“我抓住了他！是我把他交给你们的！记住这个！”

"It's not much to be particular about," said the sergeant; "it'll do you small good, my man, being in the same plight yourself. Handcuffs there!"

“这没什么值得一提的。”中士说道，“这帮不了你什么忙，伙计，你和他的处境一样。铐上手铐！”

"I don't expect it to do me any good. I don't want it to do me better than it does now," said my convict, with a greedy laugh. "I took him. He knows it. That's enough for me."

“我没指望这能帮上我什么忙。我也不想这能改善我目前的状况。”我认识的逃犯贪婪地笑着说道，“我抓住了他。他知道。这对我来说就足够了。”

The other convict was livid to look at, and, in addition to the old bruised left side of his face, seemed to be bruised and torn all over. He could not so much as get his breath to speak, until they were both separately handcuffed, but leaned upon a soldier to keep himself from falling.

另一个逃犯看上去满身乌青。除了他左脸上的旧瘀伤之外，似乎他全身上下都被打伤，满是青瘀。直到两人分别被铐起来，他还气喘吁吁说不出话来，而只能倚靠着一个士兵才不至于摔倒。

"Take notice, guard—he tried to murder me," were his first words.

“注意了，警卫，他想杀了我。”这是他说的第一句话。

"Tried to murder him?" said my convict, disdainfully. "Try, and not do it? I took him, and give him up; that's what I done. I not only prevented him getting off the marshes, but I dragged him here—dragged him this far on his way back.

“想杀了他？”我认识的逃犯鄙视地说道，“想杀了他，却没有这么

做？我抓住了他，把他交给你们，这就是我所做的。我不仅阻止了他逃出沼泽地，而且把他拽到这里来——从很远的地方一直拽到这里。

He's a gentleman, if you please, this villain. Now, the Hulks has got its gentleman again, through me. Murder him? Worth my while, too, to murder him, when I could do worse and drag him back!" The other one still gasped, "He tried—he tried—to—murder me. Bear—bear witness.”

这个恶棍还伪装成绅士，真是岂有此理。现在，多亏了我，监狱船又得到了它的绅士。杀了他？杀他根本不值，我完全可以杀他，可还是把他拽了回来！”另一个逃犯仍气喘吁吁地说：“他想——他想——杀了我。你们可以——可以作证。”

"Looked here!" said my convict to the sergeant. "Single-handed I got clear of the prison-ship; I made a dash and I done it. I could ha' got clear of these death-cold flats likewise—look at my leg: you won't find much iron on it—if I hadn't made the discovery that he was here. Let him go free? Let him profit by the means as I found out? Let him make a tool of me afresh and again? Once more? No, no, no. If I had died at the bottom there;" and he made an emphatic swing at the ditch with his manacled hands; "I'd have held to him with that grip, that you should have been safe to find him in my hold."

“听着！”我认识的逃犯对中士说，“我单枪匹马地逃出了监狱船。我一路狂奔，最后成功逃脱。要不是我发现他在这里的话，我同样早就逃出这冻死人的沼泽地了，不信看看我的腿，你已经看不见铁镣了。让他逃走？让他从我想出的办法中得到好处？让他再利用我一次？　再利用一次？不，不，绝不。即使我死在沟底这里，”他朝沟渠用力挥动了一下他被铐住的双手，“我也要紧紧地抓住他，让你们从我手中平平安安地把他带走。”

The other fugitive, who was evidently in extreme horror of his companion, repeated, "He tried to murder me. I should have been a dead man if you had not come up."

另一个逃犯显然对他这个同伴极度恐惧，不断重复着：“他想杀了我。要是你们没来的话，我早就死了。”

"He lies!" said my convict, with fierce energy. "He's a liar born, and he'll die a liar. Look at his face; aren't it written there? Let him turn those eyes of his on me. I defy him to do it."

“他撒谎！”我认识的犯人恶狠狠地说道，“他生来就是个撒谎精，到死还是个撒谎精。看看他的脸，那不是明摆着的吗？让他用眼睛看着我。我不信他敢看着我。”

The other, with an effort at a scornful smile—which could not, however, collect the nervous working of his mouth into any set

expression—looked at the soldiers, and looked about at the marshes and at the sky, but certainly did not look at the speaker.

另一个逃犯尽力想挤出一丝轻蔑的笑容，嘴巴却神经质地颤动而没能做出任何表情。他看了看士兵，望了望沼泽地和天空，但可以肯定的是，他没有看正在说话的那个人。

"Do you see him?" pursued my convict. "Do you see what a villain he is? Do you see those groveling and wandering eyes? That's how he looked when we were tried together. He never looked at me."

“你们看到他了吗？”我认识的逃犯寸步不让，“你们看到他有多混帐了吗？你们看到他那双低声下气，飘忽不定的眼睛了吗？我们一起受审的时候他就是这样。他从来不敢看我。”

The other, always working and working his dry lips and turning his eyes restlessly about him far and near, did at last turn them for a moment on the speaker, with the words, "You are not much to look at," and with a half-taunting glance at the bound hands. At that point, my convict became so frantically exasperated, that he would have rushed upon him but for the interposition of the soldiers. "Didn't I tell you," said the other convict then, "that he would murder me, if he could?" And any one could see that he shook with fear, and that there broke out upon his lips, curious white flakes, like thin snow.

另一个逃犯一直在颤动，颤动着他干裂的嘴唇。他的眼神在他周围或远或近地游移不定，最后终于在对方身上停留了片刻，他说道：“你没有什么可看的。”同时他用半嘲笑的眼神瞥了一眼对方被铐住的双手。这时，我认识的逃犯变得恼怒至极，要不是士兵的阻拦，他早就冲过去扑倒在他身上了。“我告诉过你们了，”另一个逃犯说，“要是可以的话，他会杀了我的。”任何人都看得出来，他因为害怕而浑身发抖，而且嘴唇上出现了奇怪的、薄雪片似的白色唾沫。

"Enough of this parley," said the sergeant. "Light those torches."

“够了，别再说了。”中士说道，“把火把点亮。”

As one of the soldiers, who carried a basket in lieu of a gun, went down on his knee to open it, my convict looked round him for the first time, and saw me. I had alighted from Joe's back on the brink of the ditch when we came up, and had not moved since. I looked at him eagerly when he looked at me, and slightly moved my hands and shook my head. I had been waiting for him to see me that I might try to assure him of my innocence. It was not at all expressed to me that he even comprehended my intention, for he gave me a look that I did not understand, and it all passed in a moment. But if he had looked at me for an hour or for a day, I could not have remembered his face ever afterwards, as having been more attentive.

一个没有扛枪而是提着篮子的士兵蹲下身来打开篮子。这时我认识的逃犯第一次看了看他四周，并且看到了我。我们紧跟着士兵们来到沟边之后，我就从乔的背上下来了，之后就没有动过。在他看着我的同时，我也急切地看着他，我轻轻地挥了挥手，摇了摇头。我一直在等他看到我，这样我就能够设法向他保证我是无辜的。但我一点也没有弄清楚他是否理解了我的意图，因为他向我做出了一个我根本不明白的表情，而且那个表情转瞬即逝。但是即使他看了我整整一个小时甚至是整整一天，我也只能记住那一瞬间他的表情，因为那一刻我最为留心。

The soldier with the basket soon got a light, and lighted three or four torches, and took one himself and distributed the others. It had been almost dark before, but now it seemed quite dark, and soon afterwards very dark. Before we departed from that spot, four soldiers standing in a ring, fired twice into the air. Presently we saw other torches kindled at some distance behind us, and others on the marshes on the opposite bank of the river. "All right," said the sergeant. "March."

那个提篮子的士兵很快就打着了火，点亮了三四个火把。他自己拿着一个，将剩下的分给其他人。之前天就几乎黑了，但现在似乎更黑了，不久就彻底黑了下来。在我们离开事发地之前，四个士兵围成一圈，向空中开了两枪。这时，我们看到在我们身后不远处以及河对面有其他火把也点亮了。“准备好了，”中士说道，“出发。”

We had not gone far when three cannon were fired ahead of us with a sound that seemed to burst something inside my ear. "You are expected on board," said the sergeant to my convict; "they know you are coming. Don't straggle, my man. Close up here."

我们没有走多远就听见前方传来三声炮响，巨大的响声似乎震破了我的耳膜。“他们正等着你们上船呢。”中士对我认识的逃犯说，“他们知道你们回来了。别掉队，伙计。跟上来。”

The two were kept apart, and each walked surrounded by a separate guard. I had hold of Joe's hand now, and Joe carried one of the torches. Mr. Wopsle had been for going back, but Joe was resolved to see it out, so we went on with the party. There was a reasonably good path now, mostly on the edge of the river, with a divergence here and there where a dyke came, with a miniature windmill on it and a muddy sluice-gate. When I looked round, I could see the other lights coming in after us. The torches we carried, dropped great blotches of fire upon the track, and I could see those, too, lying smoking and flaring. I could see nothing else but black darkness. Our lights warmed the air about us with their pitchy blaze, and the two prisoners seemed rather to like that, as they limped along in the midst of the muskets. We could not go fast, because of their lameness; and they were so spent, that two or three times we had to halt while they

rested.

两个逃犯被分开了，行进过程中，每人身边都包围着一圈警卫。此时，我抓着乔的一只手，乔的另一只手则举着一个火把。沃甫赛先生很早就想回去了，但乔决心要看个究竟，所以我们继续随队行进。眼下脚下的路已是相当好走了。我们大部分时间都是沿河前进，不时也要绕道而行，因为途中会遇上带小风车的堤坝以及满是污泥的闸门。我朝四下望了望，看见身后有其他火把跟上来了。一路上我们举着的火把掉落下大堆的灰烬，我还能看到地上那些灰烬冒着烟，闪着火光。此外便是一片漆黑，我什么也看不见。我们的火把用它们仅有的火光温暖了我们周围的空气。两个被火枪包围的逃犯一瘸一拐地走着，他们似乎很喜欢这种温暖。他们不仅走路一瘸一拐，而且还相当疲惫。有两三次我们不得不停下来让他们休息，所以我们根本走不快。

After an hour or so of this traveling, we came to a rough wooden hut and a landing-place. There was a guard in the hut, and they challenged, and the sergeant answered. Then, we went into the hut where there was a smell of tobacco and whitewash, and a bright fire, and a lamp, and a stand of muskets, and a drum, and a low wooden bedstead, like an overgrown mangle without the machinery, capable of holding about a dozen soldiers all at once. Three or four soldiers who lay upon it in their great-coats, were not much interested in us, but just lifted their heads and took a sleepy stare, and then lay down again. The sergeant made some kind of report, and some entry in a book, and then the convict whom I call the other convict was drafted off with his guard, to go on board first.

这样走了一个小时左右，我们来到一个简陋的小木屋，这里有一个渡口。木屋里有一队警卫，他们向我们发问，中士回答了他们。然后我们进了小木屋，屋里满是一股烟味和石灰水的味道。屋里有个烧得正旺的火堆、一盏灯、一个火枪架、一面鼓和一张低矮的木板通铺。这张床就像一台没安装零件的、硕大无朋的轧布机，可以同时容纳十来个士兵。床上躺着三四个穿着大衣的士兵，他们对我们不是很感兴趣，只是抬起头，睡眼惺忪地看了我们一眼，然后又躺下了。中士报告了一下，做了些书面记录，然后我不认识的那个逃犯就被警卫先押送上了船。

My convict never looked at me, except that once. While we stood in the hut, he stood before the fire looking thoughtfully at it, or putting up his feet by turns upon the hob, and looking thoughtfully at them as if he pitied them for their recent adventures. Suddenly, he turned to the sergeant, and remarked:

我认识的那个逃犯自从看过我一眼后就再也没有看过我。我们站在小木屋里的时候，他站在火炉前，有时若有所思地看着火堆，有时把脚轮流搁在火炉搁架上，若有所思地看着双脚，仿佛在同情它们刚才参与的冒险。突然，他转向中士说道：

"I wish to say something respecting this escape. It may prevent

some persons laying under suspicion a longer me."

“关于这次逃跑我有话要说。以免有些人因为我而受到牵连。”

"You can say what you like," returned the sergeant, standing coolly looking at him with his arms folded, "but you have no call to say it here. You'll have opportunity enough to say about it, and hear about it, before it's done with, you know."

“有话尽管说。”中士双臂交叉地站在那里，冷冷地看着他回答道，“但你没有必要在这里说。你知道，在结案之前，你有足够的机会说，或者听别人说。”

"I know, but this is another pint, a separate matter. A man can't starve; at least I can't. I took some witless, up at the willage over yonder—where the church stands a'most out on the marshes."

“我知道，但这是另外一回事，与此无关的事。人是不能挨饿的，至少我不能。我拿了一些吃的，从那边的村子里拿的，就是沼泽地过去有教堂的那个村子。”

"You mean stole," said the sergeant.

“你是说偷的吧。”中士说道。

"And I'll tell you where from. From the blacksmith's."

“我告诉你是从哪家拿的。是从铁匠家拿的。”

"Halloa!" said the sergeant, staring at Joe.

“啊！”中士说道，同时盯着乔。

"Halloa, Pip!" said Joe, staring at me.

“啊，皮普！”乔说道，同时盯着我。

"It was some broken witless—that's what it was—and a dram of liquor, and a pie.”

“是些剩菜剩饭——本来就是——一点酒还有一个馅饼。“

"Have you happened to miss such an article as a pie, blacksmith?" asked the sergeant, confidentially.

“铁匠，你们有没有丢馅饼这类的东西？”中士私下问道。

"My wife did, at the very moment when you came in. Don't you know, Pip?"

“我妻子发现馅饼丢了，就在你来我们家的时候。你知道这事吗，皮普？”

"So," said my convict, turning his eyes on Joe in a moody manner, and without the least glance at me; "so you're the blacksmith, are you? Then I'm sorry to say, I've eat your pie."

“那么，”我认识的逃犯闷闷不乐地看着乔却一眼也没有看我，“那么你就是那个铁匠了，是吗？　很抱歉我吃了你的馅饼。”

"God knows you're welcome to it—so far as it was ever mine," returned Joe, with a saving remembrance of Mrs. Joe. "We don't know what you have done, but we wouldn't have you starved to death for it, poor miserable fellow-creator.— Would us, Pip?”

“上帝知道只要馅饼是我的，你可以随便吃。”乔回答说，此时他又想起了乔太太，“我们不知道你都干了什么，但我们不会因此而饿死你的，可怜的同胞。是不是，皮普？”

The something that I had noticed before, clicked in the man's throat again, and he turned his back. The boat had returned, and his guard was ready, so we followed him to the landing-place made of rough stakes and stones, and saw him put into the boat, which was rowed by a crew of convicts like himself. No one seemed surprised to see him, or interested in seeing him, or glad to see him, or sorry to see him, or spoke a word, except that somebody in the boat growled as if to dogs, "Give way, you!" which was the signal for the dip of the oars. By the light of the torches, we saw the black Hulk lying out a little way from the mud of the shore, like a wicked Noah's ark. Cribbed and barred and moored by massive rusty chains, the prison-ship seemed in my young eyes to be ironed like the prisoners. We saw the boat go alongside, and we saw him taken up the side and disappear. Then, the ends of the torches were flung hissing into the water, and went out, as if it were all over with him.

我之前注意到的声音又在那个人的喉咙里咔嗒响了一声，他转过身去了。小船回来了，他的警卫准备就绪，于是我们跟随他来到由粗木桩和石头搭建的渡口，看着他被押到船上。划船的是跟他一样的一组罪犯。见到他，似乎没有人感到惊奇，感到有趣，感到高兴或是感到遗憾，也没有人说话，除了船上一个人像使唤狗一样咆哮道：“你们出发！”这是开桨启程的信号。借着火把的火光，我们看到黑色的监狱船停在离河岸污泥的不远处，就像一艘邪恶的诺亚方舟。船身被大量锈迹斑斑的铁链捆绑着、束缚着。在我幼小的眼睛里，这艘关押罪犯的船就像罪犯一样被铁镣铐着。我们看着渡船驶到监狱船旁边，看着他被押上大船，然后消失了。然后，烧剩下的火把被扔进了水里，咝咝响过之后就熄灭了，仿佛一切都随他而去了。

CHAPTER 6

第六章

My state of mind regarding the pilfering, from which I had been so unexpectedly exonerated, did not impel me to frank disclosure; but hope it had some dregs of good at the bottom of it.

我出乎意料地从偷盗给我带来的精神负担中解脱出来。但这种精神负担并没有促使我坦白交代，毕竟，归根结底我的本意是好的。

I do not recall that I felt any tenderness of conscience in reference to Mrs. Joe, when the fear of being found out was lifted off me. But I loved Joe—perhaps for no better reason in those early days than because the dear fellow let me love him—and, as to him, my inner self was not so easily composed. It was much upon my mind (particularly when I first saw him looking about for his file) that I ought to tell Joe the whole truth. Yet I did not, and for the reason that I mistrusted that if I did, he would think me worse than I was. The fear of losing Joe's confidence, and of thenceforth sitting in the chimney-corner at night staring drearily at my for ever lost companion and friend, tied up my tongue. I morbidly represented to myself that if Joe knew it, I never afterwards could see him at the fireside feeling his fair whisker, without thinking that he was meditating on it. That, if Joe knew it, I never afterwards could see him glance, however casually, at yesterday's meat or pudding when it came on today's table, without thinking that he was debating whether I had been in the pantry. That, if Joe knew it, and at any subsequent period of our joint domestic life remarked that his beer was flat or thick, the conviction that he suspected Tar in it, would bring a rush of blood to my face. In a word, I was too cowardly to do what I knew to be right, as I had been too cowardly to avoid doing what I knew to be wrong. I had had no intercourse with the world at that time, and imitated none of its many inhabitants who act in this manner. Quite an untaught genius, I made the discovery of the line of action for myself.

当担心被发现的恐惧消失之后，我也记不得我对乔太太在良心上有任何歉意。但我喜欢乔——也许仅仅因为那时年龄小，觉得这个亲爱的伙计允许我喜欢他，除此之外没有更好的理由了——因此，一想到他，我的内心就很难平静下来。我一直在想（尤其是当我第一次看到他到处找他的锉刀时），我应该告诉乔全部的实情。但是我没有这样做，因为我担心如果我这样做了，他就会把我看得比实际上更坏。我害怕失去乔的信任，害怕从此以后只能每晚坐在火炉旁失落地看着我永远失去的同伴和朋友。这种恐惧堵住了我的嘴。我病态地告诉自已，一旦乔知道了

真相，从此以后，我每次看到他坐在火炉边摸着连鬓胡子时，他肯定是在想这件事。一旦乔知道了真相，从此以后，每当前一天的肉或布丁出现在当天的餐桌上时，不管乔多么随意地看它们一眼，他都会在思索我是不是进过食品间。一旦乔知道了真相，那么在我们今后的共同生活当中，每一次他评论所喝的啤酒是浓是淡时，都肯定是在怀疑酒里是不是加了柏油水，这会把我羞得满脸通红的。总之，尽管我知道什么是对的，但我却没有胆量去做，就像尽管我知道什么是错的，但我却没有胆量拒绝不做一样。那时候我与外部的世界并没有往来。很多人都是以这种方式处世的，但我没有模仿任何人。我完全是自学成才，独自一人发掘出我的行为准则。

As I was sleepy before we were far away from the prison-ship, Joe took me on his back again and carried me home. He must have had a tiresome journey of it, for Mr. Wopsle, being knocked up, was in such a very bad temper that if the Church had been thrown open, he would probably have excommunicated the whole expedition, beginning with Joe and myself. In his lay capacity, he persisted in sitting down in the damp to such an insane extent, that when his coat was taken off to be dried at the kitchen fire, the circumstantial evidence on his trousers would have hanged him if it had been a capital offence.

离开监狱船之后没走多远，我就感到困倦了。于是乔又把我背了起来，一直把我背回家。沃甫赛先生一路上肯定也非常疲惫。虽然他很困却又不能睡觉，这让他火气非常大。如果教堂已经实行了公开竞选，他可能会把追捕队伍中的所有人都开除教籍，首先就是我和乔。然而仅仅凭借他平信徒的能力，即使火气大到发疯的地步，他也只是坚持坐在潮湿的沼泽地上而已。如果他犯了死罪的话，当他脱下外套拿到厨房的炉火上去烘干时，他裤子上留下的间接证据足以把他送上绞刑架。

By that time, I was staggering on the kitchen floor like a little drunkard, through having been newly set upon my feet, and through having been fast asleep, and through waking in the heat and light sand noise of tongues. As I came to myself (with the aid of a heavy thump between the shoulders, and the restorative exclamation "Yah! Was there ever such a boy as this!" from my sister), I found Joe telling them about the convict's confession, and all the visitors suggesting different ways by which he had got into the pantry. Mr. Pumblechook made out, after carefully surveying the premises, that he had first got upon the roof of the forge, and had then got upon the roof of the house, and had then let himself down the kitchen chimney by a rope made of his bedding cut into strips; and as Mr. Pumblechook was very positive and drove his own chaise-cart—over everybody—it was agreed that it must be so. Mr. Wopsle, indeed, wildly cried out "No!" with the feeble malice of a tired man; but, as he had no theory, and no coat on, he was unanimously set at ought—not to mention his smoking hard behind, as he stood with his back to the kitchen fire to

draw the damp out: which was not calculated to inspire confidence.

那时候，由于我之前在乔的背上睡得很熟，一被放下来，就在厨房里热气和嘈杂声中走着，像个小酒鬼一样跌跌撞撞地走着。当我清醒过来时（多亏了我姐姐在我两个肩膀之间重重地打了一拳并且震耳欲聋地喊了一句：“哎呀！哪里还有像这样的孩子！”）我发现乔正给他们讲那个逃犯的招供。所有的客人都在猜测他是通过怎样的方式进入食品间的，大家看法不一。在仔细考察了房屋及周围的场地之后，彭波契克先生认为，他先是爬上铁匠铺的屋顶，然后爬上房顶，借着用床单布条结成的绳索爬下厨房的烟囱。由于彭波契克先生非常肯定而且拥有一辆轻便马车——比所有人都高一等——所以大家都同意一定是这样的。然而，沃甫赛先生却拼命喊道：“不是这样的！”他很疲惫，声音微弱却充满怨恨。但由于他缺乏理论，而且又没穿大衣，大家都没拿他当回事——更不用说他此时正背对着厨房炉火，站着烘干身上的湿气，背后还冒出蒸发出来的热气。这自然无法赢得人们对他的信任。

This was all I heard that night before my sister clutched me, as a slumberous offence to the company's eyesight, and assisted me up toed with such a strong hand that I seemed to have fifty boots on, and to be dangling them all against the edges of the stairs. My state of mind, as I have described it, began before I was up in the morning, and lasted long after the subject had died out, and had ceased to be mentioned saving on exceptional occasions.

这就是那天晚上我所听到的一切。之后我姐姐觉得我在那里迷迷糊糊的，碍客人的眼，就抓起我，用力地拖我上楼睡觉。而我就像脚上穿了五十双靴子一样迈不开步，上楼的时候两脚一直在楼梯边上悬摆着。正如我所描述的那样，我的精神负担在我早上起床之前就出现了，一直持续到这件事被遗忘之后的很长一段时间。最终除了个别场合之外，也不再被记起了。

CHAPTER 7

第七章

At the time when I stood in the churchyard, reading the family tombstones, I had just enough learning to be able to spell them out. My construction even of their simple meaning was not very correct, for I read "wife of the Above" as a complimentary reference to my father's exaltation to a better world; and if anyone of my deceased relations had been referred to as "Below," I have no doubt I should have formed the worst opinions of that member of the family. Neither, were my notions of the theological positions to which my Catechism bound me, at all accurate; for, I have a lively remembrance that I supposed my declaration that I was to "walk in the same all the days of my life," laid me under an obligation always to go through the village from our house in one particular direction, and never to vary it by turning down by the wheelwright's or up by the mill.

当我站在墓地里读家人墓碑上的字时，我才刚刚学会如何拼写那些字。我甚至对于它们最简单意思的理解也不是非常正确。比如当我读到“上述者之妻”时，我以为那是对我父亲上升到一个更好世界的赞美之词。而且如果我已故亲人当中有任何一个人被指为“之下”的话，我一定会对这位家庭成员产生最坏的看法。通过《教理问答》我形成了这两个方位在神学上的概念，而我对这两个方位的都是一点也不准确的。因为我清楚地记得，当我宣读“一生之中，坚守常道”时，我以为自己有义务在出门之后，总是按照一个特定的方向穿过村子，从不改变，既不会拐到车匠铺那边，也不会拐到磨坊这边。

When I was old enough, I was to be apprenticed to Joe, and until I could assume that dignity I was not to be what Mrs. Joe called "Pomp eyed," or (as I render it) pampered. Therefore, I was not only odd-boy about the forge, but if any neighbor happened to want an extra boy to frighten birds, or pick up stones, or do any such job, I was favored with the employment. In order, however, that our superior position might not be compromised thereby, a money-box was kept on the kitchen mantel-shelf, in to which it was publicly made known that all my earnings were dropped. I have an impression that they were to be contributed eventually towards the liquidation of the National Debt, but I know I had no hope of any personal participation in the treasure.

当我年龄够大之后，我就会给乔当学徒。在我得到那份尊严之前，我不能成为乔太太所称的“大派头”的孩子，我对这个词的理解就是饮食过量的孩子。因此，我不仅仅是铁匠铺里干杂活的小子，要是哪个邻居

正好要另外找个孩子去赶鸟、捡石子或者干其他类似的活，他们都喜欢差我去做。然而，为了不损害我们高贵的地位，厨房的壁炉架上就摆放了一个钱盒子，好让大家都知道，我赚的钱都放在这个盒子里了。我觉得这些钱最终会为国家债务的清算做出贡献，因为我知道我是没有希望分得这份财富的。

Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt kept an evening school in the village; that is to say, she was a ridiculous old woman of limited means and unlimited infirmity, who used to go to sleep from six to seven every evening, in the society of youth who paid two pence per week each, for the improving opportunity of seeing her do it. She rented a small cottage, and Mr. Wopsle had the room up-stairs, where we students used to overhear him reading aloud in a most dignified and terrific manner, and occasionally bumping on the ceiling. There was a fiction that Mr. Wopsle "examined" the scholars, once a quarter. What he did on those occasions was to turn up his cuffs, stick up his hair, and give us Mark Antony's oration over the body of Caesar. This was always followed by Collins's *Ode on the Passions*, wherein I particularly venerated Mr. Wopsle as Revenge, throwing his blood-stained sword in thunder down, and taking the War-denouncing trumpet with a withering look. It was not with me then, as it was in later life, when I fell into the society of the Passions, and compared them with Collins and Wopsle, rather to the disadvantage of both gentlemen.

沃甫赛先生的姑婆是个荒唐的老太婆。这个姑婆在村子里开办了一所夜校。她钱财有限却病痛无数，每天晚上会从六点开始睡到七点。也就是说，一群年轻人每人每周付两便士就是为了有机会亲眼看她在那个时候睡觉。她租了一个小村舍。村舍楼上的房间是属于沃甫赛先生的。我们这些学生在那里经常可以听见他用极庄重、极大声的方式大声朗读，偶尔还有撞击楼板的声音。有传言说沃甫赛先生会“检查”学生，每季度一次。每逢这时，他就会挽起衣袖，竖起头发，给我们朗诵马克·安东尼(注：莎士比亚剧本《裘里斯·凯撒》中的角色)在凯撒大帝遗体旁的演说。接着他还总是会朗诵柯林斯的《激情颂》。其中我尤其敬佩沃甫赛先生对复仇之神的演绎。他将手中沾满鲜血的利剑一挥，立即划出一道霹雳，面容枯槁地吹响宣战的号角。在我之后的生活当中，随着我跌进感情世界并将这些情感与柯林斯及沃甫赛先生作对比，我才发现这两个人其实并没有那么出色，但在当时我是体会不到这些的。

Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt, besides keeping this Educational Institution, kept—in the same room—a little general shop. She had no idea what stock she had, or what the price of anything in it was; but there was a little greasy memorandum-book kept in a drawer, which served as a Catalogue of Prices, and by this oracle Biddy arranged all the shop transaction. Biddy was Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's granddaughter; I confess myself quiet unequal to the working out of the problem, what relation she was to Mr. Wopsle. She was an orphan

like myself; like me, too, had been brought up by hand. She was most noticeable, I thought, in respect of her extremities; for, her hair always wanted brushing, her hands always wanted washing, and her shoes always wanted mending and pulling up at heel. This description must be received with a week-day limitation. On Sundays, she went to church elaborated.

除了经营这个教育机构之外，沃甫赛先生的姑婆还在同一间屋子里开了一家小杂货店。她不知道她有哪些存货，也不知道任何一种货物的价格。但是抽屉里有一本油乎乎的小备忘簿，用来作为价格目录。正是靠着这部宝典，比迪安排了商店的所有交易。比迪是沃甫赛先生姑婆的孙女。坦白地讲，我自己也搞不清楚她跟沃甫赛先生是什么关系。她和我一样是个孤儿，而且和我一样，是被别人“一手”养大的。我觉得由于她粗大的四肢，她总是非常引人注目。因为她的头发总是乱的，需要梳理；她的手总是脏的，需要清洗；她总是趿拉着鞋。但这种描述只适用于工作日内。星期天的时候，她会精心打扮一番，然后去教堂。

Much of my unassisted self, and more by the help of Biddy than of Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt, I struggled through the alphabet as if it had been a bramble-bush; getting considerably worried and scratched by every letter. After that, I fell among those thieves, the nine figures, who seemed every evening to do something new to disguise them and baffle recognition. But, at last I began, in a purblind groping way, to read, write, and cipher, on the very smallest scale.

主要依靠我自身的努力，加上比迪的帮助，我总算费力地学会了字母表。而沃甫赛先生的姑婆对我的帮助还不及比迪。学习字母表时我就像行走在黑莓灌木丛当中，每一个字母都让我非常苦恼、伤痕累累。之后，我又跌进九个数字这个贼窝里。它们似乎每晚都搞出一点新把戏来伪装自己，让我分辨不出来。但是，犹如在黑暗中摸索，最终我开始进行最基础的读、写和计算。

One night, I was sitting in the chimney-corner with my slate, expending great efforts on the production of a letter to Joe. I think it must have been a fully year after our hunt upon the marshes, for it was a long time after, and it was winter and a hard frost. With an alphabet on the hearth at my feet for reference, I contrived in an hour or two to print and smear this epistle:

一天晚上，我坐在壁炉旁，手里拿着石板，绞尽脑汁地想要给乔写封信。我寻思着，此时离我们到沼泽地追捕逃犯那天肯定已经整整有一年的时间了，因为眼下又到了冬天，到了严霜季节。我把字母表放在脚边的壁炉前做参考，然后花了一两个小时又写又涂，最后终于完成了这封信。

"MI DEER JO I OPE U R KR WITE WELL I OPE I SHAL SON B HABELL 4 2TEEDGE U JO AN THEN WE SHORL B SO GLODD A WEN I M PRENGTD 2 U JOWOT LARX A BLEVE ME INF XN PIP.”

“我青爱的乔，我息望你生体见康，我息望不酒能交你写，乔，那会有多高心啊，等我当了你的土弟，我会有多高心啊，乔，请相辛我。皮普。”

There was no indispensable necessity for my communicating with Joe by letter, inasmuch as he sat beside me and we were alone. But, I delivered this written communication (slate and all) with my own hand, and Joe received it as a miracle of erudition.

我根本就没有必要通过写信来和乔交流，因为他就坐在我旁边，而且只有我们两个人。但我还是把这封写在石板上的交流信双手交给了乔，乔就像接受一个学术奇迹一样接过了它。

"I say, Pip, old chap!" cried Joe, opening his blue eyes wide, "what a scholar you are! Can't you?"

“我说，皮普，老弟！”乔把他那蓝色的眼睛睁得大大地喊道，“你真成了个大学问家了！是不是？”

"I should like to be," said I, glancing at the slate as he held it: with a misgiving that the writing was rather hilly.

“我也想当个大学问家。”我说道，同时看了一眼乔手中拿着的石板，担心我写的字太不整齐了。

"Why, here's a J," said Joe, "and a O equal to any think! Here's a J and an O, Pip, and a J-O, Joe.”

“这是个J，”乔说道，“这是个O，写得真好！一个J和一个O，皮普，就是J-O，即乔。”

I had never heard Joe read aloud to any greater extent than this monosyllable, and I had observed at church last Sunday when I accidentally held our Prayer-Book upside down, that it seemed to suit his convenience quite as well as if it had been all right. Wishing to embrace the present occasion of finding out whether in teaching Joe, I should have to begin quite at the beginning, I said, "Ah! But read the rest, Jo."

除了这个单音节词之外，我从没有听到乔更大声地朗读过。上个星期日在教堂的时候，我不小心把祈祷书拿倒了，但我发现那丝毫没有给乔带来任何麻烦，仿佛那本来就是对的。我想利用这个机会弄清楚，我是否要从最基础开始教乔读写，所以我说道：“哦！把剩下的都读完，乔。”

"The rest, eh, Pip?" said Joe, looking at it with a slowly searching eye, "One, two, three. Why, here's three Js, and three Os, and three J-O, Joes in it, Pip!”

“剩下的，嗯，皮普？”乔用慢慢搜寻的目光看着它说道，“一，二，三。喏，这里有三个J，三个O，三个J-O，三个乔，皮普！”

I leaned over Joe, and, with the aid of my forefinger, read him the whole letter.

我斜靠在乔身上，用食指指着，把整封信念给他听。

"Astonishing!" said Joe, when I had finished. "You are a scholar."

“太了不起了！”我读完之后，乔说道，“你真是个大学问家。”

"How do you spell Gregory, Joe?" I asked him, with a modest patronage.

“你是怎么拼写‘格雷戈里’的，乔？”我带着些许施恩的口气问道。

"I don't spell it at all," said Joe.

“我根本就不会拼。”乔说道。

"But supposing you did?"

“但是假设你会呢？”

"It can't be supposed," said Joe. "Though I'm on common fond of reading, too."

“这可不能假设。”乔说，“尽管我也跟其他人一样喜欢读书。”

"Are you, Joe?"

“你喜欢读书，乔？”

"On-common. Give me," said Joe, "a good book, or a good newspaper, and sit me down afore a good fire, and I ask no better. Lord!" he continued, after rubbing his knees a little, "when you do come to a J and a O, and says you, "Here, at last, is a J-O, Joe," how interesting reading is!”

“一般来讲，是的。”乔说道，“能让我捧着一本好书，或拿着一张好报，坐在烧得正旺的炉火前，我就别无所求了。天啊！”他挠了几下膝盖接着说道，“当你看到一个J和一个O，你就会说‘看，J和O连起来就是乔’，读书多有意思啊！”

I derived from this last, that Joe's education, like Steam, was yet in its infancy.

从乔的话当中，我得出的结论是，乔受到的教育跟蒸汽动力一样还处在初级阶段。

Pursuing the subject, I inquired: "Didn't you ever go to school, Joe, when you were as little as me?"

顺着这个话题，我问道：“乔，你像我这么大的时候没有上过学吗？”

"No, Pip."

“没有，皮普。”

"Why didn't you ever go to school, Joe, when you were as little as me?"

“你像我这么大的时候为什么不去上学呢，乔？”

"Well, Pip," said Joe, taking up the poker, and settling himself to his usual occupation when he was thoughtful, of slowly raking the fire between the lower bars: "I'll tell you. My father, Pip, he were given to drink, and when he were overtook with drink, he hammered away at my mother, most on merciful. It were a' most the only hammering he did, indeed, 'xcepting at myself. And he hammered at me with a wigor only to be equaled by the wigor with which he didn't hammer at his anvil.— You're a-listening and understanding, Pip?”

“这个嘛，皮普，”乔拿起拨火棍，像他平常沉思时一样慢慢地拨弄着靠下边的炉条之间的火，“我告诉你吧。我父亲，皮普，他经常喝酒。一旦喝醉了，他就把拳头挥向我最仁慈的母亲。除了捶打我之外，他就只捶打我母亲一个人了。他用我们打铁时的力气捶打我，而他从不把这力气用在他的铁砧上——你在听我讲吗，听明白了吗，皮普？”

"Yes, Joe."

“是的，乔。”

"Consequence, my mother and me we ran away from my father, several times; and then my mother she'd go out to work, and she'd say, 'Joe,' she'd say, 'now, please God, you shall have some schooling, child,' and she'd put me to school. But my father was that good in his hart that he couldn't a bear to be without us. So, he'd come with a most tremendous crowd and make such a row at the doors of the houses where we was, that they used to be obligated to have no more to do with us and to give us up to him. And then he took us home and hammered us. Which, you see, Pip," said Joe, pausing in his meditative raking of the fire, and looking at me, "were a drawback on my learning."

“结果，我和我母亲有几次从我父亲身边逃走了，然后我母亲就得出去工作。‘乔，’她总是说，‘现在，上帝保佑，你应该去上学，孩子。’然后她就把我送去上学。可是我父亲又那么好心，没有我们就受不了。于是，他就找来一大群人，聚集在我们借住的房子门前。这样房主只得必须和我们划清界线，把我们交给了父亲。然后父亲把我们带回家，把我们捶打了一顿。这样的话，你知道，皮普，”此时正若有所思地拨弄炉火的乔停了下来说道，“就成了我学习上的不利条件。”

"Certainly, poor Joe!"

“那是肯定的，可怜的乔！”

"Though mind you, Pip," said Joe, with a judicial touch or two of

the poker on the top bar, "rendering unto all their do, and maintaining equal justice betwixt man and man, my father were that good in his hart, don't you see?"

“但是我要提醒你，皮普，”乔用拨火棍拨弄了两下上层的炉条，带着审判的口气说道，“评价人要看他们的所有言行，并且要一视同仁。这样的话，我父亲内心也有好的一面，你觉得呢？”

I didn't see; but I didn't say so.

我不这么觉得，但我没有说出口。

"Well!" Joe pursued, "somebody must keep the pot a billing, Pip, or the pot won't bile, don't you know?"

“哎！”乔继续说道，“必须要有人给锅烧火，皮普，否则食物是煮不熟的，你知道吗？”

I saw that, and said so.

我明白这个道理，也这样告诉了他。

"Consequence, my father didn't make objections to my going to work; so I went to work to work at my present calling, which were his too, if he would have followed it, and I worked tolerable hard, I assure you, Pip. In time I was able to keep him, and I kept him till he went off in a purple leptic fit. And it were my intentions to have had put upon his tombstone that Whatsoever the failings on his part, Remember reader he were that good in his hart."

“后来，我父亲不反对我出去干活。于是我就开始干我现在这个营生。这也是他之前干的营生，不过他没坚持做下去。我干得还是很努力的，我保证，皮普。在那之后不久，我就能够养活他了，一直养活到他中风去世。而且我打算在他墓碑上这样写：不管他身上有什么缺点，请记住他内心善良的一面。”

Joe recited this couplet with such manifest pride and careful perspicuity, that I asked him if he had made it himself.

乔带着满脸自豪的神情，仔细清晰地背诵这两句诗，所以我问他这是不是他自己写的。

"I made it," said Joe, "my own self. I made it in a moment. It was like striking out a horseshoe complete, in a single blow. I never was so much surprised in all my life—couldn't credit my own ed—to tell you the truth, hardly believed it were my own ed. As I was saying, Pip, it were my intentions to have had it cut over him; but poetry costs money, cut it how you will, small or large, and it were not done. Not to mention bearers, all the money that could be spared was wanted for my mother. She was in poor elth, and quite broke. She weren't long of following, poor soul, and her share of peace comes round at last."

“我写的，”乔说道，“我自己写的。我一下子就写出来了。就像一锤子挥下去，一块马蹄铁就完全打好了一样。我一辈子都没有这样惊讶过——不相信是我自己写的——实话告诉你，我几乎不相信这是我自己写的。就像我说的那样，皮普，我本来打算把它刻在他的墓碑上。但不管你想怎么刻，刻大字还是刻小字，都是要花钱的，所以最后没有刻成。更不用说还要付钱给抬棺木的人，所有能省下来的钱都要留给我母亲。她身体很差而且受了很大的打击。她没能坚持多久，可怜的人，最终也平静地去世了。”

Joe's blue eyes turned a little watery; he rubbed, first one of them, and then the other, in a most uncongenial and uncomfortable manner, with the round knob on the top of the poker.

乔的蓝眼睛有点湿润了，他用拨火棍顶部的圆把手揉了揉一只眼，又揉了揉另一只眼，这种方式让人觉得很不愉快，很不舒服。

"It were but lonesome then," said Joe, "living here alone, and I got acquainted with your sister. Now, Pip;" Joe looked firmly at me, as if he knew I was not going to agree with him; "your sister is a fine figure of a woman."

乔说：“那时候我一个人住在这里很孤独，然后我就认识了你姐姐。嘿，皮普，”乔坚定地看着我说，仿佛他知道我一定会不同意他的说法，“你姐姐是个漂亮的女人。”

I could not help looking at the fire, in an obvious state of doubt.

我情不自禁地盯着炉火，露出明显怀疑的表情。

"Whatever family opinions, or whatever the world's opinions, on that subject may be, Pip, your sister is," Joe tapped the top bar with the poker after every word following, "a—fine—figure—of—a—woman!”

“在这个问题上，不管家人怎么看，不管世人怎么看，皮普，你姐姐就是，”乔用拨火棍敲打着上层的炉条，一字一顿地说道，“一个——漂亮——的——女人！”

I could think of nothing better to say than "I am glad you think so, Joe."

我只能说：“乔，你能这么想我很高兴。”除此之外，我想不出其他更好的话来。

"So am I," returned Joe, catching me up. "I am glad I think so, Pip. A little redness or a little matter of Bone, here or there, what does it signify to Me?"

“我也是。”乔接着我的话回答道，“我能这么想我也很高兴，皮普。这里红一点，那里骨架突出一点，这对我来说有什么意义呢？”

I sagaciously observed, if it didn't signify to him, to whom did it

signify?

我机灵地说道，要是这对他来说没有意义，那么对谁有意义呢？

"Certainly!" assented Joe. "That's it. You're right, old chap! When I got acquainted with your sister, it was the talk how she was bringing you up by hand. Very kind of her too, all the folks said, and I said, along with all the folks. As to you," Joe pursued with a countenance expressive of seeing something very nasty indeed: "if you could have been aware how small and flabby and mean you was, dear me, you'd have formed the most contemptible opinion of yourself!"

“确实！”乔表示赞同，“的确是。你说得对，老弟！当我认识你姐姐的时候，人们都在谈论她是如何一手把你带大的。所有人都觉得她很善良，和大家一样，我也这么认为。至于你，”乔接着说道，脸上露出一副看到什么极其肮脏的东西的表情，“你要是看到自己那时候有多瘦小、体弱，长得有多难看的话，天啊，你也一定会非常鄙视自己的！”

Not exactly relishing this, I said, "Never mind me, Joe."

我不太喜欢听这些话，于是我说：“乔，你不用惦记着我。”

"But I did mind you, Pip," he returned with tender simplicity. "When I offered to your sister to keep company, and to be asked in church at such times as she was willing and ready to come to the forge, I said to her, 'And bring the poor little child. God bless the poor little child,' I said to your sister, 'there's room for him at the forge!'"

“但我总是惦记着你，皮普，”乔温柔、淳朴地答道，“我向你姐姐提出要和她结为伴侣并到教堂举行仪式，她也愿意而且准备好搬到铁匠铺里来。那时我对她说：‘把那个可怜的小孩带来吧。上帝保佑那个可怜的小孩。铁匠铺里有他住的地方！’”

I broke out crying and begging pardon, and hugged Joe round the neck: who dropped the poker to hug me, and to say, "Ever the best of friends; can't us, Pip? Don't cry, old chap!"

听到这些，我不禁大哭起来。我一边请求他原谅我，一边双手抱住他的脖子。乔也放下了拨火棍抱住了我，他说：“我们永远都是最好的朋友，是不是，皮普？别哭了，老弟！”

When this little interruption was over, Joe resumed:

当这段小插曲结束之后，乔又接着说道：

"Well, you see, Pip, and here we are! That's about where it lights; here we are! Now, when you take me in hand in my learning, Pip (and I tell you beforehand I am awful dull, most awful dull), Mrs. Joe mustn't see too much of what we're up to. It must be done, as I may say, on the sly. And why on the sly? I'll tell you why, Pip."

“噢，你看，皮普，我们俩就这样走到了一起！那就是值得我们庆幸

的地方，我们俩走到了一起！现在，你要手把手地教我读书了，而且我得提前告诉你，我很笨的，非常笨。你教我读书这件事一定不能让乔太太知道。所以我说，我们必须暗地里干。为什么要暗地里干呢？我来告诉你为什么，皮普。”

He had taken up the poker again; without which, I doubt if he could have proceeded in his demonstration.

他又拿起了拨火棍，我怀疑要是没有这根拨火棍，他还能不能继续说下去。

"Your sister is given to government."

“你姐姐喜欢官。”

"Given to government, Joe?" I was startled, for I had some shadowy idea (and I am afraid I must add, hope) that Joe had divorced her in a favor of the Lords of the Admiralty, or Treasury.

“喜欢官，乔？”我吃了一惊，因为我隐约中产生了一种想法（而且不得不说的是，我其实希望这种想法实现），那就是乔已经因为她喜欢上了海军大臣或财政大臣而跟她离了婚。

"Given to government," said Joe. "Which I meander say the government of you and myself."

“喜欢官。”乔说道，“我的意思是她喜欢管你和我。”

"Oh!"

“哦！”

"And she can't over partial to having scholars on the premises," Joe continued, "and in par tickler would not be over partial to my being a scholar, for fear as I might rise. Like a sort or rebel, don't you see?"

“而且她不喜欢家里有个学问家。”乔继续说道，“尤其是不喜欢我成为一个学问家，因为她害怕我会反抗。就像那种造反的人，你明白吗？”

I was going to retort with an inquiry, and had got as far as "Why —” when Joe stopped me.

我本来打算用一个问题来反驳他，可我刚说出个“为什么——”乔就打断了我。

"Stay a bit. I know what you're a-going to say, Pip; stay a bit! I don't deny that your sister comes the Mogull over us, now and again. I don't deny that she do throw us back-falls, and that she do drop down upon us heavy. At such times as when your sister is on the Ram-page, Pip," Joe sank his voice to a whisper and glanced at the door, "can dour compel fur to admit that she is a Buster."

“等一下。我知道你要说什么，皮普，等一下！我不否认你姐姐总是

骑在我们头上。我不否认她不仅把我们打倒在地，而且还会狠狠地再踹我们几脚。当你姐姐大发雷霆的时候，皮普，”乔压低声音小声说道，同时瞟了一眼门口，“我都不得不承认她是一个怪物。”

Joe pronounced this word, as if it began with at least twelve capitals Bs.

乔念着这个词，仿佛它的开头至少有十二个重重的“怪”字。

"Why don't I rise? That was your observation when I broke it off, Pip?"

“我为什么不反抗呢？我打断你说话时你就正想问这个吧，皮普？”

"Yes, Joe."

“是的，乔。”

"Well," said Joe, passing the poker into his left hand, that he might feel his whisker; and I had no hope of him whenever he took to that placid occupation; "your sister's a master-mind. A master-mind.”

“哎，”乔说着将拨火棍换到了左手，这样他就能用右手捋他的连鬓胡子了，每次他一摆出这种温顺的姿态，我就对他不抱希望了。“你姐姐是个决策者。一个决策者。”

"What's that?" I asked, in some hope of bringing him to a stand. But, Joe was readier with his definition than I had expected, and completely stopped me by arguing circularly, and answering with affixed looks, "Her."

“什么叫决策者？”我问道，希望借此为难他一下。但是出乎我的意料，乔在这个词的定义上做了更充分的准备。他直勾勾地看着我回答说：“决策者就是她。”他的循环论证让我完全无话可说。

"And I can't a master-mind," Joe resumed, when he had unfixed his look, and got back to his whisker. "And last of all, Pip—and this I want to say very serious to you, old chap—I see so much in my poor mother, of a woman drudging and slaving and breaking her honest hart and never getting no peace in her mortal days, that I'm dead faired of going wrong in the way of not doing what's right by a woman, and I'd fur rather of the two go wrong the totter way, and be a little ill-convenience myself. I wish it was only me that got put out, Pip; I wish there wasn't no Tickler for you, old chap; I wish I could take it all on myself; but this is the up-and-down-and-straight on it, Pip, and I hope you'll overlook shortcomings."

“我不能成为决策者。”乔接着说道。他将目光从我身上移走，又开始捋他的连鬓胡子。“最后，皮普——我很认真地跟你说，老弟——我在我可怜的母亲身上看得太多了。她受苦受累，当牛做马，一颗诚实的心不断地被蹂躏，一辈子没有得到过一丝的平静。所以我最怕做错事亏待

了女人，我宁愿亏待我自己也不能亏待她。我希望我一个人为这事费心就行了，皮普。我希望你不用挨挠痒棍的打，老弟。要挨打我也希望都由我来挨，但事情就是这样曲曲折折的、不顺利，我希望你能忽略这些缺点。”

Young as I was, I believe that I dated a new admiration of Joe from that night. We were equals afterwards, as we had been before; but, afterwards at quiet times when I sat looking at Joe and thinking about him, I had a new sensation of feeling conscious that I was looking up to Joe in my heart.

尽管那时我还小，但我相信，从那天晚上开始，我对乔又增添了一份崇敬之情。在那之后，我们仍像之前一样平等地对待彼此。但是，在那之后，每当我静静地坐着，看着乔，想着乔，一种新的感觉就会油然而生。这种感觉让我意识到，我从心眼里敬佩乔。

"However," said Joe, rising to replenish the fire; "here's the Dutch-clock a working himself up to being equal to strike Eight of 'em, and she's not come home yet! I hope Uncle Pumblechook's merman's have set a fore-foot on a piece o' ice, and gone down."

“可是，”乔说着起身又添满了火，“这座荷兰钟都快要敲八点了，她还没有回来！但愿彭波契克舅舅的那匹母马没有前蹄踩到冰面而摔倒。”

Mrs. Joe made occasional trips with Uncle Pumblechook on market-days, to assist him in buying such household stuffs and goods as required a woman's judgment; Uncle Pumblechook being a bachelor and reposing no confidences in his domestic servant. This was market-day, and Mrs. Joe was out on one of these expeditions.

乔太太有时和彭波契克舅舅一起去赶集，帮他买些需要参考女人意见的家居用品和生活用品。彭波契克舅舅是个单身汉，而且一点都不信任他家的仆人。今天是个赶集日，乔太太又陪他去赶集了。

Joe made the fire and swept the hearth, and then we went to the door to listen for the chaise-cart. It was a dry cold night, and the wind blew keenly, and the frost was white and hard. A man would die to-night of lying out on the marshes, I thought. And then I looked at the stars, and considered how awful if would be for a man to turn his face up to them as he froze to death, and see no help or pity in all the glittering multitude.

乔生好火，把火炉周围打扫干净。然后我们走到门口，听听有没有轻便马车的声音。那天晚上又干又冷，大风猛吹，地上的寒霜又白又厚。我寻思着，要是今晚有人躺在沼泽地里的话，一定会被冻死。然后我看着星星，不禁想到，一个人在快被冻死的时候仰望星空，他该有多难过啊。群星闪耀，他却看不到一丝帮助，一丝同情。

"Here comes the mare," said Joe, "ringing like a peal of bells!"

“那匹母马回来了，”乔说道，“声音就像铃铛响！”

The sound of her iron shoes upon the hard road was quite musical, as she came along at a much brisker trot than usual. We got a chair out, ready for Mrs. Joe's alighting, and stirred up the fire that they might see a bright window, and took a final survey of the kitchen that nothing might be out of its place. When we had completed these preparations, they drove up, wrapped to the eyes. Mrs. Joe was soon landed, and Uncle Pumblechook was soon down too, covering the mare with a cloth, and we were soon all in the kitchen, carrying so much cold air in with us that it seemed to drive all the heat out of the fire.

母马的马蹄铁敲打着坚实的路面，声音非常有乐感。她一路轻快地跑来，速度比平时快得多。我们搬出一张椅子，好让乔太太踩着它下马车。我们拨旺了炉火，这样他们就能看到明亮的窗户。我们又最后一次检查了厨房，保证一切都整整齐齐的。我们刚完成了这些准备工作，他们就到了，身上的衣服裹得严严实实的，只露出眼睛。很快乔太太下了车，随后彭波契克舅舅也下了车。他给母马盖上一块布之后，我们就很快地来到了厨房。我们带进来的寒气太多，仿佛一下子就把炉火的热气都赶跑了。

"Now," said Mrs. Joe, unwrapping herself with haste and excitement, and throwing her bonnet back on her shoulders where it hung by the strings: "if this boy can't grateful this night, he never will be!"

“听着，”乔太太一边说着，一边匆忙而兴奋地解开外套，把帽子推到肩后，帽绳还系在脖子上，“要是这小子今晚还不知道感恩的话，那他永远都不会了！”

I looked as grateful as any boy possibly could, who was wholly uninformed why he ought to assume that expression.

我尽可能地做出一副感恩的样子，但却全然不知我为什么要做出这样的表情。

"It's only to be hoped," said my sister, "that he won't be Pomp-eyed. But I have my fears.”

“我仅仅是希望，”我姐姐说，“他不会被宠坏了。但我还是担心。”

"She can't in that line, Mum," said Mr. Pumblechook. "She knows better."

“她不会那样做的，夫人。”彭波契克舅舅说道，“她知道该怎么做。”

She? I looked at Joe, making the motion with my lips and eyebrows, "She?" Joe looked at me, making the motion with his lips and eyebrows, "She?" My sister catching him in the act, he drew the

back of his hand across his nose with his usual conciliatory air on such occasions, and looked at her.

她？我看着乔，朝他努了努嘴，挤了挤眉，“她？”乔也看着我，朝我努了努嘴，挤了挤眉，“她？”他的这个动作被我姐姐看到了，他马上抬起手背揉了揉鼻子，做出在类似情况下他那种一贯的妥协姿态，看着她。

"Well?" said my sister, in her snappish way. "What are you staring at? Is the house a-fire?”

“怎么了？”我姐姐恶狠狠地说，“你瞪什么？房子着火了？”

“—Which some individual," Joe politely hinted, "mentioned—she.”

“——是一个人，”乔礼貌地暗示道，“刚刚提到的——她。”

"And she is a she, I suppose?" said my sister. "Unless you call Miss Havisham a he. And I doubt if even you'll go so far as that."

“我看,她就是她啊。”我姐姐说，“难道你要把郝维仙小姐称为‘他’吗？我想你不会糊涂到那种地步吧。”

"Miss Havisham, up town?" said Joe.

“住在镇上的那个郝维仙小姐吗？”乔说道。

"Is there any Miss Havisham down town?" returned my sister.

“乡下还有哪个郝维仙小姐吗？”我姐姐回答道，

"She wants this boy to go and play there. And of course he's going. And he had better play there," said my sister, shaking her head at me as an encouragement to be extremely light and sportive, "or I'll work him."

“她想要这个小子过去玩。当然，他会去的。而且他最好去那里玩，”我姐姐说着对我摇了摇头，以此来鼓励我要表现得非常活泼好动，“否则我会修理他的。”

I had heard of Miss Havisham up town—everybody for miles round, had heard of Miss Havisham up town—as an immensely rich and grim lady who lived in a large and dismal house barricaded against robbers, and who led a life of seclusion.

我之前听说过这位住在镇上的郝维仙小姐——方圆几英里之内的每一个人都听说过镇上的郝维仙小姐——她非常有钱，为人冷酷、威严，在一所阴森的大房子里过着离群索居的生活。整个房子为了防范窃贼设置了重重障碍。

"Well to be sure!" said Joe, astounded. "I wonder how she come to know Pip!"

“哦，真没想到！”乔吃惊地说，“我纳闷的是,她怎么知道皮普的！”

"Noodle!" cried my sister. "Who said she knew him?"

“一根筋！”我姐姐喊道，“谁说她知道皮普？”

“—Which some individual," Joe again politely hinted, "mentioned that she wanted him to go and play there."

“——有人，”乔又礼貌地暗示道，“刚提到说，她想让他去那里玩。”

"And couldn't she ask Uncle Pumblechook if he knew of a boy to go and play there? Isn't it just barely possible that Uncle Pumblechook may be a tenant of hers, and that he may sometimes—we won't say quarterly or half-yearly, for that would be requiring too much of you—but sometimes—go there to pay his rent? And couldn't she then asks Uncle Pumblechook if he knew of a boy to go and play there? And couldn't Uncle Pumblechook, being always considerate and thoughtful for us—though you may not think it, Joseph," in a tone of the deepest reproach, as if he were the most callous of nephews, "then mention this boy, standing Prancing here"—which I solemnly declare I was not doing—"that I have for ever been a willing slave to?"

“难道她不能问问彭波契克舅舅，是不是知道哪个男孩能过去玩吗？难道没有一点点可能是因为彭波契克舅舅是她的房客，他有时候——我们不会告诉你是三个月一次还是半年一次，说了你也搞不清楚——但就是有些时候——要去那里向她付房租吗？难道她就不能问问彭波契克舅舅，他知不知道哪个男孩能过去玩吗？难道一向对我们细心周到的彭波契克舅舅——尽管你可能不这么认为，约瑟夫，”我姐姐用最严厉的谴责口吻说道，仿佛他是天底下最无情的外甥，“就不能提到这个神气活现地站在这里的小子”——关于这一点我郑重声明，当时我并没有神气活现——“这个我一直都给他当牛做马的小子吗？”

"Good again!" cried Uncle Pumblechook. "Well put! Prettily pointed! Good indeed! Now Joseph, you know the case."

“说得好！”彭波契克舅舅喊道，“说得好！一语中的！实在是好啊！约瑟夫，这下你明白了吧。”

"No, Joseph," said my sister, still in a reproachful manner, while Joe apologetically drew the back of his hand across and across his nose, "you do not yet—though you may not think it—know the case. You may consider that you do, but you do not, Joseph. For you do not know that Uncle Pumblechook, being sensible that for anything we can tell, this boy's fortune may be made by his going to Miss Havisham's, has offered to take him into town to-night in his own chaise-cart, and to keep him to-night, and to take him with his own hands to Miss Havisham's tomorrow morning. And Lor-a-mussy me!"

cried my sister, casting off her bonnet in sudden desperation, "here I stand talking to mere Mooncalves, with Uncle Pumblechook waiting, and the mare catching cold at the door, and the boy grimed with crock and dirt from the hair of his head to the sole of his foot!"

“不，约瑟夫，”我姐姐仍然用责备的口气说道，而乔则满怀歉意地用手背揉搓着他的鼻子，“你还没有明白，尽管你可能还没有意识到这一点。你可能觉得你懂了，但你还没懂，约瑟夫。因为你不知道彭波契克舅舅多么通情达理。他知道这小子可能因为到郝维仙小姐那里而从此交上了好运，所以他主动提出，今晚用他自己的轻便马车把这孩子带到镇里，晚上留他住一夜，明天早上亲自把他送到郝维仙小姐那里。上帝饶恕我！”我姐姐喊道，并且猛地一把扯下她的帽子，“我净顾站着和傻瓜说话了，让彭波契克舅舅等了这么久，门口的母马也要被冻感冒了。而且这小子从发梢到脚跟都是泥土灰尘，看起来糟透了！”

With that, she pounced upon me, like an eagle on a lamb, and my face was squeezed into wooden bowls in sinks, and my head was put under taps of water-butts, and I was soaped, and kneaded, and toweled, and thumped, and harrowed, and rasped, until I really was quite beside myself. (I may here remark that I suppose myself to be better acquainted than any living authority, with the ridge effect of a wedding-ring, passing unsympathetically over the human countenance.)

说完这些，她一下子过来抓住了我，就像老鹰扑向一只小羊羔一样。接着我的脸就被摁进水池里的木盆当中，我的头被放在大水桶的龙头下面。然后给我打肥皂，揉啊，搓啊，擦啊，拍啊，挠啊，刮啊，一直到我都快受不了了。（这里我要说明的是，与当今任何一位权威相比，我觉得我更了解用一枚结婚戒指在人的脸上划来划去会产生什么样的效果，结果就是留下一道道隆起的痕迹。）

When my ablutions were completed, I was put into clean linen of the stiffest character, like a young penitent into sackcloth, and was trussed up in my tightest and fear fullest suit. I was then delivered over to Mr. Pumblechook, who formally received me as if he were the Sheriff, and who let off upon me the speech that I knew he had been dying to make all along: "Boy, be for ever grateful to all friends, but especially unto them which brought you up by hand!"

当我的洗浴结束之后，她给我穿上干净却非常僵硬、直挺的亚麻布衣服，就像给少年犯穿上麻袋布衣服一样。然后又给我捆绑了一件非常紧的外套，勒得我非常难受。然后我就被交给了彭波契克舅舅。他犹如郡长一般正式地接纳了我，而且对我发表了他的演讲。我知道这些话他早就想对我说了：“孩子，要永远感谢所有的朋友，尤其要感谢那些亲手把你带大的人！”

"Good-bye, Joe!”

“再见，乔！”

"God bless you, Pip, old chap!"

“上帝保佑你，皮普，我的老弟！”

I had never parted from him before, and what with my feelings and what with soap-suds, I could at first see no stars from the chaise-cart. But they twinkled out one by one, without throwing any light on the questions why on earth I was going to play at Miss Havisham's, and what on earth I was expected to play at.

在这之前我从来没有和乔分开过。怀着复杂的心情，眼睛里还留着肥皂水，我坐在了轻便马车里。刚坐下的时候我看不到星星。随后它们又一颗一颗地闪现出来，但却无法回答我的问题：我究竟为什么要到郝维仙小姐家去玩？它们究竟要让我玩什么呢？

CHAPTER 8

第八章

Mr. Pumblechook's premises in the High-street of the market town were of a pepper corny and farinaceous character, as the premises of a corn-chandler and seeds man should be. It appeared to me that he must be a very happy man indeed, to have so many little drawers in his shop; and I wondered when I peeped into one or two on the lower tiers, and saw the tied-up brown paper packets inside, whether the flower-seeds and bulbs ever wanted of a fine day to break out of those jails, and bloom.

彭波契克先生的房屋坐落在集镇的大街上，有一种干胡椒和鼠尾草的风格，而这种房屋正是每一个经营粮食和种子的商人所应该有的房屋。在我看来，他一定是一个非常幸福的人，因为在他商店里有那么多小抽屉。我朝下层的一两个抽屉里偷看了几眼，看到里面有扎紧口的棕色纸包。我想知道，里面的花种和花茎是否想找个好天，冲破这纸做的牢狱，开花结果。

It was in the early morning after my arrival that I entertained this speculation. On the previous night, I had been sent straight to bed in an attic with a sloping roof, which was so low in the corner where the bedstead was, that I calculated the tiles as being within a foot of my eyebrows. In the same early morning, I discovered a singular affinity between seeds and corduroys. Mr. Pumblechook wore corduroys, and so did his shop man; and somehow, there was a general air and flavor about the corduroys, so much in the nature of seeds, and a general air and flavor about the seeds, so much in the nature of corduroys, that I hardly knew which was which. The same opportunity served me for noticing that Mr. Pumblechook appeared to conduct his business by looking across the street at the saddler, who appeared to transact his business by keeping his eye on the coach-maker, who appeared to get on in life by putting his hands in his pockets and contemplating the baker, who in his turn folded his arms and stared at the grocer, who stood at his door and yawned at the chemist. The watch-maker, always poring over a little desk with a magnifying glass at his eye, and always inspected by a group of smock-frocks poring over him through the glass of his shop-window, seemed to be about the only person in the High-street whose trade engaged his attention.

我是在来这里之后的第二天清晨产生了这种思考。前一天晚上，我被径直送进一个斜屋顶的小阁楼去睡觉。床放在角落里，那里的屋顶非常低，我躺在床上估算了一下，觉得瓦片与我眉毛之间的距离不超过一

英尺。也就是在那个清晨，我发现种子和灯芯绒之间有一种奇特的密切关系。彭波契克先生穿着灯芯绒料的衣服，他的店员也穿着灯芯绒料的衣服。而且不知为何，灯芯绒的气味非常像种子的气味，而种子的气味又非常像灯芯绒的气味，弄得我都分辨不出来哪个是哪个。同时我还注意到，彭波契克先生似乎靠盯着街对面的马具商来经营他的生意；马具商靠盯着马车修理匠来打理他的生意；马车修理匠靠两手插在口袋里，凝视着面包师傅来谋生；面包师傅则双臂交叉在胸前，盯着杂货商；而杂货商则站在门口，对着药剂师打哈欠。修表匠总是眼上戴个放大镜，伏在一张小桌子上仔细研究着。而且在他的商店窗户外，总有一群穿着肥大连衣裙的女人窥视着他。修表匠似乎是整条大街上唯一一个把注意力放在自己生意上的人。

Mr. Pumblechook and I breakfasted at eight o'clock in the parlor behind the shop, while the shop man took his mug of tea and hunch of bread-and-butter on a sack of peas in the front premises. I considered Mr. Pumblechook wretched company. Besides being possessed by my sister's idea that a mortifying and penitential character ought to be imparted to my diet—besides giving me as much crumb as possible in combination with as little butter, and putting such a quantity of warm water into my milk that it would have been more candid to have left the milk out altogether—his conversation consisted of nothing but arithmetic. On my politely bidding him Good morning, he said, pompously, "Seven times nine, boy?" And how should I be able to answer, dodged in that way, in a strange place, on an empty stomach! I was hungry, but before I had swallowed a morsel, he began a running sum that lasted all through the breakfast. "Seven?" "And four?" "And eight?" "And six?" "And two?"

八点钟的时候我和彭波契克先生在店铺后面的客厅吃早餐。此时店员坐在前堂的一袋豆子上，拿着一大杯茶，吃着黄油面包。我觉得，彭波契克先生是个让人无法忍受的同伴。他满脑子都是我姐姐的那套理论，那就是在我吃饭的时候也要让我难为情，让我悔悟。他给我的都是面包屑外加一点点的黄油，在我的牛奶中加了大量温水，其实还不如更直接地把牛奶都一起省掉算了。除此之外，他的谈话内容没有别的，只有算术题。在我礼貌地跟他说了“早上好”之后，他趾高气扬地说道：“七乘九等于多少，小子？”我身处一个陌生的地方，腹中空空，又想尽量逃避这种问题，在这种情况之下，叫我怎么回答得出来呢！我很饿，但我还没来得及吞下一点食物，他就开始问一长串的算术题，整整持续了整个早餐时间。“七乘七？”“七乘四？”“七乘八？”“七乘六？”“七乘二？”

"And ten?" And so on. And after each figure was disposed of, it was as much as I could do to get a bite or a sup, before the next came; while he sat at his ease guessing nothing, and eating bacon and hot roll, in (if I may be allowed the expression) a gorging and gormandizing manner.

“七乘十？”诸如此类。每次一个数字算完之后，我刚刚咬上一口或

喝上一口，下一道题就来了。而他却舒舒服服地坐在那里，毫不费脑地大吃培根和热面包圈。（如果我可以用下面这些形容词的话）他简直就是在狼吞虎咽。

For such reasons I was very glad when ten o'clock came and we started for Miss Havisham's; though I was not at all at my ease regarding the manner in which I should acquit myself under that lady's roof. Within a quarter of an hour we came to Miss Havisham's house, which was of old brick, and dismal, and had a great many iron bars to it. Some of the windows had been walled up; of those that remained, all the lower were rustily barred. There was a court-yard in front, and that was barred; so, we had to wait, after ringing the bell, until some one should come to open it. While we waited at the gate, I peeped in (even then Mr. Pumblechook said, "And fourteen?" but I pretended not to hear him), and saw that at the side of the house there was a large brewery. No brewing was going on in it, and none seemed to have gone on for a long time.

因此我非常高兴终于到了十点钟，我们要出发去郝维仙小姐家了。不过，我一想起在那位小姐家应该如何表现，心里就不自在。不到一刻钟，我们就到了郝维仙小姐家门口。房屋的砖瓦看起来很古老，整个房屋阴沉沉的，周围有很多铁栅栏。有些窗户已经被封死了，剩下的窗户当中，低矮的那些都装着锈迹斑斑的铁栏。房前有个庭院，也被铁栏围住了。所以按了门铃之后，我们就得一直等，直到有人来开门。当我们在门口等的时候，我朝里面窥视了几眼（即使在这个时候，彭波契克先生还在问："七乘十四等于多少？"但我装作没听见），看到房子的一侧有一个大酿酒作坊。此时作坊没有酿酒，而且似乎已经很长时间不酿酒了。

A window was raised, and a clear voice demanded "What name?" To which my conductor replied, "Pumble chook." The voice returned, "Quite right," and the window was shut again, and a young lady came across the court-yard, with keys in her hand.

一扇窗户被打开了，一个清脆的声音问道："是谁呀？"带我来的人回答道："彭波契克。"那个声音回道："知道了。"然后窗户又被关上了。随后一个年轻的小姐手拿着院门钥匙，穿过庭院走了过来。

"This," said Mr. Pumblechook, "is Pip."

"这个，"彭波契克说，"是皮普。"

"This is Pip, is it?" returned the young lady, who was very pretty and seemed very proud; "come in, Pip."

"这是皮普，是吗？"这位年轻的小姐回答说，她很漂亮而且看起来很骄傲，"进来吧，皮普。"

Mr. Pumblechook was coming in also, when she stopped him with

the gate.

彭波契克先生也想跟着进来，但她关上了门，把他堵在了门外。

"Oh!" She said. "Did you wish to see Miss Havisham?"

“噢！”她说道，“你想见郝维仙小姐吗？”

"If Miss Havisham wished to see me," returned Mr. Pumblechook, discomfited.

“如果郝维仙小姐想见我的话。”彭波契克先生尴尬地回答道。

"Ah!" said the girl; "but you see she don't."

“哦！”这个女孩说，“但跟你说吧，她不想见你。”

She said it so finally, and in such a undiscussible way, that Mr. Pumblechook, though in a condition of ruffled dignity, could not protest. But he eyed me severely—as if I had done anything to him!—and departed with the words reproachfully delivered: "Boy! Let your behavior here be a credit unto them which brought you up by hand!" I was not free from apprehension that he would come back to propound through the gate, "And sixteen?" But he didn't.

她说得非常坚决，毫无商量的余地。彭波契克先生虽然尊严扫地，却无法反抗。但是他恶狠狠地盯着我——仿佛是我对他做了什么！——离开之前还留下几句责备的话：“小子！要让你在这里的表现给那些亲手把你带大的人争光！”我仍然担心他会返回来，隔着大门对我提问：“七乘十六等于多少？”但是他没有。

My young conductress locked the gate, and we went across the court-yard. It was paved and clean, but grass was growing in every crevice. The brewery buildings had a little lane of communication with it, and the wooden gates of that lane stood open, and all the brewery beyond, stood open, away to the high enclosing wall; and all was empty and disused. The cold wind seemed to blow colder there, than outside the gate; and it made a shrill noise in howling in and out at the open sides of the brewery, like the noise of wind in the rigging of a ship at sea.

给我引路的年轻小姐锁上了门，然后我们穿过庭院走进去。道路铺着石板，路面很干净，但每个石板夹缝中都长着草。酿酒作坊通过一条小径与房屋相连。小径上的木门都敞开着，酿酒作坊也敞开着，不远处就是高高的围墙。作坊里空荡荡的，已经不再使用了。那里吹的冷风似乎比门外的冷风更加寒冷。而且冷风在酿酒作坊敞开的门窗里吹进吹出时发出尖利、刺耳的噪音，这种噪音就像是海上航船绳索之间的风声。

She saw me looking at it, and she said, "You could drink without hurt all the strong beer that's brewed there now, boy."

她见我在看着酿酒作坊就说：“孩子，现在你哪怕喝光那里现在酿制

的烈啤酒也不会挨打。”

"I should think I could, miss," said I, in a shy way.

“我想是的，小姐。”我羞涩地说。

"Better not try to brew beer there now, or it would turn out sour, boy; don't you think so?"

“现在最好不要在那里酿酒，否则酒会很酸的，孩子，你说对吗？”

"It looks like it, miss."

“看上去是的，小姐。”

"Not that anybody means to try," she added, "for that's all done with, and the place will stand as idle as it is, till it falls. As to strong beer, there's enough of it in the cellars already, to drown the Manor House."

“没有人想用它来酿酒。”她接着说道，“因为酒已经酿过了，这个地方就继续像现在这样闲置着，一直到它倒塌为止。至于烈啤酒，酒窖里已经有足够多的烈酒了，可以淹没这座庄园宅邸。”

"Is that the name of this house, miss?"

“那是这座房子的名字吗，小姐？”

"One of its names, boy."

“其中的一个名字，孩子。”

"It has more than one, then, missed?"

“那它的名字不止一个了，小姐？”

"One more. Its other name was Satis; which is Greek, or Latin, or Hebrew, or all three—or all one to me—for enough.”

“还有一个。它另一个名字是沙提斯，可能是希腊语，或拉丁语，或希伯来语，或三种都是——对我来说都是一个意思——就是‘足够’的意思。”

"Enough House," said I; "that's a curious name, miss."

“足够宅邸，”我说道，“那是个挺奇怪的名字，小姐。”

"Yes," she replied; "but it meant more than it said. It meant, when it was given, that whoever had this house, could want nothing else. They must have been easily satisfied in those days, I should think. But don't loiter, boy."

“是的，”她回答说，“但是它隐含的意义比它的字面意思要大得多。它意味着不管是谁，一旦拥有了这座房子就别无所求了。我想，那个时候的人们一定非常容易满足。不过，别磨蹭了，孩子。”

Though she called me "boy" so often, and with a carelessness that was far from complimentary, she was of about my own age. She seemed much older than I, of course, being a girl, and beautiful and self-possessed; and she was as scornful of me as if she had been one-and-twenty, and a queen.

尽管她口口声声叫我“孩子”，漫不经心而又毫无赞美之意，但其实她的年龄与我相当。当然，她看起来比我大多了。作为一个女孩子，她很漂亮也很得体。她看不起我，仿佛自己已经是个二十一岁的女王了。

We went into the house by a side door—the great front entrance had two chains across it outside—and the first thing I noticed was, that the passages were all dark, and that she had left a candle burning there. She took it up, and we went through more passages and up a staircase, and still it was all dark, and only the candle lighted us.

我们从一扇侧门进入房屋——大前门的外边拴着两条铁链——我最先注意到的是，走廊里漆黑一片，她之前在那里留下一根点亮的蜡烛。她拿起蜡烛，我们又往前走过几个过道，走上楼梯，一路上仍然是一片漆黑，只有那根蜡烛给我们照亮。

At last we came to the door of a room, and she said, "Go in."

最后，我们来到一个房门口，她说：“进去。”

I answered, more in shyness than politeness, "After you, miss."

我更多的是出于羞涩而不是出于礼貌地回答说：“您先请，小姐。”

To this, she returned: "Don't be ridiculous, boy; I am not going in." And scornfully walked away, and—what was worse—took the candle with her.

听到我的话，她回道：“别犯傻了，孩子，我不进去。”然后她鄙视地走开了，而且——更糟的是——把蜡烛一起带走了。

This was very uncomfortable, and I was half afraid. However, the only thing to be done being to knock at the door, I knocked, and was told from within to enter. I entered, therefore, and found myself in a pretty large room, well lighted with wax candles. No glimpse of daylight was to be seen in it. It was a dressing-room, as I supposed from the furniture, though much of it was of forms and uses then quite unknown to me. But prominent in it was a draped table with a gilded looking-glass, and that I made out at first sight to be a fine lady's dressing-table.

这让我很不自在，而且多半还有些害怕。然而，唯一能做的事情就是敲门，于是我敲了门，里面传来一个声音叫我进去。因此我进了门，发现自己置身于一个很大的房间之中，很多蜡烛将房间照得很明亮。房间里看不到一丝日光。我从家具上推断，这是个更衣室，尽管当时有很多家具我还不认识。但是屋里最突出的是一张罩着台布的桌子，桌上带

了一张镀金的梳妆镜。我一眼就看出，这是一位贵妇人的梳妆台。

Whether I should have made out this object so soon, if there had been no fine lady sitting at it, I cannot say. In an arm-chair, with an elbow resting on the table and her head leaning on that hand, sat the strangest lady I have ever seen, or shall ever see.

如果不是当时有位贵妇人坐在那里，很难说我还会不会这么快就得出结论。她坐在一张扶手椅上，把一只胳膊肘放在梳妆台上，头斜靠着这只手。她是我到那时为止所见过的最奇怪的妇人，甚至是我这辈子见过的最奇怪的妇人。

She was dressed in rich materials—satins, and lace, and silks—all of white. Her shoes were white. And she had a long white veil dependent from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair, but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses, less splendid than the dress she wore, and half-packed trunks, were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had but one shoe on—the other was on the table near her hand—her veil was but half arranged, her watch and chain were not put on, and some lace for her bosom lay with those trinkets, and with her handkerchief, and gloves, and some flowers, and a prayer-book, all confusedly heaped about the looking-glass.

她穿的衣服都是名贵料子——缎子、蕾丝、丝绸——全都是白色的。她的鞋也是白色的。一条长长的白色面纱从她头发上垂下来，她头上戴着新娘花饰，但她的头发却白了。她脖子上和手上有些亮晶晶的珠宝首饰在闪闪发光，梳妆台上散落着另外一些闪闪发亮的珠宝首饰。比她身上穿着的那件差一点的衣服以及一些没收拾好的箱子散落得到处都是。她还没有打扮好，因为她只穿了一只鞋——另一只鞋放在梳妆台上，靠近她手边——面纱只整理好一半，手表和手链还没有戴上，一些胸花和那些小首饰玩意、手帕、手套、几朵花以及一本祈祷书都胡乱地堆在梳妆镜的周围。

It was not in the first few moments that I saw all these things, though I saw more of them in the first moments than might be supposed. But, I saw that everything within my view which ought to be white, had been white long ago, and had lost its luster, and was faded and yellow. I saw that the bride within the bridal dress had withered like the dress, and like the flowers, and had no brightness left but the brightness of her sunken eyes. I saw that the dress had been put upon the rounded figure of a young woman, and that the figure upon which it now hung loose, had shrunk to skin and bone. Once, I had been taken to see some ghastly waxwork at the Fair, representing I know not what impossible personage lying in state. Once, I had been taken to one of our old marsh churches to see a

skeleton in the ashes of a rich dress, that had been dug out of a vault under the church pavement. Now, waxwork and skeleton seemed to have dark eyes that moved and looked at me. I should have cried out, if I could.

我并不是从一开始就看到了所有这些东西，尽管我在一开始看到的东西比预想的要多。但是我看到，我视线之内的所有应该是白色的东西都因为时间太长而失去了光泽。它们的颜色褪去，变得发黄。我看到，这个穿着新娘礼服的新娘已经像这身礼服和那些花一样枯萎了，除了她深陷下去的眼睛里还有光彩之外，再没留下其他一丝光彩了。我看到，这身礼服以前是穿在一个年轻女子丰满的体形之上的，而如今，穿礼服的身体已经是骨瘦如柴了，套在外面的礼服显得空荡荡的。有一次，我被带到集市上去看一个令人毛骨悚然的蜡像，我不知道它代表的是哪一位正躺着供人瞻仰的、了不起的名流。还有一次，我被带到一座位于我们那边沼泽地上的老教堂。在那里我看到一具从教堂人行路下的地下墓室中挖出来的骷髅，骷髅身上穿的华丽的衣服已经成灰。如今，蜡像和骷髅似乎在转动着他们的黑眼睛，看着我。如果我能叫的话，我一定早就叫出来了。

"Who is it?" said the lady at the table.

“是谁？”坐在梳妆台旁的夫人说道。

"Pip, ma'am."

“我是皮普，夫人。”

"Pip?"

“皮普？”

"Mr. Pumblechook's boy, ma'am. Come—to play.”

“彭波契克先生带来的那个孩子，夫人。来这里——来这里玩的。”

"Come nearer; let me look at you. Come close."

“走近一点，让我看看你。靠近一点。”

It was when I stood before her, avoiding her eyes, that I took note of the surrounding objects in detail, and saw that her watch had stopped at twenty minutes to nine, and that a clock in the room had stopped at twenty minutes to nine.

当我站在她面前，躲避着她的目光时，我才仔细注意到周围的东西，发现她的表停在八点四十，屋里的一座钟也停在八点四十。

"Look at me," said Miss Havisham. "You are not afraid of a woman who has never seen the sun since you were born?"

“看着我。”郝维仙小姐说道，“你不害怕一个自从你出生以来就从没见过太阳的女人吗？”

I regret to state that I was not afraid of telling the enormous lie

comprehended in the answer "No."

遗憾地说，我一点都不害怕地在我的回答当中撒了一个天大的谎：“不害怕。”

"Do you know what I touch here?" she said, laying her hands, one upon the other, on her left side.

“你知道我触摸的地方是什么？”她说着把两只手叠放在她的左胸口上。

"Yes, ma'am." (It made me think of the young man.)

“我知道，夫人。”（这让我想起那个年轻人。）

"What do I touch?"

“我触摸的地方是什么？”

"Your heart."

“是您的心。”

"Broken!"

“碎了！”

She uttered the word with an eager look, and with strong emphasis, and with a weird smile that had a kind of boast in it. Afterwards, she kept her hands there for a little while, and slowly took them away as if they were heavy.

她说出这个词的时候脸上一副迫切的神情，语气特别重，而且带着一种奇怪的笑容，似乎有几分自豪的意味。之后，她把手放在那里一会儿，然后慢慢移开，仿佛双手很沉重似的。

"I am tired," said Miss Havisham. "I want diversion, and I have done with men and women. Play."

“我厌烦了。”郝维仙小姐说道，“我想换个花样，我也玩腻了男男女女的事情。玩吧。”

I think it will be conceded by my most disputatious reader, that she could hardly have directed an unfortunate boy to do anything in the wide world more difficult to be done under the circumstances.

我想，我最好争论的读者也会承认，几乎没有什么事情会比她让我这个不幸的孩子在这种情况下所做的事情更难了。

"I sometimes have sick fancies," she went on, "and I have a sick fancy that I want to see some play. There there!" with an impatient movement of the fingers of her right hand; "play, play, play!"

“我有时候会有一些古怪的幻想。”她继续说道，“我产生这种古怪幻想时就想看着别人玩。在那儿，在那儿！”她用右手手指做了个不耐烦地

手势，“玩啊，玩啊，玩！”

For a moment, with the fear of my sister's working me before my eyes, I had a desperate idea of starting round the room in the assumed character of Mr. Pumblechook's chaise-cart. But, I felt myself so unequal to the performance that I gave it up, and stood looking at Miss Havisham in what I suppose she took for a dogged manner, inasmuch as she said, when we had taken a good look at each other:

在那一刹那，我眼前出现了我姐姐正修理我的画面。绝望之下，我萌生了一个念头，就是扮作彭波契克先生的轻便马车在屋子里开始转圈。但是我觉得自己完全胜任不了这种表演，所以放弃了这个想法。我站在那里看着郝维仙小姐，我猜想她认为我那副表情很顽固，因为当我们都仔细观察了对方之后，她说道：

"Are you sullen and obstinate?"

“你很不高兴，很执拗吗？”

"No, ma'am, I am very sorry for you, and very sorry I can't play just now. If you complain of me I shall get into trouble with my sister, so I would do it if I could; but it's so new here, and so strange, and so fine—and melancholy—." I stopped, fearing I might say too much, or had already said it, and we took another look at each other.

“不是的，夫人，我很抱歉，很抱歉我现在不能玩。如果你抱怨我的话，我姐姐就会找我麻烦。所以只要我能做的我一定会做，但这里那么新奇，那么陌生，那么美好——而且那么让人悲伤——”我停了下来，害怕自己会说得太多了，或者已经说得太多了。我们又彼此看了对方一眼。

Before she spoke again, she turned her eyes from me, and looked at the dress she wore, and at the dressing-table, and finally at herself in the looking-glass.

在她再次开口说话之前，她把目光从我身上移开，看了看她穿的衣服，看了看梳妆台，最后看着梳妆镜中的自己。

"So new to him," she muttered, "so old to me; so strange to him, so familiar to me; so melancholy to both of us! Call Estella."

“对他来说那么新奇，”她低语道，“对我来说那么陈旧；对他来说那么陌生，对我来说那么熟悉；对我们两个人来说都那么让人悲伤！叫埃斯特拉来。”

As she was still looking at the reflection of herself, I thought she was still talking to herself, and kept quiet.

由于她还在看着镜子中的自己，我以为她还在自言自语，所以就保持了沉默。

"Call Estella," she repeated, flashing a look at me. "You can do

that. Call Estella. At the door."

“叫埃斯特拉来。”她重复了一遍，同时扫了我一眼。“这你可以做到。叫埃斯特拉来。到门口去叫。”

To stand in the dark in a mysterious passage of an unknown house, bawling Estella to a scornful young lady neither visible nor responsive, and feeling it a dreadful liberty so to roar out her name, was almost as bad as playing to order. But, she answered at last, and her light came along the dark passage like a star.

黑暗之中，我站在一座陌生房子神秘的走廊上，对一个不见踪影、毫无回应、看不起人的年轻小姐大喊‘埃斯特拉’。同时我觉得大声喊出她的名字是一种极大的冒犯。这个命令跟让我玩一样糟糕。但是，最终她回应了。她顺着黑暗的过道走来，手中的光亮像星星一样。

Miss Havisham beckoned her to come close, and took up a jewel from the table, and tried its effect upon her fair young bosom and against her pretty brown hair. "Your own, one day, my dear, and you will use it well. Let me see you play cards with this boy."

郝维仙小姐把她叫到跟前，从梳妆台上拿起一件宝石饰物，先放在她年轻姣好的胸脯前，然后放在她美丽的棕色头发上，来看这件宝石饰物佩戴起来的效果。“总有一天这会是你的，亲爱的。你会很好地利用它的。我要看你和这个孩子玩牌。”

"With this boy? Why, he is a common laboring-boy!”

“和这个孩子？哎呀，他就是一个普通的、当苦力的孩子！”

I thought I overheard Miss Havisham answer—only it seemed so unlikely—"Well? You can break his heart."

我觉得，我听到了郝维仙小姐的回答——只是听起来非常不可思议——“那么，你可以让他心碎。”

"What do you play, boy?" asked Estella of myself, with the greatest disdain.

“你玩什么样的，孩子？”埃斯特拉非常轻蔑地问我。

"Nothing but beggar my neighbor, miss."

“只会夺牌戏，其他的都不会，小姐。”

"Beggar him," said Miss Havisham to Estella. So we sat down to cards.

“夺他的牌。”郝维仙小姐对埃斯特拉说道。于是我们坐下来玩牌。

It was then I began to understand that everything in the room had stopped, like the watch and the clock, a long time ago. I noticed that Miss Havisham put down the jewel exactly on the spot from which she had taken it up. As Estella dealt the cards, I glanced at the dressing-

table again, and saw that the shoe upon it, once white, now yellow, had never been worn. I glanced down at the foot from which the shoe was absent, and saw that the silk stocking on it, once white, now yellow, had been trodden ragged. Without this arrest of everything, this standing still of all the pale decayed objects, not even the withered bridal dress on the collapsed from could have looked so like grave-clothes, or the long veil so like a shroud.

就在那个时候，我开始明白，屋子里的一切事物就像那只表和那座钟一样，在很久之前就已经停止了。我注意到，郝维仙小姐把那件宝石饰物放回到她拿起来的位置。在埃斯特拉发牌的时候，我又瞥了一眼梳妆台。我看见桌上那双曾经是白的而如今已经变黄的鞋子从来没有被穿过。我向下瞥去，看到那只没有穿鞋的脚。脚上的丝袜曾经是白色的，现在已经变黄了，而且已经被踩破了。要不是因为一切事物都停止了，所有苍白、腐朽的物体都一动不动的话，那身穿在已经走形的躯体之上的新娘礼服也不会看起来像殡服一样，长长的面纱也不会看起来像裹尸布一样。

So she sat, corpse-like, as we played at cards; the frillings and trimmings on her bridal dress, looking like earthy paper. I knew nothing then, of the discoveries that are occasionally made of bodies buried in ancient times, which fall to powder in the moment of being distinctly seen; but, I have often thought since, that she must have looked as if the admission of the natural light of day would have struck her to dust.

当我们玩牌的时候，她就坐在那里，就像一具死尸，她新娘礼服上的褶边和饰物看起来就像土黄色的纸张。远古时代埋下去的尸体偶尔被发现后，在人们刚刚能清楚地看见它们的那一刻就化成了粉末。虽然那时我对此一无所知，但我经常想，她看起来绝对就像是只要白天有阳光射进来，就会被击成尘土一样。

"He calls the knaves, Jacks, this boy!" said Estella with disdain, before our first game was out. "And what coarse hands he has! And what thick boots!"

“他把‘奈夫’叫做‘杰克’（注：‘奈夫’和‘杰克’是对纸牌中J的两种不同叫法），这个孩子！”埃斯特拉在我们第一局牌结束之前鄙夷地说道，“而且他的手多粗糙啊！还有，他的靴子多笨重啊！”

I had never thought of being ashamed of my hands before; but I began to consider them a very indifferent pair. Her contempt for me was so strong, that it became infectious, and I caught it.

我之前从来没有想过会因为我的手而感到羞耻，但现在我开始觉得这双手很难看。她对我的鄙视极其强烈，以至于开始传染起来，而我就被传染了。

She won the game, and I dealt. I misdealt, as was only natural,

when I knew she was lying in wait for me to do wrong; and she denounced me for a stupid, clumsy laboring-boy.

她赢了这局牌，我得发牌。我发错牌了，这是很自然的，因为我知道她一直在暗中等着我出错，然后就来斥责我，说我是个愚蠢、笨拙、只能干苦力的小子。

"You say nothing of her," remarked Miss Havisham to me, as she looked on. "She says many hard things of you, but you say nothing of her. What do you think of her?"

“你一句无礼的话都不对她说。”郝维仙小姐看着这一切，对我说道，“她对你说了很多难听的话，但你一句无礼的话也不对她说。你觉得她这个人怎么样？”

"I don't like to say," I stammered.

“我不想说。”我结结巴巴地说。

"Tell me in my ear," said Miss Havisham, bending down.

“在我耳边小声告诉我。”说着，郝维仙小姐弯下了腰。

"I think she is very proud," I replied, in a whisper.

“我觉得她特别高傲。”我小声回答道。

"Anything else?"

“其他的呢？”

"I think she is very pretty."

“我觉得她很漂亮。”

"Anything else?"

“还有吗？”

"I think she is very insulting." (She was looking at me then with a look of supreme aversion.)

“我觉得她很无礼。”（这时埃斯特拉正带着一副非常厌恶的表情看着我。）

"Anything else?"

“别的呢？”

"I think I should like to go home."

“我觉得我想回家了。”

"And never see her again, though she is so pretty?"

“尽管她这么漂亮，也永远不想再看到她了？”

"I am not sure that I shouldn't like to see her again, but I should

like to go home now."

“我不知道还想不想再看见她，但我现在想回家了。”

"You shall go soon," said Miss Havisham, aloud. "Play the game out."

“你很快就会回家了。”郝维仙小姐大声地说，“把这一局打完。”

Saving for the one weird smile at first, I should have felt almost sure that Miss Havisham's face could not smile. It had dropped into a watchful and brooding expression—most likely when all the things about her had become transfixed—and it looked as if nothing could ever lift it up again. Her chest had dropped, so that she stooped; and her voice had dropped, so that she spoke low, and with a dead lull upon her; altogether, she had the appearance of having dropped, body and soul, within and without, under the weight of a crushing blow.

除了一开始那个古怪的笑容之外，我几乎可以肯定，郝维仙小姐的脸不会笑。她的脸已经深深地陷入了一种警惕、幽怨的神情——很可能是从她周围一切事物都停止的时候开始的——而且看起来仿佛没有什么能再让她高兴起来。她的胸脯陷下去了，所以她只能弓着背；她的声音衰弱了，所以她只能低声说话。由于全身上下笼罩着死一般的寂静，她看起来就像经受了一次惨重的打击，身体、灵魂、里里外外——整个人都陷了下去。

I played the game to an end with Estella, and she beggared me. She threw the cards down on the table when she had won them all, as if she despised them for having been won of me.

我和埃斯特拉打完了这局牌，她夺走了我所有的牌。她赢走了所有的牌，然后就把它们往桌子上一扔，仿佛因为是从我手里赢走的就很鄙视它们。

"When shall I have you here again?" said Miss Havisham. "Let me think."

“你什么时候会再来？”郝维仙小姐说道。“让我想一想。”

I was beginning to remind her that today was Wednesday, when she checked me with her former impatient movement of the fingers of her right hand.

我正要提醒她今天是星期三，她就用右手手指做出之前那个不耐烦的手势打断了我。

"There, there! I know nothing of days of the week; I know nothing of weeks of the year. Come again after six days. You hear?"

“好了，好了！我不知道一个星期有哪几天，也不知道一年有哪几个星期。六天后再来。听到没有？”

"Yes, ma'am."

“好的，夫人。”

"Estella, take him down. Let him have something to eat, and let him roam and look about him while he eats. Go, Pip."

“埃斯特拉，把他带下去吧。让他吃点东西，吃东西的时候让他四处逛一逛，看一看。走吧，皮普。”

I followed the candle down, as I had followed the candle up, and she stood it in the place where we had found it. Until she opened the side entrance, I had fancied, without thinking about it, that it must necessarily be night-time. The rush of the daylight quite confounded me, and made me feel as if I had been in the candlelight of the strange room many hours.

就像来时跟着烛光上楼一样，我跟着烛光下了楼。然后她把蜡烛放在我们拿起它的地方。在她打开侧门之前，我没有仔细思考就想当然地认为现在一定已经是晚上了。猛地射来的阳光一下子让我既困惑又惊讶，我感觉已经在那个点着蜡烛的陌生房间里呆了很多个小时了。

"You are to wait here, you boy," said Estella; and disappeared and closed the door.

“你在这里等着，你这小子。”埃斯特拉说完，关上门就消失了。

I took the opportunity of being alone in the court-yard, to look at my coarse hands and my common boots. My opinion of those accessories was not favorable. They had never troubled me before, but they troubled me now, as vulgar appendages. I determined to ask Joe why he had ever taught me to call those picture-cards, Jacks, which ought to be called knaves. I wished Joe had been rather more genteelly brought up, and then I should have been so too.

我利用一个人在院子里的时机，看了看我粗糙的双手和那双粗俗的靴子。我现在看那些衣物也不顺眼了。它们之前从来没有烦过我，但现在它们就像粗俗的附加物一样让我很反感。我决定问问乔，他为什么一直教我把那些图画卡片叫做“杰克”，而实际上它们应该叫“奈夫”。我多么希望乔当初得到的是更高雅的教养，那样的话我也会受到更高雅的教养。

She came back, with some bread and meat and a little mug of beer. She put the mug down on the stones of the yard, and gave me the bread and meat without looking at me, as insolently as if I were a dog in disgrace. I was so humiliated, hurt, spurned, offended, angry, sorry—I cannot hit upon the right name for the smart—God knows what its name was—that tears started to my eyes. The moment they sprang there, the girl looked at me with a quick delight in having been the cause of them. This gave me power to keep them back and to look

at her: so, she gave a contemptuous toss—but with a sense, I thought, of having made too sure that I was so wounded -and left me.

埃斯特拉回来了，手里拿了点面包和肉，一小杯啤酒。她把杯子放在院子里的石板上，把面包和肉塞给我，看都不看我一眼，态度蛮横无礼，就好像我是一条让人丢脸的狗一样。我感到特别难堪，特别受伤，感到如此地被冷遇，被冒犯，既生气又伤心——我找不出合适的词来描绘我的心情——天知道合适的词是什么——眼泪开始往上涌。就在眼泪要涌出来的那一刻，那个女孩看着我，眼里带着一丝快感，因为她知道是她把我弄哭的。这让我有力量把眼泪咽回去，并且回看着她。于是她很轻视地甩了一下头——但我觉得，她感觉到自己太过肯定地认为我很伤心——然后从我身边走开了。

But, when she was gone, I looked about me for a place to hide my face in, and got behind one of the gates in the brewery-lane, and leaned my sleeve against the wall there, and leaned my forehead on it and cried. As I cried, I kicked the wall, and took a hard twist at my hair; so bitter were my feelings, and so sharp was the smart without a name, that needed counteraction.

但是，当她离开之后，我四处找地方把我的脸藏起来。我躲到酿酒坊小路上的一个门后边，把手臂倚在墙上，把头靠在手臂上，大哭起来。我一边哭，一边踢墙，同时用力揪我的头发。我心里太难过了，那种莫名的痛苦太强烈了，我需要发泄出来。

My sister's bringing up had made me sensitive. In the little world in which children have their existence whosoever brings them up, there is nothing so finely perceived and so finely felt, as injustice. It may be only small injustice that the child cans be exposed to; but the child is small, and its world is small, and its rocking-horse stands as many hands high, according to scale, as a big-boned Irish hunter. Within myself, I had sustained, from my babyhood, a perpetual conflict with injustice. I had known, from the time when I could speak, that my sister, in her capricious and violent coercion, was unjust to me. I had cherished a profound conviction that her bringing me up by hand, gave her no right to bring me up by jerks. Through all my punishments, disgraces, fasts and vigils, and other penitential performances, I had nursed this assurance; and to my communing so much with it, in a solitary and unprotected way, I in great part refer the fact that I was morally timid and very sensitive.

我姐姐的教养让我变得很敏感。在孩子们生存的小世界里，不管是谁把他们带大的，孩子领悟最深、感受最大的就是不公正的待遇。这个孩子可能仅仅会受到一点不公正的待遇，但孩子很小，他的世界也很小，以他的衡量标准来看，他的木马和大骨架的爱尔兰猎马一样高大。在我内心当中，从儿时开始我就在与不公正的待遇做着永恒的斗争。从我会说话时起，我就知道，我姐姐那反复无常的暴力威胁对我来说是不

公正的待遇。我一直抱有一个坚定的信念，那就是我姐姐虽然把我带大，但没有权利对我打打骂骂。在经受羞辱、禁食、守夜以及其他的苦行赎罪的惩罚过程中，我产生了这种坚定的信念。我孤身一人，毫无保护地与这种信念融为一体，而这在很大程度上让我变得性格胆怯、多愁善感。

I got rid of my injured feelings for the time, by kicking them into the brewery wall, and twisting them out of my hair, and then I smoothed my face with my sleeve, and came from behind the gate. The bread and meat were acceptable, and the beer was warming and tingling, and I was soon in spirits to look about me.

我踢酿酒作坊的墙，猛揪自己的头发，这样暂时摆脱了受伤的情感。然后我用衣袖擦干脸，从门后走了出来。面包和肉的味道还可以，啤酒给我带来一阵暖意和舌头上的刺痛感。我很快就来了精神，开始四处观望。

To be sure, it was a deserted place, down to the pigeon-house in the brewery-yard, which had been blown crooked on its pole by some high wind, and would have made the pigeons think themselves at sea, if there had been any pigeons there to be rocked by it. But, there were no pigeons in the dove-cot, no horses in the stable, no pigs in the sty, no malt in the store-house, no smells of grains and beer in the copper or the vat. All the uses and scents of the brewery might have evaporated with its last reek of smoke. In a by-yard, there was a wilderness of empty casks, which had a certain sour remembrance of better days lingering about them; but it was too sour to be accepted as a sample of the beer that was gone—and in this respect I remember those recluses as being like most others.

可以肯定的是，从这里一直到酿酒作坊大院里的鸽舍都是个荒凉的地方。挂在柱子上的鸽舍已经被哪阵大风吹歪了，如果上面有鸽子的话，它们摇摇晃晃的，一定以为自己是在大海上。但是，鸽舍里没有鸽子，马厩里没有马，猪圈里没有猪，仓库里没有麦芽，大锅和大桶里没有谷物和啤酒的香气。酿酒作坊所有的用途和香气可能都已经随着它最后一股浓烟蒸发掉了。在一个侧院里，胡乱地摆放着一些空酒桶。它们散发出一股酸气，让人们想起它们过去的好时光。但是这种气味太酸了，不能被当成过去那种啤酒的样本——在这一点上，我想起那些隐士，他们和大多数人没什么两样。

Behind the furthest end of the brewery, was a rank garden with an old wall: not so high but that I could struggle up and hold on long enough to look over it, and see that the rank garden was the garden of the house, and that it was overgrown with tangled weeds, but that there was a track upon the green and yellow paths, as if someone sometimes walked there, and that Estella was walking away from me even then. But she seemed to be everywhere. For, when I yielded to

the temptation presented by the casks, and began to walk on them. I saw her walking on them at the end of the yard of casks. She had her back towards me, and held her pretty brown hair spread out in her two hands, and never looked round, and passed out of my view directly. So, in the brewery itself—by which I mean the large paved lofty place in which they used to make the beer, and where the brewing utensils still were. When I first went into it, and, rather oppressed by its gloom, stood near the door looking about me, I saw her pass among the extinguished fires, and ascend some light iron stairs, and go out by a gallery high overhead, as if she were going out into the sky.

在酿酒作坊最远处的后面有一个杂草丛生的花园，周围有一道旧围墙。墙不是很高，所以我努力踮起脚，抓住墙头，仔细看了看花园。我发现这个花园就是这所房子的花园。里面杂草丛生、藤茎缠绕，但是在黄绿相间的小径上有一行足迹，似乎有人有时会从那里走过。在那时，埃斯特拉似乎已经离我越来越远了。然而她似乎是无处不在。因为，当我经不住酒桶的诱惑，开始在上面走时，我看到埃斯特拉正在院子另一头的酒桶上走着。她背对着我，两手托住她披散下来的棕色秀发，目不斜视地往前走，径直地从我视线里消失了。于是，我走进酿酒作坊——我是指那个又高又大、铺着地板的地方。人们曾经在这里酿啤酒，现在这里仍然有酿酒器皿。当我刚进去的时候，里面的黑暗让我感到相当压抑。我站在门口，向周围看了看。我看到她经过几个熄灭的火炉，走上几个轻便铁阶梯，然后从位于我头顶高处的一条长廊走了出去，仿佛她要上天似的。

It was in this place, and at this moment, that a strange thing happened to my fancy. I thought it a strange thing then, and I thought it a stranger thing long afterwards. I turned my eyes—a little dimmed by looking up at the frosty light—towards a great wooden beam in a low nook of the building near me on my right hand, and I saw a figure hanging there by the neck. A figure all in yellow white, with but one shoe to the feet; and it hung so, that I could see that the faded trimmings of the dress were like earthy paper, and that the face was Miss Havisham's, with a movement going over the whole countenance as if she were trying to call to me. In the terror of seeing the figure and in the terror of being certain that it had not been there a moment before, I at first ran from it, and then ran towards it. And my terror was greatest of all, when I found no figure there.

就在那里，就在那一刻，一件奇怪的事发生了，让我大为震惊。这件事我当时觉得奇怪，很久之后想起来觉得更奇怪了。我抬头向上看，刺眼的光让我的视线有点模糊。我把目光投向靠近我右手边的那个低矮的房屋角落，看到那儿有个大的木头横梁。横梁上吊着一个人，绳索系在脖子上。这个人穿着一身发黄的白衣服，脚上只穿了一只鞋。她吊在那里，我可以看到她衣服上褪色的花饰就像土黄色的纸一样。那张面孔

是郝维仙小姐的模样，整张脸动了一下，仿佛她想要叫我一样。看到这个人，我十分恐惧，而我确定片刻之前她并不在那里，这也让我恐惧。所以我刚开始是扭头从她那边跑开，然后又掉头朝她那边跑去。然而当我发现那里根本没有人时，我内心的恐惧前所未有地强烈。

Nothing less than the frosty light of the cheerful sky, the sight of people passing beyond the bars of the court-yard gate, and the reviving influence of the rest of the bread and meat and beer, would have brought me round. Even with those aids, I might not have come to myself as soon as I did, but that I saw Estella approaching with the keys, to let me out. She would have some fair reason for looking down upon me, I thought, if she saw me frightened; and she would have no fair reason.

随后，我看到晴空刺眼的阳光，看到人们从院落大门的铁栏外经过。余下的面包，肉和啤酒也让我清醒些了，没有什么能比这些更快地让我恢复过来了。但是如果不是我看到埃斯特拉拿着钥匙走过来、放我出去的话，即使有那些的东西的帮助，我可能也不能这么快就恢复过来。我寻思着，要是她看见我受到惊吓的样子，她就有足够的理由鄙视我了，而我是不会让她有足够理由的。

She gave me a triumphant glance in passing me, as if she rejoiced that my hands were so coarse and my boots were so thick, and she opened the gate, and stood holding it. I was passing out without looking at her, when she touched me with a taunting hand.

她经过我的时候，耀武扬威地瞥了我一眼，仿佛她特别欣喜地看到我的双手如此粗糙，我的靴子如此笨重。她打开大门，手把着门站在那里。我走了出去，一眼也没有看她。这时她用手嘲弄地碰了我一下。

"Why don't you cry?"

“你为什么不哭？”

"Because I don't want to."

“因为我不想哭。”

"You do," said she. "You have been crying till you are half blind, and you are near crying again now."

“你想哭。”她说道，“你刚刚一直在哭，眼睛都快哭瞎了，现在你又快要哭了。”

She laughed contemptuously, pushed me out, and locked the gate upon me. I went straight to Mr. Pumblechook's, and was immensely relieved to find him not at home. So, leaving word with the shop man on what day I was wanted at Miss Havisham's again, I set off on the four-mile walk to our forge; pondering, as I went along, on all I had seen, and deeply revolving that I was a common laboring-boy; that my hands were coarse; that my boots were thick; that I had fallen into a

despicable habit of calling knaves Jacks; that I was much more ignorant than I had considered myself last night, and generally that I was in a low-lived bad way.

她轻蔑地大笑起来，把我推出去，锁上了大门。我径直去了彭波契克先生家里，发现他不在家后，我感到如释重负。于是，我让店员告知彭波契克先生，郝维仙小姐要我哪一天再到她家里去。之后我就开始往我们的铁匠铺走去，这段路有四英里长。我一边走一边思考我所看到的一切，同时深切地意识到，我只是个干苦力活的小子；我的双手粗糙，靴子笨重；我养成了一个把“奈夫”叫做“杰克”的粗鄙的习惯；我比昨天晚上所了解的自己更加无知；总体来讲，我是以一种糟糕的方式卑下地活着。

CHAPTER 9

第九章

When I reached home, my sister was very curious to know all about Miss Havisham's, and asked a number of questions. And I soon found myself getting heavily bumped from behind in the nape of the neck and the small of the back, and having my face ignominiously shoved against the kitchen wall, because I did not answer those questions at sufficient length.

当我到家之后，我姐姐对郝维仙小姐家的一切都非常好奇，她问了我很多问题。很快，我的后脖颈和后腰上就挨了重重的拳头，脸也很不光彩地被按在厨房的墙上，这都是因为我没能仔细地回答问题。

If a dread of not being understood be hidden in the breasts of other young people to anything like the extent to which it used to be hidden in mine—which I consider probable, as I have no particular reason to suspect myself of having been a monstrosity—it is the key to many reservations. I felt convinced that if I described Miss Havisham's as my eyes had seen it, I should not be understood. Not only that, but I felt convinced that Miss Havisham too would not be understood; and although she was perfectly incomprehensible to me, I entertained an impression that there would be something coarse and treacherous in my dragging her as she really was (to say nothing of Miss Estella) before the contemplation of Mrs. Joe. Consequently, I said as little as I could, and had my face shoved against the kitchen wall.

如果任何一个年轻人和我一样在心里担心自己说出的话不会被别人所理解的话——我认为这是可能的，因为我没有什么特别的理由怀疑自己是个怪物——很多事情就会因此被留在心里。我很确定，如果我像亲眼所见的那样描述郝维仙小姐家的话，他们一定不会理解我。不仅如此，我还确信，郝维仙小姐也不会被理解，尽管我对她也是一点也不了解。我寻思着，要是我把她的真实情况一一摆出来（根本不提埃斯特拉）让乔太太去思考的话，那样就有些卑鄙和阴险了。于是我尽可能地少说，所以我的脸就被按在了厨房的墙壁上。

The worst of it was that that bullying old Pumblechook, preyed upon by a devouring curiosity to be informed of all I had seen and heard, came gaping over in his chaise-cart at tea-time, to have the details divulged to him. And the mere sight of the torment, with his fishy eyes and mouth open, his sandy hair inquisitively on end, and his waistcoat heaving with windy arithmetic, made me vicious in my reticence.

最糟糕的是，那个欺负人的老彭波契克，在强烈的好奇心驱使之

下，想要知道我一切的所见所闻。他在喝下午茶的时候坐着他的轻便马车气喘吁吁地赶来，要我把所有的细节都透露给他。他滑溜溜的眼睛睁得老大，嘴巴张开，浅棕色的头发好问地竖起来，他的背心被枯燥的算数题装得鼓鼓的。一看到他这副受折磨的样子，我就故意沉默不语。

"Well, boy," Uncle Pumblechook began, as soon as he was seated in the chair of honor by the fire. "How did you get on up town?"

“好了，小子。”彭波契克舅舅在火炉旁的贵宾椅上刚一坐定就开始发问，“你在镇上过得怎么样啊？”

I answered, "Pretty well, sir," and my sister shook her fist at me.

我回答道：“挺好的，先生。”这时我姐姐朝我挥了挥拳头。

"Pretty well?" Mr. Pumblechook repeated. "Pretty well is no answer. Tell us what you mean by pretty well, boy?"

“挺好的？”彭波契克先生重复道，“‘挺好的’根本就是没有回答。告诉我们‘挺好的’是什么意思，小子？”

Whitewash on the forehead hardens the brain into a state of obstinacy perhaps. Anyhow, with whitewash from the wall on my forehead, my obstinacy was adamantine. I reflected for some time, and then answered as if I had discovered a new idea, "I mean pretty well."

可能脑门上粘的石灰粉会让脑袋僵硬，进入顽固的状态。不管怎样，我的脑门粘上墙上的石灰粉，我也就变得非常顽固。我想了一会儿，然后就像发现了什么新鲜事一样地回答道：“我的意思是挺好的。”

My sister with an exclamation of impatience was going to fly at me—I had no shadow of defence, for Joe was busy in the forge when Mr. Pumblechook interposed with "No! Don't lose your temper. Leave this lad to me, ma'am; leave this lad to me." Mr. Pumblechook then turned me towards him, as if he were going to cut my hair, and said:

我姐姐不耐烦地喊了一声，正准备朝我扑过来——我没有任何防御措施，因为乔此时正在铁匠铺里忙活着。而这时，彭波契克舅舅插了进来，他说：“别！别发火。让我来对付这小子，太太，让我来对付这小子。”彭波契克先生把我转过来面对着他，就像他要给我理发一样。他说：

"First to get our thoughts in order: Forty-three pence?”

“首先我们整理一下思绪：四十三便士是多少？”

I calculated the consequences of replying "Four Hundred Pound," and finding them against me, went as near the answer as I could—which was somewhere about eightpence off. Mr. Pumblechook then put me through my pence-table from "twelve pence make one shilling," up to "forty pence make three and fourpence," and then

triumphantly demanded, as if he had done for me, "Now! How much is forty-three pence?” To which I replied, after a long interval of reflection, "I don't know." And I was so aggravated that I almost doubt if I did know.

我寻思着，要是我回答“四百镑”会有什么后果，结果发现这种后果对我不利，于是我就尽可能地算得准确些，结果回答得比正确答案大约少了八便士。然后彭波契克先生让我复习一遍便士换算，从“十二便士等于一先令”到“四十便士等于三先令四便士”。接着他就像已经替我算好了一样，得意洋洋地问道：“现在可以了！四十三便士是多少？”我思考了很长时间之后回答道：“我不知道。”我当时特别恼火，我甚至怀疑自己是不是真的知道。

Mr. Pumblechook worked his head like a screw to screw it out of me, and said, "Is forty-three pence seven and sixpence three fardens, for instance?”

彭波契克先生的脑袋就像螺丝钉一样开动起来，要从我身上钻出答案：“比如，四十三便士是不是七先令六便士三法寻呢？”

"Yes!" said I. And although my sister instantly boxed my ears, it was highly gratifying to me to see that the answer spoilt his joke, and brought him to a dead stop.

“对！”我说道。尽管我姐姐立马打了我几个耳光，但我还是很满足地看到我的回答搞砸了他的玩笑，把他逼到了死胡同。

"Boy! What like is Miss Havisham?" Mr. Pumblechook began again when he had recovered; folding his arms tight on his chest and applying the screw.

“小子！郝维仙小姐长什么样子？”彭波契克先生恢复过来之后又开始发问，他把胳膊紧紧地抱在胸前，同时拧螺丝般地转动着脑袋。

"Very tall and dark," I told him.

“很高很黑。”我告诉他。

"Is she, uncle?" asked my sister.

“她真是这样的吗，舅舅？”我姐姐问道。

Mr. Pumblechook winked assent; from which I at once inferred that he had never seen Miss Havisham, for she was nothing of the kind.

彭波契克先生眨了眨眼睛表示同意，我马上从这一点上推断出，他从没见过郝维仙小姐，因为她根本就不是那样的。

"Good!" said Mr. Pumblechook conceitedly. ("This is the way to have him! We are beginning to hold our own, I think, Mum?")

“好！”彭波契克先生自负地说道，（“这就是对付他的方法！我觉得

我们开始能顶住他的反抗了，太太。”）

"I am sure, uncle," returned Mrs. Joe, "I wish you had him always: you know so well how to deal with him.”

“那是肯定的，舅舅。”乔太太回答说，“我希望你一直能管教着他，你特别清楚怎么样对付他。”

"Now, boy! What was she a-doing of, when you went in today?" asked Mr. Pumblechook.

“好了，小子！你今天去的时候她正在干什么？”彭波契克先生问道。

"She was sitting," I answered, "in a black velvet coach."

“她正坐着。”我回答说，“坐在一辆黑天鹅绒的马车里。”

Mr. Pumblechook and Mrs. Joe stared at one another—as they well might—and both repeated, "In a black velvet coach?"

彭波契克先生和乔太太面面相觑——这是理所当然的——他们两人同时重复道：“坐在一辆黑色天鹅绒的马车里？”

"Yes," said I. "And Miss Estella—that's her niece, I think—handed her in cake and wine at the coach-window, on a gold plate. And we all had cake and wine on gold plates. And I got up behind the coach to eat mine, because she told me to.”

“是的。”我说道，“埃斯特拉小姐——我想是她的侄女——用金盘子盛着蛋糕和酒，从马车窗户递给她。而且我们都拿到了放在金盘子上的蛋糕和酒。我上了马车，坐在后面吃我的那份，因为她叫我上去的。”

"Was anybody else there?" asked Mr. Pumblechook.

“那里还有其他人吗？”彭波契克先生问道。

"Four dogs," said I.

“有四条狗。”我说道。

"Large or small?"

“大狗还是小狗？”

"Immense," said I. "And they fought for veal cutlets out of a silver basket."

“特别大。”我说道，“他们争抢着放在银筐子里的小牛排。”

Mr. Pumblechook and Mrs. Joe stared at one another again, in utter amazement. I was perfectly frantic—a reckless witness under the torture—and would have told them anything.

彭波契克先生和乔太太又面面相觑，惊奇得不得了。我完全发狂了——就像一个在酷刑之下不顾后果的证人——我什么话都能对他们说出

来。

"Where was this coach, in the name of gracious?" asked my sister.

“天哪，这辆马车在哪里？”我姐姐问道。

"In Miss Havisham's room." They stared again. "But there weren't any horses to it." I added this saving clause, in the moment of rejecting four richly caparisoned coursers which I had had wild thoughts of harnessing.

“在郝维仙小姐的房间里。”他们又面面相觑。“但是车前一匹马也没有。”我本来大胆地想象了一下，想说有四匹配有华丽马具的马匹，但最后一刻我否决了这个想法，改成了这个保守的说法。

"Can this be possible, uncle?" asked Mrs. Joe. "What can the boy mean?"

“这可能吗，舅舅？”乔太太问道，“这小子是什么意思？”

"I'll tell you, Mum," said Mr. Pumblechook. "My opinion is, it's a sedan-chair. She's flighty, you know—very flighty—quite flighty enough to pass her days in a sedan-chair.”

“我来告诉你，太太。”彭波契克先生说，“我看，那是台轿子。她反复无常，你知道——非常反复无常——反复无常到在轿子里过日子。”

"Did you ever see her in it, uncle?" asked Mrs. Joe.

“你有见过她坐在轿子里吗，舅舅？”乔太太问。

"How could I," he returned, forced to the admission, "when I never see her in my life? Never clapped eyes upon her!"

“我哪能见过。”他不得不承认地回答道，“我一辈子都没见过她。从没亲眼见过她！”

"Goodness, uncle! And yet you have spoken to her?"

“天哪，舅舅！那你过去是怎么和她说话的？”

"Why, don't you know," said Mr. Pumblechook, testily, "that when I have been there, I have been took up to the outside of her door, and the door has stood ajar, and she has spoke to me that way. Don't say you don't know that, Mum. Howsever, the boy went there to play. What did you play at, boy?"

“哎呀，你不知道。”彭波契克先生不耐烦地说道，“我去那里的时候都被带到她的门外，门稍微开了一点，她就那样跟我说话。别说你不知道这事，太太。不管怎样，这个小子进去玩了。你玩了什么，小子？”

"We played with flags," I said. (I beg to observe that I think of myself with amazement, when I recall the lies I told on this occasion.)

“我们玩旗。”我说道。（我不得不说，当我回想起当时我撒的谎

时，我都对我自己感到吃惊。）

"Flags!" echoed my sister.

“旗！”我姐姐重复道。

"Yes," said I. "Estella waved a blue flag, and I waved a red one, and Miss Havisham waved one sprinkled all over with little gold stars, out at the coach-window. And then we all waved our swords and hurrahed.”

“是啊。”我说，“埃斯特拉朝马车窗外挥舞着蓝旗，我挥舞着红旗，郝维仙小姐挥舞着一面洒满小金星的旗。然后我们都挥剑欢呼。”

"Swords!" repeated my sister. "Where did you get swords from?"

“剑！”我姐姐重复道，“你们哪里来的剑？”

"Out of a cupboard," said I. "And I saw pistols in it—and jam—and pills. And there was no daylight in the room, but it was all lighted up with candles.”

“从碗橱里拿的。”我说，“而且我看见里面有枪——果酱——药丸。房间里没有阳光，但用蜡烛点亮了。”

"That's true, Mum," said Mr. Pumblechook, with a grave nod. "That's the state of the case, for that much I've seen myself." And then they both stared at me, and I, with an obtrusive show of artlessness on my countenance, stared at them, and plaited the right leg of my trousers with my right hand.

“那是真的，夫人。”彭波契克先生说着严肃地点了一下头。“事情就是这样的，我看到的就是这些。”然后他们两个都盯着我，而我则做出一副明显的、老老实实的样子，看着他们，同时用右手拧着右裤腿。

If they had asked me any more questions I should undoubtedly have betrayed myself, for I was even then on the point of mentioning that there was a balloon in the yard, and should have hazarded the statement but for my invention being divided between that phenomenon and a bear in the brewery. They were so much occupied, however, in discussing the marvels I had already presented for their consideration, that I escaped. The subject still held them when Joe came in from his work to have a cup of tea. To whom my sister, more for the relief of her own mind than for the gratification of his, related my pretended experiences.

要是他们再多问我一个问题，我肯定就会露馅。因为当时我正准备说院子里有个气球，这种说法一定会让我整个陈述遭到被怀疑的危险。我之所以没说是因为我不确定是凭空捏造出个气球好，还是瞎编说酿酒作坊里有只熊好。但是他们俩全神贯注地讨论我给他们讲述的奇事，所以我才得以逃脱。当乔从铁匠铺回来喝杯茶的时候，他们还在讨论这个

话题。我姐姐把我瞎编的经历告诉了乔，她这么做更多的是为了减轻她自己的精神负担，而不是为了让乔高兴。

Now, when I saw Joe open his blue eyes and roll them all round the kitchen in helpless amazement, I was overtaken by penitence; but only as regarded him—not in the least as regarded the other two. Towards Joe, and Joe only, I considered myself a young monster, while they sat debating what results would come to me from Miss Havisham's acquaintance and favor. They had no doubt that Miss Havisham would "do something" for me; their doubts related to the form that something would take. My sister stood out for "property." Mr. Pumblechook was in favor of a handsome premium for binding me apprentice to some genteel trade—say, the corn and seed trade, for instance. Joe fell into the deepest disgrace with both, for offering the bright suggestion that I might only be presented with one of the dogs who had fought for the veal-cutlets. "If a fool's head can't express better opinions than that," said my sister, "and you have got any work to do, you had better go and do it." So he went.

现在，当我看见乔睁着蓝色的大眼睛，满厨房地观望，一脸极为惊讶的表情。我心里立刻充满了懊悔。但这种懊悔仅仅是对乔一个人的懊悔——对另外两个人一点也没有悔意。对于乔，也仅仅是对于乔来说，我认为自己是个小魔头。而这时他们正坐在那里争论着，我结识了郝维仙小姐并且得到她的恩惠之后会有什么结果。他们毫无疑问地认为郝维仙小姐会“为我做些什么事”，他们有疑问的是这些事会以什么方式来做成。我姐姐坚持要“财产”。彭波契克先生希望是一笔数目可观的费用，使我能够进入某种上等的行业当学徒——比如说，谷物和种子买卖行业。乔提出了一个很好的建议说，我可能只会得到一只争抢过小牛排的狗。但乔因此被他们两个人狠狠地羞辱了一番。“要是你那个傻瓜脑袋想不出比这更好的建议，”我姐姐说道，“或者你还有活要干的话，你最好滚开干活去。”于是乔就离开了。

After Mr. Pumblechook had driven off, and when my sister was washing up, I stole into the forge to Joe, and remained by him until he had done for the night. Then I said, "Before the fire goes out, Joe, I should like to tell you something."

彭波契克先生驱车离开之后，趁我姐姐正在洗洗涮涮，我溜到铁匠铺去找乔。我在那里一直等到他把晚上的活干完。然后我说：“在炉火熄灭之前，乔，我想告诉你一点事情。”

"Should you, Pip?" said Joe, drawing his shoeing-stool near the forge. "Then tell us. What is it, Pip?"

“你想告诉我一点事情，皮普？”乔说着把他的钉蹄凳拖到熔炉旁边。“那就说吧。什么事，皮普？”

"Joe," said I, taking hold of his rolled-up shirt sleeve, and twisting

it between my finger and thumb, "you remember all that about Miss Havisham's?"

“乔,”我一边说着，一边抓起他卷起的衣袖，在拇指和食指间不停地揉搓着，“你还记得我说的关于郝维仙小姐的事吗？”

"Remember?" said Joe. "I believe you! Wonderful!"

“记得？”乔说,“我相信你！太妙了！”

"It's a terrible thing, Joe; it ain't true."

“太糟糕了，乔，那是假的。”

"What are you telling of, Pip?" cried Joe, falling back in the greatest amazement. "You don't mean to say it's—”

“你在说什么，皮普？”乔喊道，他大吃一惊，向后倒退了一步。“你不会是说刚刚的话是——”

"Yes I do; it's lies, Joe."

“是的，是些谎话，乔。”

"But not all of it? Why sure you don't mean to say, Pip, that there was no black welwet coach?" For, I stood shaking my head. "But at least there was dogs, Pip? Come, Pip," said Joe, persuasively, "if there warn't no weal-cutlets, at least there was dogs?”

“但不会都是谎话吧？只是没有黑天鹅绒马车，是吧，皮普？”我站在那里摇了摇头。“但至少有狗吧，皮普？拜托，皮普，”乔用说服的口气说道，“即使没有小牛排，至少有狗吧？”

"No, Joe."

“没有，乔。”

"A dog?" said Joe. "A puppy? Come?"

“一只也没有？”乔说道，“一只小狗仔都没有？拜托？”

"No, Joe, there was nothing at all of the kind."

“没有，乔，什么狗也没有。”

As I fixed my eyes hopelessly on Joe, Joe contemplated me in dismay. "Pip, old chap! This won't do, old fellow! I say! Where do you expect to go to?"

当我无望地盯着乔时，乔也失望地注视着我。“皮普，老弟！这可不行啊，老弟！我说！你想今后变成什么样的人啊？”

"It's terrible, Joe; an't it?"

“很糟糕，乔，是不是？”

"Terrible?" cried Joe. "Awful! What possessed you?"

“很糟糕？”乔喊道，“太糟糕了！你中什么邪了？”

"I don't know what possessed me, Joe," I replied, letting his shirt sleeve go, and sitting down in the ashes at his feet, hanging my head; "but I wish you hadn't taught me to call Knaves at cards, Jacks; and I wish my boots weren't so thick nor my hands so coarse."

“我不知道自己中了什么邪，乔。”我放开他的衣袖，坐在他脚边的煤灰里，耷拉着头回答道，“但我真希望你没教过我把卡片上的奈夫叫做杰克，我真希望我的靴子不是这么笨重，我的手不是这么粗糙。

And then I told Joe that I felt very miserable, and that I hadn't been able to explain myself to Mrs. Joe and Pumblechook who were so rude to me, and that there had been a beautiful young lady at Miss Havisham's who was dreadfully proud, and that she had said I was common, and that I knew I was common, and that I wished I was not common, and that the lies had come of it somehow, though I didn't know how.

然后我告诉乔，我心里很难过，我不能跟乔太太和彭波契克先生解释清楚我的意思，他们对我太粗暴了。我告诉他，在郝维仙家里有个漂亮的年轻小姐，她极其高傲。这个小姐说我很普通，我知道我很普通，我希望自己不是这样普普通通，所以不知怎么的就说了谎，尽管我不知道谎话是如何说出口的。

This was a case of metaphysics, at least as difficult for Joe to deal with, as for me. But Joe took the case altogether out of the region of metaphysics, and by that means vanquished it.

这是个形而上学的问题，至少对乔和我来说都很难解决。但是乔把这个问题一股脑地剥离了形而上学的领域，这样一来，反而解决了这个问题。

"There's one thing you may be sure of, Pip," said Joe, after some rumination, "namely, that lies is lies. Howsever they come, they didn't ought to come, and they come from the father of lies, and work round to the same. Don't you tell no more of 'em, Pip. That ain't the way to get out of being common, old chap. And as to being common, I don't make it out at all clear. You are oncommon in some things. You're oncommon small. Likewise you're a oncommon scholar."

“有一件事你可能很确定，皮普。”乔沉思了一会说道，“那就是，谎话就是谎话。不管是怎么说出来的，都不应该说出来，它们来自于谎话，也会接着产生其他的谎话。别再说谎了，皮普。说谎不是让你摆脱普通的方法，老弟。而且，至于‘很普通’，我不是很明白。你在有些方面是不普通的。你个头很小，这点不普通。而且你是个学问家，这点也不普通。”

"No, I am ignorant and backward, Joe."

“不，我很无知，很迟钝，乔。”

"Why, see what a letter you wrote last night! Wrote in print even! I've seen letters— Ah! and from gentlefolks!—that I'll swear weren't wrote in print," said Joe.

“怎么这么说呢，看看你昨晚上写得那封信！甚至用印刷体写的！我见过很多信——哈！还是那些上流人士写的信！——我发誓，它们都不是用印刷体写的。”乔说道。

"I have learnt next to nothing, Joe. You think much of me. It's only that."

“我几乎什么都没学到，乔。你把我想得太好了。只是这样而已。”

"Well, Pip," said Joe, "be it so or be it son't, you must be a common scholar afore you can be a oncommon one, I should hope! The king upon his throne, with his crown upon his 'ed, can't sit and write his acts of Parliament in print, without having begun, when he were a unpromoted Prince, with the alphabet— Ah!" added Joe, with a shake of the head that was full of meaning, "and begun at A too, and worked his way to Z. And I know what that is to do, though I can't say I've exactly done it."

“好吧，皮普，”乔说道，“不管是不是这样，在你成为一个不寻常的学者之前，你必须成为一个普通的学者，我就希望这样！国王要是在他还是个没有继位的王子时期，没有从学习字母表开始的话，他就不能头戴王冠，坐在宝座上，用印刷体书写他的国会法令——哈！”乔意味深长地甩了一下头，补充道：“而且字母表要从A学起来，一直学到Z。尽管我不能说我就是这么做的，但我知道应该怎么做。”

There was some hope in this piece of wisdom, and it rather encouraged me.

这番睿智的话中透出的一线希望让我大受鼓舞。

"Whether common ones as to callings and earnings," pursued Joe, reflectively, "mightn't be the better of continuing for a keep company with common ones, instead of going out to play with oncommon ones—which reminds me to hope that there were a flag, perhaps?”

“至于那些干活、赚钱的普通人，”乔若有所思地继续说道，“最好还是继续与普通人交往，不要与不寻常的人打交道——这倒让我想起来了，我希望真有旗子游戏吧，是吧？”

"No, Joe."

“没有，乔。”

"I'm sorry there weren't a flag, Pip. Whether that might be, or mightn't be, is a thing as can't be looked into now, without putting your sister on the Rampage; and that's a thing not to be thought of, as

being done intentional. Lookee here, Pip, at what is said to you by a true friend. Which this to you the true friend say. If you can't get to be oncommon through going straight, you'll never get to do it through going crooked. So don't tell no more on 'em, Pip, and live well and die happy."

“我很遗憾没有旗子游戏，皮普。不管有没有，现在都不能再追究了，因为你姐姐一定会大发雷霆的。别再想这件事了，你也不是有意这样做的。听着，皮普，听着你这个真心朋友对你说的话。对你来说，这也是一个真心朋友应该说的话。要是你不能通过正途变得不寻常的话，你就永远不能通过歪门邪道变得不寻常。所以别再说谎了，皮普，好好活着，死了也高兴。”

"You are not angry with me, Joe?"

“你不生我的气吗，乔？”

"No, old chap. But bearing in mind that them were which I meantersay of a stunning and outdacious sort—alluding to them which bordered on weal-cutlets and dog-fighting—a sincere wellwisher would adwise, Pip, their being dropped into your meditations, when you go up-stairs to bed. That's all, old chap, and don't never do it no more."

“不生气，老弟。但是记住，我认为你说的那些谎话太过分，太让人震惊了——比如小牛排以及一群狗打架的谎话——只有真心对你好的人才会劝告你。皮普，你上楼睡觉的时候要好好想想。就这些了，老弟，再也别说谎了。”

When I got up to my little room and said my prayers, I did not forget Joe's recommendation, and yet my young mind was in that disturbed and unthankful state, that I thought long after I laid me down, how common Estella would consider Joe, a mere blacksmith: how thick his boots, and how coarse his hands. I thought how Joe and my sister were then sitting in the kitchen, and how I had come up to bed from the kitchen, and how Miss Havisham and Estella never sat in a kitchen, but were far above the level of such common doings. I fell asleep recalling what I "used to do" when I was at Miss Havisham's; as though I had been there weeks or months, instead of hours; and as though it were quite an old subject of remembrance, instead of one that had arisen only that day.

在我上楼进了我的小房间并做完祷告之后，我没有忘记乔的劝导。但我年幼的思维一片混乱，很不愉快。我躺下之后久久不能入睡，我寻思着，埃斯特拉一定会认为乔仅仅是个铁匠，多么普通啊，会觉得他的靴子多么笨重，他的双手多么粗糙啊。我寻思着，乔和我姐姐那时还坐在厨房里，我也是从厨房出来后到床上去睡觉的。但郝维仙小姐和埃斯特拉从来不坐在厨房里，她们的行为比这些普通的行为上等多了。我睡

着了，睡梦之中又忆起我在郝维仙小姐家的所作所为，仿佛我在那里呆了几个星期甚至是几个月，而不是几个小时，也仿佛那已经是一件陈年往事了，而不是当天发生的事。

That was a memorable day to me, for it made great changes in me. But, it is the same with any life. Imagine one selected day struck out of it, and think how different its course would have been. Pause you who read this, and think for a moment of the long chain of iron or gold, of thorns or flowers, that would never have bound you, but for the formation of the first link on one memorable day.

那天对我来说是值得纪念的一天，因为这一天让我发生了很大的改变。但是，任何生命轨迹都是这样的。想象某个特定的日子突然变得与众不同，然后就会寻思，整个生命过程原来可以和现在的如此不同。读者您不妨停下来思考一下，生活就是一条长长的链条。不论是铁链、金链、荆棘环还是花环，如果没有这值得纪念的一天做成的第一环，你就永远不能经历这样的生活。

CHAPTER 10

第十章

The felicitous idea occurred to me a morning or two later when I woke, that the best step I could take towards making myself uncommon was to get out of Biddy everything she knew. In pursuance of this luminous conception I mentioned to Biddy when I went to Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's at night, that I had a particular reason for wishing to get on in life, and that I should feel very much obliged to her if she would impart all her learning to me. Biddy, who was the most obliging of girls, immediately said she would, and indeed began to carry out her promise within five minutes.

一两天之后的一个清晨，我醒来时产生了一个绝妙的念头，那就是要让自己走向不寻常，最好的一步就是学会比迪所知道的一切。为了实现这一光辉的设想，我晚上来到沃甫赛先生姑婆的家里对比迪说，我心怀着一种特别的理由，想在自己的一生当中有所成就，如果她能将其所有的学识传授给我，我一定会对她感激不尽。比迪是个非常热情的女孩子，她当即表示愿意，并且事实上，她在五分钟之后就开始履行她的承诺了。

The Educational scheme or Course established by Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt may be resolved into the following synopsis. The pupils ate apples and put straws down one another's backs, until Mr Wopsle's great-aunt collected her energies, and made an indiscriminate totter at them with a birch-rod. After receiving the charge with every mark of derision, the pupils formed in line and buzzingly passed a ragged book from hand to hand. The book had an alphabet in it, some figures and tables, and a little spelling—that is to say, it had had once. As soon as this volume began to circulate, Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt fell into a state of coma; arising either from sleep or a rheumatic paroxysm. The pupils then entered among themselves upon a competitive examination on the subject of Boots, with the view of ascertaining who could tread the hardest upon whose toes. This mental exercise lasted until Biddy made a rush at them and distributed three defaced Bibles (shaped as if they had been unskillfully cut off the chump-end of something), more illegibly printed at the best than any curiosities of literature I have since met with, speckled all over with ironmould, and having various specimens of the insect world smashed between their leaves. This part of the Course was usually lightened by several single combats between Biddy and refractory students. When the fights were over, Biddy gave out the number of a page, and then we all read aloud what we could—or what we couldn't—in a frightful chorus; Biddy

leading with a high shrill monotonous voice, and none of us having the least notion of, or reverence for, what we were reading about. When this horrible din had lasted a certain time, it mechanically awoke Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt, who staggered at a boy fortuitously, and pulled his ears. This was understood to terminate the Course for the evening, and we emerged into the air with shrieks of intellectual victory. It is fair to remark that there was no prohibition against any pupil's entertaining himself with a slate or even with the ink (when there was any), but that it was not easy to pursue that branch of study in the winter season, on account of the little general shop in which the classes were holden—and which was also Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's sitting-room and bed-chamber—being but faintly illuminated through the agency of one low-spirited dip-candle and no snuffers.

由沃甫赛先生的姑婆制定出来的教育计划或者叫做课程计划可以分解成以下概要。学生们吃着苹果，往彼此的后背上扔稻草，直到沃甫赛先生的姑婆恢复了精力，手拿一根桦木棍，胡乱地挥动着，蹒跚地向他们走来。面对她来势汹汹的进攻，学生们先是轻蔑地做着鬼脸，然后站成一排，叽叽喳喳地把一本破烂的书从一个人的手里传到另一个人的手里。书里有张字母表、一些数字和表格以及一些单词拼写——更确切地说，这些是书里以前有的东西，现在已经弄丢了。这本书一开始传递，沃甫赛先生的姑婆就陷入了一种昏迷的状态，这要么是因为想睡觉了，要么是因为风湿病突然发作。学生们这时就自发地开始了一场对靴子的考查比赛，看看谁的靴子踩在别人的脚趾上最痛。这个心理练习一直持续到比迪朝他们冲过来才停止。比迪把三本破旧的圣经分发下去（形状看上去就像是从什么东西的屁股上乱砍下来的），印刷的字迹比我曾见过的任何文学珍品都难以辨认，上面满是墨水迹斑点，而且页面之间夹着各种各样被压扁的昆虫标本。这部分的教育课程通常由于比迪和执拗的学生之间的几次单打独斗而精彩起来。当打斗结束之后，比迪宣布页码，然后我们都大声读出我们会读的——或者我们不会读的——声音合起来令人惊恐。比迪用刺耳、单调的声音高声领读，我们没有人知道自己正在读什么，对我们所读的也毫无敬畏之情。这种可怕的嘈杂声持续了一段时间，不知不觉中吵醒了沃甫赛先生的姑婆。她摇摇晃晃地随便走到一个男孩子面前，揪起他的耳朵。这一举动在我们看来就意味着晚上的学习课程结束了，我们带着学术上的胜利，尖叫着跑到户外。公平地说，如果任何学生想要从石板或者甚至是墨水（如果有的话）中寻找乐趣的话，是不会被禁止的，但是在冬季里进行这样的学习是不容易的。因为上课的那个小杂货铺——这也是沃甫赛先生姑婆的起居室和卧室——只是由一根烛光暗淡的蜡烛在微微照明，而且没有剪烛火的剪刀。

It appeared to me that it would take time, to become uncommon under these circumstances: nevertheless, I resolved to try it, and that very evening Biddy entered on our special agreement, by imparting some information from her little catalogue of Prices, under the head of

moist sugar, and lending me, to copy at home, a large old English D which she had imitated from the heading of some newspaper, and which I supposed, until she told me what it was, to be a design for a buckle.

我觉得，在这种情况下，要变得不寻常是要花费时间的。尽管如此，我还是决心要尝试一下。那天晚上，比迪就开始履行我们的特殊约定。她把她那本小价格目录中绵糖一栏下的信息教给我。她还借给我一个大大的古体英文字母D让我回家临摹，这是她从某张报纸的标题上印下来的。在她告诉我这是个什么之前，我一直以为它是个钮扣的设计图案。

Of course there was a public-house in the village, and of course Joe liked sometimes to smoke his pipe there. I had received strict orders from my sister to call for him at the Three Jolly Bargemen, that evening, on my way from school, and bring him home at my peril. To the Three Jolly Bargemen, therefore, I directed my steps.

当然，村子里也有个酒馆，乔自然也喜欢有时去那里抽烟斗。那天晚上我接到我姐姐的严格命令，要我在放学回家的路上到“三个快活船员”酒馆里叫上乔，把他带回家，否则一切后果由我自己承担。因此，我大步流星地朝“三个快活船员”酒馆奔去。

There was a bar at the Jolly Bargemen, with some alarmingly long chalk scores in it on the wall at the side of the door, which seemed to me to be never paid off. They had been there ever since I could remember, and had grown more than I had. But there was a quantity of chalk about our country, and perhaps the people neglected no opportunity of turning it to account.

“三个快活船员”酒馆里有个吧台，靠门一边的墙上用白垩记下一长串的赊账记录。在我看来，这些帐永远都还不清。自我记事起，它们就在这里了，而且比我的个头长得还快。但是，在我们村子周围有大量的白垩，也许人们不会放过任何用它来记账的机会。

It being Saturday night, I found the landlord looking rather grimly at these records, but as my business was with Joe and not with him, I merely wished him good evening, and passed into the common room at the end of the passage, where there was a bright large kitchen fire, and where Joe was smoking his pipe in company with Mr. Wopsle and a stranger. Joe greeted me as usual with "Halloa, Pip, old chap!" and the moment he said that, the stranger turned his head and looked at me.

这是个星期六的晚上，我看到老板表情非常严肃地看着这些账单。但由于我是来找乔而不是找他的，所以我只是跟他说了声“晚上好”，然后就径直走进走廊尽头的休息室。室内生着一大团明亮的炉火，乔正在抽烟斗，旁边是沃甫赛先生和一个陌生人。乔像往常一样跟我打招

呼：“嗨，皮普，老弟！”他说这话的时候，那个陌生人转过头来看着我。

He was a secret-looking man whom I had never seen before. His head was all on one side, and one of his eyes was half shut up, as if he were taking aim at something with an invisible gun. He had a pipe in his mouth, and he took it out, and, after slowly blowing all his smoke away and looking hard at me all the time, nodded. So, I nodded, and then he nodded again, and made room on the settle beside him that I might sit down there.

他是个表情神秘的人，我之前从来没有见过这个人。他的脑袋歪向一边，一只眼睛半睁半闭，仿佛他正拿着一把隐形手枪瞄准什么东西。他嘴里叼着根烟斗，然后他取下烟斗，慢慢吐出所有的烟雾，自始至终都死死地盯着我，然后点了点头。于是，我点了点头，然后他又点了点头，而且在他旁边的长椅上让出一块地方，示意我可以坐在那里。

But, as I was used to sit beside Joe whenever I entered that place of resort, I said "No, thank you, sir," and fell into the space Joe made for me on the opposite settle. The strange man, after glancing at Joe, and seeing that his attention was otherwise engaged, nodded to me again when I had taken my seat, and then rubbed his leg—in a very odd way, as it struck me.

但是由于不管什么时候进入这种场合，我都习惯坐在乔的旁边，所以我说：“不用了，谢谢您，先生。”然后我坐在乔在对面那个长椅上给我腾出来的位置上。在我坐下之后，这个陌生人先是看了乔一眼，发现乔的注意力在别的地方之后，他又朝我点了点头，然后搓了搓他的腿——在我看来，他搓腿的方式非常奇怪。

"You was saying," said the strange man, turning to Joe, "that you was a blacksmith."

“你刚刚说，”这个陌生人转过来对乔说，“你是个铁匠。”

"Yes. I said it, you know," said Joe.

“对。我说我是个铁匠。”乔说道。

"What'll you drink, Mr.—? You didn't mention your name, by-the-bye.”

“你喝点什么，先生？顺便问一下，你还没有说你的名字。”

Joe mentioned it now, and the strange man called him by it. "What'll you drink, Mr. Gargery? At my expense? To top up with?"

乔说了自己的名字，这个陌生人就喊乔的名字。“你喝点什么，格雷戈里先生？我请客。以酒结束今晚。”

"Well," said Joe, "to tell you the truth, I ain't much in the habit of drinking at anybody's expense but my own."

“嗯，”乔说道，“老实说，我不太习惯让别人请客喝酒，我就自己买酒喝。”

"Habit? No," returned the stranger, "but once and away, and on a Saturday night too. Come! Put a name to it, Mr. Gargery."

“习惯？不行，”陌生人回答说，“仅此一次，何况还是在星期六的晚上。来吧！点一种酒吧，格雷戈里先生。”

"I wouldn't wish to be stiff company," said Joe. "Rum."

“我也不想太拘谨。”乔说道，“朗姆酒吧。”

"Rum," repeated the stranger. "And will the other gentleman originate a sentiment."

“朗姆酒。”陌生人重复道，“那这位先生想点什么酒？”

"Rum," said Mr. Wopsle.

“朗姆酒。”沃甫赛先生说。

"Three Rums!" cried the stranger, calling to the landlord. "Glasses round!"

“三杯朗姆酒！”陌生人对酒馆老板喊道，“三大杯！”

"This other gentleman," observed Joe, by way of introducing Mr. Wopsle, "is a gentleman that you would like to hear give it out. Our clerk at church."

“这位先生，”乔向他介绍沃甫赛先生，“一定是个你乐意认识的人。他是教堂里的执事。”

"Aha!" said the stranger, quickly, and cocking his eye at me. "The lonely church, right out on the marshes, with graves round it!"

“啊哈！”陌生人说道，同时迅速地瞄了我一眼，“那座孤零零的教堂，就在沼泽地里，周围都是墓地！”

"That's it," said Joe.

“就是那座教堂。”乔说道。

The stranger, with a comfortable kind of grunt over his pipe, put his legs up on the settle that he had to himself. He wore a flapping broad-brimmed traveler's hat, and under it a handkerchief tied over his head in the manner of a cap: so that he showed no hair. As he looked at the fire, I thought I saw a cunning expression, followed by a half-laugh, come into his face.

这个陌生人抬起腿，放在他自己独占的长椅上，叼着烟斗的嘴里发出舒服的呼噜声。他戴着一顶耷拉着帽檐的宽边旅行帽，帽子下面用一块手帕当作头巾包在头上，所以看不见他的头发。当他看着炉火的时候，我发现他脸上先是露出狡黠的表情，接着又摆出一副似笑非笑的神

情。

"I am not acquainted with this country, gentlemen, but it seems a solitary country towards the river."

“我不太熟悉这个村子，先生们，但它看起来是个坐落在河边的、人迹罕至的村子。”

"Most marshes is solitary," said Joe.

“大部分都是沼泽地，所以就人迹罕至。”乔说道。

"No doubt, no doubt. Do you find any gipsies, now, or tramps, or vagrants of any sort, out there?"

“确实，确实。你们在那里看见过任何吉普赛人、流浪汉或者是任何无业游民吗？”

"No," said Joe; "none but a runaway convict now and then. And we don't find them, easy. Eh, Mr. Wopsle?"

“没有，”乔说，“一个也没有，只不过偶尔有一两个逃犯。我们要找到他们也不容易。是不是，沃甫赛先生？”

Mr. Wopsle, with a majestic remembrance of old discomfiture, assented; but not warmly.

沃甫赛先生对之前的狼狈记忆深刻，他同意了乔的说法，但并不热情。

"Seems you have been out after such?" asked the stranger.

“看来你们都曾出去追捕过逃犯？”陌生人问道。

"Once," returned Joe. "Not that we wanted to take them, you understand; we went out as lookers on; me, and Mr. Wopsle, and Pip. Didn't us, Pip?"

“去过一次。”乔回答道，“你要知道，我们并不是想去抓他们，我们只是去旁观的，我，沃甫赛先生，还有皮普。是不是，皮普？”

"Yes, Joe."

“对，乔。”

The stranger looked at me again—still cocking his eye, as if he were expressly taking aim at me with his invisible gun—and said, "He's a likely young parcel of bones that. What is it you call him?"

这个陌生人再次看着我——仍然斜着眼睛，仿佛他正特意拿着他的隐形手枪瞄准我——同时说道：“他看起来很年轻。你叫他什么来着？”

"Pip," said Joe.

“皮普。”乔说道。

"Christened Pip?"

“皮普是教名吗？”

"No, not christened Pip."

“不是，皮普不是教名。”

"Surname Pip?"

“皮普是姓？”

"No," said Joe, "it's a kind of family name what he gave himself when a infant, and is called by."

“不是，”乔说，“算是一个他自己给自己起的姓。那时他还是个婴儿，后来也就这么叫了。”

"Son of yours?"

“是你的儿子？”

"Well," said Joe, meditatively—not, of course, that it could be in anywise necessary to consider about it, but because it was the way at the Jolly Bargemen to seem to consider deeply about everything that was discussed over pipes; "well—no. No, he ain't."

“嗯，”乔沉思了一会儿说道——当然并不是因为这个问题有任何必要来思考，而是因为在“三个快活船员”酒馆里，抽着烟斗讨论事情看起来就像是在思考，“嗯，不是。不是的，他不是我的儿子。”

"Nevvy?" said the strange man.

“是侄子？”陌生人说道。

"Well," said Joe, with the same appearance of profound cogitation, "he is not—no, not to deceive you, he is not—my nevvy.”

“嗯，”乔露出同样沉思的表情说道，“他不是——不骗你，他不是——我的侄子。”

"What the Blue Blazes is he?" asked the stranger. It appeared to me to be an inquiry of unnecessary strength.

“见鬼了，那他到底是谁？”陌生人问道。在我看来，他没有必要用这种语气来询问。

Mr. Wopsle struck in upon that; as one who knew all about relationships, having professional occasion to bear in mind what female relations a man might not marry; and expounded the ties between me and Joe. Having his hand in, Mr. Wopsle finished off with a most terrifically snarling passage from *Richard the Third*, and seemed to think he had done quite enough to account for it when he added, —"as the poet says."

沃甫赛先生这时插了进来，他对各种亲戚关系无所不知。他的职业习惯就是记清哪位女士和哪位男士因为有亲戚关系而不能结婚。所以他解释了我和乔之间的关系。插进来之后，沃甫赛先生最后结束时从《理查三世》中引用了一段台词。他声嘶力竭的朗诵让人惊悚万分。他似乎觉得自己的所作所为已经足以解释清楚了，最后他又补充道："就像诗人说的那样。"

And here I may remark that when Mr. Wopsle referred to me, he considered it a necessary part of such reference to rumple my hair and poke it into my eyes. I cannot conceive why everybody of his standing who visited at our house should always have put me through the same inflammatory process under similar circumstances. Yet I do not call to mind that I was ever in my earlier youth the subject of remark in our social family circle, but some large-handed person took some such ophthalmic steps to patronize me.

在这里，我要说到的一点是，当沃甫赛先生提到我的时候，他觉得既然提及我了，就有必要揪揪我的头发，让头发戳进我的眼睛里。我想不明白，为什么每一个身份地位跟他差不多的人来到我们家，总是要在相似的情形之下，让我经历同样的、让人愤怒的痛苦过程。虽然我不太记得自己年幼的时候曾是家庭社交圈里谈论的主题，但我记得的是，某些大手掌的人总是对我摆出长辈的派头，像这样摸摸我的头，弄疼我的眼睛。

All this while, the strange man looked at nobody but me, and looked at me as if he were determined to have a shot at me at last, and bring me down. But he said nothing after offering his Blue Blazes observation, until the glasses of rum-and-water were brought; and then he made his shot, and a most extraordinary shot it was.

在这一整段时间里，陌生人谁也不看，只看着我。他看着我的样子仿佛是已经决定最后要朝我开枪，把我击毙。但是他说了那句"见鬼"之后，就什么也没说了。直到兑过水的朗姆酒端上来之后，他才有所回应，这一回应可不得了。

It was not a verbal remark, but a proceeding in dump show, and was pointedly addressed to me. He stirred his rum-and-water pointedly at me, and he tasted his rum-and-water pointedly at me. And he stirred it and he tasted it: not with a spoon that was brought to him, but with a file.

这一回应并不是言语上的评论，而是一幕直接针对我的哑剧。他直接对着我搅了搅他那兑了水的朗姆酒，然后直接对着我尝了尝他那兑了水的朗姆酒。他搅动、品尝着酒水，不是用给他拿来的汤匙，而是用一把锉刀。

He did this so that nobody but I saw the file; and when he had done it he wiped the file and put it in a breast-pocket. I knew it to be

Joe's file, and I knew that he knew my convict, the moment I saw the instrument. I sat gazing at him, spell-bound. But he now reclined on his settle, taking very little notice of me, and talking principally about turnips.

他这么做使得只有我一个人看见了这把锉刀。搅完了之后，他擦干净这把锉刀，然后把它放进胸前的口袋里。我一看见那个工具，就知道那是乔的锉刀，就知道他认识我遇见的那个逃犯。我坐在那里出神地凝视着他。然而此时他倚靠在长椅上，不太理睬我，说的主要是有关萝卜的事情。

There was a delicious sense of cleaning-up and making a quiet pause before going on in life afresh, in our village on Saturday nights, which stimulated Joe to dare to stay out half an hour longer on Saturdays than at other times. The half hour and the rum-and-water running out together, Joe got up to go, and took me by the hand.

星期六的晚上，我们村子里弥散着一种愉快的气氛。人们打扫干净，静静地休息，等待下一星期的新生活，这就让乔有勇气敢在星期六的时候比平时多在外面呆半个小时。这半个小时过去了，兑了水的朗姆酒也喝完了，乔起身离开，拉着我的手往外走。

"Stop half a moment, Mr. Gargery," said the strange man. "I think I've got a bright new shilling somewhere in my pocket, and if I have, the boy shall have it."

“等一下，格雷戈里先生。”陌生人说道，“我想我的口袋里有一枚崭新发亮的先令，要是我能找到的话就给这个孩子吧。”

He looked it out from a handful of small change, folded it in some crumpled paper, and gave it to me. "Yours!" said he. "Mind! Your own."

他在一把小零钱里找到这枚先令，用一张皱巴巴的纸包好了，然后递给我。“给你！”他说，“记住！这是你自己的。”

I thanked him, staring at him far beyond the bounds of good manners, and holding tight to Joe. He gave Joe good-night, and he gave Mr. Wopsle good-night (who went out with us), and he gave me only a look with his aiming eye—no, not a look, for he shut it up, but wonders may be done with an eye by hiding it.

我谢过他，眼睛紧紧盯着他——这一举动已经超出了礼貌的范围——同时我紧紧地抓住乔。他跟乔说晚安，跟沃甫赛先生说晚安（沃甫赛先生和我们一起离开），而他只用他那瞄准的眼睛看了我一眼——不，不是看了一眼，因为他把眼睛闭上了，但是闭上一只眼睛也可以产生奇迹的。

On the way home, if I had been in a humor for talking, the talk must have been all on my side, for Mr. Wopsle parted from us at the

door of the Jolly Bargemen, and Joe went all the way home with his mouth wide open, to rinse the rum out with as much air as possible. But I was in a manner stupefied by this turning up of my old misdeed and old acquaintance, and could think of nothing else.

在回家的路上，即使我有兴致讲话，我也只能一个人讲。因为沃甫赛先生在“三个快活船员”酒馆门口就和我们告别了，而乔一路上都张大嘴巴，尽可能让空气带走他嘴里的朗姆酒味。但是想起我之前的罪行和那个老相识，我脑子里就一片混乱，其他的什么也想不起来了。

My sister was not in a very bad temper when we presented ourselves in the kitchen, and Joe was encouraged by that unusual circumstance to tell her about the bright shilling. "A bad un, I'll be bound," said Mrs. Joe triumphantly, "or he wouldn't have given it to the boy! Let's look at it."

当我们来到厨房时，我姐姐并没有大发脾气。这种不常见的情形让乔有胆量把那枚闪亮的先令的事情告诉了她。“是个假的，我打赌。”乔太太很有把握地说道，“否则他也不会把它给这个小子！拿来让我们看看。”

I took it out of the paper, and it proved to be a good one. "But what's this?" said Mrs. Joe, throwing down the shilling and catching up the paper. "Two One-Pound notes?”

我把先令从纸里拿出来，结果证实它是真的。“这是什么？”乔太太说着扔掉先令，抓起那张纸，“两张一英镑的钞票？”

Nothing less than two fat sweltering one-pound notes that seemed to have been on terms of the warmest intimacy with all the cattle markets in the county. Joe caught up his hat again, and ran with them to the Jolly Bargemen to restore them to their owner. While he was gone, I sat down on my usual stool and looked vacantly at my sister, feeling pretty sure that the man would not be there.

的确是两张油乎乎、散发着体温的一英镑钞票，看起来似乎与乡下所有的牲畜市场都有过最亲密的接触。乔又抓起他的帽子，拿上钞票跑回“三个快活船员”酒馆，要把它们还给它们的主人。乔离开之后，我坐在自己平常坐的那个凳子上，两眼无神地看着我姐姐。我很肯定地觉得，那个人已经不在那里了。

Presently, Joe came back, saying that the man was gone, but that he, Joe, had left word at the Three Jolly Bargemen concerning the notes. Then my sister sealed them up in a piece of paper, and put them under some dried rose-leaves in an ornamental tea-pot on the top of a press in the state parlor. There they remained, a nightmare to me, many and many a night and day.

不久乔回来了，他说那个人已经走了，但是乔在“三个快活船员”酒

馆里给他留了言，讲了关于钞票的事。然后我姐姐用一张纸把它们密封包好，放进一个装饰茶壶里。钞票上面盖一些干玫瑰花瓣，然后把茶壶放在客厅里的一个柜子上。它们就在那里，成了我的噩梦，日日夜夜折磨着我。

I had sadly broken sleep when I got to bed, through thinking of the strange man taking aim at me with his invisible gun, and of the guiltily coarse and common thing it was, to be on secret terms of conspiracy with convicts—a feature in my low career that I had previously forgotten. I was haunted by the file too. A dread possessed me that when I least expected it, the file would reappear. I coaxed myself to sleep by thinking of Miss Havisham's, next Wednesday; and in my sleep I saw the file coming at me out of a door, without seeing who held it, and I screamed myself awake.

可悲的是，我睡觉都睡不安稳，我会想起那个陌生人用他的隐形手枪瞄准我，想起我私下跟逃犯往来的事，这是多么罪恶、粗俗而且下贱的行为——而更显卑劣的是，我之前已经忘记了这件事。那把锉刀也像鬼魂一样缠着我。一种恐惧感侵袭了我，因为在我最意想不到的时候，那把锉刀出现在了我眼前。我想着下个星期三要去郝维仙小姐家的事，这才把自己哄睡。睡梦之中，我看见那把锉刀透过门朝我伸了过来，但却看不见拿着锉刀的人，我大叫着醒来。

CHAPTER 11

第十一章

At the appointed time I returned to Miss Havisham's, and my hesitating ring at the gate brought out Estella. She locked it after admitting me, as she had done before, and again preceded me into the dark passage where her candle stood. She took no notice of me until she had the candle in her hand, when she looked over her shoulder, superciliously saying, "You are to come this way today," and took me to quite another part of the house.

到了约定的时间，我回到了郝维仙小姐家。我在门口迟疑了很久才按了铃，这时埃斯特拉出来了。她把我接进去后锁了门，就像她以前做的那样。她再一次带我走进那条黑暗的通道，那里放着她的蜡烛。刚开始，她没有理我。拿起蜡烛后，她才转过头来，傲慢地对我说：“今天走这条路。”然后，便带我向房子的另一个地方走去。

The passage was a long one, and seemed to pervade the whole square basement of the Manor House. We traversed but one side of the square, however, and at the end of it she stopped, and put her candle down and opened a door. Here, the daylight reappeared, and I found myself in a small paved court-yard, the opposite side of which was formed by a detached dwelling-house, that looked as if it had once belonged to the manager or head clerk of the extinct brewery. There was a clock in the outer wall of this house. Like the clock in Miss Havisham's room, and like Miss Havisham's watch, it had stopped at twenty minutes to nine.

路很长，似乎遍布了整个庄园的方形地下室。当我们穿过方形地下室的一边，来到尽头时，她停了下来，放下蜡烛，打开了一扇门。这里，阳光又出现了。我发现自己正位于一个小小的、铺好的院子里面。院子对面立着一栋独立的寓所，看起来好像曾经是现已停产的酿酒作坊的经理或主管的房子。房子外面的墙上挂着一个钟。这个钟和郝维仙小姐房里的钟以及她手上戴的表一样，停在了八点四十分。

We went in at the door, which stood open, and into a gloomy room with a low ceiling, on the ground floor at the back. There was some company in the room, and Estella said to me as she joined it, "You are to go and stand there, boy, till you are wanted." "There", being the window, I crossed to it, and stood "there," in a very uncomfortable state of mind, looking out.

走进敞开的门，我们来到了一个阴暗的房间。房间位于一楼的后部，天花板很低。房间里有几个人，埃斯特拉向他们走过去时对我说：“你走到那里去，站在那里，孩子，有人叫你时再过来。”“那里”指

的是窗户。我走过去，站在“那里”望着外面，心里很不舒服。

It opened to the ground, and looked into a most miserable corner of the neglected garden, upon a rank ruin of cabbage-stalks, and one box tree that had been clipped round long ago, like a pudding, and had a new growth at the top of it, out of shape and of a different color, as if that part of the pudding had stuck to the saucepan and got burnt. This was my homely thought, as I contemplated the box-tree. There had been some light snow, overnight, and it lay nowhere else to my knowledge; but, it had not quite melted from the cold shadow of this bit of garden, and the wind caught it up in little eddies and threw it at the window, as if it pelted me for coming there.

窗户是落地式的，从上到下都敞开着，面对着这个荒废的花园中最为凄凉的一角：地上满是腐烂的菜梗子，一棵黄杨树立在那里，好久都没有被修剪过了，活像一个布丁。树顶新长了一团叶子，形状怪异，颜色和原来树的颜色不一样，好像是布丁的一部分粘在锅底上，被烧焦了一样。我观察黄杨树时就有了这种朴实的想法。昨晚下了一场小雪，就我所知，现在其他任何地方都看不到雪的痕迹了。但是，在这个花园阴冷的角落里，有一些雪还没有完全融化。风卷起残雪，形成小小的漩涡，敲打着窗户，仿佛在质问我，为什么要来这里。

I divined that my coming had stopped conversation in the room, and that its other occupants were looking at me. I could see nothing of the room except the shining of the fire in the window glass, but I stiffened in all my joints with the consciousness that I was under close inspection.

我推测，我的到来让屋子里的人停止了谈话，打量起我来。除了映在玻璃窗户上的熊熊炉火，我没有看到屋子里的其他事物。但我知道，此时自己正处于人们的密切观察之中，我全身的关节都僵硬极了。

There were three ladies in the room and one gentleman. Before I had been standing at the window five minutes, they somehow conveyed to me that they were all toadies and humbugs, but that each of them pretended not to know that the others were toadies and humbugs: because the admission that he or she did know it, would have made him or her out to be a toady and humbug.

屋子里有三位女士和一位先生。我站在窗户边还没有五分钟，他们就向我传递了一个信息，即他们都是讨厌的家伙和骗子，但他们每个人都假装不知道其他人是讨厌的家伙和骗子。因为他或她一旦承认自己知道，就相当于承认了自己也是讨厌的家伙和骗子。

They all had a listless and dreary air of waiting somebody's pleasure, and the most talkative of the ladies had to speak quite rigidly to repress a yawn. This lady, whose name was Camilla, very much reminded me of my sister, with the difference that she was

older, and (as I found when I caught sight of her) of a blunter cast of features. Indeed, when I knew her better I began to think it was a Mercy she had any features at all, so very blank and high was the dead wall of her face.

他们都在等待某个人的光荣接见，一个个无精打采、沉闷至极。连最健谈的女士都不得不勉强找些话讲，以免困得打哈欠。这位女士名叫卡米拉。她让我想起我的姐姐，不同的是，她更年长一些，而且（我一看到她就发现了）长着一副更愚钝的面孔。事实上，当我进一步了解她后，我开始觉得，她有任何特点的话都是她的万幸了，因为她的脸就像是一堵死墙，那样的空白，那样的高不可攀。

"Poor dear soul!" said this lady, with an abruptness of manner quite my sister's.

“可怜的、亲爱的人啊！”这位女士说，那粗鲁的态度和我姐姐简直如出一辙，

"Nobody's enemy but his own!"

“他不与任何人为敌，却偏偏和自己过不去！”

"It would be much more commendable to be somebody else's enemy," said the gentleman; "far more natural."

“和其他人作对还更好一些，”那位先生说，“这样才更自然一些。”

"Cousin Raymond," observed another lady, "we are to love our neighbor."

“雷蒙德表弟，”另一个女士说，“我们应该爱我们的邻里。”

"Sarah Pocket," returned Cousin Raymond, "if a man is not his own neighbor, who is?"

“萨拉·鄱凯特，”雷蒙德表弟回答，“要是一个人连他自己也不爱，谁会爱他呢？”

Miss Pocket laughed, and Camilla laughed and said (checking a yawn), "The idea!" But I thought they seemed to think it rather a good idea too. The other lady, who had not spoken yet, said gravely and emphatically, "Very true!"

鄱凯特小姐笑了，卡米拉也笑了，她说（尽量抑制住打哈欠的欲望）：“糊涂！”但我想，他们似乎都觉得这也是一个高见。另一个还未开口说过话的女士严肃而又强调地说：“确实如此！”

"Poor soul!" Camilla presently went on (I knew they had all been looking at me in the mean time), "he is so very strange!"

“可怜的人！”卡米拉立即接着说（我知道，他们在这段时间内都在看着我），“他这么古怪！

Would anyone believe that when Tom's wife died, he actually

could not be induced to see the importance of the children's having the deepest of trimmings to their mourning? 'Good Lord!' says he, 'Camilla, what can it signify so long as the poor bereaved little things are in black?' So like Matthew! The idea!"

汤姆的妻子死时，他竟听不进别人的劝告，意识不到让孩子们在服孝期间穿上重孝服的重要性，这说起来有人会相信么？‘天啊！’他还说，‘卡米拉，这些可怜的小家伙已经失去了亲人，穿上黑衣服又有什么意义呢？’马修就是这样！真糊涂！”

"Good points in him, good points in him," said Cousin Raymond; "Heaven forbid I should deny good points in him; but he never had, and he never will have, any sense of the proprieties."

“他有他自己的优点，他有他自己的优点。”雷蒙德表弟说，“如果我否认他有他自己的优点，上天不会同意的。但是，他从来没有，而且永远也不会有任何合乎时宜的观点。”

"You know I was obliged," said Camilla, "I was obliged to be firm. I said, 'It WILL NOT DO, for the credit of the family.' I told him that, without deep trimmings, the family was disgraced. I cried about it from breakfast till dinner. I injured my digestion. And at last he flung out in his violent way, and said, with a D, 'Then do as you like.' Thank Goodness it will always be a consolation to me to know that I instantly went out in a pouring rain and bought the things."

“你知道我有义务，”卡米拉说，“我有义务要坚持我们的传统。我说,为了家族的声誉，这样不行。我告诉他，不穿重孝服家族就会蒙羞。我从早餐一直吵到晚餐。我都不能正常消化了。最后，他怒冲冲地拂袖而去，生气地说：‘那么你想怎么做就怎么做吧。’我立刻冒着大雨，跑出去买重孝服。感谢上帝，这对我来说，也算是一个安慰吧。”

"He paid for them, did he not?" asked Estella.

“他付钱，是吗？”埃斯特拉问。

"It's not the question, my dear child, who paid for them," returned Camilla. "I bought them. And I shall often think of that with peace, when I wake up in the night."

“我亲爱的孩子，谁付钱并不是重点。”卡米拉回答，“是我买的。每当我夜里醒来时，我总是会内心很平静地想起这件事。”

The ringing of a distant bell, combined with the echoing of some cry or call along the passage by which I had come, interrupted the conversation and caused Estella to say to me, "Now, boy!" On my turning round, they all looked at me with the utmost contempt, and, as I went out, I heard Sarah Pocket say, "Well I am sure! What next!" and Camilla add, with indignation, "Was there ever such a fancy! The i-de-a!”

突然响起一阵铃声，夹杂着某声叫喊或呼唤的回响。那叫声是顺着我来时的那条走廊传来的。谈话被打断了，埃斯特拉跟我说：“孩子，现在你可以过去了。”我转过身时，他们都用最轻蔑的眼神看着我。我走出去后，听到萨拉·鄱凯特说：“我敢说！接下来还有什么！”卡米拉义愤填膺地补充说：“还有比这更奇怪的事么！糊——涂——啊！”

As we were going with our candle along the dark passage, Estella stopped all of a sudden, and, facing round, said in her taunting manner with her face quite close to mine:

当我们借着烛光，沿着那条黑暗的走廊前行时，埃斯特拉突然停下来，转过来把脸挨近我，用她那种讥讽的语气说：

"Well?"

“那么？”

"Well, miss?" I answered, almost falling over her and checking myself.

“什么，小姐？”我回答道，差点就撞到她身上，赶紧停了下来。

She stood looking at me, and, of course, I stood looking at her.

她站着盯着我看，我当然也站着盯着她看。

"Am I pretty?"

“我漂亮吗？”

"Yes; I think you are very pretty."

“是的，我觉得你很漂亮。”

"Am I insulting?"

“我傲慢吗？”

"Not so much so as you were last time," said I.

“不像上次那么傲慢了。”我说。

"Not so much so?"

“不像上次那样？”

"No."

“是的。”

She fired when she asked the last question, and she slapped my face with such force as she had, when I answered it.

在她问最后一个问题时，已经发火了。当我回答了之后，她用尽全身力气，狠狠地搧了我一耳光。

"Now?" said she.

“那现在呢？”她说，

"You little coarse monster, what do you think of me now?"

“你这个粗鲁的小怪物，现在你觉得我怎么样？”

"I shall not tell you."

“我不告诉你。”

"Because you are going to tell, up-stairs. Is that it?”

“因为你要上楼去说。是不是？”

"No," said I, "that's not it."

“不，”我说，“不是那样的。”

"Why don't you cry again, you little wretch?"

“为什么不哭了呢，你这个可怜的小家伙？”

"Because I'll never cry for you again," said I. It was, I suppose, as false a declaration as ever was made; for I was inwardly crying for her then, and I know what I know of the pain she cost me afterwards.

“因为我不会再为你哭了。”我说。我想，和过去的话一样，这肯定又是一个谎言。因为那时在我内心深处，正在为她哭泣，而且我知道后来她将给我带来多大的痛苦。

We went on our way up-stairs after this episode; and, as we were going up, we met a gentleman groping his way down.

经过这段插曲后，我们继续爬楼梯。当我们上楼时，遇到了一位正摸索着下楼的先生。

"Whom have we here?" asked the gentleman, stopping and looking at me.

“这个人是谁？”这位先生问道，他停了下来，看着我。

"A boy," said Estella.

“一个男孩。”埃斯特拉说。

He was a burly man of an exceedingly dark complexion, with an exceedingly large head and a corresponding large hand. He took my chin in his large hand and turned up my face to have a look at me by the light of the candle. He was prematurely bald on the top of his head, and had bushy black eyebrows that wouldn't lie down but stood up bristling. His eyes were set very deep in his head, and were disagreeably sharp and suspicious. He had a large watchchain, and strong black dots where his beard and whiskers would have been if he had let them. He was nothing to me, and I could have had no foresight then, that he ever would be anything to me, but it happened that I

had this opportunity of observing him well.

这位先生身体很结实，皮肤非常黝黑，头特别大，配有一双庞大的手。他用大手捏住我的下巴，在烛光的照耀下，把我的脸抬起来细细观察。他年纪不是很大，头顶却已经秃了，浓黑的眉毛像灌木丛一样茂密，竖立而不弯曲。他脸上的双眼深深地陷了进去，目光犀利而又多疑，令人反感。他戴着一串大表链，满脸又黑又硬的胡子茬，如果他留起来的话，肯定会长满络腮胡子。他和我没有什么关系，而且当时我也预想不到将来他会和我有什么关系。不过今天既然遇到了，我就趁机好好地端详一下他。

"Boy of the neighborhood? Hey? "said he.

“你是附近的小孩吗？喂？”他问。

"Yes, sir," said I.

“是的，先生。”我回答道。

"How do you come here?"

“你怎么到这里来了？”

"Miss Havisham sent for me, sir," I explained.

“郝维仙小姐派人叫我来的，先生。”我解释道。

"Well! Behave yourself. I have a pretty large experience of boys, and you're a bad set of fellows. Now mind!" said he, biting the side of his great forefinger as he frowned at me, "you behave yourself!"

“那么！举止要端正。我和小男孩相处得可多了，你们都是一帮坏小子。现在注意点！”他说道，冲我皱着眉，咬了咬他那只粗大的食指，“你可要举止端正！”

With those words, he released me—which I was glad of, for his hand smelt of scented soap—and went his way down-stairs. I wondered whether he could be a doctor; but no, I thought; he couldn't be a doctor, or he would have a quieter and more persuasive manner. There was not much time to consider the subject, for we were soon in Miss Havisham's room, where she and everything else were just as I had left them. Estella left me standing near the door, and I stood there until Miss Havisham cast her eyes upon me from the dressing-table.

说完这些话之后，他终于放过我了——我很开心，因为他的手有一股肥皂的味道——然后，他就走下楼去了。我猜，他会不会是一个医生。但又一想，不，他不会是一个医生的，否则他不会这么粗鲁，这么没有说服力。没有太多的时间来考虑这个问题了，因为我们很快就进入郝维仙小姐的房间。郝维仙小姐和屋子里的一切跟我上一次离开的时候一模一样。埃斯特拉离开了，留下我一个人站在门口。我一直站在那里，最后郝维仙小姐才把视线从化妆台转到我身上来。

"So!" she said, without being startled or surprised; "the days have worn away, have they?"

“那么！”她说，一点也不震惊或惊讶，“那些日子已经过去了，是吗？”

"Yes, ma'am. Today is—”

“是的，夫人。今天是——”

"There, there, there!" with the impatient movement of her fingers.

“停，停，停！”她不耐烦地挥动着手指，

"I don't want to know. Are you ready to play?"

“我不想知道。你准备好玩耍了吗？”

I was obliged to answer in some confusion, "I don't think I am, ma'am."

我不得不疑惑地回答：“我想不行，夫人。”

"Not at cards again?" she demanded, with a searching look.

“不再玩牌了吗？”她用探寻的神情看着我，用命令的口吻说。

"Yes, ma'am; I could do that, if I was wanted."

“好的，夫人，如果您要我玩牌，我就玩牌。”

"Since this house strikes you old and grave, boy," said Miss Havisham, impatiently, "and you are unwilling to play, are you willing to work?"

“既然这个房间对你来说又旧又恐怖，孩子，”郝维仙小姐不耐烦地说，“你不愿意玩耍，那你愿意干活吗？”

I could answer this inquiry with a better heart than I had been able to find for the other question, and I said I was quite willing.

比起其他问题，这个问题让我的心情顿时好了许多，我回答说，我非常愿意干活。

"Then go into that opposite room," said she, pointing at the door behind me with her withered hand, "and wait there till I come."

“那就去对面的房间。”她说，用干枯的手指着我后面的门，“在那里等我过去。”

I crossed the staircase landing, and entered the room she indicated. From that room, too, the daylight was completely excluded, and it had an airless smell that was oppressive. A fire had been lately kindled in the damp old-fashioned grate, and it was more disposed to go out than to burn up, and the reluctant smoke which hung in the room seemed colder than the clearer air—like our own marsh mist.

Certain wintry branches of candles on the high chimneypiece faintly lighted the chamber: or, it would be more expressive to say, faintly troubled its darkness. It was spacious, and I dare say had once been handsome, but every discernible thing in it was covered with dust and mould, and dropping to pieces. The most prominent object was a long table with a tablecloth spread on it, as if a feast had been in preparation when the house and the clocks all stopped together. An epergne or centerpiece of some kind was in the middle of this cloth; it was so heavily overhung with cobwebs that its form was quite undistinguishable; and, as I looked along the yellow expanse out of which I remember its seeming to grow, like a black fungus, I saw speckled-legged spiders with blotchy bodies running home to it, and running out from it, as if some circumstances of the greatest public importance had just transpired in the spider community.

我穿过楼梯平台，走进她指的那个房间。这个房间也是一点阳光也没有，而且散发出一股令人窒息和压抑的味道。潮湿的老式火炉刚刚被点燃，但火苗一点也不像是要烧旺起来，而更像是快要熄灭了的样子。屋里飘着的烟让人很不舒服，似乎比外面干净的空气还要寒冷——就像我们自己沼泽地里的雾气一样。在高高的烛台上放着几根蜡烛，散发出冬日里的寒气，微弱地照着屋里的一切，或者，说得清楚一点——微弱地扰乱了屋里的黑暗。房间很宽敞，我敢说，从前这里肯定很漂亮。但现在，目光所及的每一件东西都覆盖着灰尘和霉菌，而且正在腐化成碎片。最显眼的东西是一张长桌子，上面铺着一条桌布。仿佛一场盛宴已经准备好了，但整间房子和所有的钟表却一起停住了。桌布中间摆着分隔饰盘和中央摆设之类的东西，上面结满了厚厚的蜘蛛网，所以很难辨别出它的形状。当我沿着那块黄色的桌布看过去时，我觉得它像一棵生长着的黑木耳。我看到长着斑点腿的蜘蛛，满身污秽地在木耳里跑进跑出，好像这个蜘蛛王国里发生了什么极其重要的事情一样。

I heard the mice too, rattling behind the panels, as if the same occurrence were important to their interests. But, the black beetles took no notice of the agitation, and groped about the hearth in a ponderous elderly way, as if they were short-sighted and hard of hearing, and not on terms with one another.

我还听到了老鼠的声音，在嵌板后面咯咯地响，似乎蜘蛛王国发生的事严重影响了它们的利益。但是，黑甲壳虫却对这些骚动毫不在意，它们拖着年迈的步伐在火炉边摸索着、思考着，好像它们又近视又耳聋，跟其他人不相往来。

These crawling things had fascinated my attention and I was watching them from a distance, when Miss Havisham laid a hand upon my shoulder. In her other hand she had a crutch-headed stick on which she leaned, and she looked like the Witch of the place.

这些爬行动物深深地吸引了我的注意。我正在远处观察它们，突

然，郝维仙小姐把一只手放在我肩膀上。她的另一只手里握着一根手杖，杖头是弯曲的。她倚在这根手杖上，活像这个地方的女巫。

"This," said she, pointing to the long table with her stick, "is where I will be laid when I am dead. They shall come and look at me here."

“这里，”她说，用手杖指着长桌子，“就是我死后放置尸体的地方。他们会来这里看我。”

With some vague misgiving that she might get upon the table then and there and die at once, the complete realization of the ghastly waxwork at the Fair, I shrank under her touch.

听完后，我隐约有些担心，怕她会躺在桌子上立刻死去。这令我一下子记起了在集市上见到的那个恐怖蜡像，我吓得缩成一团，而她的手还放在我的肩上。

"What do you think that is?" she asked me, again pointing with her stick; "that, where those cobwebs are?"

“你觉得那是什么？”她问我，再一次用那根手杖指着，“那个结满蜘蛛网的东西？”

"I can't guess what it is, ma'am."

“我猜不出来那是什么，夫人。”

"It's a great cake. A bride-cake. Mine!”

“那是一个大蛋糕。一个结婚蛋糕。我的结婚蛋糕！”

She looked all round the room in a glaring manner, and then said, leaning on me while her hand twitched my shoulder, "Come, come, come! Walk me, walk me!"

她用愤怒的目光扫视着这个房间，然后突然抓住我的肩膀，靠在我身上说：“来，来，来！扶我走，扶我走！”

I made out from this, that the work I had to do, was to walk Miss Havisham round and round the room. Accordingly, I started at once, and she leaned upon my shoulder, and we went away at a pace that might have been an imitation (founded on my first impulse under that roof) of Mr. Pumblechook's chaise-cart.

我这才领悟到，我要干的活就是扶着郝维仙小姐在这个房间里一圈一圈地走着。因此，我立刻开始干了起来。我让她靠在我肩上，模仿彭波契克先生轻便马车的步伐走着（我一走进这座房子就有这样模仿的冲动）。

She was not physically strong, and after a little time said, "Slower!" Still, we went at an impatient fitful speed, and as we went, she twitched the hand upon my shoulder, and worked her

mouth, and led me to believe that we were going fast because her thoughts went fast. After a while she said, "Call Estella!" So I went out on the landing and roared that name as I had done on the previous occasion. When her light appeared, I returned to Miss Havisham, and we started away again round and round the room.

她身体很弱，过了一会儿，她说："慢一点！"但是，走着走着，我们还是不耐烦地加快了脚步。我们走路的时候，她一边用手紧紧地抓住我的肩膀，一边开口说话，这让我相信，我们之所以走得这么快，是因为她的脑子转得很快。走了一会儿后，她说："叫埃斯特拉过来！"于是我跑了出去，站在楼梯平台上，像上次一样大喊那个名字。看到埃斯特拉的烛光出现后，我回到郝维仙小姐身边，我们又开始绕着那个房间走。

If only Estella had come to be a spectator of our proceedings, I should have felt sufficiently discontented; but, as she brought with her the three ladies and the gentleman whom I had seen below, I didn't know what to do. In my politeness, I would have stopped; but, Miss Havisham twitched my shoulder, and we posted on—with a shame-faced consciousness on my part that they would think it was all my doing.

要是只有埃斯特拉一个人来看我们绕屋子转，我就已经感到很不舒服了。况且，这次她竟带来了我在楼下见过的那三位女士和一位先生，我不知道该怎么办。按礼节来说，我应该停下来。但郝维仙小姐在我的肩膀上抓了一下，我们继续走着——我的表情很尴尬，我自己觉得，他们会认为这完全是我的把戏。

"Dear Miss Havisham," said Miss Sarah Pocket. "How well you look!"

"亲爱的郝维仙小姐，"萨拉·鄱凯特小姐说，"您看起来气色真好啊！"

"I do not," returned Miss Havisham. "I am yellow skin and bone."

"我不好。"郝维仙小姐回答说，"我皮肤发黄、骨瘦如柴。"

Camilla brightened when Miss Pocket met with this rebuff; and she murmured, as she plaintively contemplated Miss Havisham, "Poor dear soul! Certainly not to be expected to look well, poor thing. The idea!"

看到鄱凯特小姐遭到粗鲁的回应，卡米拉高兴极了。她悲伤地注视着郝维仙小姐，喃喃地说："可怜的人啊！当然不能指望她气色好了，可怜的人啊。你就会胡说！"

"And how are you?" said Miss Havisham to Camilla.

"你怎么样？"郝维仙小姐对卡米拉说。

As we were close to Camilla then, I would have stopped as a matter of course, only Miss Havisham wouldn't stop. We swept on, and I felt that I was highly obnoxious to Camilla.

当时，我们正走到离卡米拉很近的地方，我当然是应该停下来的，可是郝维仙小姐却没有停。于是，我们继续走着，我觉得卡米拉肯定非常恨我。

"Thank you, Miss Havisham," she returned, "I am as well as can be expected."

“谢谢您的关心，郝维仙小姐。”卡米拉回答，“想多好我就有多好。”

"Why, what's the matter with you?" asked Miss Havisham, with exceeding sharping.

“怎么，你怎么了？”郝维仙小姐问道，声音极其尖锐。

"Nothing worth mentioning," replied Camilla. "I don't wish to make a display of my feelings, but I have habitually thought of you more in the night than I am quite equal to."

“没有什么值得提的。”卡米拉回答道，“我不想表白我的感情，但夜里思念您已经成为了我的习惯，连我自己都被丢在一边了。”

"Then don't think of me," retorted Miss Havisham.

“那就不要想我。”郝维仙小姐反驳道。

"Very easily said!" remarked Camilla, amiably repressing a sob, while a hitch came into her upper lip, and her tears overflowed.

“说得容易！”卡米拉亲切地回答道，她努力不让自己抽泣，可是她上唇一紧，眼泪就流了出来，

"Raymond is a witness what ginger and sal volatile I am obliged to take in the night. Raymond is a witness what nervous jerkings I have in my legs. Chokings and nervous jerkings, however, are nothing new to me when I think with anxiety of those I love. If I could be less affectionate and sensitive, I should have a better digestion and an iron set of nerves. I am sure I wish it could be so. But as to not thinking of you in the night— The idea!” Here, a burst of tears.

“雷蒙德可以作证，到了晚上我就不得不喝姜酒、服用提神药。雷蒙德可以作证，我两条腿上的神经抽搐得多么厉害。我一想到我爱的人，心里就会担忧，还会噎住、神经抽搐，这一切对我来说已不是什么新鲜事了。要是我不那么重感情，不那么多愁善感的话，我的消化就会好一点，神经也能跟铁一样坚硬了。我敢说我希望能够如此。但要让我不能在夜里思念您的话——简直就是胡说！”讲到这里，她已是泪流满面了。

The Raymond referred to, I understood to be the gentleman

present, and him I understood to be Mr. Camilla. He came to the rescue at this point, and said in a consolatory and complimentary voice, "Camilla, my dear, it is well known that your family feelings are gradually undermining you to the extent of making one of your legs shorter than the other."

她所提到的雷蒙德，我想应该就是这里的这位先生，而且我想这位先生应该就是卡米拉先生。在这个时刻，卡米拉先生来救场了。他用安慰和称赞的语气说：“卡米拉，亲爱的，大家都知道你很看重亲情，这渐渐伤害了你的健康，使你的一条腿比另一条短了。”

"I am not aware," observed the grave lady whose voice I had heard but once, "that to think of any person is to make a great claim upon that person, my dear."

“我可没想过，”那位严肃的夫人——我只听过一次她的声音——说道：“思念某个人就要从那个人身上得到一大笔好处，亲爱的。”

Miss Sarah Pocket, whom I now saw to be a little dry brown corrugated old woman, with a small face that might have been made of walnut shells, and a large mouth like a cat's without the whiskers, supported this position by saying, "No, indeed, my dear. Hem!"

现在我看到，萨拉·鄱凯特小姐是一个身材矮小、脸色干枯、皮肤泛黄、满脸皱纹的老女人。她那张小小的脸好像是用胡桃壳做成的，一张大大的嘴如同没有胡须的猫嘴。她表示赞同地说：“当然不是想得到什么好处，亲爱的。哼！”

"Thinking is easy enough," said the grave lady.

“想念是再容易不过的了。”那位严肃的夫人说。

"What is easier, you know?" assented Miss Sarah Pocket.

“还有什么比想念更容易，你说呢？”萨拉·鄱凯特表示同意。

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Camilla, whose fermenting feeling appeared to rise from her legs to her bosom.

“噢，是的，是的！”卡米拉大叫道，她百感交集，激动的感情似乎从她的腿里直涌进胸里，

"It's all very true! It's a weakness to be so affectionate, but I can't help it. No doubt my health would be much better if it was otherwise, still I wouldn't change my disposition if I could. It's the cause of much suffering, but it's a consolation to know I posses it, when I wake up in the night." Here another burst of feeling.

“这是完全正确的！太重感情是一种弱点，但我实在是情不自禁。要是我能不那么重感情的话，我的健康无疑会好点。但就是能改变，我也不会改。虽然这给我带来了许多痛苦，但当我夜里醒来，知道我是一个重感情的人时，倒给了我不少安慰。”讲到这里，她又泪流满面了。

Miss Havisham and I had never stopped all this time, but kept going round and round the room: now, brushing against the skirts of the visitors: now, giving them the whole length of the dismal chamber.

这段期间，郝维仙小姐和我没有停下一步，一直绕着房间转圈，有时擦过来访者的裙角，有时走到这个沉闷房间的另一边，离他们远远的。

"There's Matthew!" said Camilla.

“只有马修！”卡米拉说，

"Never mixing with any natural ties, never coming here to see how Miss Havisham is! I have taken to the sofa with my staylace cut, and have lain there hours, insensible, with my head over the side, and my hair all down, and my feet I don't know where—”

“从不看重任何血缘关系，从不来这里探望郝维仙小姐！而我经常解开紧身褡的带子，在沙发上躺好几个小时，毫无知觉，偏着头，头发全垂着，我的脚不知道放在哪里——”

("Much higher than your head, my love," said Mr. Camilla.)

（“比你的头还要高许多，亲爱的。”卡米拉先生说。）

"I have gone off into that state, hours and hours, on account of Matthew's strange and inexplicable conduct, and nobody has thanked me."

“我就是在那里躺好几个小时，思考着马修奇怪而又令人费解的行为，却没有人感谢我。”

"Really I must say I should think not!" interposed the grave lady.

“老实说，我觉得没有人会感谢你。”那位严肃的夫人插嘴说道。

"You see, my dear," added Miss Sarah Pocket (a blandly vicious personage), "the question to put to yourself is, who did you expect to thank you, my love?"

“你知道的，亲爱的。”萨拉·鄱凯特小姐（一个外表温和、内心恶毒的人）补充说，“你该问问自己，你希望谁感谢你呢，亲爱的？”

"Without expecting any thanks, or anything of the sort," resumed Camilla, "I have remained in that state, hours and hours, and Raymond is a witness of the extent to which I have choked, and what the total inefficacy of ginger has been, and I have been heard at the pianoforte-tuner's across the street, where the poor mistaken children have even supposed it to be pigeons cooing at a distance—and now to be told—.” Here Camilla put her hand to her throat, and began to be quite chemical as to the formation of new combinations there.

“我不指望谁来感谢我还是怎么样。”卡米拉继续说，“我连续好几个小时保持那样的状态，雷蒙德看到我噎得有多厉害，连姜汁也完全不起作用了。街道对面那家弹钢琴的人都听到我抽噎的声音，可怜的孩子还以为是远处鸽子的叫声。现在，我却在这里被人说三道四——”讲到这里，卡米拉把手放在喉咙上，开始产生化学反应，想在那里形成新的化合物。

When this same Matthew was mentioned, Miss Havisham stopped me and herself, and stood looking at the speaker. This change had a great influence in bringing Camilla's chemistry to a sudden end.

马修的名字再次被提及时，郝维仙小姐让我停了下来，她也不走了，站在那里盯着说话的人。这个变化产生了一个很大的作用，让卡米拉的化学反应突然停止了。

"Matthew will come and see me at last," said Miss Havisham, sternly, "when I am laid on that table. That will be his place—there," striking the table with her stick, "at my head! And yours will be there! And your husband's there! And Sarah Pocket's there! And Georgiana's there! Now you all know where to take your stations when you come to feast upon me. And now go!"

“马修最终会来看我的。”郝维仙小姐厉声说，“那时我就会躺在那张桌子上。而他就站在——那里，”郝维仙小姐用手杖敲打桌子，“在我头的旁边！而你站在那里！你的丈夫站在那里！萨拉·鄱凯特在那里！乔治亚娜在那里！现在你们都知道了，当你们来分食我的时候，自己应该站在哪里了。那么你们该走了！”

At the mention of each name, she had struck the table with her stick in a new place. She now said, "Walk me, walk me!" and we went on again.

每提到一个名字，她就用手杖在桌子上敲打一个新的地方。然后，她说道：“扶我走，扶我走！”于是，我们又开始走路了。

"I suppose there's nothing to be done," exclaimed Camilla, "but comply and depart. It's something to have seen the object of one's love and duty, for even so short a time. I shall think of it with a melancholy satisfaction when I wake up in the night. I wish Matthew could have that comfort, but he sets it at defiance. I am determined not to make a display of my feelings, but it's very hard to be told one wants to feast on one's relations—as if one was a Giant—and to be told to go. The bare idea!”

“我想没有其他的办法了。”卡米拉大声说，“只有遵从意思，就此离开了。能够看到心中所爱，尽一点义务，即使时间短暂，也算是一种慰藉。夜里醒来，想到此事，伤心虽不能免，却已足矣。我多么希望马修也能得到那种慰藉，但他却反其道而行之。我已下定决心不表露我的感情，但听到一个人想要把自己的亲人分而食之——就好像他或她是一个

巨人——还要赶走他们，这真是太难过了。真是一派胡言！”

Mr. Camilla interposing, as Mrs. Camilla laid her hand upon her heaving bosom, that lady assumed an unnatural fortitude of manner which I supposed to be expressive of an intention to drop and choke when out of view, and kissing her hand to Miss Havisham, was escorted forth. Sarah Pocket and Georgiana contended who should remain last; but, Sarah was too knowing to be outdone, and ambled round Georgiana with that artful slipperiness, that the latter was obliged to take precedence. Sarah Pocket then made her separate effect of departing with "Bless you, Miss Havisham dear!" and with a smile of forgiving pity on her walnut-shell countenance for the weakness of the rest.

卡米拉先生过来将她护送出去。只见卡米拉夫人把手压在起伏的胸前，强装出一副不自然的、坚韧的表情，还对郝维仙小姐飞吻。可是我从她那神情看出她一走到我们看不见的地方就会马上把手拿开、哽咽不已。萨拉·鄱凯特和乔治亚娜较着劲，看谁能最后一个离开。但萨拉狡猾至极，结果略胜一筹。她巧妙、机警地在乔治亚娜旁边慢慢地走来走去，使得乔治亚娜不得不先行一步。萨拉·鄱凯特离开时说，愿上帝保佑您，亲爱的郝维仙小姐！而她那胡桃壳的脸上露出笑容，对别人的弱势表示饶恕和怜悯。

While Estella was away lighting them down, Miss Havisham still walked with her hand on my shoulder, but more and more slowly. At last she stopped before the fire, and said, after muttering and looking at it some seconds: "This is my birthday, Pip."

埃斯特拉拿着蜡烛把他们引下楼，郝维仙小姐继续把手放在我的肩上走着，但脚步越来越慢了。最后，她在火炉前停住，看着炉火喃喃自语了几秒钟，说：“今天是我的生日，皮普。”

I was going to wish her many happy returns, when she lifted her stick.

我正要祝她寿比南山，她却举起了手杖。

"I don't suffer it to be spoken of. I don't suffer those who were here just now, or any one, to speak of it. They come here on the day, but they dare not refer to it."

“我受不了提起这件事。我受不了刚在这里的那些人，或任何人，提起这件事。每到这一天他们都到这里来，但他们不敢说出来。”

Of course I made no further effort to refer to it.

当然，我也就不再设法说这件事了。

"On this day of the year, long before you were born, this heap of decay," stabbing with her crutched stick at the pile of cobwebs on the table but not touching it, "was brought here. It and I have worn away

together. The mice have gnawed at it, and sharper teeth than teeth of mice have gnawed at me."

“有一年的今天，那是在你出生之前很久的一年，这堆垃圾，”她用那根弯曲的手杖指着桌上的那堆蜘蛛网，但并不去碰它，“被送到了这里。我和它一起渐渐衰老。老鼠咬着它，而比老鼠的牙齿更锋利的牙齿咬着我。”

She held the head of her stick against her heart as she stood looking at the table; she in her once white dress, all yellow and withered; the once white cloth all yellow and withered; everything around, in a state to crumble under a touch.

她用手杖头抵着自己的胸口，站在那里，盯着桌上的东西。她穿着的那件曾经雪白的礼服，现在已经泛黄、皱缩了，曾经雪白的桌布也都泛黄、皱缩了。周围所有的一切，只要一碰，立即就会碎掉。

"When the ruin is complete," said she, with a ghastly look, "and when they lay me dead, in my bride's dress on the bride's table—which shall be done, and which will be the finished curse upon him—so much the better if it is done on this day!”

“当我死去的时候，”她露出恐怖的神情说，“当他们把穿着新娘礼服的我放在桌上时——一切都会这样办，一切都会是对他最后的诅咒——最好就在今天！”

She stood looking at the table as if she stood looking at her own figure lying there. I remained quiet. Estella returned, and she too remained quiet. It seemed to me that we continued thus for a long time. In the heavy air of the room, and the heavy darkness that brooded in its remoter corners, I even had an alarming fancy that Estella and I might presently begin to decay.

她站在那里，盯着桌子，就好像站在那里，盯着自己的尸体躺在那里一样。我保持沉默。埃斯特拉回来了，她也保持沉默。我觉得，我们就那样站了好长一段时间。房间里空气污浊不堪，远处的角落里沉淀着浓重的黑暗。我甚至觉得，埃斯特拉和我似乎也开始腐烂了。

At length, not coming out of her distraught state by degrees, but in an instant, Miss Havisham said, "Let me see you two play cards; why have you not begun?" With that, we returned to her room, and sat down as before; I was beggared, as before; and again, as before, Miss Havisham watched us all the time, directed my attention to Estella's beauty, and made me notice it the more by trying her jewels on Estella's breast and hair.

最后，郝维仙小姐一下子从这种烦扰的状态恢复了过来，而不是慢慢得到解脱。她说：“让我看看你们两个打牌，为什么你们还不开始呢？”于是，我们回到她的房间，像上次那样坐了下来；像上次一样，我

把牌都输光了；像上次一样，郝维仙小姐一直看着我们，设法引起我对埃斯特拉美貌的注意，她把珠宝挂在埃斯特拉的胸前和头发上，让我更加关注埃斯特拉。

Estella, for her part, likewise treated me as before; except that she did not condescend to speak. When we had played some halfdozen games, a day was appointed for my return, and I was taken down into the yard to be fed in the former dog-like manner. There, too, I was again left to wander about as I liked.

至于埃斯特拉，她也像上次一样对我，但这次她不愿意降低身份跟我说话。我们玩了六局后，我被告知下一次来的时间，然后像上一次一样，像狗一样被带到院子喂食。我又被留在那里随心所欲地游荡。

It is not much to the purpose whether a gate in that garden wall which I had scrambled up to peep over on the last occasion was, on that last occasion, open or shut. Enough that I saw no gate then, and that I saw one now. As it stood open, and as I knew that Estella had let the visitors out—for, she had returned with the keys in her hand—I strolled into the garden and strolled all over it. It was quite a wilderness, and there were old melon-frames and cucumber-frames in it, which seemed in their decline to have produced a spontaneous growth of weak attempts at pieces of old hats and boots, with now and then a weedy offshoot into the likeness of a battered saucepan.

上次我曾爬上一面院墙窥探，墙上有一扇门，我并没有太在意那门是开着还是关着的。那时我并没有看到什么门，但这次我看到了一个。门开着，我知道埃斯特拉把客人送走了——因为，她回来时，手里拿着钥匙——我溜进花园，四处晃荡。园子里很荒凉，有一些破旧的香瓜棚架子和黄瓜棚架子，也是极其衰败。几根自然生长出来的藤蔓爬在旧帽子和旧靴子上，不时会有干枯的枝干把一只扁锅当成栖身之地。

When I had exhausted the garden, and a greenhouse with nothing in it but a fallen-down grape-vine and some bottles, I found myself in the dismal corner upon which I had looked out of the window. Never questioning for a moment that the house was now empty, I looked in at another window, and found myself, to my great surprise, exchanging a broad stare with a pale young gentleman with red eyelids and light hair.

逛完花园后，我还看到了一间温室花房，里面什么也没有，只有一棵倒下的葡萄藤和几个瓶子。之后我便发现自己来到了一个阴暗的角落里，也就是刚才我从窗户里向外看时看到的阴暗的角落。我一时间坚定地认为这个花房是空的。我从另外一个窗户望进去时，我吃惊地发现，自己正和一个脸色苍白、眼睑发红、发色偏淡的年轻绅士对视着。

This pale young gentleman quickly disappeared, and re-appeared beside me. He had been at his books when I had found myself staring

at him, and I now saw that he was inky.

这位脸色苍白的年轻绅士很快就消失了，一转眼就站在了我旁边。刚才我盯着他看时，他正在看书。现在我看到他满手都是墨迹。

"Halloa!" said he, "young fellow!"

“你好啊！”他说，“小家伙！”

Halloa being a general observation which I had usually observed to be best answered by itself, I said, "Halloa!" politely omitting young fellow.

“你好啊”是一个普通的称呼，据我平时的观察，最好还是依样回答，于是我说：“你好啊！”出于礼貌，我没有说“小家伙”。

"Who let you in?" said he.

“谁让你进来的？”他问。

"Miss Estella."

“埃斯特拉小姐。”

"Who gave you leave to prowl about?"

“谁让你四处游荡的？”

"Miss Estella."

“埃斯特拉小姐。”

"Come and fight," said the pale young gentleman.

“来，我们打一架。”这位苍白的年轻绅士说。

What could I do but follow him? I have often asked myself the question since: but, what else could I do? His manner was so final and I was so astonished, that I followed where he led, as if I had been under a spell.

除了跟他走，我还能怎么办呢？从那以后，我就经常问我自己这个问题：但是，我还能怎么办呢？他的态度很坚决，我吃了一惊。他在前面领路，我在后面跟着，好像自己被施了什么魔法一样。

"Stop a minute, though," he said, wheeling round before we had gone many paces. "I ought to give you a reason for fighting, too. There it is!" In a most irritating manner he instantly slapped his hands against one another, daintily flung one of his legs up behind him, pulled my hair, slapped his hands again, dipped his head, and butted it into my stomach.

“停一下。”他说，还没走出多少步，他就在旁边转起圈来，“我也应该给你一个打架的理由。这就是！”他立即拍了拍手，表现出很愤怒的样子，优雅地做了个后脚踢，上前拉住我的头发，又拍了拍手，低着头，

朝我的胃部冲了过来。

The bull-like proceeding last mentioned, besides that it was unquestionably to be regarded in the light of a liberty, was particularly disagreeable just after bread and meat. I therefore hit out at him and was going to hit out again, when he said, "Aha! Would you?" and began dancing backwards and forwards in a manner quite unparalleled within my limited experience.

他这种公牛式的行为终于激怒了我，不仅因为这无疑是一种没有礼貌的行为，而且，我刚吃过面包和肉，被他一撞，很不舒服。于是，我打了他一下，正要再打一下时，他说：“哎呀！你敢打我？”然后，他开始前后摇晃起来，我的见识有限，从没见过这类的打架方式。

"Laws of the game!" said he.

“打架有打架的规则！”他说道。

Here, he skipped from his left leg on to his right. "Regular rules!" Here, he skipped from his right leg on to his left. "Come to the ground, and go through the preliminaries!" Here, he dodged backwards and forwards, and did all sorts of things while I looked helplessly at him.

讲到这里，他放下左腿，抬起右腿。“规则不能变！”这时，他又放下右腿，抬起左腿。“到场地上来，做些准备活动！”然后，他前后跳来跳去，做着各种奇怪的动作，而我则无助地看着他。

I was secretly afraid of him when I saw him so dexterous; but, I felt morally and physically convinced that his light head of hair could have had no business in the pit of my stomach, and that I had a right to consider it irrelevant when so obtruded on my attention. Therefore, I followed him without a word, to a retired nook of the garden, formed by the junction of two walls and screened by some rubbish. On his asking me if I was satisfied with the ground, and on my replying Yes, he begged my leave to absent himself for a moment, and quickly returned with a bottle of water and a sponge dipped in vinegar. "Available for both," he said, placing these against the wall. And then fell to pulling off, not only his jacket and waistcoat, but his shirt too, in a manner at once light-hearted, businesslike, and bloodthirsty.

看到他如此灵活，我暗暗地惧他几分。但是我相信，从道义上和体力上看，我的胃完全可以不被他那一头浅发撞凹下去，我也有权利这么认为，因为他满头的浅发干扰了我的注意力。因此，我一声不吭地跟着他，来到了花园里一个废弃的角落。这里位于两面墙的连接处，一些垃圾把它与外界隔离开来。他问我是否满意这个场地，我回答“是的”。然后他请求离开一会儿，很快就回来了，带着一瓶水和一块泡在醋里的海绵。“我们两个人都可以用。”他说着把东西放在墙边。然后，他开始脱衣服，不仅脱了夹克和外套，连里面的衬衫都脱了。他看起来轻松快

乐、有条不紊，却暗藏着杀机。

Although he did not look very healthy—having pimples on his face, and a breaking out at his mouth—these dreadful preparations quite appalled me. I judged him to be about my own age, but he was much taller, and he had a way of spinning himself about that was full of appearance. For the rest, he was a young gentleman in a grey suit (when not denuded for battle), with his elbows, knees, wrists, and heels, considerably in advance of the rest of him as to development.

尽管他看起来不是很健康——他脸上有青春痘，嘴上还有火疮——但这些可怕的准备活动把我吓呆了。我推测他大概和我年纪相仿，但是比我高多了，而且他有办法让自己旋转起来的时候令人目不暇接。其他方面，他是一位年轻绅士，穿着一套灰色套装（还没有脱衣服打架之前），胳膊肘、膝盖、手腕和脚后跟比他身体的其他部位都要发达。

My heart failed me when I saw him squaring at me with every demonstration of mechanical nicety, and eyeing my anatomy as if he were minutely choosing his bone. I never have been so surprised in my life, as I was when I let out the first blow, and saw him lying on his back, looking up at me with a bloody nose and his face exceedingly fore-shortened.

我看到他对我展开攻势，每一招都近乎完美。他的眼睛仔细端详我的身体，似乎在精心挑选骨头，我顿时跌入低谷。我的人生中从来没有这样惊讶过，只有这一次：当我打出第一拳时，他立即摔倒在地上，四脚朝天，仰视着我，鼻子流了血，脸急速缩小。

But, he was on his feet directly, and after sponging himself with a great show of dexterity began squaring again. The second greatest surprise I have ever had in my life was seeing him on his back again, looking up at me out of a black eye.

但他一下子又站了起来，非常熟练地用海绵擦完血后，又开始发起了进攻。这是我人生中遇到的第二大惊奇：他再次仰面躺在地上，用带着黑圆圈的眼睛直直地盯着我。

His spirit inspired me with great respect. He seemed to have no strength, and he never once hit me hard, and he was always knocked down; but, he would be up again in a moment, sponging himself or drinking out of the water-bottle, with the greatest satisfaction in seconding himself according to form, and then came at me with an air and a show that made me believe he really was going to do for me at last. He got heavily bruised, for I am sorry to record that the more I hit him, the harder I hit him; but, he came up again and again and again, until at last he got a bad fall with the back of his head against the wall. Even after that crisis in our affairs, he got up and turned round and round confusedly a few times, not knowing where I was;

but finally went on his knees to his sponge and threw it up: at the same time panting out, "That means you have won."

他的精神让我很佩服。他似乎没有什么力气，他从来没有用力地打中我一次，而且他经常被打倒。但是，他很快又会站起来，用海绵擦血或喝口瓶子里的水，对依照规则给自己补充体力很是满意，然后又摆起架势朝我打来，让我觉得，最终他肯定会打败我的。他被打得伤痕累累，我很抱歉，因为我打他越多，我就打得越重。可是他一次又一次地站起来，直到最后，他重重地摔倒在地，头撞在了墙上。在我们的战斗中，即使遇到了这种危急情况，他还是站了起来，晕眩地转了几圈，摸不清我在哪里。但最后他终于跪倒在地，一边拿起海绵擦拭，一边喘着气说："你赢了。"

He seemed so brave and innocent, that although I had not proposed the contest I felt but a gloomy satisfaction in my victory. Indeed, I go so far as to hope that I regarded myself while dressing, as a species of savage young wolf, or other wild beast. However, I got dressed, darkly wiping my sanguinary face at intervals, and I said, "Can I help you?" and he said "No thankee," and I said "Good afternoon," and he said "Same to you."

他看起来勇敢又天真，尽管并不是我挑起的这场战斗，但我对自己的胜利毫无满足之感，反而心情很沮丧。实际上，我的心情沮丧到希望我在穿衣服的时候，把自己当成一种年幼的野狼，或着其他野兽。无论如何，我穿好了衣服，不时地擦拭脸上的血渍，说："我能帮上什么忙吗？"他说："不用了，谢谢。"我说："再见。"然后，他说："再见。"

When I got into the court-yard, I found Estella waiting with the keys. But, she neither asked me where I had been, nor why I had kept her waiting; and there was a bright flush upon her face, as though something had happened to delight her. Instead of going straight to the gate, too, she stepped back into the passage, and beckoned me.

当我走进院子里，我看到埃斯特拉拿着钥匙在等着。可是，她既没有问我去哪里了，也没有问我为什么让她等。她的脸上闪过一丝亮光，似乎发生了什么让她很高兴的事。她没有径直朝门走去，而是走回小道，叫我过去。

"Come here! You may kiss me, if you like."

"到这里来！如果你愿意的话，可以吻我一下。"

I kissed her cheek as she turned it to me. I think I would have gone through a great deal to kiss her cheek. But, I felt that the kiss was given to the coarse common boy as a piece of money might have been, and that it was worth nothing.

她转过脸时，我吻了一下她的脸颊。我想，只要能吻一下她的脸颊，我可以赴汤蹈火，在所不辞。但是，现在我却觉得，这个吻就像是

给粗鄙的普通男孩的一个小钱，一文不值。

What with the birthday visitors, and what with the cards, and what with the fight, my stay had lasted so long, that when I neared home the light on the spit of sand off the point on the marshes was gleaming against a black night-sky, and Joe's furnace was flinging a path of fire across the road.

这一天，我遇到了来祝贺生日的客人，和埃斯特拉打了牌，和年轻绅士打了架，在那里呆了很长时间。因此，当我快到家时，沼泽边延伸出的沙滩上矗立着的那座灯塔已经在黑暗的夜空中发光了，而乔打铁溅出的火星，也在路上形成了一道火花。

CHAPTER 12

第十二章

My mind grew very uneasy on the subject of the pale young gentleman. The more I thought of the fight, and recalled the pale young gentleman on his back in various stages of puffy and incrimsoned countenance, the more certain it appeared that something would be done to me. I felt that the pale young gentleman's blood was on my head, and that the Law would avenge it. Without having any definite idea of the penalties I had incurred, it was clear to me that village boys could not go stalking about the country, ravaging the houses of gentlefolks and pitching into the studious youth of England, without laying themselves open to severe punishment. For some days, I even kept close at home, and looked out at the kitchen door with the greatest caution and trepidation before going on an errand, lest the officers of the County Jail should pounce upon me. The pale young gentleman's nose had stained my trousers, and I tried to wash out that evidence of my guilt in the dead of night. I had cut my knuckles against the pale young gentleman's teeth, and I twisted my imagination into a thousand tangles, as I devised incredible ways of accounting for that damnatory circumstance when I should be haled before the Judges.

和那位脸色苍白的年轻绅士打架的事情一直让我心神不宁。我越是想到这次打架，回忆起那位脸色苍白的年轻绅士被屡次摔得四脚朝天、鼻青脸肿的样子，我就越是感到自己似乎会受到某种惩罚。我能感到，那位脸色苍白的年轻绅士的血洒在了我头上，而法律会惩罚我的。我不知道自己具体犯了什么罪，但是我很清楚地知道，乡下孩子不能在外面晃荡，不能蹂躏贵族的宅邸，不能冒犯好学的英国少年，否则，他面临的就是严厉的惩罚。一连几天，我都呆在家里。有事出门时，我都要从厨房的门向外仔细探查一番，心里非常害怕，担心一出门就会被郡监狱的官差抓去。那位脸色苍白的年轻绅士的鼻血染红了我的裤子。我在深夜里费劲把这个罪证洗掉了。那位脸色苍白的年轻绅士用牙齿咬破了我的手指，我绞尽脑汁，想出了一千种解释。这样，万一我被抓到了法官面前，我就能巧言诡辩，把这件该死的事掩饰过去。

When the day came round for my return to the scene of the deed of violence, my terrors reached their height. Whether myrmidons of Justice, specially sent down from London, would be lying in ambush behind the gate? Whether Miss Havisham, preferring to take personal vengeance for an outrage done to her house, might rise in those grave-clothes of hers, draw a pistol, and shoot me dead? Whether suborned boys—a numerous band of mercenaries—might be engaged to fall

upon me in the brewery, and cuff me until I was no more? It was high testimony to my confidence in the spirit of the pale young gentleman, that I never imagined him accessory to these retaliations; they always came into my mind as the acts of injudicious relatives of his, goaded on by the state of his visage and an indignant sympathy with the family features.

在我又回到暴力施行现场的那一天，我的恐惧达到了最高点。伦敦特派的法院人员会不会埋伏在门后面呢？郝维仙小姐会不会因为我在她家打人，就要亲手报复呢？她会＋B18不会穿着寿衣突然站起来，抽出手枪打死我呢？她会不会雇一帮孩子——一群杀人恶魔——躲在酿酒作坊里，突然跳出来，把我打死呢？我相信那位脸色苍白的年轻绅士是高尚的，他不会叫人报复的。但是我总是担心他那些不明事理＋B21的亲戚，看到他的脸伤得那么重，他们会觉得家庭的声誉受损，肯定会非常气愤。

However, go to Miss Havisham's I must, and go I did. And behold! Nothing came of the late struggle. It was not alluded to in any way, and no pale young gentleman was to be discovered on the premises. I found the same gate open, and I explored the garden, and even looked in at the windows of the detached house; but, my view was suddenly stopped by the closed shutters within, and all was lifeless. Only in the corner where the combat had taken place, could I detect any evidence of the young gentleman's existence. There were traces of his gore in that spot, and I covered them with garden-mould from the eye of man.

然而，我必须到郝维仙小姐家里去，而我也真的去了。瞧！上次的打架并没有引起什么骚动。没有人提到那件事。我找遍整座宅邸，也没有找到那位脸色苍白的年轻绅士。我发现那扇门还开着，就走进去探查。我甚至还从这座独立的花房的窗户向里望去，却只看到里面的百叶窗都关着，死气沉沉的。只有上次我们打架的那个地方还有一些痕迹，证明真的有那么一位年轻的绅士。他在那里留下了一些血迹，我从花园里挖了一些泥土，铺在上面，以防被别人发现。

On the broad landing between Miss Havisham's own room and that other room in which the long table was laid out, I saw a garden-chair—a light chair on wheels, that you pushed from behind. It had been placed there since my last visit, and I entered, that same day, on a regular occupation of pushing Miss Havisham in this chair (when she was tired of walking with her hand upon my shoulder) round her own room, and across the landing, and round the other room. Over and over and over again, we would make these journeys, and sometimes they would last as long as three hours at a stretch. I insensibly fall into a general mention of these journeys as numerous, because it was at once settled that I should return every alternate day at noon for these purposes, and because I am now going to sum up a period of at least eight or ten months.

在郝维仙小姐的屋子和那间放着长桌子的屋子之间，我看到一个宽敞的平台，上面有一张庭院椅——椅子下面有轮子，可以从后面往前推，很轻便。上次我来时，这椅子就放在那里。那天我在进行日常工作的时候进过那个房间。所谓日常工作就是当郝维仙小姐感到疲惫，不想用手扶着我的肩膀走路的时候，就会坐到那个庭院椅上，让我推着她在自己房间里绕圈，然后穿过平台，又在另一个屋子里绕圈。我们绕了一圈又一圈，有时候一次就要绕上三个小时。渐渐地，我也数不清绕了多少圈。因为从那天起，我就要每隔一天去给她推一次椅子，时间是在中午。现在数数，我至少干了八或十个月。

As we began to be more used to one another, Miss Havisham talked more to me, and asked me such questions as what had I learnt and what was I going to be? I told her I was going to be apprenticed to Joe, I believed; and I enlarged upon my knowing nothing and wanting to know everything, in the hope that she might offer some help towards that desirable end. But, she did not; on the contrary, she seemed to prefer my being ignorant. Neither did she ever give me any money—or anything but my daily dinner—nor ever stipulate that I should be paid for my services.

随着我们开始越来越习惯彼此，郝维仙小姐和我交谈得也就更多了。她会问我学到了什么，将来要做什么，以及诸如此类的问题。我告诉她，我相信自己会成为乔的学徒，而且我什么也不懂，可什么都想知道，我希望她能给我提供一些帮助，达成我的愿望。但她没有，她看起来反而更希望我无知。她既没有给过我钱——除了每天那顿饭之外，也没有给过我任何东西——更没有保证说，要为我提供的服务支付报酬。

Estella was always about, and always let me in and out, but never told me I might kiss her again. Sometimes, she would coldly tolerate me; sometimes, she would condescend to me; sometimes, she would be quite familiar with me; sometimes, she would tell me energetically that she hated me. Miss Havisham would often ask me in a whisper, or when we were alone, "Does she grow prettier and prettier, Pip?" And when I said yes (for indeed she did), would seem to enjoy it greedily. Also, when we played at cards Miss Havisham would look on, with a miserly relish of Estella's moods, whatever they were. And sometimes, when her moods were so many and so contradictory of one another that I was puzzled what to say or do, Miss Havisham would embrace her with lavish fondness, murmuring something in her ear that sounded like "Break their hearts my pride and hope, break their hearts and have no mercy!"

埃斯特拉总是在周围，总是带着我进进出出，却再也没有叫我吻她了。有时，她会冷冷地宽容我；有时，她会降低身份迁就我；有时，她表现得和我很亲近；有时，她会愤怒地跟我说，她恨我。郝维仙小姐常常轻声问我，或者趁只有我们两个人的时候说：“她是不是越长越漂亮了呢，皮普？”要是我回答“是的”（因为她真的越长越漂亮了），郝维仙小

姐会很高兴。还有，我们打牌时，郝维仙小姐会打量埃斯特拉，贪婪地品味着她所有的情绪变化。有时，埃斯特拉情绪复杂、反复无常，我不知道该说什么或做什么，郝维仙小姐就会非常高兴地把她抱进怀里，在她耳边喃喃低语，听起来好像是在说："让他们心碎，我的骄傲和希望，让他们心碎，别可怜他们！"

There was a song Joe used to hum fragments of at the forge, of which the burden was Old Clem. This was not a very ceremonious way of rendering homage to a patron saint; but, I believe Old Clem stood in that relation towards smiths. It was a song that imitated the measure of beating upon iron, and was a mere lyrical excuse for the introduction of Old Clem's respected name. Thus, you were to hammer boys round—Old Clem! With a thump and a sound—Old Clem! Beat it out, beat it out—Old Clem! With a clink for the stout—Old Clem! Blow the fire, blow the fire—Old Clem! Roaring dryer, soaring higher—Old Clem! One day soon after the appearance of the chair, Miss Havisham suddenly saying to me, with the impatient movement of her fingers, "There, there, there! Sing!" I was surprised into crooning this ditty as I pushed her over the floor. It happened so to catch her fancy, that she took it up in a low brooding voice as if she were singing in her sleep. After that, it became customary with us to have it as we moved about, and Estella would often join in; though the whole strain was so subdued, even when there were three of us, that it made less noise in the grim old house than the lightest breath of wind.

乔在铁匠铺里的时候，喜欢断断续续地反复哼唱一首歌，歌名叫作《老克莱门之歌》。用这种方式来表达对守护圣徒的尊重，是不够庄重的。但是，我相信，这首歌确切地表现了老克莱门和铁匠们的关系。这首歌模仿铁匠打铁的方法，充满感情地唱出了老克莱门那受人尊敬的名字。例如："孩子们一起来打铁啊，老克莱门！打一下啊，敲一声，老克莱门！使劲敲啊，使劲敲啊，老克莱门！用力拉风箱啊，老克莱门！旺旺地把火烧啊，老克莱门！风箱的声音吼啊，火苗窜得高啊，老克莱门！"有一天，我刚开始用椅子推郝维仙小姐的时候，她突然不耐烦地挥动着手指说道："行了，行了，行了！唱首歌吧！"我很惊讶，但还是一边推着她，一边低声地哼唱起小曲来。她被我的小曲吸引住了，也跟着我轻轻地哼唱起来，就好像在梦中哼唱一样。从此以后，一边在屋子里绕圈，一边哼歌成了我们的习惯。埃斯特拉也经常加入我们的行列。我们把声音压得很低，所以即便是三个人的时候，我们在这座阴暗的老房子里发出的声音也比微风更轻、更低。

What could I become with these surroundings? How could my character fail to be influenced by them? Is it to be wondered at if my thoughts were dazed, as my eyes were, when I came out into the natural light from the misty yellow rooms?

在这样的环境中，我将成为一个什么样的人呢？我的性格怎能不受她们的影响呢？当我从那些阴暗、昏黄的房间里走出来，进入到大自然

的光芒之中的时候，我怎能不晕眩、迷茫呢？

Perhaps, I might have told Joe about the pale young gentleman, if I had not previously been betrayed into those enormous inventions to which I had confessed. Under the circumstances, I felt that Joe could hardly fail to discern in the pale young gentleman, an appropriate passenger to be put into the black velvet coach; therefore, I said nothing of him. Besides: that shrinking from having Miss Havisham and Estella discussed, which had come upon me in the beginning, grew much more potent as time went on. I reposed complete confidence in no one but Biddy; but, I told poor Biddy everything. Why it came natural to me to do so, and why Biddy had a deep concern in everything I told her, I did not know then, though I think I know now.

如果当初我没有违背事实来编造出离谱的谎言的话，我或许会告诉乔有关那个脸色苍白的年轻绅士的事。可是如果现在说了，我觉得乔肯定会以为，这位脸色苍白的年轻绅士不过是黑色天鹅绒马车里的一个乘客而已。因此，我什么都没有对他说。况且，刚开始我就很害怕谈起郝维仙小姐和埃斯特拉，而随着时间的流逝，我的这种害怕越来越强烈。除了比迪之外，我谁也不能完全相信，所以我把所有的事情都告诉了可怜的比迪。当时我并不知道，为什么我能够很自然地相信比迪，为什么比迪对我的每一件事都很关心。但我想，我现在明白了。

Meanwhile, councils went on in the kitchen at home, fraught with almost insupportable aggravation to my exasperated spirit. That ass, Pumblechook, used often to come over of a night for the purpose of discussing my prospects with my sister; and I really do believe (to this hour with less penitence than I ought to feel), that if these hands could have taken a linchpin out of his chaise-cart, they would have done it. The miserable man was a man of that confined stolidity of mind, that he could not discuss my prospects without having me before him—as it were, to operate upon—and he would drag me up from my stool (usually by the collar) where I was quiet in a corner, and, putting me before the fire as if I were going to be cooked, would begin by saying, "Now, Mum, here is this boy! Here is this boy which you brought up by hand. Hold up your head, boy, and be for ever grateful unto them which so did do. Now, Mum, with respections to this boy!" And then he would rumple my hair the wrong way—which from my earliest remembrance, as already hinted, I have in my soul denied the right of any fellow-creature to do—and would hold me before him by the sleeve: a spectacle of imbecility only to be equaled by himself.

此时，家中的厨房里正在召开家庭会议。我非常恼火，几乎到达了无法控制的地步。晚上，彭波契克那个坏蛋常来跟我姐姐讨论我的前途。我真的确信（至今想起来，仍然不会后悔），如果我的手有足够的

力气，我一定会把他轻便马车上的轮辖拔出来。那个令人讨厌的人迟钝而又固执，他讨论我前途的时候，总是要我在他跟前，似乎要在我身上做实验一样。我原本是安静地坐在角落里，他把我从椅子上拽起来（通常用手拽衣领），放在炉火前，仿佛要把我烤熟，然后开始说："瞧，夫人，就是这个孩子。这就是你一手带大的孩子。抬起头来，孩子，你可一辈子都要感激把你养大的人啊。那么，夫人，来谈谈这个孩子吧！"然后，他会弄乱我的头发——我在前面已经说过了，从我记事起他就会这样，而我认为谁也没有权利弄乱我的头发——接着，他还会扯着我的袖子，把我拉到他面前，让我出洋相，显得很愚钝，就像他自己那样。

Then, he and my sister would pair off in such nonsensical speculations about Miss Havisham, and about what she would do with me and for me, that I used to want—quite painfully—to burst into spiteful tears, fly at Pumblechook, and pummel him all over. In these dialogues, my sister spoke to me as if she were morally wrenching one of my teeth out at every reference; while Pumblechook himself, self-constituted my patron, would sit supervising me with a depreciatory eye, like the architect of my fortunes who thought himself engaged on a very unremunerative job.

然后，他和我姐姐就会一唱一和，谈论和郝维仙小姐有关的事，以及郝维仙小姐应该为我做什么、想什么。一听到这里，我就非常痛苦，想流出痛恨的眼泪，想冲到彭波契克跟前，把他全身上下狠狠地揍一顿。在这些对话当中，我姐姐和我说话的样子就像每提起我一次就要拔我一颗牙齿一样。而彭波契克则自封为我的恩惠者，洋洋得意地坐在那里，不屑地监督着我的举动，仿佛是我好运的缔造者。他觉得为我做了那么多的事，自己却什么好处都没有得到，这不公平。

In these discussions, Joe bore no part. But he was often talked at, while they were in progress, by reason of Mrs. Joe's perceiving that he was not favorable to my being taken from the forge. I was fully old enough now, to be apprenticed to Joe; and when Joe sat with the poker on his knees thoughtfully raking out the ashes between the lower bars, my sister would so distinctly construe that innocent action into opposition on his part, that she would dive at him, take the poker out of his hands, shake him, and put it away. There was a most irritating end to every one of these debates. All in a moment, with nothing to lead up to it, my sister would stop herself in a yawn, and catching sight of me as it were incidentally, would swoop upon me with, "Come! there's enough of you! You get along to bed; you've given trouble enough for one night, I hope!" As if I had besought them as a favor to bother my life out.

乔从来不参与他们的讨论。不过，他们倒是常常和他谈，因为乔太太已经察觉到，乔不赞成我离开铁匠铺。我现在长大了，已经可以给乔做学徒了。当乔把火钳放在膝盖上坐着，若有所思地拨弄着火炉下层的煤灰时，我姐姐便会把这种无辜的行为直接当作是反抗的表现，扑向

他，从他手里夺下火钳，使劲地摇晃他的身体，然后把火钳扔掉。每回谈起这类问题，都会落个不愉快的下场。一时没有新的话题了，我姐姐便会停住，打个哈欠，然后突然不经意地看到我似的，朝我扑过来：“够了！没你的事了！你去睡觉吧。你这一晚上可真让人心烦的了！”这就好像是我请求他们来烦扰我的生活似的。

We went on in this way for a long time, and it seemed likely that we should continue to go on in this way for a long time, when, one day, Miss Havisham stopped short as she and I were walking, she leaning on my shoulder; and said with some displeasure: "You are growing tall, Pip!"

我们就这样过了很长一段时间，而且看起来，我们还得接着这样过很长一段时间。有一天，郝维仙小姐正用手扶着我的肩膀走路时，她停了下来，不太愉快地跟我说：“你长高了，皮普！”

I thought it best to hint, through the medium of a meditative look, that this might be occasioned by circumstances over which I had no control.

我满脸深思地看了她一眼，认为用这种方式来传递信息是最好的方法，让她明白这是自然的规律，我无法操纵。

She said no more at the time; but, she presently stopped and looked at me again; and presently again; and after that, looked frowning and moody. On the next day of my attendance when our usual exercise was over, and I had landed her at her dressing table, she stayed me with a movement of her impatient fingers: "Tell me the name again of that blacksmith of yours."

当时，她并没有多说什么。但过了一会儿，她又停了下来打量着我，再过一会儿又看着我，愁容满面，心情抑郁。下次我去服侍她时，跟平常一样做完运动后，我扶着她来到化妆台前，她不耐烦地晃了晃手指，说：“再告诉我一次，你那个铁匠叫什么名字？”

"Joe Gargery, ma'am."

“乔·格雷戈里，夫人。”

"Meaning the master you were to be apprenticed to?"

“你就是要给这个师父当学徒吗？”

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

“是的，郝维仙小姐。”

"You had better be apprenticed at once. Would Gargery come here with you, and bring your indentures, do you think?"

“你最好立刻就去当学徒。你觉得，格雷戈里会带着你们的师徒契约跟你一起到这里来吗？”

I signified that I had no doubt he would take it as an honor to be asked.

我表示，要是他受到邀请的话，他肯定会觉得非常荣幸的。

"Then let him come."

“那就让他来吧”

"At any particular time, Miss Havisham?"

“什么时候来呢，郝维仙小姐？”

"There, there! I know nothing about times. Let him come soon, and come along with you."

“行啦，行啦！我对时间一无所知。让他尽快和你一道来吧。”

When I got home at night, and delivered this message for Joe, my sister "went on the Rampage," in a more alarming degree than at any previous period. She asked me and Joe whether we supposed she was door-mats under our feet, and how we dared to use her so, and what company we graciously thought she was fit for? When she had exhausted a torrent of such inquiries, she threw a candlestick at Joe, burst into a loud sobbing, got out the dustpan—which was always a very bad sign—put on her coarse apron, and began cleaning up to a terrible extent. Not satisfied with a dry cleaning, she took to a pail and scrubbing-brush, and cleaned us out of house and home, so that we stood shivering in the back-yard. It was ten o'clock at night before we ventured to creep in again, and then she asked Joe why he hadn't married a Negress Slave at once? Joe offered no answer, poor fellow, but stood feeling his whisker and looking dejectedly at me, as if he thought it really might have been a better speculation.

当晚我回家后，跟乔说了这件事，我姐姐却大发雷霆，比先前任何一次都要生气。她质问我和乔，是不是把她当成了门口的蹭脚垫，可以随意践踏；我们怎么敢如此对待她；我们把她看成了什么人？当她一连串地抛出一大堆问题后，拿过烛台朝乔扔了过去，接着便放声大哭起来。她还把簸箕拿了出来——这一向不是一个好的预兆——＋B125围上粗布围裙，开始发疯地打扫起来。单是打扫还不够，她还提来一桶水，拿来一个拖把，把我们扫出了屋子，我们只好在院子里浑身颤抖地站着。直到晚上十点，我们才冒险溜进去，然后，我姐姐就问乔为什么不干脆立刻娶一个女黑奴。乔没有回答，可怜巴巴地站在那里，用手抓着自己的胡子，沮丧地看着我，好像在想，说不定娶个女黑奴倒是个不错的想法。

CHAPTER 13

第十三章

It was a trial to my feelings, on the next day but one, to see Joe arraying himself in his Sunday clothes to accompany me to Miss Havisham's. However, as he thought his court-suit necessary to the occasion, it was not for me tell him that he looked far better in his working dress; the rather, because I knew he made himself so dreadfully uncomfortable, entirely on my account, and that it was for me he pulled up his shirt-collar so very high behind, that it made the hair on the crown of his head stand up like a tuft of feathers.

第三天，乔穿着那套节日礼服，仔细打扮了一番，准备和我一起去拜访郝维仙小姐。我看着他的衣服，心里很不舒服。但他觉得，必要的时候是一定要穿上这套衣服的。我没有告诉他，他平时穿着工作服的样子比现在好看多了。因为我知道，他把自己弄得如此糟糕完全是为了我。为了我，他把衬衫后面的领子竖得很高，让头发像一撮羽毛一样站得直直的。

At breakfast time my sister declared her intention of going to town with us, and being left at Uncle Pumblechook's and called for "when we had done with our fine ladies"—a way of putting the case, from which Joe appeared inclined to augur the worst. The forge was shut up for the day, and Joe inscribed in chalk upon the door (as it was his custom to do on the very rare occasions when he was not at work) the monosyllable HOUT, accompanied by a sketch of an arrow supposed to be flying in the direction he had taken.

吃早餐的时候，姐姐宣布要和我们一起去镇里，然后留在彭波契克叔叔家里，等我们和那位贵夫人完事之后，再到那里去找她。她说话的样子，好像乔就要倒大霉了一样。今天铁匠铺不开工，乔用粉笔在门上（他很少不工作，但一旦停工，他总要这么做）写了一个单音节的字“出”，还画了一支箭，仿佛正朝着他离开的方向飞去。

We walked to town, my sister leading the way in a very large beaver bonnet, and carrying a basket like the Great Seal of England in plaited straw, a pair of pattens, a spare shawl, and an umbrella, though it was a fine bright day. I am not quite clear whether these articles were carried penitentially or ostentatiously; but, I rather think they were displayed as articles of property—much as Cleopatra or any other sovereign lady on the Rampage might exhibit her wealth in a pageant or procession.

我们走着去镇里，姐姐在前面带路。她戴着一顶海狸皮大帽子，挎着一只看起来像英国国玺的草编篮子，穿着一双套鞋，围着一条罕见的

披肩，还拿着一把伞，尽管天气很晴朗。我不知道她带这么多东西是为了修苦行，还是为了炫耀。但是，我想应该是为了展现财富——就像埃及艳后克丽奥佩特拉或者任意一位掌权的女士一样，总喜欢在游行的时候展示自己的财富。

When we came to Pumblechook's, my sister bounced in and left us. As it was almost noon, Joe and I held straight on to Miss Havisham's house. Estella opened the gate as usual, and, the moment she appeared, Joe took his hat off and stood weighing it by the brim in both his hands: as if he had some urgent reason in his mind for being particular to half a quarter of an ounce.

到达彭波契克家门口后，姐姐就丢下我们，蹦蹦跳跳地走了进去。此时已经快到中午了，乔和我径直往郝维仙小姐的家里走去。埃斯特拉像平常一样开了门，乔一看到她，就脱下帽子，双手抓住帽檐，掂量着。仿佛他心里正焦急地想，一定要锱铢必较。

Estella took no notice of either of us, but led us the way that I knew so well. I followed next to her, and Joe came last. When I looked back at Joe in the long passage, he was still weighing his hat with the greatest care, and was coming after us in long strides on the tips of his toes.

埃斯特拉理都没理我们，只是带着我们走着那条我极为熟悉的路。我紧紧地跟在她后面，乔走在最后。当我在长长的过道里回头看乔时，他还在小心翼翼地掂量着那顶帽子，踮起脚尖大步走在我们后面。

Estella told me we were both to go in, so I took Joe by the coat-cuff and conducted him into Miss Havisham's presence. She was seated at her dressing-table, and looked round at us immediately.

埃斯特拉叫我们两个进去，于是我拉着乔的袖子走了进去，把他引到郝维仙小姐面前。郝维仙小姐坐在梳妆台旁，立刻转过头来盯着我们看。

"Oh!" said she to Joe. "You are the husband of the sister of this boy?"

“噢！”她对乔说，“你就是这个孩子的姐夫吗？”

I could hardly have imagined dear old Joe looking so unlike himself or so like some extraordinary bird; standing, as he did, speechless, with his tuft of feathers ruffled, and his mouth open, as if he wanted a worm.

我难以想象，亲爱的老家伙乔看起来简直不像他自己了，或者说就像一只奇怪的鸟，站在那里一句话也不说，头顶上的羽毛直直地站着，嘴巴大张着，似乎要吃虫。

"You are the husband," repeated Miss Havisham, "of the sister of this boy?"

“你是，”郝维仙小姐重复了一遍，“这个孩子的姐夫吗？”

It was very aggravating; but, throughout the interview Joe persisted in addressing Me instead of Miss Havisham.

多令人生气啊！但是，在整个拜访过程中，乔坚持要对着我说话，而不是直接跟郝维仙小姐说话。

"Which I meantersay, Pip," Joe now observed in a manner that was at once expressive of forcible argumentation, strict confidence, and great politeness, "as I hup and married your sister, and I were at the time what you might call (if you was anyways inclined) a single man.”

“我的意思是，皮普，”现在乔表现得非常有说服力，信心十足，也很有礼貌，“当我娶你姐姐的时候，被人们叫做（如果你想这么叫的话）一个单身男人。”

"Well!" said Miss Havisham. "And you have reared the boy, with the intention of taking him for your apprentice; is that so, Mr. Gargery?"

“好吧！”郝维仙小姐说，“你抚养了这个孩子，想让他成为你的学徒，是不是，格雷戈里先生？”

"You know, Pip," replied Joe, "as you and me were ever friends, and it were looked for'ard to betwixt us, as being calc'lated to lead to larks. Not but what, Pip, if you had ever made objections to the business—such as its being open to black and sut, or such-like—not but what they would have been attended to, don't you see?"

“你知道，皮普，”乔回答说，“因为你和我永远都是朋友，我们俩都盼望着那一天，希望那一天能给我们带来好运。但是，皮普，如果你对干这一行有任何反对意见——比如说它会把人弄得满身黑尘之类的——并不是没有人理会你的反对意见，你明白吗？”

"Has the boy," said Miss Havisham, "ever made any objection? Does he like the trade?"

“这个孩子，”郝维仙小姐说，“有没有提出过任何反对意见？　他喜欢干这一行吗？”

"Which it is well beknown to yourself, Pip," returned Joe, strengthening his former mixture of argumentation, confidence, and politeness, "that it were the wish of your own hart." (I saw the idea suddenly break upon him that he would adapt his epitaph to the occasion, before he went on to say) "And there weren't no objection on your part, and Pip it were the great wish of your heart!"

“你自己最清楚这一点了，皮普，”乔回答道，他的神态比之前更加有说服力，更加信心十足，也更加有礼貌了，“你知道，这是你自己心底

的愿望。”（我发现，在他继续说下去之前，他突然意识到可以把自己写的墓志铭用到这个场合中来。）“你没有提出过任何反对意见，皮普，这是你心里最大的愿望！”

It was quite in vain for me to endeavour to make him sensible that he ought to speak to Miss Havisham. The more I made faces and gestures to him to do it, the more confidential, argumentative, and polite, he persisted in being to Me.

我努力想让他明白，他应该直接对着郝维仙小姐讲话，但我的一切努力都白费了。我越是用表情和手势对他示意，他就越是坚持以更加有信心，更加有说服力，更加有礼貌的方式对着我说。

"Have you brought his indentures with you?" asked Miss Havisham.

“你把他的师徒契约带来了吗？”郝维仙小姐问道。

"Well, Pip, you know," replied Joe, as if that were a little unreasonable, "you yourself see me put 'em in my 'at, and therefore you know as they are here." With which he took them out, and gave them, not to Miss Havisham, but to me. I am afraid I was ashamed of the dear good fellow—I know I was ashamed of him—when I saw that Estella stood at the back of Miss Havisham's chair, and that her eyes laughed mischievously. I took the indentures out of his hand and gave them to Miss Havisham.

“哦，皮普，你知道，”乔回答道，仿佛觉得这个问题有点荒唐，“你亲眼看见我把它们放进我的帽子里了，所以你知道，它们就在这里了。”说着，他把它们拿了出来，没有递给郝维仙小姐，而是递给了我。我恐怕自己为这位亲爱的老朋友感到丢脸——我知道，我的确为他感到丢脸——当时，我看到埃斯特拉站在郝维仙小姐的椅子后面，她的眼睛里流露出恶意的笑容。我从他手中接过师徒契约，把它们递给了郝维仙小姐。

"You expected," said Miss Havisham, as she looked them over, "no premium with the boy?"

“你打算，”郝维仙小姐看完契约后说道，“不要这个孩子的谢师礼？”

"Joe!" I remonstrated; for he made no reply at all. "Why don't you answer—"

“乔！”我对乔表示抗议，因为他根本就不回话，“你为什么不回答——”

"Pip," returned Joe, cutting me short as if he were hurt, "which I meantersay that were not a question requiring a answer betwixt yourself and me, and which you know the answer to be full well No. You know it to be No, Pip, and wherefore should I say it?"

“皮普，”乔回答道，他打断了我的话，仿佛刚刚的话让他很伤心，“我的意思是，对我们俩来说，那根本就是一个不需要回答的问题。你知道，答案肯定是不要。你知道，答案肯定是不要，皮普，那我为何还要说什么呢？”

Miss Havisham glanced at him as if she understood what he really was, better than I had thought possible, seeing what he was there; and took up a little bag from the table beside her.

郝维仙小姐迅速地看了他一眼，仿佛她已经明白了他到底是怎样的一个人，看清了他的本质，也许了解得比我之前所想的更清楚。然后她从身旁的桌子上拿起一个小袋子。

"Pip has earned a premium here," she said, "and here it is. There are five-and-twenty guineas in this bag. Give it to your master, Pip.”

“皮普在这里赚了一笔谢师礼，”她说，“这就是。这个袋子里有二十五个几尼。把它给你师父，皮普。”

As if he were absolutely out of his mind with the wonder awakened in him by her strange figure and the strange room, Joe, even at this pass, persisted in addressing me.

乔仿佛是被她奇怪的体态和这个陌生的房间给彻底惊呆了，他神智不清，即使在这个时候，还是坚持对着我说。

"This is wery liberal on your part, Pip," said Joe, "and it is as such received and grateful welcome, though never looked for, far nor near nor nowheres. And now, old chap," said Joe, conveying to me a sensation, first of burning and then of freezing, for I felt as if that familiar expression were applied to Miss Havisham; "and now, old chap, may we do our duty! May you and me do our duty, both on us by one and another, and by them which your liberal present—have—conweyed—to be—for the satisfaction of mind—of—them as never—” here Joe showed that he felt he had fallen into frightful difficulties, until he triumphantly rescued himself with the words, "and from myself far be it!" These words had such a round and convincing sound for him that he said them twice.

“你太慷慨了，皮普，”乔说，“那我就非常感激、非常高兴地收下了，尽管我从来没有期望过要收到这笔钱，从来没有。好了，老弟，”乔说道，他的这句话让我产生了一种强烈的感觉，先是火烧般的灼热感，然后又全身发冷，因为我感觉他仿佛是在用这个亲密的称呼喊郝维仙小姐，“好了，老弟，希望我们能尽到我们的职责！希望你和我能尽到我们的职责，为了我们两个，也为了你慷慨的礼金所要表达的——为了精神上的满足——它们从未——”说到这里，乔感到自己遇到了极大的困难，直到他用这最后一句话成功地解救了自己，“而且我从来就没有想过要这笔礼金！”这句话在他听来如此的字正腔圆，令人信服，所以他说了两遍。

"Good-bye, Pip!" said Miss Havisham. "Let them out, Estella."

“再见，皮普！”郝维仙小姐说，“带他们出去，埃斯特拉。”

"Am I to come again, Miss Havisham?" I asked.

“我还要再来吗，郝维仙小姐？”我问道。

"No. Gargery is your master now. Gargery! One word!"

“不用了。现在格雷戈里是你的师父了。格雷戈里！我要和你说一句话！”

Thus calling him back as I went out of the door, I heard her say to Joe, in a distinct emphatic voice, "The boy has been a good boy here, and that is his reward. Of course, as an honest man, you will expect no other and no more."

于是当我走出房门的时候，他被叫了回去。我听到她用清晰、着重的语气对乔说：“这个孩子在这里一直表现很好，那是给他的奖赏。当然，作为一个诚实的人，你不会再要别的，也不会再要得更多了。”

How Joe got out of the room, I have never been able to determine; but, I know that when he did get out he was steadily proceeding up-stairs instead of coming down, and was deaf to all remonstrances until I went after him and laid hold of him. In another minute we were outside the gate, and it was locked, and Estella was gone.

我一直都无法确定乔是如何走出那个房间的。但是，我知道的是，当他走出那个房间之后，他稳步地朝楼上走去，而不是往楼下走，而且完全听不见我喊他，直到最后我追上去，抓住了他。不一会儿我们就来到了大门外，埃斯特拉锁上大门之后便离开了。

When we stood in the daylight alone again, Joe backed up against a wall, and said to me, "Astonishing!" And there he remained so long, saying "Astonishing" at intervals, so often, that I began to think his senses were never coming back. At length he prolonged his remark into "Pip, I do assure you this is astonishing!" and so, by degrees, became conversational and able to walk away.

当我们两个人再一次站在阳光下时，乔背靠在一面墙上，对我说：“太令人吃惊了！”他就这样在那里倚靠了很长一段时间，不时地说一句“太令人吃惊了！”。他不停地说，让我开始觉得他的神智再也清醒不过来了。最后，他延长了自己的这句评论，变成了：“皮普，我向你保证，这真是太令人吃惊了！”就这样，逐渐地，他开始能说话了，也能够走路了。

I have reason to think that Joe's intellects were brightened by the encounter they had passed through, and that on our way to Pumblechook's he invented a subtle and deep design. My reason is to

be found in what took place in Mr. Pumblechook's parlour: where, on our presenting ourselves, my sister sat in conference with that detested seedsman.

我有理由相信，经过刚刚的那次经历，乔的智力得到了增长。在我们去彭波契克家的路上，他想出了一个精明巧妙、意义深远的主意。彭波契克先生家的客厅里所发生的事情说明这个主意是多么合乎情理。当我们出现在那里的时候，我姐姐正和那个令人厌恶的种子商人坐着聊天。

"Well?" cried my sister, addressing us both at once. "And what's happened to you? I wonder you condescend to come back to such poor society as this, I am sure I do!"

“怎么样？”我姐姐马上对我们两个人喊道，“你们两个怎么样了？我没想到你们会降低身份回到这样穷酸的地方，我真没想到！”

"Miss Havisham," said Joe, with a fixed look at me, like an effort of remembrance, "made it wery partick'ler that we should give her—were it compliments or respects, Pip?”

“郝维仙小姐，”乔一面说，一面盯着我，好像想努力记起什么似的，“特意嘱咐我们代她向你——是问好还是致意，皮普？”

"Compliments," I said.

“问好。”我说道。

"Which that were my own belief," answered Joe—“her compliments to Mrs. J. Gargery—”

“我自己也是这么认为的。”乔回答说，“代她向J. 格雷戈里太太问好——”

"Much good they'll do me!" observed my sister; but rather gratified too.

“就像问好能给我带来多大的好处一样！”我姐姐虽然这么说，却也是非常高兴。

"And wishing," pursued Joe, with another fixed look at me, like another effort of remembrance, "that the state of Miss Havisham's elth were sitch as would have—allowed, were it, Pip?”

“而且郝维仙小姐希望，”乔继续说道，同时又盯着我，仿佛又想努力记起什么，“如果她的身体状况允许的话，是不是，皮普？”

"Of her having the pleasure," I added.

“她会很荣幸。”我补充道。

"Of ladies' company," said Joe. And drew a long breath.

“她会很荣幸能请你过去。”乔说道。然后他长长地喘了一口气。

"Well!" cried my sister, with a mollified glance at Mr. Pumblechook. "She might have had the politeness to send that message at first, but it's better late than never. And what did she give young Rantipole here?"

“噢！”我姐姐喊道，同时用得到了柔和的眼神瞥了彭波契克先生一眼，“她本应该懂礼数，一开始就捎来这个口信的。不过晚到总比没有好。她给了这个野孩子什么？”

"She giv' him," said Joe, "nothing."

乔说：“她什么也没有给他。”

Mrs. Joe was going to break out, but Joe went on.

乔太太正要发脾气，乔却继续往下说。

"What she giv'," said Joe, "she giv' to his friends. 'And by his friends,' were her explanation, 'I mean into the hands of his sister Mrs. J. Gargery.' Them were her words; 'Mrs. J. Gargery.' She mayn't have know'd," added Joe, with an appearance of reflection, "whether it were Joe, or Jorge."

“她给的东西，”乔说道，“是送给他的朋友的。根据她的解释，‘送给他的朋友’就是‘交到他的姐姐J. 格雷戈里太太手中’。这是她的原话，‘J. 格雷戈里太太’。她可能不知道，”乔带着一副沉思的表情补充道，“到底是乔还是乔治。”

My sister looked at Pumblechook: who smoothed the elbows of his wooden armchair, and nodded at her and at the fire, as if he had known all about it beforehand.

我姐姐看着彭波契克，他正一面抚摸着他那木制躺椅的扶手，一面对她点点头，又对着炉火点点头，仿佛他已经提前知道了这一切。

"And how much have you got?" asked my sister, laughing. Positively, laughing!

“你们拿到了多少钱？”我姐姐笑着问道。千真万确，她在笑！

"What would present company say to ten pound?" demanded Joe.

“在座的各位觉得十镑怎么样？”乔问道。

"They'd say," returned my sister, curtly, "pretty well. Not too much, but pretty well."

“我们觉得，”我姐姐简短地回道，“很不错。不是很多，但很不错了。”

"It's more than that, then," said Joe.

“那么，不止十镑。”乔说。

That fearful Impostor, Pumblechook, immediately nodded, and

said, as he rubbed the arms of his chair: "It's more than that, Mum."

彭波契克那个可恶的骗子马上点了点头，一边抚摸着椅子的扶手，一边说道：“不止十镑，夫人。”

"Why, you don't mean to say—" began my sister.

“那么，你的意思是说——”我姐姐开口说道。

"Yes I do, Mum," said Pumblechook; "but wait a bit. Go on, Joseph. Good in you! Go on!"

“是的，夫人，”彭波契克说，“稍安勿躁。继续说，约瑟夫（注：“乔”是“约瑟夫”的昵称）。说得好！继续！”

"What would present company say," proceeded Joe, "to twenty pound?"

“在座的各位觉得，”乔继续说道，“二十镑怎么样？”

"Handsome would be the word," returned my sister.

“可以说数目可观。”我姐姐回答说。

"Well, then," said Joe, "It's more than twenty pound."

“哦，那么，”乔说，“不止二十镑。”

That abject hypocrite, Pumblechook, nodded again, and said, with a patronizing laugh, "It's more than that, Mum. Good again! Follow her up, Joseph!"

彭波契克那个可鄙的伪君子，又点了点头，带着施恩于人的笑容说道：“不止那些，夫人。说得同样很好！告诉她吧，约瑟夫！”

"Then to make an end of it," said Joe, delightedly handing the bag to my sister; "it's five-and-twenty pound."

“那么，最后就告诉你吧，”乔高兴地把袋子递给我姐姐，说道，“一共二十五镑。”

"It's five-and-twenty pound, Mum," echoed that basest of swindlers, Pumblechook, rising to shake hands with her; "and it's no more than your merits (as I said when my opinion was asked), and I wish you joy of the money!"

“一共是二十五镑，夫人，”彭波契克那个卑鄙的大骗子一面重复，一面起身跟她握手，“这是以您的功劳所应得的（正如过去别人问及我的意见时，我所说的那样），我希望您好好享受这笔钱！”

If the villain had stopped here, his case would have been sufficiently awful, but he blackened his guilt by proceeding to take me into custody, with a right of patronage that left all his former criminality far behind.

如果这个恶棍到此为止的话，他的罪恶就已经够大的了。可是他却继续增加自己的罪行，以一副恩人的姿态抓着我不放，这远远地超过了他之前的罪行。

"Now you see, Joseph and wife," said Pumblechook, as he took me by the arm above the elbow, "I am one of them that always go right through with what they've begun. This boy must be bound, out of hand. That's my way. Bound out of hand."

“现在，事情是这样的，约瑟夫，约瑟夫太太，”彭波契克说着抓起我的上臂，“我是那种一旦开始做某件事情就会坚持到底的人。这个孩子必须正式成为学徒。这就是我的方式。必须正式成为学徒。”

"Goodness knows, Uncle Pumblechook," said my sister (grasping the money), "we're deeply beholden to you."

“上帝知道，彭波契克舅舅，”我姐姐紧紧地抓着袋子说道，“我们真是太感谢你了。”

"Never mind me, Mum, returned that diabolical corn-chandler. "A pleasure's a pleasure, all the world over. But this boy, you know; we must have him bound. I said I'd see to it—to tell you the truth.”

“别谢我了，夫人，”那个罪大恶极的粮商回答道，“普天之下，助人为乐。但是这个孩子，你知道，我们必须让他正式成为学徒。我说过我会负责这件事情的——这是实话。”

The Justices were sitting in the Town Hall near at hand, and we at once went over to have me bound apprentice to Joe in the Magisterial presence. I say, we went over, but I was pushed over by Pumblechook, exactly as if I had that moment picked a pocket or fired a rick; indeed, it was the general impression in Court that I had been taken red-handed, for, as Pumblechook shoved me before him through the crowd, I heard some people say, "What's he done?" and others, "He's a young 'un, too, but looks bad, don't he?" One person of mild and benevolent aspect even gave me a tract ornamented with a woodcut of a malevolent young man fitted up with a perfect sausage-shop of fetters, and entitled, TO BE READ IN MY CELL.

法院坐落在附近的镇政厅里。我们立刻赶过去，要在地方法官面前让我正式成为乔的学徒。虽然我说的是“我们赶过去”，但实际上我是被彭波契克推着过去的，就像当时他正好抓到我在偷钱包或放火烧草堆一样。事实上，法院的人们都普遍认为，我是做坏事被当场抓住的，因为当彭波契克挤过人群，把我推到地方法官面前时，我听到有人说道：“他犯了什么罪？”还有人说道：“他也是年纪轻轻的，不过看起来挺坏的，不是吗？”一个面相温和、慈善的人甚至给了我一本小册子，封面上装饰着一幅木刻画，画上那个邪恶的年轻人身上捆绑的镣铐就像香肠店里的香肠一样多，小册子的题目是《牢中训诫》。

The Hall was a queer place, I thought, with higher pews in it than a church—and with people hanging over the pews looking on—and with mighty Justices (one with a powdered head) leaning back in chairs, with folded arms, or taking snuff, or going to sleep, or writing, or reading the newspapers—and with some shining black portraits on the walls, which my unartistic eye regarded as a composition of hardbake and sticking-plaister. Here, in a corner, my indentures were duly signed and attested, and I was "bound;" Mr. Pumblechook holding me all the while as if we had looked in on our way to the scaffold, to have those little preliminaries disposed of.

我觉得，镇政厅是一个奇怪的地方，里面的靠背长凳比教堂里的要高——人们就像挂在上面一样四处观望——几个大法官（其中一个头上抹了粉）向后靠在椅子上，有的双臂交叉，有的嗅着鼻烟，有的昏昏欲睡，有的奋笔疾书，还有的在看报纸——墙上有几幅黑亮的肖像画，在没有艺术修养的我看来，那就像是杏仁糖和橡皮膏的拼盘。就在这里的一个角落里，我的师徒契约正式签订了，并得到了公证，于是我正式成为了学徒。自始至终，彭波契克先生都抓着我，仿佛我们最终是要走向断头台的，而现在只是来这里办一些小的准备手续似的。

When we had come out again, and had got rid of the boys who had been put into great spirits by the expectation of seeing me publicly tortured, and who were much disappointed to find that my friends were merely rallying round me, we went back to Pumblechook's. And there my sister became so excited by the twenty-five guineas, that nothing would serve her but we must have a dinner out of that windfall, at the Blue Boar, and that Pumblechook must go over in his chaise-cart, and bring the Hubbles and Mr. Wopsle.

之后我们又走出了镇政厅，摆脱了那些因为看着我被公开折磨而极其兴奋的小男孩，当他们发现我的朋友们只是围在我周围而已，便大失所望。然后我们回到了彭波契克家里。我姐姐因为这二十五个几尼而异常兴奋。她执意要用这笔横财中的一部分来请我们去“蓝野猪”饭店吃饭，要求彭波契克驾着他的轻便马车过去，还要带上哈布尔夫妇和沃甫赛先生。

It was agreed to be done; and a most melancholy day I passed. For, it inscrutably appeared to stand to reason, in the minds of the whole company, that I was an excrescence on the entertainment. And to make it worse, they all asked me from time to time—in short, whenever they had nothing else to do—why I didn't enjoy myself. And what could I possibly do then, but say I was enjoying myself—when I wasn't?

这件事得到了大家的赞同，而这一天成为我度过的最痛苦的一天。因为，莫名其妙的是，似乎所有人都理所应当地认为，在这整个欢快场合当中，我就是一个多余的人。而且更糟糕的是，他们所有人都时不时

地——简言之，每当在他们没有别的事可做的时候——就问我，我为什么不开心一点。当时我确实不开心，可除了说“我很开心”之外，我还能做什么的呢？

However, they were grown up and had their own way, and they made the most of it. That swindling Pumblechook, exalted into the beneficent contriver of the whole occasion, actually took the top of the table; and, when he addressed them on the subject of my being bound, and had fiendishly congratulated them on my being liable to imprisonment if I played at cards, drank strong liquors, kept late hours or bad company, or indulged in other vagaries which the form of my indentures appeared to contemplate as next to inevitable, he placed me standing on a chair beside him, to illustrate his remarks.

可是他们都是成年人了，有权利决定自己的所作所为了，而且他们充分利用了这种权利。彭波契克那个骗子，自认为自己善意地促成了这整件事情，所以洋洋自得。事实上，他占据了桌子的首席上座。他向大家讲述了我成为学徒的事情，而且恶魔般地祝贺他们说，如果我打牌、喝烈酒、夜里晚归、交上坏朋友或者沉迷于其他违背师徒契约规定的恶习的话，我就会被抓进监狱。他一边说，一边让我站在他身旁的椅子上，来演出他说的内容。

My only other remembrances of the great festival are, That they wouldn't let me go to sleep, but whenever they saw me dropping off, woke me up and told me to enjoy myself. That, rather late in the evening Mr. Wopsle gave us Collins' ode, and threw his bloodstain'd sword in thunder down, with such effect, that a waiter came in and said, "The Commercials underneath sent up their compliments, and it wasn't the Tumblers' Arms." That, they were all in excellent spirits on the road home, and sang O Lady Fair! Mr. Wopsle taking the bass, and asserting with a tremendously strong voice (in reply to the inquisitive bore who leads that piece of music in a most impertinent manner, by wanting to know all about everybody's private affairs) that he was the man with his white locks flowing, and that he was upon the whole the weakest pilgrim going.

我对这次盛大活动仅存的其他记忆是，他们不准我睡觉。每当他们看见我在打瞌睡时，他们就叫醒我，告诉我玩得开心点。那天晚上很晚的时候，沃甫赛先生给我们唱柯林斯的颂歌。他将血染的宝剑猛地劈下来，发出雷鸣般的响声，生动逼真，结果引来一个侍者。这个侍者说：“楼下的客人向你们问好，但说这里不是摔跤的地方。”在回家的路上，他们都兴致高昂，唱起了《哦，丽人儿！》沃甫赛先生唱男低音。为了回应那些好打听的、讨厌的人们——这些人用非常无礼的方式唱这首歌，想要知道所有人的私人事务——他用强硬的声音声明，他已是白发飘飘的人了，他是所有朝圣者队伍中最弱的一个。

Finally, I remember that when I got into my little bedroom I was

truly wretched, and had a strong conviction on me that I should never like Joe's trade. I had liked it once, but once was not now.

最后，我记得当我回到我的小卧室时，我真的非常不愉快，而且我心中坚信，我永远都不会喜欢乔的这个行当。我曾经喜欢过这个行当，但现在已经不是那个时候了。

CHAPTER 14

第十四章

It is a most miserable thing to feel ashamed of home. There may be black ingratitude in the thing, and the punishment may be retributive and well deserved; but, that it is a miserable thing, I can testify.

对自己的家感到羞愧是一件极为痛苦的事。这件事情本身可能是忘恩负义的表现，对此的惩罚也许是罪有应得、理所应当的，但是，那是一件痛苦的事，对此我可以作证。

Home had never been a very pleasant place to me, because of my sister's temper. But, Joe had sanctified it, and I had believed in it. I had believed in the best parlour as a most elegant saloon; I had believed in the front door, as a mysterious portal of the Temple of State whose solemn opening was attended with a sacrifice of roast fowls; I had believed in the kitchen as a chaste though not magnificent apartment; I had believed in the forge as the glowing road to manhood and independence. Within a single year, all this was changed. Now, it was all coarse and common, and I would not have had Miss Havisham and Estella see it on any account.

由于我姐姐脾气暴躁，家对我来说从来都不是一个非常令人愉快的地方。但是，乔使这个家神圣起来，我也曾经对它深信不疑。我曾坚信那间最好的客厅是一个非常雅致的起坐间；我曾坚信前门是一扇通往国庙的神秘大门，大门庄严打开的时候要奉上烤禽作为祭品；我曾坚信厨房是一个虽不华丽却很朴实的地方；我曾坚信铁匠铺是通往成熟与独立的光明之路。在仅仅一年的时间当中，所有的这些都变了。如今，一切都粗糙而平庸，无论如何，我都不会让郝维仙小姐和埃斯特拉看到它。

How much of my ungracious condition of mind may have been my own fault, how much Miss Havisham's, how much my sister's, is now of no moment to me or to any one. The change was made in me; the thing was done. Well or ill done, excusably or inexcusably, it was done.

我这种不合人意的心态有多大一部分是由我自己的过错造成的，有多大一部分是由郝维仙小姐造成的，又有多大一部分是由我姐姐造成的，如今这些对我或对其他任何人来说都已经无关紧要了。我已经变了，事已至此，无法挽回了。无论是好是坏，可饶恕还是不可饶恕，总之，事已至此，无法挽回了。

Once, it had seemed to me that when I should at last roll up my shirt-sleeves and go into the forge, Joe's prentice, I should be

distinguished and happy. Now the reality was in my hold, I only felt that I was dusty with the dust of small coal, and that I had a weight upon my daily remembrance to which the anvil was a feather. There have been occasions in my later life (I suppose as in most lives) when I have felt for a time as if a thick curtain had fallen on all its interest and romance, to shut me out from anything save dull endurance any more. Never has that curtain dropped so heavy and blank, as when my way in life lay stretched out straight before me through the newly-entered road of apprenticeship to Joe.

曾经在我看来，当我最终能够卷起衣袖，作为乔的学徒走进铁匠铺的时候，我会多么神气、多么幸福。如今，我的愿望变成了现实，而我唯一的感受就是自己满身覆盖着煤屑的尘土，每天回忆起往事，心头就沉重不已，相比之下，铁砧都轻如羽毛。在我之后的生活当中，有时候（我想大部分人都是如此）我会觉得仿佛有一层厚厚的幕布落下来，把我与所有的生活乐趣以及浪漫永远地隔开，只留下沉闷和忍耐。但是当我刚刚成为乔的学徒，我的生活道路在我面前铺开的时候，落下的那块幕布显得最为沉重和空白。

I remember that at a later period of my "time," I used to stand about the churchyard on Sunday evenings when night was falling, comparing my own perspective with the windy marsh view, and making out some likeness between them by thinking how flat and low both were, and how on both there came an unknown way and a dark mist and then the sea. I was quite as dejected on the first working-day of my apprenticeship as in that after-time; but I am glad to know that I never breathed a murmur to Joe while my indentures lasted. It is about the only thing I am glad to know of myself in that connection.

记得在属于我自己自由支配的最后那段日子里，我时常在星期日晚上夜幕降临的时候，站在教堂墓地附近，把我自己的前途和风中的沼泽地的景象做比较，找出两者的相似之处。我觉得两者都如此平庸、如此卑微，两个都前路未卜、迷雾重重，最终通向一片汪洋。在我成为学徒之后的第一个工作日里，我就像最后那段日子里一样沮丧。但是我很高兴的是，在我的师徒契约规定的那段时间里，我从来没有对乔抱怨过。这是整个学徒期间我唯一对自己感到高兴的事情。

For, though it includes what I proceed to add, all the merit of what I proceed to add was Joe's. It was not because I was faithful, but because Joe was faithful, that I never ran away and went for a soldier or a sailor. It was not because I had a strong sense of the virtue of industry, but because Joe had a strong sense of the virtue of industry, that I worked with tolerable zeal against the grain. It is not possible to know how far the influence of any amiable honest-hearted duty-doing man flies out into the world; but it is very possible to know how it has touched one's self in going by, and I know right well, that any good that intermixed itself with my apprenticeship came of plain contented

Joe, and not of restlessly aspiring discontented me.

因为，尽管学徒期间我还学到了一些手艺，但我学到这些手艺的功劳都是乔的。不是因为我忠诚，而是因为乔忠诚，所以我从来没有逃跑去当兵或者做一名水手。不是因为我有一种强烈的以勤劳为美德的观念，而是因为乔有一种强烈的以勤劳为美德的观念，所以我勉强提起了工作的热情，没有任性。我们不可能知道任何一位和善、诚实、有责任心的人对这个世界有多大的影响，但我们能够了解，与这样的人相处时自己所受到的感染。我很清楚地知道，在我学徒期间所发生的任何一件值得称道的事，都应该归功于朴实、知足的乔，而不是不安分、不知满足、野心勃勃的我。

What I wanted, who can say? How can I say, when I never knew? What I dreaded was, that in some unlucky hour I, being at my grimiest and commonest, should lift up my eyes and see Estella looking in at one of the wooden windows of the forge. I was haunted by the fear that she would, sooner or later, find me out, with a black face and hands, doing the coarsest part of my work, and would exult over me and despise me. Often after dark, when I was pulling the bellows for Joe, and we were singing Old Clem, and when the thought how we used to sing it at Miss Havisham's would seem to show me Estella's face in the fire, with her pretty hair fluttering in the wind and her eyes scorning me,—often at such a time I would look towards those panels of black night in the wall which the wooden windows then were, and would fancy that I saw her just drawing her face away, and would believe that she had come at last.

我想要什么，谁能说出来？连我自己从来都不知道，我又能怎么说？我害怕的是在某个不幸的时刻，也就是我最肮脏、最平庸的时刻，我抬起眼，发现埃斯特拉正透过铁匠铺的一扇木窗向里张望。我一直害怕她早晚会发现我，看到我灰头土脸、两手污黑地干着最粗糙的活，她一定会幸灾乐祸地鄙视我。通常天黑之后，当我给乔拉着风箱，我们唱起《老克莱门之歌》时，我就会想起在郝维仙小姐家唱这首歌的情景。这时埃斯特拉的脸就会浮现在炉火之中，她漂亮的头发在风中舞动，两眼轻蔑地看着我——通常在这个时候，我会望着墙上木窗里呈现出来的夜幕，幻想我看到她刚刚把头转过去了，并且相信她最终还是会出现。

After that, when we went in to supper, the place and the meal would have a more homely look than ever, and I would feel more ashamed of home than ever, in my own ungracious breast.

在那之后，我们就进屋吃晚饭。这时整个屋子以及饭菜看起来都前所未有地庸俗，而在我郁闷的心里，我对这个家也感到前所未有的羞愧。

CHAPTER 15

第十五章

As I was getting too big for Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's room, my education under that preposterous female terminated. Not, however, until Biddy had imparted to me everything she knew, from the little catalogue of prices, to a comic song she had once bought for a halfpenny. Although the only coherent part of the latter piece of literature were the opening lines.

随着年龄的增长，我不能再去沃甫赛先生的姑婆开办的学校里读书了，于是我在那个荒唐的老妇人手下的学习生涯结束了。然而，我的学业要等比迪把她所知道的一切都教给我才算真正结束。这一切包括从她那本小账单到她之前花半个便士买来的一首滑稽歌曲的所有内容。不过，这首滑稽歌曲当中唯一通顺的部分就只有开头的几句。

When I went to Lunnon town sirs, Too rul loo rul Too rul loo rul Wasn't I done very brown sirs? Too rul loo rul Too rul loo rul—still, in my desire to be wiser, I got this composition by heart with the utmost gravity; nor do I recollect that I questioned its merit, except that I thought (as I still do) the amount of Too rul somewhat in excess of the poetry. In my hunger for information, I made proposals to Mr. Wopsle to bestow some intellectual crumbs upon me; with which he kindly complied. As it turned out, however, that he only wanted me for a dramatic lay-figure, to be contradicted and embraced and wept over and bullied and clutched and stabbed and knocked about in a variety of ways, I soon declined that course of instruction; though not until Mr. Wopsle in his poetic fury had severely mauled me.

我去伦敦的时候，嘟—噜—嘟—噜—嘟—噜—嘟—噜，难道我不是被人狠狠地骗了吗？嘟—噜—嘟—噜—嘟—噜—嘟—噜——不过，为了变得更有学问，我怀着极大的诚意把这首歌记了下来。我记得我没有怀疑过它的价值，仅有一点是，我觉得（现在仍然这么觉得）“嘟噜”的数量有点超出诗歌需要的数量。怀着对知识的渴求，我请求沃甫赛先生赐予我一些精神食粮，他很乐意地答应了。然而结果是，他只想把我当做舞台上的木制人体模型，当成他打骂、拥抱、哭诉、欺负、拧掐、捅戳以及以各种方式随意击打的对象。不久，我就拒绝了这种教导方式，尽管这时沃甫赛先生诗兴大发时的暴怒已经让我遍体鳞伤了。

Whatever I acquired, I tried to impart to Joe. This statement sounds so well, that I cannot in my conscience let it pass unexplained. I wanted to make Joe less ignorant and common, that he might be worthier of my society and less open to Estella's reproach.

不管我学到了什么，我都尽力教给乔。这句话听起来很无私，但凭

良心说，我不能不解释一下这句话。我想让乔变得不那么无知、庸俗，那样的话，他就可能更配得上我的社交圈子，也能少受埃斯特拉的羞辱。

The old Battery out on the marshes was our place of study, and a broken slate and a short piece of slate pencil were our educational implements: to which Joe always added a pipe of tobacco. I never knew Joe to remember anything from one Sunday to another, or to acquire, under my tuition, any piece of information whatever. Yet he would smoke his pipe at the Battery with a far more sagacious air than anywhere else—even with a learned air—as if he considered himself to be advancing immensely. Dear fellow, I hope he did.

沼泽地里的那座古炮台就是我们学习的地方，一块破石板和一支半截的石笔就是我们的教学工具。此外乔还总是拿着一管烟袋。我从不记得乔对任何事情的记忆力会超过一个星期，也不记得在我的教导之下，他学会了任何东西。但是，他在炮台上抽烟时看起来比他在其他任何地方都更加睿智聪明——甚至是一副博学多识的样子——好像他觉得自己正在飞速进步。亲爱的朋友，我也希望他真的如此啊。

It was pleasant and quiet, out there with the sails on the river passing beyond the earthwork, and sometimes, when the tide was low, looking as if they belonged to sunken ships that were still sailing on at the bottom of the water. Whenever I watched the vessels standing out to sea with their white sails spread, I somehow thought of Miss Havisham and Estella; and whenever the light struck aslant, afar off, upon a cloud or sail or green hill-side or water-line, it was just the same.— Miss Havisham and Estella and the strange house and the strange life appeared to have something to do with everything that was picturesque.

周围的环境宜人而又静谧。不远处船在河上扬帆驶过，风帆高过土垒。有时，正值落潮时分，那些风帆宛如挂在仍在水底航行的乘船之上。每当我看到扬起白帆的船只驶向大海时，我就会想起郝维仙小姐和埃斯特拉；每当远处夕阳西斜，映照在云朵、船帆、青山或者船只的吃水线上时，我同样会想起她们——郝维仙小姐，埃斯特拉，那奇怪的房子和奇怪的生活似乎和一切如画的风景都有关联。

One Sunday when Joe, greatly enjoying his pipe, had so plumed himself on being "most awful dull," that I had given him up for the day, I lay on the earthwork for some time with my chin on my hand, descrying traces of Miss Havisham and Estella all over the prospect, in the sky and in the water, until at last I resolved to mention a thought concerning them that had been much in my head.

有一个星期天，乔一边尽情地享受着他的烟袋，一边因为自己“愚笨至极”而大肆夸耀。这样我只能让他停学一天。我用手托着下巴在土垒上躺了一会儿，眼前所有的景色都让我看出郝维仙小姐和埃斯特拉的身

影，不论是天空中还是河面上。最后我决心说出那个一直藏在我脑海里有关她们的念头。

"Joe," said I; "don't you think I ought to make Miss Havisham a visit?"

“乔，”我说，“你不觉得我应该去拜访一下郝维仙小姐吗？”

"Well, Pip," returned Joe, slowly considering. "What for?"

“嗯，皮普，”乔慢慢地思忖着回答，“目的是什么呢？”

"What for, Joe? What is any visit made for?"

“目的，乔？拜访怎么会有什么目的呢？”

"There is some wisits, p'r'aps," said Joe, "as for ever remains open to the question, Pip. But in regard to wisiting Miss Havisham. She might think you wanted something—expected something of her.”

“也许，有些拜访，”乔说道，“是不用考虑目的，皮普。但是至于拜访郝维仙小姐，她可能会认为你想要什么东西——想从她那里得到什么东西。”

"Don't you think I might say that I did not, Joe?"

“难道你不知道，我会说我并不想要任何东西吗，乔？”

"You might, old chap," said Joe, "And she might credit it. Similarly she mightn't."

“你会这样说的，老弟。”乔说道，“她可能会相信你，同样的，她也可能不信你。”“她可能会相信你。同样的，她也可能不信你。”

Joe felt, as I did, that he had made a point there, and he pulled hard at his pipe to keep himself from weakening it by repetition.

乔觉得自己说得有道理，我也这么觉得。他用力地抽着烟袋，以免不断重复会使自己话语的力度有削弱的危险。

"You see, Pip," Joe pursued, as soon as he was past that danger, "Miss Havisham done the handsome thing by you. When Miss Havisham done the handsome thing by you, she called me back to say to me as that were all."

“你知道，皮普，”乔一过了那个使自己话语的力度被削弱的危险期就马上接着说道，“郝维仙小姐已经给了你一大笔钱了。郝维仙小姐给了你一大笔钱之后，她把我叫回去，对我说，就这么多了。”

"Yes, Joe. I heard her."

“我知道，乔。我听见她说了。”

"ALL," Joe repeated, very emphatically.

“就这么多了。”乔非常着重地重复道。

"Yes, Joe. I tell you, I heard her."

“知道了，乔。我告诉过你，我听到她的话了。”

"Which I meantersay, Pip, it might be that her meaning were — Make a end on it!— As you was!— Me to the North, and you to the South!— Keep in sunders!”

“我是想说，皮普，她的意思可能是——做个了结吧！——就像之前那样！——你走你的阳关道，我过我的独木桥！——两不相干！”

I had thought of that too, and it was very far from comforting to me to find that he had thought of it; for it seemed to render it more probable.

我之前也想到了这一点，而发现他也是这么想的让我更不安了，因为这让事情看起来很可能是这样的。

"But, Joe."

“但是，乔。”

"Yes, old chap."

“怎么了，老弟？”

"Here am I, getting on in the first year of my time, and, since the day of my being bound, I have never thanked Miss Havisham, or asked after her, or shown that I remember her."

“现在是我自成为学徒那天之后的第一年，我从来没有对郝维仙小姐表示过感谢、问候，或是表示我对她的怀念。”

"That's true, Pip; and unless you was to turn her out a set of shoes all four round—and which I meantersay as even a set of shoes all four round might not be acceptable as a present, in a total wacancy of hoofs—”

“的确是，皮普。除非你想为她打一副马蹄铁——这只是我的意思，因为即使是一副马蹄铁也不能算得上是礼物，毕竟，她根本没有马——”

"I don't mean that sort of remembrance, Joe; I don't mean a present."

“我并不是说那种纪念，乔，我不是想送一个礼物。”

But Joe had got the idea of a present in his head and must harp upon it. "Or even," said he, "if you was helped to knocking her up a new chain for the front door—or say a gross or two of shark-headed screws for general use—or some light fancy article, such as a toasting-fork when she took her muffins—or a gridiron when she took a sprat or such like—”

但是乔脑子里已经有了送礼物的主意，他就一定要唠叨个不停。“或

者，”他说道，“我可以帮你为她打一条新铁链用来锁大门——或者一两罗鲨鱼头的螺钉，她平时可以用——或者一些小巧好玩的玩意，比如她做松饼时可以用的烤叉——或者她烤鲱鱼或其他鱼时可以用的烤架——”

"I don't mean any present at all, Joe," I interposed.

“我什么礼物都不想送，乔。”我打断他。

"Well," said Joe, still harping on it as though I had particularly pressed it, "if I was yourself, Pip, I wouldn't. No, I would not. For what's a door-chain when she's got one always up? And shark-headers is open to misrepresentations. And if it was a toasting-fork, you'd go into brass and do yourself no credit. And the oncommonest workman can't show himself oncommon in a gridiron—for a gridiron IS a gridiron," said Joe, steadfastly impressing it upon me, as if he were endeavouring to rouse me from a fixed delusion, "and you may haim at what you like, but a gridiron it will come out, either by your leave or again your leave, and you can't help yourself—”

“哦，”乔仍然唠叨个没完，就像我特意逼他讲一样，“如果我是你的话，皮普，我不会送礼的。不，我肯定不会送礼的。因为她已经有一条总是挂在门上的铁链了，何必再给她打一条呢？　而鲨鱼头形状的螺钉可能会造成误解。如果要打一个烤叉，你就得用黄铜锻造，这个活你干不好。而且最好的铁匠也无法通过打个烤架来展示自己的好手艺——因为烤架就只是个烤架而已。”乔说道，他决心要让我意识到其中的重要性，仿佛努力把我从一个固执的谬误中唤醒，“你可以随心所欲地打，但打出来的就是一个烤架，不管你愿意还是不愿意，你都做不了主——”

"My dear Joe," I cried, in desperation, taking hold of his coat, "don't go on in that way. I never thought of making Miss Havisham any present."

“我亲爱的乔，”我抓住他的大衣，绝望地喊道，“别再说下去了。我从来都没有想过给郝维仙小姐做任何礼物。”

"No, Pip," Joe assented, as if he had been contending for that, all along; "and what I say to you is, you are right, Pip."

“不送礼物，皮普，”乔赞成地说道，仿佛他一直都在坚持这一点，“我想告诉你的是，你这么做是对的，皮普。”

"Yes, Joe; but what I wanted to say, was, that as we are rather slack just now, if you would give me a half-holiday to-morrow, I think I would go up-town and make a call on Miss Est—Havisham.”

“是啊，乔。但我的意思是，既然现在铁匠铺里的生意很冷清，你能不能明天给我半天假，我想去镇上拜访一下埃斯——郝维仙小姐。”

"Which her name," said Joe, gravely, "ain't Estavisham, Pip, unless she have been rechris'ened."

“她的名字，”乔郑重地说道，“可不是埃斯特维仙，皮普，除非她改了名字。”

"I know, Joe, I know. It was a slip of mine. What do you think of it, Joe?"

“我知道，乔，我知道。刚刚是我的口误。你觉得我的想法怎么样，乔？”

In brief, Joe thought that if I thought well of it, he thought well of it. But, he was particular in stipulating that if I were not received with cordiality, or if I were not encouraged to repeat my visit as a visit which had no ulterior object but was simply one of gratitude for a favor received, then this experimental trip should have no successor. By these conditions I promised to abide.

简单地说，乔觉得如果我认为这想法不错的话，他也认为这想法不错。但是，他特别要求，尽管我的拜访没有其他的目的，只是对我收到的恩惠表示感激而已，如果她们没有热情地招待我，或者她们不希望我再去拜访，那这种实验性的拜访就不能有第二次。我保证答应这些条件。

Now, Joe kept a journeyman at weekly wages whose name was Orlick. He pretended that his Christian name was Dolge—a clear impossibility—but he was a fellow of that obstinate disposition that I believe him to have been the prey of no delusion in this particular, but wilfully to have imposed that name upon the village as an affront to its understanding. He was a broad-shouldered loose-limbed swarthy fellow of great strength, never in a hurry, and always slouching. He never even seemed to come to his work on purpose, but would slouch in as if by mere accident; and when he went to the Jolly Bargemen to eat his dinner, or went away at night, he would slouch out, like Cain or the Wandering Jew, as if he had no idea where he was going and no intention of ever coming back. He lodged at a sluice-keeper's out on the marshes, and on working days would come slouching from his hermitage, with his hands in his pockets and his dinner loosely tied in a bundle round his neck and dangling on his back. On Sundays he mostly lay all day on the sluice-gates, or stood against ricks and barns. He always slouched, locomotively, with his eyes on the ground; and, when accosted or otherwise required to raise them, he looked up in a half resentful, half puzzled way, as though the only thought he ever had, was, that it was rather an odd and injurious fact that he should never be thinking.

那时，乔雇了一名已经出徒的工匠，名字叫奥立克，每周给他结一次工资。他佯称自己的教名是陶尔基——这显然是不可能的——但是他生性执拗，我相信他在名字这方面绝不是妄想，而是故意把这个名字强加给村民，利用其含义作为对他们的侮辱。他是个肩膀宽大、四肢懒

散、皮肤黝黑、力大如牛的壮汉，从来都不着急，而且总是拖拖拉拉。他甚至从来都不像是特地来工作的，而是无精打采地走进来，仿佛只是偶然撞进来而已。不论是去“快活船员”酒馆吃饭还是晚上离开的时候，他都是慢悠悠地走出去，就像该隐或流浪的犹太人一样，仿佛他根本不知道自己要去哪里，也不打算再回来。他租住在沼泽地那边的一个水闸管理工家里。上工日就从他的隐居所里慢悠悠地走出来，手插在口袋里，干粮松松垮垮地包好套在脖子上，晃晃悠悠地挂在后背上。每到星期天，他大部分时间都躺在水闸堤上，或者倚靠着草堆或堆草房站在那里。他走路的时候总是无精打采，两眼盯着地面。当有人跟他搭讪或者必须要抬起眼的时候，他就会一半愤恨一半迷茫地抬起头，仿佛他仅有的一个想法就是自己从来都不能好好思考，这真是件古怪又委屈的事情。

This morose journeyman had no liking for me. When I was very small and timid, he gave me to understand that the Devil lived in a black corner of the forge, and that he knew the fiend very well: also that it was necessary to make up the fire, once in seven years, with a live boy, and that I might consider myself fuel. When I became Joe's 'prentice, Orlick was perhaps confirmed in some suspicion that I should displace him; howbeit, he liked me still less. Not that he ever said anything, or did anything, openly importing hostility; I only noticed that he always beat his sparks in my direction, and that whenever I sang Old Clem, he came in out of time.

这个怪脾气的工匠一点都不喜欢我。在我年幼胆小的时候，他告诉我魔鬼就住在铁匠铺的一个黑角落里，他很了解这个魔鬼。他还说必须每七年就要用一个活生生的小男孩来生火，所以我也可能被当成燃料。在我成了乔的学徒之后，奥立克也许就确认了他之前的某种怀疑，那就是我会取代他的位置，因此，他就更不喜欢我了。不过他从来没有说过什么或做过什么来公开表示对我的敌意。我只是注意到，他总是把打铁的火星溅到我的方向，而且每次我唱起《老克莱门之歌》的时候，他都插进来捣乱。

Dolge Orlick was at work and present, next day, when I reminded Joe of my half-holiday. He said nothing at the moment, for he and Joe had just got a piece of hot iron between them, and I was at the bellows; but by-and-by he said, leaning on his hammer:

第二天当我提醒乔准我半天假的时候，陶尔基·奥立克也在场，他正在干活。当时他没有说什么，因为他正和乔面对面打一块热铁，我在拉风箱。但慢慢地，他倚在他的铁锤上开始说道：

"Now, master! Sure you're not a-going to favor only one of us. If Young Pip has a half-holiday, do as much for Old Orlick.” I suppose he was about five-and-twenty, but he usually spoke of himself as an ancient person.

“这样啊，老板！你肯定不能只偏爱我们当中的一个人。如果小皮普

有半天假的话，老奥立克也得有半天假。”我猜想他大概25岁，但他总是把自己说得像是个年纪很老的人。

"Why, what'll you do with a half-holiday, if you get it?" said Joe.

“为什么，你要半天假干什么？”乔说道。

"What'll I do with it! What'll he do with it? I'll do as much with it as him," said Orlick.

“我要半天假干什么！他要半天假干什么？我就干他要干的事。”奥立克说道。

"As to Pip, he's going up-town," said Joe.

“至于皮普，他要去镇上。”乔说。

"Well then, as to Old Orlick, he's a-going up-town," retorted that worthy. "Two can go up-town. Tan't only one wot can go up-town.

“那好，老奥立克也一样，他也去镇上。”这个大人物反驳道，“两个人也能去镇上。不能只有一个人能去镇上。”

"Don't lose your temper," said Joe.

“别发火。”乔说道。

"Shall if I like," growled Orlick. "Some and their up-towning! Now, master! Come. No favoring in this shop. Be a man!”

“我想发火就发火。”奥立克吼道，“只准某些人去镇上，就像镇上是他们的！行啦，老板！行啦．这个铺子里不能搞特殊照顾。得做个光明正大的男子汉！”

The master refusing to entertain the subject until the journeyman was in a better temper, Orlick plunged at the furnace, drew out a red-hot bar, made at me with it as if he were going to run it through my body, whisked it round my head, laid it on the anvil, hammered it out—as if it were I, I thought, and the sparks were my spirting blood—and finally said, when he had hammered himself hot and the iron cold, and he again leaned on his hammer:

在工匠的脾气好点之前，老板拒绝理会这码事。奥立克猛地冲向熔炉那边，钳出一块火红的铁条朝我这边冲过来，仿佛他要把它插进我的身体似的。他将铁条迅速绕过我的头顶，然后放在铁砧上开始捶打——我觉得仿佛那块铁条就是我，火星就是我四溅的鲜血——最后当他自己捶打得浑身发热，而铁条已经冷却的时候，他又倚着铁锤说道：

"Now, master!"

“哎，老板！”

"Are you all right now?" demanded Joe.

“你现在气消了？”乔问道。

"Ah! I am all right," said gruff Old Orlick.

“啊！我气消了。”老奥立克口气生硬地说道。

"Then, as in general you stick to your work as well as most men," said Joe, "let it be a half-holiday for all.”

“那么，由于你基本上跟大多数人一样按时上工，”乔说道，“就给你们都放半天假吧。”

My sister had been standing silent in the yard, within hearing—she was a most unscrupulous spy and listener—and she instantly looked in at one of the windows.

我姐姐一直都在院子里能听得见我们说话的范围内静静地站着——她是个非常没有道德的探子和偷听者——她随即透过一扇窗户朝里张望。

"Like you, you fool!" said she to Joe, "giving holidays to great idle hulkers like that. You are a rich man, upon my life, to waste wages in that way. I wish I was his master!"

“就像你这种傻瓜，”我姐姐对乔说道，“才会给那种游手好闲的大块头放假！就像你很有钱，能这样挥霍工资一样！我真希望我是他老板！”

"You'd be everybody's master, if you durst," retorted Orlick, with an ill-favored grin.

“你要是敢的话，你可以成为所有人的老板。”奥立克不怀好意地笑着反驳道。

("Let her alone," said Joe.)

（“别惹她。”乔说道。）

"I'd be a match for all noodles and all rogues," returned my sister, beginning to work herself into a mighty rage. "And I couldn't be a match for the noodles, without being a match for your master, who's the dunder-headed king of the noodles. And I couldn't be a match for the rogues, without being a match for you, who are the blackest-looking and the worst rogue between this and France. Now!”

“我治得了所有的傻瓜和无赖。”我姐姐回敬道，她已经开始发怒了，“我治得了其他的傻瓜就治得了你老板，他可是傻瓜里的笨蛋之王。我治得了所有的无赖流氓就治得了你，你算是从这里到法国最难看、最坏的无赖了。哼！”

"You're a foul shrew, Mother Gargery, growled the journeyman. "If that makes a judge of rogues, you ought to be a good'un."

“你这个恶毒的泼妇，格雷戈里老太婆！”工匠吼道，“要是这算是无赖的话，你可是算是个大无赖。”

("Let her alone, will you?" said Joe.)

（“别惹她，行不行？”乔说道。）

"What did you say?" cried my sister, beginning to scream. "What did you say? What did that fellow Orlick say to me, Pip? What did he call me, with my husband standing by? O! O! O!" Each of these exclamations was a shriek; and I must remark of my sister, what is equally true of all the violent women I have ever seen, that passion was no excuse for her, because it is undeniable that instead of lapsing into passion, she consciously and deliberately took extraordinary pains to force herself into it, and became blindly furious by regular stages; "what was the name he gave me before the base man who swore to defend me? O! Hold me! O!"

“你刚说什么？”我姐姐喊道，她已经开始尖叫起来了，“你刚刚说什么？奥立克那家伙刚刚跟我说什么，皮普？他刚刚在我丈夫面前骂我什么来着？啊！啊！啊！”每一声感叹都是一声尖叫，我必须说的是，跟我见过的所有性情暴烈的女人一样，激愤并不能成为她的借口。因为不可否认的是，她并不是被激怒的，而是有意识地、故意地、花大力气逼着自己发怒的，按照几个固定的步骤胡乱地发一通脾气。“他刚刚在那个发誓要保护我的男人面前骂我什么来着？啊！扶着我！啊！”

"Ah-h-h!" growled the journeyman, between his teeth, "I'd hold you, if you was my wife.

“啊——！”工匠咬牙切齿地吼道，“你要是我老婆的话，我就抓住你。

I'd hold you under the pump, and choke it out of you."

我把你抓到水泵下面，把你呛死。”

("I tell you, let her alone," said Joe.)

（“我告诉你，别惹她。”乔说。）

"Oh! To hear him!" cried my sister, with a clap of her hands and a scream together—which was her next stage. "To hear the names he's giving me! That Orlick! In my own house! Me, a married woman! With my husband standing by! O! O!" Here my sister, after a fit of clappings and screamings, beat her hands upon her bosom and upon her knees, and threw her cap off, and pulled her hair down—which were the last stages on her road to frenzy. Being by this time a perfect Fury and a complete success, she made a dash at the door, which I had fortunately locked.

“啊！听听他都说了些什么！”我姐姐喊道，她一边拍手一边尖叫——这是她的第二步，“听听他都怎么骂我！那奥立克！在我自己家里！骂我，骂我一个结了婚的女人！在我丈夫面前！啊！啊！”这时，在一顿拍手尖叫之后，我姐姐开始捶胸拍膝，扔掉帽子，披头散发——这是她发疯的最后一步了。此时她已经成功地变成了一个十足的疯子，猛地冲

向大门，幸运的是，我已经把门给锁了。

What could the wretched Joe do now, after his disregarded parenthetical interruptions, but stand up to his journeyman, and ask him what he meant by interfering betwixt himself and Mrs. Joe; and further whether he was man enough to come on? Old Orlick felt that the situation admitted of nothing less than coming on, and was on his defense straightway; so, without so much as pulling off their singed and burnt aprons, they went at one another, like two giants. But, if any man in that neighborhood could stand up long against Joe, I never saw the man. Orlick, as if he had been of no more account than the pale young gentleman, was very soon among the coal-dust, and in no hurry to come out of it. Then, Joe unlocked the door and picked up my sister, who had dropped insensible at the window (but who had seen the fight first, I think), and who was carried into the house and laid down, and who was recommended to revive, and would do nothing but struggle and clench her hands in Joe's hair. Then, came that singular calm and silence which succeed all uproars; and then, with the vague sensation which I have always connected with such a lull—namely, that it was Sunday, and somebody was dead—I went upstairs to dress myself.

插了几句没人理会的话之后，可怜的乔又能怎么办呢？他只能勇敢地面对他的工匠，质问他为什么要插进来干涉自己与乔太太之间的事，问他够不够胆量来和他对决。老奥立克觉得眼下的局势也只能对决了，所以马上就摆出了防守的架势。于是两人连烤焦烧坏的围裙都没有脱，就像两个巨人一样厮打起来。但是，我从来没有见过附近有谁能打得过乔。奥立克似乎比那个脸色苍白的绅士强不到哪里去，很快他就被打倒在煤灰堆里了，爬也爬不起来。然后乔打开门，扶起我姐姐。她已经昏倒在窗户那边了（但我想，她是看完对决才昏倒的）。我姐姐被扶进房里躺下，在大家的劝慰之下苏醒过来，之后她就只是挣扎着用两手紧紧揪住乔的头发。接着，一片喧闹之后是一种怪异的寂静和沉默。这种沉寂总是让我产生一种模糊的感觉——那就是，这是个星期天，有人死掉了——带着这种感觉我上楼去换衣服。

When I came down again, I found Joe and Orlick sweeping up, without any other traces of discomposure than a slit in one of Orlick's nostrils, which was neither expressive nor ornamental. A pot of beer had appeared from the Jolly Bargemen, and they were sharing it by turns in a peaceable manner. The lull had a sedative and philosophical influence on Joe, who followed me out into the road to say, as a parting observation that might do me good, "On the Rampage, Pip, and off the Rampage, Pip—such is Life!”

当我再次来到楼下时，发现乔和奥立克正在打扫。刚刚的骚乱没有留下一丝痕迹，除了奥立克一只鼻孔上的一个裂口，而这个裂口既不明显，也没有装饰性。楼下有一罐从“快活船员”酒馆那里买来的啤酒，他

们俩平静地分享，轮流把盏。这份沉寂对乔有镇静的作用，也让他泰然起来。他跟着我走出来，在路上跟我说了一句可能会让我受益的临别赠言："一下暴跳如雷，皮普，一下风平浪静，皮普——这就是生活！"

With what absurd emotions (for, we think the feelings that are very serious in a man quite comical in a boy) I found myself again going to Miss Havisham's, matters little here. Nor, how I passed and repassed the gate many times before I could make up my mind to ring. Nor, how I debated whether I should go away without ringing; nor, how I should undoubtedly have gone, if my time had been my own, to come back.

我又一次走向郝维仙小姐的家。我内心的感觉荒唐可笑（因为一个成年人认为很严肃的感觉在一个孩子看来却很滑稽），不过这些都无关紧要了。我是如何在门口徘徊多次才决心按响门铃的，这也不重要了。我是如何挣扎着是否应该不按门铃直接离开，如何说服自己说，要是能够自由支配时间的话，我一定早就回来这里了。

Miss Sarah Pocket came to the gate. No Estella.

萨拉·鄱凯特小姐出来开门。不是埃斯特拉。

"How, then? You here again?" said Miss Pocket. "What do you want?"

"怎么了？你又来了？"鄱凯特小姐说道，"你想干什么？"

When I said that I only came to see how Miss Havisham was, Sarah evidently deliberated whether or no she should send me about my business. But, unwilling to hazard the responsibility, she let me in, and presently brought the sharp message that I was to "come up."

当我说我只是来看看郝维仙小姐之后，萨拉显然就思忖着她是不是应该直接把我打发走。但是，由于不想承担后果，她还是让我进门了，而且随后就带来简短的口信说，我可以"上去"了。

Everything was unchanged, and Miss Havisham was alone.

一切都没有改变，郝维仙小姐还是一个人。

"Well?" said she, fixing her eyes upon me. "I hope you want nothing? You'll get nothing."

"怎么了？"她盯着我说道，"我希望你不是来要什么东西的吧？你什么也得不到。"

"No, indeed, Miss Havisham. I only wanted you to know that I am doing very well in my apprenticeship, and am always much obliged to you."

"不是，真的不是，郝维仙小姐。我只是想让您知道，我做学徒表现非常好，我一直都非常感激您。"

"There, there!" with the old restless fingers. "Come now and then; come on your birthday.— Ay!" she cried suddenly, turning herself and her chair towards me, "You are looking round for Estella? Hey?"

“好啦，好啦！”她还是那样不耐烦地晃动着手指，“时常过来吧，你生日那天过来吧——哎！”她突然叫了一声，挪动着椅子把身体转向我这边，“你四下张望是在找埃斯特拉吧？嗯？”

I had been looking round—in fact, for Estella—and I stammered that I hoped she was well.

我是在四下张望——事实上的确在找埃斯特拉——我结结巴巴地说，我希望她一切都好。

"Abroad," said Miss Havisham; "educating for a lady; far out of reach; prettier than ever; admired by all who see her. Do you feel that you have lost her?"

“到国外去了，”郝维仙小姐说，“去接受贵族小姐式的教育了，很远很远，她比以前更漂亮了，所有见过她的人都很仰慕她。你是不是觉得失去了她？”

There was such a malignant enjoyment in her utterance of the last words, and she broke into such a disagreeable laugh, that I was at a loss what to say. She spared me the trouble of considering, by dismissing me. When the gate was closed upon me by Sarah of the walnut-shell countenance, I felt more than ever dissatisfied with my home and with my trade and with everything; and that was all I took by that motion.

她说最后一句话的时候非常幸灾乐祸，发出令人生厌的笑声，而我却六神无主，不知道说什么。还好她打发我离开，也省得我费神考虑说什么。我出去之后，萨拉关上了大门，她脸上的表情就跟胡桃壳一样僵硬。我对我的家、我的行业以及我的一切都感到前所未有的不满意，这是我这次拜访给我留下的所有感受。

As I was loitering along the High-street, looking in disconsolately at the shop windows, and thinking what I would buy if I were a gentleman, who should come out of the bookshop but Mr. Wopsle. Mr Wopsle had in his hand the affecting tragedy of George Barnwell, in which he had that moment invested sixpence, with the view of heaping every word of it on the head of Pumblechook, with whom he was going to drink tea. No sooner did he see me, than he appeared to consider that a special Providence had put a 'prentice in his way to be read at; and he laid hold of me, and insisted on my accompanying him to the Pumblechookian parlor. As I knew it would be miserable at home, and as the nights were dark and the way was dreary, and almost any companionship on the road was better than none, I made no great resistance; consequently, we turned into Pumblechook's just

as the street and the shops were lighting up.

当我沿着大街闲逛，愁闷地看着商店的橱窗，思忖着要是我是个有钱的绅士我会买什么的时候，一个人从书店里走出来，那个人竟然是沃甫赛先生。沃甫赛先生手里握着一本书，描写乔治·巴恩韦尔那让人为之动容的悲惨历程。他花了六便士买来这本书，因为他马上要和彭波契克先生一起喝茶，到时候他要把书中的每一个字都输进彭波契克的脑子里。他一看见我就立刻觉得是上天给他派来一个学徒让他解读。他抓住我，坚持要我陪他一起到彭波契克家的客厅去。由于我知道回到家里也会很痛苦，晚上天又黑，路上又枯燥，随便有个人路上与自己作伴也比没有好，所以我没有拒绝。于是我们就来到彭波契克家，而此时街道和商店都开始上灯了。

As I never assisted at any other representation of George Barnwell, I don't know how long it may usually take; but I know very well that it took until half-past nine o'clock that night, and that when Mr. Wopsle got into Newgate, I thought he never would go to the scaffold, he became so much slower than at any former period of his disgraceful career. I thought it a little too much that he should complain of being cut short in his flower after all, as if he had not been running to seed, leaf after leaf, ever since his course began. This, however, was a mere question of length and wearisomeness. What stung me, was the identification of the whole affair with my unoffending self. When Barnwell began to go wrong, I declare that I felt positively apologetic, Pumblechook's indignant stare so taxed me with it. Wopsle, too, took pains to present me in the worst light. At once ferocious and maudlin, I was made to murder my uncle with no extenuating circumstances whatever; Millwood put me down in argument, on every occasion; it became sheer monomania in my master's daughter to care a button for me; and all I can say for my gasping and procrastinating conduct on the fatal morning, is, that it was worthy of the general feebleness of my character. Even after I was happily hanged and Wopsle had closed the book, Pumblechook sat staring at me, and shaking his head, and saying, "Take warning, boy, take warning!" as if it were a well-known fact that I contemplated murdering a near relation, provided I could only induce one to have the weakness to become my benefactor.

因为我之前从来没有参加过任何阅读乔治·巴恩韦尔的活动，我不知道它通常会持续多长时间。但我记得很清楚的是，那天晚上一直到九点半才结束。当沃甫赛先生讲到巴恩韦尔进入纽盖特监狱时，我觉得他永远也讲不到巴恩韦尔上断头台那里，因为对这部分他讲述得比讲述巴恩韦尔之前的、不光彩的人生旅途更慢了。我觉得有点过分的是，他竟抱怨说自己在鼎盛时期却被摧残了，仿佛他的生命一开始就马上走向枯叶的衰败，根本就没有结出果实。然而这仅仅是一个又长又无聊的问题。刺痛我的是，无辜的我被拿来与这整件事情作类比。当巴恩韦尔开始步

入歧途时，我就得宣布我感到非常愧悔，因为彭波契克愤怒地注视着我，让我不得不这么做。沃甫赛先生也费尽心思把我描述得很恶劣。书中的我有一次兽性大发，情感崩溃，谋杀了我的伯父，这在任何情况下都是不可饶恕的；密尔伍德在每次争论当中都会把我驳倒；我老板的女儿对我体贴入微，简直到了偏执的程度；在那个致命的早晨，对于我气喘吁吁、迟疑不决的行为，我只能说，那都是由于我性格当中存在一种普遍的软弱性。即使我庆幸自己终于被绞死了，而沃甫赛也合上了书之后，彭波契克还是坐在那里注视着我，一面摇头一面说道："引以为戒，小子，引以为戒！"仿佛众所周知的是，我在策划谋杀我的一个近亲，前提只是我能引诱上一个容易上当的人成为我的捐助者。

It was a very dark night when it was all over, and when I set out with Mr. Wopsle on the walk home. Beyond town, we found a heavy mist out, and it fell wet and thick. The turnpike lamp was a blur, quite out of the lamp's usual place apparently, and its rays looked solid substance on the fog. We were noticing this, and saying how that the mist rose with a change of wind from a certain quarter of our marshes, when we came upon a man, slouching under the lee of the turnpike house.

当一切都结束了，我和沃甫赛先生踏上回家的路时，天已经非常黑了。一出镇，我们就发现浓雾弥漫，雾气又湿又厚。路灯灯光昏暗，显然远比不上平时的亮度，光束在雾中看起来成了一种固体物。我们注意到这一切，讨论着大雾是如何随着我们那边沼泽地上某一处风向的改变而弥漫开来的。这时我们遇见一个人，那人正无精打采地躲在公路收费处的背风面。

"Halloa!" we said, stopping. "Orlick, there?"

"嗨！"我们停下来说道，"是奥立克在那里吗？"

"Ah!" he answered, slouching out. "I was standing by, a minute, on the chance of company."

"哎！"他回答道，慢悠悠地走出来，"我刚路过，在这里站一会儿，看能不能找个同伴。"

"You are late," I remarked.

"你回去得太晚了。"我说道。

Orlick not unnaturally answered, "Well? And you're late."

奥立克很自然地回答说："怎么了？你也晚了。"

"We have been," said Mr. Wopsle, exalted with his late performance, "we have been indulging, Mr. Orlick, in an intellectual evening."

"我们刚刚，"沃甫赛先生说道，他为自己今晚的表演得意洋洋，"奥立克先生，我们刚刚整晚都沉浸在学术活动当中。"

Old Orlick growled, as if he had nothing to say about that, and we all went on together. I asked him presently whether he had been spending his half-holiday up and down town?

老奥立克低声嘟哝了一声，似乎对此无言以对。然后我们一起上路了。我随后问他，是不是这半天假都用在去镇上的这一来一回里了。

"Yes," said he, "all of it. I come in behind yourself. I didn't see you, but I must have been pretty close behind you. By-the-bye, the guns is going again.”

“对啊，”他说，“都花在这上面了。我就跟在你后面。我没有看到你，但我一定是离你很近。顺便说一句，又在放炮了。”

"At the Hulks?" said I.

“监狱船上？”我说。

"Ay! There's some of the birds flown from the cages. The guns have been going since dark, about. You'll hear one presently."

“嗯！哪只鸟从笼子里逃出来了。天一黑，炮声就断断续续地开始响。过一会儿你就能听到一声炮响。”

In effect, we had not walked many yards further, when the well remembered boom came towards us, deadened by the mist, and heavily rolled away along the low grounds by the river, as if it were pursuing and threatening the fugitives.

果然，我们没走出几码远就迎面传来一声熟悉的炮声。声音被浓雾减弱，低沉地沿着河边的低地扩散开来，仿佛在追赶并威慑着那些逃犯。

"A good night for cutting off in," said Orlick. "We'd be puzzled how to bring down a jail-bird on the wing, to-night.”

“今晚就适合把他们处置了。”奥立克说，“我们不知道今晚怎么把那只逃走的笼中之鸟给射死。”

The subject was a suggestive one to me, and I thought about it in silence. Mr. Wopsle, as the ill-requited uncle of the evening's tragedy, fell to meditating aloud in his garden at Camberwell. Orlick, with his hands in his pockets, slouched heavily at my side. It was very dark, very wet, very muddy, and so we splashed along. Now and then, the sound of the signal cannon broke upon us again, and again rolled sulkily along the course of the river. I kept myself to myself and my thoughts. Mr. Wopsle died amiably at Camberwell, and exceedingly game on Bosworth Field, and in the greatest agonies at Glastonbury. Orlick sometimes growled, "Beat it out, beat it out—Old Clem! With a clink for the stout—Old Clem!” I thought he had been drinking, but he was not drunk.

这个问题让我产生了联想，我默默地思考着。沃甫赛先生就像今晚那场悲剧里面那个得不偿失的伯父一样，陷入了他自己在坎布威尔花园中大声地冥想。奥立克两手插在口袋里，无精打采、脚步沉重地走在我旁边。周围漆黑、潮湿、泥泞，所以我们脚下水花四溅。偶尔又有信号炮声迎面而来，并再次低沉地沿河扩散开来。我就自顾自地走着，想着心事。沃甫赛先生安详地死于坎布威尔，非常奋勇地死于博斯沃思田野，极其痛苦地死于格拉斯顿伯里。奥立克有时会低声吼道："使劲敲啊，使劲敲啊——老克莱门！臂膀结实，叮当作响——老克莱门！"我觉得他喝过酒了，但他没有喝醉。

Thus, we came to the village. The way by which we approached it, took us past the Three Jolly Bargemen, which we were surprised to find—it being eleven o'clock—in a state of commotion, with the door wide open, and unwonted lights that had been hastily caught up and put down, scattered about. Mr. Wopsle dropped in to ask what was the matter (surmising that a convict had been taken), but came running out in a great hurry.

就这样，我们回到了村里。回村的路上我们经过"三个快活船员"酒馆。我们惊奇地发现，虽然已经是十一点钟了，酒馆却是一片骚乱，大门敞开，有些奇怪的蜡烛之前被匆忙地拿起又放下，现在散落在四处。沃甫赛先生进去探个究竟（他猜测可能是刚在那里抓住一个逃犯），但随后他非常慌忙地从里面跑出来。

"There's something wrong," said he, without stopping, "up at your place, Pip. Run all!"

"出事了，"他不停脚地说道，"你家里出事了，皮普。快跑回家去！"

"What is it?" I asked, keeping up with him. So did Orlick, at my side.

"出什么事了？"我紧跟上他问道。奥立克也跟在我旁边赶了上来。

"I can't quite understand. The house seems to have been violently entered when Joe Gargery was out. Supposed by convicts. Somebody has been attacked and hurt."

"我不是很清楚。好像是在乔·格雷戈里不在家的时候，有人粗暴地闯了进去。应该是逃犯干的。有人被打伤了。"

We were running too fast to admit of more being said, and we made no stop until we got into our kitchen. It was full of people; the whole village was there, or in the yard; and there was a surgeon, and there was Joe, and there was a group of women, all on the floor in the midst of the kitchen. The unemployed bystanders drew back when they saw me, and so I became aware of my sister—lying without sense or movement on the bare boards where she had been knocked down

by a tremendous blow on the back of the head, dealt by some unknown hand when her face was turned towards the fire—destined never to be on the Rampage again, while she was the wife of Joe.

我们跑得太快，连话都说不出来了，我们就这样一口气跑到我家厨房。厨房里都是人，整个村子里的人都来了。有的人站在院子里，一名外科医生和乔还有一群妇女都站在厨房中央。那些纯粹的旁观者看到我之后向后退了几步，这样我才看到我姐姐——她毫无意识、一动不动地躺在光光的地板上。在她面朝着炉火的时候，不知是谁在她脑后狠狠地打了一下，把她打昏过去了——我意识到，作为乔的妻子，她注定再也不能大发脾气了。

CHAPTER 16

第十六章

With my head full of George Barnwell, I was at first disposed to believe that I must have had some hand in the attack upon my sister, or at all events that as her near relation, popularly known to be under obligations to her, I was a more legitimate object of suspicion than any one else. But when, in the clearer light of next morning, I began to reconsider the matter and to hear it discussed around me on all sides, I took another view of the case, which was more reasonable.

我满脑子都是乔治·巴恩韦尔，所以我一开始就很自然地相信，我一定跟我姐姐被打这件事有关，或者无论如何，作为她的近亲，大家都知道我是由她来抚养的，与其他任何人相比，我都是一个更加合情合理的怀疑对象。但是第二天早上，当光线更明朗的时候，我开始重新考虑这件事，听周围的人讨论这件事，所以我就对这个案件有了另一种更加合理的看法。

Joe had been at the Three Jolly Bargemen, smoking his pipe, from a quarter after eight o'clock to a quarter before ten. While he was there, my sister had been seen standing at the kitchen door, and had exchanged Good Night with a farm-laborer going home. The man could not be more particular as to the time at which he saw her (he got into dense confusion when he tried to be), than that it must have been before nine. When Joe went home at five minutes before ten, he found her struck down on the floor, and promptly called in assistance. The fire had not then burnt unusually low, nor was the snuff of the candle very long; the candle, however, had been blown out.

乔昨天晚上从八时一刻到九时三刻一直都在“三个快活船员”酒馆里抽烟。当乔在那里的时候，有人看到我姐姐站在厨房门口，与一个回家途中经过的农场工人互道晚安。这个人只能确定他是在九点之前见到她的，无法提供更加确切的时间了（他愈想确切就愈加糊涂）。当乔在差五分十点回到家的时候，发现她被打倒在地，他马上找人来帮忙。当时炉火还在像平常一样燃烧着，蜡烛的烛花也不是很长，但是蜡烛都被吹灭了。

Nothing had been taken away from any part of the house. Neither, beyond the blowing out of the candle—which stood on a table between the door and my sister, and was behind her when she stood facing the fire and was struck—was there any disarrangement of the kitchen, excepting such as she herself had made, in falling and bleeding. But, there was one remarkable piece of evidence on the spot. She had been struck with something blunt and heavy, on the head and

spine; after the blows were dealt, something heavy had been thrown down at her with considerable violence, as she lay on her face. And on the ground beside her, when Joe picked her up, was a convict's leg-iron which had been filed asunder.

房子里没有任何东西被拿走。蜡烛是摆放在位于我姐姐和门之间的一张桌子上，我姐姐被袭击的时候＋B17背对着这张桌子，面朝着火炉。除了蜡烛被吹灭了之外，厨房里没有任何被动过的迹象，即使有也是我姐姐自己倒下流血造成的。但是，现场有一件非常重要的证据。她是被一种很重的钝器所袭击的，凶器打在她的头部和脊骨。这一下打过之后，在她面朝下地倒在地板上的时候，凶手又极其凶狠地朝她扔了一种很重的东西。当乔把她抱起来之后，在她身旁的地板上发现一副逃犯戴的铁镣铐，这副铁镣铐是被锉开的。

Now, Joe, examining this iron with a smith's eye, declared it to have been filed asunder some time ago. The hue and cry going off to the Hulks, and people coming thence to examine the iron, Joe's opinion was corroborated. They did not undertake to say when it had left the prison-ships to which it undoubtedly had once belonged; but they claimed to know for certain that that particular manacle had not been worn by either of the two convicts who had escaped last night. Further, one of those two was already re-taken, and had not freed himself of his iron.

如今，乔用铁匠的眼光检查了这副铁镣铐之后断定，它已经被锉开有一段时间了。监狱船受到强烈的指责，那里的人前来检查这副铁镣铐，乔的观点得到了证实。虽然这副铁镣铐之前无疑是属于监狱船的，但他们不敢保证说它是什么时候被戴着离开船的。不过他们声称，这副铁镣铐肯定不是昨天晚上逃跑的那两名犯人的。而且，其中一个已经被抓回来了，他并没有自己打开铁镣铐。

Knowing what I knew, I set up an inference of my own here. I believed the iron to be my convict's iron—the iron I had seen and heard him filing at, on the marshes—but my mind did not accuse him of having put it to its latest use. For, I believed one of two other persons to have become possessed of it, and to have turned it to this cruel account. Either Orlick, or the strange man who had shown me the file.

根据我所知道的情况，我在这里讲一下我自己的推断。我认为，这副铁镣铐是我认识的那个逃犯的——我之前在沼泽地上见过这副铁镣铐，也听到他锉铁镣铐的声音——但我不认为是他用这副铁镣铐行凶的。因为，我相信是另外两个人中的某一个拿到了这副铁镣铐，把它变成了这种残忍凶器。这个人不是奥立克就是那个朝我挥舞锉子的人。

Now, as to Orlick; he had gone to town exactly as he told us when we picked him up at the turnpike, he had been seen about town all the evening, he had been in divers companies in several public-houses,

and he had come back with myself and Mr. Wopsle. There was nothing against him, save the quarrel; and my sister had quarreled with him, and with everybody else about her, ten thousand times. As to the strange man; if he had come back for his two bank-notes there could have been no dispute about them, because my sister was fully prepared to restore them. Besides, there had been no altercation; the assailant had come in so silently and suddenly, that she had been felled before she could look round.

现在先说奥立克，就像我们在公路上遇见他时他告诉我们的那样，他到镇上去了，整个晚上他都在镇上闲逛，去了几个酒馆和酒鬼们混在一起，然后他和我还有沃甫赛先生一起回来了。除了和我姐姐吵架了之外，没有什么对他是不利的。而且我姐姐和他以及她身边的其他人都吵过成千上万次架了。至于那个陌生人，要是他回来索要他那两张钞票的话，根本不会有什么争端，因为我姐姐已经做好准备要还给他了。而且本来就没有什么争吵，那个行凶者进来地太安静、太突然，她没来得及回头就被打倒了。

It was horrible to think that I had provided the weapon, however undesignedly, but I could hardly think otherwise. I suffered unspeakable trouble while I considered and reconsidered whether I should at last dissolve that spell of my childhood, and tell Joe all the story. For months afterwards, I every day settled the question finally in the negative, and reopened and reargued it next morning. The contention came, after all, to this;—the secret was such an old one now, had so grown into me and become a part of myself, that I could not tear it away. In addition to the dread that, having led up to so much mischief, it would be now more likely than ever to alienate Joe from me if he believed it, I had a further restraining dread that he would not believe it, but would assort it with the fabulous dogs and veal-cutlets as a monstrous invention. However, I temporized with myself, of course—for, was I not wavering between right and wrong, when the thing is always done?—and resolved to make a full disclosure if I should see any such new occasion as a new chance of helping in the discovery of the assailant.

只要一想到是我提供了凶器，虽然不是有意的，我还是感到心惊肉跳的，但又不能不这么想。我忍受着不可名状的痛苦，思前想后，考虑我是否应该最终驱散我童年时的魔咒，把事情全部告诉乔。在接下来的几个月当中，我每天都会最后给这个问题以否定答案，然后第二天早上又重新考虑，重新挣扎。然而最终我的结论是——这个秘密时间太久了，它已经融入我的身体，成为我的一部分了，所以我无法把它撕走。我害怕的是，由于我已经给乔带来了很大的伤害，要是乔相信了我的话，他很可能自此疏远我。另外我不敢说出来是因为我更害怕他不相信，而是把它当成和那些大狗及小牛排一样骇人的谎话。但是，我最后打定主意不这么快就做决定——因为，既然事已至此，我为什么还要在

是非之间徘徊呢？——我决定，只要我有新的机遇能帮忙找到那个袭击者的话，到时候我一定会全盘托出。

The Constables, and the Bow Street men from London—for, this happened in the days of the extinct red-waistcoated police—were about the house for a week or two, and did pretty much what I have heard and read of like authorities doing in other such cases. They took up several obviously wrong people, and they ran their heads very hard against wrong ideas, and persisted in trying to fit the circumstances to the ideas, instead of trying to extract ideas from the circumstances. Also, they stood about the door of the Jolly Bargemen, with knowing and reserved looks that filled the whole neighborhood with admiration; and they had a mysterious manner of taking their drink, that was almost as good as taking the culprit. But not quite, for they never did it.

地方巡警和来自伦敦鲍街的警察——因为在那个年头里，穿红背心的警察在伦敦之外的地方已经绝迹了——在房子周围调查了一两个星期。他们的所作所为就跟我之前听到的或读到的有关当局在处理其他类似案件时所做的一样。他们抓来几个明显错误的怀疑对象，然后绞尽脑汁地推翻错误的结论。他们坚持非要让实际情况符合结论，而不是尽力从实际情况中得出结论。他们还在“三个快活船员”酒馆门口站岗。他们脸上世故又冷漠的表情让整个村子都赞叹不已。他们喝酒的方式几乎跟他们抓罪犯的手法一样神秘。但又不完全相像，因为他们从来没有抓到过罪犯。

Long after these constitutional powers had dispersed, my sister lay very ill in bed. Her sight was disturbed, so that she saw objects multiplied, and grasped at visionary teacups and wine-glasses instead of the realities; her hearing was greatly impaired; her memory also; and her speech was unintelligible. When, at last, she came round so far as to be helped down-stairs, it was still necessary to keep my slate always by her, that she might indicate in writing what she could not indicate in speech. As she was (very bad handwriting apart) a more than indifferent speller, and as Joe was a more than indifferent reader, extraordinary complications arose between them, which I was always called in to solve. The administration of mutton instead of medicine, the substitution of Tea for Joe, and the baker for bacon, were among the mildest of my own mistakes.

在这些政府派来的警察撤走之后很长一段时间里，我姐姐都重病卧床。她的视力受到了影响，所以她看东西都会有幻影，伸手去抓的是茶杯和酒杯的影像而不是真实的东西。她的听力受到严重损伤，记忆力也是，她说的话让人听不懂。最后她终于恢复到在别人的帮助下能够下楼了。但这时仍然要让她随身带着我的石板，这样她就能把她说不出来的话写下来。由于她（除了字迹很差之外）的拼写很差，而乔的阅读能力也很差，所以他们之间就会出现很复杂的问题，我经常被叫过去解决问

题。她要药，拿来的却是羊肉；她找乔，端来的却是茶；她要腊肉，找来的却是面包师傅，这些都只是我最小的错误而已。

However, her temper was greatly improved, and she was patient. A tremulous uncertainty of the action of all her limbs soon became a part of her regular state, and afterwards, at intervals of two or three months, she would often put her hands to her head, and would then remain for about a week at a time in some gloomy aberration of mind. We were at a loss to find a suitable attendant for her, until a circumstance happened conveniently to relieve us. Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt conquered a confirmed habit of living into which she had fallen, and Biddy became a part of our establishment.

但是，她的脾气有很大的好转，变得耐心了。她的四肢在行动时会打颤，这不久就成为她的一种常态。之后每隔两三个月，她就会经常把手放在头上，情绪异常低落，而这种状态每次大概持续一个星期。我们不知道到哪里为她找一个合适的护理人员，恰巧这时发生了一件事情，解决了我们的难题。沃甫赛先生的姑婆战胜了她养成的顽固的生活习惯，同意让比迪来到我们家照顾我姐姐。

It may have been about a month after my sister's reappearance in the kitchen, when Biddy came to us with a small speckled box containing the whole of her worldly effects, and became a blessing to the household. Above all, she was a blessing to Joe, for the dear old fellow was sadly cut up by the constant contemplation of the wreck of his wife, and had been accustomed, while attending on her of an evening, to turn to me every now and then and say, with his blue eyes moistened, "Such a fine figure of a woman as she once were, Pip!" Biddy instantly taking the cleverest charge of her as though she had studied her from infancy, Joe became able in some sort to appreciate the greater quiet of his life, and to get down to the Jolly Bargemen now and then for a change that did him good. It was characteristic of the police people that they had all more or less suspected poor Joe (though he never knew it), and that they had to a man concurred in regarding him as one of the deepest spirits they had ever encountered.

大概在我姐姐再次出现在厨房里的一个月之后，比迪来到我们家，带着一个满是斑点的小箱子，装着她所有的家当，她成了我们家的福音。最重要的是，她是乔的福音，因为这位亲爱的老兄时常一想起他妻子病恹恹的样子就悲痛不已。每当晚上服侍在她左右的时候，乔已经习惯不时找到我，睁着泪汪汪的蓝色眼睛对我说：“她曾经是多么美丽的女人啊，皮普！”比迪立刻熟练地接过照顾我姐姐的工作，仿佛她从我姐姐还是个婴儿的时候就很了解她似的。乔因此能够享受更宁静的生活，不时地到“三个快活船员”酒馆那里去放松身心。警察们特有的敏感性让他们或多或少地怀疑可怜的乔（尽管他从来都不知道这一点），他们一致认为乔是他们所遇到过的最捉摸不定的人物之一。

Biddy's first triumph in her new office, was to solve a difficulty that had completely vanquished me. I had tried hard at it, but had made nothing of it. Thus it was:

比迪上任以来的第一次大捷就是解决了一个把我彻底击败了的难题。我曾使出浑身解数来解决这个难题，但一点成效也没有。事情是这样的：

Again and again and again, my sister had traced upon the slate, a character that looked like a curious T, and then with the utmost eagerness had called our attention to it as something she particularly wanted. I had in vain tried everything producible that began with a T, from tar to toast and tub. At length it had come into my head that the sign looked like a hammer, and on my lustily calling that word in my sister's ear, she had begun to hammer on the table and had expressed a qualified assent. Thereupon, I had brought in all our hammers, one after another, but without avail. Then I bethought me of a crutch, the shape being much the same, and I borrowed one in the village, and displayed it to my sister with considerable confidence. But she shook her head to that extent when she was shown it, that we were terrified lest in her weak and shattered state she should dislocate her neck.

我姐姐一次又一次地在石板上画出一个有点像T的奇怪的字母，然后她非常急切地拿给我们看，好像她特别想要什么东西。我已经找来所有以T开头的东西，从柏油到吐司再到桶，但全都不对。最后我想到，这个符号看起来像把锤子。当我使劲地在她耳边喊起这个词的时候，她开始捶打桌子，以表示对我的同意。于是我马上把我们所有的锤子一只接一只地拿过来，但都不是她想要的。然后我想起拐杖的形状也很接近这个符号。于是我从村子里借来一只拐杖，信心十足地拿给我姐姐看。但是她一看到拐杖就拼命地摇头，我们都害怕她在这么虚弱、这么崩溃的状态下，如此猛烈的摇头会让她的脖子错位。

When my sister found that Biddy was very quick to understand her, this mysterious sign reappeared on the slate. Biddy looked thoughtfully at it, heard my explanation, looked thoughtfully at my sister, looked thoughtfully at Joe (who was always represented on the slate by his initial letter), and ran into the forge, followed by Joe and me.

当我姐姐发现比迪能很快就明白她的意思时，她又在石板上画出这个神秘的符号。比迪若有所思地看着它，听了我的解释，然后若有所思地看看我姐姐，又若有所思地看看乔（乔在石板上总是用自己名字的首字母来表示自己），然后跑进铁匠铺，我和乔跟了过去。

"Why, of course!" cried Biddy, with an exultant face. "Don't you see? It's him!"

“对，一定是这样！”比迪满脸喜悦地喊道，“你们没看出来吗？是

他！”

Orlick, without a doubt! She had lost his name, and could only signify him by his hammer. We told him why we wanted him to come into the kitchen, and he slowly laid down his hammer, wiped his brow with his arm, took another wipe at it with his apron, and came slouching out, with a curious loose vagabond bend in the knees that strongly distinguished him.

奥立克，毫无疑问！我姐姐已经忘记了他的名字，只能用他的锤子来代表他。我们告诉他我们要他到厨房里去的原因，他慢慢地放下他的锤子，拿胳膊擦了一下额头，又用他的围裙擦了一下额头，然后慢悠悠地走过来。他的膝盖奇怪、懒散地打着弯，这是他最大的特色。

I confess that I expected to see my sister denounce him, and that I was disappointed by the different result. She manifested the greatest anxiety to be on good terms with him, was evidently much pleased by his being at length produced, and motioned that she would have him given something to drink. She watched his countenance as if she were particularly wishful to be assured that he took kindly to his reception, she showed every possible desire to conciliate him, and there was an air of humble propitiation in all she did, such as I have seen pervade the bearing of a child towards a hard master. After that day, a day rarely passed without her drawing the hammer on her slate, and without Orlick's slouching in and standing doggedly before her, as if he knew no more than I did what to make of it.

我承认，我以为我姐姐会当面揭发他。而让我大失所望的是，结果与我想的完全不同。她表现出急于要与他和好的强烈欲望，显然非常高兴终于把他找来了，而且示意想让他喝点什么。她观察着他的脸色，仿佛她特别希望要确保他友好地接受对他的款待。她表现出强烈的欲望要与他和解，一举一动之中都显示出谦卑的赎罪之情，就像我见过的小孩子站在一位严师的面前认错一样。那天之后，几乎没有哪一天我姐姐不在石板上画出这把锤子，没有哪一天奥立克不慢悠悠地走进来，固执地站在她面前，仿佛他和我一样，不知道如何是好。

CHAPTER 17

第十七章

I now fell into a regular routine of apprenticeship life, which was varied, beyond the limits of the village and the marshes, by no more remarkable circumstance than the arrival of my birthday and my paying another visit to Miss Havisham. I found Miss Sarah Pocket still on duty at the gate, I found Miss Havisham just as I had left her, and she spoke of Estella in the very same way, if not in the very same words. The interview lasted but a few minutes, and she gave me a guinea when I was going, and told me to come again on my next birthday. I may mention at once that this became an annual custom. I tried to decline taking the guinea on the first occasion, but with no better effect than causing her to ask me very angrily, if I expected more? Then, and after that, I took it.

我现在陷入了一种一成不变的、程式化的学徒生活，没有什么富于变化的情况能让我超出村庄和沼泽的界限，除了在我生日来临那天我重新拜访了郝维仙小姐。我发现萨拉·鄱凯特小姐仍然在门口当差。我发现郝维仙小姐就跟我上次离开她的时候一样，她以同样的方式说起埃斯特拉，即使用词并不是跟上次完全一样。这次见面只持续了几分钟而已，我临走的时候她给了我一个几尼，告诉我明年生日的时候再来。我现在要提及的是，此后这就成为每年的一种惯例。第一次的时候我竭力拒绝收下这个几尼，但除了让她生气地质问我是不是想要更多之外，没达到什么好的效果。于是，那一次以及以后的每一次我都收下了她给我的几尼。

So unchanging was the dull old house, the yellow light in the darkened room, the faded specter in the chair by the dressing-table glass, that I felt as if the stopping of the clocks had stopped Time in that mysterious place, and, while I and everything else outside it grew older, it stood still. Daylight never entered the house as to my thoughts and remembrances of it, any more than as to the actual fact. It bewildered me, and under its influence I continued at heart to hate my trade and to be ashamed of home.

沉闷的旧宅邸，黑房间里昏黄的灯光，坐在梳妆镜旁椅子上那形销骨立的幽灵，这一切都那么一成不变，让我感觉仿佛钟表的停止已经冻结了这个神秘场所里的时间，这个地方之外的一切事物和我都在变老，而它却静止不动。阳光从来没有射进这座宅邸，也没有射进我对它的所有的看法和记忆里。它迷惑了我，在它的影响之下，我继续从心底里憎恶我的行当，为我的家而感到羞耻。

Imperceptibly I became conscious of a change in Biddy, however.

Her shoes came up at the heel, her hair grew bright and neat, her hands were always clean. She was not beautiful—she was common, and could not be like Estella—but she was pleasant and wholesome and sweet-tempered. She had not been with us more than a year (I remember her being newly out of mourning at the time it struck me), when I observed to myself one evening that she had curiously thoughtful and attentive eyes; eyes that were very pretty and very good.

然而，我开始察觉到比迪身上非常细微的变化。她穿上了高跟鞋，头发变得整齐而有光泽，她的手也总是很干净。她并不漂亮——她相貌平平，不像埃斯特拉那样——但她友好可亲、心地善良、秉性温和。她来我们家只有差不多一年的时间（我记得她刚刚换下丧服的时候我被震惊了），一天晚上我发现她有一双异常深邃而专注的眼睛，一双非常漂亮、非常好看的眼睛。

It came of my lifting up my own eyes from a task I was poring at—writing some passages from a book, to improve myself in two ways at once by a sort of stratagem—and seeing Biddy observant of what I was about. I laid down my pen, and Biddy stopped in her needlework without laying it down.

这个发现是在我放下手中正在仔细完成的任务，抬起眼的时候观察到的——我当时正在抄写一本书上的某些段落，这是一种能够同时提高我两方面能力的策略——我看到比迪注意到我正在做的事情。我放下笔，比迪停下了手中的针线活但并没有放下来。

"Biddy," said I, "how do you manage it? Either I am very stupid, or you are very clever."

“比迪，”我说，“你是怎么办到的？　要么是我太笨了，要么是你太聪明了。”

"What is it that I manage? I don't know," returned Biddy, smiling.

“我办到什么了？我怎么不知道。”比迪笑着回答说。

She managed our whole domestic life, and wonderfully too; but I did not mean that, though that made what I did mean, more surprising.

她打理我们所有的家务活，而且料理得非常好，但我并不是指这一方面，尽管很奇怪的是，这一方面更能凸显我的本意。

"How do you manage, Biddy," said I, "to learn everything that I learn, and always to keep up with me?" I was beginning to be rather vain of my knowledge, for I spent my birthday guineas on it, and set aside the greater part of my pocket-money for similar investment; though I have no doubt, now, that the little I knew was extremely dear at the price.

“你是怎么办到的，比迪，”我说，“学会我所学的一切，并且总是能跟上我？”那时我正开始因自己掌握的知识而样样自得，因为我把生日得来的几尼都花在了学习上，而且把我大部分的零花钱省下来用做类似的投资。但是我现在毫不怀疑地相信，我为所知道的那点知识付出了极其高的代价。

"I might as well ask you," said Biddy, "how you manage?"

“我还想问你呢，”比迪说，“你是怎么办到的？”

"No; because when I come in from the forge of a night, any one can see me turning to at it. But you never turn to at it, Biddy."

“这不一样，因为每天晚上我从铁匠铺回来之后，任何人都会看到我开始学习。但你从来就没有特意学习过，比迪。”

"I suppose I must catch it—like a cough," said Biddy, quietly; and went on with her sewing.

“我想我一定是被感染了——就像感冒咳嗽一样。”比迪轻轻地说道，然后继续做她的针线活。

Pursuing my idea as I leaned back in my wooden chair and looked at Biddy sewing away with her head on one side, I began to think her rather an extraordinary girl. For, I called to mind now, that she was equally accomplished in the terms of our trade, and the names of our different sorts of work, and our various tools. In short, whatever I knew, Biddy knew. Theoretically, she was already as good a blacksmith as I, or better.

我一边继续想着心事，一边向后倚靠在我的木椅上，同时看着比迪把头歪向一边做着针线活，我开始觉得比迪是个非常了不起的女孩。因为，我现在想起来她同样熟知我们这个行当的术语，知晓我们不同工作种类的名称以及各式各样工具的名字。总之，凡是我知道的，比迪都知道。理论上，她已经是一个和我一样棒的铁匠了，甚至比我还要出色。

"You are one of those, Biddy," said I, "who make the most of every chance. You never had a chance before you came here, and see how improved you are!"

“你是那种人，比迪，”我说，“那种充分利用每一个机会的人。你来这里之前从来没有任何机会，但看看你现在进步多大！”

Biddy looked at me for an instant, and went on with her sewing. "I was your first teacher though; wasn't I?" said she, as she sewed.

比迪看了我一眼，然后继续做她的针线活。“但是，我曾经是你的第一个老师，是不是？”比迪一边做针线活一边说。

"Biddy!" I exclaimed, in amazement. "Why, you are crying!"

“比迪！”我惊讶地喊道，“怎么了，你哭啦！”

"No I am not," said Biddy, looking up and laughing. "What put that in your head?"

“没有，我没哭，”比迪抬起头笑着说道，“你怎么会这么说呢？”

What could have put it in my head, but the glistening of a tear as it dropped on her work? I sat silent, recalling what a drudge she had been until Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt successfully overcame that bad habit of living, so highly desirable to be got rid of by some people. I recalled the hopeless circumstances by which she had been surrounded in the miserable little shop and the miserable little noisy evening school, with that miserable old bundle of incompetence always to be dragged and shouldered. I reflected that even in those untoward times there must have been latent in Biddy what was now developing, for, in my first uneasiness and discontent I had turned to her for help, as a matter of course. Biddy sat quietly sewing, shedding no more tears, and while I looked at her and thought about it all, it occurred to me that perhaps I had not been sufficiently grateful to Biddy. I might have been too reserved, and should have patronized her more (though I did not use that precise word in my meditations), with my confidence.

除了那滴落在她针线活上的晶莹泪珠之外，什么会让我这么说呢？我默默地坐着，想到她在沃甫赛先生的姑婆成功地克服了糟糕的生活习惯之前是个多么劳累的苦工，别人都多么想摆脱那个老太婆。我想到她之前身处的那种无助的境地，不仅要打理那个简陋的小商店和那个条件恶劣、吵吵闹闹的小夜校，还要照顾那个令人厌烦的老太婆——这老太婆的生活不能自理，总是要别人搀扶着。我想到即使是在那种不幸的环境当中，比迪身上也隐藏着那些如今正在发挥出来的美好潜质。所以，在我最初感到忧虑与不满的时候，我就去找她帮忙，这是理所当然的。比迪静静地坐在那里干针线活，没有再掉眼泪。当我看着她、想着这一切的时候，我突然觉得，也许自己没有向比迪充分表达我的感激之情。我可能太内向了，我应该充满自信地把我的秘密更多地赐予她（尽管我想的时候并不是用赐予这个词）。

"Yes, Biddy," I observed, when I had done turning it over, "you were my first teacher, and that at a time when we little thought of ever being together like this, in this kitchen."

“是啊，比迪，”我仔细想了想之后说道，“你曾经是我的第一个老师，那时候我们没想到会像这样一起坐在厨房里。”

"Ah, poor thing!" replied Biddy. It was like her self-forgetfulness, to transfer the remark to my sister, and to get up and be busy about her, making her more comfortable; "that's sadly true!"

“唉，可怜的人啊！”比迪回答说。她就像把自己给忘了一样，将话题转向我姐姐，站起身来在她周围忙来忙去，让她更舒服一些。“真是不

幸啊！”

"Well!" said I, "we must talk together a little more, as we used to do. And I must consult you a little more, as I used to do. Let us have a quiet walk on the marshes next Sunday, Biddy, and a long chat."

“唉！”我说，“我们必须像以前那样一起多说说话。而且我必须像以前那样多请教你。我们下个星期日一起去沼泽地那边安静地散散步吧，比迪，好好地聊一聊。”

My sister was never left alone now; but Joe more than readily undertook the care of her on that Sunday afternoon, and Biddy and I went out together. It was summer-time, and lovely weather. When we had passed the village and the church and the churchyard, and were out on the marshes and began to see the sails of the ships as they sailed on, I began to combine Miss Havisham and Estella with the prospect, in my usual way. When we came to the river-side and sat down on the bank, with the water rippling at our feet, making it all more quiet than it would have been without that sound, I resolved that it was a good time and place for the admission of Biddy into my inner confidence.

我姐姐如今不能被独自留下，但那个星期日下午，乔非常乐意地留下照顾她，于是我和比迪就一起出去了。那是个天气很好的夏日。我们走过了村庄、教堂以及墓地，来到了沼泽地。当我看到驶过的船只上扬起白帆的时候，我开始将郝维仙小姐和埃斯特拉与景色结合起来，就像往常那样。我们来到河边，坐在河堤上，河水在我们脚下潺潺地流过，这声音让周围的一切更显安静。这时我决定，此时此地正是让比迪知道我内心秘密的好机会。

"Biddy," said I, after binding her to secrecy, "I want to be a gentleman."

“比迪，”在我叫她保守秘密之后我说道，“我想要成为上流社会的绅士。”

"Oh, I wouldn't, if I was you!" she returned. "I don't think it would answer."

“噢，如果我是你的话，我才不想呢！”她回答说，“我觉得那不适合你。”

"Biddy," said I, with some severity, "I have particular reasons for wanting to be a gentleman."

“比迪，”我严肃地说，“我想成为绅士是有特别的理由的。”

"You know best, Pip; but don't you think you are happier as you are?"

“你明白事理，皮普，但你不觉得，就像你现在这样，你会更快乐

吗？”

"Biddy," I exclaimed, impatiently, "I am not at all happy as I am. I am disgusted with my calling and with my life. I have never taken to either, since I was bound. Don't be absurd."

“比迪，”我不耐烦地喊道，“像我现在这样，我一点都不快乐。我厌恶我的行当和我的生活。自从我当了学徒以来，我就从来没有喜欢过任何一样。别荒唐了。”

"Was I absurd?" said Biddy, quietly raising her eyebrows; "I am sorry for that; I didn't mean to be. I only want you to do well, and to be comfortable."

“我很荒唐吗？”比迪轻轻地扬起眉毛说道，“对不起，我并不是这个意思。我只想你过得好，过得舒服。”

"Well then, understand once for all that I never shall or can be comfortable—or anything but miserable—there, Biddy!—unless I can lead a very different sort of life from the life I lead now.”

“那么，好吧，干脆就直说吧，我在那里永远不会、也不能舒服——除了痛苦没有别的，比迪！——除非我能过上一种与我眼下所过的完全不同的生活。”

"That's a pity!" said Biddy, shaking her head with a sorrowful air.

“这太遗憾了！”比迪说着悲伤地摇了摇头。

Now, I too had so often thought it a pity, that, in the singular kind of quarrel with myself which I was always carrying on, I was half inclined to shed tears of vexation and distress when Biddy gave utterance to her sentiment and my own. I told her she was right, and I knew it was much to be regretted, but still it was not to be helped.

那时，我一直在进行自我思想斗争之中，也经常觉得很遗憾，所以当比迪说出她的感想，也是我的感想的时候，我都差不多要留下悲伤、痛哭的眼泪了。我告诉她她说得对，我知道这非常令人遗憾，但我无能为力。

"If I could have settled down," I said to Biddy, plucking up the short grass within reach, much as I had once upon a time pulled my feelings out of my hair and kicked them into the brewery wall: "if I could have settled down and been but half as fond of the forge as I was when I was little, I know it would have been much better for me. You and I and Joe would have wanted nothing then, and Joe and I would perhaps have gone partners when I was out of my time, and I might even have grown up to keep company with you, and we might have sat on this very bank on a fine Sunday, quite different people. I should have been good enough for you; shouldn't I, Biddy?"

“如果我能安定下来的话，”我对比迪说道，同时拔起我手边的矮草，就像我曾经揪着我的头发，猛踢酿酒作坊的墙壁来发泄情绪一样，“如果我能安定下来，对铁匠铺的喜爱有我小时候的一半那么多，我想情况对我来说也会好多了。那样你，我还有乔就会别无所求了，在我出徒之后乔和我也许就会合伙，我甚至可能长大成人之后成为你的伴侣，我们可能会在某个晴朗的星期天坐在同样的河堤上，虽然已经变得与以往的自己大不相同了。我本应该配得上你的，是不是，比迪？”

Biddy sighed as she looked at the ships sailing on, and returned for answer, "Yes; I am not over-particular.” It scarcely sounded flattering, but I knew she meant well.

比迪看着船只驶过，叹了口气，回答说：“是啊，我不会太挑剔。”这听起来不是什么赞扬的话，但我知道她的本意是好的。

"Instead of that," said I, plucking up more grass and chewing a blade or two, "see how I am going on. Dissatisfied, and uncomfortable, and—what would it signify to me, being coarse and common, if nobody had told me so!”

“但相反的是，”我说着又拔起一颗草，嚼了一两片叶子，“看看我现在成了什么样子。不满足、不如意，而且——要是没人告诉我的话，我怎么能知道自己是这么粗俗、平庸！”

Biddy turned her face suddenly towards mine, and looked far more attentively at me than she had looked at the sailing ships.

比迪突然把脸转向我，用比她刚刚盯着航船时更为专注的眼神看着我。

"It was neither a very true nor a very polite thing to say," she remarked, directing her eyes to the ships again. "Who said it?"

“这些话不是真的，而且很不礼貌。”她说着又把目光转向了船只，“是谁这样说过？”

I was disconcerted, for I had broken away without quite seeing where I was going to. It was not to be shuffled off now, however, and I answered, "The beautiful young lady at Miss Havisham's, and she's more beautiful than anybody ever was, and I admire her dreadfully, and I want to be a gentleman on her account." Having made this lunatic confession, I began to throw my torn-up grass into the river, as if I had some thoughts of following it.

我一下子手足无措，因为我虽然开了头，却不知道接下来该怎么说。但是眼下又不能逃脱，于是我回答道：“郝维仙小姐家那位漂亮小姐说的，她比任何人都要漂亮，我非常仰慕她，因为她，我想要成为一位绅士。”做了这番疯狂的坦白之后，我开始把我撕碎的草扔进河里，就像我也想随它而去一样。

"Do you want to be a gentleman, to spite her or to gain her over?"

Biddy quietly asked me, after a pause.

“你想要成为一个绅士，是为了气她呢还是讨她欢心？”比迪停顿了一会儿之后轻轻地问我。

"I don't know," I moodily answered.

“我不知道。”我闷闷不乐地回答道。

"Because, if it is to spite her," Biddy pursued, "I should think—but you know best—that might be better and more independently done by caring nothing for her words. And if it is to gain her over, I should think—but you know best—she was not worth gaining over.”

“因为，如果是为了气她的话，”比迪继续说道，“我觉得——但你也明白事理——不理睬她的话也许能更好、更独立地达到这个效果。如果是为了讨她欢心的话，我觉得——但你也明白事理——她不值得你讨她欢心。”

Exactly what I myself had thought, many times. Exactly what was perfectly manifest to me at the moment. But how could I, a poor dazed village lad, avoid that wonderful inconsistency into which the best and wisest of men fall every day?

这正是我自己之前多次想过的。这正是眼下清清楚楚展现在我面前的事实。但是面对这个错综复杂的矛盾，连最聪慧、最明智的人每天都会身陷其中，我一个可怜而迷茫的乡村小伙子又怎能避免得了呢？

"It may be all quite true," said I to Biddy, "but I admire her dreadfully."

“这也许都很对，”我对比迪说，“但我非常仰慕她。”

In short, I turned over on my face when I came to that, and got a good grasp on the hair on each side of my head, and wrenched it well. All the while knowing the madness of my heart to be so very mad and misplaced, that I was quite conscious it would have served my face right, if I had lifted it up by my hair, and knocked it against the pebbles as a punishment for belonging to such an idiot.

总之，说这话的时候我转过去俯卧着，抓起我脑袋两边的头发，狠狠地揪。一直以来，我知道自己内心的狂热如此强烈而错位，我很清楚，即使我抓着头发把脸拎起来砸向鹅卵石，以惩罚它长在这样一个白痴身上，这对我的脸来说也是罪有应得。

Biddy was the wisest of girls, and she tried to reason no more with me. She put her hand, which was a comfortable hand though roughened by work, upon my hands, one after another, and gently took them out of my hair. Then she softly patted my shoulder in a soothing way, while with my face upon my sleeve I cried a little—exactly as I had done in the brewery yard—and felt vaguely convinced

that I was very much ill-used by somebody, or by everybody; I can't say which.

比迪是最聪明的女孩，她没有再努力给我讲道理。她把她的手放在我的手上，她的手尽管由于干活而变得粗糙却让人感到舒适。她温和地将我的手一只一只地从我的头发上拿下来。然后她轻轻地、抚慰式地拍着我的肩膀，我把脸掩在衣袖里哭了一会儿——就跟我在酿酒作坊的院子里所做的一样——我隐隐约约地确信，我被某个人或被每个人都狠狠地利用了，我说不清是哪种情况。

"I am glad of one thing," said Biddy, "and that is, that you have felt you could give me your confidence, Pip. And I am glad of another thing, and that is, that of course you know you may depend upon my keeping it and always so far deserving it. If your first teacher (dear! such a poor one, and so much in need of being taught herself!) had been your teacher at the present time, she thinks she knows what lesson she would set. But It would be a hard one to learn, and you have got beyond her, and it's of no use now." So, with a quiet sigh for me, Biddy rose from the bank, and said, with a fresh and pleasant change of voice, "Shall we walk a little further, or go home?"

“有一件事情我很高兴，”比迪说，“那就是，你觉得你可以把你的秘密告诉我，皮普。另一件让我高兴的事就是，你知道你可以信任我保守秘密，并且永远能保守秘密。如果你的第一位老师（天哪！多么可怜的老师，她自己还有那么多需要学习！）眼下是你的老师，她想她知道该设置什么样的课程了。但是这堂课会很难学，而且你已经懂得比她多了，现在这已经没用了。”就这样，比迪轻轻地为我叹了口气，从河堤上站起来，改用一种轻松愉快的口气说道：“我们再往前走一会儿还是回家？”

"Biddy," I cried, getting up, putting my arm round her neck, and giving her a kiss, "I shall always tell you everything."

“比迪，”我一边喊道，一边站起来，用胳膊搂住她的脖子，吻了她一下，“我会一直把所有事情都告诉你的。”

"Till you're a gentleman," said Biddy.

“直到你成为一个绅士。”比迪说道。

"You know I never shall be, so that's always. Not that I have any occasion to tell you anything, for you know everything I know—as I told you at home the other night.”

“你知道，我永远都不会成为绅士的，所以一直都会告诉你的。并不是我必须要告诉你什么，因为你知道我所知道的一切——就像前一天晚上我在家跟你说的一样。”

"Ah!" said Biddy, quite in a whisper, as she looked away at the ships. And then repeated, with her former pleasant change; "shall we

walk a little further, or go home?"

“噢！”比迪低声轻轻地说道，同时转过去看着航船。然后她改用之前那种愉快的声音重复道：“我们是继续往前走一会儿呢还是回家？”

I said to Biddy we would walk a little further, and we did so, and the summer afternoon toned down into the summer evening, and it was very beautiful. I began to consider whether I was not more naturally and wholesomely situated, after all, in these circumstances, than playing beggar my neighbor by candlelight in the room with the stopped clocks, and being despised by Estella. I thought it would be very good for me if I could get her out of my head, with all the rest of those remembrances and fancies, and could go to work determined to relish what I had to do, and stick to it, and make the best of it. I asked myself the question whether I did not surely know that if Estella were beside me at that moment instead of Biddy, she would make me miserable? I was obliged to admit that I did know it for a certainty, and I said to myself, "Pip, what a fool you are!"

我对比迪说我们再散一会儿步吧，于是我们就继续散步。夏日的午后渐渐柔和，变成了夏日的晚上，景色非常美。我开始思忖，我是否会更自然、更有益身心地融入这种环境当中，而不是在一个时钟停摆的房间里点着蜡烛玩牌，忍受着埃斯特拉的鄙视。我想，要是我能把她连同剩下的那些回忆以及幻想从我脑海中赶走的话，我的情况就会好多了，我会接受这份既定的工作，享受我该做的事情，坚持不懈，做到最好。我问我自己，我是不是肯定知道，如果眼下在我身边的人是埃斯特拉而不是比迪，她会不会让我很痛苦？　我必须承认，我有把握确定她会的。我对我自己说：“皮普，你这个大笨蛋！”

We talked a good deal as we walked, and all that Biddy said seemed right. Biddy was never insulting, or capricious, or Biddy today and somebody else tomorrow; she would have derived only pain, and no pleasure, from giving me pain; she would far rather have wounded her own breast than mine. How could it be, then, that I did not like her much the better of the two?

我们散步的时候谈了很多，比迪所说的话似乎都是对的。比迪从来不会出言不逊，或是反复无常，或今天是比迪，明天又变成另外一个人。她仅仅分担痛苦，而不会剥夺快乐，她不会给我带来痛苦，她宁愿伤她自己的心也不会让我伤心。为什么，在两个人当中我更喜欢的不是她呢？

"Biddy," said I, when we were walking homeward, "I wish you could put me right."

“比迪，”当我们往家走的时候我说，“我希望你能让我走上正路。”

"I wish I could!" said Biddy.

“但愿我可以！”比迪说。

"If I could only get myself to fall in love with you—you don't mind my speaking so openly to such an old acquaintance?"

“要是我能让自己爱上你该多好啊——你不会介意我这么直接地跟老朋友说话吧？”

"Oh dear, not at all!" said Biddy. "Don't mind me."

“哦，亲爱的，一点也不介意！”比迪说，“不用在意我。”

"If I could only get myself to do it, that would be the thing for me."

“要是我能让自己做到的话，那就是我的一大幸事了。”

"But you never will, you see," said Biddy.

“但你永远都办不到的，你知道。”比迪说。

It did not appear quite so unlikely to me that evening, as it would have done if we had discussed it a few hours before. I therefore observed I was not quite sure of that. But Biddy said she was, and she said it decisively. In my heart I believed her to be right; and yet I took it rather ill, too, that she should be so positive on the point.

要是那天晚上我们提前几个小时讨论这个话题的话，我觉得它就不会看起来像现在这样不可能发生。所以我说我对此并不是很有把握。但比迪说她有把握，而且她说得很肯定。我心里相信她是对的，然而看到她在这一点上如此肯定，我还是很难受。

When we came near the churchyard, we had to cross an embankment, and get over a stile near a sluice gate. There started up, from the gate, or from the rushes, or from the ooze (which was quite in his stagnant way), Old Orlick.

走近墓地的时候，我们得穿过一道堤坝，跨过闸门附近的一道栅栏。就在这时，不知是从闸门还是草丛或是淤泥（淤泥就像他一样呆滞、污浊）里跳出一个人，是老奥立克。

"Halloa!" he growled, "where are you two going?"

“嗨！”他吼道，“你们两个去哪里？”

"Where should we be going, but home?"

“除了回家，我们俩还能去哪里？”

"Well then," said he, "I'm jiggered if I don't see you home!"

“那好吧，”他说，“要是我不把你们送回家的话，我就会被千刀万剐的！”

This penalty of being jiggered was a favorite supposititious case

of his. He attached no definite meaning to the word that I am aware of, but used it, like his own pretended Christian name, to affront mankind, and convey an idea of something savagely damaging. When I was younger, I had had a general belief that if he had jiggered me personally, he would have done it with a sharp and twisted hook.

被千刀万剐的刑罚是他最喜欢的一种假定情况。我知道，他说这个词没有特定的含义，而是像用他瞎编的教名一样用这个词来冒犯别人，表示某件东西被残忍地破坏了。在我小一点的时候，我相信要是他亲自对我施行千刀万剐，他会用一把锋利、扭曲的铁钩。

Biddy was much against his going with us, and said to me in a whisper, "Don't let him come; I don't like him." As I did not like him either, I took the liberty of saying that we thanked him, but we didn't want seeing home. He received that piece of information with a yell of laughter, and dropped back, but came slouching after us at a little distance.

比迪极其反对他和我们一道回去，她小声对我说：“别让他跟来，我不喜欢他。”由于我也不喜欢他，所以我毫不客气地说我们很感谢他，但我们不想他送我们回家。他听了之后大笑了一声，退了回去，但是却慢悠悠地跟在我们身后不远处。

Curious to know whether Biddy suspected him of having had a hand in that murderous attack of which my sister had never been able to give any account, I asked her why she did not like him.

我很好奇地想知道，是不是比迪怀疑他跟那次谋杀性的袭击有关——我姐姐永远都无法解释清楚那次袭击案——所以我问她，为什么她不喜欢他。

"Oh!" she replied, glancing over her shoulder as he slouched after us, "because I—I am afraid he likes me.”

“哦！”她转头看了一眼慢悠悠地跟在我们后面的奥立克，回答道，“因为我——我想他喜欢上我了。”

"Did he ever tell you he liked you?" I asked indignantly.

“他有告诉过你说他喜欢你吗？”我愤愤不平地问。

"No," said Biddy, glancing over her shoulder again, "he never told me so; but he dances at me, whenever he can catch my eye."

“没有，”比迪又转头看了一眼，说道，“他从来没有这样说过，但他只要看到我就对我手舞足蹈。”

However novel and peculiar this testimony of attachment, I did not doubt the accuracy of the interpretation. I was very hot indeed upon Old Orlick's daring to admire her; as hot as if it were an outrage on myself.

不管这番被爱慕的证词多么新奇、多么奇特，我并不怀疑对其解释的准确性。老奥立克竟敢对她表示爱慕，对此我真是特别气愤，就像这是对我的一种暴行一样气愤。

"But it makes no difference to you, you know," said Biddy, calmly.

“不过这事与你无关，你知道的。”比迪平静地说道。

"No, Biddy, it makes no difference to me; only I don't like it; I don't approve of it."

“是的，比迪，这事跟我无关，但是我不喜欢这样，我不同意。”

"Nor I neither," said Biddy. "Though that makes no difference to you."

“我也不同意。”比迪说，“不过还是和你无关。”

"Exactly," said I; "but I must tell you I should have no opinion of you, Biddy, if he danced at you with your own consent."

“的确，”我说，“但我必须要告诉你，如果你允许他在你面前手舞足蹈的话，我就会对你有意见的。”

I kept an eye on Orlick after that night, and, whenever circumstances were favorable to his dancing at Biddy, got before him, to obscure that demonstration. He had struck root in Joe's establishment, by reason of my sister's sudden fancy for him, or I should have tried to get him dismissed. He quite understood and reciprocated my good intentions, as I had reason to know thereafter.

那天晚上之后，我就密切注意着奥立克。不管什么时候，只要他一有机会在比迪面前手舞足蹈，我就挡在他前面，遮住他的表演。由于我姐姐突然开始喜欢他，所以他在乔的铁匠铺里地位牢固，否则我早就设法开除他了。他非常了解这一点，也回报了我的好意，这是我之后才知道的。

And now, because my mind was not confused enough before, I complicated its confusion fifty thousand-fold, by having states and seasons when I was clear that Biddy was immeasurably better than Estella, and that the plain honest working life to which I was born, had nothing in it to be ashamed of, but offered me sufficient means of self-respect and happiness. At those times, I would decide conclusively that my disaffection to dear old Joe and the forge, was gone, and that I was growing up in a fair way to be partners with Joe and to keep company with Biddy—when all in a moment some confounding remembrance of the Havisham days would fall upon me, like a destructive missile, and scatter my wits again. Scattered wits take a long time picking up; and often, before I had got them well together, they would be dispersed in all directions by one stray thought, that perhaps after all Miss Havisham was going to make my fortune when

my time was out.

而眼下，由于我之前的心绪还不够杂乱，我又让它复杂了五十倍。在有些时候和状态之下，我清楚地知道，比迪远比埃斯特拉要好，我生来就注定要过的这种平淡、诚实的铁匠生活没有什么让人羞愧的，这种生活让我有足够的理由感到自豪与幸福。在这种时候，我总是最终决定我对亲爱的老兄乔以及铁匠铺的不满都消失了，我会自然地成长为乔的合伙人，并且陪伴着比迪——突然之间，一些关于在郝维仙小姐家时的混乱记忆涌上我的心头，就像极具破坏性的飞弹一样，把我的理智弄得粉碎。粉碎的理智要花费很长的时间才能恢复，而常常在我把它们重新整理到一起之前，一走神一个念头又将其朝四面八方驱散开来。这个念头就是，也许最后在我出徒之后，郝维仙小姐会让我大有前途。

If my time had run out, it would have left me still at the height of my perplexities, I dare say. It never did run out, however, but was brought to a premature end, as I proceed to relate.

我敢说，即使我已经学成出徒了，我仍然会深陷在极度困惑的状态之中。但是学徒期从来没有期满结束，而是像之前我提到的那样被提前中止了。

CHAPTER 18

第十八章

It was in the fourth year of my apprenticeship to Joe, and it was a Saturday night. There was a group assembled round the fire at the Three Jolly Bargemen, attentive to Mr. Wopsle as he read the newspaper aloud. Of that group I was one.

那是我成为乔的学徒之后的第四年，在一个星期六的晚上。一群人聚集在“三个快活船员”酒馆里，他们围坐在火炉旁边，聚精会神地听沃甫赛先生大声地读报纸。我是这一群人当中的一个。

A highly popular murder had been committed, and Mr. Wopsle was imbrued in blood to the eyebrows. He gloated over every abhorrent adjective in the description, and identified himself with every witness at the Inquest. He faintly moaned, "I am done for," as the victim, and he barbarously bellowed, "I'll serve you out," as the murderer. He gave the medical testimony, in pointed imitation of our local practitioner; and he piped and shook, as the aged turnpike-keeper who had heard blows, to an extent so very paralytic as to suggest a doubt regarding the mental competency of that witness. The coroner, in Mr. Wopsle's hands, became Timon of Athens; the beadle, Coriolanus. He enjoyed himself thoroughly, and we all enjoyed ourselves, and were delightfully comfortable. In this cozy state of mind we came to the verdict Willful Murder.

新闻报道了一起非常轰动的谋杀案，沃甫赛先生读的时候似乎满脸都沾了鲜血。他幸灾乐祸地读着案件描述当中的每一个令人憎恶的形容词，而且把自己当成审理过程中的每一个证人。他会装作受害者，虚弱地呻吟道：“我完了。”他也会扮成谋杀犯，残暴地吼道：“我会找你报仇的。”他刻意模仿我们当地的医生，给出了医学上的证词。他扮成一个上了年纪的公路收费员，这个收费员听到了凶杀案的击打声。他尖叫和颤抖得非常厉害，几乎到了瘫痪的程度，让人怀疑这个证人的精神是否正常。经过沃甫赛先生的演绎，验尸官成了雅典的泰门，差役变成了科里奥兰勒斯。他完全沉浸其中，我们都听得津津有味、无比惬意。我们怀着自在、惬意的心情听取了判决——蓄意谋杀。

Then, and not sooner, I became aware of a strange gentleman leaning over the back of the settle opposite me, looking on. There was an expression of contempt on his face, and he bit the side of a great forefinger as he watched the group of faces.

就在这时，我才注意到一个陌生的绅士斜靠在我对面那张长椅的后面，看着这一切。他脸上带着一副鄙视的神情，一面咬着他粗大食指的一边，一面观察着这群人的面孔，

"Well!" said the stranger to Mr. Wopsle, when the reading was done, "you have settled it all to your own satisfaction, I have no doubt?"

“好啦！”当沃甫赛先生读完了之后，这个陌生人对他说，“我相信，你已经心满意足地处理好这个案子了吧？”

Everybody started and looked up, as if it were the murderer. He looked at everybody coldly and sarcastically.

所有人都大吃一惊地抬起了头，仿佛他就是凶手一样。他冷冷地、讥讽地看着所有人。

"Guilty, of course?" said he. "Out with it. Come!"

“有罪，是吗？”他说，“说出来吧。说啊！”

"Sir," returned Mr. Wopsle, "without having the honor of your acquaintance, I do say Guilty." Upon this, we all took courage to unite in a confirmatory murmur.

“先生，”沃甫赛先生回答说，“虽然我没能有幸认识您，但我确实认为罪名成立。”听到这句话，我们都鼓起勇气，一致地小声应和着。

"I know you do," said the stranger; "I knew you would. I told you so. But now I'll ask you a question. Do you know, or do you not know, that the law of England supposes every man to be innocent, until he is proved—proved—to be guilty?”

“我知道你认为他有罪。”这个陌生人说道，“我早就知道你会这么认为。我早就跟你说过了。不过现在我要问你一个问题。你到底知不知道，英国法律认为每一个人都是无辜的，除非他被证明——证明——有罪？”

"Sir," Mr. Wopsle began to reply, "as an Englishman myself, I—”

“先生，”沃甫赛先生开始回答，“身为一个英国人，我——”

"Come!" said the stranger, biting his forefinger at him. "Don't evade the question. Either you know it, or you don't know it. Which is it to be?"

“行啦！”这个陌生人一边朝他咬着自己的食指，一边说，“别回避问题。要么知道，要么不知道。到底知不知道？”

He stood with his head on one side and himself on one side, in a bullying interrogative manner, and he threw his forefinger at Mr. Wopsle—as it were to mark him out—before biting it again.

他站在那里，把头偏向一边，身体偏向另一边，一副威胁审问的架势。他用食指指向沃甫赛先生——就像指认他一样——之后又开始咬他的食指。

"Now!" said he. "Do you know it, or don't you know it?"

“快说！”他说道，“你知道还是不知道？”

"Certainly I know it," replied Mr. Wopsle.

“我当然知道。”沃甫赛先生回答说。

"Certainly you know it. Then why didn't you say so at first? Now, I'll ask you another question;" taking possession of Mr. Wopsle, as if he had a right to him. "Do you know that none of these witnesses have yet been cross-examined?”

“你当然知道。那为什么一开始你不这么说？现在，我再问你一个问题。”他抓着沃甫赛先生不放，仿佛他有权力这么对他似的。“你知不知道，还没有一个证人在法庭上被盘问过？”

Mr. Wopsle was beginning, "I can only say—” when the stranger stopped him.

沃甫赛先生刚一开口：“我只能说——”这个陌生人就打断了他，

"What? You won't answer the question, yes or no? Now, I'll try you again." Throwing his finger at him again. "Attend to me. Are you aware, or are you not aware, that none of these witnesses have yet been cross-examined? Come, I only want one word from you. Yes, or no?”

“什么？你没有回答我的问题，是还是不是？”现在，我再问你一遍。”他又用手指指着他，“听清楚我的话。你是知道还是不知道，这些证人中还没有一个人在法庭上被盘问过？　快点，我只要你说一个词。是，还是不是？”

Mr. Wopsle hesitated, and we all began to conceive rather a poor opinion of him.

沃甫赛先生犹豫了，我们都开始对他有意见了。

"Come!" said the stranger, "I'll help you. You don't deserve help, but I'll help you. Look at that paper you hold in your hand. What is it?"

“快说！”这个陌生人说，“我会帮你的。你不值得帮，但我会帮你的。看着你手里拿的报纸。这是什么？”

"What is it?" repeated Mr. Wopsle, eyeing it, much at a loss.

“这是什么？”沃甫赛先生看着它重复道，他非常迷惑。

"Is it," pursued the stranger in his most sarcastic and suspicious manner, "the printed paper you have just been reading from?"

“这是不是，”这个陌生人用最讥讽、最不信任的口吻继续说道，“你刚刚读的那一版印制的报纸？”

"Undoubtedly."

“毫无疑问。”

"Undoubtedly. Now, turn to that paper, and tell me whether it distinctly states that the prisoner expressly said that his legal advisers instructed him altogether to reserve his defense?"

“毫无疑问。现在，看着这张报纸，告诉我是不是报纸上清清楚楚地写着，犯人明确表示他所有的法律顾问都让他保留辩护权？”

"I read that just now," Mr. Wopsle pleaded.

“我刚刚读到这一点了。”沃甫赛先生辩解道。

"Never mind what you read just now, sir; I don't ask you what you read just now. You may read the Lord's Prayer backwards, if you like —and, perhaps, have done it before to-day. Turn to the paper. No, no, no my friend; not to the top of the column; you know better than that; to the bottom, to the bottom.” (We all began to think Mr. Wopsle full of subterfuge.) "Well? Have you found it?"

“别管你刚刚读到了什么，先生，我没问你刚刚读到了什么。你可以倒着读主持文，要是你喜欢的话——而且，也许在今天之前你已经这么干了。看着这张报纸。不，不，不，我的朋友，不是专栏的开头，你应该知道的，看下面，看下面。”（我们都开始觉得沃甫赛先生诡计多端。）“怎么样？你找到了吗？”

"Here it is," said Mr. Wopsle.

“找到了。”沃甫赛先生说。

"Now, follow that passage with your eye, and tell me whether it distinctly states that the prisoner expressly said that he was instructed by his legal advisers wholly to reserve his defense? Come! Do you make that of it?"

“现在，逐行往下看这一段，然后告诉我，文章是否清清楚楚地写着，罪犯明确表示他所有的法律顾问都让他保留辩护权？快啊！你领会到这层意思了吗？”

Mr. Wopsle answered, "Those are not the exact words."

沃甫赛先生回答说：“原话不是这么说的。”

"Not the exact words!" repeated the gentleman, bitterly. "Is that the exact substance?"

“措词不一样！”这个绅士愤怒地重复道，“意思是一样的吗？”

"Yes," said Mr. Wopsle.

“是的。”沃甫赛先生说。

"Yes," repeated the stranger, looking round at the rest of the company with his right hand extended towards the witness, Wopsle.

"And now I ask you what you say to the conscience of that man who, with that passage before his eyes, can lay his head upon his pillow after having pronounced a fellow-creature guilty, unheard?”

“是的。”这个陌生人重复道，同时环视着余下的人，右手指着证人沃甫赛先生，“现在我问你，一个人眼前摆着这段文章，却仍然宣布自己没有经过审判的同胞有罪，事后还能睡得安安稳稳的，你对这个人的良心怎么看？”

We all began to suspect that Mr. Wopsle was not the man we had thought him, and that he was beginning to be found out.

我们都开始怀疑沃甫赛先生并不是我们之前认为的那种人，而且他马上就要原形毕露了。

"And that same man, remember," pursued the gentleman, throwing his finger at Mr. Wopsle heavily; "that same man might be summoned as a juryman upon this very trial, and, having thus deeply committed himself, might return to the bosom of his family and lay his head upon his pillow, after deliberately swearing that he would well and truly try the issue joined between Our Sovereign Lord the King and the prisoner at the bar, and would a true verdict give according to the evidence, so help him God!"

“而且，不要忘了，就是这个人，”这个绅士将手指用力地指向沃甫赛先生并继续说道，“就是这个人可能被召去做陪审员来审理这个案件，而他就这样犯了这样大的罪恶，然后回到家里，安安稳稳地睡大觉。而在此之前，他还从容地宣誓，说他会公正地审理这起事关我们高贵的国王陛下和在押犯人的案子，会根据证据作出公平的判决，求上帝保佑他吧！”

We were all deeply persuaded that the unfortunate Wopsle had gone too far, and had better stop in his reckless career while there was yet time.

我们都深信不幸的沃甫赛先生做得太过分了，他最好趁现在还有时间，赶快停止这种鲁莽的行为。

The strange gentleman, with an air of authority not to be disputed, and with a manner expressive of knowing something secret about every one of us that would effectually do for each individual if he chose to disclose it, left the back of the settle, and came into the space between the two settles, in front of the fire, where he remained standing: his left hand in his pocket, and he biting the forefinger of his right.

这个陌生的绅士透出一种不容置疑的权威气势，他的样子看起来就像知道我们所有人的秘密，如果他揭露出来，我们每一个人都会完蛋那样。他从长椅的后面走出来，走到火炉前面两张长椅的中间。他站在那

里，左手插在口袋里，嘴里咬着右手食指。

"From information I have received," said he, looking round at us as we all quailed before him, "I have reason to believe there is a blacksmith among you, by name Joseph—or Joe—Gargery. Which is the man?”

“根据我得到的信息，”我们都胆怯地蜷缩在他面前，他环视着我们说道，“我有理由相信，你们当中有一个铁匠，名字叫约瑟夫——或者是乔——格雷戈里。哪一个是他？”

"Here is the man," said Joe.

“我就是。”乔说道。

The strange gentleman beckoned him out of his place, and Joe went.

这个陌生的绅士招手示意乔出来，于是乔走了过去。

"You have an apprentice," pursued the stranger, "commonly known as Pip? Is he here?"

“你有个学徒，”陌生人继续说道，“大家都叫他皮普？他在这里吗？”

"I am here!" I cried.

“我在！”我喊道。

The stranger did not recognize me, but I recognized him as the gentleman I had met on the stairs, on the occasion of my second visit to Miss Havisham. I had known him the moment I saw him looking over the settle, and now that I stood confronting him with his hand upon my shoulder, I checked off again in detail, his large head, his dark complexion, his deep-set eyes, his bushy black eyebrows, his large watch-chain, his strong black dots of beard and whisker, and even the smell of scented soap on his great hand.

这个陌生人没有认出我来，但我认出了他，他就是我第二次去拜访郝维仙小姐时在楼梯上见到的那位绅士。我见他从长椅那边看过来的那一刻就认出了他。现在我站在他面前，他的手搭在我的肩膀上。我又核实了他的细节——他的大头、黝黑的肤色、深陷下去的眼睛、浓密乌黑的眉毛、粗大的表链、又硬又黑的胡须，甚至还有他那双大手上散发出来的肥皂香气。

"I wish to have a private conference with you two," said he, when he had surveyed me at his leisure. "It will take a little time. Perhaps we had better go to your place of residence. I prefer not to anticipate my communication here; you will impart as much or as little of it as you please to your friends afterwards; I have nothing to do with that."

“我希望能和你们两个私下谈谈。”他从容地审视了我一番后说道，“时间会有点长。也许我们最好去你们家吧。我不想现在就透露我要讲的内容，以后你们可以告诉你们的朋友，或多或少由你们自己决定，那就和我没有关系了。”

Amidst a wondering silence, we three walked out of the Jolly Bargemen, and in a wondering silence walked home. While going along, the strange gentleman occasionally looked at me, and occasionally bit the side of his finger. As we neared home, Joe vaguely acknowledging the occasion as an impressive and ceremonious one, went on ahead to open the front door. Our conference was held in the state parlor, which was feebly lighted by one candle.

在一片疑惑的沉默当中，我们三个人走出了“三个快活船员”酒馆，带着疑惑，沉默地走回了家。一路上，这个陌生的绅士不时地看看我，不时地咬几下他的手指边。当我们靠近家门的时候，乔隐约意识到，这是一个非同一般的庄重场合，于是快走几步，上前把大门打开。我们的谈话在大客厅里进行，那里只有一根蜡烛，光线微弱。

It began with the strange gentleman's sitting down at the table, drawing the candle to him, and looking over some entries in his pocket-book. He then put up the pocket-book and set the candle a little aside: after peering round it into the darkness at Joe and me, to ascertain which was which.

首先，这个陌生的绅士在桌旁坐下来，把蜡烛移向自己这边，浏览了一下他笔记本上的一些事项。在借着烛光盯着黑暗中的乔和我，努力辨清谁是谁之后，他收起笔记本，把蜡烛移开了一点点。

"My name," he said, "is Jaggers, and I am a lawyer in London. I am pretty well known. I have unusual business to transact with you, and I commence by explaining that it is not of my originating. If my advice had been asked, I should not have been here. It was not asked, and you see me here. What I have to do as the confidential agent of another, I do. No less, no more."

“我的名字，”他说，“叫贾格尔斯，我是伦敦的一名律师。我很有名气。我有特别的事情要和你们处理，在最开始我要解释的是，这并不是我的本意。要是有人征求我的意见的话，我现在就不会在这里了。但是没人问我的意见，所以你们现在就在这里看到我了。我是作为另一个人的秘密代理人来这里的。情况就是这样。”

Finding that he could not see us very well from where he sat, he got up, and threw one leg over the back of a chair and leaned upon it; thus having one foot on the seat of the chair, and one foot on the ground.

他发现，从他现在坐的地方不能清楚地看到我们俩，所以他站起来，一条腿跨过椅背，身体斜靠在椅子上，于是现在就是一只脚踩在椅

座上，另一只脚踩在地板上。

"Now, Joseph Gargery, I am the bearer of an offer to relieve you of this young fellow your apprentice. You would not object to cancel his indentures, at his request and for his good? You would want nothing for so doing?"

“是这样的，约瑟夫·格雷戈里，我受人委托来解除你和你这个年轻学徒之间的师徒关系。在他的请求之下，同时也是为了他好，你不会反对解除他的师徒契约吧？你不会有什么条件吧？”

"Lord forbid that I should want anything for not standing in Pip's way," said Joe, staring.

“上帝是不允许我开出任何条件来阻碍皮普的前程的。”乔瞪大眼睛说道。

"Lord forbidding is pious, but not to the purpose," returned Mr Jaggers. "The question is, Would you want anything? Do you want anything?"

“上帝不允许说明你很虔诚，但这不是问题的答案。”贾格尔斯先生回答说，“问题是，你有没有什么条件？你想开出什么条件吗？”

"The answer is," returned Joe, sternly, "No."

“答案是，”乔板着脸说，“没有。”

I thought Mr. Jaggers glanced at Joe, as if he considered him a fool for his disinterestedness. But I was too much bewildered between breathless curiosity and surprise, to be sure of it.

我觉得贾格尔斯先生瞥了乔一眼，仿佛他认为乔这么无私，肯定是个大傻瓜。但我并不确定，因为由于好奇与惊讶，我已经呼吸急促、困惑不解了。

"Very well," said Mr. Jaggers. "Recollect the admission you have made, and don't try to go from it presently."

“很好。”贾格尔斯先生说，“记住你刚刚做出的应允，一会儿不要想着改主意。”

"Who's a-going to try?" retorted Joe.

“谁一会儿想要改主意？”乔反驳道。

"I don't say anybody is. Do you keep a dog?"

“我没说任何人。你养狗了吗？”

"Yes, I do keep a dog."

“对，我是养了一只狗。”

"Bear in mind then, that Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is a

better. Bear that in mind, will you?" repeated Mr. Jaggers, shutting his eyes and nodding his head at Joe, as if he were forgiving him something. "Now, I return to this young fellow. And the communication I have got to make is, that he has great expectations."

“记住，自夸就像一条好狗，但牢靠才是狗中极品。记住这句话，行吗？”贾格尔斯先生一边重复道，一边闭上眼睛对乔点着头，仿佛他正对乔做得某些事情表示原谅。“好了，我回到正题，说说这个年轻人吧。我想说的是，他有着远大的前程。”

Joe and I gasped, and looked at one another.

我和乔大喘了几口气，面面相觑。

"I am instructed to communicate to him," said Mr. Jaggers, throwing his finger at me sideways, "that he will come into a handsome property. Further, that it is the desire of the present possessor of that property, that he be immediately removed from his present sphere of life and from this place, and be brought up as a gentleman—in a word, as a young fellow of great expectations.”

“我受托来通知他，”贾格尔斯先生用手指斜指着我说道，“他将会继承一大笔财产。而且，这笔财产现在的所有人希望他能马上离开他目前的生活环境和居所，成长为一个上流社会的绅士——简而言之，就是一个前程远大的年轻人。”

My dream was out; my wild fancy was surpassed by sober reality; Miss Havisham was going to make my fortune on a grand scale.

我的梦想实现了，我最荒唐的幻想成为了实实在在的现实，郝维仙小姐将彻底改变我的命运。

"Now, Mr. Pip," pursued the lawyer, "I address the rest of what I have to say, to you. You are to understand, first, that it is the request of the person from whom I take my instructions, that you always bear the name of Pip. You will have no objection, I dare say, to your great expectations being encumbered with that easy condition. But if you have any objection, this is the time to mention it."

“现在，皮普先生，”这位律师接着说，“以下我必须说的话都是针对你的。你要明白，首先，委托我的人要求你要一直使用皮普这个名字。我敢说，对于继承这么一大笔财产来说，你是不会反对这样一个简单的条件的。但是如果你有任何反对意见，现在可以提出来。”

My heart was beating so fast, and there was such a singing in my ears, that I could scarcely stammer I had no objection.

我心跳得飞快，耳朵里嗡嗡作响，我好不容易才结结巴巴地说了句“不反对”。

"I should think not! Now you are to understand, secondly, Mr.

Pip, that the name of the person who is your liberal benefactor remains a profound secret, until the person chooses to reveal it. I am empowered to mention that it is the intention of the person to reveal it at first hand by word of mouth to yourself. When or where that intention may be carried out, I cannot say; no one can say. It may be years hence. Now, you are distinctly to understand that you are most positively prohibited from making any inquiry on this head, or any allusion or reference, however distant, to any individual whomsoever as the individual, in all the communications you may have with me. If you have a suspicion in your own breast, keep that suspicion in your own breast. It is not the least to the purpose what the reasons of this prohibition are; they may be the strongest and gravest reasons, or they may be mere whim. This is not for you to inquire into. The condition is laid down. Your acceptance of it, and your observance of it as binding, is the only remaining condition that I am charged with, by the person from whom I take my instructions, and for whom I am not otherwise responsible. That person is the person from whom you derive your expectations, and the secret is solely held by that person and by me. Again, not a very difficult condition with which to encumber such a rise in fortune; but if you have any objection to it, this is the time to mention it. Speak out."

“我就知道你不反对！现在，你要知道的是，第二，皮普先生，你这位慷慨恩主的名字要严格保密，直到这个人决定公开为止。我有权告诉你的是，这个人打算在合适的时候亲口告诉你。至于什么时候、在哪里告诉你，这个我也说不准，没有人说得准。可能是很多年以后。现在，你要明确地知道，在你和我的所有交谈当中，严格禁止你问及此人，或者在任何程度上暗示或影射此人可能是某某人。如果你心里有某种猜疑，就把那个猜疑埋在你自己心里吧。这一禁令的理由并非毫无道理，理由可能是最充分、最严肃的，也可能仅仅是一时兴起而生出的念头。这不是你应该问的。条件已经摆出来了。你要接受并遵守这些条件，这就是我受委托人的指示，对你提出的最后一个条件，除此之外，我对委托人不负有任何责任。你所得到的遗产就是来自这个人，而秘密只有这个人和我知道。同样的，对于继承这么一大笔财富来说，这并不是一个很苛刻的条件。但是如果你对此有任何反对意见，现在可以提出来。说吧。”

Once more, I stammered with difficulty that I had no objection.

我再一次费力结巴地说了一句“我没有反对意见”。

"I should think not! Now, Mr. Pip, I have done with stipulations." Though he called me Mr. Pip, and began rather to make up to me, he still could not get rid of a certain air of bullying suspicion; and even now he occasionally shut his eyes and threw his finger at me while he spoke, as much as to express that he knew all kinds of things to my disparagement, if he only chose to mention

them. "We come next, to mere details of arrangement. You must know that, although I have used the term "expectations" more than once, you are not endowed with expectations only. There is already lodged in my hands, a sum of money amply sufficient for your suitable education and maintenance. You will please consider me your guardian. Oh!" for I was going to thank him, "I tell you at once, I am paid for my services, or I shouldn't render them. It is considered that you must be better educated, in accordance with your altered position, and that you will be alive to the importance and necessity of at once entering on that advantage."

“我就知道没有！好了，皮普先生，我已经把规定都说完了。”尽管他叫我皮普先生，并开始奉承我，但他仍然面带某种威胁、猜疑的神情。甚至到现在为止，他还在说话的时候不时地闭上眼睛，用手指猛地指向我，那架势就好像在表明，他知道我所有的秘密，只要他想泄露出去，我就会颜面扫地。“我们接下来就只谈谈安排的具体细节。你必须明白的是，尽管我多次使用‘遗产’这个词，但是你继承的将不仅仅是遗产。有一笔钱已经寄放在我手里了，这笔钱足够让你享受到良好的教育以及丰裕的生活。请你把我看作你的监护人。噢！”我正要感谢他，他又说道，“同时我要告诉你，我是向他收取服务费的，否则我是不会提供服务的。我们认为，根据你身份地位的改变，你必须受到更好的教育，而且你必须意识到马上抓住这一有利条件的重要性和必要性。”

I said I had always longed for it.

我说我一直以来都渴望有这样的机会。

"Never mind what you have always longed for, Mr. Pip," he retorted; "keep to the record. If you long for it now, that's enough. Am I answered that you are ready to be placed at once, under some proper tutor? Is that it?"

“不用管你之前一直都渴望什么，皮普先生，”他反驳道，“都留在过去吧。只要你现在渴望这个机会，那就足够了。我想你已经准备好马上接受一位合适导师的教育了，是吗？是不是？”

I stammered yes, that was it.

我结结巴巴地说了句‘是，是的’。

"Good. Now, your inclinations are to be consulted. I don't think that wise, mind, but it's my trust. Have you ever heard of any tutor whom you would prefer to another?"

“那就好。现在我想听听你的意见。我觉得这是不明智的，你得清楚这一点，但是这是我的责任。你有没有听说哪位让你比较喜欢的导师？”

I had never heard of any tutor but Biddy and Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt; so, I replied in the negative.

除了比迪和沃甫赛先生的姑婆之外，我没有听说过任何导师，所以

我回答说没有。

"There is a certain tutor, of whom I have some knowledge, who I think might suit the purpose," said Mr. Jaggers. "I don't recommend him, observe; because I never recommend anybody. The gentleman I speak of, is one Mr. Matthew Pocket."

“我知道一位导师，我觉得他可能适合这项工作。”贾格尔斯先生说，“但你要知道，我并不是推荐他，因为我从不推荐任何人。我说的这位绅士是马修·鄱凯特先生。”

Ah! I caught at the name directly. Miss Havisham's relation. The Matthew whom Mr. and Mrs. Camilla had spoken of. The Matthew whose place was to be at Miss Havisham's head, when she lay dead, in her bride's dress on the bride's table.

啊！我立刻就知道这个人是谁了。他是郝维仙小姐的亲戚。卡米拉先生和卡米拉夫人之前说起过这个马修。当郝维仙小姐去世后身穿新娘礼服躺在新娘的桌子上时，正是这个马修要站在她的头那边。

"You know the name?" said Mr. Jaggers, looking shrewdly at me, and then shutting up his eyes while he waited for my answer.

“你认识这个人？”贾格尔斯先生敏锐地看着我说道，然后闭上眼睛等我回答。

My answer was, that I had heard of the name.

我回答说我之前听说过这个名字。

"Oh！"said he. "You have heard of the name. But the question is, what do you say of it?"

“哦！”他说，“你已经听说过这个名字了。但问题是，你觉得怎么样？”

I said, or tried to say, that I was much obliged to him for his recommendation—

我说了一句，或者想说，我非常感谢他的推荐——

"No, my young friend!" he interrupted, shaking his great head very slowly. "Recollect yourself!"

“不，我年轻的朋友！”他慢慢地晃动着他的大脑袋，插了一句，“你自己要好好想想！”

Not recollecting myself, I began again that I was much obliged to him for his recommendation—

我没怎么想，就又开始说，我非常感谢他的推荐——

"No, my young friend," he interrupted, shaking his head and frowning and smiling both at once; "no, no, no; it's very well done, but

it won't do; you are too young to fix me with it. Recommendation is not the word, Mr. Pip. Try another."

“不，我年轻的朋友，”他晃着脑袋，一边皱眉一边微笑地插了进来，“不，不，不，这句话说得很好，但用在这里是不行的，你还太年轻，轮不到你拿它来纠正我。不能用‘推荐’这个词，皮普先生。换个别的词。”

Correcting myself, I said that I was much obliged to him for his mention of Mr. Matthew Pocket—

我改正了自己的说法，我说非常感谢他提到马修·鄱凯特先生——

"That's more like it!" cried Mr. Jaggers.

“这就好多了！”贾格尔斯先生喊道。

—And (I added), I would gladly try that gentleman.

——而且（我补充说），我很乐意试试这位绅士。

"Good. You had better try him in his own house. The way shall be prepared for you, and you can see his son first, who is in London. When will you come to London?"

“很好。你最好去他家里试试他。路线会替你准备好的，你可以先见见他的儿子，他儿子在伦敦。你什么时候来伦敦？”

I said (glancing at Joe, who stood looking on, motionless), that I supposed I could come directly.

我说（同时瞥了乔一眼，他一动也不动地站在那里看着这一切），我想我很快就可以动身。

"First," said Mr. Jaggers, "you should have some new clothes to come in, and they should not be working clothes. Say this day week. You'll want some money. Shall I leave you twenty guineas?"

“首先，”贾格尔斯先生说，“你得弄几件新衣服，这新衣服可不能是工作服。就定在下星期的今天吧。你会需用钱的。我给你留下二十个几尼怎么样？”

He produced a long purse, with the greatest coolness, and counted them out on the table and pushed them over to me. This was the first time he had taken his leg from the chair. He sat astride of the chair when he had pushed the money over, and sat swinging his purse and eyeing Joe.

他极其冷静地拿出一个长长的钱袋子，在桌子上数好之后，把二十个几尼推到我面前。这是他第一次把腿从椅子上放下来。他把钱推过来之后就跨坐在椅子上，一边晃着他的钱袋子，一边看着乔。

"Well, Joseph Gargery? You look dumb-foundered?”

“怎么了，约瑟夫·格雷戈里？你看起来被惊呆了？”

"I am!" said Joe, in a very decided manner.

“是啊！”乔用十分坚定的口气说道。

"It was understood that you wanted nothing for yourself, remember?"

“你之前已经表示过，自己什么都不想要，记得吗？”

"It were understood," said Joe. "And it are understood. And it ever will be similar according."

“我之前是这个意思。”乔说，“现在也是这个意思。而且永远都会是这个意思。”

"But what," said Mr. Jaggers, swinging his purse, "what if it was in my instructions to make you a present, as compensation?"

“但是如果，”贾格尔斯先生晃着他的钱袋子说，“如果我受委托要送你一点礼物作为补偿呢？”

"As compensation what for?" Joe demanded.

“补偿什么？”乔问道。

"For the loss of his services."

“补偿你无法再让他为你工作的损失。”

Joe laid his hand upon my shoulder with the touch of a woman. I have often thought him since, like the steam-hammer, that can crush a man or pat an egg-shell, in his combination of strength with gentleness. "Pip is that hearty welcome," said Joe, "to go free with his services, to honor and fortun', as no words can tell him. But if you think as Money can make compensation to me for the loss of the little child—what come to the forge—and ever the best of friends!—”

乔像女人那样把手放在我的肩膀上。在那之后，我常常觉得，他就像一把汽锤子，刚柔并济，既能摧毁一个人又能轻轻拍碎蛋壳。乔说：“皮普能够摆脱这里的工作，过上尊贵富裕的生活，我非常乐意，都不知道该怎样跟他说。但是如果你认为，用钱就能够补偿我失去这个小孩子——相对铁匠铺里的工作而言，他还是个小孩子——也是我永远最好的朋友的话，那你就错啦！”

O dear good Joe, whom I was so ready to leave and so unthankful to, I see you again, with your muscular blacksmith's arm before your eyes, and your broad chest heaving, and your voice dying away. O dear good faithful tender Joe, I feel the loving tremble of your hand upon my arm, as solemnly this day as if it had been the rustle of an angel's wing!

噢，亲爱的、善良的乔，我当时那么急着要离开你，那么忘恩负义

地对你，如今我仿佛又看到了你，看到你用铁匠那结实的手臂擦拭你的泪眼，看到你宽大的胸脯上下起伏，听到你的声音渐渐消失。噢，亲爱的、善良的乔，忠实的、温柔的乔，我仍然感觉得到你的手在我的臂膀上满是爱怜地颤抖，如今它就像天使羽翼那样庄重严肃地抖动。

But I encouraged Joe at the time. I was lost in the mazes of my future fortunes, and could not retrace the by-paths we had trodden together. I begged Joe to be comforted, for (as he said) we had ever been the best of friends, and (as I said) we ever would be so. Joe scooped his eyes with his disengaged wrist, as if he were bent on gouging himself, but said not another word.

然而，那时候我还鼓动乔。我迷失在我未来财富的迷宫之中，无法找到我们曾经一起走过的小路。我请求乔不要难过，因为（就像他所说的那样）我们一直以来都是最好的朋友，而且（就像我所说的那样）我们永远都会是最好的朋友。乔用另一只手的手腕使劲地擦了擦眼睛，就好像要把自己眼珠子挖出来一样，但没有再说一个字。

Mr. Jaggers had looked on at this, as one who recognized in Joe the village idiot, and in me his keeper. When it was over, he said, weighing in his hand the purse he had ceased to swing:

贾格尔斯先生看着这一切，他认为乔是个愚蠢的乡巴佬，而我就是他被监护的人。结束的时候，他已经不再摇晃钱袋子了，而是用手掂量着说道：

"Now, Joseph Gargery, I warn you this is your last chance. No half measures with me. If you mean to take a present that I have it in charge to make you, speak out, and you shall have it. If on the contrary you mean to say—" Here, to his great amazement, he was stopped by Joe's suddenly working round him with every demonstration of a fell pugilistic purpose.

“现在，约瑟夫·格雷戈里，我提醒你，这可是你最后的机会了。别跟我遮遮掩掩的。如果你想要得到这份我受委托交给你的礼物，你就说出来，这礼物就是你的了。如果相反，你想说——”这时，让他非常吃惊的是，乔突然像个要击倒对手的拳击手一样在他面前比划起来，打断了他的话。

"Which I meantersay," cried Joe, "that if you come into my place bull-baiting and badgering me, come out! Which I meantersay as sech if you're a man, come on! Which I meantersay that what I say, I meantersay and stand or fall by!"

“我想说的是，”乔喊道，“要是你是来我家戏弄我、耍我的话，你就站出来啊！我要说的是，你要是个男子汉的话就来啊！我想说的是，我说话算话，要么打赢你，要么被你打趴下！”

I drew Joe away, and he immediately became placable; merely

stating to me, in an obliging manner and as a polite expostulatory notice to any one whom it might happen to concern, that he were not a going to be bull-baited and badgered in his own place. Mr. Jaggers had risen when Joe demonstrated, and had backed near the door. Without evincing any inclination to come in again, he there delivered his valedictory remarks. They were these:

我把乔拉到一边，他马上平静了下来，仅仅是非常主动地告诉我，也是礼貌地告诫所有可能的相关人士说，他决不会在自己家里被欺负、被戏弄。贾格尔斯先生已经在乔比划的时候站起身来，退到门口附近。他没有显示出任何想要再进来的意思，就站在那里发表了他的告别辞。内容是这样的：

"Well, Mr. Pip, I think the sooner you leave here—as you are to be a gentleman—the better. Let it stand for this day week, and you shall receive my printed address in the meantime. You can take a hackney-coach at the stage-coach office in London, and come straight to me. Understand, that I express no opinion, one way or other, on the trust I undertake. I am paid for undertaking it, and I do so. Now, understand that, finally. Understand that!”

“好了，皮普先生，我觉得既然你就要成为上层社会的绅士了，你还是越早离开这里越好。时间就定在下星期的今天，到时候你会收到我印有地址的卡片。你可以在伦敦的驿站坐上一辆出租马车，直接来找我。你要明白，我对我接受的这份委托没有任何这样或那样的意见。别人花钱雇我，我就这么办事。好了，最终你要明白这一点。明白这一点！”

He was throwing his finger at both of us, and I think would have gone on, but for his seeming to think Joe dangerous, and going off.

他用手指指着我们两个，我想，要不是他觉得乔是个危险人物，他得赶快离开的话，他会继续说下去的。

Something came into my head which induced me to run after him, as he was going down to the Jolly Bargemen where he had left a hired carriage.

他朝“三个快活船员”酒馆的方向去了，因为他把一辆租来的马车停在那里了。这时我突然想起一件事，于是在他后面追了过去。

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Jaggers."

“打扰一下，贾格尔斯先生。”

"Halloa!" said he, facing round, "what's the matter?"

“噢！”他转过头说，“怎么了？”

"I wish to be quite right, Mr. Jaggers, and to keep to your directions; so I thought I had better ask. Would there be any objection to my taking leave of any one I know, about here, before I go away?"

“我希望不会出现任何差错，贾格尔斯先生，一切都能按照您的指示去办，所以我觉得我最好问一下。我可不可以在离开之前跟我在这里认识的人告别呢？”

"No," said he, looking as if he hardly understood me.

“可以。”他说道，样子看起来就像是不太明白我的意思。

"I don't mean in the village only, but up-town?”

“我不仅仅是说村子里的熟人，如果是镇上的人呢？”

"No," said he. "No objection."

“可以。”他说，“不反对。”

I thanked him and ran home again, and there I found that Joe had already locked the front door and vacated the state parlor, and was seated by the kitchen fire with a hand on each knee, gazing intently at the burning coals. I too sat down before the fire and gazed at the coals, and nothing was said for a long time.

我谢过他之后又跑回了家。回到家里，我发现乔已经锁上了大门，走出了客厅，两手放在膝盖上，坐在厨房的火炉旁，两眼出神地盯着烧红的煤球。我也在火炉前坐了下来，看着煤球，久久没人开口说话。

My sister was in her cushioned chair in her corner, and Biddy sat at her needlework before the fire, and Joe sat next Biddy, and I sat next Joe in the corner opposite my sister. The more I looked into the glowing coals, the more incapable I became of looking at Joe; the longer the silence lasted, the more unable I felt to speak.

我姐姐坐在她那张有靠垫的椅子上，被安置在火炉的一角。比迪坐在火炉前做针线活，乔坐在比迪旁边，我坐在乔旁边，并且正对着我姐姐。我越是看着火红的煤球，我就越是无法抬头看乔，沉默越久，我就越是说不出话来。

At length I got out, "Joe, have you told Biddy?"

最后我开口了：“乔，你告诉比迪了吗？”

"No, Pip," returned Joe, still looking at the fire, and holding his knees tight, as if he had private information that they intended to make off somewhere, "which I left it to yourself, Pip."

“没有，皮普。”乔回答道，他仍然看着炉火，两手紧紧地抓住膝盖，仿佛他接到密报说这两只膝盖要逃跑了似的，“我想让你自己来说，皮普。”

"I would rather you told, Joe."

“我宁愿你来告诉她，乔。”

"Pip's a gentleman of fortun' then," said Joe, "and God bless him in

it!"

“皮普现在是个有钱的上流绅士了，”乔说道，“上帝保佑他吧！”

Biddy dropped her work, and looked at me. Joe held his knees and looked at me. I looked at both of them. After a pause, they both heartily congratulated me; but there was a certain touch of sadness in their congratulations, that I rather resented.

比迪放下针线活，看着我。乔抓着他的膝盖，看着我。我看着他们两个人。停顿了一会儿之后，他们两个衷心地祝贺我。但是他们的祝贺当中带着一些伤心，这让我很不喜欢。

I took it upon myself to impress Biddy (and through Biddy, Joe) with the grave obligation I considered my friends under, to know nothing and say nothing about the maker of my fortune. It would all come out in good time, I observed, and in the meanwhile nothing was to be said, save that I had come into great expectations from a mysterious patron. Biddy nodded her head thoughtfully at the fire as she took up her work again, and said she would be very particular; and Joe, still detaining his knees, said, "Ay, ay, I'll be ekervally partickler, Pip;" and then they congratulated me again, and went on to express so much wonder at the notion of my being a gentleman, that I didn't half like it.

我主动告知比迪（也是通过比迪告知乔），我认为，作为我的朋友，他们要担负起重大的义务，不能打探也不能谈论我的恩主。我告诉他们，实情会在合适的时候揭晓，而在那之前，除了说我从一位神秘的恩主那里继承了一大笔财产之外，其他的什么都不要说。比迪对着炉火若有所思地点了点头，同时又拾起她的针线活。她说她会很谨慎的。乔仍然抓着膝盖说道：“哎，哎，我会特别谨慎的，皮普。”然后他们又祝贺了我，而且接着说我成了上流绅士，他们有多么惊讶，对此我一点也不喜欢听。

Infinite pains were then taken by Biddy to convey to my sister some idea of what had happened. To the best of my belief, those efforts entirely failed. She laughed and nodded her head a great many times, and even repeated after Biddy, the words "Pip" and "Property." But I doubt if they had more meaning in them than an election cry, and I cannot suggest a darker picture of her state of mind.

之后，比迪费了很大的劲去跟我姐姐讲发生的事情。我十分坚定地相信，她的那些努力都白费了。她只是笑着，不停地点头，甚至还重复毕迪刚刚说过的话，“皮普”，“财产”。但我怀疑，这些词在她听来就跟竞选口号一样没什么意义。我觉得，她现在的心智水平已经糟糕得不能再糟糕了。

I never could have believed it without experience, but as Joe and

Biddy became more at their cheerful ease again, I became quite gloomy. Dissatisfied with my fortune, of course I could not be; but it is possible that I may have been, without quite knowing it, dissatisfied with myself.

要不是亲身经历的话，我也不会相信的。但当乔和比迪又恢复了往日的轻松愉快时，我却非常低落。对我得到的财产不满意吗？当然不是。但很可能是我一直都对我自己不满意，我也不知道为什么。

Anyhow, I sat with my elbow on my knee and my face upon my hand, looking into the fire, as those two talked about my going away, and about what they should do without me, and all that. And whenever I caught one of them looking at me, though never so pleasantly (and they often looked at me—particularly Biddy), I felt offended: as if they were expressing some mistrust of me. Though Heaven knows they never did by word or sign.

总之，当他们两个谈论着我的离去，谈论着没有我他们该怎么办等等的时候，我把胳膊肘放在膝盖上，用手托着头，凝视着炉火。不管什么时候，只要我发现他们两个有谁在看着我，尽管从来没有这么友好地看着我（而且他们不时地看看我，尤其是比迪），我就觉得被冒犯了：就像他们不信任我似的。不过上天知道，他们不管是在言语上还是行动上都从来没有这个意思。

At those times I would get up and look out at the door; for, our kitchen door opened at once upon the night, and stood open on summer evenings to air the room. The very stars to which I then raised my eyes, I am afraid I took to be but poor and humble stars for glittering on the rustic objects among which I had passed my life.

在那时，我就站起身来，在门口向外望去，因为我们厨房的门打开后就能看到夜景，门在夏日的晚上都是开着的，以便给室内通通风。当时我抬头仰望星空，那些星星在我看来却又可怜、又卑微，因为它们照耀着我一直以来生活其中的穷乡僻壤。

"Saturday night," said I, when we sat at our supper of bread-and-cheese and beer. "Five more days, and then the day before the day! They'll soon go."

“星期六晚上，”当我们坐在奶酪面包和啤酒前开始吃晚饭的时候，我说道，“还有五天，然后就是动身的前一天了！这几天很快就过去了。”

"Yes, Pip," observed Joe, whose voice sounded hollow in his beer mug. "They'll soon go."

“是的，皮普，”乔说道，他的声音在他嘴边的大啤酒杯里听起来很空洞，“这几天很快就过去了。”

"Soon, soon go," said Biddy.

“很快，很快就过去了。”比迪说。

"I have been thinking, Joe, that when I go down town on Monday, and order my new clothes, I shall tell the tailor that I'll come and put them on there, or that I'll have them sent to Mr. Pumblechook's. It would be very disagreeable to be stared at by all the people here."

“我一直在想，乔，周一我去镇上订做新衣服的时候，我是要告诉裁缝说我会去他店里直接穿上，还让他送到彭波契克先生家去。在这里会被所有人盯着看，那会让我很烦的。”

"Mr. and Mrs. Hubble might like to see you in your new genteel figure too, Pip," said Joe, industriously cutting his bread, with his cheese on it, in the palm of his left hand, and glancing at my untasted supper as if he thought of the time when we used to compare slices. "So might Wopsle. And the Jolly Bargemen might take it as a compliment."

“哈布尔先生和哈布尔太太可能也想看看你穿上新的上流绅士的行头，皮普。”乔一边说着，一边起劲地切着他左手掌中涂了奶酪的面包，同时还看了看我没有动过的晚餐，仿佛他又想起了我们以前比赛谁吃得快的情景。“沃甫赛可能也这样想。而且，“三个快活船员”酒馆说不定会把这件事当成一种荣幸。”

"That's just what I don't want, Joe. They would make such a business of it—such a coarse and common business—that I couldn't bear myself."

“那正是我不想要的，乔。他们一定会小题大做——把事情弄得粗俗、平庸——我可受不了。”

"Ah, that indeed, Pip!" said Joe. "If you couldn't abear yourself—”

“哦，的确是这样，皮普！”乔说道，“要是你受不了的话——”

Biddy asked me here, as she sat holding my sister's plate, "Have you thought about when you'll show yourself to Mr. Gargery, and your sister, and me? You will show yourself to us; won't you?"

这时比迪正坐在那里拿着我姐姐的盘子，她问我：“你有没有想过什么时候穿来给格雷戈里先生、你姐姐还有我看看？你会穿来给我们看的，是不是？”

"Biddy," I returned with some resentment, "you are so exceedingly quick that it's difficult to keep up with you."

“比迪，”我有点生气地回答说，“你也太快言快语了，我很难跟上你。”

("She always were quick," observed Joe.)

（“她总是快言快语。”乔说道。）

"If you had waited another moment, Biddy, you would have heard me say that I shall bring my clothes here in a bundle one evening—most likely on the evening before I go away.”

“要是你刚刚耐心等一会儿，你就会听到我说我会在某天晚上把衣服包好拿到这里来——很可能是在我走之前的那个晚上。”

Biddy said no more. Handsomely forgiving her, I soon exchanged an affectionate good-night with her and Joe, and went up to bed. When I got into my little room, I sat down and took a long look at it, as a mean little room that I should soon be parted from and raised above, for ever, It was furnished with fresh young remembrances too, and even at the same moment I fell into much the same confused division of mind between it and the better rooms to which I was going, as I had been in so often between the forge and Miss Havisham's, and Biddy and Estella.

比迪没有再说话。我很大度地原谅了她，之后不久我就亲切地跟她还有乔道了晚安，然后上楼去睡觉。当我来到我的小屋，我坐下来好好地打量了一番这个房间。我不久就要离开这个简陋的小屋，进入上流社会，永远地离开这里，但这个小屋同样装满鲜活、生动的回忆。甚至就在那时，我又陷入了与之前相同的思想挣扎，挣扎在这个小屋和我即将住进去的大屋子之间，正如我过去常常挣扎在铁匠铺和郝维仙小姐家之间，挣扎在比迪和埃斯特拉小姐之间一样。

The sun had been shining brightly all day on the roof of my attic, and the room was warm. As I put the window open and stood looking out, I saw Joe come slowly forth at the dark door below, and take a turn or two in the air; and then I saw Biddy come, and bring him a pipe and light it for him. He never smoked so late, and it seemed to hint to me that he wanted comforting, for some reason or other.

阳光一整天都明亮地照耀在我阁楼的屋顶上，小屋里很暖和。当我推开窗户，站在那里向外望去，我看到乔从下面黑黑的门洞里慢慢地走出来，在外面转了一两圈，然后我看见比迪走出来，给他拿来烟袋，帮他点上了。他从来不在这么晚的时候抽烟，在我看来，这似乎暗示着他由于某种原因需要安慰。

He presently stood at the door immediately beneath me, smoking his pipe, and Biddy stood there too, quietly talking to him, and I knew that they talked of me, for I heard my name mentioned in an endearing tone by both of them more than once. I would not have listened for more, if I could have heard more: so, I drew away from the window, and sat down in my one chair by the bedside, feeling it very sorrowful and strange that this first night of my bright fortunes should be the loneliest I had ever known.

他现在就站在我正下方的门口，抽着烟袋。比迪也站在那里，轻轻

地跟他说话。我知道他们在说我，因为我听见他们两个不止一次用怜爱的口吻提及我的名字。即使我能听见更多的谈话，我也不想再听了，所以我从窗边走开，在床边的一张椅子上坐下来。让我感到非常伤感和奇怪的是，在光明的命运降临的第一天晚上，我却感到前所未有的孤独。

Looking towards the open window, I saw light wreaths from Joe's pipe floating there, and I fancied it was like a blessing from Joe—not obtruded on me or paraded before me, but pervading the air we shared together. I put my light out, and crept into bed; and it was an uneasy bed now, and I never slept the old sound sleep in it any more.

我朝打开的窗户那边望去，看到从乔烟袋中升起的轻烟在那里飘浮着，我想到它就像乔对我的祝福——并不是强加给我，也不是在我面前炫耀，而是弥散在我们共同呼吸的空气当中。我熄灭蜡烛，爬上了床。这张床现在让我很不舒服，我在这里永远都无法像以前那样酣睡了。

CHAPTER 19

第十九章

Morning made a considerable difference in my general prospect of Life, and brightened it so much that it scarcely seemed the same. What lay heaviest on my mind, was, the consideration that six days intervened between me and the day of departure; for, I could not divest myself of a misgiving that something might happen to London in the meanwhile, and that, when I got there, it would be either greatly deteriorated or clean gone.

第二天清晨的到来给我的人生前景带来相当大的改变，我的前途如此光明，跟以往截然不同。让我最担心的就是想到离我出发的那天还有六天，我不能不担忧。因为在这六天当中，伦敦那边说不定会发生变故，而等我赶到那里，所有美好的事情都大打折扣，甚至是化为乌有。

Joe and Biddy were very sympathetic and pleasant when I spoke of our approaching separation; but they only referred to it when I did. After breakfast, Joe brought out my indentures from the press in the best parlor, and we put them in the fire, and I felt that I was free. With all the novelty of my emancipation on me, I went to church with Joe, and thought, perhaps the clergyman wouldn't have read that about the rich man and the kingdom of Heaven, if he had known all.

当我说起我们分别在即的时候，乔和比迪都非常支持并为我感到高兴，但是他们只是在我提到的时候才会谈及此事。早饭过后，乔从那间最好的客厅里的橱柜中取出我的师徒契约。我们把契约扔进了火堆，我感到自己重获自由。带着获得解放之后满心的新奇感，我和乔去了教堂。我想要是那个牧师知道了这一切的话，他也就不会读那些关于富人以及天国的故事了。

After our early dinner I strolled out alone, purposing to finish off the marshes at once, and get them done with. As I passed the church, I felt (as I had felt during service in the morning) a sublime compassion for the poor creatures who were destined to go there, Sunday after Sunday, all their lives through, and to lie obscurely at last among the low green mounds. I promised myself that I would do something for them one of these days, and formed a plan in outline for bestowing a dinner of roast-beef and plum-pudding, a pint of ale, and a gallon of condescension, upon everybody in the village.

早早地结束了晚饭之后，我独自出去散步。我想彻底与沼泽地做个了断，以后就再也不去那里了。当我经过教堂时，我对那些终其一生每个星期日都去教堂，而死后也只能默默无闻地躺在这低矮的青草堆中的可怜人表示极大的同情（我在早上做礼拜时就这么觉得）。我跟自己保

证，有一天我会为他们做点事情，而且大体想好了一个计划，那就是为全村所有人举办一次盛宴，请他们吃烤牛肉、葡萄干布丁、每人一品脱麦酒，再加上一加仑的居尊俯就。

If I had often thought before, with something allied to shame, of my companionship with the fugitive whom I had once seen limping among those graves, what were my thoughts on this Sunday, when the place recalled the wretch, ragged and shivering, with his felon iron and badge! My comfort was, that it happened a long time ago, and that he had doubtless been transported a long way off, and that he was dead to me, and might be veritably dead into the bargain.

在此之前，每当我想到自己与我看到的那个一瘸一拐地走在墓地里的逃犯有来往时，我就觉得羞愧。而在今天这样一个星期日，这个地方又让我想起那个衣衫褴褛、浑身颤抖、戴着脚镣和罪犯标记的歹徒，我内心有何感受，可想而知！让我感到安慰的是，这已经是很久以前的事了，毫无疑问，他已经被押送到很远的地方了，对我来说他已经死了，而且说不定他真的死了。

No more low wet grounds, no more dykes and sluices, no more of these grazing cattle—though they seemed, in their dull manner, to wear a more respectful air now, and to face round, in order that they might stare as long as possible at the possessor of such great expectations—farewell, monotonous acquaintances of my childhood, henceforth I was for London and greatness: not for smith's work in general and for you! I made my exultant way to the old Battery, and, lying down there to consider the question whether Miss Havisham intended me for Estella, fell asleep.

不会再看到低洼的湿地，不会再看到堤坝水闸，也不会再看到这些啃食牧草的牛群——不过这些闷不作声的牛现在看起来似乎恭敬多了，它们还转过头来面对着我，这样它们就能尽可能久地盯着我这个拥有一大笔财产的人——再见了，我儿时的这些单调而又熟悉的人，此后我就要奔赴伦敦，进入上流社会：不再以打铁为生，也不再与你们为伴！我一路欣喜地来到古炮台，躺在那里思索郝维仙小姐会不会把埃斯特拉嫁给我，想着想着就睡着了。

When I awoke, I was much surprised to find Joe sitting beside me, smoking his pipe. He greeted me with a cheerful smile on my opening my eyes, and said:

当我醒来时，我非常惊奇地发现，乔正坐在我旁边，抽着烟袋。见我睁开眼睛，乔很高兴地朝我笑了笑，然后说道：

"As being the last time, Pip, I thought I'd foller."

“因为这是最后一次了，皮普，所以我觉得我要跟过来。”

"And Joe, I am very glad you did so."

“乔，我很高兴你跟过来了。”

"Thankee, Pip."

“谢谢你，皮普。”

"You may be sure, dear Joe," I went on, after we had shaken hands, "that I shall never forget you."

“你可以肯定的是，亲爱的乔，”我们握过手之后我接着说道，“我永远都不会忘了你的。”

"No, no, Pip!" said Joe, in a comfortable tone, "I'm sure of that. Ay, ay, old chap! Bless you, it were only necessary to get it well round in a man's mind, to be certain on it. But it took a bit of time to get it well round, the change come so oncommon plump; didn't it?"

“对啊，对啊，皮普！”乔用欣慰的口吻说，“我肯定你不会忘了我的。哎，哎，老弟！上帝保佑你啊，只需把心放宽就能做到这一点。不过我花了一点时间来让自己放宽心，因为这变化来得太突然了，不是吗？”

Somehow, I was not best pleased with Joe's being so mightily secure of me. I should have liked him to have betrayed emotion, or to have said, "It does you credit, Pip," or something of that sort. Therefore, I made no remark on Joe's first head: merely saying as to his second, that the tidings had indeed come suddenly, but that I had always wanted to be a gentleman, and had often and often speculated on what I would do, if I were one.

不知为什么，乔对我这么放心，我反而不是很高兴。我本希望他能流露出感情，或者说“这给你增光了，皮普”，或者其他类似的话。因此，对于乔的第一点我什么也没说，仅仅针对他的第二点说道，消息确实来得突然，但我一直以来都想成为一个上流社会的绅士，而且时常猜想如果我是个上流绅士，我会做些什么。

"Have you though?" said Joe. "Astonishing!"

“你有这么想过？”乔说，“太不可思议了！”

"It's a pity now, Joe," said I, "that you did not get on a little more, when we had our lessons here; isn't it?"

“现在想想真可惜，乔，”我说，“我们之前在这里上课的时候，你没有多学点东西，是不是？”

"Well, I don't know," returned Joe. "I'm so awful dull. I'm only master of my own trade. It were always a pity as I was so awful dull; but it's no more of a pity now, than it was—this day twelvemonth—don't you see?"

“这个嘛，我也说不准。”乔回答说，“我太笨了。我就只懂我自己的

行当。一直都觉得很遗憾，我是个很笨的人。虽然十二个月前的今天是遗憾的，可如今已经不再是遗憾的事情了，不是吗？”

What I had meant was, that when I came into my property and was able to do something for Joe, it would have been much more agreeable if he had been better qualified for a rise in station. He was so perfectly innocent of my meaning, however, that I thought I would mention it to Biddy in preference.

我的本意是，当我继承了财产，有能力为乔做点事的时候，如果他能更有资格接受身份地位的提高，那就更好了。他完全不懂我的意思，不过我想还是跟比迪讲会更好。

So, when we had walked home and had had tea, I took Biddy into our little garden by the side of the lane, and, after throwing out in a general way for the elevation of her spirits, that I should never forget her, said I had a favor to ask of her.

所以，我们走回家喝完茶之后，我把比迪带到巷边的小花园里。我先告诉她我永远都不会忘了她，以此来振奋她的精神，然后说我想请她帮我个忙。

"And it is, Biddy," said I, "that you will not omit any opportunity of helping Joe on, a little."

“是这样的，比迪，”我说，“我希望你不会错过任何一个机会来帮助乔进步，哪怕是一点点的进步。”

"How helping him on?" asked Biddy, with a steady sort of glance.

“怎么帮助他进步？”比迪沉着地看了我一眼问道。

"Well! Joe is a dear good fellow—in fact, I think he is the dearest fellow that ever lived—but he is rather backward in some things. For instance, Biddy, in his learning and his manners.”

“唉！乔是个很好的朋友——事实上，我觉得他是有史以来最好的朋友了——但是他在有些事情上非常迟钝。比如，比迪，在他的学问以及他的言谈举止上。”

Although I was looking at Biddy as I spoke, and although she opened her eyes very wide when I had spoken, she did not look at me.

尽管我说话的时候一直看着比迪，而且我说完之后比迪把眼睛睁得老大，但她没有看我。

"Oh, his manners! Won't his manners do, then?" asked Biddy, plucking a black-currant leaf.

“噢，他的言谈举止！那么，他的言谈举止不好吗？”比迪一边问道，一边摘下了一片黑醋栗树叶。

"My dear Biddy, they do very well here—”

“我亲爱的比迪，他的言谈举止在这里是很好——”

"Oh! they do very well here?" interrupted Biddy, looking closely at the leaf in her hand.

“哦！在这里很好？”比迪插话进来说，同时仔细地看着她手里的树叶。

"Hear me out—but if I were to remove Joe into a higher sphere, as I shall hope to remove him when I fully come into my property, they would hardly do him justice.”

“听我说完——但是我希望，在我完全继承财产之后让乔进入更上层的社会，到那时候，他的这种言谈举止就对他没有什么好处。”

"And don't you think he knows that?" asked Biddy.

“你不觉得他懂这一点吗？”比迪问道。

It was such a very provoking question (for it had never in the most distant manner occurred to me), that I said, snappishly, "Biddy, what do you mean?"

这个提问很刺激人（因为我一点都没有想到她会问这个问题），我恶狠狠地说：“比迪，你什么意思？”

Biddy having rubbed the leaf to pieces between her hands—and the smell of a black-currant bush has ever since recalled to me that evening in the little garden by the side of the lane—said, "Have you never considered that he may be proud?"

比迪用两手把树叶揉碎——自那以后，每当闻到黑醋栗树丛的味道，我就会想起在巷边小花园里的那个晚上——她说：“你从来都没有想过，也许他也有自尊心吗？”

"Proud?" I repeated, with disdainful emphasis.

“自尊心？”我用轻蔑的强调语气重复道。

"Oh! there are many kinds of pride," said Biddy, looking full at me and shaking her head; "pride is not all of one kind—”

“噢！自尊心有很多种。”比迪说着正视着我，摇了摇头，“自尊心不仅仅只有一种——”

"Well? What are you stopping for?" said I.

“怎么了？为什么停下来了？”我说。

"Not all of one kind," resumed Biddy. "He may be too proud to let any one take him out of a place that he is competent to fill, and fills well and with respect. To tell you the truth, I think he is: though it sounds bold in me to say so, for you must know him far better than I do.”

“不仅仅只有一种，”比迪续说道，“他可能自尊心太强，所以不想让任何人带他离开这个地方。他有能力适应这里，而且适应地非常好，过得有尊严。实话告诉你，我觉得他就是这样的人：尽管我这样说听起来很鲁莽，毕竟你比我更了解他。”

"Now, Biddy," said I, "I am very sorry to see this in you. I did not expect to see this in you. You are envious, Biddy, and grudging. You are dissatisfied on account of my rise in fortune, and you can't help showing it."

“唉，比迪，”我说，“我很遗憾看到你是这样的人。我没想到你是这样的人。你又嫉妒、又不情愿，比迪。你对我交了好运十分不满，而且情不自禁地表现出来。”

"If you have the heart to think so," returned Biddy, "say so. Say so over and over again, if you have the heart to think so."

“如果你执意这么认为的话，”比迪回答说，“那你就这么说吧。你就一直这么说下去吧，要是你执意这么认为的话。”

"If you have the heart to be so, you mean, Biddy," said I, in a virtuous and superior tone; "don't put it off upon me. I am very sorry to see it, and it's a—it's a bad side of human nature. I did intend to ask you to use any little opportunities you might have after I was gone, of improving dear Joe. But after this, I ask you nothing. I am extremely sorry to see this in you, Biddy," I repeated. "It's a—it's a bad side of human nature."

“你的意思是你要执意这么做吧，比迪，”我用高傲、自负的口吻说道，“别把它算在我的头上。我很遗憾看到这一点，这是——这是人性的丑恶面。我的确打算请你在我离开之后，利用你所能抓住的任何一点机会帮助乔进步。但是现在，我什么也不用你帮忙了。我非常遗憾看到你是这样的人，比迪。”我重复道，“这是——这是人性的丑恶面。”

"Whether you scold me or approve of me," returned poor Biddy, "you may equally depend upon my trying to do all that lies in my power, here, at all times. And whatever opinion you take away of me, shall make no difference in my remembrance of you. Yet a gentleman should not be unjust neither," said Biddy, turning away her head.

“不管你是责备我还是赞扬我，”可怜的比迪回答说，“你都可以放心，我会在这里尽力做好我力所能及的所有事情，一直都会的。不管你怎么看待我，都不会改变我对你的看法。不过一个上流绅士也不应该不公正。”比迪说着把头转到一边。

I again warmly repeated that it was a bad side of human nature (in which sentiment, waiving its application, I have since seen reason to think I was right), and I walked down the little path away from Biddy, and Biddy went into the house, and I went out at the garden

gate and took a dejected stroll until supper-time; again feeling it very sorrowful and strange that this, the second night of my bright fortunes, should be as lonely and unsatisfactory as the first.

我又情绪激动地重复说，这是人性的丑恶面（不管用在这里对不对，关于这种观点本身，自那之后我所目睹的世事都让我有理由相信我是对的），然后就沿着小路从比迪身边走开了。比迪进了屋，我走出花园大门，沮丧地踱着步，一直踱到晚饭时间。再一次让我感到悲伤和奇怪的是，我交上好运的第二个晚上竟和第一个晚上一样的孤独，一样的令人不满意。

But, morning once more brightened my view, and I extended my clemency to Biddy, and we dropped the subject. Putting on the best clothes I had, I went into town as early as I could hope to find the shops open, and presented myself before Mr. Trabb, the tailor: who was having his breakfast in the parlor behind his shop, and who did not think it worth his while to come out to me, but called me in to him.

但是，次日清晨的到来再一次让我心情大好，我仁慈地原谅了比迪，我们不再谈论那个话题。穿上我现有的最好的衣服之后，我早早地就来到镇上，希望商店一开门我就进去。当我来到特拉布先生的裁缝铺时，他正在店铺后面的客厅里吃早餐。他觉得不值得出来招待我，于是就把我叫进去见他。

"Well!" said Mr. Trabb, in a hail-fellow-well-met kind of way. "How are you, and what can I do for you?"

“嗨！”特拉布先生用一副跟我很熟的样子说道，“你好吗，我能为你做点什么？”

Mr. Trabb had sliced his hot roll into three feather beds, and was slipping butter in between the blankets, and covering it up. He was a prosperous old bachelor, and his open window looked into a prosperous little garden and orchard, and there was a prosperous iron safe let into the wall at the side of his fireplace, and I did not doubt that heaps of his prosperity were put away in it in bags.

特拉布先生已经把他的热面包圈切成三片，现在正往面包片上涂黄油，然后拿另一片面包盖上。他是个有钱的老光棍，他那扇打开的窗户外面是一个茂盛的小果园，在他火炉旁边的那面墙上有一个气派的铁保险柜，我毫不怀疑地相信，他那成堆的财富都分袋装好，放在这个保险柜里。

"Mr. Trabb," said I, "it's an unpleasant thing to have to mention, because it looks like boasting; but I have come into a handsome property."

“特拉布先生，”我说，“我很不乐意提起这件事，因为听起来很像是

在炫耀，但我不得不说的是，我已经得到了一大笔财产。”

A change passed over Mr. Trabb. He forgot the butter in bed, got up from the bedside, and wiped his fingers on the table-cloth, exclaiming, "Lord bless my soul!"

特拉布先生的行为立刻发生了变化。他已经顾不得往面包片上涂黄油了，从床边跳起来，在桌布上擦了擦手指，喊道：“天哪！”

"I am going up to my guardian in London," said I, casually drawing some guineas out of my pocket and looking at them; "and I want a fashionable suit of clothes to go in. I wish to pay for them," I added—otherwise I thought he might only pretend to make them—"with ready money."

“我不久就要去伦敦找我的监护人了。”我一边说着，一边随意地从口袋里掏出几个几尼，看着这些钱又接着说道，“我想做套时髦的衣服，去的时候穿。我希望现在就付给你现金。”我补充了一句——否则我想他可能只是假装会给我做。

"My dear sir," said Mr. Trabb, as he respectfully bent his body, opened his arms, and took the liberty of touching me on the outside of each elbow, "don't hurt me by mentioning that. May I venture to congratulate you? Would you do me the favor of stepping into the shop?"

“我亲爱的先生，”特拉布先生说着恭敬地弯下了腰，张开双臂，主动地放在我两个胳膊肘的外侧，“别说这些伤和气的话。我能跟您道贺吗？您能给我个面子到店里去吗？”

Mr. Trabb's boy was the most audacious boy in all that countryside. When I had entered he was sweeping the shop, and he had sweetened his labors by sweeping over me. He was still sweeping when I came out into the shop with Mr. Trabb, and he knocked the broom against all possible corners and obstacles, to express (as I understood it) equality with any blacksmith, alive or dead.

特拉布先生的伙计是乡下这一带最大胆的伙计。我之前走进店铺的时候，他正在扫地。他干得很卖力，都把灰尘扫到我身上来了。当我和特拉布先生从里面出来进入店铺的时候，他还在打扫。他拿着扫帚用力地清扫所有的角落和物体，以此来显示（我是这么理解的）他和所有在世或去世的铁匠一样平等。

"Hold that noise," said Mr. Trabb, with the greatest sternness, "or I'll knock your head off! Do me the favor to be seated, sir. Now, this," said Mr. Trabb, taking down a roll of cloth, and tiding it out in a flowing manner over the counter, preparatory to getting his hand under it to show the gloss, "is a very sweet article. I can recommend it for your purpose, sir, because it really is extra super. But you shall see

some others. Give me Number Four, you!" (To the boy, and with a dreadfully severe stare: foreseeing the danger of that miscreant's brushing me with it, or making some other sign of familiarity.)

“小点声，”特拉布先生及其严厉地说道，“否则我拧掉你的头！请您赏脸坐下吧，先生。来，看这个，”特拉布先生说着取下一卷布匹，把它像潮水一般在柜台上铺开，用手托起布料向我展示它的光泽，“这可是上等的好料子。我建议您用它来做衣服，因为这真的是特别好的布料。不过您也可以看看其他的布料。你，去把四号布料给我拿来！”（他对那个伙计说道，同时还恶狠狠地瞪了他一眼，警告那个小混蛋拿布料来时别碰到我或是做出其他不恭敬的事情。）

Mr. Trabb never removed his stern eye from the boy until he had deposited number four on the counter and was at a safe distance again. Then, he commanded him to bring number five, and number eight. "And let me have none of your tricks here," said Mr. Trabb, "or you shall repent it, you young scoundrel, the longest day you have to live."

直到那个伙计把四号布料平铺在柜台上，并再次与我们保持了安全的距离之后，特拉布先生才把严厉的目光从他身上移开。然后，他命令他取来五号布料和八号布料。“你可别在这里跟我耍花招，”特拉布先生说，“否则你会后悔的，你这个小混帐，后悔一辈子。”

Mr. Trabb then bent over number four, and in a sort of deferential confidence recommended it to me as a light article for summer wear, an article much in vogue among the nobility and gentry, an article that it would ever be an honour to him to reflect upon a distinguished fellow-townsman's (if he might claim me for a fellow-townsman) having worn. "Are you bringing numbers five and eight, you vagabond," said Mr. Trabb to the boy after that, "or shall I kick you out of the shop and bring them myself?"

然后特拉布先生弯下身来展示四号布料，用一种毕恭毕敬而又很有把握的口吻向我推荐说，这款布料很轻盈，适合夏天穿，在贵族和中上层人士当中很流行，以后他会一直很荣幸地记得有这样一位高贵的同乡（如果他能有幸把我视为他的同乡的话）曾经穿过这种布料做成的衣服。“你还不把五号布料和八号布料取来，你这个混帐。”特拉布先生跟我说完后对那个伙计说道，“你是想让我把你赶出店铺，然后我自己去取是吗？”

I selected the materials for a suit, with the assistance of Mr. Trabb's judgment, and re-entered the parlor to be measured. For, although Mr. Trabb had my measure already, and had previously been quite contented with it, he said apologetically that it "wouldn't do under existing circumstances, sir—wouldn't do at all." So, Mr. Trabb measured and calculated me, in the parlor, as if I were an estate and he the finest species of surveyor, and gave himself such a world of

trouble that I felt that no suit of clothes could possibly remunerate him for his pains. When he had at last done and had appointed to send the articles to Mr. Pumblechook's on the Thursday evening, he said, with his hand upon the parlor lock, "I know, sir, that London gentlemen cannot be expected to patronize local work, as a rule; but if you would give me a turn now and then in the quality of a townsman, I should greatly esteem it. Good morning, sir, much obliged.— Door!”

在特拉布先生眼力的帮助下，我选好一种布料来做衣服，然后又来到客厅量尺寸。因为，尽管特拉布先生已经知道了我的尺寸，而且在此之前一直对这一尺寸非常满意，现在他却很抱歉地说：“那个尺寸在如今的形势下已经不能用了，先生——根本就不能用了。”所以，特拉布先生在客厅里测量并计算了我的尺寸，仿佛我就是一片土地，而他是最好的土地勘测员。整个过程让他大费周章，这让我觉得根本没有哪件衣服能补偿他付出的辛劳。最后，他终于量好了尺寸，我让他星期四晚上把衣服送到彭波契克先生家里。这时，他把手放在客厅的门锁上说道：“我知道，先生，伦敦的绅士通常是不会光顾当地的小店的，但是如果您能看在同乡的份上时常来我这里光顾的话，我一定会感激不尽的。再见了，先生，非常感谢。门！”

The last word was flung at the boy, who had not the least notion what it meant. But I saw him collapse as his master rubbed me out with his hands, and my first decided experience of the stupendous power of money, was, that it had morally laid upon his back, Trabb's boy.

最后一个字是冲那个伙计喊的，可他却根本不明白这是什么意思。但是当他的主人摩挲着手把我送出门的时候，我看到他一屁股瘫坐在地。这是我第一次明确地体会到金钱的巨大力量，它从精神上击垮了特拉布的伙计。

After this memorable event, I went to the hatter's, and the bootmaker's, and the hosier's, and felt rather like Mother Hubbard's dog whose outfit required the services of so many trades. I also went to the coach-office and took my place for seven o'clock on Saturday morning. It was not necessary to explain everywhere that I had come into a handsome property; but whenever I said anything to that effect, it followed that the officiating tradesman ceased to have his attention diverted through the window by the High-street, and concentrated his mind upon me. When I had ordered everything I wanted, I directed my steps towards Pumblechook's, and, as I approached that gentleman's place of business, I saw him standing at his door.

在这个难忘的事件之后，我去了帽店、靴子店以及袜店。我感觉自己就像哈伯德妈妈的狗一样，全身一套装备需要那么多行业来提供。我还去了驿站，预定了星期六早上七点的马车。我不必每到一处都解释说我刚刚得到一大笔财产，但只要我一提及此事，接下来，正在接待我的

店主就马上把注意力从窗外的大街上收回来，一门心思地招呼我。我订好我需要的所有东西之后就朝彭波契克先生家走去。当我走近这位绅士的商铺时，我看见他正站在门口。

He was waiting for me with great impatience. He had been out early in the chaise-cart, and had called at the forge and heard the news. He had prepared a collation for me in the Barnwell parlor, and he too ordered his shopman to "come out of the gangway" as my sacred person passed.

他正非常焦急地等着我。他一早就坐着轻便马车去了铁匠铺，听说了这个消息。他已经在那个上演过巴恩韦尔的客厅里为我备好了点心，他还命令他的店员说，当我这个高贵的客人经过的时候，不许在过道那里挡路。

"My dear friend," said Mr. Pumblechook, taking me by both hands, when he and I and the collation were alone, "I give you joy of your good fortune. Well deserved, well deserved!"

“我亲爱的朋友，”当客厅里只剩下我和他以及点心时，他抓着我的双手说道，“我祝贺您交上了好运。应得的，应得的！”

This was coming to the point, and I thought it a sensible way of expressing himself.

这话马上就要说到那一点上了，我觉得他用很明智的方式表达了自己的看法。

"To think," said Mr. Pumblechook, after snorting admiration at me for some moments, "that I should have been the humble instrument of leading up to this, is a proud reward."

“只要一想到，”彭波契克先生哼着鼻子赞美了我一会儿之后说道，“我为促成这件事还尽了微薄之力，我就感到万分荣幸啊。”

I begged Mr. Pumblechook to remember that nothing was to be ever said or hinted, on that point.

我请求彭波契克先生记住，永远都不要提及或暗示那一点。

"My dear young friend," said Mr. Pumblechook, "if you will allow me to call you so—"

“我亲爱的年轻朋友，”彭波契克先生说，“如果您允许我这样称呼您的话——”

I murmured "Certainly," and Mr. Pumblechook took me by both hands again, and communicated a movement to his waistcoat, which had an emotional appearance, though it was rather low down, "My dear young friend, rely upon my doing my little all in your absence, by keeping the fact before the mind of Joseph.— Joseph!" said Mr. Pumblechook, in the way of a compassionate adjuration. "Joseph!

Joseph!!!" Thereupon he shook his head and tapped it, expressing his sense of deficiency in Joseph.

我小声说了句“当然可以”，于是彭波契克先生又抓住我的双手，一并牵动了他的背心，看起来像是动了真情，尽管非常虚伪做作，“我亲爱的年轻朋友，请相信我，您不在的时候，我一定会尽我的微薄之力来提醒约瑟夫记住这件事的。约瑟夫！”彭波契克先生用同情的命令口气说道，“约瑟夫！约瑟夫！”然后他摇了摇头，又拍了拍脑袋，以示他了解乔的缺点。

"But my dear young friend," said Mr. Pumblechook, "you must be hungry, you must be exhausted. Be seated. Here is a chicken had round from the Boar, here is a tongue had round from the Boar, here's one or two little things had round from the Boar, that I hope you may not despise. But do I," said Mr. Pumblechook, getting up again the moment after he had sat down, "see afore me, him as I ever sported with in his times of happy infancy? And may I—may I—?”

“不过，我亲爱的年轻朋友，”彭波契克先生说，“您一定饿了，一定累了。快请坐。这是从“蓝野猪”饭店买来的鸡肉，这是从“蓝野猪”饭店买来的舌头，还有这是从“蓝野猪”饭店买来的一两样小吃，我希望您不会嫌弃。但是，”彭波契克先生刚坐下又站起来说道，“我眼前看到的这个人，还是不是我曾经逗他玩，让他度过童年快乐时光的那个人呢？我可不可以——可不可以——?"

This May I, meant might he shake hands? I consented, and he was fervent, and then sat down again.

这个“我可不可以”的意思是他可不可以和我握手。我同意了，于是他热情地握了我的手，然后又坐了下来。

"Here is wine," said Mr. Pumblechook. "Let us drink, Thanks to Fortune, and may she ever pick out her favorites with equal judgment! And yet I cannot," said Mr. Pumblechook, getting up again, "see afore me One—and likewise drink to One—without again expressing—May I—may I—?”

“这有葡萄酒。”彭波契克先生说，“让我们举杯，感谢命运女神，但愿她能永远以同样的识别力来选出她的宠儿！但是我不能，”彭波契克先生又站了起来说道，“看着我眼前的这位宠儿——或者向这位宠儿敬酒——除非我再问一遍——我可不可以——我可不可以——?"

I said he might, and he shook hands with me again, and emptied his glass and turned it upside down. I did the same; and if I had turned myself upside down before drinking, the wine could not have gone more direct to my head.

我说他可以，于是他又和我握了手，然后一口气喝光酒杯里的酒，再把酒杯倒了过来。我也同样这么做了。如果在喝酒之前，我也把自己

给倒过来的话，那这酒就不会这么直接地上头了。

Mr. Pumblechook helped me to the liver wing, and to the best slice of tongue (none of those out-of-the-way No Thoroughfares of Pork now), and took, comparatively speaking, no care of himself at all. "Ah! poultry, poultry! You little thought," said Mr. Pumblechook, apostrophizing the fowl in the dish, "when you was a young fledgling, what was in store for you. You little thought you was to be refreshment beneath this humble roof for one as—Call it a weakness, if you will," said Mr. Pumblechook, getting up again, "but may I? may I—？”

彭波契克先生给我夹肝尖，夹最好的舌头肉（现在可没有那些没人要的边边角角的猪肉了），而且，相对来说，他根本就不顾及自己。“哈！鸡啊，鸡啊！你万万没想到，”彭波契克先生对着盘中的鸡肉朗诵道，“当你还是个刚会拍打翅膀的小鸡时，你万万没想到以后的命运是怎样的。你万万没想到会成为这卑微屋檐下的一道菜，呈献给这样一位——如果您愿意的话，您可以把这看作是一种迷恋，”彭波契克先生又站起来说道，“不过我可不可以？我可不可以——?"

It began to be unnecessary to repeat the form of saying he might, so he did it at once. How he ever did it so often without wounding himself with my knife, I don't know.

现在已经没有必要例行公事般地重复说他可以了，所以他马上和我握了手。我不知道，他是如何做到频繁地握我的手，却没有被我的餐刀伤到自己的。

"And your sister," he resumed, after a little steady eating, "which had the honour of bringing you up by hand! It's a sad picter, to reflect that she's no longer equal to fully understanding the honour. May—”

“你姐姐，”他稳坐下来吃了点东西之后继续说道，“她真荣幸能把你亲手带大！想想真让人悲伤，她再也无法完全意识到这份荣幸了。我可不可以——”

I saw he was about to come at me again, and I stopped him.

我看到他又要过来跟我握手，于是我制止了他。

"We'll drink her health," said I.

“让我们为她的健康干杯。”我说道。

"Ah!"cried Mr. Pumblechook, leaning back in his chair, quite flaccid with admiration, "that's the way you know 'em, sir!" (I don't know who Sir was, but he certainly was not I, and there was no third person present); "that's the way you know the nobleminded, sir! Ever forgiving and ever affable." "It might," said the servile Pumblechook, putting down his untasted glass in a hurry and getting up again, "to a common person, have the appearance of repeating—but may I—?”

“啊！”彭波契克先生喊道，同时向后倚靠在椅子上，刚刚的那番赞美已经让他精疲力尽了，“这才是有情有义的人，先生！”（我不知道“先生”指的是谁，但肯定不是指我，不过又没有第三个人在场）“这才是高尚的人，先生！总是那么宽容，那么友善。”恭恭敬敬的彭波契克赶忙放下他那还没有送到嘴边上的酒杯，再次站起来说道：“也许我们这样的普通人都喜欢重复——不过，我可不可以——?"

When he had done it, he resumed his seat and drank to my sister. "Let us never be blind," said Mr. Pumblechook, "to her faults of temper, but it is to be hoped she meant well."

握过我的手之后，他又坐了下来，为我姐姐的健康而干杯。“我们一直都看到了，”彭波契克先生说，“她脾气暴躁的缺点，不过但愿她的用意是好的。”

At about this time, I began to observe that he was getting flushed in the face; as to myself, I felt all face, steeped in wine and smarting.

就在这时，我开始注意到他的脸上逐渐泛起了红晕，至于我自己，我感觉整张脸都泡在酒里一样，生疼生疼的。

I mentioned to Mr. Pumblechook that I wished to have my new clothes sent to his house, and he was ecstatic on my so distinguishing him. I mentioned my reason for desiring to avoid observation in the village, and he lauded it to the skies. There was nobody but himself, he intimated, worthy of my confidence, and—in short, might he? Then he asked me tenderly if I remembered our boyish games at sums, and how we had gone together to have me bound apprentice, and, in effect, how he had ever been my favorite fancy and my chosen friend? If I had taken ten times as many glasses of wine as I had, I should have known that he never had stood in that relation towards me, and should in my heart of hearts have repudiated the idea. Yet for all that, I remember feeling convinced that I had been much mistaken in him, and that he was a sensible practical good-hearted prime fellow.

我告诉彭波契克先生说，我想把做好的新衣服送到他家里来，看到我如此地器重他，他简直是欣喜若狂。我说，我这么做的理由是想避免村里人的注意，他又因此把我夸上了天。他暗示说，除了他自己，没有人值得我信赖，还有——直截了当的就是，他可不可以和我握手？然后他亲切地问我，还记不记得我们顽皮的算术游戏，还记不记得我们是如何一起去订立我的师徒契约的，实际上，也就是问我还记不记得他一直都是我最中意、最喜欢的朋友？即使我喝下的酒是实际上的十倍，我也知道他和我从来都不是这种关系，我打心眼里否认他这种说法。然而，尽管如此，我记得我觉得肯定的是，过去我对他的看法有很大的偏见，他其实是位理智、实际、好心、优秀的老兄。

By degrees he fell to reposing such great confidence in me, as to ask my advice in reference to his own affairs. He mentioned that there

was an opportunity for a great amalgamation and monopoly of the corn and seed trade on those premises, if enlarged, such as had never occurred before in that, or any other neighborhood. What alone was wanting to the realization of a vast fortune, he considered to be More Capital. Those were the two little words, more capital. Now it appeared to him (Pumblechook) that if that capital were got into the business, through a sleeping partner, sir—which sleeping partner would have nothing to do but walk in, by self or deputy, whenever he pleased, and examine the books—and walk in twice a year and take his profits away in his pocket, to the tune of fifty per cent—it appeared to him that that might be an opening for a young gentleman of spirit combined with property, which would be worthy of his attention.

逐渐地，他对我非常信任，甚至关于他的个人事务也要征求我的意见。他说眼下有个机会，可以在那些经营场所将粮食买卖和种子买卖大规模地合并起来从而实现垄断。一旦生意做大，这将会是这一带或者是周边地区绝无仅有的。他觉得实现这一巨大财富的唯一条件就是拥有更多的资金。就是这两个词：更多资金。如今在他（彭波契克）看来，如果有人为这笔生意投资，此人就可以成为隐名合伙人，先生——隐名合伙人不用做任何事情，而且可以随时亲自或者派代表来查看帐簿——而且可以一年两次前来取走总额高达百分之五十的利润——在他看来，这对有激情、有资产的年轻绅士来说也许是个创业的起点，值得考虑考虑。

But what did I think? He had great confidence in my opinion, and what did I think? I gave it as my opinion. "Wait a bit!" The united vastness and distinctness of this view so struck him, that he no longer asked if he might shake hands with me, but said he really must—and did.

不过我是怎么想的呢？　他对我的看法很有信心，想听听我是怎么想的。我说出了我的看法。“等一下！”我既深邃又有特色的观点深深地震撼了他，所以他都不再问一下是否可以握我的手，而是说他真的必须要握——于是他又握了我的手。

We drank all the wine, and Mr. Pumblechook pledged himself over and over again to keep Joseph up to the mark (I don't know what mark), and to render me efficient and constant service (I don't know what service). He also made known to me for the first time in my life, and certainly after having kept his secret wonderfully well, that he had always said of me, "That boy is no common boy, and mark me, his fortun' will be no common fortun'." He said with a tearful smile that it was a singular thing to think of now, and I said so too. Finally, I went out into the air, with a dim perception that there was something unwonted in the conduct of the sunshine, and found that I had slumberously got to the turn-pike without having taken any account of

the road.

我们喝光了所有的酒，彭波契克先生一再地保证，会让约瑟夫达到标准（我不知道是什么标准），还保证为我提供有效持久的服务（我不知道是什么服务）。他还让我有生以来第一次知道，他一直以来提起我都会这样说——当然，在此之前他一直把这个秘密隐藏地很好——“那个孩子可不是一般的孩子，相信我，他将来的财产可不是一般的财产”。他泪汪汪地微笑着说，现在想想那真是一件奇特的事，我也这样附和道。最终，我来到了户外，隐约感觉到阳光有些异常，而且我发现自己不知怎地就昏昏沉沉地到了公路关卡处。

There, I was roused by Mr. Pumblechook's hailing me. He was a long way down the sunny street, and was making expressive gestures for me to stop. I stopped, and he came up breathless.

在那里，我被彭波契克先生的喊声惊醒。他正沿着阳光明媚的大街一路赶来，同时朝我做着各种手势让我停下来。我停下脚步，他上气不接下气地赶了上来。

"No, my dear friend," said he, when he had recovered wind for speech. "Not if I can help it. This occasion shall not entirely pass without that affability on your part.— May I, as an old friend and well-wisher? May I?”

“不行，我亲爱的朋友，”当他喘过气来，可以说话时就说道，“我可受不了这样。没有得到您亲切、友善的表示，今天这个场合就不能完整地结束。——作为您的老朋友和您的祝福者，我可不可以？可不可以？”

We shook hands for the hundredth time at least, and he ordered a young carter out of my way with the greatest indignation. Then, he blessed me and stood waving his hand to me until I had passed the crook in the road; and then I turned into a field and had a long nap under a hedge before I pursued my way home.

这至少是我们第一百次握手了，之后他极其愤怒地命令一个年轻的车夫给我让路。然后，他祝福了我，而且站在那里向我挥手告别，直到我在路口转弯为止。之后我走进一片地里，在一道树篱下睡了许久，然后才继续上路回家。

I had scant luggage to take with me to London, for little of the little I possessed was adapted to my new station. But, I began packing that same afternoon, and wildly packed up things that I knew I should want next morning, in a fiction that there was not a moment to be lost.

我去伦敦随身带的行李很少，因为我本来东西就少，而其中能配得上我新地位的就更少了。但是，我还是在当天下午就开始打点行装，忙乱地把我知道明天早上要用到的东西收拾好，因为我想，到时候一刻也不能耽搁。

So, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, passed; and on Friday morning I went to Mr. Pumblechook's, to put on my new clothes and pay my visit to Miss Havisham. Mr. Pumblechook's own room was given up to me to dress in, and was decorated with clean towels expressly for the event. My clothes were rather a disappointment, of course. Probably every new and eagerly expected garment ever put on since clothes came in, fell a trifle short of the wearer's expectation. But after I had had my new suit on, some half an hour, and had gone through an immensity of posturing with Mr. Pumblechook's very limited dressing-glass, in the futile endeavor to see my legs, it seemed to fit me better. It being market morning at a neighboring town some ten miles off, Mr. Pumblechook was not at home. I had not told him exactly when I meant to leave, and was not likely to shake hands with him again before departing. This was all as it should be, and I went out in my new array: fearfully ashamed of having to pass the shopman, and suspicious after all that I was at a personal disadvantage, something like Joe's in his Sunday suit.

就这样，星期二、星期三、星期四终于过去了。星期五一早，我就去彭波契克家穿上我的新衣服，然后去拜访郝维仙小姐。彭波契克先生把他自己的房间贡献出来给我换衣服，而且还特意为此在房间里放上干净的毛巾。当然，我的衣服很让人失望。很可能自从有了衣服以来，每当人们穿上一件盼望已久的新衣服时，都会感到一点点失望。我穿上新衣服之后，站在彭波契克先生那面小小的穿衣镜前摆出各种各样的姿势，却还是看不到我的腿。就这样折腾了半个小时左右，才觉得更合身了一点。这天上午，在距此地大概十英里左右的邻镇上有个集市，所以彭波契克先生不在家。我没有确切地告诉他我打算什么时候离开，所以在离开之前不太可能再跟他握手了。事情本来就应该如此，所以我就穿着新衣服离开了。我感到非常难为情，却还是不得不从店里的伙计面前经过。我总是觉得，自己被束缚了手脚，浑身不自在，就像乔穿着他的节日礼服一样。

I went circuitously to Miss Havisham's by all the back ways, and rang at the bell constrainedly, on account of the stiff long fingers of my gloves. Sarah Pocket came to the gate, and positively reeled back when she saw me so changed; her walnut-shell countenance likewise, turned from brown to green and yellow.

我从小路绕到郝维仙小姐家，费力地按响了门铃，因为我手套的指头又硬又长。萨拉·鄱凯特来到大门口，当她见我变化这么大时，着实吃了一惊，她那胡桃壳般的面容也从棕色变成了青黄色。

"You?" said she. "You, good gracious! What do you want?"

“是你？”她说道，“真的是你，天哪！你想干什么？”

"I am going to London, Miss Pocket," said I, "and want to say good-bye to Miss Havisham.”

“我就要去伦敦了，鄱凯特小姐，”我说，“我想跟郝维仙小姐道个别。”

I was not expected, for she left me locked in the yard, while she went to ask if I were to be admitted. After a very short delay, she returned and took me up, staring at me all the way.

我来得太突然，所以她锁上大门后把我留在院子里，她进去问一下我是否可以进来。很快她就回来了，把我带上去。一路上她都在盯着我看。

Miss Havisham was taking exercise in the room with the long spread table, leaning on her crutch stick. The room was lighted as of yore, and at the sound of our entrance, she stopped and turned. She was then just abreast of the rotted bride-cake.

郝维仙小姐正拄着拐杖，在那个摆放着长宴会桌的房间里锻炼。这个房间像往常一样点着蜡烛，听到我们进来，她停了下来，转过身。当时她正好就站在那个发霉的结婚蛋糕旁边。

"Don't go, Sarah," she said. "Well, Pip?"

“你别走，萨拉。”她说道，“什么事，皮普？”

"I start for London, Miss Havisham, tomorrow," I was exceedingly careful what I said, "and I thought you would kindly not mind my taking leave of you."

“我要去伦敦了，郝维仙小姐，明天就走。”我说每一个字都非常小心，“我想您这么友善，应该不会介意我离开您吧。”

"This is a gay figure, Pip," said she, making her crutch stick play round me, as if she, the fairy godmother who had changed me, were bestowing the finishing gift.

“这身衣服很好看，皮普。”她说着拿起拐杖在我周围指指点点，仿佛她就是那个改变了我的教母，现在正在施展魔法，完成对我的恩赐一样。

"I have come into such good fortune since I saw you last, Miss Havisham," I murmured. "And I am so grateful for it, Miss Havisham!"

“上次见过您之后，我就交上了这样的好运，郝维仙小姐。”我小声说道，“对此，我感激不尽，郝维仙小姐！”

"Ay, ay!" said she, looking at the discomfited and envious Sarah, with delight. "I have seen Mr. Jaggers.

“哎，哎！”她一边看着既困窘又嫉妒的萨拉，一边高兴地说，“我已经见过贾格尔斯先生了。

I have heard about it, Pip. So you go tomorrow?”

我都听说了，皮普。那么，你明天就出发了？”

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

“是的，郝维仙小姐。”

"And you are adopted by a rich person?"

“你是被一个有钱人收养了吗？”

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

“是的，郝维仙小姐。”

"Not named?"

“不知道姓名？”

"No, Miss Havisham."

“不知道，郝维仙小姐。”

"And Mr. Jaggers is made your guardian?"

“贾格尔斯先生成为你的监护人，是吗？”

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

“是的，郝维仙小姐。”

She quite gloated on these questions and answers, so keen was her enjoyment of Sarah Pocket's jealous dismay. "Well!" she went on; "you have a promising career before you. Be good—deserve it—and abide by Mr. Jaggers' instructions." She looked at me, and looked at Sarah, and Sarah's countenance wrung out of her watchful face a cruel smile. "Good-bye, Pip!—you will always keep the name of Pip, you know.”

她对这些问题以及回答都非常满意，而萨拉·鄱凯特嫉妒、哀伤的神情更加让她高兴不已。“好吧！”她继续说道，“你前途无量啊。好好表现——别辜负这个机会——而且要听从贾格尔斯先生的教导。”她看了看我，又看了看萨拉，萨拉的表情让她警觉的脸上露出一丝残酷的笑容。“再见了，皮普！——你知道，你要一直用‘皮普’这个名字。”

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

“是的，郝维仙小姐。”

"Good-bye, Pip!”

“再见，皮普！”

She stretched out her hand, and I went down on my knee and put it to my lips. I had not considered how I should take leave of her; it came naturally to me at the moment, to do this. She looked at Sarah Pocket with triumph in her weird eyes, and so I left my fairy godmother, with both her hands on her crutch stick, standing in the midst of the dimly lighted room beside the rotten bride-cake that was

hidden in cobwebs.

她伸出一只手，我单膝跪下，将她的手放在嘴唇上吻了一下。我之前并没有想过我应该如何跟她告别，当时，我自然而然地就这么做了。她看着萨拉·鄱凯特，怪异的眼神中带着胜利的喜悦。于是我离开了我的教母，她双手拄着拐杖站在烛光昏暗的房间里，身边是那个结满蜘蛛网、发了霉的结婚蛋糕。

Sarah Pocket conducted me down, as if I were a ghost who must be seen out. She could not get over my appearance, and was in the last degree confounded. I said "Good-bye, Miss Pocket;" but she merely stared, and did not seem collected enough to know that I had spoken. Clear of the house, I made the best of my way back to Pumblechook's, took off my new clothes, made them into a bundle, and went back home in my older dress, carrying it—to speak the truth—much more at my ease too, though I had the bundle to carry.

萨拉·鄱凯特把我领了出去，就好像我是个鬼魂，必须看着我出去才行。她还是适应不了我的打扮，而且非常困惑。我说“再见，鄱凯特小姐”，但她只是盯着我，似乎精力不太集中，根本不知道我说过什么。一走出那座房子，我就飞快地赶回彭波契克家里，换下我的新衣服，把它们包起来，然后穿着我的旧衣服回家——说实话，尽管我得提着一个包赶路，但提着它让我感觉自在多了。

And now, those six days which were to have run out so slowly, had run out fast and were gone, and to-morrow looked me in the face more steadily than I could look at it. As the six evenings had dwindled away, to five, to four, to three, to two, I had become more and more appreciative of the society of Joe and Biddy. On this last evening, I dressed my self out in my new clothes, for their delight, and sat in my splendor until bedtime. We had a hot supper on the occasion, graced by the inevitable roast fowl, and we had some flip to finish with. We were all very low, and none the higher for pretending to be in spirits.

如今，那本以为会过得很慢的六天已经飞快地过去了，明天就在我的眼前，而我却不敢正视它。随着这六个晚上逐渐减少成五个、四个、三个、两个，我也就更加珍惜和乔还有比迪在一起的时间。在最后这一个晚上，为了让他们高兴，我穿上我的新衣服，华丽地坐在那里，直到就寝时间。作为庆祝，我们吃了一顿热气腾腾的晚餐，照例必有的烤鸡让晚餐增色不少，最后我们还喝了点甜啤酒。我们都心情低落，也没有人假装兴高采烈的样子。

I was to leave our village at five in the morning, carrying my little hand-portmanteau, and I had told Joe that I wished to walk away all alone. I am afraid—sore afraid—that this purpose originated in my sense of the contrast there would be between me and Joe, if we went to the coach together. I had pretended with myself that there was nothing of this taint in the arrangement; but when I went up to my

little room on this last night, I felt compelled to admit that it might be so, and had an impulse upon me to go down again and entreat Joe to walk with me in the morning. I did not.

明天一早五点，我就要提着小旅行箱离开村庄了。我已经告诉过乔，我想一个人离开。我很愧疚——非常愧疚——因为我这么做的目的是担心，如果乔和我一起走到驿站的话，我们之间会形成鲜明的对比。我一直跟自己假装说这样的安排没有什么错，可是最后一晚当我走进我的小屋，我觉得必须承认这样也许是不对的，于是有一股冲动想要再冲到楼下，恳求乔明天早上和我一起走到驿站去。我最终没有这样做。

All night there were coaches in my broken sleep, going to wrong places instead of to London, and having in the traces, now dogs, now cats, now pigs, now men—never horses. Fantastic failures of journeys occupied me until the day dawned and the birds were singing. Then, I got up and partly dressed, and sat at the window to take a last look out, and in taking it fell asleep.

一整夜，我时睡时醒，梦里坐着马车去的不是伦敦，而是其他的地方，拉车的一会儿是狗，一会儿是猫，一会儿是猪，一会儿又是人——就是没有马。这些离奇的、失败的旅行一直占据着我的大脑，直到黎明到来，小鸟开始唱歌为止。然后我起身穿了几件衣服，坐在窗边，最后看看外面的风景，看着看着竟又睡着了。

Biddy was astir so early to get my breakfast, that, although I did not sleep at the window an hour, I smelt the smoke of the kitchen fire when I started up with a terrible idea that it must be late in the afternoon. But long after that, and long after I had heard the clinking of the teacups and was quite ready, I wanted the resolution to go down stairs. After all, I remained up there, repeatedly unlocking and unstrapping my small portmanteau and locking and strapping it up again, until Biddy called to me that I was late.

比迪很早就起来为我准备早餐，尽管我在窗边睡着了，但没过一个小时，我就闻到厨房里的烟火味了，我想现在一定是傍晚了，这个可怕的念头让我一下子跳了起来。但是在那之后许久，在我听到茶杯叮当声之后的许久，在我已经准备好了之后许久，我还是没有决心下楼去。最终，我就呆在楼上，反复地打开小旅行箱的锁，解开箱子的皮带，再锁上，系好皮带，直到比迪喊道说，我快迟到了。

It was a hurried breakfast with no taste in it. I got up from the meal, saying with a sort of briskness, as if it had only just occurred to me, "Well! I suppose I must be off!" and then I kissed my sister who was laughing and nodding and shaking in her usual chair, and kissed Biddy, and threw my arms around Joe's neck. Then I took up my little portmanteau and walked out. The last I saw of them was, when I presently heard a scuffle behind me, and looking back, saw Joe throwing an old shoe after me and Biddy throwing another old shoe. I

stopped then, to wave my hat, and dear old Joe waved his strong right arm above his head, crying huskily "Hooroar!" and Biddy put her apron to her face.

我匆忙地吃了早饭，甚至都没有吃出味道来。我从餐桌旁站起来，用一种轻快的口吻说道，仿佛我也是刚刚才想起来似的：“好了！我觉得我得走了！”然后，我吻了吻我姐姐，她还是坐在往日那张椅子上，笑着、点着头、颤抖着。我吻了吻比迪，接着用胳膊搂住乔的脖子。之后，我拿起我的小旅行箱，走了出去。我最后看到他们的情景是，当时我听到身后传来一阵嘈杂声时，我回头看去，发现乔正朝我扔来一只旧鞋，比迪朝我扔来另一只旧鞋。我停下了脚步，挥动着我的帽子。我亲爱的老兄乔挥舞着举过头顶的粗壮的右臂，嘶哑地喊道：“呼嘿！”比迪拿围裙擦了擦眼泪。

I walked away at a good pace, thinking it was easier to go than I had supposed it would be, and reflecting that it would never have done to have had an old shoe thrown after the coach, in sight of all the High-street. I whistled and made nothing of going. But the village was very peaceful and quiet, and the light mists were solemnly rising, as if to show me the world, and I had been so innocent and little there, and all beyond was so unknown and great, that in a moment with a strong heave and sob I broke into tears. It was by the finger-post at the end of the village, and I laid my hand upon it, and said, "Good-bye O my dear, dear friend!”

我脚步轻快地往前走，感觉离开比我想象中要容易的多。我还想到，要是在众目睽睽的大街上，可不能在马车后面扔旧鞋子。我吹起了口哨，步伐轻快。但是村庄非常安宁、静谧，薄雾肃穆地升起，仿佛要向我展示这个世界。在这个村子里，我一直以来都是那么无知、那么渺小，而外面的世界是那么神秘、那么广阔，突然一股强烈的感情涌来，我流下了眼泪。此时，我已走到村口的木手指路牌处了，我用手抚摸着路牌说道：“再见了，我亲爱的，亲爱的朋友！”

Heaven knows we need never be ashamed of our tears, for they are rain upon the blinding dust of earth, overlying our hard hearts. I was better after I had cried, than before—more sorry, more aware of my own ingratitude, more gentle. If I had cried before, I should have had Joe with me then.

上天知道我们从来不必为我们的眼泪而感到羞愧，因为他们就是雨滴，能够冲刷掉覆盖在我们心底、蒙蔽我们思想的灰尘。哭过之后，我感觉比之前好多了——更加难过，更加意识到自己的忘恩负义，更加平静了。要是我之前哭过的话，我就会让乔来送我了。

So subdued I was by those tears, and by their breaking out again in the course of the quiet walk, that when I was on the coach, and it was clear of the town, I deliberated with an aching heart whether I would not get down when we changed horses and walk back, and

have another evening at home, and a better parting. We changed, and I had not made up my mind, and still reflected for my comfort that it would be quite practicable to get down and walk back, when we changed again. And while I was occupied with these deliberations, I would fancy an exact resemblance to Joe in some man coming along the road towards us, and my heart would beat high.— As if he could possibly be there!

刚刚流过的眼泪以及我独自赶路时再次迸发出来的眼泪极大地缓和了我的情绪。当我坐在马车上，出了镇之后，我在心里痛苦地思忖着，等到前面换马的时候，我是不是应该跳下马车，往回走，再在家里过一晚，然后更好地告别。我们换了马，但我还没有下定决心，我仍然安慰自己说，等到下一次换马时再下车往回走也行。在我满脑子都想着这些的同时，只要看到路上有人迎面向我们走来，我就会觉得那个人和乔极为相像，我的心跳也就开始加快——要是他真能在这里该多好啊！

We changed again, and yet again, and it was now too late and too far to go back, and I went on. And the mists had all solemnly risen now, and the world lay spread before me.

我们第二次换马、第三次换马，眼下天色已晚，而且我们已经走出很远，所以无法回头了，于是我继续前行。现在大雾已经弥漫开来，世界在我眼前展开。

CHAPTER 20

第二十章

The journey from our town to the metropolis, was a journey of about five hours. It was a little past mid-day when the fourhorse stage-coach by which I was a passenger, got into the ravel of traffic frayed out about the Cross Keys, Wood-street, Cheapside, London.

从我们镇乘马车到伦敦大约需要五个小时。正午刚过一会儿，我乘坐的这辆四匹马拉的驿站马车就驶进了伦敦市区繁杂拥挤的车流，然后在齐普塞德伍德大街上“十字钥匙”驿站边停了下来。

We Britons had at that time particularly settled that it was treasonable to doubt our having and our being the best of everything: otherwise, while I was scared by the immensity of London, I think I might have had some faint doubts whether it was not rather ugly, crooked, narrow, and dirty.

在那时，我们不列颠人都一致认为，我们这个民族以及我们所拥有的一切都是最优秀的，如果对此表示怀疑，那就是叛国。然而，在我被伦敦的庞大惊呆的同时，我觉得自己可能隐约还有些怀疑，怀疑它其实是非常丑陋、卑鄙、狭隘而肮脏的。

Mr. Jaggers had duly sent me his address; it was, Little Britain, and he had written after it on his card, "just out of Smithfield, and close by the coach-office.” Nevertheless, a hackney-coachman, who seemed to have as many capes to his greasy great-coat as he was years old, packed me up in his coach and hemmed me in with a folding and jingling barrier of steps, as if he were going to take me fifty miles. His getting on his box, which I remember to have been decorated with an old weather-stained pea-green hammercloth moth-eaten into rags, was quite a work of time. It was a wonderful equipage, with six great coronets outside, and ragged things behind for I don't know how many footmen to hold on by, and a harrow below them, to prevent amateur footmen from yielding to the temptation.

贾格尔斯先生已经按时将他的地址给我送来了，地点是小不列颠街。他还在卡片上地点的下方写着“史密斯菲尔德广场外缘，靠近驿站”。尽管如此，我还是找来一辆出租马车，驾车的车夫在他油腻腻的外套上披着很多披肩，披肩的数量似乎和他的年纪一样多。他把我安置在马车里，然后用一把叮当作响的折叠式阶梯隔栅把我围起来，就好像他要带我走出五十英里似的。他费了很大功夫才爬上他的座位。我记得那个座位上围挂着一张破旧的豆绿色篷布，经过风吹雨打、虫蛾蛀蚀之后已经破烂不堪了。马车的装备很奇妙，外部有六顶大华盖，后面有些参差不齐的装置，我不知道这可以容许多少男仆随车攀在上面，不过装置

的下面还有个耙子，用来防止那些经不住诱惑而企图爬上来的业余男仆。

I had scarcely had time to enjoy the coach and to think how like a straw-yard it was, and yet how like a rag-shop, and to wonder why the horses' nose-bags were kept inside, when I observed the coachman beginning to get down, as if we were going to stop presently. And stop we presently did, in a gloomy street, at certain offices with an open door, whereon was painted MR. JAGGERS.

我就刚刚有时间欣赏完马车，正寻思着它真像个放置稻草堆的院子，又像个垃圾站，纳闷为什么马的饲料袋要放在车里，这时我注意到车夫要准备下车了，好像我们马上就要停下来了。果然，我们随即在一条阴暗的大街上的一家律师事务所门前停了下来，那家事务所开着门，门上写着“贾格尔斯先生”几个字。

"How much?" I asked the coachman.

“多少钱？”我问那个车夫。

The coachman answered, "A shilling—unless you wish to make it more.”

车夫回答说：“一个先令——除非你想多付一点。”

I naturally said I had no wish to make it more.

我自然说我不想多付。

"Then it must be a shilling," observed the coachman. "I don't want to get into trouble. I know him!" He darkly closed an eye at Mr Jaggers' name, and shook his head.

“那就必须得一个先令。”马车夫说道，“我可不想惹上麻烦。我知道他！”他凶恶地朝贾格尔斯先生的名字闭上一只眼睛，摇了摇头。

When he had got his shilling, and had in course of time completed the ascent to his box, and had got away (which appeared to relieve his mind), I went into the front office with my little portmanteau in my hand and asked, Was Mr. Jaggers at home?

他拿到一个先令之后，又费了很大功夫爬上他的座位，然后就离开了（一副如释重负的样子）。我手里提着小旅行箱走进这家律师事务所，问道：“贾格尔斯先生在不在？”

"He is not," returned the clerk. "He is in Court at present. Am I addressing Mr. Pip?"

“他不在。”一个职员回答说，“他正在法院出庭。您是皮普先生吗？”

I signified that he was addressing Mr. Pip.

我告诉他我就是皮普先生。

"Mr. Jaggers left word would you wait in his room. He couldn't say how long he might be, having a case on. But it stands to reason, his time being valuable, that he won't be longer than he can help."

“贾格尔斯先生留下话说，让您在他的房间里等他。他说，他也说不准手上的案子什么时候能结束。但是当然，他的时间是非常宝贵的，所以他不会在外面耽搁太长时间的。”

With those words, the clerk opened a door, and ushered me into an inner chamber at the back. Here, we found a gentleman with one eye, in a velveteen suit and knee-breeches, who wiped his nose with his sleeve on being interrupted in the perusal of the newspaper.

说完这些话，这个职员打开一扇门，把我带进后面的一间内室里。在那里，我们看到一位独眼的先生，穿了一件棉绒外套和一条及膝的马裤。他本来正在翻阅报纸，被我们打断之后，就拿袖口擦了擦鼻子。

"Go and wait outside, Mike," said the clerk.

“出去在外面等着，迈克。”这个职员说道。

I began to say that I hoped I was not interrupting—when the clerk shoved this gentleman out with as little ceremony as I ever saw used, and tossing his fur cap out after him, left me alone.

我正要说，我希望自己没有打扰到这位先生——此时那个职员却以我从未见识过的粗鲁方式把他推出房间，还随后把他的皮帽子扔了出去，然后把我一个人留在房间里。

Mr. Jaggers' room was lighted by a skylight only, and was a most dismal place; the skylight, eccentrically pitched like a broken head, and the distorted adjoining houses looking as if they had twisted themselves to peep down at me through it. There were not so many papers about, as I should have expected to see; and there were some odd objects about, that I should not have expected to see—such as an old rusty pistol, a sword in a scabbard, several strange-looking boxes and packages, and two dreadful casts on a shelf, of faces peculiarly swollen, and twitchy about the nose. Mr. Jaggers' own high-backed chair was of deadly black horse-hair, with rows of brass nails round it, like a coffin; and I fancied I could see how he leaned back in it, and bit his forefinger at the clients. The room was but small, and the clients seemed to have had a habit of backing up against the wall: the wall, especially opposite to Mr. Jaggers' chair, being greasy with shoulders. I recalled, too, that the one-eyed gentleman had shuffled forth against the wall when I was the innocent cause of his being turned out.

贾格尔斯先生的房间仅靠一个天窗照明，非常阴暗。那个天窗形状古怪，就像一个被打破的脑袋，周围那些变了形的房屋仿佛扭在一起，

正透过这个天窗窥视着我。这里没有我预料中那么多的文件，不过这里有一些我没有预料到的古怪东西——比如一支锈迹斑斑的老式手枪，一把带鞘的剑，几个长相奇怪的箱子和包裹，架子上还摆着两个可怕的头像，这两张脸都异常浮肿，鼻子像在抽搐一样。贾格尔斯先生自己的那张高背椅是用纯黑的马毛制成的，四周有几排铜钉，就像一具棺材。我想象得出他倚靠在这张椅子上，对着客户咬食指的样子。这个房间很小，客户们似乎都有向后背靠着墙壁的习惯，尤其是正对着贾格尔斯先生椅子的那面墙，已经被肩膀磨得油光可鉴。我还记得，刚刚在我无辜地成为了独眼先生被赶出去的原因之后，他也是蹭着这面墙壁，拖着脚步出去的。

I sat down in the cliental chair placed over against Mr. Jaggers' chair, and became fascinated by the dismal atmosphere of the place. I called to mind that the clerk had the same air of knowing something to everybody else's disadvantage, as his master had. I wondered how many other clerks there were up-stairs, and whether they all claimed to have the same detrimental mastery of their fellow-creatures. I wondered what was the history of all the odd litter about the room, and how it came there. I wondered whether the two swollen faces were of Mr. Jaggers' family, and, if he were so unfortunate as to have had a pair of such ill-looking relations, why he stuck them on that dusty perch for the blacks and flies to settle on, instead of giving them a place at home. Of course I had no experience of a London summer day, and my spirits may have been oppressed by the hot exhausted air, and by the dust and grit that lay thick on everything. But I sat wondering and waiting in Mr. Jaggers' close room, until I really could not bear the two casts on the shelf above Mr. Jaggers' chair, and got up and went out.

我在贾格尔斯先生椅子对面的那张客户椅子上坐了下来，这里阴沉的气氛强烈地吸引住了我。我想起来，那个职员和他的雇主一样，一副掌握了其他所有人把柄的架势。我想知道楼上还有多少个职员，他们是不是都阴险地掌控着他们的同胞。我想知道屋里所有这些古怪杂物的来历，它们都是怎么出现在这里的。我想知道那两张肿胀的脸是不是贾格尔斯先生的家人。如果他那么不幸，拥有两个如此难看的亲戚，他为什么要把他们摆在那个满是灰尘的地方，任由污垢和苍蝇散落其上，而不把他们放在家里呢？　当然，我之前没有体验过伦敦的夏天，也许我的精神是被这炎热而让人精疲力竭的空气，以及覆盖在所有物品上厚厚的灰沙所压抑了。但是，我就这样坐在贾格尔斯先生封闭的房间里，琢磨着，等待着，直到后来我真的无法忍受那摆放在贾格尔斯先生椅子上方架子上的两个头像了，于是我起身走了出去。

When I told the clerk that I would take a turn in the air while I waited, he advised me to go round the corner and I should come into Smithfield. So, I came into Smithfield; and the shameful place, being all asmear with filth and fat and blood and foam, seemed to stick to

me. So, I rubbed it off with all possible speed by turning into a street where I saw the great black dome of Saint Paul's bulging at me from behind a grim stone building which a bystander said was Newgate Prison. Following the wall of the jail, I found the roadway covered with straw to deaden the noise of passing vehicles; and from this, and from the quantity of people standing about, smelling strongly of spirits and beer, I inferred that the trials were on.

我告诉那个职员说，我想在等的同时到外面转一圈，他建议我到路口拐角处转一转，而且说我应该到史密斯菲尔德广场走走。于是，我来到史密斯菲尔德广场。这个可耻的地方满是污垢、油脂、血迹和泡沫，似乎都粘附在我身上。所以为了摆脱这里，我以最快的速度拐进了另一条大街。在这条街上，我看到圣保罗大教堂的黑色大圆顶从一座阴森森的石头建筑后面凸出来，正对着我。一位旁人说，那座石头建筑是纽盖特监狱。沿着监狱的外墙往前走，我发现路面铺着稻草，以此来消除过往车辆的噪音。从这一点上以及周围站着的那些浑身散发出强烈酒气的人的数量上，我推断出里面正在开庭。

While I looked about me here, an exceedingly dirty and partially drunk minister of justice asked me if I would like to step in and hear a trial or so: informing me that he could give me a front place for half-a-crown, whence I should command a full view of the Lord Chief Justice in his wig and robes—mentioning that awful personage like waxwork, and presently offering him at the reduced price of eighteenpence. As I declined the proposal on the plea of an appointment, he was so good as to take me into a yard and show me where the gallows was kept, and also where people were publicly whipped, and then he showed me the Debtors' Door, out of which culprits came to be hanged: heightening the interest of that dreadful portal by giving me to understand that "four on 'em" would come out at that door the day after to-morrow at eight in the morning, to be killed in a row. This was horrible, and gave me a sickening idea of London: the more so as the Lord Chief Justice's proprietor wore (from his hat down to his boots and up again to his pocket-handkerchief inclusive) mildewed clothes, which had evidently not belonged to him originally, and which, I took it into my head, he had bought cheap of the executioner. Under these circumstances I thought myself well rid of him for a shilling.

就在我环顾左右的时候，一个非常肮脏、有些醉意的法务大臣问我想不想进去听一场审判。他告诉我，只要给他半克朗，他就能让我坐在前排，这样我就能清楚地看到戴着假发、穿着长袍的首席大法官——他说那个了不得的大人物就像一尊蜡像一样，而且过了一会儿就把他的价格降到了十八个便士。尽管我以有约在身为由拒绝了他的提议，他还是很友好地把我带进院子里，给我看放置绞刑架的地方，还给我看公开鞭打犯人的地方。然后他还带我看死囚大门，罪犯就是从这扇门走出来，

走向绞刑架的。为了进一步激起我对那扇恐怖大门的兴趣，他还告诉我说，有四个犯人将在后天早上八点钟走出这扇门，然后一个一个地被绞死。这太恐怖了，让我对伦敦产生了厌恶，更让我厌恶的是这个拿首席大法官来发财的业主身上的穿着（从他的帽子到他的靴子，再到他口袋里的手帕），一切都散发着霉味，这些衣服明显原来不是他的，我心想一定是他从刽子手那里以便宜的价格买来的。在这种情况下，我觉得最好给他一个先令，赶快摆脱他。

I dropped into the office to ask if Mr. Jaggers had come in yet, and I found he had not, and I strolled out again. This time, I made the tour of Little Britain, and turned into Bartholomew Close; and now I became aware that other people were waiting about for Mr. Jaggers, as well as I. There were two men of secret appearance lounging in Bartholomew Close, and thoughtfully fitting their feet into the cracks of the pavement as they talked together, one of whom said to the other when they first passed me, that "Jaggers would do it if it was to be done." There was a knot of three men and two women standing at a corner, and one of the women was crying on her dirty shawl, and the other comforted her by saying, as she pulled her own shawl over her shoulders, "Jaggers is for him, 'Melia, and what more could you have?" There was a red-eyed little Jew who came into the Close while I was loitering there, in company with a second little Jew whom he sent upon an errand; and while the messenger was gone, I remarked this Jew, who was of a highly excitable temperament, performing a jig of anxiety under a lamp-post and accompanying himself, in a kind of frenzy, with the words, "Oh Jaggerth, Jaggerth, Jaggerth! All otherth ith Cag-Maggerth, give me Jaggerth!" These testimonies to the popularity of my guardian made a deep impression on me, and I admired and wondered more than ever.

我回到律师事务所询问贾格尔斯先生有没有回来，在得知他还没有回来后，我就又走了出去。这次，我在小不列颠街转了转，然后进入巴索罗米街。这时我意识到，其他人和我一样，也在等贾格尔斯先生。有两个表情神秘的男子在巴索罗米围场闲逛着，他们一面谈话，一面拿脚踩路面上的裂缝。当他们第一次从我身边经过的时候，我听见其中一个人对另一个人说："这件事要想办成，就得贾格尔斯来办。"拐角处有三个男的和两个女的凑在一起站在那里，其中一个女的正拿着她那很脏的披肩掩面哭泣，另一个女的把自己的披肩围在肩上，安慰她说道："贾格尔斯会为他辩护的，阿梅丽亚，你还想要求什么呢？"我正在闲逛的时候，一个矮小的红眼睛犹太人走进了这围场，他把陪他一起来的另一个矮小的犹太人派出去办事情去了。这个跑腿的人一走，我就注意到这个性情容易激动的犹太人就在一个灯柱下面着急地跳来跳去，同时激动地说道："噢，贾格尔斯，贾格尔斯，贾格尔斯！所有其他的格尔斯，什么克格尔斯、马格尔斯，我都不要，我要贾格尔斯！"这些话证明我的监护人真是大受欢迎，因此给我留下很深的印象，我对他更加敬佩、更加叹

服了。

At length, as I was looking out at the iron gate of Bartholomew Close into Little Britain, I saw Mr. Jaggers coming across the road towards me. All the others who were waiting, saw him at the same time, and there was quite a rush at him. Mr. Jaggers, putting a hand on my shoulder and walking me on at his side without saying anything to me, addressed himself to his followers.

最后，当我透过巴索罗米围场的铁门看着外面的小不列颠街时，我看见贾格尔斯先生正穿过马路，向我走来。所有其他正在等候他的人也在同一时间看到了他，大家都朝他飞奔过去。贾格尔斯先生一只手搭在我的肩膀上，把我拉在他旁边一起向前走。他什么也没有对我说，只是对跟着他的那些人说话。

First, he took the two secret men.

首先，他转向那两个神秘男子。

"Now, I have nothing to say to you," said Mr. Jaggers, throwing his finger at them. "I want to know no more than I know. As to the result, it's a toss-up. I told you from the first it was a toss-up. Have you paid Wemmick?”

“现在，我对你们无话可说。”贾格尔斯先生用手指指着他们说道，“我不想再知道其他的了。至于结果，都有可能。我一开始就告诉你们，都有可能。你们给温米克付过钱了吗？”

"We made the money up this morning, sir," said one of the men, submissively, while the other perused Mr. Jaggers' face.

“我们今天早上把钱凑齐了，先生。”其中一个人顺从地说道，另一个人则观察着贾格尔斯先生的脸色。

"I don't ask you when you made it up, or where, or whether you made it up at all. Has Wemmick got it?"

“我没问你们什么时候凑齐了，在哪里凑齐的或者有没有凑齐。温米克拿到这笔钱没有？”

"Yes, sir," said both the men together.

“拿到了，先生。”两个人一起说道。

"Very well; then you may go. Now, I won't have it!" said Mr Jaggers, waving his hand at them to put them behind him. "If you say a word to me, I'll throw up the case."

“很好，那么你们可以走了。现在，我不想再听了！”贾格尔斯先生说着，朝他们一挥手，把他们挡在了身后。“要是你们再跟我说一个字，我就不管这个案子了。”

"We thought, Mr. Jaggers—” one of the men began, pulling off his

hat.

“我们想，贾格尔斯先生——”其中一个人摘下帽子正要说道。

"That's what I told you not to do," said Mr. Jaggers. "You thought! I think for you; that's enough for you. If I want you, I know where to find you; I don't want you to find me. Now I won't have it. I won't hear a word."

“那就是我叫你们不要干的事情。”贾格尔斯先生说，“你们想！我来替你们想，这就够了。如果我想见你们，我知道到哪里去找你们，我不希望你们来找我。现在我不想再听了。我一个字也不想听。”

The two men looked at one another as Mr. Jaggers waved them behind again, and humbly fell back and were heard no more.

当贾格尔斯先生再次挥手把他们挡在后面时，这两个人看了看彼此，就恭恭敬敬地退到后面，没有再说话。

"And now you!" said Mr. Jaggers, suddenly stopping, and turning on the two women with the shawls, from whom the three men had meekly separated.— "Oh! Amelia, is it?"

“好了，到你们了！”贾格尔斯先生说着突然停下了脚步，转向那两个围着披肩的女人，那三个男的已经温顺地从她们身边走开了。“哦！阿梅丽亚，是不是？”

"Yes, Mr. Jaggers."

“是的，贾格尔斯先生。”

"And do you remember," retorted Mr. Jaggers, "that but for me you wouldn't be here and couldn't be here?"

“你还记不记得，”贾格尔斯先生反问道，“要不是我，你不会在这里，也不可能在这里？”

"Oh yes, sir!" exclaimed both women together. "Lord bless you, sir, well we knows that!"

“噢，是的，先生！”两个女人一齐喊道，“上帝保佑您，先生，我们永远都记得！”

"Then why," said Mr. Jaggers, "do you come here?"

“那为什么，”贾格尔斯先生说道，“你们为什么到这里来？”

"My Bill, sir!" the crying woman pleaded.

“为了我的比尔啊，先生！”那个痛哭的女人恳求道。

"Now, I tell you what!" said Mr. Jaggers. "Once for all. If you don't know that your Bill's in good hands, I know it. And if you come here, bothering about your Bill, I'll make an example of both your Bill and you, and let him slip through my fingers. Have you paid Wemmick?"

“现在，我来告诉你吧！”贾格尔斯先生说道，“一次把话都说清楚了。如果你不知道你的比尔已经找到了好律师的话，我可是知道的。要是你还到这里来为你的比尔唠唠叨叨的话，我就惩治你和比尔两个人，来警告其他人，比尔我就撒手不管了。你给温米克付过钱了吗？”

"Oh yes, sir! Every farden."

“噢，付过了，先生！一点也不少。”

"Very well. Then you have done all you have got to do. Say another word—one single word—and Wemmick shall give you your money back.”

“很好。那么你们要做的都已经做完了。再说一个字的话——就一个字——温米克就把钱退给你们。”

This terrible threat caused the two women to fall off immediately. No one remained now but the excitable Jew, who had already raised the skirts of Mr. Jaggers' coat to his lips several times.

这个可怕的威胁让这两个女人马上退到后面。现在除了那个容易激动的犹太人之外，没有别人了。这个犹太人已经抓起贾格尔斯先生的大衣衣角送到嘴边吻了好几次。

"I don't know this man!" said Mr. Jaggers, in the same devastating strain: "What does this fellow want?"

“我不认识这个人！”贾格尔斯先生用同样尖酸刻薄的语气说道，“这个人想要干什么？”

"Ma thear Mithter Jaggerth. Hown brother to Habraham Latharuth?"

“我亲爱的贾格尔斯先生。您还记得亚伯拉罕·拉扎鲁斯的弟弟吗？”

"Who's he?" said Mr Jaggers. "Let go of my coat."

“他是谁？”贾格尔斯先生说道，“放开我的大衣。”

The suitor, kissing the hem of the garment again before relinquishing it, replied, "Habraham Latharuth, on thuthpithion of plate."

这个恳求者在松开衣角之前又吻了一次，回答道：“亚伯拉罕·拉扎鲁斯，金银盗窃案的嫌疑犯。”

"You're too late," said Mr. Jaggers. "I am over the way."

“你来得太迟了，”贾格尔斯先生说道，“我现在站在对方那边。”

"Holy father, Mithter Jaggerth!" cried my excitable acquaintance, turning white, "don't thay you're again Habraham Latharuth!"

“天哪，贾格尔斯先生！”这个容易激动的犹太人脸色变得惨白，大声喊道，“您怎么能反过来对付亚伯拉罕·拉扎鲁斯呢！”

"I am," said Mr. Jaggers, "and there's an end of it. Get out of the way."

“的确是这样的，”贾格尔斯先生说，“我们的谈话结束了。让开，别挡路。”

"Mithter Jaggerth! Half a moment! My hown cuthen'th gone to Mithter Wemmick at thith prethent minute, to hoffer him hany termth. Mithter Jaggerth! Half a quarter of a moment! If you'd have the condethenthun to be bought off from the t'other thide—at hany thuperior prithe!—money no object!— Mithter Jaggerth—Mithter—!”

“贾格尔斯先生！等一下！我表弟已经到温米克先生那里去了，任何条件都答应他。贾格尔斯先生！再等一会儿！要是能把您从对方那里买过来——多少钱都行！——钱不是问题！贾格尔斯先生——先生——!"

My guardian threw his supplicant off with supreme indifference, and left him dancing on the pavement as if it were red-hot. Without further interruption, we reached the front office, where we found the clerk and the man in velveteen with the fur cap.

我的监护人极其冷淡地把他的哀求者赶走，扔下他一个人在马路上又蹦又跳，仿佛踩在烧红的铁块上一样。之后没有人再来阻拦，我们就回到了律师事务所。在那里，我们看到那个职员和那个穿着棉绒大衣、戴着皮帽的人。

"Here's Mike," said the clerk, getting down from his stool, and approaching Mr. Jaggers confidentially.

“这是迈克。”那个职员从凳子上下来，走近贾格尔斯先生，对他私下说道。

"Oh!" said Mr. Jaggers, turning to the man, who was pulling a lock of hair in the middle of his forehead, like the Bull in Cock Robin pulling at the bell-rope; "your man comes on this afternoon. Well?"

“哦！”贾格尔斯先生说着转向那个人，那人此时正拉着自己额头中央的一缕头发，就像《是谁杀了知更鸟》中那头拉着钟绳的公牛一样，“你们的人今天下午过来。是吗？”

"Well, Mas'r Jaggers," returned Mike, in the voice of a sufferer from a constitutional cold; "arter a deal o' trouble, I've found one, sir, as might do."

“是的，贾格尔斯先生，”迈克回答道，他的声音听起来就像自出生时起就患上了感冒一样，“费了好大的劲，总算找到一个，先生，也许能行。”

"What is he prepared to swear?"

“他准备如何作证？”

"Well, Mas'r Jaggers," said Mike, wiping his nose on his fur cap this time; "in a general way, anythink."

“这个嘛，贾格尔斯先生，”迈克这次用他的皮帽子擦了擦鼻子，说道，“概括地说一下，想到什么就说什么。”

Mr. Jaggers suddenly became most irate. "Now, I warned you before," said he, throwing his forefinger at the terrified client, "that if you ever presumed to talk in that way here, I'd make an example of you. You infernal scoundrel, how dare you tell ME that?"

贾格尔斯先生突然愤怒起来。“听着，我已经警告过你了，”他用食指指着那个被吓坏了的委托人说道，“要是你胆敢在这里这样说话的话，我一定会好好教训你的。你这个可恶的混蛋，你怎么敢跟我讲这些话？”

The client looked scared, but bewildered too, as if he were unconscious what he had done.

这个委托人看起来很恐慌，也很困惑，好像他根本不知道自己做错了什么。

"Spooney!" said the clerk, in a low voice, giving him a stir with his elbow. "Soft Head! Need you say it face to face?"

“蠢货！”那个职员拿胳膊肘碰了碰他，低声说道，“死脑筋！这些还用当面说吗？”

"Now, I ask you, you blundering booby," said my guardian, very sternly, "once more and for the last time, what the man you have brought here is prepared to swear?"

“听着，我问你，你这个愚蠢的傻瓜，”我的监护人非常严厉地说道，“再问一次，也是最后一次，你带来的那个人准备如何作证？”

Mike looked hard at my guardian, as if he were trying to learn a lesson from his face, and slowly replied, "Ayther to character, or to having been in his company and never left him all the night in question."

迈克使劲地看着我的监护人，仿佛想尽力从他脸上得到一点启示似的，他慢吞吞地回答说：“说不认识这个人，或者说整晚都和他在一起，没有离开过他，也就没有什么可怀疑的了。”

"Now, be careful. In what station of life is this man?"

“听着，要谨慎一点。这个人是什么来历？”

Mike looked at his cap, and looked at the floor, and looked at the ceiling, and looked at the clerk, and even looked at me, before beginning to reply in a nervous manner, "We've dressed him up like —” when my guardian blustered out:

迈克看了看他的帽子，看了看地板，看了看天花板，又看了看那个

职员，甚至还看了看我，然后才紧张兮兮地开口回答：“我们把他打扮成了——”突然我的监护人咆哮道：

"What? You WILL, will you?"

“什么？　你们把他打扮？”

("Spooney!" added the clerk again, with another stir.)

（“蠢货！”那个职员又接了一句，同时拿胳膊肘碰了他一下。）

After some helpless casting about, Mike brightened and began again:

迈克无助地四处看了看，然后明白了几分，又接着说道：

"He is dressed like a 'spectable pieman. A sort of a pastry-cook.”

“他的穿着打扮像是一个体面的馅饼师傅。一种做糕点的厨师。”

"Is he here?" asked my guardian.

“他在这里吗？”我的监护人问道。

"I left him," said Mike, "a settin on some doorsteps round the corner."

“我让他，”迈克说，“在拐角处一户人家的石阶上等着。”

"Take him past that window, and let me see him."

“你带着他走过那扇窗户，让我看看他。”

The window indicated, was the office window. We all three went to it, behind the wire blind, and presently saw the client go by in an accidental manner, with a murderous-looking tall individual, in a short suit of white linen and a paper cap. This guileless confectioner was not by any means sober, and had a black eye in the green stage of recovery, which was painted over.

“那扇窗户”指的就是律师事务所的窗户。我们三个走到窗口，站在金属丝制成的百叶窗后面，随后就看见那个委托人假装漫不经心地带着一个凶神恶煞的高个子走了过去。那个高个子穿着一套白色亚麻布制成的短小套装，头戴一顶纸帽子。这个厚道的糕点师傅脑袋肯定不清醒，一只之前被打青了的眼睛正在恢复当中，周围已经变成了绿色，为了盖住这绿色，他还化了妆。

"Tell him to take his witness away directly," said my guardian to the clerk, in extreme disgust, "and ask him what he means by bringing such a fellow as that."

“告诉他把他的证人直接带走。”我的监护人用极其厌恶的口气对那个职员说道，“问问他带这样一个家伙来是什么意思。”

My guardian then took me into his own room, and while he

lunched, standing, from a sandwich-box and a pocket flask of sherry (he seemed to bully his very sandwich as he ate it), informed me what arrangements he had made for me. I was to go to "Barnard's Inn," to young Mr. Pocket's rooms, where a bed had been sent in for my accommodation; I was to remain with young Mr. Pocket until Monday; on Monday I was to go with him to his father's house on a visit, that I might try how I liked it. Also, I was told what my allowance was to be—it was a very liberal one—and had handed to me from one of my guardian's drawers, the cards of certain tradesmen with whom I was to deal for all kinds of clothes, and such other things as I could in reason want. "You will find your credit good, Mr. Pip," said my guardian, whose flask of sherry smelt like a whole cask-full, as he hastily refreshed himself, "but I shall by this means be able to check your bills, and to pull you up if I find you outrunning the constable. Of course you'll go wrong somehow, but that's no fault of mine."

然后我的监护人把我带进他自己的房间，他一边站在那里吃午餐，吃的是装在盒子里的三明治，还有一小瓶雪利酒（他吃饭的样子就像是在欺凌那个三明治一样），同时告诉我他都为我做了哪些安排。我要到“巴纳德旅馆”去，住进小鄱凯特先生的房间里，一张给我睡的床已经送到那里去了。星期一之前我要一直和小鄱凯特先生呆在一起，星期一我要和小鄱凯特先生一起去他父亲家里拜访一下，我可以试试自己喜不喜欢那位老师。而且，他还告诉我会有多少零用钱——是一笔数目可观的零用钱——然后他打开一个抽屉，取出钱来给我，还有某些商人的名片，我要从这些商人那里订做所有的衣服，以及其他类似我需要的东西。“你的信誉很好，皮普先生，”我的监护人一面匆忙地补充能量，一面跟我说话，他那一小瓶雪利酒的味道就跟满满一桶酒的味道一样浓烈，“但是我能通过各种方式查看你的账单，要是我发现你在警察那里犯了事的话，我会把你弄出来的。当然你会犯错误，不过那可不是我的错。”

After I had pondered a little over this encouraging sentiment, I asked Mr. Jaggers if I could send for a coach? He said it was not worth while, I was so near my destination; Wemmick should walk round with me, if I pleased.

听了这番鼓励的言辞，我沉思了一会儿，然后我问贾格尔斯先生我能否雇一辆马车。他说雇一辆马车很不值，这里离我要去的地方很近，如果我愿意的话，温米克可以和我一起走过去。

I then found that Wemmick was the clerk in the next room. Another clerk was rung down from up-stairs to take his place while he was out, and I accompanied him into the street, after shaking hands with my guardian. We found a new set of people lingering outside, but Wemmick made a way among them by saying coolly yet decisively, "I tell you it's no use; he won't have a word to say to one of you;" and we

soon got clear of them, and went on side by side.

这时我才知道，温米克就是在隔壁房间里的那个职员。在温米克外出的时候，有另外一个职员从楼上跑下来接替他的位置。我和我的监护人握过手之后，就和温米克一起走上大街。我们发现另外一群人在外面徘徊，但是温米克从他们中间挤出一条路来，冷淡而又坚决地说道：“我告诉你们，没有用的，他不会跟你们任何人说一个字的。”一会儿我们就摆脱了他们，继续并肩赶路。

CHAPTER 21

第二十一章

Casting my eyes on Mr. Wemmick as we went along, to see what he was like in the light of day, I found him to be a dry man, rather short in stature, with a square wooden face, whose expression seemed to have been imperfectly chipped out with a dull-edged chisel. There were some marks in it that might have been dimples, if the material had been softer and the instrument finer, but which, as it was, were only dints. The chisel had made three or four of these attempts at embellishment over his nose, but had given them up without an effort to smooth them off. I judged him to be a bachelor from the frayed condition of his linen, and he appeared to have sustained a good many bereavements; for, he wore at least four mourning rings, besides a brooch representing a lady and a weeping willow at a tomb with an urn on it. I noticed, too, that several rings and seals hung at his watch chain, as if he were quite laden with remembrances of departed friends. He had glittering eyes—small, keen, and black—and thin wide mottled lips. He had had them, to the best of my belief, from forty to fifty years.

一边走着，我一边观察着温米克先生，看看他在白天是什么样子。我发现他是一个喜怒不形于色的人，身材比较矮小，长了一张像方块木头似的脸，脸上的表情就像用一把不锋利的凿子刻出来的那样，而且刻得并不完美。要是材料再柔软一点，工具再顺手一点的话，那张脸上本来是可以有酒窝的，但是事实上，有的只是凹痕。那把凿子在他的鼻子上划了三四下，本来是打算试着修饰一下鼻子的，可是还没有把它们磨平就放弃了努力。从他亚麻布衫的破损程度上来看，我断定他是一个单身汉。而且他似乎还承受了失去很多亲人的痛苦，因为他戴了至少四枚服丧戒指，除此之外还有一个胸针，上面画了一名妇女和一座墓碑。墓碑上插着一枝垂柳，还放着一只骨灰瓮。我也注意到，在他的表链上挂着几个戒指和图章，似乎他非常怀念那些已经离去的朋友。他的眼睛闪闪发亮——黑色的眼睛小而锐利——还有又薄又宽、带有斑驳杂色的嘴唇。依我看来，他大约在四十到五十岁之间。

"So you were never in London before?" said Mr. Wemmick to me.

“那么，你从没来过伦敦？”温米克先生对我说。

"No," said I.

“没有。”我说。

"I was new here once," said Mr. Wemmick. "Rum to think of now!"

“我曾经也对这里感到新奇。”温米克先生说，“现在想起来真奇怪！”

"You are well acquainted with it now?"

“那么,你现在对这里已经很熟悉了吗？”

"Why, yes," said Mr. Wemmick. "I know the moves of it."

“哦，当然了，”温米克先生说，“我了解它的一举一动。”

"Is it a very wicked place?" I asked, more for the sake of saying something than for information.

“这儿是个很邪恶的地方吗？”我问道。我只是为了说一些话而已，并不是为了打探任何消息。

"You may get cheated, robbed, and murdered, in London. But there are plenty of people anywhere, who'll do that for you."

“在伦敦，你可能会被骗、被抢或者被谋杀。但是在任何地方都有很多人会对你干出这种事的。”

"If there is bad blood between you and them," said I, to soften it off a little.

“要是你和他们之间有仇的话。”为了缓和一下气氛，我说道。

"Oh! I don't know about bad blood," returned Mr. Wemmick; "there's not much bad blood about. They'll do it, if there's anything to be got by it."

“哦！我不知道有什么仇恨。”温米克先生回答道，“并没有那么多的仇恨存在。他们干这些事，是因为他们能从中获利。”

"That makes it worse."

“那样会让情况更糟糕了。”

"You think so?" returned Mr. Wemmick. "Much about the same, I should say."

“你是这样认为的吗？”温米克先生回答道，“我觉得，这些事情其实都差不多。”

He wore his hat on the back of his head, and looked straight before him: walking in a self-contained way as if there were nothing in the streets to claim his attention. His mouth was such a postoffice of a mouth that he had a mechanical appearance of smiling. We had got to the top of Holborn Hill before I knew that it was merely a mechanical appearance, and that he was not smiling at all.

他把帽子戴在后脑勺，眼睛正视前方。他沉默寡言地走着，仿佛大街上没有什么事能吸引他的注意力。他的嘴就像邮箱的投递口，露出一副机械的笑容。直到我们到了霍尔本山山顶，我才发现那种笑容只是一

副机械的表情而已，他根本没有在笑。

"Do you know where Mr. Matthew Pocket lives?" I asked Mr. Wemmick.

“你知道马修·鄱凯特先生住在哪里吗？”我问温米克先生。

"Yes," said he, nodding in the direction. "At Hammersmith, west of London."

“知道。”他说着，朝那个方向点了点头，“在哈默史密斯，伦敦西区。”

"Is that far?"

“远吗？”

"Well! Say five miles."

“嗯！大概五英里。”

"Do you know him?"

“你认识他吗？”

"Why, you're a regular cross-examiner!" said Mr. Wemmick, looking at me with an approving air. "Yes, I know him. I know him!"

“啊，你真是一个十足的审问官啊！”温米克先生说着，以赞许的神态看着我，“是的，我认识他。我认识他！”

There was an air of toleration or depreciation about his utterance of these words, that rather depressed me; and I was still looking sideways at his block of a face in search of any encouraging note to the text, when he said here we were at Barnard's Inn. My depression was not alleviated by the announcement, for, I had supposed that establishment to be an hotel kept by Mr. Barnard, to which the Blue Boar in our town was a mere public-house. Whereas I now found Barnard to be a disembodied spirit, or a fiction, and his inn the dingiest collection of shabby buildings ever squeezed together in a rank corner as a club for Tom-cats.

他说这些话的时候带着一种容忍和轻视的意味，那样会让我很沮丧。之后我一直从侧面看着他的脸，努力寻找一丝鼓励的讯息，突然他说：“到了，我们到巴纳德旅馆了。”我的沮丧情绪并没有因为他的这句话而减轻，因为我本以为，这是由巴纳德先生所拥有的一个旅馆，与之相比我们镇上的“蓝野猪”饭店就只不过是一个小酒馆罢了。然而，我现在发现，巴纳德只是一个没有实体的灵魂，或者说是虚构出来的作品，他的旅馆只不过是将挤在肮脏角落里的几幢破旧楼房邋遢地拼凑在一起，就像单身汉的俱乐部那样。

We entered this haven through a wicket-gate, and were disgorged by an introductory passage into a melancholy little square that looked

to me like a flat burying-ground. I thought it had the most dismal trees in it, and the most dismal sparrows, and the most dismal cats, and the most dismal houses (in number half a dozen or so), that I had ever seen. I thought the windows of the sets of chambers into which those houses were divided, were in every stage of dilapidated blind and curtain, crippled flower-pot, cracked glass, dusty decay, and miserable makeshift; while To Let To Let To Let, glared at me from empty rooms, as if no new wretches ever came there, and the vengeance of the soul of Barnard were being slowly appeased by the gradual suicide of the present occupants and their unholy interment under the gravel. A frouzy mourning of soot and smoke attired this forlorn creation of Barnard, and it had strewn ashes on its head, and was undergoing penance and humiliation as a mere dust-hole. Thus far my sense of sight; while dry rot and wet rot and all the silent rots that rot in neglected roof and cellar—rot of rat and mouse and bug and coaching-stables near at hand besides—addressed themselves faintly to my sense of smell, and moaned, "Try Barnard's Mixture."

我们从便门走进了这个避难所，然后一条走廊将我们带入一个压抑而狭小的四方形广场，那儿在我看起来就像一个平坦的墓地。我觉得，这里有我所见过的最阴沉的树、最阴沉的麻雀、最阴沉的猫、和最阴沉的房子了（差不多有六间左右）。我觉得，那些将房子分隔成套间的窗户都快坏了，还有破旧的窗帘、残废的花盆、打碎的玻璃，满眼看到的都是布满灰尘的衰败景象，充斥着得过且过的悲凉气氛。空房间的招租广告对我怒目而视，仿佛从来没有新来的可怜人到过这里。而现有的住客正在实施慢性自杀，他们被埋在砂砾之下的可怕景象让巴纳德灵魂中的复仇之心慢慢得到平复。肮脏、哀恸的煤灰和烟幕装饰着这部被遗弃的巴纳德的作品。它顶上还散落着灰烬，就像一个垃圾坑一样正经历着苦行和羞辱。目前这里就是我的目光所及之处，不管是干枯还是湿腐，或是那些被遗忘的屋顶和地窖中沉寂的腐朽——腐烂的老鼠、耗子、小虫和旁边的赛马棚——这些都在以模糊的讯息与我的嗅觉交流，呻吟着说："试一下巴纳德的混合大餐。"

So imperfect was this realization of the first of my great expectations, that I looked in dismay at Mr. Wemmick. "Ah!" said he, mistaking me; "the retirement reminds you of the country. So it does me."

实现我远大前程的第一步竟然如此不尽如人意，于是我沮丧地看着温米克先生。"啊！"他理解错了我的意思，说道，"这种遁世生活让你想起你的家乡了吧。我也是。"

He led me into a corner and conducted me up a flight of stairs—which appeared to me to be slowly collapsing into sawdust, so that one of those days the upper lodgers would look out at their doors and find themselves without the means of coming down—to a set of chambers on the top floor. MR. POCKET, JUN., was painted on the

door, and there was a label on the letter-box, "Return shortly."

他把我带到一个角落，领着我上了一段楼梯——在我看来，这个楼梯会慢慢断裂成锯屑，所以到了那个时候的某一天，楼上的住客要是向门外望去，就会发现他们没办法下楼了——我们到了顶楼的一个套间。门上漆着“小鄱凯特先生”几个字，信箱上面贴着一张标签，上面写着“片刻即回”。

"He hardly thought you'd come so soon," Mr. Wemmick explained. "You don't want me any more?"

“他肯定没想到你会这么快就到了。”温米克先生解释道，“你不再需要我了吧？”

"No, thank you," said I.

“不需要了，谢谢。”我说。

"As I keep the cash," Mr. Wemmick observed, "we shall most likely meet pretty often. Good day."

“由于我保管着现金，”温米克先生说，“我们会经常见面的。再见。”

"Good day."

“再见。”

I put out my hand, and Mr. Wemmick at first looked at it as if he thought I wanted something. Then he looked at me, and said, correcting himself,

我伸出手去，温米克先生一开始看着我的手，还以为我想要什么东西。之后他看看我，纠正了自己，说道：

"To be sure! Yes. You're in the habit of shaking hands?"

“那是一定的！是的。你有握手的习惯吗？”

I was rather confused, thinking it must be out of the London fashion, but said yes.

我感到非常疑惑，想着这种习惯在伦敦一定已经过时了，但是还是作出了肯定的回答。

"I have got so out of it!" said Mr. Wemmick—"except at last. Very glad, I'm sure, to make your acquaintance. Good day!"

“我不太习惯这个！”温米克先生说：“除非是在最后一次道别的时候。很高兴能认识你。再见！”

When we had shaken hands and he was gone, I opened the staircase window and had nearly beheaded myself, for, the lines had rotted away, and it came down like the guillotine. Happily it was so quick that I had not put my head out. After this escape, I was content

to take a foggy view of the Inn through the window's encrusting dirt, and to stand dolefully looking out, saying to myself that London was decidedly overrated.

我们握了手之后他就走了。我打开了楼梯的窗户，但差一点砍掉自己的脑袋，因为绳索已经腐烂了，窗户就像铡刀一样落了下来。幸好它落得太快，我还没来得及把我的头伸出窗外。经过这次死里逃生之后，我就满足于透过结满污垢的窗户模糊地看一眼这个旅馆的全貌了。我寂寞地站在那里，看着窗外，对我自己说，伦敦有些名过其实了。

Mr. Pocket, Junior's, idea of Shortly was not mine, for I had nearly maddened myself with looking out for half an hour, and had written my name with my finger several times in the dirt of every pane in the window, before I heard footsteps on the stairs. Gradually there arose before me the hat, head, neckcloth, waistcoat, trousers, boots, of a member of society of about my own standing. He had a paper-bag under each arm and a pottle of strawberries in one hand, and was out of breath.

小鄱凯特先生所说的“片刻”和我所想的有些不太一样，我看着窗外看了有半个小时，还用手指在窗格的灰尘上写了好多个自己的名字。就在我几乎要发狂的时候，我才听到楼梯上传来了脚步声。我的眼前渐渐出现了帽子、头、围巾、马甲、裤子还有靴子，之后一个和我社会地位差不多的人站在了我的面前。他的两只手臂下各夹了一个纸袋，一只手里拿着一篮子草莓，累得上气不接下气。

"Mr. Pip?" said he.

“皮普先生？”他说。

"Mr. Pocket?" said I.

“鄱凯特先生？”我说。

"Dear me!" he exclaimed. "I am extremely sorry; but I knew there was a coach from your part of the country at midday, and I thought you would come by that one. The fact is, I have been out on your account—not that that is any excuse—for I thought, coming from the country, you might like a little fruit after dinner, and I went to Covent Garden Market to get it good.”

“我的天！”他喊道，“我感到非常抱歉。但是我知道，中午的时候从你的老家会发出一班长途马车，我还以为你会坐那趟车来呢。事实上，我也是为了你才外出的——倒不是我找来的借口——因为我想，你既然从乡下过来，可能会想在饭后吃一点水果，所以我去了科芬园市场买了一些新鲜的回来。”

For a reason that I had, I felt as if my eyes would start out of my head. I acknowledged his attention incoherently, and began to think this was a dream.

出于某种原因，我觉得自己的眼睛都快掉出来了。我结结巴巴地感谢了他的关心，开始觉得这一切都是一场梦。

"Dear me!" said Mr. Pocket, Junior. "This door sticks so!"

“我的天！”小鄱凯特先生说，“门真紧！”

As he was fast making jam of his fruit by wrestling with the door while the paper-bags were under his arms, I begged him to allow me to hold them. He relinquished them with an agreeable smile, and combated with the door as if it were a wild beast. It yielded so suddenly at last, that he staggered back upon me, and I staggered back upon the opposite door, and we both laughed. But still I felt as if my eyes must start out of my head, and as if this must be a dream.

他将纸袋夹在胳膊下面，同时和门较着劲，那些水果很快就会变成果酱的，所以我请求他允许我拿着那些水果。他愉快地笑了一笑，放开了水果，之后又和门展开了一场战斗，就好像那扇门是头野兽一样。最后那扇门突然放弃了战斗，他就摇摇晃晃向后面退过来，于是站在后面的我就向对面的门退了几步，然后我们都笑了。但是我仍旧感到很吃惊，好像眼珠都要掉下来似的，感觉自己肯定是在做梦。

"Pray come in," said Mr. Pocket, Junior. "Allow me to lead the way. I am rather bare here, but I hope you'll be able to make out tolerably well till Monday. My father thought you would get on more agreeably through tomorrow with me than with him, and might like to take a walk about London. I am sure I shall be very happy to show London to you. As to our table, you won't find that bad, I hope, for it will be supplied from our coffee-house here, and (it is only right I should add) at your expense, such being Mr. Jaggers' directions. As to our lodging, it's not by any means splendid, because I have my own bread to earn, and my father hasn't anything to give me, and I shouldn't be willing to take it, if he had. This is our sitting-room—just such chairs and tables and carpet and so forth, you see, as they could spare from home. You mustn't give me credit for the tablecloth and spoons and castors, because they come for you from the coffee-house. This is my little bedroom; rather musty, but Barnard's is musty. This is your bed-room; the furniture's hired for the occasion, but I trust it will answer the purpose; if you should want anything, I'll go and fetch it. The chambers are retired, and we shall be alone together, but we shan't fight, I dare say. But, dear me, I beg your pardon, you're holding the fruit all this time. Pray let me take these bags from you. I am quite ashamed."

“请进，”小鄱凯特特先生说，“请允许我来带路。我这里空荡荡的，但是我希望你能将就一下，忍到星期一。我父亲觉得你明天和我呆在一起会比和他呆在一起要舒服一点，你也许想在伦敦到处走走。我肯定会很高兴带你游览伦敦的。至于我们的饭菜，我希望你不会觉得很差，因

为饭菜都是由我们这里的咖啡厅供应的，还有（我需要补充的是）根据贾格尔斯先生的指示，这些是要你出钱的。至于我们的旅馆，绝对称不上是富丽堂皇，因为我还要维持自己的生计，我父亲也没有给我留下任何东西，而且即使他留下了，我也不愿意接受的。这是我们的起居室——只有这些椅子、桌子、地毯之类的，你看，这些都能从家里省出来一些。这些桌布、勺子和调味瓶也不能算在我的头上，因为这些都是从咖啡馆里为你拿来的。这是我的小卧室，有股霉味，但是巴纳德旅馆里就是这种发霉的味道。这是你的卧室，家具是临时租来的，但是我相信这些已经能应付了。如果你还需要什么，我会去拿给你的。这些房间都很僻静，我们会独自住在这里，但是我敢说，我们不会打架的。但是，天啊，不好意思，让你一直拿着水果。请让我接过这些袋子。我真是很惭愧。”

As I stood opposite to Mr. Pocket, Junior, delivering him the bags, One, Two, I saw the startling appearance come into his own eyes that I knew to be in mine, and he said, falling back:

就在我站在小鄱凯特先生对面给他一只接一只地递袋子的时候，我看见他眼里发出吃惊的神情，我知道我的眼神里也有同样的神情，他退了一步，说：

"Lord bless me, you're the prowling boy!"

“上帝保佑，你是那个到处乱走的小男孩吗？”

"And you," said I, "are the pale young gentleman!"

“你是，”我说，“那个脸色苍白的年轻绅士！”

CHAPTER 22

第二十二章

The pale young gentleman and I stood contemplating one another in Barnard's Inn, until we both burst out laughing. "The idea of its being you!" said he. "The idea of its being you!" said I. And then we contemplated one another afresh, and laughed again. "Well!" said the pale young gentleman, reaching out his hand good-humoredly, "it's all over now, I hope, and it will be magnanimous in you if you'll forgive me for having knocked you about so."

这个脸色苍白的年轻绅士和我站在巴纳德旅馆里，互相凝视着对方，直到我们俩都大笑了起来。“居然是你！”他说。“居然是你！”我说。之后我们又重新看着对方，又一次笑了起来。“很好！”这位脸色苍白的年轻绅士说着，愉快地伸出了手，“我希望现在一切都结束了，要是你原谅我曾经那样打你的话，那么你真是太宽宏大量了。”

I derived from this speech that Mr. Herbert Pocket (for Herbert was the pale young gentleman's name) still rather confounded his intention with his execution. But I made a modest reply, and we shook hands warmly.

从他的讲话中可以得知，赫伯特·鄱凯特先生（赫伯特就是这个脸色苍白的年轻绅士的名字）还是没有分清楚他的打架动机和打架结果。但是我作出了谦和的回答，然后我们热情地握了手。

"You hadn't come into your good fortune at that time?" said Herbert Pocket.

“你那个时候还没有发大财吧？”赫伯特·鄱凯特说。

"No," said I.

“没有。”我说。

"No," he acquiesced: "I heard it had happened very lately. I was rather on the look-out for good-fortune then.”

“嗯。”他默许道，“我听说这是最近才发生的事。我那时也希望自己能发大财呢。”

"Indeed?"

“是吗？”

"Yes. Miss Havisham had sent for me, to see if she could take a fancy to me. But she couldn't—at all events, she didn't."

“是的。郝维仙小姐也派人叫我去了，看看她是否能看上我。但是她

没要我——无论如何，她都没有要我。”

I thought it polite to remark that I was surprised to hear that.

我想，我应该礼貌性地表示我对此感到很惊讶。

"Bad taste," said Herbert, laughing, "but a fact. Yes, she had sent for me on a trial visit, and if I had come out of it successfully, I suppose I should have been provided for; perhaps I should have been what-you-may-called it to Estella.”

“没有品位，”赫伯特笑着说，“但这是事实。是的，她派人叫我去试一下。要是那次尝试成功了的话，我想我就是那个幸运儿，多半都和埃斯特拉那个什么了。”

"What's that?" I asked, with sudden gravity.

“‘那个什么’是什么？”我突然严肃起来，问他。

He was arranging his fruit in plates while we talked, which divided his attention, and was the cause of his having made this lapse of a word. "Affianced," he explained, still busy with the fruit. "Betrothed. Engaged. What's-his-named. Any word of that sort.”

我们说话的时候他正把水果摆上果盘，这个动作分散了他的注意力，让他没用对词。“订婚，”他解释道，手里还在忙着摆水果。“定下婚约，确定联姻。差不多是这个意思。就是这一类的说法吧。”

"How did you bear your disappointment?" I asked.

“你怎么能忍受得了这种失望之情呢？”我问道。

"Pooh!" said he, "I didn't care much for it. She's a Tartar."

“唉！”他说，“我才不在乎呢。她是个凶悍的人。”

"Miss Havisham?"

“郝维仙小姐？”

"I don't say no to that, but I meant Estella. That girl's hard and haughty and capricious to the last degree, and has been brought up by Miss Havisham to wreak revenge on all the male sex."

“我不能说她不是，但是我指的是埃斯特拉。那个女孩子极度刻薄、傲慢、喜怒无常，而且还是郝维仙小姐带大的。郝维仙小姐就是要让她向所有男人复仇。”

"What relation is she to Miss Havisham?"

“她和郝维仙小姐是什么关系呢？”

"None," said he. "Only adopted."

“没关系，”他说，“只是收养的孩子。”

"Why should she wreak revenge on all the male sex? What revenge?"

“那么为什么她要向所有男人复仇呢？有什么仇恨呢？”

"Lord, Mr. Pip!" said he. "Don't you know?"

“天啊，皮普先生！”他说，“你还不知道吗？”

"No," said I.

“不知道。”我说。

"Dear me! It's quite a story, and shall be saved till dinner-time. And now let me take the liberty of asking you a question. How did you come there, that day?”

“我的天啊！这话说起来就长了，我们留到晚饭时间再说吧。现在请允许我问你一个问题。你那天是怎么到那里去的？”

I told him, and he was attentive until I had finished, and then burst out laughing again, and asked me if I was sore afterwards? I didn't ask him if he was, for my conviction on that point was perfectly established.

我告诉了他事情的经过，而他一直都认真地听着，之后又哈哈大笑起来，还问我后来痛不痛。我并没有问他痛不痛，因为我确信答案绝对是肯定的。

"Mr. Jaggers is your guardian, I understand?" he went on.

“据我了解，贾格尔斯先生是你的监护人？”他继续说道。

"Yes."

“是的。”

"You know he is Miss Havisham's man of business and solicitor, and has her confidence when nobody else has?"

“你知道他是郝维仙小姐生意上的伙伴兼法律顾问，没人比他更能得到她的信任吗？”

This was bringing me (I felt) towards dangerous ground. I answered with a constraint I made no attempt to disguise, that I had seen Mr. Jaggers in Miss Havisham's house on the very day of our combat, but never at any other time, and that I believed he had no recollection of having ever seen me there.

（我感觉）这个问题把我置于一种很危险的处境。在回答他的问题的时候我显得局促不安，但我并没有掩饰这种不安。我告诉他说，就在我们打架的那一天，我在郝维仙小姐家见过贾格尔斯先生，之外就从未在那里见过他，而且我相信他绝没有想起来他曾经在那里见过我。

"He was so obliging as to suggest my father for your tutor, and he

called on my father to propose it. Of course he knew about my father from his connexion with Miss Havisham. My father is Miss Havisham's cousin; not that that implies familiar intercourse between them, for he is a bad courtier and will not propitiate her."

“他非常愿意帮忙，建议我的父亲去做你的导师，而且他还来拜访过我的父亲，提议此事呢。他肯定是从郝维仙小姐那里听说我父亲的。我父亲和郝维仙小姐是表亲，但这种关系并不意味着他们之间有亲近的往来，因为他不懂得溜须拍马、不会故意讨好她。”

Herbert Pocket had a frank and easy way with him that was very taking. I had never seen any one then, and I have never seen any one since, who more strongly expressed to me, in every look and tone, a natural incapacity to do anything secret and mean. There was something wonderfully hopeful about his general air, and something that at the same time whispered to me he would never be very successful or rich. I don't know how this was. I became imbued with the notion on that first occasion before we sat down to dinner, but I cannot define by what means.

赫伯特·鄱凯特是一个率直、好相处的人,非常有魅力。在那之前以及打那以后，我都没有见过像他这样的人，每幅表情、每句言语都那么强烈地表达出他是个天生光明磊落的人。他整体上带有一种乐观向上的特质，但是同时，有一个声音在我耳边说，他绝不会非常成功或者发大财的。我不知道自己为什么会有这样的感觉。在我第一眼见到他，还没有一起坐下来吃饭之前，我就沉浸于这种想法之中了，然而我却不知道这样的想法是怎么得来的。

He was still a pale young gentleman, and had a certain conquered languor about him in the midst of his spirits and briskness, that did not seem indicative of natural strength. He had not a handsome face, but it was better than handsome: being extremely amiable and cheerful. His figure was a little ungainly, as in the days when my knuckles had taken such liberties with it, but it looked as if it would always be light and young. Whether Mr. Trabb's local work would have sat more gracefully on him than on me, may be a question; but I am conscious that he carried off his rather old clothes, much better than I carried off my new suit.

那时，他还是一个脸色苍白的年轻绅士，在他热情活泼的外表之下，有着某种被击败的衰弱无力，那看起来可不是在说明他天生强健。他长得并不帅气，但是却非常和蔼可亲、神采飞扬，这种特质要比长得帅气好多了。他的身形显得有些笨拙，就像我的拳头毫无顾忌地打了他的那些日子一样，但是他的身段看起来好像会永远轻盈而且年轻。特拉布先生裁剪的作品穿在我身上更高雅还是穿在他身上更高雅，这是个问题。但是我意识到，他穿着他那件相当破旧的衣服比我穿着我的新衣服要好看多了。

As he was so communicative, I felt that reserve on my part would be a bad return unsuited to our years. I therefore told him my small story, and laid stress on my being forbidden to inquire who my benefactor was. I further mentioned that as I had been brought up a blacksmith in a country place, and knew very little of the ways of politeness, I would take it as a great kindness in him if he would give me a hint whenever he saw me at a loss or going wrong.

由于他非常健谈，我感觉要是我这边过于保守的话会非常不礼貌，而且和我们的年龄也极不相称。于是我把我的小故事告诉了他，还强调说我被禁止询问谁是我的赞助人。我进一步提到我是在乡下长大，本来要当一名铁匠的，所以对于礼数方面所知甚少，要是他能在我不知所措或者捅出娄子的时候指点一下的话，我将不胜感激。

"With pleasure," said he, "though I venture to prophesy that you'll want very few hints. I dare say we shall be often together, and I should like to banish any needless restraint between us. Will you do me the favor to begin at once to call me by my Christian name, Herbert?"

“我很荣幸，”他说，“但我敢说，你需要我指点的机会非常少。我敢说，我们会经常在一起，我会消除我们之间一切不必要的约束。那么，你能否从现在开始就喊我的教名‘赫伯特’呢？”

I thanked him, and said I would. I informed him in exchange that my Christian name was Philip.

我向他表示了感谢，并且答应了他的要求。作为交换，我告诉他我的教名是菲利普。

"I don't take to Philip," said he, smiling, "for it sounds like a moral boy out of the spelling-book, who was so lazy that he fell into a pond, or so fat that he couldn't see out of his eyes, or so avaricious that he locked up his cake till the mice ate it, or so determined to go a bird's-nesting that he got himself eaten by bears who lived handy in the neighborhood. I tell you what I should like. We are so harmonious, and you have been a blacksmith—would you mind it?”

“我不喜欢‘菲利普’这个名字，”他笑着说，“因为它听起来就像单词拼写课本上的寓言小子一样，他因为太懒惰而掉进了池塘，或者太胖而睁不开眼睛，或者是太贪婪而把蛋糕锁起来，直到都喂了老鼠，又或者是下定决心去捅鸟窝，结果被住在附近的熊吃掉了。我告诉你我喜欢什么。我们俩太和谐了，而且你曾经是个铁匠——你不介意吧？”

"I shouldn't mind anything that you propose," I answered, "but I don't understand you."

“你说的任何话我都不会介意的，”我回答道，“但是我没明白你的意思。”

"Would you mind Handel for a familiar name? There's a charming piece of music by Handel, called the Harmonious Blacksmith."

“你介意我叫你汉德尔吗？汉德尔写过一首迷人的曲子，叫做《和谐的铁匠》。”

"I should like it very much."

“我非常喜欢这个名字。”

"Then, my dear Handel," said he, turning round as the door opened, "here is the dinner, and I must beg of you to take the top of the table, because the dinner is of your providing."

“那么，我亲爱的汉德尔，”他说着，身后的门被打开了，他转过身去，“这是晚餐，我必须请你坐在上座，因为这顿晚餐是为你准备的。”

This I would not hear of, so he took the top, and I faced him. It was a nice little dinner—seemed to me then, a very Lord Mayor's Feast—and it acquired additional relish from being eaten under those independent circumstances, with no old people by, and with London all around us. This again was heightened by a certain gipsy character that set the banquet off; for, while the table was, as Mr. Pumblechook might have said, the lap of luxury—being entirely furnished forth from the coffee-house—the circumjacent region of sitting-room was of a comparatively pastureless and shifty character: imposing on the waiter the wandering habits of putting the covers on the floor (where he fell over them), the melted butter in the armchair, the bread on the bookshelves, the cheese in the coalscuttle, and the boiled fowl into my bed in the next room—where I found much of its parsley and butter in a state of congelation when I retired for the night. All this made the feast delightful, and when the waiter was not there to watch me, my pleasure was without alloy.

这次我没有听他的，所以他坐了上座，而我就坐在他对面。这是美味的小型晚餐——对于我来说简直是市长阁下的盛宴——而且这顿在不受约束的情况下享用的晚餐又有了另一种意味，就是身边没有长辈，而且身处伦敦。同时激起我的兴趣的还有这宴会所带有的吉普赛风格，而用彭波契克先生的话来说，这晚餐简直是太奢侈了——全部由咖啡厅供应——起居室周围区域的条件就相对较差，而且其用途多变。这种环境让服务生不得不漫不经心地把桌布铺在地上（而他却因此绊倒），把融化了的黄油放在扶手椅上，把面包放在书架上，把奶酪放在煤桶里，还把煮熟了的鸡肉放在我旁边屋子的床上——我在晚上睡觉的时候发现很多欧芹和黄油都结在我的床上了。所有这一切令我的晚餐吃得非常愉快，尤其是在那个服务生没有在那里盯着我的时候，我真是开心到了极点。

We had made some progress in the dinner, when I reminded Herbert of his promise to tell me about Miss Havisham.

我们吃了一会儿之后，我就提醒赫伯特说，他答应给我讲郝维仙小姐的故事。

"True," he replied. "I'll redeem it at once. Let me introduce the topic, Handel, by mentioning that in London it is not the custom to put the knife in the mouth—for fear of accidents—and that while the fork is reserved for that use, it is not put further in than necessary. It is scarcely worth mentioning, only it's as well to do as other people do. Also, the spoon is not generally used over-hand, but under. This has two advantages. You get at your mouth better (which after all is the object), and you save a good deal of the attitude of opening oysters, on the part of the right elbow.”

“是的，”他回答道，“我立刻就开始说。让我先引入话题，汉德尔，提到伦敦，人们通常不会将刀直接放入嘴里——以免意外发生——因此叉子就派上了用场，但如非必要，也不用太深入口中。这一点其实不值一提，只是别人都这样做，那么我们最好也这样做。还有，勺子一般不能过肩，要拿得低一点。这样有两个好处。一来你能更方便地够到嘴巴（说到底就是要送到嘴里的），二来你的右肘就不必举得像开口的牡蛎一样了。”

He offered these friendly suggestions in such a lively way, that we both laughed and I scarcely blushed.

他以如此生动的形式向我提出了这些友好的建议，我们俩都笑了，而且我都没有脸红。

"Now," he pursued, "concerning Miss Havisham. Miss Havisham, you must know, was a spoilt child. Her mother died when she was a baby, and her father denied her nothing. Her father was a country gentleman down in your part of the world, and was a brewer. I don't know why it should be a crack thing to be a brewer; but it is indisputable that while you cannot possibly be genteel and bake, you may be as genteel as never was and brew. You see it every day."

“现在，”他继续说，“说到郝维仙小姐。你一定知道，郝维仙小姐是一个被宠坏了的孩子。她还在襁褓中的时候母亲就去世了，她父亲对她则是有求必应。她的父亲是你们那里的一个乡绅，是个啤酒酿造商。我不知道做啤酒酿造商有什么好的，但是毋庸置疑的是，你要是个烤面包的就不太可能进入上流社会，而你要是酿啤酒的，就能进入你从未踏入的上流社会。这种事天天都在发生。”

"Yet a gentleman may not keep a public-house; may he?" said I.

“然而，一位绅士是不会开酒吧的，不是吗？”我说。

"Not on any account," returned Herbert; "but a public-house may keep a gentleman. Well! Mr. Havisham was very rich and very proud. So was his daughter.”

“任何情况下都不能，”赫伯特回答说，“但是一间酒吧却能造就一位绅士。嗯！郝维仙先生非常富有，而且很骄傲。他的女儿也是如此。”

"Miss Havisham was an only child?" I hazarded.

“郝维仙小姐是他的独生女吗？”我冒昧问道。

"Stop a moment, I am coming to that. No, she was not an only child; she had a half-brother. Her father privately married again—his cook, I rather think.”

“先停一下，我就要说到那里了。不是，她不是独生女，她有一个同父异母的弟弟。她的父亲又偷偷地结了婚——我想就是与他的厨师。”

"I thought he was proud," said I.

“我还以为他很骄傲呢。”我说。

"My good Handel, so he was. He married his second wife privately, because he was proud, and in course of time she died. When she was dead, I apprehend he first told his daughter what he had done, and then the son became a part of the family, residing in the house you are acquainted with. As the son grew a young man, he turned out riotous, extravagant, undutiful—altogether bad. At last his father disinherited him; but he softened when he was dying, and left him well off, though not nearly so well off as Miss Havisham.— Take another glass of wine, and excuse my mentioning that society as a body does not expect one to be so strictly conscientious in emptying one's glass, as to turn it bottom upwards with the rim on one's nose."

“我亲爱的汉德尔，他的确很骄傲。他偷偷地娶了他的第二位夫人，就是因为他很骄傲。不久之后，她就去世了。在她去世之后，我想他首先把他做的事告诉了他的女儿，之后这儿子才成为家庭的一员，住进了你熟悉的那座房子里。当这个儿子成年之后，他变得非常放纵、奢侈、而且不孝——完全就是一个恶棍。最后他的父亲剥夺了他的继承权，但是在临死之时心又软了下来，给他留了丰厚的财产，尽管远不能和郝维仙小姐的相比——再喝一杯吧，同时原谅我多说一句，在社交场合，不用太死板、太刻意地为了喝光杯子里的酒，就把杯子倒过来，将杯沿贴着鼻子。”

I had been doing this, in an excess of attention to his recital. I thanked him, and apologized. He said, "Not at all," and resumed.

我听他叙述时太过认真了，就犯了这样的错误。我向他表示感谢，也道了歉。他说：“没关系”，然后又继续说下去，

"Miss Havisham was now an heiress, and you may suppose was looked after as a great match. Her half-brother had now ample means again, but what with debts and what with new madness wasted them most fearfully again. There were stronger differences between him and her, than there had been between him and his father, and it is

suspected that he cherished a deep and mortal grudge against her, as having influenced the father's anger. Now, I come to the cruel part of the story—merely breaking off, my dear Handel, to remark that a dinner-napkin will not go into a tumbler.”

“郝维仙小姐现在是位女继承人了，你可以想象她就被当成是一个很好的结婚对象了。她同父异母的弟弟如今也有钱了，但是他因为欠债和新的疯狂行为，又把钱挥霍光了。他们两人之间的矛盾比他和他父亲之间的矛盾还要激烈。他对她存有很深而且致命的仇恨，他觉得是因为她的影响才让父亲对他如此恼火的。现在，我要说到故事最悲惨的一段了——只是打断一下，我亲爱的汉德尔，餐巾是不能伸进玻璃杯的。”

Why I was trying to pack mine into my tumbler, I am wholly unable to say. I only know that I found myself, with a perseverance worthy of a much better cause, making the most strenuous exertions to compress it within those limits. Again I thanked him and apologized, and again he said in the cheerfullest manner, "Not at all, I am sure!" and resumed.

我为什么要把我的餐巾塞到玻璃杯里呢，我完全不知道。我只知道，我发现自己毫无理由却锲而不舍地使劲把餐巾往杯子里塞。我又一次向他道谢和致歉，而他也又一次愉快地说：“没有关系，真的！”之后又继续讲了起来，

"There appeared upon the scene—say at the races, or the public balls, or anywhere else you like—a certain man, who made love to Miss Havisham. I never saw him, for this happened five-and-twenty years ago (before you and I were, Handel), but I have heard my father mention that he was a showy-man, and the kind of man for the purpose. But that he was not to be, without ignorance or prejudice, mistaken for a gentleman, my father most strongly asseverates; because it is a principle of his that no man who was not a true gentleman at heart, ever was, since the world began, a true gentleman in manner. He says, no varnish can hide the grain of the wood; and that the more varnish you put on, the more the grain will express itself. Well! This man pursued Miss Havisham closely, and professed to be devoted to her. I believe she had not shown much susceptibility up to that time; but all the susceptibility she possessed, certainly came out then, and she passionately loved him. There is no doubt that she perfectly idolized him. He practiced on her affection in that systematic way, that he got great sums of money from her, and he induced her to buy her brother out of a share in the brewery (which had been weakly left him by his father) at an immense price, on the plea that when he was her husband he must hold and manage it all. Your guardian was not at that time in Miss Havisham's councils, and she was too haughty and too much in love, to be advised by any one. Her relations were poor and scheming, with the exception of my father; he was poor

enough, but not time-serving or jealous. The only independent one among them, he warned her that she was doing too much for this man, and was placing herself too unreservedly in his power. She took the first opportunity of angrily ordering my father out of the house, in his presence, and my father has never seen her since.”

“于是出现了一种场景——比如说在赛马场，或者是公共舞会，又或者是随便什么地方——有一个男人开始向郝维仙小姐示爱。我从来没有见过他，因为这件事发生在二十五年前（那时你和我都没有出世呢，汉德尔），但是我听我父亲提起过，他是一个流于表面的人，而且做事都带有强烈的目的性。然而，我父亲一口咬定，要不是由于无知与偏见，他就不会被错当成一位绅士，因为他笃信的原则之一就是，从世界存在以来＋B185，一个人要是没有真正绅士之内涵，则不会表现出真正绅士的举止风度。他说，没有清漆是能盖得住木头的纹路的，清漆涂得越多，纹路则越显清晰。唉！那个人对郝维仙小姐紧追不舍，而且声称他会忠诚于她。我相信在那之前她都没有表露过她的情感。但是到了那时，她所有的情感肯定都释放了出来，她对他的爱充满了激情。毋庸置疑的是，她已经完全被他征服了。他以一整套的手段欺骗了她的感情，从她那里得到了一大笔钱，而且他还劝她以极高的价格买下了她弟弟在酿酒厂的股份（他父亲给他留下的也没有多少了），而说服她的理由就是，在他成为她的丈夫之后，他必须全权掌管这个厂子。你的监护人在那时候还没有成为郝维仙小姐的法律顾问，而且她也太傲慢、太沉浸于恋爱之中了，不愿接受任何人的建议。她的亲戚都是既穷困又诡计多端的人，除了我的父亲，他很穷，但是既不趋炎附势，也不妒忌他人。作为他们中间唯一一个有独立思想的人，他告诫她，她为这个男人做的事太多了，而且还毫无保留地将她自己置于他的掌控之中。当着那个男人的面，她第一时间就恼火地将我父亲从家里赶了出去，自那之后，我父亲就再也没见过她。”

I thought of her having said, "Matthew will come and see me at last when I am laid dead upon that table;" and I asked Herbert whether his father was so inveterate against her?

我想起来她曾经说过：“当我死后躺在那张桌子上时，马修最终还是会来看我的。”于是我问赫伯特，他的父亲对她的厌恶情绪是不是如此的根深蒂固？

"It's not that," said he, "but she charged him, in the presence of her intended husband, with being disappointed in the hope of fawning upon her for his own advancement, and, if he were to go to her now, it would look true—even to him—and even to her. To return to the man and make an end of him. The marriage day was fixed, the wedding dresses were bought, the wedding tour was planned out, the wedding guests were invited. The day came, but not the bridegroom. He wrote her a letter—”

“并不是的，”他说，“但是她当着她未婚夫的面指责了他，说他希望

通过讨好她为自己谋利，可是却失败了，所以就恼羞成怒、口出狂言。要是他现在去拜访她，那么在她眼里——甚至在他自己看来——那指责就是真的了。回到这个男人身上，把话说完。结婚日期都定好了，结婚礼服也买了，蜜月旅行也计划好了，婚宴客人也邀请了。这一天终于到来了，但是新郎却不见了。他给她留下了一封信——”

"Which she received," I struck in, "when she was dressing for her marriage? At twenty minutes to nine?"

“这封信，”我插了一句，“就是在她穿结婚礼服的时候收到的吗？在八点四十五分的时候？”

"At the hour and minute," said Herbert, nodding, "at which she afterwards stopped all the clocks. What was in it, further than that it most heartlessly broke the marriage off, I can't tell you, because I don't know. When she recovered from a bad illness that she had, she laid the whole place waste, as you have seen it, and she has never since looked upon the light of day."

“就是那时候。”赫伯特点头说，“之后她就把所有的钟都停了。信里到底说了什么，以至于能无情地毁掉那场婚礼，这件事我无法告诉你，因为我也不知道。在她从一场大病中康复过来之后，她就把那一整片地产都弃置了，就像你已经看到的那样，而且自那以后，她就没有出来见过天日。”

"Is that all the story?" I asked, after considering it.

“这些就是故事的全部了？”我思考了一阵，问道。

"All I know of it; and indeed I only know so much, through piecing it out for myself; for my father always avoids it, and, even when Miss Havisham invited me to go there, told me no more of it than it was absolutely requisite I should understand. But I have forgotten one thing. It has been supposed that the man to whom she gave her misplaced confidence, acted throughout in concert with her half-brother; that it was a conspiracy between them; and that they shared the profits.”

“这些是我所知道的一切了，我也确实只知道这么多了，而且还是我自己串起来的。因为我父亲总是避免谈到这个，即使是当郝维仙小姐邀请我过去的时候，除了我必须明白的事情之外，他也没有多说任何事。但我忘记提一件事。据说，她错信了的那个男人一直都是和她同父异母的弟弟串谋的，那是他们两个的阴谋，之后他们瓜分了骗来的钱。”

"I wonder he didn't marry her and get all the property," said I.

“我不明白，为什么他不先和她结婚，然后占有她全部的财产呢？”我说。

"He may have been married already, and her cruel mortification may have been a part of her half-brother's scheme," said Herbert.

“他可能已经结过婚了，让她忍受着残忍的屈辱也许是她同父异母的弟弟计划中的一部分。”赫伯特说，

"Mind! I don't know that."

“注意！这件事我不清楚。”

"What became of the two men?" I asked, after again considering the subject.

“那两个男的之后怎么样了呢？”我又想了一下，问道。

"They fell into deeper shame and degradation—if there can be deeper—and ruin.”

“他们陷入了更深的无耻和堕落之中——如果还能比这些更恶劣的话——最后毁了自己。”

"Are they alive now?"

“他们现在还在世吗？”

"I don't know."

“我不知道。”

"You said just now, that Estella was not related to Miss Havisham, but adopted. When adopted?"

“你刚才说埃斯特拉和郝维仙小姐没有血缘关系，只是收养关系而已。那么，她是什么时候被收养的呢？”

Herbert shrugged his shoulders. "There has always been an Estella, since I have heard of a Miss Havisham. I know no more. And now, Handel," said he, finally throwing off the story as it were, "there is a perfectly open understanding between us. All that I know about Miss Havisham, you know."

赫伯特耸了耸肩。“自从我听说郝维仙小姐以来，埃斯特拉就一直在。其他的我就不知道了。现在呢，汉德尔，”他终于讲完了整个故事，说，“我们两个人之间已经没有秘密了。我所知道的一切关于郝维仙小姐的事，你都知道了。”

"And all that I know," I retorted, "you know."

“我所知道的一切，”我回答说，“你也知道了。”

"I fully believe it. So there can be no competition or perplexity between you and me. And as to the condition on which you hold your advancement in life—namely, that you are not to inquire or discuss to whom you owe it—you may be very sure that it will never be encroached upon, or even approached, by me, or by any one belonging to me.”

“这一点我完全相信。所以我们之间就不会存在竞争和困惑了。现如

今你处在生命中的上升期——也就是说，你不必去询问或讨论你到底欠谁的——你要明白，我或者是我的人永远都不可能侵占甚至靠近你所拥有的东西。”

In truth, he said this with so much delicacy, that I felt the subject done with, even though I should be under his father's roof for years and years to come. Yet he said it with so much meaning, too, that I felt he as perfectly understood Miss Havisham to be my benefactress, as I understood the fact myself.

实际上，他的这些话说得实在非常微妙，我感觉，即便我在随后的许多年都住在他父亲的房子里，也不会有人再说起这个话题了。然而，他的这些话也带有很多含义，我感觉，他已经非常清楚郝维仙小姐就是我的恩主了，而这一点我自己也知道。

It had not occurred to me before, that he had led up to the theme for the purpose of clearing it out of our way; but we were so much the lighter and easier for having broached it, that I now perceived this to be the case. We were very gay and sociable, and I asked him, in the course of conversation, what he was? He replied, "A capitalist—an Insurer of Ships.” I suppose he saw me glancing about the room in search of some tokens of Shipping, or capital, for he added, "In the City."

我从没想过他说起这个话题是为了把它从我们之间清除出去。但是说开之后，我们感觉那么放松、从容，我现在才明白事情原来是这样的。我们之间的相处愉快而友善，在谈话期间，我就问他是做什么的。他回答说：“一个资本家——船运保险商。”我猜他看到我环视屋内想找寻和船运或资本有关的标志，他补充道：“都在伦敦金融城里。”

I had grand ideas of the wealth and importance of Insurers of Ships in the City, and I began to think with awe, of having laid a young Insurer on his back, blackened his enterprising eye, and cut his responsible head open. But, again, there came upon me, for my relief, that odd impression that Herbert Pocket would never be very successful or rich.

我对伦敦金融城里的船运保险商的财富和重要性有很深的认识，所以我开始以敬畏之心想着，我曾经把一个年轻的保险商摔倒在地，打青他那双目光远大的眼睛，打破他那只担当重任的脑袋。但是我脑袋里又出现了那个赫伯特·鄱凯特永远也不会非常成功和富有的奇怪印象。

"I shall not rest satisfied with merely employing my capital in insuring ships. I shall buy up some good Life Assurance shares, and cut into the Direction. I shall also do a little in the mining way. None of these things will interfere with my chartering a few thousand tons on my own account. I think I shall trade," said he, leaning back in his chair, "to the East Indies, for silks, shawls, spices, dyes, drugs, and

precious woods. It's an interesting trade."

“我不会仅仅满足于将我的资金投资到船运保险上的。我会买下一些有前景的人寿保险股票，向该部门进军。我还想涉足采矿业。而且这些生意也不会阻碍我租几千吨位的航船，为自己谋点利益。我想我会做贸易，”他靠在椅背上说，“把生意做到东印度群岛去，经营丝绸、披肩、香料、染料、药品和珍贵木材的生意。这些可是利益丰厚的生意。”

"And the profits are large?" said I.

“利润那么大吗？”我说。

"Tremendous!" said he.

“非常可观！”他说。

I wavered again, and began to think here were greater expectations than my own.

我又犹豫了一下，开始觉得这个人有着比我自己更远大的前程。

"I think I shall trade, also," said he, putting his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, "to the West Indies, for sugar, tobacco, and rum. Also to Ceylon, specially for elephants' tusks."

“我想我也应该，”他说着，将拇指插入背心的口袋里，“进军西印度群岛，做食糖、烟草和朗姆酒的生意。还要去锡兰，特别是做象牙交易。”

"You will want a good many ships," said I.

“那么你需要很多航船。”我说。

"A perfect fleet," said he.

“要一整个船队。”他说。

Quite overpowered by the magnificence of these transactions, I asked him where the ships he insured mostly traded to at present?

我着实被他庞大的生意震撼了，我问他目前他承保的航船大部分是去哪里做生意的。

"I haven't begun insuring yet," he replied. "I am looking about me."

“我还没有开始我的保险生意呢。”他回答说，“我还在观望阶段。”

Somehow, that pursuit seemed more in keeping with Barnard's Inn. I said (in a tone of conviction), "Ah-h!”

不知何故，这种追求和这个巴纳德旅馆很相称。我说（以一种信以为真的语气）：“哦！”

"Yes. I am in a counting-house, and looking about me.”

“是的。我现在在一家会计所里工作，而且在密切留意此事。”

"Is a counting-house profitable?" I asked.

“会计工作的利润大吗？”我问。

"To—do you mean to the young fellow who's in it?" he asked, in reply.

“你是指——你是指在里面工作的年轻人吗？”他反问道。

"Yes; to you."

“是的，对于你来说。”

"Why, n-no: not to me.” He said this with the air of one carefully reckoning up and striking a balance. "Not directly profitable. That is, it doesn't pay me anything, and I have to—keep myself.”

“啊，不，我拿不到多少利润。”他说这句话的语气就好像在仔细估算着什么，尽量做到平衡处理。“没有直接的利润。就是说，他们不付给我任何薪水，所以我必须——养活我自己。”

This certainly had not a profitable appearance, and I shook my head as if I would imply that it would be difficult to lay by much accumulative capital from such a source of income.

那么，这份工作看来的确没有什么利润。我摇了摇头，好像在暗示，以如此薪水的工作是很难积累很多资本的。

"But the thing is," said Herbert Pocket, "that you look about you. That's the grand thing. You are in a counting-house, you know, and you look about you.”

“但是关键在于，”赫伯特·鄱凯特说，“你在观望之中。这点意义重大。你看，你在会计所里工作，而且在观望其他生意。”

It struck me as a singular implication that you couldn't be out of a counting-house, you know, and look about you; but I silently deferred to his experience.

这句话在我理解有这样的含义，就是离开会计所你就没法再观望了。但是我没有出声，以对他的经历表示尊重。

"Then the time comes," said Herbert, "when you see your opening. And you go in, and you swoop upon it and you make your capital, and then there you are! When you have once made your capital, you have nothing to do but employ it."

“然后在时机到来的时候，”他说，“你就会看见在你面前敞开一扇门。然后你走进去，猛扑上去，得到你的资本，那么你就成功了！你一旦有了自己的资本，你就可以好好利用它了。”

This was very like his way of conducting that encounter in the

garden; very like. His manner of bearing his poverty, too, exactly corresponded to his manner of bearing that defeat. It seemed to me that he took all blows and buffets now, with just the same air as he had taken mine then. It was evident that he had nothing around him but the simplest necessaries, for everything that I remarked upon turned out to have been sent in on my account from the coffee-house or somewhere else.

这些和我们在花园相遇时他的举止很相似，非常相似。他忍受贫穷的方式也正好符合了他忍受我击打时的样子。在我看来，他就像当初忍受我对他的拳脚相向一样忍受命运的所有打击。很明显，除了最简单的生活必需品之外，他一无所有，因为我注意到的一切东西好像都是为了我而从咖啡馆或其他地方搬过来的。

Yet, having already made his fortune in his own mind, he was so unassuming with it that I felt quite grateful to him for not being puffed up. It was a pleasant addition to his naturally pleasant ways, and we got on famously. In the evening we went out for a walk in the streets, and went half-price to the Theatre; and next day we went to church at Westminster Abbey, and in the afternoon we walked in the Parks; and I wondered who shod all the horses there, and wished Joe did.

然而，在他的意识里他已经积累了很多的财富，但是他还是对此那么谦逊，所以我非常感激他能保持这样的态度。这些使他原本就很轻松的性格更让人感到愉快，我们相处得非常好。晚上我们去街上散步，去了戏院看半价票的戏。第二天，我们去了威斯敏斯特教堂，下午去公园走了走，我想知道是谁为那里所有的马上的马掌，我希望是乔做的。

On a moderate computation, it was many months, that Sunday, since I had left Joe and Biddy. The space interposed between myself and them, partook of that expansion, and our marshes were any distance off. That I could have been at our old church in my old church-going clothes, on the very last Sunday that ever was, seemed a combination of impossibilities, geographical and social, solar and lunar. Yet in the London streets, so crowded with people and so brilliantly lighted in the dusk of evening, there were depressing hints of reproaches for that I had put the poor old kitchen at home so far away; and in the dead of night, the footsteps of some incapable impostor of a porter mooning about Barnard's Inn, under pretence of watching it, fell hollow on my heart.

保守估计，自从那个星期天我和乔还有比迪告别以来，已经过去了好几个月了。自己和他们之间产生了距离，而且在慢慢扩大，我们的沼泽地已经离我非常遥远了。就在上个星期天，我本可以穿着以前的节日礼服站在我们古老的教堂里。现在，无论是从地理上、地位上、阳历上还是阴历上来看，这些都成了完全不可能的事。然而在伦敦的街上，人

潮拥挤，明亮的灯光在夜幕下闪烁，我的心中有些压抑的暗示，好像在责备自己把贫穷、陈旧的厨房推得离自己那么远。在夜深人静的时候，一个无能的人充当着看门人，在巴纳德旅馆里闲逛，装作在看守这个旅馆的样子，他的脚步声在我的心里回荡。

On the Monday morning at a quarter before nine, Herbert went to the counting-house to report himself—to look about him, too, I suppose—and I bore him company. He was to come away in an hour or two to attend me to Hammersmith, and I was to wait about for him. It appeared to me that the eggs from which young Insurers were hatched, were incubated in dust and heat, like the eggs of ostriches, judging from the places to which those incipient giants repaired on a Monday morning. Nor did the counting-house where Herbert assisted, show in my eyes as at all a good Observatory; being a back second floor up a yard, of a grimy presence in all particulars, and with a look into another back second floor, rather than a look out.

星期一早晨的八点四十五，赫伯特去了会计所报到——我猜也是去观望——我就陪他一起去了。他会在一两个小时内离开，去哈默史密斯和我会合，所以我要在周围等着他。在我眼里，从初露头角的巨鳄们在星期一早上涌去的地方来看，那些能孵出年轻保险商的蛋，都是在尘土和闷热中孵化的，就像鸵鸟蛋一样。赫伯特帮忙的那个会计所在我看来也不是一个好的观望台。它在后面院子的二楼上，看起来污秽、肮脏，面对着的不是外面，而是另一个后院的二楼。

I waited about until it was noon, and I went upon 'Change, and I saw fluey men sitting there under the bills about shipping, whom I took to be great merchants, though I couldn't understand why they should all be out of spirits. When Herbert came, we went and had lunch at a celebrated house which I then quite venerated, but now believe to have been the most abject superstition in Europe, and where I could not help noticing, even then, that there was much more gravy on the tablecloths and knives and waiters' clothes, than in the steaks. This collation disposed of at a moderate price (considering the grease: which was not charged for), we went back to Barnard's Inn and got my little portmanteau, and then took coach for Hammersmith. We arrived there at two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and had very little way to walk to Mr. Pocket's house. Lifting the latch of a gate, we passed direct into a little garden overlooking the river, where Mr. Pocket's children were playing about. And unless I deceive myself on a point where my interests or prepossessions are certainly not concerned, I saw that Mr. and Mrs. Pocket's children were not growing up or being brought up, but were tumbling up.

我一直等到中午，进了证券交易所，看到头发蓬松的男人们坐在运输单据下面，我把那些人当做是了不起的商人，尽管我不明白为什么他们都那么没精打采。赫伯特过来了，我们去了一个有名的餐厅吃了午

餐，那时候我对那里非常有好感，而现在我觉得那里是欧洲最可怜的迷信，就在那时，我也不禁注意到桌布上、刀上和服务员衣服上的汤汁比牛排上的还多。我们吃的套餐价钱公道（考虑到不收钱的油脂）。之后我们回到巴纳德旅馆，拿了我的小旅行皮箱，然后坐上长途马车，去了哈默史密斯。我们在下午两三点的时候到了那里，那里离鄱凯特先生的家非常近，没几步路就到了。我们拔起门上的插销，直接走进了可以俯瞰河流的小花园，鄱凯特先生的孩子正在在河边玩耍。除非我特别喜欢自欺欺人，到了说我不关心自身利益和财产的程度，我才能否认我的发现——鄱凯特先生和太太的孩子们还是没有长大，或者说不是养大的，而是摔大的。

Mrs. Pocket was sitting on a garden chair under a tree, reading, with her legs upon another garden chair; and Mrs. Pocket's two nursemaids were looking about them while the children played. "Mamma," said Herbert, "this is young Mr. Pip." Upon which Mrs. Pocket received me with an appearance of amiable dignity.

鄱凯特太太正坐在树下的花园椅上读书，她的脚搭在另一张花园椅上。鄱凯特太太的两个女佣则看着孩子们玩耍。“孩子他妈，”赫伯特说，“这位是小皮普先生。”听到这些，鄱凯特太太以亲切而高贵的举止接待了我。

"Master Alick and Miss Jane," cried one of the nurses to two of the children, "if you go a-bouncing up against them bushes you'll fall over into the river and be drownded, and what'll your pa say then?"

“阿利克少爷和简小姐，”一个保姆对两个孩子说，“你们要是在灌木丛中跳来跳去的话，你们会掉进河里淹死的，之后你们的爸爸会说些什么？”

At the same time this nurse picked up Mrs. Pocket's handkerchief, and said, "If that don't make six times you've dropped it, Mum!" Upon which Mrs. Pocket laughed and said, "Thank you, Flopson," and settling herself in one chair only, resumed her book. Her countenance immediately assumed a knitted and intent expression as if she had been reading for a week, but before she could have read half a dozen lines, she fixed her eyes upon me, and said, "I hope your mamma is quite well?" This unexpected inquiry put me into such a difficulty that I began saying in the absurdest way that if there had been any such person I had no doubt she would have been quite well and would have been very much obliged and would have sent her compliments, when the nurse came to my rescue.

同时，这个保姆捡起鄱凯特太太的手帕，说：“要是您能不把手帕掉第六次的话就好了，太太！”听着那些话，鄱凯特太太笑着说：“谢谢，弗洛普森。”然后将自己蜷在一张椅子里，继续看书。她立即假装皱起眉头，显出一副专心致志的表情，就好像她已经读了一个星期的书一样，但是她还没读几行，就盯着我，说道：“你妈妈身体可好？”这突然的问

询让我陷入了困难的境地，我开始荒谬地说着，如果我有妈妈的话，我肯定她身体会很好，她也会非常感激，并转达她的问候，这时保姆过来将我解救了。

"Well!" she cried, picking up the pocket handkerchief, "if that don't make seven times! What are you a-doing of this afternoon, Mum!" Mrs. Pocket received her property, at first with a look of unutterable surprise as if she had never seen it before, and then with a laugh of recognition, and said, "Thank you, Flopson," and forgot me, and went on reading.

“啊！”她捡起了小小的手帕，叫道，“但愿没有第七次！您今天下午怎么了，太太！”鄱凯特太太收起了她的东西，起先满脸带着难以形容的诧异，就好像她从没见过这个东西一样，之后才认出了它，笑了一下，说道：“谢谢你，弗洛普森。”然后就忘了我，继续看起书来。

I found, now I had leisure to count them, that there were no fewer than six little Pockets present, in various stages of tumbling up. I had scarcely arrived at the total when a seventh was heard, as in the region of air, wailing dolefully.

现在我有空数了一下，发现那里至少有六个小鄱凯特，年龄不一，都是摔大的。直到我听见远处传来第七个哀号的声音，才算把他们数全了。

"If there ain't baby!" said Flopson, appearing to think it most surprising. "Make haste up, Millers."

“是宝宝在哭！”弗洛普森看起来非常惊讶地说道，“快一点，米勒斯。”

Millers, who was the other nurse, retired into the house, and by degrees the child's wailing was hushed and stopped, as if it were a young ventriloquist with something in its mouth. Mrs. Pocket read all the time, and I was curious to know what the book could be.

另一个保姆米勒斯进了房子，孩子的哀号便慢慢地安静下来，最后停了下来，就好像嘴里含着东西的年轻的口技表演者一样。鄱凯特太太一直在读书，我很好奇她读的到底是什么书。

We were waiting, I supposed, for Mr. Pocket to come out to us; at any rate we waited there, and so I had an opportunity of observing the remarkable family phenomenon that whenever any of the children strayed near Mrs. Pocket in their play, they always tripped themselves up and tumbled over her—always very much to her momentary astonishment, and their own more enduring lamentation. I was at a loss to account for this surprising circumstance, and could not help giving my mind to speculations about it, until by-and-by Millers came down with the baby, which baby was handed to Flopson, which

Flopson was handing it to Mrs. Pocket, when she too went fairly head foremost over Mrs. Pocket, baby and all, and was caught by Herbert and myself.

我猜想，我们是在等鄱凯特先生出来。无论如何我们都要在这里等着，于是我有机会观察了这一值得注意的家庭现象。任何一个孩子只要在鄱凯特太太身边玩耍，他们总会把自己绊倒，倒在她的身上——那一瞬间总是让她非常惊讶，而他们自己则伤心地哭起来。我不知道如何解释这一令人惊讶的情况，也不禁暗自思忖起来。最后，米勒斯带着宝宝下来，将宝宝交给了弗洛普森，弗洛普森再交给鄱凯特太太，而她自己也向鄱凯特太太扑了过去，最后她和宝宝都是被赫伯特和我抓住的。

"Gracious me, Flopson!" said Mrs. Pocket, looking off her book for a moment, "everybody's tumbling!"

“我的天啊。弗洛普森！”鄱凯特太太说道，眼睛离开了书本一会儿，“所有人都在摔跤！”

"Gracious you, indeed, Mum!" returned Flopson, very red in the face; "what have you got there?"

“真的是啊，太太！”弗洛普森脸红着回答说，“您那里有什么东西？”

"I got here, Flopson?" asked Mrs. Pocket.

“有什么东西，弗洛普森？”鄱凯特太太说。

"Why, if it ain't your footstool!" cried Flopson. "And if you keep it under your skirts like that, who's to help tumbling? Here! Take the baby, Mum, and give me your book."

“哦，这个不是您的搭脚蹬吗！”弗洛普森喊道，“要是您把它像那样放在您的裙子下面，谁能不摔跤呢？嘿！抱好宝宝，太太，把您的书给我。”

Mrs. Pocket acted on the advice, and inexpertly danced the infant a little in her lap, while the other children played about it. This had lasted but a very short time, when Mrs. Pocket issued summary orders that they were all to be taken into the house for a nap. Thus I made the second discovery on that first occasion, that the nurture of the little Pockets consisted of alternately tumbling up and lying down.

鄱凯特太太照着她的话做了，不熟练地把宝宝放在大腿上轻轻摇着，其他的孩子都过来逗着宝宝玩。这样仅仅维持了很短的时间，鄱凯特太太下了简短的命令，他们都要回房里去睡午觉。我抓住机会便有了第二个发现，小鄱凯特们的成长就是摔大和躺下二者所构成的。

Under these circumstances, when Flopson and Millers had got the children into the house, like a little flock of sheep, and Mr. Pocket came out of it to make my acquaintance, I was not much surprised to

find that Mr. Pocket was a gentleman with a rather perplexed expression of face, and with his very grey hair disordered on his head, as if he didn't quite see his way to putting anything straight.

在这种情况下，当弗洛普森和米勒斯像赶着一小群羊似的带着孩子门进屋的时候，鄱凯特先生走出来见我。发现鄱凯特先生相当困惑的表情，我一点也不惊讶。只见他灰白的头发乱糟糟地顶在头上，就好像他不太懂得如何将所有事都打理得有条不紊似的。

CHAPTER 23

第二十三章

Mr. Pocket said he was glad to see me, and he hoped I was not sorry to see him. "For, I really am not," he added, with his son's smile, "an alarming personage." He was a young-looking man, in spite of his perplexities and his very grey hair, and his manner seemed quite natural. I use the word natural, in the sense of its being unaffected; there was something comic in his distraught way, as though it would have been downright ludicrous but for his own perception that it was very near being so. When he had talked with me a little, he said to Mrs. Pocket, with a rather anxious contraction of his eyebrows, which were black and handsome, "Belinda, I hope you have welcomed Mr. Pip?" And she looked up from her book, and said, "Yes." She then smiled upon me in an absent state of mind, and asked me if I liked the taste of orange-flower water? As the question had no bearing, near or remote, on any foregone or subsequent transaction, I consider it to have been thrown out, like her previous approaches, in general conversational condescension.

鄱凯特先生说他很高兴见到我，他希望我见到他不会感到失望。“因为，我可真的不是，”他脸上挂着和他儿子一样的笑容，说道，“什么大人物。”即便他表情充满困惑，头发也已花白，但看起来却很年轻，而且举止似乎非常自然。我用“自然”这个字眼，是取其不造作之意。在他心神分散的举止之中又带有一丝滑稽，似乎他也意识到自己也有些滑稽，不然他就是真的极其愚蠢了。在他和我交谈了片刻之后，他担心地皱起了他又黑又漂亮的眉头，对鄱凯特太太说：“贝琳达，你问候皮普先生了吗？”她从书中抬起头说：“问候过了。”之后她漫不经心地对我笑了笑，问我喜不喜欢橘子花水的味道。这个问题和先前或后来的事情基本上没有一点关联，我认为她说出这句话，就像她刚才的态度一样，只是一句客套话而已。

I found out within a few hours, and may mention at once, that Mrs. Pocket was the only daughter of a certain quite accidental deceased Knight, who had invented for himself a conviction that his deceased father would have been made a Baronet but for somebody's determined opposition arising out of entirely personal motives—I forget whose, if I ever knew—the Sovereign's, the Prime Minister's, the Lord Chancellor's, the Archbishop of Canterbury's, anybody's—and had tacked himself on to the nobles of the earth in right of this quite supposititious fact. I believe he had been knighted himself for storming the English grammar at the point of the pen, in a desperate address engrossed on vellum, on the occasion of the laying of the first

stone of some building or other, and for handing some Royal Personage either the trowel or the mortar. Be that as it may, he had directed Mrs. Pocket to be brought up from her cradle as one who in the nature of things must marry a title, and who was to be guarded from the acquisition of plebeian domestic knowledge.

没过几个小时我就发现，而且马上就可以指出，鄱凯特太太是某位意外故去的骑士的独女。那位骑士自认为他已逝的父亲本应是位准男爵，但是有人完全因为个人目的而坚决反对——我忘记那个人是谁了，即便我当时知道——国王、首相、大法官、坎特伯雷大主教，或者是任何人——于是基于这个假想的事实，他将自己划入贵族的行列。我相信他自封为骑士，是因为他在某座建筑的奠基仪式上为誊写在牛皮纸上糟糕的演讲做了英语语法的修改，还有，因为他为某一位皇室名流递了泥铲或灰泥。不管怎么样，他从鄱凯特太太在摇篮里时就开始引导她长成一位理所应当嫁给王公贵族的小姐，而且防止她接触到平民的家务琐事。

So successful a watch and ward had been established over the young lady by this judicious parent, that she had grown up highly ornamental, but perfectly helpless and useless. With her character thus happily formed, in the first bloom of her youth she had encountered Mr. Pocket: who was also in the first bloom of youth, and not quite decided whether to mount to the Woolsack, or to roof himself in with a miter. As his doing the one or the other was a mere question of time, he and Mrs. Pocket had taken Time by the forelock (when, to judge from its length, it would seem to have wanted cutting), and had married without the knowledge of the judicious parent. The judicious parent, having nothing to bestow or withhold but his blessing, had handsomely settled that dower upon them after a short struggle, and had informed Mr. Pocket that his wife was "a treasure for a Prince." Mr. Pocket had invested the Prince's treasure in the ways of the world ever since, and it was supposed to have brought him in but indifferent interest. Still, Mrs. Pocket was in general the object of a queer sort of respectful pity, because she had not married a title; while Mr. Pocket was the object of a queer sort of forgiving reproach, because he had never got one.

年轻的女士在父亲成功的时刻戒备之中出落得非常标致，但是却完全无助和无用。因此她的性格被塑造得恰到好处。当她正值花季之时，遇上了鄱凯特先生：他也正是风华正茂，还没有决定是要爬上上院议长的高位，还是要为自己戴上主教冠。不管他选任何一样都只是时间问题，他和鄱凯特太太便抓紧时机，共结连理，而他们当时的额发倒是有些偏长，需要剪剪了（注：原文中“时机”和“额发”都是forelock，为一词双关的用法）。而且他们是在那个明智的父亲不知情的情况下结的婚。这位明智的父亲不想赠予他们任何东西，却也不能什么也不给，结果就只能送上祝福，而这份嫁妆则是他经过一小段挣扎之后慷慨送出的，而

且还告诉鄱凯特先生说他的妻子本是“献给王子的珍宝”。从那时开始，鄱凯特先生就教导这位“王子的珍宝”学习一些人情世故，而这些却只为他带来一些无关紧要的好处。大体而言，鄱凯特太太还是一位奇怪而值得尊敬的同情对象，因为她没有嫁给王公贵族。而鄱凯特先生则是一位奇怪而慈悲的受指责对象，因为他没有得到任何职位。

Mr. Pocket took me into the house and showed me my room: which was a pleasant one, and so furnished as that I could use it with comfort for my own private sitting-room. He then knocked at the doors of two other similar rooms, and introduced me to their occupants, by name Drummle and Startop. Drummle, an old-looking young man of a heavy order of architecture, was whistling. Startop, younger in years and appearance, was reading and holding his head, as if he thought himself in danger of exploding it with too strong a charge of knowledge.

鄱凯特先生带着我进了屋子，并向我展示了我的房间：这个房间非常舒适，布置很得体，我都能方便地将其用作我的私人起居室了。之后他敲了两个类似房间的门，把我介绍给了房间的居住者，他们分别叫德鲁莫尔和斯塔特普。德鲁莫尔是一位面相很老的年轻人，体格强壮，他正吹着口哨。斯塔特普无论在样貌上还是年龄上都要年轻一些，他正撑着头阅读，好像他觉得自己正处于危险之中，因为脑袋里装了太多知识而就要爆炸了一样。

Both Mr. and Mrs. Pocket had such a noticeable air of being in somebody else's hands, that I wondered who really was in possession of the house and let them live there, until I found this unknown power to be the servants. It was a smooth way of going on, perhaps, in respect of saving trouble; but it had the appearance of being expensive, for the servants felt it a duty they owed to themselves to be nice in their eating and drinking, and to keep a deal of company down stairs. They allowed a very liberal table to Mr. and Mrs. Pocket, yet it always appeared to me that by far the best part of the house to have boarded in, would have been the kitchen—always supposing the boarder capable of self-defense, for, before I had been there a week, a neighboring lady with whom the family were personally unacquainted, wrote in to say that she had seen Millers slapping the baby. This greatly distressed Mrs. Pocket, who burst into tears on receiving the note, and said that it was an extraordinary thing that the neighbors couldn't mind their own business.

鄱凯特先生和太太都带着一种显而易见的气质，让人觉得他们都被别人控制着。我想知道是谁真正拥有这座房子，还让他们住在这里，最后我发现，这种未知的力量竟掌握在仆人的手中。考虑到这样安排可以减少麻烦，事情还算是顺利的。但是看上去这样花销却非常大，因为仆人们都认为他们理所应当要吃得喝得很丰盛，还应当招待楼下的一群同伴。他们为鄱凯特夫妇准备的饭菜都很丰盛，但在我看来，到目前为

止，厨房才是最好的住处，因为在那里能吃得最好——而且住在这里的人都有很强的自卫心理，因为我来这里还没到一个星期，一位和这一家人没有私交的、住在隔壁的女士写来一封信，说她见到米勒斯打过宝宝。这让鄱凯特太太非常伤心，她看到这封信之后就哭了起来，还说这事非常奇怪，邻居们为什么要来管她家的事情。

By degrees I learnt, and chiefly from Herbert, that Mr. Pocket had been educated at Harrow and at Cambridge, where he had distinguished himself; but that when he had had the happiness of marrying Mrs. Pocket very early in life, he had impaired his prospects and taken up the calling of a Grinder. After grinding a number of dull blades—of whom it was remarkable that their fathers, when influential, were always going to help him to preferment, but always forgot to do it when the blades had left the Grindstone—he had wearied of that poor work and had come to London. Here, after gradually failing in loftier hopes, he had "read" with divers who had lacked opportunities or neglected them, and had refurbished divers others for special occasions, and had turned his acquirements to the account of literary compilation and correction, and on such means, added to some very moderate private resources, still maintained the house I saw.

我渐渐地从赫伯特那里了解到，鄱凯特先生曾就读于哈罗和剑桥，在那里他非常出名。但是在他早年就享受到和鄱凯特太太的婚姻幸福的同时，他的前途也就变得暗淡了，最终做起了补习老师，负责磨快学生的脑子。在“磨”了很多头脑如钝刀的学生后——那些学生的父亲在有权势时总是说要提携他一把，但是一旦学生从他那里“磨”了出来，他们就会把这事望到脑后——他厌倦了这份乏味的工作，来到了伦敦。在这里，当他高尚点的愿望都一一破灭之后，他又和各种人物一起“读书”，那些人要不就缺少机遇，要不就忽略了机会。他为了一些特别场合将各种人物来“磨”锋利，将他自己的习得用于文学上的编辑和校对，借此谋得一些微薄的私人收入，好维持我看到的这所房子。

Mr. and Mrs. Pocket had a toady neighbor; a widow lady of that highly sympathetic nature that she agreed with everybody, blessed everybody, and shed smiles and tears on everybody, according to circumstances. This lady's name was Mrs. Coiler, and I had the honor of taking her down to dinner on the day of my installation. She gave me to understand on the stairs, that it was a blow to dear Mrs. Pocket that dear Mr. Pocket should be under the necessity of receiving gentlemen to read with him. That did not extend to me, she told me in a gush of love and confidence (at that time, I had known her something less than five minutes); if they were all like Me, it would be quite another thing.

鄱凯特夫妇有一位爱拍马屁的邻居；一位极具同情心的寡妇，她同意每一个人的看法，祝福每一个人，而且根据情况对每一个人都致以笑

容和泪水。这位女士名叫考埃勒太太，我有幸能在我入住的那一天和她一起用餐。在下楼的时候，她就让我明白了，鄱凯特先生不得不教绅士们读书这件事对于鄱凯特太太来说是个打击。但是她满怀爱意并充满信心（那时候，我认识她还不到五分钟）地告诉我说，这些并不包括我，要是所有的学生都能像我一样，那样事情就大不一样了。

"But dear Mrs. Pocket," said Mrs. Coiler, "after her early disappointment (not that dear Mr. Pocket was to blame in that), requires so much luxury and elegance—"

“但是亲爱的鄱凯特太太，”考埃勒太太说，“在她起初的失望情绪之后（因为亲爱的鄱凯特先生在这件事上无可指责），她要求那么多奢华和优雅的生活——”

"Yes, ma'am," I said, to stop her, for I was afraid she was going to cry.

“是的，太太。”我为了阻止她继续说下去，连忙插话，因为我害怕她说着会哭起来。

"And she is of so aristocratic a disposition—"

“而且她有着如此贵族化的性情——”

"Yes, ma'am," I said again, with the same object as before.

“是的，太太。”我又说道，还是为了刚才那个目的。

“—that it is hard," said Mrs. Coiler, "to have dear Mr. Pocket's time and attention diverted from dear Mrs. Pocket."

“——还有一件很困难的事，”考埃勒太太说，“就是将鄱凯特先生的时间和注意力从亲爱的鄱凯特太太的身上转移开来。”

I could not help thinking that it might be harder if the butcher's time and attention were diverted from dear Mrs. Pocket; but I said nothing, and indeed had enough to do in keeping a bashful watch upon my company-manners.

我不禁想到，要是让一个屠夫将其时间和注意力从亲爱的鄱凯特太太身上转移开来，可能还要困难一些。但是我什么都没说，这样的确是为了尽力维持自己与他人在一起时的礼节。

It came to my knowledge, through what passed between Mrs. Pocket and Drummle while I was attentive to my knife and fork, spoon, glasses, and other instruments of self-destruction, that Drummle, whose Christian name was Bentley, was actually the next heir but one to a baronetcy. It further appeared that the book I had seen Mrs. Pocket reading in the garden, was all about titles, and that she knew the exact date at which her grandpapa would have come into the book, if he ever had come at all. Drummle didn't say much, but in his limited way (he struck me as a sulky kind of fellow) he

spoke as one of the elect, and recognized Mrs. Pocket as a woman and a sister. No one but themselves and Mrs. Coiler the toady neighbor showed any interest in this part of the conversation, and it appeared to me that it was painful to Herbert; but it promised to last a long time, when the page came in with the announcement of a domestic affliction. It was, in effect, that the cook had mislaid the beef. To my unutterable amazement, I now, for the first time, saw Mr. Pocket relieve his mind by going through a performance that struck me as very extraordinary, but which made no impression on anybody else, and with which I soon became as familiar as the rest. He laid down the carving-knife and fork—being engaged in carving, at the moment—put his two hands into his disturbed hair, and appeared to make an extraordinary effort to lift himself up by it. When he had done this, and had not lifted himself up at all, he quietly went on with what he was about.

正在我专注于我的刀叉、汤匙、玻璃杯和其他自杀工具的同时，我从鄱凯特太太和德鲁莫尔之间的交流中了解到，教名为本特利的德鲁莫尔实际上是一位准男爵的第二继承人。我进一步发现，我在花园里看到鄱凯特太太在读的那本书是有关爵位的，只要她祖父真的是个准男爵的话，她就会知道他列入此书的具体日期。德鲁莫尔话不多，但从他有限的话语中（他留给我的印象是个阴沉的家伙），我发现他的语气像一个高贵的人，而且把鄱凯特太太当成姐妹一样对待。只有他们自己和谄媚的邻居考埃勒太太对这部分谈话感兴趣，而且在我看来，赫伯特感到很痛苦。但是这样可能要持续很久，幸亏一个男侍从走进来宣布了一个让家里人苦恼的消息。这件事就是厨师找不到牛肉了。让我十分惊愕的是，现在我第一次看到鄱凯特先生松了一口气，他的动作让我感到万分诧异，但是其他人都没有在意，于是很快我就像其他人一样不以为奇了。他放下了他的餐刀和叉子——那时他还在专心切肉——把双手插进了蓬乱的头发里，好像费了很大力气要把自己揪起来。他做完了这些也没有把自己揪起来，又安静地继续切肉。

Mrs. Coiler then changed the subject, and began to flatter me. I liked it for a few moments, but she flattered me so very grossly that the pleasure was soon over. She had a serpentine way of coming close at me when she pretended to be vitally interested in the friends and localities I had left, which was altogether snaky and fork-tongued; and when she made an occasional bounce upon Startop (who said very little to her), or upon Drummle (who said less), I rather envied them for being on the opposite side of the table.

之后考埃勒太太换了一个话题，开始恭维我。我有一段时间很喜欢听，但是她的赞美过分夸张，让这种愉悦情绪很快就消失了。她以一种婉转的方式接近我，假装对我的朋友和家乡非常感兴趣，总体而言就是非常阴险，舌头像尖叉一样。当她偶然提到斯塔德普的时候（他跟她聊得非常少），又或者说道德鲁莫尔的时候（他跟她说得更少），我几乎

嫉妒他们坐到了桌子的另一边。

After dinner the children were introduced, and Mrs. Coiler made admiring comments on their eyes, noses, and legs—a sagacious way of improving their minds. There were four little girls, and two little boys, besides the baby who might have been either, and the baby's next successor who was as yet neither. They were brought in by Flopson and Millers, much as though those two noncommissioned officers had been recruiting somewhere for children and had enlisted these: while Mrs. Pocket looked at the young Nobles that ought to have been, as if she rather thought she had had the pleasure of inspecting them before, but didn't quite know what to make of them.

晚餐之后，孩子们被一一介绍给我们，考埃勒太太则对他们的眼睛、鼻子、腿作了赞赏的评价——这样倒是提高他们心智的精明之道。那里有四个小女孩，两个小男孩，此外还有一个我不知道性别的宝宝，以及同样无法分辨性别的下一个宝宝。他们是由弗洛普森和米勒斯带进来的，这些孩子就好像是这两位未经委任的长官从某处招募而来的一样：在鄱凯特太太看着这些本应是年轻贵族的孩子们时，她好像认为她应该提前检查一下他们，而现在又不知道该拿他们怎么办好一样。

"Here! Give me your fork, Mum, and take the baby," said Flopson. "Don't take it that way, or you'll get its head under the table."

“看这里！把您的叉子给我，妈妈，抱着宝宝。”弗洛普森说，“不要那样抱宝宝，否则他的头就在桌子下面了。”

Thus advised, Mrs. Pocket took it the other way, and got its head upon the table; which was announced to all present by a prodigious concussion.

这样建议了之后，鄱凯特太太便换了一种姿势抱宝宝，将头置于桌面之上，在场众人却听到一声巨大的撞击声。

"Dear, dear! Give it me back, Mum," said Flopson; "and Miss Jane, come and dance to baby, do!"

“天啊，天啊！还是给我抱吧，妈妈。”弗洛普森说，“简小姐，来给孩子跳舞，快！”

One of the little girls, a mere mite who seemed to have prematurely taken upon herself some charge of the others, stepped out of her place by me, and danced to and from the baby until it left off crying, and laughed. Then, all the children laughed, and Mr. Pocket (who in the meantime had twice endeavoured to lift himself up by the hair) laughed, and we all laughed and were glad.

一个似乎过早地将自己置于照顾他人的责任之中的小女孩从我身边的位置站了出来，在宝宝面前来来去去地跳舞，直到宝宝破涕为笑为止。之后，所有的孩子都笑了起来，鄱凯特先生（期间他两次用力试图

抓着头发把自己揪起来）也笑了，我们都开心地笑了起来。

Flopson, by dint of doubling the baby at the joints like a Dutch doll, then got it safely into Mrs. Pocket's lap, and gave it the nutcrackers to play with: at the same time recommending Mrs. Pocket to take notice that the handles of that instrument were not likely to agree with its eyes, and sharply charging Miss Jane to look after the same. Then, the two nurses left the room, and had a lively scuffle on the staircase with a dissipated page who had waited at dinner, and who had clearly lost half his buttons at the gamingtable.

弗洛普森把宝宝的双腿重叠起来，就像只荷兰洋娃娃那样，之后将其安全地放在鄱凯特太太的大腿上，还给他一个胡桃钳让他玩弄。同时告诫鄱凯特太太说留心不要让那工具的手柄戳进孩子的眼睛，而且严厉地责令简小姐注意着。然后，两个保姆离开了房间，在楼梯上和那个侍候用餐的、放荡的男仆互相厮打起来，很清楚，他在赌桌上输得不太清醒了。

I was made very uneasy in my mind by Mrs. Pocket's falling into a discussion with Drummle respecting two baronetcies, while she ate a sliced orange steeped in sugar and wine, and forgetting all about the baby on her lap: who did most appalling things with the nutcrackers. At length, little Jane perceiving its young brains to be imperilled, softly left her place, and with many small artifices coaxed the dangerous weapon away. Mrs. Pocket finishing her orange at about the same time, and not approving of this, said to Jane:

当鄱凯特太太和德鲁莫尔谈起关于两位准男爵的话题时，我感到非常不自在。她吃了一片浸在糖和葡萄酒里的橙子，就全然忘记了在她腿上的孩子：他拿着胡桃钳做着极度危险的事。最后，小简发现他那只幼小的脑袋正处于危险之中，便轻轻地离开了她的位置，耐心地使出各种方法哄着孩子交出武器。大约在同一时间鄱凯特太太也吃完了橙子，她对简的行为不是很满意，说道：

"You naughty child, how dare you? Go and sit down this instant!"

“你这个淘气的孩子，怎么这么大胆？赶快坐回你的位子！”

"Mamma dear," lisped the little girl, "baby ood have put hith eyeth out."

“亲爱的妈妈，”小女孩儿口齿不清地说，“宝宝会把自己的眼珠挖出来的。”

"How dare you tell me so?" retorted Mrs. Pocket. "Go and sit down in your chair this moment!"

“你怎么敢这样跟我说话？”鄱凯特太太反问道，“立马回到你的座位上去！”

Mrs. Pocket's dignity was so crushing, that I felt quite abashed: as

if I myself had done something to rouse it.

鄱凯特太太的尊严如此不容侵犯，让我感到相当窘迫，好像是我做了什么事而引起的一样。

"Belinda," remonstrated Mr. Pocket, from the other end of the table, "how can you be so unreasonable? Jane only interfered for the protection of baby."

“贝琳达，”坐在桌子另一边的鄱凯特先生抗议道，“你怎么能那样蛮不讲理呢？简插手只是为了保护宝宝。”

"I will not allow anybody to interfere," said Mrs. Pocket. "I am surprised, Matthew, that you should expose me to the affront of interference."

“我不允许任何人插手。”鄱凯特太太说，“我非常惊讶，马修，你竟然让我遭到这样的冒犯和羞辱。”

"Good God!" cried Mr. Pocket, in an outbreak of desolate desperation. "Are infants to be nutcrackered into their tombs, and is nobody to save them?"

“我的天啊！”鄱凯特先生感到一种苍凉的绝望，他喊道，“宝宝应该玩胡桃钳而丢了性命，却没有人去解救他们吗？”

"I will not be interfered with by Jane," said Mrs. Pocket, with a majestic glance at that innocent little offender. "I hope I know my poor grandpapa's position. Jane, indeed!"

“我不会让简干涉我的。”鄱凯特太太以女王般的目光瞥了一眼无辜的小冒犯者，说道，“我希望我知道我可怜的祖父的地位。简，确实如此！”

Mr. Pocket got his hands in his hair again, and this time really did lift himself some inches out of his chair. "Hear this!" he helplessly exclaimed to the elements. "Babies are to be nutcrackered dead, for people's poor grandpapa's positions!" Then he let himself down again, and became silent.

鄱凯特先生又把手插进头发里，这次，他真的将自己揪得离开椅子几英寸了。“听着！”他无助地大声对大家说，“宝宝就要因为玩弄胡桃钳而死了，就是因为大家可怜的祖父的地位。”之后他又坐了下来，开始沉默。

We all looked awkwardly at the table-cloth while this was going on. A pause succeeded, during which the honest and irrepressible baby made a series of leaps and crows at little Jane, who appeared to me to be the only member of the family (irrespective of servants) with whom it had any decided acquaintance.

在这个过程中，我们都尴尬地看着桌布。停顿了一下之后，这个诚

实而管不住的宝宝又对着小简又跳又笑，在我看着来那是他在这个家里唯一认识的成员（不考虑仆人的话）。

"Mr. Drummle," said Mrs. Pocket, "will you ring for Flopson? Jane, you undutiful little thing, go and lie down. Now, baby darling, come with ma!"

“德鲁莫尔先生，”鄱凯特太太说，“你能按铃叫一下弗洛普森吗？简，你这个不听话的小家伙，去睡觉去。现在，亲爱的宝宝，和妈妈一起走！”

The baby was the soul of honor, and protested with all its might. It doubled itself up the wrong way over Mrs. Pocket's arm, exhibited a pair of knitted shoes and dimpled ankles to the company in lieu of its soft face, and was carried out in the highest state of mutiny. And it gained its point after all, for I saw it through the window within a few minutes, being nursed by little Jane.

这个天真无邪的宝宝却用尽浑身力气在抵抗着。他在鄱凯特太太的怀里错误地扭曲着，露出一双缝制的鞋子和带着凹陷的脚踝，而柔软的脸却不见了，B134他正处于最激烈的抵抗之中。毕竟他的抵抗还是有了些成果，因为我在几分钟之后从窗子看到小家伙正由简照顾着。

It happened that the other five children were left behind at the dinner-table, through Flopson's having some private engagement, and their not being anybody else's business. I thus became aware of the mutual relations between them and Mr. Pocket, which were exemplified in the following manner. Mr. Pocket, with the normal perplexity of his face heightened and his hair rumpled, looked at them for some minutes, as if he couldn't make out how they came to be boarding and lodging in that establishment, and why they hadn't been billeted by Nature on somebody else. Then, in a distant, Missionary way he asked them certain questions—as why little Joe had that hole in his frill: who said, Pa, Flopson was going to mend it when she had time—and how little Fanny came by that whitlow: who said, Pa, Millers was going to poultice it when she didn't forget. Then, he melted into parental tenderness, and gave them a shilling apiece and told them to go and play; and then as they went out, with one very strong effort to lift himself up by the hair he dismissed the hopeless subject.

于是五个孩子被留在了餐桌上，因为弗洛普森正忙于自己的事情，而其他任何人也不管他们。于是我开始了解到他们和鄱凯特先生之间的关系，下述的行为可以作为例证。鄱凯特先生带着一脸固有的茫然站了起来，头发散乱，看了他们几分钟，就好像他还没弄明白，他们都是怎么来到这所房子里住下来的，为什么上天没有将他们安排在别的家里。之后，他以传教士的口吻问了他们一些问题，语气非常疏远——诸如为什么小乔的衣服上有个洞：小乔说，爸爸，弗洛普森有空的时候就会给

我补了——还有为什么小范妮会有甲沟炎：她说，爸爸，米勒斯记起来的时候就会给我敷药了。之后，他又融入了父母般的温柔之中，给他们每人一先令，还让他们去玩。当他们出去之后，他最后用力揪着头发试图将自己提起来，然后他便不再考虑那个毫无希望的话题了。

In the evening there was rowing on the river. As Drummle and Startop had each a boat, I resolved to set up mine, and to cut them both out. I was pretty good at most exercises in which countryboys are adepts, but, as I was conscious of wanting elegance of style for the Thames—not to say for other waters—I at once engaged to place myself under the tuition of the winner of a prizewherry who plied at our stairs, and to whom I was introduced by my new allies. This practical authority confused me very much, by saying I had the arm of a blacksmith. If he could have known how nearly the compliment lost him his pupil, I doubt if he would have paid it.

晚上，有人在河里划船。德鲁莫尔和斯塔特普各有一只小船，于是我下定决心也要拥有一只，而且要把他们俩都赶走。对于乡下孩子们熟悉的那些运动我都非常在行，但是我知道，在泰晤士河上划船需要优雅的风度——即使不说是在其他的河上——我立即便拜在了一位曾赢得奖品的人的门下，他在我们的楼梯那里辛勤工作，我在我的新同盟的介绍下认识了他。这位实践权威让我感到大为困惑，他说我有着铁匠一样的臂膀。要是他知道这句恭维的话差点让他失去了我这个学生的话，我怀疑他还会不会愿意这样恭维。

There was a supper-tray after we got home at night, and I think we should all have enjoyed ourselves, but for a rather disagreeable domestic occurrence. Mr. Pocket was in good spirits, when a housemaid came in, and said, "If you please, sir, I should wish to speak to you." "Speak to your master?" said Mrs. Pocket, whose dignity was roused again. "How can you think of such a thing? Go and speak to Flopson. Or speak to me—at some other time.”

晚上在我们回到家之后，一盘晚餐已经准备好了，我觉得要是没有发生相当不愉快的家庭事件的话，我们都会吃得很开心的。鄱凯特先生的心情很好，一位女佣进来说：“要是您愿意的话，先生，我希望能和您说些话。”“和你的主人说话？”自尊心再次燃起的鄱凯特太太说道，“你怎么能想出这种事情？去和弗洛普森说。或者找个其他时间跟我说。”

"Begging your pardon, ma'am," returned the housemaid, "I should wish to speak at once, and to speak to master."

“请您原谅，太太。”女佣回答道，“我希望能立即就说，和我的主人说话。”

Hereupon, Mr. Pocket went out of the room, and we made the best of ourselves until he came back.

因此，鄱凯特先生走出了房间，在他回来之前，我们尽情地享用了

食物。

"This is a pretty thing, Belinda!" said Mr. Pocket, returning with a countenance expressive of grief and despair. "Here's the cook lying insensibly drunk on the kitchen floor, with a large bundle of fresh butter made up in the cupboard ready to sell for grease!"

“真是件美妙的事，贝琳达！”鄱凯特脸上挂着悲痛和绝望，回到屋子里说，“喝醉的厨子毫无知觉地躺在厨房的地板上，橱柜里还有一大包新鲜黄油，等着卖掉换点油脂！”

Mrs. Pocket instantly showed much amiable emotion, and said, "This is that odious Sophia's doing!"

鄱凯特太太立即露出亲切的表情，说道：“都是可恶的索菲娅干的好事！”

"What do you mean, Belinda?" demanded Mr. Pocket.

“你是什么意思，贝琳达？”鄱凯特先生问道。

"Sophia has told you," said Mrs. Pocket. "Did I not see her with my own eyes and hear her with my own ears, come into the room just now and ask to speak to you?"

“索菲娅已经告诉你了。”鄱凯特太太说，“难道我没有亲眼见到她刚才进了你的房间，亲耳听到她想跟你聊聊吗？”

"But has she not taken me down stairs, Belinda," returned Mr. Pocket, "and shown me the woman, and the bundle too?"

“但是，难道贝琳达她不是已经把我带下楼，”鄱凯特先生回答说，“让我看到了那个女人和那一包黄油了吗？”

"And do you defend her, Matthew," said Mrs. Pocket, "for making mischief?"

“你是在维护她，马修，”鄱凯特太太说，“为她的过失辩护吗？”

Mr. Pocket uttered a dismal groan.

鄱凯特先生发出了一声凄凉的叹息。

"Am I, grandpapa's granddaughter, to be nothing in the house?" said Mrs. Pocket. "Besides, the cook has always been a very nice respectful woman, and said in the most natural manner when she came to look after the situation, that she felt I was born to be a Duchess."

“难道我身为祖父的孙女，在这个家里就毫无地位吗？”鄱凯特太太说，“而且，这个厨师一直是一位和蔼而有礼貌的人，当她来到这里打点家务的时候，她的谈吐非常自然，还说我天生就是公爵夫人的命。”

There was a sofa where Mr. Pocket stood, and he dropped upon it

in the attitude of the Dying Gladiator. Still in that attitude he said, with a hollow voice, "Good night, Mr. Pip," when I deemed it advisable to go to bed and leave him.

郦凯特先生站着的地方有一张沙发，他如同一位垂死的角斗士一样瘫倒在这个沙发里。他连姿势都没有改变，以空洞的声音说道：“晚安，皮普先生。”这时我正觉得该离开他上床睡觉了。

CHAPTER 24

第二十四章

After two or three days, when I had established myself in my room and had gone backwards and forwards to London several times, and had ordered all I wanted of my tradesmen, Mr. Pocket and I had a long talk together. He knew more of my intended career than I knew myself, for he referred to his having been told by Mr. Jaggers that I was not designed for any profession, and that I should be well enough educated for my destiny if I could "hold my own" with the average of young men in prosperous circumstances. I acquiesced, of course, knowing nothing to the contrary.

两三天后，在我已经将房间收拾妥当，往返了伦敦几次，和我的交易商订下我需要的东西之后，鄱凯特先生和我进行了一次长谈。对于我有意发展的方向，他知道的比我自己知道的更多，因为贾格尔斯先生已经告诉他我对我的职业还没有任何打算，如果我能和一般的家境不错的年轻人不相上下的话，我应该接受良好的教育以和我的命运相称。当然，我默许了，也不知道相反的情况会是如何。

He advised my attending certain places in London, for the acquisition of such mere rudiments as I wanted, and my investing him with the functions of explainer and director of all my studies. He hoped that with intelligent assistance I should meet with little to discourage me, and should soon be able to dispense with any aid but his. Through his way of saying this, and much more to similar purpose, he placed himself on confidential terms with me in an admirable manner; and I may state at once that he was always so zealous and honorable in fulfilling his compact with me, that he made me zealous and honorable in fulfilling mine with him. If he had shown indifference as a master, I have no doubt I should have returned the compliment as a pupil; he gave me no such excuse, and each of us did the other justice. Nor, did I ever regard him as having anything ludicrous about him—or anything but what was serious, honest, and good—in his tutor communication with me.

他建议我去伦敦的一些地方，以获取一些我所需的、起码的知识。同时，他也提议由他自己担任我整个学习过程的讲解人和指导人。他希望在他明智的帮助下，我能够一帆风顺，而且能很快就无需除他以外的任何帮助。因为他说这番话的方式，更因为我们的目的一致，他很好地和我保持了秘密的关系。可以说他在履行和我的契约时，总是表现得热心而可敬，也使得我在履行和他的契约的过程中变得热心而可敬。如果他作为导师表现出冷漠，那么我作为学生，也照样冷漠地回敬他；他没

有给我这样的借口，我们各自对对方都是公平的。在他作为导师和我交流的过程中，我也从不认为他身上有可笑的地方——抑或是除去严肃、诚实和善良以外的特点。

When these points were settled, and so far carried out as that I had begun to work in earnest, it occurred to me that if I could retain my bedroom in Barnard's Inn, my life would be agreeably varied, while my manners would be none the worse for Herbert's society. Mr. Pocket did not object to this arrangement, but urged that before any step could possibly be taken in it, it must be submitted to my guardian. I felt that this delicacy arose out of the consideration that the plan would save Herbert some expense, so I went off to Little Britain and imparted my wish to Mr. Jaggers.

这几点一经确定，并已得到落实，我就开始认真工作了。我想，我应该保留我在巴纳德旅馆的那间房子，我的生活将变得丰富多彩，而我的行为并不会因受到赫伯特的交际圈的影响而变得更差。鄱凯特先生没有反对这样的安排，但是他敦促我在将任何打算付诸实践之前，都必须先请示我的监护人。我觉得这一考虑体现了他的细心，那个计划会为赫伯特省下一些开销，因此我去了小不列颠街，将我的意愿讲给贾格尔斯先生听。

"If I could buy the furniture now hired for me," said I, "and one or two other little things, I should be quite at home there."

“要是我能买下现在给我租的那些家具，”我说，“还有一两件小物件，我在那里就会住得很舒服了。”

"Go it!" said Mr. Jaggers, with a short laugh. "I told you you'd get on. Well! How much do you want?"

“去吧！”贾格尔斯先生笑了一下，说道，“我告诉过你开销会变大的。那么，你要多少钱？”

I said I didn't know how much.

我说我不知道要多少钱。

"Come!" retorted Mr. Jaggers. "How much? Fifty pounds?"

“嗨！”贾格尔斯先生反驳道，“多少钱？五十镑？”

"Oh, not nearly so much."

“哦，不用那么多。”

"Five pounds?" said Mr. Jaggers.

“五镑？”贾格尔斯先生说。

This was such a great fall, that I said in discomfiture, "Oh! more than that."

落差也太大了，我尴尬地说：“哦！再多一点。”

"More than that, eh!" retorted Mr. Jaggers, lying in wait for me, with his hands in his pockets, his head on one side, and his eyes on the wall behind me; "how much more?"

“多一点，哼！”贾格尔斯先生反驳道，“多多少？”他两手插在口袋里，头歪在一边，眼睛盯着我后面的墙，等着我说话。

"It is so difficult to fix a sum," said I, hesitating.

“很难说个确定的数字。”我犹豫地说。

"Come!" said Mr. Jaggers. "Let's get at it. Twice five; will that do? Three times five; will that do? Four times five; will that do?"

“哦！”贾格尔斯先生说，“我们来算一算。两个五镑，够不够？三个五镑，够不够？四个五镑，够不够？”

I said I thought that would do handsomely.

我说我想已经很充裕了。

"Four times five will do handsomely, will it?" said Mr. Jaggers, knitting his brows. "Now, what do you make of four times five?"

“四个五镑足够了，是不是？”贾格尔斯先生皱着眉头说，“那么，你说四个五镑是多少？”

"What do I make of it?"

“是多少？”

"Ah!" said Mr. Jaggers; "how much?"

“啊！”贾格尔斯先生说，“是多少？”

"I suppose you make it twenty pounds," said I, smiling.

“我想你说的是二十镑。”我笑着说。

"Never mind what I make it, my friend," observed Mr. Jaggers, with a knowing and contradictory toss of his head. "I want to know what you make it."

“别管我说的是多少，我的朋友。”贾格尔斯先生说——他在故意摇头使诈，“我想知道你说的是多少。”

"Twenty pounds, of course."

“当然是二十镑。”

"Wemmick!" said Mr. Jaggers, opening his office door. "Take Mr. Pip's written order, and pay him twenty pounds."

“温米克！”贾格尔斯先生说着，打开了他办公室的门，“让皮普先生写一张收据，然后付给他二十镑。”

This strongly marked way of doing business made a strongly

marked impression on me, and that not of an agreeable kind. Mr. Jaggers never laughed; but he wore great bright creaking boots, and, in poising himself on these boots, with his large head bent down and his eyebrows joined together, awaiting an answer, he sometimes caused the boots to creak, as if they laughed in a dry and suspicious way. As he happened to go out now, and as Wemmick was brisk and talkative, I said to Wemmick that I hardly knew what to make of Mr. Jaggers' manner.

这种非常特别的做事方式给我留下了深刻的印象，而且是令人不快的印象。贾格尔斯先生从来不笑，但是他穿着巨大、锃亮且吱吱作响的靴子，他镇静地踩着这双靴子，硕大的脑袋耷拉下来，眉毛纠在了一起，等待着答复，他有时会让靴子发出响声，像是带着怀疑的干笑。现在他正好要出门，温米克则活泼而健谈。我对温米克说，我根本摸不清楚贾格尔斯先生的行为风格。

"Tell him that, and he'll take it as a compliment," answered Wemmick; "he don't mean that you should know what to make of it." “—Oh!" for I looked surprised, "it's not personal; it's professional: only professional.”

“你说给他听啊，他还会觉得这是赞扬他的话呢。”温米克回答说，“他不是一定要你算出来是多少。”“哦！”因为我看上去非常惊讶，他接着说：“并非个人原因，这是职业要求，只是职业要求而已。”

Wemmick was at his desk, lunching—and crunching—on a dry hard biscuit; pieces of which he threw from time to time into his slit of a mouth, as if he were posting them.

温米克坐在他的桌子旁边，吃着午饭，嚼着一块又干又硬的饼干。他把饼干一片一片地扔进他又细又长的嘴里，就好像把信扔进邮筒一样。

"Always seems to me," said Wemmick, "as if he had set a mantrap and was watching it. Suddenly—click—you're caught!"

“在我看来，”温米克说，“他好像设了一个陷阱，然后一直在旁边监视着。突然——咔嚓——你就陷进去了！”

Without remarking that mantraps were not among the amenities of life, I said I supposed he was very skilful?

我没有说这个陷阱令我很不愉快，我说我想他是个很精明的人了？

"Deep," said Wemmick, "as Australia." Pointing with his pen at the office floor, to express that Australia was understood, for the purposes of the figure, to be symmetrically on the opposite spot of the globe. "If there was anything deeper," added Wemmick, bringing his pen to paper, "he'd be it."

“城府真深，”温米克说，“就像澳大利亚一样深。”为了比喻的目

的，他用笔尖指着地板，表明澳大利亚在地理位置上来说，正好是在地球的另一端。“要是还有谁城府比比澳大利亚更深的话，”温米克把笔放回纸上，又说道，“就非他莫属。”

Then, I said I supposed he had a fine business, and Wemmick said, "Ca-pi-tal!" Then I asked if there were many clerks? to which he replied:

之后，我说我猜他的生意一定很好，温米克说：“非——常——棒！”之后我问这里的职员多不多。他回答说：

"We don't run much into clerks, because there's only one Jaggers, and people won't have him at second-hand. There are only four of us. Would you like to see 'em? You are one of us, as I may say."

“我们没有很多职员，因为只有一个贾格尔斯，而人们又不愿意通过中间人联系他。我们只有四个人。你想见见他们吗？我应该这样说，你也是我们的一员。”

I accepted the offer. When Mr. Wemmick had put all the biscuit into the post, and had paid me my money from a cash-box in a safe, the key of which safe he kept somewhere down his back and produced from his coat-collar like an iron pigtail, we went up-stairs. The house was dark and shabby, and the greasy shoulders that had left their mark in Mr. Jaggers' room, seemed to have been shuffling up and down the staircase for years. In the front first floor, a clerk who looked something between a publican and a rat-catcher—a large pale puffed swollen man—was attentively engaged with three or four people of shabby appearance, whom he treated as unceremoniously as everybody seemed to be treated who contributed to Mr. Jaggers' coffers. "Getting evidence together," said Mr. Wemmick, as we came out, "for the Bailey."

我接受了他的邀请。温米克先生把所有的饼干都投进他的邮筒口嘴巴之后，他从保险箱的钱库中取了钱给我。他把保险箱钥匙放在自己背上的某处，它从大衣领中伸出来就像个铁尾巴一样，然后我们上了楼。房子又暗又旧，从贾格尔斯先生房间里留下的那些沾满油污的肩膀印来看，这些人已经在楼梯上上下下好多年了。在二楼靠前的地方，有一位看上去介于酒店老板和捕鼠者之间的人——脸色苍白、身体臃肿——在专心接待三四个衣衫褴褛的人。他像接待其他人一样态度随便，而这些人都为贾格尔斯先生的保险箱做过贡献。我们出来时，温米克先生说道，“那些是在为中央刑事法庭收集证据。”

In the room over that, a little flabby terrier of a clerk with dangling hair (his cropping seemed to have been forgotten when he was a puppy) was similarly engaged with a man with weak eyes, whom Mr. Wemmick presented to me as a smelter who kept his pot always boiling, and who would melt me anything I pleased—and who

was in an excessive white-perspiration, as if he had been trying his art on himself. In a back room, a high-shouldered man with a face-ache tied up in dirty flannel, who was dressed in old black clothes that bore the appearance of having been waxed, was stooping over his work of making fair copies of the notes of the other two gentlemen, for Mr. Jaggers' own use.

那边过去那个房间里有一只一位职员养的猎狐狗，它软弱无力、毛发悬垂着（就像是它还是幼犬的时候就没剪过毛发），也在接待一个弱视的人。温米克先生向我介绍说他是一个熔炼工，而且整天开着他的熔炉，他可以为我熔化任何我想要熔化东西——而且他汗腺旺盛，就像要把他自己也献给他的熔炉艺术似的。在后边的屋子里，有一位耸着肩膀的男士，他因为面部神经痛而绑着一块脏兮兮的法兰绒布。他穿了一身旧的黑色衣服，衣服好像上了一层蜡似的。此时他正弯着腰为贾格尔斯先生复印另外两位先生的记录。

This was all the establishment. When we went down-stairs again, Wemmick led me into my guardian's room, and said, "This you've seen already."

这些就是这个机构的全部。我们又下了楼，温米克让我进了我的监护人的房间，说："这间屋子你已经见过了。"

"Pray," said I, as the two odious casts with the twitchy leer upon them caught my sight again, "whose likenesses are those?"

"请问，"当我的视线落在两件目露凶光、面目可憎的头像铸件上时，我问，"那边两位是谁？"

"These?" said Wemmick, getting upon a chair, and blowing the dust off the horrible heads before bringing them down. "These are two celebrated ones. Famous clients of ours that got us a world of credit. This chap (why you must have come down in the night and been peeping into the inkstand, to get this blot upon your eyebrow, you old rascal!) murdered his master, and, considering that he wasn't brought up to evidence, didn't plan it badly."

"这边两位？"温米克说着，站在一个椅子上，吹了吹两个恐怖头像上的灰尘，将它们拿了下来。"这些是两位著名的人物。这位是我们著名的客户，为我们带来了极大的声誉。这个家伙（你肯定是在半夜偷偷跑下来，把头探进墨水瓶里，弄脏了你的眉毛，你这个老流氓！）谋杀了他的主人。鉴于他没有留下什么证据，他干得不错。"

"Is it like him?" I asked, recoiling from the brute, as Wemmick spat upon his eyebrow and gave it a rub with his sleeve.

"这个东西像他吗？"我望着这个残忍的家伙向后退去，同时问道，而温米克却向它的眉毛吐了口吐沫，用袖子擦了擦。

"Like him? It's himself, you know. The cast was made in Newgate,

directly after he was taken down. You had a particular fancy for me, hadn't you, Old Artful?" said Wemmick. He then explained this affectionate apostrophe, by touching his brooch representing the lady and the weeping willow at the tomb with the urn upon it, and saying, "Had it made for me, express!"

“像他？你要知道这个就是他。这个模子就是在纽盖特监狱取的，就在他被处决之后。你对我有特殊的好感，不是吗，你这个狡猾的老东西？”温米克说道。之后他解释了这个亲昵的称呼，他摸了摸他的胸针，上面有一位女士的像，还有坟墓旁的垂柳和上面的骨灰盒，说道：“这个胸针是给我做的，是不是！”

"Is the lady anybody?" said I.

“这位女士是你的什么人吗？”我说。

"No," returned Wemmick. "Only his game. (You liked your bit of game, didn't you?) No; deuce a bit of a lady in the case, Mr. Pip, except one—and she wasn't of this slender ladylike sort, and you wouldn't have caught her looking after this urn—unless there was something to drink in it.” Wemmick's attention being thus directed to his brooch, he put down the cast, and polished the brooch with his pocket-handkerchief.

“不是的，”温米克回答道，“这个只是他的把戏。（你也喜欢你的小把戏，不是吗？）不，一点都不关这个女人的事，皮普先生，除了一个人——而且她也不是那么苗条，那么雍容尔雅的，你也不会看到她看管这个骨灰盒——除非里面装的是饮料。”温米克的注意力由此转移到他的胸针上了。他放下了那个头像，拿出他的手帕擦拭着那枚胸针。

"Did that other creature come to the same end?" I asked. "He has the same look."

“另一个人也是同样的下场吗？”我问道，“他有着同样的外表。”

"You're right," said Wemmick; "it's the genuine look. Much as if one nostril was caught up with a horsehair and a little fish-hook. Yes, he came to the same end; quite the natural end here, I assure you. He forged wills, this blade did, if he didn't also put the supposed testators to sleep too. You were a gentlemanly Cove, though" (Mr. Wemmick was again apostrophizing), "and you said you could write Greek. Yah, Bounceable! What a liar you were! I never met such a liar as you!" Before putting his late friend on his shelf again, Wemmick touched the largest of his mourning rings and said, "Sent out to buy it for me, only the day before."

“你说对了。”温米克说，“这个就是他真正的样子。看起来一个鼻孔里像是粘上了一根马毛和一个小鱼钩。是的，他也是同样的下场。这种下场在这里很平常，我敢肯定。他伪造遗嘱，恐怕还用这个刀片让那位

立遗嘱的人从此一睡不醒呢。不过你是个有绅士派头的小子。”（温米克先生又一次用了此类称呼）“你说你能用希腊文写作。哼，没一句真话！你真是个大骗子！我还从没见过你这样的大骗子呢！”在温米克将他第二位朋友放回架子之前，他摸了摸那枚最大的悼念戒指，说：“就在他死的前一天，我还叫他出去给我买这枚戒指呢。”

While he was putting up the other cast and coming down from the chair, the thought crossed my mind that all his personal jewellery was derived from like sources. As he had shown no diffidence on the subject, I ventured on the liberty of asking him the question, when he stood before me, dusting his hands.

在他放回另外一个头像，从椅子上下来的时候，我思忖着他所有的私人珠宝是否都是这样得来的。关于这个话题他没有表现出一点羞怯，我冒昧地问了他这个问题，当时他正站在我面前，拍打着手上的灰尘。

"Oh yes," he returned, "these are all gifts of that kind. One brings another, you see; that's the way of it. I always take 'em. They're curiosities. And they're property. They may not be worth much, but, after all, they're property and portable. It don't signify to you with your brilliant look-out, but as to myself, my guiding-star always is, 'Get hold of portable property'."

“哦，是的。”他回答说，“这些都是诸如此类的礼物。一个接一个，你看见了，事情就是这样。我都会欣然接受。它们都是古玩。它们也都是我的财产。它们可能不值几个钱，但是，它们毕竟都是财产，而且轻便易携带。它们对于你的远大前程来说可能一文不值，但是对于我自己来说，我的座右铭就是‘紧紧抓住可携带的财产’。”

When I had rendered homage to this light, he went on to say, in a friendly manner:

我对他的这番启示表现出敬意，他继续以友好的态度说：

"If at any odd time when you have nothing better to do, you wouldn't mind coming over to see me at Walworth, I could offer you a bed, and I should consider it an honor. I have not much to show you; but such two or three curiosities as I have got, you might like to look over; and I am fond of a bit of garden and a summer-house.”

“要是你什么时候有空，你若是不介意的话，可以来沃尔沃思看看我，我能给你提供一张床，我也会将此视为我的荣幸的。我没有太多东西给你看，但是像这样的两三件古玩还是有的，你会对它们感兴趣的。我还有一个我非常喜欢的小花园和一座避暑山庄。”

I said I should be delighted to accept his hospitality.

我说我很乐意接受他的邀请。

"Thankee," said he; "then we'll consider that it's to come off, when convenient to you. Have you dined with Mr. Jaggers yet?"

“谢谢。”他说，“我们就这样说定了，你什么时候方便就过来吧。你和贾格尔斯先生吃过饭了吗？”

"Not yet."

“还没有呢。”

"Well," said Wemmick, "he'll give you wine, and good wine. I'll give you punch, and not bad punch. And now I'll tell you something. When you go to dine with Mr. Jaggers, look at his housekeeper."

“那么，”温米克说，“他会请你喝葡萄酒的，上等的葡萄酒。我会请你喝宾治酒，不错的宾治酒。现在我要告诉你一些事。在你和贾格尔斯先生吃饭的时候，留心他的女管家。”

"Shall I see something very uncommon?"

“我该留意什么特别的事吗？”

"Well," said Wemmick, "you'll see a wild beast tamed. Not so very uncommon, you'll tell me. I reply, that depends on the original wildness of the beast, and the amount of taming. It won't lower your opinion of Mr. Jaggers' powers. Keep your eye on it."

“嗯，”温米克说，“你会见到一头被驯服的野兽。你会说也不是特别的不寻常。我会回答，需要看原来这野兽的兽性如何，以及被驯服的程度。这些会让你对贾格尔斯先生的能力另眼相看的。留心观察吧。”

I told him I would do so, with all the interest and curiosity that his preparation awakened. As I was taking my departure, he asked me if I would like to devote five minutes to seeing Mr. Jaggers "at it?"

我告诉他我知道了。对于他的忠告，我的内心充满了兴趣和好奇。在我就要离开的时候，他问我是否愿意拿出五分钟一睹贾格尔斯先生工作时的“风采”。

For several reasons, and not least because I didn't clearly know what Mr. Jaggers would be found to be "at," I replied in the affirmative. We dived into the City, and came up in a crowded police-court, where a blood-relation (in the murderous sense) of the deceased with the fanciful taste in brooches, was standing at the bar, uncomfortably chewing something; while my guardian had a woman under examination or cross-examination—I don't know which—and was striking her, and the bench, and everybody present, with awe. If anybody, of whatsoever degree, said a word that he didn't approve of, he instantly required to have it "taken down." If anybody wouldn't make an admission, he said, "I'll have it out of you!" And if anybody made an admission, he said, "Now I have got you!" The magistrates shivered under a single bite of his finger. Thieves and thief-takers hung in dread rapture on his words, and shrank when a hair of his eyebrows turned in their direction. Which side he was on, I couldn't

make out, for he seemed to me to be grinding the whole place in a mill; I only know that when I stole out on tiptoe, he was not on the side of the bench; for, he was making the legs of the old gentleman who presided, quite convulsive under the table, by his denunciations of his conduct as the representative of British law and justice in that chair that day.

出于多种原因，至少是因为我不太清楚贾格尔斯先生从事的事务，我做出了肯定的回答。我们赶进伦敦金融城，来到了一个拥挤的治安法院。一位生前对胸针有特殊品味的死者的血亲（意指和死者的谋杀有关的人）正站在被告席上，不自在地嚼着什么东西。而我的监护人正在盘问或交叉盘问（我不确定是哪一个）一位妇女，使她、法官和在座的每一位都深感震惊，敬畏之心油然而起。只要那些人说了一句他不赞成的话，不管大小，他都立即要求“记下来”。要是有人否认某事的陈述，他就会说：“我会把你的供词逼出来的！”要是有人承认了，他则说：“我已经逼出了你的供词了！”他只要咬一下手指，地方法官们就浑身抖一下。小偷和捉小偷的人都全神贯注地听着他说的每一个词，而且当他的眉毛尖转向他们的时候，他们都会回避他的目光。我搞不清楚他到底站在哪一边，因为他似乎要把整个地方都磨成碎末。我只知道踮着脚走出去的时候，他正和法官对着干，因为他谴责他的行为不能够代表大英帝国的法律和坐在主审席所维护的公正，把这位主持审判的老先生吓得双腿在桌下直抖。

CHAPTER 25

第二十五章

Bentley Drummle, who was so sulky a fellow that he even took up a book as if its writer had done him an injury, did not take up an acquaintance in a more agreeable spirit. Heavy in figure, movement, and comprehension—in the sluggish complexion of his face, and in the large awkward tongue that seemed to loll about in his mouth as he himself lolled about in a room—he was idle, proud, niggardly, reserved, and suspicious. He came of rich people down in Somersetshire, who had nursed this combination of qualities until they made the discovery that it was just of age and a blockhead. Thus, Bentley Drummle had come to Mr. Pocket when he was a head taller than that gentleman, and half a dozen heads thicker than most gentlemen.

本特利·德鲁莫尔是个满脸阴沉的人，就算他拿起一本书，都好像那个作者伤害了他似的。他对认识的人从来都没有一副更愉快一点的脸色。他身形笨重、行动缓慢，思维也很迟钝——这些从他反应迟缓的神情和不灵光的舌头就能看出来。舌头懒洋洋地在他嘴里打转，就像他自己在房间里打转一样——他懒散、骄傲、吝啬、寡言少语却疑心颇重。他来自萨默塞特郡的有钱人家，这样的环境造就了他这样的性格，直到他成年之后，家人才发现他是个傻子。因此，本特利·德鲁莫尔来到了矮他一个头的鄱凯特先生家，而脑筋却转得不及大部分的绅士快。

Startop had been spoilt by a weak mother and kept at home when he ought to have been at school, but he was devotedly attached to her, and admired her beyond measure. He had a woman's delicacy of feature, and was—"as you may see, though you never saw her," said Herbert to me—exactly like his mother. It was but natural that I should take to him much more kindly than to Drummle, and that, even in the earliest evenings of our boating, he and I should pull homeward abreast of one another, conversing from boat to boat, while Bentley Drummle came up in our wake alone, under the overhanging banks and among the rushes. He would always creep in-shore like some uncomfortable amphibious creature, even when the tide would have sent him fast upon his way; and I always think of him as coming after us in the dark or by the back-water, when our own two boats were breaking the sunset or the moonlight in mid-stream.

斯塔特普被他软弱的母亲宠坏了，在他应该上学的年龄，他被留在了家里。但是他非常依恋她，而且极度崇拜她。他有着女人一般精致的五官，而且——根据赫伯特对我所说的，“尽管你从未见到她，但是她就

是这个样子”——跟他母亲极其相似。我自然对他比对德鲁莫尔更友善，即便是我们一起划船的最初几晚，我都会和他两船相对，并肩划回去。而本特利·德鲁莫尔独自跟在我们的后面，在高耸的河岸之下、灯芯草丛之中划行。即便潮汐会很快将他送上岸，但他都会像不安的两栖动物一样爬上来。当我们的两只船在河流之中冲破夕阳或月光时，我总是想到他在黑暗中跟着我们，或者是逆流而行。

Herbert was my intimate companion and friend. I presented him with a half-share in my boat, which was the occasion of his often coming down to Hammersmith; and my possession of a half-share in his chambers often took me up to London. We used to walk between the two places at all hours. I have an affection for the road yet (though it is not so pleasant a road as it was then), formed in the impressibility of untried youth and hope.

赫伯特是我的亲密伙伴兼朋友。他经常来哈默史密斯，他过来的时候，我就和他共享我的小船。他也和我共享他的房间，这些让我也经常去伦敦。我们常常在两地之间行走。我对这条路有一种感情（尽管那条路并不像它后来那么舒适），这种感情存在于我涉世未深的青春与希望之中。

When I had been in Mr. Pocket's family a month or two, Mr. and Mrs. Camilla turned up. Camilla was Mr. Pocket's sister. Georgiana, whom I had seen at Miss Havisham's on the same occasion, also turned up. She was a cousin—an indigestive single woman, who called her rigidity religion, and her liver love. These people hated me with the hatred of cupidity and disappointment. As a matter of course, they fawned upon me in my prosperity with the basest meanness. Towards Mr. Pocket, as a grown-up infant with no notion of his own interests, they showed the complacent forbearance I had heard them express. Mrs. Pocket they held in contempt; but they allowed the poor soul to have been heavily disappointed in life, because that shed a feeble reflected light upon themselves.

我在鄱凯特先生家住了一两个月之后，卡米拉先生和太太出现了。卡米拉是鄱凯特先生的妹妹。乔治亚娜也来了，我在郝维仙小姐家的同样场合见过她一次。她是一位表妹——消化系统有些问题的单身女人。她把自己的固执称为宗教信仰，把自己的肝脏称为爱人。这些人出于对贪婪的憎恶和失望，对我很是厌恶。当然，他们自然会以最卑贱的方式奉承我的飞黄腾达。他们对鄱凯特先生这位长大成人却对自己的利益毫无概念的婴儿，表现出了超强忍耐力，这点我已经听他们夸耀过了。他们非常轻视鄱凯特太太，但是他们承认这个可怜的人对生活非常失望，因为这也微微映射出他们自己的生活状态。

These were the surroundings among which I settled down, and applied myself to my education. I soon contracted expensive habits, and began to spend an amount of money that within a few short

months I should have thought almost fabulous; but through good and evil I stuck to my books. There was no other merit in this, than my having sense enough to feel my deficiencies. Between Mr. Pocket and Herbert I got on fast; and, with one or the other always at my elbow to give me the start I wanted, and clear obstructions out of my road, I must have been as great a dolt as Drummle if I had done less.

以上就是我居住的环境，我在这里接受着教育。很快我就养成了一些昂贵的习惯，短短几个月里，我花了一大笔钱，在我之前看来就是一笔天文数字。但是不管其他好坏，我还是坚持读书了。除了让我意识到自己知识欠缺之外，读书也没有其他好处了。由于鄱凯特先生和赫伯特的帮助，我进步得很快。每当我想着手做一件事的时候，他们两个中总会有一个人来帮我一把，为我清除道路上的障碍，要是这样我都没看出来的话，我就成了德鲁莫尔那样的傻子了。

I had not seen Mr. Wemmick for some weeks, when I thought I would write him a note and propose to go home with him on a certain evening. He replied that it would give him much pleasure, and that he would expect me at the office at six o'clock. Thither I went, and there I found him, putting the key of his safe down his back as the clock struck.

我几个星期都没有见到温米克先生了，我想我应该给他写一张纸条，提议在某个晚和他一起回家。他回复说很乐意这样做，并且说他六点在律师事务所等我。我去了那里，也看到了他，就在钟表敲响六下的时候，当时他正把他的保险柜钥匙放回他的背上。

"Did you think of walking down to Walworth?" said he.

“你想走回沃尔沃思吗？”他说。

"Certainly," said I, "if you approve."

“当然，”我说，“要是你同意的话。”

"Very much," was Wemmick's reply, "for I have had my legs under the desk all day, and shall be glad to stretch them. Now, I'll tell you what I have got for supper, Mr. Pip. I have got a stewed steak—which is of home preparation—and a cold roast fowl—which is from the cook's-shop. I think it's tender, because the master of the shop was a Juryman in some cases of ours the other day, and we let him down easy. I reminded him of it when I bought the fowl, and I said, "Pick us out a good one, old Briton, because if we had chosen to keep you in the box another day or two, we could easily have done it." He said to that, "Let me make you a present of the best fowl in the shop." I let him, of course. As far as it goes, it's property and portable. You don't object to an aged parent, I hope?"

“非常愿意。”温米克回答道，“我已经坐在这里一整天了，应该伸展

伸展我的腿了。现在，我要告诉你我们晚饭吃什么，皮普先生。首先是焖牛排——是自己家里做的——然后还有冷烤鸡——这个是在饭店里买的。我觉得它很嫩，因为那家店的大厨是前几天我们一些案件的陪审员，我们让他舒舒服服地过了那几天。在我买鸡的时候，我提醒他说：‘给我们挑一个好一点的，老伙计，要是我们想选你在陪审席上多留几天的话，我们早就可以轻轻松松地办到了。’他回答说：‘我来给你挑一个我们店里最好的鸡。’当然，我让他挑了。就目前来说，这个就是财富，而且易于携带。我希望你不会抗拒一位年迈的父亲吧？”

I really thought he was still speaking of the fowl, until he added, "Because I have got an aged parent at my place." I then said what politeness required.

我真的以为他还在说那只鸡，直到他又说道：“因为我家里有一位年迈的父亲。”然后我问我需要遵守什么样的礼节。

"So, you haven't dined with Mr. Jaggers yet?" he pursued, as we walked along.

“那么，你还没有和贾格尔斯先生吃过饭了？”我们往前走的时候，他追问道。

"Not yet."

“还没有。”

"He told me so this afternoon when he heard you were coming. I expect you'll have an invitation tomorrow. He's going to ask your pals, too. Three of 'em; ain't there?"

“下午他听说你要来的时候已经告诉我了。我想你明天就会接到他的邀请的。他也会邀请你的伙伴的。有三个人，是不是？”

Although I was not in the habit of counting Drummle as one of my intimate associates, I answered, "Yes."

尽管我还不习惯将德鲁莫尔当成我的一个密友，但我依然回答说：“是的。”

"Well, he's going to ask the whole gang;" I hardly felt complimented by the word; "and whatever he gives you, he'll give you good. Don't look forward to variety, but you'll have excellence. And there'sa nother rum thing in his house," proceeded Wemmick, after a moment's pause, as if the remark followed on the housekeeper understood; "he never lets a door or window be fastened at night."

“那么，他会邀请你们全部这伙人的。”这话让我感到不甚合适，“而且不论他拿什么招待你们，那一定是好东西。别指望种类会太多，但一定是好东西。还有，在他家里有另一件奇特的事，”温米克停了一下，我想好像他接下来的话要提及那个管家，之后他继续说道，“他晚上从来不锁门或窗户。”

"Is he never robbed?"

“他家没有被盗过吗？”

"That's it!" returned Wemmick. "He says, and gives it out publicly, "I want to see the man who'll rob me." Lord bless you, I have heard him, a hundred times if I have heard him once, say to regular cracksmen in our front office, "You know where I live; now, no bolt is ever drawn there; why don't you do a stroke of business with me? Come; can't I tempt you?" Not a man of them, sir, would be bold enough to try it on, for love or money.”

“关键就在这里！”温米克回答说，“他说过，而且是在大庭广众之下说：‘我想见识一下敢偷我东西的家伙。’我的主啊，我听他说过，而且听他说过上百次，他在我们前面的办公室对那些惯偷们说：‘你们知道我住在哪里，我家也从来不上插销，你们为什么不跟我做一次买卖呢？来吧，我还诱惑不了你们吗？’先生，无论如何，他们之中没有一个人敢去试一下。”

"They dread him so much?" said I.

“他们就那么害怕他？”我说。

"Dread him," said Wemmick. "I believe you they dread him. Not but what he's artful, even in his defiance of them. No silver, sir. Britannia metal, every spoon."

“害怕他，”温米克说，“我相信你，他们是害怕他。这个只是他的诡计，他蔑视他们。他家没有银器，先生。每个勺子都是大不列颠合金的。”

"So they wouldn't have much," I observed, "even if they—”

“所以那些东西也值不了几个钱，”我说道，“就算他们敢——”

"Ah! But he would have much," said Wemmick, cutting me short, "and they know it. He'd have their lives, and the lives of scores of 'em. He'd have all he could get. And it's impossible to say what he couldn't get, if he gave his mind to it."

“啊！但是他赚的就大了，”温米克打断我说，“而且他们知道这一点。他们的命就握在他的手里了，而且是他们几十条人命。他则能得到所有他想要的东西。而且要是他上了心了，没有什么东西是他得不到的。”

I was falling into meditation on my guardian's greatness, when Wemmick remarked:

我正沉浸在对我监护人之伟大的思考之中，这时温米克说：

"As to the absence of plate, that's only his natural depth, you know. A river's its natural depth, and he's his natural depth. Look at

his watch-chain. That's real enough."

“至于他家没有金银餐具，这个只是他与生俱来的高深，你知道的。一条河天然就有其深度，他也有天生的高深。看看他的表链。那个可是货真价实的东西。”

"It's very massive," said I.

“那条链子确实很粗。”我说。

"Massive?" repeated Wemmick. "I think so. And his watch is a gold repeater, and worth a hundred pound if it's worth a penny. Mr. Pip, there are about seven hundred thieves in this town who know all about that watch; there's not a man, a woman, or a child, among them, who wouldn't identify the smallest link in that chain, and drop it as if it was red-hot, if inveigled into touching it.”

“很粗？”温米克重复道，“我也是这样觉得。而且他的表也是纯金的，要说那条链子值一便士的话，那表就值一百镑。皮普先生，这个城里大概有七百个小偷知道这块表。每一个男人、女人甚至小孩子都能认出这表链上最小的链环，要是谁被骗着碰了它一下，他都会像摸到烧红的金属一样立马扔掉。”

At first with such discourse, and afterwards with conversation of a more general nature, did Mr. Wemmick and I beguile the time and the road, until he gave me to understand that we had arrived in the district of Walworth.

一开始我们就谈论了这些，之后我们对话所涉及的话题就更普遍一些了。我和温米克先生在路上就这样消磨时间，直到他告诉我，我们已经到了沃尔沃思区。

It appeared to be a collection of back lanes, ditches, and little gardens, and to present the aspect of a rather dull retirement. Wemmick's house was a little wooden cottage in the midst of plots of garden, and the top of it was cut out and painted like a battery mounted with guns.

这个区似乎聚集着很多背路的小巷、沟渠和小花园，以此来展现其相当晦暗、隐蔽的一面。温米克的房子是一座木制的小别墅，坐落在一片花园的中间。房子的顶部被打平，漆成好像放着枪炮的炮台一样。

"My own doing," said Wemmick. "Looks pretty; don't it?"

“我自己的杰作。”温米克说，“看上去很漂亮，不是吗？”

I highly commended it, I think it was the smallest house I ever saw; with the queerest gothic windows (by far the greater part of them sham), and a gothic door, almost too small to get in at.

我高度称赞了他的杰作，我想这里是我见到过的最小的房子了。还有奇怪的哥特式的窗户（目前它们中很大一部分都是虚饰），还有一扇

哥特式的门，小得几乎让人进不去。

"That's a real flagstaff, you see," said Wemmick, "and on Sundays I run up a real flag. Then look here. After I have crossed this bridge, I hoist it up—so—and cut off the communication.”

“这个是真的旗杆，你看，”温米克说，“每到星期日的时候我都会升起一面真正的旗帜。然后再看看这座桥。在我过了桥之后，我就把它吊起来——所以——就可以与外界断绝联系。”

The bridge was a plank, and it crossed a chasm about four feet wide and two deep. But it was very pleasant to see the pride with which he hoisted it up and made it fast; smiling as he did so, with a relish and not merely mechanically.

这座桥就是一块厚木板，它架在一个四英尺宽、两英尺厚的深坑上。看到他骄傲地把桥升起来，再将其栓紧，倒是一件愉快的事。他一边笑一边干着，看起来干得津津有味的，而不只是机械地干活。

"At nine o'clock every night, Greenwich time," said Wemmick, "the gun fires. There he is, you see! And when you hear him go, I think you'll say he's a Stinger."

“在格林尼治时间每晚九点，”温米克说，“炮声就会响起。就在那里，你看！当你听到炮响的时候，我想你会说那个真是烈性子的家伙。”

The piece of ordnance referred to, was mounted in a separate fortress, constructed of lattice-work. It was protected from the weather by an ingenious little tarpaulin contrivance in the nature of an umbrella.

他所指的那件兵器，就安在一个单独的堡垒上面，那堡垒是用栅格砌成的。上面很巧妙地搭着一小块防水油布，作为这门炮的雨伞，保护其免遭风吹雨淋。

"Then, at the back," said Wemmick, "out of sight, so as not to impede the idea of fortifications—for it's a principle with me, if you have an idea, carry it out and keep it up—I don't know whether that's your opinion—”

“然后，在后面，”温米克说，“在看不见的地方，以免妨碍我筑城术的理念——因为这个就是我的原则，要是你有想法，就要付诸实践，并坚持下去——我不知道你是否认同——”

I said, decidedly.

我说我十分同意。

“—At the back, there's a pig, and there are fowls and rabbits; then, I knock together my own little frame, you see, and grow cucumbers; and you'll judge at supper what sort of a salad I can raise. So, sir," said Wemmick, smiling again, but seriously too, as he shook

his head, "if you can suppose the little place besieged, it would hold out a devil of a time in point of provisions."

“——在那里的后面，有一头猪，还有家禽和兔子。然后，我自己搭建了一个小菜棚，你看，种了一点黄瓜。你在晚餐的时候就能试一下我用我种出来的东西做成的沙拉了。那么，先生，”温米克说，他摇着头，又严肃地笑了笑，“设想一下，要是这一小块地方被包围了，就供给而言，我们也可以熬上相当长的一段时间。”

Then, he conducted me to a bower about a dozen yards off, but which was approached by such ingenious twists of path that it took quite a long time to get at; and in this retreat our glasses were already set forth. Our punch was cooling in an ornamental lake, on whose margin the bower was raised. This piece of water (with an island in the middle which might have been the salad for supper) was of a circular form, and he had constructed a fountain in it, which, when you set a little mill going and took a cork out of a pipe, played to that powerful extent that it made the back of your hand quite wet.

之后，他带我去了大约十二码之外的一个凉亭，但通往凉亭的小径却设计得弯弯曲曲，我们花了相当长的时间才到了那里。而在这个隐蔽的地方，我们的酒杯已经摆好了。我们的宾治酒在一个装饰性的湖中冷却，凉亭就建在湖边。这一片水域（中间有一个小岛，可能是为晚饭准备的沙拉）呈圆形，他还在上面建了一个喷泉。当你转动水磨，打开水管上的木塞时，那眼喷泉能喷射到很大的范围，以至于能把你的手背弄湿。

"I am my own engineer, and my own carpenter, and my own plumber, and my own gardener, and my own Jack of all Trades," said Wemmick, in acknowledging my compliments. "Well; it's a good thing, you know. It brushes the Newgate cobwebs away, and pleases the Aged. You wouldn't mind being at once introduced to the Aged, would you? It wouldn't put you out?"

“我就是我自己的工程师、木匠、水管工、园丁，以及干一切活计的工人。”温米克说道，以答谢我对他的称赞。“嗯，这事情是一件好事，你知道。它可以扫去纽盖特监狱的蜘蛛网，也可以取悦老人家。你不介意我现在向你介绍我家的老人吧，介意吗？这点不会惹你厌烦吧？”

I expressed the readiness I felt, and we went into the castle. There, we found, sitting by a fire, a very old man in a flannel coat: clean, cheerful, comfortable, and well cared for, but intensely deaf.

我向他表明，我已经准备好见老人家了，然后我们就进了城堡。在那里，我们见到一位年龄很大的老人。他穿着法兰绒外套，坐在壁炉旁边：他看上去干净、愉快、舒服，而且得到了很好的照顾，不过却非常耳背。

"Well aged parent," said Wemmick, shaking hands with him in a

cordial and jocose way, "how am you?"

“我年迈的父亲，”温米克说着，和他热情而又诙谐地握了握手，“您怎么样？”

"All right, John; all right!" replied the old man.

“很好，约翰，很好！”老人回答道。

"Here's Mr. Pip, aged parent," said Wemmick, "and I wish you could hear his name. Nod away at him, Mr. Pip; that's what he likes. Nod away at him, if you please, like winking!"

“这位是皮普先生，老父亲。”温米克说，“我希望您能听见他的名字。和他点点头，皮普先生，他喜欢这样。要是你愿意的话，就和他点点头，就像眨眼一样！”

"This is a fine place of my son's, sir," cried the old man, while I nodded as hard as I possibly could. "This is a pretty pleasure-ground, sir. This spot and these beautiful works upon it ought to be kept together by the Nation, after my son's time, for the people's enjoyment."

“这里是我儿子的一块好地方，先生。”老人喊道，我也用力向他点头。“这里是一个很好的游乐场，先生。在我儿子走了之后，这片地方和这些美妙的作品都应该让国家好好保护，以供人们游玩。”

"You're as proud of it as Punch; ain't you, Aged?" said Wemmick, contemplating the old man, with his hard face really softened; "there's a nod for you;" giving him a tremendous one; "there's another for you;" giving him a still more tremendous one; "you like that, don't you? If you're not tired, Mr. Pip—though I know it's tiring to strangers—will you tip him one more? You can't think how it pleases him."

“您对这块地方感到非常骄傲，是不是，老父亲？”温米克说，他凝视着这位老人，僵硬的脸真正地放松了下来，“我来给你点点头，”于是向他用力点了一下头，“再给你点一下头，”说着又向他用力点了点头，“你很喜欢这样点头，是不是？要是你不累的话，皮普先生——尽管我知道这样对陌生人来说是很累的——你能不能再向他点点头？你无法想象这样会让他有多高兴。”

I tipped him several more, and he was in great spirits. We left him bestirring himself to feed the fowls, and we sat down to our punch in the arbor; where Wemmick told me as he smoked a pipe that it had taken him a good many years to bring the property up to its present pitch of perfection.

我又向他点了好几下头，他则显得很高兴。我们让他在那里忙着喂家禽，而我们则在凉亭坐下，喝我们的宾治酒。温米克一边吸着烟斗，一边告诉我他花了好几年时间将这片产业打理得接近完美。

"Is it your own, Mr. Wemmick?"

“这里是你自己的吗，温米克先生？”

"O yes," said Wemmick, "I have got hold of it, a bit at a time. It's a freehold, by George!"

“哦，是的。”温米克说，“我拥有这片地方，是一次一点慢慢得来的。这些是以乔治的名义拥有的不动产！”

"Is it, indeed? I hope Mr. Jaggers admires it?"

“真的吗？我想贾格尔斯先生也很羡慕这片土地吧？”

"Never seen it," said Wemmick. "Never heard of it. Never seen the Aged. Never heard of him. No; the office is one thing, and private life is another. When I go into the office, I leave the Castle behind me, and when I come into the Castle, I leave the office behind me. If it's not in any way disagreeable to you, you'll oblige me by doing the same. I don't wish it professionally spoken about."

“他从来没有见过。”温米克说，“也从来没有听说过。他没有见过我的老父亲。也从来没有听说过他。不，律师事务所是一回事，私人生活是另外一回事。当我在律师事务所的时候，我就会将这座城堡置之脑后，但当我回到这里的时候，我就将律师事务所置之脑后。要是这样没有令你不愉快的话，请你也这样做。我不希望谈及任何公事。”

Of course I felt my good faith involved in the observance of his request. The punch being very nice, we sat there drinking it and talking, until it was almost nine o'clock. "Getting near gun-fire," said Wemmick then, as he laid down his pipe; "it's the Aged's treat."

我当然会真诚地遵守他的要求。宾治酒非常好喝，我们就坐在那里，一边喝酒，一边聊天，一直到将近九点。“快到炮响时间了。”温米克放下烟斗，说，“这是老人宴请客人的方式。”

Proceeding into the Castle again, we found the Aged heating the poker, with expectant eyes, as a preliminary to the performance of this great nightly ceremony. Wemmick stood with his watch in his hand, until the moment was come for him to take the red-hot poker from the Aged, and repair to the battery. He took it, and went out, and presently the Stinger went off with a Bang that shook the crazy little box of a cottage as if it must fall to pieces, and made every glass and teacup in it ring. Upon this, the Aged—who I believe would have been blown out of his arm-chair but for holding on by the elbows—cried out exultingly, "He's fired! I heerd him!" And I nodded at the old gentleman until it is no figure of speech to declare that I absolutely could not see him.

我们又回到了城堡，发现老人家正在加热拔火棍，眼神里充满了期待，就像在为一次伟大的晚间盛典表演做准备一样。温米克拿着表站在

一边，直到那一刻到来的时候，他从老人手里拿过烧红的拔火棍，向炮台走去。他拿着拔火棍走了出去，不久之后就听见大炮发出一声巨大的“嘣”声，响声把原本就不怎么安全的小村舍震得摇摇欲坠，每一扇玻璃和每一个茶杯都在震颤。听到炮响，老人——我想他要不是用肘撑着，早已被震得弹出他的扶手椅了——他兴高采烈地喊着：“炮响了！我听见了！”我一个劲地向这位老先生点头，直到他确定我肯定是听见他的话了。

The interval between that time and supper, Wemmick devoted to showing me his collection of curiosities. They were mostly of a felonious character; comprising the pen with which a celebrated forgery had been committed, a distinguished razor or two, some locks of hair, and several manuscript confessions written under condemnation—upon which Mr. Wemmick set particular value as being, to use his own words, "every one of 'em Lies, sir." These were agreeably dispersed among small specimens of china and glass, various neat trifles made by the proprietor of the museum, and some tobacco-stoppers carved by the Aged. They were all displayed in that chamber of the Castle into which I had been first inducted, and which served, not only as the general sitting-room but as the kitchen too, if I might judge from a saucepan on the hob, and a brazen bijou over the fireplace designed for the suspension of a roasting-jack.

在炮声过后和晚饭之前的这段时间里，温米克则专心地向我展示他收藏的珍稀古玩。他大部分的收藏看起来都带着邪恶的特点。其中包括一支曾经写下过著名的伪造文件的笔，一两个有名的剃刀，几撮头发，还有几份在行刑之前写下的认罪的手稿——温米克先生特别珍惜这些手稿，用他的话来说，“其中的每一份手稿都在撒谎，先生。”这些东西恰到好处地散落在一些瓷器和玻璃的标本中间，这些各式各样的小东西被这博物馆的拥有者收拾得井井有条，其中还有一些老人雕刻的烟塞。这些东西都陈列在城堡的这个房间里，这就是一开始接待我的那个房间，不仅作为一般的起居室，而且当厨房用，因为我看到了铁架上的炖锅，还有壁炉上方用来挂烤叉转动器的小东西。

There was a neat little girl in attendance, who looked after the Aged in the day. When she had laid the supper-cloth, the bridge was lowered to give her means of egress, and she withdrew for the night. The supper was excellent; and though the Castle was rather subject to dry-rot insomuch that it tasted like a bad nut, and though the pig might have been farther off, I was heartily pleased with my whole entertainment. Nor was there any drawback on my little turret bedroom, beyond there being such a very thin ceiling between me and the flagstaff, that when I lay down on my back in bed, it seemed as if I had to balance that pole on my forehead all night.

这里由一个穿戴得整整齐齐的小姑娘打理着，她负责在白天照顾老人。在她把桌布铺好之后，吊桥就放了下来，好让她出去，她在晚上就

回去了。晚餐非常丰盛。尽管城堡里有一股干枯的味道，闻起来就像是坏了的干果，而且不远处可能还喂养着一头猪，但我对这样的盛情款待感到由衷的欣喜。我的塔楼卧室里也几乎没有任何缺点。唯一的缺点就是我和旗杆之间只隔着非常薄的天花板，当我平躺在床上的时候，天花板看起来就像我整晚都要平衡那根我前额上的杆子一样。

Wemmick was up early in the morning, and I am afraid I heard him cleaning my boots. After that, he fell to gardening, and I saw him from my gothic window pretending to employ the Aged, and nodding at him in a most devoted manner. Our breakfast was as good as the supper, and at half-past eight precisely we started for Little Britain. By degrees, Wemmick got dryer and harder as we went along, and his mouth tightened into a post-office again. At last, when we got to his place of business and he pulled out his key from his coat-collar, he looked as unconscious of his Walworth property as if the Castle and the drawbridge and the arbor and the lake and the fountain and the Aged, had all been blown into space together by the last discharge of the Stinger.

温米克早上起得很早，恐怕我都听到他清洗我靴子的声音了。之后，他就到花园里干活去了，透过我哥特式的窗户，我看到他一面假装要老人来帮忙，一面向他连连点头。我们的早餐和晚餐一样丰盛，八点半整的时候，我们动身去小不列颠街。渐渐地，随着我们一路走来，温米克变得越来越冷淡、僵硬，他的嘴最终又绷成了邮筒口。最后，当我们到了他的办公室的时候，他从衣领中掏出了他的钥匙。他看起来对他在沃尔沃思的产业毫无意识，就好像那座城堡、那个吊桥、凉亭、湖和喷泉，还有老人，都随着最后那声炮响而被吹散在空气之中了。

CHAPTER 26

第二十六章

It fell out as Wemmick had told me it would, that I had an early opportunity of comparing my guardian's establishment with that of his cashier and clerk. My guardian was in his room, washing his hands with his scented soap, when I went into the office from Walworth; and he called me to him, and gave me the invitation for myself and friends which Wemmick had prepared me to receive. "No ceremony," he stipulated, "and no dinner dress, and say tomorrow." I asked him where we should come to (for I had no idea where he lived), and I believe it was in his general objection to make anything like an admission, that he replied, "Come here, and I'll take you home with me." I embrace this opportunity of remarking that he washed his clients off, as if he were a surgeon or a dentist. He had a closet in his room, fitted up for the purpose, which smelt of the scented soap like a perfumer's shop. It had an unusually large jack-towel on a roller inside the door, and he would wash his hands, and wipe them and dry them all over this towel, whenever he came in from a police-court or dismissed a client from his room. When I and my friends repaired to him at six o'clock next day, he seemed to have been engaged on a case of a darker complexion than usual, for, we found him with his head butted into this closet, not only washing his hands, but laving his face and gargling his throat. And even when he had done all that, and had gone all round the jack-towel, he took out his penknife and scraped the case out of his nails before he put his coat on.

事情的发展正如温米克告诉我的一样，我一大早就有了一个机会，能让我将我的监护人的房子和他出纳兼办事员的房子做一下比较。当我从沃尔沃思走进我的监护人的办公室时，他正在用香皂洗手。他让我走近他，并且向我和我的朋友发出邀请，这份邀请和温米克所说的一模一样。“不要太隆重，”他规定说，“也不要穿礼服，我们就定在明天吧。”我问他我们应该去哪里（因为我不知道他住在哪里），而且我认为他的一大缺点就是把什么事都当做是在招供，他回答说：“过来这里，我带你回家。”我要抓住这个机会评论一下，每当他打发走一个客人，他都要洗手，就好像他是一位外科医生或者牙科医生一样。在他房间里有一个壁橱，就是为此原因而设，那块香皂闻起来就像是走进了一间香水店一样。挂在门上的是一条放在滚筒上的、又长又大的毛巾，每次他洗完手，就会在这条毛巾上擦干，不管是从治安法院出来或是把一个客户打发出去，他都要洗手。第二天六点，在我和我的朋友到他那里去的时候，他正忙于一件官司，表情比平时更加阴沉，因为我们看见他把头都伸进壁橱里，他不仅是洗了手，还洗了脸，漱了口。在他洗完脸之后，

他甚至抽出了整条毛巾来擦干，他拿出了小刀，将指甲里的因为案子而粘上的污垢全部刮掉，然后穿上了他的大衣。

There were some people slinking about as usual when we passed out into the street, who were evidently anxious to speak with him; but there was something so conclusive in the halo of scented soap which encircled his presence, that they gave it up for that day. As we walked along westward, he was recognized ever and again by some face in the crowd of the streets, and whenever that happened he talked louder to me; but he never otherwise recognized anybody, or took notice that anybody recognized him.

在我们走上大街的时候，照样还是有人偷偷摸摸地游荡在附近，明显是希望要和他说话。但是他香皂所形成的香气形成了如此有决定性作用的光圈，围绕在他周围，使得那些人放弃了一天的希望。在我们一直向西行的时候，他又一次被街头人群中的人们认出来了，不管事情怎样，他都高声跟我说话。而相反，他从未认出任何人，也没有注意那些认出他的人。

He conducted us to Gerrard-street, Soho, to a house on the south side of that street. Rather a stately house of its kind, but dolefully in want of painting, and with dirty windows. He took out his key and opened the door, and we all went into a stone hall, bare, gloomy, and little used. So, up a dark brown staircase into a series of three dark brown rooms on the first floor. There were carved garlands on the paneled walls, and as he stood among them giving us welcome, I know what kind of loops I thought they looked like.

他带着我们来到苏豪区杰勒德街，来到了街南头的一座房子。那幢房子看起来相当庄严，但急需重新刷一遍墙，而且窗子也很脏。他拿出钥匙，开了房门，我们进入了一间石制的大厅，里面空荡荡，又阴气沉沉，看来很少使用。因而，沿着深棕色的楼梯上去，在二楼有一排深棕色的房间。四周的墙裙上雕刻着花环，他就站在中间，向我们表示欢迎，我知道这些花环形成的圈圈看起来像什么。

Dinner was laid in the best of these rooms; the second was his dressing-room; the third, his bedroom. He told us that he held the whole house, but rarely used more of it than we saw. The table was comfortably laid—no silver in the service, of course—and at the side of his chair was a capacious dumb-waiter, with a variety of bottles and decanters on it, and four dishes of fruit for dessert. I noticed throughout, that he kept everything under his own hand, and distributed everything himself.

晚饭设在最好的一间房内；第二好的房间是他的更衣室；接下来就是他的卧室了。他告诉我们他拥有整座房产，但是除了我们见到的这几间，其他的房间几乎不怎么使用。饭桌摆设得很得体——当然餐具都不是银的——在他座位的一边有一个巨大的旋转餐台，上面放着各式各样

的杯子和玻璃瓶，还有四盘用来当甜点的水果。在整个过程当中，我发现他将每一件东西都掌握在他自己的手中，而且亲自分配食物。

There was a bookcase in the room; I saw, from the backs of the books, that they were about evidence, criminal law, criminal biography, trials, acts of parliament, and such things. The furniture was all very solid and good, like his watch-chain. It had an official look, however, and there was nothing merely ornamental to be seen. In a corner, was a little table of papers with a shaded lamp: so that he seemed to bring the office home with him in that respect too, and to wheel it out of an evening and fall to work.

房间里有一个书架。从书脊上，我发现那些全都是有关案件证据的，都是犯罪法、罪犯传记、庭审、国会法案之类的东西。那些家具都非常坚固、质量上乘，就像他的表链一样。然而，这个房间看起来就像个办公室，没有看见一件装饰用的东西。在角落里，有一张堆满了纸的桌子，灯光昏黄：所以从这一点来看，他也是将办公室搬回家了，以便在晚上把桌子推出来，继续办公。

As he had scarcely seen my three companions until now—for, he and I had walked together—he stood on the hearth-rug, after ringing the bell, and took a searching look at them. To my surprise, he seemed at once to be principally if not solely interested in Drummle.

直到现在，他还没怎么见过我的三个伙伴——因为他是和我走在一起的——现在他按过铃之后，站在壁炉前的地毯上，仔细地审视着他们。让我吃惊的是，他似乎马上就对德鲁莫尔产生了兴趣，就算不是只对他的话，也是主要对他有了兴趣。

"Pip," said he, putting his large hand on my shoulder and moving me to the window, "I don't know one from the other. Who's the Spider?"

“皮普，”他将他的大手搭在我的肩膀上，把我带向窗户那边，说，“他们三个我一个都不认识。哪一个是蜘蛛？”

"The spider?" said I.

“蜘蛛？”我说。

"The blotchy, sprawly, sulky fellow."

“就是那个身上脏兮兮、四仰八叉、死气沉沉的家伙。”

"That's Bentley Drummle," I replied; "the one with the delicate face is Startop."

“那个是本特利·德鲁莫尔。”我回答说，“长着精致面孔的是斯塔特普。”

Not making the least account of "the one with the delicate face," he returned, "Bentley Drummle is his name, is it? I like the look of

that fellow."

他一点都没在意那个“长着精致面孔的人”，又说道：“本特利·德鲁莫尔是他的名字，是不是？我喜欢这个家伙的长相。”

He immediately began to talk to Drummle: not at all deterred by his replying in his heavy reticent way, but apparently led on by it to screw discourse out of him. I was looking at the two, when there came between me and them, the housekeeper, with the first dish for the table.

他立马就跟德鲁莫尔攀谈起来：他的兴致并没有因为他又慢又迟钝的答话而减弱，相反，他就像拧螺丝一样把他的话挤出来。正当我看着他们俩的时候，女管家出现在我和他们之间，摆上第一道菜。

She was a woman of about forty, I supposed—but I may have thought her younger than she was. Rather tall, of a lithe nimble figure, extremely pale, with large faded eyes, and a quantity of streaming hair. I cannot say whether any diseased affection of the heart caused her lips to be parted as if she were panting, and her face to bear a curious expression of suddenness and flutter; but I know that I had been to see Macbeth at the theatre, a night or two before, and that her face looked to me as if it were all disturbed by fiery air, like the faces I had seen rise out of the Witches' caldron.

我想她是一个大约四十岁的妇女——但是我觉得，她生得更年轻一些。她的身材相当高挑，而且身体柔软敏捷，脸色非常苍白，眼睛大却暗淡无光，头发是披下来的。我不知道是不是什么心脏疾病使得她双唇微张，好像在喘气，而且她的脸上也显出突兀且烦躁的奇特表情。不过我一两天前晚上去剧院看过《麦克白》，她的这张脸看上去像是被炽热的空气所扰，就像从女巫的汽锅中升起的那张脸一样。

She set the dish on, touched my guardian quietly on the arm with a finger to notify that dinner was ready, and vanished. We took our seats at the round table, and my guardian kept Drummle on one side of him, while Startop sat on the other. It was a noble dish of fish that the housekeeper had put on table, and we had a joint of equally choice mutton afterwards, and then an equally choice bird. Sauces, wines, all the accessories we wanted, and all of the best, were given out by our host from his dumb-waiter; and when they had made the circuit of the table, he always put them back again. Similarly, he dealt us clean plates and knives and forks, for each course, and dropped those just disused into two baskets on the ground by his chair. No other attendant than the housekeeper appeared. She set on every dish; and I always saw in her face, a face rising out of the caldron. Years afterwards, I made a dreadful likeness of that woman, by causing a face that had no other natural resemblance to it than it derived from flowing hair, to pass behind a bowl of flaming spirits in a dark room.

她把菜放好，轻轻用手指碰了一下我的监护人的胳膊，示意他晚饭已准备好了，之后就不见了。我们围着圆桌做好，我的监护人将德鲁莫尔安排在他的旁边，斯塔特普则坐在另一边。女管家放在桌子上这道菜是味道鲜美的鱼，之后我们吃了同样好吃的羊肉，然后是毫不逊色的野禽。酱油、酒和我们需要的所有调味料全是上乘东西，都在主人的旋转餐台上，并由他分发。在我们将这些东西绕着桌子传过一圈之后，他就把它们放回原处。同样地，每上一道菜，他都要给我们分发干净的盘子和刀叉，在用完之后将它们都放在他座位旁边地上的篮子里。除了这位女管家，也没有其他佣人出现过。每一道菜都是她上的，而且我总是看到她那张汽锅里升起的脸。多年之后，在一间黑暗的房间里，我让一位面相和她一点都不像，只是也长着长发的女人隔着一碗燃烧的烈酒走过，就看到了这个女人同样可怕的面孔。

Induced to take particular notice of the housekeeper, both by her own striking appearance and by Wemmick's preparation, I observed that whenever she was in the room, she kept her eyes attentively on my guardian, and that she would remove her hands from any dish she put before him, hesitatingly, as if she dreaded his calling her back, and wanted him to speak when she was nigh, if he had anything to say. I fancied that I could detect in his manner a consciousness of this, and a purpose of always holding her in suspense.

这个女管家尤其吸引我的注意力，一是因为她吓人的样子，二是因为温米克之前的话。我发现无论什么时候，她都全神贯注地注视着我的监护人，而且在她把菜放在他面前之后，她会犹豫地缩回手，唯恐他再把她叫回来似的，而且如果他有话要说，就希望他趁她在的时候快说。我想象着我能从他的行为中察觉到，他知道这种情况，但却想让她一直心神不宁。

Dinner went off gaily, and, although my guardian seemed to follow rather than originate subjects, I knew that he wrenched the weakest part of our dispositions out of us. For myself, I found that I was expressing my tendency to lavish expenditure, and to patronize Herbert, and to boast of my great prospects, before I quite knew that I had opened my lips. It was so with all of us, but with no one more than Drummle: the development of whose inclination to gird in a grudging and suspicious way at the rest, was screwed out of him before the fish was taken off.

整个晚餐进行得非常愉快，尽管我的监护人从不提起新的话题，但是我知道他已经攥住了我们每一个人性格中最弱的地方。对于我来说，我发现在我还没张开嘴说话之前，就表现出我奢靡的消费倾向，既要资助赫伯特，又要吹嘘自己的远大前程。我们全部人都是这样，但都比不上德鲁莫尔：在鱼还没有端走的时候，他对其他人的吝啬及疑心就被看出来了。

It was not then, but when we had got to the cheese, that our

conversation turned upon our rowing feats, and that Drummle was rallied for coming up behind of a night in that slow amphibious way of his. Drummle upon this, informed our host that he much preferred our room to our company, and that as to skill he was more than our master, and that as to strength he could scatter us like chaff. By some invisible agency, my guardian wound him up to a pitch little short of ferocity about this trifle; and he fell to baring and spanning his arm to show how muscular it was, and we all fell to baring and spanning our arms in a ridiculous manner.

之后不久，在我们开始吃奶酪的时候，我们的谈话就提及了我们的划船技艺，德鲁莫尔便被我们攻击，说他有一晚以他那种两栖动物的方式跟在我们后面。德鲁莫尔听到这些，则对我们的主人说，他很喜欢和我们保持一段距离，在技巧方面他甚至强于我们的师傅，在力量方面他可以把我们像谷糠一样驱散开来。我的监护人用一种无形的力量伤害了他，以至于他几乎要因为这点小事露出他凶残的面目了。他甚至将他的手臂亮出来，向我们展示他的肌肉，而我们也可笑地露出手臂。

Now, the housekeeper was at that time clearing the table; my guardian, taking no heed of her, but with the side of his face turned from her, was leaning back in his chair biting the side of his forefinger and showing an interest in Drummle, that, to me, was quite inexplicable. Suddenly, he clapped his large hand on the housekeeper's, like a trap, as she stretched it across the table. So suddenly and smartly did he do this, that we all stopped in our foolish contention.

现在，管家就在这时来清理桌面了。我的监护人并没有留意她，而是把脸从她那边转过来，靠着椅背，咬着他的食指，流露出对德鲁莫尔的兴趣。对我来说，这一切非常难以理解。突然，就在管家将手伸向桌子另一头的时候，他用他的大手拍了拍管家的手，就像设下的一个陷阱似的。他的动作突然而潇洒，我们全部都停止了愚蠢的争论。

"If you talk of strength," said Mr. Jaggers, "I'll show you a wrist. Molly, let them see your wrist."

“要是说到力量，”贾格尔斯先生说，“我给你看看这个手腕。莫利，让他们看看你的手腕。”

Her entrapped hand was on the table, but she had already put her other hand behind her waist. "Master," she said, in a low voice, with her eyes attentively and entreatingly fixed upon him. "Don't."

她落入陷阱的手就在桌子上，但是她已经将另一只手背到腰后去了。“主人，”她用低沉的声音说道，同时用乞求的目光死死地盯着他，“不要。”

"I'll show you a wrist," repeated Mr. Jaggers, with an immovable determination to show it. "Molly, let them see your wrist."

“我给你们看这个手腕。”贾格尔斯先生重复道，他并没有动摇这决心，“莫利，让他们看看你的手腕。”

"Master," she again murmured. "Please!"

“主人。”她又嘟哝着说，“不要！”

"Molly," said Mr. Jaggers, not looking at her, but obstinately looking at the opposite side of the room, "let them see both your wrists. Show them. Come!"

“莫利，”贾格尔斯先生并没有看她，而是倔强地看着房间的另一面，说，“让他们看看你的两个手腕。给他们看。快！”

He took his hand from hers, and turned that wrist up on the table. She brought her other hand from behind her, and held the two out side by side. The last wrist was much disfigured—deeply scarred and scarred across and across. When she held her hands out, she took her eyes from Mr. Jaggers, and turned them watchfully on every one of the rest of us in succession.

他把手从她手上拿开，将她的手腕翻转过来，放在桌面上。她从身后伸出另一只手，将两只手并排放着。第二只手腕非常丑陋——上面有很深的伤疤，而且一道道都重叠在一起。当她伸出手时，她将目光从贾格尔斯先生身上转移开，进而警惕地挨个看着我们其他人。

"There's power here," said Mr. Jaggers, coolly tracing out the sinews with his forefinger. "Very few men have the power of wrist that this woman has. It's remarkable what mere force of grip there is in these hands. I have had occasion to notice many hands; but I never saw stronger in that respect, man's or woman's, than these."

“这里都是力量。”贾格尔斯先生说，他沉着地用食指指出了那些肌肉，“很少有男人的手腕像这个女人的那样有力。仅仅是这双手的握力就非常惊人。我有机会见到很多双手，但是在这方面还从未见过比这个更强有力的手了，不管是男人的手还是女人的手。”

While he said these words in a leisurely critical style, she continued to look at every one of us in regular succession as we sat. The moment he ceased, she looked at him again. "That'll do, Molly," said Mr. Jaggers, giving her a slight nod; "you have been admired, and can go." She withdrew her hands and went out of the room, and Mr. Jaggers, putting the decanters on from his dumb-waiter, filled his glass and passed round the wine.

他以从容不迫的评论风格说出了这番话，同时她依旧按我们座位的顺序挨个看着我们。当他停下的那一刻，她又看着他。“行了，莫利。”贾格尔斯先生说着，向她微微点头，“大家都很钦佩你的手，你可以走了。”她把手缩回去，走出房间，贾格尔斯先生从他的旋转餐台上拿来玻璃瓶，斟满他的酒杯，再将酒传了一圈。

"At half-past nine, gentlemen," said he, "we must break up. Pray make the best use of your time. I am glad to see you all. Mr. Drummle, I drink to you."

“在九点半的时候，先生们，”他说，“我们必须结束。请大家一定珍惜你们的时间。我很高兴见到你们。德鲁莫尔先生，我敬你一杯。”

If his object in singling out Drummle were to bring him out still more, it perfectly succeeded. In a sulky triumph, Drummle showed his morose depreciation of the rest of us, in a more and more offensive degree until he became downright intolerable. Through all his stages, Mr. Jaggers followed him with the same strange interest. He actually seemed to serve as a zest to Mr. Jaggers' wine.

如果他特别选出德鲁莫尔是为了让他暴露出更多的性格弱点，那么他完全成功了。带着阴沉的胜利感，德鲁莫尔闷闷不乐地对我们其他人表现出蔑视的神情，而且变得越来越无理，直到他的行为已完全让人不可忍受。在这个过程中的每一阶段，贾格尔斯先生都以奇怪的兴趣密切地注视着他。实际上，他似乎成了贾格尔斯先生的佐酒料。

In our boyish want of discretion I dare say we took too much to drink, and I know we talked too much. We became particularly hot upon some boorish sneer of Drummle's, to the effect that we were too free with our money. It led to my remarking, with more zeal than discretion, that it came with a bad grace from him, to whom Startop had lent money in my presence but a week or so before.

由于我们尚未成熟，缺乏判断力，我敢说我们都喝多了，而且我知道我们说得也太多了。对于德鲁莫尔的一些粗鄙的讥笑，我们变得非常激动，因为他说我们花钱太大手大脚。这一点让我失去了判断力，因而满腔怒火地说，他这样说非常无理，并且大约一个星期之前，他还在当着我的面向斯塔特普借钱了呢。

"Well," retorted Drummle; "he'll be paid."

“很好，”德鲁莫尔反驳道，“我会还给他的。”

"I don't mean to imply that he won't," said I, "but it might make you hold your tongue about us and our money, I should think."

“我不是想说你不会还钱，”我说，“我是希望，你在我们和我们的钱这方面保持沉默。”

"You should think!" retorted Drummle. "Oh Lord!"

“你倒想！”德鲁莫尔反驳道，“哦，我的天啊！”

"I dare say," I went on, meaning to be very severe, "that you wouldn't lend money to any of us, if we wanted it."

“我敢说，”我语气十分严肃地说道，“要是我们有需要的话，你不会借钱给我们任何一个人。”

"You are right," said Drummle. "I wouldn't lend one of you a sixpence. I wouldn't lend anybody a sixpence."

“你说对了。”德鲁莫尔说，“我一分钱都不会借给你们的。我一分钱都不会借给任何人。”

"Rather mean to borrow under those circumstances, I should say."

“我想，在这样的环境下借钱可是相当低劣的行径。”

"You should say," repeated Drummle. "Oh Lord!"

“你想。”德鲁莫尔重复道，“哦，我的天啊！”

This was so very aggravating—the more especially as I found myself making no way against his surly obtuseness—that I said, disregarding Herbert's efforts to check me:

这种情况非常恼人——尤其是我发觉我根本无法阻止他又粗暴又愚蠢的行为——我没有理会赫伯特的制止，说道：

"Come, Mr. Drummle, since we are on the subject, I'll tell you what passed between Herbert here and me, when you borrowed that money."

“少来了，德鲁莫尔先生，既然我们说到这个话题了，我就要跟你说说你借钱的时候我和赫伯特都说了些什么。”

"I don't want to know what passed between Herbert there and you," growled Drummle. And I think he added in a lower growl, that we might both go to the devil and shake ourselves.

“我可不想知道你和赫伯特都说了些什么。”德鲁莫尔咆哮道。而且我觉得他压低声音还说了什么，也许是我们俩都应该下地狱、去我们的之类的话。

"I'll tell you, however," said I, "whether you want to know or not. We said that as you put it in your pocket very glad to get it, you seemed to be immensely amused at his being so weak as to lend it."

“但是，我要告诉你，”我说，“不管你想不想知道。在你得意地把钱装进口袋的时候，我们说看到他如此软弱地就把钱借给你，你似乎感到非常好笑。”

Drummle laughed outright, and sat laughing in our faces, with his hands in his pockets and his round shoulders raised: plainly signifying that it was quite true, and that he despised us, as asses all.

德鲁莫尔立马笑了出来，而且坐在那里对着我们大笑，两手插在口袋里，耸着圆滚滚的肩膀：这样分明意味着我们说的都是真的，他把我们都当成了笨驴。

Hereupon Startop took him in hand, though with a much better

grace than I had shown, and exhorted him to be a little more agreeable. Startop, being a lively bright young fellow, and Drummle being the exact opposite, the latter was always disposed to resent him as a direct personal affront. He now retorted in a coarse lumpish way, and Startop tried to turn the discussion aside with some small pleasantry that made us all laugh. Resenting this little success more than anything, Drummle, without any threat or warning, pulled his hands out of his pockets, dropped his round shoulders, swore, took up a large glass, and would have flung it at his adversary's head, but for our entertainer's dexterously seizing it at the instant when it was raised for that purpose.

这时斯塔特普将他抓了起来，即便他比我表现得优雅很多，他也劝告他要客气一点。斯塔特普是一位活泼愉快的年轻人，而德鲁莫尔正好相反，后者总是倾向于将他当做一个最直接的死对头。他用粗鄙而迟钝的语言进行反击，而斯塔特普却试图将话题岔开，他讲了一小段笑话，我们全部人都笑了起来。德鲁莫尔对这一小小的胜利产生了深深的怨恨，在没有发出任何威胁或警告的情况下，他将手从口袋里伸出来，放下他肥滚滚的肩膀，大声咒骂着拿起一个玻璃杯，想向他的对手的头部砸去，但是就在他做出这一动作之时，我们的主人立即灵活地抓住了杯子。

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Jaggers, deliberately putting down the glass, and hauling out his gold repeater by its massive chain, "I am exceedingly sorry to announce that it's half-past nine.”

“先生，”贾格尔斯先生慢慢地放下杯子，然后拿出那块挂着一根粗链子的金怀表，说道，“我非常抱歉地告诉大家，现在已经是九点半了。”

On this hint we all rose to depart. Before we got to the street door, Startop was cheerily calling Drummle "old boy," as if nothing had happened. But the old boy was so far from responding, that he would not even walk to Hammersmith on the same side of the way; so, Herbert and I, who remained in town, saw them going down the street on opposite sides; Startop leading, and Drummle lagging behind in the shadow of the houses, much as he was wont to follow in his boat.

听到这条暗示，我们都起身准备离开。在我们走到通向街道的大门之前，斯塔特普已经高兴地称呼德鲁莫尔为“兄弟”了，好像什么事都没有发生似的。但是这位兄弟非但没有回应，甚至在回哈默史密斯的时候都不愿和他同路。所以，留在城里的我和赫伯特就看到他们两人走在路的两边，斯塔特普走在前面，德鲁莫尔则跟在后面，走在房屋的影子里，和他习惯于跟在他船后面的情形非常相像。

As the door was not yet shut, I thought I would leave Herbert there for a moment, and run up-stairs again to say a word to my

guardian. I found him in his dressing-room surrounded by his stock of boots, already hard at it, washing his hands of us.

由于大门还没有关，我想我应该让赫伯特先等一会儿，让我再上楼去和我的监护人说两句话。我看到他在更衣室，四周都是他库存的靴子，他已经在用力地洗手了，想洗净我们留下的气味。

I told him I had come up again to say how sorry I was that anything disagreeable should have occurred, and that I hoped he would not blame me much.

我告诉他，对于刚才发生的不愉快的事我感到非常抱歉，我希望他不要过多地指责我。

"Pooh!" said he, sluicing his face, and speaking through the water-drops; "it's nothing, Pip. I like that Spider though."

“扑！”他正在冲脸，在水流中说道，“没关系，皮普。但是我喜欢那个蜘蛛。”

He had turned towards me now, and was shaking his head, and blowing, and toweling himself.

现在他转向了我，他摇着头、喘着气，还用毛巾擦着脸。

"I am glad you like him, sir," said I—"but I don't."

“你喜欢他，我感到很高兴，”我说：“但是，我不喜欢他。”

"No, no," my guardian assented; "don't have too much to do with him. Keep as clear of him as you can. But I like the fellow, Pip; he is one of the true sort. Why, if I was a fortune-teller—”

“没错，没错，”我的监护人同意我的观点，“别跟他走得太近。尽你所能离他远点。但是我喜欢那个家伙，皮普，他是那种真性情的人。唉，要是我是个算命的——”

Looking out of the towel, he caught my eye.

他的眼睛从毛巾里露出来，正好和我的目光相遇。

"But I am not a fortune-teller," he said, letting his head drop into a festoon of towel, and toweling away at his two ears. "You know what I am, don't you? Good-night, Pip.”

“但是我不是个算命的，”他说着，又将头埋在了他的大花彩毛巾里，擦着他的耳朵，“你知道我是干什么的，不是吗？晚安，皮普。”

"Good-night, sir.”

“晚安，先生。”

In about a month after that, the Spider's time with Mr. Pocket was up for good, and, to the great relief of all the house but Mrs. Pocket, he went home to the family hole.

大概在一个月之后，这位蜘蛛和鄱凯特先生的租约就到期了。他回他家的蜘蛛洞去了，而除了鄱凯特夫人，我们大家都觉得如释重负。

CHAPTER 27

第二十七章

"MY DEAR MR PIP,

“我亲爱的皮普先生,

"I write this by request of Mr. Gargery, for to let you know that he is going to London in company with Mr. Wopsle and would be glad if agreeable to be allowed to see you. He would call at Barnard's Hotel Tuesday morning 9 o'clock, when if not agreeable please leave word. Your poor sister is much the same as when you left. We talk of you in the kitchen every night, and wonder what you are saying and doing. If now considered in the light of a liberty, excuse it for the love of poor old days. No more, dear Mr. Pip, from your ever obliged, and affectionate servant, "BIDDY." "P.S. He wishes me most particular to write what larks. He says you will understand. I hope and do not doubt it will be agreeable to see him even though a gentleman, for you had ever a good heart, and he is a worthy worthy man. I have read him all excepting only the last little sentence, and he wishes me most particular to write again what larks."

应格雷戈里先生的要求，我写这封信给你，通知你他即将在沃甫赛先生的陪同下前往伦敦，要是你愿意见他，他会非常高兴的。在星期二早上九点，他会到巴纳德旅馆，要是这个时间不合适的话，请留一张字条。你可怜的姐姐基本上和你离开时所见到的一样，没有什么起色。我们每天晚上都会在厨房里谈起你，想着你在说些什么，做些什么。若是你认为这样做有些过分的话，念在我们旧时的情谊，你就原谅我们吧。不多说了，亲爱的皮普先生，写自你永远忠诚且挚爱的仆人，比迪。”“附注：他希望我特别写上‘多么开心啊’。他说你会明白其中的意思的。我希望并且毫不怀疑，即便你是一个绅士，你也会同意见他的，因为你有一颗如此善良的心，而他也是一位非常非常值得尊敬的人。我已经给他读了所有的话，除了最后这个短句子，他希望我再次特别写上‘多么开心啊’。”

I received this letter by the post on Monday morning, and therefore its appointment was for next day. Let me confess exactly, with what feelings I looked forward to Joe's coming.

星期一早上我收到了这封寄来的信，因此这个约会也就是在第二天了。让我坦白说出我是以什么样的心情来迎接乔的到来的吧。

Not with pleasure, though I was bound to him by so many ties; no; with considerable disturbance, some mortification, and a keen sense of incongruity. If I could have kept him away by paying money,

I certainly would have paid money. My greatest reassurance was, that he was coming to Barnard's Inn, not to Hammersmith, and consequently would not fall in Bentley Drummle's way. I had little objection to his being seen by Herbert or his father, for both of whom I had a respect; but I had the sharpest sensitiveness as to his being seen by Drummle, whom I held in contempt. So, throughout life, our worst weaknesses and meannesses are usually committed for the sake of the people whom we most despise.

这种心情并不是喜悦，即便我和他有着千丝万缕的联系，不，我觉得这是相当大的困扰，夹杂着某种羞辱感，而且感到非常不合时宜。要是我能用钱将他据之于千里之外的话，我肯定会这样做了。而让我觉得放心的是他要来巴纳德旅馆，而不是哈默史密斯，因此就不会撞见本特利·德鲁莫尔了。我绝不会反对他见赫伯特或者是他的父亲，因为我对他们两个都很尊重。但是要是他见到德鲁莫尔的话，我就会有强烈的神经过敏，因为我轻视德鲁莫尔。所以在人的一生当中，我们往往为了自己最鄙视的人而犯下最糟糕、最卑鄙的罪行。

I had begun to be always decorating the chambers in some quite unnecessary and inappropriate way or other, and very expensive those wrestles with Barnard proved to be. By this time, the rooms were vastly different from what I had found them, and I enjoyed the honor of occupying a few prominent pages in the books of a neighboring upholsterer. I had got on so fast of late, that I had even started a boy in boots—top boots—in bondage and slavery to whom I might have been said to pass my days. For, after I had made the monster (out of the refuse of my washerwoman's family) and had clothed him with a blue coat, canary waistcoat, white cravat, creamy breeches, and the boots already mentioned, I had to find him a little to do and a great deal to eat; and with both of those horrible requirements he haunted my existence.

我一直在着手装饰我的房间，而且是以不必要且不恰当的方式，并且花销非常昂贵，目的就是想改变巴纳德旅馆的那种风格。到了现在，这套房间已经和我最初看见的大不相同了，而且我还享受到一种荣誉，就是在附近一位家具商的账本上拥有几页可观的赊账记录。最近的进展速度非常快，我甚至雇了一个穿靴子——长筒靴——的男仆，我也许应该说，在雇佣他的那些日子里，其实是我受了他的束缚和奴役。因为，在我雇佣了这个小怪物之后（他只是我的洗衣妇家里的废物），我给他穿上蓝色的大衣，淡黄色的马甲，白色领结和乳白色的马裤，靴子我已经提到了，但是我没什么事要他做，而他却吃得很多，光凭吃穿这两样就足够折磨我的生活了。

This avenging phantom was ordered to be on duty at eight on Tuesday morning in the hall (it was two feet square, as charged for floor-cloth), and Herbert suggested certain things for breakfast that he thought Joe would like. While I felt sincerely obliged to him for being

so interested and considerate, I had an odd half-provoked sense of suspicion upon me, that if Joe had been coming to see him, he wouldn't have been quite so brisk about it.

我命令这个来复仇的幽灵在星期二的早晨去大厅里值班（这是一个两英尺的方形大厅，那块铺地板的布也是赊来的），赫伯特提议早餐吃哪几样食物，因为他觉得乔会喜欢那些食物的。对于他的兴趣和体贴，我感到由衷的感谢。但我自己却有一种奇怪的、半愤怒的猜疑，想着如果乔是来看望他的话，他就不会为此忙前忙后了。

However, I came into town on the Monday night to be ready for Joe, and I got up early in the morning, and caused the sitting-room and breakfast-table to assume their most splendid appearance. Unfortunately the morning was drizzly, and an angel could not have concealed the fact that Barnard was shedding sooty tears outside the window, like some weak giant of a Sweep.

然而，我在星期一晚上来到市区，准备好见乔了。早上我起得很早，将起居室和餐桌布置得极为富丽堂皇。不幸的是，早上下起了毛毛雨，就算天使也掩盖不了巴纳德旅馆窗外流下的灰黑的眼泪，泪水就像是一个软弱的、扫烟囱的巨人流下的。

As the time approached I should have liked to run away, but the Avenger pursuant to orders was in the hall, and presently I heard Joe on the staircase. I knew it was Joe, by his clumsy manner of coming up-stairs—his state boots being always too big for him—and by the time it took him to read the names on the other floors in the course of his ascent. When at last he stopped outside our door, I could hear his finger tracing over the painted letters of my name, and I afterwards distinctly heard him breathing in at the keyhole. Finally he gave a faint single rap, and Pepper—such was the compromising name of the avenging boy—announced "Mr. Gargery!" I thought he never would have done wiping his feet, and that I must have gone out to lift him off the mat, but at last he came in.

随着时间慢慢地逼近，我很想逃走，但是那个复仇鬼就依照命令站在大厅里，不久我就听见乔上楼梯的声音了。从他笨拙的上楼声判断，我知道那是乔——他那双正式场合穿的靴子对他来说总是太大——上楼的时候，他每到一层都要读门牌上的名字。最终他在我们的门外停下了，我能听见他的手指在摸着我的名字，之后我清楚地听到他从钥匙孔呼气的声音。最后他轻轻地敲了一下门，之后佩珀——那个复仇鬼男仆暂时的名字——通报道：“格雷戈里先生到！”我想他永远都蹭不完他的鞋了，我必须得出去把他从垫子上提起来，但是他最终还是进来了。

"Joe, how are you, Joe?"

“乔，你好吗，乔？”

"Pip, how AIR you, Pip?"

“皮普，里好吗，皮普？”

With his good honest face all glowing and shining, and his hat put down on the floor between us, he caught both my hands and worked them straight up and down, as if I had been the last-patented Pump.

他善良而诚实的脸上放着光芒，他摘下帽子，放在了我们中间，抓住我两只手上下摇着，就好像我是最新获得专利的抽水机一样。

"I am glad to see you, Joe. Give me your hat."

“我很高兴见到你，乔。把你的帽子给我吧。”

But Joe, taking it up carefully with both hands, like a bird's-nest with eggs in it, wouldn't hear of parting with that piece of property, and persisted in standing talking over it in a most uncomfortable way.

但是乔却双手小心翼翼地握着帽子，就像它是个装着鸟蛋的鸟巢一样。他不会和他任何一件财产分离，坚持要站着，捧着帽子，以最不舒服的方式进行我们的谈话。

"Which you have that growed," said Joe, "and that swelled, and that gentle-folked;" Joe considered a little before he discovered this word; "as to be sure you are a honor to your king and country."

“你长大了，”乔说，“也胖了，变得有绅士风度了。”乔想了一会儿之后说道，“我敢说你一定是国王和国家的荣耀。”

"And you, Joe, look wonderfully well."

“乔，你看上去也很不错。”

"Thank God," said Joe, "I'm ekerval to most. And your sister, she's no worse than she were. And Biddy, she's ever right and ready. And all friends is no backerder, if not no forarder. 'Ceptin Wopsle; he's had a drop."

“谢谢上帝，”乔说，“我还不错。还有你的姐姐，她也还是老样子。还有比迪，她总是那么健康，做事风风火火。所有的朋友们即便没有进步，但是也没有退步。除了沃甫赛，他的生活有所下降。”

All this time (still with both hands taking great care of the bird's-nest), Joe was rolling his eyes round and round the room, and round and round the flowered pattern of my dressing-gown.

自始至终（他还是双手小心地捧着那个鸟巢），乔的眼睛都在房间里转来转去，还上下打量着我的绣花睡袍。

"Had a drop, Joe?"

“有所下降，乔？”

"Why yes," said Joe, lowering his voice, "he's left the Church, and went into the playacting. Which the playacting have likeways brought

him to London along with me. And his wish were," said Joe, getting the bird's-nest under his left arm for the moment and groping in it for an egg with his right; "if no offence, as I would 'and you that."

“啊，是的。”乔压低了声音说道，“他离开了教堂，成为了一个演员。而演员这份工作将他带到了伦敦，所以他和我一起来了。他的愿望就是，”这时他将那个鸟巢放在左腋下，用右手在里面摸索着鸟蛋，说道，“我没有任何冒犯之意，但是我想给你看一下这个。”

I took what Joe gave me, and found it to be the crumpled playbill of a small metropolitan theatre, announcing the first appearance, in that very week, of "the celebrated Provincial Amateur of Roscian renown, whose unique performance in the highest tragic walk of our National Bard has lately occasioned so great a sensation in local dramatic circles."

我接过了乔给我的东西，发现那是一家小型城市剧院的节目单，第一页上就写着，在那个星期，“与罗西乌斯齐名的著名业余演员将登台献艺，其演出的我国国民诗人的伟大悲剧作品曾经在地方戏剧界引起了轰动。”

"Were you at his performance, Joe?" I inquired.

“你看过他的演出吗，乔？”我问道。

"I were," said Joe, with emphasis and solemnity.

“我看过。”乔一本正经地强调。

"Was there a great sensation?"

“它引起巨大轰动了吗？”

"Why," said Joe, "yes, there certainly were a peck of orange-peel. Partickler, when he see the ghost. Though I put it to yourself, sir, whether it were calc'lated to keep a man up to his work with a good hart, to be continiwally cutting in betwixt him and the Ghost with "Amen!" A man may have had a misfortun' and been in the Church," said Joe, lowering his voice to an argumentative and feeling tone, "but that is no reason why you should put him out at such a time. Which I meantersay, if the ghost of a man's own father cannot be allowed to claim his attention, what can, Sir? Still more, when his mourning 'at is unfortunately made so small as that the weight of the black feathers brings it off, try to keep it on how you may."

“唉，”乔说，“是的，那里当然是有很多桔子皮的。特别是他见到鬼的那一场。我想你可以设身处地地想一想，先生，要是有人不停地喊着‘阿门’，打断他和那个鬼魂的谈话，那么他怎能安心做好他的工作呢！一个人可能会因为不幸而去了教堂工作，”乔说着，压低了声音，用争辩且动情的语气说道，“但是在这样的时候你没有理由将他拒之门外。我想说的是，如果连自己父亲的灵魂都不注意，那么还有什么值得注意

的呢，先生？还有呢，他的那顶丧帽做得太小了，插上黑羽毛之后帽子就会掉下来，你是无论如何都戴不住的啊。”

A ghost-seeing effect in Joe's own countenance informed me that Herbert had entered the room. So, I presented Joe to Herbert, who held out his hand; but Joe backed from it, and held on by the bird's-nest.

乔脸上流露出好像见到了鬼似的神情，我知道是赫伯特进了房间。于是我将乔介绍给了赫伯特，赫伯特伸出了手，但是乔却缩回手去，握住了他的鸟巢。

"Your servant, Sir," said Joe, "which I hope as you and Pip"—here his eye fell on the Avenger, who was putting some toast on table, and so plainly denoted an intention to make that young gentleman one of the family, that I frowned it down and confused him more—“I meantersay, you two gentlemen—which I hope as you get your elths in this close spot? For the present may be a werry good inn, according to London opinions," said Joe, confidentially, "and I believe its character do stand i; but I wouldn't keep a pig in it myself—not in the case that I wished him to fatten wholesome and to eat with a meller flavor on him.”

“你好，先生，”乔说，“我希望你和皮普”——此时他的目光落在了那个复仇鬼的身上，他正在将烤面包摆在桌子上，乔很自然地把这个年轻人当做家里的一员，我向他皱了皱眉，这点让他更困惑了——“我想说，你们两位先生——我希望你们两位在这狭窄的空间里都身体健康吧？依照伦敦人的观点，现在这个旅馆可能是非常好。”乔推心置腹地说，“而且我相信它的特点是会保留下去的。但是我自己就不会在这里养猪——要是我希望猪能养得又肥又健康，吃起来味道又好的话。”

Having borne this flattering testimony to the merits of our dwelling-place, and having incidentally shown this tendency to call me "sir," Joe, being invited to sit down to table, looked all round the room for a suitable spot on which to deposit his hat—as if it were only on some very few rare substances in nature that it could find a resting place—and ultimately stood it on an extreme corner of the chimney-piece, from which it ever afterwards fell off at intervals.

乔说了他对我们这个居所的溢美之词，而且附带着显出他对我的尊称——“先生”。然后我们就请他入座，他环顾整个房间，像是要找一个合适的地方来放置他的帽子——就好像它是什么非常稀罕的东西，不能在这里找到落脚的地方一样——最终，他将帽子放在壁炉架的尖角上，而之后它就一直不时地掉下来。

"Do you take tea, or coffee, Mr. Gargery?" asked Herbert, who always presided of a morning.

“你要喝茶还是喝咖啡，格雷戈里先生？”赫伯特问道，他总是在早

上主管这些事物。

"Thankee, Sir," said Joe, stiff from head to foot, "I'll take whichever is most agreeable to yourself."

“谢谢了，先生。”乔说道，他从头到脚都是僵硬的，“我喝什么都行，只要您方便就好。”

"What do you say to coffee?"

“咖啡好吗？”

"Thankee, Sir," returned Joe, evidently dispirited by the proposal, "since you are so kind as make chice of coffee, I will not run contrairy to your own opinions. But don't you never find it a little 'eating?"

“谢谢，先生，”乔回答道，很明显他对这个提议有些沮丧，“既然您选了咖啡，我自然不会提出反对意见。但是您是否觉得那样会有一点热？”

"Say tea then," said Herbert, pouring it out.

“那么就喝茶吧。”赫伯特说着，把咖啡倒掉了。

Here Joe's hat tumbled off the mantel-piece, and he started out of his chair and picked it up, and fitted it to the same exact spot. As if it were an absolute point of good breeding that it should tumble off again soon.

这时乔的帽子从壁炉架上掉了下来，他立马从椅子上站起身来，把帽子捡起来，然后又把它放在原来的地方。就好像那里是一个安置他帽子的绝佳地方一样，即使很快它又会掉下来的。

"When did you come to town, Mr. Gargery?"

“你什么时候来到城里的，格雷戈里先生？”

"Were it yesterday afternoon?" said Joe, after coughing behind his hand, as if he had had time to catch the whooping-cough since he came. "No it were not. Yes it were. Yes. It were yesterday afternoon" (with an appearance of mingled wisdom, relief, and strict impartiality).

“是昨天下午吗？”乔说着用手遮住嘴咳嗽了几声，就好像自从进城，他已经有足够的时间染上百日咳了一样，“不，不是昨天下午。哦，是的。没错。是昨天下午。”（他表情中夹杂着智慧、放松、还有严格的公平）。

"Have you seen anything of London, yet?"

“你游览过伦敦了吗？”

"Why, yes, Sir," said Joe, "me and Wopsle went off straight to look at the Blacking Ware'us. But we didn't find that it come up to its

likeness in the red bills at the shop doors; which I meantersay," added Joe, in an explanatory manner, "as it is there drawd too architectooralooral."

“哦，是的，先生，”乔说，“我和沃甫赛直接去看了鞋油厂。但是我们觉得那里和门上大红的宣传单相比还有些差距。我是想说，”乔解释道，“宣传单上画得真是太壮——观——了。”

I really believe Joe would have prolonged this word (mightily expressive to my mind of some architecture that I know) into a perfect Chorus, but for his attention being providentially attracted by his hat, which was toppling. Indeed, it demanded from him a constant attention, and a quickness of eye and hand, very like that exacted by wicket-keeping. He made extraordinary play with it, and showed the greatest skill; now, rushing at it and catching it neatly as it dropped; now, merely stopping it midway, beating it up, and humoring it in various parts of the room and against a good deal of the pattern of the paper on the wall, before he felt it safe to close with it; finally, splashing it into the slop-basin, where I took the liberty of laying hands upon it. Finally, splashing it into the slop-basin, where I took the liberty of laying hands upon it.

我真的以为乔会将这个词拖长成为一曲圣曲（而那个词非常具有表现力，使我想起了一些我所知道的建筑），但是幸亏神意降临，他的注意力又被他倾斜的帽子吸引住了。的确，那里需要他一直留意着，还要眼疾手快，要履行类似一个守门员的职责。他表现得很出色，而且这样还展示了他出众的技艺。有时，就在帽子快要掉下来的时候，他就冲过去抓住；有时，就在帽子下落的时候一把抓住，拿起帽子胡闹一气，在房间的各个角落嬉戏，擦到了墙上的壁纸，直到他觉得安全了才停止他的步伐。最后，帽子掉进了污水盆，溅起了水花，这时我才冒昧地拿起了帽子。

As to his shirt-collar, and his coat-collar, they were perplexing to reflect upon—insoluble mysteries both. Why should a man scrape himself to that extent, before he could consider himself full dressed? Why should he suppose it necessary to be purified by suffering for his holiday clothes? Then he fell into such unaccountable fits of meditation, with his fork midway between his plate and his mouth; had his eyes attracted in such strange directions; was afflicted with such remarkable coughs; sat so far from the table, and dropped so much more than he ate, and pretended that he hadn't dropped it; that I was heartily glad when Herbert left us for the city.

至于他的衬衣领和大衣领，它们非常令人费解——这两样东西都是不能解决的迷。为什么一个人能觉得自己衣冠整齐，但领口能如此擦来擦去的呢？为什么他会觉得在假日穿上一件如此折磨人的衣服能保持圣洁呢？之后，他陷入了一种无法解释的沉思之中，叉子还在他的嘴和盘

子之间架着。他的眼睛被奇怪的方向所吸引着，他也正忍受着剧烈咳嗽的折磨，他坐得离餐桌非常远，掉下去的食物比吃进嘴里的还要多。而当赫伯特离开我们进城的时候，我感到由衷的喜悦。

I had neither the good sense nor the good feeling to know that this was all my fault, and that if I had been easier with Joe, Joe would have been easier with me. I felt impatient of him and out of temper with him; in which condition he heaped coals of fire on my head.

我既判断不出也感觉不到这一切是不是都是我的错，也不知道如果我对他平易一点，他会不会对我也轻松一些。我开始对他不耐烦，还对他发脾气，而在这种情况下他以德报怨却令我感到惭愧。

"Us two being now alone, Sir,"—began Joe.

“我们两个单独在一起了，先生。”——乔开始说道。

"Joe," I interrupted, pettishly, "how can you call me, Sir?"

“乔，”我没好气地打断他说，“你怎么能叫我先生呢？”

Joe looked at me for a single instant with something faintly like reproach. Utterly preposterous as his cravat was, and as his collars were, I was conscious of a sort of dignity in the look.

乔立即看了我一眼，眼神里带着些许的责备。尽管他的领结戴得十分荒谬，衣领也很别扭，但是我在他的神情里察觉到了尊严。

"Us two being now alone," resumed Joe, "and me having the intentions and abilities to stay not many minutes more, I will now conclude—leastways begin—to mention what have led to my having had the present honor. For was it not," said Joe, with his old air of lucid exposition, "that my only wish were to be useful to you, I should not have had the honor of breaking wittles in the company and abode of gentlemen."

“我们俩现在单独在一起了，”乔又继续说道，“我不能再呆很长时间了，现在我必须做一下总结——至少是首先——我要说能来到这里，我感到万分荣幸。要不是，”乔带着他古旧而清晰的语调说道，“我唯一的希望就是我能帮到你，不然我就不应该有此荣幸来到绅士们的住所了。”

I was so unwilling to see the look again, that I made no remonstrance against this tone.

我又一次非常不情愿地看着这样的表情，以至于我对这种语气没有提出任何抗议。

"Well, Sir," pursued Joe, "this is how it were. I were at the Bargemen t'other night, Pip;" whenever he subsided into affection, he called me Pip, and whenever he relapsed into politeness he called me Sir; "when there come up in his shay-cart, Pumblechook. Which that same identical," said Joe, going down a new track, "do comb my 'air

the wrong way sometimes, awful, by giving out up and down town as it were him which ever had your infant companionation and were looked upon as a playfellow by yourself."

“那么，先生，”乔继续说道，“事情是这样的。那天晚上我在‘三个快活船员’酒馆里，皮普。”只要他动了情感，他就会叫我皮普，但什么时候他想到礼数，就会叫我先生，“这时彭波契克驾着他的轻便马车来了。这位先生就是那位，”乔又沿着一个新的思路说道，“有时搞得我摸不着头脑的那位，太可怕了，他来来回回在城里走，就好像他是你儿时的伙伴一样，甚至连你都认为他是你的玩伴似的。”

"Nonsense. It was you, Joe."

“真是瞎扯。那样的人就是你啊，乔。”

"Which I fully believed it were, Pip," said Joe, slightly tossing his head, "though it signify little now, Sir. Well, Pip; this same identical, which his manners is given to blusterous, come to me at the Bargemen (wot a pipe and a pint of beer do give refreshment to the working-man, Sir, and do not over stimilate), and his word were, 'Joseph, Miss Havisham she wish to speak to you.'"

“我完全相信，皮普，”他轻轻地摇了一下头，说道，“但是现在也没什么意义了，先生。对了，皮普，还是这个人，他行为嚣张地来到‘三个快活船员’酒馆找我（你知道一斗烟和一品脱啤酒就能让我们这些工人们解解乏，而且也不会过量），他的原话是，‘约瑟夫，郝维仙小姐希望能跟你谈一谈。’”

"Miss Havisham, Joe?"

“郝维仙小姐，乔？”

“'She wish,' were Pumblechook's word, 'to speak to you.'" Joe sat and rolled his eyes at the ceiling.

“彭波契克的原话是‘她希望跟你谈一谈。’”乔坐下，眼睛望着天花板打转。

"Yes, Joe? Go on, please."

“是的，然后呢，乔？请继续说吧。”

"Next day, Sir," said Joe, looking at me as if I were a long way off, "having cleaned myself, I go and I see Miss A."

“第二天，先生，”乔看着我，好像我和他相距甚远，说道，“我自己梳洗整洁之后，去见了爱小姐。”

"Miss A., Joe? Miss Havisham?"

“爱小姐，乔？是郝维仙小姐吗？”

"Which I say, Sir," replied Joe, with an air of legal formality, as if he were making his will, "Miss A., or otherways Havisham. Her

expression air then as follering: 'Mr. Gargery. You air in correspondence with Mr. Pip?' Having had a letter from you, I were able to say 'I am.' (When I married your sister, Sir, I said 'I will;' and when I answered your friend, Pip, I said 'I am.') 'Would you tell him, then,' said she, 'that which Estella has come home and would be glad to see him.'"

“先生，我说的是，”乔回答道，他语气中有着法律上的礼节，就好像在立遗嘱一样，“爱小姐，或者是郝维仙小姐。她用这样的强调语气对我说：‘格雷戈里先生。你和皮普先生通信了吗？’因为我那时已经收到了你的一封信，所以我说‘我有过。’（在我和你姐姐结婚的时候，先生，我说‘我愿意’；在我回答你朋友的问题时，皮普，我说‘我有过’。）‘那么你能不能告诉他，’她说道，‘埃斯特拉已经回家了，她很希望见到他。’”

I felt my face fire up as I looked at Joe. I hope one remote cause of its firing, may have been my consciousness that if I had known his errand, I should have given him more encouragement.

当我看着乔的时候，我感到自己的脸变红了。我希望我脸红的一个间接原因就是我意识到，要是我知道他的使命的话，我应该给予他更多的鼓励。

"Biddy," pursued Joe, "when I got home and asked her fur to write the message to you, a little hung back. Biddy says, "I know he will be very glad to have it by word of mouth, it is holiday-time, you want to see him, go!” I have now concluded, Sir," said Joe, rising from his chair, "and, Pip, I wish you ever well and ever prospering to a greater and a greater heighth."

“比迪，”乔继续说道，“当我回到家里，叫她拿羽毛笔，我好留字条给你的时候，却遭到了阻止。比迪说，‘我知道他要是能亲耳听到这个消息会很高兴的，现在是假期，你也想见见他，去吧！’我现在可以说，先生，”乔从他的座位上站起来，“皮普，我希望你永远平安、事业兴隆、步步高升。”

"But you are not going now, Joe?"

“但是，现在你要走了是吗，乔？”

"Yes I am," said Joe.

“是的，我要走了。”乔说。

"But you are coming back to dinner, Joe?"

“但是你会回来吃晚饭的是吗，乔？”

"No I am not," said Joe.

“不，我不回来了。”乔说。

Our eyes met, and all the "Sir" melted out of that manly heart as he gave me his hand.

我们的目光相遇，在他向我伸出手来的时候，所有的敬称都在这个有男子气概的心中消融了。

"Pip, dear old chap, life is made of ever so many partings welded together, as I may say, and one man's a blacksmith, and one's a whitesmith, and one's a goldsmith, and one's a coppersmith. Diwisions among such must come, and must be met as they come. If there's been any fault at all today, it's mine. You and me is not two figures to be together in London; nor yet anywheres else but what is private, and beknown, and understood among friends. It ain't that I am proud, but that I want to be right, as you shall never see me no more in these clothes. I'm wrong in these clothes. I'm wrong out of the forge, the kitchen, or off th' meshes. You won't find half so much fault in me if you think of me in my forge dress, with my hammer in my hand, or even my pipe. You won't find half so much fault in me if, supposing as you should ever wish to see me, you come and put your head in at the forge window and see Joe the blacksmith, there, at the old anvil, in the old burnt apron, sticking to the old work. I'm awful dull, but I hope I've beat out something nigh the rights of this at last. And so GOD bless you, dear old Pip, old chap, GOD bless you!"

“皮普，我的老弟，生命就是由这么多的部分焊接而成的，就像有人是铁匠，有人是锡铁匠，有人是金匠，有人是铜匠一样。像这样的分离肯定是会到来的，而相聚的时刻也是会有的。要是今天发生了什么不愉快的事，错都在我。在伦敦，你和我是走不到一起的。在其他任何地方都不行，除非在自己的家里，我们才会熟知，才被朋友理解。我不是骄傲，但是我想做正确的事，你绝不会再看到我穿这几件衣服了。这几件衣服显得不合时宜。一走出那个铁匠铺，那个厨房或者那片沼泽地，我就到处犯错。要是我穿着铁匠衣服，拿着我的锤子，甚至是叼着烟斗的时候，我连一半的错误都不会犯。假如你愿意来看我，把下巴搭在铁匠铺的窗户上，看乔系着焦黄的旧围裙，做着古老的工作，在那片旧铁砧上打铁的时候，你就不会在我的身上找出那么多错误了。我是一个又糟糕又迟钝的人，但是我希望我最终能一点一点接近正确的事。还有，愿上帝保佑你，亲爱的皮普，老弟，上帝保佑你！”

I had not been mistaken in my fancy that there was a simple dignity in him. The fashion of his dress could no more come in its way when he spoke these words, than it could come in its way in Heaven. He touched me gently on the forehead, and went out. As soon as I could recover myself sufficiently, I hurried out after him and looked for him in the neighboring streets; but he was gone.

在我的意识中他身上有一种简单的尊严，这一点我没有错。在他说出这些话的时候，他过时的衣服看起来不再碍眼，反而看上去是一套承

载着一个高尚灵魂的衣服。他轻轻地摸了摸我的前额，然后离开了。我一完全恢复意识，就冲了出去，在附近的街上找他，但是他早已经走远了。

CHAPTER 28

第二十八章

It was clear that I must repair to our town next day, and in the first flow of my repentance it was equally clear that I must stay at Joe's. But, when I had secured my box-place by tomorrow's coach and had been down to Mr. Pocket's and back, I was not by any means convinced on the last point, and began to invent reasons and make excuses for putting up at the Blue Boar. I should be an inconvenience at Joe's; I was not expected, and my bed would not be ready; I should be too far from Miss Havisham's, and she was exacting and mightn't like it. All other swindlers upon earth are nothing to the self-swindlers, and with such pretences did I cheat myself. Surely a curious thing. That I should innocently take a bad half-crown of somebody else's manufacture, is reasonable enough; but that I should knowingly reckon the spurious coin of my own make, as good money! An obliging stranger, under pretence of compactly folding up my bank-notes for security's sake, abstracts the notes and gives me nutshells; but what is his sleight of hand to mine, when I fold up my own nutshells and pass them on myself as notes!

显然，我第二天必须回到我们的小镇。开始反悔了一会儿之后，我心里很清楚自己必须呆在乔家里。但是，在我预订好明天马车的厢位，并且去过鄱凯特先生家之后，在最后那一刻我却没有被自己的念头打动，我开始编造各种理由作为借口，说服自己应该住在“蓝野猪”饭店。如果住在乔的家里，那样会给他带来不便；或者由于我事先没有打招呼，所以我的床铺可能没有准备好；再或者我可能离郝维仙小姐太远了，而她如此严厉，也许不喜欢这样。所有的骗子相比于欺骗自我的人来说都无足轻重，而我就是这样披着伪装的外衣欺骗自己。这是多么奇怪的事啊。如果我无知地收下了其他人制造出来的二先令六便士的假币，这样还绝对合情合理，但是我却竟然明明知道自己造的是假币，还骗自己说那个是真的！或许会有一个乐于助人的陌生人假装为了安全起见而收起我的钞票，偷偷地抽出那些钞票，给我换成了坚果壳；但是和我的手段比起来，他的这点小把戏又算得了什么呢！因为我是自己收起自己的坚果壳，然后把它们当钞票递给自己！

Having settled that I must go to the Blue Boar, my mind was much disturbed by indecision whether or not to take the Avenger. It was tempting to think of that expensive Mercenary publicly airing his boots in the archway of the Blue Boar's posting-yard; it was almost solemn to imagine him casually produced in the tailor's shop and confounding the disrespectful senses of Trabb's boy. On the other hand, Trabb's boy might worm himself into his intimacy and tell him

things; or, reckless and desperate wretch as I knew he could be, might hoot him in the High-street, My patroness, too, might hear of him, and not approve. On the whole, I resolved to leave the Avenger behind.

在我决定了必须要住到“蓝野猪”饭店之后，关于带不带那个复仇鬼过去的问题却又让我犹豫不决、心神不安。想到能在“蓝野猪”饭店的马房拱道里听到他那双名贵靴子的踩踏声，我就很得意而想带上他。而且想象着他出奇不意地出现在裁缝店里，一定会将特拉布那个不懂礼貌的伙计弄得摸不着头脑时，我几乎都对他肃然起敬了。但另一方面，特拉布的伙计也可能会和他套近乎，和他侃侃而谈。或者就像我认为的那样，这个不计后果、不顾一切的恶棍可能会大喊大叫地把复仇鬼轰到大街上去，这样的话我的女恩主可能会听说这件事，而且会不赞同。所以，最后我决定不带这个复仇鬼去了。

It was the afternoon coach by which I had taken my place, and, as winter had now come round, I should not arrive at my destination until two or three hours after dark. Our time of starting from the Cross Keys was two o'clock. I arrived on the ground with a quarter of an hour to spare, attended by the Avenger—if I may connect that expression with one who never attended on me if he could possibly help it.

我坐的是下午的马车，由于冬季来临，天黑之后的两三个小时我才能到达目的地。我们从“十字钥匙”驿站出发的时间是两点。我由复仇鬼陪伴着，提前一刻钟到了那里——虽然我用了“陪伴”这一表达，但是他要是能选择的话是绝对不会陪伴我的。

At that time it was customary to carry Convicts down to the dockyards by stage-coach. As I had often heard of them in the capacity of outside passengers, and had more than once seen them on the high road dangling their ironed legs over the coach roof, I had no cause to be surprised when Herbert, meeting me in the yard, came up and told me there were two convicts going down with me. But I had a reason that was an old reason now, for constitutionally faltering whenever I heard the word convict.

在那时，用公共马车载几个罪犯到监狱船那里去是一种惯用的方式。我经常听说这些人能够坐在车厢外，而且不止一次看到他们在大路上坐在车厢顶，摇晃着他们铁一样坚硬的双腿，所以当赫伯特在院子里见到我，跟我说有两个罪犯与我同行的时候，我没有理由感到惊讶。但是出于一个如今已经陈旧的理由，一听到罪犯这个词，我都会不自觉地感到有些畏缩。

"You don't mind them, Handel?" said Herbert.

“你不介意吧，汉德尔？”赫伯特说。

"Oh no!"

“哦，我不介意！”

"I thought you seemed as if you didn't like them?"

“我觉得你看起来好像不喜欢他们？”

"I can't pretend that I do like them, and I suppose you don't particularly. But I don't mind them."

“我不能假装喜欢他们，而且我想你也不怎么喜欢吧。但是我也不介意。”

"See! There they are," said Herbert, "coming out of the Tap. What a degraded and vile sight it is!"

“看！他们就在那里。”赫伯特说，“从小酒吧出来了。这是多么堕落而卑鄙的场景啊！”

They had been treating their guard, I suppose, for they had a gaoler with them, and all three came out wiping their mouths on their hands. The two convicts were handcuffed together, and had irons on their legs—irons of a pattern that I knew well. They wore the dress that I likewise knew well. Their keeper had a brace of pistols, and carried a thick-knobbed bludgeon under his arm; but he was on terms of good understanding with them, and stood, with them beside him, looking on at the putting-to of the horses, rather with an air as if the convicts were an interesting Exhibition not formally open at the moment, and he the Curator. One was a taller and stouter man than the other, and appeared as a matter of course, according to the mysterious ways of the world both convict and free, to have had allotted to him the smaller suit of clothes. His arms and legs were like great pincushions of those shapes, and his attire disguised him absurdly; but I knew his half-closed eye at one glance. There stood the man whom I had seen on the settle at the Three Jolly Bargemen on a Saturday night, and who had brought me down with his invisible gun!

我想他们一定是请看守喝酒了，因为有一个监狱看守跟着他们，三个人出来的时候都在用手抹着嘴。两名罪犯被拷在了一起，腿上也锁着铁镣铐——这种铁具的样式我可是非常熟悉。他们的着装我也同样熟悉。他们的看守人带着手枪，胳膊下面还夹着一根粗壮的大头棒。但是他们之间却相互理解，保持着良好的关系，两个罪犯在他旁边站着，在一边看着别人套马，那个样子就好像那两个罪犯是一件有趣的展品，但此时还没有正式开放，而他就是馆长。有一个罪犯长得高一些，壮实一些，而且不用说，根据这个世界对于罪犯和自由人的神秘安排，他分配到了一件小号的囚服。他的手脚就像那些巨大的针垫，他的衣服就愚蠢地遮在他的身上，但是我一眼就认出了他那双半闭的眼睛。站在这里的这个人，就是我那个星期六晚上在“三个快活船员”酒馆里看到的那个人，当时他用他那把无形的枪把我击倒了！

It was easy to make sure that as yet he knew me no more than if he had never seen me in his life. He looked across at me, and his eye appraised my watch-chain, and then he incidentally spat and said something to the other convict, and they laughed and slued themselves round with a clink of their coupling manacle, and looked at something else. The great numbers on their backs, as if they were street doors; their coarse mangy ungainly outer surface, as if they were lower animals; their ironed legs, apologetically garlanded with pocket-handkerchiefs; and the way in which all present looked at them and kept from them; made them (as Herbert had said) a most disagreeable and degraded spectacle.

很明显，他还没有认出我来，就好像他一生中从没见过我一样。他的目光向我看过来，眼睛打量着我的表链，然后顺带吐了口吐沫，和另外一个罪犯说了几句话，之后两人大笑起来，转过身去，身上的镣铐叮当作响，接着又去看其他东西去了。他们的后背上写着大大的号码，就好像街上的门牌一样；他们外表粗鄙、污秽而笨拙，就好像低等动物一样；他们带着铁镣铐的双腿，可怜地用手帕缠着；而所有在场的人看着他们和躲着他们的样子，让他们（就如赫伯特所说）成了最令人讨厌、最堕落的展览品。

But this was not the worst of it. It came out that the whole of the back of the coach had been taken by a family removing from London, and that there were no places for the two prisoners but on the seat in front, behind the coachman. Hereupon, a choleric gentleman, who had taken the fourth place on that seat, flew into a most violent passion, and said that it was a breach of contract to mix him up with such villainous company, and that it was poisonous and pernicious and infamous and shameful, and I don't know what else. At this time the coach was ready and the coachman impatient, and we were all preparing to get up, and the prisoners had come over with their keeper—bringing with them that curious flavor of bread-poultice, baize, rope-yarn, and hearthstone, which attends the convict presence.

但这些还不是最糟糕的事。整个马车的后部都被从伦敦搬来的一家人占据了，所以两个罪犯没有地方坐，只好坐在了前面马车夫后面的位子上。因此，坐在第四个位子上的一位性情暴躁的先生便大发脾气，说让自己与这样的恶棍同行，是违反合约的行为，还说这样非常恶毒、损人、下流而且不体面，除此之外，我也不知道还有什么词可以形容了。这时，马车已经准备就绪，车夫也等得不耐烦了，我们都准备上车，罪犯和他们的看守也过来了——他们带着奇怪的面包肉汤味，还有厚羊毛毯，制绳线和炉底石，这些都是罪犯们带的东西。

"Don't take it so much amiss. sir," pleaded the keeper to the angry passenger; "I'll sit next you myself. I'll put 'em on the outside of the row. They won't interfere with you, sir. You needn't know they're there."

“不要太在意了。先生，”看守恳求着对这位生气的先生说，“我自己会坐在您旁边的。我不会让他们坐在这一排的。他们不会打扰到您的，先生。你不需要理会他们两个。”

"And don't blame me," growled the convict I had recognized. "I don't want to go. I am quite ready to stay behind. As fur as I am concerned any one's welcome to my place."

“别怪我，”我认出来的那个罪犯抱怨着说，“我可不想去。我可是想留下来的。依我所见，谁来坐我的位子我都欢迎。”

"Or mine," said the other, gruffly. "I wouldn't have incommoded none of you, if I'd had my way." Then, they both laughed, and began cracking nuts, and spitting the shells about.— As I really think I should have liked to do myself, if I had been in their place and so despised.

“我也是。”另一个罪犯粗声说，“要是依我的方式的话，我就不会妨碍到你们任何一位了。”然后，他们两个都笑了起来，然后开始磕坚果，把果壳吐得到处都是。要是我站在他们的角度，被别人如此鄙视，我真的觉得我也会这样做的。

At length, it was voted that there was no help for the angry gentleman, and that he must either go in his chance company or remain behind. So, he got into his place, still making complaints, and the keeper got into the place next him, and the convicts hauled themselves up as well as they could, and the convict I had recognized sat behind me with his breath on the hair of my head.

最后，大家都觉得那位生气的先生没有其他办法了，他要不自认倒霉，和他们坐在一起，要不就留下来。所以，他坐在了他的位子上，嘴里依旧嘟囔着，看守则坐在他旁边的位子，罪犯们费力地把自己的身子拖上了车。我认识的那个罪犯就坐在我的后面，他呼出的气都吹在我的头发上。

"Good-bye, Handel!" Herbert called out as we started. I thought what a blessed fortune it was, that he had found another name for me than Pip.

“再见了，汉德尔！”我们出发时，赫伯特喊道。我想他没有叫我皮普，而给我起了另外一个名字，这是多么幸运啊。

It is impossible to express with what acuteness I felt the convict's breathing, not only on the back of my head, but all along my spine. The sensation was like being touched in the marrow with some pungent and searching acid, it set my very teeth on edge. He seemed to have more breathing business to do than another man, and to make more noise in doing it; and I was conscious of growing high-shouldered on one side, in my shrinking endeavors to fend him off.

我说不出来我是多么敏锐地感觉到了那个罪犯呼出来的气，那不止是吹到我的后脑勺，而且还渗入到了我整个脊椎。这种感觉就好像辛辣而透彻的酸碰到了我的骨髓，痛得让我牙关打颤。他的呼吸频率似乎比其他人都要高，而且还发出更大的声响。我努力地蜷缩着、抵挡着他，因此感觉到自己一边的肩膀都耸了起来。

The weather was miserably raw, and the two cursed the cold. It made us all lethargic before we had gone far, and when we had left the Half-way House behind, we habitually dozed and shivered and were silent. I dozed off, myself, in considering the question whether I ought to restore a couple of pounds sterling to this creature before losing sight of him, and how it could best be done. In the act of dipping forward as if I were going to bathe among the horses, I woke in a fright and took the question up again.

天气非常阴冷，两个罪犯诅咒着寒冷的天气。我们还没有走出很远，就开始瞌睡了，当我们将中途驿站落在身后时，我们习惯性地打着瞌睡，浑身发抖，一声不吭。我则在考虑在我和他分开之前，我是否应该将那两个英镑还给这个罪犯，我思考着怎么做才是最合适的，想着想着，也睡着了。突然，我的身子俯冲了一下，好像我就要在马群中洗澡一样，我就猛地惊醒，又想起了这个问题。

But I must have lost it longer than I had thought, since, although I could recognize nothing in the darkness and the fitful lights and shadows of our lamps, I traced marsh country in the cold damp wind that blew at us. Cowering forward for warmth and to make me a screen against the wind, the convicts were closer to me than before. They very first words I heard them interchange as I became conscious were the words of my own thought, "Two One Pound notes."

但是我肯定比我想象的睡了更久，因为尽管外面漆黑一片，什么也看不到，但是从断断续续的灯光和我们的灯影里，我认出了满是沼泽地的村庄，它就矗立在扑面而来的湿冷的寒风中。两个罪犯为了取暖，身子前倾，把我当做了御风的屏障，所以我和他们靠得更近了。在我清醒了以后，他们俩说的第一句话就是我脑子里的那几个词，“两张一英镑的钞票”。

"How did he get 'em?" said the convict I had never seen.

“他是怎么得到的？”我从没见过的那个逃犯说。

"How should I know?" returned the other. "He had 'em stowed away somehows. Giv him by friends, I expect."

“我怎么知道？”另一个回答说，“他不知为何就收起来了。我想是朋友给他的吧。”

"I wish," said the other, with a bitter curse upon the cold, "that I had 'em here."

“要是，”另一个又狠狠地咒骂了一声天气，说道，“我能拥有那些该多好。”

"Two one pound notes, or friends?"

“是指两张一英镑钞票，还是朋友？”

"Two one pound notes. I'd sell all the friends I ever had, for one, and think it a blessed good bargain. Well? So he says—?”

“两张一英镑钞票。我能为了一张一英镑钞票把我所有的朋友都出卖了，我觉得这是一笔很划算的买卖。那么？那么他是说——?"

"So he says," resumed the convict I had recognized—“it was all said and done in half a minute, behind a pile of timber in the Dockyard— 'You're a-going to be discharged?' Yes, I was. Would I find out that boy that had fed him and kep his secret, and give him them two one pound notes? Yes, I would. And I did."

“那么他是说，”我认识的那个罪犯继续说道——“一切都是在半分钟内决定并实行的，就在海盗船的一堆木材后面——‘你就要被释放了？’是的，没错。我能不能找到那个给他饭吃又帮他保守秘密的男孩，给他两张一英镑的钞票？是的，我愿意。所以我就那么做了。”

"More fool you," growled the other. "I'd have spent 'em on a Man, in wittles and drink. He must have been a green one. Mean to say he knowed nothing of you?"

“你这个大蠢蛋。”另一个犯人咆哮道，“要是我的话，我就会像个男人一样把它们都花掉，用来大吃大喝。他肯定是个新手。你是说他对你一无所知吗？”

"Not a ha'porth. Different gangs and different ships. He was tried again for prison breaking, and got made a Lifer."

“一点都不认识。我们在不同的帮派，关在不同的船上。他又尝试了一次越狱，所以被判无期徒刑。”

"And was that—Honor!—the only time you worked out, in this part of the country?”

“那样可是一种荣耀啊！——在这一带你只做过一次？”

"The only time."

“只有一次。”

"What might have been your opinion of the place?"

“你觉得这个地方怎么样？”

"A most beastly place. Mudbank, mist, swamp, and work; work, swamp, mist, and mudbank."

“一个非常糟糕的地方。泥滩、迷雾、湿地、工作；工作、湿地、迷

雾、泥滩。”

They both execrated the place in very strong language, and gradually growled themselves out, and had nothing left to say.

他们都用最恶劣的词语咒骂着这个地方，慢慢地咆哮起来，最后他们自己都没词可骂了。

After overhearing this dialogue, I should assuredly have got down and been left in the solitude and darkness of the highway, but for feeling certain that the man had no suspicion of my identity. Indeed, I was not only so changed in the course of nature, but so differently dressed and so differently circumstanced, that it was not at all likely he could have known me without accidental help. Still, the coincidence of our being together on the coach, was sufficiently strange to fill me with a dread that some other coincidence might at any moment connect me, in his hearing, with my name. For this reason, I resolved to alight as soon as we touched the town, and put myself out of his hearing. This device I executed successfully. My little portmanteau was in the boot under my feet; I had but to turn a hinge to get it out: I threw it down before me, got down after it, and was left at the first lamp on the first stones of the town pavement. As to the convicts, they went their way with the coach, and I knew at what point they would be spirited off to the river. In my fancy, I saw the boat with its convict crew waiting for them at the slime-washed stairs, —again heard the gruff "Give way, you!" like and order to dogs—again saw the wicked Noah' Ark lying out on the black water.

在偷听了这段对话之后，要不是确信那个人没有怀疑我的身份，我就会毫不犹豫地下车，独自留在这漆黑的公路上。的确，我非但在外表上变化很大，而且在衣着上变化也很大，加之环境不同，如果没有意外，他根本就不可能认出我。然而，我们同坐一辆马车的巧合仍然非常蹊跷，以至于让我心中充满一种恐怖的感觉，让我觉得其他的巧合也会发生在我的身上，也许他会听见有人叫我的名字。正因为如此，我下定决心我们一到镇上，我就下车，让自己远离他。我成功地执行了这一策略。我的小旅行皮箱就放在我的脚边，我只需打开铰链就能把它取出来：我把它扔到我的前方，跟着就下了车，于是我就被留在了镇公路的第一块石板的第一盏路灯下。至于那些罪犯，他们跟着马车走了，我在那一刻就知道他们会被押送到河边。在我的想象中，浮现出那条载着罪犯船员的船，停靠在满是污泥的码头上等着他们——耳边又一次听到那粗暴的声音：“你们快划！”就好像是给狗下的命令一样——眼前又看到了邪恶的诺亚方舟，停靠在黑水之上。

I could not have said what I was afraid of, for my fear was altogether undefined and vague, but there was great fear upon me. As I walked on to the hotel, I felt that a dread, much exceeding the mere apprehension of a painful or disagreeable recognition, made me

tremble. I am confident that it took no distinctness of shape, and that it was the revival for a few minutes of the terror of childhood.

我说不出我在害怕什么，因为我的恐惧大体来说是不明确而模糊的，但是却压在我的心头。就在我走向旅馆的时候，我感到了恐惧，不仅仅是感觉到痛苦或者是害怕被认出来，这种恐惧让我瑟瑟发抖。我现在确信，那种恐惧没有确定的形状，它是童年恐惧的一种短暂的复苏而已。

The coffee-room at the Blue Boar was empty, and I had not only ordered my dinner there, but had sat down to it, before the waiter knew me. As soon as he had apologized for the remissness of his memory, he asked me if he should send Boots for Mr. Pumblechook?

“蓝野猪”饭店的咖啡厅里空荡荡的，我在那里点了饭菜，坐下来开始吃，直到那时，服务员才认出我来。在他为自己糟糕的记性而道歉了之后，他问我是不是应该叫仆役去给彭波契克先生送个信。

"No," said I, "certainly not."

“不用了，”我说，“当然不要。”

The waiter (it was he who had brought up the Great Remonstrance from the Commercials, on the day when I was bound) appeared surprised, and took the earliest opportunity of putting a dirty old copy of a local newspaper so directly in my way, that I took it up and read this paragraph:

这个服务员（就是他在我正式成为学徒的那天传达商人的严重抗议的）表现得非常吃惊，他第一时间给我递过来一张破旧的当地报纸，我拿起报纸，就读到了下面这一段：

Our readers will learn, not altogether without interest, in reference to the recent romantic rise in fortune of a young artificer in iron of this neighborhood (what a theme, by the way, for the magic pen of our as yet not universally acknowledged townsman TOOBY, the poet of our columns!) that the youth's earliest patron, companion, and friend, was a highly-respected individual not entirely unconnected with the corn and seed trade, and whose eminently convenient and commodious business premises are situate within a hundred miles of the High-street. It is not wholly irrespective of our personal feelings that we record HIM as the Mentor of our young Telemachus, for it is good to know that our town produced the founder of the latter's fortunes. Does the thought-contracted brow of the local Sage or the lustrous eye of local Beauty inquire whose fortunes? We believe that Quintin Matsys was the BLACKSMITH of Antwerp. VERB. SAP.

也许我们的读者不会都对此感兴趣，但是我们要知道本地的一位年轻铁匠神奇般地飞黄腾达了（顺便说一句，这对于我们那位还未街知巷

闻却有着魔法之笔的专栏诗人托比而言，是个多么好的话题啊！），而这位青年早期的资助人、同伴和朋友是一位备受尊敬的人物。他与粮食和种子交易有些联系，其非常方便且宽敞的事务所距主街则不超过一百英里。我们称之为我们年轻的忒勒玛科斯的导师。这件事与我们的个人感受不无关联，因为我们知道了，我们的城镇孕育出那位年轻铁匠财富的奠基者，这也是一件很好的事。是不是本地贤人思考的皱眉或淑女有光泽的眼神使某人财运亨通？我们相信昆廷·莫赛斯就是安特卫普的铁匠，此外无需多言。

I entertain a conviction, based upon large experience, that if in the days of my prosperity I had gone to the North Pole, I should have met somebody there, wandering Esquimaux or civilized man, who would have told me that Pumblechook was my earliest patron and the founder of my fortunes.

根据丰富的经验，我敢肯定的是，要是到我飞黄腾达的那一日，即便到了北极，我都能在那里见到某些人，无论是爱斯基摩人还是文明人，他们都会告诉我彭波契克是我早期的资助人，是我财富的奠基人。

CHAPTER 29

第二十九章

Be times in the morning I was up and out. It was too early yet to go to Miss Havisham's, so I loitered into the country on Miss Havisham's side of town—which was not Joe's side; I could go there to-morrow—thinking about my patroness, and painting brilliant pictures of her plans for me.

我一大早就起床出门了。由于时间太早，所以我还不能到郝维仙小姐家去，于是我就在通往郝维仙小姐家那个方向的区域闲逛——而不是通往乔那里的方向，我可以明天再到乔那里去——我边走边想着我的这位女恩主，想着她为我规划的美好前景。

She had adopted Estella, she had as good as adopted me, and it could not fail to be her intention to bring us together. She reserved it for me to restore the desolate house, admit the sunshine into the dark rooms, set the clocks a-going and the cold hearths a-blazing, tear down the cobwebs, destroy the vermin—in short, do all the shining deeds of the young Knight of romance, and marry the Princess. I had stopped to look at the house as I passed; and its seared red brick walls, blocked windows, and strong green ivy clasping even the stacks of chimneys with its twigs and tendons, as if with sinewy old arms, had made up a rich attractive mystery, of which I was the hero. Estella was the inspiration of it, and the heart of it, of course. But, though she had taken such strong possession of me, though my fancy and my hope were so set upon her, though her influence on my boyish life and character had been all-powerful, I did not, even that romantic morning, invest her with any attributes save those she possessed. I mention this in this place, of a fixed purpose, because it is the clue by which I am to be followed into my poor labyrinth. According to my experience, the conventional notion of a lover cannot be always true. The unqualified truth is, that when I loved Estella with the love of a man, I loved her simply because I found her irresistible. Once for all; I knew to my sorrow, often and often, if not always, that I loved her against reason, against promise, against peace, against hope, against happiness, against all discouragement that could be. Once for all; I loved her none the less because I knew it, and it had no more influence in restraining me, than if I had devoutly believed her to be human perfection.

她已经收养了埃斯特拉，同样也已经收养了我，她一定是打算把我们两个人撮合在一起。她专等我来重建这片荒芜的家园，吸纳阳光照亮

黑暗的房间，让停摆的钟重新开始工作，让冰冷的壁炉再次熊熊燃烧，扯下蜘蛛网，清除害虫——总之，就像传说当中的年轻骑士一样，做出一番光辉的事业，然后与公主成婚。经过这片宅邸时，我停下脚步端详着它。它那段由烙红的砖块砌成的围墙，堵塞起来的窗户，还有那些仿佛长着一双精壮、成熟的臂膀、枝条藤蔓甚至爬满烟囱的深绿色常春藤，这一切构成了一个丰富、动人的神秘故事，而我就是这个故事中的英雄。当然，埃斯特拉是这里的灵魂，是这里的核心。但是，尽管她已经完全占据了我的心，尽管我的迷恋与希望都寄托在她的身上，尽管她对我孩童时代的生活和个性的影响是无比强大的，但是除了她自己本身拥有的优秀品质之外，我没有强加给她任何其他的品质，即使在这样一个浪漫的早晨也是一样。我在此提到这一点是有确切目的的，因为这是一条线索，顺着这条线索，你们可以跟随我进入我那不幸的情感迷宫。据我的经验来看，对情人的传统观念并不总是正确的。绝对真实的是，当我以一个男人的情感爱着埃斯特拉的时候，我爱她仅仅是因为我觉得她让人无法抗拒。总之，我时常，甚至是一直都悲痛地意识到，我对她的爱是不理智、不可能、没有安宁、没有希望、没有幸福的，而有的只是无尽的障碍。一旦爱上便无法自拔。假如我真心诚意地相信她是个完美无瑕的人，我会非常爱她。但当我了解了她的缺点之后，我还是会一样地爱她，这丝毫无法克制我对她的爱。

I so shaped out my walk as to arrive at the gate at my old time. When I had rung at the bell with an unsteady hand, I turned my back upon the gate, while I tried to get my breath and keep the beating of my heart moderately quiet. I heard the side door open, and steps come across the court-yard; but I pretended not to hear, even when the gate swung on its rusty hinges.

我调整了步伐，在跟往常一样的时刻来到了大门口。在我用颤抖的手按响了门铃之后，我就转过身去背对着大门，同时好好地喘了几口气，努力让心跳平稳下来。我听见侧门打开的声音，然后是脚步穿过庭院的声音，但是我假装没有听见，即使是铰链转动、大门打开时，我还是假装没听见。

Being at last touched on the shoulder, I started and turned. I started much more naturally then, to find myself confronted by a man in a sober grey dress. The last man I should have expected to see in that place of porter at Miss Havisham's door.

最后，有人拍了一下我的肩膀，我吃了一惊，转过身来。然后，我很自然地感到非常吃惊，因为我发现站在我面前的是一个穿着暗灰色衣服的男人。这个人是我最想不到会在郝维仙小姐家门口见到的一个人。

"Orlick!"

“奥立克！”

"Ah, young master, there's more changes than yours. But come in, come in. It's opposed to my orders to hold the gate open."

“噢，少主人，变化的不光是你啊。请进，请进。主人有令，不能开着大门。”

I entered and he swung it, and locked it, and took the key out. "Yes!" said he, facing round, after doggedly preceding me a few steps towards the house. "Here I am!"

我进去之后，他关上门，锁好并拔出钥匙。“好了！”他自顾自地带我往房子里走了几步之后，转过脸来说道，“我来这里了！”

"How did you come here?"

“你是怎么到这里来的？”

"I come her," he retorted, "on my legs. I had my box brought alongside me in a barrow."

他立即回答道：“我走过来的。我的箱子是用独轮车一起带过来的。”

"Are you here for good?"

“你以后就一直呆在这里吗？”

"I ain't her for harm, young master, I suppose?"

“我觉得在这里没有什么不好，少主人，是不是？”

I was not so sure of that. I had leisure to entertain the retort in my mind, while he slowly lifted his heavy glance from the pavement, up my legs and arms, to my face.

对这一点我可没有把握。我细细地在脑子里回味他的回答，同时他慢慢地将他沉重的目光从路面移到我的腿上、胳膊上、最后到我的脸上。

"Then you have left the forge?" I said.

“那么，你已经离开铁匠铺了？”我说道。

"Do this look like a forge?" replied Orlick, sending his glance all round him with an air of injury. "Now, do it look like it?"

“这里看起来像铁匠铺吗？”奥立克回答道，同时带着受伤的神情四下看了看，“说啊，看起来像吗？”

I asked him how long he had left Gargery's forge?

我问他离开格雷戈里的铁匠铺有多久了。

"One day is so like another here," he replied, "that I don't know without casting it up. However, I come her some time since you left."

“在这里每天都过得差不多。”他回答说，“要是不算一下的话，我也不知道。不过，你离开之后不久，我就到这里来了。”

"I could have told you that, Orlick."

“这我知道，奥立克。”

"Ah!" said he, drily. "But then you've got to be a scholar."

“噢！”他冷冷地说道，“不过那样的话，你可得是个学问家。”

By this time we had come to the house, where I found his room to be one just within the side door, with a little window in it looking on the court-yard. In its small proportions, it was not unlike the kind of place usually assigned to a gate-porter in Paris. Certain keys were hanging on the wall, to which he now added the gate-key; and his patchwork-covered bed was in a little inner division or recess. The whole had a slovenly confined and sleepy look, like a cage for a human dormouse: while he, looming dark and heavy in the shadow of a corner by the window, looked like the human dormouse for whom it was fitted up—as indeed he was.

这时，我们已经来到房子里。在这里，我发现他的房间就在侧门里面，上面有一个小窗户，对着庭院。房间面积不大，而且看起来跟巴黎看门人通常居住的地方没什么两样。墙上挂着几把钥匙，现在他又把大门钥匙挂了上去。在一个小角落里，或者说是墙壁的凹处摆放着他那满是补丁的床铺。整个屋子看起来杂乱、狭窄、死气沉沉的，就像是一个人形睡鼠的笼子。而他，皮肤黝黑、身材笨重，赫然站在窗边角落的阴影处，看起来就像只人形睡鼠，这个屋子正适合他——因为他确实是只睡鼠。

"I never saw this room before," I remarked; "but there used to be no Porter here."

“我以前从没见过这个屋子，”我说道，“但这里以前没有看门人。”

"No," said he; "not till it got about that there was no protection on the premises, and it come to be considered dangerous, with convicts and Tag and Rag and Bobtail going up and down. And then I was recommended to the place as a man who could give another man as good as he brought, and I took it. It's easier than bellowsing and hammering.— That's loaded, that is."

“以前是没有，”他说，“后来人们都议论说这片房产没人保护会很危险，因为附近会有罪犯、盗贼、流氓等三教九流的人出没。然后我被推荐到这里来，因为我能让那些心怀不轨的人得到应有的教训，所以我就接受了这份工作。这比拉风箱和打铁容易多了——那个可是装了子弹的，那个。”

My eye had been caught by a gun with a brass bound stock over the chimney-piece, and his eye had followed mine.

我的眼睛被挂在壁炉上方的那杆铜皮枪托的长枪吸引住了，而他的眼睛则看着我。

"Well," said I, not desirous of more conversation, "shall I go up to Miss Havisham?"

“哦。”我不想再跟他谈话了，所以我说道，“我能上楼去见郝维仙小姐吗？”

"Burn me, if I know!" he retorted, first stretching himself and then shaking himself; "my orders ends here, young master. I give this here bell a rap with this here hammer, and you go on along the passage till you meet somebody."

“要是我知道的话，就烧死我！”他反驳道，同时先是伸展了一下腿脚，又自己晃动了几下，“我的任务就到此为止了，少主人。我用这把锤子敲一下这个铃铛，你就沿着走廊一直走，直到你看见一个人为止。”

"I am expected, I believe?"

“我猜她正在等我，是吗？”

"Burn me twice over, if I can say!" said he.

“要是我能说得准的话，就烧死我两次吧！”他说道。

Upon that, I turned down the long passage which I had first trodden in my thick boots, and he made his bell sound. At the end of the passage, while the bell was still reverberating, I found Sarah Pocket: who appeared to have now become constitutionally green and yellow by reason of me.

听到这句话，我转身走进那条长长的走廊，我之前第一次走过这条长廊时穿的是我那双厚重的靴子。同时他敲响了铃铛。当钟声还在回响时，我已经来到走廊尽头，在那里我看到了萨拉·鄱凯特，也许是因为我的原因，她整个人看起来青黄相间的。

"Oh!" said she. "You, is it, Mr. Pip?"

“噢！”她说道，“是你吗，皮普先生？”

"It is, Miss Pocket. I am glad to tell you that Mr. Pocket and family are all well."

“是我，鄱凯特小姐。我很高兴地告诉您，鄱凯特先生和您的家人身体都很好。”

"Are they any wiser?" said Sarah, with a dismal shake of the head; "they had better be wiser, than well. Ah, Matthew, Matthew! You know your way, sir?"

“他们有没有更明白事理一些？”萨拉阴郁地摇了摇头说道，“比起身体好，他们最好更应该明白事理些。唉，马修啊，马修啊！您认识路吧，先生？”

Tolerably, for I had gone up the staircase in the dark, many a time. I ascended it now, in lighter boots than of yore, and tapped in

my old way at the door of Miss Havisham's room. "Pip's rap," I heard her say, immediately; "come in, Pip."

这应该没问题，因为我已经很多次在黑暗中爬上这个楼梯了。于是，我穿着比以前轻便得多的靴子爬上了楼，像往常一样敲了敲郝维仙小姐的房门。“皮普的敲门声，”我马上就听见她说话了，“进来，皮普。”

She was in her chair near the old table, in the old dress, with her two hands crossed on her stick, her chin resting on them, and her eyes on the fire. Sitting near her, with the white shoe that had never been worn, in her hand, and her head bent as she looked at it, was an elegant lady whom I had never seen.

她在那张旧桌子旁的椅子上坐着，依旧穿着以前那套礼服，两手交叉着拄在她的拐杖上，下巴放在手上，眼睛看着炉火。坐在她旁边的是一位我从来没有见过的优雅的女士，她手里捧着那只从未穿过的白鞋子，正低头看着它。

"Come in, Pip," Miss Havisham continued to mutter, without looking round or up; "come in, Pip, how do you do, Pip? So you kiss my hand as if I were a queen, eh?— Well?”

“进来，皮普。”郝维仙小姐没有回头，也没有抬头，继续轻声说道，“进来，皮普。你还好吗，皮普？像对待女王那样吻一下我的手吧，好吗——好吗？”

She looked up at me suddenly, only moving her eyes, and repeated in a grimly playful manner, "Well?"

她突然抬眼看着我，而且只是眼睛在动，然后用阴森、戏谑的口气说道：“好吗？”

"I heard, Miss Havisham," said I, rather at a loss, "that you were so kind as to wish me to come and see you, and I came directly."

“我收到口信了，郝维仙小姐，”我非常不知所措地说道，“您非常友善地希望我过来看看您，所以我马上就来了。”

"Well?"

“怎么样？”

The lady whom I had never seen before, lifted up her eyes and looked archly at me, and then I saw that the eyes were Estella's eyes. But she was so much changed, was so much more beautiful, so much more womanly, in all things winning admiration had made such wonderful advance, that I seemed to have made none. I fancied, as I looked at her, that I slipped hopelessly back into the coarse and common boy again. O the sense of distance and disparity that came upon me, and the inaccessibility that came about her!

那位我之前从未见过的女士抬起眼，调皮地看着我，这时我才发现那是埃斯特拉的眼睛。但是她变化太大了，变得更漂亮、更有女人味了，与她这些让人赞叹的惊人进步相比，我的变化根本不值一提。我看着她，觉得自己又无望地变回了那个粗鲁、庸俗的小子。我感到自己与她的距离遥远、差距悬殊，感到她是那样无法企及！

She gave me her hand. I stammered something about the pleasure I felt in seeing her again, and about my having looked forward to it for a long, long time.

她把手向我伸过来。我结结巴巴地说了些“很高兴再次见到你”，“我一直都盼望着这一天”之类的话。

"Do you find her much changed, Pip?" asked Miss Havisham, with her greedy look, and striking her stick upon a chair that stood between them, as a sign to me to sit down there.

“你发现她变化很大吗，皮普？”郝维仙小姐带着一副贪婪的神情问道，同时用拐杖敲了敲摆放在她们两人之间的一张椅子，示意我在那里坐下来。

"When I came in, Miss Havisham, I thought there was nothing of Estella in the face or figure; but now it all settles down so curiously into the old—”

“我刚进来的时候，郝维仙小姐，从面容和身材上，我都一点也没有认出来那是埃斯特拉。但是现在，一切都奇妙地变回到从前的——”

"What? You are not going to say into the old Estella?" Miss Havisham interrupted. "She was proud and insulting, and you wanted to go away from her. Don't you remember?"

“什么？　你该不会是要说变回了从前的埃斯特拉吧？”郝维仙小姐打断了我的话说道，“她以前很傲慢、无礼，你总是想躲开她。你不记得了吗？”

I said confusedly that that was long ago, and that I knew no better then, and the like. Estella smiled with perfect composure, and said she had no doubt of my having been quite right, and of her having been very disagreeable.

我窘迫地说，那都是很久以前的事了，那时候我根本不懂事，等等。埃斯特拉非常镇静地笑了笑，她说她相信我之前的看法是对的，她以前的确很不友善。

"Is he changed?" Miss Havishan asked her.

“他变了吗？”郝维仙小姐问她。

"Very much," said Estella, looking at me.

“变化很大。”埃斯特拉看着我说道。

"Less coarse and common?" said Miss Havisham, playing with Estella's hair.

“不那么粗鲁，不那么庸俗了？”郝维仙小姐一边说，一边摆弄着埃斯特拉的头发。

Estella laughed, and looked at the shoe in her hand, and laughed again, and looked at me, and put the shoe down. She treated me as a boy still, but she lured me on.

埃斯特拉笑了一声，接着看着她手里的那只鞋子又笑了一声，然后她看了看我，把鞋子放下了。她仍然把我当成一个小男孩来对待，但她还是那样地吸引着我。

We sat in the dreamy room among the old strange influences which had so wrought upon me, and I learnt that she had but just come home from France, and that she was going to London. Proud and willful as of old, she had brought those qualities into such subjection to her beauty that it was impossible and out of nature—or I thought so—to separate them from her beauty. Truly it was impossible to dissociate her presence from all those wretched hankerings after money and gentility that had disturbed my boyhood—from all those ill-regulated aspirations that had first made me ashamed of home and Joe—from all those visions that had raised her face in the glowing fire, struck it out of the iron on the anvil, extracted it from the darkness of night to look in at the wooden window of the forge and flit away. In a word, it was impossible for me to separate her, in the past or in the present, from the innermost life of my life.

我们坐在这间漂亮的屋子里，置身于这个曾经对我影响极大的神秘环境之中。我得知，她刚刚从法国回来，而且即将到伦敦去。她仍然保留着昔日的那份傲慢和任性，但现在她却用这些个性来衬托她的美丽，把它们与她的美丽分离开来是不可能也是不自然的——至少我是这么认为的。一点不错，她的出现让我不能不想起我少年时代心怀的那些对金钱和地位的不幸渴望，这些渴望曾深深地困扰着我。它们带给我无法控制的渴望，让我第一次对家和乔感到羞耻。它们使我产生各种幻觉，我在熊熊燃烧的火焰中看见她的面容，在铁砧的铁板上敲打出她的面容，在夜晚的黑暗当中分辨出她的面容，而她也透过窗户，看着铁匠铺，随即便消失不见了。总之，无论是过去还是现在，我都无法将她与我生命中内心深处的情感分割开来。

It was settled that I should stay there all the rest of the day, and return to the hotel at night, and to London tomorrow. When we had conversed for a while, Miss Havisham sent us two out to walk in the neglected garden: on our coming in by-and-by, she said, I should wheel her about a little as in times of yore.

我们约好白天余下的时间我都呆在那里，晚上回旅馆，明天去伦

敦。我们交谈了一会儿之后，郝维仙小姐让我们两个人到那个无人打理的花园里去散散步。她说，一会儿回来之后我要像以前那样，推着她转一转。

So, Estella and I went out into the garden by the gate through which I had strayed to my encounter with the pale young gentleman, now Herbert; I, trembling in spirit and worshipping the very hem of her dress; she, quite composed and most decidedly not worshipping the hem of mine. As we drew near to the place of encounter, she stopped and said:

于是，埃斯特拉和我经过一扇大门进入花园。之前我就是经过这扇大门偶然撞见了那个脸色苍白的年轻绅士，也就是现在的赫伯特。我由于激动而不停地颤抖，完全被她所迷倒了，而她却非常镇静，明显并没有为我而倾倒。当我们走近当时交手的地方，她停下脚步说道：

"I must have been a singular little creature to hide and see that fight that day: but I did, and I enjoyed it very much.”

“我那时一定得是非常矮小，才能躲起来看到那天的打斗，不过我真的看到了，而且看得很高兴。”

"You rewarded me very much."

“你那天给了我很多奖赏。”

"Did I?" she replied, in an incidental and forgetful way. "I remember I entertained a great objection to your adversary, because I took it ill that he should be brought here to pester me with his company."

“是吗？”她漫不经心地回答道，“我记得当时我非常讨厌你的对手，因为他被带到这里来之后缠着我、叨扰我，让我很是不满。”

"He and I are great friends now."

“他和我现在是非常好的朋友。”

"Are you? I think I recollect though, that you read with his father?"

“是吗？不过我想起来了，你正在跟着他父亲读书，是吗？”

"Yes."

“是的。”

I made the admission with reluctance, for it seemed to have a boyish look, and she already treated me more than enough like a boy.

我不情愿地承认了，因为这让我看起来有些孩子气，而她已经把我当个孩子对待了。

"Since your change of fortune and prospects, you have changed

your companions," said Estella.

“自从你的身份地位改变了之后，你的同伴也改变了。”埃斯特拉说道。

"Naturally," said I.

“这是自然的。”我说道。

"And necessarily," she added, in a haughty tone; "what was fit company for you once, would be quite unfit company for you now."

“而且是必须的，”她用傲慢的口气补充道，“曾经适合你的同伴，如今已经非常不适合了。”

In my conscience, I doubt very much whether I had any lingering intention left, of going to see Joe; but if I had, this observation put it to flight.

凭良心说，我一点也不确定我心里是否还存留着去见乔的打算，但是即使我有这个打算，也已经被这番话驱散得无影无踪了。

"You had no idea of your impending good fortune, in those times?" said Estella, with a slight wave of her hand, signifying in the fighting times.

“那时候你一点都不知道自己要交上好运了吧？”埃斯特拉说着轻轻地挥了挥手，示意“那时候”指的是打架的时候。

"Not the least."

“一点也不知道。”

The air of completeness and superiority with which she walked at my side, and the air of youthfulness and submission with which I walked at hers, made a contrast that I strongly felt. It would have rankled in me more than it did, if I had not regarded myself as eliciting it by being so set apart for her and assigned to her.

她完美、高傲地走在我的身旁，而我幼稚、顺从地走在她的身旁，我强烈地体会到我们两人之间形成的对比。要不是我知道自己是被选定指派给她的话，这种对比一定会让我非常痛苦。

The garden was too overgrown and rank for walking in with ease, and after we had made the round of it twice or thrice, we came out again into the brewery yard. I showed her to a nicety where I had seen her walking on the casks, that first old day, and she said, with a cold and careless look in that direction, "Did I?" I reminded her where she had come out of the house and given me my meat and drink, and she said, "I don't remember." "Not remember that you made me cry?" said I. "No," said she, and shook her head and looked about her. I verily believe that her not remembering and not minding in the least,

made me cry again, inwardly—and that is the sharpest crying of all.

花园里枝叶过于繁茂，遍地杂草丛生，让人无法舒适地散步。我们转了两三圈之后就走了出来，进了那个酿酒作坊的院子。我指着一处对她说，在我来到这里的第一天，我看到她在那里的酒桶上走，她冷冷地随意朝那个方向看了看，说道：“是吗？”我指着另一处，想让她记起当时她从房子里出来后，就是在那里把肉和酒递给了我。而她说：“我不记得了。”“你不记得你把我惹哭了吗？”我说。“不记得了。”她说着摇了摇头，四下看了看。我真的相信，她不记得这一切，而且不在乎这一切。这些让我再一次哭泣，在内心里哭泣——是最撕心裂肺的哭泣。

"You must know," said Estella, condescending to me as a brilliant and beautiful woman might, "that I have no heart—if that has anything to do with my memory.”

“你必须知道，”埃斯特拉像任何一个聪慧、美丽的女人一样，高傲地对我说，“我是无心的——所以我记性不好。”

I got through some jargon to the effect that I took the liberty of doubting that. That I knew better. That there could be no such beauty without it.

我好不容易蹦出几个词，意思是说我冒昧地对她说的话表示怀疑。我明白事理。这样美貌的人是不会无心的。

"Oh! I have a heart to be stabbed in or shot in, I have no doubt," said Estella, "and, of course, if it ceased to beat I should cease to be. But you know what I mean. I have no softness there, no—sympathy—sentiment—nonsense.”

“噢！我有一颗可以被刀刺或被枪击的心，这一点我毫不怀疑。”埃斯特拉说，“而且，要是这颗心停止跳动了，我的生命也就停止了。不过你知道我是什么意思。我心里没有柔弱，没有同情，没有伤感，没有那些无聊的东西。”

What was it that was borne in upon my mind when she stood still and looked attentively at me? Anything that I had seen in Miss Havisham? No. In some of her looks and gestures there was that tinge of resemblance to Miss Havisham which may often be noticed to have been acquired by children, from grown person with whom they have been much associated and secluded, and which, when childhood is passed, will produce a remarkable occasional likeness of expression between faces that are otherwise quite different. And yet I could not trace this to Miss Havisham. I looked again, and though she was still looking at me, the suggestion was gone.

当她静静地站在那里，专注地看着我的时候，我脑中想起了什么？我看到她有什么地方像郝维仙小姐吗？没有。她的某些表情和手势有一点点像郝维仙小姐，就像那些与世隔绝的孩子们会从与之朝夕相处的大

人身上学来的那样。当童年过后，两张完全不同的容貌会偶尔产生惊人的相似表情。但是，我却无法将她的表情追溯到郝维仙小姐那里。我又看了看她，尽管她仍然在看着我，但那种表情已经不见了。

What was it?

我看到的是什么呢？

"I am serious," said Estella, not so much with a frown (for her brow was smooth) as with a darkening of her face; "if we are to be thrown much together, you had better believe it at once. No!" imperiously stopping me as I opened my lips. "I have not bestowed my tenderness anywhere. I have never had any such thing."

“我是认真的，”埃斯特拉说道，她并没有皱眉（因为她的额头很平坦），只是脸色阴沉了下来，“如果我们要被凑在一起，你最好马上相信。别说了！”我刚要张嘴说话，她就专横地打断了我，“我没有在任何地方显露过温情。我也没有这样的情感。”

In another moment we were in the brewery so long disused, and she pointed to the high gallery where I had seen her going out on that same first day, and told me she remembered to have been up there, and to have seen me standing scared below. As my eyes followed her white hand, again the same dim suggestion that I could not possibly grasp, crossed me. My involuntary start occasioned her to lay her hand upon my arm. Instantly the ghost passed once more, and was gone.

随后，我们走进那个荒废已久的酿酒作坊，她指向那个高高的长廊，在我来的第一天，我看见她就是从这个长廊走出去的，她告诉我她从那里走过时看见我惊恐地站在下面。当我的眼睛随着她白嫩的手望去时，那个我无法掌控的、隐隐约约的念头再一次在我脑海中闪现。我不由自主地惊颤了一下，于是她用手扶住了我的胳膊。那个鬼魂立刻又过去了，消失得无影无踪。

What was it?

到底是什么呢？

"What is the matter?" asked Estella. "Are you scared again?"

“怎么了？”埃斯特拉问道，“你又被吓到了吗？”

"I should be, if I believed what you said just now," I replied, to turn it off.

“如果我相信你刚才说的话，我就应该被吓到。”我回答道，把话题给引开了。

"Then you don't? Very well. It is said, at any rate. Miss Havisham will soon be expecting you at your old post, though I think that might be laid aside now, with other old belongings. Let us make one more

round of the garden, and then go in. Come! You shall not shed tears for my cruelty to-day; you shall be my Page, and give me your shoulder.”

“那你就是不相信了？很好。不管怎样，我都已经说了。郝维仙小姐不久就会期待你回到老位置上的，不过我觉得你那个老位置和其他陈旧的东西如今都应该搁置一边了。我们再在花园里转一圈，然后就进屋吧。走！你今天可不许因为我的苛刻而掉眼泪了，你是我的仆人，把你的肩膀给我。”

Her handsome dress had trailed upon the ground. She held it in one hand now, and with the other lightly touched my shoulder as we walked. We walked round the ruined garden twice or thrice more, and it was all in bloom for me. If the green and yellow growth of weed in the chinks of the old wall had been the most precious flowers that ever blew, it could not have been more cherished in my remembrance.

她那漂亮的连衣裙一直拖到地上。现在我们走路的时候，她一手提着裙摆，另一只手则轻轻地放在我的肩膀上。我们在杂乱的花园里又转了两三圈，在我看来，花园里却是一片百花盛开的景象。即使是从老墙缝中长出来的青黄杂草，也成为我所见过的最珍贵的花朵，也成为我最珍爱的回忆。

There was no discrepancy of years between us, to remove her far from me; we were of nearly the same age, though of course the age told for more in her case than in mine; but the air of inaccessibility which her beauty and her manner gave her, tormented me in the midst of my delight, and at the height of the assurance I felt that our patroness had chosen us for one another. Wretched boy!

我们之间没有年龄的差异，所以我们不会产生隔阂。我们俩几乎同岁，不过她当然看起来比我年长一些。就在我欣喜不已，同时又信心十足地认为我们的女恩主是特意为我们挑选了彼此的时候，她的美丽以及言谈举止却让她如此难以企及，我因此又痛苦万分。可怜的孩子！

At last we went back into the house, and there I heard, with surprise, that my guardian had come down to see Miss Havisham on business, and would come back to dinner. The old wintry branches of chandeliers in the room where the mouldering table was spread, had been lighted while we were out, and Miss Havisham was in her chair and waiting for me.

最终我们回到了屋子里，这时我非常惊讶地得知，我的监护人刚刚来拜访过郝维仙小姐，处理一点公事，而且还会回到这里来吃饭。我们出去的时候，在那张朽坏了的宴会桌所在的房间里，一盏陈旧且散发着寒光的枝形吊灯已经被点亮了，郝维仙小姐正坐在椅子上等着我。

It was like pushing the chair itself back into the past, when we began the old slow circuit round about the ashes of the bridal feast.

But, in the funereal room, with that figure of the grave fallen back in the chair fixing its eyes upon her, Estella looked more bright and beautiful than before, and I was under stronger enchantment.

当我们像以前那样慢慢地绕着新婚宴席的残渣走过的时候，那种感觉就像是正在把椅子推回到过去一样。但是，在这个阴森、凄凉的屋子里，坐在椅子上的那个僵尸般的人用眼睛死死地盯着埃斯特拉，而埃斯特拉看起来却是前所未有的亮丽，让我更加痴迷。

The time so melted away, that our early dinner-hour drew close at hand, and Estella left us to prepare herself. We had stopped near the centre of the long table, and Miss Havisham, with one of her withered arms stretched out of the chair, rested that clenched hand upon the yellow cloth. As Estella looked back over her shoulder before going out at the door, Miss Havisham kissed that hand to her, with a ravenous intensity that was of its kind quite dreadful.

时间过得飞快，转眼就快到我们用餐的时间了，于是埃斯特拉离开我们去梳洗打扮一下。我们在长桌的中部停了下来，郝维仙小姐从椅子中伸出一只干枯的手臂，将握紧的手放在发黄的桌布上。当埃斯特拉走到门口回头看的时候，郝维仙小姐朝着她吻了一下那只手，脸上是一副可怕的、极度饥饿的神情。

Then, Estella being gone and we two left alone, she turned to me, and said in a whisper:

埃斯特拉离开之后，屋子里只剩下我们两个人，她转过头来小声地对我说：

"Is she beautiful, graceful, well-grown? Do you admire her?”

“她是不是很美、很优雅、身材很窈窕？你喜欢她吗？”

"Everybody must who sees her, Miss Havisham."

“所有人见了她都会喜欢的，郝维仙小姐。”

She drew an arm round my neck, and drew my head close down to hers as she sat in the chair. "Love her, love her, love her! How does she use you?"

她坐在椅子上，伸出一只胳膊搂住我的脖子，把我的脸拉近她的脸。“爱她，爱她，爱她！她是怎么利用你的？”

Before I could answer (if I could have answered so difficult a question at all), she repeated, "Love her, love her, love her! If she favors you, love her. If she wounds you, love her. If she tears your heart to pieces—and as it gets older and stronger, it will tear deeper—love her, love her, love her!”

在我能够回答之前（其实我根本回答不了这个如此难的问题），她又重复道：“爱她，爱她，爱她！如果她喜欢你，爱她。如果她伤害你，

爱她。如果她把你的心撕得粉碎——而随着这份感情越来越久，越来越强烈，伤口也就会越来越深——爱她，爱她，爱她！”

Never had I seen such passionate eagerness as was joined to her utterance of these words. I could feel the muscles of the thin arm round my neck, swell with the vehemence that possessed her.

我从来没有听她说过这些话，也从没见过她如此地激动、热切。我可以感觉到，搂在我脖子上的那只干瘦的手臂，由于她激动的情绪而肌肉颤动。

"Hear me, Pip! I adopted her to be loved. I bred her and educated her, to be loved. I developed her into what she is, that she might be loved. Love her!"

“听我说，皮普！我收养她是为了让人来爱她。我培养她，教育她，是为了让人来爱她。我把她教养成如今的样子，也是为了让人来爱她。爱她！”

She said the word often enough, and there could be no doubt that she meant to say it; but if the often repeated word had been hate instead of love—despair—revenge—dire death—it could not have sounded from her lips more like a curse.

她一遍一遍地重复这个词，毫无疑问这是她的真心话。但是如果她反复重复的那个词是憎恨而不是爱，而是——绝望——报复——惨死——那么这个词从她嘴里说出来就等于是个诅咒。

"I'll tell you," said she, in the same hurried passionate whisper, "what real love is. It is blind devotion, unquestioning self-humiliation, utter submission, trust and belief against yourself and against the whole world, giving up your whole heart and soul to the smiter—as I did!”

“我会告诉你，”她用同样急切、激动的口吻小声说，“什么是真正的爱。爱是盲目的忠实，绝对的自辱，彻底的服从、为了依赖和信任而抛弃自我、抛弃全世界，把你整个心、整个灵魂都交给你的爱人——就像我这样！”

When she came to that, and to a wild cry that followed that, I caught her round the waist. For she rose up in the chair, in her shroud of a dress, and struck at the air as if she would as soon have struck herself against the wall and fallen dead.

说到这里，她紧接着发疯似的大喊了一声，我赶紧抱住她的腰。因为她已经从椅子上站了起来，穿着裹尸布般的长裙凭空乱撞，仿佛她马上就要一头撞到墙上，倒地而死一样。

All this passed in a few seconds. As I drew her down into her chair, I was conscious of a scent that I knew, and turning, saw my guardian in the room.

几秒钟之后，这一切都过去了。当我正把她拉回到椅子上时，我闻到一股熟悉的气味。我转过头来，发现我的监护人已走进屋里。

He always carried (I have not yet mentioned it, I think) a pocket-handkerchief of rich silk and of imposing proportions, which was of great value to him in his profession. I have seen him so terrify a client or a witness by ceremoniously unfolding this pocket-handkerchief as if he were immediately going to blow his nose, and then pausing, as if he knew he should not have time to do it before such client or witness committed himself, that the self-committal has followed directly, quite as a matter of course. When I saw him in the room, he had this expressive pocket-handkerchief in both hands, and was looking at us. On meeting my eye, he said plainly, by a momentary and silent pause in that attitude, "Indeed? Singular!" and then put the handkerchief to its right use with wonderful effect.

他总是带着（我想我还没有提过这一点）一块尺寸很大的名贵丝绸手帕，这块手帕在他的职业生涯当中占据着重要地位。我已经见识过他是如何利用这块手帕吓唬客户或者是证人的：先是礼数周全地打开这块手帕，就像是他马上要擤鼻涕了，接着却停住了，仿佛他知道他没有时间擤鼻涕了，因为这个客户或证人马上就要交代实情了，当然，这招过后，他们接着就主动坦白了。当我看到他站在屋子里的时候，他正两手抓着这块富有表现力的手帕，看着我们。一触到我的目光，他那往常的姿态中出现了短暂、无声的停顿，就像显然是在说：“哦？奇怪！”于是这块手帕完美地派上了用场。

Miss Havisham had seen him as soon as I, and was (like everybody else) afraid of him. She made a strong attempt to compose herself, and stammered that he was as punctual as ever.

郝维仙小姐和我同时看到了他，而且（跟所有其他人一样）害怕他。她努力让自己平静下来，然后结结巴巴地说，他跟往常一样总是很准时。

"As punctual as ever," he repeated, coming up to us. “(How do you do, Pip? Shall I give you a ride, Miss Havisham? Once round?) And so you are here, Pip?”

“总是很准时。”他重复着这句话，向我们走了过来，“（你好吗，皮普？我来推你怎么样，郝维仙小姐？再走一圈？）你怎么会在这里，皮普？”

I told him when I had arrived, and how Miss Havisham had wished me to come and see Estella. To which he replied, "Ah! Very fine young lady!" Then he pushed Miss Havisham in her chair before him, with one of his large hands, and put the other in his trousers-pocket as if the pocket were full of secrets.

我告诉他我是什么时候到这里的，告诉他郝维仙小姐希望我来看看

埃斯特拉。听了我的话，他回答道：“噢！非常漂亮的年轻女士！”然后他用一只大手把郝维仙小姐坐着的椅子推在身前，把另一只手插在裤兜里，仿佛那个裤兜里装满了秘密。

"Well, Pip! How often have you seen Miss Estella before?" said he, when he came to a stop.

“哎，皮普！之前你多长时间见埃斯特拉小姐一次？”他停下脚步说道，

"How often?"

“多长时间见一次？”

"Ah! How many times? Ten thousand times?"

“嗯！见过几次了？一万次？”

"Oh! Certainly not so many."

“噢！当然没有那么多次。”

"Twice?"

“两次？”

"Jaggers," interposed Miss Havisham, much to my relief; "leave my Pip alone, and go with him to your dinner."

“贾格尔斯，”让我大松了一口气的是，郝维仙小姐插进来说道，“别叨扰我的皮普了，和他一起去吃饭吧。”

He complied, and we groped our way down the dark stairs together. While we were still on our way to those detached apartments across the paved yard at the back, he asked me how often I had seen Miss Havisham eat and drink; offering me a breadth of choice, as usual, between a hundred times and once.

他顺从了，于是我们一起摸索着走下了黑暗的楼梯。我们要穿过那个铺了路面的后院，走到那些独立的房屋。在路上的时候，他问我看见过几次郝维仙小姐吃喝，跟以往一样，还是给了我一个选择范围，一百次到一次之间。

I considered, and said, "Never."

我想了想，说道：“一次也没有。”

"And never will, Pip," he retorted, with a frowning smile. "She has never allowed herself to be seen doing either, since she lived this present life of hers. She wanders about in the night, and then lays hands on such food as she takes."

“而且一次也不会看到，皮普。”他皱着眉头笑了笑，回答道，“自从她过上她现在的这种生活以来，她从不允许任何人看见她吃喝。她在夜里游荡，然后看见食物，拿起来就吃。”

"Pray, sir," said I, "may I ask you a question?"

“对不起，先生，”我说，“我能问您一个问题吗？”

"You may," said he, "and I may decline to answer it. Put your question."

“你可以问，”他说，“我可以拒绝回答。说你的问题吧。”

"Estella's name. Is it Havisham or—?" I had nothing to add.

“埃斯特拉的姓，是郝维仙还是——”我不知道该怎么说下去了。

"Or what?" said he.

“还是什么？”他说。

"Is it Havisham?"

“是郝维仙吗？”

"It is Havisham."

“是郝维仙。”

This brought us to the dinner-table, where she and Sarah Pocket awaited us. Mr. Jaggers presided, Estella sat opposite to him, I faced my green and yellow friend. We dined very well, and were waited on by a maid-servant whom I had never seen in all my comings and goings, but who, for anything I know, had been in that mysterious house the whole time. After dinner, a bottle of choice old port was placed before my guardian (he was evidently well acquainted with the vintage), and the two ladies left us.

这时我们来到了饭桌旁，她和萨拉·鄱凯特正在那里等着我们。贾格尔斯先生坐在主位上，埃斯特拉坐在他对面，而我则面对着那位脸色青黄的朋友。我们吃得非常好，侍候我们的是一个女仆，我在这里进进出出这么多次却从来没有见过她。不过我敢肯定的是，她一直以来都呆在这座神秘的房子里。吃过饭后，我的监护人面前摆上了一瓶上等的陈年波尔图葡萄酒（他显然很懂葡萄酒），两位女士起身离席。

Anything to equal the determined reticence of Mr. Jaggers under that roof, I never saw elsewhere, even in him. He kept his very looks to himself, and scarcely directed his eyes to Estella's face once during dinner. When she spoke to him, he listened, and in due course answered, but never looked at her, that I could see. On the other hand, she often looked at him, with interest and curiosity, if not distrust, but his face never, showed the least consciousness. Throughout dinner he took a dry delight in making Sarah Pocket greener and yellower, by often referring in conversation with me to my expectations; but here, again, he showed no consciousness, and even made it appear that he extorted—and even did extort, though I

don't know how—those references out of my innocent self.

这座房子里有某种力量使贾格尔斯先生坚决保持沉默，我从没有见过其他任何地方拥有这种力量，即使在他自己身上也不存在。他只关注自己，在整个用餐的过程中，几乎没有看过埃斯特拉一眼。她对他讲话时，他就听着，在适当的时候做出回答，但是从来都不看她，这些我都看在眼里。相反，她却时常用关注和好奇的眼神看着他，神情中没有丝毫的怀疑，但是他的脸上却没有任何察觉到这一点的迹象。在整个用餐过程中，他时常在与我的谈话当中提到我所继承的大笔遗产，这让萨拉·鄱凯特的面色更加青黄，他却冷酷地以此为乐，不过，对于这些，他还是一副毫无察觉的样子，甚至让这些有关遗产话听起来像是他从我幼稚的嘴里套出来的一样——不过他真的套出话来了，尽管我不知道他是如何做到的。

And when he and I were left alone together, he sat with an air upon him of general lying by in consequence of information he possessed, that really was too much for me. He cross-examined his very wine when he had nothing else in hand. He held it between himself and the candle, tasted the port, rolled it in his mouth, swallowed it, looked at his glass again, smelt the port, tried it, drank it, filled again, and cross-examined the glass again, until I was as nervous as if I had known the wine to be telling him something to my disadvantage. Three or four times I feebly thought I would start conversation; but whenever he saw me going to ask him anything, he looked at me with his glass in his hand, and rolling his wine about in his mouth, as if requesting me to take notice that it was of no use, for he couldn't answer.

当只剩下我们两个人的时候，他坐在那里，一副手中掌握着重大信息的神情，而这种神情却让我承受不了。当他手边没有其他东西可以盘问的时候，他就把玩他的葡萄酒。他对着蜡烛举起酒杯，抿上一口葡萄酒，在嘴里打了一个转，咽了下去，然后又看了看他的酒杯，闻了闻葡萄酒，尝了尝，接着一饮而尽，然后再续满，再盘问般地把玩酒杯，此时我已经非常紧张，仿佛我知道他手里的葡萄酒正在向他透露对我不利的信息。有三四次，我犹犹豫豫地感到自己应该主动和他讲话，但是他一见我要问他问题，就手持酒杯看着我，嘴里含着葡萄酒打转，仿佛是要我意识到这是没用的，因为他不会回答的。

I think Miss Pocket was conscious that the sight of me involved her in the danger of being goaded to madness, and perhaps tearing off her cap—which was a very hideous one, in the nature of a muslin mop—and strewing the ground with her hair—which assuredly had never grown on her head. She did not appear when we afterwards went up to Miss Havisham's room, and we four played at whist. In the interval, Miss Havisham, in a fantastic way, had put some of the most beautiful jewels from her dressing-table into Estella's hair, and about her bosom and arms; and I saw even my guardian look at her from under his

thick eyebrows, and raise them a little, when her loveliness was before him, with those rich flushes of glitter and color in it.

我想郦凯特小姐已经意识到，看到我会让她有被逼疯的危险，而且可能会撕烂她的帽子——一顶非常丑陋的帽子，就像一只细布拖把——然后在地上撒满她的头发——这些头发肯定从来没有在她头上长长过。所以当我们随后上楼来到郝维仙小姐房间里的时候，她没有出现。于是我们四个人玩起了惠斯特。游戏间歇当中，郝维仙小姐突发奇想，从她梳妆台上拿起一些非常漂亮的饰品戴在埃斯特拉的头上、胸前以及胳膊上，我发现甚至我的监护人也抬起浓密眉毛下的眼睛看了看她，当她的可爱在珠宝亮丽色彩的衬托之下完全展现在他面前的时候，他不禁又抬高了眼睛。

Of the manner and extent to which he took our trumps into custody, and came out with mean little cards at the ends of hands, before which the glory of our Kings and Queens was utterly abased, I say nothing; nor, of the feeling that I had, respecting his looking upon us personally in the light of three very obvious and poor riddles that he had found out long ago. What I suffered from, was the incompatibility between his cold presence and my feelings towards Estella. It was not that I knew I could never bear to speak to him about her, that I knew I could never bear to hear him creak his boots at her, that I knew I could never bear to see him wash his hands of her; it was, that my admiration should be within a foot or two of him—it was, that my feelings should be in the same place with him—that, was the agonizing circumstance.

我对他打牌的方式和手段简直无话可说，他先吃掉我们的王牌，然后挥手使出不起眼的小牌，在这些小牌面前，我们国王和王后的威风被彻底抹杀了。他把我们三个人看成三个简单、可怜的谜语，而他早就把我们都猜透了，对此我心中的感受也是难以名状的。让我痛苦的是，他冰冷的存在与我对埃斯特拉的感觉格格不入。这种格格不入的感觉并不是因为我知道我永远都受不了和他谈及埃斯特拉，知道我永远都受不了他在她面前把靴子踩得嘎吱嘎吱响，知道我永远都受不了看着他对她撒手不管。而是因为，我的爱慕之情竟然与他近在咫尺，我的真情实意竟然与他共处一地，这才是让人痛苦的情形。

We played until nine o'clock, and then it was arranged that when Estella came to London I should be forewarned of her coming and should meet her at the coach; and then I took leave of her, and touched her and left her.

我们一直玩到九点，然后做好以下的安排：当埃斯特拉来伦敦的时候，我会事先得到通知，然后到驿站去接她。之后我就跟她握了手，和她道别。

My guardian lay at the Boar in the next room to mine. Far into the night, Miss Havisham's words, "Love her, love her, love her!"

sounded in my ears. I adapted them for my own repetition, and said to my pillow, "I love her, I love her, I love her!" hundreds of times. Then, a burst of gratitude came upon me, that she should be destined for me, once the blacksmith's boy. Then, I thought if she were, as I feared, by no means rapturously grateful for that destiny yet, when would she begin to be interested in me? When should I awaken the heart within her, that was mute and sleeping now?

我的监护人住在“蓝野猪”饭店中位于我隔壁的那个房间里。深夜，郝维仙小姐所说的“爱她，爱她，爱她！”在我耳中不断回响。我把它们改编成我自己的话，反复地对着枕头说道：“我爱她，我爱她，我爱她！”说了成百上千遍。这时，我心底涌起一股感激之情，因为她竟然会注定和我这个曾经是个铁匠学徒的小子在一起。然后我又在想，她会不会像我所担忧的那样，对这种命运安排根本一点都不高兴、不感激，她何时才会开始对我感兴趣呢？我何时才能唤醒她那颗现在仍然静默而沉睡着的心呢？

Ah me! I thought those were high and great emotions. But I never thought there was anything low and small in my keeping away from Joe, because I knew she would be contemptuous of him. It was but a day gone, and Joe had brought the tears into my eyes; they had soon dried, God forgive me!

啊，天啊！我自认那些都是高尚而伟大的情感。但是我从来没有觉得我离开乔的行为有任何卑劣和渺小的地方，因为我知道她会鄙视他。仅仅是在一天之前，想起乔我还流下了眼泪，然而眼泪这么快就干了，上帝饶恕我吧！

CHAPTER 30

第三十章

After well considering the matter while I was dressing at the Blue Boar in the morning, I resolved to tell my guardian that I doubted Orlick's being the right sort of man to fill a post of trust at Miss Havisham's. "Why, of course he is not the right sort of man, Pip," said my guardian, comfortably satisfied beforehand on the general head, "because the man who fills the post of trust never is the right sort of man." It seemed quite to put him into spirits, to find that this particular post was not exceptionally held by the right sort of man, and he listened in a satisfied manner while I told him what knowledge I had of Orlick. "Very good, Pip," he observed, when I had concluded, "I'll go round presently, and pay our friend off." Rather alarmed by this summary action, I was for a little delay, and even hinted that our friend himself might be difficult to deal with. "Oh no he won't," said my guardian, making his pocket-handkerchief-point, with perfect confidence; "I should like to see him argue the question with me."

早上在“蓝野猪”饭店里，我一边穿衣服，一边认真思考了一番，我决定告诉我的监护人，我认为奥立克并不是一个适合在郝维仙小姐家中担任如此重任的人选。“噢，他当然不是个合适的人选，皮普，”我的监护人对自己早就有的先见之明感到惬意而满足，“因为被委以重任的人从来都不是合适的人选。”看上去他非常兴奋地得知，被委以此项重任的人同样不是一个合适的人选，他洋洋自得地听我跟他讲述我对奥立克的了解。“很好，皮普，”我说完之后，他说道，“我马上过去，给他点钱打发他离开。”这个简短、快速的回应让我非常吃惊，我反而有点犹豫不决，甚至暗示他说，我们这个朋友可是很难对付的。“噢，他不会的。”我的监护人摆弄着他的那块手帕，非常自信地说道，“我倒想看看他如何跟我争辩。”

As we were going back together to London by the mid-day coach, and as I breakfasted under such terrors of Pumblechook that I could scarcely hold my cup, this gave me an opportunity of saying that I wanted a walk, and that I would go on along the London-road while Mr. Jaggers was occupied, if he would let the coachman know that I would get into my place when overtaken. I was thus enabled to fly from the Blue Boar immediately after breakfast. By then making a loop of about a couple of miles into the open country at the back of Pumblechook's premises, I got round into the High-street again, a little beyond that pitfall, and felt myself in comparative security.

由于我们中午就会一起乘马车回伦敦，而且整个早餐时间，我都笼

罩在彭波契克带来的恐惧当中，以致于我连杯子都拿不起来了，所以我抓住这个机会对他说我想散散步，在贾格尔斯先生处理事情的时候，我就沿着去伦敦的大路走走，请他告诉马车夫一声，赶上我的时候载上我。因此，一吃完早饭我就立刻飞奔出了“蓝野猪”饭店。我绕了一个大约两英里路的大圈子之后，来到彭波契克宅邸后面的旷野上，然后我又绕到大街上，稍稍远离了那个是非之地，这时才感到相对安全了一些。

It was interesting to be in the quiet old town once more, and it was not disagreeable to be here and there suddenly recognized and stared after. One or two of the tradespeople even darted out of their shops and went a little way down the street before me, that they might turn, as if they had forgotten something, and pass me face to face—on which occasions I don't know whether they or I made the worse pretence; they of not doing it, or I of not seeing it. Still my position was a distinguished one, and I was not at all dissatisfied with it, until Fate threw me in the way of that unlimited miscreant, Trabb's boy.

再一次来到这个宁静、古老的镇上也是饶有趣味的，不时地会突然有人认出我来，盯着我看，但这并没有让我感到厌恶。有一两个商人甚至冲出店铺，在我前面沿街向前走一小段路，接着掉头往回走，就像他们忘记了什么事似的，然后面对面和我擦肩而过——在这种场合下，我不知道是他们还是我的演技更差一些，他们假装什么都没做，而我假装什么也没看见。不过我的地位尊贵，我对此没有任何的不满意，直到命运非让我遇上那个极其卑鄙的家伙，特拉布的伙计。

Casting my eyes along the street at a certain point of my progress, I beheld Trabb's boy approaching, lashing himself with an empty blue bag. Deeming that a serene and unconscious contemplation of him would best beseem me, and would be most likely to quell his evil mind, I advanced with that expression of countenance, and was rather congratulating myself on my success, when suddenly the knees of Trabb's boy smote together, his hair uprose, his cap fell off, he trembled violently in every limb, staggered out into the road, and crying to the populace, "Hold me! I'm so frightened!" feigned to be in a paroxysm of terror and contrition, occasioned by the dignity of my appearance. As I passed him, his teeth loudly chattered in his head, and with every mark of extreme humiliation, he prostrated himself in the dust.

在我前行过程中的某一刻，当我沿街望去的时候，我看到特拉布的伙计正迎面走来，他身上拴着一个蓝色的空袋子。我认为平静而又若无其事地看着他是我最好的办法，也最有可能消除他的邪恶念头的方法。我带着那样的神情往前走着，就在我为自己的成功感到非常庆幸的时候，突然特拉布伙计的两只膝盖一齐打颤，头发直立起来，帽子跌落，四肢剧烈颤抖，他跌跌撞撞地跑到大路上，对着行人喊道：“扶着我！我很害怕！”他假装是因为我高贵地在此出现，从而突然陷入恐慌，悔恨莫

及。当我从他身旁经过的时候，他上下牙齿打颤，咯吱作响，他还让自己毫无颜面地拜倒在地。

This was a hard thing to bear, but this was nothing. I had not advanced another two hundred yards, when, to my inexpressible terror, amazement, and indignation, I again beheld Trabb's boy approaching. He was coming round a narrow corner. His blue bag was slung over his shoulder, honest industry beamed in his eyes, a determination to proceed to Trabb's with cheerful briskness was indicated in his gait. With a shock he became aware of me, and was severely visited as before; but this time his motion was rotatory, and he staggered round and round me with knees more afflicted, and with uplifted hands as if beseeching for mercy. His sufferings were hailed with the greatest joy by a knot of spectators, and I felt utterly confounded.

这是一件让人很难忍受的事情，但这还算不上什么。接着，我还没有走出两百码，这时，让我陷入难以名状的恐惧、惊讶及愤怒当中的是，我又看见特拉布的那个伙计迎面走来。他绕过了一个狭窄的拐角。他的蓝色袋子挂在肩上，眼神中闪烁着诚实、勤劳的光芒，步伐轻快、坚定地走向特拉布裁缝店。他发现我之后大吃了一惊，然后就像之前一样发作起来，不过这次他的动作是旋转式的，他跌跌撞撞地绕着我转来转去，两只膝盖弯曲得更厉害了，双手举起好像在祈求怜悯一样。他的痛苦成为一群路人莫大的乐趣，而我却是完全惊慌失措了。

I had not got as much further down the street as the post-office, when I again beheld Trabb's boy shooting round by a back way. This time, he was entirely changed. He wore the blue bag in the manner of my great-coat, and was strutting along the pavement towards me on the opposite side of the street, attended by a company of delighted young friends to whom he from time to time exclaimed, with a wave of his hand, "Don't know yah!" Words cannot state the amount of aggravation and injury wreaked upon me by Trabb's boy, when, passing abreast of me, he pulled up his shirt-collar, twined his side-hair, stuck an arm akimbo, and smirked extravagantly by, wriggling his elbows and body, and drawling to his attendants, "Don't know yah, don't know yah, pon my soul don't know yah!" The disgrace attendant on his immediately afterwards taking to crowing and pursuing me across the bridge with crows, as from an exceedingly dejected fowl who had known me when I was a blacksmith, culminated the disgrace with which I left the town, and was, so to speak, ejected by it into the open country.

我继续沿街前行，还没走到邮局，我又看见特拉布的那个伙计从后面的一条路绕了过来。这一次，他完全变了一副模样。他像我穿大衣那样把蓝袋子披在身上，沿着我对面的人行道，昂首阔步地朝我走过来，身旁是一群兴高采烈的年轻人，他不时地挥手对他们喊道：“我不认识你

们！”特拉布的伙计给我带来的恼怒与伤害是无法用言语来表达的，从我身旁经过的时候，他竖起衣领，一手捋着鬓发，一手叉腰，装模作样地笑了笑，扭动着胳膊肘和身体，对他身旁的人拖长腔调慢吞吞地说：“我不认识你们，不认识你们，真的不认识你们！”他随后呱呱叫地追在我身后，给我带来莫大的耻辱，他就这样啼叫着一直把我追过了桥，就像一只非常沮丧的公鸡，而这只公鸡从我还是个铁匠的时候就认识我了。这种耻辱最终一直伴随着我离开这个小镇为止，可以说，我就是被它驱逐到了旷野之中。

But unless I had taken the life of Trabb's boy on that occasion, I really do not even now see what I could have done save endure. To have struggled with him in the street, or to have exacted any lower recompense from him than his heart's best blood, would have been futile and degrading. Moreover, he was a boy whom no man could hurt; an invulnerable and dodging serpent who, when chased into a corner, flew out again between his captor's legs, scornfully yelping. I wrote, however, to Mr. Trabb by next day's post, to say that Mr. Pip must decline to deal further with one who could so far forget what he owed to the best interests of society, as to employ a boy who excited Loathing in every respectable mind.

然而在这种场合下，除非我能结束特拉布伙计的生命，我真不知道除了忍受我还能做什么。即使是在大街上和他厮打，向他索取任何比他的生命分量轻一点的补偿都是无济于事、有辱我的人格的。而且，他是个没人可以伤害的小子，是一条刀枪不入、躲躲闪闪的大毒蛇，当这条毒蛇被逼到墙角的时候，又会从捕蛇者的两腿间逃走，同时还发出轻蔑的叫声。不过第二天我还是给特拉布先生写了一封信，信中说，皮普先生必须拒绝与他进一步的往来，因为他竟然如此违背自己为社会公益所背负的责任，雇佣了这样一个让每一位体面人士都厌恶的伙计。

The coach, with Mr. Jaggers inside, came up in due time, and I took my box-seat again, and arrived in London safe—but not sound, for my heart was gone. As soon as I arrived, I sent a penitential codfish and barrel of oysters to Joe (as reparation for not having gone myself), and then went on to Barnard's Inn.

载着贾格尔斯先生的马车如期而至，我又坐上了我的包厢座位，安全地抵达了伦敦——却不是健全地，因为我的心已经不在这里了。我一抵达，为了表示忏悔，就给乔送去一条鳕鱼和一桶牡蛎（作为我自己没有亲自去的补偿），然后就去了巴纳德旅馆。

I found Herbert dining on cold meat, and delighted to welcome me back. Having despatched The Avenger to the coffee-house for an addition to the dinner, I felt that I must open my breast that very evening to my friend and chum. As confidence was out of the question with The Avenger in the hall, which could merely be regarded in the light of an ante-chamber to the keyhole, I sent him to the Play. A

better proof of the severity of my bondage to that taskmaster could scarcely be afforded, than the degrading shifts to which I was constantly driven to find him employment. So mean is extremity, that I sometimes sent him to Hyde Park Corner to see what o'clock it was.

我看到赫伯特正在吃冻肉，他非常高兴地欢迎我回来。派复仇鬼到咖啡屋再去买一份晚餐之后，我觉得我必须在当晚对我的朋友敞开心扉。让复仇鬼呆在大厅里就不可能说知心话了，所谓的大厅只是个仅有一门之隔的前厅，他可以从钥匙孔中听到我们的谈话，所以我让他去看戏去了。我常常要被迫给他找活干，要想证明我其实是被这个工头苛刻地奴役的话，几乎再也拿不出比这种让我丢脸的身份转换更好的证据了。有时我实在无计可施了，就派他去海德公园角去看看当时是几点了。

Dinner done and we sitting with our feet upon the fender, I said to Herbert, "My dear Herbert, I have something very particular to tell you."

吃过晚饭，我们坐着，把脚放在壁炉挡泥板上，我对赫伯特说：“我亲爱的赫伯特，我有些特别的事情想告诉你。”

"My dear Handel," he returned, "I shall esteem and respect your confidence."

“我亲爱的汉德尔，”他回答说，“我会尊重你的秘密的。”

"It concerns myself, Herbert," said I, "and one other person."

“这涉及到我自己，赫伯特，”我说，“还有另外一个人。”

Herbert crossed his feet, looked at the fire with his head on one side, and having looked at it in vain for some time, looked at me because I didn't go on.

赫伯特双脚交叉，把头歪向一边看着炉火，茫然地看了一会儿之后又看了看我，因为我没有继续说下去。

"Herbert," said I, laying my hand upon his knee, "I love—I adore—Estella.”

“赫伯特，”我说着把手放在他的膝盖上，“我爱——我爱慕——埃斯特拉小姐。”

Instead of being transfixed, Herbert replied in an easy matter-of-course way, "Exactly. Well?"

赫伯特没有大吃一惊，反而用一种理所当然的轻松口气说道：“确实如此。怎么了？”

"Well, Herbert? Is that all you say? Well?"

“怎么了，赫伯特？你要说的就这些吗？怎么了？”

"What next, I mean?" said Herbert. "Of course I know that."

“我的意思是接下来是什么？”赫伯特说，“我当然知道这件事。”

"How do you know it?" said I.

“你怎么知道的？”我说。

"How do I know it, Handel? Why, from you."

“我怎么知道的，汉德尔？哎呀，从你那里知道的。”

"I never told you."

“我从来没有告诉过你。”

"Told me! You have never told me when you have got your hair cut, but I have had senses to perceive it. You have always adored her, ever since I have known you. You brought your adoration and your portmanteau here, together. Told me! Why, you have always told me all day long. When you told me your own story, you told me plainly that you began adoring her the first time you saw her, when you were very young indeed."

“告诉过我！你从来没有告诉过我你理过发了，但是我有感觉，能看出来。自从我认识你以来，你就一直爱慕着她。你把你的爱慕和你的旅行箱一起带到这里来了。告诉过我！哎，你一天到晚都一直在告诉我。当你告诉我你自己的故事时，你就明白地告诉我，从你第一次见到她，你就开始爱慕她，那时你还非常年轻。”

"Very well, then," said I, to whom this was a new and not unwelcome light, "I have never left off adoring her. And she has come back, a most beautiful and most elegant creature. And I saw her yesterday. And if I adored her before, I now doubly adore her."

“那么，很好，”我说，对我来说，这一点很出乎意料但并不让我讨厌，“我对她的爱慕从来没有停止。她已经回来了，非常漂亮、非常优雅。我昨天看到她了。如果我之前只是爱慕她的话，我现在则是双倍地爱慕她。”

"Lucky for you then, Handel," said Herbert, "that you are picked out for her and allotted to her. Without encroaching on forbidden ground, we may venture to say that there can be no doubt between ourselves of that fact. Have you any idea yet, of Estella's views on the adoration question?"

“那么，你很幸运，汉德尔，”赫伯特说，“你被挑出来指派给她。不用触犯那些必须避免的问题，我们可以大胆地说，毫无疑问这已是我们俩之间不争的事实了。你知道埃斯特拉小姐对你爱慕她这件事有什么看法吗？”

I shook my head gloomily. "Oh! She is thousands of miles away, from me," said I.

我沮丧地摇了摇头。“哦！她离我上千英里远呢。”我说。

"Patience, my dear Handel: time enough, time enough. But you have something more to say?”

“耐心一点，我亲爱的汉德尔，时间足够，时间足够。不过你还有话要说是吗？”

"I am ashamed to say it," I returned, "and yet it's no worse to say it than to think it. You call me a lucky fellow. Of course, I am. I was a blacksmith's boy but yesterday; I am—what shall I say I am—today?”

“我都不好意思说了，”我回答道，“不过说出来比心里想着也糟糕不到哪里去。你把我叫做幸运儿。当然，我是。就在昨天我还是个铁匠的学徒，而今天我就是——我该怎么称呼自己呢？”

"Say, a good fellow, if you want a phrase," returned Herbert, smiling, and clapping his hand on the back of mine, "a good fellow, with impetuosity and hesitation, boldness and diffidence, action and dreaming, curiously mixed in him."

“如果你想找个词的话，就说，是个好人吧，”赫伯特笑着用手拍打着我的后背回答道，“一个好人，既急躁又犹豫，既大胆又缺乏自信，既实际又爱幻想，这一切都奇特地融合在你身上。”

I stopped for a moment to consider whether there really was this mixture in my character. On the whole, I by no means recognized the analysis, but thought it not worth disputing.

我沉默了一会儿，思忖着我的性格中是否真的存在这种混合。大体上，我根本不承认这种分析，但又觉得这种分析不值得争辩。

"When I ask what I am to call myself to-day, Herbert," I went on, "I suggest what I have in my thoughts. You say I am lucky. I know I have done nothing to raise myself in life, and that Fortune alone has raised me; that is being very lucky. And yet, when I think of Estella—”

“当我问我如何称呼今天的自己，赫伯特，”我继续说道，“我是想说我自己的想法。你说我很幸运。我知道自己没做任何提升自己社会地位的事情，仅仅凭运气提升了自己，这的确是非常幸运。不过，当我想起埃斯特拉小姐的时候——”

("And when don't you, you know?" Herbert threw in, with his eyes on the fire; which I thought kind and sympathetic of him.)

（“你知道，你什么时候能不想呢？”赫伯特插进来说道，他两眼盯着炉火，我认为他的话是善意且充满同情的。）

“—Then, my dear Herbert, I cannot tell you how dependent and uncertain I feel, and how exposed to hundreds of chances. Avoiding forbidden ground, as you did just now, I may still say that on the

constancy of one person (naming no person) all my expectations depend. And at the best, how indefinite and unsatisfactory, only to know so vaguely what they are!" In saying this, I relieved my mind of what had always been there, more or less, though no doubt most since yesterday.

“——那么，我亲爱的赫伯特，我没法告诉你我感到多么着迷，多么茫然，面对着成千上百的机会却抓不住一个。就像你刚刚说的那样，要避开那些忌讳的问题，我仍然要说我所有的前程都依赖一个人（不说这个人的名字）。而且就算从最好的方面来看，仅仅是如此模糊地了解我的前程，这是多么让人不安与不满啊！”说完这些话，我或多或少地消除了一直积压在心头的心事，尽管毫无疑问的是，大部分的心事是从昨天开始积攒起来的。

"Now, Handel," Herbert replied, in his gay hopeful way, "it seems to me that in the despondency of the tender passion, we are looking into our gift-horse's mouth with a magnifying-glass. Likewise, it seems to me that, concentrating our attention on the examination, we altogether overlook one of the best points of the animal. Didn't you tell me that your guardian, Mr. Jaggers, told you in the beginning, that you were not endowed with expectations only? And even if he had not told you so—though that is a very large If, I grant—could you believe that of all men in London, Mr. Jaggers is the man to hold his present relations towards you unless he were sure of his ground?"

“哎，汉德尔，”赫伯特用他那欢快又充满希望的方式回答道，“在我看来，在对爱情失望时，我们都会拿着放大镜对我们收到的礼物吹毛求疵。同样地，我认为，如果把我们的注意力集中在检查上面，我们就都会忽视其最大的优点。你不是告诉过我说，你的监护人贾格尔斯先生一开始就告诉你说，你得到的不仅仅是遗产吗？而且即使他没有这样告诉过你——不过我承认，这是个很大胆的猜想——你能相信，在伦敦所有人当中，要是贾格尔斯先生对他的依据没有把握的话，他能与你保持目前的这种关系吗？”

I said I could not deny that this was a strong point. I said it (people often do so, in such cases) like a rather reluctant concession to truth and justice;—as if I wanted to deny it!

我说我无法否认这是个很有力的理由。我说这话的语气（在这种情况下人们常常都这样做）就像是极其不情愿地屈服于事实与真理——就好像我想要否定它似的！

"I should think it was a strong point," said Herbert, "and I should think you would be puzzled to imagine a stronger; as to the rest, you must bide your guardian's time, and he must bide his client's time. You'll be one-and-twenty before you know where you are, and then perhaps you'll get some further enlightenment. At all events, you'll be nearer getting it, for it must come at last."

“我就知道这是个很有力的理由，”赫伯特说，“而且我还知道你很难想出一个更有力的理由来，至于余下的事，你必须等待你监护人的时机，而他则必须等待他委托人的时机。到你二十一岁的时候，你会清楚自己身处何处，而且到那时也许你会得到一些进一步的启发。无论如何，你都会离真相越来越近，因为最终总会真相大白的。”

"What a hopeful disposition you have!" said I, gratefully admiring his cheery ways.

“你的性格真是乐观啊！”我说道，同时由衷地钦佩他乐观的处事方式。

"I ought to have," said Herbert, "for I have not much else. I must acknowledge, by-the-bye, that the good sense of what I have just said is not my own, but my father's. The only remark I ever heard him make on your story, was the final one: "The thing is settled and done, or Mr. Jaggers would not be in it." And now before I say anything more about my father, or my father's son, and repay confidence with confidence, I want to make myself seriously disagreeable to you for a moment—positively repulsive.”

“我就应该有乐观的天性，”赫伯特说，“因为我没有太多其他的东西了。顺便说一下，我必须承认，我刚刚所说的话中蕴含的道理不是我自己想到的，而是我父亲的。我曾经听到他关于你的事情所给的唯一一句评论就是这最后一句：‘这件事已经定下来了，否则贾格尔斯先生是不会介入的。’现在，在我更多地谈及我的父亲或我自己，与你坦诚相待之前，我想暂时使自己变得让你非常讨厌——非常厌恶。”

"You won't succeed," said I.

“你不会成功的。”我说道。

"Oh yes I shall!" said he. "One, two, three, and now I am in for it. Handel, my good fellow;" though he spoke in this light tone, he was very much in earnest: "I have been thinking since we have been talking with our feet on this fender, that Estella surely cannot be a condition of your inheritance, if she was never referred to by your guardian. Am I right in so understanding what you have told me, as that he never referred to her, directly or indirectly, in any way? Never even hinted, for instance, that your patron might have views as to your marriage ultimately?"

“噢，会的，我会成功的！”他说道， “一，二，三，现在我开始了。汉德尔，我的好兄弟，”尽管他说话语调轻柔，但却非常诚恳，“从我们把脚搭在壁炉挡板上开始说话时起，我就一直在想，如果你的监护人从来没有提及过埃斯特拉小姐的话，那她肯定不是你继承遗产的一个条件。从你所告诉过我的一切当中，根据我理解，他从来没有以任何方式，直接或间接地提过她，是不是？甚至从来都没有什么暗示，比如暗示说你的恩主对你最终的婚姻大事有什么看法，是不是？”

"Never."

“从来没有。”

"Now, Handel, I am quite free from the flavor of sour grapes, upon my soul and honor! Not being bound to her, can you not detach yourself from her?— I told you I should be disagreeable.”

“哎，汉德尔，我以我的灵魂和荣誉发誓，我绝不是因为吃不到葡萄就说葡萄酸！既然与她没有固定的关系，你难道不能离开她吗？我告诉过你我会让你讨厌我的。”

I turned my head aside, for, with a rush and a sweep, like the old marsh winds coming up from the sea, a feeling like that which had subdued me on the morning when I left the forge, when the mists were solemnly rising, and when I laid my hand upon the village finger-post, smote upon my heart again. There was silence between us for a little while.

我把头转向一边，因为随着一阵心潮涌动，就像海风吹过古老的沼泽地一样，一种似曾相识的感情再次袭上心头，这种感情正如在我离开铁匠铺的那天早晨，当浓雾升起，我把手放在村口的手指路标上时，心头压抑着的那种感情。我们两人沉默了一会儿。

"Yes; but my dear Handel," Herbert went on, as if we had been talking instead of silent, "its having been so strongly rooted in the breast of a boy whom nature and circumstances made so romantic, renders it very serious. Think of her bringing-up, and think of Miss Havisham. Think of what she is herself (now I am repulsive and you abominate me). This may lead to miserable things.”

“是的，不过我亲爱的汉德尔，”赫伯特继续说道，仿佛我们没有沉默而是一直在谈话，“这种感情已经如此深地植根于一个男孩心中，这个男孩的天性和境遇让这种感情变得那么浪漫，也让这个问题变得非常严重。想想她受到的教育，再想想郝维仙小姐。想想她是怎样一个人（现在我很可恶，你一定很痛恨我）。这会带来痛苦的结果。”

"I know it, Herbert," said I, with my head still turned away, "but I can't help it."

“我知道，赫伯特，”我说道，头仍然转向一边，“但我情不自禁。”

"You can't detach yourself?"

“你不能让自己离开她？”

"No. Impossible!"

“不能。根本不可能！”

"You can't try, Handel?"

“你不能试一试吗，汉德尔？”

"No. Impossible!"

“不能。根本不可能！”

"Well!" said Herbert, getting up with a lively shake as if he had been asleep, and stirring the fire; "now I'll endeavor to make myself agreeable again!"

“那好吧！”赫伯特说着轻快地摇晃了一下，站了起来，仿佛他之前一直在睡觉一样，他拨了拨炉火，“现在我会尽力让自己再次变得讨人喜欢！”

So he went round the room and shook the curtains out, put the chairs in their places, tidied the books and so forth that were lying about, looked into the hall, peeped into the letter-box, shut the door, and came back to his chair by the fire: where he sat down, nursing his left leg in both arms.

于是他在屋子里转了转，拉开窗帘，把椅子各归各位，将胡乱堆放在四处的书摆放整齐，看了看大厅，朝信箱里瞥了几眼，关上了门，然后回到炉火旁边的座位上，坐下之后，两手抱着左腿。

"I was going to say a word or two, Handel, concerning my father and my father's son. I am afraid it is scarcely necessary for my father's son to remark that my father's establishment is not particularly brilliant in its housekeeping."

“汉德尔，我要说说我父亲和我自己的事了。恐怕作为我父亲的儿子，我完全没有必要来评论我父亲的成就，但他确实不太会持家。”

"There is always plenty, Herbert," said I: to say something encouraging.

“你家一直很丰裕，赫伯特。”我这么说是想鼓励他。

"Oh yes! and so the dustman says, I believe, with the strongest approval, and so does the marine-store shop in the back street. Gravely, Handel, for the subject is grave enough, you know how it is, as well as I do. I suppose there was a time once when my father had not given matters up; but if ever there was, the time is gone. May I ask you if you have ever had an opportunity of remarking, down in your part of the country, that the children of not exactly suitable marriages, are always most particularly anxious to be married?”

“哦，是啊！我相信清洁工也会极其赞成地这样说，而且后街那家船具店的老板也会这么认为。严肃点，汉德尔，因为这件事很严肃，你和我一样了解事情的真相。我猜想曾经有段时间，我父亲没有自暴自弃，但即使有这样一段时间，也已经成为过去了。我能不能问问你，在你们村里，你从来有没有机会注意到，婚姻不如意的家庭里的孩子却总是特别急着要成婚？”

This was such a singular question, that I asked him in return, "Is it so?"

这是个非常奇怪的问题，所以我也只能反过来问他：“是这样吗？”

"I don't know," said Herbert, "that's what I want to know. Because it is decidedly the case with us. My poor sister Charlotte who was next me and died before she was fourteen, was a striking example. Little Jane is the same. In her desire to be matrimonially established, you might suppose her to have passed her short existence in the perpetual contemplation of domestic bliss. Little Alick in a frock has already made arrangements for his union with a suitable young person at Kew. And indeed, I think we are all engaged, except the baby."

“我不知道，”赫伯特说道，“我也想弄清楚。因为我们确实是这样的。我那可怜的妹妹夏洛特就是个鲜明的例子，她不到十四岁就死了。小小的简也是如此。她渴望成家立业，你可以想到，她短暂的一生就是在一直渴望拥有家庭幸福当中度过的。穿着礼服的小阿利克已经在克佑区为自己找到了合适的伴侣。的确，我想除了宝宝之外，我们都已经订婚了。”

"Then you are?" said I.

“那么你也订婚了？”我说道。

"I am," said Herbert; "but it's a secret."

“是的，”赫伯特说，“不过这是个秘密。”

I assured him of my keeping the secret, and begged to be favoured with further particulars. He had spoken so sensibly and feelingly of my weakness that I wanted to know something about his strength.

我向他保证我会保守秘密，同时求他给我个特权，告诉我更多的细节。他理智又充满感情地谈及我的弱点，所以我想要了解一下他的优点。

"May I ask the name?" I said.

“我能问一下她的名字吗？”我说。

"Name of Clara," said Herbert.

“名字叫克拉拉。”赫伯特说道。

"Live in London?"

“住在伦敦吗？”

"Yes. perhaps I ought to mention," said Herbert, who had become curiously crestfallen and meek, since we entered on the interesting theme, "that she is rather below my mother's nonsensical family notions. Her father had to do with the victualling of passenger-ships. I

think he was a species of purser.”

“是的。也许我应该提一下，”赫伯特说道，从我们进入这一有趣的主题开始，他就很奇怪地变得沮丧又温顺，“她不符合我母亲那种荒谬的门第观念。她的父亲负责管理客轮上的食物供应一类的事情。我想他以前是事务长那一类的人。”

"What is he now?" said I.

“他现在是做什么的？”我说。

"He's an invalid now," replied Herbert.

“他现在是个病人。”赫伯特回答说。

"Living on—?”

“现在他生活——?"

"On the first floor," said Herbert. It was not at all what I meant, for I had intended my question to apply to his means. "I have never seen him, for he has always kept his room overhead, since I have known Clara. But I have heard him constantly. He makes tremendous rows—roars, and pegs at the floor with some frightful instrument.” In looking at me and then laughing heartily, Herbert for the time recovered his usual lively manner.

“生活在二楼，”赫伯特说道。这根本不是我想问的，因为我是想问他谋生的方式。“我从来没有见过他，因为自从我认识克拉拉以来，他就一直把自己关在楼上的房间里。但是我时常听见他说话。他会大声咆哮，用一种可怕的工具敲打地板。”他看着我，然后开心地笑起来，此时的赫伯特已经恢复了他往常那种活泼的神情。

"Don't you expect to see him?" said I.

“你不想见见他吗？”我说。

"Oh yes, I constantly expect to see him," returned Herbert, "because I never hear him, without expecting him to come tumbling through the ceiling. But I don't know how long the rafters may hold."

“哦，想啊，我一直都想见到他，”赫伯特回答说，“因为我一听到他的声音就想他会从天花板上摔下来。不过我不知道那些椽木能支撑多长时间。”

When he had once more laughed heartily, he became meek again, and told me that the moment he began to realize Capital, it was his intention to marry this young lady. He added as a self-evident proposition, engendering low spirits, "But you can't marry, you know, while you're looking about you."

当他再一次开心地笑过之后，他又变得很温顺，而且告诉我说他一赚到钱就想跟这位年轻的女士结婚。接着他补充了一个不言而喻的观

点，而这个观点让他情绪低落，“但你知道，当你还在四下观望的时候，你不能结婚。”

As we contemplated the fire, and as I thought what a difficult vision to realize this same Capital sometimes was, I put my hands in my pockets. A folded piece of paper in one of them attracting my attention, I opened it and found it to be the playbill I had received from Joe, relative to the celebrated provincial amateur of Roscian renown. "And bless my heart," I involuntarily added aloud, "it's tonight!"

当我们注视着炉火，当我思忖着有时候赚钱是一个多么难以实现的幻想时，我把手插进了我的口袋里。一个口袋里的一张折起来的纸吸引了我的注意力，我打开这张纸，发现是乔给我的一张戏单，这张戏单是关于一位与罗西乌斯齐名的著名地方演员。“上帝保佑啊，”我不由自主地大声说道，“演出是今天晚上的！”

This changed the subject in an instant, and made us hurriedly resolve to go to the play. So, when I had pledged myself to comfort and abet Herbert in the affair of his heart by all practicable and impracticable means, and when Herbert had told me that his affianced already knew me by reputation and that I should be presented to her, and when we had warmly shaken hands upon our mutual confidence, we blew out our candles, made up our fire, locked our door, and issued forth in quest of Mr. Wopsle and Denmark.

这立刻改变了我们的话题，使我们匆忙决定了要去看演出。于是，为了安慰和鼓励赫伯特，我向他保证，我一定会采用一切可行的或者不可行的方法来帮助他完成婚事。赫伯特告诉我说，他的未婚妻已经听说了我的大名，他应该把我介绍给她认识。然后为了表示我们的相互信任，我们热情地握了握手。在这之后，我们吹灭了蜡烛，给火炉添加了燃料，锁好门，前去探访沃甫赛先生和丹麦王国了。

CHAPTER 31

第三十一章

On our arrival in Denmark, we found the king and queen of that country elevated in two arm-chairs on a kitchen-table, holding a Court. The whole of the Danish nobility were in attendance; consisting of a noble boy in the wash-leather boots of a gigantic ancestor, a venerable Peer with a dirty face who seemed to have risen from the people late in life, and the Danish chivalry with a comb in its hair and a pair of white silk legs, and presenting on the whole a feminine appearance. My gifted townsman stood gloomily apart, with folded arms, and I could have wished that his curls and forehead had been more probable.

我们一进入戏剧当中的丹麦王国，就发现这个国家的国王和王后正高高地坐在厨房餐桌旁的扶手椅上，主持朝政。所有的丹麦贵族都在场，包括一位穿着一双大软皮靴的贵族青年，这双靴子是他一位巨人似的祖先留下来的；有一位可敬的贵族，他面容肮脏，好像是在晚年才升为贵族的；还有一位丹麦骑士，他头发中插着一把梳子，腿上穿着一双白色长筒丝袜，整个人看起来一副女人的模样。我那有才华的同乡双臂交叉，忧郁地站在一旁，我本希望他的卷发和额头能更真实一些。

Several curious little circumstances transpired as the action proceeded. The late king of the country not only appeared to have been troubled with a cough at the time of his decease, but to have taken it with him to the tomb, and to have brought it back. The royal phantom also carried a ghostly manuscript round its truncheon, to which it had the appearance of occasionally referring, and that, too, with an air of anxiety and a tendency to lose the place of reference which were suggestive of a state of mortality. It was this, I conceive, which led to the Shade's being advised by the gallery to "turn over!"—a recommendation which it took extremely ill.

随着剧情的发展，一些古怪的小情节显现出来。这个国家已故的先王好像不仅在死时染上了咳嗽，还把这种病带进了坟墓，现在又带了回来。这位王室的幽灵还拿着一本鬼影般的手稿，卷在他的权杖上，他不时地要参考一下手稿，而且越是神情焦急，就越是找不到可以参考的地方，这反而让人觉得他还处在活人的状态之中。我想，正是由于这个原因，顶层楼座的观众才建议这个鬼影说：“换一面！”——这个建议严重地激怒了他。

It was likewise to be noted of this majestic spirit that whereas it always appeared with an air of having been out a long time and walked an immense distance, it perceptibly came from a closely

contiguous wall. This occasioned its terrors to be received derisively. The Queen of Denmark, a very buxom lady, though no doubt historically brazen, was considered by the public to have too much brass about her; her chin being attached to her diadem by a broad band of that metal (as if she had a gorgeous toothache), her waist being encircled by another, and each of her arms by another, so that she was openly mentioned as "the kettledrum." The noble boy in the ancestral boots, was inconsistent; representing himself, as it were in one breath, as an able seaman, a strolling actor, a grave-digger, a clergyman, and a person of the utmost importance at a Court fencing-match, on the authority of whose practiced eye and nice discrimination the finest strokes were judged. This gradually led to a want of toleration for him, and even—on his being detected in holy orders, and declining to perform the funeral service—to the general indignation taking the form of nuts. Lastly, Ophelia was a prey to such slow musical madness, that when, in course of time, she had taken off her white muslin scarf, folded it up, and buried it, a sulky man who had been long cooling his impatient nose against an iron bar in the front row of the gallery, growled, "Now the baby's put to bed let's have supper!" Which, to say the least of it, was out of keeping.

他同样想要观众注意到这种威严的气概，尽管他总是表现出一副已经游荡了很长时间、走过很长路程的样子，其实观众看得出他是从旁边紧邻的那面墙后出来的。这使他表现出来的恐惧反而被大家嘲弄。丹麦王后是一位体态很丰满的妇人，尽管根据史实来看，她的肤色无疑应该是黄铜色，但观众认为她身上的黄铜饰品太多了，她的下巴由一根宽宽的黄铜带子连到王冠上（就像她牙齿很疼似的），她的腰上缠绕着另一根宽宽的黄铜带子，两只胳膊上也是各戴着一根黄铜带子，因此她被公开地称作“铜鼓”。那位穿着祖先传下的靴子的贵族青年反复无常地表现自己，一口气扮演了一位能干的水手、一个巡游各地的演员、一个掘墓人、一位牧师、还有一位宫廷击剑比赛中最重要的人物，他目光老练，鉴别力高超，每一个精细的招式都在他的这种威严之下展露无遗。观众渐渐对他忍无可忍，当人们发现他甚至又担任起神职，却拒绝为奥菲莉娅举行葬礼时，终于引发了众怒，观众纷纷向他投掷坚果。最后，奥菲莉娅也成为了受害者，她发疯时的伴奏乐十分缓慢，因此当她最终摘下她那白色的薄纱巾，折叠好，将它埋葬了之后，顶层楼座上一个之前早就不耐烦了、一直把鼻子贴在第一排座位前面的铁栏杆上的男人一脸怒气地咆哮道：“现在孩子都睡着了，大家都去吃晚饭吧！”不管怎样，这声吆喝至少与周围的气氛极不协调。

Upon my unfortunate townsman all these incidents accumulated with playful effect. Whenever that undecided Prince had to ask a question or state a doubt, the public helped him out with it. As for example; on the question whether 'twas nobler in the mind to suffer, some roared yes, and some no, and some inclining to both opinions

said "toss up for it;" and quite a Debating Society arose. When he asked what should such fellows as he do crawling between earth and heaven, he was encouraged with loud cries of "Hear, hear!" When he appeared with his stocking disordered (its disorder expressed, according to usage, by one very neat fold in the top, which I suppose to be always got up with a flat iron), a conversation took place in the gallery respecting the paleness of his leg, and whether it was occasioned by the turn the ghost had given him. On his taking the recorders—very like a little black flute that had just been played in the orchestra and handed out at the door—he was called upon unanimously for Rule Britannia. When he recommended the player not to saw the air thus, the sulky man said, "And don't you do it, neither; you're a deal worse than him!" And I grieve to add that peals of laughter greeted Mr. Wopsle on every one of these occasions.

等到我那位不幸的同乡出场时，所有的这些骚动已达到哄闹的程度。每当那位优柔寡断的王子提出一个问题或表示怀疑的时候，观众就帮着他起哄。比如，对于“默默忍受厄运的打击是不是更高贵”这个问题，有人喊“是”，有人喊“不是”，而有人不置可否地说“掷硬币决定”，周围响起了一片争论声。当他自问像他这样的人匍匐于天地之间能做些什么的时候，观众大声附和着他喊道：“对啊，对啊！”当他穿着杂乱不齐的长袜出现在台上时（按照惯例，为了体现长袜的杂乱不齐，就要把袜子上部工整地折叠一下，我觉得这样需要用一块烙铁来熨一下），顶层楼座上的观众又开始你一言我一语地议论他的腿是多么苍白，议论这种苍白是不是因为鬼魂给他带来的惊吓所致。当他拿来竖笛——很像一只刚刚在管弦乐演奏中使用完毕，然后从门口递过来的小黑笛子——观众一致喊着让他演奏一曲《统治不列颠》。当他建议戏子不要那样挥舞手臂时，那个一脸怒气的男人说道：“你也别那样，你比他糟糕多了！”我还要伤心地补充一点的是，每逢这种情况，沃甫赛先生总要被哄笑一顿。

But his greatest trials were in the churchyard: which had the appearance of a primeval forest, with a kind of small ecclesiastical wash-house on one side, and a turnpike gate on the other. Mr. Wopsle in a comprehensive black cloak, being descried entering at the turnpike, the gravedigger was admonished in a friendly way, "Look out! Here's the undertaker a-coming, to see how you're a-getting on with your work!" I believe it is well known in a constitutional country that Mr. Wopsle could not possibly have returned the skull, after moralizing over it, without dusting his fingers on a white napkin taken from his breast; but even that innocent and indispensable action did not pass without the comment "Wai-ter!" The arrival of the body for interment (in an empty black box with the lid tumbling open), was the signal for a general joy which was much enhanced by the discovery, among the bearers, of an individual obnoxious to identification. The

joy attended Mr. Wopsle through his struggle with Laertes on the brink of the orchestra and the grave, and slackened no more until he had tumbled the king off the kitchen-table, and had died by inches from the ankles upward.

不过他面临的最大考验是在教堂墓地那一场戏中：场景好像是在一片原始森林里，一边是一间小小的教会洗衣房，另一边是一扇栅栏门。观众一望见沃甫赛先生穿着一件巨大的黑色斗篷走进栅栏门，就马上友好地警告那个掘墓人说："小心啊！殡仪员来啦，来查看你的工作干得怎么样啦！"我相信在一个立宪制的国家里，众所周知，沃甫赛先生如果要对着颅骨说教一番，再把它放回原处之后，是不可能不从胸口掏出一块白纸巾擦一擦手指的，然而即使是这样一个无辜又必要的举动还是引来了观众嘲弄的喊声："伙——计！"安葬尸体时，盛放尸体的黑色空匣子在跌撞之中，盖子被摇晃开了，这让观众一片哄笑，而当人们在抬棺人当中又发现了那个令人讨厌的贵族青年的时候，哄笑声就更甚了。哄笑声一直伴随着沃甫赛先生在交响乐队和坟墓旁边与雷欧提斯决斗的整个过程，直到他把国王刺倒在餐桌下，而他自已也慢慢断了气之后，笑声才平息下来。

We had made some pale efforts in the beginning to applaud Mr. Wopsle; but they were too hopeless to be persisted in. Therefore we had sat, feeling keenly for him, but laughing, nevertheless, from ear to ear. I laughed in spite of myself all the time, the whole thing was so droll; and yet I had a latent impression that there was something decidedly fine in Mr. Wopsle's elocution—not for old associations' sake, I am afraid, but because it was very slow, very dreary, very up-hill and down-hill, and very unlike any way in which any man in any natural circumstances of life or death ever expressed himself about anything. When the tragedy was over, and he had been called for and hooted, I said to Herbert, "Let us go at once, or perhaps we shall meet him."

一开始，我们曾尽我们的微薄之力为沃甫赛先生喝彩鼓劲，然而局势毫无希望，我们的努力也没能继续下去。因此我们就坐在那里，对他深表同情，不过也是笑得合不拢嘴。我一直都在情不自禁地笑着，这一切都太滑稽了。不过我有个潜在的印象，那就是在沃甫赛先生的演说当中确实有不错的地方——可惜我这样说并不是因为我们是老相识了，而是因为他说得非常慢、非常阴郁，与任何一个身处任何生死攸关的自然情形之下以任何方式表达自己感情的人都极不相像。当这场悲剧结束，人们朝他叫喊、哄笑的时候，我对赫伯特说："我们马上走吧，不然我们可能会碰见他。"

We made all the haste we could down-stairs, but we were not quick enough either. Standing at the door was a Jewish man with an unnatural heavy smear of eyebrow, who caught my eyes as we advanced, and said, when we came up with him:

我们拼命跑下楼去，但还是不够快。门口站着一个犹太男人，他那浓浓的眉毛很不自然，就像涂抹上去的一样。我们往前走的时候我就注意到他了，当我们走到他跟前的时候，他说：

"Mr. Pip and friend?"

“是皮普先生和他的朋友吗？”

Identity of Mr. Pip and friend confessed.

我们承认自己正是皮普先生和他的朋友。

"Mr. Waldengarver," said the man, "would be glad to have the honor."

“瓦尔登加佛先生，”这个人说道，“希望能有幸见见你们。”

"Waldengarver?" I repeated—when Herbert murmured in my ear, "Probably Wopsle."

“瓦尔登加佛？”我重复道——这时赫伯特在我耳边小声说道：“可能是沃甫赛。”

"Oh!" said I. "Yes. Shall we follow you?"

“哦！”我说道，“好吧。我们要跟您走吗？”

"A few steps, please." When we were in a side alley, he turned and asked, "How did you think he looked?—I dressed him.”

“就几步路，请吧。”当我们走进边上的一条小巷时，他回过头来问道：“你们觉得他的打扮如何？——是我给他打扮的。”

I don't know what he had looked like, except a funeral; with the addition of a large Danish sun or star hanging round his neck by a blue ribbon, that had given him the appearance of being insured in some extraordinary Fire Office. But I said he had looked very nice.

除了说他穿着丧服之外，我不知道该如何评价他的打扮，他脖子上围着一条蓝色绶带，上面挂着一枚大大的太阳或星星状的丹麦勋章，这让他看起来好像在某个大型的火灾保险公司投过保一样。不过我还是说他看起来很不错。

"When he come to the grave," said our conductor, "he showed his cloak beautiful. But, judging from the wing, it looked to me that when he see the ghost in the queen's apartment, he might have made more of his stockings."

“当他走到墓地里时，”我们的引路者说道，“他很漂亮地展示了他的斗篷。但是，从侧面的角度看，我觉得当他在王后的寝宫里看到鬼魂时，他本应该更好地展示一下他的长统袜。”

I modestly assented, and we all fell through a little dirty swing door, into a sort of hot packing-case immediately behind it. Here Mr.

Wopsle was divesting himself of his Danish garments, and here there was just room for us to look at him over one another's shoulders, by keeping the packing-case door, or lid, wide open.

我谦恭地表示了同意，然后我们一起穿过一扇又小又脏的推拉门，随即来到一间像包装箱一样闷热的房间里。沃甫赛先生正在这里脱下他那身丹麦服装，包装箱的大门，或者说是盖子大敞着，这里的空间只够我们把目光越过彼此的肩头来看他。

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Wopsle, "I am proud to see you. I hope, Mr. Pip, you will excuse my sending round. I had the happiness to know you in former times, and the Drama has ever had a claim which has ever been acknowledged, on the noble and the affluent."

“先生们，”沃甫赛先生说，“我很荣幸能见到你们。皮普先生，我希望您能原谅我派人请您过来。我很高兴之前就和您相识了，而且戏剧一直都得到了贵族和有钱人的承认。”

Meanwhile, Mr. Waldengarver, in a frightful perspiration, was trying to get himself out of his princely sables.

同时，瓦尔登加佛先生正大汗淋漓地费劲脱下他那件高贵的黑貂皮。

"Skin the stockings off, Mr. Waldengarver," said the owner of that property, "or you'll bust 'em. Bust 'em, and you'll bust five-and-thirty shillings. Shakespeare never was complimented with a finer pair. Keep quiet in your chair now, and leave 'em to me."

“把长统袜脱下来，瓦尔登加佛先生，”袜子的主人说道，“不然你会把它们撑破的。把它们撑破，你就会丢掉三十五先令。莎士比亚戏剧中从来没有用过比这更好的袜子了。现在你乖乖在你椅子上坐好，让我来给你脱。”

With that, he went upon his knees, and began to flay his victim; who, on the first stocking coming off, would certainly have fallen over backward with his chair, but for there being no room to fall anyhow.

说完这些，他双膝跪地开始像剥皮一样给他的受害者脱袜子，脱下第一只袜子的时候，要不是因为房间太小没有足够的空间摔倒的话，沃甫赛先生肯定早就人仰椅翻了。

I had been afraid until then to say a word about the play. But then, Mr. Waldengarver looked up at us complacently, and said:

直到此时，我都在害怕要对这场戏剧做任何评论。但是，这时，瓦尔登加佛先生沾沾自喜地看着我们说道：

"Gentlemen, how did it seem to you, to go, in front?"

“先生们，你们坐在前排，觉得这场戏怎么样？”

Herbert said from behind (at the same time poking me), "capitally." So I said "capitally."

赫伯特从后面说道（同时捅了捅我）：“好极了。”于是我也说道：“好极了。”

"How did you like my reading of the character, gentlemen?" said Mr. Waldengrarver, almost, if not quite, with patronage.

“先生们，你们觉得我的角色扮演得怎么样？”瓦尔登加佛先生说道，他那副施恩与人的神情没有十成也有八成。

Herbert said from behind (again poking me), "massive and concrete." So I said boldly, as if I had originated it, and must beg to insist upon it, "massive and concrete."

赫伯特从后面说道（同时又捅了捅我）：“大气磅礴、惟妙惟肖。”于是我大胆地说道：“大气磅礴，惟妙惟肖。”就像这都是我发明的词，所以我必须请求大家继续下去一样。

"I am glad to have your approbation, gentlemen," said Mr. Waldengarver, with an air of dignity, in spite of his being ground against the wall at the time, and holding on by the seat of the chair.

“我很高兴得到了你们的赞许，先生们，”瓦尔登加佛先生一脸威风地说道，尽管他此时已经仰倒在墙壁上，两手紧紧地抓住椅座。

"But I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Waldengarver," said the man who was on his knees, "in which you're out in your reading. Now mind! I don't care who says contrary; I tell you so. You're out in your reading of Hamlet when you get your legs in profile. The last Hamlet as I dressed, made the same mistakes in his reading at rehearsal, till I got him to put a large red wafer on each of his shins, and then at that rehearsal (which was the last) I went in front, sir, to the back of the pit, and whenever his reading brought him into profile, I called out "I don't see no wafers!" And at night his reading was lovely.”

“但是我要告诉你一点，瓦尔登加佛先生，”双膝跪地的那个人说道，“你扮演的角色有个缺点。听好了！我不管谁会持不同意见，我还是要告诉你。你把双腿放偏的时候，扮演得就不像哈姆雷特。上一次由我化妆的那个哈姆雷特在彩排的时候也犯下了同样的错误，最后我在他每条小腿上都贴了一大张红封条，在那次彩排中（也是最后一次彩排），先生，我从前排座位跑到幕后，每当他表演时跑偏了位置，我就大喊道：‘我没看到封条！’那天晚上他的表演好极了。”

Mr. Waldengarver smiled at me, as much as to say "a faithful dependent—I overlook his folly;" and then said aloud, "My view is a little classic and thoughtful for them here; but they will improve, they will improve."

瓦尔登加佛先生对我笑了笑，仿佛在说“他是个忠实的跟班——我不

理会他的蠢话”，然后又大声说道：“我的观点对于这里的人来说有点过于优秀，过于有思想了，不过他们会有长进的，会有长进的。”

Herbert and I said together, Oh, no doubt they would improve.

我和赫伯特一齐说道：“哦，的确，他们会有长进的。”

"Did you observe, gentlemen," said Mr. Waldengarver, "that there was a man in the gallery who endeavored to cast derision on the service—I mean, the representation?”

“先生们，你们注意到了吗，”瓦尔登加佛先生说道，“顶层楼座上有个人一个劲地嘲笑那场葬礼——我是说，对葬礼的演绎。”

We basely replied that we rather thought we had noticed such a man. I added, "He was drunk, no doubt."

我们恭顺地回答说，好像注意到有这样一个人。我补充说道：“他肯定是喝醉了。”

"Oh dear no, sir," said Mr. Wopsle, "not drunk. His employer would see to that, sir. His employer would not allow him to be drunk."

“哦，先生，没有，”沃甫赛先生说，“没有喝醉。他的雇主会管着他的，先生。他的雇主不会允许他喝醉的。”

"You know his employer?" said I.

“你认识他的雇主？”我说。

Mr. Wopsle shut his eyes, and opened them again; performing both ceremonies very slowly. "You must have observed, gentlemen," said he, "an ignorant and a blatant ass, with a rasping throat and a countenance expressive of low malignity, who went through—I will not say sustained—the role (if I may use a French expression) of Claudius King of Denmark. That is his employer, gentlemen. Such is the profession!”

沃甫赛先生把两眼闭上，又睁开，两个礼节性的动作都做得十分缓慢。“你们一定注意到了，先生们，”他说，“一个愚蠢又无耻、声音刺耳、表情低俗又恶毒的傻瓜完成了——我可不能说是完美地演绎了——丹麦国王克劳狄斯这一角色（我用了一个法文词汇，请不要见怪）。这就是他的雇主，先生们。就是这样一个职业啊！”

Without distinctly knowing whether I should have been more sorry for Mr. Wopsle if he had been in despair, I was so sorry for him as it was, that I took the opportunity of his turning round to have his braces put on—which jostled us out at the doorway—to ask Herbert what he thought of having him home to supper? Herbert said he thought it would be kind to do so; therefore I invited him, and he went to Barnard's with us, wrapped up to the eyes, and we did our

best for him, and he sat until two o'clock in the morning, reviewing his success and developing his plans. I forget in detail what they were, but I have a general recollection that he was to begin with reviving the Drama, and to end with crushing it; inasmuch as his decease would leave it utterly bereft and without a chance or hope.

我不确定如果沃甫赛先生陷入了绝望之中，我会不会比现更同情他一些，此时我是非常同情他，所以当他转过身去背上背带，也因而把我们挤到门口时，我趁机问了问赫伯特觉得请他去家里吃晚饭怎么样。赫伯特说那样的话很好，因此我邀请了他。于是他把自己用衣服裹得严严实实地和我们一起来到旅馆。我们盛情地款待了他，他一直在那里呆到凌晨两点，大谈他取得的成功并勾画他未来的计划。计划的详细内容我已经忘了，但是我大概记得他一开始会重振戏剧，而最终会毁灭它，随着他的离世，戏剧也会彻底颓败、了无希望。

Miserably I went to bed after all, and miserably thought of Estella, and miserably dreamed that my expectations were all cancelled, and that I had to give my hand in marriage to Herbert's Clara, or play Hamlet to Miss Havisham's Ghost, before twenty thousand people, without knowing twenty words of it.

最后我终于痛苦地爬上床睡觉了，在床上痛苦地想念着埃斯特拉，在梦里我痛苦地看到我得到的所有遗产都是一场空，我不得不与赫伯特的未婚妻克拉拉结婚，我还要扮演哈姆雷特，郝维仙小姐则扮演鬼魂，面对着两万名观众，我却连二十字的台词也说不出来。

CHAPTER 32

第三十二章

One day when I was busy with my books and Mr. Pocket, I received a note by the post, the mere outside of which threw me into a great flutter; for, though I had never seen the handwriting in which it was addressed, I divined whose hand it was. It had no set beginning, as Dear Mr. Pip, or Dear Pip, or Dear Sir, or Dear Anything, but ran thus:

有一天，正当我忙着跟随鄱凯特先生读书时，我收到一封邮寄过来的信。我只是看了一眼信封，就立刻陷入了极度紧张的状态之中，因为，尽管我从来没有见过信封上的这种字迹，但我已经猜到这封信是谁写的了。这封信开头并没有写“亲爱的皮普先生”或者“亲爱的皮普”或者“亲爱的某某”，而是这样写道：

"I am to come to London the day after to-morrow by the mid-day coach. I believe it was settled you should meet me? At all events Miss Havisham has that impression, and I write in obedience to it. She sends you her regard.

“我将在后天乘坐中午的马车到达伦敦。我想之前已经约定好了，你会来接我，是吗？不管怎样郝维仙小姐记得这个约定，我遵照她的指示写信给你。她向你问好。

Yours, ESTELLA.”

你的埃斯特拉。”

If there had been time, I should probably have ordered several suits of clothes for this occasion; but as there was not, I was fain to be content with those I had. My appetite vanished instantly, and I knew no peace or rest until the day arrived. Not that its arrival brought me either; for, then I was worse than ever, and began haunting the coach-office in wood-street, Cheapside, before the coach had left the Blue Boar in our town. For all that I knew this perfectly well, I still felt as if it were not safe to let the coach-office be out of my sight longer than five minutes at a time; and in this condition of unreason I had performed the first half-hour of a watch of four or five hours, when Wemmick ran against me.

如果有足够的时间，我也许会为了这个场合订做几套衣服，不过既然时间不够，我也只能凑合着穿那些旧衣服了。接到消息之后我马上变得茶饭不思，一直都心神不宁、坐立不安，直到这一天终于来到了。然而这一天的到来也并没有让我消停下来，因为那时我反而比任何时候都更焦躁。马车还没有从我们镇上的“蓝野猪”饭店出发，我就开始在齐普

塞德的伍德大街驿站那里徘徊。尽管我非常有分寸，但仍然觉得每次只要有超过五分钟的时间没有守着驿站，就可能会有闪失。就在这种荒谬的情形之下，我守在那里等了半个小时，而时间却像是过了四五个小时一样。这时，温米克朝我跑过来。

"Halloa, Mr. Pip," said he; "how do you do? I should hardly have thought this was your beat."

“嗨，皮普先生，”他说，“你好。我真没想到这是你的地盘。”

I explained that I was waiting to meet somebody who was coming up by coach, and I inquired after the Castle and the Aged.

我解释说我正在等着接人，那个人会坐马车过来。我向他询问了城堡和那位老人的近况。

"Both flourishing thankye," said Wemmick, "and particularly the Aged. He's in wonderful feather. He'll be eighty-two next birthday. I have a notion of firing eighty-two times, if the neighborhood shouldn't complain, and that cannon of mine should prove equal to the pressure. However, this is not London talk. Where do you think I am going to?"

“都很好，尤其是我父亲。”温米克说道，“谢谢您。他精神很好。过了下个生日他就八十二了。如果邻居们不抱怨的话，我打算鸣八十二声炮，而且还要我那管炮经得住那么大的压力才行。不过，不适合在伦敦谈这些。你知道我正要去哪里吗？”

"To the office?" said I, for he was tending in that direction.

“去事务所吗？”我说道，因为他正是往那个方向走的。

"Next thing to it," returned Wemmick, "I am going to Newgate. We are in a banker's-parcel case just at present, and I have been down the road taking as squint at the scene of action, and thereupon must have a word or two with our client.”

“是事务所旁边的那个地方。”温米克回答说，“我要去纽盖特监狱。我们现在正在处理一起银行盗窃案，我刚刚去路那头的作案现场看了看，然后我必须要和我们的委托人谈一谈。”

"Did your client commit the robbery?" I asked.

“你的委托人是那个盗窃犯吗？”我问道。

"Bless your soul and body, no," answered Wemmick, very drily. "But he is accused of it. So might you or I be. Either of us might be accused of it, you know."

“哎呀，天哪，不是的。”温米克非常冷淡地回答道，“但是他被指控为盗窃犯。你和我也有可能被指控。你知道，我们俩都有可能被指控为盗窃犯。”

"Only neither of us is," I remarked.

“可是咱们俩都没有遭到指控。”我说道。

"Yah!" said Wemmick, touching me on the breast with his forefinger; "you're a deep one, Mr. Pip! Would you like to have a look at Newgate? Have you time to spare?"

“是啊！”温米克说着用他的食指戳了一下我的胸口，“你可真聪明，皮普先生！您想看看纽盖特监狱吗？您能抽出时间来吗？”

I had so much time to spare, that the proposal came as a relief, notwithstanding its irreconcilability with my latent desire to keep my eye on the coach-office. Muttering that I would make the inquiry whether I had time to walk with him, I went into the office, and ascertained from the clerk with the nicest precision and much to the trying of his temper, the earliest moment at which the coach could be expected—which I knew beforehand, quite as well as he. I then rejoined Mr. Wemmick, and affecting to consult my watch and to be surprised by the information I had received, accepted his offer.

我能抽出来的时间实在是太多了，所以这个提议对我来说是个解脱，尽管这与我想守在驿站的潜在欲望相冲突。我喃喃自语地说，我得问一下看是否有时间跟他过去，于是我走进驿站办公室去确认一下时间，那里的职员耐着性子告诉了我那班马车可能到达的最早、最确切的时间——这个时间我跟他一样早就知道了。然后我又回到温米克先生那里，装模作样地看了看表，假装从驿站那里得到的信息让我很惊讶的样子，接受了他的邀请。

We were at Newgate in a few minutes, and we passed through the lodge where some fetters were hanging up on the bare walls among the prison rules, into the interior of the jail. At that time, jails were much neglected, and the period of exaggerated reaction consequent on all public wrong-doing—and which is always its heaviest and longest punishment—was still far off. So, felons were not lodged and fed better than soldiers (to say nothing of paupers), and seldom set fire to their prisons with the excusable object of improving the flavor of their soup. It was visiting time when Wemmick took me in; and a potman was going his rounds with beer; and the prisoners, behind bars in yards, were buying beer, and talking to friends; and a frouzy, ugly, disorderly, depressing scene it was.

几分钟后我们就来到了纽盖特监狱，门房中光秃秃的墙上挂着一些镣铐，镣铐后面是写在墙上的狱规，我们穿过门房来到监狱内部。那时候，监狱确实是疏于管理，而对各种社会恶行进行激烈回应——对其采取最严厉、最长久的惩罚——的时期还远没有到来。因此，犯人们没有被关押，吃得也比士兵要好（更不用说穷人们了），而且他们很少会以改善伙食为理由放火烧监狱。温米克带我进去的时候正好是探访时间，一个酒馆侍者正在那里卖啤酒，大院铁栅栏后的犯人正在买啤酒，和朋友聊天，一派肮脏、丑陋、杂乱和令人压抑的景象。

It struck me that Wemmick walked among the prisoners, much as a gardener might walk among his plants. This was first put into my head by his seeing a shoot that had come up in the night, and saying, "What, Captain Tom? Are you there? Ah, indeed!" and also, "Is that Black Bill behind the cistern? Why I didn't look for you these two months; how do you find yourself?" Equally in his stopping at the bars and attending to anxious whisperers—always singly—Wemmick with his post-office in an immovable state, looked at them while in conference, as if he were taking particular notice of the advance they had made, since last observed, towards coming out in full blow at their trial.

让我印象深刻的是，温米克在犯人们中间走过就像一个园丁在他的植物当中走过一样。我最初产生这种想法是因为当他看到一名犯人，他就像发现一夜之间冒出一棵新芽一样地说道：“什么，汤姆船长？是你吗？啊，真的是你！”接着又说：“储水池子后面的是布莱克·比尔吗？怪不得我这两个月没有看到你了，你怎么样啊？”同样地，从铁栅栏外走过时，他还会停下来听那些犯人焦急地对他窃窃私语——总是一个接着一个地——温米克张着邮筒般的嘴巴，一动不动，谈话的时候看着他们，仿佛他特别在意自从上次见面之后他们都取得了哪些进展，使得他们能精神饱满地接受审判。

He was highly popular, and I found that he took the familiar department of Mr. Jaggers' business: though something of the state of Mr. Jaggers hung about him too, forbidding approach beyond certain limits. His personal recognition of each successive client was comprised in a nod, and in his settling his hat a little easier on his head with both hands, and then tightening the postoffice, and putting his hands in his pockets. In one or two instances, there was a difficulty respecting the raising of fees, and then Mr. Wemmick, backing as far as possible from the insufficient money produced, said, "it's no use, my boy. I'm only a subordinate. I can't take it. Don't go on in that way with a subordinate. If you are unable to make up your quantum, my boy, you had better address yourself to a principal; there are plenty of principals in the profession, you know, and what is not worth the while of one, may be worth the while of another; that's my recommendation to you, speaking as a subordinate. Don't try on useless measures. Why should you? Now, who's next?"

他非常受欢迎，而且我发现他是贾格尔斯先生生意当中的联络人，他身上也有贾格尔斯先生的某种特点，因此与他交往时不可超越某个界限。接下来他与每一位委托人碰面时的举动都包括点一下头，用两手轻轻摆正一下头顶的帽子，然后闭紧邮筒式的嘴巴，接着把手放进口袋里。有一两次，当委托人在筹措费用上遇到困难的时候，这时温米克就尽可能远地推开那笔筹来的不够数的费用，说道：“没用的，孩子。我只是个下属。我可不能收下。别和一个下属来这一套。孩子，要是你筹不

到足够的钱，你最好另找一位大律师来替你说理吧，你知道，这一行有许多大律师，这些钱雇不起这一个律师，却可能雇得起另外一个律师，这是我作为一个下属给你的建议。别做些没用的事啦。何必呢？好了，下一个是谁？”

Thus, we walked through Wemmick's greenhouse, until he turned to me and said, "Notice the man I shall shake hands with." I should have done so, without the preparation, as he had shaken hands with no one yet.

就这样，我们在温米克的花房当中走着，突然他转过来对我说：“注意那个我要和他握手的人。”就算没有他的提醒，我也会这么做的，因为到此时为止，他还没有和任何人握过手。

Almost as soon as he had spoken, a portly upright man (whom I can see now, as I write) in a well-worn olive-colored frock-coat, with a peculiar pallor over-spreading the red in his complexion, and eyes that went wandering about when he tried to fix them, came up to a corner of the bars, and put his hand to his hat—which had a greasy and fatty surface like cold broth—with a half-serious and half-jocose military salute.

几乎就在他话音刚落的时候，一个魁梧、挺拔的男人出现了（现在在我写下这些的时候，他的模样仍清晰可见），他身穿一件破旧的橄榄绿色长礼服，红通通的肤色当中透出一种古怪的苍白，两眼乱转，想要定格在某个事物上面。他走到铁栅栏后面的一个拐角处，把手放在帽子上——帽子表面就像洒了冷肉汤一样油腻多脂——然后半认真、半开玩笑地行了一个军礼。

"Colonel, to you!" said Wemmick; "how are you, Colonel?"

“上校，向您致敬！”温米克说道，“您好吗？”

"All right, Mr. Wemmick."

“很好，温米克先生。”

"Everything was done that could be done, but the evidence was too strong for us, Colonel."

“该做的事情都已经做了，但是证据对我们太不利了，上校。”

"Yes, it was too strong, sir—but I don't care."

“是的，证据太充分了，先生——不过，我不在乎。”

"No, no," said Wemmick, coolly, "you don't care." Then, turning to me, "Served His Majesty this man. Was a soldier in the line and bought his discharge."

“是啊，是啊，”温米克冷冷地说道，“你不在乎。”然后他转过身来对我说：“这个人曾经是一名皇家军人。他曾是个在编的士兵，之后花钱

办了退役。”

I said, "Indeed?" and the man's eyes looked at me, and then looked over my head, and then looked all round me, and then he drew his hand across his lips and laughed.

我说：“真的？”这个人拿眼睛看了看我，又看了看我的头，接着全身上下打量了我一番，然后用手捂着嘴笑了笑。

"I think I shall be out of this on Monday, sir," he said to Wemmick.

“我想我星期一就能从这里脱身了，先生。”他对温米克说。

"Perhaps," returned my friend, "but there's no knowing."

“也许吧，”我的朋友回答说，“但不能确定。”

"I am glad to have the chance of bidding you good-bye, Mr. Wemmick," said the man, stretching out his hand between two bars.

“我很高兴能有这个机会和你说声再见，温米克先生，”这个人说着从铁栅栏中伸出一只手。

"Thankye," said Wemmick, shaking hands with him. "Same to you, Colonel."

“谢谢。”温米克说道，然后和他握了握手，“我也很高兴能和你告别，上校。”

"If what I had upon me when taken, had been real, Mr. Wemmick," said the man, unwilling to let his hand go, "I should have asked the favour of your wearing another ring—in acknowledgment of your attentions.”

“如果我被抓的时候身上带的是真货，温米克先生，”这个人说道，同时仍然不愿放开他的手，“我早就会请您赏脸再戴一枚戒指了——以此来感谢您对我的关注。”

"I'll accept the will for the deed," said Wemmick. "By-the-bye; you were quite a pigeon-fancier.” The man looked up at the sky. "I am told you had a remarkable breed of tumblers. Could you commission any friend of yours to bring me a pair, of you've no further use for 'em?"

“这份情我心领了。”温米克说，“顺便提一句，你曾经对养鸽子非常入迷吧？”那个人听后抬起头看了看天空。“我听说你喂养了一群品种很好的鸽子。如果你以后不需要这些鸽子的话，你能不能委托你的朋友给我带两只过来？”

"It shall be done, sir?"

“一定办到，先生。”

"All right," said Wemmick, "they shall be taken care of. Good

afternoon, Colonel. Good-bye!” They shook hands again, and as we walked away Wemmick said to me, "A Coiner, a very good workman. The Recorder's report is made to-day, and he is sure to be executed on Monday. Still you see, as far as it goes, a pair of pigeons are portable property, all the same.” With that, he looked back, and nodded at this dead plant, and then cast his eyes about him in walking out of the yard, as if he were considering what other pot would go best in its place.

“好吧，”温米克说，“它们会得到很好的照顾的。下午安好，上校。再见！”他们又握了握手，当我们离开的时候，温米克对我说：“一个造假币的，手段非常高明。刑事法官今天做出了判决，他星期一肯定会被行刑。不过你知道，尽管如此，就目前的情况来看，一对鸽子也是动产。”说完这些，他回头看了看，对那株即将死去的植物点了点头，然后一路东张西望地走出了院子，仿佛在考虑另外有哪一盆花草最适合代替它的位置。

As we came out of the prison through the lodge, I found that the great importance of my guardian was appreciated by the turnkeys, no less than by those whom they held in charge. "Well, Mr. Wemmick," said the turnkey, who kept us between the two studded and spiked lodge gates, and who carefully locked one before he unlocked the other, "what's Mr. Jaggers going to do with that waterside murder? Is he going to make it manslaughter, or what's he going to make of it?"

当我们经过门房走出监狱的时候，我发现那些监狱看守跟他们看管的那些犯人们一样，对我的监护人极其重视。“嗯，温米克先生，”一个监狱看守正带着我们走过两扇铆了尖钉的大门，他小心地锁好其中一扇，却没有打开另一扇，而是说道，“贾格尔斯先生打算如何办理那个河滨杀人案件？他打算说成是过失杀人罪吗？还是其他的罪名？”

"Why don't you ask him?" returned Wemmick.

“你为什么不问问他？”温米克回答说。

"Oh yes, I dare say!" said the turnkey.

“哦，是啊，我想也是！”这个监狱看守说道。

"Now, that's the way with them here. Mr. Pip," remarked Wemmick, turning to me with his post-office elongated. "They don't mind what they ask of me, the subordinate; but you'll never catch 'em asking any questions of my principal."

“看吧，他们这里的人就是这样。皮普先生，”温米克拉长他那邮筒般的嘴巴转过身来对我说，“他们不介意对我这样一个下属提问题，但是你从来都看不到他们向我的大律师提问题。”

"Is this young gentleman one of the 'prentices or articled ones of your office?" asked the turnkey, with a grin at Mr. Wemmick's humor.

“这个年轻人是您事务所里的学徒或签约实习生吗？”这个监狱看守对温米克幽默的话付之一笑，同时又这样问道。

"There he goes again, you see!" cried Wemmick, "I told you so! Asks another question of the subordinate before his first is dry! Well, supposing Mr. Pip is one of them?"

“你看，他又来了！”温米克喊道，“我说的没错吧！他那第一个问题话音还未落，就又抛给我这个下属另一个问题！好吧，就当皮普先生是一个学徒，那又如何？”

"Why then," said the turnkey, grinning again, "he knows what Mr. Jaggers is."

“那样的话，”这个看守又露齿而笑，同时说道，“他就了解贾格尔斯先生是怎样的人了。”

"Yah!" cried Wemmick, suddenly hitting out at the turnkey in a facetious way, "you're dumb as one of your own keys when you have to do with my principal, you know you are. Let us out, you old fox, or I'll get him to bring an action against you for false imprisonment."

“哈！”温米克喊道，同时突然开玩笑地打了那个监狱看守一下，“你一跟我的老板打交道就变得跟你自己那些监狱钥匙一样哑口无言了，你自己也是知道的。放我们出去，你这个老狐狸，不然我就让他以非法监禁的罪名告你。”

The turnkey laughed, and gave us good day, and stood laughing at us over the spikes of the wicket when we descended the steps into the street.

那个监狱看守笑了笑，然后跟我们道了别，当我们走下楼梯朝大街上走去的时候，仍能看见他站在铆了钉的边门旁朝我们笑。

"Mind you, Mr. Pip," said Wemmick, gravely in my ear, as he took my arm to be more confidential; "I don't know that Mr. Jaggers does a better thing than the way in which he keeps himself so high. He's always so high. His constant height is of a piece with his immense abilities. That Colonel durst no more take leave of him, than that turnkey durst ask him his intentions respecting a case. Then, between his height and them, he slips in his subordinate—don't you see?—and so he has 'em, soul and body."

“告诉你，皮普先生，”温米克在我耳边郑重地说道，同时抓起我的胳膊以使其显得更加机密，“我认为贾格尔斯先生做的最妙的事情就是让自己如此高高在上。他总是那样高高在上。他长期高傲的地位是与他超强的能力分不开的。那个上校不敢跟他告别，就像那个监狱看守不敢问他对那个案件有什么打算一样。于是，在他高高在上的地位与他们之间，他安插了他的下属——你明白了吗？——所以他就能完完全全地掌控他们。”

I was very much impressed, and not for the first time, by my guardian's subtlety. To confess the truth, I very heartily wished, and not for the first time, that I had had some other guardian of minor abilities.

我监护人的巧妙手段再一次给我留下了深刻的印象。说实话，我不止一次诚心诚意地希望我能有一个能力差一点的监护人。

Mr. Wemmick and I parted at the office in Little Britain, where suppliants for Mr. Jaggers' notice were lingering about as usual, and I returned to my watch in the street of the coach-office, with some three hours on hand. I consumed the whole time in thinking how strange it was that I should be encompassed by all this taint of prison and crime; that, in my childhood out on our lonely marshes on a winter evening I should have first encountered it; that, it should have reappeared on two occasions, starting out like a stain that was faded but not gone; that, it should in this new way pervade my fortune and advancement. While my mind was thus engaged, I thought of the beautiful young Estella, proud and refined, coming towards me, and I thought with absolute abhorrence of the contrast between the jail and her. I wished that Wemmick had not met me, or that I had not yielded to him and gone with him, so that, of all days in the year on this day, I might not have had Newgate in my breath and on my clothes. I beat the prison dust off my feet as I sauntered to and fro, and I shook it out of my dress, and I exhaled its air from my lungs. So contaminated did I feel, remembering who was coming, that the coach came quickly after all, and I was not yet free from the soiling consciousness of Mr. Wemmick's conservatory, when I saw her face at the coach window and her hand waving to me.

温米克先生和我在位于小不列颠街的事务所那里分开了，那些请求见贾格尔斯先生的人像往常一样在事务所附近徘徊。我继续回到驿站所在的那条大街上守着，还要等三个小时。在这三个小时里我都在思忖一件很奇怪的事情，那就是我竟然总是被包围在监狱和犯罪的污染之中，童年时代，我就在一个冬季的晚上在我们那片荒凉的沼泽地里第一次遇上它；后来竟然又重现了两次，就像一片褪了色却没有消失的污迹＋B164一样；而如今，它又以这种新的方式浸染到我的前途与发展之中。当我满脑子都想着这些事情的时候，我想起了美丽、高傲、优雅而又年轻的埃斯特拉正朝我赶来，我一想到监狱和她之间的对比就悔恨不已。我真希望温米克没有碰到过我，或者我没有听从他的话跟他走，那样的话，今年一年当中的任何一天我都不会呼吸到纽盖特监狱的空气，衣服上也不会沾染上那里的臭气。我来回地走动，想弄掉脚上沾染的监狱泥土，拍掉衣服上的尘土，大口地把肺中监狱里的空气呼出去。一想起即将到来的是谁，我就感到自己粘满了污秽，因此反而觉得马车来得太快了。就在我还没有摆脱温米克先生的温室给我带来的污秽感时，我就已经在马车窗户中看到了她的脸庞，她正在朝我招手。

What was the nameless shadow which again in that one instant had passed?

在那一瞬间，一股无名的阴影再一次从我心头闪过，那阴影是什么呢？

CHAPTER 33

第三十三章

In her furred travelling-dress, Estella seemed more delicately beautiful than she had ever seemed yet, even in my eyes. Her manner was more winning than she had cared to let it be to me before, and I thought I saw Miss Havisham's influence in the change.

埃斯特拉身穿毛皮旅行大衣，甚至是在我眼中，她看起来都比以往任何时候更秀雅、娇美。她的举止比她之前想要在我面前显露出来的还要更加吸引我，我想我看到了郝维仙小姐对这种变化的影响。

We stood in the Inn Yard while she pointed out her luggage to me, and when it was all collected I remembered—having forgotten everything but herself in the meanwhile—that I knew nothing of her destination．

我们站在旅馆的院子里，她指给我看哪些是她的行李。当行李都被归整到一起时，我才想起来我还不知道她的目的地是哪里，因为除了她，我已经把所有事都忘记了。

"I am going to Richmond," she told me. "Our lesson is, that there are two Richmonds, one in Surrey and one in Yorkshire, and that mine is the Surrey Richmond. The distance is ten miles. I am to have a carriage, and you are to take me. This is my purse, and you are to pay my charges out of it. Oh, you must take the purse! We have no choice, you and I, but to obey our instructions. We are not free to follow our own devices, you and I."

“我要去里士满。”她告诉我说，“我们都知道有两个里士满，一个在萨里郡，另一个在约克郡，我要去的是位于萨里的里士满。离这里有十英里远。我得雇一辆马车，然后你带我过去。这是我的钱包，你用这里面的钱付车费。噢，你必须拿上这个钱包！我们没有选择了，你和我都只能遵照指示。你和我，我们都不能由着自己的性子来。”

As she looked at me in giving me the purse, I hoped there was an inner meaning in her words. She said them slightingly, but not with displeasure.

当她把钱包给我的时候，她看着我，我觉得她的这番话还有更深一层的意思。她说话时态度傲慢，但是并没有不高兴。

"A carriage will have to be sent for, Estella. Will you rest here a little?"

“必须得派人去找来马车，埃斯特拉。你想在这里休息一下吗？”

"Yes, I am to rest here a little, and I am to drink some tea, and

you are to take care of me the while."

“好吧，我在这里休息一会儿，喝点茶，这段时间你要陪着我。”

She drew her arm through mine, as if it must be done, and I requested a waiter who had been staring at the coach like a man who had never seen such a thing in his life, to show us a private sitting-room. Upon that, he pulled out a napkin, as if it were a magic clue without which he couldn't find the way up-stairs, and led us to the black hole of the establishment: fitted up with a diminishing mirror (quite a superfluous article considering the hole's proportions), an anchovy sauce-cruet, and somebody's pattens. On my objecting to this retreat, he took us into another room with a dinner-table for thirty, and in the grate a scorched leaf of a copy-book under a bushel of coal-dust. Having looked at this extinct conflagration and shaken his head, he took my order: which, proving to be merely "Some tea for the lady," sent him out of the room in a very low state of mind.

她伸出胳膊挽住我的手臂，仿佛她必须这么做似的。有一个伙计一直盯着马车看，就像他一辈子从来没有见过这种东西一样，我让这个伙计带我们到一个单独的会客室里去。听到这话，他抽出一条餐巾，它就像是一个神奇的线索，少了这个，他就不知道该怎么上楼。他把我们领进这家旅馆的一个黑洞洞的屋子里，屋里有一面缩小镜（考虑到屋子的大小，这面镜子显得非常多余）、一个鱼酱汁调味瓶和一双不知道是谁的木套鞋。由于我拒绝呆在这个地方，他把我们带进了另外一个房间，里面有一张容得下三十人用餐的餐桌，在壁炉里那一蒲式耳煤灰的下面有一页被烧焦了的习字簿纸张。这个伙计看了看已经熄灭的炉火，摇了摇头，然后来听我点餐。结果我仅是告诉他“给这位小姐沏一点茶”，他就这样垂头丧气地被我打发出了房间。

I was, and I am, sensible that the air of this chamber, in its strong combination of stable with soup-stock, might have led one to infer that the coaching department was not doing well, and that the enterprising proprietor was boiling down the horses for the refreshment department. Yet the room was all in all to me, Estella being in it. I thought that with her I could have been happy there for life. (I was not at all happy there at the time, observe, and I knew it well.)

当时我闻到这个房间里的空气散发着一股强烈的马厩和马肉汤的混合气味，即使到现在，我仍然记得那股气味。这不禁让人猜想是不是马车部的生意不好，所以有事业心的老板就把马匹宰杀烹煮了，送到小吃部出售。但是，这个房间对我来说是无价之宝，因为埃斯特拉在这房间里。我心想，只要是和她在一起，我一辈子呆在这里都会很幸福。（事实上，当时我在那里一点都不幸福，而且我也很清楚这一点。）

"Where are you going to, at Richmond?" I asked Estella.

“你要去里士满的什么地方呢？”我问埃斯特拉。

"I am going to live," said she, "at a great expense, with a lady there, who has the power—or says she has—of taking me about, and introducing me, and showing people to me and showing me to people.”

“我要去那里，”她说，“花一大笔钱和一位夫人住在一起。这个人有能力——不，是她有能力——带我出入上流社会，让我认识上流人士，也向上流人士介绍我，让他们认识我。”

"I suppose you will be glad of variety and admiration?"

“我想你会很高兴经历不同的事情、获得人们的赞赏吧？”

"Yes, I suppose so."

“对，我想是的。”

She answered so carelessly, that I said, "You speak of yourself as if you were some one else."

她的回答非常漫不经心，所以我说：“你说起你自己的事情就像在说别人的事情一样。”

"Where did you learn how I speak of others? Come, come," said Estella, smiling delightfully, "you must not expect me to go to school to you; I must talk in my own way. How do you thrive with Mr. Pocket?"

“你从哪里得知我是如何谈及其他人的？　得啦，得啦，”埃斯特拉很可爱地笑着说道，“你可千万别指望我听你的教训，我必须按我自己的方式讲话。你和鄱凯特先生相处得很愉快吧？”

"I live quite pleasantly there; at least—” It appeared to me that I was losing a chance.

“我在那里过得很愉快，至少——”我觉得我似乎要错失一个机会了。

"At least?" repeated Estella.

“至少？”埃斯特拉重复道。

"As pleasantly as I could anywhere, away from you."

“你不在我身边时，我在哪里觉得都一样。”

"You silly boy," said Estella, quite composedly, "how can you talk such nonsense? Your friend Mr. Matthew, I believe, is superior to the rest of his family?"

“你这个傻小子，”埃斯特拉非常沉着地说道，“你怎么能这样胡说八道呢？我相信，你的朋友马修先生比他所有的家人都更受人敬重吧？”

"Very superior indeed. He is nobody's enemy—”

“的确更受人敬重。他不与任何人为敌——”

"Don't add but his own," interposed Estella, "for I hate that class of man. But he really is disinterested, and above small jealousy and spite, I have heard?"

“还要算上他自己，”埃斯丝特拉打断了我的话，“因为我讨厌那种自寻烦恼的人。不过我听说，他真的是公正无私，不会小气妒忌，不会心怀怨恨，是这样的吗？”

"I am sure I have every reason to say so."

“我肯定我也很有把握这样说。”

"You have not every reason to say so of the rest of his people," said Estella, nodding at me with an expression of face that was at once grave and rallying, "for they beset Miss Havisham with reports and insinuations to your disadvantage. They watch you, misrepresent you, write letters about you (anonymous sometimes), and you are the torment and the occupation of their lives. You can scarcely realize to yourself the hatred those people feel for you.”

“对于他的家人，你可没有把握这样说了，”埃斯特拉说着朝我点了点头，她脸上的表情既严肃又有些嘲讽的意味，“因为他们围在郝维仙小姐跟前，打你的小报告，说你的坏话。他们监视你，曲解你，写信举报你（有时候是匿名的），你就是他们生命中用来折磨和消遣的对象。你自己几乎意识不到那些人对你持有多大的敌意。”

"They do me no harm, I hope?"

“我觉得他们没有对我造成什么伤害吧？”

Instead of answering, Estella burst out laughing. This was very singular to me, and I looked at her in considerable perplexity. When she left off—and she had not laughed languidly, but with real enjoyment—I said, in my diffident way with her:

埃斯特拉没有回答，反而笑了起来。这让我感到很奇怪，我非常困惑地看着她。当她笑够了——她不是懒洋洋地笑了笑，而是真的很开心——我羞怯地对她说：

"I hope I may suppose that you would not be amused if they did me any harm."

“我希望我可以这样认为，如果他们伤害了我，你不会幸灾乐祸。”

"No, no you may be sure of that," said Estella. "You may be certain that I laugh because they fail. Oh, those people with Miss Havisham, and the tortures they undergo!" She laughed again, and even now when she had told me why, her laughter was very singular

to me, for I could not doubt its being genuine, and yet it seemed too much for the occasion. I thought there must really be something more here than I knew; she saw the thought in my mind, and answered it.

“不会的，不会的，这一点你可以放心。”埃斯特拉说，“你可以肯定的是，我之所以笑是因为他们失败了。噢，那些围着郝维仙小姐的人啊，他们自作自受！”她又开始笑，即使现在她把原因告诉我了，我还是觉得她的笑很奇怪，我不怀疑她的笑是发自内心的，但似乎对于这个场合来说笑得太过分了。我想肯定还有什么事情我不知道，她看出了我的心思，于是回答了我的疑问。

"It is not easy for even you." said Estella, "to know what satisfaction it gives me to see those people thwarted, or what an enjoyable sense of the ridiculous I have when they are made ridiculous. For you were not brought up in that strange house from a mere baby.— I was. You had not your little wits sharpened by their intriguing against you, suppressed and defenseless, under the mask of sympathy and pity and what not that is soft and soothing.— I had. You did not gradually open your round childish eyes wider and wider to the discovery of that impostor of a woman who calculates her stores of peace of mind for when she wakes up in the night.— I did.”

“即使对你而言也很难。”埃斯特拉说道，“很难了解当我看到那些人受挫的时候我有多高兴，当他们出丑的时候我有多开心。因为你不是那个从婴儿时起就在那所奇怪的房子里被带大的人——而我是。你并没有在看似是同情怜悯，实际上却不是温柔慰藉的面具之下，被压迫着，毫无反抗之力——而我经历过这些。你并没有逐渐睁大你那圆圆的、稚嫩的眼睛，发现那个女骗子的真面目，那个女骗子只有在深夜醒来的时候才敢细数一下自己内心还留有多少宁静。——而我却经历过这些。”

It was no laughing matter with Estella now, nor was she summoning these remembrances from any shallow place. I would not have been the cause of that look of hers, for all my expectations in a heap.

此时，对埃斯特拉来说，这些并不好笑了，而且她是从内心深处唤起这些往事的。尽管我得到了一大笔遗产，但我并不是造成她现在这副表情的原因。

"Two things I can tell you," said Estella. "First, notwithstanding the proverb that constant dropping will wear away a stone, you may set your mind at rest that these people never will—never would, in hundred years—impair your ground with Miss Havisham, in any particular, great or small. Second, I am beholden to you as the cause of their being so busy and so mean in vain, and there is my hand upon it.”

“我可以告诉你两件事，”埃斯特拉说，“首先，尽管俗话说水滴石

穿，但你尽管放心，这些人不管是在大事还是小事上，永远无法——一百年都无法——损害你和郝维仙小姐之间的关系。第二，我感谢你，正是因为你，他们才如此地奔波忙碌，不怀好意，到头来却是徒劳一场，为此我要与你握手致敬。”

As she gave it me playfully—for her darker mood had been but momentary—I held it and put it to my lips. "You ridiculous boy," said Estella, "will you never take warning? Or do you kiss my hand in the same spirit in which I once let you kiss my cheek?"

当她顽皮地把手向我伸过来时——因为她低落的情绪转瞬即逝——我握着她的手，送到唇边，亲吻了一下。“你这个可恶的小子，”埃斯特拉说道，“你永远都不听警告吧？还是你现在吻我的手跟之前我让你吻我脸颊时是一个意思？”

"What spirit was that?" said I.

“那次是什么意思？”我说。

"I must think a moment A spirit of contempt for the fawners and plotters."

“我必须得想一下，那次是一种对马屁精和密谋者的藐视。”

"If I say yes, may I kiss the cheek again?"

“如果我说‘是的’，那我可以再吻一下脸颊吗？”

"You should have asked before you touched the hand. But, yes, if you like."

“你应该在吻我的手之前问这个问题的。不过，如果你高兴的话，可以。”

I leaned down, and her calm face was like a statue's. "Now," said Estella, gliding away the instant I touched her cheek, "you are to take care that I have some tea, and you are to take me to Richmond."

我俯下身去，她面容平静，就像一尊雕像。“好了，”我的嘴唇刚一碰到埃斯特拉的脸颊，她就躲闪开了，同时说道，“现在你要保证我能喝上点茶，然后你要把我送到里士满。”

Her reverting to this tone as if our association were forced upon us and we were mere puppets, gave me pain; but everything in our intercourse did give me pain. Whatever her tone with me happened to be, I could put no trust in it, and build no hope on it; and yet I went on against trust and against hope. Why repeat it a thousand times? So it always was.

她又恢复到这种语气，仿佛我们之间的交往都是被强迫的，而我们俩也仅仅是傀儡一样。这让我很痛苦，不过我们之间往来的所有事情都让我很痛苦。不管她对我的语气是怎样的，我都无法信以为真，也无法

抱有希望，然而尽管没有信任，没有希望，我仍然继续下去。为什么要一千次地重复呢？事情一直都是如此。

I rang for the tea, and the waiter, reappearing with his magic clue, brought in by degrees some fifty adjuncts to that refreshment but of tea not a glimpse. A teaboard, cups and saucers, plates, knives and forks (including carvers), spoons (various), saltcellars, a meek little muffin confined with the utmost precaution under a strong iron cover, Moses in the bullrushes typified by a soft bit of butter in a quantity of parsley, a pale loaf with a powdered head, two proof impressions of the bars of the kitchen fire-place on triangular bits of bread, and ultimately a fat family urn: which the waiter staggered in with, expressing in his countenance burden and suffering. After a prolonged absence at this stage of the entertainment, he at length came back with a casket of precious appearance containing twigs. These I steeped in hot water, and so from the whole of these appliances extracted one cup of I don't know what, for Estella.

我打铃招呼上茶，于是那个带着那条神奇线索一样餐巾的伙计又出现了，他来来回回送来大约五十件饮茶的附属品，但却没看到茶的踪影。这些附属品包括一个茶盘、茶杯、茶托、碟子、刀叉（包括切肉用的刀叉）、各式各样的调羹、盐瓶、一个嵌在坚硬的铁盖之下，因此被保护得好好的、松软的小松饼。一点点松软的黄油躺在一大团荷兰芹上，很像躺在芦苇中的摩西，一条顶部洒满粉状材料的白面包，两个带有厨房火炉铁烙印记的三角形面包，最后是一把圆鼓鼓的家用茶壶：那个伙计拿着这些东西踉踉跄跄地进来了，脸上一副不堪重负、受苦受难的样子。送来这些东西之后，他离开了很长一段时间，最后终于拿着一个外表看起来很珍贵的盒子回来了，盒子里面装着像小树枝一样的茶叶。我把茶叶泡在热水里，然后用尽所有的器具，提取出一杯我也不知道是什么茶，递给了埃斯特拉。

The bill paid, and the waiter remembered, and the ostler not forgotten, and the chambermaid taken into consideration—in a word, the whole house bribed into a state of contempt and animosity, and Estella's purse much lightened—we got into our post-coach and drove away. Turning into Cheapside and rattling up Newgate-street, we were soon under the walls of which I was so ashamed.

最后我们付了账，对那个伙计、马夫，还有女仆一一打赏——总之，旅馆上上下下都得到了小费，以致于他们反倒向我们投来鄙视和怨恨的目光。埃斯特拉的钱包变得轻多了——之后我们就坐上马车离开了。马车拐进了齐普塞德，叮叮当当地在纽盖特大街上行驶，不一会儿我们就来到了那让我感到羞耻的高墙之下。

"What place is that?" Estella asked me.

“这是什么地方？”埃斯特拉问我。

I made a foolish pretence of not at first recognizing it, and then told her. As she looked at it, and drew in her head again, murmuring "Wretches!" I would not have confessed to my visit for any consideration.

我先是假装无知，装成一开始没认出来，然后才告诉了她。她探出头去看了看，然后又把头缩回来，小声说道："一群坏蛋！"无论如何，我都不会坦白告诉她说我来过这里。

"Mr. Jaggers," said I, by way of putting it neatly on somebody else, "has the reputation of being more in the secrets of that dismal place than any man in London."

"贾格尔斯先生，"我利索地把话题转到了其他人的身上，说道，"他比伦敦任何人都更加熟知这个鬼地方的秘密，因此他很有名气。"

"He is more in the secrets of every place, I think," said Estella, in a low voice.

"我想，他对所有地方的秘密都掌握得比别人多。"埃斯特拉低声说道。

"You have been accustomed to see him often, I suppose?"

"我猜，你已经习惯经常见到他了吧？"

"I have been accustomed to see him at uncertain intervals, ever since I can remember. But I know him no better now, than I did before I could speak plainly. What is your own experience of him? Do you advance with him?"

"从我记事时起，我就习惯了不时见到他。但是我现在就和我刚刚学会说话那时一样不了解他。你自己和他来往得怎么样？你和他相处得好吗？"

"Once habituated to his distrustful manner," said I, "I have done very well."

"一旦习惯了他那种疑神疑鬼的行为举止之后，"我说道，"我就跟他相处得挺好的了。"

"Are you intimate?"

"你们俩关系很亲近吗？"

"I have dined with him at his private house."

"我曾在他的私人住宅里和他吃过饭。"

"I fancy," said Estella, shrinking "that must be a curious place."

"我猜想，"埃斯特拉停顿了一下又接着说道，"那一定是个古怪的地方。"

"It is a curious place."

“是个古怪的地方。”

I should have been chary of discussing my guardian too freely even with her; but I should have gone on with the subject so far as to describe the dinner in Gerrard-street, if we had not then come into a sudden glare of gas. It seemed, while it lasted, to be all alight and alive with that inexplicable feeling I had had before; and when we were out of it, I was as much dazed for a few moments as if I had been in Lightning.

我本应该谨慎地谈论我的监护人，即使是和她谈也不能太随意，但是要不是当时我们突然被煤气灯刺眼的光亮照得睁不开眼的话，我一定会继续那个话题，仔细描述一下那次在杰勒德街吃饭的情形。在这光亮持续的那段时间里，仿佛我之前那种不可名状的感觉又被照亮、被唤醒了。我们驶出这片光亮之后，有那么一小会儿，我仍然是恍恍惚惚的，仿佛我刚刚是置身于闪电中一样。

So, we fell into other talk, and it was principally about the way by which we were travelling, and about what parts of London lay on this side of it, and what on that. The great city was almost new to her, she told me, for she had never left Miss Havisham's neighborhood until she had gone to France, and she had merely passed through London then in going and returning. I asked her if my guardian had any charge of her while she remained here? To that she emphatically said "God forbid!" and no more.

于是我们又谈起了其他的话题，主要是关于我们马车正在驶过的这条路，谈谈路的这边是伦敦的哪些地方，路的那边又是伦敦的哪些地方。她告诉我说，对她而言，这个大城市几乎是完全陌生的，因为在她去法国之前她从来没有离开过郝维仙小姐居住的那片地区，而那时候往返法国时她也仅仅是经过伦敦而已。我问她，呆在这里的这段时间，我的监护人是否也监管着她。听了我的话，她斩钉截铁地说道：“但愿上帝不要让他来监管我！”然后没有再说别的了。

It was impossible for me to avoid seeing that she cared to attract me; that she made herself winning; and would have won me even if the task had needed pains. Yet this made me none the happier, for, even if she had not taken that tone of our being disposed of by others, I should have felt that she held my heart in her hand because she willfully chose to do it, and not because it would have wrung any tenderness in her, to crush it and throw it away.

我不可避免地发现她想要吸引我的注意，她成功地做到了。不过这项任务本来就不难，即使困难，她也早已经俘获了我的心了。然而这并没有让我更加开心，因为即使她不是出于别人精心安排我们俩在一起才这样做的，我也已经感觉到她之所以把我的心捧在手里是因为她故意选择这样做，而不是因为碾碎这颗心、抛弃这颗心会博得她任何一丝的柔情。

When we passed through Hammersmith, I showed her where Mr. Matthew Pocket lived, and said it was no great way from Richmond, and that I hoped I should see her sometimes.

当我们经过哈默史密斯时，我指给她看马修·鄱凯特先生的住处。我跟她说这里离里士满不远，我希望我能不时地去看看她。

"Oh yes, you are to see me; you are to come when you think proper; you are to be mentioned to the family; indeed you are already mentioned."

“哦，当然了，你要来看我，只要你觉得时间合适，就来看看我，我会跟那家人说起你的，实际上，我已经跟他们说起过你了。”

I inquired was it a large household she was going to be a member of?

我问她，马上要接纳她的这个家庭是不是个人口很多的大家庭。

"No; there are only two; mother and daughter. The mother is a lady of some station, though not averse to increasing her income."

“不是，只有两个人，一位母亲和她的女儿。那位母亲是一位有一定社会地位的贵妇人，不过这并不影响她增加她的收入。”

"I wonder Miss Havisham could part with you again so soon."

“我想郝维仙小姐一定无法忍受这么快又和你分开了。”

"It is a part of Miss Havisham's plans for me, Pip," said Estella, with a sigh, as if she were tired; "I am to write to her constantly and see her regularly and report how I go on—I and the jewels—for they are nearly all mine now.”

“这是郝维仙小姐为我做的众多安排之一，皮普，”埃斯特拉说着叹了口气，仿佛她已经疲倦了似的，“我将要时常给她写信，定期回去看她，向她报告我的情况——不仅是我，还有那些珠宝——因为现在它们几乎都是我的了。”

It was the first time she had ever called me by my name. Of course she did so, purposely, and knew that I should treasure it up.

这是她第一次叫我的名字。当然，她是有意这样做的，她知道我对此会非常珍视的。

We came to Richmond all too soon, and our destination there, was a house by the Green; a staid old house, where hoops and powder and patches, embroidered coats rolled stockings ruffles and swords, had had their court days many a time. Some ancient trees before the house were still cut into fashions as formal and unnatural as the hoops and wigs and stiff skirts; but their own allotted places in the great procession of the dead were not far off, and they would soon drop into

them and go the silent way of the rest.

我们很快就来到里士满，到达了我们的目的地，那是一幢位于绿地旁边的房屋，呆板而又古老。以前这里曾经是宫廷所在地，每逢朝觐之日，这里便聚集了身着盛装、面施粉黛、衣缀挂饰的宫女和身穿锦绣大衣、腿上卷起长袜、袖口装饰着花边、手中紧握利剑的勇士们。房前的几株古树仍然被修整得整整齐齐，就像那些缀着圆环的盛装、带着波纹的假发以及僵硬的衣摆一样刻板、一样不自然。不过它们离自己在亡魂队伍中所分配到的席位已经不远了，它们不久就会加入到那个队伍，从此归于沉寂。

A bell with an old voice—which I dare say in its time had often said to the house, Here is the green farthingale, Here is the diamondhilted sword, Here are the shoes with red heels and the blue solitaire,—sounded gravely in the moonlight, and two cherrycolored maids came fluttering out to receive Estella. The doorway soon absorbed her boxes, and she gave me her hand and a smile, and said good night, and was absorbed likewise. And still I stood looking at the house, thinking how happy I should be if I lived there with her, and knowing that I never was happy with her, but always miserable.

门铃发出一种苍老的响声——我敢说，当时这个门铃经常向房屋通报：身着绿色盛装的王妃驾到；手持镶嵌钻石宝剑的骑士驾到；脚蹬一双有红鞋跟、镶着蓝宝石的鞋子的夫人驾到——这响声在月光下听起来很庄重，随后两个身穿樱桃色衣服的侍女匆忙出来迎接埃斯特拉。很快，她的行李箱都被搬进了门，她向我伸出手来，笑了笑，说了声晚安，然后也进门去了。而我仍然站在那里，看着那幢房子，心想如果我能和她一起住在那里，我会有多幸福啊，同时我也明白，和她在一起我永远都不会幸福，我永远都只有痛苦。

I got into the carriage to be taken back to Hammersmith, and I got in with a bad heart-ache, and I got out with a worse heart-ache. At our own door, I found little Jane Pocket coming home from a little party escorted by her little lover; and I envied her little lover, in spite of his being subject to Flopson.

我坐上了那辆要把我带回到哈默史密斯的马车，上车时，我的心很痛，而等到下车时，我的心却更痛了。在我们家门口，我看到了刚刚参加完一个小型舞会的小简·鄱凯特，她由她的小情人护送着回到家，我很羡慕她的小情人，尽管他还要受到弗洛普森的管束。

Mr. Pocket was out lecturing; for, he was a most delightful lecturer on domestic economy, and his treatises on the management of children and servants were considered the very best text-books on those themes. But, Mrs. Pocket was at home, and was in a little difficulty, on account of the baby's having been accommodated with a needle-case to keep him quiet during the unaccountable absence (with a relative in the Foot Guards) of Millers. And more needles were

missing, than it could be regarded as quite wholesome for a patient of such tender years either to apply externally or to take as a tonic.

鄱凯特先生外出讲学去了，因为他是一个在家庭理财方面非常优秀的讲师。他所写的关于孩童和仆人管理的著作被认为是和这些主题相关的、最优秀的教科书。不过，鄱凯特太太在家，她遇到了一点麻烦，因为米勒斯不辞而别（她有个亲戚在步兵团），所以为了让宝宝安静下来，她拿来一个针盒子给宝宝把玩。结果很多针都不见了，丢失的那些针对一个这样年龄的病人来说，不管是外用还是当成补药一样吞下去，都是绰绰有余的。

Mr. Pocket being justly celebrated for giving most excellent practical advice, and for having a clear and sound perception of things and a highly judicious mind, I had some notion in my heartache of begging him to accept my confidence. But, happening to look up at Mrs. Pocket as she sat reading her book of dignities after prescribing Bed as a sovereign remedy for baby, I thought—Well—No, I wouldn't.

鄱凯特先生因为他能给出非常优秀、实际的建议，能提出清晰合理的观点，并拥有非常明智的头脑而十分出名，而这名声并非言过其实。现在在我心痛之时，我想向他倾诉我的心事。但是我抬起头正好看到鄱凯特太太坐在那里读她的贵族谱，她已经把宝宝放到了床上，断定床才是解决问题的最好办法。我心想——好吧——算了，我不说了。

CHAPTER 34

第三十四章

As I had grown accustomed to my expectations, I had insensibly begun to notice their effect upon myself and those around me. Their influence on my own character, I disguised from my recognition as much as possible, but I knew very well that it was not all good. I lived in a state of chronic uneasiness respecting my behavior to Joe. My conscience was not by any means comfortable about Biddy. When I woke up in the night—like Camilla—I used to think, with a weariness on my spirits, that I should have been happier and better if I had never seen Miss Havisham's face, and had risen to manhood content to be partners with Joe in the honest old forge. Many a time of an evening, when I sat alone looking at the fire, I thought, after all, there was no fire like the forge fire and the kitchen fire at home.

随着我逐渐适应我所继承的大笔遗产，我也不知不觉地开始注意到这大笔遗产对我，以及对我周围人的影响。它们对我自身性格产生了影响，虽然我尽可能地假装没有意识到，但我非常清楚，这种影响并非都是有益的。我对乔的所作所为让我长期处于一种不安的状态。一想到比迪，我的良心就根本无法安宁下来。有时当我在深夜里醒来——就像卡米拉那样——感到精神疲惫，我常常想，如果我从来没有和郝维仙小姐见过面，也许我会过得更好，更幸福，也许我早已长大成人，心满意足地呆在那个实在的老铁匠铺里，成为乔的合伙人。有多少个晚上，当我独自坐在那里看着炉火，心里就在想，毕竟这世间再也没有像铁匠铺里那样的炉火了，也再也没有像家中那样的灶火了。

Yet Estella was so inseparable from all my restlessness and disquiet of mind, that I really fell into confusion as to the limits of my own part in its production. That is to say, supposing I had had no expectations, and yet had had Estella to think of, I could not make out to my satisfaction that I should have done much better. Now, concerning the influence of my position on others, I was in no such difficulty, and so I perceived—though dimly enough perhaps—that it was not beneficial to anybody, and, above all, that it was not beneficial to Herbert. My lavish habits led his easy nature into expenses that he could not afford, corrupted the simplicity of his life, and disturbed his peace with anxieties and regrets. I was not at all remorseful for having unwittingly set those other branches of the Pocket family to the poor arts they practiced: because such littlenesses were their natural bent, and would have been evoked by anybody else, if I had left them slumbering. But Herbert's was a very different case, and it often caused me a twinge to think that I had done him evil

service in crowding his sparely-furnished chambers with incongruous upholstery work, and placing the canary-breasted Avenger at his disposal.

但是，我所有的焦躁不安、心烦意乱都与埃斯特拉分不开，因此我真的陷入到了困惑当中：这些不安与烦恼有多少其实都是我自己造成的啊。也就是说，假设我没有继承遗产，但仍然满心想着埃斯特拉，我还是无法满意地对自己说我会比现在好到哪里去。另外，我也不会满意我的地位给他人带来的影响。我感知到——尽管非常模糊，但也许那就足够了——我的地位对任何人都是无益的，尤其是对赫伯特来说，毫无益处。我花钱大手大脚的习惯影响了他随和的性格，让他花费他负担不起的钱，腐蚀了他单纯、朴素的生活，让焦躁与悔恨扰乱了他内心的平静。我无意识中让鄱凯特家族的其他亲属们使出那些蹩脚的手段，对此我一点都不感到自责，因为小气本来就是他们的天性，即使这种天性没有被我唤醒，也会被其他任何一个人激发。但是赫伯特的情况非常不一样，每当我想到自己曾经给他带来的坏影响，心里就非常愧疚，我在他几乎没有家具的房间里塞满了不搭调的软垫家具，还安排了一个穿金色背心的复仇鬼供他差遣。

So now, as an infallible way of making little ease great ease, I began to contract a quantity of debt. I could hardly begin but Herbert must begin too, so he soon followed. At Startop's suggestion, we put ourselves down for election into a club called The Finches of the Grove: the object of which institution I have never divined, if it were not that the members should dine expensively once a fortnight, to quarrel among themselves as much as possible after dinner, and to cause six waiters to get drunk on the stairs. I Know that these gratifying social ends were so invariably accomplished, that Herbert and I understood nothing else to be referred to in the first standing toast of the society: which ran "Gentlemen, may the present promotion of good feeling ever reign predominant among the Finches of the Grove."

所以，随着享受小安逸不可避免地变成贪图大乐，我如今开始背负大量的债务。我一开始干什么，他也必然会效仿，所以他很快也债务缠身。遵循斯塔特普的建议，我们两个经过推选加入了一个名为“林中鸟”的俱乐部。我从来没有猜出这个团体设立的宗旨是什么，成员们所做的无非是每两个星期聚在一起奢侈地大吃一顿，饭后使出浑身解数来争论不休，还让六个侍者醉倒在楼梯上。我知道这些聚会永远都要达到这种程度才算是令人满意，才算是圆满结束，但我和赫伯特除了聚会一开始提到的那句祝酒词之外，别的一无所知。那句祝酒词是这样说的：“先生们，愿‘林中鸟’俱乐部的成员之间永远保有像现在这样的美好情谊。”

The Finches spent their money foolishly (the Hotel we dined at was in Covent-garden), and the first Finch I saw, when I had the honor of joining the Grove, was Bentley Drummle: at that time floundering about town in a cab of his own, and doing a great deal of

damage to the posts at the street corners. Occasionally, he shot himself out of his equipage head-foremost over the apron; and I saw him on one occasion deliver himself at the door of the Grove in this unintentional way—like coals. But here I anticipate a little for I was not a Finch, and could not be, according to the sacred laws of the society, until I came of age.

林中鸟会员们花起钱来简直是荒唐（我们聚餐所在的饭店是科芬园饭店），我有幸加入林中鸟俱乐部之后见到的第一位会员竟是本特利·德鲁莫尔。当时他正驾驶着自己的马车在镇上乱窜，给街角的不少灯柱子带来了很大的破坏。有时候，他会从车箱帘子后面一头栽下来。我有一次就看见他在“林中鸟”俱乐部门口以这种偶然的方式从马车上滚落下来——就像煤块一样。但是在这里我没有太大的期望，因为我不是一个会员，根据这个团体的神圣章程，我必须到成年才能成为一名会员。

In my confidence in my own resources, I would willingly have taken Herbert's expenses on myself; but Herbert was proud, and I could make no such proposal to him. So, he got into difficulties in every direction, and continued to look about him. When we gradually fell into keeping late hours and late company, I noticed that he looked about him with a desponding eye at breakfast-time; that he began to look about him more hopefully about mid-day; that he drooped when he came into dinner; that he seemed to descry Capital in the distance rather clearly, after dinner; that he all but realized Capital towards midnight; and that at about two o'clock in the morning, he became so deeply despondent again as to talk of buying a rifle and going to America, with a general purpose of compelling buffaloes to make his fortune.

我对自己的财力很有信心，所以我愿意承担赫伯特的花费，但是赫伯特自尊心很强，我无法向他提出这样的建议。于是，他处处犯难，然后继续四处寻找解决办法。当我们逐渐养成了相伴熬夜的习惯时，我注意到早餐时他用沮丧的眼神观望四周；将近中午时，他看起来有了些希望；吃晚饭的时候他又低落了；晚饭之后，他似乎是清清楚楚地看到了远方的财富；接近午夜时分，他似乎马上就能得到那笔财富了；大约凌晨两点的时候，他又再度陷入深深的沮丧之中，口口声声说要买上一把来复枪到美洲去，靠训猎水牛来发财。

I was usually at Hammersmith about half the week, and when I was at Hammersmith I haunted Richmond: whereof separately by-and-by. Herbert would often come to Hammersmith when I was there, and I think at those seasons his father would occasionally have some passing perception that the opening he was looking for, had not appeared yet. But in the general tumbling up of the family, his tumbling out in life somewhere, was a thing to transact itself somehow. In the meantime Mr. Pocket grew greyer, and tried oftener to lift himself out of his perplexities by the hair. While Mrs. Pocket

tripped up the family with her footstool, read her book of dignities, lost her pocket-handkerchief, told us about her grandpapa, and taught the young idea how to shoot, by shooting it into bed whenever it attracted her notice.

一般我每个星期有一半的时间都呆在哈默史密斯，当我在那里的时候，我就去里士满看望埃斯特拉，这件事以后再细说。我在哈默史密斯的时候，赫伯特就会经常来找我。我想每逢这种时候，他父亲脑中就会偶尔有个一闪而过的念头，那就是他一直在寻找的机遇还没有到来。但是，整个家族都是在摸爬滚打，力图过上好日子，而赫伯特跌落出了这种生活轨迹，在某种程度上这本身也是应对生活的一种方式。与此同时，鄱凯特先生的灰白头发更多了，他也更频繁地在自己困惑、茫然的时候抓起头发，想以此让自己变清醒。而鄱凯特太太则随处放置她的脚凳，害得家人常常绊倒，她还在读那本贵族谱，她还总是弄丢她的手帕，跟我们讲她祖父的故事，讲如何看管小孩子，她的方法就是只要小孩子引起她的注意，她就把他扔到床上。

As I am now generalizing a period of my life with the object of clearing my way before me, I can scarcely do so better than by at once completing the description of our usual manners and customs at Barnard's Inn.

由于我现在要概括一下我生命中的这个时期，以此来为我之后的叙述扫清障碍，所以我觉得最好的办法就是马上完整地描述一下我们在巴纳德旅馆通常的行为举止和习惯。

We spent as much money as we could, and got as little for it as people could make up their minds to give us. We were always more or less miserable, and most of our acquaintance were in the same condition. There was a gay fiction among us that we were constantly enjoying ourselves, and a skeleton truth that we never did. To the best of my belief, our case was in the last aspect a rather common one.

我们尽情地花钱，换来的却很少，因为人们总是随心所欲地想给我们多少就给我们多少。我们总是或多或少地有些痛苦，而且我们大部分的熟人都身处同样的处境。我们都有一个欢快的臆想，那就是我们一直都很快乐，而骨子里的那个事实是我们从来都不快乐。我坚信，我们这样的事例是非常普遍的。

Every morning, with an air ever new, Herbert went into the City to look about him. I often paid him a visit in the dark back-room in which he consorted with an ink-jar, a hat-peg, a coal-box, a string-box, an almanack, a desk and stool, and a ruler; and I do not remember that I ever saw him do anything else but look about him. If we all did what we undertake to do, as faithfully as Herbert did, we might live in a Republic of the Virtues. He had nothing else to do, poor fellow, except at a certain hour of every afternoon to "go to Lloyd's"—in observance of a ceremony of seeing his principal, I think. He never did

anything else in connexion with Lloyd's that I could find out, except come back again. When he felt his case unusually serious, and that he positively must find an opening, he would go on 'Change at a busy time, and walk in and out, in a kind of gloomy country dance figure, among the assembled magnates. "For," says Herbert to me, coming home to dinner on one of those special occasions, "I find the truth to be, Handel, that an opening won't come to one, but one must go to it—so I have been.”

每天早晨，带着焕然一新的感觉，赫伯特都会去伦敦金融城寻找机会。我经常到那个黑暗的后房当中看看他，在那个屋子里陪伴着他的是一瓶墨水、一个挂帽钉、一个煤匣子、一个线筐子、一本年历、一张桌子、一个板凳、还有一把尺子。除了四处观望寻找机会之外，我不记得我还看见他做过什么其他的事情。如果我们都能像赫伯特那样忠实地做好我们承诺要做的事情，也许我们就能生活在一个道德高尚的美好国度了。那个可怜的老兄无事可做，除了每天下午在固定的时间到罗意德商船协会去——我想，只是例行公事地去看一看他的上司。我从没发现他做过任何跟罗意德商船协会有关的事情，仅仅是去了又回。当他感到自己的情况异常严峻，感到自己必须找到一个机会的时候，他就会在证券交易所最繁忙的时候到那里去，然后在一堆的商业巨头当中走来走去，就像一个忧郁的乡村舞者一样。“那是因为，”有一次当赫伯特从交易所那个特别的场合回家吃饭时对我说，“我发现事实是，汉德尔，机会不会来找我们，我们必须去找它——所以我就一直在寻找机会。”

If we had been less attached to one another, I think we must have hated one another regularly every morning. I detested the chambers beyond expression at that period of repentance, and could not endure the sight of the Avenger's livery: which had a more expensive and a less remunerative appearance then, than at any other time in the four-and-twenty hours. As we got more and more into debt breakfast became a hollower and hollower form, and, being on one occasion at breakfast-time threatened (by letter) with legal proceedings, "not unwholly unconnected," as my local paper might put it, "with jewellery," I went so far as to seize the Avenger by his blue collar and shake him off his feet—so that he was actually in the air, like a booted Cupid—for presuming to suppose that we wanted a roll.

如果我们不是像现在这样关系亲密的话，我想我们肯定每天早上都要定期地咒骂彼此。在那段让我悔恨的时期里，我极度厌恶那些房间，无法忍受看见复仇鬼穿着那件特殊制服。在早上，这件制服看起来比在一天当中的其他任何时候都要更昂贵，却更物非所值。随着我们负债越来越多，早餐的供应也就越来越少了。有一天在吃早餐的时候，我们收到一封信，信中威胁说不还债就起诉我们，口气就像我们当地的报纸可能会这样描述一样：“这与珠宝盗窃案并不是毫无关系。”这时复仇鬼自作主张地认为我们想要吃面包圈，我忍无可忍，一把抓住了他的蓝衣领，让他两脚离地，然后拼命地摇晃他——事实上他已经在半空中了，

就像一个穿着靴子的丘比特一样。

At certain times—meaning at uncertain times, for they depended on our humor—I would say to Herbert, as if it were a remarkable discovery:

每到一定的时间——其实时间不定，因为这要看我们的兴致——我就会像有一个重大发现一样对赫伯特说：

"My dear Herbert, we are getting on badly."

“我亲爱的赫伯特，我们的情况越来越糟糕了。”

"My dear Handel," Herbert would say to me, in all sincerity, "if you will believe me, those very words were on my lips, by a strange coincidence."

“我亲爱的汉德尔，”赫伯特会非常真诚地对我说：“你要相信我，不知道为什么会这么巧，你的话也是我想要说的话。”

"Then, Herbert," I would respond, "let us look into out affairs."

“那么，赫伯特，”我会回答说，“让我们想想怎么样处理这些事情吧。”

We always derived profound satisfaction from making an appointment for this purpose. I always thought this was business, this was the way to confront the thing, this was the way to take the foe by the throat. And I know Herbert thought so too.

我们总是极其满意我们两人能约定来解决这个问题。我一直认为这就是正事，这就是应对问题的方式，这就是扼住敌人咽喉的方法。而且我知道赫伯特也是这么想的。

We ordered something rather special for dinner, with a bottle of something similarly out of the common way, in order that our minds might be fortified for the occasion, and we might come well up to the mark. Dinner over, we produced a bundle of pens, a copious supply of ink, and a goodly show of writing and blotting paper. For, there was something very comfortable in having plenty of stationery.

晚餐时我们点了一些与往常很不一样的好菜，配上一瓶同样不同寻常的好酒，以此来振奋我们的精神，来＋B74纪念这一时刻，也好让我们达到标准，完成任务。晚饭过后，我们拿来许多笔，充足的墨水，还有大量的写字纸和吸墨纸。因为大量的文具会让人感到非常舒服自在。

I would then take a sheet of paper, and write across the top of it, in a neat hand, the heading, "Memorandum of Pip's debts;" with Barnard's Inn and the date very carefully added. Herbert would also take a sheet of paper, and write across it with similar formalities, "Memorandum of Herbert's debts."

然后我会拿出一张纸，在纸的上端整整齐齐地写下标题《皮普债务备忘录》，接着仔细地加上巴纳德旅馆和日期。赫伯特也会拿来一张纸，用同样的形式写下《赫伯特债务备忘录》。

Each of us would then refer to a confused heap of papers at his side, which had been thrown into drawers, worn into holes in Pockets, half-burnt in lighting candles, stuck for weeks into the looking-glass, and otherwise damaged. The sound of our pens going, refreshed us exceedingly, insomuch that I sometimes found it difficult to distinguish between this edifying business proceeding and actually paying the money. In point of meritorious character, the two things seemed about equal.

然后我们每个人都开始查看他身边的那堆杂乱的纸张，这些纸张之前有的被扔在抽屉里，有的放在口袋里被磨出了洞，有的用来点蜡烛时已烧去了一半，有的被塞在镜子后面好几个星期了，不然早就破烂不堪了。我们的笔在沙沙作响，这让我们精神极其振奋，甚至让我有时候觉得很难把这种很有启迪性的事务与真正的还钱区分开来。从自身所具备的价值来看，这两者似乎是不相上下。

When we had written a little while, I would ask Herbert how he got on? Herbert probably would have been scratching his head in a most rueful manner at the sight of his accumulating figures.

当我们写了一小会儿之后，我会问问赫伯特他的进展如何。赫伯特很可能在看着他那不断上升的数字，一直极其惆怅、＋B86悔恨地挠头。

"They are mounting up, Handel," Herbert would say; "upon my life, they are mounting up."

“数字越来越大，汉德尔，”赫伯特会说，“我发誓，数字越来越大。”

"Be firm, Herbert," I would retort, plying my own pen with great assiduity. "Look the thing in the face. Look into your affairs. Stare them out of countenance."

“坚定一点，赫伯特，”我总是一边孜孜不倦地奋笔疾书，一边反驳他说，“勇敢地去面对。理清你的所有事情。盯着它们，用你的目光来使它们感到畏惧。”

"So I would, Handel, only they are staring me out of countenance."

“我会的，汉德尔，只是它们正在盯着我，让我感到畏惧。”

However, my determined manner would have its effect, and Herbert would fall to work again. After a time he would give up once more, on the plea that he had not got Cobbs' bill, or Lobbs', or Nobbs', as the case might be.

不管怎样，我坚定的神态会起作用，赫伯特会继续写下去。一会儿过后，他又会再次放弃，借口说他还没有拿到科布斯的账单，或者是罗布斯的，再或者是诺布斯的，视情况而定。

"Then, Herbert, estimate; estimate it in round numbers, and put it down."

“那么，赫伯特，估算一下吧，估计出个大概的数字，然后把它记下来。”

"What a fellow of resource you are!" my friend would reply with admiration. "Really your business powers are very remarkable."

“你真是个聪明的家伙！”我的这位朋友会赞赏地回答道，“真的，你办事的能力真强。”

I thought so too. I established with myself on these occasions, the reputation of a first-rate man of business—prompt, decisive, energetic, clear, cool-headed. When I had got all my responsibilities down upon my list, I compared each with the bill, and ticked it off. My self-approval when I ticked an entry was quite a luxurious sensation. When I had no more ticks to make, I folded all my bills up uniformly, docketed each on the back, and tied the whole into a symmetrical bundle. Then I did the same for Herbert (who modestly said he had not my administrative genius), and felt that I had brought his affairs into a focus for him.

我也这么认为。在这些场合中，我为自己赢得了办事一流的美名——迅速、果断、积极主动、条理清晰、头脑冷静。当我把自己背负的所有债务写下来列成清单之后，我把每一笔欠款与账单仔细核对，一一打勾做记号。当我在账目上打勾的时候，那种自我肯定是一种非常舒服的感觉。当所有的勾都打完了之后，我把我全部的账单都叠成一样大小，在每一张后面都附上标签，然后把它们扎成整齐的一捆。然后我帮赫伯特做了同样的整理（他谦虚地说自己没有我那种管理才能），我感觉自己已经帮他把事情理出了头绪。

My business habits had one other bright feature, which I called "leaving a Margin." For example; supposing Herbert's debts to be one hundred and sixty-four pounds four-and-twopence, I would say, "Leave a margin, and put them down at two hundred." Or, supposing my own to be four times as much, I would leave a margin, and put them down at seven hundred. I had the highest opinion of the wisdom of this same Margin, but I am bound to acknowledge that on looking back, I deem it to have been an expensive device. For, we always ran into new debt immediately, to the full extent of the margin, and sometimes, in the sense of freedom and solvency it imparted, got pretty far on into another margin.

我的处事习惯还有另一个优点，我称之为“留有余地”。例如，假设

赫伯特的债务是一百六十四镑四先令二便士，那我就会说：“留点余地，记成两百镑。”或者，假如我自己的债务是赫伯特的四倍，我也会留有余地，把它们记成七百镑。我曾经对这种留有余地的明智做法极其赞赏，但是我不得不承认，现在回想起来，我认为这是一种代价高昂的策略。因为，我们总是随即就背负上新的债务，填满了所有的余地。为了在面对新的债务时保留自由和偿还能力，我们又得留出一大片新的余地。

But there was a calm, a rest, a virtuous hush, consequent on these examinations of our affairs that gave me, for the time, an admirable opinion of myself. Soothed by my exertions, my method, and Herbert's compliments, I would sit with his symmetrical bundle and my own on the table before me among the stationary, and feel like a Bank of some sort, rather than a private individual.

每一次整理我们的账单之后，我都会感到平静、放松，感到一种道义上的宁静。每每那时，我都非常赞赏自己。我的努力、我的方法以及赫伯特的恭维让我轻松、愉快，我坐在那里，看着眼前桌子上赫伯特那一捆整齐的账单和我自己那一捆整齐的账单摆放在文具之中，感觉那就像是某种银行，而不是一个私人个体。

We shut our outer door on these solemn occasions, in order that we might not be interrupted. I had fallen into my serene state one evening, when we heard a letter dropped through the slit in the said door, and fall on the ground. "It's for you, Handel," said Herbert, going out and coming back with it, "and I hope there is nothing the matter." This was in allusion to its heavy black seal and border.

在这种庄严的场合，我们都把外面的大门关好，这样才不会被别人打扰。一天晚上，当我已经进入那种宁静的状态，突然我们听到一封信从门缝中被塞了进来，掉落在地板上的声音。“是写给你的，汉德尔，”赫伯特走出去，拿回这封信说道，“我希望没有什么严重的事情。”他之所以这么说是因为这封信带有墨黑色的封口和边框。

The letter was signed TRABB & CO., and its contents were simply, that I was an honored sir, and that they begged to inform me that Mrs. J. Gargery had departed this life on Monday last, at twenty minutes past six in the evening, and that my attendance was requested at the interment on Monday next at three o'clock in the afternoon.

这封信上写着特拉布成衣公司的地址，内容很简单，我被尊称为先生，然后写道他们很抱歉地通知我，乔·格雷戈里夫人于上星期一晚六点二十分去世了，要求我前去参加将于下星期一下午三点举行的葬礼。

CHAPTER 35

第三十五章

It was the first time that a grave had opened in my road of life, and the gap it made in the smooth ground was wonderful. The figure of my sister in her chair by the kitchen fire, haunted me night and day. That the place could possibly be, without her, was something my mind seemed unable to compass; and whereas she had seldom or never been in my thoughts of late, I had now the strangest ideas that she was coming towards me in the street, or that she would presently knock at the door. In my rooms too, with which she had never been at all associated, there was at once the blankness of death and a perpetual suggestion of the sound of her voice or the turn of her face or figure, as if she were still alive and had been often there.

在我人生的旅途当中，这是第一次遭遇亲人的去世，它在这平坦的大地上留下的印记是令人惊叹的。我姐姐坐在厨房火炉旁那张椅子上的身影日日夜夜萦绕在我的心头。那个地方缺少了她会是什么样子，这似乎是我脑海中无法想象的事情。尽管最近她很少甚至从来都没有出现在我脑海当中，但我却常有那种非常奇怪的念头，那就是她正在大街上朝我迎面走来，或者她马上就会来敲门。在我的房间里也是一样，尽管她从来没有进过我的房间，可这里还是立刻就充斥着一种死亡的空虚感。我一直都能微微地听到她说话的声音，看到她转过脸或转过身来，仿佛她仍然活在世上，而且时常到我房间里来一样。

Whatever my fortunes might have been, I could scarcely have recalled my sister with much tenderness. But I suppose there is a shock of regret which may exist without much tenderness. Under its influence (and perhaps to make up for the want of the softer feeling) I was seized with a violent indignation against the assailant from whom she had suffered so much; and I felt that on sufficient proof I could have revengefully pursued Orlick, or any one else, to the last extremity.

无论我的命运如何，我想起我姐姐的时候都没有太多的温情。但是尽管没有太多温情，我想她的去世还是让我感到惋惜，感到震惊。在这种情感的影响下（也许是为了弥补温情的缺失），我对那个让我姐姐遭受了那么多痛苦的袭击者充满了强烈的愤怒。我想要是有足够的证据证明奥立克或其他任何人是凶手的话，我一定会报复到底。

Having written to Joe, to offer consolation, and to assure him that I should come to the funeral, I passed the intermediate days in the curious state of mind I have glanced at. I went down early in the morning, and alighted at the Blue Boar in good time to walk over to

the forge.

我给乔写了一封信表示安慰，并且向他保证我一定会去参加葬礼。然后在葬礼之前的那几天，我的思绪一直处于一种很奇特的状态。那天，我一大早就出发了，到达“蓝野猪”饭店的时候尚早，于是我下了车，步行去铁匠铺。

It was fine summer weather again, and, as I walked along, the times when I was a little helpless creature, and my sister did not spare me, vividly returned. But they returned with a gentle tone upon them that softened even the edge of Tickler. For now, the very breath of the beans and clover whispered to my heart that the day must come when it would be well for my memory that others walking in the sunshine should be softened as they thought of me.

又是一个天气晴好的夏日，在我走着的时候，那段自己还是个无助的小孩子而我姐姐从来都没有善待过我的时光生动地浮现在我眼前。但是这些重现的回忆带着一种柔和的色调，即使是那根曾经痛打我的挠痒棒也变得轻柔了。现在，豆荚和红花草的呼吸声仿佛在我心头低声说道：总有一天其他人会这样地走在阳光下来为我送葬，当他们想起我的时候，也会变得柔和、平静。

At last I came within sight of the house, and saw that Trabb and Co. had put in a funereal execution and taken possession. Two dismally absurd persons, each ostentatiously exhibiting a crutch done up in a black bandage—as if that instrument could possibly communicate any comfort to anybody—were posted at the front door; and in one of them I recognized a postboy discharged from the Boar for turning a young couple into a sawpit on their bridal morning, in consequence of intoxication rendering it necessary for him to ride his horse clasped round the neck with both arms. All the children of the village, and most of the women, were admiring these sable warders and the closed windows of the house and forge; and as I came up, one of the two warders (the postboy) knocked at the door—implying that I was far too much exhausted by grief, to have strength remaining to knock for myself.

终于，那座房子出现在我眼前，我看到特拉布成衣公司已经在主导安排葬礼的事情。两个神情忧郁、长相怪异的人站在大门口，每人手中卖弄般地持着一根哀杖，哀杖上面缠着黑纱，仿佛这种器具真的能给人以安慰似的。我认出其中一个人曾经是“蓝野猪”饭店里的马车夫，后来被开除了。因为有一次一对年轻的夫妇在他们新婚的那天早上乘坐这个人的马车，然而这个人因为喝醉酒而不得不在驾驶时用两只胳膊紧紧地抱住马脖子，结果把这对夫妇摔进了锯木坑里。村子里所有的孩子以及大部分的妇女都正在欣赏这些身穿黑孝服的守门人、房屋以及铁匠铺那紧闭的窗户。当我走近门口时，两个守门人中的一个（那个马车夫）替我敲了敲门——他们的意思是我因为悲伤过度而精疲力尽，已经没有力

气自己敲门了。

Another sable warder (a carpenter, who had once eaten two geese for a wager) opened the door, and showed me into the best parlor. Here, Mr. Trabb had taken unto himself the best table, and had got all the leaves up, and was holding a kind of black Bazaar, with the aid of a quantity of black pins. At the moment of my arrival, he had just finished putting somebody's hat into black long-clothes, like an African baby; so he held out his hand for mine. But I, misled by the action, and confused by the occasion, shook hands with him with every testimony of warm affection.

另一个身穿黑孝服的守门人（一个木匠，他曾经和别人打赌，一口气吃掉了两只鹅）打开了门，把我带进那间最好的客厅里。在这里，特拉布先生自己在那张最好的桌子旁忙活着，他撑起了所有的活动桌板，使用了大量的黑色别针，就像正在举行一场黑色的义卖会。我进去的时候，他刚刚把一个人的帽子放进黑色长衫里，看起来就像一个非洲婴儿一样。然后他伸出手来想接过我的帽子。但是，我理解错了他的这一举动，同时也被这种场合弄得不知所措，结果我非常热情地和他握了握手。

Poor dear Joe, entangled in a little black cloak tied in a large bow under his chin, was seated apart at the upper end of the room; where, as chief mourner, he had evidently been stationed by Trabb. When I bent down and said to him, "Dear Joe, how are you?" he said, "Pip, old chap, you knowed her when she were a fine figure of a—" and clasped my hand and said no more.

可怜的、亲爱的乔，他裹在一件小小的黑色披风里，披风的带子在他的下巴底下系成一个大大的蝴蝶结。他一个人坐在房间的上位，作为主要的送葬者，他的位置显然是由特拉布安排的。我俯下身来对他说："亲爱的乔，你还好吗？"他说："皮普老弟，你知道她曾经是个多么漂亮的——"他紧紧地握住我的手，没有再说下去。

Biddy, looking very neat and modest in her black dress, went quietly here and there, and was very helpful. When I had spoken to Biddy, as I thought it not a time for talking I went and sat down near Joe, and there began to wonder in what part of the house it—she—my sister—was. The air of the parlor being faint with the smell of sweet cake, I looked about for the table of refreshments; it was scarcely visible until one had got accustomed to the gloom, but there was a cut-up plum-cake upon it, and there were cut-up oranges, and sandwiches, and biscuits, and two decanters that I knew very well as ornaments, but had never seen used in all my life; one full of port, and one of sherry. Standing at this table, I became conscious of the servile Pumblechook in a black cloak and several yards of hatband, who was alternately stuffing himself, and making obsequious movements to

catch my attention. The moment he succeeded, he came over to me (breathing sherry and crumbs), and said in a subdued voice, "May I, dear sir?" and did. I then descried Mr. and Mrs. Hubble; the last-named in a decent speechless paroxysm in a corner. We were all going to "follow," and were all in course of being tied up separately (by Trabb) into ridiculous bundles.

比迪穿着黑色的丧服，显得非常整洁、朴素。她默默地奔忙于各处，是个非常得力的帮手。由于我觉得眼下不是讲话的时候，所以我问候了比迪之后就来到乔身旁坐了下来。坐在那里，我开始好奇地想知道它——她——我的姐姐——在这个屋子的哪里。客厅的空气里飘散着甜饼的气味，我四下看了看，寻找着摆放糕点的桌子。在一个人适应了这间屋子阴暗的光线之前，这张桌子几乎是看不见的。桌子上有一个切开了的李子蛋糕、一些切开的橙子、一些三明治和饼干、两只玻璃瓶。我非常肯定这两只玻璃瓶是装饰品，但之前却从未看见它们被用过。这次一只瓶子装满了波尔图葡萄酒，另一只装满了雪莉酒。我站在桌子旁的同时，看见了那个奴性十足的彭波契克。他穿着一件黑色的斗篷，上面垂下的帽带有几码长。他一会儿往自己嘴里塞点什么东西，一会儿做些谄媚的动作来引起我的注意。他一见自己成功地引起了我的注意，就朝我走了过来。他满嘴都是雪莉酒和糕饼屑的味道，用温顺、低沉的声音说道：“亲爱的先生，我可以吗？”然后握了握我的手。之后我又看到了哈布尔先生和哈布尔太太。哈布尔太太在角落里泣不成声，她这种情感的突然爆发做得很到位。我们都要跟在送殡队伍的后面，所以每一个人都要被特拉布像包扎一样地打扮一番，打扮成滑稽可笑的包裹。

"Which I meantersay, Pip," Joe whispered me, as we were being what Mr. Trabb called "formed" in the parlor, two and two—and it was dreadfully like a preparation for some grim kind of dance; "which I meantersay, sir, as I would in preference have carried her to the church myself, along with three or four friendly ones wot come to it with willing harts and arms, but it were considered wot the neighbors would look down on such and would be of opinions as it were wanting in respect."

“我想说的是，皮普，”当我们在客厅里进行特拉布先生所谓的“排队”时，乔小声地跟我说。我们两两站成一排，很像是要准备跳一种非常阴森的舞蹈。“我想说的是，先生，我本想自己把她送到教堂去的，带上三四个愿意来帮忙的朋友一起过去就行了，但是考虑到邻居们的看法，想到他们一定会认为这是对死者不够尊敬，所以也就罢了。”

"Pocket-handkerchiefs out, all!" cried Mr. Trabb at this point, in a depressed business-like voice. "Pocket-handkerchiefs out! We are ready!”

“所有人都拿出手帕！”这时，特拉布先生用低沉、干脆的声音喊道，“所有人都拿出手帕！我们要开始了！”

So, we all put our pocket-handkerchiefs to our faces, as if our

noses were bleeding, and filed out two and two; Joe and I; Biddy and Pumblechook; Mr. and Mrs. Hubble. The remains of my poor sister had been brought round by the kitchen door, and, it being a point of Undertaking ceremony that the six bearers must be stifled and blinded under a horrible black velvet housing with a white border, the whole looked like a blind monster with twelve human legs, shuffling and blundering along, under the guidance of two keepers—the postboy and his comrade.

于是，我们都把手帕捂在脸上，就像我们都在流鼻血一样。我们两两站成一排、鱼贯而出：乔和我；比迪和彭波契克；哈布尔先生和哈布尔太太。我那个可怜姐姐的尸体已经抬出了厨房大门，根据传统的殡葬礼仪，六个抬棺人必须要罩在一块巨大的、镶有白边的黑色天鹅绒棺布下面，整个看起来就像一个长了十二条人腿的瞎眼怪物，在两个守门人（那个马车夫和他的同伴）的指引下，拖着脚跌跌撞撞地往前走。

The neighborhood, however, highly approved of these arrangements, and we were much admired as we went through the village; the more youthful and vigorous part of the community making dashes now and then to cut us off, and lying in wait to intercept us at points of vantage. At such times the more exuberant among them called out in an excited manner on our emergence round some corner of expectancy, "Here they come!" "Here they are!" and we were all but cheered. In this progress I was much annoyed by the abject Pumblechook, who, being behind me, persisted all the way as a delicate attention in arranging my streaming hatband, and smoothing my cloak. My thoughts were further distracted by the excessive pride of Mr. and Mrs. Hubble, who were surpassingly conceited and vainglorious in being members of so distinguished a procession.

然而，邻居们对这些安排都高度赞赏。我们在村子里走过的时候也是备受赞赏。那些年轻健壮的村民时不时地冲进来，打断我们的队伍，或者抢占有利的观察点，等待我们经过。每到这种时候，他们中那些精力较为旺盛的人看到我们在他们守候的拐角处出现时，就兴奋地大声喊道：“他们来啦！”“他们来啦！”我们差一点就接受到欢呼喝彩声了。在前进的过程中，那个卑贱的彭波契克让我大为恼火。他走在我身后，一路上为了引起我的注意，他不停地整理我帽子上的飘带，用手抹平我的斗篷。我的思绪被哈布尔夫妇过度的自鸣得意而进一步打乱。他们两人因为能成为这一轰动过程当中的成员而极其傲慢、自负。

And now, the range of marshes lay clear before us, with the sails of the ships on the river growing out of it; and we went into the churchyard, close to the graves of my unknown parents, Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, and Also Georgiana, Wife of the Above. And there, my sister was laid quietly in the earth while the larks sang high above it, and the light wind strewed it with beautiful shadows of clouds and trees.

现在，一大片沼泽地清晰地展现在我们面前，河面上的船帆也显露出来。我们走进了墓地，来到与我素未蒙面的父母亲的墓旁，墓碑上写着“本教区已故居民菲利普·皮里普及上述者之妻乔治亚娜。就在那里，我姐姐被轻轻地入土安葬了。云雀在墓穴上空鸣唱，微风拂过，云朵与树木的美丽倒影撒落在坟头。

Of the conduct of the worldly-minded Pumblechook while this was doing, I desire to say no more than it was all addressed to me; and that even when those noble passages were read which remind humanity how it brought nothing into the world and can take nothing out, and how it fleeth like a shadow and never continueth long in one stay, I heard him cough a reservation of the case of a young gentleman who came unexpectedly into large property. When we got back, he had the hardihood to tell me that he wished my sister could have known I had done her so much honor, and to hint that she would have considered it reasonably purchased at the price of her death. After that, he drank all the rest of the sherry, and Mr. Hubble drank the port, and the two talked (which I have since observed to be customary in such cases) as if they were of quite another race from the deceased, and were notoriously immortal. Finally, he went away with Mr. and Mrs. Hubble—to make an evening of it, I felt sure, and to tell the Jolly Bargemen that he was the founder of my fortunes and my earliest benefactor.

对于在下葬过程中，那个追逐名利的彭波契克的所作所为，我不愿意再多说了，总之就是所有都是做给我看的。甚至当牧师在诵读那些高尚的悼词，提醒人们，人降临时无所带来，离世时无所带去，如影子般转瞬即逝，从未在一处停留多时的时候，我听见他咳嗽以表示疑义，他的例证就是一个出乎意料地继承了一大笔遗产的年轻人。当我们从墓地里回来之后，他竟敢告诉我说，他希望我姐姐能知道我给她带来了多大的荣耀，还暗示说我姐姐会觉得以她的死为代价换来这一切是值得的。说完之后，他喝光了剩下所有的雪莉酒，哈布尔先生喝光了波尔图葡萄酒。他们两个人交谈着（后来我发现这是这种场合中的惯例），仿佛他们俩是与死者非常不同的种族，是那种臭名昭著、长生不老的人。最后，他终于和哈布尔夫妇一起离开了——我肯定他会花上整整一个晚上“在三个快活船员”酒馆里大谈自己是我财产的奠基人，是我最早的恩人。

When they were all gone, and when Trabb and his men—but not his boy: I looked for him—had crammed their mummery into bags, and were gone too, the house felt wholesomer. Soon afterwards, Biddy, Joe, and I, had a cold dinner together; but we dined in the best parlor, not in the old kitchen, and Joe was so exceedingly particular what he did with his knife and fork and the saltcellar and what not, that there was great restraint upon us. But after dinner, when I made him take his pipe, and when I had loitered with him about the forge,

and when we sat down together on the great block of stone outside it, we got on better. I noticed that after the funeral Joe changed his clothes so far, as to make a compromise between his Sunday dress and working dress: in which the dear fellow looked natural, and like the Man he was.

当他们都离开了，当特拉布和他的手下们（不包括他的那个小伙计，因为我到处找都没有看到他）把他们的道具都塞进袋子里也离开了之后，这个屋子才让人更舒服点了。不久之后，比迪、乔还有我一起吃了一顿冷冷的晚餐。不过我们是在那个最好的客厅里用餐，而没有像以往一样在厨房里用餐。乔对刀叉和盐瓶的使用极其小心谨慎，这让我们都受到很大的约束。晚餐之后，我让他点上烟斗，陪他在铁匠铺周围散了散步，然后一起坐在铁匠铺外面的大石头上，这时我们的心情都好些了。我注意到，乔在葬礼之后已经换了一身衣服。这身衣服的风格介于他的节日礼服和工作服之间。穿上这身衣服，这位可爱的伙计看起来很自然，就像他曾经那样。

He was very much pleased by my asking if I might sleep in my own little room, and I was pleased too; for, I felt that I had done rather a great thing in making the request. When the shadows of evening were closing in, I took an opportunity of getting into the garden with Biddy for a little talk.

我问他我能否在自己的小屋里睡觉，他听了非常高兴，我也很高兴，因为，我觉得自己能提出这样的请求，是一件很了不起的事。当夜幕渐渐笼罩下来时，我找了个机会与比迪一起到花园里说了一会儿话。

"Biddy," said I, "I think you might have written to me about these sad matters."

“比迪，”我说，“我本以为你会写信告诉我这些让人悲伤的事的。”

"Do you, Mr. Pip?" said Biddy. "I should have written if I had thought that."

“是吗，皮普先生？”比迪说，“要是我想到了这一点的话，我早就写了。”

"Don't suppose that I mean to be unkind, Biddy, when I say I consider that you ought to have thought that."

“要是我说我认为你本应该想到这一点的话，你可别觉得我是要责怪你。”

"Do you, Mr. Pip?"

“是吗，皮普先生？”

She was so quiet, and had such an orderly, good, and pretty way with her, that I did not like the thought of making her cry again. After looking a little at her downcast eyes as she walked beside me, I gave

up that point.

她是那么安静，她做事是那么有条有理，她整个人是那样善良美丽，所以我不想再把她惹哭了。当她走在我的身旁，我看了看她那一直朝下看的眼睛，然后我放弃了那个话题。

"I suppose it will be difficult for you to remain here now, Biddy dear?"

“我想你很难在这里呆下去了，是吗，亲爱的比迪？”

"Oh! I can't do so, Mr. Pip," said Biddy, in a tone of regret, but still of quiet conviction. "I have been speaking to Mrs. Hubble, and I am going to her tomorrow. I hope we shall be able to take some care of Mr. Gargery, together, until he settles down."

“哦！我不能在这里呆下去了，皮普先生。”比迪用遗憾的口吻说道，但是语气平静而坚定，“我已经和哈布尔太太说过了，我明天就到她那里去。我希望在格雷戈里先生安顿下来之前，我们能一起照顾照顾他。”

"How are you going to live, Biddy? If you want any mo—”

“你靠什么来生活呢，比迪？　如果你需要钱——”

"How am I going to live?" repeated Biddy, striking in, with a momentary flush upon her face.

“我靠什么生活？”比迪的重复打断了我的话，她的脸红了一阵子。

"I'll tell you, Mr. Pip. I am going to try to get the place of mistress in the new school nearly finished here. I can be well recommended by all the neighbors, and I hope I can be industrious and patient, and teach myself while I teach others. You know, Mr. Pip," pursued Biddy, with a smile, as she raised her eyes to my face, "the new schools are not like the old, but I learnt a good deal from you after that time, and have had time since then to improve."

“我来告诉你，皮普先生。这里有一所快要竣工的学校，我会争取到一份教师的工作。我能得到所有邻居的大力推荐，我希望我能够很勤奋、很耐心，在教育别人的同时也能教育自己。你知道的，皮普先生，”比迪抬起眼看着我的脸，她笑着继续说道，“新学校与那所旧学校不一样，但是来到这里之后我从你那里学到很多东西，而且自那以后我也有时间来提高自己。”

"I think you would always improve, Biddy, under any circumstances."

“我觉得你一直都在进步，比迪，不管在什么样的条件下。”

"Ah! Except in my bad side of human nature," murmured Biddy.

“唉！除了我性格当中的缺点。”比迪小声说道。

It was not so much a reproach, as an irresistible thinking aloud. Well! I thought I would give up that point too. So, I walked a little further with Biddy, looking silently at her downcast eyes.

这并不是责备，而只是不由自主地把自己的想法说出来了而已。好了！我觉得这个话题也要放弃。于是，我又和比迪一起走了一会儿，静静地看着她向下看着的眼睛。

"I have not heard the particulars of my sister's death, Biddy."

“我还不知道我姐姐去世的一些细节，比迪。”

"They are very slight, poor thing. She had been in one of her bad states—though they had got better of late, rather than worse—for four days, when she came out of it in the evening, just at teatime, and said quite plainly, 'Joe.' As she had never said any word for a long while, I ran and fetched in Mr. Gargery from the forge. She made signs to me that she wanted him to sit down close to her, and wanted me to put her arms round his neck. So I put them round his neck, and she laid her head down on his shoulder quite content and satisfied. And so she presently said 'Joe' again, and once 'Pardon,' and once 'Pip.' And so she never lifted her head up any more, and it was just an hour later when we laid it down on her own bed, because we found she was gone."

“没有太多细节，唉，可怜的人啊。她的情况一直很糟糕——尽管后来有所好转，没有恶化——一连四天她都神志不清，一天晚上她突然在喝茶的时间清醒过来，清楚地叫了一声：‘乔。’由于她很长时间都没有说过一个字了，所以我连忙跑去铁匠铺把乔找来。她做手势示意我说，她想让乔靠近她坐下来，想叫我让她用胳膊搂住乔的脖子。于是我让她的胳膊搂住他的脖子，然后她非常满足又满意地把头靠在他的肩膀上。而且不久之后她又说了一声‘乔’，说了一次‘对不起’，说了一次‘皮普’。之后她再也没有抬起头来，仅仅一个小时之后，我们把她放到她自己的床上，因为我们发现她已经去世了。”

Biddy cried; the darkening garden, and the lane, and the stars that were coming out, were blurred in my own sight.

比迪哭了，而那夜色渐浓的花园、那园中的小路和那显现出来的星星在我的视线中变得模糊起来。

"Nothing was ever discovered, Biddy?"

“什么都没有发现吗，比迪？”

"Nothing."

“什么都没有。”

"Do you know what is become of Orlick?"

“你知道奥立克怎么样了？”

"I should think from the color of his clothes that he is working in the quarries."

“从他衣服的颜色来看，我想他正在采石场工作。”

"Of course you have seen him then?— Why are you looking at that dark tree in the lane?”

“那么你之后肯定有见过他了？　你为什么要看着小路上那棵黑黑的树啊？”

"I saw him there, on the night she died."

“在她去世的那天晚上，我看见他就在那边。”

"That was not the last time either, Biddy?"

“那也不是你最后一次见到他吧，比迪？”

"No; I have seen him there, since we have been walking here.— It is of no use," said Biddy, laying her hand upon my arm, as I was for running out, "you know I would not deceive you; he was not there a minute, and he is gone."

“对，我们在这里散步的时候我就看见他在那里了——没用的，”比迪说着用手拉住我的胳膊，因为我正要跑过去，“你知道我是不会骗你的，他这会儿不在那边了，他已经走了。”

It revived my utmost indignation to find that she was still pursued by this fellow, and I felt inveterate against him. I told her so, and told her that I would spend any money or take any pains to drive him out of that country. By degrees she led me into more temperate talk, and she told me how Joe loved me, and how Joe never complained of anything—she didn't say, of me; she had no need; I knew what she meant—but ever did his duty in his way of life, with a strong hand, a quiet tongue, and a gentle heart.

发现这个家伙仍然缠着比迪让我非常气愤，我感到自己打心眼里厌恶他。我告诉她我很生气，告诉她说我会出高价、花大力气把他赶出这个村子。渐渐地，她让我谈话的语气变得更平和一些了。她告诉我乔有多么爱我，告诉我说乔从来不抱怨任何事情——她并没有说乔从来不抱怨我，她没有这个必要说这些，我也懂她的意思——但是他一直用有力的手和温柔的心，默默地担负着生活中的责任。

"Indeed, it would be hard to say too much for him," said I; "and Biddy, we must often speak of these things, for of course I shall be often down here now. I am not going to leave poor Joe alone."

“的确，不管怎么夸他都不为过，”我说，“而且，比迪，我们必须经常谈谈这些事情，当然，以后我会经常到这里来。我不会把可怜的乔一个人扔在这里的。”

Biddy said never a single word.

比迪一个字也没有说。

"Biddy, don't you hear me?"

“比迪，你没有听到我说的话吗？”

"Yes, Mr. Pip."

“听到了，皮普先生。”

"Not to mention your calling me Mr. Pip—which appears to me to be in bad taste, Biddy—what do you mean?”

“更不用说你总是叫我‘皮普先生’——这让我很不舒服，比迪——你是什么意思？”

"What do I mean?" asked Biddy, timidly.

“我是什么意思？”比迪小心翼翼地问道。

"Biddy," said I, in a virtuously self-asserting manner, "I must request to know what you mean by this?"

“比迪，”我用一种矜持而又骄横的口气说道，“我必须要知道你这么做是什么意思？”

"By this?" said Biddy.

“这么做？”比迪说道。

"Now, don't echo," I retorted. "You used not to echo, Biddy."

“好了，别重复我的话，”我反驳说，“你以前是不会重复我的话的，比迪。”

"Used not!" said Biddy. "O Mr. Pip! Used!"

“以前不会！”比迪说道，“哦，皮普先生！以前！”以前！”

Well! I rather thought I would give up that point too. After another silent turn in the garden, I fell back on the main position.

好吧！我想我还是把这个话题也放弃了吧。在花园里又默默地转了一圈之后，我又回到主题上去了。

"Biddy," said I, "I made a remark respecting my coming down here often, to see Joe, which you received with a marked silence. Have the goodness, Biddy, to tell me why."

“比迪，”我说，“我说我会经常到这里来看乔，对此你却沉默不语。你行行好，比迪，告诉我为什么吧。”

"Are you quite sure, then, that you will come to see him often?" asked Biddy, stopping in the narrow garden walk, and looking at me under the stars with a clear and honest eye.

“那么，你很确定你以后会经常来看他吗？”比迪问道，她在狭窄的花园小径上停了下来，在星空下用她那清澈、诚实的眼睛看着我。

"Oh dear me!" said I, as if I found myself compelled to give up Biddy in despair. "This really is a very bad side of human nature! Don't say any more, if you please, Biddy. This shocks me very much."

“哦，天哪！”我说道，仿佛我发现自己陷入了绝境，不得不放弃比迪。“这真是人性中的缺点！别再说了，拜托你，比迪。这让我非常震惊。”

For which cogent reason I kept Biddy at a distance during supper, and, when I went up to my own old little room, took as stately a leave of her as I could, in my murmuring soul, deem reconcilable with the churchyard and the event of the day. As often as I was restless in the night, and that was every quarter of an hour, I reflected what an unkindness, what an injury, what an injustice, Biddy had done me.

因为这个很有说服力的原因，我在晚饭的时候故意疏远了比迪，然后尽可能客套地和她告别了之后，我上了楼，来到我自己那个破旧的小屋子。在我内心深处，我认为在经历了墓地送葬和今天一天之后，这都是可以理解的。整个晚上我都辗转反侧，每一刻钟就会醒一次。整夜里我都在想比迪的举动多么刻薄，给我带来了多大的伤害、多大的委屈。

Early in the morning, I was to go. Early in the morning, I was out, and looking in, unseen, at one of the wooden windows of the forge. There I stood, for minutes, looking at Joe, already at work with a glow of health and strength upon his face that made it show as if the bright sun of the life in store for him were shining on it.

第二天清晨我就得离开了。于是一大早，我就出门了，来到铁匠铺外面，在没有人注意的情况下，透过一扇木头窗户朝里面张望。有好几分钟，我就在那里站着，看着乔。他已经开始工作了，脸上泛着一种健康、强壮的光芒，仿佛是他生命朝阳的光亮正照耀着他。

"Good-bye, dear Joe!— No, don't wipe it off—for God's sake, give me your blackened hand!— I shall be down soon, and often.”

“再见了，亲爱的乔！——不，不要擦掉——上帝啊，让我握住你那被抹黑了的手吧！——我很快就会回来的，我会经常回来的。”

"Never too soon, sir," said Joe, "and never too often, Pip!"

“不用那么快，先生，”乔说，“也不用那么频繁，皮普！”

Biddy was waiting for me at the kitchen door, with a mug of new milk and a crust of bread. "Biddy," said I, when I gave her my hand at parting, "I am not angry, but I am hurt."

比迪正拿着一大杯新鲜牛奶和一块面包皮在厨房门口等着我。“比迪，”分别的时候我向她伸出手来，说道，“我没有生气，但是我很伤

心。”

"No, don't be hurt," she pleaded quite pathetically; "let only me be hurt, if I have been ungenerous."

“别，不要伤心，”她非常柔弱地恳求道，“如果我之前一直很刻薄的话，就让我一个人伤心好了。”

Once more, the mists were rising as I walked away. If they disclosed to me, as I suspect they did, that I should not come back, and that Biddy was quite right, all I can say is—they were quite right too.

当我离开的时候，大雾再一次弥散开来。如果说他们向我暗示了什么的话——我觉得他们确实这样暗示了——那就是我不用回来了。比迪很对，而我所能说的只有一句——他们都很对。

CHAPTER 36

第三十六章

Herbert and I went on from bad to worse, in the way of increasing our debts, looking into our affairs, leaving Margins, and the like exemplary transactions; and Time went on, whether or no, as he has a way of doing; and I came of age—in fulfillment of Herbert's prediction, that I should do so before I knew where I was.

赫伯特和我每况愈下，债务不断增加，我们检查账目、留有余地，做着这类典型的交易。时间按它自己的方式流逝着，我成年了——这应验了赫伯特的预言，我懵里懵懂地成年了。

Herbert himself had come of age, eight months before me. As he had nothing else than his majority to come into, the event did not make a profound sensation in Barnard's Inn. But we had looked forward to my one-and-twentieth birthday, with a crowd of speculations and anticipations, for we had both considered that my guardian could hardly help saying something definite on that occasion.

赫伯特也成年了，比我早八个月。他成年也只是成年而已，这件事在巴纳德旅馆并未引起很大的轰动。但对于我的二十一岁生日，我们还是很期待的，有一大堆的猜想和期望，因为我们两个都认为我的监护人在那天一定会忍不住透露些什么。

I had taken care to have it well understood in Little Britain, when my birthday was. On the day before it, I received an official note from Wemmick, informing me that Mr. Jaggers would be glad if I would call upon him at five in the afternoon of the auspicious day. This convinced us that something great was to happen, and threw me into an unusual flutter when I repaired to my guardian's office, a model of punctuality.

我事先就小心翼翼地在小不列颠街放出风声，让大家知道我的生日是哪一天。在我生日的前一天，我收到了一封温米克寄来的正式信件，上面写着贾格尔斯先生邀请我在那个吉日的下午五点拜访他。我们确信有什么大事要发生，我十分准时地走进我监护人的办公室，心里惴惴不安。

In the outer office Wemmick offered me his congratulations, and incidentally rubbed the side of his nose with a folded piece of tissue paper that I liked the look of. But he said nothing respecting it, and motioned me with a nod into my guardian's room. It was November, and my guardian was standing before his fire leaning his back against

the chimney-piece, with his hands under his coattails.

温米克在外间办公室祝贺我，不经意地用一张叠着的纸巾擦了擦鼻翼，我喜欢这张纸巾的样子。可他没有说关于这方面的事，而是点头示意我去我监护人的房间。这时正值十一月，我的监护人站在火炉前，背靠壁炉架，双手放在他上衣的后摆下面。

"Well, Pip," said he, "I must call you Mr. Pip today. Congratulations, Mr. Pip."

“哦，皮普，”他说，“我今天得叫你皮普先生了。祝贺你，皮普先生。”

We shook hands—he was always a remarkably short shaker—and I thanked him.

我们握了握手——他一向握手时间极短——我向他表示谢意。

"Take a chair, Mr. Pip," said my guardian.

“坐吧，皮普先生。”我的监护人说。

As I sat down, and he preserved his attitude and bent his brows at his boots, I felt at a disadvantage, which reminded me of that old time when I had been put upon a tombstone. The two ghastly casts on the shelf were not far from him, and their expression was as if they were making a stupid apoplectic attempt to attend to the conversation.

我坐下后，他保持着这种姿势，低头看了看脚上的靴子，我感到情况不妙，这让我想起过去我被放到墓碑上的情形。离他不远的架子上立着两座面目狰狞的塑像，他们的表情显得愚蠢而激动，好像是试图加入到我们的谈话中来。

"Now my young friend," my guardian began, as if I were a witness in the box, "I am going to have a word or two with you."

“我年轻的朋友，”我的监护人开始说话了，好像我是法庭证人席上的证人一样，“我要跟你说几句话。”

"If you please, sir."

“请说吧，先生。”

"What do you suppose," said Mr. Jaggers, bending forward to look at the ground, and then throwing his head back to look at the ceiling, "what do you suppose you are living at the rate of?"

“你认为，”贾格尔斯先生说着弯下腰看了看地面，然后抬起头继续看着天花板，“你认为你花钱有多快？”

"At the rate of, sir?"

“花钱有多快，先生？”

"At," repeated Mr. Jaggers, still looking at the ceiling, "the—rate

—of?” And then looked all round the room, and paused with his pocket-handkerchief in his hand, half way to his nose.

“嗯，”贾格尔斯先生重复了一遍，眼睛仍然看着天花板，“有多快？”然后，他扫视了一下屋子，手里捏着的手帕还没碰到鼻子，悬在半空中。

I had looked into my affairs so often, that I had thoroughly destroyed any slight notion I might ever have had of their bearings. Reluctantly, I confessed myself quite unable to answer the question. This reply seemed agreeable to Mr. Jaggers, who said, "I thought so!" and blew his nose with an air of satisfaction.

我经常检查自己的财务状况，至于它们会造成怎样的影响，我可压根没想过。我不情愿地承认，这个问题我实在答不上来。这个回答看来正合贾格尔斯先生的意，他说：“我就知道是这样！”他搓了搓鼻子，脸上露出满意的神情。

"Now, I have asked you a question, my friend," said Mr. Jaggers. "Have you anything to ask me?"

“好了，我问了你一个问题了，我的朋友。”贾格尔斯先生说，“你有什么问题要问我吗？”

"Of course it would be a great relief to me to ask you several questions, sir; but I remember your prohibition."

“当然，如果可以问您几个问题的话，我会觉得心里的石头落了地，先生，可是我记得您的禁令。”

"Ask one," said Mr. Jaggers.

“问一个吧。”贾格尔斯先生说。

"Is my benefactor to be made known to me today?"

“您今天可以告诉我，我的捐助人是谁吗？”

"No. Ask another."

“不行。换一个问题吧。”

"Is that confidence to be imparted to me soon?"

“我很快就能知道这个秘密了吗？”

"Waive that, a moment," said Mr. Jaggers, "and ask another."

“目前不要问这个问题。”贾格尔斯先生说，“再换一个吧。”

I looked about me, but there appeared to be now no possible escape from the inquiry, "Have—I—anything to receive, sir?” On that, Mr. Jaggers said, triumphantly, "I thought we should come to it!" and called to Wemmick to give him that piece of paper. Wemmick appeared, handed it in, and disappeared.

我四下里看了看，眼下有一个问题看来是不得不问了：“我——我收到什么礼物了吗，先生？”听我这么问，贾格尔斯先生得意洋洋地说：“我想我们该谈谈这个了！”他叫来温米克，让他把那张纸拿来。温米克来了，把纸递给他，然后又走了。

"Now, Mr. Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, "attend, if you please. You have been drawing pretty freely here; your name occurs pretty often in Wemmick's cash-book; but you are in debt, of course?”

“嗯，皮普先生，”贾格尔斯先生说，“请你注意听好了。你在这里取钱是很随意的，你的名字总是出现在温米克的现金簿上，但你一定还欠着钱呢，是吧？”

"I am afraid I must say yes, sir."

“我恐怕不得不承认，先生。”

"You know you must say yes; don't you?" said Mr. Jaggers.

“你知道你得承认，不是吗？”贾格尔斯先生说。

"Yes, sir."

“是的，先生。”

"I don't ask you what you owe, because you don't know; and if you did know, you wouldn't tell me; you would say less. Yes, yes, my friend," cried Mr. Jaggers, waving his forefinger to stop me, as I made a show of protesting: "it's likely enough that you think you wouldn't, but you would. You'll excuse me, but I know better than you. Now, take this piece of paper in your hand. You have got it? Very good. Now, unfold it and tell me what it is."

“我不问你欠了多少，因为你也不知道，就算你知道，你也不会告诉我，你会少报一些的。是的，是的，我的朋友。”贾格尔斯先生喊着，我刚要表示抗议，他摇着食指阻止我这么做，“你很可能认为你不会这么做，但你会的。原谅我这么说，可我比你自己还了解你呢。嗨，把这张纸拿去。你拿好了？很好。好了，打开它，告诉我，上面写着什么。”

"This is a bank-note," said I, "for five hundred pounds."

“这是一张银行支票。”我说，“一张五百英镑的支票。”

"That is a bank-note," repeated Mr. Jaggers, "for five hundred pounds. And a very handsome sum of money too, I think. You consider it so?"

“是一张银行支票。”贾格尔斯先生重复了一遍，“一张五百英镑的支票。还是相当大的一笔钱呢，我认为。你也这么认为吧？”

"How could I do otherwise!"

“我还能怎么想！”

"Ah! But answer the question," said Mr. Jaggers.

“啊！请回答我的问题。”贾格尔斯先生说，

"Undoubtedly."

“毫无疑问。”

"You consider it, undoubtedly, a handsome sum of money. Now, that handsome sum of money, Pip, is your own. It is a present to you on this day, in earnest of your expectations. And at the rate of that handsome sum of money per annum, and at no higher rate, you are to live until the donor of the whole appears. That is to say, you will now take your money affairs entirely into your own hands, and you will draw from Wemmick one hundred and twenty-five pounds per quarter, until you are in communication with the fountain-head, and no longer with the mere agent. As I have told you before, I am the mere agent. I execute my instructions, and I am paid for doing so. I think them injudicious, but I am not paid for giving any opinion on their merits.”

“你觉得，毫无疑问，这是相当大的一笔钱。现在，皮普，这一大笔钱是你的了。这是你今天的礼物，是你继承遗产的开端。你每年都能收到那样一笔数额可观的钱，不能超过那个数额。你用这笔钱生活，直到你的捐助人出现为止。也就是说，现在你可以自己管理自己的账目了，每个季度可以从温米克那里领一百二十五英镑，直到你跟你的财源商议，不再需要我们做唯一代理人为止。我以前就跟你说过，我是唯一的代理人。我按指示办事，谁付我钱，我就为谁办事。我觉得他们不公正，但人家付钱不是要听我对他们的评价的。”

I was beginning to express my gratitude to my benefactor for the great liberality with which I was treated, when Mr. Jaggers stopped me. "I am not paid, Pip," said he, coolly, "to carry your words to any one;" and then gathered up his coat-tails, as he had gathered up the subject, and stood frowning at his boots as if he suspected them of designs against him.

我刚要开始表达对捐助人的感激，感激他对我如此慷慨时，贾格尔斯先生就止住了我的话。“皮普，人家付我钱，”他冷冷地说，“不是要我为你传话的。”他整理了一下大衣下摆，收起了这个话题，站在那里皱着眉看着他的靴子，好像怀疑这靴子存心跟他过不去似的。

After a pause, I hinted:

过了一会儿，我含蓄地问他：

"There was a question just now, Mr. Jaggers, which you desired me to waive for a moment. I hope I am doing nothing wrong in asking it again?"

“贾格尔斯先生，刚才我有一个问题，您让我目前不要问。我希望，

这个问题我再问一遍没有什么不对吧？”

"What is it?" said he.

“什么问题？”他问。

I might have known that he would never help me out; but it took me aback to have to shape the question afresh, as if it were quite new. "Is it likely," I said, after hesitating, "that my patron, the fountain-head you have spoken of, Mr. Jaggers, will soon—" there I delicately stopped.

我早该知道他是不会帮我的，但是我还是很惊讶得把这个问题重新说一遍，就好像这是个全新的问题一样。“有没有可能，”犹豫了一下后，我说，“我的恩主，也就是您所说的财源，贾格尔斯先生，他不久就会——”我小心翼翼地停了一下。

"Will soon what?" asked Mr. Jaggers. "That's no question as it stands, you know."

“不久会怎么样？”贾格尔斯先生问道，“你知道，问了一半的问题不是问题。”

"Will soon come to London," said I, after casting about for a precise form of words, "or summon me anywhere else?"

“不久就会来伦敦。”我搜索着恰当的词来表达，“或者叫我去别的什么地方？”

"Now here," replied Mr. Jaggers, fixing me for the first time with his dark deep-set eyes, "we must revert to the evening when we first encountered one another in your village. What did I tell you then, Pip?"

“听着，”贾格尔斯先生第一次用他那深陷下去的黑色眼睛盯着我说，“我们得回想一下在你住的村子里，我们第一次见面那晚的情形。那时我跟你说什么了，皮普？”

"You told me, Mr. Jaggers, that it might be years hence when that person appeared."

“贾格尔斯先生，您跟我说，那个人可能要很多年以后才会出现。”

"Just so," said Mr. Jaggers; "that's my answer."

“是这样。”贾格尔斯先生说，“这就是我的回答。”

As we looked full at one another, I felt my breath come quicker in my strong desire to get something out of him. And as I felt that it came quicker, and as I felt that he saw that it came quicker, I felt that I had less chance than ever of getting anything out of him.

我们对视了好一阵子，我感到自己呼吸急促起来，非常着急地想要从他口里得知些什么。我感到自己的呼吸越来越急促了，我感到他也发

现了这个变化，我感到要是想从他口里得知些什么的话，我的机会是越来越渺茫了。

"Do you suppose it will still be years hence, Mr. Jaggers?"

“贾格尔斯先生，您认为还要等很多年吗？”

Mr. Jaggers shook his head—not in negativing the question, but in altogether negativing the notion that he could anyhow be got to answer it—and the two horrible casts of the twitched faces looked, when my eyes strayed up to them, as if they had come to a crisis in their suspended attention, and were going to sneeze.

贾格尔斯先生摇了摇头——不是表示他否定这个问题，而是表示他绝不可能回答这个问题——我眼睛四处游荡时，向上看见了那两座狰狞、面部痉挛的塑像，它们好像已经听得焦急不安，想要打喷嚏的样子。

"Come!" said Mr. Jaggers, warming the backs of his legs with the backs of his warmed hands, "I'll be plain with you, my friend Pip. That's a question I must not be asked. You'll understand that, better, when I tell you it's a question that might compromise me. Come! I'll go a little further with you; I'll say something more."

“得了！”贾格尔斯先生用取过暖的手背擦了擦腿肚子，说道，“皮普，我的朋友，我跟你说实话吧。我不会回答这个问题的。你会明白的，这样更好，我要是告诉了你，我可能要受到牵连。好吧！我进一步跟你说吧，我再告诉你一些吧。”

He bent down so low to frown at his boots, that he was able to rub the calves of his legs in the pause he made.

他把腰弯得很低，皱着眉看着他的靴子，这样他才得以停下来搓一搓腿肚子。

"When that person discloses," said Mr. Jaggers, straightening himself, "you and that person will settle your own affairs. When that person discloses, my part in this business will cease and determine. When that person discloses, it will not be necessary for me to know anything about it. And that's all I have got to say."

“只要那人一露面，”贾格尔斯先生直了直身子说，“你们的事就由你们自行处理吧。只要那人一露面，我对这事的责任就完结了。只要那人一露面，我就没有必要再知道你这件事的进展情况了。我要说的就这么多了。”

We looked at one another until I withdrew my eyes, and looked thoughtfully at the floor. From this last speech I derived the notion that Miss Havisham, for some reason or no reason, had not taken him into her confidence as to her designing me for Estella; that he resented this, and felt a jealousy about it; or that he really did object to that

scheme, and would have nothing to do with it. When I raised my eyes again, I found that he had been shrewdly looking at me all the time, and was doing so still.

我们对视了一阵子后，我把视线移开了，若有所思地看着地板。从他最后说的话里我得出了这么个想法：出于某种理由，或者没有理由，郝维仙小姐并没有把他当做心腹，没有告诉他要把埃斯特拉许配给我的事，他对此耿耿于怀、嫉妒不已，或者他的确反对这个安排，就不想和这件事情有什么关系。当我再次抬起头时，发现他一直用敏锐的目光盯着我，我抬头的时候他还在盯着我。

"If that is all you have to say, sir," I remarked, "there can be nothing left for me to say."

“先生，如果您要跟我说的就是这些，”我说，“那我没有什么要说的了。”

He nodded assent, and pulled out his thief-dreaded watch, and asked me where I was going to dine? I replied at my own chambers, with Herbert. As a necessary sequence, I asked him if he would favour us with his company, and he promptly accepted the invitation. But he insisted on walking home with me, in order that I might make no extra preparation for him, and first he had a letter or two to write, and (of course) had his hands to wash. So, I said I would go into the outer office and talk to Wemmick.

他点头表示同意，掏出他那小偷见了都害怕的表，问我打算去哪里吃晚饭。我说跟赫伯特在自己家里吃。话已至此，我顺着话题问他是否愿意赏脸跟我们一起吃，他立刻就答应了我的邀请。但他坚持跟我一起走回家，以免我特地为了他张罗一番，不过，他得先写一两封信，然后（当然）得洗个手。因此，我说我想到外间办公室去，跟温米克聊聊。

The fact was, that when the five hundred pounds had come into my pocket, a thought had come into my head which had been often there before; and it appeared to me that Wemmick was a good person to advise with, concerning such thought.

事实是，五百英镑到了我手上，我有了一个想法，这个想法以前我就想过多次。在我看来，温米克在这个问题上是个很会出主意的人。

He had already locked up his safe, and made preparations for going home. He had left his desk, brought out his two greasy office candlesticks and stood them in line with the snuffers on a slab near the door, ready to be extinguished; he had raked his fire low, put his hat and great-coat ready, and was beating himself all over the chest with his safe-key, as an athletic exercise after business.

他已经锁上了他的保险箱，准备回家。他已经离开了办公桌，拿出两只油乎乎的烛台，把它们和烛剪一起并排放在门边的一块厚板上，准

备熄灭烛火。他封好了炉火，戴上了帽子，穿好了大衣，保险箱钥匙在他胸前跳动着，好像在做一种下班后的体育锻炼。

"Mr. Wemmick," said I, "I want to ask your opinion. I am very desirous to serve a friend."

“温米克先生，”我说，“我想问问您的意见。我非常想帮一个朋友。”

Wemmick tightened his post-office and shook his head, as if his opinion were dead against any fatal weakness of that sort.

温米克紧闭着他那邮筒一样的嘴，摇了摇头，好像他对帮助别人这种致命的弱点是持坚决的反对态度的。

"This friend," I pursued, "is trying to get on in commercial life, but has no money, and finds it difficult and disheartening to make a beginning. Now, I want somehow to help him to a beginning."

“我这个朋友，”我继续说道，“打算经商，但没有钱，他发现生意很难启动，有些灰心。现在，我想设法帮他着手启动生意。”

"With money down?" said Wemmick, in a tone drier than any sawdust.

“投钱进去？”温米克用一种比锯屑还要生硬的语调问。

"With some money down," I replied, for an uneasy remembrance shot across me of that symmetrical bundle of papers at home; "with some money down, and perhaps some anticipation of my expectations."

“投一些钱进去。”我答道，突然想起家里那一捆对称的账单，我感到不自在，“投一些钱进去，也许还要把我的一些遗产投进去。”

"Mr. Pip," said Wemmick, "I should like just to run over with you on my fingers, if you please, the names of the various bridges up as high as Chelsea Reach. Let's see; there's London, one; Southwark, two; Blackfriars, three; Waterloo, four; Westminster, five; Vauxhall, six." He had checked off each bridge in its turn, with the handle of his safe-key on the palm of his hand. "There's as many as six, you see, to choose from."

“皮普先生，”温米克说，“你要是高兴，我愿意数着手指头把每一座桥的名字数给你听，一直数到切尔西区河段。我们来看一看：一、伦敦桥，二、南华克桥，三、黑修道士桥，四、滑铁卢桥，五、威斯敏斯特桥，六、沃克斯豪尔桥。”他轮番清点着每一座桥，手里握着保险箱钥匙的把手。“你看，有六座桥可以选择呢。”

"I don't understand you," said I.

“我不明白。”我说。

"Choose your bridge, Mr. Pip," returned Wemmick, "and take a walk upon your bridge, and pitch your money into the Thames over the centre arch of your bridge, and you know the end of it. Serve a friend with it, and you may know the end of it too—but it's a less pleasant and profitable end."

“你选一座桥吧，皮普先生。”温米克说，“到桥上走一走，在桥中心把钱扔到泰晤士河里去，结果怎样你就知道了。用钱来帮朋友，这么做结果怎样你也许会知道——但是这样做，不如把钱扔进河里有意思、有回报。”

I could have posted a newspaper in his mouth, he made it so wide after saying this.

他说完这番话后，嘴张得老大，大得我都可以塞一张报纸进去。

"This is very discouraging," said I.

“这真让人扫兴。”我说。

"Meant to be so," said Wemmick.

“注定是这样。”温米克说。

"Then is it your opinion," I inquired, with some little indignation, "that a man should never—”

“那么，你认为，”我有点愤怒地问他，“一个人决不能——”

“—Invest portable property in a friend?" said Wemmick. "Certainly he should not. Unless he wants to get rid of the friend—and then it becomes a question how much portable property it may be worth to get rid of him.”

“——把动产投资在朋友身上？”温米克说，“当然不能。除非他想摆脱这个朋友——至于摆脱这个朋友值得花多少动产，这又成了问题。”

"And that," said I, "is your deliberate opinion, Mr. Wemmick?"

“这个，”我说，“就是你深思熟虑之后的意见吗，温米克先生？”

"That," he returned, "is my deliberate opinion in this office."

“这个，”他回答我说，“就是我在办公室里深思熟虑后的意见。”

"Ah!" said I, pressing him, for I though I saw him near a loophole here; "but would that be your opinion at Walworth?"

“啊！”我想他这话让我有空子可钻，就进一步逼问他，“你在沃尔沃思也是这么想的吗？”

"Mr. Pip," he replied, with gravity, "Walworth is one place, and this office is another. Much as the Aged is one person, and Mr. Jaggers is another. They must not be confounded together. My Walworth sentiments must be taken at Walworth; none but my official

sentiments can be taken in this office."

“皮普先生，”他严肃地答道，“沃尔沃思是一回事，这里是另一回事。就好像那个老人家是一回事，贾格尔斯先生是另一回事一样。不要把这两者混为一谈。我在沃尔沃思的那套看法只有在沃尔沃思才可行，而在这里就要有这里的看法。”

"Very well," said I, much relieved, "then I shall look you up at Walworth, you may depend upon it."

“很好。”我松了一口气，说，“那我应该到沃尔沃思去拜访您，我说真的。”

"Mr. Pip," he returned, "you will be welcome there, in a private and personal capacity."

“皮普先生，”他说，“欢迎你以私人和个人的身份来看我。”

We had held this conversation in a low voice, well knowing my guardian's ears to be the sharpest of the sharp. As he now appeared in his doorway, towelling his hands, Wemmick got on his greatcoat and stood by to snuff out the candles. We all three went into the street together, and from the door-step Wemmick turned his way, and Mr. Jaggers and I turned ours.

我们谈话一直很小声，我们都很清楚，我的监护人的耳朵比谁都尖。他在门道里，用毛巾擦着手。温米克穿上他的大衣，站在一旁准备熄灭蜡烛。我们三个一齐走到了街上，在门阶上分开了，温米克走他的路，贾格尔斯先生和我走我们的路。

I could not help wishing more than once that evening, that Mr. Jaggers had had an Aged in Gerrard-street, or a Stinger, or a Something, or a Somebody, to unbend his brows a little. It was an uncomfortable consideration on a twenty-first birthday, that coming of age at all seemed hardly worth while in such a guarded and suspicious world as he made of it. He was a thousand times better informed and cleverer than Wemmick, and yet I would a thousand times rather have had Wemmick to dinner. And Mr. Jaggers made not me alone intensely melancholy, because, after he was gone, Herbert said of himself, with his eyes fixed on the fire, that he thought he must have committed a felony and forgotten the details of it, he felt so dejected and guilty.

那天晚上我不止一次地希望贾格尔斯先生在杰勒德街有一位老人家，或者一个讽刺者，或者别的什么事、别的什么人，能让他的眉头舒展一些。二十一岁生日这天发生的这些让我心里很不舒服，在他一手造成的这样一个饱受监视、满是猜疑的世界里，成年这件事看起来一点也不值得。他比温米克见多识广一千倍，也比他聪明一千倍，但我一千倍地希望跟我一起吃晚饭的是温米克而不是他。被贾格尔斯先生弄得郁闷

无比的可不止我一人，因为，他走了以后，赫伯特两眼盯着火炉，说他一定是犯了重罪，关于犯罪的细节却想不起来，他觉得万分沮丧，觉得自己罪孽深重。

CHAPTER 37

第三十七章

Deeming Sunday the best day for taking Mr. Wemmick's Walworth sentiments, I devoted the next ensuing Sunday afternoon to a pilgrimage to the Castle. On arriving before the battlements, I found the Union Jack flying and the drawbridge up; but undeterred by this show of defiance and resistance, I rang at the gate, and was admitted in a most pacific manner by the Aged.

我认为星期天是听取温米克在沃尔沃思的看法的最佳日子。于是，接下来那个星期天的下午，我去他的宅子拜访了他。在到达城垛以前，我发现英国国旗在城头上飘扬，吊桥被高高悬起。但是这样富于挑衅意味的情景没有阻止我的前进，我朝着大门跑去，老人家心平气和地开了门让我进去。

"My son, sir," said the old man, after securing the drawbridge, "rather had it in his mind that you might happen to drop in, and he left word that he would soon be home from his afternoon's walk. He is very regular in his walks, is my son. Very regular in everything, is my son."

“先生，”老人栓牢吊桥，对我说，“我儿子料到你可能恰巧会来，他留话说他等会散完步就回来。他散步非常有规律，我儿子是这样的。什么事都很有规律，我儿子是这样的。”

I nodded at the old gentleman as Wemmick himself might have nodded, and we went in and sat down by the fireside.

我对这位老绅士点了点头，温米克听了这话，可能也要点头的，我们进了屋，围着火炉坐下了。

"You made acquaintance with my son, sir," said the old man, in his chirping way, while he warmed his hands at the blaze, "at his office, I expect?" I nodded. "Hah! I have heerd that my son is a wonderful hand at his business, sir?" I nodded hard. "Yes; so they tell me. His business is the Law?" I nodded harder. "Which makes it more surprising in my son," said the old man, "for he was not brought up to the Law, but to the Wine-Coopering.”

“先生，你跟我儿子，”老人伸出手靠近火炉取暖，用一种嘁嘁喳喳的方式说，“是在他事务所里认识的吧，我想？”我点了点头。“哈！我听说我儿子在业务上很在行，是吗，先生？”我使劲点头。“没错，他们是这么跟我说的。他干的是法律这一行？”我更加使劲地点头。“我儿子更让人惊讶的就是这点。”老人说，“他不是干法律这行出身的，他是箍酒桶出身的。”

Curious to know how the old gentleman stood informed concerning the reputation of Mr. Jaggers, I roared that name at him. He threw me into the greatest confusion by laughing heartily and replying in a very sprightly manner, "No, to be sure; you're right." And to this hour I have not the faintest notion what he meant, or what joke he thought I had made.

我很想知道这位老绅士会怎么评价贾格尔斯先生，于是就大声地跟他说贾格尔斯先生的名字。他之后的反应让我感到很迷惑。他大笑了起来，神采奕奕地回答我说：“当然不是，你是对的。”这一刻，我一点都不明白他的意思，也不明白他认为我开了个什么玩笑。

As I could not sit there nodding at him perpetually, without making some other attempt to interest him, I shouted at inquiry whether his own calling in life had been "the Wine-Coopering.” By dint of straining that term out of myself several times and tapping the old gentleman on the chest to associate it with him, I at last succeeded in making my meaning understood.

我不能坐在那里不停地点头，而不试着找点让他感兴趣的话题，于是我大声问他，他是不是干箍酒桶这一行的。我把“箍酒桶的”这个词说了好几次，每次说到这个词就在他胸口拍一下，表示我说的就是他。用这样的方式，我总算让他明白了我的意思。

"No," said the old gentleman; "the warehousing, the warehousing. First, over yonder;" he appeared to mean up the chimney, but I believe he intended to refer me to Liverpool; "and then in the City of London here. However, having an infirmity—for I am hard of hearing, sir—”

“不是。”这位老绅士说，“仓库，仓库。一开始，在那边。”他好像指的是烟囱的方向，但我确定他想指给我看的是利物浦，“然后到伦敦城里来了。不过，后来我生了病——听力出了毛病，先生——”

I expressed in pantomime the greatest astonishment.

我打着手势表达我的惊讶。

“—Yes, hard of hearing; having that infirmity coming upon me, my son he went into the Law, and he took charge of me, and he by little and little made out this elegant and beautiful property. But returning to what you said, you know," pursued the old man, again laughing heartily, "what I say is, No to be sure; you're right."

“——是的，听力出了毛病。我得了这个病以后，我儿子就干了法律这一行来照顾我。他一点一点地积攒，买了这套阔气又漂亮的房子。你刚才说什么来着，你知道，”老人又一次大笑起来，接着说道，“我说的是‘当然不是，你是对的’。”

I was modestly wondering whether my utmost ingenuity would have enabled me to say anything that would have amused him half as

much as this imaginary pleasantry, when I was startled by a sudden click in the wall on one side of the chimney, and the ghostly tumbling open of a little wooden flap with "JOHN" upon it. The old man, following my eyes, cried with great triumph, "My son's come home!" and we both went out to the drawbridge.

我审慎地想着，我无意中说的话竟让他这么高兴，那我费尽心思搜罗出的话不知能否让他的高兴程度相当于现在的一半。正在这时，烟囱一边的墙上突然传来一阵啪嗒声，一块写着“约翰”的小木板鬼使神差般地翻滚着打开了。老人顺着我的眼睛看去，得意洋洋地喊着：“我儿子回来了！”我们一起出了门，朝吊桥走去。

It was worth any money to see Wemmick waving a salute to me from the other side of the moat, when we might have shaken hands across it with the greatest ease. The Aged was so delighted to work the drawbridge, that I made no offer to assist him, but stood quiet until Wemmick had come across, and had presented me to Miss Skiffins: a lady by whom he was accompanied.

温米克从护城河的另一边向我挥手致意，这场面可是花多少钱也买不到的，我们本可以毫不费力地过河握手的。老人对操作吊桥乐此不疲，所以我没有提出要帮他，只是安安静静地站在一旁，直到温米克过了桥，把我介绍给司琪芬小姐：司琪芬小姐是和他一起来的。

Miss Skiffins was of a wooden appearance, and was, like her escort, in the post-office branch of the service. She might have been some two or three years younger than Wemmick, and I judged her to stand possessed of portable property. The cut of her dress from the waist upward, both before and behind, made her figure very like a boy's kite; and I might have pronounced her gown a little too decidedly orange, and her gloves a little too intensely green. But she seemed to be a good sort of fellow, and showed a high regard for the Aged. I was not long in discovering that she was a frequent visitor at the Castle; for, on our going in, and my complimenting Wemmick on his ingenious contrivance for announcing himself to the Aged, he begged me to give my attention for a moment to the other side of the chimney, and disappeared. Presently another click came, and another little door tumbled open with "Miss Skiffins" on it; then Miss Skiffins shut up and John tumbled open; then Miss Skiffins and John both tumbled open together, and finally shut up together. On Wemmick's return from working these mechanical appliances, I expressed the great admiration with which I regarded them, and he said, "Well, you know, they're both pleasant and useful to the Aged. And by George, sir, it's a thing worth mentioning, that of all the people who come to this gate, the secret of those pulls is only known to the Aged, Miss Skiffins, and me!"

司琪芬小姐表情木然，跟她的护送人一样，她也是在邮政部门工作的。她可能比温米克年轻两三岁，我估计她拥有一笔数目可观的动产。无论从前面还是从后面看，她衣服腰部以上的剪裁都让她的身段看上去像男孩子玩的风筝。我恐怕得说，她衣服的橘红色红得有点过头，她的绿手套也绿得有点过头。但她看起来是个好人，对老人非常敬重。没多久我就发现她是这座宅子的常客。我们一进来，我就夸温米克跟老人报告回家的发明独具匠心，而他要我等一会儿注意烟囱的另一边，然后就不见了。不一会儿，又传来一阵啪嗒声，另一扇小门翻滚着打开了，门上写着“司琪芬小姐”。然后司琪芬小姐的门关上了，约翰的门翻滚着打开了，然后司琪芬小姐和约翰的门一起翻滚着打开了，最后一起关上了。温米克操作完这些机械装置后回来了，我对他这一发明表达了万分钦佩之意，他说：“你知道，这对老人家来说既有趣又实用。对了，先生，有一点不得不提。到这幢大门来的所有人当中，这些拉动装置的秘密只有老人、司琪芬小姐和我知道！”

"And Mr. Wemmick made them," added Miss Skiffins, "with his own hands out of his own head."

“这是温米克先生做的。”司琪芬小姐补充说，“他自己想出来，自己做出来的。”

While Miss Skiffins was taking off her bonnet (she retained her green gloves during the evening as an outward and visible sign that there was company), Wemmick invited me to take a walk with him round the property, and see how the island looked in wintertime. Thinking that he did this to give me an opportunity of taking his Walworth sentiments, I seized the opportunity as soon as we were out of the Castle.

司琪芬小姐整晚都戴着她那副绿手套，（这是一种可见的外在标志，表示有客人在。）她脱下帽子的时候，温米克邀我绕宅子转一圈，看一看冬天的小岛是什么样子的。我想他这么做是想给我一个机会，让我知道他在沃尔沃思的想法。我们一走出宅子，我便抓住了这个机会。

Having thought of the matter with care, I approached my subject as if I had never hinted at it before. I informed Wemmick that I was anxious in behalf of Herbert Pocket, and I told him how we had first met, and how we had fought. I glanced at Herbert's home, and at his character, and at his having no means but such as he was dependent on his father for: those, uncertain and unpunctual.

我仔细想过这件事，所以在谈这个问题的时候，我表现得好像我从未对此做过暗示一样。我告诉温米克，我很担心赫伯特·鄱凯特，我还告诉他我们第一次相遇的情形，还有我们打架的场景。我知道赫伯特的家境，了解他的性格，知道他没有收入，只有依靠他父亲，但他父亲的补助不一定会到，而且说不准什么时候才能到。

I alluded to the advantages I had derived in my first rawness and

ignorance from his society, and I confessed that I feared I had but ill repaid them, and that he might have done better without me and my expectations. Keeping Miss Havisham in the background at a great distance, I still hinted at the possibility of my having competed with him in his prospects, and at the certainty of his possessing a generous soul, and being far above any mean distrusts, retaliations, or designs. For all these reasons (I told Wemmick), and because he was my young companion and friend, and I had a great affection for him, I wished my own good fortune to reflect some rays upon him, and therefore I sought advice from Wemmick's experience and knowledge of men and affairs, how I could best try with my resources to help Herbert to some present income—say of a hundred a year, to keep him in good hope and heart—and gradually to buy him on to some small partnership. I begged Wemmick, in conclusion, to understand that my help must always be rendered without Herbert's knowledge or suspicion, and that there was no one else in the world with whom I could advise. I wound up by laying my hand upon his shoulder, and saying, "I can't help confiding in you, though I know it must be troublesome to you; but that is your fault, in having ever brought me here."

我说，我初到伦敦时，少不更事、懵里懵懂，多亏他让我结识了他的朋友。我坦白说自己担心没能很好地回报他，要不是我和我的遗产，他也许早就做得更好了。我把郝维仙小姐远远地撇在一边不提，继续暗示说我和他在前途方面较过劲，我肯定他内心慷慨、豁达，绝不会做出什么卑鄙的猜疑、报复或预谋的行为。除了我跟温米克所说的这些原因，还因为赫伯特是我年轻的伙伴和朋友，而且我非常喜欢他，我希望我好运的光芒也能撒播一些到他身上。所以，我希望能从温米克自身的经历和对人对事的看法中得到些建议，希望他能指点我怎样最合理地用我的钱帮助赫伯特，让他有一些收入，就比如说一年一百英磅吧，让他守住希望、保持信心，再逐步给他买一些小额的股份。最后，我请求温米克，千万不要让赫伯特知道或怀疑是我在帮他，我还说，这世上我找不到第二个可以给我建议的人了。我把手放在他肩上，最后说道：“我忍不住要跟你吐露秘密，虽然我知道这一定让你觉得麻烦，但这是你的错，谁让你带我到这里来了呢。”

Wemmick was silent for a little while, and then said with a kind of start, "Well you know, Mr. Pip, I must tell you one thing. This is devilish good of you."

温米克沉默了一小会儿，然后带着一丝惊讶说：“你知道，皮普先生，我得告诉你一件事。你真是个老好人。”

"Say you'll help me to be good then," said I.

“那你答应我，让我当个老好人吧。”我说。

"Ecod," replied Wemmick, shaking his head, "that's not my trade."

“这个，”温米克摇着头说，“这不是我该做的交易。”

"Nor is this your trading-place," said I.

“这里也不是你的交易所。”我说。

"You are right," he returned. "You hit the nail on the head. Mr. Pip, I'll put on my considering-cap, and I think all you want to do, may be done by degrees. Skiffins (that's her brother) is an accountant and agent. I'll look him up and go to work for you."

“你说得对。”他回答说，“你这句话一针见血。皮普先生，我要好好考虑一下，我认为，你想做的事，恐怕得一点一点来。司琪芬先生（司琪芬小姐的哥哥）是会计师，同时也是代理人。我要先拜访一下他，然后再给你办这事。”

"I thank you ten thousand times."

“万分感谢。”

"On the contrary," said he, "I thank you, for though we are strictly in our private and personal capacity, still it may be mentioned that there are Newgate cobwebs about, and it brushes them away."

“相反，”他说，“我倒要谢谢你，虽然我们的交往严格意义上说是私下的、个人的，我还是得提一下，这回可算把我从纽盖特监狱带来的蜘蛛网清扫干净了。”

After a little further conversation to the same effect, we returned into the Castle where we found Miss Skiffins preparing tea. The responsible duty of making the toast was delegated to the Aged, and that excellent old gentleman was so intent upon it that he seemed to me in some danger of melting his eyes. It was no nominal meal that we were going to make, but a vigorous reality. The Aged prepared such a haystack of buttered toast, that I could scarcely see him over it as it simmered on an iron stand hooked on to the top-bar; while Miss Skiffins brewed such a jorum of tea, that the pig in the back premises became strongly excited, and repeatedly expressed his desire to participate in the entertainment.

我们又谈了几句这类的话，然后回到宅子里去了，司琪芬小姐正在泡茶。烤面包的伟大任务就分配给了老人家，这位老绅士专心致志地烤着面包，我觉得他的眼睛好像都要融化在热气中了。我们要做的晚餐不是徒有虚名的，而是一顿真正的、丰盛的晚餐。老人家准备了一大堆黄油面包，把它们挂在顶层炉架上慢慢烤着。我几乎看不见他，只看见挂着的面包。司琪芬小姐泡了一大壶茶。结果后屋的猪兴奋不已，不停地叫唤着，像是在表示它也很想加入到我们当中来。

The flag had been struck, and the gun had been fired, at the right moment of time, and I felt as snugly cut off from the rest of Walworth as if the moat were thirty feet wide by as many deep. Nothing

disturbed the tranquillity of the Castle, but the occasional tumbling open of John and Miss Skiffins: which little doors were a prey to some spasmodic infirmity that made me sympathetically uncomfortable until I got used to it. I inferred from the methodical nature of Miss Skiffins' arrangements that she made tea there every Sunday night; and I rather suspected that a classic brooch she wore, representing the profile of an undesirable female with a very straight nose and a very new moon, was a piece of portable property that had been given her by Wemmick.

小旗已经在适当的时候降下，炮也已经在适当的时候放过，我感到这里仿佛和沃尔沃思所有其他地方都隔开了，就像护城河有三十英尺宽、三十英尺深一般。没有什么东西破坏宅子的宁静，除了约翰和司琪芬的门偶尔翻滚着打开。小门就像患了痉挛一样，我觉得不舒服，不过还是习惯了。我从司琪芬小姐井井有条的办事风格来推断，她每个星期天的晚上都去那里沏茶。她佩戴着一个古典式样的胸针，胸针上是一个不太漂亮的女人的肖像，女人的鼻子很直，旁边还有一弯新月，我很怀疑这枚胸针是温米克送给她的一件动产。

We ate the whole of the toast, and drank tea in proportion, and it was delightful to see how warm and greasy we all got after it. The Aged especially, might have passed for some clean old chief of a savage tribe, just oiled. After a short pause for repose, Miss Skiffins—in the absence of the little servant who, it seemed, retired to the bosom of her family on Sunday afternoons—washed up the tea-things, in a trifling lady-like amateur manner that compromised none of us. Then, she put on her gloves again, and we drew round the fire, and Wemmick said, "Now Aged Parent, tip us the paper."

我们把面包都吃光了，还喝了很多茶，看着我们个个都暖暖和和、红光满面的样子真是件令人开心的事。尤其是老人家，油光满面的，就像是某个野蛮部落里干干净净的老酋长。休息了一小会儿后，因为小女仆不在——她像是在星期日的下午回到家人的怀抱里去了——所以司琪芬小姐清洗了茶具。她的动作很业余，像贵族的小姐在干这样的活，但对我们来说这并没有什么妨碍。然后，她又戴上了手套，我们围炉而坐，温米克说：“老父亲，给我们读读报吧。”

Wemmick explained to me while the Aged got his spectacles out, that this was according to custom, and that it gave the old gentleman infinite satisfaction to read the news aloud. "I won't offer an apology," said Wemmick, "for he isn't capable of many pleasures—are you, Aged P.?”

趁着老人家掏出眼镜的空档，温米克跟我解释说，这是惯例，大声读报让老人家觉得很满足。“我不用道歉。”温米克说，“因为他能找到的乐子不多——你说是不是，老父亲？”

"All right, John, all right," returned the old man, seeing himself

spoken to.

“没错，约翰，没错。”老人家看见有人跟自己说话，赶忙答话。

"Only tip him a nod every now and then when he looks off his paper," said Wemmick, "and he'll be as happy as a king. We are all attention, Aged One."

“他目光一从报纸上移开，只要我们时不时地跟他点点头，”温米克说，“他就会跟国王一样快活。我们都在注意听呢，老父亲。”

"All right, John, all right!" returned the cheerful old man: so busy and so pleased, that it really was quite charming.

“好的，约翰，好的！”老人家兴致勃勃地答道，他繁忙又开心的样子的确十分有趣。

The Aged's reading reminded me of the classes at Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's, with the pleasanter peculiarity that it seemed to come through a keyhole. As he wanted the candles close to him, and as he was always on the verge of putting either his head or the newspaper into them, he required as much watching as a powder-mill. But Wemmick was equally untiring and gentle in his vigilance, and the Aged read on, quite unconscious of his many rescues. Whenever he looked at us, we all expressed the greatest interest and amazement, and nodded until he resumed again.

老人家的朗读让我想起了在沃甫赛先生的大姑婆家上课时的情形，老人家的声音好像是从钥匙孔里传出来的一样，让人觉得更加有趣了。因为他要把蜡烛放在自己身边，而且他总是险些就让脑袋或报纸碰到烛火，所以需要像看火药厂一样地看着他。但是温米克一直监视着，既没有懈怠也没有不耐烦的意思，老人家继续读着报，丝毫没有意识到他已多次获救。每当他看着我们的时候，我们就都表现出饶有兴趣、惊讶不已的样子，点点头，直到他又接着读下去。

As Wemmick and Miss Skiffins sat side by side, and as I sat in a shadowy corner, I observed a slow and gradual elongation of Mr. Wemmick's mouth, powerfully suggestive of his slowly and gradually stealing his arm round Miss Skiffins' waist. In course of time I saw his hand appear on the other side of Miss Skiffins; but at that moment Miss Skiffins neatly stopped him with the green glove, unwound his arm again as if it were an article of dress, and with the greatest deliberation laid it on the table before her. Miss Skiffins' composure while she did this was one of the most remarkable sights I have ever seen, and if I could have thought the act consistent with abstraction of mind, I should have deemed that Miss Skiffins performed it mechanically.

温米克和司琪芬小姐并排坐着，而我坐在一个阴暗的角落。我注意

到温米克先生的嘴角慢慢张开了，这充分暗示他正慢慢伸出胳膊，偷偷搂住了司琪芬小姐的腰。最后，我看见他的手出现在司琪芬小姐的另一边，但这时，司琪芬小姐麻利地用绿手套阻止了他，松开了他的胳膊，就像松开裙子上的一件饰品一样，十分从容地把他的手放在她面前的桌子上。司琪芬小姐做这个动作时十分镇定，这个动作是我见过的最令人惊讶的动作了。如果我把她这一行为当成是漫不经心做出来的话，那司琪芬小姐的这个动作一定是早已机械化了。

By-and-by, I noticed Wemmick's arm beginning to disappear again, and gradually fading out of view. Shortly afterwards, his mouth began to widen again. After an interval of suspense on my part that was quite enthralling and almost painful, I saw his hand appear on the other side of Miss Skiffins. Instantly, Miss Skiffins stopped it with the neatness of a placid boxer, took off that girdle or cestus as before, and laid it on the table. Taking the table to represent the path of virtue, I am justified in stating that during the whole time of the Aged's reading, Wemmick's arm was straying from the path of virtue and being recalled to it by Miss Skiffins.

不久，我发现温米克的胳膊又开始不见了，渐渐地从视野里消失了。不一会，他的嘴又开始张开了。在这一间隔中，我的心中悬念顿生，这种悬念既吸引人又折磨人。之后，我看见他的手出现在司琪芬小姐的另一边。司琪芬小姐立刻像一个一脸平静的拳击手那样阻止了他的手。她平静地取下腰带，跟刚才一样，然后把它放到桌上。假如把这张桌子当成美德之路，我有理由说，在老人家读报的整个期间，温米克的胳膊从美德之路上迷了路，是司琪芬小姐把他召唤回到了美德之路上。

At last, the Aged read himself into a light slumber. This was the time for Wemmick to produce a little kettle, a tray of glasses, and a black bottle with a porcelain-topped cork, representing some clerical dignitary of a rubicund and social aspect. With the aid of these appliances we all had something warm to drink: including the Aged, who was soon awake again. Miss Skiffins mixed, and I observed that she and Wemmick drank out of one glass. Of course I knew better than to offer to see Miss Skiffins home, and under the circumstances I thought I had best go first: which I did, taking a cordial leave of the Aged, and having passed a pleasant evening.

终于，老人家读着读着进入了梦乡。温米克拿出一把小壶，一托盘的玻璃杯，一只黑色瓶子，瓶子上有一个瓷塞，塞子上的图案是一位面色红润、温文尔雅的尊贵牧师。我们用这些茶具喝了点热的东西，老人家不久也从小憩中醒了过来，加入到我们中间来。我观察到，司琪芬小姐弄混了，她和温米克在用同一个杯子喝茶。当然，我知道有比提出送司琪芬小姐回家更好的办法，在这样的情况下，我想我最好是先走。于是，我就亲切地跟老人家告别，说我这个晚上过得很愉快。

Before a week was out, I received a note from Wemmick, dated

Walworth, stating that he hoped he had made some advance in that matter appertaining to our private and personal capacities, and that he would be glad if I could come and see him again upon it. So, I went out to Walworth again, and yet again, and yet again, and I saw him by appointment in the City several times, but never held any communication with him on the subject in or near Little Britain. The upshot was, that we found a worthy young merchant or shipping-broker, not long established in business, who wanted intelligent help, and who wanted capital, and who in due course of time and receipt would want a partner. Between him and me, secret articles were signed of which Herbert was the subject, and I paid him half of my five hundred pounds down, and engaged for sundry other payments: some, to fall due at certain dates out of my income: some, contingent on my coming into my property. Miss Skiffins' brother conducted the negotiation. Wemmick pervaded it throughout, but never appeared in it.

一个星期不到，我就收到了一封温米克寄来的信，信是从沃尔沃思寄来的。信上写着他希望我们私下以个人名义办的事有了进展，如果我能就此事再去见他一次，他会很高兴。所以我第二次去了沃尔沃思，然后去了第三次、第四次，我还如约在伦敦金融城里见了他几次，但从未和他在小不列颠街附近谈过这个话题。结果就是，我们找到了一个值得信赖的年轻商人，或者说船运经纪人。这人从商还不久，需要业务上的指点，也需要资金。在时机恰当、款项到位的情况下，他就会想要找一个合伙人。我跟他围绕着赫伯特的主题，签订了秘密条款。我从五百英镑中付给了他二百五十英镑，还牵涉到其他杂七杂八的费用，其中一些在预定日期从我的收入中扣除，另外一些等我得到了遗产之后再付。司琪芬小姐的哥哥主持了这一谈判。这事温米克从头到尾都参与了，但他从未出面。

The whole business was so cleverly managed, that Herbert had not the least suspicion of my hand being in it. I never shall forget the radiant face with which he came home one afternoon, and told me, as a mighty piece of news, of his having fallen in with one Clarriker (the young merchant's name), and of Clarriker's having shown an extraordinary inclination towards him, and of his belief that the opening had come at last. Day by day as his hopes grew stronger and his face brighter, he must have thought me a more and more affectionate friend, for I had the greatest difficulty in restraining my tears of triumph when I saw him so happy. At length, the thing being done, and he having that day entered Clarriker's House, and he having talked to me for a whole evening in a flush of pleasure and success, I did really cry in good earnest when I went to bed, to think that my expectations had done some good to somebody.

整个交易处理得如此巧妙，赫伯特一点都没有怀疑我会参与其中。

我永远不会忘记那个下午，他红光满面地回到家，告诉我一个特大消息，说他见了一个叫克拉利克的人（那个年轻商人的名字），那个克拉利克对他非常好，他相信他总算时来运转了。他的希望一天比一天更强烈，脸上也一天比一天更有光彩，他一定越来越把我当做他的挚友，因为我看见他这么开心，我也抑制不住开心的泪水。终于，一切都办妥之后，他在那天走进了克拉利克的交易所。他整晚都兴致勃勃、开心不已地跟我谈话，我上床后，想到我的遗产给别人做了点好事，我真的痛痛快快地哭了。

A great event in my life, the turning point of my life, now opens on my view. But, before I proceed to narrate it, and before I pass on to all the changes it involved, I must give one chapter to Estella. It is not much to give to the theme that so long filled my heart.

我生命中的一件大事，我人生的转折点，现在在我眼前展开了。但是，在我继续讲下去之前，在我讲述它所涉及的所有改变之前，我得用一个章节来谈谈埃斯特拉。对于这样一个一直以来都占据着我的心灵的主题，一个章节不算多。

CHAPTER 38

第三十八章

If that staid old house near the Green at Richmond should ever come to be haunted when I am dead, it will be haunted, surely, by my ghost. O the many, many nights and days through which the unquiet spirit within me haunted that house when Estella lived there! Let my body be where it would, my spirit was always wandering, wandering, wandering, about that house.

如果我死后，里士满草地旁边那所古板的老房子会闹鬼的话，那一定是我的鬼魂在出没。埃斯特拉住在那里的时候，我身体里那不安定的灵魂，在那里游荡了多少个日日夜夜啊！不管我的身体在哪里，我的灵魂却始终围绕着那所房子一而再、再而三地游荡。

The lady with whom Estella was placed, Mrs. Brandley by name, was a widow, with one daughter several years older than Estella. The mother looked young, and the daughter looked old; the mother's complexion was pink, and the daughter's was yellow; the mother set up for frivolity, and the daughter for theology. They were in what is called a good position, and visited, and were visited by, numbers of people. Little, if any, community of feeling subsisted between them and Estella, but the understanding was established that they were necessary to her, and that she was necessary to them. Mrs. Brandley had been a friend of Miss Havisham's before the time of her seclusion.

跟埃斯特拉住在一起的夫人名叫布兰德利，是个寡妇，有一个比埃斯特拉大几岁的女儿。母亲显得年轻，女儿显得老成；母亲面色红润，女儿面色发黄；母亲举止轻浮，女儿笃信宗教。她们家门第很高。她们经常外出访友，也常有客人上门拜访。她们和埃斯特拉之间几乎没有共同语言，即使有，也少得可怜。但她们之间有一个共识，那就是，她们离不开埃斯特拉，埃斯特拉也离不开她们。郝维仙小姐在隐居以前和布兰德利夫人是朋友。

In Mrs. Brandley's house and out of Mrs. Brandley's house, I suffered every kind and degree of torture that Estella could cause me. The nature of my relations with her, which placed me on terms of familiarity without placing me on terms of favor, conduced to my distraction. She made use of me to tease other admirers, and she turned the very familiarity between herself and me, to the account of putting a constant slight on my devotion to her. If I had been her secretary, steward, half-brother, poor relation—if I had been a younger brother of her appointed husband—I could not have seemed to myself, further from my hopes when I was nearest to her. The

privilege of calling her by her name and hearing her call me by mine, became under the circumstances an aggravation of my trials; and while I think it likely that it almost maddened her other lovers, I know too certainly that it almost maddened me.

无论是在布兰德利夫人家里，还是在外面，我都要忍受埃斯特拉给我的各种各样、不同程度的折磨。我和她之间的关系只是熟识，但还没有到喜欢的层面，这使我心烦意乱。她利用我来戏弄她的那些爱慕者，我和她之间的这种亲密关系，成了她一直以来蔑视我对她一片衷心的把柄。如果我是她的秘书、管家、同父异母或同母异父的兄弟、穷亲戚，如果我是她未婚夫的弟弟，我都不会像现在这样——和她的关系越亲密，我的希望就越渺茫。我有直呼她名字的特权，也有听她直呼我名字的特权，但在这种情况下，这也只能加重我的痛苦。虽然我认为这可能要让她的那些爱慕者发狂，但我也十分清楚，这也几乎快要让我发狂了。

She had admirers without end. No doubt my jealousy made an admirer of every one who went near her; but there were more than enough of them without that.

她的爱慕者络绎不绝。毫无疑问，我的嫉妒心让我把每一个走近她的人都看成是她的爱慕者，但即使除去这些人，她的爱慕者还是不计其数。

I saw her often at Richmond, I heard of her often in town, and I used often to take her and the Brandleys on the water; there were picnics, fete days, plays, operas, concerts, parties, all sorts of pleasures, through which I pursued her—and they were all miseries to me. I never had one hour's happiness in her society, and yet my mind all round the four-and-twenty hours was harping on the happiness of having her with me unto death.

我常常去里士满看她，常常在镇上听人们说到她，也常常带她和布兰德利母女去水上泛舟、野餐、参加游乐会、看戏、听歌剧、欣赏音乐会、参加聚会。在一切游乐活动中，我都在追求她——所有这些对我来说都是痛苦。在她参与社交活动的时候，我没有一刻是快乐的，但我一天二十四小时满脑子都在想，要是能和她共度一生，该有多幸福啊。

Throughout this part of our intercourse—and it lasted, as will presently be seen, for what I then thought a long time—she habitually reverted to that tone which expressed that our association was forced upon us. There were other times when she would come to a sudden check in this tone and in all her many tones, and would seem to pity me.

在我们交往的这段时间里（从下文可以看出，我那时觉得很漫长），她总是习惯性地用那种语气跟我说话，表明我们的交往是被逼的。有时，她会突然止住这种语气，还有她惯用的其他各种语气，似乎

对我动了怜悯之心。

"Pip, Pip," she said one evening, coming to such a check, when we sat apart at a darkening window of the house in Richmond; "will you never take warning?"

一天晚上，在里士满那所房子的一扇窗户下，我们分开而坐，暮色正在降临，她突然止住了那种语气，对我说：“皮普，皮普，你怎么就不当心点呢？”

"Of what?"

“当心什么？”

"Of me."

“当心我。”

"Warning not to be attracted by you, do you mean, Estella?"

“你的意思是，当心不要被你引诱，埃斯特拉？”

"Do I mean! If you don't know what I mean, you are blind."

“我的意思！如果你不知道我什么意思，你就是睁眼瞎。”

I should have replied that Love was commonly reputed blind, but for the reason that I always was restrained—and this was not the least of my miseries—by a feeling that it was ungenerous to press myself upon her, when she knew that she could not choose but obey Miss Havisham. My dread always was, that this knowledge on her part laid me under a heavy disadvantage with her pride, and made me the subject of a rebellious struggle in her bosom.

我本该反驳她说，都说爱情是盲目的，但由于我总是受某种想法的牵制——这给我带来的痛苦还真不小——因为她知道她除了听从郝维仙小姐之外别无选择，所以我认为我这样强迫她是不厚道的。我一直担心的是，她对此十分清楚，而且生性高傲，这使我处于一种十分不利的地位，使我成了她打心眼里想要反抗的目标。

"At any rate," said I, "I have no warning given me just now, for you wrote to me to come to you, this time."

“不管怎样，”我说，“我目前还没有听说有什么要当心的，因为这次是你写信让我来的。”

"That's true," said Estella, with a cold careless smile that always chilled me.

“是这样的。”埃斯特拉说，同时露出冷淡而漫不经心的笑容，这样的笑总是让我感到心寒。

After looking at the twilight without, for a little while, she went on to say:

她看了看外面的暮色，接着说：

"The time has come round when Miss Havisham wishes to have me for a day at Satis. You are to take me there, and bring me back, if you will. She would rather I did not travel alone, and objects to receiving my maid, for she has a sensitive horror of being talked of by such people. Can you take me?"

“郝维仙小姐要我去沙提斯庄园看望她的日子又要来了。如果你愿意的话，可以送我过去，再送我回来。她不想我一个人去，又不欢迎我的女仆，因为跟这样的人说话，让她觉得很反感。你可以送我去吗？”

"Can I take you, Estella!"

“我可以吗？埃斯特拉！”

"You can then? The day after tomorrow, if you please. You are to pay all charges out of my purse, You hear the condition of your going?"

“那么你是接受了？后天，要是你方便的话。费用都从我的钱包里拿，这是你跟我去的条件，知道了吗？”

"And must obey," said I.

“一定遵守。”我说。

This was all the preparation I received for that visit, or for others like it: Miss Havisham never wrote to me, nor had I ever so much as seen her handwriting. We went down on the next day but one, and we found her in the room where I had first beheld her, and it is needless to add that there was no change in Satis House.

这就是我为那次探访做的所有准备，以后几次也是一样。郝维仙小姐从未给我写过信，我甚至从未见过她的字迹。第三天我们到了沙提斯，在我第一次见她的那间屋子里见到了她，不用说，沙提斯老宅还是老样子。

She was even more dreadfully fond of Estella than she had been when I last saw them together; I repeat the word advisedly, for there was something positively dreadful in the energy of her looks and embraces. She hung upon Estella's beauty, hung upon her words, hung upon her gestures, and sat mumbling her own trembling fingers while she looked at her, as though she were devouring the beautiful creature she had reared.

她对埃斯特拉的喜欢更加令人害怕了，比上一次我见她俩一起时更甚。我有意重复“令人害怕”这个字眼，因为从她的神情和她拥抱埃斯特拉的方式中，我觉察出一丝可怕之处。她对艾斯特拉的美貌、对她的言谈、对她的仪态，都像幽灵一样缠住不放，坐在那里一边看着她，一边咬着自己颤抖的手指，好像要把这个亲手养育大的美人吞下去。

From Estella she looked at me, with a searching glance that seemed to pry into my heart and probe its wounds. "How does she use you, Pip; how does she use you?" she asked me again, with her witch-like eagerness, even in Estella's hearing. But, when we sat by her flickering fire at night, she was most weird; for then, keeping Estella's hand drawn through her arm and clutched in her own hand, she extorted from her, by dint of referring back to what Estella had told her in her regular letters, the names and conditions of the men whom she had fascinated; and as Miss Havisham dwelt upon this roll, with the intensity of a mind mortally hurt and diseased, she sat with her other hand on her crutch stick, and her chin on that, and her wan bright eyes glaring at me, a very specter.

她把目光从埃斯特拉身上移向了我，她那犀利的目光似乎要伸入我的心，探一探我心里的伤口。“她是怎么利用你的，皮普，她是怎么利用你的？”她又问了我一次，急切的样子好似女巫一般，甚至连埃斯特拉就在身旁也顾不上了。晚上，我们坐在闪烁不定的炉火旁，她的样子极其神秘可怕。她拉过埃斯特拉的手，放在自己的手臂下，然后紧紧抓住她的手，硬要埃斯特拉跟她谈谈她在信中提到的事，说说那些被她迷得神魂颠倒的男人叫什么名字，是什么身份。郝维仙小姐带着一种受过严重创伤的病态的心理玩味着这份名单。她坐在那里，用另一只手扶着弯曲的手杖，下巴靠在手上，用她那双苍白而明亮的眼睛盯着我，活脱脱一个幽灵。

I saw in this, wretched though it made me, and bitter the sense of dependence and even of degradation that it awakened—I saw in this, that Estella was set to wreak Miss Havisham's revenge on men, and that she was not to be given to me until she had gratified it for a term. I saw in this, a reason for her being beforehand assigned to me. Sending her out to attract and torment and do mischief, Miss Havisham sent her with the malicious assurance that she was beyond the reach of all admirers, and that all who staked upon that cast were secured to lose. I saw in this, that I, too, was tormented by a perversion of ingenuity, even while the prize was reserved for me. I saw in this, the reason for my being staved off so long, and the reason for my late guardian's declining to commit himself to the formal knowledge of such a scheme. In a word, I saw in this, Miss Havisham as I had her then and there before my eyes, and always had had her before my eyes; and I saw in this, the distinct shadow of the darkened and unhealthy house in which her life was hidden from the sun.

我从中看清楚了，虽然这使我沮丧，我有一种寄人篱下的感觉，甚至堕落感，这让我痛苦不堪——我却从中看清楚了，埃斯特拉是郝维仙小姐用来报复男人的工具，在她得到满足之前，是不会把埃斯特拉许配给我的。我看清楚了，她事先把埃斯特拉许配给我的原因何在。郝维仙小姐派她出去引诱男人、折磨男人、做恶作剧，但她居心的恶意之处在

于，她确保没有哪个爱慕者可以得到她，那些敢于冒险尝试的人是注定要失败的。我看清楚了，我自己也受到她这一变态计谋的折磨，即使这个奖赏是为我保留的。我看清楚了我一直以来得不到她的原因，也看清楚了我的监护人不告诉我这一计谋的原因。总之，我看清楚了，此时此地我眼前的郝维仙小姐的真实面目，以及她在我眼前一贯的真实面目，我看清楚了，在这座黑暗、肮脏的房子的阴影里，她过着暗无天日的生活。

The candles that lighted that room of hers were placed in sconces on the wall. They were high from the ground, and they burnt with the steady dulness of artificial light in air that is seldom renewed. As I looked round at them, and at the pale gloom they made, and at the stopped clock, and at the withered articles of bridal dress upon the table and the ground, and at her own awful figure with its ghostly reflection thrown large by the fire upon the ceiling and the wall, I saw in everything the construction that my mind had come to, repeated and thrown back to me. My thoughts passed into the great room across the landing where the table was spread, and I saw it written, as it were, in the falls of the cobwebs from the centre-piece, in the crawlings of the spiders on the cloth, in the tracks of the mice as they betook their little quickened hearts behind the panels, and in the gropings and pausings of the beetles on the floor.

照亮她那间屋子的蜡烛放在墙上的壁炉台上。它们离地面很高，燃烧时发出呆滞的光，屋里的空气几乎没有更新过。我环顾了一下这些蜡烛，烛光照耀出一种苍白而阴郁的氛围，那停摆的钟，那桌上和地上破旧的新娘服上的装饰物，还有她被烛光拉长了的、可怕的身影——它投射到天花板和墙面上，有如鬼魂一般——我目光所及之物都是在我脑中构想过、反复出现过、又回到我的脑海中去的。我想到了楼梯平台对面的那个大房间，那里摆着长桌子，我看见蜘蛛网从桌子中央饰品上落下，蜘蛛在桌布上爬来爬去，老鼠在壁板后心惊肉跳地展开活动，甲壳虫在地板上爬爬停停。

It happened on the occasion of this visit that some sharp words arose between Estella and Miss Havisham. It was the first time I had ever seen them opposed.

我们这次拜访期间，埃斯特拉和郝维仙小姐之间有了激烈的言语上的冲突。这是我第一次看见她们起冲突。

We were seated by the fire, as just now described, and Miss Havisham still had Estella's arm drawn through her own, and still clutched Estella's hand in hers, when Estella gradually began to detach herself. She had shown a proud impatience more than once before, and had rather endured that fierce affection than accepted or returned it.

我们围炉而坐，像之前描述的那样，郝维仙小姐仍旧拉着埃斯特拉

的胳膊，在自己的胳膊上擦着，仍旧紧紧抓着埃斯特拉的手，而埃斯特拉渐渐想要挣脱。她表现得有些不耐烦，还带着些傲慢，比以前更甚，与其说她在接受或回报这种热烈的情感，不如说是在忍耐。

"What!" said Miss Havisham, flashing her eyes upon her, "are you tired of me?"

“怎么！”郝维仙小姐把目光投向了埃斯特拉，说，“你对我厌烦了吗？”

"Only a little tired of myself," replied Estella, disengaging her arm, and moving to the great chimney-piece, where she stood looking down at the fire.

“只是有点厌烦我自己。”埃斯特拉一边答道，一边挣开自己的胳膊，走到壁炉架前，站在那里低头看着炉火。

"Speak the truth, you ingrate!" cried Miss Havisham, passionately striking her stick upon the floor; "you are tired of me."

“说实话，你这个忘恩负义的东西！”郝维仙小姐喊着，同时用手杖猛敲地面，“你对我厌烦了。”

Estella looked at her with perfect composure, and again looked down at the fire. Her graceful figure and her beautiful face expressed a self-possessed indifference to the wild heat of the other, that was almost cruel.

埃斯特拉十分镇定地看着她，然后又低头看着炉火。她优雅的身段和美丽的脸庞表现出了一种沉着。面对对方那种几近严酷的狂暴，她只是淡然视之。

"You stock and stone!" exclaimed Miss Havisham. "You cold, cold heart!"

“你这个木头、这个石头！”郝维仙小姐叫喊着，“你这个冷血动物！”

"What?" said Estella, preserving her attitude of indifference as she leaned against the great chimney-piece and only moving her eyes; "do you reproach me for being cold? You?"

“什么？”埃斯特拉靠着壁炉架，仍旧是一副冷漠的样子，只是动了动眼睛，“您骂我冷血？是吗？”

"Are you not?" was the fierce retort.

“您不是吗？”郝维仙小姐猛烈地反驳了她。

"You should know," said Estella. "I am what you have made me. Take all the praise, take all the blame; take all the success, take all the failure; in short, take me."

“您该知道，”埃斯特拉说，“我怎么样都是您一手塑造的。对我的赞

扬、我的责备、我的成功、我的失败，总之，我的一切都是您一手塑造的。”

"O, look at her, look at her!" cried Miss Havisham, bitterly; "Look at her, so hard and thankless, on the hearth where she was reared! Where I took her into this wretched breast when it was first bleeding from its stabs, and where I have lavished years of tenderness upon her!"

“啊，你瞧她，你瞧她！”郝维仙小姐痛苦地喊了起来，“你瞧她，这么狠心、这么无情，这可是把她养大的家啊！在我心受重创、心口滴血的时候，我把她抱在怀里，花了这么多年来疼她！”

"At least I was no party to the compact," said Estella, "for if I could walk and speak, when it was made, it was as much as I could do. But what would you have? You have been very good to me, and I owe everything to you. What would you have?"

“至少，您当初领养我这事跟我无关。”埃斯特拉说，“就算那时我能走路、会说话，我会的也只有这些。但您要的是什么呢？您对我很好，我的一切都是您给的。您要的是什么呢？”

"Love," replied the other.

“我要的是爱。”对方答道。

"You have it."

“您已经得到了。”

"I have not," said Miss Havisham.

“我没有。”郝维仙小姐说。

"Mother by adoption," retorted Estella, never departing from the easy grace of her attitude, never raising her voice as the other did, never yielding either to anger or tenderness, "Mother by adoption, I have said that I owe everything to you. All I possess is freely yours. All that you have given me, is at your command to have again. Beyond that, I have nothing. And if you ask me to give you what you never gave me, my gratitude and duty cannot do impossibilities."

“养母，”埃斯特拉依然保持着平和的风度，没有像对方那样提高嗓门，也没有时而勃然大怒，时而温情脉脉，“养母，我说了,我的一切都是您给的。我拥有的一切您都可以自由处置。您给我的一切，您都可以收回，再次归您所有。除此以外，我一无所有。至于您没有给过我的东西，如果您问我要，那么无论是情理上，还是义务上，我都没法做出不可能的事情。”

"Did I never give her love!" cried Miss Havisham, turning wildly to me. "Did I never give her a burning love, inseparable from jealousy at all times, and from sharp pain, while she speaks thus to me! Let her

call me mad, let her call me mad!"

“难道我从未给过她爱！”郝维仙小姐猛地转向我，喊道，“难道我从未给过她炽热的爱，我给她的爱一向到了让人嫉妒、让人心疼的地步，她竟然对我说这样的话！让她叫我疯子好了，让她叫我疯子好了！”

"Why should I call you mad," returned Estella, "I, of all people? Does any one live, who knows what set purposes you have, half as well as I do? Does any one live, who knows what a steady memory you have, half as well as I do? I who have sat on this same hearth on the little stool that is even now beside you there, learning your lessons and looking up into your face, when your face was strange and frightened me!"

“我为什么要叫您疯子，”埃斯特拉说，“在所有人当中，为什么是我叫您疯子？对于您处心积虑的事情，世上还有谁有我了解的一半那么多？对于您刻骨铭心的记忆，世上还有谁有我了解的一半那么多？我就坐在这个壁炉边的一张小凳子上，这张凳子现在还在您旁边放着呢，我听从您的教导，我抬头看着您的脸，那张脸当时真让我又惊讶又害怕！”

"Soon forgotten!" moaned Miss Havisham. "Times soon forgotten!"

“早就忘了！”郝维仙小姐呻吟着，“早就忘了！”

"No, not forgotten," retorted Estella. "Not forgotten, but treasured up in my memory. When have you found me false to your teaching? When have you found me unmindful of your lessons? When have you found me giving admission here," she touched her bosom with her hand, "to anything that you excluded? Be just to me."

“不，没有忘。”埃斯特拉反驳道，“没有忘，珍藏在我记忆中了。您几时发现我不听从您的教导了？您几时发现我对您的教导漫不经心了？您几时发现我这里，”她把手放在胸口，“想着您不允许做的事情了？您该公正地对我。”

"So proud, so proud!" moaned Miss Havisham, pushing away her grey hair with both her hands.

“太傲慢了，太傲慢了！”郝维仙小姐呻吟着，双手撩着散开的灰白头发。

"Who taught me to be proud?" returned Estella. "Who praised me when I learnt my lesson?"

“是谁教会我傲慢的？”埃斯特拉反驳道，“在我学会了傲慢时，是谁夸奖我的？”

"So hard, so hard!" moaned Miss Havisham, with her former action.

“太狠心了，太狠心了！”郝维仙呻吟着，像刚才那样撩着散开的灰

白头发。

"Who taught me to be hard?" returned Estella. "Who praised me when I learnt my lesson?"

“是谁教会我狠心的？”埃斯特拉反驳道，“在我学会了狠心时，是谁夸奖我的？”

"But to be proud and hard to me!" Miss Havisham quite shrieked, as she stretched out her arms. "Estella, Estella, Estella, to be proud and hard to me!"

“对我傲慢，对我狠心吧！”郝维仙小姐尖声叫了起来，同时伸出她的胳膊，“埃斯特拉，埃斯特拉，埃斯特拉，对我傲慢，对我狠心吧！”

Estella looked at her for a moment with a kind of calm wonder, but was not otherwise disturbed; when the moment was past, she looked down at the fire again.

埃斯特拉平静而惊讶地看了她一会，但仍然不失镇定，过了一会儿，她又低头看着炉火。

"I cannot think," said Estella, raising her eyes after a silence "why you should be so unreasonable when I come to see you after a separation. I have never forgotten your wrongs and their causes. I have never been unfaithful to you or your schooling. I have never shown any weakness that I can charge myself with."

“我不明白，”埃斯特拉沉默了一会儿之后，抬起眼来说道，“我跟您分别了一阵子后回来看您，为什么您要这么不讲道理。我从来没有忘记您所受的委屈，还有造成您所受委屈的原因。我从来没有辜负您和您对我的教导。我从来没有让自己有什么软弱的表现。”

"Would it be weakness to return my love?" exclaimed Miss Havisham. "But yes, yes, she would call it so!"

“回报我的爱是软弱的表现吗？”郝维仙喊道，“是的，是的，她会说是的！”

"I begin to think," said Estella, in a musing way, after another moment of calm wonder, "that I almost understand how this comes about. If you had brought up your adopted daughter wholly in the dark confinement of these rooms, and had never let her know that there was such a thing as the daylight by which she had never once seen your face—if you had done that, and then, for a purpose had wanted her to understand the daylight and know all about it, you would have been disappointed and angry?”

“我想，”埃斯特拉又露出惊讶而平静的神情，沉默了一会儿之后，她若有所思地说，“我差不多知道是怎么回事了。假如说，您让您的养女成天在这些暗无天日的屋子里长大，从来不让她知道还有日光这种东

西，也从来没让她在日光下见过您的脸——如果您一开始这么做了，后来，出于某种目的，您让她接触到了日光，了解了所有关于日光的事情，您却感到失望、感到生气，对不对？”

Miss Havisham, with her head in her hands, sat making a low moaning, and swaying herself on her chair, but gave no answer.

郝维仙小姐坐在那里，双手抱着头，发出低低的呜咽声，身子在椅子上颤抖着，但没有回答。

"Or," said Estella, “—which is a nearer case—if you had taught her, from the dawn of her intelligence, with your utmost energy and might, that there was such a thing as daylight, but that it was made to be her enemy and destroyer, and she must always turn against it, for it had blighted you and would else blight her;—if you had done this, and then, for a purpose, had wanted her to take naturally to the daylight and she could not do it, you would have been disappointed and angry?”

“或者，”埃斯特拉说，“——打个更近乎事实的比方——假如说，您从她懂事时开始，就极尽所能地教导她，有日光这样一种东西，但这是她的宿敌和灾星，她一定得时刻反对它，因为它摧残了您，也可能会摧残她——如果您一开始是这么做的，后来，出于某种目的，想要她自然而然地接触日光，而她做不到，您就感到失望、感到生气，对不对？”

Miss Havisham sat listening (or it seemed so, for I could not see her face), but still made no answer.

郝维仙小姐坐在那里听她说话（或者看起来是在听她说话，因为我看不见她的脸），但还是没有回答。

"So," said Estella, "I must be taken as I have been made. The success is not mine, the failure is not mine, but the two together make me."

“所以，”埃斯特拉说，“您把我塑造成了什么样子，就该怎么样对待我。成功不属于我，失败也不是我的错，但这两者加在一起，就成了我现在这样一个人。”

Miss Havisham had settled down, I hardly knew how, upon the floor, among the faded bridal relics with which it was strewn. I took advantage of the moment—I had sought one from the first—to leave the room, after beseeching Estella's attention to her, with a movement of my hand. When I left, Estella was yet standing by the great chimney-piece, just as she had stood throughout. Miss Havisham's grey hair was all adrift upon the ground, among the other bridal wrecks, and was a miserable sight to see.

我不知道郝维仙小姐是怎么坐到地板上去的，坐在那堆破旧不堪的新娘饰物中间。我利用这个机会——我从一开始就在等这个机会——离

开了这间屋子，我走之前打了个手势，恳求埃斯特拉照看好郝维仙小姐。我走的时候，埃斯特拉仍然站在那庞大的壁炉架旁，她一直都站在那里。郝维仙小姐满头灰白的头发披散在地上，跟那些新娘饰品混在一起，这情形真叫人不忍目睹。

It was with a depressed heart that I walked in the starlight for an hour and more, about the court-yard, and about the brewery, and about the ruined garden. When I at last took courage to return to the room, I found Estella sitting at Miss Havisham's knee, taking up some stitches in one of those old articles of dress that were dropping to pieces, and of which I have often been reminded since by the faded tatters of old banners that I have seen hanging up in cathedrals. Afterwards, Estella and I played at cards, as of yore—only we were skilful now, and played French games—and so the evening wore away, and I went to bed.

我怀着沮丧的心情，在星光下走了一个多钟头，庭院、酿酒作坊、荒芜的园子都走遍了。我最后鼓足勇气回到屋里，发现埃斯特拉坐在郝维仙小姐的膝下，在一件快要成为破布的衣服上缝缝补补，此后，每当我看见教堂上悬挂着的那些褪了色的旧旗帜，就会想起这件破衣服。之后，我和埃斯特拉玩起了扑克，像往日一样——只是比往日更熟练了，而且玩的是法国扑克——这个晚上就这样消磨掉了，然后我准备上床就寝。

I lay in that separate building across the court-yard. It was the first time I had ever lain down to rest in Satis House, and sleep refused to come near me. A thousand Miss Havishams haunted me. She was on this side of my pillow, on that, at the head of the bed, at the foot, behind the half-opened door of the dressing-room, in the dressing-room, in the room overhead, in the room beneath—everywhere. At last, when the night was slow to creep on towards two o'clock, I felt that I absolutely could no longer bear the place as a place to lie down in, and that I must get up. I therefore got up and put on my clothes, and went out across the yard into the long stone passage, designing to gain the outer court-yard and walk there for the relief of my mind. But, I was no sooner in the passage than I extinguished my candle; for, I saw Miss Havisham going along it in a ghostly manner, making a low cry. I followed her at a distance, and saw her go up the staircase. She carried a bare candle in her hand, which she had probably taken from one of the sconces in her own room, and was a most unearthly object by its light. Standing at the bottom of the staircase, I felt the mildewed air of the feast-chamber, without seeing her open the door, and I heard her walking there, and so across into her own room, and so across again into that, never ceasing the low cry. After a time, I tried in the dark both to get out, and to go back, but I could do neither until some streaks of day strayed in and showed me where to

lay my hands. During the whole interval, whenever I went to the bottom of the staircase, I heard her footstep, saw her light pass above, and heard her ceaseless low cry.

我睡在院子对面那座独立的房子里。这是我第一次在沙提斯庄园过夜，我翻来覆去，难以入眠。仿佛有千百个郝维仙小姐在我身旁萦绕。我枕头这边是她，那边也是她，床头是她，床尾也是她，她在更衣室半开着的门后面，在更衣室里面，在楼上的房间，在楼下的房间——无所不在。最后，夜已经悄悄走到了凌晨两点钟，我觉得我再也无法忍受继续在这里躺下去了，我非起来不可。因此，我起了床，穿上衣服，穿过院子，来到对面长长的石廊，想到院子外面走走，让大脑放松一下。可是，我一到走廊就熄灭了烛火，因为我看见郝维仙小姐在走廊上走着，幽灵一般，发出低低的哭泣声。我在她身后，远远地跟着她，看见她上了楼梯。她手里拿着一根光秃秃的蜡烛，可能是从她自己屋里的烛台架上随便拿了一只，烛光照得她活像一个鬼魂。我站在楼梯底部，没有看见她打开房间的门，但感到空气中有从餐室里飘来的霉味，我听见她走进了餐室，然后走回自己的房间，然后又走到餐室，一路上她低低的哭泣声始终没有停过。过了片刻，我试着从黑暗中走出来，回到自己房里去，但却办不到，直到几缕黎明的亮光照进来，我才得以辨明方向。在这整个期间，只要我走到楼梯底部，我就能听到她的脚步声，看见她的烛光在上面移动，听见她那无休止的、低低的哭泣声。

Before we left next day, there was no revival of the difference between her and Estella, nor was it ever revived on any similar occasion; and there were four similar occasions, to the best of my remembrance. Nor, did Miss Havisham's manner towards Estella in anywise change, except that I believed it to have something like fear infused among its former characteristics.

第二天我们离开之前，她和埃斯特拉之间都没有再发生过冲突，后来我和埃斯特拉回去也没有再发生过冲突，我们一共回去了四次，如果我没记错的话。郝维仙小姐对埃斯特拉的态度也没有什么改变，即使有改变的话，我相信也只是在以往的态度上多了一些担心。

It is impossible to turn this leaf of my life, without putting Bentley Drummle's name upon it; or I would, very gladly.

翻到我生命的这一页了，不提本特利·德鲁莫尔这个人是不可能的，要不然我才不愿意提他呢。

On a certain occasion when the Finches were assembled in force, and when good feeling was being promoted in the usual manner by nobody's agreeing with anybody else, the presiding Finch called the Grove to order, forasmuch as Mr. Drummle had not yet toasted a lady; which, according to the solemn constitution of the society, it was the brute's turn to do that day. I thought I saw him leer in an ugly way at me while the decanters were going round, but as there was no love lost between us, that might easily be. What was my indignant surprise

when he called upon the company to pledge him to "Estella!"

一次“林中鸟”俱乐部召开大会，说是要增进友情。为此，大家像往常一样吵吵嚷嚷、各不相让，这时，主席让大家安静，因为德鲁莫尔先生还没有给一位女士祝酒，而按照俱乐部的严肃章程，这天正好轮到这个畜生来祝酒。酒瓶传下去的时候，我觉得他不怀好意地瞪了我一眼，但由于我们之间没有什么大的过结，我就没放在心上。直到他向大伙提议：为“埃斯特拉”干杯！这时，我才又惊又气。

"Estella who?" said I.

“哪个埃斯特拉？”我问。

"Never you mind," retorted Drummle.

“不关你的事。”德鲁莫尔反驳道。

"Estella of where?" said I. "You are bound to say of where." Which he was, as a Finch.

“哪里的埃斯特拉？”我问，“你得说清楚，哪里的埃斯特拉。”作为“林中鸟”俱乐部的一员，他必须说清楚。

"Of Richmond, gentlemen," said Drummle, putting me out of the question, "and a peerless beauty."

“里士满的埃斯特拉，先生们。”德鲁莫尔说，故意不理睬我，“一位举世无双的美人。”

Much he knew about peerless beauties, a mean miserable idiot! I whispered Herbert.

好像他知道很多举世无双的美人一样，这个卑鄙、下流的白痴！我在赫伯特耳边说道。

"I know that lady," said Herbert, across the table, when the toast had been honored.

祝酒之后，坐在桌对面的赫伯特说：“我认识那位小姐。”

"Do you?" said Drummle.

“你认识？”德鲁莫尔说。

"And so do I," I added, with a scarlet face.

“我也认识。”我面红耳赤地附和道。

"Do you?" said Drummle. "Oh, Lord!"

“你也认识？”德鲁莫尔说，“哦，天哪！”

This was the only retort—except glass or crockery—that the heavy creature was capable of making; but, I became as highly incensed by it as if it had been barbed with wit, and I immediately rose in my place and said that I could not but regard it as being like

the honorable Finch's impudence to come down to that Grove—we always talked about coming down to that Grove, as a neat Parliamentary turn of expression—down to that Grove, proposing a lady of whom he knew nothing. Mr. Drummle upon this, starting up, demanded what I meant by that? Whereupon, I made him the extreme reply that I believed he knew where I was to be found.

这是这个笨蛋除了摔杯子、丢盘子之外唯一能做的反驳。可是，他这句话让我气得要命，因为他的话里好像带着刺。我立刻从座位上站起来说，我只能把这看成是这只可敬的“鸟儿”厚颜无耻地飞到“林子”里面来为一位他素昧平生的小姐祝酒——我们常说加入林中鸟俱乐部是“飞鸟入林”，像议会用词一样简洁。德鲁莫尔一听这话就跳了起来，问我什么意思。于是，我给了他一个很绝的回答，我说要是他想跟我斗，我一定奉陪。

Whether it was possible in a Christian country to get on without blood, after this, was a question on which the Finches were divided. The debate upon it grew so lively, indeed, that at least six more honorable members told six more, during the discussion, that they believed they knew where they were to be found. However, it was decided at last (the Grove being a Court of Honor) that if Mr. Drummle would bring never so slight a certificate from the lady, importing that he had the honor of her acquaintance, Mr. Pip must express his regret, as a gentleman and a Finch, for "having been betrayed into a warmth which." Next day was appointed for the production (lest our honor should take cold from delay), and next day Drummle appeared with a polite little avowal in Estella's hand, that she had had the honor of dancing with him several times. This left me no course but to regret that I had been "betrayed into a warmth which," and on the whole to repudiate, as untenable, the idea that I was to be found anywhere. Drummle and I then sat snorting at one another for an hour, while the Grove engaged in indiscriminate contradiction, and finally the promotion of good feeling was declared to have gone ahead at an amazing rate.

在一个信奉基督教的国家里，发生了这样的事情，是否可以不发生流血事件而友好地相处下去，这是“林中鸟”俱乐部会员们争论的话题。关于这个话题的争论愈演愈烈，争论期间，至少又有六位可敬的会员对另六位会员表示，要是想决斗，一定奉陪。然而，最终的决定（“林中鸟”俱乐部是令人尊敬的俱乐部）是，假如德鲁莫尔先生能从那位女士那里带来一星半点的证据来证明他有幸与那位女士相识，皮普先生作为一名绅士、一名“林中鸟”俱乐部会员，就必须为其“失态之言”道歉。证明第二天就要拿出来（以免我们的荣誉感因为耽搁而变淡）。第二天，德鲁莫尔带来了埃斯特拉的手迹——里面的措词很客气——公开承认了她有幸与德鲁莫尔先生跳过几次舞。这让我无话可说，只得为自己的“失态之言”道歉，并且收回自己先前说要决斗这一站不住脚的说法。之后，德

鲁莫尔和我坐在那里相互嗤之以鼻，僵持了足足一个小时。与此同时，会员们又不分青红皂白地争论了一通，最后宣布说，会员之间大大增进了友情，而且速度惊人。

I tell this lightly, but it was no light thing to me. For, I cannot adequately express what pain it gave me to think that Estella should show any favor to a contemptible, clumsy, sulky booby, so very far below the average. To the present moment, I believe it to have been referable to some pure fire of generosity and disinterestedness in my love for her, that I could not endure the thought of her stooping to that hound. No doubt I should have been miserable whomsoever she had favored; but a worthier object would have caused me a different kind and degree of distress.

我现在轻描淡写地说这件事，但当时对我来说，这不是件无足轻重的事。因为，想到埃斯特拉竟然对这样一个卑鄙、笨拙、阴郁、远在众人之下的傻瓜示好，我就感到苦不堪言。直到如今，我依然认为，这都要归结于我对她慷慨、无私的爱的火焰，一想到她屈身于这只猎狗，我就觉得难以接受。不管她垂青于谁，我无疑都会痛苦不堪。但假如换个高尚一点的家伙，我的痛苦在种类和程度上也会有所不同。

It was easy for me to find out, and I did soon find out, that Drummle had begun to follow her closely, and that she allowed him to do it. A little while, and he was always in pursuit of her, and he and I crossed one another every day. He held on, in a dull persistent way, and Estella held him on; now with encouragement, now with discouragement, now almost flattering him, now openly despising him, now knowing him very well, now scarcely remembering who he was.

我要把这件事查清楚并不难，而且我也很快就发现德鲁莫尔开始追求她了，而且她也准许他这么做。没过多久，他就对她展开了激烈的追求，我和他几乎每天都擦肩而过。他一根筋地对她穷追不舍，埃斯特拉也就听任他的追求，时而给他希望，时而让他失望，对他时而奉承讨好，时而公开贬低，时而和他似乎相知很深，时而记不起他姓甚名谁。

The Spider, as Mr. Jaggers had called him, was used to lying in wait, however, and had the patience of his tribe. Added to that, he had a blockhead confidence in his money and in his family greatness, which sometimes did him good service—almost taking the place of concentration and determined purpose. So, the Spider, doggedly watching Estella, outwatched many brighter insects, and would often uncoil himself and drop at the right nick of time.

贾格尔斯先生叫他“蜘蛛”，他果然是只蜘蛛，惯于伺机而发，他这个种群天生就有耐心。此外，他对他的钱财和家族地位像个傻瓜一样自信，这有时甚至比他的注意力和明确的目标更有用。所以，这只死守着埃斯特拉的蜘蛛，守候的时间比其他智商高于他的昆虫都要久，还时不

时地离开蜘蛛网，在合适的时机出击一把。

At a certain Assembly Ball at Richmond (there used to be Assembly Balls at most places then), where Estella had outshone all other beauties, this blundering Drummle so hung about her, and with so much toleration on her part, that I resolved to speak to her concerning him. I took the next opportunity: which was when she was waiting for Mrs. Brandley to take her home, and was sitting apart among some flowers, ready to go. I was with her, for I almost always accompanied them to and from such places.

一次在里士满举办了一场舞会（当时在许多地方都时兴开舞会），埃斯特拉艳压群芳。而这个笨拙的德鲁莫尔在她周围转来转去，而她对他也怀着极大的耐心，我下定决心要跟她谈谈关于他的事。我抓住接下来的一个机会：她远远地坐在花丛中，打算离开，只等布兰德利夫人接她回家。我和她呆在一起，因为她们一般都是由我陪同着出入这样的场合的。

"Are you tired, Estella?"

“你累了吗，埃斯特拉？”

"Rather, Pip."

“有点，皮普。”

"You should be."

“你这时应该很累。”

"Say rather, I should not be; for I have my letter to Satis House to write, before I go to sleep."

“有点，我真不应该累，因为我睡前还要写封信给沙提斯庄园。”

"Recounting tonight's triumph?" said I. "Surely a very poor one, Estella."

“描述今晚的战果？”我说，“战果当然是少得可怜，埃斯特拉。”

"What do you mean? I didn't know there had been any."

“你这话什么意思？我不知道哪里有什么战果。”

"Estella," said I, "do look at that fellow in the corner yonder, who is looking over here at us."

“埃斯特拉，”我说，“你看那边角落里的那个家伙，他正看着我们呢。”

"Why should I look at him?" returned Estella, with her eyes on me instead. "What is there in that fellow in the corner yonder—to use your words—that I need look at?”

“我为什么要看他？”埃斯特拉反驳道，没有看他，而是看着我，“那

边角落里的那个家伙——用你的话说——有什么好让我看的呢？”

"Indeed, that is the very question I want to ask you," said I. "For he has been hovering about you all night."

“的确，我想问你的正是这个问题。”我说，“因为他整晚都在你身边打转。”

"Moths, and all sorts of ugly creatures," replied Estella, with a glance towards him, "hover about a lighted candle. Can the candle help it?"

“飞蛾，还有形形色色的、丑陋的生物。”埃斯特拉朝他瞟了一眼，说，“围着点燃的蜡烛打转。蜡烛有什么办法呢？”

"No," I returned; "but cannot the Estella help it?"

“没有。”我说，“可埃斯特拉也没有办法吗？”

"Well!" said she, laughing, after a moment, "perhaps. Yes. Anything you like."

“好吧！”她笑了一会儿后说，“也许吧。是的。随你怎么说。”

"But, Estella, do hear me speak. It makes me wretched that you should encourage a man so generally despised as Drummle. You know he is despised."

“可是，埃斯特拉，你听我说。你竟然纵容德鲁莫尔这种为众人所鄙视的小人，这真让我难过。你知道大家都鄙视他。”

"Well?" said she.

“是吗？”她说。

"You know he is as ungainly within, as without. A deficient, ill-tempered, lowering, stupid fellow.”

“他内心和外表一样丑陋不堪。一个先天不足、卑劣、愚蠢的家伙。”

"Well?" said she.

“是吗？”她说。

"You know he has nothing to recommend him but money, and a ridiculous roll of addle-headed predecessors; now, don't you?"

“他除了有几个钱，还有那本可笑的笨蛋祖宗的家谱外，就一无是处。现在你知道了吧？”

"Well?" said she again; and each time she said it, she opened her lovely eyes the wider.

“是吗？”她还是这么回答，每说一次，那双漂亮的眼睛就睁大几分。

To overcome the difficulty of getting past that monosyllable, I took it from her, and said, repeating it with emphasis, "Well! Then, that is why it makes me wretched."

为了防止她再说出那两个字，我抢先她一步，字正腔圆地重复了一遍：“是的！这就是我痛苦不堪的原因。”

Now, if I could have believed that she favored Drummle with any idea of making me—me—wretched, I should have been in better heart about it; but in that habitual way of hers, she put me so entirely out of the question, that I could believe nothing of the kind.

如果我相信她垂青于德鲁莫尔只是想让我——让我——痛苦不堪，我心里头也会好受一些，但她行事一贯如此，把我置之不顾，我没办法肯定我的想法。

"Pip," said Estella, casting her glance over the room, "don't be foolish about its effect on you. It may have its effect on others, and may be meant to have. It's not worth discussing."

“皮普，”埃斯特拉向屋子扫视了一圈，“别傻了，别受这个影响。其他人也许会受到影响，不想受都不行。这不值得讨论。”

"Yes it is," said I, "because I cannot bear that people should say, 'she throws away her graces and attractions on a mere boor, the lowest in the crowd.'"

“不，这值得讨论，”我说，“因为我不能容忍人家说‘她把风度和魅力都浪费在那个粗人身上了，那个最低贱之流’。”

"I can bear it," said Estella.

“我可以忍受。”埃斯特拉说。

"Oh! don't be so proud, Estella, and so inflexible."

“啊！埃斯特拉，别这么傲慢，这么刻板。”

"Calls me proud and inflexible in this breath!" said Estella, opening her hands. "And in his last breath reproached me for stooping to a boor!"

“现在说我傲慢又刻板！”埃斯特拉把手一摊，说道，“刚才又责怪我垂青于一个粗人！”

"There is no doubt you do," said I, something hurriedly, "for I have seen you give him looks and smiles this very night, such as you never give to—me."

“你的确是这么做的。”我赶忙说道，“今晚我看见你对他抛媚眼，对他笑，而你对我却从来没有这么做过。”

"Do you want me then," said Estella, turning suddenly with a fixed and serious, if not angry, look, "to deceive and entrap you?"

埃斯特拉突然变了一副脸孔，即使不是生气，也是严肃而专注的：“那么，你是想要我欺骗你，让你陷入罗网吗？”

"Do you deceive and entrap him, Estella?"

“你在欺骗他，引诱他陷入罗网吗，埃斯特拉？”

"Yes, and many others—all of them but you. Here is Mrs. Brandley. I'll say no more."

“是的，还有其他很多人——所有的人，除了你。布兰德利夫人来了。我不说了。”

And now that I have given the one chapter to the theme that so filled my heart, and so often made it ache and ache again, I pass on, unhindered, to the event that had impended over me longer yet; the event that had begun to be prepared for, before I knew that the world held Estella, and in the days when her baby intelligence was receiving its first distortions from Miss Havisham's wasting hands.

我已经花了一个章节来讲这段经历，这段充斥我的心、让我的心不时隐隐作痛的经历。至此，我可以不受妨碍地接下去讲一个故事，这个故事在我心里盘踞的时间更长。在我知道这世上有个埃斯特拉，在她幼小的智慧开始接受郝维仙小姐的魔掌控制之前，这个故事就已有了雏形。

In the Eastern story, the heavy slab that was to fall on the bed of state in the flush of conquest was slowly wrought out of the quarry, the tunnel for the rope to hold it in its place was slowly carried through the leagues of rock, the slab was slowly raised and fitted in the roof, the rope was rove to it and slowly taken through the miles of hollow to the great iron ring. All being made ready with much labor, and the hour come, the sultan was aroused in the dead of the night, and the sharpened axe that was to sever the rope from the great iron ring was put into his hand, and he struck with it, and the rope parted and rushed away, and the ceiling fell. So, in my case; all the work, near and afar, that tended to the end, had been accomplished; and in an instant the blow was struck, and the roof of my stronghold dropped upon me.

东方有个故事，说苏丹打算在征战胜利后，用一块厚石板砸碎敌国国王的宝座。人们在采石场慢慢凿出这块石板，再从岩石中慢慢掘出一条隧道，用绳子穿入隧道拴住石板，然后慢慢把石板吊上屋顶装好，吊住石板的绳子另一端扣在数英里之外的一个巨大铁环上。费了九牛二虎之力，一切准备就绪，时机到了，人们在夜深人静的时候唤醒苏丹，把切断扣在巨大铁环上的绳子的利斧交到他手里。他一斧头砍下去，绳子立刻断裂，石板直坠而下，天花板瞬间崩塌。我的情形也是如此。一切远的、近的准备工作都已接近尾声，安排就绪，只等利斧一砍，我堡垒的屋顶就要坍塌下来，压在我身上。

CHAPTER 39

第三十九章

I was three-and-twenty years of age. Not another word had I heard to enlighten me on the subject of my expectations, and my twenty-third birthday was a week gone. We had left Barnard's Inn more than a year, and lived in the Temple. Our chambers were in Garden-court, down by the river.

我二十三岁了。我没有听到任何关于我的财产的新消息，我的二十三岁生日也已经过去一个星期了。我们搬出巴纳德旅馆也有一年多了，现在住在坦普尔。我们的房子在花园坊，位于下游的河滨地区。

Mr. Pocket and I had for some time parted company as to our original relations, though we continued on the best terms. Notwithstanding my inability to settle to anything—which I hope arose out of the restless and incomplete tenure on which I held my means—I had a taste for reading, and read regularly so many hours a day. That matter of Herbert's was still progressing, and everything with me was as I have brought it down to the close of the last preceding chapter.

鄱凯特先生和我解除最初的师生关系也有些时日了，虽然我们还保持着友好往来。尽管我还没有能力处理事务——我希望这些是由于我在理财方面的不擅长和不成熟造成的——我有看书的嗜好，每天都要花很多时间来看书。赫伯特的事情还在进行当中，而我的情况正如我在上一章的末尾所述。

Business had taken Herbert on a journey to Marseilles. I was alone, and had a dull sense of being alone. Dispirited and anxious, long hoping that tomorrow or next week would clear my way, and long disappointed, I sadly missed the cheerful face and ready response of my friend.

赫伯特因公去法国马赛出差了。我孤身一人，这让我觉得索然无趣。我既沮丧又焦虑，长期以来，我一直都期待着到了明天或者下个星期自己的情况会明朗起来。长期的失望让我不禁怀念起朋友们开心的面孔和我们默契的交谈。

It was wretched weather; stormy and wet, stormy and wet; and mud, mud, mud, deep in all the streets. Day after day, a vast heavy veil had been driving over London from the East, and it drove still, as if in the East there were an Eternity of cloud and wind. So furious had been the gusts, that high buildings in town had had the lead stripped off their roofs; and in the country, trees had been torn up, and sails of

windmills carried away; and gloomy accounts had come in from the coast, of shipwreck and death. Violent blasts of rain had accompanied these rages of wind, and the day just closed as I sat down to read had been the worst of all.

天气糟糕透了，总是狂风暴雨，到处都是湿漉漉的，大街小巷到处泥泞不堪。日复一日，从东边飘来一块巨大而厚重的乌云，然后继续西进，把伦敦的天空都遮住了，好像东边有取之不尽用之不竭的大风和乌云，源源不断地涌过来。狂风肆虐，城里高楼屋顶上的铅板都脱落了，在乡下，树被连根拔起，风车的叶片被风带走，沉船和死亡的不幸消息接二连三地从海边传来。狂风暴雨相互交织。在经历了心情最差的一天之后，晚上我就坐在屋里开始看书。

Alterations have been made in that part of the Temple since that time, and it has not now so lonely a character as it had then, nor is it so exposed to the river. We lived at the top of the last house, and the wind rushing up the river shook the house that night, like discharges of cannon, or breakings of a sea. When the rain came with it and dashed against the windows, I thought, raising my eyes to them as they rocked, that I might have fancied myself in a storm-beaten lighthouse. Occasionally, the smoke came rolling down the chimney as though it could not bear to go out into such a night; and when I set the doors open and looked down the staircase, the staircase lamps were blown out; and when I shaded my face with my hands and looked through the black windows (opening them ever so little, was out of the question in the teeth of such wind and rain) I saw that the lamps in the court were blown out, and that the lamps on the bridges and the shore were shuddering, and that the coal fires in barges on the river were being carried away before the wind like red-hot splashes in the rain.

自那时以来，坦普尔这一带有了一些改观，现在不像以前那么凄凉了，也不像以前那么容易被河水淹没了。我们住在最后面那栋房子的顶层。那晚，狂风吹过河面，风里夹着水汽，拍打晃动着屋子，有如大炮的袭击，又像大浪的冲击。狂风伴着大雨朝窗户打来时，我抬眼看见它们摇动着屋子，心想，我也许要把自己想象为身处一座被暴风雨袭击的灯塔中。烟囱里的烟时不时地倒灌回屋里，好像对它来说，在这样的夜晚跑出去就是无法忍受。我打开门，向下往楼梯看去，楼梯的灯已经熄灭了。我把手放在眼睛上遮住光，透过黑漆漆的窗向外望去（在这样的狂风和暴雨的夹攻下，想要打开窗，哪怕只打开一点，也是不可能的），我看见院子里的灯也被吹灭了，桥上和岸边的灯颤抖不止，河里驳船上的煤火也被风吹走了，好像红热的斑点散在雨里一般。

I read with my watch upon the table, purposing to close my book at eleven o'clock. As I shut it, Saint Paul's, and all the many church-clocks in the City—some leading, some accompanying, some following—struck that hour. The sound was curiously flawed by the wind; and I

was listening, and thinking how the wind assailed and tore it, when I heard a footstep on the stair.

我看书的时候，表就放在桌上，打算十一点钟就合上书去睡觉。我刚合上书，圣保罗大教堂，还有伦敦金融城里所有其他教堂的钟——有的领头，有的跟着，有的随后——都敲响了十一点。钟声被风削弱了，听起来很奇怪，我一边听一边想，这风是怎么袭击钟声而把它扯得破碎不堪的，就在这时，我听到楼梯上有脚步声传来。

What nervous folly made me start, and awfully connect it with the footstep of my dead sister, matters not. It was past in a moment, and I listened again, and heard the footstep stumble in coming on. Remembering then, that the staircase-lights were blown out, I took up my reading-lamp and went out to the stair-head. Whoever was below had stopped on seeing my lamp, for all was quiet.

我一阵紧张而愚蠢地吃了一惊，把这脚步声和我死去的姐姐联系起来，而这阵脚步其实和她根本没有关系。脚步声停了一会儿。我再一听，只听见这个声音踉踉跄跄地越走越近。当时我记起楼梯的灯已经被风吹灭了，就拿了台灯，走到楼梯口。一切突然间静了下来，显然是楼下要上来的人看见我的灯就停住了。

"There is some one down there, is there not?" I called out, looking down.

“有人在下面吗，有没有？”我喊了一声，同时向下望去。

"Yes," said a voice from the darkness beneath.

“有。”楼下的黑暗中传出一个声音。

"What floor do you want?"

“你要去哪一层？”

"The top. Mr. Pip."

“顶层。找皮普先生。”

"That is my name.— There is nothing the matter?”

“我就是皮普——不会出什么事了吧？”

"Nothing the matter," returned the voice. And the man came on.

“没出什么事。”那个声音答道。这个人说着就上来了。

I stood with my lamp held out over the stair-rail, and he came slowly within its light. It was a shaded lamp, to shine upon a book, and its circle of light was very contracted; so that he was in it for a mere instant, and then out of it. In the instant, I had seen a face that was strange to me, looking up with an incomprehensible air of being touched and pleased by the sight of me.

我站在那里，把灯伸到楼梯栏杆以外，他慢慢上来了，走到灯光里来了。这是一盏带罩的台灯，是用来看书的，照射范围很有限，所以只过一会儿他就出了灯光范围。那一刻，我看见了一张陌生的脸，他抬头看着我，显得激动又高兴，他这副神情让我难以理解。

Moving the lamp as the man moved, I made out that he was substantially dressed, but roughly; like a voyager by sea. That he had long iron-grey hair. That his age was about sixty. That he was a muscular man, strong on his legs, and that he was browned and hardened by exposure to weather. As he ascended the last stair or two, and the light of my lamp included us both, I saw, with a stupid kind of amazement, that he was holding out both his hands to me.

他走动着，我的灯也跟着他移动。灯光下，我看见他穿得还算体面，但不讲究，像一个从海上来的旅人。他头发很长，呈铁灰色。大概六十岁的样子。他体格强健，双腿粗壮，皮肤因为经历过风吹雨打变得黝黑而粗糙。他上了楼梯的最后一两级台阶，我手里的台灯照着我们两个，只见他张开双臂，想要拥抱我，这让我万分惊讶。

"Pray what is your business?" I asked him.

“请问你有什么事？”我问他。

"My business?" he repeated, pausing. "Ah! Yes. I will explain my business, by your leave."

“我有什么事？”他重复我这句话，停顿了一下，“啊！对。我得先说明来意，请别见怪。”

"Do you wish to come in?"

“你要进来吗？”

"Yes," he replied; "I wish to come in, Master."

“是的，”他答道，“先生，我想进去。”

I had asked him the question inhospitably enough, for I resented the sort of bright and gratified recognition that still shone in his face. I resented it, because it seemed to imply that he expected me to respond to it. But, I took him into the room I had just left, and, having set the lamp on the table, asked him as civilly as I could, to explain himself.

我问他这个问题时十分冷淡，因为他脸上还是那幅认出我来时的开心、欣慰的表情，这让我觉得很不高兴。我不高兴是因为他这副表情好像在暗示我，他在等着我对此做出回应。但我还是把他带到了我刚才离开的那间屋子。我把台灯放在桌上，用尽量礼貌的语气，问他的来意。

He looked about him with the strangest air—an air of wondering pleasure, as if he had some part in the things he admired—and he pulled off a rough outer coat, and his hat. Then, I saw that his head

was furrowed and bald, and that the long iron-grey hair grew only on its sides. But, I saw nothing that in the least explained him. On the contrary, I saw him next moment, once more holding out both his hands to me.

他用一种奇怪的神情打量着屋子——一种带着吃惊的、喜悦的神情，好像这些让他惊叹的东西他也有份一样——他接着脱下了那件粗糙的外套，然后摘下了帽子。这时，我看见他的额上布满了皱纹，头顶是秃的，只在两侧长着铁灰色的长发。但我一点也没有看出他的来意。相反，不一会儿，我看见他又一次伸出双手想要拥抱我。

"What do you mean?" said I, half suspecting him to be mad.

“你想干什么？”我问，我有点怀疑他是个疯子。

He stopped in his looking at me, and slowly rubbed his right hand over his head. "It's disapinting to a man," he said, in a coarse broken voice, "arter having looked for'ard so distant, and come so fur; but you're not to blame for that—neither on us is to blame for that. I'll speak in half a minute. Give me half a minute, please."

他之前一直看着我，现在把目光移开了，慢慢地用右手擦了擦脑袋。“真叫人失望啊，”他的嗓音很沙哑，“我走了这么远的路好不容易到了这里，但这不能怪你——我们谁都不怪。给我半分钟的时间歇一会儿，我再跟你说。请给我半分钟。”

He sat down on a chair that stood before the fire, and covered his forehead with his large brown veinous hands. I looked at him attentively then, and recoiled a little from him; but I did not know him.

他在火炉前面那把椅子上坐下了，把那只青筋暴露的、黝黑的大手放在额头上。我注视着他，向后退了退，想离他远一点，但我还是不认识他。

"There's no one nigh," said he, looking over his shoulder; "is there?"

“这里没有别人，”他回头望了一眼，说，“没有吧？”

"Why do you, a stranger coming into my rooms at this time of the night, ask that question?" said I.

“你一个陌生人，为什么在晚上这个时候到我房间里来，还问这样的问题？”我说。

"You're a game one," he returned, shaking his head at me with a deliberate affection, at once most unintelligible and most exasperating; "I'm glad you've grow'd up, a game one! But don't catch hold of me. You'd be sorry arterwards to have done it."

“你可真神气。”他摇着头对我说，故意摆出一副赞赏的表情。这种

表情是那么难以理解，那么让人恼怒，“你长大了，还长得这么神气，我真高兴呀！你可不要逮我。你要是逮了我你会后悔的。”

I relinquished the intention he had detected, for I knew him! Even yet, I could not recall a single feature, but I knew him! If the wind and the rain had driven away the intervening years, had scattered all the intervening objects, had swept us to the churchyard where we first stood face to face on such different levels, I could not have known my convict more distinctly than I knew him now as he sat in the chair before the fire. No need to take a file from his pocket and show it to me; no need to take the handkerchief from his neck and twist it round his head; no need to hug himself with both his arms, and take a shivering turn across the room, looking back at me for recognition. I knew him before he gave me one of those aids, though, a moment before, I had not been conscious of remotely suspecting his identity.

他一觉察出我的想法，我就放弃了这么做的意图，因为我认出他了！虽然他的面部特征我一个都记不起了，但我认出他了！就算风雨把悠悠岁月都冲刷掉，把横在我们面前的东西都驱散，把我们带回那个墓地，那个我们第一次一高一矮面对面站着的那个墓地，我也不会比现在更清楚地认出他来，他就坐在火炉前的那张椅子上。他不需要从口袋里掏出一把锉刀向我展示，也不需要取下他脖子上的手帕围在头上，更不需要两只胳膊紧紧抱着自己的身子，在屋里瑟瑟发抖地转来转去，还回头看我一眼，希望我能想起来。在他给我这些暗示之前我就认出他来了，虽然就在刚才，我还下意识地怀疑过他的身份呢。

He came back to where I stood, and again held out both his hands. Not knowing what to do—for, in my astonishment I had lost my self-possession—I reluctantly gave him my hands. He grasped them heartily, raised them to his lips, kissed them, and still held them.

他走回到我站的地方，又一次向我张开了胳膊。我不知如何是好——我万分惊讶，无法镇定下来——我不情愿地把手伸给他。他一把握住我的手，把我的手放到他的唇边，亲了亲，还握着不放。

"You acted noble, my boy," said he. "Noble, Pip! And I have never forgot it!"

“你当年的行为多高尚啊，好孩子，”他说，“高尚，皮普！我一直没忘！”

At a change in his manner as if he were even going to embrace me, I laid a hand upon his breast and put him away.

他举止一变，好像又要来拥抱我，我伸出一只手放在他胸膛上，把他推开了。

"Stay!" said I. "Keep off! If you are grateful to me for what I did when I was a little child, I hope you have shown your gratitude by

mending your way of life. If you have come here to thank me, it was not necessary. Still, however you have found me out, there must be something good in the feeling that has brought you here, and I will not repulse you; but surely you must understand that—I—”

“别动！”我说，“离我远点！如果你因为我小时候做的事而感激我，我希望你已经以改过自新的方式，表达了对我的感谢。如果你来是为了谢我，我看没这个必要。还有，虽然你已经找到了我，你找到这里来一定是出于某种好意，我不会把你拒之门外，但你得明白，那就是——我——”

My attention was so attracted by the singularity of his fixed look at me, that the words died away on my tongue.

他用一种奇怪的眼神盯着我，我话到嘴边又咽回去了。

"You was a saying," he observed, when we had confronted one another in silence, "that surely I must understand. What, surely must I understand?"

“你是说，”我们相对无言，过了一会儿之后，他说，“我得明白。我得明白什么？”

"That I cannot wish to renew that chance intercourse with you of long ago, under these different circumstances. I am glad to believe you have repented and recovered yourself. I am glad to tell you so. I am glad that, thinking I deserve to be thanked, you have come to thank me. But our ways are different ways, none the less. You are wet, and you look weary. Will you drink something before you go?"

“我们以前是偶然相识，但现在情况不同了，我不希望我们这种关系继续下去。我很高兴看到你已经改过自新了。我很高兴跟你说这些。我也很高兴你来谢我，让我觉得自己还值得被谢。可是，我们要走的路不一样。你都湿透了，看上去也很累。要不要喝点什么再走呢？”

He had replaced his neckerchief loosely, and had stood, keenly observant of me, biting a long end of it. "I think," he answered, still with the end at his mouth and still observant of me, "that I will drink (I thank you) afore I go.”

他松了松脖子上的围巾，站在那里，目光炯炯地盯着我，嘴里咬着那长长的围巾的一头。“我想，”他还咬着围巾的那头，还是目光炯炯地盯着我，说，“我喝点东西就走，谢谢你。”

There was a tray ready on a side-table. I brought it to the table near the fire, and asked him what he would have? He touched one of the bottles without looking at it or speaking, and I made him some hot rum-and-water. I tried to keep my hand steady while I did so, but his look at me as he leaned back in his chair with the long draggled end of his neckerchief between his teeth—evidently forgotten—made my

hand very difficult to master. When at last I put the glass to him, I saw with amazement that his eyes were full of tears.

茶几上放着一只托盘。我把托盘搬到火炉边的桌子上，问他想喝什么。他碰了碰一个酒瓶，既没有看是什么也没有说话，我就给他调了一杯热的朗姆酒。我调酒的时候尽量不让自己的手颤抖，但他背靠椅子看着我，嘴里还咬着他那湿透了的围巾的一头——显然他是忘了——这让我的手不由自主地哆嗦起来。我最后把杯子递给他的时候，惊讶地发现他眼里噙满了泪水。

Up to this time I had remained standing, not to disguise that I wished him gone. But I was softened by the softened aspect of the man, and felt a touch of reproach. "I hope," said I, hurriedly putting something into a glass for myself, and drawing a chair to the table, "that you will not think I spoke harshly to you just now. I had no intention of doing it, and I am sorry for it if I did. I wish you well, and happy!"

直到那时我还是站着的，丝毫不掩饰我希望他走的意思。但看到他那么难过的样子，我也心软了，觉得有点对不住他。“我希望，”我匆匆给自己倒了杯酒，拖了把椅子到桌边，说，“我刚才对你说话不太客气，你不要介意。我不是有意这么做的，如果让你有这样的感觉，我向你道歉。我祝你身体好，心情好！”

As I put my glass to my lips, he glanced with surprise at the end of his neckerchief, dropping from his mouth when he opened it, and stretched out his hand. I gave him mine, and then he drank, and drew his sleeve across his eyes and forehead.

我酒杯刚送到唇边，他一张嘴，围巾的那一头就掉了下来，他吃惊地看了看他的围巾，向我伸出手来。我把手递给他，他这才一边喝酒，一边用袖子擦了擦眼睛和额头。

"How are you living?" I asked him.

“你过得怎么样？”我问他。

"I've been a sheep-farmer, stock-breeder, other trades besides, away in the new world," said he: "many a thousand mile of stormy water off from this."

“我放过羊，养过牲口，还干过其他行当，在那个新世界，离这里远得很。”他说，“离这里好几千英里呢，隔着大风大浪的海洋。”

"I hope you have done well?"

“你干得不错吧？”

"I've done wonderfully well. There's others went out alonger me as has done well too, but no man has done nigh as well as me. I'm famous for it."

“我干得很不错。和我一起去的人也有干得可以的，但没有人干得比我好。我可是出了名的。”

"I am glad to hear it."

“听你这么说我真高兴。”

"I hope to hear you say so, my dear boy."

“我巴不得着你这么说呢，我的好孩子。”

Without stopping to try to understand those words or the tone in which they were spoken, I turned off to a point that had just come into my mind.

我既没停下来想一想他这话的意思，也没想一想他说这话的语调，就转到另一个话题上去了，是我刚刚想到的。

"Have you ever seen a messenger you once sent to me," I inquired, "since he undertook that trust?"

“你曾经派过一个人来看我，你见过他吗？”我问他，“自从他给你办过那件差事以后。”

"Never set eyes upon him. I warn't likely to it."

“我没有再见过他。我也没打算见他。”

"He came faithfully, and he brought me the two one-pound notes. I was a poor boy then, as you know, and to a poor boy they were a little fortune. But, like you, I have done well since, and you must let me pay them back. You can put them to some other poor boy's use." I took out my purse.

“他果然来了，给我送来两张一英镑的钞票。那个时候我还是个穷小子，你知道的，对一个穷小子来说，这笔钱可不是个小数目。不过，和你一样，从那以后我也干得很好了，这个钱我得还给你。你可以用这些钱接济别的穷孩子。”说着我便掏出钱包来。

He watched me as I laid my purse upon the table and opened it, and he watched me as I separated two one-pound notes from its contents. They were clean and new, and I spread them out and handed them over to him. Still watching me, he laid them one upon the other, folded them long-wise, gave them a twist, set fire to them at the lamp, and dropped the ashes into the tray.

他看着我把钱包放在桌上打开，看着我从里面取出两张一英镑的票子。这些是两张崭新的票子，我把票子展开了递给他。他一边看着我，一边把两张票子叠在一起，卷成一卷，把它们放在火上烧着了，最后把灰拨到托盘里。

"May I make so bold," he said then, with a smile that was like a frown, and with a frown that was like a smile, "as ask you how you

have done well, since you and me was out on them lone shivering marshes?"

“我可不可以斗胆问一句，”他说，脸上的笑好像是在皱眉，皱着的眉头又好像是在笑，“你跟我在那片又荒又冷的沼泽地上分开以后，你的日子是怎么好起来的？”

"How?"

“怎么好起来的？”

"Ah!"

“恩！”

He emptied his glass, got up, and stood at the side of the fire, with his heavy brown hand on the mantelshelf. He put a foot up to the bars, to dry and warm it, and the wet boot began to steam; but, he neither looked at it, nor at the fire, but steadily looked at me. It was only now that I began to tremble.

他一饮而尽，然后站起身来，站在火炉旁，把一只厚实、黝黑的手放在壁炉架上。他把一只脚搁在炉栏上面，既烘烘靴子又暖暖脚，那只湿的靴子开始冒蒸气，他既没有看他的靴子也没有看火炉，而是目不转睛地看着我。直到这时我才开始哆嗦起来。

When my lips had parted, and had shaped some words that were without sound, I forced myself to tell him (though I could not do it distinctly), that I had been chosen to succeed to some property.

我张开了嘴，想说点什么却没说出来，不得已才告诉他（虽然说得结结巴巴），说有人挑中了我，让我继承一笔财产。

"Might a mere warmint ask what property?" said he.

“像我这样的小毛虫可不可以问一下，是什么样的财产？”他问。

I faltered, "I don't know."

我支支吾吾地说：“我不知道。”

"Might a mere warmint ask whose property?" said he.

“像我这样的小毛虫可不可以问一下，是谁的财产？”他说。

I faltered again, "I don't know."

我还是支支吾吾地说：“我不知道。”

"Could I make a guess, I wonder," said the Convict, "at your income since you come of age! As to the first figure now. Five?"

“可不可以让我来猜一下，我想知道，”这位逃犯说，“你成年后的收入是多少！先猜第一位数字。是不是五？”

With my heart beating like a heavy hammer of disordered action,

I rose out of my chair, and stood with my hand upon the back of it, looking wildly at him.

我的心跳像一把重锤在胡乱敲击一般。我从椅子上站了起来，手扶着椅背，一个劲地看着他。

"Concerning a guardian," he went on. "There ought to have been some guardian, or such-like, whiles you was a minor. Some lawyer, maybe. As to the first letter of that lawyer's name now. Would it be J?"

“说到监护人，”他继续说道，“你还没成年的时候，应该有个监护人，或者这一类的什么人。也许是个律师。我现在猜一下那个律师名字的第一个字吧。是不是一个‘贾’字？”

All the truth of my position came flashing on me; and its disappointments, dangers, disgraces, consequences of all kinds, rushed in in such a multitude that I was borne down by them and had to struggle for every breath I drew.

关于我的处境的事实都向我一齐扑来，随后，失望、危险、羞耻等等所有的后果都劈头盖脸地向我扑来，我被它们击倒了，只觉得每一次呼吸都很困难。

"Put it," he resumed, "as the employer of that lawyer whose name begun with a J, and might be Jaggers—put it as he had come over sea to Portsmouth, and had landed there, and had wanted to come on to you. 'However, you have found me out,' you said just now. Well! However, did I find you out? Why, I wrote from Portsmouth to a person in London, for particulars of your address. That person's name? Why, Wemmick."

“这么说吧，”他接着说，“有这么个人，雇了这个名字第一个字是‘贾’的律师，可能叫贾格尔斯吧——他漂洋过海来到朴次茅斯，上了岸就一心想来找你。你刚才说‘可你找到我了’。是的！可我是怎么找到你的呢？噢，我在朴次茅斯写了封信，寄给伦敦的一个人，问他你的住址。那个人叫什么名字？噢，叫温米克。”

I could not have spoken one word, though it had been to save my life. I stood, with a hand on the chair-back and a hand on my breast, where I seemed to be suffocating—I stood so, looking wildly at him, until I grasped at the chair, when the room began to surge and turn. He caught me, drew me to the sofa, put me up against the cushions, and bent on one knee before me: bringing the face that I now well remembered, and that I shuddered at, very near to mine.

我一句话也说不出来了，即使要我的命，我也说不出来了。我站在那里，一手扶着椅背，一手捂着胸口，好像呼吸困难的样子——我就这么站着，两眼盯着他，直到我觉得屋里开始天旋地转了，赶忙一把抓住

了椅子。他扶住了我，把我扶到沙发旁，让我坐在垫子上，屈下一膝在我前面跪下了，他把脸凑到我面前，这张脸我现在记得很清楚，当时却是让我不寒而栗。

"Yes, Pip, dear boy, I've made a gentleman on you! It's me wot has done it! I swore that time, sure as ever I earned a guinea, that guinea should go to you. I swore arterwards, sure as ever I spec'lated and got rich, you should get rich. I lived rough, that you should live smooth; I worked hard, that you should be above work. What odds, dear boy? Do I tell it, fur you to feel a obligation? Not a bit. I tell it, fur you to know as that there hunted dunghill dog wot you kep life in, got his head so high that he could make a gentleman—and, Pip, you're him!"

“是的，皮普，好孩子，我把你培养成了一个绅士！是我一手培养的你呀！那时我就发誓，只要我挣了一个几尼，我就要把那个几尼给你。后来我发誓，只要我想法子发了财，我也要让你发财。我过得苦，为的是你过得舒服；我干得累，为的是你不用干活。这算得了什么，好孩子？我告诉你这些，是为了让你记得我的恩情吗？根本不是。我告诉你这些，是为了让你知道，当年被你救了一命的那只在粪堆里荡来荡去的丧家狗，现在也可以把头抬得老高了，因为他也可以培养一个绅士——皮普，那个绅士就是你呀！”

The abhorrence in which I held the man, the dread I had of him, the repugnance with which I shrank from him, could not have been exceeded if he had been some terrible beast.

我对这个人的厌恶感，对他的畏惧感，对他的躲避之意都到了无以复加的地步，哪怕他是一只可怕的野兽，也不过如此。

"Look'ee here, Pip. I'm your second father. You're my son—more to me nor any son. I've put away money, only for you to spend. When I was a hired-out shepherd in a solitary hut, not seeing no faces but faces of sheep till I half forgot wot men's and women's faces wos like, I see yourn. I drops my knife many a time in that hut when I was a-eating my dinner or my supper, and I said, 'Here's the boy again, a-looking at me whiles I eats and drinks!' I see you there a many times, as plain as ever I see you on them misty marshes. 'Lord strike me dead!' I said each time—and I goes out in the air to say it under the open heavens—'but wot, if I gets liberty and money, I'll make that boy a gentleman!' And I done it. Why, look at you, dear boy! Look at these here lodgings o'yourn, fit for a lord! A lord? Ah! You shall show money with lords for wagers, and beat 'em!"

“听我说，皮普。我是你的第二个父亲。你就是我的儿子——其他人都比不上。我存钱都是为了给你花。人家雇我放羊的时候，我住在孤零零的屋子里，成天看着羊，一个人都看不到，我都快忘了男人和女人的脸长什么样了，这时我想起了你的脸。我在屋子里吃晚饭或者中饭的时候，常常吃着吃着就丢下餐刀，我说：‘那孩子又来了，在看着我吃吃喝

喝呢！’我老是看见你，就跟我在雾蒙蒙的沼泽地里看到你的时候一样。‘上帝打死我吧！’每次我都这么说——我走到屋外，到朗朗乾坤下说——‘等我自由了、发财了，我要把那孩子培养成一个绅士，如果我没做到，上帝打死我吧！’我做到了。噢，瞧你，亲爱的孩子！看看你住的房子，贵族住的也不过如此！贵族？啊！你该拿你的钱去跟贵族比比，把他们比下去！”

In his heat and triumph, and in his knowledge that I had been nearly fainting, he did not remark on my reception of all this. It was the one grain of relief I had.

他慷慨陈词、得意洋洋，他知道我已经快要晕过去了，就没有对我的反应说些什么。这让我好不容易有机会松了一口气。

"Look'ee here!" he went on, taking my watch out of my pocket, and turning towards him a ring on my finger, while I recoiled from his touch as if he had been a snake, "a gold 'un and a beauty: that's a gentleman's, I hope! A diamond all set round with rubies; that's a gentleman's, I hope! Look at your linen; fine and beautiful! Look at your clothes; better ain't to be got! And your books too," turning his eyes round the room, "mounting up, on their shelves, by hundreds! And you read 'em; don't you? I see you'd been a reading of 'em when I come in. Ha, ha, ha! You shall read 'em to me, dear boy! And if they're in foreign languages wot I don't understand, I shall be just as proud as if I did."

“看看这个！”他从我口袋里掏出我的表来，又拉过我的手看看那枚戒指，这时我忙往后一缩，好像他是一条毒蛇一般，他继续说道，“一块金表，美极了，我看这才是绅士戴的表！一枚钻戒，镶了一圈的红宝石，我看这才是绅士戴的戒指！看看你的亚麻衬衫，质地多好，多漂亮啊！看看你的衣服，到哪里买更好的去！还有你的书，”他扫视了一眼屋子，“书架上堆了这么高，有几百本吧！这些书你都读吧，是不是？我进来的时候看见你在读的。哈，哈，哈！你该读给我听听，好孩子！就算是外国字写的，我听不懂，我也会跟听得懂一样得意的。”

Again he took both my hands and put them to his lips, while my blood ran cold within me.

他又一次抓起我的手，放在嘴上亲了亲，我浑身的血液都凉了。

"Don't you mind talking, Pip," said he, after again drawing his sleeve over his eyes and forehead, as the click came in his throat which I well remembered—and he was all the more horrible to me that he was so much in earnest; "you can't do better nor keep quiet, dear boy. You ain't looked slowly forward to this as I have; you wosn't prepared for this, as I wos. But didn't you never think it might be me?"

“你不用说话，皮普。”他说，又用袖子擦了擦眼睛和额头，喉咙里

又发出那种我记得很清楚的咔嗒声——他说得越郑重其事，我越害怕，“你最好还是别说话，好孩子。你不像我，我盼着这一天盼了这么久，你还没准备好呢。可你从来没想过，那个人会是我吗？”

"O no, no, no," I returned, "Never, never!"

“哦，没，没，没，”我说，“从来没有，从来没有！”

"Well, you see it wos me, and single-handed. Never a soul in it but my own self and Mr. Jaggers.”

“哦，你现在知道了，是我，是我一个人。这事除了我和贾格尔斯先生以外，没有其他人知道。”

"Was there no one else?" I asked.

“没有其他人了吗？”我问。

"No," said he, with a glance of surprise: "who else should there be? And, dear boy, how good looking you have growed! There's bright eyes somewheres—eh? Isn't there bright eyes somewheres, wot you love the thoughts on?"

“没有，”他吃惊地看了我一眼，说，“还会有谁知道呢？好孩子，你多英俊呀！有心上人了吧——嗯？就算还没有心上人，总有这个想法吧？”

O Estella, Estella!

哦，埃斯特拉，埃斯特拉！

"They shall be yourn, dear boy, if money can buy 'em. Not that a gentleman like you, so well set up as you, can't win 'em off of his own game; but money shall back you! Let me finish wot I was a-telling you, dear boy. From that there hut and that there hiring-out, I got money left me by my master (which died, and had been the same as me), and got my liberty and went for myself. In every single thing I went for, I went for you. 'Lord strike a blight upon it,' I said, wotever it was I went for, 'if it ain't for him!' It all prospered wonderful. As I giv' you to understand just now, I'm famous for it. It was the money left me, and the gains of the first few year wot I sent home to Mr. Jaggers—all for you—when he first come arter you, agreeable to my letter.”

“只要钱能买到的，你看上什么样的，都能到手。倒不是说像你这样的绅士，长得又这么英俊，光靠自己不能赢得她们的心，不过有了钱，你的底气可就更足了！我还是把我之前跟你说的话说完吧，好孩子。给我房住、雇我放羊的那家人留了笔钱给我（他们是和我出身一样的人，都死了），我自由了，又自己去谋出路了。我不管干什么，都是为了你。不管我去哪家干活，我都这么说，‘如果我做的一切不是为了他，上帝罚我不得好死！’我活干得棒极了。我刚才跟你说了，我干活可是出了

名的。我把东家留给我的钱，还有我头几年挣的钱寄回来，寄给贾格尔斯先生——都是给你的——就在他答应了我信里的请求，第一次见了你以后。”

O, that he had never come! That he had left me at the forge—far from contented, yet, by comparison happy!

哎，他要是从没来找过我就好了！要是他让我待在铁匠铺里就好了——虽然日子过得说不上有多满足，但也比现在快活！

"And then, dear boy, it was a recompense to me, look'ee here, to know in secret that I was making a gentleman. The blood horses of them colonists might fling up the dust over me as I was walking; what do I say? I said to myself, 'I'm making a better gentleman nor ever you'll be!' When one of 'em said to another, 'He was a convict, a few year ago, and is a ignorant common fellow now, for all he's lucky,' what do I say? I said to myself, 'If I ain't a gentleman, nor yet ain't got no learning, I'm the owner of such. All on you owns stock and land; which on you owns a brought-up London gentleman?' This way I kep myself a-going. And this way I held steady afore my mind that I would for certain come one day and see my boy, and make myself known to him, on his own ground.”

“好孩子，你听我说，从那个时候起，只要暗自想到我在培养一位绅士，我就觉得值了。我在路上走着，那些殖民者骑着高头大马从我身边过，扬起的土弄得我满身都是，你猜我怎么说？我对自己说，‘我在培养一个绅士，他比你们谁都强！’他们中的一个对另一个说：‘他以前是个犯人，现在也就是个无知的、普普通通的家伙，不过是运气好罢了。’你猜我怎么说？我对自己说，‘就算我不是个绅士，也没有文化，可我培养出了一个有文化的绅士。你们拥有的只是牲口和田地，你们哪个拥有个一手养大的伦敦绅士？’我就是用这种方法获得动力的。我就是这样一直怀着一个愿望，有一天我一定要来看看我的孩子，在他的国土上，让他认出我来。”

He laid his hand on my shoulder. I shuddered at the thought that for anything I knew, his hand might be stained with blood.

他把手放在我的肩上。想到他的手说不定沾过鲜血，我不由地浑身发抖。

"It warn't easy, Pip, for me to leave them parts, nor yet it warn't safe. But I held to it, and the harder it was, the stronger I held, for I was determined, and my mind firm made up. At last I done it. Dear boy, I done it!"

“皮普，我离开那地方很不容易，我可是冒着很大的风险啊。但我坚持这么做，越是困难，我越要这么做，因为我铁了心，打定了主意。最后我做到了。好孩子，我做到了！”

I tried to collect my thoughts, but I was stunned. Throughout, I had seemed to myself to attend more to the wind and the rain than to him; even now, I could not separate his voice from those voices, though those were loud and his was silent.

我努力集中心思，但还是吓懵了，愣在那里。自始至终，我好像一直都把注意力放在狂风暴雨上，而不是他身上。即使到了这个时候，我还是没能把他的声音和狂风暴雨的声音区分开来，尽管风雨声不绝于耳，而他已不再说话。

"Where will you put me?" he asked, presently. "I must be put somewheres, dear boy."

“你打算把我安顿到什么地方？”过了一会儿，他问我。“你得找个地方让我住下呀，好孩子。”

"To sleep?" said I.

“你是说过夜？”我问。

"Yes. And to sleep long and sound," he answered; "for I've been sea-tossed and sea-washed, months and months.”

“是啊。我要好好睡上一觉。”他说，“我在海上颠来颠去，风吹浪打的，都好几个月了。”

"My friend and companion," said I, rising from the sofa, "is absent; you must have his room."

我从沙发上站起身来，说，“我同住的那个朋友不在，你只好睡他的房间了。”

"He won't come back tomorrow; will he?"

“他明天不会回来吧，对么？”

"No," said I, answering almost mechanically, in spite of my utmost efforts; "not tomorrow."

“不会，”我虽然尽力了，但回答还是很勉强，“明天不会回来。”

"Because, look'ee here, dear boy," he said, dropping his voice, and laying a long finger on my breast in an impressive manner, "caution is necessary."

“听着，好孩子，”他压低了嗓音＋B357，拿长长的手指指着我的胸口，用一种让人难忘的神情对我说，“得小心啊。”

"How do you mean? Caution?"

“你这话是什么意思？小心？”

"By G—, it's Death!"

“不小心就得死！”

"What's death?"

“为什么就得死？”

"I was sent for life. It's death to come back. There's been overmuch coming back of late years, and I should of a certainty be hanged if took."

“我判的是终生流放。回来就是死罪。这些年回来的人太多了，我回来要是被发现了，就肯定得判绞刑。”

Nothing was needed but this; the wretched man, after loading wretched me with his gold and silver chains for years, had risked his life to come to me, and I held it there in my keeping! If I had loved him instead of abhorring him; if I had been attracted to him by the strongest admiration and affection, instead of shrinking from him with the strongest repugnance; it could have been no worse. On the contrary, it would have been better, for his preservation would then have naturally and tenderly addressed my heart.

这已经够我受的了，这个可怜的人，多年来都在用用金的和银的链子供养我这个可怜的人，还冒着生命危险来看我，而他的性命现在就在我手上！我如果不是厌恶他，而是热爱他，如果不是对他怀着极大的反感之情，想要躲开他，而是怀着极大的钦佩、热爱之情，去跟他亲近，情况就不会这么糟糕了。相反，情况会好得多，我会自然而然地、发自内心地小心保护他的安全。

My first care was to close the shutters, so that no light might be seen from without, and then to close and make fast the doors. While I did so, he stood at the table drinking rum and eating biscuit; and when I saw him thus engaged, I saw my convict on the marshes at his meal again. It almost seemed to me as if he must stoop down presently, to file at his leg.

我首先想到的保护措施就是放下百叶窗，这样外面就看不到里面的光了，然后关紧所有的门。我这么做的时候，他正站在桌边喝着朗姆酒，嚼着饼干，我看着他这副样子，仿佛又看到了沼泽地里的那个逃犯吃东西的样子。我几乎觉得他就要弯下腰，用锉刀去锉开他的脚镣呢。

When I had gone into Herbert's room, and had shut off any other communication between it and the staircase than through the room in which our conversation had been held, I asked him if he would go to bed? He said yes, but asked me for some of my "gentleman's linen" to put on in the morning. I brought it out, and laid it ready for him, and my blood again ran cold when he again took me by both hands to give me good night.

我走进赫伯特的房间，把这间屋子和楼梯的通道都堵住了——除了我们刚才谈话的那个房间——我问他是不是要上床睡觉了。他说是的，

还问我要了件“绅士的亚麻衬衣”，早上起来要穿。我拿了一件出来，给他放好了，他又一次抓起我的手，跟我道晚安，我浑身的血液又一次凉透了。

I got away from him, without knowing how I did it, and mended the fire in the room where we had been together, and sat down by it, afraid to go to bed. For an hour or more, I remained too stunned to think; and it was not until I began to think, that I began fully to know how wrecked I was, and how the ship in which I had sailed was gone to pieces.

我总算摆脱了他，自己都不知道是怎么做到的，然后回到我们刚才呆的那间房里，添了点火，在火炉旁坐下了，根本不敢去睡觉。我在那里坐了一个多小时，昏昏沉沉地没法思考，等到我开始能够思考了，我才充分认识到我的处境有多可悲，我驾驶的那艘命运之船已经撞成了碎片。

Miss Havisham's intentions towards me, all a mere dream; Estella not designed for me; I only suffered in Satis House as a convenience, a sting for the greedy relations, a model with a mechanical heart to practise on when no other practice was at hand; those were the first smarts I had. But, sharpest and deepest pain of all—it was for the convict, guilty of I knew not what crimes, and liable to be taken out of those rooms where I sat thinking, and hanged at the Old Bailey door, that I had deserted Joe.

郝维仙小姐对我的好意不过是场梦，她并没有把埃斯特拉许配给我，我在沙提斯庄园不过是个工具，用来刺痛她那些贪得无厌的亲戚，在没人可以折磨的时候，可以折磨我这个唯命是从的活靶子；而这些只是我痛苦的开始。但是最让我感到痛苦的是——因为这个罪犯的缘故，我竟然抛弃了乔。我不知道他犯了什么罪，他可能会被人从我现在呆的这间屋子里拖出去，在伦敦中央刑事法院执行绞刑。

I would not have gone back to Joe now, I would not have gone back to Biddy now, for any consideration: simply, I suppose, because my sense of my own worthless conduct to them was greater than every consideration. No wisdom on earth could have given me the comfort that I should have derived from their simplicity and fidelity; but I could never, never, undo what I had done.

我已经没法回到乔那里去了，也没法回到比迪那里去了，无论如何也回不去了，我想原因很简单，因为我对他们的所作所为让我感到羞耻，即使有回去的理由，也会被这种羞耻感打消的。他们的淳朴和忠诚带给我的慰藉，世上没有哪个圣明的贤人能给得了，可我的所作所为却是永远、永远都无法挽回的了。

In every rage of wind and rush of rain, I heard pursuers. Twice, I could have sworn there was a knocking and whispering at the outer

door. With these fears upon me, I began either to imagine or recall that I had had mysterious warnings of this man's approach. That, for weeks gone by, I had passed faces in the streets which I had thought like his. That, these likenesses had grown more numerous, as he, coming over the sea, had drawn nearer. That, his wicked spirit had somehow sent these messengers to mine, and that now on this stormy night he was as good as his word, and with me.

外面每一阵狂风暴雨，都让我觉得好像听到了追捕者的声音。我发誓，我有两次听到了门外有人敲门的声音，还有小声说话的声音。心头压着这样的恐惧，我开始想象或者说回忆起来了，在这个人到来之前，我已经见到了种种神秘的预兆。几个星期前，我在街上看到的很多人的面孔，感觉都很像他。他漂洋过海，离我越近，和他长得像的人就越多。他们是他邪恶的灵魂派来的使者，在这样一个风雨交加的夜晚，他终于信守诺言，到我这里来了。

Crowding up with these reflections came the reflection that I had seen him with my childish eyes to be a desperately violent man; that I had heard that other convict reiterate that he had tried to murder him; that I had seen him down in the ditch tearing and fighting like a wild beast. Out of such remembrances I brought into the light of the fire, a half-formed terror that it might not be safe to be shut up there with him in the dead of the wild solitary night. This dilated until it filled the room, and impelled me to take a candle and go in and look at my dreadful burden.

这些想法一股脑地涌过来，我想起了孩提时代亲眼看见的那个孤注一掷的人，我听到另外一个逃犯一再地说他要谋杀自己，我看见他在水沟里像野兽一样和那个人扭打在一起。这样想着想着，我看到火炉里隐隐约约＋B390地浮现出一个可怕的影子，在这样一个寂静的深夜里，和他共处一室可能不大安全。那个可怕的影子越来越大，渐渐充满了整个房间，我不得已拿起一只蜡烛，进屋去看看那个让我害怕的包袱。

He had rolled a handkerchief round his head, and his face was set and lowering in his sleep. But he was asleep, and quietly too, though he had a pistol lying on the pillow. Assured of this, I softly removed the key to the outside of his door, and turned it on him before I again sat down by the fire. Gradually I slipped from the chair and lay on the floor. When I awoke, without having parted in my sleep with the perception of my wretchedness, the clocks of the Eastward churches were striking five, the candles were wasted out, the fire was dead, and the wind and rain intensified the thick black darkness.

他卷起了一块手帕围在头上，面孔显得僵硬而阴沉。但他睡着了，睡得很沉，枕边放着一把手枪。我放心了，轻轻把房门上的钥匙取下，插在门外，把门反锁了，才又回到炉边坐下了。我睡着了，从椅子上慢慢滑了下来，躺在地板上。我一觉醒来，梦里都还想到自己的悲惨处

境，无法摆脱，只听东边教堂的钟敲了五下，蜡烛烧完了，炉火熄灭了，狂风暴雨也把天色染得更黑了。

THIS IS THE END OF THE SECOND STAGE OF PIP'S EXPECTATIONS.

皮普远大前程的第二阶段告一段落。

CHAPTER 40

第四十章

It was fortunate for me that I had to take precautions to ensure (so far as I could) the safety of my dreaded visitor; for, this thought pressing on me when I awoke, held other thoughts in a confused concourse at a distance.

我一觉醒来，就想到要尽可能地采取预防措施,保证我这位可怕的不速之客的安全，也幸而这样，我才得以把其他杂乱的想法一股脑地全部抛开。

The impossibility of keeping him concealed in the chambers was self-evident. It could not be done, and the attempt to do it would inevitably engender suspicion. True, I had no Avenger in my service now, but I was looked after by an inflammatory old female, assisted by an animated rag-bag whom she called her niece, and to keep a room secret from them would be to invite curiosity and exaggeration. They both had weak eyes, which I had long attributed to their chronically looking in at keyholes, and they were always at hand when not wanted; indeed that was their only reliable quality besides larceny. Not to get up a mystery with these people, I resolved to announce in the morning that my uncle had unexpectedly come from the country.

把他藏在家里显然是不可能的。不但不可能，就连这种尝试也不可避免地要让人起疑心。确实，我已经解雇了那个复仇鬼，但我现在又找了个颇有煽动性的老妈子，她还带了个挺机灵的邋遢姑娘做帮手，说是她侄女。想要锁住一间房瞒着她们，这只会激起她们的好奇心，让她们给添油加醋地传出去。她们两个眼睛都不好使，我一直把这归因于她们长年累月凑着钥匙孔偷窥的结果，她们总是在你不需要她们的时候出现。的确，除了小偷小摸之外，这一点是她们唯一可以确定的品质。为了不激起这两人的好奇心，我决定早上跟她们宣布，我伯父突然从乡下来看我了。

This course I decided on while I was yet groping about in the darkness for the means of getting a light. Not stumbling on the means after all, I was fain to go out to the adjacent Lodge and get the watchman there to come with his lantern. Now, in groping my way down the black staircase I fell over something, and that something was a man crouching in a corner.

我就这么决定了，在黑暗中东摸西找了一阵，想找个火把灯点起来。最后摸来摸去没找着，我只得到毗邻的门房那里去，找看门人拿灯笼来照一下。我摸索着下楼，在黑漆漆的楼梯间被什么东西绊了一下，

原来是个人蜷缩在角落里。

As the man made no answer when I asked him what he did there, but eluded my touch in silence, I ran to the Lodge and urged the watchman to come quickly: telling him of the incident on the way back. The wind being as fierce as ever, we did not care to endanger the light in the lantern by rekindling the extinguished lamps on the staircase, but we examined the staircase from the bottom to the top and found no one there. It then occurred to me as possible that the man might have slipped into my rooms; so, lighting my candle at the watchman's, and leaving him standing at the door, I examined them carefully, including the room in which my dreaded guest lay asleep. All was quiet, and assuredly no other man was in those chambers.

我问那个人在那里干什么，他没有回答我，只是默默地走开了。我跑到门房，催看门人赶快过去看看，回来的路上把我刚才所见之事跟他说了。风还是那么猛烈，我们没有重新点燃楼梯间的灯，生怕把灯笼里的火弄灭了。不过我们上上下下地把楼梯检查了一遍，却一个人也没找到。我突然想到，那个人可能溜到我屋子里去了。所以，我就用看门人的灯笼把蜡烛点着了，让他呆在门口。我仔细检查了一下每个房间，连我那可怕的不速之客睡觉的房间也检查到了。屋里一片寂静，可以肯定的是，屋子里没有别人。

It troubled me that there should have been a lurker on the stairs, on that night of all nights in the year, and I asked the watchman, on the chance of eliciting some hopeful explanation as I handed him a dram at the door, whether he had admitted at his gate any gentleman who had perceptibly been dining out? Yes, he said; at different times of the night, three. One lived in Fountain Court, and the other two lived in the Lane, and he had seen them all go home. Again, the only other man who dwelt in the house of which my chambers formed a part, had been in the country for some weeks; and he certainly had not returned in the night, because we had seen his door with his seal on it as we came up-stairs.

一年三百六十五个晚上，偏偏在这个晚上楼梯间里潜伏了一个人，想到这一点我感到很不安。我在门边递给看门人一杯酒，抱着打探一丝线索的希望，问他有没有让什么外出吃饭晚归的人进来。他说有，晚上先后进来过三个人。一个住在喷泉坊，另外两个住在巷子里，他亲眼看见他们都回家去了。和我同住一栋房子的只有一位房客，他的房间在另一边，那个人到乡下去了好几个星期了，他晚上肯定没回来，因为我们上楼的时候看见他门上自己贴的封条还在。

"The night being so bad, sir," said the watchman, as he gave me back my glass, "uncommon few have come in at my gate. Besides them three gentlemen that I have named, I don't call to mind another since about eleven o'clock, when a stranger asked for you."

“先生，今天晚上天气这么坏。”看门人把空杯递给我，说道，“从我大门里进来的人少得可怜。除了我刚才说的那三个人，我记不起还有别的人了，不过十一点钟的样子，有个陌生人打听您。”

"My uncle," I muttered. "Yes."

“那是我伯父。”我喃喃低语道。“哦。”

"You saw him, sir?"

“您见到他了吗，先生？”

"Yes. Oh yes."

“是的。见到了。”

"Likewise the person with him?"

“还有和他一起来的那个人吧？”

"Person with him!" I repeated.

“和他一起来的那个人！”我重复了一遍。

"I judged the person to be with him," returned the watchman. "The person stopped, when he stopped to make inquiry of me, and the person took this way when he took this way."

“我以为那个人是和他一起的。”看门人回答说，“您＋B48伯父停下来向我打听你的时候，他也停了下来，你伯父往这边走，他也往这边走。”

"What sort of person?"

“那个人什么样子？”

The watchman had not particularly noticed; he should say a working person; to the best of his belief, he had a dust-colored kind of clothes on, under a dark coat. The watchman made more light of the matter than I did, and naturally; not having my reason for attaching weight to it.

看门人说他没怎么注意，只能说模样像个工人，他最多只能想起，那人穿着一件灰褐色的衣服，外面套了一件深色的外套。看门人没把这事看得很严重，不像我那样，这很自然，我把这事看得很严重是有我的理由的。

When I had got rid of him, which I thought it well to do without prolonging explanations, my mind was much troubled by these two circumstances taken together. Whereas they were easy of innocent solution apart—as, for instance, some diner-out or diner-at-home, who had not gone near this watchman's gate, might have strayed to my staircase and dropped asleep there—and my nameless visitor might have brought some one with him to show him the way—still, joined,

they had an ugly look to one as prone to distrust and fear as the changes of a few hours had made me.

我觉得最好不要再问下去了，就把他打发走了。这时，两方面的情况混在一起，让我的大脑一团混乱。本来这两种情况是互不相干，很容易解释清楚的——比如说，有人在外面或自己家里酒足饭饱之后，没从门房那里经过，而是不小心走到我这里的楼梯口了，在那里倒下就睡着了——还有，我这位不知姓名的不速之客可能找这个人给他带路，就把这个人带来了——可是，这两种情况凑到一起，对我这样一个几个小时前刚经历过巨大变故的人来说，自然显得疑点重重，让人惴惴不安。

I lighted my fire, which burnt with a raw pale flare at that time of the morning, and fell into a doze before it. I seemed to have been dozing a whole night when the clocks struck six. As there was full an hour and a half between me and daylight, I dozed again; now, waking up uneasily, with prolix conversations about nothing, in my ears; now, making thunder of the wind in the chimney; at length, falling off into a profound sleep from which the daylight woke me with a start.

我生起了炉火，炉火在晨曦中发出苍白而暗淡的光，我在炉火旁打起盹来。钟敲六下的时候，我醒了过来，感觉整整一晚上都在打盹。离天亮还足足有一个半小时，我于是又打起盹来。一会儿心神不安地醒来，好像有人在我耳边絮絮叨叨地说些无关紧要的话，一会儿又好像壁炉管道里的风在嚎叫。最后，我沉沉地睡着了，直到天光大亮方才惊醒过来。

All this time I had never been able to consider my own situation, nor could I do so yet. I had not the power to attend to it. I was greatly dejected and distressed, but in an incoherent wholesale sort of way. As to forming any plan for the future, I could as soon have formed an elephant. When I opened the shutters and looked out at the wet wild morning, all of a leaden hue; when I walked from room to room; when I sat down again shivering, before the fire, waiting for my laundress to appear; I thought how miserable I was, but hardly knew why, or how long I had been so, or on what day of the week I made the reflection, or even who I was that made it.

整个这一段时间，我还没来得及好好想想我的处境，现在也还不能。我没法把心思集中到这上面来。我沮丧万分、苦恼不已，而且，这种沮丧和苦恼是一阵一阵向我袭来的。至于说我以后有什么打算，我毫无头绪。我打开百叶窗向外望去，只见外面的清晨一片荒凉、潮湿，都成了铅灰色。我从这个房间踱到那个房间，然后又在火炉前坐下了，浑身瑟瑟发抖，等着我那洗衣妇上门。我想到自己是多么悲惨，却不知道为什么会这样，也不知道我处于这样的境地有多久了，更不知道我这种想法是从星期几开始的，甚至不知道有这种想法的“我”到底是谁。

At last, the old woman and the niece came in—the latter with a head not easily distinguishable from her dusty broom—and testified

surprise at sight of me and the fire. To whom I imparted how my uncle had come in the night and was then asleep, and how the breakfast preparations were to be modified accordingly. Then, I washed and dressed while they knocked the furniture about and made a dust; and so, in a sort of dream or sleep-waking, I found myself sitting by the fire again, waiting for—Him—to come to breakfast.

老妈子和她侄女终于来了——她侄女的头发和她手上脏兮兮的扫帚简直难以区分开来——她看见我在壁炉旁，显然大吃了一惊。我对她们说，我伯父夜里过来了，现在正在睡觉，然后告诉她们早餐该进行哪些相应的改变。说完我就去盥洗更衣，这时她们就乒乒乓乓地收拾家具，扬起一阵灰尘。我精神恍惚，梦游般地又回到壁炉前坐下了，等着他出来吃早餐。

By-and-by, his door opened and he came out. I could not bring myself to bear the sight of him, and I thought he had a worse look by daylight.

终于，他的门开了，他从里面出来了。我简直不能容忍他这副样子，他在白天看起来比晚上还要难看。

"I do not even know," said I, speaking low as he took his seat at the table, "by what name to call you. I have given out that you are my uncle."

“我甚至还不知道，”他在桌边坐下后，我低声跟他说，“该怎么称呼你。我跟她们说过你是我伯父。”

"That's it, dear boy! Call me uncle."

“就这么叫吧，好孩子！就叫我伯父。”

"You assumed some name, I suppose, on board ship?"

“我想，你一路坐船过来，总有个名字吧？”

"Yes, dear boy. I took the name of Provis."

“有的，好孩子。我用的名字是普罗维斯。”

"Do you mean to keep that name?"

“这个名字你打算一直用下去吗？”

"Why, yes, dear boy, it's as good as another—unless you'd like another."

“嗯，是啊，好孩子，用哪个名字都一样——除非你想要换一个。”

"What is your real name?" I asked him in a whisper.

“你的真名是什么？”我低声问他。

"Magwitch," he answered, in the same tone; "chrisen'd Abel."

“马格维奇，”他也低声回答，“教名是埃布尔。”

"What were you brought up to be?"

“你原来是做什么的？”

"A warmint, dear boy."

“我不过是只小毛虫，好孩子。”

He answered quite seriously, and used the word as if it denoted some profession.

他非常认真地回答我，说得好像小毛虫也是一种行当一样。

"When you came into the Temple last night—" said I, pausing to wonder whether that could really have been last night, which seemed so long ago.

“你昨晚来坦普尔的时候——”我说着停了下来，想了一下是不是昨晚，我感觉那仿佛是很久以前的事了。

"Yes, dear boy?"

“怎么了，好孩子？”

"When you came in at the gate and asked the watchman the way here, had you any one with you?"

“你从大门进来，向看门人问路的时候，有没有人跟你在一起？”

"With me? No, dear boy."

“跟我在一起？没有，好孩子。”

"But there was some one there?"

“大门口没有别人吗？”

"I didn't take particular notice," he said, dubiously, "not knowing the ways of the place. But I think there was a person, too, come in alonger me."

“这我倒没有很注意。”他含含糊糊地回答，“我对这一带不熟悉。不过我觉得是有个人跟着我过来了。”

"Are you known in London?"

“伦敦有人认识你吗？”

"I hope not!" said he, giving his neck a jerk with his forefinger that made me turn hot and sick.

“但愿没有！”他一边说，一边用食指在脖子上使劲一抹，这动作让我既恼火又恶心。

"Were you known in London, once?"

“以前在伦敦有人认识你吗？”

"Not over and above, dear boy. I was in the provinces mostly."

“没有，好孩子。我基本上都呆在乡下。”

"Were you—tried—in London?”

“你是——在伦敦——受审的吗？”

"Which time?" said he, with a sharp look.

“哪一次？”他机警地看了我一眼。

"The last time."

“最近的那次。”

He nodded. "First knowed Mr. Jaggers that way. Jaggers was for me."

他点了点头。“我就是那次认识贾格尔斯先生的。是他给我辩护的。”

It was on my lips to ask him what he was tried for, but he took up a knife, gave it a flourish, and with the words, "And what I done is worked out and paid for!" fell to at his breakfast.

我正想问他犯了什么罪，只见他拿出一把小刀，在空中挥了挥，说：“我从前做的事都已经得到了惩罚！”说完又继续吃他的早餐。

He ate in a ravenous way that was very disagreeable, and all his actions were uncouth, noisy, and greedy. Some of his teeth had failed him since I saw him eat on the marshes, and as he turned his food in his mouth, and turned his head sideways to bring his strongest fangs to bear upon it, he looked terribly like a hungry old dog. If I had begun with any appetite, he would have taken it away, and I should have sat much as I did—repelled from him by an insurmountable aversion, and gloomily looking at the cloth.

他狼吞虎咽地吃着，吃相十分不雅，一举一动都那么粗俗，吃的时候嘴里啧啧作响，跟很久没吃过东西一样。自从我上次在沼泽地里见他吃东西以来，他已经掉了几颗牙，嘴里不停地嚼着，时不时把头转向一边，用最坚固的犬牙去撕咬，他这副样子活像一只饥饿的老狗。如果说我一开始还有点胃口的话，看他这个样子，我一点胃口都没有了，只能坐在那里——我对他那种难以抑制的厌恶之情让我不由地排斥他，郁闷无比地盯着桌布。

"I'm a heavy grubber, dear boy," he said, as a polite kind of apology when he made an end of his meal, "but I always was. If it had been in my constitution to be a lighter grubber, I might ha' got into lighter trouble. Similarly, I must have my smoke. When I was first hired out as shepherd t'other side the world, it's my belief I should ha'

turned into a molloncolly-mad sheep myself, if I hadn't a had my smoke."

“我胃口可大了，好孩子，”他吃完了早餐，很客气地跟我道了个歉，“我一直都是这个样子。要不是我天生吃得多，我可能就不会惹上那么大的麻烦了。我抽起烟来也是这样。我在世界的另一头第一次被人雇去放羊的时候，要不是有烟抽的话，我估计自己早就闷得发了疯，自己也变成一只羊了。”

As he said so, he got up from the table, and putting his hand into the breast of the pea-coat he wore, brought out a short black pipe, and a handful of loose tobacco of the kind that is called Negro-head. Having filled his pipe, he put the surplus tobacco back again, as if his pocket were a drawer. Then, he took a live coal from the fire with the tongs, and lighted his pipe at it, and then turned round on the hearth-rug with his back to the fire, and went through his favorite action of holding out both his hands for mine.

说着，他起了身，伸手从粗呢上衣口袋里掏出一根短短的黑色烟管，再掏出松松散散的一把烟草，他管这种烟草叫“黑人头”。填满烟管以后，他又把多出来的烟草放回去了，简直把他的口袋当成了抽屉。接着他从壁炉里钳出一块燃烧着的碳，用它把烟管点着了，然后在壁炉前的地毯上转过身，背对着炉火，又做出他最喜欢的姿势——伸出双手来要和我握手。

"And this," said he, dandling my hands up and down in his, as he puffed at his pipe; "and this is the gentleman what I made! The real genuine One! It does me good fur to look at you, Pip. All I stip'late, is, to stand by and look at you, dear boy!"

“这，”他双手夹着我的手，一上一下地摇着，嘴里吐着烟雾，说：“这就是我培养出来的绅士！一个真正的、地地道道的绅士！我只要能看看你就好，皮普。我渴望的就只是站在你旁边看一看你，好孩子！”

I released my hands as soon as I could, and found that I was beginning slowly to settle down to the contemplation of my condition. What I was chained to, and how heavily, became intelligible to me, as I heard his hoarse voice, and sat looking up at his furrowed bald head with its iron grey hair at the sides.

我一有机会就把手挣脱了出来，觉得自己开始慢慢静下心来，可以想一想自己的处境了。每当我听见他沙哑的嗓音，坐在那里抬头看见他起伏不平的秃头，还有两旁铁灰色的头发，我就清楚地意识到，我身上套上了怎样的一条铁链，这条铁链又是多么沉重啊。

"I mustn't see my gentleman a footing it in the mire of the streets; there mustn't be no mud on his boots. My gentleman must have horses, Pip! Horses to ride, and horses to drive, and horses for his servant to ride and drive as well. Shall colonists have their horses (and

blood 'uns, if you please, good Lord!) and not my London gentleman? No, no. We'll show 'em another pair of shoes than that, Pip; won't us?"

“我决不愿意看见我的绅士在泥泞的街上走，决不能让他的靴子沾上泥。我的绅士得有自己的马，皮普！不光他自己要有马骑、有马坐，他的仆人也要有马骑、有马坐。那些殖民者有自己的马（还是纯种的，老天！），我的伦敦绅士就不能有？不行，不行。我们要让他们看看，才不是那么回事呢，是不是，皮普？”

He took out of his pocket a great thick pocket-book, bursting with papers, and tossed it on the table.

他从口袋里掏出一个又大又厚的钱包——被纸钞塞得满满的——把它扔在桌上。

"There's something worth spending in that there book, dear boy. It's yours. All I've got ain't mine; it's yourn. Don't you be afeerd on it. There's more where that come from. I've come to the old country fur to see my gentleman spend his money like a gentleman. That'll be my pleasure. My pleasure 'ull be fur to see him do it. And blast you all!" he wound up, looking round the room and snapping his fingers once with a loud snap, "blast you every one, from the judge in his wig, to the colonist a stirring up the dust, I'll show a better gentleman than the whole kit on you put together!"

“这里面的钱够花好一阵子呢，好孩子。这是你的了。我的东西都不是我的，而是你的。别担心会花完。我还有很多呢。我回到故国来就是要看看我的绅士花起钱来那种气派的样子。这样我就高兴。我就高兴看他花钱。你们全都滚蛋！”他说完了，环顾了一下四周，打了一个很响的响指：“你们一个个都滚蛋，管你是戴假发的法官，还是把尘土扬得满天飞的殖民者，我要拿我的绅士给你们瞧瞧，你们全部加起来都比不上他一个！”

"Stop!" said I, almost in a frenzy of fear and dislike, "I want to speak to you. I want to know what is to be done. I want to know how you are to be kept out of danger, how long you are going to stay, what projects you have."

“别说了！”我对他几乎是既害怕又厌恶，“我要和你谈一谈。我想知道接下来怎么办。我想知道怎么让你避开危险，你打算在这里呆多久，你有什么计划。”

"Look'ee here, Pip," said he, laying his hand on my arm in a suddenly altered and subdued manner; "first of all, look'ee here. I forgot myself half a minute ago. What I said was low; that's what it was; low. Look'ee here, Pip. Look over it. I ain't a-going to be low.”

“听我说，皮普，”他一只手搭在我的肩上，突然换了一种缓和的语气对我说，“先听我说。我刚才激动得忘乎所以了。我说的话都太粗俗，

是这样的，粗俗。听我说，皮普。你别放在心上。我不会再说那种粗俗的话了。”

"First," I resumed, half-groaning, "what precautions can be taken against your being recognized and seized?"

“首先，”我继续说道，几乎是在呻吟，“我们要采取什么防范措施，以防你被人认出抓起来呢？”

"No, dear boy," he said, in the same tone as before, "that don't go first. Lowness goes first. I ain't took so many years to make a gentleman, not without knowing what's due to him. Look'ee here, Pip. I was low; that's what I was; low. Look over it, dear boy."

“不，好孩子，”他还是用刚才那种语调说，“这不是最要紧的。最要紧的是我的粗俗。我花了这么多年来培养一个绅士，不会不知道该对绅士有礼貌。听我说，皮普。我很粗俗，我的确是这样的，粗俗。别放在心上，好孩子。”

Some sense of the grimly-ludicrous moved me to a fretful laugh, as I replied, "I have looked over it. In Heaven's name, don't harp upon it!"

这个人荒唐得可笑，我不禁苦笑了一下，说，“我没放在心上。天啊，别再提这个了！”

"Yes, but look'ee here," he persisted. "Dear boy, I ain't come so fur, not fur to be low. Now, go on, dear boy. You was a-saying—”

“好，可是你听我说，”他坚持要说下去，“好孩子，我大老远过来，不是为了给你看我有多粗俗的。好了，你接着说吧，好孩子。你刚才说——”

"How are you to be guarded from the danger you have incurred?"

“既然你已经处于危险的境地了，你打算怎么躲？”

"Well, dear boy, the danger ain't so great. Without I was informed agen, the danger ain't so much to signify. There's Jaggers, and there's Wemmick, and there's you. Who else is there to inform?"

“嗯，好孩子，不是什么了不得的危险。只要没人告发我，这就不是什么了不得的危险。这件事只有贾格尔斯、温米克，还有你知道。还有谁会去告发我呢？”

"Is there no chance person who might identify you in the street?" said I.

“有没有可能你在街上碰巧被人认出来？”我说。

"Well," he returned, "there ain't many. Nor yet I don't intend to advertise myself in the newspapers by the name of A. M. come back from Botany Bay; and years have rolled away, and who's to gain by it?

Still, look'ee here, Pip. If the danger had been fifty times as great, I should ha' come to see you, mind you, just the same."

“嗯，”他说，“不会的。我也不会去登报宣传，说我马某从植物学湾回来了。都这么多年过去了，谁能从这件事里头捞到好处呢？听我说，皮普。就算危险是现在的五十倍，我也会来看你，来照顾你，也会做出同样的选择。

"And how long do you remain?"

“那你打算住多长时间呢？”

"How long?" said he, taking his black pipe from his mouth, and dropping his jaw as he stared at me. "I'm not a-going back. I've come for good."

“多长时间？”他从嘴里抽出那支黑色的烟管，下巴都快要掉下来了，惊讶地看着我。“我不打算回去了。我来了就不走了。”

"Where are you to live?" said I. "What is to be done with you? Where will you be safe?"

“你打算住在哪里？”我问，“该怎么安排你呢？你呆在哪里才安全呢？”

"Dear boy," he returned, "there's disguising wigs can be bought for money, and there's hair powder, and spectacles, and black clothes—shorts and what not. Others has done it safe afore, and what others has done afore, others can do agen. As to the where and how of living, dear boy, give me your own opinions on it.”

“好孩子，”他说，“只要有钱，就可以买假发，买头发香粉、眼镜、黑衣服——还有短裤，什么都可以买到。有人这样做了一点事都没有，人家都这么做了，其他人也还可以这么做。至于住在哪里、怎么过，好孩子，让我听听你的想法吧。”

"You take it smoothly now," said I, "but you were very serious last night, when you swore it was Death."

“你现在说起来倒是轻松，”我说，“可你昨晚还说得那么严重，十分肯定地说一旦被发现就是死路一条。”

"And so I swear it is Death," said he, putting his pipe back in his mouth, "and Death by the rope, in the open street not fur from this, and it's serious that you should fully understand it to be so. What then, when that's once done? Here I am. To go back now, 'ud be as bad as to stand ground—worse. Besides, Pip, I'm here, because I've meant it by you, years and years. As to what I dare, I'm a old bird now, as has dared all manner of traps since first he was fledged, and I'm not afeerd to perch upon a scarecrow. If there's Death hid inside of it, there is, and let him come out, and I'll face him, and then I'll

believe in him and not afore. And now let me have a look at my gentleman agen."

“我现在还是十分肯定地说，一旦被发现就是死路一条。”他把烟管又放回嘴里，说，“而且是绞刑，就在大街上，离这里不远，我是说真的，你应该充分认识到这一点。可那又怎样，既然已经到这一步了？我已经到这里来了。现在回去不会比留下来好——甚至还要糟。而且，皮普，我到这里来，是为了你来的，我盼了多少年啊。至于说冒险，我已经是一只老鸟了，自从羽毛长丰满以来，我什么罗网都躲过来了，现在不过是在稻草人身上停一停，有什么好怕的呢。就算死神躲在稻草人里面，就算是这样，那也让他出来吧，我要跟他面对面，这样我才会相信他，不过这个到时候再说吧。现在再让我瞧一瞧我的绅士吧。”

Once more, he took me by both hands and surveyed me with an air of admiring proprietorship: smoking with great complacency all the while.

他又一次抓起我的两只手，打量着我，那神情好像是在欣赏自己的财产，还一直带着极大满足感地抽着烟。

It appeared to me that I could do no better than secure him some quiet lodging hard by, of which he might take possession when Herbert returned: whom I expected in two or three days. That the secret must be confided to Herbert as a matter of unavoidable necessity, even if I could have put the immense relief I should derive from sharing it with him out of the question, was plain to me. But it was by no means so plain to Mr. Provis (I resolved to call him by that name), who reserved his consent to Herbert's participation until he should have seen him and formed a favorable judgment of his physiognomy. "And even then, dear boy," said he, pulling a greasy little clasped black Testament out of his pocket, "we'll have him on his oath."

在我看来，除了在附近给他找一个僻静的住所外，我不知道有什么更好的做法了，我估计赫伯特两三天之内就会回来，等赫伯特一回来，就可以让他搬过去住。把这个秘密透露给赫伯特是不可避免的，而且很有必要，即使对我来说，跟他分享这个秘密，可以让我的心理负担减轻不少，这是毫无疑问的。但是对普罗维斯（我决定叫他这个名字）来说，这绝没有那么简单，他坚决不同意让赫伯特参与到这件事当中来，除非他亲眼见到赫伯特，对他的相貌觉得中意。“即使是这样，好孩子，”他从口袋里掏出一本扣着扣子的、黑色封皮的袖珍版《圣经》＋B244说，“我们还得让他对着这个发誓。”

To state that my terrible patron carried this little black book about the world solely to swear people on in cases of emergency, would be to state what I never quite established—but this I can say, that I never knew him put it to any other use. The book itself had the appearance of having been stolen from some court of justice, and

perhaps his knowledge of its antecedents, combined with his own experience in that wise, gave him a reliance on its powers as a sort of legal spell or charm. On this first occasion of his producing it, I recalled how he had made me swear fidelity in the churchyard long ago, and how he had described himself last night as always swearing to his resolutions in his solitude.

我要是说，我这位可怕的恩主揣着这本袖珍黑皮书走遍世界，只是为了在紧要关头叫人发誓，我就有信口开河之嫌——但我敢说这样的话，因为我从没见他这本书派上过别的用场。这本书看起来像是从某个法庭上偷来的，可能他知道跟这本书有关的故事，而且他以前也这么做过，屡试不爽，这让他相信这本书具有某种法律的魔力或者魅力。一看见他拿出这本书，我就想起多年前他逼我在墓地里老老实实发誓的那一幕，还有他昨晚的描述，说他在异国他乡常常发誓，非实现自己的心愿不可。

As he was at present dressed in a seafaring slop suit, in which he looked as if he had some parrots and cigars to dispose of, I next discussed with him what dress he should wear. He cherished an extraordinary belief in the virtues of "shorts" as a disguise, and had in his own mind sketched a dress for himself that would have made him something between a dean and a dentist. It was with considerable difficulty that I won him over to the assumption of a dress more like a prosperous farmer's; and we arranged that he should cut his hair close, and wear a little powder. Lastly, as he had not yet been seen by the laundress or her niece, he was to keep himself out of their view until his change of dress was made.

他现在穿的是一套海上穿的衣服，看起来像是有一批鹦鹉和雪茄急着要脱手似的，我下一步跟他商量他该穿什么衣服的问题。他极力坚持穿“短裤”作为伪装，举出种种好处，在脑海里给自己设计了一套衣服，照这样打扮，他看起来就该是一副介于牧师和牙医之间的样子。我费了九牛二虎之力才说服他，让他扮成一个富裕的农场主，我们还商定，让他把头发剪短，再敷上些粉。最后想到，既然那个洗衣妇和她侄女还没有见过他，干脆等他乔装打扮之后再在她们面前露面。

It would seem a simple matter to decide on these precautions; but in my dazed, not to say distracted, state, it took so long, that I did not get out to further them, until two or three in the afternoon. He was to remain shut up in the chambers while I was gone, and was on no account to open the door.

想好这些预防措施本来是很简单的事情，但我当时的状态即使说不上心烦意乱，也是头昏眼花，我们商量了大半天，结果我直到下午两三点钟才出门置办这些东西。我交代他，在我走的这段时间里他就呆在屋子里，哪里也别去，而且绝对不能开门。

There being to my knowledge a respectable lodging-house in

Essex-street, the back of which looked into the Temple, and was almost within hail of my windows, I first of all repaired to that house, and was so fortunate as to secure the second floor for my uncle, Mr. Provis. I then went from shop to shop, making such purchases as were necessary to the change in his appearance. This business transacted, I turned my face, on my own account, to Little Britain. Mr. Jaggers was at his desk, but, seeing me enter, got up immediately and stood before his fire.

据我所知，埃塞克斯街上有一套不错的出租房，后面就对着坦普尔，从那里喊一声在我的窗户那边都能听见。我先去看房子，运气真好，我竟然给伯父普罗维斯先生租到了一间位于二楼的房子。租好房以后，我从一家店转到另一家，给他买必需的乔装用品。东西买好以后，我转身往小不列颠街走去，这回是为了我自己的事。贾格尔斯先生正在伏案工作，看见我进来，立刻起身站了起来，走到炉火前。

"Now, Pip," said he, "be careful."

“皮普，”他说，“要小心啊。”

"I will, sir," I returned. For, coming along I had thought well of what I was going to say.

“我会的，先生。”我说。来的路上我已经把要说的都想好了。

"Don't commit yourself," said Mr. Jaggers, "and don't commit any one. You understand—any one. Don't tell me anything: I don't want to know anything; I am not curious."

“不要犯错误，”贾格尔斯说，“也不要连累其他人。你明白吗——其他人。什么都不要告诉我，我什么都不想知道，我并不好奇。”

Of course I saw that he knew the man was come.

我一听就明白，他知道那个人回来了。

"I merely want, Mr. Jaggers," said I, "to assure myself that what I have been told, is true. I have no hope of its being untrue, but at least I may verify it."

“贾格尔斯先生，我只是想，”我说，“我只使想来证实一下，有人跟我说的话是不是真的。我并不指望那会是假话，但起码我得证实一下。”

Mr. Jaggers nodded. "But did you say 'told' or 'informed'?" he asked me, with his head on one side, and not looking at me, but looking in a listening way at the floor. "Told would seem to imply verbal communication. You can't have verbal communication with a man in New South Wales, you know."

贾格尔斯先生点了点头。“你是说，有人‘跟你说’还是‘通知你’？”他问我的时候头侧在一旁，没有看我，而是看着地板，一副凝神细听的样子。“‘跟你说’听起来像是口头交流。你不可能和一个新南威尔士的人进

行口头交流，你知道的。”

"I will say, informed, Mr. Jaggers."

“那我要说，是通知我的，贾格尔斯先生。”

"Good."

“很好。”

"I have been informed by a person named Abel Magwitch, that he is the benefactor so long unknown to me."

“一个叫埃布尔·马格维奇的人通知我，他就是一直以来都没有向我透露过身份的恩主。”

"That is the man," said Mr. Jaggers, “—in New South Wales.”

“就是这个人，”贾格尔斯先生说，“——新南威尔士的马格维奇。”

"And only he?" said I.

“就他一个吗？”我问。

"And only he," said Mr. Jaggers.

“就他一个。”贾格尔斯先生说。

"I am not so unreasonable, sir, as to think you at all responsible for my mistakes and wrong conclusions; but I always supposed it was Miss Havisham."

“我不是蛮不讲理的人，先生，我不会把我的错误看法和结论都归咎于您，可我还一直以为我的恩主是郝维仙小姐呢。”

"As you say, Pip," returned Mr. Jaggers, turning his eyes upon me coolly, and taking a bite at his forefinger, "I am not at all responsible for that."

“如你所说，皮普，”贾格尔斯先生把目光转向了我，眼神很冷淡，咬了一下食指说，“我对这件事没有任何责任。”

"And yet it looked so like it, sir," I pleaded with a downcast heart.

“可看起来像是这样，先生。”我垂头丧气地为自己辩护。

"Not a particle of evidence, Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, shaking his head and gathering up his skirts. "Take nothing on its looks; take everything on evidence. There's no better rule."

“一星半点证据都没有，皮普。”贾格尔斯先生摇了摇头，整理了一下衣服的下摆，“凡事不能只看外表，要看证据。这是最好的一条金科玉律。”

"I have no more to say," said I, with a sigh, after standing silent for a little while. "I have verified my information, and there's an end."

我沉默了一会儿之后，叹了口气说：“我没什么要说的了。我的消息已经得到了证实，那就这样吧。”

"And Magwitch—in New South Wales—having at last disclosed himself," said Mr. Jaggers, "you will comprehend, Pip, how rigidly throughout my communication with you, I have always adhered to the strict line of fact. There has never been the least departure from the strict line of fact. You are quite aware of that?"

“马格维奇——新南威尔士的马格维奇——总算是露面了。”贾格尔斯先生说，“你会明白的，皮普，我和你的谈话一直都是严格按规矩来的，我一直坚持实事求是的原则。我从来没有背离过这个实事求是的原则。你很清楚这一点吧？”

"Quite, sir."

“很清楚，先生。”

"I communicated to Magwitch—in New South Wales—when he first wrote to me—from New South Wales—the caution that he must not expect me ever to deviate from the strict line of fact. I also communicated to him another caution. He appeared to me to have obscurely hinted in his letter at some distant idea he had of seeing you in England here. I cautioned him that I must hear no more of that; that he was not at all likely to obtain a pardon; that he was expatriated for the term of his natural life; and that his presenting himself in this country would be an act of felony, rendering him liable to the extreme penalty of the law. I gave Magwitch that caution," said Mr. Jaggers, looking hard at me; "I wrote it to New South Wales. He guided himself by it, no doubt."

“马格维奇——新南威尔士的马格维奇——第一次从新南威尔士写信给我的时候，我在给他的回信里警告过他，我是绝对不可能背离实事求是的原则的。我还警告过他另一件事。他好像在信里隐约向我透露过，他有一丝到英国来看你的念头。我警告过他，别再让我听到这样的想法，他是不可能得到宽恕的，他判的是终生流放，他要是回国就构成重罪，这可是要判极刑的。我警告过马格维奇，”贾格尔斯先生紧盯着我说，“我在寄到新南威尔士的信里说了。他毫无疑问是理会了我的话。”

"No doubt," said I.

“毫无疑问。”我说。

"I have been informed by Wemmick," pursued Mr. Jaggers, still looking hard at me, "that he has received a letter, under date Portsmouth, from a colonist of the name of Purvis, or—”

“温米克告诉过我，”贾格尔斯先生接着说道，两眼仍然盯着我，“他收到过一封信，是从朴次茅斯寄来的，写信人是个殖民者，叫普尔维斯，又好像叫——”

"Or Provis," I suggested.

“普罗维斯。”我提醒他。

"Or Provis—thank you, Pip. Perhaps it is Provis? Perhaps you know it's Provis?"

“普罗维斯——谢谢你，皮普。也许就是这个普罗维斯吧？也许你是知道的，就是这个普罗维斯吧？”

"Yes," said I.

“是的。”我说。

"You know it's Provis. A letter, under date Portsmouth, from a colonist of the name of Provis, asking for the particulars of your address, on behalf of Magwitch. Wemmick sent him the particulars, I understand, by return of post. Probably it is through Provis that you have received the explanation of Magwitch—in New South Wales?”

“你知道就是这个普罗维斯。有个叫普罗维斯的殖民者写了一封信，从朴次茅斯寄过来，替马格维奇打听你的详细住址。温米克写了封信寄回去，把你的详细住址告诉了他，这我知道。新南威尔士的那个马格维奇告知你的那番解释，大概就是普罗维斯转达给你的吧？”

"It came through Provis," I replied.

“是普罗维斯转达的。”我答道。

"Good day, Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, offering his hand; "glad to have seen you. In writing by post to Magwitch—in New South Wales—or in communicating with him through Provis, have the goodness to mention that the particulars and vouchers of our long account shall be sent to you, together with the balance; for there is still a balance remaining. Good day, Pip!”

“那再见了，皮普，”贾格尔斯先生说，同时伸出手来，“很高兴又见到你。你要是写信给新南威尔士的马格维奇，或者写给普罗维斯要他转达，劳驾你提一下，我要把我们长期以来的账单细目和收据，连同余款一起寄给他，因为钱款还有一些结余。再见，皮普！”

We shook hands, and he looked hard at me as long as he could see me. I turned at the door, and he was still looking hard at me, while the two vile casts on the shelf seemed to be trying to get their eyelids open, and to force out of their swollen throats, "O, what a man he is!"

我们握手告别后，他一直盯着我走到门口。我转身出了门，他还盯着我，架子上那两尊塑像好像要竭力撑开眼皮，从肿胀的喉咙里挤出一句：“啊，瞧瞧这家伙！”

Wemmick was out, and though he had been at his desk he could

have done nothing for me. I went straight back to the Temple, where I found the terrible Provis drinking rum-and-water and smoking negro-head, in safety.

温米克不在事务所，就算他在也帮不了我的忙。我直接回到坦普尔，发现吓人的普罗维斯正安安稳稳地喝着朗姆酒，抽着“黑人头”。

Next day the clothes I had ordered, all came home, and he put them on. Whatever he put on, became him less (it dismally seemed to me) than what he had worn before. To my thinking, there was something in him that made it hopeless to attempt to disguise him. The more I dressed him and the better I dressed him, the more he looked like the slouching fugitive on the marshes. This effect on my anxious fancy was partly referable, no doubt, to his old face and manner growing more familiar to me; but I believe too that he dragged one of his legs as if there were still a weight of iron on it, and that from head to foot there was Convict in the very grain of the man.

第二天，我订的衣服都送到家里来了，他一件一件地穿上了。不管他试哪一件，在我看来都不如他之前穿的那身合适，这让我很沮丧。我想，他身上应该是有种什么掩饰不住的东西，怎么乔装打扮都不管用。我越给他打扮，打扮得越好，他就越像当年沼泽地里那个无精打采的逃犯。无疑，我会产生这种不安的想法，部分是因为他当年的面孔和举止越来越清楚地浮现在我眼前，不过我认为，还有部分原因是他拖着一条腿，就好像腿上还拴着铁链一样，这个人从头到脚，就连骨子里都写着“逃犯”两字。

The influences of his solitary hut-life were upon him besides, and gave him a savage air that no dress could tame; added to these, were the influences of his subsequent branded life among men, and, crowning all, his consciousness that he was dodging and hiding now. In all his ways of sitting and standing, and eating and drinking—of brooding about, in a high-shouldered reluctant style—of taking out his great horn-handled jack-knife and wiping it on his legs and cutting his food—of lifting light glasses and cups to his lips, as if they were clumsy pannikins—of chopping a wedge off his bread, and soaking up with it the last fragments of gravy round and round his plate, as if to make the most of an allowance, and then drying his finger-ends on it, and then swallowing it—in these ways and a thousand other small nameless instances arising every minute in the day, there was Prisoner, Felon, Bondsman, plain as plain could be.

他一个人在孤零零的小屋子里过日子，久而久之受了影响，身上带着一种野蛮气，穿什么衣服都遮掩不了。而且，他和那些殖民者生活在一起，身上还打着罪犯的烙印，最重要的是，他意识到自己现在是寄人篱下，过着躲躲藏藏的日子。他无论是坐、立、吃、喝的方式；或是肩头高耸，带着一副不情愿的表情思考问题的样子；或是掏出那把有角柄

的大折刀，在腿上擦了擦就拿来切东西吃；或是把轻巧的玻璃杯或茶杯端起送到嘴边，好像这些杯子是笨重的金属器皿；或是切下一片面包，用它一遍一遍地吸着盘子里最后的一点肉汁，好像一丁点也不能浪费一样，然后再吸吸手指头上的汁水，最后把面包片吃下肚——他的这些举动，以及他一天之内每时每刻数不胜数的细小动作，无不向人透露他是一个蹲过监狱、判过重罪、带过脚镣和手铐的家伙。

It had been his own idea to wear that touch of powder, and I had conceded the powder after overcoming the shorts. But I can compare the effect of it, when on, to nothing but the probable effect of rouge upon the dead; so awful was the manner in which everything in him that it was most desirable to repress, started through that thin layer of pretence, and seemed to come blazing out at the crown of his head. It was abandoned as soon as tried, and he wore his grizzled hair cut short.

在头上敷点粉是他自己的主意，他答应不穿短裤，我才同意让他敷粉。但他头上一敷上粉，这效果在我看来就好比在死人脸上抹上胭脂，什么东西到了他身上就变得别扭起来，这薄薄的一层伪装本来是为了更好地掩饰，反而让他的头顶成了关注的焦点。这个试过以后就立刻被否决了，只是把他的灰白头发剪短了一些。

Words cannot tell what a sense I had, at the same time, of the dreadful mystery that he was to me. When he fell asleep of an evening, with his knotted hands clenching the sides of the easy-chair, and his bald head tattooed with deep wrinkles falling forward on his breast, I would sit and look at him, wondering what he had done, and loading him with all the crimes in the Calendar, until the impulse was powerful on me to start up and fly from him. Every hour so increased my abhorrence of him, that I even think I might have yielded to this impulse in the first agonies of being so haunted, notwithstanding all he had done for me, and the risk he ran, but for the knowledge that Herbert must soon come back. Once, I actually did start out of bed in the night, and begin to dress myself in my worst clothes, hurriedly intending to leave him there with everything else I possessed, and enlist for India as a private soldier.

与此同时，我对这个可怕的神秘人物的感觉简直无法用语言来形容。晚上，他在安乐椅上睡着了，骨节突出的双手抓着椅子的扶手，布满皱纹的秃头耷拉在胸前。我就坐在旁边看着他，想知道他到底犯了什么罪，我把各种罪名都加到他身上，直到不敢再猜下去了，就站起身，到离他远远的地方去。我对他的厌恶感与日俱增，要不是想到赫伯特很快就要回来了，我甚至觉得，我可能会因为受不了这种痛苦的纠缠而一走了之，不管他对我有过多大的恩惠，为我承担过多大的风险。有一天晚上，我真的从床上一跃而起，找出最破旧的衣服穿上，急不可耐地想要摆脱他，把我所有的东西都留给他，到印度去当个列兵。

I doubt if a ghost could have been more terrible to me, up in those lonely rooms in the long evenings and long nights, with the wind and the rain always rushing by. A ghost could not have been taken and hanged on my account, and the consideration that he could be, and the dread that he would be, were no small addition to my horrors. When he was not asleep, or playing a complicated kind of patience with a ragged pack of cards of his own—a game that I never saw before or since, and in which he recorded his winnings by sticking his jack-knife into the table—when he was not engaged in either of these pursuits, he would ask me to read to him— "Foreign language, dear boy!" While I complied, he, not comprehending a single word, would stand before the fire surveying me with the air of an Exhibitor, and I would see him, between the fingers of the hand with which I shaded my face, appealing in dumb show to the furniture to take notice of my proficiency. The imaginary student pursued by the misshapen creature he had impiously made, was not more wretched than I, pursued by the creature who had made me, and recoiling from him with a stronger repulsion, the more he admired me and the fonder he was of me.

在这样风雨不绝的漫漫长夜里，在这样孤寂冷清的屋子里，我怀疑即便有鬼魂，也不见得会比他更恐怖吧。鬼魂不可能因为我而被逮捕、被绞死，而我想到他却是有可能的，我怕他真的会被逮捕、被绞死，这让我更感到毛骨悚然了。有时他不睡觉，有时他拿出随身带的一副破烂不堪的牌，玩一种复杂而且需要耐心的游戏——我以前从没见过这种玩法，以后也没见人玩过。他每赢一局，就用折刀在桌子上刻上一笔——当他既不睡觉也不玩牌的时候，就要我念书给他听——“读外语给我听，好孩子！”我就依了他，读了起来，他虽然一个字也听不懂，却站在火炉前，带着一副展览会参展商的神情打量着我。我用一只手遮着光，透过指缝，我看见他对着家具打哑剧似的做着手势，像是让它们都来听听我读得有多流利一样。当年那个突发奇想，亵渎神灵，亲手创造了一个怪物，反被怪物缠住的学生的处境不见得比我悲惨。我现在被这个人缠住，而我却是他一手栽培出来的，他越是夸奖我、喜欢我，我就越讨厌他，越想躲开他。

This is written of, I am sensible, as if it had lasted a year. It lasted about five days. Expecting Herbert all the time, I dared not go out, except when I took Provis for an airing after dark. At length, one evening when dinner was over and I had dropped into a slumber quite worn out—for my nights had been agitated and my rest broken by fearful dreams—I was roused by the welcome footstep on the staircase. Provis, who had been asleep too, staggered up at the noise I made, and in an instant I saw his jack-knife shining in his hand.

写到这里，我感觉这样的情形持续了一年之久。事实上不过五天而已。我天天在等赫伯特回来，不敢出门，只是在天黑以后才带普罗维斯

出去透透气。终于有一天，吃过晚饭我精疲力尽地睡着了——因为我夜里总是心神不宁、噩梦连连——楼梯上传来的朝思暮想的脚步声把我惊醒了。普罗维斯本来也睡着了，听到我的动静之后，他跌跌撞撞地起了身。转眼间，我看见他那把水手刀已经握在手上了，明晃晃的。

"Quiet! It's Herbert!" I said; and Herbert came bursting in, with the airy freshness of six hundred miles of France upon him.

“别动！是赫伯特！”我说。这时赫伯特大步走了进来，身上带着一股六百英里之外的法国的清新气息。

"Handel, my dear fellow, how are you, and again how are you, and again how are you? I seem to have been gone a twelvemonth! Why, so I must have been, for you have grown quite thin and pale! Handel, my— Halloa! I beg your pardon.”

“汉德尔，我的好兄弟，你好吗，你好吗，你好吗？我感觉离开了整整一年那么久！哎呀，我一定是离开了一年了吧，要不你怎么会变得这么瘦、这么苍白！汉德尔，我的——啊呀！对不起，请问这位是？”

He was stopped in his running on and in his shaking hands with me, by seeing Provis. Provis, regarding him with a fixed attention, was slowly putting up his jack-knife, and groping in another pocket for something else.

他正一个劲地说着，正和我握着手，突然停住了，因为他看见了普罗维斯。普罗维斯正全神贯注地看着他，他慢慢收起水手刀，在另一个口袋里摸索着，想掏出个别的什么东西来。

"Herbert, my dear friend," said I, shutting the double doors, while Herbert stood staring and wondering, "something very strange has happened. This is—a visitor of mine.”

“赫伯特，我亲爱的朋友，”我一边说着，一边去关双层门，而他则站在那里，疑惑不解地望着我，“发生了一件很奇怪的事情。这位是——我的客人。”

"It's all right, dear boy!" said Provis coming forward, with his little clasped black book, and then addressing himself to Herbert. "Take it in your right hand. Lord strike you dead on the spot, if ever you split in any way sumever! Kiss it!"

“没事，好孩子！”普罗维斯走上前来，手里拿着那本带扣的黑皮袖珍书，对赫伯特说，“你右手拿着这本书。如果你走漏了风声，不管什么情况，你都要立刻被上帝用雷劈死！亲一下它！”

"Do so, as he wishes it," I said to Herbert. So, Herbert, looking at me with a friendly uneasiness and amazement, complied, and Provis immediately shaking hands with him, said, "Now you're on your oath, you know. And never believe me on mine, if Pip shan't make a gentleman on you!"

“照他说的做吧。”我对赫伯特说。赫伯特看着我，友好中带着不安和惊讶，但还是照他的话做了。他一做完，普罗维斯就和他握手，说：“你从现在起要遵守诺言了。要是皮普不让你成为一个绅士，你就别再相信我了！”

CHAPTER 41

第四十一章

In vain should I attempt to describe the astonishment and disquiet of Herbert, when he and I and Provis sat down before the fire, and I recounted the whole of the secret. Enough, that I saw my own feelings reflected in Herbert's face, and, not least among them, my repugnance towards the man who had done so much for me.

我、赫伯特、普罗维斯三个人在火炉前坐下了，我把这个秘密完完全全地向赫伯特复述了一遍，赫伯特当时的惊讶和不安，我无须赘述。只消说两点，那就是，我从赫伯特的脸上看到了我自己的感受，在这些感受中，我很清楚地看到，对于这个对我有大恩大德的人，我对他的厌恶之情也反映在赫伯特脸上了。

What would alone have set a division between that man and us, if there had been no other dividing circumstance, was his triumph in my story. Saving his troublesome sense of having been "low" on one occasion since his return—on which point he began to hold forth to Herbert, the moment my revelation was finished—he had no perception of the possibility of my finding any fault with my good fortune. His boast that he had made me a gentleman, and that he had come to see me support the character on his ample resources, was made for me quite as much as for himself; and that it was a highly agreeable boast to both of us, and that we must both be very proud of it, was a conclusion quite established in his own mind.

他在听我讲述的时候露出一副得意洋洋的样子，如果说我和赫伯特跟他之间原本并无其他隔阂，可单单这一点就足以造成隔阂了。他总是记得他回来后说过一次粗俗的话——我话音刚落，他就开始对赫伯特滔滔不绝地讲了起来——他哪里会想到，我交了好运却还对此不满呢。他夸耀说，自己把我培养成了一个绅士，他来是要看我如何依靠他的巨资，维持绅士的身份，这既是对我的夸耀，也是对他自己的夸耀。这个夸耀对我们两个都是十分贴切的，我们对此都该自豪不已，这个结论已经在他脑海里扎了根。

"Though, look'ee here, Pip's comrade," he said to Herbert, after having discoursed for some time, "I know very well that once since I come back—for half a minute—I've been low. I said to Pip, I knowed as I had been low. But don't you fret yourself on that score. I ain't made Pip a gentleman, and Pip ain't a-going to make you a gentleman, not fur me not to know what's due to ye both. Dear boy, and Pip's comrade, you two may count upon me always having a genteel muzzle on. Muzzled I have been since that half a minute when I was betrayed

into lowness, muzzled I am at the present time, muzzled I ever will be."

“不过，听我说，皮普的朋友，”他滔滔不绝说了一阵子后，对赫伯特说，“我很清楚，我回国后有一次——有半分钟的时间——很粗俗。我跟皮普说过了，我知道自己很粗俗。可你不要为这个发愁。我把皮普培养成一个绅士，皮普又要把你培养成一个绅士，我不会不知道该怎么对待你们两个绅士。好孩子，还有你，皮普的朋友，你们两个相信我，我会一直戴上文雅的口套。自从我在那半分钟里说了粗俗的话以后，我就戴上了口套，现在也戴着，以后还要戴下去。”

Herbert said, "Certainly," but looked as if there were no specific consolation in this, and remained perplexed and dismayed. We were anxious for the time when he would go to his lodging, and leave us together, but he was evidently jealous of leaving us together, and sat late. It was midnight before I took him round to Essex-street, and saw him safely in at his own dark door. When it closed upon him, I experienced the first moment of relief I had known since the night of his arrival.

赫伯特嘴上说：“当然。”但他看上去好像没有并因此得到宽慰，他仍然满是困惑和沮丧。我们都焦急地等他回到他的住所去，好让我们两个单独呆着，但他显然是嫉妒我们两个单独呆着，一直坐到很晚才走。我绕道把他送到了埃塞克斯街，看着他平安无事地迈进了那扇黑漆漆的门，这时已经是午夜时分了。门在他身后关上了，我这才松了口气，从他来的那个晚上直到现在，我还是第一次觉得轻松。

Never quite free from an uneasy remembrance of the man on the stairs, I had always looked about me in taking my guest out after dark, and in bringing him back; and I looked about me now. Difficult as it is in a large city to avoid the suspicion of being watched, when the mind is conscious of danger in that regard, I could not persuade myself that any of the people within sight cared about my movements. The few who were passing, passed on their several ways, and the street was empty when I turned back into the Temple. Nobody had come out at the gate with us, nobody went in at the gate with me. As I crossed by the fountain, I saw his lighted back windows looking bright and quiet, and, when I stood for a few moments in the doorway of the building where I lived, before going up the stairs, Garden-court was as still and lifeless as the staircase was when I ascended it.

我总会想起楼梯口那个人，惴惴不安的感觉始终挥之不去。我带着我这位客人晚上出门的时候总要四处张望，带他回来也是如此，这回我也少不了环顾一番。身处大城市，若担心自己处于被人监视的危险境地，那就难免要怀疑自己被人监视着，但我很难相信，出现在我视野里的这些人当中，会有人关注着我的一举一动。路上的行人屈指可数，都在各赶各的路，我返回坦普尔的时候，街上空荡荡的。我们出大门时，

没有人一起出来，我进大门时，也没有人一起进来。穿过喷水池的时候，我看见他的后窗亮着，看起来既明亮又安静，我上楼之前，在自己家门道里站了一会儿，只觉得花园坊一带寂静无声、了无生气，我上了楼，楼梯上也是一样的情形。

Herbert received me with open arms, and I had never felt before, so blessedly, what it is to have a friend. When he had spoken some sound words of sympathy and encouragement, we sat down to consider the question, What was to be done?

赫伯特张开双臂迎接我，我以前从未感受过有个朋友是一件多么幸福的事。他说了几句对我表示同情和鼓励的话，然后，我们坐下来考虑这个问题：接下来该怎么办？

The chair that Provis had occupied still remaining where it had stood—for he had a barrack way with him of hanging about one spot, in one unsettled manner, and going through one round of observances with his pipe and his negro-head and his jack-knife and his pack of cards, and what not, as if it were all put down for him on a slate—I say, his chair remaining where it had stood, Herbert unconsciously took it, but next moment started out of it, pushed it away, and took another. He had no occasion to say, after that, that he had conceived an aversion for my patron, neither had I occasion to confess my own. We interchanged that confidence without shaping a syllable.

普罗维斯坐的椅子还在原处——因为他过惯了蹲牢房的日子，习惯了在一个地方逗留，用一种惴惴不安的方式，把他的烟斗、“黑人头”、水手刀，还有扑克牌之类的东西拿出来摆弄一番，好像这些是给他规定好了必须要做的事情似的——且说，他的椅子还在原处，赫伯特无意中坐了上去，但下一秒钟就跳了起来，把椅子一把推开，坐到另一把椅子上去了。这样一来，他对我的恩主的厌恶之情自不必说了，而我也不必袒露我的心声了。我们一句话也没有说，就互相了解了对方的意思。

"What," said I to Herbert, when he was safe in another chair, "what is to be done?"

“我们，”赫伯特在另一把椅子上坐稳之后，我问他，“我们该做些什么呢？”

"My poor dear Handel," he replied, holding his head, "I am too stunned to think."

“我可怜的、亲爱的汉德尔，”他用手托着脑袋说，“我被吓呆了，已经没法思考了。”

"So was I, Herbert, when the blow first fell. Still, something must be done. He is intent upon various new expenses—horses, and carriages, and lavish appearances of all kinds. He must be stopped somehow.”

“我也是，赫伯特，当这个打击第一次向我袭来的时候。可是，我们得做些什么才行。他下定决心要买这买那来摆阔——要买马、买马车、还要买各种各样的奢侈品。我们得想办法阻止他。”

"You mean that you can't accept—”

“你的意思是你不能接受——”

"How can I?" I interposed, as Herbert paused. "Think of him! Look at him!"

“我怎么可以呢？”赫伯特稍一停顿，我便插了一句，“想想他是什么人！看看他那副样子！”

An involuntary shudder passed over both of us.

我们两人都不由自主地打了个寒颤。

"Yet I am afraid the dreadful truth is, Herbert, that he is attached to me, strongly attached to me. Was there ever such a fate!"

“可我害怕的是这样一个可怕的事实，赫伯特，那就是：他已经粘上了我，牢牢地粘上了我。怎么会是这样的命运！”

"My poor dear Handel," Herbert repeated.

“我可怜的、亲爱的汉德尔。”赫伯特又说了一次。

"Then," said I, "after all, stopping short here, never taking another penny from him, think what I owe him already! Then again: I am heavily in debt—very heavily for me, who have now no expectations—and I have been bred to no calling, and I am fit for nothing.”

“那么，”我说，“不管之前怎样，我要到此为止，不再拿他一分钱，想想我已经欠了他那么多！再说，我现在负债累累——对我来说债务非常重，我现在没有遗产了——而且我没有一技之长，我一无是处。”

"Well, well, well!" Herbert remonstrated. "Don't say fit for nothing."

“好了，好了，好了！”赫伯特劝慰我，“不要说自己一无是处。”

"What am I fit for? I know only one thing that I am fit for, and that is, to go for a soldier. And I might have gone, my dear Herbert, but for the prospect of taking counsel with your friendship and affection."

“我能做什么呢？我只知道有一件事我做得了，那就是去当兵。我亲爱的赫伯特，要不是想到你的友谊和情分，想听听你的意见，我可能早就去当兵了。”

Of course I broke down there: and of course Herbert, beyond seizing a warm grip of my hand, pretended not to know it.

说到这里，我真的几近崩溃了，赫伯特紧紧地、热情地握住我的

手，装作没看见我崩溃的样子。

"Anyhow, my dear Handel," said he presently, "soldiering won't do. If you were to renounce this patronage and these favors, I suppose you would do so with some faint hope of one day repaying what you have already had. Not very strong, that hope, if you went soldiering! Besides, it's absurd. You would be infinitely better in Clarriker's house, small as it is. I am working up towards a partnership, you know."

“不管怎样，我亲爱的汉德尔，”过了一会儿，他说，“当兵可不是办法。如果你要拒绝他做你的恩主，拒绝他给你的恩惠，我想你这么做是带着一丝希望，希望有朝一日能偿还他给你的一切。如果你去当兵的话，这个希望可就不太大了！再说，这想法也太荒谬了。克拉利克公司虽然小，但你要是去的话可比当兵不知强多少倍。我现在正向合伙人的目标努力呢，你知道的。”

Poor fellow! He little suspected with whose money.

可怜的人！他都没有怀疑过他用的是谁的钱。

"But there is another question," said Herbert. "This is an ignorant determined man, who has long had one fixed idea. More than that, he seems to me (I may misjudge him) to be a man of a desperate and fierce character.”

“但还有一个问题，”赫伯特说，“他这个人无知无识又死心眼，早就拿定了主意。而且，他在我眼里（我可能对他的评判有失公正）是个孤注一掷而且性情刚烈的人。”

"I know he is," I returned. "Let me tell you what evidence I have seen of it." And I told him what I had not mentioned in my narrative; of that encounter with the other convict.

“我知道，他是这样的人。”我说，“跟你说说我亲眼见到的一件事吧，可以作为根据。”然后我就告诉了他我之前的讲述中没有提到的事，他和另一个逃犯的那次狭路相逢。

"See, then," said Herbert; "think of this! He comes here at the peril of his life, for the realization of his fixed idea. In the moment of realization, after all his toil and waiting, you cut the ground from under his feet, destroy his idea, and make his gains worthless to him. Do you see nothing that he might do, under the disappointment?"

“你看看，”赫伯特说，“想一想吧！他冒着生命危险到这里来，就是为了实现他的宿愿。吃了这么多苦，等了这么多年，愿望终于实现了，这个时候你却拆了他的台，毁了他的愿望，让他的辛劳所得变得一文不值。他心灰意冷了，什么事做不出来呀，这个你想过吗？”

"I have seen it, Herbert, and dreamed of it, ever since the fatal night of his arrival. Nothing has been in my thoughts so distinctly, as his putting himself in the way of being taken."

“我想过，赫伯特，梦里还想着这事呢，从他到来的那个不幸的晚上开始。我是再清楚不过了，他说不定会去自首。”

"Then you may rely upon it," said Herbert, "that there would be great danger of his doing it. That is his power over you as long as he remains in England, and that would be his reckless course if you forsook him."

“那你等着瞧吧，他说不定会这么做的。”赫伯特说，“他要是这么做了，危险可就大了。只要他在英国，他就有权力控制你，如果你抛弃他，他不顾一切也要这么做的。”

I was so struck by the horror of this idea, which had weighed upon me from the first, and the working out of which would make me regard myself, in some sort, as his murderer, that I could not rest in my chair but began pacing to and fro. I said to Herbert, meanwhile, that even if Provis were recognized and taken, in spite of himself, I should be wretched as the cause, however innocently. Yes; even though I was so wretched in having him at large and near me, and even though I would far far rather have worked at the forge all the days of my life than I would ever have come to this!

他这个说法把我吓住了，我本来从一开始就有这个顾虑，假如这一说法成了现实，我真的会在某种程度上把自己看成是杀害他的凶手，想到这里，我在椅子上再也坐不住了，开始来回踱着步子。我一边踱着步子一边对赫伯特说，即使普罗维斯最终还是被人认了出来，被逮捕了，而不是去自首，我也会觉得是我害了他，不管我有多么无辜。是的，我让他逍遥法外，把他留在自己身边，即使这样已经让我够苦恼的了。如果能让我一辈子呆在铁匠铺里，而不是落到现在这个地步，我也会心甘情愿得多。

But there was no staving off the question, What was to be done?

但有个问题却是无法回避的，那就是：接下来该怎么办呢？

"The first and the main thing to be done," said Herbert, "is to get him out of England. You will have to go with him, and then he may be induced to go."

“眼下的当务之急，”赫伯特说，“就是把他弄出英国。你得和他一起走，这样才可能劝得动他。”

"But get him where I will, could I prevent his coming back?"

“可是不管我把他带到哪里，我能阻止他回来吗？”

"My good Handel, is it not obvious that with Newgate in the next street, there must be far greater hazard in your breaking your mind to him and making him reckless, here, than elsewhere. If a pretext to get him away could be made out of that other convict, or out of anything else in his life, now."

“我的好汉德尔，纽盖特监狱就在隔壁那条街上，你在这里向他表露你的想法，把他惹火了，这可比在其他任何地方都危险得多，这不是明摆的事吗？如果能拿另外那个逃犯，或者他的其他什么生平经历做借口把他打发走，那现在就该动手了。”

"There, again!" said I, stopping before Herbert, with my open hands held out, as if they contained the desperation of the case. "I know nothing of his life. It has almost made me mad to sit here of a night and see him before me, so bound up with my fortunes and misfortunes, and yet so unknown to me, except as the miserable wretch who terrified me two days in my childhood!"

“好了，你又来了！”我在赫伯特面前停住了脚步，双手一摊，好像这件事的无奈之处都包含在这双手里了。“我对他的生平一无所知。每天晚上坐在这里，看着他就在我面前，我简直要疯了，我无论走运还是倒霉，都跟他扯到了一起，可我对他却一无所知，除了我童年的时候被这个可怜虫吓了整整两天！”

Herbert got up, and linked his arm in mine, and we slowly walked to and fro together, studying the carpet.

赫伯特站了起来，挽着我的胳膊，我们并排慢慢来回踱着步子，眼睛盯着地毯。

"Handel," said Herbert, stopping, "you feel convinced that you can take no further benefits from him; do you?"

“汉德尔，”赫伯特停了下来，说，“你确定你再也不接受他给你的任何好处了，是吗？”

"Fully. Surely you would, too, if you were in my place?"

“完全确定。如果你处于我的境地，你也会这么做吧？”

"And you feel convinced that you must break with him?"

“你确定你必须跟他断绝关系吗？”

"Herbert, can you ask me?"

“赫伯特，这还用问吗？”

"And you have, and are bound to have, that tenderness for the life he has risked on your account, that you must save him, if possible, from throwing it away. Then you must get him out of England before you stir a finger to extricate yourself. That done, extricate yourself, in Heaven's name, and we'll see it out together, dear old boy."

“他为了你冒了生命危险，他这条命你得怜惜，而且必须怜惜，有可能的话，你必须救他，而不是抛弃他。在你尽举手之劳让自己脱身之前，你必须先把他弄出英国。把他弄出国以后，你再让自己脱身，上帝作证，之后我们再一起想办法，亲爱的老朋友。”

It was a comfort to shake hands upon it, and walk up and down again, with only that done.

我们就此欣慰地握了握手表示同意，达成了这一项共识之后，我们又来回踱起了步子。

"Now, Herbert," said I, "with reference to gaining some knowledge of his history. There is but one way that I know of. I must ask him point-blank.”

“嗯，赫伯特，”我说，“关于打探他的生平经历这件事。我知道的就只有一个办法。我必须直截了当地问他。”

"Yes. Ask him," said Herbert, "when we sit at breakfast in the morning." For, he had said, on taking leave of Herbert, that he would come to breakfast with us.

“对。去问他。”赫伯特说，“我们早上坐下来吃早餐的时候。”原来，他跟赫伯特告别的时候说过，他第二天要来跟我们一起吃早餐。

With this project formed, we went to bed. I had the wildest dreams concerning him, and woke unrefreshed; I woke, too, to recover the fear which I had lost in the night, of his being found out as a returned transport. Waking, I never lost that fear.

计划谈妥之后，我们就上床睡觉了。我晚上做了许多关于他的、荒唐透顶的梦，醒来时还是精神不振，晚上还担心他潜逃回国的流亡犯的身份被人发现。本来这一担心已经打消，现在又浮上心头。只要我醒着，这种担心就一直萦绕在我心头。

He came round at the appointed time, took out his jack-knife, and sat down to his meal. He was full of plans "for his gentleman's coming out strong, and like a gentleman," and urged me to begin speedily upon the pocket-book, which he had left in my possession. He considered the chambers and his own lodging as temporary residences, and advised me to look out at once for a "fashionable crib" near Hyde Park, in which he could have "a shake-down”. When he had made an end of his breakfast, and was wiping his knife on his leg, I said to him, without a word of preface:

第二天早上，他准时到了，拿出他那把水手刀，坐下来开始用餐。他满肚子的计划，要“让他的绅士出人头地，像个绅士的样子”，催促我动用他给我的那满满一皮夹子钱。他觉得我的这套房间还有他自己租住的房子只是临时住所，建议我赶紧去海德公园附近找一个“时髦的窝”，他好在里面“搭张铺”。他吃完了早餐，又在腿上擦过他的刀，我这才开门见山地对他说：

"After you were gone last night, I told my friend of the struggle that the soldiers found you engaged in on the marshes, when we came up. You remember?"

“昨晚你走了之后，我跟我的朋友谈起，当年一伙官兵赶到沼泽地，发现你正和人打架，那时我也正好赶到。你还记得吗？”

"Remember!" said he. "I think so!"

“记得！”他说，“我想我记得！”

"We want to know something about that man—and about you. It is strange to know no more about either, and particularly you, than I was able to tell last night. Is not this as good a time as another for our knowing more?”

“我们想了解一些关于那个人的情况——还有你的情况。说来奇怪，我对你们两个了解的就这么多，尤其是你，结果我昨晚说了几句就说不下去了。你能不能趁这个机会让我们多知道一些呢？”

"Well!" he said, after consideration. "You're on your oath, you know, Pip's comrade?"

“好吧！”他想了一下，说，“你要知道你发过誓的，是不是，皮普的朋友？”

"Assuredly," replied Herbert.

“没错。”赫伯特说。

"As to anything I say, you know," he insisted. "The oath applies to all."

“不管我说了什么，你要知道，”他坚持说道，“你都得遵守誓言。”

"I understand it to do so."

“我明白。”

"And look'ee here! Wotever I done, is worked out and paid for," he insisted again.

“你听好了！不管我做过什么，我都得到了应有的惩罚。”他又一次坚持说道。

"So be it."

“但愿如此。”

He took out his black pipe and was going to fill it with negrohead, when, looking at the tangle of tobacco in his hand, he seemed to think it might perplex the thread of his narrative. He put it back again, stuck his pipe in a button-hole of his coat, spread a hand on each knee, and, after turning an angry eye on the fire for a few silent moments, looked round at us and said what follows.

他掏出黑烟斗，打算往里面塞“黑人头”。突然，他看了看手里乱七八糟的一团烟草，好像觉得这团烟草可能会打乱他叙述的线索。于是他把烟草塞了回去，把烟斗插在外套的一个纽扣里，两手放在膝盖上，然

后，默默地看着炉火，眼里带着怒气，这样过了一会儿之后，他把眼睛转向我们，给我们讲了下面的故事。

CHAPTER 42

第四十二章

"Dear boy and Pip's comrade. I am not a-going fur to tell you my life, like a song or a story-book. But to give it you short and handy, I'll put it at once into a mouthful of English. In jail and out of jail, in jail and out of jail, in jail and out of jail. There, you got it. That's my life pretty much, down to such times as I got shipped off, arter Pip stood my friend."

“好孩子，还有你，皮普的朋友。我来给你们说说我的人生经历，这段经历既不像歌曲那么动听，也不像故事那么有趣。但要简单、明了地跟你们说，我只要念几句顺口溜，你们就明白了。进了牢房出牢房，进了牢房出牢房，进了牢房出牢房。好了，你们知道了吧。这就是我的人生，后来我和皮普交上了朋友，再后来我被押上了船，打发到海外去了。”

"I've been done everything to, pretty well—except hanged. I've been locked up, as much as a silver tea-kettle. I've been carted here and carted there, and put out of this town and put out of that town, and stuck in the stocks, and whipped and worried and drove. I've no more notion where I was born, than you have—if so much. I first become aware of myself, down in Essex, a thieving turnips for my living. Summun had run away from me—a man—a tinker—and he'd took the fire with him, and left me wery cold."

“我什么刑罚都受过了——只剩下绞刑了。他们把我当成银茶壶那样的宝贝似的锁了起来。他们把我装上车，从这里运到那里，从这座城运到那座城，对我又是上脚铐，又是鞭打，又是折磨，又是驱赶的。我是在哪里生的，别说你们，就连我自己都不知道。我第一次意识到世上有我这个人的存在，是在埃塞克斯，在我为了活命偷萝卜的时候。有个人丢下我跑了——一个男人——一个补锅匠——还把炉子也带走了，留下我一个人受冻。”

"I know'd my name to be Magwitch, chrisen'd Abel. How did I know it? Much as I know'd the birds' names in the hedges to be chaffinch, sparrer, thrush. I might have thought it was all lies together, only as the birds' names come out true, I supposed mine did."

“我知道我叫马格维奇，教名叫埃布尔。我是怎么知道的？这就好比我知道树篱上的小鸟的名字，这个叫花鸡、那个叫麻雀、那个叫画眉。起先我也怀疑过这些名字，觉得它们都是胡扯，不过既然小鸟的名字是对的，我想我的名字也不会错吧。”

"So fur as I could find, there warn't a soul that see young Abel Magwitch, with us little on him as in him, but wot caught fright at him, and either drove him off, or took him up. I was took up, took up, took up, to that extent that I reg'larly grow'd up took up."

“我还记得，这个小埃布尔·马格维奇没吃的、没穿的，没人见了他不讨厌他，不是赶他走，就是去逮他。我不停地被人逮来逮去，逮到后来我就给逮大了。”

"This is the way it was, that when I was a ragged little creetur as much to be pitied as ever I see (not that I looked in the glass, for there warn't many insides of furnished houses known to me), I got the name of being hardened. 'This is a terrible hardened one,' they says to prison wisitors, picking out me. 'May be said to live in jails, this boy.'" "Then they looked at me, and I looked at them, and they measured my head, some on 'em—they had better a-measured my stomach—and others on 'em giv me tracts what I couldn't read, and made me speeches what I couldn't understand. They always went on agen me about the Devil. But what the Devil was I to do? I must put something into my stomach, mustn't I?— Howsomever, I'm a getting low, and I know what's due. Dear boy and Pip's comrade, don't you be afeerd of me being low."

“事情就是这样，我从小就穿得破破烂烂，没有人比我更可怜了（我不是从镜子里看到我的可怜样的，因为我到过的人家有镜子的不多），我老手的称号可是出了名了。‘这是个非常厉害的老手。’他们指着我，对来探监的人说，‘可以说是在监狱里长大的，这孩子。’”“然后他们看看我，我也看看他们，然后他们打量打量我的脑袋，有些人其实是在打量我的肚子——也有一些人给我一些东西读，我都读不懂，还给我做一番长篇大论，我都听不懂。他们总是给我讲关于魔鬼的事情。可魔鬼跟我有什么关系呢？我得填饱肚子，不是吗？——不过，我是个粗人，我知道怎么做才是对的。好孩子，还有你，皮普的朋友，你们不要被我的粗俗吓到。”

"Tramping, begging, thieving, working sometimes when I could—though that warn't as often as you may think, till you put the question whether you would ha' been over-ready to give me work yourselves—a bit of a poacher, a bit of a laborer, a bit of a waggoner, a bit of a haymaker, a bit of a hawker, a bit of most things that don't pay and lead to trouble, I got to be a man. A deserting soldier in a Traveler's Rest, what lay hid up to the chin under a lot of taturs, learnt me to read; and a travelling Giant what signed his name at a penny a time learnt me to write. I warn't locked up as often now as formerly, but I wore out my good share of keymetal still."

“流浪、讨饭、偷东西，有活干的时候也干干活——虽然不像你们想的那样经常有活干，你们可以问问自己，假如你们要雇人，会雇我这样

一个人吗——有时到人家庄园里偷猎，有时打打短工，有时赶赶大车，有时晒晒干草，有时沿街叫卖。我干的事情大多不但没有报酬，还尽惹麻烦，我就是这样长大成人的。一次，有家旅店来了一个逃兵，全身上下裹着破布，一直裹到了下巴，他教我读书。还有一个行走江湖的巨人，专门给人签名，每签一个名收一便士，他教我写字。我现在牢房进得比以前少了，不过，那把牢房门的钥匙可是磨得油光发亮，这里面还有我的功劳呢。”

"At Epsom races, a matter of over twenty years ago, I got acquainted wi' a man whose skull I'd crack wi' this poker, like the claw of a lobster, if I'd got it on this hob. His right name was Compeyson; and that's the man, dear boy, what you see me a-pounding in the ditch, according to what you truly told your comrade arter I was gone last night.”

“二十多年前，在埃普瑟姆赛马场，我认识了一个人。我要是再见到他，就要用这根像龙虾的大钳子一样的拔火棒把他的脑壳敲碎——假如他的脑壳就放在这炉盘上的话。他名字叫康培生，就是这个人，好孩子，你当年看见我在水沟里打的那个人，昨天晚上我走了以后，你跟你朋友说起的这个人。”

"He set up fur a gentleman, this Compeyson, and he'd been to a public boarding-school and had learning. He was a smooth one to talk, and was a dab at the ways of gentlefolks. He was good-looking too. It was the night afore the great race, when I found him on the heath, in a booth that I know'd on. Him and some more was a sitting among the tables when I went in, and the landlord (which had a knowledge of me, and was a sporting one) called him out, and said, 'I think this is a man that might suit you'—meaning I was.”

“他自以为是个绅士，这个康培生，进过公立寄宿学校，是个文化人。这个人能说会道，看起来有那么点上等人的样子。他长得也还不赖。大赛马会的前一天，我在荒原上的＋B51那家小酒店里见到了他。我进去的时候，他正和其他几个人坐在桌子旁边，店老板（他认识我；他是个喜欢赌博的家伙）把他叫出去，跟他说：‘我觉得这个人可能适合你’——他说的是我。”

"Compeyson, he looks at me very noticing, and I look at him. He has a watch and a chain and a ring and a breast-pin and a handsome suit of clothes.”

“康培生仔仔细细地打量了我一番，我也打量了他一番。他身上挂了块表，手上戴了枚戒指，衣服上别了根胸针，衣服穿得很体面。”

“"To judge from appearances, you're out of luck,' says Compeyson to me."

“‘看起来，你不太走运嘛。’康培生对我说。”

“'Yes, master, and I've never been in it much.' (I had come out of Kingston Jail last on a vagrancy committal. Not but what it might have been for something else; but it warn't.)”

“‘是的，先生，我从来就没走过什么运。’（我最近一次坐牢是因为流浪罪，刚从金斯顿监狱出来没多久。就算不为这个罪，那也是为别的罪而坐过牢，但这次不是因为别的罪。）”

“'Luck changes,' says Compeyson; 'perhaps yours is going to change.'"

“‘时来运转，’康培生说，‘说不定你的好运就要来了。’”

"I says, 'I hope it may be so. There's room.'"

“我说：‘但愿如此。等机会吧。’”

“'What can you do?' says Compeyson."

“‘你会做什么？’康培生问我。”

“'Eat and drink,' I says; 'if you'll find the materials.'"

“‘吃吃喝喝，’我说，‘只要你给我吃的、喝的。’”

"Compeyson laughed, looked at me again very noticing, giv me five shillings, and appointed me for next night. Same place."

“康培生笑了，又仔仔细细地打量了我一番，给了我五个先令，约我第二天晚上再来见他。地点不变。”

"I went to Compeyson next night, same place, and Compeyson took me on to be his man and pardner. And what was Compeyson's business in which we was to go pardners? Compeyson's business was the swindling, handwriting forging, stolen bank-note passing, and such-like. All sorts of traps as Compeyson could set with his head, and keep his own legs out of and get the profits from and let another man in for, was Compeyson's business. He'd no more heart than an iron file, he was as cold as death, and he had the head of the Devil afore mentioned."

“第二天晚上我就去老地方见康培生了，康培生雇我当他的帮手和合伙人。康培生要跟我合伙做什么行当呢？康培生干的是诈骗钱财、伪造字据、把偷来的钱设法甩出这一类的勾当。凡是康培生想到了什么自己能从中获利，却不会受到牵连，而让别人给他卖命的阴谋诡计，他没有不做的。他的心像铁锉刀一样硬，跟死尸一样冷，他的脑子跟我之前提到过的魔鬼一样坏。”

"There was another in with Compeyson, as was called Arthur—not as being so chrisen'd, but as a surname. He was in a Decline, and was a shadow to look at. Him and Compeyson had been in a bad thing with a rich lady some years afore, and they'd made a pot of money by

it; but Compeyson betted and gamed, and he'd have run through the king's taxes. So, Arthur was a-dying, and a-dying poor and with the horrors on him, and Compeyson's wife (which Compeyson kicked mostly) was a-having pity on him when she could, and Compeyson was a-having pity on nothing and nobody.”

“跟康培生同伙的还有一个人，叫阿瑟——不是他的教名，只是个外号。他有痨病，看起来像个鬼一样。多年以前，他和康培生勾搭起来，骗了一个有钱人家的小姐，从中得了一大笔钱，不过康培生把钱都赌光了，像他那样的花法，王家国库给他花都不够。最后，阿瑟的病一天比一天重，而且一天比一天穷，还得了酒疯，康培生的老婆（康培生动不动就对她拳打脚踢）总是尽可能地同情他，而康培生可是对任何人、任何事都是无情无义的。”

"I might a-took warning by Arthur, but I didn't; and I won't pretend I was partick'ler—for where 'ud be the good on it, dear boy and comrade? So I begun wi' Compeyson, and a poor tool I was in his hands. Arthur lived at the top of Compeyson's house (over nigh Brentford it was), and Compeyson kept a careful account agen him for board and lodging, in case he should ever get better to work it out. But Arthur soon settled the account. The second or third time as ever I see him, he come a-tearing down into Compeyson's parlor late at night, in only a flannel gown, with his hair all in a sweat, and he says to Compeyson's wife, 'Sally, she really is upstairs alonger me, now, and I can't get rid of her. She's all in white,' he says, 'wi' white flowers in her hair, and she's awful mad, and she's got a shroud hanging over her arm, and she says she'll put it on me at five in the morning.'"

“我本该从阿瑟身上吸取教训的，可我没有。我不需要假装我有什么特别的——我在你们面前假装有什么好处呢，好孩子，还有你，好孩子的朋友？就这样我开始跟康培生混了，在他手里我就是一个可怜的工具。阿瑟住在康培生家的顶楼（就在布伦特福德附近），他在那里吃住的费用康培生都详细记录了下来，这样他身体要是好了就得干活抵债。不过阿瑟很快就还清了这笔债。我第二次还是第三次看见他时是一天深夜，他跌跌撞撞地冲进康培生家的客厅，只穿了一件法兰绒睡衣，满头大汗，连头发都湿透了，他对康培生老婆说：‘萨莉，她真的跟我上楼来了，我甩不掉她。她穿着一身白衣服，’他说，‘头上戴着白花，她简直是疯了，太可怕了，胳膊上还搭着块裹尸布，她说她要在早上五点的时候用裹尸布把我裹起来。’”

"Says Compeyson: 'Why, you fool, don't you know she's got a living body? And how should she be up there, without coming through the door, or in at the window, and up the stairs?'"

“康培生说：‘哎呀，你这个笨蛋，你难道不知道她是个活人吗？她没有从大门进来，也没有爬窗子进来，更没有上楼，她怎么进得了你的房间呢？’”

“'I don't know how she's there,' says Arthur, shivering dreadful with the horrors, 'but she's standing in the corner at the foot of the bed, awful mad. And over where her heart's brook—you broke it! — there's drops of blood.'"

“‘我不知道她是怎么进来的，’阿瑟吓得浑身发抖地说，‘可她就站在床脚的那个角落里，疯了一样，太可怕了。她的心都碎了——是你撕碎的！——血一滴、一滴地往下滴。’”

"Compeyson spoke hardy, but he was always a coward. 'Go up alonger this drivelling sick man,' he says to his wife, 'and Magwitch, lend her a hand, will you?' But he never come nigh himself."

“康培生虽然说话强硬，但他其实是个懦夫。‘你跟这个满口胡言乱语的病人一起上去，’他对他老婆说，‘马格维奇，你帮一帮她，行不行？’可他自己从没走近一步。”

"Compeyson's wife and me took him up to bed again, and he raved most dreadful. 'Why look at her!' he cries out. 'She's a-shaking the shroud at me! Don't you see her? Look at her eyes! Ain't it awful to see her so mad?' Next, he cries, 'She'll put it on me, and then I'm done for! Take it away from her, take it away!' And then he catched hold of us, and kep on a-talking to her, and answering of her, till I half believed I see her myself.”

“康培生老婆和我扶他到楼上，让他重新躺在床上，他只是一个劲地胡言乱语。‘哎呀，瞧她！’他大喊大叫，‘她拿着裹尸布在我面前晃！你们没看见她吗？看她的眼睛！看她这个疯疯癫癫的样子不会害怕吗？’他接着喊道，‘她要把裹尸布披到我身上，那样我就没命了！把它从她手上拿走，拿走！’然后他抓住我们两个，嘴里不停地跟她说话，回答她的问题，弄得我半信半疑起来，觉得自己也看见她本人了。”

"Compeyson's wife, being used to him, giv him some liquor to get the horrors off, and by-and-by he quieted. 'Oh, she's gone! Has her keeper been for her?' he says. 'Yes,' says Compeyson's wife. 'Did you tell him to lock her and bar her in?' 'Yes.' 'And to take that ugly thing away from her?' 'Yes, yes, all right.' 'You're a good creetur,' he says, 'don't leave me, whatever you do, and thank you!'"

“康培生老婆已经习惯了他这个样子，给他喝了点酒压压惊，他渐渐安静了下来。‘啊，她走了！那个看管她的人把她带走了吗？’他问。‘带走了。’康培生老婆说。‘你跟他说了把她锁起来，不让她出去吗？’“说了。”“你说了把那个讨厌的玩意从她手上拿走吗？‘说了，说了，没事了。”“你真是个好人，’他说，‘不管你做什么都不要离开我，谢谢你！’”

"He rested pretty quiet till it might want a few minutes of five, and then he starts up with a scream, and screams out, 'Here she is! She's got the shroud again. She's unfolding it. She's coming out of the corner. She's coming to the bed. Hold me, both on you—one of each

side—don't let her touch me with it. Hah! she missed me that time. Don't let her throw it over my shoulders. Don't let her lift me up to get it round me. She's lifting me up. Keep me down!' Then he lifted himself up hard, and was dead."

“他安安稳稳地睡着了，快到五点钟的时候，他尖叫一声，跳了起来，嘴里喊着：‘她来了！她又把裹尸布带来了。她把它打开了。她从墙角走过来了。她走到床前了。抓住我，你们快抓住我——一人一边——别让她的裹尸布碰到我。哈！这回她没碰到我。别让她把裹尸布罩到我肩上。别让她抬起我，把裹尸布罩到我身上。她把我抬起来了。放我下来！’然后他身子用力往上一顶，死了。”

"Compeyson took it easy as a good riddance for both sides. Him and me was soon busy, and first he swore me (being ever artful) on my own book—this here little black book, dear boy, what I swore your comrade on.”

“康培生对此事处之泰然，他认为他的死对双方都是个解脱。他和我接下来就有的忙了，他做的第一件事就是让我对着我自己的书发誓（这个狡猾的家伙）——就是这本袖珍黑皮书，好孩子，就是我让你朋友用它发誓的书。”

"Not to go into the things that Compeyson planned, and I done—which 'ud take a week—I'll simply say to you, dear boy, and Pip's comrade, that that man got me into such nets as made me his black slave. I was always in debt to him, always under his thumb, always a-working, always a-getting into danger. He was younger than me, but he'd got craft, and he'd got learning, and he overmatched me five hundred times told and no mercy. My Missis as I had the hard time wi'—Stop though! I ain't brought her in—”

“至于康培生出主意，然后由我去办的那些事情，我就不说了——要说得说一个星期呢——我简单跟你们说吧，好孩子，还有皮普的朋友，我陷入了那个人的罗网，成了他的黑奴。我总是欠他的债，总是听他摆布，总是为他干活，总是陷入麻烦之中。他年纪比我小，可鬼点子多得很，还有学问，他比我强几百几千倍，而且心肠硬得很。那时我跟我老婆闹不和——不提这个了！我不想把她搅和进来——”

He looked about him in a confused way, as if he had lost his place in the book of his remembrance; and he turned his face to the fire, and spread his hands broader on his knees, and lifted them off and put them on again.

他慌张地环顾了一下四周，好像这段往事不知讲到哪里了，然后把脸转向火炉，双手放在膝盖上，摊得更开了，又把手从膝盖上拿开了又放上去。

"There ain't no need to go into it," he said, looking round once more. "The time wi' Compeyson was a'most as hard a time as ever I

had; that said, all's said. Did I tell you as I was tried, alone, for misdemeanor, while with Compeyson?"

“没必要再多说什么了。”他说，又一次环顾了一下四周。“跟康培生混的日子是我一辈子最难熬的日子，只说这一句就够了。我有没有跟你们说过，跟康培生在一起的时候，有一次我单独受过审，因为行为不端的罪名？”

I answered, No.

我回答他说没有。

"Well!" he said, "I was, and got convicted. As to took up on suspicion, that was twice or three times in the four or five year that it lasted; but evidence was wanting. At last, me and Compeyson was both committed for felony—on a charge of putting stolen notes in circulation—and there was other charges behind. Compeyson says to me, 'Separate defenses, no communication,' and that was all. And I was so miserable poor, that I sold all the clothes I had, except what hung on my back, afore I could get Jaggers.

“好吧！”他说，“有过那么一次，而且罪名成立。至于受到嫌疑而被捕，四五年里有过两三次，幸亏每次都证据不足。到最后，我和康培生两个都犯了重罪——罪名是拿偷来的钱投入市场流通——还有其他几个罪名。康培生对我说：‘各找律师，不再联系。’他就说了这么多。我那时穷得叮当响，把所有衣服都卖了，除了身上那件，这才请到贾格尔斯给我辩护。

"When we was put in the dock, I noticed first of all what a gentleman Compeyson looked, wi' his curly hair and his black clothes and his white pocket-handkercher, and what a common sort of a wretch I looked. When the prosecution opened and the evidence was put short, aforehand, I noticed how heavy it all bore on me, and how light on him. When the evidence was giv in the box, I noticed how it was always me that had come for'ard, and could be swore to, how it was always me that the money had been paid to, how it was always me that had seemed to work the thing and get the profit. But, when the defense come on, then I see the plan plainer; for, says the counselor for Compeyson, 'My lord and gentlemen, here you has afore you, side by side, two persons as your eyes can separate wide; one, the younger, well brought up, who will be spoke to as such; one, the elder, ill brought up, who will be spoke to as such; one, the younger, seldom if ever seen in these here transactions, and only suspected; t'other, the elder, always seen in 'em and always wi'his guilt brought home. Can you doubt, if there is but one in it, which is the one, and, if there is two in it, which is much the worst one?' And such-like. And when it come to character, warn't it Compeyson as had been to the school, and warn't it his schoolfellows as was in this position and in

that, and warn't it him as had been know'd by witnesses in such clubs and societies, and nowt to his disadvantage? And warn't it me as had been tried afore, and as had been know'd up hill and down dale in Bridewells and Lock-Ups? And when it come to speech-making, warn't it Compeyson as could speak to 'em wi' his face dropping every now and then into his white pocket-handkercher—ah! and wi'verses in his speech, too—and warn't it me as could only say, 'Gentlemen, this man at my side is a most precious rascal'? And when the verdict come, warn't it Compeyson as was recommended to mercy on account of good character and bad company, and giving up all the information he could agen me, and warn't it me as got never a word but Guilty? And when I says to Compeyson, 'Once out of this court, I'll smash that face of yourn!' ain't it Compeyson as prays the Judge to be protected, and gets two turnkeys stood betwixt us? And when we're sentenced, ain't it him as gets seven year, and me fourteen, and ain't it him as the Judge is sorry for, because he might a done so well, and ain't it me as the Judge perceives to be a old offender of wiolent passion, likely to come to worse?"

“我们两个都被推到了被告席，这时，我首先注意到康培生的打扮，多像个绅士啊，一头卷发，一身黑衣，白色手帕，再看看我，多像个普普通通的可怜虫啊。一开庭，证据一摆出来，我就预感到了罪证对我有多重，对他有多轻。后来证人出庭，他们把我说成是主犯，他们还发誓，说钱都是交到我手上。他们还说事情都是我的主意，好处都是我得的。后来辩护律师说话了，我把事实看得更清楚了，律师为康培生辩护说：‘法官大人、先生们，现在你们面前并排站着两个人呢，你们可以仔细分析一下，年纪轻的这一位，受过良好的教育，这一点应该考虑进去。年纪大的这一位，没有受过良好的教育，这一点也应该考虑进去。年纪轻的这一位，这样的罪行几乎跟他扯不上关系，只是有嫌疑而已。年纪大的这一位，同这些罪行关系很大。如果这件事只有一个人与此有关，会是哪一个呢，如果与两个人都有关，哪一个情节更严重呢？对此你们会有怀疑吗？’他还说了一些类似的话。说到人品，康培生上过学，他的同学不是在这里做官，就是在那里得意，他的证人都是这样那样的俱乐部和社团里的熟人，总不至于说他的坏话吧？而我呢，以前就受过审，在拘留所、监狱里进进出出的，哪一个不认识我？说到言谈，康培生跟他们说话的时候，时不时地用白手帕蒙着脸——哼！话里面还夹着诗句——而我呢，我只能说：‘先生们，我旁边这个人是个十足的无赖。’陪审团判决结果出来了，念在康培生品行端正，只是交友不慎，并且提供一切线索检举揭发我的份上，建议对他宽大处理，而我呢，除了判我有罪，他们一句话也没多说。我对康培生说：‘出了法庭，我要打烂你这张脸！’康培生请求法官保护他，法官就派了两个人把我们两个隔开。判决结果出来了，他判了七年，而我判了十四年，法官对他感到惋惜，认为他本来很有前途的。而我呢，法官把我看做一个穷凶极恶的惯犯，只可能越变越坏。”

He had worked himself into a state of great excitement, but he checked it, took two or three short breaths, swallowed as often, and stretching out his hand towards me said, in a reassuring manner, "I ain't a-going to be low, dear boy!”

说到这里他激动得难以自控，但他忍住了，用力喘了两三口气，吞了几口唾沫，向我伸出手来，想让我安心似的说：“我不会再这么粗俗了，好孩子！”

He had so heated himself that he took out his handkerchief and wiped his face and head and neck and hands, before he could go on.

他激动得不行，便掏出手帕，擦了擦脸、头、脖子和手，才接着往下说：

"I had said to Compeyson that I'd smash that face of his, and I swore Lord smash mine! We was in the same prison-ship, but I couldn't get at him for long, though I tried. At last I come behind him and hit him on the cheek to turn him round and get a smashing one at him, when I was seen and seized. The black-hole of that ship warn't a strong one, to a judge of black-holes that could swim and dive. I escaped to the shore, and I was a hiding among the graves there, envying them as was in 'em and all over, when I first see my boy!"

“我对康培生说过，我要打烂他那张脸。我发誓要是我做不到，就让上帝打烂我的脸！我们被关在同一条监狱船上，我真想揍他，但一直找不到机会下手。终于找到个机会，我到他身后，朝他脸上打了一拳，把他打得转了个身，又在他脸上狠狠地打了一拳，正好被人看见，把我给抓起来了。他们把我关进船上的暗室，对我这样一个会游泳又会潜水的、住惯了暗室的人来说，暗室根本关不住我。我逃到了岸上，躲在墓地里，就在羡慕那些躺在地下一了百了的人的时候，我第一次看见了你，我的孩子！”

He regarded me with a look of affection that made him almost abhorrent to me again, though I had felt great pity for him.

他满怀深情地望了我一眼，本来我还挺可怜他的，这一望让我对他又厌恶起来了。

"By my boy, I was giv to understand as Compeyson was out on them marshes too. Upon my soul, I half believe he escaped in his terror, to get quit of me, not knowing it was me as had got ashore. I hunted him down. I smashed his face. 'And now,' says I 'as the worst thing I can do, caring nothing for myself, I'll drag you back.' And I'd have swum off, towing him by the hair, if it had come to that, and I'd a got him aboard without the soldiers."

“我的孩子，我当时从你的话里知道康培生也逃到沼泽地里来了。我敢说，我多半相信他逃出来是因为怕了我，想要躲开我，他不知道我已

经逃到岸上来了。我找到了他。我打烂了他的脸。‘现在，’我说，‘我豁出去拼了命也要把你拖回监狱船上去。’要不是官兵来了，在当时的情况下，我本来真的可以一把揪住他的头发，拖着他，游回监狱船上去。”

"Of course he'd much the best of it to the last—his character was so good. He had escaped when he was made half-wild by me and my murderous intentions; and his punishment was light. I was put in irons, brought to trial again, and sent for life. I didn't stop for life, dear boy and Pip's comrade, being here."

“自然，这事最后又是他得了便宜——他的品行好嘛。他说他逃跑是因为被我吓掉了魂，以为我要谋杀他，结果他的罪判得很轻。而我又一次戴上了手铐、脚镣，被送上法庭，判了终身流放。好孩子、皮普的朋友，我既然到这里来了，就不在乎什么终身流放了。”

He wiped himself again, as he had done before, and then slowly took his tangle of tobacco from his pocket, and plucked his pipe from his button-hole, and slowly filled it, and began to smoke.

他又像刚才那样掏出手帕擦了擦汗，然后慢慢从口袋里掏出一团烟草，从纽扣孔里拔出烟管，慢慢把烟草塞进烟管里，开始抽起烟来。

"Is he dead?" I asked, after a silence.

“他死了吗？”沉默了一会儿之后，我问他。

"Is who dead, dear boy?"

“谁死了，好孩子？”

"Compeyson."

“康培生。”

"He hopes I am, if he's alive, you may be sure," with a fierce look. "I never heerd no more of him."

“他倒是希望我死了，如果他还活着的话，这一点可以肯定。”他露出满脸的愤怒之情，“我再也没听说过他的消息了。”

Herbert had been writing with his pencil in the cover of a book. He softly pushed the book over to me, as Provis stood smoking with his eyes on the fire, and I read in it:

赫伯特在一本书的封面上用铅笔写了些什么。趁普罗维斯站在那里抽烟，眼睛盯着火炉的时候，他悄悄把书递给我，我一看，上面写着：

"Young Havisham's name was Arthur. Compeyson is the man who professed to be Miss Havisham's lover."

“郝维仙小姐的弟弟就叫阿瑟。康培生就是那个声称是郝维仙小姐情人的家伙。”

I shut the book and nodded slightly to Herbert, and put the book

by; but we neither of us said anything, and both looked at Provis as he stood smoking by the fire.

我合上书，朝赫伯特微微点了点头，然后把书放到一边，我们两个都没有说话，目光都投向了普罗维斯，看着他站在火炉旁抽烟。

CHAPTER 43

第四十三章

Why should I pause to ask how much of my shrinking from Provis might be traced to Estella? Why should I loiter on my road, to compare the state of mind in which I had tried to rid myself of the stain of the prison before meeting her at the coach-office, with the state of mind in which I now reflected on the abyss between Estella in her pride and beauty, and the returned transport whom I harboured? The road would be none the smoother for it, the end would be none the better for it, he would not be helped, nor I extenuated.

我何必要停下来自问，我这样害怕和普罗维斯亲近，在多大程度上是因为埃斯特拉的缘故？我何必要一路走走停停，将两种心境比来比去？正是因为这种心态，想我当初参观监狱出来时，把身上的气息去掉后才敢去驿站接埃斯特拉；也是因为这种心态，我如今又想着傲慢又美丽的埃斯特拉与我窝藏的那个潜逃回国的囚犯之间有着天壤之别。道路不会因此平坦一些，结局不会因此美满一些，他不会因此获救，我也不会因此减罪。

A new fear had been engendered in my mind by his narrative; or rather, his narrative had given form and purpose to the fear that was already there. If Compeyson were alive and should discover his return, I could hardly doubt the consequence. That, Compeyson stood in mortal fear of him, neither of the two could know much better than I; and that, any such man as that man had been described to be, would hesitate to release himself for good from a dreaded enemy by the safe means of becoming an informer, was scarcely to be imagined.

听了他这番叙述，我脑子里又产生了一种新的恐惧，或者说，这种恐惧早已有之，只是他这番叙述使它更加具体、更加明了了。如果康培生还活着，发现他已回国的话，后果不堪设想。康培生对他怕得要死，这一点我比他们俩谁都清楚。康培生既然是像他所说的这样一个人，那么，他一定会去检举揭发，安全地把自己这个可怕的死对头除掉，我想象不出康培生对此会有半点犹豫。

Never had I breathed, and never would I breathe—or so I resolved—a word of Estella to Provis. But, I said to Herbert that before I could go abroad, I must see both Estella and Miss Havisham. This was when we were left alone on the night of the day when Provis told us his story. I resolved to go out to Richmond next day, and I went.

我从来没有，也永远不会——至少我是这么打算的——向普罗维斯提起埃斯特拉的。不过，我跟赫伯特说了，要是我得以顺利出国，我一定要在走之前见见埃斯特拉和郝维仙小姐。这是普罗维斯跟我们讲述他

的生平的那晚，在他走后只剩下我和赫伯特的时候，我跟他说的。我打定主意第二天去里士满，第二天我真的去了。

On my presenting myself at Mrs. Brandley's, Estella's maid was called to tell that Estella had gone into the country. Where? To Satis House, as usual. Not as usual, I said, for she had never yet gone there without me; when was she coming back? There was an air of reservation in the answer which increased my perplexity, and the answer was, that her maid believed she was only coming back at all for a little while. I could make nothing of this, except that it was meant that I should make nothing of it, and I went home again in complete discomfiture.

我一到布兰德利夫人家门口，埃斯特拉的女仆就告诉我说，埃斯特拉到乡下去了。我问她去哪里了。她说沙提斯庄园，跟往常一样。跟往常不一样，我说，因为她以前没有一次不是我陪同去的，我问她什么时候回来。女仆的回答吞吞吐吐，让我更加疑惑不解，她说，估计她回来也只呆一会儿。她的回答让我一头雾水，我只知道她本来就是要让我一头雾水，我又一次扫兴而归。

Another night-consultation with Herbert after Provis was gone home (I always took him home, and always looked well about me), led us to the conclusion that nothing should be said about going abroad until I came back from Miss Havisham's. In the meantime, Herbert and I were to consider separately what it would be best to say; whether we should devise any pretence of being afraid that he was under suspicious observation; or whether I, who had never yet been abroad, should propose an expedition. We both knew that I had but to propose anything, and he would consent. We agreed that his remaining many days in his present hazard was not to be thought of.

普罗维斯回去后（我通常都会送他回去，通常都会注意留心四周动静），我跟赫伯特夜间又做了一次商谈，最后商定好了，在我从郝维仙小姐家回来之前，出国的事一个字都不能跟他提。与此同时，赫伯特和我分头考虑怎么跟他说最好，是编个借口，说我们怀疑他被人盯上了，还是说我还没出过国，应该出去见见世面。我们都知道，不管我怎么说，普罗维斯都会答应的。我们一致认为，不能让他冒着风险在这里继续呆下去。

Next day, I had the meanness to feign that I was under a binding promise to go down to Joe; but I was capable of almost any meanness towards Joe or his name. Provis was to be strictly careful while I was gone, and Herbert was to take the charge of him that I had taken. I was to be absent only one night, and, on my return, the gratification of his impatience for my starting as a gentleman on a greater scale, was to be begun. It occurred to me then, and as I afterwards found to Herbert also, that he might be best got away across the water, on that

pretence—as, to make purchases, or the like.

第二天，我捏造了一个卑鄙的借口，说我跟乔约好了，要到乡下去看他。对于乔这个人，还有乔这个名字，我可是什么卑鄙的事情都做得出来了。我叮嘱普罗维斯，在我外出的这段时间里要万分小心，赫伯特会代替我来照看他。我计划只在外面过一夜，等我回来了，就满足他做一名更气派的绅士，他对这点已经变得迫不及待了。当时我想到，后来发现赫伯特也和我想的一样，那就是要把他弄出国，最好的理由是——要做一个更气派的绅士，就需要出国购置行头，买这买那。

Having thus cleared the way for my expedition to Miss Havisham's, I set off by the early morning coach before it was yet light, and was out on the open country-road when the day came creeping on, halting and whimpering and shivering, and wrapped in patches of cloud and rags of mist, like a beggar. When we drove up to the Blue Boar after a drizzly ride, whom should I see come out under the gateway, toothpick in hand, to look at the coach, but Bentley Drummle!

在为郝维仙小姐府上之行扫清障碍后，我一大早天还没亮就动身启程了，赶上了早班马车，来到了开阔的乡间小路。这时天光渐渐亮了，我身上裹着的衣服上打满了像云一样的补丁，如雾气一样潮湿。马车走走停停，我在车上瑟瑟发抖，抽噎不止，寒碜得像个乞丐。马车顶着毛毛细雨，赶到了“蓝野猪”饭店，只见大门口出来一个人，手里拿着一根牙签，看着马车，这个人正是本特利·德鲁莫尔！

As he pretended not to see me, I pretended not to see him. It was a very lame pretence on both sides; the lamer, because we both went into the coffee-room, where he had just finished his breakfast, and where I ordered mine. It was poisonous to me to see him in the town, for I very well knew why he had come there.

他假装没看见我，我也假装没看见他。我们装得一点也不像，因为我们一起走进咖啡室，他刚用完早餐，而我刚点好我的早餐。在镇上看见他真让我恶心，他为什么到那里，我清楚得很。

Pretending to read a smeary newspaper long out of date, which had nothing half so legible in its local news, as the foreign matter of coffee, pickles, fish-sauces, gravy, melted butter, and wine, with which it was sprinkled all over, as if it had taken the measles in a highly irregular form, I sat at my table while he stood before the fire. By degrees it became an enormous injury to me that he stood before the fire, and I got up, determined to have my share of it. I had to put my hand behind his legs for the poker when I went up to the fire-place to stir the fire, but still pretended not to know him.

他站在火炉旁边，而我坐在桌前，拿起一份早就过期了的报纸读了起来，当地新闻已经模糊地难以辨认了，倒是外来的东西，像咖啡呀、

泡菜呀、鱼酱呀、肉汁呀、融化了的黄油呀、葡萄酒呀之类的，弄得报纸上到处都是，就像皮肤上形状不规则的麻疹。德鲁莫尔在火炉前站着，我越看越生气，于是站起身来，决定不能让他一个人独享炉火。我走到炉边想去拔火，可要拿拔火棒就不得不把手伸到他大腿后面，我仍旧装作不认识他。

"Is this a cut?" said Mr. Drummle.

“怎么看见我连个招呼都不打？”德鲁莫尔说。

"Oh!" said I, poker in hand; "it's you, is it? How do you do? I was wondering who it was, who kept the fire off."

“哎呀！”我手里握着拔火棒，说，“是你呀？你好吗？我还纳闷是谁呢，在这里挡着火。”

With that, I poked tremendously, and having done so, planted myself side by side with Mr. Drummle, my shoulders squared and my back to the fire.

我一边说一边使劲拨着炉火，拨完炉火之后，便张开肩头，背靠炉火，和德鲁莫尔并排站在一起。

"You have just come down?" said Mr. Drummle, edging me a little away with his shoulder.

“你刚来吗？”德鲁莫尔一边问一边用肩膀顶了我一下，把我顶开了一点。

"Yes," said I, edging him a little away with my shoulder.

“是的。”我一边说一边用肩膀也顶了他一下，把他也顶开了一点。

"Beastly place," said Drummle.— "Your part of the country, I think?"

“这地方真是糟糕透顶。”德鲁莫尔说，“是你老家吧，我想？”

"Yes," I assented. "I am told it's very like your Shropshire."

“是的。”我没有否认，“我听说这里跟你老家什罗普郡非常像。”

"Not in the least like it," said Drummle.

“一点也不像。”德鲁莫尔说。

Here Mr. Drummle looked at his boots, and I looked at mine, and then Mr. Drummle looked at my boots, and I looked at his.

说到这里，德鲁莫尔看看他自己的靴子，我也看看我自己的，然后他看看我的，我也看看他的。

"Have you been here long?" I asked, determined not to yield an inch of the fire.

“你来这里很久了吗？”我问他，打定主意要守在炉前，寸火不让。

"Long enough to be tired of it," returned Drummle, pretending to yawn, but equally determined.

“来很久了，都呆烦了。”德鲁莫尔回答我说。他假装打了个呵欠，也下定决心寸火不让。

"Do you stay here long?"

“你打算在这里呆很久吗？”

"Can't say," answered Mr. Drummle. "Do you?"

“难说，”德鲁莫尔说，“你呢？”

"Can't say," said I.

“难说。”我答道。

I felt here, through a tingling in my blood, that if Mr. Drummle's shoulder had claimed another hair's breadth of room, I should have jerked him into the window; equally, that if my own shoulder had urged a similar claim, Mr. Drummle would have jerked me into the nearest box. He whistled a little. So did I.

我当时只觉得全身的血液都沸腾了，心想，如果德鲁莫尔的肩膀再往我这里挪一丁点的话，我就把他扔出窗外，同样，如果我的肩膀再往他那里挪一丁点的话，德鲁莫尔也会把我扔到旁边的包厢里去的。他吹了几声口哨。我也吹了几声。

"Large tract of marshes about here, I believe?" said Drummle.

“我看这附近有好大一块沼泽地吧？”德鲁莫尔问。

"Yes. What of that?" said I.

“有。那又怎样？”我问。

Mr. Drummle looked at me, and then at my boots, and then said, "Oh!" and laughed.

德鲁莫尔看了看我，又看了看我的靴子，然后说：“哦！”然后笑了一声。

"Are you amused, Mr. Drummle?"

“你觉得这有趣吗，德鲁莫尔先生？”

"No," said he, "not particularly. I am going out for a ride in the saddle. I mean to explore those marshes for amusement. Out-of-the-way villages there, they tell me. Curious little public-houses—and smithies—and that. Waiter!”

“不，”他说，“不是很有趣。我要骑马出去转转。我的意思是去沼泽地看看，找点乐子。听说，那边有几个偏远的村子。几家新奇的小酒店——几家铁匠铺——这一类的。服务员！”

"Yes, sir."

“来了，先生。”

"Is that horse of mine ready?"

“我的马备好了吗？”

"Brought round to the door, sir."

“牵到门口等着了，先生。”

"I say. Look here, you sir. The lady won't ride today; the weather won't do."

“嗨。听我说，伙计。小姐今天不想骑马，天公不作美。”

"Very good, sir."

“好的，先生。”

"And I don't dine, because I'm going to dine at the lady's."

“还有，我不在这里吃午饭了，我要去小姐那里吃。”

"Very good, sir."

“好的，先生。”

Then, Drummle glanced at me, with an insolent triumph on his great-jowled face that cut me to the heart, dull as he was, and so exasperated me, that I felt inclined to take him in my arms (as the robber in the story-book is said to have taken the old lady), and seat him on the fire.

说完，德鲁莫尔瞟了我一眼，他脸上长着一个满是垂肉的双下巴，还露出一副得意洋洋的表情。他这副嘴脸让我心里很受刺激，这个蠢笨的家伙激怒了我，我真想把他夹到胳膊底下，一把丢进火炉里（故事书里的强盗就是这么处置老太婆的）。

One thing was manifest to both of us, and that was, that until relief came, neither of us could relinquish the fire. There we stood, well squared up before it, shoulder to shoulder and foot to foot, with our hands behind us, not budging an inch. The horse was visible outside in the drizzle at the door, my breakfast was put on the table, Drummle's was cleared away, the waiter invited me to begin, I nodded, we both stood our ground.

有一点我们俩都很清楚，那就是，除非有人过来解围，要不然我们谁都不肯让步，谁都不肯离开火炉一步。我们就在那里站着，双方都摆好了对阵的架势，肩碰着肩，脚顶着脚，双手背在身后，寸步不让。从门口就能看见他的马，正站在毛毛雨中整装待发。我的早餐端上桌了，德鲁莫尔的残羹冷炙也收拾干净了。服务员请我过去用餐，我点了点头，但我们俩始终站在原处僵持不下。

"Have you been to the Grove since?" said Drummle.

“你后来又去过‘林中鸟’俱乐部吗？”德鲁莫尔问。

"No," said I, "I had quite enough of the Finches the last time I was there."

“没有，”我说，“上次我已经对那些‘林中鸟’领教够了。”

"Was that when we had a difference of opinion?"

“是我们意见不合的那次吗？”

"Yes," I replied, very shortly.

“是的。”我简慢地答了他一句。

"Come, come! They let you off easily enough," sneered Drummle. "You shouldn't have lost your temper."

“得了，得了！他们那么容易就让你下了台。”德鲁莫尔冷笑着说，“你不该那样发火的。”

"Mr. Drummle," said I, "you are not competent to give advice on that subject. When I lose my temper (not that I admit having done so on that occasion), I don't throw glasses."

“德鲁莫尔先生，”我说，“这件事还轮不到你发表高见。就算我发火（我不是承认我那一次发了火），我也不会摔杯子扔碗的。”

"I do," said Drummle.

“我会。”德鲁莫尔说。

After glancing at him once or twice, in an increased state of smouldering ferocity, I said:

我满腔的怒火越来越难以抑制，我瞥了他一两眼，说：

"Mr. Drummle, I did not seek this conversation, and I don't think it an agreeable one."

“德鲁莫尔先生，今天的谈话不是我挑起的，我也不认为这是一次愉快的谈话。”

"I am sure it's not," said he, superciliously over his shoulder; "I don't think anything about it."

“当然不是，”他傲慢地转过头说，“我一点也不认为这是一次愉快的谈话。”

"And therefore," I went on, "with your leave, I will suggest that we hold no kind of communication in future."

“既然这样，”我接着说，“请允许我这么说，我建议我们以后不要再交谈什么了。”

"Quite my opinion," said Drummle, "and what I should have suggested myself, or done—more likely—without suggesting. But don't lose your temper. Haven't you lost enough without that?"

“我正是这么想的，”德鲁莫尔说，“我本来该提出这个建议的，或者说直接这么做——更确切地说——根本用不着建议。你可不要发火。发什么火呢，你输得还不够吗？”

"What do you mean, sir?"

“你什么意思，先生？”

"Waiter!" said Drummle, by way of answering me.

“服务员！”德鲁莫尔喊了一声，作为对我的问题的回答。

The waiter reappeared.

服务员又过来了。

"Look here, you sir. You quite understand that the young lady don't ride today, and that I dine at the young lady's?"

“听着，伙计。小姐今天不想骑马，我去小姐那里吃午饭，你听清楚了吧？”

"Quite so, sir!"

“听清楚了，先生！”

When the waiter had felt my fast cooling tea-pot with the palm of his hand, and had looked imploringly at me, and had gone out, Drummle, careful not to move the shoulder next me, took a cigar from his pocket and bit the end off, but showed no sign of stirring. Choking and boiling as I was, I felt that we could not go a word further, without introducing Estella's name, which I could not endure to hear him utter; and therefore I looked stonily at the opposite wall, as if there were no one present, and forced myself to silence. How long we might have remained in this ridiculous position it is impossible to say, but for the incursion of three thriving farmers—led on by the waiter, I think—who came into the coffee-room unbuttoning their great-coats and rubbing their hands, and before whom, as they charged at the fire, we were obliged to give way.

服务员伸手摸了摸我的茶壶，很快就冷了，他用恳求的目光看了我一眼，然后就出去了。德鲁莫尔小心翼翼地从口袋里掏出一根雪茄，咬掉了烟头，生怕肩膀从我这移开了，但没有要走的迹象。我虽然怒不可遏、怒火中烧，但我觉得我们再说几句就不可避免地要谈到埃斯特拉，我不能容忍他说出这个名字，所以我死死地盯着对面的墙壁，好像屋里没有其他人一样，强迫自己一言不发。很难说我们还要这样可笑地僵持多久，直到最后来了三个富农——我估计是服务员故意打发他们进来的——一进咖啡室就解开大衣纽扣，搓着手，直往壁炉这边走来，争先恐

后地要来取暖，我们这才不得不让开。

I saw him through the window, seizing his horse's mane, and mounting in his blundering brutal manner, and sidling and backing away. I thought he was gone, when he came back, calling for a light for the cigar in his mouth, which he had forgotten. A man in a dustcolored dress appeared with what was wanted—I could not have said from where: whether from the inn yard, or the street, or where not—and as Drummle leaned down from the saddle and lighted his cigar and laughed, with a jerk of his head towards the coffee-room windows, the slouching shoulders and ragged hair of this man, whose back was towards me, reminded me of Orlick.

我透过窗子看见他抓住了马的鬃毛，野蛮又笨拙地爬上了马背，马匹身子一歪，倒走了几步。我以为他走了，可他又回来了，叫人给他嘴里的雪茄点上火，他刚才走的时候忘了。然后来了一个穿灰褐色衣服的人，手里拿着火给他点烟——我说不出他是从哪里冒出来的：是从饭店院子里出来的，还是从大街上来的，还是从其他什么地方来的——德鲁莫尔从马背上俯下身，点着了雪茄，猛地把头转向咖啡室这边，大笑了一声，而这个肩头低垂、满头乱发的人背对着我，他的背影让我想起了奥立克。

Too heavily out of sorts to care much at the time whether it were he or no, or after all to touch the breakfast, I washed the weather and the journey from my face and hands, and went out to the memorable old house that it would have been so much the better for me never to have entered, never to have seen.

我当时烦闷无比，哪有心情去想那个人是不是奥立克。早餐我也没有心情吃，我洗了洗脸和手，想把旅途的风尘都洗掉，随后就直往那座难以从记忆中抹去的古老宅子赶去，心想，要是我从来没进过这座宅子，也从来没有见过它，那该有多好啊。

CHAPTER 44

第四十四章

In the room where the dressing-table stood, and where the wax candles burnt on the wall, I found Miss Havisham and Estella; Miss Havisham seated on a settee near the fire, and Estella on a cushion at her feet. Estella was knitting, and Miss Havisham was looking on. They both raised their eyes as I went in, and both saw an alteration in me. I derived that, from the look they interchanged.

在那间放着梳妆台、墙上点着蜡烛的房间里，我看见了郝维仙小姐和埃斯特拉，郝维仙小姐坐在火炉边的长靠椅上，埃斯特拉坐在她脚边的坐垫上。埃斯特拉在编织什么东西，郝维仙小姐在一旁看着。我进来的时候，她们抬起头看见了我，察觉到我神色有些不对。她们交换了一下眼色，我是从这一点推断出来的。

"And what wind," said Miss Havisham, "blows you here, Pip?"

“皮普，”郝维仙小姐问，“什么风把你吹到这里来了？”

Though she looked steadily at me, I saw that she was rather confused. Estella, pausing a moment in her knitting with her eyes upon me, and then going on, I fancied that I read in the action of her fingers, as plainly as if she had told me in the dumb alphabet, that she perceived I had discovered my real benefactor.

虽然她镇定自若地看着我，但我看得出她很困惑。埃斯特拉停下了手里的活，望了我一眼，然后继续她的编织。我想我能从她手指的动作里看出来，就跟她打哑谜告诉我一样明了，她已经猜到了，我知道真正的恩主是谁了。

"Miss Havisham," said I, "I went to Richmond yesterday, to speak to Estella; and finding that some wind had blown her here, I followed."

“郝维仙小姐，”我说，“我昨天到里士满去了一趟，想找埃斯特拉说句话，结果发现不知什么风把她吹到这里了，我就跟着来了。”

Miss Havisham motioning to me for the third or fourth time to sit down, I took the chair by the dressing-table, which I had often seen her occupy. With all that ruin at my feet and about me, it seemed a natural place for me, that day.

郝维仙小姐三番五次示意我坐下，我在梳妆台旁的一把椅子上坐下了，以前经常看见她坐在这把椅子上。我脚边和四周都是乱七八糟的陈年旧物。在那天，这个位子好像是专门为我准备的。

"What I had to say to Estella, Miss Havisham, I will say before

you, presently—in a few moments. It will not surprise you, it will not displease you. I am as unhappy as you can ever have meant me to be.”

“郝维仙小姐，我打算跟埃斯特拉说的话，现在要当着您的面说——只一会儿就好。您听了这话不会吃惊，也不会不高兴。我现在不幸的处境，正是您所想见到的。”

Miss Havisham continued to look steadily at me. I could see in the action of Estella's fingers as they worked, that she attended to what I said: but she did not look up.

郝维仙小姐仍然不动声色地盯着我。我可以从埃斯特拉手指的动作看出，她在听我说话：但她没有抬头。

"I have found out who my patron is. It is not a fortunate discovery, and is not likely ever to enrich me in reputation, station, fortune, anything. There are reasons why I must say no more of that. It is not my secret, but another's."

“我知道我的恩主是谁了。这个发现不是一件幸事，对于我的名声、地位、财产，对于我的一切，都不会有什么好处。由于某些原因，这事我只能说这么多了。这不是我的秘密，而是另一个人的秘密。”

As I was silent for a while, looking at Estella and considering how to go on, Miss Havisham repeated, "It is not your secret, but another's. Well?"

我沉默了一会儿，看看埃斯特拉，想着接下去该怎么说，郝维仙小姐重复了我的话：“这不是你的秘密，而是另一个人的秘密。是吗？”

"When you first caused me to be brought here, Miss Havisham; when I belonged to the village over yonder, that I wish I had never left; I suppose I did really come here, as any other chance boy might have come—as a kind of servant, to gratify a want or a whim, and to be paid for it?”

“郝维仙小姐，当您第一次让人把我带到这里来的时候，我还是那边村子里的孩子，我要是从来没离开过村子该多好啊。我认为我到这里来，跟其他可能被您选中的小男孩一样——只是您雇来做您的仆人，满足您的某种需求或者说奇想，是吗？”

"Ay, Pip," replied Miss Havisham, steadily nodding her head; "you did."

“唉，皮普，”郝维仙小姐镇静自若地点了点头，说，“是这样的。”

"And that Mr. Jaggers—”

“那么贾格尔斯先生——”

"Mr. Jaggers," said Miss Havisham, taking me up in a firm tone,

"had nothing to do with it, and knew nothing of it. His being my lawyer, and his being the lawyer of your patron, is a coincidence. He holds the same relation towards numbers of people, and it might easily arise. Be that as it may, it did arise, and was not brought about by any one."

“贾格尔斯先生，”郝维仙小姐语气坚定地打断了我的话，“他跟这件事没有关系，他对这件事一无所知。他是我的律师，同时也是你恩主的律师，这只是一种巧合。很多人都和他有这种关系，巧合是很容易发生的。不管怎样，巧合发生了，这是任何人都无法控制的。”

Any one might have seen in her haggard face that there was no suppression or evasion so far.

任何人从她憔悴的脸上都可以看出，她的话里没有隐瞒什么，也没有回避什么。

"But when I fell into the mistake I have so long remained in, at least you led me on?" said I.

“可是我一直以来都陷入了误解当中，至少是您误导我的吧？”我说。

"Yes," she returned, again nodding, steadily, "I let you go on."

“是的，”她又一次镇静自若地点了点头答道，“是我误导了你。”

"Was that kind?"

“您这么做是仁慈的吗？”

"Who am I," cried Miss Havisham, striking her stick upon the floor and flashing into wrath so suddenly that Estella glanced up at her in surprise, "who am I, for God's sake, that I should be kind?"

“我是什么人，”郝维仙小姐喊了起来，边喊边用拐杖敲着地板，突然变得怒不可遏，埃斯特拉抬起头惊讶地看着她，“我是什么人，上帝呀，我为什么要仁慈？”

It was a weak complaint to have made, and I had not meant to make it. I told her so, as she sat brooding after this outburst.

我那句话并没有多少埋怨她的意思，我也不是有意的。她怒气发完后坐在那里沉思，我跟她解释了一下。

"Well, well, well!" she said. "What else?"

“得了，得了，得了！”她说，“还有什么要说的吗？”

"I was liberally paid for my old attendance here," I said, to soothe her, "in being apprenticed, and I have asked these questions only for my own information. What follows has another (and I hope more disinterested) purpose. In humoring my mistake, Miss Havisham, you punished—practiced on—perhaps you will supply whatever term

expresses your intention, without offence—your self-seeking relations?"

“我以前到这里来，您总是给我慷慨的报酬。”我为了平息她的怒气，说道＋B68，“我问这些问题只是我自己想弄清楚情况。我下面想问的是出于另一个目的（我希望这与我个人的关系小些）。您是利用我的误解，郝维仙小姐，来惩罚——或者说欺骗——您那些自私自利的亲戚吧？不管您用哪个词来形容您的意图都行，只要没有冒犯到您。”

"I did. Why, they would have it so! So would you. What has been my history, that I should be at the pains of entreating either them, or you, not to have it so! You made your own snares. I never made them."

“我是这个意思。怎么，那是他们自找的！你也一样。我既然是这样的身世，那我为什么要煞费苦心，恳求他们、恳求你不要自讨苦吃呢！陷阱是你们自己设下的。我从来没有设过陷阱。”

Waiting until she was quiet again—for this, too, flashed out of her in a wild and sudden way—I went on.

等她再次平静下来——因为她说这话时，怒气又突然一股脑地冒上来了——我才接着说下去。

"I have been thrown among one family of your relations, Miss Havisham, and have been constantly among them since I went to London. I know them to have been as honestly under my delusion as I myself. And I should be false and base if I did not tell you, whether it is acceptable to you or no, and whether you are inclined to give credence to it or no, that you deeply wrong both Mr. Matthew Pocket and his son Herbert, if you suppose them to be otherwise than generous, upright, open, and incapable of anything designing or mean."

“郝维仙小姐，我一到伦敦，就住进了您一个亲戚家里，一直和他们住在一起。我知道他们和我都有同样的错觉。有句话我得跟您说，不管您听不听得进去，也不管您相不相信，如果我不说，那我就太虚伪太卑鄙了。我想说的是，马修·鄱凯特和他儿子赫伯特都是慷慨、正直、坦率的人，做不出图谋不轨的事情。如果您认为他们不是这样的人，您就深深地误会他们了。”

"They are your friends," said Miss Havisham.

“他们是你的朋友。”郝维仙小姐说。

"They made themselves my friends," said I, "when they supposed me to have superseded them; and when Sarah Pocket, Miss Georgiana, and Mistress Camilla, were not my friends, I think."

“他们以为是我取代了他们的位置，但还是和我做了朋友。”我说，“而萨拉·鄱凯特、乔治亚娜小姐、卡米拉夫人，我想他们不能算是

我的朋友。”

This contrasting of them with the rest seemed, I was glad to see, to do them good with her. She looked at me keenly for a little while, and then said quietly:

我很高兴地看到，我把他们和其他人一对比，使她对他们产生了好感。她目光犀利地看了我一会儿，然后温和地对我说：

"What do you want for them?"

“你想为他们提什么要求呢？”

"Only," said I, "that you would not confound them with the others. They may be of the same blood, but, believe me, they are not of the same nature."

“只有一点，”我说，“我希望您不要把他们和其他人视为同类。也许他们有同样的血统，但是您要相信我，他们有不一样的品性。”

Still looking at me keenly, Miss Havisham repeated:

郝维仙小姐仍旧目光犀利地看着我，又问了一遍：

"What do you want for them?"

“你想为他们提什么要求？”

"I am not so cunning, you see," I said, in answer, conscious that I reddened a little, "as that I could hide from you, even if I desired, that I do want something. Miss Havisham, if you would spare the money to do my friend Herbert a lasting service in life, but which from the nature of the case must be done without his knowledge, I could show you how."

“您看，我不是会耍滑头的人。”我这样回答她，意识到自己的脸有些红了，“即使我想瞒着您，但我瞒不住，我的确是有个要求。郝维仙小姐，如果您能拿出一笔钱，帮我的朋友赫伯特创立基业，但这事一定得瞒着他悄悄地办，我就告诉您我打算怎么做。”

"Why must it be done without his knowledge?" she asked, settling her hands upon her stick, that she might regard me the more attentively.

“为什么一定要瞒着他悄悄地办？”她问，双手扶稳拐杖，似乎这样可以更加留神地看着我。

"Because," said I, "I began the service myself, more than two years ago, without his knowledge, and I don't want to be betrayed. Why I fail in my ability to finish it, I cannot explain. It is a part of the secret which is another person's and not mine."

“因为，”我说，“我两年前就开始着手办这件事了，我瞒着他，不希望让他知道。为什么我不能把这件事继续做下去，我不能说。这件事和

另一个人的秘密有关，但和我的秘密无关。”

She gradually withdrew her eyes from me, and turned them on the fire. After watching it for what appeared in the silence and by the light of the slowly wasting candles to be a long time, she was roused by the collapse of some of the red coals, and looked towards me again—at first, vacantly—then, with a gradually concentrating attention. All this time, Estella knitted on. When Miss Havisham had fixed her attention on me, she said, speaking as if there had been no lapse in our dialogue:

她慢慢把视线从我身上移开，转而投向了火炉。起初屋里一片安静，蜡烛渐渐地越烧越短，她就这样看着火炉，似乎过了很久的时间，几块烧得通红的炭火塌了下去，惊动了她，她又一次望了望我——一开始目光空洞洞的——后来，注意力慢慢集中起来了。与此同时，埃斯特拉只顾着忙她的编织。郝维仙小姐把注意力集中到我身上后，她又开口了，好像我们的对话没有中断过一样：

"What else?"

“还有呢？”

"Estella," said I, turning to her now, and trying to command my trembling voice, "you know I love you. You know that I have loved you long and dearly."

“埃斯特拉，”我转向了她，努力控制我颤抖的嗓音，“你知道我爱你。你知道我一直以来都深深地爱着你。”

She raised her eyes to my face, on being thus addressed, and her fingers plied their work, and she looked at me with an unmoved countenance. I saw that Miss Havisham glanced from me to her, and from her to me.

她听了我这话，抬起头看了看我的脸，没有停下手里的活，只是不动声色地看着我。我看见郝维仙小姐的目光从我身上移到了她身上，又从她身上移到了我身上。

"I should have said this sooner, but for my long mistake. It induced me to hope that Miss Havisham meant us for one another. While I thought you could not help yourself, as it were, I refrained from saying it. But I must say it now."

“要不是我这么长时间里一直犯了个错误的话，这话我早就应该跟你说了。这个错误让我误以为郝维仙小姐把我们配成一对了。我以为你是身不由己，可以这么说吧，所以我才忍住没有说。可我现在必须说出来。”

Preserving her unmoved countenance, and with her fingers still going, Estella shook her head.

埃斯特拉依旧不动声色，手里的活依旧没有停下来，只是摇了摇头。

"I know," said I, in answer to that action; "I know. I have no hope that I shall ever call you mine, Estella. I am ignorant what may become of me very soon, how poor I may be, or where I may go. Still, I love you. I have loved you ever since I first saw you in this house."

“我知道，”我回复她的反应说，“我知道。我不指望有一天能够得到你，埃斯特拉。我不知道我不久后会变成什么样子，会有多穷，也不知道我会在什么地方。但我依然爱你。自从我在这座宅子里第一次看见你，我就爱上了你。”

Looking at me perfectly unmoved and with her fingers busy, she shook her head again.

她丝毫不动声色地看着我，手里的活也丝毫没有停下来，她又一次摇了摇头。

"It would have been cruel in Miss Havisham, horribly cruel, to practice on the susceptibility of a poor boy, and to torture me through all these years with a vain hope and an idle pursuit, if she had reflected on the gravity of what she did. But I think she did not. I think that in the endurance of her own trial, she forgot mine, Estella."

“郝维仙小姐如果早就考虑过她的所作所为将造成的严重后果，却还玩弄一个穷孩子脆弱的感情，这么多年来一直用一个空洞的希望和无望的追求折磨我，那她就太残忍了、残忍至极。但我想她没有考虑过后果。我想她因为自己忍受着煎熬，所以忘了我的煎熬，埃斯特拉。”

I saw Miss Havisham put her hand to her heart and hold it there, as she sat looking by turns at Estella and at me.

我看见郝维仙小姐一只手捂在胸前，一直捂住不放，坐在那里一会儿看看埃斯特拉，一会儿看看我。

"It seems," said Estella, very calmly, "that there are sentiments, fancies—I don't know how to call them—which I am not able to comprehend. When you say you love me, I know what you mean, as a form of words; but nothing more. You address nothing in my breast, you touch nothing there. I don't care for what you say at all. I have tried to warn you of this; now, have I not?"

“看来，”埃斯特拉十分平静地说，“有一些情感，或者说幻想——我不知道该叫它们什么才好——是我不能理解的。你说你爱我，我从字面上理解你的意思，但仅此而已。你的话没有到我心里去，没有触动我的心弦。你说的话我一点也不在乎。这个我早就试着警告过你，不是吗？”

I said in a miserable manner, "Yes."

我痛苦地回了一声：“是的。”

"Yes. But you would not be warned, for you thought I did not mean it. Now, did you not think so?"

“是的。可你听不进我的警告，你以为我只是说说而已，不是当真的。现在，你还认为我只是说说而已吗？”

"I thought and hoped you could not mean it. You, so young, untried, and beautiful, Estella! Surely it is not in Nature."

“我以为你不是当真的，也希望你不是当真的。你是这么年轻、这么没有人生经验、这么漂亮，埃斯特拉！这当然不会是出于你的本性。”

"It is in my nature," she returned. And then she added, with a stress upon the words, "It is in the nature formed within me. I make a great difference between you and all other people when I say so much. I can do no more."

“这是出于我的本性，”她反驳我说。然后她加重了语气，又说道，“这出于我内在的本性。我说这么多，已经是把你和其他所有人都区别对待了。我已经仁至义尽了。”

"Is it not true," said I, "that Bentley Drummle is in town here, and pursuing you?"

“本特利·德鲁莫尔到镇上来了，他是来追求你的，是不是？”我问。

"It is quite true," she replied, referring to him with the indifference of utter contempt.

“一点没错。”她提到他时，用的是十分轻蔑而冷淡的语气。

"That you encourage him, and ride out with him, and that he dines with you this very day?"

“你今天要助长他的兴头，和他出去骑马，和他一起吃饭，是不是？”

She seemed a little surprised that I should know it, but again replied, "Quite true."

我竟然连这也知道，她显得有些惊讶，但她的回答还是：“一点没错。”

"You cannot love him, Estella!"

“你不会爱他的，埃斯特拉！”

Her fingers stopped for the first time, as she retorted rather angrily, "What have I told you? Do you still think, in spite of it, that I do not mean what I say?"

她第一次停下了手里的活，非常气愤地反驳我：“我是怎么跟你说的？不管我怎么说，你还是一心以为，我说话不是当真的？”

"You would never marry him, Estella?"

“你不会嫁给他吧，埃斯特拉？”

She looked towards Miss Havisham, and considered for a moment with her work in her hands. Then she said, "Why not tell you the truth? I am going to be married to him."

她看了郝维仙小姐一眼，没有停下手里的活计，想了一会儿。然后她说：“我还是跟你说实话吧。我要嫁给他了。”

I dropped my face into my hands, but was able to control myself better than I could have expected, considering what agony it gave me to hear her say those words. When I raised my face again, there was such a ghastly look upon Miss Havisham's, that it impressed me, even in my passionate hurry and grief.

我低下头，双手捂着脸，但还是控制住了自己，想想我听了她这些话，承受了多大的痛苦，我的控制力比料想的要好。当我再一次抬起头，只见郝维仙小姐的脸上露出了苍白的神色，我当时虽然情绪激动、悲痛不已，但她这副神色还是让我吃了一惊。

"Estella, dearest dearest Estella, do not let Miss Havisham lead you into this fatal step. Put me aside for ever—you have done so, I well know—but bestow yourself on some worthier person than Drummle. Miss Havisham gives you to him, as the greatest slight and injury that could be done to the many far better men who admire you, and to the few who truly love you. Among those few, there may be one who loves you even as dearly, though he has not loved you as long, as I. Take him, and I can bear it better, for your sake!”

“埃斯特拉，最最亲爱的埃斯特拉，不要让郝维仙小姐把你引上这条绝路。把我永远丢到一边——你已经这么做了，我很清楚——可是你要嫁一个比德鲁莫尔更值得嫁的人。郝维仙小姐把你许配给他，对许许多多比他好得多的、爱慕你的人，还有极少数真正爱你的人来说，这都是最大的侮辱和伤害。在那些极少数的人里面，也许有一个人，他像我一样，爱你爱得那么深，虽然没有我爱你爱得那么久。选择他吧，为你自己着想，这也会让我好受些。”

My earnestness awoke a wonder in her that seemed as if it would have been touched with compassion, if she could have rendered me at all intelligible to her own mind.

我的真心诚意让她很是惊讶，看来，如果她明白我的心思，她会对我表示同情的。

"I am going," she said again, in a gentler voice, "to be married to him. The preparations for my marriage are making, and I shall be married soon. Why do you injuriously introduce the name of my mother by adoption? It is my own act."

她用温和的语调又说了一遍：“我要嫁给他了。婚事正在筹备当中，

我马上就要出嫁了。你何必冤枉我的养母呢？这是我自己的行为。”

"Your own act, Estella, to fling yourself away upon a brute?"

“你自己的行为，埃斯特拉，让自己委身于一个禽兽？”

"On whom should I fling myself away?" she retorted, with a smile. "Should I fling myself away upon the man who would the soonest feel (if people do feel such things) that I took nothing to him? There! It is done. I shall do well enough, and so will my husband. As to leading me into what you call this fatal step, Miss Havisham would have had me wait, and not marry yet; but I am tired of the life I have led, which has very few charms for me, and I am willing enough to change it. Say no more. We shall never understand each other.”

“那我应该委身于谁呢？”她笑着反驳我，“难道我该委身于一个很快就心猿意马，把我抛弃的人（如果真的有这样的人）？好了！事情已成定局。我会过得很好，我丈夫也会过得很好。至于你说郝维仙小姐把我引上绝路，她倒是希望我等一等，不必急着结婚，可我厌倦了现在的生活，这样的生活对我来说一点乐趣也没有，我非常想改变现在的生活。不必多说了。我们永远理解不了对方。”

"Such a mean brute, such a stupid brute!" I urged in despair.

“这样一个卑鄙的禽兽，这样一个愚蠢的畜生！”我绝望地喊道。

"Don't be afraid of my being a blessing to him," said Estella; "I shall not be that. Come! Here is my hand. Do we part on this, you visionary boy—or man?”

“别担心，我不会是他的幸福的。”埃斯特拉说，“我也不会让他幸福的。好了！和我握个手。我们就此告别吧，你这个爱幻想的孩子——应该算大人了吧？”

"O Estella!" I answered, as my bitter tears fell fast on her hand, do what I would to restrain them; "even if I remained in England and could hold my head up with the rest, how could I see you Drummle's wife?"

“唉，埃斯特拉！”我再也控制不住了，苦涩的眼泪簌簌地流到她的手上，说，“即使我还在英国，还能跻身绅士的行列，可我怎么能眼巴巴地看你成了德鲁莫尔的妻子呀？”

"Nonsense," she returned, "nonsense. This will pass in no time."

“胡说，”她反驳我，“胡说。你很快就会忘得一干二净的。”

"Never, Estella!"

“永远不会，埃斯特拉！”

"You will get me out of your thoughts in a week."

“你不出一星期就会把我撇到脑后的。”

"Out of my thoughts! You are part of my existence, part of myself. You have been in every line I have ever read, since I first came here, the rough common boy whose poor heart you wounded even then. You have been in every prospect I have ever seen since—on the river, on the sails of the ships, on the marshes, in the clouds, in the light, in the darkness, in the wind, in the woods, in the sea, in the streets. You have been the embodiment of every graceful fancy that my mind has ever become acquainted with. The stones of which the strongest London buildings are made, are not more real, or more impossible to be displaced by your hands, than your presence and influence have been to me, there and everywhere, and will be. Estella, to the last hour of my life, you cannot choose but remain part of my character, part of the little good in me, part of the evil. But, in this separation I associate you only with the good, and I will faithfully hold you to that always, for you must have done me far more good than harm, let me feel now what sharp distress I may. O God bless you, God forgive you!”

“撇到脑后！你是我生命的一部分，是我自身的一部分。我这个鲁莽而普通的小男孩第一次到这里来，可怜的心就被你伤了。从此以后，我读的每一本书，字里行间都是你。我看到的每一个景色，里面都有你——河流、帆船、沼泽地、云朵、日光、黑夜、微风、树林、海洋、街道，到处都有你的身影。我脑子里只要一浮想联翩，你就是我每一个美好幻想的化身。你的存在，你对我的影响，比伦敦城里最坚固的石头建筑还要真实，你的手可以把这些石头移走，但却不能把你对我的影响移走，它们无处不在，它们将影响我一辈子。埃斯特拉，哪怕到了我生命的最后一刻，你也仍然是我生命的一部分，我身上就算有一点优点，其中的一部分也是你，我身上的缺点也有你的份，这个你无法逃避。不过，我们这一次分离，我以后只会记得你的好，我会永远只记得你的好，你一定是给我的好比给我的伤害多得多，要不然我现在不会这么痛苦。愿上帝保佑你，上帝原谅你！”

In what ecstasy of unhappiness I got these broken words out of myself, I don't know. The rhapsody welled up within me, like blood from an inward wound, and gushed out. I held her hand to my lips some lingering moments, and so I left her. But ever afterwards, I remembered—and soon afterwards with stronger reason—that while Estella looked at me merely with incredulous wonder, the spectral figure of Miss Havisham, her hand still covering her heart, seemed all resolved into a ghastly stare of pity and remorse.

我不知道当时怎么会因为悲伤至极，说出这样颠三倒四的话来。我这一番狂热的话从心里涌出，就好像鲜血从身体里面的伤口一下子喷涌而出。我把她的手放到唇边，迟迟不肯放下，最后还是离开了她。但从那以后，我记得——不久以后我的理由更加充分了——埃斯特拉只是疑惑而惊讶地看着我，而那幽灵般的郝维仙小姐，一只手还捂着胸口，好

像整个人化为了一个鬼影，充满同情和悔恨地盯着我。

All done, all gone! So much was done and gone, that when I went out at the gate, the light of the day seemed of a darker color than when I went in. For a while, I hid myself among some lanes and by-paths, and then struck off to walk all the way to London. For, I had by that time come to myself so far, as to consider that I could not go back to the inn and see Drummle there; that I could not bear to sit upon the coach and be spoken to; that I could do nothing half so good for myself as tire myself out.

一切都结束了，一切都结束了！所有的一切都结束了，都没有了，我从大门里走出来的时候，天色好像比我进去的时候更阴沉了。我穿过几条小巷，走了几条旁路，然后一路往伦敦走去。因为这时我神志已经清醒过来了，我想了想，我不能回饭店看德鲁莫尔那副嘴脸，也无法忍受坐在公共马车里跟人答话，除了把自己弄个精疲力尽，我想不出其他更好的办法来了。

It was past midnight when I crossed London Bridge. Pursuing the narrow intricacies of the streets which at that time tended westward near the Middlesex shore of the river, my readiest access to the Temple was close by the river-side, through Whitefriars. I was not expected till to-morrow, but I had my keys, and, if Herbert were gone to bed, could get to bed myself without disturbing him.

走过伦敦桥，已经过了午夜时分。当时米德尔塞克斯沿岸有一些错综复杂的狭窄街道通往西面，我去坦普尔最近的路就是沿河而行，穿过怀特弗莱尔斯路。赫伯特预计我明天才能回来，但我有钥匙，如果赫伯特已经睡了，我可以自己上床去睡而不惊动他。

As it seldom happened that I came in at that Whitefriars gate after the Temple was closed, and as I was very muddy and weary, I did not take it ill that the night-porter examined me with much attention as he held the gate a little way open for me to pass in. To help his memory I mentioned my name.

由于我平时绝少在坦普尔关门后走怀特弗莱尔斯路这头的门，而且我一身污泥，疲惫不堪，所以守夜人仔仔细细打量了我一番，才把门开了个缝让我进去，对此我并不介意。怕他想不起来，我干脆告诉了他我的名字。

"I was not quite sure, sir, but I thought so. Here's a note, sir. The messenger that brought it, said would you be so good as read it by my lantern?"

“我不是很确定，先生，但我估计是您。这里有您的一封信，先生。送信人说，请您就在我的灯笼下打开看。”

Much surprised by the request, I took the note. It was directed to

Philip Pip, Esquire, and on the top of the superscription were the words, "PLEASE READ THIS, HERE." I opened it, the watchman holding up his light, and read inside, in Wemmick's writing:

这个要求让我很吃惊，我接过信。收信人写的是菲利普·皮普先生，姓名上面写着几个字：“请当场拆看。”我拆开信，守夜人举起灯笼，我一看,发现信中是温米克的字迹。

CHAPTER 45

第四十五章

Turning from the Temple gate as soon as I had read the warning, I made the best of my way to Fleet-street, and there got a late hackney chariot and drove to the Hummums in Covent Garden. In those times a bed was always to be got there at any hour of the night, and the chamberlain, letting me in at his ready wicket, lighted the candle next in order on his shelf, and showed me straight into the bedroom next in order on his list. It was a sort of vault on the ground floor at the back, with a despotic monster of a four-post bedstead in it, straddling over the whole place, putting one of his arbitrary legs into the fire-place and another into the doorway, and squeezing the wretched little washing-stand in quite a Divinely Righteous manner.

我一读完这封警告信，就扭头从坦普尔大门走了出来，选了一条最佳路线往弗利特街走去，在那里坐上了一辆夜间出租马车，马车一路往科芬园的汉姆斯旅馆驶去。在那个年头，晚上不管多晚都能在那间旅馆里找到床铺。掌柜的带我从小门进去，点亮了架子上最靠近手边的一只蜡烛，领着我进了牌子上标着的第一间空房。这是一间位于底层的后房，有点像地窖，一张床像是一个专制的魔王，四根床柱像四条腿横跨整个房间，一条腿恣意伸进壁炉里，另一条伸到了门口，摆出一副神圣不可侵犯的样子，把可怜的小脸盆架挤得动弹不得。

As I had asked for a night-light, the chamberlain had brought me in, before he left me, the good old constitutional rush-light of those virtuous days—an object like the ghost of a walking-cane, which instantly broke its back if it were touched, which nothing could ever be lighted at, and which was placed in solitary confinement at the bottom of a high tin tower, perforated with round holes that made a staringly wide-awake pattern on the walls. When I had got into bed, and lay there footsore, weary, and wretched, I found that I could no more close my own eyes than I could close the eyes of this foolish Argus. And thus, in the gloom and death of the night, we stared at one another.

我向掌柜的要了一根夜间照明的蜡烛，掌柜的拿了一根民风淳朴的年代用的那种蜡烛，然后走开了——这玩意就像手杖变成的精灵，只要碰一下，后背立刻就断了，哪里能用来照明。一根孤零零的蜡烛插在中间底座上，好像被囚禁了一般，蜡烛外面围了个打满了孔的铁罩，烛光透过小圆孔射到墙上，点点亮斑很是吓人。我上了床，躺在那里，两只脚又酸又痛，疲惫不堪、悲惨不已，只要这个傻瓜似的百眼巨人不闭上眼睛，我也没法阖眼。于是，在这个沉闷的深夜里，我和这个百眼巨人

就这样你看着我，我看着你。

What a doleful night! How anxious, how dismal, how long! There was an inhospitable smell in the room, of cold soot and hot dust; and, as I looked up into the corners of the tester over my head, I thought what a number of blue-bottle flies from the butchers', and earwigs from the market, and grubs from the country, must be holding on up there, lying by for next summer. This led me to speculate whether any of them ever tumbled down, and then I fancied that I felt light falls on my face—a disagreeable turn of thought, suggesting other and more objectionable approaches up my back. When I had lain awake a little while, those extraordinary voices with which silence teems, began to make themselves audible. The closet whispered, the fireplace sighed, the little washing-stand ticked, and one guitar-string played occasionally in the chest of drawers. At about the same time, the eyes on the wall acquired a new expression, and in every one of those staring rounds I saw written, DON'T GO HOME.

多么悲凉的夜晚啊！多么心烦、多么惨淡、多么漫长！屋里弥漫着一股冷煤烟和热炉灰的气味，让人很是不快。我往上看着头顶上方屋顶的四个角落，想像有不计其数的肉店里的绿头苍蝇、市场上的钻耳虫、乡下的蛆，一定都守在那里，只等夏天一到就出来活动。我不禁担心起来，万一哪个家伙不小心掉下来了呢，立刻就觉得好像有东西轻轻掉到脸上了——这个念头真让人不快，接着又觉得有更多讨厌的家伙在我背上爬。我醒着躺了一会儿，在一片寂静中，只听见那些稀奇古怪的声音开始作响。壁橱在窃窃私语，壁炉在叹气，小脸盆架滴答作响，抽屉里的吉他琴弦时不时发出声响。与此同时，百眼巨人在墙上的投影换了种表情，我看见每一个瞪着的圆眼里都写着："切勿回家"。

Whatever night-fancies and night-noises crowded on me, they never warded off this DON'T GO HOME. It plaited itself into whatever I thought of, as a bodily pain would have done. Not long before, I had read in the newspapers, how a gentleman unknown had come to the Hummums in the night, and had gone to bed, and had destroyed himself, and had been found in the morning weltering in blood. It came into my head that he must have occupied this very vault of mine, and I got out of bed to assure myself that there were no red marks about; then opened the door to look out into the passages, and cheer myself with the companionship of a distant light, near which I knew the chamberlain to be dozing. But all this time, why I was not to go home, and what had happened at home, and when I should go home, and whether Provis was safe at home, were questions occupying my mind so busily, that one might have supposed there could be no more room in it for any other theme. Even when I thought of Estella, and how we had parted that day for ever, and when I recalled all the circumstances of our parting, and all her looks and

tones, and the action of her fingers while she knitted—even then I was pursuing, here and there and everywhere, the caution Don't go home. When at last I dozed, in sheer exhaustion of mind and body, it became a vast shadowy verb which I had to conjugate. Imperative mood, present tense: Do not thou go home, let him not go home, let us not go home, do not ye or you go home, let not them go home. Then, potentially: I may not and I cannot go home; and I might not, could not, would not, and should not go home; until I felt that I was going distracted, and rolled over on the pillow, and looked at the staring rounds upon the wall again.

在这样一个夜里，不管是什么念头，也不管是什么喧嚣向我蜂拥而来，都无法把“切勿回家”这四个字从我脑海里驱散。不管我脑子里想什么，它都要搅合进来，好像身上的疼痛一样，无法摆脱。不久前，我从报纸上读到，一天，一位不知名的客人夜里到汉姆斯旅馆投宿，上床以后自杀了，第二天早上有人发现他整个人浸在血泊里。我脑子里闪过一个念头：那人住的一定是我这间房。我爬下床，想要确认一下房间里没有血迹。接着我打开门朝过道望去，远远地看见一盏灯的亮光，心里顿时宽慰了，我知道掌柜的就在亮光附近打盹。而与此同时，我一直在想为什么我不能回家，家里发生了什么事，我什么时候可以回家，普罗维斯在家里是否平安无事，这些问题不停地在我脑子里打转，脑子里已经没有余地去想别的问题了。即使当我想到了埃斯特拉，想到我们当日一见竟是永别，想到我们分别时的种种情形，想到她的种种表情和语气，想到她编织时手指的动作——即使在想到这些的时候，我还处处可见“切勿回家”的警告。最后我身心俱疲，打起盹来，这句话变成了一个巨大而模糊的影子，要我给它做动词变位。变成现在时的祈使句就是：你别回家，别让他回家，我们别回家，你们别回家，别让他们回家。然后又变成了委婉语气：我不太可能回家，我不能回家，我不可能回家，我不应该回家。直到最后我觉得自己要发疯了，头枕着枕头翻来覆去睡不着，又一次看着墙上瞪着的圆眼。

I had left directions that I was to be called at seven; for it was plain that I must see Wemmick before seeing any one else, and equally plain that this was a case in which his Walworth sentiments, only, could be taken. It was a relief to get out of the room where the night had been so miserable, and I needed no second knocking at the door to startle me from my uneasy bed.

我吩咐过掌柜的明早七点叫我，因为很显然，我明天第一个要见的人就是温米克，同样显而易见的是，关于这事要听他的见解，只能去沃尔沃斯。度过了这样一个难熬的夜晚，走出这间房子让我心情放松不少，没等掌柜第二次敲门，我就从这张辗转反侧了一晚的床上一跃而起了。

The Castle battlements arose upon my view at eight o'clock. The little servant happening to be entering the fortress with two hot rolls, I passed through the postern and crossed the drawbridge, in her

company, and so came without announcement into the presence of Wemmick as he was making tea for himself and the Aged. An open door afforded a perspective view of the Aged in bed.

到八点钟时，城垛已经出现在我眼前了。正巧这时小女仆拿着两个热面包圈走进堡垒，我跟着她从后门进去，通过了吊桥，没有通报一声就来到了温米克面前，他正在给自己和老人家沏茶。从一扇开着的门里，我看到老人家还躺在床上。

"Halloa, Mr. Pip!" said Wemmick. "You did come home, then?"

“啊呀，皮普先生，你来了！”温米克说，“那么，你还是回家了？”

"Yes," I returned; "but I didn't go home."

“是的，”我说，“但我没进去。”

"That's all right," said he, rubbing his hands. "I left a note for you at each of the Temple gates, on the chance. Which gate did you come to?"

“很好，”他搓了搓手，说，“我在坦普尔的每个大门口都给你留了信，以防万一。你去的是哪个门？”

I told him.

我告诉了他。

"I'll go round to the others in the course of the day and destroy the notes," said Wemmick; "it's a good rule never to leave documentary evidence if you can help it, because you don't know when it may be put in. I'm going to take a liberty with you.— Would you mind toasting this sausage for the Aged P.?”

“我今天要去其他大门口把信销毁。”温米克说，“能够不落证据到别人手里就尽量不落，这是一条原则。因为你不知道什么时候可能会被人抓住把柄。我想请你做一件事。——你介不介意帮老人家烤这根香肠？”

I said I should be delighted to do it.

我回答说我很乐意帮忙。

"Then you can go about your work, Mary Anne," said Wemmick to the little servant; "which leaves us to ourselves, don't you see, Mr. Pip?" he added, winking, as she disappeared.

“你可以去做你的事了，玛丽·安妮。”温米克对小女仆说。她走后，他对我使了个眼色，说道：“你看，现在就剩下我们两个了，皮普先生。”

I thanked him for his friendship and caution, and our discourse proceeded in a low tone, while I toasted the Aged's sausage and he buttered the crumb of the Aged's roll.

我谢过他的友谊和谨慎后，我们一边小声地交谈，我一边为老人家烤香肠，他一边给老人家的面包片涂黄油。

"Now, Mr. Pip, you know," said Wemmick, "you and I understand one another. We are in our private and personal capacities, and we have been engaged in a confidential transaction before today. Official sentiments are one thing. We are extra official."

“皮普先生，你知道，”温米克说，“我们都是了解对方的。我们现在是以私人和个人的身份谈话的，我们为了一件机密的事情打交道，今天已经不是第一次了。事务所里的看法是一回事。不过，现在我们是在事务所之外。”

I cordially assented. I was so very nervous, that I had already lighted the Aged's sausage like a torch, and been obliged to blow it out.

我诚恳地表示同意。我因为过于紧张，把老人家的香肠烤着了，烤的像根火炬，只得赶紧把它吹灭。

"I accidentally heard, yesterday morning," said Wemmick, "being in a certain place where I once took you—even between you and me, it's as well not to mention names when avoidable—”

“我昨天早上偶然听到，”温米克说，“我曾经带你去过的一个地方——即使在你我之间，最好也还是不要提是哪个地方——”

"Much better not," said I. "I understand you."

“最好不要，”我说，“我懂你的意思。”

"I heard there by chance, yesterday morning," said Wemmick, "that a certain person not altogether of uncolonial pursuits, and not unpossessed of portable property—I don't know who it may really be—we won't name this person—”

“我昨天早上在那里偶然听到，”温米克说，“有这么一个人，不是没有做过和殖民地有关的生意，身上也不是没有带一些财产——我不知道这个人可能是谁——这个人的名字我们就不提了——”

"Not necessary," said I.

“没必要提。”我说。

“—had made some little stir in a certain part of the world where a good many people go, not always in gratification of their own inclinations, and not quite irrespective of the government expense—”

“——这个人在世界的某个地方引起了小小的风波，那个地方很多人去，人们去那里并不总是自愿的，政府也不是不要拨钱的——”

In watching his face, I made quite a firework of the Aged's sausage, and greatly discomposed both my own attention and

Wemmick's; for which I apologized.

我只顾着看他的脸，一个不注意，把老人家的香肠烤得噼啪作响。结果我没法听下去，他也没法讲下去了，我连忙道歉。

“—by disappearing from such place, and being no more heard of thereabouts. From which," said Wemmick, "conjectures had been raised and theories formed. I also heard that you at your chambers in Garden Court, Temple, had been watched, and might be watched again."

“——那个人从那个地方失踪了，从此下落不明。关于这件事，”温米克说，“有好多种猜测，也有好多种说法。我还听说，你在坦普尔花园坊的房子已经被人监视了，可能还会再次被监视。”

"By whom?" said I.

“被谁监视？”我问。

"I wouldn't go into that," said Wemmick, evasively, "it might clash with official responsibilities. I heard it, as I have in my time heard other curious things in the same place. I don't tell it you on information received. I heard it."

“这个我就不便透露了，”温米克遮遮掩掩地说，“这可能会和我的职业责任相冲突。我只是听说而已，在那个地方我经常听到奇奇怪怪的事情。我告诉你的并不是确切的消息。我只是听说的。”

He took the toasting-fork and sausage from me as he spoke, and set forth the Aged's breakfast neatly on a little tray. Previous to placing it before him, he went into the Aged's room with a clean white cloth, and tied the same under the old gentleman's chin, and propped him up, and put his nightcap on one side, and gave him quite a rakish air. Then, he placed his breakfast before him with great care, and said, "All right, ain't you, Aged P.?" To which the cheerful Aged replied, "All right, John, my boy, all right!" As there seemed to be a tacit understanding that the Aged was not in a presentable state, and was therefore to be considered invisible, I made a pretence of being in complete ignorance of these proceedings.

他一边说，一边从我手里拿过烤叉和香肠，把老人家的早餐整整齐齐地放在一个小托盘里。在把早餐端给老人家之前，他先带了一块干净的白布到老人家房间，把白布系在老人家的下巴上，扶他坐了起来，把他的睡帽推到一旁，老人家这样子看起来还挺时髦的。然后，他小心翼翼地把早餐端到他面前，问了句：“你好吗，老父亲？”老人家神采奕奕地答道：“很好，约翰，我的孩子，很好！”老人家和我似乎都不言自明，他现在不方便见客，所以我就当没看见他，我假装完全不知道房间里发生的事。

"This watching of me at my chambers (which I have once had

reason to suspect)," I said to Wemmick when he came back, "is inseparable from the person to whom you have adverted; is it?"

“你说有人监视我的房子（我曾经有一次怀疑过这件事），”温米克一回来，我就问他，“跟你刚才提到的那个人有关，是不是？”

Wemmick looked very serious. "I couldn't undertake to say that, of my own knowledge. I mean, I couldn't undertake to say it was at first. But it either is, or it will be, or it's in great danger of being."

温米克表情很严肃：“这个我说不上来，我知道的就这么多。我的意思是，我不能说一开始就是这样。但也许是这样，或者将要这样，或者大有这样的危险。”

As I saw that he was restrained by fealty to Little Britain from saying as much as he could, and as I knew with thankfulness to him how far out of his way he went to say what he did, I could not press him. But I told him, after a little meditation over the fire, that I would like to ask him a question, subject to his answering or not answering, as he deemed right, and sure that his course would be right. He paused in his breakfast, and crossing his arms, and pinching his shirt-sleeves (his notion of indoor comfort was to sit without any coat), he nodded to me once, to put my question.

我看得出来，他之所以不能想说什么就说什么，是因为他要对小不列颠街忠诚。他向我透露了这么多，已经远远超过他所能透露的了，我感激他还来不及，怎么能强迫他呢。我在炉火前沉思了一会儿，对他说，我想问他一个问题，他认为能回答就回答，不能回答就不回答，他觉得怎么好就怎样办。他放下了早餐，胳膊交叉抱在一起，拧了拧衬衫袖子（他认为在室内的一大好处就是不用穿外套），对我点了一下头，示意我提问。

"You have heard of a man of bad character, whose true name is Compeyson?"

“你听说过一个叫康培生的坏蛋吗？”

He answered with one other nod.

他又点了点头，表示回答。

"Is he living?"

“他还活着吗？”

One other nod.

他又点了点头。

"Is he in London?"

“他在伦敦吗？”

He gave me one other nod, compressed the post-office

exceedingly, gave me one last nod, and went on with his breakfast.

他再次点了点头，那张邮筒般的嘴抿得紧紧的，向我最后点了点头，然后继续吃他的早餐。

"Now," said Wemmick, "questioning being over;" which he emphasized and repeated for my guidance; "I come to what I did, after hearing what I heard. I went to Garden Court to find you; not finding you, I went to Clarriker's to find Mr. Herbert."

“好了，”温米克说，“提问时间结束。”说这话时他加重了语气，而且重复了一遍，接着他说：“我跟你说说我听到那些话以后做了什么吧。我去花园坊找你，没找到，我就去克拉利克公司找赫伯特了。”

"And him you found?" said I, with great anxiety.

“你找到他了？”我十分焦急地问道。

"And him I found. Without mentioning any names or going into any details, I gave him to understand that if he was aware of anybody—Tom, Jack, or Richard—being about the chambers, or about the immediate neighborhood, he had better get Tom, Jack, or Richard, out of the way while you were out of the way.”

“我找到他了。我什么名字也没提，什么细节也没说，只是跟他说，如果他知道某人——不管他叫什么名字——住在这房子附近，或者这街坊附近，那他最好在你回来之前，让这个不管叫什么名字的人搬出去。”

"He would be greatly puzzled what to do?"

“他大概疑惑不解、不知所措了吧？”

"He was puzzled what to do; not the less, because I gave him my opinion that it was not safe to try to get Tom, Jack, or Richard, too far out of the way at present. Mr. Pip, I'll tell you something. Under existing circumstances there is no place like a great city when you are once in it. Don't break cover too soon. Lie close. Wait till things slacken, before you try the open, even for foreign air."

“他确实疑惑不解、不知所措，因为我跟他说，目前想把这个不管叫什么名字的人弄到太远的地方也不安全。皮普先生，我跟你说。照目前的形势看，进了大城市，就有大城市的好处，别的地方都比不上。不要太早急着出去。先躲一躲。等形势缓和下来，再试着出去透透风，甚至去嗅嗅外国的空气也可以。”

I thanked him for his valuable advice, and asked him what Herbert had done?

我谢过他的宝贵建议，问他赫伯特是怎么做的。

"Mr. Herbert," said Wemmick, "after being all of a heap for half an hour, struck out a plan. He mentioned to me as a secret, that he is

courting a young lady who has, as no doubt you are aware, a bedridden Pa. Which Pa, having been in the Purser line of life, lies a-bed in a bow-window where he can see the ships sail up and down the river. You are acquainted with the young lady, most probably?”

“赫伯特先生，”温米克说，“一开始吓得缩成一团了，过了半个小时，他想出了一个计划。他跟我说了个秘密，他正在追求一位年轻的小姐，这位小姐有个卧床不起的爸爸，这你应该是知道的吧。她爸爸原先是一名轮船事务长，现在他躺着的床就靠在一扇凸肚窗前，从窗口可以看见河上来来往往的船只。你应该认识那位年轻小姐吧？”

"Not personally," said I.

“我没见过。”我说。

The truth was, that she had objected to me as an expensive companion who did Herbert no good, and that, when Herbert had first proposed to present me to her, she had received the proposal with such very moderate warmth, that Herbert had felt himself obliged to confide the state of the case to me, with a view to the lapse of a little time before I made her acquaintance. When I had begun to advance Herbert's prospects by Stealth, I had been able to bear this with cheerful philosophy; he and his affianced, for their part, had naturally not been very anxious to introduce a third person into their interviews; and thus, although I was assured that I had risen in Clara's esteem, and although the young lady and I had long regularly interchanged messages and remembrances by Herbert, I had never seen her. However, I did not trouble Wemmick with these particulars.

事实是这样的，她认为赫伯特交上我这样一个花钱大手大脚的朋友没什么好处，所以，赫伯特第一次提出要把我介绍给她认识的时候，她对这一提议没有表现出多大的热情，赫伯特觉得有必要把这一情况跟我说明，打算过些时候再介绍我们认识。后来我开始暗中资助赫伯特，帮他建立事业，我对这事也看得开了。对于他和他未婚妻来说，当然不希望很快有第三个人加入到他们的往来当中。所以，虽然我确信自己在克拉拉心目中的地位有所提高，虽然这位年轻小姐和我长期以来一直由赫伯特当中间人互相问候，我却从没见过她。不过，这些细节我没有跟温米克啰嗦。

"The house with the bow-window," said Wemmick, "being by the river-side, down the Pool there between Limehouse and Greenwich, and being kept, it seems, by a very respectable widow who has a furnished upper floor to let, Mr. Herbert put it to me, what did I think of that as a temporary tenement for Tom, Jack, or Richard? Now, I thought very well of it, for three reasons I'll give you. That is to say. Firstly. It's altogether out of all your beats, and is well away from the usual heap of streets great and small. Secondly. Without going near it yourself, you could always hear of the safety of Tom, Jack, or Richard,

through Mr. Herbert. Thirdly. After a while and when it might be prudent, if you should want to slip Tom, Jack, or Richard, on board a foreign packet-boat, there he is—ready.”

“那个有凸肚窗的房子，”温米克说，“就在河边，位于莱姆豪斯和格林尼治之间的普尔地区，这房子好像是一位颇有名望的寡妇的家产，她有一间楼上的房间，连家具一起出租，赫伯特先生问我，把那间房子暂时租下来给某人住怎么样。我觉得这个主意非常好，我可以说出三条理由来。你听听我的理由。第一：这根本不是你常去的地方，而且离那些热闹的大街小巷又远。第二：你用不着自己去，可以让赫伯特捎给你某人的消息。第三：过一阵子，等时机成熟了，要是你想偷偷把某人送上哪条外国班轮，他随时都准备好了。”

Much comforted by these considerations, I thanked Wemmick again and again, and begged him to proceed.

听了温米克的这些想法，我心里宽慰了许多。我再三向他道谢，恳求他接着说下去。

"Well, sir! Mr. Herbert threw himself into the business with a will, and by nine o'clock last night he housed Tom, Jack, or Richard—whichever it may be—you and I don't want to know—quite successfully. At the old lodgings it was understood that he was summoned to Dover, and in fact he was taken down the Dover road and cornered out of it. Now, another great advantage of all this, is, that it was done without you, and when, if any one was concerning himself about your movements, you must be known to be ever so many miles off and quite otherwise engaged. This diverts suspicion and confuses it; and for the same reason I recommended that even if you came back last night, you should not go home. It brings in more confusion, and you want confusion.”

“好吧，先生！赫伯特先生热心地把这件事承担起来了，昨晚九点钟，他把某人——不管他叫什么名字——你我都不必知道——安安稳稳地送进新房子里去了。给老房子的房东的说法是，某人应邀要到多佛尔去，事实上他只是经过多佛尔街，拐个弯就离开了。这么做还有一大好处，那就是，你当时不在场。如果有人在监视你的行踪，那他一定知道你当时远在千里之外，在忙别的事情。这样就转移了怀疑的目标，给人造成迷惑。所以我才建议你，即使你昨晚回去了，也别回家。这样就更让人迷惑不解了，越是迷惑不解，对你就越有利。”

Wemmick, having finished his breakfast, here looked at his watch, and began to get his coat on.

温米克这时已经用完了早餐，看了看表，开始穿外套。

"And now, Mr. Pip," said he, with his hands still in the sleeves, "I have probably done the most I can do; but if I can ever do more—from a Walworth point of view, and in a strictly private and personal

capacity—I shall be glad to do it. Here's the address. There can be no harm in your going here tonight and seeing for yourself that all is well with Tom, Jack, or Richard, before you go home—which is another reason for your not going home last night. But after you have gone home, don't go back here. You are very welcome, I am sure, Mr. Pip;" his hands were now out of his sleeves, and I was shaking them; "and let me finally impress one important point upon you." He laid his hands upon my shoulders, and added in a solemn whisper: "Avail yourself of this evening to lay hold of his portable property. You don't know what may happen to him. Don't let anything happen to the portable property."

“现在，皮普先生，”他两只手还没从袖子里伸出来，对我说，“凡是我能做的，我应该都做了，但如果还有什么是我能做的——从沃尔沃斯的角度来说，完全从个人和私人的交情出发——我很乐意效劳。这是新房地址。你不妨在今晚回家之前，亲自去看看某人是不是平安无事——这也是为什么让你昨晚别回家的原因之一。不过，你回家以后，就不要再去了。你太客气了，皮普先生。”他的手已经从袖子里伸出来了，我正握着呢。“我最后还有一件重要的事要跟你提一下。”他双手搭在我肩上，郑重其事地低声对我说：“今晚要设法把他的动产弄到手。你说不准他可能发生什么意外。可别让动产出什么意外。”

Quite despairing of making my mind clear to Wemmick on this point, I forbore to try.

关于动产的事，要把我的想法跟温米克解释清楚是很难办到的，我于是忍住没说。

"Time's up," said Wemmick, "and I must be off. If you had nothing more pressing to do than to keep here till dark, that's what I should advise. You look very much worried, and it would do you good to have a perfectly quiet day with the Aged—he'll be up presently—and a little bit of—you remember the pig?”

“到时间了，”温米克说，“我得走了。如果你没有别的什么更加紧急的事情要办，我建议你留在这里，天黑以后再走。你看起来忧心忡忡的，为什么不跟老人家一起清清静静地好好过一天呢——他马上就起床了——再吃一点——你还记得那头猪吧？”

"Of course," said I.

“当然。”我说。

"Well; and a little bit of him. That sausage you toasted was his, and he was in all respects a first-rater. Do try him, if it is only for old acquaintance sake. Good-bye, Aged Parent!" in a cheery shout.

“好，再吃一点它的肉吧。你刚才烤的那根香肠就是用它的肉做的，无论从哪一方面看，它都是顶呱呱的。尝一尝吧，看在它是你老相识的

份上。再见，老父亲！”他兴致昂扬地喊了一声。

"All right, John; all right, my boy!" piped the old man from within.

“好的，约翰，好的，我的孩子！”老人家在房间里尖声喊道。

I soon fell asleep before Wemmick's fire, and the Aged and I enjoyed one another's society by falling asleep before it more or less all day. We had loin of pork for dinner, and greens grown on the estate, and I nodded at the Aged with a good intention whenever I failed to do it drowsily. When it was quite dark, I left the Aged preparing the fire for toast; and I inferred from the number of teacups, as well as from his glances at the two little doors in the wall, that Miss Skiffins was expected.

没过多久，我就在温米克的壁炉前睡着了。老人家和我相互做伴，这一整天我们俩几乎都是在壁炉前睡过去的。我们中午吃猪腰肉，还有他们菜园里自己种的蔬菜。我如果不是诚心诚意地跟老人家点了头，那也是在瞌睡中跟他点了头。等到天色完全变黑，我跟老人家告辞，让他自己添煤烤面包。我数了数茶杯的个数，看他时不时瞅瞅墙上的两块小门，我估计司琪芬小姐要来了。

CHAPTER 46

第四十六章

Eight o'clock had struck before I got into the air that was scented, not disagreeably, by the chips and shavings of the long-shore boat builders, and mast oar and block makers. All that water-side region of the upper and lower Pool below Bridge, was unknown ground to me, and when I struck down by the river, I found that the spot I wanted was not where I had supposed it to be, and was anything but easy to find. It was called Mill Pond Bank, Chinks' Basin; and I had no other guide to Chinks' Basin than the Old Green Copper Rope-Walk.

钟刚敲过八点，我就到了一处地方。这里的空气中有一股锯木屑和刨花的气味，倒并不难闻。这气味是从长长的河岸边那些制造船舶、船桅、船桨和滑车的作坊里发出来的。对于伦敦桥东边的普尔地区上下一带的水域，我一点也不熟悉。到了河边，我才发现我要找的地方并不如我想像的那样好找。那地方叫做米尔庞德岸叮当湾，除了老青铜绳索道，我不知道还有什么路通向那里。

It matters not what stranded ships repairing in dry docks I lost myself among, what old hulls of ships in course of being knocked to pieces, what ooze and slime and other dregs of tide, what yards of ship-builders and ship-breakers, what rusty anchors blindly biting into the ground though for years off duty, what mountainous country of accumulated casks and timber, how many rope-walks that were not the Old Green Copper. After several times falling short of my destination and as often over-shooting it, I came unexpectedly round a corner, upon Mill Pond Bank. It was a fresh kind of place, all circumstances considered, where the wind from the river had room to turn itself round; and there were two or three trees in it, and there was the stump of a ruined windmill, and there was the Old Green Copper Rope-Walk—whose long and narrow vista I could trace in the moonlight, along a series of wooden frames set in the ground, that looked like superannuated haymaking-rakes which had grown old and lost most of their teeth.

不提我在废弃的船坞中那些待修的搁浅船只中迷失了多少回；不提废旧船体被拆卸成了多少块；不提海浪冲来了多少淤泥、粘土和渣滓；不提有多少造新船的船坞和拆废船的船坞；不提那生锈的、一头胡乱插在地上、多少年没有派上用场的铁锚；也不提有多少堆积如山的木桶和木材，有多少以老青铜命名的绳索道。我找了很多次都没找到我的目的地，老是经过它却没留意，最终还是意外地拐了个弯，来到了米尔庞德岸。若是把周围的环境都考虑进去，这算得上一个空气清新的地方，从

河面上吹来的风有足够的空间在这里打转。中间还立着两三棵树，一架废弃的风车残骸，还有老青铜绳索道——月光下看起来这条路又长又窄，一路上都是些木头船架，看起来就像是废弃的干草耙，破旧不堪、齿牙落尽。

Selecting from the few queer houses upon Mill Pond Bank, a house with a wooden front and three stories of bow-window (not bay-window, which is another thing), I looked at the plate upon the door, and read there, Mrs. Whimple. That being the name I wanted, I knocked, and an elderly woman of a pleasant and thriving appearance responded. She was immediately deposed, however, by Herbert, who silently led me into the parlor and shut the door. It was an odd sensation to see his very familiar face established quite at home in that very unfamiliar room and region; and I found myself looking at him, much as I looked at the corner-cupboard with the glass and china, the shells upon the chimney-piece, and the colored engravings on the wall, representing the death of Captain Cook, a ship-launch, and his Majesty King George the Third in a state-coachman's wig, leather-breeches, and top-boots, on the terrace at Windsor.

米尔庞德岸上只有几栋看起来很奇特的房子，我选了一栋有木头大门和凸肚窗（不是八角窗）的三层楼房进去，看了看门牌，上面写着：温博尔夫人。这正是我要找的人，我敲了敲门，一位神态和蔼、精神矍铄的老妇人出来开了门。不过，赫伯特很快就出来了，把她换下去了，赫伯特一声不响地领着我进了客厅，关上了大门。在这个十分陌生的地方，在这间十分陌生的房间里，看见了他这张十分熟悉的脸，这种感觉很奇怪。我时而望望他，时而望望摆满玻璃器皿和瓷器的壁角柜，望望壁炉架上的贝壳，望望墙上的彩雕——一个是库克船长之死，一个是新船下水典礼，还有一个是乔治三世陛下站在温莎宫阳台上，他戴着马车夫戴的那种假发，穿着皮裤和高筒靴。

"All is well, Handel," said Herbert, "and he is quite satisfied, though eager to see you. My dear girl is with her father; and if you'll wait till she comes down, I'll make you known to her, and then we'll go up-stairs.— That's her father."

“这里一切都好，汉德尔，”赫伯特说，“他很满意，只是急着想见你。我女朋友现在和她父亲在一起，如果你愿意等她下来的话，我会介绍你们认识，然后我们上楼去——那是她父亲。”

I had become aware of an alarming growling overhead, and had probably expressed the fact in my countenance.

我已经听到头顶上传来一声吓人的咆哮声了，这从我脸上的表情可以看出来。

"I am afraid he is a sad old rascal," said Herbert, smiling, "but I have never seen him. Don't you smell rum? He is always at it."

“恐怕他就是个糟糕的老混蛋，”赫伯特笑着说，“不过我从来没见过他。你没有闻到朗姆酒的味道吗？他成天和朗姆酒做伴。”

"At rum?" said I.

“和朗姆酒做伴？”我问。

"Yes," returned Herbert, "and you may suppose how mild it makes his gout. He persists, too, in keeping all the provisions upstairs in his room, and serving them out. He keeps them on shelves over his head, and will weigh them all. His room must be like a chandler's shop."

“是的，”赫伯特说，“你想想，酒怎么能缓解他的痛风呢。他还坚持把吃的喝的都放到楼上他自己的房间里，由他来分配。他把它们放到头顶的架子上，每一样都要称。他的房间肯定像个杂货铺。”

While he thus spoke, the growling noise became a prolonged roar, and then died away.

他正说着，只听见咆哮声变成了一声拉长了的怒吼，然后逐渐消失了。

"What else can be the consequence," said Herbert, in explanation, "if he will cut the cheese? A man with the gout in his right hand—and everywhere else—can't expect to get through a Double Gloucester without hurting himself."

“他偏要自己切奶酪，”赫伯特解释说，“结果还能怎样？一个右手痛风的人——全身其他地方也痛风——偏要切双层格洛斯特奶酪，怎么可能不痛呢。”

He seemed to have hurt himself very much, for he gave another furious roar.

他好像痛得很厉害，因为他又发出了一声狂怒的吼叫。

"To have Provis for an upper lodger is quite a godsend to Mrs. Whimple," said Herbert, "for of course people in general won't stand that noise. A curious place, Handel; isn't it?"

“有普罗维斯这样的房客住在楼上，真是温博尔夫人的福气。”赫伯特说，“一般人哪里受得了他那种噪音啊。这是个奇怪的地方，汉德尔，不是吗？”

It was a curious place, indeed; but remarkably well kept and clean.

这的确是个奇怪的地方，但十分整洁、干净。

"Mrs. Whimple," said Herbert, when I told him so, "is the best of housewives, and I really do not know what my Clara would do without her motherly help. For, Clara has no mother of her own, Handel, and no relation in the world but old Gruffandgrim."

我把这一看法告诉了赫伯特，他说：“没有比温博尔夫人更好的家庭主妇了。我真想象不出，要是没有她母亲般的关照，我的克拉拉该怎么办。克拉拉没有妈妈，汉德尔，这世上除了凶老头子，她没有别的亲人了。”

"Surely that's not his name, Herbert?"

“凶老头子应该不是他的名字吧，赫伯特？”

"No, no," said Herbert, "that's my name for him. His name is Mr. Barley. But what a blessing it is for the son of my father and mother, to love a girl who has no relations, and who can never bother herself, or anybody else, about her family!"

“不是，不是，”赫伯特说，“那是我给他取的名字。他叫巴利先生。我父母有我这样一个儿子，爱上了这样一个无亲无故的女孩，不用操心她自己的家庭，也不用别人来操心，这是多大的福气呀！”

Herbert had told me on former occasions, and now reminded me, that he first knew Miss Clara Barley when she was completing her education at an establishment at Hammersmith, and that on her being recalled home to nurse her father, he and she had confided their affection to the motherly Mrs. Whimple, by whom it had been fostered and regulated with equal kindness and discretion, ever since. It was understood that nothing of a tender nature could possibly be confided to old Barley, by reason of his being totally unequal to the consideration of any subject more psychological than Gout, Rum, and Purser's stores.

赫伯特这么一说，我想起来了，他以前跟我说过，他认识克拉拉·巴利的时候，她正在哈默史密斯完成她的学业。后来她被叫回去照顾她父亲，他们便向慈母般的温博尔夫人表明了他们相互之间的爱慕之情。此后，温博尔夫人好心培养他们之间的这份感情，对二人同等对待，好心又慎重。凡是带温情的东西都不能跟巴利老头透露，因为他除了痛风、朗姆酒、事务长的库藏之外，对任何涉及心理层面的东西都不放在心上。

As we were thus conversing in a low tone while Old Barley's sustained growl vibrated in the beam that crossed the ceiling, the room door opened, and a very pretty slight dark-eyed girl of twenty or so, came in with a basket in her hand: whom Herbert tenderly relieved of the basket, and presented blushing, as "Clara." She really was a most charming girl, and might have passed for a captive fairy, whom that truculent Ogre, Old Barley, had pressed into his service.

我们就这样低声交谈，而巴利老头则在楼上连声大叫，喊得天花板上的横梁都震动了起来。这时门开了，进来一位十分美丽的姑娘。她二十岁上下，身段苗条、眼睛乌黑，手里提着个篮子。赫伯特走上前去，温柔地提过篮子，脸上一阵通红，跟我介绍说这是克拉拉。她果真是个

十分迷人的姑娘，真像一个仙女，只可惜被巴利老头这个残忍的食人魔抓来使唤。

"Look here," said Herbert, showing me the basket, with a compassionate and tender smile after we had talked a little; "here's poor Clara's supper, served out every night. Here's her allowance of bread, and here's her slice of cheese, and here's her rum—which I drink. This is Mr. Barley's breakfast for tomorrow, served out to be cooked. Two mutton chops, three potatoes, some split peas, a little flour, two ounces of butter, a pinch of salt, and all this black pepper. It's stewed up together, and taken hot, and it's a nice thing for the gout, I should think!"

“看看这个，”我们谈了一会儿之后，赫伯特脸上露出了温柔、怜爱的笑容，指着篮子对我说，“这就是可怜的克拉拉的晚餐，每天晚上都吃这个。她只能吃这么一点面包，一片奶酪，一点朗姆酒——酒还是给我喝的。这是巴利先生明天的早餐，要拿去准备的。两块羊排、三块土豆、一些去壳的豌豆、一点面粉、两盎司黄油、一把盐、还有这些黑胡椒。把这些搁在一起煮，趁热吃下去，我看这倒是治痛风的妙方呢！”

There was something so natural and winning in Clara's resigned way of looking at these stores in detail, as Herbert pointed them out,—and something so confiding, loving, and innocent, in her modest manner of yielding herself to Herbert's embracing arm—and something so gentle in her, so much needing protection on Mill Pond Bank, by Chinks' Basin, and the Old Green Copper Rope-Walk, with Old Barley growling in the beam—that I would not have undone the engagement between her and Herbert, for all the money in the pocket-book I had never opened.

赫伯特一样一样地指着这些东西，克拉拉一样一样地看着，她顺从的眼神是那样自然，那样招人喜欢——赫伯特搂着她的腰，她顺从地任由他搂着，那样子满是信任、爱意和天真——她是这么温柔的一个姑娘，在密尔庞德岸叮当湾，老青铜绳索道这样一个地方，和那咆哮声震动横梁的巴利老头住在一起，是多么需要保护啊——即使以我那只从没打开过的皮夹子为代价，我也不能让赫伯特和她之间的姻缘被拆散。

I was looking at her with pleasure and admiration, when suddenly the growl swelled into a roar again, and a frightful bumping noise was heard above, as if a giant with a wooden leg were trying to bore it through the ceiling to come to us. Upon this Clara said to Herbert, "Papa wants me, darling!" and ran away.

正在我满怀欣赏和赞叹之情看着她的时候，突然咆哮声又变成了一声怒吼。从上方传来可怕的撞击声，好像一个木头腿的巨人正试图穿过天花板，朝我们扑来。克拉拉一听，忙对赫伯特说：“父亲叫我呢，亲爱的！”然后就跑开了。

"There is an unconscionable old shark for you!" said Herbert. "What do you suppose he wants now, Handel?"

“这个没良心的老鲨鱼！”赫伯特说，“你猜他现在想要什么，汉德尔？”

"I don't know," said I. "Something to drink?"

“我不知道。”我说，“要喝酒？”

"That's it!" cried Herbert, as if I had made a guess of extraordinary merit. "He keeps his grog ready-mixed in a little tub on the table. Wait a moment, and you'll hear Clara lift him up to take some.— There he goes!” Another roar, with a prolonged shake at the end. "Now," said Herbert, as it was succeeded by silence, "he's drinking. Now," said Herbert, as the growl resounded in the beam once more, "he's down again on his back!"

“没错！”赫伯特喊了起来，好像我猜对了什么了不起的大事一样。“他的酒早就调好了，放在桌上的小桶子里。一会儿就能听到克拉拉扶他起来喝酒。——他起来了！”接着又是一阵怒吼，结尾还拖着一声长长的颤音。接着是一阵沉默，“现在，”赫伯特说，“他喝了。咆哮声又一次在横梁上回响了起来。赫伯特说：“现在他又躺下了！”

Clara returned soon afterwards, and Herbert accompanied me upstairs to see our charge. As we passed Mr. Barley's door, he was heard hoarsely muttering within, in a strain that rose and fell like wind, the following Refrain; in which I substitute good wishes for something quite the reverse.

不久克拉拉就回来了，赫伯特陪我上楼去看这个被照料的人。我们经过巴利老头门口的时候，他正在里面用沙哑的嗓门哼着小曲，声音像风声一样忽高忽低，接着又唱起了副歌。我记下了这首曲子，不过有的地方做了些改动，改成了良好的祝愿。

"Ahoy! Bless your eyes, here's old Bill Barley. Here's old Bill Barley, bless your eyes. Here's old Bill Barley on the flat of his back, by the Lord. Lying on the flat of his back, like a drifting old dead flounder, here's your old Bill Barley, bless your eyes. Ahoy! Bless you."

“啊嗬！愿上帝保佑，这是比尔·巴利老头。这是比尔·巴利老头，愿上帝保佑。这是比尔·巴利老头，直挺挺地躺在床上，愿上帝保佑。直挺挺地躺在床上，像一只漂浮的、死去的老比目鱼，这是比尔·巴利老头，愿上帝保佑。啊嗬！愿上帝保佑。”

In this strain of consolation, Herbert informed me the invisible Barley would commune with himself by the day and night together; often while it was light, having, at the same time, one eye at a telescope which was fitted on his bed for the convenience of sweeping

the river.

我们听着他这支聊以自慰的曲子，赫伯特告诉我，这个不露面的巴利整日整夜地跟自己说话。为了便于他看河上的风光，他在床上安了一个望远镜。白天的时候，他就一只眼睛凑着望远镜，一边哼着曲子一边扫视河面。

In his two cabin rooms at the top of the house, which were fresh and airy, and in which Mr. Barley was less audible than below, I found Provis comfortably settled. He expressed no alarm, and seemed to feel none that was worth mentioning; but it struck me that he was softened—indefinably, for I could not have said how, and could never afterwards recall how when I tried; but certainly.

房子顶层有两间小卧室，空气清新，比楼下更不容易听到巴利先生的咆哮声。我在这里看到了普罗维斯，他舒舒服服地住在这里。他没有表现得很惊讶，他似乎一点也不觉得惊讶，但他变温和了，这点让我吃惊——我说不出原因，不但当时说不上来，就是事后怎么努力也说不上来，但他的确变温和了。

The opportunity that the day's rest had given me for reflection, had resulted in my fully determining to say nothing to him respecting Compeyson. For anything I knew, his animosity towards the man might otherwise lead to his seeking him out and rushing on his own destruction. Therefore, when Herbert and I sat down with him by his fire, I asked him first of all whether he relied on Wemmick's judgment and sources of information?

白天休息了一天，让我有机会好好思考，我下定决心，绝不在他面前提起康培生这个名字。因为我知道，他对康培生恨之入骨，我要是提起他，他可能会去找他拼命，结果只能是自取灭亡。所以，赫伯特、我和他在炉火边坐下后，我首先问他，相不相信温米克的判断和消息的来源。

"Ay, ay, dear boy!" he answered, with a grave nod, "Jaggers knows."

“唉！唉！好孩子！”他重重地点了点头说，“贾格尔斯怎么会不识人。”

"Then, I have talked with Wemmick," said I, "and have come to tell you what caution he gave me and what advice."

“那么，我跟温米克谈过了。”我说，“我过来把他给我的警告和建议跟你说说。”

This I did accurately, with the reservation just mentioned; and I told him how Wemmick had heard, in Newgate prison (whether from officers or prisoners I could not say), that he was under some suspicion, and that my chambers had been watched; how Wemmick

had recommended his keeping close for a time, and my keeping away from him; and what Wemmick had said about getting him abroad. I added, that of course, when the time came, I should go with him, or should follow close upon him, as might be safest in Wemmick's judgment. What was to follow that, I did not touch upon; neither indeed was I at all clear or comfortable about it in my own mind, now that I saw him in that softer condition, and in declared peril for my sake. As to altering my way of living, by enlarging my expenses, I put it to him whether in our present unsettled and difficult circumstances, it would not be simply ridiculous, if it were no worse?

我把温米克的话一五一十地对他说了，只是没有提康培生的事。我跟他说，温米克在纽盖特监狱听说（至于是从官员那里还是从囚犯那里听来的，我不得而知）有人在怀疑他，我的房子也受到了监视。温米克建议他暂时躲一躲，不要和我接触，还说了温米克对我们送他出国的计划的看法。我补充说，当然，时机合适的话，我会和他一起走，或者他先走，我随后跟上，在温米克看来这或许是最安全的。至于出国以后怎么办，我没有提起，因为我自己脑子里也确实是一片混乱，此外。我见他已经变温和了，而且他分明是为了我才陷入了危险的境地。至于说要我改变生活方式，过得更阔气一点，我跟他说，我们目前的处境已经是动荡不安了，这时候摆阔岂不是荒唐可笑，而且可能把事情弄得更糟。

He could not deny this, and indeed was very reasonable throughout. His coming back was a venture, he said, and he had always known it to be a venture. He would do nothing to make it a desperate venture, and he had very little fear of his safety with such good help.

他无法否认这一点，而且他从头到尾的表现都的确很通情达理。他说，他回来本身就是一次冒险，他一直都知道这是一次冒险。他不会把这次的冒险变成死路一条，还说有这样稳妥的帮助，他一点也不担心自己的安全。

Herbert, who had been looking at the fire and pondering, here said that something had come into his thoughts arising out of Wemmick's suggestion, which it might be worth while to pursue. "We are both good watermen, Handel, and could take him down the river ourselves when the right time comes. No boat would then be hired for the purpose, and no boatmen; that would save at least a chance of suspicion, and any chance is worth saving. Never mind the season; don't you think it might be a good thing if you began at once to keep a boat at the Temple stairs, and were in the habit of rowing up and down the river? You fall into that habit, and then who notices or minds? Do it twenty or fifty times, and there is nothing special in your doing it the twenty-first or fifty-first.”

之前一直盯着炉火沉思的赫伯特这时开口了，说温米克的建议让他

想到了一个主意，或许值得一试。“汉德尔，我和你都是划桨的好手，等时机一到，我们可以自己划船送他出去。这样就不用雇船了，也不需要雇船夫，这样至少可以降低被人怀疑的可能性，我们要消除任何被怀疑的可能。不是划船的时令也不要紧，你马上开始准备一条船，停在坦普尔的石埠前，经常在河上划划，这个主意你觉得怎么样？等你养成了划船的习惯，还有谁会注意或在意呢？你划了二十次、五十次以后，那你的第二十一次、第五十一次又有什么不同呢？”

I liked this scheme, and Provis was quite elated by it. We agreed that it should be carried into execution, and that Provis should never recognize us if we came below Bridge and rowed past Mill Pond Bank. But, we further agreed that he should pull down the blind in that part of his window which gave upon the east, whenever he saw us and all was right.

赫伯特的这个主意我很喜欢，普罗维斯更是振奋不已。我们同意把这个计划付诸实践，如果我们的船从伦敦桥下划过，往米尔庞德岸划去，普罗维斯千万不能跟我们打招呼。不过，我们进一步商量了一下，他如果看见了我们而且一切都好的话，就放下朝东的那扇百叶窗。

Our conference being now ended, and everything arranged, I rose to go; remarking to Herbert that he and I had better not go home together, and that I would take half an hour's start of him. "I don't like to leave you here," I said to Provis, "though I cannot doubt your being safer here than near me. Good-bye!”

我们的商议就此结束，一切谈妥后我起身要走。走之前我对赫伯特说，我和他最好不要一起回去，我走后半小时他再动身。“我真不愿意把你一个人留在这里，”我对普罗维斯说，“虽然你呆在这里比在我身边安全，这毫无疑问。再见！”

"Dear boy," he answered, clasping my hands, "I don't know when we may meet again, and I don't like Good-bye. Say Good Night!”

“好孩子，”他紧紧握住我的手说，“我不知道我们什么时候能再见面，我不喜欢说再见。说晚安吧！”

"Good night! Herbert will go regularly between us, and when the time comes you may be certain I shall be ready. Good night, Good night!"

“晚安！赫伯特会经常为我们通信的，你放心，等合适的时机到了，我也准备好了。晚安，晚安！”

We thought it best that he should stay in his own rooms, and we left him on the landing outside his door, holding a light over the stair-rail to light us down stairs. Looking back at him, I thought of the first night of his return when our positions were reversed, and when I little supposed my heart could ever be as heavy and anxious at parting from

him as it was now.

我们觉得他最好呆在自己房间里，于是我们就在他门外楼梯的平台上告别，他举起一支蜡烛。照着楼梯栏杆，照亮我们下楼的路。我回头看了看他，想起了他回来的第一个晚上，那时我和他的位置和现在正好相反。那时我怎么也想不到，我此刻与他分别时，B147心情竟会如此沉重、如此焦虑。

Old Barley was growling and swearing when we repassed his door, with no appearance of having ceased or of meaning to cease. When we got to the foot of the stairs, I asked Herbert whether he had preserved the name of Provis. He replied, certainly not, and that the lodger was Mr. Campbell. He also explained that the utmost known of Mr. Campbell there, was, that he (Herbert) had Mr. Campbell consigned to him, and felt a strong personal interest in his being well cared for, and living a secluded life. So, when we went into the parlor where Mrs. Whimple and Clara were seated at work, I said nothing of my own interest in Mr. Campbell, but kept it to myself.

我们再次经过巴利老头房间门口的时候，他正在咆哮漫骂，没有停下来的迹象，也没有要停下来的意思。到了楼梯底下，我问赫伯特他是不是还用普罗维斯这个名字。他说，当然不是，大家只知道他是个叫坎贝尔的房客。他还说，人家只知道坎贝尔先生是由赫伯特照顾，赫伯特十分关心他的生活，想让他在这里过上清静的好日子。随后，我们走进客厅，看见温博尔夫人和克拉拉正坐在那里干活。我只字未提和坎贝尔先生相关的话，丝毫没有表现出对他的兴趣。

When I had taken leave of the pretty gentle dark-eyed girl, and of the motherly woman who had not outlived her honest sympathy with a little affair of true love, I felt as if the Old Green Copper Rope-Walk had grown quite a different place. Old Barley might be as old as the hills, and might swear like a whole field of troopers, but there were redeeming youth and trust and hope enough in Chinks' Basin to fill it to overflowing. And then I thought of Estella, and of our parting, and went home very sadly.

我告别了那位美丽温柔的黑眼睛姑娘，还有那位慈母般的妇人——她虽然上了年纪，但仍然真心实意地成全这一对恋人。我觉得老青铜绳索道都好像跟来的时候大不相同了。虽然巴利老头一把年纪，骂起人来粗野无比，但毕竟叮当湾还是到处洋溢着青春、信任和希望的。这时，我想起了埃斯特拉，想起了我们的分别，内心满是愁绪地回到了家。

All things were as quiet in the Temple as ever I had seen them. The windows of the rooms on that side, lately occupied by Provis, were dark and still, and there was no lounger in Garden Court. I walked past the fountain twice or thrice before I descended the steps that were between me and my rooms, but I was quite alone. Herbert coming to my bedside when he came in—for I went straight to bed,

dispirited and fatigued—made the same report. Opening one of the windows after that, he looked out into the moonlight, and told me that the pavement was a solemnly empty as the pavement of any Cathedral at that same hour.

坦普尔和往常一样安静。那边是普罗维斯最近住的房间，窗子里黑洞洞、静悄悄的，花园坊里一个散步的人＋B161都没有。我在喷泉旁来来回回走了两三次，然后才上楼进门，但还是只有我一人。赫伯特后来回来了，走到我床前——我由于心情低落、疲惫不堪，一回去就上床了——他说他也没有发现什么异常。说完他打开了一扇窗，望望外面的月光，告诉我说路上空空荡荡的，和大教堂旁的路一样，这时候都是空无一人。

Next day, I set myself to get the boat. It was soon done, and the boat was brought round to the Temple stairs, and lay where I could reach her within a minute or two. Then, I began to go out as for training and practice: sometimes alone, sometimes with Herbert. I was often out in cold, rain, and sleet, but nobody took much note of me after I had been out a few times. At first, I kept above Blackfriars Bridge; but as the hours of the tide changed, I took towards London Bridge. It was Old London Bridge in those days, and at certain states of the tide there was a race and fall of water there which gave it a bad reputation. But I knew well enough how to "shoot" the bridge after seeing it done, and so began to row about among the shipping in the Pool, and down to Erith. The first time I passed Mill Pond Bank, Herbert and I were pulling a pair of oars; and, both in going and returning, we saw the blind towards the east come down. Herbert was rarely there less frequently than three times in a week, and he never brought me a single word of intelligence that was at all alarming. Still, I knew that there was cause for alarm, and I could not get rid of the notion of being watched. Once received, it is a haunting idea; how many undesigning persons I suspected of watching me, it would be hard to calculate.

第二天我就着手去弄一条船。船很快就弄到了，泊在坦普尔石埠上。我从家里出来，只消走一两分钟就到了。之后，我开始出去练习划船：有时一个人，有时和赫伯特一起。我常常冒着严寒、雨雪出去划船，但划了几次，就没有人再怎么注意我了。起初我只在黑僧桥以西划，但后来涨潮的时间有了变化，我就把船一直划到伦敦桥。那时伦敦桥还是旧桥，在特定时期，潮水骤涨骤落，水情十分险恶。不过，在看过别人怎么过桥以后，我也掌握了这个技巧，就开始在普尔地区的大小船只中间划来划去，一直划到伊里斯。我第一次通过米尔庞德岸的时候，是赫伯特和我划双桨过去的，一来一回，我们两次都看见朝东窗户的百叶窗放下了。赫伯特通常每星期至少去看他三次，很少有例外，从没有带来让我惊心的消息。不过，我知道我的担心是有原因的，我始终放不下被人监视的念头。这个念头自从进入我脑中，就挥之不去。成为

我的怀疑对象的、并无恶意的人简直数不胜数。

In short, I was always full of fears for the rash man who was in hiding. Herbert had sometimes said to me that he found it pleasant to stand at one of our windows after dark, when the tide was running down, and to think that it was flowing, with everything it bore, towards Clara. But I thought with dread that it was flowing towards Magwitch, and that any black mark on its surface might be his pursuers, going swiftly, silently, and surely, to take him.

简而言之，对于那个隐匿的莽夫，我始终惶恐不安。赫伯特有时对我说，他发现在天黑退潮的时候，站在一扇窗口，想象着河水带着一切朝克拉拉流去，这种感觉很好。我则忧心忡忡，想象这河水是流向马格维奇的，河面上任何一个黑点都有可能是来追捕他的，飞快地、悄悄地、稳当地就把他抓住了。

CHAPTER 47

第四十七章

Some weeks passed without bringing any change. We waited for Wemmick, and he made no sign. If I had never known him out of Little Britain, and had never enjoyed the privilege of being on a familiar footing at the Castle, I might have doubted him; not so for a moment, knowing him as I did.

几个星期过去了，没有发生什么变故。我们等着温米克的到来，但是他一直没有露面。如果我和他的交情仅限于小不列颠的事务所，如果我从来没有去过他的宅子，和他没有私交，我可能会怀疑他，但我了解他的为人，我一刻也没有怀疑过他。

My worldly affairs began to wear a gloomy appearance, and I was pressed for money by more than one creditor. Even I myself began to know the want of money (I mean of ready money in my own pocket), and to relieve it by converting some easily spared articles of jewellery into cash. But I had quite determined that it would be a heartless fraud to take more money from my patron in the existing state of my uncertain thoughts and plans. Therefore, I had sent him the unopened pocket-book by Herbert, to hold in his own keeping, and I felt a kind of satisfaction—whether it was a false kind or a true, I hardly know—in not having profited by his generosity since his revelation of himself.

我在世俗事务上的＋B13前景不容乐观，债主一个接一个地找上门来。连我自己也开始认识到钱的紧缺了（我的意思是自己口袋里的现钱），于是变卖了一些舍得变卖的珠宝，换成现钱，以缓解手头的拮据。不过我打定主意，由于眼下我还没有明确的想法和打算，如果这时候还从我的恩主那里拿钱，我就是在无情地欺骗他。所以，我让赫伯特把那只没有打开过的钱包还给他，由他自己保管。自从他露面以来，我还没有从他的慷慨中获得什么好处，对于这一点，我感到有一种满足感——至于这种满足感是真的还是假的，我也不知道。

As the time wore on, an impression settled heavily upon me that Estella was married. Fearful of having it confirmed, though it was all but a conviction, I avoided the newspapers, and begged Herbert (to whom I had confided the circumstances of our last interview) never to speak of her to me. Why I hoarded up this last wretched little rag of the robe of hope that was rent and given to the winds, how do I know! Why did you who read this, commit that not dissimilar inconsistency of your own, last year, last month, last week?

随着时间的推移，一个想法沉重地压在我的心头。这个想法就是埃斯特拉已经结了婚。我很害怕这已成为事实，虽然这只是我的一个念

头。我故意不看报纸，我恳求赫伯特再也不要在我面前提起她（我对他说过我和埃斯特拉上次会面的情形）。既然我的希望已经像一件七零八落的袍子，在空中片片飘散了，为什么我还要保留这最后一丝可怜的希望呢，我自己也说不上来！各位读者，你们不也曾做过类似的、前后矛盾的事情吗，就在去年，或者上个月，或者上星期，为什么要那么做呢？

It was an unhappy life that I lived, and its one dominant anxiety, towering over all its other anxieties like a high mountain above a range of mountains, never disappeared from my view. Still, no new cause for fear arose. Let me start from my bed as I would, with the terror fresh upon me that he was discovered; let me sit listening as I would, with dread, for Herbert's returning step at night, lest it should be fleeter than ordinary, and winged with evil news; for all that, and much more to like purpose, the round of things went on. Condemned to inaction and a state of constant restlessness and suspense, I rowed about in my boat, and waited, waited, waited, as I best could.

我的日子过得郁郁寡欢，总有一个忧虑位于所有忧虑之上，就像最高的那座山峰耸立在群山当中，无法从我的视野里消失。不过，目前还没有新的忧虑出现。这种忧虑让我夜里从床上惊起，担心他被人发现了；让我坐在屋子里惊恐地静听，担心赫伯特夜里回来的脚步声比往常急促，带回来坏的消息。可是尽管有这些忧虑，还有其他种种烦恼，日子还得过下去。我一筹莫展，老是忧心忡忡、疑虑重重，只得成天划着船荡来荡去，等待、等待、再等待。

There were states of the tide when, having been down the river, I could not get back through the eddy-chafed arches and starlings of old London Bridge; then, I left my boat at a wharf near the Custom House, to be brought up afterwards to the Temple stairs. I was not averse to doing this, as it served to make me and my boat a commoner incident among the water-side people there. From this slight occasion, sprang two meetings that I have now to tell of.

有时候潮情有了变化，我沿河而下，但老伦敦桥的桥拱和桥墩周围的漩涡很深，我没法把船划回去。我于是把船停在海关附近的一个码头上，过后再找机会把船划回坦普尔。我并不讨厌这么做，因为这样一来，住在河边的人对我和我的船就眼熟了。这样的事情虽小，却让我两次遇见了熟人，在这里我还是得说一下。

One afternoon, late in the month of February, I came ashore at the wharf at dusk. I had pulled down as far as Greenwich with the ebb tide, and had turned with the tide. It had been a fine bright day, but had become foggy as the sun dropped, and I had had to feel my way back among the shipping, pretty carefully. Both in going and returning, I had seen the signal in his window, All well.

二月下旬的一个下午，黄昏时分，我在那个码头上了岸。我顺流而

下，一直划到了格林尼治，然后逆流而上，又划回去了。那天是个不错的大晴天，但是太阳落山以后就起雾了，我只得小心翼翼地在前后的船只中摸索着回去。不过在一来一回的路上我都看见他窗口的信号了，一切平安无事。

As it was a raw evening and I was cold, I thought I would comfort myself with dinner at once; and as I had hours of dejection and solitude before me if I went home to the Temple, I thought I would afterwards go to the play. The theatre where Mr. Wopsle had achieved his questionable triumph, was in that waterside neighborhood (it is nowhere now), and to that theatre I resolved to go. I was aware that Mr. Wopsle had not succeeded in reviving the Drama, but, on the contrary, had rather partaken of its decline. He had been ominously heard of, through the playbills, as a faithful Black, in connexion with a little girl of noble birth, and a monkey. And Herbert had seen him as a predatory Tartar of comic propensities, with a face like a red brick, and an outrageous hat all over bells.

晚上天气转凉，我觉得有些冷了，决定干脆吃个晚饭，暖暖身子再回去。而且想到回到坦普尔之后，我一个人要在沮丧和孤单中呆上好几个小时，我决定吃完晚饭后去看戏。沃甫赛先生大获成功的剧院就在那岸边（现在已经找不到了），虽然他的成功让人置疑，我还是决定到那家剧院去看看。我明白了，沃甫赛先生的成功不在于他振兴了戏剧，恰恰相反，他的成功在于他促进了戏剧的衰落。不出所料，他的名字果然在戏单上。他扮演的是一个忠心的黑人，他旁边是一位贵族小女孩，还有一只猴子。赫伯特见过他演的一个掠夺成性、滑稽可笑的鞑靼人，一张脸好像一块红砖，一顶骇人的帽子上缀满了铃铛。

I dined at what Herbert and I used to call a Geographical chop-house—where there were maps of the world in porter-pot rims on every half-yard of the table-cloths, and charts of gravy on every one of the knives—to this day there is scarcely a single chop-house within the Lord Mayor's dominions which is not Geographical—and wore out the time in dozing over crumbs, staring at gas, and baking in a hot blast of dinners. By-and-by, I roused myself and went to the play.

我用餐的那家饭馆，赫伯特和我曾把它叫做“地理”饭馆——因为桌布上每隔半码就有一摊杯盘的印记，就像一幅幅世界地图，每把餐刀上都有肉汁的印记，就像航海图一样——如今，在市长的管辖范围内，已经很难找到一家不像“地理”饭馆的小饭馆了——我一会儿对着面包屑打盹，一会儿盯着煤气灯，一会儿在饭菜的热气里蒸着，就这样打发时间。这样没过多久，我起身往剧院走去。

There, I found a virtuous boatswain in his Majesty's service—a most excellent man, though I could have wished his trousers not quite so tight in some places and not quite so loose in others—who knocked all the little men's hats over their eyes, though he was very generous

and brave, and who wouldn't hear of anybody's paying taxes, though he was very patriotic. He had a bag of money in his pocket, like a pudding in the cloth, and on that property married a young person in bed-furniture, with great rejoicings; the whole population of Portsmouth (nine in number at the last Census) turning out on the beach, to rub their own hands and shake everybody else's, and sing "Fill, fill!" A certain dark-complexioned Swab, however, who wouldn't fill, or do anything else that was proposed to him, and whose heart was openly stated (by the boatswain) to be as black as his figure-head, proposed to two other Swabs to get all mankind into difficulties; which was so effectually done (the Swab family having considerable political influence) that it took half the evening to set things right, and then it was only brought about through an honest little grocer with a white hat, black gaiters, and red nose, getting into a clock, with a gridiron, and listening, and coming out, and knocking everybody down from behind with the gridiron whom he couldn't confute with what he had overheard. This led to Mr. Wopsle's (who had never been heard of before) coming in with a star and garter on, as a plenipotentiary of great power direct from the Admiralty, to say that the Swabs were all to go to prison on the spot, and that he had brought the boatswain down the Union Jack, as a slight acknowledgment of his public services. The boatswain, unmanned for the first time, respectfully dried his eyes on the Jack, and then cheering up and addressing Mr. Wopsle as Your Honor, solicited permission to take him by the fin. Mr. Wopsle conceding his fin with a gracious dignity, was immediately shoved into a dusty corner while everybody danced a hornpipe; and from that corner, surveying the public with a discontented eye, became aware of me.

在剧院，舞台上出现了一位品行高尚的皇家水手长——一个了不得的人，尽管我希望他的裤子有些地方不要那么紧，有些地方不要那么松——他把那些小人物的帽子都打得压到了眼睛上，尽管他十分慷慨、十分勇敢、十分爱国，他却不许别人纳税。他口袋里装着满满一包＋B42钱，像一块布丁包在布袋里一样，他就是用这些钱娶了一位穿着像床上用品的年轻姑娘，他还为此欣喜不已。整个朴次茅斯的人（根据上次的统计，一共是九个人）都来到海滩上，搓搓自己的手，又握握别人的手，唱道：“把酒斟上，把酒斟上！”可是，有一个肤色黝黑的家伙，就是不肯把酒斟上，别人要他做什么他也不做。水手长当众说道，这个人的心肠和他的脸皮一样黑。这个人于是和另外两个家伙谋划，要让大家不得安宁。他的计谋还真得逞了（这家伙家里颇有政治影响力），只花了半个晚上就准备好了。后来还是通过一个老实的小杂货商搞定的。他戴着白帽子，裹着黑绑腿，鼻子红红的，拿着一个烤肉架，钻进一个座钟里，一直躲在里面偷听，后来他从里面出来，谁要是驳不倒他偷听到的话，他就从后面用烤肉架敲谁的脑袋。这时沃甫赛先生出场了（他之前一直没有出场），他佩戴着星章和嘉德勋章，作为海军上将的全权代

表发言，宣布当场逮捕这些家伙，把他们都关进监狱，还颁给水手长一面国旗，作为对他为国效忠的小小奖赏。水手长生平第一次失去了男子气概，毕恭毕敬地拿国旗擦干了眼泪，然后又高兴起来，称沃甫赛先生为法官大人，请求允许让他握一握手。沃甫赛先生庄重优雅地伸出手，立刻被水手长拉到了一个满是灰尘的角落，这时大家都在跳角笛舞。沃甫赛先生在那个角落里，用一种不满的目光扫视着观众，就在那时他发现了我。

The second piece was the last new grand comic Christmas pantomime, in the first scene of which, it pained me to suspect that I detected Mr. Wopsle with red worsted legs under a highly magnified phosphoric countenance and a shock of red curtain-fringe for his hair, engaged in the manufacture of thunderbolts in a mine, and displaying great cowardice when his gigantic master came home (very hoarse) to dinner. But he presently presented himself under worthier circumstances; for, the Genius of Youthful Love being in want of assistance—on account of the parental brutality of an ignorant farmer who opposed the choice of his daughter's heart, by purposely falling upon the object, in a flour sack, out of the first floor window—summoned a sententious Enchanter; and he, coming up from the antipodes rather unsteadily, after an apparently violent journey, proved to be Mr. Wopsle in a high-crowned hat, with a necromantic work in one volume under his arm. The business of this enchanter on earth, being principally to be talked at, sung at, butted at, danced at, and flashed at with fires of various colors, he had a good deal of time on his hands. And I observed with great surprise, that he devoted it to staring in my direction as if he were lost in amazement.

第二个节目是最新的大型圣诞童话喜剧，第一场我就看见沃甫赛先生了，这让我觉得不是滋味。我一开始还怀疑是不是他，他腿上裹着红色的精纺毛袜，脸上的妆化得很夸张，还闪着磷光，头发是红色的窗帘边做的。他正在声响如雷的矿井里干活，而他人高马大的主人（声音十分嘶哑）回家吃饭的时候，他又露出十分怯懦的样子。好在他马上就扮演了一个身份较好的角色。有一个年轻的爱情天才需要帮助——这个小伙子爱上了一个农场主的女儿，但这个残暴、无知的农场主反对他女儿的选择，故意把自己套在面粉袋里，从二楼的窗口跳下，想压到小伙子身上——小伙子于是找来了一位好说教的巫师，向他求助。这位巫师从地球另一面风尘仆仆地赶过来，显然一路上历经艰险。原来这位巫师正是沃甫赛先生，他头上戴着一顶高高的帽子，腋下夹着一本巫术大全。这位巫师来到世上，他的主要任务就是听人家说话，听人家唱歌，让人家撞来撞去，看人家跳舞，任由人家在他面前挥舞各种颜色的焰火，他有的是时间。他只顾盯着我的方向，那样子像是惊呆了一样，看得我也惊讶不已。

There was something so remarkable in the increasing glare of Mr. Wopsle's eye, and he seemed to be turning so many things over in his

mind and to grow so confused, that I could not make it out. I sat thinking of it, long after he had ascended to the clouds in a large watch-case, and still I could not make it out. I was still thinking of it when I came out of the theatre an hour afterwards, and found him waiting for me near the door.

沃甫赛先生的眼睛越瞪越大，目光中大有深意，他好像想起了很多东西，在脑子里打转，把他弄糊涂了，弄得我也搞不清楚是怎么一回事了。他坐着一块硕大的表壳腾云而去，之后很长时间，我还坐在那里琢磨是怎么一回事，却始终想不出来。一小时以后，我走出剧院，还在琢磨这件事，发现他正在门口等着我。

"How do you do?" said I, shaking hands with him as we turned down the street together. "I saw that you saw me."

“你好，”我和他握了握手，一同走到大街上。“我知道你看见我了。”

"Saw you, Mr. Pip！" he returned. "Yes, of course I saw you. But who else was there?"

“看见你了，皮普先生！”他说，“是的，我当然看见你了。可还有一位是谁呀？”

"Who else?"

“哪里还有一位？”

"It is the strangest thing," said Mr. Wopsle, drifting into his lost look again; "and yet I could swear to him."

“这可就怪了，”沃甫赛先生说着，又露出了怅然若失的表情，“不过，我可以发誓，我看见他了。”

Becoming alarmed, I entreated Mr. Wopsle to explain his meaning.

我警觉了起来，恳求沃甫赛先生解释一下他这话什么意思。

"Whether I should have noticed him at first but for your being there," said Mr. Wopsle, going on in the same lost way, "I can't be positive; yet I think I should."

沃甫赛先生继续用怅然若失的语气说：“如果你当时不在场，我不敢肯定一开始会不会注意到他，不过我想我应该会注意到他的。”

Involuntarily I looked round me, as I was accustomed to look round me when I went home; for, these mysterious words gave me a chill.

我不由自主地环顾了一下四周，就像我习惯回家前环顾一下四周一样，因为他这番神秘的话让我打了个寒颤。

"Oh! He can't be in sight," said Mr. Wopsle. "He went out, before I

went off, I saw him go."

“噢！我们看不到他了，”沃甫赛先生说，“他走了，在我下场之前就走了，我看见他走的。”

Having the reason that I had, for being suspicious, I even suspected this poor actor. I mistrusted a design to entrap me into some admission. Therefore, I glanced at him as we walked on together, but said nothing.

我由于本来就心有疑虑，这下甚至怀疑起这个可怜的演员来了。我怀疑他是有意引诱我供出事实。所以，我只是瞟了他一眼，继续和他齐步前进，一句话也没有说。

"I had a ridiculous fancy that he must be with you, Mr. Pip, till I saw that you were quite unconscious of him, sitting behind you there, like a ghost."

“说来可笑，我开始还以为他是和你一起来的，皮普先生，直到后来我发现你完全没有意识到他的存在，他像个鬼魂一样，就坐在你后面。”

My former chill crept over me again, but I was resolved not to speak yet, for it was quite consistent with his words that he might be set on to induce me to connect these references with Provis. Of course, I was perfectly sure and safe that Provis had not been there.

我又打了个寒颤，不过我下定决心不开口，从他的那番话来看，他很可能是受人唆使，引诱我把他所说的话和普罗维斯联系起来。当然，我十分肯定，普罗维斯没有去过剧院。

"I dare say you wonder at me, Mr. Pip; indeed I see you do. But it is so very strange! You'll hardly believe what I am going to tell you. I could hardly believe it myself, if you told me."

“我敢说我的话让你吃了一惊，皮普先生，我看你的确很吃惊。不过这真的很奇怪！我下面要跟你说的，你一定不会相信。如果换了你告诉我的话，我恐怕也不敢相信。”

"Indeed?" said I.

“是吗？”我问。

"No, indeed. Mr. Pip, you remember in old times a certain Christmas Day, when you were quite a child, and I dined at Gargery's, and some soldiers came to the door to get a pair of handcuffs mended?"

“是的。皮普先生，从前有一年圣诞节，那时你还是个孩子，我在格雷戈里家吃饭，这时门外来了一帮士兵，要格雷戈里帮他们修手铐，你还记得吗？”

"I remember it very well."

“我记得很清楚。”

"And you remember that there was a chase after two convicts, and that we joined in it, and that Gargery took you on his back, and that I took the lead and you kept up with me as well as you could?"

“他们当时在追两个逃犯，我们也跟着去了，格雷戈里一路上背着你，我在前面领路，你们在后面拼命跟着，你还记得吗？”

"I remember it all very well." Better than he thought—except the last clause.

“我都记得清清楚楚。”我记得比他还清楚——除了最后这一点。

"And you remember that we came up with the two in a ditch, and that there was a scuffle between them, and that one of them had been severely handled and much mauled about the face, by the other?"

“我们在一条水沟里发现了他们两个，他们正打成一团，其中的一个被另一个打得很惨，脸都被抓破了，你还记得吗？”

"I see it all before me."

“仿佛就在眼前。”

"And that the soldiers lighted torches, and put the two in the centre, and that we went on to see the last of them, over the black marshes, with the torchlight shining on their faces—I am particular about that; with the torchlight shining on their faces, when there was an outer ring of dark night all about us?”

“后来那些士兵点起了火把，把那两个人推到中间，我们上去想看个究竟，在黑漆漆的沼泽地里，火光照着他们的脸——我特别要说的正是这一点，火光照着他们的脸，在黑漆漆的沼泽地里，你还记得吗？”

"Yes," said I. "I remember all that."

“记得，”我说，“我都记得。”

"Then, Mr. Pip, one of those two prisoners sat behind you tonight. I saw him over your shoulder."

“那么，皮普先生，今晚坐在你身后的就是这两个人中的一个。我越过你的肩头看见他了。”

"Steady!" I thought. I asked him then, "Which of the two do you suppose you saw?"

“镇静！”我心里想着。然后我问他：“你看见的是两个人当中的哪一个？”

"The one who had been mauled," he answered readily, "and I'll swear I saw him! The more I think of him, the more certain I am of him."

“脸被抓破了的那个，”他不假思索地说，“我可以发誓，我看见的是他！我越想越肯定就是他。”

"This is very curious!" said I, with the best assumption I could put on, of its being nothing more to me. "Very curious indeed!"

“这可真奇怪！”我竭力摆出一副与我无关的样子，说，“这可真是太奇怪了！”

I cannot exaggerate the enhanced disquiet into which this conversation threw me, or the special and peculiar terror I felt at Compeyson's having been behind me "like a ghost." For, if he had ever been out of my thoughts for a few moments together since the hiding had begun, it was in those very moments when he was closest to me; and to think that I should be so unconscious and off my guard after all my care, was as if I had shut an avenue of a hundred doors to keep him out, and then had found him at my elbow. I could not doubt either that he was there, because I was there, and that however slight an appearance of danger there might be about us, danger was always near and active.

通过这一次的谈话，我心里增长的不安怎么描述也不算夸张，尤其是想到康培生曾“像个鬼魂”一样地坐在我后面，我的惊恐之情更是难以言表。如果说自从我把普罗维斯藏匿起来以来，他曾有过片刻没在我脑子里出现，而那一片刻正是当他离我最近的时候。想想我一贯来都小心谨慎，这个时候竟然这么粗心大意，就好像我关上了一百扇门，想把他关在外面，结果却发现他就在我身边一样。毫无疑问，他去剧院是因为我去了剧院，虽然我们周围好像没有什么危险，但事实上危险一直都近在咫尺，一触即发。

I put such questions to Mr. Wopsle as, When did the man come in? He could not tell me that; he saw me, and over my shoulder he saw the man. It was not until he had seen him for some time that he began to identify him; but he had from the first vaguely associated him with me, and known him as somehow belonging to me in the old village time. How was he dressed? Prosperously, but not noticeably otherwise; he thought, in black. Was his face at all disfigured? No, he believed not. I believed not, too, for, although in my brooding state I had taken no especial notice of the people behind me, I thought it likely that a face at all disfigured would have attracted my attention.

我问了沃甫赛先生一些问题，比如，那个人是什么时候进来的。他答不上来，说他先看见了我，然后越过我的肩头看见了他。他看了好一会儿才认出他来，不过他一开始是把他和我联系到一起的，以为他是我从前在乡下认识的一个熟人。他穿着怎样？很讲究，但并不引人注目，记得他好像穿着一身黑衣服。他破相了吗？沃甫赛说没有。我也相信没有，因为尽管我当时在沉思，没有注意到我后面的人，但我想一张破了相的脸应该会吸引我的注意力的。

When Mr. Wopsle had imparted to me all that he could recall or I extract, and when I had treated him to a little appropriate refreshment after the fatigues of the evening, we parted. It was between twelve and one o'clock when I reached the Temple, and the gates were shut. No one was near me when I went in and went home.

凡是沃甫赛先生能记起的，凡是我能从他嘴里打探出来的，他都一五一十地告诉我了。忙了一个晚上，我请他吃了一点夜宵，然后我们就分开了。等我回到坦普尔，已经是介于凌晨十二点和一点之间了，坦普尔大门都已经关上了。我进了门，回到家，这一路上我周围都没有人。

Herbert had come in, and we held a very serious council by the fire. But there was nothing to be done, saving to communicate to Wemmick what I had that night found out, and to remind him that we waited for his hint. As I thought that I might compromise him if I went too often to the Castle, I made this communication by letter. I wrote it before I went to bed, and went out and posted it; and again no one was near me. Herbert and I agreed that we could do nothing else but be very cautious. And we were very cautious indeed—more cautious than before, if that were possible—and I for my part never went near Chinks' Basin, except when I rowed by, and then I only looked at Mill Pond Bank as I looked at anything else.

赫伯特已经回来了，我们在炉火边十分严肃地商谈了一番。我们＋B149没有商谈出结果，除了一点，那就是把我那晚的发现告诉温米克，告诉他我们等他出主意。我怕我去他的宅子去得太勤会连累他，于是决定写信跟他说。我上床之前把信写好了，出门把信投进了邮筒，这一次我周围还是没有人。赫伯特和我都认为，除了更加小心谨慎之外，我们别无它法。我们的确是十分小心——比以前还小心，要多小心有多小心——我再也不靠近叮当湾了，除了划船的时候会经过米尔庞德岸，即使经过，也只是朝那边望望，就跟朝别处张望一样。

CHAPTER 48

第四十八章

The second of the two meetings referred to in the last chapter, occurred about a week after the first. I had again left my boat at the wharf below Bridge; the time was an hour earlier in the afternoon; and, undecided where to dine, I had strolled up into Cheapside, and was strolling along it, surely the most unsettled person in all the busy concourse, when a large hand was laid upon my shoulder, by some one overtaking me. It was Mr. Jaggers' hand, and he passed it through my arm.

我在上一章中提到过我两次遇到熟人，第二次发生在第一次之后大约一星期的时候。这一次我又把船泊在伦敦桥下的码头，时间是下午，比上次早一个小时。我还没决定去哪里吃饭，于是信步走到齐普塞德街上去闲逛，街上人来人往，我无疑是其中漂泊不定的一个，正在这时，有人从后面追上了我，一只大手放在我的肩头上。这是贾格尔斯先生的手，他索性挽住了我的胳膊。

"As we are going in the same direction, Pip, we may walk together. Where are you bound for?"

“既然我们同路，皮普，那我们一起走吧。你要去哪里？”

"For the Temple, I think," said I.

“应该是去坦普尔吧。”我说。

"Don't you know?" said Mr. Jaggers.

“你也不清楚吗？”贾格尔斯先生问。

"Well," I returned, glad for once to get the better of him in cross-examination, "I do not know, for I have not made up my mind."

“嗯，”在这次的盘问中我竟然占了上风，真是高兴，我说，“我也不清楚，我还没打定主意呢。”

"You are going to dine?" said Mr. Jaggers. "You don't mind admitting that, I suppose?"

“你总要吃饭吧？”贾格尔斯先生说，“我看，这你总不能否认吧？”

"No," I returned, "I don't mind admitting that."

“没错，”我说，“这我不否认。”

"And are not engaged?"

“你没有约什么人吧？”

"I don't mind admitting also, that I am not engaged."

“这我也不否认，我没有约人。”

"Then," said Mr. Jaggers, "come and dine with me."

“那么，”贾格尔斯先生说，“去我家和我一起吃吧。”

I was going to excuse myself, when he added, "Wemmick's coming." So, I changed my excuse into an acceptance—the few words I had uttered, serving for the beginning of either—and we went along Cheapside and slanted off to Little Britain, while the lights were springing up brilliantly in the shop windows, and the street lamp-lighters, scarcely finding ground enough to plant their ladders on in the midst of the afternoon's bustle, were skipping up and down and running in and out, opening more red eyes in the gathering fog than my rushlight tower at the Hummums had opened white eyes in the ghostly wall.

我正要找借口推辞，他加了一句：“温米克也会来。”所以我立刻调转话头，表示愿意接受他的邀请——好在我刚刚说出的几个字还没有表明立场，接受或者拒绝两种意思都可以接上——我们沿着齐普塞德街走下去，然后斜拐进了小不列颠街，这时街上的橱窗里纷纷亮起了明亮的灯光。傍晚时分，街上行人纷至沓来，点灯人里里外外爬上爬下，几乎连放置梯子的地方都找不到。于是，渐浓的雾气中张开了一只只红色的眼睛，越来越多，比上次我在汉姆斯旅馆投宿的时候，那灯芯草蜡烛塔投射到阴森森的墙上的、张开的一只只白眼睛还要多。

At the office in Little Britain there was the usual letter-writing, hand-washing, candle-snuffing, and safe-locking, that closed the business of the day. As I stood idle by Mr. Jaggers' fire, its rising and falling flame made the two casts on the shelf look as if they were playing a diabolical game at bo-peep with me; while the pair of coarse fat office candles that dimly lighted Mr. Jaggers as he wrote in a corner, were decorated with dirty winding-sheets, as if in remembrance of a host of hanged clients.

在小不列颠街的事务所里，临近下班，大家照常做着准备，有的写信，有的洗手，有的熄灯，有的锁保险箱，就这样结束了一天的工作。我站在贾格尔斯先生的火炉旁，无事可做。炉火上下跳跃，照在架上那两座头像上，看起来就好像它们在和我玩把脸一隐一现的躲猫猫的鬼把戏。那一对粗大的劣质蜡烛的微光照着贾格尔斯先生，他正在角落里写着什么。＋B35蜡烛周身裹着一层裹尸布一般的脏纸，好像在纪念那些上了绞刑架的主顾。

We went to Gerrard-street, all three together, in a hackney coach: and as soon as we got there, dinner was served. Although I should not have thought of making, in that place, the most distant reference by so much as a look to Wemmick's Walworth sentiments, yet I should have

had no objection to catching his eye now and then in a friendly way. But it was not to be done. He turned his eyes on Mr. Jaggers whenever he raised them from the table, and was as dry and distant to me as if there were twin Wemmicks and this was the wrong one.

我们三个上了一辆出租马车，往杰勒德街驶去，我们一到那里，晚饭就端上来了。虽说我想听一听温米克在沃尔沃斯的见解，但在那种地方，哪怕听一点也是我压根不敢想的。不过我时不时地以一种友好的方式跟他交换个眼色总是可以的吧。但这也办不到。他每次从桌上抬起头来，都把眼光投向贾格尔斯先生，对我则显得冷淡而疏远，那感觉就好像温米克有一个孪生兄弟，而今天来的正这个是他的兄弟。

"Did you send that note of Miss Havisham's to Mr. Pip, Wemmick?" Mr. Jaggers asked, soon after we began dinner.

“你把郝维仙小姐的信寄给皮普先生了吗，温米克？”贾格尔斯先生刚一用餐就问道。

"No, sir," returned Wemmick; "it was going by post, when you brought Mr. Pip into the office. Here it is." He handed it to his principal, instead of to me.

“还没有，先生，”温米克说，“我正要去寄的，您就带皮普先生到事务所来了。信在这里。”他把信交给了他的负责人，而没有交给我。

"It's a note of two lines, Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, handing it on, "sent up to me by Miss Havisham, on account of her not being sure of your address. She tells me that she wants to see you on a little matter of business you mentioned to her. You'll go down?"

“这是一封短信，皮普。＋B54”贾格尔斯先生把信递给我说，“郝维仙小姐因为不确定你的住址，所以让我转交给你。她说她想见你，跟你谈一件你对她提过的小事。你会去见她吗？”

"Yes," said I, casting my eyes over the note, which was exactly in those terms.

“会的。”我答道，同时我看了一眼信，上面写的和他所说的一模一样。

"When do you think of going down?"

“你打算什么时候去？”

"I have an impending engagement," said I, glancing at Wemmick, who was putting fish into the post-office, "that renders me rather uncertain of my time. At once, I think."

“我眼下有一个约会，”我边说边瞟了一眼温米克，他正把一块鱼肉塞进他那邮筒似的嘴里，“所以我对我的时间安排还不确定。我想我很快就会去的。”

"If Mr. Pip has the intention of going at once," said Wemmick to Mr. Jaggers, "he needn't write an answer, you know."

“如果皮普先生打算马上就去的话，”温米克对贾格尔斯先生说，“您看，他就用不着回信了。”

Receiving this as an intimation that it was best not to delay, I settled that I would go tomorrow, and said so. Wemmick drank a glass of wine and looked with a grimly satisfied air at Mr. Jaggers, but not at me.

我把他这话看成是一句暗示，暗示我最好不要耽搁，于是决定明天就去，并且把我的决定跟他们说了。温米克喝了一杯葡萄酒，带着一丝冷酷而满意的神情看了贾格尔斯先生一眼，但没有看我。

"So, Pip! Our friend the Spider," said Mr. Jaggers, "has played his cards. He has won the pool."

“这么说，皮普！我们的朋友蜘蛛先生，”贾格尔斯先生说，“出了手好牌。赢了这一局。”

It was as much as I could do to assent.

我除了赞成之外，无话可说。

"Hah! He is a promising fellow—in his way—but he may not have it all his own way. The stronger will win in the end, but the stronger has to be found out first. If he should turn to, and beat her—”

“哈！他是个有出息的家伙——他有他的办法——但他的办法不见得总是行得通。强者最终总是会取胜的，但谁是强者，现在还很难说。如果他一转变，要动手打她——”

"Surely," I interrupted, with a burning face and heart, "you do not seriously think that he is scoundrel enough for that, Mr. Jaggers?"

我一听他这话，顿时满面通红、怒火中烧，打断了他：“您不会真的认为他无耻到了要动手打她的地步吧，贾格尔斯先生？”

"I didn't say so, Pip. I am putting a case. If he should turn to and beat her, he may possibly get the strength on his side; if it should be a question of intellect, he certainly will not. It would be chance work to give an opinion how a fellow of that sort will turn out in such circumstances, because it's a toss-up between two results.”

“我没有这么说，皮普。我只是这样假设。假如他动手打她，他很可能力气大占上风，假如要斗智力的话，他当然斗不过她。要想判断出在这样的情况下，那种人会做出什么反应，只能是碰运气，两种结果的可能性各占一半，因为这就好像投硬币猜输赢。”

"May I ask what they are?"

“我可以问一下是哪两种结果吗？”

"A fellow like our friend the Spider," answered Mr. Jaggers, "either beats, or cringes. He may cringe and growl, or cringe and not growl; but he either beats or cringes. Ask Wemmick his opinion."

“一个像我们的朋友蜘蛛先生这样的人，”贾格尔斯先生说，“要么拳脚相加，要么畏畏缩缩。他可能一边畏缩一边咆哮，也可能只是畏缩不会咆哮，但他要么拳脚相加，要么畏畏缩缩。你问问温米克的意见吧。”

"Either beats or cringes," said Wemmick, not at all addressing himself to me.

“要么拳脚相加，要么畏畏缩缩。”温米克说，看都没有看我一眼。

"So, here's to Mrs. Bentley Drummle," said Mr. Jaggers, taking a decanter of choicer wine from his dumb-waiter, and filling for each of us and for himself, "and may the question of supremacy be settled to the lady's satisfaction! To the satisfaction of the lady and the gentleman, it never will be. Now, Molly, Molly, Molly, Molly, how slow you are today!"

“那么，我们为本特利·德鲁莫尔夫人干一杯吧。”贾格尔斯先生边说边从他的旋转碗餐台上取下一瓶上等葡萄酒，为我们斟满了，然后给自己也斟满了，“祝他们之间的胜负输赢问题解决得让夫人满意！既让夫人满意也让先生满意，这是不可能的。喂，莫利，莫利，莫利，你今天动作怎么这么慢！”

She was at his elbow when he addressed her, putting a dish upon the table. As she withdrew her hands from it, she fell back a step or two, nervously muttering some excuse. And a certain action of her fingers as she spoke arrested my attention.

他喊她的时候，她正在他旁边，端上了一道菜。菜上好后，她缩回双手，向后退了一两步，紧张地嘟囔了几句，像是为自己辩白。她说话的时候手指的一个动作吸引了我的注意。

"What's the matter?" said Mr. Jaggers.

“怎么了？”贾格尔斯先生问。

"Nothing. Only the subject we were speaking of," said I, "was rather painful to me."

“没事。只是我们刚才谈论的话题，”我说，“让我心里很难受。”

The action of her fingers was like the action of knitting. She stood looking at her master, not understanding whether she was free to go, or whether he had more to say to her and would call her back if she did go. Her look was very intent. Surely, I had seen exactly such eyes and such hands, on a memorable occasion very lately!

她手指的动作就像在编织什么。她站在一旁看着她的主人，不知道是不是可以走了，又怕他还有别的吩咐，走了以后又要叫她回来。她的

表情很专注。无疑，这样一双眼睛，这样一双手，我最近刚刚在一个难忘的场合见过，简直一模一样！

He dismissed her, and she glided out of the room. But she remained before me, as plainly as if she were still there. I looked at those hands, I looked at those eyes, I looked at that flowing hair; and I compared them with other hands, other eyes, other hair, that I knew of, and with what those might be after twenty years of a brutal husband and a stormy life. I looked again at those hands and eyes of the housekeeper, and thought of the inexplicable feeling that had come over me when I last walked—not alone—in the ruined garden, and through the deserted brewery. I thought how the same feeling had come back when I saw a face looking at me, and a hand waving to me, from a stage-coach window; and how it had come back again and had flashed about me like Lightning, when I had passed in a carriage—not alone—through a sudden glare of light in a dark street. I thought how one link of association had helped that identification in the theatre, and how such a link, wanting before, had been riveted for me now, when I had passed by a chance swift from Estella's name to the fingers with their knitting action, and the attentive eyes. And I felt absolutely certain that this woman was Estella's mother.

他让她退下，她便轻轻地走出了房间。但她还是清清楚楚地停留在我眼前，就好像她还站在那里一样。我望着那双手，望着那双眼睛，望着那头秀发，在心里与我熟悉的那双手、那双眼睛、那头秀发相比较，心想，跟一个粗暴的丈夫过上二十年风雨飘摇的生活后，它们会变成什么样子。我又望了一眼这个管家妇的那双手和那双眼睛，想起了我最近一次在那荒芜的园子里散步（不是独自一人），经过废弃的酒坊时那种难以言表的心情。我想起了我看见一张脸从马车窗里探出朝我张望，一双手朝我挥舞时的情景。我又一次产生了同样的感受。我想起了我坐着马车——不是独自一人——驶过一条黑暗的街道，突然眼前出现了一片亮光，有如闪电一般，在我身边一闪而过的情景，我又一次体会到了这种感觉。我想到了由于一个联想，我弄清了剧院里坐我后面那个人的身份。我本来是不善于这样的联想的，现在却养成了联想的习惯，一提起埃斯特拉，我很快就想到她手指编织的动作，想到她专注的眼睛。我觉得我完全可以肯定，眼前这个妇人就是埃斯特拉的母亲。

Mr. Jaggers had seen me with Estella, and was not likely to have missed the sentiments I had been at no pains to conceal. He nodded when I said the subject was painful to me, clapped me on the back, put round the wine again, and went on with his dinner.

贾格尔斯先生看见过我和埃斯特拉在一起，此刻我不经意间流露出来的愁绪不太可能逃过他的眼睛。他听我说这个话题让我难受，点了点头，拍了拍我的背，又给大家斟上了酒，继续用他的晚餐。

Only twice more, did the housekeeper reappear, and then her stay

in the room was very short, and Mr. Jaggers was sharp with her. But her hands were Estella's hands, and her eyes were Estella's eyes, and if she had reappeared a hundred times I could have been neither more sure nor less sure that my conviction was the truth.

这个管家妇后来只来过两次，在屋子里呆的时间也很短，贾格尔斯先生对她很尖刻。但是她的手和埃斯特拉的手是一样的，她的眼睛和埃斯特拉的眼睛也是一样的，即使她再出现一百次，我对于我的判断的信心，既不会多一分，也不会少一分。

It was a dull evening, for Wemmick drew his wine when it came round, quite as a matter of business—just as he might have drawn his salary when that came round—and with his eyes on his chief, sat in a state of perpetual readiness for cross-examination. As to the quantity of wine, his post-office was as indifferent and ready as any other post-office for its quantity of letters. From my point of view, he was the wrong twin all the time, and only externally like the Wemmick of Walworth.

这个晚上过得很沉闷，温米克的酒只要一斟满，他端起来就喝光，就像在办理例行公事一样——只要一发工资，他大概也就是这样往口袋里一塞的——他眼睛望着他的上司，那坐姿仿佛是随时准备着接受盘问。至于说他的酒量，他那邮筒似的嘴就和别的邮筒一样，随时待命，只要邮筒里能塞进多少信件，他就能喝多少酒。依我看，今天坐在这里的始终是他那个孪生兄弟，只是外表像沃尔沃斯的温米克罢了。

We took our leave early, and left together. Even when we were groping among Mr. Jaggers' stock of boots for our hats, I felt that the right twin was on his way back; and we had not gone half a dozen yards down Gerrard-street in the Walworth direction before I found that I was walking arm-in-arm with the right twin, and that the wrong twin had evaporated into the evening air.

我们早早告了辞，一起离开了。我们在贾格尔斯先生那一堆靴子中找我们的帽子的时候，我觉得那个真正的温米克已经在回来的路上了。我们沿着杰勒德街，往沃尔沃斯方向走去，刚走了几码路，我就有一种感觉，觉得挽着我胳膊一起走的是真正的温米克，而他那个孪生兄弟已经消失在夜晚的空气里了。

"Well!" said Wemmick, "that's over! He's a wonderful man, without his living likeness; but I feel that I have to screw myself up when I dine with him—and I dine more comfortably unscrewed."

“好了！”温米克说，“没事了！他是个有本事的人，这世上难找第二个，不过我觉得跟他一起吃饭我得把嘴巴拧紧——而只有把嘴放开吃我才吃得舒服呢。”

I felt that this was a good statement of the case, and told him so.

我认为他这话一针见血，我便把这个意思跟他说了。

"Wouldn't say it to anybody but yourself," he answered. "I know that what is said between you and me, goes no further."

“我这话可只对你讲，”他说，“我知道我们之间的话是不会外传的。”

I asked him if he had ever seen Miss Havisham's adopted daughter, Mrs. Bentley Drummle? He said no. To avoid being too abrupt, I then spoke of the Aged, and of Miss Skiffins. He looked rather sly when I mentioned Miss Skiffins, and stopped in the street to blow his nose, with a roll of the head and a flourish not quite free from latent boastfulness.

我问他有没有见过郝维仙小姐的养女——本特利·德鲁莫尔夫人。他说没有。为了避免话题转得太突然，我接着跟他问起老人家，还有司琪芬小姐。听我提起司琪芬小姐，他脸上露出狡黠的神色，当街停下脚步，擦了擦鼻子，晃了晃脑袋，挥了挥手帕，遮掩不住心里的一丝得意之情。

"Wemmick," said I, "do you remember telling me before I first went to Mr. Jaggers' private house, to notice that housekeeper?"

“温米克，”我说，“你还记不记得，我第一次去贾格尔斯先生家之前，你让我留意一下那个管家妇？”

"Did I?" he replied. "Ah, I dare say I did. Deuce take me," he added, suddenly, "I know I did. I find I am not quite unscrewed yet."

“我说过吗？”他问我，“呀，我的确说过。真糟糕，”他突然补充了一句，“我知道我说过。我发现我的嘴还拧得不够紧啊。”

"A wild beast tamed, you called her."

“一头被驯服的野兽，你是这么叫她的。”

"And what do you call her?"

“那你怎么叫她呢？”

"The same. How did Mr. Jaggers tame her, Wemmick?"

“一样。贾格尔斯先生是怎么驯服她的，温米克？”

"That's his secret. She has been with him many a long year."

“这是他的秘密。她跟着他很多年了。”

"I wish you would tell me her story. I feel a particular interest in being acquainted with it. You know that what is said between you and me goes no further."

“我希望你能跟我说说她的身世。我对她的身世有一种特别的兴趣。你知道我们之间的话是不会外传的。”

"Well!" Wemmick replied, "I don't know her story—that is, I don't know all of it. But what I do know, I'll tell you. We are in our private and personal capacities, of course."

“好吧！”温米克说，“我不了解她的身世——我是说，我不了解她全部的身世。不过我知道的，我都可以告诉你。当然，我们是从私人和个人的角度出发的。”

"Of course."

“那当然。”

"A score or so of years ago, that woman was tried at the Old Bailey for murder, and was acquitted. She was a very handsome young woman, and I believe had some gipsy blood in her. Anyhow, it was hot enough when it was up, as you may suppose."

“大约二十年前，那个女人在伦敦中央刑事法院受审，判了谋杀罪，后来无罪释放了。她是个十分端庄的年轻女人，我看她有吉普赛人的血统。不管怎样，她血性一上来，那情形你可以想象一下。”

"But she was acquitted."

“可是，她无罪释放了？”

"Mr. Jaggers was for her," pursued Wemmick, with a look full of meaning, "and worked the case in a way quite astonishing. It was a desperate case, and it was comparatively early days with him then, and he worked it to general admiration; in fact, it may almost be said to have made him. He worked it himself at the police-office, day after day for many days, contending against even a committal; and at the trial where he couldn't work it himself, sat under Counsel, and—every one knew—put in all the salt and pepper. The murdered person was a woman; a woman, a good ten years older, very much larger, and very much stronger. It was a case of jealousy. They both led tramping lives, and this woman in Gerrard-street here had been married very young, over the broomstick (as we say), to a tramping man, and was a perfect fury in point of jealousy. The murdered woman—more a match for the man, certainly, in point of years—was found dead in a barn near Hounslow Heath. There had been a violent struggle, perhaps a fight. She was bruised and scratched and torn, and had been held by the throat at last and choked. Now, there was no reasonable evidence to implicate any person but this woman, and, on the improbabilities of her having been able to do it, Mr. Jaggers principally rested his case. You may be sure," said Wemmick, touching me on the sleeve, "that he never dwelt upon the strength of her hands then, though he sometimes does now."

“是贾格尔斯先生替她辩护的。”温米克的表情中大有深意，他接着

说，“他这个案子处理得出人意料。这本来是一个无可挽回的案子，而且他那个时候事业才刚起步，他把这个案子处理得让人心服口服，事实上，可以说是这个案子成就了他。他天天往警察局跑，跑了好多天，要把这个女人的罪状一一开脱。开庭的时候，他还不具备出席的资格，于是就给辩护律师打下手——这个大家都知道——他每件事都亲自去做。被谋杀的是个女人，这个女人比莫利大了十岁，块头大得多，力气也大得多。这是个争风吃醋引起的案子。她们过的都是浪荡日子，这个住在杰勒德街的女人年纪轻轻就嫁人了，和一个浪荡汉做了露水夫妻，争起风、吃起醋来狂暴得很。这个被谋杀的女人——倒是跟那个男人更配，当然，这是就年龄来说的——被人发现死在豪恩斯洛荒原的一个牲口棚里。她死前经过了一番激烈的挣扎，也许是搏斗。她身上伤痕累累、皮开肉绽，最后是被人掐住喉咙，活活掐死的。案发之后，除了前面提到的那个女人，没有证据显示还有其他可疑的人了，但她不可能掐得死人，贾格斯尔先生主要就是抓住这一点来辩护的。你可能知道，”温米克碰了碰我的袖子，说，“虽然他现在有时候会说她手劲大，他以前可是绝口不提的。”

I had told Wemmick of his showing us her wrists, that day of the dinner party.

我跟温米克说过，贾格尔斯先生有一次请我们吃晚饭的时候，让她把手腕伸出来给我们看。

"Well, sir!" Wemmick went on; "it happened—happened, don't you see?—that this woman was so very artfully dressed from the time of her apprehension, that she looked much slighter than she really was; in particular, her sleeves are always remembered to have been so skillfully contrived that her arms had quite a delicate look.

“嗯，老兄！”温米克接着说，“正巧——正巧，你明白吗？——这个女人自从案发被捕的那天起，就在穿着上下了大工夫，看起来比她原来纤瘦多了，特别是袖子，她把袖子弄得很巧妙，她的胳膊就显得特别纤细。

She had only a bruise or two about her—nothing for a tramp—but the backs of her hands were lacerated, and the question was, was it with finger-nails? Now, Mr. Jaggers showed that she had struggled through a great lot of brambles which were not as high as her face; but which she could not have got through and kept her hands out of; and bits of those brambles were actually found in her skin and put in evidence, as well as the fact that the brambles in question were found on examination to have been broken through, and to have little shreds of her dress and little spots of blood upon them here and there. But the boldest point he made, was this. It was attempted to be set up in proof of her jealousy, that she was under strong suspicion of having, at about the time of the murder, frantically destroyed her child by this man—some three years old—to revenge herself upon him. Mr. Jaggers

worked that, in this way. "We say these are not marks of finger-nails, but marks of brambles, and we show you the brambles. You say they are marks of finger-nails, and you set up the hypothesis that she destroyed her child. You must accept all consequences of that hypothesis. For anything we know, she may have destroyed her child, and the child in clinging to her may have scratched her hands. What then? You are not trying her for the murder of her child; why don't you? As to this case, if you will have scratches, we say that, for anything we know, you may have accounted for them, assuming for the sake of argument that you have not invented them!" To sum up, sir," said Wemmick, "Mr. Jaggers was altogether too many for the Jury, and they gave in."

她身上只有一两处伤痕——对一个游民来说这没什么——但她手背上有撕裂的伤疤，问题是，这会不会是被指甲抓伤的呢？贾格尔斯先生说，这是她穿过一大片荆棘丛的时候划伤的，这片荆棘丛的高度还够不着她的脸。但不用手也不可能穿得过去，何况在她皮肤上拔出了荆棘的刺可以作证；还有一个事实就是，后来到那片荆棘丛去一检查，发现果然有人进去过，还找到了她衣服上被撕扯下来的小碎片，还发现到处都有点点血迹。不过，接下来贾格尔斯先生提出了最为大胆的一条论据。为了试图证明她嫉妒成性，法庭提出她还有一个很大的嫌疑，那就是案件发生之前，她丧心病狂地杀害了她和那个男人生的孩子——一个大约三岁的孩子——只是为了报复那个男人。贾格尔斯先生是这样辩护的：‘我们说这些伤疤不是指甲抓伤的印记，而是荆棘划伤的，这一点我们到荆棘丛里做的调查已经证实过了。诸位说这些伤疤是指甲抓伤的印记，提出一种假设说她杀害了她的孩子。那么由这个假设引出的所有结论，诸位一定也会接受吧。假如说，她要杀害她的孩子，那么，孩子会紧紧抓住她不放，这就可能抓伤她的手。然后呢？诸位不是要审判她谋杀亲子的罪行吧？为什么不审一审呢？至于这个案子，如果诸位抓住伤痕这一点不放，我们认为，就我们所知，你们只是为了找个解释，好证明这些伤痕不是你们制造出来的吧！’总之，老兄，”温米克说，“贾格尔斯先生辩得整个陪审团都招架不住了，只得认输。”

"Has she been in his service ever since?"

“她从此以后就为他干活吗？”

"Yes; but not only that," said Wemmick. "She went into his service immediately after her acquittal, tamed as she is now. She has since been taught one thing and another in the way of her duties, but she was tamed from the beginning."

“是的，但不光是干活，”温米克说，“她一无罪释放就去他家干活了，被驯服成了现在这个样子。从那以后，她对于自己的职责是一样一样地学，不过她倒是从一开始就被驯服了。”

"Do you remember the sex of the child?"

“你还记得她那个孩子是个男孩还是女孩吗？”

"Said to have been a girl."

“听说是个女孩。”

"You have nothing more to say to me to-night?”

“你今晚还有什么要跟我说的吗？”

"Nothing. I got your letter and destroyed it. Nothing."

“没了。我收到了你的信，已经把它销毁了。没有别的事了。”

We exchanged a cordial Good Night, and I went home, with new matter for my thoughts, though with no relief from the old.

互相衷心道了声晚安后，我便回家去了。我那些旧的苦恼还没消除，又添了新的愁思。

CHAPTER 49

第四十九章

Putting Miss Havisham's note in my pocket, that it might serve as my credentials for so soon reappearing at Satis House, in case her waywardness should lead her to express any surprise at seeing me, I went down again by the coach next day. But I alighted at the Halfway House, and breakfasted there, and walked the rest of the distance; for, I sought to get into the town quietly by the unfrequented ways, and to leave it in the same manner.

我把郝维仙小姐的信揣在口袋里，必要时可以拿出来作为凭证，免得她看见我这么快又到沙提斯庄园来了，就情绪不稳定地表示惊讶。第二天我又搭上了前往沙提斯庄园的马车。我在哈夫韦旅馆下了车，在那里吃了早饭，剩下的路是走着去的，因为我打算挑不常走的路悄悄到镇上去，离开的时候也打算如此。

The best light of the day was gone when I passed along the quiet echoing courts behind the High-street. The nooks of ruin where the old monks had once had their refectories and gardens, and where the strong walls were now pressed into the service of humble sheds and stables, were almost as silent as the old monks in their graves. The cathedral chimes had at once a sadder and a more remote sound to me, as I hurried on avoiding observation, than they had ever had before; so, the swell of the old organ was borne to my ears like funeral music; and the rooks, as they hovered about the grey tower and swung in the bare high trees of the priory-garden, seemed to call to me that the place was changed, and that Estella was gone out of it for ever.

我沿着大街后面那几条安静得听得到回声的小巷走去，这时候一天中最好的时光已经过去了。这里的一些荒废的角落原是老修道士的休息室和花园，现在那些坚固的围墙已经用来为那几间简陋的棚屋和马厩服务了，这里几乎和那些长眠地下的老修道士们一样安静。我走得很匆忙，生怕遇见熟人。这时，教堂响起了钟声。在我听来这钟声比以往任何时候都更为凄凉、更为悠远；古老的风琴声飘进我耳朵里，听来有如哀乐一般；凸鼻乌鸦有的在灰色的塔顶盘旋，有的在修道院旧址上那高高的枯树枝头打转，好像在向我报告，这个地方已经物是人非了，埃斯特拉永远不会回来了。

An elderly woman whom I had seen before as one of the servants who lived in the supplementary house across the back court-yard, opened the gate. The lighted candle stood in the dark passage within, as of old, and I took it up and ascended the staircase alone. Miss Havisham was not in her own room, but was in the larger room across

the landing. Looking in at the door, after knocking in vain, I saw her sitting on the hearth in a ragged chair, close before, and lost in the contemplation of, the ashy fire.

给我开门的是一个老妇人，我以前见过她，她是这里的一个女仆，住在后院对面的房子里。和以前一样，屋内漆黑的过道里点着一只蜡烛，我取下蜡烛，一个人上了楼。郝维仙小姐不在自己的房间，她在楼梯平台对面的那间更大的房间里。我敲了敲门，没人应答，于是我透过门缝向里张望，只见她坐在火炉跟前的一把破椅子上，望着在灰烬中燃烧的炉火出神，不知在想着什么。

Doing as I had often done, I went in, and stood, touching the old chimney-piece, where she could see me when she raised her eyes. There was an air or utter loneliness upon her, that would have moved me to pity though she had willfully done me a deeper injury than I could charge her with. As I stood compassionating her, and thinking how in the progress of time I too had come to be a part of the wrecked fortunes of that house, her eyes rested on me. She stared, and said in a low voice, "Is it real?"

我像往常一样走了进去，靠着那古老的壁炉架站着，这样她一抬眼就可以看见我。她的样子看起来无比孤寂，虽说她曾经伤害过我，不过，即使她把我伤得再深一些，我看见她这个样子也难免要动恻隐之心。我站在那里一边怜悯她，一边心想，随着时光的流逝，如今我也成了这座破旧宅子的一部分了。正在这时，她把目光投到了我身上。她盯着我，低声问道：“真的是你吗？”

"It is I, Pip. Mr. Jaggers gave me your note yesterday, and I have lost no time."

“是我，皮普。贾格尔斯先生昨天把您的信给我看了，我没有耽搁，马上就来了。”

"Thank you. Thank you."

“谢谢你。谢谢你。”

As I brought another of the ragged chairs to the hearth and sat down, I remarked a new expression on her face, as if she were afraid of me.

我从那些破旧椅子中又搬来了一张，在壁炉前坐下了，我注意到她脸上露出了一种新的表情，好像害怕我似的。

"I want," she said, "to pursue that subject you mentioned to me when you were last here, and to show you that I am not all stone. But perhaps you can never believe, now, that there is anything human in my heart?"

她说：“你上次来的时候跟我谈到过一件事，我想就这事再跟你谈谈，也让你知道我不是一个铁石心肠的人。不过现在，也许你不会相

信，我心里还是有一点人情味的吧？”

When I said some reassuring words, she stretched out her tremulous right hand, as though she was going to touch me; but she recalled it again before I understood the action, or knew how to receive it.

我正说着一些让她安心的话，她颤颤巍巍地伸出右手，像是要抚摸我。我还没明白她要做什么，也没来得及想该做出怎样的反应，她已经把手缩回去了。

"You said, speaking for your friend, that you could tell me how to do something useful and good. Something that you would like done, is it not?"

“上次你为你朋友的事来求我，你说，你可以告诉我怎么做一件有益的好事。你很想做这样一件事，是不是？”

"Something that I would like done very much."

“我是非常想做这样一件事。”

"What is it?"

“是件什么事？”

I began explaining to her that secret history of the partnership. I had not got far into it, when I judged from her looks that she was thinking in a discursive way of me, rather than of what I said. It seemed to be so, for, when I stopped speaking, many moments passed before she showed that she was conscious of the fact.

我开始跟她讲我暗中资助赫伯特入股的事。我没讲很多，看看她的脸色，我发现她的样子很心不在焉，并没有在思考我说的话，而是在忖度我这个人。看来的确是这样，因为，我说着说着停了下来，过了很久她才反应过来。

"Do you break off," she asked then, with her former air of being afraid of me, "because you hate me too much to bear to speak to me?"

“你停下来，”她仍旧是一幅害怕我的表情，问我，“是因为你对我恨之入骨，不愿意跟我说话了吗？”

"No, no," I answered, "how can you think so, Miss Havisham! I stopped because I thought you were not following what I said."

“不是，不是，”我说，“你怎么能这么想呢，郝维仙小姐！我停下来是因为我觉得您没在听我说话。”

"Perhaps I was not," she answered, putting a hand to her head. "Begin again, and let me look at something else. Stay! Now tell me."

“可能我没在听，”她一只手托着头说，“你再从头开始说吧，让我眼睛望着别的地方。等一等！好了，你说吧。”

She set her hand upon her stick, in the resolute way that sometimes was habitual to her, and looked at the fire with a strong expression of forcing herself to attend. I went on with my explanation, and told her how I had hoped to complete the transaction out of my means, but how in this I was disappointed. That part of the subject (I reminded her) involved matters which could form no part of my explanation, for they were the weighty secrets of another.

她一只手按在手杖上，那种毅然决然的架势一如既往。她两眼坚定地看着火炉，那神情就好像在强迫自己集中注意力一般。我继续说下去，我告诉她说我本来希望凭一己之力＋B64把这件事做到底，但现在已经是力不从心了。关于这个问题（我提醒她），由于涉及另外一个人的重大秘密，我不便透露。

"So!" said she, assenting with her head, but not looking at me. "And how much money is wanting to complete the purchase?"

“这样啊！”她点了点头，但没有看我，“要把这件事情做完还需要多少钱？”

I was rather afraid of stating it, for it sounded a large sum. "Nine hundred pounds."

我不敢说出这个数目，因为这听起来可是一大笔钱。“九百磅。”

"If I give you the money for this purpose, will you keep my secret as you have kept your own?"

“如果我给你钱，帮你完成这件事，你可以像保守自己的秘密一样保守我的秘密吗？”

"Quite as faithfully."

“完全可以。”

"And your mind will be more at rest?"

“这样你更加安心了吗？”

"Much more at rest."

“安心多了。”

"Are you very unhappy now?"

“你现在很不开心吗？”

She asked this question, still without looking at me, but in an unwonted tone of sympathy. I could not reply at the moment, for my voice failed me. She put her left arm across the head of her stick, and softly laid her forehead on it.

她问这个问题的时候还是没有看我，不过语气中却流露出难得的同情。我的嗓子哽住了，对于这个问题，我＋B88一时答不上来。她把左

臂搁在手杖上，然后轻轻地把头靠在手臂上。

"I am far from happy, Miss Havisham; but I have other causes of disquiet than any you know of. They are the secrets I have mentioned."

“我一点也不开心，郝维仙小姐，但除了您所知道的，还有其他让我忧愁的原因。也就是我跟您提到过的那些秘密。”

After a little while, she raised her head and looked at the fire again.

过了一会儿，她抬起头，目光又投向了炉火。

"It is noble in you to tell me that you have other causes of unhappiness, Is it true?"

“你告诉我你还有其他不开心的原因，这一点可以看出你很高尚，你说的是实话吗？”

"Too true."

“千真万确。”

"Can I only serve you, Pip, by serving your friend? Regarding that as done, is there nothing I can do for you yourself?"

“皮普，我给你帮忙，难道就只能帮你朋友的忙吗？你朋友的事已经说好了，你自己没有什么事需要我帮忙吗？”

"Nothing. I thank you for the question. I thank you even more for the tone of the question. But, there is nothing."

“没有。谢谢您这么问我。更要谢谢您问我这话的语气。不过，我自己没有什么需要您帮忙的。”

She presently rose from her seat, and looked about the blighted room for the means of writing. There were non there, and she took from her pocket a yellow set of ivory tablets, mounted in tarnished gold, and wrote upon them with a pencil in a case of tarnished gold that hung from her neck.

她立刻从座位上起身，环顾了一下残败的屋子，想找能写字的东西。四处都没有找到，她于是从口袋里掏出一个黄色的象牙簿，簿上镶的金边已经褪色了，又从脖子上取下一个褪了色的金盒子，从里面取出一只笔，在象牙簿上写了起来。

"You are still on friendly terms with Mr. Jaggers?"

“你跟贾格尔斯先生关系还好吗？”

"Quite. I dined with him yesterday."

“很好。我昨天还和他一起吃饭了。”

"This is an authority to him to pay you that money, to lay out at your irresponsible discretion for your friend. I keep no money here; but if you would rather Mr. Jaggers knew nothing of the matter, I will send it to you."

“你拿这个作为凭证，让他付给你钱。这些钱由你自由支配，用来帮你朋友。我这里没有现钱。不过，如果你不希望让贾格尔斯先生知道这件事，我可以派人把现钱给你送去。”

"Thank you, Miss Havisham; I have not the least objection to receiving it from him."

“谢谢您，郝维仙小姐。我一点也不介意从他那里取钱。”

She read me what she had written, and it was direct and clear, and evidently intended to absolve me from any suspicion of profiting by the receipt of the money. I took the tablets from her hand, and it trembled again, and it trembled more as she took off the chain to which the pencil was attached, and put it in mine. All this she did, without looking at me.

她把写好的凭证读给我听，措词简洁、明了，显然是有意要为我免除干系，以免有人怀疑我利用这个凭证来为自己谋利。我从她手中接过象牙簿，她的手又一次抖了起来，然后她把那根系铅笔的链子取下来放到我手里，这时她的手抖得更厉害了。她做这些事的时候，始终没有看我一眼。

"My name is on the first leaf. If you can ever write under my name, "I forgive her," though ever so long after my broken heart is dust—pray do it!”

“我的名字在第一页。如果你能在我名字下面写上‘我原谅她’四个字——虽然我这颗破碎的心早已化成了灰——也请你这么做！”

"O Miss Havisham," said I, "I can do it now. There have been sore mistakes; and my life has been a blind and thankless one; and I want forgiveness and direction far too much, to be bitter with you."

“哦，郝维仙小姐，”我说，“我现在就可以写上。人都做过令人伤心的错事，我这一生也做过很多盲目的、忘恩负义的事情。我请求别人原谅我、指点我还来不及呢，又怎么会埋怨你呢。”

She turned her face to me for the first time since she had averted it, and, to my amazement, I may even add to my terror, dropped on her knees at my feet; with her folded hands raised to me in the manner in which, when her poor heart was young and fresh and whole, they must often have been raised to heaven from her mother's side.

她之前一直没有看我，这时她第一次转过脸来看着我，让我吃惊甚至可以说惊恐的是，她在我脚边跪了下来，向我抬起那合起的双手。这

情形让我不禁想到，在她那颗可怜的心还年轻、鲜活、完好无损的时候，她一定常常这样跪在她母亲身旁，向上天祈祷。

To see her with her white hair and her worn face kneeling at my feet, gave me a shock through all my frame. I entreated her to rise, and got my arms about her to help her up; but she only pressed that hand of mine which was nearest to her grasp, and hung her head over it and wept. I had never seen her shed a tear before, and, in the hope that the relief might do her good, I bent over her without speaking. She was not kneeling now, but was down upon the ground.

看着这样一位白发苍苍、形容枯槁的老人跪在我脚边，我不禁浑身打了个寒颤。我恳求她站起来，伸手要扶她起来，但她只是牢牢抓住我伸出的手，把头放在上面哭了起来。我以前从未见她流过一滴泪，但愿大哭一场能让她好受些。于是，我俯下身子看着她，一句话也没有说。她已经没有跪在地上了，而是整个人坐在地上。

"O!" she cried, despairingly. "What have I done! What have I done!"

“啊！”她绝望地哭了起来，“我都做了些什么！我都做了些什么！”

"If you mean, Miss Havisham, what have you done to injure me, let me answer. Very little. I should have loved her under any circumstances.— Is she married?”

“郝维仙小姐，如果您指的是给我造成的伤害，让我来回答您吧。这根本不算什么。在任何情况下，我都会爱她——她结婚了吗？”

"Yes."

“结了。”

It was a needless question, for a new desolation in the desolate house had told me so.

这个问题是明知故问，只消看到这凄凉的屋子又添上了一层新的凄凉，就一切都明了了。

"What have I done! What have I done!" She wrung her hands, and crushed her white hair, and returned to this cry over and over again. "What have I done!"

“我都做了些什么！我都做了些什么！”她拧着自己的手，揉着自己的白发，一遍又一遍地重复这句话，“我都做了些什么！”

I knew not how to answer, or how to comfort her. That she had done a grievous thing in taking an impressionable child to mould into the form that her wild resentment, spurned affection, and wounded pride, found vengeance in, I knew full well. But that, in shutting out the light of day, she had shut out infinitely more; that, in seclusion, she had secluded herself from a thousand natural and healing

influences; that, her mind, brooding solitary, had grown diseased, as all minds do and must and will that reverse the appointed order of their Maker; I knew equally well. And could I look upon her without compassion, seeing her punishment in the ruin she was, in her profound unfitness for this earth on which she was placed, in the vanity of sorrow which had become a master mania, like the vanity of penitence, the vanity of remorse, the vanity of unworthiness, and other monstrous vanities that have been curses in this world?

我不知道该怎么回答她，也不知道该怎么安慰她。她做了一件令人痛心的事，她因为遭人遗弃，自尊心受到伤害，气愤难平，于是领养了一个生性敏感的孩子，把她培养成为一个报复的工具，这我知道得很清楚。可是，她把阳光拒之门外，就把千千万万的东西都拒之门外了；她使自己隐居起来，就使得自己跟自然界千千万万有益身心的事物都隔离开来了；她一个人成天东想西想，脑子想出毛病来了，所有违背造物主造化规律的人都有这个毛病，这我也知道得很清楚。我眼看她落到如此颓唐的境地，受这样的惩罚，与自己身处的世界格格不入，枉自悲伤到几近病态的地步，一味懊悔、一味自责、一味羞愧、一味想这些在人世间受到诅咒的东西，这样又有何用？我能眼睁睁地看她这样而不动恻隐之心吗？

"Until you spoke to her the other day, and until I saw in you a looking-glass that showed me what I once felt myself, I did not know what I had done. What have I done! What have I done!" And so again, twenty, fifty times over, What had she done!

“直到听了你那天对她说的话，直到我在你身上看到了曾经的自己，我才意识到我都做了些什么。我都做了些什么！我都做了些什么！”这句话她重复说了有二十遍、五十遍之多——她都做了些什么！

"Miss Havisham," I said, when her cry had died away, "you may dismiss me from your mind and conscience. But Estella is a different case, and if you can ever undo any scrap of what you have done amiss in keeping a part of her right nature away from her, it will be better to do that, than to bemoan the past through a hundred years."

“郝维仙小姐，”等她的哭声平息了下来，我对她说，“您大可不必为我而内疚、而难过。可您该想一想埃斯特拉，您使她走上了歧途，您做错了的事情，如果能得到弥补，哪怕一点，也尽量去弥补吧，总比后悔一辈子好。”

"Yes, yes, I know it. But, Pip—my Dear!" There was an earnest womanly compassion for me in her new affection. "My Dear! Believe this: when she first came to me, I meant to save her from misery like my own. At first I meant no more."

“嗯，嗯，我知道。不过，皮普——我的好孩子！”她对我表现出了一种新的情感，这是一种诚挚的、女性的情感。“我的好孩子！相信我：

她刚来我这里的时候，我是想拯救她，使她免受我这种苦难的。我一开始没有别的想法。”

"Well, well!" said I. "I hope so."

“嗯，嗯！”我说，“我希望是这样。”

"But as she grew, and promised to be very beautiful, I gradually did worse, and with my praises, and with my jewels, and with my teachings, and with this figure of myself always before her a warning to back and point my lessons, I stole her heart away and put ice in its place."

“可她一天一天地长大，眼看就要出落成一个大美人了，我做的事情就越来越不像话了。我一个劲地夸赞她，给她戴我的珠宝，给她灌输我的思想，拿我这副样子作为前车之鉴时不时地提醒她，我偷走了她的心，在她心里放进了冰块。”

"Better," I could not help saying, "to have left her a natural heart, even to be bruised or broken."

“还不如，”我不由地说了一句，“让她保有那颗自然的心，就算会受伤、会心碎，也比这样好。”

With that, Miss Havisham looked distractedly at me for a while, and then burst out again, What had she done!

我一说完，郝维仙小姐神情恍惚地看了我一会儿，然后又喊了起来，她都做了些什么！

"If you knew all my story," she pleaded, "you would have some compassion for me and a better understanding of me."

“你要是知道我的整个身世，”她解释说，“你就会多少对我有些同情之心，也会更加了解我的。”

"Miss Havisham," I answered, as delicately as I could, "I believe I may say that I do know your story, and have known it ever since I first left this neighborhood. It has inspired me with great commiseration, and I hope I understand it and its influences. Does what has passed between us give me any excuse for asking you a question relative to Estella? Not as she is, but as she was when she first came here?"

“郝维仙小姐，”我语气尽可能柔和地说，“我想我得跟您坦白，我知道您的身世，而且是一离开家乡就知道了。我当时就对您的身世十分同情，我希望我理解您这段身世，还有它对您的影响。您看，以我们的交情，我能不能问您一个和埃斯特拉有关的问题？我不问她现在的事，我想问她第一次到这里的时候的事情，可以吗？”

She was seated on the ground, with her arms on the ragged chair, and her head leaning on them. She looked full at me when I said this,

and replied, "Go on."

她坐在地上，两只胳膊搁在那把破椅子上，脑袋斜靠在胳膊上。我这么问的时候她两眼直看着我说：“说吧。”

"Whose child was Estella?"

“埃斯特拉是谁的孩子？”

She shook her head.

她摇了摇头。

"You don't know?"

“您不知道？”

She shook her head again.

她又一次摇了摇头。

"But Mr. Jaggers brought her here, or sent her here?"

“是贾格尔斯先生亲自带她来的，还是派人把她送来的？”

"Brought her here."

“亲自带她来的。”

"Will you tell me how that came about?"

“您能把详细情况告诉我吗？”

She answered in a low whisper and with caution: "I had been shut up in these rooms a long time (I don't know how long; you know what time the clocks keep here), when I told him that I wanted a little girl to rear and love, and save from my fate. I had first seen him when I sent for him to lay this place waste for me; having read of him in the newspapers, before I and the world parted. He told me that he would look about him for such an orphan child. One night he brought her here asleep, and I called her Estella.”

她谨慎地小声说道：“我把自己关在屋里很长一段时间后（我不知道有多长时间，你知道这里的钟都不走了），我跟他说我想要一个小女孩，好好抚养她，疼爱她，让她免受我这样的命运。我在过隐居生活以前，在报纸上知道了他这个人，我第一次见到他是请他到这里来为我处理事务的时候。他跟我说他会替我物色这样一个孤儿。一天晚上他把她抱来了，当时她还睡着呢，我给她取名叫埃斯特拉。”

"Might I ask her age then?"

“我可以问一问她当时多大吗？”

"Two or three. She herself knows nothing, but that she was left an orphan and I adopted her."

“两三岁。她自己什么也不知道，不知道自己是个孤儿，不知道是我领养了她。”

So convinced I was of that woman's being her mother, that I wanted no evidence to establish the fact in my own mind. But, to any mind, I thought, the connection here was clear and straight.

说到这里，我肯定那个女人就是她母亲。我对此深信不疑，我不用证据就可以肯定。不过我想，这其中的联系如此明了、如此直接，任何人都能看出来。

What more could I hope to do by prolonging the interview? I had succeeded on behalf of Herbert, Miss Havisham had told me all she knew of Estella, I had said and done what I could to ease her mind. No matter with what other words we parted; we parted.

话已至此，我再呆下去又有什么意义呢？为赫伯特办的事情已经办到了，关于埃斯特拉的事，郝维仙小姐把她知道的都告诉我了，能够安慰她的话我都说了，能够安慰她的事也都做了。临别时说的话我无需赘述，我们就这样告别了。

Twilight was closing in when I went down stairs into the natural air. I called to the woman who had opened the gate when I entered, that I would not trouble her just yet, but would walk round the place before leaving. For, I had a presentiment that I should never be there again, and I felt that the dying light was suited to my last view of it.

我下楼来到新鲜的空气里，这时已是黄昏时分。我对进来时帮我开门的妇人说，暂时还不用劳驾她，我想在院子里转转再走。因为我有一种预感，这地方我以后再也不会来了，这即将消失的日光让我觉得很适合对这个地方做最后一次凭吊。

By the wilderness of casks that I had walked on long ago, and on which the rain of years had fallen since, rotting them in many places, and leaving miniature swamps and pools of water upon those that stood on end, I made my way to the ruined garden. I went all round it; round by the corner where Herbert and I had fought our battle; round by the paths where Estella and I had walked. So cold, so lonely, so dreary all!

我在途中经过了很多酒桶。很多年前我就在这些桶旁走过，从那以后，这些桶经过了多年雨水的打击，很多地方都腐烂了。朝天竖着的那些酒桶上有了一个个的小沼泽地和小池塘。我经过这些酒桶朝荒芜的园子走去。我绕着园子走了一圈，走过赫伯特和我打架的角落，走过埃斯特拉和我散步的小径。如此凄凉，如此沉寂，如此阴郁！

Taking the brewery on my way back, I raised the rusty latch of a little door at the garden end of it, and walked through. I was going out at the opposite door—not easy to open now, for the damp wood

had started and swelled, and the hinges were yielding, and the threshold was encumbered with a growth of fungus—when I turned my head to look back. A childish association revived with wonderful force in the moment of the slight action, and I fancied that I saw Miss Havisham hanging to the beam. So strong was the impression, that I stood under the beam shuddering from head to foot before I knew it was a fancy—though to be sure I was there in an instant.

我回去的时候走的是酿酒作坊的那条路，我走到园子尽头的一扇小门前，拔开生锈的门闩，走了进去。我从另一头的门里出来——这扇门可不好开，因为木头受潮而膨胀、翘曲了，铰链也变弯了，门槛上还长了菌子——出门前我回头望了一眼。就在我回头望去的一瞬间，仿佛有一种奇特的力量，使得童年时代那一幕又浮现在眼前，我仿佛看见郝维仙小姐吊在了横梁上。这种感觉如此强烈，以至于我站在横梁下，只感觉自己全身上下都在发抖，终于反应过来这只是一个幻觉——虽然我立刻就奔到横梁下了。

The mournfulness of the place and time, and the great terror of this illusion, though it was but momentary, caused me to feel an indescribable awe as I came out between the open wooden gates where I had once wrung my hair after Estella had wrung my heart. Passing on into the front court-yard, I hesitated whether to call the woman to let me out at the locked gate of which she had the key, or first to go up-stairs and assure myself that Miss Havisham was as safe and well as I had left her. I took the latter course and went up.

此时此地，真令人神伤，这一幕的幻觉让我惊恐万分，虽然只是一刹那，却让我有一种不可名状的恐惧感。我走出了那扇木门，当年埃斯特拉让我伤透了心，我就是在那里使劲揪自己头发的。我来到了前院，犹豫着是叫那个管钥匙的妇人来给我开门，还是先上楼看看郝维仙小姐，看她是不是和我离开的时候一样平安无事。我选择了后者，上楼去了。

I looked into the room where I had left her, and I saw her seated in the ragged chair upon the hearth close to the fire, with her back towards me. In the moment when I was withdrawing my head to go quietly away, I saw a great flaming light spring up. In the same moment, I saw her running at me, shrieking, with a whirl of fire blazing all about her, and soaring at least as many feet above her head as she was high.

我来到刚才跟她告别的那间屋子，朝里张望了一下，看见她坐在那把破椅子上，紧挨着壁炉，背对着我。我把头缩回来，打算悄悄离开，正在这时，我看见从壁炉里窜出一道长长的火苗。与此同时，我看见她尖叫着朝我冲过来，全身上下裹上了一团明晃晃的火焰。火焰直往上窜，至少有她两个人那么高。

I had a double-caped great-coat on, and over my arm another

thick coat. That I got them off, closed with her, threw her down, and got them over her; that I dragged the great cloth from the table for the same purpose, and with it dragged down the heap of rottenness in the midst, and all the ugly things that sheltered there; that we were on the ground struggling like desperate enemies, and that the closer I covered her, the more wildly she shrieked and tried to free herself; that this occurred I knew through the result, but not through anything I felt, or thought, or knew I did. I knew nothing until I knew that we were on the floor by the great table, and that patches of tinder yet alight were floating in the smoky air, which, a moment ago, had been her faded bridal dress.

我当时身穿一件双层披肩的长大衣，胳膊上还搭着一件厚外套。我把衣服脱下，蒙在她身上，把她扑倒在地，拿衣服裹住她。我把桌上的桌布也扯下来裹在她身上，我这么一扯，就把桌布里腐烂的东西，还有藏匿其中的怪模怪样的东西都拽出来了。我们两个像不共戴天的仇人一般在地上争斗，我把她裹得越紧，她就喊得越凶，越想挣脱。这一切我都是事后才明白过来的，当时却是什么感受、什么想法都没有。等我明白过来，我们已经双双倒在大桌旁的地板上了。烟雾弥漫的空气里散布着点点火绒，还冒着火星，而这在不久之前，还是她那件褪了色的新娘礼服。

Then, I looked round and saw the disturbed beetles and spiders running away over the floor, and the servants coming in with breathless cries at the door. I still held her forcibly down with all my strength, like a prisoner who might escape; and I doubt if I even knew who she was, or why we had struggled, or that she had been in flames, or that the flames were out, until I saw the patches of tinder that had been her garments, no longer alight but falling in a black shower around us.

接着，我四下里望了望，只见受到惊吓的甲虫和蜘蛛在地板上四散逃窜，仆人们上气不接下气地赶过来，一进门就惊声尖叫起来。我还在用尽全身力气死死按住她，好像她是一个随时可能逃脱的囚犯似的。我怀疑自己当时有没有搞清楚她是谁，有没有搞清楚我们为什么挣扎，有没有搞清楚她刚才着火了，然后火熄灭了。直到我看见她那已成为点点火绒的衣服上的火星灭了，化为黑色的灰烬在我们周围飘落了，我才清醒过来。

She was insensible, and I was afraid to have her moved, or even touched. Assistance was sent for and I held her until it came, as if I unreasonably fancied (I think I did) that if I let her go, the fire would break out again and consume her. When I got up, on the surgeon's coming to her with other aid, I was astonished to see that both my hands were burnt; for, I had no knowledge of it through the sense of feeling.

她失去了知觉，我不敢动她，甚至连碰也不敢碰她一下。我一边派人去叫医生，一边按住她，直到医生来了才放手，好像我有个荒唐的想法（我当时就是这么想的），我要是一放手，火就会再次烧起来，把她烧死。外科医生带着助手来了，我站起身来，这时才惊讶地发现自己的双手都烧伤了，因为我之前根本没有感觉到。

On examination it was pronounced that she had received serious hurts, but that they of themselves were far from hopeless; the danger lay mainly in the nervous shock. By the surgeon's directions, her bed was carried into that room and laid upon the great table: which happened to be well suited to the dressing of her injuries. When I saw her again, an hour afterwards, she lay indeed where I had seen her strike her stick, and had heard her say that she would lie one day.

医生给她检查之后说，她伤得很严重，但还不至于无可救药，主要的危险是神经性休克。根据医生的指示，她的床垫被搬到房间里来了，放在了那张大桌上。这样可以让她躺在这张桌子上，为她处理伤口。一个小时之后我再次见她，她躺的地方正是当年她用手杖敲着地板，说她有一天要在那上面停尸的地方。

Though every vestige of her dress was burnt, as they told me, she still had something of her old ghastly bridal appearance; for, they had covered her to the throat with white cotton-wool, and as she lay with a white sheet loosely overlying that, the phantom air of something that had been and was changed, was still upon her.

他们告诉我，虽然她的衣服已经烧得精光了，但她还带着往日那副新娘打扮的可怕神态。他们用白色的药棉给她一直包扎到了颈部，她身上还松松地盖着一张白色的被单，虽然已不同往昔了，但她那副幽灵般的神态依然存在。

I found, on questioning the servants, that Estella was in Paris, and I got a promise from the surgeon that he would write to her by the next post. Miss Havisham's family I took upon myself; intending to communicate with Mr. Matthew Pocket only, and leave him to do as he liked about informing the rest. This I did next day, through Herbert, as soon as I returned to town.

我问过仆人，得知埃斯特拉正在巴黎。医生答应我他会写信通知她，赶下一班邮车把信寄出。郝维仙小姐的亲戚由我负责通知；我打算只告诉马修·鄱凯特一人，通知其他人的事则由他决定。第二天我一回伦敦，就请赫伯特帮我办这件事。

There was a stage, that evening, when she spoke collectedly of what had happened, though with a certain terrible vivacity. Towards midnight she began to wander in her speech, and after that it gradually set in that she said innumerable times in a low solemn voice, "What have I done!" And then, "When she first came, I meant to

save her from misery like mine." And then, "Take the pencil and write under my name, 'I forgive her!'" She never changed the order of these three sentences, but she sometimes left out a word in one or other of them; never putting in another word, but always leaving a blank and going on to the next word.

前一天晚上，她有一阵子突然神志清醒起来，谈起了刚刚发生的事故，语气轻松得让人觉得有些反常。到了半夜，她开始胡言乱语，后来渐渐变成低沉而严肃的声音，无休止地说着：“我都做了些什么！”然后说：“她刚来的时候，我是想拯救她，让她免受我这样的苦难的。”再然后说：“拿这支笔在我的名字下面写上‘我原谅她！’”这三句话的顺序一直没有变，不过她有时会在某一句里漏掉个别词，不会加进别的词，只是任其漏掉，接着说下一个词。

As I could do no service there, and as I had, nearer home, that pressing reason for anxiety and fear which even her wanderings could not drive out of my mind, I decided in the course of the night that I would return by the early morning coach: walking on a mile or so, and being taken up clear of the town. At about six o'clock of the morning, therefore, I leaned over her and touched her lips with mine, just as they said, not stopping for being touched, "Take the pencil and write under my name, 'I forgive her.'"

我留在那里也帮不上忙，而且家里还有一件紧急事，让我十分焦急，十分担心，就连她的胡言乱语也没法让我不想这件事。夜里我做了决定，我第二天一早就做早班马车回去：先步行一英里左右，出了镇再搭马车。早上大约六点钟的光景，我在她旁边俯下身来，用我的嘴唇碰了一下她的嘴唇。她并没有住口，嘴里正念着：“拿这支笔在我的名字下面写上，‘我原谅她。’”

CHAPTER 50

第五十章

My hands had been dressed twice or thrice in the night, and again in the morning. My left arm was a good deal burned to the elbow, and, less severely, as high as the shoulder; it was very painful, but the flames had set in that direction, and I felt thankful it was no worse. My right hand was not so badly burnt but that I could move the fingers. It was bandaged, of course, but much less inconveniently than my left hand and arm; those I carried in a sling; and I could only wear my coat like a cloak, loose over my shoulders and fastened at the neck. My hair had been caught by the fire, but not my head or face.

我的双手晚上换过两三次绷带，第二天早上又换了一次。我的左臂从手到胳膊肘这一段严重烧伤，从胳膊肘到肩膀这一段伤势稍轻些，整条胳膊疼得厉害。可是当时火势朝这个方向蔓延，我很庆幸没有伤得更厉害。我的右臂伤得没有这么严重，手指头还能动。当然，我的右手也缠上了绷带，虽然不方便，不过跟左手和左臂比起来还是要好得多。左臂用绷带吊着，大衣只能当披风穿，松松地披在肩上，在脖子上打个结。我的头发也着了火，好在头和脸幸免于难。

When Herbert had been down to Hammersmith and seen his father, he came back to me at our chambers, and devoted the day to attending on me. He was the kindest of nurses, and at stated times took off the bandages, and steeped them in the cooling liquid that was kept ready, and put them on again, with a patient tenderness that I was deeply grateful for.

赫伯特到哈默史密斯去看过他父亲后，就回到我们的住所了，全天伺候在我身边。他是个绝好的护士，会定时帮我拆下绷带，把绷带浸在准备好的冷药水里，然后重新帮我包扎好，他的耐心和温柔让我感激不已。

At first, as I lay quiet on the sofa, I found it painfully difficult, I might say impossible, to get rid of the impression of the glare of the flames, their hurry and noise, and the fierce burning smell. If I dozed for a minute, I was awakened by Miss Havisham's cries, and by her running at me with all that height of fire above her head. This pain of the mind was much harder to strive against than any bodily pain I suffered; and Herbert, seeing that, did his utmost to hold my attention engaged.

起初，我静静地躺在沙发上，眼前总会出现熊熊的火光，耳旁总会响起大火燃烧的声音，还能闻到烧焦的味道，我发现要想摆脱这些十分困难，甚至可以说是不可能的。我刚睡着一分钟，就被郝维仙小姐的喊

声惊醒，她朝我冲过来，头上窜起了比她还高的火焰。这种精神上的痛苦比任何身体上的痛苦都更加让人难以忍受。赫伯特看我这个样子，便想尽办法来转移我的注意力。

Neither of us spoke of the boat, but we both thought of it. That was made apparent by our avoidance of the subject, and by our agreeing—without agreement—to make my recovery of the use of my hands, a question of so many hours, not of so many weeks.

我们谁都没有提那条船，但我们心里都惦记着这件事。很明显，对这个话题我们都避而不谈，但我们一致同意——虽然没有明说——要让我这双手尽快康复，不需要等几个星期，最好几个小时就能康复。

My first question when I saw Herbert had been of course, whether all was well down the river? As he replied in the affirmative, with perfect confidence and cheerfulness, we did not resume the subject until the day was wearing away. But then, as Herbert changed the bandages, more by the light of the fire than by the outer light, he went back to it spontaneously.

毫无疑问，我看见赫伯特问的第一个问题就是，河上住着的那个人是否一切都好？他信心十足、神采飞扬地回答我说一切都好，我们这一天就没有再谈论这个话题了。但是之后，当夜色渐浓，赫伯特帮我换绷带的时候，他不经意间又提到了这件事，当时窗外天色已经暗了下来，他是借着炉火的火光说的。

"I sat with Provis last night, Handel, two good hours."

“汉德尔，昨晚我和普罗维斯坐在一起，谈了足足两个小时。”

"Where was Clara?"

“那克拉拉呢？”

"Dear little thing!" said Herbert. "She was up and down with Gruffandgrim all the evening. He was perpetually pegging at the floor, the moment she left his sight. I doubt if he can hold out long though. What with rum and pepper—and pepper and rum—I should think his pegging must be nearly over.”

“可爱的小丫头！”赫伯特说，“她一晚上都围着凶老头子转呢。只要她一离开他的视野，他就没完没了地敲地板。不过我怀疑他撑不了多久了。成天不是朗姆酒配胡椒——就是胡椒配朗姆酒——我看他八成敲不了多久了。”

"And then you will be married, Herbert?"

“那你们就要结婚了吧，赫伯特？”

"How can I take care of the dear child otherwise?— Lay your arm out upon the back of the sofa, my dear boy, and I'll sit down here, and get the bandage off so gradually that you shall not know when it

comes. I was speaking of Provis. Do you know, Handel, he improves?"

“不然，我怎么样照顾这可爱的小丫头呢？——你把胳膊张开搁在沙发背上，我坐在这里，慢慢地给你拆绷带，等拆完了连你自己都不知道。我刚刚说到了普罗维斯。汉德尔，他性子变好了，你知道吗？”

"I said to you I thought he was softened when I last saw him."

“我跟你说过，我上次见他的时候就觉得他变温和了。”

"So you did. And so he is. He was very communicative last night, and told me more of his life. You remember his breaking off here about some woman that he had had great trouble with.— Did I hurt you?”

“你是说过。他的确变温和了。他昨晚很健谈，又跟我讲了很多他自己的经历。他上次提到过有一个女人让他十分头疼，话到嘴边又收回去了，你记得吧——我弄痛你了吗？”

I had started, but not under his touch. His words had given me a start.

我惊动了一下，不过不是因为他弄痛了我。而是他的话让我猛然一惊。

"I had forgotten that, Herbert, but I remember it now you speak of it."

“我已经忘了，赫伯特，不过经你这么一提醒，我倒是想起来了。”

"Well! He went into that part of his life, and a dark wild part it is. Shall I tell you? Or would it worry you just now?"

“嗯！他跟我讲了他的这一段经历，这段经历可真够黑暗、真够疯狂的。要不要我说给你听？现在跟你说，你会不会心烦？”

"Tell me by all means. Every word."

“你一定要跟我说。一个字也不要漏掉。”

Herbert bent forward to look at me more nearly, as if my reply had been rather more hurried or more eager than he could quite account for. "Your head is cool?" he said, touching it.

赫伯特弯下身子，凑近来仔细瞧了瞧我，好像我回答地这样急切，让他难以理解似的。“你还清醒吧？”他摸了摸我的头，问道。

"Quite," said I. "Tell me what Provis said, my dear Herbert."

“很清醒，”我说，“告诉我普罗维斯都说了什么，我亲爱的赫伯特。”

"It seems," said Herbert, “—there's a bandage off most charmingly, and now comes the cool one—makes you shrink at first, my poor dear fellow, don't it? But it will be comfortable presently—it

seems that the woman was a young woman, and a jealous woman, and a revengeful woman; revengeful, Handel, to the last degree.”

“看来，”赫伯特说，“——这条绷带扯得好极了，现在给你换条清凉的——一开始你的胳膊会忍不住收缩，我可怜的老兄，是不是？不过马上就会舒服了——看来那个女人是个年轻的女人，一个爱吃醋的女人，一个爱报复女人，爱报复，汉德尔，报复心极强。”

"To what last degree?"

“怎么个强法？”

"Murder.— Does it strike too cold on that sensitive place?”

“杀人。——绷带贴在肉上是不是很凉？”

"I don't feel it. How did she murder? Whom did she murder?"

“我没感觉到。她是怎么杀人的？她杀了谁？”

"Why, the deed may not have merited quite so terrible a name," said Herbert, "but, she was tried for it, and Mr. Jaggers defended her, and the reputation of that defense first made his name known to Provis. It was another and a stronger woman who was the victim, and there had been a struggle—in a barn. Who began it, or how fair it was, or how unfair, may be doubtful; but how it ended, is certainly not doubtful, for the victim was found throttled.”

“唉，这事不见得能构成这么大的罪名。”赫伯特说，“不过，人们还是以谋杀罪起诉了她。是贾格尔斯先生为她辩护的，他因为这场辩护出了名，普罗维斯也因此知道了贾格尔斯这个人。受害人是另外一个大块头的女人，两人有过一场搏斗——在一间牲口棚里。是谁先动的手，搏斗是光明正大的，还是偷偷摸摸的，都还是疑问，不过搏斗的结果却是明明白白，那就是受害人是被掐死的。”

"Was the woman brought in guilty?"

“这个女人判罪了吗？”

"No; she was acquitted.— My poor Handel, I hurt you!”

“没有，她无罪释放了——我可怜的汉德尔，我弄痛你了！”

"It is impossible to be gentler, Herbert. Yes? What else?"

“你动作轻得不能再轻了，赫伯特。她无罪释放了？后来呢？”

"This acquitted young woman and Provis had a little child: a little child of whom Provis was exceedingly fond. On the evening of the very night when the object of her jealousy was strangled as I tell you, the young woman presented herself before Provis for one moment, and swore that she would destroy the child (which was in her possession), and he should never see it again; then, she vanished. — There's the worst arm comfortably in the sling once more, and now

there remains but the right hand, which is a far easier job. I can do it better by this light than by a stronger, for my hand is steadiest when I don't see the poor blistered patches too distinctly.— You don't think your breathing is affected, my dear boy? You seem to breathe quickly."

“这个无罪释放的年轻女人给普罗维斯生了一个孩子。普罗维斯十分喜欢这个孩子。我刚才说了，这个女人掐死了她的情敌，就在那天晚上，她去找普罗维斯见了短短的一面，发誓说她要弄死那个孩子（孩子当时跟她在一起），这样他就再也见不到孩子了，说完她就走了——这条伤得最重的胳膊已经重新包扎好并吊好了，现在就剩下右边的胳膊了，这边好弄多了。我宁可在这种灯光下包扎，也比在强光下好，这样我看不清你那一块块可怜的水泡，我的手就不会抖——老兄，你有没有觉得你的呼吸有点不对劲？你好像呼吸得很急促。”

"Perhaps I do, Herbert. Did the woman keep her oath?"

“可能吧，赫伯特。那个女人发的誓兑现了吗？”

"There comes the darkest part of Provis' life. She did."

“那是普罗维斯一生中经历的最黑暗的时期。她果然履行了她的誓言。”

"That is, he says she did."

“也就是说，他说她兑现了誓言。”

"Why, of course, my dear boy," returned Herbert, in a tone of surprise, and again bending forward to get a nearer look at me. "He says it all. I have no other information."

“怎么，当然了，我的老兄。”赫伯特又一次凑到我跟前，仔细瞧了瞧我，语气中透露出惊讶之情，“都是他自己说的。我没从别处获得情报。”

"No, to be sure."

“当然，那是。”

"Now, whether," pursued Herbert, "he had used the child's mother ill, or whether he had used the child's mother well, Provis doesn't say; but, she had shared some four or five years of the wretched life he described to us at this fireside, and he seems to have felt pity for her, and forbearance towards her. Therefore, fearing he should be called upon to depose about this destroyed child, and so be the cause of her death, he hid himself (much as he grieved for the child), kept himself dark, as he says, out of the way and out of the trial, and was only vaguely talked of as a certain man called Abel, out of whom the jealousy arose. After the acquittal she disappeared, and thus he lost the child and the child's mother."

“至于，”赫伯特接着说道，“他对这个孩子的母亲是好还是坏，普罗维斯没有说。不过，她跟他一起过了四五年受罪的日子，这个他上次跟我们说过，就在这壁炉前说的。他好像很同情她，对她也很体谅。所以，他因为害怕被传唤出庭作证，证明她害死了那个孩子，判她死罪，就躲起来了（虽然那孩子的死让他伤心得要命）。用他自己的话说，就是避不见人，避不出庭。说起两个女人争风吃醋的原因，他只含糊地说是为了一个叫埃布尔的男人。她无罪释放以后就失踪了，从此他就失去了他的孩子和孩子的母亲。”

"I want to ask—”

“我想问一下——”

"A moment, my dear boy, and I have done. That evil genius, Compeyson, the worst of scoundrels among many scoundrels, knowing of his keeping out of the way at that time, and of his reasons for doing so, of course afterwards held the knowledge over his head as a means of keeping him poorer, and working him harder. It was clear last night that this barbed the point of Provis' animosity."

“等一下，老兄，我马上说完。那个恶棍康培生，那个无赖中的无赖，知道他当时正在躲避风头，也知道他这么做的原因，当然就抓住他的把柄要挟他，让他日子过得越来越穷，活干得越来越多。昨晚听他这么一说，我才明白为什么普罗维斯对康培生有那么大的仇恨。”

"I want to know," said I, "and particularly, Herbert, whether he told you when this happened?"

“我想知道，”我说，“我特别想知道的是，赫伯特，他有没有跟你说这是什么时候的事？”

"Particularly? Let me remember, then, what he said as to that. His expression was, 'a round score o' year ago, and a'most directly after I took up wi' Compeyson.' How old were you when you came upon him in the little churchyard?"

“特别想知道？那让我想想，他是怎么说的。他是这么说的，‘大约二十年前，差不多就是我开始跟康培生混的时候。’你在教堂的小墓地见到他的时候多大？”

"I think in my seventh year."

“我想那个时候我七岁了吧。”

"Ay. It had happened some three or four years then, he said, and you brought into his mind the little girl so tragically lost, who would have been about your age."

“唉。他说，他见到你是在那件事发生三四年以后，你让他想起了他那死得好惨的小女儿。她如果还在世的话，应该和你一般大了。”

"Herbert," said I, after a short silence, in a hurried way, "can you

see me best by the light of the window, or the light of the fire?"

“赫伯特，”我沉默了一会儿，匆匆说道，“你是凑着窗外射进来的光看我看得清楚，还是凑着炉火的光看得清楚？”

"By the firelight," answered Herbert, coming close again.

“凑着炉火的光看得更清楚。”赫伯特说着，又一次把身子凑了过来。

"Look at me."

“看着我。”

"I do look at you, my dear boy."

“我看着你呢，老兄。”

"Touch me."

“碰一下我。”

"I do touch you, my dear boy."

“我碰着你呢，老兄。”

"You are not afraid that I am in any fever, or that my head is much disordered by the accident of last night?"

“你相信我现在没有发烧，也没有被昨晚那场大火烧得神经错乱吧？”

"N-no, my dear boy," said Herbert, after taking time to examine me. "You are rather excited, but you are quite yourself."

“我相信，老兄。”赫伯特上上下下打量了我一番后，说道，“你很兴奋，但神志很清醒。”

"I know I am quite myself. And the man we have in hiding down the river, is Estella's Father."

“我知道我神志很清醒。我们藏在河上的那个人，正是埃斯特拉的父亲。”

CHAPTER 51

第五十一章

What purpose I had in view when I was hot on tracing out and proving Estella's parentage, I cannot say. It will presently be seen that the question was not before me in a distinct shape, until it was put before me by a wiser head than my own.

我满腔热情地追寻埃斯特拉亲生父母的身份，至于我这么做的原因，我自己也说不清楚。诸位读者，你们不久就会明白，关于这个问题，一直要等到一位比我明智的人指点之后，我心里才会有个谱。

But, when Herbert and I had held our momentous conversation, I was seized with a feverish conviction that I ought to hunt the matter down—that I ought not to let it rest, but that I ought to see Mr. Jaggers, and come at the bare truth. I really do not know whether I felt that I did this for Estella's sake, or whether I was glad to transfer to the man in whose preservation I was so much concerned, some rays of the romantic interest that had so long surrounded her. Perhaps the latter possibility may be the nearer to the truth.

不过，在赫伯特和我展开那次意义重大的交谈之后，我有了一个狂热的想法，那就是我非把这件事查个水落石出不可——不能就此作罢，不过我得先见一见贾格尔斯先生，从他那里得知事情的真相。我真不知道我这么做是为了埃斯特拉，还是为了我竭力保护的那一位，想让他知道几分多年来关于她的富于传奇色彩的谜团。或许后一种可能更接近真相。

Any way, I could scarcely be withheld from going out to Gerrard-street that night. Herbert's representations that if I did, I should probably be laid up and stricken useless, when our fugitive's safety would depend upon me, alone restrained my impatience. On the understanding, again and again reiterated, that come what would, I was to go to Mr. Jaggers tomorrow, I at length submitted to keep quiet, and to have my hurts looked after, and to stay at home. Early next morning we went out together, and at the corner of Giltspur-street by Smithfield, I left Herbert to go his way into the City, and took my way to Little Britain.

不管怎样，我恨不得连夜就往杰勒德街赶去。赫伯特说，假如我这么做了，我可能会落得个一病不起，还要靠人照顾，而那个逃犯的性命安全可都依赖我呢。他这么一说，便把我那急性子给按捺住了。赫伯特一遍又一遍地答应我，不管发生什么，明天一定让我去找贾格尔斯先生，我最终才同意不再做声，让他帮我处理伤口，我在家好好休息一晚。第二天一早我们一起出门，在吉尔茨普街角和史密斯菲尔德广场的

交叉口道了别。赫伯特前去伦敦金融城，我则往小不列颠街走去。

There were periodical occasions when Mr. Jaggers and Wemmick went over the office accounts, and checked off the vouchers, and put all things straight. On these occasions Wemmick took his books and papers into Mr. Jaggers' room, and one of the up-stairs clerks came down into the outer office. Finding such clerk on Wemmick's post that morning, I knew what was going on; but, I was not sorry to have Mr. Jaggers and Wemmick together, as Wemmick would then hear for himself that I said nothing to compromise him.

贾格尔斯先生和温米克会定期核查事务所的账目，核对收据，并把各种账目一一整理好。每到这种时候，温米克就会带着他的账本和票据到贾格尔斯先生的办公室，楼上就会下来一位职员，到外间办公室去坐着。那天早上我发现温米克座位上坐着楼上的一个办事员，就知道他们正在干什么。不过，贾格尔斯先生和温米克在一起倒也没什么不好，这样温米克可以当面听听我要跟贾格尔斯先生说的话，知道我一句也没有牵扯到他。

My appearance with my arm bandaged and my coat loose over my shoulders, favored my object. Although I had sent Mr. Jaggers a brief account of the accident as soon as I had arrived in town, yet I had to give him all the details now; and the speciality of the occasion caused our talk to be less dry and hard, and less strictly regulated by the rules of evidence, than it had been before. While I described the disaster, Mr. Jaggers stood, according to his wont, before the fire. Wemmick leaned back in his chair, staring at me, with his hands in the pockets of his trousers, and his pen put horizontally into the post. The two brutal casts, always inseparable in my mind from the official proceedings, seemed to be congestively considering whether they didn't smell fire at the present moment.

我胳膊上缠了绷带，大衣松松地披在肩上，我就以这副样子出现在他们面前。虽然我昨天一进城就给贾格尔斯先生寄了一封短信，简单说了一下这次事故，不过现在我得跟他讲讲这件事的始末。在这样的情形下，我们的谈话不同以往，不那么生硬，也不必严格遵守有依有据的原则。我在描述这场事故的时候，贾格尔斯先生像往常一样在火炉前边站着。温米克背靠在椅子上，两眼盯着我，双手插在裤子口袋里，那张邮筒似的嘴里横咬着一支笔。至于那两个可怕的人，我脑海中老想着它们要插手事务所的事，它们现在看起来满脑子都在想着它们怎么没有闻到火的气味。

My narrative finished, and their questions exhausted, I then produced Miss Havisham's authority to receive the nine hundred pounds for Herbert. Mr. Jaggers' eyes retired a little deeper into his head when I handed him the tablets, but he presently handed them over to Wemmick, with instructions to draw the check for his

signature. While that was in course of being done, I looked on at Wemmick as he wrote, and Mr. Jaggers, poising and swaying himself on his well-polished boots, looked on at me. "I am sorry, Pip," said he, as I put the check in my pocket, when he had signed it, "that we do nothing for you."

我要讲的都讲完了，他们要问的也都问完了，我这才拿出郝维仙小姐给我的凭证，来领取给赫伯特的九百英磅。我把象牙簿递给贾格尔斯先生的时候，他的眼珠向眼窝里陷进去了一些。不过他立即就把象牙簿交给温米克，让他去开张支票，开好后给他签字。温米克开支票的时候，我看了看他，又看了看贾格尔斯先生，后者穿着擦得油光发亮的皮靴，抖动着双腿，同时竭力保持身体平衡，在一旁看着我。“我很抱歉，皮普，”我把他签好字的支票放进口袋，这时他对我说，“我们没能帮上你的忙。”

"Miss Havisham was good enough to ask me," I returned, "whether she could do nothing for me, and I told her No."

“郝维仙小姐也很好心地问过我，”我说，“问我需不需要她帮什么忙，我说不需要。”

"Everybody should know his own business," said Mr. Jaggers. And I saw Wemmick's lips form the words "portable property."

“每个人都应该了解他自己的事情。”贾格尔斯先生说。我看见温米克的嘴唇做出了“动产”的口型。

"I should not have told her No, if I had been you," said Mr Jaggers; "but every man ought to know his own business best."

“我要是你，就不会回答她说不需要。”贾格尔斯先生说，“不过每个人都应该最了解他自己的事情。”

"Every man's business," said Wemmick, rather reproachfully towards me, "is portable property."

“每个人自己的事情，”温米克用极其责备的口气对我说，“就是动产。”

As I thought the time was now come for pursuing the theme I had at heart, I said, turning on Mr. Jaggers:

我想是时候提出我心里的疑问了，我转向贾格尔斯先生，问道：

"I did ask something of Miss Havisham, however, sir. I asked her to give me some information relative to her adopted daughter, and she gave me all she possessed."

“不过，先生，我的确问过郝维仙小姐一些问题。我要她告诉我一些有关她养女的事情，她把她知道的都告诉我了。”

"Did she?" said Mr. Jaggers, bending forward to look at his boots

and then straightening himself. "Hah! I don't think I should have done so, if I had been Miss Havisham. But she ought to know her own business best."

“她都告诉你了？”贾格尔斯先生一边问一边俯身看了看他的靴子，然后直起了身子，“哈！我要是郝维仙小姐，我想我是不会这么做的。不过她应该最了解她自己的事情。”

"I know more of the history of Miss Havisham's adopted child, than Miss Havisham herself does, sir. I know her mother."

“关于她养女的身世，我知道的比郝维仙小姐本人知道的还多，先生。我知道她的母亲是谁。”

Mr. Jaggers looked at me inquiringly, and repeated "Mother?"

贾格尔斯先生疑惑地看着我，重复了一句：“她的母亲？”

"I have seen her mother within these three days."

“我就在三天前还见过她母亲。”

"Yes?" said Mr. Jaggers.

“是吗？”贾格尔斯先生说。

"And so have you, sir. And you have seen her still more recently."

“您也见过的，先生。您上一次见她的时候比我还要近呢。”

"Yes?" said Mr. Jaggers.

“是吗？”贾格尔斯先生说。

"Perhaps I know more of Estella's history than even you do," said I. "I know her father too."

“或许我对埃斯特拉的身世了解得比您还多。”我说，“我还知道她的父亲是谁。”

A certain stop that Mr. Jaggers came to in his manner—he was too self-possessed to change his manner, but he could not help its being brought to an indefinably attentive stop—assured me that he did not know who her father was. This I had strongly suspected from Provis' account (as Herbert had repeated it) of his having kept himself dark; which I pieced on to the fact that he himself was not Mr. Jaggers' client until some four years later, and when he could have no reason for claiming his identity. But, I could not be sure of this unconsciousness on Mr. Jaggers' part before, though I was quite sure of it now.

贾格尔斯先生听了我这话愣了一下——他十分有自制力，喜怒不形于色，不过还是忍不住表现出了一丝凝神注意的神色——从这一点我得以肯定，他并不知道她的父亲是谁。普罗维斯说他从那以后就尽量避不

见人（赫伯特重申了这一点），这一点很有力地肯定了我的猜测。再加上他当时还不是贾格尔斯先生的客户，他是大约四年后才找贾格尔斯先生为他办事的，而且他也没有理由向他透露自己的身份。不过，之前我还不能确定贾格尔斯先生不明其中的真相，而现在我已经很有把握了。

"So! You know the young lady's father, Pip?" said Mr. Jaggers.

“这么说！你认识这位年轻女士的父亲，皮普？”贾格尔斯先生说。

"Yes," I replied, "and his name is Provis—from New South Wales.”

“是的，”我说，“他的名字叫做普罗维斯——来自新南威尔士。”

Even Mr. Jaggers started when I said those words. It was the slightest start that could escape a man, the most carefully repressed and the soonest checked, but he did start, though he made it a part of the action of taking out his pocket-handkerchief. How Wemmick received the announcement I am unable to say, for I was afraid to look at him just then, lest Mr. Jaggers' sharpness should detect that there had been some communication unknown to him between us.

就连贾格尔斯先生听了我的话之后也吃了一惊。他的惊讶之情很难被察觉，他很好地把它抑制住了，并且很快就觉察不到了，但他的确吃了一惊，尽管他掏出了手帕，想借这个动作来掩饰。至于温米克听到这个消息有什么反应，我不知道，因为我当时不敢看他，生怕贾格尔斯先生犀利的眼光察觉出我们瞒着他有一些私下的往来。

"And on what evidence, Pip," asked Mr. Jaggers, very coolly, as he paused with his handkerchief half way to his nose, "does Provis make this claim?"

“皮普，”贾格尔斯先生的手帕还没碰到鼻子，在半空中停住了，镇定自若地问道，“普罗维斯这么说有什么证据吗？”

"He does not make it," said I, "and has never made it, and has no knowledge or belief that his daughter is in existence."

“他没有这么说，”我说，“他从没说过，他不知道也不敢相信他的女儿还活在这世上。”

For once, the powerful pocket-handkerchief failed. My reply was so unexpected that Mr. Jaggers put the handkerchief back into his pocket without completing the usual performance, folded his arms, and looked with stern attention at me, though with an immovable face.

就这一次，他屡试不爽的手帕不起作用了。我的回答太出人意料了，贾格尔斯先生的手帕没有完成惯常的表演任务，他把手帕放回口袋，两条胳膊交叉在一起，神情严肃地注视着我，脸上却依然不动声色。

Then I told him all I knew, and how I knew it; with the one reservation that I left him to infer that I knew from Miss Havisham what I in fact knew from Wemmick. I was very careful indeed as to that. Nor, did I look towards Wemmick until I had finished all I had to tell, and had been for some time silently meeting Mr. Jaggers' look. When I did at last turn my eyes in Wemmick's direction, I found that he had unposted his pen, and was intent upon the table before him.

然后我把我所知道的都跟他说了，还有我是怎么知道的也跟他说了，除了一点，有些事我其实是从温米克那里知道的，我也说成是郝维仙小姐告诉我的，让他去猜测好了。说这些事情的时候我都是十分小心谨慎的。直到我说完了所有要说的话，和贾格尔斯先生的眼光默默相对了一会儿之后，我才朝温米克的方向望去。我最终把眼光转向温米克的时候，发现他已经把那只笔从邮筒似的嘴上取下来了，正伏在他面前的那张桌上写着什么。

"Hah!" said Mr. Jaggers at last, as he moved towards the papers on the table, “—What item was it you were at, Wemmick, when Mr. Pip came in?”

“哈！”贾格尔斯先生朝桌上那一堆票据走去，说，“——温米克，皮普先生进来的时候，你的账目核对到哪一笔了？”

But I could not submit to be thrown off in that way, and I made a passionate, almost an indignant, appeal to him to be more frank and manly with me. I reminded him of the false hopes into which I had lapsed, the length of time they had lasted, and the discovery I had made: and I hinted at the danger that weighed upon my spirits. I represented myself as being surely worthy of some little confidence from him, in return for the confidence I had just now imparted. I said that I did not blame him, or suspect him, or mistrust him, but I wanted assurance of the truth from him. And if he asked me why I wanted it and why I thought I had any right to it, I would tell him, little as he cared for such poor dreams, that I had loved Estella dearly and long, and that, although I had lost her and must live a bereaved life, whatever concerned her was still nearer and dearer to me than anything else in the world. And seeing that Mr. Jaggers stood quite still and silent, and apparently quite obdurate, under this appeal, I turned to Wemmick, and said, "Wemmick, I know you to be a man with a gentle heart. I have seen your pleasant home, and your old father, and all the innocent cheerful playful ways with which you refresh your business life. And I entreat you to say a word for me to Mr. Jaggers, and to represent to him that, all circumstances considered, he ought to be more open with me!"

我不甘心就这样被他们搁在一边，我情绪激动地、几乎是义愤填膺地要求贾格尔斯先生对我坦诚些、直率些。我提醒他我曾抱有怎样徒然

的希望，它们在我心里珍藏了多久，现在发现了事情是怎么一回事：我暗示他我的灵魂经受了怎样的危险。我说我刚才对他说的话中毫无隐瞒，体现了我对他的信赖，我当然值得他对我表现出些许的信赖。我说我没有怪过他，也没有怀疑过他，也没有不信任过他，但我希望他能做出肯定的回答，肯定我所说的都是事实。如果他问我，为什么想从他那里得到肯定的回答，为什么认为自己有这个权利，我会告诉他，尽管他对我可怜的梦想不屑一顾，但我长期以来一直深爱着埃斯特拉，虽然我失去了她，我注定要一个人孤独地度过此生，但凡是跟她有关的事情，对我来说都是无比亲切的，比世界上其他任何事情都更亲切。贾格尔斯先生站在那里一动不动，默不作声，看来他对我这一请求无动于衷，我见状转向温米克，说："温米克，我知道你是个慈悲心肠的人。我去过你舒适的家，拜访过你的老父亲，见识过你那天真、有趣的生活方式，那是你日常工作的调剂。我恳请你替我在贾格尔斯先生面前说几句，向他表明，在任何情况下，他都应该与我坦诚相待！"

I have never seen two men look more oddly at one another than Mr. Jaggers and Wemmick did after this apostrophe. At first, a misgiving crossed me that Wemmick would be instantly dismissed from his employment; but, it melted as I saw Mr. Jaggers relax into something like a smile, and Wemmick become bolder.

听了我这一番恳求，贾格尔斯先生和温米克面面相觑，我从未见过比他们俩当时更怪异的表情。起初，我还担心温米克会马上被解雇，不过，当我看见贾格尔斯先生脸上似乎漾起了笑意，温米克也显得更加大胆了些，我的担心顿时烟消云散了。

"What's all this?" said Mr. Jaggers. "You with an old father, and you with pleasant and playful ways?"

"这是怎么一回事？"贾格尔斯先生说，"你和你的老父亲，还有你天真有趣的生活方式？"

"Well!" returned Wemmick. "If I don't bring 'em here, what does it matter?"

"这个嘛！"温米克回答说，"如果我不把它们带到这里来，那有什么关系呢？"

"Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, laying his hand upon my arm, and smiling openly, "this man must be the most cunning impostor in all London."

"皮普，"贾格尔斯先生一只手搁在我的手臂上，满脸堆笑地说，"这个人准是全伦敦城最狡猾的骗子了。"

"Not a bit of it," returned Wemmick, growing bolder and bolder. "I think you're another."

"根本就不是。"温米克胆子越来越大，反驳了起来，"我看您倒是。"

Again they exchanged their former odd looks, each apparently

still distrustful that the other was taking him in.

两人又交换了一次先前那种古怪的表情，各自都对对方心怀戒备，唯恐自己上当。

"You with a pleasant home?" said Mr. Jaggers.

“你有一个舒适的家？”贾格尔斯先生说。

"Since it don't interfere with business," returned Wemmick, "let it be so. Now, I look at you, sir, I shouldn't wonder if you might be planning and contriving to have a pleasant home of your own, one of these days, when you're tired of all this work."

“既然这和事务所的事情无关，”温米克说，“那就不必提它。依我看，先生，如果有一天，您对每天满满的工作感到厌倦了，也计划着建设一个属于自己的舒适的家，我不会感到惊讶的。”

Mr. Jaggers nodded his head retrospectively two or three times, and actually drew a sigh. "Pip," said he, "we won't talk about 'poor dreams;' you know more about such things than I, having much fresher experience of that kind. But now, about this other matter. I'll put a case to you. Mind! I admit nothing."

贾格尔斯先生带着回忆往昔的神情，连连点了两三次头，还叹了一口气。“皮普，”他说，“我们不谈什么‘可怜的梦想’，这种事情你知道的比我多，有更多的亲身体验。不过现在，关于另外一件事。我要跟你打个比方。注意！我不是要承认什么。”

He waited for me to declare that I quite understood that he expressly said that he admitted nothing.

他说完就等着我表态，表明我完全明白，他特别强调他不是要承认什么。

"Now, Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, "put this case. Put the case that a woman, under such circumstances as you have mentioned, held her child concealed, and was obliged to communicate the fact to her legal adviser, on his representing to her that he must know, with an eye to the latitude of his defense, how the fact stood about that child. Put the case that at the same time he held a trust to find a child for an eccentric rich lady to adopt and bring up."

“听着，皮普，”贾格尔斯先生说，“举这么一个例子。假如说有这么一个女人，处于你刚才所说的那种情形之下，把自己的孩子藏了起来，但她不得不把这个事实告诉她的法律顾问，因为法律顾问必须了解她如何处置这个孩子，才能为她展开辩护。假如说与此同时，这个法律顾问受一位古怪而富有的女人所托，她想领养一个孩子并把这孩子抚养成人，委托他替她物色这么一个孩子。”

"I follow you, sir."

“我明白您的意思，先生。”

"Put the case that he lived in an atmosphere of evil, and that all he saw of children, was, their being generated in great numbers for certain destruction. Put the case that he often saw children solemnly tried at a criminal bar, where they were held up to be seen; put the case that he habitually knew of their being imprisoned, whipped, transported, neglected, cast out, qualified in all ways for the hangman, and growing up to be hanged. Put the case that pretty nigh all the children he saw in his daily business life, he had reason to look upon as so much spawn, to develop into the fish that were to come to his net—to be prosecuted, defended, forsworn, made orphans, bedeviled somehow.”

“假如这个法律顾问身处一个罪恶的环境当中，他看到孩子们一个一个地生出来，又一个一个地走向毁灭。假如他常常看到孩子们在刑事法庭上受到严厉的审讯；假如他知道他们会被关进监狱、受鞭打、被流放、遭驱逐，他们各种各样的罪行把他们一步步推向了绞刑官，长大后注定要被推上绞刑架。假如他每天的工作中都要接触很多这样的孩子，他有理由把他们看成许许多多的鱼卵，鱼卵长成鱼后，落入了他的渔网中——受到起诉、找律师辩护、被人遗弃、成为孤儿、不知不觉陷入了魔窟。”

"I follow you, sir."

“我明白您的意思，先生。”

"Put the case, Pip, that here was one pretty little child out of the heap, who could be saved; whom the father believed dead, and dared make no stir about; as to whom, over the mother, the legal adviser had this power: 'I know what you did, and how you did it. You came so and so, this was your manner of attack and this the manner of resistance, you went so and so, you did such and such things to divert suspicion. I have tracked you through it all, and I tell it you all. Part with the child, unless it should be necessary to produce it to clear you, and then it shall be produced. Give the child into my hands, and I will do my best to bring you off. If you are saved, your child is saved too; if you are lost, your child is still saved.' Put the case that this was done, and that the woman was cleared."

“假如说，皮普，在这样一个群体当中有一个可爱的孩子，是可以被挽救的。孩子的父亲以为她死了，又不敢做什么。至于孩子的母亲呢，她的法律顾问有权力控制她，他给她提出了建议：‘我知道你都做了什么，也知道你是怎么做的。我知道你是怎样攻击的，又是怎样防卫的，也知道你做了怎样的事情来躲避嫌疑。我对你所做的一切都调查清楚了，我一样一样地说给你听。你跟这孩子分开，除非为了洗刷你的罪名有必要让她出庭，那时再让她出现。把这个孩子交给我处置，我会尽最大努力帮你脱险。如果你得救了，你的孩子也没事；如果你出事了，你

的孩子仍然没事。’假如说那个女人照法律顾问的话做了，并且最终她的罪名得以洗刷。”

"I understand you perfectly."

“我完全明白您的意思。”

"But that I make no admissions?"

“可我什么也没有承认，是吧？”

"That you make no admissions." And Wemmick repeated, "No admissions."

“您什么也没有承认。”温米克重复了一遍：“什么也没有承认。”

"Put the case, Pip, that passion and the terror of death had a little shaken the woman's intellect, and that when she was set at liberty, she was scared out of the ways of the world and went to him to be sheltered. Put the case that he took her in, and that he kept down the old wild violent nature whenever he saw an inkling of its breaking out, by asserting his power over her in the old way. Do you comprehend the imaginary case?"

“假如说，皮普，情感上的打击和对死亡的恐惧让这个女人有些精神失常，她重获自由后，有如惊弓之鸟，与这个世界格格不入，于是投奔她的法律顾问，请求他收容她。假如他收容了她，每当察觉到她过去那种狂野的性子有发作的苗头时，就用老办法制服她，把她的性子压下去。你明白我的这个假设吗？”

"Quite."

“完全明白。”

"Put the case that the child grew up, and was married for money. That the mother was still living. That the father was still living. That the mother and father unknown to one another, were dwelling within so many miles, furlongs, yards if you like, of one another. That the secret was still a secret, except that you had got wind of it. Put that last case to yourself very carefully."

“假如这个孩子长大了，为了钱出嫁了。她的母亲还在这世上。她的父亲也还在这世上。她的父母亲都不知道彼此的存在，虽然他们住的地方只相隔几英里，或者说近在咫尺，随你怎么说都行。这个秘密仍然是个秘密，你得知的只是一些风声而已。我最后打的这个比方你可要好好想想。”

"I do."

“我会的。”

"I ask Wemmick to put it to himself very carefully."

“我也请温米克好好想想。”

And Wemmick said, "I do."

温米克说：“我会的。”

"For whose sake would you reveal the secret? For the father's? I think he would not be much the better for the mother. For the mother's? I think if she had done such a deed she would be safer where she was. For the daughter's? I think it would hardly serve her, to establish her parentage for the information of her husband, and to drag her back to disgrace, after an escape of twenty years, pretty secure to last for life. But, add the case that you had loved her, Pip, and had made her the subject of those 'poor dreams' which have, at one time or another, been in the heads of more men than you think likely, then I tell you that you had better—and would much sooner when you had thought well of it—chop off that bandaged left hand of yours with your bandaged right hand, and then pass the chopper on to Wemmick there, to cut that off, too.”

“你要是把这个秘密泄露出去，是为谁好呢？为了那个做父亲的？我看他知道了她母亲的下落不见得会更好。为了那个做母亲的？我看她做出了这种事情，还是呆在原地不动最安全。为了那个做女儿的？我看让她丈夫知道她父母亲的身份，这对她没有好处，只会让她丢脸，虽然隐瞒了二十年，但保不了一生平安无事。不过，考虑到你曾经爱过她，皮普，并且她是你‘可怜的梦想’的女主角，其实她一度是多少人梦中的女主角，可能多得超乎你的想象。所以我跟你说，你最好——你一想通马上就会愿意的——用你那扎着绷带的右手砍掉你扎着绷带的左手，再把斧头交给温米克，让他把你扎着绷带的右手也砍下来。”

I looked at Wemmick, whose face was very grave. He gravely touched his lips with his forefinger. I did the same. Mr. Jaggers did the same. "Now, Wemmick," said the latter then, resuming his usual manner, "what item was it you were at, when Mr. Pip came in?"

我望了一眼温米克，他的表情十分严肃。他庄重地用食指碰了一下嘴唇。我也做了同样的动作。贾格尔斯先生也做了。“好了，温米克，”贾格尔斯先生恢复了常态，说，“皮普先生进来的时候，你核对到哪一笔账目了？”

Standing by for a little, while they were at work, I observed that the odd looks they had cast at one another were repeated several times: with this difference now, that each of them seemed suspicious, not to say conscious, of having shown himself in a weak and unprofessional light to the other. For this reason, I suppose, they were now inflexible with one another; Mr. Jaggers being highly dictatorial, and Wemmick obstinately justifying himself whenever there was the smallest point in abeyance for a moment. I had never seen them on such ill terms; for generally they got on very well indeed together.

他们工作的时候我在一旁看了一会儿，我发现他们之前对视的那种怪异神情又出现了好几次。这次的不同之处在于，两人都下意识地生怕向对方表现出自己哪怕一点点的薄弱之处和不专业的地方。我想，可能正因为如此，他们现在才互不相让；贾格尔斯先生十分专制，温米克则一意要为自己辩护，哪怕再小的事情也要停下来争论片刻。我从未见过他们相处得这么不融洽；因为他们通常都相处甚欢。

But, they were both happily relieved by the opportune appearance of Mike, the client with the fur cap and the habit of wiping his nose on his sleeve, whom I had seen on the very first day of my appearance within those walls. This individual, who, either in his own person or in that of some member of his family, seemed to be always in trouble (which in that place meant Newgate), called to announce that his eldest daughter was taken up on suspicion of shop-lifting. As he imparted this melancholy circumstance to Wemmick, Mr. Jaggers standing magisterially before the fire and taking no share in the proceedings, Mike's eye happened to twinkle with a tear.

不过，迈克的及时出现替他们解了围。迈克是我第一次来的时候见过的一个客户，他戴着一顶皮帽，总喜欢用衣袖擦鼻子。这个人，不管是他本人，还是他的家人，似乎老是惹麻烦（惹麻烦的意思是进了纽盖特监狱），他这次是来诉说他的大女儿因为行窃的嫌疑被投进了纽盖特监狱。他跟温米克说这件烦心事的时候，贾格尔斯先生威严地站在火炉旁，对他说的话毫不在意，迈克说着说着，眨了一眨眼，一滴眼泪滴了下来。

"What are you about?" demanded Wemmick, with the utmost indignation. "What do you come sniveling here for?"

“你来这里干嘛？”温米克非常愤怒地问道，“你来这里哭哭啼啼干嘛？”

"I didn't go to do it, Mr. Wemmick."

“我不是故意的，温米克先生。”

"You did," said Wemmick. "How dare you? You're not in a fit state to come here, if you can't come here without spluttering like a bad pen. What do you mean by it?"

“你就是故意的，”温米克说，“你怎敢说不是？如果你控制不住自己，一来这里就像一只漏水的笔一样哭哭啼啼的，就不要来。你哭哭啼啼的要干嘛？”

"A man can't help his feelings, Mr. Wemmick," pleaded Mike.

“一个人控制不了自己的感情，温米克先生。”迈克为自己辩护。

"His what?" demanded Wemmick, quite savagely. "Say that again!"

“自己的什么？”温米克凶神恶煞地问道，“你再说一遍！”

"Now, look here my man," said Mr. Jaggers, advancing a step, and pointing to the door. "Get out of this office. I'll have no feelings here. Get out."

“喂，你听着。”贾格尔斯先生向前走了一步，指着大门说，“你从事务所里出去。我们这里是不讲感情的。出去。”

"It serves you right," said Wemmick, "Get out."

“你这是自作自受，”温米克说，“出去。”

So the unfortunate Mike very humbly withdrew, and Mr. Jaggers and Wemmick appeared to have re-established their good understanding, and went to work again with an air of refreshment upon them as if they had just had lunch.

这个不幸的迈克于是唯唯诺诺地退了出去，贾格尔斯先生和温米克好像恢复了友好的关系，精神抖擞地继续工作，就好像刚刚美美地享用了一顿午餐。

CHAPTER 52

第五十二章

From Little Britain, I went, with my check in my pocket, to Miss Skiffins' brother, the accountant; and Miss Skiffins' brother, the accountant, going straight to Clarriker's and bringing Clarriker to me, I had the great satisfaction of concluding that arrangement. It was the only good thing I had done, and the only completed thing I had done, since I was first apprised of my great expectations.

我把那张支票揣在口袋里，离开了小不列颠街，径直去找司琪芬小姐的那位当会计的哥哥。这位会计又径直去了克拉利克公司，把克拉利克请到我这里来了。办妥这件事后我有了一种极大的满足感。自从我得知有一笔遗产要继承以来，这是我所做的唯一一件好事，也是唯一一件圆满完成了的事。

Clarriker informing me on that occasion that the affairs of the House were steadily progressing, that he would now be able to establish a small branch-house in the East which was much wanted for the extension of the business, and that Herbert in his new partnership capacity would go out and take charge of it, I found that I must have prepared for a separation from my friend, even though my own affairs had been more settled. And now indeed I felt as if my last anchor was loosening its hold, and I should soon be driving with the winds and waves.

克拉利克跟我说，公司的业务正在稳步发展当中，由于扩展业务的需要，他打算在东方开设一个小的分公司，赫伯特如今是合伙人了，可以派他过去主持业务，我意识到自己必须做好和朋友分别的准备了，尽管我自己的事情还没有做完。现在我感到我这条船最后的锚也松动了，不久，我就会被海上的风浪带走了。

But, there was recompense in the joy with which Herbert would come home of a night and tell me of these changes, little imagining that he told me no news, and would sketch airy pictures of himself conducting Clara Barley to the land of the Arabian Nights, and of me going out to join them (with a caravan of camels, I believe), and of our all going up the Nile and seeing wonders. Without being sanguine as to my own part in these bright plans, I felt that Herbert's way was clearing fast, and that old Bill Barley had but to stick to his pepper and rum, and his daughter would soon be happily provided for.

不过，我的所作所为是有回报的，这种回报正在于赫伯特的欢欣鼓舞——他会在某个晚上，回家来高兴地告诉我这些变动，他应该想不到这对我来说已经不是新闻了。他会在脑海中描绘一幅蓝图，在这幅蓝图

中，他会带着克拉拉·巴利去那个《天方夜谭》里的国度，我会去和他们会合（我想我会带着一队骆驼随行），我们沿着尼罗河一路向上，观赏两岸的奇异景观。在这些计划当中，对于我自己，我看不到成功的希望，不过我能感到赫伯特的前途是一片光明，至于那个比尔·巴利老头，只要他坚持成天吃胡椒配朗姆酒，那么他的女儿很快就要过上好日子了。

We had now got into the month of March. My left arm, though it presented no bad symptoms, took in the natural course so long to heal that I was still unable to get a coat on. My right arm was tolerably restored;—disfigured, but fairly serviceable.

很快就到了三月份。我的左臂虽然没有出现恶化的征兆，但等其自由恢复还需要很长的时间，我还是没有办法穿外套。我的右臂马马虎虎恢复了——虽然留下了伤疤，但还可以使唤。

On a Monday morning, when Herbert and I were at breakfast, I received the following letter from Wemmick by the post.

一个星期一的早上，赫伯特和我正在吃早餐，我收到了一封温米克寄来的信，信上写道：

"Walworth. Burn this as soon as read. Early in the week, or say Wednesday, you might do what you know of, if you felt disposed to try it. Now burn."

“沃尔沃斯。读完即刻烧毁。本星期前几天，如星期三，如感到可以一试，不妨实行你的计划。即刻烧毁。”

When I had shown this to Herbert and had put it in the fire—but not before we had both got it by heart—we considered what to do. For, of course my being disabled could now be no longer kept out of view.

我把信给赫伯特看后，将信丢进了火炉里——但在此之前，我们对信上的内容都已牢记在心——我们接下来就要考虑该怎么做的问题。显然，我的两只胳膊因为受伤不能划船了，这是个不得不考虑的问题。

"I have thought it over, again and again," said Herbert, "and I think I know a better course than taking a Thames waterman. Take Startop. A good fellow, a skilled hand, fond of us, and enthusiastic and honorable."

“我想过了，想了很多次，”赫伯特说，“我想我们用不着请一个泰晤士河上的船夫，我有一个更好的办法。我们可以叫斯塔特普来帮忙。他是个好哥们，是个划船的好手，对我们挺有好感，为人热情又诚实。”

I had thought of him, more than once.

其实我也不止一次想到过他。

"But how much would you tell him, Herbert?"

“那你打算跟他透露多少呢，赫伯特？”

"It is necessary to tell him very little. Let him suppose it a mere freak, but a secret one, until the morning comes: then let him know that there is urgent reason for your getting Provis aboard and away. You go with him?”

“有必要跟他透露一些，但越少越好。让他以为我们这只是一时心血来潮。但我们的行动要秘密进行，直到那一天的早上——那时再告诉他你把普罗维斯带上船送出国去的紧急原因。你和他一起走吗？”

"No doubt."

“当然。”

"Where?"

“去哪里？”

It had seemed to me, in the many anxious considerations I had given the point, almost indifferent what port we made for—Hamburg, Rotterdam, Antwerp—the place signified little, so that he was got out of England. Any foreign steamer that fell in our way and would take us up, would do. I had always proposed to myself to get him well down the river in the boat; certainly well beyond Gravesend, which was a critical place for search or inquiry if suspicion were afoot. As foreign steamers would leave London at about the time of high-water, our plan would be to get down the river by a previous ebb-tide, and lie by in some quiet spot until we could pull off to one. The time when one would be due where we lay, wherever that might be, could be calculated pretty nearly, if we made inquiries beforehand.

我有很多让我焦虑的事情要考虑，所以对我来说，去哪个港口这个问题用不着考虑太多——汉堡、鹿特丹、安特卫普——去哪个地方都无所谓，只要他出了英国就好。要看我们遇上的是哪国的蒸汽船，不管去哪个国家，只要能带我们走就行。我一直在心里盘算着，要带他顺流而下，一定要划过格雷文森德，这是一处关键的地方，如果被怀疑，就要遭到搜查和盘问。外国蒸汽船一般在水位高的时候从伦敦开出。我们的计划是，在前一天退潮的时候沿河而下，停在某个僻静的地方，等到过来一艘外国轮船就上船。至于我们停船的地方什么时候会有外国轮船经过，不管我们停在什么地方，都可以事先做好调查，准确地计算出来。

Herbert assented to all this, and we went out immediately after breakfast to pursue our investigations. We found that a steamer for Hamburg was likely to suit our purpose best, and we directed our thoughts chiefly to that vessel. But we noted down what other foreign steamers would leave London with the same tide, and we satisfied ourselves that we knew the build and color of each. We then separated for a few hours; I, to get at once such passports as were necessary;

Herbert, to see Startop at his lodgings. We both did what we had to do without any hindrance, and when we met again at one o'clock reported it done. I, for my part, was prepared with passports; Herbert had seen Startop, and he was more than ready to join.

赫伯特对我的计划一概赞成。我们吃过早餐后就立刻出发，开始展开我们的调查。我们发现有一艘驶往汉堡的蒸汽船最符合我们的目的，我们就主要指望这条船了。不过我们也记下了其他将于同一时间离开的外国蒸汽船，我们还了解了每艘船的构造和颜色，这点让我们很满意。然后我们分开了几个钟头。我立刻去办理出国所必需的护照，赫伯特去斯塔特普的住所找他了。我们的事情都办得很顺利，下午一点钟我们碰头了，相互报告自己完成的事情。我已经把护照准备好了，赫伯特也见过了斯塔特普，他十分乐意加入我们的行动。

Those two should pull a pair of oars, we settled, and I would steer; our charge would be sitter, and keep quiet; as speed was not our object, we should make way enough. We arranged that Herbert should not come home to dinner before going to Mill Pond Bank that evening; that he should not go there at all, to-morrow evening, Tuesday; that he should prepare Provis to come down to some Stairs hard by the house, on Wednesday, when he saw us approach, and not sooner; that all the arrangements with him should be concluded that Monday night; and that he should be communicated with no more in any way, until we took him on board.

我们商量好了，由他俩划桨，我掌舵。我们的被保护人安安静静地坐在舱里。划船速度不是要考虑的问题，我们慢慢划就行。我们商定好，赫伯特那晚先到米尔庞德岸去一趟，然后回来吃饭。而第二天，也就是星期二晚上，他就不再到那里去了，他得让普罗维斯做好准备，让他星期三一看见我们的小船驶来，就到住所附近的码头上去，但也别去得太早。这些安排星期一晚上就得跟普罗维斯说好，之后我们就不再跟他有任何方式的联系了，直到我们把他带上船。

These precautions well understood by both of us, I went home.

我们俩谈妥这些预防措施后，我才回家去。

On opening the outer door of our chambers with my key, I found a letter in the box, directed to me; a very dirty letter, though not ill-written. It had been delivered by hand (of course since I left home), and its contents were these:

我拿钥匙打开屋子外面的那扇门时，发现信箱里有一封信，是直接寄给我的。信弄得很脏，尽管语言还算通顺。信是派人送过来的（当然是在我出去的时候），信的内容如下：

"If you are not afraid to come to the old marshes tonight or tomorrow night at Nine, and to come to the little sluice-house by the limekiln, you had better come. If you want information regarding your

uncle Provis, you had much better come and tell no one and lose no time. You must come alone. Bring this with you.”

“如果你有胆量的话，最好于今晚或明晚九点，到我们熟悉的那片沼泽地来，到石灰窑旁的小水闸室这边来。如果你想知道关于你伯父普罗维斯的情况，最好来一趟，不要告诉任何人，也不要耽搁。务必独自过来。来时携带此信。”

I had had load enough upon my mind before the receipt of this strange letter. What to do now, I could not tell. And the worst was, that I must decide quickly, or I should miss the afternoon coach, which would take me down in time for tonight. Tomorrow night I could not think of going, for it would be too close upon the time of the flight. And again, for anything I knew, the proffered information might have some important bearing on the flight itself.

本来我的思想负担就够重的了，现在又收到这样一封奇怪的信。我该怎么办，我不知道。更糟糕的是，我必须赶快做出决定，要不然我就会错过下午开出的马车，我今晚要准时到的话，只能赶这一趟车。我不想明晚去，因为明晚离出逃的日子太近了。再说，信中提供的信息可能和这次出逃有很大的关系，虽然我不知道有什么关系。

If I had had ample time for consideration, I believe I should still have gone. Having hardly any time for consideration—my watch showing me that the coach started within half an hour—I resolved to go. I should certainly not have gone, but for the reference to my Uncle Provis; that, coming on Wemmick's letter and the morning's busy preparation, turned the scale.

就算我有充足的时间考虑，我想我还是会去的。我几乎没有时间考虑了——我看了看手表，马车半小时后就要出发了——我下定决心立刻出发。要不是信上提到了我的伯父普罗维斯，我是肯定不会去的。先是温米克的来信，然后是一上午的奔波，可现在收到这样一封信，我是非去不可了。

It is so difficult to become clearly possessed of the contents of almost any letter, in a violent hurry, that I had to read this mysterious epistle again, twice, before its injunction to me to be secret got mechanically into my mind. Yielding to it in the same mechanical kind of way, I left a note in pencil for Herbert, telling him that as I should be so soon going away, I knew not for how long, I had decided to hurry down and back, to ascertain for myself how Miss Havisham was faring. I had then barely time to get my great-coat, lock up the chambers, and make for the coach-office by the short by-ways. If I had taken a hackney-chariot and gone by the streets, I should have missed my aim; going as I did, I caught the coach just as it came out of the yard. I was the only inside passenger, jolting away knee-deep in straw, when I came to myself.

在这样匆忙的情况下，要弄清任何一封信的内容都是非常困难的，我不得不一遍又一遍地读这封神秘的来信，直到把信中要我保密的指示机械地记到脑子里为止。我以同样机械的方式，用铅笔给赫伯特留下了一张字条，告诉他我马上就要走了，不知要离开多久，我决定抓紧时间去看望一下郝维仙小姐，看看她情况怎样，然后马上回来。由于时间有限，我只得匆匆披上大衣，锁好大门，走小路去驿站。如果我当时乘坐双轮出租马车走大路，我就赶不上马车了，幸亏走了小路，马车刚从院子里驶出，我就上了车。等我平静下来，才发现车里只有我一个乘客，车厢里堆着齐膝的干草，车子一路颠簸前进。

For, I really had not been myself since the receipt of the letter; it had so bewildered me ensuing on the hurry of the morning. The morning hurry and flutter had been great, for, long and anxiously as I had waited for Wemmick, his hint had come like a surprise at last. And now, I began to wonder at myself for being in the coach, and to doubt whether I had sufficient reason for being there, and to consider whether I should get out presently and go back, and to argue against ever heeding an anonymous communication, and, in short, to pass through all those phases of contradiction and indecision to which I suppose very few hurried people are strangers. Still, the reference to Provis by name, mastered everything. I reasoned as I had reasoned already without knowing it—if that be reasoning—in case any harm should befall him through my not going, how could I ever forgive myself!

自从收到这样一封信，我就神不守舍了。本来就已经忙了一个上午，看了这封信我更加迷惑了。我一上午都匆匆忙忙、紧张不安，因为我一直在焦急地等待温米克的来信，可他的信来了我却惊慌了起来。而现在，我开始感到疑惑了，我为什么要坐上马车，我此行是不是有充分的理由，我是不是该立刻下车转身往回走，我为什么要相信这样一封匿名信，总而言之，我思来想去、犹豫不决，我想大多数匆忙之人都是如此吧。不过，信上提到了普罗维斯，这就足以打消一切退缩的念头了。我思前想后，其实我早就忖度过了，不过自己没有意识到罢了——如果这算忖度的话——万一因为我不去，使得普罗维斯陷入危险的境地，我怎么能原谅我自己呢！

It was dark before we got down, and the journey seemed long and dreary to me who could see little of it inside, and who could not go outside in my disabled state. Avoiding the Blue Boar, I put up at an inn of minor reputation down the town, and ordered some dinner. While it was preparing, I went to Satis House and inquired for Miss Havisham; she was still very ill, though considered something better.

等我们到了目的地，天色已经黑了，这趟旅行对我来说漫长而乏味，我坐在车厢里看不到外面的风景，我由于胳膊受伤行动不便，不能爬到车顶上去。我不想去“蓝野猪”饭店，于是进了镇上一家没什么名气的小旅馆，点了一份晚餐。趁着晚餐还没上来，我到沙提斯庄园去了一

趟，询问了一下郝维仙小姐的病情。她病情还是很重，虽然比原先有了一些起色。

My inn had once been a part of an ancient ecclesiastical house, and I dined in a little octagonal common-room, like a font. As I was not able to cut my dinner, the old landlord with a shining bald head did it for me. This bringing us into conversation, he was so good as to entertain me with my own story—of course with the popular feature that Pumblechook was my earliest benefactor and the founder of my fortunes.

我住的这家旅馆曾经是一座古老教堂的一部分，我用餐的这间八角形休息室看上去就像一个圣水盆。我因为没法使用刀叉，头顶秃得发亮的老店主便过来帮我。我们借机交谈起来，他十分友善，拿我自己的故事作为谈资——这是一个众所周知的传闻，说彭波契克是我最早的恩主和遗产的奠基人。

"Do you know the young man?" said I.

“你认识那个年轻人吗？”我说。

"Know him!" repeated the landlord. "Ever since he was—no height at all.”

“认识！”店主重复道，“他还是个——小不点的时候就认识他了。”

"Does he ever come back to this neighborhood?"

“他后来回过老家吗？”

"Ay, he comes back," said the landlord, "to his great friends, now and again, and gives the cold shoulder to the man that made him."

“唉，他回过，”店主说，“他时不时回来看他的好朋友，不过对栽培他的人倒是很冷淡。”

"What man is that?"

“那个栽培他的人是谁？”

"Him that I speak of," said the landlord. "Mr. Pumblechook."

“那个人我刚才说过了，”店主说，“就是彭波契克先生。”

"Is he ungrateful to no one else?"

“他没有对别的什么人忘恩负义吗？”

"No doubt he would be, if he could," returned the landlord, "but he can't. And why? Because Pumblechook done everything for him."

“如果可以的话，他毫无疑问会的。”店主说，“但他不可以。为什么？因为彭波契克一人一手栽培了他。”

"Does Pumblechook say so?"

“彭波契克是这么说的？”

"Say so!" replied the landlord. "He han't no call to say so."

“这么说？”店主答道，“用不着他自己说。”

"But does he say so?"

“他是这么说的吗？”

"It would turn a man's blood to white wine winegar to hear him tell of it, sir," said the landlord.

“要是他会这么说的话，听见的人的血液都会变成白酒醋，先生。”店主说。

I thought, "Yet Joe, dear Joe, you never tell of it. Long-suffering and loving Joe, you never complain. Nor you, sweet-tempered Biddy!”

我心里想着：“可是乔，亲爱的乔，你从来都没有跟人说过。受苦受难、慈悲心肠的乔，你从来没有抱怨过。还有你，好脾气的比迪！”

"Your appetite's been touched like, by your accident," said the landlord, glancing at the bandaged arm under my coat. "Try a tenderer bit."

“看来你的意外伤影响了你的食欲。”店主瞥了一眼我罩在大衣下、绑着绷带的胳膊，说，“尝尝嫩一点的吧。”

"No thank you," I replied, turning from the table to brood over the fire. "I can eat no more. Please take it away."

“不了，谢谢。”我转过身去，对着炉火沉思起来，“我吃不下了。请收走吧。”

I had never been struck at so keenly, for my thanklessness to Joe, as through the brazen impostor Pumblechook. The falser he, the truer Joe; the meaner he, the nobler Joe.

我从来没有受到这样深的触动，想到彭波契克这个骗子有多无耻，而我对乔有多不领情。他越虚伪，乔就越正直；他越卑鄙，乔就越高尚。

My heart was deeply and most deservedly humbled as I mused over the fire for an hour or more. The striking of the clock aroused me, but not from my dejection or remorse, and I got up and had my coat fastened round my neck, and went out. I had previously sought in my pockets for the letter, that I might refer to it again, but I could not find it, and was uneasy to think that it must have been dropped in the straw of the coach. I knew very well, however, that the appointed place was the little sluice-house by the limekiln on the marshes, and the hour nine. Towards the marshes I now went straight, having no

time to spare.

我对着炉火沉思了一个多小时，心情十分沉重，我觉得这一切都是我自作自受。这时，钟声响起，把我从沉思中唤醒了，可我仍然沮丧万分、懊悔不已，我站起身来，把大衣领子系在脖子上，出门去了。我起身之前就在口袋里摸了摸那封信，以便等一会儿拿出来再看看，可我摸不着，我想信一定是掉在马车上的干草堆里了，这个想法让我很不安。不过，我记得很清楚，约定的地点是沼泽地的石灰窑旁边的小水闸室，时间是九点整。已经没有时间耽搁了，我于是径直往沼泽地走去。

CHAPTER 53

第五十三章

It was a dark night, though the full moon rose as I left the enclosed lands, and passed out upon the marshes. Beyond their dark line there was a ribbon of clear sky, hardly broad enough to hold the red large moon. In a few minutes she had ascended out of that clear field, in among the piled mountains of cloud.

这是一个漆黑的夜晚，尽管我离开围堤，进入沼泽地时，一轮满月正冉冉升起。黑漆漆的夜空的尽头是一条清澈的长带，窄得几乎容不下这轮红色的圆月。几分钟后，月亮从清澈的长带中跳出来了，随后又隐没在堆积如山的云层中了。

There was a melancholy wind, and the marshes were very dismal. A stranger would have found them insupportable, and even to me they were so oppressive that I hesitated, half inclined to go back. But, I knew them well, and could have found my way on a far darker night, and had no excuse for returning, being there. So, having come there against my inclination, I went on against it.

一阵哀怨的风吹来，沼泽地里一片凄凉。对于一个第一次到这里来的人，看到这景象估计会难以承受，即使是对我，这景象也让我十分压抑，我犹豫着想要打道回府了。不过，我对这一带很熟，即使天色比眼下黑得多，我也能找到路，既然已经来了，我就没有理由半途而返。所以，不情愿也已经走到了这里，我干脆继续往前走去。

The direction that I took, was not that in which my old home lay, nor that in which we had pursued the convicts. My back was turned towards the distant Hulks as I walked on, and, though I could see the old lights away on the spits of sand, I saw them over my shoulder. I knew the limekiln as well as I knew the old Battery, but they were miles apart; so that if a light had been burning at each point that night, there would have been a long strip of the blank horizon between the two bright specks.

我选择的路既不会经过我以前住的老房子，也不是朝着当年我们追捕那两个逃犯的方向。我往前走着，背后远远的是一艘监狱船。我一扭头，还可以看见远处沙滩上老灯塔射出的灯光。我对石灰窑和古炮台都十分熟悉，不过它们相隔了好几英里，所以，如果晚上石灰窑和古炮台都有灯光射出的话，两个亮点之间就会出现一个狭长的黑色地带。

At first, I had to shut some gates after me, and now and then to stand still while the cattle that were lying in the banked-up pathway, arose and blundered down among the grass and reeds. But after a little

while, I seemed to have the whole flats to myself.

起初，我在走过栅门之后还得把栅门关上，时不时地会碰上有牛躺在防护堤上。我只得站着不动，等它们起身踉踉跄跄地进了草丛和芦苇丛，然后再走。不过，过了一会儿，我面前似乎就都是低洼的沼泽地了。

It was another half-hour before I drew near to the kiln. The lime was burning with a sluggish stifling smell, but the fires were made up and left, and no workmen were visible. Hard by, was a small stone-quarry. It lay directly in my way, and had been worked that day, as I saw by the tools and barrows that were lying about.

我又花了半个小时才走到石灰窑附近。石灰还在烧着，散发出凝滞的、让人窒息的气味，火还在那里烧着，却一个工人也没看见。紧挨着石灰窑的是一个小型采石场。采石场就位于我前行的路上，白天有人在这里工作——我是从四处堆放着的工具和手推车看出来这一点的。

Coming up again to the marsh level out of this excavation—for the rude path lay through it—I saw a light in the old sluice-house. I quickened my pace, and knocked at the door with my hand. Waiting for some reply, I looked about me, noticing how the sluice was abandoned and broken, and how the house—of wood with a tiled roof—would not be proof against the weather much longer, if it were so even now, and how the mud and ooze were coated with lime, and how the choking vapor of the kiln crept in a ghostly way towards me. Still there was no answer, and I knocked again. No answer still, and I tried the latch.

我爬过采石场的坑才回到沼泽地面上——这条崎岖不平的路是必经之地——我看见破旧的水闸室里有灯亮着。我加快了步伐，伸手敲了敲门。我在等人开门时，看了看四周，我注意到这间水闸室已被毁弃，这间屋子——是木质结构的，砖瓦铺的顶棚——已经不能再经受风雨的打击了，其实它现在就已经经受不住了＋B31，外面的泥浆地面上覆盖着一层石灰，窑里飘出一阵令人窒息的白烟，像鬼魂一样朝我爬过来。门里一直没有人应答，我又敲了敲门。还是没有人应答，我于是试着拔了拔门闩。

It rose under my hand, and the door yielded. Looking in, I saw a lighted candle on a table, a bench, and a mattress on a truckle bedstead. As there was a loft above, I called, "Is there any one here?" but no voice answered. Then, I looked at my watch, and, finding that it was past nine, called again, "Is there any one here?" There being still no answer, I went out at the door, irresolute what to do.

我刚一拔门闩，门就开了。我朝里张望了一下，看见一只点燃的蜡烛放在桌上，一张长凳，一张有脚轮的矮脚卧床，床上铺着一张床垫。上面还有一间阁楼，我喊了一句：“这里有人吗？”但没有人回答。我看

了看手表，已经九点钟多了，我又喊了一句：“这里有人吗？”还是没有人回答，我走出门去，不知该如何是好。

It was beginning to rain fast. Seeing nothing save what I had seen already, I turned back into the house, and stood just within the shelter of the doorway, looking out into the night. While I was considering that some one must have been there lately and must soon be coming back, or the candle would not be burning, it came into my head to look if the wick were long. I turned round to do so, and had taken up the candle in my hand, when it was extinguished by some violent shock, and the next thing I comprehended, was, that I had been caught in a strong running noose, thrown over my head from behind.

外面开始下起雨来。外面还是和刚才一样，我于是转身回到屋里，站在门道上躲雨，望着外面的黑夜。我想这里刚才一定有人来过，一定马上就会回来，要不然他不会让蜡烛一直燃烧着。我突然有了一个想法，回去看看蜡烛芯是不是足够长。我转身回去，刚把蜡烛拿在手上，突然有一股强大的力量把蜡烛熄灭了，等我意识过来，我已经被人用一个活结从头往下死死地套住了。

"Now," said a suppressed voice with an oath, "I've got you!"

“哈，”那个人压低了嗓子骂道，“我可抓住你了！”

"What is this?" I cried, struggling. "Who is it? Help, help, help!"

“干什么？”我挣扎着喊了起来，“你是什么人？救命，救命，救命！”

Not only were my arms pulled close to my sides, but the pressure on my bad arm caused me exquisite pain. Sometimes, a strong man's hand, sometimes a strong man's breast, was set against my mouth to deaden my cries, and with a hot breath always close to me, I struggled ineffectually in the dark, while I was fastened tight to the wall. "And now," said the suppressed voice with another oath, "call out again, and I'll make short work of you!"

我的两只胳膊被紧紧地按住了不能动弹，关键是我那只受伤的胳膊被压住了，疼痛难忍。我的嘴一会儿被一只强有力的手顶住，一会儿被一个强壮的胸脯顶住，根本喊不出声来。我被困在墙边，在黑暗中做无谓的挣扎，总能感受到那个人呼出的热气。“好了，”那个低低的嗓音又骂了一句，“你要是再叫，我就要了你的命！”

Faint and sick with the pain of my injured arm, bewildered by the surprise, and yet conscious how easily this threat could be put in execution, I desisted, and tried to ease my arm were it ever so little. But, it was bound too tight for that. I felt as if, having been burnt before, it were now being boiled.

我那只受伤的胳膊让我痛得头昏、恶心，现在又受到这样莫名其妙

的惊吓，但我知道这可能不只是恐吓而已，他很可能是来真的，我便不再喊叫了，我试着松了松胳膊，哪怕能松一点点也好。可是，胳膊绑得太紧，根本没有松动的可能。我觉得这条胳膊之前是被火烧，现在就好像是在水里煮一样。

The sudden exclusion of the night and the substitution of black darkness in its place, warned me that the man had closed a shutter. After groping about for a little, he found the flint and steel he wanted, and began to strike a light. I strained my sight upon the sparks that fell among the tinder, and upon which he breathed and breathed, match in hand, but I could only see his lips, and the blue point of the match; even those, but fitfully. The tinder was damp—no wonder there—and one after another the sparks died out.

窗外的夜色突然不见了，屋里一片黑暗，我这才意识到，这个人关上了百叶窗。他四处搜寻了一会儿，找到了一块打火石，还有一些钢块，开始打起火来。打出的火星掉到了火绒上，他对着手里的火柴不停地吹气。我睁大眼睛想看清楚一些，但只看得见他的嘴，还有火柴头上的蓝色火苗，能看见的只有这些，还随着火光时隐时现的。火绒受了潮——这并不奇怪——打出了一个又一个火花，但都熄灭了。

The man was in no hurry, and struck again with the flint and steel. As the sparks fell thick and bright about him, I could see his hands, and touches of his face, and could make out that he was seated and bending over the table; but nothing more. Presently I saw his blue lips again, breathing on the tinder, and then a flare of light flashed up, and showed me Orlick.

这个人不慌也不忙，一次又一次地敲着打火石和钢块。他身旁掉下的火花越来越多，也越来越亮。我可以看见他的手，还有他脸部的轮廓，可以看出他正俯身面朝桌子坐着，能看到的就这些了。不一会儿我又看见了他青紫色的嘴唇，朝火绒吹着气，随即冒出一阵火光。这下我看清楚了，原来这个人是奥立克。

Whom I had looked for, I don't know. I had not looked for him. Seeing him, I felt that I was in a dangerous strait indeed, and I kept my eyes upon him.

我要见的人是谁，我不知道。但我要见的人不会是他。我一看是他，便意识到自己的处境很危险，我目不转睛地望着他。

He lighted the candle from the flaring match with great deliberation, and dropped the match, and trod it out. Then, he put the candle away from him on the table, so that he could see me, and sat with his arms folded on the table and looked at me. I made out that I was fastened to a stout perpendicular ladder a few inches from the wall—a fixture there—the means of ascent to the loft above.

他用点着了的火柴点亮了蜡烛，动作十分小心谨慎，然后扔掉火

柴，用脚踩熄了火花。然后他把蜡烛从身边移开，放到桌子上，这样可以把我看清楚。他就坐在那里，两只胳膊交叉着靠在桌上，两眼看着我。我发现自己被绑在一条垂直的梯子上，梯子离墙几英尺远——梯子是固定在那里的——一直通到上面的阁楼。

"Now," said he, when we had surveyed one another for some time, "I've got you."

“哈，”我们相互注视着对方，一会儿过后，他说话了，“我抓住你了。”

"Unbind me. Let me go!"

“给我解开。放我走！”

"Ah!" he returned, "I'll let you go. I'll let you go to the moon, I'll let you go to the stars. All in good time."

“啊！”他说，“我会放你走的。我会放你到月亮上去，放你到星星上去。我要挑个良辰吉日。”

"Why have you lured me here?"

“你为什么要把我骗到这里来？”

"Don't you know?" said he, with a deadly look.

“你不知道？”他满脸仇恨地说。

"Why have you set upon me in the dark?"

“你为什么要弄得黑灯瞎火的来暗算我？”

"Because I mean to do it all myself. One keeps a secret better than two. Oh you enemy, you enemy!"

“因为我想自己一个人干。一个人总比两个人能守住秘密。哼，你这个冤家，你这个冤家！”

His enjoyment of the spectacle I furnished, as he sat with his arms folded on the table, shaking his head at me and hugging himself, had a malignity in it that made me tremble. As I watched him in silence, he put his hand into the corner at his side, and took up a gun with a brass-bound stock.

他坐着那里，两只胳膊交叉着靠在桌上，对着我摇头晃脑，得意洋洋地欣赏着我这副惨状，他那凶狠的样子让我浑身颤抖。我默不作声地看着他，他伸手从身旁的角落里摸出一支枪，枪托上包了一层铜皮。

"Do you know this?" said he, making as if he would take aim at me. "Do you know where you saw it afore? Speak, wolf!"

“你认识这个吗？”他边说边做出好像要瞄准我的姿势，“还记得你以前在哪里见过这玩意吗？快说，你这只狼！”

"Yes," I answered.

“记得。”我说。

"You cost me that place. You did. Speak!"

“你把我的饭碗给砸了。是你干的。你说！”

"What else could I do?"

“我还做了什么？”

"You did that, and that would be enough, without more. How dared you to come betwixt me and a young woman I liked?"

“是你干的，光这一件坏事就足够了。你哪来这么大的胆子，敢坏了我跟我喜欢的姑娘的好事？”

"When did I?"

“我什么时候干了这样的事？”

"When didn't you? It was you as always give Old Orlick a bad name to her."

“你怎么没干？就是你总在她面前说我的坏话，坏了我老奥立克的名声。”

"You gave it to yourself; you gained it for yourself. I could have done you no harm, if you had done yourself none."

“是你自己坏了自己的名声，你这是自食其果。你如果不是自己坏了自己的名声，我又怎么能坏了你的名声呢。”

"You're a liar. And you'll take any pains, and spend any money, to drive me out of this country, will you?" said he, repeating my words to Biddy in the last interview I had with her. "Now, I'll tell you a piece of information. It was never so well worth your while to get me out of this country as it is to-night. Ah! If it was all your money twenty times told, to the last brass farden!” As he shook his heavy hand at me, with his mouth snarling like a tiger's, I felt that it was true.

“你说谎。你不管费多大力气，不管花多少钱，也要把我从村子里赶出去，是不是？”他重复了我跟比迪最后一次见面时说的话。“听着，我要给你透露一个消息。你要赶我走就趁今晚吧，没有比这更合适的时间了。啊！就算花上你所有家当二十倍那么多的钱，也是值得的！”他朝我挥了挥粗大的手，嘴里像老虎一样咆哮着，我觉得他是来真的了。

"What are you going to do to me?"

“你想把我怎么样？”

"I'm a-going," said he, bringing his fist down upon the table with a heavy blow, and rising as the blow fell, to give it greater force, "I'm a-going to have your life!”

“我想，”他一拳头重重地打在桌上，拳头落下的同时他站起身来，这下这一拳可更加有力了，“我想要你的命！”

He leaned forward staring at me, slowly unclenched his hand and drew it across his mouth as if his mouth watered for me, and sat down again.

他倾着身子盯着我，慢慢松开了拳头，用手抹了抹嘴，好像因为可以干掉我而流下了口水，然后又坐下了。

"You was always in Old Orlick's way since ever you was a child. You goes out of his way, this present night. He'll have no more on you. You're dead."

“你从小就老是坏我老奥立克的好事。从今天晚上起，你就再也没办法得逞了。老奥立克也不会再找你的麻烦了。因为你就要没命了。”

I felt that I had come to the brink of my grave. For a moment I looked wildly round my trap for any chance of escape; but there was none.

我觉得自己已经快要踏进坟墓了。我四处张望了一下，看有没有可能逃脱，可是什么发现任何逃脱的可能性。

"More than that," said he, folding his arms on the table again, "I won't have a rag of you, I won't have a bone of you, left on earth. I'll put your body in the kiln—I'd carry two such to it, on my shoulders—and, let people suppose what they may of you, they shall never know nothing.”

“还有，”他又把胳膊交叉着靠在桌上，“我不会让你留下哪怕一块布、一根骨头在这世上的。我要把你的尸体扔进石灰窑里——你这样的人，我一次就可以扛两个——随大家猜你怎么着了吧，他们什么也不会知道的。”

My mind, with inconceivable rapidity, followed out all the consequences of such a death. Estella's father would believe I had deserted him, would be taken, would die accusing me; even Herbert would doubt me, when he compared the letter I had left for him, with the fact that I had called at Miss Havisham's gate for only a moment; Joe and Biddy would never know how sorry I had been that night; none would ever know what I had suffered, how true I had meant to be, what an agony I had passed through. The death close before me was terrible, but far more terrible than death was the dread of being misremembered after death. And so quick were my thoughts, that I saw myself despised by unborn generations—Estella's children, and their children—while the wretch's words were yet on his lips.

这时，我的大脑转得飞快，我想着如果我就这样死了，会有什么样的后果。埃斯特拉的父亲会以为我抛弃了他，他会被逮捕，死后也要怪

我的；赫伯特也会心生怀疑，我留给他的字条上明明写着：我去看望郝维仙小姐了，一会儿就回来；乔和比迪永远不会知道我那晚有多内疚；没人知道我内心承受了怎样的煎熬，没人知道我有多真诚，没人知道我经受了多大的痛苦。死期临近固然可怕，但比死亡更可怕的是死后被人误解。我思绪飞转，我仿佛看见自己被后世一代一代的人鄙视——埃斯特拉的孩子，她的孩子的孩子——正在这时，那个恶人又开始说话了。

"Now, wolf," said he, "afore I kill you like any other beast—which is wot I mean to do and wot I have tied you up for—I'll have a good look at you and a good goad at you. Oh, you enemy!"

“你这条狼，”他说，“我要把你干掉，就像干掉一个禽兽一样，不过在这之前——这正是我的目的，也是我把你绑起来的目的——我要好好看看你，好好气气你。哈，你这个冤家！”

It had passed through my thoughts to cry out for help again; though few could know better than I, the solitary nature of the spot, and the hopelessness of aid. But as he sat gloating over me, I was supported by a scornful detestation of him that sealed my lips. Above all things, I resolved that I would not entreat him, and that I would die making some last poor resistance to him. Softened as my thoughts of all the rest of men were in that dire extremity; humbly beseeching pardon, as I did, of Heaven; melted at heart, as I was, by the thought that I had taken no farewell, and never never now could take farewell, of those who were dear to me, or could explain myself to them, or ask for their compassion on my miserable errors; still, if I could have killed him, even in dying, I would have done it.

我脑海中闪过一个念头，我要试着再呼救一次，虽然我比谁都清楚，在这个荒郊野岭，求救是几乎不可能的。他坐在那里幸灾乐祸地看着我，我只觉得对他深恶痛绝，干脆紧闭双唇，一言不发。最重要的是，我决定不求他，我宁可不要这条小命，哪怕胜算再小，也要跟他抗争到底。在那样无望的情形下，想到其他任何人我都会心软。我只能恭恭敬敬地祈求上天的怜悯了。想到我还没有跟善待我的人告别，也没有机会跟他们告别了，也没有办法跟他们表明心迹，请求他们原谅我犯下的卑劣的错误，我的心便一阵酸楚。不过，如果我能杀了他，就算只剩下最后一口气，我也要把他干掉。

He had been drinking, and his eyes were red and bloodshot. Around his neck was slung a tin bottle, as I had often seen his meat and drink slung about him in other days. He brought the bottle to his lips, and took a fiery drink from it; and I smelt the strong spirits that I saw flash into his face.

他一直在喝酒，两眼通红，眼里布满了血丝。他脖子上挂着一个锡壶，这是他的老习惯，我过去就常常见他脖子上挂着肉啊酒啊的。他举起锡壶放到嘴边，猛地喝了一口。我闻到一股很浓烈的酒精味，他的脸上泛起了一阵潮红。

"Wolf!" said he, folding his arms again, "Old Orlick's a-going to tell you somethink. It was you as did for your shrew sister.”

“你这条狼！”他又叉起了胳膊，说，“老奥立克要告诉你一件事情。是你害死了你那个泼妇姐姐。”

Again my mind, with its former inconceivable rapidity, had exhausted the whole subject of the attack upon my sister, her illness, and her death, before his slow and hesitating speech had formed these words.

我脑子里又一次翻江倒海，他吞吞吐吐、结结巴巴的话还没说完，我眼前已经出现了姐姐被打、重病、去世的一幕幕。

"It was you, villain," said I.

“是你干的，你这个恶棍。”我说。

"I tell you it was your doing—I tell you it was done through you," he retorted, catching up the gun, and making a blow with the stock at the vacant air between us. "I come upon her from behind, as I come upon you tonight. I giv' it her! I left her for dead, and if there had been a limekiln as nigh her as there is now nigh you, she shouldn't have come to life again. But it warn't Old Orlick as did it; it was you. You was favored, and he was bullied and beat. Old Orlick bullied and beat, eh? Now you pays for it. You done it; now you pays for it."

“我告诉你是你干的——我告诉你都是你干的。”他一边反驳一边抓起枪，在我们俩中间的空地上猛敲了一下，“我从后面靠近她，就像我今晚靠近你一样。我给了她一棒子！我让她自生自灭，要是当时她附近有个石灰窑，就像你现在一样，她后来是不会醒过来的。可这不是老奥立克干的，是你干的。你受宠，他被人欺侮、被人打。老奥立克被人欺侮、被人打，嗯？现在是你赔偿我的时候了。是你干的，现在是你赔偿我的时候了。”

He drank again, and became more ferocious. I saw by his tilting of the bottle that there was no great quantity left in it. I distinctly understood that he was working himself up with its contents, to make an end of me. I knew that every drop it held, was a drop of my life. I knew that when I was changed into a part of the vapor that had crept towards me but a little while before, like my own warning ghost, he would do as he had done in my sister's case—make all haste to the town, and be seen slouching about there, drinking at the ale-houses. My rapid mind pursued him to the town, made a picture of the street with him in it, and contrasted its lights and life with the lonely marsh and the white vapor creeping over it, into which I should have dissolved.

他又喝起酒来，样子也越来越凶恶。我看见他的酒瓶倾斜得越来越

厉害，就知道里面的酒已经所剩不多了。我非常清楚，他这是借酒壮胆，想取了我的性命。我知道里面装的每一滴酒，都是我的每一滴鲜血。我知道我就要化为一股白烟，和刚才朝我飘来的白烟融为一体，就像我自己的鬼魂一般，事后他会像对付完了我姐姐那样——匆匆跑到镇上，让人看见他正懒懒散散地到处闲荡，再到酒店里去喝酒。我的思绪立刻追随他到了镇上，脑子里构想出了一幅街景，他就在其中，街上灯火通明、生机勃勃，跟这片荒无人烟的沼泽地和徐徐蔓延的白烟形成对比，而我自己也融化在这片白茫茫的烟雾里了。

It was not only that I could have summed up years and years and years while he said a dozen words, but that what he did say presented pictures to me, and not mere words. In the excited and exalted state of my brain, I could not think of a place without seeing it, or of persons without seeing them. It is impossible to over-state the vividness of these images, and yet I was so intent, all the time, upon him himself—who would not be intent on the tiger crouching to spring!—that I knew of the slightest action of his fingers.

他只说了几句，却唤起了我很多年前的记忆，从他嘴里吐出的不仅仅是话语，而是一幅幅的图画，展现在了我的面前。我的大脑处于一种高度亢奋的状态，以至于一说到某个地方，我便看到了那里的景象，一提到某些人，我便看到了他们的样子。这些画面在我面前有多生动，再怎么形容都不夸张，不过我一直把注意力集中在他身上——面对一只随时可能向你扑来的老虎，谁敢不留神呢！——他每个手指头的细微动作我都看在眼里。

When he had drunk this second time, he rose from the bench on which he sat, and pushed the table aside. Then, he took up the candle, and shading it with his murderous hand so as to throw its light on me, stood before me, looking at me and enjoying the sight.

他第二次喝了酒后，从长凳上站起身来，把桌子推到一边。然后，他拿起蜡烛，用那只蓄意谋杀的手遮住了一些光，好让烛光照在我身上，他站到我面前，津津有味地端详着我。

"Wolf, I'll tell you something more. It was Old Orlick as you tumbled over on your stairs that night."

“你这只狼，我还要告诉你一件事。那天晚上在楼梯口绊了你一跤的正是我老奥立克。”

I saw the staircase with its extinguished lamps. I saw the shadows of the heavy stair-rails, thrown by the watchman's lantern on the wall. I saw the rooms that I was never to see again; here, a door half open; there, a door closed; all the articles of furniture around.

我看见了楼梯口那些熄灭了的灯。我看见了厚重的楼梯栏杆在守夜人挂在墙上的灯笼的光照中投下的影子。我看见了那些以后再也看不到的房间，这里是一扇半开的门，那里是一扇关着的门，里面的家具也一

一呈现在眼前。

"And why was Old Orlick there? I'll tell you something more, wolf. You and her have pretty well hunted me out of this country, so far as getting a easy living in it goes, and I've took up with new companions, and new masters. Some of 'em writes my letters when I wants 'em wrote—do you mind?—writes my letters, wolf! They writes fifty hands; they're not like sneaking you, as writes but one. I've had a firm mind and a firm will to have your life, since you was down here at your sister's burying. I havn't seen a way to get you safe, and I've looked after you to know your ins and outs. For, says Old Orlick to himself, 'Somehow or another I'll have him!' What! When I looks for you, I finds your uncle Provis, eh?"

“为什么老奥立克会在那里？我再告诉你一件事情吧，你这只狼。你和你姐姐成功地把我赶出了村子，你们可以过上舒坦日子了，而我也交了新朋友，认了新主子。我要他们帮我写信的时候，他就会帮我写——你介意吗？——帮我写信，你这只狼！他会写五十种不同的字体，不像你这个没用的家伙，只会写一种字体。自从那天看见你在你姐姐的葬礼上出现，我就铁了心，无论如何也要你的命。我想不出办法来干掉你，所以就跟踪你，时时留意你的行踪。因为，老奥立克对自己说，‘不管怎样，我都要把他干掉！’你猜怎么着！我追查你下落的时候居然碰到了你伯父普罗维斯，嗯？”

Mill Pond Bank, and Chinks' Basin, and the Old Green Copper Rope-Walk, all so clear and plain! Provis in his rooms, the signal whose use was over, pretty Clara, the good motherly woman, old Bill Barley on his back, all drifting by, as on the swift stream of my life fast running out to sea!

米尔庞德岸、叮当湾、老青铜绳索道，这些地方都清清楚楚地浮现在我眼前！呆在屋里的普罗维斯、我们使用的信号、美丽的克拉拉、慈母般的妇人、躺在床上的老比尔·巴利，这些人和物都在我眼前一闪而过，仿佛投入了我生命的急流，飞速流去，直奔大海。

"You with a uncle too! Why, I know'd you at Gargery's when you was so small a wolf that I could have took your weazen betwixt this finger and thumb and chucked you away dead (as I'd thoughts o' doing, odd times, when I see you loitering amongst the pollards on a Sunday), and you hadn't found no uncles then. No, not you! But when Old Orlick come for to hear that your uncle Provis had mostlike wore the leg-iron wot Old Orlick had picked up, filed asunder, on these meshes ever so many year ago, and wot he kep by him till he dropped your sister with it, like a bullock, as he means to drop you—hey?—when he come for to hear that—hey?—”

“你还有个伯父！哎呀，你还是个小狼崽子的时候，我就该用大拇指和食指这么一掐，把你给掐死（星期天的时候，我看见你在修剪过的树

林里闲逛，我就想下手的），那个时候你哪里来的什么伯父呀。没有，你根本没有！老奥立克听说你的伯父普罗维斯最喜欢戴脚镣了，老奥立克很多年前在这片沼泽地上捡到过一副锉开的脚镣，他就是用这副脚镣打了你姐姐，像一头公牛一样，现在他想要用这副脚镣来对付你了——嘿？——当他听说那件事的时候——嘿？——”

In his savage taunting, he flared the candle so close at me, that I turned my face aside, to save it from the flame.

他一边蛮横地嘲弄我，一边举起蜡烛，在我面前晃了晃，我转过脸去，以免被火焰烫着。

"Ah!" he cried, laughing, after doing it again, "the burnt child dreads the fire! Old Orlick knowed you was burnt, Old Orlick knowed you was smuggling your uncle Provis away, Old Orlick's a match for you and know'd you'd come tonight! Now I'll tell you something more, wolf, and this ends it. There's them that's as good a match for your uncle Provis as Old Orlick has been for you. Let him 'ware them, when he's lost his nevvy! Let him 'ware them, when no man can't find a rag of his dear relation's clothes, nor yet a bone of his body. There's them that can't and that won't have Magwitch—yes, I know the name!—alive in the same land with them, and that's had such sure information of him when he was alive in another land, as that he couldn't and shouldn't leave it unbeknown and put them in danger. P'raps it's them that writes fifty hands, and that's not like sneaking you as writes but one. 'Ware Compeyson, Magwitch, and the gallows!"

“啊！”他大叫了一声，又举起蜡烛在我面前晃了晃，又大笑了起来，“一朝被火烧，十年怕火苗！老奥立克知道你被烧伤了，老奥立克知道你打算把你的伯父偷渡出国，老奥立克跟你有一拼，他知道你今晚会来的！让我再告诉你一件事情吧，你这只狼，告诉你这最后一件事情。你有老奥立克这个对手，你伯父普罗维斯也有一个强有力的对手呢。到时候他没了你这个侄子，让他留神他的对手吧！到时候他亲爱的侄子身上一块布、一根骨头都找不到了，让他留神他的对手吧。那个人可不答应让马格维奇——是的，我知道这个名字！——跟他活在同一个国家。当马格维奇还在另一个国家的时候，他就打探到他的确切消息了，他不会回来了还不被那个人知道，他也不可能找那个人的麻烦。那个人会写五十种字体，不像你这个没用的家伙，只会写一种字体。马格维奇啊，留神康培生，留神绞刑架！”

He flared the candle at me again, smoking my face and hair, and for an instant blinding me, and turned his powerful back as he replaced the light on the table. I had thought a prayer, and had been with Joe and Biddy and Herbert, before he turned towards me again.

他又一次拿起蜡烛在我面前晃动了起来，蜡烛的烟熏着我的脸和头发，让我一时睁不开眼，然后他转过他那雄壮的背，把蜡烛放到桌上。在他再次转过身来之前，我为乔、比迪和赫伯特作了一次祷告。

There was a clear space of a few feet between the table and the opposite wall. Within this space, he now slouched backwards and forwards. His great strength seemed to sit stronger upon him than ever before, as he did this with his hands hanging loose and heavy at his sides, and with his eyes scowling at me. I had no grain of hope left. Wild as my inward hurry was, and wonderful the force of the pictures that rushed by me instead of thoughts, I could yet clearly understand that unless he had resolved that I was within a few moments of surely perishing out of all human knowledge, he would never have told me what he had told.

在桌子和对面的墙壁之间有一块几英尺见方的空地。在这块空地上，他懒洋洋地来来回回、走来走去。他两手松松地垂在身旁，手上积攒了足够的力气，两眼怒视着我，看起来好像比之前更有力气了。我连一线生机都没有了。我心里急切万分，脑子里已经没有了想法，眼前闪过一幅幅的画面。尽管如此，我心里还是很清楚，他知道过不了多久，我的小命就要没了，而且无人知晓，所以才把实情都告诉了我。

Of a sudden, he stopped, took the cork out of his bottle, and tossed it away. Light as it was, I heard it fall like a plummet. He swallowed slowly, tilting up the bottle by little and little, and now he looked at me no more. The last few drops of liquor he poured into the palm of his hand, and licked up. Then, with a sudden hurry of violence and swearing horribly, he threw the bottle from him, and stooped; and I saw in his hand a stone-hammer with a long heavy handle.

突然，他停住脚步，拔出瓶塞，随手把塞子扔掉了。瓶塞落地发出很轻的声响，在我听来却像铅垂一样。他举起酒杯不慌不忙地喝了起来，酒杯一点一点地倾斜，遮住了他看我的视线。他把最后几滴酒滴在掌心上，用舌头舔干净了。突然，只见他一阵狂怒，狠狠骂了几句，扔掉了瓶子，蹲下身来。接着，我看见他手上握着一把石槌，槌柄又长又重。

The resolution I had made did not desert me, for, without uttering one vain word of appeal to him, I shouted out with all my might, and struggled with all my might. It was only my head and my legs that I could move, but to that extent I struggled with all the force, until then unknown, that was within me. In the same instant I heard responsive shouts, saw figures and a gleam of light dash in at the door, heard voices and tumult, and saw Orlick emerge from a struggle of men, as if it were tumbling water, clear the table at a leap, and fly out into the night.

我的决心不会改变，我没有向他求饶，而是用尽全身力气叫喊挣扎，要跟他抗争到底。我只有头和腿可以动，尽管如此，我还是用尽了全身力气拼命挣扎，当时连我自己都没意识到，我竟然能使出这么大的

力气。与此同时，我听见外面有人在叫喊，看见有人影在动，一束光从门外射进来，接着听见嘈杂的叫嚷声、吵闹声，看见奥立克从一群人中挣扎着逃了出去，好像翻滚的洪水一般，一跃跳过桌子，冲了出去，消失在夜色里。

After a blank, I found that I was lying unbound, on the floor, in the same place, with my head on some one's knee. My eyes were fixed on the ladder against the wall, when I came to myself—had opened on it before my mind saw it—and thus as I recovered consciousness, I knew that I was in the place where I had lost it.

我只觉得大脑一片空白，醒来以后，发现自己倒在地上，就在刚才昏倒的地方，身上的绳子已经解开了，头枕在一个人的膝盖上。我苏醒过来的时候，眼睛正盯着靠墙的梯子——我眼睛一睁开就望着它了，只是那时神志还没有清醒过来——我恢复了知觉，知道自己就躺在刚才晕过去的地方。

Too indifferent at first, even to look round and ascertain who supported me, I was lying looking at the ladder, when there came between me and it, a face. The face of Trabb's boy!

起初我还没回过神来，甚至没想过转过头看看是谁在扶着我。我躺在那里盯着梯子，这时视线中出现了一张脸。是特拉布裁缝店的伙计！

"I think he's all right!" said Trabb's boy, in a sober voice; "but ain't he just pale though!"

“我想他没事了！”特拉布裁缝店的伙计语气冷静地说，“不过脸色还是有些苍白！”

At these words, the face of him who supported me looked over into mine, and I saw my supporter to be—

听了这话，扶着我的那个人低头看了看我，这时我才发现扶着我的人正是——

"Herbert! Great Heaven!"

“赫伯特！天啊！”

"Softly," said Herbert. "Gently, Handel. Don't be too eager."

“轻点，”赫伯特说，“轻点，汉德尔。别太激动。”

"And our old comrade, Startop!" I cried, as he too bent over me.

“还有我们的老朋友，斯塔特普！”斯塔特普这时也弯下身子看着我，我不禁喊了起来。

"Remember what he is going to assist us in," said Herbert, "and be calm."

“还记得他要帮我们什么忙吗，”赫伯特说，“镇定些。”

The allusion made me spring up; though I dropped again from the pain in my arm. "The time has not gone by, Herbert, has it? What night is tonight? How long have I been here?" For, I had a strange and strong misgiving that I had been lying there a long time—a day and a night—two days and nights—more.

经他这么一提，我从地上跳了起来，但胳膊的疼痛让我又一屁股跌坐在地上。“我没有耽误时间吧，赫伯特，有吗？今晚星期几了？我在这里躺了多久了？”我有一种奇怪而强烈的担心，担心我在这里躺了很长的时间——一天一夜——两天两夜——甚至更久。

"The time has not gone by. It is still Monday night."

“没有误时。现在还是星期一晚上。”

"Thank God!"

“谢谢老天！”

"And you have all tomorrow, Tuesday, to rest in," said Herbert. "But you can't help groaning, my dear Handel. What hurt have you got? Can you stand?"

“明天星期二，你还有一整天可以休息。”赫伯特说，“可是你一直在呻吟，我亲爱的汉德尔。你哪里受伤了？你可以站起来吗？”

"Yes, yes," said I, "I can walk. I have no hurt but in this throbbing arm."

“可以，可以，”我说，“我可以走。我没有受伤，只是这只胳膊一抽一抽地疼。”

They laid it bare, and did what they could. It was violently swollen and inflamed, and I could scarcely endure to have it touched. But, they tore up their handkerchiefs to make fresh bandages, and carefully replaced it in the sling, until we could get to the town and obtain some cooling lotion to put upon it. In a little while we had shut the door of the dark and empty sluice-house, and were passing through the quarry on our way back. Trabb's boy—Trabb's overgrown young man now—went before us with a lantern, which was the light I had seen come in at the door. But, the moon was a good two hours higher than when I had last seen the sky, and the night though rainy was much lighter. The white vapor of the kiln was passing from us as we went by, and, as I had thought a prayer before, I thought a thanksgiving now.

他们把我胳膊上的绷带解开，竭尽全力为我解除痛苦。胳膊红肿得厉害，一碰就疼痛难忍。不过，他们扯下自己的手帕给我当绷带用，小心翼翼地把这条胳膊包扎好、吊好，先这样凑合着挨到镇上，然后再找清凉药水来敷。不一会儿，我们就关上门，走出了这间黑乎乎、空荡荡的水闸室，回去的路上又经过了采石场。特拉布裁缝店的伙计——现在

已经长成特拉布裁缝店的年轻人了——提着灯笼在前面给我们带路，我看见那从门外射进来的光就是这灯发出来的。不过，从月亮升高的高度来看，我在屋里呆了有两个小时了，因为下过雨，夜色看起来清亮了不少。我们经过的时候，石灰窑里飘出的白烟从我们身旁飘过，我之前还默默地做了一次祷告，而现在内心已满是感激之情了。

Entreating Herbert to tell me how he had come to my rescue—which at first he had flatly refused to do, but had insisted on my remaining quiet—I learnt that I had in my hurry dropped the letter, open, in our chambers, where he, coming home to bring with him Startop whom he had met in the street on his way to me, found it, very soon after I was gone. Its tone made him uneasy, and the more so because of the inconsistency between it and the hasty letter I had left for him. His uneasiness increasing instead of subsiding after a quarter of an hour's consideration, he set off for the coach-office, with Startop, who volunteered his company, to make inquiry when the next coach went down. Finding that the afternoon coach was gone, and finding that his uneasiness grew into positive alarm, as obstacles came in his way, he resolved to follow in a post-chaise. So, he and Startop arrived at the Blue Boar, fully expecting there to find me, or tidings of me; but, finding neither, went on to Miss Havisham's, where they lost me. Hereupon they went back to the hotel (doubtless at about the time when I was hearing the popular local version of my own story), to refresh themselves and to get some one to guide them out upon the marshes. Among the loungers under the Boar's archway, happened to be Trabb's boy—true to his ancient habit of happening to be everywhere where he had no business—and Trabb's boy had seen me passing from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my dining-place. Thus, Trabb's boy became their guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-house: though by the town way to the marshes, which I had avoided. Now, as they went along, Herbert reflected, that I might, after all, have been brought there on some genuine and serviceable errand tending to Provis' safety, and, bethinking himself that in that case interruption must be mischievous, left his guide and Startop on the edge of the quarry, and went on by himself, and stole round the house two or three times, endeavoring to ascertain whether all was right within. As he could hear nothing but indistinct sounds of one deep rough voice (this was while my mind was so busy), he even at last began to doubt whether I was there, when suddenly I cried out loudly, and he answered the cries, and rushed in, closely followed by the other two.

我恳求赫伯特告诉我他是怎样来救我的——起初他老是拒绝我的恳求，坚持让我别说话——后来还是告诉我了，原来匆忙之中我把那封打开的信落在屋子里了，他回家的时候，在街上碰到了斯塔特普，就带他

一起回去，结果发现了这封信，那时我刚走没多久。信的口吻让他很不安，还有信上的内容和我匆忙中留给他的字条相互矛盾，这让他更加不安。他考虑了一刻钟的时间，不安之情不但没有消减，反而更加强烈了，于是决定去公共马车售票处问问，问问下一班马车什么时候开，斯塔特普自愿和他同去。结果发现下午的马车都已经开出了，他的不安也转变成了担心，眼下遇上了困难，他决定雇一辆马车前往。所以，他和斯塔特普到了“蓝野猪”饭店，满心希望能在那里找到我，或者打探到有关我的消息。可是，他们既没有看见我，也没有我的消息。然后，他们去了郝维仙小姐那里，也没有找到我。他们于是又回到“蓝野猪”饭店（无疑那个时候我正在小饭馆里听那个当地流传的有关我的故事）吃了点东西，想找个人带他们到沼泽地去。当时有一些人正在“蓝野猪”饭店的门道里闲逛，其中就有特拉布裁缝的伙计——他还是老样子，无所事事、四处乱逛——而且，正好特拉布裁缝的伙计看见我路过郝维仙小姐家往我吃饭的餐馆走去。因此，特拉布裁缝店的伙计就当了他们的向导，他们跟他一起往水闸室走去。不过他们是走镇上的大路去的，而我是有意避开大路走小路去的。他们一路走着，赫伯特心里盘算着，我可能是被什么人叫过去的，我跑这一趟可能跟普罗维斯的安全有关，他要是硬闯进去肯定会造成不堪设想的后果，于是他让他们的向导和斯塔特普留在采石场旁边，他自己一个人悄悄绕着水闸室转了两三圈，想确定里面是不是没发生什么状况。他听不见里面的声音，除了一个模模糊糊的、又沉又粗的声音（那时我正思绪万千），他甚至开始怀疑我是不是在里面，突然听见我发出一声很大的叫喊声，他赶忙响应，冲了进去，其他两个人也马上冲了进来。

When I told Herbert what had passed within the house, he was for our immediately going before a magistrate in the town, late at night as it was, and getting out a warrant. But, I had already considered that such a course, by detaining us there, or binding us to come back, might be fatal to Provis. There was no gainsaying this difficulty, and we relinquished all thoughts of pursuing Orlick at that time. For the present, under the circumstances, we deemed it prudent to make rather light of the matter to Trabb's boy; who I am convinced would have been much affected by disappointment, if he had known that his intervention saved me from the limekiln. Not that Trabb's boy was of a malignant nature, but that he had too much spare vivacity, and that it was in his constitution to want variety and excitement at anybody's expense. When we parted, I presented him with two guineas (which seemed to meet his views), and told him that I was sorry ever to have had an ill opinion of him (which made no impression on him at all).

我把屋子里发生的状况告诉了赫伯特，他主张马上到镇上去报案，哪怕现在已经深夜了，也要让他们开出一张逮捕令来。不过，我考虑过了，如果这样的话，我们可能就要留在那里了，也可能还要被召回来，这样普罗维斯就可能性命难保了。这样的麻烦是肯定有的，于是我们当

时就放弃了所有追捕奥立克的念头。事已至此，我们认为很有必要跟特拉布裁缝店的伙计交代清楚。我确定他非常失望，他要是早知道，他无意中一插手竟然能把我从石灰窑中救出来，他就不会这么做了。倒不是特拉布裁缝店的伙计本性有多坏，而是他精力过于旺盛，无处发泄，天性又爱变化、爱刺激，哪怕以牺牲别人为代价也在所不惜。我们分别的时候，我给了他两块金币（看来他很满意），跟他说我很抱歉以前对他的印象不好（他听了这话没有任何反应）。

Wednesday being so close upon us, we determined to go back to London that night, three in the post-chaise; the rather, as we should then be clear away, before the night's adventure began to be talked of. Herbert got a large bottle of stuff for my arm, and by dint of having this stuff dropped over it all the night through, I was just able to bear its pain on the journey. It was daylight when we reached the Temple, and I went at once to bed, and lay in bed all day.

星期三马上就要到了，我们决定当晚赶回伦敦，三人雇了一辆马车。这样，等到当晚发生的事情开始在镇上流传的时候，我们已经离开了。赫伯特为我受伤的胳膊买了一大瓶药水，整个晚上不停地给我的胳膊涂药水，我这一路上才勉强熬过了疼痛。我们回到坦普尔的时候天色已经亮了，我一到家就往床上躺去，整整一天没下床。

My terror, as I lay there, of falling ill and being unfitted for tomorrow, was so besetting, that I wonder it did not disable me of itself. It would have done so, pretty surely, in conjunction with the mental wear and tear I had suffered, but for the unnatural strain upon me that tomorrow was. So anxiously looked forward to, charged with such consequences, its results so impenetrably hidden though so near.

我躺在那里，想到自己的伤势，想到明天的行动会很不方便，就害怕不已，这样的折腾没有把我打倒，这倒让我很是惊讶。要不是因为想到明天的行动，让我拉紧了心里的弦，在这样的精神折磨下，我肯定早就倒下了。我焦虑不安地盼望着，想着这样做的后果，时间迫近了，可结果仍是未知，不可预料。

No precaution could have been more obvious than our refraining from communication with him that day; yet this again increased my restlessness. I started at every footstep and every sound, believing that he was discovered and taken, and this was the messenger to tell me so. I persuaded myself that I knew he was taken; that there was something more upon my mind than a fear or a presentiment; that the fact had occurred, and I had a mysterious knowledge of it. As the day wore on and no ill news came, as the day closed in and darkness fell, my overshadowing dread of being disabled by illness before tomorrow morning, altogether mastered me. My burning arm throbbed, and my burning head throbbed, and I fancied I was beginning to wander. I counted up to high numbers, to make sure of myself, and repeated

passages that I knew in prose and verse. It happened sometimes that in the mere escape of a fatigued mind, I dozed for some moments or forgot; then I would say to myself with a start, "Now it has come, and I am turning delirious!"

我们一整天不和普罗维斯联系才是最佳的预防措施，可这又增加了我的不安。每一个脚步声、每一个声响都能让我惊醒，我觉得他一定是被发现、被逮捕了，这声音是有人来告诉我这个消息的。我说服自己他被捕了，这在我心里不仅仅是害怕，也不仅仅是一种不详的预感，这是一个已经发生的事实，我对此有一种难以理解的预感。时间一点一点地过去，没有坏的消息传来，白昼渐渐消逝，夜幕已经降临，我内心隐隐担心病体在明早之前会恶化，这些担忧统统占据着我的心。我烧伤的胳膊一阵阵地抽痛，头也一阵阵地痛，我怀疑自己是不是开始神志不清了。我便开始数数，一直数下去。为了确定我没有糊涂，我又背诵了几篇我熟悉的散文和诗歌。有时由于大脑实在太累，我打了一下盹，要么就是忘了背到哪里了，然后又惊醒过来，对自己说："我终于还是神志不清了！"

They kept me very quiet all day, and kept my arm constantly dressed, and gave me cooling drinks. Whenever I fell asleep, I awoke with the notion I had had in the sluice-house, that a long time had elapsed and the opportunity to save him was gone. About midnight I got out of bed and went to Herbert, with the conviction that I had been asleep for four-and-twenty hours, and that Wednesday was past. It was the last self-exhausting effort of my fretfulness, for, after that, I slept soundly.

他们让我一整天保持安静，不停地给我的胳膊换绷带，给我喝清凉饮料。每次我一睡着，就会因想起水闸室的那一幕而醒过来，以为自己睡了很长时间，错过了救伯父的时机。午夜时分，我下了床朝赫伯特房间走去，我确信我睡了整整二十四个小时，星期三已经过去了。这是我为解除焦躁进行的最后全力一搏，因为这样以后，我就沉沉地睡过去了。

Wednesday morning was dawning when I looked out of window. The winking lights upon the bridges were already pale, the coming sun was like a marsh of fire on the horizon. The river, still dark and mysterious, was spanned by bridges that were turning coldly grey, with here and there at top a warm touch from the burning in the sky. As I looked along the clustered roofs, with Church towers and spires shooting into the unusually clear air, the sun rose up, and a veil seemed to be drawn from the river, and millions of sparkles burst out upon its waters. From me too, a veil seemed to be drawn, and I felt strong and well.

我向窗外望去，星期三的早晨已经来临。桥上闪烁的灯光显得很苍白，初升的太阳像一团火焰燃烧在水平线上方。泰晤士河还是那么幽

暗、神秘，一座座横跨河面的桥变成了冷冷的灰色，天空中的红霞在桥上投下了点点印记，增添了一丝暖意。我顺着一排排屋顶望去，教堂的钟楼和尖顶一直伸向清澈无比的天空。太阳升起来了，河面上仿佛升起了一层薄雾，数不胜数的小亮点在水面上跳跃着。而我呢，似乎也有一层薄雾要从我身上拉开，我觉得精神抖擞。

Herbert lay asleep in his bed, and our old fellow-student lay asleep on the sofa. I could not dress myself without help, but I made up the fire, which was still burning, and got some coffee ready for them. In good time they too started up strong and well, and we admitted the sharp morning air at the windows, and looked at the tide that was still flowing towards us.

赫伯特还躺在床上，我们的老同学也还在沙发上躺着。没有他们帮忙，我没法自己穿衣服，不过我把炉里尚未熄灭的火重新烧旺，给他们准备好了咖啡。没过多久，他们俩也精神抖擞地起床了。我们打开窗户让早晨清凉的空气透进来，望着奔腾不息朝我们涌来的河水。

"When it turns at nine o'clock," said Herbert, cheerfully, "look out for us, and stand ready, you over there at Mill Pond Bank!"

“九点钟潮水方向改变的时候，”赫伯特兴奋地说，“你准备好，到米尔庞德岸去等我们！”

CHAPTER 54

第五十四章

It was one of those March days when the sun shines hot and the wind blows cold: when it is summer in the light, and winter in the shade. We had our pea-coats with us, and I took a bag. Of all my worldly possessions I took no more than the few necessaries that filled the bag. Where I might go, what I might do, or when I might return, were questions utterly unknown to me; nor did I vex my mind with them, for it was wholly set on Provis' safety. I only wondered for the passing moment, as I stopped at the door and looked back, under what altered circumstances I should next see those rooms, if ever.

这是三月里的一天，阳光带来了暖意，和风却依然寒气袭人——阳光下有如夏天，阴凉处有如冬天。我们都穿上了粗呢短外套，我还带了一个包。在我的全部家当中，我只带了一些日常必需品，包里的东西并不多。我要去哪里，我去干什么，我什么时候能回来，这些问题都完完全全是未知数。我没有费尽心思去想这些问题，因为我心里头挂念的只有一件事，那就是普罗维斯的人身安全。只是有一个时刻我有些茫然，那是当我站在门口朝里望的时候。我心想，还有可能再回到这些房间看看吗，即使有可能，景象也大不相同了吧。

We loitered down to the Temple stairs, and stood loitering there, as if we were not quite decided to go upon the water at all. Of course I had taken care that the boat should be ready and everything in order. After a little show of indecision, which there were none to see but the two or three amphibious creatures belonging to our Temple stairs, we went on board and cast off; Herbert in the bow, I steering. It was then about high-water—half past eight.

在去坦普尔台阶的路上，我们一路走走停停，到了目的地后仍然站在那里徘徊不定，看起来就好像我们还没有决定要不要上船。当然，我事先做好了准备工作，船已备好，现在万事俱备，只等行动了。我们犹豫徘徊了一阵子，但是除了坦普尔台阶上那两三只两栖类小动物，我们的表演并没有人看见，我们上了船，解了索。赫伯特在船头划桨，我在船舱里掌舵。这时水位即将上涨——时间是八点半。

Our plan was this. The tide, beginning to run down at nine, and being with us until three, we intended still to creep on after it had turned, and row against it until dark. We should then be well in those long reaches below Gravesend, between Kent and Essex, where the river is broad and solitary, where the waterside inhabitants are very few, and where lone public-houses are scattered here and there, of which we could choose one for a resting-place. There, we meant to lie

by, all night. The steamer for Hamburg, and the steamer for Rotterdam, would start from London at about nine on Thursday morning. We should know at what time to expect them, according to where we were, and would hail the first; so that if by any accident we were not taken abroad, we should have another chance. We knew the distinguishing marks of each vessel.

以下就是我们的计划。水位九点开始下降，我们顺流而下，等下午三点潮水转向后，再继续逆流划行，一直划到天黑。那时我们应该已经划到肯特郡和埃塞克斯郡之间的格雷文森德了。那里的河段绵长，河面宽阔，往来船只稀少，河边鲜有人家，只是星星点点地散布着一些单门独户的小酒馆，我们可以从中挑一家投宿。我们打算在那里停船，休息一晚。去往汉堡和鹿特丹的蒸汽船星期四早上九点钟从伦敦出发。我们得根据我们小船的位置来确定它们到来的时间，哪条先来就示意哪条停下，这样万一我们上不了第一条船，还有第二次机会。这两条船的特征我们都很清楚。

The relief of being at last engaged in the execution of the purpose, was so great to me that I felt it difficult to realize the condition in which I had been a few hours before. The crisp air, the sunlight, the movement on the river, and the moving river itself—the road that ran with us, seeming to sympathize with us, animate us, and encourage us on—freshened me with new hope. I felt mortified to be of so little use in the boat; but, there were few better oarsmen than my two friends, and they rowed with a steady stroke that was to last all day.

终于要把一直以来的想法付诸实践了，我感到轻松无比，几个小时之前的沉闷情绪一扫而空，不复存在了。清新的空气，和煦的阳光，河面上小船在行驶，河水在潺潺地流动——与我们同行的这条水路好像也支持我们的行动，使我们充满了力量，激励着我们前进——一种新的希望让我神清气爽。我坐在船上却发挥不了多大的作用，感到十分羞愧。不过，我的两个朋友可是顶级的划桨好手，他们可以从容不迫地划上一整天。

At that time, the steam-traffic on the Thames was far below its present extent, and watermen's boats were far more numerous. Of barges, sailing colliers, and coasting traders, there were perhaps as many as now; but, of steam-ships, great and small, not a tithe or a twentieth part so many. Early as it was, there were plenty of scullers going here and there that morning, and plenty of barges dropping down with the tide; the navigation of the river between bridges, in an open boat, was a much easier and commoner matter in those days than it is in these; and we went ahead among many skiffs and wherries, briskly.

在那个时代，泰晤士河上的蒸汽船只的数量远远达不到今天的程

度，不过船夫划的那种小船可比今天多得多。驳船、运煤船、沿海航班可能不比今天的少，但是蒸汽船，不管大的还是小的，都不及今天的十分之一，甚至二十分之一。尽管这天天时尚早，河面上已经有不少小艇往来穿行，一艘艘驳船也开始顺流而下。比起今天来说，那时候划着一艘敞蓬船，穿行于桥与桥之间，是一件容易得多也普遍得多的事情。我们轻快地行驶于各种轻舟小艇之间。

Old London Bridge was soon passed, and old Billingsgate market with its oyster-boats and Dutchmen, and the White Tower and Traitor's Gate, and we were in among the tiers of shipping. Here, were the Leith, Aberdeen, and Glasgow steamers, loading and unloading goods, and looking immensely high out of the water as we passed alongside; here, were colliers by the score and score, with the coal-whippers plunging off stages on deck, as counterweights to measures of coal swinging up, which were then rattled over the side into barges; here, at her moorings was to-morrow's steamer for Rotterdam, of which we took good notice; and here to-morrow's for Hamburg, under whose bowsprit we crossed. And now I, sitting in the stern, could see with a faster beating heart, Mill Pond Bank and Mill Pond stairs.

我们的船很快过了老伦敦桥，然后过了老比林斯门市场，这里到处都是采蚝船和荷兰人，然后又过了白塔和叛徒门，我们的船在密密麻麻的船只当中穿行。这里的蒸汽船有开往利斯的，有开往阿伯丁的，还有开往格拉斯哥的，有装货的，也有卸货的。我们从这些船旁边经过时，相比之下觉得它们犹如巨轮一般，高耸在河面上。还有许许多多的运煤船，煤一从舱里吊起来，装卸工就往甲板奔去以保持船的平衡，接着煤块就都哗啦啦地倒进了驳船里。我们看见了明天开往鹿特丹的蒸汽船，就停在那里。我们仔细看了看这艘船，还有明天开往汉堡的蒸汽船，我们还从它船首的斜桅下划过。而此刻我坐在船尾，米尔庞德岸和米尔庞德岸的石阶已经出现在眼前，我的心跳扑通扑通地加快了。

"Is he there?" said Herbert.

“他到那里了吗？”赫伯特问。

"Not yet."

“还没。”

"Right! He was not to come down till he saw us. Can you see his signal?"

“很好！他应该在看见我们之后才下来。你看见他的信号了吗？”

"Not well from here; but I think I see it.— Now, I see him! Pull both. Easy, Herbert. Oars!”

“这里看不大清楚，不过现在我好像看见了——我看见他了！你们两个一起划。放松点，赫伯特。停！”

We touched the stairs lightly for a single moment, and he was on

board and we were off again. He had a boat-cloak with him, and a black canvas bag, and he looked as like a river-pilot as my heart could have wished. "Dear boy!" he said, putting his arm on my shoulder as he took his seat. "Faithful dear boy, well done. Thankye, thankye!"

我们的船轻巧地在石阶旁停靠了下来，只一会儿工夫，他就上船了，我们于是继续向前划去。他身穿一件水手斗篷，挎着一只黑色的帆布包，看起来就像一位领航员，他这身打扮正是我所期望的样子。“好孩子！”他一坐下，就把胳膊搭在我的肩头上，说，“忠实的好孩子，你做得好。谢谢你，谢谢你！”

Again among the tiers of shipping, in and out, avoiding rusty chain-cables frayed hempen hawsers and bobbing buoys, sinking for the moment floating broken baskets, scattering floating chips of wood and shaving, cleaving floating scum of coal, in and out, under the figure-head of the John of Sunderland making a speech to the winds (as is done by many Johns), and the Betsy of Yarmouth with a firm formality of bosom and her nobby eyes starting two inches out of her head, in and out, hammers going in shipbuilders' yards, saws going at timber, clashing engines going at things unknown, pumps going in leaky ships, capstans going, ships going out to sea, and unintelligible sea-creatures roaring curses over the bulwarks at respondent lightermen, in and out—out at last upon the clearer river, where the ships' boys might take their fenders in, no longer fishing in troubled waters with them over the side, and where the festooned sails might fly out to the wind.

我们的小船又一次穿行于密密麻麻的船只当中，避开了生锈的铁锚链，磨损的麻绳做的系船索，还有上下起伏的浮标。我们的船划到哪里，哪里漂浮的破篮子就暂时沉了下去，漂浮的木头屑、碎刨花就四散开来，漂浮的煤渣就被劈开一条道。小船就这样弯弯曲曲地在河面上行驶着，一艘船的船头雕着桑德兰的约翰的头像，他正在风中演说（和其他许多约翰一样），另一艘船的船头雕着雅茅斯的贝齐的头像，她的胸部丰满结实，圆圆的眼珠从眼窝里突出来两英寸，盯着前方。船只弯弯曲曲地行驶着，船厂中传来铁锤敲打的声音、锯子锯木头的声音、机器不知在撞击什么的声音、抽水机给漏水的船抽水的声音、绞盘起锚的声音、船只出海的声音，海上营生的人们和对岸的驳船夫们隔岸对骂的声音，至于他们在骂什么却是难以理解。我们的小船曲曲弯弯地在河上行驶——最后总算到了干净些的水域，船上的小伙计可以取下护船板，不再需要它们在脏水中护航了。到了这里，各式各样装饰着花彩的风帆可以迎风飘扬了。

At the Stairs where we had taken him abroad, and ever since, I had looked warily for any token of our being suspected. I had seen none. We certainly had not been, and at that time as certainly we were not, either attended or followed by any boat. If we had been waited on by any boat, I should have run in to shore, and have

obliged her to go on, or to make her purpose evident. But, we held our own, without any appearance of molestation.

自从我们把他从石阶上接上船后，我一直保持着警惕，以防我们被人监视。但我没有发现被人监视的迹象。我们肯定没有被人监视，起码在那个时候可以肯定，我们没有被任何船只盯上或者跟踪。如果我们被哪艘船盯上了，我就会让我们的船开到岸边去，那艘船就不得不开走，否则它的目的就要暴露了。不过，我们的船一路前行，没有任何被骚扰的迹象。

He had his boat-cloak on him, and looked, as I have said, a natural part of the scene. It was remarkable (but perhaps the wretched life he had led, accounted for it), that he was the least anxious of any of us. He was not indifferent, for he told me that he hoped to live to see his gentleman one of the best of gentlemen in a foreign country; he was not disposed to be passive or resigned, as I understood it; but he had no notion of meeting danger half way. When it came upon him, he confronted it, but it must come before he troubled himself.

他穿着水手斗篷，我刚才就说过了，这样子看起来跟周围的环境很配。奇怪的是，他是我们当中最不担心的一个（不过可能是因为他过惯了悲惨的生活的缘故）。他并不是毫不在乎，他跟我说过，他希望能在有生之年，看着他培养的绅士在外国成为一名最棒的绅士。据我了解，他不是一个被动的、听天由命的人，但他想不到半路可能会出现危险。危险来了，他就去面对，但既然危险没有来，他也就没必要自寻烦恼。

"If you knowed, dear boy," he said to me, "what it is to sit here alonger my dear boy and have my smoke, arter having been day by day betwixt four walls, you'd envy me. But you don't know what it is."

“好孩子，”他对我说，“我天天呆在四面墙中间，现在坐在我的好孩子身边抽烟，你要是明白这种感觉，你也会羡慕我的。但你不会明白这种感觉的。”

"I think I know the delights of freedom," I answered.

“我想我了解自由的快乐。”我说。

"Ah," said he, shaking his head gravely. "But you don't know it equal to me. You must have been under lock and key, dear boy, to know it equal to me—but I ain't a-going to be low.”

“哎。”他严肃地摇了摇头，说，“但是你了解得没有我深。好孩子，你必须有过被关起来、锁起来的经历，才能了解得有我那么深——不过我不会再粗俗了。”

It occurred to me as inconsistent, that for any mastering idea, he should have endangered his freedom and even his life. But I reflected that perhaps freedom without danger was too much apart from all the

habit of his existence to be to him what it would be to another man. I was not far out, since he said, after smoking a little:

我突然想到，他是不大可能再冒出什么想法，让自己去冒失去自由，甚至失去生命的危险了。不过我又一想，也许没有危险的自由太不符合他的生存习惯了，而对别人来说却不是这样。我的想法并不是没有根据的，因为他抽了一会儿烟后，说道：

"You see, dear boy, when I was over yonder, t'other side the world, I was always a-looking to this side; and it come flat to be there, for all I was a-growing rich. Everybody knowed Magwitch, and Magwitch could come, and Magwitch could go, and nobody's head would be troubled about him. They ain't so easy concerning me here, dear boy—wouldn't be, leastwise, if they knowed where I was."

“你知道吗，好孩子，我在那边，也就是世界另一边的时候，我总是朝这边望，虽然我在那边发了财，但日子过得却很没有意思。人人都知道马格维奇，马格维奇来，马格维奇去的，谁也不用为他费神。在这里他们对我就没那么放心了，好孩子——至少可以说，如果他们知道了我的行踪，就没那么放心了。”

"If all goes well," said I, "you will be perfectly free and safe again, within a few hours."

“如果一切顺利的话，”我说，“你几个小时之后就能完全重获自由和安全了。”

"Well," he returned, drawing a long breath, "I hope so."

“嗯，”他长长地吸了口气，说，“但愿如此。”

"And think so?"

“你是这么想的吗？”

He dipped his hand in the water over the boat's gunwale, and said, smiling with that softened air upon him which was not new to me:

他把手伸过船舷上缘，伸进水里，脸上露出了笑容，那种温和的笑容我已不再陌生，他笑着说：

"Ay, I s'pose I think so, dear boy. We'd be puzzled to be more quiet and easy-going than we are at present. But—it's a-flowing so soft and pleasant through the water, p'raps, as makes me think it—I was a-thinking through my smoke just then, that we can no more see to the bottom of the next few hours, than we can see to the bottom of this river what I catches hold of. Nor yet we can't no more hold their tide than I can hold this. And it's run through my fingers and gone, you see!" holding up his dripping hand.

“唉，我是这么想的，好孩子。我们现在这么平静、这么悠闲，要是

什么时候比现在还好的话，我们可能都会不知如何是好了。可是——河水多柔和、多舒服啊，可能正是这河水让我有了这种想法——我刚才抽烟的时候就在想，接下来几个小时会是什么样子，我们谁也不知道，就像我能捧起这河水，但是却看不清河底一样。我们没法抓住时间，就像我没法抓住这流水一样。你看，它从我的指缝中流掉了！”他边说边把手从水里抬起，手上的水直往下滴。

"But for your face, I should think you were a little despondent," said I.

“要不是看到你的表情，我还以为你有点失去信心了呢。”我说。

"Not a bit on it, dear boy! It comes of flowing on so quiet, and of that there rippling at the boat's head making a sort of a Sunday tune. Maybe I'm a-growing a trifle old besides.”

“一点也没有，好孩子！船在河面上行驶得那么安静，船头撞击水面发出的声音就好像礼拜日的圣歌。我是注意到这些表情才变得这样的。也可能是我年纪又大了些的缘故。”

He put his pipe back in his mouth with an undisturbed expression of face, and sat as composed and contented as if we were already out of England. Yet he was as submissive to a word of advice as if he had been in constant terror, for, when we ran ashore to get some bottles of beer into the boat, and he was stepping out, I hinted that I thought he would be safest where he was, and he said. "Do you, dear boy?" and quietly sat down again.

他又把烟管放回嘴里，脸上露出安详的表情，安闲自在、心满意足地坐在那里，好像我们已经出了英国一样。可他对我们的建议却是言听计从，似乎他一直处于恐惧之中。我们冲上岸去买几瓶啤酒回来，他也要出去，我提醒他说我认为他还是呆在船里最安全，他说：“你是这么认为的吗，好孩子？”然后又默默地坐下了。

The air felt cold upon the river, but it was a bright day, and the sunshine was very cheering. The tide ran strong, I took care to lose none of it, and our steady stroke carried us on thoroughly well. By imperceptible degrees, as the tide ran out, we lost more and more of the nearer woods and hills, and dropped lower and lower between the muddy banks, but the tide was yet with us when we were off Gravesend. As our charge was wrapped in his cloak, I purposely passed within a boat or two's length of the floating Custom House, and so out to catch the stream, alongside of two emigrant ships, and under the bows of a large transport with troops on the forecastle looking down at us. And soon the tide began to slacken, and the craft lying at anchor to swing, and presently they had all swung round, and the ships that were taking advantage of the new tide to get up to the Pool, began to crowd upon us in a fleet, and we kept under the shore, as

much out of the strength of the tide now as we could, standing carefully off from low shallows and mudbanks.

河上的空气凉意尚存，但天气却很晴朗，阳光使人心情格外愉悦。水流很急，我们抓紧时间顺流而下，船划得很稳，我们一路顺利前行。不经意间，潮水一点一点地落下了，岸边近处的树林和小山越来越看不见了，淤泥越来越多，水位越来越低，不过小船驶出格雷文森德的时候，我们还是顺水而行的。我们的保护对象裹在他的水手斗篷里，我这才放心地特意把船驶向那艘开着的海关船，和它仅隔着一两条船的距离，以便利用它的水流前行，还有两艘移民船和我们并排。我们驶到了一艘大运输船的船头下面，船头的甲板上站着一队队的士兵，俯视着我们。不一会儿潮水开始下落，停泊着的船只开始摇晃起来，接着都掉转船头，乘水流的回潮之势往普尔区驶去，于是成群的船只像舰队一样朝我们驶来。我们不得不驶向岸边，傍岸而行，一方面要尽量避开潮水的冲击，另一方面还要小心避开浅滩和淤泥。

Our oarsmen were so fresh, by dint of having occasionally let her drive with the tide for a minute or two, that a quarter of an hour's rest proved full as much as they wanted. We got ashore among some slippery stones while we ate and drank what we had with us, and looked about. It was like my own marsh country, flat and monotonous, and with a dim horizon; while the winding river turned and turned, and the great floating buoys upon it turned and turned, and everything else seemed stranded and still. For, now, the last of the fleet of ships was round the last low point we had headed; and the last green barge, straw-laden, with a brown sail, had followed; and some ballast-lighters, shaped like a child's first rude imitation of a boat, lay low in the mud; and a little squat shoal-lighthouse on open piles, stood crippled in the mud on stilts and crutches; and slimy stakes stuck out of the mud, and slimy stones stuck out of the mud, and red landmarks and tidemarks stuck out of the mud, and an old landing-stage and an old roofless building slipped into the mud, and all about us was stagnation and mud.

我们的两位划手都是精神饱满的样子，我们一路上顺流而下，可以时不时地任由小船被水流带着前行一两分钟，所以一刻钟的休息对他们来说就足够了。我们停好船上了岸，把随身带着的吃的喝的都拿了出来，坐在滑溜溜的石头上，一边吃喝一边欣赏四周的风景。这里就像我家乡的那片沼泽地，地势平坦，景色单调，远处的地平线模糊难辨，河流弯弯曲曲、百转千回，河面上巨大的浮标也百转千回，其他的一切也好像都搁浅了、静止了一样。此时，那最后的一队船只也已经转进了我们刚才来时的那处转角。最后的一只绿色的驳船，满载着干草，扬着棕色的帆，也尾随而来。几艘运压舱物的驳船，就好像小孩子做的第一艘船模，深陷在淤泥里。一座小小的沙洲上的灯塔，立在一堆碎石和泥土当中，好像踩着高跷、拄着拐棍一样。沾满了泥的桩插在淤泥当中，满是泥的石头陷在淤泥当中，红色的界标和潮标也插在淤泥当中，一座破

旧的栈桥和一座没有屋顶的建筑也陷进了淤泥当中，我们四周一片沉寂、满是淤泥。

We pushed off again, and made what way we could. It was much harder work now, but Herbert and Startop persevered, and rowed, and rowed, and rowed, until the sun went down. By that time the river had lifted us a little, so that we could see above the bank. There was the red sun, on the low level of the shore, in a purple haze, fast deepening into black; and there was the solitary flat marsh; and far away there were the rising grounds, between which and us there seemed to be no life, save here and there in the foreground a melancholy gull.

我们离岸登船，尽力向前划去。这时候划桨比之前困难多了，不过赫伯特和斯塔特普坚持了下来，划呀，划呀，划呀，一直划到太阳西下。这时河水上涨，小船随着上升了一些，我们可以看见岸上的景象了。河岸边低低的水平线上，一轮红日映照在紫色的暮霭中。很快暮霭的颜色越来越深，最后变成了黑色。岸上是一片孤寂而沉闷的沼泽地。远处是隆起的高地，高地与我们之间的地带似乎了无生气，偶尔这里或那里会出现一只忧郁的海鸥，在我们前方飞过。

As the night was fast falling, and as the moon, being past the full, would not rise early, we held a little council: a short one, for clearly our course was to lie by at the first lonely tavern we could find. So, they plied their oars once more, and I looked out for anything like a house. Thus we held on, speaking little, for four or five dull miles. It was very cold, and, a collier coming by us, with her galley-fire smoking and flaring, looked like a comfortable home. The night was as dark by this time as it would be until morning; and what light we had, seemed to come more from the river than the sky, as the oars in their dipping struck at a few reflected stars.

夜幕很快就降临了，此时已经过了满月，所以月亮姗姗来迟。我们小议了一下，很快达成了一个共识，那就是：很显然，我们一路上只要看见一家小旅馆，就停下来上岸投宿，哪怕只是孤零零的一家。于是，他们又划起桨来，我就注意看岸边有没有类似房子的建筑物。因此我们继续前行，不多交谈，就这样，我们在沉闷的气氛中又前行了四五英里。天气十分寒冷，一艘运煤船从我们旁边驶过，船上的厨房里冒着烟，亮着火光，看起来像一个舒适的家。此时夜色一片漆黑，一直到明天早晨都将如此。船桨击打着水面上倒映着的几点星光，我们能看见的亮光与其说来自夜空，倒不如说来自河面。

At this dismal time we were evidently all possessed by the idea that we were followed. As the tide made, it flapped heavily at irregular intervals against the shore; and whenever such a sound came, one or other of us was sure to start and look in that direction. Here and there, the set of the current had worn down the bank into a

little creek, and we were all suspicious of such places, and eyed them nervously. Sometimes, "what was that ripple?" one of us would say in a low voice. Or another, "Is that a boat yonder?" And afterwards, we would fall into a dead silence, and I would sit impatiently thinking with what an unusual amount of noise the oars worked in the thowels.

在这个阴郁的时刻，我们心里头显然都有一个想法，那就是我们被跟踪了。潮水重重地拍击着河岸，摸不着规律，每次响起这样的声响，我们中的某个人就会惊起，朝声响处望去。河岸有些地方被潮水冲击成了小港湾，对于这种地方，我们都会觉得可疑，紧张地望着这些小港湾。有时，我们当中的某个人会低声问道：“那水波的声音是怎么来的？”有时，另一个人会问：“那边是一艘船吗？”然后，我们都默不做声了，我不耐烦地坐在那里，心想：这桨怎么会发出这么大的声音。

At length we descried a light and a roof, and presently afterwards ran alongside a little causeway made of stones that had been picked up hard by. Leaving the rest in the boat, I stepped ashore, and found the light to be in a window of a public-house. It was a dirty place enough, and I dare say not unknown to smuggling adventurers; but there was a good fire in the kitchen, and there were eggs and bacon to eat, and various liquors to drink. Also, there were two double-bedded rooms—"such as they were," the landlord said. No other company was in the house than the landlord, his wife, and a grizzled male creature, the "Jack" of the little causeway, who was as slimy and smeary as if he had been low-water mark too.

最后我们远远看见一线灯光和一间房子，立即把船沿着附近的一条石头砌的小堤岸划去。我让其他人留在船上，先上了岸，发现这灯光是从一间小酒馆里发出来的。这地方可真够脏的，我敢说走私冒险分子对这里应该很熟悉，不过厨房里火生得很旺，有鸡蛋和熏猪肉可以吃，还有好多种酒可以喝。此外，还有两个双人间——“就这些了。”店主说。酒馆里没有别人，只有店主、店主的妻子和一个头发花白的老人——他在那条小石堤上打杂，全身上下泥泞不堪，好像他也成了一根低水位的水标。

With this assistant, I went down to the boat again, and we all came ashore, and brought out the oars, and rudder, and boat-hook, and all else, and hauled her up for the night. We made a very good meal by the kitchen fire, and then apportioned the bedrooms: Herbert and Startop were to occupy one; I and our charge the other. We found the air as carefully excluded from both, as if air were fatal to life; and there were more dirty clothes and bandboxes under the beds than I should have thought the family possessed. But, we considered ourselves well off, notwithstanding, for a more solitary place we could not have found.

我带着这位帮手回到了船上，大家都上了岸，同时把船桨、船舵、

船钩，还有其他东西都搬了出来，我们把船拉到岸上，让它在岸上停靠一夜。我们围着厨房的火炉美美地吃了一餐，然后分配房间：赫伯特和斯塔特普一间房，我和我的保护对象一间房。这两间房都关得严严实实、密不透风，好像透一点空气就会给生命造成危险一样。床下满是脏衣服和硬纸盒，我想不通一户人家里怎么会有这么多这种东西。不过，我们觉得这地方不错了，找不到更清净的地方住了。

While we were comforting ourselves by the fire after our meal, the Jack—who was sitting in a corner, and who had a bloated pair of shoes on, which he had exhibited while we were eating our eggs and bacon, as interesting relics that he had taken a few days ago from the feet of a drowned seaman washed ashore—asked me if we had seen a four-oared galley going up with the tide? When I told him No, he said she must have gone down then, and yet she "took up too," when she left there.

晚饭后，我们在火炉边舒服地烤着火，打杂的坐在角落里，穿着一双过于肥大的鞋——我们吃鸡蛋和熏猪肉的时候他就把他的鞋展示给我们看了。几天前一位溺亡的水手被冲到岸边，这鞋是他从那位水手脚上收获的遗物——他问我有没有看见一艘四只桨的、顺流而下的大划桨船？我告诉他我没有看见，他说那条船一定往下划走了，不过它离开这里的时候是“逆流而上”的。

"They must ha' thought better on't for some reason or another," said the Jack, "and gone down."

“他们一定是出于什么原因，觉得最好还是往下游划。”打杂的说。

"A four-oared galley, did you say?" said I.

“你是说一艘四只桨的大划桨船？”我问。

"A four," said the Jack, "and two sitters."

“四只桨的，”打杂的说，“里面还坐了两个人。”

"Did they come ashore here?"

“他们在这里上岸了吗？”

"They put in with a stone two-gallon jar, for some beer. I'd ha'been glad to pison the beer myself," said the Jack, "or put some rattling physic in it."

“他们带了两个两加仑的石头罐子来买啤酒。我当时真想在啤酒里下毒，”打杂的说，“或者放点让肚子咕咕作怪的泻药。”

"Why?"

“为什么？”

"I know why," said the Jack. He spoke in a slushy voice, as if much mud had washed into his throat.

“我是有理由的。”打杂的说。他说话的嗓音粘乎乎的，好像喉咙里进了很多泥浆一样。

"He thinks," said the landlord: a weakly meditative man with a pale eye, who seemed to rely greatly on his Jack: "he thinks they was, what they wasn't."

“他以为，”店主说话了，他是一个看起来很虚弱、喜欢沉思的人，似乎很依赖这个打杂的，他说，“他以为他们是那种人，其实他们不是。”

"I knows what I thinks," observed the Jack.

“我知道我没看错人。”打杂的说。

"You thinks Custum 'Us, Jack?" said the landlord.

“你觉得他们是海关的人吗，杰克？”店主问。

"I do," said the Jack.

“是的。”打杂的说。

"Then you're wrong, Jack."

“那你就错了，打杂的。”

"Am I!"

“我会错？”

In the infinite meaning of his reply and his boundless confidence in his views, the Jack took one of his bloated shoes off, looked into it, knocked a few stones out of it on the kitchen floor, and put it on again. He did this with the air of a Jack who was so right that he could afford to do anything.

他的话里有无限的深意，他对自己的见解也是充满了自信，这位打杂的脱下一只过于肥大的鞋，往里面看了看，又拍了拍，几颗小石子从里面掉了出来，掉在厨房的地上，然后他又把鞋穿上了。他这番动作表现出了一个打杂人的神气，就好像在表示他做任何事情都是合情合理的。

"Why, what do you make out that they done with their buttons then, Jack?" asked the landlord, vacilating weakly.

“那么，他们身上的纽扣到哪里去了，这你怎么解释呢，打杂的？”店主无力的语气中带着一丝犹豫。

"Done with their buttons?" returned the Jack. "Chucked 'em overboard. Swallered 'em. Sowed 'em, to come up small salad. Done with their buttons!"

“他们的纽扣到哪里去了？”打杂的说，“从船上丢到水里去了。吞下去了。吞下生根了，还要长出小纽扣来。他们的纽扣到哪里去了！”

"Don't be cheeky, Jack," remonstrated the landlord, in a melancholy and pathetic way.

“不要这么无礼，打杂的。”店主规劝道，一副忧郁而可怜的样子。

"A Custum 'Us officer knows what to do with his Buttons," said the Jack, repeating the obnoxious word with the greatest contempt, "when they comes betwixt him and his own light. A Four and two sitters don't go hanging and hovering, up with one tide and down with another, and both with and against another, without there being Custum 'Us at the bottom of it." Saying which he went out in disdain; and the landlord, having no one to reply upon, found it impracticable to pursue the subject.

“这些在海关上当官的，”打杂的带着极大的鄙夷之情重复了这个让人讨厌的词，说，“当他们发现自己干的事情和身上的纽扣不相称时，就知道该怎么办了。一艘四只桨的船，里面还坐了两个人，他们要不是海关的人，会在这里没事划来划去吗？一会儿顺着水划，一会儿逆着水划。”说完他便满怀鄙夷之情地走开了，店主见没人可以搭话，觉得这个问题再谈下去没有意义，也走开了。

This dialogue made us all uneasy, and me very uneasy. The dismal wind was muttering round the house, the tide was flapping at the shore, and I had a feeling that we were caged and threatened. A four-oared galley hovering about in so unusual a way as to attract this notice, was an ugly circumstance that I could not get rid of. When I had induced Provis to go up to bed, I went outside with my two companions (Startop by this time knew the state of the case), and held another council. Whether we should remain at the house until near the steamer's time, which would be about one in the afternoon; or whether we should put off early in the morning; was the question we discussed. On the whole we deemed it the better course to lie where we were, until within an hour or so of the steamer's time, and then to get out in her track, and drift easily with the tide. Having settled to do this, we returned into the house and went to bed.

他们的这番对话让我们心神不安起来，而我尤其感到不安。凄凉的风在屋子四周呼呼作响，潮水拍打着河岸，我觉得我们就像笼中之鸟，受到了威胁。一艘四只桨的大划桨船在河上奇怪地游来荡去，这引起了人们如此的注意，这个糟糕的情形在我脑海里挥之不去。我劝普罗维斯上床睡觉去，然后出去和我的两位伙伴商议对策（此时斯塔特普已经知道我们的计划了）。我们是呆在屋里，直到明天下午一点的样子，等轮船开到这里再走，还是明天一早就动身离开，这就是我们所讨论的问题。总的来看，我们认为还是呆在这里好，等到离轮船到这里还有一个小时的样子，再动身把小船划到轮船的航线上，慢悠悠地顺水漂流。决定好这么做以后，我们回到各自的房间，上床睡觉去了。

I lay down with the greater part of my clothes on, and slept well

for a few hours. When I awoke, the wind had risen, and the sign of the house (the Ship) was creaking and banging about, with noises that startled me. Rising softly, for my charge lay fast asleep, I looked out of the window. It commanded the causeway where we had hauled up our boat, and, as my eyes adapted themselves to the light of the clouded moon, I saw two men looking into her. They passed by under the window, looking at nothing else, and they did not go down to the landing-place which I could discern to be empty, but struck across the marsh in the direction of the Nore.

我衣服基本没脱就躺下了，睡了几个小时的安稳觉。等我一觉醒来，外面起风了，这家旅馆那块写着“轮船之家”的招牌在风中摇来晃去、嘎吱作响，这响声使我心惊肉跳。我的保护对象还在酣睡，于是我蹑手蹑脚地起床，从窗口向外望去。我朝远处拴着小船的小石堤望去，等我的眼睛适应了从云朵中透出的月光，我看见有两个人在打量我们的船。他们从小船的窗子底下走过，没有再打量什么了，他们没有朝石码头走去，因为我看见那里空无一人，而是穿过沼泽地，朝诺尔岛的方向走去了。

My first impulse was to call up Herbert, and show him the two men going away. But, reflecting before I got into his room, which was at the back of the house and adjoined mine, that he and Startop had had a harder day than I, and were fatigued, I forbore. Going back to my window, I could see the two men moving over the marsh. In that light, however, I soon lost them, and feeling very cold, lay down to think of the matter, and fell asleep again.

我首先想到的是叫醒赫伯特，让他看看这两个人离开的背影。不过，虽然他的房间就在这屋子的后面，跟我的房间相邻，但在我正要进门的时刻，我转念一想，他和斯塔特普这一整天比我辛苦得多，于是就放弃了这个念头。我回到自己房里，走到窗前，可以看见那两个人还在沼泽地上走着。不过，在那样的月光下，他们很快就从我的视野里消失了。我感到寒气逼人，于是躺下想这件事情，想着想着，我就又睡着了。

We were up early. As we walked to and fro, all four together, before breakfast, I deemed it right to recount what I had seen. Again our charge was the least anxious of the party. It was very likely that the men belonged to the Custom House, he said quietly, and that they had no thought of us. I tried to persuade myself that it was so—as, indeed, it might easily be. However, I proposed that he and I should walk away together to a distant point we could see, and that the boat should take us aboard there, or as near there as might prove feasible, at about noon. This being considered a good precaution, soon after breakfast he and I set forth, without saying anything at the tavern.

第二天一大早我们就起床了。早餐之前，我们四个一起外出走走，

我认为要把我夜里所见跟他们相告，这是个合适的时机。这一次，我们的保护对象仍然是我们四个当中最不担心的一个。很有可能那两个是海关的人，他平静地说，但是他们对我们没有想法。我试着说服自己是这么回事——因为这的确很有可能。不过，我还是提议他和我先走到远处某个我们现在能看到的地点，然后大概中午的时候，小船应该划到那里接我们，或者划到那个地点附近也行。大家认为这是一个不错的预防措施，吃过早餐后不久我和他就出发了，我们在小酒馆里没有说一句话。

He smoked his pipe as we went along, and sometimes stopped to clap me on the shoulder. One would have supposed that it was I who was in danger, not he, and that he was reassuring me. We spoke very little. As we approached the point, I begged him to remain in a sheltered place, while I went on to reconnoitre; for, it was towards it that the men had passed in the night. He complied, and I went on alone. There was no boat off the point, nor any boat drawn up anywhere near it, nor were there any signs of the men having embarked there. But, to be sure the tide was high, and there might have been some footprints under water.

我们一路走他就一路抽着烟，还时不时地停下来拍拍我的肩。别人看了一定以为处于危险的是我，而不是他，因为他一直在安慰我，劝我放心。我们几乎没有说话。我们快到目的地的时候，我请求他呆在一个隐蔽的地方，而我则继续侦察，因为昨晚那两个人就是朝这个方向走的。他照我说的去做了，然后我便独自向前走去。那里没有船下水，附近也没有船被拉上来过，也没有迹象表明那两个人在那里上过船。不过，可以肯定的是潮水已经涨得很高，河底也许留下了一些脚印。

When he looked out from his shelter in the distance, and saw that I waved my hat to him to come up, he rejoined me, and there we waited; sometimes lying on the bank wrapped in our coats, and sometimes moving about to warm ourselves: until we saw our boat coming round. We got aboard easily, and rowed out into the track of the steamer. By that time it wanted but ten minutes of one o'clock, and we began to look out for her smoke.

他从隐蔽处向外张望，远远地看见我向他挥舞帽子示意他过来，他才走了过来。我们就地等候，有时裹在大衣里躺在河岸上，有时走来走去暖暖身子，我们就这样一直等到我们的小船划过来。船一到，我们很容易就上了船，我们一个劲地划，把小船划到了蒸汽船的航线上。这时是下午一点差十分，我们开始留意我们等的那艘蒸汽船的烟雾。

But, it was half-past one before we saw her smoke, and soon afterwards we saw behind it the smoke of another steamer. As they were coming on at full speed, we got the two bags ready, and took that opportunity of saying good-bye to Herbert and Startop. We had all shaken hands cordially, and neither Herbert's eyes nor mine were quite dry, when I saw a four-oared galley shoot out from under the

bank but a little way ahead of us, and row out into the same track.

可是，直到一点半我们才看见它的烟雾，然后又看见它后面另一艘蒸汽船的烟雾。这两艘船正全速向我们驶来，我们于是把那两个包裹拿好，抓紧时间跟赫伯特和斯塔特普道别。我们热忱地握着手，赫伯特和我的眼睛都有些湿润了。正在这时，我看见一艘四只桨的大划桨船从我们前方距离很近的河岸下方快速划来，划上了同一条航线。

A stretch of shore had been as yet between us and the steamer's smoke, by reason of the bend and wind of the river; but now she was visible, coming head on. I called to Herbert and Startop to keep before the tide, that she might see us lying by for her, and I adjured Provis to sit quite still, wrapped in his cloak. He answered cheerily, "Trust to me, dear boy," and sat like a statue. Meantime the galley, which was very skillfully handled, had crossed us, let us come up with her, and fallen alongside. Leaving just room enough for the play of the oars, she kept alongside, drifting when we drifted, and pulling a stroke or two when we pulled. Of the two sitters one held the rudder lines, and looked at us attentively—as did all the rowers; the other sitter was wrapped up, much as Provis was, and seemed to shrink, and whisper some instruction to the steerer as he looked at us. Not a word was spoken in either boat.

由于河道弯弯曲曲，在我们的小船和蒸汽船的烟雾之间隔着一处河岸，不过现在蒸汽船已经清晰可见，迎面向我们开来。我叫赫伯特和斯塔特普把船停在潮水前面，这样船上的人也许可以看见我们停下来等着上船。我郑重敦促普罗维斯裹好他的斗篷，在里面安安稳稳地坐好。他开心地回答我说：“相信我，好孩子。”然后坐得像一尊雕像一样。与此同时，那艘大划桨船十分娴熟地包抄到我们前面去了，我们只得紧跟在它后面，和它并排而行。我们之间的空隙只够我们的小船划桨，那艘船始终和我们并排而行，我们停下它也停下，我们划一两下它也划一两下。船上坐着两个人，一个掌舵的，留神地看着我们——船上四个划手也留神地看着我们，另一个也跟普罗维斯一样，把自己裹得严严实实，身子好像在往后缩，在掌舵的耳边说了几句指示，同时朝我们这边望。我们双方都没有说话。

Startop could make out, after a few minutes, which steamer was first, and gave me the word "Hamburg," in a low voice as we sat face to face. She was nearing us very fast, and the beating of her peddles grew louder and louder. I felt as if her shadow were absolutely upon us, when the galley hailed us. I answered.

几分钟后，斯塔特普辨认出了先来的那艘蒸汽船，我们正好面对面坐着，他低声对我说：“汉堡。”这艘船向我们飞速驶来，螺旋桨击水的声音越来越响。我觉得我们好像完完全全处在这艘船的阴影里了，这时那艘大划桨船上的人朝我们喊话了。我答的话。

"You have a returned Transport there," said the man who held the

lines. "That's the man, wrapped in the cloak. His name is Abel Magwitch, otherwise Provis. I apprehend that man, and call upon him to surrender, and you to assist."

“你们船上有一位潜逃回国的流放犯，”那艘船上的舵手说道，“就是那个人，裹着斗篷的那个人。他的名字叫埃布尔·马格维奇，或者叫普罗维斯。我要逮捕那个人，我命令他投降，并且要求你们协助。”

At the same moment, without giving any audible direction to his crew, he ran the galley abroad of us. They had pulled one sudden stroke ahead, had got their oars in, had run athwart us, and were holding on to our gunwale, before we knew what they were doing. This caused great confusion on board the steamer, and I heard them calling to us, and heard the order given to stop the paddles, and heard them stop, but felt her driving down upon us irresistibly. In the same moment, I saw the steersman of the galley lay his hand on his prisoner's shoulder, and saw that both boats were swinging round with the force of the tide, and saw that all hands on board the steamer were running forward quite frantically. Still in the same moment, I saw the prisoner start up, lean across his captor, and pull the cloak from the neck of the shrinking sitter in the galley. Still in the same moment, I saw that the face disclosed, was the face of the other convict of long ago. Still in the same moment, I saw the face tilt backward with a white terror on it that I shall never forget, and heard a great cry on board the steamer and a loud splash in the water, and felt the boat sink from under me.

他说话的同时，他们的船向我们驶来，虽然没听到他对他的划手有任何指示。我们还没来得及反应过来是怎么一回事，他们已经猛地向前一划，然后收起了桨，把船横在我们面前，抓住了我们的舷缘。这让蒸汽船上的人们大为困惑，我听见他们在朝我们叫唤，听见有人下令停止发动螺旋桨。螺旋桨发动的声音停止了，可我觉得轮船仍在以不可抗拒之力向我们驶来。于此同时，只见大划桨船的舵手把手伸向他的犯人的肩膀，两只船随着潮水摇晃起来直打转，蒸汽船上的水手都疯狂地冲到船头来。与此同时，只见犯人突然站起身来，从捉拿者的身后，一把抓住了大划桨船上坐着的那个缩成一团的人，把他的斗篷从头顶上扯了出来。与此同时，我看见了那个人的真面目，那正是多年前那另外一个逃犯的脸。与此同时，只见那张脸吓得惨白，往后退缩，这景象我永远忘不了。随后，我听见蒸汽船上传来很响的一声叫喊声，水里传来很响的一声水花飞溅声，我觉得我们脚下的船在往下沉。

It was but for an instant that I seemed to struggle with a thousand mill-weirs and a thousand flashes of light; that instant past, I was taken on board the galley. Herbert was there, and Startop was there; but our boat was gone, and the two convicts were gone.

顷刻之间，我仿佛在与成千上万的漩涡和成千上万的闪亮的浪花搏

斗，之后，我被救上了大划桨船。赫伯特在船上了，斯塔特普也在船上了，可是我们的船不见了，两个逃犯也不见了。

What with the cries aboard the steamer, and the furious blowing off of her steam, and her driving on, and our driving on, I could not at first distinguish sky from water or shore from shore; but, the crew of the galley righted her with great speed, and, pulling certain swift strong strokes ahead, lay upon their oars, every man looking silently and eagerly at the water astern. Presently a dark object was seen in it, bearing towards us on the tide. No man spoke, but the steersman held up his hand, and all softly backed water, and kept the boat straight and true before it. As it came nearer, I saw it to be Magwitch, swimming, but not swimming freely. He was taken on board, and instantly manacled at the wrists and ankles.

蒸汽船上的人们叫喊着，轮机愤怒地放着气。蒸汽船继续前行，我们的船也继续前行，我起初分辨不出哪里是水，哪里是天，哪里是左岸，哪里是右岸，不过，我们船上的船员们快速前进，快速而有力地划了几桨后放下了桨，每个人都默不做声、焦急万分地看着船后方的水面。不一会儿水面上出现了一个黑色的物体，顺着水流朝我们漂浮而来。没有人说话，但见舵手举起了手，划手们便一齐往后划，使船正对着那个黑色的物体划去。等船靠近了，我发现那个黑色的物体原来是马格维奇，他在水里游着，但游得不是那么自如。他被带到船上来了，立刻就戴上了手铐和脚镣。

The galley was kept steady, and the silent eager look-out at the water was resumed. But, the Rotterdam steamer now came up, and apparently not understanding what had happened, came on at speed. By the time she had been hailed and stopped, both steamers were drifting away from us, and we were rising and falling in a troubled wake of water. The look-out was kept, long after all was still again and the two steamers were gone; but, everybody knew that it was hopeless now.

小船恢复了平稳，大家又像刚才一样默不做声、焦急万分地用目光在水面上搜寻着。可是这时，驶往鹿特丹的蒸汽船开过来了，那艘船上的人们显然不知道这里发生了什么事。蒸汽船正快速驶来。还没来得及对它呼喊、让它停下，两艘蒸汽船都已经从我们的小船旁边快速驶过去了，我们在它们驶过之后的大浪里上下颠簸着。一切早已恢复了平静，两艘蒸汽船＋B286也早已开走了，但搜寻工作还在继续，不过，都这时候了，每个人都知道搜寻已经无济于事。

At length we gave it up, and pulled under the shore towards the tavern we had lately left, where we were received with no little surprise. Here, I was able to get some comforts for Magwitch—Provis no longer—who had received some very severe injury in the chest and a deep cut in the head.

最后我们决定放弃搜寻另一个逃犯，我们让船靠岸，停在我们不久前刚刚离开的那家小酒馆，酒馆的人看见我们都十分惊讶。在这里，我才有机会让马格维奇舒服一点——他已不再是普罗维斯了——他胸部受了重伤，头上还划了一道很深的口子。

He told me that he believed himself to have gone under the keel of the steamer, and to have been struck on the head in rising. The injury to his chest (which rendered his breathing extremely painful) he thought he had received against the side of the galley. He added that he did not pretend to say what he might or might not have done to Compeyson, but, that in the moment of his laying his hand on his cloak to identify him, that villain had staggered up and staggered back, and they had both gone overboard together; when the sudden wrenching of him (Magwitch) out of our boat, and the endeavor of his captor to keep him in it, had capsized us. He told me in a whisper that they had gone down, fiercely locked in each other's arms, and that there had been a struggle under water, and that he had disengaged himself, struck out, and swum away.

他对我说，他掉下水之后一定是掉到蒸汽船的龙骨下面了，上升的时候脑袋一定撞到船上了。至于他胸部的伤（这导致他连呼吸都十分困难），他觉得是他撞到大划桨船上造成的。他还说，他不想隐瞒他对康培生做了什么、没有做什么，不过当那个来捉马格维奇的人突然把他从我们的船里拉出来，并且拼命想把他押在船上时，他伸手抓起康培生的斗篷，想确认是不是他，而那个恶棍来回摇晃起来，导致两个人一起越过船边落到水里去了。结果我们的船就翻了。他小声对我说，他们掉下水以后，死死地扣住对方的胳膊，在水下搏斗了一番，最后他挣脱了出来，手脚并用打着水，游走了。

I never had any reason to doubt the exact truth of what he thus told me. The officer who steered the galley gave the same account of their going overboard.

我没有任何理由怀疑他对我所说的这些话的真实性。我们船上掌舵的官员对他们越过船边掉下水去的描述也是一样的。

When I asked this officer's permission to change the prisoner's wet clothes by purchasing any spare garments I could get at the public-house, he gave it readily: merely observing that he must take charge of everything his prisoner had about him. So the pocketbook which had once been in my hands, passed into the officer's. He further gave me leave to accompany the prisoner to London; but, declined to accord that grace to my two friends.

我请求这位官员准许我在这家小酒馆里随便买几件备用的衣服，把他这身湿衣服换下来，他欣然同意了我的请求，但只是说，犯人随身携带的一切物品都必须由他保管。因此，那个一度在我手上的钱包就转交到了这位官员的手上。他还准许我陪同犯人前往伦敦，但我的两位朋友

就没有这样的殊荣。

The Jack at the Ship was instructed where the drowned man had gone down, and undertook to search for the body in the places where it was likeliest to come ashore. His interest in its recovery seemed to me to be much heightened when he heard that it had stockings on. Probably, it took about a dozen drowned men to fit him out completely; and that may have been the reason why the different articles of his dress were in various stages of decay.

官员告诉小酒馆的打杂的那个人是在什么地方溺水的，打杂的于是着手到尸体最有可能飘浮过来的岸边去找。在我看来，他之所以对这次搜寻一下子来了兴趣，就在于他听说那个人穿着长筒袜。也许，他的这身行头集合了从十来个尸体身上搜刮下来的衣物，这也许就是为什么他全身上下穿戴的衣物新旧不一的原因所在。

We remained at the public-house until the tide turned, and then Magwitch was carried down to the galley and put on board. Herbert and Startop were to get to London by land, as soon as they could. We had a doleful parting, and when I took my place by Magwitch's side, I felt that that was my place henceforth while he lived.

我们一直呆在小酒馆里，直到潮水转了向，然后马格维奇被带上了大划桨船。赫伯特和斯塔特普则抓紧时间，经由陆路赶去伦敦，我们的道别满是离愁别绪，我在马格维奇身边坐下后，我感到从此以后，只要他还活着，我都要陪在他的身边。

For now, my repugnance to him had all melted away, and in the hunted wounded shackled creature who held my hand in his, I only saw a man who had meant to be my benefactor, and who had felt affectionately, gratefully, and generously, towards me with great constancy through a series of years. I only saw in him a much better man than I had been to Joe.

此刻，我对他的厌恶之情都已烟消云散了，在这个被捕的、受了伤的、上着镣铐的、握着我的手的人身上，我看到的只是一个想做我恩主的人，这个人这么多年来始终一如既往地给予我关爱、感激和慷慨的资助。我看到的只是这样一个人，这个人对我比我对乔要好得多。

His breathing became more difficult and painful as the night drew on, and often he could not repress a groan. I tried to rest him on the arm I could use, in any easy position; but, it was dreadful to think that I could not be sorry at heart for his being badly hurt, since it was unquestionably best that he should die. That there were, still living, people enough who were able and willing to identify him, I could not doubt. That he would be leniently treated, I could not hope. He who had been presented in the worst light at his trial, who had since broken prison and had been tried again, who had returned from

transportation under a life sentence, and who had occasioned the death of the man who was the cause of his arrest.

随着夜幕降临，呼吸对他来说变得更加困难、更加痛苦了，他时不时地发出一声难以抑制的呻吟。我试着让他靠在我更好使的那只胳膊上休息，怎么舒服就怎么靠。可是，我脑子里有一个可怕的想法：他受了重伤我内心并不难过，因为死对他来说无疑是最好的解脱方式。活着的人当中还有很多能够并且愿意出来指认他，这点我不怀疑。我也不指望他能够得到宽大处理。他当初受到的审判就糟糕至极，之后越狱而逃，并再次受到审判，判了终身流放后潜逃回国，这次又导致了他的原告的死亡。

As we returned towards the setting sun we had yesterday left behind us, and as the stream of our hopes seemed all running back, I told him how grieved I was to think that he had come home for my sake.

昨天我们伴着夕阳而至，今天我们伴着夕阳而归，我们希望的潮水好像都流回去了一样。我对他说，一想到他是为了我而回国的，我就万分难过。

"Dear boy," he answered, "I'm quite content to take my chance. I've seen my boy, and he can be a gentleman without me."

“好孩子，”他说，“我能来试试运气，已经很满足了。我见到了我的孩子，没有我他也能成为一名绅士。”

No. I had thought about that, while we had been there side by side. No. Apart from any inclinations of my own, I understood Wemmick's hint now. I foresaw that, being convicted, his possessions would be forfeited to the Crown.

不可能。我们并排而坐时，我就想过这个问题了。不可能。撇开我自己的意向来说，我此刻明白了温米克给我的暗示。我预料到了，只要他一被定罪，他的财产都要被没收充公。

"Lookee here, dear boy," said he. "It's best as a gentleman should not be knowed to belong to me now. Only come to see me as if you come by chance alonger Wemmick. Sit where I can see you when I am swore to, for the last o' many times, and I don't ask no more."

“听我说，好孩子，”他说，“现在，最好不要让人知道你这个绅士是我培养的。你来看我的时候就假装你是碰巧和温米克一起来的。我要受好多次审，我最后一次受审的时候，你就坐在我看得到你的地方，我没有别的要求了。”

"I will never stir from your side," said I, "when I am suffered to be near you. Please God, I will be as true to you, as you have been to me!"

“我绝不会离开你的身边。”我说，“只要能让我在你身边。如果可能

的话，我会真诚地对待你，就像你对待我一样！”

I felt his hand tremble as it held mine, and he turned his face away as he lay in the bottom of the boat, and I heard that old sound in his throat—softened now, like all the rest of him. It was a good thing that he had touched this point, for it put into my mind what I might not otherwise have thought of until too late: That he need never know how his hopes of enriching me had perished.

我感到他握着我的手在颤抖，他躺在船的底部，把脸转了过去，我又听到了他喉咙里发出的熟悉的声音——现在已经变柔和了，像他整个人一样变柔和了。他提到了这一点，这是好事，否则等我自己意识到这一点时就太晚了，那就是：绝不能让他知道，他希望我大富大贵的愿望已经落空了。

CHAPTER 55

第五十五章

He was taken to the Police Court next day, and would have been immediately committed for trial, but that it was necessary to send down for an old officer of the prison-ship from which he had once escaped, to speak to his identity. Nobody doubted it; but, Compeyson, who had meant to depose to it, was tumbling on the tides, dead, and it happened that there was not at that time any prison officer in London who could give the required evidence. I had gone direct to Mr. Jaggers at his private house, on my arrival over night, to retain his assistance, and Mr. Jaggers on the prisoner's behalf would admit nothing. It was the sole resource, for he told me that the case must be over in five minutes when the witness was there, and that no power on earth could prevent its going against us.

第二天他就被送到治安法庭去了，本来很快就要判他的罪的，不过有必要先派人去他当年逃脱的监狱船上，请一位知道他案情的狱吏来，以证明他的身份。对于此案没有人表示怀疑，不过，康培生在水里这么一扑腾就送了命，本来他是可以出庭作证的，而且偏偏当时伦敦又找不到一个可以提供必要证明的狱吏。我回到伦敦的当晚就直接去贾格尔斯先生的私人宅第找他了，请求他帮忙。站在犯人的立场上，贾格尔斯说绝不要招供。这是唯一的办法，他告诉我说，只要证人一到，这个案子铁定五分钟内就能结了，局面对我们不利，要想逆转局面，怕是回天乏术。

I imparted to Mr. Jaggers my design of keeping him in ignorance of the fate of his wealth. Mr. Jaggers was querulous and angry with me for having "let it slip through my fingers," and said we must memorialize by-and-by, and try at all events for some of it. But, he did not conceal from me that although there might be many cases in which the forfeiture would not be exacted, there were no circumstances in this case to make it one of them. I understood that, very well. I was not related to the outlaw, or connected with him by any recognizable tie; he had put his hand to no writing or settlement in my favour before his apprehension, and to do so now would be idle. I had no claim, and I finally resolved, and ever afterwards abided by the resolution, that my heart should never be sickened with the hopeless task of attempting to establish one.

我向贾格尔斯先生透露，我打算瞒住马格维奇，不让他知道他的财产已经被没收了。贾格尔斯先生一听，对我又气又恼，说我“让钱从指缝中溜走了”，还说我们得马上去请愿，不管怎样，能要回来一部分是一部

分。不过，他也没有对我隐瞒，他说虽然可能有很多案子判下来能免于没收财产，但这个案子情况不同，它不具有免于没收财产的条件。这点我很明白。我和逃犯既不是亲属关系，也没有任何易于辨认的关系，他被捕前既没有为我立下字据，也没有和我签下协议，现在补办也只能是徒劳。我没有提出要求，我最终做出决定，并且之后一直遵守着我的决定，那就是，决不贪图这毫无希望之财。

There appeared to be reason for supposing that the drowned informer had hoped for a reward out of this forfeiture, and had obtained some accurate knowledge of Magwitch's affairs. When his body was found, many miles from the scene of his death, and so horribly disfigured that he was only recognizable by the contents of his pockets, notes were still legible, folded in a case he carried. Among these, was the name of a banking-house in New South Wales where a sum of money was, and the designation of certain lands of considerable value. Both these heads of information were in a list that Magwitch, while in prison, gave to Mr. Jaggers, of the possessions he supposed I should inherit. His ignorance, poor fellow, at last served him; he never mistrusted but that my inheritance was quite safe, with Mr. Jaggers' aid.

似乎有理由这样设想，那位溺水而亡的告密者本来是希望从这笔充公的财产中大捞一笔的，他事先已经得知了一些关于马格维奇的确切消息。他的尸体是在他死亡地点数英里之外发现的，尸体被发现时已经面目全非，只是通过他口袋里的东西才得以辨认。他口袋里有一个夹子，里面折叠着几张字条，上面的字迹还清晰可辨。一张字条上写的是新南威尔士的一家银行的名字，上面记载着马格维奇有多少存款，还有的字条上写着马格维奇有几处地产，价值不菲。马格维奇在狱中的时候，就把这些财产的清单交给了贾格尔斯先生，他以为这些财产应该会由我来继承。可怜的人，他的无知最终还是对他起了安慰的作用，他认为在贾格尔斯先生的帮助下，我继承这笔财产是十拿九稳的，他从未怀疑过这一点。

After three days' delay, during which the crown prosecution stood over for the production of the witness from the prison-ship, the witness came, and completed the easy case. He was committed to take his trial at the next Sessions, which would come on in a month.

案件延迟了三天才审理，这三天里皇家检察署等着监狱船上的证人过来。三天后证人来了，这桩简单的案件也就结了。对他的审判于定下次开庭时受理，下次开庭是一个月后。

It was at this dark time of my life that Herbert returned home one evening, a good deal cast down, and said:

在我人生中这一黑暗时期，一天晚上，赫伯特回来了，神情十分沮丧地对我说：

"My dear Handel, I fear I shall soon have to leave you."

“我亲爱的汉德尔，我恐怕不久就得离开你了。”

His partner having prepared me for that, I was less surprised than he thought.

他的合伙人已经事先让我做好了心理准备，所以我并没有他想象的那么惊讶。

"We shall lose a fine opportunity if I put off going to Cairo, and I am very much afraid I must go, Handel, when you most need me."

“这一次去开罗，如果我拖延的话，就要错过一次良机了，汉德尔，在你最需要我的时候，我却恐怕不得不离开了。”

"Herbert, I shall always need you, because I shall always love you; but my need is no greater now, than at another time."

“赫伯特，我一直都需要你，因为我一直都爱你，可我并不是现在最需要你，我其他时候也需要你。”

"You will be so lonely."

“你会很孤独的。”

"I have not leisure to think of that," said I. "You know that I am always with him to the full extent of the time allowed, and that I should be with him all day long, if I could. And when I come away from him, you know that my thoughts are with him."

“我没空去想这个。”我说，“你知道，只要时间允许，我会尽可能地陪着他，只要我可以，我会成天和他在一起。我不和他在一起的时候，你知道，我脑子里想的也都是他。”

The dreadful condition to which he was brought, was so appalling to both of us, that we could not refer to it in plainer words.

他现在陷入了如此糟糕的境地，我们都吓坏了，我们没法用更直白的话语来提起他的处境。

"My dear fellow," said Herbert, "let the near prospect of our separation—for, it is very near—be my justification for troubling you about yourself. Have you thought of your future?”

“我亲爱的伙伴，”赫伯特说，“我们分别在即——近在眼前——看在这一点上，我有理由麻烦你一件事，我麻烦你为你自己想想。你想过你的将来吗？”

"No, for I have been afraid to think of any future."

“没有，因为一直不敢想什么将来。”

"But yours cannot be dismissed; indeed, my dear dear Handel, it must not be dismissed. I wish you would enter on it now, as far as a

few friendly words go, with me."

“但你不能不考虑啊，真的，我最最亲爱的汉德尔，这不能不考虑啊。我希望你现在就开始考虑，跟我好好谈一谈，哪怕就几句知心话。”

"I will," said I.

“好的。”我说。

"In this branch house of ours, Handel, we must have a—”

“汉德尔，我们分公司正需要一位——”

I saw that his delicacy was avoiding the right word, so I said, "A clerk."

我看得出来，他很细心地避免用那个确切的词，于是我插话了：“一位职员。”

"A clerk. And I hope it is not at all unlikely that he may expand (as a clerk of your acquaintance has expanded) into a partner. Now, Handel—in short, my dear boy, will you come to me?”

“一位职员。我看，职员要发展成为股东，也不是完全不可能的（你的老相识我不就从一位办事员发展成一名股东了吗）。那么，汉德尔——一句话，我亲爱的伙计，你愿意到我公司里来吗？”

There was something charmingly cordial and engaging in the manner in which after saying "Now, Handel," as if it were the grave beginning of a portentous business exordium, he had suddenly given up that tone, stretched out his honest hand, and spoken like a schoolboy.

他说“那么，汉德尔”的时候，语气十分真诚、十分吸引人，好像是一次商务发言的庄重的开头语。突然他换了一种语调，坦诚地伸出手来，像个学童那样地说道：

"Clara and I have talked about it again and again," Herbert pursued, "and the dear little thing begged me only this evening, with tears in her eyes, to say to you that if you will live with us when we come together, she will do her best to make you happy, and to convince her husband's friend that he is her friend too. We should get on so well, Handel!"

“关于这事，克拉拉和我谈过很多次。”赫伯特接着说道，“这可爱的小东西今晚还泪眼汪汪地恳求我呢，她说等和我结婚后，要是你愿意和我们住在一起，她会尽可能地让你开心，她要让她丈夫的朋友相信，她丈夫的朋友也就是她的朋友。我们会相处得很好的，汉德尔！”

I thanked her heartily, and I thanked him heartily, but said I could not yet make sure of joining him as he so kindly offered. Firstly, my mind was too preoccupied to be able to take in the subject clearly.

Secondly—Yes! Secondly, there was a vague something lingering in my thoughts that will come out very near the end of this slight narrative.

我衷心地感谢她，也衷心地感谢赫伯特，不过我说我还不能确定是否接受他这一好心的提议，加入他的行业。首先，我的心思已经被占据了，我没法考虑清楚这个事情。其次——是的！其次，还有一件不确切的事情萦绕在我的脑际，这事要到我这自述的尾声才能知晓。

"But if you thought, Herbert, that you could, without doing any injury to your business, leave the question open for a little while—"

“可是，赫伯特，要是你觉得对你的事业没有什么害处的话，你可以暂时先缓一缓，再等我的答复——”

"For any while," cried Herbert. "Six months, a year!"

“缓多久都行，”赫伯特说，“六个月，一年！”

"Not so long as that," said I. "Two or three months at most."

“没有那么久，”我说，“最多两三个月。”

Herbert was highly delighted when we shook hands on this arrangement, and said he could now take courage to tell me that he believed he must go away at the end of the week.

我们就这事达成一致后，赫伯特十分开心地说，他现在可以鼓起勇气告诉我一件事，他想他这个周末就得走了。

"And Clara?" said I.

“那克拉拉怎么办？”我问。

"The dear little thing," returned Herbert, "holds dutifully to her father as long as he lasts; but he won't last long. Mrs. Whimple confides to me that he is certainly going."

“这可爱的小东西，”赫伯特说，“只要他老父亲还活一天，她就要尽一天孝道，不过他活不久了。温博尔夫人跟我透露，他活不了多久了。”

"Not to say an unfeeling thing," said I, "he cannot do better than go."

“不是我要说得这么难听，”我说，“他死了倒更好。”

"I am afraid that must be admitted," said Herbert: "and then I shall come back for the dear little thing, and the dear little thing and I will walk quietly into the nearest church. Remember! The blessed darling comes of no family, my dear Handel, and never looked into the red book, and hasn't a notion about her grandpapa. What a fortune for the son of my mother!"

“我恐怕不得不承认这一点，”赫伯特说，“那时我就可以为了我可爱

的小东西回来，这可爱的小东西就要和我一起，安安静静地走进最近的一座教堂。记住！我这幸福的小甜甜家世十分普通，我亲爱的汉德尔，她从来没有查过家谱，而且对她祖父一点印象都没有。我母亲的儿子多么幸福啊！”

On the Saturday in that same week, I took my leave of Herbert—full of bright hope, but sad and sorry to leave me—as he sat on one of the seaport mail coaches. I went into a coffee-house to write a little note to Clara, telling her he had gone off, sending his love to her over and over again, and then went to my lonely home—if it deserved the name, for it was now no home to me, and I had no home anywhere.

就在那个星期的星期六，我跟赫伯特告别了——他怀着对未来的无限憧憬，以及要离开我的满腔愁绪——坐上了一艘远洋邮轮。我走进一家咖啡馆，在那里给克拉拉写了一封短信，告诉她赫伯特走了，一遍又一遍地转达赫伯特对她的爱意，然后回到了我空荡荡的家——如果它还能称得上“家”的话，这里对我来说不再是家了，我已经没有家了。

On the stairs I encountered Wemmick, who was coming down, after an unsuccessful application of his knuckles to my door. I had not seen him alone, since the disastrous issue of the attempted flight; and he had come, in his private and personal capacity, to say a few words of explanation in reference to that failure.

我在楼梯上碰到了温米克，他正从楼上下来，他是来找我的，见敲门没人应就下来了。自从那次出逃失败后我还没单独见过他，他这次来是以私人和个人的身份，就我们那次失败的出逃事件作一个解释的。

"The late Compeyson," said Wemmick, "had by little and little got at the bottom of half of the regular business now transacted, and it was from the talk of some of his people in trouble (some of his people being always in trouble) that I heard what I did. I kept my ears open, seeming to have them shut, until I heard that he was absent, and I thought that would be the best time for making the attempt. I can only suppose now, that it was a part of his policy, as a very clever man, habitually to deceive his own instruments. You don't blame me, I hope, Mr. Pip? I am sure I tried to serve you, with all my heart."

“那个死去的康培生，”温米克说，“一点一点地把整个事情弄得一清二楚了，所有这些都是我从他的几个惹了麻烦的手下那里打听来的（他的一些手下总是惹麻烦）。我在他们说话的时候装作充耳不闻，其实我在竖起耳朵听呢，上次我听说康培生不在伦敦，我想那是尝试出逃的最佳时机。我现在才料到，这是他的策略之一，他是个十分聪明的人，对自己的心腹也总是耍手段。我想你不会怪我吧，皮普先生？我保证我是真心诚意地想帮你。”

"I am as sure of that, Wemmick, as you can be, and I thank you most earnestly for all your interest and friendship."

“我保证相信你的话，温米克，就像你的保证一样，我诚挚地谢谢你给我的关心和友爱。”

"Thank you, thank you very much. It's a bad job," said Wemmick, scratching his head, "and I assure you I haven't been so cut up for a long time. What I look at, is the sacrifice of so much portable property. Dear me!"

“谢谢你，非常感谢你。我做了一件错事。”温米克抓着头皮说，“我敢说我很久没做过这样的错事了。这一次，一大笔动产没了。天啊！”

"What I think of, Wemmick, is the poor owner of the property."

“温米克，我想到的是这笔财产的可怜的所有者。”

"Yes, to be sure," said Wemmick. "Of course there can be no objection to your being sorry for him, and I'd put down a five-pound note myself to get him out of it. But what I look at, is this. The late Compeyson having been beforehand with him in intelligence of his return, and being so determined to bring him to book, I do not think he could have been saved. Whereas, the portable property certainly could have been saved. That's the difference between the property and the owner, don't you see?"

“是的，当然，”温米克说，“你为他感到难过，这我没有异议，要是能救出他，就是拿出一张五英镑的支票出来我也愿意。可我有我的看法。那个死去的康培生早就获得情报，知道马格维奇已经回国了，铁了心要让他吃官司，我看他是逃不掉的。可是，动产本来是一定能救出来的。这就是动产和动产所有者之间的区别，你没看出来吗？”

I invited Wemmick to come up-stairs, and refresh himself with a glass of grog before walking to Walworth. He accepted the invitation. While he was drinking his moderate allowance, he said, with nothing to lead up to it, and after having appeared rather fidgety:

我邀请温米克上楼喝杯烈性酒提提神，然后再回沃尔沃斯。他接受了我的邀请。他喝着一小杯酒，显得有些坐立不安，突然就转了话题，说：

"What do you think of my meaning to take a holiday on Monday, Mr. Pip?"

“我星期一想休息一天，你看怎样，皮普先生？”

"Why, I suppose you have not done such a thing these twelve months."

“嗯，我想你这十二个月来没有休息过一天吧。”

"These twelve years, more likely," said Wemmick. "Yes. I'm going to take a holiday. More than that; I'm going to take a walk. More than that; I'm going to ask you to take a walk with me."

“更确切地说，是这十二年来。”温米克说，“是的。我想休息一天。还有，我想出去走走。还有，我想邀请你陪我一起出去走走。”

I was about to excuse myself, as being but a bad companion just then, when Wemmick anticipated me.

我正要请他谅解，说在这个时候我不是个合适的同伴，可是温米克料到我会这么说。

"I know your engagements," said he, "and I know you are out of sorts, Mr. Pip. But if you could oblige me, I should take it as a kindness. It ain't a long walk, and it's an early one. Say it might occupy you (including breakfast on the walk) from eight to twelve. Couldn't you stretch a point and manage it?"

“我知道你有事情，”他说，“我也知道你心情不好，皮普先生。不过如果你能答应我这个请求，我会把这看做是你的一片好意。不需要走很远，早上出发。可能就占用你从八点到十二点的时间吧（包括早餐时间在内）。你不能破例让步，尽量过来吗？”

He had done so much for me at various times, that this was very little to do for him. I said I could manage it—would manage it—and he was so very much pleased by my acquiescence, that I was pleased too. At his particular request, I appointed to call for him at the Castle at half-past eight on Monday morning, and so we parted for the time.

他之前帮过我不少忙，他让我帮的这个忙根本算不上什么。我说我尽量过来——尽量过来——我同意了，这让他非常高兴，我也高兴了起来。由于他的特别请求，我们约好星期一早上八点半我去他的宅子叫他，谈妥之后，我们就此告别。

Punctual to my appointment, I rang at the Castle gate on the Monday morning, and was received by Wemmick himself: who struck me as looking tighter than usual, and having a sleeker hat on. Within, there were two glasses of rum-and-milk prepared, and two biscuits. The Aged must have been stirring with the lark, for, glancing into the perspective of his bedroom, I observed that his bed was empty.

星期一早上我准时赴约，到了宅子后，我拉了拉门上的铃，温米克亲自出来迎接我，他穿得比平日更考究，还戴了一顶时髦的帽子，这副打扮让我颇为吃惊。屋内已备好了两杯兑了牛奶的朗姆酒，还有两份饼干。老人家一定是被云雀吵醒了，因为我朝他的卧室望去，发现他的床上空空的。

When we had fortified ourselves with the rum-and-milk and biscuits, and were going out for the walk with that training preparation on us, I was considerably surprised to see Wemmick take up a fishing-rod, and put it over his shoulder. "Why, we are not going fishing!" said I. "No," returned Wemmick, "but I like to walk with

one."

我们喝完兑了牛奶的朗姆酒，吃完饼干，体力补充得满满的，正打算出去走走，把这补充的体力消耗掉，只见温米克拿出一根钓鱼竿，把它往肩上一扛，我很吃惊。“嘿，我们可不是去钓鱼的！”我说。“不去钓鱼，”温米克说，“不过我喜欢带根钓鱼竿散步。”

I thought this odd; however, I said nothing, and we set off. We went towards Camberwell Green, and when we were thereabouts, Wemmick said suddenly:

我虽然觉得蹊跷，但什么也没说，我们出发了。我们朝坎布威尔草地的方向走去，快到的时候，温米克突然说：

"Halloa! Here's a church!"

“啊呀！这里有一个教堂！”

There was nothing very surprising in that; but a gain, I was rather surprised, when he said, as if he were animated by a brilliant idea:

这本来没什么好惊讶的，可他这么一喊，让我又一次吃了一惊，他似乎有了个绝妙的想法，兴奋不已：

"Let's go in!"

“我们进去吧！”

We went in, Wemmick leaving his fishing-rod in the porch, and looked all round. In the mean time, Wemmick was diving into his coat-pockets, and getting something out of paper there.

我们走了进去，温米克把他的钓鱼竿放在门廊上，然后张望了一下四周。同时，他把手伸进他的大衣口袋里，掏出一件纸包的东西。

"Halloa!" said he. "Here's a couple of pair of gloves! Let's put 'em on!"

“啊呀！”他说，“这里有两副手套！我们戴上吧！”

As the gloves were white kid gloves, and as the post-office was widened to its utmost extent, I now began to have my strong suspicions. They were strengthened into certainty when I beheld the Aged enter at a side door, escorting a lady.

手套是白色小山羊皮做的，他那邮筒似的嘴张得不能再大了，这才引起了我最大的疑心。直到我看见老人家从一扇边门进来，还挽着一位小姐，我的疑心才得到了证实。

"Halloa!" said Wemmick. "Here's Miss Skiffins! Let's have a wedding."

“啊呀！”温米克说，“司琪芬小姐来了！那么婚礼开始吧。”

That discreet damsel was attired as usual, except that she was

now engaged in substituting for her green kid gloves, a pair of white. The Aged was likewise occupied in preparing a similar sacrifice for the altar of Hymen. The old gentleman, however, experienced so much difficulty in getting his gloves on, that Wemmick found it necessary to put him with his back against a pillar, and then to get behind the pillar himself and pull away at them, while I for my part held the old gentleman round the waist, that he might present and equal and safe resistance. By dint of this ingenious Scheme, his gloves were got on to perfection.

这位谨慎的少女像往常一样装扮，只是她正换下那副绿色山羊羔皮手套，换上了一副白色的。老人家也正忙着为婚姻女神的祭坛准备一件同样的祭品。不过这位老先生怎么也戴不上他那副手套，温米克不得不让老人家背靠教堂的柱子，然后他自己站到柱子的后面，去帮他把手套戴上，我也过来抱住老人家的腰，这样双方力量平衡，能够稳得住。用这个巧妙的办法，他的手套总算是完美地戴上了。

The clerk and clergyman then appearing, we were ranged in order at those fatal rails. True to his notion of seeming to do it all without preparation, I heard Wemmick say to himself as he took something out of his waistcoat-pocket before the service began, "Halloa! Here's a ring!"

教堂的牧师和执事走了出来，我们在那些决定命运的栏杆前站成一排。温米克看起来好像事先毫无准备的样子，婚礼仪式开始之前，他从背心口袋里掏出来一样东西，自言自语地说：“啊呀！这里有一个戒指！”

I acted in the capacity of backer, or best-man, to the bridegroom; while a little limp pew opener in a soft bonnet like a baby's, made a feint of being the bosom friend of Miss Skiffins. The responsibility of giving the lady away, devolved upon the Aged, which led to the clergyman's being unintentionally scandalized, and it happened thus. When he said, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" the old gentlemen, not in the least knowing what point of the ceremony we had arrived at, stood most amiably beaming at the ten commandments. Upon which, the clergyman said again, "WHO giveth this woman to be married to this man?" The old gentleman being still in a state of most estimable unconsciousness, the bridegroom cried out in his accustomed voice, "Now Aged P. you know; who giveth?" To which the Aged replied with great briskness, before saying that he gave, "All right, John, all right, my boy!" And the clergyman came to so gloomy a pause upon it, that I had doubts for the moment whether we should get completely married that day.

我扮演的是陪新郎的角色，也就是伴郎，而一位身材娇小、柔弱无力、戴着一顶婴儿式软帽的领座员，扮演了司芬琪小姐闺蜜的角色。嫁

姑娘的责任就落到了老人家身上。结果老人家让牧师大为不快，虽然他不是存心的，事情是这样的：当牧师问道：“是谁把这位小姐嫁给这位先生的？”这位老先生压根不知道仪式进行到哪一步了，只是站在那里笑嘻嘻地看着墙上的十诫。牧师于是又问了一遍：“是谁把这位小姐嫁给这位先生的？”这位老先生仍然毫无知觉，新郎用往常的声音对他喊道：“老父亲，是谁嫁女儿，你知道吧？”老人家没说是谁嫁女儿，却无比欢快地回答他：“好的，约翰，好的，我的孩子！”这时牧师一脸阴沉地停顿了一下，我当时真怀疑我们当天能否顺利完成婚礼。

It was completely done, however, and when we were going out of church, Wemmick took the cover off the font, and put his white gloves in it, and put the cover on again. Mrs. Wemmick, more heedful of the future, put her white gloves in her pocket and assumed her green. "Now, Mr. Pip," said Wemmick, triumphantly shouldering the fishing-rod as we came out, "let me ask you whether anybody would suppose this to be a wedding-party!”

不过婚礼还是完成了。我们走出教堂的时候，温米克取下圣水盆的盖子，把他的白手套放了进去，然后又把盖子盖上了。温米克夫人采取了对未来更加谨慎的态度，她把白手套放回口袋，又戴上了她那副绿手套。“皮普先生，”我们出去后，温米克得意洋洋地扛起那根钓鱼竿，“我问问你，谁会想到这里举行了一场婚礼！”

Breakfast had been ordered at a pleasant little tavern, a mile or so away upon the rising ground beyond the Green, and there was a bagatelle board in the room, in case we should desire to unbend our minds after the solemnity. It was pleasant to observe that Mrs. Wemmick no longer unwound Wemmick's arm when it adapted itself to her figure, but sat in a high-backed chair against the wall, like a violoncello in its case, and submitted to be embraced as that melodious instrument might have done.

早餐已经订好，位于距草地一英里左右的坡上的一家舒适的小酒馆里，屋里有一张台球桌，以备我们在庄严肃穆的婚礼后放松心情之用。温米克用胳膊搂住她的腰时，温米克太太不再把他的手松开了。她坐在靠墙的一把扶手转椅上，就像一把装在匣里的大提琴，就像那能奏出优美旋律的乐器，当琴师需要演奏的时候，就任其抱住，看到这景象我真高兴。

We had an excellent breakfast, and when any one declined anything on table, Wemmick said, "Provided by contract, you know; don't be afraid of it!" I drank to the new couple, drank to the Aged, drank to the Castle, saluted the bride at parting, and made myself as agreeable as I could.

我们享受了一顿丰盛的早餐，要是谁没有吃哪样点心，温米克就会说：“这都是预订好了的，放心地吃吧！”我向这对新人敬酒，向老人家敬酒，向宅子敬酒，辞别的时候又向新娘致意，尽量让自己使人愉快。

Wemmick came down to the door with me, and I again shook hands with him, and wished him joy.

温米克跟我一起走到门口，我又一次跟他握了手，并祝他开心。

"Thankee!" said Wemmick, rubbing his hands. "She's such a manager of fowls, you have no idea. You shall have some eggs, and judge for yourself. I say, Mr. Pip!" calling me back, and speaking low. "This is altogether a Walworth sentiment, please."

“谢谢！”温米克一边搓着手一边说道，“你不知道，她可是个养家禽的能手呢。你应该来尝一尝我们的鸡蛋，然后做出判断。我说，皮普先生！”他把我叫了回来，低声对我说，“这完全是沃尔沃斯的心情。”

"I understand. Not to be mentioned in Little Britain," said I.

“我明白。我不会在小不列颠街提起这事的。”我说。

Wemmick nodded. "After what you let out the other day, Mr. Jaggers may as well not know of it. He might think my brain was softening, or something of the kind."

温米克点了点头说：“你那天虽然泄露出的我宅子秘密，贾格尔斯先生恐怕没深究呢。他可能会觉得我变得心慈手软了什么的。”

CHAPTER 56

第五十六章

He lay in prison very ill, during the whole interval between his committal for trial, and the coming round of the Sessions. He had broken two ribs, they had wounded one of his lungs, and he breathed with great pain and difficulty, which increased daily. It was a consequence of his hurt, that he spoke so low as to be scarcely audible; therefore, he spoke very little. But, he was ever ready to listen to me, and it became the first duty of my life to say to him, and read to him, what I knew he ought to hear.

从他上一次受审到下一次开庭的整个期间，他都在监狱里躺着，病得十分厉害。他断了两根肋骨，一侧的肺也因此受了伤，每一次呼吸都万分困难、万分痛苦，这种困难和痛苦与日俱增。由于伤痛，他说话声音很低，低到几乎听不见，所以他干脆少说话。不过，他倒是很乐意听我说，所以，我把我认为他应该听的都说给他听、读给他听，这便成为了我生命中的第一要务。

Being far too ill to remain in the common prison, he was removed, after the first day or so, into the infirmary. This gave me opportunities of being with him that I could not otherwise have had. And but for his illness he would have been put in irons, for he was regarded as a determined prison-breaker, and I know not what else.

由于他病得太重，不能在普通牢房里呆下去了，一两天后，他就被送到了监狱的病房里。这倒给了我和他在一起的机会，否则是不可能的。要不是因为他的病，他早就戴上手铐脚镣了，大家都认为他是一个彻彻底底的越狱犯，还有别的说法，只是我没有听到而已。

Although I saw him every day, it was for only a short time; hence, the regularly recurring spaces of our separation were long enough to record on his face any slight changes that occurred in his physical state. I do not recollect that I once saw any change in it for the better; he wasted, and became slowly weaker and worse, day by day, from the day when the prison door closed upon him.

虽然我每天都能见到他，但每次也只能见一会儿，因此，从我们上一次分开到下一次相见，他身体状况哪怕有一丁点变化我都能从他的脸上看出来。我不记得有哪次见他时，他的病情是有所好转的。自从监狱大门在他身后关上的那天起，他就瘦了，一天比一天瘦，病情也一天比一天重。

The kind of submission or resignation that he showed, was that of a man who was tired out. I sometimes derived an impression, from his

manner or from a whispered word or two which escaped him, that he pondered over the question whether he might have been a better man under better circumstances. But, he never justified himself by a hint tending that way, or tried to bend the past out of its eternal shape.

他表现出来的那种顺从和听话，就像一个筋疲力尽的人所表现出来的一样。有时候，他的行为举止或者无意中脱口而出的一两句低声的话语，让我感觉他在思考这么一个问题：如果他身处的是一个更好的环境，他是不是可以成为一个更好的人。不过，他从来没有明确表示过他的这种想法，也没有表示对既往之事有什么懊悔之意。

It happened on two or three occasions in my presence, that his desperate reputation was alluded to by one or other of the people in attendance on him. A smile crossed his face then, and he turned his eyes on me with a trustful look, as if he were confident that I had seen some small redeeming touch in him, even so long ago as when I was a little child. As to all the rest, he was humble and contrite, and I never knew him complain.

有两三次我去看他的时候，听到某个派来照料他的人说，他是个孤注一掷的人。他听了这话，脸上掠过一丝笑意。他转过脸用信任的眼神看着我，好像他相信，即使在多年前当我还是个孩子的时候，我就看出了他的一丝悔意。至于其他时间，他都是恭顺而心怀悔悟之意的，我从没听他抱怨过。

When the Sessions came round, Mr. Jaggers caused an application to be made for the postponement of his trial until the following Sessions. It was obviously made with the assurance that he could not live so long, and was refused. The trial came on at once, and, when he was put to the bar, he was seated in a chair. No objection was made to my getting close to the dock, on the outside of it, and holding the hand that he stretched forth to me.

到了开庭的日期，贾格尔斯先生提交了一项申请，请求把他的案子延至下一次开庭时审理。很明显，他这么做是因为马格维奇显然已经时日不多了，但法庭否决了他的申请。审判即刻进行，马格维奇被送上了被告席，坐在一把椅子里。法庭允许我坐在靠近被告席的地方，就坐在被告席外面，我握着他从里面向我伸出的手。

The trial was very short and very clear. Such things as could be said for him, were said—how he had taken to industrious habits, and had thriven lawfully and reputably. But, nothing could unsay the fact that he had returned, and was there in presence of the Judge and Jury. It was impossible to try him for that, and do otherwise than find him guilty.

审判进行得十分简短，也十分清楚。凡是能为他说的话都说了——比如，他已养成了勤勉的习惯，他勤劳致富的方法是合法的、是受到大

家好评的。不过，他潜逃回国的事实却是无法改变的，他现在就坐在法官和陪审团的面前。如果这样都不能定他的罪，还要判他无罪，那是不可能的。

At that time, it was the custom (as I learnt from my terrible experience of that Sessions) to devote a concluding day to the passing of Sentences, and to make a finishing effect with the Sentence of Death. But for the indelible picture that my remembrance now holds before me, I could scarcely believe, even as I write these words, that I saw two-and-thirty men and women put before the Judge to receive that sentence together. Foremost among the two-and-thirty, was he; seated, that he might get breath enough to keep life in him.

在那个年代，法庭中保留了一个惯例（我是从那次庭审旁听的可怕经历中得知的），那就是要等到最后一天来宣判审判结果，宣判死刑要留到最后，以达到终结的效果。至今，我脑海中还保留着对当时情景的无法磨灭的记忆，即使在我今天写下这件事的时候，仍然觉得难以置信。当时我看见三十二个男女犯人一齐被押到法官面前，等候审判结果。在这三十二个人当中，马格维奇排在最前面，他被安排坐着，以便能保住一口气勉强活命。

The whole scene starts out again in the vivid colours of the moment, down to the drops of April rain on the windows of the court, glittering in the rays of April sun. Penned in the dock, as I again stood outside it at the corner with his hand in mine, were the two-and-thirty men and women; some defiant, some stricken with terror, some sobbing and weeping, some covering their faces, some staring gloomily about. There had been shrieks from among the women convicts, but they had been stilled, a hush had succeeded. The sheriffs with their great chains and nosegays, other civic gewgaws and monsters, criers, ushers, a great gallery full of people—a large theatrical audience—looked on, as the two-and-thirty and the Judge were solemnly confronted. Then, the Judge addressed them. Among the wretched creatures before him whom he must single out for special address, was one who almost from his infancy had been an offender against the laws; who, after repeated imprisonments and punishments, had been at length sentenced to exile for a term of years; and who, under circumstances of great violence and daring had made his escape and been re-sentenced to exile for life. That miserable man would seem for a time to have become convinced of his errors, when far removed from the scenes of his old offences, and to have lived a peaceable and honest life. But in a fatal moment, yielding to those propensities and passions, the indulgence of which had so long rendered him a scourge to society, he had quitted his haven of rest and repentance, and had come back to the country where he was proscribed. Being here presently denounced, he had for a time

succeeded in evading the officers of Justice, but being at length seized while in the act of flight, he had resisted them, and had—he best knew whether by express design, or in the blindness of his hardihood—caused the death of his denouncer, to whom his whole career was known. The appointed punishment for his return to the land that had cast him out, being Death, and his case being this aggravated case, he must prepare himself to Die.

整个这一幕此刻又栩栩如生地浮现在我的眼前，四月的雨点打在法院的窗玻璃上，在四月的阳光下闪耀着点点光芒。我又一次站到被告席旁的一个角落里，握住了他的手，和他一起关在被告席里的还有那三十二名男女犯人，有的蔑视法庭，有的恐惧不已，有的哭哭啼啼，有的双手掩面，有的茫然四顾。有的女犯人发出了尖叫的声音，不过被制止了，叫声停了下来，法庭要求她们肃静。司法长官们身上挂着厚重的表链，佩戴着花束，法庭其他的小官们、法警们、庭丁们，还有一大群挤得满满的旁听的人——就像剧院里满满的观众一样——看着这三十二名犯人和法官严肃地对峙着。接着，法官对他们说话了。在他面前这些可怜的犯人当中，他有必要特别指出一位，这个人几乎从孩提时代起就跟法律对着干，这个人屡次被捕入狱，屡次受罚，结果被判了几年流放，这个人胆大妄为，采取施暴手段，越狱而逃，结果又被判处终身流放。这个不幸的人远离了犯案之地，似乎一度对自己的罪行有所悔悟，并且开始安分守已地过日子。可是在某个重要关头，他屈服于自己的天性和冲动之情，重蹈昔日危害社会之覆辙，他离开休养和忏悔之地，擅自回国，须知被判终生流放的犯人是禁止回国的。他一回国就被告发，曾一度成功躲避了司法的追查，但最终还是在出逃的过程中被捕，他坚决抵抗，并且——究竟是蓄意谋害，还是出于鲁莽，只有他自己最清楚——造成了对他的全部罪行了如指掌的告发者的死亡。根据法律，对于潜逃回国的流放犯应当判处死刑，而他的罪行情节更为严重，必须判处死刑。

The sun was striking in at the great windows of the court, through the glittering drops of rain upon the glass, and it made a broad shaft of light between the two-and-thirty and the Judge, linking both together, and perhaps reminding some among the audience, how both were passing on, with absolute equality, to the greater Judgment that knoweth all things and cannot err. Rising for a moment, a distinct speck of face in this way of light, the prisoner said, "My Lord, I have received my sentence of Death from the Almighty, but I bow to yours," and sat down again. There was some hushing, and the Judge went on with what he had to say to the rest. Then, they were all formally doomed, and some of them were supported out, and some of them sauntered out with a haggard look of bravery, and a few nodded to the gallery, and two or three shook hands, and others went out chewing the fragments of herb they had taken from the sweet herbs lying about. He went last of all, because of having to be helped from

his chair and to go very slowly; and he held my hand while all the others were removed, and while the audience got up (putting their dresses right, as they might at church or elsewhere) and pointed down at this criminal or at that, and most of all at him and me.

阳光透过法院的大玻璃窗照射进来，窗上还挂着雨点，在阳光下闪闪发光。一大束阳光照在这三十二名犯人和法官之间，把他们联系在了一起，这也许是在提醒观众席中的某些人，无论是法官还是犯人，都必须无区别对待地接受全知全能、永不犯错的大法官（上帝）的审判。这时有人站了起来，阳光投下的斑点在那张脸上清晰可见，这名犯人说话了："法官大人，我已经从上帝那里接受了死刑的宣判，我听从您的判决。"然后又坐下了。此时法庭要求大家肃静，法官继续对其他犯人发表他要发表的言论。接下来，犯人一个一个听取了正式宣判，有的是被人扶着出去的，有的憔悴的脸上带着勇敢的神态，信步走了出去，有的对旁听席点点头，有两三个人在握手告别，还有的人抓起随处散落的香草叶碎片，放进嘴里嚼了起来。他是最后一个走的，因为他得靠人把他从椅子上扶起来，他走得非常慢。等其他犯人都走了以后，他握住我的手，这时旁听席上的人也起身了（整理一下衣服，就像他们在教堂或其他什么场合所做的那样），指指这个或那个犯人，大多数人指的都是他和我。

I earnestly hoped and prayed that he might die before the Recorder's Report was made, but, in the dread of his lingering on, I began that night to write out a petition to the Home Secretary of State, setting forth my knowledge of him, and how it was that he had come back for my sake. I wrote it as fervently and pathetically as I could, and when I had finished it and sent it in, I wrote out other petitions to such men in authority as I hoped were the most merciful, and drew up one to the Crown itself. For several days and nights after he was sentenced I took no rest except when I fell asleep in my chair, but was wholly absorbed in these appeals. And after I had sent them in, I could not keep away from the places where they were, but felt as if they were more hopeful and less desperate when I was near them. In this unreasonable restlessness and pain of mind, I would roam the streets of an evening, wandering by those offices and houses where I had left the petitions. To the present hour, the weary western streets of London on a cold dusty spring night, with their ranges of stern shut-up mansions and their long rows of lamps, are melancholy to me from this association.

我诚心希望并且祈祷，他最好在庭审记录公布之前就离世。不过，我担心他这样半死不活的还要一段时间。于是我当晚就着手给内务大臣写请愿书，详细陈述我对马格维奇的了解，以及他是为了我而回国的事实。我把这封请愿书写得尽可能诚挚、尽可能悲怆。写完寄出之后，我又写给其他我认为心肠最为慈悲的当局要员，甚至还写了一封给国王陛下。在他判死刑后的一连好几个日日夜夜，我都没有休息，除了有几次

在椅子上睡着了之外，其他时候我全都在想这些请愿书的事。自从我投递了这些请愿书之后，我就没法离开那些投信的地方，我觉得只要我离它们近一些，它们就更有希望一些，不会那么令人绝望。莫名的不安和痛苦的思绪纠缠着我，在这样的情况下，我会在黄昏时分上街闲逛，在我投了请愿书的那些办公大楼旁边徘徊。即使在今天，只要一想起那尘土飞扬的寒冷春夜，想起伦敦那令人烦闷的西街区，街上那一排排庄严肃穆、大门紧锁的宅邸，还有那长长的、一字排开的街灯，一阵愁绪还是会涌上我的心头。

The daily visits I could make him were shortened now, and he was more strictly kept. Seeing, or fancying, that I was suspected of an intention of carrying poison to him, I asked to be searched before I sat down at his bedside, and told the officer who was always there, that I was willing to do anything that would assure him of the singleness of my designs. Nobody was hard with him, or with me. There was duty to be done, and it was done, but not harshly. The officer always gave me the assurance that he was worse, and some other sick prisoners in the room, and some other prisoners who attended on them as sick nurses (malefactors, but not incapable of kindness, God be thanked!), always joined in the same report.

我每天都去看他，但现在允许探监的时间缩短了，他也被看管得更严了。我看得出，也可能是我的幻想，他们怀疑我会带毒药进去把他毒死。所以我要求他们先搜我的身，再让我坐到他身边。我对一直在那里看管他的狱吏说，只要他相信我只是来探监的，没有别的意图，我愿意为他做任何事情。没有人找他的麻烦，也没有人找我的麻烦。他们只是在做自己的本职工作，执行起来却并不严厉。狱吏每次都对我说，他的身体状况更糟糕了，同室的其他一些病人，还有其他一些派来照顾这些病人的犯人们（他们虽是罪人，但不是没有慈悲之心的，感谢在天之主！），也常常告诉我同样的消息。

As the days went on, I noticed more and more that he would lie placidly looking at the white ceiling, with an absence of light in his face, until some word of mine brightened it for an instant, and then it would subside again. Sometimes he was almost, or quite, unable to speak; then, he would answer me with slight pressures on my hand, and I grew to understand his meaning very well.

随着时间的推移，我注意到他越来越多的时候是平静地躺在床上，两眼盯着白色的天花板，脸上毫无光彩，直到我说了一些话，他的脸上才突然闪现出一道光彩，然后又很快就消失了。有时他几乎或者完全说不了话，这时，他就会轻轻按一下我的手作为回答，慢慢地我也能很好地领会他的意思了。

The number of the days had risen to ten, when I saw a greater change in him than I had seen yet. His eyes were turned towards the door, and lighted up as I entered.

到了第十天的时候，我发现他有了很大的变化，这是我之前没有见过的。我一进来，他的眼睛就朝门口望去，整个人也兴奋了起来。

"Dear boy," he said, as I sat down by his bed: "I thought you was late. But I knowed you couldn't be that."

“好孩子，”我在他床边坐下后，他对我说，“我以为你今天要晚些才能来。不过我知道你不会晚的。”

"It is just the time," said I. "I waited for it at the gate."

“我来的正准时，”我说，“我在门口等时间到了才进来的。”

"You always waits at the gate; don't you, dear boy?"

“你总是在门口等着，是吗，好孩子？”

"Yes. Not to lose a moment of the time."

“是的。我一分钟也不能浪费。”

"Thank'ee dear boy, thank'ee. God bless you! You've never deserted me, dear boy."

“谢谢你，好孩子，谢谢你。上帝保佑你！你从来没丢下我，好孩子。”

I pressed his hand in silence, for I could not forget that I had once meant to desert him.

我没有说话，只是按了一下他的手，因为我记得我曾经有过丢下他的想法。

"And what's the best of all," he said, "you've been more comfortable alonger me, since I was under a dark cloud, than when the sun shone. That's best of all."

“最好的事情是，”他说，“自从我被一团乌云笼罩以来，你一直陪着我，这比红日照在我头上的时候更让我觉得舒服。这是最好的事情。”

He lay on his back, breathing with great difficulty. Do what he would, and love me though he did, the light left his face ever and again, and a film came over the placid look at the white ceiling.

他平躺在床上，呼吸十分困难。虽然他很爱我，也尽力想支撑住病体，但他脸上的光彩总是不时地就消散了，一层薄薄的阴影笼罩在他那张面对白色天花板的、平静的脸上。

"Are you in much pain today?"

“你今天很疼吗？”

"I don't complain of none, dear boy."

“我不会喊疼的，好孩子。”

"You never do complain."

“你从来都不喊疼。”

He had spoken his last words. He smiled, and I understood his touch to mean that he wished to lift my hand, and lay it on his breast. I laid it there, and he smiled again, and put both his hands upon it.

他说完了最后的话。他对我笑了，用手碰了我一下，我明白他的意思，他是想抬起我的手，放到他的胸口上。我把手放到了他的胸口，他又笑了，把他的双手放在了我的手上。

The allotted time ran out, while we were thus; but, looking round, I found the governor of the prison standing near me, and he whispered, "You needn't go yet." I thanked him gratefully, and asked, "Might I speak to him, if he can hear me?"

这时，允许探监的时间快到了，我环视了一下，发现狱长站在离我不远的地方，他小声对我说：“你不用急着走。”我满怀感激地谢过他，问了一句：“如果他还能听见我说话，我可以跟他说几句吗？”

The governor stepped aside, and beckoned the officer away. The change, though it was made without noise, drew back the film from the placid look at the white ceiling, and he looked most affectionately at me.

狱长于是退到一边，并且示意看守也离开。虽然我们做这些事的时候是无声无息的，但笼罩在他凝视白色天花板的、平静的脸上的那层薄薄的阴影已经消散了，他无比深情地看着我。

"Dear Magwitch, I must tell you, now at last. You understand what I say?"

“亲爱的马格维奇，有一件事我必须告诉你，我最终还是要说出来。你能听懂我的话吗？”

A gentle pressure on my hand.

他在我手上轻轻按了一下。

"You had a child once, whom you loved and lost."

“你有过一个孩子，你爱她，但你失去了她。”

A stronger pressure on my hand.

他又在我手上按了一下，比刚才重了。

"She lived and found powerful friends. She is living now. She is a lady and very beautiful. And I love her!"

“她还活着，和有权势的朋友来往。她还在这世上。她是个淑女，而且非常美丽。而且我爱她！”

With a last faint effort, which would have been powerless but for

my yielding to it and assisting it, he raised my hand to his lips. Then, he gently let it sink upon his breast again, with his own hands lying on it. The placid look at the white ceiling came back, and passed away, and his head dropped quietly on his breast.

他使尽了最后一点微弱的力气，想把我的手抬到他的嘴边，但他已经没有力气了，我于是顺他的意，把手放到他的嘴边。然后，他轻轻地让我的手滑向他的胸口，又把他的双手放到我的手上。我又看见了他脸上那种凝视着白色天花板的、平静的神情一闪而逝，他的头悄无声息地垂到了胸前。

Mindful, then, of what we had read together, I thought of the two men who went up into the Temple to pray, and I knew there were no better words that I could say beside his bed, than "O Lord, be merciful to him, a sinner!"

这时，我想起了我曾经给他读过的书，想起了书上说有两个人到殿里去祷告，我知道此刻在他的床边，除了一句话，我想不出更适合的了，那就是：“噢，上帝，宽恕这个罪人吧！”

CHAPTER 57

第五十七章

Now that I was left wholly to myself, I gave notice of my intention to quit the chambers in the Temple as soon as my tenancy could legally determine, and in the meanwhile to underlet them. At once I put bills up in the windows; for, I was in debt, and had scarcely any money, and began to be seriously alarmed by the state of my affairs. I ought rather to write that I should have been alarmed if I had had energy and concentration enough to help me to the clear perception of any truth beyond the fact that I was falling very ill. The late stress upon me had enabled me to put off illness, but not to put it away; I knew that it was coming on me now, and I knew very little else, and was even careless as to that.

现在就只剩下我一个人了，我告诉房东，我打算等租赁期一满，就把坦普尔的房子退掉，同时想办法把房子转租出去。我立刻在窗上贴上招租广告，此时的我债务缠身，几乎身无分文，如此的境地让我开始惊慌了。或许我该这么写，如果我还有足够的精力让我清楚地意识到这一点的话，我本应该惊慌的，而当时我除了发现自己病得很重之外，什么也没有意识到。最近袭来的压力使我的病推迟发作，但并＋B10没有驱散病魔，我知道病魔现在开始向我进攻了，其他的我就不知道了，甚至也没有在意。

For a day or two, I lay on the sofa, or on the floor—anywhere, according as I happened to sink down—with a heavy head and aching limbs, and no purpose, and no power. Then there came one night which appeared of great duration, and which teemed with anxiety and horror; and when in the morning I tried to sit up in my bed and think of it, I found I could not do so.

开始的一两天，我躺在沙发上，或者地板上——或者其他什么地方，我碰巧在哪里坐下就在哪里躺下了——只觉得头昏脑胀、四肢疼痛、毫无目的、毫无气力。有一天晚上我感觉格外漫长，满是焦虑和恐惧。第二天早上我试着从床上坐起来，想想晚上发生了什么，结果发现我起不来了。

Whether I really had been down in Garden Court in the dead of the night, groping about for the boat that I supposed to be there; whether I had two or three times come to myself on the staircase with great terror, not knowing how I had got out of bed; whether I had found myself lighting the lamp, possessed by the idea that he was coming up the stairs, and that the lights were blown out; whether I had been inexpressibly harassed by the distracted talking, laughing,

and groaning, of some one, and had half suspected those sounds to be of my own making; whether there had been a closed iron furnace in a dark corner of the room, and a voice had called out over and over again that Miss Havisham was consuming within it; these were things that I tried to settle with myself and get into some order, as I lay that morning on my bed. But, the vapor of a limekiln would come between me and them, disordering them all, and it was through the vapor at last that I saw two men looking at me.

我究竟有没有深更半夜走到花园坊去，摸索那个我以为系着船的地方；究竟有没有那么两三次，我在楼梯上惊恐万分地苏醒过来，不知自己是怎么下的床；我究竟有没有想到他正在上楼，而楼道里的灯都熄灭了，于是出去点灯；我究竟有没有为一个人的说话声、笑声和呻吟声感到说不出的心烦意乱，而又有点怀疑这些声音都是我自己发出来的；在这间屋子某个黑暗的角落里，究竟有没有一个封闭的铁制火炉，究竟有没有一个声音一遍又一遍地喊着，郝维仙小姐要被火烧死了——那天早上我就躺在床上，试着把这些事情想想清楚、理理顺。可是，石灰窑的烟雾总是弥漫在我和这些事情中间，把它们全都打乱了，最后在这片烟雾中，我看见有两个人正看着我。

"What do you want?" I asked, starting; "I don't know you."

“你们要干什么？”我惊讶地问道，“我不认识你们。”

"Well, sir," returned one of them, bending down and touching me on the shoulder, "this is a matter that you'll soon arrange, I dare say, but you're arrested."

“嗯，先生，”他们中的一个弯下腰拍着我的肩膀说，“有件事情你会尽快去处理的，我敢说，不过你被逮捕了。”

"What is the debt?"

“我欠了多少债？”

"Hundred and twenty-three pound, fifteen, six. Jeweler's account, I think."

“一百二十三磅十五先令六便士。我想，这个是你欠珠宝商的账款。”

"What is to be done?"

“我要做什么呢？”

"You had better come to my house," said the man. "I keep a very nice house."

“你最好到我家里去一趟，”那个人说，“我家里收拾得非常整洁。”

I made some attempt to get up and dress myself. When I next attended to them, they were standing a little off from the bed, looking

at me. I still lay there.

我试图从床上起来穿衣。我再看他们的时候，他们已经站到了离床远一些的地方，正看着我。我仍然躺着没有动。

"You see my state," said I. "I would come with you if I could; but indeed I am quite unable. If you take me from here, I think I shall die by the way."

“你们看到我现在的状况了吧，”我说，“如果我可以的话，我就跟你们走了，可我确实没办法。如果你们要把我从这里带走，我想我半路上就没命了。”

Perhaps they replied, or argued the point, or tried to encourage me to believe that I was better than I thought. For as much as they hang in my memory by only this one slender thread, I don't know what they did, except that they forbore to remove me.

他们可能答了几句，可能争辩了一下，也可能试图鼓励我，让我相信我的状况并没有我想象的那么糟。由于他们在我的记忆中只留下了这么一点微薄的印象，我不知道他们后来又做了什么，只知道他们最终还是没有带我走。

That I had a fever and was avoided, that I suffered greatly, that I often lost my reason, that the time seemed interminable, that I confounded impossible existences with my own identity; that I was a brick in the house wall, and yet entreating to be released from the giddy place where the builders had set me; that I was a steel beam of a vast engine, clashing and whirling over a gulf, and yet that I implored in my own person to have the engine stopped, and my part in it hammered off; that I passed through these phases of disease, I know of my own remembrance, and did in some sort know at the time. That I sometimes struggled with real people, in the belief that they were murderers, and that I would all at once comprehend that they meant to do me good, and would then sink exhausted in their arms, and suffer them to lay me down, I also knew at the time. But, above all, I knew that there was a constant tendency in all these people—who, when I was very ill, would present all kinds of extraordinary transformations of the human face, and would be much dilated in size—above all, I say, I knew that there was an extraordinary tendency in all these people, sooner or later to settle down into the likeness of Joe.

我发烧了，来的人都因此离开了。我痛苦不堪，好几次都发现自己没法思考，时间好像没有尽头。我觉得自己成了各种物体，但又觉得不现实，把自己搞糊涂了。我觉得自己是墙上的一块砖，被泥瓦匠砌了进去，我恳求他们把我从这头昏目眩的地方解救出来。我又成了一台巨大的机器上的一根钢梁，在一个深渊上方撞击着、旋转着，我乞求他们把

机器关掉，把我这一部分用锤截断。我在病中经受了这些，这些是我现在能记起来的，也是当时稍微能记起的一部分。有时候真的有人来，我以为他们是来杀我的，于是和他们搏斗起来，突然间明白他们并无恶意，于是精疲力尽地倒在他们的怀抱中，让他们扶着我躺下，这些也是我当时能记起的。不过，最重要的是，我知道这些人的模样总有一种不断变化的趋势——在我病得厉害的时候，他们的脸变成了各种各样奇怪的样子，甚至膨胀、＋B44变大——不过，我要说的是，我知道这些人的样子不管变得多么古怪，最终都会化成一个人的形象，那就是乔。

After I had turned the worst point of my illness, I began to notice that while all its other features changed, this one consistent feature did not change. Whoever came about me, still settled down into Joe. I opened my eyes in the night, and I saw in the great chair at the bedside, Joe. I opened my eyes in the day, and, sitting on the window-seat, smoking his pipe in the shaded open window, still I saw Joe. I asked for cooling drink, and the dear hand that gave it me was Joe's. I sank back on my pillow after drinking, and the face that looked so hopefully and tenderly upon me was the face of Joe.

我病情最危急的时候过去之后，我开始注意到，其他各种奇奇怪怪的面孔都变了，唯有这张面孔始终不变。不管靠近我的人是谁，最后都会变成乔的样子。夜里我睁开眼睛，看见床边那把大椅子里坐着一个人，我觉得他是乔。白天我睁开眼睛，看见窗台下坐着一个人，在打开的窗子的阴影里抽烟，我觉得他是乔。我要喝清凉饮料，一双亲切的手把饮料递给我，我觉得那是乔的手。喝完之后我把头靠回枕头上，一张满怀希望和温情的脸看着我，我觉得那是乔的脸。

At last, one day, I took courage, and said, "Is it Joe?"

终于有一天，我鼓起勇气问了句：“你是乔吗？”

And the dear old home-voice answered, "Which it air, old chap."

那个人用亲切的乡音回答我：“是啊，老弟。”

"O Joe, you break my heart! Look angry at me, Joe. Strike me, Joe. Tell me of my ingratitude. Don't be so good to me!"

“噢，乔，把我的心砸碎吧！对我发火吧，乔。打我吧，乔。你骂我忘恩负义吧。不要对我这么好！”

For, Joe had actually laid his head down on the pillow at my side and put his arm round my neck, in his joy that I knew him.

乔看到我认出了他，高兴地把头靠在我的枕边，伸出一只胳膊搂着我的脖子。

"Which dear old Pip, old chap," said Joe, "you and me was ever friends. And when you're well enough to go out for a ride—what larks!”

“亲爱的皮普老弟，”乔说，“你和我永远都是朋友。等你的病好了，我们一起乘车出去走走——那多好啊！”

After which, Joe withdrew to the window, and stood with his back towards me, wiping his eyes. And as my extreme weakness prevented me from getting up and going to him, I lay there, penitently whispering, "O God bless him! O God bless this gentle Christian man!"

说完之后，乔向窗边走去，背对着我站在那里，用手擦着眼睛。由于我身子十分虚弱，没法起身走到他那里去，我只能躺在床上，带着忏悔的口吻喃喃低语：“上帝保佑他吧！上帝保佑这位温和的基督徒吧！”

Joe's eyes were red when I next found him beside me; but, I was holding his hand, and we both felt happy.

乔坐回我身边时，我发现他的眼睛红了，不过，我握着他的手，我们都沉浸在幸福中。

"How long, dear Joe?"

“多长时间了，亲爱的乔？”

"Which you meantersay, Pip, how long have your illness lasted, dear old chap?"

“你的意思是你病了多久了吗，皮普，亲爱的老弟？”

"Yes, Joe."

“是的，乔。”

"It's the end of May, Pip. Tomorrow is the first of June."

“今天是五月的最后一天，皮普。明天就是六月的第一天了。”

"And have you been here all that time, dear Joe?"

“你一直在这里吗，亲爱的乔？”

"Pretty nigh, old chap. For, as I says to Biddy when the news of your being ill were brought by letter, which it were brought by the post and being formerly single he is now married though underpaid for a deal of walking and shoe-leather, but wealth were not a object on his part, and marriage were the great wish of his hart—”

“差不多吧，老弟。我收到信得知你病了，就跟比迪说了。信是一位邮差送来的，这个人原先是个单身汉，现在结婚了，虽然送信的活要走很多路，还要费很多双皮鞋，不过发财不是他最大的心愿，他最大的心愿是结婚——”

"It is so delightful to hear you, Joe! But I interrupt you in what you said to Biddy."

“听你这么说我真高兴，乔！不过我得打断你的话，我想知道你是怎么跟比迪说的。”

"Which it were," said Joe, "that how you might be amongst strangers, and that how you and me having been ever friends, a wisit at such a moment might not prove unacceptabobble. And Biddy, her word were, 'Go to him, without loss of time.' That," said Joe, summing up with his judicial air, "were the word of Biddy. 'Go to him,' Biddy say, 'without loss of time.' In short, I shouldn't greatly deceive you," Joe added, after a little grave reflection, "if I represented to you that the word of that young woman were, 'without a minute's loss of time.'"

“我是这么说的，”乔说，“我说你平时可能都和陌生人打交道，而你和我是老朋友，我在这个时候去看你，不会不受欢迎的。比迪听了后说，‘去看他吧，不要浪费时间。’”乔带着一种明断的神情总结了一遍，“这就是比迪的原话。‘去看他吧，’比迪说，‘不要浪费时间。’总之，”乔一脸严肃地想了想，补充了一句，“如果我对你说，那位年轻的女士说的是，‘一分钟的时间也不要浪费’，那我告诉你的和她的原话也差不离。”

There Joe cut himself short, and informed me that I was to be talked to in great moderation, and that I was to take a little nourishment at stated frequent times, whether I felt inclined for it or not, and that I was to submit myself to all his orders. So, I kissed his hand, and lay quiet, while he proceeded to indite a note to Biddy, with my love in it.

乔就此打住了，告诉我不要说太多的话，要定时补充一些营养，不管我愿不愿意，而且我得一切听从他的安排。于是，我亲了亲他的手，轻轻地躺下了，他便去给比迪写信，还在信中附上我对她的问候。

Evidently, Biddy had taught Joe to write. As I lay in bed looking at him, it made me, in my weak state, cry again with pleasure to see the pride with which he set about his letter. My bedstead, divested of its curtains, had been removed, with me upon it, into the sitting room, as the airiest and largest, and the carpet had been taken away, and the room kept always fresh and wholesome night and day. At my own writing-table, pushed into a corner and cumbered with little bottles, Joe now sat down to his great work, first choosing a pen from the pen-tray as if it were a chest of large tools, and tucking up his sleeves as if he were going to wield a crowbar or sledgehammer. It was necessary for Joe to hold on heavily to the table with his left elbow, and to get his right leg well out behind him, before he could begin, and when he did begin, he made every down-stroke so slowly that it might have been six feet long, while at every up-stroke I could hear his pen spluttering extensively. He had a curious idea that the inkstand was on the side of him where it was not, and constantly dipped his pen into space, and seemed quite satisfied with the result. Occasionally, he was tripped up by some orthographical stumbling-block, but on the

whole he got on very well indeed, and when he had signed his name, and had removed a finishing blot from the paper to the crown of his head with his two forefingers, he got up and hovered about the table, trying the effect of his performance from various points of view as it lay there, with unbounded satisfaction.

显然，比迪已经教会乔写信了。我躺在床上看着他，本来身子就虚弱，看着他提笔写信那自豪的样子，我高兴得又一次哭了。我床上的帐子拆下来了，乔把我连人带床一起搬到了起居室，因为那里空气流通最好，也最宽敞，地毯也撤掉了，房间从早到晚都是清清爽爽、干干净净的。我的写字台被推到了一个角落里，上面堆满了瓶瓶罐罐。乔在我的写字台前坐下了，开始了他伟大的工作。他首先从笔筒里挑了一只笔，好像笔筒里装的是粗大的工具一样，然后卷起袖子，好像要挥舞一根撬棍或者一把铁锤一样。乔动笔前，必须先把左胳膊重重地压在桌上，再把右腿伸到椅子后面，然后才能开始写信。等他开始写了，他每一笔向下的笔画都很慢，好像能拉六英尺长，而每写一个向上的笔画时，我都能听见他墨水从他的笔尖喷溅而出的声音。奇怪的是，他总以为墨水瓶在他的这一边，而实际上是在另一边，所以他手上的笔总是蘸了个空，而他看起来却好像对这样的结果很满意。有时，他会被某个词的拼法难住，不过总体来说写得很顺利。他最后签好名，用两手的食指擦掉纸上最后一点墨渍，又把墨渍擦到帽子上去了。他站起身，绕着桌子走来走去，带着无比满足的神情从各个角度欣赏摆在桌上的作品。

Not to make Joe uneasy by talking too much, even if I had been able to talk much, I deferred asking him about Miss Havisham until next day. He shook his head when I then asked him if she had recovered.

即使我已经可以多说话了，我也不想说太多话让乔担心。于是我一直等到第二天才向他打听郝维仙小姐的事。我问他，她是不是已经康复了，他摇了摇头。

"Is she dead, Joe?"

“她死了吗，乔？”

"Why you see, old chap," said Joe, in a tone of remonstrance, and by way of getting at it by degrees, "I wouldn't go so far as to say that, for that's a deal to say; but she ain't—”

“你看，老弟，”乔带着一种劝告的口气，用一种渐进的方式说，“我不想那样说，那样说语气太重了，不过，她已经不——”

"Living, Joe?"

“不在世了吗，乔？”

"That's nigher where it is," said Joe; "she ain't living."

“差不多这个意思，”乔说，“她已经不在世了。”

"Did she linger long, Joe?"

“她的病拖了很久吗，乔？”

"Arter you was took ill, pretty much about what you might call (if you was put to it) a week," said Joe; still determined, on my account, to come at everything by degrees.

“在你病了之后，你也许会说一个星期吧（如果你这么说），将近这么长的时间。”乔说，他是为了我才什么事都用渐进的方式说。

"Dear Joe, have you heard what becomes of her property?"

“亲爱的乔，你有没有听说，她的财产是怎么处理的？”

"Well, old chap," said Joe, "it do appear that she had settled the most of it, which I meantersay tied it up, on Miss Estella. But she had wrote out a little coddleshell in her own hand a day or two afore the accident, leaving a cool four thousand to Mr. Matthew Pocket. And why, do you suppose, above all things, Pip, she left that cool four thousand unto him? 'Because of Pip's account of him the said Matthew.' I am told by Biddy, that air the writing," said Joe, repeating the legal turn as if it did him infinite good, 'account of him the said Matthew.' And a cool four thousand, Pip!"

“哦，老弟，”乔说，“看来她把大部分遗产留给了埃斯特拉小姐，我的意思是这是她早就决定了的。不过她在去世前一两天亲手追加了一条，留给马修·鄱凯特先生整整四千英镑。最重要的是，皮普，你知道她为什么留给他整整四千英镑吗？‘因为皮普对马修的评价’。这是比迪告诉我的，比迪说她就是这样写的，”乔说，然后重复了一遍这句话，好像这对他有莫大的好处似的，“‘对马修的评价。’整整四千英镑呐，皮普！”

I never discovered from whom Joe derived the conventional temperature of the four thousand pounds, but it appeared to make the sum of money more to him, and he had a manifest relish in insisting on its being cool.

我不知道乔是从谁那里得到对四千英镑这一概念的惯常理解的，不过他显然津津乐道于“整整”这个词，似乎对他来说，这么一说这笔钱听起来数目更大了。

This account gave me great joy, as it perfected the only good thing I had done. I asked Joe whether he had heard if any of the other relations had any legacies?

听他这么一说，我高兴极了，因为这是我做过的唯一一件好事，如今算是大功告成了。我问乔他有没有听说，郝维仙小姐的其他亲戚当中有没有人得到遗产？

"Miss Sarah," said Joe, "she have twenty-five pound perannium fur to buy pills, on account of being bilious. Miss Georgiana, she have

twenty pound down. Mrs.—what's the name of them wild beasts with humps, old chap?"

“萨拉小姐，”乔说，“她每年可得二十五英镑，因为她胆汁太多、脾气太暴躁，这钱是给她买药的。乔治亚娜小姐，她得了二十英镑。还有一位叫什么的夫人——有一种背部隆起的野生动物叫什么来着，老弟？”

"Camels?" said I, wondering why he could possibly want to know.

“骆驼吗？”我说，不知道他为什么想知道这个。

Joe nodded. "Mrs. Camels," by which I presently understood he meant Camilla, "she have five pound fur to buy rushlights to put her in spirits when she wake up in the night."

乔点了点头，说道：“卡梅尔夫人，”这时我才意识到他指的是卡米拉，“她得了五英镑，给她买灯芯草蜡烛用，这样她夜里醒来情绪能好些。”（注：“卡梅尔”和“骆驼”在英语中发音相近）

The accuracy of these recitals was sufficiently obvious to me, to give me great confidence in Joe's information. "And now," said Joe, "you ain't that strong yet, old chap, that you can take in more nor one additional shovel-full today. Old Orlick he's been a bustin' open a dwelling-ouse.”

乔一五一十说得很清楚，这足以让我相信，他的信息绝对可靠。“现在，”乔说，“你身体还没恢复呢，老弟，我今天再告诉你一件事，就这一件。老奥立克闯进别人家里去了。”

"Whose?" said I.

“谁家？”我问。

"Not, I grant, you, but what his manners is given to blusterous," said Joe, apologetically; "still, a Englishman's ouse is his Castle, and castles must not be busted 'cept when done in war time. And wotsume'er the failings on his part, he were a corn and seedsman in his hart."

“我跟你说，他就是粗鲁成性。”乔带着歉意说，“可是，一个英国人的家就是他的堡垒，堡垒是不能闯入的，除非是在战争年代。再说了，就算他有什么缺点，人家好歹也是谷物和种子商吧。”

"Is it Pumblechook's house that has been broken into, then?"

“这么说，他闯了彭波契克的家了？”

"That's it, Pip," said Joe; "and they took his till, and they took his cash-box, and they drinked his wine, and they partook of his wittles, and they slapped his face, and they pulled his nose, and they tied him up to his bedpust, and they giv' him a dozen, and they stuffed his mouth full of flowering annuals to prewent his crying out. But he

knowed Orlick, and Orlick's in the county jail."

“是的，皮普。”乔说，“他们砸了他的抽屉，抢了他的钱箱，喝了他的酒，吃了他的东西，还抽他耳光，拔他鼻子，又把他绑在床柱子上，打了他一顿，还在他嘴里塞满开花的一年生植物，不让他喊出来。不过他认出了奥立克，自然奥立克就被关进了郡里的牢房。”

By these approaches we arrived at unrestricted conversation. I was slow to gain strength, but I did slowly and surely become less weak, and Joe stayed with me, and I fancied I was little Pip again.

谈到了这些，我们随后就无所不谈了。我力气恢复得很慢，但我确实是在逐渐好转。乔陪在我身边，我觉得自己又成了当年那个小皮普。

For, the tenderness of Joe was so beautifully proportioned to my need, that I was like a child in his hands. He would sit and talk to me in the old confidence, and with the old simplicity, and in the old unassertive protecting way, so that I would half believe that all my life since the days of the old kitchen was one of the mental troubles of the fever that was gone. He did everything for me except the household work, for which he had engaged a very decent woman, after paying off the laundress on his first arrival. "Which I do assure you, Pip," he would often say, in explanation of that liberty; "I found her a tapping the spare bed, like a cask of beer, and drawing off the feathers in a bucket, for sale. Which she would have tapped yourn next, and draw'd it off with you a laying on it, and was then a carrying away the coals gradiwally in the souptureen and wegetable-dishes, and the wine and spirits in your Wellington boots.”

因为，乔对我体贴入微、呵护备至，我就像一个被他照顾的小孩子。他坐着和我说话，依旧那么自如，依旧那么纯朴，依旧用那种谦虚的、想要保护我的方式，以至于我几乎相信自从我离开故居的厨房以来，我的生活就像发了一场高烧，导致我神志不清，好在烧已经退了。他除了家务活，什么事都为我做。他一来就把那个洗衣妇打发走了，请了一位十分像样的妇女来接替她。“你要相信我，皮普。”他对我说过好几次，他未经过我同意就这么做是有理由的，“我看见她拍那张备用的床，把拍松的鸭绒拨出来装进桶里，再拿去卖掉。她下一次就要来拍你这张床了，就算你躺在上面，也能把你床上的鸭绒拔走，然后用你的汤盘把煤屑一点一点运走，再把葡萄酒和烈性酒装在你的惠灵顿长靴里带走。”

We looked forward to the day when I should go out for a ride, as we had once looked forward to the day of my apprenticeship. And when the day came, and an open carriage was got into the Lane, Joe wrapped me up, took me in his arms, carried me down to it, and put me in, as if I were still the small helpless creature to whom he had so abundantly given of the wealth of his great nature.

我们盼着一起乘车外出的那一天的到来，我当他学徒的时候，也曾这样期盼过那一天的到来。这一天果然来了，一辆敞篷马车开进了巷子里。乔把我裹好，抱起我，一直抱到马车前，然后把我放进车里，好像我还是那个无助的小家伙，他那伟大的天性把一切都给了我。

And Joe got in beside me, and we drove away together into the country, where the rich summer growth was already on the trees and on the grass, and sweet summer scents filled all the air. The day happened to be Sunday, and when I looked on the loveliness around me, and thought how it had grown and changed, and how the little wild flowers had been forming, and the voices of the birds had been strengthening, by day and by night, under the sun and under the stars, while poor I lay burning and tossing on my bed, the mere remembrance of having burned and tossed there, came like a check upon my peace. But, when I heard the Sunday bells, and looked around a little more upon the outspread beauty, I felt that I was not nearly thankful enough—that I was too weak yet, to be even that—and I laid my head on Joe's shoulder, as I had laid it long ago when he had taken me to the Fair or where not, and it was too much for my young senses.

乔进了马车，在我身边坐下了。马车载着我们朝乡间驶去，两旁树木繁茂、绿草如茵，眼前呈现出夏天的色彩，空气中弥漫着夏日的香气。这天正好是星期天，我望着四周秀丽的风景，想着这些草木是如何生长和变化的，这些小小的野花又是如何绽放的。鸟儿一个劲地唱着，不分白昼黑夜，不管头顶上是太阳的光芒还是星星的清辉，而可怜的我躺在床上，发着高烧，辗转反侧，只要一想起我发着烧在床上辗转发侧的情景，我的心情就无法平静。可是，当礼拜日的钟声传入耳畔，当我朝四周无边的美景再次张望，我感到，我内心虽然愉快——但我实在太虚弱了，没有力气了——我把头靠在乔的肩膀上，就像孩提时他带我去集市或其他什么地方一样——那些盛况对我幼稚的感官来说一下子消化不了。

More composure came to me after a while, and we talked as we used to talk, lying on the grass at the old Battery. There was no change whatever in Joe. Exactly what he had been in my eyes then, he was in my eyes still; just as simply faithful, and as simply right.

过了一会儿，我那颗被扰乱的心恢复了平静。我们躺在古炮台旁的草地上，像往日那样交谈。乔依然是当年的乔，一点也没有变。他当年在我眼里是什么样子，现在还是什么样子，还是那么忠实，还是那么正直。

When we got back again and he lifted me out, and carried me—so easily—across the court and up the stairs, I thought of that eventful Christmas Day when he had carried me over the marshes. We had not yet made any allusion to my change of fortune, nor did I know how

much of my late history he was acquainted with. I was so doubtful of myself now, and put so much trust in him, that I could not satisfy myself whether I ought to refer to it when he did not.

我们回去的时候，他把我抱出马车，他抱着我——对他来说这是轻而易举的事——穿过花园坊，上了楼梯，我想起了那个非同寻常的圣诞节，他背着我去沼泽地的情景。关于我财产上的变故，我们谁都没有提及，我也不清楚他对我近来的事情知道了多少。我现在对自己极度怀疑，对他则是十分信任，我不知道该不该提这件事，既然他还没有提到。

"Have you heard, Joe," I asked him that evening, upon further consideration, as he smoked his pipe at the window, "who my patron was?"

“乔，你有没有听说过，”那天晚上趁着他在窗口抽烟，我经过充分的考虑之后问他，“我的恩主是谁？”

"I heerd," returned Joe, "as it were not Miss Havisham, old chap."

“我听说了，”乔说，“听说不是郝维仙小姐，老弟。”

"Did you hear who it was, Joe?"

“你听说是谁了吗，乔？”

"Well! I heerd as it were a person what sent the person what giv' you the bank-notes at the Jolly Bargemen, Pip.”

“嗯！我听说是那个派人到‘三个快活船员’酒馆送钞票给你的人，皮普。”

"So it was."

“正是他。”

"Astonishing!" said Joe, in the placidest way.

“真让人吃惊！”乔说，语气却显得很平静。

"Did you hear that he was dead, Joe?" I presently asked, with increasing diffidence.

“你听说他已经死了吗，乔？”我接着问道，心里越来越没底了。

"Which? Him as sent the bank-notes, Pip?”

“谁？那个派人送钞票给你的人吗，皮普？”

"Yes."

“是的。”

"I think," said Joe, after meditating a long time, and looking rather evasively at the window-seat, "as I did hear tell that how he were something or another in a general way in that direction."

“我想，”乔沉思了好一阵子，似乎是在躲避我的眼光，他望着靠窗的椅子，说道，“我听人说过，但只大概听说他是个这样或那样的人。”

"Did you hear anything of his circumstances, Joe?"

“你听说过他的境况吗，乔？”

"Not partickler, Pip."

“具体情况倒没有听说，皮普。”

"If you would like to hear, Joe—" I was beginning, when Joe got up and came to my sofa.

“如果你愿意听的话，乔——”我正要开始说，乔站起身向我坐的沙发走来。

"Lookee here, old chap," said Joe, bending over me. "Ever the best of friends; ain't us, Pip?"

“看你说的，老弟。”乔俯身对我说，“我们永远都是最好的朋友，不是吗，皮普？”

I was ashamed to answer him.

我羞愧得无言以对。

"Wery good, then," said Joe, as if I had answered; "that's all right, that's agreed upon. Then why go into subjects, old chap, which as betwixt two sech must be for ever onnecessary? There's subjects enough as betwixt two sech, without onnecessary ones. Lord! To think of your poor sister and her Rampages! And don't you remember Tickler?"

“很好，”乔说，好像我已经回答了他一样，“这样就行了，我们意见一致了。那么，我们为什么还要去谈没有必要谈论的话题呢，老弟？我们还有很多可以谈论的话题，没必要的就别再谈论了。天啊！想想你那可怜的姐姐，还有她的暴躁脾气！你不记得那根挠痒棍了吗？”

"I do indeed, Joe."

“我记得，乔。”

"Lookee here, old chap," said Joe. "I done what I could to keep you and Tickler in sunders, but my power were not always fully equal to my inclinations. For when your poor sister had a mind to drop into you, it were not so much," said Joe, in his favorite argumentative way, "that she dropped into me too, if I put myself in opposition to her but that she dropped into you always heavier for it. I noticed that. It ain't a grab at a man's whisker, not yet a shake or two of a man (to which your sister was quite welcome), that 'ud put a man off from getting a little child out of punishment. But when that little child is dropped into, heavier, for that grab of whisker or shaking, then that man

naterally up and says to himself, 'Where is the good as you are a-doing? I grant you I see the 'arm,' says the man, 'but I don't see the good. I call upon you, sir, therefore, to pint out the good.'"

“听我说，老弟，”乔说，“我尽量不让挠痒棍打到你身上，可我总是心有余而力不足。每当你那可怜的姐姐下定决心要打你一顿时，”乔用他喜欢的争辩的语气说，“要是我挡上去不让她打，她不光连我一起打，而且还会因此打你打得更重了。我注意到了这一点。她抓那个男人的胡子，摇他的身子（你姐姐很喜欢用这招），但那个人不会因为这样就不去保护一个小孩子，让他免受惩罚。可是那个小孩子也卷了进来，不让她抓他的胡子，摇他的身子，这样一来这个小孩子反而被打得更厉害了，于是他对自己说，‘你这么做有什么好处呢？我看你这么做只有坏处。’他说，‘一点好处也没有。所以，先生，我问你，你说说好处在哪里。’”

"The man says?" I observed, as Joe waited for me to speak.

“那个人是这么说的吗？”我问，而此时乔正等着我回答他。

"The man says," Joe assented. "Is he right, that man?"

“那个人是这么说的。”乔说，“他对吗？”

"Dear Joe, he is always right."

“亲爱的乔，他总是对的。”

"Well, old chap," said Joe, "then abide by your words. If he's always right (which in general he's more likely wrong), he's right when he says this:— Supposing ever you kep any little matter to yourself, when you was a little child, you kep it mostly because you know'd as J. Gargery's power to part you and Tickler in sunders, were not fully equal to his inclinations. Therefore, think no more of it as betwixt two sech, and do not let us pass remarks upon onnecessary subjects. Biddy giv' herself a deal o' trouble with me afore I left (for I am almost awful dull), as I should view it in this light, and, viewing it in this light, as I should so put it. Both of which," said Joe, quite charmed with his logical arrangement, "being done, now this to you a true friend, say. Namely. You mustn't go a-over-doing on it, but you must have your supper and your wine-and-water, and you must be put betwixt the sheets.”

“嗯，老弟，”乔说，“你说话要当真。如果他总是对的（通常他更有可能是错的），那么他下面要说的话是对的：——假如说当你还是个小孩子的时候，你心里藏了一些事情，你之所以藏着很可能是因为你知道乔·格雷戈里没有挡住打在你身上的挠痒棍是因为他心有余而力不足。所以，不要再想这件事了，也不要再谈论这些没必要谈论的话题了。我来之前比迪费了好大的劲教我（因为我太迟钝了）应该这么看问题，还教我会看问题以后应该怎么说。这两件事都已做到。”乔说，他对他条理分

明的谈论很满意，“下面是作为一个真正的朋友要对你说的。那就是：你不能太累，不过你得吃晚饭，得喝兑了水的酒，得裹着被子睡觉。”

The delicacy with which Joe dismissed this theme, and the sweet tact and kindness with which Biddy—who with her woman's wit had found me out so soon—had prepared him for it, made a deep impression on my mind. But whether Joe knew how poor I was, and how my great expectations had all dissolved, like our own marsh mists before the sun, I could not understand.

乔巧妙地绕过了这个话题，比迪以她女性特有的智慧，启发乔运用技巧和善意，很快就打开了我的话闸子，这给我留下了深刻的印象。不过，至于乔是否知道我目前穷困的状况，是否知道我的遗产就像我们家乡的沼泽地上那消散于阳光之下的雾气一样都化为了泡影，我不得而知。

Another thing in Joe that I could not understand when it first began to develop itself, but which I soon arrived at a sorrowful comprehension of, was this: As I became stronger and better, Joe became a little less easy with me. In my weakness and entire dependence on him, the dear fellow had fallen into the old tone, and called me by the old names, the dear "old Pip, old chap," that now were music in my ears. I too had fallen into the old ways, only happy and thankful that he let me. But, imperceptibly, though I held by them fast, Joe's hold upon them began to slacken; and whereas I wondered at this, at first, I soon began to understand that the cause of it was in me, and that the fault of it was all mine.

还有一件发生在乔身上的事，刚开始的时候我不能理解，但是很快我就悟到了，我很难过，那就是：我身体恢复得越好，乔对我就开始有些不自在了。在我病重而完全依赖他的时候，这位亲爱的伙计恢复了往日的语调，用我往日的称呼叫我，那一声声亲切的“皮普，老弟”如今在我听来如仙乐在耳。他也同意我用以往的称呼叫他，这让我开心不已、感动不已。可是，不知不觉当中，我对此很快就习惯了，而乔却越来越不这么做了。起初我左思右想都想不通，很快我就明白了，原因都在于我，过错都是我一手造成的。

Ah! Had I given Joe no reason to doubt my constancy, and to think that in prosperity I should grow cold to him and cast him off? Had I given Joe's innocent heart no cause to feel instinctively that as I got stronger, his hold upon me would be weaker, and that he had better loosen it in time and let me go, before I plucked myself away?

啊！都是我给了乔怀疑我的忠诚的理由，是我让他认为，我病一好就会对他冷淡，把他抛弃，不是吗？都是我没能给乔那颗纯真的心足够的理由，让他本能地怀疑我强壮了以后，他和我的情谊就会冷淡。因此，他以为最好还是在我弃他而去之前及时放手，给我自由。

It was on the third or fourth occasion of my going out walking in the Temple Gardens leaning on Joe's arm, that I saw this change in him very plainly. We had been sitting in the bright warm sunlight, looking at the river, and I chanced to say as we got up:

我们第三次还是第四次在坦普尔花园里散步时，我靠着乔的胳膊，我很清楚地看到了他的这一变化。我们在温暖明亮的阳光底下坐着，看着远处的河水，我们起身的时候，我正好说了一句：

"See, Joe! I can walk quite strongly. Now, you shall see me walk back by myself."

“你看，乔！我身体变得很强壮了，我可以自己走了。你应该能看到我自己走回去了。”

"Which do not over-do it, Pip," said Joe; "but I shall be happy fur to see you able, sir."

“不要过度劳累，皮普。”乔说，“不过看到你能自己走回去我很高兴，先生。”

The last word grated on me; but how could I remonstrate! I walked no further than the gate of the gardens, and then pretended to be weaker than I was, and asked Joe for his arm. Joe gave it me, but was thoughtful.

他最后一个字听起来很刺耳，可我怎么能抗议呢！我走到花园门口就没再走下去了，我假装更加虚弱了，请乔伸出手臂让我扶着走。乔向我伸出手臂，但心事重重。

I, for my part, was thoughtful too; for, how best to check this growing change in Joe, was a great perplexity to my remorseful thoughts. That I was ashamed to tell him exactly how I was placed, and what I had come down to, I do not seek to conceal; but, I hope my reluctance was not quite an unworthy one. He would want to help me out of his little savings, I knew, and I knew that he ought not to help me, and that I must not suffer him to do it.

至于我，同样也是心事重重，怎样才能阻止乔的这种心理变化呢，我本来就懊悔不已，现在更加无所适从了。要把我目前的处境如实向他汇报，我羞于启齿。我不是故意隐瞒，只是我希望，我瞒着不告诉他不是毫无意义的。我知道他会拿出他那微薄的积蓄来帮我，而且我知道我不能接受他的帮助，他这么做我会内心不安的。

It was a thoughtful evening with both of us. But, before we went to bed, I had resolved that I would wait over to-morrow, to-morrow being Sunday, and would begin my new course with the new week. On Monday morning I would speak to Joe about this change, I would lay aside this last vestige of reserve, I would tell him what I had in my thoughts (that Secondly, not yet arrived at), and why I had not

decided to go out to Herbert, and then the change would be conquered for ever. As I cleared, Joe cleared, and it seemed as though he had sympathetically arrived at a resolution too.

这个夜晚我们两个都心事重重。不过，我上床之前想好了，我要等过了明天再说，因为明天是星期天，我希望新的一周有新的开始。我准备星期一早上跟乔谈谈他的这一变化，放下我心头的最后一点秘密，我要告诉他我的想法（这是我心头的第二件事，至今尚未泄密），我还要告诉他我为什么不跟赫伯特一起走，这样他身上的变化就能消除。我心里没了顾虑，乔也没了顾虑，看起来就好像他和我之间有了心灵感应，他也做出了决定。

We had a quiet day on the Sunday, and we rode out into the country, and then walked in the fields.

这是一个安静的星期天，我们乘车去乡间，然后在田间漫步。

"I feel thankful that I have been ill, Joe," I said.

“我生了这样一场大病，真应该感谢上天，乔。”我说。

"Dear old Pip, old chap, you're a'most come round, sir."

“亲爱的皮普老弟，你差不多好了，先生。”

"It has been a memorable time for me, Joe."

“这对我来说是一段难忘的日子，乔。”

"Likeways for myself, sir," Joe returned.

“对我来说也是，先生。”乔说。

"We have had a time together, Joe, that I can never forget. There were days once, I know, that I did for a while forget; but I never shall forget these."

“我们有一段共同度过的日子，乔，我永远也忘不了。我知道，我们过去有过这样的日子，我确实有一阵子忘记了，可我永远也不会忘记我们这一次一起度过的日子。”

"Pip," said Joe, appearing a little hurried and troubled, "there has been larks, And, dear sir, what have been betwixt us—have been.”

“皮普，”乔看起来有点慌乱，说，“我们过去有过一起的日子，而且，亲爱的先生，我们过去的事情——都已经过去了。”

At night, when I had gone to bed, Joe came into my room, as he had done all through my recovery. He asked me if I felt sure that I was as well as in the morning?

晚上，我上床以后，乔到我的房间里来了，在我康复的这段时间里他每天晚上都来。他问我是不是感觉和早上一样好。

"Yes, dear Joe, quite."

“是的，亲爱的乔，我感觉很好。”

"And are always a-getting stronger, old chap?”

“也越来越有力气了，是吗，老弟？”

"Yes, dear Joe, steadily."

“是的，亲爱的乔，越来越有力气了。”

Joe patted the coverlet on my shoulder with his great good hand, and said, in what I thought a husky voice, "Good night!"

乔用他那双大手在我肩头的被单上拍了拍，然后声音沙哑地对我说：“晚安！”

When I got up in the morning, refreshed and stronger yet, I was full of my resolution to tell Joe all, without delay. I would tell him before breakfast. I would dress at once and go to his room and surprise him; for, it was the first day I had been up early. I went to his room, and he was not there. Not only was he not there, but his box was gone.

第二天我起床后，觉得精神抖擞、体力倍增，我下定决心要把一切都告诉他，再不拖延。我要在早餐前就告诉他。我要立刻穿好衣服到他房间去，给他一个惊喜，因为这是我第一次起这么早。我到他房间，发现他不在。没看见他的人，连他的行李箱也不见了。

I hurried then to the breakfast-table, and on it found a letter. These were its brief contents.

我匆匆忙忙向早餐桌跑去，发现桌上有一封信。信的内容很简短。

"Not wishful to intrude I have departured fur you are well again dear Pip and will do better without JO.

“亲爱的皮普，你身体已经康复，我不想再打扰，故不辞而别。没有了乔你会更好的。

"P.S. Ever the best of friends."

附言：我们永远是最好的朋友。”

Enclosed in the letter, was a receipt for the debt and costs on which I had been arrested. Down to that moment I had vainly supposed that my creditor had withdrawn or suspended proceedings until I should be quite recovered. I had never dreamed of Joe's having paid the money; but, Joe had paid it, and the receipt was in his name.

信封里还有一张收据，是我那笔欠款的还款收据，我还差点因为那笔欠款被捕。直到那一刻我才明白，我徒然以为我的债主退却了，或者延迟了日期，想等我康复了再说。我从来没想过乔已经替我还了债，可乔确实是替我还了，收据上签的是他的名字。

What remained for me now, but to follow him to the dear old forge, and there to have out my disclosure to him, and my penitent remonstrance with him, and there to relieve my mind and heart of that reserved Secondly, which had begun as a vague something lingering in my thoughts, and had formed into a settled purpose?

现在留在我心里的事，第一是跟随他到昔日那亲切的铁匠铺去，在那里向他倾吐我的秘密，以及我对他的忏悔之意，还有就是要告诉他我心头的第二件事，一开始这只是一个萦绕在我脑海中的模糊的想法，后来变成了一个确定的决心。

The purpose was, that I would go to Biddy, that I would show her how humbled and repentant I came back, that I would tell her how I had lost all I once hoped for, that I would remind her of our old confidences in my first unhappy time. Then, I would say to her, "Biddy, I think you once liked me very well, when my errant heart, even while it strayed away from you, was quieter and better with you than it ever has been since. If you can like me only half as well once more, if you can take me with all my faults and disappointments on my head, if you can receive me like a forgiven child (and indeed I am as sorry, Biddy, and have as much need of a hushing voice and a soothing hand), I hope I am a little worthier of you that I was—not much, but a little. And, Biddy, it shall rest with you to say whether I shall work at the forge with Joe, or whether I shall try for any different occupation down in this country, or whether we shall go away to a distant place where an opportunity awaits me, which I set aside when it was offered, until I knew your answer. And now, dear Biddy, if you can tell me that you will go through the world with me, you will surely make it a better world for me, and me a better man for it, and I will try hard to make it a better world for you.”

这个决心就是，我要去找比迪，我要向她表明，我带着谦卑之心和悔恨之意回来了，我要告诉她我失去了我曾经追求的东西，我要让她回忆起在我最初不愉快的时光里我们曾有过的信任。然后，我要对她说：“比迪，你曾经那么喜欢我。即使后来离开了你，但我那颗漂泊不定的心和你在一起的时候，比其他任何时候都更加安宁、更加美好。如果你能再爱我一次，即使只用以前一半的感情，如果你能接受我的所有过错以及我给你带来的失望，如果你能像饶恕一个孩子一样饶恕我、接受我（我真的很抱歉，比迪，但我需要你的话语来安慰我，需要你的手来安抚我），我希望我能比以前更配得上你一些——没有很多，只有一点。比迪，有件事我需要你的答复，我以后是去乔的铁匠铺和他一起干活呢，还是应该在国内找个别的职业呢，或者我们一起到一个遥远的地方去，那里有一个机会在等着我，我把这个机会搁一边了，我要等你答复了我之后才能做出决定。而现在，亲爱的比迪，如果你告诉我你愿意跟我一起浪迹天涯，你一定能为我打造一个更好的世界，一定能让我成为这世上一个更好的人，而我也会努力为你开创一个更加美好的世界。”

Such was my purpose. After three days more of recovery, I went down to the old place, to put it in execution; and how I sped in it, is all I have left to tell.

这就是我的决心。又过了三天，我前往故乡，去了却我这一桩心愿。我接下来要讲的就是我怎样施行这一打算的。

CHAPTER 58

第五十八章

The tidings of my high fortunes having had a heavy fall, had got down to my native place and its neighborhood, before I got there. I found the Blue Boar in possession of the intelligence, and I found that it made a great change in the Boar's demeanor. Whereas the Boar had cultivated my good opinion with warm assiduity when I was coming into property, the Boar was exceedingly cool on the subject now that I was going out of property.

在我回故乡之前，我的巨额财产化为泡沫的消息就已经不胫而走，传到了我的家乡各地。我发现消息也传到了“蓝野猪”饭店，“蓝野猪”对我的态度发生了一百八十度的大转变。我交上财运的时候，“蓝野猪”对我是热情招待，不敢怠慢，可现在我的财运没了，“蓝野猪”对我便异常冷淡。

It was evening when I arrived, much fatigued by the journey I had so often made so easily. The Boar could not put me into my usual bedroom, which was engaged (probably by some one who had expectations), and could only assign me a very indifferent chamber among the pigeons and post-chaises up the yard. But, I had as sound a sleep in that lodging as in the most superior accommodation the Boar could have given me, and the quality of my dreams was about the same as in the best bedroom.

我到达“蓝野猪”饭店的时候已经是晚上了，虽然平日过来都轻松自如，今天这一路下来却让我疲惫不堪。“蓝野猪”无法安排我住进我往常住的那间房了，说是有人已经订了（可能是某个有一大笔遗产的人），只能给我安排院子旁边一间非常不起眼的房，与鸽子和驿马为伍。不过，我在那间房里美美地睡了一觉，即使让我在“蓝野猪”最好的房间里住上一晚，也没什么两样。我在那间房里做的梦，和在最好的房间里做的梦也没什么两样。

Early in the morning while my breakfast was getting ready, I strolled round by Satis House. There were printed bills on the gate, and on bits of carpet hanging out of the windows, announcing a sale by auction of the Household Furniture and Effects, next week. The House itself was to be sold as old building materials and pulled down. LOT 1 was marked in whitewashed knock-knee letters on the brew house; LOT 2 on that part of the main building which had been so long shut up. Other lots were marked off on other parts of the structure, and the ivy had been torn down to make room for the inscriptions, and much of it trailed low in the dust and was withered

already. Stepping in for a moment at the open gate and looking around me with the uncomfortable air of a stranger who had no business there, I saw the auctioneer's clerk walking on the casks and telling them off for the information of a catalogue compiler, pen in hand, who made a temporary desk of the wheeled chair I had so often pushed along to the tune of Old Clem.

次日清早，趁着早餐还在准备当中，我到沙提斯庄园去转了一圈。门上贴着印刷好的招租广告，窗上挂着毛毯的碎片，上面写着：下周这所宅子里的家具和财物将被拍卖。宅子本身将当成旧的建筑材料卖掉，然后全部拆毁。酿酒作坊的厂房用石灰水刷上了“一号地皮”字样，字是东倒西歪的。那座早就关了的主楼刷上了“二号地皮”的字样。这座宅子还有其他地方也被标上了字样，为了便于刷字，墙上的常春藤被拉了下来。很多拉下来的常春藤被扔进了尘土里，已经枯萎了。大门是敞开的，我走了进去，停了一会儿，不自在地环顾了一下四周，那神情就好像是一个在那里无事可做的陌生人。我看见拍卖行的办事员在啤酒桶上踱着步子，数着桶的数目，以便编入目录。他手里握着一支笔，把我当年常常一面唱着《老克莱门之歌》，一面推着的轮椅当成了临时的办公桌。

When I got back to my breakfast in the Boar's coffee-room, I found Mr. Pumblechook conversing with the landlord. Mr. Pumblechook (not improved in appearance by his late nocturnal adventure) was waiting for me, and addressed me in the following terms.

我回到“蓝野猪”咖啡室用早餐时，看见彭波契克先生正在和店主说话。彭波契克先生在等我（上次夜间遇险的经历在他脸上留下的印记还没有消去），他用下面的措词跟我说话。

"Young man, I am sorry to see you brought low. But what else could be expected! What else could be expected!"

“年轻人，我很遗憾看你摔得这么重。可还能指望怎样呢！还能指望怎样呢！”

As he extended his hand with a magnificently forgiving air, and as I was broken by illness and unfit to quarrel, I took it.

他带着一副宽宏大量的神情向我伸出手来，我因为身子被病给拖垮了，不宜和他争论，也伸手给他。

"William," said Mr. Pumblechook to the waiter, "put a muffin on table. And has it come to this! Has it come to this!"

“威廉，”彭波契克先生对服务生说，“拿一块松饼来放桌上。竟然落到这步田地！竟然落到这步田地！”

I frowningly sat down to my breakfast. Mr. Pumblechook stood over me and poured out my tea—before I could touch the teapot—

with the air of a benefactor who was resolved to be true to the last.

我皱着眉坐下来吃饭。彭波契克先生站在我旁边，没等我手碰杯，就给我倒好了一杯茶，还带着一副恩主的神气，他是下定了决心要把恩主这个角色扮演到底。

"William," said Mr. Pumblechook, mournfully, "put the salt on. In happier times," addressing me, "I think you took sugar. And did you take milk? You did. Sugar and milk. William, bring a watercress."

“威廉，”彭波契克先生一脸哀伤地说，“在上面撒点盐。你走运的时候，”他对我说，“我想你加的是糖吧。你加牛奶吗？应该是加的。糖和牛奶。威廉，拿根水芹菜来。”

"Thank you," said I, shortly, "but I don't eat watercresses."

“谢谢，”我马上说了一句，“可我不吃水芹菜。”

"You don't eat 'em," returned Mr. Pumblechook, sighing and nodding his head several times, as if he might have expected that, and as if abstinence from watercresses were consistent with my downfall. "True. The simple fruits of the earth. No. You needn't bring any, William."

“你不吃水芹菜。”彭波契克先生说，又是点头，又是叹气的，还重复了好几次，好像他早就料到了，好像我正是因为不吃水芹菜才落到了今天这步田地。“当然了。那是地上长的贫贱菜。不用了。你不用去拿了，威廉。”

I went on with my breakfast, and Mr. Pumblechook continued to stand over me, staring fishily and breathing noisily, as he always did.

我继续吃我的早餐，彭波契克先生继续站在那里，面无表情地盯着我看，喘着粗气，他总是这副德性。

"Little more than skin and bone!" mused Mr. Pumblechook, aloud. "And yet when he went from here (I may say with my blessing), and I spread afore him my humble store, like the Bee, he was as plump as a Peach!”

“瘦得只剩下皮包骨了！”彭波契克先生一边思考着，一边大声地说，“可记得当初他离开这里的时候（请允许我这么说），我把我那像蜜蜂一样勤勤恳恳积累的、一点微薄的积蓄放在他面前，他那时就像一只桃子一样丰满！”

This reminded me of the wonderful difference between the servile manner in which he had offered his hand in my new prosperity, saying, "May I?" and the ostentatious clemency with which he had just now exhibited the same fat five fingers.

这让我想起了在我刚交好运的时候，他曾奴颜婢膝地向我伸出手，问：“我可以吗？”而他刚才向我伸出同样胖胖的五根手指，却摆出一副

宽厚、仁慈的长者之态。

"Hah!" he went on, handing me the bread-and-butter. "And air you a-going to Joseph?”

“哈！”他一边把黄油面包递给我，一边接着说道，“你要到约瑟夫那里去吗？”

"In heaven's name," said I, firing in spite of myself, "what does it matter to you where I am going? Leave that teapot alone."

“天哪，”我抑制不住满腔的怒火，“我到哪里去跟你有什么关系？不要动我的茶壶。”

It was the worst course I could have taken, because it gave Pumblechook the opportunity he wanted.

这是我说的最糟糕的一句话，因为这给了彭波契克他想要的机会。

"Yes, young man," said he, releasing the handle of the article in question, retiring a step or two from my table, and speaking for the behoof of the landlord and waiter at the door, "I will leave that teapot alone. You are right, young man. For once, you are right. I forgit myself when I take such an interest in your breakfast, as to wish your frame, exhausted by the debilitating effects of prodigygality, to be stimilated by the 'olesome nourishment of your forefathers. And yet," said Pumblechook, turning to the landlord and waiter, and pointing me out at arm's length, "this is him as I ever sported with in his days of happy infancy! Tell me not it cannot be; I tell you this is him!"

“是的，年轻人，”他说着松开了茶壶柄，从我的桌边后退了一两步，对着门口的店主和茶房说，“我会把茶壶放下的。你说得对，年轻人。这一次，你说得对。你要谅解我，我这样关心你的早餐，是希望你身体健康，你在外面花天酒地把身子弄垮了，我才叫了一份你祖宗吃的营养品给你补补。可是，”彭波契克转身面向店主和茶房，伸直了胳膊指着我说，“就是这个人，在他快乐的童年时代，我还陪他一起玩呢！不要跟我说这不可能，我告诉你们，就是这个人！”

A low murmur from the two replied. The waiter appeared to be particularly affected.

那两个人小声嘀咕着作为回答。茶房看起来对他的话特别感兴趣。

"This is him," said Pumblechook, "as I have rode in my shaycart. This is him as I have seen brought up by hand. This is him untoe the sister of which I was uncle by marriage, as her name was Georgiana M'ria from her own mother, let him deny it if he can!"

“就是这个人，”彭波契克说，“我一直让他坐我的马车。就是这个人，我亲眼看着他姐姐把他一手带大的。就是这个人，他姐姐的丈夫叫我叔叔，他姐姐叫乔治亚娜·玛利亚，沿用了她母亲的名字，这是事实，

看他怎么否认！”

The waiter seemed convinced that I could not deny it, and that it gave the case a black look.

茶房看起来相信了他的话，认为我不能否认这个事实，这使得这件事蒙上了一层阴影。

"Young man," said Pumblechook, screwing his head at me in the old fashion, "you air a-going to Joseph. What does it matter to me, you ask me, where you air a-going? I say to you, Sir, you air a-going to Joseph.”

“年轻人，”彭波契克以他惯用的姿势把头转向我说，“你要到约瑟夫那里去。你问我，你到哪里去跟我有什么关系？我跟你说，先生，你要到约瑟夫那里去。”

The waiter coughed, as if he modestly invited me to get over that.

茶房咳嗽了一声，好像是要客气地请我把这事说清楚。

"Now," said Pumblechook, and all this with a most exasperating air of saying in the cause of virtue what was perfectly convincing and conclusive, "I will tell you what to say to Joseph. Here is Squires of the Boar present, known and respected in this town, and here is William, which his father's name was Potkins if I do not deceive myself."

“现在，”彭波契克摆出一副让人气愤不已的神情，仿佛他要说的都是颠扑不破的真理，“我来告诉你该对约瑟夫说什么。在场的有‘蓝野猪’饭店的斯夸尔斯先生，他是镇上受人尊敬的名人，威廉也在这里，要是我没记错的话，他父亲的名字应该是鲍金斯。”

"You do not, sir," said William.

“你没记错，先生。”威廉说。

"In their presence," pursued Pumblechook, "I will tell you, young man, what to say to Joseph. Says you, 'Joseph, I have this day seen my earliest benefactor and the founder of my fortun's. I will name no names, Joseph, but so they are pleased to call him up-town, and I have seen that man.'"

“当着他们的面，”彭波契克接着说道，“我来告诉你，年轻人，你要对约瑟夫说什么。你要这么说，‘约瑟夫，我今天看见我最初的恩主和我财产的奠基人了。我就不说名字了，约瑟夫，不过镇上的人都乐意这样叫他，我见到那个人了。’”

"I swear I don't see him here," said I.

“我发誓我没有在这里见过他。”我说。

"Say that likewise," retorted Pumblechook. "Say you said that, and

even Joseph will probably betray surprise."

“说类似那样的话就行。”彭波契克反驳道，“你要是那么说，即使是约瑟夫也可能会惊讶的。”

"There you quite mistake him," said I. "I know better."

“那你就误会他了，”我说，“我比你了解他。”

"Says you," Pumblechook went on, “‘Joseph, I have seen that man, and that man bears you no malice and bears me no malice. He knows your character, Joseph, and is well acquainted with your pig-headedness and ignorance; and he knows my character, Joseph, and he knows my want of gratitoode. Yes, Joseph,' says you," here Pumblechook shook his head and hand at me, “'he knows my total deficiency of common human gratitoode. He knows it, Joseph, as none can. You do not know it, Joseph, having no call to know it, but that man do.'"

“你这么说，”彭波契克继续说道，“‘约瑟夫，我见到那个人了，他对你没有恶意，对我也没有恶意。他知道你的性格，约瑟夫，他知道你固执又无知，他也知道我的性格，约瑟夫，他知道我忘恩负义。是的，约瑟夫，’你说，”说到这里，彭波契克对我摇了摇头，摆了摆手，“‘他知道做人起码的知恩图报之心，我却一点也没有。他知道，约瑟夫，只有他知道。你不知道，约瑟夫，你没有理由知道，可那个人都知道。’”

Windy donkey as he was, it really amazed me that he could have the face to talk thus to mine.

虽然他只是一头爱吹牛的驴子，不过他竟然敢对我说这样的话，这让我很惊讶。

"Says you, 'Joseph, he gave me a little message, which I will now repeat. It was, that in my being brought low, he saw the finger of Providence. He knowed that finger when he saw it, Joseph, and he saw it plain. It pinted out this writing, Joseph. Reward of ingratitoode to his earliest benefactor, and founder of fortun's. But that man said he did not repent of what he had done, Joseph. Not at all. It was right to do it, it was kind to do it, it was benevolent to do it, and he would do it again.'"

“你这样说，‘约瑟夫，他给过我一个口信，现在我复述给你听。是这么说的，在我走下坡路的时候，他看见了上帝的手指。他认出了上帝的手指，约瑟夫，他清清楚楚地认出来了。上帝的手指写出了这样的字，约瑟夫：凡对最初之恩主及财产奠基人忘恩负义者必得此报。可那个人说他对他所做的事情不后悔，约瑟夫。一点也不后悔。他这么做是对的，他这么做是好的，他这么做是在行善，他说他以后还会这么做的。’”

"It's pity," said I, scornfully, as I finished my interrupted breakfast,

"that the man did not say what he had done and would do again."

“可惜的是，”我吃着被打断的早餐，轻蔑地说，“那个人并没有说他做了什么，也没说他以后还要这么做。”

"Squires of the Boar!" Pumblechook was now addressing the landlord, "and William! I have no objections to your mentioning, either up-town or down-town, if such should be your wishes, that it was right to do it, kind to do it, benevolent to do it, and that I would do it again.”

“‘蓝野猪’饭店的斯夸尔斯先生！”彭波契克现在是对着店主在说话，“还有你，威廉！你们去说吧，不管是到镇里还是到乡下去说，随你们的便，我都没意见。你们说我这么做是对的，是好的，是在行善，说我以后还会这么做的。”

With those words the Impostor shook them both by the hand, with an air, and left the house; leaving me much more astonished than delighted by the virtues of that same indefinite "it." I was not long after him in leaving the house too, and when I went down the High-street I saw him holding forth (no doubt to the same effect) at his shop door to a select group, who honored me with very unfavorable glances as I passed on the opposite side of the way.

这个骗子说完了那番话，便摆出一副神情跟他们两个人握手，然后离开了饭店。他没完没了重复的那几条，非但没让我高兴，反而让我觉得震惊。他走后没多久我也离开了饭店，我走到大街上，看见他正站在店门口，对着一群上流人士高谈阔论（无疑是在说同样的话），我在街对面经过他们时，他们很不友好地向我投来白眼。

But, it was only the pleasanter to turn to Biddy and to Joe, whose great forbearance shone more brightly than before, if that could be, contrasted with this brazen pretender. I went towards them slowly, for my limbs were weak, but with a sense of increasing relief as I drew nearer to them, and a sense of leaving arrogance and untruthfulness further and further behind.

不过，到比迪和乔那里去，心情只会更加愉悦，他们从前就很有包容心，现在愈加包容了，这一点那个厚颜无耻的骗子是没得比的。我四肢仍然无力，慢慢向他们家走去。不过我离他们越近，心情就越轻松，感觉自己离骄傲和虚伪就越远。

The June weather was delicious. The sky was blue, the larks were soaring high over the green corn, I thought all that country-side more beautiful and peaceful by far than I had ever known it to be yet. Many pleasant pictures of the life that I would lead there, and of the change for the better that would come over my character when I had a guiding spirit at my side whose simple faith and clear home-wisdom I had proved, beguiled my way. They awakened a tender emotion in

me; for, my heart was softened by my return, and such a change had come to pass, that I felt like one who was toiling home barefoot from distant travel, and whose wanderings had lasted many years.

六月的天气十分宜人。蓝蓝的天空下，云雀在绿色的谷地上的高空中翱翔，这时的我觉得乡村比我之前所认识的要美丽得多、宁静得多。我想，我的身边一旦有了一位精神向导，她朴素的信念和明晰的智慧将展开我今后生活的美好图景，我的性格将向更好的方向转变，我一路上就这么想着来打发时间。这些唤起了我心里的温情，我这次回来，我的心已经变柔和了，确实发生了这样的改变。我觉得自己就像一个流浪了多年的人，历经长途跋涉，赤着双脚，从遥远的地方回到了家。

The schoolhouse where Biddy was mistress, I had never seen; but, the little roundabout lane by which I entered the village for quietness' sake, took me past it. I was disappointed to find that the day was a holiday; no children were there, and Biddy's house was closed. Some hopeful notion of seeing her busily engaged in her daily duties, before she saw me, had been in my mind and was defeated.

比迪执教的那所学校我从来没有见过，不过，我为了不让人发现，悄悄绕道走小路去村子，这条小路会经过学校。这天是休息日，孩子们都不在，比迪的屋子也关着，这让我很失望。我之前想趁她发现我之前，先去看看她是怎样忙她的日常工作的，而我的这一想法落空了。

But, the forge was a very short distance off, and I went towards it under the sweet green limes, listening for the clink of Joe's hammer. Long after I ought to have heard it, and long after I had fancied I heard it and found it but a fancy, all was still. The limes were there, and the white thorns were there, and the chestnut-trees were there, and their leaves rustled harmoniously when I stopped to listen; but, the clink of Joe's hammer was not in the midsummer wind.

不过，铁匠铺离这里很近。我向铁匠铺走去，走到了一棵芳香的菩提树下，倾听乔敲打铁锤的声音。我应该听见的，而且我认为我听见了，可听了很久才发现这只是我的幻觉，周围是一片寂静。菩提树在那里，山楂树在那里，栗子树也在那里，我停下脚步倾听，听见树叶沙沙作响，声音十分和谐，可是，仲夏的风没有送来乔敲打铁锤的声音。

Almost fearing, without knowing why, to come in view of the forge, I saw it at last, and saw that it was closed. No gleam of fire, no glittering shower of sparks, no roar of bellows; all shut up, and still.

不知为什么，我几乎害怕看见铁匠铺了，但最后还是来到了铁匠铺前，发现门是关着的。铁匠铺里没有一丝火光，没有一点火星，也没有风箱的咆哮声，一切都寂静无声。

But, the house was not deserted, and the best parlor seemed to be in use, for there were white curtains fluttering in its window, and the window was open and gay with flowers. I went softly towards it,

meaning to peep over the flowers, when Joe and Biddy stood before me, arm in arm.

不过，这所房子并没有废弃闲置，最好的那间客厅似乎还有人住，因为窗上白色的窗帘在飘动，而且窗子是开着的，装饰着鲜花，一派喜庆。我轻轻地朝窗子走去，想透过鲜花向里窥探一下，这时却见乔和比迪手挽着手站在我面前。

At first Biddy gave a cry, as if she thought it was my apparition, but in another moment she was in my embrace. I wept to see her, and she wept to see me; I, because she looked so fresh and pleasant; she, because I looked so worn and white.

比迪一看见我先是惊叫了一声，似乎她以为自己看到的是我的鬼魂，不过一会儿之后，她便被我抱住了。我看见她流泪了，她看见我也流泪了，我流泪是因为她看起来这样精神、这样可人，她流泪是因为我看起来这样憔悴、这样苍白。

"But dear Biddy, how smart you are!"

“亲爱的比迪，你多漂亮啊！”

"Yes, dear Pip."

“是的，亲爱的皮普。”

"And Joe, how smart you are!"

“乔，你今天也很漂亮！”

"Yes, dear old Pip, old chap."

“是的，亲爱的皮普老弟。”

I looked at both of them, from one to the other, and then—

我看着他们俩，从他看到她，又从她看到他，然后——

"It's my wedding-day," cried Biddy, in a burst of happiness, "and I am married to Joe!"

“今天是我结婚的日子，”比迪突然开心地喊道，“我和乔结婚了！”

They had taken me into the kitchen, and I had laid my head down on the old deal table. Biddy held one of my hands to her lips, and Joe's restoring touch was on my shoulder. "Which he warn't strong enough, my dear, fur to be surprised," said Joe. And Biddy said, "I ought to have thought of it, dear Joe, but I was too happy." They were both so overjoyed to see me, so proud to see me, so touched by my coming to them, so delighted that I should have come by accident to make their day complete!

他们把我带进了厨房，我坐下后把头靠在往日的那张松木桌上。比迪拉起我的一只手，放到她的唇边，乔在我的肩上拍了拍。“他还没有完

全康复，亲爱的，不要惊动他。”乔说。比迪说：“我应该想到这一点的，亲爱的乔，可我太高兴了。”他们看见我来了都非常开心，非常自豪，非常感动，我的意外造访使他们今天这个日子圆满了！

My first thought was one of great thankfulness that I had never breathed this last baffled hope to Joe. How often, while he was with me in my illness, had it risen to my lips. How irrevocable would have been his knowledge of it, if he had remained with me but another hour!

我当时第一个想法就是，谢天谢地，我没有把我最后一个令人困惑的希望告诉乔。我生病期间和他在一起的时候，这话曾多次溜到我的嘴边。要是他和我多呆上哪怕一个小时，让他知道了我的想法，该是多么无可挽回啊！

"Dear Biddy," said I, "you have the best husband in the whole world, and if you could have seen him by my bed you would have — But no, you couldn't love him better than you do."

“亲爱的比迪，”我说，“你的丈夫是这世上最好的丈夫，你要是看见他在我病中照顾我的样子，你就会——不，你对他的爱已经深到不能再深了。”

"No, I couldn't indeed," said Biddy.

“是的，不能再深了。”比迪说。

"And, dear Joe, you have the best wife in the whole world, and she will make you as happy as even you deserve to be, you dear, good, noble Joe!"

“还有，亲爱的乔，你的妻子是这世上最好的妻子，她会使你得到你应该得到的幸福，亲爱的、善良的、高尚的乔！”

Joe looked at me with a quivering lip, and fairly put his sleeve before his eyes.

乔望着我，嘴唇在颤抖，他用衣袖擦了擦眼睛。

"And Joe and Biddy both, as you have been to church today, and are in charity and love with all mankind, receive my humble thanks for all you have done for me and all I have so ill repaid! And when I say that I am going away within the hour, for I am soon going abroad, and that I shall never rest until I have worked for the money with which you have kept me out of prison, and have sent it to you, don't think, dear Joe and Biddy, that if I could repay it a thousand times over, I suppose I could cancel a farthing of the debt I owe you, or that I would do so if I could!"

“乔、比迪，你们今天去过教堂了，和所有的人一起共享慈悲和爱，请接受我卑微的感谢，谢谢你们为我所做的一切，而我却一点也没有回

报你们！我在这里只能呆一个小时，因为我马上就要出国了，我要挣钱还给你们，你们替我还债，让我免受牢狱之苦，我不把钱寄来还给你们，我就不休息。亲爱的乔和比迪，我即使拿一千倍的钱来还你们，我欠你们的也还是一分一厘也还不清，要是能还清的话我早就去做了！”

They were both melted by these words, and both entreated me to say no more.

他们两人听了我的这番话，心都软了下来，恳求我不要再说了。

"But I must say more. Dear Joe, I hope you will have children to love, and that some little fellow will sit in this chimney corner of a winter night, who may remind you of another little fellow gone out of it for ever. Don't tell him, Joe, that I was thankless; don't tell him, Biddy, that I was ungenerous and unjust; only tell him that I honored you both, because you were both so good and true, and that, as your child, I said it would be natural to him to grow up a much better man than I did."

“但我必须再说几句。亲爱的乔，我希望你们能有自己的孩子，去爱他，这样在某个冬日的夜晚，这个小家伙会坐在这火炉旁，也许会让你想起另外一个小家伙，虽然这永远成为过去了。乔，不要告诉他我是个忘恩负义的人，比迪，不要告诉他我是个胸襟狭窄的人，只告诉他我敬重你们，因为你们都是那么好、那么正直的人，而且，作为你们的孩子，他自然而然地会成为一个比我好得多的人。”

"I ain't a-going," said Joe, from behind his sleeve, "to tell him nothink o' that natur, Pip. Nor Biddy ain't. Nor yet no one ain't."

乔用衣袖挡着自己说：“我不会告诉他这些的，皮普。比迪也不会。谁也不会。”

"And now, though I know you have already done it in your own kind hearts, pray tell me, both, that you forgive me! Pray let me hear you say the words, that I may carry the sound of them away with me, and then I shall be able to believe that you can trust me, and think better of me, in the time to come!"

“现在，虽然我知道你们都是好心肠的人，你们心里已经这么做了，但请你们对我说，你们原谅我！请让我听见你们说这句话，我可以把你们说的这句话带在身边，这样将来我就能相信，你们可以信任我，你们改变了对我的看法！”

"O dear old Pip, old chap," said Joe. "God knows as I forgive you, if I have anythink to forgive!"

“噢，亲爱的皮普，老弟。”乔说，“如果真的有什么需要我原谅，上帝知道我原谅你了！”

"Amen! And God knows I do!" echoed Biddy.

“阿门！上帝知道我原谅你了！”比迪也说道。

"Now let me go up and look at my old little room, and rest there a few minutes by myself, and then when I have eaten and drunk with you, go with me as far as the finger-post, dear Joe and Biddy, before we say good-bye!”

“现在我要上楼去看看我的房间，我要在那里一个人呆几分钟，然后我和你们一起吃点喝点东西，然后你们和我一起走到指路牌那里。亲爱的乔，亲爱的比迪，我们就在那里道别吧！”

I sold all I had, and put aside as much as I could, for a composition with my creditors—who gave me ample time to pay them in full—and I went out and joined Herbert. Within a month, I had quitted England, and within two months I was clerk to Clarriker and Co., and within four months I assumed my first undivided responsibility. For, the beam across the parlor ceiling at Mill Pond Bank, had then ceased to tremble under old Bill Barley's growls and was at peace, and Herbert had gone away to marry Clara, and I was left in sole charge of the Eastern Branch until he brought her back.

我变卖了所有的家产，尽可能拿来还债——我的债主也给了我充足的时间让我还清欠款——之后我便启程到赫伯特那里去了。一个月后，我离开了英格兰，两个月后，我成了克拉利克公司的办事员，四个月后，我首次独自担起了整个公司的责任。米尔庞德岸上那横跨客厅天花板的横梁已经恢复了平静，不再被老比尔·巴利的咆哮震得发抖了。赫伯特去和克拉拉结婚了，在他带她回来之前，东方分公司就剩下我一个人负责了。

Many a year went round, before I was a partner in the House; but, I lived happily with Herbert and his wife, and lived frugally, and paid my debts, and maintained a constant correspondence with Biddy and Joe. It was not until I became third in the Firm, that Clarriker betrayed me to Herbert; but, he then declared that the secret of Herbert's partnership had been long enough upon his conscience, and he must tell it. So, he told it, and Herbert was as much moved as amazed, and the dear fellow and I were not the worse friends for the long concealment. I must not leave it to be supposed that we were ever a great house, or that we made mints of money. We were not in a grand way of business, but we had a good name, and worked for our profits, and did very well. We owed so much to Herbert's ever cheerful industry and readiness, that I often wondered how I had conceived that old idea of his inaptitude, until I was one day enlightened by the reflection, that perhaps the inaptitude had never been in him at all, but had been in me.

很多年过去了，我也成了这家公司的合伙人，我跟赫伯特和他的妻子生活在一起，我过得很节俭，还清了欠款，跟比迪和乔一直保持通

信。直到我成为这家公司的三把手，克拉利克才把我的秘密告诉了赫伯特。不过，他声明赫伯特的合伙人身份这一秘密一直以来盘桓在他的心头，他必须得告诉他了。所以他就说了，赫伯特当时既感动又吃惊，这位亲爱的伙计和我的友情并没有因为这一隐瞒了许久的秘密而变糟。我必须澄清，以免让人以为我们公司是一家大公司，或是以为我们挣了大把大把的钱。我们的生意做得并不大，不过我们有很好的声誉，我们公司以营利为目的，办得很出色。赫伯特总是那么勤勉、那么机敏，这使人振奋，他给我们公司的帮助很大。我常常想，我过去怎么会怀疑他的能力呢，直到有一天我幡然醒悟，或许，能力差的从来就不是他，而恰恰是我。

CHAPTER 59

第五十九章

For eleven years, I had not seen Joe nor Biddy with my bodily eyes—though they had both been often before my fancy in the East—when, upon an evening in December, an hour or two after dark, I laid my hand softly on the latch of the old kitchen door. I touched it so softly that I was not heard, and looked in unseen. There, smoking his pipe in the old place by the kitchen firelight, as hale and as strong as ever though a little grey, sat Joe; and there, fenced into the corner with Joe's leg, and sitting on my own little stool looking at the fire, was—I again!

十一年来，我都没有亲眼见到乔和比迪，虽然我在东方常常想起他们。十一年过去了，这是十二月里的一个夜晚，天已经黑了一两个小时了，我把手轻轻地放在那间昔日的厨房的门闩上。我动作很轻，没有人听见我的声音，我朝里望去，没有人看见我。乔还坐在火炉旁的老位子上，吸着烟管，他还和过去一样健壮，只是头发有些灰白。乔的一条腿伸进一个角落里，护着一个孩子，那孩子坐在我过去坐的小凳上，看着炉火，简直就是我的化身！

"We giv' him the name of Pip for your sake, dear old chap," said Joe, delighted when I took another stool by the child's side (but I did not rumple his hair), "and we hoped he might grow a little bit like you, and we think he do."

“因为你的缘故，我们给他取名叫皮普，亲爱的老弟。”我搬过一条凳子，坐在这孩子的身边（但我没有去弄乱他的头发），乔见此很高兴地对我说，“我们希望他长得有些像你，我们觉得他的确有些像你。”

I thought so too, and I took him out for a walk next morning, and we talked immensely, understanding one another to perfection. And I took him down to the churchyard, and set him on a certain tombstone there, and he showed me from that elevation which stone was sacred to the memory of Philip Pirrip, late of this Parish, and Also Georgiana, Wife of the Above.

我也这么觉得。第二天早上我带小皮普出去散步，我们谈了很多，双方都很了解对方。我带他到教堂墓地去，把他放在那里的一块墓石上，他坐在那里指着一块石头给我看，石头上庄严地写着：本教区居民菲利普·皮利普及上述者之妻乔治亚娜之墓。

"Biddy," said I, when I talked with her after dinner, as her little girl lay sleeping in her lap, "you must give Pip to me, one of these days; or lend him, at all events."

“比迪，”吃过晚饭，等她的小女儿躺在她腿上睡着了，我对她说，“你哪天把皮普过继给我吧，要不然，无论如何也让我带带他吧。”

"No, no," said Biddy, gently. "You must marry."

“不，不，”比迪温和地说，“你必须结婚。”

"So Herbert and Clara say, but I don't think I shall, Biddy. I have so settled down in their home, that it's not at all likely. I am already quite an old bachelor."

“赫伯特和克拉拉也是这么说的，可我认为我不会结婚的，比迪。我在他们家住惯了，我不可能结婚。我已经是个老光棍了。”

Biddy looked down at her child, and put its little hand to her lips, and then put the good matronly hand with which she had touched it, into mine. There was something in the action and in the light pressure of Biddy's wedding-ring, that had a very pretty eloquence in it.

比迪低下头看着她的孩子，把孩子的小手放在她的嘴唇上，然后把这只接受过她母性爱抚的手放在我的手上。比迪的这一动作还有她的结婚戒指在我的手上轻轻地一按，这其中包含了深刻的涵义。

"Dear Pip," said Biddy, "you are sure you don't fret for her?"

“亲爱的皮普，”比迪说，“你当真不再为她而烦恼了吗？”

"O no—I think not, Biddy.”

“噢，是的，我想我不再为她而烦恼了，比迪。”

"Tell me as an old, old friend. Have you quite forgotten her?"

“作为老朋友，你告诉我。你彻底忘掉她了吗？”

"My dear Biddy, I have forgotten nothing in my life that ever had a foremost place there, and little that ever had any place there. But that poor dream, as I once used to call it, has all gone by, Biddy, all gone by!"

“我亲爱的比迪，在我生命中占据过最重要地位的东西，我一点也没有忘记，在我生命中占据过一席之地的东西，我也没有忘记。但那个可怜的梦，我过去常常称呼它为可怜的梦，都消逝了，比迪，都消逝了！”

Nevertheless, I knew while I said those words, that I secretly intended to revisit the site of the old house that evening, alone, for her sake. Yes even so. For Estella's sake.

不过，我知道虽然我嘴里这么说，可我心里还是偷偷地盘算，晚上我要重访那座老宅子，一个人去，为了她。是的，即使是这样。为了埃斯特拉。

I had heard of her as leading a most unhappy life, and as being separated from her husband, who had used her with great cruelty, and

who had become quite renowned as a compound of pride, avarice, brutality, and meanness. And I had heard of the death of her husband, from an accident consequent on his ill-treatment of a horse. This release had befallen her some two years before; for anything I knew, she was married again.

我听说她日子过得很不如意，已经跟他丈夫分开了，她丈夫对她十分残酷，成了一个集骄傲、贪婪、粗暴、卑鄙于一身的、臭名昭著的人。我还听说她丈夫有一次骑马的时候，因为虐待自己的马，结果出了事丧了命。这是大约两年前的事了，她也因此获得了解脱，据我猜测，她应该再婚了。

The early dinner-hour at Joe's, left me abundance of time, without hurrying my talk with Biddy, to walk over to the old spot before dark. But, what with loitering on the way, to look at old objects and to think of old times, the day had quite declined when I came to the place.

乔家里晚饭开饭很早，这使得我有充足的时间饭后跟比迪闲谈一下，然后在天黑之前走到古宅旧址去。不过，由于我一路走走停停，看看昔日的景物，想想过去的时光，我到宅子的时候天色已经黑了。

There was no house now, no brewery, no building whatever left, but the wall of the old garden. The cleared space had been enclosed with a rough fence, and, looking over it, I saw that some of the old ivy had struck root anew, and was growing green on low quiet mounds of ruin. A gate in the fence standing ajar, I pushed it open, and went in.

这里除了旧日花园的围墙之外，已经没有了当年的房屋，没有了酿酒作坊，没有了其他遗留的建筑。清空了的土地上随意地围上了一圈篱笆，篱笆那边，我看见一些昔日的常春藤新扎下了根，在废墟低矮荒芜的小土堆上长出了新绿。一扇篱笆门半开着，我推开它走了进去。

A cold silvery mist had veiled the afternoon, and the moon was not yet up to scatter it. But, the stars were shining beyond the mist, and the moon was coming, and the evening was not dark. I could trace out where every part of the old house had been, and where the brewery had been, and where the gate, and where the casks. I had done so, and was looking along the desolate garden walk, when I beheld a solitary figure in it.

一层清冷的银色的薄雾笼罩着下午的天空，此时月亮还没有升起来把薄雾驱散。不过，星星却透过薄雾放出光芒，月亮升上来了，夜晚显得不那么黑了。我可以回忆起这座宅子每个部分的旧址，哪里是酿酒作坊，哪里是大门，哪里是放酒桶的地方。我回忆着，顺着荒芜的花园小径望去，忽然看见一个孤独的身影。

The figure showed itself aware of me, as I advanced. It had been moving towards me, but it stood still. As I drew nearer, I saw it to be

the figure of a woman. As I drew nearer yet, it was about to turn away, when it stopped, and let me come up with it. Then, it faltered as if much surprised, and uttered my name, and I cried out:

我往前走的时候，这个身影也看见了我。这个人也朝我走来，然后站住了，一动不动。我走近了一些，发现这是一个女子。我继续往前走，这个人正要转身离开，突然停住了，等着我靠近。接着，这个人打了个踉跄，似乎受到了惊吓，喊出了我的名字，我也惊叫了一声：

"Estella!"

“埃斯特拉！”

"I am greatly changed. I wonder you know me."

“我变了很多。你还认得我，我很惊讶。”

The freshness of her beauty was indeed gone, but its indescribable majesty and its indescribable charm remained. Those attractions in it, I had seen before; what I had never seen before, was the saddened softened light of the once proud eyes; what I had never felt before, was the friendly touch of the once insensible hand.

她的确已经不复青春靓丽了，但她那难以言表的端庄和妩媚依旧不减当年。她的魅力我曾经见过，但我从来没有见过的，是她现在的目光。过去她的眼里总是写着骄傲，如今却闪着惨淡而柔和的光。我从来没有感受过的，是她现在的一双手，过去和她握手时感受不到她的情感，现在却感受到了她手中传来的情谊。

We sat down on a bench that was near, and I said, "After so many years, it is strange that we should thus meet again, Estella, here where our first meeting was! Do you often come back?"

我们在旁边的一把长椅上坐下了，我说：“这么多年过去了，我们竟然在这里重逢了，多么奇怪呀，埃斯特拉，我们第一次见面就是在这里！你经常回到这里来吗？”

"I have never been here since."

“我离开以后再也没有回来过。”

"Nor I."

“我也是。”

The moon began to rise, and I thought of the placid look at the white ceiling, which had passed away. The moon began to rise, and I thought of the pressure on my hand when I had spoken the last words he had heard on earth.

月亮在冉冉上升，我想到了那张盯着白色天花板的、平静的脸，那张脸已经消逝了。月亮在冉冉上升，我想到了他把手按在我的手上，倾听我对他说的最后的话。

Estella was the next to break the silence that ensued between us.

是埃斯特拉打破了我们之间的沉默。

"I have very often hoped and intended to come back, but have been prevented by many circumstances. Poor, poor old place!"

“我常常盼望着，也计划着回来看看，但总是由于各种各样事情的阻扰没能实现。我可怜的、可怜的故居！”

The silvery mist was touched with the first rays of the moonlight, and the same rays touched the tears that dropped from her eyes. Not knowing that I saw them, and setting herself to get the better of them, she said quietly:

银色的薄雾和第一缕月光交融在一起，这月光又和她眼中流下的泪水交融在一起。她不知道我看见了她流泪，想控制住自己的泪水，她轻声地说：

"Were you wondering, as you walked along, how it came to be left in this condition?"

“你一路走来，是不是在想这里怎么会变成这个样子？”

"Yes, Estella."

“是的，埃斯特拉。”

"The ground belongs to me. It is the only possession I have not relinquished. Everything else has gone from me, little by little, but I have kept this. It was the subject of the only determined resistance I made in all the wretched years."

“这块地属于我了。这是我唯一保住的财产。其他东西都一样一样地不属于我了，可我保住了这个。这么多年不幸的日子里，这是我唯一坚守住没有放弃的东西。”

"Is it to be built on?"

“要在这里建房子吗？”

"At last it is. I came here to take leave of it before its change. And you," she said, in a voice of touching interest to a wanderer, "you live abroad still?"

“会建的。我今天来是想在它改变之前跟它告别。你呢，”她那种关心的语调让我这个流浪的人颇为感动，“你还住在国外吗？”

"Still."

“还住在国外。”

"And do well, I am sure?"

“干得不错吧，我想？”

"I work pretty hard for a sufficient living, and therefore—Yes, I do well.”

“我卖力工作只是为了维持生计，所以——是的，我干得不错。”

"I have often thought of you," said Estella.

“我常常想起你。”埃斯特拉说。

"Have you?"

“是吗？”

"Of late, very often. There was a long hard time when I kept far from me, the remembrance, of what I had thrown away when I was quite ignorant of its worth. But, since my duty has not been incompatible with the admission of that remembrance, I have given it a place in my heart."

“特别是最近，常常想起你。我把回忆抛到了脑后，其实我抛掉的是无价之宝，而我却没有意识到它的价值，这是一段漫长而痛苦的时光。不过，我并不是不可以回想过去那一段时光，所以我在心里给它留下了一席之地。”

"You have always held your place in my heart," I answered.

“你一直在我心里占据着一席之地。”我说。

And we were silent again, until she spoke.

我们接下来又是一阵沉默，直到她开口。

"I little thought," said Estella, "that I should take leave of you in taking leave of this spot. I am very glad to do so."

“我没想到，”埃斯特拉说，“我来跟这里告别，会赶上和你告别。我很高兴。”

"Glad to part again, Estella? To me, parting is a painful thing. To me, the remembrance of our last parting has been ever mournful and painful."

“我们又一次分别，你很高兴吗，埃斯特拉？对我来说，分别是一件痛苦的事情。对我来说，只要想起我们上一次的分别，我就哀伤不已、痛苦不已。”

"But you said to me," returned Estella, very earnestly, “'God bless you, God forgive you!' And if you could say that to me then, you will not hesitate to say that to me now—now, when suffering has been stronger than all other teaching, and has taught me to understand what your heart used to be. I have been bent and broken, but—I hope—into a better shape. Be as considerate and good to me as you were, and tell me we are friends.”

“可是你对我说过，”埃斯特拉十分认真地说，“‘上帝保佑你，上帝原谅你！’如果你过去可以对我说这样的话，你现在也可以毫不犹豫地对我说——如今，痛苦给我的教训比其他任何教训都要深，它教会了我理解你当时心里的感受。我受尽折磨、肝肠寸断，但是——我希望——我会成为一个更好的人。但你过去就是一个体贴、友善的人，现在还是，请你对我说，我们还是朋友。”

"We are friends," said I, rising and bending over her, as she rose from the bench.

“我们还是朋友。”我说着从长椅上起身，然后弯下身子扶她起来。

"And will continue friends apart," said Estella.

“我们就算分开，也还是朋友。”埃斯特拉说。

I took her hand in mine, and we went out of the ruined place; and, as the morning mists had risen long ago when I first left the forge, so, the evening mists were rising now, and in all the broad expanse of tranquil light they showed to me, I saw no shadow of another parting from her.

我拉起她的手，一同走出这片废墟。记得多年前我第一次走出铁匠铺的时候，正值晨雾升起之时，而现在夜晚的雾气正在升起，平静的月光笼罩着广袤的大地上的一切，我再也看不到会和她再次分离的阴影。

William James

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北京 BEIJING

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu

Beijing, China 100089

http://www.fltrp.com

图书在版编目（CIP）数据

真理的意义 / （美）詹姆斯（James, W.）著；郭庆民，郭昱译．
—北京：外语教学与研究出版社，2015.10
ISBN 978-7-5135-6783-1

Ⅰ．①真… Ⅱ．①詹…②郭…③郭… Ⅲ．①真理 - 研究 Ⅳ．
①B023.3

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字（2015）第260024号

出版人　蔡剑峰
责任编辑　刘为华　马爱群
封面设计　孟耕宇
出版发行　外语教学与研究出版社
社　　址　北京市西三环北路19号（100089）
网　　址　http://www.fltrp.com
版　　次　2015年12月第1版
书　　号　ISBN 978-7-5135-6783-1

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举报电话：（010）88817519　电子邮箱：banquan@fltrp.com
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译者序

威廉·詹姆斯（1842-1910）是美国哲学家和心理学家，曾任教于哈佛大学，讲授心理学和哲学。在美国哲学史上，他是最具影响力的人物之一，他和美国哲学家皮尔士（1839-1914）是实用主义的奠基人，代表美国哲学从十九世纪的欧洲传统，转向以实用主义为代表的美国传统。

詹姆斯的父亲亨利·詹姆斯（1811-1882）是哲学家和神学家。老詹姆斯认为，真正的实在，即上帝，纯粹是精神的，生活于自然世界的人几乎无法理解这种实在。但是，通过对真正的实在的直觉认识，人们可以从诸多幻象和自然表象中解放出来，从而获得真正的拯救。他的思想对威廉·詹姆斯的早期教育产生了重要影响。

威廉·詹姆斯在19岁时进入哈佛大学学习，但是他当时并没有完成学业，而是开始了他的学术游历旅程，其中对他的学术生涯影响最大的是在德国的经历。尔后，他回到美国，并于1869年获得哈佛大学医学博士学位。由于长期身体状况欠佳，他在毕业后的几年里并没有开始工作，而是在调养身心的过程中广泛阅读各类心理学和哲学著作，其中法国哲学家勒努维耶（Charles Renouvier, 1815-1903）的思想强烈地吸引着他。勒努维耶认为，自由代表人的基本属性，信念不仅是知性的，而且是由自由意志行为决定的，这种行为帮助我们判定什么东西在道德上是善的。

这一哲学思想和世界观对詹姆斯的个人生活起到提振和激励作用，他在日记中写道，“我的自由意志的第一个行动应该是相信自由意志。”他摒弃了形形色色的决定论和一元论，从而在心理学、神学和哲学等领域开始了严肃的探究。

“实用主义”这个词是皮尔士在1878年首先使用的。1898年，在加利福尼亚大学的一次哲学讲座中，詹姆斯再次使用了这个概念，并阐述了实用主义的基本理论和方法[1]，此后，这个概念获得广泛的使用。他指出，任何观念，其意义最终只能存在于它导向的一系列经验结果，而且经验必须是具体的。

1907年，《实用主义》出版，书中的文章以及书出版后的更多文章，都旨在总结、解释并拓展实用主义的理论与方法。其核心思想是：

事物的关系与事物本身同样是实在的，其功能也是实在的。他坚持认为，观念的意义存在于它们可能产生的结果，如果没有结果，观念就没有意义。这也是科学家界定概念并验证假设的方法，如果这些概念和假设是有意义的，它们就能起到预测作用。只有当被预测的事件真正发生时，这些假设才被看作是真理。而只有有意义的理论才能成为解决经验中遇到的问题的工具。

总而言之，“真理发生于一个观念。观念变成真的，是事件使它成为真。”[2]为防止人们把真理和有用性（usefulness）等同起来，詹姆斯在《实用主义》第六讲中强调指出，“一言以蔽之，‘真’只是我们思维方式上的一种方便，正如‘对’只是行为方式上的一种方便。”[3]

但是，《实用主义》中表达的这些核心思想招致了诸多批评，这不难理解，因为实用主义理论也是在批评当时盛行的其他哲学理论的基础上形成的，其中尤其是对绝对唯心主义哲学的批评。欧洲的哲学家们似乎没有理解《实用主义》所阐述的观点和立场，虽然英国哲学家席勒和美国哲学家杜威——以及胡适都对它表示支持。针对各种批评和争议，詹姆斯做出了一些澄清和回应，于1909年把其中的几篇文章和演讲稿收录在一起，出版了《真理的意义》。把这本书叫做《真理的意义》，说明詹姆斯主要是为了进一步阐述和澄清他在《实用主义》第六讲中表达的真理观。

这本书的名字准确地代表了实用主义哲学所探索的核心问题。詹姆斯自己也认为，真理观在其实用主义思想中占据核心地位。概括地说，实用主义包括两个理论，一个是意义理论，另一个是真理理论。前者旨在探讨在何种情况下我们对一个对象的认识是清晰明了（clarity）的。对此，他引用皮尔士指出，“要取得（最高）清晰程度的理解，就要遵从以下原则：必须考虑我们想要我们的认识对象产生什么样的影响，而这些影响可以被认为具有实践意义。”[4]具体来说，“要在我们的思想中对一个东西达到完全明白，那么，我们只需要看一看这个东西可能包含什么样的实际效果，我们可以希望从它引起什么样的感觉，以及我们必须准备做出何种反应。因此，我们对这些直接的或遥远的效果的概念，就这个概念的肯定意义来说，就是我们对这个东西的全部概念。”[5]在詹姆斯看来，这就是皮尔士的原理，也是实用主义的原理。

作为一种真理理论，实用主义旨在探讨“相符”（agreement）的内涵，即只有当一个信念与实在相符时，这个信念才是真理。詹姆斯这样

来说明他的真理观与其他认识论的区别："一般的认识论满足于一种模糊的陈述，即观念必须要'符合'或'一致'；而实用主义者则坚持更具体的东西，他会问这种'符合'可能具体意味着什么。他首先发现，观念必须指向或导向那个实在，而不是其他；他然后发现，这些指向和导向必须带来满意作为其结果。"[6]在大多数情况下，我们无法直接验证一个信念的真伪；但是我们可以间接地验证它，即当我们根据某个信念去行动，而该行动产生了预期的结果，我们就可以说这个信念被验证为真。詹姆斯的这一论断引来了无数的批评声，指责他把真理等同于"有用"。

可以看出，实用主义本质上是一种经验主义，只不过，詹姆斯把他自己称作"彻底经验主义者"（radical empiricist），因为詹姆斯相信，所有涉及事实的主张（claim）都是可以通过事后的经验得以验证和修正的。但是，与其他经验主义不同的是，詹姆斯反对"白板说"，不把心智看作是被动的接受器。他认为，我们的兴趣和我们已有的概念能指引我们对感觉数据做出选择。由于人类在很大程度上共有一些兴趣，因此我们共同拥有一个概念结构。这意味着，一个人的信念和行为不可避免地要对其他人产生实际结果（practical consequence）。他指出，"如果一个新的见解为真，我们知道自己将不得不放弃我们以前的见解，每一个旧见解的丢弃都是一个特殊的理论结果，也是一个特殊的实际结果。"[7]而实用主义的方法就是"力图找出每一种见解的实际后果来说明这种见解"[8]。从这种视角来看，科学理论就是一种工具，帮助我们从已有的事实走向新的事实。如果这些理论和概念引导我们发现新的事实并验证了它们，它们就是真理。

詹姆斯的真理观与其他经验主义的真理观并没有矛盾，他也认为真理的产生取决于信念与实在的"相符"。他的主要贡献在于进一步澄清了"相符"是怎样产生的。他相信，作为真理的信念能引导我们避开危险，抓住机遇，而假的信念则可能把我们引入歧途。虽然如此，这并不意味着任何被证明暂时有用的信念都是真理，也不意味着它与我们已有的整个信念体系是协调一致的。作为真理的信念必须是经得起时间的考验，未来的经验永远是测试真理的意义的试金石。

《真理的意义》包括15章，都涉及真理问题（truth question）。前五章的内容发表于《实用主义》出版之前，其中最早的一篇文章写于1884年。虽然书中大部分文章均已发表过，其中有几篇是专门为这本书撰写的。全书旨在回答《实用主义》出版后来自各方的批评，其中尤其

是第八章，列举出对实用主义真理观的八种误解，并予以逐个澄清或驳斥。但是，詹姆斯同时也认为，有些批评者甚至连他们自己“驳斥的论点都不理解”，[9]不值得他逐个回应。

《真理的意义》出版后，詹姆斯的健康状况进一步恶化，去欧洲寻找治疗途径无果后，于1910年在家中去世。他的实用主义哲学不仅对美国哲学的本土化，而且对美国社会、教育和文化产生了深远的影响。

从语言风格上来说，《真理的意义》较之《实用主义》更难懂，因为后者的读者对象既可以是哲学家，也可以是一般读者，而前者则主要是哲学家。虽然如此，研究詹姆斯和实用主义哲学的专家H.S.塞耶在为哈佛大学版《真理的意义》撰写的“绪论”中，仍然认为詹姆斯的文风“有力、口语化、不矫揉造作”。[10]

本书译文力图保持原作的语言风貌，在语句的处理上尽量忠实原文。其中不当之处，欢迎译界同仁批评指正。

译者

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2014年6月

注释

1 参见本书第八章。

2 参见《实用主义》第六讲“实用主义的真理观”，并本书“序”。

3 同上。

4 参见本书第一章注释12。

5 参见《实用主义》第二讲“实用主义的意义”，李步楼译，商务印书馆，2009年，第28页。

6 参见本书第八章。

7 同上。

8 参见《实用主义》第二讲“实用主义的意义”，李步楼译，商务印书馆，2009年，第27页。

9 参见本书“序”。

10 参见Thayer, H.S. Introduction. The Meaning of Truth. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1975.

序

在我那本名为《实用主义》的书中，核心部分是阐述称为“真理”的关系，这种关系可能存在于一个观念（见解、信念、陈述等）及其对象之间。“真，”我在那里说，“是我们的某些观念的一种特性，它指这些观念与实在相符，正如假指它们之间不相符一样。实用主义者和理智主义者都把这个定义作为理所当然的加以接受。”

“在我们的观念并未确切地摹写其对象的情况下，与那个对象符合是什么意思呢？……实用主义提出自己常问的问题。它问道，‘假定一个观念或信念是真的，它之为真对任何人的实际生活会产生什么具体差别？信念之为真的经验与信念之为假的经验之间可能存在哪些差别？真理如何才能实现呢？简而言之，真理在经验上的兑现价值是什么呢？’实用主义在提出这个问题的那一刻，就知道了答案：真观念是我们能吸收、能使之生效、能确认、能证实的那些观念，假的观念就是我们不能这样做的那些观念。这就是拥有真观念对我们产生的实际差别；因此这就是真理的意义之所在，因为这就是真理为人所知的全部内容。”

“一个观念的真理性并不是它固有的静止属性。真理发生于一个观念。观念变成真的，是事件使它成为真的。其真实性实际上就是一个事件、一个过程，也就是它证实自身的过程，它的证实活动；其有效性就是使之生效的活动过程。”

“最广义的与一个实在符合只能要么指被直接引导到那个实在或者其周围，要么指被纳入与实在的有效接触中，从而能够比不符合时更好地把握实在或者与之相联系的东西，无论在理智上还是在实际上都把握得都好。……任何一个观念，只要它能够在实践上或理智上帮助我们处理实在或者其从属事物，只要它不使我们的进程受到羁绊，只要它事实上能使我们的生活适合并适应该实在的整个情境，将会表现出充分的符合来达到这一要求。这样的观念就是符合于那个实在的。”

“一言以蔽之，‘真’只是我们一种方便的思维方式，正如‘对’只是我们一种方便的行为方式一样。这里包括几乎任何形式的方便，当然也包括从长远来看和从总体上来看的方便；因为能方便地适合所有眼前经验的，不一定能同样令人满意地适合所有更远的未来经验。我们知道，经验总是会溢出旧的范围，促使我们修正现有的公式。”

对真理的这番阐释遵循了杜威（Dewey）和席勒（Schiller）两位先生的类似阐述，它引起了最热烈的讨论。

很少有评论家为之辩护，大多数人对它冷嘲热讽。显然，这个话题表面上看似简单，实则难以理解；而且我认为，似乎同样显而易见的是，确定性地解决这个问题将在认识论的历史上——从而也在一般哲学的历史上——标志着一个转折点。为了让此后可能不得不研究这个问题的人更清楚地了解我本人的思想，我把自己所写的与真理问题直接相关的文章汇编成这个集子。我在1884年首次陈述了自己的观点，该文就作为本书的开篇，其余文章以发表时间为序紧随其后，其中两三篇是初次刊行。

我最常遭到的指控之一，是批评我把宗教信仰的真理性归结为它们能让我们“感觉良好”，而不是其他原因。在《实用主义》一书中，当我谈到某些哲学家对绝对的信念的真理性时，我后悔当时措辞不够严谨，给这种指控留下了把柄。我一方面解释自己为什么不相信绝对（见该书第78页），另一方面又发现它可以给那些需要的人带来“道德上的假日”，并且在这个程度上来说是真的（如果获得“道德上的假日”是件好事的话）；我提到这一点，原本是想向我的敌人伸出愿意和解的橄榄枝。但是，他们把这个礼物踩在脚下，并转而攻击馈赠者，这就是这类善意通常的命运。我过多地指望他们的善意了，啊，天底下基督的仁慈真是少而又少！啊，平凡的世俗智慧也是少得可怜！我曾以为下列做法只不过是大家的共识：在两种对立的宇宙观中，如果在其他方面二者都相同，但第一种否定了人类的某种重大需求，而第二种却满足了这种需求，那么正常人会偏爱第二种，其中的简单道理是它让这个世界看起来理性。在这种情况下选择第一种观点是一种禁欲行为，是一种哲学上的自我否定行为，正常人是不会这样做的。将概念的意义进行实用主义的检验之后，我曾说明绝对这个概念不指别的东西，而仅仅指假日提供者，宇宙恐惧的驱逐者。当某人说“绝对存在”的时候，他的这种客观陈述在我看来只是等于说：“为面对宇宙时的安全感所进行的某种辩护”是存在的，而系统地拒绝培育安全感则违背了人们情感生活中存在的一种倾向，而这种倾向被看作是有预见力，本应加以尊崇。

显然，那些批评我的绝对论者没能按这样的方式理解自己的心智作用，因此我所要做的只是道歉，并收回自己的礼物。由此看来，绝对根本不是真的，而且按照那些批评者的论断，它在我所指的方面尤其不是

真的。

我对“上帝”、“自由”、“设计”采用了类似的处理方式。通过实用主义的检验，我将其中每一个概念的意义化简为确定的、可经验的操作过程，我想说明这些概念都指向同一个东西，即世界上有“希望”存在。“上帝存不存在？”意味着“希望存不存在？”。这种替代说法是一个涉及宇宙有哪一种性质的问题，它在我看来似乎已经足够客观，即使我们的临时答案可能是在主观的基础上得出的。可是，基督徒也好，非基督徒也罢，都一律指责我，说我号召人们说“上帝存在”，尽管上帝并不存在，因为的确是在我的哲学中，这种说法的“真理性”并非真正是指上帝以任何外形存在，而是指这样说能让人感觉良好。

实用主义者和反实用主义者的论战，多半在于“真理”一词应当被认为作何解释，而不在于真理情景中所包含的任何事实；因为实用主义者和反实用主义者都相信存在的对象，正像他们相信我们有关对象的观念。二者的区别在于：当实用主义者谈到真理时，他们专门指与观念相关的东西，即观念可起的作用；而当反实用主义者谈到真理时，他们似乎最常指与对象相关的东西。如果实用主义者承认一个观念“确实”是真的，他也会认同该观念就其对象所说的一切；大多数反实用主义者也转而承认：如果对象存在，对象存在这一观念就是可起作用的；既然二者是这样的看法，那就几乎没有剩下什么可争论的余地，以至于有人可能会质问我，为何我还要重印这些文章加入这场白热化的口水战，而不是将它们付之一炬，以此表明我的价值态度。

我理解这种质疑，会给出自己的回答。我对另一个哲学学说也有兴趣，我把它命名为彻底经验主义，我认为建立实用主义的真理理论对于推行彻底经验主义是头等重要的一步。彻底经验主义首先包含一个假设，接着是事实陈述，最后是概括性的结论。

这个假设是：哲学家可争辩论的唯一事物，是那些可以用来自经验的语汇加以界定的事物。（本质上无法经验的事物也尽可以存在，但它们不构成哲学论辩的素材。）

事实陈述是：事物间的关系，无论是结合的关系还是离散的关系，完全与事物本身一样，都是直接的特殊经验的事情。

概括性结论是：各部分的经验从而藉由关系逐个地连成一体，而这些关系本身又是经验的组成部分。简言之，这个可以直接理解的宇宙不需要外在的、超验的、联系上的支持，它自身就拥有一个链状的或连续

的结构。

对彻底经验主义而言，现代人心中的一个巨大障碍是根深蒂固的理性主义信念，它认为直接经验都是离散的而不是结合的，要想从这种分离的状态中创造出一个世界，就必须有一个更高层次的统一力量。这个统一力量被盛行的唯心主义描述为绝对的全能见证者，它用由各种“范畴”编织成的网把事物“联系”在一起。在所有的范畴中，最特殊、最独一无二的大概要算是真理关系了，它把实在的各个部分成对地联系起来，使其中一个成为认识者，另一个成为被认识者，而它自身却无任何经验内容，既无法被描述和解释，也无法化简为低一级的语汇，只能用“真理”一词来指称它。

相反，实用主义对真理关系的看法是：它有确定的内容，其中的所有东西都是可经验的，其整体性质可以用确定的语汇来言说。观念必须是能“起作用”的，这样它们才能成为真的，这里指的是某些特殊的作用，它们可以是物理的作用或理智的作用，也可以是实际的作用或可能的作用，它们在具体经验内部由观念逐个地设定完成。这个实用主义的主张假如能被接受，彻底经验主义在通往胜利的道路上也将赢得了不起的一分，因为理性主义者认为，一个对象与那个真正认识该对象的观念之间的关系根本不是这种可描述的关系，而是存在于所有可能的世间经验之外；而且，在如此阐释的这种关系上，理性主义通常会固执己见、负隅顽抗。

我在本书中试图驳斥的各种反实用主义主张极易被理性主义者用作武器，来对抗实用主义和彻底经验主义（因为假如真理关系是超验的，其他关系也莫不如此），因此我深感对这些主张予以坚决反击并彻底清除它们有重要的战略意义。我们的批评者最常表达的观点是：虽然各种作用与真理同时存在，它们却并不构成真理。他们不断地告诉我们：真理对各种作用在数量上是增加的，先于它们存在，对它们做出解释，根本不由它们做出解释。因此，我们的反对者要确定的第一点是：一个观念的真理性涉及到某个在数量增加的、先于各种作用的东西。既然对象是增加的并且通常也是先存的，大多数理性主义者便为之辩护，公然指责我们否认它。这就给旁观者们造成一个印象：既然我们不能合理地否认对象的存在，我们对真理的阐释就站不住脚了，这样，批评者把我们赶出了战场。对于指控我们否认真实存在的谰言，尽管我在本书多处试图予以反驳，为了强调起见，我在此重申：每当一个观念“真正”确认其

对象的存在时，在无数情况下，其对象的存在是说明该观念确实能成功地起作用的唯一理由——如果它能起作用的话；当对象的存在既被用来解释起作用的观念的真理性，也被用来解释不起作用的观念的虚假性时，把“真理”这个词从观念转移到其对象的存在上至少可以说是在滥用语言。

我发现，这种滥用语言的现象在我那些最负盛名的对手中很盛行。但是另一方面，一旦确立恰当的语言习惯，让“真理”这个词代表观念的一个属性，不再把它看作是与已知对象神秘相关的某个东西，那么我相信，这就为公平地、广泛地讨论彻底经验主义的是非曲直敞开了大门。如此说来，一个观念的真仅指其作用，或者观念中按照一般心理规律设定这些作用的东西；它既不指观念的对象，也不会指观念内部“跳跃的”、不能用来自经验的语汇描述的任何东西。

在结束本序文之前我还要说明一点。人们有时候会在杜威、席勒和我本人之间作一个区分，好像我假定对象的存在就是对世俗的偏见做了让步，而他们两位作为彻底的实用主义者拒绝做出这种让步。据我对他二位的了解，我们三人都绝对一致地承认在真理关系中客体（假定它是一个可经验的客体）超越主体而存在。尤其是杜威，他几乎不厌其烦地坚持认为，我们的认知状态和认知过程的全部意义，在于它们参与控制和重估独立存在或事实的方式。如果没有那些我们的观念所解释、并通过观念的作用来改变的独立存在，他对认识的论述就不仅荒谬，而且毫无意义。但是，由于杜威和席勒拒绝在完全超越经验的意义上讨论“超验的”客体和关系，他们的批评者们就揪住他们的著作中相关的只言片语，以证明他们否定经验领域内存在着外在于确认其存在的观念的对象。

那些受过良好教育、看起来很有诚意的批评者们竟然抓不住对手的观点，这似乎不可思议。

有这么多人被误导，原因可能是席勒、杜威和我的论域涉及不同的范围，一个人明确假定的东西，另一个人暂时做出了暗示，而读者却因此误以为这个东西被否定了。席勒的论域最小，基本上限制在心理学领域。他只从一种东西出发，那就是真理主张，但最终还是被引导到它们所确认的独立的客观事实上，因为在所有主张中被最成功地证明有效的主张是：这类事实存在。我的论域基本上属于认识论范畴。我从两种东西出发：客观事实和主张，并指出，假定事实存在的话，哪些主张将作为事实的替代物而成功地起作用，哪些主张则不能。我把前一类主张称

为真的。杜威的论域就我所知是我们三人当中范围最广的，但我不想对其复杂性做出自己的阐释。他和我一样，坚持认为客体独立于我们的判断而存在。指出这一点就够了。如果我说错了，就请杜威纠正我。我拒绝接受其他人在这一点上对我的纠正。

在本书中，我并没有佯称要对所有批评我的真理理论的人做出回应，这些先生包括：泰勒，洛夫乔伊，加德纳，贝克韦尔，克莱顿，希本，帕洛蒂，索尔特，卡勒斯，拉兰德，门特利，麦克塔格特，G.E.穆尔，莱德等，尤其没有回应欣兹教授，他在名为《反实用主义》的书中发表了一种有趣的社会学怪谈。这些批评者中有些人连他们试图驳斥的论点都不理解，这种徒劳的做法在我看来近乎可悲。我想，我在本书中其他地方已经预见性地回答了他们的大部分质疑。既然我在这里已经说了很多，我相信读者不希望我重述我已经说过的话。

麻州剑桥欧文街95号，1909年8月

第一章　认知的功能

下文探究的并不是认知是“怎样来的”，而是它“是什么”（姑且援用读者熟悉的沙德沃思·霍奇逊先生对二者的区分）。我们所谓的认知行为显然借由大脑及其活动来实现，不论是否存在与大脑能动相连的“灵魂”。但是，大脑或灵魂都不是本文讨论的话题。在本文中，我们只是假定认知被以某种方式生产出来；而且，我们只限于探询认知包括哪些元素，隐含着哪些因素。

认知是一种意识功能。因此，它所隐含的第一个因素便是认知借以发生的意识状态。我在其他地方曾使用“感觉”一词，来统指主观地加以考虑的、或不考虑其潜在功能的所有意识状态，因此现在我要说，不论某种认知行为可能隐含什么其他要素，它至少隐含一种感觉的存在。（如果读者像其他人一样时下对“感觉”一词有反感，每当我使用它的时候，他可以用“观念”来替代它，这里指的是旧的、广义的洛克哲学意义上的“观念”；或者，他也可以用“意识状态”这个累赘的词组，或者最终干脆用“思想”代之。）

应该指出，人类已经取得如下共识：有些感觉是认知的，有些则仅是事实，有其主观性的存在，或几乎可以被称为物质的存在，但却没有它们是各种认识这一事实所隐含的自我超越功能。我们对这方面的探究也是有限的。我们不会问：“自我超越如何是可能的？”，而只是问：“常识何以指定若干状况，在其中自我超越不仅是可能的而且是现实的？而且，常识用何种标记把这些状况与其他状况区分开来？”简言之，我们的探究乃是描述心理学中的一个章节，舍此无它。

孔狄亚克做过与此类似的探究，他提出了把各种感觉连续赋予一尊雕像的著名假设。第一种感觉被认为是对香气的感觉。但是，为了避免可能与起源问题混在一起，让我们先别认为甚至塑像也拥有我们想象的感觉。相反，让我们假定感觉既不附着于任何物质，也位于空间上的任何一点上，而是按神祇直接的创造性命令似乎在真空中飘摆。同时，为避免由难以确定其“对象”究竟具有物质的属性还是心灵的属性所造成麻烦，我们也不称之为香气的感觉或任何其它特定类型的感觉，而仅仅假定它是一种q感觉。适用于这个抽象名称所代表的感觉的东西，将在同样程度上适用于读者能假设的任何更具体的感觉（比如香气、疼痛、硬

度）。

如若这种q感觉是神的唯一创造，它自然构成了整个宇宙。而且，为了不让相信永远的感觉与无感觉总是一样的那一大类人吹毛求疵，假如我们允许这种感觉的持续时间如他们喜欢的那般短暂，那个宇宙就只需要持续无穷短的一瞬间。这样，q感觉将被减小到最适合格斗的重量，而赋予它的认知功能也必须被认为在它迅即泯灭的短暂生命瞬间内降临；还应该指出，在这一生命之前或之后也都不存在其它的意识瞬间。

我们的微小感觉就这样被孤单地遗留在宇宙中，因为神和我们这些心理批评家们可以被忽略不计。那么我想问，这种感觉能否被认为有一种认知功能呢？它要想认识，就必须要有被认识的东西。依照现有假设，什么东西可被认识呢？有人可能回答说："感觉的内容q。"但是，称之为感觉的性质而不是感觉的内容岂不更恰当吗？"内容"一词岂不暗示着，感觉已经把作为行为的它与作为对象的其内容分割开来了吗？而且，如果我们立刻假定感觉的性质q与性质q的感觉完全是一回事，这样做是不是相当可靠呢？至此，性质q是一个完全主观的事实，即感觉所内生的或随身携带的事实。如果有人乐于给这么简单的一个事实冠以"认识"的美誉，自然没有什么可以阻止他。但是，让我们尽量沿用通俗的用法，用认知一词专指对"实在"的认知，这里所谓实在，指独立于感觉而存在的事物，而对事物的认知需要通过这种感觉产生。如果感觉的内容不发生在感觉自身之外的宇宙当中，并伴随着感觉而消弭，则我们一般不称其为实在，而只能将之视为感觉结构中的一个主观特征，或至多视之为感觉的梦幻。

那么，要使感觉在特定意义上具有认知性，它就必须是自我超越的；我们必须说服神祇创造一个它之外的实在，与其内在的性质q相对应。只有这样，它才能被从唯我论的状态中解救出来。假如新创造的实在与感觉的性质q类似，那么我就可以说该感觉被我们认为是认识了那个实在。

我的论点的第一个部分肯定会受到攻击。但是，在为之辩护之前我需要说明一点。"实在"已经成为一种保障，使我们能把一种感觉称为认知性的；可是，有什么东西又能保障我们把某个东西称为实在呢？唯一的答案是：当前的批评者或探究者的信念。在他生活中的每时每刻，他发现自己持有对某些实在的信念，哪怕今年的实在来年被证明是幻想。

每当他发现自己探究的感觉观照他视为实在的东西时，他当然必须承认该感觉本身是真正具有认知性的。在这里我们自己就是批评者；如果被允许用这种相对的、暂时的方式看待实在，我们会发现自己的负担减轻了许多。每一门科学都必须做出一些假设。认识论者只不过是容易犯错的凡人。当他们研究认知的功能时，他们借用的是自己身上存在的同样功能。而且，我们知道泉水不会流向高过其源头的地方，所以我们应该毫不犹豫地承认，我们在这个领域取得的成果难免受到我们可能犯的错误的影响。我们至多可以宣称，我们有关认知的论断与我们有关其他任何事物的论断一样，都可以被看作是真的。如果听众在什么应该被看作是“实在”上与我们看法一致，他们也可能赞同我们认识这些实在的方式所依据的信条的实在性。我们别无所求。

我们将遵循这些话的精神使用术语。如果我们认为一种感觉的性质或内容既不存在于此感觉之外，也不存在于此感觉之内，我们将否认此感觉的认识功能。如果我们乐意，可以将这种感觉称为梦幻；接下来我们要看一看能否将之称为虚构或错误。

让我们回到我们的论点上来。有些人立刻会叫嚷起来：“实在怎么能与感觉类似呢？”这里，我们发现刚才用代数上的字母q来指称感觉的性质是多么地明智。通过让任何人自由地把他自认为可能类似于一种感觉的任何东西假定为实在，（如果那不是一个外在的东西，那是像第一个感觉一样的另一个感觉，比如批评者头脑中的纯粹感觉q），我们就避开了内部状态与外部实在之间的相似所带来的整个难题。以这种方式避开这个反对意见之后，让我们转向另外一个强烈的质疑。

它来自一些哲学家，他们认为思想就是对关系的认识，把“思想”看作是心智生活的全部内容；他们还认为，一个仅仅能感觉的意识比根本没有意识好不到哪里去——他们有时甚至会说比没有意识要糟糕得多。例如，今天的一些人自称追随康德与黑格尔的足迹，而不是传统的英国道路，他们常常把这样的话挂在嘴边：“如果一个知觉脱离了其他知觉，即‘被置于我们称之为心灵的范围之外’，脱离了一切关系，那么它就失去了自身特性，变得什么也不是。正像我们无法认识虚空一样，我们无法认识这样的知觉。”“它本身就是飞逝的、瞬间的、不可名状的（因为我们给它命名时它已经变成了另外一个东西），而且，基于同样的原因，它也是不可知的，是可知性的对立面。”“如果从我们认为真实的东西中排除由关系塑造的所有特性，我们会发现不会剩下任何东西。”

诸如此类的说法在格林教授的著作中简直是不胜枚举，但它们几乎不值得花功夫去罗列，因为它们所宣扬的信条异乎寻常地荒谬。我们假定的小小感觉无论是什么，从认知的角度来看，无论它是一点儿认识还是一个梦幻，都肯定在心灵上不等于零。它是一个肯定地、明确地合格的内部事实，有其自身的面貌。当然，在它之外存在很多心智事实。如果q是一个实在的话，这个感觉就以最少量的知识认识了q。它既没确定其时间，也没确定其位置。它既没有对它分类，也没有将它命名。而且，它既没有把自己当作一种感觉来认识，也没将自己与其他感觉相对照，也未估算过自己持续的时间或强度。总之，如果它仅止于此的话，它是一种最愚蠢、最无助、最没用的东西。

但是，如果我们必须用众多的否定来描述它，如果它不能说明关于其自身或关于其他事物的任何东西，我们凭什么否认它在心灵上等于零呢？到底是不是那些“关系论者”是对的呢？

该问题的答案就在看似单纯的“关于”一词上；而且坦诚地来看，这还是一个足够简单的答案。来自约翰·格罗特很少被人引用的著作《哲学探索》中的一段引文（见第60页，伦敦，1865年），是对它最好的介绍。

格罗特写道，“我们的认识可以用两种方式来看待，换言之，我们可以用双重方式来谈论认识的“对象”。即我们可以这样使用语言：我们知道某物、某人等等；也可以这样说：我们知道关于某物、某人等等的某某方面。语言遵循其真正的逻辑直觉，一般会对这两种认识观的应用做出区分，一种是γνώναι, *noscere, kennen, connaître*，另一种是εἴδεναι, *scire, wissen, savoir*。从本源上说，前者可以被认为更接近我所谓现象性的——即把认识看作是对已知事物的熟识或熟悉；这种看法或许更类似于现象的有形交接，它不像后者那么纯属理智上的；这种对事物的认识是通过将事物呈现给感官，或以图片、文字形式再现而获得的，是一种“表象”。后者是我们在判断或命题中所表达的，体现在“观念”或概念中，而不需任何想象性的再现，就其本源而言属于更加理智的认识。然而，只要我们在同一命题或／和同一推理过程中不至将它们做混淆表述，就没有理由说不能用任何一种方式表达我们的认识，无论是哪一种认识。

显然，如果我们假设的感觉q（如果它被算作认识的话）仅仅是熟识型的认识，那么想从中得出关于天底下任何事物的——甚至是关于其

自身的任何陈述，那简直就像古人所说，是试图从公羊身上挤奶。而且，在我们失败后，就转而攻击它，称之为心灵上的虚空，这就像我们在一只公羊身上徒劳地尝试过，然后宣称整个山羊群体不具有产奶的特质，这两种做法都是不公平的。但是，黑格尔派整个的企图是将简单的感觉排除于哲学认识的范畴之外，这种做法是基于这一虚假问题之上的。经常是感觉的“不做声”，即它不能做出任何“陈述”，被认为使有关它的观念变得无意义，并为研究认识的人拒斥它的存在找到了理由。作为代表其他心智状态符号的“意义”，被当作我们所拥有的那些心智状态的唯一功能；如果我们那个小小的原始感觉被认为还没有这种基本的意义，那么它很容易先被称作是没有意思的，接着被称为无意义的，然后再说它是虚空的，并最终认定它是荒唐的、不可接受的。但是，在这个普遍的清算过程中，直接的熟识逐逐渐渐地渗透进相关认识，直到认识被认为能获取的有关东西最终所剩无几，这时，所有的“意义”不就都脱离情景了吗？而且，当我们对事物的相关认识达到了空前复杂的完备状态时，难道伴随着它一起存在并与它密不可分的，不应该是我们对这一认识所涉及的那些事物的某种程度的熟识吗？

这样，我们假设的小小的感觉给定了一个什么；如果记住第一个感觉的其他感觉接踵而至，这个什么就可以成为某个相关认识或判断的主词或谓词，并感知它与其他感觉可能认识的那些什么之间的关系。于是，迄今一言不发的q就接受了一个名称，而且也不再是无言可发了。但是，正如逻辑研究者所知道的那样，每一个名称都有其“外延”；这个外延总是指无外在关系或其内在关系未加分析的某种实在或内容，就像我们的原始感觉应该认识的q一样。除非以对这种“事实”、这种内容的初步熟识为基础，否则就不可能有表达关系的命题。不管这个q是香味，是牙痛，还是一种更为复杂的感觉，比如像满月在深蓝夜空中游弋的那种感觉，在能获得对它的相关认识之前，它一定先以这样的简单形式出现，并被紧紧地把握在那个起初的意图中。对它的相关认识就是在认识上面加一个情境。要是没有了认识，加在其上的就不可能是情境了。

这里，我们就不必再谈论这个反对意见了，而应该把我们的论点扩展如下：假如宇宙中存在一个q，而它不是感觉中的那个q，那么后一个q可能熟识一个外显于其本身的实体；而且，作为单纯的熟识，很难想象它能再有改善或增加的余地，因为它自身已经是完备的；它使我们不

得不说（只要我们拒将熟识称为认识）：一方面，这种感觉是认知性的；另一方面，感觉的所有性质，只要在它们之外存在着任何与之类似的东西，都是对存在的性质的感觉以及对外部事实的知觉。

需要指出的是，对第一感觉的认知功能所做的这种辩护，其目的在于发现q的确存于它之外的某个地方。假如没有这一发现，我们就不能肯定这种感觉是认知性的；并且，假如没有发现任何外部的东西，我们就不得不将这种感觉称为梦幻。但是，这个感觉自身却不能有这种发现。它自己的q就是它把握的唯一q；而且，无论把认知的自我超越功能加在它身上还是从它身上除去，它自身的本质也丝毫不会改变。这种功能是偶然的；它是综合的，而不是分析的；居于感觉的存在之外，而不是之内。

一种感觉的发生就像枪发出子弹。假如没有东西被感觉到或被击中，那它们只是在无的放矢。然而，如果有某物起来阻挡它们的话，它们就不仅仅是发射或是感觉了，而是击中和认识。

但是，随之而来的是一个比以往更强烈的反对意见。我们批评者观望并看到一个真实的q和一个对q的感觉；由于二者相似，我们就说其中一个认识另一个。可是，在我们知道这个对q的感觉就代表或再现那一个同样的其他q之前，我们凭什么能这么说呢？假设靶场上存在的不是一个q，而是多个实际的q。如果枪响后击中了目标，我们很容易就能看见它击中的是哪一个。可是，我们如何区分感觉认识了哪一个呢？它认识了它所代表的那一个。但是，它究竟代表哪一个呢？对此它没有宣称自己的意向。它仅仅是类似；不置可否地类似；而类似本身根本不一定等于再现或代表。两个鸡蛋彼此类似，但它们并不因此就再现、代表或认识对方。而且，如果你说这是因为它们中的任何一个都不是感觉，那么想象一下：如果这个世界仅仅是由牙痛构成的，牙痛的确是感觉，是彼此完全类似的感觉，——如果是那样，它们会因此更好地认识彼此吗？

q只是像牙痛一样的特性，这一状况与它是一个具体的独特事物是大不相同的。实际上，没有检验方法来确定对一个单纯特性的感觉能否代表这种特性。它对这个特性不能做任何事情，只能类似它，仅仅是因为一个抽象的特性是人们不可能对它做任何事情的东西。如果没有情境、环境或个体化原则，那么一个没有存在的个体性的本质，一种柏拉图式的理念，甚至是这种特性的各种副本（如果它们可能存在的话），

都是无法分辨的；而且，不管我想要这种感觉去代表这个副本或那个副本，不管它是否仅仅类似这种性质而根本不能代表它，我们都不能给出任何标志，也不会改变任何结果。

通过为q特性的每一个版本指定一个情境，使之能相互区别，我们就赋予q特性一个真正的多元版本，这样，通过把我们的相似原则也扩展到情境上，并且说感觉认识了它最为精确地复制了其情境的那个特殊的q，我们就可以继续解释这个感觉认识了这个特性的哪一版本。但是，这里再次出现了理论上的疑虑：复制与巧合，它们算是认识吗？枪通过击破某个q而表明它指向并击中了哪一个q。在感觉能通过某种同样明显的方式来告诉我们它指向并认识了哪一个q之前，我们为什么就不能自由地否认它指向或认识了任何一个实际的q，而且不能自由地断言“相似”一词详尽地描述了它与实在的关系呢？

事实上，每一个实际的感觉确实向我们表明它指向了哪一个q，就像那杆枪一样明确；在具体情况下，这个问题实际上是由一个迄今为止我们尚未考虑的元素决定的。让我们从各种抽象过渡到可能的实例，祈求眷顾我们的解围之神为我们营造一个更丰富的世界。比如说，让他赐给我一个梦，梦到某人死去，并让他同时使那个人死去。我们的实际本能将如何自发地判定这个例子是涉及对实在的认知，或只不过是某个类似的实在与我的梦之间一种奇妙的巧合呢？“心灵研究学会”正忙着收集这类令人困惑的例子，并试图对它们提供最合理的解释。

假如我的梦是我此生仅有的这类梦，假如梦中死亡的情境与实际死亡的情境在很多细节上有所差别，又假如该梦没能使我对死亡采取任何行动，那么，我们毫无疑问应该称它为奇怪的巧合，而不是任何其他东西。但是，假如梦中的死亡有一个很长的情境，与伴随实际死亡过程的每个特征完全符合；如果我不断地做这类梦，其中每一个都完美地与现实符合，而且，假如我一醒来把梦当作真的而习惯于立刻行动起来，比后来才知晓此事的邻居“抢先”行动，我们很有可能得承认：我拥有某种神秘的先知先觉能力，我的梦以一种不可名状的方式指向它们所描绘的那些实在，因此“巧合”这个词没能触及到问题的本质。而且，假如在做梦的过程中我似乎有能力干预实在的进程，并能如梦中所愿使梦里的事件走向这个或那个方向，那么，任何人抱有的任何质疑都会统统消失。因此，至少可以肯定的是，我那些醒着的批评者和做梦的自己讨论的是同一个话题。

而且，人们总是以这样的方式来决定这种问题。梦对现实世界产生的实际影响，以及两个世界的相似程度，是他们本能地使用的标准所有的感觉都是为了行动，所有的感觉都导致行动，今天，这些真理已经无需任何论据来证明。但是，按照我们可能认为不一样的一种非常奇特的自然倾向，我的感觉在我的批评者的世界里对实在施加着作用。那么，除非我的批评者能证明我的感觉没有“指向”它所作用的那些实在，否则，他怎能继续怀疑他和我都认识到了同一个现实世界呢？如果行动是在同一世界中完成的，那必须是感觉指向的世界；如果是在另一个世界中，那就是感觉想到的世界。如果你的感觉在我的世界中没能产生任何结果，我把它看作是与我的世界完全分离的；我称它为唯我论，并将它的世界称作梦幻世界。如果你的牙痛不能促使你像我牙痛时一般行动，也不像是我有独立的存在；如果你既没对我说，“我现在知道你有多么痛苦！”也没告知我一种疗法，那么，无论你的感觉和我的有多么类似，我也不承认它真正认知到了我的感觉。它没有给出任何标志表明它认识到了，而要我承认它是如此，这种标志则是绝对必要的。

在我能认为你意指我的世界之前，你必须影响它；在我认为你在很大程度上意指我的世界之前，你必须先在很大程度上影响它；在我确信你像我那样意指它之前，你必须像我那样去影响它，就好像我在你的位置。这样，作为你的批评者的我将会高兴地相信，我们所思考的不仅是同一个实在，而且我们对它的想法相似，也同样地在思考该实在的很大一部分。

如果周围人的感觉对我们自己的世界没有产生实际的影响，我们绝不应该怀疑其感觉的存在，当然我们也不能像在本文里这样扮演批评者的角色。自然的构成是非常独特的。在我们每个人的世界里都有被称作人体的某种物体，它们四处游走并作用于世界上的所有其他物体。如果它们就是我们的身体，那么其行动的动因大体上就是我们行动的动因。它们使用言语和手势，假如我们使用这些言语和手势，其背后肯定会有思想——但是那根本不是纯粹的思想，而是严格限定的思想。我想你有关于火的一般观念，因为我看见你在我屋子里像我一样向着火走了过去，你拨弄它，使自己的身体靠近它，等等。但这迫使我相信，如果你确实感觉到“火”的话，这就是你所感觉到的火。事实上，每当我们把自己当成心理批评者时，我们不是凭借发现某种感觉“类似”哪个实在来弄清它意指哪个实在。我们先意识到它意指哪个实在，尔后再假定那是它

类似的那个。我们看见彼此都在看相同的对象，指向它们并以各种方式翻动它们，据此我们希望并相信，我们的几种感觉都与这个实在相似并且彼此相似。但是，这是一个我们在理论上无法肯定的事情。可是，如果一个暴徒正在攻击并殴打我的身体，而我用很多时间做一些精心的推测，如他对我身体的看法是否与我自己的看法类似，或者他实际上打算侮辱的身体并不是他心目中的那个，根本不是我的身体；我这时做这样的推测简直就是一种病态的多虑症。现实的考虑会把这种形而上学的杂念排斥在外。假如他心中想的不是我的身体，那我们为何要称其为身体呢？我推断他的思想不过是一个术语，我们把所发生的事情追溯到它的存在。如果这个术语一旦被推断出就与使我推论出它的身体分离开来，并被联系到一个根本不是我的身体的身体上，那么这个推理就是空的，姑且不考虑暴徒与我想到的怎样可能意指同一个身体这样的形而上学的难题。如果人看到彼此的身体同处一个空间，脚踩同一块土地，在同一片水域里游动，使同一片空气发出回声，做同一个游戏，吃同一盘菜，他们实际上就决不会相信存在一个多元的唯我论世界。

然而，当一个人所采取的行动对另一个人的世界似乎不产生任何影响时，情况就不同了。这就是诗歌与小说中出现的情况。例如，人人都知道艾凡赫；但是，只要我们把它当做单纯的故事来看，而不考虑它被创作的各种事实，那么很少有人会不愿意承认，有多少人认知这个故事就会有多少个不同的艾凡赫。即使这些艾凡赫彼此相似，这一事实也不能证明相反的情况。但是，假如某人对其版本的艾凡赫做出了修改，并立刻在其他所有版本中产生了回响，使之发生了变化，那么我们很容易达成共识，认为这些人想到的都是同一个艾凡赫，而且，不管它是不是小说，它都构成了他们共有的一个小世界。

至此，我们可以继续讨论我们的论点，并进一步完善它。我们仍然把这实在称为q，并让批评者的感觉来确保它，我们可以说：只要任何其他一种感觉类似并指q，无论是通过直接改变q，还是通过改变延续q的某个其他实在p或r（批评者知道它们之间的连续性），那么这一感觉就被认为是认知了q。或者更简洁地说：对q的感觉认识任何与它相似并直接或间接地作用于其上的实在。假如它只是相似而不产生作用，那它就是一个梦；如果它只是作用于其上而不相似，那它就是一个错误。我担心，读者会认为这个公式微不足道，太显而易见，不必这般长篇大论地加以阐释，尤其当他认为该公式适用的情况仅仅是各种知觉，而对整

个象征性或概念性的思维领域似乎无法做出解释。当实在是一种物质的东西或行为，或者是批评者的一种意识状态时，我一旦知觉到它，就可以将其反映到我的心智中，并可以作用于它——当然只是间接地作用于它。但是，有许多种认知被普遍地允许成为这个样子，它们既不反映也不作用于它们的实在。

在整个象征思维领域内，我们被普遍认为既可意指、谈论特殊的实在，也可以就这些实在得出结论——即认识它们，而在我们的主观意识里不必有任何哪怕是一丁点儿类似它们的心智材料。人们用语言向我们描述这些实在，可语言只能唤醒对其声音的意识；我们之所以认识到了它们是哪种实在，凭借的是向某个遥远的情境投去最模糊、最不完整的一瞥，而不是通过对它们的直接想象。因为人们对此可能有不同看法，我就谈谈我本人的观点吧。我肯定，我当前的思维有词语来表达其几乎独有的主观材料，这些词语能被理解是因为它们被用来指直接意识范围之外的某个实在，而且，这些词语被我意识到仅仅是因为它们像更多地存在于某个方向上的终点站，词语可能引向那里，但还没有这样做。这些词语的主题或话题通常是我在心理上似乎把词语背投向它的某个东西，就像我完全肯定某物在我背后，不必回头我就能用拇指在肩头上方迅速向后指向它一般。这些词语的要点或结论是我似乎点头示意的某个东西，就像是赞同它的存在一般，尽管我的心目中所看见的只是与它相联的某个零碎的影象，然而，只要赋予这个零碎的影象熟悉的感觉和实在，它就让我觉得它所归属的整个事物就是合理而真实的，是可以被允许通过的。

这就是广义的认知意识，然而它与它所认识的对象却毫无相似之处。因此，上面提出的支持我们论点的公式必须加以完善。我们现在可以这样表达我们的论点：一个知觉认识它直接或间接作用于并类似于的实在；一个概念性感觉或思想，每当它实际上或潜在地终止于某个作用于或类似于那个实在的知觉时，或者仅与那个实在或其情境以其他方式相联系时，这个概念性感觉或思想就认识了那个实在。后一种知觉可能是一种感觉或感觉性的观念；当我说思想必须终止于这种知觉时，我是指它最终必须能导向这种知觉——

假定最终感觉是一种感觉的话，就能借由实际经验引导到那里；假如它只是心中的一个影像，就能通过逻辑的或习惯的提示引导到那里。

举个例子来更清楚地说明这一点。我打开拿起的第一本书，读了映

入眼帘的第一句话："牛顿清楚地看到了上帝在天空中的杰作，正如佩利同样清楚地看到了上帝在动物界中的杰作。"我立即回忆并试图分析我读这个句子并迅速理解它时的主观状态。首先有一种很明显的感觉，即这个句子是可理解的、合理的并且是与现实世界相联系的。在"牛顿"、"佩利"与"上帝"之间也存在着一种一致或和谐的感觉。没有与"天空"或"杰作"或"上帝"相联系的外在形象；它们只是单纯的词。我想"动物界"令我极为模糊地意识到了我眼下所在的剑桥市的动物学博物馆（也可能是模糊地想到了它的台阶）。"佩利"也让我同样模糊地意识到了一本深色皮面小册子；而"牛顿"则让我清楚地联想到了卷曲假发的右下角。这就是起初意识到这句话的意思时我能找到的全部心智材料，而且，假如我在真正阅读这本书时遇到这个句子，而不是把它挑出来做实验，恐怕我未必能发现所有这些东西。然而，我的意识是真正认知性的。这句话是"有关实在的"，我的心理批评者——我们不能忘掉他——也会承认是这样的；他甚至承认，我清楚地感觉到它们就是实在，我也默认自己对它们的解读总体上是正确的，这些都是我获得的真知识。

那么，我的批评者为何变得这般宽容了呢？我的这种特别不充分的意识由一些象征符号构成，这些符号既不类似于也不影响它们代表的实在，这样，我的批评者怎么能确定我的意识认知了他自己心中的那些实在呢？

他之所以确信，是因为在无数相似的情况下，他见过这种不充分的、象征性的思想通过自我发展而终止于知觉状态，这些知觉状态实际上修正并被认为是类似于他自己的知觉状态。这里所谓自我"发展"指服从它们自身的倾向，遵从它们内生的暗示，朝着它们所指的方向发挥作用，清除阴影，突显光环，破解属于其构成部分的边缘模糊地带，挖掘出似乎故意隐藏其中的重要的主观核心内容。因此，我可以拿起那本褐色的皮封面书，把与动物界相关的内容展现在批评者眼前，这样我可以使自己的思想按照佩利的方向发展。我可以具体地向批评者展示书中涉及到的动物及其排列，这样就能取悦于他，让他相信这些词对我和他来讲意思都是一样的。我可以弄来牛顿的著作和肖像画；或者，如果我遵照假发的暗示，我可以用与牛顿的环境相关的一些17世纪的事情让我的批评者感到目不暇接，让他相信"牛顿"一词在我们两个人心中有着相同的位置与联系。最后，我可以通过行动和语言来说服他，让他相信我意指的上帝、天空以及杰作的类比也与他所认为的意思完全一样。

我最后的证明手段就是诉诸于他的感官。我的思想使我作用于他的感官，正如他如果追求自己的某个知觉的结果也会作用于自己的感官一样。这样，我的思想实际上终止于他的实在上。因此，如果他的思想与我的思想属于同一种象征符号，那么他会欣然假定我的思想是有关他的实在的，并在内心里认为我的思想类似他自己的思想。他之所以在心中产生这种信念，其枢轴、支柱、支点是我的思想引导或可能引导我施加的合理作用，即把佩利的书或牛顿的肖像等等带到他的眼前。

因此，我们归根结底相信我们都认识、思考和谈论同一个世界，是因为我们相信我们共同拥有一些知觉。而且，我们之所以相信这些，是因为我们每个人的知觉似乎都随着其他人的知觉的变化而改变。我对你来说是什么，首先就是你自己的一种知觉状态。然而，我出乎意料地打开一本书给你看，同时发出一些声音。这些行为也是你能知觉到的，但是它们十分类似由感觉促成的你自己的行为，使你不怀疑我也有这种感觉，或者说，这本书就是我们两人的世界中都能感觉到的同一本书。它是否被以同样的方式感觉到，我对它的感觉与你的感觉是否相似，这是我们永远无法确定的事情，但是我们认为这是符合这种情况的最简单的假设。事实上，对此我们是永远无法确定的，并且作为认识论者我们只能说，两个彼此不应该相似的感觉不可能同时以同样的方式认识同一事物。如果每个感觉都相信其知觉对象是实在，那么它肯定会评价另一个知觉对象说：尽管它可能想要意指那个实在，并且想通过改变实在来证明这一点，但是假如它不与实在相类似，它就完全是假的、错的。

假如知觉是这样，那么更为高级的思维方式就更是这样了！即使在感觉领域，个体之间可能也存在足够大的差别。对最简单的概念成分的比较研究似乎表明存在更大的差异。而且，当谈到一般理论和对生活的情绪态度时，的确就像萨克雷所说的那样：“我的朋友，在你我的头脑中运行的是两个不同的世界。”

究竟什么可以挽救我们，阻止我们各自陷入相互排斥的唯我论的无序状态呢？多个人的心灵凭借什么来沟通呢？不能凭借任何东西，只能靠我们拥有知觉性感觉的心灵之间的相互类似，它们具有这种相互改变的能力，只不过是无声的熟识性的认识，而且它们必须与它们的实在相类似，否则就根本不能正确认识实在。我们所有的相关认识必须终止于这种熟识性认识中，并作为其部分内容对这种可能的终止有所感觉。这些知觉状态，这些终点，这些可感觉的事物，这些仅仅是熟识的事物，

它们是我们直接认识的唯一实在，而且，我们思想的整个历史就是用其中的一个来代替另一个、并将这种替代物归结为一个概念符号的历史。尽管这些知觉可能为某些思想者所蔑视，但它们是心灵的大地母亲、停泊处、坚固的磐石、最初和最后的界限、起点和终点。找到感觉的这些终点目标，应该是我们全部高级思维的目的。它们能终止争论；它们能破除知识的虚妄；没有它们，我们对彼此的意思就茫然无知。如果两个人以同样方式作用于一个知觉对象，他们相信自己对它有着类似的感觉；如若不然，他们会怀疑自己是以不同的方式认识这个知觉对象。在我们没有能力对事物进行这种检验之前，我们根本无法确认我们理解了彼此。这就是为什么形而上学的讨论很像是无的放矢；它们没有可感觉的实际论题。另一方面，“科学”理论总是止于确定的知觉状态。你可以从你的理论中推导出一个可能的感觉，并把我带到你的实验室，通过在彼时彼地给予我这一感觉，证明你的理论同样适用于我的世界。让概念性的推理掠过真理的上空，就能产生一幅美丽的景象。难怪哲学家仍然被它弄得眼花缭乱，难怪他们用不屑一顾的神情看待这些低层的感觉，可这些感觉正是女神升天的出发点。但是，如果她不再回到对这种感觉的熟识中，那将是很悲哀的；她在任何地方都站不稳脚步——随便一阵狂风都能把她掠走，就像是夜空中的热气球一般消失在群星当中。

注释：读者将会很容易地看到，《实用主义》一书中后来形成的对真理作用的说明，有多少已经明确地出现在这篇早期论文中，又有多少是后来才被阐明的。在这篇早期的文章中，我们明确地提出：

1．实在：它外在于真的观念；

2．批评者，读者，或认识论学者，及其信念：他们是这一实在存在的保证；

3．可经验的环境：它是联接认识者与被认识者的工具或媒介，产生认知性的联系；

4．指向的概念：即通过这种中介指向实在，这是我们所谓认识该实在的一个条件；

5．类似实在并最终影响实在的概念：能确定指向该现实而非其他什么东西。

6．消除“认知论的鸿沟”：这样，整个真理关系就落入具体经验的连续中，并且是由特定的过程所构成，这些过程随着每个客体和主体的变化而变化，而且可以加以具体描述。

这些早期的论断也有如下缺陷：

1．可能过度地强调类似：尽管类似在真正认识上起着基本作用，但它往往不是必需的；

2．过分强调对对象本身的作用：这在很多情况下确实决定了那个对象就是我们所指的东西，但它常常是缺乏作用，或者被对其他与该对象相联系的事物的作用所取代。

3．感觉或观念的可产生作用性这一总体概念的形成存在缺陷：其不完备性在于它被看作是等同于对特定实在的满意适应，这种适应构成了观念的真理性。这一总体概念涵盖指向、适合、作用或类似等一切具体概念，正是它把杜威、席勒和我本人的成熟观点区分开来。

在第39页把感知状态当作实在的唯一领域。我现在把概念当作一个并列的领域。

下一篇文章体现了作者对该主题更为全面的掌握。

第二章　印度老虎

认识事物有两种途径：直接的或直觉的认识，和概念的或表征的认识。虽然诸如眼前的白纸之类的东西可以通过直觉认识，大多数我们知道的事物，比如此刻在印度的老虎或哲学的经院体系，却只能通过表征的或象征的方式认识。

为了讲明白点，不妨先举一个概念性认识的例子；我们坐在这里，权且把它设想为我们对印度老虎的认识吧。当我们说自己知道那里的老虎时，我们究竟是什么意思呢？我们如此自信地称为“认知”的，不过是“为人所知作”，沙德华斯·霍奇逊用的这个词有些累赘，但却是一种颇有价值的措辞。这到底是什么样的一种事态呢？

多数人会回答说，我们所谓认识老虎是指虽然它们在形体上缺席，我们却使它们以某种方式呈现于我们的思想中；或者说，我们对它们的认知表现为我们对它们产生了思想。这种缺席上的特殊在场经常被弄得很神秘；善于将常识转化为深奥学问的经院哲学，会把它解释成一种特殊存在，叫做老虎在我们心智中的意向性存在。人们至少会说，所谓我们认识这些老虎，是指我们坐在这里但在思想上指向它们。

但在这种情况下，我们所谓指向是什么意思呢？这里的指向为人所知作什么呢？

对此问题我只能给出一个平淡无奇的答案，这个答案不仅与常识和经院哲学的先入观念相对立，而且与我读过的几乎所有认识论哲学家的先入之见相对立。简言之，我的答案如下：所谓思想上指向老虎，可被单纯地看作是一系列心智上的联想以及紧随思想所产生的运动神经结果；并且，如果将这些联想和结果追踪到底，它们将和谐地导入有关老虎的某种理想的或现实的情境中去，甚至使老虎即刻呈现出来。如果有人用美洲豹冒充老虎蒙混我们，这种思想的指向就表现为对美洲豹的否定；如果一只真老虎展现在我们面前，它则表现为对老虎的肯定。这种指向可以表现为我们的一种能力，使我们能说出各种不与有关真老虎的命题相悖的命题。如果我们非常认真地看待这些老虎的话，这种指向甚至可以表现为我们的行动，这些行动最终导向被直接感知到的老虎，比如我们旅行到印度去猎杀老虎，然后把被杀死的那些带斑纹的家伙的很多张皮带回来。在所有这些意义上，我们的心智形象本身并没有发生任

何自我超越。它们是同一个现象事实，而各种老虎是另一个现象事实；如果你曾经承认过存在着一个联系着的世界，那么这些形象指向老虎就是一种绝对平常的经验内关系。简言之，用休谟的话来说，观念与虎像其他任何两个事物一样是绝然分开的；这里所谓的指向，同任何自然所造成的运作一样，具有其外在性和偶然性。

我希望你们现在会同意我的观点，在表征性知识内部不存在特殊的神秘东西，而只有外部一连串联系思想和事物的物质的或心理的中介物。这里所谓的认识一个客体就是通过世界所提供的某个情境，引导到客体那里。去年圣诞节在纽约我遇到了同事D.S.米勒，他极有启发性的提出了上述观点，坚定了我曾一度动摇的观点，我应该向他表示感谢。

下面再谈一下如何直接或直觉地熟识一个对象，我们以眼前的白纸这个对象为例。正如我们刚刚所见，这里的思想材料与事物材料本质上相同，难以分辨，而且，也没有任何中介物或联想物的情境居于二者之间将思想和事物分开。这里既不存在“缺席上的在场”，也不存在“指向”，只存在思想对白纸全方位的包裹。显然，这里的认识不能完全像以虎为客体时那样来解释。我们的经验中充满了此类直接熟识的各种状态。在某处，我们的信念确实总是基于一些终极信息，比如这张纸的洁白、平滑、方正之类。至于这些属性是否是真正的终极存在，还是仅仅是我们在了解更多情况之前所坚信的临时假设，这对我们目前的探究无关紧要。只要我们相信这个对象，我们就直接面对它。这里我们所谓“认识”这类对象是什么意思呢？因为，如果我们对虎的概念性认识能最终把我们引到虎穴之前的话，这不也是我们认识虎的方式吗？

这次讲话不能太长，因此我只能给出尽量简洁的回答。首先我必须说：如果白纸或者我们经验中的其他终极信息被认为也进入了他人的经验中，而且一旦认识了白纸，我们被认为是在彼地和在此地都认识它；再假如，白纸只被看作是隐藏的分子的面具，这些分子将来或许被现在不可能的其他经验揭示出来；如果它与印度老虎的例子如出一辙；那么，被认识的事物是缺席的经验，认识的过程只能是通过世界提供的中介情境平稳地向这些事物过渡。但是，如果把我们看到白纸这件事从所有其他事中抽象出来加以考虑，就好像是白纸自身构成了整个宇宙（它完全可能是这样，因为我们不知道相反的情况），那么，所见的白纸与看见白纸的过程就只不过是一个不可分割的事实的两个名称，该事实的适当称谓是信息、现象或经验。纸在心里，心包裹着纸，因为当把这经

验放到一个它是其中一部分的更大世界里，从不同的方向考察它的联系时，纸和心只是后来给同一经验赋予的两个名称。

因此，直接地或直观地认识某物，就是让心智内容与对象合一。这个定义与我们给表征的认识下的定义差别很多，但二者都不牵涉自我超越和缺席上的在场之类的神秘观念，而这些观念构成了哲学家和常人的知识观念中一个重要部分。

第三章　人道主义与真理

我从《心灵》杂志编辑那里收到了一份布拉德雷先生论“真理与实践”一文的校样，我认为这是暗示我加入有关“实用主义”的论战，这场论战似乎已经严肃地开始了。既然我的名字已经跟这场运动联系在了一起，我想接受这个暗示是明智的，再加上，在某些地方我得到了不应该得到的过多的褒奖，而在另一些地方不应有的非议也降临到我的头上。

首先，关于“实用主义”这个词。我个人只是用这个术语来表示一种进行抽象讨论的方法。皮尔士先生说，一个概念的严肃意义，在于它的真能对某人产生的具体差别。如果你尽力让全部有争论的观念都接受“实用主义的”检验，就能避免徒劳的口角：如果两个陈述无论哪个是真都没能产生实际的差别，那么它们实际上就是用两种语言形式表达的同一个陈述；如果某个陈述是真是假都没产生实际的差别，那么这个陈述就没有任何真正的意义。两种情况中都没有任何适宜争论的东西：我们可以省点儿力气，转而关注更重要的事。

那么，实用主义方法的全部含义，就是真理应该具有实际的效果。在英国，这个词的使用范围更广，包括下述看法：任何陈述的真理都在于其效果上，尤其是好的效果。这里，我们完全超越了方法；既然我的实用主义与这种广义的实用主义之间存在如此大的差别，二者都很重要，应该分别命名，因此，席勒先生建议将广义的实用主义称为“人道主义”，对此我认为妙不可言，应该予以采纳。更狭义的实用主义仍可以被叫做“实用主义方法”。

在过去的六个月中，我读了对席勒与杜威著作的许多负面评论；然而，除了布拉德雷先生煞费苦心的指控之外，其余的现在都不在手边，而且大部分我都忘记了。我认为，我个人对这一话题进行自由探讨，比拿出一副论战的架势一一驳斥这些批评，无论如何会更为有效。尤其是布拉德雷先生的批评，可以由席勒先生来应对。他反复申明自己不能理解席勒先生的观点，他显然没有试图以赞同的态度去理解，而且我深为遗憾地说，他苦心撰写的文章在我们看来绝对没有对这个话题做出任何有用的阐释。那在我看来总体上是偷梁换柱，歪曲原意，我自以为可以完全不予理会。

这个话题毫无疑问很难。杜威和席勒先生的思想明显是一种归纳，

是摆脱了各种错综复杂的特殊细节而独立起作用的概括。如果它是真的，它涉及对传统观念的很多重述。这是一种理智上的成果，它在首次提出时难以获得经典的表达形式。因此，批评者在处理它时不应该过于苛刻或断章取义，而应该全面考量它，尤其应该对照其他可能的观念加以考量。而且，我们应该试着先把它应用到一个实例上，然后再应有到另一个上，看一看它如何发挥作用。在我们看来，我们显然不应该妄断其内在的荒谬性或自相矛盾，或将其肢解化简后讽刺其状貌，并通过这样做立即给它判刑。人道主义实则更像一夜间发生在公共舆论上的那些世俗变革，这些变革好像乘着“由于太深而不能发出任何声响与泡沫”的浪潮而来，它们能超越其倡导者的粗鄙与浮夸而得以生存，它们不能被固定于任何绝对基本的陈述，也不会因致命一击而毙命。

这是从贵族体制向民主体制，从古典主义的品味向浪漫主义的品味，从有神论的情感向泛神论的情感，从对生命的静态理解向进化式理解的变革——对于这些变革我们都有目共睹。经院哲学仍然抵制这些变革，他们用单一决定性的理由作为驳斥方法，试图说明新的观点涉及自相矛盾，违背了一些基本原则。这就像在河床中央插根桩子来阻挡河流一般。水流绕过你的障碍物，“义无反顾地流向目标”。阅读某些反对者的观点时，我经常想起那些信奉天主教的作者，他们驳斥达尔文的学说，告诉我们说高级物种不可能来自低级物种，因为少不能生多，或者说物种演化的观点是荒谬的，因为这意味着物种有自我毁灭的倾向，而这违背了每一种实在都倾向于维持其原有形状的原则。这种观点过于短视，也过于固步自封而不能接受归纳式论证。科学中广泛的概括在其早期总会遭到这些草率的反驳；然而它们能经得住反驳，而那些反驳意见届时会听起来奇怪而迂腐过时。我不禁感到，人道主义理论眼下正在经受这种所谓的驳斥过程。

理解人道主义的唯一条件，是使自己转向归纳思维，放弃僵死的定义，并“在总体上”遵循最少抵制的原则。一位反对者可能说，“你的意思是说，把理智化解成一团烂泥。”我的回答是，“甚至如此，——如果你不反对用这个不够礼貌的词的话。”对人道主义来说，把更“真”看作是更“满意”（杜威语），就要切实放弃直线型的论证以及过去重视严谨和终结的理想。正是这种乐于放弃的态度，从根本上体现了人道主义的精神，它与比罗式的绝对怀疑论形成鲜明对比。令人满意度必须由多重标准来测量，其中一些标准就我们所知可能在任何特定情况下都得不到满

足；所谓一个东西比其他能看得到的东西更让人满意，到头来可能是一些加和减的总和，对此我们只能相信，经过日后的修正和完善，某天能达到最大量的“加”和最少量的“减”。当我们用这种归纳的视角来看待信念的条件时，就意味着真正地改变了内心的想法，与绝对主义的视角实现了决裂。

我所理解的实用主义者看待事物的方式，其存在得益于过去五十年来人们对科学真理所持的旧观念的瓦解。过去人们常说“上帝按几何方式行事”；人们相信，欧几里得原理忠实地复制了上帝的这种行事方式。存在着一种永恒不变的“理性”，其声音被认为是回响在经典的Barbara和Celarent三段论之中。物理的和化学的“自然法则”、博物学分类都是如此，它们都被认为是人类史前原型精确且独有的复制品，这些原型深藏于事物结构中，而隐藏于我们理智中的神性火花使我们得以洞察它们的存在。人们那时认为，世界的结构是合乎逻辑的，它的逻辑就是一个大学教授的逻辑。直到1850年左右，几乎所有人相信，科学表达的真理是一些摹本，它们精准地复制了非人的实在的确切密码。但是，此后迅速激增的理论几乎使人们不再相信，其中的任何一个理论比其他理论更真实客观。有如此多的几何原理，如此多的逻辑方法，如此多的物理学及化学假设，如此多的分类，其中每一个都对此多的东西但不是对所有的东西来说是好的，以至于我们意识到，即使最真的公式也可能是人类的设计，而不是一个忠实的摹本。我们听说，科学法则现在更多地被当作是“概念速记”，只要有用它们就是真的，但也仅限于此。我们的思想已经能接受象征而不是复制，能接受近似而不是确切，能接受弹性而不是僵化。“能量学”测量可感觉现象的赤裸表面，以便用一个单一的公式描述它们全部的“能级”变化，它是科学人道主义的最新词汇。诚然，对于世界与心灵之间为何存在如此奇妙的一致，科学人道主义留下了明显的疑问，但是不管怎样，它使我们对科学真理的整体看法变得比以往更为灵活与亲切。

在数学、逻辑学、物理或生物学领域，是否还有任何理论建构者认为自己是在忠实地复制自然的进程或上帝的思想，这值得怀疑。我们主要的思维形式，包括主词和谓词的区分，否定的、假设的和选言的判断，都纯粹是人类的习惯。正如索尔兹伯里勋爵所说，以太只是一个名词，由动词来使它波动；我们的神学观念中有很多也在同样程度上被承认是人道主义的，即使那些把它们称为“真”的人也承认这一点。

我想，正是这些在现行真理观上的变化，最初推动了杜威与席勒先生观点的产生。目前流行着一种怀疑，认为我们的一个公式之所以优于另外一个，与其说在于它真正的“客观性”，不如说在于它的主观特性，比如其有用性和“典雅”，或者符合我们残存的信念。如果我们接受这些怀疑并做出概括，我们就落入了某种人道主义的心理状态。我们认为真理在任何地方都不意味着复制，而是添加；不是为已经完善的实在构建内心的摹本，而是与实在协作而得出一个更清晰的结果。显然，这种意识状态起初是含糊不清、模棱两可的。“协作”是一个很含糊的词；它无论如何必须包含概念及逻辑安排。“更清晰”一词却更为模糊。真理必须带来清晰的思想，并为行动扫清道路。“实在”是其中最模糊的术语。检验这种方案的唯一办法，是将它应用到各种类型的真理中，以便能够达到更精确的阐述。任何强加给人这种检验的假设都有一大优点，即使最后它被证明是无效的：它使我们更为熟悉了整个论题。给这个理论足够多的“绳子”看它是否最终把自己吊死，比一开始就抽象地指责它自相矛盾而窒息它，是一个更好的策略。因此我认为，决心以同情的心态看待人道主义，是我推荐读者暂时采取的一种态度。

当我发现自己同情地看待人道主义时，我最终认识到它的意义大体如下。

经验是一个过程，它持续地提供给我们新材料来消化。我们通过已经拥有的一整套信念在理智上处理它，对其进行不同程度的吸收、排斥、或重组。这些统觉观念中有一些是我们自己最近获得的，但是大多数是人类的常识传统。在我们现在赖以为生的常识传统中，也许没有一个起初不是纯粹的发现，一个归纳性的概括，比如最近对原子、惯性、能量、反射作用、或者适者生存等做出的概括。把一个时间与一个空间看作单一的连续容器，对思想与事物、物质与心灵的区分，对永恒的主体与变化的特性的区分，对类别及其内部的次类别的划分，对偶然关系与常规因果关系的区分，这些无疑都曾经是我们的前辈在特定历史时期取得的确定成就，他们努力将粗陋的个体经验的混沌状态，转化为更加容易分享和管理的状态。作为概念工具，它们被证明有着极其有效的用途，现在已经成为我们心智结构中的一部分。对待它们我们不能朝三暮四，任何经验都不能颠覆它们；相反，它们统觉着每一个经验并给予它合适的位置。

要达到什么效果呢？为了使我们更好地预见我们经验的进程，更好

地相互沟通，更好地按规则引导我们的生活；也为了能获得更纯洁、更清晰、更全面的心智视野。

位居对一个时间和一个空间的发现之后，最伟大的常识性成就也许就是永存事物的概念了。当拨浪鼓从一个婴儿手中滑落时，他不会四处看一看它掉到何处去了。在他获得一个更合理的信念之前，知觉不到对他来说就等于消失了。我们知觉到的东西就是存在的东西，那个拨浪鼓不论是否抓在我们手中都是存在的，这种解释对我们身上所发生的事情是如此一目了然，一旦它被使用，就永远不会被忘掉。它同样恰当地适用于物与人、客观的领域与外推的领域。不论一个信奉贝克莱、穆勒或科尼利厄斯的人怎样批评它，它都是有作用的；在实际生活中，我们从未想过“违背”它，或者用别的语言来解读我们接受到的经验。的确，我们可以用推测方法想象出一种“纯粹”经验状态，然后再对其流动过程背后隐藏的永恒客体形成假设；我们也可以做出一个不太严肃的假想，认为某个远古时代的天才完全可能突然想出一个不同的假设。但是，我们今天无法确切地想象出那个不同的假设本来是个什么样子，因为超知觉的实在这一范畴现在已经成为我们生活的基础之一。要想使我们的思想具有合理性与真理性，就还得运用这个假设。

有一个第一的概念，它以最混沌的纯粹经验的形式存在，给我们设定问题；也有一个第二的概念，以基本范畴的形式存在，在很久之被植入我们的意识结构，它们实际上是不可撤销的，为我们的答案设定了总体框架；还存在第三的概念，它以最符合我们目前所有需要的形式给出答案的细节；在我看来，有关三者的观念构成了人道主义概念的实质。它把处于原始纯粹状态的经验看作是为历史上形成的谓词所包裹，以至于我们可以把它当作只不过是一个他物，或当作那个，它与心灵“相遇”——用布拉德雷先生的话来说，它的存在刺激我们以各种思维方式做出反应，即根据这些思维方式促进我们身心活动以及给我们带来外部力量和内心安定的程度，我们来确定哪些为“真”。但是，他物或普遍的那个本身是否具有任何确定的内部结构，或者说，假如它有，这一结构是否类似于被表述的什么中的一个，这一问题人道主义尚未触及。无论如何，对我们来说，它坚持认为实在是对我们自己的理智发明的一种积累，并且，我们在不断处理它的过程中为寻找“真理”做出的努力，一直是一个努力引入新的名词和形容词并同时尽可能少地改变旧词的过程。

很难看出，为何布拉德雷先生的逻辑或他的形而上学竟然使得他不

赞同这个概念。如果他愿意的话，他本可以一字不差地、忠实地采纳这个概念，并在这方面以罗伊斯教授作为好榜样，直接将其特殊的绝对概念应用其中。按照上述定义，法国的柏格森、他的学生物理学家威尔布瓦以及勒卢阿都是彻头彻尾的人道主义者。米豪教授似乎也是其中之一，而伟大的彭加勒只是差之毫发之间。在德国，西梅尔的大名可以被归入最激进的人道主义者名单。马赫及其学派、赫兹、奥斯特瓦尔德必须归入人道主义者的行列。这个观点已十分流行，应该给予它耐心的讨论。

讨论人道主义最好的方法就是看一看其替代形式可能是什么。那到底是什么呢？它的批评者没有做出明确的陈述，罗伊斯教授是迄今为止唯一形成明确观点的人。因此，人道主义对哲学的第一个贡献，似乎就是它可能迫使讨厌它的人扪心自问。它将把分析置于突出位置，并使它成为常态。目前，主张真理是“知与物的符合”的懒惰传统似乎是与之相矛盾的观点。布拉德雷先生唯一的建议就是，真的思想“必须符合于一个不能说由它创造的确定的存在”，很明显，这没有带来新的启发。“符合”这一词是什么意思呢？“存在”又在哪里呢？什么样的东西才算作“确定的东西”，这里所谓“没有创造”具体是什么意思呢？

人道主义立即着手完善这些不严谨的修饰词。我们以某种方式与我们发生联系的任何事物相符合。如果它是一个事物，我们可以生产出它的一个精确摹本，或者我们可以简单地把它当成某处的存在物来感觉它。如果它是一项要求，我们也许在不了解它的情况下遵守它，而只是感觉到了它的强制力。如果它是一个命题，我们可以不反驳它，对它表示赞同，让它通过。如果它是事物之间的关系，我们可以作用于第一个事物，从而找出第二个事物存在何处。如果它是不可及的东西，我们可以用一个假设的对象来替换它，因为后者能产生同样的效果，这样就能为我们解出实际的结果。一般来说，我们也许只是把我们的思想加在它的上面；如果它能容纳这个添加，而且整个情形得以协调的延长和丰富，那么这个思想就被当作是真的。

至于这种被符合的存在物所居何处，无论它们可能存在于我们目前的思想之外还是之内，人道主义理论看不出任何理由说它们超出了有限的经验本身。从实用主义的角度来看，它们的实在性意味着我们认同它们，考虑它们，无论我们喜欢它们与否；但是，对于我们自身经验以外的经验，我们必须永远这样做。目前的经验必须“充分地”符合的那个东

西，其整个体系可能与目前的经验本身是连续的。这样感觉到的目前的经验之外的实在，可能是过去经验留下的遗产，也可能是未来经验的内容。实在中对我们来说存在的确定东西，无论在哪一种情况下，就是我们的判断行为给这个实在配上的那些修饰词，而且这些词基本上都含有人道主义的意味。

说我们的思想没有“创造”这一实在，这从实用主义的角度意味着：假如我们自己的某个思想被消除，实在仍然会以某种形态存在于那里，尽管这种形态可能会缺乏我们的思想所提供的某个东西。所谓实在是“独立的”，这意味着在每一个经验中都存在着逃避我们任意控制的东西。如果它是一个可感觉的经验，它会迫使我们注意它；如果它是一个序列，我们不能颠倒它；如果我们要比较两个术语，我们只能得出一个结果。就在我们的经验内部，存在着一种强制力，一种紧迫性，在它面前我们总的来说是无能为力的，它驱使我们走向我们信念的归宿。经验本身的这种动向归根结底归因于某种独立于一切可能经验之外，这种说法可能是对的，也可能不对。也许有——也许没有一种超验的“自在之物”在推动着事情的发展，或者有一种“绝对”永恒地存在于人类思想所创造的一系列确定的东西背后。但是，人道主义理论认为，在我们的经验自身内部，某些确定的东西无论如何是以独立于其他确定的东西而存在的；某些问题，如果我们曾经问起过它们的话，只能用一种方式回答；某些存在，如果我们曾经假设过它们的话，必须被认为是先于这个假设已经存在；某些关系，如果它们曾存在过的话，就要跟指称它们的词语存在得同样长久。

因此，根据人道主义理论，真理指经验中较不固定的部分（谓词）与其他相对较为固定部分（主词）之间的关系；我们不必到这种经验与真理本身以外的事物的关系中去寻求真理。我们可以“呆在家里”，因为我们作为诠释者的行为被四面包围着。前进和阻碍的力量都是由我们自己的客体所施加的，作为与反复无常或肆意妄为对立的真理概念，是在每个人生活中独自生长起来的。

这一切是如此显而易见，以至于对持人道主义立场的作者的通常指控“使我感到厌倦”。例如，在一次哲学研讨会上，我谈起杜威的《逻辑理论研究》，会上有人问这样一个问题，“杜威主义者如何区分真心实意与虚情假意呢？”罗伊斯教授提出反对意见说，“单单的一位实用主义者如何能感到真实思考的责任呢？”布拉德雷先生也说，如果人道主义者明

白自己的学说，“他必须把任何一个观念——无论该观念多么疯狂——当作真理，只要他想要如此。”泰勒教授指责实用主义，说它随自己所好相信任何事物，并称之为真理。

以这种粗浅的认识来看待人类思维实际进展的状况，很是令我吃惊。这些批评者们似乎在假设，我们的经验就像无舵的木筏，如果放任其自流的话，它必定会漫无目的地四处漂游。他们似乎是说，即使给它装上了罗盘，也没有罗盘能指向的极。他们坚持说，如果我们想要到达一个港湾，必须有外界所规定的绝对的航行方位，必须给“单单的”航行本身附加一张独立的航线图。但是，尽管必须有绝对的航行方位，它们以我们应当遵循的先存真理标准的形式存在，但是，我们实际上将遵循它们的唯一保证，不明摆着也必须存在于人的才智吗？除非在我们的经验中存在起协调作用的可感觉到的因素，否则这个“应当”将是虚张声势。事实上，绝对标准最虔诚的信仰者也必须承认人们未能遵循这些标准。反复无常的情况屡禁不止，无论存在多少事前的实在，也不能保障在事物之中不引起无限的错误。我们防止肆意的思维方式的唯一真正保证，是经验自身的周边压力，它让我们厌弃具体的错误，不管超验的实在存在与否。绝对实在的盲从者怎么知道它命令他想什么呢？他不能直接看到绝对；除了跟随人道主义的线索之外，他也没有办法猜想它要他做什么。他本人能实际接受的唯一真理，就是他那有限的经验自动引领他到达的真理。一想到让许多经验自发起作用就心有余悸，单凭绝对这个空名就觉得受到了保护，仿佛是尽管它没有起任何作用，它仍然能代表一种捕风捉影的安全感，以上心态就像那些好人的心态，他们一听到恶劣的社会风气就气得满脸涨红、呼气急促地说“议会或国会应该对此明令禁止，”就好像仅凭一个软弱无力的法令就能解决问题。

真理法则的所有约束力恰恰存在于经验的肌理。无论存在绝对与否，对我们而言的具体真理总是那种思维方式，借助这种方式，我们的各种经验能以最有益的方式结合起来。

可是，反对者固执地一再说，你们人道主义者有更大的自由，可以用朝三暮四的态度对待真理，而相信实在的独立地位把标准弄得更严格的人则不如他们自由。如果反对者所说的后者指的是一个假装知道并叱责这种标准的人，那么人道主义者将无疑证明是更灵活；但是，如果后者在具体事务上遵循实证的研究方法（幸运的是，当今的一些绝对论者确实是遵循这种方法），那么人道主义者也不会比绝对论者更为灵活。

思考假设当然总是比漫无目的将它们教条化要好。

然而，存在于人道主义者身上的这种可变通的性情，却被反过来用作指责他的罪过。正因为他相信真理存在于事物之中，而且每时每刻都代表我们最偏爱的反应方向，他就如同我的一位学识渊博的同行所说，永远在试图说服他的反对者时受阻：因为，不正是反对者的观点，作为他们最偏爱的瞬时反应，已经满足了要求吗？根据这种理论，只有相信那种事前的真理的人，才能在试图说服其他人时不自显荒谬。但是，在强求对真理做出任何解释时会自显荒谬吗？定义究竟能否与行为发生矛盾？“真理是我想要说的。”——假设这就是定义。“好吧，我要想说那个，而且我想让你想要说那个，我将一直说那个，直到使你同意为止。”矛盾存在于哪里呢？无论真理可能被说成是什么，它都是言说可以被认为承载的那种真理。言说能适合的性情是超逻辑的事物。的确，某位绝对论者可能比一名人道主义者更为热情，但另外一位绝对论者未必如此。就人道主义者而言，如果他的本性中有足够的热情，他能表现出完美的毅力，不惜跋山涉水去争取某个皈依者。

“但是，当你知道你对事物的看法部分地是由自己炮制，而且下一分钟就可能改变时，你又怎么能对它充满热情呢？在如此微不足道的情况下，怎么可能对真理的理想表现出义无反顾的忠诚呢？

这只不过是反人道主义者提出的另一种反对意见，这表明他们自己对那种状况下的各种实在掌握得不够充分。只要他们愿意遵循实用主义的方法并问，“真理为人所知为什么呢？它的存在代表了什么具体利益呢？”那么他们会发现，真理这个词代表了我们生活中几乎一切宝贵的东西。真就是一切不稳定的、实际上令人失望的、无用处的、虚假和不可靠的、不可证实和无证据的、不一致和矛盾的、人为的和不合常规的、不真实即无实际价值的等等东西的对立面。这就是实用主义极力主张我们应该转向真理的理由——真理把我们从那种状况下的世界中拯救出来。难怪一提到它就能唤起人们的向往！更无怪乎，与对它的直接追求相比，所有那些稍纵即逝的、愚蠢的、狭隘的信仰小天地竟然显得如此可鄙！如果绝对论者拒绝接受人道主义是因为感觉它不真，这意味着他们的整个心智需要习惯已经固执于对实在的一个不同看法，与这个看法相比，人道主义的世界似乎只是几个轻狂少年的臆想。他们整个的主观统觉意识以永恒自然名义在这里说话，促使他们拒绝接受他们所理解的我们的人道主义。当我们人道主义者责难一切高高在上的、泾渭分明

的、固定不变的、永恒的、理性的、神秘的哲学体系时，我们也是如此。我们迄今为止与自然的接触和思维习惯使我们相信，这类哲学体系有违自然的戏剧性特质。它们即便没有僵化、教条到荒谬的地步，却也是过于个性化、不自然。我们厌弃这些体系，而转向自由自在的、未僵化的、我们认定的广袤真理原野，正像理性主义者离开我们的旷野，而进入他们那个更井井有条的理智住所一样，二者都感觉心安理得。

这当然充分表明，人道主义者没有忽视真理的客观性和独立性特征。下面让我们看一看，当人道主义的反对者说，我们的思想要是真的，就必须“符合”，这到底是什么意思。

这里，对符合的世俗看法，是指思想必须摹写实在——认识是认知者与被认知者的类化；哲学虽然从未客观地坐下来考虑这一问题，但似乎是已经本能地接受了下述观念，即如果命题摹写了永恒的思想，它们就被当作是真的；如果词语摹写超意识的实在，它们就被视为真的。我认为其中的含义是：摹写理论激发了对人道主义的大多数批评。

然而，从先验的角度来看，心灵与实在的唯一互动方式是不是去摹写它们，这并不是不言自明的。不妨让读者假定自己暂时构成了宇宙中唯一的实在，然后他接到通知说，另一个能真实地认识他的人将被创造出来。他将事先如何描述这个认识呢？他希望这个认识是什么样子呢？我特别怀疑他是否想到把这个认识想象为只是一个摹写过程。把另一个不完美的自我版本植入新来者，这对他有什么用呢？这似乎纯粹是在浪费良机。所需要的更可能是一种绝对新的东西。如果读者从人道主义的角度来设想这个认识，他可能会说，“这个新来者必须考虑我的存在，以对双方都好的方式对我的存在做出反应。如果摹写是达到那个目的的先决条件，那就让它存在吧；反之它就不应该存在。”本质的问题无论如何不应该是摹写，而是丰富原有的世界。

我有一天在倭肯教授的一本书中读到“提升已发现的存在”这句话，这句话用在这里似乎十分恰切。为什么思想的使命不是增加和提升存在，而是简单地模仿和重新复制它呢？洛采对有关物质第二属性的普通观点有过精彩的评论，任何读过该评论的人都不会忘记，他称这些属性是“虚幻的”，因为它们没有摹写事物中的任何东西。洛采认为，如果把世界看作本身是完备的，思想对它来说只是一面被动的镜子，对事实没有增添任何东西，那么这种看法是不合理的。相反，思想本身就是事实的重要部分，先存的、不完备的物质世界的全部任务，可能仅仅是激发

思想去产生更为珍贵的增补。

简而言之，无论我们事先可能看到什么相反的状况，所谓“认识”，可能只不过是一种与实在产生富有成果的联系的方法，无论摹写是不是其中的一个联系。

很容易看出摹写理论产生于何种特殊类型的认识。我们在处理自然现象时，很重要的一点就是能够预测。斯宾塞写道，预测是理智的全部意义。斯宾塞的“理智法则”认为，内部联系与外部联系必须相“符合”，这意味着，词语在我们内部的时空格局里的分布，必须是实在的词语在实在的时空中分布状态的精确摹本。从严格的理论上来讲，心理的语汇本身不必通过分别摹写实在的语汇来与之对应，如果只是摹写实在的日期和地点，象征性的心理语汇就已经足够了。但是，在我们的日常生活中，心理的语汇是形象，实在的语汇是感觉，而这种形象又常常摹写感觉，以致我们很容易将语汇的摹写和关系的摹写当作是认识的自然意义。同时，即使是这种普通的描述性真理，也多用语言符号来表述。如果我们的语言符号在正确地确定我们的期望值这一意义上与这个世界相符合，那么它们不摹写世界的语汇反倒好些。

很明显，实用主义对这种常规性的现象认识的叙述很准确。这里，真理是一个关系，不是我们的观念与非人的实在之间的关系，而是我们经验中的概念部分与感觉部分间的关系。如果思想引导我们与随时出现的可感觉的具体经验发生有益的互动作用，那么这些思想就是真的，无论它们事先摹写了这些具体经验与否。

由于摹写常常出现在对现象事实的认识中，摹写也被认为代表理性的事物中真理的实质。有人假定，几何学与逻辑肯定是对造物主原型思想的摹写。但在这些抽象领域，没必要假设原型的存在。人的心灵可以凭空刻画出如此多的图形，做出如此多的数字组合，构想出如此多的类别和序列，它能做如此多次无休无止的分析和对比，这样所产生的众多观念致使我们怀疑其模型事先“客观”地存在着。假定有一个上帝，说他的思想只擅长直角坐标而不是极坐标，或只擅长杰文斯演算符号而不是布尔演算符号，这种假设显然是错误的。可是另一方面，如果我们假定上帝事先料想到人们沿这些方向产生的各种可能的奇思异想，那么他的心灵就会很像一个长着三头、八臂、六胸的印度教神像，由如此多异期复孕和多余部位构成，令我们不愿摹写它，因此想摹写的整个想法就会从这些科学中烟消云散。它们的对象最好被解释为由人一步一步创造出

来的，其创造速度与他们设想它们的速度同样快。

假如现在有人问，如果三角形、正方形、平方根、类属等都只不过是即时创造的人造品，那么它们的属性和关系怎能立刻被知道是“永恒的”呢？对此，人道主义的答案很简单。如果三角形和类属是我们自己的创造，那么我们可以让它们保持不变。我们可以让它们成为“永恒的”，这需要明确规定：时间对我们所意指的东西不能施加任何改变效果，它们被有意识地——也可以说虚构地——从每一个导致它们腐朽的现实联系和状况中抽离出去。但是，恒定不变的对象间的关系本身将是不变的，这种联系不是偶发的，因为按照假设，这些对象身上什么也不会发生。我已经在《心理学原理》一书最后一章中试图说明，它们只能是比较的关系。迄今为止似乎还没人注意到我的说明，而且，由于我对数学的发展情况知之甚少，对自己的观点也就没很大底气。但假如它是正确的，就能完美解决这一难题。比较的关系是能直接检查的东西。一旦把心理对象在大脑中进行比较，就能看出它们相似与否。但在这种永恒的状况下，一旦相同则永远相同，一旦不同则永远不同；这几乎就等于说，涉及这些人造对象的真理是必要的、永恒的。我们只能先改变论据，才能改变结论。

因此，这些先验科学的整体结构可能被当作是人造产物。正如洛克很久前指出，这些科学与事实间没有直接的联系。只有当一个事实通过与这些理想对象中的任何一个发生一致而被人性化了的时候，过去适用于这些对象的东西现在才能适用于这些事实。同时，真理本身原本不是任何东西的摹本；它只是直接知觉到的两种人造心理事物间的关系。

我们现在可以稍看一看几种特殊的认识类型，以便更好地了解人道主义的理论是否适用于它们。关于数学与逻辑型的认识，我们不必再做进一步说明，也不必再详细讨论我们对自然进程的描述性认识上。只要它涉及预期，尽管那可能意味着摹写，如我们刚才看见，它也只不过指事先“准备好”而已。但是，就许多遥远的与未来的对象来讲，它们与我们的实际联系是非常潜在的，遥不可及。比如，我们根本不可能用潮汐制动器来为阻止地球公转做好准备；尽管我们自认为真正认识过去，可我们与它根本没实际的联系。显然，在寻求真实的现象描述时，虽然我们最初的出发点是严格的实际利益，但我们对纯粹的描述功能也产生了一种内在的兴趣。无论它们能否产生附带的利益，我们希望这些叙述是真的。最初的功能已经形成了对纯粹练习的需求。这种理论上的好奇似

乎就是人类独有的种属差异，而人道主义认识到这种差异的广泛性。那么，一个真观念不仅指一个让我们为实际的知觉做好准备的观念。它也指一个让我们为仅仅是可能的知觉做好准备的观念，或者指这样一个观念，即它一旦被说出，将为其他人提示各种可能的知觉，或者提示说话者不能分享的各种实际的知觉。这样被认为是实际的或可能的各种知觉的总和形成了一个系统，如果这个系统进入稳定的、连贯的形态显然对我们是有利的；在这里，对永恒的存在的常识性看法得到了成功地应用。在思考者之外起作用的存在，不仅解释了思考者过去及未来的实际的知觉，而且也解释了他和每一个其他人的可能的知觉。据此，它们以极为优雅的方式满足了我们的理论需求。通过它们，我们从直接的、实际的知觉进入到陌生的、潜在的知觉，最后又回到未来的、实际的知觉中，只用一个原因对无数个具体事物做出解释。在那些圆形的全景画面中，实际的前景由泥土、草、树丛、岩石和出了故障的大炮组成，这个前景被包裹在天与地之间，画上是一个激战的场面，这个前景延续得如此巧妙，以至于观赏者简直看不出任何接点；这些概念对象也是一样，它们被加在我们目前的知觉实在之上，并与之一起融入我们信念的整个宇宙。尽管有贝克莱信奉者的批评，我们并不怀疑这些概念对象的实际存在。尽管我们对其中任何一个的发现仅仅始于现在，我们也会毫不犹豫地说，它不仅仅现在存在，而且过去也存在，如果这么说意味着过去似乎与我们所感知的现在有了更一致的联系。这就是历史真理。我们认为摩西写了“摩西五书”，因为如果他没写，我们的所有宗教习惯就得被推倒重来。凯撒大帝是实在的，否则我们再也不相信历史了。三叶虫曾经生存过，否则我们的岩层理论就讲不通。镭虽然最近才被发现，但它一定一直都存在，否则它与永久存在的其他自然元素之间的类比就不成立。在所有这些例子中，只是我们信念中的一部分作用于另一部分，以便产生最令人满意的总体心理状态。我们说，这种心理状态看见了真理，对于它表达的内容，我们是相信的。

当然，如果你具体地看待这种满意，把它看作你现在感觉到的东西，而且如果你所说的真理指的是被抽象地看待并被最终证实的真理，那么你就不能将它们等同起来，因为众所周知暂时的满意往往是虚假的。可是，在每一个具体时刻，对一个人来说的真理是这个人那一刻“认为”最令他满意的；类似地，抽象真理、被最终证实的真理、抽象的满意、长期的满意都同时存在。简言之，如果我们用具体比较具体，用抽

象比较抽象，那么真和令人满意确实指同样的东西。我怀疑，这些方面可能存在某种混淆不清的东西，致使哲学领域的一般人对人道主义的主张置之不理。

我们经验的一个基本事实，是它处于不断的变化中。真理就像雾中行人能看到的区域，或者像乔治·艾略特所说的“小鱼的眼睛穿过广阔海洋中的一段距离所看到的黑幕”；对信仰者来说，这样的真理是一个下一时刻就会扩大的客观领域，它就是这一领域的批评者，然后这一领域或者经受改变，或者保持不变。批评者既能看到第一个信仰者的真理，也能看到自己的真理，他能比较它们，然后证实或驳倒它们。他的视野是独立于第一个信仰者思想的一个实在，但这个思想必须与那个实在相符合。但是，批评者本人只是一个信仰者；如果整个经验过程在那一时刻终结的话，就不可能有用其他方式认识的独立实在来与他的思想相比较了。

经验中直接的东西总是暂时处于这种状况。例如，我所认为的且竭力为之辩护的人道主义，是至今从我的观点中获得的最完整的真理。但是，所有经验都是一个过程，鉴于这一事实，没有哪种观点能成为最终的观点。每个观点都是不充分、不平衡的，并且要对后来产生的自身之外的其他观点做出反应。因为你自己占有某些后来的观点，相信其他观点的实在性，你不会同意我的观点把事实看作是确定的、永恒的、唯一重要的，除非你的观点证实并确认了我的观点所看到的。

你对此进行概括说，任何见解，无论多么令人满意，只要与它本身之外的标准一致，就能确定地、绝对地被看作是真的；如果你因此忘了这个标准永远内生地生长于经验网络内部，你可能漫不经心地接着说，能以分散的方式适合每一个经验的，也能够共同地适合所有经验，而且，像这样的一个经验以及作为整体的经验如果具有什么的真理的话，那也是因为它与超越它自身存在的绝对实在相符合。这显然就是流行的传统立场。有限的经验必须要相互支持，从这一事实哲学家得出结论：经验总的来说必须得到绝对的支持。人道主义理论否定这一观点，这也许就是它很不招人喜欢的根源。

但是，这不又回到了地球、大象和乌龟的老话题了吗？难道某物不能最终支撑它自己吗？人道主义十分乐意让有限的经验自我支持。在某些地方，存在必须直接面对非实体。经验的前沿带着自身内在的满意和不满意，它为什么不能像发光的圆月穿越蓝色的苍穹那样，穿越黑暗的

太虚勇往直前呢？世界的某个地方为什么应该是固定的、完结的呢？而且，如果实在真正在成长，它为何不在我们此时此地创造的这些确定的东西中成长呢？

实际上，它真正像是通过我们思想中确定的存在而成长的，尽管这些存在从来没有那么“真”。以天上的“大熊星座”或“北斗七星”为例。我们用那个名字来称呼它，我们数了星星的个数，然后叫它们七星；我们说，在没数之前它们也是七颗星；我们还说，无论人们注意到了没有，那个微微像一个长尾巴（或长脖子）的动物一直真正地存在于那个地方。但是，这样把人们新近的思维方式投射到过去的永恒中，我们到底是什么意思呢？真的有一个相信“绝对”的人数过星星的数目，在立着的记数符木上记录下了它们，并与熊做了比较——虽然这样做很愚蠢？在人类见证它们前，它们就明确地是七颗，明确地像熊了吗？当然，这些归属的真实性中没有任何东西促使我们这样想。它们只是隐含地或实质上是我们称呼它们的样子，我们人类见证者首先对它们做出了解释，并使它们成为“真的”。当一个事实实现的每一个条件除了一个之外都已经存在的时候，该事实实质上就是先行存在的。在这种情况下，缺少的那个条件就是数的行为及做比较的意识。但是，这些星星（一旦思想考虑了它们）自身指定了结果。数数根本不能改变它们以前的性质，而且，既然它们是那个样子，处于那个位置，数数也不会产生不同的结果。因此，计数总是随时可以做。如果有人曾提出过疑问，那么数字七也是绝对不能受到质疑的。

这里看似产生了一个悖论。不可否认，计数带来了某些以前不存在的东西。然而，那个东西总是真的。从一种意义上可以说你创造了它，从另一种意义上可以说你发现了它。一旦你开始处理这个问题，你不得不把你的计数当成事先是真的。

这样，星星的属性必须永远都被称作是真的；不过，它们也是我们的理智对事实世界添加的真实东西。这不仅是意识上的添加，也是“内容”上的添加。它们没有摹写先行存在的东西，但它们与先行存在的东西是一致的，适合它，放大它，把它与“战车”和记数符木等相联系，将它建构起来。在我看来，似乎只有人道主义理论才能以正确的方向建构出这种状况，而这种状况为其他无数情况提供了范例。这虽然可能听起来奇怪，但在所有类似情况下，我们的判断可以被说是对过去的反作用与丰富。

无论怎样，我们的判断通过它们导向的行为改变了未来实在的性质。当这些行为是表示信任的行为时，比如相信某人诚实，相信我们的健康良好，或者相信我们能做出成功的努力，这些行为可能是实现被信任的事情的必要前提。泰勒教授说，在我们的信任被表达的时候——即在行动之前，它无论如何是不真的；我似乎记得，像认为宇宙总体上是卓越的这样的信念（使信任者在其中的作用无论怎样变得更卓越），在他看来只不过是“心灵的谎言”。但是，对这种说法的同情不应该使我们对事实的复杂性视而不见。我怀疑，泰勒教授自己会赞成把这类信任者实际上当成说谎者。在这样的紧急情况中，未来与现在实际上是混在一起的，一个人总能使用假说的形式在这些情况下避免撒谎。但是，泰勒先生的态度暗示着有这样做的荒唐可能性，以至于在我看来这种态度恰如其分地说明：把真理看作只是记录一个一成不变的东西可能是多么荒谬可笑。理论上的真理即被动摹写的真理，探求它只是为了这样的被动摹写，不是因为摹写对某物有益，而是因为摹写绝对是应该的；这种理论上的真理，如果你冷静地看待它的话，看上去像是一个几近荒唐的理想。既然宇宙本身就存在，为什么还要以摹本的形式存在呢？它实实在在的客观丰富性怎能被摹写呢？即使能被摹写，这样做又是出于什么动机呢？“就算你的头发也有固定的根数。”它们无疑实质上是这样；但是，作为一个绝对的命题，为什么这个数字应当被摹写与认识呢？毫无疑问，认识只是与实在发生相互作用并增加其效果的一种途径。

反对者在此会问：“除了它可能带来的附带利益之外，认识真理本身就没有什么实质性的价值吗？而且，如果你允许理论上的满意存在的话，这种满意不会把附带的满意都挤出家门了吗？如果实用主义认可了它们的话，它不就完蛋了吗？”一旦我们开始做以下的事情，这种谈话的破坏性力量就会消失：我们开始具体地而不是抽象地使用词语，以真正的实用主义者的名义来问，那些所谓人人皆知的理论需要究竟被作为什么所知呢？理智的满足到底存在何处？

这些不都仅仅是一致性问题吗？——明显不是一个绝对的实在与它的心智摹本之间的一致性，而是在心智自身可经验的世界内，判断、对象和反应习惯之间可以实际感觉到的一致性问题？而且，难道我们对一致性的需要和从中获得的愉悦，不能被看作是以下自然事实的结果吗？这个自然事实是，我们是能形成心智习惯的存在——而在相同事物或同类事物反复发生和遵循“规律”的环境下，这种习惯本身证明对适应环境

是有利的。假如能这样看，首先产生的将会是这种习惯的附带利益，而理论生活在助长这些利益的过程中发展起来。实际上，情况可能原本就是如此。在生命之初，任何眼前的知觉都有可能是“真的”——如果这个词适用于那时的状态的话。稍后，当反应变得有组织时，只要反应能满足期望，它们就是真的。否则，它们就是“假的”或是“错误的”反应。但是，同一类对象需要同一类的反应，因此做出一致反应的冲动就可能逐渐被建立起来，每当结果与期望发生冲突时，就会感到失望。对我们所有更高级的一致来说，这是一个完全可能的胚芽。今天，如果一个对象引起我们的一种反应，而这种反应习惯上只被看作是适应于相反的一类对象，那么我们的心智装置就会拒绝顺利地工作。这种情况从理智上来说是不令人满意的。

因此，理论上的真理存在于我们的心智内部，是它的某些过程和对象与其他的过程和对象之间的一致，这里的“一致”存在于能明确界定的关系。只要我们不能获得感觉这种一致的满足感，我们从自己所相信的东西中获得的任何附带利益，只不过是微不足道的——只要我们从理智上来说总是井井有条的，但我们大多数人并非是如此。使大多数男人和女人感到满意的一致，其程度仅仅意味着在他们通常的思想和陈述与有限的感知觉范围（他们的生活局限于这个范围）之间没有发生剧烈冲突。因此，我们大多数人认为我们“应该”获得的理论上的真理，就是拥有一套与主词不发生明显矛盾的谓词。我们往往通过忽略其他的谓词和主词来保存这种真理。

有些人对理论充满激情，正像音乐对其他人一样。他们对内部一致性的形式追求，远远超过了附带利益的范围。出于对整齐划一的纯粹爱好，这种人建立体系、类别、图式，做归纳表，创造理想物。虽然得出的结果在创造者看来闪耀着“真理”的光芒，但是它们在旁观者看来却经常充满可怜的主观性和矫揉造作。这几乎等于是说，纯粹理论上的真理标准会跟其他标准一样很容易使我们陷入困境，而绝对论者，不管他们如何装模作样，与他们攻击的对象都具体地“同乘一条危船”。

我很清楚，这篇文章东拉西扯到了极致。但是其整个主题是归纳性的，不一定需要严格的逻辑。我的最大障碍是，我的反对者没有明确地陈述可替代的理论。结束讨论前，再扼要地总结一下我所认为的人道主义的要点，有助于澄清一些问题。这些要点是：

1．无论是知觉的还是概念的经验，都必须与实在相一致才能是真

的。

2．人道主义所说的“实在”只不过是指其他概念经验或知觉经验，某个当下的经验可能发现它实际上跟这些经验混合在一起。

3．人道主义所说的“符合”，是指以某种方式做出考虑，以便在理智上和实践上能取得满意的结果。

4．“考虑”和“满意”这两个术语是无法界定的，因为实际满足这些要求的方式是多种多样的。

5．笼而统之地讲，我们通过尽量保留实在的原有形式来考虑它。但是，要想令人满意的话，它就不能与同样要求被保留的外在于它的其他实在相矛盾。我们必须保留一切能保存的经验，并在我们保留的东西中尽量减少矛盾，这几乎就是事先所能说的全部东西。

6．一致的经验中所体现的真理，可能对先前的实在是一个确定的添加，其后的判断可能必须与它相符合。可是，至少从实质上来看，这种添加可能以前就是真的。从实用主义的角度来说，实质上的真理和事实上的真理指的都是一回事：一旦问题被提出时，答案可能只有一个。

第四章　认识者与被认识者的关系

在整个哲学史中，主体与其客体一直被当作是绝对非连续的实体；因此，后者对前者的呈现，或者前者对后者的“理解”，就带有悖论的特点，为了解决这一问题，各种各样的理论应运而生。表征理论将一个心理的“表象”、“影像”或者“内容”作为一种中介成分填入二者间的鸿沟中。常识性的理论没有触及这个鸿沟，宣称我们的心灵能够通过一个自我超越的跳跃来跃过它。先验论的理论认为有限的认识者无法越过这个鸿沟，并引入绝对来完成这个跳跃行为。自始至终，就在有限的经验内部，为使关系变得可理解所需的每个连接关系都被完整给定。认识者和被认识者或者是：（1）在不同的情境下被两次看待的完全相同的一个经验；它们或者是：（2）属于同一个主体的两个实际经验，二者之间有连接的、过渡的经验所构成的确定通道；或者是：（3）被认识者是那个或另外一个主体可能的经验，如果上面说的连接性的过渡能持续得足够长，它就可能导向这种经验。

本文篇幅有限，没有足够的空间来讨论一种经验作为另一种经验的认识者而发挥作用的全部方式。在1904年9月1日《哲学研究》上一篇题为“意识存在吗？”的文章中，我谈到了第一种类型，即被称作知觉的那种认识。在这种情形中，心灵对当前对象产生直接的“熟识”。在其他两种类型中，心灵对不是直接存在于那里的对象有“相关知识”。第3类总是可以从形式上或假定地归结到第2类，因此，对第三类进行简短的描述很快就能使读者明白我的观点，让他看到神秘的认知关系的实际意义可能是什么。

假设我坐在剑桥这里我的书房内，它离“纪念堂”有10分钟路程，我确实正在想纪念堂这个对象。我的心里也许仅有“纪念堂”这个名字，或者可能有一个清晰的影像，或者有纪念堂的一个非常模糊的影像，但是影像上这种内在差别在认知功能上却没有任何差别。某些外在现象，即特殊的连接经验，把影像的认识职责赋予了它，无论这个影像可能是什么。

例如，如果你问我的影像指的是什么厅堂，而我什么也告诉不了你；或者如果我未能指向或把你引向哈佛大学的Delta楼；或者如果在你的引领下我不确定我看见的纪念堂是否就是我心中的那个；那么，你可

以合理地否认我本来“意指”那个特定的礼堂，即使我心里的影像在某种程度上类似于它。在这种情况下，相似会被当作仅仅是巧合，因为这个世界上同类的各种东西都互相类似，但它们没有因此被认为是相互认识。

另一方面，如果我能将你带到礼堂，告诉你它的历史及目前的用途；无论我的观念可能是多么不完美，如果在礼堂面前我感到它导向了此处，感觉它现在到底终点了；如果这个影像的关联物和被感觉到的厅堂的关联物并行存在，以至于在我行进的过程中，一个情境中的每个用语都与另一个情境中的应答词语依次对应；那么，我的心灵就是先知的，我的观念也必须被看作是认识了实在，一般的共识也会认为如此。那个知觉就是我所意指的，因为凭借对相同和获得满足的意愿的连接性的经验，我的观念已经进入了知觉中。任何地方都不存在不协调，但是后来的每一个时刻都继续并证实着前一个时刻。

这个继续和证实过程不能在超验的意义加以理解，而是指确切地感觉到的过渡，其中存在着观念对知觉的认识可能包含或意指的所有东西。在能感觉到这种过渡的任何地方，第一个经验就认识了最后一个经验。在这种过渡不介入，或者甚至作为可能的东西没能介入的地方，就不可能假装认识。在后一种情况中，这些极端如果被连接的话，连接它们的也是低级的关系——即单纯的相似或接续，或者是仅仅通过“在一起”的关系。这样，在经验的结构内，对可感觉的实在的认识就孕育而生。它是被造就的，是由适时自我展现的关系所造就成的。每当某些中介成分被给定时，随着它们向着自己的终点发展，沿着某个被遵循的方向从一点到另一点，从一个被完成过程的一个点到另一点，就产生了经验，这时，结果是它们的起点从而成了认识者，并且它们的终点成了被意指或被认识的对象。这就是认识（在这个简单的事例中）可能被为人所知为的东西，从经验的角度讲，这就是其全部本性。每当这是我们的经验顺序时，我们可以放心地说，我们“在思想中”一开始就有最终的对象，尽管在开始时我们心中什么都没有，而只有一个平淡无奇的真实经验，这种经验与其它的并无二致，没有自我超越性，也没有神秘之处，其神秘之处只表现在它开始进入存在的过程，以及被其他真实经验逐步追随的过程，其间存在着连接地过渡的经验。当我们说对象“存在于思想中”时，这就是我们所指的意思。至于其“存在于思想中”更深的、更真实的方式，我们没有确定的概念，而且，我们根本没有权利妄谈这种方

法，而怀疑我们的实际经验。

我知道很多读者会对此持排斥态度。他们会说“区区中介成分，即使它们是对越来越接近完成状态的感觉，只不过是分开了认识者与被认知者，而我们的认识中所存在的却是一个对另一个的那种直接接触，代表了“理解”这个词在词源上的意义，是一种闪电般地跨越鸿沟，是一种把两个不同的词合二为一的行为。你的所有这些无生气的中介成分，彼此都没有联系，仍旧处于它们的终点之外。”

但是，这种辩证上的困难，不也让我们想起了那条丢掉骨头、对着自己水中的影子汪汪叫的狗吗？假如我们知道某种更为真实的其他结合，也许我们就能有权把自己的所有经验性的结合称为骗局。但是，这种通过持续过渡而形成的结合是我们知道的唯一结合，无论在这种止于熟识的相关知识方面，还是在个人认同方面，即在通过连系动词“是”所做的合乎逻辑的预测方面，抑或在其他方面。假如某处存在更为绝对的结合，它们只能通过这种连接的结果显现给我们。这些就是结合的价值，这些就是我们实际上意指的结合、连续性。这里是否应该重述一下洛采对实体的看法，即像某物一样行为就是成为该物呢？难道我们这里不应该说：在经验与实在合为一物的世界里，被经验为连续的就是真正连续的吗？在一个画廊中，被画的一个钩子将用来挂一条被画的链子，被画的一条缆索是用来锁住一艘被画的船。在一个用语及其区别都归结为经验的世界里，被经验到的连接必须至少跟其他东西一样真实。它们将是“绝对”真实的连接，藉此使被经验的整个世界一下子变得不真实——如果我们没有超现象的绝对使世界变得如此的话。

有关认知关系的基本要素就谈这么多，在这种关系中，认识属于概念型的，或形成了“有关”某个客体的认识。它存在于对不断发展的进程的各种中介经验（如果不是实际的经验，也是可能的经验）之中，并最终存在于对完成状态的各种中介经验——当作为客体的可感觉的知觉对象被触及时。在这里，知觉对象不仅证实了概念，证明它认识到那个知觉对象为真的功能，而且这个知觉对象作为中介成分链的终点的存在，也创造了此功能。无论什么东西终结了那个链，它都是这个概念“心中”的东西——因为它现在已经证明了自身是这样。

这种认识对人类生活的突出重要性在于如下事实：一种认识其他经验的经验可以当作其他经验的代表，这不是在近乎奇迹般的认识论意义上来讲，而是在各种运作中作为其代替物的确定的、实际的意义上来

讲，这些运作有时是物质上的，有时是精神上的，它们把我们引向与这个经验的关联物和结果。通过对实在的观念进行实验，我们可以省去一些麻烦，不必再用这些观念各自代表的实际经验做实验。这些观念形成相互联系的系统，与实在所形成的系统存在点对点的符合；通过让一个理想的语汇系统地唤起其关联物，我们可以被引导向一个终点，当我们对现实世界施加作用时，相应的实际语汇也可以把我们引向这个终点。而这把我们引向了代替这个一般性的问题。

在一个经验系统内，由其中一个经验来“代替”另一个究竟是什么意思呢？

在我看来，经验在整体上看是一个时间上的过程，通过此过程，不计其数的特定术语流逝，被过渡过程中紧随其后的其他语汇所取代，而无论这些过渡过程在内容上是断续的还是接续的，它们本身也是经验，至少在总体上应被解释为与它们相联系的词语一样真实。被称作“取代”的事件的本质意味着什么，这完全取决于所发生的过渡的种类。一些经验只是废止了以前的经验，而不以任何方式延续它们。另外一些则被认为是增加或扩大了以前的经验的意义，执行了它们的目的，或让我们更为接近其目标。它们“代表”以前的经验，而且可能比后者自身能更好地完成其功能。但是，在一个纯经验的世界中所谓“完成一项功能”，只能以一种可能的方式加以设想和定义。在这个世界里，过渡与到达（或终点）是发生的唯一事件，尽管它们发生的途径多种多样。一种经验能发挥的唯一功能就是引入另一种经验；我们能谈论的唯一完成就是到达某个被经验到的终点。当一种经验引向（或能引向）与另一种经验相同的终点，它们在功能上就是一致的。但是，直接体验到的整个经验系统自身表现为一个半混沌状态，通过它人们能够从许多方向超越起初的词语，却终止于相同的终点，通过众多可能的路径从一个点移向下一个点。

其中任何一条路径都可能在功能上替代另一条，而且，遵循一条路径而不是另一条有时可能是一件有利的事情。事实上，在一般情况下，那些贯穿概念性经验的路径是能遵循的极为有利的路径，它们也就是那些贯穿了“认识”它们所止于事物的“思想”或“观念”的路径。它们不仅产生了难以想象地快的过渡；而且，由于它们往往具有的一种“普遍的”特性，由于它们在宏大的系统中能建立互相联系，它们超越了事物本身缓慢的连续，让我们迅速地接近最后的终点，这远比跟随一串串可感的知

觉更省力气。这些思想路径创造的近道或捷径真是太精彩了！的确，大多数思想路径并不是实际事物的替代物；它们终结于现实世界之外，可能是终结于奇思妙想、乌托邦、空想或错误。但是，当它们确实再次进入现实世界并终止于此时，我们总会替代它们；伴着这种替代物我们度过了更多的时间。

即使在一个人拥有经验时，只要他感觉到自己的经验是某种替代性的东西，人们就可以说他有了一种超越经验自身的经验。从经验自身的实体内它表达出了“更多”，而且假定了其他地方存在实在。对一位先验论者——他认为认识在于越过“认识论鸿沟”的致命一跃，这种观念不会造成任何困难；但乍一看它似乎与我们的经验论是不符的。概念认识被弄成这样，完全是由于认识经验本身之外的那些事物的存在，即由中介经验和到达的终点造成的，对此我们不是已经做出了说明吗？

在构成知识存在的要素出现之前，它能存在吗？并且，如果认识不存在的话，怎么会产生客观的指称关系呢？

解决这一难题的关键在于区分证实了的、完成了的认识与处于过渡中的、进行中的同一个认识。再回到刚用过的纪念堂的例子，只有当我们对纪念堂的观念实际地终止于知觉对象时，我们才“确定地”知道该观念一开始就真正认知了那个。直到该观念被过程的终结所确立之前，它认识那个的性质，或更确切地说它认识任何事物的性质，仍然可能受到怀疑；可是，像结果现在所显示的那样，认识的确已经存在于那里了。知觉对象具有回溯确认力，我们在被这一力量证实为纪念堂的实际认识者之前很久一段时间内，我们是它虚拟的认识者。同样，我们一直都是“不免一死的”，因为必然事件中存在虚拟性，当它到来时总会使我们如此。

我们绝大部分的认识都从未超越这个虚拟阶段。它从未被完成或确定下来。我所说的不仅仅是我们对感觉不到的事物的观念，像以太波或分散的“离子”，或者是像我们邻居心智内容这样的“外推物”；我所说的还包括一些只要不怕麻烦就能证实的观念，可是，它们尽管从知觉上说还未结束，却被我们认为其是真的，因为没有任何东西对我们说“不”，也看不到任何与之相矛盾的真理。在百分之九十九的情况下，继续不受挑战地思考就是我们完成认识的实际动名词。随着每一种经验通过认知上的转变与下一个经验相遇，而且我们没有在任何地方感觉到它与我们在别处看作是真理或事实的东西相冲突，我们就会紧随当前的水流，似

乎港湾就在眼前。我们就像住在一个前行波浪的浪尖上，在涌向前方的过程中，我们对确定方向的感觉是我们对路途的未来所能了解的所有东西。就像是一个微分系数应该有意识，并把自己看作是一条被描绘出的曲线的充分替代物。除了其他特点之外，我们的经验还有速率和方向上的变化，它更多地是处于这种转变过渡之中，而不是处于旅途的终点。对倾向的经验就足以让我们依之去行动——即使事后的证实已经完成，我们在那些时刻还能多做什么呢？

作为彻底经验主义者，这就是我对下述指责做出的回应：这种指责说，客观的指称关系是我们经验的一个彰明昭著的特性，它涉及了一个鸿沟及致命的跳跃。一个确定地连接性的过渡既不会涉及鸿沟也不会涉及跳跃。它代表我们说连续时最原始的意思，只要它一出现就会产生连续统一体。客观的指称关系是下述事实的一种表现，即我们的很多经验都是不充分的，它们由过程和转变构成。我们的经验领域与视域一样都没有明确的界限。二者的边缘永远是一个更多，它随着生活的进展而不断地发展，并不断超越这些领域。一般来说，这种关系与词语一样真实，我唯一能表示同情的先验论者的指控就是：如果像我那样先让认识存在于外部联系中，然后再承认这些关系十有八九不是实际存在的，而是虚拟存在的，那么，我已经破坏了整个事情的坚实基础，用认识的替代品欺骗性地代替了真实事物。这类批评者可能会说，只有承认在先于终止观念的经验之前，我们的观念是自我超越的且已经是“真的”，才能在这样一个世界中把坚实的基础带回到认识中，因为在这个世界里，过渡和终止都只是在例外情况下才会被完成。

这里，我觉得是应用实用主义方法的绝妙时机。被确认为先于所有经验中介或终点而存在的自我超越，它为人所知为什么呢？假如它是真的，它对我们产生怎样的实际影响呢？

它只能使我们确定方向，把我们的期望和实际倾向转向正确的路径；而只要我们与对象还没有面对面（或者像外推物一样永远不可能面对面），这条正确的路径就是将我们引导向距对象最近的区域的那条路径。在缺乏直接的熟识的地方，“相关认识”就是最佳选择了，而且，熟识对象周围的事物以及与之最密切相关的事物，就等于把这种认识置于我们的掌握之中。比如以太波和你的愤怒，它们是我的思想永远不能从知觉上终结的东西，但是我对它们的概念把我引向它们的边缘，引向它们五彩斑斓的缘饰，引向代表它们接下来产生的真实效果的伤人的言

行。

即使我们的观念中确实具有被假定的自我超越，下述论断仍然会是真的：这些观念把我们置于这种效果的掌控中，这正是自我超越对我们唯一的兑现价值。不用说，这种兑现价值完全是我们经验主义者的账户支付的。因此，根据实用主义的原则，有关自我超越的争论是一个纯粹的文字游戏。无论把我们对外推物的观念称作自我超越还是相反，这都没有什么区别，只要我们对崇高美德的成果的性质不存在争议——这种成果对我们来说当然都是人道主义的成果。

先验论者相信他的观念是自我超越的，这仅仅是因为他发现它们实际上确实能产生成果。如果有一种认识坚持对这一效果进行命名，他为何要与对这一认识的描述发生争执呢？为什么不把一个个观念的作用当成它自我超越的本质呢？当认识实际上似乎是我们积极生活的一个重要功能时，为什么却坚持它在时间上是一种静态关系呢？洛采说，让某个事物有效，就等于使它本身有效。当整个宇宙似乎只在使它自身有效且仍然不完备时（不然的话它为何不断地变化？），为什么只有认识在所有事物中是个例外呢？为什么它不能使自己像其他东西一样变得有效呢？经验主义哲学家，像其他人一样，当然也总是希望：认识的某个部分可能已经是有效的或者被毫无争议地证实了的。

第五章　人道主义的本质

一

人道主义是一个“永久存在”的酵母。它不是一个单一的假设或定理，也不驻留于新的事实。相反，它代表哲学视角上的逐渐转变，使事物从新的兴趣中心或视点展现出来。有些作者能强烈地意识到这种转变，而另外一些只是半意识，尽管他们本人的视野可能已经经历了很大改变。结果在辩论中产生了不小的混乱，半意识的人道主义者经常参与反对激进的人道主义者，就好像他们希望站到另外一边。如果人道主义真是这一视角转变的代名词，那么，如果它占据了优势，哲学舞台的整个场景显然都将发生某种程度的变化。事物的重心，其前景与背景的分布，其规模与价值，都将不会一成不变。如果人道主义中涉及如此广泛存在的结果，哲学家们在界定它、完善它、验证它、引导它等方面所花费的心血，显然都不会付诸东流。

眼下，人道主义正苦于没有完整的定义。席勒与杜威是它最系统的倡导者，他们不过也只是发表了些支离破碎的纲要；它与许多重大哲学问题的关系还未获得深入探讨，倒是那些反对者，他们似乎事先嗅到了异端气息，对一些学说展开猛烈的抨击，比如对主观主义与怀疑论，对此，真正的人道主义者则认为没有必要给予认同。反人道主义者们采取的更为缄默的态度，反而使人道主义者们感到困惑。论战中有很大一部分涉及到“真理”一词。在辩论中，能切实了解对手的观点总是有好处的。但是，当人道主义的批评者本人使用“真理”一词时，他们却从来没有确切地界定过它的意思。人道主义者们不得不猜测批评者的观点；结果毫无疑问很像是无的放矢。更糟糕的是，两个阵营中的个体差别很大；很明显，事情发展到现阶段，当务之急莫过于双方对各自的核心观点做出更清晰的界定。

无论是谁，要能使定义变得更清晰，就会帮助我们厘清弄清双方各自在说什么，哪个人属于哪个阵营。任何一个人都能提供这样的定义，不然的话，就没人知道他到底站在哪一边。如果我此时此地提出自己对人道主义的临时定义，其他人可以完善它，反对者也可以通过对照方式把自己的信条界定得更清晰，结果就能在一定程度上加快共识的形成。

据我对实际情况的看法，人道主义的基本用途就是看到：尽管我们的一部分经验可能依靠另外一部分经验，以便使它在被考虑的几个方面中的任何一方面都是现在的样子，但是经验作为一个整体是自足的，不依赖任何东西。既然该公式也表达了先验的唯心主义的主要主张，它需要大量的解释来加以澄清。乍一看，它似乎只局限于否定有神论及泛神论。但事实上，它不必否定其中任何一个，一切都取决于解释；假如它想成为有权威的公式，那就肯定会产生右翼和左翼的解释者。我自己给予人道主义以有神论及多元论的解读。假如真有上帝存在，他不是绝对的全经验者，而只是对最广泛的实际意识范围的经验者。如果这样理解，人道主义对我来说是一个可以为之做合理辩护的宗教，尽管我很清楚，只有给它一个一元论的阐释时，它才能对许多人有宗教上的吸引力。从伦理学上看，其多元论的形式在我们看来比我了解的其他任何哲学都更看重实在——因为它实质上是一种社会的哲学，一种有关“共同”的哲学，其中连接关系起着决定作用。但是，我倡导它的主要理由是它无与伦比的理智上的简约。它不仅摆脱了一元论造成的固有“问题”（如“罪恶问题”、“自由问题”等等），而且摆脱了其他的形而上学的疑团与悖论。

例如，通过拒绝接受对超经验的实在的假设，它摆脱了整个不可知论的论争。通过坚持认为在经验内发现的连接关系是真实的、无懈可击的，它摆脱对布拉德雷式的绝对的需要（即它对理智的目的明显毫无用处）。通过用实用主义的方法处理认识问题，它摆脱了对罗伊斯式的绝对的需要（它同样对理智的目的无益）。因为被归咎于人道主义的认识观、实在观和真理观是迄今受到最猛烈抨击的观点，进一步澄清这些方面的观点似乎有迫切必要。那么接下来，我将在这几个方面尽量简明扼要地解释一下我理解的人道主义的观点。

二

如果接受上文斜体部分表述的人道主义的核心论点，这就意味着，假如认识这样的东西是存在的，认识者与被认识对象就一定都是经验的组成部分。这样，经验的一部分必须：（1）或者认识经验的另一部分，换言之，正如伍德布里奇教授所说，这些部分必须彼此互为表征，而不是表征“意识”之外的实在——这种情况属于概念性认识的情况；

（2）或者它们必须首先像许多终极的那个或存在的事实一样存在；然后，作为一个次一级的难题，且不必加倍其实体的单一性，经验中的任何一个和同一个那个，必须在被认识的事物与对事物的认识间交替现身，这是在经验的总体进程中它被联系到两种不同的情境中所产生的结果。

这第二种情况属于感官-知觉的情况。存在着一个超越常识的思想阶段，我将稍后对之做更多说明；但是，常识阶段却是一个完全明确的思想暂居地，其主要目的是为了行动；而且，只要我们处在常识的思想阶段，客体与主体就会融合在‘表现’或感官-知觉的事实里，比如我现在看见的正在写作的笔和手，就是那些词指示的物理实在。在这种情况中，认识中并不含有自我超越的意思。这里，人道主义只不过是一个更为细分的同一哲学。

相反，在第一种情况中，表征的经验在认识作为其对象的另外一个经验时确实超越了它自己。没人能说一种经验由另一种经验所认识，而不把它们看作是数目上有区别的实体，其中一个沿着某一方向、有间隔地居于另一个之外，并与它保持距离，二者都可以被明确地加以命名。但是，如果说话者是一名个人道主义者，他一定会具体而实用地看待这个距离-间隔，并且承认它由其他介入性的经验组成——这些经验如果不是实际的至少应该是可能的。比如，把我现在对于我的狗的观念称作对一条实际存在的狗的认知，这意味着，正如实际的经验组织所构成的那样，这一观念能在我心中导向一连串其他经验，它们一个接着一个，最终结束于活蹦乱跳、旺旺叫、毛茸茸的身体这些生动的感官-知觉上。对我的常识而言，这些就是实际存在的狗，是它的完整呈现。如果这位假定的说话者是一位渊博的哲学家，尽管这些东西对他来说可能不是实际存在的狗，但它们却意指那条的狗，是那条狗的实际替代物，正像表象是这些东西的实际替代物一样，比如说，那条实际存在的狗是许多原子，或者说是心理素材，在他的经验和我的经验中，这些原子和心理素材存在于感官-知觉存在的地方。

三

这里的哲学家代表了超出常识阶段的思想阶段；两个阶段的区别仅仅在于哲学家既‘内插’也‘外推’，而常识则不然。从常识判断，两个人看

到的是同一条实在的狗。哲学注意到他们在知觉上的实际区别，指出这些知觉的二元性，并在他们之间插入某个东西作为更实在的终点——首先是器官、内脏等，接着是细胞，然后是终极的原子，最后可能是心理素材。两个人原初的感官终点，没有像一开始假设的那样彼此合一、并与实在的狗这个对象合一，而是被哲学家们认为由至多与它们同处一个边界内的不可见的实在分离。

如果取消其中的一个知觉者，插入就变成了“外推”。在哲学家看来，剩下的那位知觉者的感官终点并不能完全达到实在。哲学家认为，这个知觉者只是把经验的进程带到了一个确定的（因为它是实际的）通往远方绝对真理的道路上的某处暂居地。

然而，人道主义者一直认识到，即使在这样推想出或所信仰的更绝对的实在上，也不存在绝对的超验。内脏和细胞只不过是可能的感知对象，伴随身体外部的感知而来。再就是原子，尽管我们无法获得知觉到它们的人工手段，却扔然能从知觉上来定义它们。心理素材本身就被看作是一种经验；而且有可能构建出如下假设（这种假设根据任何逻辑都不能被排除在哲学之外）：在我们不完备的认识可能过渡到完备认识的那一刻，一件心理素材的两个认识者与心理素材本身会发生“汇合”。即使这样，你我习惯上把我们两个的知觉和实在的狗看作是汇合的，尽管这只是暂时的看法，是常识思想阶段的看法。假如我的笔从内部来看是由心理素材制成，现在那种心理素材与我对笔的视觉知觉就没有发生汇合。但是也可以设想后来会产生这种汇合；因为就拿我的手来说，对手的视觉感觉和内在感觉，即其心理素材，即使现在也像任何两个东西一样是汇合的。

因此，人道主义认识论并无破绽。无论知识被当作是完美无缺的，或仅仅被认为是真的，足以符合投入实践的标准，它都是依靠同一个连续的设计。实在无论是多么遥远，总是被定义为经验的总体可能性内部的一个终点；认识它的事物被定义为“表征”它的一种经验，这或者是从下述意义上来说的：该经验可以在我们的思想中代替它，因为它导向同一些关联物；或者在下述意义上来说的：通过一连串介入的或可能介入的其他经验来‘指向它’。

这里，绝对的实在与感觉之间的关系，同感知与观念或想象的关系是一样的。两者都可以是暂时的或最后的终点，感觉只是重实践的人习惯性停留的终点，而哲学家则以更绝对实在的形态投射出一个“彼岸”。

这两个终点分别对应于思想的实践阶段和哲学阶段，它们都是可以自立的。它们并不是对其他任何事物来说是“真的”，它们只是“存在”，是实在的。它们‘不依赖任何东西’，正如我上文用斜体标出的公式所言。相反，整个经验的结构都依靠它们，正如整个太阳系的结构（包括许多相对位置）为了它在空间中的绝对位置，要依赖任何一个构成太阳系的星体。这里，我们再次得到了一个新的、多元论形式的同一哲学。

四

如果我成功地把这些表述清楚了（尽管我担心其中的简洁与抽象可能让我失败），读者将会明白，我们心智作用的“真理”必须总是经验内部的事情。当一个概念能引发某种感觉时，就被常识当作是真的。这种在常识看来与其说是“真的”，不如说是“真实的”感觉，被哲学家认为暂时是真的，只要它涵盖了一个更为绝对真实的经验（毗邻或占据这个经验的位置），对一些更遥远的经验者来说，哲学家有理由相信这一经验存在的可能性。

同时，对任何个体信奉者来说，无论他是哲学家还是普通人，实际上确实算作真的永远是其统觉的结果。如果一个新的经验，无论是概念性的还是感性的，与我们先存的信念系统发生过于明显的矛盾，那么百分之九十九的情况下，它会被当作是假的。只有当更老、更新的经验有足够的一致，使它们相互统觉和修正时，我们所认为的真理上的进步才能产生。然而，在任何情况下，真理都不必存在于我们经验与某个原型或超验之事物的关系中。假如我们万一能获得绝对终极的经验，即我们在其中都能取得一致的经验，而且是修正后的连续经验也没有超越的经验，那么这些经验就不是真的，它们是实在的，它们只是存在着，并且全部实在的边角及关键部分也的确是存在的，而其他一切事物的真理都仰赖它们。只有被令人满意的连接引导到这些经验的其他事物才是‘真的’。同这样的终点实现某种满意的连接，代表了“真理”这个词的核心意思。在思想的常识阶段，感官-呈现就充当这些终点。只有当我们的观念、概念和科学理论能协调地引回到感官的世界时，它们才被当作是真的。

我试图追溯到人道主义观点的一些更基本特征，希望许多人道主义者赞赏我这种做法。我几乎可以肯定地说杜威和席勒两位先生会支持

我。

如果批评者也能对我的解释做稍加考虑，那么相关的讨论也许不会像迄今那样文不对题。

第六章　再谈真理

如果从我听到的言论来判断，在说服别人认同我的真理观上我几乎是完全失败了。受到这样的冷遇之后，一名普通的哲学家将会感到灰心，而一个性情暴戾的罪人将会诅咒上帝，乃至一命呜呼。但是，与其采纳绝望的建议，我大胆地变换了自己的陈述方式，抱着点滴的希望，相信滴水可能穿石，相信如果我的公式周围能有一个类似于“主体’的东西来据此统觉它们，它们就可能看起来不那么费解。

为了不牵涉其他实用主义者——不管他们是谁，我将只谈及我试图澄清的概念，即我个人的真理观。我在1885年首次发表了这个观点，并重印于本书第一章。这篇文章的基本论点分别在1893年和1895年得到了D.S.米勒教授的支持，并且我于1895年在一篇题为“对总体事物的认识”的会长演讲中进行了重申。斯特朗教授在《哲学研究》等上面发表了一篇题为“有关思想指称实在的自然主义理论”文章，将我们的言论称作“詹姆斯-米勒认知理论”，而且我认为他是持赞成态度的。然而，在这些深奥的哲学问题上，清楚地表达自己是如此之困难，以至于我的这些深受尊敬的同事们每一个人都在私下里告知我，我现在对真理的解释在他们看来是不充分的，似乎漏掉了真正的认知方面的核心问题，虽然对我而言，现在的解释只不过是对早期陈述的更完整的表达。如果连这些亲密的朋友都不赞同的话，我又能从较疏远的朋友和敌对的批评者那里指望什么呢？

可是，我感觉十分确定的是，问题肯定出在我蹩脚的陈述方式上，而不是我的学说上，因而我愿意再次试着表达一下自己的观点。一是否存在有助于我们事先取得一致的一些一般区别呢？斯特朗教授区分了两种关系，他称之为“跳跃的”和“移动的”关系。例如，“差异”属于跳跃的关系，似乎从一个词语直接跳到另一个上去，但时空上的“距离”则是由经验的中介部分造成，通过这些中介部分我们连续地移走。多年前，当T.H.格林的观念最有影响力的时候，他对英国感觉主义的批评着实令我感到不安。尤其是他的一个信徒，他总是对我说，“是的！词语的确有可能源于感觉；但是关系呢？它们不就是自上来到感觉上的、本质上更为高级的纯理智行为吗？”我清楚地记得，有一天，当我觉察到空间关系无论如何与它们联系协调的词语是同质的时，我突然产生一种如释重负的

感觉。词语就是空间，而关系是其他的介入空间。对于格林派来说，空间关系是跳跃的，而对我来说，它们自此之后成为移动的了。

现在，把我的认识观与流行的观点（也是大多数认识论学者的观点）进行对照时，最普遍的方式是把我的观点称作是移动的，把他们的观点称作是跳跃的；描述这两种观点的典型特征时，最普遍的方式是说，我的观点把认识描述为具体的存在，而他们的观点仅仅抽象地描述认识的结果。

我担心，大多数不服气的读者不能认识到，具体事物中的移动的东西可能被抽象地对待，以至于看起来似乎是跳跃的。例如，如果将具体间隔中特殊的东西清空，距离就被抽象化的，它就因此被还原为一个单一的“差异”，即“位置”的差异，而这是一个逻辑上的或跳跃的区别，是一个所谓的“纯粹关系”。

这同样适用于被称作“认识”的关系，它把一个观念与一个实在联系在一起。我对这个关系的解释彻头彻尾是流动式的。我指出，每当我们在一个观念传达的冲动下移向一个对象时，我们就是通过这个观念认识该对象。如果我们相信所谓的“可感觉的”实在，这个观念不仅可以把我们带向其对象，也可以把该对象放入我们手中，让它成为我们的直接感觉。但是，如果像大多数善于反思的人认为的那样，可感觉的实在并不是“真实的”实在，而只不过是它们的外表，那么，我们的观念至少把我们带到了这么远，让我们接触到实在的最真实的外表和替代物。无论如何，我们的观念把我们带到对象的周边区域，无论这个区域是实际的还是理想中的，让我们与对象进行交流，帮助我们更好地了解它，使我们能预见它、甄别它，比较它，推断它，简而言之，对它做一些不拥有这个观念就无法做的事情。

那么，从功能上来看，这个观念就是一个工具，使我们能更好地与对象产生联系并对之采取行动。但是，它与对象都是由总体实在形成的一个总涵盖范围和组织的很小的组成部分；当我们说这个观念将我们导向这个对象时，那仅仅意味着它带我们向前，穿过那个实在的中介地带，进入离对象更近的周边区域，至少进入它的关联物中间，无论这些关联物是其有形的近邻，还只是逻辑上的同类。这样被带入更近的区域后，我们就能处于更好的位置，来了解它并有所行动；我们说，通过这个观念，我们现在更好地或更真地认识了这个对象。

我的论点是，这里的认识是移走过中介经验所造成的。如果这个观

念没有将我们导向任何地方，或者使我们远离对象而非靠近它，那么我们还能说它具有任何认知性质吗？当然不能，因为只有把它与中介经验连接在一起时，它才能与那个特殊对象发生关系，而不是与自然中的其他任何其他部分发生关系。那些中介成分决定了该观念发挥哪种特定的认识功能。它们引导我们到达的终点告诉我们该观念“意指”哪个对象，它们丰富我们的认识所使用的结果“证实”或“拒斥”该观念。因此，正如中介空间对距离关系来说是不可或缺的基础一样，中介经验对具体的认识关系来说也是如此。每当我们具体看待认知时，它都意指一个通过中介成分从一个起点到达或接近一个终点的“移走”。由于中介成分并非终点，而且它们与终点的连接是通过通常的连带性关系（无论这些关系在本质上是“外在的”还是逻辑上的——即分类上的），似乎认识过程并没什么与众不同之处。它们完全属于经验的范围；在描述它们时，我们不需要使用其他范畴，只需使用那些我们用来描述其他自然过程的范畴就够了。

但是，不存在我们无法也抽象地加以思考的过程，切除这些过程的内脏，仅保留其主干骨骼或轮廓；当我们这般处理认识过程时，我们很容易就被引导，把它们看做是本质上完全独一无二的事物。因为我们先从观念、对象和中介成分中清除了特殊的东西，以便只保留一个总体的架构，然后，我们只能从这一框架产生结果的功能上、而不是从它是一个过程的特征上来考虑该框架。经过这种处理后，中介成分萎缩成了一个单纯隔离空间的形式，而观念与对象只保留了作为被分离的头尾词的逻辑特征。换言之，这些中介成分以其具体的特殊性构成了一座桥梁，它们被理想化地挥发成一个将被跨越的空虚间隔，然后，由于头尾词的关系变成了跳跃的，认识论的全部花招就开始了，并不受更多具体考虑的限制而进行下去。这个观念“意指”一个由“认识论的鸿沟”与其自身分离的对象，它现在执行莱德教授称之为的“致命一跃”；在认识对象本质的过程中，该观念已经“超越”了它自身。这个对象也反过来“出现”在它实际上未出现的地方，等等；直到我们手上仍然掌握有一个架构，我们当中一些人认为，除了“绝对”之外，没有任何东西解释这个框架中的巨大悖论。

观念和对象之间这种被变成抽象的和跳跃的关系，自此之后被当作更基本的和先存的而与其移动的自身对立起来，而更为具体的描述则被斥为错误的或不充分的。中介成分形成的桥梁，无论是实际上的还是可

能的，在每一个实际情境下承载并定义着认识，却被当作插曲式的、甚至从潜在性上没有必要存在的节外生枝。我相信，这种用本来产生于具体的抽象反对具体的粗鄙谬论，就是指责我的认识理论非常不令人满意的主要依据，因此我将再谈一谈这一普遍观点。

如果任何连接工具的全部特殊性被抽象掉，那么除了它最初桥接的分离状态，它不会给我们手上留下任何东西。但是，为了避免将最终产生的自相矛盾看成是实现了辩证上的深奥，我们所要做的就是复原我们拿走的某些部分，不管它们是多么的小。就认识论上的鸿沟而言，第一步明智的做法就是记住，这一鸿沟曾经由某种观念上的或是感觉上的经验材料填充，这些材料发挥着某种桥梁作用，使得我们不去做致命一跳。这样，通过将一点不可或缺的实在恢复到我们的讨论中来，我们会发现我们的抽象处理真地很有用。我们避免了陷入特殊情况的纠结中，同时也没有陷入不必要的悖论中。我们现在能描述认知的一般特征了，从普遍性上来说明它总体上为我们做了什么。

我们必须记住，这个对认识的整体探究是在反思的层次上成长起来的。在认识的任何实际瞬间，我们所思考的是我们的认识对象，而不是我们自己瞬间认识它的方式。此刻，我们恰好把认识本身当成了对象；但我认为读者会同意，他目前对那个对象的认识，仅仅是被抽象地和被预期地包括在他能获得的结果中。当他推理时，他头脑中具体出现的是认识的某个假想的客观事例，他认为在其他人身上也会发生同样过程，或者自己回想过去时也是如此。批评者认为，这样的认识包含了观念、对象以及过程，通过这些过程认识者被从观念导向对象。他看到，观念远离对象，而且，无论通过中介成分与否，它确实要与对象产生联系。他看到，观念超越了其直接存在而发挥作用，并且控制了一个远处的实在；它就跳过、超越了自己。它做这一切当然是靠外界的帮助，但是当援助到来时，它已经做完了这一切，并获得了结果。那么，为什么不忽略手段来谈论结果本身呢？为什么不把观念当成对实在的简单把握或直觉认识呢？即把它看作是已经有了某种能力，能直击事物背后的本质，然后立刻、直接地认识事物？我们为何总是要费力拽进来一座桥梁呢？——这样做只会妨碍我们的论述。

这样有关认知结果的抽象讨论当然是方便的；而且它当然是既方便也合乎逻辑，只要我们不忘记或坚决否认它所忽视的东西。你可能偶尔会说，我们的观念意指的总是那个特殊对象，观念把我们带到那个对象

那里，因为它在本质上内在地含有这个对象。我们可以坚持认为，观念的证实过程基于其自身原有的认知价值——以及所有其它优点，只要我们知道这些只不过是我们思维中的捷径，我们就不会做任何有害的事。就它们的现状来说，它们肯定是对事实的真实描述，只是它们未把大量事实考虑在内，这些事实必须加以复原，才能保证这些描述对任何实际情况来说是确切为真的。但是，如果你不仅消极地忽视中介成分，而且主动地否定它们甚至是你所为之触动的结果的潜在必要条件，那么你的认识论就无可救药地被击败了。你和下述这类历史学家一样都远远偏离了正轨：他沉迷于对拿破仑个人权力的崇拜中，而忽视了他的元帅和军队，也会指责你错误地将他的征服描述为是下属的策略造成的。我认为，大多批评我的理论的人都犯有这种抽象性与片面性的错误。

在《实用主义》的第二讲中，我举了松鼠绕着树干攀缘以躲避追踪人视线的例子：两者都绕着树转，但是这个人是在围着松鼠转吗？我在那里说，这完全取决于你所谓“绕着转”是什么意思。从一种意义上说，这个人“绕着转”，而从另一种意义上说他并没有。我通过对意义做出实用主义的区分解决了这个争论。但是我说过，有些争论者把我的区分称为搪塞逃避，而坚持他们所谓的“朴素诚实的英国式的绕着转”的立场。

在这简单的例子中，很少有人会反对将这个处于争论中的词语转换成其更为具体的同义词。但是，对认识这样的复杂功能，他们的行为就不同了。在我能想到的任何情形中，我都赋予认识的观念以完整而具体的特殊价值，然而，我的批评者们却坚持认为，“朴素诚实的英国式认识”被我的解释忽略了。从他们写的东西来看，似乎缺点都是我的，而优点都是他们的。

对我来说事情的本质是，尽管认识既可以被抽象地也可以被具体地描述，尽管抽象的描述经常很有用，可是它们被毫无剩留地被吸收进了更具体的描述之中，不包含任何本质上具有其他性质或更高级性质的东西，而没有人能公平地指责具体描述遗漏了这种东西。认识只是像其他过程一样的一个自然进程。无论什么移走过程，如果我们原意，其结果都能用跳跃式的术语加以描述，或者用静止的公式来表述。比如我们说一个人是“谨慎的”。具体地讲，那是指他办理保险，避免作明确表态，三四而后行。这些行为构成了谨慎吗？它们是作为这个人小心谨慎的条件吗？

或者说，谨慎本身就是某个东西并独立于这些行为？如果谨慎是一

个人恒久的习惯，是永久性的性格特点，我们可以抽象于他的任何行为之外方便地称他为谨慎的，即说他一般来讲是谨慎的而不加任何具体说明，并且方便地说他的行为是由先存的谨慎态度造成的。他的心理-生理系统中有一些特殊的东西，使得他行为谨慎；我们的思想中有联想的倾向，促使它们某些被导向真理，而另一些则被导向错误。但是，不考虑所有这些行为或其中的任何一个，我们能说这个人是谨慎的吗？或者是，如果没有联想的或内在冲动的倾向，这些思想能是真的吗？当然，我们没有权利用这种方式将静态的本质与思想嵌入其中的移动过程对立起来。

我的卧室在我的图书室上面。这里“上面”的意思难道不是指具体空间，即那个你从卧室走向图书室的时候不得不穿越的空间吗？你可能会说，它意指的是一个纯粹的地形上的关系，在永恒的本质中建筑师的某种计划。但是那并不是“上面”的全部意义，它只是一个被缩略的替代物，这个替代物偶尔能把我的思想导向与真实的“上面”更真——即更完整地交流。

这不是一个事前的“上面”，而是从事物中的“上面”里抽取出来的事后的东西。为了某些方便起见，我们的确可能说话时听起来好像某个抽象的架构先行存在着，我们可以说“由于这个基本的上面，我必须上楼”，正如我们可以说这个人“由于其根深蒂固地的谨慎倾向，这个人行事谨慎”，或者可以说，我们的观念“由于其内在的真理性而引领我们走向真”。但是，这不应该阻碍我们在其他情况下使用更完整的描述形式。无论以何种形式来描述，具体事实总是一样的，正如我们说一条直线，时而说它是自左向右，时而说它是自右向左。这些不过是同一事实的不同名称罢了，有时使用其中一个名称更方便，而有时使用另一个更方便。无论我们以何种方式来谈论认知的完整事实，即便是以最为抽象的方式，这些事实也是不可改变的，在经验连续体的诸多现实和可能性中是给定的。但对我更具体的谈论方式，批评者们似乎认为它犯了不充分的过错，似乎整个连续体中漏掉了什么东西。

将更抽象的描述与更具体的描述对立起来的一个常见做法，是指责支持后者的人“混淆了逻辑学与心理学”。我们的批评者们说，当我们被问及真理意指什么时，我们仅回答了它是怎么获得的。但是，既然意义是一种静止的、独立于时间的逻辑联系，他们质问说，它又怎么能被人的任何具体经验确认呢？因为经验在产生的瞬间也就消失了。这听起来

的确很深奥，但是我要挑战这种深奥。在这里，我挑战任何想要证明逻辑学与心理学有何不同的人。观念与对象之间的逻辑关系与心理关系的联系，就像跳跃式的抽象与移动式的具体之间的联系一样。两种关系都需要一个心理上的工具；而且这个“逻辑的”关系就是“心理上的”关系，只不过它被抽取了其丰富的内容，仅仅被简化为抽象的架构。

不久以前，一个罪犯刚一被释放，就企图行刺给他判刑的法官。很显然，他成功地在把这位法官设想为超越时间的存在，把他简化为纯逻辑的意义，即法官是其“敌人和迫害者”，他剥去了一切具体条件（比如陪审团的裁决、官方义务、无个人恶意、可能存在同情心），这些具体条件将完整的心理特征赋予作为某人在时间上的行为的判决。判决的确是对罪犯有敌意；但是对判决的哪种观念更为真呢，对它纯粹逻辑上的定义，还是对它在心理上所做的完整的具体说明呢？反实用主义者应该是一贯地支持罪犯对这个案件的视角，把法官当作罪犯逻辑上的敌人，将其他条件看作是非常无足轻重的心理材料予以排除。

二

我怀疑，还有一个障碍在妨碍我的论述被人接受。像杜威与席勒一样，我不得不说一个观念的真理是由它的满意度决定的。但是，正如观念是一个主观术语一样，满意也是主观的；而真理一般被看作是“客观的”。承认满意是真理的唯一标志、是我们占有这珍贵物品的唯一信号的读者们，仍然会说“真理”一词所指向的观念与对象间的客观联系，在我的论述中被完全漏掉了。我还担心，把我可怜的名字与“信仰的意志”（其中“意志”在我看来不应该在这场讨论中占据任何角色）联系起来，这在某些方面有损于我的声誉。我的对手们可能会认为，我与那个不干净的东西私通，而你们纯粹的真理热爱者必须以赫胥黎式的豪言壮语来讲话，感觉好像是真理——为了成为真正的真理——应该给我们全部的满意带来最终的死亡信息。这些分歧当然证明了我们所讨论的领域的复杂性；但在我看来，它们也是基于误解，对此，我将通过进一步的解释来加以消除（尽管成功机会渺茫）。

那么，首先我要让我的反对者们精确地定义，当他们谈论绝对的、完整的和客观的真理时，他们心中想到的是何种东西；然后我将向他们提出挑战，要求他们在我描述真理时使用的词语之外，向我展示这种真

理所占据的任何可想象的立足点。我认为，它将完全地落入到我所分析的领域。

首先，真理必须产生于一个观念与一个成为观念对象的实在之间；而且，作为一个谓词，它必须被应用于观念而不是对象，因为客观实在无所谓真的，至少在我们当前限定自己的论域中无所谓真，因为它们在那里仅仅被当成存在，而观念对它们来说可以是真的。但是，我们可以设想一系列的观念对同一个对象来说一个比一个更真，然后我们可以问，什么终极方式能帮助获取最后一个观念达到的绝对真的状态。

观念中最大可设想的真理，似乎是它应该导向我们自己与对象实现实际的合并，实现完全的相互融合及同一。在信念的常识层面上，这就是在感官知觉中被认为真实发生的情况。我对这只笔的观念通过我的知觉对象而得到证实；而我的知觉对象目前被认为就是这支笔——知觉对象和物理的实在被常识当作是同一的。但是，感官的机能毫无理由地对常识进行了批评，而且这支笔“本身”现在被认为是超越了我的瞬间知觉。然而，对实在的彻底完备的熟知可能是什么样的这个观念一旦被提出，便为了我们思辨的目的而存留下来。心智与实在的完全汇合将是真理的绝对极限，没有比这更完善或更令人满意的认识了。

毋庸赘言，这种完全汇合作为一种可能，已经在我对这问题的论述中明确地提出了。如果一个观念居然不仅引领我们走向、来到或靠近一个实在，而且非常地接近，以至于我们跟这个实在融合在一起，我认为完成这一过程后，该观念就被变成绝对真的。

事实上，哲学家们怀疑这种情况会发生。他们认为，实际所发生的只是我们越来越接近实在，我们越来越接近令人完全满意的极限；那么对实际上（而不是想象中）完整的、客观的真理定义只能是，它属于那个观念，该观念在经验的本质范围内将将把我们导向尽量离对象最近的处所，比如说几乎是紧贴它。

现在假定有一个观念紧贴了某个客观实在。假定它不可能贴得更近了，二者之间不存在任何东西，下一步就会将我们带入实在；那么，那个下一个将要汇合的结果将会使这个观念在最大程度上成为是真的，而这种程度在我们居住的世界上被认为是实际上可达到的。

那种真理的程度也在我对这个问题的论述之中提到了，对此我几乎不用加以说明。而且，如果满意就是真理存在的标志，我们可以补充说，对这个真观念的任何不那么真的替代物，都将证明不能那么令人满

意。跟随观念的导引，我们很可能会发现我们还没完全触及终点。我们渴望距离它更近，而且在发现它之前不能停下来。

当然，我在这里假定了一种长期存在的实在，它独立于认识它的观念而存在。我也在假定满意程度会随着我们接近这种实在而同步增长。如果我的批评者们质疑这后一种假设，那么我就用第一种假设来反驳他们。我们的思想已经并且仍然在引导我们走向一系列连续的终点，我们对一个长期存在的实在的整个认识，以一种对这些终点的理想限度的形式发展起来。每个终点都证明是临时性的，因为它不能令我们满意。更真的观念就是推向更前方的那个；因此我们心中有一个最终的、令人彻底满意的终点，对它的理想认识召唤着我们继续向前。我就是听从且接受这种认识的一个人。除了深入进这样一个终点这种观念之外，我想不出理想的完美真理这一观念还有什么其他客观内容；我也想不出这种观念能发展，或者说真的观念能被从假的或无聊的观念区分开来，除非诉诸于满意度的更大总和，这种满意可以是理智上的也可以是实践上的，它们为更真的观念所拥有。一个人对一个观点绝对满意，也对这一观念与自己的其他观念和感知经验的一切关系感到满意，但却仍然不将它的内容当作是对实在的真实描述，对此你能想象吗？因此，真的问题与令人满意的问题是绝对同一的。你可以在说话时把二词中任意一个放在前面；但是，如果你漏掉了有关令人满意的作用或引领的整个观念（这是我实用主义理论的精髓），而把真理称为静态的逻辑关系，甚至独立于可能的引导或者满意之外，那么在我看来你似乎就切断了脚下的整个根基。

我担心自己仍然解释得非常模糊不清。但是，因为那些拒绝接受我的学说的人不能理解我那蹩脚的语言，我恭敬地恳请他们以他们个人的名义告诉我们——而且是非常具体地、清晰地告诉我们！——他们那深信不移的、实在的、真正的、绝对“客观的”真理是如何构成和确立的。他们务必不能指向“实在”本身，因为真理只是我们与实在的主观联系。不论这种关系是否是普通人能“客观地”获得的，它名义的本质——即其逻辑定义是什么呢？

不管他们说它什么，我坚定地相信，我的阐释将被证明已经考虑到了它，而且也作为各种可能情况中一种可能的情况预先包含了它。简言之，在实用主义体系的框架之外，在基于经验的作用和引导的领域以及它们更近的或更远的终点之外，任何程度或种类的真理都没有存在的余

地。在说明这一观点时，我的论述似乎相当拙劣。

第七章　普拉特教授论真理

一

1907年6月6日，J.B.普拉特教授在《哲学研究》上发表了一篇非常出色的论文，他对实用主义立场的误解似乎非常有必要给予回应。

他断言，对实用主义者来说，真理不可能是观念与外在并超越于该观念的实在之间的关系，相反，真理必须“完全存在于经验之内”，在那里，它“不需要指称其他任何事物来证明自己”——显然，也不需要指对象。实用主义者必须“把一切还原到心理学”，而且是此时此刻的心理学。结果，他不能说一个最终在心理学上得到证实的观念，在证明过程完成之前就已经是真的了；同样地，只要他只相信他可以随时能证明一个观念，他也不能把该观念看作是暂时真的。

我不知道像这样的实用主义者是否存在，我还从没碰见过这类动物。我们可以随意给术语下定义；假如那是我朋友普拉特对实用主义者的定义，我只能同意他的反实用主义立场。但是，在设定这种奇怪的实用主义者时，他引用了我的话；所以，为避免某位读者把我归入这类蠢人之列，我将再次重申自己的真理观。

真理本质上是指两种事物间的关系，关系的一方是观念，另一方是观念之外的实在。跟所有的关系一样，这种关系也有其根基，即心理的和物理的经验状况的基体，相关联的词语被发现嵌入其中。比如“继承人”与“遗产”之间的关系，其根基就是一个曾经有立遗嘱者的世界，现在又有了一份遗嘱和执行者的世界；如果是观念与对象间的关系，那就是这样一个世界，即它拥有存在于这两个词语周围和之间的某种状况，能令人满意地完成证实过程。但是，正如一个人可以被称为继承人，而且在执行者分配财产前被当作继承人，同样，在证实过程被详尽地执行完毕之前，一个观念也可以在实践上被看作是真理——大量证实状态的存在足以使我们这样做。既然潜在性在很多其他情况下被当作现实性，我们看不出为什么我们在这里不能这样做。我们称一个人是慈善的，不仅仅是因为他已完成的善行，而且因为他乐意去做其他善行；我们把一个观念当作是“明白易懂的”，不仅因为它已经带来的启发，而且我们期望它在不为人知的问题上将给人以启发。我们为什么就不应该同样地相信

我们观念的真理性呢？我们处处都仰赖信用；我们使用观念时，更经常的原因是唤起与它们的直接对象相连的事物，而不是唤起这些对象本身。假如我们被观念引导向一个对象，在百分之九十九的情况下，对象本身对我们的唯一用途是借助其手段过渡到那些与之相联系的事物。这样，我们不断地缩减证实过程，相信这些过程是可能的就足够了。

我现在说，构成了被认为是真理的关系的，恰恰是经验世界中这一围绕对象和观念的状况根基，它随时可能发生短路，或被全程跨越。只要它存在，而且在对象与观念之间有可能存在一个穿越它的令人满意的通道，那个观念将对那个对象来说是真的，并且将已经是真的，无论完全成熟的证实过程是否发生过。当然，像观念的本质与关联倾向一样，对象的本质、位置及密切关系在使特定的通道成为可能时发挥着关键作用；因此，认为真理可以完全属于思想者的个人经验范围，是一种纯心理的东西，这种观念是荒唐的。真理关系只能到观念与对象之间去寻求，涉及到这两个术语。

但是，如果我正确地理解了普拉特教授，“理智主义的”立场就是，尽管我们可以利用这种根基——即这种大量的中间经验来检验真理，可是真理关系本身仍是某个分离的东西。用普拉特教授的话说，它仅仅是指“这种简单的东西，即一个人正在思考其对象的东西，就像他所认为的样子”。

在我看来，“像”这个词根本不简单，它限定这里所说的关系，承载着整个“认识论的”重负。它最直接暗示的东西是观念应该像其对象；但是我们大部分的观念都是抽象的概念，几乎与它们的对象毫无相似之处。因此我要说，这个“像”通常必须从功能上加以解释，它意味着这个观念像对象一样，也将把我们导向同样的经验领域。经验不断引领我们向前，对象以及我们对它们的观念可能通向同样的目标。观念在那种情况下成为捷径，我们越来越多地用它们来代替它们的对象；并且当这些观念连续穿过我们的心灵时，我们习惯性地放弃逐个地直接证实它们，因为如果一个观念像其对象一样引导我们，我们就可以借用普拉特先生的话说，那么在这种范围内对象像我们认为的那样，在这种范围内证实的观念也是足够真的。

普拉特先生将无疑接受这些事实中的大部分，但他会否认它们带有实用主义特征。当然，每个人都可以自由地下定义；但是我的实用主义真理观，从来都不会有别于我现在描述的样子；而且因为我比我的朋友

更早地使用了这个术语，我认为它应享有先行权。但是我怀疑，普拉特教授的主张并不仅仅涉及一个人必须怎样想才能被称作实用主义者。我确信，他认为真理关系中包含更多的东西，超出了我所说的根基能解释的范围。他认为，虽然状况的基体对检验真理是有用的，但它却不能建立真理关系本身，因为它是超验的且是“跳跃式的”。

比如有一个对象和一个观念，假设后者对前者来说是真的——你完全可以说它是永恒地和绝对地真。既然一个东西可以“像”另外一个东西，让我们假定这个对象尽量“像”观念所认为的那样。我现在正式请求普拉特教授告诉我，这种“像”本身存在于何处，因为在我看来它似乎应该存在于某些可指定的和可描述的东西中，而不应该依旧是个纯粹的秘密；我保证，如果他能为这个东西指定任何确定范围，我不能成功地将这一范围归为我在本文中称作经验的根基的具体体现，那么我将欣然地承认自己的愚蠢，而将同意永远不再发表任何与真理这个话题有关的文字。

二

普拉特教授在他的一整本书中再次回到类似指控，他的书思路清晰，态度温和，理应被看作超出了其他反实用主义的文献。我希望它可能是这样；因为它的作者承认我的全部基本主张，仅仅把我对真理的论述称之为“改良后的”席勒与杜威的实用主义，而后者则被他称为“激进的”实用主义类型。根据我自己对杜威与席勒的理解，尽管我们的陈述方式不同，可我们的观点是绝对一致的；但是不用说为朋友们辩护，我自已生活中的麻烦就已经够多的了，因此我就暂时任由普拉特教授去善意地解释他们的主张吧，尽管我认为这些解释都是完全错误的。涉及我个人的观点，我的回答可以是相当简短，因为我宁愿只涉及一些基本问题，而且，我在本文第一部分已经对他的那篇文章做出了反驳，普拉特教授的整本书几乎没有超越他在那篇文章中所谈的东西。

他重复了那种“像”的公式，似乎那是我和其他实用主义者所否认的东西，而我仅仅是要求那些在其重要性上坚持这样认为的人去做更多的事情，而不仅仅是表述它——比如去详细阐述它，告诉我们它如此大的重要性存在何处。我个人很乐意承认，一个观念要是真的，其对象就必须“像”其观念所宣称的那样，但是我把“像”解释为这一观念的可证实

性。

对于我提出的起证实作用的各种“作用”，普拉特博士并没有作任何否定，他只是坚持认为它们不能被用作真理关系的根基，既然如此，在事实方面我们似乎真的没有任何分歧，我们之间的分歧只是涉及可起作用或可证实性这个概念在多大程度上是“真实性”这一概念不可或缺的一部分——“真实性”是普拉特博士目前对真观念中“像”的特性一种称呼。我坚持认为，如果不提及观念起具体作用的可能性，那么“像”或真实性这一概念就没有任何意义。

举一个不涉及可能的作用的例子。假如我有一个观念，我用skrkl这个词称呼它，并同时声称它是真的。谁现在能说它是假的呢？在宇宙无法测度的某个深处，为什么就不会存在某个与skrkl相符合的对象，而且有普拉特教授所说的真实性呢？另一方面，谁又能说它是真的呢？因为谁又能将手放在那个对象上，并证明那个对象，而不是其他东西，是我的词所指的东西呢？但是，我们再问一句，如果有人说我用的词与另外的实在完全不相关，并把它当成是仅仅存在于我心中的一个事实，不具备任何认知功能，那么谁能反驳这个人呢？这三种情况中必然有一种是对那个词的表述。要使这个词不是不相关（或者在性质上不是认知性的），就必须提供某种它能指称的对象。假定被提供的对象，无论skrkl对它来说是真还是假，像普拉特教授所说的那样不取决于任何中介条件。真或假即使现在也是直接地、绝对地和肯定地存在于那里。

另一方面，我需要某种宇宙环境，来确定它们中哪个存在于那里，而不是完全不相关。然后我会说，首先，除非在skrkl与那个对象之间存在某种自然路径，它区别于穿越宇宙中所有实在的无数个其他的路径，把它们杂乱地连接在一起，否则那里就没有任何东西，来甚至构成它指称那个对象而不是其他对象的可能性。

其次我想说，除非它有某种遵循那条路径的倾向，否则就没有任何东西能构成它指称该对象的意图。

最后我想说，除非这条路径可能充满了挫折或鼓励，并提供某种最终的满足或矛盾，否则就没有东西能构成它与该对象的符合或不符合，或者能构成其真实性（或虚假性）被认为所依托的“像”（或“不像”）。

在回答我那个可怜的问题——即像这样一个重要的关系中是否不存在某种结构时，我想普拉特博士不能仅仅通过重复“真实性”这个词来回答我。路径、倾向、证实或矛盾的进程不一定在每一种情况下都能被完

整地体验到，可是，如果宇宙在其各种可能的装置中不包含它们，我看不出还剩什么样的逻辑材料来界定我的观念的真实性。但是，如果它的确包含它们，它们——并且只有它们——才是所需要的逻辑材料。

普拉特博士赋予观念中的抽象真实性——而不是具体的可证实性——以无与伦比的重要性，这使我非常困惑，我希望我能促使他对此作出解释。当然，它先于证实过程，但我所主张的可证实性也同样先于证实过程，正如一个人的“必死性”（这只不过是指他死亡的可能性）先于他的死亡，但是几乎不可能的情况是：所有可能性对其相应事实拥有的这种抽象的先存性，是一场持续的争论的焦点。我想，普拉特博士可能正在隐约思想比这更具体的东西。一种观念的真实性必须意指其内部能决定其作用倾向的明确的东西，并且确实是倾向于这个对象而不是其他对象。毫无疑问，观念中有某种这样的东西存在，正如人体中有某种东西使他产生死亡的倾向，面包中有某些东西使它产生滋养的倾向。那个东西从真理心理学上来看所成为的东西告诉我们：观念有其独有的关联物，无论是与运动神经有关的关联物，还是观念上的关联物；就其位置和本质而言，它倾向于将这些关联物逐个地激活；而它们的连续出现就是我们所说的观念的“作用”。根据它们本来的样子，观念中所内含真实性或虚假性就真相大白了。这些倾向还有更早的条件，一般来讲，可以从生物学、心理学和其发展历程上追溯这些条件。这整个自然的因果条件链条产生了一种必然的事态，在其中新的关系（不仅指因果关系）现在能被找到，或被引入其中，这些关系即我们认知论者研究的关系，包括适应关系、可替换性关系、工具性关系、指称关系和真理关系。

虽然没有先存的因果条件可能就不存在任何类型的认知——不论它是真或是假，但这些条件对下述问题来说仅仅是初步的：一旦遵从观念的这些倾向，到底什么东西使得观念成为真的还是假的。这些倾向无论如何必须以某种形态存在，但是根据它们最终具体成为的样子，它们的结果可以是真理、谬误、或是不相关。它们无论如何不是“跳跃的”，因为它们只是一个接一个地连续产生结果；而且直到整个联想串的最终结果——不管它是实际的或是潜在的——出现在我们的心目中，我们才能确定它在认识论上的意义可能是什么——如果它有这种意义的话。总而言之，真正的认识从本质上来说，即从其本身或“真正意义”上来讲，并非从一开始便存在于观念之中，正如真正意义上的必死性并非存在于人体内，或者真正意义上的营养并非存在于面包之中。某个其他东西先存

在于那里，根据具体情况，这个东西实际上走向认识、衰亡或营养。那种东西即是第一个词的“本质”，它可能是开启了这一连串因果过程的观念、人或者面包，当这个因果链完成时，它形成一个复杂的事实，我们赋予这个事实一个最贴切其状况的功能名称。另外一个本质开启另外一连串认知作用；继而要么是被认识的另外一个对象，要么是从另外一个角度被认识的同一个对象。

另外让我感到困惑的是，普拉特博士似乎指责杜威和席勒（我不确定他是否也指责我），说他们对真理的解释会使得为人所信的对象消失，即使对对象的信念是真的。他写道，“既然一个观念的真理性仅仅意指该观念起作用这一事实，那个事实就是你说该观念为真时所表达的全部意思（见第206页）。”“当你说该观念为真时”——批评者，这是说对你来说为真？还是对你描述的信任者为真呢？在这方面，批评者的麻烦似乎源自于他没有在联系中看待“真”这个词，而实用主义者总是指“对经历那些作用的人来说为真”。“可是，这个对象实际上是不是真的呢？”批评者似乎又要问，好像是实用主义者注定要将整个本体论投放到其认知论之上，并告诉我们何种实在毋庸置疑地存在着。对此，恰当的回答似乎是：“一次只谈同一个领域里的问题”。

普拉特博士的另一个麻烦也应给予注意，它涉及到对象的“超越”。当我们的观念已经起作用，使我们在对象近旁直面它时，普拉特博士会问，“那时，我们与它的关系是移动的还是跳跃的呢？”如果你的头痛就是我的对象，“我的经验从你的经验开始处停下来”，普拉特博士写道，而且“这个事实非常重要，因为它阻止了过渡和完成的感觉，而这种感觉在实用主义对认识的描述中构成了一个非常重要的成分——这种完成的感觉归因于从原初的观念向被认识对象的持续过渡。如果在我认识你的头痛时能产生这种感觉的话，它不是与对象一起出现的，而是处于‘认知论鸿沟’的我这边。这个鸿沟仍然有待跨越”。（第158页）

当然，在某天——甚至在现在，在宇宙中更为广阔的生活中的某处，不同人的头痛可能成为汇合的或者是“共意识的”。然而，此时此刻，头痛的确超越了彼此，而且当我们感觉不到它的时候，就只能从概念上认识它。我的观念是你真的患有头痛；我从你的表情上和你说的话中可以看出它的作用；但是它却不能让我占有头痛本身。尽管头痛不能总体上超越人类的经验，我还是离它有一段距离，它“超越”了我。但是，这里的“鸿沟”是实用主义认识论本身以最初用的词语所固定好的东

西：它说必须有一个对象和一个观念存在。然而，这个观念并不直接跃过鸿沟，它只是一个接一个地发挥作用，以便能以完整地或近似地的方式在这个鸿沟上架起桥梁。如果它能架起这座桥梁，根据实用主义者对其假想的论域的看法，它就能被称作一个“真”观念。如果它只是有可能而实际上没有架起这座桥梁，或者只是明显地把一座桥梁抛向这道鸿沟，那么在旁观的实用主义者眼中，它仍然只是有普拉特教授所说的“真实性”。但是，如果你因此问实用主义者说：当观念不能与对象实现有形结合时，它是否实际上是真的或有实际的真实性，即实用主义者所假设的并且他假定那个他所假定的思想者所相信的头痛是否是真的，问实用主义者这样的问题就等于走出他假想的论域，而迈入一个完全不同的自然事实的世界中。

第八章　实用主义对真理的阐释及其误解者

我在名为《实用主义》一书中对真理的解释继续遭遇到持续的误解，我在此忍不住要对此做出最后的简短回应。我的观念也许应该遭到批驳，但是如果它们没有被正确地理解，它们就不能得到合理的批评。目前的误解有一个怪异的特点，它表明人们对于实用主义采取的具体立场是多么不熟悉。熟悉一个概念的人会在其中游刃有余，一个暗示就能使他们彼此会意，谈话时也不必处处小心。从结果来看，我不得不承认我们过于相信人们的智慧，结果在很大地方用词不慎。我们本不应该表达得太简略。批评者对我们使用的每一个词吹毛求疵，只关注我们的话语中使用的词，而拒绝体会其精神实质。这似乎表明他们对我们的整个观点纯粹不熟悉。我认为这也表明，第二个阶段的反对意见不够诚恳；这种反对意见表达在这样一句陈腐的话中，即实用主义的“新的不是真的，而真的不新”。如果我们没有在任何程度上说出新的东西，我们的意思为什么又是如此绝望地难以理解呢？不能把责任一股脑地推到我们话语的含混上，因为我们在其他话题上成功地为人所理解。但是，报复性的指责是低级趣味的表现；就我个人而言，我肯定我提到的这些误解是下述原因造成的，即在我那本由通俗的演讲汇编而成的书里，真理学说被许多其他见解包裹着，但它未必包含这些见解，结果读者很自然地感到困惑。我对此应该承担责任，还同样应该对遗漏一些明显的告诫负责，对此下文现在将作出部分补充。

误解一：实用主义只不过是实证主义的翻版。

这似乎是最常见的错误。怀疑论、实证主义、不可知论在以下方面与普通的教条式的理性主义是一致的，即它们都预先假定，每个人都知道“真理”这个词的意思，它不需要进一步的解释。但是这样的话，前几种学说或者是暗示或者是宣称，真正的真理，即绝对的真理，对我们来说是不可知的，我们只能欣然接受相对的或现象的真理作为离它最近的最佳替代物。这被怀疑论当作是不能令人满意的事态，而实证主义和不可知论却对此很满足，把真正的真理称作酸葡萄，认为现象真理足以满足我们所有的“实际”目的。

事实上，没有比实用主义对真理的阐述离所有这些更远的了。它的论点完全是以前就有的。它在那些其他理论开始的地方停了下来，满足

于对真理一词的定义。它问道，“无论宇宙中存在的心灵拥有真理与否，真理的观念理想地说到底指什么意思？”“万一真的判断存在的话，它们是什么样的东西？”实用主义提供的答案旨在涵盖能想象出的最完备的真理，你可以称之为“绝对”真理，以及最相对和不完美描述的真理。假如真理的确存在它究竟是个什么样子，这个问题显然属于一个纯粹思辨的探究领域。它不是一个关于某种实在的理论，也不是有关什么样的认识实际上是可能的的理论；它完全从特殊词语中抽象而出，对其中两个间可能存在的关系的本质进行界定。

正如康德关于综合判断的问题是以前的哲学家没有想到的一样，实用主义者的问题非常微妙，迄今为止还没有引起注意，而且它是如此微妙，以至于现在公开讨论它的时候，那些教条主义者和怀疑论者似乎都没能理解它，他们认为实用主义者正在探讨完全不同的东西。他们指出（我在引用一位批评者的原话），实用主义者坚持认为，“更大的问题是人类的智慧无法解决的，我们对真正认识的需要是虚假的、空幻的，我们的理性不能深入到实在的根基，因此不得不完全转向行动。”没有比这种误解再糟糕的了。

误解二：实用主义主要是对行动的诉求。

我不得不承认，“实用主义”这个词暗示着行动，这个名称是一个无奈的选择，所以才导致了这样的误解。可是，如果批评者对这种研究的本质视而不见，用什么样的词都不能保护这一个学说免受批评；当席勒博士谈起观念的有效“作用”时，批评者想到的唯一事情是它们在物质环境下的直接作用：它们能使我们挣到钱，或者获取类似的“实际”利益。当然，观念的确能这样起作用，无论是直接地还是间接地；但是它们也在心灵世界里不确定地起作用。我们的批评者忽视了这一基本见解，他们认为我们的观点总体上只适用于工程师、医生、金融家和行动者，这些人需要某种粗糙的、现成的世界观，但却没有时间和智慧去研究纯哲学。这通常被描述为典型的美国运动，是一种被剪短尾巴的思想体系，对大街上的普通人极其适合，因为他们天生痛恨理论，想立即得到金钱上的回报。

当然，实用主义起初提出的高雅理论问题一旦被解答，一些次级的实际结果就会接踵而至。研究表明，在称作真理的这一函数中，以前的实在不是唯一的自变量。由于我们的观念是实在，它们在一定程度上也是自变量，而且，正像它们遵从并适合其他实在，其他实在也在一定程

度上遵从并适合它们。当它们把自己添加于存在之上，它们部分地重新决定了存在物，结果，实在作为一个整体看上去不能被完整地加以界定，除非观念也一直被考虑在内。这种实用主义的学说把我们的观念展示为实在的补充要素，它为人的行动打开了一个宽阔的窗口（既然思想是行动的促动者），也为思想上的独创性创造了丰富的机会。但是，没有比忽视先前的认识论大厦更愚蠢的做法了，因为这些大厦就是窗口所在之处；认为实用主义开始并结束于这个窗口也同样愚蠢。然而，我们的批评者几乎无一例外地这样做了。他们忽视了我们首要的一步及其动机，把与行动的联系看作是首要的，而这只不过是我们的次要成就。

误解三：实用主义者放弃了信奉外显实在的权利。

在批评者看来，通过使我们信念的真理性取决于其可证实性，即这些信念对我们确实起作用的那种可证实性，实用主义者放弃了信奉外显实在的权利。斯托特教授在1897年10月的《心灵》杂志上发表了一篇本来应该倍受赞赏和令人鼓舞的评论，但是它批评席勒说，这种对真理的看法可能引导席勒（如果他真正意识到其学说的效果的话）走向荒唐的后果，使他不能真正相信另外一个人患有头痛，即使头痛真正存在于那个人身上。席勒只能“假定”头痛的存在，而这样做是为了这个假设对他自己具有的操作价值。这个假设引导者他的某些行为，并导向有利的结果；但是他一旦完全明白这个假设仅仅（！）在这个意义上是真的，那个他人真正患有头痛这个事实对他来说就不再（或不应该再）是真的。使得这个假设极其珍贵的一切然后都会消失：他对其同伴的兴趣“变成伪装下的自私自利，他的世界变得冷酷、无趣、无情。”

这种反对意见给实用主义的论域带来了奇怪的混乱。在那个论域里，实用主义者发现了患有头痛或其他感觉的人，也发现了假定那种感觉存在的另外一个人。问到在什么条件下这个假设是“真的”时，实用主义者回答说，至少对假设者来说，该假设的真只与相信它在他身上产生的满意度的更大总和成正比。这里令人满意的是什么东西呢？当然是指相信假设对象的存在，即相信另一个人的真正存在的感觉。但是，只要不信“使这个世界对他来说变得冷酷、无趣、无情”（用斯托特教授的话来说），那么不相信那种感觉的存在如何能令他满意呢（尤其是如果假设者本人是一位彻头彻尾的实用主义者的话）？根据实用主义的原则，不信在这种条件下是相当不可能的，除非世界已经因其他理由可能被弄得冷酷无情。而且，相信头痛对实用主义者的论域所假定的主体来说是

真的，既然这种信念对为了认识论目的而假定这整个论域存在的实用主义者来说也是真的，那么它在那个论域中为什么不是绝对真的？被相信的头痛是那里的一个实在，没有任何存在的心灵会不相信它，无论是批评者的心灵还是其批评对象的心灵。在我们的这个现实世界里，我们的批评者还能拿出对真理的更好解释呈现给我们吗？

第三个误解就讲到这里，它只不过是下一个更广泛误解的具体表现。

误解四：实用主义者在认识论上都不可能是实在论者。

这被认为是产生于实用主义的一个论断，即我们信念的真理性一般来说在于信念能带来满意。当然，满意本身是一个主观条件；由此可以得出结论，真理整个都存在于主体之中，主体随后可以随意制造真理。这样，真信念就变成了随意的偏好，割断了对经验的其他部分应负的所有责任。

很难原谅对实用主义见解的这种拙劣解释，因为这是对实用主义论域的断章取义。构成该论域的语汇肯定不允许对那里所定义的认识的功能做出非实在论的解释。在那里，采取实用主义的立场的认识论者设定了一个实在和一个拥有观念的心灵。现在他问，什么能使得这些观念对那个实在来说是真的呢？一般的认识论满足于一种模糊的陈述，它会说观念必须要“符合”或“一致”；而实用主义者则坚持更具体的东西，他会问这种“符合”可能具体意味着什么。他首先发现，观念必须指向或导向那个实在，而不是其他；他然后发现，这些指向和导向必须带来满意作为结果。至此，实用主义者几乎与那位无精打采的普通认识论者同样抽象；但是随着他进一步界定自己的观点，他变得更加具体。理智主义者与他的整个争论涉及这个具体性，理智主义主张，更含混、更抽象的解释在这里是更深刻的解释。具体的指向和导向被实用主义者看作是实在和心灵归属的同一个世界的其他部分的作用，充当中介并起证实作用的这些经验片段，使居于一端的心灵和居于另一端的实在结合在一起。至于“满意”，它根本不是指由某个不确指的存在所感觉到的一般意义上抽象的满意，而被认为是由具体存在的人实际上在他们的信念中确实找到的各种满意（注意这个词是复数形式）组成。由于人天生习惯于事实，我们发现相信其他人的心智、独立的物质实在、过去的事件、永恒的逻辑关系能令人满意。我们发现希望令人满意。我们经常发现停止怀疑令人满意。最重要的是，我们发现一致性令人满意，这种一致是目前的观

念与我们心理才智的整个其他部分之间的一致，包括我们的所有感觉，对于像与不像的直观感觉，以及我们以前获取的所有真理。

实用主义者也是人，一般来说，他也会想象自己对“实在”的信念比反对者的更真，这种信念构成了他讨论认识论的基础，因此，他愿意把我们的各种满意当作导向实在的可能真正真实的向导，而不是仅对我们来说真实的向导。他的反对者似乎在此有义务明确地说明，既然这些满意是我们的主观感受，它们为何不能产生“客观的”真理。满意所伴随的信念“设定”了假设的实在，与它相“符合”并“一致”，以完全确定和可指派的方式“适合”于它，这一切都要通过构成其证实过程的一连串思想和行动实现；因此，仅仅靠坚持抽象地而不是具体地使用这些词语，根本不能将实用主义者赶出战场——他更具体的解释实质上包括了其批评者的解释。如果我们的批评者对某个真理有什么确定的观念，比我们提出的那种真理观有更客观的基础，他们为什么不能更雄辩地把它表达出来呢？从他们的立场来看，他们令人想起黑格尔所说的一个人，那个人想要“水果”，但拒绝接受樱桃、梨子和葡萄，因为它们不是抽象意义上的水果。我们给他们一满罐一夸脱的东西，而他们却嚷嚷着要空洞的一夸脱容量。

可是，我此处听到某个批评者反驳如下：“如果各种满意是产生真理所需要的一切，那么对于错误经常令人满意这一众所周知的事实你做何解释呢？再者，另外一个同样众所周知的事实是某些真信念可能导致最痛苦的不满，你又对此做何解释呢？可见，不是信念所带来的满意，而是信念与实在的关系，是决定它真的一切，这不是明摆着的事儿吗？假如不存在这种实在，而满意仍然存在：那么这些满意不就有效地产生假了吗？这样，它们能被明确地当作真理的创造者吗？正是一个信念与实在的固有关系，给我们带来了那种特定的真理-满意，与之相比，所有其他满意都是最空洞的谎言。因此，真正地认识带来的满意是实用主义者应该考虑的唯一东西。实用主义的反对者很乐意承认满意是一种心理情绪，但是，它他仅承认它是真理的伴生物，而不是其构成部分。构成真理的不是情绪，而是正确地认知实在的纯逻辑或客观功能，实用主义者显然没能将这一功能降低到更低的价值。”

像这样的反实用主义论调在我看来是一连串混淆。首先，当实用主义者说“不可或缺的”时，他弄混了这个词与“充分的”。实用主义者说各种满意对真理的确立是不可或缺的，但是我在各处都说过它们是不充分

的，除非也附带导向实在。如果假定的实在被从实用主义者的论域里取消，他会直接给剩余的信念冠以虚假之名，而不顾它们带来的所有满意。无论对他还是对他的批评者来说，如果不存在能判定真的东西，就无所谓真理。除非某个被反映的物质给观念以认知上的光耀，否则观念只不过是平淡无奇心理的平面。这解释了我作为实用主义者为什么从一开始如此小心翼翼地设定“实在”这个概念，以及为什么在整个讨论过程中我一直在认识论上是一名实在论者。

反实用主义者还犯了另一个混淆错误：当我们着手向他解释真理的正式意义时，他错误地想象我们同时想为它提供一个保证，试图定义出他能有把握地在物质上占有真理的场合。我们让真理依赖于如此“独立的”一个实在，以至于当它存在时，真理才能产生，当它消失时，真理也会随之消失，这令反实用主义者这种幼稚的期望落了空，所以他判定我们的描述是不令人满意的。我怀疑，在这种混淆背后存在着更深刻的混乱，即不能充分区分真理和实在这两个概念。实在不是真的，它们只存在；信念对它们来说才能为真。但是我怀疑，在反实用主义者的心目中，这两个概念有时互换了它们的特性。我担心，实在本身被当作是“真的”，而真的被当作了实在。然后他们假定，只要你告诉了我们其中一个，就等于是告诉了我们另外一个；真观念必须以某种方式成为，或者至少不靠外来帮助就能产生，它在认知上拥有的那个实在。

对这种绝对唯心主义的要求，实用主义只能用其无可奈何的态度表示反对。实用主义认为，如果存在真理，实在和有关实在的信念必须协力去创造它；但是，实用主义绝不会自以为能确定是否存在真理，或者确定一个人怎样确保自己的信念拥有真理。那种卓越的真理-满意——它可能使一个信念在其他方面令人不满，被实用主义者简单地解释为对一致状态的一种感觉，这种一致指与从前的真理或假定的真理之间的一致，而个人全部的过去经验可能使他拥有了这些真理。

但是，此处实用主义者的敌人会问：所有的实用主义者难道不都确定自己的信念是正确的吗？这使我们过渡到下一个误解。

误解五：实用主义者所说的跟他们这样说是不一致的。

一个与我通信的人表达其反对意见如下，“当你对听众们说‘实用主义是有关真理的真理’时，第二个真理有别于第一个真理。有关第二个真理，你和听众之间不存在分歧；你没有给听众自由，听凭他们根据真理对他们各自的使用是否满意地产生作用，对真理进行自由取舍。可是，

应该描述并包括第二个真理的第一个真理却肯定了这种自由。因此，你说话的意图似乎与内容之间存在矛盾。”

一般的怀疑论总是会受到这种典型的诘难。理性主义者对怀疑论者说，“每当你们表达怀疑的立场时，你不得不将之教条化；于是，你的生活总是不断与你的论点发生矛盾。”人们可以料想，如此陈腐的论点根本无力消解一般怀疑论在世界上的影响，这种状况很可能使某些理性主义者自身开始怀疑，这类即时的逻辑反驳究竟在扼杀鲜活的思想态度上是否是致命的方式。一般怀疑论是一种拒绝得出结论的活生生的思想态度。它是意志的永久冬眠，在对连续出现的每一个论题的反应中一点一点地觉醒，你无法用逻辑消灭它，正像你不能消除固执或恶作剧一样。这是它特别恼人的原因。持一贯怀疑立场的人从不会把自己的怀疑态度表述为形式化的命题：他只是把它当作一个习惯。他本来可以很容易地跟我们一起说“是”，而他却带着挑战的姿态退缩回去，但是他又不是没有逻辑的或愚蠢的；相反，他经常以其理智上的优越给我们留下深刻印象。这是理性主义者不得不面对的真正怀疑论，而他们的逻辑甚至没有触及到它。

逻辑也不再能消除实用主义者的行为：他说话的行为远远没有发生矛盾，而是准确地为他谈论的事情提供了例证。他谈的到底是什么事情？其中的一部分是：当具体看待真理时，它是我们信念的一种性质，而这些信念又是伴随各种满意而产生的各种态度。周围聚集着满意的那些观念主要只是一些假设，这些假设挑战或召唤即将产生并以假设为基础的信念。实用主义者的真理观就是这样一种挑战。他发现接受这一挑战是令他极度满意的，并依此表明自己的立场。但是，人是善于交际的，他们试图传播自己的信念，引起模仿，影响他人。实用主义者想，你为什么不也发现这个信念是令人满意的呢？并立刻努力改变你的信念。这样，你和他将产生同样的信念；你站在真理的主观性一端，如果实在同时存在并站在真理的客观性一端，那么你的一端将成为客观的、不可颠覆的真理。我必须承认，我在这一切中没有发现任何自相矛盾。在我看来，恰恰相反，实用主义者表达自己观点的行为令人羡慕地展示了他的普遍公式；在所有认识论者中，他也许是唯一一位无可指责地前后一致的人。

误解六：实用主义并不解释真理是什么，而是只解释如何达到真理。

事实上，实用主义对二者都做出解释，告诉我们如何达到真理时也附带着告诉了我们真理是什么，因为，如果不知道真理是什么，它怎样被达到呢？如果我告诉你如何到达火车站，我不是也隐含地告诉了你什么——即那个建筑物的存在和性质了吗？当然，“如何”这个抽象的词与同样抽象的“什么”这个词不是同一个意思，但是在具体事实的论域，你不可能将“如何”与“什么”分割开来。我发现相信任何观念为真能令我满意的理由，即我如何达到了那个真理，可能恰恰是这个观念实际上是真的一些理由。如果不是这样，就请反实用主义者向我清楚地解释一下其中的不可能性。

在我看来，他的麻烦似乎主要产生于他固有的无能：他不能理解一个具体的陈述如何可能像一个抽象陈述那样有丰富的意义和价值。我在上文说，我们和批评者之间的主要分歧是具体之于抽象的争论。现在是进一步展开这一讨论的时候了。

就目前的问题来看，由观念引起的经验的联系在观念和实在之间起着中介作用，这些联系构成了——并且对实用主义者来说就是——观念与那个实在之间可能产生的具体真理关系。实用主义者指出，当我们说观念“指向”实在、“适合”它、与它“相符合”或“一致”时，我们指的就是这些联系——这些联系或其他类似起中介作用的各种系列的证实过程。这些中介事件使观念成为“真的”。如果观念存在的话，它本身也是一个具体的事件：因此实用主义者坚持认为，单数的真理对复数的真理来说只不过是一个集合名称，后者总是由各种系列确定的事件组成；他认为，理智主义所说的任何一种这类系列的真理——即内在的真理，只不过是一个抽象的名称，用来指它实际的真实性，指这样一个事实：那里的观念以我们认为满意的方式确实导向了所假定的实在。

实用主义者本人并不反对抽象。粗略地讲，或“简而言之”，他像其他人一样依赖抽象，在无数情况下他发现，抽象东西的相对空洞使它们成为他所遇到的太多事实的有用替代品。但是他从不赋予它们更高层次的实在性。对他来说，真理的完全实在性总是某中证实的过程，其中真正连接观念和对象的抽象属性以起作用的形式得以体现。同时，能抽象地并脱离其作用来谈论其属性，发现它们在无数情况下是相同的，使它们“脱离时间限制”，谈论它们与其他类似的抽象东西之间的关系，这些做法也是永远有用的。因此，我们就形成了事前的柏拉图式理念的整个世界，一些可能的世界，虽然它们都只有在事物中才有效地存在着。那

里存在着每个人都经验不到的无数种关系，例如，在音乐关系的无限世界里，安肯·冯·塔罗的音符早在普通人的耳朵听到它们之前就是一个优美动人的旋律了。未来的音乐现在也这样沉睡在那里，等待着事后被唤醒。或者说，如果我们看一看几何关系的世界，π的第1000位数就沉睡在那里，虽然还没有人试图计算出它来。或者说，如果我们举出“适合”的世界作为例子，有无数件外衣“适合”人的臂膀，有无数双靴子“适合”人的脚，虽然它们并不一定实际上被试穿过；有无数块石头“适合”墙上的洞，虽然没有人实际上曾经将它们塞入其中。同样地，有无数见解“适合”实在，有无数真理是有效的，虽然还没有人思想它们。

对反实用主义者来说，这些先验的永恒关系都是对具体关系的预设，拥有意义深刻的尊严和价值。我们的观念在证实过程中的实际作用，与在这些关系中这种无形真理的“获得”相比，简直就是一钱不值。

相反，对实用主义者来说，所有这些无形的真理是静止的、苍白无力的、相当空洞的，而充分的真理是给人以活力、富有战斗力的真理。假如真理永远处于那种以基本的、超越时间的“一致”为特点的储藏库里，从来没有体现在人的活生生的观念为证实自身而开展的奋力搏斗中，那么，人们能否设想真理的沉睡性质已经被抽象或冠以名称呢？当然，假如在我们的世界里没有臂膀、脚或墙洞去被适合，“适合”的抽象属性也不会被冠以任何名称。存在的真理是伴随见解之间的实际竞争而产生的。基本的真理，即理智主义者所说的真理，也就是那些没有人思想的真理，就像一件适合的外衣，虽然还没有人试穿过它，就像尚没有耳朵听过的音乐一样。它不如被证实的东西更真实，而不是比它更真实；把更高程度的荣耀赋予它似乎无异于一种不近情理的抽象崇拜。同样地，一支铅笔也可能坚持认为，外部轮廓在所有图形描述中是不可或缺的东西，它指责油画笔或照相机忽略了轮廓，忘记了它们的画不仅包含整个轮廓，也包括上百个其他东西。实用主义的真理包含了理智主义真理的全部和上百个其他的东西。可见，理智主义的真理只不过是可能的实用主义真理。在无数情况下，人会用可能的真理或可证实性代替证实过程或实际的真理，对于这一事实，除了实用主义者之外其他人不会过于看重：因为他强调这一习惯的实际效用。但是，他并不会因为这个原因而认为可能的真理（这种真理不够有活力，还没有被确认、被质疑或被驳斥）在形而上学上是先验的东西，而实际的真理对它来说只是派生的和从属的，当理智主义者这样做的时候，实用主义者指责他们颠倒

了真实的关系。可能的真理仅仅意味着实际的真理；实用主义者坚持认为，实际的真理在逻辑次序上以及在存在的次序上都处于优先地位。

误解七：实用主义忽视了理论兴趣。

如果不是因为使用“实用主义”这个词时的语言倾向，如果不是因为我们即兴的语言习惯过多地指望读者的宽宏大量，这种指责绝对是肆意的诽谤。当我们说观念的意义在于它们“实际的”结果时，或者提到我们的信念给我们带来的“实际的”不同时；当我们说一个信念的真理性在于其“作用”价值等等时，我们使用的语言显然有些太粗心，因为我们用“实际的”这个词时几乎被一致地认为它与理论的或纯认知的是对立的，人们如期地得出结论，认为我们眼中的真理与任何独立的实在、其他任何真理或任何其他的东西都没有关系，它们只与我们可能视为基础的行为有关，或者与它们可能带来的满意有关。我们被指责说，根据我们荒唐的实用主义认识论，假如观念的结果是令人满意的，仅仅它本身的存在就能证明其完全的真理性。把这种垃圾观点郑重地扣到我们头上，还源于两个其他状况。首先，观念从狭义上来讲确实是有实际用途，这有时包括假的观念，但是最常包括我们能用其全部引导的总数加以证实的那些观念，以及其对象的实在性可因此被认为是确定无疑的那些观念。这些观念应该先于并独立于其效用而是真的，或者说它们的对象应该真正存在于那里，这恰恰是这些观念有那种效用的条件：它们连接我们的对象是如此重要，以至于充当对象替代物的观念也变得重要起来。观念的这种实际作用方式是促使原始人在心目中喜欢真理的第一个原因；而这种后继的效用埋藏于真信念所典型地表现出的所有其他好的作用中。

第一个导向误解的状况是席勒和杜威对下述事实的强调：除非真理与心灵的暂时困境相关，除非真理与“实际的”情境密切相关——这里指的是一种相当特殊的困惑，否则极力促使该真理产生就没有任何意义。它与同样状况下的假一样都不能有效地满足我们的兴趣。可是，我们的困境和困惑为什么在此不能是理论上的且同时也是狭义地实际上的呢？我希望我们的批评者能对此做出解释。他们仅仅是假定实用主义者都对纯理论不感兴趣。我使用过观念的“兑现价值”这个词，一个给我写信的人请求我放弃这种用法，“因为每一个都认为你仅仅指金钱上的得失”。我说过真是“方便的思维方式”，对此，另外一位学识渊博的写信人做出下述反驳：

“方便这个词没有别的意思，仅指自利。对它的追求最终以全国银行

的一些官员进入监狱而告终。一种导向这种结果的哲学肯定是不健全的。”

但是，“实际的”这个词习惯上用起来很松散，以至于使用它时有更大的随意性也是意料之中的。当人说一个病人现在实际上已经康复了，或者说一个事业实际上已经失败了，这个人通常的意思跟“实际上”的字面意思恰好相反。他的意思是，虽然在严格的实际意义上他说的话不是真的，但在理论上它却是真的，它实质上是真的，并且肯定是真的。所谓实际的，他通常指明显具体的、个体的、特殊的、有效的，这与抽象的、一般的、无效的形成鲜明对比。至于我自己，每当我强调真理的实践性质时，我心里主要就是这样想的。“实用”是复数的东西；在前面提到的那次加州的讲座中，我把实用主义描述为持下述观点，即任何命题的意义总是能被归结为我们未来的实际经验（不管是被动的还是主动的经验）中的某个特定结果，我又特意附加了下述限定性的话：重要的是在于经验必须是具体的这样一个事实，而不在于经验必须是主动的这样一个事实——这里“主动的”指狭义的字面意义上的“实际的”。但是特殊的结果完全可能是具有理论性质。我们从观念中推理出的每一个遥远的事实，都是我们的心灵实际上在向着它摸索的一个特定的理论结果。如果一个新的见解为真，我们知道自己将不得不放弃我们以前的见解，每一个旧见解的丢弃都是一个特殊的理论结果，也是一个特殊的实际结果。除了对自由呼吸的兴趣之外，人最大的兴趣（因为像他其他的生物兴趣一样它可能浮动或减弱）是他对一致性的兴趣，这使他感觉到，他现在所想的跟他在其他场合下想的是一致的。我们不厌其烦地为这一个目的把真理比来比去。目前可供选择的信念可能与第一原则相矛盾吗？它同第二事实相适应吗？等等。这里，特殊的操作过程涉及纯逻辑上的分析、演绎、比较等过程，而且，虽然一般术语可以被随意使用，但是备选观念令人满意的实际作用，却存在于每一个连续的具体理论结果所产生的意识中。因此，如果反复说实用主义不考虑纯理论兴趣，这简直就是白痴。实用主义所要坚持的就是，实际的真实意味着证实，而证实总是特殊的。即使在纯理论的问题上，它坚持认为，含糊性和一般性都用来证实不了任何东西。

误解八：实用主义被关闭在唯我论之中

在上文提到第三、四个误解时我已经谈到了这一误解，但是这里做些补充是有帮助的。这种反对意见容易包裹在如下言辞中：“你们让真理

存在于除了认知价值本身以外的每一种价值中；你们总是让认识者远离实在的对象很多步（或至少也是一步之遥）；你们尽力所能做的只是让认识者的观念把他带向对象；而这个对象永远外在于他，”等等。

我认为，这里起发酵作用的是根深蒂固的理智主义信条，即为了认识一个实在，一个观念必须以某种神秘莫测的方式拥有它或成为它。对实用主义来说，这种合二为一是无关紧要的。通常，我们的认知只是失去平衡并向着真正的目标移动的心智过程；目标的实在性是这类心智状态所相信的，它只能由某个更广博的认识者才能保证。但是，如果根本没有现存的理由怀疑某些信念，那么只有从任何东西都可能无论如何是真的这一意义上来讲，这些信念才是真的，即它们实际上、具体地为真。它们没有必要在某种同一哲学的神秘混杂意义上是真的；也没有任何可理解的理由，说明它们除了可证实地和实际地真之外还需要什么其他方式的真。拥有其存在是实在的本分；而思想的本分是通过无数种证实路径与实在发生“接触”。

我担心，实用主义的“人道主义”发展在这里可能产生某种困难。我们只有通过其他真理才能达到一个真理；实在被永久地假定为我们的全部真理必须与之保持接触的东西，它可能从来不会被给予我们，除非以我们目前正在检验的真理形式以外的形式。但是，既然席勒博士已经证明，我们所有的真理，即使最基本的真理，都受到了带有人类协同因素的种族遗传影响，因此实在本身可能仅仅作为一种限制而出现；它可能被认为萎缩成只是一个对象的处所，被认识的东西被认为仅仅是我们填充这个处所所用的心灵物质。必须承认，受这种人道主义方式驱动的实用主义，与唯我论是相容的。它与康德哲学的不可知论部分、与当代的不可知论、与一般的唯心主义也是交手相好的。但是，在这种方式的驱使下，它就是有关实在问题的一种形而上学理论，远远脱离了实用主义对认识功能的本质的适度分析，因为这种分析可以同样协调地与对实在的非人道主义解释结合在一起。实用主义优点之一是其纯粹的认识论性质。它必须假定实在的存在；但是它对实在的构成没有任何先入之见，最多样化的形而上学也能把它用作自己的基础。它肯定跟唯我论没有任何特殊的密切联系。

我回顾自己写下的东西时，感到其中很多东西都能奇怪，好像最显而易见的东西都是以一种屈就的态度写成的，以至于读者很可能嘲笑我虚夸的言辞。然而，这也许是因为我们这种彻底的具体性还不是那么显

而易见。实用主义的整个独创性，即其整个论点，在于它使用了看待事物的具体方式。它开始于具体，回到具体，终于具体。席勒博士提到真理有两个“实际的”特点：（1）与情境相的关联，（2）后继的效用；他这样做只是在为我们向具体性的杯子倒满水。一旦你拿起那只杯子，就不会误解实用主义。具体地想象世界的能力似乎本来应该是一种很平常的能力，足以使读者更好地理解我们，就好像是他们本来能够读懂我们的字里行间意思，并能更正确地猜测我们的思想是什么，尽管我们在表达上用了很多不妥的言辞。但是天啊！既然不能天遂人愿，我们只能像德国小调里所唱的那样想：

“真实太糟了，本来不应该是这样。”

重印自《哲学评论》1908年1月（17卷，第一页）。

此处，我看到一个阻断一种批评的机会，有些人可能批评《实用主义》第三讲的内容，在第96 - 100页我曾说，“上帝”和“物质”可以被看作是同义词，只要没有不同的未来效果能从这两个概念中推导出。文章由我在加州哲学协会的讲话整理而成，重印于《哲学研究》第一卷，第673页。刚刚做完这次演讲我就觉察到那部分中存在一个缺陷；但是，我此后并没有修正过这篇东西，因为这个错误并不损害它的解释价值。这一缺陷在下列情况下就变得一目了然：为了与无神的宇宙做一个类比，我曾设想一个我称作“自动爱人”东西，那时一个没有灵魂的躯体，与一个栩栩如生的少女绝对难以区分，她笑谈、害羞、看护我们，能机智、甜美地履行女性的各种职责，就好像她是有灵魂的。会有人把她看作完全等同于少女吗？当然不会；为什么？因为根据我们先天的造化，我们的个人倾向使我们首先会向往内在的同情、认可、爱和羡慕。外部的待遇主要被当作是一种表现而加以珍视，一种对被相信的伴随意识的展示。这样，从实用主义的角度来看，对自动爱人的信念是不能产生作用的，而且实际上也没有人把它作为一个严肃的假设而对待。无神的宇宙会是完全相似的。即使物质能做上帝所做的每一件外部的事情，有关它的观念也不会能令人满意地产生作用，因为现代人对上帝的需要主要是为了获得一个存在，这个存在将在内心中承认他们，并同情地评判他们。物质会让我们自我的这种向往失望，因此上帝对大多数人来说继续是更真实的假设，而且为了特定的实用目的永远是如此。

我几乎无需提醒读者，感官-知觉和理想关系（如对比等）的知觉都应该被归为实在。我们心智“存货”的总量由涉及这些词语的各种真理组

成。

“实际的”这个词的歧义性清楚地表现在最近的一个人的下述话语中，他自称是我们观点的报告人：“实用主义是盎格鲁 - 撒克逊人的思想传统对拉丁人思想传统中的理智主义和理性主义的一种反应……人，作为每一个个体的人，都是事物的尺度。他能设想的仅仅是相对真理，也就是幻觉。这些幻觉的价值是由个人的实践而不是由一般的理论显现给他。实用主义在于经验这些心灵的幻觉，并通过把它们付诸实践来遵守它们，这样的实用主义是一种没有语言的哲学，是手势和行为的哲学，它摈弃了一般，而只坚持特殊。”（见布尔多，《论坛杂志》，1907年10月29日）

的确，感觉可能拥有它们的对象或者与它们合并，常识会做出这样的假设；概念之间在直觉上的差别可能与“永恒的”客观差别合并；但是为了简化我们的讨论，这里我们能对这些非常特殊的认识实例进行抽象。

先验唯心主义者认为，有限的心智状态以某种难以解释的方式与无限的全知者获得同一，他发现，自己不得不设定这样一个全知者，以便为他所理解的认识关系提供一个根基。实用主义者可以对同一性问题保持开放的心态；但是如果他们想证明一个认识的实例，他们不能没有更广博的认识者，正像他们不能没有实在一样。对成为他们认识论的材料的论域来说，他们本人扮演了绝对认识者的角色。他们确保实在的存在，也确保主体对该实在的认识存在于那里。但是，他们自己说的有关那个论域的话在客观上是不是真的，即实用主义的真理理论是否确实为真，这却是他们不能保证的——他们只是相信它。他们只能作为有待证实的、不确定的东西或者根据其结果可能确认它的方式向他们的听众提出它，正像我向我的读者提出它一样。

第九章　真理一词的意义

我对真理的阐述是一种实在论立场，而且在认识论上遵循了常识性的二元论。假设我对你说“事物存在”--这句话是不是真的呢？你怎么判断呢？只有当该陈述进一步展开其意义的时候，它才能被确定为真的、假的或与实在完全无关。但是，如果你现在问我“是什么事物？”我回答说“是一张桌子”；如果你问“在哪里？”，我指向一个地方；如果你问“它是物质上的存在，还是想象中的存在？”，我回答说“物质上的存在”；如果我进而说“我指的是那张桌子”，然后抓住一张桌子摇晃，就是那张你看到我描绘的桌子；那么，你就乐意把我的陈述称为真的。但是，你和我在这里是可以转换的；我们可以变换位置；你证实我的桌子存在，我也可以证实你的桌子存在。

这种独立于你我之外、取自普通社会经验的对实在的观念，是实用主义定义真理定义的基础。要想被算作是真的，任何陈述就必须与某个这类实在相符合。实用主义把“符合”定义为某些“作用”方式，无论这些方式是实际的还是潜在的。因此，为了让我的陈述“桌子存在”成为对你确认为实在的一张桌子的真实描述，它必须能引导我去摇晃你的桌子，用能使这张桌子进入你的思想的语言去解释我的话，画一张像你看到的那张桌子一样的图，等等。只有通过这种方式，说该陈述符合那个实在才有意义；只有这样，它才能给我听到你确认我的说法时的满足。因此，指称某种确定的东西，并且对它具有称得上是符合的某种适应，都是把我的陈述定义为“真”的构成要素。

不使用作用这一概念，你就无法达到指称关系或适应。事物存在这个状况，该事物是什么，它是（那个什么中所有可能的事物中的）哪一个，这些问题只有通过实用主义的方法才能确定。“哪一个”指的是指向的可能性，或者也可以说是单挑出那个特殊对象的可能性；“什么”指的是我们为了构想该对象而对它的一个基本方面做出的选择（这总是与杜威所说的我们自己的“情境”相关）；“状态”指的是我们采纳的信念态度，即承认实在的态度。当然，为了理解“真的”这个词被应用于一个陈述时是什么意思，就必须要提到这些作用。当然，如果不谈这些作用，认知关系中的主体和客体会飘摇——不错，它们是漂浮在同一个宇宙中，但是那是一种茫然无知的、没有彼此接触或协调作用的飘摇。

但是，我们的批评者们说这些作用不是必不可少的。他们说，任何功能上的可能性都不能“使”我们的信念成为真的，信念内在地为真，确定地为真，生而为真，就像尚博尔伯爵生来就是“亨利五世”一样。相反，实用主义者则坚持认为，陈述和信念只是按惯例才成为惰性的、静态的真理：它们在实际上被当成了真的；但是，如果你不提到它们在功能上的可能性，你称它们为真时就不能定义你的意思。这些可能性代表被冠以“真理”名称的信仰，将整个逻辑内容赋予与实在的那种关系，否则这种关系就只能是一种共存、相随的关系。

上述话语概述了我在《实用主义》一书中关于真理的讲座的基本内容。席勒的“人道主义”学说、杜威的“逻辑理论研究”和我自己的“彻底经验主义”，都包含“作用”作为理解真理的一般概念，无论这个作用是真实的还是可设想的。但是，他们仅仅作为更宽广理论的一个细节而形成了这种真理观，这些理论的最终目的是确定：总体的“实在”在终极的本质和结构上究竟是什么。

第十章　尤利乌斯·恺撒的存在

我对真理的阐释是纯逻辑上的，只与它的定义相关。我提出，如果不借助陈述的作用这一概念，你说不清楚“真的”这个词当被用于陈述时指什么。

为了准确说明我们的观点，让我们假定一个只由两个事物组成的论域：已故并化为尘土的罗马帝国时代的恺撒，和一个说“恺撒真正存在”的我。大多数人会天真地认为真理就是这样被言说的，他们说，通过一种超距作用，我的陈述直接把握住了另一个事实。

但是，我用的词如此确定地指示了那个恺撒吗？或者说是如此确定地隐含的他的个人品性吗？为了完全充分地说明“真的”这个修饰词在理想的状态下可能有的含义，我的思想应该与它自己的特殊对象有一种完全确定的、不含糊的“一对一关系”。在一个想象的、高度简化的世界里，这个所指关系是未经证明的。假如有两个恺撒，我们就不会知道指哪一个。因此，这个真理条件似乎在这个论域中是不完备的，所以必须要加以扩大。

先验论者通过引进一个绝对精神来扩大它，因为这个绝对精神拥有所以的事实，它能居高临下地建立事实间的相互关系。如果其意图是我的陈述应该指同一个恺撒，而且我心里想到的品性应该指他的品性，那么这种意图足以使我的陈述成为真的。

我反过来通过承认存在于这两个原初事实之间的有限中介扩大了论域。恺撒有效果，我的陈述也有；如果这些效果以某种方式结合在一起，就为确定的认知关系提供了一个具体的媒介和底，这种认知关系作为一种纯超距作用曾经似乎是过于含糊和难以理解的。

例如，真恺撒写过一个手稿，我看见其真的重印版，然后说，“我说的恺撒是那个东西的作者。”我思想的作用因此更全面地确定了其内涵和外延的意义。它现在把自己定义为既不是与真恺撒无关的，也在暗指他方面不是假的。当看到我通过宇宙的中介向着恺撒展开作用时，绝对精神很可能说，“这些作用只不过是从细节上更具体地说明了我说这个陈述是真的时是什么意思。我判定存在于这两个原初事实之间的认知关系是指：只有那种具体的中介链存在或可能存在。”

但是，这个链涉先于那个其真理性的逻辑条件我们正在界定的陈述

存在的事实，以及后继于这个陈述的事实；这种状况，再加上把真理和事实混为同义词使用的通俗做法，使我的解释特别容易受到误解。有人无不困惑地问，“恺撒的存在是一个2000年前的真理，这样一个存在怎么能依赖现在要发生的事情来断定它为真理呢？怎么可能用我承认它的效果本身就能把我这一承认变成真的呢？效果或许确实能确认我的信念，但是这个信念过去早就被恺撒真正存在这个事实证明过是真的了。”

好的，就算这样吧（因为假如没有恺撒，当然也不可能有关于他的确定的真理）——但是，然后要区分两个“真的”，一个是被确定地、完全地这样确立的“真的”，另一个“真的”只是指它在“实际上”、简略地、勉强地——即不是确定地不相关或不真——是这样。也请记住，恺撒实际上存在过，这可能使现在的某个陈述假或不相关，也可以使它真，无论是哪种情况，它自身都不必改变。陈述是给定的，真、不真或不相关是否也将被给定，这取决于来自于陈述自身的某个东西。实用主义者所主张的是，如果你不考虑陈述的功能作用这一概念，你就不能充分地定义这个东西。真理指与实在的符合，符合的方式是一个实际问题，要解决这个问题，只需要关系的主观用语就行。

注释：本文本来还有几段，用来调和与理智主义者的对立关系。既然你如此喜欢“真的”这个词，既然你如此鄙视我们观念的具体作用，我说过，那就保留“真理”这个词来描述你非常喜欢的跳跃的、不可理解的关系，对于能以可理解的方式认识其对象的思想，我将说它们是“真实的”。

像大多数其他的示好礼物一样，这件也被一脚踢开了，所以我只好将它收回，对我的大度后悔不已。在他新近出版的书中，普拉特教授把事实的任何客观状态叫作“真理”，他用“真实”这个词的意思跟我用“真理”这个词的意思一样。霍特里先生（见下文第281页）用“正确性”表达同样意思。如果“真理”这个术语正式丢掉它作为信念和见解属性的地位，并被看作是“事实”的专业同义词，那么除了含混的词汇所带有的一般坏处外，我们可能真的会放弃所有希望了。

原文题目是“真理与真实性”，载于《哲学研究》。

第十一章　绝对与勤勉的生活

在我的实用主义中，我承认信仰绝对可以给与灵魂假日，W.A.布朗教授在8月15日的《哲学研究》上载文对此表示赞同，但他又批评我说这一让步不够宽宏大量，他用鲜明的事例来说明，同样的信仰可能对释放出一种勤奋的生活具有巨大的推动力。

我对这篇优秀的文章不想做任何批评，但是请让我解释一下“道德假日”为什么是我所专门强调的绝对的唯一礼物。在我的讲座中，我主要关注的是对比两个信念，其一是世界仍然处于创造过程中，其二是世界有一个“永恒的”版本，是现成的和完备的。前者是“多元论的”信念，是我的实用主义所支持的。两个信念都证实了我们勤勉的心态。多元论实际上需要它们，因为它使得对世界的拯救取决于给这个世界的多个部分——包括我们在内——注入活力。一元论也容许它们，因为无论它们可能是多么强烈，但是当我们想到它们将成为绝对的完美生活的表述时，我们总是能为自己容许它们提前找到理由。当你逃离你有限的知觉而进入对永恒的整体的认识时，你可以神化任何倾向。虽然绝对没发出任何指令，可是它将事后准许任何东西以及所有东西，因为，曾经存在于宇宙中的任何东西都将不得不被看作是其完美过程的一个有机成分。因此，寂静主义和狂热行为都获得了绝对的允许得以存在。那些天性懒惰的人继续保持一种顺从的被动态度；而精力旺盛的人可能变得更加肆意妄为。历史证明，寂静主义者和狂热份子都从绝对论的框架中汲取了灵感。它同样适用于病态的人和勤勉的人。

多元论就不是这样。它的世界总是脆弱的，因为其中的某个部分可能误入歧途；因为它没有“永恒的”版本可供其信奉者从中获得安慰，他们肯定总是有某种程度的不安全感。如果作为多元论者我们给自己一些道德假日，这些假日只可能是暂时的喘息机会，用来为明天的战斗重振我们的士气。从实用主义的观点来说，这给多元论造成一种挥之不去的自卑感。对那些无可救药的病人来说，它没有带来拯救他们的信息。而绝对论在带有其他信息的同时也带有这种信息，它是必须拥有这一信息的唯一框架。这构成了其优越感，成为其宗教力量的来源。这就是为什么我把其给与道德假日的能力看得如此之高的原因，我这样做是为了给予它以完全公正的地位。绝对论的这种主张是独一无二的，而它与勤勉

的关系却不如多元论的框架与勤勉的关系更为一目了然。

在我的书的最后一讲中，我坦率地承认多元论的这种自卑感。它缺乏绝对论所表现出的那种广泛的漠然态度。它注定要让许多病人失望，而绝对论却能安慰他们。因此，如果绝对论者不充分利用这一优势，那他们就似乎采取了错误的策略。病人的需要肯定是最紧要的；相信绝对的人应该认为，能有效地满足这些需要是自己哲学中的一大优势。

我所为之辩护的实用主义或多元论不得不依靠一种极大的刚毅品格，愿意在没有保障或保证的情况下生活。对那些甘愿这样靠可能性而不是确定性生活的人来说，那种确信能带来某种拯救信息的寂静主义的宗教，微微带有一种油腻的腐败味道，这使它招来了怀疑的目光，即使在教堂里也是如此。到底哪一方是对的，谁知道呢？在宗教中，情感容易变得专横；但是哲学必须偏爱那种把自己与视野之内所有真理的整体和全部意义完美结合起来的情感，我认为这是那种最坚韧的情感；但是我不得不承认，它不能产生寂静主义的欣喜若狂，这是我所宣讲的多元论哲学的一个严重缺陷。

重印自《哲学研究》等，1906年。

第十二章　赫伯特教授论实用主义

马塞尔·赫伯特教授是一位特别博学的自由主义思想家（我相信他放弃了天主教教士的职务），他的写作风格非常直率、清晰。他的书《神性》是近年来出版的对宗教哲学的一般话题最富才智的评论书籍之一；就是在这同一本小册子了，他也许比许多其他批评家更想竭力公平地对待实用主义。可是，对实用主义宗旨惯常的致命误解，扭曲了他的解释与评论。这本小册子在我看来似乎形成了一个有价值的钩子，好像在其上挂出了新的一个机会，让我再次尝试向读者说明一下实用主义对真理的阐释到底是什么样的。

赫伯特先生对它的理解跟大多数人一样，即它是如下一种信条：在我们的思维方式中证明主观上方便的任何东西都是“真的”，这里所谓“真的”是取这个词绝对和无限制的意义，不管它是否符合我们思想之外事物的任何客观状态。赫伯特先生假定这是实用主义的论点，并对此进行了深入的批评。他说，能证明是这样方便的思想可能确实对思想者来说有其他任何一种价值，可是它没有认知价值、表征价值、认识自身的价值；当它确有很高程度的一般实用价值时，这在任何情况下都产生于其先在的价值，这个价值是它正确地表征了影响我们生活的独立对象后所取得的。只有当真实地这样表征事物时，他们才能收获有用的成果。但是，成果是随从真理而产生的，而不是构成真理；因此赫伯特先生指责实用主义，认为它告诉了我们有关真理的一切，单单没有告诉我们真理根本上是什么。他确实承认，世界是这样构成的，以至于当人拥有对实在的真观念时，所产生的效用会大量接踵而至；我认为，我们的批评者都没有像他那样具体地说明了这些效用的多样性特征；但是他又重申，虽然这些效用是次要的，但我们却坚持把它们看作是主要的，他说，有效性赖以存在的客观认识是我们忽视、排除和毁坏的东西。他说，我们观念的功利价值和严格认知意义上的价值完全可能协调存在——他总体上承认它们确实能协调在一起，但是它们在逻辑上不会因此变成同一的。他承认，主观兴趣、欲望、冲动在我们的理智生活中甚至可能占据积极的“首要地位”。认知只有在它们的促动下才苏醒，追随它们的提示和目标；但是，当它被唤醒后，它就是客观认知本身，而不仅仅是指称处于满意状态的某些冲动倾向本身的名称。一个拥有被认为是柯罗的画

的人当其真实性受到质疑时会感到不安。他查阅其本源之后才能放心。但是，他的不安并不会使实际的柯罗是一名画家这个命题成为假的，正像是他的放心并不能使该命题成为真的。在赫伯特先生看来，实用主义主张我们的情绪创造真理和谬误，这种实用主义使我们得出下述结论，即我们的心灵没有实施任何纯认知的功能。

对我们立场的这种主观主义的解释，似乎产生于我偶然写过下述话语（但我没有假设有必要解释说，我当时只是站在其主观一边来对待认知的）：从长远来看，真就是我们一种方便的思维方式，正像好是我们一种方便的行为方式。我以前写道，真理指“与实在的符合”，并坚持认为，说任何一个见解方便，其主要内容是说它与其他公认的真理相符，因此我不能容许对我的意思做出纯主观主义的解读。我的心中是如此充满着客观指称的观念，以至于我从来没有梦想过我的听众会对此置若罔闻；我从来没有想到有人会指责说，在谈论观念及对观念的满意时，我否认了外部的实在。令我唯一不解的是，我这样一个在批评者看来肯定是愚蠢的家伙，居然被他们认定为值得做出明确反驳。

对我来说，对象是实在的一部分，正像观念是实在的另外一部分一样。观念的真理性是它与实在之间的一个关系，正像其时间和地点是其他关系一样。三种关系都由宇宙的中介成分组成，这些成分在每一个特殊情况下都是可以被指定和归类的，而且它们在真理的每一个实例中都有所不同，正像它们在每一个时间和地点上有所不同一样。

席勒和我持有的实用主义论点——杜威教授的论点最好由他本人表述，是被称作“真理”的关系可以这样具体界定的。在这个领域中，我们的论点仅仅是想清楚地尝试对真理实际上由什么构成这个问题做出明确的回答。指责我们的人几乎没有拿出任何可替代的东西来反对我们的论点。对他们来说，当一个观念是真的时，它就是真的，其他不必在去探究；“真的”这个词是无法定义的。真的观念与其对象的关系在他们看来是独一无二的，因此不能用任何其他东西加以表述，只需要对之加以命名，让每一个人都能辨认并理解它。而且，它是不变的、普遍的，在每一个真理实例中都是同样的，不管观念、实在以及它们之间的其他关系可能是多么多样化。

相反，我们实用主义的观点是，真理关系是一种确定可经验的关系，因此可以加以描述和命名；它在性质上不是独一无二的，既不是不变的，也不是普遍的。在某个特定情况下使一个观念成为真的那个与观

念对象的关系，在我们看来体现在实在的中介成分中，这些成分导向那个对象，它们在每一种情况下都各有不同，但在每一种情况下都能被具体地探索。一个见解所设定的一系列作用根据具体情况可能是那个见解是真理、谬误或不相关。一个人拥有的每一个观念会在那个人身上产生某些结果，它们可能是身体行为上的结果，也可能是其他观念上的结果。通过这些结果，人与周围的实在之间的关系被改变。他被带到离这些实在更近的地方而远离其他实在，他现在获得了这种感觉，即观念满意地起了作用，抑或没有满意地起作用。这个观念使他触及到某个实现了观念意图的东西，抑或没有使他这样。

这个东西主要是人的对象。既然我们能谈论的唯一实在是被相信的对象，因此每当实用主义者说“实在”时，他首先指的是那种被人本身算作实在的东西，即他当时认为是实在的东西。有时，实在是一种具体的、可感觉的存在。例如，观念可能是某扇门通往某个房间，进入其中能买一杯啤酒喝。如果开启这扇门导向对啤酒的实际视觉和味觉，那个人就认为那个观念是真的。或者，他的观念可能是一种有关抽象关系的观念，比如说是一个三角形的边和直角斜边的关系，当然，这种关系像一杯啤酒一样都肯定是一种实在。如果有关这种关系的概念能引导他画出辅助的线条，比较线条所构成的图形，他在知觉到一个个相等关系之后，能通过像啤酒的味道一样特殊而直接的视觉最终看到被想出的关系。当他这样做的时候，他也称那个观念为真。在每一个情况下，他的观念都把他带入与那时感觉到的实在更密切的接触，以便只是证实那个观念。每一个实在都专门证实其观念并使之生效；在每一种情况下，证实在于满意地结束所产生的结果，无论这些结果是思想上的还是物质上的，它们都是观念所设定的。这些“作用”在每一种情况下都有所不同，它们从不超越经验，它们由心灵的或可感觉的具体事物组成，它们在每一种个别情况下都能被具体描述。实用主义者不能理解，你称一个观念为真时可能是什么意思，除非你的意思是：在某人心中作为起点的这个观念与某个作为终点的特殊实在之间，可能或确实有这类具体的作用介入。它们的方向构成了观念对那个实在的所指，它们的满意度构成了对那个实在的适应，二者一起对拥有该观念的人来说构成了那个观念的“真理”。如果没有这种具体实在的经验中的中介成分，实用主义者看不出任何材料，能被用来建构被称作真理的适应关系。

反实用主义的观点是，作用不过是证明真理已经事先内在于观念中

的证据，而且，你可以将产生作用的可能性排除于存在之外，你仍然能确定地证实观念的真理性。但是，这肯定不是对抗我们的真理观的一个理论。它是对所有雄辩理论的排斥。它只不过是对把某些观念无论如何称为真这一权利的要求；我上文提到，反实用主义者没有提出任何实际的替代论点，我们的解释几乎是现存的唯一确切理论，我这样说也是这个意思。的确，观念的真理性除了使我们在身心上能适应一个实在之外，它还能有什么意思呢？

那么，我们的批评者为什么如此一致地指责我们是主观主义，指责我们否认实在的存在呢？我认为，这产生于在我们的分析中主观语言必要的显著地位。无论实在可能是多么独立和选择性的，在形成自己的真理解释时，我们只能把实在当作许多被相信的对象来谈论。但是，经验过程引导人不断用他们认为更满意地去相信的新对象超越旧对象，以至于绝对实在的观念不可避免地作为一个界限概念而产生，等同于对一个将永远不能被超越的对象的观念，对它的信念也将是终极的。从认知的角度来讲，我们因此生活在一种三合一的规则中：正如我们的个人概念表征它们引导我们走向的感觉-对象一样——这些对象是独立于个体的公共实在，那些感觉-实在可能反过来表征一个极其可感的秩序的实在，如电子、心灵材料，上帝等其他任何东西，它们都独立于所有人类思想者而存在。对于这些最终实在的观念——对它们的认识将成为绝对真理，是我们认知经验的一个自然结果，无论是实用主义者还是反实用主义者都不能从中逃避。它们在每一个人的思维中形成一个不可避免的调整性的假设。我们对它们的认识是我们所有信念中最丰富地提出和满足的，是最不可能被怀疑的。不同的是，我们的反对者用这一信念作为他们的唯一的范式，他们对待谈论人类实在的任何人方式，就好像这个人认为有关实在“本身”的观念是不合法的。同时，他们所谈论的实在本身也只不过是一个人类对象；他们假定它的方式跟我们没有什么两样；如果我们是主观主义者，他们也好不到哪里去。实在本身只要被相信就可以是存在于那里的，对任何一个人来说都是如此，不管是实用主义者还是反实用主义者；只有在对它们的观念看起来真时它们才被相信；而只是因为它们满意地起作用，对它们的观念才能看起来真。而且，这里所谓满意地，是对某个思想者的目的而言。没有哪个观念是有关任何事物的那个真观念。对绝对的那个真观念到底是谁的观念呢？或者援引赫伯特先生的例子，对你拥有的一幅画的那个真观念是什么呢？那就是那个最大

限度地满足了你目前兴趣的观念。这可能是对这幅画的位置、年代、“色调”、话题、尺寸、作者、价格、价值等等的兴趣。如果柯罗的作者身份受到怀疑，能满足当时在你身上引起的兴趣的事儿，就是让你拥有一幅柯罗真品的诉求得到确认；但是，如果你心理正常，仅仅称之为柯罗作品将不能同时满足你心智的其他要求。为了满足这些要求，你对这幅画的了解必须与你所了解的实在系统（柯罗本人是其中的一部分）的其他部分有顺利的联系。赫伯特先生指责我们拥有下述观点：占有它们本身所获得的满足足以使信念成为真的，而且，就我们而言，真正的柯罗不必曾经存在过。我们为什么应该这样与更一般的理性满足切割开来呢，我不知道；但是无论这些满足是什么，是理智的也好还是占有性的也好，它们都属于真理关系的主观一面。它们发现了我们的信念；我们的信念存在于实在上面；如果实在不存在，信念也是假的，但是如果实在是存在的，它们没有被相信之前甚至是如何为人所知的；或者说，它们除了首先被我们获得有关它们满意地起作用的观念之外是如何被相信的，对于这些问题，实用主义者发现很难想象。他们同样难以想象的是，与基于具体证实过程的实用主义者的信念相比，反实用主义者教条式的对实在的武断把握为什么更可信。当这样来表达时，赫伯特先生也许将赞同这一点，因此在认识本身这个问题上，我看不出我们哪里不如他。

一些读者会说，虽然我可能相信我们的观念之外的实在，席勒博士无论如何是不相信的。这是一个大误解，因为席勒和我的学说是一样的，只是我们的解释沿着不同的方向。他从这个链的主观一极开始，即带有信念的个体，作为更具体、更直接给定的现象。席勒说，“当个体断言其信念是真的时，他说的“真的”是什么意思呢？而且，他是怎样确立这一断言的呢？”带有这些问题，我们登上了心理探寻的征程。所谓真的，对那个个体来说似乎指能满意地发挥作用；而发挥作用和令人满意不能接受普遍的描述，因为它们在不同情况下各有不同。对那个看到它起作用的个体来说，能起作用的就是真的，并表征一个实在。如果他是万无一失的，实在就会“真正”存在于那里；如果他错了，实在就不存在，或不像他认为的那样存在于那里。当我们的观念满意地起作用时，我们都会相信；但是我们尚不知道我们中有谁是万无一失的；因此真理的问题和错误的问题是门当户对的，产生于同样的情境。席勒站在可能犯错的个体一边，只谈论对这种个体来说的实在，对他的读者来说，他

似乎完全忽视了实在本身。但是，这是因为他只试图告诉我们真理是如何获得的，而不是将获得的那些真理的内容是什么。很可能是，所有信念中最真的将是对超主观的实在的信念。它肯定看起来是最真的，因为没有其他对立的信念像它一样如此多地令人满意，这也许就是席勒博士自己的信念；但是他没有因自己直接的目的被要求来宣讲这种信念。他更没有被迫事先假定它是其讨论的基础。

然而，我从批评者的行为得到警示，而采用了不同的策略。我从观念-实在链条的对象一极出发，沿着与席勒相反的方向推进。我预料到了人类的普遍真理过程所产生的结果，因此我从对一个客观实在的抽象观念开始。我假定它的存在，而且，因为我为这个实在作保，我会自问：什么使得某个其他人对这个实在的观念成为真的，无论是对他还是对我来说？但是，我发现的答案跟席勒提供的没有什么不同。如果另一个人的观念引导他不仅相信那个实在存在于那里，而且把它用作那个实在的临时替代物，让它引起类似于实在本身能引起的一些适应性的思想和行为，那么，这个观念在只是可理解的意义上是真的，它的特殊结果证明了它是真的，它对于那个人和我来说都是真的。

我的阐释更多地是一个逻辑定义；席勒的更多地是一种心理学描述。二者谈的都是一个绝对相同的经验问题，只是穿越它的方向相反。

这些解释也许能满足赫伯特先生，他的那本小册子除了错误地指责我们是主观主义之外，仍然对实用主义的认识论做出了相当有教益的解释。

重印自1908年12月3日《哲学评论》（第5卷，第689页），评《实用主义及其各种英美形式》，马塞尔·赫伯特著，巴黎：LibrairiecritiqueEmileNourry出版，1908，第105页。

第十三章　抽象主义和“相对主义”

像弹性、广博、不连续性这些抽象概念都是我们具体经验的一些显著方面，我们发现将这些方面分离出来很有用。说这样做有用，是因为我们之后就会被提醒起拥有这些方面的其他事物；而且，如果这些方面在这些事物上产生结果，我们就能回答起初的事物，期望这些同样的结果将不断增加。

接受帮助来预想结果总是一份收获，而且，因为这是抽象概念给予我们的帮助，显然，我们只有以它们为手段重新回到具体的特殊事物上，心中记住这些结果，并使我们对于原初对象的概念因此得以丰富，只有在这时，对抽象概念的使用才完成。

如果没有抽象概念被用来处理知觉上的特殊事物，我们就像用一条腿走路的人。当把概念与具体事物一起使用时，我们就变成两条腿走路。我们把概念投向前，在结果上站稳脚步，用一根线套住它，把我们的知觉拽起，就这样以很快的速度跳过、蹦过、跃过生活的平面，比我们仅仅趟过偶然性降落到我们头上的一层厚厚的特殊事物时的速度要快得多。动物不得不在这层特殊事物中跋涉，但是人高扬其首，在更高层的概念空气中自由地呼吸。

所有哲学家给予意识的概念形式以崇高的敬意，这容易理解。从柏拉图时代以来，这被认为是我们接近基本真理的唯一途径。概念是普遍的、不变的、纯粹的；它们的关系是永恒的；它们是精神的，而概念使我们能处理的具体的特殊事物是可以被其形体腐化的。可见，它们本身非常有价值，可以脱离其原初的用途而存在，给与我们的生活以新的尊严。

只要概念的原初功能不会在这种溢美之词中被吞噬或消失，我们对于这种对概念的感觉也无可厚非。那个原初的功能当然就是：通过把所设想到的结果添加在经验之上，在心智上扩大我们的临时经验；但不幸的是，这个功能不仅经常在哲学家的推理过程中被遗忘，而且经常被转化为其对立面，结果它成为一种手段，通过（隐含地或明确地）否认除了被专门抽象出来而构想它的那个特点之外的所有特点，来贬损原初的经验。

这本身也是表达我们的苦楚的一种高度抽象的方式，需要通过列举

出我们的意图的具体事例，把它从含混不清中拯救出来。我心中非常喜爱的一些信念被我的批评者以这种恶性的抽象方式加以设想。其中之一就是所谓的“信仰的意志”；另外一个是某些未来的非决定论；第三个是真理可能根据其拥有者的立场而有所不同这一思想。我相信，过分滥用抽象功能使批评者使用了虚假的论据来批驳这些学说，这经常致使读者得出虚假的结论。我想提出一些反批评意见，在可能的范围内试图纠正这一事态。

对于以下列方式使用概念的做法，我称之为“恶性的抽象主义”：我们通过挑选出某个具体情境的某个突出特点或重要特点并对它照此归类来设想它；然后，我们没有把看待它的新方式可能带来的所有确定结果添加到它以前的特点之上，而是继续以剥夺其特点的方式使用我们的概念；我们把原初丰富的现象仅仅化解为那个被抽象地看待的名称的含义，把它看作“无非是”那个概念，我们做事的样子，就好像是这个概念被从中抽象出来的所有其他特点都被剔除了。这样进行的抽象过程成为阻碍思想而远远不是推动思想发展的手段。它肢解了事物；它创造了难题，找到的是不可能性；我深信，在宇宙的悖论和辩证的难题上，形而上学者和逻辑学家遇到的一半麻烦可以追溯到这种相对简单的根源。我深信，对抽象特点和归类名称恶意地剥夺性使用，是理性主义者犯下的最大原罪之一。

让我们接下来过渡到具体例子，看一看对“自由意志”的信念，最近，富莱腾教授用他娴熟的手法、以似是而非的言论对这种信念进行了批驳。当普通人说自己的意志是自由的时候，他是什么意思呢？他的意思是说，在他的生活中存在着各种分叉的情境，其中两种未来似乎对他来说是同样可能的，因为二者都植根于他的现在和过去之中。二者之一如果得以实现，将产生于他以前的动机、性格和境况，将不间断地继续他个人生活的脉动。但是，二者有时同时与自然本性不相容，这时，在一位天真的观察者眼里好像他现在在二者之间做选择，而且，哪一个未来将被选定这个问题没有在世界的创立时决定，而是在每一个即逝的瞬间被重新决定，在这些瞬间内，事实似乎在充满活力地成长，可能性在转向一个行为时似乎排斥了所有其他行为。

只看到事物的表面价值的人确实可能被蒙骗。他可能过于经常地把自己对什么是先定的东西的无知，误当作是对将来是什么的真正不确定性。可是，无论他对形势的看法可能是多么地具有想象的特点，这种看

法表面上并没有指示过去与未来之间的断裂。无论决定列车方向的扳道叉被设定在那条路线，列车还是那辆列车，乘客还是那些乘客，其动量还是同样的动量。对非决定论者来说，在任何时候都存在着足够多的过去，让能预见到的各种未来——以及周边更多的未来——从中找到自己的立足点，正像列车很容易地滑过那个扳道叉一样，无论产生什么样的未来，它都会从那个过去中轻松地滑出。简言之，对相信自由意志的人来说，也对严格的决定论者来说，这个世界自身是连续的，只是决定论者不能相信，分叉点就是真正中立的平衡点，或者其中含有转轨器，这一转轨器在那里——只是在那里而不是以前在那里——导引着现在的运动而没有改变其运动量。

严格的决定论者认为，假如存在这种中立的平衡点，未来和过去就绝对是分离的，因为如果抽象地看待“中立的”这个词，它只意味着不相连。凡是中立的东西在某种程度上都是不相关的、分离的。假如这样严格地看待这个词，那么他们说，你就会看到，如果任何中立点在过去和未来的宽广大道上被发现，那么，在能被移动的转轨器或扳道叉的两侧，就不能找到任何类型的联系、连续的动量、同一位乘客、共同的目的或动因。那是一个不能逾越的鸿沟。

富莱腾先生这样写道（黑体为我所加）：

鉴于我的行动是自由的，我一直是什么，我现在是什么，我总是做或试图做的事情，我在此时此刻最急于希望做或决定做的事情，这些事情比它们在不存在的情况下与行动的未来实现都没有关系。可能性是一个可憎的东西；我希望，如果我是自由的，我至少不要太自由，而且我可以有理由地期望在我的生活和行动上发现某种程度的一致性……；如果我有这样的愿望，即使最热情地信仰自由意志的人肯定也会原谅我，如果他坦诚地看待这种可能性。比如我给了一个盲乞丐一美元。如果这真正算作自由意志行为的话，是否可以合理地说钱是我给的呢？给钱是否因为我心地善良等等呢？这一切与自由意志行为有什么关系呢？如果这些行为是自由的，它们肯定不是由任何类型的先行环境条件制约的，不受乞丐的苦难的制约，也不受过路人心中怜悯的制约。它们必须是无原因的，不受任何东西的决定。它们肯定是青天无故落下的，因为只要它们是能解释的，它们就不是自由的。

我竟然卷入了一场有关自由意志的一般问题是是非非的论战，但愿老天能原谅我，因为我只是在试图用恶性的抽象主义的某些攻击者的行

为来举例说明它。像非决定论者似乎本人直接经验的那种分叉的时刻，是重新设定方向并继续向前的时刻。但是，因为我们在改变方向的“这个或那个”中产生犹豫，决定论者从经验的超大量的连续中抽取了这个不连续的无足轻重的元素，并为了这一元素把经验中充满的所有连续特点去除。对他来说，选择此后意味着纯粹而简单的不连接，某个无论在哪方面都没有事先决定的东西，而且，有多种选择的生活肯定是一个非常混乱无序的生活，在其中，处于两个时刻的我们不能被看作是同样一个人。麦克塔格特先生告诉我们，如果尼禄在命令杀死母亲的那一刻是“自由的”，处于其他时刻的任何人都没有权利称他是坏人，因为他那时绝对已经成了另一个尼禄。

参与辩论的作者不应该仅仅是为了毁灭自己的对手。他应该做一点儿努力，让对手感觉到自己的错误，这也许不足以改变对手，但却足以让他感到内疚，由此来削弱他辩护的热情。对人类信念的这些强烈讽刺，只能引起对讽刺者无力看到问题产生的情境的蔑视。将某个抽象出的元素的负面特征看作是对所有与之共存的正面特点的抵销，这根本不是一种有效方法，不能改变任何实际的非决定论者看待这个问题的方式，虽然它可能起到哗众取宠的效果。

让我们现在转向对“信仰的意志”的某些批评，作为另外一个例子，看一看抽象过程目前被滥用的恶意方式。某些东西的真理性还缺乏完备的客观证据，相信这些东西的权利受到了以具体方式理解某些人类情境的人的维护。在这些情境下，心智面临的选择如此之多，以至于支持任何一个选择的完整证据都不存在，可是这些选择又意义重大，以至于如果仅仅等待证据并且在等待的过程中怀疑，从某些实践方面来看经常可能就等于压制其负面的特点。生活到底值得过吗？所有这种宇宙气象到底有没有普遍意义呢？遭这种罪是不是为了永久性地换取某个东西呢？存在身上也许有某种超凡的经验，那种对应于“第四维”的东西，假如我们接触到它，它就能拯救这个世界一些分崩离析，使事物看上去比它们起初的样子更理性呢？是否存在超人的意识，它是我们的心灵的一部分，使我们从中获得灵感和帮助呢？对于这些问题，我们中有些人通过表达肯定或否定的态度实际维护了自己的权利，而其他人则认为，这在方法论上是难以接受的，并通过要求我们表明自己的无知，公开声明每一个人有拒绝相信的义务，让我们自毙。

有关其中某些批评者个人的前后矛盾我只字未提，他们出版的著作

为信仰的意志提供了精妙的解释，尽管他们将它公开斥责为一个空洞的词组，说它是一个被推介的东西。这里再以麦克塔哥特先生为例。他肯定地说，“实在是理性的和正当的”，而且“从时间方面来看注定将成为完美无缺的东西”；他将这个信念称作是必要逻辑的结果，但是至于这位天才的作者心里知道的有关这种信念的真实来源，他当然从来没有能骗过任何读者。人类被创造时依照的模式是如此千篇一律，以至于我们任何人都不能成功地摆脱信仰行为。对于某种宇宙观对我们来说意味着什么，我们都有很生动的认识。听到这种观点时我们受到激励或震动，我们的情感穿过我们整个逻辑本性，刺激它产生作用。我们感觉到，它不可能是那样；它必须是这样。它必须是它应该是的样子，它应该是这样；然后我们寻找各种理由，无论是好的还是坏的，使这个从其深处都应该是这样的东西从客观上看起来是非常可能的东西。我们证明反对它的论点都是不充分的，这样它就可能成为真的；我们把它描述为对我们整个自然的忠诚的诉求，而不是对三段论证据的任何孱弱的机能的诉求。我们通过记住用音乐对我们这个世界的扩大，通过想起日落的许诺、春季森林的脉动，来强化这种思想。当穿过整个经验的实质的个体最终说“我相信”的时候，这个实质就是他的观点的集中具体表现、他面前的假设的个性特征、导向其最终状态的各种具体动机和知觉的复杂性。

但是，我们现在来看一看抽象主义者是如何对待事物的某个状态肯定是真的这一丰富而复杂的观点的。他指责信仰者犯了以下三段论的推理错误：

所有好的欲望必须加以满足；相信这个命题的欲望是一个好的欲望；

因此这个命题必须被相信。

他用这种抽象代替了信仰者的具体心理状态，把其中赤裸裸的荒唐成分加在他的身上，很容易地证明了：每一个他辩护的人肯定是地球上最大的傻瓜。就好像每一位真正的信仰者都曾用这种滑稽可笑的方式思维，或者，就好像如果你为得出结论的具体方式的合法性而辩护，你使用的就是“所有欲望都必须加以满足”这个抽象的、一般的前提。然而，在上面引用的书中的第47-57节，麦克塔格特先生严肃而不辞辛苦地驳斥了这种三段论推理。他证明，在词典中，在“欲望”、“好”和“实在”这些抽象概念之间不存在固定联系；他忽视了在某个单一的具体情况下信

仰者感觉并知觉到存在于那里的所有联系！他补充说：

“当一个事物的实在性不确定的时候，争论会鼓励我们假设我们对某个事物的赞许能决定它的实在。而且，这种不圣洁的联系一旦被确立，报应就会降临到我们头上。因为，当那个事物的实在性是独立而确定的时候，我们（然后）就不得不承认，该事物的实在性应该决定我们对那个事物的赞许。我发现，难以想象一个比这更堕落的立场。”

这里让人忍不住要讽刺性地引用黑格尔的著名等式：实在等同于理性，致使他的英国信徒用下列振振有词的话语结束了他那一章的讨论：

“对那些不祈祷的人来说，仍然存在着下列解决方式：只要他们的力量允许，死亡之痛苦或生活之痛苦都不能驱使他们在他们认为假的东西中找到慰藉，或者驱使他们远离他们认为真的东西给他们带来的慰藉（或不适？）。”

如此具有创造性的作者怎么没有看到，他的羽箭在距离其敌人脑袋很远的上方滑过了呢？当麦克塔格特先生自己相信宇宙受到绝对观念的辩证能量驱动时，他对拥有那种世界的持续欲望，被他感觉到根本不是一般的欲望的偶然例子，而是一个完全特殊的、能带来洞见的激情，在这种情况下而不是在其他情况下，他如果不屈服于这种激情就是愚蠢的。他遵守其具体的独特性，而不是它身上那种作为“欲望”的纯抽象特色。他面临的状况像一名决定最好是结婚并退出舞台的女演员一样特殊，抑或像一个还俗的教士，或一名放弃政治生涯的政治家。理性的人将如何通过将这些人的具体决定追溯到其抽象的前提，比如“所有女演员都必须结婚”、“所有教士都必须成为俗人”、“所有政治家都应该辞职”，来驳斥决定呢？可是，这种驳斥遍布于麦克塔格特先生书的很多地方，虽然这对于改变人的信念绝对没有任何效果。对于我们无限多真实的理由，他只用一个狭隘的观点来代替。他用一个框架化的抽象代替了人们各种真实的可能性，虽然没有人会挡不住诱惑去相信这种抽象。

在我下一个例子中的抽象就没有那么简单了，但是把它作为进攻武器却同样是软弱无力的。经验主义者认为，一般真理是从单独的人的信念提炼而来；自谓实用主义者的人只是在它产生时定义它是什么时才“胜人一筹”。我在其他地方说过，它存在于信念的作用中，这种作用可能使人进入与这些信念指向的对象的满意关系。作用当然指人类实际经验中的具体作用，如在人类的观念、情感、知觉、信念和行为上的作用，也对包括人类环境中的自然事物的作用；而关系必须被理解为可能的和实

际的。在《实用主义》有关真理的那一章中，我竭力为这一观点做出了有力的辩护。而反对这一观点的人对它产生的误解确实很奇怪，这些人为数很多。一个观念的真理性意味着什么，在认识这个问题时我们试图引进某些程度的具体性，这一努力遭到了最可怖的攻击，其中一个攻击发起于多个领域，造成了下列后果：让真理以任何方式从人的见解中生长出来，只不过是重复普罗塔哥拉的信条，即个体的人是“万物的尺度”，众所周知，柏拉图2000年前在其不朽的对话《泰阿泰德》篇中已经使这种观点寿终正寝。反对将真理具体化的两位最聪明的舞文弄墨者是李凯尔特教授和孟斯特伯格教授，他们用德文写作，用“相对主义”这个词指称他们竭力想根除的那种异端邪说。

在进攻“相对主义”的战役中，他们的第一步完全是没有根据的。他们指责相对主义者——我们实用主义者是典型的相对主义者，说他们受到其本人采取的原则的阻碍，使他们不仅不能享受到理性主义哲学家们拥有的特权，有权相信自己的这些原则是客观的、绝对的真理，而且甚至没有权力形成对这种真理的抽象认识——从实用主义的意义上来说，这是对一个理想见解的认识，其中所有人都能取得共识，谁也不希望去改变它。这两种指控根本就是无的放矢。作为实用主义者，我本人坚信我对真理的阐释，正像理性主义者可能也坚信他自己的。我相信它，恰恰是因为我拥有的真理观念被我们那些博学的敌人认为是实用主义者无法形成的。也就是说，我希望人们对我的阐释越全面地加以讨论和检验，他们就越会同意它是适合的，因此他们越不想改变它。当然，我可能过早地表达了自己的信心，成为最终的、绝对的真理的殊荣，可能会落在我后来对自己的架构的修正和校正上，而它后来又可能被判定为不真，因为依据我们设定的尺度来判定，它偏离了那个最终令人满意的阐释。如果像我们实用主义者那样承认我们可能被校正（即使我们不期望如此），这涉及到我们所使用的一个理想标准。作为个体，理性主义者本人有时持怀疑主义的态度，使他们不愿承认，他们目前的见解有在某种程度上被校正和修正的抽象可能性，因此，很难解释下列事实：仅仅是对某个绝对标准的认识在他们看来似乎是一个如此重要的东西，他们想个人占有这个东西，不想把它给与我们。除了对这个标准的认识外，如果他们也为自己的严词谴责找到符合该标准专门保障，那对他们来说肯定是重要的。但是，像李凯尔特这样的绝对论者可以随意承认这一认识的无效性，即使它掌握在他们手中。他们说，真理是我们应该相信的

东西，即使没有人曾经或将要相信它，而且，即使除了使用另外一个真理和事实检验它的通常的经验主义过程之外，我们没有办法达到真理。因此，从实用主义的角度来看，这方面的争论是无益的。生活在地球上的任何相对主义者，都不会否定在他们的思想里绝对真理这一概念有调节性的特点。相对主义真正挑战的，是任何人假装已经在某个时刻确切地发现了那个真理的是什么样子。既然有更多的绝对论者这方面持一致态度，承认“存在绝对真理”这个命题是我们有把握的唯一绝对真理，那么进一步的争论实际上并不重要，因此我们可以过渡到他们的另一个指控。

正是在这个指控中，恶性的抽象主义表现得最明显。在假定绝对真理时，反实用主义者拒绝解释他们使用的词语可能是什么意思。对他来说，这些词是不言自明的。相反，实用主义者清晰地定义了词语的意思。他说，绝对真理指一套理想的系统陈述，从经验的长远眼光来看，所有的见解可能被期望向这些陈述汇合。在对绝对真理的这一定义中，他不仅假定存在见解的这种汇合的倾向，或形成这种最终的共识的倾向，而且他还同样假定了其定义的其他因素，这些因素是他事先从预期达成的真实结论中借来的。他假定了见解的存在，假定了筛选见解的经验，以及该经验将证明的一致性。他用这些假设来为自己辩护，他说，这些都不是严格意义上的假设，而是通过类比把过去延伸到未来做出的简单归纳；他坚持认为，人的见解已经就它们达成了相当稳定的平衡状态，而且，如果其未来的发展不能改变它们，定义本身——也包括它使用的术语——都将恰恰是它界定的绝对真理的一部分。简而言之，假设将围绕这个圈成功地起作用，并将获得自我确证，然后这个圈将关闭。

然而，反实用主义者立刻在这里纠结起“见解”这个词来，将它从生活领域抽象出，只把它用作是一个词典里的实词，否定与它共存的其他假设。词典上说，见解是“某个人认为或相信的东西”。这个定义使得每一个人的见解都随意地成为自生的，或者与任何其他人可能认为的东西不相关，或者与真理可能是什么不相关。

因此，抽象主义者继续说，我们必须把它看作基本上是这样不相关的，所以，假如有十亿人表达同样的见解，只有一个人有不同见解，我们也不会接受任何附加的境况，虽然这些境况据此更可能证明他——而不是他们——可能是错的。他们说，真理的产生跟人头数没关系，它也不是多数票的代名词。它是一种先于经验的关系，存在于我们的见解和

实用主义的解释所忽视的某个独立东西之间，虽然个体的见解永远否定了这个关系，但它仍然被用来证明个体见解的虚假。反实用主义者告诉我们，谈论见解而不提到这个独立的东西，就像是上演《哈姆雷特》而把哈姆雷特这个角色排除在外一样。

但是，当实用主义者谈到见解时，他是不是指这里所假设的那种与世隔绝的、没有动因的抽象呢？当然不是，他指的是人的具体见解，那种真实地形成的见解，那种被原因以及它们所遵从和施加的影响所围绕着的见解，这些见解的周围还有整个社会交往环境，它们是这个环境的一部分，并且产生于这个环境。而且，实用主义的定义所假定的“经验”，就是反实用主义者指责他忽视的那个独立的东西。人们已经取得了以下见解上的一致：这样的经验具有一个独立的实在，为了使所有见解成为真的，它们必须承认这个独立实在的存在。人们还一致认为，从长远的角度来看，抵制经验的压力是徒劳无益的；一个人拥有的压力越多，他在真理方面所处的地位越好；因此，一些有更多经验的人比其他人更具有权威地位；某些人本性更聪明，更能够解释他们的经验；其中的一些智慧被用来比较记录、讨论、遵从比我们更聪明的人的见解；对见解的这种比较和评价越系统、越彻底，剩下来的见解就可能越真。当实用主义者谈论见解时，他指的他们心中以具体、生动、互动、相关方式存在的见解；当反实用主义者试图击败实用主义者时——因为“见解”这个词也可以被抽象地看待好像它没有情境一样，他只是忽视了这个讨论产生的土壤。他在空中挥舞着武器，却没有击中任何东西。德国人对“相对主义”的攻击包括对信念的讽刺和见解的框架，在针对这些东西的战争中谁也没有受伤。拒绝抽象地使用“见解”这个词，坚持在真实情境下使用它，那么实用主义者的情绪就不会受到扭曲。那些“固执己见”的人确实存在，他们执着于自己的见解，不幸的是，这是一个必须承认的事实，不管你的真理观总体上是什么样的。但是，这一事实也使得真理不可能真正从见解体内衍生出来，至今没有批评者证明这一点。真理很可能由某些见解组成，它确实除了见解之外不由其他东西构成，虽然不是每一种见解都是真的。任何实用主义者都没有必要教条化地强调人们应该在见解的未来正确性上达成一致，他只需要假定：它现在将可能比任何其他人的见解包含更多的真理。

第十四章　两位英国批评者

伯特兰·罗素先生题为“跨越大西洋的真理”的文章体现了他惯有的清晰、论证上的缜密和智慧，但是却在理解我们的立场上不得要领。例如，当我们说一个真的命题是相信它所产生的结果是好的时，他假定我们的意思是任何一个相信某个命题为真的人肯定首先已经弄清楚了下述事实，即这个命题的结果是好的，而且，那个人的信念肯定首先是对那个事实的信念——这显然是荒唐的，因为那个事实是对一个新命题的表述，它与第一个命题相当不一样，而且是一个非常难以证实的事实，而正像罗素所正确指出的那样，“确定显而易见的事实问题，如“教皇永远是不谬的吗？这个问题，比确定认为教皇不谬的效果是否总体来说是好的，要容易得多。

我们不曾断言过罗素先生假定的那种愚蠢东西。我们提到好结果，不仅仅是把它们作为一个确定的标记、标志或标准，真理的存在通常据此来加以确定，虽然这些结果确实可能有时被用作这样的标记；毋宁说，它们是作为每一个真理主张内部潜藏的动机而被提出的，无论信奉者意识到了这种动机，还是盲目地遵从它。它们被作为我们信念的存在原因被提出，而不是作为其逻辑线索或前提被提出，更不是作为其客观陈述或内容被提出。它们把唯一可理解的实际的意义赋予我们信念上那种差别，即我们称这些信念为真为假的习惯所产生的差别。

除了实用主义者本人以外，任何主张真理的人都没必要意识到结果在他的心灵中起到的作用，他本人只是抽象地和一般地意识到它，而且就其信念来讲，他可能随时对这种作用置若罔闻。

然后，罗素先生加入由下列人员组成的大军，他们告诉自己的读者，根据实用主义者对“真理”一词的定义，A存在这种信念即使当A不存在时可能也是“真的”。这是一种常见的诽谤，已经被我们的批评者重复到令人厌腻的程度。他们忘了，在具体解释“真理”在人类生活中所指的意思时，这个词只能被相对于某个特定信奉者使用。因此，我可以相信莎士比亚写了载有他名字的那些剧本这种说法是真的，并可以向批评者表达我的见解。如果批评者是一名实用主义者并相信培根是莎士比亚剧本的真正作者，他会在其实用主义者能力之内清楚地看到，我目前的见解的作用使得我的见解对我来说完全成为真的，而因为他相信培根是作

者，他仍然相信莎士比亚从未写过这些剧本。但是，大多数反对实用主义的批评家把习惯的“真理”当成是绝对的东西，并容易利用读者的心理，让他们乐于接受他自己的真理作为绝对真理。如果他们的目标读者相信A不存在，而我们实用主义者证明，A存在这个信念对某些人来说令人满意地起作用，这些人总是称其为真，那么，这位读者会轻易地嘲笑我们的主张的幼稚，因为虽然这个信念所宣布为事实的东西像读者所熟知的那样根本不存在，但是这个信念难道不就是“真的”了吗？罗素先生把我们的陈述说成是一个“摆脱事实的尝试”，他自然而然地认为它是“一个失败”（见410页）。他接着说，“旧的真理观又出现了，”这一真理观当然就是：当一个信念为真时，其对象确实存在。

当然，它肯定是存在的，而且依据可靠的实用主义原则而存在。概念指示结果。如果我用“真的”这个概念来看待我的某个见解，世界对我来说产生了什么不同呢？首先，一个对象必须能在那里被找到（或者必须找到这个对象存在的确切标志），它将符合我的见解。其次，这一见解不能与我所意识到的其他事物产生矛盾。但是，尽管实用主义者提出明显要求，即当我真正说某事物存在时，它将存在，但是罗素先生所重复的诽谤已经得到最广泛的流传。

罗素先生自己是一位非常机智、敏捷的推理者，他不会仅仅教条地重复那种诽谤。他如果不使用数学和逻辑的方法就不是他自己了，他必须在技术上证明这一指控，其目的更多地是证明我们荒唐，而不是错误。我曾经恳切地试图遵循其推理过程中的复杂心理思路，但是我竭尽全力也只能看出，它只不过是我称之为（见上文，第249页）邪恶的抽象主义的一个例子。数学和纯逻辑的抽象世界非常符合罗素先生的天性，以至于他认为我们这些描述具体事实的功能的人也必须有固定的数学术语和功能。像a、b、c、x、y、正弦、对数这样的数学术语是自足的，而且，这类术语一旦进入等式，就能被用来以无限数列形式准确地互相代替。罗素先生，还有我马上谈到的霍特里先生，似乎都认为，我们口中使用的“意义”、“真理”、“信念”、“对象”和“定义”等这些词语也是自足的，没有必要再进一步探寻各种关系的语境。词的意思是由其定义表达的，不是吗？定义自以为是确切的、充分的，不是吗？这样，它就能被用来代替一个词——既然二者是同一的，不是吗？这样，拥有同一定义的两个词就可以互相代替，不是吗？同一个词的两个定义也是如此，不是吗，等等，直到如果你不能判定某人自相矛盾和荒唐，反而会

令人感到奇怪。

将这种严格的处理方式具体应用于我借助其作用对真理所做的简单解释，似乎就会得到下述结论。我指出，“作用”是我们观念的“真理”所指的东西，我称之为定义。但是，既然意义和被指称的东西、定义和被定义的东西都是等值和可互换的，而且当一个术语被使用时，它不能指任何外在于其定义的东西，那么一个顺理成章的结论是：那个称一个观念为真并用“真”这个词指那个观念起作用的人，会只相信它确实起作用而不相信别的，特别是，他既不能暗指也不能允许有关这个观念的对象和表述的任何东西。罗素先生写道，“根据实用主义者的观点，如果你说‘其他人确实存在’，这意味着‘相信其他人存在是有用的’。但是，如果是这样，那么这两句话只是表达同一个命题的不同措辞；因此当我相信其中一个时，就等于相信另一个（第400页）。”（顺便提一下，逻辑似乎要求罗素先生同时相信它们，但是他忽视这种结果，而认为“其他人存在”，以及“即使其他人不存在相信他们存在也是有用的”，这两种说法肯定是一样的，因此在实用主义者口中成为可替代的命题。）

但是，我现在想问，真术语难度不会包括其定义没有表述的偶然吗？当一个真值被最终用来代替一个代数系列的被代替的定义的结果时，这些偶然不都悄悄地回来了吗？信念有其客观“内容”或“表述”，也有其真理性，而真理有其意义，也有其作用。如果一个人相信其他人存在，他们就应该事实上存在，这就是其信念的内容及其真理性的意义。罗素先生的逻辑似乎“从定义上”排除了作为内容、意义和关联物的所有这类偶然，它把我们首相描述为将所有信念转化成一种对实用主义本身的信念的人。如果我说某个讲演很雄辩，并把“雄辩”解释为以某种方式在听众身上产生的影响力；或如果我说某本书是原创的，并把“原创”定义为不同于其他书，那么，遵照罗素的逻辑，我似乎就注定是同意了如下说法，即演讲是有关雄辩的，书是有关其他书的。当我把一个信念称作真，并按照其作用定义其真理性的时候，我的意思当然不是说这个信念是有关作用的一个信念。它是有关对象的一个信念，谈论其作用的我是一个不同的主体，有不同的论域，跟我自称所描述的那些拥有具体思维的信仰者的论域有所差别。

“其他人存在”这一社会命题以及实用主义的“相信其他人存在是方便的”这一命题，分别来自不同论域。人们可以相信第二个命题，而不必从逻辑上被迫相信第一个；他们可以在没有听说第二个的情况下相信第一

个；或者他们可以两个都信。第一个表达信念的对象，第二个描述信念自我维系能力的一个条件。这两个命题不涉及任何类型的同一，除了其中共同含有的“其他人”这个词语；把它们当作是可相互替换的，或者坚持认为我们应该这样做，就等于完全放弃了对实在的处理。

拉尔夫·霍特里先生也似乎打着抽象主义逻辑的旗帜，用类似于罗素先生的论调指责我们实用主义者荒唐。

作为对我们的恩典，也为了争论的目的，他对“真的”这个词的解释引起了我们的愤怒，认为它只不过是指某些信念是方便的这一事实；他用“正确”（像普拉特先生使用“真实”这个词一样）来指称一个事实，不是有关信念的一个事实，而是有关信念对象的事实，即事实就是信念所宣称的样子。他写道，“因此当我说恺撒死了是正确的时候，我的意思就是‘恺撒死了’。这应该被看作是对正确的定义。”然后，霍特里先生继续通过定义之间的冲突来推翻我的理论。他说，在实用主义者看来是“真的”不可能是“正确的，因为这些定义从逻辑上来说是不能互换的；或者说，如果我们将它们互换，我们就犯了同义反复的错误：

‘恺撒死了’意味着‘相信恺撒死了是方便的’。但是，相信什么是方便的呢？当然是相信‘恺撒死了’。这果然是对“恺撒死了”的最有价值的定义啊！

霍特里先生的结论似乎是：对某个信念的真理性所做出的实用主义定义，绝对不意味着——你说什么——信仰者相信对自己信念的表述，或者说不意味着正在谈论他的实用主义者会相信那种表述。这两种情况大相径庭。对信仰者来说，恺撒当然必须真正存在；但是对实用主义的批评者来说他不必存在，因为像我刚才所说的那样，实用主义的表述完全属于另外一个论域。当我们试图通过用一个定义代替另外一个定义来展开讨论时，我们需要停留在同一个论域。

当我们把“真理”这个词从主观领域带入客观领域，把它有时用来指见解的某种属性，或有时用来指见解所断言的事实时，这场讨论的论域就会发生巨大转变。像罗素先生自己、G.E.穆尔先生等许多作者喜欢“命题”这个倒霉的词，该词似乎专门被创造出来助长这种混乱状态，因为他们把真理看作是“命题”的一种属性。但是在提起命题时，不用that这个引导词几乎是不可能的。

恺撒死了，美德就是对美德的奖赏，这些都是命题。

把命题看作是绝对实体，其中分别存在着真理或谬误，或者把“恺撒

－死－了”这样的复合体合并为单一的术语并称之为“真理”，我不想说这两种做法可能对实现某些逻辑目的没用。但是，对那些想为我们实用主义者制造麻烦的人来说，that在这里引导的内容具有极其方便的歧义性，即它有时指恺撒不再活着这一事实，有时指恺撒不再活着这一信念。当我们把一个信念称作真的时，我被告知真理意味着事实；当我也断言这一事实时，又被告知我的定义排除了事实，因为它不过是对该信念的某个特性的定义——结果我最终根本不掌握任何可谈论的真理。

在我们看来，对于这种难以容忍的歧义，唯一的弥补方式是坚持术语使用的一致性。“实在”、“观念”或“信念”、“观念或信念的真理性”这些词都是我坚持一贯使用的术语，似乎没有引起任何反对意见。

如果一个人把术语从它们的自然情境下抽象出来，把它们等同于定义，又把定义看作是更具有代数性质，他不仅冒着混淆论域的危险，而且冒着产生连大街上的外行人都能很容易察觉来的谬误。“恺撒存在”这一陈述与有关“方便”的某个陈述是同一的，因为一个陈述是“真的”，而另一个是有关“真的陈述”的，“用定义”来证明二者的同一性就像是证明一辆公共汽车无异于一只船，因为二者都是交通工具。马可以被定义为一个用中间足趾的趾甲行走的牲畜。每当我们看到一匹马时，我们就看到了这样一只牲畜，正像我们每当相信一个“真理”，就相信了某个方便的东西一样。罗素和霍特里先生如果遵循其反实用主义的逻辑，在此不得不说，我们看到它是这样的一只牲畜，一位不是比较解剖学家的人显然没有看到这一事实。

只有说服一个人不成为逻辑学家，他似乎才能因此躲避开严重的抽象主义倾向，当罗素先生确定地说“真理”一词的意思时，那种最糟糕的抽象主义总是尾随在他的身边。在论迈农的第三篇文章中（见《心灵》第八卷，第509页，1904年），他试图通过把讨论只限制在三个术语内来界定“真理”的意思，这三个术语是命题、其内容、对象，把它们从与相关联的实在的整个情境中抽象出来，而在种情境下每一个实际的认识都离不开这些术语。这些术语就这样被放置在真空中，并被转变成纯粹的逻辑实体，他让它们经过各种可能的排列组合，在酷刑架上来折磨它们，直到它们所剩无几，在所有这些逻辑表演之后，他得出了下述装腔作势的结论，他认为这是“正确的观点：真理和谬误本身没有问题；某些命题是真的，某些是假的，正像有些玫瑰是红的，有些是白的；信念是对命题的一种态度，当命题为真时，这种态度就被称作认识，当命题为

假时，则态度就被称作错误”——而且他似乎是认为，一旦达成这种洞见，问题就可以被认为是永远画上了句号！

尽管我赞赏罗素先生的分析能力，在读完本文之后，我希望实用主义即使没有别的功能，也能使他和像他一样的天才感到羞愧，因为他们把这种能力用在脱离实在的抽象上。正如本文所证明的，实用主义无论如何都把我们从这种病态的抽象中拯救了出来。

附笔：自上述回应写完之后，我知道罗素先生写了一篇有关实用主义的文章，登载在1909年4月的《爱丁堡评论》上。就他对真理问题的讨论而言，尽管他显然尽了最大努力保持公平，但在我看来，他没有在任何重要方面对他以前的论点做出改进。因此，这里我不再赘述，只是提醒可能有好奇心的读者去阅读该文（见第272 - 280页）。

见《奥尔巴尼评论》，1908年1月。

见《新季刊》，1908年3月。

第十五章　对话

在纠正了前面提到的所有那些论证之后，我想读者仍然感觉自己没有被彻底说服，我认为试图至少驱除这种余悸是我的责任。如果用对话形式来表达我要说的话，我或许能更简洁些。就让反实用主义者先说吧。

反实用主义者：你说一个观念的真理在于它的作用。现在，假定一种事实状态，比如有关大洪水前行星历史的事实，涉及这段历史我们可以问这样一个问题：

“有关它们的真理将能被认识吗？”而且，假定（姑且把对某个无所不知的绝对的假设搁置在一边）我们认为真理根本是不可知的。现在我来问你，实用主义兄弟，在你看来，是否可以说存在有关这种事实状态的任何真理。在无论如何绝对不能认识这种状态的情况下，究竟有真理存在，还是没有真理呢？

实用主义者：你为什么问我这样一个问题呢？

反实用主义者：因为这个问题使你左右为难。

实用主义者：为什么会这样呢？

反实用主义者：为什么？因为如果你一方面选择说有真理存在，你就因此放弃了实用主义的整个理论。根据那种理论，真理要求观念和作用才能促使其产生；但是在目前情况下，认识者被认为是不存在的，结果观念和作用都不可能存在。那么你的真理又产生于什么地方呢？

实用主义者：难道你像我的众多批评者一样，想强迫我从实在本身中创造真理吗？我不能：真理是有关实在的被认识、思考或言说的东西，结果它在数量上是增加给实在的。但是，你的意图也许有所不同；因此，在我说我选择你所谓的二难的哪一难之前，请你让我听一听你说的另一难是什么。

反实用主义者：另外一难是这样的，如果你选择说在假定的条件下没有真理存在，因为根本没有观念或作用存在，那么你就是公然违背常识。每一个事实状态就事情的本质来说必须是可以用某个命题真正加以陈述，即使这个命题实际上应该是任何有生命的个体根本无法提出的，这难道不是我们的常识所告诉我们的吗？

实用主义者：常识毫无疑问是这样认为，并且我也这样认为。在我

们这个星球的历史上，有数不胜数的事件没有人曾经或将能做出解释，但是我们可以抽象地说，只有一种可能的解释最终可能是真的。所以，有关任何这类事件的真理已经总体上由事件的性质预先决定了；相应地，人们可以完全心安理得地说，它实质上是先行存在的。如此看来，常识的本能主张是正确的。

反实用主义者：那么，这就是在二难状况下你所选择的那一难吗？你是不是说真理即使在根本不可知的情况下仍然存在呢？

实用主义者：我确实这样认为，只要你允许我一贯坚持我对真理的认识，不要求我为了我发现不可能理解的东西而放弃它。你也相信即使在真理根本不可知的情况下也是存在的，不是这样吗？

反实用主义者：我也确实这样认为。

实用主义者：那么请告诉我，在你看来，关于这个不可知物的真理究竟存在于什么呢？

反实用主义者：在于？请告诉我你所谓的“在于”是什么意思呢？真理除了其本身外不在于任何东西，更准确地说，它既没有“在于”也没有“存在”，它产生，它把握。

实用主义者：那么，它与它把握的实在是什么关系呢？

反实用主义者：“什么关系”，你这是什么意思啊？当然指对实在的握；它认识它，表征它。

实用主义者：谁认识它？什么表征它？

反实用主义者：是真理；真理认识它；或更确切地说也不完全如此，而是任何拥有真理的人都认识它。有关实在的任何真观念都表征涉及它的真理。

实用主义者：但是我原以为我们一致认为无论是它的认识者，还是表征它的任何观念，都不能被假定是存在的。

反实用主义者：那是理所当然的。

实用主义者：那么请你再告诉我，这个真理本身，这个处于一方面是事实本身，另一方面是对事实的所有知识——无论是实际的认识还是潜在的认识——之间的第三者，它到底存在于何处呢？处于第三等级的它又是什么样子呢？它到底由什么材料构成，是精神的，物质的，还是“认识论的”呢？它究竟居于实在的什么形而上学领域呢？

反实用主义者：这些问题太荒唐了！只要说如果事实是如此如此就是真的，如果不是如此如此就是假的，这不就够了吗？

实用主义者：如果事实是如此如此，“这”就是真的——我可不能屈服于诱惑去问你什么是真的；但是我确实想问你：你的话——如果事实是如此如此“它就是真的”，是不是指任何真正增加到事实本身只是如此如此上的东西呢？

反实用主义者：它似乎不仅是指事实只是如此如此。它对事实来说是一种精神上的等同物，是事实的认识论功能，是其理智上的价值。实用主义者：这明显是事实在精神上的对应物，是它们的幻影。如果是这样，我问你这个真理是在何处找到的呢？

反实用主义者：何处？何处？没有什么“何处”——它只是存在、绝对地存在着。

实用主义者：不是在任何人的心灵中吗？

反实用主义者：不是，因为我们已经一致认为不应该假定真理的实际认识者存在。

实用主义者：我同意，不存在实际的认识者。但是，任何对于一个潜在的或理想的认识者的概念，与形成对事实真相的这种莫名其妙地难以把握的观念之间，在你心里是毫不相干的，你对此真的有把握吗？

反实用主义者：当然，如果有关事实的真理存在，那个真理就是理想的认识者会认识的。你不能在那个程度上将真理的观念与认识者的观念分割开来。但是，并不是首先有认识者然后才有真理；在我看来，首先有后者然后才有前者。

实用主义者：可是，有关这个所谓的真理的地位，你仍然让我感觉极其困惑，它悬于天地间，悬于实在和认识之间，植根于实在，但是在数量上又是对实在的增加，并同时先行于任何认识者的见解，且完全独立于它。它果真像你假定的那样是独立于认识者吗？它在我看来是非常值得怀疑的，好像它可能仅仅是一个代名词，指对实在的潜在认识，区别于对实在的实际认识。毕竟，假如存在一位成功的认识者，你所说的真理不就是他将必须认识的吗？而且，在一个甚至无法设想认识者的世界里，任何有关那里的事实的真理——作为在数量上区别于事实本身的东西，能找到一个存身之地吗？对我来说，这种真理不仅是不存在的，而且也是无法想像、无法设想的。

反实用主义者：但是我想你刚才说过，即使没有人能认识过去事件的真理，它也是存在的。

实用主义者：是的，但是你必须记住，我也曾请你允许以我的方式

来定义这个词。一个事件的真理性，无论是过去的、现在的还是未来的事件，对我来说只不过是下述事实的一个代名词：如果这个事件确实能被认识的话，这一认识的本质在某种程度上来说已经是先决的。先于对某个事实的实际认识的真理，仅仅指那个事实可能的认识者最终发现自己必须相信的有关该事实的东西。他必须相信把他带入与它的满意关系的东西，相信将证明是它合意的心理替代物的东西。这个东西可能是什么，当然部分地是由这个事实的本质及其相关事物的范围所确定的。当你说真理先于认识存在时，这在我看来明显然就是你能指的意思。这是一种预期到的认识，只是以可能性的形式存在。

反实用主义者：但是，当认识产生时，它究竟认识了什么？它不是认识了真理吗？而且，如果是这样，真理不肯定就是既不同于事实也不同于认识吗？

实用主义者：在我看来，认识所认识的是事实本身、事件或实在可能是的任何东西。你在这个领域里看到三个截然不同的实体：实在、认识和真理，而我只看到两个。而且，我能看到我的两个实体中的每一个为人所知作什么，但是当我问自己你的第三个实体真理为人所知作什么时，我没有发现一方面区别于实在、另一方面区别于它可能为人所知的方式的任何东西。日常语言发现引进一个混合名称很方便，这个名称有时指一种认识，有时指一个被认识的实在，它在指这两种东西时可以互用，你是不是可能被这种日常语言误导了？让这种模棱两可持续下去并把它神圣化对哲学有什么好处呢？如果你把认识的对象称作“实在”，把认识它的方式称作“真理”——而且是在特殊情况下由与实在有各种关系的特殊人从各种角度认识它的方式，而且，如果你一贯坚持这种称呼，我认为你就能避开各种麻烦。

反实用主义者：你是说你认为自己摆脱了我说的二难境地了吗？

实用主义者：我确实摆脱了；因为，如果真理和知识是相互关联和相互依存的术语——我坚持认为它们是这样，那么，只要认识是可以设想的，真理也是可以设想的；只要认识是可能的，真理也是可能的；只要认识是实际存在的，真理也是实际存在的。因此，当你把第一难指向我的时候，我想到了实际存在的真理，并且说它不存在。它不存在；因为依据假设，根本没有认识者，没有观念，没有作用。然而我赞同，可能的或实质上的真理可能存在，因为认识者可能会诞生；可设想的真理肯定是存在的，因为抽象地说，大洪水前的事件的本质中没有任何东西

能使认识对它们的应用变得无法设想。因此，当你试图把我钉在第二难上时，我把你提到的真理看作仅仅是一种抽象的可能性，所以我说它确实存在，这与常识是一致的。

这些区分难道没有把我合理地从困境中解放出来吗？而且，你不认为自己做这些区分也对你是有帮助的吗？

反实用主义者：绝对！让你这些可恶的吹毛求疵和诡辩术见鬼去吧！真理就是真理；我绝不会把它等同于你所主张的那种低俗的实用主义特殊事物，不会去那样贬低它。

实用主义者：那么，我亲爱的对手，我本来就没指望说服你这样一位杰出的理智主义者和逻辑学家。所以，在你有生之年好好地享受你自己的那个无法言表的概念吧。也许，正在成长的一代长大成人后比你更习惯于对实用主义方法所依赖的术语所做出的具体的、经验主义的解释。也许，它们那时可能不明白，我对真理的阐释是如此无害、如此自然，为什么它那样难以进入那些其聪明程度我无法企及的人的思想中，但是他们所接受的教育和传统，使他们陷于绝对主义的思想方式而不能自拔。

John Locke

TWO TREATISES OF GOVERNMENT (I)

政府论

上卷

（英）约翰·洛克 著
冯丽霞 李莹 译
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北京 BEIJING

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu

Beijing, China 100089

http://www.fltrp.com

图书在版编目（CIP）数据

政府论．上卷 /（英）洛克（Locke, J.）著；冯丽霞，李盈译．—北京：外语教学与研究出版社，2015.10
ISBN 978-7-5135-6790-9

Ⅰ．①政… Ⅱ．①洛…②冯…③李… Ⅲ．①政治制度 - 研究 Ⅳ．①D033

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字（2015）第260021号

出版人　蔡剑峰
责任编辑　刘为华　马爱群
封面设计　孟耕宇
出版发行　外语教学与研究出版社
社　　址　北京市西三环北路19号（100089）
网　　址　http://www.fltrp.com
版　　次　2015年12月第1版
书　　号　ISBN 978-7-5135-6790-9

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举报电话：（010）88817519　电子邮箱：banquan@fltrp.com
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译者序

约翰·洛克（1632—1704）是英国17世纪的哲学家和政治思想家、经济学家、教育学家，古典自由主义思想的集大成者。自18世纪起，约翰·洛克即被公认为17世纪与牛顿齐名的英国两个伟大的思想巨匠之一。其哲学、尤其宪政民主政治思想对于后世现实政治影响深远。洛克的宪政民主思想包括“天赋人权”学说，他认为人生来享有“自然权利”，包括自由权、生命权和财产权，并主张这些权利神圣不可侵犯。洛克也是第一个提出“制衡”思想的人。他把政治权力分为立法权、行政权和外交权三种，并且认为为了防止专政，立法机关应当高于行政机关。洛克的政治理念深远地影响了英国、美国、法国以及其他西方国家，成为西方文明的强大的政治哲学基础。

17世纪的英国，传统王权正在丧失，人们对于自由的呼声不断高涨，主流的专制强权政府思想正不断受到资产阶级民主革命思想的冲击。约翰·洛克提出：一切政府就其权力而言都是有限的，政府存在的合理性仅仅在于被统治者的认同，所有人生来都是自由的。1689到1690年写成的两篇《政府论》是洛克最重要的政治论文。上卷意在“破”，洛克从人的“自然状态”出发，对保皇派作家罗伯特·费尔默爵士的《君权论》中的“君权神赋”思想进行了系统的反驳，整个破的过程针锋相对、环环相扣，其严密的逻辑让人称道。下卷意在“立”。洛克认为一切政府就其权力而言都是有限的，政府存在的合理性仅仅在于被统治者的认同，建立国家的唯一目的，乃是为了保障社会的安全以及人民的自然权利。世人普遍认为下卷比上卷在政治思想上更富价值。

1．全书概览

《政府论》全书分为上、下两篇，上卷十一章，下卷十九章。洛克在《政府论》的上卷中对罗伯特·费尔默爵士（Robert Filmer）《君权论》（拥护专制王权的代表性著作）中提出的“君权神授”之主张进行批判和反驳，指出政府的权威只能建立在被统治者拥护之基础之上，同时讨论了社会契约论在何种情况下可成立，在何种情况下可废除。在《政府论》的下卷中，洛克基于自然法的学说论述了国家的起源和本质，提出了一套关于政府的理论，并讨论了臣民在何种情况下可以推翻君主政府的统治。

全书的基本框架如下：

上卷：

第一章：简介费尔默爵士的《君权论》与“君权神授”的论点

第二章：驳斥“君权”来自“父权”

第三章：驳斥神创亚当并指定其为“世界君主”

第四至六章：驳斥亚当主权的三个缘由（上帝赐予、夏娃从属、父亲身份）

第七章：驳斥“父权”和“财产权”为统治权的共同来源

第八至十一章：论亚当君权的转移和继承以及君主制的传袭

下卷：

第一章：驳斥君权神授的观点，提出建立政府的原因是为了保护公民财产。

第二、三章：论证自然和战争的两种状态并将二者进行对比，同时论述什么是理想的自然状态以及在何种情况下会导致战争状态。

第四至六章：从三个方面（奴役、财产和父权）阐释自然人拥有的三项基本权利（自由、私有财产不可侵犯及平等）。

第七至九章：论述政治社会的产生及其目的。

第十至十二章：论述与国家相关的问题，指出国家的形式由立法权的归属来决定，立法权至高无上。

第十三至十五章：论述与权力相关的问题，包括国家权力、特权、父权、政治权力和专制权力。

第十六至十九章：论述动荡的社会将导致征服、篡夺、暴政、和最后政府的解体等状态。

2．翻译说明

为了明晰地传达原文的意思，让译文更接近汉语表达习惯，更易于理解，在翻译过程中，我们对一些句子语序和结构进行了调整，对必要的信息采用了加译，加译部分主要为了补充背景知识、明确代词所指、增强篇章过渡性以及强化意义，以下例子中加译的文字放在中括号内，以示区别。

2.1　调整语序和句子结构

例1　上卷第五章：

This was unavoidable, may it perhaps be answered, because he was yet without subjects, and had nobody to work for him...

有人可能会回答说，这一点不可避免，因为当时他还没有臣民，没人替他劳动；……

例2　上卷第七章：

I will not stand here to examine how it can be said without a contradiction, that the "first grounds and principles of government necessarily depend upon the original of property,"...

我暂不想讨论“统治权的最初根据和原则须以财产权为根源”和“除了父权以外没有别的权力来源”这两句话是否矛盾，……

例3　上卷第十一章：

The great question which in all ages has disturbed mankind, and brought on them the greatest part of those mischiefs which have ruined cities, depopulated countries, and disordered the peace of the world, has been, not whether there be power in the world, nor whence it came, but who should have it.

古往今来，有一个问题一直困扰着人类，并带来一系列足以毁灭城市、灭绝人口、破坏和平的重大灾难和危害。这个问题不是权力是否存在，也不是权力由何而来，而是权力该由谁掌握。

例4　下卷第七章：

This rule, which the infinite wise Maker hath set to the works of His hands, we find the inferior creatures steadily obey.

我们发现，由智慧无边的造物主亲手制定的这条规则，低等动物的坚决服从的。

2.2　加译

1）补充背景知识

例5　上卷第六章：

... and so do with the words and sense of authors, they would fit to their purpose, just as Procrustes did with his guests, lop or stretch them, as clay best fit them to the size of their notions; and they always prove, like those so served, deformed, lame, and useless.

作者们的言语和想法也是一样，为达目的，他们就像普洛克路斯忒斯［（古希腊的强盗）］那样，拉长或截短客人的身躯以适合自己心目中所需要的尺寸。结果这些论证就像那些被截断过腿脚的客人一样，畸形无用，站不住脚。

例6　上卷第十一章：

... but by being heir, he had no right to be "lord over his children;" for if he had, why should Sarah endeavour to rob him of one of his subjects, or lessen the number of his slaves, by desiring to have Ishmael sent away.

……但是以撒作为继承人，也没有“做众兄弟之主”的权利，如果有的话，撒拉为什么还要花费心思赶走［以撒的这个兄弟］以实玛利［（亚伯拉罕与女仆之子）］，夺走他一个臣民，或者减少他一个奴隶呢？

2）明确代词所指

例7　上卷第五章：

... and there is, I grant, a foundation in nature for it.

……［这种规定］，我认为，是有一个自然基础的。

例8　下卷第二章：

For these two are the only reasons why one man may lawfully do harm to another, which is that we call punishment.

因为这两种行为［纠正和制止］是一个人能够合法地伤害他人，即我们称之为惩罚的唯一理由。

3）增强篇章过渡性

例9　上卷第八章：

The ways he has assigned, as they lie scattered up and down in his writings, I will set down in his own words.

我们的作者指定的权力转让方式，散见于其著作各处，［在此］我还是引用原文。

例10　下卷第二章：

And that all men may be restrained from invading others' rights, and from doing hurt to one another, and the law of Nature be observed, which willeth the peace and preservation of all mankind ...

［为了］维护和平和保护全人类的自然法得到所有人的遵守，［使］所有人受到约束，不去侵犯他人的权利、不去相互伤害……

例11　下卷第五章：

Though the water running in the fountain be every one's, yet who can doubt but that in the pitcher is his only who drew it out ?

尽管流动的泉水为每个人所共有的，但对于装在水壶里的水仅属于那取水的人［这一点］，谁能加以怀疑呢

例12　下卷第九章：

Firstly, there wants an established, settled, known law, received and allowed by common consent to be the standard of right and wrong, and the common measure to decide all controversies between them.

首先，［自然状态］中缺少一种业已制定、根深蒂固、众所周知的法律，经一致同意接受并承认为是非标准，成为裁定他们之间所有纠纷的共同尺度。

5）强化意义

例13　下卷第九章：

It is this that makes them so willingly give up every one his single power of punishing to be exercised by such alone as shall be appointed to it amongst them, and by such rules as the community, or those authorised by them to that purpose, shall agree on.

［正是］这种情况使他们如此心甘情愿地放弃各自单独行使的惩罚权，而将之交由他们中间被指定的人来专门行使；而且要依据社会或他们为此目的而授权的那些人一致同意的规则来行使。

例14　下卷第十六章：

Grants, promises, and oaths are bonds that hold the Almighty, whatever some flatterers say to princes of the world, who, all together, with all their people joined to them, are, in comparison of the great God, but as a drop of the bucket, or a dust on the balance-inconsiderable, nothing!

给予、承诺和誓言是约束全能的上帝之枷锁。无论一些谄媚之徒对人世间的君主们说什么奉承话，即使把所有的君主和与他们相结合的人民加在一起，相较伟大的上帝，只不过是滴水之微，豪尘之渺，［轻若鸿毛，形同乌有］！

例15　下卷第十八章：

But so much the worse in him as that he has more trust put in him, is supposed, from the advantage of education and counsellors, to have better knowledge and less reason to do it, having already a

greater share than the rest of his brethren.

然而，当一个人得到人民的更多信托，已享有比他的其余同胞更大的份额，且由于他的教育和顾问等有利条件，理应有更好的认识而更没有理由这么做，倘若他［竟还］如此，那就更恶劣了。

2.3　译本

本书在对照原著进行翻译的同时，也参考了其他中文译本，特别是瞿菊农、叶启芳的译本。该译本1982年由商务印书馆出版，行文流畅，意思明了，但翻译注定是一门遗憾的艺术，就算译者对原著再怎么缜密阅读，也总难免有疏漏或理解不当之处，我们站在前人的肩膀上，在向前人的努力和艰辛致敬的同时，也发现其中的不足。

首先，作者在前言中明确指出正文中所有的O代表《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》（Observations on Hobbes, Milton, &c.）一书，P代表《君权论》（Patriarcha），正文频繁引用费尔默爵士这两本书中的原话，并注明了出处，瞿、叶译本中全部省略未提，这也导致部分译文意义交代不明，例如上卷第五章：

Here we have (says he) the original grant of government," from whence he concludes, in the following part of the page, O. 244, "That the supreme power is settled in the fatherhood, and limited to one kind of government, that is, to monarchy."

瞿、叶译本：作者说，“这就是政府的最初授予”，于是他在同页的后面就作出结论说：“最高的权力是落在父亲的身份上，并且只限于一种形式的政府，这就是君主制。”在这里，很显然“同页”就指代不明了。

其次，少数地方意思理解有误，例如上卷第十一章中“and if our's want them, we need not go farther for famous examples of it than the other kingdom in this very island, which having been fully related by the ingenious and learned author of Patriarcha non Monarcha, I need say no more of”一句，瞿菊农、叶启芳译本中将“Patriarcha non Monarcha”译为《父系的君王》，“non”显然为“非、不是”之意，因此我们译为《族长非君王》。

我们在翻译时本着求真的态度，努力避免讹误，在措辞和句子结构上尽量避免翻译腔，比如将原文的被动结构译成主动结构，将物称主语改成中文里的人称主语，不拘泥于原文长句的庞杂结构，等等，目的是使译文符合汉语表达习惯，以便译文更易于理解。

2.4　背景知识

在翻译过程中，我们深感背景知识的重要。要读懂英文原文，必须了解相关的背景知识。首先，要对英国的历史和政治体制形成史有所了解，才能很好地理解洛克在论证中所引用的一些例子。比如，洛克在论及国家权力的统属、谈论到组成立法机关的代表的分配的不合理之情况时，有这样一段话：

当我们看到有些地方徒留城市的虚名，遗留下的不过是废墟，在那里所能看到的房屋不过是个别羊栏，所能找到的人不过个别牧羊人，而它们还派出与人口众多且财力雄厚的郡同样多的代表出席庞大的立法会议，我们就会确信，沿袭已无存在理由之习俗会造成多大的谬误。（下卷第十三章）

这里如果我们对英国历史不甚了解，不知道这里实际上指的是英国历史上1832年《改革法案》通过前的腐败选区（这些选区虽然选民寥寥无几却仍能选举议员，而议员的选举往往由一个人或一个家族所控制），就很难明白洛克在这里提及变成废墟的城市及牧羊人的意义。

其次，在对英国的历史、政治体制有所了解的基础上，还要对《圣经》较为熟悉，才能很好地理解洛克在《政府论》中所采用的很多比喻及援引自《圣经》的引文。比如，洛克在论征服中讨论到征服者对于未同意或未参与战争的人，或征服者的子女及其财产并不享有任何权利时说道：

所以，无论亚述的国王们通过武力对犹大拥有了什么权利，上帝帮助希西家摆脱了那个征服帝国的统治。（下卷第十六章）

如果我们对圣经一无所知，那么我们就不知道洛克在这里提到的希西家是指生活于公元前715年—687年的耶路撒冷犹大国王，他是大卫王的后裔和第十三代继承者，亚述人征服了希西家的父亲亚哈斯，将他废黜，并在他尚在人世时立他的儿子希西家为王，可是后来希西家却背叛了亚述王。因此，倘若我们不回到《圣经》中寻找答案，也就无法领会洛克在这里援引希西家为例的寓意了。

再次，还要对希腊神话略知一二，否则就领悟不到洛克所援引例子的生动有趣。例如洛克在论及政府的解体时讨论到人们应该称颂何种形式的和平时援引了希腊神话中的例子：

波吕斐摩斯的洞穴为我们提供了这样一种和平和这样一种政府的完美典范。（下卷第十九章）

在这里，波吕斐摩斯的洞穴指的是什么？为什么洛克在这里说它提供了一种和平和政府的完美典范？洛克在这里是否是此言它意？这些答案我们只能到希腊神话中去寻找。（这里指的是指希腊神话中将奥德修斯（即尤利西斯）及其同伴困在山洞中的独眼巨人波吕斐摩斯，奥德修斯在将其灌醉后挖出了他的一只眼睛而得以逃脱。）

此外，了解英国文学和古希腊历史也很有必要。这些背景知识不仅能帮助我们理解洛克的《政府论》，而且有助于我们更好地把握西方国家政体的源流和脉络。

3．结语

翻译充满着挑战和快乐，译者对此体会颇深。本书翻译始于2010年6月，在完成译稿后，经过了反复校对修改，本书译者团结协作，始终抱着严谨、求真的态度，力争奉献更佳译品。全书的翻译分工如下：上卷第一至四章由李盈翻译，第五至十一章由冯丽霞翻译，下卷由蔡云翻译；谢世坚负责全书的统稿和审校。由于水平有限，翻译错谬难免，我们恳请读者批评指正。

译者

2012年冬

第一章　导读

§1．奴隶制作为一种人类状态，是如此可耻和悲惨，完全背离了我国宽宏的性格及无畏的精神，以至于很难想象一个英国人——更不用说一位绅士——居然为其申辩。说实话，要不是因为费尔默爵士这本《君权论》标题及献词的严肃，书封面上的图片，以及发行后引来的赞美之辞，让我不得不相信作者及出版者说的都是真话，我会把它当成又一篇劝告民众，说他们是奴隶，并且理应如此的文章，或者是那位写下尼禄颂歌的聪明人的又一杰作，其意只在炫耀其智慧，而并非将其当成一篇严肃的论著。因此，当我把这本自出版以来引起如此轰动的书拿到手的时候，我满怀期望，并全神贯注地从头到尾通读了一遍。但是我不得不承认我完全震惊了：在这本旨在为人类提供枷锁的书里，我所看到的不过是一条沙绳，对于那些只能扬起一阵沙尘，弥漫民众双眼，使人迷失方向的人，它也许有用；而实际上它对于那些明眼人却毫无束缚之力，因为他们对这些手段已经了然于心，不管它们如何被精心锻造和打磨，对他们来说不过是一层拙劣的外披而已。

§2．如果有人认为我如此自由地评论一位绝对权力的捍卫者，一位绝对权力崇拜者们的偶像，未免过于胆大妄为，那么我恳请他这次稍加宽恕，允许像我这样一个人，即使在通读罗伯特爵士的书以后，也只能把自己看成是一个法律所认可的自由人。而且，我认为这样做并没有什么错，除非有比我更了解本书的命运的人向我这样的人宣布，这本蛰伏已久的书一经问世就能凭借其论据的力量剥夺我们所有的自由，并由此开始，我们这位作者的精简模式将成为基督训诫的典范，并为后世政治树立了理想规范。他的理论基础范围狭小，不外乎是说：

一切政府都是绝对君主专制。

其理由是，

没有人是生而自由的。

§3．在最近这个时代，我们中冒出这样一部分人：他们谄媚君主，说不管任命他们为君主并给予其统治权的法律如何，不管他们获得权力的条件如何，也不管他们遵守法律条款的义务是如何完美地以庄严的誓言和承诺的形式固定下来，他们都享有神权所赋予的绝对权力。为了给他们的理论开路，这些人不仅谎话连篇，还否认了天赋自由权。因此使

得所有的臣民遭受暴政和压迫的莫大灾难，同时还颠覆了所有的法律条款，动摇了君主们的王位：（根据这些人的理论，除非仅有一个，君主们也都是天生的奴隶，根据神权，他们都是亚当权力继承人的臣民）；似乎他们就是打算向一切政府开战，以颠覆人类社会的根基来满足他们当前的需要。

然而，当他们告诉我们，我们生下来就是奴隶，而且必须做奴隶的时候，我们只有相信他们的空话。因为一点办法也没有：我们获得生命的同时也获得了奴隶身份，我们永远不能中止我们的奴隶身份，除非我们放弃生命。尽管这些人搬出关于神权的理论，似乎神的权威已经将我们置于别人无限制的意志之下，我确信《圣经》和理性绝对没有这么说。这是多么绝妙的人类状态，这些人所具备的才智让他们最近才发现这一点。因为，不管罗伯特·菲尔默爵士如何斥责这种异议的标新立异（《君权论》第三页），我确信他很难再找到承认君权神授的另一个时代或者另一个国家。而他也承认，像海沃尔德、布莱克伍德、巴克莱这样经常勇于维护君权的人也从来没有想到过这点，而是一致承认天赋自由和平等权。

§5．至于这种学说首先由谁提起并使其在我们中间盛行，以及会引起什么样悲惨的结果，这一切留给历史学家去陈述，或者让西伯托普和曼惠林同时代的人去回忆吧。我现在要做的只是考虑罗伯特·菲尔默爵士在此文中就这一方面所说的。他已经把这一观点发挥到极致，并被认为已经使其尽善尽美；因为，每一个想要想象法国宫廷里的人那样追求时髦的人都已经从他那里学到并到处宣扬这个浅薄的政治理论，即：人非生而自由，因此永远不能自由选择统治者，或者是政府的形式；君主们通过神权获得绝对权力，因为奴隶们永远没有立约和赞同的权力；自亚当开始了绝对专制，自此以后所有的君主皆如此。

第二章　论父权和王权

§6．罗伯特·费尔默爵士的重要论点是：“人非生而自由”。这是他的绝对君主制立论的基础。在这个基础之上，绝对君主制被抬到这样一个超越一切权利的高度——一个“不切实际”的高度：它高出世间一切，以至于人类的思想根本无法企及，甚至连约束无限神权的承诺和誓言也无法限制它。但是只要这个基础倒塌，其所有的结构便随之倒塌，于是，那些依靠自己的理性组成社会的人们，依旧通过商议并达成共识的方式组建政府。为了证明他这个重要的论点，作者告诉我们（《君权论》，第12页）：“人类生来就必须服从他们的父母，因此是没有自由的。”这个父母的权威，他称之为“王权”（《君权论》，第12、14页）、“父权”或者“父亲身份的权利”（《君权论》，第12、20页）。我们本以为，像这样一本让“君王权威”以及“臣民的顺从”赖以生存的著作，作者一定会在开头部分明确地告诉我们什么是“父权”。就算是因为作者在其他论文中告诉我们，“它是无限制的，也是不可限制的”，也要给其下个定义。至少，他应该对其做一个说明，以便于我们在他的文章中碰到“父亲身份”，或是“父权”这样的字眼的时候，能有个完整的概念。我本指望在他的《君权论》第一章中见到这样的解释，但他并没有这么做，而是首先向统治秘术表示敬意（《君权论》，第5页）；其次赞美了本国或任何其他国家的权力和自由（《君权论》第6页），而这些他马上就要取消和摧毁；最后向那些虽然博学但是在这个问题上没有他本人看得那么深远的学者致敬（《君权论》第7页）。在完成了这一切之后，他就向贝拉名（十六世纪意大利神学家）发起了攻击（《君权论》，第8页），并因为对其所取得的胜利，便理所当然地建立了他所谓的“父权”。贝拉名既然自己承认被打垮（《君权论》，第11页），那么大局已定，也就没有必要花费更多的努力了：因为在完成这件事情之后，我就没见他再说过这个问题，或者是收集任何证据来完善他的观点，而是随心所欲地对我们述说这个称之为“父亲身份”的奇怪而专制的幽灵的故事——任何人只要能抓住它，就马上获得整个帝国和无限的绝对权力。他极力使我们相信，这个所谓的“父权”如何起源于亚当，如何传承下来，以及如何在大洪水到来之前的先祖时代保持世界的秩序，如何随挪亚和挪亚的儿子们离开方舟，建立并支持世间的所有君王，直到以色列

人在埃及被奴役。接下来，可怜的父权便遭到压制，“直到上帝赐予以色列诸王，在父权政府里重建这种世袭的古老而重要的权利。”这是他书里从十二页到十九页所做的论述。接下来，为了确认这种“王权的自然权利”，他用一半的理由先排除了一项异议，再清除掉一两块绊脚石（《君权论》，第23页），然后就结束第一章。我把他的这种“一半”的引证称为“一半”的理由，希望这不会构成对作者的侮辱，因为上帝说，“尊敬你的父亲和母亲”，但是我们的作者却满足于引用其中的一半，只是因为“你的母亲”对于其目的没什么用处，就干脆将其省略。关于这一点，在其他地方再详述吧。

任何诸如父权这样来自上帝或者自然的授权和馈赠，人类的权力都无法约束它，也不可能制定任何法律来反对它。经文暗示这种不受任何限制的至高无上的权利最初源于父亲。

§7．我认为我们的作者在写作此类性质文章的时候不会如此拙劣，对正在讨论的观点不会如此漫不经心，以至于由于疏忽而犯下了他本人在《混合君主制的无政府状态》（第239页）一书中批评亨顿先生所犯的错误：“我首先要指责的地方是作者对于君主制不曾给出任何一般的定义和描述，因为根据方法论，他首先应该给出定义”。据同样的方法论，罗伯特爵士也应该告诉我们他所说的“父亲的身份”或者“父权”究竟是什么，而不是在此之前就大谈特谈谁享有这种“父权”。但是，大概罗伯特爵士发现，如果他把按照自己想象描绘出来的规模宏大的理论草图完整交给我们时，他的这个父亲和君王的权力（因为他把这两者等同起来了）（《君权论》，第24页）塑造了一个很奇怪而可怕的形象，而且和孩子们心目中的父母形象或是臣民心目中君王的形象大相径庭。于是，他就像一个谨慎的医生，当他想要病人喝下某些苦涩或者刺激性很强的药水的时候，他会在这个药水中添加大量的东西将其稀释，这样，经过稀释后的药水喝下去的时候没有多大感觉，也不至于引起强烈的恶心。

§8．那么让我们仔细搜索，看看那些散落于他的著作各处的有关“父权”的说明究竟是什么。当他先说到亚当被授予父权的时候，他说，“不独是亚当，而是所有后继的先祖们，根据父权对他们的子孙享有王权”（《君权论》，第12页）。“亚当根据神命所取得统治世界的权力，以及其后先祖们所享有的传承下来的这种权力，和自创世以来任何君王的绝对统治权力一样广泛而充分。”（《君权论》，第13页）“生杀之权、宣战媾和之权都为他掌握。”（《君权论》，第13页）“亚当和先

祖们具有生杀的绝对权力。”（《君权论》，第35页）“君王们根据亲权继承对最高权限的行使。”（《君权论》，第19页）“王权既是依据上帝的法律而来，就不受任何低级法律的限制，亚当是众人之主。”（《君权论》，第40页）“一个家庭的父亲只凭自己的意志而无须根据其他任何法律来进行统治。”（《君权论》，第78页）“君主的地位优于法律。”（《君权论》，第79页）“君王的无限管辖权已在《撒母耳书》中充分地说明。”（《君权论》，第80页）“君主的地位优于法律。”（《君权论》，第93页）我们还可以看到，为了这一目的，作者还借用了许多伯丁斯的话：“毫无疑义，君主的一切法律、特权和君王的授权，如果继位的君主不以明白地表示同意或容忍的形式加以批准，那只能在原来的君主在世时发生效力，特权尤其是如此”。（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第279页）而之所以所有的法律皆由君王们制定，原因如下：“君王们或者忙于战争，或者为公共事务所分心，个人根本无法接近其本人以了解其意志和喜好，那么就有必要产生各种法律，以便于每个臣民都可以通过法律的条款了解其中传达的君王的意愿”。（《君权论》，第92页）“在君主专制国家中，君主必须要高于一切法律”。（《君权论》，第100页）“理想的王国应该是这样的：在这个国家里，君王根据自己的意愿统治一切。”（《君权论》，第106页）“不管习惯法还是成文法都不会，也不可能损害君王根据其父权所获得的统治民众的广泛权力。”（《君权论》，第115页）“亚当在家族中是父亲，君主和主人，儿子也好，臣民也好，仆人或者奴隶也好，最初都是一回事。”父亲有权处置或出售他的孩子或仆人。因此我们看到《圣经》上最初统计货物时，男仆和女仆如同其他货物一样，是按所有者个人物资和资产来计算的。”（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》前言）“上帝还授予父亲一项权力或者是自由，可以把支配孩子的权力转让给他人，因此我们发现在世界历史之初，买卖和馈赠孩子曾经相当盛行，那时候，人们把他们的奴仆当成其他的货物一样来占有和继承，而且我们也看到那个时代的古人阉割和使人成为阉宦的权力的盛行”。（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第155页）“法律不过是具有至高无上的父权者的意志”。（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第223页）“上帝规定亚当的至高无上的权力是无限制的，其范围等同于基于其意志的一切行为一样宽广，其他所有具有至高无上权力的人也一样”。（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第245页）

§9．我不厌其烦地用我们作者的原话来烦扰我的读者，是因为从这些散见于著作多处的费尔默爵士的原话当中，我们可以看到他本人对于他所谓的“父权”的描述。他认为这种“父权”首先被授予了亚当，然后属于其后的所有君主。这个所谓的“父权”或者是“父亲身份的权力”，按照我们的作者的意思，是神圣的、不可变更的主权。父亲或是君主根据这一主权，对于他的儿女和臣民的生命、自由和财产享有绝对的、专断的、无限和不受节制的权力，因此，他可以任意拿走和转让他们的财产，出卖、阉割和使用他们的身体——因为他们原本就是他的奴隶，而他是一切的主人或所有者，他无限制的意志就是他们的法律。

§10．既然我们的作者交给亚当如此强大的权力，而且基于这种假设建立起君王们的一切统治和权力，我们便有理由期待他用清楚而确凿，并与其观点重要性相当的论据来证实这一点。人们既然已经被剥夺得一无所有，身处奴隶境地，他们也应该得到无可否认的证据，证实奴隶制的必然性，以使他们的内心信服，并因此心甘情愿地屈服于统治者对他们行使的绝对统治权。如果不能做到这一点，那么我们的作者树立这样一种无限制的权力，除了迎合人们天生的虚荣心和野心——这种虚荣心和野心随着权力的获得非常容易滋生和扩张——还能有什么用处，或者宣称有什么用处呢？倒是应该劝告那些取得了同胞的认可而攀上高位，但是权力受限的人，如果因为他们被给予的那部分权力，从而获得没有被给予的一切。因为他们有权力比其他人做更多的事情而为所欲为，受引诱去做一些既无益于自己也无益于自己管辖下的那些人的事情，那么接下来的只有巨大的祸害了。

§11．既然我们的作者把亚当的主权作为树立其强大的绝对君主制的牢固基础，因此，我期待在他的《君权论》一书中，他会提出与这样一条基本教义相匹配的一切证据来证明和树立他的这一主要假设。同时，对于这样一个支撑整个理论的论点的提出，我期望他会拿出足够的理由，不至于辱没他提出这一论点的信心。但是，我在他的全文当中几乎看不到任何此类的东西。整篇文章完全是不加证明的臆想，以至于当我仔细读了这篇论文之后发现，一个如此强大的结构居然建立在这样一个单薄的假设基础之上，我几乎不能相信我自己。在这样一篇自诩为驳斥人类“天赋自由”的“谬误原则”的文章中，他只提出了“亚当的权威”这样一个简单的假设，而且对这个“权威”却没有提供任何的证据，这简直令人难以置信。他的确满怀信心地说：“亚当享有王权”（《君权论》，

第12、13页）、“绝对的统治权和生杀大权”（《君权论》，第13页）、“一个普遍的专制”（《君权论》，第33页）、“生杀的绝对权力”（《君权论》，第35页）。他经常做出这样的断言，但奇怪的是在他的《君权论》全文当中，我找不到任何一个他宣称足以成为建立其政府的伟大基础的理由，也没有任何像是论据的东西，我们能找到的只有这些文字：“为了证实这种王权的自然权利，我们可以在《摩西十诫》中看到让人服从君主的法律是这样措辞的：‘尊敬你的父亲’，就好像所有的权力原本属于父亲的。”那么，为什么我不能这么添说：“在《摩西十诫》中，教民众服从他们的王后的法律是用‘尊敬你的母亲’这样的词语来表达的，似乎所有的权力原本属于母亲的”？罗伯特爵士所用的论据，既适用于父亲，也可以适用于母亲。但是关于这一点，我会在适当的地方进行详叙。

§12．这里我所注意到的是，我们的作者在书中的第一章，或后面各章中用来证明他的主要原则“亚当的绝对权力”的所有话语都在这里了。然而，他似乎已经用确凿的论证解决了这个问题一样，接着便以“根据从《圣经》的权威中所得到的证据和理由”这些字眼开始了他的第二章。至于有关亚当的主权的“证据和理由”在什么地方，我承认，除了上面提到的“尊敬你的父亲”之外，我的确找不出来，除非把他所说的（《君权论》，第11页）：“在这些话中，我们看到一种明白的自认，即贝拉名的自认，承认上帝造人使其成为其后裔的君主”——当作是从《圣经》取得的证据和理由或是任何一种证据来看，而不管他紧随其后又使用一种新的推论法得出结论说：“亚当的王权”就充分地落到了他身上了。

§13．如果我们的作者在那一章，或是文章中任何地方除了反复强调“亚当的王权”本身（这一点，在一些人看来就可以当作论据）以外，还给出了“亚当的王权”的任何其他论据的话，我希望有人能替他大声说相关的地方和页码，以便于我可以确信自己犯了错误，并承认自己的疏忽。

如果找不到这样的论据，那么我恳求那些大肆吹嘘这本书的人考虑一下，看看他们是否给予世人理由来怀疑他们之所以拥护绝对君主制，并非出于理性和论证的力量，而是出于与利益相关的别的原因。因此才坚决赞扬任何著书拥护这一教义的作者，而不管他的拥护是否出于理性。但是我希望，他们不要指望那些有理性和公正的人，仅因为他们的

这位伟大学者在这本专门为了树立“亚当的绝对君权”，反对人类的“天赋自由权”而写的书中说了为数不多的几句话作为证明，就转而接受他们的观点，相反，从他的文中，我们很自然地得出一个结论，那就是根本没有东西可说。

§14．但是，为了能完全理解我们这位作者的意思，我不遗余力地参考了他的《对亚里士多德、霍布斯的评论》等著作，看看在与别人辩论的过程中他是否运用了任何可以用于论证他那挚爱的“亚当的主权”教义的论据，因为在他的《君主的自然权力》一文中鲜有提及。在他的《对霍布斯先生的〈利维坦〉的评论》一文中，简而言之，我认为他把他在所有的著作中任何地方曾经用过的所有的论据都拿了出来。他的那些话是：“如果上帝只创造出亚当，并用他的一块骨肉造出了女人；如果通过他们两人的繁衍，整个人类作为他们的一个部分得以延续；如果上帝给予亚当的不仅仅是对于这个女人及他们的儿女的统治权，还有对被征服的整个世间，以及生活在陆上世界的所有动物的统治权的话，那么只要亚当活着，任何人除非得到亚当的赐予、转让或者是同意，否则都不能要求或享有任何东西。”我认为（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第165页）我们找到了他支持“亚当的主权”和反对“天赋自由”的所有论据，这些论据散落以下的文章当中：《上帝创造亚当》、《上帝给予亚当对夏娃的统治权》和《亚当作为父亲对于其儿女的统治权》，所有的这些论据，我将会专门进行考究。

第三章　论亚当基于神造而享有主权

罗伯特爵士在他的《对亚里士多德〈政治论〉的评论》一书的前言中告诉我们，“人类天赋自由的假设必须以否定上帝创造亚当为前提”。但是我不明白，亚当被神所造不过是直接从万能的主和上帝的手中接过了生命，如何能够授予亚当主宰万物的主权？同时我也不明白，为何对于天赋自由的假设就是否定了亚当为神所造呢？如果有人（既然我们的作者没有帮我们这个忙）能替他把这点说清楚，我会很高兴。因为我虽然一直相信“神造亚当”，但是还是不难假设“人类的自由”这一点。上帝通过直接权力创造亚当或者说使其开始存在，并不需父母的参与或者是任何先他存在的同类种属生养他，只要上帝乐意，他就被创造出来了。凭借同样的创造力量，上帝在他之前创造了万兽之王狮子：如果仅凭神创造了亚当的存在这一点，而没有其他的论据就可以使亚当获得了统治权的话，那么，根据这一论证，我们的作者也能使狮子获得和亚当一样的封号，而且时间更为久远。不对！我们的作者在另外一个地方说，亚当是通过“上帝的指定”而获得这一封号的。那么仅由神创造这一点是不足以使亚当获得统治权的。既然我们的作者说“上帝的指定使亚当成为君主”，那么，我们就可以在不否定“上帝创造亚当”的前提下假设“人生而自由”。

但是让我们来看一看，他是如何把“神创亚当”和“指定”联系在一起的。罗伯特爵士说，因为上帝指定了亚当，所以亚当一创生就成为了世界的君主，虽然他还没有臣民；因为即便在臣民存在之前并不存在实际上的政府，但是凭借自然的权利，亚当理应成为了其后裔的统治者：“即使不是行动上，至少在外表上，亚当自创生就是君主。”我希望我们的作者能在此处说明他所谓的“上帝的指定”到底是什么意思。因为不管所谓的神命具体是什么，自然法则如何指示，或是明确的启示是如何宣布的，它都可能被说成是“基于上帝的指定”。但是我认为他这里指的不是第一层意思，即“据神的旨意”。因为那就等于说，亚当一创生就成为了事实上的君主，因为“根据自然权利亚当理应成为其后嗣的统治者”。但是，当实际上还没有政府，也没有可统治的臣民的时候，亚当实际上不可能根据神命被指定为统治者，这是我们的作者在此承认的。关于“世界的君主”一词，我们的作者用法也不一致，因为有的时候它所指的是除了

其余人类以外的世界的所有者，在前面所引用过的作者的前言的同页，我们见到了这种用法："亚当授命繁衍人类并使他们遍及世间，征服他们，并获得对所有生物的统治权，因此成为了世界的君主。他的子孙除非得到他的赐予或是许可，或者根据继承权，否者无权占有他的任何东西。"

那么，正如我们看到罗伯特爵士本人在同一地方的立论，让我们把"君主"理解成"世界的所有者"，把"上帝的指定"理解成上帝对亚当的"真实赐予"以及"明确的授予"（《创世记》，第一章第二十八节）。那么，他的立论将会是："基于上帝的明确的授予，亚当被创生即成为世界的所有者，因为，基于自然的权利，亚当理应成为他后嗣的统治者。"然而，这种论证的方式者显示了两个谬误：

首先，说亚当一创生上帝就实施了授予行为是错误的。因为，这部分原话虽然是紧跟着"亚当被创生之后"这句话，但是，很明显这是在上帝创造出夏娃并把她交给亚当之后才说出的，那么，作者怎么能说亚当一创生就基于上帝指定成为了君主？尤其是他把——如果我没有记错的话——对夏娃所说的话称之为"统治权的原始授予"（《创世记》，第三章第十六节），而这一点，直到"原罪"结束后才能成为事实。因为只有在原罪发生之后，亚当——至少在时间上，更多的是在条件上——距离其被创生有比较大的不同。因此，我不明白的是，我们的作者怎么能够在这个意义上说"亚当创生后就基于上帝的指定成为了世界的君主"？第二，如果上帝的真实赐予"亚当一经创生就被指定成为世界的君主"这一事是真实的，那么作者在此处提出的理由并不足以证明这一点，无论如何，上帝通过明确的赐予指定亚当成为世界的君主这样一个推理过程都是谬误的：因为，基于自然的权利，亚当理应成为他的子嗣的统治者。如果亚当在创生后已经获得了自然所赋予的统治权，那么统治权的获得就不需要上帝明确的赐予，至少这种说法绝不能成为这样一种赐予的证明。

另一方面，如果我们把"上帝的指定"理解成"自然法则"（虽然此处这个说法比较粗糙），而把"世界的君主"理解成"人类的至高无上的统治者"的话，那么我们所讨论的句子就应该这么写："根据自然法律，亚当一创生就成为人类的统治者，因为根据自然的权利，亚当理应成为其后嗣的统治者"。这就等于说，亚当是基于自然权利的统治者，因为他是基于自然权利的统治者。但是假设我们承认，一个人是他的儿女的天生统

治者，那么亚当并不能因此“一创生就成为君主”，因为只有他作为他们的父亲才享有这个自然权利。既然如此，那么亚当如何在他成为父亲之前就具有成为统治者的自然权利了呢？我认为这一点很难想象，除非作者让他在没有成为父亲之前成为父亲，在没有称号之前享有称号。

我们作者非常有逻辑地回复了这个预料中的反驳，说，“他是外表上的统治者，而不是行为上的统治者”——要成为一个没有政府的统治者，没有儿女的父亲，没有臣民的君主，这倒是个相当不错的方式。那么，罗伯特爵士俨然在写书之前已经成了作者——的确不错，一个“外表上”而非“行为上”的作者。因为只要他出版了他的书，那么他就理应“基于自然的权利”成了一名作者，正如亚当一旦生了儿女就理应成为其儿女的统治者是一样的道理。如果成为这样一个“外表上”的绝对君主，而非“行动上”的君主也有任何用处的话，罗伯特爵士把这样的头衔优雅地授予任何一个他认为合适的朋友，我也不会太羡慕。至于这个所谓的“行为上”和“外表上”说法，除了向我们展示了作者的分辨技巧外还能说明其他什么问题的话，在这里也没有达到他的目的。因为现在的问题无关乎亚当统治权的实施，而在于亚当是否享有统治者的权限。我们的作者说，“亚当基于自然的权利理应成为统治者”。那么这个“自然的权利”指什么呢？它是父亲们因为生育儿女而对他们享有的一种权利，我们的作者引用格劳秀斯［荷兰法学家（1583-1645）］的话说：“父母由于生育而获得的对儿女的权利。”这种权利随着生儿育女的行为而来。所以根据我们作者的这种推理和辨识的方式，亚当一创生便获得的只是这种“外表上”的权限，而不是“行动上”的权限——用简单的英语来说，那就是他实际上根本没有统治儿女的权限。

如果用浅显易懂的话来说，你大可以这样讲：“亚当具有成为统治者的可能性，因为他有可能生育儿女，并因此获得统治日后繁衍出来儿女们的那种自然权利——不管这种权力指的是什么。”但是这和“亚当的创生”又有什么关系，使得我们的作者可以说，“亚当一创生就成为世界之主”？我们也大可以说，“挪亚一创生，他就成为世界之主”，因为除了他的后代以外，挪亚有可能（按我们作者的意思，“有可能”这一点已经足以使其成为君主——“外表上”的君主）活得比所有人类都长久。究竟在亚当的创生和他统治的权利之间有什么必要的联系，以至于我们“对于人类天赋自由的设想必须以否定亚当的创生为前提”？我承认，我是看不出什么必然的联系的；我也不明白，那些“基于指定……”（《对霍布斯、

弥尔顿等的看法》，第254页）这样的字词，不管做何解释，是如何能够拼凑成一句还算通顺的话，至少还能支持他们最后得出的结论，即："亚当一创生就成为了君主"，而我们的作者说，这是"外表上而不是行为上的君主"，那也就是说，实际上根本没有君主。

我在这个段落上花费的功夫似乎已经超过了其中任何论点的重要性所需，恐怕我的读者都快失去耐性了，但是，由于我们这位作者的写作方式，我却必须这么做：他把几个假设混在一起，所用的术语含糊笼统，意思模糊不清，以至于如果我们不仔细考察这些字词可能的一些解释，以及他是如何把这些不同意思的字词结合在一起，并使其表达一定的真实性，我们就没有办法指出他的错误。在我们面前的这个段落里，除非我们仔细考察他所说的"从他一创生"各种可能的解释，是理解为亚当开始统治的时间（前面所说的"亚当一创生就成为了君主"可能含有此意）呢，还是理解为亚当获得统治权的原因（"亚当的创生使他成为他后裔的君主"可能含有此意），否者，我们如何能够反驳他"亚当一创生就成为了君主"这一论点呢？我们必须考察一下，看看这个所谓的"君主"，正如这一段话的开头企图使人相信的那样，建立在他的"个人统治权"的假设之上（"基于上帝的明确授予，被选为世界的君主"），还是建立在"对其后裔应享有作为父亲的权力"的假设之上（基于"自然"，依据"自然权利"）——究竟这个"君主"指的是这两个意思呢，还是其中的一种，或者两者都不是，而仅仅指的是上帝创造亚当并用区别于上述方法的其他方法使其成为君主。如果不经过这样的考察，我们在多大程度上能够判断亚当成为所谓的君主的真实性呢？因为，虽然这个"亚当自创生以来就是君主"的论断完全不具有真实性，但是它作为从前面所说的内容引出的结论明白的写在这里，事实上不过是和其他类似的断言联系在一起的一个空泛的断言。这些东西被自信地用那些意思模棱两可、含混不清的字词拼凑在一起，看上去似乎是一种论证，而实际上既无证据，也无联系。这是我们的作者惯用的一种手法。既然我已经让我们的读者略尝其味，那么，以后只要在论证许可的情况下，我会尽可能避免触及这个问题。那些毫不相干的事情和假设，不管如何缺乏论据，假如把漂亮的字句和精巧的文体巧妙结合在一起，如果人们不仔细考察，它们就很可能被当成强有力的推论和正确的判断蒙混过去。如果不是为了让大家明白这一点，我原本也不会在这里把它指出来。

第四章　论亚当基于神赐而享有主权

前面一段的讨论我们颇费周章，不是因为论点或反驳的有力，而是因为文字的复杂难懂和意思的含混不清。现在让我们接着讨论他对“亚当的主权”的论证。我们的作者以赛尔登先生的话告诉我们说，“亚当基于上帝的赐予（《创世记》，第一章第二十八节）而成为万物之主，其本人原本是没有个人统治权的，正如若无亚当的授权，他的儿女也是不能享受这种权利的”。我们的作者说，“赛尔登先生的这一断言是和《圣经》的历史以及自然理性是一致的”（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第910页）。在其《对于亚里士多德的评论》的序文中，他是这样说的：“世界最初之政府是一切人类之父的君主制，亚当受命繁衍人类，并遍布世间，征服世界，并取得对所有生物的统治权，因此成为全世界的君主，任何其后裔除非得到他的授权或者许可，或者凭借从他那里继承的权利，否则没有权利拥有他的任何东西。《诗篇》的作者说：‘他把世界给予人类的儿女’，这表明君主的称号来自父亲的身份。”

在考察这一论点以及所依据的《圣经》原文之前，我有必要让读者注意到这一点：根据我们这位作者的一贯做法，他总是以一种意思的初衷开始，却又以另外一种意思结束。这里他以“亚当基于上帝赐予的所有权或个人统治权”开始，但是，他的结论却是“这显示其君主的称号来自父亲的身份。”

但是让我们来看一下这个论证。其所依据的《圣经》原文如下：“神就赐福给他们，对他们说，要繁殖增多，充满这地，征服它；也要管理海里的鱼、空中的鸟和地上爬行的所有生物。（《创世记》，第一章第二十八节）基于这部分文字，我们的作者得出这个结论说，“亚当既取得对一切生物的统治权，因此他就成为了全世界的君主”。这个结论的意思要么是说由于上帝的本次授予给予了亚当所有权，或者作者所说的“对于世间，以及所有的低级或非理性生物的个人统治权”，他因此成为了全世界的君主；要么是说上帝的这一授予使得亚当可以治理和统治一切地球上的生物，从而统治他的子嗣，他便因此成为世界的君主。其意二者必居其一。因为，赛尔登先生曾用正确的字词说，“亚当成为地球上所有生物的共同主人”，从中读者可以清楚地理解他的意思，那就是上帝授予亚当的除了所有权之外，别无他物，因此他一个字也没提到亚当的“君

权”。但是我们的作者却说，“亚当因此成为全世界的君主”，确切地说，这指的就是全世界人类的主权统治者。因此，基于这个赐予，亚当必须被树立成为这样一个统治者。如果我们的作者想表达的不是这个意思的话，那么他应该非常清楚地说，“亚当因此成为世界的所有者”。在这一点上我们的作者要请你原谅，清楚明确的说法根本不符合他的目的，所以你就不要在这方面，像对赛尔登先生或者其他此类作家那样，对他有所期待。

因此，为了反驳我们这位作者此处的“亚当是全世界的君主”学说，我想要指出：第一，基于这个授权（《创世记》，第一章第二十八节），上帝并没有给予亚当统治人类、他的儿女及他自己的同类任何的直接权力，因此，他并没有基于这种特许而成为“统治者”或“君主”。第二，上帝并没有基于此次授权给予亚当对于次等生物的个人统治权，而是和其他人类共享的权利，因此他不能基于给予他的“所有权”而成为“君主”。

1．如果我们仔细考察相关的文字，就会发现这个赐予（《创世记》，第一章第二十八节）并没有给予亚当统治人类的权力。因为，一切明确授权所给予的东西都不能超越其明文表达的内容范围。现在就让我们看看《圣经》原文中哪些字词可以理解成“人类”或“亚当的子嗣”：我想，如果确实有的话，一定是这一句——“爬行的所有生物”，圣经的原文对这句话做出了最好的解释。上帝在第五日创造了鱼和禽鸟，第六天伊始，上帝创造了陆地上的非理性生物，《圣经》对这事是这样记载的：“地要生出活物来，各从其类。牲畜，昆虫，野兽，各从其类。”（《创世记》，第一章第二十四节）又说：“上帝创造地上的野兽，各从其类；牲畜，各从其类；以及一切爬行于地上之物，各从其类。”在这儿，讲到地上兽类的创造时，上帝先用“生物”这一个笼统的名词表示它们全体，然后把它们分作三级：（一）牲畜，即驯服的或可以驯养的动物，因此成为某些特定人们的私有财产；（二）חיה，在我们的《圣经》里译为“兽”（《创世记》，第一章第二十四、二十五节），希腊文《旧约·圣经》七十人译本则译为“野兽”，这和现在经文中记载上帝对于亚当的本次特许中被译为“生物”是同一个词（《创世记》，第一章第二十八节），当这种授予重新给予挪亚时，所使用的同样也是这个词，（《创世记》，第九章第二节）在那里，同样被译为“兽”；（三）第三级是爬行动物，用שמר一词来表示，（《创世记》，第一章第二十

四、二十五节）这就是圣经原文中使用并被译为“走动”的词（《创世记》，第一章第二十八节），但在前头的章节里则为“爬行”，希腊文《旧约·圣经》七十人译本在这些地方都一律译为ρπABCD，即“爬行动物”。由此可见，我们在翻译上帝的赐予时所译的“走动的生物”一词（《创世记》，第一章第二十八节），就是创世的历史中（第二十四节、第二十五节）所指的两种陆栖生物——野兽和爬虫，希腊文的《旧约·亚经》七十人译本也作这样的理解。

上帝创造出了世上的非理性动物后，根据其栖息地将其分作三类——“海中的鱼、空中的鸟以及陆上生物”，而将后者再划分为“牲畜、野兽和爬虫”。完成之后，上帝便考虑创造人类，以及人类对陆上世界的统治权（《创世记》，第一章第二十六节）。接下来上帝计算出这三界的生物的总和，但是在计算陆上生物的时候遗漏掉了第二类生物，也就是“野兽”，但是经文中在叙述上帝执行其设想并把这个统治权交给人类的地方（《创世记》，第一章第二十八节），其文字提到的是“海中的鱼，空中的鸟”，以及用表示“野兽”和“爬虫”的字眼表示陆上生物，只不过译为“走动的生物”，并漏掉了“牲畜”。在这两处地方，虽然一处遗漏了指示“野兽”的词，另一处则遗漏了指示“牲畜”的词，但是，既然上帝确实在一处执行了他在另一处所宣布的设想，我们只能把两处理解为同一意思，而且只有一种说法来解释到底陆上的非理性动物是如何按上帝的设想（《创世记》，第一章第二十六节）以三个不同种类——“牲畜，野兽和爬行动物”——被创造并合计出来，并置于人类的管辖之下（《创世记》，第一章第二十八节）。这些话里也根本没有任何字眼可以被牵强地理解为上帝给予一个人对于其他人的统治权，及亚当对于其子嗣的统治权。

这样的文字在《创世记》第九章第二节中再次出现，记叙上帝把这种特许延续给了挪亚和他的儿子们，让他们统治“空中的鸟”、“海洋的鱼”以及“陆上生物”的权利。陆上生物是以“野兽”和“爬行动物”的字眼来描述的，其中“爬行生物”是用חיתה和שמרד表示的，这跟我们前面提到的《创世记》第一章第二十八节中“地球上一切行走的生物”的表述是一致的。而这句话是决不能理解成包括人类在内的。因为此次授权的对象是挪亚和他的儿子们，也就是当时生存的所有人类，而不是人类中的一部分人对另一部分人的统治。而关于这一点，在接下来的叙述中更加明显，“上帝把一切行走的生物שמר（第一章，第二十八节中的用词），赐

予他们作为食物。”根据以上的陈述，已经非常明显，上帝对于亚当的赐予（第一章，第二十八节）和指派（第二十六节），以及上帝对于挪亚及其儿子们的再次授予的所指和所含不多不少正好是上帝在第五天和第六天伊始的创造之物。如第一章中第二十到二十六节的记载，也就是整个水陆相连的地球上的所有非理性的物种，尽管用来指示他们的所有的名词都是他们被创造时的指称，在接下来提到的各次授予中也绝对没有完全使用到，而是其中的一些词在一些授予中被省略掉，一些词在另一些授予中被省略掉。因此我认为，毋庸置疑，人类不包括在这些授予的范围内，对同类的统治权也绝对没有赐予亚当。第二十五节中以“地上的兽”、“牲畜”以及“爬行生物”之名枚举了所有的被创造出来的陆上非理性生物，但是人当时还没有被创造出来，因此并不包括在任何的这些名目之下。所以，不管我们是否能正确理解希伯来文字，这些词在创世史和接下来的诸节经文中都不应该理解成包括人类在内，尤其是那个希伯来词语שמר。如果《创世记》第一章第二十八节中上帝对于亚当的赐予中一定要理解为包括人类的话，便显然和《创世记》第六章第二十节，第七章第十四、二十一、二十三节，第八章第十七和十九节中关于人的说法互相矛盾了。正如我们作者的意图，如果上帝通过给予亚当对地球上一切行走的生物的统治权，使所有的人类成为亚当及其继承人的奴隶的话（第一章第二十八节），那么，我认为罗伯特爵士本应该把这个君主权提升到更高一层次，向世界证明：君主也可以吃掉他的臣民。因为正如上帝给予亚当对于“一切行走的生物”的统治权，上帝给予挪亚及其继承人以“一切行走的生物”为食的充分权力（第九章第二节）。而这两处的希伯来文字是完全一致的。

大卫大概可以算得上除我们的作者之外另一个可以理解《圣经》中上帝的赐予以及君王的权利的人，在他的《诗篇》第八篇中对此处的注释（博学和贤明的恩斯卫斯这样称呼它）中并没有找到对亚当君主特权的特许，他的原话为：“尔把他”——即人类、人类的子孙——“造成比天使低一点，尔派他管理尔手所造的，使万物，就是一切的牛羊，田野的兽，空中的鸟，海中的鱼，凡经行海道的，都服属在他的脚下。”在这段话里，除了全人类对于低级生物的统治权，如果任何人还能找出一个人对于其他同类享有君主特权的意思的话，那么我认为，他凭借这个罕有的发现理应够得上罗伯特爵士那些“外表上的君主”当中一员了。至此，我希望这一点已经很清楚了，即上帝给予亚当对于“一切行走的生物的统

治权”并没有使其享有对自己同族的君主权利。关于这点，在下面我要指出的第二点中，将更充分地表现出来。

不管上帝本次“授权”的内容包括什么（《创世记》，第一章第二十八节），这个权利都并非排除其他人在外，而单独许给亚当个人的。因此，不管亚当获得了什么统治权，这个统治权都不是个人的，而是和其他人共享的权利。这个赐予并非单独给予亚当的，这一点在原文中是显而易见的。因为赐予的对象用的是复数——上帝祝福“他们”，并对“他们”说“享有统治权”。上帝对亚当和夏娃说，“享有统治权”。我们的作者因此便说“亚当是全世界的君主”。但这个授予是对“他们”做出的，即也是对夏娃说的——很多注释者有理由相信，这些话是亚当有了妻子夏娃以后上帝对他们所说的——那么，亚当既成为了世界的君主，夏娃不应当成为世界的女王吗？即便有人说夏娃是服属于亚当的，似乎这种服属也没有影响她对于所有生物的统治权，或者是所有权：难道我们可以说上帝使两人共同享有权力，却只有一个人独享其利益吗？

但是可能有人会说，夏娃是后来才创造出来的。假设事实果真如此，这对我们的作者又会有何益处呢？他得到的只有圣经原文对他更直接的反驳。原文显示，上帝在这次赐予中，把整个世界给了全体的人类，而不是亚当个人。文中“他们”一词必定包括了人类全族，因为“他们”绝不会单独指亚当一个人，这是肯定的。在第二十六节中，上帝宣布了他要交付这个统治权的意愿，很明显，他的意思是他将创造出一个生物种类来统治陆上世界的其他生物种类。原文是这样的：“上帝说，让我们以我们的形象和外貌来造人吧，让他们对鱼……享有统治权。”那么，享有统治权的“他们”是谁呢？正是那些将具有上帝的形象、上帝正准备创造的人的族类中的一切个人。因为，如果“他们”单指亚当，而不包括将与其共存世间的其余的人类，那就违背了《圣经》和一切理性。而且，如果前面部分的“人”和后面部分的“他们”所指不一样是讲不通的，除非我们把那里的“人”按平常那样理解成“人的物种”，而“他们”理解成这一物种里面的所有个体。我们正是在原文里找到了一个理由，即：“上帝按照自己的形象和外貌做出他，使他成为一个有智力的生物，因此能够执行统治权”。因为不管上帝的形象包含什么样的具体特征，智力肯定是其中一个部分，而且为整个物种所拥有并因此能够对低等生物执行统治权。因此，大卫王在前面引用的《诗篇》第八篇中说：“尔把他造成比天使低一点，尔使他有支配之权。”大卫王在这儿所讲的绝不是亚当个

人，显然，他讲的是人、人的子孙、人的种群。

这个对亚当所说的授予，既是对亚当也是对整个人类物种做出的，这一点从作者自己引自《诗篇》的证据可以看得很清楚——“诗篇的作者说，‘他把整个陆上世界给予人类的子孙’，这表明统治权来自父亲的身份。”这是罗伯特爵士在前面引述过的序言里的话。其中他做出了一个奇怪的推理——“上帝把陆上世界给予了人类的子孙，因此这种权力来自父亲的身份。”遗憾的是，希伯来语言恰当地使用了“人类的子孙”而不是“人类的父亲”来表达全人类的概念，那么我们的作者把君权的获得归因于父亲的身份，确实有可能在字音上得到支持。但是，因为上帝把陆上世界的所有权给予了人类的子孙，就因此得出结论说君权的获得是源于父亲的身份，这一直是我们的作者特有的论证方式。一个读者必须非常聪明，能够反过来理解他所用词的音和义，才能够明白他的意思。然而，其意却更难懂，离我们作者的目的更加遥远。因为正像他前言里表达的那样，他的目的是要证明亚当成为君主的必然性，他的推理是这样的：“上帝将陆上世界给予了人类的子孙，因此亚当就成为了世界的君主。”我敢说再也没有人能够做出比这个更加滑稽可笑，荒唐透顶的结论了，除非他能够表明“人类的子孙”独独指的是那个没有父亲的亚当。但不管我们的作者怎么做，《圣经》是不会说出如此荒诞的话的。

为了维护亚当的这个所有权和个人统治权，我们的作者努力地在下一页中摧毁了在另一类似的地方（《创世记》，第九章第一、二、三节）授予挪亚和他儿子的共同权利。他竭力以两种方式来做这件事情：

第一，在直接违背了《圣经》明文的情况下，罗伯特爵士想要劝说并让我们相信，这里给予挪亚的权利并没有平等地授予挪亚的儿子们。他的原话是这样的：“至于赛尔登先生将不得不给予挪亚和他的儿子们之间普遍的共同权利（《创世记》，第九章第二节），原文并不支持。”如果这些完全不可能做其他解释的简单明确的圣经文字无法满足我们这位自诩完全以圣经为依据的作者的话，很难想象他到底需要怎样的依据。经文说，“上帝赐福挪亚和他的儿子们，并对他们说”——按照我们作者的意思——也就是，“对他说”因为我们的作者说，“虽然在上帝的赐福中，挪亚的儿子们和挪亚一道被提起，但是最好理解成从属关系或者是对于继承权的祝福（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第211页）。对于我们的作者来说，最能服务于其目的的解释就是最好的解释。但是，对于作者以外的其他人来说，最能与字词本来的简单结构，以及由此产

生的显而易见的意思想吻合的解释才是最好的解释。而至于上帝授予中含有从属和继承关系的解释不会是很好的解释，因为上帝自己并没有在授予中加入这种意思，也没有提到任何这样的对于授予的限制。但是，关于为什么最好理解成从属关系或者是对于继承权的祝福，我们的作者自有道理。他在随后的文字中说："挪亚的儿子们不管是因为从属还是继承其父而享有个人统治权，上帝的赐福就能够真实地实现。"（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第211页）这就是说，以明文当面授予的共同权利（因为原文说，"把它们交到你们的手里"）最好理解为具有从属关系或者是继承关系，因为在从属关系或者继承关系里，挪亚的儿子们也能以享受到这种权利。这无异于说，对于任何当前占有东西的赐予都最好理解为继承权的赐予，因为人们有可能通过继承关系在活着的时候享受它。如果赐予的确实只是给予父亲，在父亲之后给予儿子们，而这个父亲又非常仁慈，让儿子们当前就和自己一起享受这种权利的话，那么你确实可以说，当前的赐予与继承权的赐予没有什么区别，但是，如果把明文表示的共同享有的占有权的赐予最好理解为继承权的享有，那是绝对不正确的。他所有的推理的结果等于说，上帝没有给予挪亚的儿子们和父亲共同享有世界的权利，因为"他们可以在其下或其后享受到这种权利"。好一个漂亮的论证啊——完全违背了《圣经》的原文！要是上帝说自己做了任何与罗伯特爵士的假设不相符的事情，就算是上帝本人说的，也是不可信的。

因为这很明显，不管我们的作者怎样把挪亚的儿子们排除在权利之外，他想要以继承权来理解的那部分赐福必须解释成是对挪亚的儿子们做出的，而根本不是对挪亚本人做出的。上帝赐福说，"尔们要生育众多，布满大地"。这个部分的赐福，根据上下文，根本与挪亚无关，因为我们所读到的是挪亚在洪水后没有生育任何儿女，而在接下来的一章里计算他的子嗣的时候，也没有提到任何子嗣，所以这个继承权的赐福是直到三百五十年以后才发生的。为了挽救我们作者这个幻想中的君主制，世界上人类繁衍的时间被延后了三百五十年。因为这部分的赐福不能以从属关系来理解，除非我们的作者说，挪亚的儿子们必须得到挪亚的许可，才能和他们的妻子同居。但是在这一点上，我们的作者在他所有的著作里面都是一致的。他极力主张世界上应该有君主，但对世界上应该有民众却不甚关心。他的这种统治方式确实不是使世界人类繁衍的方法。因为绝对君主制在多大程度能够有助于实现万能的上帝的"尔们要

生育众多，布满大地”这个首要而重大的赐福（这其中也包含了艺术、科学以及生活设施的完善），可以从那些幸运地受到土耳其政府统治的广大富饶的国家的情况可以看到。这些国家，如果我们跟古时候进行比较，我们很容易发现，其现有人口不及古代的三分之一，在许多地方——如果不是大部分的地方——不及以往的三十分之一，或许我可以说不及百分之一。关于这点我们以后还要谈。

这个赐福或者授予的其他部分表述如此明确，以至于它们必须理解成属于挪亚和他的儿子们——而且儿子们享有的权利丝毫不少于父亲，也不包含任何从属或者是继承的限制。上帝说，“我使一切的兽类都惊恐和畏惧你们……”。除了我们的作者，有谁会说，除非得到挪亚同意或者等到挪亚死后，否则那些兽类就只是畏惧挪亚，而不畏惧他的子孙呢？接下来的文字“把它们交到你们的手里”，也要像我们的作者所说的那样理解成“如果你们的父亲高兴，或许它们今后会交到你们的手上”吗？如果这就是依据《圣经》来论证的话，我不知道还有什么《圣经》不能证明的。而且我看不出他的论证跟虚构和想象有多大的区别，或者相比那些在作者前言中饱受其抨击的哲学家们和诗人们的观点，它的基础又在多大程度上更为可靠呢。

但是我们的作者继续论证说“最好理解成从属关系或者继承的祝福，这是因为这个上帝给予亚当以及亚当基于赐予，指定或者转让方式给予他的子孙的个人统治权不可能被废除，让挪亚和他的儿子们共享一切也是不太可能的。挪亚是遗留下来的世界唯一继承人，为什么有人会认为上帝会剥夺他与生俱来的继承，使他在所有人当中成为唯一一个与他的子孙一起共享权力的所有者呢？”（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第211页）

我们缺乏根据的偏见，不管我们如何称之为可能，都不能给予我们权利，以背道而驰的方式来理解圣经原文直接而明白的含义。我承认“这里亚当的个人统治权不太可能被废除”，因为，亚当享有任何此类的个人统治权这个问题已经超越了不可能的范围（因为，亚当获得个人统治权这点绝对不会得到证明）：圣经中有相似的地方，最有可能让我们了解该如何最好地理解，所以我们这里只要比较一下上帝在大洪水后对挪亚和他的儿子们的赐福以及上帝在创世后对亚当的赐福（《创世记》，第一章第二十八节），我们就可以让所有人明白，上帝并没有给予亚当这样的个人统治权。我承认，挪亚在洪水后得到了洪水前亚当所获得的同

样的称号，同样的所有权以及统治权是可能的。但是，既然个人统治权与上帝给予挪亚和他的儿子共同享有的赐福和授予不一致，我们便有足够的理由说亚当没有得到这种个人统治权，尤其是在对他做出的赐予中，根本没有表达这种意思的话，或者至少支持这种说法的话。既然《圣经》的其中一处地方，没有一句话肯定亚当获得了个人统治权——更不用说上文已经论证了原文本身支持与之相反的说法；而在《圣经》另一处，原文字及其意思都与其说法直接相对。在这种情况下，究竟什么才是最好的理解方法，还是让我们的读者自己去判断吧。

但是我们的作者说，“挪亚是世界的唯一继承人，为什么有人会认为上帝剥夺了他与生俱来的继承权呢？”诚然，“继承人”一词在英语里面指根据英国的法律拥有其父所有的土地的长子。但是在何处上帝曾指定任何这一类的“世界继承人”，以及上帝如何剥夺了挪亚与生俱来的继承权，或者如果上帝给予挪亚的儿子们权利，允许他们使用一部分土地赡养自己和家人，又会对挪亚造成什么样的伤害呢？因为所有的土地不仅足够挪亚本人使用，而且就算儿子们集体使用也用之不尽，一方的占有和使用根本不会损害或者阻碍另一方的占有和使用。这些情况，我们的作者之前向我们说明就好了。

我们的作者大概事先预见到，他在劝诱人们失去理性上不会太成功，不管他说什么，人们还是会倾向于相信圣经的明白文字。照着他们见到的情况认为，这个赐福是对挪亚和他的儿子们共同说出的。于是，他想方设法地暗示，似乎这个对挪亚的赐予并不包括所有权和统治权，因为征服陆上世界和对生物的统治权在这里被忽略掉了，而陆上世界一次也没有提起过。因此，他说：“这两处原文有很大的不同，第一处的赐福给予了亚当对陆上世界以及所有生物的统治权，第二处赐福则给予挪亚随意使用生物作为食物的自由，在这里，他对于万物的所有权并没有变更或者缩小，只是他的取食范围扩大了。”（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第211页）那么我们的作者的意思是，上帝在这儿对挪亚和他的儿子所说的并没有给予他们统治权和所有权，只是扩大了食物的范围——应该说“他们的”食物范围。因为上帝说，“我将这一切赐予你们”——而我们的作者使用的是“他的”。这样看来，由于罗伯特爵士的规定，挪亚的儿子们在他们的父亲在世的时候，必须要保持禁食了。

在这个对挪亚和他的儿子的赐福里，除了我们作者以外，如果任何人看到的只有食物范围的扩大，除此之外别无他物，都非常值得怀疑是

受到了偏见的蒙蔽。因为就我们的作者认为被省略掉的统治权来说，我认为上帝说的“使所有的野兽惊恐和畏惧你们”已经完整地表达了上帝关于人对其他一切生物的统治权，或者是人对其他生物优越性的设想。因为这个“惊恐和畏惧”中似乎主要体现了亚当被给予的对于低等生物的权利。亚当，身为一个绝对的专制者，却不能为了充饥而贸然对云雀和兔子采取行动，而是和其他的野兽一样吃草，这一点《创世记》，第一章第二、第九、第三十节中看得非常清楚。其次，很明显，在这次对挪亚和他的儿子的赐福中，所给予的所有权不仅以明白的文字表达，而且在很大程度上要大过上帝给予亚当的权利。上帝对挪亚和他的儿子说，“我把它们交付到你们的手里”。这句话，如果说没有表达出所有权的给予——不，应该是占有权的话，那么就没有能够表达这个意思的话了，因为，要想自然和明确地表达一个人占有任何东西的状态，再也没有比“交付到你们的手里”更合适的表达了。为了表示他们被给予了人类所能有的最大所有权，也就是通过使用任何东西而消耗掉它们的权利。上帝说，“任何活着的行走的生物，都成为你们的食物”，这点在对亚当的特许中是没有的。我们的作者把这个权利称为“利用它们作为食物的自由，也仅是粮食范围的扩大而已，而非所有权的变更”。（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第211页）人类对于其他动物的所有权，除了利用它们作为食物的权利，还能包括些什么，这很难理解。因此，像我们的作者所说的那样，如果第一个赐福给予了亚当“对于所有生物的统治权”的话，对于挪亚和他的儿子的赐福则给予他们利用这些生物的权利。上帝必须给予他们一些即便是拥有所有主权的亚当仍然缺乏的东西，一种人们倾向于看成是更大的所有权的东西。我们可以肯定的是，亚当即使是对于野兽也没有绝对的统治权，而且他对于这些野兽的所有权范围也是狭窄和有限的，不能够像上帝许可他人那样利用它们。如果一个国家的绝对统治者，命令我们的作者去征服陆上世界，给予他对于陆上生物的统治权，却从不允许他从羊群里拿走一只小山羊或者小绵羊来充饥的话，我猜想，他应该不会把自己看成那片土地或者是那片土地的畜群的主人或所有者，倒是会发现一个牧羊人的“统治权”和作为所有者的完全所有权是不同的。因此，如果这是我们作者本人的事情，我相信罗伯特爵士会认为对于挪亚及其儿子的赐予是一个变更，而不仅仅是所有权的扩大，即挪亚和他的儿子们基于上帝的授予不仅获得了所有权，而且是一个亚当不曾拥有的对于生物的权利。然而，就彼此之间的关系而言，

人类虽然被许可对生物中的特定部分享有所有权，但是考虑到上帝是天地的造物主，也就是全世界唯一的主人和所有者，人类对于生物的所有权只不过是上帝所许可的“利用它们的自由”。因此，正如我们在这里看到的，人类的所有权可以被更改和扩大，在大洪水之后，之前不被许可的对于生物的其他用途也得到了许可。从所说的这些来看，我认为情况已经很清楚了，不管是亚当还是挪亚，都没有任何“个人统治权”，以及排除其子嗣在外的对于生物的所有权，除非情况发展到他们产生了需要，并能够利用它们的时候，才享有这种权力。

那么，我们就考察了作者关于亚当根据上帝所宣布的赐福（《创世记》第一章　第二十八节）而取得君权的论证。我想，只要是任何头脑清醒的读者，从原文中读出的，除了上帝在我们这个适合人居住的陆上世界做出的人类高于其他生物种类的安排以外，不可能再读出其他的意思。这不过是说把对其他生物的统治权给予陆上世界的主要居住者——具有造物主形象的整个人类种族。这个意思在圣经简单的文字中已经显露无遗，以至于除了我们的作者，没有任何人会认为有必要去说明这些意思似乎截然相反的文字如何给予亚当对于其他同类的绝对权利，或是对于所有的生物的独占权。我认为，我们目前所讨论的正是作者构建后面文章的基础，在这个重要的事情上，他应该做的远远不止仅引用那些明显与其目的相悖的文字。因为，坦白地说，在他所引用的这些文字里面，除了截然相反的观点，我根本看不出任何倾向于支持“亚当的君权”或是“个人统治权”的意思。既然使徒似乎和我一样，对于亚当享有任何此类的个人统治权都鲜有知晓，我就更不会悲叹自己理解的愚笨了。因为使徒说，“上帝给予我们丰盛的万物，供我们享受”，如果这种权利已经被给予亚当君主，以及其他的君主子嗣和继任者的话，他就不会那么说了。总之，这部分的原文远不能证明亚当是唯一的所有者，相反，它证明了一切东西最初都是人类共享的，这从上帝的这个赐予以及《圣经》的其他地方都可以看出来。建立于个人统治权基础上的亚当的主权，没有任何基础的支持，势必站不住脚。

但是，毕竟有人必须要这样做，主张亚当凭借上帝的这次赐予已成为了全世界的唯一所有者，可是这与他的主权有什么关系呢？一个人对于土地的所有权怎么能够给予他对于另一个人生命的权利？即便是拥有整个世界，又怎能给予他以支配别人人身的至高无上的专断权呢？最荒诞可笑的说法是，作为全世界所有者的那个人，对于那些不承认他的主

权、不服从他的意志的其余人类，可以不给他们食物，随心所愿地让他们饿死。事情果真如此，这倒是一个很好的论据，证明从来没有这样的所有权，上帝从来没有赐予过任何人以个人统治权。因为，这样想反而更合理，既然上帝吩咐人类生育众多，他自己就应该给予全体人类一种利用食物、衣服和其他生活必需品的权利。如果上帝已经为他们提供了这些东西的丰富原料，就不应该使他们的生存维系于一个人的意志——这个人如果高兴的话就可以将他们集体毁灭，而且这个人因为自己过得不比别人好，接下来很可能因为对于稀有财物的渴求，或出于这个的影响而强迫他们从事苦役，而不是慷慨地给予他们生活必需品以更好实现上帝“生育众多”的伟大意图。如果有人怀疑这一点的话，那么请他考察一下世界上的绝对君主国，看一看那里的生活必需品和人民大众的命运变成了什么样子。

但是我们知道，上帝从来不会让一个人处于这样一种境地，任由另外一个人随意将其饿死。作为一切人类之主和父亲的上帝，没有给予他的任何一个儿女对于世界上某一部分部分东西的所有权，而是给予了他的贫困的兄弟以使用其剩余财物的权利，以便当他的兄弟有紧急需要时，不会遭到不正当的拒绝。所以任何人都不能够基于对土地或者财产的所有权而取得对别人生命的正当权利，因为任何有财产的人如果不肯从他的丰厚财物施与救济，而让他的兄弟死去，这在任何时候都是一宗罪。正如正义给予每个人以享受其正直勤劳的果实以及祖先传给他的正当的财物的权利一样，“仁爱”也给予每个人在没有其他办法维持生命的情况下，从他人丰富财物中分取一部分的权利，以使其摆脱极度匮乏的境地。如果一个人利用另一个人的需求，通过拒绝上帝所要求拿出的救济办法来逼迫他成为他的奴隶，这种行为之不义无异于一个强者抓住一个弱者，逼迫其就范，并以匕首抵住其咽喉，威胁说不做奴隶就是死亡。

纵使有人如此地滥用上帝以其慷慨之手赐予他的祝福，纵使有人残酷不仁达到那样的极点，即使在这个例子中，这一切仍然不能证明对土地的所有权能给予人支配别人人身的权力，而可以给予人这种权力的只有契约。富有的所有者的威权和贫穷的乞丐的从属地位，并不是起源于主人的所有权，而是起源于穷人在面对挨饿的情况下对于臣服的认同。而他表示服从的那个人，对其享有的权利不能够超过他在契约中同意的限度，其根据是这样的：一个人在物资奇缺时却拥有储存丰富、口袋里

有钱、在海上坐着船、能够泅水等等条件，和拥有世界上所有土地一样，这些都可以成为支配和统治权的基础，其中的任何一项条件，有，则足以使我拯救一条生命；无，则该生命消亡。根据这条规则，任何东西，只要能让一个人为了保全性命或自己所珍视之物，不惜以牺牲自由为代价进行换取，便成为主权和所有权的基础。上述的一切表明，即便上帝曾给予亚当个人统治权，这种个人统治权也不能给予他主权，但是我们已经充分证明：上帝并没有给予他个人统治权。

第五章　论亚当因夏娃的从属而享有主权

我们发现，作者建立亚当君权说的下一处依据出自《创世记》的第三章第十六节："你必恋慕你丈夫，你丈夫必管辖你。"据此作者认为"我们有了最初形态的政府授予"（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第244页）。在该页后面部分作者总结道："最高权力落在父亲身份上，管理方法只限于一种形式，即君主制。"前提不论如何，结论总是这样的。只要"管理"一词在任何经文上被提及，"绝对君主制"便马上基于神权建立了。任何人只要仔细看看作者根据这些话的推理，想想他在其他事情之外加上"亚当的家族和后裔"这句话，就会发现要理解作者的话是有些困难的。但是眼下我们暂且认为这是他的特殊写作方式使然，不妨先看看手头这些经文的确切涵义。这些话是上帝对夏娃的诅咒，因为是她最先违背了上帝的旨意。如果我们考虑一下这里上帝对我们的始祖说话的场合，想想上帝是在对他们俩违反旨意的行为进行裁判，表示愤怒，我们就不能认为上帝这时候是在授予亚当特权，给予他尊严和权威，并将他推上统治者和君主的地位。因为虽然夏娃作为被引诱者，被置于亚当之下，亚当也因夏娃被重罚而偶然获得较高的地位；但是亚当在这次原罪堕落中同样有责任，从《圣经》后面的章节就可以看出亚当也被贬低：很难想象，上帝让他终身劳苦的同时，会让他做全人类的君主；把他赶出"乐园去耕种土地"（《创世记》，第三章第二十三节）的同时，会把他推上王位，享受特权与绝对权力。

造物主被触怒之时，不是亚当可以索要任何恩惠和特权的时候。如果这就是作者所说的"最初形态的政府授予"，亚当当上了君主，不论作者罗伯特爵士想让亚当拥有什么，很明显上帝只不过让亚当做了一个可怜的君主，可怜到作者本人也不会把这王位的拥有算作什么大的特权。上帝让他去劳作谋生，更确切点好像是给他一把铲子去开垦土地，而不是授予他节杖去统治地球上的居民。上帝对他说"你必须汗流满面才得糊口。"（同上，第十九节）有人可能会回答说，这一点不可避免，因为当时他还没有臣民，没人替他劳动；他活到900多岁以后，应该有不少人可以任他差遣了。"不，"上帝说："除了你妻子以外，你不能得到其他任何人的帮助，你将一直劳作到老。""你必须汗流满面才得糊口，直到你归土为止，因为你是从土而出的，你本是尘土，仍要归于尘土。"（同

上）也许还有人要为作者辩护，认为这些话不是对亚当一人讲的，而是对全人类，亚当只不过是全人类的代表，这是上帝在原罪堕落后对全人类的诅咒。

我相信上帝讲话是与人类不同的，因为他讲的话更富真理，更为确定。但是当他屈尊和人类讲话时，我想他不会破坏人类的语言规范，讲与人类不同的话。他屈尊和人类讲话，倒不是将他的理解能力降至人类的水平，而是由于人类无法理解他讲的话，他用意尽失。事实既然如此，如果作者因立说需要所作的《圣经》阐释被永久接受，我们就不得不认为上帝是这么说的，如果上帝在这里用单数对亚当所讲的话，一定要被理解成是针对全人类的；他用复数所讲的话（《创世记》，第一章第二十、二十八节），一定要被理解成是针对亚当一人的，不含其他人；他对挪亚和挪亚的儿子们一起所讲的话，一定要被理解成是针对挪亚一人的（《创世记》，第九章）；那么，依照语言常规来理解上帝的话是十分困难的。

另外值得一提的是，《创世记》第三章第十六节中那些话，作者认为是“最初的政府授予”，其实那不是对亚当说的，也根本没有授予亚当什么，那只是对夏娃的惩罚。如果我们认为这些话只针对夏娃，或者针对夏娃所代表的所有女人，那这些话也顶多是和女性相关，其所含之意也至多是女性通常要服从他们的丈夫。但是如果因为她自身的条件或和丈夫所立的契约关系，她可以不用服从的话，这里也没有什么规定说她非服从不可。她所受诅咒的另一部分是要承受生儿育女的痛苦，同样，如果有办法让她免于疼痛，这里也没有什么法律规定让她非承受这种痛苦不可。《圣经》这一节全文如下，“他对女人说，我必多增加你怀胎的痛苦，你生产儿女必多受苦楚。你必恋慕你丈夫，你丈夫必管辖你。”我认为，除了我们的作者以外，任何人要在这几句话中发现授予“亚当君主制政府”这一点，都是很难的。因为这些话既不是对他说的，也不是说他的。我想也不会有人因为这些话，而认为处于弱势的女性，会像服从法律一样服从这番话包含的诅咒，认为自己有义务放弃逃脱痛苦的努力。有没有人说，如果夏娃，或者任何其他妇女，在分娩时没有承受上帝在这儿恐吓她的那样多的痛苦，她就犯罪了呢？或者，假设我们的女王玛丽或伊丽莎白和她们的任何一个臣民结婚，那根据《圣经》中这段话，是不是说女王从政治上就从属于这位臣民了？他是否从此就可以对女王进行君主式的统治呢？在我看来，这这段经文中，上帝并没有给亚当任

何凌驾于夏娃之上的权威，或者男性凌驾于其妻子之上的权威，他只是预言女性的命运应该怎样，如何按自己的旨意规定女性必须这样，这就像常见的人类法律和各国习俗的规定一样。这种规定，我认为，是有一个自然基础的。

因此，当上帝说到雅各和以扫，“将来哥哥要服侍弟弟”（《创世记》，第二十五章第二十三节），没有人会认为上帝这样说是要让弟弟雅各统治哥哥以扫，他只是预言将要发生的事情。但是，如果一定要将上帝在这里对夏娃所讲的话，当作一条规定夏娃和其他女人必须服从其丈夫的条款，这种服从也无非是每一位妻子对丈夫应有的从属。假如把这个当作“最初的政府授予和君权的基础”，那么世界上有多少丈夫就该有多少君主了。如果这些话确实给了亚当什么权力的话，那也只能是一种婚姻上的权力，而不是政治的。也就是，作为家庭财物和土地的所有者，丈夫在家庭中拥有决定私人事务的权力，在处理夫妻共同事务上享有丈夫的意志优先的权力；而不是说他拥有什么政治权力。他无权定夺妻子的生死，更不用说决定其他人的存亡。

我确信，如果作者要把这几句话看作是一种“授予”，是“最初的政府授予”，并且是政治性质的政府，他就应该有更好的论证，而不是简单地把“你必须恋慕你丈夫”这句话当作一条法律，接着据此法律，认为夏娃以及她之后的所有女人都要服从她们丈夫的绝对君权。“你必须恋慕你丈夫”这句话本身意义含糊不清，多种解释互不一致，不足以成为可信的依据，在如此重要、涉及面如此之广的问题上更不能如此。但是我们的作者，依照其个人的写作方式，只要提出了这句经文，便不假思索，立即断定意思是他所想的那样。只要看到“统治”和“臣民”，不论是在正文还是页边上，就马上断定这意味着臣民对君主应尽的责任，关系立即就发生了改变。上帝说的“丈夫”，在罗伯特爵士这里变成了“君王”。亚当于是立刻对夏娃以及“她之后的所有人”拥有绝对的君权。而《圣经》原文对此只字未提，作者也找不到一个能证明的字。尽管如此，亚当在该书从头至尾，仍然必须是一个绝对的君主。这里我让读者考虑这样一个问题：我仅仅这样说，但没有提供理由证明《圣经》上这句话不是赋予亚当绝对君权，作者会认为我不足以推翻他凭空断言建立起来的权力。之所以说他凭空断言，是因为《圣经》原文没有提及“君主”和“臣民”，除了谈到夏娃作为妻子要服从其丈夫亚当之外，也没讲什么绝对君权。愿意追究到底的人，会对作者最主要的论据作简短而充分的回应，接着直

接否定它就足够了。对于没有根据的论断，不给原因直接否定就行。那么，我是否该本该什么都不说，直接否定作者在同页（即第244页）明显根据那几句话推断出来的“上帝在父亲身份上建立最高权力并将之授予他们，定之为君权，赐予亚当及其继承者”的说法，这样应该足够了。恳请任何一个头脑清醒的人去读读原文，他只要考虑一下这些话是在什么场合对谁说的，就必然会感到诧异，作者何以从无法向他人显示的地方发现了绝对君权，除非他具有超人的能力。至此我们考察了我所记起的、作者引用的《圣经》两处原文，他以此证明亚当拥有君权和至高无上的权力，并说“上帝指定该权力可供亚当无限制使用，任由他的意志行使”（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第254页）。这两处原文，即《创世记》第一章第二十八节和第三章的第十六节，第一处讲的是低级动物对人类的从属，第二处讲的是妻子对丈夫应有的服从；两者都和政治社会中臣民对于君主的从属相差甚远。

第六章　论亚当因父亲身份而享有主权

我们的作者还有一个论点证明亚当的主权，我想我讲完这点，我们的作者所有的证据就都呈现给大家了。他的论点是，作为父亲，亚当拥有统治儿女的自然权力。我们的作者很喜欢“父亲的身份”这个词，几乎在每一页他都用到，而且还特别指出“不仅是亚当，亚当之后的男性家长，同样都因其父亲身份拥有对儿女的统治权”（《君权论》，第12页）。在同页，我们的作者还说到“儿女的这种从属也是王权的来源”等等。他屡屡提到这一点，可见这就是他整个框架的主要基础。于是，我们满心期待他出明确给出理由，因为他把这一点作为达到他的目标论点必备的观点，他的目标论点即“每个人生下来就是不自由的，他一出生就成为他父亲的下属”（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第156页）。只有亚当是上帝创造的，自他以后的人都是生出来的，生出来的人没有自由。如果我们问亚当如何取得了统治儿女的权力，我们的作者说因为亚当生了他们。同样，他还说“亚当这种自然的统治权也许可以用格劳秀斯的话来证明”，“格劳秀斯曾教导我们‘生育让父母获得对子女的权力’”（同上，第223页）。的确，生育让一个男人成为父亲，父亲对儿女的权力自然不会产生于父亲身份之外。

格劳秀斯在这里没有讲这种父母对孩子的权力有多大，但是我们的作者却讲得很明确，断定它是最高权力，就像君主之对于奴隶那样的可以生杀予夺的绝对权力。如果有人问他，生育孩子何以给父亲如此绝对的权力，会发现他不会回答。他说的话我们就该相信，包括他一些其他言论；自然法则和政府宪法的确立和取消都要由他确定。如果他是一名绝对君主，这种说话方式倒是很合适。“源于意志的理由”在他口中也许管用，但是用它来证明或论证就十分不妥了，这种理由在他的绝对君权的辩解中起不到什么作用。罗伯特爵士过分缩小了臣民的权力，仅凭空讲讲是不能建立什么的。一个奴隶缺乏证据的观点，是不足以剥夺全人类的自由和幸福的。如果全人类不是如我所想的那样生来平等，我相信所有奴隶是生来平等的。然后我或许可以大胆提出自己的观点来反对他的观点，并且对我以下说法充满自信：“生育儿女并不会使儿女们成为父亲的奴隶”，而会使全人类都获得自由，就像我们的作者坚持相反的观点，认为生育会使全人类变成奴隶。但这个观点是整个君权神授学说的

根基，理应公平对待。那在我们的作者没有提供任何理由的情况下，且让我们听听他人对此列举的理由吧。

我听到别人为了证明“父亲因生育而对孩子拥有绝对权力”，列举了这样的理由，说“父亲给了孩子生命并维持他们的生存，因而对他们的生命享有一种权力”。这是唯一可以用作证据的理由。因为没有原因可以解释为什么一个人就这样自然而然就声称或直接拥有了对他人的权力。这权力他之前不曾有，也不由他给予，而是他人慷慨相送的。首先，我想说，但凡赠与他人东西，不一定就拥有将之收回的权利。第二，那些说父亲给予孩子生命的人，满脑子装着君权，居然忘记了他们本该记着的上帝，是上帝“创造我们并给了我们生命”，“正是因为他我们才得以生活、行动和存在。”一个人连自己的生命构成都不清楚的人，怎么给他人生命？对此，哲学家们虽不断探究却仍感到十分困惑；解剖学家们耗尽毕生心血从事解剖研究，孜孜不倦的观察人体，最后也承认他们仍未弄清人体许多部分的结构和功能，以及生命是如何作为一个整体运作的。难道粗鲁的庄稼汉，或者更为无知的喜好酒色之徒，会构建或制造出一部如此绝妙的机器，然后将生命和意识放进去？有没有人会说他组建了他孩子生命所需的各个部件？他会不会想到自己给孩子生命时，发现自己还不知道什么样的主体适合接受它，也不清楚要接受并保存该生命需要什么功能器官？

将生命给予一个暂不存在的事物，是在构造组建一个生命，制作好部件，根据其各自功能按合适的比例装配好，然后将一个鲜活的灵魂搁置其中。能够做到这些的人，也许确实可以毁灭他自己这个制作。但是有谁如此胆大，敢冒占万能的上帝这些深不可测的作品？是上帝最先制造了这个作品，接着创造了一个活的灵魂，只有他才可以给这作品吹进生命的气息。如果有人认为自己能够做到以上这些，那么请他数数他造的孩子身上有多少部件；请告诉我，各部分的用处和运作功能是什么？理性的活灵魂什么时候进驻这个奇怪的构造？什么时候开始有意识？他所制造的这部机器如何思辨？如果是他造的，那么，出故障的时候请他去修，或者至少请他说明问题出在哪儿。《圣经·诗篇》的作者问：“制造眼睛者自己不能看见吗？”（《诗篇》，第九十四章第九节）请看看这些人的虚荣吧！眼睛的创造足以让我们相信我们全智的造物主，很显然是他创造了我们，所以在《圣经》里上帝通常被称为“创造我们的上帝”、“创造我们的主”。然而为了夸大“父亲身份”，我们的作者会说“即

使上帝自己对人类的权力都来自于他的父亲身份”（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第159页）。但这种父亲身份不同于世俗人类家长的任何称谓。他之所以为王，是因为他确实创造了我们，而任何父母都不能称自己是孩子的创造者。

然而，即使人类确有创造孩子的技巧和能力，这件事也不至于简单到让他们觉得都不需要设计。一千个父亲当中，在生孩子的时候有哪一个除了觉得欲望得到满足以外会想那么多。上帝用他无穷的智慧，赋予男性强烈的性欲，让人类得以繁衍。而男性性交一般也不是为了生育，通常还未经生育者准许，违背生育者的意愿。当然，确实有这些的情况：人们有生孩子的意愿和计划，于是孩子才来到世上。希腊神话中，杜卡利翁和他妻子想要造人，只需各自往身后抛抛石头；这些人计划并想要生育孩子，要费的力气也不比他们多。

但即使父母因为创造了儿女、给了他们生命和存在而对之享有绝对权力，这种权力也应该是父母共有。没人可以否认母亲也有一半功劳，如果不说功劳更大的话，因为是母亲在很长时间内，用自己的血肉滋养体内的孩子。在母亲的体内，孩子得以成形；也是从母亲那里，孩子获得人体所需的各种物质和本源。很难想象，一旦父亲完成他的生育行为之后，就可以往一个尚未成形的胚胎里注入理性的灵魂。如果确实要认为孩子从父母那里获得了什么，那主要也是从母亲那里得到的。不论怎样，在生育孩子这件事上，不能否认母亲也有一半功劳，因此父亲的绝对权力并非来自生儿育女。我们的作者确实有另一种想法。他说：“我们知道，上帝造人时赋予男人统治女人的权力，因为男人比女人高贵，是生育行为的主要参与者。”（同上，第172页）我不记得我的《圣经》上有这样的话。但要是有人把这个地方指给我看，即上帝造人时“赋予男人统治女人的权力”，因为“男人比女人高贵，是生育行为的主要参与者”，那就是该考虑并回答这个问题的时候了。但我们的作者把自己的个人想象当成神圣的、确定的事实，绝不是头一次了，虽然两者之间差别其实很大。在《圣经》里，上帝说的是“他的父亲和母亲生育了他”。

有些人认为，人类的弃婴、卖子行为是父母对孩子有绝对权力的证据之一。他们和罗伯特爵士一样，是巧妙的辩论家，只能把自己的观点建立在人类最可耻的、可能做出的最残忍的事情上。连狮子洞和豺狼窝里都不会发生这样残忍的事情。生活在荒野中的野兽都听从上帝的旨意，对自己的后代生性细心温柔。它们照顾自己的幼儿，为它们去觅

食、争斗，宁愿自己挨饿都要让它们存活下来。在它们自立之前绝对不离不弃。荒野中动物最难驯服，难道人类独享特权，可以比它们更违反自然？上帝不是用最严厉的惩罚，死刑，来禁止我们即使是在被激怒的情况下都不能伤害任何人——一个陌生人——的性命吗？上帝交给我们照顾的人，根据“理性”和“自然本性”规定，明确要求我们必须保护的人，他是否允许我们伤害呢？上帝造物时格外注意几个物种的繁衍，让他们竭力让生命得以延续，结果他们竟已顾不上自己，似乎忘记了“自然本性”教导万物“自我保护”的总原则。保护孩子成了最高原则，超越了他们的本性。所以我们看到，一旦孩子需要保护，懦弱者会变得勇敢，残暴野蛮者变得温柔，贪婪者变得慷慨。

但是，如果发生过的事情就要被当成理应发生的事，那么，历史将为我们的作者提供证明“绝对父权”的绝好例子。秘鲁人生孩子，把他们养肥了拿来吃，我们的作者本该拿这个来做例子的。引用这个事例实在是再好不过，所以我不得不引用我们的作者的原话：“在某些省份，人们十分爱吃人肉，不等那临死的人断气就开始吮吸从他伤口中流出的血。他们有公共的人肉屠宰场，人们疯狂到那种程度，连自己跟战争中俘虏的女子所生的孩子都不放过。被俘的女子拿来作妾，然后把跟她们生的孩子精心饲养到十三岁左右，屠宰来吃。这些女子一旦过了生育年龄，不能再给他们生产肉食，也一样被屠宰来吃。”（加西拉索·德·拉·维加，《秘鲁印卡族历史》卷一，第12页）

理性把人类放在和天使几乎相同的位置上，当他们抛弃理性，杂乱的大脑会使他们做出比野兽还残忍的事。人类的想法比沙子还多，比海洋还宽，如果没有理性这唯一的星星和指针引导，幻想和激情定会将他们引向各种奇怪的路。人的想象一刻不止地产生各种各样的想法，一旦理性不在，人的意志就随时准备做各种无法无天的事情。处于上述状态的人，离正道最远，人们认为他最适合做领袖，其追随者也最多。源于愚蠢和狡猾的事情，一旦成了风尚，风俗便将其神圣化，谁敢违背或质疑它，就是自大或疯狂的表现。纵观世界各国，只要态度公正，就会发现他们的宗教、体制、习俗大多就是以这种方式形成并延续的；就不会再敬畏人类盛行的习惯；就有足够的理性去思考：森林中那些无理性、未经教养的栖息者们顺从自然过得很好，而住在都市和宫殿中的那些自称文明理智者，在榜样的权威性影响下，逾越常轨，那么，森林是否更适合为我们提供法则？如果先例能够为之后的同类事情树立规范，那我

们的作者本应该发现《圣经》上有父母拿孩子做祭品的例子，《诗篇》的作者告诉我们这种事情也存在于上帝的子民之间，“他们流了无辜人的血，就是他们自己儿女的血，把他们祭祀迦南的偶像。”（《诗篇》第一百零六章，第三十八节）但上帝不会用我们的作者的规范去判断此事，也不允许惯例的权威违反他的公正之法。紧接上文的是“那地就被血污秽了；上帝的怒气向他的子民发作，他厌恶自己的产业。”杀孩子虽然风行，但属于滥杀无辜，在上帝那儿就是犯了谋杀罪，就像把孩子祭献给偶像也犯了盲目崇拜之罪。

就算像罗伯特爵士所说，“古时候”人们常常“阉割或出卖自己的孩子”（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第155页）如果愿意的话，还可以加上一条，就说他们还抛弃孩子。反正把孩子生下来之后，养肥了拿来吃，这权力还要更大。如果这些例子能够证明一种权力，那我们如果采用他的论证方法，也许就可以证明通奸、乱伦、鸡奸都是合理的。因为从古至今都不乏这样的实例。我认为罪恶的主要严重性就在于它违背自然的旨意。自然旨意是让人类繁衍，在最完美的状态下延续生命，为此，家庭的区分、婚姻关系的保障都是必要的。

为了证实父亲有天赋权威，我们的作者从《圣经》里找到了一个无力的证据，即上帝确实下过的一条训诫。他的原话是这样的：“为证实王权是自然权力，我们看到《圣经》十诫中训诫人们服从君王的话，说的是‘孝敬你的父亲’。（《君权论》，第23页）许多人承认，上帝只规定了抽象意义的政府，但在《圣经》里除了父权外找不到证据来证明《圣经》中的这种规定。于是我们看到了十诫中这句用来训诫人们服从尊长的话：“孝敬你的父亲”。就因这句话，不但是政府的职权和权力，就连权力的管理形式、管理者，都成了上帝规定的了。人类的第一位父亲拥有的不仅仅是权力，而是君权，因为这位父亲直接出自上帝之手。”（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第254页）为了同样的目的，我们的作者还在其他几处引用了这条法则，方式是一样的，即视“和母亲”为不足为凭之词，不予考虑。这是我们的作者论证的巧妙所在，也是他目标的核心，拥护他的主张的人要有十足的热情，能歪曲上帝训诫人类时所讲的神圣规定，才可以与他保持一致。这种行为方式对于有些人是不足为奇的。因为这些人不会因为真理源自理性和神示而去信奉它，但是会为了违背真理的目的去拥护某些教义和党派，然后无论如何，坚决为他们辩护。作者们的言语和想法也是一样。为达目的，他们就像普

洛克路斯忒斯（古希腊的强盗）那样，拉长或截短客人的身躯以适合自己心目中所需要的尺寸。结果这些论证就像那些被截断过腿脚的客人一样，畸形无用，站不住脚。

如果我们的作者将上帝这条训诫用原话引出，不断章取义，把“母亲”加回来，那么，所有读者都会发现这句话直接否定了我们的作者的观点，根本不是确立了“父亲的君权”，而是确定母亲与父亲地位相等，上帝的训诫也无非说的是父亲和母亲应当共同承担的责任。那才是《圣经》恒久不变的要义。“孝敬你的父亲和你的母亲，”（《出埃及记》，第二十章）“打父母的，必要把那人处死，”（同上，第二十一章第十五节）“咒骂父母的，必要把那人处死”（同上，第二十一章第十七节）。《旧约·利未记》第二十章第九节重复了这句话，在《新约·马太福音》第十五章第四节中，我们的救世主也重复过这句。“各人都要孝敬自己的父母，”（《利未记》，第十九章第三3节）“任何人的儿子如果顽逆、不听父母的话，父母就应该抓他到长老们面前，告诉他们‘我们的儿子顽逆倔强，不听我们的话’……”（《申命记》，第二十一章第十八至二十一节）“轻慢父母的，必受诅咒”（同上，第二十七章第十六节）“我的孩子，请听从你父亲的教导，记住你母亲的规定”，这是所罗门讲的话。身为一个父亲、君王，他很清楚自己的权力，但是在他所写的《箴言》中，凡是讲给孩子听的，他始终都把父亲和母亲放在一起。“让那些对父亲说‘你生出什么？’或者对母亲说‘你养出什么？’的人承受灾殃”。（《以赛亚书》，第十四章第十节）“他们在主面前轻慢父母，”（《以西结书》，第二十二章第七节）“若有人再敢做预言，他的生父母必要对他说，你不得存活，因为你托耶和华的名假说预言，生他的父母在他说预言时要将他刺透。”（《撒迦利亚书》，第十三章第三节）在这句话中，母亲和父亲一起拥有生杀权力。《旧约》中的条律都是如此，《新约》中也同样，谈到儿女的顺从问题时，都把母亲和父亲放在一起。（《以弗所书》，第六章第一节）条律上都是说“孩子们，你们要听从你们的父母；”，我从未在什么地方看到“孩子们，你们要听从你们的父亲，”然后对母亲只字不提。《圣经》上谈到儿女对家长的尊敬时，是包括母亲的。如果原经文中有任何地方说儿女只尊敬或服从他们的父亲一人，那么，我们这位自诩一切根据源自《圣经》的作者，是不会把它漏掉的。不但如此，在生育子女方面，《圣经》赋予母亲和父亲的权力十分平等，甚至在有些地方都忽略了父亲的优先地位，把母亲放在前面，如

《利未记》第十九章第三节。既然《圣经》全文基本上都把父亲和母亲放在一起，我们应该可以下这样的结论：父亲和母亲对孩子所享有的是一种平等的共同权力，不可由一人独占，也不能排除谁。

于是有人不禁要问，我们的作者是怎么从第五诫中推断出一切“权力最初在父亲身上”？他又是如何从“孝敬你的父母亲”这条诫言中发现“政府的君权落在父亲身上并确立下来”？如果诫言中规定的孩子应有的孝敬，不问内容，都为父亲一人享有，因为根据我们的作者所说，父亲“拥有对女性的统治权，在生育行为上比女性高贵，是主要参与者”；那么，为什么上帝随后都把“母亲”和父亲放在一起，分享他的权力？父亲能否运用他的这种主权，取消孩子对母亲的尊敬？《圣经》没有准许犹太人做这样的事情，但夫妻关系还是常常出现裂痕，甚至到了离婚、分居的地步。我想，没人会说一个孩子可以不尊敬他的母亲，或者像《圣经》上说的“轻慢她”，就算那是他父亲下的命令。同样母亲也不能免去孩子对父亲的尊敬。因此，很明显上帝这一诫言根本没有给父亲主权或最高权力。

我们的作者说孩子对其父母的孝敬是自然赋予父母的权力，这种权力通过生育孩子而产生，我同意这个观点。上帝也在多处明确证实了这一点。我们的作者还说“像父亲的权力这样一种来自上帝和自然的权力与恩赐”，“人类较低级的权力不能对之进行约束，也不可制定与之相悖的法律”（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第158页）。我也同意这一看法，不过要在“父亲”后面加上“母亲”，因为上帝已经把他们放在一起，不许任何人将之分开。那么，根据上帝这个诫言，母亲也享有被孩子孝敬的权利，且这种权利不受制于她丈夫的意志，看来，这个“父亲绝对的君权”不但不能以《圣经》为据，还与其内容不符。况且只要有另外一个父亲和这位父亲一样，以相同的名义拥有同样的权力，那他所拥有的权力远不可能是我们的作者声称的“君权”或“绝对权力”。我们的作者自己也不得不说“他没发现有谁的孩子怎样可以不服从自己的双亲”（《君权论》，第12页），“双亲”，按常规语言应该指的是“母亲”和“父亲”，如果它仅指“父亲”，那我还是第一次听说，词语若是都可以这样使用，那还有什么话不能说。

按照我们的作者的学说，父亲对子女拥有绝对管辖权，那么，父亲对子女的后代也应该拥有同样的权力。只要他这个“父亲拥有绝对管辖权”属实，这个推断就不会错。但我想问我们的作者的是，既然祖父也拥

有这种“绝对管辖权”，那他可否取消他的孙辈基于第五诫对其父亲的尊敬？如果祖父因其“父亲身份”获得的权力只能其一人独享，并且“孝敬你的父亲”指的是对君主的服从，那么显然祖父可以取消孙子对其父亲的尊敬，但这明显又不符合常理。所以据此我们认为“孝敬你的父母”并非表示对一种最高权力的绝对服从，而是另有所指。在第五诫中确认的父母自然享有的权利，不可能是我们的作者本欲从中推断出来的政治统治权，因为政治统治权在所有人类文明社会都是最高权力，几乎可以取消任何公民对任何其他臣民政治上的服从。统治者有什么法律可以给孩子不“孝敬他父母”的特权？尊敬父母是条永恒的条律，只关乎父母和孩子的关系，其中绝不包含统治者的权力，也不从属于它。

我们的作者说：“上帝给予了父亲把对孩子的权力转让给他人的权利或自由，”（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第155页）我怀疑他是否能全部转让这个权力。但不管怎样，我能确定的是，对这同一个权力，他不能既转让又保留。如果像我们的作者所说的那样，统治权“就是一个至高无上的父亲的权力”（《君权论》，第23页），假设君王拥有这个父权（若父亲身份是一切权力之源，他也必须拥有），那他的臣民，即使身为父亲，也难免失去对孩子的权力，得不到孩子的尊敬。因为权力既然都掌握在他人手中，自己就不可能再拥有，哪怕是一部分。所以，根据我们的作者自己的学说，“请尊敬你的父母”不能理解为政治上的从属和服从。因为无论是在《旧约》还是《新约》上，谈到孩子“孝敬和服从他们的父母”的条律，其对象就包括生活在政府下的孩子的父母，还有生活在同一政治社会中的同样身为儿女的臣民。如果按我们的作者的意思，让这些臣民也去孝敬和服从“他们”的父母，那就意味着让这些人去服从根本无权管理他们的人，孩子对自己父母的尊敬都被他人享有。这不是教孩子孝敬父母，而是要建立不存在的权力，引发骚乱。所以，“孝敬你的父母”这条诫命如果意味着政治统治，它就直接推翻了我们的作者所说的“君权”。因为既然所有的孩子都要孝敬他们的父母，在社会中也一样，那么，每一位父亲都拥有这个政治统治权，所有的父亲成了统治者。此外，母亲也同样拥有这个权力，这样也就不可能只有唯一一个最高统治者。可如果“孝敬你的父母”这句话指的是政治权力之外的东西——其实本来如此——那它就与我们的作者的事情无关了，因为它对他的目的失去了意义。

我们的作者说：“让人服从君主的诫命是用‘孝敬你的父亲’来表达

的，好像一切权力原本落在父亲身上”（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第254页）依我看，这条诫命也是用“孝敬你的母亲”来表达的，好像一切权力原本落在母亲身上。我恳请大家考虑，这样是不是和我们的作者的论证一样讲得通。在《旧约》和《新约》里，只要讲到儿女的孝敬或服从的地方，都是把父亲和母亲放在一起的。同样在该书第254页，我们的作者还告诉我们：“孝敬你的父亲这一诫命给予父亲统治权，统治形式为君主制政府。”对此我想说，如果“孝敬你的父亲”指的是对官员政治权力的服从，那就不涉及到我们对自己亲生父亲应尽的义务，因为根据我们的作者的学说，权力全部在君王身上，作为臣民的亲生父亲无法拥有，他们和孩子一样同为臣民和奴隶，纵然是生父，也无权享有这种政治意义上的尊敬和服从。如果“孝敬你的父母”这句话，按照我们救世主的解释（《马太福音》第十五章第四节以及其他多处都提及），就是指我们对自己生身父母应尽的责任，很明显这是正确的。那这句话就与政治服从无关，权利享有人既没有统治权，也没有长官支配臣民那样的权利。只有父亲身份的人，与享有支配权的君王，是不一样的。所以这条诫命，必须指的是亲生父亲，我们对之应尽的义务也必须和我们对长官的服从不同。这种义务即使绝对君权也无法解除。至于这种义务到底是什么，到时候我们再探讨。

因此最终我们发现，我们的作者在第八部分看似在论述绝对的无限的统治权，并且把该权力放在亚当身上，自此所有人一生下来就成了奴隶，没有任何自由。但假设上帝创造亚当，除了让他存在以外，并没有让他成为他子孙后代的君主；假设《创世记》第一章第二十八节，不是确立亚当为王，除了对孩子的支配权外也没有赋予他支配他人的权力，他被赋予的只不过是凡人皆有的对土地及低级动物的支配权；假设在《创世记》第三章第十六节，上帝也没有赋予亚当支配其妻子和儿女的特殊权力，而是作为惩罚，让夏娃服从亚当，或者在家庭共同事务管理方面，对女性的弱势地位作了预言，但没有给身为丈夫的亚当法官才有的生杀权；假设亚当也不能因为生育行为获得对儿女的这种权力；假设“孝敬你的父母”这条训诫也没有赋予他这种权力，无非是规定对父母双方一致应尽的责任，不论他们是臣民与否；如果上面所有的假设都成立，那么在我看来，接着要说的就很清楚了——不论我们的作者的否定如何坚决，人类都是生而自由的，因为人们生来就有的天性、身体官能、能力都是平等的，应该享有共同的权益，除非我们的“万物之

主”，“永远被祝福的”上帝，亲自钦点某一个人并授予他最高权力，或者是有人批准他高人一等。这点其实很明显，就连我们的作者自己也承认，像约翰·海沃尔德、布莱克伍德和巴克莱这样强力拥护王权的人，也“承认人人生而平等和自由”，这是无法否认、毋庸置疑的事实。我们的作者提出的任何论据，也远不能证明他“亚当是绝对的君主”这一伟大的主张，并且据此主张“人人并非生而自由”，连他自己的证据都与自己的主张相悖。所以，用他自己的论证方式，“一旦最初的错误原则不成立，整个绝对权力和君主专制的庞大机构就随之坍塌了。”所以，对于我们的作者建立在如此错误和脆弱的基础上的一切，我们都不必再予以回答。

但必要的时候为了免得他人麻烦，他会不惜用自己的矛盾展示自己学说的弱点。他几乎无处不用亚当的绝对和唯一的支配权做理论基础，但是在《君权论》第12页告诉我们“因为亚当是他孩子的主，所以他孩子对其子女也有支配权。”那么按照我们的作者的方法估算，亚当因其父亲身份所享有的这种无限的、不可分割的统治权，不是长久的，只存在于第一代。一旦亚当有了孙辈，罗伯特爵士就难讲得通了。他说“亚当作为他孩子的父亲，对孩子拥有绝对的、无限的王权，据此他也拥有对孩子所生儿女以及之后的世世代代拥有该权力”。但是，他的儿子，该隐和塞特，同时也对各自的子女拥有父权。于是该隐和塞特一方面是绝对的主，另一方面又是下属和奴隶。作为“祖父”的亚当，拥有一切权力；作为“部分人的父亲”的该隐和塞特，只有部分权力。亚当因为生育拥有对该隐和塞特及其所有后代绝对的权力，那么该隐和塞特是否也因为生育对各自的孩子拥有绝对权力？我们的作者说“不，在亚当之下，亚当的孩子对自己的子女拥有权力，但从属于最初的父权。”这种区分听上去似乎不错，可惜却没有意义，与我们的作者自己的话也不一致。我满以为，如果亚当对其后代拥有绝对权力，他的任何一个孩子都可能从他那里得到一种委托的权力，一种对于部分人或所有其他人的附属权力，但那又不是我们的作者在这儿所讲的权力。我们的作者所讲的权力不是因授予或委托而来，而是一个父亲对孩子自然拥有的权力。首先，他说“因为亚当是他孩子的主，所以在亚当之下，他的孩子对其子女也有支配权。”亚当的孩子因为同种方式和名义成为各自孩子的主，也就是因为生育孩子，因为父亲的身份。其次，很明显，我们的作者所讲的是父亲的自然权力，因为他说这个权力只“对他们自己的孩子”拥有，一份委托而来的

权力是不会仅针对自己的孩子的，它还针对他人的孩子。第三，如果它确实是一份委托的权力，《圣经》上一定会讲到，但在《圣经》上找不到任何证据证明亚当的孩子除了对其子女拥有自然父权以外，还拥有什么其他的权力。

可是，我们的作者在这里讲的是父权，绝不是其他权力，这点毫无疑问，因为后面他说“亚当的孩子也好，其他人的孩子也好，我发现没有人可以不服从他们的父母”。由此看来，我们的作者在这儿所讲的一方的“权力”和另一方的“服从”，其实就是父母对孩子的自然的权力和孩子对父母的自然的服从。每个人对其孩子享有的这种权力不是别的权力，但我们的作者却断言它是绝对的、无限的。我们的作者说，亚当对于其后裔拥有父母对孩子那样的自然能权力；我们的作者还说，这种父母对孩子的权力，孩子以后对自己的儿女也终生拥有。于是亚当因其作为父亲的自然权力，对他的全部后裔都有绝对、无限的权力，同时，基于同样的权力，亚当的孩子对自己的后裔也有同样绝对、无限的权力。两个绝对、无限的权力同时存在，我倒愿意有人能让两者和谐共存，或者让让之符合常理。我们的作者把从属一词放进两者之间，结果更加荒谬：让一个绝对、无限，也不可限制的权力去从属于另一个，无疑是太矛盾了。“亚当是绝对的君主，对其后裔有着无限的权力”，所有的后裔都是他绝对的臣民，正如我们的作者所说，他的奴隶、儿孙都一样处于从属和奴役状态。但我们的作者又说“亚当的孩子对他们自己的子女享有父权，也即绝对、无限的权力”，这句话简单地说，就是在同一政府下，他们集绝对君王和奴隶于一身，一部分臣民基于父亲身份的自然权力对另一部分臣民拥有绝对、无限的权力。

假如有任何人想支持我们的作者，认为他在这里的意思是原本就从属于自己父亲的人，对自己所生的儿女有一定权力。我承认这个更接近事实，但这对我们的作者毫无用处。因为我们的作者只要讲到父权，就说是绝对、无限的权力，除非他自己之前对这个权力有过限制，规定权力多广，否则我们无法有其他理解。并且他这里的“父权”所指广泛，由下面他说的“孩子的从属是一切王权的基础”（《君权论》，第12页）这这句话就可以看出。他在前面说到“每个人都从属于他的父母”，这里的“从属”同样适用于亚当的孙子对亚当的儿女，是王权之源，这王权，用我们的作者的话说，就是绝对、无限的权力。所以亚当的孩子对自己的子女拥有王权，同时他们和自己的子女一起同为他们父亲亚当的臣

民。但不论我们的作者怎么解释，很明显他让“亚当的孩子拥有父权”（《君权论》，第12页），就像他同样让其他父亲们“对各自的孩子拥有父权”（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第156页）一样。因此下面两种情况必然出现一种：要么，亚当在世时，他的孩子和其他父亲一样，如我们的作者所说“因其父亲身份，对其子女拥有王权”（《君权论》，第12页）；要么，亚当“不能根据其父亲身份享有君权。”因为对于已有父亲权力的人来说，父权只能给或不给他们带来王权。如果是能给他们带来王权，亚当就不可能因为是父亲而成为统治者，其他人也不行。这样一来，我们的作者所有的政治学说就走到了尽头，只要有父权的人就有君权，在我们的作者的父权社会里，有多少父亲就有多少君主。

我们的作者确定了什么样的君主制，让他和他的拥护者们去考虑吧。当然君主们大可以感谢他的这种新政治学，因为这种政治学将所有孩子的父亲都变成绝对君主。这是依据我们的作者的原理推断出的必然结果，但是谁会因此责怪我们的作者呢？因为我们的作者在父亲因生育获得的权力上加入一种绝对权力，他就很难确定儿子对孙子拥有的这种权力有多大，结果要像我们的作者那样把所有的权力给亚当，同时又让亚当在世期间，在他的孩子做了父亲之时给予他们部分权力，就十分困难。他也不太清楚如何拒绝这种权力给予。这就让我们的作者用语十分令人生疑，他也不确定该把这个绝对、自然的权力放在他所称的“父亲身份”中具体谁的身上。有时候是亚当一人，如《君权论》第13页，《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第244、245页，及前言里。

有时候是父母，如《君权论》第13页，但这个词又很少单指父亲一人。

有时候是有父亲在世的孩子们，如《君权论》第12页。

有时候是有家庭的父亲们，如《君权论》第78、79页。

有时候泛指父亲们，如《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第155页。

有时候是亚当的后嗣，如《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第258页。

有时候是亚当的后裔，如《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第244、246页。

有时候是元祖们，诺亚所有生育了子女的孩子们，如《对霍布斯、

弥尔顿等的看法》，第244页。有时候是最年长的父母，如《君权论》，第12页。

有时候是所有君王，如《君权论》，第19页。

有时候是一切拥有最高权力的人，如《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第245页。

有时候是人类最早的祖先，也即人类最初的生父母的后嗣，如《君权论》19页；有时候又是一位选出的君王，如《君权论》，第23页

有时候是那些治理国家的少数或众多人，如《君权论》，第23页。

有时候是夺取这个权力的人，一个篡位者，如《君权论》，第23页，《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第155页。

于是这个承载一切权力、权威和政府的莫须有的新事物，这个指定和确立君王统领天下的父亲身份，根据罗伯特爵士的意思，可以凭任何方式落在任何人身上，依据他的政治学，他可以给民主制加上王权，让篡位者成为合法的君王。如果他的政治学能有这么多妙处，那我们的作者和他的支持者们用这个万能的“父亲身份”做了大贡献了。这个“父亲身份”推翻、摧毁世上一切合法的政府，并代之以动乱、专制和篡权，此外它就没有什么用处了。

第七章　论“父权”和“财产权”之为统治权的共同来源

在前面几章，我们已经了解了我们的作者所讲的亚当的君权，以及他建立该君权的依据。我们的作者强调的理论基础，也即他认为君权和君主的两个最佳来源，就是“父权”和“财产权”。所以他提出“维持亚当自然、独立的统治”来“去除天赋自由论的各种荒谬和麻烦”。（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，222页）到目前为止，他告诉我们类似的说法还有：“统治权的根据和原则须以财产权为根源”（同上，第108页）。“孩子对其父母的服从是一切君权的源泉”（《君权论》，第12页）。“世上的一切权力要么源于父权，要么由篡夺父权而来，此外找不出任何其他权力来源”（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第158页）我暂不想讨论“统治权的最初根据和原则须以财产权为根源”和“除了父权以外没有别的权力来源”这两句话是否矛盾，但是很难理解既然“除了父权以外没有别的权力来源”，统治权为何必须以财产权为根源？财产权和父权，就像庄园主和孩子之父，远不是一回事。对于《创世记》第三章第十六节中关于上帝惩罚夏娃的话，我们的作者说是“最初的统治权授予”（同上，第244页），我也看不出前面那两个源泉与这句话相符。因为如果统治权的产生源于上帝惩罚夏娃那句话，那么根据我们的作者自己的观点，它就不会源于“父权”或“财产权”。我们的作者引用惩罚夏娃的经文证明亚当有支配她的权力，这必定与其“父权为一切权力的唯一源泉”之说相矛盾。因为如果亚当对夏娃拥有我们的作者声称的“王权”，那这王权一定是根据别的资格而获得，而不是因为生育儿女的资格获得的。

这些矛盾，还有其他一些，都暂且留给我们的作者自己去解决吧，任何读者阅读时只需稍加留意都能发现不少。我们现在不妨考虑一下，统治权的两个起源——亚当自然的和个人的支配权——两者如何并存，如何共同产生并确立后继君王，按我们的作者规定，这些君王只能通过这些源泉获得权力。让我们假设，亚当因为“上帝的恩赐”成为整个世界的主人和唯一所有者，其权限之大之广，皆可任罗伯特爵士所愿；我们还可以假设，亚当凭借其父亲身份，就成为他儿女的绝对统治者，并拥有不受限制的最高权力；那么，我的问题是：亚当死后，他“自然的支配

权”和“个人的支配权”怎么办？我肯定答案会是“传给下一个继承他的人了”，我们的作者在好几处也这样提到。但是显然，亚当的自然支配权和个人支配权不可能都传给同一个人。因为如果我们承认父亲的所有权力和财产都应该传给长子（这点还需要证据证明），那么据此名义，长子就拥有了父亲所有的“个人的支配权”，但父亲“自然的支配权”，即父亲权力，不能通过继承的方式传递，因为父权只有通过生育行为获得，没有人可以对他人的孩子行使这种自然权力，除非我们假定一个人可以在不具备必须条件的情况下拥有权力。一个父亲，只有通过生育，才能获得对孩子的自然支配权，这种权利外人不得享有。所以，我们的作者说“所有的人一旦出生，就因为为人所生，成了生他之人的属下”（同上，第156页），无论这话是对是错，其结果必然是：人不可能是其兄长的属下，因为他兄长不可能生他，除非我们能够假设某人一出生就同时被两个不同男人“自然、绝对地支配”，或者能够假设一个人仅因为父亲所生而处于其父亲的自然支配之下，同时他生来也要为其兄长自然支配，尽管他不是兄长所生。

那么，如果亚当的“个人的支配权”，即他对万物的所有权，在他死后全部传给他的长子，他的继承人，（不然的话，罗伯特爵士的君主制会就此全部崩塌）；亚当的因生育获得的“自然的支配权”，在其过世之后，其子女一旦生育均以同样名义获得；那么，基于“财产权”的主权和基于“父权”的主权，就被分离了。因为该隐作为继承人，独享基于“财产权”的主权；塞特和其他兄弟均享有基于“父权”的主权。我们的作者的学说只能这样理解了，他建立在亚当身上的两种主权，要么其中一个无意义，否则它们只会混淆君主们的权力，搅乱后世统治。因为两种主权建立基础不同，不能同时传袭，我们的作者允许两者分离（在《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》第210页和《君权论》第40页中，他承认“亚当的儿子们可以根据他们的个人主权拥有不同的管辖范围”），那么，“统治权在哪儿”和“我们该服从谁”就成为人们对他的原则的恒久疑问，因为“父权”和“财产权”是不同的权力，在亚当过世之后落在了不同人的身上。两种权力到底哪一个该让步呢？

对此让我们来看看我们的作者的解释。他引用格劳秀斯的话说“亚当在世时，其子可以通过亚当的恩赐、指定，或某种转让，凭借其个人支配权拥有各自的管辖范围；亚伯有草地牧羊，该隐有田地种粮食，并在挪得之地建了一座城，”（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第210

页）。那么很明显的问题是，亚当死后，这两兄弟到底谁是统治者？我们的作者说是该隐（《君权论》，第19页）。以什么名义呢？“以继承人的名义，因为作为元祖的继承人，他们不但是自己亲生孩子的君主，还是他们兄弟的君主。”（同上）该隐继承了什么？他继承的不是亚当全部的“个人支配权”，不是亚当拥有的一切，因为我们的作者承认，亚伯从他父亲那儿分得部分权力，凭借其“个人支配权”拥有自己的草地”，不属该隐支配，因为该隐不能对别人私人支配的东西拥有支配权。这样，该隐就不对其兄弟拥有支配权，于是现在就有两个君主，他所想象的父权也被搁置一边，该隐不能统治他的兄弟。否则，如果尽管亚伯有“个人支配权”，该隐还是可以统治他，那其结果是“统治权的最初根据和原则”与“财产权”没有任何关系，不论我们的作者如何说有。诚然，亚伯确实是先其父而死，但这对他的论点没有意义。因为只要不是该隐的孩子，我们都可以用这点来反对罗伯特爵士，不管谈的是亚伯、塞特，还是亚当其他的后裔。

我们的作者讲到挪亚的三个儿子的时候也有同样的问题，他说：“他们的父亲把整个世界分配给他们”（同上，第13页）。那么我就要问，挪亚死后，我们会在他哪个儿子身上发现“王权的建立”？如果三个人都有——我们的作者似乎也是这样说的，那么，王权是建立在土地所有权之上，这个属于“个人支配权”，不是父权这个“自然支配权”。这样一来，父权就不再是王权的来源，我们的作者如此大肆声张的“父权”就此消失了。闪是挪亚的长子、继承人，如果王权传给了他，那么，我们的作者所讲的“挪亚之子抓阄分世界”和“挪亚十年环游地中海指定儿子们各自属地”（同上，第15页）全是白费力气，挪亚分配世界给几个孩子，要么引起祸害，要么根本无意义。因为如果挪亚去世之后，不论之前如何分配，闪都要成为他兄弟含和雅弗的君主，这样的话，挪亚之前给含和雅弗的分配承诺便失去价值。或者，假设三人对各自分得的领地享有的“个人的主权”都有效，那么，在他历尽千辛反对“人民的权利”（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第158页）之后，就产生两种互不从属的权力。关于这点，我除了将“人民的权力”换成“财产权”外，其他都引用我们的作者原文：“世上的一切权力要么源于父权，要么由篡夺父权而获得，此外找不出任何其他权力来源。因为如果同时承认两种互不从属的权力，那么关于哪个是最高权力的争论将永无休止，因为两个最高权力无法共存。假设父权是最高权力，那么基于‘个人主权’的权力就要从属

于、依存它；反之，如果源于财产的权力是最高的，父权就要归于从属地位，未经财产所有者许可不得行使，这势必破坏自然的安排和进程。”这是我们的作者自己对两种不同的独立权力进行反驳的言论，我除了将“人民的权力”换成“源于财产的权力”外，其他都引用原文。当我们的作者对自己极力反对两种不同权力的言论进行答复之后，我们能更明显地看到，他是如何竭尽所能，“从亚当个人的和自然的支配权”，即从父权和财产权这两个不总能集于一身的不同权力中，推断出王权的。很明显，我们的作者自己也承认，一旦亚当和挪亚过世，要有人继承之时，这两个权力就分开了。尽管如此，我们的作者还是经常在他的文章中把两者混在一起，需要的时候，他绝不会忘记使用其中的任何一个。但是这种荒谬在下一章体现得更加明显。下一章，我们将对亚当传授统治权给后世君王的方式加以考察。

第八章　论亚当最高君权的转移

罗伯特爵士为亚当的君权提供的任何证据都不算令人满意；在对后世君权继承的讨论上，其结果也未见更好。如果他的政治学说成立，后世君王们就必须全部从最初的统治者那里获得权利。我们的作者指定的权力转让方式，散见于其著作各处，在此我还是引用原文。他在序言里告诉我们："亚当是整个世界的君王，他的后裔无权占有任何东西，除非是亚当授予、准许或从他那里继承。"在这句话中，他提出了亚当转让自己所有物的两种方式，即"授予"或"继承"。我们的作者还说："人类最初的祖先生育了全人类，所有君王都被认为或将被认为是紧随祖先之后的继承人，"（《君权论》，第19页）"一个人群，无论人数多少，其中必有一人被认为是紧随亚当之后的继承人，此人自然拥有对其他人的君主权利。"（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第253页）在这两处，"继承"是我们的作者唯一承认的君权转让方式。我们的作者在其他地方告诉我们："地球上一切权力要么源于父权，要么是篡夺父权而来。"（同上，第155、158页）"所有国王，包括过去的和现在的，不是人民的父亲或这些父亲的继承人，就是这些父亲权力的篡夺者"（同上，第253页）在这里，他把"继承"和"篡夺"视为获取这种最根本权力的仅有的两种方式，但是他说："这种父的帝国，其本身是世袭的，所以可以经准许转让，也可以通过篡夺获取。"（同上，第190页）所以在这儿"继承"、"授予"，或"篡夺"可实现王权转移。最让人惊叹的是他最后还告诉我们"不论是选举、授予、继承，还是任何其他获得王权的方式，这些都无意义，因为真正使他们成为君王的不是获取王位的方式，而是用最高权力统治的方式。"（《君权论》，第100页）我们的作者一切有关亚当君权是后世君王权力来源的假说和言论，我认为，用这句话可以充分答复。我们的作者大可不必在他书上到处就"继承人"、"继承"讲这么多，既然真正当上君王和获得权力的方式不相关，需要的只是"用最高权力去统治"。

用这种特别的方式，我们的作者可以让奥利弗或任何一个他能想到的人当上真正的国王。如果他有幸生活在马桑尼罗的政府之下，我们根据他自己的规定推断，他一定会忍不住对马桑尼罗表达自己的敬仰之情，对他说"我王万岁！"因为正是"用最高权力统治的方式"让前一天还

是渔夫的马桑尼罗第二天成了真正的君王。如果堂吉诃德教导他的随从用最高权力进行统治，我们的作者一定可以成为桑丘·潘沙所居住的岛屿上的一位十分忠诚的臣民，并且他还应当被这个政府委以重任，因为在我看来，既声称要把政府建立在真正的基础之上，建立合法的王位，同时又告诉世界“一个真正的君主只需要用最高权力进行统治，至于其获取权力的方式如何可以不论”的政治家，他当属第一个。他的这这些话，简单地说，就是不论使用什么方法，谁获取了王权和最高权力谁就是真正、正当的君王。这样的话，我不知道他之前是怎么想到了“篡夺者”这个词，他能去哪儿找到这个词。

这个奇怪的学说让我很吃惊，所以对于许多矛盾的地方我都只匆匆掠过，没有给予足够的思考。这些矛盾包括亚当进行最高统治的王权在后世君王和统治者身上的转让，得到这个权力才能为人民臣服。作者所讲的转移方式有时是“只能继承”，有时是只能“授予”或“继承”，有时是只能依靠“继承”或“篡夺”，有时三种方式皆可，最后居然变成了“选举”或任何其他方式。这些矛盾实在是很明显，任何一个有普通理解能力的人只要读一读我们的作者的话都能发现。我所引用的他的话（类似的话还有很多）虽然足以让我大可不必在论证上多费工夫，不过，既然我要考察他学说的主要部分，我还是要更为仔细地考虑一下，看看“继承”、“授予”、“篡夺”或“选举”依照他的原理如何在世界上建立政府（或如何从亚当王权中获取统治一个帝国的权力），既然对于亚当曾经是全世界的绝对君主和主人这一点，他论证得如此充分。

第九章　论从亚当继承下来的君主制

虽然世界上应该有政府是很明显的事情，虽然所有人都同意我们的作者的观点，认为神的旨意规定政府为君主制，但是，因为人类不能听从无法下命令的事物，想象中的政府再完美、再正确也不能颁布法律或为人类制定行为规范；那么，按照它的意志安排秩序、确立政府并在人类社会执行使用是没有意义的，除非有一种办法，能教人们去认识那位掌握这个权力并用这个权力支配他人的人。如果不告诉我们该服从谁，那么讲臣服和顺从是白费力气。因为即使我已经完全接受世界上应该有统治机构和法规，在那位具有统治权利的人出现之前，我还是自由的。反正又没有什么标志能让人识别他，将拥有统治权的他和别人区别开来，任何人都有可能是这个人，包括我自己。因此，服从政府虽然是每个人的义务，但那是对一个拥有支配权力的人的服从，服从他的指导和法律。要让一个人称臣，仅仅让他相信世上有王权是不够的，要有方法指定某人拥有王权，有方法让他为人所知。一个人如果都不知道是谁对他拥有支配权，他从内心上是绝不愿意服从任何权力的。否则，海盗和合法君王没有区别，一个强有力的人可以轻易让人服从，皇冠和节杖只会是人们用暴利争夺的遗产。如果人们不知道有权支配自己的是谁，要听从谁的指示，那么，他们可以经常更换自己的统治者，这是无罪的，就像给自己换医生一样。所以为了让人们从心底上认为服从是他们的义务，就必须让他们既知道这世上有这么一种权力，又知道是谁被赋予了这个支配他们的权力。

我们的作者一直试图在亚当身上建立一种绝对君权，他的努力有多成功，读者可以通过他讲过的话作判断。但即使这个绝对君权如我们的作者期望的那样十分清楚（我认为恰好相反），这对现世人类政府也毫无作用，除非他同时也能证明以下两点：

第一，亚当的权力不能随他的过世而终止，而是在他过世之后全部转让给某一个人，后世以此类推。

第二，人类现世的君王和统治者都拥有亚当这种权力，并且是通过正当方式获得的。

如果第一点不成立，亚当的权力就算再大再确定无疑，它对现世政府和社会也没有意义，我们就得为国家政府寻找其他权力来源，否则这

世上就根本没有权力来源了。如果第二点不成立，那么现世统治者的权威以及人民对他们的臣服将不复存在，因为对于这种作为权威的一来源的权力，统治者们也解释不清为什么就该他们拥有，也就无法以此名义统治人民。

我们的作者先是在亚当身上虚构一种绝对统治权，然后提出几种把权力转让给后世君王的方式，在这几种方式中他尤其强调的是“继承”，这在他几篇文章中都有体现，关于这个，我在前面一章已经引用过几段，所以在这儿就不再赘述了。前面已经说过，他把这种统治权建立在“财产权”和“父权”这两个基础之上。“财产权”被认为是对万物的权力，土地、地上的野兽以及其他低等生物，都为亚当一人所用，他人不得分享；“父权”被认为是亚当享有的统治和管理其余所有人的权力。

这两项权力，亚当以外的人都被认为不得享有，那亚当拥有这两种权力，一定有其特殊的理由。

关于“财产权”，我们的作者认为是上帝对亚当的恩赐（《创世记》，第一章第二十八节）；关于“父权”，我们的作者说是亚当因为生育行为所得。那么，就一切继承而言，如果继承人无法继承他父亲权力来源的依据，他就不能获得以此为根据的权利。比如，如我们的作者所说，万能的上帝——万物的主人和所有者，赐予亚当支配万物的权力，但是，亚当去世后，除非其后人同样受到上帝恩赐，否则该继承人就无法拥有这种支配万物的权力。因为如果必须由上帝恩赐，亚当才能占有并使用万物，并且这个恩赐只限于亚当一人，那么根据这个限定，亚当的后人没有这个权利。这些权利在亚当死后全部归还万物的主人和所有者上帝。因为正式授予的权力不能超过其明文规定的范围，这种权力也只依据该规定享有。所以，如果像我们的作者主张的那样，上帝的恩赐（《创世记》，第一章第二十八节）只是针对亚当个人，那亚当的后人就不能继承他支配万物的权力。如果上帝的恩赐针对的是亚当以外的任何一个人，那就按我们的作者的意思指明是亚当孩子中的一个，其他的都排除在外。

我们不要跟着我们的作者离题太远，事情很明显：上帝创造了人类，并在他们身上种下一种强烈的自我保护欲望，如同他在其他动物身上所做的一样。上帝还在世界上为人类准备了衣食及其他生活所需的东西，正是由于上帝的这些安排，人类才得以在地球上存活并生存上相当一段时间，上帝这件如此奇妙的作品，才不至于因为他的疏忽，因为缺

乏生活必需品，短暂存在后便就此消亡。上帝将人类和世界造成这样之后，就对人类进行指示，让他们通过感官和理性维持生存和保护自我，对于低等动物则让他们依靠感官和本能。因此，在《创世记》第一章第二十八、二十九节这些话还未说之前（如果一定要将这些文字理解成是说的），甚至连这文字形式的“恩赐”都没有的时候，我敢确定，依照上帝的旨意和特许，人类已经有了使用万物的权利。因为上帝已经把这种欲望，强烈的生存和自我保护欲望，根种在人类身上，支配他们的行为；他们身上的理性，亦即“上帝的声音”，只会教他们并让他们坚信要按照人类自我保护的自然欲望行事，这是顺从上帝的旨意。因此，对于那些通过理性和感官发现的可以为人所用的东西，人类就有权使用。这样看来，人类为了维持生存而使用必需、有用之物的权利，才是人类对万物的“财产权”的基础。

亚当“财产权”的这种依据和基础，他的孩子也有，据此他们也有同样的权利，不论亚当在世与否。在亚当所有的孩子中，他的嗣子没有特权能将其兄弟排除在外，不让他们同样享有利用低等生物以充分维持生存的权利。这种权利就是人类对万物享有的“财产权”。这样一来，建立在财产权之上的亚当的统治权，或者，按照我们的作者的说法，亚当的个人支配权，就化为乌有。人人都有保护自我和维持生存的权利，于是人人和亚当一样，都可以支配万物。这种权利凡人皆有，亚当的孩子和亚当同样享有。但是，一开始如果有人把某样东西占为己有（此人，或其他任何一个人，是如何做到的，将在别处说明），那么，这样东西，这件财产，如果没有经过此人正式授予而另做其他处理的话，就自然传给了他的孩子，他们有权继承和占有它。

至此我们有理由问一问，为什么在父母去世之后，他们的孩子就优先获得了他们的财产权呢？父母在过世时也没有把这个权力转让给谁，为什么这个权利不归还人类共有？也许有人会说，公众已经同意把它让给他们的孩子了。公众的做法，就如我们看到的，确实是那样，但我们不能说那是全人类一致同意，因为没人问过，也没谁得到过。如果公众已经默许孩子有优先继承父母财产的权利，那这个权利也应该是正式的，而不是自然的。但在这种行为十分普遍的地方，人们就理所当然地认为这个权利是自然的了。我想依据应该是这样的：上帝根种在人类身上、揉进其本性中最根本最强烈的需求就是自我保护，这是每一个人为保生存享有支配万物权利的基础。但是，紧接着上帝又在人类身上根种

下繁衍、延续后代的强烈需求，这就给了孩子分享和继承父母财产的权利。人类拥有财产，不仅是为了自己，他们的儿女也对之也享有部分权利，这部分权利和父母的连在一起。父母过世后，不再占有、使用财产，财产于是全部为儿女占有，全部权利归他们所有，这就是继承，人类像履行责任一样保护自己的孩子，如同保护自己，于是孩子就有了分享父母财产的权利。从上帝的法则来看，孩子明显可以享受这样的权利，人们也深信，从国家法律来看也明显是这样，上帝和国家都规定父母要供养孩子。

因为在自然过程中，孩子生来柔弱，无法供养自己，这是上帝的安排，于是他按照自然过程，规定孩子该由父母抚养长大，这不仅仅是指维持生存，它还包括享受父母可提供的一切便利和舒适条件。因此，当父母离世之时，他们对孩子的照顾停止，但这种照顾产生的影响会尽可能长久的延续下去，父母留下的东西，根据自然要求，也应当传给儿女，因为父母除了供养自己以外，还必须供养子女。即使父母临死之时没有没有用言语说明，按自然规定他们的财产就由子女继承。子女于是便有了继承父亲财产的资格和自然权利，这是其他人不能妄想的。

如果不是上帝和自然给予子女被父母抚养的权利，给予父母抚养子女的义务；那么，说一个人的父亲应该比他的儿子优先继承他的财产应当是合理的。因为他的父亲曾经花大量的心血抚养、教育他，按公道也应有所回报。但是父亲也是根据同一法则，被祖父母抚养、教育的。一个人被父母养育，就应该照顾和养育下一代来偿还。这种偿还通过财产变更的方式实现，要多少就得给多少，除非是父母为了维持目前生活，要求归还财物。我们在这儿讲的不是儿女一直以来对父母孝敬、感激和尊崇，而是以金钱来计算的财产和生活用品。但是，虽然人们有义务抚养自己的子女，这也不能取消他们对自己父母的责任，只不过按自然要求更偏重前者。一个人一旦欠他父亲的，那么，如果他没有子嗣，他的父亲就有权继承他的财产，子女权利也不排除这个权利。所以，一个人在必要的时候应当享受由子女抚养的权利，只要子女和孙辈条件允许，他还有权利享受舒适的生活。如果他的孩子去世时没有子嗣，他就自然享受继承孩子物品和财产的权利（尽管有些国家的国法可能违背常理另有规定），之后再由他的其他子女及其子嗣继承，如果这些人都没有的话，那就由他父亲和他父亲的其他孩子继承。但是，如果他连一个这样的血亲也没有，那么，私人财产将回归社会，在政治社会就落入公共官

员之手，在自然状态下再一次变成完全公有，任何人都无权继承。它就像自然共有物一样，不被任何人占为己有。关于这一点，我到适当的地方再讲。

我用较大的篇幅讨论孩子为什么有权继承父亲的财产，不单是因为从中我们会发现以下情况：亚当对这个世界及其物品拥有所有权（一种名义上的、无意义、无用的财产权，因为他必须用这些东西来抚养后代，维持他们的生存，不过如此而已），但根据自然法则和继承权，亚当的孩子有权与他一起共享财产，并在亚当过世之时获得财产权。亚当后裔所享有的这种财产权，没有赋予他们其中的任何人统治他人的权利，他们都可以继承到自己的那部分，他们可以选择共同或分摊享受各自的全部或部分，他们认为怎样做最合适就怎样做。但是没有人能妄想继承全部财产，或妄想拥有伴之存在的统治权。因为继承权赋予所有人分享其父亲财产的权利。我仔细考察孩子为什么能继承父亲财产，不单是因为要说明上述情况，同时还因为它能帮助我们把“统治”和“权力”的继承弄得更明白。有些国家法律规定土地所有权全部由长子继承，权力的传承也依照这个习俗。于是有人就为这些现象所蒙蔽，认为长子继承“财产”和“权力”是自然规定或神的旨意，认为对人的统治权和对事物的财产权，来源相同，并根据同一法则传承下去。

人利用低等生物维持生存和舒适生活的权利，是财产权的起源。财产只为其所有者提供利益和好处，必要的时候，为了使用该物品人甚至可以毁坏它。但是，统治权却不同，它要保护所有人的权利和财产，保护他们免受他人的暴力或侵犯，它要维护被统治者的利益。统治者的剑是“为恶之人的威慑物”，它能迫使人们遵守社会明文法律。这些法律是依自然法则指定，为公众服务的，也就是说，为公共法规管理范围内的每一个社会成员服务的。统治者的剑不只是为他个人谋利益。

前面讲过，孩子因为依靠父母养育，因而有权继承父亲的财产。这些财产是为了他们的好处（good）和利益才为其所有，因此称为goods（物品）很合适。按照上帝的任何旨意或自然法则，长子都不具有独享或特殊的权利，他的弟兄和他一样，都是因为依靠父母养育、扶持、和提供舒适生活而获得财产权，仅此而已。但“统治权”是为被统治者谋福利的，不是仅为统治者谋利益，（而是为了包括他们一起的所有人，因为他们是政治团体的一部分，他们作为政治团体的部分和成员受到政府照顾，并按照社会法律规定尽其职守为所有人服务。）因此“统治

权”不能像孩子继承父亲的财产那样被人继承。儿子有权依靠父亲的财产维持生存和生活便利，这种权利能赋予他为了自身利益继承父亲财产的权利，但是不能赋予他继承其父亲统治他人的权利。孩子有权要求父亲对其进行抚养和教育，提供维持生活的自然物品，但是他没有权利向他父亲索要“统治权”或“支配权”。他可以无需“帝国”和“统治权”，从他父亲那儿获得有用物品和教育的福利活下去。“帝国”和“统治权”（假设他父亲拥有）若转交给他，为的是他人的利益和需求。所以，儿子不能凭借一种基于个人利益和需求的权利，索要或继承父亲的“帝国”和“统治权”。

对于最初的统治者，不论谁向他索要权力，我们必须先弄清楚他的权力由何而来，我们要弄清楚一个人根据什么拥有帝国，他的资格是什么，然后，我们才知道谁有权利接替他，继承他的权力。如果最初是人们的同意和认可把王笏和王冠交给某人，那么这也应该是指定王位传承、转让的办法，因为造就第一个合法统治者的权力，必定可以造就第二个。这就有了王位接替的权利。在这种情况下，继承权，或者长子继承权本身都不能成为继承王位的权利或口实。唯有人们的一致认可，才能决定王位的接替，因为是它确定了政府的形式。所以我们发现在不同的国家，王冠会落在不同人的头上，在一个国家依法成为国王的人，在另一个国家可能会是臣民。

如果上帝通过正式授予和明确宣布，将“统治权”和“支配权”交给某人，那么，要接替王位的人，必须同样由上帝正式授予其继承权，如果上帝没有指明王位传承和转让的方式，那就没有人可以接替最初的统治者。他的儿女无权继承，长子继承制也没有用，除非制造这些制度的上帝规定他们可以。让我们来看看扫罗（以色列第一位国王）的例子吧，他的王位是由上帝亲自授予的，他的统治结束以后，他家族的权力也就自此终止。大卫（以色列第二位国王）和扫罗一样，也是由上帝亲自指定，接替了扫罗的王位。扫罗的长子约拿单被排除在外，无权继承他父亲的一切。大卫之子所罗门接替他父亲的王位，如果确实是基于什么权利的话，也绝对不是基于长子继承权。如果第一位合法君主的弟弟妹妹的孩子和他有同样的资格，那么在王位接替上他们应该有优先权。在“支配权”唯有上帝亲自正式指定才行的情况下，只要上帝指明，雅各的幼子便雅悯就和同族中最先获得该权利的人一样，势必登上王位。

如果“父权”、“生育行为”赋予一个人“统治权”和“支配权”，这些权

力就不能通过继承或长子继承权获得。因为父亲的生育行为只属于父亲，任何人无法继承，也无法统治他的弟兄，因为这是他父亲基于父权才有的权利。关于这点，我还会在其他地方再加说明。同时，很明显的是，最初建立的政府，不论它是基于“父权”、“一致的民意”，还是“上帝明确指定”，这其中的任何一个都可以取代其他，成为一个新建政府的新的基础。依此新建的政府，根据继承权规定，只能给有此权利的人接任。根据契约建立的权力，只能传给依此契约享受该权力的人。因生育获得的权力只能归生育者所有；由上帝正式授予或恩赐的权力，只能由上帝指定的人来继承。

从我上述文字来看，我想以下几点应该是很清楚了：人们使用万物的权利，源于人类拥有的维持生存和生活便利的权利；孩子自然继承父母财产的权利，源于他们对父母积聚的生存和生活物资享有的权利，他们的父母在自然慈爱的教导下，把他们当成自己的一部分来抚养，所有这一切都是为了财产所有者和继承者的利益。而“统治权”和“支配权”的根源和目的与此都不相同，因此上述财产继承依据不能成为“统治权”和“支配权”的继承理由。长子继承权也不能成为独自继承财产或权力的依据，这点在适当的地方我们会看得更清楚。在这里，只要说明亚当的“财产权”或“个人支配权”不能把任何统治或管理权传给他的嗣子就够了。亚当的嗣子无权继承父亲的一切，也就无权支配他的弟兄。因此，即使亚当因为其财产获取了某些统治权——虽然事实并非如此——他的这些统治权也会随着他的去世而终止。

假设亚当因为拥有全世界而享有统治权，可以支配人类的话，他的任何一个儿子都不可能继承该权利支配他的弟兄。因为所有儿子都有分享财产的权利，每个人都能分得父亲财产的一部分。所以，倘若亚当因为父权拥有统治权，该统治权不可能传给他的任何孩子，因为按照我们的作者所说，父权是因生育所得，是一种不可继承的对儿女的权利。之所以说不可继承，是因为该权利完全源于并建立在一种完全个人的行为上，那么源于父权的统治权也是如此，不可继承。父权是一种源于父子关系的自然权利，它不可继承，正如父子关系也不可继承一样。如果一个人可以继承父亲支配其儿女的权力，那么，作为他父亲的继承人，他还可以自称能继承其父作为丈夫对妻子的婚姻权力。因为丈夫的权力建立在契约之上，父亲的权力建立在生育行为上，建立在生育行为上的权力本来只能为生育者享有（除非生育行为可以赋予一个非生育者该权

力），他都能继承，那建立在婚姻契约上的权力他也可以继承，既然这个权力只不过是个人的而已。

这样的话，我们理应问一问，亚当先夏娃去世之后，他的嗣子（比如该隐或塞特）根据继承来的父权，是否对其母亲夏娃有统治权呢？因为亚当的父权只不过是因为生育而获得的一种统治儿女的权利。继承亚当父权的人，就算按照我们的作者的意思，除了亚当因生育获得的统治儿女的权利外，没有其他东西可以继承。所以，亚当嗣子的君权不针对夏娃；如果针对夏娃的话，那也无非是亚当传袭下来的父权，因为夏娃由亚当而生，他才有权利统治她。除了生育相关的权利以外，父权就不含其他。

也许我们的作者会说，一个人可以转让他对孩子的权力，能通过契约转让的东西，就可以通过继承获得。我的回答是：父亲不能转让他对自己孩子的权力。他可能在某种程度上失去这种权力，但是不能转让。若有其他人获得该权力，那也不是父亲给予的，而是此人通过某种行为获取的。例如某位父亲反乎常性，不在乎自己的孩子，把他出卖或送给别人，孩子到了此人手里之后又被抛弃，最后被第三个人发现，带回去当自己孩子一样抚养、爱护。在这种情况下，大家应该都认为，这个孩子的孝顺和服从大部分应该献给他的养父，以当回报。如果其他两位父亲还要向他要求什么，那也只有他的生父有这个权利。“孝敬你的父母”这一训诫中规定孩子对父母应尽的义务，他也许已经得不到那么多了，但他也不能把它转交给别人。买了这个孩子却不照管他的人，不能通过他的购买行为或孩子生父的认可得到孩子的服从和孝敬；只有那位凭借自己的权力，对一个垂死的弃婴像对自己孩子一般尽职尽责呵护的人，才能得到，他是通过尽父亲之责，才得到相应程度的父亲权利。如果考虑父权的本质，这点会更容易理解。关于父权本质，请读者参阅本书第二卷。

言归正传，可以明确的是，父权只源于生育行为（因为我们的作者只给了父权这么一个依据），不可转让或继承。未生育者不能获得源于生育行为的父权，正如某些权利，它的产生就唯有一个条件，不具备就不能获得。如果有人问，父亲支配儿子是依据什么法律？答案无疑是自然法则，自然给予生育孩子的父亲以支配他们的权力。如果有人再问，我们的作者所说的嗣子又依据什么法律获得继承权？我想答案还是自然法则，因为我发现我们的作者根本没有引用《圣经》来证明他所说的嗣

子继承权。为什么同一自然法则，一方面因为父亲生育孩子才赋予他支配子女的权力，另一方面又将这种父权给予嗣子，让他支配非他所生的弟兄呢？其结论要么是父亲的权力并非源于生育行为，要么是嗣子根本没有这种权利。否则就很难理解，合乎理性的自然法则，怎么会既把生育作为父亲获得支配儿女权力的唯一依据，又让长子在缺此依据（或者说毫无依据）的条件下获得支配其弟兄的权力。如果长子根据自然法则，可以不需这条唯一依据继承父权，那么幼子，甚至一个陌生人，也同样可以，反正唯一具备条件的生育者不在了，其余的人谁都一样。我相信我们的作者对此无法解释，如果有人能解释的话，我们得看看那是否站得住脚。

如果我们可以说，根据自然法则，生育孩子者才有支配孩子的权利；因此，根据同一法则，未生这些孩子的人也对他们有该权利。那无异于说，根据自然法则，一个人若和某人是亲属，有血缘关系，才可以继承他的财产；因此，一个跟他完全无血缘关系的陌生人也可以继承他的财产。或者，假设国家法律规定，只有那些亲自照顾、抚养自己子女的人才享有对子女的绝对权力，那么，还有谁会说，那些既未照顾又未抚养子女的人，会依照国家法律享有对别人孩子的绝对权力？

如果丈夫权力可以不为丈夫所有，那我就能相信，我们的作者所说的源于生育行为的父权可以为儿子继承；继承父权的嗣子，作为兄长，可以对他的弟弟们行使父亲权力，并根据同一原则对其母亲享受丈夫权力。但在这些得到证明之前，我们还是大可以相信，亚当的父权，这种父亲的统治权（如果确实有的话），不能转让或继承给他的嗣子。“父亲的权力”这个词如果对我们的作者有用的话，我可以轻易承认它。只要这世界上有父亲，这个权力就永远不会消失。但是没有哪位父亲能够拥有亚当的父权，或者从亚当那儿获得他们的父权。只不过他们获取父权的方式和亚当相同，即通过生育行为，并非继承或接替。正如他们的丈夫权力不是从亚当那儿继承而来的一样。因此我们发现，亚当没有那种可以让他统治人类的“财产权”或“父权”，如果确实有的话，那基于这两者之一的“统治权”也不能传给他的嗣子，而是随着亚当的去世而终止。所以，就像前面已经证明的，亚当不是君主，他那虚构的君主制也无法传承，现在世界上的权力不是当初亚当的权力。因为亚当依据我们的作者所说的理由所拥有的一切，不论是“父权”也好，“财产权”也好，都会随着亚当的去世而终止，也不能通过继承传给后代。在下一章，我们将讨

论亚当是否有那样一位如我们的作者所说的嗣子，来继承他的权力。

第十章　论亚当君权的继承者

在《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》第258页中，我们的作者说：“不可否认的是，任何一个群体，不论大小，成员来自天涯何处，他们都会认为在这个群体里必有一个人是接替亚当的嗣子，天生为王，所有其他的人都应该臣服于他。所有人生来不为君就为臣。”同样在《君权论》第20页，他说：“如果亚当还在世，濒临死亡，肯定有一个人，这世上也仅有这么一个，是接替他的嗣子。”如果我们的作者愿意的话，可以假设这群人全是地球上的君主，那么，按照他的意思，就“必有一个人是接替亚当的嗣子，天生为王”。这办法真够好，确定这么多王位，设立成百上千个君主头衔（如果世上确有这么多君主的话）让各自的臣民服从，再让这些君主们与现在进行统治的君王并存，而且，根据我们的作者的意思，君主们的王位都同样有效。如果这种“嗣子”权利还有点分量，并且这权力是上帝的旨意（我们的作者在《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》第244页似乎是这么告诉我们的），那岂不是所有人，不论地位高下，都要臣服于它？那些拥有君主称号，但没有“亚当嗣子”的权利的人，难道可以用自己的王位要求他的臣民臣服于他，却不必因为他人的王位而臣服于他人吗？只有两种可能性：要么是，“亚当嗣子”的权利不能作为要求或占有世上的统治权的依据，但这样的话，提出这个依据就没有意义了，因为是否是亚当的嗣子，对于统治权已经无关紧要；否则就是，真如我们的作者所讲，“亚当嗣子”的权利确实是统治权的依据，最重要的事情是先找到亚当的真正嗣子，让他登上王位，然后世上所有的君王都来把自己的王冠和王笏上交给他，这些东西和他们的臣民一样，都不再归他们所有。

原因也非此即彼，要么，亚当嗣子自然有权成为天下人之王（所有人一起就形成一个群体）的权利不是确立合法国王的必要条件，没有该条件的人也可以成为合法君主，君王的指定和君主资格都不依靠它；否则，所有的君王中，只有一个是合法的，其余的都无权让人臣服。要么，可以依据“亚当嗣子”的权利获取王位、一统天下臣民，君王只有一个，其余的都是臣民，无权要求其他臣民服从自己；否则，不能依据“亚当嗣子”的权利统治天下、让人臣服，国王不依此为王，关于亚当嗣子自然为王的空想对于获取臣服和统治权毫无用处，原因是，国王并非也不

可能是亚当的嗣子，却照样享有统治权和人民的服从，他不依此资格为王我们仍然必须服从他，那这个资格有什么用？如果非亚当后嗣的君主就没有统治权，那我们就都自由了，除非我们的作者，或任何一个他的代言人，为我们指出真正的亚当嗣子。如果亚当的嗣子只有一个，世上就只有一位合法的国王，那么，在未弄清此人是谁之前，没有人会甘心臣服，因为在这种情况下，谁都有可能是暂不为人知的年轻后嗣，大家都是平等的。如果亚当的嗣子不止一个，那么，每一个嗣子都有王权。若两个儿子可以同为嗣子，那所有的儿子都可以，所有人都是嗣子，因为他们不是亚当的儿子，就是亚当儿子的儿子。嗣子的权利只能存在于上述两种情况，非此即彼，根据这种权利，不是只有一人为王，就是天下人皆为王。无论你选择哪种，统治权和服从之间的关系都被瓦解了。因为若天下人皆为王，不存在谁服从谁；若只有一人为王，在未确定此人是谁之前、王位未定之前，没有人有义务服从谁。

第十一章　继承者是谁？

古往今来，有一个问题一直困扰着人类，并带来一系列足以毁灭城市、灭绝人口、破坏和平的重大灾难和危害。这个问题不是权力是否存在，也不是权力由何而来，而是权力该由谁掌握。这一问题的确定，其重要性并不亚于君王的安危、社稷的福祉以及城邦的安宁。因此，我们认为，一个政治改革家应当明确这个问题，并且做到清晰明了。因为如果连这一点都有争议，那其余的一切将失去意义。用极权主义携带的一切光辉和诱惑来装饰权力，却不表明谁才是这个权力的拥有者，只会让人们与生俱来的野心更加膨胀，何况这种野心本来就十分强烈。这样做只会让人们更加热衷于权利争夺，定为以后永无休止的争斗和混乱埋下长久的祸根，政府和人类社会最终追求的和平与安宁也为之取代。

我们的作者之所以比常人更有责任和义务来解决这个问题，是因为他断言“统治权是由神来授予的”，这就使得这种权力本身及其转让变得神圣了。于是，没有任何人类的图谋、行径或伎俩，能够将这一权力从被神指定的人手中夺走，想找人替代他没有必要也没有办法。既然“统治权是由神来授予的”，并且在前述章节我们的作者告诉我们，继承亚当的嗣子也是用这种方式指定，那么，任何非亚当嗣子的人做了国王，其亵渎神明之程度，就像在犹太人中，一个非亚伦（第一任大祭司）后裔的人当了祭司一样。因为不仅“祭司”这一职位是由神安排的，而且“只能由亚伦一族和其后裔担任”这一规定，让所有除此以外的人都不得担任其职并享有该权利。所以，对于“祭司”一职的接任，人们都严格遵守规定；并且，按此规定，人们当然也都明白谁有资格担任。

接下来，让我们来看看我们的作者花了多少心思让我们了解谁是“这个由神授权统治芸芸众生的继承人。”他的第一次相关描述在《君权论》第12页：“儿女对父母的服从是一切王权的来源，这是上帝亲自规定的；由此可见，不论是大体上的统治权，还是具体指定给最年长的父母的统治权，都是由神来规定的。”具有如此重大意义的事情，应该用平实易懂的话表达，尽量避免可疑或模棱两可的倾向。我认为，如果语言能够做到清楚无疑地表述任何事情，那么，“血亲”和血缘亲近的几种程度是可以用语言表达清楚的事物之一。所以，我们本来期望我们的作者在这儿能够用更明白易懂的话，以便让我们更清楚“被神授予统治权的

人”是谁；或者，至少也应该告诉我们“最年长的父母”是什么意思。因为我想，如果土地被赐予或分派给他和他家“最年长的父母”，他也会觉得需要有人给他解释一下。而且继他之后，土地归谁所有也不清楚。

在正规的语言中，（正规的语言是此类论文中必不可少的）“最年长的父母”既可以指年纪最大的、有孩子的一对男女，也可以指最早生孩子的一对男女。于是，根据我们作者的论断，年纪最长的父母，或最早生育的父母，“根据神的规定”拥有统治权。如果这话听起来有些荒谬，我们的作者必须对此作出解释；如果他的意思与我的解释有出入，他也难辞其咎，因为是他没把话说清楚。我能肯定的是，“父母”不能单指男性后嗣，“最年长的父母”不可能是一个婴孩，当然，有时在只有一个婴孩的情况下，他还的确是继承者。然而，尽管说有“神的规定和指派”，对于统治权该归何人，我们仍不清楚，仿佛压根儿就没有这样的“指派”或者我们的作者对此从未说明一样。对于按神的旨意拥有统治权的“最年长的父母”，我们比那些从未听说过什么继承人、血统之类的人还摸不着头脑，我们的作者却能通篇使用。虽然我们的作者写作的主要目的是教人服从那些拥有统治权的人，并且他告诉我们这种权利通过继承的方式传递，但是拥有继承权的到底是哪些人，却像政治学中的“点金石”一样，让人在他的书中遍寻不着。

对罗伯特爵士这样一位文体大师来说，当他决定了要说什么但笔下的文字又显得含糊晦涩时，我们决不能归咎于其语言的贫乏。因此，恐怕是他发现用神来规定继承法则十分困难，而且即使这些法则确定了，也对他想要达到的目的，对弄清和确立君主地位，都作用甚微，所以他宁愿选择模糊和笼统的词汇，让那些乐于接受的人听上去不至于刺耳，也不愿提出任何有关亚当父权继承的明确法则，而人们正是需要依据这个法则知道这个权利传给了谁，内心才会满足，并且还能知道哪些人可以获得王权，他们有了王权才能让人臣服。

罗伯特爵士既然如此强调“继承”、“亚当的继承人”、“下一代继承人”、“真正的继承人”等，他怎么能够根本不告诉我们“继承人”的意思，也不告诉我们知道“下一代继承人”或“真正的继承人”的方法？我实在不记得他在什么地方明确处理过这个问题，而是每每触及此事，他便非常小心，很模糊地一带而过，尽管这个问题十分重要，如果没有解决它，一切有关建立在我们的作者原则之上的“统治权”、“服从”的言论都失去意义，“父权”解释得再好也于任何人无益了。所以，我们的作者告诉我

们：“不仅总体意义上的权力结构，还有将之限定而成的君主制，以及权利只归亚当及其后裔所有的决定，是上帝的三道法令。夏娃和她的孩子既不能限制亚当的权力，也不能让其他人和亚当一起享有权力，凡是给予亚当的权力，都是给予他个人，然后传给他后人的。”（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，244页）在这里，我们的作者又告诉我们，神已经规定了亚当的君权传承，但传承给谁呢？我们的作者说：“传给亚当的世族和后裔。”这个答案限制够引人注意的，因为它限定给了全人类。若我们的作者能在世上找出一个不是亚当世族和后裔的人，那个人也许能告诉他谁是亚当的下一个继承人。但是，对我们来说，根据他把亚当的帝国限定于亚当的“世族和后裔”这一规定找到继承人我看没有希望。我们的作者的限定倒是可以为那些要在兽类中寻找继承者的人省些力气，如果兽类中确实存在继承者的话。但是要在人类中找，这个限定就没什么用处。虽然他用“亚当的世族和后裔”几个字简短地回答了亚当王权的继承问题。这几个字，简单地说，就是指任何人都有权利继承，因为所有在世的人都是亚当的世族和后裔，只要有这个名义，他们就都在上帝规定的范围之内。确实，在《君权论》第19页，他说：“这种继承人不但是他们自己子女的主人，还是他们弟兄的主人。”根据这句以及后面我们即将要考察的一些话，他似乎在暗示长子是继承人。但是，据我所知，他没有在任何地方直接表明，而是举该隐和亚伯的例子，然后在后面发表一些我们可以看做是关于继承人的意见，说如果有几个儿子的话，只有长子有继承权。不过之前我们已经讨论过，长子继承权不能给予孩子继承父权的权利。一个父亲有某种支配自己子女的权力，父亲的这种自然权利很容易理解，但是，长兄是否也具有支配其弟弟的权力还有待证明。就我所知，上帝或自然从未在任何地方给予长子这种支配权，长子在所有孩子中有天生的优势这一点从道理上也讲不通。摩西的律法规定，长子可以得到双倍的财产和物品；但是我们没有发现任何“长子天生或根据上帝规定，有优势地位和支配权”的说法。我们的作者所举的例子，不过是对长子享有统治权和支配权的无力证明，它们恰好说明与之相反的情况。

在前面引用的话的同一出处，我们的作者还说“因此我们看到上帝对该隐这样说起亚伯：‘他必须服从你，你要支配他’。”对此，我想说：

第一，上帝对该隐说的这些话，已经有不少人注释，且有理有据，他们的理解与我们的作者引用之意相差甚远。

第二，这话不论怎么理解，都不可能理解为该隐作为长兄对其弟亚伯的统治权是天生的，因为这话还有一个条件——“如果你做得好”，并且还是私下对该隐说的。所以不管这话是什么意思，也先得看该隐的行为再定，他的权力并非生来就有。因此，这句话绝不是从整体上确定了长子的支配权。因为我们的作者自己也承认，在此之前亚伯就“根据自己的个人支配权拥有自己的土地”（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，210页）。如果“根据神的规定”，该隐作为继承者继承了他父亲的所有支配权，亚伯就不应该有这个会侵害继承者权利的“个人支配权”。

第三，如果上帝有意将这句话作为长子继承权的特许状，和对所有长子继承支配权的认可，我们可以推想，这句话本该说的是可以支配所有的弟兄。因为我们能想象，人类从亚当开始不断繁衍，等这些人都成年之时，亚当的孩子已不止该隐和亚伯两个。亚伯本人倒是很少被提及，那句话的原话，只要结构正确，都不能应用到亚伯身上。

第四，把如此事关重大的学说建立在《圣经》这么一处意义含糊不定的地方未免太过分。《圣经》上这句话本身就有很多不同解释，它和它要证明的观点之可疑程度不相上下，这样也还好，既然他从《圣经》和理性中找不到任何有力支撑，这好歹也算一个拙劣的证据。

在《君权论》第19页，我们的作者接着说：“因此，当雅各买了他哥哥的长子名分之时，以撒对他这样祝福道‘你将做你的众弟兄的主人，你母亲的儿子们都要向你跪拜’”。这应该可以看做是我们的作者用来证明长子继承权的另一个例子，这例子可真不错！对于一个为天赋王权辩护、反对契约论的人，这真是非同寻常的论证方法。他拿这个例子作证，依据他自己的论述，却发现权力基于契约，且落在弟弟身上，除非买卖不算契约，因为他告诉我们“雅各买了他哥哥的长子名分”。这个暂且不谈，我们不妨来考察一下史实，看看我们的作者怎么用它，我们就能发现以下错误：

第一，我们的作者在陈述这件事情的时候，仿佛雅各买了长子名分之后就立即得到了以撒的祝福似的，因为他说“当雅各买……时，以撒祝福了他；”在《圣经》中显然不是这么回事。事实上中间间隔有一段时间，如果我们按故事情节顺序来看，这时间还不短。以撒在基拉耳的旅居，和亚比米勒王的交涉（《创世记》，第二十六章）都发生在期间，那时候以撒的妻子利百加还很漂亮，那么她当时应该还年青。但是，以撒祝福雅各之时已经衰老了。并且以扫也曾两次抱怨其弟弟雅各欺骗了

他："他之前夺走了我的长子名分，（以扫说），现在他又夺走了属于我的祝福。"（《创世记》，第二十七章第三十六节），这句话，在我看来，表明两件事情之间有时间间隔。

第二，我们的作者犯的另一个错误是，他认为以撒是因为雅各有了"长子名分"才给他祝福，并让他做"众兄弟之主"。因为我们的作者举这个例子来证明只要有了"长子名分"，就有权做"众兄弟之主"。但是，根据经文，以撒祝福雅各之时，并未把他当成雅各，而当他是以扫，可见以撒没在意雅各买了"长子名分"这件事。以扫也不认为"长子名分"和"祝福"之间有这样的关联，因为他说："他欺骗了我两次，之前夺走了我的长子名分，（以扫说），现在他又夺走了属于我的祝福。"如果做"众兄弟之主"这个祝福就是基于"长子名分"的，那以扫就不会抱怨雅各欺骗了他两次。以扫卖给雅各"长子名分"时，雅各得到的也别无其他。所以，如果"做众兄弟之主"指的是支配权，这个权力不可能因"长子名分"获得。

在先祖时期，支配权不是指继承人的权力，而仅仅指份额较大的物品。这点从《创世记》第二十一章第十节可明显看出，认为以撒才是继承人的撒拉，对她丈夫亚伯拉罕说："把这女仆和她的儿子赶出去，她的儿子可不能和我儿子一起继承产业。"

这句话只不过是说，女仆为亚伯拉罕所生的儿子，在其父亲过世之后，没有平分财产的权利，而是现在就拿着他该得的东西离开。于是我们看到《创世记》第二十五章第五、六节上这些话："亚伯拉罕把一切都给了以撒。但是趁自己还在世之时，分给其妾所生众子一些财物，让他们离开了以撒。"这就是说，亚伯拉罕给了其他儿子部分财物，才打发他们离开，他留下的是最大的一份，在他死后由以撒继承。但是以撒作为继承人，也没有"做众兄弟之主"的权利，如果有的话，撒拉为什么还要花费心思赶走以撒的这个兄弟以实玛利（亚伯拉罕与女仆之子），夺走他一个臣民，或者减少他一个奴隶呢？

因此，就像根据法定的那样，长子的特权无非是比其他弟兄多得一份，所以我们发现，在摩西以前的先祖时代（我们的作者自称他的模式从这个时代得出），没有人听说或想过，"长子名分"可以给人凌驾于其弟兄之上的统治权、帝位、父权或王权。如果这点用以撒和以实玛利的故事还不够证明，请查阅《旧约·历代志·上》第五章第一节，你可以看到这样的话："以色列的长子原是流便，因为他污秽了他父亲的床，他的长

子名分就归了以色列的儿子约瑟，但按照族谱他不是长子。后来以色列的第四个儿子犹大胜过他的所有兄弟，主要的君王出自于他，但长子名分仍归约瑟所有。”长子名分是什么？在《创世记》第四十八章第二十二节，雅各祝福约瑟的话是这样说的：“此外，我用刀和弓亲自从亚摩利人手中夺得的那块地，我已分给你，这样你就比其他兄弟多得一份。”由此不但可以明显看出，长子名分不过是比其他弟兄多得一份，而且，《历代志·上》的原文也明显和我们的作者的学说相反。它上面说长子名分归约瑟所有，支配权却在犹大，这表明支配权不归长子名分所有。我们的作者既然拿雅各和以扫的例子来证明嗣子拥有对其他弟兄的支配权，我们只好认为他非常喜欢“长子名分”这个词。

第一，因为要证明上帝规定支配权归长子所有，这实在是个拙劣的例子。因为是幼子雅各获得了支配权，不管获得的方式如何。如果这个例子确实能证明什么，那其结果也与我们的作者意图相反，只能证明“支配权归长子所有不是上帝所定”，而且这个结果一旦得出就不可变更。因为如果上帝或自然规定绝对权力和王位归长子和其继承者所有，从而确定他们是最高君主，其他弟兄成为奴隶，那么，我们的作者给了我们理由去质疑，长子是否有权力不顾其后裔的利益，放弃支配权。因为在《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》第158页，他说：“从上帝或自然获得的授予和恩赐，人类任何低级的权力都不能对之加以限制，或者制定与之相违背的法律。”

其二，我们的作者引用的《创世记》第二十七章第二十九节，这个地方跟一个兄弟支配其他弟兄这件事毫无关系，同样也无关以扫对雅各的服从。在历史上，以扫很明显从未服从过雅各，而是在西珥山（mount Seir）建立了独立的宗族和政府，自己为王，就像雅各在他的家族为王一样。如果对原经文进行考察，会发现它绝不是指以扫本人，或者雅各对他个人的支配权。以撒明知道雅各只有一个弟兄，字面上不可能使用“众弟兄”和“你母亲的儿子们”。这话不但从字面上讲不正确，也远不能为雅各建立对以扫的支配权。在《圣经》的故事中，事实上刚好相反。在《创世记》第三十二章，雅各多次称以扫为主人，称自己为仆，在第三十三节，“他一共七次伏地向以扫行礼。”那么，以扫是不是臣民和奴仆（按我们的作者所说，雅各的一切臣民都是他的奴仆），雅各是否凭借“长子名分”为以扫之君主，我想让读者自己判断，并且可能的话，也让读者相信，以撒说的“你将做你的众弟兄的主人，你母亲的儿

子们都要向你跪拜”这句话，证明雅各凭借从以扫获得的长子名分，拥有对以扫的统治权。

读过雅各和以扫故事的人，都知道在他们的父亲去世之后，他们俩谁都没有支配对方的权力和权威。他们的关系是兄弟间的平等和友好关系，不存在什么“主”与“仆”。但他们是相互独立的，各自为其宗族之首领，居住的地方不一样，也彼此不受对方的法律约束，由他们产生了两个不同的宗族和政府。以撒的祝福，我们的作者想用来确立长兄支配权，但它表达的意思，其实就是以撒的妻子利百加从上帝那儿听到的：“两国在你腹内，两族要从你身上出来，一族必强于另一族，将来年长的要服务于年幼的。”（《创世记》，第二十五章第二十三节）在《创世记》第四十九章，雅各也是这样祝福犹大的，并给了犹大王笏和支配权。在这里，我们的作者也许可以说，他的第三个儿子对其兄弟拥有管辖权和支配权，就像他从以撒的祝福，推断出雅各拥有此权一样。上述两个祝福，其实只是预言很久之后发生在他们后裔身上的事情，而不是宣布两人之中谁能继承支配权。这样，我们就知道了我们的作者用来证明“继承者就是他众兄弟的主人”的仅有的两大论据：

第一，因为在《创世记》第四章，上帝告诉该隐，无论罪恶如何唆使，他也应该，或者可能制服它。对于此句，即使最渊博的注释者，也不会把“罪恶”（sin）这个词理解为亚伯。他们给出的理由十分充分，所以我们的作者根本不能从一个意义如此不定的经文中推断出什么。

第二，因为在《创世记》第二十七章上面引用过的话中，以撒预言，雅各的后裔以色列人将会支配以扫的后裔以东人，所以，我们的作者说：“继承者是他众兄弟的主人。”这个结论让任何一个人评判都可以。

现在我们看到，我们的作者通过嗣子继承的方式来实现亚当君权或父亲支配权的往下传递，嗣子继承父亲的一切权力，并在父亲过世之后成为和父亲一样的主人，“不但支配他自己的儿女，还支配他的弟兄。”这一切都是从他父亲那儿传下来的，并将永远传下去。但是继承人是谁呢？他一次也没告诉我们。对于这个如此基本的问题，我们从他那儿得到的全部信息，就是他举了雅各的例子，说到了雅各从以扫身上获得的“长子名分”，然后他就让我们去推测，他说的继承人指的是长子，不过我真不记得他在什么地方明确讲过长子权利，一直以来，他都是拿一个不确定的“继承人”来做掩饰。就算继承人指的是长子（如果长子不

是的话，那就无法解释为什么其他儿子不能都同为继承人了），根据长子继承权他享有支配其他弟兄的权力，结果还是困难重重，除非他能告诉我们，在一切可能的情况下，正当的继承人是谁，万一现在在位的统治者没有儿子怎么办？我们的作者一声不响的跳过了这个问题，这样做也许很聪明。先断定“享有统治权的人、统治权及其形式都是上帝规定的，是神的旨意”（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》第254页，《君权论》，第12页），然后十分谨慎，不再提关于人的问题，这不是很聪明吗？否则，如果他要解决这个问题，那可想而知，他一定得承认上帝和自然没有规定这个人是谁。如果我们的作者讲不出，一旦他这么用心制造出来的自然君主过世了，并且没有儿子，那根据自然权利或上帝明确规定，谁是下一个继承该支配权的人；他完全就无需费力讨论其他问题了。因为在安定人们的思想，决定他们该服从和效忠他人之前，更为重要的是，让他们知道谁根据最原始的权利（它优先于人类意志和任何人类行为）拥有父亲的管理权，而不是告诉他们自然存在这么一个管理权。除非在有很多人声称有此权力的时候，我都能分辨出那个正当合法的拥有者，否则，告诉我有这么一种父亲的权限，我应该也必须服从它，是没有意义的。

因为现在关键是这个问题关系到我服从的义务，关系到我有责任甘心服从一位有权做我主人和统治者的人，所以我必须知道这个父权落在谁身上，有了父权他才可以让我臣服。我们的作者说：“不但整体意义上的统治权，就连具体的将该权力给予最年长的父母都是神的规定”（《君权论》，第12页），“不论是政府的权力还是权利，统治权的形式，还是拥有该权力的人，都是由上帝指定的”（《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第254页）。假设他说的这些都是真的，他也得让我们知道在一切可能的情况下，上帝指定的这个人是谁，谁是“最年长的父母”？否则他的一切有关君权的抽象观念，在运用到实践中的时候，在要让人们甘心臣服的时候，都失去意义。父亲的管理权不能下命令，因此也不能让人服从，它只能赋予某个人一种他人没有的权利。如果一个人通过他人没有的继承权获得父权，去支配他人并让人服从，那么，当我服从这个人，而父权并没有赋予他让我臣服的权利，我说我服从的是父权是很可笑的。因为一个不能证明他对我的统治权是神授权利的人，也不能证明世上真有这种神授的权力，他是不可能有让我服从的神授权利的。

我们的作者通过亚当嗣子这个方法，无法确定获得君主统治权的资

格，所以这个方法是无用的，不如搁置一边为好。他还喜欢将一切归结到当前的占有之上，让篡位者同合法国王一样享受人民的服从，同时还证明篡位者的资格同样有效。他说“如果有人篡夺了合法继承人的位置，人民对父权的服从必须继续，然后等待上帝的安排”（同上，第253页），这些话值得我们记住。但是我们的作者有关篡权者的资格问题，且等到合适的时候再讨论。我希望清醒的读者们想想，君主们该怎样感谢他这样的政治学说。这种学说可以把父权，也即统治权，交给凯德（Cade）或克伦威尔（Cromwell）这一类的人，于是一切对于父权的服从，都要变成对他们的服从，依据同样的权利，其依据之有效，就像他们是合法君王一样。然而，这样危险的学说，却一定要先依照神的旨意将所有政治权力归于亚当的父权，然后说权力由亚当往下传却不说明传给了谁，或者谁才是这个继承人。

若要在世上建立政府，然后让某人甘心承担服从的责任，就有必要让他知道（假定按我们的作者之意，一切权力都集于亚当的父权），该权力的所有者去世之后，如果他没有儿子直接来继承，谁有权获得这个父权。就像告诉人们，父亲去世之后，长子有权继承一样。因为我们始终记住，最重要的问题是，（若不是我们的作者有时忘记，也本该是他极力主张的问题）什么人有权支配别人，而不是在连谁拥有这个权力都不清楚的情况下，谈论世上是否有这么个叫做父权的权力。只要它是一种统治权，不论是自然的还是获取的，写成“父权”还是“王权”，称之为“最高父权”还是“最高兄权”，那都不重要，关键是我们得知道谁拥有这个权力。

我想接着问，在“父权”或“最高父权”的继承上，女儿所生的儿子是否比兄弟所生的儿子有优先权？长子的儿子若还是婴儿，他是否比他成年能干的叔叔有优先权？女儿是不是优先于她叔叔或任何其他父系所生的男子？幼女的儿子是否优先于长女的女儿？小妾所生的长子是否优先于妻子所生的幼子？这样一来，关于合法与否的问题就多了，妻与妾本质上有什么不同？因为对于人类的国家法律或明文规定来说，他们都不能说明什么。我们还可以继续问，如果长子是个傻子，他是否应该比聪明的幼子优先继承父权？傻到什么程度才能剥夺他这个权利呢？能做这个判断的人是谁？因傻未能继承的傻子，他的儿子是否比他在位的弟弟所生的儿子有优先权？如果国王去世之时，皇后有孕在身，没人知道她会生男还是生女，那谁来享有这个父权？如果母亲破腹生出一对男双胞

胎，那哪个儿子是继承人呢？半血亲的姊妹是否比全血亲的兄弟所生的女儿有优先权？

以上这些有关继承资格和继承权的问题，我们还可以提出更多。那不是随意的想法，而是在历史上，继承王位和王国时经常遇见的问题。如果需要的话，也不用去更远的地方，在英国三岛上就能找到著名的例子。对此，《族长非君王》（Patriarcha non Monarcha）一书博学多才的作者已经讲的十分详尽，我就不再赘述了。除非我们的作者把关于继承人的一切可能的问题解决了，告诉我们这些问题明显由自然法则或上帝的明确指示决定，否则，他一切关于亚当的君主的、绝对的、最高的、父亲的权力的假设，还有有关该权力如何传给他的嗣子的假设，将对于王权的确立，对于确定现世的君主资格，都非但毫无用处，还会引起混乱，让一切成为问题。只要我们的作者愿意，让他说去吧；也让所有的人相信：亚当拥有父权，于是有了君权，这个权力（世上仅有一个）传给他的后嗣子孙，世上唯有这个权力；让我们认为他所有的论证十分清楚，清楚得像他的错误一样。可是，如果没有解决“父权传给谁”、“谁现在拥有这个权力”这两个疑问，那就没有人会有服从他人的义务。除非有人说“我必须服从同样没有‘父权’的人身上的‘父权’”。这就相当于说，我服从这个人，因为他有统治权，若要问我怎知他有权统治，我就回答说他到底有无此权还不知道，因为我不知道，它不可能是我服从的原因，大家都不知道，它就更不会是我服从的原因。

因此，所有关于亚当的父权、父权如何强大，以及父权假设的必要性等言论，在弄清要服从谁、谁有权统治、谁应该服从之前，对于建立统治者的权力或决定哪些人要服从都没有用处。在现在的世界上，谁是亚当的继承人仍然未知，这是不可挽回的事实。如果我们的作者告诉人们亚当有赦罪、治病的“权力”，这个权力按照天意传给其嗣子，而嗣子是谁却无从知晓。那亚当的这个父权，这个能传给后人的王权，除了稳定民心、保证人民健康以外，对于人类统治也没有更多用处。听了我们的作者这些言之确凿的话，如果人们去向任何一个自称牧师的人忏悔以得到赦免，或者找任何一个自称医生的人进行治疗以得到健康；或者，跑到这些职业者面前说，“我接受这个传自亚当的赦免权”，“我的病将被传自亚当的医疗权治愈”；那就就好比说，“我接受并服从这个传自亚当的父权，虽然知道这个权利只传给他唯一的一个继承人，但这个继承人是谁还不清楚”一样，不合常理。

诚然，世间的律师自诩能解决一些王权继承的问题，但是根据我们的作者的原则，他们是干预了不属于他们职责范围的事情。因为，如果“一切政治权力都来自亚当”，并“只能传给继承他的嗣子”，都是上帝或神的规定，那么，这个权力就优先并凌驾于一切政府权力之上。既然这权力是人类一切法律和政府的基础，人类制定的明文法规是不能不能决定它的，它只能由上帝或自然法则来管理。如果我们的作者对此不作回答，我就会认为，根本不存在如此传递的这种权利。如果有，我相信也没有用处，人们只会对“统治”、“服从统治者”等问题感到更加困惑。神的规定（如果确实有）是与人类明文法和契约相排斥的，而根据后者，所有这些纠缠不清的问题就能妥善解决。但是我们怎能理解，一种神授的自然权利和世界秩序与和平一样重要，它如何能不经过自然或神的法则传给后人。如果统治权是神规定传给嗣子的，而根据神的规定嗣子是谁无从知晓，那一切世间的统治权就该结束了。这种父亲的王权根据神的旨意只能这样传，那在权利转移的时候，就没有给人类的思考和许可留任何余地。因为如果只有一个人享有被人类服从的神授权利，那除了那个可以证明自己有这个权利的人之外，任何人不能要求他人服从。人们也不会因为其他的理由甘心服从他。这样的话，这个学说就从根本上推翻了一切政府。

可见我们的作者，将“统治者由上帝指定，其确定是神的旨意”作为可靠的基础后，就笼统地告诉我们，这个人就是继承人，至于具体是谁，他让我们自己去猜测。如果按神的规定指派的人我们无从知晓，那这个规定就无异于根本没指派任何人。但是不论我们的作者怎么做，神没有做这样荒谬的指派。神不可能规定某个人拥有某种权利，却不告诉我们辨认此人的法则，或者给予嗣子神授的权力，却不指出嗣子是谁。与其说上帝给了嗣子这种权利却不明确说明嗣子是谁，还不如说嗣子没有这种神授的权利。

如果上帝把迦南的土地给了亚伯拉罕，然后笼统地规定在亚伯拉罕之后赐给某人，也不说明是否是他的子孙，以便让人知道这个“某人”是谁；那么，对于迦南土地所有权的规定，就像规定王位继承权一样，把王国给予亚当及继承人却不告诉继承人具体是谁，是无效也没有意义的。因为“继承人”这个词，如果没有明确的依据，就不知道是什么人，至多也只是“某人”。上帝立下神圣的规定，世人不得与近亲结婚，但是只说“你们都不得接近任何近亲，看见他们赤裸”是不够的，还应该给予

人们明确的规定，用以得知按照神的旨意，哪些人属于“近亲”，否则前面的规定就没有作用。只笼统地给人予限制或特权，具体给谁却不说清楚，这是无意义的。既然上帝没有在任何地方说过继承父亲财产和支配权的继承人是谁，我们就直接推想上帝根本就没有在什么地方指定过继承人是谁。正因为他从未想过这样的事情，也没有从这个意义上指定什么继承人，我们就不能指望他在某个地方指定或任命某个人做继承人，否则我们就会有所指望了。所以，《圣经》里虽然出现了“继承人”这个词，但决不能根据我们的作者的意思理解成“根据自然权利继承父亲的一切，将所有弟兄排除在外的人”。所以撒拉认为，如果以实玛利留在家里，在亚伯拉罕去世之后分享他的财产；那么，这位女仆的儿子和以撒会同为继承人。所以她才对丈夫亚伯拉罕说：“把这女仆和她的儿子赶出去，她的儿子不可和我儿子一起继承产业。”但这不能成为我们的作者的理由，因为他说在每一群人中，就有一个是“接替亚当的嗣子”，那就应该告诉我们接替的规则。但他不肯告诉我们辨认嗣子的规则，那紧接着，让我们看看他引用的《圣经》的一段历史，能为我们这个必要的、基本的问题提供什么启示。他声称他的政府论完全建立在这个历史之上。

我们的作者，为了给自己的书名带来名声，用这样的话来为亚当王权的传承的历史开头：“亚当凭上帝规定拥有的对全世界的统治权，先祖们的确有权继承下来享有，权力之广……”（《君权论》，第13页）。他怎么证明先祖们的确有权继承下来享有呢？他说因为“我们发现犹大作为父亲，有生杀之权，曾因儿媳他玛做妓女宣告将她处死。”（同上）这如何证明犹大有绝对的统治权呢？“是他宣告判处的死刑。”宣告判处死刑不是统治权的必然标志，而通常是下级法官的职权。制定关乎生死的法律确实是统治权的标志，但是宣判，可能根据的是他人制定的法律，所以用这个证明他享有统治权不够充分。那无异于说“最近法官杰弗里做了死刑宣判，所以杰弗里有统治权。”但是有人会说，犹大那样做，完全是根据自己的权利，而不是受人委托。谁知道他到底有没有权利啊？情绪一时冲动就有可能让他做出他本无权做的事情。“犹大有生杀支配权”，何以见得？他行使了这个权利，他“宣判他玛死刑”。我们的作者以为他做了这个事情，就足以证明他有这个权利。犹大还和她同过床，那根据这个证据，是否也能证明他有这样做的权利呢？如果做了某样事情就有做这样事情的权利的话，那押沙龙（犹太王的第三子，深得其父王

宠爱，后因背叛其父被杀）也可以成为我们的作者所说的统治者，因为他也因为类似情况宣告了他兄弟暗嫩的死刑，并且亲自动手，这些是否能充分证明他有生杀权。

不过，就算那些都是统治权的证明，那么，“亚当凭上帝规定拥有的对全世界的统治权，权力之广一如任何君主的绝对支配权”中提及的这个权力，到底是谁享有呢？“是犹大”，我们的作者说。犹大是雅各较小的儿子，其父亲和长兄都还在世。如果我们接受我们的作者自己的证据，结果就是，一个弟弟，在其父亲和长兄还在世的时候，“根据继承权，享有亚当的君权”。如果一个只有这等条件的人都可以继承王位，那为什么不是所有人都行？如果父亲和长兄都健在的犹大是亚当的继承人之一，我不知道还有谁可以被排除在外。所有人都可以像犹大一样继承王位。

“谈到战争，我们知道亚伯拉罕在自己家领导着三百一十八名士兵；以扫带领四百名武装人士去会他的兄弟雅各；亚伯拉罕为了和平与亚比米勒结盟。”（同上）一个人不是亚当的嗣子，就不可能在自家里带领三百一十八人吗？西印度群岛的一名种植园主拥有的人更多，如果他愿意（谁会怀疑？），他可以把他的人集合起来，带领他们去攻打印第安人，向他们索取伤害赔偿。做所有这些事都没有使用“从亚当传下来的绝对君权”。这是多妙的证明啊！一切权力都是根据上帝的规定由亚当传承下来的，这个种植园主及其权力都是上帝指定的，其根据是，在种植园主的家里，他对生在他家、被他花钱买来的奴仆拥有权力。亚伯拉罕的情况正是如此。先祖时代的那些富人，就像现在西印度的富人一样，购买男女奴仆，通过他们的自身繁殖以及再购买新的，就组成了规模庞大、人口众多的家庭。这些奴仆富人们在平时和战时都要使用，我们能认为这种用钱买来的支配权是从亚当的继承而来的吗？说亚伯拉罕率领他家的奴仆出兵，就证明先祖们享有传自亚当的统治权，那就好比说，一个人骑着马远征抗敌，这匹马是他从市场上买来的，就足够证明马的主人“根据继承的权利，享有亚当根据上帝规定而享有的对全世界的支配权”。因为在这两种情况下，主人拥有这种权力的资格，对奴仆也好，对马也好，都不过是通过购买获得的。于是通过交易或购买获取支配权，成了证明一个人通过继承获得权力的一种新的方式。

“但宣战与讲和是统治权的标志。”在政治社会里姑且如此。但是，如果在西印度群岛，有一个人带领的是他自己的一群儿子、一群朋友、一群同伴、一群雇佣的士兵、一群花钱买来的奴仆，或是一群包含上述

所有的人；他可不可以宣战、讲和（如果有这种情况），以及“用宣誓的方式批准条约”，却不必是一个支配他的群体的绝对君王呢？如果有人说不可以，那他就必须承认，许多船主和私人种植园主都是绝对的君王，因为上述的事情他们都做。在政治社会，能宣战和讲和的，只能是社会最高权力。因为战争或和平对这种政治团体的力量起着不同的推动作用，除了对这整个团体力量有指挥权的人以外，任何人都不能宣战或讲和。在政治社会中，这就只能是最高权力，这就是政治社会中所谓的最高权力。在临时自由组成的社会中，获得成员们许可的人，享有这种宣战与讲和的权力；一个人为了自己也可以有这种权力。战争不在于参战的人数多少，而在于双方之间是否存在敌意，且无上级可以申诉。

宣战和讲和这件事本身不能证明其他权力，只能证明做此决定的人有权支配他的人为他进行或停止敌对行为。在很多情况下，不具有最高政治地位的人都可以有这种权力。所以，宣战和讲和都不能证明凡行此事之人就是政治意义上的统治者，更不能说是君主。否则共和政府也是君主，因为他们像君主制政府一样，确实也宣战讲和的。

但就算这是亚伯拉罕“统治权的标志”，它是否就证明亚伯拉罕继承了亚当支配全世界的“统治权”呢？如果是，它必然也就成为亚当的“统治权”传给别人的一个有力证据。那么，共和国也和亚伯拉罕一样，都是亚当的继承者，因为共和国也同亚伯拉罕一样可以宣战讲和的。如果你说亚当的“统治权”不能根据权利传给共和国，虽然它也可以宣战讲和；那我同样可以这样说亚伯拉罕，那你的论证便就此结束了。如果你坚持自己的观点，认为凡可以宣战讲和的，就“一定继承了亚当的统治权”，毫无疑问，这也包括共和国；那么，你的君主制又站不住脚了，除非你说“继承亚当统治权”的共和国是君主国，那确实是让世上一切政府变成君主制的新方法。

为了给我们的作者这种新发明一点奖赏——我承认并不是我在考察他的原理时首先发现并强加于他的——最好还是让读者知道他自己所说的话（虽然看上去很荒谬）。在《君权论》第28页，他率直地说：“在世上一切王国和共和国中，不论君主是人民最高的父亲，还是这位父亲的真正继承人或通过篡权、选举取得王位的人，或者是管理共和国的几个或一群人；这个人，或这些人，拥有的权力仍是最高的父亲的唯一的、自然的权力”。这种“父亲身份的权利”，我们的作者常告诉我们，就是“君王的权力”，特别是在《君权论》第12页，也即亚伯拉罕例子的前

一页。他说，管理共和国的人也有这种王权。如果那是真的，管理共和国的人真有君王权力的话，那么，说共和国由君主统治应该是对的了。既然是管理者就有王权，那管理者必定为王，一切共和国都是彻底的君主国。那么，对于这件事情，我们还需要做什么？他要世上的政府如何，这些政府就得是什么样，是政府就是君主制的。这无疑是我们的作者发现的将一切非君主制政府排除于世界之外的最可靠的办法。

但这一切都很难证明亚伯拉罕做君王的依据是他是亚当的继承人。如果他是通过继承的权利做了君王，那么，根据他这个权利，与他一家的罗德（亚伯拉罕的侄儿）就一定是他的臣民，先于他家的奴仆。但是，我们看见他们像朋友一样平等相处，当他们的放牧人发生争执的时候，他们之间没有谁管理谁或地位高低，只是彼此协议分开（《创世记》，第十三章），因此亚伯拉罕和《圣经》原文都称罗得为亚伯拉罕的兄弟，一个平等友好的称呼，不含统治和权威之意，虽然事实上罗得是亚伯拉罕的侄儿。如果我们的作者知道亚伯拉罕是亚当的继承人，是一个君王；那他似乎比亚伯拉罕自己，以及亚伯拉罕打发去替儿子以撒娶亲的仆人知道的还多。因为这位仆人去说服那位少女和她朋友的时候，说了这门亲事的好处（《创世记》，第二十四章第三十五节），他说："我是亚伯拉罕的仆人，我主人深受主的祝福而变得强大；主赐给他成群的牛羊，还有金银、男女奴仆、骆驼、驴子；他妻子撒拉年老时给他生了一个儿子，我主人将一切都给了这个儿子。"我们能否想象，一个谨慎的仆人，如此详细地列举他主人的强大之处，若他知道以撒将来要得王位，他会把此事略去不说？我们能否想象，在这样的场合，他会因疏忽忘记告诉他们亚伯拉罕是一位君王，君王在那时应该十分出名。因为邻地就有九个君王，他或他的主人是否想过，说了这个最可能将事情办成？

但是，这事似乎是在二三千年后被我们的作者发现的，那就让他好好享受这份荣誉吧！不过，他本该注意到，亚当有些土地，也应该像亚当的全部统治权那样，传给这位继承人。因为，虽然亚伯拉罕的统治权（如果我们相信我们的作者认为他有），像其他的先祖们一样，是"根据权利继承，确实享有，权力之大就和创世以来任何君主的绝对支配权一样"。但事实上他的产业、土地、支配的范围十分狭小，因为在未向赫人的子孙购买一块地和一个洞穴来埋葬妻子撒拉以前，他连一寸土地也没有。

除了亚伯拉罕的例子以外，我们的作者还举出以扫的例子，来证明“先祖们的确根据权利，继承并享有亚当支配全世界的权力”，这个例子更加有趣。“以扫带领四百名武装人士去会他的兄弟雅各”，于是他依据亚当继承人的资格成为一名君王。“四百名武装人士”，不论是怎样聚集到一起的，就能充分证明其带领者是一名君王，是亚当的继承人了。爱尔兰的保守党（其他国家有什么党暂且不管），真应该感谢我们的作者对他们有那样可敬的看法，特别是，附近有人带领五百名武装人士，资格更高，却没人出来质疑“四百名武装人士”之带领者的王权，他们更加感激。对于这等严肃的话题，有人竟如此随意（且不用更糟的词来形容），那是十分让人遗憾的。在这里提以扫，是要证明亚当的统治权，“和任何其他君主的权力一样大”，“是先祖们依法继承的亚当的绝对支配权”（《君权论》，第19页）。就在该章节，我们的作者又以雅各为例说明他凭借“长子名分成为他众兄弟的统治者”。这样一来，我们发现两兄弟凭借同一的资格都是绝对的君主，同时都是亚当的继承人。哥哥是亚当的继承人的依据，是他曾率领四百人和他的兄弟相会；最年幼的继承人依据的是“长子的名分”。“以扫依法享有亚当支配全世界的统治权，其权力之广大同任何君主的绝对支配权一样；与此同时，雅各作为继承人，有权成为他众兄弟的主人，可以支配以扫”。你能忍住笑吗？我得承认，我从未见过像罗伯特爵士这样机敏的人会这样辩论。可惜的是，他的假设与事物本性和人类事实不相符，他的原则与上帝在世上确立的结构和秩序也不一致，因此它们势必不时地与人们的常识和见识相冲突。

在下一节，我们的作者告诉我们：“这种先祖的权力一直延续到那场大洪水之后，对此，‘先祖’一词可以部分为证。”“先祖”一词不只是部分证明只要世上有先祖，就一直有这种先祖的权力，因为只要有先祖就必有先祖权，正如只要有父亲和丈夫，就必有父权和夫权。但这只不过是个名字游戏罢了。他想不合理地进行暗示的东西，正是我们要讨论证明的。他想暗示的是“先祖们确实享有亚当支配全世界的权力，这个权力被假定可以依法往下传，是亚当绝对、广泛的支配权。”如果他敢断定，在世间有一个这样的绝对君权一直持续到洪水时代，我倒很想知道他是从什么记载中得知的。我得说明，我翻遍我的《圣经》都找不到一个相关文字。如果他的“先祖权”另有所指，那它就与我们当前的话题无关了。至于“先祖”一词如何可以部分证明凡是被如此称呼的人就有绝对的君

权，我承认我确实不明白。我认为，在据此得出的论点未进一步弄清之前，不必对此作答。

“挪亚的三个儿子拥有了整个世界”，我们的作者说：“他们的父亲把世界分配给他们，整个世界因为他们的后裔蔓延开来。”（同上，第14页）世界可能是因挪亚儿子的后裔蔓延开来的，但挪亚从未把世界分配给他的儿子们。因为地球不用分配也可以被人类所住满，那我们的作者在这儿所有的论证，都不能证明这种分配。不过，就算我承认他证明了，我也想再问一下，既然世界都分配给他三个儿子了，那其中谁是亚当的继承人呢？如果亚当的统治权和君权，根据权利只传给长子，那其余俩人就只能做他的臣民和奴隶。如果根据权利三个兄弟共同继承，那么据此全人类都可继承享有。那他所说的“继承人是他众兄弟的主人”（《君权论》，第19页）这句话就不可能是对的。所有的兄弟就意味着所有的人，他们全都是平等的独立的，都是亚当君权的继承者。其结果是，大家都是君主，彼此都一样。但是，有人会说，他们的父亲挪亚把世界分给他们，看来我们的作者让挪亚胜过万能的上帝了；因为在《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》第211页，我们的作者认为，上帝要亲自损害挪亚的长子权利，把世界分给他和他的儿子们，是很困难的。原文是这样的：“挪亚是世间留下的唯一的继承人，为什么有人认为，上帝会剥夺他的长子权利，让他在一切世人中，与他的儿子们共同成为唯一的所有者呢？”但在这里，他又认为挪亚剥夺闪的长子权利，将世界分配他和他的兄弟，是适合的。看来只要我们的作者喜欢，这个“长子权利”有时一定，有时又不一定是神圣不可侵犯的。

如果挪亚确实把世界分给了他的几个儿子，并且该分配有效；那么，神授之说就站不住脚，我们的作者的有关亚当嗣子的全部论述，连同他以此为据建立起来的一切，都站不住脚，天赋王权就垮台了。于是统治权的形式和具有该权力的人，都不再是我们的作者所说（见《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》，第254页）的那样由上帝决定，而是由人决定。如果继承的权利由上帝决定，是一种神授的权利，那就没有人可以改变它，不管这个人是不是父亲。如果它不是一种神授的权利，是人为的，取决于人的意志；那么，若非人类制度规定，长子就根本没有优于他弟兄的权利，人类可以将政府交给他们认为合适的人，选择他们喜欢的政府形式。

他接着说：“世界上大多数文明程度最高的民族都很想从挪亚的儿子

或侄子那儿追本溯源。”（《君权论》，第14页）这个“大多数”到底指的是多少？是哪些民族？恐怕像中国人这个伟大、文明的民族，以及东西南北各处的其他几个民族，他们好像不大关心这个吧。估计我们的作者所讲的“大多数文明程度最高的民族”，指的是信仰《圣经》的民族，他们是不得不从挪亚那里去追寻本源，世界上的其他民族，是不大去想挪亚的儿子或侄子的。但是，如果各国的宗谱官和考古学家（通常是他们极力去追溯民族根源），或所有的民族本身，都“努力从挪亚的儿子或侄子那儿追溯根源”，这对于证明“亚当享有支配全世界的统治权，它依据权利传给先祖们”有什么用处？不论各民族或种族从哪些人身上追溯自己的根源，我们基本上可以断定，其原因是，他们认为这些人的高尚道德或伟大事迹在后世享有盛名。但是人们却不想、也不关心这些人又是谁的后嗣，只当他们是依靠自己而获得崇高地位的人，期待他们的名望能给后世那些自称是其后代的人带来荣耀。古往今来都有很多名族努力从奥古吉斯、赫拉克勒斯、婆罗门、坦伯连、法拉蒙德，甚至朱庇特（罗马神话中的宙斯神）和萨腾（罗马神话中的农业之神）这些人身上寻找根源，但是即使他们是这些民族的根源，那是否就说明这些民族的人就“依据权利享有亚当传给他们的统治权”呢？如果不是，这就只不过是我们的作者误导读者们的一种措辞而已，其本身却毫无意义。

为了同一目的，在《君权论》第15页关于世界的划分一事他说：“有人说那是按照抓阄的方式决定的，其他人说是挪亚花了十年时间环游地中海，将世界划分为亚细亚、阿非利加，和欧罗巴，”分给他三个儿子。亚美利加似乎留下来，谁能获取它便归谁所有。

我们的作者为什么不愿抛弃一个如梦一般的想象，非认为自己可以从什么地方找到证据？为什么不辞劳苦去证明挪亚将世界划分给他的儿子？其原因很难想象。因为这种划分如果能说明什么，那必将剥夺亚当继承人的权力，除非挪亚三个儿子都是亚当的继承人。因此，下面这些话：“尽管分配方式尚未明确，但可以确定的是这种分配是在挪亚和他儿子的家族进行，在家族里，父母是首领和君主”（《君权论》，第15页），如果这是真的，并且对“世上一切权力都是依据权利从亚当继承而来的统治权”有所证明，那就只能说明，有孩子的父亲都是亚当统治权的继承者。因为如果在那个时代，闪、雅弗，以及其他父母，包括长子在内，都是家族的首领和君主，都享有按家族分得土地的权力；那么，已为人父的幼子为什么不能享有同样的权利？如果闪和雅弗没有因为他们

的长兄而失去继承权，也可以成为君主；则现在弟弟们和长兄一样，也可凭借继承的权利成为君主。因此我们的作者所讲的君主的自然权力也就只能及于他自己的孩子，依据这个自然权力，没有一个王国可以大过一个家族。因为只有两种可能：一种是，亚当支配世界的权力依据权利只传给长子，继承人只有一个，就像我们的作者在《君权论》第19页所说的那样；否则，该权力就依据权利由所有的儿子平等享有，每个家庭的父亲都拥有这个权力，就像挪亚的三个儿子一样。但不论你选择哪一种情况，它都会摧毁世上现有的政府和王国。因为不论谁依据权利继承了这种君王的自然权力，他就只可能像我们的作者所讲的该隐的情况一样，获得权力并成为他弟兄的支配者，他是世上唯一的君王；否则，就只能像我们的作者在这里所说的，闪、含、雅弗三兄弟分得这种权力，并成为各自家族的君主，彼此之间不相隶属。整个世界若非依据嫡嗣权利成为唯一的帝国，就是所有的家庭依据“亚当传给父母的统治权”自成一个政府。我们的作者提供的有关亚当统治权传袭的一切证据，只能作如此归结。在继续权力承袭这一话题时，我们的作者接着说：

“自从挪亚的家族在巴别塔分散之后，我们必然发现，世界各地的王国都建立了自己的王权。”（《君权论》，第14页）如果你一定要发现，那就请你发现吧。这样你将帮助我们发现了新一页的历史。但是，在我们相信之前，你必须对此加以证明，证明王权依据你的原则而建立，因为我想没有人会质疑世上的王国会建立王权，但是若说世上有一些王国，几个国王都依据“亚当传给他们的权利”登上王位，我们认为这不仅可疑，而且是完全不可能的。如果我们的作者除了巴别塔分散的相关假说外，找不到更好的依据来作为其君主制的基础，那么他建立在这个基础之上的君主制，高耸云端，本意要统一人类，事实上却像巴别塔一样，起到了分散人类的作用，它不能在世上建立文明政府和秩序，而是制造混乱。

因为我们的作者告诉我们，划分出来的各国“家族各不相同，各有其父亲为其统治者，所以，即便发生纷乱，上帝根据不同的家族设置不同的语言，从而小心地保存父亲的权利。”（同上）除了我们的作者以外，其他人很难从他引用的这段《圣经》原文中发现巴别塔分散之后各家族由其父亲统治，同时还能发现“上帝小心地保存父亲权力。”这段《圣经》原文是这样的：“这就是闪的后代，有着自己的家族，在自己的土地上有自己的语言和自己的邦国。”在列举了含和雅弗的后人之后，《圣

经》原文也用同样的语言描述了含和雅弗。所有这些文字中，没有一个字提到统治者或统治形式、父亲或父亲权力。但是，我们的作者在他人未曾看到父权的一丝踪迹的时候，就能敏锐地察见其中的父权了。他肯定地告诉我们："父亲是统治者，上帝小心地保存父亲权力。"原因何在呢？因为同一家族的人讲同样的语言，所以分散的时候他们必然聚在一起。这就好比我们可以这样辩论：汉尼拔的军队中包含几个不同族的人，他把讲同种语言的人归到一起，所以在每个小团队里，父亲是队长，并且汉尼拔十分小心地保存这种父亲权力。或者，我们可以这样说：在卡罗莱纳）殖民时期，英格兰人、法国人、苏格兰人和威尔士人都各自聚集在一起，于是卡罗莱纳州因为他们"各随其语言、家族和邦国"被划分开来，因此，父亲的权力被小心保存。或者，还可以说，因为在美洲的许多地方，每一个小部落就是一个独特的民族，有它自己的语言，所以人们可以推断"上帝十分小心地保存父亲权力"或部落的统治者们"依据传给他们的权利享有亚当的统治权"。虽然我们并不知道统治者是谁，统治形式是什么，只知道它们分别是独立的小社会，讲着不同的语言。

《圣经》原文对于统治者和统治形式只字未提，只是讲述了人类是如何分成不同的民族，讲不同的语言的。所以，在这种情况下明确说父亲是统治者，不是利用《圣经》的权威来证明什么，而是凭空想象，自以为是事实，却根本没有这样的文字记载。依据同样的基础（其实根本无此基础），他说："他们不是没有首领和统治者的杂乱人群，不能随便选择自己喜欢的统治者和政府。"

我想问，如果全人类都讲同一语言，都聚居在希纳尔的平原上，那么，他们是否统一受一位君主统治，"谁依据继承而来的权利享有亚当的统治权呢？"如果他们情况并非如此，那很明显就没有亚当继承人的想法，那时候也没有人知道根据这一名义能获取什么统治权；没有什么上帝或什么人细心地保存父亲的权力。当人类还是同一民族，居住在一起，讲同一语言，共建同一座城的时候；当他们显然知道谁是合法继承人的时候（因为闪一直活到以撒时代，活到巴别塔分散之后很久），如果人们不处于亚当依法传给继承者的父权君主统治之下，那很显然就不存在什么父权，没有人承认有什么亚当继承人的君权，在亚细亚没有什么闪的帝国；因此也没有如我们的作者所说的挪亚分世界一事。似乎从原文这个地方，就这个事情，我们从《圣经》上至多能推断出一个共和

制政府，而不是绝对君主制政府。因为，《圣经》原文是这样的：“他们说”（不是一个君王命令人们建立了这座城和塔，这不是出自一个君王的命令，而是许多人商量的结果，这是一群自由的人），“让我们建一座城”（他们是自由的人，为自己建城，而不是作为奴隶，为主人和君王建城），“免得我们分散各地”（因为建好一座城后才有固定的住所来安顿自己和家人）。（《创世记》，第十一章）商量和策划这件事情的人们，他们是可以自由分离的，但是他们却愿意结为一体，这种事情对于君主制政府下聚在一起的人来说是没有必要也不可能发生的。若在君主制政府下，如我们的作者所言，他们全是奴隶，处于绝对君权的统治之下，没有必要想方设法让自己不游离出君王的统治。我想问，这一点是否比我们的作者有关亚当继承人或父权的说法，在《圣经》上体现得更为清楚呢？

但是，如果像《创世记》第十一章第六节里上帝所说，一个民族就有一个统治者，一位根据自然权利能绝对支配他们的君王。倘若上帝突然又从他们中间另立七十二个不同的邦国，各有不同的统治者，并立即脱离原来君主的统治；那么，上帝何必费心去保存最高父亲的权力呢？这完全是按照自己的意思来安排上帝的关心。我们能说上帝小心地保存没有父权的人的父权吗？如果他们只是最高君王的臣民，他们又有什么权力？上帝夺走了自然君主的最高父亲身份，这是否也是上帝小心地保存父权的例子？我们可否说，上帝为了保存父权，让几个新的政府建立起来，并各有其统治者，但统治者不一定都拥有父权？我们是否同样可以说，上帝让一个拥有父权的人的政府分裂，让他的几位臣民分而享之，上帝是在小心地破坏父亲权力？这也就好比说，当一个君主国瓦解，为叛臣瓜分的时候，该君主制政府认为上帝将一个稳定的帝国分裂成许多小国，他是在小心地保存君主的权力。如果有人说，大凡上帝有意要保存的，上帝会小心保存，该事物将被人类认为是必需或有用的，这是一种特别的说法，谁也不应当效仿。但是，如果说闪（那时候他还在世）对巴别城那族人有父亲权力或根据父权对他们有统治权，之后，闪仍在世之时，另有七十二个人对分裂成众多政府的同一族人拥有父权或统治权，那绝不可能是合理或真实的。要么这七十二位父亲在混乱之前实际上已经是统治者，并且事实上他们并非同族，是上帝说他们是同族；要么，他们就是一个共和国，那君主国在哪儿呢？或者，这七十二位父亲不知道自己拥有父亲权力。奇怪！父权既是人类政府的唯一根

源，可人类却不知道它。更为奇怪的是，语言的变化突然就让这七十二个人顷刻明白，他们是有父亲权力的，其他人也知道要服从他们的父权，每个人都知道自己应该臣服于哪个特定的父权。能从《圣经》上得出这种结论的人，也许同样可以从中找到最符合他想象和利益的乌托邦模型，经过这样处理的父亲身份，不但允许一位君主统管天下，也允许身为一家之父的臣民脱离该君主的统治，分裂出小国自己称王。因为我们始终不明白父权在谁身上，除非我们弄清仍在人世的闪和那七十二位建立新邦国、统治臣民的新君主，到底谁有统治权。我们的作者告诉我们，双方都有父权，其权力都是最高的。且我们的作者以此为例，证明这些人确实“根据传给他们的权利，享有亚当的统治权，该权之大之广与任何君主的绝对统治权一样。”这样的话，无法回避的是，如果上帝小心地保存新建的七十二国的父权，他势必也在小心地摧毁亚当继承人的一切理由；既然上帝关心，那他确实保存如此之多的人（至少七十一个）的父权，而这些人不可能是亚当的继承人，因为真正的继承人（如果上帝确曾有这样的继承权规定），大家都知道，那时闪还活着，所有的人都同族。

宁录是他所举的拥有家长权力的又一个例子（见《君权论》第16页），但我不明白为什么我们的作者对此人的态度不太友善，我们的作者说他“违反道义扩充帝国，用暴力侵犯他人家族之主的权力”。这里的“家族之主”，在他叙述巴别城分散的时候，他称之为“家族之父”。怎样称呼都不要紧，我们能明白他们指的是谁，因为这个父权也必定落在他们身上，若依据亚当继承人的身份，就不能同时有七十二个，一次只能有一个；若依据孩子生父的身份，那每位父亲据此权利都对自己的孩子拥有父权，其权之大之广与那七十二位父亲一样，他们也应该是统治自己子女的独立君主。我们的作者将家族之主作了后一种解释之后（因为在这里很难作其他解释），他巧妙地给我们讲述了君主制的起源，原文如下：“在这个意义上，他可以说是君主制的创建者，”（《君权论》，第16页）也是就说，他违背道义，用暴力侵占他人对孩子的父权，这种父权，如果依据自然权利落在他们身上（否则那七十二个父亲怎么获得权力？），未经他们许可，没有任何人可以将之夺走。于是，我想问我们的作者以及他的朋友们，这与别的君主们有多大关系？根据他在那一段的结论，那是否会将扩张到家族以外的一切王权归为暴政和篡权，或者归为与民众认可相差无几的族父的选举和许可呢？

我们的作者在下一节所举的所有例子（见《君权论》第17页），如以东十二王、亚伯拉罕时期亚细亚一个小角落的九位君王，约书亚在迦南消灭的三十一位君王；以及他为了证明这些王都是有统治权的君主，证明那时每座城都有一个君王，都是大量与他观点相左的证据，说明让这些人称王的，不是依据权利传给他们的亚当的统治权。因为，如果他们是因此资格成王，那么只有两种情况，要么只有一个人来统治他们所有人，否则就是每家的父亲像这些人一样，都是君主，都同样可以称王。如果以扫的所有儿子，不分长幼，都有父权，在其父亲过世之后，都成为有统治权的君王，那么，之后的儿孙同样如此，以此可以类推到后面的世世代代，这样下去，父亲的自然权力将被限制为只能支配自己的子女和子女的后代，这样父亲的权力随着家长的去世而终止，紧跟着他的每个儿子就有了支配各自子女的父权。这样说来，父亲权力确实被保存下来，这点可以理解，但是与我们作者的目的却毫不相干。他举的这些例子，都不能证明他们身上有任何权力，是作为亚当继承人的身份获得了他传下来的父权；也不是因为他们本身的资格。因为亚当的父亲身份是针对全人类的，一次只能传给一个人，只能由他传给他的合法继承人。所以据此名义，同一时期，世上只能有一位君主。如果依据的不是传自亚当的父权，那么，他们就只是父亲，能支配的也就只能是他们自己的后代。所以，如果以东十二王、亚伯拉罕和邻国九王、雅各和以扫，以及迦南三十一王，被亚多尼伯锡克残杀的七十二王，到便哈达这里来的三十二王，在特洛伊城交战的希腊七十王，都如我们的作者所讲，是统治的君王，那么，很显然这些君王的权力源于父权之外，因为他们之中有些人支配的对象远不止他自己的后裔，这也说明他们不可能全是亚当的继承人。任何人凭借父亲身份要求某种权力，我敢保证只有以下两种情况是可能、可理解的：一种情况是，此人是亚当的继承人；另一种情况是，此人是可以支配他亲生子孙后代的祖辈。若我们的作者能够证明以上所说的一大串君王中有任何一个是根据上述任何一种情况获得权力的，我也许会同意他的主张。不过很显然，他们都与我们的作者要证明的观点不相干，甚至直接冲突。我们的作者要证明的是：“亚当支配整个世界的权力依据权利传给了先祖们。”

我们的作者在《君权论》第16页告诉我们“先祖统治持续存在于亚伯拉罕、以撒和雅各身上，直至被埃及奴役的时代结束”，在第17页，他又说：“根据明显踪迹我们也许可以将父权统治追溯到进入埃及的以色

列人那里，他们进入埃及以后，因为被更强的君主征服，所以他们的最高父权中断行使。”我们看到的这些在我们的作者看来是父权统治的踪迹，也即由亚当传下来的绝对君权的踪迹，这种权力依据父权行使，事实上两千二百九十年间根本没有踪迹可寻。因为在这段时间内，我们的作者无法举出一个例子来说明有什么人依据父亲权利要求或行使王权，或指出哪怕一个人，说他是亚当的继承人。他所有的证据能证明的无非是，在那个时候的世界里，有父亲、先祖和君王；但父亲和先祖是否有绝对专断的权力，君王凭借什么名义获得权力，权力多大，《圣经》上完全没讲。显然，根据父亲权利他们没有也不能要求享有统治权或帝王资格。

“因为被更强的君主征服，所以最高父权中断行使”的说法只证明了之前我的猜想，即“先祖统治权”是一种错误的说法，不能如我们的作者那样用来暗示父亲和君王的权力，我们的作者所说的绝对统治权属于亚当。

因为，如果先祖权是绝对统治权，那么，以色列人在埃及也有一位埃及君主统治他们，怎么能说先祖统治权就此中断了呢？如果先祖权不是绝对统治权，而是别的什么东西，那我们的作者为什么费这么多心思讲一个不相关的、于其目的毫无益处的权力？先祖统治权，如果是王权的话，在以色列人进入埃及之时就没有中断。诚然，那时的王权不是由神许的亚伯拉罕的子孙行使，在此之前我知道也不是。但这与传自亚当的王权的中断有什么关系？除非我们的作者认为，只有获神许的亚伯拉罕的宗系才可继承亚当的统治权。那他举七十二王的例子，说他们在巴别塔混乱之后保存了父亲权力，这又目的何在？他举例说以实玛利十二位王子、以东十二王、亚伯拉罕、以撒和雅各是父权统治者，如果雅各的后裔一旦没有了最高权力，父权统治就要中断，那他举这些例子干什么？我想，最高父亲统治权不仅是中断了，而是自埃及奴隶之后基本在世上消失了。因为自那以后，很难发现谁行使这种从先祖亚伯拉罕、以撒、雅各等继承下来的权力。我想君主统治权要是在埃及法老或其他什么人身上会更满足他的需要。在任何地方我们都很难发现他讨论的目的是什么，尤其在这里更是如此，他说“最高父权在埃及的行使……”，我们很难猜测其目的，也不知道这怎么就能推断出亚当的统治权传给了先祖或其他任何人。

我本以为他是从《圣经》中为我们提供的有关传自亚当的、建立在

父亲之上的君主统治的证据和例子，而不是讲述犹太人的历史。犹太人直到成为一个民族之后才有君主，君主成为统治者之时，也丝毫没有提及他们是亚当的继承人，或者因为父权成王。我们的作者讲了这么多有关《圣经》的事情，我满以为他必定从中指出一系列君王，他们都明确拥有继承亚当父权的资格，并且作为亚当的继承人，对他们的臣民拥有并执行父亲统治权，那才是真正的父权统治。不料，他既未证明先祖们是君主，也未证明君主或先祖是亚当的继承人，甚至冒充一下也没有。人们也可以证明所有先祖都是绝对君主，先祖和君主的权力都只能是父权，并且这权力传自亚当。我认为所有这些主张也许可以在费迪南多·索托有关西印度一群小王的杂乱记述中得到证明，或者在北美洲的近代史中，或者在我们的作者引用自荷马的希腊七十王的故事中得到证明，其效果就像他在《圣经》中列出一大堆君王一样好。

另外，我认为他其实可以不谈荷马和他的特洛伊战争，因为他对真理或君主制的强烈热情已让他对哲学家和诗人十分不满，以至于在他的序言中，他告诉我们："先祖有太多人喜欢跟着哲学家和诗人的想法走，想从中找到一种可给他们带来某些自由权利的政府起源，这让基督教蒙羞，是引进无神论的做法。"但是，这些异教徒，如哲学家亚里士多德、诗人荷马、只要能提供一些似乎可以符合他的需求的东西，我们这位热忱的基督教政治家从不拒绝接受，至于是否是"让基督教蒙羞，是引进无神论的做法"，让他自己看。这我就不得不考察一些作者，他们明显不为事实写作，为了利益和政党热情地将基督教列入他们的图谋，控诉那些不经考察就绝不盲目信服他们的人是无神论者。

但且让我们回到我们的作者的《圣经》历史上吧，他在《君权论》第18页接着告诉我们："以色列人摆脱奴役回去之后，上帝十分关心他们，相继选择摩西和约书亚取代最高父亲来统治他们。"如果他们真是逃脱了奴役，他们一定重返自由状态，这也暗示，他们受奴役前后都是自由的，除非我们的作者说，更换一下主人就是脱离了奴役，或者一个奴隶从一个地方被转到另一个地方是脱离了奴役。如果他们脱离了奴役，在那个时代，一个儿子、一个臣民和一个奴隶之间很明显是有区别的，不论我们的作者在序言中如何反着说。受埃及奴役之前他们的先祖，或是之后他们的统治者，都没有"把他们的儿子或臣民当作他们的所有物"，像处置别的物品那样用绝对支配权处置他们。

流便将两个儿子交给雅各做担保，犹大为了让雅各的幼子便雅悯平

安逃出埃及，最终自己充当了担保，这都是明显的例证。如果雅各支配自己的家人像支配他的牛和驴一样，像主人对自己的物品，那上面的事情就是虚假，多余的，没有价值；那流便提供的担保、犹大为保证便雅悯安全回去自己充当担保，就好比一个人从他主人的羊群中牵出两只羊，然后拿出一只作担保，保证他会将另一只安全送返。

他们逃脱奴役之后呢？“上帝对以色列人十分关心。”我们的作者居然有这么一次在他书上让上帝对人类表示一点关心。在其他地方，他提起人类，就仿佛上帝除了关心君王外不关心其他任何人，其他的这些人、人类社会，就仿佛是一群群家畜，只为他们的君王服务，供君主使用和取乐。

“相继选摩西和约书亚来统治他们”，这是我们的作者为证明上帝关心父权，关心亚当的继承人而找到的一个精明的论据。在这里，为了表达对他的子民的关心，上帝选择两位根本没有君主资格的人来做他们的君主。摩西在利未族中没有父亲身份，约书亚在以法莲族中也没有。但我们的作者说，他们来取代最高的父亲。如果上帝在任何地方像选择摩西和约书亚一样明确选择这样的父亲为统治者，我们也许相信摩西和约书亚确实取代了他们的位置。但是在这个问题没有得到更好的证明之前，它仍是有争议的。摩西被上帝选为他的人民的统治者，证明统治权不再属于亚当的继承人或属于什么父亲身份。正如上帝选择亚伦做利未族的祭司一样，不能说明祭司一职为亚当继承人或最高父亲所有。因为上帝选择亚伦做祭司，选摩西做以色列人的统治者，这两个职位都不固定为亚当继承人或父亲身份所有。

我们的作者接着说：“随后不久，上帝同样又为人们设置了士师，在危险的时候保护他们。”（《君权论》，第18页）这证明父权是政府的来源，它就像从前一样，自亚当传给他的继承人。只是在这里，我们的作者似乎承认在当时都是统治者的这些士师们，只不过是一些勇敢的人，在人们遇到危险的时候，他们被推出来做护卫将军。难道除了父亲身份，上帝就不能以其他名义设这些人为统治官吗？

但我们的作者说：“上帝为以色列设立君主的时候，他重新建立了父权政府世代传袭的、古老的最高权力。”（同上）

上帝是怎么重建的？通过法律，还是通过明确命令？我们找不出有这样的事情。那我们的作者的意思是，上帝给他们的一位君主，通过安置君王重建了这种权利及其他。在现实基础上重建父权统治，并让它世

代传袭，意思是让一个人享有他祖先曾享有的统治权，根据承袭权他可以享有该权利。因为，第一，如果已经不是他祖先的政府，那就不是承袭一个古老的权利，而是开启了一种新的权利。如果王位给一个人带来的不仅有他家族丢失已久的财产，还有他的祖先从未曾有过的财产，那他除了对自己祖先曾有的那份财产属于重建以外，对其他的财产就不能说是重建。所以，若以色列的诸王拥有的比以撒或雅各多，那就不是在他们身上重建了对一种权力的继承权，而是给予了他们一种新的权力，不论你怎么称呼这种权力。叫父权与否无所谓。至于以撒和雅各是不是与以色列诸王有同样的权力，我请大家根据上面所讲的话考虑一下。我不相信谁会发现亚伯拉罕、以撒或雅各有什么王权。

第二，不存在“重建古老的最高权力来世代承袭”什么，除非获得该权力的人确实有权继承，是他所继承之人之后真正的继承者。在一个新家族中开始的事情，能算作重建吗？把王位给予一个没有继承权的人，若世代承袭没有中断，此人根本没有取得王位的理由，这能说是“重建世代传袭的古老权利”吗？扫罗是上帝为以色列人安排的第一位君王，他来自便雅悯部族，那“世代传袭的古老权利”是否在他身上重建了呢？第二位君王是大卫（David），他是耶西（Jesse）的幼子，耶西是雅各的第三个儿子，犹大的后代。“古老而原始的父权政府的世袭权”是否在大卫身上重建了呢？或者是在王位的继承者，他的儿子所罗门身上？还是在掌管十个部族的耶罗波安身上？或者在统治了六年却与王族血统完全无关的亚他利雅身上？如果这个权利在以上任何一个人或其后裔身上得以重建，那么该权利长兄、弟弟皆可拥有，也可以在任何在世的人身上得以重建。因为“古老而原始的父权政府的世袭权”，弟弟和兄长能拥有的，每个在世的人根据承袭都有权拥有，包括罗伯特爵士和其他所有人在内。我们的作者为了保证王权和王位的继承，重建了这种世袭的父权或王权，每个人都有权利享有，让整个世界的人们想想，他重建的是多么勇敢的一个权利啊！

但在《君权论》第19页，我们的作者又说：“每当上帝选择某个人做君王的时候，他也让此人的子孙从此享受恩泽，虽然授予王位之时只提及父亲的名字，但这种恩泽已充分包含在父亲身上。”这也解决不了继承问题。因为，如果像我们的作者所说，被授予王位者，其子孙也享受恩泽，这并非指继承权。试想，如果上帝将某东西赐予某人，同时也笼统地赐予其子孙，那么，其子孙中就不能由某一个人来单独要求得到该

权利，该族的每个人都平等享有权利。如果有人说，我们的作者的意思是指嗣子，我相信他十分愿意这么讲，如果这样符合他要求的话。但是，继承大卫王位的所罗门，与继大卫之后统治十个部族的耶罗波安一样，都不是大卫的嗣子，但是他的后代，所以我们的作者不说指的是嗣子，是有理由的。因为那在继承上讲不通，我们的作者只能反对这种说法。所以他的继承问题并未解决，就像他什么都没有说过一样。因为如果上帝将王权给予某人及其子孙，就像上帝把迦南赐予亚伯拉罕及其子孙一样，岂不是说明大家权利共享，人人有份？同样有人会说，上帝把迦南赐予亚伯拉罕及其子孙，根据其意，迦南将来只能为其子孙中某一人所有，其他人应排除在外。正如上帝将统治权赐予某人及其子孙，这种统治权将来只能为其子孙中某一人所有，其余人不含在内。

但是，我们的作者如何证明，每当上帝指定某人为王的时候，上帝也让“此人的子孙（我猜我们的作者的意思是子孙）受恩泽呢”？难道他这么快就忘记了摩西和约书亚，忘记他自己就在这节讲“上帝十分关心以色列人，特选他俩为君主来统治他们”？还有上帝安排的士师呢？这些长官难道不和君王有同样的权力，同君王一样享有最高父权？他们既是上帝亲自选择的，他们的子孙是否也因此享受恩泽，就像大卫和所罗门的子孙一样呢？如果上帝就此将父权交给他们，那他们的子孙为何不能因此享受恩泽继承这个权力呢？或者，如果他们是作为亚当嗣子的身份获取该权力的，即他们的嗣子为何在他们之后不能根据下传的权利享有该权呢？因为权力又不可能在这些人之间相互继承。摩西、约书亚和这些士师的权力，与大卫和以色列诸王的权力相同吗？它们是否同源？是否有的权力可以继承，有的不可继承？如果这权力不是父权，那么，上帝的子民被一个没有父权的人统治，统治者们没有父权照样管理得好。如果这权力是父权，上帝选择的这些人要执行它，这样，我们的作者所讲的“每当上帝选择某个人为最高统治者”（我估计君王这个名称没有魔力，重要的不是称呼，而是权力），“他也让此人的子孙享受恩泽”这一原则就无用了。因为，从以色列人走出埃及到大卫时代有四百年，子女从未“充分包含在父亲身上”，任何一个儿子在其父亲过世之后，都未继承审判以色列人的士师们的权力。如果为了回避这点，说上帝总是选择继承者，授予他父权，不让他的子孙继承，这明显在耶弗他的故事（《旧约·士师记》第十一章）中讲不通，显然，耶弗他是与人民立约，然后人民让他来做他们的士师。

那么，我们的作者说：“每当上帝选择某人行使父亲权力”（如果这里说的不是君王，我想知道君王与行使父亲权力的人之间的区别），“他也想要此人的子孙享受恩泽”，这句话算是白说了。因为我们发现士师们的权力都及于自身而已，未传给子孙。如果士师没有父亲权力，我恐怕要麻烦我们的作者或任何一个赞成他的学说的朋友来说明那时候到底谁有父亲权力，也即对以色列人的统治权和最高权力。我估计他们一定会承认，这些上帝的选民，作为一个民族已存在几百年之久，根本不知道也没有想过什么父亲权力，也没有过什么君主政府。

想要充分弄清这一点，大家只需读《士师记》最后三章，了解一下利未人的故事和因他们导致的以色列人与便雅悯人战争的故事就行了。当我们看到利未人号召人民起来伸张正义，做讨论、决议和指挥的都是以色列的众部族和他们的公会时，我们就一定会推断，要么上帝没有在他的选民中“小心地保存父亲权力”，要么是父亲权力被保存在一个没有君主政府的地方。如果是后一种情况，那么随之而来的结果是，尽管父亲权力得到有力证明，但有它并不一定要有君主制政府。如果是前一种情况，那就很奇怪也很不合理了，上帝一方面在人类子孙中规定父权如此神圣，一切权力和统治都离不开它；另一方面，在自己的选民之中，他甚至在为他们设立政府，为几个国家和人群关系制定法规之时，却隐藏如此伟大、如此根本的一点，这一点在剩下的事情中是最重要、最必需的，却被忽略长达四百年之久。

在停止谈论该问题之前，我必须问一问，我们的作者是怎么知道“每当上帝选择某人为王之时，他也让此人的子孙享受恩泽”的？上帝通过自然法则或启示来说了吗？同样，我们的作者也必须说明，此王的哪一位子孙能继承他的王位，必须指出谁是继承人，否则他就是让这些子孙们去瓜分或争夺统治权。其实两种情况都是荒谬的，它们甚至会损害子孙们从这种恩赐中获得的利益。如果什么时候有人找到了证据，证明上帝确有这种意思，我们就有责任相信上帝确有此意。但在证据找到之前，我们的作者必须为我们提供更好的证据，我们才能够相信他是上帝旨意的权威透露者。

我们的作者说：“子孙已充分包含在父亲身上，虽然在授予时提及的只是父亲的名字。”但上帝将迦南赐予亚伯拉罕时（《创世记》，第十三章第十五节），他想到也应该将其子孙包含在内；同样，祭司职位是赐给了亚伦及其子孙；上帝给大卫王位时，也同时给了大卫的子孙。不论

我们的作者如何向我们保证“当上帝选某人为王时，他也想要此人的子孙享受恩泽”，我们都看到，上帝给了扫罗王位，但在扫罗之后没有提及他的子孙，王位也没有由他的子孙继承。为什么当上帝选某人为王之时，上帝就想要此人的子孙也享受这种利益，而当他为以色列人选士师时却不这样？我真想知道原因。为什么给予一个君王父权时就包括他的子孙，而对情况类似的士师却不同了呢？父亲权力是不是根据权利在一个人那里传给他的子孙，在另一个人那里就不传给子孙了呢？如果给的同样是父亲权力，授予方式一样，同是上帝选择的人，那么，我们的作者确实有必要解释一下，为什么除了称呼以外，还有这样的差别？我想，当我们的作者说“上帝立士师”时，绝不允许这些士师为人民所选。

但是，既然我们的作者如此满怀信心地向我们保证上帝小心地保存父权，并且声称自己所言皆以《圣经》的权威为基础，我们可以想象，那个法律、制度和历史都主要包含在《圣经》里的民族，应该为他提供了一个最明白的例子，说明上帝为这个民族小心地保存父权，人们也公认上帝特别关心这个民族。让我们来看看，从犹太人始为一个民族以来，这种父权或统治权在他们那里是种什么状况。根据我们的作者的自白，从进入埃及到脱离埃及的束缚这两百多年间，这种权力状态都被省略未谈；之后到上帝为以色列人安排君王共约四百多年，我们的作者对此只作了一点十分简单的描述。的确，在上述所有时间内，从犹太人中找不到父权或王权的丝毫踪迹。但是我们的作者却说：“上帝重建了古老而原始的父权政府的世袭权利”。

我们已经看到了紧接着建立的是怎样一个“世代传袭的父权政府”。现在我只是在想，这种父权统治持续到多久。到他们被囚为止是大约五百年，从那时起到六百五十多年后他们被罗马人灭亡，“古老而原始的父权政府的世袭权利”再次丢失，此后无此权利，他们在上帝赐予的这块土地上还是一个民族。所以在作为上帝特殊选民的一千七百五十年间，他们的世袭君主统治所占时间不到三分之一。而且在那段时间，没有丝毫“父权统治或重建这古老的最高权力的继承权”的影子，无论我们认为这权力是源自大卫、扫罗、亚伯拉罕，还是按我们的作者的原则，来自唯一真正的源头亚当。

John Locke

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(II)

政府论
下卷

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu

Beijing, China 100089

http://www.fltrp.com

图书在版编目（CIP）数据

政府论．下卷／（英）洛克（Locke, J.）著；蔡云译．—北京：外语教学与研究出版社，2015.10
ISBN 978-7-5135-6791-6

Ⅰ．①政… Ⅱ．①洛…②蔡… Ⅲ．①政治制度 - 研究 Ⅳ．①D033

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字（2015）第260020号

出版人　蔡剑峰
责任编辑　刘为华　马爱群
封面设计　孟耕宇
出版发行　外语教学与研究出版社
社　　址　北京市西三环北路19号（100089）
网　　址　http://www.fltrp.com
版　　次　2015年12月第1版
书　　号　ISBN 978-7-5135-6791-6

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举报电话：（010）88817519　电子邮箱：banquan@fltrp.com
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译者序

约翰·洛克（1632—1704）是英国17世纪的哲学家和政治思想家、经济学家、教育学家，古典自由主义思想的集大成者。自18世纪起，约翰·洛克即被公认为17世纪与牛顿齐名的英国两个伟大的思想巨匠之一。其哲学、尤其宪政民主政治思想对于后世现实政治影响深远。洛克的宪政民主思想包括“天赋人权”学说，他认为人生来享有“自然权利”，包括自由权、生命权和财产权，并主张这些权利神圣不可侵犯。洛克也是第一个提出“制衡”思想的人。他把政治权力分为立法权、行政权和外交权三种，并且认为为了防止专政，立法机关应当高于行政机关。洛克的政治理念深远地影响了英国、美国、法国以及其他西方国家，成为西方文明的强大的政治哲学基础。

17世纪的英国，传统王权正在丧失，人们对于自由的呼声不断高涨，主流的专制强权政府思想正不断受到资产阶级民主革命思想的冲击。约翰·洛克提出：一切政府就其权力而言都是有限的，政府存在的合理性仅仅在于被统治者的认同，所有人生来都是自由的。1689到1690年写成的两篇《政府论》是洛克最重要的政治论文。上卷意在“破”，洛克从人的“自然状态”出发，对保皇派作家罗伯特·费尔默爵士的《君权论》中的“君权神赋”思想进行了系统的反驳，整个破的过程针锋相对、环环相扣，其严密的逻辑让人称道。下卷意在“立”。洛克认为一切政府就其权力而言都是有限的，政府存在的合理性仅仅在于被统治者的认同，建立国家的唯一目的，乃是为了保障社会的安全以及人民的自然权利。世人普遍认为下卷比上卷在政治思想上更富价值。

1．全书概览

《政府论》全书分为上、下两篇，上卷十一章，下卷十九章。洛克在《政府论》的上卷中对罗伯特·费尔默爵士（Robert Filmer）《君权论》（拥护专制王权的代表性著作）中提出的“君权神授”之主张进行批判和反驳，指出政府的权威只能建立在被统治者拥护之基础之上，同时讨论了社会契约论在何种情况下可成立，在何种情况下可废除。在《政府论》的下卷中，洛克基于自然法的学说论述了国家的起源和本质，提出了一套关于政府的理论，并讨论了臣民在何种情况下可以推翻君主政府的统治。

全书的基本框架如下：

上卷：

第一章：简介费尔默爵士的《君权论》与“君权神授”的论点

第二章：驳斥“君权”来自“父权”

第三章：驳斥神创亚当并指定其为“世界君主”

第四至六章：驳斥亚当主权的三个缘由（上帝赐予、夏娃从属、父亲身份）

第七章：驳斥“父权”和“财产权”为统治权的共同来源

第八至十一章：论亚当君权的转移和继承以及君主制的传袭

下卷：

第一章：驳斥君权神授的观点，提出建立政府的原因是为了保护公民财产。

第二、三章：论证自然和战争的两种状态并将二者进行对比，同时论述什么是理想的自然状态以及在何种情况下会导致战争状态。

第四至六章：从三个方面（奴役、财产和父权）阐释自然人拥有的三项基本权利（自由、私有财产不可侵犯及平等）。

第七至九章：论述政治社会的产生及其目的。

第十至十二章：论述与国家相关的问题，指出国家的形式由立法权的归属来决定，立法权至高无上。

第十三至十五章：论述与权力相关的问题，包括国家权力、特权、父权、政治权力和专制权力。

第十六至十九章：论述动荡的社会将导致征服、篡夺、暴政、和最后政府的解体等状态。

2．翻译说明

为了明晰地传达原文的意思，让译文更接近汉语表达习惯，更易于理解，在翻译过程中，我们对一些句子语序和结构进行了调整，对必要的信息采用了加译，加译部分主要为了补充背景知识、明确代词所指、增强篇章过渡性以及强化意义，以下例子中加译的文字放在中括号内，以示区别。

2.1　调整语序和句子结构

例1　上卷第五章：

This was unavoidable, may it perhaps be answered, because he was yet without subjects, and had nobody to work for him...

有人可能会回答说，这一点不可避免，因为当时他还没有臣民，没人替他劳动；……

例2　上卷第七章：

I will not stand here to examine how it can be said without a contradiction, that the "first grounds and principles of government necessarily depend upon the original of property,"...

我暂不想讨论“统治权的最初根据和原则须以财产权为根源”和“除了父权以外没有别的权力来源”这两句话是否矛盾，……

例3　上卷第十一章：

The great question which in all ages has disturbed mankind, and brought on them the greatest part of those mischiefs which have ruined cities, depopulated countries, and disordered the peace of the world, has been, not whether there be power in the world, nor whence it came, but who should have it.

古往今来，有一个问题一直困扰着人类，并带来一系列足以毁灭城市、灭绝人口、破坏和平的重大灾难和危害。这个问题不是权力是否存在，也不是权力由何而来，而是权力该由谁掌握。

例4　下卷第七章：

This rule, which the infinite wise Maker hath set to the works of His hands, we find the inferior creatures steadily obey.

我们发现，由智慧无边的造物主亲手制定的这条规则，低等动物的坚决服从的。

2.2　加译

1）补充背景知识

例5　上卷第六章：

... and so do with the words and sense of authors, they would fit to their purpose, just as Procrustes did with his guests, lop or stretch them, as clay best fit them to the size of their notions; and they always prove, like those so served, deformed, lame, and useless.

作者们的言语和想法也是一样，为达目的，他们就像普洛克路斯忒斯［（古希腊的强盗）］那样，拉长或截短客人的身躯以适合自己心目中所需要的尺寸。结果这些论证就像那些被截断过腿脚的客人一样，畸形无用，站不住脚。

例6　上卷第十一章：

... but by being heir, he had no right to be "lord over his children;" for if he had, why should Sarah endeavour to rob him of one of his subjects, or lessen the number of his slaves, by desiring to have Ishmael sent away.

……但是以撒作为继承人，也没有“做众兄弟之主”的权利，如果有的话，撒拉为什么还要花费心思赶走［以撒的这个兄弟］以实玛利［（亚伯拉罕与女仆之子）］，夺走他一个臣民，或者减少他一个奴隶呢？

2）明确代词所指

例7　上卷第五章：

... and there is, I grant, a foundation in nature for it.

……［这种规定］，我认为，是有一个自然基础的。

例8　下卷第二章：

For these two are the only reasons why one man may lawfully do harm to another, which is that we call punishment.

因为这两种行为［纠正和制止］是一个人能够合法地伤害他人，即我们称之为惩罚的唯一理由。

3）增强篇章过渡性

例9　上卷第八章：

The ways he has assigned, as they lie scattered up and down in his writings, I will set down in his own words.

我们的作者指定的权力转让方式，散见于其著作各处，［在此］我还是引用原文。

例10　下卷第二章：

And that all men may be restrained from invading others' rights, and from doing hurt to one another, and the law of Nature be observed, which willeth the peace and preservation of all mankind ...

［为了］维护和平和保护全人类的自然法得到所有人的遵守，［使］所有人受到约束，不去侵犯他人的权利、不去相互伤害……

例11　下卷第五章：

Though the water running in the fountain be every one's, yet who can doubt but that in the pitcher is his only who drew it out?

尽管流动的泉水为每个人所共有的，但对于装在水壶里的水仅属于那取水的人［这一点］，谁能加以怀疑呢

例12　下卷第九章：

Firstly, there wants an established, settled, known law, received and allowed by common consent to be the standard of right and wrong, and the common measure to decide all controversies between them.

首先，［自然状态］中缺少一种业已制定、根深蒂固、众所周知的法律，经一致同意接受并承认为是非标准，成为裁定他们之间所有纠纷的共同尺度。

5）强化意义

例13　下卷第九章：

It is this that makes them so willingly give up every one his single power of punishing to be exercised by such alone as shall be appointed to it amongst them, and by such rules as the community, or those authorised by them to that purpose, shall agree on.

［正是］这种情况使他们如此心甘情愿地放弃各自单独行使的惩罚权，而将之交由他们中间被指定的人来专门行使；而且要依据社会或他们为此目的而授权的那些人一致同意的规则来行使。

例14　下卷第十六章：

Grants, promises, and oaths are bonds that hold the Almighty, whatever some flatterers say to princes of the world, who, all together, with all their people joined to them, are, in comparison of the great God, but as a drop of the bucket, or a dust on the balance-inconsiderable, nothing!

给予、承诺和誓言是约束全能的上帝之枷锁。无论一些谄媚之徒对人世间的君主们说什么奉承话，即使把所有的君主和与他们相结合的人民加在一起，相较伟大的上帝，只不过是滴水之微，豪尘之渺，［轻若鸿毛，形同乌有］！

例15　下卷第十八章：

But so much the worse in him as that he has more trust put in him, is supposed, from the advantage of education and counsellors, to have better knowledge and less reason to do it, having already a

greater share than the rest of his brethren.

然而，当一个人得到人民的更多信托，已享有比他的其余同胞更大的份额，且由于他的教育和顾问等有利条件，理应有更好的认识而更没有理由这么做，倘若他［竟还］如此，那就更恶劣了。

2.3　译本

本书在对照原著进行翻译的同时，也参考了其他中文译本，特别是瞿菊农、叶启芳的译本。该译本1982年由商务印书馆出版，行文流畅，意思明了，但翻译注定是一门遗憾的艺术，就算译者对原著再怎么缜密阅读，也总难免有疏漏或理解不当之处，我们站在前人的肩膀上，在向前人的努力和艰辛致敬的同时，也发现其中的不足。

首先，作者在前言中明确指出正文中所有的O代表《对霍布斯、弥尔顿等的看法》（Observations on Hobbes, Milton, &c.）一书，P代表《君权论》（Patriarcha），正文频繁引用费尔默爵士这两本书中的原话，并注明了出处，瞿、叶译本中全部省略未提，这也导致部分译文意义交代不明，例如上卷第五章：

Here we have (says he) the original grant of government," from whence he concludes, in the following part of the page, O. 244, "That the supreme power is settled in the fatherhood, and limited to one kind of government, that is, to monarchy."

瞿、叶译本：作者说，“这就是政府的最初授予”，于是他在同页的后面就作出结论说：“最高的权力是落在父亲的身份上，并且只限于一种形式的政府，这就是君主制。”在这里，很显然“同页”就指代不明了。

其次，少数地方意思理解有误，例如上卷第十一章中“and if our's want them, we need not go farther for famous examples of it than the other kingdom in this very island, which having been fully related by the ingenious and learned author of Patriarcha non Monarcha, I need say no more of”一句，瞿菊农、叶启芳译本中将“Patriarcha non Monarcha”译为《父系的君王》，“non”显然为“非、不是”之意，因此我们译为《族长非君王》。

我们在翻译时本着求真的态度，努力避免讹误，在措辞和句子结构上尽量避免翻译腔，比如将原文的被动结构译成主动结构，将物称主语改成中文里的人称主语，不拘泥于原文长句的庞杂结构，等等，目的是使译文符合汉语表达习惯，以便译文更易于理解。

2.4　背景知识

在翻译过程中，我们深感背景知识的重要。要读懂英文原文，必须了解相关的背景知识。首先，要对英国的历史和政治体制形成史有所了解，才能很好地理解洛克在论证中所引用的一些例子。比如，洛克在论及国家权力的统属、谈论到组成立法机关的代表的分配的不合理之情况时，有这样一段话：

当我们看到有些地方徒留城市的虚名，遗留下的不过是废墟，在那里所能看到的房屋不过是个别羊栏，所能找到的人不过个别牧羊人，而它们还派出与人口众多且财力雄厚的郡同样多的代表出席庞大的立法会议，我们就会确信，沿袭已无存在理由之习俗会造成多大的谬误。（下卷第十三章）

这里如果我们对英国历史不甚了解，不知道这里实际上指的是英国历史上1832年《改革法案》通过前的腐败选区（这些选区虽然选民寥寥无几却仍能选举议员，而议员的选举往往由一个人或一个家族所控制），就很难明白洛克在这里提及变成废墟的城市及牧羊人的意义。

其次，在对英国的历史、政治体制有所了解的基础上，还要对《圣经》较为熟悉，才能很好地理解洛克在《政府论》中所采用的很多比喻及援引自《圣经》的引文。比如，洛克在论征服中讨论到征服者对于未同意或未参与战争的人，或征服者的子女及其财产并不享有任何权利时说道：

所以，无论亚述的国王们通过武力对犹大拥有了什么权利，上帝帮助希西家摆脱了那个征服帝国的统治。（下卷第十六章）

如果我们对圣经一无所知，那么我们就不知道洛克在这里提到的希西家是指生活于公元前715年—687年的耶路撒冷犹大国王，他是大卫王的后裔和第十三代继承者，亚述人征服了希西家的父亲亚哈斯，将他废黜，并在他尚在人世时立他的儿子希西家为王，可是后来希西家却背叛了亚述王。因此，倘若我们不回到《圣经》中寻找答案，也就无法领会洛克在这里援引希西家为例的寓意了。

再次，还要对希腊神话略知一二，否则就领悟不到洛克所援引例子的生动有趣。例如洛克在论及政府的解体时讨论到人们应该称颂何种形式的和平时援引了希腊神话中的例子：

波吕斐摩斯的洞穴为我们提供了这样一种和平和这样一种政府的完美典范。（下卷第十九章）

在这里，波吕斐摩斯的洞穴指的是什么？为什么洛克在这里说它提供了一种和平和政府的完美典范？洛克在这里是否是此言它意？这些答案我们只能到希腊神话中去寻找。（这里指的是指希腊神话中将奥德修斯（即尤利西斯）及其同伴困在山洞中的独眼巨人波吕斐摩斯，奥德修斯在将其灌醉后挖出了他的一只眼睛而得以逃脱。）

此外，了解英国文学和古希腊历史也很有必要。这些背景知识不仅能帮助我们理解洛克的《政府论》，而且有助于我们更好地把握西方国家政体的源流和脉络。

3．结语

翻译充满着挑战和快乐，译者对此体会颇深。本书翻译始于2010年6月，在完成译稿后，经过了反复校对修改，本书译者团结协作，始终抱着严谨、求真的态度，力争奉献更佳译品。全书的翻译分工如下：上卷第一至四章由李盈翻译，第五至十一章由冯丽霞翻译，下卷由蔡云翻译；谢世坚负责全书的统稿和审校。由于水平有限，翻译错谬难免，我们恳请读者批评指正。

译者

2012年冬

第一章　论政治权力

上篇已经表明：

第一，亚当并不像有些人所说的那样，依据父亲身份的自然权利或上帝的明确赐予，而享有对其子女的那种权力或对世界的统治权。

第二，就算他享有这种权力，他的继承人也无权享之。

第三，就算他的继承人享有这种权力，但由于既没有自然法也没有上帝的明文律法来确定在可能出现的任何情况下谁是合法继承人，就无法确定继承权，所以也就无法确定统治权归属何人。

第四，倘若这些也都已确定，但何人是亚当的长房子嗣，早就完全无从查证，因而在人类各种族和世上各家族中，皆无人能自称是其长房子嗣，进而享有继承权。

我认为所有这些前提均已得到清楚说明，那么，现世的统治者不可能从“亚当的个人统治权和父权”是所有权力的来源这个说法中得到任何好处，或从中获取一丁点儿权威。所以无论何人，只要他无法给出正当的理由认为世上的所有政府都只是武力和暴力的产物，人们只是依据弱肉强食的野兽法则，而非其他法则而共同生活——这条反则为长期的混乱、祸害、暴动、骚扰和叛乱（这些都是拥护那种假说的人们所竭力呼吁反对的事情）奠定了根基——他就必须抛开罗伯特·菲尔默爵士就政府真正、初始的范围和终点对我们进行的教导，寻求政府的另一种起源、政治权力的另一种渊源，以及用以安排和确认何人享有此种权力的另一种方法。

为此目的，我想提出自认为什么是政治权力的意见并无不当。我认为行政长官之于臣民的权力，应该有别于父亲之于子女的权力、主人之于仆役的权力、丈夫之于妻子的权力及贵族之于奴隶的权力。由于这些不同的权力有时聚集在同一个人身上，倘若我们将这个人置于这些不同的关系之下进行考察，会有助于将这些权力彼此区别，显示一国之统治者、一家之父亲和一船之长之间的区别。

所以，依我所见，政治权力就是为了规范并保护财产而制定法律的权力，即有权力用死刑和一切较轻处罚，并运用共同体的力量来执行这些法律和保卫国家免受外侵；而所有这一切皆仅为公众福利。

第二章　论自然状态

我们要想正确地理解政治权力并对其追本溯源，就必须探究所有人本来自然地处于何种状态。那是一种人们处于自然法界限内、按他们认为适合的方法决定其行为及处置其财产和人身，而不必获得他人的许可或遵从他人意志的、完全自由的状态。

这也是一种平等的状态，在此状态中，所有权力和统辖权都是相互的，无人享有比另一个人更多的权力。没有什么比这更明显了：同种和同等的人们虽然出生各异，却享有来自自然的、完全相同的有利条件，都能够运用相同的身心能力，因而他们应该彼此平等，而不存在附属或臣服的关系，除非他们所有人的头领通过某种方式彰显他的意志，将一人置于另一人之上，并通过明确的委任将确定无疑的统治权及主权授予他。

睿智的胡克认为人类基于自然的平等是如此不言自明且毋庸置疑，以至于他将其视为人们有互爱的义务的根基，并在此基础上建立人们相互之间应尽的各种义务，并由此引申出正义和仁爱的重要准则。

他的原话是："相同的自然动机促使人们懂得他们有爱人和爱己的同等责任。因为，既然看到同等的事物，人们就必须采用同一尺度；如果我希望得到好处，甚至想从每个人手里得到任何人都希望得到的那么多，那么除非我设法满足本性相同的其他人无疑也会怀有的同样要求，那么，我怎么能希望我的全部要求都能得到满足呢？如果给其他人与此要求相悖的东西，一定会使他们在各方面感到不悦，如同我在此情况下也会同样不悦一样。所以如果我伤害他人，我只能等待受罚，因为我并无理由要求他人给我的爱心超过我给他人的爱心。因此，如果我渴望本性与我相同的人们尽可能多地爱我，我便负有对他们怀有完全相同的爱心之义务。基于我们及与我们相同的他们之间的平等关系，能够自然、理性地引申出了若干众所周知的、指引生活的规则和教义。"（《宗教政治》第1卷）

尽管这是一种自由的状态，却绝非放任的状态。尽管人在那种状态中具有处置自己的人身或财产的无限自由，但他并无毁灭自身或甚至是他所占有的任何创造物之自由，除非比起单纯地保存它，有一种更高贵的用途要求将它毁灭。自然状态被一种要求人人遵循的自然法则所统

治；而理性，即自然法则，教导愿意遵从理性的全人类：既然所有人都是平等和独立的，那么任何人皆不得侵害他人的生命、健康、自由或财产。因为既然人们都是全能和拥有无限智慧的造物主创造物，都是唯一的最高主宰的仆人，都是按照他的命令被送到这世上为他的事业服务的，他们就是他的财产，他们作为其创造物存世多久乃是出于他的意志，而非他们彼此的喜好。既然我们被赋予相同的能力，分享同一自然社会里的一切，就无法设想彼此之间存在任何从属关系，否则我们就拥有了相互毁灭的权力，仿佛我们生来就为相互利用，如同低等生物生而为我们所利用一样。正因为人人必须保护自己，不能随意改变其地位，所以基于同理，当他自保不成问题时，他就应竭尽所能保护他人。除非是为了惩戒一个罪犯，否则不应剥夺或侵害他人的生命及一切有助于保存另一个人的生命、自由、健康、肢体或物品的事物。

为了让维护和平和保护全人类的自然法得到所有人的遵守，使所有人受到约束，不去侵犯他人的权利、不去相互伤害，自然状态下，自然法的执行就交到每一个人手中，使人人都有权惩罚违反自然法的人，惩罚能够阻止违反自然法即可。自然法同世上关乎人类的所有其他法律一样，倘若在自然状态下无人有权执行自然法以保护无辜者并约束罪犯，那么自然法将形同虚设。而一旦在自然状态下有任何人可以惩治他人所犯的任何罪恶，那么人人就皆可为之。因为，在那种完全平等的状态下，自然无人享有高于他人的地位或支配他人的管辖权。所以，任何人为执行自然法所做之事，人人必有权为之。

于是，在自然状态下，一个人就这样获得了支配另一个人的权力。然而，当他抓获一个罪犯时，却并没有绝对或任意的权力，不能凭感性冲动或按自己的意志肆意处置罪犯，而只能依据冷静的理性和良知的指示，根据罪犯所犯罪行来进行相应的惩罚，以尽量起到纠正和制止之作用。因为这两种行为（纠正和制止）是一个人能够合法地伤害他人——即我们所谓的惩罚——的唯一理由。当罪犯违反自然法时，他就宣告了自己在依据理性和公道之外的另一种规则生活，而理性和公道的规则正是上帝为人类的相互安全而设定的行为准则，所以谁轻视和打破了保障人类免受损害和暴行的约束，他就对人类构成威胁。这种违法行为既侵害了全人类，也侵害了自然法所规定的全人类的和平与安全。因此，每一个人基于其所享有的保障全人类之权力，都有权制止或在必要时摧毁所有对其有害之物，就可以让任何触犯自然法的人遭受罪恶，使犯法者

懊悔自己违法，由此使犯法者本人及其他人以犯法者为例，不敢再犯同样的错误。在此情况下并基于此前提，人人皆有惩罚罪犯及充当自然法的执行者的权力。

我毫不怀疑，在有些人看来这似乎是一种非常怪异的学说。但我希望他们在对我解释此问题之后再谴责这一学说：任何君主或国家能够处死或惩罚一个在其国家中犯下任何罪行的外国人是依据什么权利呢？可以肯定的是，他们的法律是通过立法机关公布决定后才获得法律效力的，对外国人并无效力。这些法律并非针对外国人而制定，即便是，外国人也没有受其约束的义务。那对该国臣民具有效力的立法权对外国人却是无效的。于一个印第安人而言，那些在英国、法国或荷兰拥有最高立法权的人不过同世界上其他的人一样，是无权威之人。因此，自然法没有授予任何人惩罚违反自然法的行为，即便他理性地判案后发现有必要进行惩罚的话，那么我就理解不了任何社会的行政长官如何能惩罚归属另一国家的人，因为，他们对一个外国人所拥有的权力，并不多于每一个人对另一个人所拥有的自然权力。

违法和不符合正当理性规则的行为构成了犯罪，一个人由此堕落，并宣告自己舍弃人性的原则而成为有危害之人；此外，他通常还对某一个人造成了伤害，并让另一个人由于他的违反行为而受到损害。在此情况下，那个受到任何损害的人除了与其他人共享处罚权，还享有向罪犯索赔的特殊权利。任何其他人若认为这样做是公道的，也可以和受害人一道，协助他向罪犯索取与所受伤害相当的赔偿。

这两种不同的权利（一种是为约束和防止同类犯罪而惩罚犯罪行为的权利，此惩罚权人皆有之；另一种是要求赔偿的权利，此权利只属于受到侵害的一方）会导致以下情况：法官由于其职位而掌握了人类共有的惩罚权，当出于公共利益不要求执行法律的情况下，法官经常可以凭借自己的职权免除犯罪行为应受的惩罚，但却不能使受到损害的任何私人放弃应得的赔偿。受害人享有以自己的名义要求赔偿的权力，只有他自己才有权将之免除。受害人依据自我保护的权利，有权将罪犯的物品或劳役划归已有，正如每一个人基于保卫全人类的权利有权惩罚犯罪并防止犯罪的再次发生，并达到该目的可以做出一切合理行动。因此，在自然状态下，每个人都有权处死一位杀人犯，既以对人人皆有警示效果的例子来阻止他人做出同样的、无法补偿的侵害行为，从而保障人们不受罪犯的侵犯。这个罪犯既然已经抛弃理性这一上帝赐予人类的共同准

则，并以他对另一个人所犯下的不义暴行和残杀向全人类宣战，我们可以将其毁灭，因为他们可以视为狮子或老虎，视为人类不能与之组成社会或安全相处的一种野兽。“谁使人流血的，人亦必使他流血”，这一重要的自然法则就是基于上述情况。该隐对此深信无疑：人人皆享有毁灭这种罪犯的权利，以至于他弑兄之后喊道，“凡遇见我的必杀我，”显而易见，这种观念早已铭刻人心。

同理，一个人在自然状态下可以惩罚较轻地违反自然法的行为。也许有人会问，是否可以处以死刑？我的回答是，惩罚每一种犯罪的程度和轻重，要以是否足以使罪犯觉得得不偿失，使其知道懊悔，并能警示他人不犯同样的罪行为准。每一桩在自然状态下犯下的罪行都可以在自然状态下受到同样的和同等程度的处罚，就像在一个国家中一样。尽管我并不打算在此讨论自然法的细节或它的处罚标准，但可以肯定这样一种律法确实存在。对于一个理性的人和自然法的研究者而言，它如同各国的实在法一样浅显易懂，不，可能更浅显些，就像比起人们追求用文字表达的矛盾的和隐含的利益时所作的幻想和复杂的谋略，合理的议论更容易理解一样。各国大部分国内法确实如此，这些法律唯有以自然法为依据时才显公正，也必须依据自然法来做出规定和解释。

对于这一怪异的学说——即认为在自然状态下，人皆享有自然法的执行权——我相信肯定会有人提出异议：人们充当自己案件的裁定者是不合理的，因为自私会让人们袒护自己及其朋友，而另一方面，生性邪恶、感性用事和复仇心理都会使他们过度地惩罚别人，结果唯有混乱无序；所以政府的确是上帝派来约束人们的偏袒和暴力的。我也承认，公民政府是适当矫正自然状态之种种不便情况的一剂良方。让人们充当自己案件的审判者确实有很大的弊病，因为不难设想，一个伤害自己兄弟的不义之徒绝不会如此正义地宣告自己有罪。但我希望那些提出异议的人记住，专制君主也是凡人而已；倘若人们充当自己案件的审判者导致了必然的弊端，使得自然状态无以为继，而政府就是用来补救这些不断的话，那么我倒想知道，倘若一个统御民众的人能够自由充当自己案件的审判者，可以随意处置他的所有臣民，丝毫不受那些执行其意愿之人的任何质疑或控制，而不论他所作所为是由理性、谬误或感情冲动所支配，臣民都必须臣服，那是一种怎样的政府？它究竟比自然状态好多少？在自然状态下，情况要好很多，在那里，人们不必遵从另一个人的意志。倘若审判者在他自己或其他的案件中做了错误的判决，他就要为

此对其余的人负责。

人们常常提出这样的问题，把它当作一个重大的反对论点：现在或曾经在哪里有过处于此种自然状态下的人呢？对此问题，现在这样回答即可：既然全世界的独立政府之所有统治者和君主都是处于自然状态下，那就显而易见，不论过去或将来，世界上都会存在一些处在那种状态下的人。我指的是“独立”社会的所有统治者，无论他们是否与他人结成同盟。因为并非每一个契约都能终止人们之间的自然状态，唯有一致同意加入同一社会，从而构成一个国家的契约才起作用；人们可以相互订立其他协议和契约却仍处于自然状态下。索尔达尼亚的两个人，或美洲森林中的一个瑞士人和一个印第安人，尽管他们彼此完全处于自然状态，但他们所订立的交换协议和契约对他们是有约束力的，因为诚实和守信是属于作为人而非作为社会成员的品质。

对于那些宣称人类从未处于自然状态的人，我赞同引证睿智的胡克在《宗教政治》第一卷第十节中的权威论述，他说：“上述法则”——即自然法——“对于人类而言，哪怕他们是以个人身份出现时，也是有绝对约束力的，尽管他们从无任何固定的组织，相互之间也从无关于该做什么或不该做什么的庄严协定。但既然我们不能凭借自身充分提供我们天性所要求的生活——即适合人尊严地生活——所必需的物资，进而弥补我们在单独生活时必然产生的缺点和缺陷，我们本能地想要去和他人群居并共同经营生活，这就是人们最初联合起来形成政治社会的原因。”然而，我还要进一步断言，所有人会自然地处于那种状态并一直保持如此，直到他们同意成为某种政治社会的成员为止。我相信这篇论文的后面部分会把这一观点阐述得极为清楚。

第三章　论战争状态

战争状态是一种敌对的和毁灭的状态。因此，如果一个人用语言或行动宣布对另一人的生命有图谋，而且这种图谋并非出于感情用事的仓促决定，而是镇定自若的明确决定，他就让自己与他宣告这种图谋的目标者处于战争状态。由此他就使自己的生命受制于那个人或协同那个人进行防御和支持其斗争的任何人，存在被夺去生命的危险。我合理而正当地有权摧毁那以毁灭来胁迫我的东西。因为，依据基本的自然法，人应竭力保护自己，而当不能保护全体时，则应优先保卫无辜之人的安全。一个人可以摧毁向他宣战或对他的存在持有敌意的人。他这样做与他可以消灭一只豺狼或狮子拥有同样的理由。因为这种人不受制于共同的理性法则，除了武力和暴力的法则，别无其他法则，因此可以被当成野兽对待，一旦他落入这些危险而有害的动物之爪牙，定会遭其毁灭。

因此，那个企图把他人置于自己的绝对权力之下的人就使自己与那个人处于战争状态，这应被理解成宣告对那个人的生命有所图谋。因为我有理由断定，那个未经我同意而将我置于其权力之下的人，在他达到目的后将会随心所欲地处置我，甚至随意毁灭我。任何人都别想将我置于其绝对权力之下，除非是通过武力强迫我陷入有悖于我的自由权利之处境，也就是使我沦为奴隶。摆脱这种武力是我自保的唯一保障，自由是自我保护的屏障，基于理性，我将那企图剥夺我自由之人视作威胁我生存的敌人；因此谁企图奴役我，他就将自己与我置于战争状态。那个在自然状态中想剥夺处于该状态的任何人之自由的人，必定被认为企图夺取其他一切东西，因为自由是其他一切的基础。同样，那个在社会状态下试图夺去那个社会或国家的人之自由的人，也必定被认为有企图夺取他们的其他一切，因此被视为处于战争状态。

因此，一个人可以合法地杀死一名窃贼，尽管那名窃贼丝毫没有伤害他，亦没有表示对其生命有任何图谋，只不过是运用武力将他置于自己的掌控之下，以从他身上夺取他的金钱或他喜欢的东西。因为那名窃贼无权用武力使我受制于他，所以不论他有什么借口，我没有理由认为，那个企图夺取我的自由的人不会在掌控我后夺取我其他的一切。因此，我完全可以合法地把他当作那个将自己与我置于战争状态的人，换而言之，只要可能我就应该杀死他。无论何人，只要他造成战争状态并

且是此种状态中的侵略者，就应当被置于这种危险境地。

这即是自然状态与战争状态的明显差别，无论有些人怎样将二者混为一谈，它们之间的差别正如和平、善意、互助和安全的状态与敌对、恶意、暴力和互相毁灭的状态之间那样巨大。人们依据理性而共同生活，他们当中并不存在一个有权对他们进行裁判的共同上级，这就是自然之状态。相反，对另一个人的人身使用武力或表现出使用武力的企图，而人世间又不存在一个可以向其诉求请助共同上级，这就是战争状态。正是由于这种无可诉求，使人享有向一个侵犯者宣战的权利，虽然侵犯者也是社会的一分子和同一国之臣民。因此，我虽不能因一个窃贼偷了我的全部财产而伤害他，而只能诉诸法律，但是当他攻击我，要抢我的马或我的衣服时，我可以杀死他。因为如果保卫我而制订的法律因为无法干预当时的武力而无法保全我的生命——生命一经丧失就无法补救——法律就允许我享有自卫权和战争权，即有权杀死侵犯者，因为侵犯者不容我有时间诉诸我们的共同审判者或法律的判决，来补救一个案子中无法补偿的损害。缺少权威的共同裁定者使得人们处于自然状态；而不论有没有共同审判者，对人身施以未经授权的武力都会造成一种战争状态。

但武力一旦终止，社会中人们相互之间的战争状态便告结束，双方都平等地服从裁定者；因此，倘若在此争议中提出“谁是裁定者？”这一问题，并不能意味着，谁应对此争议进行判决。每一个人都知道，耶弗他在这里想告诉我们的是，“审判者耶和华”应当裁决。如果人世间没有裁定者，那就只能诉诸天上的上帝。因此那个问题不能意味着谁应当判断究竟别人是否将他自己与我置于战争状态，以及我可否像耶弗他那样诉诸上天。就此问题，我唯有凭良心判断，因为在最后的审判日我将就此对所有人的最高审判者做出回答。

第四章　论奴役

人有天赋自由，这意味着人不受制于人世间任何上级权力，不受人的意志或立法权的支配，而仅以自然法作为准则。处于社会中的人之自由，是指仅受制于经人们同意在国家里建立的立法权而不受制于其他任何立法权；除了受制于由立法机关依据其所受委托制订的法律，不受任何意志的支配或任何法律的约束。因此，自由并不像罗伯特·菲尔默爵士所告诉我们的那样："人人做他赞同的事，过他想过的生活，而不受任何法律的约束。"而处在政府之下的人们之自由，就是应有一种长期有效的生活准则，这种准则由社会中建立的立法机关制定，全社会成员都应遵守。这是一种在规则未做规定的所有事情上遵从自己的意志、不受制于另一个人反复无常、无法确定、无从知晓、武断专横的意志之自由；正如自然之自由除了自然法而不受其他约束一样。

这种摆脱绝对的、专断的权力的自由十分必要，与个人的自我保护密切相关。除非有什么会同时剥夺他的保护手段和生命，否则他不可能放弃这种自由。因为一个人既然没有能力创造自己的生命，他就不能通过契约或经由自己同意就成为任何人的奴隶，也不能使自己受制于另一人的绝对且任意的权力，任凭他剥夺自己的生命。无人可以把超过自己所拥有的权力交给他人；一个不能自我剥夺生命的人，亦不能把支配自己生命的权力交给别人。的确，倘若一个人由于自己的过错做了某些死有余辜的事而丧失了生命权，那么获得剥夺这个人生命权的人控制住这个人的时候，可以选择延迟剥夺这个人的生命，而是利用这个人来为己服役；这样做对这个人并未造成伤害。因为当这个人发现自己生命的价值抵不上自己受役使的痛苦时，便有权反抗主人的意志，招致渴望的死亡。

这是最彻底的奴役情形，它不过是延续了合法征服者和被征服者之间的战争状态。因为他们之间一旦订立契约并达成协议，同意一方拥有有限的权力而另一方必须臣服，那么只要这一契约继续有效，战争和奴役状态就会终止。因为如前所述，没有人能够通过协议交给另一个人自己所未曾拥有的东西，即支配自己生命的权力。

不能否认，在犹太人当中乃至在其他民族中，我们确实看到有人出卖自身；但那显然只是为了服劳役而并非做奴隶。因为，被出卖的人显

然没有处在一种绝对的、任意的专制权力之下。无论何时，主人都无权处死他，而到了一定的时候，就必须解除他的服役，让他自由；此类奴仆的主人无权任意处置奴仆的生命，也不能随意伤害他，只要奴仆失去一只眼睛或一颗牙齿，主人就得将其释放（《出埃及记》第二十一章）。

第五章　论财产

不管我们从自然理性考虑（它告诉我们人生而享有维护自己生存的权利，因此有权享用肉类和饮料以及自然提供以维持生存的其他物品），还是从上帝的启示来考虑（它告诉我们上帝把世界上的东西赐予亚当、挪亚和他的儿子们），事实都很明显，如大卫王所说（《诗篇》第一百一十五章第十六节），上帝“已经把地给了人类的子女”，将它赐予人类共有。然而，就算假设如此，有些人还是很难理解，任何人究竟是如何拥有对任何东西的财产权的呢？我对如下的回答并不满意：倘若说根据上帝将世界赐予亚当及其后代共有的假设难以理解财产权的话，那么，除了唯一的世界君主，其他任何人都不可能根据上帝将世界赐予亚当及其继承人并排除他所有其他后代的假设而享有任何财产权。但是我将努力说明，人们如何能够在没有全体世人的任何明确协议之情况下，使上帝赐予人类所共有的东西的一部分成为他们的财产的。

“上帝在把世界赐予人类共有的同时也将理性赐予了人类，让他们利用理性获得生活和便利的最大好处。”土地及土地上的所有东西，都赐予人类，用于维持他们的生存和舒适的生活。土地上所有自然生产的果实和它所养育的兽类均为人类所共有，因为它们都是由自然自发地生产出来的。最初没有人对其中的任何部分拥有排他性的私人所有权，因为它们都是这样处于自然状态中。然而，既然这些东西是给人类使用的，那就必然有某一种方法将它们归为特定的人所有，在这之前，它们都无法对任何个人产生用处或者带来益处。养活野蛮的印第安人（他们不懂得圈用土地，仍是公有土地上的住户）的果实和鹿肉必须属于这个特定的人并成为他的财产，即变成他的一部分，在这些果实和鹿肉能够对维持他的生命带来任何好处之前，别人不能再对它享有任何权利。

尽管土地和一切低等生物为全人类所共有，但是人人皆对自己的人身享有所有权。除了他本人，无人有此权利。我们可以说他的身体所从事的“劳动”和他的双手所做的“工作”是正当地属于他的。于是，不管是什么东西，只要他使之脱离自然所提供的状态及其原来所处的状态，他就已经将自己的劳动与之相混合，在它上面加入了自己的某些东西，也就因此将它变成他自己的财产。既然是他使这个东西摆脱了自然所设置的公有状态，他通过劳动也就为这个东西添加了某些东西，由此也就排

除了其他人对这个东西的共有权。因为既然这种“劳动”是劳动者无可非议的财产，那么只有他本人有权享有加入了他本人劳动的那个东西，至少在还有足够的、同样好的东西供其他人共同享用的情况下是这样。

那个从橡树下拾起橡子或从林子的树上摘下苹果食用的人，他无疑已经把它们归为己用了。无人能够否认那些食物是完全归他所有的。那么我要问问，这些东西是从什么时候开始属于他的呢？是在他消化时？还是在他食用时？还是在他烹煮时？还是在他把它们带回家时？还是在他拾起它们时？显而易见，倘若最初的采集活动没有使它们归属于他，其他情况就更不能了。劳动使它们有别于共有之物。在万物共有之母的自然已造就它们的基础上，劳动又给它们添加了一些东西，这样它们就成为他的私有权利。难道会有人说，因为这个人没有得到全人类的同意就把这些橡子和苹果占为己有，就不能享用它们吗？以这种方式把属于全体共有的东西归为己有，算不算是盗窃呢？倘若必须得到的这样的同意，尽管上帝赐予了人类十分丰富的东西，人类早就饿死了。我们在共有关系（此种关系以合约来维系）中看到，财产权的出现，正是始于从共有之物中取出任何一部分并使之脱离自然安排其所处之状态。若非如此，共有之物会没有任何用处。而从共有之物中取出这一部分或那一部分并不取决于所有共有者的明确同意。所以，我的马所吃的草，我的仆人所割的草皮，以及我在同他人共同享有开采权的任何地方所挖出的矿石，皆无需任何人的转让或同意而成为我的财产。我对它们的财产权是通过用自己的劳动使它们脱离曾经所处的共有状态来确定的。

倘若规定任何人在将共有之物的任何一部分划为己用时必须得到每一个共有者的明确同意的话，那么孩子和仆人就不能分割他们的父亲和主人提供给他们共同食用、却没有指明具体划分给每个人哪部分的肉。尽管流动的泉水为每个人所共有，但是装在水壶里的水仅属于取水的人，这一点谁能怀疑呢？他通过他的劳动将水从自然之手里取出来，从而将水划归己用，而当水在自然手里时，它是共有的，同等地属于自然的所有子女。

所以，这一理性法则在印第安人中通行：谁把鹿杀死，鹿就归谁所有；一件东西在一个人对之付出劳动后就成为他的财物，虽然那原是人人享有共同权利的东西。属于文明人的那部分人已经制定并增加了一些明文法来确定财产权，但最初的自然法说明了原为共有的东西如何产生财产权，所以仍然适用。根据这一点，任何人在仍为人类共有的广阔的

海洋中捕获的鱼，或在那里采集的什么龙涎香，通过劳动使它脱离了自然为它安排的共有状态，使它成为付出辛劳之人的财产。甚至在我们中间，任何一个人在狩猎时追赶一只野兔，那只野兔就被认为是属于他的。因为野兽仍被视为是共有的，而非任何人之私有财产，所以无论谁对那类动物付出了如此多的劳动去发现并追赶它，他就由此使它脱离了它原来所处的共有的自然状态，转而成为一种财产。

可能会有人反对这种说法，认为倘若采集橡子或其他土地生长的果实等等就能对这些东西享有权利，那么任何人都可以随心所欲地、尽可能多地占有。对此我的回答是，并非如此。同一自然法通过这种方式赋予我们财产权的同时，也对这种财产权加以限制。“上帝将万物赐予我们。”这是已被神的启示所证实的理性之声吗？然而上帝在多大程度上给予我们财产，让我们享用？一件东西在败坏之前，任何人能够为生活所需对之利用多少，他都可以通过自己的劳动在这东西上面确定多少财产权。凡超过这个范围的就不是他应得的份额，而属于他人所有。上帝创造之物，无一是让人们糟蹋或破坏的。因此，考虑到在很长一段时期里，世界上自然物资充裕而使用者却很少，一个人的辛勤劳动所能达到并占为己有而不让他人分享的东西，仅是自然物资中极小的一部分，而且还被理性限制在可供他使用的范围内，那时对这样确定的财产权没有什么可争论的余地。

然而，现在财产权的主要问题不是土地所产出的果实和依靠土地生存的野兽，而是土地本身，以及附属于土地的一切，我认为土地的所有权显然也是同前者那样取得的。一个人能耕作、播种、改良、开垦多少土地，能使用多少土地的产品，就有多少土地是他的财产。他是通过劳动获得财产权的，就像他是通过他的劳动从公地中圈出那块土地一样。就算其他人对那土地也有同样的权利，因此他在没有得到全体共有者（即全人类）的同意，他就不能划归己用、不能圈占土地，也不能使他的权利失效。当上帝将世界赐予全人类时，也命令人们要辛勤劳作，且人的贫困处境也要求他这么做。上帝和人的理性命令他去开垦土地，换而言之，为了生活需要而改良土地，将属于他的某些东西，即他的劳动注入其中。那个服从了上帝的这一命令的人，他开垦、耕作和播种土地的任何部分，由此将原属于他的某些东西附加在这土地上，这东西是他人没有所有权的，若要从他手中夺取所有权就不可能不伤害他。

这种通过开垦任何一块土地将之归为己用的做法，并没有对其他任

何人的利益造成损害，因为还剩下足够多、同样好的土地，比还没获得土地的人能够利用的还要多。所以，事实上，他为自己圈占土地的做法并不会减少留给他人的土地。因为他只要留下足够他人利用的土地，就等于是根本没有占有任何土地。没有人会因为另一个人喝了水而觉得自己受到了损害，因为尽管那个人喝了很多水，却仍然有一整条同样的河水留给他解渴。就土地和水而言，因两者都充足，所以情况是完全一样的。

上帝将世界赐予人类所共有，然而他将世界赐予人类是为了他们的利益，为了他们能够从中获得生活的最大便利，就不能假设上帝的意图是使世界永远保持共有状态而不加以耕种。他是将世界赐予勤劳而富于理性的人来利用（而劳动使这些人取得所有权），而不是赐予喜好吵闹和纷争的人来幻想和垂涎的。一个人只要还拥有和已被占用的东西同样好的东西，并为其所利用，他就不必抱怨，也不应干涉他人已经通过劳动改进的东西。倘若他这样做，他显然是想占有别人辛勤劳动的成果，而他没有这样的权利的；这并不是因为上帝赐予他和其他人所共有并在其上从事劳动的那块土地，而是除了已被占有的土地，还剩下一样好的土地，比他知道如何利用或他的辛勤劳作所能企及的更多。

的确，在英国或任何其他国家的公有土地上，那儿有许多人受制于政府，他们有钱又从事商业，却无人能够在没得到全体共有人同意的情况下将任何部分的公有土地圈起或占为己用，因为这是契约，即国家法律规定这种土地是公有的，是不可侵犯的。尽管这种土地对有些人来说是公有的，但并非对全人类都如此，而是这个国家或这个教区的共有财产。而且，对于其余的共有人而言，经过这样的圈占后所剩下的土地不会同当初的全部土地一样好，因为那时他们都可以使用全部土地；而起初人们最早聚居在世界广袤的公有土地上时，情况并非如此。那时，统治人们的法律确实鼓励占有土地。上帝的命令以及人的需要迫使他从事劳动。那是他的财产，只要他确定了所有权，这些财产就不能被剥夺。因此，我们看到开垦或耕种土地是和土地占有权是相互结合的。前者成为后者的依据。所以，上帝通过命令人们开拓土地，赐予人们在此范围内占有土地的权力。人类生活的状况既然需要劳动和从事劳动的资料，就必然导致私有财产。

自然根据人类的劳动和生活所需之范围很好地规定了财产的范围。任何人的劳动都不能开垦或占用所有的土地，他的享用也只不过消耗一

小部分，因此任何人都不可能以这种方式去侵犯另一个人的权利，或为自己取得一份财产而损害他的邻居，因为他的邻居（在别人拿走属于自己的一份后）仍有机会得到和归为己用前一样好、一样多的财产。在世界之初，人们在当时的荒野上面临着离群流浪而迷失之危险，要大于缺乏土地种植的困境，那时，财产的权限的确将每个人的私有财产限制在一个适度的范围内，这样他可以归为己用而不损害别人。

尽管世界现在似乎人满为患，同样的限度仍然可以允许被采用而不损害任何人，这是因为，假设一个人或一个家庭处于亚当或挪亚的子孙们起初在世界上居住的状态：让他在美洲腹地空旷的地方种植。我们会发现，尽管人类现在已经遍布世界的各个角落，且大大超过了最初的微小数目，依据我们所定的限度，他能划归己有的土地不会很大，就算在今天也不会损害其余的人类，导致他们有理由抱怨或认为这个人的侵占侵害了他们。而且，若没有劳动，土地的面积就没有多大价值，我听说在西班牙这样的情况得到了证实，一个人可以被允许在他没有所有权的土地上耕耘、播种和收获而不受他人打扰，只要他对土地加以利用。但是，相反地，当地居民还认为自己受了他的好处，因为他在未开垦因而荒芜的土地上辛勤劳动，增加了他们所需粮食的储备。然而无论如何，这并不是我所要强调的，而我敢大胆地断言，同样的所有权法则，即每个人能利用多少就可以占有多少，在世界上会仍然有效，并不会让任何人穷困潦倒，因为世上仍有足够的土地来满足成倍居民的需要，除非人们发明了货币，心照不宣地赋予了土地价值，又（基于共识）占有了更多土地，拥有了更多土地所有权；我将逐步详细说明这一切是如何进行的。

毫无疑问，最初，人们希望不仅仅占有自己所需的东西，正是这种欲望改变了事物的内在价值，而这种价值只由它们对人类生活的功用而决定；或者，人们同意让一小块可以保存、不会损耗或腐烂的黄色金属等同于一大块肉或一大堆粮食的价值；尽管人们有权通过自己的劳动将他所能利用的自然之物尽可能多地划归己有，但那不会很多，亦不会损害他人，因为对那些会付出同样辛劳的人们，剩下的东西仍然很丰富

在将土地归为己有前，谁尽可能多地采集野果，杀死、捕捉或驯养尽可能多的野兽，谁对自然的天然产品付出如此的辛劳，从而改变了自然使该产品所处的状态，通过将他自己的劳动倾注在产品上，谁就因此取得了对这些产品的所有权。然而，倘若这些产品未经适当利用就在他

手里毁坏，倘若果实和鹿肉在他未能消费之前腐烂或变质，他就违背了自然的共同法则，就会受到惩罚：他侵犯了他的邻居应享用的份额，因为他只有权享有他能利用的任何东西，而这些东西可能可以为他的生活提供方便。

土地的占有也受同样限度的制约。“无论他耕种、收获什么，在它腐烂变质前将之储存并加以利用，那是他的特权；无论他圈占什么，能够饲养和利用的牲畜和产品也属于他。”然而，倘若他圈占土地上的草腐烂，或他所种植的果实还未采集和储存就腐坏，尽管这部分土地已经被他圈占，却仍应视为荒地，可以成为任何其他人的财产。因此，最初，虽然该隐能耕种多少土地就能占有多少土地并使之成为他自己的土地，但仍留有足够多的土地给亚伯放羊：几英亩的土地就够他俩占用了。然而，随着家庭增多且通过勤劳扩充了牲畜的数量，他们的占有随着他们需求的增加而扩大。但是，他们联合起来、一起定居并建造城市之前，他们所利用的土地还属于公有，并没有任何确定的财产权。后来，经过同意，他们最后划定各人领地的范围，约定他们与邻居之间的界限，再通过他们内部的法律来确定那些处于同一社会之人们的财产权。因为我们知道，在世界上最初有人居住的那些地方——因此也可能是那时居民最多的地方——直到亚伯拉罕的时代，人们还赶着他们的牛羊群（他们的财产）自由地四处游牧；而这亚伯拉罕确实是在异乡放牧。显然，在那里，至少大部分土地是公有的，当地居民却对此并不重视，也不对他们利用之外的土地声称拥有财产权。然而，当同一地方没有足够的土地以共同饲养他们的羊群时，他们经过同意，像亚伯拉罕和罗得那样（《创世记》第13章第5节），分开并扩大他们的牧场，到最适合他们的地方去。基于同样的原因，以扫离开他的父亲和兄弟，到西珥山安家立业（《创世记》第36章第6节）。

因此，不必假设亚当对整个世界拥有任何排他性的个人所有权和财产权——这种权利无以为证，亦不能从中引出任何人的财产权——而是假设世界原是人类子孙所共有，我们就能看到劳动如何能够使人为了他们个人的用途，对世界上一些土地享有明确的财产权。此举没有对错之说，亦无争论之余地。

劳动的财产权应该能够优于土地的公有状态，这种说法在没有经过深思熟虑前可能显得奇怪，实则不然。因为确实是劳动赋予了每件事物不同的价值。让任何人考虑一下一英亩种植烟草或甘蔗、播种小麦或大

麦的土地和同样的一英亩处于公有状态、没有经过任何开垦的土地之间的差别，他就会发现劳动的改进创造了绝大部分的价值。依我之见，说对人类生活有利的土地产品中十分之九是劳动的结果都有点保守。倘若我们正确地估算供我们使用的东西，并加上关于它们的各项费用——它们当中哪些纯粹源于自然，哪些得于劳动——我们会发现，它们中的绝大多数，即百分之九十九完全归于劳动。

没有比几个美洲民族的情况能更清楚地证明这一点了。那些民族土地资源丰富，生活却没什么享受。像对任何其他民族一样，自然也慷慨地向他们提供了丰富的物资，即能够大量生产供衣食享用所需的肥沃土地，然而由于缺乏改进所需的劳动，他们拥有的生活用品不到我们所享受的百分之一。在那儿，一个拥有辽阔而肥沃土地的统治者，在衣食住行方面比英国的一个劳工都不如。

为了更清楚地阐明这一点，我们追溯几件日常生活用品在为我们所用之前的几个进程，了解一下它们的价值有多少源于人类的劳动。面包、酒和布匹是日用所需且数量很大的东西。但是，若劳动不为我们提供这些更有用的物品，橡子、水和树叶或兽皮则必然成为我们的面包、饮料和衣服。因为任何面包的价值都高于橡子，酒的价值高于水，布匹或丝绸之价值高于树叶、兽皮或苔藓，这完全归功于劳动和辛劳。这些当中的一种纯粹是自然提供给我们的衣食，另一种则是我们通过勤劳和辛苦为自己准备的。任何人计算一下后者在价值上超过前者的程度，就会看到劳动在多大程度上创造了我们在这个世界上所享用的东西之绝大部分价值。而生产这些资料的土地却很少被算成价值的任何部分，或最多只能算很小的部分。土地的价值如此之小，以至于我们甚至把完全听凭自然而未经放牧、耕耘和种植的土地称为荒地（确实如此）；我们觉得这种荒地几乎没有任何益处。

在这里，一英亩土地年产20蒲式耳小麦，另一英亩土地在美洲用同样的方法耕种，可以获得同样的收成。毫无疑问，它们具有同样的自然的内在价值。但是，人类一年从这土地上所得的收益是五英镑，而从另一块地上所得的收益可能分文不值；倘若一个印第安人从那土地上所得的所有收益在这儿估价出售，我可以如实说，其价值仅为千分之一。那么，是劳动将绝大部分的价值赋予土地，没有劳动，土地几乎一文不值。我们将土地的所有有用产品的最大部分归因于劳动。因为一英亩小麦所产的麦秆、麸皮和面包的价值要高于一英亩同样肥沃的荒地所产之

价值，这全都是劳动的结果。除了犁地人的辛劳，收割人和打麦人的劳累和面包师的汗水都要算进我们所吃的面包里，那些驯养耕牛，采掘、冶炼铁和矿石，砍伐树木并用木材来制造犁、磨盘、烤炉或其他为数众多的工具的人们之劳动，凡是对这种粮食从播种到制成面包所必需的，都必须全都计算在劳动之账上，并承认它起到那样的效果。自然和土地只是提供了本身几乎毫无价值的资料。倘若我们可以追溯每一条面包在供我们食用前所需勤劳提供和利用的东西，那将是一张奇怪的物品清单：铁、树木、皮革、树皮、木材、石头、砖头、煤、石灰、布、染料、沥青、焦油、桅杆、绳索以及船上应用的所有材料（船只运来任何工人在工作的任何部分所要使用的任何物品），所有这些，几乎无法穷举——这个清单太长，也没法穷举。

由此可见，尽管自然万物是赐予人类共有的，但人既然是自己的主人，是自身和自身行为或劳动的所有者，本身就仍具有财产的重大基础。当发明和技艺改善了生活的便利条件时，他用以维持自身生存或享受的大部分东西完全是属于他自己的，并不与他人共有。

所以，最初无论在什么地方，任何人只要愿意对原来共有的东西付出劳动，劳动就将财产权赋予他。在一段很长的时期里，更大部分的东西仍然是共有的，至今依然比人类能利用的东西多。最初，绝大多数情况下，人类都满足于自然供给他们、未经加工的必需品。后来，在世界上的一些地区（那里人口和牲畜增多，加上货品的使用，使得土地稀缺，因而有了些价值），一些社会确定了各自的地域范围，又通过其内部的法律调整了其社会的私人财产，因此通过契约和协议确定由劳动和勤劳开创的财产。一些城邦和王国之间缔结盟约，明确或默认放弃对另一方所占土地之全部要求和权利，从而一致同意放弃了它们对那些国家原有的其自然公有权利之主张。于是，依据明文协议，在世界上的不同地方确定了两方间的财产权。尽管这样，仍有大片的土地荒芜（那里的居民还未同意和其余的人类一起使用他们共同的货币），比在其上居住的人们所利用或能够利用的还多，因此它们仍是公有的。已经同意使用货币的那部分人中间很少发生这种情况。

绝大部分对人类生活真正有用的东西，以及诸如世界上最初处于公有状态时人们所寻求的维持生存之必需品——像美洲人现在所寻求的一样——通常都是储存期很短的东西，倘若它们未经使用而被消费，就会自行腐烂和损坏。人们出于喜好或通过协议赋予金、银和钻石超过其实

际用处和对生活需要的价值。如前所说，现在，对于自然提供给人们所共有的那些好东西，每个人都有能使用多少就拥有多少的权利，而对于他能通过劳动加以影响的所有东西，他均拥有财产权。所有他的勤劳所能企及并改变自然使之所处状态的东西，都是属于他的。那个采集了一百蒲式耳橡子或苹果的人因此获得了对它们的财产权；这些东西一经采集就成为他的财物。他只要注意在它们腐烂之前加以利用，不然他就拿了超过他应得的份额，就是掠夺了别人。确实，储存多于他能使用的东西是一件愚蠢又不诚实的事。假如他将一部分赠予别人，使之不致在自己的占有下无谓地毁坏，这些也算他利用了。又假如他用一周内就会腐烂的梅子换取能完好保持并供他食用一年的干果，他就没有损坏任何东西。只要没东西在他手里无谓地毁坏，他就没有浪费公有财物，就没有毁坏属于他人之财物的任何部分。再假如他用他的干果去换一块他喜爱的颜色的金属，或用他的绵羊换一些贝壳，或用羊毛换一块闪亮的卵石或钻石，并由他终身保存这些东西，他就没有侵犯他人的权利。他可以随其所好，尽可能多地积聚这些经久耐用的东西。是否超过他的正当财产之界限，不在于他占有的多少，而在于他的占有物中是否有任何东西无用地毁损掉。

货币的使用就这样开始了。人们可以保存某种不易损坏的持久之物，并经过相互同意，用它来交换真正有用却易腐坏的生活必需品。

与不同程度的勤劳会给人们不同数量的财产一样，货币的发明给了人们继续积累和扩大其财产的机会。假设有一座无法与世界其他地方进行任何商业活动的海岛，岛上只有一百户人家，但有羊、马、奶牛和其他有用的动物，营养丰富的水果，以及足以生产供千百倍人口食用的粮食的土地。可是，岛上的东西由于平凡或易损，没有一样适合充当货币。除了在家庭使用和供其消费的充足供应外，岛上的人还有什么理由要扩大他的财产（不论是他们辛勤劳动所得，还是通过与他人交换获得的同样易损、有用的物品）呢？无论在什么地方，如果没有既持久又稀少、十分珍贵、值得储藏的东西，哪怕土地有多肥沃、占有土地有多方便，人们都不会倾向于占有更多的土地。我要问，倘若一个人在美洲腹地中部拥有一万英亩或十万英亩的肥沃土地，耕种良好，牛羊繁多，但他无望与世界的其他地方进行贸易，从而通过出售产品来换取货品，那他将如何评估这片土地的价值呢？圈占这些土地是不值得的。我们将会看到，他只会在那儿保留一块能够供应他和家人生活必需品的土地，将

多出的部分再次放弃，归还给自然的公有荒地。

因此，在最初，全世界都像美洲，跟现在相比更是如此，因为那时任何地方都不知道有货币这样的东西。倘若一个人在他的邻居中发现可以用作货币并具有货币价值的某种东西，你就会看到这个人会立即开始扩大他的财产。

然而，既然比起食物、衣服和车马，金银对人的生活并没有多大用处，其价值只来自人们的约定，且大部分是由劳动的尺度决定的，那么显而易见，人们已经同意对土地不平均和不平等地占有——我指的是超出社会和契约之外，因为政府制定了进行监管的法律。他们经过同意找到并商定一种办法，让一个人以正当且不伤害他人的方式占有超过他个人能够使用的土地，即用剩余产品去交换可以让一个人保存长久而不会腐朽的金银，并同意这些金属应具有价值。

如此一来，我认为可以很容易且没有任何困难地想象，劳动最初如何能够在自然的共有物中开始确立财产权，以及将财产用于我们的需要又如何限制了财产权，如此一来，对财产权就没有争执的理由，对于财产权容许占有多少亦无任何怀疑。权利与生活之便利并肩而行。因为既然一个人有权享有他能运用自己的劳动所取得的所有东西，那么他不会愿意去为超过他能利用的东西而劳动。这就使对财产权的争论没有余地，亦不会出现侵犯他人权利的事情。很容易看到一个人会把多大部分占为己有，而过多地占为己有或占取超过他所需之物，是无用且不诚实的。

第六章　论父权

在这类论文里对世上已公认的词语和名称吹毛求疵，也许会被指责为无礼的批评。然而，如果旧的称谓容易误导人，提出新的称谓也许并无不当；父权这一名称可能就是这样：父权似乎将父母对孩子的权力完全归于父亲，仿佛母亲在其中没有权力似的；然而，如果我们凭理性和启示判断，就会发现母亲有着同样的权力，这样我们就有理由提出一个问题：将它称为“亲权”不是更贴切吗？因为无论自然或是生命繁衍赋予孩子何种义务，都必然约束他们对共同给予生命的双方承担同样的义务。因此，我们看到上帝的实在法在训诫孩子遵从父母时，处处都将他们一视同仁地对待。如“当孝敬父母”（《出埃及记》第20章第12节）；凡辱骂父母的”（《利未记》第20章第9节）；“你们各人都当孝敬父母”（《利未记》第19章第3节）；“你们作为儿女的，要在主里听从父母”（《以弗所书》第6章第1节）等等，《旧约》和《新约》就是这样规定的。

倘若当初很好地考虑了这一称谓，而不深究，人们可能不会在父母权力这一问题上酿成大错；这样尽管父母权力在“父权”的名称下似乎为父亲所独享时也许并不太生硬地带上“绝对控制”和“君权”的名义；可是，如果这一假定对孩子的绝对权威被称为“亲权”，那人们自然会发现它也属于母亲，这样一来，原先的名称听起来就会很古怪，且显出这名称本身的荒谬性。如果母亲在其中也有权力，对那些打着父亲身份旗号来极力倡导父权绝对权力及权威的人来说，这个名称是不适用的这将无法为他们所主张的君主制提供有力支持，因为就这一名称而言，似乎他们所依据的作为一人统治基础的根本权威，并非集中于一人之身，而是由两人共同所有。

还是暂且不追究称谓问题吧，尽管我在之前的《第二章》里提到“所有的人生而平等”，但我却不敢说自己能够理解各种各样的“平等”。年龄或德行可能会让人处于正当的优势地位。某些方面的特长和优点可能让一些人高于一般水平。人们会尊重由于天性、知恩图报或是其他原因值得敬重的人，部分人这样做是因为出身使然，另一部分人这样是出于盟约或利益的缘故，但这一切都与“涉及司法或统治的主从方，所有人都平等”相吻合的。这一平等与我目前行文中所提及的平等相一致，即每一个

人所享有的平等权利是与生俱来的，不受任何人的权威或意志所控制的。

我承认孩童并非生来就处于这种完全平等的状态中，尽管他们生来就应该享有这种平等。他们出生时及之后的一段时间，他们的父母对他们有一种统治和管辖权，但那只是暂时的。孩童承受的支配就像在他们脆弱的婴儿期用来包裹、呵护他们的襁褓。随着他们的成长，年龄和理智将挣脱这些钳制，直至最终完全解脱，使一个人获得自由支配的权利。

亚当被创造时是一个完美的人，他的身体和心智具备完全的体力和理性，因此从他存在之初就可以自给自足，并依据上帝赐予他的理性法则之指令而行事。在他之后，世界到处是他的后裔，他们生为婴孩，脆弱而无助，无知又无识。这一不完美阶段中存在的种种身心缺陷，直至成年后才能去除。为了弥补这些缺陷，亚当和夏娃以及他们之后的所有父母依据自然法担当起保护、养育和教育他们所生的子女的责任，不是将子女看作他们自己的艺术品，而是看作他们自己的创造者的、无所不能的上帝的艺术品，为了上帝，他们要对自己的子女负责。

制约亚当的法律，即理性之法则，同样制约着其子孙后代。但他的后裔来到这个世界的方式与他不同。他们不是天然生成，而是经由另一种途径降生，这让他们生来愚昧，无法运用理性，亦无法立刻受理性法则规约。任何人都不会受制于没有向他颁布的法律，而这法律只能通过理性来传达或知晓，因而还无法运用理性的人是不能说他受制于这个法律的。亚当的后裔没有在出生时立刻受制于这一理性法则，也就无法即刻获得自由。法律的真正含义不是限制，而是为自由而有才智的个体追求其正当利益提供指引，其所做出的规定皆在那些依法行事之人的普遍权益范围之内。倘若没有了法律他们会更快乐的话，法律作为一种无用之物会自行消亡；仅是为了防止我们掉入沼泽和悬崖而树立的篱笆不应被称为限制。所以无论人们对它有何种误解，法律的目的不是去废除或是限制自由，而是去保护和拓展自由。因为在上帝创造的、能够接受法律约束的人类的所有状态中，没有法律就不会有自由。因为自由不受他人约束或暴力，没有法律的地方自由就不可能存在；不像人们所告诉我们的那样："自由就是每一个人都做自己想做的。"当所有其他人全凭一时兴起而压制某个人时，谁可以自由呢？而自由是指一个人在他所受制的法律许可之范围内，按其意志自由地处置和安排自己的人身、行动、

财物及其所有财产，在此范围内，他不受制于他人的独断意志，而全凭自己的自由意志行事。

因而父母对子女所享有的权利源于他们义不容辞的责任，他们有责任照顾处于儿童时期、尚未成熟的后代。培养他们的心智、约束他们未成年时的无知行为，直至理性取代无知，将他们从麻烦的困境中解脱出来，这些正是子女所需要的和父母一定要做到的。因为上帝赐予人一种领悟力，帮助人指导自己的行动，允许人在自己所受约束的法律范围内自由行使意志自由和行为自由，这种行为的自由必须是正当的，且在意志自由范围之内。但是当人还处于没有领悟力的状态而无法控制自己的意志时，人是没有任何自己的意志可以遵循的。理解他人必替他人伸张；人必须规范自己的意志、制约自己的行为；但是当儿子成长到可以使父亲获得解放的阶段时，这儿子也成了一个自由人了。

这一点适用于一个人所受约束的所有法律，无论是自然法还是民事法。一个人也受自然法的约束吗？是什么使他免受那那种法律的约束？是什么让他能够在自然法的范围内遵循自己的意志来自由处置他的财产？我的回答是，是成熟的状态，在这一状态下他被假定有能力知晓那种法律，那样他可以用那种法律的界限来规约自己的行为。当他达到那种状态时，人们假定他知道应该在何种程度上受那种法律的制约以及他在什么范围内可以运用自由，从而获得自由；在此之前，别人必须指引他，那指引他的人被假定知道法律在何范围内允许自由。倘若此种理性的状态，此种心智成熟的阶段使一个人获得自由，它同样也使其子获得自由。一个人是否受英国法律的制约？是什么让他不受那种法律的约束——确切来说，在那种法律许可的范围内让他得以遵循自己的意志来自由地安排自己的行动和财产？是对那种法律的知晓的能力。依据那种法律，假定获得知晓能力的年龄为21岁，在某些情况下要更早些。如果这使父亲获得了自由，它也将会使儿子获得自由。如果这使父亲获得了自由，它也将会使儿子获得自由。如果父亲去世而又没有委托一个代理人，如果他在儿子未成年和没有领悟力的时期没有为儿子配备一个导师对其进行管教，那么法律会去负责此事：在他儿子达到自由的阶段、领悟力足以驾驭自我意志之前，必须有人来指导他儿子，支配意志。但在那之后，父与子，就像导师与成年之后的学生一样，都享有平等的自由，他们是同一法律下的平等臣民，父亲对儿子的生命、自由和财产不再有任何控制权，无论他们是处于自然状态而受自然法的制约，还是受

到一个已建立的政府之实在法的制约。

但倘若由于自然的常规进程之外可能产生的某种缺陷，导致任何人无法达到理性的程度，无法获得那假定知晓法律的能力，无法在它的规则之内生活，那他将永远无法成为一个自由人，也永远不能放任他去按他自己的意志行事，因为他不知自由是有限度的，也无法知晓自由的正当指引。在他自己的领悟力还无法担当起那责任时，他将无时无刻继续接受他人的管教和控制。因此疯子和傻子绝不能不受其父母的管制，胡克说："未到可以拥有理性的年龄的儿童，由于先天缺陷而被排除在理性之外的傻子。"此外，第三类是："那些目前还无法运用正确的理性来指导自己的疯子，可以用作为指导他们的导师的理性来指导他们，为他们寻求并获得权益。"（《宗教政治》第1卷第7节）所有一切似乎只是上帝和自然赋予人类和其他生物的责任，用以保护他们的后代直到能够自我照顾；这不足以构成父母享有王权的证据。

因此我们生而自由，也生而富有理性；并不是说我们确实运用这两者：年龄在带给我们自由的同时也带给我们理性。由此我们可以看到生而自由与服从父母二者可以共存，它们都建立在同样的原则基础上。父亲通过自己的职责，通过自己的领悟力带给子女自由，这种领悟力将一直制约子女直到子女拥有自己的领悟力。一个成年人的自由与一个还尚未自由的儿童对父母的服从是如此和谐共生却又彼此有别，乃至那些打着父权旗号来支持君主制的最盲目之支持者也无法对此熟视无睹；最顽固的人也必须承认它的存在。倘若他们的主张是完全正确的，倘若已经知晓谁是亚当的合法继承人，并依据那种权利立此人为君王，赋予他罗伯特·菲尔默爵士所提及的所有绝对的无限权力，如若此人在他的继承人一出世时就死亡，那么无论他的子女是如何自由、如何高高在上，这个子女难道不应该服从他的母亲和保姆、导师和监护人，直到年龄和教育使他拥有理性和管理自己和他人的能力吗？这个子女生活的所需，身体的健康和心智的形成都要求接受他人，而不是接受他自己的意志指导；但是是否会有人认为这样会约束和服从违背或是损害这个子女所享有的自由或是主权，抑或是将这个子女的王国让给那些未成年时对其加以管束的人呢？这样的管束只是为这个子女更好、更快地行事自由权或主权做准备。如若有人问我，我的儿子在什么年龄可以获得自由，我会回答，恰好是他的君主能够治国之时。睿智的胡克在《宗教政治》在第1卷第6节中说道："但是，一个人在什么时候才可以说是已经将理性运用

到了这样的地步，足以让他知晓那些他之后必定要用以指导他的行动的法律？对于任何人来说，比起靠技术和学识，靠感觉来辨明要容易得多。”

国家本身就注意到并承认要到某一时期人们才开始像自由人那样行事，因此，在那以前，不必要求忠诚或是立下效忠的誓约，或是进行其他对自己国家之政府的公开承认和服从。

可见，人的自由及他遵循自己的意志行动的自由，前提是他拥有理性，理性能够指导他知晓他将用以约束自己的法律，且使他明白他在多大程度上可以行使其意志的自由。在他拥有理性来指导自己之前让他完全不受束缚地去享受无限制的自由，并不会给予他生而自由的特权，而会将他驱逐到野兽中与之为伍，让他处于远远低于人的、不幸的野兽般的状态。这就是为什么将管教未成年子女的权力交付到父母手中的原因。上帝赋予他们职责去管教自己的子女，并赐予他们恰到好处的怜爱之心与关切之情来协调这一权力，只要儿女需要接受这种权力的约束，他们就应遵循上帝智慧的安排，为了子女的权益来行使这一权力。

但是有什么理由可以据此将父母应给予其后代的这种管教职责上升为父亲的一种绝对、专横的控制权呢？父亲的权力只能延伸到他认为最有效的训练方式，给子女的身体以如此的力量与健康，给子女的心灵以如此的气势和正直，从而能让子女具备最合适的条件，成为对己对人都最为有用之才；此外，根据他的情况，如果必要，可以让子女在力所能及的情况下为自己的生存而工作；但在这项权力里，母亲同父亲一样有她的一份。

而且，根本没有的任何特殊的自决定这个权利属于父亲，权利归属只是因为他是他子女的监护人，当他不再监护他的子女的那一刻他也就失去对他们的权力。这个权力与对子女的养育和教导是同步存在，密不可分的，而且对一个弃儿的养父和一个子女的生父而言，这种权力是同样的。一个男人倘若仅仅只有生育行为，在此之后没有尽任何照顾子女的责任，他作为父亲所享有的所有权力和权威不过如此，那他对子女的权力是少之又少的。在世界上的有些地区，一个女人同时拥有不止一个丈夫。另外，在美洲一些地区，经常发生这样的情况：丈夫与妻子分开，子女都交给母亲，完全由母亲照顾和养育，在这些地方父权将会怎样演变呢？倘若父亲在子女年幼时死亡，他们在未成年时难道不会自然地处处服从他们的母亲吗，就像他们父亲没有死时服从他们的父亲一

样？有没有人会说，母亲对她的子女有一种立法权，她能制定具有永久性义务的条例，这些条例用以规定涉及子女财产的一切事宜，限制他们一生的自由，并通过死刑来保证它们得以执行？这是执法官的正当权利父亲根本没有这种权力。父亲对其子女的控制只是暂时的，这种权力不能触及他们的生命或财产。这种权力不过是在他们未成年时就其弱点和缺点给予帮助，是其教育之必不可少的训诫。尽管父亲在其子女没有被饿死的危险的情况下可以任意处置他的财产，但他的权力却不能触及其子女的生命或他们通过辛勤劳动或他人赠与所得之财产，也不能触及他们的自由，一旦他们成年并拥有选举权。父亲的绝对支配权到那时为止，从那之后他不能再限制他儿子的自由，如同他无法限制其他任何人的自由。并且这远非一种绝对的或永久性的权限，因为上帝之权威允许人摆脱此束缚以“离开父母而与妻子在一起”。

然而，虽然有那么一天，子女将不再受制于父亲的意志和控制，如同父亲不受制于任何人的意志一样，即除了大家都要遵守自然法或他们国家的国内法之外，他们不受其他任何限制，但这种自由却没有免除一个儿子依据上帝的或自然的法则对父母应有的尊重，上帝通过父母来完成他延续人类种族的宏伟大业，让他们养育自己的子女。正如他让父母担任起养育、保护和教育子女的责任，他也让子女承担永远尊敬父母的义务，这种义务包括子女通过一切外在形式体现出对父母发自内心的尊敬和敬意，不做任何可能会伤害或冒犯、妨碍或危害亲生父母的幸福或生命的事情，做一切保护、宽慰、协助和安慰父母的事情，因为他们赐予自己生命，使自己得以享受生活的乐趣。任何国家、任何自由都不能免除子女的这种义务。然而，这绝非给父母一种控制其子女的权力，抑或一种制定法律并任意处置其子女生命和自由的权威。应当给予尊重、敬佩、感激和帮助是一回事；要求绝对地服从和臣服则是另一回事。根据孝道，一个在位的君主应当给予母亲以尊重，但这既不削弱他的权威，也不使他受控于她。

子女在未成年阶段会服从父亲，这使得父亲拥有一种短暂的控制权，一旦子女成年，控制权就会终止；而子女对父母的尊重使父母享有一种受敬佩、尊重、赡养和孝顺的永久性权力，这种权力或多或少是与父亲所付出的照顾、花费和对他们进行教育时所倾注的关怀相当的，这并不会随着子女的成年而终结，而是会延伸到子女一生各个时期的方方面面。无法区分这两种权力，即父亲对其未成年子女的教导权和他终身

应受子女尊敬的权力，也许是造成关于这个问题一大部分错误的原因。原因在于，要正确地谈及这两种权力，前者与其说是父权的什么特权，不如说是孩子的特殊权益和父母的责任。对子女进行养育和教育是父母为让子女获益需承担的一种义不容辞的责任，没有什么可以让他免除这种责任。尽管对子女的命令和惩罚与此种责任并存，但上帝将父母对其子女的怜爱之情交织于人性中，以至于压根不必担心父母会过度严格地行使权力；过度很少体现在严厉程度上，父母天生非常倾向于选择不严厉的方式。所以，万能上帝表达他对以色列人的宽容时，会告诉他们尽管他惩罚他们，但是“他管教他们好像人管教儿子一样”（《申命记》第8章，第5节）——换而言之，上帝用怜爱与慈悲之心，对他们的严厉管教绝不超出让他们完全受益的范围，而放松此种管教却是不够慈爱。这就是子女要服从的权力，那样其父母才不至于加倍辛苦操劳，抑或徒劳无功。

另一方面，孝敬和赡养是子女为感谢他们从父母那里得到的恩惠而给予父母的报答，是孩子不可免除的责任和做父母应享的特权。这是为了父母的利益，另一方面也是为了子女的利益。尽管教育这种父母的责任似乎具有最大的权力，因为孩童时期的无知和弱点需要加以约束和纠正，这是控制的一种有形实施，是一种统治。“尊重”一词包含的责任不要求那么多的服从，尽管成年的子女所承担的义务要更比年幼的子女更多些。因为对于像“孩子们，要服从你们的父母”这样命令，谁会认为它要求一个已为人父母的人对自己父亲的服从，和要求他那尚年幼的孩子对他自己的服从一样；如果他的父亲由于其权威而骄傲自大，还轻率地把他当成小孩子来对待，谁又会根据这戒律认为他还得一定服从他父亲的所有命令呢？

因此，教育作为父亲的权力，或者说是义务，其首要部分同样是属于父亲的，它到某一时候就会结束。当教育的职责结束时，这部分的义务也就自行终止了，而在此之前，教育的职责是可以让渡的。因为一个人可以将儿子托付给他人教导，而那个将自己的儿子送予他人当学徒的人，则免除了儿子在此期间对他或他的母亲服从的大部分义务。但是其他服从的义务，即所有孝敬父母的义务，仍然完全属于他们，什么都无法将之取消。这种义务与父母二人都密不可分，父亲的权威不能剥夺母亲的这一权利，也没有任何人能够免除子女孝敬生身母亲的义务。但二者与那种制定法律并通过可能涉及财产、自由、身体和生命的惩罚来实

施这些法律的权力是大不相同的。那种掌控的权力终于子女成年之时，尽管在那之后，他仍然要礼待和尊敬，赡养和保护父母，并尽到感恩之心要求一个人所要尽到的一切，因为他自然而然获得的最大益处总是缘于他的父母。然而，这并非将权杖交到父亲的手里，从而让父亲拥有最高的命令权。对于儿子的财产或行动，父亲没有支配权，也没有任何权力要求儿子在一切事情上遵从他的意志；然而，对于儿子来说，在很多事情上遵从父亲的意志行事是合适的，这对于他或他的家人也没有什么不方便。

一个人需要礼待及尊敬古人或智者，需要保护其子女或朋友，需要宽慰和赞助不幸之人，需要感谢恩人，这些义务是如此之多以至于他倾尽所有，竭尽所能也不足以回报。但所有这些都不足以给他履行这些义务的对象以权威，使其具有制定凌驾于他之上的法律的权力。显而易见，这一切并不是单单由于父亲的头衔，不仅是因为如前所说它也受之于母亲，而是因为对父母应尽的那些义务，以及对子女所做要求的程度，可随着照顾、慈爱、操心和花费之不同而有所差异，在一个孩子的身上付出的往往要比在另一个孩子的身上付出的多。

这就揭示了为何处于社会中的父母作为社会中的臣民，对子女拥有一种权力，并且同自然状态下的人们一样有权要求子女服从。倘若所有的政治权力只是父权，情况就不可能是这样，否则政治权力和父权在事实上成了一回事。因为如此一来，一切父权即属于君主，臣民自然就一点都得不到了。然而，政治权利和父权这两种权力如此迥异而相互有别，它们建立的基础与目标如此不同，以至于每一个作为父亲的臣民对其子女拥有的父权，与君主对其子女拥有的父权一样多。每一个有父母的君主，对其父母应尽的孝道和应有的服从，同他身份最卑微的臣民对其父母的一样多，因此父权和一个君主或行政长官对其臣民的那种统治权在任何部分或程度上都不同。

尽管父母养育其子女的责任和子女孝敬父母的义务意味着一方拥有全部权力和另一方的服从，这于二者关系来说并无不妥，但是父亲通常还有另一种权力，借此让他的子女们对其服从，虽然别人同他一样拥有此种权力，但父亲们几乎总是在自己家里显示此种权力，而在别处这样的情况很罕见，也不太受人注意，所以现在人们认为它是父权的一部分——它就是人们通常将他们的财产赠予最讨他们欢心的人的权力。父亲的财产一般会由子女继承，通常按照一定的比例，根据每一国家的法律

和习俗来分配，但是父亲通常有权根据这个或是那个子女的行为是否迎合他的意志和脾气来决定赠予多少。

这对子女的服从起到不可小觑的限制作用。对一片土地所属国家政府的服从总会成为享用这片土地的附加条件，因而人们一般就假定父亲有权强迫其后代服从他作为臣民的政府，假定他的契约也束缚其子女。然而，它只是附着于政府管辖下那土地的一项必要条件，只能约束那些愿意在此条件上拥有土地的人，因此它不是一种自然约束或约定，而是一种自愿地臣服。理由是，每一个人的子女生来与他自己乃至他祖先中的任何一个一样自由，在享有那种自由时他们可以选择加入他们想要加入的社会和他们愿意臣服的国家。但是倘若他们想要享有其祖先的遗产，就必须接受其祖先在拥有这种财产时所接受的同样条件，并且服从于这种财产所附带的所有条件。确实，父亲可以借着这种权利来强迫其子女即使在成年之后仍服从他们，而且更为普遍的是，还迫使其子女臣服于这个或者那个政治权力。然而，服从并非因为父亲享有任何特殊权利，而是因为他们手中的奖赏来迫使和犒劳——就像法国人并不比英国人享有更多权力一样，父亲并没有任何特殊权力——子女由于希望父亲会留下一份财产，无疑会加强服从。倘若财产留给了子女，子女若想要享有这种财产，就必须接受土地所属的国家，不论是法国还是英国，对土地占有所规定的附带条件。

于是，可以得出这样的结论，即尽管父亲只在子女未成年阶段行使控制权；而且，在一定程度上说，这种控制权只适合那个年纪的管教和约束；尽管子女在其一生中的所有阶段都要必不可少地要对父母尽到孝敬和尊敬，以及拉丁人所称之为“孝道”的一切义务，对父母倾尽所能地赡养和保护，但是父亲并没有任何控制权——即制定法律和惩罚其子女的权力——尽管这一切都让他无权控制他儿子的财产或行动，但可以显而易见地设想到，在人类存在的早期和现今的某些地方，人口的稀少使得一些家庭可以分散到尚没有被人们占有的区域，他们可以移居或定居到尚未有人居住的地方，这样一来，一个家庭中的父亲成为家庭中的大王是极为容易的。［1］他从子女的婴儿期开始就是一个统治者。由于没有某种统治他们很难共同生活，当子女长大成人时，最有可能的情况是他们明确同意或默许由父亲享有统治权。这样看来，这个统治权没有发生任何改变，只是继续下去罢了。其实，要实现这一点只需允许父亲一人在他的家庭里行使每一个自由人与生俱来的自然法的执行权即可，

而通过这种允许，大家仍呆在家里时，就把一种君权交给了父亲。然而，由此可以明白，这种君权并非基于任何父权，而只不过是基于子女的同意，所以才无人对这种权力进行怀疑。但是，倘若一个陌生人偶然或因故到他家里来，杀了他子女中的任何一个，又或犯了什么其他事，父亲可以将他判罪处死，或者像惩罚任何子女一样惩罚他。父亲对一个不是他子女的人这样做不可能是凭借任何父权，而是凭借他作为一个人被自然法赋予的执行权。在他家里只有自己能够惩罚他，因为他的子女出于对他的尊敬愿意让他享有高于家庭中其他所有成员的尊严和权威来行使这一权力。

因此，对于子女来说，通过默认和几乎必然的同意来接受父亲的权威和统治是件极为容易又几乎顺其自然的事情。从孩提时代他们就习惯于服从他的命令，将他们琐碎的争执交由他处理；而当他们成年时，谁更适合来统治他们呢？他们微薄的财产和些许的贪婪极少导致较大的争执。而任何争执一旦出现，他们去哪儿找一个比父亲更合适的裁判，能像父亲那样把他们每一个人都抚养成人，并对他们都怜爱有加？当他们无意摆脱被监护的身份时，也就难怪他们对未成年和成年不加以区分，也不期待21岁的到来，或是任何可以让他们自由处置自己的人身和财产的年龄。在此期间他们所受的统治的保护性多过控制性；除了在父亲的统治下，他们再也无法在别处获得更多的安心、自由和财产的保障。

因此，家庭中子女的亲生父亲不知不觉地变成了子女政治上的君主；倘若他们恰好长寿，留下几代能干又优秀的继承人，或是由于其他原因，随着时机、计策或是某些情况碰巧促成，他们为一些组织形式和形态的世袭或是选举制王国奠定了基础。然而，倘若君主是以父亲的权利而获得他们的头衔的，就足以证明父亲享有政治权力是其自然权利，因为我们发现他们通常是那些手里事实上掌握统治权力的人——我得说，假如这个论证是正确的，它同样可以证明所有的君主，且仅有君主，应该成为祭司，因为可以肯定的是，最初“一家中的父亲是祭司，正如他是他自家的统治者一样。”

［1］“因此，那位大哲学家所持的看法并没有什么不可能，那就是：每个家庭的家长总是像个国王一样。因此，当许多家庭以公民社会的形式联合在一起时，国王成了他们之中最早的一种统治者，这似乎也是为何父亲的名称一直存在于他们之身的原因，他们都是由父亲变成统治者的。统治者依据的古老习俗也是那样，如麦基洗德王。国王要行使

祭司的职责，而这种职责最早是由父亲行使的，也许是在同一情况下逐渐形成的。不过，这并非世界唯一公认的一种统治。一种统治的不便导致人们策划各种各样其他统治，产生了所有的公共制度。总而言之，无论是哪一种制度，显然都是来源于人与人之间慎重的建议、协商和和解，从而变得方便和合适的。而从自然本身考虑，人类不可能在没有任何公共统治的情况下生活。”胡克《宗教政治》第1卷第10节。

第七章　论政治社会或称公民社会

在将人造成这样一种动物后，上帝根据自己的判断认为，人独自生活不利。于是，上帝使人受到需要、方便和爱好的强烈约束，迫使他加入社会，并且让他具有理性和语言从而继续并享受社会生活。最早的社会存在于夫妻之间，它是父母与子女之间社会的开端，最后在此之外加上了主仆社会。尽管通常所有这些可以交融在一起并只构成一个家庭——男主人或女主人拥有适合于家庭的某种统治权——倘若我们考虑每种社会的不同目的、关系和范围，就可以看出这些社会中的每一个或是所有的联合在一起，都不足以形成“政治社会”。

夫妻社会是依据男女之间的自愿契约建立的。尽管它主要包括对彼此身体的共有和权利——这是实现主要目的，即生育，所必须的条件，但是，它同时还包括相互扶持和帮助以及利益共享，这不仅是加强他们的相互关怀和感情的必要前提，也是他们共同的后代的必要前提，他们的后代有权获得他们的养育和扶持，直至能够自给自足。

因为男女之间结合的目的并不只是为了生育，而是为了物种的繁衍，所以男女之间的这种结合只要是养育和扶持年幼子女的必要前提，即使在生育之后也应该要持续下去。幼子要由生育他们的父母来赡养，直到能够自给自足为止。我们发现，由智慧无边的造物主亲手制定的这条规则，低等动物是坚决服从的。在那些食草的胎生动物中，雌雄之间的结合在交配行为完成后不再持续，因为母乳足以养育幼兽直至它能够以草为生。雄兽只是传种，并不关心雌兽或幼兽，对抚养它们也不能起到任何作用。但就猛兽而言，雌雄的结合要持续得更长些，因为母兽无法只靠自己捕食来很好地养活自己和养育为数众多的幼兽（以捕食其他动物为生要比以草食为生要更费力也更危险），所以雄兽的帮助是维持它们共同家庭的必要前提，因为幼兽在自己能够捕食之前是无法生存下去的，只能由雄兽和雌兽共同照顾。在所有的鸟类中也可以观察到相同的情况（除了一些被驯养的家禽，丰足的食物使得雄禽不必喂养和照顾幼禽），在巢中的幼禽需要得到食物，雄禽和雌禽保持配偶关系，直至幼禽能够飞翔并独自觅食。

我认为人类男女的结合要比其他生物的结合更长久的主要原因，倘若不是唯一原因，就在于此——也就是，女人能够怀孕，而且事实上通

常再次怀孕，并生产出新生儿，而之前生下的孩子还需要依赖父母的帮助和扶持，还不能自力更生，还需要得到父母的各种援助。因此，父亲有责任照顾他所生育的子女，也有义务与同一女子继续维持夫妻社会；人类的夫妻社会的维系时间比其他生物要长，因为其他生物在生育季节再度来临之前，幼子已能自谋生存，所以配偶关系也就自行解除了，它们也就自由了，直至婚姻之神在一年一度惯常的季节里再次召唤它们选择新偶为止。在这一方面，人们不得不钦佩伟大的造物主的智慧，他赋予人一种储存以备未来之需同时又能兼顾当前需要的能力后，使夫妻社会必须比其他生物两性结合更持久，从而鼓励他们辛勤劳作，更好地结合他们的利益，为他们共同的后代供给和储备，而夫妻结合不稳定，或是夫妻社会轻易而经常地解体，就会极大地危害他们共同的后代。

然而，尽管这些对人类的束缚使得人类的配偶关系比其他种类的动物更稳固也更持久，但人们却有理由发问，为什么这个保障生育和教育并考虑到继承的契约，不能同其他一切自愿的契约一样，或经过同意、或在某一时期、在某些条件下终止呢，因为就这事情的性质和目的而言，它没有持续终身的必要——我指的是那些不被实在法规定为永久性条约的那些契约。

然而，尽管夫妻共同关注的问题只有一个，但由于有着不同的理解，他们有时也就不可避免地有不同的意愿。因此有必要将最后的决定（即统治权）归属某方，于是，这种权力自然而然地归于更能干、更强壮的男性了。但是，这种统治只涉及他们共同利益和财产，妻子仍完全并真正享有依据契约规定属于她的特有权利，至少让丈夫无权支配她的生命，如她亦无权支配他的生命那样。丈夫所享有的权利与一个专制君主所享有的权利相去甚远，以至于妻子在许多情况下，在自然权利或他们的契约允许的范围内，有权与他分离，而不管契约是由他们在自然状态下立下的，还是依据他们国家的习俗或法律立下的；而子女在父母分离时将依据契约的规定划归父亲或母亲负责。

婚姻的所有目的是在政府统治下，同时也是在自然状态中达成的，政府官员不能剥夺夫妻中任何一方为达到那些目的——即生育以及在一起时相互扶持和帮助——而必然所需的权利和权力，而只是在夫妻之间就这些事引起争执时进行裁决。若非如此，如果绝对统治权和生死大权自然而然地为丈夫所享有，并成为夫妻社会的必要前提的话，在丈夫不被允许享有这种绝对权威的任何国家中将不可能有婚姻。但是婚姻的目

的并不要求丈夫拥有这样的权力，这对婚姻而言是根本不需要的。夫妻社会的状况没有赋予他这种权力；但无论什么，只要与生育、扶持子女直到他们可以自力更生相一致就行——相互帮助、安慰和扶持——这些可能有所不同并且经由最初使他们结合为夫妻社会的契约所调整。任何对于组成这个社会的目的没必要的东西，对于这个社会就没必要。

父母与子女之间的社会，以及他们双方各自拥有的截然不同的权利和权力，我已经在上一章里详细论述，此处无需再提及；我认为这种社会与政治社会迥然不同是显而易见的。

主人和仆人的称谓和历史一样久远，但这是对条件极不相同的人的称谓。因为一个自由人是通过出卖一定时期内从事的劳务换取将得到的工资让自己成为他人仆人的；虽然这通常使他住在主人家，并因此受到一般的管束，然而，这只让主人拥有暂时支配他的权力，这种权力不超过他们之间契约所包含之范围。但是还有另一类仆人，我们用一个特殊的名字称之为奴隶，他们是在一场正义的战争中被俘，依据自然的权利，服从于他们主人的绝对支配和随心所欲之权力。这些人，如我所说，既丧失了他们的生命权，随之也失去了自由，并且丧失了他们的财产。他们既处于奴隶的状态，就不能有任何财产，其所处状态就不能视为政治社会的任何部分，而政治社会的首要目的就是保护财产。

因此让我们考虑一下一家之主及与家庭相关的一切从属关系，如妻子、子女、主仆，他们在家庭内部规则下结合在一起，无论这种家庭可能在秩序、职务连同人数上与一个小国家如何相似，它在体制、权力和目的上却与小国家相去甚远。又或者，倘若必须把家庭看作君主制，把家长看作其中至高无上的君主，那么君主专制将只有支离破碎和短暂的权力。如前所述，一家之主在一定时间和范围内对家里那几个人具有极为明确又截然不同的有限权力。因为除了奴隶（不管他家中是否有奴隶，家庭仍是家庭，他作为家长的权威仍一样大），他对他们没有任何生杀的立法权，而他们中只有女主人享有同他一样的权力。他对整个家庭没有绝对的权力，对家庭的每一个成员只有非常有限的权力。然而，一个家庭或人类的任何其他社会与真正的政治社会有着怎样的差别呢，通过考虑政治社会本身是如何构成，我们就可以非常清楚地理解这种差别。

前文已经证明，人生而享有完全的自由权，并和世界上其他任何一个或一群人一样，不受控制地享受自然法赋予的所有权利和特权，他天

生具有一种不仅可以保护他的所有物——即他的生命、自由和财产——不受他人的损害和侵犯的权力，而且在他相信侵犯者罪有应得时，可以审判和处罚侵犯者的违法行为，当他认为侵犯者罪行十恶不赦并有判处死刑的需要时，甚至可以判处死刑。然而，任何政治社会如果不具有保护所有物的权力，由此去惩罚社会中所有的犯罪行为，就无法成［4］为政治社会，也就无法存在下去；只有当一个政治社会中的每一个成员都放弃这一自然赋予的权力，在保证他仍然可以向社会所订立的法律提出保护诉求的情况下，将此权力交由社会处理，这样的社会才是真正唯一的政治社会。这样，每一个成员的所有私人判断都被排除，社会成为仲裁员，并且通过中立的法规和社会确定的法规执行人来裁决可能发生在任何社会成员之间、涉及任何权利问题的各类争执，用法律规定的刑罚来惩罚任何成员对社会所犯的罪行；由此，可以轻而易举地辨明谁是以及谁不是同处于一个政治社会中。那些结成一个团体的人，可以诉诸共同制定的法律和司法系统来裁决他们之间的纠纷并惩罚罪犯，他们共同处于公民社会中；而那些没有这种共同申诉——我指的是人间的共同申诉——的人们仍处于自然状态中，即没有其他的仲裁人，个人就成为自己的仲裁者和执行人。如前文所述，这种情况是理想的自然状态。

因此，国家有规定对社会成员所犯不同罪行进行何种惩罚的权力（这是制定法律的权力），同时它还有对社会之外的任何人伤害这个社会的任何成员进行惩罚的权力（这是发动战争和维护和平的权力）；所有这一切都是为了尽可能地保护这个社会中所有成员的财产。然而，尽管每一个加入社会的人均已放弃通过自己的私人判决惩罚违背自然法的行为的权力，但随着他已经把他能向法官申诉的所有案件的罪行仲裁权交给了立法机构，他也就给予了国家一种权力，使得国家在任何需要他的时候利用他的力量执行国家判决的权力；而国家判决的确就是他自己的判决，是由他自己或他的代表进行的判决。在此，我们找到了公民社会的立法权和行政权之起源，它根据长期有效的法律来判定在国内所犯之罪行该如何惩罚，同时根据基于当时实际情况的临时判决来决定对外来的侵害给予何种程度的惩罚；为了这两个目的，只要有需要，就能调动所有成员的全部力量。

所以，无论在何处、无论是多少人如此结合成了一个社会，使得每个人都放弃自然法的执行权，并将其让渡给公众，在那儿、也仅在那儿才有了一个政治的或公民的社会。在任何地方、处于自然状态中的任何

数量的人们加入一个社会，形成了一个民族、一个国家，并处于一个至高无上的政府之下，就形成了公民社会；要么他们就是主动加入或被动并入一个业已存在的政府。通过这种方法，人们授权给这个社会，或授权给同样性质的社会之立法机构，让其依据社会公共利益所需来为自己制定法律，而人们应该适当协助这些法律的执行（视之为自己的判决）。在人间设立裁判员来判决所有的纠纷、赔偿可能发生在国家的任何成员身上的伤害，能让人们脱离自然状态进入国家状态。这个裁判员是立法机构或由立法机构任命的长官。无论在什么地方有多少人，不论他们怎样结合，如果没有这种可以申诉的决断权，他们则仍然处于自然状态中。

因此，显而易见，尽管君主专制政体被一些人看成是唯一的政体形式，但它其实是和公民社会相背离的，所以完全不可能是公民政府的一种形式。因为公民社会旨在避免和弥补自然状态的种种不便，而这些不便是人人可以仲裁自己案件的必然结果，通过设立一个公认的权威让社会的每一个成员在受到任何伤害或发生争执时可以向其申诉，并且社会的每一个成员都应服从于这权威［1］。任何人无论身处何处，若无法诉诸这样的权威来裁决他们之间的纷争，这些人则仍处于自然状态中。所以对于在每一个专制君主统治下的人们也是如此，他们也是处于自然状态。

因为假如这个权威拥有一切，集立法权和行政权二者于一身，那就不存在仲裁者。当君主或他的命令造成伤害和不便时，无人能诉诸一个公正无私并有权威的人，通过这个人的裁决来获得救济和补偿。所以这样的一个人，无论其称号是什么，是沙皇、长老或是任何你喜欢的称号，和他统治下的所有人，以及其余的人类一样，都处于自然状态中。任何两个人无论处在什么地方，若无法在人世间通过持久的法规和共同的仲裁者判决他们之间的纷争，他们就仍处于自然状态之下，仍然受制于其种种不便。专制君主的臣民不如说是奴隶，没有什么区别。然而，在一般的自然状态下，他有评判自己权利的自由，并竭尽其权力来维护这种自由；但每当他的财产因他君主的意志和命令而遭到侵犯时，他不仅没有处于社会中的人们应该享有的申诉权，他还好像从理性动物的共同状态中被降格了似的，被剥夺了评判或维护自己权利的自由，因而他可能会遭受所有不幸和麻烦，而这些不幸和麻烦是由人最为害怕的一种人造成的——这种人处于无拘无束的自然状态，因为他人的阿谀奉承变

得道德败坏，并且拥有权力。

认为绝对权力能纯洁人的心境、纠正人的恶劣品质的人，只需读一读当代或是任何时代的历史，就会相信事实正好相反。那些在美洲森林里蛮横不公的人，登上王位可能也不会变得更好；他在位时也许会找到学说和宗教为自己对臣民的所作所为做辩护，而武力能让敢于质疑他的所有人立即保持沉默。当这种君主政体发展到登峰造极的程度时，君主专制能提供何种保护，他们统治的国家会塑造怎样的家长，能使公民社会的幸福和安全达到何种程度，只要了解一下斯里兰卡的近况就很容易明白了。

的确，在专制君主制以及世上其他政体之下，臣民可以诉诸法律和法官裁决他们之间可能发生的任何纠纷，并抑制他们相互间的任何暴行。人人都认为这是有必要的，并且相信任何试图剥夺这种权力的人都理应被视为社会和人类的公敌。但是，我们有理由怀疑这是否出于对人类和社会的真爱，以及我们大家对彼此的那种慈爱之心。因为这不过是每一个热爱自己的权力、利益或是强大的人都可能会也必然会不让那些只为他的享乐和好处而辛苦劳作的牲畜相互残杀；它们之所以得到照顾，并不是出于主人对它们的什么爱，而是出于主人对自己的爱，因它们带给他利益。倘若有人问道，在这种状态下有什么安全和保障可以抵御这个专制统治者的暴行和压迫，这个问题本身就不会被容忍。他们会立即告诉你，只要问起安全问题就当受死。他们会承认，为了共同的安宁和安全，在臣民之间必须有措施、法律和法官。但对统治者而言，他应该不受任何约束，高于所有这些情况之上；因为他有权做出更多的伤害和坏事，而当他这样做时是合法的。倘若你询问你何以受到保护，不受最强有力者之手所伤害，这马上成为内讧和造反的声音。这就好像人们脱离自然状态进入社会时，他们同意，除了一个人以外，大家都该受制于法律；但这个人仍然保持在自然状态中的一切自由，这种自由随着他的权力而增加，导致他因为不用受到惩罚而放肆。这就是认为人们如此愚蠢以至于他们小心翼翼地避免狸猫和狐狸的伤害，却甘心被狮子吞食，还觉得这是安全的一样。

然而，无论阿谀奉承者如何愚弄人们的理智，愚弄人的话语从来无法麻痹人们的感觉；而当他们察觉不论处于何种地位的任何人不受他们所属之公民社会的约束，且他们对于可能源自他的伤害在人间却又无以诉诸时，他们会认为自己处于自然的状态，而且他们会发现，自己确实

如此；此外，他们会尽可能快地在公民社会享有安全和保障——这正是公民社会建立之最初目标，也是他们参与公民社会的唯一目的。因此，尽管最初（在下文将加以详述）也许有一个品性杰出的人在众人中脱颖而出，由于其善良和德行受到尊重，被视为自然的权威，于是大家默许同意他享有了主要的统治权，连同仲裁人们之间的分歧的权力，大家只能信赖他的公正与明智，并无其他保证。然而，随着时间的推移，在最初时代种种惯例由于疏忽和无先见之明的天真心理获得了权威（有些人会说服我们事实正是如此）变得神圣不可侵犯的同时，也产生了另一类型的继承者；那时，人民发现自己的财产在这个政府下不如以前那样有保障（而政府的唯一目的就是保护财产）［3］，他们永远不会感到安全或是安心，也不会认为自己处于公民社会中，直到他们把立法权交由人们的集合体为止（随你称它为参议院、议会或别的什么）。通过这种方式，每一个人和其他最卑微的人一样，都平等地受制于他自己作为立法机关的一部分所制定的法律。法律一旦制定，任何人都不能仗着自己的权威不受法律的约束；也不能打着地位优越的幌子，准许自己或是任何下属为非作歹而请求免除法律的制裁。公民社会中的任何人都无法免受其法律的制裁。因为倘若任何人可以做他认为正当的事而对于他做的伤害在人世间无法诉诸以获得赔偿或保障，我就想问，他不是仍完全处于自然状态中，因而无法成为那公民社会中的一部分或一员吗？除非有人说自然状态与公民社会是同一事物，而我还从未见过如此支持无政府状态而这样断言的人。

［1］“所有社会的公共权力超越处于这同一社会中的每个人，此权力的首要用途是为受这种权力支配的人所有人制定法律。在这种情况下我们必须遵从这法律，除非有充分的理由证明，理性法则或上帝的法律有相违背之规定。”胡克《宗教政治》第1卷第16节。

［2］“要消除所有这些相互怨恨、伤害和罪过——也就是说，伴随处于自然状态中之人的上述种种，除了在他们中间进行调解与协定来组成某种公共政府，并且让他们臣服于那些他们授予其统治权的人们，通过他们来获得和平、安宁和其他设法获得的幸福状态之外，别无他法。人们总是知道，哪里有暴力和伤害（施加于他们），哪里就有抵抗。他们知道，虽然人们可以谋求财物，但倘若这是以对他人造成损害而获得，那是不允许的，而只有通过所有人，使用一切好的方法来反抗。最后，他们知道没有人可以合理地决定自己的权利，并根据他自己的决定

来维护之，因为每个人对自己和他深深喜爱之人都是有所偏袒的。因此冲突和纠纷将永无止息，除非他们一致同意让所有人受命于一些他们共同商定的人，没有这种同意就没有任何理由让一个人成为另一个人的主人或是仲裁者。”胡克《宗教政治》第1卷第10节。

[3] “起初，当某种类型的政体一旦选定，可能人们当时没有进一步思考关于统治方式的问题，一切听任统治者凭他们的智慧和斟酌来支配，直到后来根据经验，他们才发现这对各方面都非常不便，于是他们设计了补救方法，但这些方法只是增加了它本该治愈的伤处。他们看到在一人的意志支配之下生活是造成所有人痛苦的原因。这就驱使他们制定法律，让所有人事先看到他们的义务，且知道违背这些法律将受到何种惩罚。”胡克《宗教政治》第1卷，第10节。

[4] “民法作为整个国家的行为，支配着同一政体的各个组成部分。”胡克，同上。

第八章　论政治社会的发轫

如前所述，人生而自由、平等、独立，不经本人同意，不能将任何人从这种状态中抽离并使之受制于另一人的政治权力。要这样做的方法只有：他与其他人同意为他们彼此间的舒适、安全与和平的生活而联结组成一个共同体，从而安全地享有他们的财产并拥有抵御共同体以外任何人侵犯的更大保障。任何人数的人群都可以这样做，因为它不会损害其余人的自由；他们仍然像从前一样保有自然状态中的自由。当任何数量的人群这样地同意建立一个共同体或政府时，他们由此立即结合并组成一个国家，其中大多数人有权代替其余人采取行动及做决定。

因为当任何数量之人通过每一个人同意而组成一个共同体时，他们使得共同体成为一个整体，使之具有作为一个整体而行动的权力，而这只有经过大多数人的同意和决定才能够办到。因为任何共同体只能经过它的每一个个人的同意才能行动，而作为一个整体又必须行动一致，那么这整体就有必要依照较大力量的方向行动，这较大的力量就是大多数人的赞同。否则它就不可能以一个整体、一个共同体的形式行动或继续存在，组成这个共同体的每一个人同意它应该是这样的整体；所以每一个人根据这一同意而受约束于大多数人。因此，我们看到一些由实在法授权行动的议会，在实在法上并未规定授权议会之法定人数，这时，大多数人的行为被当成是整体的行为，而根据自然法和理性法则，当然也就决定了其具有整体的权力。

于是每一个人通过同意与其他人建立一个由政府管辖的国家，使自己对这个社会的每一成员负有服从大多数人的决定并受大多数人约束的义务；否则那个他借以与其他人结合成为一个社会的原始契约就没有意义，而如果他仍像之前在自然状态中那样自由且只受其处于自由状态时之约束，那就不存在契约了。因为那样的话，契约哪里还有契约的样子呢？如果除了自己认为合适且实际上同意了的法令，他不受这个社会的任何法令之约束，那么他还担负什么新义务呢？这样就还是像他签订契约之前或处于自然状态中的任何人所享有的自由一样大，可以在他认为恰当时服从和同意社会的任何法令。

因为倘若大多数人的同意不能被合理地接受为全体的行为并约束每一个人，那么只有每一个人的同意才能使任何行为成为全体的行为；而

考虑到因病、因事必然使许多人不能参加集会，尽管这数目远少于一个联合体的人数，加之在各种人的集合体中不可避免地会发生意见不合和利益冲突，几乎在任何时候都不可能达成这样的一致。因此，倘若基于这样的条件而进入社会，那就只会像加图进剧院，一进去就出来。像这样的组成会使强大的利维坦比最弱小的生物还短命，使它无法活过出生的当天，这是无法想象的，除非我们认为理性动物想要组成社会只是为了让之解散。因为，若大多数无法替其余的人做决定，他们就无法以一个整体来行事，其结果将会是立即再次解体。

因此，任何脱离自然状态而联合成一个共同体的人，必然放弃了为了让共同体多数人联合成一个社会所必须放弃的全部权力，除非他们的人数超过大多数，并明确约定不用放弃权力。只要同意联合成一个政治团体，这一点就能做到，这是加入或组成一个国家的个人之间现存的或必须具备的全部契约。因此，任何政治社会的开端和实际组成不过是一些能够服从大多数的自由人同意联合并组成这样一个社会。这样，且只有这样，世界上才出现过或才可能会出现任何合法的政府。

对于这一点有两种反对意见：第一，一群彼此独立而平等的人聚在一起，以这种方式开始并组成一个政府，在历史上并无先例。第二，人们没有权利这样做，因为所有人既然生来就处于政府的管辖下，他们就要服从于那个政府，而没有权力组成一个新的政府。

对于第一个反对意见的回答是：历史仅为我们提供极少数关于人们群居在自然状态中的叙述，这不足为奇。自然状态下存在不便之处，人们又喜欢社会却没有社会，很快就会让任何数量的人聚集在一起，倘若他们想要继续在一起的话，这些人就立即联合并组成一个社会。倘若我们因很少得悉人们处于自然状态的情况，就不能推测人们曾经处于那样的状态中，那么我们也可以因为没有听说过撒缦以色王或是薛西斯一世的军队之情况直到他们成人并入编，就推测他们从未经历过童年了。无论在哪里，政府都先于记载而存在，而一个民族只有等到持续长久的公民社会通过其他更必需的技艺为人们提供安全、舒适和富足的生活后才会使用文字。此后，当有关创始人的记忆都不再的时候，人们会开始追述创始人的历史，开始寻根溯源。因为国家就如同个人一样，它们通常对于自己的出生和婴儿期的情况一无所知；而倘若它们知道一些关于这方面的情况，也是通过参看他人所保存的偶然记载而得来的。那些我们已有的世界上任何政体之起源，除了上帝自己直接干预其中的犹太民族

（它完全不赞成父权统辖），全部都是我所说的那种起源之明显示例，或至少有着它的显然迹象。

如果一个人不承认罗马和威尼斯的创始之源是一些彼此自由、独立且没有自然的优越或臣属之分的人们相互结合，他在明显的事实与他的假设不相符时，一定会奇怪地倾向于否定事实。倘若可以引用约瑟夫·阿科斯塔的话，他会告诉我们在美洲的许多地方以前根本没有政府的存在。他说道："根据有力且明显的推测，这些人（指秘鲁原住民）有很长一段时间既没有国王也没有国家，而是在军队里生活，正如今天的佛罗里达人、巴西的吉里夸那人以及许多其他民族那样，他们没有确定的国王，仅仅是在和平或战争的重大场合，他们才随自己喜欢选出他们的首领。"（《印第安人的自然和道德历史》第1卷25章）。如果说那里的每一个人生来就要服从他的父亲或是他的家长，如前已证，一个孩子对父亲的臣服并不能剥夺他加入任何他认为合适的政治社会之自由。但即便如此，显然这些人实际上是自由的。不管一些政客现在想要给予他们中的一些人以什么优越地位，他们自己却没有这样要求；而是经过同意他们全都平等，直到他们以一样的同意将统治者置于他们之上。因此他们的政治社会都源自一种自愿结合体及人们自由地选择他们的统治者和政府形式之相互协定。

我希望查斯丁所提到的那些跟巴兰杜斯一起离开斯巴达的人会被视作彼此独立的自由人，且他们曾经经过自己的同意建立了一个统治他们的政府。如此我已经从自由的及处于自然状态中的民族之历史中给出一些例子，那些人们聚集在一起，联合起来并开创一个共同体。倘若缺乏这种例子可以成为证明政府不是也不可能这样开始的论据，那我以为父权帝国的主张者比起用这种论调来反对自然之自由，还不如放弃它来得更好。因为倘若他们能从历史中举出如此多的例子来证明政府源于父权（尽管这种至少是曾经有过的论据来证明应当有过的事并没有很强的说服力），我想一个人就此问题向他们让步不会有任何大的危险。然而，倘若我能在这个问题上给他们建议，那他们最好不要如他们实际上已经开始的那样去过分探寻政府之起源，以免他们发现在大多数政府之基础上的一些东西对他们所提倡的布局和他们所主张的那种权力是非常不利的。

最终的结论为：我们关于人生而自由的论证显然是有道理的，而历史的实例又显示世界上那些在和平中创建的政府都是以此基础为开端，

经过人民的同意而建立；因此，关于最初建立政府的权利从哪里来，或那时人类对建立政府的看法或实践是什么，都没有任何怀疑的余地。

我不会否认，倘若我们根据历史线索尽可能远地追溯国家的起源，我们通常会发现它们总是受一个人的统治和管理。我也倾向于相信当一个家庭的成员多得足以自给自足，且继续整体延续而不与其他人混合（像地广人稀的地方时常发生这种情况）时，政府一般发端于父亲。因为父亲根据自然法，与其他每一个人享有一样的权力，即当他认为恰当时去惩罚违反自然法的任何罪行，因此也可以惩罚他那犯法的子女，即使当他们已经成人并脱离了被监护人的状态；而他们很可能甘受他的处罚，且全都会与他一块抗击犯罪者，由此就赋予他执行判决任何犯罪的权力，这样事实上使他成为所有与他的家族联合在一起的人们的立法者和统治者。他是被信任的最佳人选；父亲的爱保证了他们的财产和利益在他照料下的安全；而他们在年幼时对他服从的习惯使他们对他臣服比对任何其他人臣服来得更容易。因此，倘若他们必须要有一个人来统治他们，像群居的人们中间不可避免地要有政府的那样，那么除非粗心大意、生性残忍或是其他任何的身心缺陷使他不能胜任外，还有谁能像他——他们共同的父亲那样适合成为这个人呢？然而，当父亲死了，留下他的下任继承人——尚未成年，缺乏智慧、勇气或其他任何品质——不适合于统治，或几个家族聚在一起并同意继续群居，在那里，毫无疑问，他们行使自己自然的自由来立下他们认为最能干且最有可能恰当地统治他们的人。到此为止情况一致的，我们发现美洲人——他们还没有受到秘鲁和墨西哥两大帝国的武力征服和扩张统治——享受着他们自己自然的自由，尽管在其他条件相同的情况下，他们通常更偏爱他们已故国王的嗣子，但倘若他们发现他软弱无能，他们就会撇开他，另行选立最强壮和最勇敢的人做他们的统治者。

因此，尽管我们尽可能早地追溯任何有关世界上人口聚居和各民族历史的记载，我们通常发现政府是掌控在一个人的手里的；但这并不能摧毁我所肯定的——即政治社会的起源依赖于加入和组成这一社会的每一个人的同意；而当他们如此结合成一个整体时，他们就可以建立他们认为恰当的政府形式。然而，因为这样引起了一些人的误解，认为政府就是君主制的，并且属于父亲，我们在这里研究一下为什么人们一开始通常选定这种政府形式这个问题也并不不合时宜。尽管也许在一些国家最初建立时，父亲的优越地位可能会促使并在一开始将权力交于某一人

之手，然而，明显的是，这种权力集于一人之手的政府形式之所以能够继续存在，并不是出于对父权的任何敬意或尊重，因为所有小的君主国，也就是几乎所有的君主国，在接近它们起源的时候，通常或至少有时，是选举产生的。

首先，在开始的时候，父亲对其亲生子女在幼年时期的统治使他们习惯于受一个人的统治，并使他们明白只要这种统治是对被统治者的关怀、循循善诱、感情和喜爱，就足以取得和保护人们在社会中所寻求的所有政治幸福。子女们要选定并自然而然组成那种政府形式也就不足为奇了，因为从儿时起他们就完全习惯，并且根据经验，觉得这种形式既简便又安全。倘若对此进行补充，我们还可以说君主制对人们来说最为简单明了，因为经验没有教育他们政府有各种形式，帝国的野心或蛮横也没有给他们以教训，让他们谨防特权的侵蚀和专制权力的骚扰，而特权和专制权力正是不断继承的君主宣称拥有并施加于臣民的。所以无需奇怪为何这些臣民没有费心去想出一些办法，来限制那些他们赋予其权力以支配他们的人的任何不当行为，以及通过将政府的权力分别掌握在不同人手里来平衡政府的权力。他们既没有感受过暴君统治的压迫，而时代风气和他们那一点都不足以构成贪婪或野心的财产和生活方式也没有给他们任何理由去担忧或防范这种压迫，因此难怪他们将自己置身于这种不仅如我所说是最为简单明了的、而且是最适合他们当时的状态和情况的政府框架下，因为他们当时的处境更多地需要抵御外来入侵和伤害而不是法律的多样性。当时只有很少的财产，又很少有违法者和犯罪者，所以不需要各种官员来指导和监督法律的执行。既然当时人们情意相投地加入了社会，他们只好被假定相互认识、彼此友爱，而且只能假定一些人彼此信任，他们对外人的猜疑只能比对彼此间的猜疑要大，所以他们首要关心和考虑的，只能被认为是如何抵御外来入侵以保护自己。自然而然地，他们使自己置身于一个最能服务于这个目的的政体之下，选出最贤明和最勇敢的人在战争中指挥他们，带领他们去攻打他们的敌人，因而主要在这方面做他们的统治者。

于是我们看到在美洲的印第安人国王——美洲仍是亚洲和欧洲原始时代的一种模式，那里地广人稀，人力和财力的缺乏使人没有欲念去扩大他们的土地占有，亦不会为扩大土地范围而争斗——只是他们军队的将领；尽管这些国王在战争中具有绝对的指挥权，但在和平时期，他们在国家行使很小的统治权，而且只有非常有限的主权。和平与战争的决

定权一般由人民或议会掌握，而由于战争本身不容许有多人来领导，指挥权就自然而然地发展成为国王一人之权力。

因此，就以色列民族本身而言，他们的士师和早期国王的主要职责似乎就是担任战时的首领和军队的统帅（不仅是“出入时身先民众”所表明的那样，即出征和归来时都走在队伍的前面），这一点在耶弗他的故事里说得清楚明白。亚扪人向以色列开战，基列人在惊恐之中派人去把耶弗他请回来。耶弗他本是基列族人的私生子，是被他们赶走的。此时他们与耶弗他立约，说倘若耶弗他愿意帮他们抵抗亚扪人，他们就立他为他们的统治者。《圣经》里是这样记载此事的：“百姓就立耶弗他作领袖、作元帅”（《士师记》11章11节）这似乎就等于立他为士师。所以《圣经》又说，“他作以色列的士师”（《士师记》12章7节），也就是他做了他们六年的统帅。因此当约坦责备示剑人背弃了曾是他们的士师和统治者的基甸时，他对他们说道：“从前我父冒死为你们争战，救了你们脱离米甸人的手”（《士师记》9章17节）。《圣经》中除了提到他曾作为将军所做的事情之外，没有其他任何记载。的确，这就是在他的历史中或其他任何士师的历史中所能看到的所有情况。亚比米勒被特别成为国外，尽管他至多不过是示剑人的将军。当以色列的百姓由于厌恶撒母耳的儿子之恶行而想要立一个国王，“像列国一样，有王治理他们，统领他们，为他们争战”（《撒母耳记上》8章20节），这时上帝应允了他们的要求，对撒母耳说：“我必使一个人到你这里来，你要膏他作我民以色列的君，他必救我民脱离非利士人的手”（《撒母耳记上》9章16节）。仿佛国王的唯一职责就是率领他们的军队，为保护他们而战。因此，在扫罗登基时，撒母耳将一瓶膏油浇在扫罗的头上，对他宣布：“耶和华膏他作为他产业的君。”（《撒母耳记上》10章1节）。所以当以色列的各族人在米斯巴庄严地推选并欢呼扫罗为国王之后，那些不愿意立他为国王的人也只能提出这样的反对意见：“这人怎能救我们呢？”（《撒母耳记上》10章27节），仿佛他们本想说：“这个人不适合做我们的国王，他在战争中没有足够的谋略和才干来保护我们。”当上帝决定把统治权转交给大卫时，这样说道：“现在你的王位必不长久，耶和华已经寻着一个合他心意的人，立他作百姓的君。”（《撒母耳记上》13章14节）。仿佛国王的全部权威只是做他们的将军，所以那些仍旧忠于扫罗家族、反对大卫登上王位的以色列各族带着臣服于他的条件来到希伯伦，除去其他的理由，他们告诉他说，他们不得不像臣服于他们的

国王那样臣服于他，因为在扫罗的时期，他事实已是他们的王，因此他们现在没有理由不接纳他为他们的国王。他们说：“从前扫罗作我们王的时候，率领以色列人出入的是你。耶和华也曾应许你说，‘你必牧养我的民以色列，作以色列的君。’”（《撒母耳记下》5章2节）

因此，不论是一个家族逐渐发展成为一个国家，父亲的权威会由长子继承，在这种权威下成长起来的每一个人都默默地臣服于它，而这种统治自在而和平，并不侵害任何人，每个人都默认这种统治，直至时间的推移似乎确认了这种通知，且通过法律的形式确定了继承的权利；还是几个家族或几个家族的后裔因机缘巧合、毗邻而居或事务联系而聚在一起，组合成为一个社会；无论是哪种情况，人们都需要一位能够在战争中指挥他们抵御敌人的将军，而且在那艰苦而道德高尚的时代，天真和诚实使人们彼此深信不疑（世界上能够延续下来的政府在其开始时几乎都是这样）。这就使国家的最初创立者们通常把统治权交由一个人之手，除了事情的本质及政府的目的所需，没有其任何他明确的限制或约束。当初把统治权交付于他们手里是为了公众的福利和安全，且在建国初期，他们通常是为了这些目的而行使统治权的。倘若他们不那样做，年幼的国家就不可能存在下去。倘若没有这种保姆式的父亲，倘若没有统治者的这种悉心照料，所有政府都会在它们建国初期的软弱和和孱弱中消亡，而其君主和臣民也很快一并灭亡。

但是，黄金时代（在自负的野心、邪恶的占有欲和不正之风腐蚀人的心智，使人们曲解权力和荣誉的真正意义之前）具有更多的美德，因此有较好的统治者和不那么顽劣的臣民。那时一方面没有不断扩张的特权以压迫人民，另一方面也没有任何关于特权的争执以削减或限制行政长官的权力，所以统治者和臣民之间也没有发生有关统治者或政府问题的斗争。［1］然而到了后世，当野心和奢侈驱使君主保持和扩大权力，而不去做人们当初授予他权力时要他做的事，再加上阿谀奉承使君主认为自己的利益与他们的臣民截然不同且不相关联，于是人们感到有必要更为仔细地考察政府的起源和权力，并找出限制专横和防止滥用权力的办法。他们原先把那权力交付于另一个人之手只是为了自己的利益，而现在却发现那权力被用来损害他们了。

因此我们可以看到，以下的情况是完全可能的：人生而自由，并根据他们自己的同意要么服从于他们父亲的统治，要么由不同的家族联合起来组成一个政府。他们一般将统治权交到一个人手里，自愿受一个人

的统治，没有以明确的条件来限制或控制他的权力，因为他们认为权力在他诚实和谨慎地掌握下十分安全。尽管他们从未梦想过君主政体是神授的，而在现代神学未向我们揭示这种说法之前，人们从来没有听说过这种观念；他们也从未允许父权拥有一种支配权或成为所有政权的基础。因此有许多证据足以证明，就我们从历史中得到的线索看来，我们有理由断定政府一切和平的起源都是建立在人民的同意之基础上。我之所以说是“和平的”，是因为在其他地方我将有必要谈到征服，有些人认为它是政府起源的一个途径。

对于我所阐述的政府之起源，我发现有另外一种反对意见，即：

“既然所有人生而受制于这个或那个政府，他们中的任何人在任何时候都不可能自由而随意地联合起来创立一个新的政府，也不可能建立一个合法的政府。”倘若此观点正确，我想问，世界上怎会有那么多合法的君主国呢？因为倘若有人能根据这个论断向我证明任何一个人在这世上的任何时代都能自由地创立一个合法的君主国，我就一定要向他指出有其他十个自由人也能自由地联合起来创建一个新的君主制或其他形式的政体。显而易见，倘若一个生而受另一人支配的人可以如此自由，以至于自己有权建立一个新的王国来支配他人，那么每一个生而受另一个人支配的人也可以如此自由，可以成为另一个政府统治者或臣民。因此，依据他们自己的这个原则，要么所有人无论出生如何都是自由的，要么全世界只有一个合法的君主、一个合法的政府。那么他们无需做任何事，只要向我们说明两者之中哪一个是正确的即可。当他们做出说明之后，我深信全人类都会毫不犹豫地对他表示服从。

尽管这足以回应他们的反对意见，证明这个观点在使那些他们所反对的人陷入困境的同时也使他们自己陷于同样的困境，但我仍要努力进一步揭示这个观点的薄弱之处。

他们说：“所有人都生而受制于政府，因此他们不能自由地创立一个新政府。每一个人生来就服从于他的父亲或君主，所以他永远都要受到从属和忠诚的束缚。”显而易见，人类从未承认或考虑过这种他们生而处于其中的自然臣属于这个或那个人的状态，这种状态未经人们的同意就使他们臣服于这个人或这个人的后代。

因为无论是在宗教史还是在世俗史里，下面的例子总是最常见的：有些人从生来就受的管辖中及养育他们的家庭或社会中退出，不再服从，而在别处建立新的政府，由此产生了历史初期的众多小国。只要有

足够的地方，小国的数量就总是不断增加，直到更强或更为幸运的国家吞并了弱小的国家，而那些大国又分裂成许多小国。所有这些都是父系统治权的大量反证，清楚地证明最初构成政府的并非世代相传的父亲的自然权利，因为基于这种观点，倘若人们当时没有自由地脱离他们的家庭和无论是什么性质的政府，并去按照他们认为合适的形式建立不同的国家和其他政府的话，就不可能有那么多的小王国而只有一个统治全世界的君主国。

这就是世界上从古至今的实际情况。对于那些生在拥有既定法律和固定政体组织、通过选举产生的古老国家的现代人而言，他们所享有的自由并不比倘若他们生在森林里、处于那些无拘无束的野人中要受更多的限制。因为那些要我们相信我们既生而处于任何政府之下，就自然是它的臣民，不再有任何权利或借口享有自然状态的自由的人们，他们提不出其他理由作为论据（除了我们已经回复过的关于父权的理由之外），他们的论据只是：因为我们的父亲或祖先放弃了他们的自然自由，使得他们自己和他们的后代必须永远臣服于他们自己所服从的政府。的确，任何人无论立下了任何约定或是许下任何承诺，他都有履行的义务，但他不能以任何契约约束他的子女或后代。因为儿子成年后完全同他的父亲一样自由，父亲的任何行为都不能剥夺儿子的自由，正如他不能剥夺其他任何人的自由那样。诚然，他可以把这样的条件附加在他作为任何国家的一个臣民所享有的土地之上，从而迫使他的儿子成为那个国家的臣民，倘若儿子要享有他父亲的财产的话，因为地产既然是父亲的财产，他就可以对地产进行随意处置或安排。

这一点常常引起人们对这个问题的误解。因为国家既不允许其领土的任何部分被分裂，也不允许除了其臣民以外的任何人享有，因此通常儿子只有在他父亲所处的同样条件下，即成为那个社会中的一员，才能享有他父亲的财产。由此，他就同那个国家中的任何其他臣民一样，立即使自己受制于那个他发现已经建立的政府。因此生而受制于政府的自由人，只有他们的同意才能成为政府的成员，而这种同意是在他们各自成年时分别表示的，而不是大家一起表示的。人们没有注意这一事实，以为人们根本没有表示过这种同意或没此必要，就断言他们自然就是臣民，如同他们自然就是人一样。

然而，显而易见，政府自身并不是这样理解这个问题的。政府并不因为对父亲拥有权力就声称对儿子也拥有权力，也不因为父亲是其臣民

就把其子女也视为臣民。倘若英国的一个臣民在法国同一个英国妇女生了一个孩子，那么这个孩子是谁的臣民呢？他不是英国国王的臣民，因为他必须得到批准后才能获得作为英国臣民的权利。他也不是法国国王的臣民，因为倘若他是的话，他的父亲怎能自由地把他带走并随意抚养他呢？无论是谁，倘若他离开一个国家或对之作战，难道可以仅仅因为他出生在这个国家时他的父母在那里是外国人而被判为叛国者或逃亡者吗？那么，很显然，无论依据政府自身的实践还是依据正当的理性法则，一个孩子并非生来就是哪个国家或政府的臣民。在他成年以前，他处于父亲的教养和权威之下；在他成年之后，他就成了一个自由人，可以自由地选择服从于哪个政府，加入哪一个国家。因为倘若一个出生在法国的英国人的儿子有这样的自由，可以这样做，那么很显然，他的父亲是英国的臣民这一点对他并没有约束，他也不受制于他的祖先所订立的任何契约。那么为什么他的儿子不能依据同样的理由享有同样的自由，即使他出生在别的任何地方呢？因为无论子女出生在何处，父亲对他们自然享有的支配权是一样的，自然的义务关系不受王国和国家的具体疆界的限制。

如上文所示，既然每个人生而自由，除非他自己同意，没有什么能够使他臣服于任何世俗的权力，那么我们就可以琢磨一下，究竟什么才可以被认为是一个人同意服从任何政府之法律的充分宣示。明确同意和默认一般是有区别的，这与我们现在讨论的问题有关。任何人只有明确同意加入某个社会和政府，才能使自己成为那个社会的正式成员和那个政府的臣民，这一点无人会质疑。困难在于，什么行为该被视为默认，且这种行为有多大的约束力——也就是说，当一个人根本没有做出任何表示时，到底怎样才能认为他已经同意，并由此臣服于任何政府。对于这一问题，我的回答是，每一个人，只要拥有或享有任何政府的任何部分领土，就据此表示了他已经默认，就和服从于那个政府的任何人一样，在享有土地期间必须服从那个政府的法律。无论他所占有的是永久性属于他或他的子孙的土地，还是仅住一星期的住所，或只是在公路上自由地旅行。事实上，任何人只要身处那个政府的领土范围之内，就构成了默认。

为了更好地理解这一点，我们可以这样考虑，每一个人最初加入任何国家时，他加入这个国家的行为，也把他已有的或将要获得的且不属于任何其他政府的那些财产并入并隶属于这个共同体。因为不这样做会

产生一种直接的矛盾：任何人既然为了保障和规定财产权而和其他人一起加入社会，却认为他的土地，其所有权由社会的法律来规定，可以免受他作为土地所有者而身为其臣民的那个政府的管辖。因此，同样，任何人以之前自由的人身加入任何国家，也就将之前自由的财产加入了这个国家。只要这个国家继续存在，他的人身和财产就都要受制于这个国家的统治和支配。因此，任何人此后通过继承、购买、许可或其他方式享有以此种方式并入那个国家并受其管辖的土地的任何部分，他都必须接受支配该土地的条件才能占有它，即像那个国家的任何臣民一样臣服于对该土地有管辖权的政府。

但是，既然政府只对土地拥有直接管辖权，且只在它的所有者（在他事实上把自己加入这个社会之前）居住在其上并享用之时管辖权才会涉及他本人，那么，任何人因享用土地而承担的服从政府之义务，就同这种享有同始同终。因此，每当只对政府给予这种默认的土地所有者以赠与、出售或其他方式放弃上述土地时，他就可以自由地去加入其他任何国家，或同其他人达成协议，在“空的地方”，在他们能够找到的空旷且未被人占有的世界上之任何地方建立一个新的国家。但是，一个人一旦曾经通过实际的协议和明确的声明来表示他同意属于任何国家，他就永远而且必然成为、并且永远不变地成为那个国家的臣民，再也不能再次回到自然状态的自由中，除非他所从属的那个政府由于任何灾难开始解体。

然而，服从任何国家的法律，依照法律平静地生活并享受权利和保护，并不能使一个人成为那个社会的一员。当那些不处于战争状态中的人们来到属于某个政府的领土之内，来到其法律效力所及的范围之内时，这只是应该给予他们的地方保证和他们对该政府应尽有的敬意。但这并不能使他成为那个社会的一个成员和那个国家的永久公民，正如一个人为了方便而暂时居住在另一个人的家里，并不能使他从属那个人一样，尽管当他继续在那里时，他必须遵守那里的法律，服从那里的政府。因此我们看到，那些终身处在另一个政府之下并享有其权利和保护的外国人，虽然他们甚至在良心上不得不像任何公民一样服从那个政府的管理，但却并不因此成为那个国家的臣民或成员。除了他通过明确约定以及明确的诺言和契约确实加入一个国家之外，什么也无法使任何人成为那个国家的臣民或成员。这就是我所认为的关于政治社会之起源，以及那使任何人成为任何国家的成员之同意。

[1]“最初，人们在选定某种类型的统治时，可能当时并没有进一步考虑关于统治方式的问题，只是全都听凭他们的智慧和判断来支配一切，直到后来他们根据经验，发现这在各方面都很不便，而他们策划出来的补救办法实际上却增加了它本该治愈的创伤。他们看到，按照一个人的意志来生活会成为一切人痛苦的原因。这就促使他们制定法律，让所有的人能够从法律中事前看到他们的义务，并且知道违反这些法律将受到的惩罚。”胡克《宗教政治》第1卷第10节。

第九章　论政治社会和政府的目的

倘若处于自然状态中的人如前所说的那样自由，可以完全主宰自己人身和财产，和最尊贵的人一样平等且不受制于任何人，为什么他愿意放弃自己的自由，舍弃这个王国，使自己服从任何其他权力的支配和控制呢？显然，这个问题可以这样回答：尽管在自然状态中他拥有这样的一种权利，但这种权利的享有是非常不稳定的，时常受到他人的侵犯。因为所有人都同他一样可以为王，人人都与他平等，而他们中的大部分人并不严格遵守公平和正义，他在这种状态下享有的财产权就很不安全、极不稳定。这使他愿意放弃这一无论多么自由却充满恐惧和持续危险的状态，因此他设法并愿意与已经或有意要联合起来加入社会以相互保护他们的生命、自由和地产——我将这些统称为财产——这并非没有理由。

因此，人们联合成国家并使自身受制于政府的首要的目的就是保护他们的财产。而自然状态在这方面有许多缺陷。

首先，自然状态中缺少一种业已制定、根深蒂固、众所周知的法律，这种法律需经一致同意接受并承认为是非标准，成为裁定他们之间所有纠纷的共同尺度。因为尽管自然法对于一切有理性的生物而言都明白易懂，但人们由于自己的利益而心存偏见，加上人们因对自然法缺乏研究而知之甚少，不会轻易承认自然法是对他们有约束力、可以应用于他们各自的情况的法律。

第二，自然状态中缺乏一个知名、公正并有权按照既定的法律裁定一切分歧的裁定者。因为在自然状态中人人既是自然法的裁定者又是执行者，而由于人又偏袒自己，情感和报复之心很容易让他们过于偏激，对自己的案件过于热心，疏忽和漠不关心又使他们对别人的案件过于冷漠。

第三，自然状态中常常缺乏权力来支持正确的判决，使它得到恰当的执行。那些受到任何不公行为冒犯的人，只要他们能够借用武力来纠正他们所受到的不公待遇，很少有不成功的。这种抵抗常常使惩罚行为变得危险，还经常对那些试图执行惩罚的人造成伤害。

因此，尽管人类在自然状态中享有种种权利，但是由于仍处于一种恶劣的状态，他们很快被迫加入社会。所以，我们很少发现有什么人能

在自然状态中共同生活多长时间。在自然状态中，人人有权惩罚他人的违法行为，而这种权力的实施既不正规又不可靠，这样的不便促使他们在政府的既定法律下寻求庇护，借以保护他们的财产。正是这种情况使他们如此心甘情愿地放弃各自单独行使的惩罚权，而将之交由他们中间被指定的人来专门行使，而且要依据社会或他们为此目的而授权的那些人一致同意的规则来行使。这就是立法权和行政权的原始权力及两者兴起的原因，政府和社会本身也起源于此。

在自然状态中，人除了享有天真乐趣的自由，还有两种权力。第一种是为了保护他自己和其他人，可以在自然法准许的范围内做他认为恰当的任何事。根据适用于他们所有人的自然法，他和所有其他人都属于一个共同体，组成一个不同于所有其他生物的社会。若非因为一些堕落者的腐败和邪恶，人们无需组成任何其他社会，没有必要从这个庞大的自然共同体中分离出来，转而结成较小的联合体。在自然状态中，一个人所拥有的另一种权力是有权惩罚违反自然法的罪行。这两种权力在他加入一个私人的（倘若我可以这样称呼它）或特定的政治社会，脱离其他人而结成任何国家时，就都放弃了。

他放弃了第一种权力，即做他认为正当的任何事情来保护他自己和其他人的权力，将它给了社会，由社会所制定的法律对这种权力加以限制，只要达到保护他自己和那个社会其他人所需要的程度即可。社会的这些法律在许多方面限制了他依据自然法所享有的自由。

第二，他完全放弃了惩罚的权力，而是依据社会法律的需要，运用他的自然力量来协助社会行政权的执行；而以前，他可以在他认为正当的时候依据他自己独享的权威行使自然法。因为现在他处于一种新的状态，得以从同一社会中其他人的劳动、帮助和交往中享有许多便利，还可以享有社会整体力量的保护，所以为了维生，也为了社会的幸福、繁荣和安全之需要，他要放弃自己的许多自然权利。这不但必要而且公道，因为社会的其他成员也如此行事。

然而，虽然人们在加入社会时将他们在自然状态中所享有的平等、自由和行政权放弃给了社会，由立法机关在社会利益需要的范围内加以处理，但是他们这样做的目的只是每一个人为了更好地保护自己的人身、自由和财产（因为无法设想任何有理性的生物改变他的现状是为了过得更糟糕），他们永远不允许社会或由他们构成的立法机关的权力扩张到公众福利需要的范围之外，他们必须通过预防上述所提的、使自然

状态如此不安全、不稳定的三种缺点来保障每一个人的财产。因此，不管谁掌握了任何国家的立法权或最高权力，其统治一定要依据既定的、向人民公布并为其知晓的、长期有效的法律，而非依据临时的法令；纷争要由公正无私且正直诚实的法官依据那些法律来裁定；且只有在对内执行这些法律、对外预防或索赔外来伤害，以及保障社会不受破坏和侵犯时，才能运用社会的力量。所有这一切只是为了人民的和平、安全和公众福利，此外别无其他目的。

第十章　论国家的形式

如前所示，因为大多数人在人类最初加入社会时自然地拥有属于共同体的全部权力，可以不时地利用这全部的权力来为社会制定法律，而这些法律由他们自己委派的官员来执行，于是这种政府形式是一种完美的民主制；不然的话，就是将制定法律的权力交到选举出来的少数人和他们的后嗣或继承人的手中，那就成了寡头政体；或者将之交到一个人手里，那就成了君主制；倘若交给他和他的后嗣，那就成了世袭君主制；倘若只是交给他终身享有，一旦他死亡，推选继承人的权力又归还到大多数人手中，那就成了选任君主制。所以人们可以根据这些形式建立他们认为合适的复合型或混合型的政府形式。倘若立法权最初由大多数人交由一个或更多的人仅由其终身或在任何有限期内行使，然后他们重新收回此最高权力，那么共同体可以在这样收回权力之后将之再交给他们喜欢的人，由此组成一种新的政府形式。因为政府的形式取决于最高权力——立法权——的归属，我们无法设想下级权力来规定上级，也无法设想除了最高权力还有什么能制定法律，所以立法权的归属决定国家的形式。

我们必须始终理解我所用的“commonwealth”一词不是指民主政体或任何政府形式，而是指任何独立的社会。拉丁人用“civitas”一词来表示，而在我们的语言里最能与之相对应的是“commonwealth”一词。它最恰当地表达了那样一种人类社会，而英语中的“community”则无法表达（因为在一个政府之下可能有各种从属的共同体），而“city”就更不恰当了。因此，为了避免产生歧义，我恳请读者让我在此意义上用“commonwealth”一词。我发现詹姆斯国王曾在此意义上使用过这个词，我认为那是这个词的真正含义。倘若任何人不喜欢这个词，我同意他用一个更好的词来取而代之。

第十一章　论立法权的范围

人们加入社会的主要目的是和平、安全地享受他们的各种财产，而社会所制定的法律是实现这一目的的重要工具和手段。因此一切国家最初的基本实在法就是确立立法权，就像甚至可以支配立法权的最初的基本自然法本身就是为了保护社会并且（只要与公众福利相一致）保护社会中的每一个成员一样。这一立法权不仅仅是国家的最高权力，一旦共同体将这种立法权交到某些人手中，它就成了神圣且不可改变的。其他任何人的任何命令，不论以何种形式或凭借何种权力支持，若未经公众选举或委任的立法机关批准，就不具备法律效力和强制性。因为若没有这种最高权力，法律就不能具备成为法律所绝对必需的条件，即社会之首肯。除了基于人们的同意或其所给予的授权，任何人都没有制定法律的权力［1］。所以，所有的服从（任何人因受最严肃的约束而不得不予以）最终都归结于此最高权力，并受其所制定的法律的指导。对任何外国权力或任何国内下级权力许下的任何誓言，都不能使任何社会成员免于服从立法机关（立法机关要依据他们的委托行使权力），也不能迫使他服从违反立法机关所制定的法律或超越法律所许可的范围。如果你去想象一个人可以最终被迫服从社会中并非最高权力的任何权力，这种想法就很可笑。

虽然立法权是每一个国家中的最高权力，但是无论它被交给一个或更多的人，无论它是经常或只是不时地存在，第一，它不是，也不可能绝对专横地凌驾于人民的生命和财产之上。因为既然它只是社会的每一个成员交给作为立法者的那个个人或议会的联合权力，那么它就不能超过那些人在自然状态中所拥有的权力（在他们加入社会后才将此权力放弃给社会）。因为无人能将超过他本人所拥有的权力转让给别人，亦无人拥有一种绝对专断的权力来支配自己或任何其他人，从而毁灭他自己的生命或夺取另一个人的生命或财产。如前所证，一个人不能服从于另一个人的专断权力。在自然状态中，一个人并不拥有支配另一个人的生命、自由或财产的专断权力，而只拥有自然法所赋予他的保护自己和其余人类的权力，这就是所有他让渡给或能够让渡给国家的权力，再通过国家将它交给立法机关，所以，立法机关不能拥有超过这一限度的权力。他们权力的最大范围不能超过保护社会之公共福利的限度。［2］

这是一种除了实施保护别无其他目的的权力，因此绝无权毁灭、奴役臣民或故意让臣民陷入贫困。自然法所规定的义务并没有在社会中消失，而是在许多场合里表达得更清楚，并通过附有明确处罚的人类法来迫使人们遵守。因此，自然法是一切人的永恒典范，这对立法者和其他人也亦然。他们为规范其他人的行为而制定的规则，以及他们自己和其他人的行为，都必须符合自然法，即符合上帝的意志，而自然法就是上帝意志的一种宣示。既然基本的自然法是为了保护人类，那么任何与之相违背的人类制裁都是错误或无效的。

第二，立法或最高权力机关不能独揽权力，以临时的专断命令来统治，而是必须依据已颁布且长期有效的法律［3］，通过获得授权的知名法官来执行法律及判定臣民的权利。因为自然法并未成文，只存在于人们的意识中，所以，倘若没有专职的法官，人们因激愤或利益关系，就会错误地引证或应用自然法而不轻易承认自己的错误。这样一来，自然法就无法起到应有的作用，无法用以决定那些依据它生活的人们的权利，并保护他们的财产，尤其在人人都是自然法和他自己案件的裁定者、解释者和执行者的情况下，更是如此；而有理的一方通常只有他自己个人的力量可以利用，却没有足够的实力来保护自己不受伤害，或惩罚违法者。人们联合组成社会，从而规避自然状态中会损害人们财产的缺陷，这样一来，他们就可以用整个社会的集体力量来保障和保护他们的财产，并以长期有效的规则来加以约束，由此人人都可知道什么是属于他自己的。人们将他们所有的自然权利交给他们所加入的社会就是为了达到这一目的，而社会将立法权交到那些他们认为合适的人手中，加以委任，以便他们受制于正式公布的法律，若非如此，他们的和平、安宁和财产就仍如原来处于自然状态中那样不稳定。

运用绝对的专断权力，或是不以确定的长效法律统治，二者无一与社会和政府的目的相一致。倘若不是为了保护他们的生命、权利和财产，倘若不是为了用有关权利和财产的明确规定来保障他们的和平与安宁，人们就不会放弃自然状态下的自由而加入社会并愿受其约束。倘若他们有权这样做，也不能假设他们会打算给一个或更多人以支配自己人身和财产的绝对专断权力，并赋予行政长官力量，让他对他们任意实施他那不受限制的意志。倘若这样，那就是要将自己置于比自然状态更为糟糕的处境，因为在自然状态中，他们还有自由保护自己的权利免受他人侵害，并在受到单个或多个纠集起来的人侵犯时以同等的力量来自

卫。然而，倘若他们使自己臣服于一个立法者的绝对专断权力和意志，他们就自我解除了武装，而将立法者武装起来，使自己任凭其宰割。比起一个受制于十万个个人的专断权力之人，一个受制于有权支配十万人的行政长官之人的处境要糟糕得多。尽管拥有这种支配权的人具有强大十万倍的实力，但无人能保证他的意志要比其他人的意志更好。因此，不论国家采取何种形式，统治者应当依据正式公布并为人民所接受的法律，而非临时的命令和未定的决议进行统治。因为，倘若人们以民众的集体力量来武装一个或少数人，任凭他们随意迫使人们服从他们突发奇想或直至那时仍无人知晓、不受约束的意志而发布的无比苛刻的命令，且没有制定任何规定当做其行为的准则和依据，那么人类所处之境地就会远比自然状态更为糟糕。因为政府所拥有的所有权力既然只是为了谋求社会福利，它就不该是专断和随意的，其行使应依据既定的和已公布的法律。如此一来，一方面，人民可以知道他们的责任并在法律范围内获得安全和保障，另一方面，统治者也被限制在他们的适当范围内，不会为了达到上述目的而受手中的权力所诱惑，或是利用他们本不熟悉或不愿承认的手段来行使权力。

第三，未经本人同意，最高权力不能夺取任何人的任何一部分财产。因为既然政府的目的是保护财产，人们也是因此目的才加入社会的，我们就必然会假设并要求人民应该享有财产，否则就必然会假设他们因参加社会而丧失了他们加入社会想要得到东西。这种事情太过荒谬，任何人都不会承认。所以，人既然在社会中享有财产权，他们对于那些根据社会法律应属于他们的财产就享有这样一种权利：无人有权从他们那里夺取他们的全部或部分财产，除非经由他们本人同意。若不是这样，他们就根本没有享有财产权。因为如果别人可以不经得我的同意就有权随意从我手中夺去的东西，我的确对这种东西没有财产权。所以，认为任何国家的最高权力或立法权可以为所欲为，可以任意处置民众产业或随意夺取其中的任何部分的想法是错误的。不必太担心在政府中会发生这样的情况，如果政府的立法权全部或部分属于可以改选的议会，政府成员在议会解散时和其余的人一样受制于他们国家的共同法律。然而，在政府中，如果立法权属于一个长期存在的议会，或像在专制君主国里那样归一人所有，危险就仍然存在。他们会认为自己拥有区别于社会其余成员的利益，因而会从人民那里夺取他们认为合适的东西，从而增加他们自己的财富和权力。倘若支配民众的人有从任何个人

那里夺取其财产中他所喜欢的部分的权利，并对这部分随心所欲地使用和处置，就算有良好和公正的法律来规定他和一般臣民之间的财权界限，个人的财产权也压根没有任何保障。

然而，如我前文所述，无论将政府授予何人，既然让人们能够拥有和保障他们的各种财产是授予的条件和目的，那么不管君主或议会怎样有权制定法律来规定臣民彼此之间的财产权，若没有得到臣民的同意，君主或议会就不可能有将臣民财产的全部或任何部分夺为己有的权力，如果有这样的权力，臣民在事实上就根本没有享有财产权了。让我们来看一下，即使在某些情况下绝对权力是必要的，也不因它是绝对的就一定是专断的；它仍受在某些情况下受到为何需要绝对权力的理由的限制并且被局限于达到这些目的之范围内。我们只需看一下军队纪律的一般实行情况即可。因为保护军队进而可以保护整个国家，所以要求军人对每一个上级长官的命令绝对服从；即使是最危险和最不合理的命令，若不服从或表示异议，处死也是应该的。然而，我们看到，一个军官能够命令一个士兵向炮口前进或独守阵地，而不用管那种情况下士兵是否必死无疑，但是，军官却不能命令那个士兵给他一分钱。同样，一个将军有权处死一个擅离职守或不服从进行孤注一掷的命令的士兵，却不能凭借自己决定生死之一切的绝对权力，来处置那个士兵的任何一丁点儿财产，或攫取他的些许财物，尽管他能对这个士兵下任何命令，也能因受到些许违抗而将士兵处死。这是因为，盲目服从对于司令官拥有权力的目的——即保护其他人——是必要的，但处置士兵的财物却与此目的毫不相关。

确实，政府如果没有庞大的经费就无法维持，所以每一个享受保护的人应该从自己的产业中支出他的一份来维持政府。但这仍需经由每个人自己的同意，换而言之，就是需要经由大多数人的同意，而不论“大多数人”是由他们自己或他们所选出的代表组成。因为倘若任何人依仗自己的权势声称无需得到人民的此种同意就有权向人民征收赋税，他就侵犯了有关财产权的基本法律，破坏了政府的目的。因为倘若另一个人可以拥有凭其所好就夺取我的东西的权利，那么我还有什么财产权可言呢？

第四，立法机关不能将制定法律的权力转让到任何其他人的手里，因为它既然仅仅是源于人民的一种委托权力，那些拥有这种权力的人就不能将它转让给其他人。唯有人民才能通过组成立法机关和指定行使立法权之人来决定国家的形式。当人民已经表示“我们愿意服从并受制于那

些人所制定的、采取那些形式的法律”时，其他任何人就不能声称其他人可以替他们制定法律。除了受那些他们选出并授权来为他们制定法律的人所制定的法律之约束，他们不受任何其他法律的约束。

这些就是社会给予他们的委托以及上帝和自然对各种政体下每一国家的立法机关的权力所设的限制：这些立法机关应该通过正式公布的既定法律来统治，这些法律并不因特殊情况而有所变化，对于穷人和富人、宫廷权贵和乡村农夫都一视同仁。第二，这些法律的目的也只应是为人民谋福利，而别无其他目的。第三，这些立法机关不能在未经人民自己或其代表同意的情况下对人民的财产征税。这一点当然只与那种立法机关长期固定不变，或者至少人民没有定期选出代表并将立法权授予这些代表的政府有关。第四，立法机构既不该也不能将制定法律的权力转让给其他任何人，或将这种权力用于并非人民所安排的其任何地方。

[1] “既然制定法律来支配整个政治社会的合法权力如此正当地属于同一完整的社会，那么无论世界上的哪种君主或统治者，如果以他自己的意志，而不是依据直接来自于上帝的明确委托，也不是依据受制于这些法律的人们之最初同意而赋予的权威来行使这种权力，那就几乎等于纯粹的暴政。因此，未经公众同意而制定的法律就不是法律。”胡克《宗教政治》第1卷第10节。

“因此，关于这一点，我们要注意，既然人们基于自然并不拥有充分和正当的权力来命令全部政治民众，那么倘若这种命令完全未经我们同意，我们就可以选择不听命于任何人生活。倘若我们所在的社会在以前任何时候曾同意被统治，之后又没有以同样的全体协议来取消这一同意，那就表明我们确实是同意被统治的。”

“因此，无论哪种人类法律都是基于同意才生效的。”胡克，同上。

[2] “有两个支柱支撑着公共社会：一个是所有人都向往社会生活和交往的自然倾向，另一个是他们明确同意或默认的有关他们群居生活方式的秩序。我们把后者称为大众福利的法律，它是一个国家的灵魂，法律赋予国家的各个部分以生命，使之团结在一起，并促使它按公共福利的要求来采取行动。针对人们之间的外在秩序和统治而制定的国家法律，并不符合它们应有的样子，除非假设人在意志上顽固、反叛、绝对不愿服从其天性的神圣法则。总而言之，只有假设人的劣根性与野兽不相上下，他们才会针对这种情况做出规定，用于规范人的外在行为，使他们不对组成社会所要谋求的公共福利造成妨碍。除非法律有此效用，

否则它们就是不完美的。”胡克《宗教政治》第1卷第10节。

[3] “人类法是指导人们行为的尺度，而还有更高的法则来规范这些尺度。更高的法则有两种：上帝的法则和自然法。所以，必须根据一般的自然法来制定人类法，并且与《圣经》中的任何实在法不相违背，否则就是制定得不好。”胡克《宗教政治》第3卷第9节。

“强迫人们做任何不便之事似乎是不合理的。”同上书，第1卷第10节。

第十二章　论国家的立法权、执行权和对外权

立法权是指导如何运用国家的力量保护社会及社会成员的权力。由于那些必须经常加以执行、长期有效的法律可以在短期内制定，既然立法机关并不是经常有事可做，所以立法机关就没一直存在的必要。此外，倘若制定法律的权力和执行法律的权力都掌握于同一批人之手，也许会对人类的弱点造成太大的诱惑，使他们有攫取权力的倾向，从而让自己不必服从所制定的法律，并且在制定和执行法律时使法律与自己的个人利益相符合，由此，他们就逐渐拥有与社会其他成员不同的利益，与社会和政府之目的相违背。所以，在秩序井然的国家里，整体的福利受到应有的重视，立法权被置于定期集会、有权自己制定或与他人联合制定法律的若干人手中。而当法律制定后，他们再次分开，并且自己也受所制定的法律的管辖。这是对他们的全新的切身束缚，旨在确保他们制定法律是为了公众的福利。

然而，因为那些在短期内一次制定出来的法律具有长期持续的效力，需要经常予以执行和关注，所以，必须存在一个长期存在的权力机构来确保业已制定且持续有效的法律得以执行。于是，立法权和执行权常保持分离状态。

每一个国家中还存在另一种权力，人们可以称它为自然的权力，因为它与每个人在加入社会之前自然享有的权力是相同的。尽管在一个国家中，人们就彼此之间的关系而言，仍是不同的个人，并以此身份受社会法律的支配，然而，相对于外人而言，他们则构成了一个整体，正如其每个成员在加入社会之前那样，这个整体仍和外人处于自然状态。所以，由公众来解决社会的任何成员与社会以外的其他人之间所发生的纠纷；全体成员都要参与对他们这个整体中的一员所造成损害之索赔。因此，从这一角度考虑，就所有其他国家或这个社会之外的人而言，整个社会是处于自然状态中的一个整体。

所以，这种权力包括战争与和平、联合与联盟以及处理与国外一切人士和社会的所有事务之权力。如若任何人愿意，可称之为对外权。只要能够便于理解，怎么称呼我无所谓。

这两种权力，即执行权和对外权，尽管本身的确不相同，前者包括对社会内部所有成员执行国内法，而后者是指管理有关公众安全和利

益，以及所有可能由此带来的利益或损害的对外事务，但这两种权力几乎总是相互结合的。尽管对外权的行使是否得当对国家影响至关重大，但它远不及执行权能受事先制定、长期有效的明文法的指导，所以，这种权力就必然要交由掌握此权力的人以公共福利为目的，依他们的智慧和审慎来行使。至于涉及臣民间相互关系的法律，既然是为了指导他们的行动，完全可以预先制定。但是如何处理外国人在很大程度上取决于外国人的行动以及其企图和兴趣的变化，这种情况就必须主要由被委以此权力的人们凭其智谋来决定，他们需要为了国家利益竭尽己能来处理。

如我所说，尽管每个社会的执行权和对外权本身的确不相同，但几乎无法将它们分开并同时交到不同的人手里。因为行使这两种权力都需要社会的力量，所以将国家的力量置于不同且互不隶属的人们手中确实不可行；而倘若将执行权和对外权交给可以分别行动的人，那么，公众的力量由此就会受不同的人支配，如此一来，混乱和毁灭早晚会发生。

第十三章　论国家权力的统属

虽然在一个依靠自身基础并按照自己的性质，即为保护社会而行事的、有组织的国家里只能有一个最高权力，即立法权，其余的一切权力都是而且必须从属于它。但立法权只是为了某种目的而行使的一种受托的权力，当人民发现立法行为违背了他们的委托时，人民依然拥有罢免或更换立法机关的最高权力。因为，既然所有的权力都是为了达到一种目的而被委托的，就必然受到这种目的的限定，当这种目的明显被忽略或遭到反对时，委托必然被取消，权力又重回当初授权的人们手里，他们可以将之重新授予他们认为最有利于自己的安全和保障之人。因此，社会始终保留一种使自己免受任何人，甚至是他们的立法者的攻击和谋算之最高权力：有时他们竟会愚蠢或邪恶到对人民的权力和财产有所图谋并付诸行动的地步。因为任何人或人类社会都没有将自我保护的任务或与此相关的手段交付于另一个人的绝对意志和专断统治的权力。每当任何人想要置他们于这样一种奴役状态时，他们总是拥有保护他们无权放弃的东西的权力，并且有权让自己摆脱那些对至关重要、不可侵犯且不可变更的自卫法则进行侵犯的人，而人们之所以加入社会正是为了自我保护。因此，我们可以说共同体在这方面总是最高权力，却不能认为在任何政体下都是如此，因为直到政府解体，人民的这一权力才能产生。

在政府存在的任何情况下，立法权就是最高权力，因为一定是凌驾于一个之上的人才能对那个人立法。而且，立法权之所以成为社会的立法权就在于它有权为社会的各个部分和每个成员制定法律，为他们的行为制定准则，在法律被违反时有权授予执行权。立法权必须是最高权力，而社会的任何成员或任何组成部分所拥有的其他一切权力都源于它并从属于它。

在一些立法机关并非常设的国家里，执行权被授予一个参与立法的独立个人。在此情况下，那个人在广义上也可以被称为是至高无上的。这并非因为他本身拥有一切最高的权力，即制定法律的权力，而是因为他拥有最高的执行权，而一切下级官吏都从他那里得到所有各自的或至少最大部分的从属性权力；并且，既然没有立法机关凌驾于他之上，未经他的同意不能制定法律，也就不能指望他会愿意屈从于立法机关的其

他部分，那么在此意义上，说他至高无上再合适不过了。然而，我们必须看到，虽然别人向他宣誓效忠，但并不是把他视为最高立法者，而是把他视为法律（通过他与别人联合的权力而制定）的最高执行者来宣誓的。效忠不过是依照法律的服从，倘若他自己触犯了法律，他就无权要求别人服从，而且要不是因为他是被赋予了法律权力的公仆，他也不能要求别人服从他，所以他应被视为国家的象征、化身或代表，依照国家法律所表明的社会意志而行事。因此，他没有意志，没有权力，而只有法律的意志与权力。然而，当他不再作为这种代表，而是放弃公共意志而凭自己的私人意志而行事时，他就降低了自己，成为了一个没有权力、没有意志的个人，因为除了公共意志，社会成员无需服从其他意志。

倘若执行权不属于有权参与立法的人，那么它显然从属于立法机关，立法机关需要对这种权力负责，也可以随意变动和更换它。所以，并不是最高执行权免于从属他人，而是当最高执行权归属于一个参与立法权的人时才如此。既然一个人参与立法，那么，除了他所参加和同意的立法机关，他并不从属于其他更高的立法机关并对之负责。因此，他只在自己认为适当时才从属于别人，而人们可以断定，此种情况少之又少。我们不必谈及一个国家的其他辅助性和从属性的权力，因为它们因各个国家的习惯和组织的不同而如此种类繁多，以至于我们不可能对它们进行详细的描述。关于这些权力，我们只关注那些于本文之目的有必要的方面，即它们唯有依据明文授予和委托而获得的权威而别无其他权威，且都对国家的其他某种权力负责。

立法机关长期存在既无必要，亦不方便。但是执行机关的长期存在就完全有必要，因为并非总是需要制定新的法律，却总是需要执行所制定的法律。当立法机关将执行其所制定之法律的权力交于他人之手后，它们仍有权在其认为有必要时从那些人手中收回这一权力，并惩罚任何违法的弊政。这也同样适用于对外权。对外权和执行权都辅助并从属于立法权，而立法权，如前所述，是一个有组织的国家中最高的权力。在此情况下，立法机关还应包括一些人（因为倘若它是单独一个人，就只能总是存在，因而作为最高权力，它自然就同时拥有立法权和最高执行权），他们可以依据最初宪法所规定的时间或在休会时所指定的时间集会和行使立法权；倘若两者都未指定任何召集时间或未规定其他召集方法，他们可以在自认为合适的时间集会并行使立法权。因为最高权力既

是由人民授予他们的，它就总是由他们掌握，而他们可以在自己认为适当的时候行使它，除非依据他们最初的宪法只能在一定时期开会，或依据他们最高权力的某个条例已经决定休会到某一时候，而这一时间一旦到来，他们就有权再次集会并行使其权力。

倘若组成立法机关或其任何部分的代表是由人民为某个时期所选，期满后那些代表将恢复为普通臣民，只有重新当选才能参与立法机关，那么这种选举权也必须由人民在指定的时间或在他们被召集来参加选举立法机关时行使。在后一种情况下，召集立法机关开会的权力通常被赋予执行机关，在时间上受制于以下二者之一：要么最初的宪法规定立法机关每隔一段时间集会并行使职权，那样的话，执行权仅从行政方面发出指令，要选举和集会依据正当形式进行；要么由执行权在情况或公众的急切需要要求修改旧法律或制定新法律，或者在有必要消除或防止困扰或威胁人民的任何麻烦时，审慎地通过举行新的选举来召集大家开会。

在此，有人可能提出一个问题：既然执行权掌握国家的力量，倘若最初的宪法或公众却又急切需要立法机关开会以行使职权，而执行权却利用国家力量阻碍开会，又该怎么办呢？我的回答是，未经授权并违背他所受的委托而对人民施以暴力，就是对人民宣战，人民有权恢复立法机构，让其行使权力。因为既然人民设立一个立法机关的目的是使其在某些固定的时间或在需要它时行使制定法律的权力，这一权力对社会是如此必要并关系到人民的安全和保障，那么当立法机关受到任何武力的阻碍而不能行使这一权力时，人民有权用武力将阻碍清除。在各种情况和条件下，纠正未经授权而使用武力的真正办法是以武力对付武力。未经授权就使用武力常常将使用武力之人作为侵略者而置于战争状态，所以人们必须把他当成侵略者来对待。

赋予执行机关召集和解散立法机关的权力并不是将执行机关置于立法机关之上，而只是为了人民的安全，在人类事务的变化无常不能适应固定不变的规则之情况下给予执行机关的一种委托。因为，政府的创建者不可能如此有远见，不可能对未来的事件预料如神，不可能能为未来长时间里立法机关集会的恢复和期限预定如此适当的时间，从而完全满足国家的所有急迫需要。因此，弥补这一缺陷的最佳方法就是将这件事情委托给一个长期存在、负责照管公众福利的人，由他审慎地做出决定。对于人民而言，立法机关的频繁集会和无必要的漫长会期只能是个

负担，迟早会造成更危险的不利情况；但是，事情的突变有时又会需要他们的及时帮助。召集会议的任何推延都会危及到公众；有时他们的任务如此繁重以至于有限的会期让他们难以完成工作，结果使公众失去了只有靠他们的深思熟虑才能得到的益处。于是，在此情况下，为了防止社会因立法机关召集会议和行使职权的固定间隔时间和会议期限而遭受随时发生的各种危险，除了把这件事情委托给一些在任并熟悉公共事务的人们来审慎地决定，利用此特权为公众谋福利外，还能做什么呢？这件事情除了交给已受托并为同一目的而执行法律的人，还有谁能更好地担此重任呢？因此，倘若最初的组织法没有规定立法机关召集会议的时间和会议期限，那么自然而然地，这件事情就落到执行机关的手里。这不是作为一种随心所欲的专断权力，被委任者应该根据时局变化和事态变迁的需要，总是只为公共福利而行使这一权力。到底是为立法机关安排固定的会期，还是让君主有召集立法机关的自由，还是二者混用，哪种方式所带来的麻烦最少，不需要我在这里探讨。我只是想指出，虽然执行权有召开和解散立法机关会议的特权，但它并不因此就凌驾于立法机关之上。

世间万物总是处于这样不断变化的状态，以至于没有任何事物长期处于同一状态。于是民族、财富、贸易、权力的状况发生改变；欣欣向荣的大城市开始衰败，最后变成备受忽视的穷乡僻壤，而其他人迹罕见的地方却发展成富裕的人口稠密区。然而，事物的变化并不总是平均的，私人利益常常把某些习俗和特权保留下来，纵然它们已无存在的理由。所以这样的事情时有发生：在一些政府里，人民选出的代表组成立法机关的一部分，随着时间的推移，这种代表的分配变得很不平等，和当初分配代表的理由很不相称。我们看到有些地方徒然保留了城市的虚名，留下的不过是废墟，在那里所能看到的房屋不过是个别羊栏，所能找到的人不过是个别牧羊人，但是它们还能派出与人口众多且财力雄厚的郡同样多的代表出席庞大的立法会议。于是，我们就会确信，沿袭已无存在理由的习俗会造成很大的谬误。外人对此瞠目结舌，每个人都承认必须纠正这种状况，尽管大多数人认为很难找到纠正的方法，因为立法机关的组成法既是社会最初的和最高的法令，先于社会的一切明文法而存在，并且完全依赖于人民，所以没有任何下级权力能改变它。因此，立法机关一旦构成，只要政府还继续存在，而人民在我们如上所述的政府中没有权力可以行使，那么这种缺陷就被认为是无法补救的。

人民之福利是最高的法律确实是公正和根本的准则。只要真诚地遵守这一准则的人就不会犯严重的错误。所以，倘若有权召集立法机关开会的执行机关，真正遵守代表比例制而非它的形式，不是根据旧习俗而是根据真正的理性来规定各地有权选出作为代表的数量——这种权力并非任何一部分的人怎样结合就能自称拥有，而是与其对公众的贡献成比例——那么，我们认为这种做法只是恢复了原有的真正的立法机关而非建立了一个新的立法机关，只是纠正了因时间推移不知不觉而又无可避免地引起的失调状况。因为人民的利益和意图是享有公平和平等的代表制，所以无论谁使它最接近于这一目的，谁无疑就是政府的真正朋友和创立者，不会不得到社会的同意和认可。特权不过是君主掌握的一种权力，在出现无法预见和不能确定的情况使得确定和不可变更的法律无法运用自如的情况下，可以为公众谋福利。无论任何行为，只要显然是为了人民的利益、将政府建立在其真正的基础上，都是而且永远是正当的特权。建立新选区并随之分配新代表的权力是基于这样一个假设：分配代表的规定迟早会发生变动，那些以前无权推选代表的地方可以享有推选代表的正当权利；基于同理，那些以前享有此种权利的地方可以失去这种权利，并且对此权利而言变得无足轻重。政府受到损害并不是由于腐败和衰退可能引起的现状的改变，而是由于政府伤害或压迫人民的倾向，以及扶植一部分人或党派使之有别于其余人并将其余人置于不平等的臣服地位之做法。无论什么事情，只要依据公正和持久的法则被认为是对社会和一般人民有利，一旦做了，总是能证明其正当性。无论何时，只要人民以公正且无懈可击的平等办法来选举他们的代表，适合于政府原来的组织结构，那无疑是社会的意志和行为，而不论是谁允许和建议他们这样做的。

第十四章　论特权

在不同的人掌握立法权和执行权的情况下，就像一切有节制的君主国和组织良好的政府中那样，社会的福利要求拥有执行权的人来裁处一些事情。因为既然立法者不能预见并以法律来规定一切对社会有益的事情，那么在国内法未做出规定的许多情形下，在立法机关能够被方便地召集来对其加以规定之前，掌控执行权的法律执行者有权依据一般的自然法，利用自然法来为社会谋福利。再者，存在许多法律根本不能规定的事情，这些事情必须交给掌控执行权的人来自由裁定，由他依据公众福利和利益的要求来处理。不仅如此，法律本身在某些情况下要让位于执行权，或更确切地说，让位于自然和政府的这一根本法，即应当尽可能地保护社会的所有成员。这是恰当的，因为可能会发生许多偶然的事情，而在那些情况下严格而呆板地执行法律可能会造成损害（例如当邻居失火时，不拆掉一个无辜者的房子来阻止火势蔓延），而一个做了一件值得嘉奖和宽恕之事的人有时可能会受到不加区别的法律的制裁。所以，统治者在许多情况下正当地拥有减轻法律的严厉性和赦免某些罪犯的权力，因为既然政府的目的是尽可能地保护所有的人，那么只要能证明不会损害到无辜者，即使有罪之人也可以被赦免。

这种没有法律规定、有时甚至与法律相违背，但为了公众福利而酌情裁处的权力，被称为特权。因为在一些政府里，制定法律的权力机关并非总是存在，而且就执行法律所需之速度而言，这种机关的成员太多，行动又太慢；并且，因为无法预见，所以也就无法用法律规定所有与公众相关的偶然事件和紧急情况，而且倘若所制定的法律对于相关的一切情况和所有人都毫不变通、严厉地加以执行，也无法不造成伤害；因此，对于法律没有规定的许多特殊情况，要给执行机关留有一定的自由空间来加以裁定。

当这种权力是为了社会福利而行使，并且符合政府所受的委托和其目的时，就是毫无疑问的特权，绝不会受到质疑。因为，当特权的运用是在任何尚可忍受的程度上为了它本来的目的，即为人民谋求福利，而不是明显地与之相抵触时，人民就很少或从不会在细节上过于苛刻或斤斤计较，不至于去质疑特权。然而，倘若执行权和人民之间就某个被称为特权的东西产生分歧，那么根据行使这一特权的倾向是有利还是有害

于人民，便很容易裁决这一问题。

设想政府建立之初的情况并非难事，那时国家与家族在人口数量上差别甚微，在法律的数量上差别也没有多大；既然统治者就像他们的父亲，为了他们的利益而照料他们，那么政府就几乎全凭特权进行统治。少数几个既定的法律就足够了，其余的事情由统治者凭其斟酌和审慎灵活处理。然而，当软弱的君主导致错误或阿谀奉承占了上风，利用这种特权不是为了公共福利而是为了他们自己私人的目的时，人民就只得通过明文的法律就他们认为不利于自己的那些方面对特权做出规定，宣布在那些方面对特权加以限制，而以前，他们和他们的祖先将这些特权最大限度地留给君主，让他们凭其智慧只作正当的利用，换而言之，只在为其人民谋福利时才使用特权。

所以，那些说人民用实在法对特权的任何部分加以界定就是侵犯了特权的人，他们对政府有一种非常错误的看法。人民这样做并没有剥夺君主应享有的任何权利，而仅仅是在宣告：人民以前未加限定地交给他或他的祖先之权力，只能为了替人民谋福利而行使，而当他并非为此目的而使用这一权力时，就是在做人民不希望他做的事了。因为既然政府的目的是为了社会谋福利，那么无论做出何种变革，只要是为了这一目的，都不能算是对任何人的侵犯，因为政府中无人拥有背离这该目标的权力。唯有那些不利于或阻碍公众福利的变革才算是侵犯。那些主张相反观点的人们仿佛认为，君主享有与社会福利截然不同且相互分开的利益，君主的设立不是为了社会福利；这就是发生在君主制政府中几乎一切罪恶和混乱的根源。倘若真是如此，处于君主统治之下的人民就不是一群理性动物，为了他们共同的福利而加入社会，为了保护和促进那一福利而将统治者置于自己之上；相反，他们被看成一群处于主人统治下的低等动物，主人养活和使用它们是为了自己的愉悦或利益。倘若人类是如此缺乏理性和野蛮愚钝，以此种条件加入社会，那么特权确实会像某些人所说的那样，成为一种损害人民的专断权力。

然而，既然人们无法假设一个理性的动物在不受他人控制时会为了伤害自己而臣服于另一个人（尽管当他找到一个善良英明的统治者时，他也许认为没有必要或没有好处在各个方面对统治者的权力加以明确限制），那么特权就只能是人民允许他们的统治者在法律没有规定、甚至有时在与法律明文相抵触的情况下，为了公共福利依据自由抉择来做一些事情，并且这样做的时候得到了人们的默许。因为一个不忘人民赋予

他的委托并关心人民福利的贤明君主拥有再多的特权（造福人民的权力）也不为过；一个软弱昏庸的君主会要求享有其前辈曾行使过、法律对之未加以规定、因其职位理应属于他的特权，这样他可以随意行使此特权来谋求或获得与公众福利截然不同的利益。这就促使人民重申其权利并限制这种特权，而倘若君主行使这一特权是为人民谋福利的话，人民本会默认同意的。

所以，纵览英国历史就会发现，我们最为贤明善良的君主总是享有最大的特权，因为人民注意到他们所作所为的整个趋势是为了公共福利，或者纵然由于人性的任何弱点或过失（因为君主也是人，同其他人一样）而与这一目的稍有偏差，但是显而易见，他们行动的主要趋向只不过是关心公众。因此，既然每当这些君主在法律未作规定或与法律的明文相抵触的情况下采取行动，人民都能找到对他们感到满意的理由，那么人民就默认了他们的所作所为，并且让他们随意扩大自己的特权而毫无怨言。他们正确地断定，君主于此没有做任何不利于他们的法律的事情，因为君主的行为符合一切法律的基础和目的，即公众福利。

确实，依据能够证明专制君主制是最佳的政体的那一论点，这种像神一般的君主有权享有专断的权力，正如上帝自己也是用专断权力来统治宇宙那样，因为这样的君主具有上帝的智慧与美德。在此基础上形成了这样的说法："对于其人民的权利而言，贤明君主的统治总是最危险的。"因为当他们的继承人以不同的思想管理政府时，就会援引那些贤明君主所做之事为先例，使之成为他们的特权的标准，好像从前只是为了人民之福利才做的事，倒给了他们随意危害人民的权利。在人民能重新获得他们原来的权利，并且宣布那种权利从来就并非真正的特权之前，这一点已经时常引发争论，有时甚至导致公共秩序混乱。因为在社会中，任何人从来都不可能有权去伤害人民，纵然极有可能且合理的是，人民不应对那些本身并未逾越公共福利之界限的君主或统治者所享有的特权设定任何界限。因为"特权不过是在没有规定的情况下为公众谋福利的权力罢了。"

在英国召集议会的权力，包括确切的会议时间、地点和会期在内，无疑是国王的特权。但是，却仍需保证行使此权力时必须依据时代的迫切需要和各种不同情形的要求为国家谋福利。既然不可能预知召集议会的最佳时间及地点，就把这些交由执行权来抉择，从而符合最适于公共福利、最适合于议会的目的。

有人会提出关于特权的一个老问题：由谁来裁定这一权力何时运用得当呢？我的回答是：在一个拥有如此特权的现存执行权和一个由执行权决定召集的立法机关之间，尘世间不可能有裁定者。正如执行机关或立法机关在掌握权力时企图或开始奴役或摧残人民时，在立法机关和人民之间也不可能有裁定者一样。在此情况下，如同在尘世间没有裁定者的其他所有情况一样，人民别无补救办法，唯有诉诸上天；因为统治者在做此尝试时行使了人民从未授予他们的权力（绝无法设想人民会同意任何人为危害他们而统治他们），做了他们无权做的事情。倘若全体人民或任何个人被剥夺了权利，或受无权行使的权力所支配，而在尘世间又无以诉求，那么每当他们评判足够重大的案件时，就有权诉诸上天。因此，纵使在此情况下人民不能成为裁定者，无法依据那个社会的宪法而拥有任何更高的权力来判断案件并做出有效的宣判，但在尘世间无以诉求的情况下，他们依据一种先于并高于人类一切实在法的法律，为自己保有属于全人类的最后决定权：决定他们是否有正当理由诉诸上天。这种决定权是他们所不能放弃的，因为使自己如此屈从于另一个人以致给了那人毁灭自己的权利，这超出了人类的权力范围。上帝与自然从不允许一个人如此自暴自弃以致忽视自我保护。既然一个人不能剥夺自己的生命，他也就不能将剥夺自己生命的权力交给另一个人。不要让任何人认为这就会为动乱埋下永远的祸根，因为这种决定权的祸害不到如此之大以致为大多数人感受到并对此忍无可忍，且认为必须要加以纠正时，是不会加以行使的。这是执行权或贤明的君主应该永远提防的事情，是所有事情当中他们最需要避免的，也是所有事情当中最为危险的。

第十五章　综论父权、政治权力和专制权力

尽管先前我已有机会分别谈到这几种权力，但是我认为近来关于政府之理论的重大错误的产生正是由于混淆了这几种彼此不同的权力，所以在这里把它们放在一起讨论，也许并无不当。

第一，父权或亲权只不过是父母支配其子女的权力。父母为了子女的利益，在他们能够运用理性或达到一种认知状态之前管束他们。我们可以假定他们在那种状态下能够理解那一准则，不管它是自然法或是他们国家的国内法，并且应该用它来规范自己。我说“能够”，是指他们像在法律之下作为自由人而生活的其他人一样理解那一法律。上帝将对子女的温情和慈爱植入父母心中，由此可见他的本意并非要使这种管束成为严厉的专断统治，而只是为了帮助、教育和保护他们的后代。但是无论如何，如我在前文中已经证明过的那样，我们都没有理由认为这种权力可以扩大到使父母在任何时候对其子女握有生杀大权，正如他们对其他人并不拥有这种权力一样；我们也没有理由认为当孩子长大成人并能正确运用理性时，这种权力仍使他服从于其父母的意志，超过子女因受到父母的生育教育而负有终身尊重、孝敬、感激和赡养父母的义务。因此，虽然父权确实是一种自然的统治，但决不能扩展到政治目的和管辖方面。父权决不触及子女的财产，子女的财产只由他们自己处理。

第二，所谓政治权力，就是每个人在自然状态中享有的、主动交给社会的权力，这种权力又由社会交给社会确立的统治者，社会明确或默许这种转交，即这一权力的使用必须是为社会谋福利、必须保护社会的财产。如今，这一权力——即每个人在自然状态中所拥有并且由他在社会能给予他保障的各个方面交给社会的权力——就是使用他认为适当的且自然允许他使用的那些办法来保护他的财产，并且惩罚他人违反自然法的权力，以便在他理性范围内尽可能地保护他自己和其余人类。因此，在自然状态下，当这一权力为每个人所掌握时，其目的和尺度在于保护他所处社会的所有人，即全人类；当行政长官掌握这一权力时，除了保护社会成员的生命、权利和财产，并没有其他目的或尺度。所以，这一权力不能是一种支配他们的生命和财产的绝对的、专断的权力，因为生命和财产是应当尽可能受到保护的；而只能是一种对人们制定法律的权力，并且附加刑罚，以便除去部分来保护全体，因为这些部分腐败

透顶，威胁到了全体的生命和安全。若非如此，任何严厉的刑罚都是不合法的。而且这一权力只能源于契约和协议，以及组成社会的那些人们之间的相互同意。

第三，专制权力是一个人对另一个人所拥有的绝对的专断权力，可以随时随心所欲地剥夺另一个人的生命。这一权力不是自然赋予的，因为自然在人们彼此之间并未做出这种区别。它也不是契约所能让渡的权力。因为人既然对他自己的生命没有这种专断的权力，也就不能将这样一种支配自己生命的权力给另一个人。它只是侵略者将自己和他人置于战争状态时丧失自己生命的结果。既然侵略者已经抛弃上帝赐予人类作为人与人之间准则的理性和理性所启示的和平之路，并且利用武力来达到他无权强加于另一个人的不正当目的，那么，他就使得自己在对手能够下手的任何时候遭到毁灭；这时，他的对手就像其他任何能够置他于死地的有毒和凶猛的动物一样。因此只有在正义和合法战争中捕获的俘虏才受专制权力的支配，由于这种权力并非源于契约，所以也不能订立任何契约，而只是战争状态的继续。因为和一个不能主宰自己生命的人能订立什么契约呢？他能履行什么条件？倘若他一旦或许主宰自己的生命，他主人的专制的专断权力也就告终了。一个能主宰自己和自己生命的人也就有权采用各种手段来保护自己的生命。因此，一旦缔结契约，奴役就会终止。一个人一旦和他的俘虏议定条件，他就放弃了自己的绝对权力并终止了战争状态。

自然将这些权力中的第一种，即父权，赐予父母，让父母在其子女未成年时为他们谋利益，从而弥补子女们在如何管理自己财产方面的无能和无知。（必须指出，我所说的财产，在这里和在其他地方一样，意指人们在其人身和物质方面的财产。）第二种权力，即政治权力，通过自愿的约定给予统治者，让他们来为臣民谋利益，从而保障他们占有并使用自己的财产。第三种权力，即专制权力，通过人权的丧失赐予主子们，让他们为谋自己的利益并奴役那些被剥夺了所有财产的人。

一个人只要考察一下这几种权力的截然不同的起源、范围和目的，就会清楚地看到，父权不及统治者的权力的程度，正如专制权力超过统治者的权力的程度；而绝对统治权，无论如何设置，都不可能是一种公民社会，它与公民社会格格不入，就像奴隶制度与财产权格格不入一样。只有在孩子尚未成年而不能管理自己的财产时，父权才存在；只有在人们拥有归他们自己处理的财产时，政治权力才存在；而专制权力是

支配那些根本没有财产的人之权力。

第十六章　论征服

尽管除了上文所提及的起源之外，政府别无其他起源，而且社会的建立也只能基于人民之同意，但是，野心使世界充满了混乱，导致人们在战争的喧嚣声中（战争的喧嚣声构成了人类历史的绝大部分）很少注意人民的这种同意。所以，许多人错把武力当成人民的同意，把征服视为是政府的起源之一。然而，征服和任何政府的建立相差甚远，正如拆毁房屋之和在原处重建新屋相差甚远一样。诚然，摧毁旧的国家结构往往是为了建立新的国家结构，但如若没有得到人民的同意，绝对不能建立一个新的国家结构。

一个将他自己与另一个人置于战争状态并且不义地侵犯另一个人的权利的侵略者，不可以通过这样一场不义之战享有支配被征服者的权利，人们很容易对此达成一致，因为他们不会认为强盗和海盗有权支配他们用足够的武力征服的人，亦不会认为人们应受缚于因非法武力胁迫所做的承诺。倘若一个强盗闯入我家，用刺刀对着我的喉咙，强迫我签下将我的产业转让给他的契约，这会成为给予他任何权利的依据吗？一个不义的征服者用其利剑逼迫我屈从时所得到的正是这样一种权利。这种行为无论是由头戴王冠之人或是由卑贱歹人所为，伤害和罪行都是一样的。罪犯的头衔和其追随者的数目除了加重罪行，并不使罪行有所差别。唯一的差别是，大盗会惩罚小盗，让小盗使之服从自己，而大盗却因而得到桂冠和胜利的奖赏，因为他们的势力对于这世上软弱的司法力量而言过于强大，反而将惩罚罪犯的权力掌控于手中。一个强盗就这样闯入我家，我有什么办法补救呢？唯有诉诸法律以求公正。然而，或者我因残疾而不能行动，或者遭到抢劫却没有诉诸法律的财力，我可能得不到公正的裁判。倘若上帝剥夺了我寻求补救的一切手段，那么我唯有忍耐。然而，我的儿子可以在他能力时寻求我所没有得到的法律救济；他或他的儿子还可以重新起诉，直到他获得应享的权利。但是，被征服者或他们的子女，在人世间没有可以求助的法庭或仲裁者。于是，他们可以像耶弗他那样诉诸上天，在他们恢复其祖先与生俱来的权利（要有这样一个得到大多数人赞同和自由默认的立法机关来支配他们）之前重复申诉。倘若有人以这样会引起无休止的纠纷为理由提出反对意见，我的回答是，这不会比司法引起更多的纠纷；假如司法受理所有向它提出

的申诉的话。一个无缘无故骚扰其邻居的人，应受其邻居所诉诸的法庭的惩罚。那个诉诸上天的人必须确信他是争议的一方，而且还有理由认为为申诉所付出的辛劳和费用是值得的，因为他将对一个无法蒙骗的法庭负责，而这个法庭肯定会依据每个人对和他一样的臣民，也就是人类的任何部分所造成的损害而予以惩罚。由此可见，不义战争中的征服者不能因此有权享有被征服者的臣服和顺从。

然而，假定胜利属于正义的一方，让我们来考察一下合法战争中的征服者，看看他获得什么权力以及对谁拥有此种权力。

第一，显而易见，他的征服并不使他有权支配那些同他一道进行征服的人。那些同他并肩奋战的人不能因征服而遭受损失，他们至少还必须是同从前一样自由的人。最为普遍的情况是，他们会基于一定的条件效劳，并且按照一定的条件与他们的首领分享一部分战利品和胜利带来的其他利益，或至少拥有赐给他们的那个被征服之国家的一部分。我希望那些征服者没有因征服而沦为奴隶，并且他们戴上桂冠并不只是为了显示他们是其首领的胜利之牺牲品。那些将专制君主统治建立于武力之上的人使得他们的英雄，即此类君主国家的创立者，成为了彻头彻尾的“德洛坎塞”之流，却忘了他们还有将士在他们所赢得的战争中对他们鼎力相助，或协助他们征服，或和他们一起占有他们所吞并的国家。有些人告诉我们，英国的君主制是在诺曼人的征服时期中建立的，我们的君主由此获得享有绝对统治权的资格。倘若真是这样（根据历史，事实并非如此），倘若征服者威廉有权向这个岛国开战，那么他靠征服得来的统治权只限于当时居住在这个国家的撒克逊人和不列颠人。不管伴随征服而来的是什么样的统治权，和威廉一同前来并帮他征服的诺曼人，以及他们所有的后裔，都是自由人，并不由于征服而变为臣民。倘若我或其他任何人以他们后裔的身份而要求自由，那么要证明相反的情况则绝非易事。显而易见，对这些人未加区别的法律并不打算使他们的自由或权益有任何差别。

然而，假设（这样的情况很少发生）征服者和被征服者从未在同样的法律和自由之下合并成一个民族，那么接下来，让我们看看一个合法的征服者对被征服者拥有什么权力。我认为这种权力是纯粹的专制权力。征服者对于那些因不义之战而丧失其生命权的人之生命享有绝对的权力，但对于那些没有参加战争的人的生命或财产，甚至那些实际上参加战争的人的财产，却并不享有这种绝对的权力。

第二，我可以说，征服者只对那些实际上曾帮助、赞成或同意使用不义的武力攻击他的人拥有权力。因为既然人民没有给予其统治者做不义之事的权力，例如发动不义之战（因为他们自己也从未拥有这样一种权力），那么就不该认为人民应对不义之战中所犯下的暴行和不义行为承担罪责，除非他们实际上煽动了这场战争；正如不该认为人民应对其统治者对人民或本国臣民的任何部分施以的任何暴行或压迫负有罪责，因为他们并未授权其统治者去做任何这样或那样的事情。的确，征服者极少费力去对此加以区分，而是乐于让战争的混乱将一切混淆，但是这并改变不了正义，因为征服者对被征服者的生命享有的支配权之所以存在，只是因为被征服者曾用武力来进行或支持不义之事，所以他只能对那些赞成武力的人拥有支配权，而其余的人都是无辜的。征服者对那个国家里不曾伤害他，因此没有放弃其生命权的人民之不享有支配权，正如他对其他任何丝毫没有伤害或挑衅他，而是与他和睦共处的人之不享有支配权。

第三，征服者在正义之战中取得的支配他所战胜的那些人的权力是完全专制的。对于那些由于将自己置于战争状态而放弃自己生命权的人，征服者对这种人的生命享有一种绝对的权力，但征服者并不因此有权拥有这种人的财产。我毫不怀疑这种学说乍听起来似乎很奇怪，因为它与世界上的惯例如此背道而驰。在谈到国家的领地时，没有什么比那种通过征服而得到土地更常见的说法了，仿佛光凭征服就立即转移了占有权。然而，如若我们稍加考虑，尽管被征服者必须顺从对征服者用刀剑强加给他们的境遇，无论强势者的做法多么具有普遍性，这种做法都难以成为正确的准则。

尽管在所有战争中，武力与损害通常相互交织，当侵略者运用武力来攻击与之交战的那些人的人身时，很少不损害到他们的财产，然而，唯有武力的使用才将人置于战争状态。因为无论他是用武力开始造成损害，还是悄悄地以欺诈造成损害，他都拒绝赔偿并通过武力维持那种损害（这和最初使用武力造成损害是一回事）。引发战争的正式不义地使用武力。因为一个破门而入并凶暴地将我逐出家门，或者和平地进入我家后用武力将我置于门外的人，其实做的是一样的事。我现在所讲的情况是这样：假定我们所处的状态让我们在人世间没有一个裁定者能倾听我们的哭诉，能让双方都必须服从，那么，是不义地使用武力让一个人与另一个人处在了战争状态，而犯此罪的人就因此放弃了他的生命。因

为，倘若他放弃作为人与人之间关系准则的理性，而是像野兽那样使用武力，那么，他就有可能像任何危及他的生命的残暴野兽一样，被那个他用武力侵犯的人所毁灭。

然而，因为父亲的过错并非子女的过错，就算父亲残暴不仁，子女们却有可能是有理性而和平的，所以父亲只能因为过错和暴力丧失他自己的生命权，并不将子女牵扯进他的罪行或破坏行为。自然本着竭尽所能保护全人类的意愿，已经将父亲的财产归属子女，使他们不致死亡，所以父亲的财产仍继续属于子女。因为，倘若子女因年幼、离开或自行选择而未曾参加战争，那么他们就没有做任何放弃财产的事情，征服者也不能只凭他已征服那个企图以武力毁灭他的人而有任何权利夺走这些子女的财产，虽然为了补偿自己在战争中和在保护他自己的权利时所遭受的损失，征服者可能对那些财产拥有某些权利，而我们会在后面看到这权利在多大程度上与被征服者的财产有关。由此可见，一个人通过征服有权支配另一个人的人身，可以随意毁灭他，却并不因此对另一个人的财产享有权利，并不可以占有或享用这个人的产业。因为正是侵略者所使用的暴力给予他的对手把他当成野兽、随意夺去他的生命并毁灭他的权利，但只有他所遭受的损害才使他享有支配另一个人的财物之权利。这是因为，虽然我可以杀死一个拦路抢劫的强盗，却不能（这种情况似乎较少发生）夺去他的钱财并把他放走，如此一来，就变成我在抢劫了。强盗的武力和他将自己置身其中的战争状态使他丧失了自己的生命权，但却并不给予我任何享有其财产的权利。因此，征服的权利只限于参加战争者的生命，仅在为战争中遭受的损失和战争费用进行索赔时才涉及他们的产业，而且即使在此情况下，无辜的妻子和子女的权利也要予以保留。

就算让征服者这方拥有所能设想的最充分的正义，他也无权夺取多于战败者所能丧失的东西。战败者的生命听凭胜利者的摆布，胜利者为了获得赔偿可以占用战败者的劳役和财产，但胜利者却不能夺走战败者的妻子及子女的财物。因为战败者所享有的财产，他的妻子和子女也有权享用；对于他所拥有的产业，他们也有一份。例如，如果我在自然状态中（所有国家都彼此处于自然状态）曾经损害另一个人，并且因我拒绝赔偿而进入了战争状态；这时，由于我以武力保护我所得的不义之财让自己成为了侵略者。结果，我被征服了，我的生命权确实由于已经丧失而任人摆布，但我的妻子和子女的生命权却并非这样。他们没有发动

战争，亦没有帮助作战。我不能放弃他们的生命权，它们并非我所能放弃的。因为我的妻子分享我的产业，所以她的那一份我也不能放弃。还有我的子女，既然他们是我生的，他们就有权被我的劳动和财产抚养。于是情况就是这样：征服者有权就所遭受的损害要求赔偿，而被征服者的子女为了维持生计有权享有其父亲的产业。就妻子的那一份而言，不管是她享有这份财产的权力是源于自己的劳动还是契约的规定，她的丈夫显然不能放弃属于她的东西。这种情况下该怎么办呢？我的回答是：既然基本的自然法是要竭尽所能地保护全人类，那么，倘若没有足够的东西可以完全满足双方，即赔偿征服者的损失和扶养被征服者的子女时，富足有余的人应该推迟享有使他获得完全满足的东西，让那些若没有这些东西就会有死亡危险的人优先享用急需的权利。

假设征服者发起的战争导致的赔偿和损失会使被征服者倾尽所有，而被征服者的子女在父亲所有的财物被掠夺一空后就会饿死，那么，即使侵略者的正当要求应该得到满足，他仍不能获得占有他所征服的任何国土的权利。这是因为，战争的损失很难等同于世界上任何地区的任何大片土地之价值，倘若那里所有的土地都被占有，没有任何荒地。倘若我未曾夺取征服者的土地（既然我被打败，我就不可能这样做），那么，我对他所造成的其他任何损失都不及我的土地之价值，假如我的土地与我所蹂躏过的他的土地在面积上大致相当，而且也同样被开垦过的话，通常所能造成的最大损失是一年或两年的收成（因为很少达到四五年的收成）。至于被夺走的货币以及财物珍宝之类，它们都不是自然的财物，只有一种想象的虚拟价值，而自然并没有将那种价值赋予它们。它们依照自然的标准之没有价值，正如美洲的贝壳串珠对于一个欧洲君主，或者欧洲的银币对于从前的美洲人是没有价值的一样。在所有土地都被占有且没有余下任何荒地的地方，五年的收成之价值不及征服者所强夺的土地之永久继承权的价值。这一点很容易理解：倘若人们抛开货币的虚拟价值，损失量和土地价值之间的差异将大于5比5000。尽管另一方面，在那些土地多于居民所能占有和利用的数量、任何人都有利用荒地之权利的地方，半年的收成之价值就超过土地继承权的价值。但是在那些地方，征服者对占有被征服者的土地也就不太感兴趣了。因此，处于自然状态中的人们（因为所有君主和政府都彼此处于自然状态中）彼此所受的损害，不能赋予征服者权力，让征服者能剥削被征服者的后代，将他们赶出应由他们和他们后代继承的土地。的确，征服者往往容

易以主人自居，而正是被征服者所处的境地使他们不能质疑征服者的权利。然而，倘若情况就是如此，它所给予的只不过是赤裸裸的暴力给予强者支配弱者的权利。基于这一理由，那个最强有力的人将拥有占有任何他所想要的东西的权利。

因此，对于那些跟随征服者参加战争的人，以及那些被征服者的国家中并未反对他的人，甚至那些曾经反对过他的人们的后代，征服者即使是打的是正义之战，也并不能因为征服而享有统治这些人的权利。这些人不受征服者的任何支配。倘若他们原来的政府解体了，这些人有权为自己创建另一个政府。

确实，征服者常常凭借他更强的武力，用剑指着这些人的胸口，强迫他们屈从于他的条件，使他们臣服于他随意为他们建立的政府。然而问题是，他有什么权利这样做呢？倘若说他们是基于自己的同意而屈从的，那么这就承认他们自己的同意是给征服者以统治他们的权力的必要条件。现在我们只需要考虑：我们能否将受武力胁迫而非基于权利做出的承诺视为同意，这些承诺又有多大的约束力？对此我可以说，这些承诺一点儿约束力也没有。因为无论别人用武力夺走我的什么东西，我对这些东西仍保有权利，而他也有立即归还的义务。那个强夺我的马的人应该立即把马归还，而我仍然有权夺回它。同理，那个强迫我做出承诺的人应该立即“归还”，即解除我履行承诺的义务；否则，我可以自己收回承诺，即决定我是否履行承诺。因为我所承担的义务是由自然法只基于它所规定的准则来确定的，却不能由违背自然法的准则，例如以武力向我勒索任何东西，来迫使我承担。当一个强盗用手枪对着我的胸口，要我交出钱包时，我伸手自己从衣袋里掏出钱包并亲手递给他。在此情况下，说我曾做出承诺根本不能改变案情，也并不意味着宽恕武力或转移权利。

基于上述探讨，我们可以得出结论：征服者的政府是以武力强加于被征服者的，而征服者当初并无权对被征服者发动战争，或者他虽有权发动战争而他们（被征服者）却未曾加入对他的战争，所以不能使被征服者承担任何义务。

然而，让我们暂且假定，既然那个社会的所有人是同一国家的成员，那么他们就可以被认为曾参加了那场他们于其中被打败的不义之战，因此他们的生命就要受征服者的摆布。

我还是认为他们未成年的子女与此无关。因为既然父亲本身对其子

女的生命或自由并无支配权，那么他的任何行为也就不可能获得支配权。所以无论父亲发生了什么事情，子女仍是自由人，征服者的绝对权力所涉及的范围不能超过那些被他所征服的人本身，并且随着他们的死亡而丧失。倘若他统治他们像对待奴隶一般，使其臣服于他的绝对的专断权力，那么，他对这些人的子女却没有这样的统治权。不管他可以迫使他们说什么或做什么，唯有他们自己的同意才使他对他们享有任何权力。只要他是以武力，而非基于他们自己的选择来迫使他们服从时，他就没有合法的权威。

人人生而具有双重的权利。第一种是他的人身自由的权利，他的人身唯有他自己可以自由处理，而其他任何人无权加以支配。第二种是他和他的弟兄先于其他任何人继承其父亲的财产之权利。

根据这两者中的第一种权利，就算一个人出生于政府管辖下的某一个地方，他生来却不受制于任何政府。然而，若当初那个政府的建立是基于他们（祖先们）的同意而建立的话，倘若这个人否认自己出生地国家的合法政府，那么他就必须放弃依据那个政府的法律而属于他的权利，连同那里由他的祖先们传给他的财产。

根据第二种权利，任何国家的居民，倘若他们是被征服者的后裔并且从那些被征服者那里获得继承产业的权利，而那些被征服者曾有一个违背其自由同意而强加于他们的政府，虽然他们（这个国家的居民）并非自由地同意那个政府（它以武力将其苛刻的条件强加于那个国家的土地所有者），他们仍保有继承其祖先之财产的权利。因为最初的征服者既然对那个国家的土地不享有任何权利，那么作为那些被迫臣服于一个政府的人们之后裔或基于他们的权利而有所要求的人民，总有权摆脱那种政府，使自己不再受制于他人以武力强加于他们的篡夺或暴政，直至他们的统治者将他们置于那样一种他们自愿选择同意的政府框架之下（决不能假定他们表示过这种同意，除非他们被置于一种完全自由的状态，可以选择他们的政府和统治者的，或至少直至他们拥有自己或他们的代表自由地表示同意的那种长期有效的法律，并且直至他们被允许享有其正当财产，从而使他们成为自己拥有、任何人未经他们同意不能拿走其任何部分的财物之所有者。如若没有这些条件，处于任何政府统治下的人们都并非身处自由人的状态，而只是处于战争暴力下的十足的奴隶。）谁会怀疑希腊的基督教徒——希腊古代土地所有者的后裔——一旦他们有能力，就会正当地挣脱让他们痛苦不堪的土耳其人的枷锁？

然而，即使征服者在正义之战中拥有支配被征服者的人身的权利和支配被征服者产业的权利（当然，他显然没有此种权利），在继续统治期间，这些权利也不会产生任何的绝对权力。因为这些被征服者的后代都是自由人，倘若他给予他们产业和财产以居住在他的国家里（若非如此，国家就一文不值），那么不管他给予他们什么东西，只要是被给予的，他们就对这些东西拥有财产权。财产权的性质是：未经他本人同意，不能将之从他那里夺走。

他们的人身本身就是自由的，他们的财产，不论是多是少，都属于他们自己，由他们自己处理，而非任由征服者处置，否则，它就不是财产了。假设征服者给一个人1000英亩土地，归他和他的子孙永久所有；租给另一个人1000英亩土地，让他终身租用，年租为50或500英镑。那么难道前者不是永久有权享有他那1000英亩的土地，而后者倘若如数支付上述地租，难道不是终身享有此权利吗？难道那个终身佃户在上述租期内无权通过辛勤劳作享有他所得的超过地租的所有收入，譬如说是地租之两倍的收入？有没有人能够说，国王或征服者在给予财产后可以凭他作为征服者的权力，从前者的子孙或尚在人世并照付地租的后者那里夺走全部或部分土地呢？或者说，他能否随意夺走两者在上述土地上所得的财物或金钱呢？倘若他能这样做，那么世界上所有自由自愿的契约就都会终止和无效。无需任何别的东西，只要有足够的权力就可以在任何时候解除它们。这样，有权之人的所有给予和诺言都不过是愚弄和欺骗。因为倘若有人说“我将这件东西永远给你和你的子孙”，这是所能表达的最肯定、最郑重的转移方式，但这却应该被理解为“倘若我愿意，明天我仍有权从你那里取回”，世界上还有什么比这更荒诞可笑的事吗？

君主们是否可以免受他们本国法律的约束，我不想在此加以争论，但我可以肯定这一点，即他们应服从上帝和自然的法律。任何人和任何权力都不能使他们免受这个永恒法则的约束。就承诺而言，对永恒法应尽的义务十分重大，连全能的上帝本身也被这些义务所约束。给予、承诺和誓言是约束全能的上帝的枷锁。无论谄媚之徒对人世间的君主们说什么奉承话，即使把所有的君主和与他们相结合的人民加在一起，相较于伟大的上帝，只不过是滴水之微，微尘之渺，形同乌有，轻若鸿毛！

征服的问题可以概括成这样：征服者，倘若进行的是正义之战，就享有对所有实际参加和同意与他作战者的专制权利，并且享有用他们的劳动和财产来赔偿他的损失和费用的权利，他这样并不损害其他任何人

的权利。征服者对于其他人——倘若他们中有任何人不同意战争——以及对于战俘本人的子女或对于二者的财产，并不享有任何权利，所以他不能凭借征服而拥有统治他们的任何合法权利，亦不能将此权利传给他的后代。否则，他就成了一个侵略者，从而将自己置于与他们敌对的战争状态。他或他的任何继承者都不享有君权，如同丹麦人兴加尔或胡巴在英格兰或斯巴达克斯（倘若他曾征服意大利）在意大利并不享有君权。只要上帝将勇气和机会给予那些被他们所征服的人，他们就会挣脱征服者的枷锁。所以，无论亚述的国王们通过武力对犹大拥有了什么权利，上帝还是帮助犹大国王希西家（摆脱了那个征服帝国的统治。“耶和华与希西家同在，无论他去往何处，尽都亨通。他背叛，不肯侍奉亚述王。”（《列王纪下》第18章7节）。由此可见，摆脱一种以武力而非正义施加于任何人的权力，虽然背负背叛之名，但在上帝面前并非罪行，反而被他允许和赞同，纵然以武力获得的诺言和契约对此加以阻碍也无济于事。对于任何留心阅读过亚哈斯和希西家的故事之人而言，亚述人征服了亚哈斯，废黜了他，并在他尚在人世时立他的儿子希西家为王，而希西家在此期间一直依据协议服从他并向他进贡，这些都是极有可能的事。

第十七章　论篡夺

既然征服可以称为外来的篡夺，那么篡夺就是一种国内的征服，差别在于：篡夺者这一方永远不可能拥有正义，因为篡夺只有在一个人占有另一个人有权享有的东西时才成立。篡夺的范围只限于人事的变更，而非政府形式和规则的改变。因为倘若篡夺者扩张其权力，超出了本应属于国家的合法君主或统治者的权力之范围，那么就是篡夺加暴政。

在所有合法的政府里，指派由谁实行统治如同政体本身一样，是政府的自然而必要的一部分，并且这种办法的确立最初来自于人民。无政府状态都极其相似，即根本没有政府形式或同意政体应为君主制却没有指定任何办法来选任拥有统治权的人来担任君主。所以，所拥有有既定政府的国家，都有规则以指派参与国家权力的人及授予这些人权利。不管谁不是通过国家法律所规定的方法，而是通过其他方法取得行使任何统治权的权力，都无权让人服从，纵使国家的形式仍被保留也无济于事。因为他不是法律所指定的人，所以也就不是人民所同意的人。这样的篡夺者或他的任何继承人亦无资格享有统治权，除非人民能够自由地表示同意，并在实际上已同意承认和确认他已经篡夺而来的权力。

第十八章　论暴政

正如篡夺是行使另一个人有权行使的权力，暴政是行使越权的、无人有权行使的权力；也就是任何人并非为了受此权力支配的人们谋福利，而是为了谋取他自己私人的单独利益而运用他手中的权力。不管统治者有多么正当的权利，当他不以法律而以他自己的意志为准则，当他不以保护其人民的财产而以满足他自己的野心、私愤、贪婪和其他任何不正当的欲望为其命令和行为的目的时，那就是暴政。

倘若有人因为这话出自一个卑微臣民之口而怀疑它是否是真实而理性的，那么，我希望一个国王的权威会使他接受这个说法。1603年，詹姆斯国王在对议会的演说中这样告诉议员们："我将永远以公众和整个国家的利益，而不以我的任何特殊和私人的目的来制定好的法律和宪法；我始终认为国家的富足和幸福是我最大的幸福和尘世的乐趣，一个合法的国王和一个暴君之间的根本区别就在于此。因为我确认，一个正德仁君和一个暴敛昏侯之间突出的和最大的差别在于这一点：骄傲自大而野心勃勃的暴君认为他的王国和人民只是受命来满足他的愿望和过分的贪欲；与之相反，正直而公正的国王认为自己是受命来为人民谋取财富和财产的。"1609年，他在对议会的演说中又说了这样的话："国王通过双重誓言来约束自己以遵守他的王国的根本法律：一种是默示的，即作为一个国王，就必须保护他的王国的人民和法律；另一种是在他加冕时用誓言明确表达的。所以，在一个稳定的王国里，每一个道德明君都必须遵守他根据他的法律与人民订立的契约，并在此基础上按照上帝在大洪水之后同挪亚订立的契约'地还存在的时候，庄稼、寒暑、冬夏、昼夜就永不停息了'来组织他的政府。因此，一个在稳定的王国里进行统治的国王，一俟他不再按照他的法律来进行统治，就不再是一个国王，而堕落为一个暴君了。"他稍后又说："所以，一切既非暴君又不违背誓言的国王，都将乐意把自己束缚于其法律范围内。谁劝诱他们不这样做，就是阴险恶毒之徒，既背叛国王也背叛国家。"由此可见，这位明白事理而知识渊博的国王只从这一点上区分国王和暴君：国王将法律作为其权力的界限，将公众的福利作为政府的目的，而暴君则使一切都服从于自己的意志和欲望。

认为只有君主制才存在这种缺点是错误的。同君主制一样，其他的

政体也会有这种缺点。因为无论在什么情况下，只要这种为了管理人民和保护他们的财产而交由某些人掌握的权力被应用于其他目的，被利用来使人民贫困、骚扰他们或使他们屈从于掌权者专横而不正当的命令时，就立刻成为暴政，不管运用权力的人是一个人还是许多人。所以在历史上，我们看到雅典有30个暴君，锡拉库扎也有一个暴君，而罗马十大执政官那令人无法忍受的统治也好不到哪里去。

倘若践踏法律伤害他人，法律的终点便是暴政的起点。无论哪个掌权者超越法律所赋予他的权力，利用他所能控制的武力来强迫臣民接受违法的行为，那种做法就使他不再是一个行政官；未经授权的行为同以武力侵犯他人的权利一样会遭到反抗。就下级官员而言，这一点是大家都承认的。那个有权在街上逮捕我的人，倘若他企图闯入我家来执行令状，纵然我知道他持有逮捕令并具有合法的职权来使他有权在室外逮捕我，他仍然可以被我当成小偷或强盗那样加以反抗。为什么这对于最下级的官员有效，而对于最高的长官就不行呢？我很乐意有人告诉我其中缘由。一个长兄因为拥有其父亲的绝大部分产业，就有权剥夺他的任何一个兄弟应得的那份，这合理吗？或者一个富人是否因为他占有整个地区而有权随意夺取他的穷苦邻居的茅舍和园圃呢？一个人能够合法地拥有远远超过亚当的绝大多数子孙所拥有巨大的权力和财富，这非但不能作为借口，更不能作为进行掠夺和压迫的理由，那样做是在没有权力的情况下损害他人，只能更加恶化事态。因为超越职权之界限对于大小官员而言，都不是一种权利，对国王或警察而言，也都一样不合道理。然而，当一个人得到人民的更多信托，已享有比他的其余同胞更大的份额，且由于他的教育和顾问等有利条件，理应有更好的认识而更没有理由这么做，倘若他竟还如此，那就更恶劣了。

那么，君主的命令可以加以反抗吗？只要任何人觉得自己受到伤害，且认为君主无权对他这样做，是否就可以随时反抗君主？这样做会扰乱和推翻所有政体，其结果是，非但没有了政府和秩序，有的只是无政府状态和混乱局面。

我对此的回答是：武力只能用来反对不义和非法的暴力。无论谁在其他任何情况下进行任何反抗，就会为自己招致来自上帝和人类的正当谴责，所以那种如人们常说的危险或混乱就不会接踵而来。因为：

第一，在一些国家里，依据法律，君主的人身是神圣的，所以不管他命令或做什么，他的人身仍然免受一切质疑或侵犯，不受武力和任何

司法的制裁或谴责。但是人民可以反抗任何低级官吏或他委任的其他人的不法行为，除非他想要通过实际上将自己与其人民置于战争状态来解散他的政府，任由人民采取防卫手段，而这一手段属于自然状态中的每一个人。谁能知道这种情况的结局会如何呢？一个邻近的王国已经给全世界展示了一个异常的例子。在其他所有情况下，君主人身的神圣不可侵犯性使他免受一切妨害，只要政府存在，他就是安全的，免受一切暴力和伤害。这个制度再明智不过了。因为他个人所能造成的损害不可能时常发生，其影响本身也不至于很深远；即使任何君主如此软弱和心术不正以致想要推翻法律或压迫全体人民，他亦不能凭借一己之力达到目的。当一个任性的君主即位后，有时会造成一些特殊的过错，但公众的安宁和政府的稳定可以充分补偿这些错误所造成的损害，从而保证行政首脑的人身处于安全范围之内。比起国家元首随便而轻易地暴露于危险的境地，少数一些私人有时有受害的危险对于整体而言更安全。

第二，这一特权，既然只属于国王的人身，就并不妨碍人民对那些尽管自称受国王委托却未经法律授权而使用不义武力的人加以质疑、反问和抵抗。典型的例子是，一个持有国王的令状去逮捕人的官僚，他虽受国王的全权委托，却不能闯入那人的住所去逮捕他，亦不能在某些特定的日子或地方执行国王的这一命令，虽然逮捕令上并没有规定此种例外，但这些是法律的限制，倘若任何人违背，国王的委任亦无法使他豁免。因为既然国王的权威只由法律所授予，那么他就不能授权任何人去违法，亦不能以国王的授权来证明他这样做是正当的。任何行政官越权发出的委任或命令同任何私人的委任或命令一样无效而无用，两者的差别在于，行政长官拥有为某些目的而规定的职权，而私人则一点职权也没有。因为不是委任而是职权给予人行动的权利，而违反了法律则无职权可言。然而，虽然可以进行这种反抗，国王的人身和权威仍受到保障，因而不会对统治者或政府构成危险。

第三，假定一个政府首脑的人身并非如此神圣不可侵犯，但这种关于反抗一切非法行使权力的行为是合法的学说，也不会动辄危及他或使政府陷入混乱。因为受害方在可以得到救济、他所遭受的损害可以通过诉诸法律获得赔偿的情况下没有理由诉诸武力。武力只在一个人受到阻挠而无法诉诸法律时，才能加以使用。唯有那种让人无法诉诸法律的武力，才能被认为是怀有敌意的暴力。也唯有这种暴力才将运用它的人置于战争状态，使反抗他成为合法。如果一个人手持利刃在公路上强行索

要我的钱包，尽管当时我口袋里的钱可能还不到12便士，但我可以合法地杀死这个人。又比如我交给另一个人100英镑，只是让他在我下车时替我拿着，但当我再次上车时他拒绝把钱还给我，反而在我试图重新收回我的钱时拔出他的剑来以武力保卫他所占有的钱。比起前者试图对我造成的损害（我在他真正对我造成任何损害前就把他杀了），这个人对我造成的损害要大一百倍，甚至一千倍，然而，我可以合法地杀死前者，却不能合法地伤害后者。其中的缘由显而易见，因为前者使用武力来威胁我的生命，我不可能有时间去诉诸法律来保障我的生命安全，而生命一旦失去，诉诸法律也就来不及了。法律不能让我起死回生。这种损失不可弥补，为了防止这种损失，自然法赋予我权利杀死那个将他自己与我置于战争状态并以毁灭对我构成威胁的人。然而，在第二种情况下，我没有生命危险，可以有诉诸法律的便利，并可以此种方式收回我的100英镑。

第四，倘若行政官通过他所获得的权力坚持他的不法行为，并运用同样的权力阻挠人们获得依据法律应得的补偿，那么，就算人们有权对这种明显的暴虐行为加以反抗，也不会突然或轻易地扰乱政府。因为，倘若这只涉及一些私人案件，虽然他们有权自卫，并且通过武力收回他们被非法暴力所夺去的东西，但可以这样做的权利不会轻易地使他们卷入一场必死的搏斗。再者，正如一个暴怒的疯子或鲁莽的反叛者不可能推翻一个稳固的国家一样，一个或几个少数被压迫者不可能动摇政府，倘若广大人民认为此事与己无关。对于这两者中的任何一方，人民都不会随便追随。

然而，不论这些非法行为是已经伤及大多数人民，还是只有少数人受到损害和压迫，在此情况下，不论是从先例看和从后果看，这些行为都威胁到了所有人，使他们由衷相信他们的法律、产业、权利和生命，甚至宗教也都受到了威胁，那么，该如何阻止他们反抗有害于他们的非法暴力呢？我并不知道该怎么做。我承认，当统治者使政府陷入被人民所普遍怀疑的境地时，无论什么政府都会遇到麻烦。这是统治者能使自己陷入的最危险的状态，而他们身陷其中更不值得怜悯，因为避免此事发生是如此易如反掌。倘若一个统治者确实想为他的人民谋福利，要保护他们和他们的法律，是不可能不让他们看到和感觉到这一点的，就像一个家庭的父亲不可能不让他的子女看到他对他们的慈爱和照顾一样。

然而，倘若所有的人都看到言行不一致，看到权术被用来规避法

律，看到特权的委任（这是在某些事情上赋予君主的一种专断权力，以使他有益而非有害于人民）被用来违背原来授权之目的，倘若人民发现大小官吏的选任是为了适合于这样的目的，相应的升职和罢免完全取决于官吏们促成或反对这些目的的情况，倘若人民看到专断权力已被多次试用，宗教方面对此尽管公开宣布反对但私下里却表示赞同，还随时准备采用这种权力，甚至尽量支持实施专断权力之人——而当这样做不可行时，官吏们还是对这些行为表示认可和赞赏——倘若一连串的行动表明政府官员都有此种倾向，一个人如何能够再阻止自己发自内心地去判断事情其实在朝着哪个方向发展呢？如同当他发现他所搭乘的那一艘船的船长总是朝阿尔及尔方向航行，虽然逆风、漏水、缺乏水手和供给常常迫使船长暂时改道，然而一旦风向、天气及其他情况许可，船长又坚决地转回原来的航道时，他不得不相信船长正把他和其他人运往阿尔及尔去受奴役。在这种情况下，他怎能不想方设法自救？

第十九章　论政府的解体

谁想要清楚地说明政府的解体问题，他就应该首先区别社会的解体和政府的解体的不同。每个人与其他人通过订立协议组成一个整体行动的团体，进而成为一个单独的国家，从而产生了共同体，并使人们脱离自然的松散状态，转而进入政治社会。外国武力的入侵并征服他们，是解散这种联合的通常且几乎是唯一的途径。在那种情况下（由于他们不能作为一个完整而独立的整体保卫或保存自己），属于那个整体、由他们所组成的联合就必然终结，每个人因此都回到联合之前的状态，可以按他可以接受的方式在其他的社会里自由地谋生和自保。一旦社会解体，毋庸置疑，那个社会的政府就不能继续存在。于是，征服者的武力常常将政府连根拔起，并将社会解体，使被征服或被分散的民众不再能够依赖那个社会，脱离那个本应保护他们不受暴力侵犯的社会的保护。世人坚决反对这种解散政府的方式，因为他们太了解这种方式了，因此我不必对这种方式多加论述。“社会一旦解体，政府无法继续存在”这一点也不需要多加论述就可以证明。这就如同飓风吹散、吹开房屋的材料，或房屋因地震而变成一堆瓦砾时，房屋的构架就不可能继续存在一样。

除了这种外部颠覆的情形，政府也会从内部解体：首先，在立法机关更迭的情况下。成员之间处于和平状态，即构成了公民社会，任何人之间可能出现的一切分歧都有立法机关作为仲裁者来解决，因此战争状态就被解除了。一个国家的成员正是通过立法机关才联合并结成一个协调的有机体。立法机关赋予了国家的形态、生命和统一的灵魂，立法机关让分散的成员产生相互影响、同情和联系。所以，一旦立法机关被破坏或解散，国家就会随之解体和消亡。拥有一个统一的意志是社会的本质及和谐之根本，所以，一旦由大多数人建立了立法机关，就表达或是保存了这一意志。社会首要的和基本的法令是立法机关的组织法，它规定了人们在一些人的指导和法律的约束下结合的持续时间，由人民的同意和委派所授权的一些人来制定这些法律。如果不以此为基础，他们中的任何一个或几个人都无权制定对其余人有约束力的法律。倘若任何一个或更多的人未经人民的委派就擅自制定法律，他们所制定的法律就毫无权威，因此人民没有服从的义务。借此方式，人民再次摆脱了从属状

态，可以为自己组成一个他们认为最好的新的立法机关，可以完全自由地抵抗那些越权将任何东西强加于他们的人所使用的暴力。倘若那些受社会之托来表达公众意志的人被排挤出立法机关，而另一些人无此权威或未经此种委任却篡夺了他们的位置，那么每个人都可以随意行事了。

国内滥用权力的人通常会造成上述情况，倘若不知道这种情况是发生于哪种政府形式之下，就很难对此问题加以正确判断并知道该由谁负其责。那么，让我们假设立法权同时属于三种不同的人：第一，一个世袭的个人，此人拥有永久的最高执法权，并有权在一定时期里召集和解散其他两者；第二，一个世袭贵族的会议；第三，一个由民选代表组成、有一定任期的议会。假定政府是这样一种形式，那么显而易见：

第一，倘若这样一个个人或君主用他的专断意志来代替通过立法机关表达的、作为社会意志的法律，那么，立法机关就被改变了。因为立法机关要成其为立法机关，其规章和法律就要得以执行并得到人们的服从；倘若制定其他法律，假托并执行并非由社会组成的立法机关所颁布的法规，立法机关就显然被改变了。无论谁实行新的法令或推翻旧的法律，倘若未经社会的基本委托的授权，他就是在否认和颠覆制定这些法律的权力，因而就建立了一个新的立法机关。

第二，倘若君主阻止立法机关如期集会，或阻止它依据当初组织它的那些目的来自由行使职权，立法机关就被改变了。因为立法机关的存在并不在于有一定数量的人，也不在于开多少会，而在于他们还有辩论的自由和充足的时间来完成为社会谋福利的任务。倘若这些都被剥夺或变更，导致社会无法适当地行使他们的权力，那么立法机关就确实被变更了。因为组成政府的并非名称，而是伴随着那些名称原应具有的权力的运用和行使过程，所以一个人若是剥夺了立法机关的自由或阻止它如期执行职权，他就在事实上取消立了法机关并且终止了政府。

第三，倘若君主凭借专断权力，未经人民同意，通过违反人民的共同利益的方式变更了选民和选举方式，立法机关也就被改变了。因为倘若不由社会所授权的那些人去选举，或不以社会所规定的方法进行选举，那些当选的人就不是人民所任命的立法机关。

第四，倘若君主或立法机关迫使人民屈从于外国势力，这就无疑改变了立法机关，并因此导致政府解体。因为人民之所以加入社会是为了保持一个完整、自由而独立的社会，受它自己法律的约束，一旦他们交给另一个国家的权力支配，就丧失了这一目的。

在这种政体下，显而易见，我们应该把政府在这些情况下的解体归咎于君主。因为君主可以运用国家的武力、财富和机构，并且常常由于自信或别人的奉承而自立为首脑，不受任何制约，所以只有他才能打着合法职权的幌子大肆进行这种变革，而且还有权把反对者视为分裂者、叛乱者和政府的敌人来恫吓或镇压。而立法机关的其他部分或人民则不能自行试图对立法机关进行任何变更，除非发动足以引起注意的公开而明显的叛变，而这种叛变一旦成功，所产生的影响几乎无异于外来征服。而且，在此政体之下，君主有权解散立法机关的其他部分，从而使他们成为没有公职的人，而他们决不能与君主对抗或未经他同意就以一项法律规定来变更立法机关，因为他们的法令要生效就必须得到君主的同意。然而，只要立法机关的其他部分以任何方式帮助或鼓励颠覆政府的任何企图，或者不竭尽所能来阻止这样的阴谋，它们就都是有罪的，都参与了这种无疑是人们彼此间所能犯下的最严重的罪行。

要使这样的一个政府解体，还可以有另外一种方式，那就是，倘若拥有最高执行权的人玩忽职守并且放弃职责，导致已经制定的法律不再得以执行。这显然会使一切陷入无政府状态，因而实际上使政府解体。因为法律的制定并非为了法律自身，而是通过法律的执行而成为社会的约束，使国家的各个部分各得其所、各司其职。当这一切完全停止时，政府就显然停止了运作，人民就成了没有秩序、没有联系的乌合之众。哪里不再有司法机构来保障人们的权利、社会内部没有其他权力来指挥武力或为公众提供必需品，那里无疑就不再有政府。法律在哪里不能得以执行，那里就等于没有法律；而我认为一个没有法律的政府是一种政治上不可思议的事情，是人类所不能想象的，而且是与人类社会相违背的。

基于以上情况和类似的情况，当政府解体时，人民可以自由地为自己建立一个新的立法机构，通过人选或形式的变动或这两方面都变动而不同于原先的立法机关，按他们认为最有利于他们的安全和福利而定。因为社会不能由于另一个人的过失而丧失自身用以保护自己生来就拥有的权利，而社会的自保只能通过一个确定的立法机关和公正无私地执行自身制定的法律才能得以实现。但是人类的处境并非如此悲惨，并不是非到为时已晚而别无他法时才能采用这一补救办法。在旧的立法机关由于受到压迫、暗算或被移交给外国势力而消失之后才告诉人民可以自己建立一个新的立法机关，无异于在病入膏肓已不可救药时才对他们说有

希望得到救治。这事实上不过是叫他们先成为奴隶，然后才去考虑他们的自由；不过是当他们戴上枷锁之后才告诉他们说，他们可以像自由人那样行动。倘若是这样，这与其说是救援，倒不如说是愚弄。倘若在完全受暴政统治之前，人们没有任何办法逃避暴政，那么他们就永远都不能免受暴政之害。所以，他们不但有权摆脱暴政，还有权防止它。

所以，其次，政府还可以通过另一种途径解体，那就是立法机关和君主中的任何一方的行动违反了他们所受的委托。一旦立法机关企图侵犯臣民的财产，企图使他们自己或社会的任何部分成为人民的生命、权利或财富的主人或任意处置者时，他们就违背了他们所受的委托。

人们加入社会是为了保护他们的财产；他们选择并授权一个立法机关的目的是制定法律并确定准则，以保卫社会全体成员的财产，限制社会各个部分和各个成员的权力，并调节他们的管辖权。因为人们决不会设想，社会的意志是要使立法机关有权破坏每个人通过加入社会而得到的东西以及人民服从自己选任的立法者的所想要得到的东西；所以，只要立法者试图夺取和破坏人民的财产，或降低人民的地位，使人民处于专断权力下的奴役状态，立法者就把自己和人民推入了战争状态，人民因此就没有义务继续服从，人民唯有寻求上帝给予所有人抵御武力和暴行的共同庇护。所以，每当立法机关侵犯了社会的这个基本准则，并因野心、恐惧、愚蠢或腐败而试图使自己攫取或交由任何其他人掌握一种绝对权力来支配人民的生命、权利和产业，它们就因这一违背委托的行为而丧失了人民为了完全相反的目的而交到它们手里的权力。于是，这一权力就移交给有权恢复原有自由的人民，让他们通过建立一个他们认为合适的新立法机关来谋求自己的安全和保障，而这正是他们加入社会的目的。我在这里所说的关于立法机关的话，一般也适用于最高执行者，因为他受到人民的双重委托，在参与立法机关的同时又是法律的最高执行者，所以当他把自己的专断意志当成社会的法律时，他的所作所为就违背了这两种委托。如果他运用社会的武力、财富和政府机构来腐化代表并使他们为他的目的效力，或公然预先限定选民们，指定他们选举的人是他已经通过诱惑、威胁、允诺或其他方法拉拢的，并利用他们选出事先已经允诺投什么票以及制定什么法律的人，那么他的行为也就违背了他所受的委托。如此操作候选人和选民并重新规定选举方法，其目的除了要从根本上破坏政府和毒化公共安全的本源，还会是什么呢？因为人民既然为自己保留了选择他们的代表的权利作为其财产的保障，

他们这样做只是为了总是可以自由地选举代表，而且代表一经选出，就可以依据通过审查和详尽的讨论来确定的国家和公共福利之需要，自由地做出决议和提出建议。那些在听到辩论并权衡各方面的理由之前就进行投票的人是无法做到这一点的。筹备像这样的一种议会并且企图安排公然附和他自己意志的人来代替人民的真正代表和社会的立法者，这无疑是可能遇到的最大的背信行为和企图颠覆政府的最佳声明。倘若有人为了达到这样的目的，明显地利用赏赐和惩罚，并利用歪曲法律的各种伎俩来除掉和摧毁所有妨碍这种企图和不愿服从以及不同意出卖他们国家的权利的人，我们就能清楚地明白他们究竟是在做什么了。这些以违背社会最初成立时赋予他们的信托之方式来运用权力的人，他们在社会中应当拥有什么权力，是很容易断定的；而且人们必然看到，谁曾经试图这样做，就再也不会受人信任。

对此可能有人会说，既然人民愚昧无知且总是心怀不满，那么将人民变化无定的意见和变化无常的情绪作为政府的基础，将会使政府遭受某些破坏；倘若每当人民对旧的立法机关不满意，就可以建立一个新的，那么没有一个政府能够长久存在。我对此的回答是：正好相反。人民并非像有些人说的那样那么容易就会摆脱他们旧的组织形式。他们极难被说服去修正他们业已习惯的机构中公认的缺点。倘若有一些最初就存在的缺点或随着时间推移由腐败引起的偶然的缺点，纵然大家都看到有改变的机会，要加以改变也并非易事。当今和过去的时代里，在这个王国发生的许多次革命中，我们已经见识过人民迟迟不愿放弃他们的旧制度的情况。因此，我们仍然保留由国王、上议院和下议院组成的旧有立法机关，或是在几次徒劳无效的尝试之后仍再次恢复了旧有制度。尽管义愤填膺曾使人民摘掉了我们一些君主的王冠，但它却并未使人民另找别的王室为君。

然而，有人会说这种假设会为频繁叛乱埋下种子。我对此的回答是：第一，这一假设并不比其他任何假设更容易引起叛乱。因为当人民遭受不幸，发现自己受滥用专断权力之害，就算你把他们的统治者极力吹捧为主神朱庇特的儿子，说他们神圣不可侵犯，来自于天、受命于天，随便你把他们吹捧成什么人或给予他们什么头衔，同样的事还会发生。只要人民普遍遭受虐待和得不到公正待遇，那么他们随时都要摆脱压在他们身上的沉重负担。他们将默默期盼并寻找机会，而此种机会在人事变迁、人性弱点和机缘巧合的情况下，极少会迟迟不出现。一个从

未见过此等事例的人，一定是涉世太浅；而一个不能从世间各种各样的政府中举出这样的事例的人，则一定是学识太浅薄。

第二，我的回答是，并不是每次公共事务管理稍有不当时就会发生这种革命。人民会不加反抗或毫无怨言地容忍统治者的重大失策、各种错误和不恰当的法律以及人类弱点所造成的一切过失。然而，倘若一连串的滥用权力、渎职推诿和阴谋诡计都为着同一个昭然若揭的目的，人民则不禁要感叹自己处于何种境地，思考自己有何前途。于是，他们会奋起抗争，竭力把统治权交给能为他们保护最初建立政府之目的的人，这也就不足为奇了。要是没有这些目的，古老的名称和华美的外表与自然状态或纯粹的无政府状态相比，并不会更好，而只会更糟；一切弊端都如此严重且迫在眉睫，但补救的办法却更加遥远而且难求。

第三，我的回答是，当他们的立法者侵犯他们的财产，进而违反了他们所受的委托时，人民有权通过新的立法机关来重新保障自己的安全，这一权力是抵御叛乱的最佳保障和阻止叛乱的最可靠手段。因为叛乱反对的不是个人，而是只基于政府的宪法和法律的权威；那些以武力破坏法律并以武力为他们违反法律的行为做辩护的人，无论他们是谁，都是真实不虚的叛乱者。因为，人们通过加入社会和组成公民政府已经排除了武力，而采用法律来保护他们的财产、和平和他们相互间的统一，这时，那些违反法律而重新使用武力的人，就是在造反，是在重新恢复战争状态，因而就是真正的叛乱者。对那些当权者而言，由于他们拥有权威的借口、手里掌握的武力的诱惑和他们周围那些人的谄媚，这样做的可能性最大，所以，向那些最容易受此种诱惑去犯此种错误的人指出其危险性和非正义性，是防止这种祸害的最恰当的方法。

在上述两种情况下，不论是立法机关发生改变还是立法者的行为违反了当初他们被任命的目的，还是那些犯有此罪行之人就是犯了叛乱罪，倘若任何人动用武力废除任何社会设立的立法机关以及立法机关依照所受委托而制定的法律，他就由此废除了人人为和平解决他们的一切争执而同意设立的仲裁者，并拆去了阻止他们之间发生战争的屏障。那些取消或改变立法机关的人废除了一种决定性权力——这种权力未经过人民的委任和同意无人能享有——也就因此破坏了人民而非其他任何人所能建立的权威，并采用了一种未经人民授予的权力；他们实际上造成了一种战争状态，即没有权力依据的暴力状态。于是，通过取消社会所设立的立法机关——人民同意立法机关的各项决定并将之统一起来作为

他们自己的意志——他们就解除了这一纽带，重新置人民于战争状态。倘若那些用武力废除立法机关的人是叛乱者，那么，当为保护和保卫人民及其权利和财产而设立的立法者本身用武力侵犯并试图夺走这些权利和财产时，如上所示，也同样只能被看成是叛乱者。因此，他们既然将自己与任命他们为其和平的保护者和保卫者的人们置于战争状态，他们才真正是罪行最为深重的叛乱者。

然而，那些说我的假设为叛乱奠定了基础的人其实是在说：如果告诉人民他们可以在非法企图危及他们的权利或财产时不必服从，他们可以在他们的行政官违背其所受的委托而侵犯他们的财产时反抗行政官的非法暴力，就可能会引起内战或内部混乱；因此，这一假设对世界和平极为有害，不应该被容许。然而，他们也可以基于同样的理由说，老实人不可以反抗强盗或海盗，因为那样会引起混乱或流血。这种情况下发生任何危害，不应归咎于保卫自己权利的人，而应归咎于侵犯邻居权利的人。倘若为了和平，无辜的老实人必须顺从地放弃他的一切，将之交给对他施以暴力的人，那么我希望人们考虑一下，倘若和平只由暴力和掠夺所构成，而且维持和平只是为了强盗和压迫者的利益，那么世界上将会有怎样的一种和平。倘若羊羔让凶恶的狼咬断它的喉咙而不加以抵抗，谁会将之看作强者和弱者之间值得赞美的和平呢？波吕斐摩斯的洞穴为我们提供了这样一种和平和这样一种政府的完美典范。在那里，尤利西斯和他的同伴们唯有乖乖地被吞噬，别无他法。毫无疑问，尤利西斯是一个深谋远虑的人，他当时宣扬消极服从，通过向同伴解说和平对于人类的意义，以及指出倘若他们反抗目前对他们享有支配权的波吕斐摩斯可能会产生什么害处来劝说他们默默屈从。

政府的目的是为人民谋福利。那么下面哪一种情况对人类最有利：是人民必须总是遭受暴政的无限意志的支配，还是人民有时应在统治者滥用他们的权力并用权力来破坏而不是保护人民的财产时予以反抗？

同样，谁也不能说：每当一个好管闲事的人或好乱成性的人希望随心所欲地变更政府，就会引起祸害。确实，这样的人可以随时随意煽动骚乱，但这只会使他们自作自受、自取灭亡。因为，在祸害变得普遍、统治者的邪恶意图显而易见、或他们的企图已为大部分人所觉察之前，人民宁愿忍受而不愿以反抗来为自己讨回公道，是不大会奋起反抗的。人民不会因为零星几个不幸之人遭遇的不公平对待或压迫而采取行动。然而，倘若他们根据明显的证据普遍相信有人正在实施侵犯他们权利的

阴谋，而事态的整体进展和趋势又不禁要使他们极度怀疑统治者的邪恶意图，谁该因之而受责怪呢？倘若他们本可以避免却招致这种怀疑，这又能怪谁呢？倘若人民具有理性动物的理智，能考虑他们所见所感的事情，这能责怪他们吗？这难道不是那些使事情发展到此种境地却又不愿让人知道其真相的人们的过错吗？我承认，个人的骄傲、野心和狂暴曾引起国家大乱，而派系斗争也曾对一些国家和王国造成致命打击。然而祸患的产生，究竟是经常始于人民的放肆和摆脱其统治者的合法权威的愿望，还是始于统治者的蛮横和将专断权力强加于人民之企图？最先引起混乱的究竟是压迫还是违抗？这些还是公正的历史裁决吧。我相信这一点，即无论何人（不管是统治者还是臣民），一旦以武力侵犯君主或人民的权利，并为推翻任何合法政府的组织和结构埋下祸根，他就犯了我认为一个人所能犯下的最严重的罪行，就应对政府的瓦解给一个国家所带来的流血、掠夺和破坏等所有祸害负责。凡是这样做的人就该被视为人类的公敌和大害，并且应该受到相应的处置。

人们公认，若臣民或外国人企图以武力侵犯任何人的财产，人民可以对其进行武力反抗。但近来却有人否认，若官吏们做了同样的事，人民也可以加以反抗；仿佛那些依据法律拥有最大权利和益处的人因此就有权破坏法律的似的，然而，恰是那些法律才使他们的地位比其同胞更为优越；他们的罪行反而却因此更大，因为他们不仅辜负了法律授予他们的较大权力，而且也违反了同胞所给予他们的委托。

无论是谁，若无权使用、却使用武力，正如任何一个不依法行事的人在社会中所为，就将他自己与那些他用武力来对付的人置于战争状态。在那种状态下，以前所有的约束都被解除，其他所有权利均失效，而人人都拥有进行自卫和抵抗侵略者的权利。这一点十分显而易见，巴克莱，即那位主张君权和君主神圣不可侵犯的著名人物，也被迫承认人民在一些情况下反抗他们的国王是合法的，而这些话就出现在他妄想证明上帝的律法禁止人民进行各种各样造反的那一章里。由此可见，即使根据他自己的学说，人民在一些情况下也是可以进行反抗的；那么，并非所有反抗君主的行为都是叛乱。他是这么说的：

“但是倘若有人问：那么，人民非要总是忍受暴政的虐待和摧残吗？非要眼看他们的城市被劫掠、在灰烬中倒下，他们的妻子和子女遭受暴君的奸淫和蹂躏，他们自己和其家庭被他们的国王所毁灭，受尽各种贫困和压迫，却只能坐视不管吗？为了使其他一切生物可以保卫自己免受

侵害，自然自由地允许它们拥有以暴制暴的共同权利，却非要唯独剥夺人类的此种权利吗？我的回答是：自卫是自然法的一部分，亦不能剥夺社会实行自卫的权利，哪怕是抵御君主本人也是这样。但是，不允许人民向君主报复，因为这有悖于自然法。因此，倘若国王不仅对某些个人流露憎恨，而且与其身为元首的整个国家抗衡，并以无法忍受的虐待残酷地对全部或大部分人民施行暴政，那么，人民在此情况下就有享有抵抗并保卫自己免受损害的权利。然而，人民在实行自卫时必须谨记这一点：只能保卫自己，不可攻击他们的君主。他们可以补偿所受到的损害，但却不能由于激愤而逾越应有的尊敬和敬重。他们可以击退目前的攻击，但不能对过去的暴行加以报复。因为我们保护自己的性命是天经地义的，但一个下属惩罚一个上级则是有悖自然的事。对于危害人民的企图，人民可以在其实施前加以阻止，但在实施后，即使国王是罪魁祸首，人民也不能报复他。因此，这就是人民大众优于任何个别私人所拥有的权利：个别私人唯有忍耐而别无其他补救办法，但人民的集体则可以在表示尊敬的同时对无法忍受的暴政加以反抗，因为当暴政尚有节制时，他们应予以忍受。对此，连我们的论敌（除布坎南外）都予以承认。”

这位君权的著名拥护者所允许的反抗的程度仅此而已。

的确，他徒劳地给反抗附加了两种限制条件。第一，他说反抗时必须带着敬意。

第二，反抗必须不带报复或惩罚，他给出的理由是“因为下属不能惩罚上级。”

首先，需要一些技巧才能使人明白如何反抗武力却不进行还击，或如何尊敬地还击。一个人在抵抗攻击时若只以盾牌挡剑，或以任何更加恭敬的姿势，手不持剑来削弱攻击者的自信和武力，那么，很快他就会穷尽抵抗之力，并将发现此种防卫只会给自己招致更严重的伤害。这是一种如同尤维纳利斯所设想的作战方式一样可笑的抵抗方式：当你动手打人时，我就任凭你打。战斗的结果将不可避免地同他在书中所描写的一样：

“这就是穷人的自由：人们殴打他——他请求，用拳头殴打他——他哀求，如果人家让他走开，倒多少还能保留几颗牙齿。”

这种人们不能还击的、假想的反抗，结果总是如此。因此，必须允许那个可以反抗的人可以进行还击。那么，让我们的作者或其他任何人

将当头一棒或迎面一刀与他认为适当的尊敬和敬重相联系吧。那个能把打击和尊敬相协调的人，每当他能有此机会，也许就该为自己的劳苦吃上别人有礼而又恭敬的一棒。

第二，至于他的第二点，即“下属不能惩罚上级”，只要他是他的上级，这一般说来是正确的。然而，以暴制暴既是一种使双方平等的战争状态，原先的尊敬、敬重和上级地位就无效了，那么，剩下之差别是，反抗不义侵略者的人比侵略者有优势，即当他取胜时，他享有惩罚罪犯的权利，不仅惩罚他破坏和平，而且惩罚他由此造成的一切祸害。因此在另一处，巴克莱就更加坚持自己的主张，否认在任何情况下反抗国王为合法。然而，他在那里指出一个国王在两种情况下可以让自己丧失的王位。他是这么说的：

“那么，难道不会发生这样的事情吗？人民有权根据自己的权威进行自助，拿起武器攻击专横统治他们的国王？当国王仍是国王时，这样的事决不能发生。‘尊敬国王’和‘谁反抗权力就是反抗上帝的命令’是决不允许人民这样做的神谕。人民因此决不能有权支配国王，除非国王做了一些使自己不再是国王的事情。因为那时他放弃了自己的王冠及尊贵的地位并且回到不担任公职的状态，而人民则变得自由和优越，他们在奉他为国王之前的王位空缺期里所拥有的权力又再次移交给他们。然而，只有极少数的失政行为才会使事情落到如此地步。在充分考虑了各个方面后，我只能找到两种情况。我认为，使一个国王事实上不再是国王，并且失去支配其人民的全部权力和王权的只有两种情况。温泽鲁斯已经注意到了这些情况。第一种情况是，倘若国王企图推翻政府，也就是说，倘若他有毁灭王国和国家之图谋，如史上记载，尼禄，公然宣称自己不再是人民或元老院的首脑，并已打算在铲除这两方最杰出的人物之后退居亚历山大城。他只愿全体人民只有一个脖子，好让他一刀就了断他们。任何国王一旦心怀此等企图并认真地付诸实践，就立即放弃了对国家的一切照料和关心，也就因此丧失了统治其臣民的权力，这就如同一个抛弃其奴隶的主人丧失了对其奴隶的支配权一样。

“第二种情况是，倘若一个国王依附于另一个国王，并使他的祖先传给他、人民慷慨交给他的王国臣服于另一个国家的统治。因为，虽然损害人民也许并非他的本意，但因为他由此丧失了其王位的主要部分，即在王国内仅次于上帝的至高无上的地位，并且也因为他背叛了他本该精心维护其自由的人民，或强迫他们受制于外国的权力和统治。可以说，

他的这一做法在某种程度上割让了他的王国，他自己失去了以前在王国里所曾拥有的权力，却未转让给他本要授予的人以任何一丁点儿权利，所以，他这样做使人民获得了自由，让他们可以自行支配。我们可以在苏格兰的历史中找到这样一个例子。”

专制君主制的著名拥护者巴克莱在上述这些情况下也被迫承认人民可以反抗君主，而君主也可以不再是君主。我们不必旁征博引，简而言之，无论国王在什么情况下丧失了他的权威，他就不再是国王，就可以被人民反抗，因为权威止于何处，国王也就不复存在，并且变成同其他没有权威的人一样。他所指出的两种情况与前面提到的破坏政府的情况大同小异，只是他省略了他的学说所依据的原则。那就是，国王违反了人民的委托，没有保护人民所同意的政府形式，没有设法达到政府本身谋求公共福利和保护财产的目的。当一个国王自我废黜，并将自己和其人民置于战争状态，有什么能阻止人民控诉他这个已经不再是国王的人，如同控诉其他任何将自己与他们置于战争状态的人呢？巴克莱和那些与他持同样观点的人最好能告诉我们答案。比尔逊是我们教会的一位主教，是君主权力和特权的坚定拥护者，在他的论文《基督教徒的服从》中——倘若我没有弄错的话——他承认君主可以丧失其权力和使其臣民服从的资格。倘若在道理如此明白的问题上仍需权威的话，我可以把布拉克顿、福特斯库、《镜子》的作者和其他人的作品推荐给我的读者，这些作家都不能被怀疑为不了解我们的政府或与政府为敌的。然而，我认为仅胡克一人就足以满足那些依赖他的理论来主张教会行法的人，因为他们在一种奇怪命运的支配下竟然会否定胡克建立其理论的那些原则。他们最好想一想，他们是否于此成为更狡猾的工人的工具，拆毁了自己的建筑物。我可以肯定的是，他们的社会政策是如此新异、如此危险、如此危害统治者和人民双方，以至于过去绝不允许提倡这些政策，同样可以预料，人们在未来摆脱了埃及的奴隶监工的强加管制后，会憎恶地想起这些奴颜婢膝的谄媚者，这些人尽管似乎有用，但实际上却把一切政体都变成绝对暴政，并想让所有人生来就处于与他们低贱的灵魂相符的奴役状态。

有人可能会在此提出这个常提的问题：应该由谁来评判君主或立法机关的行为是否违反了他们所受的委托呢？也许，当君主只是行使其应有的特权时，动机不良和爱搞分裂的人会在人民中间散布这种疑问。我的回答是，人民应该是裁定者，因为除了委托人之外，谁能评判受托人

或代表是否恰当并根据其所受之委托来采取行动？委托人既然给予委托，则当受托人辜负他所受的委托时，委托人就仍有权撤换他。倘若这在私人的个别情况下这是合理的，那么在关系到千万人福利的重大情况下，以及倘若祸害不加以阻止就会更大而补偿就会极为困难、昂贵和危险的情况下，为什么反而并非如此呢？

但是进一步而言，谁应是裁定者这一问题不能意味着根本没有裁定者。因为人世间哪里没有司法机关来裁决人们之间的纠纷，天上的上帝就是裁定者。确实，只有他才是正义的裁定者。但在此情况下，如同在其他一切情况下，另一个人是否已将自己和他置于战争状态，以及他是否应像耶弗他那样诉诸最高的裁定者，则由每个人自己加以判断。

倘若君主和人民的一部分在法律没有规定或悬而未决却又关系重大的事情上发生了争执，我认为这种情况下适当的仲裁者应该是人民的集体。因为在君主被人民授予委托而免受一般的普通法律规则之约束的情况下，倘若有任何人感到自己受到了损害，认为君主违反了委托或超出了委托的范围而行事，那么，什么人能像人民的集体（最初是他们委托他的）那样如此适当地判断他们当初所委托的范围呢？然而，倘若君主或任何执政者拒绝这种解决方法，那么唯有诉诸上天。倘若使用武力的双方在世间没有公认的尊长或情况不允许诉诸世间的裁定者，那么这种武力的使用正是一种战争状态，在此情况下，则唯有诉诸上天。在那种状态中，受害的一方必须自己判断何时适合使用那种申诉并向上天申诉。

结论是：只要社会继续存在，每个个人在加入社会时交予社会的权力就决不能复归于个人，而是将永远留在社会中，因为若非如此，就不会有社会，不会有国家，而这是违反最初的协议的。同样，当社会已将立法权给予由若干人组成的议会，由他们及其后继者继续行使，并规定产生后继者的范围和职权时，只要那个政府继续存在，立法权就决不能复归于人民，因为，既然他们已经赋予立法机关永远存在的权力，那么他们就将自己的政治权力让渡给了立法机关，不能重新收回。然而，倘若他们对其立法机关的期限做了规定，使这一最高权力只为任何个人或议会暂时享有，或倘若当权者由于施政不当而丧失了权力，那么在其统治者丧失权力或规定的期限期满时，这种权力就复归于社会，人民就有权充当最高权力的行使者，由他们自己继续行使立法权，或把立法权给予一个新的政府，或在旧政府的形式下将其给予他们认为合适的新人。

John Ruskin

Sesame and Lilies

芝麻与百合

(英) 约翰·罗斯金 / 著

外语教学与研究出版社

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约翰·罗斯金（英） 著
外研社编译组 译

外语教学与研究出版社
FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH PRESS
北京 Beijing

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu

Beijing, China 100089

http://www.fltrp.com

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I. Of Kings' Treasuries

一、国王金库里的芝麻

I BELIEVE, ladies and gentlemen, that my first duty this evening is to ask your pardon for the ambiguity of title under which the subject of lecture has been announced; and for having endeavoured, as you may ultimately think, to obtain your audience under false pretence. For indeed I am not going to talk of kings, known as regnant, nor of treasuries, understood to contain wealth; but of quite another order of royalty, and another material of riches, than those usually acknowledged. I had even intended to ask your attention for a little while on trust, and (as sometimes one contrives, in taking a friend to see a favourite piece of scenery) to hide what I wanted most to show, with such imperfect cunning as I might, until we unexpectedly reached the best point of view by winding paths. But since my good plain-spoken friend, Canon Anson, has already partly anticipated my reserved "trot for the avenue" in his first advertised title of subject, "How and What to Read;"—and as also I have heard it said, by men practised in public address, that hearers are never so much fatigued as by the endeavour to follow a speaker who gives them no clue to his purposes, I will take the slight mask off at once, and tell you plainly that I want to speak to you about books; and about the way we read them, and could, or should read them. A grave subject, you will say; and a wide one! Yes; so wide that I shall make no effort to touch the compass of it. I will try only to bring before you a few simple thoughts about reading, which press themselves upon me every day more deeply, as I watch the course of the public mind with respect to our daily enlarging means of education, and the answeringly wider spreading, on the levels, of the irrigation of literature. It happens that I have practically some connextion with schools for different classes of youth; and I receive many letters from parents respecting the education of their children. In the mass of these letters, I am always struck by the precedence which the idea of a "position in life" takes above all other thoughts in the parents'—more especially in the mothers'—minds. "The education befitting such and such a station in life"—this is the phrase, this the object, always. They never seek, as far as I can make out, an education good in itself: the conception of abstract rightness in training rarely seems reached by the writers. But an education "which shall keep a good coat on my son's back;—an education which shall enable him to ring with confidence the visitors' bell at double-belled doors;—education which

shall result ultimately in establishment of a double-belled door to his own house; in a word, which shall lead to advancement in life”. It never seems to occur to the parents that there may be an education which, in itself, is advancement in Life;—that any other than that may perhaps be advancement in Death;—and that this essential education might be more easily got, or given, than they fancy, if they set about it in the right way; while it is for no price, and by no favour, to be got, if they set about it in the wrong.

女士们、先生们，我认为今晚我的第一要务，是请诸位原谅本次演讲题目的模棱两可，但今晚的演讲的确是以此为题。原谅我，如果你们认为我是为了吸引你们的到来而极尽所能，使用了欺骗的手段。因为实际上，我既不打算谈论高高在上的国王，也不打算谈论容纳财富的宝库，而是想和大家谈谈与常识有别的另一种王权秩序和物质财富。我本来甚至打算凭借信任要求你们稍稍关注，听我如何用我拙劣的小聪明将最想说的先隐去（就像有时候我们想带朋友去参观一处美丽的风景时耍的小手段一样），曲径通幽之后，出其不意地将你们引到今天的主题。但是，.我那个坦白直率的好朋友，加农安森已经采用了“论读什么书和怎样读书”作为第一版宣传海报的标题部分预告了我“马路慢跑式”的保留手法。而且，我还听一些公众演讲高手说，讲演人说话拐弯抹角、隐晦其说的做法最容易使听众费劲劳神。既然如此，我还是马上扫除雾瘴，明明白白地告诉大家：我想和诸位聊聊书，聊聊读书的方法，聊聊读书的可能性或者说必要性。也许你们会说，这话题太严肃了，也太宽泛了！没错，它是太宽泛了，以至于我不打算面面俱到。我只会试着跟大家传达一些自己对阅读的简单想法，而结合教育方法日益扩展、文学作品也相应地产生更加广泛的多层面反响这一情况，我对公众的思维走向作了观察，所以上述想法也一天强似一天。碰巧我和一些为不同阶层的青年设立的学校有实际往来，收到很多家长来信，询问孩子的教育问题。读这一大堆信时，我时常会惊讶于家长——尤其是母亲——思想中那高于一切的“地位论”。“受教育就是为了取得这样或那样的社会地位”——永远是这句话，永远是这个目的。据我所知，他们从来不探究教育本身的意义：对训练的抽象正确性这一概念，这些写信的家长似乎很少领会。但是家长们认为教育“能让孩子外表体面；能让孩子到豪宅做客时充满自信；能最终帮助孩子建造自己的豪宅。总之，能引导孩子提高人生的品质”。家长们似乎从来没有意识到，有一种教育本身便代表着“人生品质的提高”；离开这种教育，可能就是在向死亡迈进；如果起步正确，获取或者给予这种基本的教育要比他们想象的容易；而如果起步错误，则无论花多大代价、拥有多少有利条件，也无法获取它。

Indeed, among the ideas most prevalent and effective in the mind of this busiest of countries, I suppose the first—at least that which is confessed with the greatest frankness, and put forward as the fittest stimulus to youthful exertion—is this of "Advancement in life." My main purpose this evening is to determine, with you, what this idea practically includes, and what it should include.

事实上，在这个最繁忙的国家里，在人们普遍认同和推崇为“有效”的那些想法中，我猜，排在首位的应该就是“提高人生品质”的思想——至少人们对此坦诚不讳，并把它作为激励青年人奋斗的最合适的动力提出来。今晚我主要想请大家和我一起确立这种想法实际上包含哪些内容，而它又应该包含哪些内容。

Practically, then, at present, "advancement in life" means becoming conspicuous in life;—obtaining a position which shall be acknowledged by others to be respectable or honourable. We do not understand by this advancement, in general, the mere making of money, but the being known to have made it; not the accomplishment of any great aim, but the being seen to have accomplished it. In a word, we mean the gratification of our thirst for applause. That thirst, if the last infirmity of noble minds, is also the first infirmity of weak ones; and, on the whole, the strongest impulsive influence of average humanity: the greatest efforts of the race have always been traceable to the love of praise, as its greatest catastrophes to the love of pleasure.

就目前而言，在现实生活中，“人生品质的提高”意味着人生的出类拔萃——获得人们认为值得尊敬的社会地位。通常，说到这种提高，我们不会仅仅将其理解为赚很多钱，而是别人知道我们赚了很多钱；我们也不会将其理解为达到某种伟大的目标，而是在别人看来，我们达到了这种目标。总而言之，我们想要的是自己对掌声的渴望得到满足。这种渴望，若对崇高的人来说是排在最后的缺点，那么对弱者而言，就是排在首位的缺点了；而且，总体上，它对普通人来说具有最强烈的推动性影响：正如人类最大的灾难都源于贪图享乐一样，人类最大的成就都源于渴望得到赞扬。

I am not about to attack or defend this impulse. I want you only to feel how it lies at the root of effort, especially of all modern effort. It is the gratification of vanity which is, with us, the stimulus of toil, and balm of repose; so closely does it touch the very springs of life that the wounding of our vanity is always spoken of (and truly) as in its measure mortal; we call it "mortification," using the same expression which we should apply to a gangrenous and incurable bodily hurt. And although few of us may be physicians enough to recognise the various effect of this passion upon health and energy, I believe most honest men know, and would at once acknowledge, its leading power with them as a motive. The seaman does not commonly desire to be made captain only because he knows he can manage the ship better than any other sailor on board. He wants to be made captain that he may be called captain. The clergyman does not usually want to be made a bishop only because he believes no other hand can, as firmly as his, direct the diocese through its difficulties. He wants to be made bishop primarily that he may be called "My Lord." And a

prince does not usually desire to enlarge, or a subject to gain, a kingdom because he believes that no one else can as well serve the state upon its throne; but, briefly, because he wishes to be addressed as "Your Majesty," by as many lips as may be brought to such utterance.

我既不打算攻击这种冲动，也不打算为其辩护。我只是想让大家认识到人类各种活动，尤其是所有现代社会的活动，其背后根源都是这种冲动。对虚荣心的满足是我们辛苦劳作的动力，也是我们休息放松时的慰藉；对虚荣心的满足触及我们根本的生命之泉，触及之深，使得虚荣心受伤往往被称作（实际上也是）致命的伤害；我们称之为“心疾”，这种表达和我们把身体某个部位的坏死或无法治愈的伤口称作“体疾”是一样的。尽管我们中很少有人能成为高明的医师并能意识到这种情绪对健康和精力的种种影响，但我相信，大多数诚实的人知道，而且当下就能承认，对虚荣心的满足是引导他们的一种动机。通常，水手不会仅因为知道自己比船上的其他水手更能管理好这艘船就想当船长，他想当船长是为了听到自己被称为船长。一般情况下，牧师也不会仅因为相信自己比其他人更能坚定地带领整个主教辖区走出困境而想要成为主教，他想成为主教主要是为了可以被尊称为“我尊敬的大人”。再比如，一位王子通常不会仅因为相信与其他人相比，自己当国王能更好地服务于国家就想要扩张一个王国的领土，一个臣民也不会因此而想要得到一个王国，简单地说，他们是希望从尽可能多的人的嘴里听到他们被称为“我的陛下”。

This, then, being the main idea of advancement in life, the force of it applies, for all of us, according to our station, particularly to that secondary result of such advancement which we call "getting into good society." We want to get into good society, not that we may have it, but that we may be seen in it; and our notion of its goodness depends primarily on its conspicuousness.

这便是“提高人生品质”的主导思想。在这种想法因地位而异对所有人产生的影响下，这种提高附带产生了一种我们称之为力求“融入上层社会”的衍生结果。我们想融入上层社会，不在于我们身处其中，而在于在别人眼里我们是身处其中的；我们之所以认为其美好主要是因为它惹人注目。

Will you pardon me if I pause for a moment to put what I fear you may think an impertinent question? I never can go on with an address unless I feel, or know, that my audience are either with me or against me: (I do not much care which, in beginning); but I must know where they are; and I would fain find out, at this instant, whether you think I am putting the motives of popular action too low. I am resolved, to-night, to state them low enough to be admitted as probable; for whenever, in my writings on Political Economy, I assume that a little honesty, or generosity,—or what used to be called "virtue"—may be calculated upon as a human motive of action, people

always answer me, saying, "You must not calculate on that: that is not in human nature; you must not assume anything to be common to men but acquisitiveness and jealousy; no other feeling ever has influence on them, except accidentally, and in matters out of the way of business." I begin accordingly to-night low down in the scale of motives; but I must know if you think me right in doing so. Therefore, let me ask those who admit the love of praise to be usually the strongest motive in men's minds in seeking advancement, and the honest desire of doing any kind of duty to be an entirely secondary one, to hold up their hands. (About a dozen hands held up—the audience partly not being sure the lecturer is serious, and partly shy of expressing opinion.) I am quite serious—I really do want to know what you think; however, I can judge by putting the reverse question. Will those who think that duty is generally the first, and love of praise the second, motive, hold up their hands? (One hand reported to have been held up, behind the lecturer.) Very good: I see you are with me, and that you think I have not begun too near the ground. Now, without teasing you by putting farther question, I venture to assume that you will admit duty as at least a secondary or tertiary motive. You think that the desire of doing something useful, or obtaining some real good, is indeed an existent collateral idea, though a secondary one, in most men's desire of advancement. You will grant that moderately honest men desire place and office, at least in some measure for the sake of beneficent power; and would wish to associate rather with sensible and well-informed persons than with fools and ignorant persons, whether they are seen in the company of the sensible ones or not. And finally, without being troubled by repetition of any common truisms about the preciousness of friends, and the influence of companions, you will admit, doubtless, that according to the sincerity of our desire that our friends may be true, and our companions wise,—and in proportion to the earnestness and discretion with which we choose both, will be the general chances of our happiness and usefulness.

请原谅我停顿片刻，提一个你们可能会觉得莽撞的问题，好吗？除非我感受到或知道自己的听众是同意还是反对我的观点，我是讲不下去的（虽然开场的时候我不是很介意）。但我必须知道现在大家是怎么想的，我乐于去探究：在此刻，你们是不是觉得我把大众行为的动机说得太卑下了？其实，今晚我是下定决心要把它说得足够卑下，好让大家认可这种动机存在的可能性，因为每次我写政治经济学方面的文章，只要我说明我认为真诚或慷慨——或是曾被人们认为是美德的品质——可以被看作人类行动的动机，人们的回应总是："你不应该指望这些：这些不是人类的本性；人类的共性只有贪婪和妒忌，除此之外，人类不会受其他情感的影响，除非是在极偶然并且不碍手碍脚的情况下。"所以今晚开场的时候，我把大众行为的动机降低档次，但是，我必须知道你们是否

认同我这样做。那么，在座认为通常人们在追求发展时对赞扬的期许是人类头脑中最强烈的动机，而单纯地力图完成某项责任的想法完全是次要的听众，请举手示意一下。（大概只有十几个人举手——有些听众似乎以为讲演者不是真的想让他们表态，还有些听众羞于表达自己的观点。）我是很认真的——我真的想知道你们是怎么想的；虽然刚才似乎不太成功，但我可以通过一个相反的问题来作出判断。请在座认为一般来讲，责任是第一位的动机，而对赞扬的期许是第二位的听众举一下手好吗？（据说，只有坐在讲演者后面的一位听众举了手。）很好，我知道你们是赞同我的，而且你们认为我在开场时并没有把人们的动机放得太卑下。现在，我就不再问更多的问题来揶揄大家了，我大胆假设你们都同意责任至少是第二位或者第三位的动机。假设你们认为对做些有益之事的渴望，或者对某种真正美好的东西的获取，的确可以成为大多数人谋取发展的动机——即使是次要的动机，你们也就是同意诚实的普通人想要获得地位，至少其中一部分动机是想要善用权力；他们更愿意结交明智和见多识广的朋友而不是愚笨和孤陋寡闻的人，且不论别人是否认为他们是不是和聪明人为伍。最后，不需要我重复朋友的宝贵以及同伴关系对人们的影响这些众所周知的道理，你们也毫无疑问会同意：我们真心地希望自己的朋友是忠诚可靠的，希望我们的同伴是明智的，希望两样东西成为我们获得幸福感和成就感的重要机会，不枉费我们选择时付出的诚意和慎重。

But, granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power! or, at least, how limited, for most, is the sphere of choice! Nearly all our associations are determined by chance, or necessity; and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them. All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice; or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humoredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive; or snatch, once or twice in our lives, the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a Princess, or arresting the kind glance of a Queen. And yet these momentary chances we covet; and spend our years, and passions, and powers in pursuit of little more than these; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation; —talk to us in the best words they can choose, and with thanks if we listen to them. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, —and can be kept waiting round us all day long, not to grant audience, but to gain it;—kings and statesmen lingering patiently in those plainly furnished and narrow anterooms, our bookcase shelves, —we make no account of that company, —perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all

day long!

但是，虽然我们认为自己既有意愿也有判断力去做到明智择友，但真正有能力做到的人没有几个！或者至少我们大多数人可以选择朋友的圈子是如此地有限！我们和朋友的结交，几乎全部都是出于偶然或者需要；而且限定在一个狭窄的圈子里。我们无法认识那些自己希望认识的人；而那些我们认识的人，当我们最需要他们的时候，他们并不在我们身边。大人物生活的上流社会圈子对他们之下的普通人只可能暂时和部分地开放。走运的话，我们或许能看到一位伟大的诗人一眼，听到他的声音；或者有机会向一位科学家提问，并得到和颜悦色的解答。我们还可能会和一位内阁大臣聊上十分钟，尽听他说些虚伪的假话，比不说还糟糕；或者在我们的一生中可能会争取到一两次往公主出行所经道路上抛撒花束的特权，或者得到一位王后和善的回眸一瞥。于是，我们热切期盼着这些偶然机遇的到来，不惜花费时间、投入热情和精力，所追求的不过就是这些而已。可是，与此同时，有一个社会圈一直对我们敞开着大门，只要我们愿意，想和这个圈子里的人们聊多久就聊多久，无论我们处于何种社会阶层或从事何种职业——他们都力求用自己最精妙而充满善意的语言跟我们谈话，并对我们的倾听心存感激。而且，这个社会圈里人数众多，成员们个个温文尔雅、和蔼可亲——他们会在我们身边等待一整天，为的不是准许我们做听众，而是积极争取我们的倾听——国王和政治家耐心地呆在装饰简单的狭窄的接见室里，在我们的书架上——但我们对他们视而不见——也许一整天都不会去听他们想说的哪怕一个字。

You may tell me, perhaps, or think within yourselves, that the apathy with which we regard this company of the noble, who are praying us to listen to them; and the passion with which we pursue the company, probably of the ignoble, who despise us, or who have nothing to teach us, are grounded in this,—that we can see the faces of the living men, and it is themselves, and not their sayings, with which we desire to become familiar. But it is not so. Suppose you never were to see their faces;—suppose you could be put behind a screen in the statesman's cabinet, or the prince's chamber, would you not be glad to listen to their words, though you were forbidden to advance beyond the screen? And when the screen is only a little less, folded in two, instead of four, and you can be hidden behind the cover of the two boards that bind a book, and listen, all day long, not to the casual talk, but to the studied, determined, chosen addresses of the wisest of men;—this station of audience, and honourable privy council, you despise!

也许你可能会告诉我，或者自己心里想，人们之所以对这些请求得到倾听的大人物如此冷漠，而如此热情地追求与那些轻视我们、对我们无所教益而又可能天性粗鄙的人们为伍，是因为我们能真实地看到活生生的后者；我们并非想要知道他们说些什么，而是渴望结识他们本人。可事实并不是这样的。假设你永远都不能见到他们本人——假设你身处

内阁议员会议室或王子接见室，却被一扇屏风挡住，不允许越过，难道你不愿意听他们说话吗？现在，不过是把屏风缩小些，把四折变成两折，挡在你面前的是一本书的两张纸板封面而已。你可以一整天地聆听这些最智慧的人说话，他们不是和你闲聊，他们的话都是经过精心研究、反复推敲和慎重选择后才说给你听——而你却不屑成为享受这种规格待遇的听众，对这个由大人物们为你而设的社会圈不屑一顾！

But perhaps you will say that it is because the living people talk of things that are passing, and are of immediate interest to you, that you desire to hear them. Nay; that cannot be so, for the living people will themselves tell you about passing matters, much better in their writings than in their careless talk. But I admit that this motive does influence you, so far as you prefer those rapid and ephemeral writings to slow and enduring writings—books, properly so called. For all books are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction—it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

但或许你会说，活着的人说的都是当下的事情，是你最直接感兴趣的东西，所以你愿意听。不，事实不是这样的。因为即便是活着的人，他们讲当下的事情也是写在书里的比随便说说的好得多。但我承认，如果你喜欢那些适合快速阅读、生命力并不长久的作品，而不是那些需要慢慢体味、经得起时间考验的作品——称这些作品为书更合适，那么刚才的理由确实会影响你，因为所有的书都可以被分成两种：一时的书和永久的书。划分这两种书的标准不仅仅是质量。不仅仅是坏书不会流传、好书一定流传那么简单。这是关于种类的一种划分。好书有存在一时的，也有流芳百世的；坏书有存在一时的，也有遗害千载的。在继续深入话题之前，我必须为一时的书和永久的书这两个概念下定义。

The good book of the hour, then,—I do not speak of the bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humoured and witty discussions of question; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history;—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar possession of the present age: we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use if we allow them to usurp the place of true books: for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our

friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary, to-day: whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor, in the real sense, to be "read." A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere multiplication of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead: that is mere conveyance of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to perpetuate it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him; —this the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down forever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapour, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his "writing;" it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a "Book."

一时的好书——不包括坏书——只不过就是把一些你无法通过其他途径与之交流的人说过的有用的或令人愉快的话印刷出来给你看。这些书往往很有用，能告诉你所需要知道的东西；这些书往往令人很愉快，就像是一个智慧的朋友在面对面和你聊天。这些书包括欢快的游记、诙谐的谈论、或喜或悲的小说故事和历史事件亲历者讲述的真实事件，等等。这些一时的书，随着教育的普及，越来越多地出现在我们的身边，是我们这个时代的特殊财富：我们应该真心地感谢这些书；如果我们没有好好利用它们，则真应该感到羞愧。但是，如果我们让这些书侵占了真正的书应该拥有的地盘，那我们可就是把它们用在了最不该用的地方，因为严格来讲，这些作品根本不是书，而只是印刷精美的信件或新闻报纸。朋友的来信可能令我们愉悦，或者在今天来说是必需的，但是值不值得一直保留下来，还需要再考虑考虑。新闻报纸也许非常适合在早餐时阅读，但肯定不能读上一整天。所以，这些谈论去年此地有哪些小酒馆和道路，天气如何，或者讲述有趣的故事，或者叙述某一事件的

真实情况等的长信，虽然读起来令人很愉快，或偶尔有参考价值，但即便是装订成册，也根本不应该被称为真正意义上的“书”，甚至严格来讲，都不是用来“阅读”的。从本质上讲，书不是口头上的东西，而是写出来的文字；写作，不是仅仅为了交流，而是为了永恒。讲话类的书，印刷出来，仅仅是因为讲话的人不能同时对着成千上万的人说话；如果他能这样做，他肯定选择直接对着他们说——印刷成册不过是为了让更多的人听到他的声音。就好像，你没办法和身在印度的朋友面对面说话——如果可以，你肯定愿意——于是，你选择写信，而信不过是你声音的传送工具。但写书则不同，作者不仅仅是为了让更多的人听到他的声音，不仅仅是通过书来传送他的声音，而是为了使自己的心声得以永恒。作者想要讲述的是他认为真实和有用的东西，或者有益的美好事物。他说的是就他所知的以前别人没有说过，也没有其他人能说的东西。他必须说出这些东西，清楚地、并尽可能优美地表达出来；无论如何，一定要说得清清楚楚。回首所走过的人生，他发现这些是生活向他展示的一面或多面——这些真知灼见来源于他生活过的土地和沐浴过的阳光。他非常乐意将这些东西永远记录下来，如果能够将这些刻在石头上，他会这么做；他会写上：“这是我拥有的最好的东西；除此以外，我和其他人一样，吃、喝、睡、爱、恨；原本我的生命会像水蒸气般消失，但现在不会了；我看到了并明白了这些：如果我有什么值得你们记住的，就是这些了。”这就是他的“作品”，无论他内心的真实灵感有多少，他用人类平凡的文字，书写了自己的墓志铭，这是他的个人经文。这样的作品称为“书”。

Perhaps you think no books were ever so written?

也许你会认为从来就没有这样写书的?

But, again, I ask you, do you at all believe in honesty, or at all in kindness? or do you think there is never any honesty or benevolence in wise people? None of us, I hope, are so unhappy as to think that. Well, whatever bit of a wise man's work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book, or his piece of art. It is mixed always with evil fragments—ill-done, redundant, affected work. But if you read rightly, you will easily discover the true bits, and those are the book.

但是，我还要再问你一句，你是否相信诚实与善良还是存在的？或者你认为聪明人从来不诚实也不仁慈？我希望，我们中没有人如此不幸地会这样想。既然不是这样的，聪明人写书时只要哪一部分是真诚地写出来的，那么这一部分就是他的书，就是他的艺术作品。好书里往往也掺杂着坏的成分——粗糙、冗长、矫情的部分。但如果你正确地去阅读，你很容易发现其中真正好的东西，这些东西才是书。

Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men:—by great readers, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and Life is short. You have heard as much before;—yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that

—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the hungry and common crowd for entrée here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

这类书的作者是各个时代的伟人——伟大的读者、伟大的政治家和伟大的思想家。这些书就放在你的面前，如何选择在你自己；而生命是短暂的。你以前听过不少类似的话——但你是否真的思量过生命到底有多短，计划过人生究竟有多少可能性呢？你是否知道，如果你读了这本书，就读不了那本书——今天失去的，明天再也找不回来了？如果你现在有机会与国王和王后说话，你会去和女佣、和马夫闲聊吗？如果有一个永恒的王宫一直向你敞开大门，这里天地宽广，可以容纳整个世界，这里像现实世界一样有很多人，他们是不同国家、不同时代的精英和权贵，这时，你还会愿意去和饥渴的大众争抢进入某处的一张门票，或是挤破头地要去听某人的演讲吗？你还会以为后者是和你认为所应得的尊重相称的吗？要知道，你随时可以进入这个王宫；你可以在这里交朋友并按照自己的想法把他们排成三六九等；一旦进入王宫，除了你自己谁也不能驱逐你；通过你在这里结交的贵族朋友，可以确切地检验你自己内在的贵族气质，并且，这里的朋友都很真诚，因此通过你在这个由已故人群组成的世界中想得到的地位，可以衡量出你在现实社会中努力往上攀爬的动机。

"The place you desire," and the place you fit yourself for, I must also say; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this:—it is open to labour and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portières of that silent Faubourg St. Germain[1], there is but brief question, "Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms?—no. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you

with considerate pain; but here we neither feign nor interpret; you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings, if you would recognise our presence."

"你想要得到的地位"，我认为也就是适合你的地位，因为请注意，这个逝者的王宫与现实的上流社会是有区别的——这里只欢迎勤劳和美德。守护这片乐土的卫士从来不会被金钱贿赂，或者被名望震慑，也不会被诡计欺骗。从深层来说，恶棍和粗俗的人都进不来。仿佛是在静静的巴黎圣日耳曼区的入口，只听到几个简短的问题："你有资格进入这里吗？有，就进去吧。你愿意与高尚的人为友吗？只要你自己是高尚的，你就能交到这样的朋友。你渴望和有智慧的人谈话吗？学着理解他们的话，你就能听到他们说话。没有其他条件了吗？——没有了。如果你不能上升到我们的高度，我们也不可能弯腰去屈就你。还在世的君王可能会出于礼貌迁就你，现世的哲学家可能会费力向你解释他的思想；但是在这里，我们既不会假装礼貌也不会提供解释；你必须达到我们思想的高度才能感受到其中的愉悦，你必须体会到我们的感情，才能感受到我们的存在。"

This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them, and show your love in these two following ways.

这就是你必须要做的，我承认这要求很高。总而言之，你必须喜爱这里的人才能融入这里。野心是没有用的。他们鄙视你的野心。你必须喜爱他们，必须通过下面两种方式来表达你的喜爱：

I.—First, by a true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe; not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects.

(1)首先，出于真心想要向他们求教，并且进入他们的思想。请注意，是进入他们的思想，而不是去寻找由他们表达出来的你自己的思想。如果写书的人并不比你有智慧，那就不要读他的书；如果他比你有智慧，他会在很多方面与你的想法不一样。

Very ready we are to say of a book, "How good this is—that's exactly what I think!" But the right feeling is, "How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day." But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at his meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards, if you think yourself qualified to do so; but ascertain it first. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once;—nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too; but

he cannot say it all; and what is more strange, will not, but in a hidden way and in parables, in order that he may be sure you want it. I cannot quite see the reason of this, nor analyse that cruel reticence in the breasts of wise men which makes them always hide their deeper thought. They do not give it to you by way of help, but of reward, and will make themselves sure that you deserve it before they allow you to reach it. But it is the same with the physical type of wisdom, gold. There seems, to you and me, no reason why the electric forces of the earth should not carry whatever there is of gold within it at once to the mountain tops, so that kings and people might know that all the gold they could get was there; and without any trouble and digging, or anxiety, or chance, or waste of time, cut it away, and coin as much as they needed. But Nature does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures in the earth, nobody knows where: you may dig long and find none; you must dig painfully to find any.

我们会很轻易地说："这本书太好了！书里的想法和我的一模一样!"但正确的感受应该是："这本书太奇怪了！我以前从来没有这样想过，但我明白这种想法是对的；或者虽然我现在不明白，但我希望将来有一天能明白。"但无论是否如此恭敬，至少你一定要走近作者去理解他的意思，而不是去寻找你自己的想法。如果你觉得自己够资格评判这本书，你可以去评判，但在此之前你要先弄明白作者在说什么。而且对于值得花工夫去理解的作者，你不会一看就知道他想说什么——不仅如此，他会让你很长一段时间都不会感到有所顿悟。不是作者词不达意，也不是他的语言不够鲜明，而是他不能说得太明白；更奇怪的是，他也不愿意说得太明白，而是通过隐晦的方式和比喻的方法来表达，以便弄清楚你是否真的想要知道。我也不是很明白作者为什么这样做，也分析不出为什么智者总是将他们深邃的思想隐藏在心里，任凭我们如何痛苦思量，他们还是沉默寡言。他们不是通过帮助来向你传达他们的思想，而是以一种奖励的姿态；在允许你得到之前，他们要确信你值得拥有。这就好比"有形的智慧"——黄金。可能你我都会觉得，为什么不用地球上的电力把一切含有黄金的物质都马上运到山顶呢？这样一来，国王和人民就会知道他们能得到的所有金子都在山顶，就不必费力去挖掘、不必焦虑、不必投机、不必浪费时间，直接砍掉一块，想铸多少金币就铸多少。但大自然不这样安排。她把黄金放在地球的小缝隙中，没人知道在哪儿：你可能挖很久也挖不到一点；要找到黄金，你必须努力地挖。

And it is just the same with men's best wisdom. When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?" And, keeping the figure a little longer, even at the cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt

in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting-furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling, and patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

对于人类伟大的智慧来说也是一样的道理。拿到一本好书，你必须问问自己：“我是不是愿意像澳大利亚矿工那样努力挖掘呢？镐子和铲子放好了吗？我自己准备好了吗？袖子挽到胳膊肘上面了吗？呼吸顺畅吗？心情愉快吗？”继续把自己想象成这个样子，即使觉得无聊，也别停下来。因为这是非常有用的想象，你要寻找的金子是作者的思想或意思，他所用的文字好比石头，你要砸碎它，熔炼它，才能得到里面的金子。你的镐是你的细心、智慧和知识；你的炼石炉是你善于思考的灵魂。别指望不使用这些工具、不经过火的熔炼，就能明白一位优秀作家的思想；往往你需要使用最锋利、最好的凿子和最耐心的熔炼，才能得到一粒金子。

And, therefore, first of all, I tell you, earnestly and authoritatively, (I know I am right in this,) you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter. For though it is only by reason of the opposition of letters in the function of signs, to sounds in the function of signs, that the study of books is called "literature," and that a man versed in it is called, by the consent of nations, a man of letters instead of a man of books, or of words, you may yet connect with that accidental nomenclature this real principle:—that you might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and remain an utterly "illiterate," uneducated person; but that if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter,—that is to say, with real accuracy,—you are forevermore in some measure an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it), consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages,—may not be able to speak any but his own,—may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces he pronounces rightly; above all, he is learned in the peerage of words; (knows the words of true descent and ancient blood, at a glance, from words of modern canaille); remembers all their ancestry—their inter-marriages, distant relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted, and offices they held, among the national noblesse of words at any time, and in any country. But an uneducated person may know by memory any number of languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any,—not a word even of his own. An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore at most ports; yet

he has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person: so also the accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence will at once mark a scholar. And this is so strongly felt, so conclusively admitted, by educated persons, that a false accent or a mistaken syllable is enough, in the parliament of any civilized nation, to assign to a man a certain degree of inferior standing forever. And this is right; but it is a pity that the accuracy insisted on is not greater, and required to a serious purpose. It is right that a false Latin quantity should excite a smile in the House of Commons; but it is wrong that a false English meaning should not excite a frown there. Let the accent of words be watched, by all means, but let their meaning be watched more closely still, and fewer will do the work. A few words well chosen and distinguished, will do work that a thousand cannot, when every one is acting, equivocally, in the function of another. Yes; and words, if they are not watched, will do deadly work sometimes. There are masked words droning and skulking about us in Europe just now, —(there never were so many, owing to the spread of a shallow, blotching, blundering, infectious, "information," or rather deformation, everywhere, and to the teaching of catechisms and phrases at schools instead of human meanings)—there are masked words abroad, I say, which nobody understands, but which everybody uses, and most people will also fight for, live for, or even die for, fancying they mean this, or that, or the other, of things dear to them: for such words wear chameleon cloaks—"groundlion" cloaks, of the colour of the ground of any man's fancy: on that ground they lie in wait, and rend him with a spring from it. There never were creatures of prey so mischievous, never diplomatists so cunning, never poisoners so deadly, as these masked words; they are the unjust stewards of all men's ideas: whatever fancy or favourite instinct a man most cherishes, he gives to his favourite masked word to take care of for him; the word at last comes to have an infinite power over him,—you cannot get at him but by its ministry. And in languages so mongrel in breed as the English, there is a fatal power of equivocation put into men's hands, almost whether they will or no, in being able to use Greek or Latin words for an idea when they want it to be respectable, and Saxon or otherwise common forms when they want to discredit it. What a singular and salutary effect, for instance, would be produced on the minds of people who are in the habit of taking the Form of the words they live by, for the Power of which those words tell them, if we always either retained, or refused, the Greek form "biblos," or "biblion," as the right expression for "book"—instead of employing it only in the one instance in which we wish to give dignity to the idea, and translating it into English everywhere else. How wholesome it would be for many simple persons who worship the Letter of God's Word instead of its

Spirit, (just as other idolaters worship His picture instead of His Presence,) if, in such places (for instance) as Acts xix. 19 we retained the Greek expression, instead of translating it, and they had to read —"Many of them also which used curious arts, brought their bibles together, and burnt them before all men; and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver!" Or if, on the other hand, we translated where we retain it, and always spoke of "The Holy Book," instead of "Holy Bible," it might come into more heads than it does at present that the Word of God, by which the heavens were, of old, and by which they are now kept in store (2 Peter iii. 5-7), cannot be made a present of to anybody in morocco binding; nor sown on any wayside by help either of steam plough or steam press; but is nevertheless being offered to us daily, and by us with contumely refused; and sown in us daily, and by us as instantly as may be, choked.

因此，首先我认真而负责地（我知道自己这样说是44对的）告诉你，你必须养成认真看每一个字的习惯，确认你知道每一个字的意思，一个音节一个音节地—不，应该是一个字母一个字母地看。关于书的研究被人们称为“文学”，精通此道的人被所有国家称为文学家，而不是书人或字词家，只不过是因为字母与发音在符号功能中的对立。虽然如此，你还是能把这种带有偶然性的命名法同下面这个标准联系起来—有的人读遍了大英博物馆的书（假设他能活这么长时间），到最后还是一个彻底的“文盲”，一个没有受过教育的人；而有的人读了一本好书的十页，一个字母一个字母地看—也就是说，真正精确地读—在某种程度上便永远是受过教育的人。（仅从智力教育来看）一个人是否受过教育完全取决于这种精确性。一个受过良好教育的人，可能会的语言不多——可能只会说自己的母语——可能读过的书很少。但是只要是他会的语言，他都掌握得很精确；无论他读哪一个单词，他的发音都正确；更重要的是，他所精通的是“贵族词语”(他一眼就能看44出哪些词语有正统的古典血统，哪些是现代的低俗用语)；他记得所有这些词语的出身——它们的联姻、它们的远亲，甚至还知道它们在各个年代、各个国家的贵族词汇中被接受的程度和被应用的场所。但是，一个没有受过教育的人可能靠记忆记住很多种语言，也都会说，然而实际上却没真正理解任何一个词——甚至是他自己的母语。一个智力和判断力都一般的海员可以在很多国家的港口顺利靠岸，但无论哪个国家的语言，他只要说一句就马上暴露出他是个没有受过教育的人。同样，只需要一句话，从口音或者表达方式上，就可以立即辨别出谁是学者。受过教育的人无不强烈感到并很肯定地认为，在任何一个文明国家的国会，口音不对或是发错一个音节就足以把一个人永远归于低人一等的位置了。这种想法是正确的，但很可惜人们对这种精确性的坚持还不够，目的也不严肃。在众议院发言，满口拉丁音的确会引人发笑，但用错一个英语单词的意思却没人为此而皱眉，这是不对的。我们要想尽各种4办法密切关注词语的发音，但是更要密切关注它们的意思，然而很少有人会这样做。几个精挑细选、反复推敲出来的好词，要比 1,000 个含糊不清、错乱混淆的词好

用多了。是的，如果对词语不够重视，有时会犯致命的错误。现在，欧洲有很多伪词隐藏在我们身边嗡嗡作响——（这些词比以往任何时候都要多，这是因为浅薄、肮脏、愚蠢和传染病似的“信息” ——更准确的说是畸形信息——无处不在，还因为学校里教的是教条的知识和短语，而不是实际的词语意义）——我敢说，这些到处都是的伪词，没有人知道它们是什么意思，但每个人都在用，很多人还会捍卫它们的存在，为它们而活，甚至可以为它们去死，想象它们有这样那样的意义；还有人把它们看得很宝贵：因为这些词披着变色龙一样的外衣——或者说“地狮”(“groundlion”, 是“khamaileōn”（古希腊语，变色龙之义）的字面意思）一样的外衣，能够迎合每个人想象中的色彩：它们潜伏在人们的头脑中，伺机跃起把人撕个粉碎。没有哪些猎食者比这些伪词更危险，没有哪位外交家比它们更狡猾，没有任何投毒者比它们更致命；它们是人们思想中无良的管家：无论一个人最珍惜的想象或喜爱的直觉是什么，他都交给最中意的伪词来替他保管；而这个伪词，最终无限地控制了他——不通过这个管家别人是无法明白这个人的。在像英语这样血统混杂的语言中，人们手中含糊的力量是致命的，几乎是不管他们愿不愿意，他们想要表达体面的想法时可以用希腊或拉丁词，想要通俗时又能用撒克逊或其他普通词汇。例如，如果我们总是采用或坚决不用希腊语“biblos”或“biblion”来表达英语中的“book（书）”, 而不是只在想表现自己思想高贵的时候才用，而其他时候都用英语表达，那么对我们这些习惯把“words（词）”这个词的形式当成这些词本身意义的人来说，这将给思想带来多么非凡而有益的影响啊！.如果（比方说）在《圣经 使徒行传》第 19 章第 19 小节中，我们保留希腊语表达，而不是像现在翻译成英语，那么很多信奉《圣经》的文字却不知道其实质的没头脑的人（就像那些只崇拜上帝画像而不是上帝本人的偶像崇拜者一样），就不得不这样读这段文字了——“平素行邪术的，也有许多人把书拿来，堆积在众人面前焚烧。他们算计书价，便知道共合五万块钱！”这将是多么有益啊！又或者，我们把现在保留的文字翻译成英语，不说“Holy Bible（《圣经》）”而说“Holy Book（《圣书》）”，那么可能会有比现在更多的人认识到古老的、来自天堂的上帝的话语，现在却陈列在商店待售(《彼得后书》第3章5—7小节——作者注)，这是不能用摩洛哥皮革捆起来送人的；也是不能用蒸汽犁或是蒸汽印刷机随便在路边播撒的；虽然每天都收到上帝的话语，但我们总是傲慢地拒绝；虽然每天都有上帝的福音撒播在身上，但我们总是尽可能快地将其扼杀。

So, again, consider what effect has been produced on the English vulgar mind by the use of the sonorous Latin form "damno", in translating the Greek "κατακρ?νω", when people charitably wish to make it forcible; and the substitution of the temperate "condemn" for it, when they choose to keep it gentle. And what notable sermons have been preached by illiterate clergymen on—"He that believeth not shall be damned;" though they would shrink with horror from translating, Heb. xi. 7, "The saving of his house, by which he damned the world," or John viii. 12, "Woman, hath no man damned thee? She saith, No man, Lord. Jesus answered her, Neither do I damn thee; go and sin no

more." And divisions in the mind of Europe, which have cost seas of blood, and in the defense of which the noblest souls of men have been cast away in frantic desolation, countless as forest-leaves—though, in the heart of them, founded on deeper causes—have nevertheless been rendered practicably possible, namely, by the European adoption of the Greek word for a public meeting, to give peculiar respectability to such meetings, when held for religious purposes; and other collateral equivocations, such as the vulgar English one of using the word "priest" as a contraction for "presbyter."

所以，再想一想，翻译希腊语“κατακρ?νω”时，为了凸显它的强制性，人们会选择铿锵有力的拉丁词形“damno（罚入地狱受刑）”；想让它显得温和些时，又会选择温和的“condemn（判罪）”，这对英国普通大众的思想产生了怎样的影响？想一想，虽然一些牧师没受过什么教育，但他们在引用“He that believeth not shall be damned（不信的必被定罪）”这样保留希腊语特色的句子时显得多么庄严和神圣啊；虽然他们对翻译成英语的《圣经》害怕得要死，例如《希伯来书》第11章第7小节的“The saving of his house, by which he damned the world（使他全家得救，因此定了全世界的罪）”，或者《约翰福音》第8 章第12 小节的“Woman, hath no man damned thee? She saidth, No man, Lord. Jesus answered her, Neither do I damn thee; go and sin no more（耶稣对她说，妇人，没有人定你的罪吗？她说，主啊，没有。耶稣说，我也不定你的罪；去吧，从此不要再犯罪了）”。欧洲人头脑中对本国语言和外来语之间的区分曾令成千上万的人为之流血牺牲，为了捍卫这条界限，多少高尚的灵魂被抛弃在令人发狂的孤独中，这些灵魂多如林叶——尽管，在他们内心深处，有着更深层次的原因——但是，某些时候，例如为了给宗教集会这种公众活动赋予特别的尊重，借用希腊语来表达实际上也是可行的；某些时候界限也是模糊的，例如通俗英语中的“priest（牧师）”是作为"presbyter"的缩写使用的。

Now, in order to deal with words rightly, this is the habit you must form. Nearly every word in your language has been first a word of some other language—of Saxon, German, French, Latin, or Greek; (not to speak of eastern and primitive dialects). And many words have been all these;—that is to say, have been Greek first, Latin next, French or German next, and English last: undergoing a certain change of sense and use on the lips of each nation; but retaining a deep vital meaning which all good scholars feel in employing them, even at this day. If you do not know the Greek alphabet, learn it; young or old—girl or boy—whoever you may be, if you think of reading seriously (which, of course, implies that you have some leisure at command), learn your Greek alphabet; then get good dictionaries of all these languages, and whenever you are in doubt about a word, hunt it down patiently. Read Max Müller's lectures thoroughly, to begin with; and, after that, never let a word escape you that looks suspicious. It is

severe work; but you will find it, even at first, interesting, and at last, endlessly amusing. And the general gain to your character, in power and precision, will be quite incalculable.

因此，要正确使用词语，你必须养成下面的习惯。你的母语中，几乎每一个词语最初都来源于其他的某种语言——撒克逊语、德语、法语、拉丁语或者希腊语（这还不包括东方和原始方言）。很多词都是这样的——也就是说，先是希腊语，然后是拉丁语，接着是法语或德语，最后是英语：每个民族讲出来时，词语的意义和用法都发生了一些变化，但深层的关键意义被保留了下来。所有优秀的学者在使用词语时都能感受到，即使在今天也不例外。如果你还不知道希腊字母表，现在就学吧；不管你是年轻人还是老年人，是女孩还是男孩，无论是谁——如果你想要认真阅读（当然，这也意味着你有可支配的空闲时间），就要熟悉希腊字母表；然后学所有这些语言你都要有好字典，无论何时你对某个词有疑问，都要耐心地追根溯源。.我建议可以从通读马克斯 缪勒的演讲稿开始；然后，不要放过任何一个看似可疑的词语。这是项艰苦的工作，但是甚至刚开始你就会发现它很有意思，到最后你则会觉得其乐无穷。而这种习惯对你性格的塑造，其益处是无法估量的，它能增强你的精神力量，培养你的精确思维能力。

Mind, this does not imply knowing, or trying to know, Greek, or Latin, or French. It takes a whole life to learn any language perfectly. But you can easily ascertain the meanings through which the English word has passed; and those which in a good writer's work it must still bear.

但是，要注意，这不是要你去学习或者尝试学习希腊语、拉丁语或者法语。要把任何一门语言学精都要耗费一生的心力。但英语单词历经的各种意义变化你都应该能信手拈来，而且这些意义必然会体现在优秀作家的作品当中。

And now, merely for example's sake, I will, with your permission, read a few lines of a true book with you, carefully; and see what will come out of them. I will take a book perfectly known to you all; No English words are more familiar to us, yet nothing perhaps has been less read with sincerity. I will take these few following lines of Lycidas:[2]—

接下来，只是为了举例说明，请允许我给大家仔细诵读几行节选诗，它们出自一部真正的好书；然后我们一起看看这些话是什么意思。我选一本大家都熟知的书；这些词语都是我们熟悉到不能再熟的，但或许也是我们最容易掉以轻心的。我就读《利西达斯》中的几行：

"Last came, and last did go,

来得最晚，去得也最晚；

The pilot of the Galilean lake;

“加利利湖上的领航员，
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
随身带着两把不同的金属大钥匙，
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain),
（金的用来开门，铁的用来把门紧锁），
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake,
他摇晃着戴着主教冠的脑袋，严厉地说，
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
年轻人，我为你可是竭尽全力啊！
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
看够了那些为填饱肚子
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
溜进、闯进和爬进羊圈的人！
Of other care they little reckoning make,
对其他事情都不在乎，
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
他们只想着怎样混进剪羊毛人的宴会，
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
挤走受邀赴宴的尊贵客人；
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
他们只知道瞎着眼吃！不知道如何使用牧羊杖，
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else, the least
别的也不会，
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
更别提能够懂得忠实的牧羊人的艺术！
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
他们顾虑什么？需要什么？他们成功富足；
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
高兴的时候，用劣质的麦管笛子
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
吹些无力庸俗的歌，又难听又刺耳；

The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,

而饥饿的羊群抬起头求食，他们却不去喂，

But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,

任由羊群喝西北风，嗅着刺鼻的薄雾，

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;

任由它们的内脏腐烂，传播恶臭和疾病；

Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw

旁边还有藏着利爪的恶狼，

Daily devours apace, and nothing said.”

他们只知每日狼吞虎咽地吃，一言不发”

Let us think over this passage, and examine its words.

让我们仔细想想这段话，研究研究里面的用词。

First, is it not singular to find Milton assigning to St. Peter[3], not only his full episcopal function, but the very types of it which Protestants usually refuse most passionately? His "mitred" locks! Milton was no Bishop-lover; how comes St. Peter to be "mitred?" "Two massy keys he bore." Is this, then, the power of the keys claimed by the Bishops of Rome, and is it acknowledged here by Milton only in a poetical licence, for the sake of its picturesqueness, that he may get the gleam of the golden keys to help his effect? Do not think it. Great men do not play stage tricks with doctrines of life and death: only little men do that. Milton means what he says; and means it with his might too—is going to put the whole strength of his spirit presently into the saying of it. For though not a lover of false bishops, he was a lover of true ones; and the Lake-pilot is here, in his thoughts, the type and head of true episcopal power. For Milton reads that text, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven"quite honestly. Puritan though he be, he would not blot it out of the book because there have been bad bishops; nay, in order to understand him, we must understand that verse first; it will not do to eye it askance, or whisper it under our breath, as if it were a weapon of an adverse sect. It is a solemn, universal assertion, deeply to be kept in mind by all sects. But perhaps we shall be better able to reason on it if we go on a little farther, and come back to it. For clearly, this marked insistence on the power of the true episcopate is to make us feel more weightily what is to be charged against the false claimants of episcopate; or generally, against false claimants of power and rank in the body of the clergy; they who, "for their bellies' sake, creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold."

首先，大家不觉得奇怪吗？弥尔顿不仅仅让圣彼得担当了主教的职责，而且还让他成为新教徒极力反对的英国国教圣公会的主教！圣彼得头上竟然戴着“主教冠”！弥尔顿并不喜欢主教，那为什么要让圣彼得戴上“主教冠”呢？“他随身带着两把钥匙。”这些是罗马主教口中象征权力的钥匙，还是应该看作弥尔顿借金钥匙的光芒作诗意化处理，以取得生动形象的效果呢？不要这样想。伟人从来不会把事关生死的教义拿到舞台上调侃：只有小人物才那么做。弥尔顿所说的就是他想表达的，而且他表达得很有力度——把他当时全部的精神力量都注入了语言当中。弥尔顿虽然不喜欢那些虚假的主教，但他是真正主教的推崇者；在弥尔顿的思想中，加利利湖的领航员在这里代表了真正的主教权力。在解读“我要把天国的钥匙给你”时，弥尔顿非常虔诚。虽然他是清教徒，但他不会因为世间有不好的主教就把主教从书里抹去；不，为了理解他，我们必须先理解这首诗；不必不敢正视，也不必低声私语，好像它是敌对教派的武器似的。这是一句严肃而具有普遍性的宣言，深植于所有教派的思想中。但是，如果我们先往后读一点儿，然后再回过头来，这样我们或许能更好地进行推理。很明显，这种对真正主教权力的明显坚持，目的是为了让我们更深刻地感受到对虚假的主教的控诉；或者更广泛地说，是对神职人员所代表的虚假的主教权力和阶层的控诉；他们就是那些人，即“为填饱肚子，溜进、闯进和爬进羊圈的人”。

Do not think Milton uses those three words to fill up his verse, as a loose writer would. He needs all the three; especially those three, and no more than those—"creep," and "intrude," and "climb;" no other words would or could serve the turn, and no more could be added. For they exhaustively comprehend the three classes, correspondent to the three characters, of men who dishonestly seek ecclesiastical power. First, those who "creep" into the fold; who do not care for office, nor name, but for secret influence, and do all things occultly and cunningly, consenting to any servility of office or conduct, so only that they may intimately discern, and unawares direct, the minds of men. Then those who "intrude" (thrust, that is) themselves into the fold, who by natural insolence of heart, and stout eloquence of tongue, and fearlessly perseverant self-assertion, obtain hearing and authority with the common crowd. Lastly, those who "climb," who by labour and learning, both stout and sound, but selfishly exerted in the cause of their own ambition, gain high dignities and authorities, and become "lords over the heritage," though not "ensamples to the flock."

不要认为弥尔顿像一个散漫的作家一样，是为了凑字数才用那三个词。他需要所有这三个词，尤其是这三个，别的都不行——“溜进”、“闯进”和“爬进”；其他词都不能、也不可能达到这样的效果，也不能再加别的词。这三个词最大限度地包含了三种人，对应了三种性格，这些人以不正当的手段谋取教会权力。首先是那些“溜进”羊圈的人，他们不是为了权力，也不是为了名誉，而是为了在暗中施加影响，做事情从来都是秘密进行，狡诈万分，他们赞同向权势卑躬屈膝，只有那样他们才能秘

密洞察人们的心思，在不知不觉中左右人们的思想。接着是那些“闯进”（即强行进入）羊圈的人，他们生来傲慢、巧言善辩、专横自大，能够影响大众，树立权威。最后，是那些“爬进”羊圈的人，他们将努力和博学自私地用在实现个人野心上，坚定而彻底，为的是获得尊严和地位，成为“受上帝托付的大人”，而不是“羊群的榜样”。

Now go on:—

让我们接着刚才的话题，接着看下去：——

"Of other care they little reckoning make,

“对其他事情都不在乎，

Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast.

他们只想着怎样混进剪羊毛人的宴会。

Blind mouths—”

他们只知道瞎着眼吃——”

I pause again, for this is a strange expression; a broken metaphor, one might think, careless and unscholarly.

再停一下，因为这是一个奇怪的表达；可能有人会认为这是一个蹩脚的隐喻，漫不经心又不严谨。

Not so: its very audacity and pithiness are intended to make us look close at the phrase and remember it. Those two monosyllables express the precisely accurate contraries of right character, in the two great offices of the Church—those of bishop and pastor.

不是这样的：这种大胆而简洁有力的表达法是为了引起我们的注意，让我们仔细思考，并记住这个词组。这两个单音节词正好准确表达了教会内部与正直的性格相反的两种要人，即那些主教和牧师。

A Bishop means a person who sees.

“主教”是指“能看见的人”。

A Pastor means a person who feeds.

“牧师”是指“能喂食的人”。

The most unbishoply character a man can have is therefore to be Blind.

因此，最没有主教特点的人应该是“瞎眼的人”。

The most unpastoral is, instead of feeding, to want to be fed,—to be a Mouth.

最不像牧师的应该是想要被喂食而不是喂食别人的人——也就是张着嘴吃的人。

Take the two reverses together, and you have "blind mouths." We may advisably follow out this idea a little. Nearly all the evils in the Church have arisen from bishops desiring power more than light. They want authority, not outlook. Whereas their real office is not to rule; though it may be vigorously to exhort and rebuke; it is the king's office to rule; the bishop's office is to oversee the flock; to number it, sheep by sheep; to be ready always to give full account of it. Now it is clear he cannot give account of the souls, if he has not so much as numbered the bodies of his flock. The first thing, therefore, that a bishop has to do is at least to put himself in a position in which, at any moment, he can obtain the history from childhood, of every living soul in his diocese, and of its present state. Down in that back street, Bill, and Nancy, knocking each other's teeth out!—Does the bishop know all about it? Has he his eye upon them? Has he had his eye upon them? Can he circumstantially explain to us how Bill got into the habit of beating Nancy about the head? If he cannot, he is no bishop, though he had a mitre as high as Salisbury steeple[4]; he is no bishop,—he has sought to be at the helm instead of the masthead; he has no sight of things. "Nay," you say, it is not his duty to look after Bill in the backstreet. What! the fat sheep that have full fleeces—you think it is only those he should look after, while (go back to your Milton) "the hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, besides what the grim wolf, with privy paw" (bishops knowing nothing about it) "daily devours apace, and nothing said?"

将这两种颠倒的形象放在一起，形成了“瞎着眼吃”的形象。我们可以适当地将作者的思路延伸一下。教会中几乎一切的罪恶都源自主教对“权力”而不是“光明”的追逐。他们想要的是权威，而不是见解。尽管可以理直气壮地告诫和指责，但他们真正的职责不是去统治；统治是国王的职责；主教的职责是看管群羊（教民），一只羊一只羊地清点数量，随时都可以清楚地描述自己的羊群。很明显，如果他们没有仔细清点羊群，就不可能清楚羊群的灵魂。因此，主教要做的第一件事就是至少应该让自己随时可以了解教区内每一个教民从小到大的经历和现在的状况。在偏僻的街道，比尔和南希把彼此的牙都打掉了！——主教对这些都清楚吗？他看着他们吗？他是一直看着他们吗？他能一五一十地说明比尔是怎样养成了打南希头的习惯的吗？如果他说不出来，即使戴着索尔兹伯里尖塔一样高的主教冠，也不是主教；他不是真正的主教，他力求站在掌舵的地方而不是桅顶；他什么也看不到。“不，”你也许会说，主教没有责任照看僻静街道里的比尔。什么！难道你认为主教只应该照顾那些长满羊毛的肥羊，而（再次引用弥尔顿的诗）“饥饿的羊群抬起头求食，却不去喂，旁边还有藏着利爪的恶狼”（主教对此一无所知），“只知每日狼吞虎咽地吃，一言不发”？

"But that's not our idea of a bishop." Perhaps not; but it was St. Paul's; and it was Milton's. They may be right, or we may be; but we

must not think we are reading either one or the other by putting our meaning into their words.

“但那不是我们心目中的主教形象。”也许不是，但那却是圣保罗心目中的主教形象，弥尔顿心目中的主教也是这样的。也许他们是对的，也许我们是对的，但是我们绝对不可以在解读他们语言的时候把我们的想法强加进去。

I go on.

我继续往下说。

"But, swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw."

“任由羊群喝西北风，嗅着刺鼻的薄雾。”

This is to meet the vulgar answer that "if the poor are not looked after in their bodies, they are in their souls; they have spiritual food."

这一句是针对“如果说穷人在肉体上没有得到照看，他们的灵魂得到了；他们有精神食粮”这一庸俗观点的。

And Milton says, "They have no such thing as spiritual food; they are only swollen with wind." At first you may think that is a coarse type, and an obscure one. But again, it is a quite literally accurate one. Take up your Latin and Greek dictionaries, and find out the meaning of "Spirit." It is only a contraction of the Latin word "breath," and an indistinct translation of the Greek word for "wind." The same word is used in writing, "The wind bloweth where is listeth;" and in writing, "So is every one that is born of the Spirit;" born of the breath, that is; for it means the breath of God, in soul and body. We have the true sense of it in our words "inspiration" and "expire." Now, there are two kinds of breath with which the flock may be filled; God's breath, and man's. The breath of God is health, and life, and peace to them, as the air of heaven is to the flocks on the hills; but man's breath—the word which he calls spiritual,—is disease and contagion to them, as the fog of the fen. They rot inwardly with it; they are puffed up by it, as a dead body by the vapours of its own decomposition. This is literally true of all false religious teaching; the first, and last, and fatalest sign of it is that "puffing up." Your converted children, who teach their parents; your converted convicts, who teach honest men; your converted dunces, who, having lived in cretinous stupefaction half their lives, suddenly awakening to the fact of there being a God, fancy themselves therefore His peculiar people and messengers; your sectarians of every species, small and great, Catholic or Protestant, of high church or low[5] , in so far as they think themselves exclusively in the right and others wrong; and pre-eminently, in every sect, those who hold that men can be saved by thinking rightly instead of doing rightly, by word instead of act, and wish instead of work:—these are

the true fog children—clouds, these, without water; bodies, these, of putrescent vapour and skin, without blood or flesh: blown bag-pipes for the fiends to pipe with—corrupt, and corrupting,—"Swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw."

弥尔顿说 :“根本就没有精神食粮这种东西；他们只能喝西北风”。起初，你也许会认为这样的语言粗糙晦涩。但另一方面，这却是一个非常准确的用词。翻开你的拉丁语和希腊语字典，看一下“精神（Spirit）”这个词的意思。它只不过是拉丁语“呼吸（breath）”一词的缩写，是希腊语“风（wind）”一词的模糊翻译。同一个词还用在“风儿任意吹”和“凡从精神生的，也是如此”的写作当中；也就是，生于呼吸的人；这里指的是上帝的呼吸，灵魂与肉体上都是。在“吸气（inspiration）”和“呼气（expire）”这两个词中，我们可以体会到“精神（Spirit）”的真正含义。现在，羊群（教民）可以呼吸到的有两种气息：上帝的气息和人的气息。上帝的气息就像健康、生命以及和平一样，对他们很重要，正如空气对于山上的群羊一样重要；而人的气息——他所谓的精神——对于他们就像是疾病和传染，正如沼泽的雾气一样。这种气息让羊群的内脏腐烂；使它们膨胀起来，就像死尸被自身分解的气体吹起来一样。这对所有虚假的宗教学说来说都是真实的；其最初、最后，也是最重要的特征是“膨胀起来”。皈依了的孩子，反过来教训他们的父母；皈依了的罪人，开始教育诚实的人；皈依了的蠢人，原本半生生活得痴痴呆呆，迷迷糊糊，突然间认识到了上帝的存在，因此幻想自己是上帝眷顾的人，是上帝的使者；在各个宗派中，无论大小，无论是天主教徒还是新教徒，无论是高教会派还是低教会派，许多成员认为只有自己才是对的，别人都是错的；尤其是各个宗派中那些认为人是通过正确的思想而不是正确的行为，是通过说话而不是行动，是通过意愿而不是工作而获得救赎的人——这些人是真正的雾的孩子——是没有水汽的云；是没有了血肉的腐烂气体和躯壳：是魔鬼吹奏的风笛——已经腐败，而且还在继续腐败——“喝西北风，嗅着刺鼻的薄雾。

Lastly, let us return to the lines respecting the power of the keys, for now we can understand them. Note the difference between Milton and Dante in their interpretation of this power: for once, the latter is weaker in thought; he supposes both the keys to be of the gate of heaven; one is of gold, the other of silver: they are given by St. Peter to the sentinel angel; and it is not easy to determine the meaning either of the substances of the three steps of the gate, or of the two keys. But Milton makes one, of gold, the key of heaven; the other, of iron, the key of the prison, in which the wicked teachers are to be bound who "have taken away the key of knowledge, yet entered not in themselves."

最后，让我们回到有关象征权力的钥匙那几句，因为现在我们可以理解它们了。注意弥尔顿和但丁在理解这种权力时的差别：曾经，但丁在思想上要薄弱一些；他认为两把都是天堂之门的钥匙；一把金的，一把银的：是圣彼得交给守门天使的；要判断天堂门前的三级台阶或是两

把钥匙的意义不是件容易的事。但是，弥尔顿所说的是一把天堂的金钥匙和一把监狱的铁钥匙，这座监狱是用来囚禁那些“拿走了知识的钥匙，而他们自己却不进去”的邪恶教士的。

We have seen that the duties of bishop and pastor are to see, and feed; and, of all who do so, it is said, "He that watereth, shall be watered also himself." But the reverse is truth also. He that watereth not, shall be withered himself; and he that seeth not, shall himself be shut out of sight,—shut into the perpetual prison-house. And that prison opens here, as well as hereafter: he who is to be bound in heaven must first be bound on earth. That command to the strong angels, of which the rock-apostle is the image, "Take him, and bind him hand and foot, and cast him out," issues, in its measure, against the teacher, for every help withheld, and for every truth refused and for every falsehood enforced; so that he is more strictly fettered the more he fetters, and farther outcast, as he more and more misleads, till at last the bars of the iron cage close upon him, and as "the golden opes, the iron shuts amain."

我们已经看到了主教和牧师的职责是看管和喂养羊群；对于尽职的人，人们认为“滋润人的，必得滋润”。反之亦然，不能滋润别人的人，自己也将枯萎；看不到别人疾苦的人，自己也将看不到光明——被关入永久的监狱。这座监狱在这里敞开，而且今后一直敞开：要进入天堂的人必须先落入凡间。强壮的天使，也就是石像使徒所代表的形象，接受命令：“逮捕他，捆起他的手脚来，把他丢在外边”，这是对付邪恶教士的，惩罚他每一次拒绝伸出援手，每一次无视真理，每一次撒谎犯错；他越束缚别人，自己也被束缚得越紧，他越把别人往歧途上领，自己也被驱逐得越远，直到把自己锁进铁笼子里，正如诗里所说，“金的用来开门，铁的用来把门紧锁。”

We have got something out of the lines, I think, and much more is yet to be found in them; but we have done enough by way of example of the kind of word-by-word examination of your author which is rightly called "reading;" watching every accent and expression, and putting ourselves always in the author's place, annihilating our own personality, and seeking to enter into his, so as to be able assuredly to say, "Thus Milton thought," not "Thus I thought, in mis-reading Milton." And by this process you will gradually come to attach less weight to your own "Thus I thought" at other times. You will begin to perceive that what you thought was a matter of no serious importance;—that your thoughts on any subject are not perhaps the clearest and wisest that could be arrived at thereupon:—in fact, that unless you are a very singular person, you cannot be said to have any "thoughts" at all; that you have no materials for them, in any serious matters;—no right to "think," but only to try to learn more of the facts. Nay, most probably all your life (unless, as I said, you are a singular

person) you will have no legitimate right to an "opinion" on any business, except that instantly under your hand. What must of necessity be done, you can always find out, beyond question, how to do. Have you a house to keep in order, a commodity to sell, a field to plough, a ditch to cleanse? There need be no two opinions about these proceedings; it is at your peril if you have not much more than an "opinion" on the way to manage such matters. And also, outside of your own business, there are one or two subjects on which you are bound to have but one opinion. That roguery and lying are objectionable, and are instantly to be flogged out of the way whenever discovered;—that covetousness and love of quarreling are dangerous dispositions even in children, and deadly dispositions in men and nations;—that in the end, the God of heaven and earth loves active, modest, and kind people, and hates idle, proud, greedy, and cruel ones;—on these general facts you are bound to have but one, and that a very strong, opinion. For the rest, respecting religions, governments, sciences, arts, you will find that, on the whole, you can know NOTHING,—judge nothing; that the best you can do, even though you may be a well-educated person, is to be silent, and strive to be wiser every day, and to understand a little more of the thoughts of others, which so soon as you try to do honestly, you will discover that the thoughts even of the wisest are very little more than pertinent questions. To put the difficulty into a clear shape, and exhibit to you the grounds for indecision, that is all they can generally do for you!—and well for them and for us, if indeed they are able "to mix the music with our thoughts, and sadden us with heavenly doubts." This writer, from whom I have been reading to you, is not among the first or wisest: he sees shrewdly as far as he sees, and therefore it is easy to find out his full meaning; but with the greater men, you cannot fathom their meaning; they do not even wholly measure it themselves,—it is so wide. Suppose I had asked you, for instance, to seek for Shakespeare's opinion, instead of Milton's, on this matter of Church authority?—or for Dante's? Have any of you, at this instant, the least idea what either thought about it? Have you ever balanced the scene with the bishops in Richard III[6].against the character of Cranmer[7]? the description of St. Francis and St. Dominic[8] against that of him who made Virgil[9] wonder to gaze upon him,—"disteso, tanto vilmente, nell' eterno esilio;" or of him whom Dante stood beside, "come'l frate che confessa lo perfido assassin?" (Inf. xix. 71; xxiii. 117) Shakespeare and Alighieri knew men better than most of us, I presume! They were both in the midst of the main struggle between the temporal and spiritual powers. They had an opinion, we may guess? But where is it? Bring it into court! Put Shakespeare's or Dante's creed into articles, and send that up into the Ecclesiastical Courts!

我想我们已经从字里行间读出些什么来了，并且更多的意思还有待进一步发掘。但是鉴于我们只是为了举例说明如何逐字解读作者才能被称作“阅读”，我想我们已经做得够多了；要注意每一个发音和表达，始终把我们放在作者的立场上，消除自己的个性，努力进入作者的思想，然后才能坚定地说“弥尔顿就是这样想的”，而不是“误读弥尔顿时，我是这样想的”。通过这个过程，你会逐渐不那么重视“我是这样想的”这种平素自我的想法。你会发现你的想法并不是什么重要的思想——你对任何事物的想法都或许不是最清楚和最明智的——实际上，除非你卓越非凡，否则你根本就谈不上有什么“思想”；对于任何严肃的事物，你都没有掌握材料——你没有权利去“想”，而只能努力去了解更多的事实。不，很可能你的一生（就像我刚说的，除非你卓越非凡），除了手头上的事，对任何事物都没有发表“意见”的合法权利。对于必须要做的事情，毫无疑问，你总能发现该怎样去做。你有房间要打扫吗？有货要卖吗？有田要耕吗？要沟渠要清理吗？做这些事，不需要有两种意见；如果你在这些事情上有不止一种“意见”，那你就危险了。而且，除了你自己的琐事之外，还有一两件事，你也只能有一种意见。耍无赖和撒谎都是令人讨厌的，一旦被发现马上就会遭到驱逐——贪婪和爱争吵即便对儿童而言，也是危险的倾向，对成年人和国家来说，则是致命的——毕竟，主宰天地万物的上帝还是喜欢积极、谦虚和善良的人，憎恶懒惰、骄傲、贪婪和残忍的人——对于这些基本的事实，你必须只能有一种意见，而且要非常坚决。对于其他事情，涉及到宗教、政治、科学、艺术，你会发现，总的来说，你什么也不知道，什么也不能判断；即使你或许是一个受过良好教育的人，你所能做的，最好就是保持沉默，努力让自己每天变得聪明一点，多了解一些别人的思想。只要老老实实努力去做到这些，你就会发现即使是最聪明的想法也不过是些与之相关的问题而已。把难题表述清楚，向你展示无法定论的原因，一般而言，这就是这些思想所能做到的一切！如果确实能够“将音乐与我们的思想混合，用上天的疑惑使我们悲哀”，那么它们所起的作用，对于它们和我们来讲都是令人满意的，我向你们朗读的这位作家，不属于最顶尖的也不是最聪明的：只要是他能看到的，他都看得很精明，因此很容易就能发现他的全部意思；不过，对于更伟大的作家，你就无法测量他们的意思了，甚至他们自己也不能完全衡量这些意义——实在太广泛了，例如，假设我问你们的不是弥尔顿，而是莎士比亚或者但丁对教会权威的看法，你们当中有谁能有些许看法，知道他们是怎么想的吗？你们是否曾比较过《查理三世》中主教的形象和克兰麦这个角色？是否比较过对圣方济各和圣多明我的描述和那个让维吉尔惊奇地去注视的人物——“他目睹那人躺倒在地上成十字形，竟然如此可耻地经受这永被放逐的苦刑”，或者那个但丁旁边的人物，“我呆在那里，像是教.士听取不忠的杀手作忏悔”（《神曲 地狱》第 19 首第 71行；第 23 首 117 行——作者注）。我认为莎士比亚和但丁比我们大多数人都更了解人类！他们都身处世俗权力和精神力量的主要斗争之中。我们可以猜想他们有自己的观点吗？但他们的观点在哪里呢？带到法庭来！将莎士比亚或但丁的信条逐条列出，然后将它们送入教会法庭里！

You will not be able, I tell you again, for many and many a day,

to come at the real purposes and teaching of these great men; but a very little honest study of them will enable you to perceive that what you took for your own "judgement" was mere chance prejudice, and drifted, helpless, entangled weed of castaway thought: nay, you will see that most men's minds are indeed little better than rough heath wilderness, neglected and stubborn, partly barren, partly overgrown with pestilent brakes and venomous wind-sown herbage of evil surmise; that the first thing you have to do for them, and yourself, is eagerly and scornfully to set fire to this; burn all the jungle into wholesome ash-heaps, and then plough and sow. All the true literary work before you, for life, must begin with obedience to that order, "Break up your fallow ground, and sow not among thorns."

我再次重申，很长一段时间，你都不可能领会到这些伟人真正的意图和教诲，但是只要稍微用心地去研究他们，你就会发现自己所谓的“判断”只不过是偶然的偏见，是飘忽的、无用的、像杂草般纠结的、被摒弃的想法：不，你会发现大多数人的思想实际上比蛮荒之地好不了多少，无人问津又不开化，一部分贫瘠，一部分则长满了致命的蕨草和随风散布的邪恶臆测之毒草；为了他们和你自己，你所要做的第一件事就是马上轻蔑地放一把火，将整个荒林付之一炬，然后再耕地和播种。你一生所遇到的所有真正的文学作品，都一定始于服从这一规则：“你们要为自己开垦未经耕耘之地，不要撒种于荆棘中。”

II. Having then faithfully listened to the great teachers, that you may enter into their Thoughts, you have yet this higher advance to make;—you have to enter into their Hearts. As you go to them first for clear sight, so you must stay with them that you may share at last their just and mighty Passion. Passion, or "sensation." I am not afraid of the word; still less of the thing. You have heard many outcries against sensation lately; but, I can tell you, it is not less sensation we want, but more. The ennobling difference between one man and another,—between one animal and another,—is precisely in this, that one feels more than another. If we were sponges, perhaps sensation might not be easily got for us; if we were earth-worms, liable at every instant to be cut in two by the spade, perhaps too much sensation might not be good for us. But being human creatures, it is good for us; nay, we are only human in so far as we are sensitive, and our honour is precisely in proportion to our passion.

2 诚心聆听过伟大导师的教诲之后，你才可能进入他们的思想，但你还需要更进一步——你还要进入他们的心里。因为你靠近他们首先是为了看得清楚，所以你必须和他们在一起，这样你才可能最终分享他们正确而强大的感情。感情，又或者说“感知”，我不害怕说这个词，更不害怕提及这件事。最近，你们已经听过不少对感知的斥责；但是，我可以告诉你们，我们所需要的不是较少的感知，而是更多的感知。区分人与人、动物与动物间高低贵贱的正是这一点，就在于一方比另一方感知

到的要多。如果我们是海绵，可能感知对我们来说是不容易得到的；如果我们是蚯蚓，随时有可能被铁锹砍成两段，可能太多的感知对我们来说并不是好事。但作为人类，感知对我们来说是好的；不，甚至可以说，因为我们可以感知才成为人，我们的荣光恰恰与感情成正比。

You know I said of that great and pure society of the dead, that it would allow "no vain or vulgar person to enter there." What do you think I meant by a "vulgar" person? What do you yourselves mean by "vulgarity?" You will find it a fruitful subject of thought; but, briefly, the essence of all vulgarity lies in want of sensation. Simple and innocent vulgarity is merely an untrained and undeveloped bluntness of body and mind; but in true inbred vulgarity, there is a deathful callousness, which, in extremity, becomes capable of every sort of bestial habit and crime, without fear, without pleasure, without horror, and without pity. It is in the blunt hand and the dead heart, in the diseased habit, in the hardened conscience, that men become vulgar; they are for ever vulgar, precisely in proportion as they are incapable of sympathy,—of quick understanding,—of all that, in deep insistence on the common, but most accurate term, may be called the "tact" or touch-faculty of body and soul: that tact which the Mimosa has in trees, which the pure woman has above all creatures;—fineness and fulness of sensation beyond reason;—the guide and sanctifier of reason itself. Reason can but determine what is true:—it is the God-given passion of humanity which alone can recognise what God has made good.

你们都知道我曾提到的那个逝者所组成的伟大和纯净的社会，这个社会不会允许“愚蠢和粗俗的人进入”。你们觉得我所指的“粗俗”的人是什么意思呢？你们自己觉得“粗俗”是什么意思呢？你会发现这是个很值得思考的问题；但是，简单来说，所有粗俗的本质都在于缺乏感知。简单而天真的粗俗只是身体和思想上未经训练和开发所造成的迟钝，但真正内在的粗俗里却有一种致命的冷淡无情，这种冷淡无情在极端情况下会变成种种兽行和罪恶，没有畏惧，没有欢乐，没有惊恐，也没有同情心。麻木的手脚，死寂的心灵，病态的习惯和硬化的心肠使人变得粗俗；他们永远是粗俗的，恰恰就像他们缺乏同情心、领悟能力迟钝、以及缺乏那种常见而又最精确的可以称为“直觉”或“身体与灵魂的感触能力”的东西：也就是含羞草这种植物所拥有的触觉能力，在万物之中，纯洁的女人拥有最多这种能力——感知的细腻和丰富超出理智，引导和净化着理智本身。理智只能确定什么是真的：只有上帝赋予人类的感情才能认识到上帝创造的美好事物。

We come then to the great concourse of the Dead, not merely to know from them what is True, but chiefly to feel with them what is Righteous. Now, to feel with them, we must be like them; and none of us can become that without pains. As the true knowledge is disciplined and tested knowledge,—not the first thought that comes,—

so the true passion is disciplined and tested passion,—not the first passion that comes. The first that come are the vain, the false, the treacherous; if you yield to them they will lead you wildly and far, in vain pursuit, in hollow enthusiasm, till you have no true purpose and no true passion left. Not that any feeling possible to humanity is in itself wrong, but only wrong when undisciplined. Its nobility is in its force and justice; it is wrong when it is weak, and felt for paltry cause. There is a mean wonder, as of a child who sees a juggler tossing golden balls, and this is base, if you will. But do you think that the wonder is ignoble, or the sensation less, with which every human soul is called to watch the golden balls of heaven tossed through the night by the Hand that made them? There is a mean curiosity, as of a child opening a forbidden door, or a servant prying into her master's business;—and a noble curiosity, questioning, in the front of danger, the source of the great river beyond the sand,—the place of the great continents beyond the sea;—a nobler curiosity still, which questions of the source of the River of Life, and of the space of the Continent of Heaven,—things which "the angels desire to look into." So the anxiety is ignoble, with which you linger over the course and catastrophe of an idle tale; but do you think the anxiety is less, or greater, with which you watch, or ought to watch, the dealings of fate and destiny with the life of an agonized nation? Alas! it is the narrowness, selfishness, minuteness, of your sensation that you have to deplore in England at this day;—sensation which spends itself in bouquets and speeches; in revellings and junketings; in sham fights and gay puppet shows, while you can look on and see noble nations murdered, man by man, woman by woman, child by child, without an effort, or a tear.

然后我们来到了这个逝者伟大的聚集地，不仅仅是为了向他们学习什么是真的，而主要是和他们一起感受什么是正确的。现在，为了与他们一起感受，我们必须像他们一样；但是不经历痛苦，我们是不可能和他们一样的。因为真正的知识是经过训练和考验的，不是凭第一感觉。同样，真正的感情也是经过训练和考验的，不是最先有的冲动。最先出现的感觉是愚蠢的、虚假的和不可靠的；如果你向它们屈服，就会被引入歧途，越走越远，空有热情却徒劳无功，直到你忘记真正的目的，丧失真正的感情。人类的感觉本身并不都是错误的，只有未经过训练的才是错误的。感觉的高尚之处在于它的强大与正义；当它软弱时，因无关紧要的原因而生发时，它就是错误的。有一种低劣的惊叹，好像一个小孩子看到魔术师抛金球时那样，如果你愿意的话，可以说这就是卑贱的。但是，你是不是就因此认为：每一个人受到召唤去观看上帝之手将天国的金球抛过夜空时所产生的惊叹都是可耻的，或者这种感知是次要的？有一种低劣的好奇，就像一个小孩子打开一扇禁闭之门，或者一个佣人打听主人私事那样；也有一种高尚的好奇，在面对危险的时候，也要探寻沙漠尽头的大河之源，海洋彼岸的大陆之地；还有一种更高尚的好奇，勇于探寻生命之源和天国之地——那些“天使渴望探寻”的事物。

因此，你为无聊的童话故事中的曲折和灾难而生出的焦虑是可耻的，但你认为，你看到或应当看到一个饱受痛苦的国家里的人们所遭受的种种命运时，你怀有的那种焦虑是减少了一些呢，还是增加了一些呢？哎，在今天的英国，你要悲哀的正是你感知的狭隘、自私和舍本逐末——浪费在鲜花和言语上，狂欢和宴会上，虚假的打斗和欢乐的木偶戏上的感知；而你看到高尚的国家遭到谋杀，一个个男人、女人和孩子死去时却没作出一点努力，甚至没流下一滴眼泪。

I said "minuteness" and "selfishness" of sensation, but in a word, I ought to have said "injustice" or "unrighteousness" of sensation. For as in nothing is a gentleman better to be discerned from a vulgar person, so in nothing is a gentle nation (such nations have been) better to be discerned from a mob, than in this,—that their feelings are constant and just, results of due contemplation, and of equal thought. You can talk a mob into anything; its feelings may be—usually are—on the whole generous and right; but it has no foundation for them, no hold of them; you may tease or tickle it into any, at your pleasure; it thinks by infection, for the most part, catching an opinion like a cold, and there is nothing so little that it will not roar itself wild about, when the fit is on;—nothing so great but it will forget in an hour, when the fit is past. But a gentleman's, or a gentle nation's, passions are just, measured, and continuous. A great nation, for instance, does not spend its entire national wits for a couple of months in weighing evidence of a single ruffian's having done a single murder; and for a couple of years, see its own children murder each other by their thousands or tens of thousands a day, considering only what the effect is likely to be on the price of cotton, and caring nowise to determine which side of battle is in the wrong. Neither does a great nation send its poor little boys to jail for stealing six walnuts; and allow its bankrupts to steal their hundreds or thousands with a bow, and its bankers, rich with poor men's savings, to close their doors "under circumstances over which they have no control," with a "by your leave;" and large landed estates to be bought by men who have made their money by going with armed steamers up and down the China Seas, selling opium at the cannon's mouth, and altering, for the benefit of the foreign nation, the common highwayman's demand of "your money or your life," into that of "your money and your life." Neither does a great nation allow the lives of its innocent poor to be parched out of them by fog fever, and rotted out of them by dunghill plague, for the sake of sixpence a life extra per week to its landlords; and then debate, with drivelling tears, and diabolical sympathies, whether it ought not piously to save, and nursingly cherish, the lives of its murderers. Also, a great nation, having made up its mind that hanging is quite the wholesomest process for its homicides in general, can yet with mercy distinguish between the degrees of guilt in homicides; and

does not yelp like a pack of frost-pinched wolf-cubs on the blood-track of an unhappy crazed boy, or grey-haired clodpate Othello, "perplexed i' the extreme," at the very moment that it is sending a Minister of the Crown to make polite speeches to a man who is bayoneting young girls in their father's sight, and killing noble youths in cool blood, faster than a country butcher kills lambs in spring. And, lastly, a great nation does not mock Heaven and its Powers, by pretending belief in a revelation which asserts the love of money to be the root of all evil, and declaring, at the same time, that it is actuated, and intends to be actuated, in all chief national deeds and measures, by no other love. (See the evidence in the Medical officer's report to the Privy Council, just published. There are suggestions in its preface which will make some stir among us, I fancy, respecting which let me note these points following:—

我说到感知的“舍本逐末”和“自私”，但换言之我应该说感知的“不道义”或“不正当”。因为就像辨别绅士和粗俗的人一样，辨别温良的民族（这样的民族已经存在）和乌合之众，最好的方法就是看他们的感觉是不是始终如一和正当，是不是经过了深思熟虑，是不是公正的思想。你可以说服一群乌合之众做任何事情，总的来说，他们的感觉可能——通常是——慷慨和正确的，但这些都是无本之木、无源之水，你可以随性戏弄他们，他们中的大多数，在思想上都是人云亦云，就像被传染了一样。对他们来说，只要发作起来，再微不足道的小事也能让他们疯狂；而只要发作过后，无论多大的事都会在一个小时内忘记。但是，绅士或者温良的民族，他们的感情是正当的、经过深思熟虑的和持续的。比如，一个伟大的国家，不会将整个国家的心智连续几个月用来权衡某个恶棍是否杀了人的证据；也不会长达数年看着自己的子民互相残杀，看着每天死去成千上万的人，不会只顾着思考这可能会对棉花价格产生什么样的影响而丝毫不去思考战争中到底哪一方是错的。一个伟大的国家也不会因为一个贫穷的小男孩偷了六个胡桃就把他送进监狱；不会让破产的人鞠个躬就偷走成千上万元；不会让银行家拿着穷人的积蓄，借口“在这种情况下他们也无能为力”，一句“请原谅”就关门大吉；不会让那些驾着蒸汽船横行中国海域，用大炮强行贩卖鸦片的人，那些为了外国的利益而把强盗通常所要求的“要钱还是要命”改成“要钱也要命”的人，有钱大量买田置地。一个伟大的国家也不会让无辜的穷人饱受流感热病的灼烧，不会因为穷人没有每人每周向房东交付额外的 6 便士租金就任他们在恶臭和瘟疫中腐烂；不会流着愚蠢的眼泪和怀着恶毒的同情心，去争论是否应该虔诚地拯救和精心地呵护杀人犯们的性命。此外，一个伟大的国家，在下定决心对杀人犯普遍实行绞刑是很有益的程序之后，仍然能够仁慈地区分杀人犯罪行的不同程度；也不会像一群冻僵的狼崽子，对着一个不幸的疯男孩留下的血痕发出嚎叫，也不会像满头白发傻瓜似的奥赛罗一样，起初派王宫大臣向那个当着女孩父亲的面刺死女孩的凶手、那个冷血杀害高贵青年快过乡下屠夫宰杀羊羔的杀人犯，发表温和的演说，之后又感慨“我简直无法理解”。最后，一个伟大的国家不会嘲笑上帝和他的力量，不会假装相信对金钱的热爱是一切罪恶的

根源，而同时又宣称其一切主要的国家行动和措施都是而且都会被这种对金钱的热爱所驱使。（有关证据可以参考刚刚发布的卫生官员呈枢密院的报告。我猜这份报告前言中的一些建议会在我们中引起轰动，考虑到这一点，请允许我摘录如下一些观点：

There are two theories on the subject of land now aboard, and in contention; both false.

有关海外土地这一问题，有两种相互竞争的理论；但两种都是错误的。

The first is that by Heavenly law, there have always existed, and must continue to exist, a certain number of hereditarily sacred persons, to whom the earth, air, and water of the world belong, as personal property; of which earth, air and the water these persons may, at their pleasant permit, or forbid, the rest of the human race to eat, to breathe or to drink. This theory is not for many years longer tenable. The adverse theory is that a division of the land of the world among the mob of the world would immediately elevate the said mob into scared personages; that houses would then build themselves, and corn grow of itself; and that everybody would able to live, without doing any work for his living. This theory would also be found highly untenable in practice.

第一种理论认为，依照天律，一直就存在并将必定会继续存在一定数量的世袭的圣人，他们拥有世上的土地、空气和水，并将其作为他们的私有财产；他们可以随心所欲地允许或禁止其他人享用这些资源。这种理论从长远来讲是站不住脚的。另一种相反的理论认为，把世界上的土地分给世界上的民众，这样这些民众都能马上提升为拥有神圣权利的人物；然后房子会自己拔地而起，粮食会自己生长出来；所有人不用劳动就能生活。现实中，这种理论也是很难站得住脚的。

It will, however, require some rough experiments, and rougher catastrophes, even in this magnesium-lighted epoch, before the generality of persons will be convinced that no law concerning anything, least of all concerning land, for either holding or dividing it, or renting it high, or renting it low, would be of the smallest ultimate use to the people, so long as the general contest for life, and for the means of life, remains one of mere brutal competition. That contest, in an unprincipled nation, will take one deadly form or another, whatever laws you make for it. For instance, it would be an entirely wholesome law for England, if it could be carried, that maxium limits should be assigned to incomes, according to classes; and that every nobleman's income should be paid to him as a fixed salary or pension by the nation; and not squeezed by him in a variable sum, at direction, out of the tenants of his land. But if you could get such a law passed tomorrow; and if, which would be father necessary, you

could fix the value of the assigned incomes by making a given weight of pure wheat-flour legal tender for a given sum, a twelvemonth would not pass before another currency would have been tacitly established, and the power of accumulative wealth would have re-asserted itself in some other article, or some imaginary sign. Forbid man to buy each other's life for sovereigns, and they will for shells, or slates. There is only one cure for public distress—and that is public education, directed to make man thoughtful, merciful, and just. There are, indeed, many laws conceivable which would gradually better and strengthen the nation temper; but, for the most part, they are such as the national temper must be much bettered before it would bear. A nation in its youth may be helped by laws, as a weak child by backboards, but when it is old, it cannot that way straighten its crooked spine.

即便是在这个电器化的时代，大多数人也需要通过一些残酷的经历，甚至是更残酷的灾难，才会相信：只要对生存和生产资料的竞争依然是残酷的，就没有任何法则具有任何实际意义，更别提有关土地的那些法则，所有权也好，分配权也好，高价出租也好，低价出租也好。在一个没有原则的国家里，无论制定什么法则，这种竞争总会以这种或那种致命的方式出现。譬如，英格兰可以颁布法律，为不同的阶层设定收入上限；由国家向每位绅士支付固定的薪水或年金，而不是让他任意从佃农身上不定量地榨取，如果可以施行，这将是非常有益的。但是如果你明天就可以让这条法律通过，而且更重要的是，如果你可以将一定重量的小麦粉的价格固定下来，并以此定下收入上限的价值，那么最多不超过一年，另一种货币就会悄悄出现，积累下来的财富又要用其他某种物品或想象的符号来重新衡量价值。禁止人们为追求金币而买卖生命，他们就会为追求贝壳或石板而买卖生命。只有一种方法能解救大众的悲苦，那就是公共教育，让他们成为有思想、有慈悲心和有正义感的人。的确，可以有很多这样的法律，能够逐渐改善和增强这个国家的素质，但是其中的大多数，需要这个国家的素质大大提高以后才能承受。一个国家在年轻的时候或许可以通过法律的帮助来矫正自己，就像体弱的孩子使用脊椎矫正板一样，但是，当他年老以后，就不能用这样的方法来矫正弯曲的脊柱了。

And besides; the problem of land, at its worst, is a bye one; distribute the earth as you will, the principal question remains inexorable,—who is to dig it? Which of us, in brief words, is to do the hard and dirty work for the rest—and for what pay? Who is to do the pleasant and clean work, and for what pay? And there are curious moral and religious questions connected with these. How far is it lawful to suck a portion of the soul out of a great many persons, in order to put the abstracted psychical quantities together, and make one very beautiful or ideal soul? If we had to deal with mere blood, instead of spirit, and the thing might literally be done (as it has been

done with infants before now) so that it were possible, by taking a certain quantity of blood from the arms of a given number of the mob, and putting it all into one person, to make a more azure-blooded gentleman of him, the thing would of course be managed; but secretly, I should conceive. But now, because it is brain and soul that we abstract, not visible blood, it can be done quite openly; and we live, we gentlemen, on delicatest prey, after the manner of weasels; that is to say we keep a certain number of clowns digging and ditching, and generally stupefied, in order that we, being fed gratis, may have all the thinking feeling to ourselves. Yet there is a great deal to be said for this. A highly-bred and trained English, French, Austrian, or Italian gentleman (much more a lady) is a great production,—a better production than most statues; being beautifully coloured as well as shaped, and plus all the brains; aglorious thing to look at, a wonderful thing to talk to; and you cannot have it, any more than a pyramid or a church, but by sacrifice of much contributed life. And it is, perhaps, better to build a beautiful human creature than a beautiful dome of steeple; and more delightful to look up reverently to a creature far above us, than to a wall; only the beautiful human creature will have some duties to do in return—duties of living belfry and rampart—of which presently.)

此外，土地问题再严重也不过是个次要的问题。随你怎样分配土地，关键的问题仍未得到解决——谁来挖掘呢？简单来说，我们中谁来为其余的人做这些又脏又累的工作？报酬是什么？谁来做那些干净体面的工作？报酬又是什么？与之相关的，还有一些奇特的道德和宗教问题。为了将抽象的精神品质聚集在一起，形成一个非常美丽或者理想的灵魂，在多大程度上我们可以合法地提取大多数人的一部分精神？如果我们用的只是血液而不是精神，让这件事真正地实现就有可能（就像以前对孩童那样），通过从一定数量的民众胳膊中抽取一定量的血液，然后注射到一个人身上，让他成为血统更高贵的绅士这事一定可以办到，但我想这一定是秘密进行的。但是现在，因为我们要提取的是智慧和精神，而不是有形的血液，于是此事可以很公开地进行。我们这些绅士，像黄鼠狼一样，以最鲜美的猎物为生；换句话说，我们让一群小丑去挖掘，且通常会让他们处于愚昧状态，以便我们这些白吃白喝的人能去思考和感知。然而，有关于此，还有很多值得一说。一个受过良好教育和训练的英国、法国、奥地利或意大利绅士（更何况优雅的淑女）是一件伟大的作品，比大多数的艺术雕塑都伟大；无论是颜色还是形态都非常美丽，浑身上下散发着智慧的气息；是赏心悦目的观赏品，是奇妙的谈论焦点；就像金字塔或教堂一样，只有大量的牺牲和奉献才能成就这样的作品。也许，塑造一个美丽的人要比建造一个漂亮的尖塔的穹顶更有意义；仰望一个远远高于我们的人要比仰望一堵墙更令人愉快。只是这个美丽的人反过来也要承担一些义务——就像现在，作为会呼吸的塔楼和城墙。——作者注）

My friends, I do not know why any of us should talk about reading. We want some sharper discipline than that of reading; but, at all events, be assured, we cannot read. No reading is possible for a people with its mind in this state. No sentence of any great writer is intelligible to them. It is simply and sternly impossible for the English public, at this moment, to understand any thoughtful writing,—so incapable of thought has it become in its insanity of avarice. Happily, our disease is, as yet, little worse than this incapacity of thought; it is not corruption of the inner nature; we ring true still, when anything strikes home to us; and though the idea that everything should "pay" has infected our every purpose so deeply, that even when we would play the good Samaritan, we never take out our two pence and give them to the host, without saying, "When I come again, thou shalt give me fourpence," there is a capacity of noble passion left in our hearts' core. We show it in our work—in our war,—even in those unjust domestic affections which make us furious at a small private wrong, while we are polite to a boundless public one: we are still industrious to the last hour of the day, though we add the gambler's fury to the labourer's patience; we are still brave to the death, though incapable of discerning true cause for battle, and are still true in affection to our own flesh, to the death, as the sea-monsters are, and the rock-eagles. And there is hope for a nation while this can be still said of it. As long as it holds its life in its hand, ready to give it for its honour (though a foolish honour), for its love (though a selfish love), and for its business (though a base business) there is hope for it. But hope only; for this instinctive, reckless virtue cannot last. No nation can last, which has made a mob of itself, however generous at heart. It must discipline its passions, and direct them, or they will discipline it, one day, with scorpion whips. Above all, a nation cannot last as a money-making mob: it cannot with impunity,—it cannot with existence,—go on despising literature, despising science, despising art, despising nature, despising compassion, and concentrating its soul on Pence. Do you think these are harsh or wild words? Have patience with me but a little longer. I will prove their truth to you, clause by clause.

朋友们，我不知道我们为什么要谈论读书。我们需要比读书更苛刻的训练，但无论如何，可以肯定地说，我们是不懂读书的。处于这种思想状态下的人是无法读书的。他们不能理解任何伟大作者的语句。现在的英国大众，完完全全不可能理解任何有思想的作品——在越来越疯狂贪婪的过程中，他们已经丧失了思考的能力。幸运的是，迄今为止，我们的疾病仅仅是思想能力的缺失，还不是本性的堕落；当有事情触及我们的要害时，我们还是会真诚地作出反应；虽然万事均需“支付”的观念已经根深蒂固，甚至在施舍的时候，我们给出两便士后，也不会忘记说：“我再回来的时候，你要还我四便士”，但我们内心深处依然保留着高尚的感情。这份感情表现在我们的工作中、战争中甚至在不公平的亲

情中，这些亲情让我们因某些个人的小错而震怒，却对大众的弥天大错和颜以对；即使劳动者的耐心里夹杂了赌徒的狂躁，我们每天依然辛勤劳作到日落；即使无法辨别战争的真实原因，我们依然能勇敢面对死亡；像海怪和岩鹰一样，我们依然对自己的身体和死亡怀抱真实的感情。只要还有这样的感情，一个国家就还有希望。只要将生命把握在自己手中，随时准备为荣誉（即使是愚蠢的荣誉）、爱情（即使是自私的爱情）和事业（即使是低劣的事业）而献出生命，那么它就还有希望。但也只是希望而已，因为这种本能的、鲁莽的美德是无法持久的。一个国家无论内心如何慷慨，一旦将自己变成暴徒之邦，就不会长久。它必须约束自己的感情，引导它，否则终有一天，感情将反过来像蝎子的毒鞭一样制约这个国家。毕竟，一个国家不能以一群只会赚钱的暴徒的形式长久存在：它不能逃脱惩罚，不能在鄙视文学、鄙视科学、鄙视艺术、鄙视自然、鄙视同情心，而只一门心思赚钱的状态下存在。你们是不是认为这些话太刺耳或者荒唐了？再耐心听我说一会儿。我将逐条向你们证明这些话是真的。

I. I say first we have despised literature. What do we, as a nation, care about books? How much do you think we spend altogether on our libraries, public or private, as compared with what we spend on our horses? If a man spends lavishly on his library, you call him mad—a biblio-maniac. But you never call any one a horse-maniac, though men ruin themselves every day by their horses, and you do not hear of people ruining themselves by their books. Or, to go lower still, how much do you think the contents of the book-shelves of the United Kingdom, public and private, would fetch, as compared with the contents of its wine-cellars? What position would its expenditure on literature take, as compared with its expenditure on luxurious eating? We talk of food for the mind, as of food for the body: now a good book contains such food inexhaustibly; it is a provision for life, and for the best part of us; yet how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it! Though there have been men who have pinched their stomachs and bared their backs to buy a book, whose libraries were cheaper to them, I think, in the end, than most men's dinners are. We are few of us put to such trial, and more the pity; for, indeed, a precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy; and if public libraries were half as costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what bracelets do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect there was good in reading, as well as in munching and sparkling; whereas the very cheapness of literature is making even wise people forget that if a book is worth reading, it is worth buying. No book is worth anything which is not worth much; nor is it serviceable, until it has been read, and reread, and loved, and loved again; and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armoury, or a

housewife bring the spice she needs from her store. Bread of flour is good; but there is bread, sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book; and the family must be poor indeed which, once in their lives, cannot, for such multipliable barley-loaves, pay their baker's bill. We call ourselves a rich nation, and we are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each other's books out of circulating libraries!

（一）首先说我们鄙视了文学。作为一个国家，我们关心书的哪些方面呢？和花在马背上的时间相比，你认为我们花在图书馆里的时间，无论是公立的还是私立的，一共有多少？如果有人花过多的时间泡在图书馆里，你们会认为他疯了，是个读书狂。但即使是每天在马背上消磨时光自我毁灭的人，也没人说他是恋马狂，而实际上你们并没有听说过哪个人因为读书而毁了自己。或者再退一步说，和大英帝国酒窖里的酒相比，你认为大英帝国公立和私立图书馆里的书有多大的吸引力？和花在奢华美食上的钱相比，国家在文学上的支出处在什么位置？正如维持身体需要物质食粮一样，我们现在谈论的是精神食粮：一本好书里有无穷无尽的精神食粮，这是生命的必需品，是我们身上最好的东西的必需品，但在花一条大比目鱼的价钱买一本好书前，大多数人要观望多久啊！虽然也有人为了买一本书，饿着肚子、勒紧裤腰带，但我想最终他们的书房要比大多数人在晚餐上的花费便宜。更遗憾的是，我们很少有人问自己这些问题。的确，如果一种宝贵的东西需要我们付出劳动或是金钱才能得到，我们会觉得它更加宝贵；如果公共图书馆的价格抵得上社交聚餐价格的一半，或者买书需要花上手镯价格的十分之一，那么，即使是傻瓜也总有时会猜想：除了大吃大喝和珠光宝气之外，读书也是有好处的。反之，文学的廉价甚至让聪明人也忘记了：如果一本书值得读，那它也值得买。没有任何价值的书，不值得为之付出；除非一本书被反复阅读，广受好评，否则也说不上有用；读书还需要作标记，这样才能方便查阅你所需要的段落，就好比士兵要从兵器库取武器，家庭主妇要从储藏室拿调料一样。面粉做的面包好吃，但如果我们愿意品尝，会发现一本好书里也有像蜂蜜一样香甜的面包；如果有哪个家庭，一生之中从没有花上买面包的钱买过这种比大麦面包好上几倍的书，那可是真够穷的。我们自称是个富裕的国家，却邋遢和愚蠢地读流通图书馆里被不知多少人翻过的书！

II. I say we have despised science. "What!" (you exclaim) "are we not foremost in all discovery, and is not the whole world giddy by reason, or unreason, of our inventions?" Yes; but do you suppose that is national work? That work is all done in spite of the nation; by private people's zeal and money. We are glad enough, indeed, to make our profit of science; we snap up anything in the way of a scientific bone that has meat on it, eagerly enough; but if the scientific man comes for a bone or a crust to us, that is another story. What have we publicly done for science? We are obliged to know what o'clock it is, for the safety of our ships, and therefore we pay for an observatory; and we allow ourselves, in the person of our Parliament, to be

annually tormented into doing something, in a slovenly way, for the British Museum; sullenly apprehending that to be a place for keeping stuffed birds in, to amuse our children. If anybody will pay for his own telescope, and resolve another nebula, we cackle over the discernment as if it were our own; if one in ten thousand of our hunting squires suddenly perceives that the earth was indeed made to be something else than a portion for foxes, and burrows in it himself, and tells us where the gold is, and where the coals, we understand that there is some use in that; and very properly knight him: but is the accident of his having found out how to employ himself usefully any credit to us? (The negation of such discovery among his brother squires may perhaps be some discredit to us, if we would consider of it.) But if you doubt these generalities, here is one fact for us all to meditate upon, illustrative of our love of science. Two years ago there was a collection of the fossils of Solenhofen to be sold in Bavaria; the best in existence, containing many specimens unique for perfectness, and one, unique as an example of a species (a whole kingdom of unknown living creatures being announced by that fossil). This collection, of which the mere market worth, among private buyers, would probably have been some thousand or twelve hundred pounds, was offered to the English nation for seven hundred: but we would not give seven hundred, and the whole series would have been in the Munich Museum at this moment, if Professor Owen (I state this fact without Professor Owen's permission: which of course he could not with propriety have granted, had I asked it; but I consider it so important that the public should be aware of the fact, that I do what seems to me right, though rude.) had not, with loss of his own time, and patient tormenting of the British public in person of its representatives, got leave to give four hundred pounds at once, and himself become answerable for the other three! which the said public will doubtless pay him eventually, but sulkily, and caring nothing about the matter all the while; only always ready to cackle if any credit comes of it. Consider, I beg of you, arithmetically, what this fact means. Your annual expenditure for public purposes (a third of it for military apparatus), is at least 50 millions. Now 700l. is to 50,000,000l. roughly, as seven pence to two thousand pounds. Suppose then, a gentleman of unknown income, but whose wealth was to be conjectured from the fact that he spent two thousand a year on his park-walls and footmen only, professes himself fond of science; and that one of his servants comes eagerly to tell him that an unique collection of fossils, giving clue to a new era of creation, is to be had for the sum of seven pence sterling; and that the gentleman, who is fond of science, and spends two thousand a year on his park, answers, after keeping his servant waiting several months, "Well! I'll give you

fourpence for them, if you will be answerable for the extra threepence yourself, till next year!"

（二）我说到我们鄙视了科学。“什么！”（你们大叫）“难道在各项发现中我们不是最领先的吗？难道整个世界没有因为我们的发明的理智性或非理智性而眼花缭乱吗？”是的，我们做到了。但你是不是认为这些是国家的成就呢？这些成就和国家没有关系，是靠个人的热情和金钱达成的。我们的确非常乐于从科学中谋取利益；迫不及待地争夺那根带肉的科学的骨头。但如果是科学家来我们这儿想要得到一根骨头或是一块面包皮，那就是另一回事了。我们公众为科学做过些什么呢？为了船舰的安全，必须知道时间，所以我们才出钱建造天文台；我们允许自己通过议会每年勉强地为大英博物馆随便做些事，生气地认为那只是一个保存鸟类标本的地方，不过是为了娱乐儿童。如果有人自掏腰包买望远镜，分析出另一团星云，我们会喋喋不休地谈论这一发现，就像是我们自己的一样；如果我们一万个狩猎骑士中有一个忽然发现地球上不只是有若干的狐狸，还有其他东西，然后亲自探寻，告诉我们哪里有黄金，哪里有煤矿，我们会认为这样是有些用处的；然后非常理所当然地给他加官进爵。但是，这只不过是一个人偶然发现了怎样使自己成为有用之人，我们有什么值得骄傲呢？（如果我们想一想就会发现，他的同圈兄弟对这一发现的否定，可能倒是我们应该觉得丢脸的事。）不过，如果你们怀疑这些概括性的表述，这里倒是有个事实可以让我们思考，表现我们对科学的热爱。两年前，德国巴伐利亚州有一批索伦霍芬的化石出售，这是现存最好的化石了，包含很多保存完好程度罕见的标本，以及一个稀有物种的仅存标本（整块化石展示了一个完整的未知生物的王国）。在私人收藏家中，这批化石纯粹的市场价格可能达到 1,000 至 1,200 英镑，而给英国的报价是 700 英镑。但我们不愿出 700 英镑。如果不是欧文教授费时奔走（我在这里引用的事实，并没有得到欧文教授的允许：如果我事先征求他的意见，他肯定会有所顾忌，不同意我引用；但是我想这件事很重要，应该引起公众的注意。所以尽管有些无礼，但我还是做了自己认为正确的事。——作者注），耐心地逐个苦劝英国公众的代表，得到批准及时支付 400 英镑，然后自掏腰包支付了另外 300 英镑，那么这批化石现在早已进了慕尼黑博物馆。毫无疑问，政府最终肯定还是会把钱还给他，但是并不高兴，从始至终根本不关心这件事；只要从中可以获得任何利益，随时准备好开怀一笑。我请你们想一想，计算一下这件事究竟意味着什么。每年我们的公共开支（其中有三分之一用于军事装备）至少有 5,000 万英镑。现在 700 英镑对 5,000 英镑，大致相当于 7 便士对 2,000 英镑。那么假设有一位绅士，收入未知，但从他每年仅仅花在花园墙和男佣身上的钱就有 2,000 英镑这一事实，我们可以推算出他的财产不菲，同时他声称自己喜欢科学。假设他的一个仆人热心地来告诉他有一批可以揭示生命新纪元的稀有的化石用 7 便士的价格就可以买到；这位喜欢科学的绅士，这位每年花2,000 英镑打理花园的绅士，让他的仆人等了几个月后，答复说：“好吧！我可以付 4 便士，如果你明年以前先垫付另外3便士的话！”

III. I say you have despised Art! "What!" you again answer, "have

we not Art exhibitions, miles long? and do we not pay thousands of pounds for single pictures? and have we not Art schools and institutions, more than ever nation had before?" Yes, truly, but all that is for the sake of the shop. You would fain sell canvas as well as coals, and crockery as well as iron; you would take every other nation's bread out of its mouth if you could; not being able to do that, your ideal of life is to stand in the thoroughfares of the world, like Ludgate [10] apprentices, screaming to every passer by, "What d'ye lack?" You know nothing of your own faculties or circumstances; you fancy that, among your damp, flat, fat fields of clay, you can have as quick art-fancy as the Frenchman among his bronzed vines, or the Italian under his volcanic cliffs;—that Art may be learned as book-keeping is, and when learned, will give you more books to keep. You care for pictures, absolutely, no more than you do for the bills pasted on your dead walls. There is always room on the walls for the bills to be read,—never for the pictures to be seen. You do not know what pictures you have (by repute) in the country, nor whether they are false or true, nor whether they are taken care of or not; in foreign countries, you calmly see the noblest existing pictures in the world rotting in abandoned wreck—(and, in Venice, with the Austrian guns deliberately pointed at the palaces containing them), and if you heard that all the Titians in Europe were made into sand-bags to-morrow on the Austrian forts, it would not trouble you so much as the chance of a brace or two of game less in your own bags in a day's shooting. That is your national love of Art.

（三）我说到你们鄙视过艺术。“什么！”你们又回答，“难道我们没有举行艺术展览吗？那可是绵延几英里啊！我们不是为了一幅画肯一掷千金吗？难道我们没有艺术院校吗？难道我们国家的艺术院校不比以前任何国家的都要多吗？”是的，没错，但这都是为了做生意。你们愿意卖油画就像愿意卖煤炭一样，乐于卖陶器就像乐于卖铁一样。如果可以的话，你们会把别的国家的面包都从他们嘴里抢过来。因为抢不到，你们的生活理想就是站在世界的大道上，就像卢德盖特的学徒，对过路的每个人高喊：“你缺点什么？”你们对自己的能力或是环境一无所知，想象着可以在自己潮湿、平坦、肥沃的土地上，就像法国人在青铜色的葡萄树下或是意大利人在火山壁下那样，获得敏锐的艺术细胞。你们想象着可能学习艺术就像学习记账一样，一旦学会了，就会有更多的账要记。你们对绘画是关心的，但绝对不会超过你们对死气沉沉的墙上贴着的广告的兴趣。墙上永远有地方贴广告供人来读，从来没有地方挂张画来欣赏。你们不知道自己的国家有多少画（名义上），不知道这些画的真假，也不知道它们是否得到了妥善保存。在国外，你们平静地看着世界上最宏伟的现存画作在失事残骸中烂掉（还有，在威尼斯，你们看着奥地利的枪炮故意瞄准保存大量名画的宫殿）。如果听说欧洲所有精美的画作明天都会变成奥地利碉堡上的沙袋，你们也不会感到这比打了一天猎后，袋子里少了一两个弓箭防护垫更令人烦恼。这就是你们国家对艺

术的热爱。

IV. You have despised nature; that is to say, all the deep and sacred sensations of natural scenery. The French revolutionists made stables of the cathedrals of France; you have made race-courses of the cathedrals of the earth. Your one conception of pleasure is to drive in railroad carriages round their aisles, and eat off their altars. You have put a railroad bridge over the fall of Schaffhausen. You have tunnelled the cliffs of Lucerne by Tell's chapel; you have destroyed the Clarens shore of the Lake of Geneva; there is not a quiet valley in England that you have not filled with bellowing fire; there is no particle left of English land which you have not trampled coal ashes into—nor any foreign city in which the spread of your presence is not marked among its fair old streets and happy gardens by a consuming white leprosy of new hotels and perfumers' shops: the Alps themselves, which your own poets used to love so reverently, you look upon as soaped poles in a bear-garden, which you set yourselves to climb, and slide down again, with "shrieks of delight." When you are past shrieking, having no human articulate voice to say you are glad with, you fill the quietude of their valleys with gunpowder blasts, and rush home, red with cutaneous eruption of conceit, and voluble with convulsive hiccough of self-satisfaction. I think nearly the two sorrowfullest spectacles I have ever seen in humanity, taking the deep inner significance of them, are the English mobs in the valley of Chamouni[11], amusing themselves with firing rusty howitzers; and the Swiss vintagers of Zurich expressing their Christian thanks for the gift of the vine, by assembling in knots in the "towers of the vineyards," and slowly loading and firing horse-pistols from morning till evening. It is pitiful, to have dim conceptions of duty; more pitiful, it seems to me, to have conceptions like these, of mirth.

（四）你们鄙视过自然，也就是自然景色中所有深奥和神圣的感觉。法国革命者把法国的教堂变成了马厩；你们则把地球上的教堂变成了赛马场。你们的快乐之一就是坐在火车车厢里围着教堂的走廊跑，毁掉圣坛。你们在沙夫豪森大瀑布上架起了铁路桥，在泰尔小教堂附近的卢塞恩悬崖峭壁上凿通了火车隧道，毁掉了日内瓦湖的克拉伦斯河岸。在英格兰已经没有一个幽静山谷不被咆哮的火焰充斥，没有一片土地不被煤灰侵犯——任何一个外国城市，只要你们的足迹所至，那些美丽的古老街道和洋溢着欢乐的花园就会被像感染了白色麻风病一样的新旅馆和香水店所毁灭。就连阿尔卑斯山本身，这座曾经深受你们自己诗人热爱的山，你们也把它看成在嘈杂的场所里涂满肥皂的柱子，你让自己爬上去再滑下来，“快乐地大喊大叫”。当你们不再叫喊、无法用人类的语言清晰地表达快乐时，你们就会用爆破声打破山谷的宁静，然后冲回家，皮肤因为自负而兴奋地发红，说话的声音因为自鸣得意而断断续续。就内在的深刻意义而言，我认为在人类身上见到的下面两个场景几

乎是最悲哀的：一幕是英国暴徒为了取乐，在夏莫尼山谷里乱扔炸弹；另一幕是瑞士苏黎世的酿酒商为了感谢上帝赐予他们的葡萄藤，聚集在“葡萄园的塔楼里”，从早到晚悠哉游哉地给马枪装上子弹、发射，再装上子弹、再发射。对职责的概念模糊不清是可怜的；而在我看来，对快乐抱有这种概念则更可怜。

Lastly. You despise compassion. There is no need of words of mine for proof of this. I will merely print one of the newspaper paragraphs which I am in the habit of cutting out and throwing into my store-drawer; here is one from a Daily Telegraph of an early date this year; date which, though by me carelessly left unmarked, is easily discoverable; for on the back of the slip, there is the announcement that "yesterday the seventh of the special services of this year was performed by the Bishop of Ripon in St.Paul's;" and there is a pretty piece of modern political economy besides, worth preserving note of, I think, so I print it in the note below (It is announced that arrangement has been concluded between the Ministry of Finance and the Bank of Credit for the payment of the eleven millions which the State has to pay to the National Bank by the 14th inst. This sum will be raised as follows:—The eleven commercial members of the committee of the Bank of Credit will each borrow a million of florins for three months of this bank, which will accept their bills, which again will be discounted by the National Bank. By this arrangement the National Bank will itself furnish the funds with which it wil be paid.). But my business is with the main paragraph, relating one of such facts as happen now daily, which, by chance, has taken a form in which it came before the coroner. I will print the paragraph in red. Be sure, the facts themselves are written in that colour, in a book which we shall all of us, literate or illiterate, have to read our page of, some day.

最后，你们鄙视同情心。这一点不需要我说任何话来证明。剪报并将其收藏在抽屉中是我的一个习惯，我就引述一段报纸上的话。这是今年（1867）早些时候《每日电讯报》上的一段话，虽然我不小心忘了标注日期，但应该很容易就查清，因为剪报背面写着“昨天在圣保罗教堂里彭主教主持了今年第七次特别宗教仪式”；旁边还有一段现代政治经济学的精辟论断，我认为值得记下来，所以就写在下面的脚注里。（据报道，国家财政部与信贷银行已达成协议，政府将于本月 14 日之前，向国家银行支付1,100 万。这笔钱将通过以下方式筹得：信贷银行委员会的 11 位商业成员每人从这家银行借 100 万银币，借款期为 3 个月；信贷银行将承兑他们的汇票，再由国家银行贴现。根据这项协议，实际上是国家银行用自己提供的资金来付给自己。——作者注）但我要说的是主要的段落，关系到每天都会发生的众多事情中的一件。巧合的是，这件事呈现在了验尸官面前。我把引用的段落印成红色。注意，我们所有人，无论是否识字，总有一天都要读到生命这本书中我们的那一页，在那本书中，这些事本身就是用红色书写的。

"An inquiry was held on Friday by Mr. Richards, deputy coroner, at the White Horse Tavern, Christ Church, Spitalfields, respecting the death of Michael Collins, aged 58 years. Mary Collins, a miserable-looking woman, said that she lived with the deceased and his son in a room at 2, Cobb's Court, Christ Church. Deceased was a 'translator' of boots. Witness went out and bought old boots; deceased and his son made them into good ones, and then witness sold them for what she could get at the shops, which was very little indeed. Deceased and his son used to work night and day to try and get a little bread and tea, and pay for the room (2s. a week), so as to keep the home together. On Friday-night week deceased got up from his bench and began to shiver. He threw down the boots, saying, 'Somebody else must finish them when I am gone, for I can do no more.' There was no fire, and he said, 'I would be better if I was warm.' Witness therefore took two pairs of translated boots to sell at the shop, but she could only get 14d. for the two pairs, for the people at the shop said, 'We must have our profit.' Witness got 14lb. of coal, and a little tea and bread. Her son sat up the whole night to make the 'translations,' to get money, but deceased died on Saturday morning. The family never had enough to eat.—Coroner: 'It seems to me deplorable that you did not go into the workhouse.' —Witness: 'We wanted the comforts of our little home.' A juror asked what the comforts were, for he only saw a little straw in the corner of the room, the windows of which were broken. The witness began to cry, and said that they had a quilt and other little things. The deceased said he never would go into the workhouse. In summer, when the season was good, they sometimes made as much as 10s. profit in a week. They then always saved towards the next week, which was generally a bad one. In winter they made not half so much. For three years they had been getting from bad to worse.—Cornelius Collins said that he had assisted his father since 1847. They used to work so far into the night that both nearly lost their eyesight. Witness now had a film over his eyes. Five years ago deceased applied to the parish for aid. The relieving officer gave him a 4lb. loaf, and told him if he came again he should 'get the stones.' (I do not know what this means. It is curiously coincident in verbal form, with a certain passage which some of us may remember. It may perhaps be well to preserve beside this paragraph, another cutting out of my store-drawer, from the Morning Post, of about a parallel date, Friday, March 10th, 1865:—The salons of Mme. C—, who did the honours with clever imitative grace and elegance, were crowded with princes, dukes, marquises, and counts—in fact, with the same male company as one meets at the parties the Princess Metternich and Madame Drouyn de Lhuys. Some English peers and members of Parliament were present, and appeared to enjoy the animated and dazzlingly

improper scene. On the second floor the supper tables were loaded with every delicacy of the season. That your readers may form some idea of the dainty fare of the Parisian demi-monde, I copy the menu of the supper, which was served to all the guests (about 200) seated at four o'clock. Choice Yquem, Johannisberg, Laffitte, Tokay, and Champagne of the finest vintages were served most lavishly throughout the morning. After supper dancing was resumed with increased animation, and the ball terminated with a chaine diabalique and a cancan d'enfer at seven in the morning. (Morning service—'Ere the fresh lawns appeared, under the opening eyelids of the Morn. —') Here is the menu:—'Consommé de volaille à la Bagration; 16 hors-d'?vres variés. Bouchées à la Talleyrand. Saumons froids, sauce Ravigote. Filets de bauf en Bellevue, timbales milanaises chaudfroid de gibier. Dindes truffées. Patés de foies gras, buissons d'écrevisses, salads vénétiennes, gelees blanches aux fruits, gateaux mancini, parisiens et parisiennes. Fromages glacés. Ananas. Dessert. ') That disgusted deceased, and he would have nothing to do with them since. They got worse and worse until last Friday week, when they had not even a half penny to buy a candle. Deceased then lay down on the straw, and said he could not live till morning.—A juror: 'You are dying of starvation yourself, and you ought to go into the house until the summer.' —Witness: 'If we went in we should die. When we come out in the summer we should be like people dropped from the sky. No one would know us, and we would not have even a room. I could work now if I had food, for my sight would get better.' —Dr. G. P. Walker said deceased died from syncope, from exhaustion from want of food. The deceased had had no bed-clothes. For four months he had had nothing but bread to eat. There was not a particle of fat in the body. There was no disease, but, if there had been medical attendance, he might have survived the syncope or fainting. —The coroner having remarked upon the painful nature of the case, the jury returned the following verdict, 'That deceased died from exhaustion from want of food and the common necessaries of life; also through want of medical aid.'"

“本周五，代理验尸官理查兹先生在斯毕塔菲尔德地.区克里斯特教堂辖区的白马客栈就 58 岁的迈克尔 柯林.斯之死展开调查。神情悲痛的妇人玛丽 柯林斯说自己和死者以及他们的儿子住在克里斯特教堂辖区考伯院 2 号的一间屋子里。死者生前是一个皮靴的“翻改者”。女证人负责到外面收购旧靴子，死者和儿子将旧鞋翻新，然后再由女证人拿到商店去卖些钱，能卖多少算多少，不过收入微薄。死者和他的儿子常常日以继夜地工作，为了尽力换取少量的面包和茶，并支付房租（每星期 2 先令），以使全家共居一处。周五晚上，死者从长凳上站起来后开始发抖。他扔下手里的鞋，说道：“这双要我走以后让别人来修补了，我已经干不了了。”房间里没生火，他说：“要是暖和些，我会感觉好点。”于是女证人拿了两双修好的靴子到商店去卖，但两双鞋只卖了 14 便士。商

店的人说：“我们必须要盈利啊。”证人买了 14 磅煤，以及一点茶和面包。她的儿子为了赚钱，修了一夜鞋，但死者还是在星期六早上去世了。这一家子从来没有足够的东西可吃——验尸官说：“在我看来，你们没去救济院真是令人感叹。”女证人说：“我们需要这个小家庭带来的舒适。”一名陪审员问有哪些舒适，因为他只在房屋的角落里看到了几根稻草和已经破烂不堪的窗户。女证人开始哭了起来，说他们有一床被子和其他一些小东西。死者生前说过他绝不会到救济院去。夏天生意好的时候，他们有时每周可以赚到 10先令。那时他们总是会为下个星期省下一些钱，因为下个星期往往生意不好。冬天他们的收入连夏天的一半都没. 有。3 年来，他们的状况越来越差——科尼利厄斯 柯林斯说他从 1847 年起就帮爸爸干活。他们常常工作到很晚，以致于两个人几乎都要失明了。男证人（儿子）现在眼睛里还有翳影。5 年前，死者曾向教区求助。救济官给了他4 磅面包，然后告诉他要是再来的话，就只能“吃闭门羹”了。（我不知道这是什么意思。很凑巧，这个动词形式和某段文章中的那个一样，也许我们中还有人记得。除了这一段外，也许我还可以再引用一段我抽屉里的剪报新闻。这篇新闻的日期和第一篇几乎是平行的，摘自 1865 年 3月 10 日星期五的《晨报》。内容如下：“C女士的沙龙——她通过巧妙地模仿优美和雅致而使整个沙龙显得很高贵，这里云集了王子、公爵、侯爵夫人和伯爵等贵族——事实. .上，这些人与出现在梅特里奇公主和德劳恩 德 鲁伊斯夫人聚会上的是同一群男士。也有些英国贵族和国会议员出席，他们看起来很喜欢这里充满活力和令人眼花缭乱的非正统氛围。二楼的餐桌上，摆放着各种时令美食。为了让读者对巴黎上层风流社会的美食有些概念，我抄下了晚餐的菜单。下午 4 点钟的时候，所有客人（约 200 人）都坐了下来享受这些美食。不限量供应上等依奎姆葡萄酒、德国的高级白葡萄酒、拉斐特葡萄酒、匈牙利芳香葡萄酒、以及优质葡萄酒香槟，直至凌晨。晚餐过后，歌舞表演更浓，舞会一直持续到凌晨 7 点，在魔鬼的锁链和地狱的流言中结束。（早礼拜——“清晨睁开了眼睛，面前是一片清新的草坪。”）菜单如下：巴格拉季昂炖鸡汤、16 道冷盘、塔列兰巧克力夹心糖、冷鲑鱼、调味沙司、百利威牛里脊肉、米兰烩饭、烤火鸡、肥肝罐头、成堆的螯虾、威尼斯沙拉、冰镇水果、曼奇尼蛋糕、巴黎宫庭菜、奶酪冰激凌、凤梨、餐后点心等等。——作者注）这令死者非常厌恶，从那以后他再也不想和这些救济官员有什么瓜葛了。他们的状况越来越差，直到上周五，他们连买蜡烛的半个便士也没有了。死者躺在稻草上，说自己活不到第二天早上了——一名陪审员接着说：“你们自己也快饿死了，应该到救济院去住，直到夏天。” ——男证人说：“如果进去了，我们会死的。夏天离开救济院的时候，我们会像从天上掉下来的人一样。没有人会认识我们，甚至连个房间也没有。只要有食物，我现在就可以工作，因为我的眼睛会变好的。” G. P.沃克医生说死者死于昏厥，是由于缺少食物而导致的精疲力竭所引起的。死者连被褥也没有。4个月以来，他只能吃面包。他的身体里没有一点脂肪。虽然他没有生病，但是如果曾得到医疗护理，他可能会在昏厥过后生存下来。验尸官评论完这起令人悲痛的案件之后，陪审团作出如下判决：“死者死于缺少食物以及生活必需品而导致的精疲力竭，另一原因是没有得到医治。”

"Why would witness not go into the workhouse?" you ask. Well, the poor seem to have a prejudice against the workhouse which the rich have not; for of course every one who takes a pension from Government goes into the workhouse on a grand scale: only the workhouses for the rich do not involve the idea of work, and should be called play-houses. But the poor like to die independently, it appears; perhaps if we made the play-houses for them pretty and pleasant enough, or gave them their pensions at home, and allowed them a little introductory peculation with the public money, their minds might be reconciled to it. Meantime, here are the facts: we make our relief either so insulting to them, or so painful, that they rather die than take it at our hands; or, for third alternative, we leave them so untaught and foolish that they starve like brute creatures, wild and dumb, not knowing what to do, or what to ask. I say, you despise compassion; if you did not, such a newspaper paragraph would be as impossible in a Christian country as a deliberate assassination permitted in its public streets. (I am heartily glad to see such a paper as the Pall Mall Gazette established; for the power of the press in the hands of highly-educated men, in independent position, and of honest purpose, may indeed become all that it has been hitherto vainly vaunted to be. Its editor will therefore, I doubt not, pardon me, in that, by very reason of my respect for the journal, I do not let pass unnoticed an article in its third number, page 5, which was wrong in every word of it, with the intense wrongness which only an honest man can achieve who has taken a false turn of thought in the outset, and is following it, regardless of consequences. It contained at the end this notable passage: —

你们问："证人为什么不进救济院？"噢，这个，似乎穷人对救济院有偏见而富人却没有，因为每一个从政府领取保障金的人当然都可以说是进了广泛意义上的救济院：只是富人的救济院不需要工作，更应该被称为游乐园。看起来好像穷人喜欢独自死去，但也许如果我们也给他们建一座足够漂亮、足够舒服的游乐园，或者让他们在家就可以领取保障金，允许他们稍稍侵吞点公款，那么他们的想法可能会因此改变，使他们自己去接受这一安排。而事实却是：我们的救济要么使他们觉得受辱，要么使他们痛苦，以至于他们宁愿死也不愿意接受我们的帮助；又或者，第三种情况，我们任由他们不受教育，任由他们愚蠢下去，以致于他们像野兽般饥饿得发狂却说不出来，不知道该做些什么，或是该要些什么。我说你们是鄙视同情心的，如果你们没有，一个基督教国家是不会任由这段新闻里所描述的事情发生的，就像不会允许在大街上发生蓄意谋杀一样。（我非常高兴看到像《佩尔美尔公报》这样一份报纸问世，因为新闻舆论的力量掌握在学识渊博的人手中，处在独立的位置，抱着诚实的目的，可能真的会将新闻界长期自我标榜的形象变成现实。因此，我相信这份报纸的编辑会原谅我出于对这份刊物的尊重，指出第 3 期第 5 页的那篇文章从头到尾大错特错了。只有诚实的人才会犯这样

严重的错误，从一开始想法就是错的，然后不计后果地一路错下去。文章的结尾有这样值得注意的一段：

"The bread of affliction, and the water of affliction—aye, and the bedsteads and blankets of affliction, are the very utmost that the law ought to give to outcasts merely as outcasts." I merely put beside this expression of the gentlemanly mind of England in 1865, a part of the message which Isaiah was ordered to "lift up his voice like a trumpet" in declaring to the gentlemen of his day: "Ye fast for strife, and to smite with the fist of wickedness. Is not this fast that I have chosen, to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out (margin, 'afflicted') to thy house." The falsehood on which the writer had "To confound the functions of the dispensers of the poor-rates with those of the dispensers of a charitable institution is a great and pernicious error." This sentence is so accurately and exquisitely wrong, that its substance must be thus reversed in our minds before we can deal with any existing problem of national distress. "To understand that the dispensers of the poor-rates are the almoners of the nation, and should distribute its alms with a gentleness and freedom of hand as much greater and franker than that possible to individual charity, as the collective national wisdom and power may be supposed greater than those of any single person, is the foundation of all law respecting pauperism.”) "Christian" did I say? Alas, if we were but wholesomely un-Christian, it would be impossible: it is our imaginary Christianity that helps us to commit these crimes, for we revel and luxuriate in our faith, for the lewd sensation of it; dressing it up, like everything else, in fiction. The dramatic Christianity of the organ and aisle, of dawn-service and twilight-revival—the Christianity which we do not fear to mix the mockery of, pictorially, with our play about the devil, in our Satanellas, —Roberts, —Fausts; chanting hymns through traceried windows for back-ground effect, and artistically modulating the "Dio" through variation on variation of mimicked prayer: (while we distribute tracts, next day, for the benefit of uncultivated swearers, upon what we suppose to be the signification of the Third Commandment); —this gas-lighted, and gas-inspired, Christianity, we are triumphant in, and draw back the hem of our robes from the touch of the heretics who dispute it. But to do a piece of common Christian righteousness in a plain English word or deed; to make Christian law any rule of life, and found one National act or hope thereon, —we know too well what our faith comes to for that! You might sooner get lightning out of incense smoke than true action or passion out of your modern English religion. You had better get rid of the smoke, and the organ pipes, both: leave them, and the Gothic windows, and the painted glass, to the property man; give up your carburetted hydrogen ghost in one healthy expiration, and look

after Lazarus at the door-step. For there is a true Church wherever one hand meets another helpfully, and that is the only holy or Mother Church which ever was, or ever shall be.

“法律应该把流浪汉仅仅当作流浪汉对待，给予他们的最多不过是痛苦之面包和痛苦之水；是的，还有痛苦之床铺和被褥。”我只是在这位1865年英国绅士的话旁边标注了几句话，即以赛亚受命“像喇叭一样高声”向他那个时代的绅士们宣布：“你们禁食，为的是吵闹和竞争，拿凶恶的拳头打人。难道我选择的禁食不是要你们把面包分给饥饿的人，把被驱逐的穷人带到你们的房屋吗？”就像作者前面提到的那样，该文章的错误思想建立在：“将贫民救济税分配人的职责和慈善机构分配人的职责混在一起是一个重大的、致命的错误。”这句话错得实在离谱，要想解决英国现存的国民贫困问题，我们必须将这句话在脑海中反过来理解。“要知道贫民救济税的分配者是国家的施赈人员，在发放救济品时应该温柔、自主，要比个人慈善行为更加大方和诚恳；就像国家的集体智慧和力量理应比任何个人更伟大一样，这一点是一切有关贫困问题的法律基础。”——作者注）我说了“基督教”吗？天啊，如果我们有幸都不是基督教徒，这样的事似乎也不可能发生；正是我们想象中的基督教促使我们犯下了这些罪行，因为我们任由自己陶醉沉湎于自己的信仰，贪恋它所带来的邪恶感官刺激；就像对待其他任何事物一样，用想象把它伪装起来。装饰着风琴和走廊，每天晨仪暮诵的戏剧化的基督教——我们不害怕《撒旦尼拉斯》、《罗伯茨》和《浮士德》剧目里魔鬼出场时嘲讽地从雕花窗户里传出赞美诗的背景音乐，不害怕抑扬顿挫的优美唱诗音"Dio"（上帝）实际上不过是模仿祈祷中音调的变换（当翌日为未受教洗的宣誓者分发宗教宣传册时，我们认为自己是受了第三戒律的感召）。这种靠煤气灯照耀和启发的基督教，我们为之欢欣鼓舞，拉回我们法袍的褶边，以免质疑我们信仰的异教徒碰到。即便是在日常的语言和行为上，我们也谨守基督教徒共有的正直；将基督教的训诫当作生活的准则，在其基础上建立我们国家的法律和希望。我们对于自己的信仰所要实现的这些目的再清楚不过了！从熏香烟里得到闪电也要比从你们现代英国宗教里得到真正的行动力和激情来得容易。你们最好把烟雾和管风琴统统扔掉，把它们以及哥特式窗户和彩画玻璃，留给道具管理员；放弃健康体魄中虚无缥缈的幻象去照顾门前台阶上的穷人。因为凡是人与人之间愿意伸出援手的地方，就有真正的教堂，而且只有那样的教堂才是神圣的，过去是，将来也是。

All these pleasures, then, and all these virtues, I repeat, you nationally despise. You have, indeed, men among you who do not; by whose work, by whose strength, by whose life, by whose death, you live, and never thank them. Your wealth, your amusement, your pride would all be alike impossible, but for those whom you scorn or forget. The policeman, who is walking up and down the black lane all night to watch the guilt you have created there; and may have his brains beaten out, and be maimed for life at any moment, and never be thanked: the sailor wrestling with the sea's rage; the quiet student

poring over his book or his vial, the common worker, without praise, and nearly without bread, fulfilling his task as your horses drag your carts, hopeless, and spurned of all: these are the men by whom England lives; but they are not the nation; they are only the body and nervous force of it, acting still from old habit in a convulsive perseverance, while the mind is gone. Our National wish and purpose are to be amused; our National religion, the performance of church ceremonies, and preaching of soporific truths (or untruths) to keep the mob quietly at work, while we amuse ourselves; and the necessity for this amusement is fastening on us as a feverous disease of parched throat and wandering eyes—senseless, dissolute, merciless. When men are rightly occupied, their amusement grows out of their work, as the colour-petals out of a fruitful flower; —when they are faithfully helpful and compassionate, all their emotions become steady, deep, perpetual, and vivifying to the soul as the natural pulse to the body. But now, having no true business, we pour our whole masculine energy into the false business of money-making; and having no true emotion, we must have false emotions dressed up for us to play with, not innocently, as children with dolls, but guiltily and darkly, as the idolatrous Jews with their pictures on cavern walls, which men had to dig to detect. The justice we do not execute, we mimic in the novel and on the stage; for the beauty we destroy in nature, we substitute the metamorphosis of the pantomime, and (the human nature of us imperatively requiring awe and sorrow of some kind) for the noble grief we should have borne with our fellows, and the pure tears we should have wept with them, we gloat over the pathos of the police court, and gather the night-dew of the grave.

再重申一次，所有这些快乐和所有这些美德，你们全国上下一致鄙视。你们中的确有人不鄙视这一切，你们正是靠着这些人的工作、力量、生命和死亡在生活，但却从来没有感激过他们。要不是这些遭到你们嘲笑或者遗忘的人，你们根本不可能拥有财富、快乐和自豪。整夜在黑暗的小巷里巡逻，看护你们所犯下的罪行，随时可能被打破脑袋、终身残废，但却从来没有得到感激的警察；与狂风巨浪搏斗的水手；安静地啃书本或者做实验的学生；在没有赞扬，也几乎没有面包的情况下，依然完成工作，就像马一样绝望而又义无反顾地为你们拉车的普通工人：这些就是英格兰赖以生存的人们。但他们不是这个国家，他们只是这个国家的肉体和神经系统，虽然还能靠惯性抽搐地坚持着，但思想已经没有了。我们国家的愿望和目的就是娱乐；我们国家的宗教就是履行教堂仪式，就是到处宣讲蒙蔽人的真理（或者说谎言），以便暴民能安静地工作，而我们却在寻欢作乐。对我们来说，这种娱乐是必须的，紧紧绑着我们，就像发烧会出现喉咙发炎、目光迷离一样，让我们失去意识，放任自流，冷漠无情。当人们真正投入的时候，他们的乐趣来自工作，就像艳丽的花瓣来自能结果的花一样；当人们的互助之情和同情心是出于真心时，他们的一切感情就会变得稳定、深刻、持久，给灵魂带

来勃勃生机，就像自然的脉动带给身体生命力一样。但是现在，我们没有什么真正的事情可做，就将全部精力投入到赚钱的虚假事情中去；我们没有真正的感情，因此必须要有错误的感情装扮起来把玩，不是像孩子玩洋娃娃那样天真地玩耍，而是鬼鬼祟祟、偷偷摸摸，就像崇拜偶像的犹太人把他们的画藏在深山洞穴的墙壁上一样，需要人们挖掘才能发现。我们在生活中不行正义，却在小说和舞台上模仿；我们毁掉自然中的美丽，却用变了形的哑剧取而代之；我们本该对同伴怀有高尚的悲悯之心，本该为他们洒下纯洁的泪滴（人类的本性使我们必须怀有某种敬畏和哀伤），但我们却幸灾乐祸地看着警庭里一幕幕的悲剧，在他们的墓地收集夜晚的露水。

It is difficult to estimate the true significance of these things; the facts are frightful enough;—the measure of national fault involved in them is perhaps not as great as it would at first seem. We permit, or cause, thousands of deaths daily, but we mean no harm; we set fire to houses, and ravage peasants' fields; yet we should be sorry to find we had injured anybody. We are still kind at heart; still capable of virtue, but only as children are. Chalmers[12] , at the end of his long life, having had much power with the public, being plagued in some serious matter by a reference to "public opinion," uttered the impatient exclamation, "The public is just a great baby!" And the reason that I have allowed all these graver subjects of thought to mix themselves up with an inquiry into methods of reading, is that, the more I see of our national faults and miseries, the more they resolve themselves into conditions of childish illiterateness, and want of education in the most ordinary habits of thought. It is, I repeat, not vice, not selfishness, not dullness of brain, which we have to lament; but an unreachable schoolboy's recklessness, only differing from the true schoolboy's in its incapacity of being helped, because it acknowledges no master. There is a curious type of us given in one of the lovely, neglected works of the last of our great painters. It is a drawing of Kirkby Lonsdale[13] churchyard, and of its brook, and valley, and hills, and folded morning sky beyond. And unmindful alike of these, and of the dead who have left these for other valleys and for other skies, a group of schoolboys have piled their little books upon a grave, to strike them off with stones. So do we play with the words of the dead that would teach us, and strike them far from us with our bitter, reckless will, little thinking that those leaves which the wind scatters had been piled, not only upon a gravestone, but upon the seal of an enchanted vault—nay, the gate of a great city of sleeping kings, who would awake for us, and walk with us, if we knew but how to call them by their names. How often, even if we lift the marble entrance gate, do we but wander among those old kings in their repose, and finger the robes they lie in, and stir the crowns on their foreheads; and still they are silent to us, and seem but a dusty imagery; because we know not

the incantation of the heart that would wake them;—which, if they once heard, they would start up to meet us in their power of long ago, narrowly to look upon us, and consider us; and, as the fallen kings of Hades meet the newly fallen, saying, "Art thou also become weak as we—art thou also become one of us?" so would these kings, with their undimmed, unshaken diadems, meet us, saying, "Art thou also become pure and mighty of heart as we? art thou also become one of us?"

很难估量这些事的真正意义；事实已经足够可怕了，国家的过错可能已经没有当初看起来那么严重了。我们每天眼睁睁看着、甚至是一手造成成千上万的人死去，却并无恶意；我们到处焚烧别人的房子，掠夺农民的土地，但发现已经伤到了人时我们竟很难过。我们仍然心怀善念，仍然具有美德，但也只是像孩子一样。查尔姆斯晚年在公众中有很强的影响力，但在某些严肃的事情上因“公众意见”影响而深受折磨，他曾很不耐烦地惊呼：“公众就是个大婴儿！”我之所以把这些思想方面的沉重话题带到有关读书方法的探讨中来，是因为我越多地看到我们国家的缺点和不幸，就越觉得这是由于我们国家在文学素养方面的幼稚和缺乏，在对最基本的思维方式的培养方面的缺乏所造成的。再重复一次，我们应该感到悲哀的不是我们的恶习，不是自私自利，也不是大脑迟钝，而是那种无法触及的小学生般的鲁莽。只不过，与真正的小学生不同的是，它无可救药了，因为我们的国家不承认任何权威。一位还称得上伟大的英国画家有一幅可爱但没引起太多关注的画作，它可以反映出我们一种很奇怪的特质。画中是柯比朗斯代尔墓地的景色，溪水潺潺、峡谷幽深、山峦层叠，远处的天空露出清晨的曙光。一群小学生来到这里，没有留意这些美景，也没有注意到逝者已经离开，到别处的山谷和天空去了。孩子们拿出几本书堆在一座坟上，然后用石子把书堆击倒。就像这样，我们也把那些可以给我们教诲的逝者的语言拿来玩，用我们冰冷无情的意志攻击他们。我们很少会去想那些随风飘散的树叶曾经不仅仅是堆积在墓碑上，而且也堆在了魔法墓室的封印之上——不，应该说是沉睡中的国王的伟大城邦的城门之上。如果我们仅仅知道如何呼唤他们的名字，这些沉睡的国王将为我们醒来，与我们同行。有多少次，尽管我们打开了大理石门，但却只能徘徊在那些沉睡的老国王之中，抚摸他们的长袍，摇动他们额头上的王冠，但他们对我们仍然保持沉默，看起来不过是一个落满灰尘的雕像，因为我们不知道可以唤醒他们的心灵咒语。一旦听到那种咒语，他们就会突然站起来以很久之前的那种威严接见我们，仔细观察我们，打量我们；就像冥间死去的国王接见刚刚死去的人一样，说：“你们也变得和我们一样虚弱了吗？你们也成为我们中的一员了吗？”这些从睡梦中醒来的国王头顶耀眼稳固的王冠，见到我们也会说：“你们也变得像我们一样心灵纯洁而强大了吗？你们也成为我们中的一员了吗？”

Mighty of heart, mighty of mind—"magnanimous"—to be this, is indeed to be great in life; to become this increasingly, is, indeed, "to advance in life,"—in life itself—not in the trappings of it. My friends, do you remember that old Scythian[14]custom, when the head of a

house died? How he was dressed in his finest dress, and set in his chariot, and carried about to his friends' houses; and each of them placed him at his table's head, and all feasted in his presence? Suppose it were offered to you, in plain words, as it is offered to you in dire facts, that you should gain this Scythian honour, gradually, while you yet thought yourself alive. Suppose the offer were this: "You shall die slowly; your blood shall daily grow cold, your flesh petrify, your heart beat at last only as a rusted group of iron valves. Your life shall fade from you, and sink through the earth into the ice of Caina[15]; but, day by day, your body shall be dressed more gaily, and set in higher chariots, and have more orders on its breast—crowns on its head, if you will. Men shall bow before it, stare and shout round it, crowd after it up and down the streets; build palaces for it, feast with it at their tables' heads all the night long; your soul shall stay enough within it to know what they do, and feel the weight of the golden dress on its shoulders, and the furrow of the crown-edge on the skull;—no more. Would you take the offer, verbally made by the death-angel? Would the meanest among us take it, think you? Yet practically and verily we grasp at it, every one of us, in a measure; many of us grasp at it in its fulness of horror. Every man accepts it, who desires to advance in life without knowing what life is; who means only that he is to get more horses, and more footmen, and more fortune, and more public honour, and—not more personal soul. He only is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into Living peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of the earth—they, and they only. All other kingships, so far as they are true, are only the practical issue and expression of theirs; if less than this, they are either dramatic royalties,—costly shows, with real jewels instead of tinsel,—the toys of nations; or else, they are no royalties at all, but tyrannies, or the mere active and practical issue of national folly; for which reason I have said of them elsewhere, "Visible governments are the toys of some nations, the diseases of others, the harness of some, the burdens of more."

拥有强大的心灵和思想，也就是“宽广的胸怀”，做到这一点，也就确实成就了人生中的伟大；逐渐向着这一目标努力就是真正的“人生品质的提高” ——是人生本身而不是它的装饰品的提升。朋友们，你们还记得旧时斯基台人在一家之主去世时的习俗吗？他是如何被穿上最华丽的衣服，安放到马车里，运到他朋友们的家，他们中的每一个人都把他奉为上宾，在他面前大摆盛宴？假设有人明确无误地告诉你们，就像用可怕的事实告诉你们一样，在你们以为自己还活着的时候，可以慢慢地享受到这种斯基台人的礼遇。情形是这样的：“你将慢慢死去，血液一天天变冷，肌肉变僵，心脏最终像一组生锈的铁阀那样费力地跳动。你的生命将失去活力，穿过地面，沉入地狱深处的凯伊纳冰川。但是，日复一

日，你身上的衣服越来越华丽，乘坐在越来越高的马车上，胸前的勋章越来越多——要是愿意的话，还可以戴上王冠。人们会向你的肉体鞠躬，凝视着，围着它呼喊着，在街上来来回回追随着；人们为它建造宫殿，把它摆在餐桌首席位置上，大摆筵席，整夜狂欢；你的灵魂会留在体内，让你知道他们在做什么，让你感受黄金衣压在肩上的重量和头盖骨上王冠边缘的沟壑——仅此而已。你们会接受死亡天使口述的这个机会吗？想一想，我们中最卑劣的人会接受吗？然而，我们每一个人，在某种程度上，都确确实实、毫无疑问地抓住了这样的机会；很多人在深深的恐惧中抓住了它。每个渴望提高人生品质却不知道什么是人生的人，每个只是想要得到更多马匹、更多佣人、更多财富和更多荣耀，而不是更多个人灵魂的人，都接受这样的机会。只有那些心更加柔和、血更加温暖、思维更加敏捷，心灵正在进入充满生机的平静状态下的人，才真正在提高其人生的品质。拥有这样人生的人是世上真正的君王——他们，也只有他们才是。其他一切王权，如果是真实的，也不过是王权实质上的体现和表达而已；不太真实的那些，要么是戏剧化的王权——用真正的珠宝而不是金属箔片装扮的奢华表演——就像国家的玩具；要么就根本不是王权，而是暴政，或者说只不过是国家愚蠢行为积极和现实的表现。其中的原因，我在其他地方已经说过：“有形的政府是一些国家的玩具，另一些国家的毒瘤，一些国家的护甲，更多国家的负担。”

But I have no words for the wonder with which I hear Kinghood still spoken of, even among thoughtful men, as if governed nations were a personal property, and might be bought and sold, or otherwise acquired, as sheep, of whose flesh their king was to feed, and whose fleece he was to gather; as if Achilles'[16] indignant epithet of base kings, "people-eating" were the constant and proper title of all monarchs; and enlargement of a king's dominion meant the same thing as the increase of a private man's estate! Kings who think so, however powerful, can no more be the true kings of the nation than gad-flies are the kings of a horse; they suck it, and may drive it wild, but do not guide it. They, and their courts, and their armies are, if one could see clearly, only a large species of marsh mosquito, with bayonet proboscis and melodious, band-mastered, trumpeting in the summer air; the twilight being, perhaps, sometimes fairer, but hardly more wholesome, for its glittering mists of midge companies. The true kings, meanwhile, rule quietly, if at all, and hate ruling; too many of them make "il gran refiúto;" and if they do not, the mob, as soon as they are likely to become useful to it, is pretty sure to make its "gran refiúto" of them.

然而，令我吃惊到无话可说的是，我听到甚至那些有思想的人仍会谈论王权，好像受统治的国家是私人的财产一样，可以买卖或通过其他方法得到，像绵羊一样，羊肉国王吃，羊毛国王收；仿佛阿喀琉斯对那些卑鄙的国王愤怒的称呼一样，“吃人者”是对所有君主持久和贴切的称号；一个王国领土的扩张和一个人私有财产的增加是一样的事！凡是这

样想的国王，无论多么强大，都不会是一个国家真正的国王，就像牛虻不会是马的国王一样；他们吸国家的血，可能会让国家发疯狂奔，但却无法领导它。如果有人能看清楚些，会发现这些国王和他们的王庭以及军队，都只不过是一大堆沼泽地上的蚊子，他们的嘴巴像刺刀一样又长又尖，在夏日中像乐队般嗡嗡地吹着曲调优美的喇叭；黎明和黄昏也许有时好些，但也不是让人更舒服，因为蚊群会像雾一样集结。同时，真正的国王不管怎样，都会从容地统治，并且痛恨统治；他们中很多人“坚决拒绝”；如果他们不拒绝，暴民一旦形成习惯，就肯定会“坚决拒绝”他们。

Yet the visible king may also be a true one, some day, if ever day comes when he will estimate his dominion by the force of it,—not the geographical boundaries. It matters very little whether Trent[17]cuts you a cantel out here, or Rhine[18]rounds you a castle less there. But it does matter to you, king of men, whether you can verily say to this man, "Go," and he goeth; and to another, "Come," and he cometh. Whether you can turn your people as you can Trent—and where it is that you bid them come, and where go. It matters to you, king of men, whether your people hate you, and die by you, or love you, and live by you. You may measure your dominion by multitudes, better than by miles; and count degrees of love-latitude, not from, but to, a wonderfully warm and indefinite equator. Measure!—nay, you cannot measure. Who shall measure the difference between the power of those who "do and teach," and who are greatest in the kingdoms of earth, as of heaven—and the power of those who undo, and consume—whose power, at the fullest, is only the power of the moth and the rust? Strange! to think how the Moth-kings lay up treasures for the moth, and the Rusk-kings, who are to their peoples' strength as rust to armour, lay up treasures for the rust; and the Robber-kings, treasures for the robber; but how few kings have ever laid up treasures that needed no guarding—treasures of which, the more thieves there were, the better! Broidered robe, only to be rent—helm and sword, only to be dimmed; jewel and gold, only to be scattered—there have been three kinds of kings who have gathered these. Suppose there ever should arise a Fourth order of kings, who had read, in some obscure writing of long ago, that there was a Fourth kind of treasure, which the jewel and gold could not equal, neither should it be valued with pure gold. A web made fair in the weaving, by Athena's shuttle; an armour, forged in divine fire by Vulcanian force—a gold to be mined in the sun's red heart, where he sets over the Delphian cliffs;—deep-pictured tissue, impenetrable armour, potable gold!—the three great Angels of Conduct, Toil, and Thought, still calling to us, and waiting at the posts of our doors, to lead us, with their winged power, and guide us, with their unerring eyes, by the path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye has not seen! Suppose kings

should ever arise, who heard and believed this word, and at last gathered and brought forth treasures of—Wisdom—for their people?

但如果有一天，万众瞩目的国王用统治的力量而不是地理边界来衡量自己的统治范围，那么他也可以成为一个真正的国王。无论是特伦特河在这里侵蚀了你的一块儿土地，还是莱茵河在那里少围了一个城堡，这些都不重要。但作为人民的国王，对你来说重要的是，你是否能够使臣民呼之即来，挥之即去；你能否能像引导特伦特河那样，领导你的臣民——让他们去哪里，他们就去哪里。作为人民的国王，对你来说重要的是，你的臣民是否憎恨你，因你而死；还是热爱你，靠你生活。你或许可以用臣民的数量来衡量你的统治胜过用面积来衡量；计算爱的纬度，不是离开，而是到达那个令人惊叹的温暖而又无限的赤道似的圈。衡量！——不，你们无法衡量。谁会去衡量那些天上人间“有所作为、教导人民”的伟大国王所拥有的力量和那些无所事事、只知索取的人的力量的不同呢？后者的力量，最多不过相当于蛀虫和锈菌。多奇怪啊！想到蛀虫国王是怎样为了蛀虫积聚财富；想到像铁锈腐蚀盔甲般侵蚀臣民力量的锈菌国王是怎样为了锈菌积聚财富；想到强盗国王是怎样为了强盗积聚财富；然而又有几个国王积聚的财富不需要看守呢？又有几个认为觊觎这些财富的小偷越多越好呢？绣花的袍子只是为了出租；头盔和宝剑只是为了任其暗淡；珠宝和黄金，只是为了散尽——积聚这些财富的已经有三种国王了。假设出现了第四种国王，很久以前从某种晦涩的古老文字中得知世上还有第四种财富，这种财富是珠宝和黄金无法比拟的，也不应该用纯金来衡量其价值。一张由雅典娜的梭子织成的漂亮的网；一副靠火神的力量用神圣的火焰锻造的盔甲；一块从特尔斐阿波罗神庙边的悬崖上太阳红心中挖掘出的黄金——专心描绘的薄纱，牢不可破的盔甲，可以喝的黄金！行动、苦干和思想这三位伟大的天使仍然在召唤我们，等候在我们的门柱旁，用他们飞翔的力量带领我们，用他们可靠的眼睛引导我们，帮我们踏上那条任何鸟类都不知道，就算秃鹰的眼睛也未曾看到过的道路！想一想，会有这样的国王出现吗？他们听到并相信了这些话，最终为了人民积聚并带来智慧的财富。

Think what an amazing business that would be! How inconceivable, in the state of our present national wisdom! That we should bring up our peasants to a book exercise instead of a bayonet exercise!—organise, drill, maintain with pay, and good generalship, armies of thinkers, instead of armies of stabbers!—find national amusement in reading-rooms as well as rifle-grounds; give prizes for a fair shot at a fact, as well as for a leaden splash on a target. What an absurd idea it seems, put fairly in words, that the wealth of the capitalists of civilised nations should ever come to support literature instead of war! Have yet patience with me, while I read you a single sentence out of the only book, properly to be called a book, that I have yet written myself, the one that will stand, (if anything stand), surest and longest of all work of mine.

想一想，那将是多么奇妙的事啊！以我们国家目前的智慧，那是多

么不可思议啊！我们竟然让农民接受书本教育而不是刺杀训练——组织、训练一支支带薪的、有才干的思想者的部队，而不是善于刺杀的部队——不仅在射击场，也可以在阅览室找到国家的乐趣；不仅嘉奖子弹击中靶心的人，也嘉奖对事实一针见血的人。话虽说得好听，可要把文明国家资本家的财富用来支持文学，而不是战争，这似乎是多么荒缪的想法啊！但是，请再耐心点听我说，引用一句我作品中的话，这是我唯一一部可以称为书的作品，这本书是我所有作品中最可靠（如果我还有可靠的书）、最经得起时间考验的。

"It is one very awful form of the operation of wealth in Europe that it is entirely capitalists' wealth that supports unjust wars. Just wars do not need so much money to support them; for most of the men who wage such, wage them gratis; but for an unjust war, men's bodies and souls have both to be bought; and the best tools of war for them besides, which make such war costly to the maximum; not to speak of the cost of base fear, and angry suspicion, between nations which have not grace nor honesty enough in all their multitudes to buy an hour's peace of mind with; as, at present France and England, purchasing of each other ten millions' sterling worth of consternation, annually (a remarkably light crop, half thorns and half aspen leaves, sown, reaped, and granaried by the 'science' of the modern political economist, teaching covetousness instead of truth). And, all unjust war being supportable, if not by pillage of the enemy, only by loans from capitalists, these loans are repaid by subsequent taxation of the people, who appear to have no will in the matter, the capitalists' will being the primary root of the war; but its real root is the covetousness of the whole nation, rendering it incapable of faith, frankness, or justice, and bringing about, therefore, in due time, his own separate loss and punishment to each person."

“在欧洲，财富以一种很糟糕的形式运作，就是用整个资产阶级的财富来支持非正义的战争。正义的战争是不需要这么多钱来支持的，因为大多数参与正义战争的人都是不要钱的。但对非正义的战争来说，人的身体和灵魂都是要用钱来买的，除此之外，还要为他们买最好的战争武器，这使得这样的战争的花费达到了极限；这些还不包括那些底层民众的恐惧和国与国之间愤怒的猜忌所导致的花费，这些国家民众中全部的优雅和诚信，尚不足以买到一个小时的思想平静。就像现在英法两国一样，每年要花费,000 万英镑来让彼此感到恐惧（一种非常易燃的作物，一半是带刺的植物，一半是白杨树叶，经过现代政治经济学家的“科学”来种植、收割和仓储，教人们的是贪婪而不是真理）。而且，所有非正义的战争，如果不是通过掠夺敌人来支持，那就只能是通过资本家的贷款来支持，而这些贷款将通过随后对人民的税收来偿还，这些人民并没有要发动战争的意愿。战争主要的根源是资本家的意愿，但真正的根源是整个国家的贪婪。贪婪已经使国家丧失信仰、真诚和正义感，与此同时也给每个人带来损失，使每个人承受处罚。”

France and England literally, observe, buy panic of each other; they pay, each of them, for ten thousand thousand pounds worth of terror, a year. Now suppose, instead of buying these ten millions' worth of panic annually, they made up their minds to be at peace with each other, and buy ten millions' worth of knowledge annually; and that each nation spent its ten thousand thousand pounds a year in founding royal libraries, royal art galleries, royal museums, royal gardens, and places of rest. Might it not be better somewhat for both French and English?

请注意，英法两国的确互相收买彼此的恐慌；每年他们分别要为购买恐惧支付 1,000 万英镑。现在假设，如果他们决定彼此和平相处，不是每年买 1,000 万的恐慌，而是把这笔钱用来购买知识；每一个国家每年拿出 1,000 万来建立皇家图书馆、皇家艺术馆、皇家博物馆、皇家园林以及其余的一些地方。这样从某种程度上讲是不是对英法两国都更好呢？

It will be long, yet, before that comes to pass. Nevertheless, I hope it will not be long before royal or national libraries will be founded in every considerable city, with a royal series of books in them; the same series in every one of them, chosen books, the best in every kind, prepared for that national series in the most perfect way possible; their text printed all on leaves of equal size, broad of margin, and divided into pleasant volumes, light in the hand, beautiful, and strong, and thorough as examples of binders' work; and that these great libraries will be accessible to all clean and orderly persons at all times of the day and evening; strict law being enforced for this cleanliness and quietness.

但要这些事成真，恐怕还要很长时间。尽管如此，我希望不久以后，每一座大城市都能建立皇家或国家图书馆，里面摆放着一系列一流的书。每一个图书馆的书都是同一个系列的，是每种书中挑选出来的最好的书，是以尽可能最完美的方式为国家的特色系列图书作准备的。这些书的大小相同，留白较宽，分卷恰当，手感轻便，精美、牢固、完整，简直是装帧的典范。这些伟大的图书馆日夜开放，所有干净整齐的人随时可以进入，有严格的法律来保证馆内的安静和整洁。

I could shape for you other plans, for art-galleries, and for natural history galleries, and for many precious—many, it seems to me, needful—things; but this book plan is the easiest and needfullest, and would prove a considerable tonic to what we call our British constitution, which has fallen dropsical of late, and has an evil thirst, and evil hunger, and wants healthier feeding. You have got its corn laws repealed for it; try if you cannot get corn laws established for it, dealing in a better bread;—bread made of that old enchanted Arabian grain, the Sesame, which opens doors;—doors, not of robbers', but of Kings' Treasuries.

我还可以为你们制定其他方案，例如艺术馆、自然历史博物馆，和许多珍贵的、对我来说是必需的东西。但这个图书馆方案对我们所说的英国国体来讲是最简单、最必要的一剂值得考虑的补品，我们的国家已经严重水肿，对罪恶极度饥渴，需要健康的饮食。你们已经废除了知识的《谷物法》，试试看你们能否为之制定新的《谷物法》，制作出更好的面包——由古老的、有魔力的阿拉伯谷物芝麻做成的面包，用来敲开大门——不是强盗的大门，而是国王宝库的大门。

Friends, the treasuries of true kings are the streets of their cities; and the gold they gather, which for others is as the mire of the streets, changes itself, for them and their people, into a crystalline pavement for evermore.

朋友们，真正的国王所拥有的财富是他们城市里的街道；他们收集的黄金在别人眼中是城市中的泥潭。只不过，为了他们也为了他们的人民，泥潭永远地变成了水晶大道。

(1) 圣日耳曼区是巴黎的一个街区，是左岸著名的高级住宅区。位于巴黎市中心塞纳河的南岸，是巴黎的文化艺术中心。

(2) 《利西达斯》，约 翰 弥尔顿（John Milton）的一首诗。

(3) 圣彼得，基督教《圣经》里的故事人物，耶稣十二使徒之一，耶稣死后，为众使徒之首在罗马殉教被追封为第一代教皇。

(4) 索尔兹伯里教堂的尖塔高约123米，是英国教堂中最高的。

(5) 高教会派和低教会派是英国圣公会中的两个派别，前者要求维持教会较高的权威地位，主张在教义、礼仪和规章上大量保持天主教的传统；后者主张简化仪式，反对过分强调教会的权威地位，较倾向于清教徒。

(6) 《查理三世》是莎士比亚的一部历史剧。

(7) 克 兰 麦（1489—1556），是16世纪英国著名教士，英国改革教会的首任坎特伯雷大主教。他对英国教会的教义、教规和仪式等方面进行了改革，为英国国教奠定了基础。

(8) 圣方济各和圣多米尼克圣多明我都是中世纪欧洲的大主教。

(9) 维吉尔（公元前70—前19），古罗马诗人，《神曲》中，但丁称他为“老师”，虚构他解救了迷路的自己，并邀请自己去游览地狱和天国。

(10) 卢德盖特，伦敦旧城墙最西边的一个城门，现已不存在。但伦敦的地名中有 LudgateHill 和 LudgateCircus保留下来。

(11) 夏 莫 尼， 亦 作Chamonix, 是 瑞士城市日内瓦东南的一个山谷，以美景和冰川而闻名，通常人们攀登勃朗峰即从此地出发。

(12) 查尔姆斯（1780—1847），苏格兰自然神学家、政治经济学家。

(13) 柯比朗斯代尔英格兰坎布里亚郡小镇，风景优美，保留有14世纪的小桥。

(14) 斯基台人，骑马游牧的古伊朗人，于古典时代（公元前8世纪—公元1000年间）生活在黑海与里海之间的大草原。

(15) 凯伊纳冰川，奇幻角色扮演游戏Dungeon & Dragon中九层地狱之第八层，极为寒冷。

(16) 阿喀琉斯，古希腊神话里的勇士。

(17) 特伦特河，英格兰中部河流，为英格兰南北的基本分界线。

(18) 莱茵河，欧洲最大河流之一，流经欧洲多国。

II. Of Queens' Gardens

二、王后花园里的百合

It will, perhaps, be well, as this Lecture is the sequel of one previously given, that I should shortly state to you my general intention in both. The questions specially proposed to you in the first, namely, How and What to Read, rose out of a far deeper one, which it was my endeavour to make you propose earnestly to yourselves, namely, Why to Read. I want you to feel, with me, that whatever advantages we possess in the present day in the diffusion of education and of literature, can only be rightly used by any of us when we have apprehended clearly what education is to lead to, and literature to teach. I wish you to see that both well-directed moral training and well-chosen reading lead to the possession of a power over the ill-guided and illiterate, which is, according to the measure of it, in the truest sense, kingly; conferring indeed the purest kingship that can exist among men: too many other kingships (however distinguished by visible insignia or material power) being either spectral or tyrannous;—spectral—that is to say, aspects and shadows only of royalty, hollow as death, and which only the "Likeness of a kingly crown have on"; or else tyrannous—that is to say, substituting their own will for the law of justice and love by which all true kings rule.

由于这篇演讲是此前演讲的续篇，因此也许我应该对两篇演讲的总体意图都稍作说明。上一篇演讲着重提出的问题，即如何读和读什么，乃是源自一个更为深刻的问题，也是我希望你们认真问问自己的问题，那就是，为何而读。我希望你们和我一道觉得，无论今天我们在教育和文学的传播中拥有什么样的优势，只有对教育之所致和文学之所教有清醒的认识，这些优势才能得以正确运用。我希望你们认识到，导向健康的道德培育和精心挑选的阅读都能够使人获得一种力量，它使人不再受误导，不再无知，这种力量，依据最权威的衡量，在真正意义上授予人们最纯粹的帝王之尊：其他诸多王权（不论是靠看得见的勋章还是靠物质财富来彰显），不是神气骇人，就是专政暴戾；所谓神气，仅仅是指王权的各个方面和王权的影子，如死亡一般空洞，并且只是“王冠的写真”（原文出.自约翰 弥尔顿的《失乐园》）；否则即是专政暴戾，指的是用个人意愿取代公正仁爱法则，而公正仁爱法则正是所有明君统治所遵循的金科玉律。

There is, then, I repeat—and as I want to leave this idea with you, I begin with it, and shall end with it—only one pure kind of kingship; an inevitable and external kind, crowned or not: the kingship, namely, which consists in a stronger moral state, and a truer thoughtful state,

than that of others; enabling you, therefore, to guide, or to raise them. Observe that word "State"; we have got into a loose way of using it. It means literally the standing and stability of a thing; and you have the full force of it in the derived word "statue"—"the immovable thing". A king's majesty or "state", then, and the right of his kingdom to be called a state, depends on the movelessness of both:—without tremor, without quiver of balance; established and enthroned upon a foundation of eternal law which nothing can alter nor overthrow.

在此，我再次重申——为了使你们牢牢记住这一点，我以它开始，也将以它结束——只有这种纯粹的王权，无论有没有被授予王冠，它都是必然的、来自外部的；这种王权存在于比其他王权更强大的道德状态和更真实的思维状态中，从而使你们具备引导或提升它们的能力。请注意这里的“状态 (state)”一词，我们并没有严格区分它的用法。它的字面意思是指某个事物的持续性和稳定性；从由它派生出的“雕像（statue）”——“不能移动的事物”——一词中我们可以感受到它的全部力量。国王的权威或“状态 (state)”，还有他的王国被称为“国家 (state)”的权力，取决于两者的不变性：——不能颤动、不能倾斜；并且建立在不能更改、不能推翻的永恒的法律之上。

Believing that all literature and all education are only useful so far as they tend to confirm this calm, beneficent, and therefore kingly, power—first, over ourselves, and, through ourselves, over all around us, I am now going to ask you to consider with me farther, what special portion or kind of this royal authority, arising out of noble education, may rightly be possessed by women; and how far they also are called to a true queenly power. Not in their households merely, but over all within their sphere. And in what sense, if they rightly understood and exercised this royal or gracious influence, the order and beauty induced by such benignant power would justify us in speaking of the territories over which each of them reigned, as "Queens' Gardens."

我们确信，一切文学熏陶和教育只有与这种平静、仁慈并因此而获得权威的王权相一致时才能发挥作用——首先作用于我们自身，然后再通过我们惠及我们周围的人。我现在要请你们与我一起继续思考：在来自贵族教育的王权中，哪个特殊部分或哪种类型能恰当地被妇女们掌握呢？在多大程度上它们也被称作真正的王后权力？不仅仅指家庭中，而是指包括她们的全部活动范围。还有，如果她们正确理解了这种尊贵或仁慈的权力，并加以实施，使得一切井井有条、优雅美丽，那么，在多大程度上，我们谈论她们统治的领域时，可以理直气壮地称其为“王后的花园”呢？

And here, in the very outset, we are met by a far deeper question, which—strange though this may seem—remains among many of us yet quite undecided, in spite of its infinite importance.

现在，在最开始，我们遇到了一个更深刻的问题，这问题——虽然或许有些奇怪——对我们很多人而言，依然悬而未决，尽管它极其重要。

We cannot determine what the queenly power of women should be, until we are agreed what their ordinary power should be. We cannot consider how education may fit them for any widely extending duty, until we are agreed what is their true constant duty. And there never was a time when wilder words were spoken, or more vain imagination permitted, respecting this question—quite vital to all social happiness. The relations of the womanly to the manly nature, their different capacities of intellect or of virtue, seem never to have been yet estimated with entire consent. We hear of the mission and of the rights of Woman, as if these could ever be separate from the mission and the rights of Man;—as if she and her lord were creatures of independent kind and of irreconcilable claim. This, at least, is wrong. And not less wrong—perhaps even more foolishly wrong (for I will anticipate thus far what I hope to prove)—is the idea that woman is only the shadow and attendant image of her lord, owing him a thoughtless and servile obedience, and supported altogether in her weakness by the pre-eminence of his fortitude.

只有在什么是妇女们拥有的普通权力这一点上达成一致，我们才能确定什么是她们的王后权力。只有在什么是她们真正恒定的职责这一点上达成一致，才能判断教育如何使她们适应广泛拓展了的职责。在这个问题上，绝对不允许使用粗鲁的语言，也不允许无益的想象，因为它对社会幸福至关重要。谈到女人的天性和男人的天性之间的关系，以及双方在智力和美德能力上的不同，在这两点上人们似乎从来就没有达成完全一致。人们说起妇女的使命和权利，好像它们可以和男人的使命和权利分开似的；——好像女人和男人是相互独立的物种，有着不可调和的主张。至少这种看法是错误的。还有一个错误的观点，也许错得更为愚蠢荒谬我将预见迄今为止我希望证明的事情）。这种观点认为女人只是其丈夫的影子和随从，需要不加考虑、像奴隶般地服从，需要她丈夫杰出的坚韧来支撑自己的柔弱。

This, I say, is the most foolish of all errors respecting her who was made to be the helpmate of man. As if he could be helped effectively by a shadow, or worthily by a slave!

我认为，这是那些把自己当作男人的助手的女人最愚蠢的错误，好像男人可以得到影子的有效帮助，或是奴隶的有意义的帮助似的。

Let us try, then, whether we cannot get at some clear and harmonious idea (it must be harmonious if it is true) of what womanly mind and virtue are in power and office, with respect to man's; and how their relations, rightly accepted, aid, and increase, the vigour, and honour, and authority of both.

那么，让我们试试看，不管能否得出某种清晰、和谐的观点（如果是真理，那么它必然是和谐的），对照男人，在权力和职责方面，女性有什么样的思想和美德；他们的关系如何被正确地接受、如何相互帮助，以及如何增强双方的活力、荣誉感以及权威。

And now I must repeat one thing I said in the last lecture: namely, that the first use of education was to enable us to consult with the wisest and the greatest men on all points of earnest difficulty. That to use books rightly, was to go to them for help: to appeal to them, when our own knowledge and power of thought failed: to be led by them into wider sight, purer conception than our own, and receive from them the united sentence of the judges and councils of all time, against our solitary and unstable opinion.

现在我必须要重申上一篇演讲中讲到的一点，即教育的第一作用乃是使我们得以就所有重要的难题得到最睿智、最伟大的先贤们的指导。使用书本的正确之道，就是向它们寻求帮助：在我们自身知识匮乏、思维枯竭时，向它们求助；在它们的带领下进入更广阔的视野、更纯粹的思想，从它们那里获取有史以来考虑全面的判断和评论，以克服我们自己孤立、不确定的观点。

Let us do this now. Let us see whether the greatest, the wisest, the purest-hearted of all ages are agreed in any wise on this point: let us hear the testimony they have left respecting what they held to be the true dignity of woman, and her mode of help to man.

让我们现在就这么做吧。看看历代最伟大、最睿智、拥有最纯净心灵的先贤们在这一点上，有没有产生一致的思想火花；听听他们所留下的，关于他们所持有的妇女真正的尊严、妇女对男人的帮助模式方面的言论。

And first let us take Shakespeare.

首先，让我们看看莎士比亚的。

Note broadly in the outset, Shakespeare has no heroes;—he has only heroines. There is not one entirely heroic figure in all his plays, except the slight sketch of Henry the Fifth, exaggerated for the purposes of the stage; and the still slighter Valentine in The Two Gentlemen of Verona. In his laboured and perfect plays you have no hero. Othello would have been one, if his simplicity had not been so great as to leave him the prey of every base practice round him; but he is the only example even approximating to the heroic type. Coriolanus—Caesar—Antony, stand in flawed strength, and fall by their vanities;—Hamlet is indolent, and drowsily speculative; Romeo an impatient boy; the Merchant of Venice languidly submissive to adverse fortune; Kent, in King Lear, is entirely noble at heart, but too rough and unpolished to be of true use at the critical time, and he

sinks into the office of a servant only. Orlando, no less noble, is yet the despairing toy of chance, followed, comforted, saved, by Rosalind. Whereas there is hardly a play that has not a perfect woman in it, steadfast in grave hope, and errorless purpose: Cordelia, Desdemona, Isabella, Hermione, Imogen, Queen Katherine, Perdita, Silvia, Viola, Rosalind, Helena, and last, and perhaps loveliest, Virgilia, are all faultless: conceived in the highest heroic type of humanity.

一开始要特别注意，莎士比亚的戏剧里没有男英雄，只有女英雄。在他所有的戏剧中，没有一个完整的男英雄形象，除了描写亨利五世时，为了舞台效果而进行了夸大，有过少量的刻画；还有在《维洛那二绅士》中对瓦伦丁的描写，那就更简单了。在他精心写作的、完美的戏剧里，是没有男英雄的。奥瑟罗本来可以成为一位英雄，如果他不是过于单纯，以致成了他周围一切卑鄙行径的牺牲品的话，但他却是唯一一个近似英雄的角色了。科利奥兰纳斯、恺撒和安东尼虽然权倾天下，但最后都因自负而失败；哈姆雷特太懒散，总是因瞻前顾后而显得昏昏欲睡；罗密欧是个缺乏耐性的男孩；威尼斯商人无力地屈服于厄运；《李尔王》中的肯特内心极其高贵，但过于粗俗，关键时刻派不上用场，只能沦为一个普通的佣人。奥兰多虽然也同样高尚，但却是命运捉弄下的绝望的玩偶，罗萨琳德在后面跟着他，安慰他，拯救他。与此相反，莎士比亚的戏剧几乎每一部里都有一个完美的女英雄，坚定地给人希望，并且出发点总是完美无瑕：科迪莉娅、苔丝狄蒙娜、易莎贝拉、赫米温妮、伊摩琴、凯瑟琳王后、潘狄塔、西尔维亚、维奥拉、罗萨琳德、海伦娜，还有也许是最可爱的维吉利娅，她们全都完美无瑕，是人类中至高无尚的英雄类型。

Then observe, secondly,

接着，请观察：

The catastrophe of every play is caused always by the folly or fault of a man; the redemption, if there be any, is by the wisdom and virtue of a woman, and failing that, there is none. The catastrophe of King Lear is owing to his own want of judgement, his impatient vanity, his misunderstanding of his children; the virtue of his one true daughter would have saved him from all the injuries of the others, unless he had cast her away from him; as it is, she all but saves him.

每部剧中的灾难往往是由男人的愚蠢或过错造成的；如果可以挽救的话，则是被女人的智慧和美德挽救，否则没有任何补救措施。李尔王的悲剧缘于他自己缺乏判断力、不能容忍的自负，还有对自己孩子的误解；假如他没有把最真诚的女儿赶走，她所拥有的美德本来可以使他免受其他女儿的伤害；事实上，她差点就救了他。

Of Othello I need not trace the tale;—nor the one weakness of his so mighty love; nor the inferiority of his perceptive intellect to that even of the second woman character in the play, the Emilia who dies in wild testimony against his error:—"Oh, murderous coxcomb! What

should such a fool Do with so good a wife?"

关于奥瑟罗，我不用追述剧中的故事，也无须分析他那强大爱情的缺陷，或是解释正是由于他缺乏敏锐的才智，甚至导致剧中的第二号女主角爱米利亚以死来证明他的错误：“噢，杀人的傻瓜啊！像你这样一个蠢材，怎么配得上这样好的一个妻子呢？”

In Romeo and Juliet, the wise and brave stratagem of the wife is brought to ruinous issue by the reckless impatience of her husband. In Winter's Tale and in Cymbeline, the happiness and existence of two princely households, lost through long years, and imperilled to the death by the folly and obstinacy of the husbands, are redeemed at last by the queenly patience and wisdom of the wives. In Measure for Measure, the injustice of the judges, and the corrupt cowardice of the brother, are opposed to the victorious truth and adamantine purity of a woman. In Coriolanus, the mother's counsel, acted upon in time, would have saved her son from all evil; his momentary forgetfulness of it is his ruin; her prayer, at last granted, saves him—not, indeed, from death, but from the curse of living as the destroyer of his country.

在《罗密欧与朱丽叶》中，妻子聪明勇敢的计策却因丈夫的鲁莽急躁而被毁掉。在《冬天的故事》和《辛白林》中，两个王子家庭因丈夫的愚蠢和固执多年来过得很不幸福，家不成家，几乎家破人亡，最终被妻子王后般的耐心和智慧所挽救。在《一报还一报》中，法官不公正，兄弟腐化懦弱，而女性却坚强不屈、纯洁真诚，最终获得了胜利。在《科利奥兰纳斯》中，母亲及时的忠告本来可以把儿子从一切罪恶中拯救过来，但儿子一时的遗忘导致了自身的毁灭。后来，母亲的祈祷得到了回应，拯救了他——确切地说，不是拯救他于死亡，而是将他从作为国家毁灭者的诅咒中解救出来。

And what shall I say of Julia, constant against the fickleness of a lover who is a mere wicked child?—of Helena, against the petulance and insult of a careless youth?—of the patience of Hero, the passion of Beatrice, and the calmly devoted wisdom of the "unlessoned girl," who appears among the helplessness, the blindness, and the vindictive passions of men, as a gentle angel, to save merely by her presence, and defeat the worst intensities of crime by her smile?

对于朱丽叶，我应该说什么呢？她的情人变化无常，只是个淘气的孩子，但她却痴心不改、始终如一。对于海伦娜，遭受了一个粗心男孩性急的对待和侮辱，我又该说什么呢？希罗的耐心，贝特丽丝的激情，还有“不学无术的女子”静静奉献的智慧，在一堆盲目无助、一心想报复的男人中，就像一位温柔的天使，只要她出现就会拯救全局，凭借微笑打败穷凶极恶。对于她们，我又该说些什么呢？

Observe, further, among all the principal figures in Shakespeare's plays, there is only one weak woman—Ophelia; and it is because she

fails Hamlet at the critical moment, and is not, and cannot in her nature be, a guide to him when he needs her most, that all the bitter catastrophe follows. Finally, though there are three wicked women among the principal figures, Lady Macbeth, Regan, and Goneril, they are felt at once to be frightful exceptions to the ordinary laws of life; fatal in their influence also in proportion to the power for good which they have abandoned.

进一步观察，我们就会发现，在莎士比亚戏剧的所有主要角色中，只有一位软弱的女性——奥菲利娅。这是因为她在关键时刻没能拯救哈姆雷特。在他最需要她的时候，她在本性上没有能、也不可能作为他的引导者，导致一系列的悲剧接踵而至。最后，虽然众多主要角色中有三位邪恶的女性——麦克白夫人、里根和考狄利娅，但人们会立刻觉得她们是可怕的特例，不存在于日常生活之中。她们的致命影响和她们抛弃的向善的力量是成比例的。

Such, in broad light, is Shakespeare's testimony to the position and character of women in human life. He represents them as infallibly faithful and wise counsellors,—incorruptibly just and pure examples—strong always to sanctify, even when they cannot save.

总的来说，这就是莎士比亚关于女性在人类生活中的地位及性格的观点。他笔下的女性绝对是忠诚可靠、聪慧过人的顾问，是公正无私、纯洁无瑕的典范，始终拥有强大的力量，去净化罪孽，即便她们无力拯救他人。

Not as in any wise comparable in knowledge of the nature of man,—still less in his understanding of the causes and courses of fate,—but only as the writer who has given us the broadest view of the conditions and modes of ordinary thought in modern society, I ask you next to receive the witness of Walter Scott[1].

虽然对人性的认识不能与莎士比亚相比，对命运的起因和过程的理解更难以望其项背，但是，仅仅作为一位为我们提供了最广阔的视角审视现代社会一般思想状.态和模式的作家，我请你们接下来聆听一下沃尔特.司各特的观点。

I put aside his merely romantic prose writings as of no value: and though the early romantic poetry is very beautiful, its testimony is of no weight, other than that of a boy's ideal. But his true works, studied from Scottish life, bear a true witness, and in the whole range of these there are but three men who reach the heroic type—Dandie Dinmont, Rob Roy, and Claverhouse; of these, one is a border farmer; another a freebooter; the third a soldier in a bad cause. And these touch the ideal of heroism only in their courage and faith, together with a strong, but uncultivated, or mistakenly applied, intellectual power; while his younger men are the gentlemanly playthings of fantastic fortune, and only by aid (or accident) of that fortune, survive, not

vanquish, the trials they involuntarily sustain. Of any disciplined, or consistent character, earnest in a purpose wisely conceived, or dealing with forms of hostile evil, definitely challenged, and resolutely subdued, there is no trace in his conceptions of men. Whereas in his imaginations of women, —in the characters of Ellen Douglas, of Flora MacIvor, Rose Bradwardine, Catherine Seyton, Diana Vernon, Lilias Redgauntlet, Alice Bridgenorth, Alice Lee, and Jeanie Deans—with endless varieties of grace, tenderness, and intellectual power, we find in all a quite infallible and inevitable sense of dignity and justice; a fearless, instant, and untiring self-sacrifice to even the appearance of duty, much more to its real claims; and, finally, a patient wisdom of deeply restrained affection, which does infinitely more than protect its objects from a momentary error; it gradually forms, animates, and exalts the characters of the unworthy lovers, until, at the close of the tale, we are just able, and no more, to take patience in hearing of their unmerited success.

我撇开了他的纯浪漫主义散文作品，它们毫无价值，他早期的浪漫诗歌虽然很美，其中的观点亦毫无价值，只是一个男孩的理想而已。他真正的作品源于苏格兰生活，基于切身体验。在这整个系列的作品中，只有三个人物称. .得上是英雄——丹迪 丁蒙特、罗布 罗伊和克拉弗豪斯，这些人当中，一个是边境农民，另一个是强盗，还有一个是进行非正义战争的士兵。他们符合英雄主义的理想，这种理想状态仅仅表现在他们的勇敢和忠诚上，伴随着一种强烈的、没受多少教育的或者是用错地方的聪明劲儿。然而，司各特笔下的年轻人是命运之神绅士般的玩物，仅仅依靠命运的帮助（或巧合），才得以从身不由己卷进去的考验中幸存下来，而不是战胜考验。在他关于男性的观念中，不存在任何严于律己、始终如一，理智地坚持远大的目标，勇敢应对各种邪恶行径，迎接挑战，果敢开拓的男性。与此相反，在他对女性的想象中——艾. . .伦 道格拉斯、弗洛拉 麦基弗、露斯 布拉德沃丁、凯. . .瑟琳 赛顿、戴安娜 弗农、利里阿斯 雷德冈特利特、. .爱丽丝 李和珍妮 迪恩斯等等，各有各的魅力，柔情似水，聪明机智，我们发现在她们身上无一例外地蕴藏着一种尊严和正义感；勇敢无畏、义无反顾，而且不知疲倦的自我牺牲，甚至是对义务表象的牺牲，而对义务内在的要求，牺牲就更多了；最后，一种把深厚的情感埋藏在心底的耐心的智慧，不仅保护自己的爱人，使其免于一时的失误，而且还逐步塑造、鼓励和提升不够优秀的爱人的品格，直到最终，在故事结尾，我们刚刚能够有耐心听到他们本来不配得到的成功。

So that in all cases, with Scott as with Shakespeare, it is the woman who watches over, teaches, and guides the youth; it is never, by any chance, the youth who watches over or educates his mistress.

所有例子中，无论司各特的还是莎士比亚的，都是女性守护、调教和指导男性，而不是男性守护或教导自己的爱人。

Next, take, though more briefly, graver and deeper testimony—

that of the great Italians and Greeks. You know well the plan of Dante's great poem—that it is a love-poem to his dead lady; a song of praise for her watch over his soul. Stooping only to pity, never to love, she yet saves him from destruction—saves him from hell. He is going eternally astray in despair; she comes down from heaven to his help, and throughout the ascents of Paradise is his teacher, interpreting for him the most difficult truths, divine and human; and leading him, with rebuke upon rebuke, from star to star.

接下来，让我们更简单、认真和深入地看看伟大的意大利和希腊学者的观点。你们都很清楚但丁的伟大诗篇的创作初衷，那是写给死去的爱人的情诗，为她守护自己的灵魂而献给她的赞歌。尽管她只有怜悯，没有爱情，但还是拯救了他，使他免于毁灭，免于下地狱。他在绝望中走上歧途时，她从天堂下到他身边，给予他帮助；在他走向天堂的路途上，成为他的导师，为他解释天上人间最难懂的真理，通过一次次的斥责，引导他穿过一个又一个星辰。

I do not insist upon Dante's conception; if I began I could not cease: besides, you might think this a wild imagination of one poet's heart. So I will rather read to you a few verses of the deliberate writing of a knight of Pisa to his living lady, wholly characteristic of the feeling of all the noblest men of the thirteenth century, preserved among many other such records of knightly honour and love, which Dante Rossetti has gathered for us from among the early Italian poets.

我不主张但丁的观念。如果开了头，我就会停不下来。另外，你们可能会认为这只是一个诗人心灵的狂想罢了。因此，我宁可给你们读几段一位比萨骑士经过深思熟虑写给他在世情人的诗。它们完全展现了 13 世纪所有最.高尚男子的感情特征，收在但丁 罗塞蒂从早期的意大利诗人那里收集的、以骑士的荣誉和爱情为主题的诗集里。

"For lo! thy law is passed

“看！你的法律已经通过，

That this my love should manifestly be

我的爱情目标将变得明朗：

To serve and honour thee:

要为你效命，为你增光；

And so I do; and my delight is full,

我这么做了，并满心欢喜，

Accepted for the servant of thy rule.

被接纳作你的仆役。

"Without almost, I am all rapturous,

“千真万确，我欣喜若狂，
Since thus my will was set
自从我定下这样的决心：
To serve, thou flower of joy, thine excellence:
效命于阁下，你这快乐的花朵；
Nor ever seems it anything could rouse
似乎任何事物都无法引起
A pain or regret.
一丝痛苦或一丝遗憾。
But on thee dwells mine every thought and sense;
但我的思想和理智全部依赖着你；
Considering that from thee all virtues spread
以为所有美德由你发散
As from a fountain head,—
就好似泉水之源——
That in thy gift is wisdom's best avail,
你的天赋中含有智慧的最佳效用，
And honour without fail;
还有从不缺乏的光荣；
With whom each sovereign good dwells separate,
带着智慧和光荣，每位至尊的善行之君各统一方，
Fulfilling the perfection of thy state.
将你的王国完美建造。
"Lady, since I conceived
“爱人啊，自从我确信
That pleasurable aspect in my heart,
心中这份快乐的情感，
My life has been apart
我的生命就分处两地
In shining brightness and the place of truth;
在耀眼的光明之中和真理所在之所；

Which till that time, good sooth,

此前，老实说，

Groped among shadows in a darken'd place,

它一直在黑暗地的阴影之中摸索，

Where many hours and days

在那里，许多小时、许多天过去了，

It hardly ever had remember'd good.

因我为你的爱而活。”

But now my servitude

因我为你的爱而活。”

Is thine, and I am full of joy and rest.

我满心欢喜，心绪宁静。

A man from a wild beast

你将我从野兽变成了人，

Thou madest me, since for thy love I lived.”

因我为你的爱而活。”

You may think, perhaps, a Greek knight would have had a lower estimate of women than this Christian lover. His spiritual subjection to them was indeed not so absolute; but as regards their own personal character, it was only because you could not have followed me so easily, that I did not take the Greek women instead of Shakespeare's; and instance, for chief ideal types of human beauty and faith, the simple mother's and wife's heart of Andromache[2]; the divine, yet rejected wisdom of Cassandra[3]; the playful kindness and simple princess-life of happy Nausicaa[4]; the housewifely calm of that of Penelope[5], with its watch upon the sea; the ever patient, fearless, hopelessly devoted piety of the sister, and daughter, in Antigone[6]; the bowing down of Iphigenia[7], lamb-like and silent; and, finally, the expectation of the resurrection, made clear to the soul of the Greeks in the return from her grave of that Alcestis[8], who, to save her husband, had passed calmly through the bitterness of death.

你可能觉得希腊骑士对女性的评价不如这位基督教情人的评价高。他们在精神上对情人的服从的确不是那么绝对，但是关于她们自身的个性，只是因为你们不可能这么轻松地跟上我的思路，因此我列举了莎士比亚笔下的女性而非希腊女性；你们也不可能这么轻松地理解那些关于人类理想的美和忠诚的主要事例，安德洛玛刻那颗朴实的母亲和妻子之心；卡姗德拉那神妙却不被人相信的智慧；瑙西凯厄那顽皮的善意之举

和单纯的公主生活；珀涅罗珀主妇般沉着冷静及其对大海的守望；安提戈涅身上始终如一的坚韧、勇敢以及作为妹妹和女儿的那份绝望的挚诚；依菲琴尼亚那羔羊般温顺和沉默的服从；最后，还有希腊人灵魂深处对阿尔刻提斯之复活确信无疑的期待，因为她为救丈夫平静地经受着死亡的痛苦。

Now, I could multiply witness upon witness of this kind upon you if I had time. I would take Chaucer, and show you why he wrote a Legend of Good Women; but no Legend of Good Men. I would take Spenser, and show you how all his fairy knights are sometimes deceived and sometimes vanquished; but the soul of Una is never darkened, and the spear of Britomart is never broken. Nay, I could go back into the mythical teaching of the most ancient times, and show you how the great people,—by one of whose princesses it was appointed that the Lawgiver of all the earth should be educated, rather than by his own kindred;—how that great Egyptian people, wisest then of nations, gave to their Spirit of Wisdom the form of a woman; and into her hand, for a symbol, the weaver's shuttle: and how the name and the form of that spirit, adopted, believed, and obeyed by the Greeks, became that Athena of the olive-helm, and cloudy shield, to whose faith you owe, down to this date, whatever you hold most precious in art, in literature, or in types of national virtue.

如果时间足够的话，我现在可以举出好多倍这样的例子。我可以拿乔叟为例，分析为什么他写《好女人的传说》而不是《好男人的传说》。我可以拿斯宾塞为例，向你们展示他笔下所有优雅的骑士怎样时而被欺骗，时而被打败；而尤纳的灵魂却从未被玷污，布里托马特的矛也从未折断。不仅如此，我还可以追溯到最古老年代的神话教义，向你们说明一个伟大的民族为什么要由一位公主而不是由自己的族人下令：所有的立法者都应该受教育；为什么当时最有智慧的国家、伟大的埃及要赋予智慧之神以女性的形象，而她手持的象征物是织布机的梭子；而该智慧之神的名字和形象又是怎样被希腊人所采用、信仰和尊崇，最后演变成头戴橄榄头盔、手持云纹盾牌的雅典娜，时至今日，人们仍然把艺术、文学或各种民族美德中最珍贵的东西归功于她的庇佑。

But I will not wander into this distant and mythical element; I will only ask you to give its legitimate value to the testimony of these great poets and men of the world,—consistent as you see it is on this head. I will ask you whether it can be supposed that these men, in the main work of their lives, are amusing themselves with a fictitious and idle view of the relations between man and woman;—nay, worse than fictitious or idle; for a thing may be imaginary, yet desirable, if it were possible; but this, their ideal of woman, is, according to our common idea of the marriage relation, wholly undesirable. The woman, we say, is not to guide, nor even to think, for herself. The man is always to be

the wiser; he is to be the thinker, the ruler, the superior in knowledge and discretion, as in power. Is it not somewhat important to make up our minds on this matter? Are all these great men mistaken, or are we? Are Shakespeare and Aeschylus, Dante and Homer, merely dressing dolls for us; or, worse than dolls, unnatural visions, the realisation of which, were it possible, would bring anarchy into all households and ruin into all affections? Nay, if you could suppose this, take lastly the evidence of facts, given by the human heart itself. In all Christian ages which have been remarkable for their purity or progress, there has been absolute yielding of obedient devotion, by the lover, to his mistress. I say obedient—not merely enthusiastic and worshiping in imagination, but entirely subject, receiving from the beloved woman, however young, not only the encouragement, the praise, and the reward of all toil, but so far as any choice is open, or any question difficult of decision, the direction of all toil. That chivalry, to the abuse and dishonour of which are attributable primarily whatever is cruel in war, unjust in peace, or corrupt and ignoble in domestic relations; and to the original purity and power of which we owe the defence alike of faith, of law, and of love;—that chivalry, I say, in its very first conception of honourable life, assumes the subjection of the young knight to the command—should it even be the command in caprice—of his lady. It assumes this, because its masters knew that the first and necessary impulse of every truly taught and knightly heart is this of blind service to its lady: that where that true faith and captivity are not, all wayward and wicked passions must be; and that in this rapturous obedience to the single love of his youth, is the sanctification of all man's strength, and the continuance of all his purposes. And this, not because such obedience would be safe, or honourable, were it ever rendered to the unworthy; but because it ought to be impossible for every noble youth—it is impossible for every one rightly trained—to love any one whose gentle counsel he cannot trust, or whose prayerful command he can hesitate to obey.

但是我不会走进这个遥远的神话世界之中，我只想恳请你们给这些世界著名诗人和伟人的证言以恰当的评价——正如大家所见，他们的观点在这方面还很一致。我想问问你们，我们是否可以推测说，这些人在其生命中的主要作品中，是在假想、虚构出这样的两性关系聊以自娱——不，比假想和虚构更糟糕，因为一件事只要有可能，就会包含想象的成分，但它却依然是令人向往的。然而，他们心中女性的完美典型，根据我们对于婚姻关系的常识，却完全不会令人向往。我们认为，女人既不会管理，也没有主见。男人总是更睿智；他是思想家和统治者，无论知识上还是判断力以及体力上都更胜一筹。让我们在这件事上打定主意难道一点都不重要吗？是所有这些伟人们错了，还是我们错了？莫非莎士比亚和埃斯库罗斯、但丁和荷马在我们面前展现的只是穿着衣服的

玩偶，或者还不如，只是虚无的幻象，如果可能的话，这些幻象将使所有家庭变得混乱无序，并且摧毁所有感情？不，如果你这么想的话，最后请看看人类心灵本身给出的事实依据吧。在以圣洁或进取著称的所有基督教年代，一直都有男人对心爱的女子全心投入、绝对服从的例子。我说“服从” ——不仅指想象中的热诚和崇拜，而且是完全的臣服；无论心爱的女子多么年轻，不仅从她们身上获得鼓励、赞扬以及一切辛苦付出后的回报，然而，更重要的是，遇到任何开放的选择或难以决断的问题时，从她们那儿获得指导。这种骑士精神——战争中的残酷、和平年代的不公、国家内部的腐败及不光彩事件主要都是因为滥用或不顾这种精神；同样，人们对忠诚、法律、爱情的捍卫都是凭借它原始的圣洁和力量——我认为，这种骑士精神对光荣之生活的首要概念就是要对心爱的女士言听计从——甚至是反复无常的想法也应该顺从。有这种精神的假定是因为它的主人们明白一颗经过真正训练的骑士之心就是为不加分辨地为心爱的女子效命而跳动的：在没有这种真实的信念和羁绊的地方，一定满是任性而不道德的情欲。在对其年轻时唯一所爱之人的狂热顺从中，一个男人所有的力量得到认可，所有计划得以继续。而这，并不是因为这样的顺从会是安全的或高尚的，哪怕对方不值得；而是因为每一位高尚的青年都不可能——每一位经过正确训练的骑士都不可能——爱上那些提出温柔的建议他却不肯信任、或是下达虔诚的命令他却不能毫不犹豫执行的人。

I do not insist by any farther argument on this, for I think it should commend itself at once to your knowledge of what has been and to your feelings of what should be. You cannot think that the buckling on of the knight's armour by his lady's hand was a mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth—that the soul's armour is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honour of manhood fails. Know you not those lovely lines—I would they were learned by all youthful ladies of England:—

我不想就这一点再争论下去，因为我认为它应该立即为你们已有的知识和应有的情感所接受。你不能以为骑士让心爱的女子为其系好盔甲只是一种随意的浪漫做法。这是一条永恒的真理——没有经过女人的手，灵魂的盔甲永远也不能牢牢地系在心灵上；只有当她没把盔甲系紧的时候，他才会失去男子汉的荣誉。知道你们没有读过那些可爱的诗句——我希望英格兰所有年轻女孩都学过这首诗：

"Ah, wasteful woman!—show who may

“啊，挥霍无度的女人！看，

On her sweet self set her own price,

她为美丽的自我定价，

Knowing he cannot choose but pay—

明知他除了支付别无选择——

How has she cheapen'd Paradise!

她已将天堂如此贱卖！

How given for nought her priceless gift,

把她的无价之宝免费送出，

How spoiled the bread and spill'd the wine,

糟蹋了面包，泼洒了美酒，

Which, spent with due, respective thrift,

若是分别合理地节俭使用，

Had made brutes men, and men divine." (Coventry Patmore.)

它们早已使野兽变成人，人变成神！”（考文垂 帕特莫尔——作者注）

Thus much, then, respecting the relations of lovers I believe you will accept. But what we too often doubt is the fitness of the continuance of such a relation throughout the whole of human life. We think it right in the lover and mistress, not in the husband and wife. That is to say, we think that a reverent and tender duty is due to one whose affection we still doubt, and whose character we as yet do but partially and distantly discern; and that this reverence and duty are to be withdrawn, when the affection has become wholly and limitlessly our own, and the character has been so sifted and tried that we fear not to entrust it with the happiness of our lives. Do you not see how ignoble this is, as well as how unreasonable? Do you not feel that marriage—when it is marriage at all,—is only the seal which marks the vowed transition of temporary into untiring service, and of fitful into eternal love?

相信在恋人的关系上你们基本上都接受这一点，但我们常常质疑这样的关系持续一生是否合理。我们觉得这样的关系适用于恋人，却不适用于夫妻之间。也就是说，我们对一个人的感情仍心存疑虑，对其性格了解有所认识但还只是部分的、肤浅的了解时，才会殷勤周到、温柔体贴；当确定对方的感情已经完完全全属于自己，对其性格已经经过了如此多的调查和考验，我们已经可以放心地把一生的幸福交托出去时，这种殷勤周到和温柔体贴就会被收回。难道你没看出来这是多么不光彩，多么不合理吗？你没有感觉到婚姻——名副其实的婚姻——只是一个标志着短暂的付出变成长久的、不知疲倦的服务，不确定的感情变成永恒之爱的印章吗？

But how, you will ask, is the idea of this guiding function of the woman reconcilable with a true wifely subjection? Simply in that it is a guiding, not a determining, function. Let me try to show you briefly how these powers seem to be rightly distinguishable.

但是，你会问，女人的指导作用和忠诚地作为妻子的服从两者是如何协调的？简单地说，这里说的是指导作用，而不是决定作用。下面我向大家简单解释一下二者的区别。

We are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the "superiority" of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things. Each has what the other has not: each completes the other, and is completed by the other: they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.

我们是愚蠢的人，愚蠢得没有申辩余地。我们谈到一性别比另一性别“优等”，好像二者是类似的事物，有可比性。事实上，任一方都有着另一方所没有的特点：二者相辅相成；双方毫无相似之处，双方的幸福和完善都要依靠向另一方要求和获取，并且只有对方能够给予。

Now their separate characters are briefly these: The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention; his energy for adventure, for war, and for conquest, wherever war is just, wherever conquest necessary. But the woman's power is for rule, not for battle,—and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement, and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims, and their places. Her great function is Praise: she enters into no contest, but infallibly judges the crown of contest. By her office, and place, she is protected from all danger and temptation. The man, in his rough work in open world, must encounter all peril and trial:—to him, therefore, the failure, the offense, the inevitable error: often he must be wounded, or subdued, often misled, and always hardened. But he guards the woman from all this; within his house, as ruled by her, unless she herself has sought it, need enter no danger, no temptation, no cause of error or offense. This is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently-minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over, and lighted fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love,—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light,—shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea;—so far it vindicates the name, and fulfills the praise, of Home.

男人和女人之间个性的区别大致如下：男人的力量是积极的、进取的和防御性的。他是出色的行动者、创造者、发现者和保护者。他的才能是思索和发明；他的精力用于冒险、战争和征服，无论哪里，只要战争是正义的，或者征服是必要的，他就会义无反顾地投入。但是，女人的力量在于统治，而不是战斗——她的才能不是发明或创造，而是下达甜蜜的命令、收拾安排和作出决定。她清楚物品的质量、要价和出售地点。她的重要职责是赞扬：她不参与任何竞争，但却总是竞争的裁判。凭借职责和地位，就可以得到保护，免于一切危险和诱惑。而男人在开放的世界里艰苦地工作，必须面对所有危险，经受各种考验——因此，对他来说，就必须面对失败、过失和不可避免的错误；经常会受伤，或者被挫败，经常被误导，却总是磨炼得越来越坚强。然而他保护女人不受这些伤害；在他那由她统治的房子之内，除非是她自找的，否则她不会遇到任何危险和诱惑，不会犯下任何错误或过失。这就是家的真谛——它是和平的领地；它是避难所，不仅使我们免于一切伤害，而且免于一切恐惧、猜疑和分歧。若非如此，就不能称其为家；如果夫妻中任何一方让外界的忧虑入侵它，让外面世界那反复无常的、陌生的、不受欢迎或充满敌意的社会跨进门槛，家就不再是家；那时的它只不过是外部世界的一部分，只不过盖了屋顶、生了火炉而已。然而只要它还是一块圣地，一座贞洁的庙宇，一个有家庭之神守护的庙宇，当着这些家神的面，只有受他们宠爱的人才可以迈入脚步——只要它是这样一个地方，屋顶和炉火只不过是较为华丽的遮蔽物和灯光而已——像荒野中岩石提供的遮蔽，像狂风暴雨的大海上法罗斯岛灯塔放出的光明——只要它无愧于家的名字，无愧于人们对它的赞扬，它就是一个家！

And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head; the glowworm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot: but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.

一个好妻子无论到哪里，这个家都会始终跟随着她。她头顶只是可能会有星星闪烁；寒夜里，草丛中的萤火虫也许是她脚边唯一的灯火。但是，她到哪里，家就跟到哪里，而且对一个高尚的女人来说，家能从她身边远远延伸开去，比松木屋顶和朱红门梁更宝贵，它静静的灯火散溢开去，为无家可归的人带去光芒。

This, then, I believe to be,—will you not admit it to be,—the woman's true place and power? But do not you see that, to fulfil this, she must—as far as one can use such terms of a human creature—be incapable of error? So far as she rules, all must be right, or nothing is. She must be enduringly, incorruptibly good; instinctively, infallibly wise—wise, not for self-development, but for self-renunciation: wise, not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fail from his side: wise, not with the narrowness of insolent and loveless pride, but with the passionate gentleness of an infinitely

variable, because infinitely applicable, modesty of service—the true changefulness of woman. In that great sense—"La donna e mobile", not "Qual piùm' al vento"; no, nor yet "Variable as the shade, by the light quivering aspen made"; but variable as the light, manifold in fair and serene division, that it may take the colour of all that it falls upon, and exalt it.

那么，我认为这就是女人真正的地位和权力，你们难道不承认吗？但是，得看到，要实现这一点，她必须——假如这样的词可以用在人类身上的话——不会犯错。只要她管理着家庭，就必须一切正确，否则就会全盘皆输。她必须永远善良，不因外界而改变；她必须有着本能的、绝对无误的智慧——这种智慧不是为了自我发展，而是为了自我牺牲；这种智慧不是为了使她凌驾于夫君之上，而是为了让她不会辜负他身旁的位置。这种智慧没有傲慢冷酷的狭隘，只有变换无限的热情和温柔，因为她的付出可以无限应用而又谦逊节制——这就是女人的善变。在这种高尚的意义上来说，“女人善变”不是“像羽毛一样在空中飘浮”；不，也不是“像颤抖的白杨造成的光影一样变化多端”；而是像光线一样变幻莫测，产生各种美丽宁静的影像，落在什么物体上就染上什么色彩，并将它变得更加鲜亮。

I have been trying, thus far, to show you what should be the place, and what the power of woman. Now, secondly, we ask, What kind of education is to fit her for these?

到目前为止，我一直在试图向你们解释女人的地位和权力应该是什么。接下来，第二个问题是女人为了适应这些应该接受怎样的教育。

And if you indeed think this is a true conception of her office and dignity, it will not be difficult to trace the course of education which would fit her for the one, and raise her to the other.

假如你们确实认为这是女性职责和尊严的正确概念，那么就不难找出与之相适应的教育课程，使她称职，并进一步获得尊严。

The first of our duties to her—no thoughtful persons now doubt this,—is to secure for her such physical training and exercise as may confirm her health, and perfect her beauty; the highest refinement of that beauty being unattainable without splendour of activity and of delicate strength. To perfect her beauty, I say, and increase its power; it cannot be too powerful, nor shed its sacred light too far: only remember that all physical freedom is vain to produce beauty without a corresponding freedom of heart. There are two passages of that poet who is distinguished, it seems to me, from all others—not by power, but by exquisite rightness—which point you to the source, and describe to you, in a few syllables, the completion of womanly beauty. I will read the introductory stanzas, but the last is the one I wish you specially to notice:—

我们对她的首要职责——凡是有思想的人都不会怀疑这一点——保证她足够的体能训练和锻炼，以确保她的健康，完善她的美丽；不从事运动，不培养灵巧的力量，就不能达到美的最高境界。我说，要完善她的美丽，让她的美越来越有力量；美的力量怎么强大都不为过，美的光芒散播得越远越好：只是要记住，心灵若不自由，身体再怎么自由也不可能产生美。有位杰出的诗人写两段诗，我觉得比所有别的诗都要好——不是因为它多么有力，而是因为它异常贴切——寥寥几句就向你指出女性之美的来源，并描述女性之美是如何实现的。我给你们读读开头几段，但我希望你们特别注意的是最后一段：

"Three years she grew in sun and shower,

“她沐浴阳光雨露生长三年，

Then Nature said, 'a lovelier flower

然后大自然说，‘世上从未

On earth was never sown.

长过更美的花朵。

This child I to myself will take;

我要把这孩子据为己有；

She shall be mine, and I will make

她将是我的，我将使她成为

A lady of my own.'

我的爱人。’

'Myself will to my darling be

‘我将成为我心爱人儿的

Both law and impulse; and with me

律法和动力；和我在一起

The girl, in rock and plain,

无论在山川或平原，

In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,

大地或天空，林间或村舍，

Shall feel an overseeing power

她都会感到一种约束之力

To kindle, or restrain.'

启迪她，或者制约她。’

'The floating clouds their state shall lend

‘浮云借她形态；

To her, for her the willow bend;

杨柳朝她弯腰；

Nor shall she fail to see

即便在暴风雨的移动中，

Even in the motions of the storm,

她也能捕捉到

Grace that shall mould the maiden's form

那塑造出少女体态的优雅，

By silent sympathy.'

默默的悲悯正是她的方法。’

'And vital feelings of delight

‘生机勃勃的快乐情感

Shall rear her form to stately height,—

将把她的形体提升至庄严的高度，

Her virgin bosom swell.

使她少女的胸膛变得丰满。

Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,

这些就是我对露茜的情怀，

While she and I together live,

当她和我一起生活

Here in this happy dell.'"

在这个幸福的山谷。’”

"Vital feelings of delight," observe. There are deadly feelings of delight; but the natural ones are vital, necessary to every life.

请注意，“生机勃勃的快乐情感”。虽然死气沉沉的快乐情感是存在的，但是自然的情感都是生机勃勃的，是每个生命不可缺少的。

And they must be feelings of delight, if they are to be vital. Do not think you can make a girl lovely, if you do not make her happy. There is not one restraint you put on a good girl's nature—there is not one check you give to her instincts of affection or of effort—which will not be indelibly written on her features, with a hardness which is all the more painful because it takes away the brightness from the eyes of innocence, and the charm from the brow of virtue.

而且，如果想要生机勃勃，就得是快乐的情感。如果你不让一个女孩快乐，就别指望她可爱。对一个好女孩，不能束缚她的天性——不能遏制她本能的情感或努力——这样，才不会在她的面容上刻下难以磨灭的印记，留下一丝冷酷无情。后者更令人心痛，因为它不只带走了那纯真双眸中的光芒，而且带走了那坚贞眉头上的魅力。

This for the means: now note the end. Take from the same poet, in two lines, a perfect description of womanly beauty—

这是讲实现女性之美的方法，现在请注意结尾。还是这位诗人，他在另外两行诗中对女性之美作了完美的描述:

"A countenance in which did meet

“甜蜜的经历和同样甜蜜的希望

Sweet records, promises as sweet.”

在她的面容上相遇。”

The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace, which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years,—full of sweet records; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness, which is still full of change and promise;—opening always—modest at once, and bright, with hope of better things to be won, and to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise—it is eternal youth.

女人的面容之可爱的最高境界只能来自那种庄重的平和，来自对幸福而充实之岁月的回忆——满是甜蜜的经历；与更为庄严的天真相结合，这天真中仍然充满变化和期待——始终是开放的——谦逊而又欢快，带着赢得或被赠予更美好事物的希望。只要有这种希望，人就不会衰老——它是永恒的青春。

Thus, then, you have first to mould her physical frame, and then, as the strength she gains will permit you, to fill and temper her mind with all knowledge and thoughts which tend to confirm its natural instincts of justice, and refine its natural tact of love.

因此，首先你必须塑造她的形体。然后，待她具备所需力量之后，再用知识和思想充实并调和她的心灵，这些知识和思想将强化心灵正义的天性，锻炼它那出于天然的爱的能力。

All such knowledge should be given her as may enable her to understand, and even to aid, the work of men: and yet it should be given, not as knowledge,—not as if it were, or could be, for her an object to know; but only to feel, and to judge, It is of no moment, as a matter of pride or perfectness in herself, whether she knows many languages or one; but it is of the utmost, that she should be able to show kindness to a stranger, and to understand the sweetness of a stranger's tongue. It is of no moment to her own worth or dignity that

she should be acquainted with this science or that; but it is of the highest that she should be trained in habits of accurate thought; that she should understand the meaning, the inevitableness, and the loveliness of natural laws; and follow at least some one path of scientific attainment, as far as to the threshold of that bitter Valley of Humiliation, into which only the wisest and bravest of men can descend, owning themselves for ever children, gathering pebbles on a boundless shore. It is of little consequence how many positions of cities she knows, or how many dates of events, or how many names of celebrated persons—it is not the object of education to turn a woman into a dictionary; but it is deeply necessary that she should be taught to enter with her whole personality into the history she reads; to picture the passages of it vitally in her own bright imagination; to apprehend, with her fine instincts, the pathetic circumstances and dramatic relations, which the historian too often only eclipses by his reasoning, and disconnects by his arrangement; it is for her to trace the hidden equities of divine reward, and catch sight, through the darkness, of the fatal threads of woven fire that connect error with its retribution. But, chiefly of all, she is to be taught to extend the limits of her sympathy with respect to that history which is being for ever determined, as the moments pass in which she draws her peaceful breath: and to the contemporary calamity, which, were it but rightly mourned by her, would recur no more hereafter. She is to exercise herself in imagining what would be the effects upon her mind and conduct, if she were daily brought into the presence of the suffering which is not the less real because shut from her sight. She is to be taught somewhat to understand the nothingness of the proportion which that little world in which she lives and loves, bears to the world in which God lives and loves;—and solemnly she is to be taught to strive that her thoughts of piety may not be feeble in proportion to the number they embrace, nor her prayer more languid than it is for the momentary relief from pain of her husband or her child, when it is uttered for the multitudes of those who have none to love them,—and is "for all who are desolate and oppressed."

这些知识必须传授给她，令她得以理解甚至辅助男人的工作，但又不应作为知识传授给她——不能将它作为好像是或可能是一个能被认知的事物传授给她，而应让她去感觉，去判断。就她自身的骄傲或完美而言，懂几门外语或是只会讲一种语言，从来都无关紧要；然而极为重要的是，她得学会对陌生人友善，欣赏陌生人谈吐的可爱。就她自身的价值或尊严而言，熟悉这门或那门科学都无所谓；最重要的是要训练她形成准确思考的习惯；她应该懂得自然规律的意义、必然性和魅力所在；至少遵循一种科学方法，直至来到痛苦的屈辱之谷的入口，只有最聪明、最勇敢的人才能下到屈辱之谷，在那里，他们永远像孩子一样，在茫茫无际的海边拣鹅卵石。对她来说，知道多少城市的位置，多少事件

的发生日期，多少名人的名字都没关系——教育的目的不是把女人变成词典，真正必要的是，要教她读历史时全身心地进入历史；发挥出色的想象力生动地描绘出历史的画面；运用她良好的直觉理解悲惨的境遇和戏剧化的关系，这些方面史学家们往往因推理而忽略，又因谋篇布局而将其割裂；她有责任从神的旨意中发现隐藏的公正，从黑暗中看到编织连接错误及其报应之火的命运之线。然而，最重要的是，要教她扩展其同情心的界限，在她那平静的日子流逝的过程中，为永远不可改变的历史叹息；同时也同情现状，当前的灾难经过她的哀悼，也许就不会再发生。她要练习想象：假如每天都被带到灾难现场——这些不会因她未亲眼目睹就不那么真实，自己的思想和行为会受到什么影响。要让她多少明白，她在其中生活与爱恋的小世界和上帝生活与爱恋的世界相比微不足道——要郑重地教她，她虔诚的思想不要随着包含内容的增多而变得无力，或者当她为那些孤苦无依的人们——“所有悲惨和被压迫的人们”祈祷时，不能因为这不是为丈夫和孩子减轻片刻痛苦的祈祷而有所倦怠。

Thus far, I think, I have had your concurrence; perhaps you will not be with me in what I believe is most needful for me to say. There is one dangerous science for women—one which they must indeed beware how they profanely touch—that of theology. Strange, and miserably strange, that while they are modest enough to doubt their powers, and pause at the threshold of sciences where every step is demonstrable and sure, they will plunge headlong, and without one thought of incompetency, into that science in which the greatest men have trembled, and the wisest erred. Strange, that they will complacently and pridefully bind up whatever vice or folly there is in them, whatever arrogance, petulance, or blind incomprehensiveness, into one bitter bundle of consecrated myrrh. Strange, in creatures born to be Love visible, that where they can know least, they will condemn first, and think to recommend themselves to their Master by scrambling up the steps of His judgement throne, to divide it with Him. Most strange, that they should think they were led by the Spirit of the Comforter into habits of mind which have become in them the unmixed elements of home discomfort; and that they dare to turn the Household Gods of Christianity into ugly idols of their own; —spiritual dolls, for them to dress according to their caprice; and from which their husbands must turn away in grieved contempt, lest they should be shrieked at for breaking them.

到目前为止，我觉得大家都同意我说的话，但接下来我觉得最需要讲的内容，也许你们并不会认同。对女人来说，有一门危险的学科——她们必须确实地小心对待，谨防渎神——那就是神学。奇怪，而且非常奇怪的是，当她们有足够的谦逊质疑自己的力量时，经过一步步确切、可论证的初始阶段后在科学的路途上停滞不前时，丝毫不会认为自己能力不足，而是毫不犹豫地一头栽进这门令最伟大的人颤抖、令最睿智的

人失误的学科。奇怪的是，她们沾沾自喜、骄傲自大地把自身的所有恶习或者愚行，以及所有傲慢、冲动、盲目的狭隘捆在一起成为一捆苦涩的神圣没药树。奇怪的是，对那些显然为爱而生的生物，她们了解得最少，但她们首先谴责，然后一心想着爬上通向上帝判决宝座的阶梯，把自己推荐给上帝，并与上帝共享宝座。最奇怪的是，她们认为自己受到圣灵的指引，才养成这种思维习惯，这些习惯已经成为造成家庭不睦的所有原因；她们胆敢把基督教的家庭之神变成她们的丑陋玩偶——精神玩偶，随心所欲地加以装扮；她们的丈夫必须在令人伤心的轻蔑中离这些玩偶远远的，一不小心将其打破就会遭到厉声责骂。

I believe, then, with this exception, that a girl's education should be nearly, in its course and material of study, the same as a boy's; but quite differently directed. A woman, in any rank of life, ought to know whatever her husband is likely to know, but to know it in a different way. His command of it should be foundational and progressive, hers, general and accomplished for daily and helpful use. Not but that it would often be wiser in men to learn things in a womanly sort of way, for present use, and to seek for the discipline and training of their mental powers in such branches of study as will be afterwards fittest for social service; but, speaking broadly, a man ought to know any language or science he learns, thoroughly, while a woman ought to know the same language, or science, only so far as may enable her to sympathise in her husband's pleasures, and in those of his best friends.

我认为，除了这个例外，女孩的教育在课程和学习材料上应该跟男孩的几乎一样，但是在具体教导上非常不同。对任何阶层的一个女人来说，丈夫可能懂的东西她们也必须掌握，但掌握的方式不一样。男人对知识的掌握应是根本而进取性的；女人对知识的掌握则是笼统而成熟的，用于日常生活和帮助他人。男人若是采用女人的方式来学习，对实际应用、注重自律和磨炼意志力会更有益，就有些学科而言将来也能更适应社会。但广泛地说，男人应该对所学的每一门语言和学科掌握得彻彻底底，而女人对它们的掌握只要使她足够与丈夫及丈夫的好友产生共鸣即可。

Yet, observe, with exquisite accuracy as far as she reaches. There is a wide difference between elementary knowledge and superficial knowledge—between a firm beginning, and a feeble smattering. A woman may always help her husband by what she knows, however little; by what she half-knows, or mis-knows, she will only teaze him.

尽量仔细观察，就会发现，基础知识和肤浅知识之间有很大区别，一个是坚实的开端，一个是微薄的浅尝辄止。女人要始终用自己所学帮助丈夫，哪怕懂得再少也没关系；如果是一知半解，或压根错误的学问，则只能用来逗弄丈夫了。

And indeed, if there were to be any difference between a girl's education and a boy's, I should say that of the two the girl should be

earlier led, as her intellect ripens faster, into deep and serious subjects; and that her range of literature should be, not more, but less frivolous, calculated to add the qualities of patience and seriousness to her natural poignancy of thought and quickness of wit; and also to keep her in a lofty and pure element of thought. I enter not now into any question of choice of books; only be sure that her books are not heaped up in her lap as they fall out of the package of the circulating library, wet with the last and lightest spray of the fountain of folly.

如果男孩和女孩的教育真有什么区别的话，我认为女孩的教育应该更早进入深刻、严肃学科的学习，因为女孩智力成熟更快；她们所涉猎的文学的范围应该更深刻而不是更肤浅，以在她们思维深刻、反应敏捷的天性中适当加入耐性和严肃性教育；同时保持她们思想的高尚和纯洁。我现在不是要进入选择书籍的问题，只是想确保她膝盖上不会堆满那些从流通图书馆里借出来、被愚蠢之泉中最肤浅、最后一股泉水打湿的书籍。

Or even of the fountain of wit; for with respect to that sore temptation of novel reading, it is not the badness of a novel that we should dread, but its over-wrought interest. The weakest romance is not so stupefying as the lower forms of religious exciting literature, and the worst romance is not so corrupting as false history, false philosophy, or false political essays. But the best romance becomes dangerous, if, by its excitement, it renders the ordinary course of life uninteresting, and increases the morbid thirst for useless acquaintance with scenes in which we shall never be called upon to act.

即使是智慧之泉也不行，因为谈到小说令人难以拒绝的诱惑，我们害怕的不是坏小说本身，而是对小说的痴迷。最弱的浪漫小说也没有低级的宗教煽动作品令人麻木，最差的浪漫小说也不及编造的历史、错误的哲学或谬误的政治评论腐蚀人。最好的浪漫小说之所以危险，是因为它的精彩刺激让普通的生活显得无趣，从而增强我们对永远也不会见到的场景的病态的渴望。

I speak therefore of good novels only; and our modern literature is particularly rich in types of such. Well read, indeed, these books have serious use, being nothing less than treatises on moral anatomy and chemistry; studies of human nature in the elements of it. But I attach little weight to this function: they are hardly ever read with earnestness enough to permit them to fulfil it. The utmost they usually do is to enlarge somewhat the charity of a kind reader, or the bitterness of a maliciousone; for each will gather, from the novel, food for her own disposition. Those who are naturally proud and envious will learn from Thackeray[9] to despise humanity; those who are naturally gentle, to pity it; those who are naturally shallow, to laugh at it. So also, there might be a serviceable power in novels to bring before us, in vividness, a human truth which we had before dimly

conceived; but the temptation to picturesqueness of statement is so great, that often the best writers of fiction cannot resist it; and our views are rendered so violent and one-sided, that their vitality is rather a harm than good.

因此我只谈论好的小说，在当代文学中这类小说尤其多。好好阅读的话，这些书的确能发挥很大用途，书里对人性的研究比起道德剖析和人际融洽方面的著作毫不逊色。但我并不重视这项用途，因为阅读者很少认真地阅读小说，以使小说实现这一功用。通常它们最大的作用是让善良的读者更善良、邪恶的读者更邪恶，因为每个人都会根据自己的性情从书中获取精神食粮。生性骄傲和善妒的人可以从萨克雷的小说中学会鄙视人性；温和的人学会怜悯；浅薄的人则学会嘲笑。小说总有这样一种力量，它以生动的方式，把蒙蒙眬眬存在于我们脑海中的真理清楚地讲出来；它独特的叙述方式诱惑力之强，连最出色的小说家也无法抵挡；它的表现角度如此激烈、片面，以致它的生动性带来的绝非益处而是坏处。

Without, however, venturing here on any attempt at decision of how much novel reading should be allowed, let me at least clearly assert this, that whether novels, or poetry, or history be read, they should be chosen, not for what is out of them, but for what is in them. The chance and scattered evil that may here and there haunt, or hide itself in, a powerful book, never does any harm to a noble girl; but the emptiness of an author oppresses her, and his amiable folly degrades her. And if she can have access to a good library of old and classical books, there need be no choosing at all. Keep the modern magazine and novel out of your girl's way: turn her loose into the old library every wet day, and let her alone. She will find what is good for her; you cannot: for there is just this difference between the making of a girl's character and a boy's—you may chisel a boy into shape, as you would a rock, or hammer him into it, if he be of a better kind, as you would a piece of bronze. But you cannot hammer a girl into anything. She grows as a flower does, —she will wither without sun; she will decay in her sheath, as the narcissus does, if you do not give her air enough; she may fall, and defile her head in dust, if you leave her without help at some moments of her life; but you cannot fetter her; she must take her own fair form and way, if she take any, and in mind as in body, must have always—

在此，我不想就应该允许读多少小说下结论，但至少请允许我清楚地表明，小说、诗歌或历史是否应被阅读，选择的标准不是其外的意旨，而是其包含的内容。一本强大的书中也许散落或隐藏着邪恶，好女孩决不会受到影响，但作者的空虚却会令她压抑，书中和蔼可亲的傻话令她堕落。如果能有个满是经典书籍的好图书馆，就完全用不着选择了。不要让女孩们阅读当代的杂志和小说；每到雨天就让她悠闲地待在古老的图书馆里，别去打扰她。她会找到对自己有益的书籍，而你们却

不能，这就是女孩和男孩性格的差异。对于男孩，你可以把他凿成形，就像凿石头那样，或者假如他本身素质更好些，还可以像锤炼一块青铜那样把他敲打成形。但你却无法用敲打的方式来塑造女孩的性格，她的成长就像花儿一样：没有阳光就会枯萎；没有足够的空气，就会像水仙花一样烂在茎里；在她生活的某些时刻，假如没有得到帮助就会垂下脑袋，埋在尘埃之中；你不能束缚她，得让她自己选择想要成为的形状以及方法，如果她愿意选择的话；在肉体和心灵上总是拥有：

"Her household motions light and free

“她轻盈而自由的家居动作，

And steps of virgin liberty.”

以及带着少女的冒失的脚步声。”

Let her loose in the library, I say, as you do a fawn in a field. It knows the bad weeds twenty times better than you; and the good ones too, and will eat some bitter and prickly ones, good for it, which you had not the slightest thought were good.

任她悠闲地呆在图书馆里，我说，就像田野里的小鹿。对于毒草，它懂的比你们多 20 倍，它能辨认出好草，还会吃到一些又苦又多刺的草，这对它有好处，你连做梦都想不出来的好处。

Then, in art, keep the finest models before her, and let her practice in all accomplishments to be accurate and thorough, so as to enable her to understand more than she accomplishes. I say the finest models—that is to say, the truest, simplest, usefullest. Note those epithets; they will range through all the arts. Try them in music, where you might think them the least applicable. I say the truest, that in which the notes most closely and faithfully express the meaning of the words, or the character of intended emotion; again, the simplest, that in which the meaning and melody are attained with the fewest and most significant notes possible; and, finally, the usefullest, that music which makes the best words most beautiful, which enchants them in our memories each with its own glory of sound, and which applies them closest to the heart at the moment we need them.

关于艺术，把最好的榜样放在她面前，让她进行所有才艺的练习，练习时努力做到准确和彻底，以使她懂的比练习的更多。最好的榜样，指的是最真实、最简单、最有用的榜样。请注意这些形容词，它们适用于一切艺术。比如在音乐中，你们可能认为这些词是最不适用的。最真实，指音符最为紧密、忠实地表达歌词的含义或要传达的感情特征；最简单，指用尽可能少而重要的音符表达出含义、创造出旋律；最后，最有用指音乐使最优秀的歌词变成最美妙的乐章，萦绕在我们的记忆里，每个词都带着动听的乐声，在我们需要的时刻，最贴近我们的心灵。

And not only in the material and in the course, but yet more

earnestly in the spirit of it, let a girl's education be as serious as a boy's. You bring up your girls as if they were meant for sideboard ornament, and then complain of their frivolity. Give them the same advantages that you give their brothers—appeal to the same grand instincts of virtue in them; teach them also that courage and truth are the pillars of their being: do you think that they would not answer that appeal, brave and true as they are even now, when you know that there is hardly a girl's school in this Christian kingdom where the children's courage or sincerity would be thought of half so much importance as their way of coming in at a door; and when the whole system of society, as respects the mode of establishing them in life, is one rotten plague of cowardice and imposture—cowardice, in not daring to let them live, or love, except as their neighbours choose; and imposture, in bringing, for the purpose of our own pride, the full glow of the world's worst vanity upon a girl's eyes, at the very period when the whole happiness of her future existence depends upon her remaining undazzled?

不仅在教学材料和课程上，更要在精神上，让女孩的教育和男孩的教育一样严肃。你不能把女儿朝餐具柜饰品的方向培养，然后抱怨她们浅薄。为她们提供和兄弟们一样的条件，要求她们培养出同样伟大的操行；也教导她们，勇敢和真理是人生的支柱；当你们知道，在这个基督教国度里几乎没有一所女子学校认为孩子的勇气或诚实有进门的方式一半重要时，当整个社会制度就女孩如何在生活中立足而言，只是一场由怯懦和欺诈——怯懦，不敢让她们去生活、去爱，除非她们的选择和邻居家女孩的一样；欺诈，为了我们自己的骄傲，在她未来的全部幸福取决于不受外界诱惑能力的关键时刻，把世界上最糟的虚荣展现在她们面前——组成的瘟疫时，勇敢和诚实如现在的她们，你认为她们对这些要求会无动于衷吗？

And give them, lastly, not only noble teachings, but noble teachers. You consider somewhat, before you send your boy to school, what kind of a man the master is;—whatsoever kind of a man he is, you at least give him full authority over your son, and show some respect to him yourself: if he comes to dine with you, you do not put him at a side table; you know also that, at his college, your child's immediate tutor will be under the direction of some still higher tutor, for whom you have absolute reverence. You do not treat the Dean of Christ Church or the Master of Trinity as you inferiors.

最后，不但要为她们提供好教育，还要提供好老师。把儿子送进学校之前，你总会考虑一下老师是什么样的人。无论他是什么样的人，至少你会给他绝对的权威，让他管理你的儿子，自己也给予他尊重。如果他与你共进晚餐，你绝不会把他安排在靠墙的桌子。你知道，在大学里，直接教你孩子的老师上面还有更高的领导，对他们你必须绝对尊敬，你绝不会像对待下属那样对待圣公会的教长或三一学院的院长。

But what teachers do you give your girls, and what reverence do you show to the teachers you have chosen? Is a girl likely to think her own conduct, or her own intellect, of much importance, when you trust the entire formation of her character, moral and intellectual, to a person whom you let your servants treat with less respect than they do your housekeeper (as if the soul of your child were a less charge than jams and groceries), and whom you yourself think you confer an honour upon by letting her sometimes sit in the drawing-room in the evening?

但是，你为你的女儿提供什么样的老师？对你挑选的老师又给予怎样的尊敬？假如你把女儿性格的塑造，包括道德上的和智力上的塑造，完全交给老师，但你却让你的仆人对待这位老师还不如对待你的管家（就好像你孩子的心灵还不如酱和杂物重要似的），而你自己认为晚上偶尔让她在客厅坐坐就是给她的恩赐，那么你的女儿可能认为自己的行为或智力非常重要吗？

Thus, then, of literature as her help, and thus of art. There is one more help which we cannot do without—one which, alone, has sometimes done more than all other influences besides,—the help of wild and fair nature. Hear this of the education of Joan of Arc:—

因此，让文学帮助她，让艺术帮助她。此外，还有一种帮助是必须的，这种帮助有时比其他所有影响都重要，那就是，野性而美丽的大自然的帮助。请听听圣女贞德所受的教育吧：

"The education of this poor girl was mean, according to the present standard; was ineffably grand, according to a purer philosophic standard; and only not good for our age, because for us it would be unattainable.

“按当前的标准，这可怜的女孩所受的教育很普通；按更纯粹的哲学的标准，却是难以言喻地伟大；只是对我们这个时代来说无益，因为它是无法达到的……”

"Next after her spiritual advantages, she owed most to the advantages of her situation. The fountain of Domrémy was on the brink of a boundless forest; and it was haunted to that degree by fairies, that the parish priest (curé) was obliged to read mass there once a year, in order to keep them in any decent bound.

“然后，除了思想优势，她最主要得益于生长环境的优势。栋雷米喷泉位于无边无际的森林边缘，精灵们常常在此出现，因此教区的教士每年都得来做一次弥撒，以使她们举止得当……”

"But the forests of Domrémy—those were the glories of the land; for in them abode mysterious powers and ancient secrets that towered into tragic strength. 'Abbeys there were, and abbey windows,'—'like Moorish temples of the Hindoos,' that exercised even princely power

both in Touraine and in the German Diets. These had their sweet bells that pierced the forests for many a league at matins or vespers, and each its own dreamy legend. Few enough, and scattered enough, were these abbeys, so as in no degree to disturb the deep solitude of the region; yet many enough to spread a network or awning of Christian sanctity over what else might have seemed a heathen wilderness." (“Joan of Arc: in reference to M. Michelet's 'History of France'." De Quincey's Works. Vol. iii. p. 217.)

“但是，栋雷米森林是大地的荣耀，神奇的力量和古老的秘密在这里凝聚成悲剧的力量。‘这里有修道院，有修道院的窗户’，就像‘印度教徒的摩尔式庙宇’，在都兰和德国议会都行使着高贵的权力。晨祷和晚祷时，悦耳的钟声在森林中回荡，述说着梦幻般的传奇故事。修道院数量少且位置分散，因此不致扰乱这片土地的宁谧，但却足够在一片蛮荒之地上织成一张基督教神圣的网或天蓬。”.（圣女贞德：参见 M. 米歇尔特的《法国史》。见《德 昆西作品集》第3卷第217页。——作者注）

Now, you cannot, indeed, have here in England, woods eighteen miles deep to the center; but you can, perhaps, keep a fairy or two for your children yet, if you wish to keep them. But do you wish it? Suppose you had each, at the back of your houses, a garden large enough for your children to play in, with just as much lawn as would give them room to run,—no more—and that you could not change your abode; but that, if you chose, you could double your income, or quadruple it, by digging a coal shaft in the middle of the lawn, and turning the flower-beds into heaps of coke. Would you do it? I think not. I can tell you, you would be wrong if you did, though it gave you income sixty-fold instead of four-fold.

现在，在英格兰很难找到一片半径 18 英里的森林，但是，假如你们想为孩子们留下一两个精灵，也许还是能行的。可是你们真的有这个意愿吗？假设你们每家房子后面都有个花园，足够孩子们在里面玩耍，草坪也够宽，可以任他们在上面奔跑，而且你不能搬家。假如在草坪中央挖煤，把花圃变成焦炭堆，可以令你们的收入翻一番甚至两番，你们会选择这么做吗？希望你们不会，即使收入不是翻两番而是变成 60 倍，我可以告诉你们，你们这么做也是大错特错。

Yet this is what you are doing with all England. The whole country is but a little garden, not more than enough for your children to run on the lawns of, if you would let them all run there. And this little garden you will turn into furnace-ground, and fill with heaps of cinders, if you can; and those children of yours, not you, will suffer for it. For the fairies will not be all banished; there are fairies of the furnace as of the wood, and their first gifts seem to be "sharp arrows of the mighty"; but their last gifts are "coals of juniper"[10].

然而，整个英格兰却正在这么做。整个国家就是一个小花园，如果

你们允许所有孩子在里面尽情玩耍，那么草坪的大小只刚刚够而已。你们可以把它变成堆满煤渣的矿场，但将会痛苦的不是你们，而是你们的孩子。因为精灵们不会都被驱逐，有森林精灵，也有矿场精灵。他们的第一份礼物似乎是“勇士的利箭”，但最后的礼物却是“罗腾木的炭火”。

And yet I cannot—though there is no part of my subject that I feel more—press this upon you; for we made so little use of the power of nature while we had it that we shall hardly feel what we have lost. Just on the other side of the Mersey you have your Snowdon, and your Menai Straits, and that mighty granite rock beyond the moors of Anglesea, splendid in its heathery crest, and foot planted in the deep sea, once thought of as sacred—a divine promontory, looking westward; the Holy Head or Headland, still not without awe when its red light glares first through storm. These are the hills, and these the bays and blue inlets, which, among the Greeks, would have been always loved, always fateful in influence on the national mind. That Snowdon is your Parnassus[11]; but where are its Muses? That Holyhead mountain is your Island of Aegina, but where is its Temple to Minerva?

尽管这是我感触最深的部分，但是我不能强加于你们。在拥有自然的力量时，我们没有好好利用，因此几乎察觉不出失去了什么。你们的斯诺登峰就在默西河对面，还有梅奈海峡，还有安格尔西岛沼泽对面的那块巨型花岗岩，它顶端长着茂密的石楠，底部扎进深海，曾被视为圣崖——那望西的圣岬，它发出的红光穿过暴风雨时，依然令人敬畏。这里有山峦、海湾和蓝色的小港。如果换了希腊人，它们会永远得到热爱，并对其民族思想产生巨大影响。斯诺登峰就是你们的帕纳塞斯山，可是它的缪斯在哪儿？那圣岬就是你们的爱琴岛，可是它的雅典娜神庙在哪儿？

Shall I read you what the Christian Minerva had achieved under the shadow of our Parnassus, up to the year 1848?—Here is a little account of a Welsh school, from page 261 of the report on Wales, published by the Committee of Council on Education. This is a school close to a town containing 5,000 persons:—

我可以为你们读读截至 1848 年，基督教的雅典娜女神在我们的帕纳塞斯山的阴影之下取得了哪些成就吗？这里有对一所威尔士学校的简短描述，摘自教育委员会公布的《威尔士报告》第 261 页。这所学校位于一个 5,000 人口的小镇附近。

"I then called up a larger class, most of whom had recently come to the school. Three girls repeatedly declared that they had never heard of Christ, and two that they had never heard of God. Two out of six thought Christ was on earth now" (they might have had a worse thought, perhaps), "three knew nothing about the crucifixion. Four out of seven did not know the names of the months, nor the number of

days in a year. They had no notion of addition beyond two and two, or three and three; their minds were perfect blanks."

随后我叫来一个更大的班级，班里大部分学生都刚进学校不久。三位女生一再声称从未听说过基督，有两位从未听说过上帝。六位学生中有两位以为基督尚在人间”（也许还有更糟的想法）；“有三位对耶稣受难记一无所知。七位中有四位不知道月份的名字，也不清楚一年有多少天。除了二加二或者三加三之外，他们没有加法的概念。他们的头脑完全一片空白。”

Oh, ye women of England! From the Princess of that Wales to the simplest of you, do not think your own children can be brought into their true fold of rest, while these are scattered on the hills, as sheep having no shepherd. And do not think your daughters can be trained to the truth of their own human beauty, while the pleasant places, which God made at once for their school-room and their playground, lie desolate and defiled. You cannot baptize them rightly in those inch-deep fonts of yours, unless you baptize them also in the sweet waters which the great Lawgiver strikes forth for ever from the rocks of your native land—waters which a Pagan would have worshipped in their purity, and you worship only with pollution. You cannot lead your children faithfully to those narrow axe-hewn church altars of yours, while the dark azure altars in heaven—the mountains that sustain your island throne,—mountains on which a Pagan would have seen the powers of heaven rest in every wreathed cloud—remain for you without inscription; altars built, not to, but by, an Unknown God.

啊，英格兰的妇女们！上至威尔士王妃，下至你们当中头脑最简单的人，别以为不努力就能把你们的孩子带进真正的休息之所，就像满山跑的羊群没有牧羊人就进不了羊栏，道理是一样的。也别以为上帝为她们创造的漂亮教室和运动场被置于荒芜肮脏之中时，她们自身还能通过训练绽放出人性之美。除非使用伟大的立法者从当地岩石里打出的甜水，否则，用你们几寸深的洗礼盆无法令她们得到有效的洗礼。那甘甜的山泉，异教徒崇拜时都会保持其纯净，而你们崇拜时却令它受到污染。天空下深蓝色的圣坛，即维系你们岛国王权的群山——站在山上，连异教徒们都能看到每片云彩里蕴含着上帝的力量——如果你们对此一无所知，你们就无法把孩子们虔诚地引到你们狭窄的、斧凿的圣坛。圣坛不是为未知的神而建，而是被未知的神所建。

III. Thus far, then, of the nature, thus far of the teaching, of woman, and thus of her household office, and queenliness. We come now to our last, our widest question,—What is her queenly office with respect to the state?

目前为止，我们谈论了女性的天性、教育、家庭职责和王后般的权力。现在，到了最后一个也是最广泛的问题：对于国家来说，她们的王后权力是什么？

Generally, we are under an impression that a man's duties are public, and a woman's private. But this is not altogether so. A man has a personal work or duty, relating to his own home, and a public work or duty, which is the expansion of the other, relating to the state. So a woman has a personal work or duty, relating to her own home, and a public work and duty, which is also the expansion of that.

我们通常有这样一个印象，认为男人的职责是公共的，而女人的职责则是个人的，但并非完全如此。男人有涉及家庭的个人工作或职责，也有涉及国家的公共工作或职责，其公共职责是个人职责的延伸。因此，女人也应该既有涉及家庭的个人工作或职责，又有公共工作和职责，女人的公共职责也应该是个人职责的延伸。

Now the man's work for his own home is, as has been said, to secure its maintenance, progress, and defence; the woman's to secure its order, comfort, and loveliness.

男人对家庭的职责是，如前所述，维持家庭、使它进步并保护它；女人的职责则是保证家庭井然有序、温馨舒适并可爱宜人。

Expand both these functions. The man's duty, as a member of a commonwealth, is to assist in the maintenance, in the advance, in the defence of the state. The woman's duty, as a member of the commonwealth, is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting, and in the beautiful adornment of the state.

把二者加以扩展，作为一个公民，男人的职责是维持国家、帮国家取得发展并保卫国家；女人的职责则是维持国家秩序、建设舒适的环境并美化国家。

What the man is at his own gate, defending it, if need be, against insult and spoil, that also, not in a less, but in a more devoted measure, he is to be at the gate of his country, leaving his home, if need be, even to the spoiler, to do his more incumbent work there.

如果一个男人能够守住家门，在必要时保护它不受侮辱和破坏，那么，当他守护国门时只会更投入。必要的时候，甚至会放弃家园，冒着家园遭到破坏的危险，去义不容辞地保卫国家。

And, in like manner, what the woman is to be within her gates, as the center of order, the balm of distress, and the mirror of beauty; that she is also to be without her gates, where order is more difficult, distress more imminent, loveliness more rare.

同样，女人在家门里履行她的职责，即维持秩序、抚慰伤痛、创造美丽环境，在家门外则履行她的公共职责，只不过秩序的维持更艰难、抚慰的伤痛更迫切、美丽的环境更稀少而已。

And as within the human heart there is always set an instinct for all its real duties,—an instinct which you cannot quench, but only

warp and corrupt if you withdraw it from its true purpose;—as there is the intense instinct of love, which, rightly disciplined, maintains all the sanctities of life, and, misdirected, undermines them; and must do either the one or the other;—so there is in the human heart an inextinguishable instinct, the love of power, which, rightly directed, maintains all the majesty of law and life, and misdirected, wrecks them.

人类内心深处始终存在一种履行自己真正职责的本能，哪怕你阻止它实现自己的目标，它也不会熄灭，而只有当你将其引入邪道时，它才会被弯曲或腐蚀。正如人类都有强烈的爱的本能，倘若得到正确约束，则能保持生命的纯洁；倘被误导，这种纯洁就会遭到破坏；二者必定非此即彼。因此人类心中有种不灭的本能，即对力量的热爱，倘若得到正确引导，能保持法律和生命的权威，否则就会破坏这种权威。

Deep rooted in the innermost life of the heart of man, and of the heart of woman, God set it there, and God keeps it there. Vainly, as falsely, you blame or rebuke the desire of power!—For Heaven's sake, and for Man's sake, desire it all you can. But what power? That is all the question. Power to destroy? The lion's limb, and the dragon's breath? Not so. Power to heal, to redeem, to guide, and to guard. Power of the sceptre and shield; the power of the royal hand that heals in touching,—that binds the fiend, and looses the captive; the throne that is founded on the rock of Justice, and descended from only by steps of mercy. Will you not covet such power as this, and seek such throne as this, and be no more housewives, but queens?

无论男人还是女人，这种本能都深深地植根于他们心灵的最深处。上帝把它放在那儿，并保存在那儿。责备或谴责这种对力量的渴望不仅是徒劳的，也是错误的！为了上天，也为了人类，尽量去追求吧。但是追求什么样的力量呢？这才是问题所在。破坏的力量？狮子的臂膀或是巨龙的吼叫？不。应该追求的是治疗、救赎、指导和守护的力量。权杖和盾牌的力量；王权之手那一触便能治愈的力量——这力量能绑住恶魔和解放俘虏；这王位建立在正义的基础之上，只有迈着慈悲的步子才能走上。难道你们不想得到这样的权力，走上这样的王位，不再做家庭主妇，而是成为王后吗？

It is now long since the women of England arrogated, universally, a title which once belonged to nobility only; and, having once been in the habit of accepting the simple title of gentlewoman, as correspondent to that of gentleman, insisted on the privilege of assuming the title of "Lady," (I wish there were a true order of chivalry instituted for our English youth of certain ranks, in which both boy and girl should receive, at a given age, their knighthood and ladyhood by true title; attainable only by certain probation and trial both of character and accomplishment; and to be forfeited, on conviction, by their peers, of any dishonourable act. Such an institution would be

entirely, and with all noble results, possible, in a nation which loved honour. That it would not be possible among us, is not to the discredit of the scheme.) which properly corresponds only to the title of "Lord."

自从英格兰的妇女普遍冒用以前贵族的专属称呼到现在已经很久了。她们曾经习惯被简单地称为“女士”，与“先生”这个称呼相对应；但现在她们坚持享受被称为“夫人”的特权（我希望为英格兰某些阶层的青年设立一种真正的骑士制度，使得青年男女达到一定年龄后能够获得真正的骑士封号和女士封号。这种封号只有在性格和才艺方面通过一定的见习和考验之后才能获得，倘若被判定行为不端，其同伴有权取消其封号。这样的制度只有在热爱荣誉的国度才有可能，并产生一切高尚的结果。这种制度之所以不可能出现在我们之中，并不是因为制度本身丧失了名誉。——作者注），而与之对应的只有“老爷”。

I do not blame them for this; but only for their narrow motive in this. I would have them desire and claim the title of Lady, provided they claim, not merely the title, but the office and duty signified by it. Lady means "bread-giver" or "loaf-giver," and Lord means "maintainer of laws," and both titles have reference, not to the law which is maintained in the house, nor to the bread which is given to the household; but to law maintained for the multitude, and to bread broken among the multitude. So that a Lord has legal claim only to his title in so far as he is the maintainer of the justice of the Lord of Lords; and a Lady has legal claim to her title, only so far as she communicates that help to the poor representatives of her Master, which women once, ministering to Him of their substance, were permitted to extend to that Master Himself; and when she is known, as He Himself once was, in breaking of bread.

我不是为这个指责她们，只是不喜欢她们在其中的狭隘动机。我希望她们渴望和要求被称为“夫人”不仅仅是冲着这个头衔，而是冲着这个头衔意味着的职责和义务。“夫人”意为“发面包的人”，“老爷”意为“法律的维持者”，这两个头衔的意义不在于维持家庭内的法律或发给家庭面包，而是为劳苦大众维持法律，帮劳苦大众维持生计。因此，老爷只有在维持万圣之主的正义时，才是名副其实的老爷；夫人只有乐于帮助基督贫困的子民，就像女人们曾用自己的食物照料基督、将帮助施予基督那样，并像基督一样以乐善好施而闻名时，才是名副其实的夫人。

And this beneficent and legal dominion, this power of the Dominus, or House-Lord, and of the Domina, or House-Lady, is great and venerable, not in the number of those through whom it has lineally descended, but in the number of those whom it grasps within its sway; it is always regarded with reverent worship wherever its dynasty is founded on its duty, and its ambition co-relative with its beneficence. Your fancy is pleased with the thought of being noble ladies, with a train of vassals. Be it so; you cannot be too noble, and your train cannot be too great; but see to it that your train is of vassals

whom you serve and feed, not merely of slaves who serve and feed you; and that the multitude which obeys you is of those whom you have comforted, not oppressed,—whom you have redeemed, not led into captivity.

这种仁慈和法律，这种主的力量，或者说男主人和女主人的力量，其伟大和庄严不在于执行这种力量的人有多少，而在于它惠及了多少大众。一个王朝只要建立在责任的基础之上，它具有青云壮志的同时也不失仁慈，就会始终受到尊敬。成为随从成群的贵夫人这个想法令你们的虚荣心得到满足，那么好吧：你们怎么尊贵都行，随从再多也无妨，但是，请注意，这里的随从不是服侍、供养你们的奴隶，而是你们服务和供养的大众；服从你们的大众，是得到你们安慰而非压迫的人，是被你们拯救而非禁锢的人。

And this, which is true of the lower or household dominion, is equally true of the queenly dominion;—that highest dignity is open to you, if you will also accept that highest duty. Rex et Regina—Roi et Reine—“Right-doers”; they differ but from the Lady and Lord, in that their power is supreme over the mind as over the person—that they not only feed and clothe, but direct and teach. And whether consciously or not, you must be, in many a heart, enthroned: there is no putting by that crown; queens you must always be; queens to your lovers; queens to your husbands and your sons; queens of higher mystery to the world beyond, which bows itself, and will forever bow, before the myrtle crown, and the stainless sceptre, of womanhood. But, alas! You are too often idle and careless queens, grasping at majesty in the least things, while you abdicate it in the greatest; and leaving misrule and violence to work their will among men, in defiance of the power, which, holding straight in gift from the Prince of all Peace, the wicked among you betray, and the good forget.

这一点不仅适用于较低的领域，即家庭领域，也适用于王后的领域；倘若你愿意接受最高的职责，那么也将获得最高的尊严。行善者与老爷夫人的区别在于他们的力量不仅影响一个人的身体，还影响他的思想；不仅供他吃饱穿暖，还指导他、教育他。有意识或无意识都好，在许多人心里，你们就是王后。哪怕没有王冠，你们也永远是王后：爱人心中的王后，丈夫和儿子心中的王后，另一个世界更为神秘的王后，他们拜倒在，并将永远拜倒在你们的桃金娘王冠前，拜倒在女性纯洁的权杖前。可是，哎！你们常常懒惰而粗心，在无关紧要的小事上较真，大事上却无动于衷，任由暴政和暴行在男人中间横行，无视耶稣赐予的力量——邪恶的女性背叛了它，善良的女性忘记了它。

"Prince of Peace." Note that name. When kings rule in that name, and nobles, and the judges of the earth, they also, in their narrow place, and mortal measure, receive the power of it. There are no other rulers than they: other rule than theirs is but misrule; they who govern verily "Dei Gratia" are all princes, yes, or princesses, of peace. There is

not a war in the world, no, nor an injustice, but you women are answerable for it; not in that you have provoked, but in that you have not hindered. Men, by their nature, are prone to fight; they will fight for any cause, or for none. It is for you to choose their cause for them, and to forbid them when there is no cause. There is no suffering, no injustice, no misery in the earth, but the guilt of it lies lastly with you. Men can bear the sight of it, but you should not be able to bear it. Men may tread it down without sympathy in their own struggle; but men are feeble in sympathy, and contracted in hope; it is you only who can feel the depths of pain; and conceive the way of its healing. Instead of trying to do this, you turn away from it; you shut yourselves within your park walls and garden gates; and you are content to know that there is beyond them a whole world in wilderness—a world of secrets which you dare not penetrate; and of suffering which you dare not conceive.

“耶稣基督”，请注意这个名字。当国王们以他之名进行统治，世界上的贵族和法官也在他们狭窄的领域，在人类可及的范围内，接收他的力量。除了他们以外，没有别的统治者，别的都是暴政。实实在在的统治者都是在主的名义下维护和平的王子或公主。世界上的战争和不公，女人都有责任，不是因为战争和不公是女人挑起的，而是因为你们没有阻止。男人本性好斗，无论有没有理由，他们都会争斗。你们应该为他们选择战斗的理由，当没有理由时，就应制止他们。面对世上的痛苦、不公、不幸，最终感到愧疚的应是你们。男人能忍受这些场景，但你们能忍受就是不应该的。在争斗中，男人能毫无怜悯之心地摧毁，但是男人本就缺乏同情，缺乏希望；只有你们能感受到苦难的深重，并构建康复之路。相反，你们没有这么做，反而逃走了；你们把自己关在花园的院墙和大门里，明知外面有个荒凉的世界，却还自得其乐，不敢了解外面世界的秘密，不敢想象外面世界的苦难。

I tell you that this is to me quite the most amazing among the phenomena of humanity. I am surprised at no depths to which, when once warped from its honour, that humanity can be degraded. I do not wonder at the miser's death, with his hands, as they relax, dropping gold. I do not wonder at the sensualist's life, with the shroud wrapped about his feet. I do not wonder at the single-handed murder of a single victim, done by the assassin in the darkness of the railway, or reed-shadow of the marsh. I do not even wonder at the myriad-handed murder of multitudes, done boastfully in the daylight, by the frenzy of nations, and the immeasurable, unimaginable guilt, heaped up from hell to heaven, of their priests, and kings. But this is wonderful to me—oh, how wonderful!—to see the tender and delicate woman among you, with her child at her breast, and a power, if she would wield it, over it, and over its father, purer than the air of heaven, and stronger than the seas of earth—nay, a magnitude of blessing which her

husband would not part with for all that earth itself, though it were made of one entire and perfect chrysolite:—to see her abdicate this majesty to play at precedence with her next-door neighbour! This is wonderful—oh, wonderful!—to see her, with every innocent feeling fresh within her, go out in the morning into her garden to play with the fringes of its guarded flowers, and lift their heads when they are drooping, with her happy smile upon her face, and no cloud upon her brow, because there is a little wall around her place of peace: and yet she knows, in her heart, if she would only look for its knowledge, that, outside of that little rose-covered wall, the wild grass, to the horizon, is torn up by the agony of men, and beat level by the drift of their life-blood.

我告诉你们，这就是人性万象中最令我惊奇的部分。一旦失去尊严，人性就会堕落，对此，我一点也不惊讶。守财奴临死松开手时，掉下金币，我不惊讶。酒色之徒的生命消耗将尽，我不惊讶。在漆黑的铁道上或沼泽地的芦苇丛中，一个人赤手空拳地将另外一个人置于死地，我也不惊讶。甚至狂暴的民族在光天化日之下进行大屠杀，牧师和国王那滔天的罪恶从地狱堆积到了天堂，我也不惊讶。但是，我却对此感到惊讶，无比惊讶：你们之中怀抱婴儿的温柔、脆弱的女性，假如她愿意的话，她的力量本可以支配孩子，支配孩子的父亲——这种力量比空气更纯净，比海洋更壮观；它是一种赐福，由一块完美的橄榄石制成；哪怕用全世界来交换，她的丈夫也不愿意放弃——然而她却放弃这种王权，宁愿去跟邻居玩耍！太惊讶了！她每天早上满怀天真、清新无比地跑进花园，抚弄那些被看护的花儿，托起花儿垂下的脑袋；她面带幸福的笑容，眉头上没有一丝阴云笼罩，因为有一圈围墙保护着她的和平小世界。但是，在内心深处，她知道，假如她稍稍留心一点，就会发现爬满蔷薇的围墙外面，是一大片与天相接的野草，它们被男人的痛苦撕碎，被他们流下的热血淌平。

Have you ever considered what a deep under meaning there lies, or at least, may be read, if we choose, in our custom of strewing flowers before those whom we think most happy? Do you suppose it is merely to deceive them into the hope that happiness is always to fall thus in showers at their feet?—that wherever they pass they will tread on the herbs of sweet scent, and that the rough ground will be made smooth for them by depth of roses? So surely as they believe that, they will have, instead, to walk on bitter herbs and thorns; and the only softness to their feet will be of snow. But it is not thus intended they should believe; there is a better meaning in that old custom. The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps, not before them. "Her feet have touched the meadows, and left the daisies rosy.[12]" You think that only a lover's fancy;—false and vain! How if it could be true? You think this also, perhaps, only a poet's fancy—

你们考虑过没有，如果我们按照风俗，在我们认为最幸福的人面前洒满花瓣，这里面包含着怎样的深意？或者至少能从中明白什么？你们觉得仅仅是为了把她们骗进一种希望，认为幸福总会撒满她们脚下，无论走到哪里都将踏着花香，凹凸不平的地面也会因厚厚的花瓣变得平坦吗？但是，她们一边这么执著地想，一边却不得不走在布满苦草和荆棘的路上，脚下唯一柔软的就是白雪。但是，她们应该相信的不是这些，这个古老的风俗有更好的寓意。一个好女人的道路上的确撒满鲜花，但鲜花在她的步履之后，而非之前。“她的脚步踏上草地，使火红的雏菊绽放。”你们认为这只是一个情人的幻想吗？错误又愚蠢！但怎么可能是真的呢？也许你还以为这只是一个诗人的幻想——

"Even the light harebell raised its head

“连风信子都抬起了头，

Elastic from her airy tread."[13]

从她轻快的脚步中获取了弹性。”

But it is little to say of a woman, that she only does not destroy where she passes. She should revive; the harebells should bloom, not stoop, as she passes. You think I am rushing into wild hyperbole? Pardon me, not a whit—I mean what I say in calm English, spoken in resolute truth. You have heard it said—(and I believe there is more than fancy even in that saying, but let it pass for a fanciful one)—that flowers only flourish rightly in the garden of some one who loves them. I know you would like that to be true; you would think it a pleasant magic if you could flush your flowers into brighter bloom by a kind look upon them: nay, more, if your look had the power, not only to cheer, but to guard them—if you could bid the black blight turn away, and the knotted caterpillar spare—if you could bid the dew fall upon them in the drought, and say to the south wind, in frost—"Come, thou south, and breathe upon my garden, that the spices of it may flow out."[14] This you would think a great thing? And do you think it not a greater thing, that all this, (and how much more than this!) you can do for fairer flowers than these—flowers that could bless you for having blessed them, and will love you for having loved them; —flowers that have eyes like yours, and thoughts like yours, and lives like yours; which, once saved, you save forever? Is this only a little power? Far among the moorlands and the rocks, —far in the darkness of the terrible streets, —these feeble florets are lying, with all their fresh leaves torn, and their stems broken—will you never go down to them, nor set them in order in their little fragrant beds, nor fence them in their trembling from the fierce wind? Shall morning follow morning, for you, but not for them; and the dawn rise to watch, far away, those frantic Dances of Death (See note, p.66); but no dawn rise to breathe upon these living banks of wild violet, and woodbine,

and rose; nor call to you, through your casement, —call (not giving you the name of the English poet's lady, but the name of Dante's great Matilda, who, on the edge of happy Lethe, stood, wreathing flowers with flowers), saying:—

但是说女人只是不损坏她经过的地方，那就理解错了。她应该有复活的力量，她经过时，风信子不是低下头，而应该怒放。你们认为我言过其实了吗？请原谅，一点儿也没有。我用的是平静的语言，讲出的是铁一般的真理。你们都听过这句话（我觉得这里面包含的不只是奇幻，但就当它是奇幻的吧）——花儿只有在爱花之人的花园里才会怒放。我知道你们愿意相信这是真的，你们觉得一个爱抚的目光便能让花儿更美地绽放是个令人开心的魔法。不，假如你们的目光有这种力量，你们不仅要欢呼，更要用它来守卫花朵；假如你们能赶走黑枯病和毛毛虫；假如你们能在干旱中让露水洒在花瓣上，在严寒中对南风说："来吧，南风，吹拂我的花园吧，让它芬芳四溢。"你们认为这是一件了不起的事吗？难道你们不认为能为更美的花儿——以祝福回报你们的祝福，以爱回报你们的爱的花儿；和你们一样拥有明目、思想和有生命的花儿；一旦被救，就永远健康的花儿——去做这一切不是更了不起吗？了不起得多了！这只是微不足道的力量吗？这些较弱的小花长在遥远的沼泽地和岩石边，长在漆黑、泥泞的路边，鲜嫩的叶子被扯掉，花茎被折断。你们从来不愿意向它们走去吗？不愿意把它们好好地种在芬芳的花床上，给它们围起栅栏，让它们不再于寒风中瑟瑟发抖吗？你们能日复一日看着黎明到来，而它们却只能看着远处疯狂的死神之舞（参见 67 页的作者注）吗？不能呼吸野紫罗兰、忍冬和玫瑰的花香，也不能越过窗户呼喊你们（不以英国诗人的情人的名字，而是但丁那伟大的马蒂尔达的名字，她站在快乐的遗忘河边，编织着花环）：

"Come into the garden, Maud,

"到花园里来，莫德，

For the black bat, night, has flown,

夜里的黑蝙蝠已经飞走，

And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad

忍冬的芬芳飘送园外，

And the musk of the roses blown?"[15]

玫瑰的花香溢满花园。"

Will you not go down among them?—among those sweet living things, whose new courage, sprung from the earth with the deep colour of heaven upon it, is starting up in strength of goodly spire; and whose purity, washed from the dust, is opening, bud by bud, into the flower of promise;—and still they turn to you, and for you, "The Larkspur listens—I hear, I hear! And the Lily whispers—I wait."[16]

你们会走到它们中间吗？走到那些芬芳的植物里，它们从土壤里迸

发出新的勇气，带着深深的天空的颜色，在美丽幼苗的力量中开始生命；它们的纯洁在洗去尘埃后，正如花蕾般朵朵绽放，终将长成美好的希望之花；它们仍会转向你们，对你们说，“燕草聆听着，听到了，听到了！百合低语——我等待。”

Did you notice that I missed two lines when I read you that first stanza; and think that I had forgotten them? Hear them now:—

你们有没有注意到，我朗读第一节时，省去了两行。以为我遗忘了它们吗？现在听听：

"Come into the garden, Maud,

“到花园里来，莫德，

For the black bat, night, has flown.

夜里的黑蝙蝠已经飞走，

Come into the garden, Maud,

到花园里来，莫德，

I am here at the gate, alone."[17]

我正独自在门边，等你。”

Who is it, think you, who stands at the gate of this sweeter garden, alone, waiting for you? Did you ever hear, not of a Maud, but a Madeleine, who went down to her garden in the dawn and found One waiting at the gate, whom she supposed to be the gardener? Have you not sought Him often;—sought Him in vain, all through the night;—sought Him in vain at the gate of that old garden where the fiery sword is set[18]? He is never there; but at the gate of this garden He is waiting always—waiting to take your hand—ready to go down to see the fruits of the valley, to see whether the vine has flourished, and the pomegranate budded. There you shall see with Him the little tendrils of the vines that His hand is guiding—there you shall see the pomegranate springing where His hand cast the sanguine seed;—more: you shall see the troops of the angel keepers that, with their wings, wave away the hungry birds from the pathsides where He has sown, and call to each other between the vineyard rows, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes."[19] Oh—you queens—you queens! Among the hills and happy greenwood of this land of yours, shall the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; and, in your cities, shall the stones cry out against you, that they are the only pillows where the Son of Man can lay His head?[20]

想想，是谁独自站在这更芬芳的花园门边等你们？你们听说过某个名叫马德琳而不是莫德的姑娘，黎明时走到花园，发现有个她以为是园

丁的人在门边等她吗？你们没有经常找寻他吗？彻夜找寻，却徒劳无功。没有在插着火焰般利剑的、古老的花园门边徒劳地找寻吗？他不在那儿。但是，他却始终等在这座花园门边，等着牵起你的手，带你去看果实累累的山谷，看葡萄藤是否已经茂盛，石榴有没有发芽。在那里，他指给你看葡萄藤的幼须，看他曾洒下火红石榴子的地方幼苗破土而出，还有更多：你会看见成群的天使守护在那里，用翅膀把饥饿的鸟儿从他种下的林阴树上赶走，在一行行的葡萄藤间相互招呼，“带我们去捉狐狸，破坏葡萄藤的小狐狸，因为我们的藤上正在开花。”啊，王后们，王后们，在你们快乐的青山绿林中，狐狸有洞吗？鸟儿有窝吗？在你们的城市里，石头会向你们抱怨，它们是人子唯一可以枕头的地方吗？

(1) .沃尔特 司各特（1771—1832），英国小说家、诗人，历史小说首创者，浪漫主义运动的先驱。

(2) 安德洛玛刻，特洛伊王子赫克托耳之妻，以对丈夫忠贞著称。

(3) 卡姗德拉，特洛伊国王普里阿摩斯之女；阿波罗向她求爱，赋予她预言能力，后因所求不遂又下令不准人信其预言。

(4) 瑙西凯厄，古希腊史诗《奥德赛》中国王阿尔喀诺俄斯之女，曾给遭船难的奥德修斯以帮助。

(5) 珀涅罗珀，奥德修斯的忠实妻子，丈夫远征离家后拒绝无数求婚者， 20年后等到丈夫归来。

(6) 安提戈涅，俄狄浦斯之女，不顾其舅克瑞翁的禁令为死去的兄长营葬，结果被关入岩洞，自缢身亡。

(7) 依菲琴尼亚，阿加门农之女，被阿加门农献作祭品但被阿尔特弥斯所救，后来成了一名女祭司。

(8) 阿尔刻提斯，塞萨利国王阿德美托斯之妻，以钟情丈夫自愿替他赴死著称后为大力神赫拉克勒斯救活。

(9) 萨克雷（1811—1863），英国作家，代表作有长篇小说《名利场》，作品深刻揭示了资本主义社会的现实关系，玩世不恭、冷嘲热讽是其小说的重要特色。

(10) “勇士的利箭”和“罗腾木的炭火”均出自《圣经》中的《诗篇》第120首。

(11) 帕纳塞斯山，希腊传说中的诗人之山，诗神缪斯的灵地。

(12) 引自阿尔弗雷.德 丁尼生的独白诗剧《莫德》。

(13) 引自沃尔特.司各特《湖上夫人》。

(14) 引自《圣经》中的《所罗门之歌》。

(15) 引自阿尔弗雷.德 丁尼生的独白诗剧《莫德》。

(16) 引自阿尔弗雷.德 丁尼生的独白诗剧《莫德》。

(17) 引自阿尔弗雷.德 丁尼生的独白诗剧《莫德》。

(18) 据《圣经》故事，上帝把人赶出伊甸园之后，为防止人返回，就在门口悬挂一把喷发火焰、不断旋转的利剑。

(19) 引自《圣经》中的《所罗门之歌》。

(20) 源自耶稣的话，“狐狸有洞，天空的飞鸟有窝，人子却没有枕头的地方。”这话是给犹大说的，意思是你所要的我这里没有。

The Two Paths

两条道路

I. The deteriorative power Of conventional art over Nations

一、传统艺术对国家的消极影响

Delivered at the Kensington Museum (A few introductory words, in which, at the opening of this lecture, I thanked the Chairman (Mr. Cockerell), for his support on the occasion, and asked his pardon for any hasty expressions in my writings, which might have seemed discourteous towards him, architects whose general opinions were opposed to mine, or other may be found by those who care for preambles, not much misreported, in the Building Chronicle; with such comments as the genius of that journal was likely to suggest to it.), January, 1858.

1858 年 1 月于肯辛顿博物馆（在这篇演讲的导入语中，我对主席（科克雷尔先生）对本次活动的支持表示了感谢。可能留心看导言的人在《建筑编年史》中发现，我的作品中某些草率的言辞——该刊基本正确地转述了这些话，而且还附有可能由该刊添加的评语——可能会冒犯到他或其他与我意见不同的建筑师，我在这里也请求了他的谅解。——作者注）

As I passed, last summer, for the first time, through the north of Scotland, it seemed to me that there was a peculiar painfulness in its scenery, caused by the non-manifestation of the powers of human art. I had never travelled in, nor even heard or conceived of such a country before; nor, though I had passed much of my life amidst mountain scenery in the south, was I before aware how much of its charm depended on the little gracefulnesses and tendernesses of human work, which are mingled with the beauty of the Alps, or spared by their desolation. It is true that the art which carves and colours the front of a Swiss cottage is not of any very exalted kind; yet it testifies to the completeness and the delicacy of the faculties of the mountaineer; it is true that the remnants of tower and battlement, which afford footing to the wild vine on the Alpine promontory, form but a small part of the great serration of its rocks; and yet it is just that fragment of their broken outline which gives them their pathetic power, and historical majesty. And this element among the wilds of our own country I found wholly wanting. The Highland cottage is literally a heap of grey stones, choked up, rather than roofed over, with black peat and withered heather; the only approach to an effort at decoration consists in the placing of the clods of protective peat obliquely on its roof, so as to give a diagonal arrangement of lines,

looking somewhat as if the surface had been scored over by a gigantic claymore.

去年夏天，第一次经过苏格兰北部地区时，我发现那里感受不到人类艺术的力量，以至于让我觉得那里的景色有种别样的痛苦。我以前从来没有到过，甚至没听过，也没想过会有这样的地方；尽管我大部分时间生活在南方的山区，但以前也没意识到人类杰作的些许优雅和温柔对景色魅力有如此大的影响；这些人类杰作或与阿尔卑斯山脉的壮美融为一体，或因其荒凉而显得形单影只。瑞士小屋门前的雕刻和图画的确算不上是很高雅的艺术，但却显示了山区人想象力丰富、心灵手巧。阿尔卑斯山脊上藤蔓丛生的断壁残垣，也的确只是崎岖山岩的一小部分，但正是这些破碎的身影赋予它们沧桑的力量和历史的威严。而我发现我们国家的荒野完全缺少这种气息。苏格兰高原上的小屋简直就是一堆灰色的石头，黑泥炭块和枯萎的茅草像是从顶部硬塞进去的，根本不像屋顶；唯一接近装饰作用的是：屋顶上起保护作用的泥炭块是斜放的，如此便出现了斜纹线条，使屋顶表面看上去有点像被双刃大砍刀划过似的。

And, at least among the northern hills of Scotland, elements of more ancient architectural interest are equally absent. The solitary peel-house[1] is hardly discernible by the windings of the stream; the roofless aisle of the priory is lost among the enclosures of the village; and the capital city of the Highlands, Inverness, placed where it might ennoble one of the sweetest landscapes, and by the shore of one of the loveliest estuaries in the world;—placed between the crests of the Grampians and the flowing of the Moray Firth, as if it were a jewel clasping the folds of the mountains to the blue zone of the sea,—is only distinguishable from a distance by one architectural feature, and exalts all the surrounding landscape by no other associations than those which can be connected with its modern castellated gaol.

而且，至少是在苏格兰北部山区，人们对更古老些的建筑元素也同样缺少兴趣。在蜿蜒小溪环抱中的孤零零的堡塔几乎无法辨别；小修道院露天的侧廊湮没在小村子的围墙内；再看看高地之都因弗内斯，位于可以使它成为最美丽的风景的地区，在世界上最可爱的港湾的海岸边，坐落在默里湾与格兰扁山脉的群峰之间，就像一块宝石紧紧连着群山和蓝色的海洋。从远处看，它只呈现出清一色的建筑风格，除了那些能与它的城堡式的现代监狱联系起来的之外，再没有其他什么可以给周围的风景增添姿色了。

While these conditions of Scottish scenery affected me very painfully, it being the first time in my life that I had been in any country possessing no valuable monuments or examples of art, they also forced me into the consideration of one or two difficult questions respecting the effect of art on the human mind; and they forced these questions upon me eminently for this reason, that while I was wandering disconsolately among the moors of the Grampians, where

there was no art to be found, news of peculiar interest was every day arriving from a country where there was a great deal of art, and art of a delicate kind, to be found. Among the models set before you in this institution, and in the others established throughout the kingdom for the teaching of design, there are, I suppose, none in their kind more admirable than the decorated works of India. They are, indeed, in all materials capable of colour, wool, marble, or metal, almost inimitable in their delicate application of divided hue, and fine arrangement of fantastic line. Nor is this power of theirs exerted by the people rarely, or without enjoyment; the love of subtle design seems universal in the race, and is developed in every implement that they shape, and every building that they raise; it attaches itself with the same intensity, and with the same success, to the service of superstition, of pleasure or of cruelty; and enriches alike, with one profusion on enchanted iridescence, the dome of the pagoda, the fringe of the girdle, and the edge of the sword.

苏格兰的这些风景让我感觉很痛苦，这是我平生第一次置身于一个没有任何有价值的纪念物和艺术范品的国家。同时这些也迫使我开始思考一两个有关艺术对人类思想影响的难题；尤其当我在毫无艺术可寻的格兰扁沼泽郁闷地徘徊，每天都听说某个拥有大量精美艺术品的国家又有新的独特发现时，这些问题更加深深地困扰着我。我想，无论是这机构还是英国其他与设计学相关的机构，在其展示的艺术模型中，印度的装饰艺术品是最令人称奇的。的确，在所有能够着色的材料上，例如羊毛、大理石或者金属上，他们对不同色彩的精致运用和线条的奇妙安排几乎是无人能及的。这种能力在印度人民身上并不少见，而且给他们带来了乐趣。似乎这整个民族都热爱精巧的设计，他们制造的每一件工具、建造的每一座建筑都发展着这种精巧的设计。这种设计以同样的力度、同样的成功服务于迷信、享乐及残酷的行为。他们用丰富迷人的色彩装点宝塔穹顶、腰带穗子和宝剑的利刃。

So then you have, in these two great populations, Indian and Highland—in the races of the jungle and of the moor—two national capacities distinctly and accurately opposed. On the one side you have a race rejoicing in art, and eminently and universally endowed with the gift of it; on the other you have a people careless of art, and apparently incapable of it, their utmost effort hitherto reaching no farther than to the variation of the positions of the bars of colour in square chequers. And we are thus urged naturally to inquire what is the effect on the moral character, in each nation, of this vast difference in their pursuits and apparent capacities? and whether those rude chequers of the tartan, or the exquisitely fancied involutions of the Cashmere, fold habitually over the noblest hearts? We have had our answer. Since the race of man began its course of sin on this earth, nothing has ever been done by it so significative of all

bestial, and lower than bestial degradation, as the acts of the Indian race in the year that has just passed by. Cruelty as fierce may indeed have been wreaked, and brutality as abominable been practised before, but never under like circumstances; rage of prolonged war, and resentment of prolonged oppression, have made men as cruel before now; and gradual decline into barbarism, where no examples of decency or civilisation existed around them, has sunk, before now, isolated populations to the lowest level of possible humanity. But cruelty stretched to its fiercest against the gentle and unoffending, and corruption festered to its loathsomest in the midst of the witnessing presence of a disciplined civilisation, —these we could not have known to be within the practicable compass of human guilt, but for the acts of the Indian mutineer. And, as thus, on the one hand, you have an extreme energy of baseness displayed by these lovers of art; on the other,—as if to put the question into the narrowest compass—you have had an extreme energy of virtue displayed by the despisers of art. Among all the soldiers to whom you owe your victories in the Crimea[2], and your avenging in the Indies, to none are you bound by closer bonds of gratitude than to the men who have been born and bred among those desolate Highland moors. And thus you have the differences in capacity and circumstance between the two nations, and the differences in result on the moral habits of two nations, put into the most significant—the most palpable—the most brief opposition. Out of the peat cottage come faith, courage, self-sacrifice, purity, and piety, and whatever else is fruitful in the work of Heaven; out of the ivory palace come treachery, cruelty, cowardice, idolatry, bestiality, —whatever else is fruitful in the work of Hell.

于是你们看到，印度和苏格兰这两大民族——丛林中的民族和沼泽中的民族——拥有截然不同、甚至是完全对立的艺术才能。一个热爱艺术，人民普遍具有非凡的艺术天赋；另一个忽视艺术，而且显然在这方面没有能力，能做到的最多就是方块格子里彩条的位置有些变化罢了。我们自然要追问，这两个民族在艺术追求和外在能力方面的巨大差别，究竟对他们的道德品质有什么影响呢？是不是那些粗糙的花格子，或者巧妙编织的羊毛，习惯性地缠住了这些最高贵的心？我们已经有了自己的答案。自从人类背负原罪降临到这个世界上，就没有过比印度民族在刚刚过去的一年里的行为更加像野兽、甚至比兽行更卑鄙的事情了。类似残忍可怕的事以前可能的确发生过，同样野蛮的暴行以前也可能有过，但从来没有在类似的环境里发生。长期战争带来的愤怒，长期压迫产生的怨恨，使得人们像以前一样残酷，一步步退化至野蛮，周围再也找不到体现高雅或是文明的事物。与世隔绝的人们已经沉沦到人性可能的最低水平。残忍最猛烈地侵蚀着友善平和，一个纪律严明的文明社会亲眼目睹着腐败走向极端——要不是这些印度反抗者的暴行，我们可能也不会知道人类的罪恶可以达到这种程度。这样一来，一方面你们会觉得这些爱好艺术的人行为极端卑贱，而另一方面，如果从最狭隘的角度

看，你们会觉得这些漠视艺术的人却表现出高尚的美德。无论是克里米亚战争的胜利，还是向印度复仇的成功，英国人最应该感谢的战士就是这些生长在荒凉高地沼泽中的人们。据此，你们会发现两个国家在能力和生存环境方面的差别与由此导致的道德习惯上的不同形成了最鲜明、最突出和最直接的反差。泥炭小屋造就了信念、勇气、自我牺牲、纯洁、虔诚以及其他神圣的品行，而象牙宫殿却导致了背叛、残忍、怯懦、盲目崇拜、兽欲等邪恶的行径。

But the difficulty does not close here. From one instance, of however great apparent force, it would be wholly unfair to gather any general conclusion—wholly illogical to assert that because we had once found love of art connected with moral baseness, the love of art must be the general root of moral baseness; and equally unfair to assert that, because we had once found neglect of art coincident with nobleness of disposition, neglect of art must be always the source or sign of that nobleness. But if we pass from the Indian peninsula into other countries of the globe; and from our own recent experience, to the records of history, we shall still find one great fact fronting us, in stern universality—namely, the apparent connection of great success in art with subsequent national degradation. You find, in the first place, that the nations which possessed a refined art were always subdued by those who possessed none: you find the Lydian subdued by the Mede; the Athenian by the Spartan; the Greek by the Roman; the Roman by the Goth; the Burgundian by the Switzer: but you find, beyond this—that even where no attack by any external power has accelerated the catastrophe of the state, the period in which any given people reach their highest power in art is precisely that in which they appear to sign the warrant of their own ruin; and that, from the moment in which a perfect statue appears in Florence, a perfect picture in Venice, or a perfect fresco in Rome, from that hour forward, probity, industry, and courage seem to be exiled from their walls, and they perish in a sculpturesque paralysis, or a many-coloured corruption.

但难题尚未得到解决。即使表面看来再明显，通过一个例子就得出一般性的结论也是完全不公平的——仅因为我们曾经发现有一例可以说明对艺术的热爱与道德品质低下有关，就得出结论说前者一定是后者的普遍根源，这是完全不合理的；同样地，因为曾经发现漠视艺术与高尚的品德相一致，就认定前者一定永远是后者的根源或是表现，这也是不公平的。但是，如果我们越过印度半岛，纵览地球上的其他国家，或者从我们国家自己近年的经历和历史记录中观察，我们还是能发现所面对的一个重大的、具有严格普遍性的事实，那就是，艺术方面的伟大成就明显与随后出现的国家堕落有关联。首先你们会发现，那些拥有精湛艺术的国家往往屈服于没有任何艺术可言的国家：吕底亚人屈服于米堤亚人，雅典人屈服于斯巴达人，希腊人屈服于罗马人，罗马人屈服于哥特

人，勃艮第人又屈服于瑞士人。但你会进一步发现，即使没有外部力量的攻击来加速这个国家的灭亡，一个国家艺术上取得最高成就的时期也往往恰恰是他们为自我毁灭签订担保书的时候。你会发现，当佛罗伦萨出现了完美雕像，威尼斯出现了完美画作，或是罗马有了完美壁画的时候，从那一刻起，正直、勤奋和勇气就好像被驱逐出了它们的领地，它们也在雕像般的麻木或五光十色的堕落中走向死亡。

But even this is not all. As art seems thus, in its delicate form, to be one of the chief promoters of indolence and sensuality,—so, I need hardly remind you, it hitherto has appeared only in energetic manifestation when it was in the service of superstition. The four greatest manifestations of human intellect which founded the four principal kingdoms of art, Egyptian, Babylonian, Greek, and Italian, were developed by the strong excitement of active superstition in the worship of Osiris[3], Belus[4], Minerva[5], and the Queen of Heaven. Therefore, to speak briefly, it may appear very difficult to show that art has ever yet existed in a consistent and thoroughly energetic school, unless it was engaged in the propagation of falsehood, or the encouragement of vice.

但是，即使这些也不是全部。艺术，因其精致的形式，似乎是懒惰和肉欲的主要催化剂之一，所以也不需要我提醒你们：迄今为止，只有当艺术服务于迷信活动时，才表现得充满活力。人类智慧的四个最伟大的体现——埃及、巴比伦、希腊和意大利这四个主要的艺术王国的建立，正是源于对欧西里斯、贝勒斯、密涅瓦和天后的激情崇拜而开展的积极的迷信活动。因此，简单来说，除了被用于传播虚假的东西，或者鼓励恶行，看来很难将艺术归入始终充满活力的学派中去。

And finally, while art has thus shown itself always active in the service of luxury and idolatry, it has also been strongly directed to the exaltation of cruelty. A nation which lives a pastoral and innocent life never decorates the shepherd's staff or the plough-handle, but races who live by depredation and slaughter nearly always bestow exquisite ornaments on the quiver, the helmet, and the spear.

最后一点，在艺术总是积极服务于奢侈和盲目崇拜的同时，它也被强烈地导向了对残忍的助长。一个过着单纯的田园生活的国家，从来不会装饰牧羊棒或者犁把手；而生活在掠夺和屠杀中的民族几乎总是精美地装饰箭袋、头盔和长矛。

Does it not seem to you, then, on all these three counts, more than questionable whether we are assembled here in Kensington Museum to any good purpose? Might we not justly be looked upon with suspicion and fear, rather than with sympathy, by the innocent and unartistical public? Are we even sure of ourselves? Do we know what we are about? Are we met here as honest people? or are we not rather so many Catilines[6] assembled to devise the hasty degradation of

our country, or, like a conclave of midnight witches, to summon and send forth, on new and unsuspected missions, the demons of luxury, cruelty, and superstition?

那么，考虑到上述三个方面，你们是不是开始怀疑我们聚集在肯辛顿博物馆，到底有没有善意的目的了呢？那些单纯的、与艺术无关的大众是不是根本不赞同我们，用怀疑和恐惧的眼光不公正地看待我们呢？我们自己就相信自己吗？我们知道自己要做的事情吗？我们聚集在这儿，是出于诚实和正直吗？或者，难道我们就是一群喀提林，聚集在这儿，谋划着如何加速我们国家的堕落，或是一群巫师在午夜秘密集合，为达成新的难以预料的任务，召唤并派出奢侈、残酷和迷信的恶魔？

I trust, upon the whole, that it is not so: I am sure that Mr. Redgrave and Mr. Cole do not at all include results of this kind in their conception of the ultimate objects of the institution which owes so much to their strenuous and well-directed exertions. And I have put this painful question before you, only that we may face it thoroughly, and, as I hope, out-face it. If you will give it a little sincere attention this evening, I trust we may find sufficiently good reasons for our work, and proceed to it hereafter, as all good workmen should do, with clear heads, and calm consciences.

无论如何，我相信不是这样的。我确信瑞德格雷夫先生和科尔先生辛辛苦苦、耗尽心力建设这座博物馆的最终目的肯定不包括这些。而我将这个棘手的问题抛给你们，只是希望我们能全面认识并勇敢地面对这个问题。今晚，如果你们能稍微认真地思考这个问题，我相信我们会为自己的工作找到足够充足的理由，并据此一直坚持下去，就像所有好工人应该做的那样，保持头脑清醒、心境平和。

To return, then, to the first point of difficulty, the relations between art and mental disposition in India and Scotland. It is quite true that the art of India is delicate and refined. But it has one curious character distinguishing it from all other art of equal merit in design—it never represents a natural fact. It either forms its compositions out of meaningless fragments of colour and flowings of line; or, if it represents any living creature, it represents that creature under some distorted and monstrous form. To all the facts and forms of nature it wilfully and resolutely opposes itself; it will not draw a man, but an eight-armed monster; it will not draw a flower, but only a spiral or a zigzag.

现在回到第一个难点，也就是印度和苏格兰两个民族中，艺术和道德品质之间的关系。印度的艺术作品的确优雅精美，但与其他同样设计精美的艺术品相比，它有个奇怪的特点——从来不表现自然事物。要么是些没有意义的零碎色块和流动的线条组成的图案；要么，即便是表现活物，也是以扭曲和怪异的形式出现。自然中的所有事实及形式都被肆意而又坚决地对立表现：它不画人，只画八只胳膊的怪物；它不画花

朵，只画螺旋或曲折的线条。

It thus indicates that the people who practise it are cut off from all possible sources of healthy knowledge or natural delight; that they have wilfully sealed up and put aside the entire volume of the world, and have got nothing to read, nothing to dwell upon, but that imagination of the thoughts of their hearts, of which we are told that "it is only evil continually." Over the whole spectacle of creation they have thrown a veil in which there is no rent. For them no star peeps through the blanket of the dark—for them neither their heaven shines nor their mountains rise—for them the flowers do not blossom—for them the creatures of field and forest do not live. They lie bound in the dungeon of their own corruption, encompassed only by doleful phantoms, or by spectral vacancy.

这表明，运用这种艺术能力的人已经远离所有可能的有益知识或自然欢乐之源；他们已经任性地将整个世界这本大书密封起来，放到一边。已经没有什么东西可以让他们阅读，可以让他们思考，就只剩下他们凭空的想象力——也就是我们所认为的“只是邪恶的延续”。他们给造物主创造出来的整个奇观世界蒙上了一层密不透风的面纱。对他们而言，星光透不过黑色的夜幕；对他们而言，天空没有光明，山脉不会升起；对他们而言，花朵不会盛开；对他们而言，田野和森林里的动物没有生命。他们被自己的堕落囚禁，犹如躺在地牢中，周围只有悲哀的幻影，或毛骨悚然的空虚。

Need I remind you what an exact reverse of this condition of mind, as respects the observance of nature, is presented by the people whom we have just been led to contemplate in contrast with the Indian race? You will find upon reflection, that all the highest points of the Scottish character are connected with impressions derived straight from the natural scenery of their country. No nation has ever before shown, in the general tone of its language,—in the general current of its literature,—so constant a habit of hallowing its passions and confirming its principles by direct association with the charm, or power, of nature. The writings of Scott and Burns—and yet more, of the far greater poets than Burns who gave Scotland her traditional ballads,—furnish you in every stanza—almost in every line,—with examples of this association of natural scenery with the passions; (The great poets of Scotland, like the great poets of all other countries, never write dissolutely, either in matter or method; but with stern and measured meaning in every syllable. Here's a bit of first-rate work for example:—

我们刚刚已经提过有一个和印度民族截然相反的民族。还需要我再提醒你们，在对自然的观察方面，他们所呈现出的思想状态是如何地截然不同吗？想一想你就会发现，苏格兰人性格中的所有优点都和他们对本国自然景观的直观印象紧紧相连。在这之前从来没有一个民族像苏格

兰一样，在语言的一般风格和文学的总体潮流中，通过与自然的魅力或力量直接相连，不断升华自己的激情和证实自己的原则。司各特和彭斯的作品，以及更多远比彭斯伟大的诗人写的苏格兰传统民谣，每一节——几乎是每一行，都表现了自然景色和激情之间的联系（苏格兰的伟大诗人，像其他国家的伟大诗人一样，在写作内容和方法上从不肆意妄为。作品中每一个音节的意思都经过了严格的斟酌。现以一部一流作品中的一段为例：

"Tweed said to Till,

特威德河对蒂尔河说，

'What gars ye rin sae still?'

“你为什么流得那么平静？”

Till said to Tweed,

蒂尔河对特威德河说，

'Though ye rin wi' speed,

“虽然你流得快，

And I rin slaw,

我流得慢，

Whar ye droon ae man,

但你只能淹死一个人，

I droon twa.'") but an instance of its farther connection with moral principle struck me forcibly just at the time when I was most lamenting the absence of art among the people. In one of the loneliest districts of Scotland, where the peat cottages are darkest, just at the western foot of that great mass of the Grampians which encircles the sources of the Spey and the Dee, the main road which traverses the chain winds round the foot of a broken rock called Crag, or Craig Ellachie. There is nothing remarkable in either its height or form; it is darkened with a few scattered pines, and touched along its summit with a flush of heather; but it constitutes a kind of headland, or leading promontory, in the group of hills to which it belongs—a sort of initial letter of the mountains; and thus stands in the mind of the inhabitants of the district, the Clan Grant, for a type of their country, and of the influence of that country upon themselves. Their sense of this is beautifully indicated in the war-cry of the clan, "Stand fast, Craig Ellachie." You may think long over those few words without exhausting the deep wells of feeling and thought contained in them—the love of the native land, the assurance of their faithfulness to it; the subdued and gentle assertion of indomitable courage—I may need to be told to stand, but, if I do, Craig Ellachie does. You could not but

have felt, had you passed beneath it at the time when so many of England's dearest children were being defended by the strength of heart of men born at its foot, how often among the delicate Indian palaces, whose marble was pallid with horror, and whose vermilion was darkened with blood, the remembrance of its rough grey rocks and purple heaths must have risen before the sight of the Highland soldier; how often the hailing of the shot and the shriek of battle would pass away from his hearing, and leave only the whisper of the old pine branches, —"Stand fast, Craig Ellachie!"

我却能淹死俩。”——作者注）。然而，就在我为人们的艺术匮乏深感悲哀之时，我突然想到了一个可以有力说明艺术与道德准则有更深联系的例子。在苏格兰最偏僻的地区中，有一处地方，那里的泥炭小屋是最黑的。就在位于怀抱斯佩河和迪河发源地的巨大的格兰扁山西山脚下，一条横贯整个山脉的大路环绕在一座名叫克雷格或者克莱拉奇的峭壁底部。无论是它的高度还是形状，都没有什么值得注意的。峭壁上零散的几株松树让它看起来更黝黑，山峰上开着一圈茂盛的石楠花。但是，它形成了向前突出的岬的样子，在其所属的群山之中像是山脉的起点。正因.为如此，在当地人克兰 格兰特部落的意识中，它成了一种民族的象征，也象征着这个民族对他们的影响。他们的这种意识在部落的悠扬战歌中美好地表现了出来：“快站起来，克莱拉奇。”仅仅几个字，却发人深思，表达了无尽的深刻感情和思想——对故乡的热爱，对这片土地坚定的忠诚，温婉地表明不屈不挠的勇气——可能我需要别人告诉我站起来，但如果我需要，克莱拉奇一定也需要。生于这片山脚下的人们曾用坚强的心保护着许多英格兰最可爱的儿女，如果那时你曾在这峭壁下经过，就会禁不住想：有多少次，置身于印度精美华丽的宫殿，面对因恐惧而苍白的大理石和因鲜血而暗沉的朱砂漆时，苏格兰高地的战士们眼前浮现的是粗糙的灰岩石和紫色的荒野；有多少次枪林炮雨的轰鸣声和战场上的厮杀声从他们耳边消失，只听到古老的松树枝在风中低语——“站起来，克莱拉奇。”

You have, in these two nations, seen in direct opposition the effects on moral sentiment of art without nature, and of nature without art. And you see enough to justify you in suspecting—while, if you choose to investigate the subject more deeply and with other examples, you will find enough to justify you in concluding—that art, followed as such, and for its own sake, irrespective of the interpretation of nature by it, is destructive of whatever is best and noblest in humanity; but that nature, however simply observed, or imperfectly known, is, in the degree of the affection felt for it, protective and helpful to all that is noblest in humanity.

通过这两个国家，你们看到了没有自然的艺术和没有艺术的自然对道德品质产生了两种截然不同的影响。你所看到的这些已经足以使你有理由怀疑——当然，如果你选择用其他例子再进一步深入调查该主题，你便会有足够的理由得出结论：艺术，如果为了艺术而艺术，漠视对自

然的解读，就会破坏人性中最美好和最高尚的品质；而无论人类对自然的观察有多么简单，了解有多么不足，只要对它怀有一定程度的感情，它就会保护和促进人性中最高尚的品质。

You might then conclude farther, that art, so far as it was devoted to the record or the interpretation of nature, would be helpful and ennobling also.

你可能会进一步得出结论：只要艺术用于记录和解读自然，就会是有益的，也能使人变得高尚。

And you would conclude this with perfect truth. Let me repeat the assertion distinctly and solemnly, as the first that I am permitted to make in this building, devoted in a way so new and so admirable to the service of the art-students of England—Wherever art is practised for its own sake, and the delight of the workman is in what he does and produces, instead of what he interprets or exhibits,—there art has an influence of the most fatal kind on brain and heart, and it issues, if long so pursued, in the destruction both of intellectual power and moral principal; whereas art, devoted humbly and self-forgetfully to the clear statement and record of the facts of the universe, is always helpful and beneficent to mankind, full of comfort, strength, and salvation.

你需要完美的事实来支持你的结论。我想郑重清晰地重复一遍，在这座致力于为英格兰的艺术学子提供新颖和舒适服务的博物馆里，我被允许提出的第一个主张，那就是，无论在什么地方，一旦人们为了艺术而艺术，工匠的愉悦在于他的工作和产品本身，而不是他所要说明或表现的事物，那么，这样的艺术就会对人们的大脑和心灵产生最致命的影响。而如果长期抱着这样的追求，将会导致艺术对人们智力和道德准则的破坏。反之，如果艺术致力于谦虚、忘我地清楚表达和记录宇宙事实，那么它对人类永远是有用和有益的，并带来舒适、力量和救赎。

Now, when you were once well assured of this, you might logically infer another thing, namely, that when Art was occupied in the function in which she was serviceable, she would herself be strengthened by the service; and when she was doing what Providence without doubt intended her to do, she would gain in vitality and dignity just as she advanced in usefulness. On the other hand, you might gather, that when her agency was distorted to the deception or degradation of mankind, she would herself be equally misled and degraded—that she would be checked in advance, or precipitated in decline.

现在，一旦完全肯定了这个观点，你可能自然会推导出另一个观点，即艺术发挥其服务功能的同时，其本身也在服务中得到加强；当艺术执行其不容置疑的天职之时，其本身会随着有用性的加强而获得生命力和尊严。另一方面，你也可能推断，当艺术被扭曲地用于人类的欺骗

或堕落时，其本身也同样将遭到误导和贬低——它的发展将受阻，或深陷衰败。

And this is the truth also; and holding this clue you will easily and justly interpret the phenomena of history. So long as Art is steady in the contemplation and exhibition of natural facts, so long she herself lives and grows; and in her own life and growth partly implies, partly secures, that of the nation in the midst of which she is practised. But a time has always hitherto come, in which, having thus reached a singular perfection, she begins to contemplate that perfection, and to imitate it, and deduce rules and forms from it; and thus to forget her duty and ministry as the interpreter and discoverer of Truth. And in the very instant when this diversion of her purpose and forgetfulness of her function take place—forgetfulness generally coincident with her apparent perfection—in that instant, I say, begins her actual catastrophe; and by her own fall—so far as she has influence—she accelerates the ruin of the nation by which she is practised.

同样这也是事实，抓住这条线索，你就能轻而易举地、公正地解读各种历史现象。只要艺术坚定地关注和展示自然界的事实，其本身就能长久地存在并发展；它的存在和发展，一方面意味着，另一方面也确保着其所在国家的生存和发展。但总会有这么一个时刻要来临，即当艺术已达到某种非凡的完美时，它开始思考这种完美，模仿它，并从中演绎出各种规则和形式，因而忘记了自己说明和发现真相的职责和任务。就在它转移目标和忘却职责的这一刻——忘却往往和它表面的完美同时出现——我是说，就在这个时刻，它真正的灾难也开始了。而随着艺术自身的堕落，只要它还能影响国家，它的堕落就会加速其所在国家的毁灭。

The study, however, of the effect of art on the mind of nations is one rather for the historian than for us; at all events it is one for the discussion of which we have no more time this evening. But I will ask your patience with me while I try to illustrate, in some further particulars, the dependence of the healthy state and power of art itself upon the exercise of its appointed function in the interpretation of fact.

然而，研究艺术对国家精神的影响是历史学家而不是我们的任务。无论如何，我们今晚已经没有时间再讨论这个话题了，但还是请你们耐心听我再补充几个具体事例，说明一下艺术的健康状态和力量对其阐释事实的特定功能的依赖性。

You observe that I always say interpretation, never imitation. My reason for so doing is, first, that good art rarely imitates; it usually only describes or explains. But my second and chief reason is that good art always consists of two things: First, the observation of fact;

secondly, the manifesting of human design and authority in the way that fact is told. Great and good art must unite the two; it cannot exist for a moment but in their unity; it consists of the two as essentially as water consists of oxygen and hydrogen, or marble of lime and carbonic acid.

你们应该注意到，我总是说解读而不是模仿。之所以这样，首先是因为好的艺术作品很少模仿，它通常只描写或说明。但第二个原因，也是主要原因，好的艺术作品总是由两个部分构成：第一，对事实的观察；第二，以讲事实的方式展示人类的设计才能和权威。伟大杰出的艺术必须将两者结合起来，离开这种结合，它就片刻也不可能存在。这种结合是本质上的，就像水是由氧和氢构成，大理石是由石灰和碳酸构成一样。

Let us inquire a little into the nature of each of the elements. The first element, we say, is the love of Nature, leading to the effort to observe and report her truly. And this is the first and leading element. Review for yourselves the history of art, and you will find this to be a manifest certainty, that no great school ever yet existed which had not for primal aim the representation of some natural fact as truly as possible. There have only yet appeared in the world three schools of perfect art—schools, that is to say, which did their work as well as it seems possible to do it. These are the Athenian, (See below, the farther notice of the real spirit of Greek work, in the address at Bradford.) Florentine, and Venetian. The Athenian proposed to itself the perfect representation of the form of the human body. It strove to do that as well as it could; it did that as well as it can be done; and all its greatness was founded upon and involved in that single and honest effort. The Florentine school proposed to itself the perfect expression of human emotion—the showing of the effects of passion in the human face and gesture. I call this the Florentine school, because, whether you take Raphael for the culminating master of expressional art in Italy, or Leonardo, or Michael Angelo, you will find that the whole energy of the national effort which produced those masters had its root in Florence; not at Urbino or Milan. I say, then, this Florentine or leading Italian school proposed to itself human expression for its aim in natural truth; it strove to do that as well as it could—did it as well as it can be done—and all its greatness is rooted in that single and honest effort. Thirdly, the Venetian school proposed to itself the representation of the effect of colour and shade on all things; chiefly on the human form. It tried to do that as well as it could—did it as well as it can be done—and all its greatness is founded on that single and honest effort.

下面我们来对这两种因素的本质分别稍加分析。第一个因素，我们说是对自然的爱，引领我们努力去真实地观察和记录自然。这是首要和

关键因素。你们回顾一下艺术的历史，就会发现这是很明显和确定的：所有伟大的艺术流派都是以尽可能真实地表现自然事实为首要目标的。目前，世界上只出现过三个完美的艺术流派——也就是说，它们尽可能好地做它们的工作。它们是雅典派（下面的布拉德福德演讲中会进一步关注希腊作品的真正精神——作者注），佛罗伦萨派和威尼斯派。雅典派主张艺术应完美体现人体形态。它尽自己最大的能力，最大限度达到了目标。雅典派艺术作品的伟大正是基于和得益于这个专一和朴实的追求。佛罗伦萨派主张艺术应完美表达人类情感——表现情感对人的面部和肢体的影响。我把他们叫做佛罗伦萨派是因为，在拉斐尔、列奥纳多、米开朗琪罗之中，无论你认为哪一个是意大利表现派艺术的集大成者，你都会发现，造就这些大师的是国家成就的整体力量，而这种力量就植根于佛罗伦萨，不是乌尔宾诺或米兰。可以说，佛罗伦萨派，或者说主流意大利派，主张以通过人类表情表达自然真理为其目标。它尽自己最大的能力，最大限度达到了目标。这一流派的伟大之处也在于专一和朴实的追求。第三个流派，威尼斯派主张艺术应表现色彩和阴影作用在所有事物上的效果，主要是人体上的效果。它尽自己最大的能力，最大限度达到了目标。这一流派的伟大之处同样在于专一和朴实的追求。

Pray, do not leave this room without a perfectly clear holding of these three ideas. You may try them, and toss them about, afterwards, as much as you like, to see if they'll bear shaking; but do let me put them well and plainly into your possession. Attach them to three works of art which you all have either seen or continually heard of. There's the (so-called) "Theseus" of the Elgin marbles. That represents the whole end and aim of the Athenian school—the natural form of the human body. All their conventional architecture—their graceful shaping and painting of pottery—whatsoever other art they practised—was dependent for its greatness on this sheet-anchor of central aim: true shape of living man. Then take, for your type of the Italian school, Raphael's[7] "Disputa del Sacramento;" that will be an accepted type by everybody, and will involve no possibly questionable points: the Germans will admit it; the English academicians will admit it; and the English purists and pre-Raphaelites will admit it. Well, there you have the truth of human expression proposed as an aim. That is the way people look when they feel this or that—when they have this or that other mental character: are they devotional, thoughtful, affectionate, indignant, or inspired? are they prophets, saints, priests, or kings? then—whatsoever is truly thoughtful, affectionate, prophetic, priestly, kingly—that the Florentine school tried to discern, and show; that they have discerned and shown; and all their greatness is first fastened in their aim at this central truth—the open expression of the living human soul.

在没有完全弄清这三种观点之前，请不要离开这个房间。你们以后可以尽情考验和反复思量这三种观点，看看它们是不是禁得起摇撼。但

现在请让我明明白白解释给你们听。我把它们与大家见过或经常听到的三件艺术品联系起来。首先是埃尔金大理石制成的（所谓的）“特修斯”，它代表了雅典派的全部目标——人体的自然形态。这一派别所有的传统建筑——陶器优雅的造型和绘图——及其所从事的一切其他艺术形式——其伟大之处在于对中心目标的执著追求：表现活着的人的真实形态。然后以拉斐尔的“圣体的争论”作为意大利派的代表，这是大家公认的代表作，不会引起任何可能的非议：德国人会承认它，英国学者会承认它，英国纯粹派艺术家和拉斐尔前派也会承认它。这个流派将真实表现人类表情作为目标。也就是当人们有这样或那样的感觉时看起来的样子——当他们有这样或那样其他的精神特征：他们是虔诚的、深思的、深情的、愤怒的还是受到启发的？他们是先知、圣人、牧师还是国王？只要是真正有思想的、深情的、预言家的、牧师的或国王的表情，都是佛罗伦萨派努力并一直以来观察和展示的。这一派的伟大之处首先在于它以一个中心真理作为目标——坦率地表现鲜活的人类灵魂。

Lastly, take Veronese's "Marriage in Cana" in the Louvre. There you have the most perfect representation possible of colour, and light, and shade, as they affect the external aspect of the human form, and its immediate accessories, architecture, furniture, and dress. This external aspect of noblest nature was the first aim of the Venetians, and all their greatness depended on their resolution to achieve, and their patience in achieving it.

最后一个以卢浮宫中韦罗内塞的“迦拿的结婚盛宴”为例。这幅画以最可能达到的完美表现了色彩、光和影如何作用于人体外部特征及其直接相关的附属物、建筑、家具和服装。最高贵的自然的外在特征就是威尼斯派的首要目标，它的伟大之处在于对实现这一目标的决心和耐心。

Here, then, are the three greatest schools of the former world exemplified for you in three well-known works. The Phidian[8] "Theseus" represents the Greek school pursuing truth of form; the "Disputa" of Raphael, the Florentine school pursuing truth of mental expression; the "Marriage in Cana," the Venetian school pursuing truth of colour and light. But do not suppose that the law which I am stating to you—the great law of art-life—can only be seen in these, the most powerful of all art schools. It is just as manifest in each and every school that ever has had life in it at all. Wheresoever the search after truth begins, there life begins; wheresoever that search ceases, there life ceases. As long as a school of art holds any chain of natural facts, trying to discover more of them and express them better daily, it may play hither and thither as it likes on this side of the chain or that; it may design grotesques and conventionalisms, build the simplest buildings, serve the most practical utilities, yet all it does will be gloriously designed and gloriously done; but let it once quit hold of the chain of natural fact, cease to pursue that as the clue to its work; let it propose to itself any other end than preaching this living world,

and think first of showing its own skill or its own fancy, and from that hour its fall is precipitate—its destruction sure; nothing that it does or designs will ever have life or loveliness in it more; its hour has come, and there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither it goeth.

以上述三个众所周知的作品为例我向大家介绍了以前世界上的三个最伟大的艺术流派。菲迪亚斯风格的“特修斯”代表了追求形式真实的希腊派；拉斐尔的“圣体的争论”代表了追求精神表现真实的佛罗伦萨派；“迦拿的结婚盛宴”代表了追求色彩和光的真实的威尼斯派。但是，不要认为我现在向你们介绍的法则——艺术生命力的伟大法则——只能在这些最有影响力的艺术流派中体现。这一法则同样表现在每一个曾经有生命力的流派中。哪里开始追求真理，哪里就有生命的开始；哪里停止追求真理，哪里的生命就终止。只要一个艺术流派保有自然事实中的任意一段链条，试图每天发现更多的事实并更好地表现它们，这个流派就可能按照自己的喜好表现链条这一面或那一面的这一点或那一点；它可以将作品设计得风格怪异或是很传统，建造最简单的建筑，用于最实用之处，而它的一切作品从设计到完成都是壮丽的。但是，一旦它脱离了自然事实的链条，停止将这种追求作为其作品的线索；不再阐释自然，转而主张其他目的，将表现自己的技巧和奇思妙想放在首位，那么，从那一刻起，它就开始加速堕落——毁灭是必然的。它创作或设计的一切都不会再有生命力或魅力；它的大限已到，走进一个没有作品、没有设计、没有知识、没有智慧的坟墓。

Let us take for example that school of art over which many of you would perhaps think this law had little power—the school of Gothic architecture. Many of us may have been in the habit of thinking of that school rather as of one of forms than of facts—a school of pinnacles, and buttresses, and conventional mouldings, and disguise of nature by monstrous imaginings—not a school of truth at all. I think I shall be able, even in the little time we have to-night, to show that this is not so; and that our great law holds just as good at Amiens and Salisbury as it does at Athens and Florence.

我再举一个艺术流派的例子——哥特建筑流派，你们中很多人可能觉得这一法则对它的影响微乎其微。我们很多人可能已经习惯认为这一流派是一种形式学派而不是事实学派——是一个用小尖塔、扶壁、传统装饰板条和怪异想象伪装起来的自然组成的流派——根本不是一个真理派。我想，即使在今晚很有限的时间里，我也能够说明这种想法是不对的。我们伟大的法则不仅在雅典和佛罗伦萨行得通，在亚眠和索尔兹伯里也同样得到遵从。

I will go back then first to the very beginnings of Gothic art, and before you, the students of Kensington, as an impanelled jury, I will bring two examples of the barbarism out of which Gothic art emerges, approximately contemporary in date and parallel in executive skill; but, the one, a barbarism that did not get on, and could not get on;

the other, a barbarism that could get on, and did get on; and you, the impanelled jury, shall judge what is the essential difference between the two barbarisms, and decide for yourselves what is the seed of life in the one, and the sign of death in the other.

我先追溯一下哥特艺术的最初起源。面对你们这些肯辛顿的学生，就像面对陪审团一样，我将举出两个哥特艺术产生于野蛮主义的例子，它们大约发生在同一时间，施展的技巧也类似。但是，其中一种野蛮主义没有继续发展下去，也不能继续发展下去了；另一种野蛮主义可以继续发展下去，并的确发展了。作为陪审团成员的你们，将判断这两种野蛮主义的本质区别是什么，然后自己决定其中一个生命的种子是什么，而另一个死亡的征兆又是什么。

The first,—that which has in it the sign of death,—furnishes us at the same time with an illustration far too interesting to be passed by, of certain principles much depended on by our common modern designers. Taking up one of our architectural publications the other day, and opening it at random, I chanced upon this piece of information, put in rather curious English; but you shall have it as it stands—

第一种——其中包含死亡征兆的一种——同时也为我们普通现代设计者深深依赖的一些原则提供了一个有趣得难以忽视的例证。前几天，我拿起一本建筑期刊随意翻阅，偶然间看到了一段很古怪的英文，你们也应该看看这段原文：

"Aristotle asserts, that the greatest species of the beautiful are Order, Symmetry, and the Definite."

“亚里士多德认为，最美的形式是有序、对称和界限分明。”

I should tell you, however, that this statement is not given as authoritative; it is one example of various Architectural teachings, given in a report in the Building Chronicle for May, 1857, of a lecture on Proportion; in which the only thing the lecturer appears to have proved was that,—

不过，我还应该告诉你们，这段话并非作为权威观点在此提出。这只是一篇有关比例问题的演讲中众多不同建筑学说中的一个例子，记录在 1857 年 5 月《建筑编年史》的一篇报告中。这篇演讲证明的似乎只有一件事：

"The system of dividing the diameter of the shaft of a column into parts for copying the ancient architectural remains of Greece and Rome, adopted by architects from Vitruvius (circa B.C. 25) to the present period, as a method for producing ancient architecture, is entirely useless, for the several parts of Grecian architecture cannot be reduced or subdivided by this system; neither does it apply to the architecture of Rome.”

“从维特鲁威时代（大约公元前 25 年）到现代，作为建造古典风格建筑的方法而被建筑师们所采纳的、将圆柱柱身的直径分成若干部分来模仿希腊和罗马古建筑遗迹而创造的这一体系，实际上是完全无用的，因为希腊建筑的有些部分是不能靠这种方法来分解或再进一步划分的，同样它也不适用于罗马建筑。”

Still, as far as I can make it out, the lecture appears to have been just one of those of which you will at present hear so many, the protests of architects who have no knowledge of sculpture—or of any other mode of expressing natural beauty—against natural beauty; and their endeavour to substitute mathematical proportions for the knowledge of life they do not possess, and the representation of life of which they are incapable. Now, this substitution of obedience to mathematical law for sympathy with observed life, is the first characteristic of the hopeless work of all ages; as such, you will find it eminently manifested in the specimen I have to give you of the hopeless Gothic barbarism; the barbarism from which nothing could emerge—for which no future was possible but extinction. The Aristotelian principles of the Beautiful are, you remember, Order, Symmetry, and the Definite. Here you have the three, in perfection, applied to the ideal of an angel, in a psalter of the eighth century, existing in the library of St. John's College, Cambridge. (I copy this woodcut from Westwood's "Palaeographia Sacra.")

此外，根据我的理解，这篇演讲似乎正是你们现在经常能听到的那种演讲之一，这些抗议声来自那些不懂雕塑的建筑师——或不懂其他表现自然美的方式的建筑师——是反对自然美的声音；他们努力以数学比例来代替那些他们不曾拥有的生活的知识，以及他们无法做到的对生活的再现。而现在，用对数学法则的依从来替代对观察到的生活的共鸣，正是所有时代中毫无希望的作品的首要特征。同样地，当我不得不拿毫无希望的哥特式野蛮主义来举例时，你们会发现这种特征非常明显。这种野蛮无法衍生任何事物——未来只有走向灭亡。你们还记得吧，亚里士多德学派认为美的原则是有序、对称和界限分明。这三个原则可以完美适用于理想中的天使形象，就像剑桥大学圣约翰学院图书馆中一本 8 世纪的圣诗集里所描写的那样。（这幅插图仿自韦斯特伍德的木刻画“古文字学圣路”——作者注）

Now, you see the characteristics of this utterly dead school are, first the wilful closing of its eyes to natural facts;—for, however ignorant a person may be, he need only look at a human being to see that it has a mouth as well as eyes; and secondly, the endeavour to adorn or idealise natural fact according to its own notions: it puts red spots in the middle of the hands, and sharpens the thumbs, thinking to improve them. Here you have the most pure type possible of the principles of idealism in all ages: whenever people don't look at Nature, they always think they can improve her. You will also admire, doubtless, the exquisite result of the application of our great modern architectural principle of beauty—symmetry, or equal balance of part by part; you see even the eyes are made symmetrical—entirely round, instead of irregular oval; and the iris is set properly in the middle, instead of—as nature has absurdly put it—rather under the upper lid. You will also observe the "principle of the pyramid" in the general arrangement of the figure, and the value of "series" in the placing of dots.

现在，你们可以看到这一完全灭亡的流派有如下的特征：首先，故意对自然事实视而不见——一个人即使再无知，也只需要观察一下周围的人，就能发现人是有一张嘴和一双眼睛的；其次，试图根据自己的观念对自然事实进行装饰或理想化：它在手心点上红点，把拇指画尖，一心想着去改善它们。这是从古到今理想主义可能倡导的最纯粹的原则：任何时候，只要人们拒绝观察自然，他们就总会自以为可以改善它。毫无疑问，你们也会赞赏我们伟大的现代建筑在美的原则指导下创造出的

精美成果——对称，或每一部分的对等平衡。你们可以看到甚至眼睛也是对称的——标准的圆，而不是不规则的椭圆；眼球的虹膜准确地放在中间，而不是——就好像自然中放置的地方很荒谬——在上眼睑下方。同时，你们还会发现，在对人体形态的整体安排上遵循“金字塔原则”，在点的安排上遵循“序列”的标准。

From this dead barbarism we pass to living barbarism—to work done by hands quite as rude, if not ruder, and by minds as uninformed; and yet work which in every line of it is prophetic of power, and has in it the sure dawn of day. You have often heard it said that Giotto was the founder of art in Italy. He was not: neither he, nor Giunta Pisano, nor Niccolo Pisano. They all laid strong hands to the work, and brought it first into aspect above ground; but the foundation had been laid for them by the builders of the Lombardic churches in the valleys of the Adda and the Arno. It is in the sculpture of the round arched churches of North Italy, bearing disputable dates, ranging from the eighth to the twelfth century, that you will find the lowest struck roots of the art of Titian and Raphael.(I have said elsewhere, "the root of all art is struck in the thirteenth century." This is quite true: but of course some of the smallest fibres run lower, as in this instance.) I go, therefore, to the church which is certainly the earliest of these, St. Ambrogio, of Milan, said still to retain some portions of the actual structure from which St. Ambrose excluded Theodosius, and at all events furnishing the most archaic examples of Lombardic sculpture in North Italy. I do not venture to guess their date; they are barbarous enough for any date.

谈过这种已经死去的野蛮主义，我们现在谈一谈另一种活着的野蛮主义——这些作品手工粗糙，甚至可以说非常粗糙，创作思想也没什么理论，但这些作品的每一根线条中都蕴含着力量，让人确实感觉到黎明的到来。你们经常听人们说，乔托是意大利艺术的创始人。但他不是，吉. .安达 皮萨诺不是，尼克洛 皮萨诺也不是。他们都对这种作品的发展起了重要的推动作用，是第一批将其运用于建筑的人，但在这之前，阿达河和亚诺河山谷中伦巴第族教堂的建筑者已经为他们奠定了基础。正是在意大利北部的圆拱型教堂的雕刻中——出现年代有争议，大约在公元8 世纪和 12 世纪之间——你们能找到提香和拉斐尔艺术的最初来源。（我曾经在其他地方说过：“一切艺术的根源都来自 13 世纪。”的确是这样的，但当然也有些最细小的成分可以追溯到更早，就像这里的例子。——作者注）然后，我就想到了米兰的圣安布罗吉奥教堂，这肯定是其中最早的一座。据说，它仍保留着圣安布罗斯驱逐西奥多修斯时实际建筑的一部分。无论从哪方面说，它都是意大利北部伦巴第风格雕刻中最古老的典范。我不会冒险猜测它们的年代，无论在哪个时代，它们都够原始的。

We find the pulpit of this church covered with interlacing patterns, closely resembling those of the manuscript at Cambridge, but

among them is figure sculpture of a very different kind. It is wrought with mere incisions in the stone, of which the effect may be tolerably given by single lines in a drawing. Remember, therefore, for a moment —as characteristic of culminating Italian art—Michael Angelo's fresco of the "Temptation of Eve," in the Sistine chapel, and you will be more interested in seeing the birth of Italian art, illustrated by the same subject, from St. Ambrogio, of Milan, the "Serpent beguiling Eve." (This cut is ruder than it should be; the incisions in the marble have a lighter effect than these rough black lines; but it is not worth while to do it better.)

我们发现这座教堂的讲坛上布满了交错的图案，与剑桥手稿里那些讲坛的设计非常相似，但其中的人像雕刻却是非常不同的一种类型。讲坛上仅有在石头上加工出来的一道道小切口，而同样的效果，在制图时只用几条单线营造也是可以接受的。正因为如此，如果你们能暂且记住，西斯廷教堂里米开朗琪罗的壁画“夏娃的诱惑”被认为是意大利艺术登峰造极的典型，那么就会更有兴趣看一看标志着意大利艺术诞生的同题材的代表作——来自米兰的圣安布罗吉奥教堂里的“欺骗夏娃的蛇”（这里的刻痕比现实中更粗糙，大理石上的切口显得比那些粗糙的黑线条淡一些，但也不值得刻得更精细些——作者注）。

Yet, in that sketch, rude and ludicrous as it is, you have the elements of life in their first form. The people who could do that were sure to get on. For, observe, the workman's whole aim is straight at the facts, as well as he can get them; and not merely at the facts, but at the very heart of the facts. A common workman might have looked at nature for his serpent, but he would have thought only of its scales. But this fellow does not want scales, nor coils; he can do without

them; he wants the serpent's heart—malice and insinuation;—and he has actually got them to some extent. So also a common workman, even in this barbarous stage of art, might have carved Eve's arms and body a good deal better; but this man does not care about arms and body, if he can only get at Eve's mind—show that she is pleased at being flattered, and yet in a state of uncomfortable hesitation. And some look of listening, of complacency, and of embarrassment he has verily got:—note the eyes slightly askance, the lips compressed, and the right hand nervously grasping the left arm: nothing can be declared impossible to the people who could begin thus—the world is open to them, and all that is in it; while, on the contrary, nothing is possible to the man who did the symmetrical angel—the world is keyless to him; he has built a cell for himself in which he must abide, barred up for ever—there is no more hope for him than for a sponge or a madrepore.

尽管这幅画构图粗糙、滑稽，但你还是能看到生命元素的最初形态。可以做到这一点的人肯定能发展下去，因为你可以观察，这些工匠的全部目标都直指事实，而他们也能达成这个目标；不仅仅是事实，而是事实的核心。普通的匠人也许会从自然中寻找他需要的蛇，但是他可能只想到了蛇的鳞片。但这位工匠不需要鳞片，也不需要蛇盘绕的样子，没有这些，他也能创作。他想要的是蛇的心——恶毒而谄媚——而且从某种程度上他已经抓住了这一特质。同样，普通的匠人，即使是在艺术的原始阶段，也可能把夏娃的双臂和身体刻画得更好，但是对这位工匠而言，如果能接近夏娃的思想状态——表现她被甜言蜜语取悦，但仍然在不安地犹豫中——那么他就不会在意她的双臂和身体。他真正捕捉到了夏娃那种几分倾听、几分自鸣得意、几分尴尬的表情——注意那双稍微斜视的眼睛、抿着的嘴唇和那只紧张地抓着左臂的右手：对这样开始创作生涯的人没有什么是不可能的——世界向他们敞开，一切尽在其中。而反之，对那些创作对称天使的人而言，没有什么是可能的——他们找不到打开世界的钥匙；他们为自己建造了一间小牢房，必须呆在里面，永远隔离起来——他们就像海绵或石珊瑚一样，没有希望可言。

I shall not trace from this embryo the progress of Gothic art in Italy, because it is much complicated and involved with traditions of other schools, and because most of the students will be less familiar with its results than with their own northern buildings. So, these two designs indicating Death and Life in the beginnings of mediaeval art, we will take an example of the progress of that art from our northern work. Now, many of you, doubtless, have been interested by the mass, grandeur, and gloom of Norman architecture, as much as by Gothic traceries; and when you hear me say that the root of all good work lies in natural facts, you doubtless think instantly of your round arches, with their rude cushion capitals, and of the billet or zigzag work by which they are surrounded, and you cannot see what the

knowledge of nature has to do with either the simple plan or the rude mouldings. But all those simple conditions of Norman art are merely the expiring of it towards the extreme north. Do not study Norman architecture in Northumberland, but in Normandy, and then you will find that it is just a peculiarly manly, and practically useful, form of the whole great French school of rounded architecture. And where has that French school its origin? Wholly in the rich conditions of sculpture, which, rising first out of imitations of the Roman bas-reliefs, covered all the facades of the French early churches with one continuous arabesque of floral or animal life. If you want to study round-arched buildings, do not go to Durham[9], but go to Poictiers, and there you will see how all the simple decorations which give you so much pleasure even in their isolated application were invented by persons practised in carving men, monsters, wild animals, birds, and flowers, in overwhelming redundance; and then trace this architecture forward in central France, and you will find it loses nothing of its richness—it only gains in truth, and therefore in grace, until just at the moment of transition into the pointed style, you have the consummate type of the sculpture of the school given you in the west front of the Cathedral of Chartres. From that front I have chosen two fragments to illustrate it. (This part of the lecture was illustrated by two drawings, made admirably by Mr. J. T. Laing, with the help of photographs from statues at Chartres. The drawings may be seen at present at the Kensington Museum; but any large photograph of the west front of Chartres will enable the reader to follow what is stated in the lecture, as far as is needful.)

我还不能从这个萌芽追溯出意大利哥特艺术的发展，因为它更加复杂，并和其他流派的传统密切相关，也因为大多数学生对其产生的影响的熟悉程度比不上他们对自己北方建筑的熟悉。所以，这两种设计标志着中世纪初期艺术的死亡和生命，我们还是从自己北方的作品中找一个表现那种艺术发展的例子。现在，毫无疑问你们中很多人都对诺曼式建筑的庞大规模、壮观、灰暗感兴趣，就像对哥特风格的花饰窗格兴趣盎然一样；当听我说到所有优秀作品都来源于自然事实时，你们无疑会马上想到你们的半圆拱，上面粗糙的罗马式垫块状柱头，以及周围环绕的小方坯和曲折的线脚。而你们从中并未看出自然知识与这些简单的布局和粗糙的装饰线条有什么联系。这些简单特点仅仅是诺曼式艺术风格向极北部风格靠拢的消亡形式。不要在格陵兰岛的诺森伯兰郡研究诺曼式建筑，应该在诺曼底研究，那么你就会发现它只是整个大的法国圆形建筑流派中一种特有的阳刚和实用的形式。那么这个法国流派又起源于何处呢？全部得益于其丰富的雕刻素材，而这种素材最早出现时是对罗马浅浮雕的模仿，这些浅浮雕布满了法国早期教堂正面的墙壁，上面都是连续的阿拉伯花纹或动物图案。如果你想研究半圆拱顶建筑，不要去达勒姆，要去波依提尔。在那里你就会发现那些即使单独拿来用也能让你感到很愉快的所有简单装饰线条是如何被创造出来的，创造这些的正是

那些雕刻出大量人物、怪物、飞禽、走兽和花朵的工匠。然后再向法国中部探寻这种建筑物，你会发现那里的雕刻作品也很丰富——只是增加了真实性，也因此更雅致，最终在过渡到尖顶风格时，你会在沙特尔大教堂西面前墙上发现这一流派的雕刻作品的最完美类型。我从那面前墙上选了两部分来进行说明。（演讲的这一部分是通过两幅图来说明的。这两幅图是 J. T.莱恩先生根据沙特尔大教堂雕像的照片精心创作的。目前可以在肯辛顿博物馆看到这两幅图，如有必要，任何有关沙特尔大教堂西面前墙的大照片也都可以帮助读者理解演讲中的这段话。——作者注）

These statues have been long, and justly, considered as representative of the highest skill of the twelfth or earliest part of the thirteenth centuryin France; and they indeed possess a dignity and delicate charm, which are for the most part wanting in later works. It is owing partly to real nobleness of feature, but chiefly to the grace, mingled with severity, of the falling lines of excessively thin drapery; as well as to a most studied finish in composition, every part of the ornamentation tenderly harmonizing with the rest. So far as their power over certain tones of religious mind is owing to a palpable degree of non-naturalism in them, I do not praise it—the exaggerated thinness of body and stiffness of attitude are faults; but they are noble faults, and give the statues a strange look of forming part of the very building itself, and sustaining it—not like the Greekcaryatid, without effort—nor like the Renaissance caryatid, by painful or impossible effort—but as if all that was silent, and stern, and withdrawn apart, and stiffened in chill of heart against the terror of earth, had passed into a shape of eternal marble; and thus the Ghost had given, to bear up the pillars of the church on earth, all the patient and expectant nature that it needed no more in heaven. This is the transcendental view of the meaning of those sculptures. I do not dwell upon it. What I do lean upon is their purely naturalistic and vital power. They are all portraits—unknown, most of them, I believe, —but palpably and unmistakeably portraits, if not taken from the actual person for whom the statue stands, at all events studied from some living person whose features might fairly represent those of the king or saint intended. Several of them I suppose to be authentic: there is one of a queen, who has evidently, while she lived, been notable for her bright black eyes. The sculptor has cut the iris deep into the stone, and her dark eyes are still suggested with her smile.

在很长一段时间里，这些雕像被公认为是法国 12 世纪或 13 世纪早期最高艺术技巧的代表。它们的确有一种尊贵优雅的魅力，而这正是后来大部分作品所缺乏的。这部分归功于其真正的高贵特征，但主要还在于极薄的纱织物的下垂线条所营造出来的优雅与严肃共存的氛围；同时也要归功于对混合区域的精心润色，使得装饰的每一个部分都能与其他

部分达到细致入微的和谐。但是它们对宗教思想某些基调的影响力产生于其中明显的非自然主义，我对此并不赞赏——被夸张了的身体的单薄和姿势的僵硬是错误的，但这些是高贵的错误，使雕像看上去很奇怪地成为建筑本身的一部分，并支撑起这座建筑——不像希腊的女像柱那样看上去轻而易举，也不像文艺复兴时代的女像柱那样看上去很痛苦甚至不堪重负——而是就好像所有那些沉静的、无情的、冷漠的东西，以及在心灵面对尘世的恐怖而产生的寒意中变得僵硬的东西都融进了永恒的大理石雕刻的模型中。就这样，为了支撑起人间教堂的柱子，圣灵将天堂中不再需要的所有耐心和期望奉献了出来。以上有关这些雕塑的意义的观点是基于先验主义的。有关这点我不再详细论述。我想说的是它们所蕴含的纯粹自然和生命的力量。它们都是肖像——我相信这些人物大部分都不知名——但却是显而易见、毫无疑问的肖像，即使不是按照雕像所刻画的真人创作出来的，也肯定是研究了某一个现实中的人物，这个人物的特征可能正好表现出创作者所要刻画的国王或圣徒的形象。我猜这些雕塑所刻画的人物有些是真实的：有一位皇后，活着的时候，以一双明亮的黑眼睛而闻名。雕刻家在石头上刻她的眼睛时，把虹膜刻得很深，仍然能使人联想到她带着微笑的黑眼睛。

There is another thing I wish you to notice specially in these statues—the way in which the floral moulding is associated with the vertical lines of the figure. You have thus the utmost complexity and richness of curvature set side by side with the pure and delicate parallel lines, and both the characters gain in interest and beauty; but there is deeper significance in the thing than that of mere effect in composition;—significance not intended on the part of the sculptor, but all the more valuable because unintentional. I mean the close association of the beauty of lower nature in animals and flowers, with the beauty of higher nature in human form. You never get this in Greek work. Greek statues are always isolated; blank fields of stone, or depths of shadow, relieving the form of the statue, as the world of lower nature which they despised retired in darkness from their hearts. Here, the clothed figure seems the type of the Christian spirit—in many respects feebler and more contracted—but purer; clothed in its white robes and crown, and with the riches of all creation at its side.

关于这些雕像，还有一件事我要提醒你们特别注意——那就是花饰装饰线与人像垂直线条结合的方式。得益于这种结合方式，你们才能看到最纷繁复杂的曲线与最单纯精致的平行线共存，并且这种结合为彼此增加了趣味和美感。但除了混合出来的效果，这种结合还有更深层的意义——这里的意义不是雕刻家刻意营造出来的，而正因为出于无心，才变得更加可贵。我指的是动植物的低级自然之美与人类形体高级自然之美之间的紧密结合。你永远不会在希腊的作品中发现这一点。希腊雕像总是孤立的；空白的石面或是深深浅浅的阴影中浮现出雕像的形状，就好像他们所鄙视的低级自然世界已经从他们的心中退隐到黑暗之中。但

在这些雕像中，身着服装的人物雕像似乎象征着基督教的精神——在许多方面更虚弱、更瘦小——但也更纯洁，这些雕像穿着白色的长袍，头戴花冠，身边围绕着世间万物。

The next step in the change will be set before you in a moment, merely by comparing this statue from the west front of Chartres with that of the Madonna, from the south transept door of Amiens. (There are many photographs of this door and of its central statue. Its sculpture in the tympanum is farther described in the Fourth Lecture.)

下一阶段的变化马上呈现在你们面前，只需要比较一下沙特尔大教堂西面前墙的这座雕像和亚眠教堂南面十字型翼部门上的圣母马利亚像就可以了。（有关这扇门和它中间雕像的图片很多。在第四篇演讲中我还会进一步描述门楣中心的雕刻。——作者注）

This Madonna, with the sculpture round her, represents the culminating power of Gothic art in the thirteenth century. Sculpture has been gaining continually in the interval; gaining, simply because becoming every day more truthful, more tender, and more suggestive. By the way, the old Douglas motto, "Tender and true," may wisely be taken up again by all of us, for our own, in art no less than in other things. Depend upon it, the first universal characteristic of all great art is Tenderness, as the second is Truth. I find this more and more every day: an infinitude of tenderness is the chief gift and inheritance of all the truly great men. It is sure to involve a relative intensity of disdain towards base things, and an appearance of sternness and arrogance in the eyes of all hard, stupid, and vulgar people—quite terrific to such, if they are capable of terror, and hateful to them, if they are capable of nothing higher than hatred. Dante's is the great type of this class of mind. I say the first inheritance is Tenderness—the second Truth, because the Tenderness is in the make of the creature, the Truth in his acquired habits and knowledge; besides, the love comes first in dignity as well as in time, and that is always pure and complete: the truth, at best, imperfect.

这尊被雕刻品环绕的圣母马利亚像，代表了 13 世纪哥特艺术的最高成就。在此期间，雕刻水平一直在不断提高；这种提高，不过是因为每天都更真实、更敏感、更具启发性。顺便提一下，我们大家可以明智地将“敏感与真实”这句古老的道格拉斯格言为我所用，它不仅适用于艺术，也适用于其他领域。基于此，所有伟大艺术的第一个普遍特征是敏感，而第二个就是真实。我日益体会到了这一点：极度敏感是所有真正伟大的人所拥有的最重要的才能和天赋。在所有冷酷、愚蠢和粗俗的人看来，这当然会引起他们对低级事物相对强烈的鄙视和让他们摆出严肃、傲慢的外表——这些俗人很恐惧这些，如果他们还有能力恐惧的话；他们很憎恨这些，如果他们除了憎恨再无更高级的感情的话。但丁的作品是刻画这类人思想的杰出典范。我说敏感是第一位的天赋——真

实是第二位的，因为人类生来敏感，真实则是通过后天的习惯和知识形成的。此外，在高贵的品德里和漫长的时间中，最重要的永远是纯洁、完整的爱，而真实，无论如何，都是不完美的。

To come back to our statue. You will observe that the arrangement of this sculpture is exactly the same as at Chartres—severe falling drapery, set off by rich floral ornament at the side; but the statue is now completely animated: it is no longer fixed as an upright pillar, but bends aside out of its niche, and the floral ornament, instead of being a conventional wreath, is of exquisitely arranged hawthorn. The work, however, as a whole, though perfectly characteristic of the advance of the age in style and purpose, is in some subtler qualities inferior to that of Chartres. The individual sculptor, though trained in a more advanced school, has been himself a man of inferior order of mind compared to the one who worked at Chartres. But I have not time to point out to you the subtler characters by which I know this.

回到我们刚才谈论的雕像。你会发现这座雕塑的布局和沙特尔大教堂的那些完全一样——下垂的朴素衣服，以及边上映衬的华丽花饰，但这座雕像完全栩栩如生：不再像一根直立的柱子一样被固定，而是探出了壁龛；花饰，也由巧妙布置的山楂花图案取代了传统的花环图案。虽然，就整体而言，这件艺术品完美地体现了那个时代艺术风格和目的的发展，但是在某些微妙的细节特征上，它还比不上沙特尔大教堂的作品。完成这件作品的雕刻家，虽然曾在更高等的院校学习，但和那位沙特尔大教堂的雕刻家相比，思想的条理性还是略逊一筹。但由于时间关系，我不能给你们指出那些微妙的细节特征了。

This statue, then, marks the culminating point of Gothic art, because, up to this time, the eyes of its designers had been steadily fixed on natural truth—they had been advancing from flower to flower, from form to form, from face to face,—gaining perpetually in knowledge and veracity—therefore, perpetually in power and in grace. But at this point a fatal change came over their aim. From the statue they now began to turn the attention chiefly to the niche of the statue, and from the floral ornament to the mouldings that enclosed the floral ornament. The first result of this was, however, though not the grandest, yet the most finished of northern genius. You have, in the earlier Gothic, less wonderful construction, less careful masonry, far less expression of harmony of parts in the balance of the building. Earlier work always has more or less of the character of a good solid wall with irregular holes in it, well carved wherever there was room. But the last phase of good Gothic has no room to spare; it rises as high as it can on narrowest foundation, stands in perfect strength with the least possible substance in its bars; connects niche with niche, and line with line, in an exquisite harmony, from which no stone can be

removed, and to which you can add not a pinnacle; and yet introduces in rich, though now more calculated profusion, the living element of its sculpture: sculpture in the quatrefoils—sculpture in the brackets—sculpture in the gargoyles—sculpture in the niches—sculpture in the ridges and hollows of its mouldings,—not a shadow without meaning, and not a light without life. (The two transepts of Rouen Cathedral illustrate this style. There are plenty of photographs of them. I take this opportunity of repeating what I have several times before stated, for the sake of travellers, that St. Ouen, impressive as it is, is entirely inferior to the transepts of Rouen Cathedral.) But with this very perfection of his work came the unhappy pride of the builder in what he had done. As long as he had been merely raising clumsy walls and carving them, like a child, in waywardness of fancy, his delight was in the things he thought of as he carved; but when he had once reached this pitch of constructive science, he began to think only how cleverly he could put the stones together. The question was not now with him, What can I represent? but, How high can I build—how wonderfully can I hang this arch in air, or weave this tracery across the clouds? And the catastrophe was instant and irrevocable. Architecture became in France a mere web of waving lines,—in England a mere grating of perpendicular ones. Redundance was substituted for invention, and geometry for passion; the Gothic art became a mere expression of wanton expenditure, and vulgar mathematics; and was swept away, as it then deserved to be swept away, by the severer pride, and purer learning, of the schools founded on classical traditions.

这座雕像就标志着哥特风格艺术的最高成就，因为迄今为止，设计者的目光一直牢牢地盯着自然中的真实事物——从一朵花到另一朵，从一种形式到另一种，从一张脸到另一张，他们一直在进步——不断汲取知识和提高作品的真实度——因此，其作品的力量与优雅也不断增加。但就在此时，他们的目标发生了重大变化。他们将主要注意力从雕像本身转移到雕像的壁龛，从花饰本身转移到花饰周边的线脚。这一变化产生的第一个结果是北方天才创作出的虽不是最伟大，但却是最精美的艺术品。在哥特艺术早期，建筑没有这么精美，石工没有这么精细，各部分与建筑整体的平衡也没有表现得这么和谐。早期的作品总是或多或少有这样一个特征：一面平整、坚固的墙上，有几个不规则的洞，只要在空出来的地方都有精美的雕刻。但在好的哥特艺术发展后期，已经没有多余的空间了，在非常狭窄的地基上，它尽可能地加高，用尽可能少的材料使它站牢；壁龛与壁龛之间、线条与线条之间的连接非常和谐，没有一块多余的石头，哪怕是一个小尖塔，你也加不进去。它引入了大量的、而且在今天看来却更加恰到好处的丰富元素，即其雕刻作品的生活元素：四叶饰上的雕刻、支架上的雕刻、怪兽形滴水嘴上的雕刻、壁龛上的雕刻以及装饰线条凹凸不平处的雕刻，没有一丝阴影是没有意义的，没有一道光线是没有生命的。（鲁昂大教堂两个十字型翼部就表现了这种风格。有很多关于这两个翼部的图片。我借这个机会再重复一次

我曾多次说过的话，对于旅行者来说，虽然圣旺很吸引人，但它远不及鲁昂大教堂的十字翼。——作者注）但是伴随着这种完美的艺术品而来的是建造者对自己作品不幸的骄傲。只要他还只是在建筮重的墙，像孩子一样凭着想象去雕刻它们，他的快乐就来自于他认为自己所雕刻的事物上。但是，一旦他达到了建筑科学的这个高度，他就开始只想着如何巧妙地将这些石头放在一起了。他现在已经不再思考这个问题了，我能表现什么？而是想着我能建多高——我如何能巧妙地将这个拱门吊在空中，或者将花饰窗格穿过云彩？灾难就这样迅速而不可挽回地发生了。建筑，在法国成为仅仅是波浪线织成的网；在英格兰则变成了仅仅是垂直线条组成的栅栏。重复冗余代替了创造，几何学代替了激情；哥特艺术变成了纯粹表现奢靡生活和低等数学的东西；然后，在应该被毁灭的时候，被更严重的骄傲和更纯粹的学问从建立在古典传统上的流派中清除了出去。

You cannot now fail to see how, throughout the history of this wonderful art—from its earliest dawn in Lombardy to its last catastrophe in France and England—sculpture, founded on love of nature, was the talisman of its existence; wherever sculpture was practised, architecture arose—wherever that was neglected, architecture expired; and, believe me, all you students who love this mediaeval art, there is no hope of your ever doing any good with it, but on this everlasting principle. Your patriotic associations with it are of no use; your romantic associations with it—either of chivalry or religion—are of no use; they are worse than useless, they are false. Gothic is not an art for knights and nobles; it is an art for the people: it is not an art for churches or sanctuaries; it is an art for houses and homes: it is not an art for England only, but an art for the world: above all, it is not an art of form or tradition only, but an art of vital practice and perpetual renewal. And whosoever pleads for it as an ancient or a formal thing, and tries to teach it you as an ecclesiastical tradition or a geometrical science, knows nothing of its essence, less than nothing of its power.

透过这派奇妙艺术的发展历史——从伦巴第地区的早期萌芽到在法国和英格兰的最终毁灭——你们现在不难发现，建筑在对自然的爱之上的雕刻，是这种艺术得以生存的护身符；只要有雕刻的地方，建筑就会兴起，而雕刻被忽视的地方，建筑就会消亡。请相信我，你们所有热爱这一中世纪艺术的学生，离开这永恒法则，你们永远不会在建筑方面有所成就。在这个领域里，你的爱国热情没有用；你的浪漫情怀——无论是骑士精神的还是宗教信仰的——没有用；这些比毫无用处更糟糕，它们是虚假的。哥特风格不是骑士或贵族的艺术，而是人民的艺术；不是服务于教堂和圣所的艺术，而是用于房屋和家庭的艺术；它不仅是英格兰的艺术，而是全世界的艺术；最重要的是，它不仅是一门形式或传统的艺术，而是一门基于生活的实践和不断更新的艺术。如果有人辩解说这是一门古老或形式的艺术，并且试图把它当成一项基督教传统或几何

科学来教你们，那么他根本对哥特艺术的本质一无所知，更不懂得这一艺术的力量所在。

Leave, therefore, boldly, though not irreverently, mysticism and symbolism on the one side; cast away with utter scorn geometry and legalism on the other; seize hold of God's hand, and look full in the face of His creation, and there is nothing He will not enable you to achieve.

因此，大胆而不失尊重地将神秘主义和象征主义放到一边吧；将几何学和宗教主义完全蔑视地扫到另一边；抓住上帝的手，认真观察上帝创造的万物，没有什么是上帝不能让你获得的。

Thus, then, you will find—and the more profound and accurate your knowledge of the history of art the more assuredly you will find—that the living power in all the real schools, be they great or small, is love of nature. But do not mistake me by supposing that I mean this law to be all that is necessary to form a school. There needs to be much superadded to it, though there never must be anything superseding it. The main thing which needs to be superadded is the gift of design.

这样你就会发现——你对艺术史的了解越深刻、越精确，你就越有把握发现——无论大小，所有真正流派的生命力都来源于对自然的热爱。但不要误认为我的意思是这条法则是形成一个流派的所有必要条件。除此之外，还需要很多条件，虽然永远没有任何事物能替代这条法则。需要添加的条件中，最主要的是设计的天赋。

It is always dangerous, and liable to diminish the clearness of impression, to go over much ground in the course of one lecture. But I dare not present you with a maimed view of this important subject: I dare not put off to another time, when the same persons would not be again assembled, the statement of the great collateral necessity which, as well as the necessity of truth, governs all noble art.

在一篇演讲中，涉及面太广总是危险的，容易削弱表达的清晰度。但对于这一重要的主题，我不敢只给你们一个残缺的观点：我不敢拖到下次，因为那时的听众很可能就不是同一批人了。我想说的是显著的附加必要性和真实必然性共同支配着所有高尚的艺术。

That collateral necessity is the visible operation of human intellect in the presentation of truth, the evidence of what is properly called design or plan in the work, no less than of veracity. A looking-glass does not design—it receives and communicates indiscriminately all that passes before it; a painter designs when he chooses some things, refuses others, and arranges all.

附加必要性是指在表现真实时可以看到的人类智慧是一种在艺术创作被更恰当地称为构思或设计的痕迹，一点也不逊于真实的迹象。一面

镜子是不会设计的——它只是接收和不加选择地将所有经过自己面前的事物表达出来；而一位画家则不同，他会选择一些事物，拒绝另一些事物，整理所有事物，这才是设计。

This selection and arrangement must have influence over everything that the art is concerned with, great or small—over lines, over colours, and over ideas. Given a certain group of colours, by adding another colour at the side of them, you will either improve the group and render it more delightful, or injure it, and render it discordant and unintelligible. "Design" is the choosing and placing the colour so as to help and enhance all the other colours it is set beside. So of thoughts: in a good composition, every idea is presented in just that order, and with just that force, which will perfectly connect it with all the other thoughts in the work, and will illustrate the others as well as receive illustration from them; so that the entire chain of thoughts offered to the beholder's mind shall be received by him with as much delight and with as little effort as is possible. And thus you see design, properly so called, is human invention, consulting human capacity. Out of the infinite heap of things around us in the world, it chooses a certain number which it can thoroughly grasp, and presents this group to the spectator in the form best calculated to enable him to grasp it also, and to grasp it with delight.

这种选择和安排必然会影响一切与这项艺术相关的大小事物——线条、色彩和思想等。比如，在某一组色彩的旁边添加另一种色彩，要么会改进原来那组色彩，让它看起来更赏心悦目；要么会破坏原来的色彩，使它变得不和谐，让人觉得莫名其妙。“设计”就是选择和放置一种色彩，使其能够弥补和提升周围其他色彩。思想也是如此：一篇好的作品中，每一个观点都能完美地与作品中其他观点相联系，并且能互相印证，都恰恰是按照这样一种顺序，恰恰是运用这样一种力量来呈现的。这样，整个思路呈现给读者时，才能让他体会到尽可能多的快乐，花费尽可能少的气力。因此，你就能理解设计，这一恰当的称呼，就是人的创造力，需要借助人类的能力。在环绕在我们身边无尽的世界万物中，设计者选择一些他能完全领会的事物，并将这些事物以最恰到好处的形式展现给观众，使观众也能领会，并从中获得快乐。

And accordingly, the capacities of both gatherer and receiver being limited, the object is to make everything that you offer helpful and precious. If you give one grain of weight too much, so as to increase fatigue without profit, or bulk without value—that added grain is hurtful: if you put one spot or one syllable out of its proper place, that spot or syllable will be destructive—how far destructive it is almost impossible to tell: a misplaced touch may sometimes annihilate the labour of hours. Nor are any of us prepared to understand the work of any great master, till we feel this, and feel it as distinctly as we do the value of arrangement in the notes of music.

Take any noble musical air, and you find, on examining it, that not one even of the faintest or shortest notes can be removed without destruction to the whole passage in which it occurs; and that every note in the passage is twenty times more beautiful so introduced, than it would have been if played singly on the instrument. Precisely this degree of arrangement and relation must exist between every touch (Literally. I know how exaggerated this statement sounds; but I mean it, —every syllable of it.—See Appendix IV.) and line in a great picture. You may consider the whole as a prolonged musical composition: its parts, as separate airs connected in the story; its little bits and fragments of colour and line, as separate passages or bars in melodies; and down to the minutest note of the whole—down to the minutest touch, —if there is one that can be spared—that one is doing mischief.

鉴于传输者和接收者的能力都有限，设计的目标是使你提供的一切都有益且珍贵。如果你多加了一分重量，就会费力不讨好，或者徒劳无功——这多加的一分就是有害的。如果你放错了一个点或一个音节，那个点或音节就是破坏性的——破坏性有多大很难说：一点小小的错误有时可能会毁了几个小时的工作。除非能感受到这一点，并且像感受乐谱中音符的顺序的意义一样准确无误地体会艺术中的设计，否则我们中就没有人作好了去理解任何一位大师作品的准备。以任意一首高贵的曲子为例，仔细研究，你会发现，哪怕去掉一个最弱或最短的音符，也会破坏整篇音乐；在一节乐曲中每一个音符都比它单独演奏时动听许多。一幅伟大的画作里，每一笔（字面意。我知道这听起来有点夸张，但我就是这样认为的——每一个音节。见附录四。——作者注）、每一划都必须有如此精确的安排和联系。你可以把艺术设计整体看成一首长篇音乐作品：各个部分就像不同的旋律那样在故事中联系起来；色块和线条的片断就像歌曲里的独立篇章或小节；如果有一点是多余的，那就深入到整首曲子最短的音符中——深入到最细微的笔画中——就是那一点在作祟。

Remember therefore always, you have two characters in which all greatness of art consists:—First, the earnest and intense seizing of natural facts; then the ordering those facts by strength of human intellect, so as to make them, for all who look upon them, to the utmost serviceable, memorable, and beautiful. And thus great art is nothing else than the type of strong and noble life; for, as the ignoble person, in his dealings with all that occurs in the world about him, first sees nothing clearly,—looks nothing fairly in the face, and then allows himself to be swept away by the trampling torrent, and unescapable force, of the things that he would not foresee, and could not understand: so the noble person, looking the facts of the world full in the face, and fathoming them with deep faculty, then deals with them in unalarmed intelligence and unhurried strength, and becomes,

with his human intellect and will, no unconscious nor insignificant agent in consummating their good, and restraining their evil.

所以请永远记得，所有伟大的艺术都包含两个特征：首先，热切地紧抓自然事实；然后，用人类智慧的力量调整那些事实，使它们从观赏者的角度看来，最有用、最值得记忆、最美丽。因此，伟大的艺术就是强大而高贵的生命。卑贱的人，面对周围发生的事情，起初是什么都看不清——从不公正地正视任何事物，然后面对那些不能预见也不能理解的事物，他就任由自己被奔腾的洪流和逃脱不掉的力量所左右。而高贵的人，则可以全面正视世间的事实，深刻地思考，然后用处变不惊的智慧和从容不迫的力量来应对，并且凭借自己人类的智慧和意志，他止恶修善，成为有思想的和重要的人物。

Thus in human life you have the two fields of rightful toil for ever distinguished, yet for ever associated; Truth first—plan, or design, founded thereon: so in art, you have the same two fields for ever distinguished, for ever associated; Truth first—plan, or design, founded thereon.

因此在人的一生中有两个领域需要辛勤耕耘，它们永远相互独立而又彼此联系：真实是第一位的——在此基础上才有计划或设计。艺术也一样，有两个永远相互区别而又永远彼此联系的方面：真实是第一位的——在此基础上才有计划或设计。

Now hitherto there is not the least difficulty in the subject; none of you can look for a moment at any great sculptor or painter without seeing the full bearing of these principles. But a difficulty arises when you come to examine the art of a lower order, concerned with furniture and manufacture, for in that art the element of design enters without, apparently, the element of truth. You have often to obtain beauty and display invention without direct representation of nature. Yet, respecting all these things also, the principle is perfectly simple. If the designer of furniture, of cups and vases, of dress patterns, and the like, exercises himself continually in the imitation of natural form in some leading division of his work; then, holding by this stem of life, he may pass down into all kinds of merely geometrical or formal design with perfect safety, and with noble results. (This principle, here cursorily stated, is one of the chief subjects of inquiry in the following Lectures.) ThusGiotto[10], being primarily a figure painter and sculptor, is, secondarily, the richest of all designers in mere mosaic of coloured bars and triangles; thus Benvenuto Cellini[11], being in all the higher branches of metal work a perfect imitator of nature, is in all its lower branches the best designer of curve for lips of cups and handles of vases; thus Holbein[12], exercised primarily in the noble art of truthful portraiture, becomes, secondarily, the most exquisite designer of embroideries of robe, and blazonries on wall; and thus Michael Angelo, exercised primarily in the drawing of body and limb,

distributes in the mightiest masses the order of his pillars, and in the loftiest shadow the hollows of his dome. But once quit hold of this living stem, and set yourself to the designing of ornamentation, either in the ignorant play of your own heartless fancy, as the Indian does, or according to received application of heartless laws, as the modern European does, and there is but one word for you—Death:—death of every healthy faculty, and of every noble intelligence, incapacity of understanding one great work that man has ever done, or of doing anything that it shall be helpful for him to behold. You have cut yourselves off voluntarily, presumptuously, insolently, from the whole teaching of your Maker in His universe; you have cut yourselves off from it, not because you were forced to mechanical labour for your bread—not because your fate had appointed you to wear away your life in walled chambers, or dig your life out of dusty furrows; but, when your whole profession, your whole occupation—all the necessities and chances of your existence, led you straight to the feet of the great Teacher, and thrust you into the treasury of His works; where you have nothing to do but to live by gazing, and to grow by wondering; —wilfully you bind up your eyes from the splendour—wilfully bind up your life-blood from its beating—wilfully turn your backs upon all the majesties of Omnipotence—wilfully snatch your hands from all the aids of love; and what can remain for you, but helplessness and blindness, —except the worse fate than the being blind yourselves—that of becoming Leaders of the blind?

那么现在这个主题已经不再是什么难题了，你们大家只要审视片刻任何一位伟大的雕刻家或画家，都会发现他们受到了这些原则的充分影响。但是当你开始审视较低层次的艺术时，比如家具和产品制造，就会发现问题。因为在这种艺术中，设计显然并没有融入真实的元素。很多时候，为了获得美感和展示创造力，你不得不放弃自然的直接表现。不过，关于所有这些事物的原则其实也非常简单。家具、茶杯、花瓶、服装样式等设计者，在他工作的某些重点领域中，如果能不断模仿自然的形式，那么他就抓住了艺术生命的主干，就能够相当稳妥地运用各种纯粹的几何或形式的设计，并取得显著的成果。（这项原则，在此粗略带过。下面的几篇演讲中，这将是其中的一个主要话题。——作者注）正因为如此，乔托除了主要是一位伟大的画家和雕刻家之外，在彩色格子和三角形组成的单纯马赛克图案设计者中也是经.验最丰富的；本韦努托切利尼不但是高层次金属工艺领域内一位完美的自然模仿者，在低层次艺术形式中，也是设计杯口弧线和花瓶手柄的高手；霍尔拜因主要在绘制真人肖像画这一高贵艺术领域内创作，但在长袍刺绣和墙壁徽章方面也是最精巧的设计者；而米开朗琪罗，首要的成就是画人类的身体和四肢，同时，在最庞大的建筑的柱形设计和最恢宏的教堂圆顶中空的阴影区域设计上也显示了非凡的实力。但是，一旦放开紧抓着艺术生命主干的手，置身于装饰物的设计，无论是像印度人那样无知地玩弄自己毫无生气的幻想，还是像现代欧洲人那样依据死气沉沉的法则进行创作，你

都只能得到一个词——死亡：每一种健康的能力和每一种高尚的智慧都将死去，你将无法理解任何一种人类伟大的艺术，也无法创作出任何可以让人理解的作品。你自愿、专横、傲慢地切断了自己和上帝对宇宙万物的教诲的联系。你切断了这种联系，不是因为谋生所迫，不得不依靠机械劳动；不是因为命运指定你将生命消磨在四面是墙的房间里，也不是因为你要靠刨土为生；而是因为，当你的整个职业，你的全部工作——你存在的所有必要条件和机遇——引领你直接来到伟大导师的脚下，将你投入他的艺术宝库时，你就只能注视和不断惊叹。面对耀眼的光芒，你故意闭上自己的眼睛；面对他的脉动，你故意束缚自己的生命力；面对万能上帝的无限权威，你故意不予理睬；面对所有爱的帮助，你故意抽回自己的手；除了无助和盲目以外，你还有什么？而比自己变得盲目更悲惨的命运是成为盲目者的领袖。

Do not think that I am speaking under excited feeling, or in any exaggerated terms. I have written the words I use, that I may know what I say, and that you, if you choose, may see what I have said. For, indeed, I have set before you to-night, to the best of my power, the sum and substance of the system of art to the promulgation of which I have devoted my life hitherto, and intend to devote what of life may still be spared to me. I have had but one steady aim in all that I have ever tried to teach, namely—to declare that whatever was great in human art was the expression of man's delight in God's work.

不要认为我是一时激动才这样说，也不要认为我在夸大其词。我的用词都是事先写下来的，我知道自己说的是什么。而你们，如果愿意，也可以明白我说的是什么。因为，今晚我的确是尽全力将艺术体系的总体和主旨介绍给你们。我一直致力于传播这些理念，余生也打算继续投身其中。一直以来我努力传授的所有思想中，只有一个坚定的目标，那就是——表明人类艺术中的一切伟大之处都是人类对上帝杰作的喜爱之情的表达。

And at this time I have endeavoured to prove to you—if you investigate the subject you may more entirely prove to yourselves—that no school ever advanced far which had not the love of natural fact as a primal energy. But it is still more important for you to be assured that the conditions of life and death in the art of nations are also the conditions of life and death in your own; and that you have it, each in his power at this very instant, to determine in which direction his steps are turning. It seems almost a terrible thing to tell you, that all here have all the power of knowing at once what hope there is for them as artists; you would, perhaps, like better that there was some unremovable doubt about the chances of the future—some possibility that you might be advancing, in unconscious ways, towards unexpected successes—some excuse or reason for going about, as students do so often, to this master or the other, asking him if they have genius, and whether they are doing right, and gathering, from

his careless or formal replies, vague flashes of encouragement, or fitfulnesses of despair. There is no need for this—no excuse for it. All of you have the trial of yourselves in your own power; each may undergo at this instant, before his own judgement seat, the ordeal by fire. Ask yourselves what is the leading motive which actuates you while you are at work. I do not ask you what your leading motive is for working—that is a different thing; you may have families to support—parents to help—brides to win; you may have all these, or other such sacred and pre-eminent motives, to press the morning's labour and prompt the twilight thought. But when you are fairly at the work, what is the motive then which tells upon every touch of it? If it is the love of that which your work represents—if, being a landscape painter, it is love of hills and trees that moves you—if, being a figure painter, it is love of human beauty and human soul that moves you—if, being a flower or animal painter, it is love, and wonder, and delight in petal and in limb that move you, then the Spirit is upon you, and the earth is yours, and the fulness thereof. But if, on the other hand, it is petty self-complacency in your own skill, trust in precepts and laws, hope for academical or popular approbation, or avarice of wealth, —it is quite possible that by steady industry, or even by fortunate chance, you may win the applause, the position, the fortune, that you desire; —but one touch of true art you will never lay on canvas or on stone as long as you live.

这次，我竭力向你们证明——如果你仔细研究这一主题，就会更确信——不把对自然事实的爱作为首要能量，任何一个流派都不会有大发展。但更重要的是，你们要确信各国艺术生存和死亡的条件也同样适用于你们自己的艺术生命；确信此时此刻你们拥有生死两种力量来决定自己艺术生命的走向。有件似乎有些可怕的事要告诉你们，所有在场的人都能马上知道自己是否有希望成为艺术家；你们可能更愿意自己的未来存在某些不可避免的不确定因素——某些你们可能会在无意中取得意外成功的可能性——像学生们经常做的那样，用某些借口和理由靠近这位或那位大师，询问自己是否有天赋以及现在所做的事情是否正确，然后从大师或随意或正式的答复中，得到含糊其词的几句鼓励或偶尔让人绝望的打击。没有必要这样，也没有理由这样。你们都有审判自己的力量；在自己的审判席座前，每一个人此刻都会经历火的严峻考验。问问自己，工作的时候驱使你的首要动机是什么。我问的不是你工作的首要动机——那是另一回事，你可能要养家，赡养父母，娶老婆；可能有这些，或其他类似的崇高、重要动机，促使你起早贪黑地工作。但是，当你正在工作的时候，促使你一举一动的动机又是什么呢？如果是出于热爱自己的工作所表现的事物——如果作为风景画家，你是因为热爱那些让你感动的山川和树木；如果作为人物画家，你是因为热爱那些让你感动的人类的美貌和灵魂；如果作为动植物画家，你是因为热爱、惊叹和喜爱那些让你感动的花瓣和树枝，那么上帝与你同在，整个世界都是你的，其中的万物也都是你的。但是，如果反过来，是因为你对自己的技

艺自鸣得意，依赖规矩和法则，希望获得学术界或大众的赞许，或者贪图财富——很可能通过持之以恒的勤奋或凭借运气，你会赢得自己渴望的掌声、地位和财富——但你在有生之年将再也不能在画布或石头上创作出真正的艺术作品。

Make, then, your choice, boldly and consciously, for one way or other it must be made. On the dark and dangerous side are set, the pride which delights in self-contemplation—the indolence which rests in unquestioned forms—the ignorance that despises what is fairest among God's creatures, and the dulness that denies what is marvellous in His working: there is a life of monotony for your own souls, and of misguiding for those of others. And, on the other side, is open to your choice the life of the crowned spirit, moving as a light in creation—discovering always—illuminating always, gaining every hour in strength, yet bowed down every hour into deeper humility; sure of being right in its aim, sure of being irresistible in its progress; happy in what it has securely done—happier in what, day by day, it may as securely hope; happiest at the close of life, when the right hand begins to forget its cunning, to remember, that there was never a touch of the chisel or the pencil it wielded, but has added to the knowledge and quickened the happiness of mankind.

那么勇敢、清醒地作出你的选择吧，因为无论如何你必须要选择。黑暗、危险的一边放着的是以沉浸在自我世界为乐的自大——安于墨守成规的懒惰——鄙视上帝最美创造的无知，以及否定上帝非凡杰作的麻木：你自己的灵魂是枯燥无味、还要误导别人的灵魂。而另一边，你可以选择一种拥有尊贵精神的生活，在创造中动如闪电——永远有所发现——永远有所启发，每时每刻力量都在增强，而每时每刻都更加谦逊；确信自己的目标是正确的，确信自己的进步是不可阻挡的；为自己已经确定做到的事情感到高兴——更为自己日复一日安心盼望的事感到高兴；最高兴的是，在生命的尾声，当右手开始慢慢不再灵便时，想起自己每一凿、每一笔都丰富了人类的知识和推动了人类的幸福。

(1) 堡 塔（ 也叫 peel或 者 peel tower）是16世纪时苏格兰和英格兰为防外来入侵而在边界附近建造的。

(2) 克里米亚战争，1853年，为争夺巴尔干半岛的控制权，土耳其、英国、法国、撒丁王国等先后向俄国宣战，战争一直持续到1856年，以俄国的失败而告终。

(3) 欧西里斯，埃及神话中的冥王。

(4) 贝勒斯，希腊神话中的埃及国王。

(5) 密涅瓦，希腊女神雅典娜（智慧和技术及工艺之女神）的罗马名字。

(6) 喀提林（约公元前108—前62），罗马的阴谋叛变者。

(7) 拉 斐 尔（1483-1520),意大利文艺复兴盛期画家、建筑师，主要作品有梵蒂冈宫中的壁画《圣礼的辩论》和《雅典学派》，其他代表作有《西斯庭圣母》、《基督显圣宫》等。

(8) 菲迪亚斯（公元前490-前430）,希腊雅典雕刻家，主要作品有雅典卫城的三座雅典娜纪念像和奥林匹亚宙斯神庙的宙斯坐像。

(9) 达勒姆，英格兰东北部的一座城市。

(10) 乔 托（1267-1337），意大利文艺复兴初期画家、雕塑家和建筑师。

(11) 本韦努托 切利尼（1500-1571），意大利雕塑家、金匠，除雕塑外也从事金币、奖牌等金属制品的制作，代表作有《帕尔修斯》雕像，并写有《自传》。

(12) 霍尔拜因（1497-1543），德国肖像画家和装饰艺术家，英王享利八世御前画师，其名作为木刻集《死亡舞蹈》。

II. The Unity Of Art

二、艺术的统一

Part of an Address (I was prevented by press of other engagements, from preparing this address with the care I wished; and forced to trust such expression as I could give at the moment to the points of principal importance; reading, however, the close of the preceding lecture, which I thought contained some truths that would bear repetition. The whole was reported, better than it deserved, by Mr. Pitman, of the Manchester Courier, and published nearly verbatim. I have here extracted, from the published report, the facts which I wish especially to enforce; and have a little cleared their expression; its loose and colloquial character I cannot now help, unless by re-writing the whole, which it seems not worth while to do.) delivered at Manchester, 14th March, 1859.

1859年3月14日曼彻斯特演讲的一部分（由于当时有其他事务需要处理，我未能像自己希望的那样精心准备这次演讲,不得不依赖当时我可以给出的表达来阐述最重要的几点。但是，请仔细读一下上篇演讲的结尾部分，我认为其中有一些需要重复的真理。整篇演讲由皮特曼先生报道在《曼彻斯特通讯》上，几乎是一字不差，这远远超过了它应有的价值。我从发表的报道中，选取了一些我希望特别强调的事实,稍微整理了一下语言表述,对于这篇演讲松散、口语化的特点，我现在也无能为力。除非把整篇文章重新写一遍，但好像这样做又不值得。——作者注）

IT is sometimes my pleasant duty to visit other cities, in the hope of being able to encourage their art students; but here it is my pleasanter privilege to come for encouragement myself. I do not know when I have received so much as from the report read this evening by Mr. Hammersley, bearing upon a subject which has caused me great anxiety. For I have always felt in my own pursuit of art, and in my endeavors to urge the pursuit of art on others, that while there are many advantages now that never existed before, there are certain grievous difficulties existing, just in the very cause that is giving the stimulus to art—in the immense spread of the manufactures of every country which is now attending vigorously to art. We find that manufacture and art are now going on always together; that where there is no manufacture there is no art. I know how much there is of pretended art where there is no manufacture: there is much in Italy, for instance; no country makes so bold pretence to the production of new art as Italy at this moment; yet no country produces so little. If you glance over the map of Europe, you will find that where the

manufactures are strongest, there art also is strongest. And yet I always felt that there was an immense difficulty to be encountered by the students who were in these centres of modern movement. They had to avoid the notion that art and manufacture were in any respect one. Art may be healthily associated with manufacture, and probably in future will always be so; but the student must be strenuously warned against supposing that they can ever be one and the same thing, that art can ever be followed on the principles of manufacture. Each must be followed separately; the one must influence the other, but each must be kept distinctly separate from the other.

访问其他城市，有时对我来说是件愉快的事情，因为期待着能鼓励这些城市学艺术的学生。而更愉快的是，这次能荣幸地来到这里，这是对我自己的鼓励。我没有想到，能从今晚哈默斯利先生朗读的报告中得到如此多的收获，这篇报告触及了一个给我带来极大困扰的话题。在自己追求艺术的过程中以及在我努力推动别人追求艺术的过程中，我一直觉得虽然现在艺术有很多过去从未有过的优势，但同时也存在一些令人担忧的困难，而困难恰恰出在刺激艺术发展的因素上——生产制造业在各个国家得到极大传播，现在正在神采奕奕地伸向艺术。我们发现制造业和艺术现在总是并行发展；没有制造业的地方就没有艺术。我知道没有制造业的地方，有很多伪艺术，比如意大利就有很多；现在，没有哪个国家像意大利一样，如此厚颜地假装出产新的艺术，产量却如此低。如果你看一看欧洲地图，你就会发现制造业最发达的地方，当地的艺术也最发达。而且我以前总认为身处这些现代运动中心的学生们将面临一个巨大的难题。他们必须避免在任何一方面将艺术和制造混为一谈的想法。艺术可能会与制造业有益地联系起来，而且未来很可能会一直联系起来；但是，必须有人来竭尽全力地对学生提出忠告，不要让学生以为两者是同一种或同样的事物，制造业的原则同样适用于艺术。两者遵循的原则必须是独立的；一者必然会影响另一者，但彼此又必须清清楚楚地分开。

It would be well if all students would keep clearly in their mind the real distinction between those words which we use so often, "Manufacture," "Art," and "Fine Art." "MANUFACTURE" is, according to the etymology and right use of the word, "the making of anything by hands,"—directly or indirectly, with or without the help of instruments or machines. Anything proceeding from the hand of man is manufacture; but it must have proceeded from his hand only, acting mechanically, and uninfluenced at the moment by direct intelligence.

如果所有的学生都能在头脑中清楚地分辨“制造”、“艺术”、“美艺术”这些常用词之间的真正区别，那就是个好现象。根据词源学和词语的正确使用意义，“制造”是指“手工制作”——直接地或间接地，借助或不借助工具或机器。任何出自人类之手的东西都是制成品，但必须是仅仅用手机械地生产，并且同时没有受到直接智慧的影响。

Then, secondly, ART is the operation of the hand and the

intelligence of man together; there is an art of making machinery; there is an art of building ships; an art of making carriages; and so on. All these, properly called Arts, but not Fine Arts, are pursuits in which the hand of man and his head go together, working at the same instant.

第二个词，“艺术”是人的双手和智慧的协作运行；有生产机器的艺术，有建造船舰的艺术，有制造四轮马车的艺术，等等。所有这些，被恰当地称为艺术，但不是美艺术。这些都是人的双手和头脑一起运转、同时工作所追求的艺术。

Then FINE ART is that in which the hand, the head, and the heart of man go together.

然后，“美艺术”是人的双手、头脑和心灵共同的成果。

Recollect this triple group; it will help you to solve many difficult problems. And remember that though the hand must be at the bottom of everything, it must also go to the top of everything; for Fine Art must be produced by the hand of man in a much greater and clearer sense than manufacture is. Fine Art must always be produced by the subtlest of all machines, which is the human hand. No machine yet contrived, or hereafter contrivable, will ever equal the fine machinery of the human fingers. Thoroughly perfect art is that which proceeds from the heart, which involves all the noble emotions;—associates with these the head, yet as inferior to the heart; and the hand, yet as inferior to the heart and head; and thus brings out the whole man.

记住这三个术语，这能帮你解决很多难题。还要记住，手是每件物品产生的基础，每件物品必须依赖手才能成为艺术品，因为与制造业相比，美艺术需要更高超、更精纯的手工。美艺术必须由最精细的机器来制造，也就是人类的双手。已有的和将来能发明出来的任何机器都比不上人类的手指。最完美的艺术产生于心灵，包含所有高尚的情感——仅次于心灵的是大脑创作出的艺术；再次一些的是双手创作出的艺术；三者一起呈现出完整的人。

Hence it follows that since Manufacture is simply the operation of the hand of man in producing that which is useful to him, it essentially separates itself from the emotions; when emotions interfere with machinery they spoil it: machinery must go evenly, without emotion. But the Fine Arts cannot go evenly; they always must have emotion ruling their mechanism, and until the pupil begins to feel, and until all he does associates itself with the current of his feeling, he is not an artist. But pupils in all the schools in this country are now exposed to all kinds of temptations which blunt their feelings. I constantly feel discouraged in addressing them because I know not how to tell them boldly what they ought to do, when I feel how practically difficult it is for them to do it. There are all sorts of

demands made upon them in every direction, and money is to be made in every conceivable way but the right way. If you paint as you ought, and study as you ought, depend upon it the public will take no notice of you for a long while. If you study wrongly, and try to draw the attention of the public upon you, —supposing you to be clever students—you will get swift reward; but the reward does not come fast when it is sought wisely; it is always held aloof for a little while; the right roads of early life are very quiet ones, hedged in from nearly all help or praise. But the wrong roads are noisy, —vociferous everywhere with all kinds of demand upon you for art which is not properly art at all; and in the various meetings of modern interests, money is to be made in every way; but art is to be followed only in one way. That is what I want mainly to say to you, or if not to you yourselves (for, from what I have heard from your excellent master to-night, I know you are going on all rightly), you must let me say it through you to others. Our Schools of Art are confused by the various teaching and various interests that are now abroad among us. Everybody is talking about art, and writing about it, and more or less interested in it; everybody wants art, and there is not art for everybody, and few who talk know what they are talking about; thus students are led in all variable ways, while there is only one way in which they can make steady progress, for true art is always and will be always one. Whatever changes may be made in the customs of society, whatever new machines we may invent, whatever new manufactures we may supply, Fine Art must remain what it was two thousand years ago, in the days of Phidias; two thousand years hence, it will be, in all its principles, and in all its great effects upon the mind of man, just the same. Observe this that I say, please, carefully, for I mean it to the very utmost. There is but one right way of doing any given thing required of an artist; there may be a hundred wrong, deficient, or mannered ways, but there is only one complete and right way. Whenever two artists are trying to do the same thing with the same materials, and do it in different ways, one of them is wrong; he may be charmingly wrong, or impressively wrong—various circumstances in his temper may make his wrong pleasanter than any person's right; it may for him, under his given limitations of knowledge or temper, be better perhaps that he should err in his own way than try for anybody else's—but for all that his way is wrong, and it is essential for all masters of schools to know what the right way is, and what right art is, and to see how simple and how single all right art has been, since the beginning of it.

因而可以推断，由于制造业只是人类用双手生产出对他有用的东西，所以从本质上说，它是与感情分离的；如果感情混入了机器中，就会毁掉机器：机器必须平稳运行，不需要感情。但美艺术不能平稳地运

行，它永远需要感情来控制其运作。除非一个学生开始去感觉，除非他的所有创作都与自身感觉的方向一致，否则他就不是艺术家。但是，这个国家所有学校的学生现在所处的环境中有各种各样的诱惑，这些让他们的感觉变得迟钝。向他们发表演说的时候，我常常觉得沮丧，因为我不知道该如何大胆地告诉他们应该做什么，因为我知道他们这样做，现实中将遇到很大的困难。各个方面对他们提出各种各样的要求，他们用可以想到的一切方法赚钱，而没有一种方法是正确的。如果你画应该画的，研究应该研究的，我敢说，在很长一段时间内，大众都不会注意到你。如果你研究旁门左道，试图引起大众的注意——假设你是个聪明的学生——你很快就能得到回报；明智的探索反而不容易很快得到回报；它总会滞后一段时间；在正确的路上，早期的日子是很安静的，隔离了几乎所有帮助或称赞。而错误的路是嘈杂的——到处都吵吵闹闹，对你提出各种各样的艺术方面的要求，其实严格讲那根本就不是艺术；在现代利益的各种各样的场合中，人们想尽办法赚钱；而追求艺术只有一条路。这就是我想对你们说的主要内容，或者即使不是在对你们说（因为今晚我已从你们优秀的导师那里听说，你们正沿着完全正确的道路前进），你们也要允许我说下去，并通过你们传达给其他人。我们的艺术流派被遍布我们之中的各种教义和各种利益弄得混乱不堪。每个人都在谈论艺术，撰写和艺术有关的作品，对艺术或多或少有些兴趣；每个人都需要艺术，但艺术并不适合所有人，谈论艺术的人中没几个真正了解自己谈论的是什么；就这样，学生们被引向各种歧途，而只有一种途径能让他们取得扎实的进步，因为真正的艺术总是且永远只有一种。无论社会风俗如何变迁，无论我们可以发明出怎样的新机器，也无论我们可以供应哪些新产品，美艺术必须保持两千年前菲迪亚斯所在时代的样子；今后两千年，其全部原则和它对人类思想的巨大影响力也不会改变。请仔细思考我说的话，因为这是我最想表达的意思。对艺术家而言，完成任何既定事情的正确方法只有一种；错误的、不完善的或矫饰的方法可能有上百种，但完整且正确的方法只有一种。不论何时，当两名艺术家想用同样的材料创作出同样的艺术品，但却用了两种不同的方法，那么其中一个人的方法就是错的；可能那个人错得很有魅力，或错得使人印象深刻——他性格中的诸多特质可能让他的错误显得比他人的正确更讨人喜欢；可能对他而言，受自身知识和性格所限，用自己错误的方法要比尝试别人的方法更好——但无论如何，他的方法是错的，所以各个流派的大师都必须知道正确的方法是什么，正确的艺术是什么，还必须明了自艺术出现以来，所有正确的艺术都是多么简单、多么唯一。

But farther, not only is there but one way of doing things rightly, but there is only one way of seeing them, and that is, seeing the whole of them, without any choice, or more intense perception of one point than another, owing to our special idiosyncrasies. Thus, when Titian[1] or Tintoret[2] look at a human being, they see at a glance the whole of its nature, outside and in; all that it has of form, of colour, of passion, or of thought; saintliness, and loveliness; fleshly body, and spiritual power; grace, or strength, or softness, or whatsoever other

quality, those men will see to the full, and so paint, that, when narrower people come to look at what they have done, every one may, if he chooses, find his own special pleasure in the work. The sensualist will find sensuality in Titian; the thinker will find thought; the saint, sanctity; the colourist, colour; the anatomist, form; and yet the picture will never be a popular one in the full sense, for none of these narrower people will find their special taste so alone consulted, as that the qualities which would ensure their gratification shall be sifted or separated from others; they are checked by the presence of the other qualities which ensure the gratification of other men. Thus, Titian is not soft enough for the sensualist, Correggio[3] suits him better; Titian is not defined enough for the formalist, —Leonardo[4] suits him better;Titian is not pure enough for the religionist, —Raphael suits him better; Titian is not polite enough for the man of the world, —Vandyke[5] suits him better; Titian is not forcible enough for the lovers of the picturesque, —Rembrandt[6] suits him better. So Correggio is popular with a certain set, and Vandyke with a certain set, and Rembrandt with a certain set. All are great men, but of inferior stamp, and therefore Vandyke is popular, and Rembrandt is popular, (And Murillo[7], of all true painters the narrowest, feeblest, and most superficial, for those reasons the most popular.) but nobody cares much at heart about Titian; only there is a strange under-current of everlasting murmur about his name, which means the deep consent of all great men that he is greater than they—the consent of those who, having sat long enough at his feet, have found in that restrained harmony of his strength there are indeed depths of each balanced power more wonderful than all those separate manifestations in inferior painters: that there is a softness more exquisite than Correggio's, a purity loftier than Leonardo's, a force mightier than Rembrandt's, a sanctity more solemn even than Raffael's.

但更进一步说，不仅仅正确做事的方法只有一种，而且看待事物的方法也只有一种，即整体地看待事物，不作任何选择，也不根据我们自身的特性，对事物的某一方面比另一方面有更深刻的感触。因此，当提香或丁托列托看一个人时，一眼就能看到他的内外全部本质；他的外形、肤色、感情和想法；他的圣洁和可爱；他的血肉之躯和精神力量；他的优雅，或强壮，或温柔，或其他一切的特点，那些艺术家都能完全看到，然后画出来。当眼光狭隘些的人前来观赏他们的作品时，如果他愿意，都可以在作品中找到属于自己的乐趣。在提香的作品中，感官主义者看到的是肉欲；思想家看到的是思想；圣徒看到的是圣洁；色彩派看到的是色彩；解剖学家看到的是形态。但这幅作品永远不会在完全意义上受到大众的欢迎，因为这些狭隘的人会发现自己独特的品位得不到响应，以致于虽然他们发现了自己满意的地方，却得不到其他人的认同；而其他人觉得满意的地方又对他们形成压制。所以，在感官主义者眼中，提香的作品不够温柔，柯勒乔的作品更合口味；在形式主义者眼

中，提香的作品线条不够明确，列奥纳多的作品更合口味；在宗教家眼中，提香的作品不够纯洁，拉斐尔的作品更合口味；在世俗者的眼中，提香的作.品不够文雅，凡 戴克的作品更合口味；在风景画爱好者眼中，提香的作品不够有力，伦勃朗的作品更合口味。因.此，柯勒乔在一些人中受欢迎，凡 戴克在一些人中受欢迎，伦勃朗也在一些人中受欢迎。他们都是伟大的艺术.家，但却是次等的类型，所以凡 戴克受大众欢迎，伦勃朗受大众欢迎（牟利罗是所有真正的画家中最狭隘、最无力、最肤浅的一个，而正因为这些原因也是最受欢迎的一个——作者注），而没有人从心底喜欢提香；只是有一股奇特的潜流，一直不停地低语着他的名字，诉说着所有伟大的人都深切赞同提香比他们更杰出——他们长时间驻足于提香脚下，终于发现他力量中那种有节制的和谐之下深藏的每一种平衡力量的深度都要比那些次等画家分别表现出来的更精彩奇妙：他的作品，就温柔而言，比柯勒乔的更细腻；就纯洁而言，比列奥纳多的更高尚；就力量而言，比伦勃朗的更强大；就圣洁而言，比拉斐尔的更庄严。

Do not suppose that in saying this of Titian, I am returning to the old eclectic theories of Bologna[8]; for all those eclectic theories, observe, were based, not upon an endeavour to unite the various characters of nature (which it is possible to do), but the various narrownesses of taste, which it is impossible to do. Rubens[9] is not more vigorous than Titian, but less vigorous; but because he is so narrow-minded as to enjoy vigour only, he refuses to give the other qualities of nature, which would interfere with that vigour and with our perception of it. Again, Rembrandt is not a greater master of chiaroscuro than Titian;—he is a less master, but because he is so narrow-minded as to enjoy chiaroscuro only, he withdraws from you the splendour of hue which would interfere with this, and gives you only the shadow in which you can at once feel it. Now all these specialties have their own charm in their own way: and there are times when the particular humour of each man is refreshing to us from its very distinctness; but the effort to add any other qualities to this refreshing one instantly takes away the distinctiveness, and therefore the exact character to be enjoyed in its appeal to a particular humour in us. Our enjoyment arose from a weakness meeting a weakness, from a partiality in the painter fitting to a partiality in us, and giving us sugar when we wanted sugar, and myrrh[10] when we wanted myrrh; but sugar and myrrh are not meat: and when we want meat and bread, we must go to better men.

不要认为我这样评价提香就是回到了博洛尼亚陈旧的折衷理论；仔细看就会发现，所有那些折衷理论并非建立在将各种自然特质统一的努力之上（这是可行的），而是建立在试图统一各种狭隘品位之上，这是不可行的。鲁本斯并不比提香更有活力，反而不如提香精力充沛，但是因为他思想狭隘到只欣赏活力，所以拒绝赋予自然的其他特质，害怕这

些特质会影响到活力以及我们对活力的领悟。同样，伦勃朗并非比提香更擅长明暗对比手法——他不如提香，但是因为他思想狭隘到只欣赏明暗对比法—所以将绚丽的色彩从作品中抽掉，使其不会影响到明暗对比；他只向你展现阴影，让你马上就能感觉到它的效果。所有这些特性都有自己独特的魅力：就如同有时每个人与众不同的特殊气质都会让我们觉得耳目一新，可是如果再加上其他的特质，那么它的与众不同就会被立刻抹杀，而那种能引起我们身上某种特性共鸣与兴趣的特点也会随之消失。能激发我们愉快感受的是弱点遇到弱点，是画家的偏爱与我们的偏爱相吻合，是我们想要糖的时候给我们糖，想要没药的时候给我们没药，但是糖和没药并不是肉，我们想要肉和面包的时候，就必须去找更杰出的人。

The eclectic schools endeavoured to unite these opposite partialities and weaknesses. They trained themselves under masters of exaggeration, and tried to unite opposite exaggerations. That was impossible. They did not see that the only possible eclecticism had been already accomplished;—the eclecticism of temperance, which, by the restraint of force, gains higher force; and by the self-denial of delight, gains higher delight. This you will find is ultimately the case with every true and right master; at first, while we are tyros in art, or before we have earnestly studied the man in question, we shall see little in him; or perhaps see, as we think, deficiencies; we shall fancy he is inferior to this man in that, and to the other man in the other; but as we go on studying him we shall find that he has got both that and the other; and both in a far higher sense than the man who seemed to possess those qualities in excess. Thus in Turner's[11] lifetime, when people first looked at him, those who liked rainy weather, said he was not equal to Copley Fielding; but those who looked at Turner long enough found that he could be much more wet than Copley Fielding, when he chose. The people who liked force, said that "Turner was not strong enough for them; he was effeminate; they liked De Wint,—nice strong tone;—or Cox—great, greeny, dark masses of colour—solemn feeling of the freshness and depth of nature;—they liked Cox—Turner was too hot for them." Had they looked long enough they would have found that he had far more force than De Wint, far more freshness than Cox when he chose,—only united with other elements; and that he didn't choose to be cool, if nature had appointed the weather to be hot. The people who liked Prout said "Turner had not firmness of hand—he did not know enough about architecture—he was not picturesque enough." Had they looked at his architecture long, they would have found that it contained subtle picturesquenesses, infinitely more picturesque than anything of Prout's. People who liked Callcott said that "Turner was not correct or pure enough—had no classical taste." Had they looked at Turner long enough they would have found him as severe, when he chose, as the

greater Poussin;—Callcott, a mere vulgar imitator of other men's high breeding. And so throughout with all thoroughly great men, their strength is not seen at first, precisely because they unite, in due place and measure, every great quality.

主张折衷的流派试图将这些相对立的偏好和弱点统一起来。他们受教于那些擅长夸张的大师，并尝试将对立的夸张统一起来。那是不可能的。他们不明白唯一可能的折衷主义已经达成——那就是有节制的折衷主义，即通过对力量的节制，来获得更强的力量；以克制自己的快乐，来得到更高层次的快乐。你会发现所有真正的、正确的大师都是这样的。起初，当我们刚刚踏入艺术领域，或者说在我们认真研究过这里所讨论的这个人之前，我们从他身上看不到什么；或者可能看到了，也是我们所认为的各种不足；我们会认为他在这个方面不如某个人，在那个方面不如另一个人。但我们继续研究这个人就会发现，他既有这方面的特质又有那方面的特质；而且和那两个似乎是将两种特质分别发挥到极致的人比起来，这个人更高一筹。所以，在透纳有生之年，人们第一次看到他的作品.时，那些喜欢阴雨天气的人说他比不上科普利 菲尔丁；而长.期关注透纳的人就会发现，只要他愿意，他可以比科普利 菲尔丁笔下的雨天更潮湿多雨。那些喜欢力量的人说："透纳对他.们来说不够强有力；他太柔弱了；他们喜欢德 温特——优美有力的笔调；或者考克斯——大量绿色、黑色的色块——使人对自然的清新和幽深肃然起敬；他们喜欢考克斯——透纳对他们来说太热烈了。"但是如果他们观察的时间够长，就会发.现，只要透纳愿意，他可以比德 温特更强有力，比考克斯更清新——只不过他是将其他因素也统一了进来。如果自然已经指定天气是炎热的，他就不会选择凉爽。喜欢普劳特的人说："透纳的手法不够坚实——他对建筑的了解不足——他不够栩栩如生。"但是如果他们长时间关注透纳的建筑作品，就会发现，其中蕴含着细致入微的生动，而且比普劳特的任何一部作品都生动活泼得多。喜欢考尔科特的人说："透纳不够正确和纯洁——毫无古典品位。"但是如果他们观察的时间够长，就会发现，如果透纳愿意，他可以像比更杰出的普桑一样严肃——考尔科特不过是其他艺术家高贵教养的平庸模仿者。因此，从古至今，所有真正杰出的人，他们的力量起初并不被发觉，恰恰是因为他们在适当的地方、用适当的方法，将每一种优秀的特质都统一起来了。

Now the question is, whether, as students, we are to study only these mightiest men, who unite all greatness, or whether we are to study the works of inferior men, who present us with the greatness which we particularly like? That question often comes before me when I see a strong idiosyncrasy in a student, and he asks me what he should study. Shall I send him to a true master, who does not present the quality in a prominent way in which that student delights, or send him to a man with whom he has direct sympathy? It is a hard question. For very curious results have sometimes been brought out, especially in late years, not only by students following their own bent, but by their being withdrawn from teaching altogether. I have just

named a very great man in his own field—Prout. We all know his drawings, and love them: they have a peculiar character which no other architectural drawings ever possessed, and which no others can possess, because all Prout's subjects are being knocked down or restored. (Prout did not like restored buildings any more than I do.) There will never be any more Prout drawings. Nor could he have been what he was, or expressed with that mysteriously effective touch that peculiar delight in broken and old buildings, unless he had been withdrawn from all high art influence. You know that Prout was born of poor parents—that he was educated down in Cornwall; —and that, for many years, all the art-teaching he had was his own, or the fishermen's. Under the keels of the fishing-boats, on the sands of our southern coasts, Prout learned all he needed to learn about art. Entirely by himself, he felt his way to this particular style, and became the painter of pictures which I think we should all regret to lose. It becomes a very difficult question what that man would have been, had he been brought under some entirely wholesome artistic influence. He had immense gifts of composition. I do not know any man who had more power of invention than Prout, or who had a sublimer instinct in his treatment of things; but being entirely withdrawn from all artistical help, he blunders his way to that short-coming representation, which, by the very reason of its short-coming, has a certain charm we should all be sorry to lose. And therefore I feel embarrassed when a student comes to me, in whom I see a strong instinct of that kind: and cannot tell whether I ought to say to him, "Give up all your studies of old boats, and keep away from the sea-shore, and come up to the Royal Academy in London, and look at nothing but Titian." It is a difficult thing to make up one's mind to say that. However, I believe, on the whole, we may wisely leave such matters in the hands of Providence; that if we have the power of teaching the right to anybody, we should teach them the right; if we have the power of showing them the best thing, we should show them the best thing; there will always, I fear, be enough want of teaching, and enough bad teaching, to bring out very curious erratical results if we want them. So, if we are to teach at all, let us teach the right thing, and ever the right thing. There are many attractive qualities inconsistent with rightness; —do not let us teach them, —let us be content to waive them. There are attractive qualities in Burns, and attractive qualities in Dickens, which neither of those writers would have possessed if the one had been educated, and the other had been studying higher nature than that of cockney London; but those attractive qualities are not such as we should seek in a school of literature. If we want to teach young men a good manner of writing, we should teach it from Shakespeare, —not from Burns; from Walter

Scott, —and not from Dickens. And I believe that our schools of painting are at present inefficient in their action, because they have not fixed on this high principle what are the painters to whom to point; nor boldly resolved to point to the best, if determinable. It is becoming a matter of stern necessity that they should give a simple direction to the attention of the student, and that they should say, "This is the mark you are to aim at; and you are not to go about to the print-shops, and peep in, to see how this engraver does that, and the other engraver does the other, and how a nice bit of character has been caught by a new man, and why this odd picture has caught the popular attention. You are to have nothing to do with all that; you are not to mind about popular attention just now; but here is a thing which is eternally right and good: you are to look at that, and see if you cannot do something eternally right and good too.”

现在，问题是，作为学生我们是不是只研究这些统一了所有优点的伟大人物呢？或者我们是不是要研究次等艺术家呈现给我们的那些符合我们独特偏好的作品呢？当我遇到一个有强烈偏好的学生问我他该学些什么的时候，我就会想起那个问题。我是应该让他向真正的大师学吗？而真正的大师却不会明显表现出这个学生喜欢的某种特质。或者让他追随一个有直接共鸣的人？这是个难题。因为无论是让学生遵循自己的偏好，还是让他们完全放弃学说观点，有时都有可能会出现非常奇怪的结果，近几年来尤其如此。我刚刚提到一位在自己领域里非常杰出的人——普劳特。我们都知道并喜欢他的绘画作品：它们有一种特质是其他建筑绘图不曾拥有、也不能拥有的，因为普劳特所有作品的主题都是正在拆除或重建的建筑（普劳特和我一样不喜欢重建的建筑）。以后不会再有普劳特那样的作品了。如果他没有脱离所有高等艺术的影响，就不会成为那样的普劳特，也不会用那种神秘有效的感人手法来表现他对破旧建筑的情有独钟。你们都知道普劳特出身贫寒——他在南部的康沃尔郡接受教育——多年来，他所接受的所有艺术学说都来自于自己，或者那里的渔民。在渔船的龙骨下，在南方海岸的沙滩上，普劳特学到了他需要学习的有关艺术的一切。他完全依靠自己，摸索出这种独特的风格，成为一位画家；在我看来，如果失去了他的那些作品，我们都应该觉得遗憾。如果他成长于某种完全健康的艺术影响之下，很难说他会成为什么样的画家。他有巨大的创作天赋。我所知道的人中，没有人比普劳特更富创造力，在处理作品上天分更高，但由于完全脱离了所有艺术技巧的帮助，他错误地走向了一条有缺点的表现之路，可恰恰是其艺术作品的缺点产生了某种魅力，如果失掉，我们反而会感到遗憾。所以，当有学生来找我，而我发现他有那种强大的天分时，我会觉得很尴尬：不知道自己是不是应该对他说：“放弃你对旧船的所有研究，离海边远点，来伦敦的皇家艺术学院学习，除了提香的作品，谁的作品也不要看。”要下定决心说那样的话很难。尽管如此，我认为，总体上说，我们可以明智地将这类问题交到上帝手中；如果我们有能力传授他人正确的学说，我们就应该教导他们正确的；如果我们有能力向他们展示最好的事物，我们就应该向他们展示最好的；我害怕的是，如果我们不教这

些，总会有很多因教育不足和教育错误而导致的奇怪而飘忽的结果。所以，如果我们无论如何都要教，就教正确的知识，并且永远都教正确的知识。有很多吸引人的特质往往都与正确的特质相矛盾——我们不要教这些——我们要安心地放弃这些。彭斯和狄更斯都有吸引人之处，如果前者曾经受过教育，而后者研究的是比伦敦东区更高等的自然，那么他们谁也不会有那些吸引人的特质，但这些吸引人的特质不是我们应该在文学流派中寻求的。如果我们想教一个年轻人好的写作方式，我们应该引用莎士比亚，而.不是彭斯；或者引用沃尔特 司各特，而不是狄更斯。我认为我们的绘画学校现在办事效率不高，因为他们还没有确定画家们应该向谁学习什么这一最高原则；倘若确定了，也没有勇敢绝然地指出最好的道路。当务之急，他们应该为学生指出一个简单的方向，他们应该说："你们要以此为目标；你们不要流连于版画店，不要窥视这位或那位雕刻家这样或那样的技法，不要偷学一个新人是如何抓住一个好的特征，也不要偷着研究一幅古怪的画为什么能引起大众的兴趣。你与这些无关；你现在不需要考虑大众的注意力；这里只有一件事是永远正确和有益的：你要看的就是它，并且看看自己是不是也能做永远正确和有益的事。"

But suppose you accept this principle; and resolve to look to some great man, Titian, or Turner, or whomsoever it may be, as the model of perfection in art;—then the question is, since this great man pursued his art in Venice, or in the fields of England, under totally different conditions from those possible to us now—how are you to make your study of him effective here in Manchester? How bring it down into patterns, and all that you are called upon as operatives to produce? how make it the means of your livelihood, and associate inferior branches of art with this great art? That may become a serious doubt to you. You may think there is some other way of producing clever, and pretty, and saleable patterns than going to look at Titian, or any other great man. And that brings me to the question, perhaps the most vexed question of all amongst us just now, between conventional and perfect art. You know that among architects and artists there are, and have been almost always, since art became a subject of much discussion, two parties, one maintaining that nature should be always altered and modified, and that the artist is greater than nature; they do not maintain, indeed, in words, but they maintain in idea, that the artist is greater than the Divine Maker of these things, and can improve them; while the other party say that he cannot improve nature, and that nature on the whole should improve him. That is the real meaning of the two parties, the essence of them; the practical result of their several theories being that the Idealists are always producing more or less formal conditions of art, and the Realists striving to produce in all their art either some image of nature, or record of nature; these, observe, being quite different things, the image being a resemblance, and the record, something

which will give information about nature, but not necessarily imitate it. (The portion of the lecture here omitted was a recapitulation of that part of the previous one which opposed conventional art to natural art.)

但是假设你们接受了这个原则：下定决心向伟人们看齐，将提香、透纳或是其他某个人当作艺术领域内的完美模范——那么问题是，这位伟人要么在威尼斯追求艺术，要么在英格兰的荒原里，与我们现在所处的环境完全不同——你们怎样才能在曼彻斯特这里有效地研究他们呢？你怎样将真正的艺术运用到各种图案中？怎样才能把艺术当成谋生的手段，而同时又能将低等艺术分支与伟大的艺术联系起来呢？这些可能会深深困扰着你们。你们可能会想除了去学习提香或其他伟大艺术家外，应该还有其他方法能够创作出精巧、漂亮而且适于销售的图案。这让我想起了传统艺术与完美艺术之间存在的一个问题，这可能是现在困扰着我们所有人的问题中最难的一个。你们都知道，在建筑家和艺术家的圈子里，从艺术成为一门广受争议的学科以来，几乎一直都存在两个派别，其中一派主张应该不断改造自然，艺术家要比自然更伟大；实际上，他们没有用语言表达出来，但在思想上，他们坚持认为艺术家要比神圣的造物主更伟大，而且可以改造自然万物；而另一派则认为人类无法改造自然，而基本上应该是大自然改造人类。这是两个派别的真正意图，也是他们的本质；他们若干理论的现实结果是理想主义者或多或少总是创作形式上的艺术环境，而现实主义者力争在他们所有的艺术作品中要么体现某种自然的影像，要么记录自然；注意，影像和记录是非常不同的两种事物，前者是一种自然的类同之物，而后者则是可以传达自然信息的事物，不一定要模仿自然。（这里省略掉了一部分内容，是摘要重述前面一部分有关传统艺术与自然艺术的对比。——作者注）

You may separate these two groups of artists more distinctly in your mind as those who seek for the pleasure of art, in the relations of its colours and lines, without caring to convey any truth with it; and those whoseek for the truth first, and then go down from the truth to the pleasure of colour and line. Marking those two bodies distinctly as separate, and thinking over them, you may come to some rather notable conclusions respecting the mental dispositions which are involved in each mode of study. You will find that large masses of the art of the world fall definitely under one or the other of these heads. Observe, pleasure first and truth afterwards, (or not at all,) as with the Arabians and Indians; or, truth first and pleasure afterwards, as with Angelico[12] and all other great European painters. You will find that the art whose end is pleasure only is pre-eminently the gift of cruel and savage nations, cruel in temper, savage in habits and conception; but that the art which is especially dedicated to natural fact always indicates a peculiar gentleness and tenderness of mind, and that all great and successful work of that kind will assuredly be the production of thoughtful, sensitive, earnest, kind men, large in their

views of life, and full of various intellectual power. And farther, when you examine the men in whom the gifts of art are variously mingled, or universally mingled, you will discern that the ornamental, or pleasurable power, though it may be possessed by good men, is not in itself an indication of their goodness, but is rather, unless balanced by other faculties, indicative of violence of temper, inclining to cruelty and to irreligion. On the other hand, so sure as you find any man endowed with a keen and separate faculty of representing natural fact, so surely you will find that man gentle and upright, full of nobleness and breadth of thought. I will give you two instances, the first peculiarly English, and another peculiarly interesting because it occurs among a nation not generally very kind or gentle.

在头脑中，你也许会更清楚地区分这两派艺术家，你们可以认为其中一派是在各种色彩和线条的关系中寻求艺术的快乐，并不关心在其中表达任何真理；而另一派首先寻求的是真理，然后沿着真理寻求色彩和线条带来的快乐。清楚地区分两者之后，再仔细思考，在每种研究模式所涉及的心理倾向上，你们会得出一些很有意义的结论。你们会发现艺术世界的芸芸众生都可以明显地归入这类人或那类人。注意，追求快乐第一、真理第二（或者根本没有）的有阿拉伯人和印度人；追求真理第一、快乐第二的有安吉利科和其他所有杰出的欧洲画家。你们会发现，在艺术中以快乐为终极目标的明显是那些残忍、野蛮的民族的天性，他们性情残忍，观念和习俗野蛮不化；而用于表现自然事实的艺术作品往往显示出人类思想特别温和柔顺的一面，此类艺术中所有优秀和成功的作品肯定是有思想、感觉敏锐、真诚、善良的艺术家之作，他们以宽广的视角看待生命，充满智慧的力量。当你再进一步考察那些综合了多种或者完全融合了艺术才能的人，你们会发现尽管优秀的艺术家可能会有使创作成为装饰或带来快乐的力量，但这种力量本身不是他们的优点的体现，相反，如果没有其他才能来平衡，这种力量预示着暴躁的性情、残忍和反宗教的倾向。另一方面，如果你们肯定某一个人拥有可以表现自然事实的敏锐独特的能力，你们就肯定会发现这个人温和正直，充满了高贵而广博的思想。我给你们举两个例子，第一个是英国特有的，另一个非常有趣，因为它发生在一个通常不是很友好和善的国家。

I am inclined to think that, considering all the disadvantages of circumstances and education under which his genius was developed, there was perhaps hardly ever born a man with a more intense and innate gift of insight into nature than our own Sir Joshua Reynolds. Considered as a painter of individuality in the human form and mind, I think him, even as it is, the prince of portrait painters. Titian paints nobler pictures, and Vandyke had nobler subjects, but neither of them entered so subtly as Sir Joshua did into the minor varieties of human heart and temper; and when you consider that, with a frightful conventionality of social habitude all around him, he yet conceived the simplest types of all feminine and childish loveliness;—that in a

northern climate, and with grey, and white, and black, as the principal colours around him, he yet became a colourist who can be crushed by none, even of the Venetians;—and that with Dutch painting and Dresden[13] china for the prevailing types of art in the saloons of his day, he threw himself at once at the feet of the great masters of Italy, and arose from their feet to share their throne—I know not that in the whole history of art you can produce another instance of so strong, so unaided, so unerring an instinct for all that was true, pure, and noble.

想到他在种种不利的环境和教育影响下，艺术才能还.能得以发展，我想恐怕我们的约书亚 雷诺兹爵士所拥有的那种对自然与生俱来的、强烈的洞察力，是没有人比得上的。作为一位在人体形态和思想刻画方面有独特风格的画家，我认为他是肖像画家中的王子，事实上他就是。提.香的画更高贵，凡 戴克的主题更高贵，但他们在刻画人类心灵和性情的细微差别方面都不如约书亚爵士精细；当你想到他周围充斥着沉闷可怕的社会陈规陋习，却依然能够构思出最简单的类型来表现女性和孩子的所有可爱之处——生活在北方的气候下，周围是灰色、白色和黑色为主的世界，却依然能够成为不可匹敌的色彩派画家，即使是威尼斯画家也比不上他——他生活的时代，荷兰画和德累斯顿瓷器是沙龙中的主流艺术类型，可是他却立刻拜倒在意大利伟大艺术家们的脚下，循着他们的足迹，分享他们的荣耀—我不知道在整个艺术史中，你们能否找到一个人像他这样，对所有真实的、纯洁的、高贵的事物拥有如此强大、如此独立、如此正确的天赋。

Now, do you recollect the evidence respecting the character of this man,—the two points of bright peculiar evidence given by the sayings of the two greatest literary men of his day, Johnson and Goldsmith? Johnson, who, as you know, was always Reynolds' attached friend, had but one complaint to make against him, that he hated nobody:—"Reynolds," he said, "you hate no one living; I like a good hater!" Still more significant is the little touch in Goldsmith's "Retaliation." You recollect how in that poem he describes the various persons who met at one of their dinners at St. James's Coffee-house, each person being described under the name of some appropriate dish. You will often hear the concluding lines about Reynolds Quoted—

现在，你们是否能回忆起有关这个人性格的证据？与他同时代的两位伟大文学家约翰逊和戈尔德斯密斯的话就提供了两点鲜明而独特的证据。你们都知道，约翰逊一直是雷诺兹很亲近的朋友，他对雷诺兹只有一点抱怨，那就是他不恨任何人——“雷诺兹，”约翰逊说，“你不恨任何生物；我喜欢爱恨分明的人！”更能体现雷诺兹性格的是戈尔德斯密斯在《报复》中描写的一小段。你们回忆一下，那首诗中，他描写圣詹姆斯咖啡屋的一次晚宴上出席的各种人物时，如何给每个人都对应上一个适当的菜名。你们经常听人提起总结雷诺兹的那几行诗——

"He shifted his trumpet," &c.;—

“他换了喇叭”……

less often, or at least less attentively, the preceding ones, far more important—

前面有几句不常被提及，或者至少不常被有意提及，但却更重要——

"Still born to improve us in every part—

“生来就是要改造我们的每个方面——

His pencil our faces, his manners our heart;”

他用铅笔勾勒我们的脸庞，他用行动感召我们的心灵;"

and never, the most characteristic touch of all, near the beginning:—

最有特色的几句话在开头，却从不曾被提及——

"Our dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;

“我们的院长是刚刚从平原来的新鲜野味；

Our Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains;

我们的布克是智慧修饰的舌头。

To make out the dinner, full certain I am,

要做出一桌晚宴，我完全肯定，

That Rich is anchovy, and Reynolds is lamb.”

里奇是条凤尾鱼，而雷诺兹是头羔羊。”

The other painter whom I would give you as an instance of this gentleness is a man of another nation, on the whole I suppose one of the most cruel civilized nations in the world,—the Spaniards. They produced but one great painter, only one; but he among the very greatest of painters, Velasquez[14]. You would not suppose, from looking at Velasquez' portraits generally, that he was an especially kind or good man; you perceive a peculiar sternness about them; for they were as true as steel, and the persons whom he had to paint being not generally kind or good people, they were stern in expression, and Velasquez gave the sternness; but he had precisely the same intense perception of truth, the same marvellous instinct for the rendering of all natural soul and all natural form that our Reynolds had. Let me, then, read you his character as it is given by Mr. Stirling, of Kier:—

我要向你们提到的另一位气质温和的画家来自另一个国家。基本上我认为这是世界上最残忍的文明国家之一——西班牙。西班牙人中只出现了一位伟大的画家，只有这一位，但这一位也是顶尖的伟大画家，他

就是委拉斯开兹。一般来说，从他的肖像画作品中，你想象不出他是个特别友好或善良的人；你感受到的是一种特别的严肃；因为这些作品像钢铁一样真实，他所刻画的人物一般都不是良善之辈，他们表情严肃，委拉斯开兹画出了这种严肃感。但是，他完全和我们的雷诺兹一样，对真理，有强烈的感知；在表现所有自然的精神和形式方面，拥有奇妙的.天分。接下来，请允许我给你们读一段斯特灵 凯尔先生对委拉斯开兹性格的描述：

"Certain charges, of what nature we are not informed, brought against him after his death, made it necessary for his executor, Fuensalida, to refute them at a private audience granted to him by the king for that purpose. After listening to the defence of his friend, Philip immediately made answer: 'I can believe all you say of the excellent disposition of Diego Velasquez.' Having lived for half his life in courts, he was yet capable both of gratitude and generosity, and in the misfortunes, he could remember the early kindness of Olivares. The friend of the exile of Loeches[15], it is just to believe that he was also the friend of the all-powerful favourite at Buenretiro[16]. No mean jealousy ever influenced his conduct to his brother artists; he could afford not only to acknowledge the merits, but to forgive the malice, of his rivals. His character was of that rare and happy kind, in which high intellectual power is combined with indomitable strength of will, and a winning sweetness of temper, and which seldom fails to raise the possessor above his fellow-men, making his life a

“他去世以后，出现了一些对他的指责，这些指责的实质我们不得而知。他的遗嘱执行人范萨里达为此采取了必要的行动，在国王的批准下，弗恩萨利召开了一个私人听证会，对这些指责者进行了反驳。听完他为朋友的辩护之后，菲利普马上作出回应：‘我相信你说的一切有关迭.戈 委拉斯开兹的优良性情。’即使半辈子都生活在法庭中，他依然懂得感激和慷慨；在遭遇不幸之时，他依然记得奥里维拉斯早期的善良。他既是流放之地洛耶奇斯的朋友，可以相信，他也是神圣华丽之境丽池的朋友。对待兄弟艺术家，他从没有因恶意忌妒而影响行为；对待竞争对手，他不仅承认对方的优点，而且宽恕对方的恶意攻击。他的性格属于那种少有的、快乐的善良，结合了高度的智慧力量、不屈不挠的坚强意志力以及讨人喜欢的可爱性情。拥有这种性格的人往往高人一等，他的人生是：

'laurelled victory, and smooth success

‘胜利的桂冠，平坦的成功之路

Be strewed before his feet'."

铺撒在他的脚下。’”

I am sometimes accused of trying to make art too moral; yet, observe, I do not say in the least that in order to be a good painter you

must be a good man; but I do say that in order to be a good natural painter there must be strong elements of good in the mind, however warped by other parts of the character. There are hundreds of other gifts of painting which are not at all involved with moral conditions, but this one, the perception of nature, is never given but under certain moral conditions. Therefore, now you have it in your choice; here are your two paths for you: it is required of you to produce conventional ornament, and you may approach the task as the Hindoo does, and as the Arab did, without nature at all, with the chance of approximating your disposition somewhat to that of the Hindoos and Arabs; or as Sir Joshua and Velasquez did, with, not the chance, but the certainty, of approximating your disposition, according to the sincerity of your effort—to the disposition of those great and good men.

有时候有人指责我总是试图将艺术太过道德化，可是，请注意，我根本没有说要成为一个杰出的画家，你必须做一个善良的人；而我说的是要成为杰出的自然画家，你的思想中必须有强大的善良成分，无论性格中是否有扭曲的其他部分。有成百种绘画天赋是与道德水平完全无关的，但是，这一种，对自然的感悟能力，只有达到一定的道德境界才能拥有。因此，现在你们可以自己选择，你们面前有两条路：一条要求你创作传统的装饰艺术品，你可以向当今的印度人或过去的阿拉伯人学习——根本不需要自然，你们的性情说不定有机会达到近似印度人或阿拉伯人的地步；或者另一条路，就像约书亚爵士和委拉斯开兹那样，不靠机遇，而是一定能通过自己真诚地努力，使性情接近那些伟大和杰出的艺术家。

And do you suppose you will lose anything by approaching your conventional art from this higher side? Not so. I called, with deliberate measurement of my expression, long ago, the decoration of the Alhambra[17] "detestable," not merely because indicative of base conditions of moral being, but because merely as decorative work, however captivating in some respects, it is wholly wanting in the real, deep, and intense qualities of ornamental art. Noble conventional decoration belongs only to three periods. First, there is the conventional decoration of the Greeks, used in subordination to their sculpture. There are then the noble conventional decoration of the early Gothic schools, and the noble conventional arabesque of the great Italian schools. All these were reached from above, all reached by stooping from a knowledge of the human form. Depend upon it you will find, as you look more and more into the matter, that good subordinate ornament has ever been rooted in a higher knowledge; and if you are again to produce anything that is noble, you must have the higher knowledge first, and descend to all lower service; condescend as much as you like, —condescension never does any man any harm, —but get your noble standing first. So, then, without any

scruple, whatever branch of art you may be inclined as a student here to follow, —whatever you are to make your bread by, I say, so far as you have time and power, make yourself first a noble and accomplished artist; understand at least what noble and accomplished art is, and then you will be able to apply your knowledge to all service whatsoever.

你们是不是认为，从较高的层面来接近你们的传统艺术会让你们失去些什么？不会的。很久以前，经过一番字斟句酌，我指出阿尔罕布拉宫的装饰“令人厌恶”，不仅仅是因为这些装饰表现了低级的道德水平，而是因为仅仅作为装饰品，它们虽然在某些方面有些魅力，但却完全缺乏装饰艺术真实、深沉、浓重的特质。高贵的传统装饰作品仅在三个时期出现过。首先是希腊人的传统装饰，被用作雕刻作品的附属物。然后是早期哥特流派的高贵传统装饰和伟大的意大利流派的高贵传统蔓藤花纹。所有这些都是自上而下形成的，都是由对人体形态的知识向下延伸而达到的。基于这点，随着你们观察得越来越多，你们会发现优秀的附属装饰一直都植根于更高层次的知识。那么，如果你想要再次创作出高尚的作品，你就必须先有较高层次的知识，然后可以俯身到所有较低层次的工作；到那时，你想降到多低就降到多低—屈尊从来不会给任何人造成任何伤害—但你首先要在高贵之地立足。所以，不要有任何顾忌，作为这里的学生，无论你倾向于追随哪一种艺术流派—无论你打算以何为生，我想说，只要你还有时间和力量，先让自己成为高贵和有所成就的艺术家；至少也要明白什么是高贵和有所成就的艺术，然后你就能将自己的知识运用到任何一种创作中了。

I am now going to ask your permission to name the masters whom I think it would be well if we could agree, in our Schools of Art in England, to consider our leaders. The first and chief I will not myself presume to name; he shall be distinguished for you by the authority of those two great painters of whom we have just been speaking—Reynolds and Velasquez. You may remember that in your Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition the most impressive things were the works of those two men—nothing told upon the eye so much; no other pictures retained it with such a persistent power. Now, I have the testimony, first of Reynolds to Velasquez, and then of Velasquez to the man whom I want you to take as the master of all your English schools. The testimony of Reynolds to Velasquez is very striking. I take it from some fragments which have just been published by Mr. William Cotton—precious fragments—of Reynolds' diaries, which I chanced upon luckily as I was coming down here: for I was going to take Velasquez' testimony alone, and then fell upon this testimony of Reynolds to Velasquez, written most fortunately in Reynolds' own hand—you may see the manuscript. "What we are all," said Reynolds, "attempting to do with great labour, Velasquez does at once." Just think what is implied when a man of the enormous power and facility

that Reynolds had, says he was "trying to do with great labour" what Velasquez "did at once."

现在我想请你们允许我列出几位大师，如果我们能够达成共识，这将会很好，这几位是英国艺术流派中可以称为领袖的人物。第一位也是最重要的一位，我不想自作主张说出是谁，应该由我们刚刚提到的两位伟大画家——雷诺兹和委拉斯开兹的权威来挑选。你们应该还记得，在曼彻斯特艺术宝藏展览会上，给人印象最深刻的是这两位画家的作品——从没有作品如此引人注目；从没有哪幅画能保持它如此长久的影响力。现在，我拿出证词，首先是雷诺兹对委拉斯开兹的证言，然后是委拉斯开兹对另一个人的证言，而这个人是我希望你们把他当作统领所有英国流派的大师。雷诺兹对委拉斯开兹的证言非常震撼。我从威.廉 科顿先生刚刚出版的几篇雷诺兹日记片断中得到了这段话，这真是宝贵的片断，而幸运的是我在来这里的路上偶然间看到了：因为原本我打算引用的只有委拉斯开兹的证言，然后却碰到了这段雷诺兹对委拉斯开兹的证言，非常幸运的是，这是雷诺兹亲笔写的——你们可以看一下原稿。雷诺兹说：“我们所有人竭尽全力试图做到的事，委拉斯开兹一下子就做到了。”大家思考一下，像雷诺兹这样有巨大能力和才能的人，说自己“竭尽全力试图要做到”委拉斯开兹“一下子就能做到”的事，这意味着什么？

Having thus Reynolds' testimony to Velasquez, I will take Velasquez' testimony to somebody else. You know that Velasquez was sent by Philip of Spain to Italy, to buy pictures for him. He went all over Italy, saw the living artists there, and all their best pictures when freshly painted, so that he had every opportunity of judging; and never was a man so capable of judging. He went to Rome and ordered various works of living artists; and while there, he was one day asked by Salvator Rosa what he thought of Raphael. His reply, and the ensuing conversation, are thus reported by Boschini, in curious Italian verse, which, thus translated by Dr. Donaldson, is quoted in Mr. Stirling's Life of Velasquez:—

看完这份雷诺兹对委拉斯开兹的证言后，我再引用一份委拉斯开兹对另一个人的证言。你们都知道，委拉斯开兹曾受西班牙的菲利普之托，前往意大利为其购买画作。他遍访意大利，见到了当地生活的艺术家和他们新近创作的最优秀的作品。因此，他有种种机会可以鉴别那些画作，并且他也是最能胜任这项鉴别工作的。他到罗马订购了当时艺术家的各式作品；在罗马逗留期间，有一天萨尔.瓦多 罗萨问他如何看待拉斐尔。他的答复以及他们后面的谈话内容由博希尼记录在一首古怪的意大利诗里，斯特灵先生在《委拉斯开兹的一生》中引用了唐纳德博士翻译的这首诗：

"The master" [Velasquez] "stiffly bowed his figure tall

“大师[委拉斯开兹]不太自然地弯了弯高大的身体

And said, 'For Rafael, to speak the truth—

说道：‘对于拉斐尔，说实话——

I always was plain-spoken from my youth—

我从年轻的时候起说话就一直很直接——

I cannot say I like his works at all.'

我根本不喜欢他的作品。’

“'Well,' said the other" [Salvator]," ‘if you can run down

‘那么，’另一个人[萨尔瓦多]说，‘如果你看不上

So great a man, I really cannot see

如此伟大的一位艺术家，我真不知道

What you can find to like in Italy;

你能在意大利找到什么喜欢的作品；

To him we all agree to give the crown.'"

我们可都赞同授予他艺术之冠。’

"Diego answered thus: 'I saw in Venice

迭戈这样回答：‘我在威尼斯见到了

The true test of the good and beautiful;

能真正考验善与美的作品；

First in my judgement, ever stands that school,

在我看来，这是意大利流派有史以来的第一次，

And Titian first of all Italian men is.'"

而提香才是意大利艺术家中的第一人。’”

"Tizian ze quel die porta la bandiera."

"Tizian ze quel die porta la bandiera"（西班牙语：提香是意大利艺术家的领袖）

Learn that line by heart and act, at all events for some time to come, upon Velasquez' opinion in that matter. Titian is much the safest master for you. Raphael's power, such as it was, and great as it was, depended wholly upon transcendental characters in his mind; it is "Raphaelesque," properly so called; but Titian's power is simply the power of doing right. Whatever came before Titian, he did wholly as it ought to be done. Do not suppose that now in recommending Titian to you so strongly, and speaking of nobody else to-night, I am retreating in anywise from what some of you may perhaps recollect in my works, the enthusiasm with which I have always spoken of another Venetian painter. There are three Venetians who are never separated in my

mind—Titian, Veronese, and Tintoret. They all have their own unequalled gifts, and Tintoret especially has imagination and depth of soul which I think renders him indisputably the greatest man; but, equally indisputably, Titian is the greatest painter; and therefore the greatest painter who ever lived. You may be led wrong by Tintoret (See Appendix I—"Right and Wrong.") in many respects, wrong by Raphael in more; all that you learn from Titian will be right. Then, with Titian, take Leonardo, Rembrandt, and Albert Duerer. I name those three masters for this reason: Leonardo has powers of subtle drawing which are peculiarly applicable in many ways to the drawing of fine ornament, and are very useful for all students. Rembrandt and Duerer are the only men whose actual work of hand you can have to look at; you can have Rembrandt's etchings, or Duerer's engravings actually hung in your schools; and it is a main point for the student to see the real thing, and avoid judging of masters at second-hand. As, however, in obeying this principle, you cannot often have opportunities of studying Venetian painting, it is desirable that you should have a useful standard of colour, and I think it is possible for you to obtain this. I cannot, indeed, without entering upon ground which might involve the hurting the feelings of living artists, state exactly what I believe to be the relative position of various painters in England at present with respect to power of colour. But I may say this, that in the peculiar gifts of colour which will be useful to you as students, there are only one or two of the pre-Raphaelites, and William Hunt, of the old Water Colour Society, who would be safe guides for you; and as quite a safe guide, there is nobody but William Hunt, because the pre-Raphaelites are all more or less affected by enthusiasm and by various morbid conditions of intellect and temper; but old William Hunt—I am sorry to say "old," but I say it in a loving way, for every year that has added to his life has added also to his skill—William Hunt is as right as the Venetians, as far as he goes, and what is more, nearly as inimitable as they. And I think if we manage to put in the principal schools of England a little bit of Hunt's work, and make that somewhat of a standard of colour, that we can apply his principles of colouring to subjects of all kinds. Until you have had a work of his long near you; nay, unless you have been labouring at it, and trying to copy it, you do not know the thoroughly grand qualities that are concentrated in it. Simplicity, and intensity, both of the highest character; —simplicity of aim, and intensity of power and success, are involved in that man's unpretending labour.

用心记住上面的这句话，无论以后怎样，在这件事上，都要按照委拉斯开兹的意见行动。提香是你们最可靠的大师。像拉斐尔那样的力量，虽然伟大，但却完全依赖于他思想中先验主义的特质；更确切地说，这就是“拉斐尔风格的”；但提香的力量却只是正确创作的力量。无

论摆在他面前的是什么，提香完全按照应该用的方法进行创作。虽然我现在一直向你们强烈推荐提香，而整晚未提及其他艺术家，但请不要认为我放弃了一直以来自己所热衷谈论的另一位威尼斯画家，你们中有些人可能还记得我在以前的作品中提到过。在我的脑海里有三位威尼斯画家永远是连在一起、不可分开的——提香、韦罗内塞和丁多雷。他们都有自己无与伦比的天赋。丁多雷的想象力和思想深度尤其出色，我认为正因为如此，他能毫无争议地成为最伟大的艺术家；同样毫无争议的是，提香是最伟大的画家，是有史以来最伟大的画家。在很多方面，你们可能会受到丁多雷的误导（参见附录一“正确的和错误的”——作者注），拉斐尔的误导更多；而你从提香那里学到的都是对的。除了提香之外，还有伦纳德、伦勃朗和阿尔.伯特 杜勒。我之所以提到这三位大师是因为：伦纳德精细的画工，在各种方法中尤其适合精美装饰画的创作，对所有的学生都非常有用。伦勃朗和杜勒的手工艺术品是这类作品中你们唯一有必要看的；你们可以把伦勃朗的蚀刻画或杜勒的版画实实在在地挂在学校里；对学生来说，主要一点是亲眼看到真实的作品，要避免道听途说地评价这些艺术大师。即使你们遵循了这一原则，但也不是常常有机会学习威尼斯艺术家的作品，所以你们有必要掌握一种有用的色彩标准；我认为你们还是可能做到这一点的。我不想明确说出自己心目中当今英格兰各位画家在色彩运用方面的能力谁高谁低，这样可能会伤害到现在一些在世的艺术家的感情。但我可以说的是，对于你们学生来说，在色彩运用方面有独特天赋并且能为你们提供可靠引导的，.只有一两位拉斐尔前派画家和过去水彩画协会的威廉 亨特；作为尤其可靠的引导者，没有人比他更合适，因为拉斐尔前派艺术家或多或少会受激情和各种智力、性情方面.的病态情绪影响；但老威廉 亨特—抱歉用了“老”这个字，但我是出于爱戴才这样说的，因为随着年龄的增.加，他的技艺也在不断提高——威廉 亨特所走的路和威尼斯艺术家一样正确，而且像他们一样几乎无法被模仿。我认为，如果我们可以在英格兰的主要艺术学院中放一些亨特的作品，并在一定程度上以他对色彩的运用为标准，那么我们就能将他的色彩原则应用到各种主题中。除非你能让他的一幅作品长久地伴你左右；不但如此，除非你一直努力研究他的作品，尝试模仿他的作品，否则你不会了解凝结在其中的伟大特质。朴素与强烈两种最高的品质——朴素的是目的，强烈的是作品透出的力量和成就，共存于这位大师自然质朴的创作之中。

Finally, you cannot believe that I would omit my own favourite, Turner. I fear from the very number of his works left to the nation, that there is a disposition now rising to look upon his vast bequest with some contempt. I beg of you, if in nothing else, to believe me in this, that you cannot further the art of England in any way more distinctly than by giving attention to every fragment that has been left by that man. The time will come when his full power and right place will be acknowledged; that time will not be for many a day yet: nevertheless, be assured—as far as you are inclined to give the least faith to anything I may say to you, be assured—that you can act for the good of art in England in no better way than by using whatever

influence any of you have in any direction to urge the reverent study and yet more reverent preservation of the works of Turner. I do not say "the exhibition" of his works, for we are not altogether ripe for it: they are still too far above us; uniting, as I was telling you, too many qualities for us yet to feel fully their range and their influence; —but let us only try to keep them safe from harm, and show thoroughly and conveniently what we show of them at all, and day by day their greatness will dawn upon us more and more, and be the root of a school of art in England, which I do not doubt may be as bright, as just, and as refined as even that of Venice herself. The dominion of the sea seems to have been associated, in past time, with dominion in the arts also: Athens had them together; Venice had them together; but by so much as our authority over the ocean is wider than theirs over the Aegean or Adriatic, let us strive to make our art more widely beneficent than theirs, though it cannot be more exalted; so working out the fulfilment, in their wakening as well as their warning sense, of those great words of the aged Tintoret:

最后，你们可别认为我会忘了自己最喜欢的透纳。令我担心的是，因为他留给这个民族的作品数量的关系，现在国内出现了轻视这笔巨大遗产的情绪。我恳请你们，即使不相信我说的其他话，也一定要相信这句话，那就是：重视这位大师留下的每一件作品，哪怕是一个碎片也别放过，没有比这更能够显著推动英格兰艺术发展的了。终有一天，人们会完全认识到他的力量和应有的地位；这一天不会太遥远了。然而，要相信——只要你们对我说的话抱有一点最微小的信心——就要相信你们可以为英格兰艺术作贡献的最好方法是：用自己在各个方面的一切影响力促进人们虔诚地向透纳学习以及更好地保护他的作品。我不是说为他的作品“办展览”，因为总体来说我们还没准备好：这些作品仍然远远超出我们的欣赏水平；正如我告诉你们的，这些作品中统一了太多特质，我们还不能完全感受它们的范围和影响力——但我们只要努力让它们远离伤害，尽可能充分和便捷地展示它们，那么日复一日，它们的伟大特质会潜移默化地带给我们越来越多的启发，成为英格兰艺术学院的根基。我深信，甚至会像威尼斯那样灿烂、纯正、优雅。过去，领海范围与艺术范围似乎也是联系在一起的：雅典人把两者放在一起；威尼斯人把两者放在一起；而我们所管海洋的权威如此之大，我们所管辖的海洋远远比他们的爱琴海和亚得里亚海宽广，所以与他们相比，我们应该努力让自己的艺术惠及面更广，虽然不可能比他们的更高贵。因此，我们要充分践行丁多雷暮年时的那句话，既是警示，也是激励：

"SEMPRE SI FA IL MARE MAGGIORE."

"SEMPRE SI FA IL MARE MAGGIORE"（意大利语：永远比海洋更宽广）。

(1) 提香（1488-1576）,意大利文艺复兴时期威尼斯画家，擅长肖像画、宗教和神话题材画，作品有《乌尔宾诺的维纳斯》、《圣母升天》等。

(2) 丁托列托（1518-1594),意大利文艺复兴后期威尼斯画派画家，作品有《圣马克拯救奴隶》、《最后审判》及天顶画《铜蛇的勃起》等。

(3) 柯 勒 乔（1494-1534）,意大利文艺复兴时期重要画家，创作了大量的油画和天顶画，多以宗教和神话为题材，著名作品有《耶稣诞生》、天顶画《圣母升天》。

(4) 列奥纳多. 达 .芬奇（1452-1519）,意大利文艺复兴时期建筑师、艺术家，与米开朗琪罗和拉斐尔并称“文艺复兴三杰”。

(5) 凡 戴克 (1599-1641),佛兰德斯作家，英王查理一世宫廷画师，作品多以宗教、神话为题材，尤以贵族肖像画著称。

(6) 伦 勃 朗（1606-1669），荷兰画家，擅长运用明暗对比，讲究构图的完美，尤善于表现人物的神情和性格特征，作品有群像油画《夜巡》、蚀版画《浪子回家》、素描《老人坐像》等。

(7) 牟 利 罗（1618-1682）,西班牙巴罗克画家，风格柔和细腻，作品有宗教画《圣母无原罪始胎》、《圣莱安德罗》及风俗画《童丐》等。

(8) 博洛尼亚（1529-1608）,生于法国的佛兰德斯雕塑家，属风格主义艺术流派，主要作品有《飞神墨丘利》、《萨宾纳的洗劫》等。

(9) 鲁 本 斯（1557-1640）,佛兰德斯画家，巴罗克艺术代表人物，在欧洲艺术史上有具大影响，作品有《基督下十字架》、《维纳斯和阿多尼斯》、《农民的舞蹈》等。

(10) 没药是从没药树上收集的胶状物质，产于阿拉伯、索马里、埃塞俄比亚等地，有药用和防腐的功效。

(11) 透纳（1775—1851），英国风景画家，擅长水彩画，融合油画与水彩技法，追求光与色的效果，主要作品有《运输船的遇难》、《迪埃香港》、《雨、薰汽和速度》等。

(12) 安吉利科（1395—1455），意大利文艺复兴早期的僧侣画家。

(13) 德累斯顿，德国萨克森州（Saxony）首府。

(14) 委拉斯开兹（1599—1660），17世纪西班牙画家，对19世纪欧洲现实主义画派有较大影响。

(15) 洛耶奇斯，西班牙地名，曾是流放罪犯的地方这里是为了与委拉斯开兹的法官身份相联系。

(16) 委拉斯开兹曾负责西班牙丽池（Buenretiro）皇宫的部分装潢。

(17) 阿尔罕布拉宫，中古西班牙摩尔人诸王的豪华宫殿。

III. Modern manufacture and Design

三、现代制造业与设计

A Lecture delivered at Bradford, March, 1859.

1859 年3 月于布拉德福德大学

It is with a deep sense of necessity for your indulgence that I venture to address you to-night, or that I venture at any time to address the pupils of schools of design intended for the advancement of taste in special branches of manufacture. No person is able to give useful and definite help towards such special applications of art, unless he is entirely familiar with the conditions of labour and natures of material involved in the work; and indefinite help is little better than no help at all. Nay, the few remarks which I propose to lay before you this evening will, I fear, be rather suggestive of difficulties than helpful in conquering them: nevertheless, it may not be altogether unserviceable to define clearly for you (and this, at least, I am able to do) one or two of the more stern general obstacles which stand at present in the way of our success in design; and to warn you against exertion of effort in any vain or wasteful way, till these main obstacles are removed.

今晚我敢于站在这里向你们发表演讲，或者说，在任何时候，面对这些希望自己在制造业某些专业领域内的品位得到提高的设计学院学生，我敢于发表演讲，正是因为我深深感受到大家的宽容。除非完全熟知这项工作所涉及的种种劳动环境和原料性质，否则没有人可以对这样一种专门的艺术应用行业提供任何有益和明确的帮助；而不明确的帮助比没有帮助好不了多少。不仅如此，我担心自己今晚所说的只是提醒你们一些困难的存在而不是帮助你们如何克服它们：不过，这些话也不会完全无用，应该能使你们明确一两个比较严重和普遍的障碍（至少这是我能够做到的），正是这些障碍目前阻挡我们在设计领域取得成功；告诫你们在清除这些主要的障碍前，不要将精力浪费在任何无用的地方。

The first of these is our not understanding the scope and dignity of Decorative design. With all our talk about it, the very meaning of the words "Decorative art" remains confused and undecided. I want, if possible, to settle this question for you to-night, and to show you that the principles on which you must work are likely to be false, in proportion as they are narrow; true, only as they are founded on a perception of the connection of all branches of art with each other.

第一个障碍是，我们不理解装饰设计的范围和尊严。虽然我们经常谈论“装饰艺术”，但这一概念的确切含义却依然含混不清。我希望，如

果可能的话，今晚可以为大家解决这个问题，并向你们说明那些必要的工作原则可能是错误的，其错误程度与其狭隘程度成正比；只有建立在所有艺术分支相互联系的观念之上时，这些原则才是正确的。

Observe, then, first—the only essential distinction between Decorative and other art is the being fitted for a fixed place; and in that place, related, either in subordination or command, to the effect of other pieces of art. And all the greatest art which the world has produced is thus fitted for a place, and subordinated to a purpose. There is no existing highest-order art but is decorative. The best sculpture yet produced has been the decoration of a temple front—the best painting, the decoration of a room. Raphael's best doing is merely the wall-colouring of a suite of apartments in the Vatican, and his cartoons were made for tapestries. Correggio's best doing is the decoration of two small church cupolas at Parma; Michael Angelo's of a ceiling in the Pope's private chapel; Tintoret's, of a ceiling and side wall belonging to a charitable society at Venice; while Titian and Veronese threw out their noblest thoughts, not even on the inside, but on the outside of the common brick and plaster walls of Venice.

然后，首先要注意的是——装饰艺术与其他艺术形式唯一的根本性区别是，它适用于某一个固定的地方；而在这个地方，它又与其他艺术作品的效果相关，要么从属于后者，要么支配着后者。这个世界所产生的所有最伟大的艺术形式都以此方式适用于一个地方，服从于一种目的。并不存在任何最高级的艺术，只存在装饰艺术。最好的已有雕刻作品是一座寺院前墙的装饰浮雕，最好的绘画作品，则是一间屋子的装饰画。拉斐尔最好的作品也不过是梵蒂冈一套公寓内的彩色壁画，而且这幅画的草图原本是为挂毯设计的。柯勒乔最好的作品是意大利帕尔马两座小教堂炮塔的绘画；米开朗琪罗的是罗马教皇私人小教堂的天顶画；丁托列托的是为威尼斯一个慈善团体绘制的天顶画和侧墙壁画；提香和韦罗内塞甚至没有将他们的高贵想法用在室内，而是表现在威尼斯室外一面面普通水泥砖墙上。

Get rid, then, at once of any idea of Decorative art being a degraded or a separate kind of art. Its nature or essence is simply its being fitted for a definite place; and, in that place, forming part of a great and harmonious whole, in companionship with other art; and so far from this being a degradation to it—so far from Decorative art being inferior to other art because it is fixed to a spot—on the whole it may be considered as rather a piece of degradation that it should be portable. Portable art—independent of all place—is for the most part ignoble art. Your little Dutch landscape, which you put over your sideboard to-day, and between the windows to-morrow, is a far more contemptible piece of work than the extents of field and forest with which Benozzo[1] has made green and beautiful the once melancholy arcade of the Campo Santo at Pisa; and the wild boar of silver which

you use for a seal, or lock into a velvet case, is little likely to be so noble a beast as the bronze boar who foams forth the fountain from under his tusks in the market-place of Florence. It is, indeed, possible that the portable picture or image may be first-rate of its kind, but it is not first-rate because it is portable; nor are Titian's frescoes less than first-rate because they are fixed; nay, very frequently the highest compliment you can pay to a cabinet picture is to say—"It is as grand as a fresco."

那么，请马上丢掉那些认为装饰艺术是一种堕落或单独的艺术形式的想法。从性质或者本质上来说，它不过是将艺术运用于一个特定的地方；而且，在这个地方，它与其他艺术形式相伴，形成一个伟大、和谐的整体的一部分；被固定在一个地方的特点，不仅不会降低它的艺术性——即装饰艺术不仅不会因此比其他艺术形式低等，相反，总体而言，可以移动的艺术品——独立于所有地方——在很大程度上是卑微的艺术品。一小幅荷兰风景画，你们今天挂在餐柜上方，明天挂在窗户中间；它远远比不上贝诺佐的大面积绿色田野森林画，后者使原本忧伤的意大利比萨圣墓园的拱形走道变得充满生机和美丽；与佛罗伦萨市场上长着獠牙、口吐喷泉水的青铜野猪像相比，用来做图章或锁进天鹅绒箱子的银质野猪模型不太可能更高贵。的确，可以移动的画或塑像可能是此类艺术品中的一流作品，但它不是一流的作品，因为它可以移动；提香的壁画也并没有因为不能移动而成为二流作品；不仅如此，往往你们对一幅小巧的画的最高赞赏是说——“它像壁画一样宏伟壮丽”。

Keeping, then, this fact fixed in our minds,—that all art may be decorative, and that the greatest art yet produced has been decorative,—we may proceed to distinguish the orders and dignities of Decorative art, thus:—

因此，我们头脑中要牢牢记住这个事实——所有的艺术都可能是装饰性的，已创作出的最伟大的艺术就是装饰性的——我们可以进一步区分装饰艺术的规则和尊贵品质，结果如下：

I. The first order of it is that which is meant for places where it cannot be disturbed or injured, and where it can be perfectly seen; and then the main parts of it should be, and have always been made, by the great masters, as perfect, and as full of nature as possible.

一、第一个规则是：装饰艺术所处的地方一方面应该使其免受干扰和破坏，另一方面又要使其得到完美展示；然后，装饰品的主要部分应该并且总是由杰出的大师完成，尽可能地完美和自然。

You will every day hear it absurdly said that room decoration should be by flat patterns—by dead colours—by conventional monotonies, and I know not what. Now, just be assured of this—nobody ever yet used conventional art to decorate with, when he could do anything better, and knew that what he did would be safe. Nay, a great painter will always give you the natural art, safe or not.

Correggio gets a commission to paint a room on the ground floor of a palace at Parma: any of our people—bred on our fine modern principles—would have covered it with a diaper, or with stripes or flourishes, or mosaic patterns. Not so Correggio:—he paints a thick trellis of vine-leaves, with oval openings, and lovely children leaping through them into the room; and lovely children, depend upon it, are rather more desirable decorations than diaper, if you can do them—but they are not quite so easily done. In like manner Tintoret has to paint the whole end of the Council Hall at Venice. An orthodox decorator would have set himself to make the wall look like a wall—Tintoret thinks it would be rather better, if he can manage it, to make it look a little like Paradise;—stretches his canvas right over the wall, and his clouds right over his canvas; brings the light through his clouds—all blue and clear—zodiac beyond zodiac; rolls away the vaporous flood from under the feet of saints, leaving them at last in infinitudes of light—unorthodox in the last degree, but, on the whole, pleasant.

你们每天都会听到一些荒谬的观点，说房间应该用平面图案装饰——死板的色彩——传统的单调。我不知道这些。现在，你们要相信——如果可以有更好的、并且知道是安全的选择，没有人会用传统艺术作装饰。不仅如此，一位杰出的画家永远会向你们呈现自然的艺术，无论它是否安全。柯勒乔受托为意大利帕尔马一座宫殿一层的一间房子绘制壁画：我们中任何一个人——一直受细致的现代原则熏陶的人——都会用菱形花格，或者条纹，或者花饰，或者镶嵌图案来覆盖墙面。柯勒乔并没有这样做：他画的是，茂盛的葡萄藤架上有一些椭圆形的开口，几个可爱的孩子正从这里跳跃着进到房子里；毫无疑问，如果你能做到，用这些可爱的孩子的图案作装饰，远比菱形花格更招人喜欢——但这并不是一件简单的事。同样地，丁托列托必须为威尼斯一个议会大厅的整个尽头部分绘制壁画。正统的装饰工会努力使这面墙看起来像一面墙——丁托列托则认为，如果自己可以驾驭的话，使这面墙看起来有点像天堂会更好些——他用画布覆盖了整面墙，又在画布上布满云彩；然后让光芒穿透云层——一切都是碧蓝的、清澈的——一圈又一圈；直至消散在圣徒们脚下翻滚的洪水中，最终使他们置身于无限的光芒里——这是最大限度的反传统，但总体来说，令人欣赏。

And so in all other cases whatever, the greatest decorative art is wholly unconventional—downright, pure, good painting and sculpture, but always fitted for its place; and subordinated to the purpose it has to serve in that place.

其他所有的例子也是如此，最伟大的装饰艺术完全是非传统的——是坦率、纯洁、优秀的画作和雕塑品，但永远适合它所处的地方，而且服务于它在该处必须服务的目的。

II. But if art is to be placed where it is liable to injury—to wear and tear; or to alteration of its form; as, for instance, on domestic

utensils, and armour, and weapons, and dress; in which either the ornament will be worn out by the usage of the thing, or will be cast into altered shape by the play of its folds; then it is wrong to put beautiful and perfect art to such uses, and you want forms of inferior art, such as will be by their simplicity less liable to injury; or, by reason of their complexity and continuousness, may show to advantage, however distorted by the folds they are cast into.

二、但如果艺术品所处的地方使其很容易受到伤害，遭受损毁；或者容易变形，例如，放在家用器具、盔甲、武器和衣服上，这种情况下，装饰品或者随着物品的使用而磨损，或者因为褶皱的效果而改变形状。所以，将美丽而完美的艺术用到这些地方是错误的，你们需要的是低等些的艺术形式，例如那些简单而不易损伤的；或者那些本身复杂耐用，无论怎么被褶皱扭曲，也能显示出优点的。

And thus arise the various forms of inferior decorative art, respecting which the general law is, that the lower the place and office of the thing, the less of natural or perfect form you should have in it; a zigzag or a chequer is thus a better, because a more consistent ornament for a cup or platter than a landscape or portrait is: hence the general definition of the true forms of conventional ornament is, that they consist in the bestowal of as much beauty on the object as shall be consistent with its Material, its Place, and its Office.

因此就出现了低等装饰艺术的不同形式，其普遍法则是，物品本身的地位和职能越低，你赋予它的自然或完美的形式就应该越少；对于茶杯和大浅盘而言，锯齿形或方格形图案要比风景画或肖像画更容易保持，所以也更好；因此，对传统装饰图案真正形式的一般定义是：在赋予物品美丽的同时，同样也应与物品本身的材料、位置和职能相一致。

Let us consider these three modes of consistency a little.

我们来稍微考虑考虑一致性的下面三种模式。

(A.) Conventionalism by cause of inefficiency of material.

1 由于材料的无效而导致的传统表现方法

If, for instance, we are required to represent a human figure with stone only, we cannot represent its colour; we reduce its colour to whiteness. That is not elevating the human body, but degrading it; only it would be a much greater degradation to give its colour falsely. Diminish beauty as much as you will, but do not misrepresent it. So again, when we are sculpturing a face, we can't carve its eyelashes. The face is none the better for wanting its eyelashes—it is injured by the want; but would be much more injured by a clumsy representation of them.

例如，如果要求我们只能用石头来表现人体的形态，我们就表现不

出人体的颜色，只能将其简化成白色。这样做没有提升人体的艺术感，而是降低了它；只不过，要是涂上了错误的颜色，就会更糟糕。因此，宁可尽量简化艺术美感，也不要错误地表现。同样，雕刻面部的时候，我们不能雕刻眼睫毛。缺少了眼睫毛，面部并没有变得更美——这种缺失损害了美感；但如果笨拙地表现出了眼睫毛，损害会更大。

Neither can we carve the hair. We must be content with the conventionalism of vile solid knots and lumps of marble, instead of the golden cloud that encompasses the fair human face with its waving mystery. The lumps of marble are not an elevated representation of hair—they are a degraded one; yet better than any attempt to imitate hair with the incapable material.

我们也不能雕刻头发。粗糙坚硬的大理石，只能通过石块上的结结块块来表现头发的样子，我们必须满足于这种传统主义，而不能用神秘的波浪形金黄色云烟来围绕白皙美丽的人脸。大理石块不能提升对头发的表现力，而是降低了表现力；但这样做要好于试图用无法表现的材料来模仿头发的形态。

In all cases in which such imitation is attempted, instant degradation to a still lower level is the result. For the effort to imitate shows that the workman has only a base and poor conception of the beauty of the reality—else he would know his task to be hopeless, and give it up at once; so that all endeavours to avoid conventionalism, when the material demands it, result from insensibility to truth, and are among the worst forms of vulgarity. Hence, in the greatest Greek statues, the hair is very slightly indicated—not because the sculptor disdained hair, but because he knew what it was too well to touch it insolently. I do not doubt but that the Greek painters drew hair exactly as Titian does. Modern attempts to produce finished pictures on glass result from the same base vulgarism. No man who knows what painting means, can endure a painted glass window which emulates painter's work. But he rejoices in a glowing mosaic of broken colour: for that is what the glass has the special gift and right of producing. (See Appendix II., Sir Joshua Reynolds' disappointment.)

任何情况下试图进行这样的模仿，结果都是艺术性会立即降到更低的水平，因为这种试图模仿的行为表明，这位工匠对现实中的美的理解仅仅是低级和贫乏的——否则他就会知道，自己所做的工作是毫无希望的，应该立即放弃。因此，当材料本身要求传统表现方法时，所有试图逃避传统主义的努力都是因为对事实的漠视，是最糟糕的一种粗俗表现。因此，在最伟大的希腊雕像中，头发只是略微表现了出来——并不是因为雕刻家蔑视头发，而是因为他知道头发太完美了，硬要傲慢无礼地表现它们是不对的。我毫不怀疑希腊画家绘制头发的方法和提香一样。现代人尝试在玻璃上绘制精美的画作也源于同样低级的粗俗。懂得什么是绘画的人，不会容忍在玻璃窗上仿造画家的彩绘作品。但他会很高兴看到玻璃窗上鲜明的复色镶嵌图案，因为这才是玻璃擅长表现和应

该表现的。（参见附录二“雷诺兹的失望”——作者注）

(B.) Conventionalism by cause of inferiority of place.

2 因位置的不利而导致的传统表现方法。

When work is to be seen at a great distance, or in dark places, or in some other imperfect way, it constantly becomes necessary to treat it coarsely or severely, in order to make it effective. The statues on cathedral fronts, in good times of design, are variously treated according to their distances: no fine execution is put into the features of the Madonna who rules the group of figures above the south transept of Rouen at 150 feet above the ground: but in base modern work, as Milan Cathedral, the sculpture is finished without any reference to distance; and the merit of every statue is supposed to consist in the visitor's being obliged to ascend three hundred steps before he can see it.

当作品需要远距离观看，或者在阴暗的地方观看，或者观赏条件有其他不足时，为了给人留下深刻的印象，粗糙、硬朗的表现方法始终是必要的。以大教堂正面的雕像群为例，在设计艺术的鼎盛时期，根据它们观看距离的不同而采用不同的表现方式：鲁昂大教堂南部十字型翼部上方，统领整组雕像群的圣母马利亚像，距离地面150 英尺，其外貌轮廓并没有采用精细的雕刻手法；而在低级的现代作品中，例如米兰大教堂，创作雕像时根本没有考虑到距离的因素；要欣赏到每座雕像的优点，参观者不得不登上300 级台阶，到这个高度才能看到。

(C.) Conventionalism by cause of inferiority of office.

3 因职能低微而导致的传统表现方法。

When one piece of ornament is to be subordinated to another (as the moulding is to the sculpture it encloses, or the fringe of a drapery to the statue it veils), this inferior ornament needs to be degraded in order to mark its lower office; and this is best done by refusing, more or less, the introduction of natural form. The less of nature it contains, the more degraded is the ornament, and the fitter for a humble place; but, however far a great workman may go in refusing the higher organisms of nature, he always takes care to retain the magnificence of natural lines; that is to say, of the infinite curves, such as I have analyzed in the fourth volume of "Modern Painters." His copyists, fancying that they can follow him without nature, miss precisely the essence of all the work; so that even the simplest piece of Greek conventional ornament loses the whole of its value in any modern imitation of it, the finer curves being always missed. Perhaps one of the dullest and least justifiable mistakes which have yet been made about my writing, is the supposition that I have attacked or despised Greek work. I have attacked Palladian work, and modern imitation of

Greek work. Of Greek work itself I have never spoken but with a reverence quite infinite: I name Phidias always in exactly the same tone with which I speak of Michael Angelo, Titian, and Dante. My first statement of this faith, now thirteen years ago, was surely clear enough. "We shall see by this light three colossal images standing up side by side, looming in their great rest of spirituality above the whole world horizon. Phidias, Michael Angelo, and Dante, —from these we may go down step by step among the mighty men of every age, securely and certainly observant of diminished lustre in every appearance of restlessness and effort, until the last trace of inspiration vanishes in the tottering affectation or tortured insanities of modern times." ("Modern Painters," vol. ii., p. 221.) This was surely plain speaking enough, and from that day to this my effort has been not less continually to make the heart of Greek work known than the heart of Gothic: namely, the nobleness of conception of form derived from perpetual study of the figure; and my complaint of the modern architect has been not that he followed the Greeks, but that he denied the first laws of life in theirs as in all other art.

当一件装饰物从属于另一件时（就像线脚从属于它所围绕的雕刻品，或者帷帐的穗子从属于它所遮盖的雕像），为了标识它较低的职能，匠人需要降低次级装饰物的艺术等级；而最好的方法就是，或多或少地拒绝使用自然的形式。装饰物所包含的自然成分越少，它的艺术等级就越低，就越适合处于卑微的位置；但是，对于一位伟大的艺术家而言，无论他在多大程度上拒绝表现自然的高级有机体，他也总是注意保持自然线条的壮丽；也就是我在《现代画家》第4 卷中所分析的，表现无限的曲线。那些模仿者们，以为可以抛开自然来追随伟大的艺术家，而他们丢掉的恰恰是所有艺术作品的本质。因此，即使是最简单的一件希腊传统装饰物，它的现代仿制品也失去了原作的全部艺术价值，仿制品的曲线永远不如原作精美。或许在对我的著作的各种误解中，最无聊、最不合理的错误观点之一就是假定我曾抨击或鄙视希腊作品。我曾经抨击过帕拉第奥式的作品，也批评过希腊作品的现代仿制品。但谈论希腊作品本身时，我从来都是怀着无限的敬意。每当提到菲迪亚斯的名字时，我的语气就和提到米开朗琪罗、提香和但丁时完全一样。13 年前，我第一次表明这种信念时，就说得足够清楚明确：“借着这道光，我们可以看见并肩而立的三个巨人像，他们伟大的精神从容地隐现在整个世界的地平线上。他们是菲迪亚斯、米开朗琪罗和但丁——以他们为起点，我们可以一步步向下找寻每个时代伟大艺术家的身影，并会安然和确切地发现每一次不安分和试图突破都会削减艺术的光彩，直至最后一丝灵感消失在现代摇摇欲坠的矫揉造作或扭曲的病态精神之中”（见《现代画家》第2 卷，第 221 页）。这当然是再直白不过的表白，从那天起直到现在，我一直致力于宣扬希腊艺术的本质，丝毫不亚于我为宣扬哥特艺术的本质所作出的努力，即形式观念的可贵之处来源于对事物形态的不断研究；而且，我之所以抱怨现代建筑师，并不是因为他对希腊艺术的追随，而是因为他否认了生命力是其本身的艺术作品和其他一切艺

术作品的首要法则。

The fact is, that all good subordinate forms of ornamentation ever yet existent in the world have been invented, and others as beautiful can only be invented, by men primarily exercised in drawing or carving the human figure. I will not repeat here what I have already twice insisted upon, to the students of London and of Manchester, respecting the degradation of temper and intellect which follows the pursuit of art without reference to natural form, as among the Asiatics: here, I will only trespass on your patience so far as to mark the inseparable connection between figure-drawing and good ornamental work, in the great European schools, and all that are connected with them.

事实上，迄今为止，这个世界上出现的所有优秀的附属形式装饰物，以及其他那些同样美丽的装饰物，都是而且只能是由主要从事人像绘画和雕刻的艺术家创造出来的。在这里我不再重复我已经强调过两次的话，两次分别是对伦敦和曼彻斯特的学生讲的，谈论的是关于性情和才能如何因为不顾自然形式、盲目追求艺术而退化，就像亚洲人那样。我在这里如此地不厌其烦，只是为了让你们注意到：在伟大的欧洲流派和所有与之相关的各种流派中，人像绘画和好的装饰作品之间有着密不可分的联系。

Tell me, then, first of all, what ornamental work is usually put before our students as the type of decorative perfection? Raphael's arabesques; are they not? Well, Raphael knew a little about the figure, I suppose, before he drew them. I do not say that I like those arabesques; but there are certain qualities in them which are inimitable by modern designers; and those qualities are just the fruit of the master's figure study. What is given the student as next to Raphael's work? Cinquecento ornament generally. Well, cinquecento generally, with its birds, and cherubs, and wreathed foliage, and clustered fruit, was the amusement of men who habitually and easily carved the figure, or painted it. All the truly fine specimens of it have figures or animals as main parts of the design.

那么，首先请告诉我，通常作为装饰艺术的完美典范摆放在我们学生面前的是什么样的装饰作品？拉斐尔的蔓藤花纹，不是吗？好吧，我想拉斐尔在画这些花纹之前，对它们的形态多少是了解一些的。我并不是说自己喜欢那些花纹，但它们具有的某些特性确实是现代设计者无法模仿的，那些特性就是这位大师对形态进行研究的结果。拉斐尔作品之后，还有哪些可以拿给学生们看呢？通常是16 世纪意大利艺术风格的装饰物。那么，一般来说，16 世纪意大利艺术作品的图案是各种鸟类、小天使、环绕盘旋的叶子和一串串果实，这些都是习惯了且能毫不费力地雕刻或绘制出人物形态的艺术家们的消遣之作。一切真正优秀的装饰艺术典范作品，都以人物或动物作为设计的主要部分。

"Nay, but," some anciently or mediaevally minded person will exclaim, "we don't want to study cinquecento. We want severer, purer conventionalism." What will you have? Egyptian ornament? Why, the whole mass of it is made up of multitudinous human figures in every kind of action—and magnificent action; their kings drawing their bows in their chariots, their sheaves of arrows rattling at their shoulders; the slain falling under them as before a pestilence; their captors driven before them in astonied troops; and do you expect to imitate Egyptian ornament without knowing how to draw the human figure? Nay, but you will take Christian ornament—purest mediaeval Christian—thirteenth century! Yes: and do you suppose you will find the Christian less human? The least natural and most purely conventional ornament of the Gothic schools is that of their painted glass; and do you suppose painted glass, in the fine times, was ever wrought without figures? We have got into the way, among our other modern wretchednesses, of trying to make windows of leaf diapers, and of strips of twisted red and yellow bands, looking like the patterns of currant jelly on the top of Christmas cakes; but every casement of old glass contained a saint's history. The windows of Bourges, Chartres, or Rouen have ten, fifteen, or twenty medallions in each, and each medallion contains two figures at least, often six or seven, representing every event of interest in the history of the saint whose life is in question. Nay, but, you say those figures are rude and quaint, and ought not to be imitated. Why, so is the leafage rude and quaint, yet you imitate that. The coloured border pattern of geranium or ivy leaf is not one whit better drawn, or more like geraniums and ivy, than the figures are like figures; but you call the geranium leaf idealised—why don't you call the figures so? The fact is, neither are idealized, but both are conventionalised on the same principles, and in the same way; and if you want to learn how to treat the leafage, the only way is to learn first how to treat the figure. And you may soon test your powers in this respect. Those old workmen were not afraid of the most familiar subjects. The windows of Chartres were presented by the trades of the town, and at the bottom of each window is a representation of the proceedings of the tradesmen at the business which enabled them to pay for the window. There are smiths at the forge, curriers at their hides, tanners looking into their pits, mercers selling goods over the counter—all made into beautiful medallions. Therefore, whenever you want to know whether you have got any real power of composition or adaptation in ornament, don't be content with sticking leaves together by the ends, —anybody can do that; but try to conventionalise a butcher's or a greengrocer's, with Saturday night customers buying cabbage and beef. That will tell you if you can design or not.

“尽管如此，但是，”一些思想陈旧或顽固守旧的人会大声呼喊，“我们不想研究16 世纪意大利艺术作品。我们想要更严肃、更纯粹的传统艺术形式。”那你们想要的是哪一种？埃及装饰艺术吗？为什么呢？要知道，整个埃及装饰艺术都是由大量不同动作的人物形象组成的——场面壮观；他们的国王驾着战车，拉开弯弓，搭在肩膀上的一束箭咔嗒作响、蓄势待发；被杀的人在他们面前倒下，如同瘟疫来袭；胜利者追赶着一群群受惊的士兵。你们以为在不知道如何画人物的情况下，可以模仿出埃及的装饰作品吗？不是这样的，但你们还会提到基督教装饰艺术——最纯粹的中世纪基督教——13 世纪的基督教！是的，但你们以为基督教的人性化成分会少吗？哥特流派中，最不自然、最纯粹的传统装饰物是他们的彩绘玻璃作品；你们是不是认为，彩色玻璃画在鼎盛时期是没有人物形象的？在我们其他的各种现代悲剧之中，我们已经陷入了这样的一种模式：试图在窗户上画上树叶状的菱形图案，或者红黄色带相间的各种曲线条纹，看上去就像是圣诞节蛋糕顶层上的葡萄干果冻的图案；而每一扇古老的玻璃窗扉上描述着的，却都是一位圣徒的经历。波治大教堂、夏特尔大教堂和鲁昂大教堂分别有10 扇、15 扇和20 扇带有圆形浮雕的窗户，每幅浮雕至少有两个人物，通常是6 至7 个，表现了所刻画的圣徒一生里各种有意思的经历。尽管如此，但你们还会说这些人物形象粗糙、离奇古怪，不应该用来模仿。为什么不能呢？那些叶状装饰物也是粗糙、离奇的，你们不是也在模仿吗？天竺葵或常春藤叶子形状的彩边图案一点也不比人像画得好，或者说，画出来的天竺葵和常春藤并不比画出来的人像更逼真。但你们却说这些是理想化了的天竺葵叶子——为什么你们不这样说这些人像呢？事实是，两者都没有被理想化，而是依据相同的原则，以同样的方式，形成了传统。如果你们想要学习如何创作叶状装饰图案，唯一的方法是先学习如何创作人像。很快你们就可以检验自己在这方面的能力。那些老艺术家不害怕创作熟悉的主题。夏特尔大教堂的窗户表现的是城镇的贸易状况，每扇窗户的底部都画着一幅商人们正在做生意的场景，正是靠着生意，商人们才有钱建造这些窗户。有铁匠在打铁的场景，有鞣皮匠加工皮革的场景，有制革工检查皮革上是否有坑坑洼洼的场景，有绸布商站在柜台前卖货的场景——都变成了美丽的圆形浮雕。因此，当你想要知道自己是不是真正具有创作或改造装饰物的能力时，不要满足于你能创作出尾部相连的几片树叶——任何人都做得出来；而要用传统方式创作出一幅星期六晚上，肉店里或菜摊前，顾客来来往往购买牛肉和卷心菜的场景。这才能表现出你是否真的对设计在行。

I can fancy your losing patience with me altogether just now. "We asked this fellow down to tell our workmen how to make shawls, and he is only trying to teach them how to caricature." But have a little patience with me, and examine, after I have done, a little for yourselves into the history of ornamental art, and you will discover why I do this. You will discover, I repeat, that all great ornamental art whatever is founded on the effort of the workman to draw the figure, and, in the best schools, to draw all that he saw about him in living nature. The best art of pottery is acknowledged to be that of Greece,

and all the power of design exhibited in it, down to the merest zigzag, arises primarily from the workman having been forced to outline nymphs and knights; from those helmed and draped figures he holds his power. Of Egyptian ornament I have just spoken. You have everything given there that the workman saw; people of his nation employed in hunting, fighting, fishing, visiting, making love, building, cooking—everything they did is drawn, magnificently or familiarly, as was needed. In Byzantine ornament, saints, or animals which are types of various spiritual power, are the main subjects; and from the church down to the piece of enamelled metal, figure, —figure, —figure, always principal. In Norman and Gothic work you have, with all their quiet saints, also other much disquieted persons, hunting, feasting, fighting, and so on; or whole hordes of animals racing after each other. In the Bayeux tapestry[2], Queen Matilda gave, as well as she could, —in many respects graphically enough, —the whole history of the conquest of England. Thence, as you increase in power of art, you have more and more finished figures, up to the solemn sculptures of Wells Cathedral, or the cherubic enrichments of the Venetian Madonna dei Miracoli. Therefore, I will tell you fearlessly, for I know it is true, you must raise your workman up to life, or you will never get from him one line of well-imagined conventionalism. We have at present no good ornamental design. We can't have it yet, and we must be patient if we want to have it. Do not hope to feel the effect of your schools at once, but raise the men as high as you can, and then let them stoop as low as you need; no great man ever minds stooping. Encourage the students, in sketching accurately and continually from nature anything that comes in their way —still life, flowers, animals; but, above all, figures; and so far as you allow of any difference between an artist's training and theirs, let it be, not in what they draw, but in the degree of conventionalism you require in the sketch. For my own part, I should always endeavour to give thorough artistical training first; but I am not certain (the experiment being yet untried) what results may be obtained by a truly intelligent practice of conventional drawing, such as that of the Egyptians, Greeks, or thirteenth century French, which consists in the utmost possible rendering of natural form by the fewest possible lines. The animal and bird drawing of the Egyptians is, in their fine age, quite magnificent under its conditions; magnificent in two ways—first, in keenest perception of the main forms and facts in the creature; and, secondly, in the grandeur of line by which their forms are abstracted and insisted on, making every asp, ibis, and vulture a sublime spectre of asp or ibis or vulture power. The way for students to get some of this gift again (some only, for I believe the fulness of the gift itself to be connected with vital superstition, and with resulting intensity of

reverence; people were likely to know something about hawks and ibises, when to kill one was to be irrevocably judged to death) is never to pass a day without drawing some animal from the life, allowing themselves the fewest possible lines and colours to do it with, but resolving that whatever is characteristic of the animal shall in some way or other be shown. (Plate 75 in Vol. V. of Wilkinson's "Ancient Egypt" will give the student an idea of how to set to work.) I repeat, it cannot yet be judged what results might be obtained by a nobly practised conventionalism of this kind; but, however that may be, the first fact, —the necessity of animal and figure drawing, is absolutely certain, and no person who shrinks from it will ever become a great designer. One great good arises even from the first step in figure drawing, that it gets the student quit at once of the notion of formal symmetry. If you learn only to draw a leaf well, you are taught in some of our schools to turn it the other way, opposite to itself; and the two leaves set opposite ways are called a "design:" and thus it is supposed possible to produce ornamentation, though you have no more brains than a looking-glass or a kaleidoscope has. But if you once learn to draw the human figure, you will find that knocking two men's heads together does not necessarily constitute a good design; nay, that it makes a very bad design, or no design at all; and you will see at once that to arrange a group of two or more figures, you must, though perhaps it may be desirable to balance, or oppose them, at the same time vary their attitudes, and make one, not the reverse of the other, but the companion of the other.

我能想象出，你们刚刚已经对我失去耐心了。“我们本来是请这个人来告诉我们的工匠应怎样制作披肩，而他却只是设法教会他们如何拙劣地模仿。”但还是请大家稍微再耐心些，在我讲完后，你们自己再对装饰艺术的历史作一些研究，就会明白我为什么要这样做。我再重申一次，你们会发现一切优秀的装饰艺术作品，无论是什么形式，都建立在匠人绘制人像的创作之上，以及在几个最优秀的艺术流派中，匠人绘制他们生活的自然中见到的所有事物的创作之上。希腊的陶瓷艺术被公认为是最伟大的，它所表现出的所有设计能力，哪怕仅仅是锯齿形图案，从根本上来说，也是源于匠人长期被迫勾勒少女和骑士而形成的手法；正是从塑造这些带着头盔和穿着披风的人物形象中，工匠们获得了自己的能力。我刚刚谈到了埃及的装饰作品。你们可以在其中找到创作者所看到的一切；他的同胞在打猎、战斗、捕鱼、游览、做爱、建筑、烹饪——他们所做的一切都被画了出来，根据需要，表现得或恢宏，或平淡。拜占庭时期的装饰作品中，圣徒或者象征着各种精神力量的动物是主要的题材；从教堂到一片镀着珐琅的金属，最主要的装饰物永远是人像——人像——还是人像。在诺曼人和哥特人的作品中，既有安详的圣徒，也有很不安分的人物，比如打猎、饮宴、战斗的人等等；或者整群整群的动物相互追逐。在贝叶挂毯上，马蒂尔达王后尽了自己最大的能力——在很多方面都非常清晰生动——表现了诺曼人征服英格兰的整个历史。

从此，随着艺术才能的增加，你们有了越来越多完美的人物形象，一直到创作出韦尔斯大教堂里的庄严雕塑，或者威尼斯圣母马利亚大教堂里丰富的天使形象。因此，我可以无所畏惧地告诉你们，因为我知道这是正确的，必须让你们的工匠上升到生活的高度，否则你们永远不能从他那里得到哪怕是一条充满丰富想象力的传统线条。我们现在没有优秀的装饰设计作品。我们还做不到；如果想做到，就需要耐心。不要希望能马上就感觉到你们学派的影响，而是把这些艺术家提升到尽可能高的位置，然后根据你们的需要，让他们把身子弯下来；伟大的艺术家是从来不会介意屈尊降贵的。要鼓励学生们不断地、准确地勾画他们在自然中看到的一切——静物、鲜花、动物，而最重要的是人物；只要你允许一位艺术家所受的训练与其他艺术家有些差别，那么就不要认为这种差别在于他们所画的东西不同，差别其实在于你要求他们在素描中体现出的传统主义手法的程度不同。对于我自己来说，首先应该尽力给学生全面的艺术训练；但我还不能肯定（尚未经过实验），真正智慧地运用传统绘画方法，就像埃及人、希腊人或13世纪的法国人那样，用尽可能最少的线条最大限度地表现自然的形态，这样做会有什么样的结果。繁盛时期，埃及人的鸟兽画在当时的情况下是非常华丽壮观的，这种华丽壮观表现在两个方面——首先是对动物的主要形态和真实情形有非常敏锐的感知；其次，优美的线条抽象和勾勒出动物的形态，使刻画出的每只角蝰、朱鹭和秃鹰成为拥有角蝰、朱鹭和秃鹰的力量的高贵精灵。学生要想再次获得一些这样的才能（只是一些，因为我相信这种才能本身的完整与重要的迷信思想以及由此产生的高度敬畏心理是联系在一起的；在杀害一只鹰或朱鹭就肯定会被判死刑的年代，人们可能会对它们有所了解），方法就是每天都要画生活中的动物，要让自己用尽可能最少的线条和颜色来作画，但是要保证所画动物本身所具有的一切特征都要用这样或那样的方法表现出来。（威尔金森的《古埃及》一书第5 卷插图75，对学生如何开始工作提出了建议。——作者注）我再重复一次，高贵地运用这种传统手法会产生什么样的结果还无法判断。但是，无论结果怎样，首要的一个事实是——画动物和人物素描是绝对必要的，任何无法做到这一点的人都不会成为伟大的设计师。从画人物素描的第一步起，甚至就有好处了，那就是它可以帮助学生立即摆脱形式对称的观念。如果你们只是学习如何画好一片叶子，有些学校会教你们换个角度，画与原来的叶子相对的图案；将两片叶子相对放置的方法称为“设计”：据此你们可能以为就可以创作出装饰艺术品了，尽管这其中反映出来的你们的智慧与镜子或万花筒相比也差不了多少。但是，一旦你们学会了人像素描，就会发现将两个人的头放在一起并不一定就能成为好的设计。相反，这是一个很糟糕的设计，或者说这根本不是设计。你们马上会发现，要安排两个或多个人物的一组图像，虽然对人物的平衡或对置是可取的，但同时你们还必须变换他们的姿势，使其中一个成为另一个的同伴，而不是对立物。

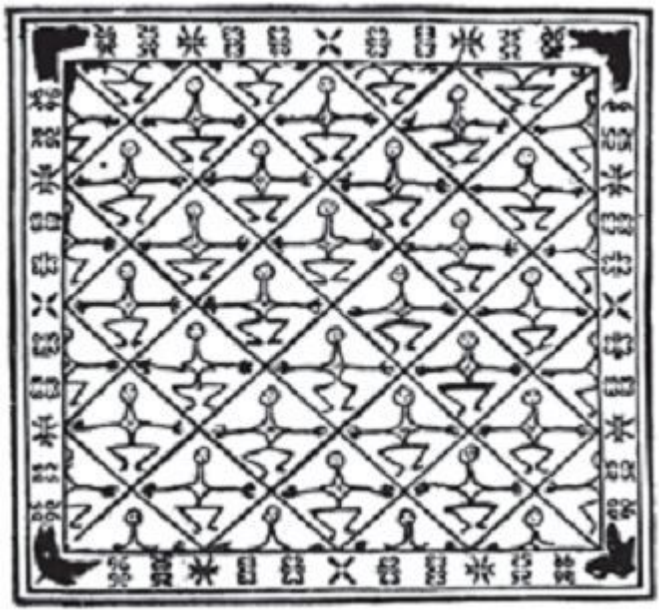
I had a somewhat amusing discussion on this subject with a friend, only the other day; and one of his retorts upon me was so neatly put, and expresses so completely all that can either be said or shown on the opposite side, that it is well worth while giving it to you

exactly in the form it was sent to me. My friend had been maintaining that the essence of ornament consisted in three things:—contrast, series, and symmetry. I replied (by letter) that "none of them, nor all of them together, would produce ornament. Here"—(making a ragged blot with the back of my pen on the paper)—"you have contrast; but it isn't ornament: here, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,”—(writing the numerals)—"you have series; but it isn't ornament: and here,”—(sketching this figure at the side)—"you have symmetry; but it isn't ornament."

前几天，我刚刚和一位朋友就这个话题进行了一次有趣的讨论。有一段他反驳我的话说得非常巧妙，将对立方所要表达或表现的一切观点都很完整地表达了出来，很值得我原原本本地呈现给你们。我的朋友一直坚持认为，装饰作品的本质包含三个要素——对比、系列和对称。我（通过书信）回答说：“它们中任何一个，或者三个一起，都不会创作出装饰物。这里（我用钢笔的背面在纸上留下了一个不协调的污点）是对比，但它不是装饰物；这里，‘1，2，3，4，5，6’（写下一组数字）是系列，但它不是装饰物；而在这里（在旁边大致画了这个人体图形）是对称，但它也不是装饰物。”

My friend replied:—“Your materials were not ornament, because you did not apply them. I send them to you back, made up into a choice sporting neckerchief."

我的朋友这样答复："你的素材不是装饰物，因为你没有应用它们。我把它们设计成一条精美的运动围巾返还给你。"



Symmetrical figure ……Unit of diaper.

图例：对称的形体……菱形块内的装饰图案

Contrast ……Corner ornaments.

对比……角落装饰图案

Series ……Border ornaments.

系列……边缘装饰图案

Each figure is converted into a harmony by being revolved on its two axes, the whole opposed in contrasting series."

"绕着两个轴旋转，每个人体图形都变得非常和谐，整幅图由相互对立的对比系列构成。"

My answer was—or rather was to the effect (for I must expand it a little, here)—that his words, "because you did not apply them," contained the gist of the whole matter;—that the application of them, or any other things, was precisely the essence of design; the non-application, or wrong application, the negation of design: that his use of the poor materials was in this case admirable; and that if he could explain to me, in clear words, the principles on which he had so used them, he would be doing a very great service to all students of art.

我的回答是，或者大致是（因为在这里我必须将原话扩展一下）：

他所说的“因为你没有应用它们”这句话指出了整件事最关键的一点——对这些或其他任何素材的应用，正是设计的本质；没有应用，或错误的应用，都是对设计的否定：在这种情况下，他对这些乏味的素材进行的应用非常值得钦佩；如果他可以用清楚的语言，将他这么应用这些素材的原理解释给我听，那么他所做的，将使所有艺术生大大受益。

"Tell me, therefore" (I asked), "these main points:

“那么，请告诉我”（我问）“下面这些要点：

1. How did you determine the number of figures you would put into the neckerchief? Had there been more, it would have been mean and ineffective,—a pepper-and-salt sprinkling of figures. Had there been fewer, it would have been monstrous. How did you fix the number?

1. 你如何决定放在围巾上的人像数量？如果再多放一些，就会显得粗俗和毫无艺术性——就像把人像黑白相间地撒在上面一样。如果少放一些，又会显得怪异。你是如何确定数量的？

2. How did you determine the breadth of the border and relative size of the numerals?

2. 你是如何确定边缘的宽度和数字的相对大小的？

3. Why are there two lines outside of the border, and one only inside? Why are there no more lines? Why not three and two, or three and five? Why lines at all to separate the barbarous figures; and why, if lines at all, not double or treble instead of single?

3. 为什么边缘外面有两条线，而里面只有一条？为什么不多画几条？为什么不是三条和两条，或三条和五条的组合？为什么只用线条来分开简略的人像？如果只用线条，为什么不用双线或三线，而用单线？

4. Why did you put the double blots at the corners? Why not at the angles of the chequers,—or in the middle of the border?

4. 为什么你在每个角上放两个污点？为什么不放在每个方格子的角上，或者放在边缘图案的中间？

It is precisely your knowing why not to do these things, and why to do just what you have done, which constituted your power of design; and like all the people I have ever known who had that power, you are entirely unconscious of the essential laws by which you work, and confuse other people by telling them that the design depends on symmetry and series, when, in fact, it depends entirely on your own sense and judgement.”

正是因为你确切地知道为什么不做这些事情，为什么只做你已经做到的事情，你才拥有了设计的能力。就像我所认识的所有拥有这种力量的人一样，你完全没有意识到自己创作时所依据的本质原则，反而告诉

别人设计依靠对称和系列，把他们也弄糊涂了。而事实上，设计完全靠你自己的感觉和判断。”

This was the substance of my last answer—to which (as I knew beforehand would be the case) I got no reply; but it still remains to be observed that with all the skill and taste (especially involving the architect's great trust, harmony of proportion), which my friend could bring to bear on the materials given him, the result is still only—a sporting neckerchief—that is to say, the materials addressed, first, to recklessness, in the shape of a mere blot; then to computativeness in a series of figures; and then to absurdity and ignorance, in the shape of an ill-drawn caricature—such materials, however treated, can only work up into what will please reckless, computative, and vulgar persons,—that is to say, into a sporting neckerchief. The difference between this piece of ornamentation and Correggio's painting at Parma lies simply and wholly in the additions (somewhat large ones), of truth and of tenderness: in the drawing being lovely as well as symmetrical—and representative of realities as well as agreeably disposed. And truth, tenderness, and inventive application or disposition are indeed the roots of ornament—not contrast, nor symmetry.

这是我最后一次回信的主要内容——对此我还没有收到回复（我之前已经预料到了），但我们还要注意到的是，虽然我的朋友可以将他所有的才能和品位（尤其是其中包含了建筑家的伟大信心和对比例的协调能力）表现在面前的素材中，但结果也只是——一条运动围巾。也就是说，处理素材时，首先，通过那个仅有的污点联想到鲁莽；然后由一组数字联想到计算；然后由拙劣的模仿人像画联想到荒唐和无知——这样的素材，无论如何处理，创作出的作品只能取悦莽撞、好算计和粗俗的人，也就是说，只能做成一条运动围巾。这件装饰作品与柯勒乔在帕尔马的画作相比，区别仅仅而且完全在于后者所附加的（尽管附加的东西大了一些）真实性和柔和性：后者那幅画既是美丽的也是对称的，布局既真实地反映了现实也让人感觉舒适。真实、柔和及创造性的应用或构思才真正是装饰艺术的根源——不是对比，也不是对称。

It ought yet farther to be observed, that the nobler the materials, the less their symmetry is endurable. In the present case, the sense of fitness and order, produced by the repetition of the figures, neutralizes, in some degree, their reckless vulgarity; and is wholly, therefore, beneficent to them. But draw the figures better, and their repetition will become painful. You may harmlessly balance a mere geometrical form, and oppose one quatrefoil or cusp by another exactly like it. But put two Apollo Belvideres back to back, and you will not think the symmetry improves them. Whenever the materials of ornament are noble, they must be various; and repetition of parts is either the sign of utterly bad, hopeless, and base work; or of the

intended degradation of the parts in which such repetition is allowed, in order to foil others more noble.

进一步观察，还能发现，素材越高贵，对称就越不能让人接受。在眼前这个例子里，重复出现的人形图案给人一种恰当和有秩序的感觉，在某种程度上，中和了素材的鲁莽和粗俗。因此，这样的设计是完全有益的。但如果将人形图案画得好些，它们的重复出现就会让人觉得痛苦。你可以平衡一幅纯几何图形，也可以把两个完全一样的四瓣花或尖顶图形相对放在一起，这些完全无害。但是，如果将两个阿波罗. 贝尔维德图像背靠背放在一起，你就不会认为对称可以提升它们的艺术性。只要装饰素材是高贵的，就必须引入多样性；重复某些部分要么就是绝对劣质的、不可救药的低级作品的标志，要么就是有意将某些允许被重复的部分降低档次，以此将其他部分衬托得更高贵的标志。

Such, then, are a few of the great principles, by the enforcement of which you may hope to promote the success of the modern student of design; but remember, none of these principles will be useful at all, unless you understand them to be, in one profound and stern sense, useless. (I shall endeavour for the future to put my self-contradictions in short sentences and direct terms, in order to save sagacious persons the trouble of looking for them.)

以上就是一些重要原则，你们可以希望，通过执行这些原则来帮助现代学设计的学生取得成功，但是要记住，这些原则可能根本没用，除非你们能够理解，在某种深刻和严格的意义上，这些原则就是无用的。（为了避免睿智的人费力找我的观点，今后我会努力用简短的句子和直白的术语来表达我的一些看似矛盾的观点。——作者注）

That is to say, unless you feel that neither you nor I, nor any one, can, in the great ultimate sense, teach anybody how to make a good design.

也就是说，除非你们认识到，你、我或其他任何人，从最根本上来说，都不能教别人如何设计出好的作品。

If designing could be taught, all the world would learn: as all the world reads—or calculates. But designing is not to be spelled, nor summed. My men continually come to me, in my drawing class in London, thinking I am to teach them what is instantly to enable them to gain their bread. "Please, sir, show us how to design." "Make designers of us." And you, I doubt not, partly expect me to tell you to-night how to make designers of your Bradford youths. Alas! I could as soon tell you how to make or manufacture an ear of wheat, as to make a good artist of any kind. I can analyze the wheat very learnedly for you—tell you there is starch in it, and carbon, and silex. I can give you starch, and charcoal, and flint; but you are as far from your ear of wheat as you were before. All that can possibly be done for any one who wants ears of wheat is to show them where to find grains of

wheat, and how to sow them, and then, with patience, in Heaven's time, the ears will come—or will perhaps come—ground and weather permitting. So in this matter of making artists—first you must find your artist in the grain; then you must plant him; fence and weed the field about him; and with patience, ground and weather permitting, you may get an artist out of him—not otherwise. And what I have to speak to you about, to-night, is mainly the ground and the weather, it being the first and quite most material question in this matter, whether the ground and weather of Bradford, or the ground and weather of England in general, —suit wheat.

也就是说，除非你们认识到，你、我或其他任何人，从最根本上来说，都不能教别人如何设计出好的作品。如果设计可以被教授，那么全世界的人都能学会，就像全世界的人都会阅读和计算一样，但是设计不是拼写或计算出来的。在伦敦的绘画课上，我的学生总会来找我，认为我将能教会他们如何快速地获得谋生的手段。“先生，请告诉我们如何做设计吧！”“把我们培养成设计师吧！”我毫不怀疑，你们中有些人希望今晚我能告诉你们如何将布拉德福德的年轻人培养成设计师。哎呀！我能马上告诉你们怎样才能培养出一位杰出的艺术家，就像我能马上告诉你们怎样才能生产出一株麦子一样。我可以卖弄自己的博学，给你们分析一下小麦的成分，告诉你们小麦里包含淀粉、碳和二氧化硅。我能向你们提供淀粉、木炭和燧石，但你们与那株麦子之间的距离还是像以前一样远。对于想收获麦子的人，也许我们所能做的，就是告诉他们到哪里能找到小麦种子，怎样播种，然后，经过一段时间的耐心等待，在土壤和气候允许的条件下，麦子就会——或者可能会长出来。培养艺术家也是这样——首先你们要发现艺术家的种子，然后你们必须栽培他，保护他，为他铲除周围的野草，耐心等待，在土壤和气候允许的条件下，你们就可以把他培养成一位艺术家，除此之外，别无方法。而今晚，我必须要和你们谈论的主要是土壤和天气的因素，这是首要的和最实质性的问题，即布拉德福德的土壤和天气，或者整个英格兰的土壤和天气，是不是适合小麦的生长。

And observe in the outset, it is not so much what the present circumstances of England are, as what we wish to make them, that we have to consider. If you will tell me what you ultimately intend Bradford to be, perhaps I can tell you what Bradford can ultimately produce. But you must have your minds clearly made up, and be distinct in telling me what you do want. At present I don't know what you are aiming at, and possibly on consideration you may feel some doubt whether you know yourselves. As matters stand, all over England, as soon as one mill is at work, occupying two hundred hands, we try, by means of it, to set another mill at work, occupying four hundred. That is all simple and comprehensive enough—but what is it to come to? How many mills do we want? or do we indeed want no end of mills? Let us entirely understand each other on this point

before we go any farther. Last week, I drove from Rochdale to Bolton Abbey; quietly, in order to see the country, and certainly it was well worth while. I never went over a more interesting twenty miles than those between Rochdale and Burnley. Naturally, the valley has been one of the most beautiful in the Lancashire hills; one of the far away solitudes, full of old shepherd ways of life. At this time there are not, —I speak deliberately, and I believe quite literally, —there are not, I think, more than a thousand yards of road to be traversed anywhere, without passing a furnace or mill.

首先观察到的是，现在英格兰的环境与我们所希望的并非完全相符，我们需要考虑到这一点。如果你们能告诉我，你们最终希望布拉德福德成为什么样子，或许我就能告诉你们布拉德福德最终能生产出什么。但是你们必须要明确下定决心，清楚地告诉我，你们想要什么。现在，我不知道你们的目标是什么，可能如果仔细想想，你们自己也会怀疑是否了解自己。照目前的情况看，只要有一间工厂开工，雇用了200个人，我们就会依照这种模式，努力再开一间工厂，雇用400 个人。这很简单也很容易理解——但接下来呢？我们想要多少间工厂？或者，我们是不是真的想要多得数不清的工厂？在继续深入讨论之前，我们还是先完全弄明白彼此在这一点上的看法。上个星期，我驱车从罗奇代尔前往博尔顿修道院，我把车开得很平稳，想要看一看乡下的景色，当然这非常值得。从罗奇代尔到班来要走20 公里，这是我见过的最有趣的一段路。就自然景色而言，这里一直是兰开夏山区最美丽的山谷之一，这里远离城市，非常僻静，人们依然过着古老的牧羊人式的生活。而现在——我很慎重地说，并且深信不疑——我想，不管在什么地方，每隔最多1,000 码的距离，肯定就能看到一座高炉或者工厂。

Now, is that the kind of thing you want to come to everywhere? Because, if it be, and you tell me so distinctly, I think I can make several suggestions to-night, and could make more if you give me time, which would materially advance your object. The extent of our operations at present is more or less limited by the extent of coal and ironstone, but we have not yet learned to make proper use of our clay. Over the greater part of England, south of the manufacturing districts, there are magnificent beds of various kinds of useful clay; and I believe that it would not be difficult to point out modes of employing it which might enable us to turn nearly the whole of the south of England into a brickfield, as we have already turned nearly the whole of the north into a coal-pit. I say "nearly" the whole, because, as you are doubtless aware, there are considerable districts in the south composed of chalk renowned up to the present time for their downs and mutton. But, I think, by examining carefully into the conceivable uses of chalk, we might discover a quite feasible probability of turning all the chalk districts into a limekiln, as we turn the clay districts into a brickfield. There would then remain nothing but the mountain

districts to be dealt with; but, as we have not yet ascertained all the uses of clay and chalk, still less have we ascertained those of stone; and I think, by draining the useless inlets of the Cumberland, Welsh, and Scotch lakes, and turning them, with their rivers, into navigable reservoirs and canals, there would be no difficulty in working the whole of our mountain districts as a gigantic quarry of slate and granite, from which all the rest of the world might be supplied with roofing and building stone.

这就是你们想要到处看到的吗？如果是的话，你们就清楚地告诉我，因为我想，今晚我能提几条建议，如果给我更多的时间，我还能提更多的建议，这些建议能切实推动你们朝目标前进。目前我们运作的范围多多少少受到了煤和铁矿石应用范围的限制，但我们还没有学会如何正确地使用我们的黏土。在英格兰较为广阔的地区，制造业区域的南部，有大面积各种各样的实用黏土层，我相信要指出使用这些黏土的方式并不难。但通过这些使用方式，我们就有可能将几乎整个英格兰南部变成砖厂，就像我们已经将几乎整个北部变成煤矿那样。我说“几乎”整个，是因为，正如你们所确切知道的，南部地区还有相当大一片是石灰石土地，一直以来以盛产羊毛和羊肉而出名。但是，我想，如果仔细思考石灰石可能有的用途，我们会发现将所有石灰石土质地区变成石灰窑是一个很可行的方案，就像我们可以把有黏土层的土地变成砖厂一样。然后，就只剩下如何处理山区的问题了，可是我们还没有查明黏土和石灰石的全部用途，对于石头的用途就知道得更少了。我认为，可以将坎伯兰郡、威尔士和苏格兰湖区那些没用的水湾抽干，然后把这些地方连同它们的河流一起变成适于航行的水库和运河。这样一来，就能毫无困难地将我们的整个山区变成巨大的板岩和花岗岩采石场，为全世界供应建造屋顶和房子的石料。

Is this, then, what you want? You are going straight at it at present; and I have only to ask under what limitations I am to conceive or describe your final success? Or shall there be no limitations? There are none to your powers; every day puts new machinery at your disposal, and increases, with your capital, the vastness of your undertakings. The changes in the state of this country are now so rapid, that it would be wholly absurd to endeavour to lay down laws of art education for it under its present aspect and circumstances; and therefore I must necessarily ask, how much of it do you seriously intend within the next fifty years to be coal-pit, brickfield, or quarry? For the sake of distinctness of conclusion, I will suppose your success absolute: that from shore to shore the whole of the island is to be set as thick with chimneys as the masts stand in the docks of Liverpool: and there shall be no meadows in it; no trees; no gardens; only a little corn grown upon the housetops, reaped and threshed by steam: that you do not leave even room for roads, but travel either over the roofs of your mills, on viaducts; or under their

floors, in tunnels: that, the smoke having rendered the light of the sun unserviceable, you work always by the light of your own gas: that no acre of English ground shall be without its shaft and its engine; and therefore, no spot of English ground left, on which it shall be possible to stand, without a definite and calculable chance of being blown off it, at any moment, into small pieces.

那么，这是你们想要的吗？你们现在正笔直地朝着这个方向前进，我只能问，要设想和描述你们最终的成就，会有哪些限定条件吗？或者，根本就没有限定条件？没有什么能限制你们的力量，每天都有新的机器供你们支配，随着资本的增加，你们的事业越做越大。现在这个国家的状态变化得太快，想要在目前的情形和环境下努力为艺术教育制定法则，实在是非常荒谬。所以，我有必要这样问，在未来50 年里，你们真正希望有多少地区变成煤矿、砖厂和采石场？为了使结论更加清楚，我假设你们将取得绝对的成功：从一条海岸到另一条海岸，整座岛上布满了密密麻麻的烟囱，就像利物浦码头到处都是桅杆那样；没有草地，没有树木，没有花园，只有种在屋顶上的少量玉米，用蒸汽机收割和脱粒；你们甚至没有地方铺路，只能在工厂屋顶上的高架桥上走动，或者从工厂地基下的隧道中穿过；烟尘阻挡了阳光，你们只能一直在煤气灯下工作；英格兰的土地上，每一寸都有转动轴和引擎。所以，在英格兰的地面上，人们将无立锥之地，随时随地都可能以及肯定有被炸成碎片的危险。

Under these circumstances, (if this is to be the future of England,) no designing or any other development of beautiful art will be possible. Do not vex your minds, nor waste your money with any thought or effort in the matter. Beautiful art can only be produced by people who have beautiful things about them, and leisure to look at them; and unless you provide some elements of beauty for your workmen to be surrounded by, you will find that no elements of beauty can be invented by them.

在这样的环境里（如果这就是英格兰的未来），设计或者任何其他美丽艺术的发展都是不可能的。你们就不要再花心思和精力在这件事上自寻烦恼、浪费金钱了。美丽的艺术只能由那些身处美丽事物之中，并且有闲情逸致欣赏美丽的人来创造；除非你们能在工人们身边提供一些美 丽的东西，否则你们就不会在他们创造的产品中找到美。

I was struck forcibly by the bearing of this great fact upon our modern efforts at ornamentation in an afternoon walk, last week, in the suburbs of one of our large manufacturing towns. I was thinking of the difference in the effect upon the designer's mind, between the scene which I then came upon, and the scene which would have presented itself to the eyes of any designer of the middle ages, when he left his workshop. Just outside the town I came upon an old English cottage, or mansion, I hardly know which to call it, set close under the hill, and beside the river, perhaps built somewhere in the

Charles's time, with mullioned windows and a low arched porch; round which, in the little triangular garden, one can imagine the family as they used to sit in old summer times, the ripple of the river heard faintly through the sweetbrier hedge, and the sheep on the far-off wolds shining in the evening sunlight. There, uninhabited for many and many a year, it had been left in unregarded havoc of ruin; the garden-gate still swung loose to its latch; the garden, blighted utterly into a field of ashes, not even a weed taking root there; the roof torn into shapeless rents; the shutters hanging about the windows in rags of rotten wood; before its gate, the stream which had gladdened it now soaking slowly by, black as ebony, and thick with curdling scum; the bank above it trodden into unctuous, sooty slime: far in front of it, between it and the old hills, the furnaces of the city foaming forth perpetual plague of sulphurous darkness; the volumes of their storm clouds coiling low over a waste of grassless fields, fenced from each other, not by hedges, but by slabs of square stone, like gravestones, riveted together with iron.

上星期的一个下午，在我们一座大型制造业城镇的郊区散步时，我忽然强烈意识到，现代工业这一重大事实对我们现代装饰艺术的影响非常大。我当时正在思考，我眼前的景色与任何一位刚刚从车间出来的中世纪的设计师曾经看到的景色，对设计师的思想会产生怎样不同的影响。刚出城镇，我就看到一座陈旧的英式小别墅或者说官邸，我几乎不知道用哪个称呼更合适。它紧靠着山脚，座落在一条小溪旁边，大概建于查尔斯王朝的某个年代，有几扇带竖框的窗子和一条低矮的拱形走廊；沿着走廊，有一个三角形的小花园，我们可以想象到：过去的夏天里，这家人常常坐在花园里小憩，听着野蔷薇篱笆外的小溪潺潺流动，看着远处的荒原上，夕阳的余照耀着羊群。这里已经很多很多年没有人居住，已经成为一片无人搭理的废墟；花园的大门依然松散地在门闩上摇晃，花园已经彻底荒废，寸草不生；屋顶撕裂开来，形成一条条不规则的裂缝；百叶窗悬挂在破烂不堪的木头窗框上，来回摆动；门前那条曾经带来很多欢乐的小溪，现在慢慢渗透着流过，河水像乌木一样黑，漂着厚厚的一层凝固着的浮渣；小溪岸边的土地已经被踩踏成油油的黑色黏土，小溪前方的远处，在小溪和古老的山脉之间，城里的大高炉一直不停地向外喷出大量含有硫磺的有害黑烟；一团团黑烟形成的暴风云低悬在一片废弃的旷地上空，分隔它们的不是篱笆，而是一块块厚厚的正方形石块，像一个个墓碑似的，用铆钉铆在了一起。

That was your scene for the designer's contemplation in his afternoon walk at Rochdale. Now fancy what was the scene which presented itself, in his afternoon walk, to a designer of the Gothic school of Pisa—Nino Pisano, or any of his men.

这就是午后在罗奇代尔地区散步沉思时，你们的设计师看到的风景。那么，现在想象一下，比萨哥特学派的设计师尼诺. 皮萨诺或者他的同僚，下午散步的时候，又将能看到什么样的风景呢？

On each side of a bright river he saw rise a line of brighter palaces, arched and pillared, and inlaid with deep red porphyry, and with serpentine; along the quays before their gates were riding troops of knights, noble in face and form, dazzling in crest and shield; horse and man one labyrinth of quaint colour and gleaming light—the purple, and silver, and scarlet fringes flowing over the strong limbs and clashing mail, like sea-waves over rocks at sunset. Opening on each side from the river were gardens, courts, and cloisters; long successions of white pillars among wreaths of vine; leaping of fountains through buds of pomegranate and orange: and still along the garden-paths, and under and through the crimson of the pomegranate shadows, moving slowly, groups of the fairest women that Italy ever saw—fairest, because purest and thoughtfullest; trained in all high knowledge, as in all courteous art—in dance, in song, in sweet wit, in lofty learning, in loftier courage, in loftiest love—able alike to cheer, to enchant, or save, the souls of men. Above all this scenery of perfect human life, rose dome and bell-tower, burning with white alabaster and gold; beyond dome and bell-tower the slopes of mighty hills, hoary with olive; far in the north, above a purple sea of peaks of solemn Apennine, the clear, sharp-cloven Carrara mountains sent up their steadfast flames of marble summit into amber sky; the great sea itself, scorching with expanse of light, stretching from their feet to the Gorgonian isles; and over all these, ever present, near or far—seen through the leaves of vine, or imaged with all its march of clouds in the Arno's stream, or set with its depth of blue close against the golden hair and burning cheek of lady and knight, —that untroubled and sacred sky, which was to all men, in those days of innocent faith, indeed the unquestioned abode of spirits, as the earth was of men; and which opened straight through its gates of cloud and veils of dew into the awfulness of the eternal world; —a heaven in which every cloud that passed was literally the chariot of an angel, and every ray of its Evening and Morning streamed from the throne of God.

在一条明亮的小河两岸，他看到一排更明亮的宫殿拔地而起，拱形的穹顶和高高的柱子，墙壁上嵌着深红色的斑岩和蛇纹岩；宫殿门前的码头上，有一队骑兵，他们气质高贵、英俊挺拔，头盔和盾牌闪闪发光；马和骑兵的离奇色彩和闪烁的光芒融成了一个错综复杂的整体——紫色、银色以及鲜红色的穗子飘散在强壮的四肢上，撞击着盔甲，就像日落时撞击着礁石的海浪一样。从河的两岸向前看去，到处是花园、庭院和修道院；在缠绕的葡萄藤蔓间，有一根接一根的白色柱子；在石榴和柑橘的蓓蕾间，跃动着清清的泉水；而且，沿着花园的小路，在深红色石榴的掩映下，缓缓走来一群意大利有史以来最美丽的女子——说她们是最美丽的，是因为她们最纯洁、最有思想；她们接受过各种高等教育，懂得各种社交礼仪——能歌善舞，聪慧过人，有高深的学问，高尚的勇气和高贵的爱情——同样地，能够愉悦、迷惑和拯救男人的灵魂。

在这幕完美的人类生活场景之上，耸立着穹顶宫殿和塔楼，白色的雪花石膏上辉映着金色；在穹顶和塔楼的远处，是一片片雄伟山脉的斜坡，灰白色的山体上点缀着橄榄树；在北部更远的地方，庄严的亚平宁山脉紫色的群峰海洋之上，清楚地显现出骤然断裂的喀拉拉山脉，闪着火焰般光芒的屹立不动的大理石高峰直直地插入琥珀色的天空；被夕阳染红了的大海，从山脚下一直延伸到一片如蛇发女怪般的小岛群；在这一切的上方，或远或近，永远是一片无忧无虑的圣洁天空——我们看到，它在葡萄藤树叶间，我们想象到，它和悠悠白云一起映照在阿尔诺河的溪水中，湛蓝的天空映着少女和骑士们金黄头发和红润的脸颊。在过去那个有纯真信仰的时代，这片天空的确毋庸置疑是所有人的精神归宿，就像地球是人类的居所一样；它直接打开云烟缭绕的大门，揭开露珠编织的面纱，整个庄严的永恒世界便呈现在我们面前——这是天堂，飘过的每片白云都是天使的战车，黄昏和黎明的每道光都源自上帝的宝座。

What think you of that for a school of design?

你们认为这对一个设计学派意味着什么？

I do not bring this contrast before you as a ground of hopelessness in our task; neither do I look for any possible renovation of the Republic of Pisa, at Bradford, in the nineteenth century; but I put it before you in order that you may be aware precisely of the kind of difficulty you have to meet, and may then consider with yourselves how far you can meet it. To men surrounded by the depressing and monotonous circumstances of English manufacturing life, depend upon it, design is simply impossible. This is the most distinct of all the experiences I have had in dealing with the modern workman. He is intelligent and ingenious in the highest degree—subtle in touch and keen in sight: but he is, generally speaking, wholly destitute of designing power. And if you want to give him the power, you must give him the materials, and put him in the circumstances for it. Design is not the offspring of idle fancy: it is the studied result of accumulative observation and delightful habit. Without observation and experience, no design—without peace and pleasurableness in occupation, no design—and all the lecturings, and teachings, and prizes, and principles of art, in the world, are of no use, so long as you don't surround your men with happy influences and beautiful things. It is impossible for them to have right ideas about colour, unless they see the lovely colours of nature unspoiled; impossible for them to supply beautiful incident and action in their ornament, unless they see beautiful incident and action in the world about them. Inform their minds, refine their habits, and you form and refine their designs; but keep them illiterate, uncomfortable, and in the midst of unbeautiful things, and whatever they do will still be spurious, vulgar, and valueless.

我用这样的对比，并不是想证明我们的任务毫无希望，也不是期待

19 世纪的布拉德福德可能发生比萨共和国那样的革新。我用这样的对比，是为了让你们可以准确地认识到自己将不得不面对怎样的困难，然后自己考虑你们离解决这样的困难还有多远。英格兰制造业时代的人们生活在压抑、单调的环境中，我敢说，对他们而言，设计是完全不可能的。在我与那位现代工匠打交道的所有经历中，这是最明显的经验。现代工匠有着最优秀的聪明才智和创造才能——有敏感的触觉和敏锐的洞察力，但总的来说，他完全缺乏设计的能力。如果你们想要赋予他们这种能力，就必须给他们提供素材，将他们放到相应的环境中。设计不是凭空想象出来的，它是经过深思熟虑的成果，得益于不断的观察和令人愉悦的习性。没有观察和体验，就没有设计；没有工作中平和、愉悦的心情，就没有设计。如果你们不能让他们身处快乐的气氛和美丽的事物之中，这世界上所有的演讲、教学、奖赏和艺术的原则都是无用的。除非能亲眼看到未遭到破坏的自然中美丽的色彩，否则他们就不可能对色彩有正确的认识；除非能亲眼看到周围世界中美好的事件和行为，否则他们就不可能在装饰作品中表现美好的事件和行为。活跃他们的思想，陶冶他们的性情，你们就能帮助他们形成和改善设计能力。但是，如果继续让他们保持无知、不安，身处丑陋的事物之中，那么他们所创作出来的一切都将仍然是虚假、粗俗和毫无价值的。

I repeat, that I do not ask you nor wish you to build a new Pisa for them. We don't want either the life or the decorations of the thirteenth century back again; and the circumstances with which you must surround your workmen are those simply of happy modern English life, because the designs you have now to ask for from your workmen are such as will make modern English life beautiful. All that gorgeousness of the middle ages, beautiful as it sounds in description, noble as in many respects it was in reality, had, nevertheless, for foundation and for end, nothing but the pride of life—the pride of the so-called superior classes; a pride which supported itself by violence and robbery, and led in the end to the destruction both of the arts themselves and the States in which they flourished.

再重申一次，我不是要求你们或是希望你们为他们建立一个新的比萨国。我们不需要13 世纪的生活方式或者装饰艺术重新回来；你们需要为工匠们提供的环境仅仅是快乐的现代英格兰生活，因为你们现在要求工匠们创作的，是能使现代英格兰生活变得美丽的设计。中世纪所有的辉煌，尽管在描述中听起来很美好，当时在很多方面也的确非常高贵，然而，就其基础和目标而言，它只有生活的骄傲——也就是所谓的上流社会的骄傲。这种骄傲建立在暴力和掠夺的基础之上，并最终导致了这种艺术本身和滋养这种艺术的国家的灭亡。

The great lesson of history is, that all the fine arts hitherto—having been supported by the selfish power of the noblesse, and never having extended their range to the comfort or the relief of the mass of the people—the arts, I say, thus practised, and thus matured, have only accelerated the ruin of the States they adorned; and at the

moment when, in any kingdom, you point to the triumphs of its greatest artists, you point also to the determined hour of the kingdom's decline. The names of great painters are like passing bells: in the name of Velasquez, you hear sounded the fall of Spain; in the name of Titian, that of Venice; in the name of Leonardo, that of Milan; in the name of Raphael, that of Rome. And there is profound justice in this; for in proportion to the nobleness of the power is the guilt of its use for purposes vain or vile; and hitherto the greater the art, the more surely has it been used, and used solely, for the decoration of pride, (Whether religious or profane pride,—chapel or banqueting room,—is no matter.) or the provoking of sensuality. Another course lies open to us. We may abandon the hope—or if you like the words better—we may disdain the temptation, of the pomp and grace of Italy in her youth. For us there can be no more the throne of marbl—for us no more the vault of gold—but for us there is the loftier and lovelier privilege of bringing the power and charm of art within the reach of the humble and the poor; and as the magnificence of past ages failed by its narrowness and its pride, ours may prevail and continue, by its universality and its lowliness.

历史的伟大教训是，迄今为止所有的精美艺术——如果一直是靠贵族阶级自私的力量来支持，从来没有将范围延伸到为人民大众提供舒适和慰藉——这样的艺术，我认为，尽管如此谙练，如此成熟，却只能加速它们所装饰的国家的毁灭。无论在哪个王国，当你们指出这个国家最伟大的艺术家们取得胜利的那一刻，同时也就指出了这个国家走向衰落的决定性时刻。那些优秀画家的名字好像敲响的丧钟：委拉斯开兹的名字响起的时候，你们听到西班牙倒下的声音；提香的名字响起的时候，你们听到威尼斯倒下的声音；列奥纳多的名字响起的时候，你们听到米兰倒下的声音；拉斐尔的名字响起的时候，你们听到罗马倒下的声音。这其中蕴含着深刻的公正，因为艺术力量的高贵程度与它被用于无益或邪恶的目的所犯下的罪行是成正比的；到目前为止，越是伟大的艺术，就越肯定地被用于，而且只被用于粉饰骄傲（无论是宗教上的骄傲还是世俗的骄傲——不管是在小礼拜堂里还是在大宴会厅里——这些都不重要。——作者注），或者挑拨感官欲望。还有一条道路向我们敞开。我们可以放弃这样的希望，或者你们更喜欢这样说——我们可以蔑视这种诱惑，不去追求意大利青年时期那样的壮丽与优雅。对我们而言，不再有大理石宝座，不再有黄金拱顶，但我们却有更崇高、更高尚的特权，那就是将艺术的力量与魅力带给卑微的穷苦百姓；当过去的辉煌因狭隘和自满而衰落之时，我们的辉煌却可以因普遍和平凡而盛行并延续。

And thus, between the picture of too laborious England, which we imagined as future, and the picture of too luxurious Italy, which we remember in the past, there may exist—there will exist, if we do our duty—an intermediate condition, neither oppressed by labour nor wasted in vanity—the condition of a peaceful and thoughtful

temperance in aims, and acts, and arts.

所以，我们想象中的那个英格兰的未来生活太艰苦，我们记忆中的那段意大利历史生活又太奢华，在两种画面之间也许存在——如果我们尽到了自己的职责，那么将会存在——一种中间状态，人们既不会终日被劳动压抑，也不会将生命浪费在虚荣中——人们的目标、行为和艺术都有节制，处于平和与深思的状态。

We are about to enter upon a period of our world's history in which domestic life, aided by the arts of peace, will slowly, but at last entirely, supersede public life and the arts of war. For our own England, she will not, I believe, be blasted throughout with furnaces; nor will she be encumbered with palaces. I trust she will keep her green fields, her cottages, and her homes of middle life; but these ought to be, and I trust will be enriched with a useful, truthful, substantial form of art. We want now no more feasts of the gods, nor martyrdoms of the saints; we have no need of sensuality, no place for superstition, or for costly insolence. Let us have learned and faithful historical painting—touching and thoughtful representations of human nature, in dramatic painting; poetical and familiar renderings of natural objects and of landscape; and rational, deeply-felt realisations of the events which are the subjects of our religious faith. And let these things we want, as far as possible, be scattered abroad and made accessible to all men.

我们将进入一段属于我们现代世界的历史时期：在这段时期内，借助于和平的艺术，家庭生活将慢慢地，但最终会全部取代公众生活和战争的艺术。我们的英格兰，我相信她是不会被遍布的高炉摧毁的；她也不会被充斥的宫殿埋没。我相信她会保住她的绿色田野，她的乡间小屋和她的中产阶级家庭，但是应该有，并且我相信将会有一种有益、真实、充实的艺术形式来丰富这些。我们现在不再需要众神的盛宴，也不需要圣徒们的牺牲；我们不再需要感官刺激，也不再需要迷信或者昂贵的骄傲。让我们创作出知识性与忠实性并存的历史画作吧——用生动的画作，深刻而感人地展现人类的本性，诗意而亲切地描绘自然中的万物和风景，理性而深切地表现以我们的宗教信仰为主题的事件。让这些我们想要的艺术作品，尽可能远地传播到国外，让所有人都能看到！

So also, in manufacture: we require work substantial rather than rich in make; and refined, rather than splendid in design. Your stuffs need not be such as would catch the eye of a duchess; but they should be such as may at once serve the need, and refine the taste, of a cottager. The prevailing error in English dress, especially among the lower orders, is a tendency to flimsiness and gaudiness, arising mainly from the awkward imitation of their superiors. (If their superiors would give them simplicity and economy to imitate, it would, in the issue, be well for themselves, as well as for those whom they guide. The typhoid fever of passion for dress, and all other display, which has

struck the upper classes of Europe at this time, is one of the most dangerous political elements we have to deal with. Its wickedness I have shown elsewhere (Polit. Economy of Art, p. 31, et seq.); but its wickedness is, in the minds of most persons, a matter of no importance. I wish I had time also to show them its danger. I cannot enter here into political investigation; but this is a certain fact, that the wasteful and vain expenses at present indulged in by the upper classes are hastening the advance of republicanism more than any other element of modern change. No agitators, no clubs, no epidemical errors, ever were, or will be, fatal to social order in any nation. Nothing but the guilt of the upper classes, wanton, accumulated, reckless, and merciless, ever overthrows them. Of such guilt they have now much to answer for—let them look to it in time.) It should be one of the first objects of all manufacturers to produce stuffs not only beautiful and quaint in design, but also adapted for every-day service, and decorous in humble and secluded life. And you must remember always that your business, as manufacturers, is to form the market, as much as to supply it. If, in shortsighted and reckless eagerness for wealth, you catch at every humour of the populace as it shapes itself into momentary demand—if, in jealous rivalry with neighbouring States, or with other producers, you try to attract attention by singularities, novelties, and gaudinesses—to make every design an advertisement, and pilfer every idea of a successful neighbour's, that you may insidiously imitate it, or pompously eclipse—no good design will ever be possible to you, or perceived by you. You may, by accident, snatch the market; or, by energy, command it; you may obtain the confidence of the public, and cause the ruin of opponent houses; or you may, with equal justice of fortune, be ruined by them. But whatever happens to you, this, at least, is certain, that the whole of your life will have been spent in corrupting public taste and encouraging public extravagance. Every preference you have won by gaudiness must have been based on the purchaser's vanity; every demand you have created by novelty has fostered in the consumer a habit of discontent; and when you retire into inactive life, you may, as a subject of consolation for your declining years, reflect that precisely according to the extent of your past operations, your life has been successful in retarding the arts, tarnishing the virtues, and confusing the manners of your country.

制造业也是如此：我们需要的产品要有质量而不是数量；设计要精良而不是漂亮。你们的产品不需要引起公爵夫人的注意，但它们应该可以马上满足佃农的需要，并且提高他们的品位。英格兰服装普遍存在的错误是浅薄和俗艳的倾向，这种现象在下层社会尤其明显，主要起因于对上层社会的拙劣模仿。（如果他们的上层社会能让他们模仿的是朴素和经济实惠，那么结果可能对他们以及他们的引导者都好。现在欧洲上

层社会对服装以及其他展示品有着病态的激情，这是我们必须应对的最危险的政治因素之一。有关危害，我曾在其他地方提到过（《艺术的政治经济学》第31 页，等等。）可是在大多数人的心里，这种危害根本无关紧要。我希望自己也有时间向他们说明这有多危险。在这里我不能作政治调查，但这是毫无争议的事实：上层社会现在沉迷于挥霍无度和爱慕虚荣，这些比现代变革中的任何其他因素都更能加速共和政体的前进。煽动者、社团或普遍的错误，以前没有，将来也不会，对任何国家的社会秩序造成致命的冲击。只有上层社会的罪行，即荒淫、贪婪、莽撞和残忍，才能够推翻一个国家。他们现在已经有太多这样的罪行需要为之付出代价——让他们及时看到自己所犯的罪吧！——作者注）所有制造商制造产品的首要目标之一都应该是，不仅要设计得美丽、独特，还要适合日常使用，即使出现在简陋和偏僻的地方，也要显得大方得体。你们必须始终牢记，作为制造商，你们的买卖既要形成市场，也要供给市场。如果由于目光短浅和对财富不顾一切的热衷，你们渴望抓住平民百姓每一丝可以变成短暂需求的情绪；如果出于对邻国或其他生产者的忌妒和对抗，你们试图通过怪异、新奇和俗艳的手法来吸引大家的注意力——于是将每一个设计都做成广告，剽窃某位成功邻居的每一个创意，以便你们可以在暗中模仿或者傲慢地超越——那么，你们永远不可能创作出好的设计，也无法理解好的设计。你们可能会偶然地争夺到市场；或者靠手中的能量控制住它；你们可能会获得公众的信赖，使对手灭亡；或者由于运气对大家同样公平，你们也可能被对手消灭。但是，无论你们身上发生什么，至少有一点是可以肯定的，那就是，你们的一生都花在腐化公众品位和煽动公众挥霍之上。因为俗艳而赢得的赞誉必然基于购买者的虚荣心；因新奇而创造出的需求一定会促使消费者形成不满足的习惯。当你们退下来，不再工作的时候，作为暮年的一种慰藉，你们可能会反思，发现恰恰是由于过去的种种行为，你的人生成功地阻碍了艺术的发展——玷污了美德，扰乱了你们国家的礼仪。

But, on the other hand, if you resolve from the first that, so far as you can ascertain or discern what is best, you will produce what is best, on an intelligent consideration of the probable tendencies and possible tastes of the people whom you supply, you may literally become more influential for all kinds of good than many lecturers on art, or many treatise-writers on morality. Considering the materials dealt with, and the crude state of art knowledge at the time, I do not know that any more wide or effective influence in public taste was ever exercised than that of the Staffordshire manufacture of pottery under William Wedgwood; and it only rests with the manufacturer in every other business to determine whether he will, in like manner, make his wares educational instruments, or mere drugs of the market. You all should, be, in a certain sense, authors: you must, indeed, first catch the public eye, as an author must the public ear; but once gain your audience, or observance, and as it is in the writer's power thenceforward to publish what will educate as it amuses—so it is in yours to publish what will educate as it adorns. Nor is this surely a

subject of poor ambition. I hear it said continually that men are too ambitious: alas! to me, it seems they are never enough ambitious. How many are content to be merely the thriving merchants of a state, when they might be its guides, counsellors, and rulers—wielding powers of subtle but gigantic beneficence, in restraining its follies while they supplied its wants. Let such duty, such ambition, be once accepted in their fulness, and the best glory of European art and of European manufacture may yet be to come. The paintings of Raphael and of Buonaroti gave force to the falsehoods of superstition, and majesty to the imaginations of sin; but the arts of England may have, for their task, to inform the soul with truth, and touch the heart with compassion. The steel of Toledo and the silk of Genoa did but give strength to oppression and lustre to pride: let it be for the furnace and for the loom of England, as they have already richly earned, still more abundantly to bestow, comfort on the indigent, civilisation on the rude, and to dispense, through the peaceful homes of nations, the grace and the preciousness of simple adornment, and useful possession.

但是，另一方面，如果你们从一开始就决定，只要你们能够确定或分辨出什么是最好的作品，你们就能创作出最好的作品；只要能聪明地考虑到可能的趋势和客户可能的品位，你们的正面影响力就完全可能超过很多艺术方面的演说家或者道德评论家。考虑到要处理的材料和当时艺术知识的简陋状态，我认为，斯塔福德郡的威廉姆. 韦奇伍德所生产的装饰陶瓷对公众品位的影响是最广泛和最有效的，在其他每一个商业领域内，是同样地将产品制造成有教育意义的器具，还是制造成完全不受市场欢迎的产品，这完全取决于制造商。在某种意义上，你们都应该是作家：的确，你们必须先吸引公众的眼球，就像作家必须赢得公众的耳朵一样。但是，一旦你们获得了自己的听众，或者说受到了关注，那么就像作者之后会尽自己的能力出版既有教育意义也有娱乐性的作品一样——你们也要尽力创作集装饰性与教育性为一体的作品。这绝对不是可悲的野心。我常听人说，人类的野心太大：天啊！在我看来，人类似乎一直都是野心不足。如果有可能成为国家的引导者、顾问和统治者的话，又会有多少人仅仅满足于做富甲一方的商人？作为引导者、顾问和统治者——挥舞手中那微妙却巨大的行善的力量，在满足人类需求的同时，也用来抑制罪恶。就让我们完全接受这样的职责和这样的野心吧！随后，欧洲艺术和欧洲制造业最美的光辉可能就会来临。拉斐尔和波纳罗蒂的画强化了虚假的迷信，美化了罪恶的想象。但是英格兰的艺术，依据职责，也许将不得不用真实鼓舞精神，用激情触动心灵。托莱多的钢铁和热那亚的丝绸增强了压迫的力量和骄傲的光泽。那么就让钢铁融于英格兰的熔炉中，让丝绸置于英格兰的织布机上。英格兰那些掌握着熔炉和织布机的人们，他们已经获取了很多，就让他们更慷慨地馈赠吧！让他们为穷人带来安慰，为粗俗的人带来文明，为各个国家平静的家园带来优雅、珍贵的朴素装饰品和有益的财富！

(1) 贝 诺 佐（1421—1497），意大利文艺复兴早期画家。

(2) 贝叶挂毯可能制成于12世纪，长231英 尺 ,宽 20英寸，上绣诺曼人征服英格兰的历史场面，收藏于法国贝叶博物馆。

IV. Influence of imagination in Architecture

四、想象力在建筑中的影响

An Address Delivered to the Members of the Architectural Association, in Lyon's Inn Hall, 1857.

对建筑协会成员的演讲，里昂酒店大厅，1857年

If we were to be asked abruptly, and required to answer briefly, what qualities chiefly distinguish great artists from feeble artists, we should answer, I suppose, first, their sensibility and tenderness; secondly, their imagination; and thirdly, their industry. Some of us might, perhaps, doubt the justice of attaching so much importance to this last character, because we have all known clever men who were indolent, and dull men who were industrious. But though you may have known clever men who were indolent, you never knew a great man who was so; and, during such investigation as I have been able to give to the lives of the artists whose works are in all points noblest, no fact ever looms so large upon me—no law remains so steadfast in the universality of its application, as the fact and law that they are all great workers: nothing concerning them is matter of more astonishment than the quantity they have accomplished in the given length of their life; and when I hear a young man spoken of, as giving promise of high genius, the first question I ask about him is always—

如果有人突然问我们，并要求我们简略地回答，区分伟大的艺术家和平庸的艺术家的主要品质是什么，我想我们应该这样回答，首先是他们的敏感性和细致，第二是他们的想象力，第三是他们的勤勉。有人可能会对如此重视第三条是否公正提出质疑，因为我们都见过懒惰的聪明人和勤勉的呆子，但是，你们也许见过懒惰的聪明人，却不会见到懒惰的伟人。在我对那些创作的作品从各个方面来说都堪称极品的艺术家的生活进行调查研究之后，事实就一目了然了，而且没有一条规律在应用时具有如此稳定的普遍性：这些伟大的艺术家们在有限的生命中创造了数量惊人的作品。在有关他们的一切中，这是最令人吃惊的地方。因此，当听到有人夸某个年轻人很有天分时，我常常首先会问：

Does he work?

他勤奋吗？

But though this quality of industry is essential to an artist, it does not in anywise make an artist; many people are busy, whose doings are little worth. Neither does sensibility make an artist; since, as I hope, many can feel both strongly and nobly, who yet care nothing about art. But the gifts which distinctively mark the artist—without

which he must be feeble in life, forgotten in death—with which he may become one of the shakers of the earth, and one of the signal lights in heaven—are those of sympathy and imagination. I will not occupy your time, nor incur the risk of your dissent, by endeavouring to give any close definition of this last word. We all have a general and sufficient idea of imagination, and of its work with our hands and in our hearts: we understand it, I suppose, as the imaging or picturing of new things in our thoughts; and we always show an involuntary respect for this power, wherever we can recognize it, acknowledging it to be a greater power than manipulation, or calculation, or observation, or any other human faculty. If we see an old woman spinning at the fireside, and distributing her thread dexterously from the distaff, we respect her for her manipulation—if we ask her how much she expects to make in a year, and she answers quickly, we respect her for her calculation—if she is watching at the same time that none of her grandchildren fall into the fire, we respect her for her observation—yet for all this she may still be a commonplace old woman enough. But if she is all the time telling her grandchildren a fairy tale out of her head, we praise her for her imagination, and say, she must be a rather remarkable old woman.

然而，虽然勤勉的品质对一个艺术家来说至关重要，但并非有了勤勉就能成为一个艺术家。就像很多人忙忙碌碌，所忙之事却毫无价值。同样有了敏感性也未必能成艺术家，因为正如我希望的那样，很多人有强烈而高尚的感受，但他们对艺术的一切相关之事毫不在意。艺术家的特质是同情心和想象力。没有这两种品质，他们活着时必然是弱者，死后必然很快被遗忘；有了这两种品质，他们就能撼动大地，并在空中为人们指明方向。我不会努力为第三条品质下任何贴切的定义，因为这既浪费你们的时间，还有招致你们反对的危险。对于想象力，我们都有一个全面而充分的理解，明白它如何通过我们的手和心起作用。我想，当新事物的形象和画面出现在脑海中时，我们就能理解想象力了；而且不管在什么地方，只要我们能够认出它，我们就总会不自觉地表现出对这种力量的尊敬，因为我们知道这是一种比操作、计算、观察或人类任何其他本领更为强大的力量。假如看见一位在火炉边纺线的老妇人灵巧地从纺纱杆上把线分出来，我们会佩服她精湛的操作能力；假如问她希望一年纺多少线，她能很快答出，我们会佩服她的计算能力；假如她同时还得看着孙子孙女们有没有掉进火里，我们会佩服她的观察能力。但是，即便拥有所有这些能力，她仍然只是个普通的老妇人。可是，假如她总是在编童话故事讲给孙子孙女们听，那么我们就要赞美她的想象力了，而且会说，她肯定是一位不同寻常的老妇人。

Precisely in like manner, if an architect does his working-drawing well, we praise him for his manipulation—if he keeps closely within his contract, we praise him for his honest arithmetic—if he looks well to the laying of his beams, so that nobody shall drop through the

floor, we praise him for his observation. But he must, somehow, tell us a fairy tale out of his head beside all this, else we cannot praise him for his imagination, nor speak of him as we did of the old woman, as being in any wise out of the common way, a rather remarkable architect. It seemed to me, therefore, as if it might interest you to-night, if we were to consider together what fairy tales are, in and by architecture, to be told—what there is for you to do in this severe art of yours "out of your heads," as well as by your hands.

与此相同，假如一位建筑师图画得好，我们会赞美他的操作能力；假如他能严格按照合同来做建筑，我们会赞美他诚实的算术；假如他仔细观察，建好支架，因而没有人会从楼层间掉下去，我们会赞美他的观察能力。但是除此之外，他还必须想出一个童话故事讲给我们听，否则，我们就不会赞美他的想象力，也不会像对那位老妇人那样，赞美他是一位了不起的建筑师。因此，在我看来，倘若我们一起考虑一下，在建筑中以及用建筑讲述什么童话故事——在这门严肃的艺术中用头脑想出什么，用手做出什么，也许今晚你们会对此感兴趣。

Perhaps the first idea which a young architect is apt to be allured by, as a head-problem in these experimental days, is its being incumbent upon him to invent a "new style" worthy of modern civilisation in general, and of England in particular; a style worthy of our engines and telegraphs; as expansive as steam, and as sparkling as electricity.

在注重实验的当下，首要问题便是，也许年轻的建筑师第一个念头就是觉得自己有义务创造一种“新风格”。这种“新风格”大致配得上现代文明，尤其是英格兰文明；配得上我们的发动机和电报机，要像蒸汽一样壮观，像电一样令人目眩。

Perhaps the first idea which a young architect is apt to be allured by, as a head-problem in these experimental days, is its being incumbent upon him to invent a "new style" worthy of modern civilisation in general, and of England in particular; a style worthy of our engines and telegraphs; as expansive as steam, and as sparkling as electricity. But, if there are any of my hearers who have been impressed with this sense of inventive duty, may I ask them, first, whether their plan is that every inventive architect among us shall invent a new style for himself, and have a county set aside for his conceptions, or a province for his practice? Or, must every architect invent a little piece of the new style, and all put it together at last like a dissected map? And if so, when the new style is invented, what is to be done next? I will grant you this Eldorado of imagination—but can you have more than one Columbus? Or, if you sail in company, and divide the prize of your discovery and the honour thereof, who is to come after you clustered Columbuses? To what fortunate islands of style are your architectural descendants to sail, avaricious of new

lands? When our desired style is invented, will not the best we can all do be simply—to build in it? —and cannot you now do that in styles that are known? Observe, I grant, for the sake of your argument, what perhaps many of you know that I would not grant otherwise—that a new style can be invented. I grant you not only this, but that it shall be wholly different from any that was ever practised before. We will suppose that capitals are to be at the bottom of pillars instead of the top; and that buttresses shall be on the tops of pinnacles instead of at the bottom; that you roof your apertures with stones which shall neither be arched nor horizontal; and that you compose your decoration of lines which shall neither be crooked nor straight. The furnace and the forge shall be at your service: you shall draw out your plates of glass and beat out your bars of iron till you have encompassed us all, —if your style is of the practical kind, —with endless perspective of black skeleton and blinding square, —or if your style is to be of the ideal kind, —you shall wreathe your streets with ductile leafage, and roof them with variegated crystal—you shall put, if you will, all London under one blazing dome of many colours that shall light the clouds round it with its flashing, as far as to the sea. And still, I ask you, What after this? Do you suppose those imaginations of yours will ever lie down there asleep beneath the shade of your iron leafage, or within the coloured light of your enchanted dome? Not so. Those souls, and fancies, and ambitions of yours, are wholly infinite; and, whatever may be done by others, you will still want to do something for yourselves; if you cannot rest content with Palladio[1], neither will you with Paxton[2]: all the metal and glass that ever were melted have not so much weight in them as will clog the wings of one human spirit's aspiration.

但是，假如我的听众中有人对这种创造的义务感受深刻，那么我想先问问他们，是否认为我们之中的每位善于创造的建筑师都应该创造出自己的新风格，而且留出一个郡或者一个省，把自己的观念付诸实践？或者每位建筑师都应该发明新风格的一小部分，再像拼图一样把所有的拼在一起？如果是这样的话，新风格创造出来后，下一步是什么呢？我可以给你们想象中的黄金国，但是你们当中会出现第二个哥伦布吗？或者，假如你们结伴航行，一起分享发现的珍宝和由此带来的荣誉，在你们这群哥伦布之后是谁呢？你们建筑界的后代又将航行到什么风格的宝岛，去哪里寻找新大陆呢？当渴望的风格被创造出来后，我们能做的不是最好按照这种风格建房子吗？现在，你们不能按已知的风格建造吗？请注意，鉴于你们的争论，我同意能够创造新风格，但在其他方面你们当中很多人可能知道我是不会同意的。我不仅同意这一点，而且赞同它跟以前采用的的一切风格完全不同。假设柱头建在柱子的底部而非顶部；扶壁建在尖顶的顶部而非底部；建房顶时既不用拱形的也不用水平的石头；装饰时的线条既不用曲线也不用直线。熔炉和锻铁炉任你们使用：你们可以吹出玻璃碟子，敲出铁条，直到把我们所有的人包围其中

——假如你们的风格是实用型的话，使用数不清的黑色构架和令人目眩的方形结构；假如你们的风格是理想型的话——你们可以在走道上空绕满柔软的树饰，再在上面盖上色彩斑斓的水晶屋顶；假如你们愿意，还可以把整个伦敦置于一个耀眼的多彩圆屋顶下，那光芒足够照亮周围的云彩，甚至远至海峡。可是，我还是要问，在这之后呢？你们觉得自己的那些想象将从此沉睡在茂密的铁制树饰或迷人的圆屋顶那彩色的光线下吗？不是这样的。你们的灵魂、幻想和雄心壮志是无穷无尽的；并且，无论其他人做了什么，你们仍然希望做出自己的东西；假如你不满意帕拉第奥的风格，你也不会满意帕克斯顿的：在他们那里，熔炼的所有金属和玻璃没有重到压住人类灵魂追求的翅膀。

If you will think over this quietly by yourselves, and can get the noise out of your ears of the perpetual, empty, idle, incomparably idiotic talk about the necessity of some novelty in architecture, you will soon see that the very essence of a Style, properly so called, is that it should be practised for ages, and applied to all purposes; and that so long as any given style is in practice, all that is left for individual imagination to accomplish must be within the scope of that style, not in the invention of a new one. If there are any here, therefore, who hope to obtain celebrity by the invention of some strange way of building which must convince all Europe into its adoption, to them, for the moment, I must not be understood to address myself, but only to those who would be content with that degree of celebrity which an artist may enjoy who works in the manner of his forefathers;—which the builder of Salisbury Cathedral might enjoy in England, though he did not invent Gothic; and which Titian might enjoy at Venice, though he did not invent oil painting. Addressing myself then to those humbler, but wiser, or rather, only wise students who are content to avail themselves of some system of building already understood, let us consider together what room for the exercise of the imagination may be left to us under such conditions. And, first, I suppose it will be said, or thought, that the architect's principal field for exercise of his invention must be in the disposition of lines, mouldings, and masses, in agreeable proportions. Indeed, if you adopt some styles of architecture, you cannot exercise invention in any other way. And I admit that it requires genius and special gift to do this rightly. Not by rule, nor by study, can the gift of graceful proportionate design be obtained; only by the intuition of genius can so much as a single tier of facade be beautifully arranged; and the man has just cause for pride, as far as our gifts can ever be a cause for pride, who finds himself able, in a design of his own, to rival even the simplest arrangement of parts in one by Sanmicheli, Inigo Jones, or Christopher Wren.

假如你们自己静静地思考一下，不听关于新意在建筑中的必要性这

些经久不衰、空洞无物、毫无根据、愚蠢至极的言论，你们很快就会发现风格的精髓，这么说比较恰当，在于它适用于所有年代、所有用途；并且只要任何特定的风格尚处于实践中，那么个人的想象就只能在这种风格的范围内实现，而不是创造出一种新的风格。因此，如果你们当中有人想通过发明某种奇特的建筑方式，劝服整个欧洲使用，并以此成名，对于他们来说，此刻一定难以理解我的讲话，但那些乐于延续前辈风格、并满足于由此取得的名气的人却能够理解我——英格兰索尔兹伯里大教堂的建造者满足于这种名气，尽管哥特式不是他发明的；威尼斯的提香也会满足于这种名气，尽管油画不是他发明的。我的演讲对象还包括那些更谦逊却更睿智的人，或者满足于使用已被接受的建筑体系的聪明学生，让我们一起考虑一下，在这些条件下，留给我们想象的空间有多大。我想，首先大家会说或者会想，建筑师发挥创造力的主要领地就是以合适的比例放置线条、线脚和模块。的确，假如你采用某种建筑风格，就不能以其他任何形式进行创造。我承认正确做好这一点需要天分和特殊才能。单靠规则和学习，不足以得到设计出优美、比例匀称的图案的才能；只有靠天才的直觉才能把那仅有一层的建筑物的正面设计得漂漂亮亮；只要才能可以成为骄傲的原因，他就能够引以为豪——他发现自己的设计竟能与桑米凯利、伊尼戈. 琼斯或克里斯托弗. 雷恩的作品中最简单的布置相媲美。

Invention, then, and genius being granted, as necessary to accomplish this, let me ask you, What, after all, with this special gift and genius, you have accomplished, when you have arranged the lines of a building beautifully?

那么，我问你们，如果可以创造，且拥有实现创造所必需的天分，当你们漂亮地设计一栋建筑的线条时，你们究竟用这种天分和特殊才能完成了什么？

In the first place you will not, I think, tell me that the beauty there attained is of a touching or pathetic kind. A well-disposed group of notes in music will make you sometimes weep and sometimes laugh. You can express the depth of all affections by those dispositions of sound; you can give courage to the soldier, language to the lover, consolation to the mourner, more joy to the joyful, more humility to the devout. Can you do as much by your group of lines? Do you suppose the front of Whitehall[3], a singularly beautiful one, ever inspires the two Horse Guards, during the hour they sit opposite to it, with military ardour? Do you think that the lovers in our London walk down to the front of Whitehall for consolation when mistresses are unkind; or that any person wavering in duty, or feeble in faith, was ever confirmed in purpose or in creed by the pathetic appeal of those harmonious architraves? You will not say so. Then, if they cannot touch, or inspire, or comfort any one, can your architectural proportions amuse any one? Christmas is just over; you have doubtless been at many merry parties during the period. Can you remember any

in which architectural proportions contributed to the entertainment of the evening? Proportions of notes in music were, I am sure, essential to your amusement; the setting of flowers in hair, and of ribands on dresses, were also subjects of frequent admiration with you, not inessential to your happiness. Among the juvenile members of your society the proportion of currants in cake, and of sugar in comfits, became subjects of acute interest; and, when such proportions were harmonious, motives also of gratitude to cook and to confectioner. But, did you ever see either young or old amused by the architrave of the door? Or otherwise interested in the proportions of the room than as they admitted more or fewer friendly faces? Nay, if all the amusement that there is in the best proportioned architecture of London could be concentrated into one evening, and you were to issue tickets for nothing to this great proportional entertainment; —how do you think it would stand between you and the Drury pantomime?

我想，首先你们不会告诉我这栋建筑拥有的是一种动人或伤感的美。一组音符经过绝妙的组合，有时能让人哭，有时又让人笑。你们能通过把声音组合起来表达各种情感的深度；你们能给士兵勇气，给爱人欢笑，给悲伤者安慰，让快乐的人更快乐，让虔诚的人更谦逊。用线条的组合你们也能做到这样吗？你们觉得白厅那拥有奇特之美的前街激起了坐在对面的两位皇家骑兵的军事热情吗？你们觉得被心上人伤害的情人们沿着伦敦的马路，一直走到白厅前，是寻求安慰吗？或者任何对自己的职责摇摆不定、信仰薄弱的人，会因为曾经受到那些和谐的建筑框缘的感伤呼吁，从而坚定目标和信仰吗？你们不会这么说。那么，如果它们不能感动、激励或抚慰任何人，你们的建筑设计还能令人愉悦吗？圣诞节结束了，不用问，在这期间，你们参加了很多愉快的晚会。你们还能记起什么建筑设计增强了晚会的娱乐性吗？我敢肯定，音乐中，音符的排列对你们的愉悦至关重要；头上花儿的带法，礼服上丝带的系法，常为你们带来倾慕，对你们的快乐也并非无关紧要。对你们协会的青少年来说，蛋糕上摆多少葡萄干，糖果里含多少糖，都是能激起他们很大兴趣的话题。当这些比例和谐时，人们就会对厨师和糖果店师傅满怀感恩之心。可是，无论年轻人或是老人，你们见过他们因门框感到愉悦吗？或者相较于他们所面对的友好面孔的多少，他们会对房间的设计更感兴趣吗？不仅如此，假如伦敦比例最协调的建筑所含的全部娱乐性能被集中到一个晚上，你们负责为这个伟大的比例协调的娱乐活动免费卖票，你们觉得人们会在你们和特鲁西街的哑剧之间作何选择？

You are, then, remember, granted to be people of genius—great and admirable; and you devote your lives to your art, but you admit that you cannot comfort anybody, you cannot encourage anybody, you cannot improve anybody, and you cannot amuse anybody. I proceed then farther to ask, Can you inform anybody? Many sciences cannot be considered as highly touching or emotional; nay, perhaps not specially amusing; scientific men may sometimes, in these

respects, stand on the same ground with you. As far as we can judge by the results of the late war, science helps our soldiers about as much as the front of Whitehall; and at the Christmas parties, the children wanted no geologists to tell them about the behaviour of bears and dragons in Queen Elizabeth's time. Still, your man of science teaches you something; he may be dull at a party, or helpless in a battle, he is not always that; but he can give you, at all events, knowledge of noble facts, and open to you the secrets of the earth and air. Will your architectural proportions do as much? Your genius is granted, and your life is given, and what do you teach us? —Nothing, I believe, from one end of that life to the other, but that two and two make four, and that one is to two as three is to six.

那么，记住这一点吧，假定你们被誉为天才，伟大而令人钦佩，把毕生献给建筑艺术，但你们必须承认你们无法安慰人、改进人或娱乐人。我进一步问，你们给人带来信息吗？许多科学不太动人，也没有过多情感，不仅如此，也许也不特别有趣，从这些方面来说，科学家们的处境有时候跟你们相同。通过上一次战争的结果，我们可以断定，科学对士兵的帮助像白厅前街所起的作用一样大。此外，在圣诞晚会上，孩子们不会缠着地质学家讲伊丽莎白女王时期的熊和龙的习性。然而，你们的确可以从科学家们身上学到东西：他们也许在晚会上很沉闷，在战争中派不上用场，但是，在任何场合，他们都可以为你们讲述宝贵的现实知识，揭开地球和空气的秘密。你们的建筑能做到这些吗？上帝赋予你们天分，给你们生命，但你们教会了我们什么呢？什么都没有。生命此消彼长，但是二加二依然得四，一比二依然等于三比六，你们没有教给我们任何新知识。

You cannot, then, it is admitted, comfort any one, serve or amuse any one, nor teach any one. Finally, I ask, Can you be of Use to any one? "Yes," you reply; "certainly we are of some use—we architects—in a climate like this, where it always rains." You are of use, certainly; but, pardon me, only as builders—not as proportionalists. We are not talking of building as a protection, but only of that special work which your genius is to do; not of building substantial and comfortable houses like Mr. Cubitt, but of putting beautiful facades on them like Inigo Jones. And, again, I ask—Are you of use to any one? Will your proportions of the facade heal the sick, or clothe the naked? Supposing you devoted your lives to be merchants, you might reflect at the close of them, how many, fainting for want, you had brought corn to sustain; how many, infected with disease, you had brought balms to heal; how widely, among multitudes of far-away nations, you had scattered the first seeds of national power, and guided the first rays of sacred light. Had you been, in fine, anything else in the world but architectural designers, you might have been of some use or good to people. Content to be petty tradesmen, you would have saved the

time of mankind; —rough-handed daily labourers, you would have added to their stock of food or of clothing. But, being men of genius, and devoting your lives to the exquisite exposition of this genius, on what achievements do you think the memories of your old age are to fasten? Whose gratitude will surround you with its glow, or on what accomplished good, of that greatest kind for which men show no gratitude, will your life rest the contentment of its close? Truly, I fear that the ghosts of proportionate lines will be thin phantoms at your bedsides—very speechless to you; and that on all the emanations of your high genius you will look back with less delight than you might have done on a cup of cold water given to him who was thirsty, or to a single moment when you had "prevented with your bread him that fled".

必须承认，你们无法安慰人、服务人、娱乐人或教育人。最后，我问你们，你们对别人有用吗？“是的，”你们回答，“在这个气候多雨的国家，我们建筑师当然有用了。”你们当然有用，但是，请原谅，仅仅是作为建筑工，而非比例大师。我们所谈论的建筑指的不是遮蔽所，而是你们靠天赋完成的特别作品；不是像丘比特先生之流建出的坚固、舒适的房子，而是像伊尼戈. 琼斯等大师做出的拥有漂亮的外观的房子。我再问，你们对别人有用吗？你们设计的房子外观的比例能治愈伤痛、制衣蔽体吗？假设你们毕生经商，在商业生涯即将结束之时，你们可以回想自己为多少饥饿的人带来了生存所需的粮食，为多少病人带来了治病良药，把民族力量的第一批种子散播到了多少遥远的国度，把第一缕圣光传播了多远。总之，假如你们没当建筑设计师而是从事别的职业，可能已经成了对人们有用或有益的人。假如你们满足于做小商人，可能已经为人类节约了很多时间；满足于做双手粗糙的劳动工人，可能已经为人类增加了食物或衣物的储备。但是，作为怀有天赋的人，并把毕生用来高雅地展现这种天赋，你们觉得自己到年老时追忆的会是什么成就？有谁的感激之情会相伴你们左右，或者在生命的尽头，你们是否会因那些完成的伟大作品——虽然人们没有表现出感激——感到满足？说真的，我害怕比例线条的幽灵会成为你们床边隐约的、无语的幻影；我害怕你们散尽高超的天赋后，回忆过去时，所得到的快乐还不如为口渴的人送上一杯凉水，或是为逃亡的人送上一块面包那一刻获得的快乐多。

Do not answer, nor think to answer, that with your great works and great payments of workmen in them, you would do this; I know you would, and will, as Builders; but, I repeat, it is not your building that I am talking about, but your brains; it is your invention and imagination of whose profit I am speaking. The good done through the building, observe, is done by your employers, not by you—you share in the benefit of it. The good that you personally must do is by your designing; and I compare you with musicians who do good by their pathetic composing, not as they do good by employing fiddlers in the orchestra; for it is the public who in reality do that, not the musicians.

So clearly keeping to this one question, what good we architects are to do by our genius; and having found that on our proportionate system we can do no good to others, will you tell me, lastly, what good we can do to ourselves?

别回答，也别想回答，用你们伟大的作品加上工人们为作品付出的伟大劳动就能做到这一点。作为建筑工，我知道你们是能做到，但是，我重申一遍，我此刻谈论的不是你们的建筑物，而是你们的思想，你们的发明和想象能使谁受益。请注意建筑物带来的好处归功于你们的员工而不是你们，你们只是分享这种好处。你们个人的贡献是通过设计实现的，就好像音乐家的贡献不是通过雇人到乐队拉小提琴，而是通过其悲悯的作曲实现的，因为让音乐在现实中产生益处的是大家，而不是音乐家自己。因此，明确地坚持这个问题，即建筑师们能用自己的天赋作什么贡献，在发现用我们的比例体系无法为别人带来任何益处后，你们能告诉我，最后我们能给自己带来什么益处吗？

Observe, nearly every other liberal art or profession has some intense pleasure connected with it, irrespective of any good to others. As lawyers, or physicians, or clergymen, you would have the pleasure of investigation, and of historical reading, as part of your work: as men of science you would be rejoicing in curiosity perpetually gratified respecting the laws and facts of nature: as artists you would have delight in watching the external forms of nature: as day labourers or petty tradesmen, supposing you to undertake such work with as much intellect as you are going to devote to your designing, you would find continued subjects of interest in the manufacture or the agriculture which you helped to improve; or in the problems of commerce which bore on your business. But your architectural designing leads you into no pleasant journeys,—into no seeing of lovely things,—no discerning of just laws,—no warmths of compassion, no humilities of veneration, no progressive state of sight or soul. Our conclusion is—must be—that you will not amuse, nor inform, nor help anybody; you will not amuse, nor better, nor inform yourselves; you will sink into a state in which you can neither show, nor feel, nor see, anything, but that one is to two as three is to six. And in that state what should we call ourselves? Men? I think not. The right name for us would be—numerators and denominators. Vulgar Fractions.

请注意，假如不考虑对他人的益处，那么，几乎每门其他自由艺术或职业都有很多与之相关的浓厚乐趣。当律师、医生或牧师，在工作时享有调查和阅读史料的乐趣；当科学家，在研究自然法则和事实时，可以因不断满足好奇心而感到高兴；当艺术家，可以享有观察自然外部形态的乐趣；当工人或小商人，假如你们把投入到设计中的智慧全部投入到工人和小商人的工作中，你们就会在帮助提高制造业或农业的过程中，或是解决阻碍你们生意的商业问题的过程中，不断发现有趣的内

容。然而，建筑设计无法领你们走上任何愉快的旅途：见不到可爱的事物，辨识不了正确的法则，没有同情的温暖，没有尊敬的谦逊，不能开拓眼界也不能提升灵魂。结论是，而且肯定是：你们不能娱悦、教育或帮助别人；你们不能娱悦、提升或教育自己；你们陷入这样一种状态，即除了类似一比二等于三比六这种东西，你们无法表现、感受或看见任何其他事物。在这种状态中，我们管自己叫什么呢？人？不，确切地说，我们应该叫做分子和分母，应该叫做平庸的分数。

Shall we, then, abandon this theory of the soul of architecture being in proportional lines, and look whether we can find anything better to exert our fancies upon?

那么，我们能摒弃建筑的灵魂存在于比例线中的理论，然后看看能否把我们的想象用在更好的事物之上吗？

May we not, to begin with, accept this great principle—that, as our bodies, to be in health, must be generally exercised, so our minds, to be in health, must be generally cultivated? You would not call a man healthy who had strong arms but was paralytic in his feet; nor one who could walk well, but had no use of his hands; nor one who could see well, if he could not hear. You would not voluntarily reduce your bodies to any such partially developed state. Much more, then, you would not, if you could help it, reduce your minds to it. Now, your minds are endowed with a vast number of gifts of totally different uses—limbs of mind as it were, which, if you don't exercise, you cripple. One is curiosity; that is a gift, a capacity of pleasure in knowing; which if you destroy, you make yourselves cold and dull. Another is sympathy; the power of sharing in the feelings of living creatures, which if you destroy, you make yourselves hard and cruel. Another of your limbs of mind is admiration; the power of enjoying beauty or ingenuity, which if you destroy, you make yourselves base and irreverent. Another is wit; or the power of playing with the lights on the many sides of truth; which if you destroy, you make yourselves gloomy, and less useful and cheering to others than you might be. So that in choosing your way of work it should be your aim, as far as possible, to bring out all these faculties, as far as they exist in you; not one merely, nor another, but all of them. And the way to bring them out, is simply to concern yourselves attentively with the subjects of each faculty. To cultivate sympathy you must be among living creatures, and thinking about them; and to cultivate admiration, you must be among beautiful things and looking at them.

首先，我们可能不接受这条伟大的原则：身体要健康必须全身锻炼，思想要健康必须全部磨炼。你们不会称一个手臂强壮但下肢瘫痪、健步如飞但双手残疾、或者眼睛明亮但失去听力的人健康。你们绝不会愿意自己的身体有部分残疾。不仅如此，那么，假如你们能控制，你们更不愿自己的思想有缺陷。现在，你们的思想被赋予许多不同用途的天

赋。正如身体的四肢不锻炼会退化，思想的四肢不磨炼也会退化。其一是好奇心，这是一种天赋，一种学到新东西就感到快乐的能力，破坏了它，你们会变得冷淡、沉闷。其二是同情心，它是分享生物情感的力量，破坏了它，你们会变得冷硬、残酷。思想的第三个肢体是欣赏，它是享受美或创意的力量，破坏了它，你们会变得粗鄙、渺小。第四是智慧，它是从真理的许多方面把玩智慧之光的能力，破坏了它，你们会变得忧郁，无法发挥出原本可能发挥的的那么多有用的或愉悦他人的用途，也无法给人带来那么多快乐。因此，选择工作方式时，应该以尽可能发挥自身具备的所有这些能力为目标，不仅是其中一项能力，也不是另一项能力，而是所有能力。把它们发挥出来的方法很简单，只要密切留意每项能力的领域即可。要培养同情心，你们必须处在生物之中，并想着他们；要培养欣赏能力，你们必须置身于美的事物之中，并观察它们。

All this sounds much like truism, at least I hope it does, for then you will surely not refuse to act upon it; and to consider farther, how, as architects, you are to keep yourselves in contemplation of living creatures and lovely things.

这些听起来都是不言自明的，至少我希望是，因为这样你们就不会拒绝遵照行动；作为建筑师，你们应该进一步思考如何使自己一直想着生物和可爱的事物。

You all probably know the beautiful photographs which have been published within the last year or two of the porches of the Cathedral of Amiens. I hold one of these up to you, (merely that you may know what I am talking about, as of course you cannot see the detail at this distance, but you will recognise the subject.) Have you ever considered how much sympathy, and how much humour, are developed in filling this single doorway (The tympanum of the south transept door; it is to be found generally among all collections of architectural photographs.) with these sculptures of the history of St. Honoré (and, by the way, considering how often we English are now driving up and down the Rue St. Honoré, we may as well know as much of the saint as the old architect cared to tell us). You know in all legends of saints who ever were bishops, the first thing you are told of them is that they didn't want to be bishops. So here is St. Honoré, who doesn't want to be a bishop, sitting sulkily in the corner; he hugs his book with both hands, and won't get up to take his crosier; and here are all the city aldermen of Amiens come to poke him up; and all the monks in the town in a great puzzle what they shall do for a bishop if St. Honoré won't be; and here's one of the monks in the opposite corner who is quite cool about it, and thinks they'll get on well enough without St Honoré, —you see that in his face perfectly. At last St. Honoré consents to be bishop, and here he sits in a throne, and has his book now grandly on his desk instead of his knees, and he directs

one of his village curates how to find relics in a wood; here is the wood, and here is the village curate, and here are the tombs, with the bones of St. Victorien and Gentien in them.

你们可能都知道过去一两年里公布的亚眠大教堂走廊的漂亮照片。我展示其中一张给你们看，以便你们清楚我说的内容，当然，隔着这么远的距离你们看不清细节，但能认出走廊就行。你们想过没有，这个满是圣奥诺雷历史雕刻的经典走廊（在所有的建筑图片集锦中，你们都能发现这种南面的交叉甬道的耳门），包含了多少同情和幽默（另外，考虑到英国人如此频繁地驱车来往于圣- 安诺赫大街，我们对那位圣徒的了解也已经和这座古老的建筑要向我们述说的一样多了）。所有关于做过主教的圣徒的传说首先告诉我们的都是他们原本不想当主教。圣奥诺雷也一样。这边，他不高兴地坐在角落里，两手捧着书，不愿起身接受主教权杖；所有亚眠市议员都来推他起来；市里所有的僧侣疑惑着，不知道如果圣奥诺雷不做主教那么他们能为主教做些什么；此时对面角落里也坐着其中一位僧侣，他对此相当冷静，觉得没有圣奥诺雷他们也能过得足够好——看他的神情就一目了然了。最后，圣奥诺雷同意出任主教，此时他坐上宝座，膝盖上的书现在大大方方地放到了桌子上。他指导他的一位乡村助理牧师如何在树林里寻找圣徒遗物，这边是树林，这里是那位乡村助理牧师，而这里则是坟墓，里面埋着圣维托利和根廷的遗体。

After this, St. Honoré performs grand mass, and the miracle occurs of the appearance of a hand blessing the wafer, which occurrence afterwards was painted for the arms of the abbey. Then St. Honoré dies; and here is his tomb with his statue on the top; and miracles are being performed at it—a deaf man having his ear touched, and a blind man groping his way up to the tomb with his dog. Then here is a great procession in honour of the relics of St. Honoré; and under his coffin are some cripples being healed; and the coffin itself is put above the bar which separates the cross from the lower subjects, because the tradition is that the figure on the crucifix of the Church of St. Firmin bowed its head in token of acceptance, as the relics of St. Honoré passed beneath.

在此之后，圣奥诺雷举行了一场盛大的弥撒，其间出现了奇迹，出现了一只赐分圣饼的手，这只手后来被画成了修道院的徽章。后来，圣奥诺雷逝世。这是他的墓，墓顶放着他的雕像。它一直奇事不断——一个失聪者耳朵听到了声音，一个盲人牵着狗摸索着走向他的墓。然后这里是为圣奥诺雷遗体送别的大队伍，在他的棺材下，几个跛子被治好了，棺材本身放置在横木上，横木将十字架和下面的其他东西隔开。因为传统是当圣奥诺雷的遗体从下面经过时，圣菲尔曼教堂的钉于十字架上的耶稣人像低下头，表示接受。

Now just consider the amount of sympathy with human nature, and observance of it, shown in this one bas-relief; the sympathy with disputing monks, with puzzled aldermen, with melancholy recluse,

with triumphant prelate, with palsy-stricken poverty, with ecclesiastical magnificence, or miracle-working faith. Consider how much intellect was needed in the architect, and how much observance of nature before he could give the expression to these various figures—cast these multitudinous draperies—design these rich and quaint fragments of tombs and altars—weave with perfect animation the entangled branches of the forest.

现在想想这座浅浮雕里展现了多少对人性的同情和对人性的观察；这是对争论的僧侣、迷惑的市议员、忧郁的隐士、高兴的教士、瘫痪的穷人、教会的华丽，还有令奇迹发生的信仰的同情。想想这位建筑师需要多少才智，需要进行多少对自然的观察才能表现这些不同的人物，雕出这些各种各样的装饰物，设计出坟墓和圣坛这些丰富、有趣的片段，把森林里纠结的树枝和它们充满生气地编织在一起。

But you will answer me, all this is not architecture at all—it is sculpture. Will you then tell me precisely where the separation exists between one and the other? We will begin at the very beginning. I will show you a piece of what you will certainly admit to be a piece of pure architecture (See Appendix III, "Classical Architecture"); it is drawn on the back of another photograph, another of these marvellous tympana from Notre Dame, which you call, I suppose, impure. Well, look on this picture, and on this. Don't laugh; you must not laugh, that's very improper of you, this is classical architecture. I have taken it out of the essay on that subject in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica."

但是，你们会回答我说，所有这些根本不是建筑，而是雕刻。那么你们能准确地告诉我两者之间的区别在哪里吗？让我们先从头说起。我给你们看样东西，你们肯定承认它是纯粹的建筑（参见附录三“古典建筑”——作者注）。它画在另一张照片的背面，另一张照片是巴黎圣母院绝妙的耳门，我猜你们也管巴黎圣母院叫不纯粹的建筑。好了，看看这张照片，再看看这个。请别笑；你们不能笑，这是很失礼的，它可是经典的建筑物。我是从《大英百科全书》里的相关文章里把它选出来的。

Yet I suppose none of you would think yourselves particularly ingenious architects if you had designed nothing more than this; nay, I will even let you improve it into any grand proportion you choose, and add to it as many windows as you choose; the only thing I insist upon in our specimen of pure architecture is, that there shall be no mouldings nor ornaments upon it. And I suspect you don't quite like your architecture so "pure" as this. We want a few mouldings, you will say—just a few. Those who want mouldings, hold up their hands. We are unanimous, I think. Will you, then, design the profiles of these mouldings yourselves, or will you copy them? If you wish to copy them, and to copy them always, of course I leave you at once to your authorities, and your imaginations to their repose. But if you wish to

design them yourselves, how do you do it? You draw the profile according to your taste, and you order your mason to cut it. Now, will you tell me the logical difference between drawing the profile of a moulding and giving that to be cut, and drawing the folds of the drapery of a statue and giving those to be cut. The last is much more difficult to do than the first; but degrees of difficulty constitute no specific difference, and you will not accept it, surely, as a definition of the difference between architecture and sculpture, that "architecture is doing anything that is easy, and sculpture anything that is difficult."

然而我猜想，如果你们也只是设计出这样的建筑，那么你们当中应该没有人自认为是特别天才的建筑师。不仅如此，我甚至让你们可以把它改造成你们选择的任意豪华的比例，想加多少窗户就加多少窗户。对我们这纯粹建筑的样本，我坚持的唯一的要求是，不得用造型或添加装饰物。现在，我猜你们不太喜欢“纯粹”至此的建筑吧。我们想用几个造型，你们会说，才几个啊。想用造型的请举手。我想，咱们的意见是一致的。那么，你们会自己设计这些造型的轮廓还是照搬已有的？如果你们想照搬，并且一直照搬下去，当然，我马上会对你们的行为放任不管，你们的想象力也可以休息了。但是，假如你们想自己设计，怎么做呢？你们根据自己的品位画出轮廓，然后吩咐泥瓦匠把它切割出来。现在，你们能告诉我画出造型轮廓然后把它 再切割出来和画出雕像身上衣服的褶皱然后把它们再雕刻出来，两者之间有什么逻辑区别吗？后者做起来比前者难得多，但难度不构成具体的区别，你们肯定不接受，将建筑和雕刻的不同之处定义为“建筑就是做简单的东西，雕刻是做复杂的东西。”

It is true, also, that the carved moulding represents nothing, and the carved drapery represents something; but you will not, I should think, accept, as an explanation of the difference between architecture and sculpture, this any more than the other, that "sculpture is art which has meaning, and architecture art which has none."

同样真实的是，雕刻出的模型不代表任何东西，雕刻出的衣褶却代表着某些东西。但是，我想，你们最不会接受的就是下面这个关于建筑和雕刻区别的解释，即“雕刻是有含义的艺术，建筑艺术是没有含义的”。

Where, then, is your difference? In this, perhaps, you will say; that whatever ornaments we can direct ourselves, and get accurately cut to order, we consider architectural. The ornaments that we are obliged to leave to the pleasure of the workman, or the superintendence of some other designer, we consider sculptural, especially if they are more or less extraneous and incrusted—not an essential part of the building.

那么，你们觉得区别在哪里？就在这里，也许你们会说。但凡装饰物能够由我们亲自指挥并按设计精确切割的，我们就认为是建筑。那些

我们必须留下按工匠的意愿完成或由其他设计师监督的装饰物则是雕刻，尤其当它们不是建筑物的主要部分，而或多或少是细枝末节的地方，且有硬壳时。

Accepting this definition, I am compelled to reply, that it is in effect nothing more than an amplification of my first one—that whatever is easy you call architecture, whatever is difficult you call sculpture. For you cannot suppose the arrangement of the place in which the sculpture is to be put is so difficult or so great a part of the design as the sculpture itself. For instance: you all know the pulpit of Niccolo Pisano, in the baptistry at Pisa. It is composed of seven rich relievi, surrounded by panel mouldings, and sustained on marble shafts. Do you suppose Niccolo Pisano's reputation—such part of it at least as rests on this pulpit (and much does)—depends on the panel mouldings, or on the relievi? The panel mouldings are by his hand; he would have disdained to leave even them to a common workman; but do you think he found any difficulty in them, or thought there was any credit in them? Having once done the sculpture, those enclosing lines were mere child's play to him; the determination of the diameter of shafts and height of capitals was an affair of minutes; his work was in carving the Crucifixion and the Baptism.

如果要接受这个定义，我不得不回答，在效果上它只是我给的第一个定义的扩充，即简单的叫建筑，复杂的叫雕刻，因为你们不能把雕刻摆放地的安排设想得像雕刻本身一样复杂或重要。例如：大家都知道尼古拉. 皮萨诺所建的讲道坛，它位于比萨的洗礼池。它由七块内容丰富的浮雕组成，四周环绕着嵌板，由大理石支柱支撑。你们觉得尼古拉. 皮萨诺的名气——至少他的部分名气来自这个讲道坛（并且大部分都是）——靠的是嵌板或浮雕吗？嵌板是他亲手制作的，他是本可以甚至不屑于把它们丢给普通工匠完成的。但是，你们觉得他是认为制作嵌板有难度，还是认为嵌板里也蕴含了荣誉？一旦完成了这个雕刻，那些一圈圈的线条对他来说就只是小孩子的游戏了，确定支柱的直径和柱头的高度几分钟就能解决，他的主要工作是雕刻耶稣受难和洗礼场景。

Or, again, do you recollect Orcagna's tabernacle in the church of San Michele, at Florence? That, also, consists of rich and multitudinous bas-reliefs, enclosed in panel mouldings, with shafts of mosaic, and foliated arches sustaining the canopy. Do you think Orcagna, any more than Pisano, if his spirit could rise in the midst of us at this moment, would tell us that he had trusted his fame to the foliation, or had put his soul's pride into the panelling? Not so; he would tell you that his spirit was in the stooping figures that stand round the couch of the dying Virgin.

再有，你们记得佛罗伦萨圣米迦勒教堂里奥康雅建造的壁龛吗？它也有大量丰富的浅浮雕，围在嵌板之中，有嵌花式的支柱，还有叶形装饰的拱门支撑起天蓬。假如此刻奥尔卡尼亚——他的做法比皮萨诺更甚

——的灵魂此刻在我们中间出现，你们觉得他会告诉我们他把自己的名望寄托在叶形装饰中，还是把他灵魂的骄傲寄托在嵌板上？不，他会告诉你们他的精髓蕴含在那些围站在临终的圣母床边的弯着腰的人物里。

Or, lastly, do you think the man who designed the procession on the portal of Amiens was the subordinate workman? That there was an architect over him, restraining him within certain limits, and ordering of him his bishops at so much a mitre, and his cripples at so much a crutch? Not so. Here, on this sculptured shield, rests the Master's hand; this is the centre of the Master's thought; from this, and in subordination to this, waved the arch and sprang the pinnacle. Having done this, and being able to give human expression and action to the stone, all the rest—the rib, the niche, the foil, the shaft—were mere toys to his hand and accessories to his conception; and if once you also gain the gift of doing this, if once you can carve one fronton such as you have here, I tell you, you would be able—so far as it depended on your invention—to scatter cathedrals over England as fast as clouds rise from its streams after summer rain.

或者，最后，你们认为设计出亚眠大门上队伍浮雕的是一个下等工匠吗？认为他上面有个建筑师，用适当的限制约束他，命令他为主教刻出这样的法冠，为跛子刻出那样的拐杖？不，看，这个雕刻的盾牌出自大师之手，这是大师思想的中心，从这里以及它的附属部分开始，拱门弯下去，尖顶立起来。完成这部分，能够赋予石头人类的表情和动作之后，其余一切——圆拱、凹处、叶形饰、支柱——信手拈来，且只是他观念的配件而已。假如你们一旦也有完成这个的才能，也能雕刻出一面你们现在看到的这样的山墙，我告诉你们只要你们运用创造力，就能迅速在英格兰四处建教堂，就如夏日雨后云雾从河流中升起那么快。

Nay, but perhaps you answer again, our sculptors at present do not design cathedrals, and could not. No, they could not; but that is merely because we have made architecture so dull that they cannot take any interest in it, and, therefore, do not care to add to their higher knowledge the poor and common knowledge of principles of building. You have thus separated building from sculpture, and you have taken away the power of both; for the sculptor loses nearly as much by never having room for the development of a continuous work, as you do from having reduced your work to a continuity of mechanism. You are essentially, and should always be, the same body of men, admitting only such difference in operation as there is between the work of a painter at different times, who sometimes labours on a small picture, and sometimes on the frescoes of a palace gallery.

不仅如此，但也许你们又会说，现在雕刻家都不设计也不会设计教堂了。是的，他们不会，但那仅仅是因为我们把建筑变得太单调，激不起他们对它的兴趣了，所以毫不介意地往他们所学的高等知识中加入建

筑原则的贫乏简单的常识。就这样，你们把建筑和雕刻分离开来，并且带走了两者的力量。因为雕刻家几乎再也没有完成一个连续作品的空间，你们同样损失惨痛，你们的工作从此变成持续的机械劳动。你们本质上，并且应该始终是同样的一群人，只承认在操作中的区别，就像画家不同时期作品之间的区别，有时他艰难地创作一幅小画，有时潜心创作宫廷走廊的壁画。

This conclusion, then, we arrive at, must arrive at; the fact being irrevocably so:—that in order to give your imagination and the other powers of your souls full play, you must do as all the great architects of old time did—you must yourselves be your sculptors. Phidias, Michael Angelo, Orcagna, Pisano, Giotto,—which of these men, do you think, could not use his chisel? You say, "It is difficult; quite out of your way." I know it is; nothing that is great is easy; and nothing that is great, so long as you study building without sculpture, can be in your way. I want to put it in your way, and you to find your way to it. But, on the other hand, do not shrink from the task as if the refined art of perfect sculpture were always required from you. For, though architecture and sculpture are not separate arts, there is an architectural manner of sculpture; and it is, in the majority of its applications, a comparatively easy one. Our great mistake at present, in dealing with stone at all, is requiring to have all our work too refined; it is just the same mistake as if we were to require all our book illustrations to be as fine work as Raphael's. John Leech[4] does not sketch so well as Leonardoda Vinci; but do you think that the public could easily spare him; or that he is wrong in bringing out his talent in the way in which it is most effective? Would you advise him, if he asked your advice, to give up his wood-blocks and take to canvas? I know you would not; neither would you tell him, I believe, on the other hand, that because he could not draw as well as Leonardo, therefore he ought to draw nothing but straight lines with a ruler, and circles with compasses, and no figure-subjects at all. That would be some loss to you; would it not? You would all be vexed if next week'sPunch[5] had nothing in it but proportionate lines. And yet, do not you see that you are doing precisely the same thing with your powers of sculptural design that he would be doing with his powers of pictorial design, if he gave you nothing but such lines. You feel that you cannot carve like Phidias; therefore you will not carve at all, but only draw mouldings; and thus all that intermediate power which is of especial value in modern days,—that popular power of expression which is within the attainment of thousands, and would address itself to tens of thousands,—is utterly lost to us in stone, though in ink and paper it has become one of the most important engines, and one of the most desired luxuries, of modern civilisation.

那么，我们得出结论，必须得出结论，事实不可撤销地如此：即为了充分发挥你们的想象力和灵魂的其他力量，你们必须和古时所有伟大的建筑师一样，成为自己的雕刻家。菲迪亚斯、米开朗琪罗、奥康雅、皮萨诺、乔托，你们认为这些伟人哪个不会用凿子？你们会说："太难了，超出了你们的能力范围。"我知道很难。没有伟大的事是简单的，而且，只要你们继续学习不含雕刻的建筑，伟大的事就不会降临在你们前方。我想把它放在你们前方，希望你们找到通向它的道路。但是，另一方面，你们也不要被任务吓倒，好像总是要求你们做到完美雕刻的优雅艺术似的。因为，虽然建筑和雕刻不是完全分开的艺术，但却有种建筑风格的雕刻，多数情况下，这种雕刻比较简单。在处理石头方面，现在我们最大的错误是对所有作品的要求太精确了，这和要求所有图书插图像拉斐尔的作品一样出色，犯了同样的错误。约翰. 利奇素描画得没有达.芬奇好，但是，你们认为公众会轻易放弃他吗？还是认为他用最有效的方式发挥出自己的才华是错的？假设他向你们寻求建议，你们会建议他放弃木版画而选择油画吗？我知道你们不会，另一方面，我相信你们也不会告诉他，既然他画得不如达.芬奇好，就不该画画，只能用直尺画线，用圆规画圆，更别提以人物为主题的作品了。那将是你们的损失，不是吗？如果下周的《笨拙周报》除了成比例的线条什么都没有，你们会很恼火。你们没发现，假如他只画线条，那么他对待自己的画报设计能力的方式不正和你们对待自己的雕刻设计能力的方式一样吗？你们觉得自己雕刻得没有菲迪亚斯好，因此干脆不雕刻了，只画造型。于是，当代一切具有特殊价值的中间力量——这种受欢迎的表达力量，几千人里才有一个能达到，能感染成千上万人——已经完全在石雕中失传了。虽然通过油墨和纸张，它已经成为现代文明最重要的动力之一和最向往的奢侈享受。

Here, then, is one part of the subject to which I would especially invite your attention, namely, the distinctive character which may be wisely permitted to belong to architectural sculpture, as distinguished from perfect sculpture on one side, and from mere geometrical decoration on the other.

这就是我希望你们特别注意的主题的一部分内容，即可以明智地承认建筑雕刻的突出特点，它一方面和完美的雕刻相区别，另一方面又不同于单纯的几何装饰。

And first, observe what an indulgence we have in the distance at which most work is to be seen. Supposing we were able to carve eyes and lips with the most exquisite precision, it would all be of no use as soon as the work was put far above the eye; but, on the other hand, as beauties disappear by being far withdrawn, so will faults; and the mystery and confusion which are the natural consequence of distance, while they would often render your best skill but vain, will as often render your worst errors of little consequence; nay, more than this, often a deep cut, or a rude angle, will produce in certain positions an effect of expression both startling and true, which you never hoped

for. Not that mere distance will give animation to the work, if it has none in itself; but if it has life at all, the distance will make that life more perceptible and powerful by softening the defects of execution. So that you are placed, as workmen, in this position of singular advantage, that you may give your fancies free play, and strike hard for the expression that you want, knowing that, if you miss it, no one will detect you; if you at all touch it, nature herself will help you, and with every changing shadow and basking sunbeam bring forth new phases of your fancy.

首先，看看我们已经多么沉迷于可以看到大多数作品的那种距离。假设我们能够以最精准的精度雕刻出眼睛和嘴唇，但它们一旦被安在眼睛上方太远的地方，就没用了。另一方面，正如美感因距离太远而消失，缺点也一样。神秘感和困惑感是距离带来的自然反应，它们常常令你们最棒的技艺成为徒劳，而最糟的错误无关紧要。不仅如此，深深的一凿或者一个粗糙的角度都会在特定的地方留下表达效果，惊人却又真实，是你们从未料想到的。如果作品本身没有活力的活，仅仅是距离也不能给它带来活力。但对于有活力的作品，距离可以弱化雕刻过程中的缺点，令它的活力更可感、更强烈。因此，作为工匠，你们有这种独一无二的优势，可以尽情发挥想象力，使劲凿出想要的表情。犯了错误，没有人会察觉；触摸它，自然本身就会帮助你们，变换的影子和温暖的阳光会把你们的想象带到新的境界。

But it is not merely this privilege of being imperfect which belongs to architectural sculpture. It has a true privilege of imagination, far excelling all that can be granted to the more finished work, which, for the sake of distinction, I will call,—and I don't think we can have a much better term—"furniture sculpture;" sculpture, that is, which can be moved from place to furnish rooms.

建筑雕刻不仅有可以不完美的特权，还有一种真正的想象力的特权，它的想象力远胜于所有那些被认为更精致的雕刻作品。为了区分，我管那些作品叫做——我认为也没有更好的叫法了——“家具雕刻”，也就是可以挪来挪去装饰房间的雕刻作品。

For observe, to that sculpture the spectator is usually brought in a tranquil or prosaic state of mind; he sees it associated rather with what is sumptuous than sublime, and under circumstances which address themselves more to his comfort than his curiosity. The statue which is to be pathetic, seen between the flashes of footmen's livery round the dining-table, must have strong elements of pathos in itself; and the statue which is to be awful, in the midst of the gossip of the drawing-room, must have the elements of awe wholly in itself. But the spectator is brought to your work already in an excited and imaginative mood. He has been impressed by the cathedral wall as it loomed over the low streets, before he looks up to the carving of its porch—and his love of mystery has been touched by the silence and

the shadows of the cloister, before he can set himself to decipher the bosses on its vaulting. So that when once he begins to observe your doings, he will ask nothing better from you, nothing kinder from you, than that you would meet this imaginative temper of his half way; — that you would farther touch the sense of terror, or satisfy the expectation of things strange, which have been prompted by the mystery or the majesty of the surrounding scene. And thus, your leaving forms more or less undefined, or carrying out your fancies, however extravagant, in grotesqueness of shadow or shape, will be for the most part in accordance with the temper of the observer; and he is likely, therefore, much more willingly to use his fancy to help your meanings, than his judgement to detect your faults.

从观察方面来说，那类雕刻的观赏者经常被带入宁静或无趣的心境；在观众眼中，它们受到关注是由于奢华多过庄严，给人舒适感多过满足人的好奇心。从围坐在餐桌边的男仆们身上耀眼的制服之间看过去，那些悲悯的雕刻，本身一定充满伤感；而那些威严的雕刻，在客厅的闲聊声中，本身一定充满了令人敬畏的因素。但是，你的作品已经引得观赏者心情激荡、浮想联翩。还没抬头观赏走廊的浮雕，他就被对面低矮的街道隐现的的大教堂围墙所震撼；还没好好解读圆屋顶上的浮凸饰，就被回廊的宁静和光影撩动起他对神秘事物的热爱。因此，一但他开始观看你们的作品时，并不期望能看到超出他想象力一半的、更优秀更仁爱的作品；不要求你们更深地触摸到他的恐惧感，或者满足他的猎奇心，这些已然被周围的神秘感和恢弘氛围激起了。因此，把一些结构或多或少留在未定状态，或者把你们的想象付诸实践，无论有多么奢华，设计出风格奇异的影像和形状，这些将最能迎合观赏者的心理。观赏者也会更加乐意发挥自己的想象力来帮助你解读寓意，而不会挑剔你们的失误。

Again. Remember that when the imagination and feelings are strongly excited, they will not only bear with strange things, but they will look into minute things with a delight quite unknown in hours of tranquillity. You surely must remember moments of your lives in which, under some strong excitement of feeling, all the details of visible objects presented themselves with a strange intensity and insistance, whether you would or no; urging themselves upon the mind, and thrust upon the eye, with a force of fascination which you could not refuse. Now, to a certain extent, the senses get into this state whenever the imagination is strongly excited. Things trivial at other times assume a dignity or significance which we cannot explain; but which is only the more attractive because inexplicable: and the powers of attention, quickened by the feverish excitement, fasten and feed upon the minutest circumstances of detail, and remotest traces of intention. So that what would at other times be felt as more or less mean or extraneous in a work of sculpture, and which would

assuredly be offensive to the perfect taste in its moments of languor, or of critical judgement, will be grateful, and even sublime, when it meets this frightened inquisitiveness, this fascinated watchfulness, of the roused imagination. And this is all for your advantage; for, in the beginnings of your sculpture, you will assuredly find it easier to imitate minute circumstances of costume or character, than to perfect the anatomy of simple forms or the flow of noble masses; and it will be encouraging to remember that the grace you cannot perfect, and the simplicity you cannot achieve, would be in great part vain, even if you could achieve them, in their appeal to the hasty curiosity of passionate fancy; but that the sympathy which would be refused to your science will be granted to your innocence; and that the mind of the general observer, though wholly unaffected by the correctness of anatomy or propriety of gesture, will follow you with fond and pleased concurrence, as you carve the knots of the hair, and the patterns of the vesture.

另外，记住，当想象力和感觉受到强烈刺激时，它们不仅能产生奇异的事物，在数小时的宁谧中，也会以未知的快乐去观察细节。你们一定记得生命中这样的时刻，在特别兴奋的状态下，不管是否情愿，可见事物的所有细节会表现得更强烈、更有力；它们以一种无法抗拒的魔力，深深地印在脑海里，呈现在眼前。现在，某种程度上，当想象力被强烈刺激时，感官就会进入这种状态。其他时刻琐碎的事物会显示出无法解释的尊贵和重要性，但因了这种无法解释的性质反而更具魅力。注意力的力量因极度兴奋而加速，牢牢扣住最琐碎的细节和最遥远的动机。因此，其他时候雕刻作品中多少有些普通、无关紧要的东西，以及确切无疑苍白无力、有悖于完美品位并会招致批评的东西，与受惊的好奇心、入迷的观赏和激起的想象力相结合，反而变得令人愉快甚至很了不起。这些都是你们的优势。刚开始雕刻时，你们一定觉得模仿服饰和性格特征比完美剖析简单结构和贵族人流更容易。那么记住，你们无法达到的简洁和无法表现到位的贵族优雅气质，即便达到了，对于怀着匆忙好奇心和激情想象的观众来说，也是没用的。记住这一点，你们会受到鼓舞。但是，同情心虽然被科学拒之门外，却能被你的纯真所容纳；普通的观众虽然毫不关心雕刻是否符合解剖学，是否符合礼仪姿势，却会欣赏你们雕出的发结和服装式样，和你们产生愉快的共鸣。

Farther yet. We are to remember that not only do the associated features of the larger architecture tend to excite the strength of fancy, but the architectural laws to which you are obliged to submit your decoration stimulate its ingenuity. Every crocket which you are to crest with sculpture,—every foliation which you have to fill, presents itself to the spectator's fancy, not only as a pretty thing, but as a problematic thing. It contained, he perceives immediately, not only a beauty which you wished to display, but a necessity which you were forced to meet; and the problem, how to occupy such and such a space

with organic form in any probable way, or how to turn such a boss or ridge into a conceivable image of life, becomes at once, to him as to you, a matter of amusement as much as of admiration. The ordinary conditions of perfection in form, gesture, or feature, are willingly dispensed with, when the ugly dwarf and ungainly goblin have only to gather themselves into angles, or crouch to carry corbels; and the want of skill which, in other kinds of work would have been required for the finishing of the parts, will at once be forgiven here, if you have only disposed ingeniously what you have executed roughly, and atoned for the rudeness of your hands by the quickness of your wits.

再进一步。我们要记住不仅大型建筑的有关特征会激发想象的力量，装饰中必须遵循的建筑原则也会激发它的精妙。每个你们要加以顶饰的花形浮雕，每个要填满的叶饰，不仅作为美丽的事物，而且作为问题事物，都会激起观众的想象。观众马上会明白，它不仅包含你们要表现的美，而且包含你们必须达到的要求。而那个问题——怎样用可能的方式在这里或者那里填上有机的形状，怎样把这个浮雕或者屋脊变成生活中可以想象的图像，对观众来说就像对你们一样，变成了乐趣和欣赏。形状、姿势和面部特征的普遍的完美性就乐于被省略了，正如难看的小矮人和笨拙的小妖精只需从各个角度集合起来，或蹲下承担木材的重量即可。假如你们聪明地抛弃雕工粗糙的地方，机智地弥补好雕刻时双手鲁莽造成的缺憾，其他类型的工作中需要完成的部分所必需的技能上的欠缺就会马上得到谅解。

Hitherto, however, we have been considering only the circumstances in architecture favourable to the development of the powers of imagination. A yet more important point for us seems, to me, the place which it gives to all the objects of imagination.

然而，目前为止，我们只是一直在考虑建筑中有利于想象力发展的情况。对我们来说更重要的一点似乎是，它给予了所有想象事物以栖身之所。

For, I suppose, you will not wish me to spend any time in proving, that imagination must be vigorous in proportion to the quantity of material which it has to handle; and that, just as we increase the range of what we see, we increase the richness of what we can imagine. Granting this, consider what a field is opened to your fancy merely in the subject matter which architecture admits. Nearly every other art is severely limited in its subjects—the landscape painter, for instance, gets little help from the aspects of beautiful humanity; the historical painter, less, perhaps, than he ought, from the accidents of wild nature; and the pure sculptor, still less, from the minor details of common life. But is there anything within range of sight, or conception, which may not be of use to you, or in which your interest may not be excited with advantage to your art? From visions of angels, down to the least important gesture of a child at play,

whatever may be conceived of Divine, or beheld of Human, may be dared or adopted by you; throughout the kingdom of animal life, no creature is so vast, or so minute, that you cannot deal with it, or bring it into service; the lion and the crocodile will couch about your shafts; the moth and the bee will sun themselves upon your f lowers; for you, the fawn will leap; for you, the snail be slow; for you, the dove smooth her bosom; and the hawk spread her wings toward the south. All the wide world of vegetation blooms and bends for you; the leaves tremble that you may bid them be still under the marble snow; the thorn and the thistle, which the earth casts forth as evil, are to you the kindliest servants; no dying petal, nor drooping tendril, is so feeble as to have no more help for you; no robed pride of blossom so kingly, but it will lay aside its purple to receive at your hands the pale immortality. Is there anything in common life too mean,—in common too trivial, —to be ennobled by your touch? As there is nothing in life, so there is nothing in lifelessness which has not its lesson for you, or its gift; and when you are tired of watching the strength of the plume, and the tenderness of the leaf, you may walk down to your rough river-shore, or into the thickest markets of your thoroughfares, and there is not a piece of torn cable that will not twine into a perfect moulding; there is not a fragment of cast-away matting, or shattered basket-work, that will not work into a chequer or capital. Yes: and if you gather up the very sand, and break the stone on which you tread, among its fragments of all but invisible shells you will find forms that will take their place, and that proudly, among the starred traceries of your vaulting; and you, who can crown the mountain with its fortress, and the city with its towers, are thus able also to give beauty to ashes, and worthiness to dust.

我猜想，你们不会希望我花时间证明这一点：想象力的有力程度必须和相关材料的数量成正比，而且正如我们所见，眼界越宽想象的内容越丰富。既然如此，想想仅我猜想，你们不会希望我花时间证明这一点：想象力的有力程度必须和相关材料的数量成正比，而且正如我们所见，眼界越宽想象的内容越丰富。既然如此，想想仅在建筑领域承认的主题内，留给你们的想象空间有多大。几乎其他每门艺术的主题都被严格限制在它们的主题之内——例如，风景画家从人性美的各方面难以获得帮助；历史画家从大自然的意外事件中获益更少；纯粹的雕刻家从日常生活的细枝末节中获益还要少些。但是，有在你们视野或思想范围之内，但对你们没用，或者你对这个事物的兴趣对唤醒艺术毫无帮助的事物吗？上至天使的幻景，下至孩童无关紧要的玩耍姿势，凡是能被视为神圣的或被视为世俗的，你们都可以大胆采用。在整个动物界，没有太强大或太卑微，以致于你们无法处理、无法加以应用的生物；狮子和鳄鱼就卧在你们的斧柄边；飞蛾和蜜蜂在你们的花儿上晒太阳；小鹿为你们跳跃；蜗牛为你们慢慢爬行；鸽子为你们理顺胸脯；老鹰为你们展翅南飞。整个广大的植物世界有鲜花为你们绽放，向你们弯腰；叶子颤抖

着接受你们的命令，安静地待在冰雪下；被大地当邪恶逐出的荆棘和蓟花，在你们面前是最温和的仆人；没有凋零的花瓣，也没有下垂的枝蔓，因为它们太衰弱，不能给你带来帮助；高贵的花儿如此骄傲，却把紫色的尊贵丢在一边，甘愿在你们手中苍白地不朽。日常生活中极其普通而琐碎的事物有经你们之手变得高贵的吗？无论有生命的事物还是无生命的事物，它们都有值得你们学习的东西，都有自己的天赋；当你们厌倦了观察羽毛的力量、叶子的鲜嫩，你们可以走到坑洼不平的河岸，或者走进路边最密集的市场，在那里，没有一条断绳不能被搓成完美的模型；没有一块丢弃的凉席碎片或编织物碎块不能被加工成棋子或字母。是的，假如你们聚拢沙子，打碎脚下的石头，在几乎看不见的碎片里总能找到形状用得上的部分，它们可以骄傲地成为群星闪耀的圆屋顶花饰。你们可以给山顶加上堡垒，给城市建上高塔，也能把美带给灰烬，把价值赋予尘土。

Now, in that your art presents all this material to you, you have already much to rejoice in. But you have more to rejoice in, because all this is submitted to you, not to be dissected or analyzed, but to be sympathized with, and to bring out, therefore, what may be accurately called the moral part of imagination. We saw that, if we kept ourselves among lines only, we should have cause to envy the naturalist, because he was conversant with facts; but you will have little to envy now, if you make yourselves conversant with the feelings that arise out of his facts. For instance, the naturalist coming upon a block of marble, has to begin considering immediately how far its purple is owing to iron, or its whiteness to magnesia; he breaks his piece of marble, and at the close of his day, has nothing but a little sand in his crucible, and some data added to the theory of the elements. But you approach your marble to sympathise with it, and rejoice over its beauty. You cut it a little indeed; but only to bring out its veins more perfectly; and at the end of your day's work you leave your marble shaft with joy and complacency in its perfectness, as marble. When you have to watch an animal instead of a stone, you differ from the naturalist in the same way. He may, perhaps, if he be an amiable naturalist, take delight in having living creatures round him; —still, the major part of his work is, or has been, in counting feathers, separating fibres, and analyzing structures. But your work is always with the living creature; the thing you have to get at in him is his life, and ways of going about things. It does not matter to you how many cells there are in his bones, or how many filaments in his feathers; what you want is his moral character and way of behaving himself; it is just that which your imagination, if healthy, will first seize—just that which your chisel, if vigorous, will first cut. You must get the storm spirit into your eagles, and the lordliness into your lions, and the tripping fear into your fawns; and in order to do this, you must be in continual sympathy with every fawn of them; and be hand-

in-glove with all the lions, and hand-in-claw with all the hawks. And don't fancy that you will lower yourselves by sympathy with the lower creatures; you cannot sympathize rightly with the higher, unless you do with those: but you have to sympathize with the higher, too—with queens, and kings, and martyrs, and angels. Yes, and above all, and more than all, with simple humanity in all its needs and ways, for there is not one hurried face that passes you in the street that will not be impressive, if you can only fathom it. All history is open to you, all high thoughts and dreams that the past fortunes of men can suggest, all fairyland is open to you—no vision that ever haunted forest, or gleamed over hill-side, but calls you to understand how it came into men's hearts, and may still touch them; and all Paradise is open to you—yes, and the work of Paradise; for in bringing all this, in perpetual and attractive truth, before the eyes of your fellow-men, you have to join in the employment of the angels, as well as to imagine their companies.

现在，既然你们的艺术将所有这些素材呈现在你们面前，你们就有足够的理由感到欣喜的了。更值得欣喜的是，所有这些提供给你们的材料需要的不是检查或分析，而是认同，由此产生确切地称为想象力的道德部分的东西。我们知道，假如仅仅埋头于线条之中，那么我们就该有理由忌妒博物学家了，因为他们熟知事实。但是，假如你们熟知从事实中产生的情感，那么你们就几乎没什么可忌妒的了。例如，博物学家遇到一块大理石时，马上会想它呈现的紫色跟铁含量的关系，或它的白色与氧化镁含量的关系。他敲碎大理石，研究一整天，最后只剩坩埚里的几颗沙粒和为元素理论添加的一些数据。而你们拿到大理石，是欣赏它，并因它的美而欣喜。你们确实切割掉一部分，但目的是为了使它的纹路显得更完美。工作一天后，你们高高兴兴地离开大理石柱，为把它加工得那么完美感到满足。当观察对象不是石头而是动物时，你们和博物学家的区别同样如此。假如那个博物学家和蔼可亲，他可能会乐于被动物们围着，但是，他的主要工作还是，或者从来都是，数羽毛、分离纤维和分析身体结构。而你们的工作始终是跟活生生的动物呆在一起，你们关注的是它的生活和把它雕刻出来的方法。它的骨头里有多少细胞，羽毛里有多少细丝对你们来说无关紧要，你们要的是它的道德特点和行为方式。那才是你们的想象力，假如健康的话，首先抓住的东西；那才是你们的斧子，假如健壮有力的话，首先砍的东西。你们必须把暴风雨般的精神赋予老鹰，把王者之气赋予狮子，把轻快的恐惧赋予小鹿。要做到这一点，就必须始终对每只小鹿怀着同情心，对所有狮子和老鹰都亲密。别认为同情低等动物是降低身份，假如你们不会同情低等动物，那么你们也就不会同情高等动物。但是，你们也必须同情高等动物——王后、国王、殉教者和天使。是的，首要也是最重要的是，对他们的需要和方式怀着单纯的仁慈，因为大街上匆匆从你们身旁经过的脸孔，假如你们去了解它，那么没有一张不令人印象深刻。所有历史都向你们敞开，里面包含着过去的预言者所阐明的一切高明思想和梦想；所有仙境向你们开放，没有幽灵出没的森林，没有灯光若隐若现的山坡，

而是呼唤你们理解它是如何进入人类心灵的，你们还可以触摸它们；所有的天堂向你们敞开大门，是的，还有天堂的作品；因为要用永久的、具有魅力的真理把这一切呈现给你们的同胞，你们必须加入天使的工作，想象他们就在身边。

And observe, in this last respect, what a peculiar importance, and responsibility, are attached to your work, when you consider its permanence, and the multitudes to whom it is addressed. We frequently are led, by wise people, to consider what responsibility may sometimes attach to words, which yet, the chance is, will be heard by few, and forgotten as soon as heard. But none of your words will be heard by few, and none will be forgotten, for five or six hundred years, if you build well. You will talk to all who pass by; and all those little sympathies, those freaks of fancy, those jests in stone, those workings-out of problems in caprice, will occupy mind after mind of utterly countless multitudes, long after you are gone. You have not, like authors, to plead for a hearing, or to fear oblivion. Do but build large enough, and carve boldly enough, and all the world will hear you; they cannot choose but look.

请注意，在最后这一方面上，考虑到你们工作的永久性和面对的观众，它们具有多么特殊的重要性和责任。智者常常指导我们思考有时一些话语会含有什么深意，但是，结果可能是听进去的只有少部分人，而且听完就忘。但是如果你们建得好，直到五六百年以后，你们的话语不会只有少部分人听进去，也不会被遗忘。你们还可以和经过的人交谈，即便你们死后，所有那些小小的悲悯、奇思怪想、嵌进石头的幽默和任性的处理方式，还会一个又一个地占据数不胜数的群众的头脑。你们不用像作家那样，请求人们倾听或害怕被遗忘。只要建造的房子够大，雕刻得够果敢，全世界都会听到你们的声音，他们除了凝视别无选择。

I do not mean to awe you by this thought; I do not mean that because you will have so many witnesses and watchers, you are never to jest, or do anything gaily or lightly; on the contrary, I have pleaded, from the beginning, for this art of yours, especially because it has room for the whole of your character—if jest is in you, let the jest be jested; if mathematical ingenuity is yours, let your problem be put, and your solution worked out, as quaintly as you choose; above all, see that your work is easily and happily done, else it will never make anybody else happy: but while you thus give the rein to all your impulses, see that those impulses be headed and centred by one noble impulse; and let that be Love—triple love—for the art which you practise, the creation in which you move, and the creatures to whom you minister.

我不想用这个想法吓唬你们，我不是说因为你们会有众多的审视者和观众，就永远不能开玩笑，或满心欢喜、轻松地做事情。相反，从一开始，我就恳求，为了你们的艺术，尤其因为它有展现你们全部个性的

空间——如果你们有玩笑，就讲出来；如果你们有精巧的数学算法，那么就把问题搁在那儿，用你的方法算出来，方法随你喜欢，怎么离奇都行。最重要的是，要保证简单快乐地完成工作，否则，它也无法令别人快乐。但是当你们控制所有动力时，要保证以一种高尚的动力为中心来指引它们，让这种动力成为爱——对你们所从事的这门艺术的热爱，对进行的创作的热爱和对照顾的生物的热爱，三重的热爱。

I. I say, first, Love for the art which you practise. Be assured that if ever any other motive becomes a leading one in your mind, as the principal one for exertion, except your love of art, that moment it is all over with your art. I do not say you are to desire money, nor to desire fame, nor to desire position; you cannot but desire all three; nay, you may—if you are willing that I should use the word Love in a desecrated sense—love all three; that is, passionately covet them, yet you must not covet or love them in the first place. Men of strong passions and imaginations must always care a great deal for anything they care for at all; but the whole question is one of first or second. Does your art lead you, or your gain lead you? You may like making money exceedingly; but if it come to a fair question, whether you are to make five hundred pounds less by this business, or to spoil your building, and you choose to spoil your building, there's an end of you. So you may be as thirsty for fame as a cricket is for cream; but, if it come to a fair question, whether you are to please the mob, or do the thing as you know it ought to be done; and you can't do both, and choose to please the mob, —it's all over with you; —there's no hope for you; nothing that you can do will ever be worth a man's glance as he passes by. The test is absolute, inevitable—Is your art first with you? Then you are artists; you may be, after you have made your money, misers and usurers; you may be, after you have got your fame, jealous, and proud, and wretched, and base: —but yet, as long as you won't spoil your work, you are artists. On the other hand—Is your money first with you, and your fame first with you? Then, you may be very charitable with your money, and very magnificent with your money, and very graceful in the way you wear your reputation, and very courteous to those beneath you, and very acceptable to those above you; but you are not artists. You are mechanics, and drudges.

首先，热爱你们所从事的这门艺术。确定是否有对艺术的热爱以外的其他动力占据你们的思想，成为行动的主要动力，假如有，你们的艺术就完了。我不是说你们追求金钱、名望或地位，你们不可能三个都想得到；不，你们可以三个都爱——假如你们愿意我以亵渎的意味使用“爱”这个字的话，即强烈的垂涎，但你们一定不是最垂涎或最“爱”它们。有强烈的激情和想象的人对他们在乎的任何东西总是非常在意，但问题是它们排第一还是第二，是艺术引导你们还是所得引导你们？你们可能特别喜欢赚钱，但是假如面临一个明确的问题，你们要在这笔生意

中少赚500 英镑还是损害你们的建筑，而如果你们选择损害建筑，那么你们就完了。因此，你们可以像蛐蛐渴望奶油那样渴望名望，但是，假如面临这个问题，你们是要取悦一群乌合之众还是按应该采取的方式去做事情，在不能两全其美的情况下，你们选择取悦乌合之众，那么你们就完了，没救了。你们建出来的东西不值得经过的路人看上一眼。这个考验是绝对的，不可避免的：对你们来说艺术是最重要的吗？如果是，那么你们是艺术家，赚到钱之后，你们可能是守财奴或高利贷者；获得名望后，你们可能会忌妒他人，变得傲慢、恶劣和卑鄙，但是，只要你们不会损害自己的建筑，那么，你们就是艺术家。另一方面，对你们来说，钱是最重要的吗？名望是最重要的吗？那么，你们可以对钱非常仁慈、慷慨，展现名望时非常优雅，对地位比你低的人谦恭有礼，对地位在你之上的人和和气气，但是，你们不再是艺术家，而是技工和苦力。

II. You must love the creation you work in the midst of. For, wholly in proportion to the intensity of feeling which you bring to the subject you have chosen, will be the depth and justice of our perception of its character. And this depth of feeling is not to be gained on the instant, when you want to bring it to bear on this or that. It is the result of the general habit of striving to feel rightly; and, among thousands of various means of doing this, perhaps the one I ought specially to name to you, is the keeping yourselves clear of petty and mean cares. Whatever you do, don't be anxious, nor fill your heads with little chagrins and little desires. I have just said, that you may be great artists, and yet be miserly and jealous, and troubled about many things. So you may be; but I said also that the miserliness or trouble must not be in your hearts all day. It is possible that you may get a habit of saving money; or it is possible, at a time of great trial, you may yield to the temptation of speaking unjustly of a rival, —and you will shorten your powers and dim your sight even by this; —but the thing that you have to dread far more than any such unconscious habit, or any such momentary fall—is the constancy of small emotions; —the anxiety whether Mr. So-and-so will like your work; whether such and such a workman will do all that you want of him, and so on; —not wrong feelings or anxieties in themselves, but impertinent, and wholly incompatible with the full exercise of your imagination.

其次，你们必须热爱工作过程中的创造，因为你们对所选择主题的特征的理解有多深刻、多公正，完全和你们投入到其中的感情的强烈程度成正比。而这种情感的深度不是你们想将它施加到这事或那事便能立刻达到的。这是人们普遍习惯于经过努力培养出正确感受的结果。在数千种不同的培养方式中，也许我应该特别向你们提出的一种就是不要关注卑微和恶劣的事情。无论做什么，不要焦虑，也不要往脑子里塞满微小的懊恼和琐碎的欲望。我刚才讲过，你们可以吝啬和忌妒，可以为很多事情烦恼，但同样是伟大的艺术家。但是，我也说过你们心里不能整

天都是吝啬和烦恼。你们可能有存钱的习惯；或者在一个重大考验时刻，你们可能屈服于诱惑，说出对对手不公平的话；你们甚至会因这个削弱力量，甚至模糊视野。但是，相比这些无意识的习惯或者瞬间的堕落，你们更应该害怕的是一些持久的细小情绪，包括担心某某人会不会喜欢你们的作品，某个工人能否达到你对他的全部要求，等等，不是因为它们本身是错误的感觉或焦虑，而是因为它们跟你们把想象力充分发挥出来无关而且毫不协调。

Keep yourselves, therefore, quiet, peaceful, with your eyes open. It doesn't matter at all what Mr. So-and-so thinks of your work; but it matters a great deal what that bird is doing up there in its nest, or how that vagabond child at the street corner is managing his game of knuckle-down. And remember, you cannot turn aside from your own interests, to the birds' and the children's interests, unless you have long before got into the habit of loving and watching birds and children; so that it all comes at last to the forgetting yourselves, and the living out of yourselves, in the calm of the great world, or if you will, in its agitation; but always in a calm of your own bringing. Do not think it wasted time to submit yourselves to any influence which may bring upon you any noble feeling. Rise early, always watch the sunrise, and the way the clouds break from the dawn; you will cast your statue-draperies in quite another than your common way, when the remembrance of that cloud motion is with you, and of the scarlet vesture of the morning. Live always in the spring-time in the country; you do not know what leaf-form means, unless you have seen the buds burst, and the young leaves breathing low in the sunshine, and wondering at the first shower of rain. But above all, accustom yourselves to look for, and to love, all nobleness of gesture and feature in the human form; and remember that the highest nobleness is usually among the aged, the poor, and the infirm: you will find, in the end, that it is not the strong arm of the soldier, nor the laugh of the young beauty, that are the best studies for you. Look at them, and look at them reverently; but be assured that endurance is nobler than strength, and patience than beauty; and that it is not in the high church pews, where the gay dresses are, but in the church free seats, where the widows' weeds are, that you may see the faces that will fit best between the angels' wings, in the church porch.

因此，睁开双眼，使自己保持安静、平和。某某人对你的作品有什么看法根本无关紧要，但是，鸟儿在窝里做什么或者街角的流浪儿怎样玩绊倒别人的游戏却非常重要。还有，记住，你们不可能放弃自己的兴趣，去关注鸟儿和流浪儿的兴趣，除非你很久以前就养成了喜爱和观察鸟儿和流浪儿的习惯。因此，最后一切都归于忘记自我，从自己的生活中走出来，从上流社会的平静或者——假如你们愿意的话——骚动之中走出来，但要永远保有自己的平静。别觉得服从能为你们带来高尚感情

的任何影响是浪费时间。早早起床，始终观赏日出，观赏云彩破晓的方式，那么，当你们记起云彩移动的样子和拂晓时一切披上鲜红的景象，你们就会采用跟平时很不一样的方法来雕刻雕像上的衣饰。始终在乡村度过春天，除非看过嫩芽绽开，看过嫩叶在阳光下低垂着呼吸，期待第一阵雨的滋润，否则就不会明白叶子的形状有什么意蕴。但是，最重要的是，让自己习惯于寻找和热爱人类体态和特征的所有高贵之处。记住，最高级别的高贵通常存在于老人、穷人和弱者身上。最后你们会发现，最值得你们研究的不是士兵强壮的手臂，也不是年轻美貌的女子的笑容。看着他们，虔诚地看着他们，但要确信毅力比力量更高贵，耐性比美貌更高贵。在教堂门廊里，你们能见到的和天使的翅膀最相称的脸庞，不在衣着光鲜的人所坐的高高的教堂靠背长椅之上，而在寡妇所坐的教堂免费坐椅上的杂草之中。

III. And therefore, lastly, and chiefly, you must love the creatures to whom you minister, your fellow-men; for, if you do not love them, not only will you be little interested in the passing events of life, but in all your gazing at humanity, you will be apt to be struck only by outside form, and not by expression. It is only kindness and tenderness which will ever enable you to see what beauty there is in the dark eyes that are sunk with weeping, and in the paleness of those fixed faces which the earth's adversity has compassed about, till they shine in their patience like dying watchfires through twilight. But it is not this only which makes it needful for you, if you would be great, to be also kind; there is a most important and all-essential reason in the very nature of your own art. So soon as you desire to build largely, and with addition of noble sculpture, you will find that your work must be associative. You cannot carve a whole cathedral yourself—you can carve but few and simple parts of it. Either your own work must be disgraced in the mass of the collateral inferiority, or you must raise your fellow-designers to correspondence of power. If you have genius, you will yourselves take the lead in the building you design; you will carve its porch and direct its disposition. But for all subsequent advancement of its detail, you must trust to the agency and the invention of others; and it rests with you either to repress what faculties your workmen have, into cunning subordination to your own; or to rejoice in discovering even the powers that may rival you, and leading forth mind after mind into fellowship with your fancy, and association with your fame.

因此，最后也是最重要的，你必须热爱你所服侍的人们，你的同胞，如果你不爱他们，你不仅会觉得生活中转瞬即逝的事情索然无趣，而且你对人性的凝视也只会被外形而不是它的表达所打动。唯有爱心和关怀，使你在饱含泪水的忧郁的双眸中，在被命运无情摧残的苍白呆板的脸上发现一份美丽。那是一份经历岁月洗涮后的淡定的美丽，那些脸庞在坚韧中闪烁，就像是曙光来临前即将消逝的营火。如果你想成为伟

人，你所需的不仅是这一点，还需有爱心；这也是对你的作品的特性最重要、最本质的要求。当你想完成一座宏伟的建筑，并且为其添加一些高贵的雕刻时，你会发现你的作品并不能只凭一己之力。你不可能自己雕刻完成整座教堂的雕刻——你能做的最多是雕刻简单的几处而已。这时，你有两个选择：因为不精良的技术让你的作品暗淡无光或是借助同行设计师的力量让它熠熠生辉。如果你有天赋，你可以在施工中一马当先；你可以雕刻门廊或是指挥它的布局。但是对于之后所有细节的改善，你必须委托相关机构或依靠他人的创作；你可以决定是否压制你手下人的才干，让他们听从你的意见，或者在发现有人能够挑战你的能力时，感到欣喜，与他们一起齐心协力完成你的构想，让他们能够沾染你的名气。

I need not tell you that if you do the first—if you endeavour to depress or disguise the talents of your subordinates—you are lost; for nothing could imply more darkly and decisively than this, that your art and your work were not beloved by you; that it was your own prosperity that you were seeking, and your own skill only that you cared to contemplate. I do not say that you must not be jealous at all; it is rarely in human nature to be wholly without jealousy; and you may be forgiven for going some day sadly home, when you find some youth, unpractised and unapproved, giving the life-stroke to his work which you, after years of training, perhaps, cannot reach; but your jealousy must not conquer—your love of your building must conquer, helped by your kindness of heart. See—I set no high or difficult standard before you. I do not say that you are to surrender your pre-eminence in mere unselfish generosity. But I do say that you must surrender your pre-eminence in your love of your building helped by your kindness; and that whomsoever you find better able to do what will adorn it than you, —that person you are to give place to: and to console yourselves for the humiliation, first, by your joy in seeing the edifice grow more beautiful under his chisel, and secondly, by your sense of having done kindly and justly. But if you are morally strong enough to make the kindness and justice the first motive, it will be better; —best of all—if you do not consider it as kindness at all, but bare and stern justice; for, truly, such help as we can give each other in this world is a debt to each other; and the man who perceives a superiority or a capacity in a subordinate, and neither confesses, nor assists it, is not merely the withholder of kindness, but the committer of injury. But be the motive what you will, only see that you do the thing; and take the joy of the consciousness that, as your art embraces a wider field than all others—and addresses a vaster multitude than all others—and is surer of audience than all others—so it is profounder and holier in Fellowship than all others. The artist, when his pupil is perfect, must see him leave his side that he may declare his distinct, perhaps opponent, skill. Man of science wrestles with man

of science for priority of discovery, and pursues in pangs of jealous haste his solitary inquiry. You alone are called by kindness, —by necessity, —by equity, to fraternity of toil; and thus, in those misty and massive piles which rise above the domestic roofs of our ancient cities, there was—there may be again—a meaning more profound and true than any that fancy so commonly has attached to them. Men say their pinnacles point to heaven. Why, so does every tree that buds, and every bird that rises as it sings. Men say their aisles are good for worship. Why, so is every mountain glen, and rough sea-shore. But this they have of distinct and indisputable glory, —that their mighty walls were never raised, and never shall be, but by men who love and aid each other in their weakness; —that all their interlacing strength of vaulted stone has its foundation upon the stronger arches of manly fellowship, and all their changing grace of depressed or lifted pinnacle owes its cadence and completeness to sweeter symmetries of human soul.

我不需要告诉你，如果你采取了第一种做法——你努力压制或掩盖你手下人的才干——你是失败的。这样做你会成为最阴暗、最独断专行的人；你的艺术、你的作品甚至没有得到你本人的垂青；你只在乎自己的前途，只钻研自己的技能。我并不是说你完全不应该忌妒。忌妒是人类的天性；当你发现一些资质尚浅、不被认可的年轻人在作品中表现了震撼生命的力量，而这种天赋也许是你勤学苦练了好多年都无法企及的，你可能会非常失落地回到家里。你的这种心态是可以原谅的。但是，你的忌妒心不可以占上风——你对你的建筑的热爱在你的善良的帮助下必须征服忌妒心。看吧——我并没有为你设置多高多难的标准。我没有要求你仅仅为了大公无私，放弃自己的杰出才能。但我要求你的这种骄傲要屈服于你对建筑的爱心和你的善良；如果你发现有人能更好地装饰你的作品，那么你需要让位给他。你的面子问题可以通过两个方法弥补，一是看见建筑通过他的雕琢变得更美后油然而生的欣喜，二是告诉自己做出了善良、公正的选择。如果你足够高尚，因为第一个动机作出了善良、公正的选择，这比较好——但最好的是，你不认为自己做出了善举，只是完全出于公平才这么做，因为，说实话，我们在这个世界上能够给予彼此的这种帮助对我们彼此来说，是笔债务；如果一个人发现了下属的一个优势或一种能力，他没有告诉下属，也没有帮助下属发挥这个优势或能力，那么他不仅仅是没有体现爱心，而且造成了伤害。不管你出于什么动机，你只要作了这个选择，并感受到由此带来的喜悦——你的艺术包含的领域比别人的更广，规模更宏伟，观众更多——这就是增强合作所能带来的好处。对于艺术家来说，当他的学生达到完美的时候，他必须要求学生离开他的领域，理由是学生的技巧与其不同或者相反。对于科学家来说，他们必须争夺发明的先后，在忌妒心的强烈驱使下进行孤独的研究。只有你们才能被善良——需求——公平召唤到兄弟之情的艰难中；也正因为如此，我们古老城市的房顶上方崛起了高耸入云的庞大建筑，这些建筑上曾体现着，也将再次体现出更加深远更加真实的意义。人们说，他们的塔尖指向天堂，就像发芽的树木朝着天

空生长，鸟儿歌唱着飞翔。人们说，他们的走廊值得膜拜，就像峡谷和崎岖的海岸也值得膜拜。但是，它们还有独一无二、无可争议的荣耀——它们厚厚的墙壁一直以来都只能由爱护并在衰弱中彼此扶持的人升高——它们的拱门之所以坚固，是因为有很多人的合力支撑，它们低垂或高耸的塔尖不管如何变化其优雅，其基调都来源于人类灵魂的完美对称。

(1) 帕拉第奥（1508—1580），意大利文艺复兴晚期的著名建筑大师， 对欧洲建筑界影响深远。

(2) 帕克斯顿（1803—1865），英国园艺师， 设计建造了“水晶宫”。

(3) 伦敦的一条街，为政府机构所在地。

(4) 约翰.利奇（1817 - 1864），英国著名漫画家。

(5) 1841 年创刊的英国漫画杂志。

V. The work of iron, in nature, Art, and policy

五、铁的自然、艺术和政治用途

A Lecture Delivered at Tunbridge Wells, February, 1858

1858年2月，于滕布里奇韦尔斯镇

When first I heard that you wished me to address you this evening, it was a matter of some doubt with me whether I could find any subject that would possess any sufficient interest for you to justify my bringing you out of your comfortable houses on a winter's night. When I venture to speak about my own special business of art, it is almost always before students of art, among whom I may sometimes permit myself to be dull, if I can feel that I am useful: but a mere talk about art, especially without examples to refer to (and I have been unable to prepare any careful illustrations for this lecture), is seldom of much interest to a general audience. As I was considering what you might best bear with me in speaking about, there came naturally into my mind a subject connected with the origin and present prosperity of the town you live in; and, it seemed to me, in the out-branchings of it, capable of a very general interest. When, long ago (I am afraid to think how long), Tunbridge Wells was my Switzerland, and I used to be brought down here in the summer, a sufficiently active child, rejoicing in the hope of clambering sandstone cliffs of stupendous height above the common, there used sometimes, as, I suppose, there are in the lives of all children at the Wells, to be dark days in my life —days of condemnation to the pantiles and band—under which calamities my only consolation used to be in watching, at every turn in my walk, the welling forth of the spring over the orange rim of its marble basin. The memory of the clear water, sparkling over its saffron stain, came back to me as the strongest image connected with the place; and it struck me that you might not be unwilling, to-night, to think a little over the full significance of that saffron stain, and of the power, in other ways and other functions, of the steely element to which so many here owe returning strength and life; —chief as it has been always, and is yet more and more markedly so day by day, among the precious gifts of the earth.

最初，得知诸位希望我今晚来开讲座，我有些犹豫，担心找不到一个能充分引起你们兴趣的主题来讲，让你们在大冬夜走出自己舒服的住宅，白跑一趟。有时觉得有些什么可讲，也是自己所涉足的艺术这一专业领域——几乎每次都是给艺术系的学生讲，必须承认，在艺术系的学生面前，如果我觉得自己是有用的，我会允许自己讲得单调乏味一些。

可是，如果只是纯粹地谈艺术，特别是没有事例可举时（此次讲座，我的例证准备得也不够充分），多数听众都不会感兴趣。在思考讲些什么才能让你们觉得有意思的时候，我自然地想到你们现居住的小镇，它的兴起以及目前的繁荣；我心里想，在艺术的众多分支中，或许它能在你们多数人中间引起很大兴趣吧。很久以前（具体多久恐怕我就记不清了），滕布里奇韦尔斯镇就是我的瑞士，我时常会被带到这里来消夏。那时，我还是个活蹦乱跳的小孩，梦想着能爬上那比普通砂岩更为高耸惊人的峭壁，并为此而欢喜不已。但生活里还是有一些不那么愉快的暗淡的日子，这个我想在韦尔斯镇长大的孩子的生活中也会有的吧。人生有时就会陷入这样的低谷。这时，我唯一的安慰，就是去散步，时不时看看喷泉，看着泉水从大理石水池的橘黄色边缘喷涌而出。与那个地方相关的，记忆中印象最深刻的，是那里的清水，在藏红花色的斑点上方四处飞溅。于是，我忽然有个想法：今晚，你们或许愿意和我一起研究一下那个藏红花色的斑点的全部意义，研究一下铁这一元素在别的方面、别的职能中其力量的全部意义，正是铁元素使得这里的许多人恢复力量和生机；它是地球上所有宝贵财富中最重要的一部分，一直都是，将来更是如此，且更加明显。

The subject is, of course, too wide to be more than suggestively treated; and even my suggestions must be few, and drawn chiefly from my own fields of work; nevertheless, I think I shall have time to indicate some courses of thought which you may afterwards follow out for yourselves if they interest you; and so I will not shrink from the full scope of the subject which I have announced to you—the functions of Iron, in Nature, Art, and Policy.

显然，这个主题内容太宽泛，是再多暗示的语言也说不尽的；更何况我能讲的内容并不多，而且主要局限于我自己的专业领域。尽管如此，我想，指出一些思路的时间还是够的，这样，有兴趣的话，今后你们可以自己研究。因此，面对我所宣布的主题的全部内容，我不会临阵退缩，这些内容包括：铁的自然、艺术和政治用途。

Without more preface, I will take up the first head.

开场白就到这里，现在我讲第一部分。

I. IRON IN NATURE.—You all probably know that the ochreous stain, which, perhaps, is often thought to spoil the basin of your spring, is iron in a state of rust: and when you see rusty iron in other places you generally think, not only that it spoils the places it stains, but that it is spoiled itself—that rusty iron is spoiled iron.

一、铁的自然用途 喷泉水池里常常可以看见赭红色污点，人们通常认为污点破坏了水池的景观。你们也许都知道，这个红色污点其实是铁锈。要是看见生锈的铁出现在其他地方，人们通常会认为，它不仅破坏了那个受污染的地方的景观，同时还损害了自身：生锈的铁块是残缺不全的铁块啊。

For most of our uses it generally is so; and because we cannot use a rusty knife or razor so well as a polished one, we suppose it to be a great defect in iron that it is subject to rust. But not at all. On the contrary, the most perfect and useful state of it is that ochreous stain; and therefore it is endowed with so ready a disposition to get itself into that state. It is not a fault in the iron, but a virtue, to be so fond of getting rusted, for in that condition it fulfils its most important functions in the universe, and most kindly duties to mankind. Nay, in a certain sense, and almost a literal one, we may say that iron rusted is Living; but when pure or polished, Dead. You all probably know that in the mixed air we breathe, the part of it essentially needful to us is called oxygen; and that this substance is to all animals, in the most accurate sense of the word, "breath of life". The nervous power of life is a different thing; but the supporting element of the breath, without which the blood, and therefore the life, cannot be nourished, is this oxygen. Now it is this very same air which the iron breathes when it gets rusty. It takes the oxygen from the atmosphere as eagerly as we do, though it uses it differently. The iron keeps all that it gets; we, and other animals, part with it again; but the metal absolutely keeps what it has once received of this aerial gift; and the ochreous dust which we so much despise is, in fact, just so much nobler than pure iron, in so far as it is iron and the air. Nobler, and more useful—for, indeed, as I shall be able to show you presently—the main service of this metal, and of all other metals, to us, is not in making knives, and scissors, and pokers, and pans, but in making the ground we feed from, and nearly all the substances first needful to our existence. For these are all nothing but metals and oxygen—metals with breath put into them. Sand, lime, clay, and the rest of the earths—potash and soda, and the rest of the alkalis—are all of them metals which have undergone this, so to speak, vital change, and have been rendered fit for the service of man by permanent unity with the purest air which he himself breathes. There is only one metal which does not rust readily; and that, in its influence on Man hitherto, has caused Death rather than Life; it will not be put to its right use till it is made a pavement of, and so trodden under foot.

我们使用铁制品时，多数情况下，生锈总是不好用的；因为生锈的小刀或者剃刀总不如磨光的好用，我们于是认为，生锈是铁的一大缺点。其实全然不是这样的。相反，铁的最完美最有用的状态正是这赭红色斑点，这是铁块天生容易生锈的一大原因。易于生锈是铁的优点而非缺点，因为只有生锈的铁才能实现铁在宇宙中的最大价值，并履行其对人类最为有益的职责。不，从某种意义上来说，几乎可以说从字面意义上来讲，生锈的铁才是“活”的；而磨光的或纯净的铁则是“死”的。你们大概都知道，我们每天呼吸的混合而成的空气中本质上所需要的是氧气；氧气对所有动物来说，从最为精确的字词意义上来说，是“生命的气

息”。撇开人类的精神力量不讲，没有氧气，人类的血液乃至生命将得不到滋养，它是人类呼吸的空气中的支撑力量。铁在生锈的时候呼吸的正是这同样的空气。铁和我们人类一样渴望从大气层中获得氧气，只不过使用方式不一样。铁把所有吸进的氧气留下，而我们人类和其他动物，在得到氧气的同时，却还要同它分离。铁一旦得到空气赐予的这个礼物，将完全接受它。为我们所如此轻视的赭红色铁锈，事实上，从它是铁和空气的结合这一点来说，恰恰要远比纯净的铁高贵。——比纯铁更高贵，更有益——事实上，我现在就可以向你们说明这一点——铁这种金属以及其他所有金属，对我们来说，主要的用途不在于制作刀片或者剪刀，火钳或平底锅，而在于它形成了我们所生长的土地，并提供了对我们生存来说几乎所有首要的物质。这并不是别的，就是金属和氧气——呼吸了氧气的金属。沙土、石灰、黏土， 还有其他土质——钾碱、苏打以及其他碱性成分——可以这么说，所有这些在形成金属时都经历了这一重大变化。它们通过与人类呼吸的最纯净的空气永久结合，从而为人类提供适宜的服务。世上只有一种金属不易生锈，这种金属迄今为止给人类带来的影响，死亡多于生命。这种金属只有拿去铺人行道，并因此让人踩在脚底下才最合适了。

Is there not something striking in this fact, considered largely as one of the types, or lessons, furnished by the inanimate creation? Here you have your hard, bright, cold, lifeless metal—good enough for swords and scissors—but not for food. You think, perhaps, that your iron is wonderfully useful in a pure form, but how would you like the world, if all your meadows, instead of grass, grew nothing but iron wire—if all your arable ground, instead of being made of sand and clay, were suddenly turned into flat surfaces of steel—if the whole earth, instead of its green and glowing sphere, rich with forest and flower, showed nothing but the image of the vast furnace of a ghastly engine—a globe of black, lifeless, excoriated metal? It would be that, —probably it was once that; but assuredly it would be, were it not that all the substance of which it is made sucks and breathes the brilliancy of the atmosphere; and, as it breathes, softening from its merciless hardness, it falls into fruitful and beneficent dust; gathering itself again into the earths from which we feed, and the stones with which we build;—into the rocks that frame the mountains, and the sands that bind the sea.

作为无生命的创造活动，铁的生锈算得上典范，是自然给人类上的很好的一课。此刻摆在眼前一块生硬、发亮、发冷的无生命的金属——用于铸剑或者磨把剪刀，当然很好——却无论如何也变不成食物。你也许会认为纯铁的用途相当奇妙，但你绝不会希望草地上长出铁丝，而不是绿草。设想一下，假如家里的耕地，地面不再是沙土，而是突然平铺着铁皮；假如地球不再是绿油油一派生机，缀满森林和花朵，而是一个令人讨厌的引擎上的巨大火炉——一个只是漆黑、死气沉沉、磨破了皮的铁球，你会喜欢这样的世界吗？未来可能会变成这样，或许过去曾一

度是这样。要不是铁，这个世界的组成物质，每天呼吸大气里的氧气，大概有一天地球肯定逃脱不了这样的结局。正是通过呼吸，铁降低了那种无情的硬度，变成众多有益的粉尘；铁汇聚成泥土、石头、山岩和沙粒，人类才有了食物，才可以盖房子，才构成岩石山脉，才围起海边沙滩。

Hence, it is impossible for you to take up the most insignificant pebble at your feet, without being able to read, if you like, this curious lesson in it. You look upon it at first as if it were earth only. Nay, it answers, "I am not earth—I am earth and air in one; part of that blue heaven which you love, and long for, is already in me; it is all my life—without it I should be nothing, and able for nothing; I could not minister to you, nor nourish you—I should be a cruel and helpless thing; but, because there is, according to my need and place in creation, a kind of soul in me, I have become capable of good, and helpful in the circles of vitality."

因此，你们不可能去捡脚边那块最不起眼的鹅卵石，除非你们能读懂这其中的新奇学问。乍一看，好像只是块土罢了。但鹅卵石说话了："我不只是土，我是土和空气的结合体。你所热爱的每日翘望的那片蓝天，有一部分已经在我体内；它是我的生命之所系，没有它我什么也不是，什么也做不了，不能为你服务，也不能滋养你——而只是一块无情无用的顽石罢了。但是，由于我在创造中的必要性和地位，我的体内存在着某种灵魂，所以我可以在生物圈里做些有益有用的事。"

Thus far the same interest attaches to all the earths, and all the metals of which they are made; but a deeper interest, and larger beneficence belong to that ochreous earth of iron which stains the marble of your springs. It stains much besides that marble. It stains the great earth wheresoever you can see it, far and wide—it is the colouring substance appointed to colour the globe for the sight, as well as subdue it to the service of man. You have just seen your hills covered with snow, and, perhaps, have enjoyed, at first, the contrast of their fair white with the dark blocks of pine woods; but have you ever considered how you would like them always white—not pure white, but dirty white—the white of thaw, with all the chill of snow in it, but none of its brightness? That is what the colour of the earth would be without its iron; that would be its colour, not here or there only, but in all places, and at all times. Follow out that idea till you get it in some detail. Think first of your pretty gravel walks in your gardens, yellow and fine, like plots of sunshine between the flower-beds; fancy them all suddenly turned to the colour of ashes. That is what they would be without iron ochre. Think of your winding walks over the common, as warm to the eye as they are dry to the foot, and imagine them all laid down suddenly with grey cinders. Then pass beyond the common into the country, and pause at the first ploughed

field that you see sweeping up the hill sides in the sun, with its deep brown furrows, and wealth of ridges all a-glow, heaved aside by the ploughshare, like deep folds of a mantle of russet velvet—fancy it all changed suddenly into grisly furrows in a field of mud. That is what it would be without iron. Pass on, in fancy, over hill and dale, till you reach the bending line of the sea shore; go down upon its breezy beach—watch the white foam flashing among the amber of it, and all the blue sea embayed in belts of gold: then fancy those circlets of far sweeping shore suddenly put into mounds of mourning—all those golden sands turned into grey slime; the fairies no more able to call to each other, "Come unto these yellow sands;" but, "Come unto these drab sands." That is what they would be, without iron.

迄今，人们对各种土质及其土质中的各种金属元素都产生了相同的兴趣。而对于污染了你们喷泉大理石的赭红色含铁土质，人们有着更深的兴趣和更大的善意。无处不在的铁锈不仅沾染了大理石，还沾染了更多的东西。它沾染了你所能见到的大地——这一有色物质不仅给地球着色供人类观赏，还可以为人类服务。你们刚刚见过这里的山头覆盖着白雪，刚开始或许还有点欣赏美丽的白雪衬着松树林黑色木块的样子，但你们曾想过吗，要是山头一直是白色——不是纯白，而是带点脏的白——冰雪融化时的白色，这种白色中有雪的寒冷，却没有雪的透亮，你们还会喜欢吗？这就是土壤中缺乏铁元素时显露的颜色；不仅仅是一两个地方，而是随时随地呈现这种颜色。请继续思考这种观点，直到你们对此有较为详尽的理解。首先想一想花园里泛黄、雅致、好看的砾石甬道，原本分散在花圃之间，犹如太阳光斑一样；假想这些步道都变成灰烬的颜色：这就是缺乏铁红色的样子。再比如你们这里公地上弯弯曲曲的步行街，脚下地面干爽，眼中颜色柔和；要是突然在路面铺满灰色的煤渣，又会是什么样呢？然后，穿过公地，我们再到乡村看看。你见到的第一块耕地，沐浴在山腰的阳光里，那里有深深的棕色垄沟，条条田埂泛着红光，经过犁铧的整理都分到两边，像黄褐色天鹅绒大衣的深深的褶皱般——假设这一切突然变成可怕的烂泥地的犁沟会怎样？这就是没有铁的样子。让我们在想象里接着往前走，穿过山脉和峡谷，来到海边曲折的岸线，走到微风习习的海滩上——看着白色泡沫在琥珀色海面上闪烁，蔚蓝的海湾嵌着金色的条带：假如宽广的海滩上这些沙丘形成的圈圈顿时变成哀悼的土丘——整个金色的沙滩变成灰色的污泥，仙女们再不能彼此呼唤着“来吧，到这黄色的沙地”，而是改成“到这土褐色的沙地来”。这就是没有铁的样子。

Iron is in some sort, therefore, the sunshine and light of landscape, so far as that light depends on the ground; but it is a source of another kind of sunshine, quite as important to us in the way we live at present—sunshine, not of landscape, but of dwelling-place.

因此，可以说，只要光取决于土地，铁就有点像景观里的阳光和光源，不过，是另一种意义上的阳光，对我们目前的生活方式来说同样重要，不是景观含义里的阳光，而是居住地意义上的阳光。

In these days of swift locomotion I may doubtless assume that most of my audience have been somewhere out of England—have been in Scotland, or France, or Switzerland. Whatever may have been their impression, on returning to their own country, of its superiority or inferiority in other respects, they cannot but have felt one thing about it—the comfortable look of its towns and villages. Foreign towns are often very picturesque, very beautiful, but they never have quite that look of warm self-sufficiency and wholesome quiet with which our villages nestle themselves down among the green fields. If you will take the trouble to examine into the sources of this impression, you will find that by far the greater part of that warm and satisfactory appearance depends upon the rich scarlet colour of the bricks and tiles. It does not belong to the neat building—very neat building has an uncomfortable rather than a comfortable look—but it depends on the warm building; our villages are dressed in red tiles as our old women are in red cloaks; and it does not matter how worn the cloaks, or how bent and bowed the roof may be, so long as there are no holes in either one or the other, and the sobered but unextinguishable colour still glows in the shadow of the hood, and burns among the green mosses of the gable. And what do you suppose dyes your tiles of cottage roof? You don't paint them. It is nature who puts all that lovely vermilion into the clay for you; and all that lovely vermilion is this oxide of iron. Think, therefore, what your streets of towns would become—ugly enough, indeed, already, some of them, but still comfortable-looking—if instead of that warm brick red, the houses became all pepper-and-salt colour. Fancy your country villages changing from that homely scarlet of theirs which, in its sweet suggestion of laborious peace, is as honourable as the soldiers' scarlet of laborious battle—suppose all those cottage roofs, I say, turned at once into the colour of unbaked clay, the colour of street gutters in rainy weather. That's what they would be, without iron.

在人流物流高速运转的今天，我可以毫不怀疑地说，在座的大多数人都曾走出英格兰——到过苏格兰、法国或者瑞士，不论这些曾经走出去的朋友归国后对英格兰在其他方面优越或落后的印象如何，他们一定会发现一点：英国的城镇和乡村外观看起来很舒服。国外的城镇也许风景如画，美丽异常，但绝不像英格兰的乡镇那样，安置在绿色的田野间，一派自足而安详、温和而健康的景象。愿意不怕麻烦地对这种印象的来源进行深究的朋友会发现，这种自足和温和的外观绝大部分得益于此地随处可见的鲜红色砖瓦。我说的不是那些整洁的建筑——非常整洁的房子其外观令人感到不安而非舒适——而是那些暖色调的建筑；我们的乡村都有红色的屋瓦，就像老妇穿着红披风；披风破旧与否无关紧要，屋檐是否倾斜弯曲也无关大局，只要两边没有破洞，朴素又不会褪色的屋瓦在蓬盖下还能泛光，还能在爬满绿色苔藓的山墙上发亮，也就足够了。你们认为是什么东西让乡村的茅屋顶的众多瓦片染上这美丽的

色调呢？这可不是你们漆上去的。是自然替人类把可爱的朱红色放到黏土里了；这种可爱的朱红色就是铁的氧化物。现在，你们可以想象，你们市镇上的街道，要是没有温和的砖红色，所有的住宅都变成黑白相间的颜色，会有多难看。诚然，有些房子已不雅观，但看起来还舒服。有着普通猩红色房屋的乡村，给人甜蜜安详、勤恳劳作的印象，和战士艰苦的血色战斗一样光荣。反过来，要是你们国家的村庄不再是普通的猩红色，要是所有屋舍房顶立刻全变成未烧过的黏土色，像下雨天街上排水沟的颜色，又会是什么样？这就是没有铁元素的样子。

There is, however, yet another effect of colour in our English country towns which, perhaps, you may not all yourselves have noticed, but for which you must take the word of a sketcher. They are not so often merely warm scarlet as they are warm purple;—a more beautiful colour still: and they owe this colour to a mingling with the vermilion of the deep greyish or purple hue of our fine Welsh slates on the more respectable roofs, made more blue still by the colour of intervening atmosphere. If you examine one of these Welsh slates freshly broken, you will find its purple colour clear and vivid; and although never strikingly so after it has been long exposed to weather, it always retains enough of the tint to give rich harmonies of distant purple in opposition to the green of our woods and fields. Whatever brightness or power there is in the hue is entirely owing to the oxide of iron. Without it the slates would either be pale stone colour, or cold grey, or black.

此外，我们英格兰市镇的颜色还有另一层效用。你们自己可能谁都没注意到，但必须接受素描画家的话。我们的市镇不只是温和的红色调，也不只是温和的紫色调，而是比这两种颜色更美的一种：较为体面的房子屋顶上精致的威尔士石板有着深灰色或紫色，掺杂一些朱红色，经过居间大气层的颜色的衬托，便显现出一种青蓝色。有机会你们可以去看看那些新折断的威尔士石板，你会发现那是鲜明的紫色；经过长时间的风吹雨打，虽然不再那么醒目，但仍留有足够的紫色调，和田野林间的绿色相衬托，从远处看起来相当和谐。这些颜色里的明亮或者力度，全要归功于其中的铁氧化物。没有它，石板不过是灰灰的石头颜色，或者是冷灰色，甚至黑色。

Thus far we have only been considering the use and pleasantness of iron in the common earth of clay. But there are three kinds of earth which in mixed mass and prevalent quantity, form the world. Those are, in common language, the earths of clay, of lime, and of flint. Many other elements are mingled with these in sparing quantities; but the great frame and substance of the earth is made of these three, so that wherever you stand on solid ground, in any country of the globe, the thing that is mainly under your feet will be either clay, limestone, or some condition of the earth of flint, mingled with both.

到现在为止，我们讲的都只是普通的黏土里铁元素的用途和带来的

舒适感。但世上可不只有黏土。这个世界上数量最多的有三种土，它们大多以混合的形式存在。用通俗的语言来讲，就是黏土、石灰和燧石，这三种土又常常掺杂少量别的元素。不过，泥土中体积和质量最大的成分就数这三种了。因此，无论你们在地球的哪个角落，只要你们站在坚固的地面上，你们脚下的土地，要么是黏土，要么是石灰，不然就是掺杂着黏土和石灰的燧石土地。

These being what we have usually to deal with, Nature seems to have set herself to make these three substances as interesting to us, and as beautiful for us, as she can. The clay, being a soft and changeable substance, she doesn't take much pains about, as we have seen, till it is baked; she brings the colour into it only when it receives a permanent form. But the limestone and flint she paints, in her own way, in their native state: and her object in painting them seems to be much the same as in her painting of flowers; to draw us, careless and idle human creatures, to watch her a little, and see what she is about—that being on the whole good for us,—her children. For Nature is always carrying on very strange work with this limestone and flint of hers: laying down beds of them at the bottom of the sea; building islands out of the sea; filling chinks and veins in mountains with curious treasures; petrifying mosses, and trees, and shells; in fact, carrying on all sorts of business, subterranean or submarine, which it would be highly desirable for us, who profit and live by it, to notice as it goes on. And apparently to lead us to do this, she makes picture-books for us of limestone and flint; and tempts us, like foolish children as we are, to read her books by the pretty colours in them. The pretty colours in her lime-stone-books form those variegated marbles which all mankind have taken delight to polish and build with from the beginning of time; and the pretty colours in her flint-books form those agates, jaspers, cornelians, bloodstones, onyxes, cairngorms, chrysoprases, which men have in like manner taken delight to cut, and polish, and make ornaments of, from the beginning of time; and yet, so much of babies are they, and so fond of looking at the pictures instead of reading the book, that I question whether, after six thousand years of cutting and polishing, there are above two or three people out of any given hundred, who know, or care to know, how a bit of agate or a bit of marble was made, or painted.

这就是我们一般情况下不得不处理的对象。自然好像有意安排似的，创造的这三种质料都尽可能地有趣又美丽。对于质软、形状不定的黏土，正如我们已看到的那样，自然只在黏土烧成之后才下功夫雕琢，只有当黏土有了永恒不变的形状之后，自然才给它上色。而石灰和燧石则是自然以其独特的方式在其天然状态下上的颜色。自然在给这些泥土上色时，似乎就像给花儿上色一样，目的是要吸引粗心、散漫的人类多看她一眼，看看她的作品——这些作品大致对我们，即她的孩子们，是

有好处的。自然总是用石灰石和燧石进行非常奇特的工作：在海底铺上石床；在海上竖立岛屿；把珍奇宝藏埋藏在山峰的缝隙和矿脉中；让苔藓、树林和贝类一律石化。就这样，自然在地下或海底进行着种种让人看不见的行动，高度吸引人类的注意力，使生活在其中的人类从中获益并依赖其存在。显然，为了达到这个目的，自然为我们制作了石灰石和燧石的画册，并用画册里美丽的颜色引诱我们，就像引诱无知小孩一样，去看她的画册。她所制作的石灰石画册中有许多美丽的颜色，人类从原始时代开始就乐于对其抛光并用于盖房子的各种斑驳的大理石就由这些颜色构成。她所制作的燧石画册中也有许多美丽的颜色，这些颜色构成了各种玛瑙、水苍玉、红玉髓、鸡血石、缟玛瑙、烟水晶、绿玉髓，而人类从原始时代起，也以同样的快乐来雕琢、磨光它们，并将其制成各种装饰品。但是，人们只是像婴儿一样，喜欢看画册中的图片，而不想去理解这画册。因此，我怀疑，有6,000 年开凿和抛光经验的人类，100 个人中，是否有两三个知道或者想了解，一块小玛瑙或者一小块大理石，是如何创造出来或者如何上色的。

How it was made, may not be always very easy to say; but with what it was painted there is no manner of question. All those beautiful violet veinings and variegations of the marbles of Sicily and Spain, the glowing orange and amber colours of those of Siena, the deep russet of the Rosso antico, and the blood-colour of all the precious jaspers that enrich the temples of Italy; and, finally, all the lovely transitions of tint in the pebbles of Scotland and the Rhine, which form, though not the most precious, by far the most interesting portion of our modern jewellers' work;—all these are painted by nature with this one material only, variously proportioned and applied—the oxide of iron that stains your Tunbridge springs.

要回答“如何创造”这个问题，并非总是轻而易举，但要回答“如何上色”绝不成问题。西西里和意大利的大理石所有那些美丽的紫罗兰色的纹理和斑驳，锡耶纳大理石的泛光的橘黄色和琥珀色，天然石法国红的深褐色，意大利寺庙中用于装饰的所有珍贵的水苍玉里透着的血色；最后，苏格兰和莱茵河鹅卵石所特有的那些可爱的过渡颜色，它们成为迄今为止我们现代珠宝商作品中最有趣的一部分了——尽管不是最珍贵的一部分——所有这些颜色都是由自然只用污染了你们滕布里奇喷泉的铁氧化物这一种材料创造出来的，不过是氧化物的比例和应用方式不一样而已。

But this is not all, nor the best part of the work of iron. Its service in producing these beautiful stones is only rendered to rich people, who can afford to quarry and polish them. But Nature paints for all the world, poor and rich together; and while, therefore, she thus adorns the innermost rocks of her hills, to tempt your investigation, or indulge your luxury,—she paints, far more carefully, the outsides of the hills, which are for the eyes of the shepherd and the ploughman. I spoke just now of the effect in the roofs of our villages of their purple

slates; but if the slates are beautiful even in their flat and formal rows on house-roofs, much more are they beautiful on the rugged crests and flanks of their native mountains. Have you ever considered, in speaking as we do so often of distant blue hills, what it is that makes them blue? To a certain extent it is distance; but distance alone will not do it. Many hills look white, however distant. That lovely dark purple colour of our Welsh and Highland hills is owing, not to their distance merely, but to their rocks. Some of their rocks are, indeed, too dark to be beautiful, being black or ashy grey; owing to imperfect and porous structure. But when you see this dark colour dashed with russet and blue, and coming out in masses among the green ferns, so purple that you can hardly tell at first whether it is rock or heather, then you must thank your old Tunbridge friend, the oxide of iron.

不过，这既不是铁的全部功用，也不是铁最好的功用。这种制造美丽石头的服务，对象不过是富人，因为只有富人才出得起采石和抛光的费用。但是，自然在给这个世界上色时，心里想到的却是全世界，穷人和富人都有份。因此，可以说，她如此这般装点山里埋藏最深的岩石，是为了吸引你们去探索或者满足你们的奢欲，而在给山的外形上色的时候，她就显得更小心，因为这是为牧人和农人的双眼准备的。刚才我提到我们的乡村里那些紫色石板屋顶的作用。要是说连在单调整齐的一排排房顶上的石板都是美丽的，本地山脉那崎岖的峰顶和山腰上的石板不用说是更美的了。你们曾想过吗，平时我们常常谈到的远处青山，是什么东西赋予它们这种颜色？在某种程度上，我们可以说，这是距离的作用，但仅仅是距离还不够。很多山，不论距离多远，看起来都是白色的。我们威尔士和苏格兰高地的山脉那些迷人的暗紫色，可不仅是距离产生的美，还和那里的岩石分不开。那里有些石头因为形状不完美，且又多孔，颜色真的太暗，或黑或灰白，远远称不上漂亮。但要是在这种暗色中掺些黄褐色和蓝色，又把这些岩石成堆分布在绿色的蕨类植物中间，它们就会看起来发紫，让你乍一看，认不出是岩石还是石楠。这一切就得感谢你们滕布里奇的老朋友——铁氧化物了。

But this is not all. It is necessary for the beauty of hill scenery that Nature should colour not only her soft rocks, but her hard ones; and she colours them with the same thing, only more beautifully. Perhaps you have wondered at my use of the word "purple", so often of stones; but the Greeks, and still more the Romans, who had profound respect for purple, used it of stone long ago. You have all heard of "porphyry" as among the most precious of the harder massive stones. The colour which gave it that noble name, as well as that which gives the flush to all the rosy granite of Egypt—yes, and to the rosiest summits of the Alps themselves—is still owing to the same substance—your humble oxide of iron.

但还没完。要让山脉景色更佳，单给山里柔软的石头上色还不够，那些硬家伙也不能落下：自然用同样的材料给它们上色，好看程度有过

之而无不及。对于我频繁使用“紫色”来描述石头，你们也许有点奇怪，要知道希腊人早就用紫色来描述石头了！罗马人用得更多，他们都对紫色有着很深的崇敬。你们都听说过“斑岩”吧，人们用它来形容那些最珍贵的比较坚硬的巨石。正是这种颜色使它获得了这一高贵的名称，也正因为这种颜色，埃及所有的 玫瑰色花岗岩拥有了一抹晕红，阿尔卑斯山脉玫瑰色最艳的群峰也拥有了这一抹晕红——所有这些都要归功于同一物质，即你们谦卑的铁氧化物。

And last of all:

最后：

A nobler colour than all these—the noblest colour ever seen on this earth—one which belongs to a strength greater than that of the Egyptian granite, and to a beauty greater than that of the sunset or the rose—is still mysteriously connected with the presence of this dark iron. I believe it is not ascertained on what the crimson of blood actually depends; but the colour is connected, of course, with its vitality, and that vitality with the existence of iron as one of its substantial elements.

一种比所有颜色都高贵的颜色——地球上有史以来所见过的最高贵的颜色——是比埃及花岗岩更富力度，比夕阳和玫瑰更美的颜色，这种颜色仍与暗色的铁元素的存在有着神秘的联系。我相信，血的殷红实际上取决于什么东西，或许至今还没有定论，但它一定与颜色本身所表征的生命活力有着某种联系，而这种活力必然与铁元素的存在有联系，且铁元素必是其中的一大因素。

Is it not strange to find this stern and strong metal mingled so delicately in our human life, that we cannot even blush without its help? Think of it, my fair and gentle hearers; how terrible the alternative—sometimes you have actually no choice but to be brazen-faced, or iron-faced!

要我们说这种坚韧、生硬的金属和我们人类的生活关系微妙，密不可分，甚至脸蛋上的红晕都离不开它的帮助，这么说不是很怪异吗？确实。你们想想，淑女绅士们，我们不是还可以二选一吗，厚颜无耻还是铁面无情——事实上，有时你们除了厚颜无耻或铁面无情外别无选择，这种二选一的选择该多可怖啊。

In this slight review of some of the functions of the metal, you observe that I confine myself strictly to its operations as a colouring element. I should only confuse your conception of the facts, if I endeavoured to describe its uses as a substantial element, either in strengthening rocks, or influencing vegetation by the decomposition of rocks. I have not, therefore, even glanced at any of the more serious uses of the metal in the economy of nature. But what I wish you to carry clearly away with you is the remembrance that in all these uses

the metal would be nothing without the air. The pure metal has no power, and never occurs in nature at all except in meteoric stones, whose fall no one can account for, and which are useless after they have fallen: in the necessary work of the world, the iron is invariably joined with the oxygen, and would be capable of no service or beauty whatever without it.

你们会发现，我这番对铁之作用的简短回顾，严格限定在铁作为一种着色元素所起的作用上。如果我努力描述铁作为一种物质元素，在加强岩石力感，或者通过分解岩石来影响植被方面所起的作用，那只会混淆你们对事实的看法。出于这个原因，我们压根没有涉及到铁在自然经济中那些更为重大的用途。我希望你们清清楚楚地记住，在铁的所有这些用途中，没有空气的参与，铁将一无是处。纯铁没有任何力量，在自然界中也从来不存在，除非在陨石里。陨石的坠落没人能解释，而当它掉到地上的同时也就没用了。在这个世界所必需的物质中，铁无不与氧气结合在一起，没有氧气，铁将毫无用处，也无法创造任何美。

II. IRON IN ART.—Passing, then, from the offices of the metal in the operations of nature to its uses in the hands of man, you must remember, in the outset, that the type which has been thus given you, by the lifeless metal, of the action of body and soul together, has noble antitype in the operation of all human power. All art worthy the name is the energy—neither of the human body alone, nor of the human soul alone, but of both united, one guiding the other: good craftsmanship and work of the fingers, joined with good emotion and work of the heart.

二、铁的艺术用途 现在我们把话题从铁在自然运作中的功能转到它在人类工艺中的用途方面。从一开始，你们一定要记得，凭借无生命的金属而展现在你们眼前的艺术这一类别，是人类身体和精神共同作用的产物，它在所有人力所及的事物中都有高贵的原型。所有货真价实的艺术，绝非单独的身体力量或者单纯的精神力量的表现，而是身体和精神力量的结合，二者互相引导：好的手艺和劳动作用，好的情绪和精神作用，二者相互结合，缺一不可。

There is no good art, nor possible judgement of art, when these two are not united; yet we are constantly trying to separate them. Our amateurs cannot be persuaded but that they may produce some kind of art by their fancy or sensibility, without going through the necessary manual toil. That is entirely hopeless. Without a certain number, and that a very great number, of steady acts of hand—a practice as careful and constant as would be necessary to learn any other manual business—no drawing is possible. On the other side, the workman, and those who employ him, are continually trying to produce art by trick or habit of fingers, without using their fancy or sensibility. That also is hopeless. Without mingling of heart—passion with hand-power, no art is possible (No fine art, that is. See the

previous definition of fine art at p. 206.). The highest art unites both in their intensest degrees: the action of the hand at its finest, with that of the heart at its fullest.

缺少身体和精神的结合，就谈不上好的艺术，也谈不上可能的艺术鉴赏，但我们还是不断地设法将二者区分对待。我们的一些业余爱好者丝毫不听劝解，执意认为，仅凭自己的想象力和感受力，不用进行必要的手工训练，也能创造出某种艺术来。这完全没希望。没有一定量的或者大量的持之以恒的手工劳动，你什么也画不出来，这和所有手工制作的道理一样：要想学好一门手艺，就有必要不断地进行尽可能仔细的手工锻炼。另一方面，我们的工匠和他们的雇主也在不断尝试着只用灵巧熟练的手指而不用想象力和感受力去创造艺术。这也纯属空谈。如果没有热情和双手联合，艺术（确切地说，是纯艺术。请参见207页有关纯艺术的定义。——作者注）就不可能产生。最高雅的艺术，是二者最高程度的结合，即最灵巧的手工加上全身心的投入。

Hence it follows that the utmost power of art can only be given in a material capable of receiving and retaining the influence of the subtlest touch of the human hand. That hand is the most perfect agent of material power existing in the universe; and its full subtlety can only be shown when the material it works on, or with, is entirely yielding. The chords of a perfect instrument will receive it, but not of an imperfect one; the softly bending point of the hair pencil, and soft melting of colour, will receive it, but not even the chalk or pen point, still less the steel point, chisel, or marble. The hand of a sculptor may, indeed, be as subtle as that of a painter, but all its subtlety is not bestowable nor expressible: the touch of Titian, Correggio, or Turner (See Appendix IV "Subtlety of Hand".) is a far more marvellous piece of nervous action than can be shown in anything but colour, or in the very highest conditions of executive expression in music. In proportion as the material worked upon is less delicate, the execution necessarily becomes lower, and the art with it. This is one main principle of all work. Another is, that whatever the material you choose to work with, your art is base if it does not bring out the distinctive qualities of that material.

这就意味着，只有当材料能够接受并保存人类双手最精微的处理效果时，艺术才可能展现它最大的力量。人类双手是宇宙中现有的实现材料力量的最佳代理人。当双手所使用的及其所处理的材料完全得心应手时，最灵巧的技艺才有可能展现出来。只有完美的乐器之弦才能接纳完美的技艺，不完美则不可以。画笔的锋芒要柔顺，颜料调配时融化要柔软，这样才可以接纳完美的技艺；而粉笔或者钢笔笔尖则不可能，更别提钢珠、凿子或者大理石了。的确，雕刻家的双手也许和画家一样灵巧，却是完全无法表现和表达出来的。提香、柯勒乔或透纳（参见附录四“手的灵巧”——作者注）绝妙的传神的笔触，只有用颜色或者作为最高形式的表现方式音乐才能做到。当艺术家要处理的材料不那么精致

时，手工制作肯定会降低，艺术创作相应也要打些折扣。这是所有创作中的一大原则。还有一条，不管你选用什么样的材料，如果不能将该材料的特质发挥出来，这样的艺术只能是低级的艺术。

The reason of this second law is, that if you don't want the qualities of the substance you use, you ought to use some other substance: it can be only affectation, and desire to display your skill, that lead you to employ a refractory substance, and therefore your art will all be base. Glass, for instance, is eminently, in its nature, transparent. If you don't want transparency, let the glass alone. Do not try to make a window look like an opaque picture, but take an opaque ground to begin with. Again, marble is eminently a solid and massive substance. Unless you want mass and solidity, don't work in marble. If you wish for lightness, take wood; if for freedom, take stucco; if for ductility, take glass. Don't try to carve leathers, or trees, or nets, or foam, out of marble. Carve white limbs and broad breasts only out of that.

这第二条原则根据在于，如果你不需要你所使用的材料的特质，就应换一种材料，只有你们的虚伪造作以及渴望展示自己技巧的欲望，才会引导你们去使用无法驾驭的材料，从而使得你们的艺术品显得那么低级。比如玻璃，它最特别的地方就是透明。如果你的艺术不需要透明的东西，那还是别用玻璃了。不要尝试着把窗户弄得跟一幅不透明的画一样，应该找一个底色透明的东西来做。又比如，大理石的特点是坚实、厚重，如果你的作品不想表现厚重和坚实，就不要用大理石。想要轻盈的风格，选木头作材料；想要表现得自由些，就用灰泥；想要表现延展性，就选玻璃。请不要试图用大理石去雕刻皮革、树木、网或者泡沫之类的东西，因为你只能用大理石凿出白色的四肢和宽广的胸膛。

So again, iron is eminently a ductile and tenacious substance—tenacious above all things, ductile more than most. When you want tenacity, therefore, and involved form, take iron. It is eminently made for that. It is the material given to the sculptor as the companion of marble, with a message, as plain as it can well be spoken, from the lips of the earth-mother, "Here's for you to cut, and here's for you to hammer. Shape this, and twist that. What is solid and simple, carve out; what is thin and entangled, beat out. I give you all kinds of forms to be delighted in;—fluttering leaves as well as fair bodies; twisted branches as well as open brows. The leaf and the branch you may beat and drag into their imagery: the body and brow you shall reverently touch into their imagery. And if you choose rightly and work rightly, what you do shall be safe afterwards. Your slender leaves shall not break off in my tenacious iron, though they may be rusted a little with an iron autumn. Your broad surfaces shall not be unsmoothed in my pure crystalline marble—no decay shall touch them. But if you carve in the marble what will break with a touch, or mould in the metal

what a stain of rust or verdigris will spoil, it is your fault—not mine.”

再比如说，铁，它的特性在于柔软、坚韧——最突出的特征是坚韧，且比多数材料柔软。因此，如果你要找坚韧的东西，又要求形体可塑，就是铁了。铁的用途就在这里。铁和大理石一样，是自然赐予雕刻家的材料。它带来了大地母亲捎来的信息，并以尽可能平易的语言告诉人们：“给，这两样东西，一个让你凿，一个需要敲。你们可以让这个定型，也可以让那个扭曲。哪里太厚、线条简单的就雕一雕，哪里太薄、纹理复杂的，就敲一敲。我提供给你们各种令人满意的形式——有翩翩树叶，也有美丽的躯体；有纠缠的枝干，也有展开的眉毛。锤打拖曳几次，树叶和枝干的模样就出来了；用心一点，人体和眉毛也不是问题。只要材料选得好，方法正确，你们的作品以后将会非常安全牢固。坚韧的铁片做成的细长的树叶断不了，不过可能会随着铁进入渐衰期而生点锈罢了。纯净的晶体大理石做成的宽广的平面，绝不会起皱——因为大理石是不会腐坏的。可是，如果你们要把大理石凿得太薄，以致一碰就断裂；或者把铁块锤得太细，以致一点铁锈或铜锈就能把作品毁坏：这就是你们的不好了，和我可没有关系。”

These are the main principles in this matter; which, like nearly all other right principles in art, we moderns delight in contradicting as directly and specially as may be. We continually look for, and praise, in our exhibitions, the sculpture of veils, and lace, and thin leaves, and all kinds of impossible things pushed as far as possible in the fragile stone, for the sake of showing the sculptor's dexterity. (I do not mean to attach any degree of blame to the effort to represent leafage in marble for certain expressive purposes. The later works of Mr. Munro have depended for some of their most tender thoughts on a delicate and skilful use of such accessories. And in general, leaf sculpture is good and admirable, if it renders, as in Gothic work, the grace and lightness of the leaf by the arrangement of light and shadow—supporting the masses well by strength of stone below; but all carving is base which proposes to itself slightness as an aim, and tries to imitate the absolute thinness of thin or slight things, as much modern wood carving does. I saw in Italy, a year or two ago, a marble sculpture of birds' nests.) On the other hand, we cast our iron into bars—brittle, though an inch thick—sharpen them at the ends, and consider fences, and other work, made of such materials, decorative! I do not believe it would be easy to calculate the amount of mischief done to our taste in England by that fence iron-work of ours alone. If it were asked of us by a single characteristic, to distinguish the dwellings of a country into two broad sections; and to set, on one side, the places where people were, for the most part, simple, happy, benevolent, and honest; and, on the other side, the places where at least a great number of the people were sophisticated, unkind, uncomfortable, and unprincipled, there is, I think, one feature that

you could fix upon as a positive test: the uncomfortable and unprincipled parts of a country would be the parts where people lived among iron railings, and the comfortable and principled parts where they had none. A broad generalization, you will say! Perhaps a little too broad; yet, in all sobriety, it will come truer than you think. Consider every other kind of fence ordefence, and you will find some virtue in it; but in the iron railing none. There is, first, your castle rampart of stone—somewhat too grand to be considered here among our types of fencing; next, your garden or park wall of brick, which has indeed often an unkind look on the outside, but there is more modesty in it than unkindness. It generally means, not that the builder of it wants to shut you out from the view of his garden, but from the view of himself: it is a frank statement that as he needs a certain portion of time to himself, so he needs a certain portion of ground to himself, and must not be stared at when he digs there in his shirt-sleeves, or plays at leapfrog with his boys from school, or talks over old times with his wife, walking up and down in the evening sunshine. Besides, the brick wall has good practical service in it, and shelters you from the east wind, and ripens your peaches and nectarines, and glows in autumn like a sunny bank. And, moreover, your brick wall, if you build it properly, so that it shall stand long enough, is a beautiful thing when it is old, and has assumed its grave purple red, touched with mossy green.

在这件事上，这些都是主要原则。我们现代人总是乐于直接地且专门地对抗这些既成法则，就像对抗艺术中几乎所有正确的法则一样。面对展览会上的雕塑作品，我们总在搜罗面纱、花边、细叶，以及诸如此类对易碎的石头来说几乎不可能的作品，并对之表示极大的欣赏，认为做到这点的雕刻家技艺精湛。（雕刻家为了表现某些情感而在大理石上进行叶子的雕刻，我并不反对。芒罗先生的晚期作品就通过对这些附件细致巧妙的刻画，从而表现了作品中某些最温柔的情感。总的来说，如果可以通过光影的调和表现出叶片优雅轻盈的特质，就像哥特式作品中做到的那样，叶片本身又被下边的石头有力地托住，这样的叶片雕塑是好的，也是令人钦佩的。可是，如果只是为了追求轻盈本身，而设法模仿轻的或薄的物品中的绝对轻薄，像现代木雕艺术一样，这就是低级的石雕艺术。一两年前我在意大利就曾见过一个鸟巢大理石雕。——作者注）另一方面，我们把铁块铸成铁条——这样的铁条即使有一英寸厚也很容易折断——铁条两端被削尖，用来做栅栏或者其他物品，我们竟然还把它们看成装饰品！单是英格兰这些铁栅栏就大大破坏了我们的品位，其程度是我难以估算的。如果要让我们只用一样特征把一个国家的居住地分成两大部分：一边的大多数人朴素、快乐、善良、诚实；另一边的人们，至少有很大一部分人，世故、心眼多、难相处、不道德。我想，有这么一个点可以作为区分标准，你们可以去检验一下看是否如此：在一个国家里，难相处、不道德的部分一定是住在铁栅栏里的人们，而友善、品德高尚的人们则住在没有铁栅栏的地方。你们会说，这

个归纳太大胆了吧。也许是有些大胆，但认真想想的话，你将发现这比你想当然的要真实得多。在所有其他类型的栅栏或者防护栏里，你都能找到某种美德，但在铁栅栏里你什么也找不到。首先是你们那用石头砌成的城堡壁垒，但城堡的石墙壁垒比我们这里讲的栅栏大得多，不在我们讨论范围之内；那么，花园或公园里的砖墙呢，虽然外表看起来的确总是不怎么亲切，但相比不亲切，它更有一种谦逊的品质。它通常意味着，我们的主人之所以造这堵墙，不是怕你们看到花园里的景色，而是不想让你们看到他自己：坦白地说，他需要自己的一片土地，正如他需要一点属于自己的时间一样，绝不希望在挽着衬衫袖子挖地，或是和放学回来的孩子玩跳山羊，又或者和妻子在夕阳下散步闲聊谈起往事的时候被你们看到。再者，砖墙还有很好的实用价值，它可以阻挡东风摧残园地，好让园里的碧桃树和油桃树在秋天能够丰收，像阳光下的河岸一样闪闪发光。而且，盖得好的砖墙经年不坏，时间一久，还会爬满绿色青苔，有着暗暗的紫红色，成为一道美丽的风景线。

Next to your lordly wall, in dignity of enclosure, comes your close-set wooden paling, which is more objectionable, because it commonly means enclosure on a larger scale than people want. Still it is significative of pleasant parks, and well-kept field walks, and herds of deer, and other such aristocratic pastoralisms, which have here and there their proper place in a country, and may be passed without any discredit.

紧挨着气派的墙壁和高贵的围栏的，是密集排列的木栅。它更惹人厌，因为它通常意味着，它围起的地盘比人们所需的还要大。而且，它还表明了一处处令人愉悦的公园，保存完好的田间小道，鹿群牧场，以及其他一些贵族式庄园。这些地方在全国各地随处可见，各安其位。这些木栅，即使从上边翻越穿行，也不是什么见不得人的事。

Next to your paling, comes your low stone dyke, your mountain fence, indicative at a glance either of wild hill country, or of beds of stone beneath the soil; the hedge of the mountains—delightful in all its associations, and yet more in the varied and craggy forms of the loose stones it is built of: and next to the low stone wall, your lowland hedge, either in trim line of massive green, suggested of the pleasances of old Elizabethan houses, and smooth alleys for aged feet, and quaint labyrinths for young ones, or else in fair entanglement of eglantine and virgin's bower, tossing its scented luxuriance along our country waysides:—how many such you have here among your pretty hills, fruitful with black clusters of the bramble for boys in autumn, and crimson hawthorn-berries for birds in winter. And then last, and most difficult to class among fences, comes your handrail, expressive of all sorts of things; sometimes having a knowing and vicious look, which it learns at race-courses; sometimes an innocent and tender look, which it learns at rustic bridges over cressy brooks; and sometimes a prudent and protective look, which it learns on passes of

the Alps, where it has posts of granite and bars of pine, and guards the brows of cliffs and the banks of torrents. So that in all these kinds of defence there is some good, pleasant, or noble meaning. But what meaning has the iron railing? Either, observe, that you are living in the midst of such bad characters that you must keep them out by main force of bar, or that you are yourself of a character requiring to be kept inside in the same manner. Your iron railing always means thieves outside, or Bedlam inside;—it can mean nothing else than that. If the people outside were good for anything, a hint in the way of fence would be enough for them; but because they are violent and at enmity with you, you are forced to put the close bars and the spikes at the top. Last summer I was lodging for a little while in a cottage in the country, and in front of my low window there were, first some beds of daisies, then a row of gooseberry and currant bushes, and then a low wall about three feet above the ground, covered with stone-cress. Outside, a corn-field, with its green ears glistening in the sun, and a field path through it, just past the garden gate. From my window I could see every peasant of the village who passed that way, with basket on arm for market, or spade on shoulder for field. When I was inclined for society, I could lean over my wall, and talk to anybody; when I was inclined for science, I could botanize all along the top of my wall—there were four species of stone-cress alone growing on it; and when I was inclined for exercise, I could jump over my wall, backwards and forwards. That's the sort of fence to have in a Christian country; not a thing which you can't walk inside of without making yourself look like a wild beast, nor look at out of your window in the morning without expecting to see somebody impaled upon it in the night.

木栅之外，还有矮石墙，山里的栅栏，乍一看像是荒野山村，或是盖着泥土的石床。山里的树篱让人浮想联翩，并为之喜悦，松散的石头形态各异，崎岖不平，更是赏心悦目；紧挨矮石墙的是你们这儿的低地树篱，它们或者有着修剪得整整齐齐的绿地，让年长的人们想起伊丽莎白时代的老房子和平坦的街巷，让年轻人想起离奇的迷宫；或者可以看见美丽的野蔷薇绕着少女闺房，在乡间小路边上散发着浓郁的芳香。你们这里美丽的山丘上有很多这种树篱，秋天到了，男孩子可以采摘一丛丛的黑色树莓果子；冬天时，深红色的山楂果子还会引来小鸟。最后，还有最难分类的一类栅栏，就是有着各种表现形式的扶手。有时，它看起来世故而邪恶，这是赛道上的扶手；有时，它看起来天真而温柔，这是乡间长满水芹的小溪上桥梁的扶手；有时，它又谨慎而有防保性，这是阿尔卑斯山隘口的扶手；在阿尔卑斯山的隘口，扶手栏杆一般用花岗岩石柱和松木条棒做成，守护在悬崖和激流岸边。因此，所有这些防护栏都有某种善良的、愉悦的或者说高贵的意义。可是，铁栏杆呢？什么意义也没有。铁栏杆只能暗示人们：要么，你生活在一个糟糕的人群环境，因此必须用栏杆强行将自己与这种环境隔绝起来；要么，你自己性

格孤僻，需要以相同方式将自己强行封闭起来。安置铁栏杆总是有且只能有两种情况，一是防贼，二是疯人院才用。如果栏杆外是善良的人们，只需一点点围栏的暗示就够了，但是，由于栏杆外边是凶残的充满敌意的人们，你们就不得不在其顶端安上密集的铁棒和长钉。去年夏天我在乡间一茅舍住了一阵子，住所的窗子很低，窗前先是有几片栽有雏菊的花圃，然后是一排醋栗和黑醋栗灌丛，再远处有一堵约三英尺高的矮墙，上边种着岩芥菜。围墙外是一片玉米地，绿色的玉米穗在阳光下油油发亮，田间有一条小路穿过，正好经过花园门前。我透过窗户可以看到小路上穿行的每一位村民，他们或挽着菜篮子去市场买菜，或扛着铁锹去田里干活。想和人聊天的时候，我可以靠在墙上和随便什么人谈上半天；想钻研科学的话，可以到围墙上去采集标本进行研究——仅那儿就生有四种岩芥菜；想锻炼身体时，可以跳过矮墙，前前后后反复地跳。这才是基督教国家的围栏，随便进入什么地方都不必像野兽一样越栏，早晨起来往窗外望去，不用担心昨夜是否有人被卡在围栏上。

And yet farther, observe that the iron railing is a useless fence—it can shelter nothing, and support nothing; you can't nail your peaches to it, nor protect your flowers with it, nor make anything whatever out of its costly tyranny; and besides being useless, it is an insolent fence;—it says plainly to everybody who passes—“You may be an honest person,—but, also, you may be a thief: honest or not, you shall not get in here, for I am a respectable person, and much above you; you shall only see what a grand place I have got to keep you out of—look here, and depart in humiliation.”

这还不够。铁栅栏毫无用处——它提供不了什么防护，也给不了什么支撑；既不能防止园里的桃子被盗，也不能保护里边的花儿；更不能用它那昂贵专横的特性创造出任何东西；不仅没用，还很傲慢——它立在那儿，其实就是在向每个过路人明明白白地说，“也许你是老实人——但也可能就是个贼：不管是哪种情况，你都不能进来。因为我是受尊敬的人，比你要尊贵得多；你只要知道我这块地有多大也就行了，但不能进来——看一眼这里吧，然后滚蛋。”

This, however, being in the present state of civilisation a frequent manner of discourse, and there being unfortunately many districts where the iron railing is unavoidable, it yet remains a question whether you need absolutely make it ugly, no less than significative of evil. You must have railings round your squares in London, and at the sides of your areas; but need you therefore have railings so ugly that the constant sight of them is enough to neutralise the effect of all the schools of art in the kingdom? You need not. Far from such necessity, it is even in your power to turn all your police force of iron bars actually into drawing masters, and natural historians. Not, of course, without some trouble and some expense; you can do nothing much worth doing, in this world, without trouble, you can get nothing much worth having, without expense. The main question is only—what is

worth doing and having:—Consider, therefore, if this be not. Here is your iron railing, as yet, an uneducated monster; a sombre seneschal, incapable of any words, except his perpetual "Keep out!" and "Away with you!" Would it not be worth some trouble and cost to turn this ungainly ruffian porter into a well-educated servant; who, while he was severe as ever in forbidding entrance to evilly disposed people, should yet have a kind word for well-disposed people, and a pleasant look, and a little useful information at his command, in case he should be asked a question by the passers-by?

然而，这种谈话方式对我们现代文明来说并不稀奇，而且不幸的是，在很多地区，人们还不得不用铁栅栏，但仍存在一个问题：是不是所有的铁栅栏都必须做得这么丑陋，如同一种罪恶的象征呢？伦敦的广场想必也有栅栏，住宅四周也少不了，但是有必要做得这么丑陋，以致看久了，竟觉得我们英国艺术学校再好也不过如此罢了？其实远没有这个必要。不但没这个必要，你们甚至还可以把铁栅栏组成的警卫队换成大画家和博物学家。当然，这有一定的代价，麻烦肯定也有。可是，在如今的世界，不费点力气就办不成什么真正有价值的事情；不付出点代价也就得不到什么真正值得拥有的东西。重要的问题只是——什么才是值得我们去办的事情？值得拥有的东西又是什么？想想看是不是这样。你们这儿的铁栏杆就像没受过教育的怪物，像个阴郁的管家，除了“别进来！”“滚开！”什么话也不会说。花一些代价费一点力气，把这样一个难看的无赖守门人变成一个有教养的仆人难道不值得吗？这样好让他一如既往地严格将居心叵测的人们拒之门外，同时还会面带微笑地亲切问候好心的人们，再学会一些有用的信息，以防路人向他提问，这样做难道不值得吗？

We have not time to-night to look at many examples of ironwork; and those I happen to have by me are not the best; ironwork is not one of my special subjects of study; so that I only have memoranda of bits that happened to come into picturesque subjects which I was drawing for other reasons. Besides, external ironwork is more difficult to find good than any other sort of ancient art; for when it gets rusty and broken, people are sure, if they can afford it, to send it to the old iron shop, and get a fine new grating instead; and in the great cities of Italy, the old iron is thus nearly all gone: the best bits I remember in the open air were at Brescia;—fantastic sprays of laurel-like foliage rising over the garden gates; and there are a few fine fragments at Verona, and some good trellis-work enclosing the Scala tombs; but on the whole, the most interesting pieces, though by no means the purest in style, are to be found in out-of-the-way provincial towns, where people do not care, or are unable, to make polite alterations. The little town of Bellinzona, for instance, on the south of the Alps, and that of Sion on the north, have both of them complete schools of ironwork in their balconies and vineyard gates. That of Bellinzona is the best,

though not very old—I suppose most of it of the seventeenth century; still it is very quaint and beautiful. Here, for example, are two balconies, from two different houses; one has been a cardinal's, and the hat is the principal ornament of the balcony; its tassels being wrought with delightful delicacy and freedom; and catching the eye clearly even among the mass of rich wreathed leaves. These tassels and strings are precisely the kind of subject fit for ironwork—noble in ironwork, they would have been entirely ignoble in marble, on the grounds above stated. The real plant of oleander standing in the window enriches the whole group of lines very happily.

今晚我们没有时间看太多铁制品；我碰巧带在身边的也不是最上乘的作品；铁制品也不属于我专门研究的课题。因此，我这里只有一点点备忘录性质的东西，是我在因为别的原因而画画时随手勾勒出来的。另外，外用铁制品比起其他古代艺术品来说更难找到好的，这是因为，铁制品一旦生锈磨损，只要家庭负担得起的，人们肯定都会把它送到旧铁货店那儿，换一个新的精美的格栅。在意大利的大城市里，几乎找不到老旧的铁制品。我见过的最好的户外铁制品是在布雷西亚，公园门上爬满了月桂模样的绿叶这种装饰物，漂亮极了。维罗纳也有一些精致的残片，还有一些精美的格架式样的铁制品包围了斯卡拉墓群。但整体说来，最有趣的作品——风格上却不能算纯粹——都分布在偏僻的乡下小镇，那里，没人在乎也没人有能力去修缮。就拿阿尔卑斯山南麓的贝林佐纳小镇来说，还有北坡的西昂小镇，人们的阳台和葡萄园的门上都有体系完整的铁制品。贝林佐纳的铁制品最好，其中多数我猜是17 世纪完成的，算不上很古老，但还是非常新奇漂亮的。你们看这里的两个阳台，分别属于不同的屋子。其中一座是红衣主教的院落，这里有顶帽子是阳台的主要装饰物，帽子的缨带做工相当精致，给人愉悦感和自由感，就是放在一堆茂密的带叶花冠中间仍然会很抢眼。这些缨、带正适合用铁制品来表现，这属于铁制品中比较高贵的作品。根据前面讲过的理由，这要是在大理石雕塑中完全谈不上高贵。活生生的夹竹桃立于窗户旁，使整组线条显得更丰富，更赏心悦目。

The other balcony, from a very ordinary-looking house in the same street, is much more interesting in its details. It is shown in the plate as it appeared last summer, with convolvulus twined about the bars, the arrow-shaped living leaves mingled among the leaves of iron; but you may see in the centre of these real leaves a cluster of lighter ones, which are those of the ironwork itself. This cluster is worth giving a little larger to show its treatment. Fig. 2 (in Appendix V) is the front view of it: Fig. 4, its profile. It is composed of a large tulip in the centre; then two turk's cap lilies; then two pinks, a little conventionalised; then two narcissi; then two nondescripts, or, at least, flowers I do not know; and then two dark buds, and a few leaves. I say, dark buds, for all these flowers have been coloured in their original state. The plan of the group is exceedingly simple: it is

all enclosed in a pointed arch (Fig. 3, Appendix V): the large mass of the tulip forming the apex; a six-foiled star on each side; then a jagged star; then a five-foiled star; then an unjagged star or rose; finally a small bud, so as to establish relation and cadence through the whole group. The profile is very free and fine, and the upper bar of the balcony exceedingly beautiful in effect; —none the less so on account of the marvellously simple means employed. A thin strip of iron is bent over a square rod; out of the edge of this strip are cut a series of triangular openings—widest at top, leaving projecting teeth of iron (Appendix, Fig. 5); then each of these projecting pieces gets a little sharp tap with the hammer in front, which beaks its edge inwards, tearing it a little open at the same time, and the thing is done.

这另一个阳台，属于同一条街上一幢外观一般的房子，但阳台的细节部分却甚为有趣。画板上是阳台去年夏天的模样，围栏上绕着旋花，鲜嫩的箭形叶片与栏杆上的铁制叶片交织在一起。在这些真叶中央你会发现一丛颜色较浅的叶片，这也是铁制品本身的一部分。这丛叶片值得我们将其稍微放大来观察一下它的处理方式。图2（参见附录五——作者注）是一张正面视图；图4 是侧视图。我们可以看到，中间是一大株郁金香，旁边是两束头巾百合，再旁边是两株石竹花，略显老套，然后是两棵水仙，还有两株无法归类的花朵，至少我不知道叫什么名字，然后是两个暗色花蕾，几片叶子。之所以强调是暗色花蕾，是因为这里所有的花朵都是按照原有的颜色画上去的。这一组合意图很简单：它们围成一个尖形拱顶（图3，参见附录五——作者注），大株郁金香是尖顶，两边各有一个六叶形星星，然后还有一个锯齿状的小星，然后是一个五叶形星星，一个没有凹口的小星或者玫瑰，最后是一个小花蕾，他们共同组成了一个有机的整体。侧面图很随意，画得也很好。阳台栏杆的上面看上去非常漂亮——这仍然有赖于其中采用的超级纯朴的表现手法。我们可以看见一条细细的铁条弯向另一根方形的棍子上，铁条的边缘被切割成一系列三角形开口——上边最宽，往下有突出的铁牙（参见附录，图5——作者注）；这些突出的部分各自前头都经过锤子轻轻敲打，因此刃口向里折，使得开口变得大些。这个作品就是这么做出来的。

The common forms of Swiss ironwork are less naturalistic than these Italian balconies, depending more on beautiful arrangements of various curve; nevertheless, there has been a rich naturalist school at Fribourg, where a few bell-handles are still left, consisting of rods branched into laurel and other leafage. At Geneva, modern improvements have left nothing; but at Annecy[1], a little good work remains; the balcony of its old hotel de ville especially, with a trout of the lake—presumably the town arms—forming its central ornament.

瑞士常见的铁制品都不如这些意大利阳台来得自然；它们更多地运用了各种美丽的曲线组合。然而，在弗里堡却还有一所富有的博物学校，那里，到现在还可以看到一些从前留下的铃铛把手，它是由长棍分

叉形成月桂和其他叶子的模样。在日内瓦，经过现代的洗礼，已经见不到从前的作品了。但在阿纳西，还保留有一些好作品，特别是它市政府大楼古老的阳台，其中最主要的装饰品是来自环抱小镇的湖里的一条鲑鱼，这条湖很有可能就是小镇的臂膀。

I might expatiate all night—if you would sit and hear me—on the treatment of such required subject, or introduction of pleasant caprice by the old workmen; but we have no more time to spare, and I must quit this part of our subject—the rather as I could not explain to you the intrinsic merit of such ironwork without going fully into the theory of curvilinear design; only let me leave with you this one distinct assertion—that the quaint beauty and character of many natural objects, such as intricate branches, grass, foliage (especially thorny branches and prickly foliage), as well as that of many animals, plumed, spined, or bristled, is sculpturally expressible in iron only, and in iron would be majestic and impressive in the highest degree; and that every piece of metal work you use might be, rightly treated, not only a superb decoration, but a most valuable abstract of portions of natural forms, holding in dignity precisely the same relation to the painted representation of plants, that a statue does to the painted form of man. It is difficult to give you an idea of the grace and interest which the simplest objects possess when their forms are thus abstracted from among the surrounding of rich circumstance which in nature disturbs the feebleness of our attention. In Plate 2, a few blades of common green grass, and a wild leaf or two—just as they were thrown by nature, —are thus abstracted from the associated redundance of the forms about them, and shown on a dark ground: every cluster of herbage would furnish fifty such groups, and every such group would work into iron (fitting it, of course, rightly to its service) with perfect ease, and endless grandeur of result.

你们要是愿意坐下来听我讲，单是如此必要的主题的处理方法这一点我就可以谈一晚上，或者谈谈过去工匠们那些愉快的即兴的想法。但我们没有那么多时间，所以现在我必须结束主题的这一部分，因为如果不先全面介绍一下曲线设计理论的话，我根本没有办法向你们解释这些铁制品的内在价值。那就让我直接告诉你们这样一个清楚的结论吧——许多自然物体都有新奇古怪的美和特征，例如盘根交错的枝条、绿草、树叶（特别是多刺的枝和叶），还有各种动物，长有羽毛的动物、脊椎动物或者带钢刺的动物。这些美和特征在雕刻中只有通过铁才能表现出来，用铁来表现才最为壮观、给人印象最深刻；你们所用的每一件铁制品，如果处理得当，不仅是华丽的装饰品，而且是部分自然形式中最有价值的抽象表现。它的高贵与植物绘画之间的关系，正如人体雕塑与人体肖像画之间的关系。我很难让你们了解最简单的物体所拥有的优雅和趣味——它们的自然形式是从周围纷繁的环境中抽象出来的，而这种环境实际上又扰乱了我们虚弱的注意力。在第2 号画板中，几片普通的绿

草叶子，以及一两片野生树叶——它们就好像被自然抛弃似的——就这样从其相关的众多形式中抽象出来，并展现在深色底板上。每丛青草都可提供50 个这样的组合，而每个组合都将创造出无比安逸、无限庄严的铁制品（当然，要正确发挥自己的作用）。

III. IRON IN POLICY.—Having thus obtained some idea of the use of iron in art, as dependent on its ductility, I need not, certainly, say anything of its uses in manufacture and commerce; we all of us know enough,—perhaps a little too much—about them. So I pass lastly to consider its uses in policy; dependent chiefly upon its tenacity—that is to say, on its power of bearing a pull, and receiving an edge. These powers, which enable it to pierce, to bind, and to smite, render it fit for the three great instruments, by which its political action may be simply typified; namely, the Plough, the Fetter, and the Sword.

三、铁的政治用途 刚才我们已经了解了一点铁的艺术用途，它是利用了铁的延展性。关于铁在制造业和商业中的用途就毋庸赘言了，这点我们都知道得足够多了——也许知道得还有点太多了。因此，接下来，我们进入最后一部分，铁的政治用途，主要靠的是铁的柔韧性——也就是说，主要靠铁承受拉伸和忍耐利刃刺割的能力。这些能力使得铁能够劈刺、捆绑和捶打其他物，从而适合于三种伟大器具的制造。这三种伟大器具分别是犁、镣铐和刀剑，正是通过它们，铁的政治作用才得到简明的体现。

On our understanding the right use of these three instruments, depend, of course, all our power as a nation, and all our happiness as individuals.

当然，国家的全部力量和个人的所有幸福取决于我们对正确使用这三种器具的理解。

1. THE PLOUGH.—I say, first, on our understanding the right use of the plough, with which, in justice to the fairest of our labourers, we must always associate that feminine plough—the needle. The first requirement for the happiness of a nation is that it should understand the function in this world of these two great instruments: a happy nation may be defined as one in which the husband's hand is on the plough, and the housewife's on the needle; so in due time reaping its golden harvest, and shining in golden vesture: and an unhappy nation is one which, acknowledging no use of plough nor needle, will assuredly at last find its storehouse empty in the famine, and its breast naked to the cold.

1、犁首先，我申明，在认识犁的正确用途之前，我们总是得先谈谈犁的阴性对应物——针，可不能忘了我们的劳动者中最美丽的成员。一个国家的幸福，首先要求理解这两样伟大的工具在这个世界上的作用。也许可以这么定义一个幸福的国家：在那里，丈夫专注地耕作，妻子专心做针线活；到了适当的时候，人们将会迎来金黄的丰收，穿上闪

闪发亮的金色服装。而一个不幸的国家则可以这样来定义：由于不承认犁或针的用途，最终它必定会发现，饥荒时仓廪空虚，天寒了只能衣不蔽体。

Perhaps you think this is a mere truism, which I am wasting your time in repeating. I wish it were.

你们也许要说，这是尽人皆知的道理啊，用得着你来讲！重复这一问题就等于在浪费我们的时间。我希望如此。

By far the greater part of the suffering and crime which exist at this moment in civilised Europe, arises simply from people not understanding this truism—not knowing that produce or wealth is eternally connected by the laws of heaven and earth with resolute labour; but hoping in some way to cheat or abrogate this everlasting law of life, and to feed where they have not furrowed, and be warm where they have not woven.

你们也许要说，这是尽人皆知的道理啊，用得着你来讲！重复这一问题就等于在浪费我们的时间。我希望如此。可是，到目前为止，我们文明的欧洲此刻遭受的苦难和罪恶，却有很大一部分，正是来自人们对这个不言自明的道理的无知——不知道农产品和财富永远离不开人们坚定的劳作，不知道这是天国和人间的律法所要求的；反而希望能够以某种方式规避甚至废除这一生活的永恒律法，期望过着无须劳作，就能丰衣足食的生活。

I repeat, nearly all our misery and crime result from this one misapprehension. The law of nature is, that a certain quantity of work is necessary to produce a certain quantity of good, of any kind whatever. If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. But men do not acknowledge this law, or strive to evade it, hoping to get their knowledge, and food, and pleasure for nothing; and in this effort they either fail of getting them, and remain ignorant and miserable, or they obtain them by making other men work for their benefit; and then they are tyrants and robbers. Yes, and worse than robbers. I am not one who in the least doubts or disputes the progress of this century in many things useful to mankind; but it seems to me a very dark sign respecting us that we look with so much indifference upon dishonesty and cruelty in the pursuit of wealth. In the dream of Nebuchadnezzar it was only the feet that were part of iron and part of clay; but many of us are now getting so cruel in our avarice, that it seems as if, in us, the heart were part of iron, and part of clay.

我要再次申明，几乎所有的不幸和罪恶都来自这一无知。不劳无获，这是自然规律，不论什么东西都是如此。要想获得知识，你得吃苦；要获得食物，你得吃苦；要获得快乐，你得吃苦。而人们却不愿意承认这一条规律，还竭力逃避，希望不付出任何辛劳就能获得知识、食

物和快乐。他们这样“努力”的结果反而是，要么什么也得不到，仍旧过着无知、凄惨的生活；要么让别人替他们受苦，自己从中获益；因而变成了暴君和强盗。没错，甚至比强盗还糟糕。我一点也不怀疑和质疑本世纪人类取得了很多有益的进步，可是，今天我们在追逐财富的时候，对欺诈和残忍的行径是如此的漠然，这一点让我觉得似乎很阴暗。在尼布甲尼撒二世的梦里，部分是铁、部分是泥土做成的东西，不过是人类的双脚而已；可是今天，我们中许多人已经贪婪到残忍地把人心当成半铁半土合成的东西！

From what I have heard of the inhabitants of this town, I do not doubt but that I may be permitted to do here what I have found it usually thought elsewhere highly improper and absurd to do, namely, trace a few Bible sentences to their practical result.

我听你们镇的一些居民聊过，我想在这里引用几句《圣经》的话，应该没有问题。这要是在其他地方，通常被认为不合时宜，而且荒谬可笑。

You cannot but have noticed how often in those parts of the Bible which are likely to be oftenest opened when people look for guidance, comfort, or help in the affairs of daily life, namely, the Psalms and Proverbs, mention is made of the guilt attaching to the Oppression of the poor. Observe; not the neglect of them, but the Oppression of them: the word is as frequent as it is strange. You can hardly open either of those books, but somewhere in their pages you will find a description of the wicked man's attempts against the poor: such as —"He doth ravish the poor when he getteth him into his net."

你们一定也注意到，当人们在寻求引导、渴望安慰或者寻求日常生活的帮助时，可能最常翻阅的《圣经》里的那些部分，即《诗篇》和《箴言》，常常会提到“压迫”穷人的罪行。注意，不是“忽视”穷人，而是“压迫”，一个看起来虽然陌生，却是个频繁出现的字眼。随便翻开这两章的随便哪一页，几乎都可以找到对恶人欺压穷人的描写。比如——“他拉网，就把困苦人掳去。

"He sitteth in the lurking places of the villages; his eyes are privily set against the poor."

“他在村庄埋伏等候；他的眼睛窥探无依无靠的人。”

"In his pride he doth persecute the poor, and blesseth the covetous, whom God abhorreth."

“恶人在骄横中把困苦的人追得火急。他祝福贪财的，却轻慢耶和华。”

"His mouth is full of deceit and fraud; in the secret places doth he murder the innocent. Have the workers of iniquity no knowledge, who eat up my people as they eat bread? They have drawn out the sword,

and bent the bow, to cast down the poor and needy."

“他满口诡诈、欺压；他在隐密处杀害无辜的人；作孽的没有知识吗？他们吞吃我的百姓如同吃饭一样。恶人已经弓上弦，刀出鞘，要击倒贫困穷苦的人。”

"They are corrupt, and speak wickedly concerning oppression."

“他们很腐化，恶意地说着欺压人的话。”

"Pride compasseth them about as a chain, and violence as a garment."

“骄傲如链子戴在他们的项上，暴力像衣裳遮住他们的身体。”

"Their poison is like the poison of a serpent. Ye weigh the violence of your hands in the earth."

“他们的毒气，好像蛇的毒气。你们在地上称出你们的手所犯下的暴行。”

Yes: "Ye weigh the violence of your hands: ”—weigh these words as well. The last things we ever usually think of weighing are Bible words. We like to dream and dispute over them; but to weigh them, and see what their true contents are—anything but that. Yet, weigh these; for I have purposely taken all these verses, perhaps more striking to you read in this connection, than separately in their places, out of the Psalms, because, for all people belonging to the Established Church of this country these Psalms are appointed lessons, portioned out to them by their clergy to be read once through every month. Presumably, therefore, whatever portions of Scripture we may pass by or forget, these, at all events, must be brought continually to our observance as useful for direction of daily life. Now, do we ever ask ourselves what the real meaning of these passages may be, and who these wicked people are, who are "murdering the innocent"? You know it is rather singular language this!—rather strong language, we might, perhaps, call it—hearing it for the first time. Murder! and murder of innocent people!—nay, even a sort of cannibalism. Eating people,—yes, and God's people, too—eating My people as if they were bread! Swords drawn, bows bent, poison of serpents mixed! Violence of hands weighed, measured, and trafficked with as so much coin! Where is all this going on? Do you suppose it was only going on in the time of David, and that nobody but Jews ever murder the poor? If so, it would surely be wiser not to mutter and mumble for our daily lessons what does not concern us; but if there be any chance that it may concern us, and if this description, in the Psalms, of human guilt is at all generally applicable, as the descriptions in the Psalms of human sorrow are, may it not be advisable to know wherein this guilt is being committed round about us, or by ourselves? And when we

take the words of the Bible into our mouths in a congregational way, to be sure whether we mean merely to chant a piece of melodious poetry relating to other people—(we know not exactly to whom)—or to assert our belief in facts bearing somewhat stringently on ourselves and our daily business. And if you make up your minds to do this no longer, and take pains to examine into the matter, you will find that these strange words, occurring as they do, not in a few places only, but almost in every alternate psalm and every alternate chapter of proverb, or prophecy, with tremendous reiteration, were not written for one nation or one time only; but for all nations and languages, for all places and all centuries; and it is as true of the wicked man now as ever it was of Nabal or Dives, that "his eyes are set against the poor."

是的，“你们在地上称出你们的手所犯下的暴行。”也请称一称这些话吧。恰恰我们称得最少的是《圣经》里的文字。我们喜欢对着这些语言进行幻想或者争论, 却从不去称量它们，看看里面到底在说些什么——我们喜欢做任何事情，但这个除外。尽管如此，还是称一称这几句吧；这些诗句都是我精心挑选组合起来的，这样读起来，也许比分散在《诗篇》里给人的印象更深些。《诗篇》是英国国教指定的课业，每个国教教民每月都必须将牧师画出的那一部分通读一遍。因此，《圣经》里别的什么部分，也许可以略过或者干脆忘了，但这几句，无论如何，必须时时遵守，因为这有助于指导我们的日常生活。那么，我们可曾自问过，这几段到底想说什么呢，这些恶人又是谁，谁在“杀害无辜的人”。你们知道，这里的语言是相当奇特的，第一次听到它时，我们也许会觉得相当有力。杀害！杀害无辜的人！——不，简直有点吃人的味道。吃人——是的，吃上帝的子民——吃我的人民，就好像他们是面包！弓上弦，刀出鞘，抹上蛇的毒气！双手所犯下的暴行，称好、量好、用那么多的钱币进行买卖！这都是什么地方发生的事？你们以为只发生在大卫王的时代，只有犹太人杀害穷人吗？要真是这样，这些真的不关我们的事，我们也不用把这些当成日课，每日念叨，这样才更明智些。可是，万一它和我们有点关系的话，要是《诗篇》里记载的这些人类的罪恶具有普遍的意义，就像《诗篇》里记载的人类的悲哀一样，那么，了解我们周围正在发生的罪恶，或者，就是我们自己正在进行的罪恶难道不是明智之举吗？当我们集会念诵《圣经》时，我们难道只是在吟咏一段和自己无关的悦耳诗歌——甚至具体和谁有关也不清楚——或者，在和我们自身和日常事务息息相关的事实中维护我们的信念？如果你们决心不再忽略这些事实，愿意费些力气研究一下，你会发现这些陌生的句子，出现不只一两次，《诗篇》几乎每隔一篇，《箴言》或是预言书每隔一章都会提到，大量重复，这不是为某一个时代或某个国家而写的，而是为所有的国家和语言，为所有地方、所有时代而书。“他的眼睛敌视无依无靠的人”写的同样不只是《圣经》中的大富户拿八和天天奢华宴乐的财主，也是今天的恶人的写照。

Set against the poor, mind you. Not merely set away from the poor, so as to neglect or lose sight of them, but set against, so as to

afflict and destroy them. This is the main point I want to fix your attention upon. You will often hear sermons about neglect or carelessness of the poor. Butneglect and carelessness are not at all the points. The Bible hardly ever talks about neglect of the poor. It always talks of oppression of the poor—a very different matter. It does not merely speak of passing by on the other side, and binding up no wounds, but of drawing the sword and ourselves smiting the men down. It does not charge us with being idle in the pest-house, and giving no medicine, but with being busy in the pest-house, and giving much poison.

注意了，是“窥探无依无靠的人”，不仅不顾穷人，忽视他们，不理他们，还窥探他们，以便折磨穷人、毁灭穷人。这是我要你们注意的地方。你们常常会听到不要忽视穷人、不要对穷人漠不关心的说教。可是忽视和漠不关心不是问题的全部。可《圣经》极少提到忽视穷人的问题，提起的总是“压迫”穷人——这是大不一样的概念。不是擦肩而过，不带来任何伤害，而是拔出刀剑，亲手将人重重击倒。这不是指控我们在传染病医院里偷懒不给病人药吃，而是指控我们忙着给病人下很多毒药。

May we not advisedly look into this matter a little, even to-night, and ask first, Who are these poor?

我们可不可以认真研究一下这个问题？甚至今晚就来研究一下。首先问问，这些无依无靠的人都是什么人？

No country is, or ever will be, without them: that is to say, without the class which cannot, on the average, do more by its labour than provide for its subsistence, and which has no accumulations of property laid by on any considerable scale. Now there are a certain number of this class whom we cannot oppress with much severity. An able-bodied and intelligent workman—sober, honest, and industrious, will almost always command a fair price for his work, and lay by enough in a few years to enable him to hold his own in the labour market. But all men are notable-bodied, nor intelligent, nor industrious; and you cannot expect them to be. Nothing appears to me at once more ludicrous and more melancholy than the way the people of the present age usually talk about the morals of labourers. You hardly ever address a labouring man upon his prospects in life, without quietly assuming that he is to possess, at starting, as a small moral capital to begin with, the virtue of Socrates, the philosophy of Plato, and the heroism of Epaminondas[2]. "Be assured, my good man," —you say to him, —"that if you work steadily for ten hours a day all your life long, and if you drink nothing but water, or the very mildest beer, and live on very plain food, and never lose your temper, and go to church every Sunday, and always remain content in the position in which Providence has placed you, and never grumble nor swear; and

always keep your clothes decent, and rise early, and use every opportunity of improving yourself, you will get on very well, and never come to the parish."

我们可不可以认真研究一下这个问题？甚至今晚就来研究一下。首先问问，这些无依无靠的人都是什么人？没有哪一个国家，将来也不会有，找不到这样的人：就是说，在哪儿都有这样一个阶级，他们一般说来，劳动所得仅够维持生存，没有能力积蓄任何财产。其中有些人，我们对他们的压榨不能太过苛刻。一个强壮聪明的工匠——认真、诚实而勤劳，其工作要价总不低，不用几年，他的积蓄就足以在劳动力市场上占一席之地。可是，并非所有人都很强壮，也不是所有人都很聪明或者勤劳，这是没有办法的。我们这个时代那种谈论劳动人民道德观的方式，让我感到无比可笑，同时又无比伤心。人们谈起一位劳工的人生前景，几乎都默认他起步时都应该具备一点道德资本，苏格拉底的德行，柏拉图的哲学，还有伊巴密浓达的英雄主义。“相信我，朋友，”人们对劳工说，“如果你一辈子每天坚持工作10 小时，在此期间，除了水和度数最低的啤酒外什么也别喝，只吃便餐，别发脾气，每个礼拜日要上教堂，对上天对你的安排要知足，不要怨天尤人；永远要衣着得体，天天早起，利用每一个提升自己的机会，你会过得很好，永远也不用接受教区的救济。”

All this is exceedingly true; but before giving the advice so confidently, it would be well if we sometimes tried it practically ourselves, and spent a year or so at some hard manual labour, not of an entertaining kind—ploughing or digging, for instance, with a very moderate allowance of beer; nothing but bread and cheese for dinner; no papers nor muffins in the morning; no sofas nor magazines at night; one small room for parlour and kitchen; and a large family of children always in the middle of the floor. If we think we could, under these circumstances, enact Socrates or Epaminondas entirely to our own satisfaction, we shall be somewhat justified in requiring the same behaviour from our poorer neighbours; but if not, we should surely consider a little whether among the various forms of the oppression of the poor, we may not rank as one of the first and likeliest—the oppression of expecting too much from them.

这些说得都相当正确，但是自信的建议别提得太早，有时最好自己先实践一下，花一年左右的时间做点吃力的体力活，不是用来娱乐的那种，例如，耕田或者掘地，只许喝很有限的啤酒，正餐只吃面包和奶酪；早晨没有报纸看，没有松饼吃；晚上没沙发可躺，没有杂志可读；有个客厅厨房两用的小房间；有一个大家庭，孩子们都还在地上爬。如果你认为在这种条件下，我们也能成为苏格拉底或者伊巴密浓达那样的人，并对自己十分满意，那么，这么去要求我们贫寒的邻居，或许还有些道理；如果连我们自己都做不到，我们不免要思考一下，在对穷人的众多压迫之中，对他们的过分要求，可不可以说是排在第一位的、最有可能的一种压迫？

But let this pass; and let it be admitted that we can never be guilty of oppression towards the sober, industrious, intelligent, exemplary labourer. There will always be in the world some who are not altogether, intelligent and exemplary; we shall, I believe, to the end of time find the majority somewhat unintelligent, a little inclined to be idle, and occasionally, on Saturday night, drunk; we must even be prepared to hear of reprobates who like skittles on Sunday morning better than prayers; and of unnatural parents who send their children out to beg instead of to go to school.

暂且不谈这个。假设我们永远不对那些认真、勤劳又聪明的模范劳动者施加压迫，世上总有一些人不完全聪明、行为不那么模范吧。我相信最终我们会发现，多数人都不那么聪明，有点惰性，时不时会在周六晚上大醉一场；我们还得作好心理准备，得知有那么些被神遗弃的人周日早上宁愿玩撞柱游戏也不去祈祷；还有一些不正常的父母，不让孩子上学，而是让他们上街行乞。

Now these are the kind of people whom you can oppress, and whom you do oppress, and that to purpose,—and with all the more cruelty and the greater sting, because it is just their own fault that puts them into your power. You know the words about wicked people are, "He doth ravish the poor when he getteth him into his net." This getting into the net is constantly the fault or folly of the sufferer—his own heedlessness or his own indolence; but after he is once in the net, the oppression of him, and making the most of his distress, are ours. The nets which we use against the poor are just those worldly embarrassments which either their ignorance or their improvidence are almost certain at some time or other to bring them into: then, just at the time when we ought to hasten to help them, and disentangle them, and teach them how to manage better in future, we rush forward to pillage them, and force all we can out of them in their adversity. For, to take one instance only, remember this is literally and simply what we do, whenever we buy, or try to buy, cheap goods—goods offered at a price which we know cannot be remunerative for the labour involved in them. Whenever we buy such goods, remember we are stealing somebody's labour. Don't let us mince the matter. I say, in plain Saxon, STEALING—taking from him the proper reward of his work, and putting it into our own pocket. You know well enough that the thing could not have been offered you at that price, unless distress of some kind had forced the producer to part with it. You take advantage of this distress, and you force as much out of him as you can under the circumstances. The old barons of the middle ages used, in general, the thumbscrew to extort property; we moderns use, in preference, hunger or domestic affliction: but the fact of extortion remains precisely the same. Whether we force the man's property from

him by pinching his stomach, or pinching his fingers, makes some difference anatomically;—morally, none whatsoever: we use a form of torture of some sort in order to make him give up his property; we use, indeed, the man's own anxieties, instead of the rack; and his immediate peril of starvation, instead of the pistol at the head; but otherwise we differ from Front de B? uf, or Dick Turpin, merely in being less dexterous, more cowardly, and more cruel. More cruel, I say, because the fierce baron and the redoubted highwayman are reported to have robbed, at least by preference, only the rich; we steal habitually from the poor. We buy our liveries, and gild our prayer-books, with pilfered pence out of children's and sick men's wages, and thus ingeniously dispose a given quantity of Theft, so that it may produce the largest possible measure of delicately-distributed suffering.

这就是你们可以压迫的穷人，是你们正在压迫的，并且是存心的——还相当残酷，给他们造成剧痛。因为正是他们自身的问题，让他们落到你们手里。你们还记得那句写恶人的话怎么说的，“他拉网，就把困苦人掳去，并掠夺他们的财产。”落到网里去，从来都是受难者自己的问题或者是他们的愚蠢造成的——他们要么不小心、要么好逸恶劳。可是，一旦落入网里，压迫他们、让他们掉入苦难深渊的就是我们了。那张我们用来套牢穷人的网，就是那些世俗的烦扰，目光短浅者或者无知者在某个时候是几乎注定要陷进去的。可是就在这时，本该赶紧拉他们一把，帮他们脱离罗网，并教他们未来如何更好经营生计的我们，却冲上去一阵洗劫，竭力压榨逆境中的他们。这正是我们每天真真切切在做的事情啊。为什么这么说呢？单举一个例子你们就明白了。记住，每次我们去买便宜货，或者想着法儿弄到便宜货的时候，这就是我们的所做所为——我们很清楚那个产品所包含的劳动绝对不止那个价。不论何时，记住，只要我们买了这样的产品，我们就是在窃取别人的劳动。我们就直说吧。用最平白的撒克逊语，是的，这是“盗窃”！从别人那儿夺走他们劳动应得的报酬，放进我们自己的口袋里。你们很清楚，那东西本来是不能以如此低价卖给你的，是其生产者的某种困难处境迫使他卖了出去。你们利用了他的不幸，在这种情况下，你们是尽可能地在压榨他。总的说来，中世纪的大财主用拇指夹敲诈勒索钱财，我们现代人优先使用的是饥饿或者国内混乱的局势，方式不一样，压榨的事实一点不差。通过压缩他的胃或者夹痛他的手指来勒索他的财产，从解剖学上来说是有些不同——但从道义上讲并无不同。为了让他放弃财产，我们对他们进行某种折磨；我们实在是利用了这个人的精神焦虑，而不是用拷问台；利用饥饿威胁他，而不是拿着手枪指着他的脑袋。不过，话说回来，我们的确不同于《劫后英雄传》里的恶棍或者大盗迪克. 特平，我们方法更笨，更胆小，但却更残忍！说更残忍，是因为凶残的贵族和可怕的拦路强盗，据说，至少是优先打劫富人的啊。我们却打劫穷人，还习以为常。我们偷走小孩和病人的薪金，为自己买侍从，给祈祷书镶金边；就这样巧妙地完成盗窃，最大程度地以微妙的手段扩散着苦难。

But this is only one form of common oppression of the poor—only one way of taking our hands off the plough handle, and binding another's upon it. This first way of doing it is the economical way—the way preferred by prudent and virtuous people. The bolder way is the acquisitive way:—the way of speculation. You know we are considering at present the various modes in which a nation corrupts itself, by not acknowledging the eternal connection between its plough and its pleasure;—by striving to get pleasure, without working for it. Well, I say the first and commonest way of doing so is to try to get the product of other people's work, and enjoy it ourselves, by cheapening their labour in times of distress; then the second way is that grand one of watching the chances of the market;—the way of speculation. Of course there are some speculations that are fair and honest—speculations made with our own money, and which do not involve in their success the loss, by others, of what we gain. But generally modern speculation involves much risk to others, with chance of profit only to ourselves: even in its best conditions it is merely one of the forms of gambling or treasure-hunting: it is either leaving the steady plough and the steady pilgrimage of life, to look for silver mines beside the way; or else it is the full stop beside the dice-tables in Vanity Fair—investing all the thoughts and passions of the soul in the fall of the cards, and choosing rather the wild accidents of idle fortune than the calm and accumulative rewards of toil. And this is destructive enough, at least to our peace and virtue. But is usually destructive of far more than our peace, or our virtue. Have you ever deliberately set yourselves to imagine and measure the suffering, the guilt, and the mortality caused necessarily by the failure of any large-dealing merchant, or largely-branched bank? Take it at the lowest possible supposition—count, at the fewest you choose, the families whose means of support have been involved in the catastrophe. Then, on the morning after the intelligence of ruin, let us go forth amongst them in earnest thought; let us use that imagination which we waste so often on fictitious sorrow, to measure the stern facts of that multitudinous distress; strike open the private doors of their chambers, and enter silently into the midst of the domestic misery; look upon the old men, who had reserved for their failing strength some remainder of rest in the evening-tide of life, cast helplessly back into its trouble and tumult; look upon the active strength of middle age suddenly blasted into incapacity—its hopes crushed, and its hardly earned rewards snatched away in the same instant—at once the heart withered, and the right arm snapped; look upon the piteous children, delicately nurtured, whose soft eyes, now large with wonder at their parents' grief, must soon be set in the dimness of famine; and, far more than all this, look forward to the length of sorrow beyond—to the hardest

labour of life, now to be undergone either in all the severity of unexpected and inexperienced trial, or else, more bitter still, to be begun again, and endured for the second time, amidst the ruins of cherished hopes and the feebleness of advancing years, embittered by the continual sting and taunt of the inner feeling that it has all been brought about, not by the fair course of appointed circumstance, but by miserable chance and wanton treachery; and, last of all, look beyond this—to the shattered destinies of those who have faltered under the trial, and sunk past recovery to despair. And then consider whether the hand which has poured this poison into all the springs of life be one whit less guiltily red with human blood than that which literally pours the hemlock into the cup, or guides the dagger to the heart? We read with horror of the crimes of a Borgia or a Tophana; but there never lived Borgias such as live now in the midst of us. The cruel lady of Ferrara slew only in the strength of passion—she slew only a few, those who thwarted her purposes or who vexed her soul; she slew sharply and suddenly, embittering the fate of her victims with no foretastes of destruction, no prolongations of pain; and, finally and chiefly, she slew, not without remorse, nor without pity. But we, in no storm of passion—in no blindness of wrath,—we, in calm and clear and untempted selfishness, pour our poison—not for a few only, but for multitudes;—not for those who have wronged us, or resisted,—but for those who have trusted us and aided;—we, not with sudden gift of merciful and unconscious death, but with slow waste of hunger and weary rack of disappointment and despair;—we, last and chiefly, do our murdering, not with any pauses of pity or scorching of conscience, but in facile and forgetful calm of mind—and so, forsooth, read day by day, complacently, as if they meant any one else than ourselves, the words that forever describe the wicked: "The poison of asps is under their lips, and their feet are swift to shed blood."

但这仅是压迫穷人的形式之一种罢了——不过是我们自己不扶犁把，让别人代劳的一种方式而已。这第一种方式其实可以节约资源，是明智有德者的首选方式；有一种方式，更为大胆，更为贪婪，是一种投机倒把。你们都知道我现在说的是什么，我指的是一个国家堕落的各种方式，人们不承认劳动和快乐的不变联系，渴望快乐，却不愿劳动。而我认为这些堕落实现途径当中首要的也是最常见的，就是在困难时期打压他们劳动的价格，企图把他人的劳动成果据为己有、自己享用；其次，就是在市场上窥伺时机，投机倒把的绝佳做法了。当然，不排除有些投机行为不失公正、诚实——用自己的钱财进行投机，不把自己的成功和收益建立在别人亏损的基础之上。但总的说来，现代的投机行为都是只顾自己盈利，却给别人带来很大风险；最好的情况，也只是一种赌博或者寻宝：要么放弃稳定的耕犁劳作和人生旅途，去寻找路边的银矿；要么停留在浮华世界的赌桌旁——把心灵中所有的思想和激情投入落下的扑克牌中，宁愿选择得到无益钱财的那一线希望，也不要一分辛

劳一分收获的安详生活。这样的生活危害太大，至少破坏了我们的安宁与美德。但往往其危害的不仅仅是我们的安宁和我们的美德。你们可曾用心想过、计量过，那些做大买卖的商人或者机构规模庞大的银行，一旦破产所带来的苦难、罪恶、死亡有多大吗？拿可能性最小的一种情况来说，至少应该想想那些因为商人或银行的破产连糊口都成问题的家庭吧。设想就在破产的那个早晨，让我们带着严肃的思考走到这些人中间；让我们运用想象力，不再把精力浪费在平时那些假想的悲伤上，而是去掂量一下这些不幸的人们所面临的残酷现实；敲开他们的房门，悄悄走进这些家庭的不幸，看着那些风烛残年的老人由于体力的衰退，为自己安度晚年攒了一些积蓄，却又被无助地抛回烦恼和混乱中去；看着正当壮年的中年人突然变得无能——希望破灭，好不容易赢得的积蓄在同一瞬间化为乌有——心灵立刻憔悴，右臂折断；再看看那些可怜的孩子好容易才养大，如今瞪大温和的双眼好奇地注视着父母的悲痛，马上就要为饥饿的阴影所笼罩；比所有这些更严重的是看到未来的种种悲哀——最最劳苦的生活，遭受无法预测、不曾经历的严酷考验，或者，更惨的是把一切重新来过，站在破灭的曾经珍爱的希望当中，在人生长路上无力地前行，忍受内心无尽的剧痛和嘲弄，而带来这些的，不是特定环境的公平进程，而是不幸的巧合和恶意背叛；最后，让我们看一看那些在考验下退缩者破碎的命运，他们无法恢复而隐入绝望之中。那么，这样一种伤害，把毒药倒进人们生命的喷泉之中，比起把真正的毒药倒进杯里，或者用匕首刺向胸口，难道不是一样的血腥，一丁点都不差吗？读着博尔吉亚家族或者托法娜所犯下的罪行，我们无不充满惊恐。可是，要知道我们之中的人今天的所作所为却比博尔吉亚都更可怖。残忍的费拉拉夫人只是一时冲动杀了人——她所杀的还只是拂逆她的心愿或者惹她不快的少数几个人；她动作利索，受害者既没有死前的恐惧，死时也没有难耐的痛苦；最后也是最主要的，行凶后她并非毫无悔过之心，心里不无怜悯之情。而我们，在毫无激情左右的情况之下——在完全没有怒火蒙蔽双眼的情况下——我们，在冷静、清晰、不受诱惑的自私心下，倒出了毒药——害的不是一两个人，而是一大群人；不是冤家对头——而是那些信任我们、帮助我们的人；不是慈悲、迅速地处决，让他们无意识地死去，而是让他们在饥饿、劳累和失意绝望的折磨中慢慢死去。最后也是最主要的，我们下毒手，没有一点怜悯的犹豫或是良心的不安，而是冷静、利落地完成动作。真的，就是这样，我们日复一日，得意地读着这些记载恶人的诗句，好似里边说的和我们一点关系没有："嘴里有虺蛇的毒气，杀人流血他们的脚飞跑。"

You may indeed, perhaps, think there is some excuse for many in this matter, just because the sin is so unconscious; that the guilt is not so great when it is unapprehended, and that it is much more pardonable to slay heedlessly than purposefully. I believe no feeling can be more mistaken, and that in reality, and in the sight of heaven; the callous indifference which pursues its own interests at any cost of life, though it does not definitely adopt the purpose of sin, is a state of mind at once more heinous and more hopeless than the wildest aberrations of ungoverned passion. There may be, in the last case,

some elements of good and of redemption still mingled in the character; but, in the other, few or none. There may be hope for the man who has slain his enemy in anger;—hope even for the man who has betrayed his friend in fear; but what hope for him who trades in unregarded blood, and builds his fortune on unrepented treason?

你们也许认为，对于很多人来说，这事不能怪他们，因为他们并不自知；认为没有意识的罪恶并不那么可恶；无心的杀人比有意谋杀情有可原得多。我想再没有比这更荒谬的感觉了，在现实中也好，从天堂的角度来看也好，为了自己的利益，不惜牺牲任何生命的代价，全然冷漠无情的心肠，即使完全没有作恶之心，比起最狂野放纵的激情所犯下的差错，也更为十恶不赦，毫无希望可言。后一种人的品格中，或许有着那么一点点善良的成分，还有一丝丝获得救赎的可能，但是，另一种人却一点都没有的。一气之下杀死自己敌人的人也许还有希望；就算因为恐惧背叛自己朋友的人也许都还有希望，但是利用别人的鲜血进行冷漠交易、并毫无愧疚地把自己的财富建立在对别人背叛之上的人们，有什么救赎的希望可言呢？

But, however this may be, and wherever you may think yourselves bound in justice to impute the greater sin, be assured that the question is one of responsibilities only, not of facts. The definite result of all our modern haste to be rich is assuredly, and constantly, the murder of a certain number of persons by our hands every year. I have not time to go into the details of another—on the whole, the broadest and terriblest way in which we cause the destruction of the poor—namely, the way of luxury and waste, destroying, in improvidence, what might have been the support of thousands; (The analysis of this error will be found completely carried out in my lectures on the political economy of art. And it is an error worth analysing; for until it is finally trodden under foot, no healthy political, economical, or moral action is possible in any state. I do not say this impetuously or suddenly, for I have investigated this subject as deeply; and as long, as my own special subject of art; and the principles of political economy which I have stated in those lectures are as sure as the principles of Euclid. Foolish readers doubted their certainty, because I told them I had "never read any books on Political Economy". Did they suppose I had got my knowledge of art by reading books?) but if you follow out the subject for yourselves at home—and what I have endeavoured to lay before you to-night will only be useful to you if you do—you will find that wherever and whenever men are endeavouring to make money hastily, and to avoid the labour which Providence has appointed to be the only source of honourable profit; —and also wherever and whenever they permit themselves to spend it luxuriously, without reflecting how far they are misguiding the labour of others; —there and then, in either case, they are literally and

infallibly causing, for their own benefit or their own pleasure, a certain annual number of human deaths; that, therefore, the choice given to every man born into this world is, simply, whether he will be a labourer, or an assassin; and that whosoever has not his hand on the Stilt of the plough, has it on the Hilt of the dagger.

其实不管怎样，不管你们认为公正说来谁才是真正的罪魁祸首，请记住，问题只在于责任是谁，而不是事实怎样。我们现代人汲汲于致富发财的结果必然是，将来也一直会是，每年都将有人被我们亲手害死。现在没有时间细说别的例子，大体上，我们给穷人生活带来毁灭的最普遍、最可怖的方式，也就是奢侈浪费的生活方式，这一挥霍浪费之风毁灭的可能是千百人的生活基础。（关于这一错误的分析，我已经在我关于艺术政治经济学的讲座中完整谈过。这是值得分析的，不论在哪个国家，只有最终把这个错误踏平，才有可能产生健康的政治、经济或者道德行为。我这么说，并非鲁莽，也不是一时兴起，我是作过这方面研究的，从我研究自己的艺术专题以来就开始注意这个问题，我所花的功夫也和艺术专题一样深入；我在那些讲座中讲过的政治经济学原理和欧几里得原理一样确定无疑。无知的读者才会质疑这些原理，因为我说过自己“从未读过任何政治经济学方面的书籍”。难道他们以为我的艺术知识是从书本中得来的吗？——作者注）如果你们回家后继续研究的话——只有这样我今晚讲的东西对你们来说才会有用——你们会发现，不论什么时代、什么国度，只要是汲汲于利禄，对于上天给自己安排的、获取财富的唯一正当生路所要求的劳动不予理睬的；不论什么时代、什么国度，只要是放纵自己，挥霍无度，毫不反思自己给他人的劳动带来的误导——在这两种情况下，他们都是只图一己之利或者自己享乐，那么，每年都将有大量人因此而直接死去。从这个意义来说，生在世上的每一个人所面临的选择很简单，要么是劳工，要么成为屠夫；要么手里握着犁柄，要么握着刀柄。

It would also be quite vain for me to endeavour to follow out this evening the lines of thought which would be suggested by the other two great political uses of iron in the Fetter and the Sword: a few words only I must permit myself respecting both.

要把我所想的在今晚说完，几乎是妄想。接下来我只能对铁的另外两种政治用途——镣铐和刀剑，分别稍微说几句。

2. THE FETTER.—As the plough is the typical instrument of industry, so the fetter is the typical instrument of the restraint or subjection necessary in a nation—either literally, for its evil-doers, or figuratively, in accepted laws, for its wise and good men. You have to choose between this figurative and literal use; for depend upon it, the more laws you accept, the fewer penalties you will have to endure, and the fewer punishments to enforce. For wise laws and just restraints are to a noble nation not chains, but chain mail—strength and defence, though something also of an incumbrance. And this necessity of restraint, remember, is just as honourable to man as the

necessity of labour. You hear every day greater numbers of foolish people speaking about liberty, as if it were such an honourable thing: so far from being that, it is, on the whole, and in the broadest sense, dishonourable, and an attribute of the lower creatures. No human being, however great or powerful, was ever so free as a fish. There is always something that he must, or must not do; while the fish may do whatever he likes. All the kingdoms of the world put together are not half so large as the sea, and all the railroads and wheels that ever were, or will be, invented are not so easy as fins. You will find, on fairly thinking of it, that it is his Restraint which is honourable to man, not his Liberty; and, what is more, it is restraint which is honourable even in the lower animals. A butterfly is much more free than a bee; but you honour the bee more, just because it is subject to certain laws which fit it for orderly function in bee society. And throughout the world, of the two abstract things, liberty and restraint, restraint is always the more honourable. It is true, indeed, that in these and all other matters you never can reason finally from the abstraction, for both liberty and restraint are good when they are nobly chosen, and both are bad when they are basely chosen; but of the two, I repeat, it is restraint which characterizes the higher creature, and betters the lower creature: and, from the ministering of the archangel to the labour of the insect,—from the poising of the planets to the gravitation of a grain of dust,—the power and glory of all creatures, and all matter, consist in their obedience, not in their freedom. The Sun has no liberty—a dead leaf has much. The dust of which you are formed has no liberty. Its liberty will come—with its corruption.

2．镣铐镣铐是国家控制或者征服不可缺少的具有代表性的工具，正如耕犁是勤劳的代表性工具一样——从字面上来看，镣铐服务于恶人，但在象征意义上，镣铐在公认的法律中是服务于有智慧的好人的。人们必须在象征和字面意义的使用上作出选择。在这个基础上建立起来的法律越多，你们将来要承受和施加的惩罚就越少。明智的法律和公正的约束，对于一个高贵的国家来说不是锁链，而是锁子甲——是力量和防御，虽然有时候不免是个累赘。这一约束是必要的，对于人类来说，就和劳动是必要的一样光明正大。每天你们都听到越来越多的愚人谈论着自由，好似自由有多光彩似的：总的来看，远不是这样的，从最广泛的意义上说，自由是不光彩的，是低等动物的属性。人类力量再大，也不如一条鱼那么自由。总有一些事情是人必须做或不能做的，而鱼儿却可以随心所欲。世界上所有王国加在一起都没有大海的一半大，现在、过去和将来发明生产的所有的铁路和汽车，都不如鱼鳞来得轻松。通过认真思考你们会发现，对人来说约束才是光荣的，而不是自由；即使在低等动物那里，也是约束更光荣。蝴蝶比蜜蜂自由，但你们却更赞赏蜜蜂，因为在蜜蜂群落中，他们能够遵循一定的法则进行有序的活动。放眼世界，自由和约束这两样抽象的东西，总是约束更为可敬。确实，在

所有这些问题里，很难从抽象事物中得出最终推论，因为自由和限制只要得到高贵的选择，二者都是好的；相反，要是出于卑鄙的目的得到使用，二者又都是不好的。但是，我再说一遍，这二者当中，约束才是高等生命的特征，约束才可以改善低等生命；从大天使的管理，到昆虫的劳作，从行星的平衡运动到一粒微尘的重力，所有生命、所有事物的力量和荣耀，全部来自于他们的服从，而不是自由。太阳并没有自由，一片落叶却有很多自由。组成你们身躯的尘土没有自由。伴随自由而来的，是堕落。

And, therefore, I say boldly, though it seems a strange thing to say in England, that as the first power of a nation consists in knowing how to guide the Plough, its second power consists in knowing how to wear the Fetter.

因此，虽然在英格兰说来有些奇怪，但是我敢大胆地说，既然一个国家的第一大力量在于知道如何使用耕犁，那么其第二大力量正在于知道如何使用镣铐。

3. THE SWORD.—And its third power, which perfects it as a nation, consist in knowing how to wield the sword, so that the three talismans of national existence are expressed in these three short words—Labour, Law, and Courage.

3．刀剑 一个国家的第三大力量，也是最终促使国家完美的，是知道如何使用刀剑。这三样保证国家存在的护身符可以用这三个短语来描述：劳动、律法和勇气。

This last virtue we at least possess; and all that is to be alleged against us is that we do not honour it enough. I do not mean honour by acknowledgment of service, though sometimes we are slow in doing even that. But we do not honour it enough in consistent regard to the lives and souls of our soldiers. How wantonly we have wasted their lives you have seen lately in the reports of their mortality by disease, which a little care and science might have prevented; but we regard their souls less than their lives, by keeping them in ignorance and idleness, and regarding them merely as instruments of battle. The argument brought forward for the maintenance of a standing army usually refers only to expediency in the case of unexpected war, whereas, one of the chief reasons for the maintenance of an army is the advantage of the military system as a method of education. The most fiery and headstrong, who are often also the most gifted and generous of your youths, have always a tendency both in the lower and upper classes to offer themselves for your soldiers: others, weak and unserviceable in a civil capacity, are tempted or entrapped into the army in a fortunate hour for them: out of this fiery or uncouth material, it is only a soldier's discipline which can bring the full value and power. Even at present, by mere force of order and authority, the

army is the salvation of myriads; and men who, under other circumstances, would have sunk into lethargy or dissipation, are redeemed into noble life by a service which at once summons and directs their energies. How much more than this military education is capable of doing, you will find only when you make it education indeed. We have no excuse for leaving our private soldiers at their present level of ignorance and want of refinement, for we shall invariably find that, both among officers and men, the gentlest and best informed are the bravest; still less have we excuse for diminishing our army, either in the present state of political events, or, as I believe, in any other conjunction of them that for many a year will be possible in this world.

我们至少拥有最后一样美德。唯一可以指责的，只是我们还不够崇尚这一美德。我不是说我们没有肯定勇气给我们带来的好处，虽然这一点我们有时做得也不够。我说的是我们对于战士的生命和灵魂没能够给予持续的关怀。看看最近的一些报道，战士们由于疾病而死去，而这些本来只需要稍微的照顾和一点科学知识就可以避免。我们是多么轻易地浪费这些战士的生命啊。而我们对他们的精神关注更是少得可怜，我们只让他们处于无知、无所事事的状态，只把他们当作战争的工具。通常，我们认为常备军只是作为防范突然爆发的战争的权宜之计，但是，之所以要有军队，一个主要的原因是军事系统是一种优越的教育方式。最凶猛莽撞的人，通常也是你们年轻人中最有天赋和最高尚的那部分人，不论是在下层或是上层社会，总有参军的倾向。而其他人，身体羸弱，无法服务公民社会，通常只在某个时刻，受到引诱或被骗入伍，这对他们来说是幸运的：从火爆和粗野的性格中，只有战士的纪律才能充分发挥其人的价值和能力。即便是今天，队伍里的命令和权威仍是拯救千百万人的良药；有些人，在其他环境中，会堕入无精打采或者放荡的生活，而通过服役却可以集中并管理自身能量，得到救赎，开始高贵地生活。军队里的教育能做的还远不止这些，这些只有当你们把军队当成真正的教育手段才能明白。我们没有理由让我们的士兵这样一直无知、缺乏教养下去，我们一定会发现，在军官和普通人那里，最有教养和最有知识的总是最勇敢的人；我们更没有理由减少军队，不论是在今天的时政形势下，还是若干年后这个世界上出现什么情况，都不可以。

You may, perhaps, be surprised at my saying this; perhaps surprised at my implying that war itself can be right, or necessary, or noble at all. Nor do I speak of all war as necessary, nor of all war as noble. Both peace and war are noble or ignoble according to their kind and occasion. No man has a profounder sense of the horror and guilt of ignoble war than I have: I have personally seen its effects, upon nations, of unmitigated evil, on soul and body, with perhaps as much pity, and as much bitterness of indignation, as any of those whom you will hear continually declaiming in the cause of peace. But peace may be sought in two ways. One way is as Gideon sought it,

when he built his altar in Ophrah, naming it,"God send peace", yet sought this peace that he loved, as he was ordered to seek it, and the peace was sent, in God's way:—"the country was in quietness forty years in the days of Gideon". And the other way of seeking peace is as Menahem sought it when he gave the King of Assyria a thousand talents[3] of silver, that "his hand might be with him". That is, you may either win your peace, or buy it:—win it, by resistance to evil;—buy it, by compromise with evil. You may buy your peace, with silenced consciences;—you may buy it, with broken vows,—buy it, with lying words,—buy it, with base connivances,—buy it, with the blood of the slain, and the cry of the captive, and the silence of lost souls—over hemispheres of the earth, while you sit smiling at your serene hearths, lisping comfortable prayers evening and morning, and counting your pretty Protestant beads (which are flat, and of gold, instead of round, and of ebony, as the Monks' ones were), and so mutter continually to yourselves, "Peace, peace", when there is No peace; but only captivity and death, for you, as well as for those you leave unsaved;—and yours darker than theirs.

我这么说你们很吃惊吧，也许对我暗示战争是合法的，或者说是必需的，或者竟然是高贵的，感到吃惊。但我并不是说所有的战争都是必需的，也不是说所有的战争都是高贵的。和平和战争是高贵的还是不光彩的，不同情况不同战争是不一样的。没有人比我对非正义战争怀有更深的恐惧和罪恶感。这种战争给交战国的人民带来的不可挽回的身体和灵魂的伤害，我本人是亲眼见过的，和那些不断为和平事业奔走呼告的人们怀着一样的同情，一样的愤怒辛酸。但和平也许可以由两种方式获得。一是像犹太勇士基甸所做的那样，他在俄弗拉设立祭坛，说“愿上帝赐我们和平”，但对于自己所向往的和平，他却是凭借自己的力量去寻找，按着他听到的吩咐行事，最后和平以上帝之道到来了——“基甸还在的日子，国中太平40 年”。另外一种寻求和平的方式是像梅纳汉那样，他给了亚述国王1,000 塔兰特的银子，希望“他的手可以牵着他的手”。就是说，和平可以赢取，也可以买下。赢得和平，需要同邪恶对抗；买下和平，就需要同邪恶妥协。你可以不要良心，买下和平；你也可以通过撕毁誓约，买下和平；可以用谎言买下和平；可以卑鄙地纵容敌人，买下和平；面对世界各地屠杀的鲜血和俘虏的叫喊，可以以灵魂迷失者的沉默来买下和平。当你微笑着坐在你宁静的家中，从早到晚口齿不清、舒舒服服地念着祷词，数着手上的新教念珠（不是修道士那样圆的乌木珠子，而是扁平的金子做的念珠），在身边根本没有和平的时候，不断对自己念着，“和平，和平”，但实际上却没有和平；等待你的只能是被俘和死亡的命运，就像那些被你抛弃、你不愿拯救的人一样——不，等待你的命运要比他们更加黑暗。

I cannot utter to you what I would in this matter; we all see too dimly, as yet, what our great world-duties are, to allow any of us to try to outline their enlarging shadows. But think over what I have

said, and as you return to your quiet homes to-night, reflect that their peace was not won for you by your own hands; but by theirs who long ago jeopardised their lives for you, their children; and remember that neither this inherited peace, nor any other, can be kept, but through the same jeopardy. No peace was ever won from Fate by subterfuge or agreement; no peace is ever in store for any of us, but that which we shall win by victory over shame or sin;—victory over the sin that oppresses, as well as over that which corrupts. For many a year to come, the sword of every righteous nation must be whetted to save or subdue; nor will it be by patience of others' suffering, but by the offering of your own, that you ever will draw nearer to the time when the great change shall pass upon the iron of the earth;—when men shall beat theirs words into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; neither shall they learn war any more.

关于这一点，我本应该说出更多的话，但是我做不到。至今我们都看不清，看不清这个大千世界给我们的义务是什么，我们谁也无法指明这些越来越大的笼罩着我们的阴影。但是，请再回想我所说过的话，等你们今晚回到安静的家里，再想想看。他们的和平并非由你们自己的双手赢得，而是许久以前有人为了你们，也就是他们的孩子，冒着生命危险换来的；记住，只有冒着同样的生命危险，才有可能保护你们所继承的和平，其他和平也是如此。通过逃避甚至签订协议，是无法从命运女神那儿赢来和平的；和平从来不是唾手可得的，只有通过战胜耻辱和邪恶才可能获得和平——通过战胜压迫人、败坏人的邪恶，才能获得和平。未来很多年，每一个正义的国家，仍须把厉兵秣马，时刻准备着完成拯救或制服的使命。只有通过自己主动迎接苦难，而不是坐等别人的受难，才可能走近那个泥土中铁的伟大变革时代——那时，人们的刀剑都将铸成耕犁，长矛化作修枝刀；那时的世界将不再有战争。

(1) 阿纳西，法国南部阿尔卑斯山麓最古老的小城。

(2) 伊巴密浓达（公元前420—前362），古希腊底比斯将军，两次击败斯巴达，建立反斯巴达同盟，称霸希腊，后进军伯罗奔尼撒，在曼提尼亚战役中阵亡。

(3) 塔兰特，古代希腊、罗马、中东等地的一种重量及货币单位。

The king of the golden river Or the black brothers

金水河王或“黑兄弟”

I. How the agricultural system Of the black brothers was Interfered with by south west Wind, esquire

一、西南风“君子”如何干涉“黑兄弟”的农业体系

In a secluded and mountainous part of Stiria, there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded, on all sides, by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward, over the face of a crag so high, that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighborhood, the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burned up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to everyone who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley. The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small, dull eyes which were always half shut, so that you couldn't see into them, and always fancied they saw very far into you. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds, because they pecked the fruit, and killed the hedgehogs, lest they should suck the cows; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen, and smothered the cicadas, which used to sing all summer in the lime trees. They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarreled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them. It would have been very odd if with such a farm, and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they did get. They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold

lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity; they never went to mass; grumbled perpetually at paying tithes; and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper, as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings, the nick-name of the "Black Brothers". The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or rather, they did not agree with him. He was usually appointed to the honorable office of turnspit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows by way of education.

从前，在斯蒂瑞偏远的山区，有一个山谷。这里土地非常肥沃、庄稼茂盛。四周山势陡峭、山石嶙峋，山顶高耸入云，常年积雪。几条湍急的小溪从山上倾泻而下，形成连绵不断的大瀑布。其中一条向西流去，从高耸的峭壁上飞流而下。即使在日落之后，四下一片漆黑时，那瀑布依然闪耀在阳光中，宛如金子倾泻而下。周围的人们因此而称其为金水河。奇怪的是，没有一条小溪流入山谷中。所有的小溪都从山的另一侧蜿蜒流去，穿过广阔的草原，流入人口稠密的城市。但常年积雪的山顶上总是飘着浮云，轻轻地停留在圆形的山谷上空。即使在干旱和炎热炙烤着周围的乡村时，这个小山谷里依然雨水富足。那里，茁壮的庄稼、高高堆起的干草垛子、绯红的苹果、紫色的葡萄、丰盛的酒酿、香甜的蜜糖，让每个看了的人都感叹不已。大家都把这里叫做“宝谷”。小山谷的主人是三个兄弟，名字分别叫施瓦兹、汉斯、格卢克。两个哥哥施瓦兹和汉斯长相丑陋、眉毛低垂，眼睛小而无神，总是半闭着，所以你根本不能从眼睛看穿他们，却总是觉得他们深深地看穿了你。他们靠在“宝谷”中耕种而过活，而且他们非常擅长耕种。不劳而食的家伙总是逃不过他们的掌心。他们射死了黑鸟，因为它啄水果吃；杀死了刺猬，以防它们吸奶牛的奶；毒死了蟋蟀，因为它们偷吃厨房的面包屑；还熏死了酸橙树上的蝉，因为它们整个夏天都叫个不停。他们无偿地使用仆人，等到仆人们不愿再为其工作了，他们便挑起争执，然后不付一个铜板就把这些人赶出家门。拥有这样的一片农场，并使用这种耕种方法，他们要是不富裕就很蹊跷了。他们的确变得非常富有。通常，他们都把谷物储存起来，等谷物的价格涨到很高时，便以两倍于谷物本身价值的价格出售。他们积攒了很多金子，但从没听说他们捐出一个便士或一片干面包给慈善事业。他们从不去做弥撒，缴了什一税后，念叨个不停。总之，他们残忍而吝啬，与之有来往的人们给他们起了个绰号“黑兄弟”。正如大家可能想象的或希望的那样，最小的弟弟格卢克与两位哥哥在相貌和性格上都截然相反。他不到12 岁，有白皙的皮肤、蓝色的眼

睛，对所有生命都很友善。当然，他不认同两位哥哥的做法。更确切地说，两位哥哥不认同他。每当烧烤的时候，他通常都被派去翻烤肉。但是这样的烧烤机会并不多，因为他的两位哥哥很“公平”，他们对人对己一样抠门。其他的时候，他总是在刷鞋、拖地板，有时刷盘子。他偶尔得到盘子上剩下的食物作为鼓励，一顿暴打作为教育。

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country round. The hay had hardly been got in, when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by an inundation; the vines were cut to pieces with the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked, and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door, without the slightest regard or notice.

生活就这样过了很久。直到一个潮湿的夏季，乡村周围的一切都变得异常。一场洪水把草垛子整个冲入了大海，干草所剩无几；冰雹砸断了葡萄藤，玉米全死于煤污病。唯有“宝谷”安然无恙，因为别处不下雨时，这里仍然有雨；别处没阳光时，这里依然艳阳高照。每个人都来这里买谷物，离开时都狠狠地诅咒着“黑兄弟”。他们漫天要价，而人们又不得不买。穷人们只能乞讨度日，好几个人都饿死在“黑兄弟”的家门口，却丝毫没有得到他们的理会或注意。

It was drawing towards winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in, and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure, when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

冬天渐渐临近，天气非常寒冷。有一天，两位哥哥出门去了。他们把小格卢克留在家里烤肉，并像往常一样叮嘱他不要让任何人进家门，不要施舍任何东西。由于外面雨下得很大，厨房的墙壁很潮湿，很不舒适，格卢克紧靠着火边坐着。他把火上的肉翻了又翻，肉渐渐呈褐色，香味四溢。“真可惜，”格卢克想，“哥哥们从来不邀请别人来吃晚餐。他们有这么美味的烤羊肉，别人连干面包都没有。我想要是邀请别人来共进晚餐，哥哥们一定会很高兴。”

Just as he spoke there came a double knock at the house door, yet

heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock. "It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door." No, it wasn't the wind: there it came again very hard, and what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was. It was the most extraordinary looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very long nose, slightly brass-colored. His cheeks were very round, and very red, and might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours. His eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice round like a cork-screw on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper and salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallowtail", but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

他正说着，门口传来了两声敲门声。那声音很低沉，仿佛敲门人的双手被捆绑着似的——那更像是喘息声。“一定是风吹的，”格卢克说，“没有人敢敲我家大门两次。”不，不是风。沉重的声音再次传来。令人非常惊讶的是，敲门的人似乎很急，丝毫不怕敲门的后果。格卢克来到窗边，推开窗户，探出头看看是谁在敲门。他看到是一位身材娇小的先生。格卢克从未见过长相如此特别的人。他鼻子很长，浅铜色皮肤，脸颊圆而红，可能会让人联想到他在过去的48 个小时都在烈火边炙烤；他的睫毛很长，如丝一般，眼睛透过睫毛欢快地眨着，胡子卷了两卷，好似两个开塞器分放在嘴角两边；头发呈奇怪的椒盐色，垂到双肩以下。他身高约4.6 英尺，头戴一个几乎与他身高相当的圆锥体帽子，上面装饰着一根3 英尺左右长的黑羽毛。衣服后摆长得有些夸张，像现在所称的“燕尾服”。不过被披风隆起的褶子给遮挡了许多，那披风很大，黑色，看上去很有光泽。不过在没风的时候肯定太长，因为从老房子边吹过的风，把他的披风吹起，比他整个人的 身高还长4 倍。

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor, that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another, and a more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

格卢克完全被来访者奇特的长相吸引了，他站在那儿一动不动，没说一句话。直到再次更用力地敲门后，回过头弄自己飞起来的披风时，老人才看见格卢克黄色的小脑袋卡在窗户中央，大睁着眼睛，大张着嘴。

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door: I'm wet, let me in."

“你好！”那位小个子先生说，“没有这么应门的。我都湿透了，快给我开门！”

To do the little gentleman justice, he was wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill stream.

没错，那位先生确实湿透了。头上的羽毛落到了两腿之间，好似一条挨打的狗的尾巴，像雨伞一样滴着水。雨水从他的胡子两端流进马甲的口袋里，又流出来，像磨坊里的水。

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, "I'm very sorry, but, I really can't."

“非常抱歉，先生，”格卢克说，“对不起，可我真的不能。”

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

“不能干什么？”老先生问。

"I can't let you in, sir—I can't indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

“我不能让你进来，先生——我真的不能。即使我动一下这样的念头，哥哥们也会打死我的，先生。你想要什么，先生？”

"Want?" said the old gentleman petulantly. "I want fire, and shelter; and there's your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in I say; I only want to warm myself."

“要什么？”老先生愤怒地说，“我想要烤火、避雨，你那儿就有熊熊燃烧的火，还没有人在边上取暖。让我进去吧！我只想暖和暖和。”

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window, that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned, and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savory smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look very wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door, and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house, that made the old chimneys totter.

格卢克已经把头伸到窗外很长时间了，他开始感觉到外面实在冷得很。他回头看看屋里噼里啪啦烧得正旺的火，像长舌一样往烟囱里钻，仿佛在舔着飘香四溢的烤羊腿。这时，他的心软了，好像瞬间被融化了。“他看上去湿透了，”小格卢克说，“我就让他进来呆一刻钟。”于是，他开了门。小个子先生进来的时候，一股强风跟了进来，古老的烟囱都微微发抖。

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

“真是个好孩子，”小个子先生说，“不用担心哥哥们会打你，我会跟他们说的。”

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

“求你了，先生，不要这样做，”格卢克说，“你不能呆到他们回来，要不我就死定了。”

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

“噢，”老人说道，“真遗憾。那我能呆多久呢？”

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

“呆到羊肉烤熟，先生。”格卢克回答，“现在颜色已经很深了。”

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

于是，老人走进厨房，在烤肉架旁坐了下来。他的帽子顺着烟囱放，因为帽子顶端比屋顶还高。

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did not dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed, and sputtered, and began to look very black, and uncomfortable; never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

“你一会儿就会烤干的，先生，”格卢克一边说，一边又坐下来翻烤肉。但老人身上并没有被烘干，反而不停地滴水，水滴在煤渣上发出咝咝的声音，把火浇小了。火光暗了，让人感觉很不舒服。从没见过这种披风，每一个褶子都像一个排水沟在排水。

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching the water spreading in long, quick-silver like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "mayn't I take your cloak?"

“对不起，先生，”眼看一刻钟过去了，老先生身上的水在地板上流

出了水银般的长长的细流，格卢克终于忍不住开了口，“把披风脱下来吧？”

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

“不用，谢谢！”老人回答。

"Your cap, sir?"

“帽子呢，先生？”

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman rather gruffly.

“就这样挺好，谢谢！”老人粗声说道。

"But,—sir,—I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly, "but—really, sir,—you're—putting the fire out.”

“但是，先生……对不起，”格卢克犹豫地说，“但是……先生，你把火都浇灭了。”

"It'll take longer to do the mutton then," replied his visitor drily.

“这样的话，烤熟肉的时间就会更长些，”这位客人冷漠地回答。

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string meditatively for another five minutes.

格卢克对这位客人的举止感到非常疑惑。他身上有一种奇怪的感觉，冷漠中带着谦逊。他转过身去，沉思了 5分钟。

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

“这烤肉看上去很不错，”老人最终开口说道，“能给我一点吗？”

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

“不行，先生！”格卢克说。

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman. "I've had nothing to eat yesterday, nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

“我饿极了，”老人继续说，“我从昨天到现在没吃一点东西。我吃一点，他们不会少吃多少的！”

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone, that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he. "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

他把自己说得非常惨，说得格卢克的心都碎了。“今天他们答应要给我一块肉，先生！”格卢克说，“我可以把我的那份给你，但不能再多了。”

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

“真是个好孩子。”老人又夸他。

Then Gluck warmed a plate, and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

于是，格卢克准备了个盘子，磨了一把刀，心想：“我不在乎他们是否会因此打我。”他刚割下一大块烤肉，就听到门外传来了重重的敲门声。老人立即从烤架旁跳起来，像是烤架忽然烫得没法坐似的。格卢克忙把割下来的肉塞了回去，尽量使其完好如初，然后跑去开门。

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face. "Ay! what for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

“你忙什么呢？让我们在雨里一直等。”施瓦兹进门时问。说着，把雨伞扔给格卢克。“你究竟在干什么，小混蛋？”汉斯紧随哥哥进了厨房，嘴里教训道。

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz when he opened the door.

施瓦兹开门一看，喊道：“我的天！”

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

“阿门！”老人站在厨房中间，帽子拿在手里，迅速地鞠了一躬。

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

“他是谁？”施瓦兹一边问，一边拿起擀面杖，眉头紧锁，狠狠地看着格卢克。

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck in great terror.

“哥哥，我不知道，真的。”格卢克害怕极了。

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

“他是怎么进来的？”施瓦兹呵斥道。

"My dear brother," said Gluck deprecatingly, "he was so very wet!"

“亲爱的哥哥，”格卢克恳求着说，“他全身都湿透了。”

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but, at the

instant, the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap, than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the further end of the room.

没等格卢克把话说完，擀面杖便向他头上砸了去。老人赶紧用他的锥形帽子挡了上去。在重重的敲击下，帽子里的水溅得满屋都是。奇怪的是，擀面杖刚碰到帽子，就从施瓦兹的手里飞了出去，像疾风中的稻草般旋转着，远远地落到了厨房另一头的角落里。

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

“先生，你到底是谁？”施瓦兹把矛头转向老人。

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

“你是干什么的？”汉斯咆哮着问道。

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

“我只是个穷老头，先生！”老人谦逊地回答，“我看 、到屋里有火，就请求进来呆一刻钟，避避雨。”

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying house."

“那么，请马上出去，”施瓦兹说，“厨房里的水够多了，弄都弄不干。”

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my grey hairs." They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

“这么冷的天，别把我这样的老人往外赶，先生。看看，我的头发都白了。”前面我向大家提过，他的头发披到了肩上。

"Ay!" said Hans; "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

“是啊！”汉斯说，“这头发足够你保暖了，走！”

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

“我实在很饿，先生。你先施舍点面包给我，再赶我走吧。”

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread, but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?”

“面包？真是的！”施瓦兹嘲笑道，“你觉得我们的面包是专门给你们这些红鼻子家伙预备的吗？”

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly. "Out with you!"

“干吗不拿你的羽毛去换钱呢？”汉斯嘲笑着说，“滚出去！”

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

“就一点点！”老人恳求着。

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

“滚！”施瓦兹嚷道。

"Pray, gentlemen."

“求你了，先生。”

"Off, and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar, than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

“滚，去死吧！”汉斯大声叫着，揪住老人的衣领。但他刚一碰到老人的衣领，便跟擀面杖一样，转了好几圈，然后摔到了擀面杖上。施瓦兹见了非常生气，跑过去要把老人赶出去。但是，他刚碰到老人，也像汉斯和擀面杖一样，摔到了那个角落里，头重重地碰在墙上。两人连同擀面杖都躺在了地上。

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction; continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him; clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his cork-screw mustaches, and replied with perfect coolness, "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

接着，老人神速地往另一个方向转了几圈，长长的披风便整齐地裹在了身上。他把帽子斜着戴在头上（因为帽子太高，不戳穿屋顶戴不正），卷了卷螺丝状的胡子，非常冷静地回答道：“先生们，祝你们上午愉快！今晚 12 点我还会来敲门。在刚刚领教了你们不客气的款待之后，今晚可能是我最后一次拜访，对此不要感到奇怪。”

"If ever I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming half frightened, out of the corner—but, before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great

bang: and there drove past the window, at the same instant, a wreath of ragged cloud, that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes; turning over and over in the air; and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

“如果我再看到你在这儿出现，”施瓦兹嘟囔着，怯懦地从角落里走出来。但是他话还没说完，老人已经狠狠地甩上门，离开了。同时，窗外飘过一片花环似的云朵，它旋转翻滚着飘出了山谷，在空中形成了各种形状，最后消失在雨里。

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again—bless me, why the mutton's been cut!"

“你干的好事，格卢克先生！”施瓦兹说，“把烤肉放到盘子里，先生。如果我再发现你玩这种把戏——老天，怎么，这烤肉被割过！”

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

“你答应过要给我一块的，哥哥，你说过的。”格卢克说。

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal-cellar till I call you.”

“噢！所以我猜你就趁热偷吃，想独自享受所有的油汁。从今以后，别想我再答应给你烤肉。出去，到地下煤库耐心等着，等我叫你。”

Gluck left the room, melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

格卢克伤心地走出厨房。两个哥哥饱餐一顿之后，把剩下的肉都锁进了橱柜。饭后，两人喝得酩酊大醉。

Such a night as it was! Howling wind, and rushing rain, without intermission. The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters, and double bar the door, before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

这一夜，狂风暴雨持续了一夜。兄弟俩还有点意识，睡觉前没有忘记关窗户和插双道门闩。平时他们都睡在同一间卧室，12 点钟声敲响的时候，他们同时被巨大的敲门声惊醒。门忽然被撞开，震得整个屋子都在颤抖。

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

“怎么回事？”施瓦兹一边喊，一边从床上起来。

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

“是我。”小个子老人说。

The two brothers sat up on their bolster, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moon-beam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see in the midst of it, an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

两兄弟坐在他们的枕垫上，往黑暗里使劲瞧。屋子里到处是水，借着从百叶窗缝中照进来的一缕朦胧的月光，他们看到黑暗中出现一个巨大的泡沫球，像软木塞一样旋转着上下跳动。球上放着一个华丽的坐垫，老人倚在坐垫上。现在屋顶已经被掀了，给他头上的帽子腾出了站立的空间。

"Sorry to incommode you," said their visitor, ironically. "I'm afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room: I've left the ceiling on, there."

“对不起，给你们添麻烦了，”这位客人嘲讽地说，“恐怕你们的床太湿了，你们最好去你弟弟的房间。我已经把屋顶放到他那边去了。”

They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

被恐惧包围的兄弟俩没有等待下一次警告，撒腿就往格卢克的房间跑，淋湿了全身。

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the last visit."

“我在厨房的餐桌上留了张卡片，”老人在他们身后大声地说，“记住，这是我最后一次拜访。”

"Pray Heaven it may!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

“上帝啊，但愿是！”施瓦兹战栗着说。瞬间泡沫球消失了。

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin, and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left in their stead, a waste of red sand, and grey mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-struck into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing, had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words:—

黎明终于来临。清晨，兄弟俩从格卢克卧室的窗户往外看。“宝谷”一片狼藉，暴雨冲走了所有的树木、庄稼和牛，留下的只是红沙灰土。兄弟俩还没走出恐惧的阴影，战战兢兢地走进厨房。大水淹没了整个一楼，玉米、钱财及其他一切能移动的东西，都被冲走了。餐桌上放着一张白色的小卡片。上面轻盈地写着几个又大又长的字：

SOUTH WEST WIND, ESQUIRE

西南风“君子”。

II. Of the proceedings of the Three brothers after the visit Of south west wind, esquire; And how little gluck had an Interview with the king of the Golden river

二、西南风“君子”造访之后，三兄弟的进展；以及小格卢克如何遇见金水河王

South West Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit above related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and, what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the three brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom, became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

西南风“君子”信守承诺。在上述轰轰烈烈的造访之后，他再也没有去过“宝谷”；更糟的是，他对周边的人也影响颇深，通常是西风，他有效地影响各方向的风，使他们都采取了相似的行动。因而，从头一年年末到第二年年末，山谷里没有下一滴雨。尽管山下平原上，庄稼仍郁郁葱葱，三兄弟的山谷却成了一片沙漠。这里曾经拥有整个王国里最肥沃的土地，如今却变成了移动的红沙丘。再也无力与天抗争的兄弟三人，不得不绝望地离开这片毫无价值的祖传之地，到城市和平原去寻求谋生之道。他们身无分文，只剩下几个奇特的老式金盘子的碎片，这也是他们所得的不义之财的最后部分。

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths?" said Schwartz, to Hans as they entered the large city. "It is a good knave's trade; we can put a great deal of copper into the gold, without anyone's finding it out."

“要不我们当金匠吧？”来到大城市后，施瓦兹对汉斯说，“这是个不错的骗人行当，我们可以偷偷地在金子里掺进大量的铜。”

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold;

the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the ale-house next door. So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking-mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world; though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal, and these wreaths descended into, and mixed with a beard and whiskers, of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes; and Schwartz positively averred that once, after emptying it, full of Rhenish, seventeen times, he had seen them wink! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting pot, and staggered out to the ale-house; leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

兄弟俩达成了共识，都觉得这个想法不错。他们租了个熔炉，开始了金匠生活。但有两件小事影响着他们的生意：第一，人们不接受掺铜的金子；第二，无论他们赚钱与否，两位哥哥都把小格卢克留在店里照管熔炉，而自己却钻进隔壁的啤酒屋去喝酒挥霍。就这样，他们熔尽了自己所有的金子，却没赚到足够的钱再买金子，最后他们盯上了小格卢克的一个叔叔给他的大酒杯，格卢克非常喜欢这个大酒杯，对它爱不释手，但他从不用这杯子喝酒，只用它来喝牛奶和水。这杯子外观非常古怪。杯柄是飘逸的金发形成的两个花环，精美的制作使它看上去更像丝绸做的，而不是金属做的，花环下端与工艺同样精美的胡须自然地衔接，胡须用漂亮的红色金制成，围饰成一张十分狰狞的小脸。酒杯的正面镶着一双眼睛，几乎和杯子正面一样长。每次用它喝东西，这双眼睛都会紧紧地盯着你。施瓦兹曾确定地讲过，有一次他用这酒杯喝了17 大杯满满的白葡萄酒之后，看见这双眼睛眨过！当他们要把这酒杯熔成汤匙时，可怜的格卢克伤心极了，可是两位哥哥只一味地嘲笑他。他们把酒杯扔进熔罐后，踉踉跄跄地去了酒吧；像往常一样，格卢克被留在家里，等着把熔好的金水倒进模具。

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose, and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately to the window, and sat himself

down to catch the fresh evening air, and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains, which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and, when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain tops, all crimson, and purple with the sunset; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell, in a waving column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

哥哥走后，格卢克依依不舍地作别熔罐里的老朋友（酒杯）。飘逸的头发不见了，只剩下红鼻子和炯炯的双眼，那目光从来没有如此凶恶过。“也难怪！”格卢克想，“遭受这般对待。”他闷闷不乐地走到窗前，远离炉子旁的热气，坐下来呼吸傍晚的新鲜空气。从这扇窗户，可以直接看到环绕“宝谷”的连绵高山，尤其是金水河倾泻而下的山峰。就在这黄昏时分，格卢克坐在窗前，看到了山顶上的岩石，它们在落日的余晖下呈现出深红色和紫色；岩石上方，火红的云彩像耀眼的火舌，在岩石周围燃烧、舞动；最耀眼的是那金水河，它像流动的纯金柱，从层层悬崖上流下来，河流上空横跨着两道很宽的紫色的虹，在无数个飞沫形成的花环中若隐若现。

"Ah!" said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a little while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

“啊！”格卢克欣赏了一会儿后大声感叹，“如果这条河里真的全是金子，那该多好啊！”

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear, metallic voice close at his ear.

“不，格卢克，不会的！”一个金属般的声音清楚地在他耳边说道。

"Bless me, what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

“天啊！是谁？”格卢克惊叫着跳起来。周围一个人也没有。他朝屋里看了一圈，又看了看桌子底下，又往身后看了很多遍，确实没人，于是，他又坐到窗前。这次，他没说话，但禁不住又想：“如果河里真的全是金子，那该多方便啊！”

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

“根本不会，孩子！”同一个声音又说，比上次还大声。

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what is that?" He looked again into all the corners, and cupboards, and then began turning round, and round, as fast as he could, in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily, "Lala-lira-la;”—no words, only a soft running effervescent melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Up-stairs and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time, and clearer notes, every moment. "Lala-lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck, that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening, and looked in: yes, he saw right; it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room, with his hands up, and his mouth open, for a minute or two, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear, and pronunciative.

“天啊！”格卢克再次惊叫，“是谁？”他找遍了每个角落和橱柜，然后站在屋子中央，他尽可能快地一遍一遍地转身，总以为有人在他身后，这时，那个声音又在他耳边响起。这一次，它唱起了愉快的歌，“啦啦 - 哩啦 - 啦”——没有歌词，只有轻柔而欢腾的旋律，类似水烧开时水壶发出的声音。格卢克往窗外看了看，不，声音确定是在屋子里。他又在楼上楼下找了一遍，不，确定就在这间屋子里，那声音越来越快，音符越来越清楚，“啦啦 - 哩啦 - 啦”。忽然，格卢克觉察到，那声音在炉子边上听起来更大声。他赶紧跑到炉子开口处，往里面看了看：这次他找对了地方；声音不仅来自炉子，确切的说，是来自熔罐。他打开熔罐，又害怕地退了回来，因为确实是熔罐在唱歌！他站在屋里最远的一角，举起双手，大张着嘴。一两分钟后，歌声停了，那声音变得清晰可辨。

"Hollo!" said the voice.

“你好！”那声音说。

Gluck made no answer.

格卢克没有回答。

"Hollo! Gluck, my boy," said the pot again.

“你好，格卢克！我的孩子！”熔罐又说。

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head, as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance, from beneath the gold, the red nose, and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder, and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

格卢克鼓起全身的勇气，径直走到坩埚前，从熔炉里拿出罐子，往里瞧。里面的金子都熔化了，表面光滑亮洁得像条河，但是当格卢克往里面看时，他在这条河里没有看到自己小脑袋的倒影，相反，透过金层，他看到与自己的目光相对的是久违的大酒杯上面的红色鼻子和敏锐的眼睛，比他之前见过的更红、更敏锐一千倍。

"Come Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I'm all right; pour me out."

“来，格卢克，我的孩子！”罐子里的声音又说，“我没事，把我倒出来。”

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

格卢克几乎被吓呆了，不知所措。

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice rather gruffly.

“我说，把我倒出来。”那声音相当粗暴地说道。

Still Gluck couldn't move.

格卢克还是一动不动。

"Will you pour me out?" said the voice passionately. "I'm too hot."

“能把我倒出来吗？”那声音激动地说，“这里太热了。”

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it, so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream, there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat tails, then a pair of arms stuck akimbo, and, finally, the well known head of his friend the mug; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf, about a foot and a half high.

格卢克努力挣扎着恢复了四肢的知觉，拿起坩埚，将它倾斜着倒出里面的金水。但是，他倒出来的不是液体，首先出来的是两条小小的、金色的腿，然后是燕尾服衣角，插腰的双臂，最后出来的是酒杯上那张熟悉的脸；这些部件边出来边组合在一起，组成了一个身高1.5 英尺左右的小金人，他站在地板上，活力四射。

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs, and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes, without stopping; apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture, that the prismatic colours gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother of pearl; and, over this brilliant doublet, his hair and beard fell full halfway to the ground, in waving curls, so exquisitely delicate, that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into

air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy; they were rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion, and indicative, in expression, of a very pertinacious and intractable disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he turned his small sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. "No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man. This was certainly rather an abrupt, and unconnected mode of commencing conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf's observations out of the pot; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute the dictum.

“好了！”小矮人说着，先伸伸胳膊，后伸伸腿，又上上下下地使劲摇了摇头，整整5 分钟，他都没停过。显然，他是要确定各个部分是否组装正确，而格卢克站在一旁注视着小矮人，惊讶得说不出话来。他身上穿一件金丝制成的开叉马甲，质地非常精细，表面像珍珠母般闪烁着绚丽的光芒；卷曲的头发和胡须从闪亮的马甲上一直披落到地上，那发丝和胡须优美而纤细，格卢克根本看不出末端在哪，仿佛和空气融合成了一片。但是，他的脸部特征一点也不细腻，实际上非常粗糙，肤色略显铜色，表情带着寓意，性格看起来很倔强、很固执。小矮人结束了自我检查后，转过他那敏锐的小眼睛，看着格卢克，故意注视了格卢克一两分钟。“不，不会的，格卢克，我的孩子！”小矮人说。这个话头显然很突然，没有一点背景衔接。可能确实是想说格卢克的想法，因为正是这些想法才把小矮人从熔罐中引了出来。但不管他想说什么，格卢克都不打算反驳。

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly, and submissively indeed.

“不会吗，先生？”格卢克小声又顺从地说。

"No," said the dwarf, conclusively, "no, it wouldn't." And with that the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows, and took two turns, of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs up very high, and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little; and, seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome his amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.

“不，”小矮人坚决地说，“不，不会的。”说着，他使劲拉下帽檐，盖住眉毛，脚高高抬起，整个人在屋里上下转了两大圈（3 英尺长），脚着地时很重。他停下的间隙，给格卢克腾出了一点思考的时间。格卢克觉得自己没有理由在恐惧中看这个小矮人表演，而且他的好奇心已经胜过了惊恐，于是，他斗胆小心翼翼地问了个问题。

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

“请问，先生，”格卢克吞吞吐吐地问，“你是我的大酒杯吗？”

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River." Whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns, some six feet long, in order to allow time for the consternation which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate. After which, he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

听了这话，小矮人猛然转身，径直向他走去，把身体变得和格卢克一样高，说道：“我是金水河王。”说着，他又转过身并转了两圈，这次约 6 英尺长，以便格卢克有足够时间消化刚刚听到的惊人的话。然后，他又走到格卢克面前，站直了，似乎在等待格卢克给出回应。

Gluck determined to say something at all events. "I hope your Majesty is very well," said Gluck.

格卢克决定无论如何都要说点什么。“希望陛下一切都好！”格卢克说。

"Listen!" said the little man, deigning no reply to this polite inquiry. "I am the king of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in, was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source, three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first, can succeed in a second attempt; and if anyone shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him and he will become a black stone." So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away, and deliberately walked into the center of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling—a blaze of intense light—rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

“听着！”小矮人说，不屑对此礼貌的问候作任何回答。“我就是人们所称的金水河的大王。你以前看见的我的形状是拜另一个更强的大王的咒语所赐。你打破了他的咒语，让我重获自由。我知道你和两个坏蛋哥哥之间的种种故事，这使得我愿意为你服务。所以，听我说，谁能爬到金水河源头所在的那座山顶上，在河水源头滴三滴圣水，河水就会为他变成金子，就为他一个人。但是，如果第一次失败的话，就不会再有第二次机会；而且如果滴进去的不是圣水，河水就会淹没他，把他变成黑色的石头。”说着，金水河王转身，故意走进了滚烫的炉火中央。他的身体变成了红色、白色，透明而耀眼——甚至刺眼的火焰，向上升起，颤抖着，消失了。金水河王彻底消失了。

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him; "Oh, dear, dear, dear me! My mug! My mug! My mug!"

“噢！”可怜的格卢克大声喊着，跑了出去。他仰望着烟囱，寻找着小矮人的影子，“噢，天啊，天啊！我的酒杯，我的酒杯，酒杯！”

III. How mr. Hans set off on An expedition to the golden River, and how he prospered Therein

三、汉斯远征去往金水河，结果如何？

The King of the Golden River had hardly made the extraordinary exit related in the last chapter, before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house, very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour; at the expiration of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had got to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, of which of course they did not believe a word. They beat him again, till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story obtained him some degree of credence; the immediate consequence of which was, that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question, which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords, and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbors, who, finding they could not pacify the combatants, sent for the constable.

上一章里说到金水河王神奇退场。他刚离开，汉斯和施瓦兹便吵嚷着进了屋，兄弟俩喝得烂醉如泥。当发现仅有的一块金子完全不见了，他们忽然清醒了许多。两人拉过格卢克足足打了一刻钟。最后，两人分别倒到两把椅子上，问格卢克有什么要为自己辩解的。格卢克把发生的一切讲述了一遍，对此，两位哥哥当然完全不相信。他们又打了格卢克一顿，直到胳膊打酸了，才踉跄地上床睡觉去了。然而第二天早上，格卢克执著地坚持他的说法，使他得到了一定程度的信任。直接结果就是，两兄弟随即就对“由谁先去碰碰运气”这个棘手的问题争论不休，甚至不惜拔剑一决高下。他们的争吵惊动了邻居。但是，邻居们发现无法平息他们的争吵，于是就报了警。

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and, having drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay.

汉斯听说报了警，设法逃跑，藏了起来。施瓦兹却被送到了地方法官那儿。法官以扰乱治安为由对他处以罚款。由于头一天晚上喝酒花光了身上的钱，他被关进了监狱，直到有钱交了罚款才会被放出来。

When Hans heard this, he was much delighted, and determined to

set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water, was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretense of crossing himself, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

汉斯听说后，非常高兴。他决定立即动身，前往金水河。但问题是，如何取得圣水呢？他拜访了司铎，但司铎拒绝给这个堕落的家伙一滴圣水。于是，汉斯在傍晚时分平生第一次去参加晚课。他假装在胸前画十字，趁机偷了一杯圣水，欣喜若狂地回到家中。

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

第二天一大早，太阳还没升起来，他将圣水装入一个坚硬的细瓶，在篮子里装了两瓶酒和一些肉，背在背上，手里拿上登山棍，向山里出发了。

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars, and looking very disconsolate.

出镇必须从监狱旁经过。汉斯从窗户边往里看，只见施瓦兹透过铁栏偷偷地往外看，看上去十分沮丧。

"Good morning, brother," said Hans; "have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

“哥哥，早上好！”汉斯说，“你有金水河王的消息吗？”

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and, advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

施瓦兹愤怒地咬着牙，用尽全身力气摇动铁栏杆。然而，汉斯只是嘲笑他，并劝他安心地呆在里面等他回来。汉斯挎上篮子，将圣水在施瓦兹面前晃了又晃，直到晃出了泡沫，才兴高采烈地上了路。

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made anyone happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains—their lower cliffs in pale grey shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color, along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine. Far above, shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged

and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and, far beyond, and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

这个早上的确令人愉快，即使没有金水河可以寻找。层层浓雾弥漫着山谷，重重高山屹立其中，低一些的悬崖峭壁的灰白色影子隐约可见，与浮动的雾气浑然一体，难分难辨，但它们沿着山坡缓缓往上，逐渐延伸到阳光里。红润的色彩锐利地打在峭壁的角上，长长的射线穿透松树那流苏般的针叶。高处遥远的地方，无数红色的岩石宛如城堡倒塌后的废墟，参差不齐，破碎不堪，呈现出各种怪异的形状。偶尔有一道积雪顺着裂缝而下，在阳光的映射下，仿佛一道分叉的闪电。再往远处更高些的地方，在蔚蓝的天空中，一成不变地沉睡着那终年积雪的最高峰，比清晨的云彩还要淡雅、纯洁。

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

金水河发源于地势稍低的少雪山脉，此刻，几乎都处在阴影中，只有顶端的飞沫清晰可见，像轻烟从瀑布流动的线条间缓缓升起，像轻柔的花环随清晨的微风飘去。

On this object, and on this alone, Hans' eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised, on surmounting them, to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practiced mountaineer; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange, or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was excessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water; not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short, melancholy tones or sudden shrieks resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious expression about all their outlines—a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows, and lurid lights, played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveler; while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with

the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters. These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers, and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

汉斯的目光和思绪完全被此番美景吸引了。他忘记了他必须穿越的距离，不加思考地跨着步子往前走。刚走过第一片绿地，翻过几座小山，他就筋疲力尽了。这时，他更加惊奇地发现，翻过山，一片巨大的冰川挡在了他和金水河源头之间。对此冰川的存在，他一无所知。他凭着登山的经验，鼓足勇气，踏上了冰川。但是，他觉得他这辈子都没穿越过这么奇怪、这么危险的冰川。冰面非常滑，从一道道冰缝中传来汹涌的流水声——那声音并非单调而低沉，而是很大且不断变化；时而连贯，流出狂野的旋律，时而断断续续，流出短促悲伤的调子；亦或忽然发出尖叫声，仿佛是人在悲痛时发出的叫声。冰面裂成了成千上万复杂的形状。但是，在汉斯看来，没有一个像普通的冰破碎的形状。它们的轮廓仿佛组成一副奇特的表情——像一组连续不断的活物的表情，扭曲的、轻蔑的表情。淡蓝的峰顶发出绚丽的光，无数的幻影飘来飘去，弄得汉斯眼花缭乱。听着隐蔽的流水不断涌动、吼叫，他感到耳朵变得迟钝，头脑发晕。他越往前行，这种痛苦的感觉越强烈。冰层破裂，他脚下出现了新的裂缝，冰峰顶部摇摇欲坠，冰块掉落在他走过的路上，发出雷鸣般的声响。尽管以前他在最恶劣的天气情况下穿越最恐怖的冰川时多次遇到这样的危险，但这次是一个全新的感受。在巨大的恐惧感中，他终于跨过最后一个断口，纵身一跃。筋疲力尽的他一头倒在了山上坚硬的草地上，浑身还在发抖。

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous incumbrance on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame, and, with the indomitable spirit of avarice, he resumed his laborious journey.

由于篮子成了他穿越冰川时危险的累赘，他被迫将一篮子食物统统扔掉。现在他没有任何可以用来提神的东西了，只有砸碎冰块放到嘴里。冰水至少缓解了他的干渴。休息了一小时，他全身的力气又恢复了过来。带着不屈的贪欲，他又踏上了艰苦的旅程。

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless, and penetrated with heat. Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted; glance after

glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

现在他面前的这条路正好在满是光秃秃红色岩石的山脊上，没有一根草可以缓解对双脚的折磨。阳光从南面直射过来，路上也没有任何可以借以遮阳的突出部分。现在正午刚过，烈日炙烤着陡峭的山路，热气充满了整个大气，空气里没有一点风。身体极度疲惫的汉斯，很快就感到了强烈的干渴，这令汉斯受尽折磨。他看了看周围，最后目光落到了腰带上挂的一小瓶水上。“三滴就够了，”他想，“我至少可以用它降一降嘴唇上的温度。”

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

他打开瓶子，正要举到嘴边。这时，他的目光落在了旁边岩石上的一个东西上。他觉得那东西在动，是只小狗，显然渴得快要死了，正在作最后的垂死挣扎。它伸出舌头，嘴里很干，四肢无力地摊开来。一群黑色的蚂蚁爬满了它的嘴唇和咽喉。小狗的眼睛盯着汉斯手里的瓶子。汉斯举起水瓶，喝了下去，然后踢了小狗两脚，继续前行。忽然之间，他觉得有一团奇怪的阴影遮住了蓝天。

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears: they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty, but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark grey cloud came over the sun, and long, snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden height of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hill-side, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

道路时时刻刻在变得更加陡峭和崎岖。高山上的空气没有给他送来清新的感觉，反而让汉斯觉得血液在燃烧。山间瀑布发出的轰响在汉斯听来好像是有人在遥远的地方嘲笑他。这时，汉斯感觉越来越口渴。又过了一个小时，汉斯低头看看腰上的瓶子。瓶子里的水空了一半，但里面远远不止三滴。于是，他停下来，打开瓶子。正要喝的时候，他又看到，在前面的路上，什么东西在动。那是个白白嫩嫩的小孩。他奄奄一息地躺在岩石上，胸口因干渴喘息着，闭着双眼，嘴唇干裂了。汉斯仔细打量了孩子后，喝了水，继续前行。深灰色的云遮住了太阳，长长的影子像蛇一样爬上山腰。汉斯挣扎着前行。太阳越来越低，但日落似乎并没有带来一丝凉意。沉闷的空气压得他眉毛和心都缩紧了，但他离目标很近了。他能看见倾泻而下的金水河瀑布就在山腰间，他上方仅500英尺之处。他停下来喘了口气，便步履矫健地朝着目标走去。

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a grey haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale, and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly, "Water! I am dying."

正在这时，他听见有人轻声叫他。他转过身，看见一位头发花白的老人正躺在岩石上。老人的眼睛深陷下去，脸色像死人般苍白，一脸绝望的表情。“水！”他向汉斯伸出手臂，轻声喊着，“水！我快要渴死了！”

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body, and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the East, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

“我没有水！”汉斯回答道，“你大限到了！”他跨过老人俯卧的身体，疾步快行。这时，东方闪过一道蓝色的闪电，形状像一把剑，三次划过整个天空。之后东方便是一片浓厚得无法穿透的黑暗。太阳快要落山了，它像炽热的火球快速落向地平线。

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans's ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset; they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering, he drew the flask from his girdle, and hurled it into the centre of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs; he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over THE BLACK STONE.

金水河巨大的水流声传入汉斯的耳朵。他站在悬崖边，河水从下面

的峡谷流过。水波带着落日绯红的光辉像火舌般炫耀着自己的花冠。溅起的飞沫中偶尔闪过血红的光。水流声越来越大，震动了汉斯的神经，他的头在长鸣的雷声中也愈发地晕。他战栗着解下腰带上的瓶子，使劲将它扔进了水流中央。此时，他忽然感觉到一丝冰冷的寒意穿透他的四肢。他摇晃着、尖叫着倒下了。在他的喊叫声中，河水渐渐消失。金水河发出的巨大的哀悼声穿透了黑夜，冲刷着这个黑色的石人。

IV. How mr. Schwartz set off on An expedition to the golden River, and how he prospered Therein

四、施瓦兹远征去往金水河，结果如何？

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously, alone in the house, for Hans's return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison, all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning, there was no bread in the house, nor any money; so Gluck went, and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard, and so neatly, and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together, to pay his brother's fine, and he went, and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

可怜的小格卢克独自在家，焦急地等待着汉斯归来。当发现汉斯没回来，他害怕极了。他到监狱，把之前所发生的一切都告诉了施瓦兹。施瓦兹听了，极其高兴地表示：汉斯一定是被变成了黑色石头，金子该统统归他自己所有。但是，格卢克却非常难过，哭了一整夜。第二天早上起来，他发现家里没有面包，也没有钱。于是，格卢克去另一个金匠那里找了份差事。他每天加班，努力地工作，干活干净利索。很快，他就攒够了钱，给他哥哥交了罚款，还把剩下的钱都给了施瓦兹，施瓦兹出狱后，高兴得不得了。他说他应该到金水河取点金子。但是，格卢克只乞求施瓦兹去看看汉斯发生了什么事。

Now when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money, and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure it was all quite right. So Schwartz got up early in the morning before the sun rose, and took some bread and wine, in a basket, and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright: there was a heavy purple haze hanging over the sky, and the

hills looked lowering and gloomy. And as Schwartz climbed the steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water.

施瓦兹听说汉斯偷了圣水，心想：也许金水河王根本不会赞成这种做法。他决定把事情做得更好些。他拿了格卢克更多的钱，找到一位贪财的司铎。司铎欣然地给了他一些圣水。施瓦兹于是觉得一切都非常顺利。第二天一大早，太阳还未升起，他便用篮子装了些面包和酒，将圣水装进小瓶里，向山里进发了。和汉斯一样，当他看到冰川时，他愕然了。即使他把篮子放下，穿越冰川还是很难。天空万里无云，但天气并不明朗。空中悬浮着一缕深紫色的雾气，群山看上去又矮又阴沉。当施瓦兹爬上那陡峭的岩石小道时，像汉斯一样，他也感到了口渴。他把水瓶放到嘴唇边，正要喝水，这时，他看到岩石上躺着一个白白 嫩嫩的孩子。小孩哭着向他要水喝。

"Water indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. And as he went he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the west; and, when he had climbed for another hour, the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz, "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

“水，是吧？”施瓦兹说，“这水还不够我喝的一半。”说着，他继续前行。越往前走，他感觉日光越来越暗淡。他看见西方升起一片低低的黑云。又攀爬了一个小时，干渴的感觉再次袭来。他正要准备喝水时，看见一位老人躺在前方的路上，大叫着要水喝。“水，是吧？”施瓦兹说，“这水还不够我喝的一半。” 说完，他继续前行。

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and, behold, a mist, of the color of blood, had come over the sun; and the bank of black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea. And they cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

他眼前的光线似乎又暗了一些。他抬头，只见血红的雾气遮住了太阳。黑云已经升得很高。云的边缘摇摆、翻滚着，仿佛是愤怒的大海激起的波浪。它们拖着长长的影子在施瓦兹前行的道路上忽隐忽现。

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned; and as he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him, and cried for water. "Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "are you there? Remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed! Do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for you?" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. And, when he had

gone a few yards farther, he looked back; but the figure was not there.

施瓦兹又攀爬了一个小时，干渴的感觉再次袭来。当他把水瓶举到嘴边时，他仿佛看到了弟弟汉斯筋疲力尽地躺在他眼前的路上。他注视着那人，那人伸手向他要水喝。“哈哈！”施瓦兹笑道，“还记得吗，我的弟弟？记得监狱的铁栏杆吗？想喝水？好啊！你觉得我一路带上来的水，是为你带的吗？”说着，他从那人身上跨了过去。然而正当他跨过去时，他似乎看到那人嘴角露出了一丝奇怪的嘲笑的神情。他向前走了几码，又回头看，却发现那人不见了。

And a sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float, between their flashes, over the whole heavens.

瞬间，施瓦兹感到一种莫名的恐惧，他也不知道为什么，但对金子的渴望战胜了这种恐惧。于是，他匆匆往前赶路。这时，那片黑云已经爬上了头顶。忽然间，几道尖利的闪电劈开云层。在闪电的间隙，一浪接一浪的黑暗起伏着，飘移着，遮住了整个天空。

And the sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood; and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black, like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below, and the thunder above met, as he cast the flask into the stream. And, as he did so, the lightning glared in his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over the TWO BLACK STONES.

在日落的水平线上，天空像血红的湖泊。一股狂风从天边刮过来，撕碎绯红的云朵，溅向四面八方，掉进无尽的黑夜。施瓦兹站到金水河边，河里的波浪像雷暴云一般黑，飞沫却红得像火。下面河水的咆哮声和头顶上的雷声交织在一起。施瓦兹把手里的瓶子扔进河里。这时，他感觉到一道强烈的闪电刺入双眼，脚下的大地在坍塌。在他的喊叫声中，金水河渐渐消失。金水河再次发出的巨大的呜咽声穿透了黑夜，冲刷着两座黑色的石人。

V. How little gluck set off on An expedition to the golden River, and how he prospered Therein; with other matters Of interest

五、小格卢克远征去往金水河，功成圆满，以及一些其他有趣的事情

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little money. So, after a month, or two, Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

当格卢克发现施瓦兹没有回来，他非常伤心，不知如何是好。身无分文的他不得不再次去金匠那里做工。他每天干很多活，仅拿到很少的钱。所以，过了一个多月，格卢克感到很疲惫。他决定前往金水河试试运气。“金水河王看上去非常友善，”他想，“我想他不会把我变成黑石头的。”于是，他去找司铎。他刚一开口，司铎就给了他一些圣水。格卢克用篮子装了些面包和一瓶水，一大早就出发往山里走去。

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue in his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practiced on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket, and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had got over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble, and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst, give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water: "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it; and Gluck

thought he had never heard such merry singing.

如果说冰川让两位哥哥筋疲力尽，那么对既没有强健体魄又没有登山经验的格卢克来说，这种疲惫是他们的20 倍。好几次，他都狠狠地摔倒在地，篮子和面包都摔掉了。冰层底下发出的奇怪的声音令他毛骨悚然。穿过冰川后，他在草地上休息了好长时间。他开始登山的时候，正是一天中最热的时候。攀了一小时，他觉得干渴难耐。像两位哥哥一样，正当他要喝水的时候，看见一位老人从前方的路上走来。老人拄着棍子，看上去很虚弱。“孩子，”老人说，“我快渴晕了，给我点水喝吧！”格卢克看着他疲倦而苍白的脸，把水给了他。“我只祈求你别喝光了。”格卢克说。但老人喝了很多，当他把瓶子还给格卢克时，瓶子里的水去了三分之二。喝完，老人迅速地离开了。格卢克又高兴地继续往前走。脚下的路忽然变得好走了，路上还长出了两三丛草。几只蚱蜢在路边唱着歌，格卢克觉得他从没听过这么欢快的歌声。

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But, as he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying panting by the road-side, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and got up, and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it, till it became as small as a little star, and then turned, and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft belled gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light, that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

他又走了一个小时，干渴的感觉越来越强烈，他觉得该强迫着自己喝水。正当他拿起水瓶时，他看到前方路边躺着一个小孩。小孩可怜地哭着向他要水喝。格卢克心里犹豫了一会儿，决定再忍一会儿口渴，便把水瓶送到孩子嘴边。孩子差不多喝光了，只剩下几滴，喝完起身，笑着往山下跑去。格卢克看着他远去，直到消失得像星星一样小，这才转身继续爬山。这时，路边的岩石上开满了各种美丽的花朵——鲜绿的苔藓上开着淡粉色星形的花；柔软的钟形龙胆花比最蓝的天空还要蓝；还有那洁白而透明的百合花。深红、紫色的蝴蝶在花丛中穿梭，天空投下纯洁的光。格卢克此生从未觉得如此高兴过。

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again; and when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. And, as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath—just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he

thought of the dwarf's words, "that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt"; and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully, that he could not stand it. "Confound the king and his gold too," said Gluck; and he opened the flask, and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

但是，又爬了一个小时后，他再也忍受不住干渴了。他看看自己的瓶子，里面只剩下五六滴水。他不敢冒险喝光瓶里的水，于是把瓶子又挂回腰间。这时，他看见一只小狗奄奄一息地躺在岩石上——和汉斯上山那天看到的一模一样。格卢克停住脚步，看了看它，又看了看前方离自己不到500 码远的金水河。他想起了小金人的话——每个人只有一次成功的机会。他试着不理会那只狗，但在小狗的苦苦哀求下，他又停了下来。“可怜的小东西，”格卢克说，“如果现在不帮它，等到我下山的时候，它会死掉的。”他看着小狗，越来越近，那双眼睛如此悲伤地望着他，让他再也承受不了了。“管他什么金水河王，什么金子。”格卢克说着，打开瓶子，将所有的水倒进了小狗的嘴里。

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

小狗跳起来，用后腿站立。它的尾巴不见了；耳朵越长越长，丝绸一般，变成金色；鼻子变得很红；眼睛变得闪闪发光。不到三秒钟，小狗不见了，站在格卢克面前的是他的老熟人——金水河王。

"Thank you," said the monarch, "But don't be frightened, it's all right"; for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. "Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make too."

" 谢谢你！” 金水河王说，“ 但是你别害怕， 没事的！”格卢克被这眼前未预料到的回复惊呆了，一脸愕然。“你之前为什么没自己来，”小金人继续说，“反而让你两个可恶的哥哥来，害得我要费神把他们变成石头？还是非常坚硬的石头！”

"Oh dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

“噢，天哪！”格卢克说，“你真的这么残忍？”

"Cruel!" said the dwarf, "they poured unholy water into my stream: do you suppose I'm going to allow that?"

“残忍！”小金人说，“他们把不是圣水的水倒进我的河里，你认为我

能容忍吗？”

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir,—your majesty, I mean—they got the water out of the church font.”

“为什么？”格卢克说，“我敢肯定，先生——不，我的意思是，陛下——他们取的都是教堂洗礼盆里的水。”

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but," and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying, is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

“很有可能！”小金人回答，“但是，”说着，他的表情严峻起来，“尽管那水受到天堂的圣人祈福，但见死不救所剩下的水不再是圣水了。相反，‘仁慈瓶’中的水尽管被尸体污染，却是圣洁的。”

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. And the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed."

说着，小金人俯身在脚边拔起一棵百合花。在白色的叶子上，挂着三滴清澈的露珠。小金人摇了摇，将露珠倒进格卢克手中的小瓶子里。“把这些水倒进河里，”他说，“然后下山，到山那边的宝谷去，速度要快！”

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light: he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air; the monarch had evaporated.

说着，小金人的轮廓渐渐模糊起来，他的长袍上的颜色形成了五光十色的雾气。他站了一会儿，犹如腰上缠了很宽的彩虹腰带。色彩淡去，雾气升上天空，金水河王蒸发了。

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal, and as brilliant as the sun. And, when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell, a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise. Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains, toward the Treasure Valley; and, as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And,

when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand. And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle, and tendrils of vine, cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love. And Gluck went, and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a river of gold. And, to this day the inhabitants of the valley point out the place, where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And, at the top of the cataract of the Golden River, are still to be seen two BLACK STONES, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called by the people of the valley, THE BLACK BROTHERS.

格卢克攀到金水河边，浪花如水晶般干净清澈，如太阳般光亮。当他把瓶里的三滴露水倒进河里时，水面出现了一个圆形小漩涡，河水发出动听的声音，流进了漩涡中。格卢克站在那儿，看了好一会儿。他感到非常失望，因为河水不但没有变成金子，反而少了很多。但是，他还是听了朋友小金人的话，从山的另一边下山前往宝谷。途中，他以为听见地下有水顺着山坡往下流的声音。当他来到宝谷，映入他眼帘的是一条像金水河一样的河流，河水从上方一个新的裂口倾泻而下，在干燥的红沙丘间形成无数条小溪。格卢克正看时，刚刚流成的小溪两旁忽然长出嫩绿的小草，匍匐植物一点点爬满渐渐湿润的土地。河流两岸瞬间开出鲜艳的花朵，仿佛暮色渐沉时突然跳出来的满天繁星。生长着的茂密的桃金娘和蔓藤在山谷中投下长长的影子。就这样，宝谷又变成了花园，曾因主人的残酷而失去色彩的遗产，如今因爱而重新焕发光彩。格卢克从此便在这里居住，他从来不把穷人赶出门，他的谷仓堆满了玉米，屋里满是财宝。对他来说，金水河的确如小金人承诺的那样，变成了满载金子的河流。至今，山谷的居民还能指出当时三滴圣洁的露珠被扔进河里的地方，从那里追溯金水河在地下的流向，最终发现河水从宝谷流出。在金水河瀑布的最高处，还可以看到两座黑色的石头。每天日落的时候，河水从他们身边咆哮而过，发出哀伤的吼声。这两座石头仍然被人们称为“黑兄弟”。

Appendix I Right and wrong

附录一 正确的与错误的

Readers who are using my "Elements of Drawing" may be surprised by my saying here that Tintoret may lead them wrong; while at page 196 of the "Elements", he is one of the six men named as being "always right".

正在读我的《绘画基础》的读者看到这里可能会很吃惊，我在这里说丁多雷可能会误导他们呢。而在《绘画基础》的第196页，我把丁多雷列为六位“永远正确的”人物之一。

I bring the apparent inconsistency forward at the beginning of this Appendix, because the illustration of it will be farther useful in showing the real nature of the self-contradiction which is often alleged against me by careless readers.

之所以在附录的一开始就提出这种明显的前后不一致，是因为这种解释能帮助那些粗心的读者了解这种所谓的自我矛盾的真正本质。

It is not only possible, but a frequent condition of human action, to do right and be right—yet so as to mislead other people if they rashly imitate the thing done. For there are many rights which are not absolutely, but relatively right—right only for that person to do under those circumstances,—not for this person to do under other circumstances.

一个人正确地做事和做正确的事不仅仅是可能需要某些条件，而是往往的确需要一定的条件。如果他人盲目地进行模仿，很有可能会受到误导。有很多正确的事情都不是绝对的，而是相对的——只有某个人在某些条件下做才是正确的——另一个人在其他条件下做就不是正确的。

Thus it stands between Titian and Tintoret. Titian is always absolutely Right. You may imitate him with entire security that you are doing the best thing that can possibly be done for the purpose in hand. Tintoret is always relatively Right—relatively to his own aims and peculiar powers. But you must quite understand Tintoret before you can be sure what his aim was, and why he was then right in doing what would not be right always. If, however, you take the pains thus to understand him, he becomes entirely instructive and exemplary, just as Titian is; and therefore I have placed him among those who are "always right," and you can only study him rightly with that reverence for him.

提香和丁多雷的区别就在于此。提香永远是绝对正确的。你们可以

毫无顾虑地模仿他，相信你们所做的就是当前最好的。丁多雷永远都是相对正确的——相对于他自己的目的和自己的能力。要清楚地了解丁多雷的目的以及为什么当时正确的并不会永远正确，就需要清楚地了解丁多雷此人。如果你们肯花功夫来了解他，会发现他同提香一样是完全有益的榜样；正因为如此，我把他列为“永远正确的”人物之一。只有对他怀着这种尊敬，你们才能正确地认识丁多雷。

Then the artists who are named as "admitting question of right and wrong" are those who from some mischance of circumstance or short-coming in their education, do not always do right, even with relation to their own aims and powers.

而那些被称为介于正确与错误之间的艺术家们，或者是因为造化弄人，或者是因为自身所受教育的缺陷，他们不是永远正确的，即便是相对于他们自己的目的和力量而言。

Take for example the quality of imperfection in drawing form. There are many pictures of Tintoret in which the trees are drawn with a few curved flourishes of the brush instead of leaves. That is (absolutely) wrong. If you copied the tree as a model, you would be going very wrong indeed. But it is relatively, and for Tintoret's purposes, right. In the nature of the superficial work you will find there must have been a cause for it. Somebody perhaps wanted the picture in a hurry to fill a dark corner. Tintoret good-naturedly did all he could—painted the figures tolerably—had five minutes left only for the trees, when the servant came. "Let him wait another five minutes." And this is the best foliage we can do in the time. Entirely, admirably, unsurpassably right, under the conditions. Titian would not have worked under them, but Tintoret was kinder and humbler; yet he may lead you wrong if you don't understand him. Or, perhaps, another day, somebody came in while Tintoret was at work, who tormented Tintoret. An ignoble person! Titian would have been polite to him, and gone on steadily with his trees. Tintoret cannot stand the ignobleness; it is unendurably repulsive and discomfiting to him." The Black Plague take him—and the trees, too! Shall such a fellow see me paint!" And the trees go all to pieces. This, in you, would be mere ill-breeding and ill-temper. In Tintoret it was one of the necessary conditions of his intense sensibility; had he been capable, then, of keeping his temper, he could never have done his greatest works. Let the trees go to pieces, by all means; it is quite right they should; he is always right.

以绘画线条的完美程度为例，丁多雷的画中有很多树上点缀的不是树叶，而是随意几笔流畅的曲线。这是（绝对）错误的。如果你们把这样画出来的树当做范本，就大错特错了。但是，就丁多雷的目的而言，这样的树是相对正确的。在其本质上，你们会发现这种粗糙作品的存在是有原因的。有的人可能急需一幅图画挂在黑暗的角落。他的仆人来取

画了，丁多雷出于好意尽其所能——比较好地画出人物后——在5 分钟内要画出树来。“让他再等5 分钟。”这种情况下，我们能画出的树叶最多也就是这样了。在这种情况下，这样做毫无疑问是完全正确的。提香不会在这样的情况下作画，但丁多雷更加善良和谦虚，他会。但是如果你们不了解他，就会受到误导。又或者，有一天，丁多雷正在作画的时候，有个人前来拜访，让丁多雷觉得厌烦。多可恶的人！提香可能会很礼貌，继续安然地画树。丁多雷则受不了这样可恶的人，他无法忍受这样的扰乱。“竟然有这样一个人看着我作画，我诅咒他和这些树！”这种情况下，树被画得支离破碎。换成是你们，这样作画就是没有教养和脾气暴躁的表现。而对丁多雷而言，这是成就他敏锐洞察力的必要条件之一；如果他能控制住自己的脾气，他也就不会创作出那些伟大的作品了。就让那些树支离破碎吧，一定要这样；这样是很正确的，他永远是正确的。

But in a background of Gainsborough you would find the trees unjustifiably gone to pieces. The carelessness of form there is definitely purposed by him;—adopted as an advisable thing; and therefore it is both absolutely and relatively wrong:—it indicates his being imperfectly educated as a painter, and not having brought out all his powers. It may still happen that the man whose work is thus partially erroneous is greater far than others who have fewer faults. Gainsborough's and Reynolds' wrongs are more charming than almost anybody else's right. Still, they occasionally are wrong—but the Venetians and Velasquez (At least after his style was formed; early pictures, like the Adoration of the Magi in our Gallery, are of little value.), never.

但在庚斯博罗的画中，你们会发现那些支离破碎的树是没有正当理由的。那些马虎的线条明显是有意而为的，是刻意采用的手法；这样的手法，无论是绝对意义上还是相对意义上，都是错的——表明他学艺不精，未尽全力。即便有些艺术家的作品有部分这样的缺陷，但却比那些中规中矩的艺术家更伟大。庚斯博罗和雷诺兹犯的错误也比其他人正确的做法更有魅力。这两个人偶尔是错误的——威尼斯派和委拉斯开兹（至少在他的风格形成后是这样的；他的早期作品，例如我们画廊里的那幅《贤士朝圣图》，都没有什么艺术价值。——作者注）却从来不会错。

I ought, perhaps, to have added in that Manchester address (only one does not like to say things that shock people) some words of warning against painters likely to mislead the student. For indeed, though here and there something may be gained by looking at inferior men, there is always more to be gained by looking at the best; and there is not time, with all the looking of human life, to exhaust even one great painter's instruction. How then shall we dare to waste our sight and thoughts on inferior ones, even if we could do so, which we rarely can, without danger of being led astray? Nay, strictly speaking,

what people call inferior painters are in general no painters. Artists are divided by an impassable gulf into the men who can paint, and who cannot. The men who can paint often fall short of what they should have done;—are repressed, or defeated, or otherwise rendered inferior one to another; still there is an everlasting barrier between them and the men who cannot paint—who can only in various popular ways pretend to paint. And if once you know the difference, there is always some good to be got by looking at a real painter—seldom anything but mischief to be got out of a false one; but do not suppose real painters are common. I do not speak of living men; but among those who labour no more, in this England of ours, since it first had a school, we have had only five real painters;—Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hogarth, Richard Wilson, and Turner.

可能我应该在曼彻斯特的演讲中（只是像其他人一样，我不喜欢说那些吓到别人的话），加上些告诫学生们的话，让他们警惕受到一些画家的误导。有时候从低等技艺的人身上我们的确可以有所收获，但是从优秀画家的身上我们学到的可能更多。哪怕就是一位伟大艺术家的教诲，穷尽一生，我们也不可能完全参透。既然这样，我们为什么还要把目光和思想停留在低等艺术家身上？我们不应该这样，即使是有可能的，我们也往往会被引入歧途。严格来讲，那些被人们归为低等画家的人基本上都不是画家。会作画的艺术家和不会作画的艺术家之间存在一条无法逾越的鸿沟。会作画的人往往达不到他们本来应有的高度——或遭受压制，或经历挫败，又或被定位为低等画家；但在这些人和那些不会作画的人中间，永远有一道分割线，不会作画的人最多只能迎合大众，假装会作画。一旦知道了两者的区别，从真正的画家身上你们总会学到些好的东西——从虚假的画家那里除了坏影响就没什么能学到了；但不要以为真正的画家随处可见。在世的艺术家不在我的讨论范围内；我说的是那些已经逝去的艺术家。自英格兰第一所艺术学校建立以来，我们只有过5 位真正的画家，他们是雷诺兹、 庚斯博罗、 贺加斯、 理查德. 威尔森和透纳。

The reader may, perhaps, think I have forgotten Wilkie. No. I once much overrated him as an expressional draughtsman, not having then studied the figure long enough to be able to detect superficial sentiment. But his colour I have never praised; it is entirely false and valueless. And it would be unjust to English art if I did not here express my regret that the admiration of Constable, already harmful enough in England, is extending even into France. There was, perhaps, the making, in Constable, of a second or third-rate painter, if any careful discipline had developed in him the instincts which, though unparalleled for narrowness, were, as far as they went, true. But as it is, he is nothing more than an industrious and innocent amateur, blundering his way to a superficial expression of one or two popular aspects of common nature.

读者可能会认为我忘记了威尔基。不是这样的。我过去曾高估了他，把他当做表现派美术家。当时，我对他的研究时间还短，未能发现其画作中虚假的情感。他对色彩的运用我从来不认可，完全是错误的、毫无价值的。出于对英格兰艺术发展的正义之心，我非常遗憾地看到已经对英格兰造成很大伤害的康斯太布尔崇拜正在向法国蔓延。如果认真研习，培养出的能力虽不免狭隘，但尚且真实，那么康斯太布尔可能会成为一个二三流的画家。但事实是，康斯太布尔不过是个勤奋无知的业余爱好者，误入歧途，矫揉造作地表达一两种本质上庸俗的感情。

And my readers may depend upon it, that all blame which I express in this sweeping way is trustworthy. I have often had to repent of over-praise of inferior men; and continually to repent of insufficient praise of great men; but of broad condemnation, never. For I do not speak it but after the most searching examination of the matter, and under stern sense of need for it: so that whenever the reader is entirely shocked by what I say, he may be assured every word is true. (He must, however, be careful to distinguish blame—however strongly expressed, of some special fault or error in a true painter,—from these general statements of inferiority or worthlessness. Thus he will find me continually laughing at Wilson's tree-painting; not because Wilson could not paint, but because he had never looked at a tree.) It is just because it so much offends him, that it was necessary: and knowing that it must offend him, I should not have ventured to say it, without certainty of its truth. I say "certainty," for it is just as possible to be certain whether the drawing of a tree or a stone is true or false, as whether the drawing of a triangle is; and what I mean primarily by saying that a picture is in all respects worthless, is that it is in all respects false: which is not a matter of opinion at all, but a matter of ascertainable fact, such as I never assert till I have ascertained. And the thing so commonly said about my writings, that they are rather persuasive than just; and that though my "language" may be good, I am an unsafe guide in art criticism, is, like many other popular estimates in such matters, not merely untrue, but precisely the reverse of the truth; it is truth, like reflections in water, distorted much by the shaking receptive surface, and in every particular, upside down. For my "language", until within the last six or seven years, was loose, obscure, and more or less feeble; and still, though I have tried hard to mend it, the best I can do is inferior to much contemporary work. No description that I have ever given of anything is worth four lines of Tennyson; and in serious thought, my half pages are generally only worth about as much as a single sentence either of his, or of Carlyle's. They are, I well trust, as true and necessary; but they are neither so concentrated nor so well put. But I am an entirely safe guide in art judgement: and that simply as the necessary result of my having given the labour of life to the determination of facts, rather than to the

following of feelings or theories. Not, indeed, that my work is free from mistakes; it admits many, and always must admit many, from its scattered range; but, in the long run, it will be found to enter sternly and searchingly into the nature of what it deals with, and the kind of mistake it admits is never dangerous—consisting, usually, in pressing the truth too far. It is quite easy, for instance, to take an accidental irregularity in a piece of architecture, which less careful examination would never have detected at all, for an intentional irregularity; quite possible to misinterpret an obscure passage in a picture, which a less earnest observer would never have tried to interpret. But mistakes of this kind—honest, enthusiastic mistakes—are never harmful; because they are always made in a true direction,—falls forward on the road, not into the ditch beside it; and they are sure to be corrected by the next comer. But the blunt and dead mistakes made by too many other writers on art—the mistakes of sheer inattention and want of sympathy—are mortal. The entire purpose of a great thinker may be difficult to fathom, and we may be over and over again more or 1ess mistaken in guessing at his meaning; but the real, profound, nay, quite bottomless, and unredeemable mistake, is the fool's thought—that he had no meaning.

我的读者们，你们可以信赖我这些具有普遍性的言论。我常常为自己高估了一些低等艺术家而懊恼；也不断为低估了一些优秀艺术家而后悔。但对于广泛性的批判，我从不后悔。因为只有在仔细考证之后，并且觉得很有必要，我才会给出广泛性的结论。这样即便读者被我的言论吓到，他也可以相信每个字都是真的。（但是，读者要仔细分辨责备——对一个真正画家某方面的缺陷或过失的评价——用词再强硬，也有别于对低级或无价值的艺术作出的这些一般性定论。读者会发现，我不断在嘲笑威尔森，这并非是因为他不会作画，而是因为他从没仔细观察过树的样子。——作者注）因为这些话很得罪人，所以一定是必须说我才说的；既然知道这些话会伤人，我就不会在对事实没有把握的情况下说这样的话。之所以“有把握”，是因为就像判断三角形图案是否真实一样，要判断一棵树或一块石头的图案是真是假也是可以的。我所说的一幅画完完全全没有价值是说它完完全全是虚假的：这不是观点问题，而是可以证实的事实问题，除非我已经确定，否则我不会如此断言。大家评价我的写作，常常说它们有说服力而有失公正；我的语言可能优美，但艺术评论却不能起到安全的导向作用。这些评价就像其他的流行观点一样，不仅仅是不真实的，而且是与事实恰恰相反的；就好比是事实映照在水中，被波动的水面扭曲了，每一个点都颠倒了过来。我的“语言”直到近六七年才变得松散、晦涩，多少有些缺乏力量；尽管我已经努力改进，但还是不如很多当代作品。在描写方面，我的千言万语抵不上丁尼生的四行诗；论思想的深度，我写上半页纸也只能抵上丁尼生或卡莱尔的一句话而已。我坚信我的话是真实和必要的，即便它们不是表达得那么集中和完美。在艺术鉴赏方面我绝对是值得信赖的向导，这得益于我毕生都探求真相而非跟随感觉或是某种理论。的确，我的写作并非

没有错误，而且错误还很多，由于涉及范围广泛，出现许多错误也是必然的。但从长期来看，我的写作严肃而透彻地探寻了相关事物的本质，所犯的错误从来不是危险的错误——往往是急于揭示深藏的事实。例如，我们很容易就可在一座建筑中发现偶然的不规则形状，而如果不仔细检查，往往会忽视有意创作出的不规则之处；很可能误解了一幅图画中的不明朗之处，而如果不够热心，甚至都不会试着去解读。这种出于诚实、热心的错误是不会有害的；因为它们总是在朝着真实的方向上出现的，还在正路上，没有跑偏；它们肯定会被后来者纠正。很多其他艺术作家犯的那些蠢笨的错误——那些完全出于疏忽，缺乏同情心的错误——才是致命的。一位伟大思想家的全盘考量可能不容易被透彻理解，我们可能一次又一次地猜错他的意图。但是真正严重的错误，后果不堪设想、无法挽回的错误，是那些傻瓜的思想——根本毫无意义可言。

I do not refer: in saying this, to any of my statements respecting subjects which it has been my main work to study: as far as I am aware, I have never yet misinterpreted any picture of Turner's, though often remaining blind to the half of what he had intended: neither have I as yet found anything to correct in my statements respecting Venetian architecture (The subtle portions of the Byzantine Palaces, given in precise measurements in the second volume of the "Stones of Venice," were alleged by architects to be accidental irregularities. They will be found, by every one who will take the pains to examine them, most assuredly and indisputably intentional,—and not only so, but one of the principal subjects of the designer's care.); but in casual references to what has been quickly seen, it is impossible to guard wholly against error, without losing much valuable observation, true in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, and harmless even when erroneous.

我这样说，并不是指我主要研究领域内的那些事物。据我反思，我从来不曾曲解透纳的任何一幅图画，虽然对他我只是一知半解；我对威尼斯建筑的评论，也没有什么需要纠正的（《威尼斯之石》第二卷中列出了拜占庭宫殿的精确比例，建筑师们断言其不规则之处是偶然出现的。而只要肯花功夫仔细观察，我们就会发现这些不规则之处毫无疑问肯定是有意设计出来的。不仅如此，这些不规则之处本身就是设计者的主要意图之一。——作者注）。但是，就像我刚刚说过的那样，要完全避免错误而又要发表有价值的见解是不可能的，只能说99%是正确的，即便犯了错也是无伤大雅的错误。

Appendix II Reynolds' Disappointment

附录二 雷诺兹的失望

It is very fortunate that in the fragment of Mason's MSS. published lately by Mr. Cotton in his "Sir Joshua Reynolds' Notes" (Smith, Soho Square, 1859), record is preserved of Sir Joshua's feelings respecting the paintings in the window of New College, which might otherwise have been supposed to give his full sanction to this mode of painting on glass. Nothing can possibly be more curious, to my mind, than the great painter's expectations; or his having at all entertained the idea that the qualities of colour which are peculiar to opaque bodies could be obtained in a transparent medium; but so it is: and with the simplicity and humbleness of an entirely great man he hopes that Mr. Jervas on glass is to excel Sir Joshua on canvas. Happily, Mason tells us the result.

很幸运的是科顿先生最近出版的《约书亚.雷诺兹爵士笔记》（史密斯，索霍广场，1859 年。——作者注）一书中记载了有关梅森的大量信息中的一个片段，表达了约书亚爵士对新学院窗户上的那些图画的感受。要不是这条信息，我们可能还以为约书亚爵士是赞同在玻璃上作画的。我最好奇的是这位伟大画家对此的看法，或者说他是否认为不透明的物体所独有的色彩质地能够在透明的材质上表现出来。而事实是，这位质朴谦虚的伟大画家希望在玻璃上作画的杰维斯能够超过在画布上作画的约书亚。值得庆幸的是，梅森告诉了我们结果。

"With the copy Jervas made of this picture he was grievously disappointed. 'I had frequently,' he said to me, 'pleased myself by reflecting, after I had produced what I thought a brilliant effect of light and shadow on my canvas, how greatly that effect would be heightened by the transparency which the painting on glass would be sure to produce. It turned out quite the reverse.'"

“看到杰维斯画作的副本，他非常失望。他对我说，‘我常常想我在画布上创作出的那些美妙的光影效果如果用玻璃的透明来表现，效果将得到多么大的提升啊！而结果却完全相反。’”

Appendix III Classical Architecture

附录三 古典建筑

This passage in the lecture was illustrated by an enlargement of the woodcut, Fig. 1; but I did not choose to disfigure the middle of this book with it. It is copied from the 49th plate of the third edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" (Edinburgh, 1797), and represents an English farmhouse arranged on classical principles. If the reader cares to consult the work itself, he will find in the same plate another composition of similar propriety, and dignified by the addition of a pediment, beneath the shadow of which "a private gentleman who has a small family may find conveniency." [Fig.1]

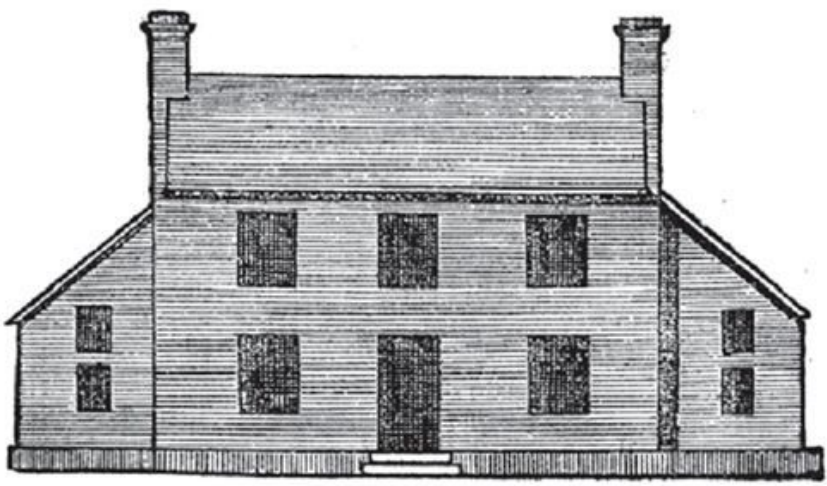


Fig. 1

图1 的木建筑是木刻的放大版，用以解释演讲中的这一段。但是，我并非想用它打乱这本书当中的内容。这幅图来自《大英百科全书》第三版（爱丁堡，1797）插图49，描绘的是一座遵循古典规则搭建的英国农舍。假如读者查阅原图，就会发现同一图版中还有一座类似的房屋建筑组合图，多了一座山墙，在它的遮蔽下，“幽居的绅士带着他的小家庭可以享受随意的生活”，因而多了几分尊贵的气势。

Appendix IV Subtlety Of Hand

附录四 手的灵巧

I had intended in one or other of these lectures to have spoken at some length of the quality of refinement in Colour, but found the subject would lead me too far. A few words are, however, necessary in order to explain some expressions in the text.

我原本打算在讲座中适当地谈谈色调的雅致问题，后来发现这个话题长话难以短说。虽然如此，为了阐释演讲中的某些内容，有必要在这里多说几句。

"Refinement in colour" is indeed a tautological expression, for colour, in the true sense of the word, does not exist until it is refined. Dirt exists,—stains exist,—and pigments exist, easily enough in all places; and are laid on easily enough by all hands; but colour exists only where there is tenderness, and can be laid on only by a hand which has strong life in it. The law concerning colour is very strange, very noble, in some sense almost awful. In every given touch laid on canvas, if one grain of the colour is inoperative, and does not take its full part in producing the hue, the hue will be imperfect. The grain of colour which does not work is dead. It infects all about it with its death. It must be got quit of, or the touch is spoiled. We acknowledge this instinctively in our use of the phrases "dead colour," "killed colour," "foul colour." These words are, in some sort, literally true. If more colour is put on than is necessary, a heavy touch when a light one would have been enough, the quantity of colour that was not wanted, and is overlaid by the rest, is as dead, and it pollutes the rest. There will be no good in the touch.

我原本打算在讲座中适当地谈谈色调的雅致问题，后来发现这个话题长话难以短说。虽然如此，为了阐释演讲中的某些内容，有必要在这里多说几句。“色调的雅致”这个说法有点累赘。真正意义上的色调即是雅致的，不存在不雅致的色调。泥土、污迹随处可见，颜料也是，谁要愿意都可以抹上一笔。但是色调只能是渐变的，只有在这方面创造力极强的艺术家才画得出来。色调的法则很奇特，也很高贵，某种意义上几乎是令人畏惧的。在画布上的每一个笔触，只要用色稍有不妥，没有充分发挥颜料的作用，就难免出现瑕疵。不妥的那一抹色彩即是没有生命的，并因其没有生命玷污了整个画面。这一不妥的色彩如不去掉，将成为画作的败笔。我们在使用“暗色”、“不饱和色”和“污色”等短语时，从直觉上说就暗含了这一意思。这些短语说得很好。颜色用量过度或不足，如同无生命的用色一样，玷污了画面的其余部分。这样的用笔毫无益处可言。

The art of painting, properly so called, consists in laying on the least possible colour that will produce the required result, and this measurement, in all the ultimate, that is to say, the principal, operations of colouring, is so delicate that not one human hand in a million has the required lightness. The final touch of any painter properly so named, of Correggio—Titian—Turner—or Reynolds—would be always quite invisible to any one watching the progress of the work, the films of hue being laid thinner than the depths of the grooves in mother-of-pearl. The work may be swift, apparently careless, nay, to the painter himself almost unconscious. Great painters are so organised that they do their best work without effort; but analyse the touches afterwards, and you will find the structureand depth of the colour laid mathematically demonstrable to be of literally infinite fineness, the last touches passing away at their edges by untraceable gradation. The very essence of a master's work may thus be removed by a picture-cleaner in ten minutes.

真正的绘画艺术在于用最少的色彩创造必要的效果。要想把握这一用色标准需要一双灵巧的双手，而这样的人一百万个当中也找不到一个。任何真正意义上的画家，例如柯勒乔、提香、透纳或雷诺兹，其画作最后的润色笔触，即便在旁观看作画过程的旁观者也常常察觉不到。画家的颜色用料常常比珍珠母的厚度还要薄。画家的用笔可能非常迅疾，表面上看起来甚至有些粗率——不，对画家自己来说，这一切几乎是无意识的。大画家的大作通常都一气呵成，毫不费劲。可是，如果你仔细分析画作，会发现其结构和颜色浓淡明显像经过数学计算一样安排得无比精良。经过难以察觉的颜色渐变处理，画家的润色功夫全无痕迹可循。而要把一幅大家作品的精华用布抹去，却只是十分钟的事情。

Observe, however, this thinness exists only in portions of the ultimate touches, for which the preparation may often have been made with solid colours, commonly, and literally, called "dead colouring," but even that is always subtle if a master lays it—subtle at least in drawing, if simple in hue; and farther, observe that the refinement of work consists not in laying absolutely little colour, but in always laying precisely the right quantity. To lay on little needs indeed the rare lightness of hand; but to lay much,—yet not one atom too much, and obtain subtlety, not by withholding strength, but by precision of pause,—that is the master's final sign-manual—power, knowledge, and tenderness all united. A great deal of colour may often be wanted; perhaps quite a mass of it, such as shall project from the canvas; but the real painter lays this mass of its required thickness and shape with as much precision as if it were a bud of a flower which he had to touch into blossom; one of Turner's loaded fragments of white cloud is modelled and gradated in an instant, as if it alone were the subject of the picture, when the same quantity of colour, under

another hand, would be a lifeless lump.

但是，应该注意，这种精致稀薄的用色只在画作最后用笔和润色时使用，在这之前，常常要用纯色进行铺垫，这就是通常所说的“底色”。但是，大画家在用底色时，也常常表现出细微的用意——如果说用色是粗放的，至少在线条描绘方面是有细微用心的。要注意，创作精妙的作品不在于绝对意义上的用色少，而在于用色准确、用量恰当。使用细微的颜色变化需要精巧的手艺；而使用量大的颜色——不单单量大，还要精微，不仅要懂得控制力度，还要懂得何时停笔——这才是大家的真正功力——力量、知识和敏感完全得到统一。人们常常在作画时需要大量用色；有时需要颜料从画布上凸显出来而没有做到，这时的颜料用量可以说相当缺乏。真正的画家能在画布上准确地涂抹适当厚度和形状的色块，就像把一个含苞未放的花蕾变成一朵绽放的花朵。透纳有一幅画面布满白云残片的作品，是在瞬间作成的，给人感觉云朵就是该画的唯一主题。这要放到别人手里，同样用这些量的颜料，看起来只会是一堆无生命的土块罢了。

The following extract from a letter in the Literary Gazette of 13th November, 1858, which 1 was obliged to write to defend a questioned expression respecting Turner's subtlety of hand from a charge of hyperbole, contains some interesting and conclusive evidence on the point, though it refers to pencil and chalk drawing only:—

下文是摘自《文艺报》1858 年 9 月 13 日的一封信，是我为透纳作品辩护写的。当时有人批评透纳的用色夸张。我的辩驳正好可以作为以上观点的论据。不同的是，我在信中只谈到铅笔画和粉笔画：

"I must ask you to allow me yet leave to reply to two statements in my catalogue, as those objections you make would otherwise diminish its usefulness. I have asserted that, in a given drawing (named as one of the chief in the series), Turner's pencil did not move over the thousandth of an inch without meaning; and you charge this expression with extravagant hyperbole. On the contrary, it is much within the truth, being merely a mathematically accurate description of fairly good execution in either drawing or engraving. It is only necessary to measure a piece of any ordinary good work to ascertain this. Take, for instance, Finden's engraving at the 180th page of Rogers' poems; in which the face of the figure, from the chin to the top of the brow, occupies just a quarter of an inch, and the space between the upper lip and chin as nearly as possible one-seventeenth of an inch. The whole mouth occupies one-third of this space, say one-fiftieth of an inch, and within that space both the lips and the much more difficult inner corner of the mouth are perfectly drawn and rounded, with quite successful and sufficiently subtle expression. Any artist will assure you that in order to draw a mouth as well as this, there must be more than twenty gradations of shade in the touches; that is to say, in this case, gradations changing, with meaning, within

less than the thousandth of an inch.

“请允许我在此先就我的目录中的两个意见进行辩护，也对意见的反对者有个交代。我曾说，透纳的铅笔画（是其系列作品中的一主要门类）每1/1000 英寸的用笔都有意义；你们认为这种说法言过其实。相反，我说的都是事实，这不过是对优秀的绘画或版画作品的一种精确的数学描述而已。只要看看一般的佳作就可以知道这个说法并不夸张。举个例子，芬登为罗杰诗集第180 页所作的版画，其中的人物脸型从下巴到额头只占了1/4 英寸，而从上唇到下巴之间的空间约1/17 英寸，整张嘴占去这1/17 英寸的1/3，也就是大约1/50 英寸，嘴唇及往里部分画得相当圆融，表现手法极其微妙。随便问哪一个艺术家，他都会告诉你，要画出这样一张漂亮的嘴巴，至少需要20 层图案阴影变化；也就是说，在上述情况中，颜色的渐变处理必须在1/1000 英寸的范围内进行，而且不失意韵。

"But this is mere child's play compared to the refinement of any first-rate mechanical work—much more of brush or pencil drawing by a master's hand. In order at once to furnish you with authoritative evidence on this point, I wrote to Mr. Kingsley, tutor of Sidney-Sussex College, a friend to whom I always have recourse when 1 want to be precisely right in any matter; for his great knowledge both of mathematics and of natural science is joined, not only with singular powers of delicate experimental manipulation, but with a keen sensitiveness to beauty in art. His answer, in its final statement respecting Turner's work, is amazing even to me, and will, I should think, be more so to your readers. Observe the successions of measured and tested refinement: here is No.1:—

“这和一流的机械作品比起来只是小儿科——和大师的毛笔画或铅笔画更不能同日而语。这一点，为了能给你们提供权威证据，我给剑桥大学西德尼. 苏塞克斯学院的导师金斯利先生写了封信。金斯利先生是我的朋友，不论什么事情，只要我不明白、想彻底弄清的，问他准没错。他有丰富的数学和自然科学知识，实验操作能力细腻，艺术美感也很敏锐。在回信中，他对透纳的作品的评价甚至出乎我的意料，你们读者看来恐怕更是如此。请注意他的表达中精心安排的思路。以下是第一条：

" ‘The finest mechanical work that I know, which is not optical, is that done by Nobert in the way of ruling lines. I have a series ruled by him on glass, giving actual scales from 0.000024 and 0.000016 of an inch, perfectly correct to these places of decimals, and he has executed others as fine as 0.000012, though I do not know how far he could repeat these last with accuracy.'

“‘我所知道的最佳的非光学仪器机械作品，是诺伯特先生用标尺线的方式完成的作品。我有接连几个透镜都是由他完成，精度高达0.000024 到 0.000016 英寸之间，其他有些作品精度高达 0.000012 英寸，虽说不知道他是否能够重复这类精度的作品，但也已经很惊人了。’

"This is No.1, of precision. Mr. Kingsley proceeds to No.2:—

“这是第一条，讲到的是作品的精确度。金斯利先生接着说第二条：

" ‘But this is rude work compared to the accuracy necessary for the construction of the object-glass of a microscope such as Rosse turns out.'

“‘但是，这和譬如罗斯显微镜的物镜所需的精度比起来，不过是粗糙之作罢了。’

"I am sorry to omit the explanation which follows of the ten lenses composing such a glass, 'each of which must be exact in radius and in surface, and all have their axes coincident:' but it would not be intelligible without the figure by which it is illustrated; so I pass to Mr. Kingsley's No.3:—

“紧接着，金斯利先生向我介绍了显微镜物镜所需的 10 个镜片。‘每个镜片的半径和表面都必须精确无误，光轴必须完全一致，’随后他又作了详细说明，鉴于没有相关的插图说明，请原谅我略过这一节，直接进入金斯利先生的第三条意见：

" 'I am tolerably familiar,' he proceeds, 'with the actual grinding and polishing of lenses and specula, and have produced by my own hand some by no means bad optical work, and I have copied no small amount of Turner's work, and I still look with awe at the combined delicacy and precision of his hand; IT BEATS OPTICAL WORK OUT OF SIGHT. In optical work, as in refined drawing, the hand goes beyond the eye, and one has to depend upon the feel: and when one has once learned what a delicate affair touch is, one gets a horror of all coarse work, and is ready to forgive any amount of feebleness, sooner than that boldness which is akin to impudence. In optics the distinction is easily seen when the work is put to trial; but here too, as in drawing, it requires an educated eye to tell the difference when the work is only moderately bad; but with "bold" work, nothing can be seen but distortion and fog; and I heartily wish the same result would follow the same kind of handling in drawing; but here, the boldness cheats the unlearned by looking like the precision of the true man. It is very strange how much better our ears are than our eyes in this country: if an ignorant man were to be "bold" with a violin, he would not get many admirers, though his boldness was far below that of ninety-nine out of a hundred drawings one sees.'

“‘我对透镜和反射镜的实际抛光打磨操作还算了解，’他接着说，‘自己也曾磨出不太差的光学仪器。我曾摹写过大量透纳的作品，至今仍然对他作品中的精巧和准确心存敬畏；他的作品和光学仪器比起来简直有天壤之别。打磨光学仪器和画画一样，手比眼睛重要，靠的都是感觉；一旦明白作品的修饰润色是多么精细的工作，你会马上痛恨所有粗糙的

作品，对于微弱的用笔更加宽容，而对轻率大胆的表达却难以接受。光学仪器的优劣一用就知，但是，就像绘画一样，一个虽不完美却也没坏到什么程度的仪器，不经过训练是看不出来的。但是，如果是“大胆”粗糙的仪器，任凭谁用过以后都能看出成像发生变形或模糊。我真心希望绘画里也能有同样的校验。事实却是，绘画中大胆粗糙的笔触通常被无知的人们当成精确的表现来看待。我国人民的耳朵比眼睛灵巧多了，这是很奇怪的：一个没文化的人在演奏小提琴时表现得粗率“大胆”，并不会有多少人欣赏他。而我们看到的100幅绘画作品中有99 幅常常比这种小提琴演奏还要粗糙，却没有人看得出来。’

"The words which I have put in italics in the above extract are those which were surprising to me. I knew that Turner's was as refined as any optical work, but had no idea of its going beyond it. Mr. Kingsley's word 'awe' occurring just before, is, however, as I have often felt, precisely the right one. When once we begin at all to understand the handling of any truly great executor, such as that of any of the three great Venetians, of Correggio, or Turner, the awe of it is something greater than can be felt from the most stupendous natural scenery. For the creation of such a system as a high human intelligence, endowed with its ineffably perfect instruments of eye and hand, is a far more appalling manifestation of Infinite Power, than the making either of seas or mountains.

“上文着重突出的文字是我感到惊讶的话。过去我也知道透纳作品和光学仪器一样精美，却没想到它能超过后者。金斯利先生在那句话之前使用了‘敬畏’这个词，说得非常正确，我就常常有这个感觉。一旦我们理解了任何一位大家的处理手法，例如威尼斯三杰，例如科勒乔或者透纳，我们会发现它比最壮观的自然景色更容易让人心生敬畏，因为用眼睛和双手难以言喻的完美表现和人类的智性活动所创造出来的作品，比大海和山川的景色更加震撼，更能展现那‘无穷的力量’。

"After this testimony to the completion of Turner's work, I need not at length defend myself from the charge of hyperbole in the statement that, 'as far as I know, the galleries of Europe may be challenged to produce one sketch (A sketch, observe,—not a finished drawing. Sketches are only proper subjects of comparison with each other when they contain about the same quantity of work: the test of their merit is the quantity of truth told with a given number of touches. The assertion in the Catalogue which this letter was written to defend, was made respecting the sketch of Rome, No.101.) that shall equal the chalk study No.45, or the feeblest of the memoranda in the 71st and following frames;' which memoranda, however, it should have been observed, are stated at the 44thpage to be in some respects 'the grandest work in grey that he did in his life.' For I believe that, as manipulators, none but the four men whom I have just named (the three Venetians and Correggio) were equal to Turner and, as far as I

know, none of those four ever put their full strength into sketches. But whether they did or not, my statement in the catalogue is limited by my own knowledge: and, as far as I can trust that knowledge, it is not an enthusiastic statement, but an entirely calm and considered one. It may be a mistake, but it is not a hyperbole.”

“论证完透纳的作品的完整性以后，关于我的以下第二个论点是否夸张，也就无须大加辩护了：‘就我所知，欧洲的画廊可能没有一幅素描（注意，是素描，而非成品画作。只有当素描作品含有等量的内容时，才可以拿来比较：它们的价值大小就看用给定数量的笔触表现出来的内容的多少。我在目录中的论点，是本文引用的信件所辩护的内容，其中讨论的是“素描罗马第101 号作品”。——作者注）比得上45 号粉笔画习作或者71 号及其后的备忘录中表现力最软弱的作品；’细心的人应该发现，我在第44 页将这个备忘录称为在某种程度上‘是他一生当中最伟大的灰色作品’。因为我相信，所有的艺匠，除了我刚才说过的四位（威尼斯三杰和科勒乔）以外，没有人可以和透纳媲美，而且，据我所知，这四位当中没有一个在素描方面投入过全身心的精力。当然了，不管他们是否全力创作素描，我这个观点无疑也受到我自身见识的局限，但可以说，就我所知而言，这一观点绝非过激之言，而是经过冷静思考得出的结论。它可能是错误的，但绝非有意的夸张。”

Appendix V

附录五

I can only give, to illustrate this balcony, fac-similes of rough memoranda made on a single leaf of my note-book, with a tired hand; but it may be useful to young students to see them, in order that they may know the difference between notes made to get at the gist and heart of a thing, and notes made merely to look neat. Only it must be observed that the best characters of free drawing are always lost even in the most careful fac-simile; and I should not show even these slight notes in wood-cut imitation, unless the reader had it in his power, by a glance at the 21st or 35th plates in Modern Painters, (and yet better, by trying to copy a piece of either of them,) to ascertain how far I can draw or not. I refer to these plates, because, though I distinctly stated in the preface that they, together with the 12th, 20th, 34th, and 37th, were executed on the steel by my own hand, (the use of the dry point in the foregrounds of the 12th and 21st plates being moreover wholly different from the common processes of etching,) I find it constantly assumed that they were engraved for me—as if direct lying in such matters were a thing of quite common usage.

关于这个阳台，我在笔记本上有几张备忘速写，因为当时两手已经很疲惫，图画得很粗糙，但是这图对低年级学生来说或许还有些用处，你们可以通过这张图片了解，为了把握事物核心内容而作的笔记和仅仅为了好看而作的笔记有什么区别。但是必须记住一点，即便再小心的摹写，也比不上自由绘画；要是读者自己看完《现代画家》中第21 号或第35 号画板的内容，能够判断我画得好还是不好（最好是，读者自己可以复制这两个作品），那么，我就可以给你们看我对这些木刻复制品的轻描淡写的笔记；否则，我想还是不给你们看为妙。之所以提起我的几块画板，是因为，尽管我曾在序言中说这两块连同第12 号、20 号、34 号、37 号画板都是我自己在钢板上完成的作品（在第12 号和第21 号画板的前景上完成的作品利用了铜版雕刻技术，与蚀刻画制作工艺完全不同，）还是不断有人说这是由别人代劳再送给我的作品，好像现在这种撒谎已是司空见惯、见怪不怪。

Fig. 2 is the centre-piece of the balcony, but a leaf-spray is omitted on the right-hand side, having been too much buried among the real leaves to be drawn. [Fig. 2]

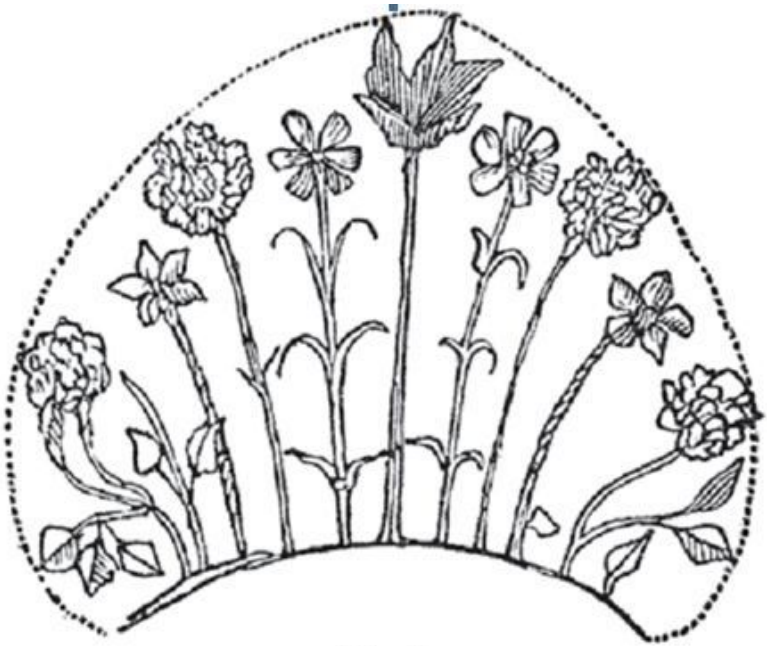


Fig. 2

图 2 是阳台的正面视图，右手边原本有一条带叶的树枝，因为被叶子包得严严实实的，没办法画进来。

Fig. 3 shows the intended general effect of its masses, the five-leaved and six-leaved flowers being clearly distinguishable at any distance. [Fig. 3]

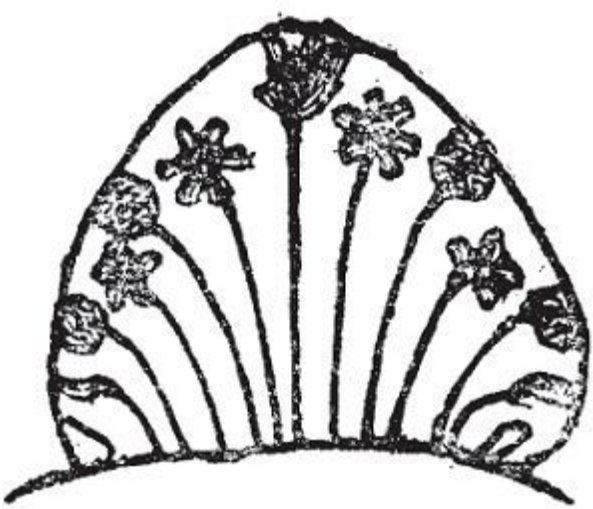


Fig. 3

图 3 是有意勾勒的整体效果图。五瓣花和六瓣花清晰可见，不论离

得多远都能辨认出来。

Fig. 4 is its profile, rather carefully drawn at the top, to show the tulip and turk's cap lily leaves. Underneath there is a plate of iron beaten into broad thin leaves, which gives the centre of the balcony a gradual sweep outwards, like the side of a ship of war. The central profile is of the greatest importance in iron-work, as the flow of it affects the curves of the whole design, not merely in surface, as in marble carving, but in their intersections, when the side is seen through the front. The lighter leaves, bb, are real bindweed. [Fig. 4]

Fig. 4

图 4 是侧视图，顶部是郁金香和头巾百合花瓣。下面是一个金属板，上有几片薄薄的铁制阔叶，在阳台中心形成向外曲线，形似战舰的侧面。中央的轮廓对整个铁制品来说最为重要，它的流面会影响整个设计的曲线，不仅仅像大理石雕刻那样只影响到表面，而且对交叉横断面影响很大。在交叉处，从正面就可以看见侧面的模样。这几片轻盈的花瓣bb 是真旋花。

Fig.5 shows two of the teeth of the border, illustrating their

irregularity of form, which takes place quite to the extent indicated. [Fig. 5]

图 5 是边缘的两个齿状突出，形状不规则，大小与图示一致。

Fig.6 is the border at the side of the balcony, showing the most interesting circumstance in the treatment of the whole, namely, the enlargement and retraction of the teeth of the cornice, as it approaches the wall. This treatment of the whole cornice as a kind of wreath round the balcony, having its leaves flung loose at the back, and set close at the front, as a girl would throw a wreath of 1eaves round her hair, is precisely the most finished indication of a good workman's mind to be found in the whole thing. [Fig.6]

Fig. 5

Fig. 6

图 6 是阳台侧面边缘，是整个处理中最有趣的部分。它显示的是檐口向墙壁方向的齿状凸出物的扩大和收缩。经过处理，整个檐口像花圈一样缠绕阳台，花圈的花叶挂在阳台背上，离前端很近，就像一个小女孩把花冠戴绕在头发上那样。这是整个作品中最能表现艺匠用心的地方。

Fig.7 shows the outline of the retracted leaves accurately. [Fig.7]

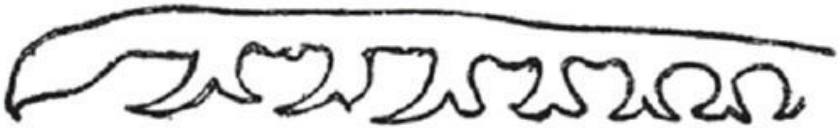


Fig. 7

图7精确地显示了收缩花叶的轮廓。

It was noted in the text that the whole of this ironwork had been coloured. The difficulty of colouring ironwork rightly, and the necessity of doing it in some way or other, have been the principal reasons for my never having entered heartily into this subject; for all the ironwork I have ever seen look beautiful was rusty, and rusty iron will not answer modern purposes. Nevertheless it may be painted; but it needs some one to do it who knows what painting means, and few of us do—certainly none, as yet, of our restorers of decoration or writers on colour.

我在文中曾指出这个铁制艺术品是彩色的。由于很难给铁制艺术品正确地上色，上色时又常常离不开这样或那样的工具，因此我从未热心地研究这一主题。我见过的所有外观优美的铁制艺术品都是生锈了的，而现代社会不需要生锈的铁制品。给铁制品上漆是没错，可是我们又很少有人真正懂得上漆，至少，就我们的装饰品收藏家和绘画评论家来说，还没人懂。

It is a marvellous thing to me that book after book should appear on this last subject, without apparently the slightest consciousness on the part of the writers that the first necessity of beauty in colour is gradation, as the first necessity of beauty in line is curvature,—or that the second necessity in colour is mystery or subtlety, as the second necessity in line is softness. Colour ungradated is wholly valueless; colour unmysterious is wholly barbarous. Unless it loses itself and melts away towards other colours, as a true line loses itself and melts away towards other lines, colour has no proper existence, in the noble sense of the word. What a cube, or tetrahedron, is to organic form, ungradated and unconfused colour is to organic colour; and a person who attempts to arrange colour harmonies without gradation of tint is in precisely the same category, as an artist who should try to compose a beautiful picture out of an accumulation of cubes and parallelopipeds.

我有些惊讶，不断出现一本又一本关于上述最后一个主题的书籍，却没有一本书的作者稍稍意识到色调美的第一要素是渐变，就像线条美的第一要素是曲率一样——或者色调美的第二因素是神秘或者说微妙，就像线条美的第二要素是柔和。未经渐变处理的色调毫无价值；缺乏神

秘感的色调则是野蛮粗俗的。除非颜色从一种颜色融化变成其他颜色，就像线条由自身转向其他线条一样，不存在真正高贵的色调。未经渐变处理、未经混淆的颜色之于有机色调，正如立方体或四面体之于有机形体；不采用色彩渐变就渴望获得颜色和谐，其荒谬正如同艺术家试图通过堆积立方体和平行六面体创作优美的画作一样。

The value of hue in all illuminations on painted glass of fine periods depends primarily on the expedients used to make the colours palpitate and fluctuate; inequality of brilliancy being the condition of brilliancy, just as inequality of accent is the condition of power and loveliness in sound. The skill with which the thirteenth century illuminators in books, and the Indians in shawls and carpets, use the minutest atoms of colour to gradate other colours, and confuse the eye, is the first secret in their gift of splendour: associated, however, with so many other artifices which are quite instinctive and unteachable, that it is of little use to dwell upon them. Delicacy of organisation in the designer given, you will soon have all, and without it, nothing. However, not to close my book with desponding words, let me set down, as many of us like such things, five Laws to which there is no exception whatever, and which, if they can enable no one to produce good colour, are at least, as far as they reach, accurately condemnatory of bad colour.

所有黄金时期的彩色玻璃上的图案的颜色其价值主要取决于使得颜色获得跳动、起伏效果的技术。光彩的不均等是光彩的前提条件，就像声调的不均等是声音的力量和可爱之处一样。13世纪的插图画家，和印度的围巾和毛毯画家，他们都使用最小的颜色分子来处理其他颜色，混淆视觉，这是他们辉煌艺术成就的第一秘诀：他们还有其他很多本能的、无法传授的技艺，这是外人再努力也得不到的东西。只有具备设计者的微妙组织能力，你才可以做到，否则全都白搭。但是，在本书末尾，我并不想简单给出这样绝望的结论。像其他人一样，我还是想在这里给出 5 条法则。这是毫无例外的法则，这些法则即使没办法让人在使用色调方面变得更有能耐，至少可以帮助我们精确辨识什么是不好的色调。

1. ALL GOOD COLOUR IS GRADATED. A blush rose (or, better still, a blush itself,) is the type of rightness in arrangement of pure hue.

1. 所有好色调都是渐变的。玫瑰的颜色（或者，脸红的颜色）就是好色调的一例。

2. ALL HARMONIES OF COLOUR DEPEND FOR THEIR VITALITY ON THE ACTION AND HELPFUL OPERATION OF EVERY PARTICLE OF COLOUR THEY CONTAIN.

2. 所有颜色的和谐离不开其中每种颜色分子的恰当运用和作用。

3. THE FINAL PARTICLES OF COLOUR NECESSARY TO THE COMPLETENESS OF A COLOUR HARMONY ARE ALWAYS INFINITELY SMALL; either laid by immeasurably subtle touches of the pencil, or produced by portions of the colouring substance, however distributed, which are so absolutely small as to become at the intended distance infinitely so to the eye.

3. 通常，实现色调和谐所需的决定性的颜色分子都是极其微小的。这些颜色要么通过铅笔无比微妙的笔触实现，要么通过色素染料完成，这些要素通常都极其微小，以至在预期距离内凭肉眼看都是无比微小的。

4. NO COLOUR HARMONY IS OF HIGH ORDER UNLESS IT INVOLVES INDESCRIBABLE TINTS. It is the best possible sign of a colour when nobody who sees it knows what to call it, or how to give an idea of it to any one else. Even among simple hues the most valuable are those which can not

4. 除非包含无法描述的色彩，任何色调的和谐都没有太大价值。那种让人看得见却叫不出名字或无法向别人描述的颜色是最高级别的颜色。即使在简单的颜色中间，最有价值的还是那些无法描述的色彩；最珍贵的紫色比纯紫色偏棕黄，比纯棕黄偏紫；最珍贵的绿色和纯绿色相比更像蓝色，和纯蓝色相比更像绿色。

5. THE FINER THE EYE FOR COLOUR, THE LESS IT WlLL REQUIRE TO GRATIFY IT INTENSELY. But that little must be supremely good and pure, as the finest notes of a great singer, which are so near to silence. And a great colourist will make even the absence of colour lovely, as the fading of the perfect voice makes silence sacred.

5. 眼睛对颜色的欣赏能力越高，越不需要强烈的色彩刺激来获得满足感。最好、最纯正的东西总是很稀少的，就像音乐里的“大音希声”。色调运用大师甚至能让色彩的缺席变得可爱，就像完美的声音的淡出让静默变得神圣。

Alfred North Whitehead

THE CONCEPT OF NATURE

自然的概念

（英）阿尔弗雷德·诺思·怀特海 著
李可胜 译
范东生 审校

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Published by Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

No. 19 Xisanhuan Beilu

Beijing, China 100089

http://www.fltrp.com

图书在版编目（CIP）数据

自然的概念 / （英）怀特海（Whitehead, A. N.）著；李可胜译．
—北京：外语教学与研究出版社，2015.10
ISBN 978-7-5135-6788-6

Ⅰ．①自… Ⅱ．①怀…②李… Ⅲ．①自然哲学 - 研究 Ⅳ．
①N02

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字（2015）第260065号

出版人　蔡剑峰
责任编辑　刘为华　马爱群
封面设计　孟耕宇
出版发行　外语教学与研究出版社
社　　址　北京市西三环北路19号（100089）
网　　址　http://www.fltrp.com
版　　次　2015年12月第1版
书　　号　ISBN 978-7-5135-6788-6

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举报电话：（010）88817519　电子邮箱：banquan@fltrp.com
法律顾问：立方律师事务所　刘旭东律师
　　中咨律师事务所　殷　斌律师

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译者序

一、关于怀特海

阿尔弗雷德·诺思·怀特海（Alfred North Whitehead，1861—1947）是英国著名的数学家、逻辑学家和哲学家。他出生于英国的肯特郡，1884年毕业于剑桥大学三一学院，并作为数学讲师一直在那里工作到1911年。此后三年在伦敦大学担任应用数学和力学讲师，从1914年至1924年，怀特海成为伦敦帝国科技学院的教授。1924年怀特海从教授的位置上退休，却收到了哈佛大学哲学系的邀请，随即成为该校的哲学教授，并在那里最终完成了他的形而上学理论。

在西方的哲学家中，怀特海是一位全才式的大师级人物。他兴趣广泛、思想独特，在数学，逻辑学，哲学，物理学、形而上学以及教育等诸多领域，都取得了令人瞩目的成就。纵览怀特海的学术生涯，基本可以分为三个阶段。第一阶段与他在剑桥的时间基本吻合，即从1884年到1910年。这段时间他主要的研究工作和成就都集中在数学和逻辑上，也正是在这段时间，他与自己的学生、后来成为大名鼎鼎的学术大师伯特兰·罗素合作，完成了3卷本的《数学原理》。第二阶段基本与他在伦敦的时间吻合，即从1910年到1924年。在这一阶段，他的学术兴趣主要在（但不仅仅局限在）科学哲学和教育哲学上。第三阶段基本与他在哈佛大学的时间吻合，即1924年之后。在此阶段，他主要的学术研究工作是哲学中的一些普遍性问题，并由此而最终形成了完整的形而上学体系，该体系就是后来的过程哲学（又称有机哲学）。

国内的文献在介绍怀特海时，往往多侧重于他的哲学家以及教育思想家的身份。怀特海的过程哲学思想受到国内学者的关注，而其教育思想也有学者研究。相比较而言，国内学者对他的数学思想、哲学逻辑和科技哲学介绍很少。但是，按照《斯坦福哲学百科全书》[1]的评论，怀特海最出色的成就是他在数理逻辑学和科技哲学方面的工作。尤其是他与罗素合作完成的《数学原理》（3卷本，分别出版于1910年，1912年，1913年），奠定了怀特海的学术大师地位。这一鸿篇巨著在数理逻辑学史上具有里程碑意义，对整个二十世纪的数理逻辑学，科学哲学和形而上学都产生了重大影响，是“标志着人类逻辑思维的空前进步，被誉为永

久性的伟大学术著作”。但是在我国，怀特海作为数理逻辑学家的影响远不如作为哲学家和教育思想家的影响，这可能与我国哲学界乃至整个人文科学界缺少数理逻辑传统有关。《自然的概念》一书充分地展示了怀特海的科学哲学思想，并包含了一些逻辑内容，因此本书的出版有助于国内读者全面了解这位学术大师。

二、关于《自然的概念》

《自然的概念》一书的基础是怀特海1919年在塔纳讲坛上所做的系列讲座，首次成书出版是在1920年。本书与《自然知识原理》（*Principles of Natural Knowledge*，1919年）和《相对论原理》（*The Principle of Relativity*，1922年）一起，并称为怀特海的三部最重要的科学哲学著作，它们也是怀特海的第二学术阶段的代表性成就。

在这一阶段，怀特海在伦敦大学和伦敦帝国科技学院先后教授物理学、科学哲学和教育学。此前专注于数学和逻辑研究的怀特海逐渐转向科学哲学上，而他的科学哲学是建立在他对物理学的兴趣之上的。实际上，怀特海更多地是在哲学层面上而不是在科学层面上研究数学和物理学。在这一时期，爱因斯坦的相对论颠覆了空间，时间和运动的传统观念，近代物理学的新发现不断涌现，如光传播理论等，所有这些对哲学中形而上学的自然概念产生了重大影响。在此背景下，怀特海致力于为物理学构建哲学基础，就如同《数学原理》构建了数学（即数理逻辑学）的哲学基础一样。《自然的概念》所体现的就是怀特海在这方面的努力。

怀特海认为：时间，空间和运动，这三个根本性的自然概念，是从人对外部世界感知的特点中抽象得到的。《自然的概念》应用形式逻辑的方法，从可被知觉的基础元素和关系中，构建出实体，即事件。这些事件就如同几何学中的点一样，相互联系，从而抽象出空间、时间和运动的概念。所以“离开空间，就没有时间存在；离开时间，也就没有空间；离开自然事件的流变，也就没有空间和时间（There can be no time apart from space; and no space apart from time; and no space and no time apart from the passage of the events of nature）”。

《自然的概念》一书所表现出来的形而上学思想，就是怀特海后来过程哲学的基础。尽管本书出版于90多年前，那时认知科学、语用学等

都还没有出现，分析哲学和数理逻辑的高峰也还没有到来，但是当译者读完这本书的时候，怀特海哲学思想中所蕴含的认知、语用、思维计算等这些超前的思想，深深折服了译者。所以，在学术研究飞速发展的今天，本书仍然是学习西方现代形而上学理论和科学哲学的必读书目，也就丝毫不奇怪了。

三、关于翻译

哲学文献的翻译很难，《自然的概念》的翻译则更是一种挑战。与怀特海后期的一些“纯”哲学著作相比，本书以数理逻辑的方法阐述怀特海的哲学思想。全书包含了大量的数理逻辑内容，而这些逻辑内容本身又是为怀特海独特的形而上学思想服务的，所以只有具备了数理逻辑的知识，同时又深入了解怀特海的形而上学思想，才有可能翻译好《自然的概念》。尽管译者自负在博士阶段学习过现代逻辑，也曾研读过怀特海的部分著作，但真正翻译起来，仍然感到非常困难。

困难之一是本书的语言比较晦涩。尽管怀特海本人尽了最大的努力来用简单的语言表述自己深邃的思想，但由于书中所要建构的是一个全新的自然概念之形而上学体系，因此存在大量的概念性东西需要细致区分。故此，在很多情况下，作者不得不用结构异常复杂的复句来表述自己的思想，这给阅读和翻译都带来了很大困难。

但更大的困难是术语的理解和翻译，这也是读者在阅读本书时尤其要注意的地方。这主要体现在三个方面：

首先，怀特海精通数学家、逻辑学、哲学等多个领域，而且思想独特，所使用的术语往往不是“纯”哲学的。在《自然的概念》中，为了表达自己独特的哲学思想，怀特海借用了大量的数学、逻辑学、物理学等专业术语，译者对此采用灵活处理。例如，书中的几何学术语congruence，数学界译为“同余”，但对没有数学专业背景的读者，“同余”很难理传递原著者的意思，所以译者采用另一个更明白易懂的译文，即“一致性”；对于数学和计算机理论术语approximation，译者则保留了专业术语的译法，即“逼近”，因为读者可从字面上领会到原著者的意图。

其次，在怀特海的形而上学体系中，存在大量新颖的概念，为了能表述清楚这些概念，他不得不生造了一些新词，有些词甚至成了怀特海

专用的术语。例如，为了表示“the identity of perceived space through time”，他生造了“cogredience”，并成了怀特海的标志性术语。译者对此反复斟酌，译成“共存性，共存关系”，但仍不能满意，因为汉语词的字面意义似乎并没有完全体现出原词的意义。再如，为了能与日常用语中的“直线，点”等词所表示的概念区分，他生造了“rect，punct”等词来表示瞬时空间中的瞬时直线和瞬时点。我们对此的翻译策略是生造汉语新词，故二者分别翻译为“短直”和“刻点”。

再次，本书出版已经快接近百年了，所使用的术语中，有一些已经在不同学科中逐渐成为固定的专业词汇。问题在于：这些专业词汇在汉语中已经有了固定的翻译，但这些翻译的意义与怀特海在《自然的概念》中使用该术语时的本意已经有很大的差异。例如：受到认知科学的影响，“recognition”一词在国内文献中，基本都翻译成“认知”。但原著成书的时候，认知科学还没有出现，所以怀特海使用该词的时候，并没有后来附加在“认知”一词上的专业术语信息，因此本书翻译为“辨识”。

鉴于上述困难，翻译一定存在很多不妥之处。欢迎各界朋友对翻译中的谬误做出批评指正。

注释

1 《斯坦福哲学百科全书》（Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy）是斯坦福大学语言与信息研究中心建立、各领域专家共同维护的动态哲学网络版百科全书。

前言

本书的内容最初是作为塔纳讲坛的开讲稿，于1919年秋在三一学院演讲过。塔纳讲师是一个非常设职位，由爱德华·塔纳先生慷慨捐助而设立。该职位由不同的主讲人相继承担，其职责是讲授“科学哲学以及知识的不同门类之间的关系或关系的空缺”。本书体现了系列讲座的第一位主讲者为完成自己职责而做出的努力。

各章都保留了它们最初的演讲格式，除了因避免表达的晦涩而稍作修改外，一切依据原样。这种做法的优点在于：为听众提供特定的思想背景，而演讲的目的恰恰在于以某种特定的方式对这些思想背景进行修改。要表述一个新颖、头绪众多的观点，从前提到结论的单线交流，很难被人理解。无论你说些什么，听众都偏向于将其解读为与自己已有观点一致的东西。所以，尽管从形式上看，前两章和后两章对阐述的完整性几乎没有任何贡献，但对于理解是至关重要的。它们的作用在于避免读者在理解上误入歧途。基于同样的原因，我尽量避免使用现有的哲学专用术语。本书的第二章讨论了两分论的谬误，这些谬误不断地贯穿现代自然哲学。从某种角度看，两分论中的所有术语都隐射着对我的主题的误解。或许可以直接说：两分论很自然地会导致一些问题，如果读者蛊惑于这些问题，则对于我所写的文字，恐怕一字也不能理解。

对于这一专门系列而言，将最后两章纳入其中，并不合适。第八章是在1920年春，在皇家科技学院的学生化学学会上所发表的演讲。将其附录于此，主要是为了便于总结，并使得本书的学说适用于具有特定类型视野的听众。

这本书的主题是“自然的概念”，与我前一本书《自然知识原理探究》构成姊妹篇。两本书可以分开读，但相互之间存在互补性。本书提出的一些观点，有些在前一本书中被略去了；还有一些是以不同的方式加以阐述。一方面的原因是，我谨慎避免使用数学概念，而直接认定数学推导的结果。有些诠释得以强化，而有些则从新的角度加以阐述。另一方面，如果没有新内容要讲，则上本书的一些重要观点不再讨。整体上看，上一本书主要基于直接引自数理物理学的理念，而这本书则尽量接近哲学和物理学领域，而远离数学。但在讨论时空的细节时，两本书相互重叠了。

我觉得自己的观点没有任何改变。所做的只是进一步拓展。那些可以用非数学的方式进行阐述的东西，已经体现在文字中。在最后两章，间接地用数学的方式加以拓展。这些拓展主要涉及对数理物理学原则进行的修正，从而在形式上适应本书所倡导的相对论原则。本书采用了爱因斯坦应用张量理论的方法，但应用该方法的线索和假设都有所不同。爱因斯坦的结论中，那些已经被经验证实的，都可以通过我的方法获得。分歧主要在于这样的事实：他的非统一性空间理论，或者他对光-讯号特有的基本特征的假设，我都没有接受。但请不要误解，认为我并不赞赏他最近在广义相对论方面的成就。广义相对论有着很好的优点，它首次揭示了一种途径，通过该途径，数理物理学将按照相对论原则获得进展。只是据我判断，哲学中充满疑惑，在其狭窄领域中，他那种聪明的数学方法受到了限制，很难拓展开来。

本书以及前一本书的目标是为自然哲学打下基础，而自然哲学是重新整合思辨物理学的必然前提。时空的普遍相似性在建构主义思想中占主导地位，并得到了来自两个相互独立领域的支持。在科学界以及在相继出现的相对论者中，它获得闵可夫斯基的支持；同时在哲学界，我相信，它是亚历山大教授的吉福德系列讲座的主题，该讲座是亚历山大教授数年前做的，但讲稿还没有出版。这个讲座是亚历山大教授数年前做的，但讲稿并没有出版。1918年7月，他还在亚里斯多德学会的一次演讲中，总结了他在这一问题上的结论。自从《自然知识原理探究》出版以来，我有幸拜读了C·D·布罗德先生的《感知，物理和实在》［剑桥大学出版社，1914］。这本书对第二章的讨论大有裨益，尽管我并不知道，在多大程度上，布罗德先生会同意我所提出的论点。

我还要感谢大学出版社的工作人员，如排字技师，校对，文秘以及管理人员，不仅仅是因为他们出色的技术工作，还因为他们良好的合作为我提供了诸多便利。

A.N.怀特海
帝国科技学院
1920年4月

第一章　自然与思想

创立者将塔纳讲坛的主题界定为“科学哲学和知识的不同门类之间的关系或关系的空缺”。在新论坛的首次讲座中，讨论捐助者对主题界定的意图，为此花一点时间也是应该的。我很乐意为之，借此也可介绍当前这一系列讲座所涵盖的话题。

主题定义可分为两条，我认为，第二条部分地解释了第一条，这点应该是无异议的。什么是科学哲学？科学哲学就是研究知识的不同门类之间的关系，这是一个不错的回答。在“关系”之后，定义中再插入了一个短语“或关系的空缺”，这是考虑到要确保研究不受限定，这种考虑也是值得肯定的。因为证明各门科学之间不存在关系，本身也属于科学哲学。无论是主题定义中的前一条，还是后一条，二者缺一不可。不同门类科学之间的关系，并非都是相应哲学的研究内容。例如，显微镜的应用将生物学和物理学联系起来。但是，我可以肯定地说，在生物学中如何使用显微镜的技术说明，绝不属于科学哲学。再者，主题定义中的后一条也是不可或缺的；换言之，在讨论科学之间的关系时，需要明确地参照某种理想。如果没有这种理想，哲学本身会因难以激发兴趣而逐渐凋萎。这种理想就是要获得某种统一的概念，在所涉及的各种关系中，概念自身已经准备好了一切，知识、感觉和情绪都可以在其中各取所需。正是因为与这种理想存在很大距离，所以才有了哲学研究的动力；即便你排斥这种理想，它也会迫使你跟随它。哲学多元论者是严谨的逻辑学家；黑格尔学派凭借绝对思想在矛盾问题的讨论中崛起；穆罕默德的神学家们在真主的创造意志前鞠躬敬礼；实用主义者则全盘接受任何东西，前提是它“有用”。

之所以提到上述这些宽泛体系，以及使得它们得以出现的长期争论，目的在于警示我们要专注于某个方面。在科学哲学中，我们的任务属于比较简单的一种。科学已经成为某种统一体，正因为如此，知识体也本能地被认为构成了一门正在形成的科学。在这个思想复合体中，遍布着一些统一特征，科学哲学就是致力于明确地描述这些特征，并使其成为一门科学。科学哲学——如果视为一门学科的话——就是要努力地证明所有的科学同属一门，或者——万一失败——则证明了不存在这种可能性。

这里，我进一步简化，将关注的焦点限定在自然科学中，也就是说，限定在那些主题-物质是自然的科学上。通过为这类科学设定共同的主题-物质，也就预设了自然科学有统一的哲学。

说到自然，我们所指又是什么呢？我们不得不讨论自然科学哲学。自然科学就是研究自然的科学。但是，自然又是什么呢？

自然就是通过感官而在知觉中观察到的东西。在感官-知觉中，我们意识到一些东西的存在，它们不是思想，而且对于思想而言，它们自成体系。这种不依赖思想而自成体系的属性是自然科学的基础。它意味着：自然可以视为一个封闭系统，其内部关系无需通过被人所想到这样的事实来表述。

因此某种意义上，自然独立于思想。这样说，并非想表达一种形而上学的阐述。我只是想说明，在考虑自然时，无需考虑思想。这样的话，我敢说我们是以“同质”的方式思考自然。

当然，在思考自然时，也可能会考虑这样的事实，即自然被思考。此种情况，我认为是以“异质”的方式在思考自然。事实上，在刚过去的几分钟里，我们一直在以异质的方式思考自然。自然科学只与对自然的同质思考有关。

但是在感官-知觉中存在某种元素，这种元素并非是思想。从心理学角度，很难说清楚：感官-知觉是否涉及思想；如果真的涉及，又必然涉及到哪种思想。注意，如前所述，感官-知觉是对某个东西的意识，而这个东西本身不是思想。换言之，自然不是思想。但感官-知觉的事实有着某种非思想的要素，这是一个不同的问题。这种要素我称之为“感官-意识”。相应的，那些认为自然科学只与自然的同质思想有关的学说，并不能推论出：自然科学与感官-意识无关。

但是，我还是要进一步申明。虽然自然科学与自然有关，而自然是感官-知觉的终点，但是自然科学与感官-意识本身并没有关系。

论证过程的主要脉络重复如下，某些方面还要进一步解释。

关于自然的思想不同于对自然的感官-知觉。因此，感官-知觉的事实中本身有某种成分或要素，它们不是思想。我称之为感官-意识。感官-知觉是否将思想作为其他成分，与我的论证无关。如果感官-知觉中去掉思想，则感官-意识与感官-知觉是等同的。但是存在一些东西，它们是作为实体被感知的，而这些实体是感官-知觉的终点，对于思想而言，这些东西不在那个感官-意识的事实之列。同样，在某个被感知的东

西中，除了作为该知觉中一个成分的感官-意识外，不包含其他任何感官-意识。因此，在感官-知觉中被揭示的自然，除了相对于思想自成体系之外，也独立于感官-意识之外。我说自然相对于心灵是封闭的，这也表明了自然是自成体系。

自然的这种封闭性，并不意味着它是某种提倡自然与心灵相互分离的形而上学学说。它只是意味着：在感官-知觉中，自然被被揭示为一种实体复合体。无需参照心灵，即无需参照感官-意识或思想，复合体内部的相互关系就可以为思想所表述。而且，请不要误会，认为我是在暗示：可以归因于心灵的活动只有感官-意识和思想。同样，我也不否认：自然实体与心灵之间存在种种关系；而且如果心灵本身不作为心灵的感官-知觉的终点，则自然实体与这样的心灵之间也存在种种关系。因此，前面提到的两个术语："同质思想"和"异质思想"，其含义都需要拓宽。当我们思考自然时，不考虑思想或感官-意识，就是以"同质"方式在思考自然；如果思考自然时，也同时考虑思想或感官-意识或二者兼有，则是以"异质"的方式思考自然。

此外，我认为对自然进行同质思考，要排除任何道德或审美的价值观。对这种价值的理解，其活跃程度与自我意识活动成正比。也许对存在做形而上学综合时，这些自然的价值是关键的东西。但我所想做的却不是这种综合。感官-意识作为一种直接呈现而为我们所知，这会涉及到的非常广阔的领域，而我所关注的只是对这些领域做出概括。

我已经说过，在感官-知觉中，自然是作为实体复合体而得以揭示。这里有必要了解一下实体的含义。"实体"原本是拉丁语单词，与"事物"的意义对等，只是出于技术上的考虑，二者之间才人为地做了一些区分。所有的思想都是针对事物的。通过考察一个命题的结构，我们可以认识到事物对思想的必要性。

假定评说者和接受者正在交流一个命题。该命题由不同的短语构成；其中有些短语是展示性的，有些是描述性的。

如果无需借助特定展示性短语，接受者就能意识到该短语所指的实体，则该短语就是我所说的展示性短语。我使用的"展示"一词可以理解为非逻辑意义的"展示"。所谓非逻辑意义的"展示"是指：一个讲师在医学院初级班上，借助青蛙和显微镜，将血液的循环展示给学生看。我将这种展示称为"思辨性"展示，因为我想起了哈姆雷特曾使用过"思辨"一词，

在那些人眼中没有思辨。

因此，一个思辨性短语可以通过思辨的方式展示某个实体。当然可能会出现这种情形：一个短语向评说者展示的实体，不同于它展示给接受者的实体，即评说者想表示的是不同的实体。这种情形会出现混乱，因为存在两个不同命题：评说者的命题和接受者的命题。但是此情形与我们的讨论无关，故将这种可能性搁置一边。虽然在实践中，两个人很难同时考虑同一个命题，甚至同一个人也很难准确界定自己正在考虑的命题。

此外，展示性短语也许没有展示任何实体。在这种情况下，对于接受者而言，命题就不存在。我们可以假定评说者清楚自己的意图（这样做可能有些轻率）。

一个展示性短语就是一个表示。表示本身并非命题的构成成分，但是它所展示的实体却属于命题的成分。因为某种原因，你可能不喜欢某个展示性短语，而且怨言不断，但是只要它确实正确地展示了实体，那么整个命题就不会因个人的喜好而有任何变化。句子本是用来呈现命题，但这种因措辞而产生的联想意义，也是句子字面意义的一部分。原因在于，句子直接呈现一个命题，但其措辞却能使人模糊地联想到其他命题，而这些命题往往带有丰富的情感价值。我们现在谈论的命题，是使用任何措辞都能直接得以呈现的那种。

但是要贯彻此说法并不容易，因为存在这样的事实：很多情况下，从形式上看，有些东西只是展示性表示的一部分，但事实上，却是希望直接呈现的命题的一部分。这种情况下，我们将命题的措辞方式称为简约。在日常交流中，几乎所有命题的措辞方式都是简约。

让我们看一些例子。假设评说者身处伦敦，比如坐落在瑞金斯公园里的贝德福德学院——一所很好的女子学院。在学院的大厅，他说道：

“这座学院建筑很宽敞。”

短语“这座学院建筑”就是一个展示性短语。再设想接受者的回答，

“这不是一座学院建筑，是动物园里的狮子屋。”

现在，假定评说者最初的命题不是通过简约措辞来表述的，则在回答时，他会坚持最初的命题。

“不管怎样，它很宽敞。”

注意，在接受者的回答中，认可了短语“这座学院建筑”的思辨性展示。所以他不会说“你说的是什么？”他明白这个短语展示了某个实体，

却断定该实体是动物园的狮子屋。轮到评说者说话时，他认识到自己最初所做的表示已经达到了思辨性展示的效果，于是用“不管怎样”来表示自己不想讨论它所引起的联想意义是否合适。现在，他可以重复自己原有的命题，但这次所借助展示性表示中没有任何联想意义，不管这些联想意义是否合适。他说道：

“它很宽敞”

最后这句的“它”预设了思想已经确认了特定的实体作为思考的一个纯粹目标体。

我们缩小范围，只讨论在感官-意识里被揭示的实体。在自然这个复合体中，这种实体表现为一个关系载体。观察者通过实体的关系而知晓了实体，但是实体本身只是作为一种个体而成为思想的目标体。否则，思想就无法进行下去；换言之，如果没有以思辨的方式被展示出来，理想化的纯粹的“它”，思想就不能继续进行。将实体当作一种纯粹目标体，并不表明它是一个从复合体中被感官-知觉所发现的存在物。对于思想而言，“它”本质上是感官-意识中的一个关系载体。

关于学院建筑的对话也可能变成另一种形式。不管评说者的最初意图是什么，现在他确定自己前面的话语采用了简约措施，假定他想表达的是：

“这是一座学院建筑，并且很宽敞。”

这时，展示很宽敞的“它”的展示性短语或表示换成了“这”；在该语境中，这个弱化的短语足以达到正确展示的目的。这就说明，词语表达从来就不是命题措施的全部；措辞还应该包括措辞产生时的一般情景。因此，使用展示性短语的目的，是表明有确定所指的“它”只是思想的纯粹目标体；但是使用展示性短语的做法，只是为了能产生特定实体的意识，在该意识中，这个特定实体是某个辅助性复合体中的特定关系载体，其本身与所表述的命题无关，之所以被选用，只是因思辨展示的需要。例如，在上面的对话中，通过思辨的方式，短语“这座学院建筑”展示了与“它”存在联系的学院和建筑，而学院和建筑将“它”置于一个辅助性复合体中，该复合体与下面这个命题无关，即：

“它很宽敞”

当然，语言中的每个短语都不可避免地非常简约。因此，句子

“这座学院建筑很宽敞”

可能表示：

“这座学院建筑作为一座学院建筑很宽敞。”

在上述讨论中，用“作为一所学院建筑很宽敞”代替“很宽敞”，结论没有变化。尽管那位自认为身处动物园狮子屋的接受者，不太可能同意下面这句话。

“不管怎样，它作为一座学院建筑很宽敞。”

还有一个更明显的简约措辞的例子，评说者对接受者说这样的话，

“那个罪犯是你的朋友”

接受者可能回答：

“他是我的朋友，你在侮辱人。”

这里，接受者认定短语“那个罪犯”不仅仅是展示性短语，而且属于简约措辞。纯粹的展示是理想化的思想，现实中不可能存在。而这种不可能性，给思想的交流和留存带来困难。也就是说，要向他人表述一个关于自然中特定要素的命题，或者将该命题保存下来以便反复思考，除了借助与该命题不相关的辅助性复合体外，别无选择。

现在接着讨论描述性短语。评说者说：

“在瑞金斯公园里的学院很宽敞。”

接受者对瑞金斯公园很了解。对他而言，“在瑞金斯公园的学院”是一个描述性短语。日常生活中，这句话肯定属于某种方式的简约措辞，但如果此处认为它不属于简约措辞的话，那么这句话就单纯地表示：

“存在一个实体，该实体是瑞金斯公园里的学院，并且很宽敞。”

如果接受者回答道：

“动物园里的狮子屋是瑞金斯公园里唯一宽敞的建筑。”

鉴于动物园的狮子屋不是学院建筑，接受者就与评说者形成矛盾。

如果说在第一个对话中，接受者与评说者只是存在争议，并没有形成矛盾关系，那么在第二个对话中，则形成矛盾。由此可见，命题中的描述性短语本身就是命题的一部分，而展示性短语不是。

再假设，评说者也许是站在格林公园，那儿没有任何学院建筑。他说道：

“这座学院建筑很宽敞。”

接受者很可能没有得到任何命题，因为展示性短语

“这座学院建筑”

没有展示任何东西，因为它所预设的感官-意识背景不存在。

但是如果评说者所说的话是：

“格林公园里的学院建筑很宽敞。”

接受者将可以得到一个命题，只不过是一个假命题。

语言总是存在歧义，因此要对语言的意义做一些概括性的断定，就显得非常轻率。但还是可以说，以英语指示代词“this”或“that”开头的短语通常都是展示性，而以英语冠词“the”或“a”开头的短语通常都是描述性的。在研究命题表达式理论时，要认识到这些相互类似、貌似平淡的词之间存在很大的区别，如指示代词“this”和“that”与冠词“the”和“a”之间的区别，这点非常重要。下面的句子

“瑞金斯公园里的那座（The）学院建筑很宽敞。”

根据贝特兰·罗素的分析，该句子表示这样的命题：

“存在一个实体，满足（i）是瑞金斯公园里的一座学院建筑；（ii）是很宽敞的；（iii）如果瑞金斯公园里存在任何学院建筑，那么该建筑等同于这个实体。”

由此可见，短语“瑞金斯公园里的那座（the）学院建筑”的描述性特征非常明显。如果否定这个命题的三个组成部分中的任意一个，或者它们的任意组合，则该命题也被否定。如果用“格林公园”代替“瑞金斯公园”，则会产生一个假命题。此外，如果瑞金斯公园里又成立一个学院，那么命题也为假。尽管从常识上讲，人们在日常生活中出于礼貌考虑，会认为它存在歧义。

对于研究经典作品的学者而言，《伊利亚特》通常是展示性短语，因为它展示了一部著名的史诗。但是对于大多数人，这个短语是描述性的，即它的意义类似于“一部名为《伊利亚特》的史诗”。

名称要么是展示性的，要么是描述性的。例如，对我们来说，“荷马”是描述性短语，即该词语表示“写出了《伊利亚特》的男子”，尽管它的联想意义可能会因人而稍有区别。

这些讨论说明：我们所说的实体，被思想将作为纯粹的目标体置于自身之前，而思维活动则通过表述它们之间的种种关系对其进行包装。要素对于思想而言就是实体，正是通过要素，感官-意识揭示了事实。在思想中，分离和区别实体并不是一种形而上学的断言，而是一种程序方法，这种程序方法是必要的，它可以通过有限手段来表述不同的单个命题。如果没有实体，也就不可能存在有穷数目的真理；实体是一种手段，通过这种手段，那些不可穷尽的无关事物才能被思想拒之门外。

上述讨论总结如下：思想的终点是实体。首先，它们是纯粹的个

体，其次，在思想的过程中，这些实体被赋予了一些属性和关系；在自然的事实中存在要素，这些要素就是感官-意识的终点，它们首先是关系载体，其次被区分为不同的个体。

这样也就可以解释：为什么在自然的特征中，没有一样是可以直接通过感官-意识而被知识所断定？自然的特殊本质特征通过感官-意识进入经验，但对于思想而言，这些特征只扮演监护者的角色，目的是监护自己作为纯粹实体的个体性。在这种意义上，思想是不可能渗透到自然中的。因此，对于思想而言，“红色”只是一个确定的实体，尽管对于意识而言，“红色”有着个体性的内容。在确定失去了这些内容，意识中的“红色”就转为思想中的“红色”，即从要素“红色”转为实体“红色”。转换过程中的这种损失是有补偿的，即思想可以交流，而感官-意识是不可交流的。

由此可见，自然知识存在三个组成部分，即事实、要素和实体。事实是没有做任何区分的感官-意识的终点；要素也是感官-意识的终点，但已经区分为事实中的元素了；实体是要素，其功能是作为思想的终点。这样说法的实体就是自然实体。思想比自然宽广，因此有些实体只在思想中存在，在自然中不存在。

当我们说自然是由相互联系的实体构成的复合体时，这里的“复合体”对于思想而言，就是作为实体的事实。由于它具有纯粹的个体性，其复合性具有包括不同的自然实体的属性。我们的工作就是分析自然复合体这一概念，分析过程将会涉及到时间和空间。很显然，自然实体之间的关系也是自然实体，即对于感官-意识而言，它们也是被断定的事实要素。因此，在思想中，自然复合体的构造永远不可能完成，正如事实要素不可能被感官-意识所穷尽一样。这种不穷尽性是自然知识一个最基本特征。同时，自然也不可能耗尽思想中的物质，即总存在一些思想，在以同质的方式思考自然时，它们是不可能出现的。

至于感官-知觉是否也涉及到思想，则主要是语言表达的问题。将实体作为事实要素，从其实际位置上进行抽象，就获得了关于个体的辨识。如果感官-知觉涉及到这种辨识，则毫无疑问感官-知觉也就涉及到思想。但是如果将感官-知觉只看成是对事实要素的感官-意识，目的仅仅为了满足激发情感或目的性行为，而不做进一步的辨识，则感官-知觉就不涉及思想。此种情况中，感官-意识的终点相对心灵而言的东西，与思想无关。据推测，某些低等生命形式的感官-知觉通常就接近于这种特

征。而且，当思维活动偶尔趋向静止时，我们的感官-知觉距离这种理想化极限就不远了。

在感官-意识中，这种区分过程可分为两个不同的方面。一方面要将事实区分成不同的部分，另一方面通过展现部分与种种实体之间的关系，从而将这些部分区分开来。尽管实体是事实的成份，但是实体本身不是事实的部分。换言之，对于意识而言，即时事实是自然的整体呈现。自然是作为一个事件呈现给感官-意识的，且转瞬即逝。没有持久的、可以让人注视的自然。对于我们当前的感官-意识的终点，即便加倍努力，也不可能获得更多的知识；但是由于有着良好意志，我们得到后续感官-意识，这才使我们获得了相应的机会。因此，对于感官-意识而言，最终的事实是事件。我们将这个整体事件区分为种种不同的部分事件。我们能意识到自己肉体生命的事件，意识到在这件屋子里的自然历程的事件，同时意识其他部分事件被隐约感知为一个聚集体。这就是在感官-意识中，将事实区分为不同的部分。

在使用“部分”一词时，我对事件的意义做了些人为的限定，一个事件是被意识所揭示的整个事实的构成部分。

感官-意识还会产生自然中的一些非事件要素。例如，天蓝色被视为置于某个特定事件的场景中。这种场景关系还需进一步讨论，我将在下一讲中进行。现在讨论的要点是，自然中发现的天蓝色，是事件中具有明确意义的东西，但其本身并不是事件。据此，除了事件外，自然中还有一些要素，可以直接在感官-意识中揭示出来。将自然的所有要素都考虑成不同实体，这些实体具有种种确定的自然关系，这种概念我在别处称之为“自然的多元性”。

依据上述讨论，可以得出一个概括性的结论。在感官-知觉中被揭示出来的实体，对它们做普遍性的分类，应该是科学哲学的首要任务。

除了“事件”之外，我们用作例子的实体还包括贝德福德学院的建筑，诗人荷马和天蓝色。很显然，这些都是不同类型的东西，差异巨大；对某一类实体所做的陈述，可能不适用于另一类实体。抽象逻辑往往认为人类是以一种有序的方式进行思考的。如果真是这样，则可以进一步提出，科学的首要步骤就是对自然实体进行分类。也许你可能会反驳，认为这种分类工作已经有结果，科学是探索时空中的有形物质实体的历险。

需要写一部关于物质学说的历史。这将会是一部古希腊哲学对科学

的影响史。在人们长期对自然实体的形而上学地位的误解中，可以见到古希腊哲学的这种影响。使得人们一直将实体和作为感官-意识终点的要素分离。实体成为要素的基层，而要素则降格成为实体的属性。通过这种方式，将实际上没有差异的自然区分出差异。就其自身而言，自然实体不过是事实的要素而已。之所以能从事实复合体中分离出来，是因为进行了抽象。自然实体不是要素的基层，相反，其本身就是思想中的要素。因此，原本仅仅作为一种思维方式的东西，在感官-意识向零散知识的转换过程中，却变成了自然的基本特征。据此，物质表现为自己属性的形而上学基层，而自然的历程也就被解释为物质的历史。

柏拉图和亚里士多德发现，古希腊思想致力于寻找一些简单物质体，通过这些物质体，事件的历程就得以表述。所讨论的心灵状态也许可以形式化地阐述为：自然是由什么构成的？对于这个问题，古希腊先哲的回答，或者更准确地说，回答时所使用的术语概念，决定了关于时间、空间和物质的预设。这三者一直是科学的主宰，而这些预设也未被人们质疑过。

在柏拉图那里，思想的形式比在亚里士多德那里更不固定，因此我姑且认为也更有价值。其重要性在于：它们证明了这样的事实，即关于自然，曾经出现过一些深思熟虑的思想，只是后来科学哲学的长久传统已经将这些思想纳入到一个统一模式中。比如，在柏拉图的《帝迈欧篇》中，比较含糊地提出了一种假设：自然的一般形成和自然的时间量度之间存在区别。在后面的讲座中，我要做出类似的区分，即我所说的自然流变与展现这种流变某些特征的时间系统存在区别。我不能说柏拉图直接支持这种观点，但我确信，如果承认这种区分，则《帝迈欧篇》中处理时间的那些章节就很好理解了。

当然，这并非是正题。我现在关心的是，古希腊思想中关于物质的科学学说起源何处。在《帝迈欧篇》中，柏拉图声称自然是由火和土构成的，在火和土之间还存在气和水，“火与气的关系就如同气与水的关系，气与水的关系就如同水与土的关系”。同时他还为这四种元素提出了分子假说。在假说中，所有的东西都取决于原子的形状；土的原子为立体，火的原子为锥体。今天物理学家们又再讨论原子的结构，其形状也并非是结构中微不足道的因素。柏拉图的猜测读起来比亚里士多德的系统分析更怪异，但从某种角度上看，更有价值。其思想的主要框架可以与现代科学的框架相媲美。所包含的概念，任何自然哲学理论都应该保

留，而且某种意义上必须进行解释。亚里士多德提出了一个根本性问题："物质体"到底是什么意思？很遗憾，他自己的哲学和逻辑学在这里产生了相对作用。在他的逻辑学中，肯定性命题的基本类型是谓词表述主词的属性。相应地，他所分析的"物质体"一词现在有很多种用法，而他所强调的是"最低端的基层，不能再用作谓词去断定其他任何东西"。

亚里士多德的逻辑学被人们所接受，无人质疑，结果导致了一个根深蒂固的习惯，即无论在感官-意识里揭示了什么，都总是假定存在一个基层。也就是说，在意识到的东西之下，寻找某种物质体，这种物质体应该是"具体东西"。这就是现代科学概念中物质和以太的诞生之源，换言之，它们之所以产生，是因为总是在不断地做着各种假设。

现代科学构想出以太，在由超越通常可考量范围的物质所构成的时空里，以太被认为是遍布这些时空里的事件的基层。我个人认为，述谓断定结构是一种含混的概念，作为一种便利的通用语言形式，它混淆了很多不同的关系。例如，我认为绿色与叶片之间的关系，完全不同于绿色与该叶片在某个短时间内的生命历程事件之间的关系，而且也不同于叶片与这个事件之间的关系。某种意义上，我把事件称为绿色的场景，从另种意义上说，它又是叶片的场景。因此，在某种意义上，叶片是一种特征或属性，可以用来断定一个场景；而在另一种意义上，绿色也是一种特征或属性，可以断定同一个场景，而这两个场景就是同一个事件。据此，属性的述谓断定结构掩盖了实体之间完全不同的关系。

相应地，与"述谓断定结构"相关的术语"物质体"也存在这种歧义。如果要在某处找到物质体的话，我认为应该在事件中。某种意义上，事件就是自然最根本的物质体。

现代科学意义上的物质是对爱奥尼亚学派的回归，试图在时空中发现自然的构成材料。早期对土和水的猜想或多或少都与亚里士多德的物质体概念相关，与此相比，现代科学意义上的物质有着更加精炼的意义指派。

土、水、气、火和物质以及最终的以太，只要牵涉到作为自然最根本的基层这一假定特征，它们都存在直接继承关系。它们鉴证了古希腊哲学在探寻最根本实体时所表现的永恒的生命力。这些最根本实体是构成在感官-意识中所揭示的事实的要素。古希腊哲学的这种探寻正是科学的起源。

始于早期爱奥尼亚思想家的粗略猜想、终于19世纪对以太的思考，

这一系列的思想提醒我们，关于物质科学的学说是不同思想交织的产物。正是通过不同思想的交织，哲学在自己的道路上逐渐精确了亚里士多德的物质体概念。同时，出于对哲学抽象的回应，科学也转向这种交织思想上。爱奥尼亚哲学中的土、火、水和《帝迈欧篇》中的具有形状的元素，可以媲美于现代科学学说中的物质和以太。物质体代表着最根本哲学概念，即关于任何属性之下的基层概念。（科学意义上的）物质已经存在于时空之中。因此，有了物质，意味着思考时不能脱离时空特征，而获得个体实体的纯粹概念。正因为如此，所以才将思维过程引入到自然的事实中，结果产生了混乱。那些除了时空之外不再有其他特征的实体，在物理学上被看成是构成自然最根本材料；这样，自然的历程也就被认为是物质在空间中的历险之命运了。

所以，不加批判地接受时空是自然存在的外部条件的观点，是物质学说的起源。我这样说，并不表示对作为自然成分的时空事实有任何怀疑。我的意思是“无意识地将时空预设为自然所在之处。”在人们反对哲学批判过于微妙而令人难以琢磨时，这种预设也进入到人们的思想。关于物质的科学学说，我的理论是这样的：纯粹实体只是一种抽象观念，从思维的角度看，这样做是必须的，但第一哲学却将纯粹实体转变为形而上学观念，即转变成自然中要素的基层，在各种不同的意义上，这些要素作为属性被赋予实体，第一哲学的这种做法是不合理的；接下来的第二步，科学家（包括本身是科学家的哲学家）有意或无意地忽视了哲学，将这种基层作为属性的基层，预设它们存在于时空之中。

可以肯定，这已经乱成一锅粥。所有物质实体合在一起被看成是属性的基层。因此，时空就应该被看作是物质实体的属性。但显然并非如此，如果物质是自然的物质体，就需要借助一些存在于除了物质块之外的其他关系载体之间关系，才能表述在时空方面的真理。这点暂不讨论，先看其他问题。在空间里的不是物质实体，而是属性。在空间里，我们所能找到是玫瑰的红色、茉莉花的馨香以及大炮的轰鸣。我们告诉牙医自己哪里牙痛。因此，空间不是物质体之间的关系，而是属性之间的关系。

因此，即便你承认可以允许物质体的追随者将物质体设想为物质，但认为空间表现了物质体之间的关系，并以此为借口将物质体塞入空间，这也是欺人之举。至少从表面上看，空间与物质体没有关系，只与物质体的属性有关系。我的意思是，如果你——尽管我认为这是错误的

——将关于自然的经验设想为关于物质体属性的意识，那么根据这种理论，在被经验所揭示的物质体之间，就不可能发现有任何具有可比性的直接关系。我们所能发现的只是物质体属性之间的各种关系。因此，如果物质被看作是空间中的物质体，那么在发现空间自身的空间就与我们经验中的空间没有任何关系。

上述论证可以用空间关系理论来表述。但是，如果空间是绝对的——换言之，如果空间不依赖于处于其中的万物——对上述论证过程几乎没有任何影响。因为空间中的万物必须与空间存在某种根本关系，这种关系我们称为占据。这样，那些反对意见，即认为被观察到与空间有关系的是属性，仍然成立。

人们结合时间的绝对理论来主张物质的科学学说。如同上述论证适用于论证空间和物质的关系一样，它也可以同样地应用在物质和时间的关系上。但是，（在目前的哲学中）空间和物质之间的关系与时间和物质之间的关系存在不同之处，这点我将做出解释。

空间不仅仅是物质实体的一种有序化——这种有序化使得实体与其他的物质实体之间存在某些特定的关系。空间的占据关系给每个物质实体自身留下了特定的特征。由于在空间的占据关系，物质有了延展性。由于它的延展性，任意一点物质都可以分解为部分，而每一个部分又是一个实体，该实体可以通过编号而区分于其他实体。因此，每一个物质实体似乎又不是真正的实体。它是多个实体质的复合。因为无法找到能占据一个单独点的最基本实体，将物质解析成实体聚合的过程也就无法穷尽。这种物质实体质的聚合并非是科学上所指的东西，也不与任何感官-意识所揭示的东西对应。在解析物质的过程中，完全有必要在某个阶段中止这一过程，这样所获得的物质实体将被视为单元。中止的阶段可以是任意的，也可以是依据自然的特征来确定；但是科学中的所有推理最终都会放弃这种空间解析，并提出这样的问题，“这里是一个物质实体，如果将它作为一个单元，则会出现一种什么情况？”但是这个物质实体仍然具有自己的延展性，因此仍然是一个物质实体的质聚合。所以，在自然中就存在一种基本原子属性，这一属性不受延展性解析的影响。有些东西就其本身而言，可以看成是一个整体，在它所占据的容积之内，实体占据着不同的点，但是它却不仅仅是这些实体的逻辑聚合。事实上，对于那些点上的最基本实体，我们有理由保持质疑态度，甚至怀疑是否有这样的实体存在。它们具有的某些特征是非常值得怀疑的，我

们之所以接受这些特征是出于抽象逻辑的考虑，而非依据观察到的事实。

物质占据时间，但是（在当代哲学中的）时间并没有对物质产生相同的分解作用。如果物质占据了一个时间段，那么物质整体将占据该时间段的每个部分。因此，物质和时间的关联与现代科学哲学所表述的物质和空间的关联不同。将时间看成是不同物质块之间的关系，与将空间做类似理解相比，显然更困难一些。不同的物质块会在瞬间占据空间中的不同容积。由此，将空间仅仅看成是因不同物质块之间的关系而产生的，到目前为止还不存在任何本质上的困难。但是在一维的时间中，同一个物质块可以占据时间的不同组成部分。因此，只有通过物质块与自身的关系，才可以表述时间。我的观点是相信空间关系理论和时间关系理论，但不相信空间关系理论目前的表述形式，这种形式将物质块表述成空间关系的关系载体。真正的关系载体是事件。在与物质的联系上，时空是有所区别的，这点我刚刚指出。因此很明显，如果将时间和空间合并归化，则不可能沿着传统路线来处理，传统的路线是将物质看成是形成空间的基本元素。

自然哲学在自己发展轨道上曾因古希腊思想的影响而发生了偏转。柏拉图的《帝迈欧篇》中就模糊而不确定的表述了这种错误的假设。这种思想的一般基础仍然没有得以确认，而只是被认为缺少合适的解释和没有做出恰当地强调。但在亚里士多德的讨论中，现行的概念被僵化、界定过于明确，导致的结果是：错误地分析了在感官-意识中揭示出来的自然形式和物质之间的关系。在这个短语中，术语“物质”并非科学意义上的“物质”。

在结束之前，我要保证自己不被别人误解。现在的物质学说显然将某些基本自然法则奉为至宝。任何一个简单的例子都能说明这点。例如，在博物馆里，某个标本被安全地锁在玻璃柜里。在那里，它呆了很多年，失去了原有的颜色，甚至已经破碎。但至始至终，在玻璃柜里所展示的都是相同的那件标本；有着相同的化学元素；这些元素有着相同的量。再如，工程师和天文学家的研究对象是自然中真正永恒运动。任何自然理论，只要片刻忽视这些伟大的基本经验事实，都显然是愚蠢的。但是也应该指出：在令人疑惑的形而上学迷宫之中，这些事实的科学表述却渐渐受到羁绊。当我们移除形而上学，不带任何偏见的重新开始审视自然，就会在很多基本概念上得到一些新的认识，这些基本概念

主导着科学并指引着研究的进程。

第二章　自然的二分理论

将物质看成是物质体，其属性是我们能感知的，在前一讲中，我批评了这种物质观念历史上，正是这种认识物质的方式，把这种物质观念引入到科学中。今天我们的思想使得当代科学学说是如此的明了，但即便在此背景下，对物质的模糊认识仍然如此。即我们认为自己所感知的是事物的属性，而一件件的物质就是其属性被我们所感知的事物。

从这一方面看，物质显得简洁明了，令人倍感甜蜜，但在17世纪却遭受当头棒喝。当时，科学的传播学说正日益完善，到世纪末，已经毫无异议地确立起来，尽管这些学说的具体形式还在不断修正。这些传播理论的确立，标志着科学与哲学关系的转折点。特别要提到的是声光传播理论。我相信，受常识的启发，这些理论此前就被模糊地提到；其实，在思想中，没有什么东西是全新的。但在系统化提出这些理论并使之精确之前，它们的全部结论都已经毫不留情地推导出来。正是因为确定了这些结论的推导程序，标志着真正发现了一项理论。系统化的声光传播理论被严密地构建出来，声和光被看成是从散射物体发出来的某种东西，特别是光与颜色的关联被牛顿清楚地揭示出来。

结果使得“物质-属性”这种简单的理论完全站不住脚。我们所看到的取决于进入眼睛的光。更重要的是，我们甚至不能感知进入眼睛的是什么。所传播的只是光波——诚如牛顿所考虑的——它们是一些细微颗粒。为此，洛克提出了第一性质和第二性质理论。也就是说，物质确实存在某些属性可以为我们所感知。这些就是第一性质，还有其他一些东西，如颜色，它们不是物质的属性，却被我们感知为属性。这些就是物质的第二性质。

为何我们能感知第二性质？我们能感知很多根本不存在的东西，这似乎是一种极其不好的安排。但这正是第二性质理论在事实上所导致的结果。哲学和科学界的主流都默认这样的结论，如果不将自然中的关系纳入到心灵之中，则对于在感官-意识中所揭示出来的自然，不可能给出具有一致性的理论描述。现代理论对自然的描述，并非如所期望的那样，仅仅说明心灵是如何了解自然；相反，它往往与自然对心灵所产生作用的描述混为一谈。结果无论对于科学还是哲学都是一场灾难，而哲学尤甚。它将自然与心灵的关系这样宏大的问题转换成了人的身体与心

灵之间的交互作用的枝节问题。

贝克莱反对物质学说，引起了很多争议。而他反对的理由正是因为光传播理论的引入所引起的混乱。他倡导摒弃目前这种形式的物质学说，这点我认为是正确的。但是摒弃之后，除了将有限心灵与神的心灵联系起来的理论之外，没有其他可以替代的理论。

但是这几讲中，我们努力地将讨论局限在自然本身上，以感官-意识所揭示的实体为界。

感知本身被看成是理所当然的。我们确实要考虑感知的条件，前提是这些条件本身也属于感知所揭示的内容范围。至于能知者和所知物之间的综合，就留给形而上学吧。为了便于理解系列讲座的脉络，这一立场还需要进一步解释及辩护。

接下来讨论的主题是，将任何形而上学的诠释引入到自然科学哲学都不合适。所谓的形而上学诠释，我是指（在自然之外）讨论思想和感官-意识如何存在，以及（在自然之外）讨论为何存在。在科学哲学中，我们追求那些具有概括性的概念，这些概念可以应用到自然，即我们在感知中意识到的自然。这就是关于被感知物的哲学，它不应该与对实在的形而上学研究相混淆，后者的范围既包括了感知者，也包括了被感知者。关于知识对象的困惑，如果仅仅解释为存在某个可以认识它的心灵，并不能解决任何难题。

换一句话说，我们所持的立场是：感官-意识是对某种东西的意识。那么我们意识到的东西，其普遍性特征又是什么呢？我们所要问的与感知者不相关，与过程也没有关系，而是与被感知者有关。我强调这点，是因为关于科学哲学的讨论通常都是以极端形而上学的方式进行的，我个人的看法是，这种做法已经成了讨论该主题的障碍。

转而求助于形而上学，无异于向炸药中里扔了一根火柴。整个军火库都将会被炸飞。而当科学哲学家们困于死角，无法获得一致性理论时，他们的所作所为正是如此。他们将实体引入到心灵，依据情形的需要，一会在心灵之外谈论实体，一会又在心灵之内谈论它们。对于自然哲学而言，所感知的一切都在自然中。我们也许没有挑选出来。对于我们而言，通红晚霞应该属于自然的一部分，就如同科学家用来解释现象的分子和电子波是自然的一部分。分析自然的各种不同成分之间是如何联系起来的，是自然哲学的任务。

在提出这样的主张时，我觉得自己对于感知知识采取的是直接的直

觉态度，这种感知知识只有在理论的影响下，才会被抛弃。从直觉上看，我们都愿意相信：只要留意，在自然中所发现的东西，要远超过第一眼所观察到的东西。但这不能使我们满足。从科学哲学中，我们期望能得到某种解释，用以说明所感知的东西之间的一致性。

这就意味着：任何一种理论，如果将一些心理因素添加到感知中的所知对象上，则该理论就必须被摒弃。比如，在感知中得到的是绿色的草。这就是作为自然中的一个成分而我们所知的对象。对于那些添加心理成分的理论而言，绿色被看成由感知的心灵所添加的心理成分，而自然中所剩下的只有分子和辐射的能量，它们影响着获得那种感知的心灵。我的论点是，将心灵硬拽进来，并被感官-意识添加到做为知识对象的事物之上，这种做法只不过是绕开自然哲学问题的一种方式而已。自然哲学的问题是要讨论所知事物之间的关系，而这种关系是对事物已经被知这样的单纯事实进行抽象而得到的。自然哲学从来不问：在心灵中存在什么以及在自然中存在什么？这样做就等于承认它无法表述经感知而被人所知晓的事物之间的关系，即无法表述那些自然学学所要表述的自然关系。问题可能是因为这个任务对于我们太艰巨了，或者这些关系太复杂、类型太多而无法理解，亦或太过于细枝末节而不值得考虑。将这些关系充分地进行形式化阐述，在这一方面，我们确实只前进了很小的一步。但至少我们不要试图隐藏失败，这种失败是因感知心灵的副产品理论而造成的。

本质上，我所反对的是将自然分裂成两个实在系统，从不同的意义上说，这两个实在系统都是真的。一种实在是如电子之类的实体，它们是思辨物理学研究的对象。这种实在为知识所断定，尽管按照该理论，这种实在从来不被人所知。因为被人所知的是另一种实在，它是心灵的副产品。因此存在有两种自然，一个是构想的，另一个是梦想的。

换一种说法，我所反对的这一理论是将自然分成两部分，即在意识中所理解的自然和作为意识产生之因缘的自然而在作为意识形成之因缘的自然中。在意识中被理解为事实的自然，有着花儿的绿色、鸟儿的高唱、阳光的温暖，椅子的坚硬，以及天鹅绒的感觉。而在作为意识形成之因缘的自然中，是一个由分子和电子构造的系统，它们影响着心灵，并产生了显现性自然的意识。两个自然的交汇处就是心灵，输入的是因缘性自然，输出的是显现性自然。

现在有四个问题与自然两分论的讨论相关。它们牵涉到（i）因缘

性，（ii）时间，（iii）空间和（iv）错觉。这些问题互相联系，很难截然分离。这些只是讨论这一理论出发点的四个不同方面。

因缘性自然影响着心灵，导致了心灵产生显现性自然。因缘性自然的概念不能与下面这种概念混淆，即自然的一部分是另一部分的产生因缘。比如，火的燃烧，从中产生的热量通过空间的传播，引起身体——包括神经和大脑——以某种方式发挥功能。但这不是自然对心灵的作用。它只是自然内部的交互作用。这种交互作用中的动因，不同于身体系统在自然内部的交互作用对另外一个心灵所产生的影响，而正是由于有了这种影响，另外的某个心灵才能感知到红色和温暖。

两分论试图表明自然科学所研究的是形成知识事实的因缘。即它试图表明显现性自然是因为因缘性自然而从心灵中产生的。整个观念部分地基于这样的假设：尽管需要一些外部的因素来启动，并确定心灵活动的特征，心灵只能了解它自身所产生的东西，并在某种意义上，保留在自身之中。但在考虑知识时，我们应该将所有这些空间隐喻统统摒弃，如“心灵内部”和“心灵外部”。知识是终极层。关于知识，不可能解释“为什么”，而只能描述“是什么”。换言之，我们可以分析内容和它的内部关系，而不能解释为什么有知识。因此，尽管某种的形而上学将范围拓展到自然伤，尽管这种形而上学也是需要的，但因缘性自然却是形而上学的怪物。形而上学的科学目标不是解释知识，而是以最终完整的形式，展现我们的实在概念。

但是，我们必须承认自然的这种因缘性理论有其所长。自然的两分论之所以总是悄悄溜回到科学哲学，是因为在同一个关系系统中，有燃爆的碳分子和氧分子，以及从中产生的辐射能量，还有肉体的各种不同功能，在这样的系统中，被感知的红色和火的温暖很难得到展现。除非我们能提出可以包容一切的关系，否则就将面临着一个两分的自然，即一方面是温暖和红色；另一方面是分子、电子和以太。这样两种因素被分别解释成因缘和心灵对因缘的反作用。

时空似乎可以提供那种包容一切的关系，这正是一元论自然哲学的追随者们所倡导的。火的红色和温暖被感知，在时间和空间中与火的分子和肉体的分子之间存在确定的关系。

这样，确定自然的意义本身已经被降格为主要讨论时间和空间的特征，这样说即便有些夸张，也是可以谅解的。后面几讲将解释我的时空观。我将努力说明时间和空间都是通过对自然成分，即事件，进行抽象

而得到的。在对抽象过程的细节讨论中，将表明时空是相互联系的，而且将最终引导我们发现时间度量和空间度量之间的关系，这些度量都出现在现代电磁相对论中。但这都是我们后面的脉络走向。现在，我将讨论关于时空的一般看法是如何有助于或无助于统一我们的自然概念。

首先，考虑时空的绝对理论。我们将两者，即时间和空间，看成是相互分离的、相互独立的实体系统，每一个实体系统都独立为我们所知，而且并行出现在我们关于自然事件的知识中。时间是无持续性的瞬时构成的序列，我们感知这些瞬时，是因为它是时间序列的连续关系的关系载体。而我们感知时间序列关系，是因为它们是瞬时之间的关系。换言之，在我们对时间的理解中，关系和瞬时连在一起，一方存在，即意味着另一方的存在。

这就是时间的绝对理论。坦白地说，在我看来，这很难令人信服。在我的知识中，很难发现有与绝对理论中的纯粹时间相对应的东西。我所知的时间只是对事件流变的抽象。使得这种抽象成为可能的基本事实是自然的流变，自然的发展和具有创造性的前行。与此事实相连的是自然的另一种特征，即事件之间的广延关系。在我看来，这两种事实，即事件流变和事件相互之间的延展关系，是作为抽象存在的时间和空间产生之源的质。但是这点在后面还会做些思考。

同时，回到绝对理论上，我们将设想我们所知的时间是独立于时间中的任何事件的。在时间中所发生的东西占据了时间。事件和事件所占据的时间之间的关系，即占据关系，是自然与时间之间的一种基础关系。因此，这种理论要求我们知晓两种基本关系，瞬时之间的时间序列关系，瞬时和发生在这些瞬时之上的自然状态之间的关系。

有两点考虑可以强有力地支持绝对时间理论。首先，时间超越自然。我们的思想存在于时间中。据此，仅从自然成分之间获得时间似乎是不可能的。因为那样的话，时间关系与思想就不能产生关联。因此，用一种隐喻的说法，相对于自然，时间在实在中扎的根显然更深些。因为我们可以在对自然没有任何感知时，想象与时间有关的思想。比如，通过在时间上相继出现的思想，我们可以想象弥尔顿作品中的一位天使，但这位天使却没有注意到万能的主创造了空间，而物质宇宙就置身其中。事实上，我认为弥尔顿将空间设定为与时间同样绝对的层面上。但这并不需要解释。其次，从相对理论中，很难得出时间的真正序列特征。每一个瞬时都是不可逆的。决定时间不可能重复的正是时间的特

征。但是如果依据相对理论，时间的瞬时只不过是处于那个瞬时的自然状态，而时间序列关系只不过是这些状态之间的关系而已，因此时间的不可逆性也就意味着所有自然的真实状态都不可能重复。我承认，如果考虑到最细微的细节，似乎不可能出现这种重复。但是这种不可能并不是问题的关键。我们现在还是太无知，考虑未来事件的可能性和不可能性几乎没有意义。问题的关键在于：自然状态的准确复现似乎仅仅是不太可能，而瞬时的复现却违反了我们对时间序列的整体概念。已流逝了的瞬时，就流逝了，不可能再来。

任何替代该时间理论的理论，都必须要对上述两点考虑进行思考，这两点考虑可作为绝对理论的缓冲。但我现在不想继续这种讨论。

空间的绝对理论与时间的相应理论类似，但是其成立的理由更弱。依据这种理论，空间是没有延展性的点构成的系统，这些点是空间序列关系的关系载体。从技术的角度看，这些空间序列关系可以合并为一种关系。这种关系并没有像瞬时的序列关系那样，简单地将点排列成一个线性序列。这种关系的基本逻辑特征可以通过数学中的几何公理系统加以表述。通过这些现代数学所构造的公理，整个几何学都可以通过严格的逻辑推导而得到。我们无需关心这些公理的细节。在我们对空间的理解中，点和关系是合并在一起为我们所知的，一方的存在即意味着另一方的存在。在空间中所发生的一切，占据了空间。这种占据关系通常不是用来陈述事件而是用来陈述对象的。例如，通常庞培的塑像可以说占据了空间，但不能说凯撒的遇刺这一事件占据了空间。在这点上，我认为通常的说法不对，我坚持认为：从各个方面来看，事件与空间的关系和与时间的关系是类似的。这里先插入我自己的观点，后面几讲中再展开讨论。空间的绝对理论要求我们意识到两种基本关系：点之间的空间序列关系和空间的点和物质对象之间的占据关系。

支持绝对时间理论的两点考虑，却不能支持这一理论。首先，时间可以超越自然，但这种超越对于空间则不存在。我们的思想占据着时间，但类似的占据关系似乎不适用于空间。例如，我一直在一间屋子里思考，从这一意义上讲，我的思想存在于空间中。但是如果问它们占据了屋子的多大体积，是一立方英尺还是立方英寸？这似乎毫无意义。但同样的思想占据了某个确定的时间段，比如，某个日期的十一点到十二点之间。

因此，在时间的相对理论中，需要某种关系使思想之间产生关联；

很显然，在空间的相对理论中，也需要某种关系使得思想之间产生关联。思想与空间的联系似乎存在某种不确定性特征，而这一特征在思想与时间的联系中不存在。

在空间中，似乎也没有与时间的不可撤销性对应的特性。相对理论中的空间是对象之间的某种特定关系的产物，而这些对象被认为是存在于空间中的；只要有对象存在，并相互关联，就有空间存在。与考虑瞬时的时候带来的不便不同，这里没有任何难题出现，而这些难题在我们想到要如何应付它们时，本以为应该出现的。

整体上说，空间的绝对理论现在不是很流行。对纯粹空间的知识似乎与我们经验中的东西并不相符。所谓的纯粹空间，即一个实体构成的系统，这个系统因其自身而为我们所知，并且独立于我们对自然中的事件的知识。与时间一样，空间似乎也是从事件中抽象而来的。依据我自己的理论，只是在抽象过程的某个阶段，它与时间出现差别。表述空间关系理论更加普通的方式，是将空间看成是对物质对象之间的关系所做的一种抽象。

假设我们现在认定存在绝对时间和绝对空间。将自然两分为因缘性自然和显现性自然的这种自然概念，又会因这种假设受到何种影响呢？毫无疑问，两个自然之间的分离被大大减弱了。我们可以为两个自然提出相同的两套关系系统；因为两个自然都被认定占据了相同的空间和时间。现在的理论是：因缘性事件占据了绝对时间的特定时段和绝对空间的特定位置。这些事件影响了某个心灵，该心灵因此而感知了特定的显现性事件，这个显现性事件在绝对时间中占据了特定时段，在绝对空间中占据了特定的位置；显现性事件所占据的时段和位置与因缘性事件的时段和位置具有某种确定的关系。

更重要的是，一定的因缘性事件会在心灵中产生一定的显现性事件。错觉是出现在时段和空间位置上的、没有因缘性事件介入的显现性事件，而这里的因缘性事件就是心灵对它们感知的影响主体。

在逻辑上，整个理论完美无缺。在这些讨论中，我们不能指望有谬误的理论会出现逻辑矛盾。一个推导者，除非因为失误，否则只有当他羞于归谬法时，才会使自己陷入矛盾中。拒绝哲学理论最根本原因是它容易让我们感到自己“荒谬”。在自然哲学中，这种“荒谬”只能是：我们感知的知识没有理论赋予它的特征。如果我们的对手肯定他的知识具有那个特征，在确信无异我们确实理解了对方的情况下，只能同意确实存

在不同。因此，当一个阐述者在陈述一个他不相信的理论时，首要任务是表明它是符合逻辑的。这并不是他的麻烦所在。

这里总结一下前面提到的、对这个自然理论的反对观点。首先，它探求的是因缘，即形成所知物的知识的因缘，而不是探求所知物的特征；其次，它假定时间知识本身和与时间相关的事件是相互分离的；第三，它假定空间知识和与空间相关的事件相互分离。除了这些反对意见之外，该理论还有其他缺陷。

因缘性自然为何会被认定占据时间和空间？提出这样的问题，也有利于认识因缘性自然在这一理论中被赋予的地位。这实际上提出一个根本性问题，即因缘性自然与显现性自然之间有什么统一的特征。依据这一理论，为什么影响心灵感知的因缘与所引发的显现性自然之间有共同特征？特别是，为什么它在空间中？为什么在时间中？更概括地说，关于心灵我们都知道哪些东西？从这些东西中，我们可以推论出影响心灵产生特定效果之因缘的特定特征。

时间超越自然，这使得因缘性自然应该占据时间的假设多少有些依据。因为如果心灵占据时段，那么假设具有影响性的因缘占据了同样的时段，或者至少可以说，占据了与思考时段严格相关的时段，这也似乎有了某种模糊的理由。但是如果心灵没有占据空间的一定体积，就没有理由认为因缘性自然应该占据空间中的体积。因此，空间只是显现性的，就如同显现性自然仅仅是显现的一样。据此，如果科学确实是研究那些对心灵产生作用的因缘，那么假设科学所探究的因缘具有空间关系，就是一种方向性错误。更重要的是，在我们的知识中，没有任何东西可以与影响心灵感知的因缘进行类比。因此，除了假定它们占据时间这样的粗糙命题，确实没有任何依据确定它们的特征。它们一定永远都是不可知的。

科学不是童话，我认定这点并认为是不言自明的。科学无需用一些人为幻想出来的性质来装饰一些不可知的实体。那么，如果科学理所当然地要做一些有意义的事情，科学要做的是什么呢？我的答案是：它要确定已知事情的特征，即显现性自然的特征。但我们也许可以删掉“显现”一词；因为只存在一个自然，即在感知的知识中，摆在我们面前的自然。在自然中，科学所区分的特征都是一些细致微妙的特征，不是一眼就能发现的。它们都是关系的关系、特征的特征。尽管它们细致微妙，但都具有某种简洁性。在理顺具有更多强烈感知特征的复杂关系时，考

虑这种简洁性及其重要。

在讨论感知的动因时，我们察觉到自己的思想，此时就会出现这样的事实：将自然两分为因缘性的和显现性的不能表述出我们通过知识所表达的东西。例如，火在燃烧和我们看到红色的煤块。科学对此的解释是：从煤块中传出的辐射能量进入到我们的眼睛里。但是在探询这种解释时，我们并不是探询到底有什么样的展现，从而导致了某个心灵看到红色。这种因果链完全不同。心灵是被完全分隔的。真正的问题是，在自然中发现红色时，还发现了别的什么东西？即在发现自然中的红色时，我们需要分析自然中的一些伴随物。在下一讲中，我将展开这一思路。这里只是简单地提醒大家注意这点，目的是指出：采用光波理论并不是因为波只是一种可以使得心灵感知颜色的东西。这并不是用来支持光波理论的证据的一部分，但是在感知的因缘性理论中，它却是唯一相关的部分。换言之，科学不是讨论知识的因缘，而是知识的一致性。科学所追求的理解是对自然内部关系的理解。

到目前为止，我已经讨论了与绝对时间和绝对空间相关联的自然两分论。我的理由是：引入关系理论只会弱化两分论，并且希望能在更坚实的基础上讨论两分论。

例如，假定我们采用空间关系理论。那么显现性自然所存在的空间就表述为显现性对象之间的关系。这是一套显现性关系载体之间的显现性关系。显现性自然宛如梦境，而空间的显现性关系则是梦想出的关系，空间成了梦想的空间。同样地，因缘性自然所处的空间表述了因缘性对象之间的特定关系。它所表述的是特定的事实，即在前台之后所发生的因果活动的事实。据此，因缘性空间与显现性空间属于顺序不同的实在。因此二者之间没有类似于点的关联，而且说草的分子处于某个地方，该地方与我们看到的草所占据地方存在确定的空间关系，这种说法也没有意义。这一结论似是而非，并使得所有科学措辞用语变得毫无意义。如果我们承认时间的相对性，情况会变得更糟。因为仍然可以采用相同的论证方法，将时间分裂成了梦境性时间和因缘性时间，二者属于顺序不同的实在。

我讨论的一直是二分论的极端形式。因为我认为，这种形式是最容易站住脚的。但是正是它的绝对性使得它很容易受到批评。中间的形式允许我们所讨论的自然是可以被直接知晓的，而且到目前为止，这种中间形式拒绝二分论。但是它认为，在我们所知的自然中，存在一些心理

添加成分，而且这些心理成分严格地说不是自然的组成部分。比如，我们在一个恰当的时间和一个恰当的地点感知一个红色的台球，它处于恰当的运动中，有着恰当的硬度和惯性。但是它的红颜色和温暖感以及像机关炮开炮时发出的咔咔声，都属于添加的心理成分，即第二性质，而第二性质是心灵感知自然的唯一方式。这大约算是目前流行的理论，但不仅如此，我相信，鉴于它是从哲学中产生，这也是二分论的历史形式。我称之为心理添加理论。

从常识角度说，心理添加理论是合理的。它特别强调时间、空间、固态和惯性这样一些显而易见的实在性，但是不信任如颜色、温暖以及声音这样一些辅助的、人为添加的东西。

退一步说，这种理论是常识的产物。它兴起于科学的传播理论正在被构建之时。例如，颜色是从物质对象到感知者眼中的传播过程的结果，而被传播的并不是颜色。因此颜色并不属于物质对象的实在。基于同样的理由，声音也是从自然中散发出的。同时，温暖也归因于某种东西的传播，而这个东西并不是温度。这样，剩下的只有空间-时间位置，我称之为物体的“凸显性”。这使得我们回到了18和19世纪的唯物主义，即在自然中真实存在的是物质，它们存在于时间中并具有惯性。

显然，这预设了性质中有差别，这些差别将一些因接触而获得的感知与其他感知区分开来。这些接触-感知是对真实惯性的感知，而其他的感知是心理添加成分，后者需要基于因缘性理论才能解释。这种差别是时代的产物，在这个时代，物理学走在病理学和生理学前面的。如同对颜色的感知一样，对凸显的感知也是传播理论的产物。当感知到颜色时，身体的神经以某种方式被激活，并将它们的讯息传递给大脑，而当凸显被感知时，身体的神经以其他方式被激活，并将讯息传递给大脑。这一组讯息不是对颜色的传递，另一组讯息不是对凸显的传递。但是一方面颜色被感知，另一方面凸显被归因为对象。如果你剪断某些神经，颜色的感知就结束了，而如果剪断另外的这些神经，凸显的感知也结束了。所以，任何将颜色从自然的实在中移除的理由，都同样适用于移除惯性。

这样尝试将显现性自然分为两个部分，其中的一个部分既是自己呈现的因缘，又是另一个部分的呈现因缘，而这另一个部分是纯粹显现性的。这种尝试是失败的，因为在我们知晓自然两个相互区分的部分上，这种尝试没能就知晓的方式做出根本性的区分。从历史角度看，我并非

否认，肌肉受力的感觉导致了力的概念。但是这一历史事实并不能保证：在自然中，我们可以为物质惯性指派一个上层的实在，而对颜色和声音却不能。只要涉及到实在，我们所有的感官-感知都处于同样位置，以同一原则进行处理。这种公平处理方式正是这种折中理论所没有达到的。

但二分论并没有根除。原因在于：在同一个客观实体系统中，将火的红色与燃烧的分子联系起来，确实存在困难。在另外一讲中，针对导致这一困难的原因和解决方法，我将给出自己的解释。

另一种常采用的方法，也是二分论的最弱的一种形式，是将分子和科学中的以太都看成纯粹概念。这样就只有一个自然，即显现性自然，而原子和以太都只不过是用于演算的概念公式中的逻辑词项的名称而已。

但什么是演算公式呢？一般认为，它只是一种陈述，说明对于自然的展现而言，这些或那些东西是真的。最简单的公式就是：二加二等于四。将它应用到自然中，就断言了如果你取了两个自然实体，然后又另外取了两个自然实体，合在一起的类就包含了四个自然实体。这样的公式对任何实体都为真，但不能导致原子概念的产生。再如，还有一些公式断言：在自然中存在一些实体具有这样那样的特殊性质，比如说，具有氢原子的性质。如果没有这些实体，我就无法明白任何关于它们的这些陈述是如何应用于自然的。例如，在任何具有科学意义的推演中，断言月亮上有绿色的奶酪都不能成为前提，除非月亮上有绿色的奶酪已被经验所验证。对于这些反对意见，现在的答复是：尽管原子只是一种概念，但在描述自然中为真的其他东西时，原子是一种有趣的而生动的描述方式。但毫无疑问，如果它是你想表达的其他东西，看在上苍的份上，就那么说吧。将概念自然这一复杂构造抛弃吧！它是由各种断言组成的，为了能够说明确实存在的东西为真，这些断言对不存在的东西做出断定。我恪守一个不言自明的立场，即如果科学法则为真，那么它们就是对实体的陈述，从这些实体中，我们获得它们存在于自然之中的知识。而且如果在自然中，没有陈述所指称的实体，关于它们的陈述与纯粹的自然界就没有关联。这样，只要科学以正确的方式构建了自己的理论，科学理论中的分子和电子就是在自然中可以发现的因素。由于我们还不能特别肯定电子理论是正确的，电子还只是理论假设。但是在认定这种理论为真之后，这种假设性就不是源自于理论本身。

因此，在这个颇显复杂的讨论最后，我们回到开头就确定的立场上。自然科学哲学的基本任务是阐明自然的概念，将它看成一个复杂的事实，可为知识所断定，罗列出最根本的实体和这些实体之间最根本的关系，正是通过这些，自然中的所有法则都得以阐述，同时要确保所罗列的实体和关系能够充分表述存在于自然中的实体之间的所有关系。

这第三个要求，即充分性要求，是造成所有难点的要求。科学研究的终极材料通常被认为是时间、空间、物质、物质的性质以及物质对象之间的关系。但是当这些材料出现在科学法则中时，那些出现在我们对自然的感知中的实体，并没有因这些材料而联系在一起。例如，光波理论是非常完善的理论；但很遗憾，它将颜色看成是感知的，因而忽略。这样，感知的颜色——或者，其他颜色——就不得不从自然中分离出来，使其成为心灵对自然中真实事件刺激的反应。换言之，自然中的根本关系之概念是不充分的。我们必须要努力阐明充分性概念。

但这样做，我们在事实上不是解决形而上学问题吗？我并不这样认为。我们只不过努力展示各种关系的类型，这些关系存在于我们在自然中所感知的实体之间。对于主体与对象之间的心理关系，或者对二者在实在领域中的地位，我们无需做任何表态。当然，我们所付出的努力可以为讨论那些问题提供一些相关材料。这点毫无疑问可以做到的。但也仅仅是提供一些证据而已，其本身并不是形而上学的讨论。在这方面做进一步讨论，已经超出我们的范围，但为了能更了解这种讨论的特点，我给出两段引文。一段来自于谢灵，转引自俄国哲学家洛斯基的《在“自然的哲学”中》，该书最近已经被译成了英文，译文非常优秀。我考虑的是主体-对象，它被称为自我构建活动中的自然。为了理解这点，我们必须提升自己，达到对自然的理性直觉层面。一个经验主义者从来不这样做，因此他的解释永远是他自己在建构自然。因此他的构建以及被构建的很少能一致，也就毫不奇怪了。自然哲学把自然提高到独立地位，使其自己构建自己，这样，他就不会感到必须将构造的自然（例如，经验）与真实的自然对立起来，或者通过另外一个来修正一个。

另一段引文出自圣保罗学院院长在1919年5月在亚里斯多德学会上宣读的论文。英格博士的论文标题是“柏拉图主义与人的不朽”，其中有这样的陈述：“总而言之，帕拉图的不朽学说是建立在精神世界的独立性上。精神世界并不是一个没有实现的理想世界，而与真实的非精神事实的世界相对立。相反，它是一个真实世界，在此世界中，我们有着虽不

完整但真实的知识，这个真实世界与常识中的世界相对立，而常识中的世界作为一个整体，并不是真的，因为它是借助于想象，从各种混杂的材料中凑成的，这些材料根本不在一个层面上。没有那个世界与常识经验的世界对应。自然为我们进行了提炼，决定哪些范围内的震动是我们所能看到和听到的，哪些东西是我们能注意到并记住。”

我引用这些主要是因为，尽管二者的主题在我们讨论的范围之外，但常常与之混淆。其原因在于：这些主题与我们的思考范围非常接近，而且那些关注形而上学的人对这些主题总是兴趣盎然。任何一个哲学家，要使自己的讨论局限于我所设定的范围之内，都非常困难。设定界限的地方正是他开始感到兴奋的地方。但是为哲学或自然科学所做的必要绪论中，我提交给你的是，详尽地理解实体类型，这些实体之间的关系类型，这些都在我们对自然的感知中被揭示出来。

第三章　时间

本系列的前两讲主要是批判性的。本讲中，我将开始讨论各种实体，这些实体在感官-意识中被知识断定。我的目标是研究不同类型实体之间的关系类型。对自然实体的分类是自然哲学的出发点。今天将从时间的讨论开始。

首先，我们断定一个普遍性事实：即某个事情正在发生；这样就有一个展现可用来定义。

为了我们的理解，这个普遍性的事实提供了两个要素，我分别命名为“已辨知体”和“可辨知体”。已辨知体是由普遍性事实中的成分组成，这些成分因它们的个体独特性而得以区分。这就是被直接感知的领域。但是，这一领域的实体与那些没有以这种个性化的方式加以特别区分的实体之间，存在一些关系。后一种实体仅作为关系载体而被人所知，即与已辨知领域中的实体存在关系的实体。这类实体只是某种“东西”，它们与已辨知领域中的某个特定实体具有这样或那样的关系。由于这些实体具有这类关系，且鉴于这类关系具有特定特征，它们作为那个正在发生的普遍性事实之成分而被人所知。但是作为实体，除了在这些关系中承担关系载体的功能之外，它们并没有被我们意识到。

所以，这个被断定为正在发生的普遍性事实，其完整的形式包含两组实体：因自己的个体性而被感知的实体；无需进一步的定义而仅仅被理解为关系载体的实体。这个完整的普遍性事实属于可辨知体，它包含了已辨知体。可辨知体是在感官-意识中揭示的整体自然，但它又有所超越，包含了在该感官-意识中确实得到区分或已辨知的所有自然。对自然的辨知或区分就是对自然中特定要素形成独特的意识，这种意识是因这些要素的独特特征而形成的。但是，在我们有着这种独特感官-意识的自然中，这些要素并不包含形成由相关实体构成的复合体的所有要素。知识的这一独特性就是我所说的知识的不可穷尽性。换成隐喻的说法：被感知的自然总是有参差不齐的边缘。例如，此房间之外，还存在一个目光所及的世界，彼世界因延续了屋内已辨知实体的空间关系而被人所知。屋内世界与屋外世界的衔接并非界限分明。在感官-意识中揭示的声音及一些细微要素在外面浮现并进入屋内。每类感官都有自己的一组被区分出的实体，它们作为关系载体而被人所知，这些载体与该感官没有

做出区分的实体之间存在关系。例如，我们可以见到某个未触碰的东西，触碰某个未见到的东西，而且我们普遍能感觉到，视觉所揭示的实体和触觉所揭示的实体之间存在空间关系。据此，首先，在空间关系的普遍性系统中，这两类实体被作为关系载体而被认知；其次，在这个普遍系统中，这两类实体之间特定的相互关系也得以确定。这个普遍性空间关系系统，使得视觉所区分出来的实体与触觉所区分出来的实体产生联系，但它却是独立于不同感官所报告的实体之独特特征。例如，所见之物的空间关系要求有一个实体作为所触之物的关系载体，即便该物特征中的特定成分还没有被触觉所揭示。因此，暂且不论触觉，感官-意识将揭示一个与所见之物有特定关系的实体，该实体如果不是通过这种方式，是无法通过自己的个体特征而得以区分出来。一个实体如果仅作为与某个已辨知的实体存在空间关系而被认知，则是我们所谓的纯粹“地点”概念。地点概念的形成表明在感官-意识中揭示了自然实体，这些自然实体只是与已辨知实体有空间关系而被人所知。这是通过与已辨知体的种种关系来揭示可辨知体。

将实体揭示为一个关系载体而不做进一步质的区分，正是基于此，有了意义概念的基础。在上述例子中，所见之物是有意义的，因为它显现了自己与其他实体之间的空间关系，而其他的这些实体，如果不是因为这点，也无法进入意识中。因此，意义就是这种相关性，只是这种相关性强调的仅仅是关系的一头。

出于简洁，我只讨论空间关系；但是所讨论的内容也同样适用于时间关系。自然中的这些实体仅仅是因为与已辨知的实体存在时间关系而被人所知，而这些自然中的实体在感官-意识中被揭示的标志是“时段”概念的形成。进一步说，把空间观念和时间观念加以区分，仅仅是为了用现有的语言阐述时简便一些。我们所辨知的是在某一时段中的地点之具体特征。这就是我所说的“事件”的含义。我们辨知了某个事件的某个具体特征。但是在辨知一个事件时，我们也意识到它的意义，即作为事件结构中的关系载体。事件结构是事件通过两种关系而构成的复合体，这两种关系就是广延关系和共存关系。该结构特征的最简单的表述，就在于我们的空间和时间关系中。在这一结构中，一个已辨知的事件被认为与其他事件存在关系，而这些其他事件，除了是这一结构中的关系载体外，没有其他方式在直接意识中得以揭示出来。

在感官-意识中，事件结构的揭示过程将事件分为两类：因某个需要

进一步区分的个体特征而被辨知的事件；除了作为结构成分之外，没有其他任何途径加以揭示的事件。这些被指派了意义的事件必须既包括未来事件，也包括远古事件。这些事件被我们所意识到时，远离各种未划界时段。但感官-意识中还有一种固有的事件分类。有一类事件具有可直接辨知的事件之直接性。还有一类事件，其特征与已辨知事件的特征一起组成了整体自然，呈现出来以供辨知。它们形成了完整的普遍性事实，这些事实就是现在所呈现的，并且在该感官-意识中所揭示出来的整体自然。正是在事件的第二种分类中，空间和时间才被区分开来。在普遍性事实中，事件的相互关系孕育了空间的菌种。所谓的普遍性直接事实是指现在可辨知的整体自然，即一个事件，该事件就是当前自然的整体。其他事件与这个自然整体的关系形成了一种时间构造。

这个普遍性当前之事实的统一体是通过同步性的概念得以表述的。这个普遍性事实就是自然的同步展现的整体，并且现在有待感官-意识的断定。这个普遍性事实就是我所谓的可辨知体。但在这之后，我将称它为一个“绵延”，藉此表示自然的某个特定整体，该整体的唯一特性是同步性。而且，感官-意识的所有终点都应包括在自然之中，为遵循此原则，同步性不应看成一个无关的、强加于自然之上的大脑中概念。为了直接辨知，我们的感官-意识断定某个整体，这里称之为“绵延”，因此一个绵延是一个确定的自然实体。一个绵延被区分为由部分事件构成的复合体。作为该复合体构成部分的自然实体与“这一绵延是同步的”。而且，在某种引申意义上说，相对于这一绵延，自然实体之间也是同步的。这种同步性就是一种确定的自然关系。如果“绵延”一词只理解成一段抽象的时间段，那是很遗憾的，因为这并非我的本意。一个绵延是自然的一个板块，是因受到同步性的约束而形成的，而同步性则是在感官-意识显现的最核心的要素。

自然是一个过程。如同所有在感官-意识中得以直接展示的东西，自然的这一特征也无从解释。唯一能做的就是应用语言，通过对这些语言的思辨，自然的这一特征得以展示，同时还要表述的是该要素在自然中与其他要素之间的关系。

正是在自然过程的这种展示中，各个绵延得以发生并流逝。自然过程也可称为自然的流变。现阶段，我坚决限制“时间”一词的使用，因为在科学领域以及文明社会中，可度量的时间通常只是表明了自然流变这更为基础性的基本事实之某些方面而已。就这一说法，我相信自己与柏

格森完全一致，尽管他所谓的“时间”就是我所说的“自然的流变”。而且自然流变在空间转换和时间转换中都同样得到体现。正是因为自然具有流变，所以自然总是向前行的。“向前”的性质意味着：不仅任何感官-意识的行为就是其行为本身，而不可能是其他的，而且任何行为的终点都是独有的，与其他行为的终点不同。感官-意识抓住它的唯一的机会，向知识呈现了该感官-意识所断定的东西。

感官-意识的终点是独一无二的，这包含了两层含义。其一，相对于某个个体心灵的感官-意识，它是独一无二的；其二，相对于所有在同样自然条件下运作的心灵，它是独一无二的。以下两种情况，存在重要差别。（i）对于单一心灵而言，在任何感官-意识行为中所展示的普遍性事实中的已辨知部分，不同与其他感官-意识行为中所展示的普遍性事实中的已辨知部分；更重要的是，两个相对应的绵延，即便分别因同步性而分别与两个已辨知的部分存在关系，也必然不同。这展示了自然的时间流变，换言之，一个绵延流入到另一个绵延中。因此，自然的流变不仅在担任感官-意识的终点时是自然的核心特征，而且本身对于感官-意识而言就是核心。正是这点使得时间看上去可以超越自然。但是延伸到自然之外而进入心灵的并非是连续且可度量的时间，而是流变这种特征。可度量的时间只不过展现了自然流变这一特征，而流变本身（即一种质）是没有办法度量的，除非它是从自然中获得的。也就是说，“流变”是不可度量的，除非它是因与广延关系相关而出现在自然中。在流变中，我们获得了自然与终极形而上学之实在之间的联系。在绵延中的流变之质就是自然中一种质的特别展现，它超越了自然。例如，流变不仅仅是自然之质，而且还是感官-意识的质，而自然是被知的东西，感官-意识是知晓的过程。绵延有着自然所有的全部实在，尽管现在还不需要确定那可能是些什么。时间的可度量性是从绵延的属性中衍生的。时间的序列特征也是如此。我们将发现，在自然中从不同的绵延族中，可以得到具有竞争关系的连续时间系统。这是在自然中所发现的流变特征的独特之处。该特征有着自然的实在性，但是我们没有必要将自然时间转变为自然外的实体。（ii）对于两个不同心灵而言，在它们各自感官-意识的行为中展现的普遍性事实，其中的已辨知部分必然不同。在每一个心灵对自然的意识中，都会在相互联系的自然实体与生物体的关系中，意识到某个特定复合体是焦点，该复合体是由相互联系的自然实体构成。但是相互联系的绵延也许是等同的。这里我们触及到了流逝自然的

一种特征，该特征是在同步出现的物体之空间关系中出现的。在不同心灵的感官-意识中，不同绵延可能出现等同，这是把一个有感觉能力的生物体的私有经验混同到一个自然中。我们在这里只考虑自然流变的空间层面。从这一角度考虑的流变似乎也超越了自然而进入心灵之中。

将同步性与瞬时性区分是很重要的。我所强调的不仅仅是这两个词汇当前的惯用意义。我想区分两个概念。一个我称之为同步性，另一个是瞬时性。希望选择这两个词是明智的；但是只要我能成功地解释清楚自己的意图，也就无所谓了。同步性是一组自然成分的属性，而某种意义上，这组自然成分是绵延的部分。一个绵延可以是作为感官-意识所断定的直接事实而呈现的整体自然。一个绵延中将自然的流变包含其中。包含其中还有它的前项和后项，而前／后项本身也是绵延。在更快意识中，它们可能是完整的、虚实不定的现在。换句话说，一个绵延具有时间厚度。任何直接被人所知的整体自然之概念总是某个绵延的概念，尽管在其时间厚度上，它可能扩张，超越了自然中任何已知的、有可能存在的、虚实不定的现在。因此，同步性是自然中的终极要素，直接为感官-意识所断定。

瞬时性是一个复合逻辑概念，是关于思想中的过程的概念，就是通过这种过程，产生了人工构造的逻辑实体，从而在考虑自然的性质时，有了简洁的表述方式。瞬时性是在某个瞬时上的整体自然之概念，这里的瞬时被设想为在时间上没有任何广延性。例如，在某个瞬时的空间上，我们设想物质的分布。在科学中，尤其是应用数学，这点非常有用；但是当它与感官-意识所断定的直接事实相联系时，就成为一个非常复杂的概念。在感官-意识所断定的瞬时上，没有像自然这类的东西。感官-意识呈现给知识的是某个时段中的自然。因此，在某个瞬时的自然就必须通过真正的自然实体来定义，因为它本身不是自然实体。除非这样做，否则采用了瞬时自然概念的科学就必须摒弃所有基于观察的主张。

我将使用“时刻”来表示“在某个瞬时上的整体自然”。在此意义上，时刻没有时间上的广延性，这点与有广延性的绵延形成对照。感官-意识直接提供给我们知识的是绵延。据此，我们需要解释时刻是如何从绵延中得到，同时也要解释引入它们的目的。

时刻是一种极限，当我们将注意力集中到具有最小广延性的绵延上时，我们就接近了这一极限。在绵延的各种成分中，当我们考虑其时间广延性不断扩张的绵延时，自然关系就变得复杂。相应地，将广延性减

小，使其达到一种理想程度，我们距离这种理想程度越近，也就距理想的简单性越近。

在数字逻辑中，甚至在非数字的一维序列逻辑中，“极限”一词有着非常精确的意义指派。而用在此处，仅仅是一种隐喻，因此有必要在这里直接解释这个词所希望表示的概念。

绵延具有双项关系的性质，一个广延到另一个之上。将特定一分钟内的整体自然看成是一个绵延，将其中第30秒时的整体自然看成是另一个绵延，则前一个绵延可以广延到后一个绵延之上。这种“广延到”关系——我将称为“广延性”——是一种具有根本性的自然关系，其涉及的领域超出了绵延。两个限定事件相互都存在这种关系。更重要的是，在绵延之间的这种关系似乎纯粹指时间的广延性。但是我坚持认为：无论是时间还是空间的广延性，其基础都是同样的广延关系。这方面的讨论可以拖后一些；现在我们所关心的是，在讨论绵延的有限领域时，出现在时间上的广延关系。

思想中的广延关系概念展现了自然终极流变的一面。该关系的成立是因为在自然中，流变所具有的特别特征；正是这一关系在绵延中表述了“流过”属性。这样，作为特定1分钟的绵延流过了它的第30秒的那个绵延。第30秒的那个绵延是这一分钟绵延的一部分。我所说的“整体”和“部分”就是这个意思，即“部分”是一个事件，“整体”也是一个事件，“整体”广延到“部分”之上。这样在我的术语中，“整体”和“部分”特指这种基本的广延关系；因此，根据这一术语的专业用法，能成为整体或部分只能是事件。

广延性使得自然具有了连续性。任何一个事件广延到其他事件之上，而每一个事件都被其他事件所广延。绵延是目前所考虑的唯一事件类型，在此特例中，每一个绵延都是其他绵延的部分；而每一个绵延都有其他绵延作为自己的部分。相应地，也就不存在最大绵延或最小绵延。绵延没有原子结构。要标示出它的个体性，并将它与它所流过的或流过它的、具有高度相似性的绵延区分开来，只能任由思想随意而为。一群有着细微差别的绵延合在一起构成的实体，这些实体具有相互分离的个体性，而感官-意识断定绵延为自然中的要素，但显然没能使思想用它来区分这样的个体性。这是感官-意识不确定性的一个实例。精确性只是思想的一种理想，而且在经验中，只能通过选择逼近路线才能实现。

自然没有最大和最小绵延，而自然的连续性之属性还不止这些。自

然的流变中还包括绵延族的存在。如果两个绵延同属一个族，则或者其中一个包含另一个，或者二者在一个从属绵延中互相重叠，但二者之间没有包含关系；或者二者完全分离。例外的情况是，在有限事件中，绵延相互重叠却没有第三方绵延作为它们共同的部分。

显而易见，广延关系是可传递的；具体到绵延中，如果绵延A是绵延B的部分，绵延B是绵延C的部分，则A是C的部分。因此前两种情况也许可以合二为一，也就是说，属于同一个族的两个绵延，要么存在一些绵延是它们的共同的部分，或者完全分离。

进一步说，此命题的逆命题也成立；即如果存在一些绵延是两个绵延的共同部分，或者如果两个绵延完全分离，则它们属于同一个族。

就绵延而言，如果与绵延族联系在一起，就引出自然的连续性之进一步特征，这些特征还没有用系统化方法表述出来。这点也可以表述为：存在一些绵延，它们包含同一族的任意两个绵延作为自己的部分。例如，一周之内的任意两天，都作为部分被一周所包含。显然，包含绵延满足与两个被包含的绵延属于同一族的条件。

现在我们准备定义时刻。考虑一个由取自同一族的绵延所构成的集合。令它具有以下属性：（i）该集合的任意两个成员，其中的一个作为部分被包含在另一个之中，且（ii）不存在一个绵延是该集合其他所有成员的共同部分。

这样，部分和整体的关系具有不对称性；这样说的意思是：如果A是B的部分，则B不是A的部分。同时我们还注意到这种关系具有传递性。据此，我们很容易地看到，凡具有上述属性的绵延集中的成员，都一定能以一维序列的方式排列，这样，沿着降序的方向，我们得到绵延具有越来越小广延性。这些序列可以始于任意设定的、时间广延性具有任意大小的绵延，但是在降序中，时间广延性会逐渐收敛，后续的绵延被包裹在其他的绵延中，如同中国玩具套盒一样。但是绵延集毕竟不同于玩具：玩具中的最小盒子是序列中的最后一个盒子；但是绵延集中没有最小的绵延，也不存在作为一个极限的绵延，使得整个集合能向其收敛。因为无论是终结绵延还是极限绵延，其部分都将是该集合中所有绵延的部分，因此违反了绵延集的第二个条件。

这样的一个绵延集称为绵延的“抽象集”。显然，如果沿着一个抽象集考察，这个集合会逐渐收敛到一个没有时间广延性的、理想化的整体自然上，即在某个瞬时的理想化整体自然。但是事实上，这种理想化整

体自然是一种理想化的非实体。抽象集的作用是：当逐步减少所考虑的绵延之时间广延性，抽象集会引导思想，将自然关系逐步简单化。整个过程的核心是：尽管抽象集没有收敛到任何极限绵延中，但是对这些自然属性的量化表述确实向极限收敛。将这些量的极限联系起来的法则就是“在某个瞬时”的自然法则，尽管事实上并不存在瞬时自然，而只有抽象集。因此，如果我们考虑一个没有时间广延性的瞬时，抽象集事实上就是所说的实体。抽象集有助于为瞬时自然的属性之概念赋予一个明确的定义，而这样的定义是很有必要的。在物理学表述中，这一概念具有基础性，对此我完全赞同。难点在于：用感官-意识直接传递的东西来表述我们的意思，而我提出上述解释就是为解决问题而提供一个完整的方案。

据此解释，时刻是通过逼近路线而得到的自然属性之集合。一个抽象序列就是一个逼近路线。对那些由自然属性构成的相同极限集，存在不同的逼近路线。换言之，存在不同的抽象集，都可以看作是同一个时刻的逼近路线。由此，在解释这类有着相同收敛的抽象集之关系时，同时防止可能出现的例外，都需要处理一些技术细节。但本系列讲座并不合适讨论这些细节，我将在其他地方充分展开。

从技术的角度看，将时刻看成是抽象集形成的类更方便，这些抽象集是由有着同样收敛的绵延构成的。有了这一定义（假定，在没有通过逼近而获得自然属性之细节知识情况下，我们就能解释清楚“相同的收敛现象”的含义），一个时刻仅仅是绵延集构成的一个类，这些绵延互相之间的广延关系有着某种确定的独特性。构成类的绵延之间有着各种关系，我们可以称为时刻的“外在”属性；时刻的“内在”属性是指：沿着任何一个抽象集考察所得到一个作为极限的自然之属性。这些属性就是“在彼时刻”或“在彼瞬时”的自然之属性。

所有进入到某个时刻之构成的绵延都同属一个族。因此，每一个绵延族都有一个对应的时刻族。同样，如果我们从同一族中取出两个时刻，在构成其中一个时刻的绵延中，更小的绵延与构成另一个时刻的绵延中的更小绵延是完全分离的。因此，从内在属性看，两个时刻一定展示了截然不同的自然状态之极限。就这一意义而言，两个时刻截然分离。同一族中的两个时刻，我称为“平行”。

与每个绵延相对应，在相关时刻族中存在两个时刻，作为该绵延的边界时刻。一个绵延的“边界时刻”可以定义为：存在多个绵延与给定绵

延同属一族，它们与给定绵延重叠但不包含在给定绵延中。考虑由这类绵延构成的一个抽象集。这个集合定义的一个时刻，该时刻在没有给定绵延的情况下，与将给定绵延包含其中的情况基本差不多。这样的时刻就是给定绵延的边界时刻。同样，我们需要自然流变的感官-意识告知两个这类的边界时刻，即较早时刻和较晚时刻。我们分别称为起始界和终结界。

该族中还存在一些时刻，满足：在这些时刻的构成中，较短的一些绵延与给定绵延完全分离。这类时刻可以说是位于给定绵延的“外部”。此外，该族还存在其他时刻满足：在这些时刻的构成中，较短的一些绵延是给定绵延的部分。这类时刻可以说位于给定绵延“之内”或者“内置”其中。参照相互联系之绵延族中的任意给定绵延，可以说明平行时刻的整个族。换言之，一个族中存在一些时刻处于给定绵延之外，有两个时刻是给定绵延的边界时刻，有一些时刻位于给定绵延之内。更重要地是，同一族中的任意两个时刻都是相关绵延族中某个时刻的边界时刻。

现在可以定义：同一个族中的时刻之间的时间序列之连续关系。令A和C是同一个族中的两个时刻，这些时刻是绵延d的边界时刻，位于绵延d之内的任意时刻B，必定位于时刻A和C之间。这样，“位于…之间”的三项关系得到完整定义，它将A，B和C三个时刻联系起来。同时，对自然流变的知识使得我们确信，这种关系将族中的时刻按照一个连续序列进行分布。那些能确保得到这一结果的属性，我在此不想列举，它们在我最近出版的书中都列举了出来，这本书我前面提到过。更重要的是，自然的流变使得我们能够知道，序列的一个方向与向未来的流变对应，另一个方向与回归过去对应。

我们将时间定义为一种序列，就是想说明时刻的这种有序系列。序列的每一个成分展示了自然的一个瞬时状态。显然，序列时间是理性抽象过程的产物。我所做的只是精确定义那些使得抽象得以实现的程序。该程序不过是本书所说的“广延抽象法”的具体表现。序列时间显然不是自然流变本身。而是展示了从中流露出的一些自然属性。显然，“在某个时刻”的自然状态已经失去了流变这个最根本之质。而时刻的时间序列保存流变，只是作为实体的外在关系，而不是作为序列中各项的本质存在之结果。

到目前为止，时间的度量问题还没有谈到。仅从时间序列属性不能得到这类度量；它需要用到后面讲座中谈到的一致性理论。

在评价作为经验表述的时间序列定义的充分性时，必须区分感官-意识原始呈递的东西和我们的理性理论。时间的流逝是可度量的连续量。整个科学理论依赖于这样的假设，而且任何时间理论，如果没有提供这种可度量的序列，就等于自我宣布：不能说清楚经验中最明显的事实。但当我们询问被度量的到底是什么时，难题才刚刚开始。在经验中，这是非常基础性的问题，我们不可能从它身边退开一定距离，以便按照它自己的尺寸来观察它。

我们首先必须确定：是时间存在于自然中，还是自然存在于时间中。后者的难点——即将时间置于自然之前——是时间成了一个形而上学的标识。时间的瞬时或时段是什么样的实体？我们直接考察一下就会发现，将时间与事件分离，表明将时间看成是知识的独立终点就如同在影子里寻找物质一样。有时间是因为有发生的事情，排除发生的事情，也就什么都没有了。

但做出区分是必须的。某种意义上，时间延伸到自然之外。无时间的感官-意识和无时间的思想合起来思索有时间的自然，这是错误的。感官-意识和思想本身既是过程又是它们在自然中的终点。换句话说，有感官-意识流变，也有思想流变。这样流变之质的控制范围就延伸到自然之外了。但现在，流变和时间序列之间要做出区分，前者具有根本性，后者是一种逻辑抽象，表征自然的某些属性。如我们所定义的，时间序列仅仅表征绵延族的特定属性——这些属性是绵延因本身属于流变特征的部分而具有的，但是从另一方面看，这些属性只有绵延才具有。相应地，在可度量的时间序列意义上，时间只是自然的一个特征，而没有延伸到思想过程和感官-意识的过程，只是这些过程与过程的步骤所隐含的时间序列之间存在相互联系。

目前为止，自然的流变是与绵延的流变联系起来考虑的；在这种联系中，它总是与时间序列有独特的关联。但是，我们一定要记住，流变特征与事件的广延性有特殊的联系，而且从这种广延性中，如同时间流转一样，还产生空间流转。关于这点的讨论，暂且保留到后面一讲，但现在必须记住，我们将开始讨论流变概念在自然之外的应用，否则，我们将不得不缩小流变的核心理念。

在这方面，有必要详细说一下感官-意识这一话题，以此为例说明时间与心灵相关，尽管可度量的时间只是对自然的纯粹抽象，而自然对于心灵是封闭的。

现在，考虑感官-意识——不是它的终点，即自然，而是作为心灵过程的感官-意识自身。感官-意识是心灵与自然的一种关系。因此，我们现在将心灵看成是感官-意识x中的关系载体。对于心灵而言，既有直接的感官-意识，又有记忆。记忆和现在的直接性的区别具有双重特征。一方面它揭示：对于那些通过意识而与心灵产生关系的自然绵延，心灵并非都能平等地意识到。心灵的意识参入了自然流变。我们可以想象一个人，其意识可设想为他的私有物，尽管其意识终点是我们转瞬即逝的自然，但他的意识没有发生转变。为什么记忆没有提升到与当前鲜活的事实同步？关于这点找不出其根本原因；从心灵这一方面说，当前与过去有何区别？沿着这一假设，我们也可以设想，鲜活的记忆和当前的事实是在时间序列中被意识断定的。因此，我们必须承认，尽管我们可以想象，在感官-意识的运作中，心灵也许不受流变的任何特征束缚，然而事实上，我们的感官-意识的经验将我们的心灵展示为这种特征的一部分。

从另一方面说，记忆这一纯粹事实脱离了瞬时。记忆中，过去就是现在。它不是在时间序列上与连续的自然相重叠的现在，而是作为心灵的直接事实之现在。相应地，记忆是将心灵从自然的纯粹流变中解脱出来；因为在自然中流逝的，在心灵中并没有流逝。

更重要地是，记忆和直接现在之间的区别，并非像通常设想的那样明确。有一种理性的时间理论，如同一把移动的刀口，将一个现在的事实展示为没有任何时间广延性。该理论是源自于这样一种概念，即具有理想化精确的观察之概念。天文学观察成功地精确到秒的十分之一，百分之一直至千分之一。但是最终的精确还是要靠平均值系统，即便如此，呈现给我们的时间段还是有着些许误差。这里，误差只是一个常用的词汇，用以表示这样的事实，即经验特征总是与理想化思想不吻合。我已经解释过了，时刻概念如何与具有这种理想性的、已观察到的事实相互调和；即在绵延属性的量化表述中，存在一种作为极限的简单性，通过考虑包含在该时刻中任何一个抽象集就可以得到这种简单性。换句话说，时刻作为绵延的聚合体，有着与其外在特征相关联的内在特征，而内在特征是自然属性的极限表述。

因此，时刻的这一特征和被奉为神圣的理想化精确性一点也不会削弱这一立场，即意识的终点是有着时间厚度的绵延。显然，这个直接绵延并没有因为要被我们理解而被清楚地标识出来的。较早的界限已经消退到记忆中而变得模糊，后来的界限又被预期的出现弄得模糊不清。无

论是记忆与直接的现在之间，还是直接的现在与预期之间，都没有明晰的界限。在两个极端之间，现在是一条摆动、有一定宽幅的界限。因此，我们自己的感官-意识有着广延后的现在，因而具有了一些想象中人物的感官-意识特征，这些想象人物的心灵脱离了流变，将整体自然都当作一个直接事实来思索。我们自己的现在有它的前项和后项，对于想象的人物而言，整体自然有着自己的前项绵延和后项绵延。因此，我们在这方面与想象中的人物相比，唯一的区别是：对他而言，整体自然具有我们现在绵延之直接性。

这一讨论的结论是：谈到感官-意识，就存在心灵的流变，该流变与自然的流变可以相互区分，尽管二者密切相关。如果愿意，我们也可以推测，心灵流变与自然流变的结合，是因为它们都具有流变的某种终极特征，这种特征主导着所有的存在。但是这种推测与我们无关。我们有了这样的直接推论就足够了，即就感官-意识而言，自然事件存在于时间中，按此意义，心灵既不在时间中，也不在空间中，而是因为心灵流变与自然流变有着特殊的结合，心灵衍生到时间和空间中。因此说心灵在时间和空间中，有着自己特殊的含义。这就是经过很长的讨论才得到的一个简单且显而易见的结论。我们都感到，某种意义上，我们的心灵处于此房间中，处于此时间中。但是这种意义完全不同与自然事件有它们的空间和时间位置的意义，这里的自然事件指我们大脑的存在。要记住的最根本区别是：感官-意识的直接性与自然的瞬时性不一样。最后的结论将在下节讨论，我以此来结束本讲。这一问题可以这样表述，自然中是否存在用于替代的时间序列？

几年前，类似的提议因为完全不可能而被束之高阁。那时它对科学没有产生任何影响，与进入哲学之梦的任何理念都毫无干系。在十八和十九世纪，某些特定范围的概念作为自然哲学而被接受，这些概念如同中世纪时的哲学概念一样严谨缜密，它们是在几乎未做任何批判性的研究情况下被接受了。我称这类自然哲学为“唯物主义”。不仅是因为科学工作者是唯物主义者，哲学各流派的追随者都是。唯心主义者与哲学唯物主义者的区别体现在自然和心灵的排列顺序问题。但无人怀疑，就自然哲学本身而言，它就属于我称之为唯物主义的类型。在本讲之前的两讲中，我已经仔细地讨论了这种哲学。它可以简单总结如下：自然是物质的聚合体，某种意义上，这些物质存在于由无广延性的瞬时所构成的一维序列的每一个连续成员上。更重要的是，在每个瞬时上，物质实体

的相互关系使得这些实体在无限空间内形成了空间分布。依据这一理论，似乎空间如瞬时一样的具有瞬时变化之特征，而且要需要解释连续瞬时空间之间的关系。但在这一点上，唯物论沉默不语；瞬时空间的连续结构被默认结合成了一个具有一致性的空间。这一理论是纯粹理性对经验的解读，在科学思想之黎明到来时，它有幸使自己得以系统阐述出来。自从科学在亚历山大时代兴起，该理论就主宰了科学的语言和想象力，结果是，如果现在不承认它是不言自明的，就很难开口。

但是，当我用刚才所说的抽象术语来清晰地表述这一理论，它就不再是不言自明了。要素构成事实，事实是感官-意识的终点，不断流逝的要素复合体没有在我们面前留下任何东西，可以与自然唯物主义的那个“三位一体”的东西对应。这“三位一体”包括：（i）无广延性的瞬时之时间序列，（ii）物质实体的聚合体，（iii）作为物质之间关系产物的空间。

这些唯物主义理性理论做出的预设和感官-意识的直接呈现之间，存在巨大鸿沟。这种唯物的三位一体体现了自然的重要特征，这点我并不怀疑。但是必须要用经验事实来表述这些特征。这正是我在本讲中努力做的，并且与时间相关的事情。现在我再次提到这个问题，时间序列只有一个吗？自然的唯物哲学预设了时间序列的唯一性。但那种哲学仅仅是一种理论，就像中世纪人们深信不笃的亚里斯多德科学理论一样。如果本讲中，我以某种方式成功地突破了该理论，获得了直接事实，则答案就不是那么肯定了。问题可以换成另一种形式，即绵延族仅有一个吗？本讲前面已经定义了这一问题中的“绵延族”。现在，答案已经不是显而易见的。依据唯物论，瞬时的现在才是自然具有创造性活动领域。过去已流逝，未来还不存在。因此（依据此理论）感知的直接性就是一个瞬时的现在，但是这唯一的现在是过去的产物，是未来的希望。但是我们拒绝这个直接给定的瞬时现在。自然中能发现的并不是这样的东西。作为终极事实，它是一个非实体。直接为感官-意识断定的是某个绵延。现在在一个绵延的自身之中，有着过去和未来；感官-意识的直接绵延有时间宽度，只是宽度取决于个体感知者，是非常不确定的。相应地，对于所有的感知者，自然中不存在一个明显且必须是现在的唯一要素。自然的流变在过去和未来之间没有留下任何东西。我们所感知到的、作为现在的东西是记忆的鲜活边缘，其中掺杂着一些预期。在绵延之内，鲜活的记忆照亮了被区分出的领域。但是，藉此并不能保证，自

然中发生的事不能被归类到另外族中的其他绵延。我们甚至不知道，一个个体心灵的感官-意识所断定的直接绵延之序列必然属于相同的绵延族。对此，没有任何些许理由可以相信。如果我的自然理论是正确的，情况将确实不是如此。

唯物论具有中世纪思想所具有的完全性，对任何东西都有完整的答案，不管它是在天堂，在地狱或在自然中。对该理论存在一些修整，使其有直接的现在，消失的过去，虚无的未来以及惰性无变化物质。这种修整是非常老套的，无法与无情的事实保持一致。

在我极力主张的理论中，默认存在更大的终极神秘以及更深层次的无知。过去和未来相遇，混杂在没有清晰界定的现在中。自然流变只是存在的创造力的另一种称谓，它没有提供确定的瞬时现在这样的一个狭窄壁架供其活动。流变中活跃着的现在正推动自然前行，但这个现在必须在整体中寻找，存在于最遥远的过去中和任何具有最狭窄的宽幅的现在绵延中。也许还存在于未实现的将来中。也许还存在于可能的将来和能实现的真实将来。没有对人之理性极限的强大激情，就不可能思考时间和神秘的自然创造性流变。

第四章　广延抽象法

今天的讲座将从考虑限定事件开始。我们将有机会研究自然中的要素，这些要素通过空间概念得以表征。

绵延是被感官-意识直接揭示的东西，它被区分成很多部分。有的部分是房间中整体自然之生命，有的部分是房间中一张桌子内的整体自然之生命。这些部分就是限定事件。它们与现在绵延共同存续，是现在绵延的部分。一个绵延是一个非限定的整体，在某种特定的限定意义上，是所有存在的全部。而一个限定事件具有完整界定的界限，这些界限通过时空条件得以表述。

习惯上，我们将一个事件与某个特定情节质联系起来。如果一个人被车撞，这在特定时空界限中就构成了一个事件。习惯上，我们不将大金字塔在任何确定一天中的存续看成一个事件。但是，大金字塔在一天中的存续这一自然事实，与发生在人身上的事故具有同样的特征，前者意味着事实内部的整体自然，而后者意味着在时空界限内的整体自然，包括了人车相碰之时的人和车。

我们总是将这些事件分析成三个要素：时间，空间和物质。事实上，我们随即就将自然的唯物论应用其上。我并不否认，在表示一些重要的自然法则时，这种分析有适用性。我所要否定的是，这些要素都以有形方式独立地为感官-意识所断定。我们感知自然中的一个单元要素，这一要素就是：在彼时彼处，某样东西正在存现。例如，在大金字塔与其他埃及事件的存现的多种关系中，我们感知到大金字塔的存现。由于语言，正规教育以及由此而形成的惯例，我们惯于用这种唯物分析法来表述思想，以至于在理性上，往往忽视了感官-意识中展现的真正要素单元体。单元要素本身有着自己的自然流变，正是这个单元要素构成了从自然中区分出来的基本具体成分。这些基本要素就是我所说的事件。

事件是双项关系域，也就是前讲中所讨论的广延关系。事件是通过广延关系而相互联系的东西。如果事件A广延到事件B上，则B是A的“部分”，而A是一个“整体”，而B是该整体的一部分。在这些讲座中所使用的整体和部分，都表示这一特定意义。由此得知，参照这一关系，任意两个事件A和B可能具有以下四种关系之一，即（i）A广延到B上，或（ii）B广延到A上，或（iii）A和B同时广延到第三事件C上，但互相之

间没有广延关系，或（iv）A和B完全分离。显然，这些关系可以通过逻辑教科书上的欧拉图来表示。

自然的连续性就是事件的连续性。因为与广延关系相联系，事件的不同属性聚合在一起，连续性不过是这种聚合的另一种称谓而已。

首先，这种关系具有传递性；其次，每个事件都含有其他事件作为自己的部分；再次，每个事件都是其他事件的部分；第四，给定任意两个确定事件，总存在一些事件以这两个事件为部分；第五，事件之间存在我所谓的“衔接”的特殊关系。

两个事件衔接是指，如果两个事件都是第三个事件的部分，且第三个事件的任何部分都不能从这两个给定事件中分离。因此，两个衔接的事件正好组成了一个事件，某种意义上，该事件是两个给定事件的加合。

只有特定的事件对才具有这种属性。通常情况下，任何包含两个事件的事件同时包含可以从两个事件分离的部分。

在我最近的书中，两个事件的衔接还有一种替代定义。给定两个事件，如果存在第三个事件，满足（i）它与两个事件都重叠，且（ii）它的部分中，没有可以从两个给定事件中分离出去的部分。如果两个定义中任意一个被采纳而作为衔接的定义，就我们所知的自然中的衔接特征而言，另一个似乎成为公理。但是，我们并不是考虑逻辑定义，而是要系统地表述出直接观察的结果。在观察到的事件单元中，有某种特定的内在连续性，就这种连续性而言，衔接的两个定义都是基于观察得到的公理。

整体和部分的关系以及重叠关系是事件衔接的特例。但是当事件互相分隔时，它们是有可能衔接的；例如，可以通过某种想象中的水平面，将大金字塔分隔成上下两部分。

自然的连续性来自于事件，但我不得不给出的例证却模糊了这点。例如，我将大金字塔的存现看成是世人皆知的事实，并引用这一事实作为例证。这类事件把自身展示为一个可辨认对象的场景；在所选的例子中，对象已经广为人知，并有自己的名称。一个对象是一个实体，但其类型与事件的类型不同。例如，昨天的大金字塔和今天的都存在于自然的生命中，这一事件分为两个部分，即大金字塔的昨天和大金字塔的今天。但是可辨认的对象也称为大金字塔，无论是在昨天还是在今天，它都是相同的。对象理论将在另一讲中讨论。

当事件是一个界定清晰的对象场景时，整个话题都变得微妙难言，我们找不到合适的言辞将事件与对象区分开来。在大金字塔的例子中，对象是一个被感知的单元实体，如同被感知的那样，它历经沧桑，一直保持着自己的身份特征；同时，全体分子的跳动和电磁场的不断变化也是该事件的成分。某种意义上，对象与时间是脱离的。它只是因为与我称为“场景”的事件存在关系而衍生到时间中。这种场景关系需要在后面的讲座中专门讨论。

这里要强调的一点，对于一个事件而言，成为一个界定清晰的对象之场景并不具有内在必然性。无论何时何处，有东西存现，就有事件。更重要的是，“何时何处”本身就预设了某个事件，因为时间和空间本身就是从事件中抽象而来。因此，这一学说的结论是，任何地方都有事情存现，即便是在所谓的真空。这种结论与现代物理学相吻合，后者预设了整个空间和时间都有电磁场活动。现在，这一科学学说披上了以太这一唯物主义的外衣，以太就无处不在。但是以太明显只是一个懒人概念——用培根评述终极因缘的话说，这是个不能生育的处女。因为从中不能得出任何推论；只是对满足唯物论的需求而言，以太是有益的。不断变化的力域事实才是重要的。这是事件以太的概念，应该以此来代替物质的以太概念。

无需举例说明就能让你相信，事件是一个复合事实，而两个事件的关系形成了几乎无法破解的迷宫。一般常识所发现的破解线索，同时也是被科学所系统应用的线索，是我在别处提出的收敛法则，即通过缩小事件而获得简单性的。

如果A和B是两个事件，A'是A的部分，B'是B的部分，则在很多方面，A'和B'之间的关系要比A和B之间的关系简明的多。这一原则支配着任何有精确性要求的观察。

系统应用这一法则，产生的第一个结果是对时间和空间的抽象概念进行系统阐述。在前一讲中，我大致描述了如何应用这一原则得到时间序列。现在开始考虑，应用同样的方法如何获得空间实体。原则上，这两种情况中的系统化步骤是相同的，这一具有普遍性的步骤，我称为“广延抽象法”。

还记得我在前一讲中定义过一种绵延抽象集的概念。这一定义可以拓展，从而应用到任意事件上，无论它是限定事件还是绵延。唯一需要的改变是用“事件”一词替代“绵延”一词。相应地，事件抽象集中的事件

具有两个属性：（i）在任意两个成员中，一个是另一个的部分，且（ii）不存在作为集合中所有成员共同部分的事件。可能你还记得，这样的集合有着中国玩具套盒的属性，一个置于另一个内。二者的区别在于玩具中有一个最小的盒子，而抽象集则没有最小事件，也不会向一个不属于本集合的极限事件收敛。

因此，就事件的抽象集而言，一个抽象集会收敛于无。存在这样的一个集合，当我们在思想中将其从大到小排列时，它的成员会无穷尽地变得越来越小，但不会终止于一个某个类型的绝对最小值。事实上，该集合就它自身，在事件问题上，除了表示自身外，不表示任何东西。但是，当事件成为对象场景和将对象场景作为部分以及——如果更概括地表述物质——成为自然生命的域时，每一个事件都有内在的特征。该特征可以通过量化表达式进行定义，这些量化表达式表述了该事件内在的、不同量之间的关系，或者这些量与其他事件内在的、不同量的关系。时空广延关系是可以考虑的，在有着这种关系的事件中，这些量化表达式构成的集合复杂得让人晕眩。如果e是一个事件，令$q(e)$是一个界定它特征的量化表达式集，它的特征包括它与自然的其他部分的联系。令e_1，e_2，e_3等构成一个抽象集，其成员的排序表明，每一个成员如en都广延到它后面的所有成员上，如e_{n+1}，e_{n+2}等等。

这样，对应于序列

e_1，e_2，e_3，…，e_n，e_{n+1}，…，

存在序列：

$q(e_1)$，$q(e_2)$，$q(e_3)$，…，$q(e_n)$，$q(e_{n+1})$，….

将事件序列称为s，量化表达式序列称为$q(s)$。序列s没有最后项，没有哪个事件被包含在该序列的其他所有成员中。相应地，事件序列也不会收敛于无。它就是其自身。同时序列$q(s)$也没有最后项。但是这些集合中，贯穿整个序列不同项的是有着同质的量，由这些量构成的集合会向确定的极限收敛。例如，如果Q_1是$q(e_1)$中的量化度量，Q_2是$q(e_2)$中与Q_1同质的量化度量，Q_3是$q(e_3)$中与Q_1和Q_2同质的量化度量，等等，则序列

Q_1，Q_2，Q_3，…，Q_n，$Q_{\{n+1\}}$，…，

通常会向一个确定的极限收敛，尽管它没有最后项。相应地，存在一个极限的类$l(s)$，该类是$q(e_n)$中成员的极限所构成的类，随着n无穷地增大，$q(e_n)$的极限成员在整个$q(s)$序列中都有同质对应成

员。用箭头（→）表示“收敛于”，上述表述可以用图表示，即

e_1，e_2，e_3，…，e_n，e_{n+1}，…→无，

和

$q(e_1)$，$q(e_2)$，$q(e_3)$，…，$q(e_n)$，$q(e_{n+1})$，…→$l(s)$。

集合$l(s)$中的两个极限的相互关系，以及这些极限与从其他抽象集s'，s'，…中得到的集合$l(s')$，$l(s')$，…中极限的相互关系，这些关系都具有一种独特的简明性。

于是集合s就显示了自然关系的理想简单性，尽管这种简单性并非是s中所有真实事件的特征。我们可以逼近这种简单性。方法是考虑这样一个事件，它远远地位列在序列中小端方向，在依据数字进行排列时，我们可以按照自己的意愿使它接近序列的最小端。要注意，这是一个无穷序列，在向小端延伸时没有尽头，这点很重要。序列可以起始于任意大的事件，这点并不重要。我们可以在抽象集的大端排除任意事件集，而不会丢失该集具有的任何重要的属性。

由一个抽象集显示的、自然关系的限制特征，我称为集合的“内在特征”；同样，那些因为集合的成员，而与整体和部分的关系相关的属性，也是一个抽象集得以定义的属性，这些属性就形成了我所谓的“外在特征”。抽象集的外在特征决定某个确定的内在特征，这一事实说明了获得空间和时间精确概念的重要性。收敛法则的精确含义就是从抽象集中得出的某个内在特征。

例如，在一分钟内，我们看到一列火车驶近。这一事件是那一分钟火车内部的自然生命，它异常复杂，如何表述它的关系和成分令我们感到棘手。如果从那一分钟中，我们取出一秒，以这种方式获取的事件限制越多，就其成分而言就越简明，只要我们有确定规则可以给出一连串逐渐缩小事件，就可以将时间越缩越短，比如，1/10秒，1/100秒或者1/1000秒，这些时间给出的事件，其成分特征就收敛到该火车特征在某个确定瞬时上的理想简单性上。更重要的是，这种向简单性的收敛不止一种类型。例如，按照上述方法，我们可以向限制特征收敛，该限制特征表示火车在某个瞬时上，其体积内的瞬时自然，或者收敛该体积的某个部分的瞬时自然——比如，在发动机蒸汽缸里的体积——或者收敛在某个表面范围的瞬间自然，或者收敛火车内某条线的瞬间自然，或者收敛火车的某个点上的瞬间自然。在最后一种情况中，获得的简明限制特

征将可以表述为密度、特定的重力和物质的类型。更重要的是，我们不需要收敛到包括了某个瞬时自然的抽象。我们可能收敛到整个一分钟内的特定点轨迹的物理成分上。相应地，收敛的外部特征也有不同类型，它们可以使人逼近作为极限的不同类型的内部特征。

现在，我们开始讨论抽象集之间的可能联系。一个集合可能“涵盖”另一个集合。“涵盖”的定义：如果一个抽象集p中的每一个成员都包含另一个抽象集q中的某些成员作为部分，则p涵盖q。显然，如果任意事件e包含集合q中任意一个成员作为部分，则因为广延的传递性，q中的小端方向的连续成员都是e的部分。在这种情况中，抽象集q就可以说是“内嵌于”事件e。这样，当一个抽象集p涵盖了抽象集q，抽象集q就内嵌于p中的每一个成员。

两个抽象集可能会相互涵盖。我把这种情况称为两个集合的“抽象力相等”。在不会引起误解的情况下，简称两个抽象集“相等”。两个抽象集p和q在向小端方向延伸时，都是一个无穷序列，正是这一事实使得抽象集有相等的可能性。因此，相等意味着：给定一个属于p的事件x，只要向q的小端延伸足够远，我们总是能找到一个事件y，y是x的部分。这也意味着：只要向p的小端延伸足够远，总能找到事件z，z是y的部分，如此反复，无穷无尽。

抽象集相等的重要性源自于这种假设，即两个集合的内在特征是等同的。否则，精确观察就到头了。

显然，任意两个抽象集，如果都与第三个集合相等，则二者之间也相等。一个“抽象成分”是一组抽象集的整体，它与其中的任何抽象集都相等。因此，所有属于同一个成分的抽象集都相等，而且向同一个内在特征收敛。因此，一个抽象成分是一组向作为理想简单性的确定内在特征之逼近路线。在自然事实中，这些特征是作为极限出现的。

如果抽象集p涵盖抽象集q，则p所属的抽象成分中，任意抽象集都将涵盖在q所属的成分中的任意抽象集。相应地，将“涵盖”的意义加以延伸，可以说一个抽象成分“涵盖”另一个抽象成分。用“相等”表示“抽象力相等”的意义，在这种意义上，我们试图以类似的方式延伸“相等”的意义，则一个抽象成分显然可以只与自身相等。这样，一个抽象成分有着独一无二的抽象力，它们是由代表着一个有着确定的、内在特征的事件构建而成，这些内在特征作为极限是通过应用收敛原则而得到的，即通过缩小事件而趋向简单性的收敛原则。

抽象成分A涵盖了抽象成分B，某种意义上，A的内在特征就包含了B的内在特征。由此造成的结果，在某种意义上，陈述B的内在特征也就是陈述A的内在特征；但是A的内在特征比B的内在特征要复杂的多。

抽象成分构成了空间和时间的基本成分，我们现在开始考虑，当这些成分形成某些特别的类时所牵涉到的属性。在前一讲中，我已经讨论了抽象成分的一个类，即时刻。每一个时刻都是一组抽象集，作为这些集合成员的事件是绵延族的所有成员。同一个族的时刻形成了一个时间序列，而且，如果允许存在不同的时刻族，则自然中存在不同的时刻序列。因此，广延抽象法通过经验的直接事实解释了时间序列的产生之源，同时还允许存在不同的时间序列，这点是现代电磁相对论所要求的。

现在转而讨论空间。首先，要紧扣抽象成分的类，某种意义上，这些抽象成分就是空间的点。某种意义上，这些抽象成分展示了向内在特征之绝对最小值的收敛。按照欧几里得一贯的表述，在点的一般性理念中，没有部分，没有大小。这是我们所想获得的绝对最小值之特征，并且想通过抽象集的外在特征加以表述，而这些抽象集构成了点。更重要的是，通过这样途径获得的点，代表了没有广延性的理想事件，尽管事实上，并不存在理想事件这类实体。这些点不是外在的、无时间性空间中的点，而是瞬时空间中的点。我们最终想要得到的是没有时间的物理学空间，也就是普通人心目中、与科学概念沾边的空间。在获得了这些空间后，把术语“点”留下来描述它们将是很便利的。所以，对于事件的理想最小极限，我将使用“事件粒子”来称呼。因此一个事件粒子就是一个抽象成分，即一组抽象集；一个点——即无时间性空间中的点——成了事件粒子的类。

更重要的是，每个分离的时间序列，即每个分离的绵延族，都对应一个分离的、无时间性的空间。后面我们还会回到这些无时间性空间的点上。我这里提一下它们，以便了解现在的讨论处在什么样的阶段。事件粒子的整体形成了一个四维流形，这额外的一维来自于时间——换言之——来自于无时间性空间的点，这些点是事件粒子的类。

如果我们能够规定它们有能被它们所涵盖的任何抽象集涵盖的属性，就可以获得形成事件粒子的抽象集所需的特征。因为，事件粒子抽象集所涵盖任何其他抽象集就将与其相等，于是也就成为同一个事件粒子的成员。据此，一个事件粒子不能涵盖其他抽象成分。这一定义最初

是我1914年在巴黎的一次会议上提出的。但是，如果不做进一步的说明就采用这一定义，将会导致一些难题。在所提到的论文中，我试图解决这一难题，但我现在对解决方法并不满意。

难题是：一旦界定了事件粒子，就很容易界定形成事件边界的事件粒子聚合体；从而界定两个事件边界上的点-接触，而这两个事件中，一个是另一个的部分。我们可以设想接触的所有复杂性。特别是，我们可以设想这样的一个抽象集，其所有成员都在同一个事件粒子上存在点-接触。这样，很容易证明不存在这样的抽象集，即它具有被它所涵盖的所有抽象集所涵盖的性质。我详细地表述这一难题，因为它的存在决定着我们论证的脉络。对于被其所涵盖的抽象集所涵盖这一根本属性，我们不得不附加一些条件。当研究哪些条件合适这一问题时，我们发现只要将条件加以适当地调整，不仅事件粒子，所有其他相关的空间和时空时间的抽象成分，都可以用同样的方式加以定义。因此，我们要的是一种普遍性方法，其适用范围不仅是事件粒子。

令σ表示某些抽象集所要满足的条件。一个抽象集是“σ-素集”，如果它具有两个属性：（i）满足条件σ，且（ii）被它所涵盖且满足条件σ的所有抽象集所涵盖。

换言之，不可能再得到这样的一个抽象集，即它满足条件σ，且展示比σ-素集更简单的内在特征。

另外还有一些相关的抽象集，我称为σ-反素集。一个抽象集是一个反素集，如果它具有两个属性：（i）满足条件σ，且（ii）涵盖所有涵盖它的且满足条件σ的抽象集。换言之，不可能再得到这样的一个抽象集，即它满足条件σ，且展示比σ-反素集更复杂的内在特征。

在那些满足条件σ的抽象集中，σ-素集的内在特征有某个特定的完整性最小值；在σ-反素集的内在特征中，存在对应的某种完整性最大值，将它在各种情况下的可能都包括在内。

在上讲中给出了时刻的定义，这里先考虑反素集概念是如何有助于这一定义。令σ是能够成为一个类的属性，该类的成员都是绵延。满足该条件的抽象集是全部由绵延组成的抽象集。当σ表示这种特定意义时，则可以很方便地将时刻定义为一组抽象集，这些抽象集与某个σ-反素集相等。其依据是考虑到：（i）当σ表示这种特定意义时，则每个构成时刻的抽象集就是一个σ-反素集，且（ii）这些时刻的成员不包括有着同一个边界的绵延的抽象集，不管这些边界是起始界还是终止界。这

样，那些容易使一般推理混淆的特例就得以排除。时刻的新定义替代了前面的定义，新定义（借助反素集的概念）更加准确且更有用。

在时刻的定义中，σ所代表的特定条件，可以是对从纯粹广延概念所派生出的任何东西的附加条件。对于思想而言，一个绵延所展示的是一个整体。整体概念是一种超越了广延关系概念的东西，尽管二者在绵延中交织在一起。

同样，用于定义事件粒子的特定条件σ也要在广延概念之外去寻找。其他空间成分的特定条件也是如此。将“位置”概念与向广延关系的理想零收敛的概念（是通过事件抽象集展示出来的）区分开来，可以获得这一附加概念。

为了能理解这种区分，考虑一个瞬时空间的点，该点可以设想为在瞬时间一眼即可辨分明。这个点就是事件粒子。它具有两个方面。一方面是它存在于所在之处。这是它在空间中的位置。另一方面，要获得这个点，需要忽视其周边空间，将注意力集中到越来越小的、接近该点的事件集上。这是它的外部特征。这样，一个点有三个特征，即在整个瞬时空间中的位置、外部特征和内部特征。其他的空间成分也是如此。例如，一个瞬时空间中的瞬时体积有三个特征，即它的位置，作为一组抽象集的外部特征，作为自然属性极限的内部特征，而后者是通过这些抽象集中的任何一个集合表示的。

在讨论瞬时空间的位置之前，显然我们必须明确，瞬时空间本身是什么意思。瞬时空间被看作是一个时刻的一种特征。因为时刻是在某个瞬时的整体自然。瞬时空间不可能是该时刻的内在特征。因为内在特征告诉我们在某个瞬时空间中的自然限制特征。瞬时空间一定是抽象成分的共体，它们是因其相互关系而被看成共体。这样，瞬时空间就是那些被某个时刻所涵盖的抽象成分的共体，这就是该时刻的瞬时空间。

现在我们想知道，在自然中能找到什么特征，它们能够依据瞬时空间的成分说明位置的不同品质。该问题立刻引出了时刻交叉的话题，本讲座中还没有考虑到这一话题。

两个时刻交叉之轨迹就是二者所涵盖的抽象成分的共体。这样，同一个时间序列的两个时刻不可能交叉。属于两个族的时刻一定会交叉。据此，在时刻的瞬时空间中，我们希望能发现一些基本属性会因为被其他族的时刻交叉而显示出来。令M是一给定时刻，M与其他时刻A的交叉是瞬时空间M中的一个瞬时平面；令B是与M和A交叉的第三个时刻，则

M和B的交叉是M中的另一个平面。同样，A，B和M共同的交叉是空间M中的两个平面的交叉，也就是空间M中的一条直线。特例是B和M的交叉与A和M的交叉出现在相同平面。而且，如果C是第四个时刻，则除非属于特例而无需考虑之外，它与M交叉的平面是A，B和M相遇的直线。据此，不同族的四个时刻通常有着共同的交叉。这个共同的交叉就是抽象成分的共体，抽象成分中每一个都涵盖所有四个时刻（或“居于其内”）。这样就得到了瞬时空间的三维属性，（除了四种时刻的特殊关系外）第五个时刻或者包含它们的共同交叉或者一个也不包含。共同交叉不可能通过时刻做进一步划分。这是“全有或全无”的原则。这并非是先验真理，而是自然经验的事实。

考虑到将通常空间用语“平面”、“直线”、“点”等保留下来，描述时间系统中无时间性空间的成分比较方便。所以，在时刻的瞬时空间中，瞬时平面就将被称为“层面”，瞬时直线被称为“短直”，瞬时点称为“刻点”。由此，一个刻点是抽象成分的共体，它们分别位于四个时刻中，而时刻所属的族之间没有特别关系。同样，令P是一个时刻，则属于给定刻点的每个抽象成分或者都位于P之内，或者一个都不在P之内。

位置是抽象成分所拥有的一种质，而拥有这种质完全是因为该抽象成分所处的时刻。给定一个时刻M，位于其瞬时空间之中的抽象成分，会因为与M交叉的其他时刻而存在差别，而其他时刻与M交叉也就意味着：它们包含了这些抽象成分中的不同成分。正是因为这些成分存在不同，才形成了它们位置的不同。属于一个刻点的抽象成分在M中有着最简单的位置类型；属于短直而不属于刻点的抽象成分，其位置之质更复杂一些；属于层面而不属于短直的抽象成分有着更复杂的位置之质，而最复杂的位置之质是那些属于体积而不属于层面的抽象成分。但现在还没有给体积下定义。定义将在下一讲中给出。

显然，作为无限聚合体，层面、短直和刻点是不可能成为感官-意识的终点，也不可能成为在感官-意识中可以接近的极限。层面的任一成员都有某种特定之质，该质来源于属于特定某个时刻集的特征，但是作为一个整体，层面只是一个逻辑概念，没有沿着感官-意识所断定的实体的逼近路线。

另一方面，一个事件粒子的定义展示了作为逼近路线的特征，而逼近路线是由感官-意识所断定的实体标示出来的。参照一个确定的刻点，可以定义一个确定的事件粒子，其方式为：令条件σ表示一种特定属

性，即涵盖所有作为该刻点成员的抽象成分的属性，这样一个满足σ的抽象集就是一个涵盖该刻点的所有抽象成分的抽象集。这样，当σ表示这一特定含义时，与该刻点相关的事件粒子被定义为所有σ-素集构成的组。

显然，如果σ表示这一意义，每个与σ-素集相等的抽象集，其本身就是一个σ-素集。据此，这样定义的事件粒子就是一个抽象成分，即那些与某个特定抽象集相等的抽象集构成的组。π表示给定的刻点，如果写出与π相关联的事件粒子的定义，则为：与π相关联的事件粒子是一组抽象类，其中每个抽象类都具备两个属性：（i）它涵盖了π中的每一个抽象集，且（ii）所有满足前一个针对π的条件且被它所涵盖的抽象集，都涵盖它。

事件粒子因为与刻点的关系而有了位置，反过来，该刻点从它与事件粒子的关系中，获得了作为逼近路线的派生特征。点从观察到的自然事实中派生而来，在任何处理这种派生的方式中，都会出现点的上述两种特征。但通常而言，对它们之间的区别还没有清晰的认识。

瞬时点的特别简单性有着双重起源，一方面与位置有关，也就是说，与作为刻点的特征有关，另一方面与它作为事件粒子的特征有关。刻点不可能通过时刻再进行划分，这就是它的简单性。

事件粒子的简单性来自于它内在特征的不可再分性。说事件粒子的内在特征不可再分，是表示它所涵盖的每个抽象集都展示了相同的内在特征。由此可知，尽管被事件粒子所涵盖的不同抽象成分不同，但是考虑这些不同不会带来什么益处，因为在表述自然属性时，不会得到更进一步的简单性。

事件粒子和刻点各自具有的这两个简单性特征，界定了欧几里得所说的“没有部分，也没有大小”的意义。

游离的抽象集被事件粒子所涵盖，但它们自身并不是事件粒子的成员，将那些游离的抽象集从我们思想中扫除干净，显然会带来方便。这些游离的抽象集，对我们考虑内在特征没有任何益处。这样，我们可以将短直和层面仅仅考虑成事件粒子的轨迹。这样做，我们还裁掉了那些涵盖了事件粒子集的抽象成分，这些成分不是事件粒子的成员。这些抽象成分形成多种的类，这具有重要意义。我在本讲座以及后面的其他讲座中考虑它们。但现在我们把它们忽略掉。同样，在“事件粒子”和“刻点”之间，我将优先讨论前者，后者是一个生造的词汇，对此我没有太多

兴趣。

现在可以解释短直和层面的平行了。

考虑一个属于时刻A的瞬时空间，令A属于时刻的时间序列，该序列命名为α。考虑另一个时刻的时间序列，命名为β。β中的时刻互不交叉，它们在层面族中与时刻A交叉。层面族中的层面互不交叉，它们在时刻A的瞬时空间中形成了平行瞬时平面族。这样，在时间序列中，时刻的平行导致瞬时空间中的层面平行，因此而得到短直的平行，这是很容易看出来的。据此，从时间的类似属性中得到了空间的欧几里得属性。也许正因为如此，才有理由采用时间的双曲线理论和对应的双曲线空间理论。这种理论还没有很好地构建出来，因此对于可能提出的、对其有利的证据，无法判断其特征。

瞬时空间中顺序理论可以直接从时间序中派生而来。考虑时刻M的空间。令α是一个时间系统的名称，M不属于α。令A_1，A_2，A_3等是α中按照发生顺序而排列的时刻。则A_1，A_2，A_3等与M交叉于平行层面l_1，l_2，l_3等。则在M的空间中，平行层面的相对顺序与时间系统α中的对应时刻的相对顺序是相同的。M中的任意短直，如果在该短直的刻点集内，与所有这些层面交叉，则该短直的刻点因此获得了在短直上的位置序。所以空间序是从事件顺序中派生而来的。更重要的是，存在不同的时间系统，而每个瞬时空间中，只存在一个确定的空间序。据此，从不同时间系统派生空间序的不同模式一定与每个瞬时空间中的一个空间序保持一致。以此方式，也可以比较不同的时间序。

在充分调整我们的空间理论之前，手里面还有两个大问题需要解决。问题之一是如何确定空间内部的度量方法，换言之，就是空间的一致性理论。我们发现空间度量与时间度量密切相关，而与后者相关的原则至此还没有确定。所以我们的一致性理论既针对空间，也针对时间。问题之二是相对于任意一时间系统，如何确定无时间性空间。时间系统的连续的时刻中是一个瞬时空间的无穷集。这个空间——或者说这些空间——就是物理学的空间。这种空间常常会因为被说成是概念性的而被忽视。我不理解这类表述的本质意义。我估计它的意思是空间是自然中某个东西的概念。据此，如果物理学空间可以被称为是概念性的，我就要问，在自然中它是什么的概念？例如，当我们说起物理学中无时间性空间中的一个点，我想我们就是在说自然中的东西。如果不这样说，科学家就要在纯粹的幻想中去绞尽脑汁，但情况很可能不是如此。无论空

间是相对的还是绝对的，都需要一个明确的人身保护令，才能在自然中产生相关的实体。依据相对空间论，也许可以认为不存在物理学中的无时间性空间，而只有按瞬时序列排列的瞬时空间。

这样，类似于某个人在某小时内走了四英里这样的陈述，就需要作出解释。从一个空间到另一个空间的距离，你是如何度量出来的？我理解为是在一张军用地图上测出的。但是，今天上午10点的剑桥，存在于该瞬间的恰当的瞬时空间中，而今天上午11点的伦敦，存在于该瞬间的恰当的瞬时空间中，二者之间相距52英里，这点让我困惑不已。我想，在该陈述获得了意义之时，你就会发现已经构建出了事实上的无时间性空间。我所不能理解的是，在没有做出这种构建时，如何解释其意义。还要补充一点，按照现有的空间理论，我不知道瞬时空间是通过何种方法联系起来而合成了一个空间的。

你可能注意到，借助不同的时间系统假设，我们已经解释了空间特征，在自然科学中，“解释”只是意味着发现“相互之间的联系”。例如，在某种意义上，你所看到的红色是无法解释的。它是红色，除此之外没啥可说的。或者它就是在你面前，为感官-意识所断定，或者你忽视实体红色。但是科学已经解释了红色。即科学已经发现，作为自然要素的红色与自然中其他要素之间的联系，如光波，它们是一种电磁扰动。身体也存在不同的病理状态，在这些状态中，即便没有光波，也可能看见红色。这样就得到了感官-意识所断定的红色与自然中不同要素之间的关系。发现了这些关系也就是对颜色的视觉现象做出了科学解释。类似地，空间特征依赖于时间特征，这也是科学所寻求的一种解释。系统性思考的人是不喜欢纯粹事实的。迄今为止，空间特征是作为纯粹事实的集成而被呈现出来，这些事实是终极的且互相之间无关联。我正在论述的理论将把空间事实的无关联性清除干净。

第五章　空间与运动

本讲的主题是继续通过对自然事实进行抽象来构建空间。在前一讲结束时，还没有考虑到一致性问题，也没有考虑到无时间性空间的构建，这种空间将特定时间系统中的连续短暂空间关联起来。更重要的是，还有很多抽象的空间成分没有定义。我们先来考虑部分抽象成分的定义，即立体，区域和路径。所谓“路径”是指线性节段，不管是直的还是弯曲的。通过说明这些定义并初步作出解释，希望在分析自然时，对事件粒子的功能做出具有普遍意义的说明。

我们注意到，事件粒子之间相互参照，从而具有了“位置”。上一讲中，我将“位置”解释为一种空间成分之质，该质是因涵盖该成分的交叉时刻而获得。在此意义上，事件粒子是有位置的。表示事件粒子在自然中的位置，最简单的表述模式是先将其固定在一个确定的时间系统上。将该系统称为α。存在一个由时间序列α构成的时刻，它涵盖了某个给定的事件粒子。通过该时刻，事件粒子在时间序列α中的位置就得以定义，我们将该时刻称为M。这样，在M的空间中，按照通常的方式，该粒子的位置就被在该空间中且仅在该空间中交叉的三个平面固定。固定事件粒子位置的这一程序表明，事件粒子的聚合体形成了一个四维流形。某种意义上，一个限定事件占据了这个流形中的有限块，我现在就开始解释这点。

令e是任意给定事件。参照e，事件粒子的流形分解为三个集合。每个事件粒子是一组相等的抽象集，每个抽象集在靠近自己的小端时，都是由越来越小的有限事件构成。这些有限事件是某个特定事件粒子的构成，从中挑选出足够小的一些事件，则会出现三种情况。或者（i）所有这些小事件都与给定的事件e完全分离，或者（ii）所有这些小事件都是事件e的部分，或者（iii）所有这些小事件都与事件e重叠，但不是e的部分。在第一种情况中，事件粒子可以说是位于事件e的“外部”，第二种情况则可以说是位于事件e的“内部”，第三种情况则可以说是事件e的“边界-粒子”。因此，存在三个粒子集，即位于事件e外部的粒子集，位于事件e内部的粒子集和位于事件e边界的粒子集，也就是e的边界-粒子集。既然事件具有四维，事件的边界就是一个三维流形。对于有限事件而言，存在边界的连续性；而对于绵延而言，边界由事件粒子构成，这些

事件粒子是被两个毗邻时刻中的任意一个所涵盖。据此，绵延的边界由两个短暂三维空间构成。事件可以说是“占据”了事件之中的事件粒子构成的聚合体。

上一讲中说明了“衔接”的意义，如果两个事件存在这种意义上的“衔接”，同时二者又是分离的，也就是二者都既不重叠，也不是另一事件的部分，则两个事件“相邻”。

在两个事件边界之间的特定关系中，会出现这种附加关系。两个边界一定存在共同部分，该部分事实上是四维流形中的事件粒子的连续三维轨迹。

事件粒子的一个三维轨迹，也就是两个相邻事件边界的共同部分，被称为立体。一个立体可以完全也可以不完全位于一个时刻之内。不位于一个时刻之内的立体被称作“游离体”。而位于一个时刻之内的立体被称作一个体积。体积可以被定义为事件粒子的轨迹，如果时刻确与某个事件交叉，则二者在体积中交叉。时刻和事件的交叉显然由那些事件粒子构成，这些粒子被该时刻所涵盖并且位于事件之内。一个交叉的时刻将事件分为两个相邻事件，记得这点，则体积的两个定义互相等同是显而易见的。

上述定义的立体，无论是游离体还是体积，都仅仅是事件粒子的聚合体，该聚合体只是表明位置之某种特定的质。我们还可以将立体定义为一个抽象成分。为此目的，我们回到前一讲中解释的素集理论。令命名为σ的条件表示这样的事实：满足该条件的任何抽象集的每个事件，在它之内都存在某个特定立体的所有事件粒子。这样，所有σ-素集构成的组就是与给定立体相关的抽象成分。我称这一抽象成分为作为抽象成分的立体，称事件粒子的聚合体为作为轨迹的立体。瞬时空间中的瞬时体积是我们感官-意识的理想，它们是作为抽象成分的体积。在努力追求精确时，我们真正感知的是那些小事件，它们小到足以接近某个抽象集，该抽象集属于作为抽象成分的体积。

我们逼近游离立体的感知时，很难知道能有多近。但我们肯定认为不能逼近它。但是我们的思想——那些确实考虑到这些话题的人的思想——都深受到自然唯物论的支配，所以几乎不能作为证据。如果爱因斯坦的重力理论是有道理的，游离立体在科学上就有了非凡的意义。有限事件的整体边界可以被看作是作为轨迹的游离立体的特殊例子。它具有封闭性，这一特殊属性使得它不能作为抽象成分而被定义。

当时刻与事件交叉时，它与该事件的边界也交叉。这一轨迹，即那个时刻所包括的边界部分，是该时刻所包含的事件对应体积的临界面。它是一个二维轨迹。

每个体积都有临界面，这一事实源自于空间的戴德金连续性。

另一个事件也许在另一个体积中被同一个时刻切割，该体积也将同样有自己的边界。在一个时刻的瞬时空间中，这两个的体积也许互相重叠，并据此而从对方的表面切割开一部分，这种重叠方式已经熟悉，无需赘述。这个表面的部分就是“短时区域”。

游离区域的定义复杂，在此阶段无需讨论。当事件粒子的四维流形的性质被充分讨论后，游离区域的定义也就变的简单了。

短时区域显然可以定义为抽象成分，其定义方式如同固定定义一般。我们只要简单地在已给的定义中将“立体”替换成“区域”即可。同样，与立体的情况极其类似，作为逼近理想区域而为我们所感知的是小事件，在那些相等的并且属于作为抽象成分之区域的抽象集中，这些小事件因为小而被远远排在后面。

存在于同一个时刻中的两个短时区域，在一个短时节段里，互相切割，该短时节段不一定是短直。这样的节段也可以定义为抽象成分。这就是所谓的“短时路径”。我们无需耽搁下来去泛泛地考虑这些短时路径，而概括性地对游离路径做更宽泛的讨论也并不重要。但是，有两个简单的路径集至关重要。一个是短时路径集，另一个是游离路径集。两个集合可以合并归类为直线路径。我们要对其进行定义，且定义时不参照体积和临界面的定义。

这两类直线路径被称为短直路径和站点。短直路径是短时路径，站点是游离路径。短直路径某种意义上是处于短直之中的路径。短直上的任意两个事件粒子界定了一个事件粒子集，该集合在该短直上位于这两个事件粒子之间。设一个抽象集满足条件σ就意味着：两个给定的事件粒子以及在短直上位于二者之间的事件粒子都位于属于该抽象集的每个事件中。当σ表示这种意义时，σ-素集组形成了一个抽象成分。这类抽象成分是短直路径。它们是瞬时直线的节段，这些瞬时直线是理想的精确感知。我们真实的感知，无论多么精确，都是对小事件的感知，这些事件非常小，以至于在抽象成分的抽象集排列中，非常靠后。

站点是一个游离路径，而且没有哪一个时刻能够在多于一个的事件粒子上与任何站点交叉。因此，在被站点涵盖的事件粒子之时刻中，站

点本身就有位置的对比。短直来自于时刻的交叉。但目前还没有提到任何事件属性，通过这些属性，可以发现任何类似的游离轨迹。

就我们的讨论而言，一个普遍性的问题是要确定一种方法，从而比较一个瞬时空间中的位置和其他瞬时空间中的位置。我们将范围限定在一个时间系统之平行时刻的多个空间上。这些不同空间中的位置，是如何比较的？换言之，我们所说的运动是什么意思？对于任何一种相对空间理论，这都是一个根本性问题，而且与其他根本性问题一样，它最终往往得不到答案。说我们都知道运动的含义，并不是答案。只要涉及到感官-意识问题，我们当然就要回答，我现在要问，你的空间理论应该为自然提供一些可以被观察到的东西。如果依据你提出的理论，没有什么东西可以被观察，然后重复说，无论如何我们观察到了不存在这个事实，这并没有解决问题。除非运动成了一种东西，是自然中的一种事实，否则动能、势能和所有依赖这些物理概念的东西，都从我们物理学实在的名单中蒸发掉了。即使在这样的一个革命时代，我仍然恪守保守主义，反对将势能与月光等同起来。

因此，我将运动是一种物理事实假定为一个公理。运动是我们在自然中感知的东西。运动预设了静止。除非理论会直接违背直觉，也就是说，违背了从感官-意识中直接出现的、未经筛选的判断，否则没有人会怀疑，在运动中，留在你身后的是静止的东西。亚伯拉罕漫游时离开了出生地，而出生地一直在原地不动。运动理论和静止理论是从不同的侧面、以不同的侧重点看同一样东西。

某种意义上，不承认绝对位置论，你就不可能得到静止理论。通常假定，相对空间意味着不存在绝对位置。但按照我的信条，这是错误的。这种假设是因为没有做另一种区分，即绝对位置存在不同的定义。承认存在不同的时间系统，就存在这种可能性。据此，一个时间序列之平行时刻中的空间序列，对绝对位置有着它们自己的定义，这些绝对位置与这些连续空间中的事件粒子集相关。这样，每个集合都由事件粒子构成，一个集合来自一个空间，所有集合在那个空间序列中都拥有同一个绝对位置。在该时间系统的无时间性空间中，这样的事件粒子集形成了一个点。因此，点就是某个给定时间系统的无时间性空间中的一个绝对位置。

但是存在不同的时间系统，每个时间系统都有着其独特的、由点构成的组——也就是说，对绝对位置有着独特的定义。这正是我要解释的

理论。

在自然中寻找绝对位置的证据时，想重新求助于事件粒子的四维流形并没有用。这种流形是通过让思想超越观察的直接性而得到的。在流形中，我们什么也不能发现，除了那些被我们放在那儿，用以表征思想中的观念的东西，而这些东西源自于我们对自然的直接感官-意识。为了找到一些证据，证明在事件粒子流形中所发现的属性，我们总是想到要观察事件之间的联系。问题在于如何确定事件之间的关系，这些关系出现在无时间性空间之绝对位置的属性中。事实上，这个问题也就是要确定物理学上的无时间性空间的准确意义。

在回顾感官-意识所直接揭示的自然要素时，我们注意到“在此处”这一概念的基本特征。我们将事件仅仅看成是一个确定复合体中的要素，该复合体中每个要素都有自己特定的份额。

有两个要素一直是该复合体中的成分，其一是绵延，在思想中，绵延是由现在的整体自然概念所表征出的，另一个是心灵在感官-意识中出现的特许权。自然中的这种特许权就是思想中，通过“此处”的概念所表征出的东西，即“此处事件”之概念。

这就是一个确定的自然要素之概念。该要素是自然中的一个事件，在自然中，对意识行为而言，这个事件就是焦点，通过对它的参照，其他事件得以感知。这个事件是相关绵延的部分。我把它称为“感知事件”。该事件不是心灵，也就是说，不是感知者。心灵感知的正是自然中的这个事件。心灵在自然中的完整立场是通过事件对加以体现的，这个事件对由现在的绵延和感知事件构成，前者标志着意识的“时间”，而后者标志着意识的“地点”和“方式”。大致而言，这个感知事件就等同于具体化的心灵之肉体生命。但是这种等同只是大致而言。因为身体功能已经淡化为自然中的其他事件；这样，针对某些目的，感知事件可以作为肉体生命的一部分来考虑，但针对其他目的时，也可以不仅仅考虑成肉体生命。就很多方面而言，这种区分完全是任意的，如同一把滑动尺子，在何处划线，全由你自己决定。

在前面关于时间的讲座中，我已经讨论了心灵与自然的联系。讨论的难点在于一些恒常要素往往容易被忽视。我们从来没有通过比较它们不出现时的情况而关注它们。也许可以说，讨论这类要素的主要目的就是使得一些显而易见的事情变得很怪异。除非我们设法使他们变得怪异，从而使其表现的比较新奇，否则无法想象其存在的样子。

我们常常让一些恒常要素从意识中悄然溜走，正是这种习惯使得我们犯错，从而认为将自然特定要素的意识看成是心灵与要素之间的双项关系。例如，我感知到一片绿叶。这一陈述中所用的语言，只提及了感知者心灵和绿叶以及感官-意识关系，而遮蔽了其他的要素。而且还抛弃了一些明显必不可少的要素，这些要素在感知中是核心成分。我在此处，叶片在彼处；此处事件和位于彼处的、作为叶片生命的事件，都内嵌于当前自然的整体中，而且在此整体中，还有其他一些已被区分出的要素，这些要素并不相关，无需提及。就这样，在心灵面前，语言通常对感官-意识事实的非确定复合体进行了误导性的抽象。

现在我想讨论的是“此处”感知事件与“当前”绵延的特殊关系。这种关系是自然中的事实，即心灵意识到自然中有这两种要素在这一关系中。

在短时现在的绵延中，感知事件的“此处”有某类确定的意义。感知事件和与其相关联之绵延的特殊关系就是“此处”的意义。我把它称为“共存性”。相应地，我需要描述这种共存关系的特征。当共存性的“此处”失去其唯一的确定意义时，现在就被折断，分解成了一个过去和一个现在。从过去绵延中感知的“此处”到现在绵延中感知的另一个“此处”，二者存在一个自然流变。但是，在相邻的绵延中，这两个感官-意识中的“此处”也许难以区分。在此情况中，就存在一个从过去到现在的流变，但是一种更具有保持力的感知力量也许将流失的过去保存为一个完整的现在，而非让早一些的绵延悄然变为过去。换言之，静止的意识有助于将绵延整合为一个延长的现在，而运动的意识将自然区分为一系列缩短的绵延。如同从特快列车的车厢里向外看，在我们意识还没有反应之前，现在已经成为过去。而我们生活其中的那些小镜头，在思想面前流逝太快。另一方面，自然展现在我们面前的是它无分裂的静止这一面，正因为如此，直接的现在被延长了。自然的任何变化，都是区分绵延的依据，而绵延的区分也就是现在的缩短。但是，自然中的自我变化与外部自然的变化存在明显差异。自然中的自我变化是作为感知事件之基点的质发生了变化。也就是“此处”发生了崩裂，它是现在绵延分裂的必然条件。外部自然的变化与在沉思中延长现在是相容的，这种沉思是根植于某个给定基点而进行的。我想提出的是，如果将一个绵延作为感官-意识的现在绵延，其必要条件就是将某个特殊关系保留给该绵延。这种特殊关系就是感知事件和绵延的共存关系。共存性就是在绵延中保持

基点的质不被分裂。自然整体是感官-意识的终点，在自然整体中，共存性延续了站点的同一性。绵延也许包含了其内部的变化，但是——只要它是一个现在的绵延——它就不包含自己与自己所包含的感知事件之间特殊关系之质所发生的变化。

换言之，感知总是在“此处”，即只有满足了条件：在绵延与感知事件的关系中，该绵延中的“此处”具有连续性之意义，绵延才能作为现在被感官-意识所断定。只有在过去，你才能处于“彼处”，其基点与你现在的“此处”不同。

彼处事件和此处事件都是自然事实，而成为在“彼处”和在“此处”之质，不仅仅是作为自然和心灵关系的意识之质。当“此处”和“彼处”的意义都已确定，则在属于“此处”事件的绵延中，确定的站点之质与属于“彼处”事件之绵延中的站点之质类型相同。因此，那些因共存性而与相关绵延产生联系的事件，其生物学特征与共存性没有任何关系。显然，这种生物学特征进一步限定了感知事件与心灵感知之间特殊联系；但是在感知事件和作为该感知所揭示的自然之现在全部的绵延之间，二者的关系与这种生物学特征并不相关。

假定具有了所需的生物学特征，事件选择某个绵延作为自己的感知事件特征，在观察的精确性极限内，在该事件中仍然起作用的过去与该绵延实际上是共存的。换言之，在自然所提供的各种时间系统中，存在一个系统，该系统含有一个绵延，感知事件的所有从属部分都从该绵延中获得了共存的最佳平均值。这一绵延将是自然的整体，而后者是感官-意识所断定的终点。这样，感知事件的特征决定了自然中直接显现的时间系统。在自然的流变中，随着感知事件特征的变化，——或者，换言之，随着感知心灵在其自身的流变中与该感知事件转向另一个事件的流变产生关联——与该心灵的感知相关联的时间系统也许会变化。当一大堆感知到的事件在一个非感知事件的绵延中具有共存性时，感知可能包括共存的双重意识，即在整体的意识中，身处列车中的观察者处于“此处”，同时在这个整体意识中，树木、桥梁和电报线杆处于确定的“彼处”。这样，在特定环境下的感知中，区分出的事件宣示了它们自身的共存关系。当与感知事件共存的绵延与作为自然当前整体的绵延相同时——也就是说，当事件和感知事件都与相同的绵延具有共存性时，这种共存性就特别明显。

现在准备考虑绵延中站点的意义，在该绵延中，站点是一个特殊类

型的路径，它们定义了相关无时间性空间中的绝对位置。

但是，需要做一些基础性的说明。一个限定事件如果是某个绵延的部分，而且与位于该绵延内的任意时刻交叉，就可以说广延过整个绵延。这样的一个事件始于该绵延并终于它。而且，始于且终于该绵延的每个事件都广延过整个绵延。这是建立在事件连续性之上的公理。所谓的始于且终于同一个绵延，我是指（i）该事件是该绵延的部分，且（ii）该绵延的起始和终结边界时刻涵盖了在该事件边界上的事件粒子。

每个与某个绵延共存的事件，都广延过那个绵延。

与某个绵延共存的事件，不能说它的所有部分都与该绵延共存。共存关系无法实现，可能是因为下面两个原因之一。原因之一也许是该部分没有能广延过整个绵延。在这种情况下，尽管该部分与给定绵延本身没有共存关系，但可能会与作为给定绵延的部分的其他绵延有共存关系。在那个时间系统中，如果能足够地延长该部分的存在，则它将可以具有共存性。原因之二源自于事件的四维广延，这种广延使得线性序列中的事件在变换时没有确定的路径。例如，地铁隧道是某个时间系统内的一个静止事件，也就是说，它与一个特定的绵延共存。穿行其中的列车是该隧道的部分，但它本身不是静止的。

如果一个事件e与一个绵延d共存，d'是d的部分，是任意的绵延。则d'与d属于相同的时间系统。同样d'在事件e'中与e交叉，e'是e的部分，且与d'共存。

令P是位于给定绵延d中的任意事件粒子。考虑一个事件聚合体，P位于其中而且与d有共存关系。这些事件中的每一个都占据了自己的事件粒子聚合体。这些聚合体有着共同的部分，即在所有聚合体中的事件粒子所形成的类。事件粒子的这个类，我称为在绵延d中的事件粒子P的“站点”。这是一个轨迹特征中的站点。一个站点可以通过抽象成分的特征加以定义。令属性σ为一个抽象集所拥有的属性之名，条件为（i）它的每一个事件都与绵延d共存，且（ii）事件粒子P位于它的每一个事件中。当σ表示这种意义时，则σ-素集组是一个抽象成分，并且是作为一个抽象成分的d中的P的站点。在d中，被作为抽象成分的P之站点所涵盖的事件粒子，其轨迹是作为作为轨迹的d中的P的站点。相应地，一个站点有着三个通常特征，即位置特征、作为抽象成分的外部特征和内部特征。

从静止的特殊属性中，可以得到结论，属于相同绵延的两个站点不可能交叉。据此，在某个绵延的站点上，每个事件粒子都将该站点作为自己在该绵延中的站点。同样每个绵延——如果它是给定绵延的部分——则都在作为它们自己站点的轨迹中，与该给定绵延中的站点交叉。通过这些属性，我们可以利用同一族中——也就是，同一个时间系统中——的绵延的相互重叠，将站点无限地向前和向后延长。这种延长的站点被称为点迹。一个点迹就是事件粒子的一个轨迹。参照一个特定时间系统，例如α，可以定义点迹。不同时间系统都存在相应的点迹组。每个事件粒子都位于属于某个时间系统的点迹组中的一个且仅此一个点迹上。时间系统α的点迹组是α之无时间性空间的点所构成的组。参照与α相关族中的绵延，并且因此而与位于α的连续时刻中的连续瞬时空间形成参照，每个这样的点都表明绝对位置特定之质。α中的每个时刻都在一个且仅此一个事件粒子上，与一个点迹交叉。

时刻与点迹具有唯一的交叉，这一属性并不局限于现在时刻和点迹属于相同时间系统的情况中。在一个点迹上的任意两个事件粒子都有序列关系，因此它们不可能位于同一个时刻上。因此，时刻只能与点迹交叉一次，而且每一个时刻只与点迹在一个事件粒子上交叉。

在α的连续时刻中，处于这些时刻与α中给定的点相交叉之事件粒子上的任何人，在α时间体系的无时间性空间中将是静止的。但是，在属于其他时间系统的无时间性空间中，他在那个时间系统中的每个连续时刻上，都处于不同的点。换句话说，他在运动。他将沿着一条直线匀速前进。我们可以把这看成是直线的定义。也就是说，在时间系统β空间中的直线是β中点的轨迹，这些点都与某个点迹交叉，而这些点迹是其他某个时间系统空间中的点。这样，时间系统α的空间中的每个点都与其他时间系统β的空间中的一个且仅此一个直线相关。更重要的是，在β空间中，与α空间中的点有这种关系的直线集，就在β的空间中形成了一个平行线的完整族。这样，在α空间中的点与β空间中某个确定的平行直线族中的直线，存在一一对应关系。反过来，在β空间中的点与α空间中某个平行直线族中的直线，也存在一一对应关系。这些族分别被称为与α相关的β平行线族和与β相关的α平行线族。由β中的平行线族指示的、β空间中的方向被称为在β空间中的α方向，而α中的平行线族被称为在α空间中的β方向。据此，在α空间中的点上的静止体沿着β空间中的线匀速移动，这里的线是在β空间中α方向的线，同样，在β空间中的点上的静

止体沿着α空间中的线匀速移动，这里的线是在α空间中β方向的线。

我一直说的无时间性空间，是与时间系统相关的无时间性空间。这些都是物理学的空间，也是作为永恒和无变化的空间概念。但是，我们真实感知只能是逼近于通过事件粒子而显示的瞬时空间，在某个与我们意识相关的时间系统中，这些事件粒子位于某个时刻之内。这类瞬时空间中的点是事件粒子，而直线是短直。令α为一时间系统，令时间系统α的一个时刻为M，该时刻在我们对自然快速感知时所逼近。在α空间中的任意直线r都是点的轨迹，且每个点都是一个点迹，该点迹是事件粒子的轨迹。这样，在所有事件粒子的四维几何体中，存在一个两维的轨迹，它是所有位于r直线上的点上的事件粒子的轨迹。我将事件粒子的这个轨迹称为r直线矩阵。一个矩阵与短直内的任何时刻都交叉。这样r的矩阵与短直ρ中的时刻M交叉。这样，ρ是M中的瞬时短直，它在M时刻中占据了α空间中的直线r。相应地，当一个人瞬时看到了一个移动体，以及该移动体前方的路线，他真正看到的是东西，是位于短直ρ中的某个事件粒子A上，在假定的匀速运动中，ρ是明显的路线。但是真实短直ρ是事件粒子的轨迹，它并没有被任何东西所穿越。这些事件粒子就是瞬时事实，在瞬时时刻中，它们就会流逝。真正被穿越的是其他的事件粒子，这些事件粒子在连续的瞬时上占据了α空间中的点，这些点与短直ρ的事件粒子所占据的点相同。例如，我们看见一段公路和一辆沿着道路行驶的卡车。这个瞬时看见的公路是短直ρ的一部分——当然只是逼近于它。卡车是移动对象。但是所看见的公路从来也不会被穿越。之所以认为它被穿越，是因为一般而言，后一个事件的内在特征与我们并不想去区分的瞬时公路事件非常相似。假设在卡车没有到达之前，公路下面有颗地雷爆炸了。卡车显然就不会穿越我们一开始所看到的东西。假设卡车在β空间中是静止的。则α空间中的直线r是沿着α空间中的β方向，同时短直ρ是α空间的直线r中的时刻M中的代表。M是时间系统α中的时刻，在M的瞬时空间中，ρ方向是M中的β方向。而且，α空间的直线r的矩阵也同样是β空间的某个直线s的矩阵，该直线在β空间中是沿着方向α的。这样，在α空间中，如果卡车停止在r线上的点P的话，它就在沿着空间β中的线s移动。这就是相对运动理论；通常的矩阵就是一种纽带，将α空间中的β运动与β空间中的α运动连接起来。

本质上，运动是自然的某种对象与一个时间系统的无时间性空间之间的关系。一个瞬时空间是静止的，与在该瞬时的静止自然存在联系。

在感知中，当我们看到一些东西在一个通过逼近而获得的瞬时空间中移动时，运动的未来线就是短直，如同直接感知到的那样，该短直永远不会被穿越。这些逐渐被逼近的短直由一些小事件构成，即逼近路径和事件粒子，在移动对象到达之前，它们已经流逝了。假设我们对直线运动的预测是正确的，在被穿越的无时间性空间中，这些短直占据了的直线。这样，短直是在未来即时感官-意识中的一些符号，只能通过无时间性空间来表述。

我们现在可以研究垂直的基本特征了。考虑两个时间系统α和β，各自都有无时间性空间，以及各自的具有瞬时空间的瞬时时刻族。令M和N分别是α和β的时刻。在M中，存在方向β，而在N中，存在方向α。但是作为不同的时间系统中的时刻，M和N在某个层面中交叉。把该层面称为λ。则λ既是M的瞬时空间中的瞬时平面，也是N的瞬时空间中瞬时平面。它是同时位于M和N中的所有事件粒子的轨迹。

在M的瞬时空间中，λ层面垂直于M中的β方向，在N的瞬时空间中，λ层面垂直于N中的方向α。这就是构成垂直定义的基本属性。垂直的对称性是两个时间系统相互关系对称性的特例。后一讲中，我们会发现，共存性可以从这种对称性中推出。

在任意时间系统α中，无时间性空间中的垂直理论都可以直接从它的每个瞬时空间中的垂直理论得出。令ρ是α中的时刻M内的任意短直，令λ是M中垂直于ρ的一个层面。在α空间中，那些在ρ中的事件粒子上与M交叉的点的轨迹，是α空间中的直线r，而在α空间中，那些在λ中的事件粒子上与M交叉的点的轨迹，是α空间中的平面l。所以，平面l垂直于直线r。

通过这种方式，我们指出了自然中唯一确定的属性，该属性与垂直性对应。我们发现，对于一致性理论，揭示用于定义垂直性之确定的、唯一的属性，具有关键性的意义，一致性理论将是下一讲的话题。

本讲中讲述了太多四维几何的东西，我感到很遗憾，但这是必要的。我无需为此道歉，因为在自然中，最根本性面貌就是四维，这不是我的责任。事情是其所是；我们的理性通常很难理解“事情是什么”，掩盖这一事实没有任何作用。躲避这些障碍也只不过是对终极问题的回避而已。

第六章　一致性

本讲的主旨是构建一致性理论。你一定马上明白，一致性是一个争议很大的问题。这是空间和时间的度量理论。该问题似乎很简单。事实上，这个问题很简单。在国会中，通过立法确立一个标准程序就可以解决；但是如果是做形而上学的细致讨论，则任何英国议会都无法加以评判。程序是一回事，而其意义是另一回事。

首先，我们集中讨论纯数学问题。如果A点和B点之间的节段与C点和D点的节段一致，则对这两个节段的量进行度量，结果是相等的。数的度量之相等和两个节段的一致性，并非总是泾渭分明，而相等这一术语的使用，更让二者容易混淆。但是，度量程序预设了一致性。例如，在房间的地板上，连续使用码尺去度量两对点之间的距离。从一个位置向另一个位置转换时，码尺保持不变，这是度量程序的核心。有些对象在移动时，可能会发生变化——例如，一段橡皮绳；但是只要制作码尺的材料合适，码尺是不会发生变化的。除了应用一致性来判断码尺的一连串相继位置外，还能做什么呢？我们知道码尺没有发生变化，是因为我们判断在不同的位置，它与自身是一致的。在橡皮绳的例子中，我们可以观察到不存在这种自我一致性。因此，度量本身就预设了一致性的直接判断，度量过程只不过是一个程序，该程序把对一致性的辨识延伸到那些还没有做出直接判断的情况中。据此，度量本身并不能用来定义一致性。

在现代集合公理的研究中，需要设立一定的条件，两个节段之间满足这些条件，才具有一致性关系。这就预设了，关于点、直线、平面和平面上点的顺序，我们已经有了完整的理论——事实上，这就是非度量几何的完整理论。然后，我们研究一致性，并设立一致性需要满足的一组条件——也就是公理。已经证明，有多种关系都能满足这些条件，而且在空间理论中，没有任何固有的东西能使我们从这些关系中，挑选出一种用作一致性关系。换言之，存在多个度量几何，从空间的固有理论角度看，它们具有相同的地位。

伟大的法国数学家庞加莱认为，我们之所以选择了现在的几何学，完全是因为遵从惯例。如果换一种选择也很简单，只不过是对自然的物理法则换一种表述而已。依据我的理解，所谓“惯例”，庞加莱是指自然

本身并没有固有的东西，使得这些一致性关系中的某一个可以获得某个特定的角色，现在选中某个特定关系，完全是因位于感官-意识另一端的思维惯性使然。指导原则是出自于理性思考的便利，而非自然事实。

这一点却被庞加莱的许多研究者所误解。他们将这点与另一个问题相互混淆，即由于在观察准确性上的限制，不可能对度量的比较做出精准陈述。由此得出结论，一些密切相连的一致性关系构成一个特定子集，该子集的每个成员都符合对所观察到的一致性做出的陈述，前提是该陈述的错误极限处于可接受的范围内。

但这是完全不同的问题，预设了对庞加莱观点的否定。在一致性的各种关系上，自然都具有绝对不确定性，而现在这种不确定性被观察的不确定性所取代，而后者所涉及的关系只是一致性关系中的一小部分。

庞加莱的立场是一种强势立场。事实上，他所做的是激励人们去发现自然的要素，这些要素凸显了实际被采纳的一致性关系。但毋庸置疑，这一立场是很矛盾的。在此问题上，勃兰特·罗素持有相反的观点，他认为，依据庞加莱原则，自然中并不存在任何东西，可以决定地球比某个指定的保龄球大或者小。庞加莱的回答是，找出决定空间中确定的一致性关系之自然原因，就如同在茫茫大海中，通过计算船员人数和观察船长眼睛的颜色，来确定轮船的位置。

依据我的观点，考虑到各自不同的讨论立场，双方的看法都有道理。事实上，罗素所指出的是，除了精确性上的一些瑕疵外，一个确定的一致性关系是感官-意识所断定的各种自然要素之一。而对于庞加莱而言，在感官-意识所断定的各种自然要素中，他所关注的是能导致某个特定一致性关系承担某个凸显角色的要素。如果承认自然唯物论，我发现两个观点都得不到答案。依据自然唯物论，空间中的瞬时自然是一个独立的事实。这样，就不得不在瞬时空间的自然中，去寻找凸显出来的一致性关系；庞加莱提出，依据这一假说的自然无助于我们找到它，这一点无异是对的。

从另一个角度看，罗素宣称，把自然看成是一个观察的事实，我们确实发现了它，更重要的是，我们都同意所发现的是相同的一致性关系，他的这一论点也同样是正确。基于此，在引起注意的、数量不可穷尽的东西中，任何一个没有特定理由的人都同意，注意力会集中在某个一致性关系上。在人类经验中，这点是最不同寻常的事实之一。人们将会发现，如果在这些根本性选择上存在分歧，就会导致国家分裂，家庭

破碎。但是这些难题甚至没有被发觉，直到19世纪末，才由少数几位数学哲学家和哲学数学家发现。这一情况与我们在自然的其他根本性事实上——诸如空间的三维等——保持一致的观点不同。如果空间只有三维，我们能期待所有人都知晓这一事实，如他们现在所知晓的那样。但是在一致性中，自然中如果没有什么来做指引，则人们会同意感官-意识的任意解释。

自然中的某个要素使得一种一致性关系比其他类似一致性关系更优越，通过指出这个要素，可以获得解决这一难题的方法，我觉得对自然理论这种推介方式并不是无足轻重的，而我现在向你解释的就是这种理论。

导致这一结果的原因在于自然不再仅仅限于瞬时空间中。时间和空间现在相互关联；在我们感官-意识的各种呈现中，时间的这一特殊要素非常直接且引人注目，把自身与空间中的一个特定一致性关系联系了起来。

一致性是辨识这一基本事实之特例。我们在感知中辨识。辨识不仅仅是将记忆所断定的自然要素与直接的感官-意识所断定的要素做比较。辨识发生在现在，与纯粹的记忆不存在交织。因为现在的事实是一个绵延，有着自己的前项绵延和后项绵延，而这二者都是该绵延的部分。在感官-意识中区分一个有着流变之质的限定事件，也伴随着对自然中的其他要素的区分，而这些其他要素并不参入事件的流变。所流逝的只是事件。但在自然中，我们找到一些不流逝的实体；即我们在自然中辨识出相同性。从根本上看，辨识不是一种理性的比较活动；本质上，它仅仅是一种感官-意识，可以将自然中一些并不流逝的要素摆在我们眼前。例如，在感知中，绿色被置于现在绵延的某个特定有限事件中。尽管事件会流逝，绿色始终维持着自我识别特征，并由此而获得分裂为部分的属性。绿色块有部分。但是在谈论绿色块时，我们所说的事件仅仅是指它能以绿色的场景展现在我们的面前。绿色本身是可数的、具有自我识别特征的实体，因为没有流变，也就没有部分。

没有流变的自然要素被称为对象。在后一讲中，将考虑种类截然不同的对象。

辨识在理性中表现为比较。比较是在某个事件中被辨识的对象与另一个事件中被辨识的对象之间进行的。这种比较可以是在现在的两个事件之间进行，也可能是在记忆-意识中的事件和直接感官-意识中的事件

之间进行。但是比较的并非这些事件。因为本质上，每一个事件都具有唯一性和不可比性。所比较的是对象和置于事件中对象之间的关系。被当成对象之间一种关系的事件失去了它的流变，在这一方面，该事件本身就是对象。对象不是事件，而只是一种理性抽象。同样的对象可以置于不同的事件中；在此意义上，即便是整体事件——当视为一个对象时——都可能重复，尽管重复的不是有着流变以及与其他事件具有关系的该事件本身。

不为感官-意识所断定的对象也可能被理性所知。例如，对象之间的关系以及关系之间的关系可能是自然中没有被感官-意识所揭示的要素，但通过逻辑推导，可以知晓其必然存在。这样，对我们的知识而言，对象可能只是一种逻辑抽象。例如，一个完整事件从来不会被感官-意识所揭示，因此置于某个事件之中、并因此而具有相关性的不同对象，其整体加合所构成的对象就是一种纯粹的抽象概念。同样，一个直角是一个被感知对象，它可以置于很多事件之中；但是，尽管矩形被感官-意识所断定，但大多数的几何关系都不是这样被断定的。同样，尽管已证明放置在那里供感知的是一个矩形，事实上通常感知到的却不是矩形。因此，一个对象通常只是作为一个抽象关系而被知晓，尽管它存在自然中，但不是被感官-意识所直接断定的。

两个具有一致性的节段之间的质所具有的相等通常就具有这一特征。在某个特定情况下，可能会直接感知到这种质的相等。但一般而言，还是通过对度量的过程进行推论才能获得，这种度量取决于我们对所选情况的直接感官-意识和依据一致性的传递性而得到的逻辑推论。

一致性依赖于运动，由此而产生了空间一致性和时间一致性的联系。沿直线的运动具有围绕该直线的对称性。这种对称性是通过直线与平面族的对称几何关系得以表述的，而平面族中的平面与直线属于正常关系。

同样，在β点上的静止对应于沿着α空间中一个确定的平行直线族均匀运动，由此可以得到运动理论中的另一种对称性。我们一定会注意到三个特征，（i）沿着在α空间中与该运动相关的直线，对应于β中任何点的运动具有均匀性；（ii）沿着α的不同线——这些线与β中不同点上的静止相关——的速度大小相等；（iii）该族的直线具有平行性。

现在，我们已经有了平行理论，垂直理论和运动理论，从这些理论中，就可以构建一致性理论。我们还记得，任何时刻的平行层面族都是

该时刻被其他时间系统的时刻族所交叉的层面族。同时，一个平行时刻族就是某个时间系统的时刻族。因此，我们可以将平行层面族的概念扩大，以便涵盖一个时间系统中的不同时刻中的层面。有了这个扩大的概念，我们就可以说，一个时间系统α的完整平行层面族就是由α的时刻与β时刻交叉的层面所构成的族。这个完整的平行层面族同时显然也是位于时间系统β的时刻之中的族。通过引入第三个时间系统γ，就可以获得平行短直。同理，任何一个时间系统中的所有的点，都形成了平行点轨迹的族。因此，在事件粒子的四维流形中，存在三类平行四边形。

在第一类平行四边形中，两对平行边都是两对短直。在第二类中，一对平行边是一对短直，另一对则是一对点轨迹。第三类中，两对平行边是两对点轨迹。

一致性的第一公理：在任何平行四边形中，相对的边都是一致的。这一公理使得我们可以比较任何两个节段的长度，无论它们是在平行短直中或者是在同一个短直中。同样，对于两个平行点轨迹和同一个点轨迹中的两个节段，我们也能够通过公理比较其长度。从公理中可以得出结论：两个分别静止于时间系统β的任何两点上的对象，都在另外一个时间系统α中，以相等的速度沿着平行直线移动。因此，我们因为有了时间系统β，且无需详细说明β中的任何特别的点，就可以在α中讨论速度。该公理还使得我们可以在任何时间系统中度量时间；但不同时间系统中的时间不能进行比较。

一致性的第二公理涉及具有一致性的基线之上的和在相同的平行四边形之间的平行四边形，而那些相同的平行四边形另外的两条边也是平行的。该公理断言将对角线交叉的两个事件粒子衔接的短直平行于基线位于其上的短直。借助这一公理，很容易推导出平行四边形的对角线互相对切。

通过两个基于垂直性的公理，在任何空间内，一致性都不仅限于平行短直，而是被延伸到所有的短直。其中的第一公理，也是一致性的第三公理，是如果ABC是任意时刻中的一个短直三角形，而D是基线BC的中间事件粒子，则当AB与AC保持一致时，且只有在此时，穿过D且垂直于BC的层面包含A。该公理显然表述了垂直的对称性，是表述为公理的、著名的驴桥定理的核心。

第二个取决于垂直的公理，也就是一致性的第四公理，是指：如果r和A分别是同一个时刻的短直和事件粒子，而AB和AC是一对分别在B和

C上与r交叉的矩形短直，而AD和AE是另一对矩形短直，分别在D和E上与r交叉，则D和E中只有一个位于线段BC中。同样，作为该公理的特例，如果AB垂直于r，相应地，AC与r平行，则D和E分别位于B的相对两端。借助这两个公理，一致性理论得以扩展，从而可以比较在任意两个短直上的节段长度。据此，空间中的欧几里得度量几何得以完整构建出来，在不同时间系统的空间中，长度是自然确定属性的结果，具有可比较性。这种确定属性只是表明了比较的特殊方式。

在不同时间系统中，时间度量的比较需要另外两个公理。其一是被称为“运动对称性”的公理，它构成了一致性的第五公理。该公理表述了：当在两个时间系统中的时间和长度都用具有一致性的单位来度量时，两个系统之间的量关系的对称性。

该公理解释如下：令α和β是两个时间系统。对照β某个点上的静止，在α空间中的运动方向被称为“α中的β-方向”，而对照α某个点上的静止，在β空间中的运动方向被称为“β中的α-方向”考虑这样一个α空间中的运动，它由α中的β-方向的特定速度和与β-方向成直角的特定速度构成。该运动表征了另一个时间系统的空间中的静止，该时间系统可称为π。β中的α-方向的特定速度和与该α-方向成直角的特定速度也可以表征在π中的静止。这样，在α空间中的特定运动与β空间中的特定运动相互关联，双方都表征了相同的事实，而该事实也可以由π中的静止来表征。现在可以发现另一个时间系统，我称之为σ。该系统中，沿着并垂直于β中的α-方向的速度大小与α中的沿着并垂直于β-方向的速度大小相同，据此表征了σ系统中的静止。所需的运动对称性公理是指：沿着并垂直于β中的α-方向的速度与α中的沿着并垂直于β-方向的速度相同，这点表征了π中的静止，据此σ中的静止在α中得以表征。

作为该公理的特例，相对速度是相等且是相对的。换言之，在β中，α中的静止是被沿着α-方向的速度所表征的，该速度与沿着α中的β-方向的速度相同，而后者代表着β中的静止。

最后，一致性的第六公理是指：一致性关系具有可传递性。将该公理应用到空间上时，它是多余的。因为这一属性可以从前面的公理中推出来。但是，对于时间，它却是运动对称性的补充。该公理的含义是：如果系统α的时间单位与系统β的时间单位是一致的，而系统β的时间单位与系统γ的时间单位是一致的，则α的时间单位与γ的时间单位也是一致的。

通过这些公理，就可以推导出度量转换的测算公式，即将一个时间系统中的度量转换成另一个时间系统中的相同的自然事实的度量。可以发现这些公式中存在一个任意常数，我称为k。

它具有速度的平方的量纲。因此，存在四种情况。第一种情况是k为0。这种情况会导致违背经验的基本呈现之结果，因而无意义。此种情况不予考虑。

第二种情况中，k是无限的。该种情况产生相对运动转换的通常公式，即任意一本动力学的基本教科书中都能找到的公式。

第三种情况，k是负数。让我们称之为$-c^2$，其中的c具有速度的量纲。这种情况会产生拉莫所发现的、用于麦克斯维尔电磁场等式的转换公式。H.A.洛沦兹拓展了这些公式，并被爱因斯坦和闵可夫斯基所用，将其变为自己新颖的相对论的基础。我现在说的不是爱因斯坦最近的广义相对论——他根据这一理论对万有引力法则做了修改。如果这种情况应用到自然中，则c必定非常逼近真空中的光速。也许它就是这种实际速度。在这里，“在真空中”绝不是意味着没有事件，即没有无处不在的事件以太。它意味着缺少某种类型的对象。

第四种情况，k为正数。让我们称之为h^2，这里的h具有速度的量纲。这就给出了一种非常可能的转换公式类型，但该类型不是能解释任何经验事实的类型。它还有另一个不利之处。由于假设了第四种情况，空间和时间之分变得异常模糊。这些讲座的整体目的就是要强化这样的学说：即空间和时间有着相同的起源，而且经验的终极事实是空间-时间事实。但是，人们毕竟非常清晰地区分了空间和时间，正是由于这种区分的严明性，使得这些讲座所倡导的学说有点自相矛盾了。在第三个假设中，这种严格区分得以充分保留。在点轨迹和短直的度量属性之间存在根本性差异。但是在第四个假设中，这种根本性差异消失了。

无论是第三个还是第四个假设，都与经验不符，除非我们假定与通常经验中的速度相比，第三种假设中的速度c和第四种假设中的速度h都极端大。如果是这样的话，很明显，两种假设的公式都可以化简，成为非常逼近第三种假设中的公式的公式，也就是一般动力学教科书中的普通公式。为了命名的便利，把这些教科书公式称为“正统”公式。

通常而言，这些正统公式接近于正确，这一点没有问题。对此产生怀疑，就显得非常愚蠢。但是承认这点，并不能确定这些公式的地位。正统公式产生于正统思想之中，正统思想毋庸置疑地预设了时间和空间

的独立性。有了这种预设，给定一个绝对空间中的点，就直接可以推导出正统公式了。相应地，这些公式只能作为事实，而不可能作为其他的东西，呈现在我们的想象中，时间和空间就是它们所是的东西。因此，正统公式确立了其必然性的地位，在科学中是不可怀疑的。任何试图用其他公式取代它们的努力，只能是摈弃物理解释的角色，转而求助于纯粹的数学公式。

但即便是在物理学中，关于正统公式的难题也在日积月累。首先，电磁场的麦克斯维尔等式对于正统公式的转换来说，并非一成不变；前文提到的四种情况，如果假设速度c与著名的电磁场常量等同，则对于第三种情况所导致的公式转换，麦克斯维尔等式保持不变。

同样，做一些精确的实验，来探测地球在其运动轨迹中穿过以太时所发生的运动变化，得不到任何结果，这点可以直接用第三种情况的公式来加以解释。但是如果我们采用正统公式，就不得不对物质在运动中的收缩做出一个特别而随意的假设。我所指的是菲兹杰拉德-洛沦兹假设。

最终，通过第三种情况的公式，代表着在移动介质中的光速变化的菲涅耳曳引系数得以解释，如果使用正统公式，则需要另外的随意假设。

因此，如果仅仅以物理解释为基础，与正统公式相比，似乎第三种情况的公式具有优势。但是此路不通，因为认为正统公式具有必然性这一观念根深蒂固。因此，对于物理学和哲学来讲，迫切需要以批判的眼光审视这种假定的必然性之根基。唯一令人满意的检验方法是求助于我们的自然知识的第一原理。这正是我在这些讲座中努力去做的。我的问题是，在对自然的感官-感知中，我们所意识到的是什么。然后继续考查自然的那些要素，这些要素引导我们，将自然设想为占据了空间，并在时间中持续。这一过程引导我们对空间和时间的特征进行研究。从这些研究中可知，作为从我们的自然知识的基本特征可能得到的公式，第三种情况的公式和正统公式处于同一层面上。因此，相对于其他组的公式，正统公式就失去了其必然性的优势。道路被打开了，两组公式中与观察最相符的，可以被采纳。

在论证的过程中，我利用这个机会暂停片刻，对一些普遍性特征进行一些反思，我的学说将这些特征归因于一些熟悉的科学概念。我相信你们中的有些人感到，在某些方面这一特征自相矛盾

这种自相矛盾的之处部分地源于这样的事实，即因教育而被驯化的语言迎合了广为流传的正统理论。因此，在解释另一种理论时，我们不得不采用或者是非常新奇的词汇，或者是将熟悉的词汇用来表示不同寻常的意义。正统理论有语言上的优势是极其自然的。事件是依据置于事件中的最显著的对象而命名的，因此无论是在语言中还是在思想中，事件都隐沉于对象之后，变成了其关系的表现。空间理论也变成了对象关系的理论，而不是事件关系的理论。但是对象不具备事件的流变。因此，空间作为对象之间的关系与时间没有联系。这是瞬时上的空间，在连续的瞬时之间没有任何确定的关系。它不可能是一个无时间的空间，因为对象之间的关系是变化的。

几分钟前，在说到通过正统公式推导相对运动时，我提到作为直接推论，它们来自于绝对空间中的绝对点的假设。这里提到绝对空间绝不是一种疏忽。我知道无论科学还是哲学，空间的相对性学说目前占据主导。但是我不认为已经理解了由此而必然得到的结论。当我们真正面对它们时，我已经介绍的空间特征，其表述的自相矛盾之处就大大地减轻了。如果没有绝对位置，一个点一定不再是一个简单实体。一个人在热气球上，用两眼紧盯着仪器，对他来说是一个点；而对于一个在地面上用望远镜看气球的观察者来说，就是一个点轨迹；对于另一个在阳光下用某个合适的仪器看气球的观察者而言，又是另一点轨迹。因此，如果我因为将点作为事件粒子的类之理论，以及将事件粒子作为抽象集合的组之理论而出现矛盾，因而受到责难的话，我就要批评者解释清楚，他所说的点是什么意思。当你就任何东西解释你的意思时，无论多么简单，总是能找到一些细微纠结的地方。而我至少准确地解释了我所说的点的含义，以及它所涉及的关系和关系载体是什么。如果你承认空间的相对性，你就必须承认点是一些复合的实体，是一些逻辑构造，它们包括了实体和实体的关系。提出你的理论，但不是用一些语义不确定的模糊用语，而是用意义明确的、指称那些所指的关系和所指的关系载体的词汇一步一步地来解释。同样还要说明你空间理论中的点理论。更重要的是，以气球中的人，地球上的观察者和阳光下的观察者为例，这些都表明任何相对静止的假设，都要求有这样的一个无时间性空间，该空间有着存在截然不同的点，从这些点上可以得到其他的类似假设。任何学说，如果认为无时间性空间中的点构成具有唯一性的点的集合，都与空间相对性理论不一致。

事实是，我的空间自然学说本质上不是空间相对性理论所固有的，在这一学说中，并没有自相矛盾之处。但是无论人们怎么说，这一学说没有被科学所接受。出现在我们的动力学论文中的是牛顿的相对运动学说，该学说的基础是在绝对空间中有不同运动的学说。如果你承认对于不同的静止假设而言，点是完全不同的实体，则正统公式就不再是理所当然的了。它们之所以理所当然，是因为你所考虑的其实是别的东西。在讨论这个话题时，要想避免自相矛盾，只有跑到虚无之方舟中来躲避批评的洪水。

新的理论为时间段的一致性做了定义。而盛行的观点则没有这样的定义。其立场是，如果所采用的时间度量，能够使得我们比较熟悉的、在我们看来是均匀的速度是均匀的，则运动的法则就为真。现在，如果没有对时间段一致性的确定定义，则变化也就无所谓均匀或不均匀。这样，借助比较熟悉的现象，就允许自然中存在一些要素，我们的理性可以将这些要素构建成一致性理论。但这只是说运动法则为真，除此之外，对一致性理论并没有做任何说明。假设在一些研究者的帮助下，我们无需参照诸如地球自转这样一些熟悉的速度。则我们不得不承认，某些假设可以使得运动法则为真，除此之外，时间的一致性并没有意义。从历史的角度看，这样的陈述不对。阿尔弗雷德大帝不知道运动法则，但是他很清楚度量时间所表示的意义，并且通过燃烧蜡烛来度量时间。同样，沙漏计时中的沙子以相等的时间从一个沙瓶完全漏到另一个沙瓶中。对于这一陈述，在过去没有人会说，几个世纪以后发现了一些有趣的运动法则，因此这一陈述是有意义的，并由此推论，这种沙漏计时的做法是合理的。变化的不均匀可以直接感知到，它是因人类在自然中感知到一些要素而导致的，而时间一致性理论正是由这些被感知的要素上构建出来的。而当今盛行的理论完全没有给出这类要素。

提到运动法则还会出现另一问题，当今盛行的理论对于该问题没有任何说明，而新理论则给出完整的解释。众所周知，对于任何一个你可能会拿来用以固定一个刚性物体的参照轴，运动法则都无效。你必须选择那些不自转、不存在加速性的物体。例如，运动法则就不适用于地球，因为该物体每天都在自转。作用和反作用是相等且相反的，这就是第三法则，如果你将错误的轴看成是静止的，该法则就会失效。如果选择了错误的轴，由于自转，就会出现未得到补偿的离心力和未得到补偿的组合离心力。地球表面的很多事实都可以表明这些力的影响，傅柯

摆，地球的形状，气旋和反气旋转动的固定方向。将这些地球范围内的现象归因于固定的恒星，这种意见很难得到认同。我无法相信，某个闪烁小恒星驱动1861年巴黎博览会上的傅柯摆。当然，如果能够证明存在某个确定的物理联系，则任何事情都可以相信，例如，太阳黑子的影响。但是在这里的所有证明，其理论都不具有连贯性。根据这些讲座中谈到的理论，运动所参照的轴在某个时间系统的空间中是静止的。例如，考虑时间系统α的空间。在α空间中，存在静止轴的不同集合。这些都是合适的动力轴。同样，该空间中均匀且无自转的轴的集合是另一个合适的集合。所有移动的点——它们被固定在这些移动的轴上——实际上都均匀地留下了平行线痕迹。换言之，对于另一个时间系统β的空间而言，它们是该空间中固定轴的集合在α空间中的镜像。相应地，牛顿运动法则所需的动力轴群，是为了能够以连贯性的方式解释物理性质，在某个时间系统空间中必须参照某个静止的物体。如果我们不这样做，作为我们物理形态一部分的运动，其意义与作为该形态另一个部分的运动意义不同。这样，运动的意义就是是其所是，在描述任何一个对象系统的运动时，为了不改变所用词汇的意义，你就不得不从这些不同组的轴集中，选择一组作为参照轴；尽管你选择的也许是这些轴在某个你希望采用的时间系统的空间中的镜像。据此，轴的动力群的特别属性就需要给予一个明确的物理解释。

依据正统理论，运动等式的观点是非常模糊的。它们所参照的空间是完全不确定的，而度量时间的流逝也是如此。为了使得这些公式得到满足，就需要找到在科学上可以称为空间度量的某个程序，可以称为时间度量的某个程序，以及可以称为力系统的某个东西和可以称为质量的某个东西，而科学在探询是否会找到这些东西方面，只是刚刚开始。而想使得这些公式得以满足的唯一理由——依据这一理论——是出于在情感上对伽利略，牛顿，欧拉和拉格朗日的尊重。科学应该以坚实的观察为基础，而这一理论远非如此，依据这一理论，所有的一切，从纯数学的角度看，都应该优先选择某种简单公式。

我片刻也不信，这是对运动法则实际状况的真实描述。对于相对论的新公式而言，这些等式需要稍作调整。尽管这些调整在日常用法中无法觉察，但运动法则可以处理我们所熟知的、而且希望建立相互关联的基础物理量。

在这些法则被想到的很久之前，所有的文明国家都已经知晓度量时

间了。法则所涉及的正是这些被度量的时间。同样，它们也处理我们日常生活中的空间。当我们所接近的度量精度超过观察的精度时，就可以做一些调整了。但在观察的极限之内，当我们谈到空间度量和时间度量以及变化的均匀性时，我们知道我们所指。对于感官-意识中非常明显的东西，科学就需要做出理性的描述。对我而言，有一点是完全难以置信的，即终极事实——即在这些事实之外没有更深层次的解释——也就是人总是受到无意识的欲望所支配，这种欲望就是要使我们称为运动法则的数学公式得到满足，而直到17世纪，对这些公式都是一无所知。

对自然有着不同的解释，感官-经验的不同事实之间的相互关联也受到影响，这种关联超出了运动的物理属性和一致性属性。它解释了几何学实体的意义，如点、直线、体积等，并将时间广延和空间广延这两种具有相似性的概念联系起来。该理论满足了在自然哲学范围内做出理性解释的真正目的。该目的就是要表明自然中的关联性，并且表明了自然中的一组成份需要有另一组成份来表明自己的属性。

将自然仅仅看成是可以相互分割的独立实体之聚合体，这是要摒弃的错误理念。按照这一设想，这些实体的特征是可以分开定义，它们合在一起，并因偶然性联系而形成自然体系。这样的自然体系具有完全的偶然性；即便它受控于机械般的命运，也是偶然因素使然。

依据该理论，空间可以没有时间，时间可以没有空间。当考虑到物质和空间的各种关系时，该理论显然不能成立。空间的关系理论就是承认：没有物质，我们不可能知晓空间，或者没有空间，不可能知晓物质。但是这种将二者与时间分离开的做法，还是有人谨慎地维护。对于空间如何由物质而产生和物质是如何由空间而产生，因为缺少连贯性的解释，所以空间中的物质，其各个部分之间的关系都成了偶然性事实。同样，我们在自然中真正观察到的，包括其颜色、声音、触感，都是第二性质；换言之，它们根本不在自然中，而只是自然和心灵关系的偶然产物而已。

我所倡导、取代这种偶然性自然观的自然理论是，除非如其所是地作为自然成分，自然中没有任何东西存在。那些被感官-意识所断定的、呈现出来要加以区别的整体，之所以必要，是因为那些被区分的部分。一个分离的事件不是一个事件，因为每一个事件都是一个更大整体的要素，而且它的意义也是针对该整体而言的。离开空间，就没有时间存在；离开时间，也就没有空间；离开自然事件的流变，也就没有空间和

时间。当我们把一个实体作为一个纯粹的“它”进行考虑时，在思想中，对实体的分离，在自然相应的分离中并没有对应的东西。这种分离只是理性知识程序的一部分。

我们在自然中发现了实体，而自然法则就是这些实体特征的产物。这些实体就是是其所是，这些法则必须是其所是；反过来，从法则中得到这些实体。这是一种理想，获得它还有很长的路要走；但是作为理论科学，这是一个永久的目标。

第七章　对象

本讲讨论对象理论。对象是自然中不会流逝的成分。对象作为要素，并不参入到自然流变中，对于这种对象的意识就是我所谓的“辨识”。事件是不可能被辨识的，因为每个事件本质上都与其他事件存在差异。辨识是对相同性的一种意识。但是将相同性的意识称为辨识，也就隐含在做判断时，总是存在比较这种理性行为。我将辨识一词用来表示感官-意识的非理性关系，这种关系将心智和没有流变的自然要素联系起来。在心智经验的理性层面上，对被辨识的事物进行比较，并由此而得出相同性或相异性的判断。也许“感官-辨识”一词可以更好地表明我所说的“辨识”。之所以选择一个更为简单的词汇，是因为我觉得我能够避免让“辨识”一词，表示除了“感官-辨识”之外的意义外。我很乐意相信，就我所用的意义，辨识只是一种理想的界限，如果在理性上，比较和判断不是如影随形，那么事实上就不可能有辨识。辨识是一种关系，存在于心智和为理性活动提供了素材的自然之间。

对象是某个事件特征中的成分。事实上，对象是事件中的成分，而构成事件特征的也就是这些对象，以及这些对象浸入事件之中的方式。因此对象理论就是事件比较的理论。事件具有可比性，因为它们体现了持久性。无论何时，只要我们能够说“它再现了”，则我们就是在比较事件中的对象。对象是自然中可以“再现”的元素。

就我所谓的辨识而言，有些持久性躲避了辨识，却可以证明其存在。躲避了辨识的持久性，在我们看来，表现为一种事件的或对象的抽象属性。它们具有可以被辨识的相同点，尽管在我们的感官-意识中，这些相同点没有得以区分。因为有了对象，才能够对事件进行分界，即将自然分解为部分，这些对象被我们辨识为事件的构成成分。对自然的区分就是在正在流逝的事件中辨识对象。这种区分综合了自然流变的意识、以及随之而来对自然的分解和对自然特定部分的定义，而这些定义的依据是对象浸入这些部分的模式。

可能你注意到了，我使用了“浸入”一词来指称对象与自然的一般性关系。对象对事件的浸入决定了事件特征的形成方式，该方式仅由对象的存在而决定的。换言之，事件就是是其所是，因为对象是是其所是；当我考虑通过对象来修正事件时，我称为二者之间的关系为“对象对事件

的浸入”。如果说对象之所以是其所是，是因为事件是其所是，这种说法也对。自然是这样的，如果没有对象对事件的浸入，则既不存在事件也不存在对象。尽管存在一些事件，其中的成分对象逃避了我们的辨识。这些事件就是真空中的事件。这类事件只有通过科学的理性探索才能被分析。

浸入是一种关系，存在多种模式。显而易见，存在不同类型的对象；没有哪一类对象与其他类型的对象具有相同的关系。按理说，我们应该分析出一些不同类型的对象浸入事件的模式。

但即便我们只考虑某一种相同类型的对象，该类型的某个对象对于不同的事件，也有着不同的浸入模式。科学和哲学常常会纠结在一些思想片面的理论中，即在任意一个确定时间，一个对象只在一个地方，而绝不会出现在其他地方。尽管这并非属于那些用天真的语言来表述经验事实的态度，事实上，这也是一种常识思维的态度。在文献中，任何一个极力阐明经验事实的句子，都因为某个对象的出现，而表示了周围事件中的不同之处。从其整个毗邻区域看，对象是成分，而其毗邻区域是模糊而不确定的。同时，通过浸入来修正事件也极易受到量差异的影响。所以，最终我们不得不承认，在某种意义上，每个事件都是贯穿自然的成分；尽管从量的角度看，对象的浸入在我们个体经验的表述中并不相关。

无论对于哲学还是科学，承认这点都不新鲜。对于那些恪守实在是一个系统的哲学家而言，这显然是一条必须的公理。一提到“实在”，就变成了一个深奥而纠结的问题，在这些讲座中，我们一直在躲避这种问题。所以，退而求其次，我坚持认为自然是一个系统。但在这种情况下，我想这种后退仍然是追随前者的，所以我也许能得到那些哲学家的支持。在所有现代物理学思辨中，相同的学说基本上是交织在一起的。早在1847年，法拉第在《哲学杂志》上发表的论文就提到：他的力线管理论在某种意义上意味着电荷无处不在。在任何瞬时空间的每一个点上，因为每个电子的流逝经历而对电磁场的修正都是对同一事实的不同陈述。但是我们可以通过生活中一些更为熟悉的事实来说明这一学说，而无需求助于纯物理学玄奥思辨。

当翻滚的波浪冲向康沃尔海岸时，它们带来了大西洋中部狂风的讯息；我们的宴会也是厨师对餐厅事件的浸入的见证。显然，对象对事件的浸入包含因果理论。我不想讨论这一方面，因为因果关系会让人想起

一些关于自然的讨论，这些讨论的理论基础与我所提出的理论完全不同。但同时，如果从一个新的角度看因果，也许对我们的主题会有一些新的启发。

我用以说明对象浸入事件的例子，会使得我们想起，在某些事件中，浸入具有特定的形式；某种意义上，这是一种更加集中的形式。例如，电子在空间具有特定的位置和特定的形状。也许在特定的试管中，它只是一个极其微小的球状体。风暴是置于大西洋中部的狂风，具有特定的经纬度，而厨师是在厨房中的。浸入的这种特别形式，我称之为“场景关系”；同样，对象位于事件之中，借助“场景”一词的双重用法，我将这样的事件称为“对象的场景”。因此，一个场景是一个事件，后者是场景关系中的关系载体。现在我们的第一印象是，至少我们得到了一个简单明了的事实，即对象位于何处；而且也不要把我称为浸入的模糊关系与场景关系混为一谈，不要把场景关系看成是浸入关系的特例。很显然，任何对象都似乎置于某个位置，而且在一种全然不同的意义上，影响着其他事件。即某种意义上，一个对象是特定事件的特征——即该对象的场景，但是对于其他事件特征，只是产生了影响。据此，通常认为，场景关系和影响并非是同一类型的关系，因此不应该用同一个词项“浸入”来涵盖。我认为这种观念是错误的，在这两种关系之间，很难画出清晰的界限。

例如，你病牙的位置在哪儿？你去看牙医，向他指出病牙。但他断言该牙齿完好无恙，他为另一颗牙齿止痛并治好了你。哪颗牙齿才是病牙的场景呢？同样，一个人被截除了胳膊，却能体验到失去的那只手的感觉。想象中的那只手的场景，事实上不过是一团空气而已。你照镜子，看见里面有一团火。你看见的火焰，其场景位于镜子之后。夜晚，你仰望天空；即便几小时前有几颗星星消失了，你也不见得事先知道。甚至行星的场景也与科学所赋予它们的不同。

尽管如此，你有可能宣称，厨师就在厨房中。如果你是指她的心智，我不能苟同；因为我只是在谈论自然。让我们只考虑她身形呈现。这个观念指的又是什么呢？我们只考虑它的典型具象。你可以看见她，触摸她并听到她。但是我所给的例子只是想表明，你所见的场景，所触摸的场景以及所听的场景并没有截然分开，因此还需要进一步探讨。你不可能恪守这种信念，即关于自然，我们有两套经验，一个是属于所感知对象的第一性质，另一个是作为我们思维活动产物的第二性质。我们

所知关于自然的一切，都在同一条船上，共同沉浮。科学所构建的只不过是要解释所感知事物的特征。因此，认定那位厨师是一些特定的分子和电子跳动，不过是认定与她相关的、可感知的事物具有特定的特征。所感知的她身形具象之场景与分子之场景之间只存在一种非常普遍化的关系，这种关系只有在讨论感知的环境时才能确定。

在讨论特定的场景关系和普遍的浸入关系时，首要的前提是要注意对象具有完全不同的类型。每个类型的“场景”和“浸入”都有它们各自特殊的意义，这些意义对于其他类型而言是不同的，尽管可以指出它们之间的联系。因此，在讨论它们时，有必要确定所讨论的对象是什么类型。我估计，对象类型的数目难以确定。但幸运的是我们不需要全都考虑。场景的观念有着特殊的重要性，这种重要性是与三类对象有关——我称为感官-对象，感知对象和科学对象。这三类对象的名称是否合适并不重要，只要能解释清楚我的意图即可。

这三种类型形成一个降序阶层，每个类型都预设了其下位类型。阶层底端是由感官-对象构成的。这些对象不预设其他类型的对象。一个感官-对象就是感官-意识所断定的自然要素，如果满足（i）它是一个对象，不参入自然的流变；（ii）不是自然其他要素之间的关系。当然，它是各种关系的关系载体，而关系也就意味着存在自然的其他要素。但是它总是一种关系载体，而不是关系本身。一种特殊类型的颜色，比如剑桥蓝，或者一种特殊类型的声音，或者特殊类型的气味，或者特殊类的感觉，这些都是感官-对象的例子。我并不是说，在某个确定日期的某一特定的秒上，所看到的特定蓝色块。这种蓝色块是事件，而剑桥蓝位于其中。同样地，我也不是在说某个特定的、充满音符的音乐室。我指的是音符本身，而不是某个在十分之一秒中充满声音的体积块。我们很自然地考虑音符本身，但是在颜色的例子中，我们容易将颜色只考虑成块的属性。没人会将音符考虑成音乐室的属性。我们看见蓝色，听到音符。心智和自然联系起来的感官-意识直接区分了蓝色和音符。自然中的蓝色被断定与自然中的其他要素相关。特别是，它被断定为处于一种关系中，这种关系就是它置身于一个事件中，而这一事件就是它的场景。

哲学家顽固拒绝接受多重关系的终极事实，使得围绕场景的关系出现了很多难题。所谓的多重关系，我是指：在这种关系出现的任何一个具体实例中，必然涉及到两个以上的关系载体。例如，约翰喜欢托马斯，就存在两个关系载体，约翰和托马斯。但约翰把那本书给了托马

斯，则存在三个关系载体，即约翰，那本书和托马斯。

在亚里斯多德逻辑和亚里斯多德哲学的影响下，有些哲学学派认为除了物质体和属性外，认为不存在任何关系，并以此为基础艰难前行。换言之，他们认为所有显现关系都可以融入物质的共现中，而这些物质有着相互对照的属性。莱布尼茨的单子论就是这种哲学的必然结果。如果你不喜欢多元论，那么就只有单子论。

哲学的其他流派承认关系，但是顽固拒绝思考具有两个以上的关系载体的关系。我认为这种局限性不是因为某种设定的目的或理论。它仅仅因为这样的事实，即对于没有受到足够数学训练的人来说，如果将关系引入到推理中，关系就是一个棘手的东西。

我必须重申，在这些讲座中所做的事情，与实在的终极特征没有任何关系。在真正的实在哲学中，很有可能只存在具有属性的个体物质体，或者只存在由两个关系载体构成的关系。我并不相信情况会是这样，但是我现在不想对此进行辩论。我们的主题是自然。只要讨论的范围局限于自然的感官-意识所断定的要素上，在我看来，似乎一定存在要素之间的多重关系的一些实例，而感官-对象的场景关系就是这样的多重关系。

考虑一件蓝色的外套，某个运动员的一件剑桥蓝法拉绒外套。该外套本身是一个感知对象，其场景并不是我所讨论的。我们所说的是某人特定的感官-意识，也就是对置于自然的某事件中剑桥蓝的感官-意识。他也许正盯着看这件外套。他所看的剑桥蓝，在那个瞬时与该外套置于同一个事件。但他能看到蓝色，是因为有光线，这些光线在此瞬间前的、一个短到无法察觉的瞬间离开了外套。这种差异过去细微，但如果他所看的某个剑桥蓝的恒星，则这种差异将会变得非常重要。因为也许在多天前甚至多年前，该恒星就已经不存在了。在这种情况下，蓝色的场景与任何感知对象（从“场景”的另一种意义上讲）的场景都不存在紧密联系。蓝色的场景和一些相关感知对象的场景失去关联，说明这点，甚至无需用恒星的例子。一面镜子足矣。在镜子里看外套。蓝色似乎置身于镜子的后面。作为它的场景的事件取决于观察者的位置。

蓝色置于特定事件——我称之为场景，而蓝色的感官-意识所展现出来的是一种关系的感官意识，这种关系存在于蓝色、观察者的感知事件、场景和所牵涉的事件。事实上，整体自然是必须的，尽管只有特定的牵涉事件需要使它们的特征具备特定的类型。据此，被展现的蓝色对

自然事件的浸入就存在系统性的联系。观察者的意识取决于感知事件在这个系统性关联中的位置。我用“对自然的浸入”一词来表示蓝色与自然的系统性关联。因此，蓝色对任何一个确定事件的浸入，都是对蓝色对自然浸入这一事实的部分陈述。

按照蓝色对自然的浸入，事件大致可以分为四种类型，类型之间相互重叠而非界限分明。这四种类型是（i）感知事件，（ii）场景，（iii）主动条件事件，（iv）被动条件事件。为了理解对事件的这种归类——这些事件是蓝色浸入自然这一普遍性事实中的事件——先考虑一个只有一个感知事件的场景和由此而得到的浸入条件事件的角色——这些条件事件是据此限定而得到的。其中，感知事件是观察者相关的身体状态。场景是他看见蓝色的地方，比如，镜子的后面。主动条件事件是这样的事件，其特征与将成为感知事件之场景的事件（也就是场景）存在特别关系，如外套，镜子和房间的状态如光线、温度等。被动条件事件是剩下的自然中的事件。

如果没有镜子和其他引起非正常效果的东西，一般而言，场景是主动条件事件；即外套本身。但是镜子的例子说明了场景也许只是被动条件事件之一。我们可能会说，我们的感官被欺骗了，因为我们有权要求，场景在浸入中应该是主动条件。

我提出的这种要求，看上去似乎毫无根据，但实际并非如此。分析场景与感知事件的关系，构成了我们对自然事件特征的全部知识的基础。如果不是将场景普遍地看成是主动条件，则这种分析将不能告诉我们任何东西。对我们而言，自然是一个深不可测之谜，不是科学用武之地。因此，某种意义上，当发现场景是一个被动条件，出现一些异议也理所当然，因为如果这类东西经常出现，则理性的角色就丧失殆尽。

更重要的是，对同一个观察者的同一个感知事件，或者对于其他观察者的其他感知事件，镜子本身就其他感官-对象的场景。因此，事件是一组感官-对象浸入自然的场景，这一事实可以被认定为一种证明，说明事件就是一组感官-对象浸入自然时的主动条件，而自然也许还有其他场景。

这就是从常识得到的基本科学原则。

现在转而讨论感知对象。当我们看着外套时，一般不会说：那里有一块剑桥蓝。比较自然的反应是：那里有一件外套。同样，说我们看到的是穿在人身上的衣物，这种判断又过于细微了。我们所感知的对象不

是感官-对象。它不仅仅是一块颜色，而是更多的东西；正是这个更多的东西，我们判断为一件外套。这个不仅仅是一块颜色的、更多的东西就是一个原初对象，我使用“外套”一词来命名它，但这并不暗示要对它在过去或在未来作为一件衣物的功能做出判断。所感知的外套——当以这种意义谈论“外套”时——就是我所谓的感知对象。我们要讨论这些感知对象的普遍性特征。

通常，感官-对象的场景不仅仅是该感官-对象相对于某个特定感知事件的场景，而且还是针对不同感知事件的不同感官-对象的场景，这就是自然法则。例如，对于任意一个感知事件，视觉的感官-对象场景往往也是视觉、触觉、味觉和听觉的感官-对象场景。更主要的是，这种感官-对象场景的共现引导身体——即感知事件——调整自己，从而使得一个感官-对象的感知在某个场景中导向同一个场景中的其他感官-对象的下意识的感官-意识。这种交互在触觉和视觉之间特别明显。在触觉的感官-对象对自然的浸入和视觉的感官-对象对自然的浸入之间，存在特定的关联；在其他感官-对象组成的对之浸入之间，也存在一些程度稍浅的关联。我将这种关联称为一个感官-对象与另一个之间的“传输”。当你看到蓝色法兰绒外套时，下意识地能产生穿上它的感觉，或者触摸它的感觉。如果你是吸烟者，可能会下意识地意识到淡淡的烟草味。下意识感官-对象的共现，而且同一个场景中，有一个或多个感官-对象居主导地位，这种感官-意识所断定的特殊事实，就是感知对象的感官-意识。感知对象基本上与判断无关。它是感官-意识所直接断定的一个自然要素。只有将特定的感知对象进行分类时，才出现判断的成分。例如，我们说：这是法兰绒，而且我们想到了法兰绒的属性和运动外套的用途。但是这些都是我们牢牢理解了感知对象后的事情。对预期的判断影响着所感知的对象，而这种影响是通过变换注意的焦点和方向而实现的。

感知对象是经验习惯的产物。任何东西如果与这种习惯相悖，则会妨碍这类对象的感官-意识。一个感官-对象不是多个理性观念之间相互关系的产物；而是在同一个场景中的多个感官-对象相互关系的产物。这一产物不是理性的；它是一种具有特别类型的对象，对自然有着自己特别的浸入。

存在两类感知对象，即“虚幻感官对象”和“物理对象”。虚幻感官对象的场景在对象浸入自然时是被动条件。同样，作为场景的事件与针对特定的感知事件的对象之间存在场景关系。例如，观察者在镜子里看到

了蓝色外套的镜像。他所看的是蓝色外套，而不仅仅是一块颜色。这点表明，通过居于主导地位的感官-对象实现一群下意识感官-对象之间的传输，其主动条件已经被找到。也就是说，这些东西我们要在医学心理学家们的研究中寻找。物理对象的浸入是更正常的共现，而肉体事件要适应这点，从而限制了虚幻感官-对象浸入自然。

一个感知对象是一个物理对象，如果（i）对于任何作为其构成部分的感官-对象的浸入，其场景都是主动条件事件；且（ii）对于其他数目不定的可能感知事件，相同的事件可以是该感官对象的场景。物理对象是我们的感官没有受到欺骗时所感知的对象，如椅子，桌子和树。某种意义上，物理对象的感知力量比感官-对象更持久。关注它们在自然中的共现，是复杂生物机体生存的首要条件。物理对象的这种高度感知力量导致了自然的学院派哲学，这类哲学将感官-对象仅仅看作是物理对象的属性。大量与物理对象无关的感官-对象，作为事件中的对象，浸入到我们的经验中，这与学院派的观点直接矛盾。例如，令人迷茫的味道、声音、颜色以及更多细微而不可名状的感官-对象。没有感官-对象的感知，就没有物理对象的感知。但反之则不成立：即存在大量感官-对象的感知，却没有对应的物理对象的感知。感官-对象和物理对象之间的关系缺少对称性，这是学院派自然哲学的致命伤。

对比感官-对象和物理对象，其场景中的角色存在很大不同。物理对象的场景受到唯一性和持续性限制。唯一性是一种理想极限，在思想中，当我们沿着一个绵延抽象集前行时，会逐渐接近这个极限，越接近时刻的理想极限，所考虑的绵延就越小。换言之，当绵延足够小时，在该绵延中的物理对象的场景就可以看成是具有事实上的唯一性。

相同物理对象可以存在于不同绵延中的不同事件中，识别这些对象要受到持续性条件的影响。两个给定的事件，其中一个较早，一个较迟，每个都是相应绵延中的对象的场景，则从较迟事件到较迟事件之间总是能找到事件流变的持续，其条件就是持续性条件。只要两个事件事实上在一个似真的现在中相互毗连，这种流变的连续就可能被直接感知到。否则，就需要判断和推理了。

一个感官-对象的场景并不受诸如唯一性或持续性条件的限制。在任意绵延中，无论感官-对象有多小，都存在可以相互分离的场景，其数目不定。因此，一个感官-对象的两个场景，无论是在同一个或者在不同的绵延中，都不必然地因为事件的持续流变而产生联系，而这里所说的事

件也是感官-对象的场景。

感官-对象浸入自然所涉及的条件事件，其特征主要通过那些置于这些事件之中的物理对象得以表述。某种角度看，这是一种循环定义。因为物理对象只不过是特定一组感官-对象在某个场景中习惯性地共现。因此，当我们对物理对象了若指掌时，也就知道了作为其组成部分的感官-对象。但是，对于那些非组成部分的感官-对象，物理对象是其共现的条件。例如，空气导致一些事件，也就是它的场景，成为声音传播中的主动条件事件。镜子本身是一个物理对象，但相对于镜子后面的颜色块场景，由于光在镜子中的反射，镜子就是一个活动条件。

在感官-对象对自然的浸入时，事件作为主动条件扮演的不同角色，努力地用物理对象来表述这些角色正是科学知识的源泉。也正是在这一过程中，才有了科学对象。物理对象具有持久性，而且无需参照多重关系（包括感知事件）就可以得以表述，这些物理对象之场景的特征在科学对象中得以体现。它们之间的关系以某种简单性和均匀性为特点。最后，被观察到的物理对象和感官-对象之特征可以通过这些科学对象加以表述。事实上，努力地用这种简单方式来表述事件特征是探寻科学对象的要点。科学对象本身并不仅仅是用于计算的公式；因为公式必须指向自然中的东西，而科学对象就是公式所要指向的自然中的东西。

一个科学对象，诸如某个确定的电子，是整体自然中的所有事件特征的系统性关联。它是自然系统性特征的一个侧面。该电子不仅仅是其电荷所在之处。电荷是因为电子对自然的浸入而产生的特定事件之量特征。电子就是其整个力域。换言之，电子是一种系统性的方式，通过这种方式，所有事件都作为它的浸入的一种表述而得以修正。在任何一个很小的绵延中，电子的场景可以定义为一个事件，该事件具有量特征，也就是电子的电荷。如果愿意，我们也可以将电荷称为电子。但是这样就需要另一个名称来命名这个科学对象，即与科学相关的那个实体，而这个实体我一直称为电子。

科学对象的这种概念，非接触作用和通过介质传播作用，这两种理论相互竞争，但二者都是真实的自然过程的非完整表述。一个事件流形成电子场景的连续系列，无论是将这些事件视为该电子场景序列的内在特征，还是视为其不同成员都共存的时间系统，它们完全是自我决定的，而且在相应的绵延中，它们的位置形成连续流。这是否定非接触作用的基础；也就是说，科学对象的场景流，其过程是由对场景流本身进

行分析而决定的。

另一方面，在某种程度上，每个电子对自然的浸入都修正了每个事件的特征。因此，宇宙空间中所有其他电子，都会在我们所考虑的事件流的特征中留下标记。如果愿意将电子看成是我们所说的电荷，则电荷会在非接触情况下产生作用。但是这一作用存在于对所考虑的其他电子场景所做的修正中。非接触作用的电荷概念完全是一个人为概念。这种概念充分地表述了自然特征，就是特定事件的概念，即那些因电子对自然的浸入而修正的事件。对贯穿整个时间和整个空间中的事件所做的系统性修正，其表述形式就是以太。但是对这种修正的特征的最佳表述还有待物理学家们找出来。我的理论与此无关，并随时准备接受物理研究的成果。

关于对象与空间的联系，还需要阐述。对象置于事件中。每种不同类型的对象都有不同的场景关系；对于感官-对象，这种关系是不能表述为两项关系的。不同类型的场景关系也许应该用不同的词汇。但是，在这些讲座中，从我们的目的出发，似乎没有必要这样做。但是，一旦谈到场景，所讨论的就是某个确定类型，这点必须明确，因为有可能出现这种情况，即所做的论证也许并不适合其他类型。但无论什么情况下，我都用场景来表示对象和事件之间的一种关系，而不是对象和抽象成分之间的关系。在对象和空间成分之间存在一种衍生关系，我称为位置关系；当这种关系成立时，我就说这个对象位于这个抽象成分中。某种意义上，一个对象也许位于时间中的一个时刻中，或一个空间中的体积中，该体积可以是空间的、区域的、线的或点的。每个场景类型都存在相应的特定类型的位置；在所有的情况中，位置都以某种方式从相应的场景关系中衍生而来，关于衍生方式，我会在后面加以解释。

同样，在某个时间系统的无时间性空间中，位置是从同一个时间系统的瞬时空间的位置衍生而来的一种关系。因此瞬时空间的位置是我不得不解释的基础观念。对不同类型的对象、不同类型的场景、不同类型的位置不做区分，忽视位置与场景之间的区别，这已经在自然哲学中引起巨大的混乱。如果不能做出明晰区分，在涉及到对象及其位置时，就不可能在一片模糊中，准确地进行推理。当发现属于某个抽象成分的抽象集处于这样的状态，即对于每个对象而言，凡属于该集合的事件都是这个对象的场景，则该对象就被位于这个抽象成分中。抽象成分是特定的一组抽象集，而且每个抽象集都是一个事件的集合，这点应该记住。

它在任意类型的抽象成分中，为某个成分的位置做出了定义。在这种意义上，我们可以谈论对象在瞬时中的存在，这也就意味着它在某个确定时刻的位置。它也可能位于该时刻的瞬时空间中的某个空间成分。

当发现属于某个成分的一个抽象集处于这种状态，即当沿着抽象集向其收敛极限前行时，对该成分的事件相应特征的量的表述向某个极限收敛，即向某个给定的量的度量收敛。在这种情况中，可以说这个量位于该抽象成分中。

通过这些定义，位置在瞬时空间中的成分中得以定义。这些成分占据了无时间性空间的相应成分。位于瞬时空间成分的对象也可以说是位于无时间性空间的无时间成分的那个时刻上，该时刻被瞬时成分占据。

并非每个对象都可以处于时刻中。有的对象可以处于某个绵延的每个时刻中，这样的对象可以说是贯穿了该绵延的“均质”对象。在我们看来，通常的物理对象就是均质对象，习惯上，我们认定科学对象诸如电子都是均质的。但是有的感官-对象肯定不是均质的。曲调就是一个非均质的对象。在某个绵延中，它是作为一个整体被感知的；但是作为一段曲调，它并不在该绵延的任何时刻上，尽管其中个体音节可以置于时刻中。

因此，对于特定类型的对象，例如电，有可能需要以最小的时间量作为前提。现代量子理论显然体现了某种类似的公设，这些公设与本系列讲座中的对象学说完全一致。

同样，电子可以看成是其场景的纯量概念的电荷，也可以看成是对象对自然的贯穿浸入，二者之间差别，说明自然中存在的对象具有数目不定的类型。理性上，对于对象类型，我们可以做到越来越细致的区分。这里，我认为细致就是从感官-意识的直接理解中，把意义分离开来。生命的复杂性不断进化，意味着直接感受到的对象类型不断增加。感官-理解的精细化，意味着在感知中，把一些对象看成是鲜明的实体，而这些实体在一些更为粗略的感觉中，只是一些微妙难辨的观念。对于不通音乐的人而言，音乐的表现只是一些抽象的、微妙难辨的东西，对于音乐初学者而言，则是直接的感官理解。例如，当我们想到石头、砖块、雨滴和植物时，会在抽象过程中关注一些细致的差异。如果我们想象某个低等有机体能够思考，并且能意识到我们的思想，则它们会对这种做法感到奇怪。它只知道自然中的一些模糊的、无法区分的感觉。它会认为我们的这些理性游戏玩过了头。但是如果它能思考，它就会有期

待；如果它有期待，它就很快会感知。

在这些讲座中，我们仔细分析了自然哲学的基础。我们止步之处，前方就是无边的求知海洋。

这些讲座所倡导的这种自然观不是一种简单的自然观，这点我同意。自然表现为一个复杂的系统，其中的要素我们能隐约感知到。但是，正如我所问，这不是所要的真理吗？每个时代都存在这样的确信，即它终于得到了终极概念，所有存在都得以系统地阐述，每个时代都为这种自信自豪，我们也不应该怀疑这种自信。科学的目标是寻求对复杂事实做出最简单的解释。我们往往会犯这种错误，认为因为我们追寻的目标是简单，所以事实也是简单明了的。所有自然哲学家的座右铭都应该是：追寻简单性，但不要笃信它。

第八章　总结

通常情况下，尽管对于爱因斯坦的研究，我们有可能会提出一些批评，但是他的研究有一个基本的优点。即这些研究促使我们思考。但目前为止，我们承认大多数人都面临着一些令人沮丧的困惑。我们所应该思考的问题是什么？今天下午的讲座，主要的目的就是要解决这一问题。要想接受爱因斯坦的主要观点，无论这种接受是否正确，都必须了解科学思想背景中的变化。我将尽我所能把这种变化阐述明白。我知道自己正面对一个化学学会的会员做报告，你们中间大多数对高等数学并不在行。我急于想让你们接受的第一要点：与你们之间相关的，如其说是新理论的细节推演，还不如说是接受该新理论之后，在科学概念背景中所发生的普遍变革。当然，细节推演是重要的，因为除非我们同事，天文学家和物理学家发现这些预言可以得到验证，否则整个理论都可以全然忽略。但是，这些推演的明显细节都与观察一致，这一点我们已经习以为常了。因此，人们已经严肃地对待这一理论，而我们急于知道，当这一理论最终被接受后，会出现什么样的结果。更重要地，在过去几周里，一些科学杂志和非专业出版物上到处是各种文章，讨论关于这种新理论所做过的各种关键性实验的性质，并对该新理论的结果做出惊人表述。“空间被发觉是弯曲的”，这些字样出现在一家知名晚报的新闻版面上。与爱因斯坦对自己理论结果所做的阐释比较，这是一种简洁但不确切的解读。对于这种解读，我应该算是一个持异端观点的人，而且我将基于自己的研究工作，向你做出另一种解释，这种解释在我看来似乎更符合我们的科学观点，也更符合需要解释的事实整体。我们要记得，一个新理论除了能解释导致该理论产生的最新实验结果之外，也必须要能解释那些已经有了很好的解释的科学事实。

为了能使得我们有能力熟悉并批判终极科学观念中的任何变革，我们必须重头开始。所以请恕我先做一些简单明了的反思。先考虑三个陈述，（i）“昨天一个男子在切尔西的堤岸上被撞到了”，（ii）“克莉奥帕特拉方尖碑在查林克劳斯堤岸上”，（iii）“在太阳光谱中存在一些黑线”。第一个陈述是关于某个人的事故，对此我们可以用一个“展现”、一个“发生”或一个“事件”来描述。我将采用“事件”一词，因为它最短。为了能具体指明所观察到的事件，地点、时间和事件的特征都是必须的。

你在指明具体的地点和时间时，实际上是在陈述所讨论事件与其他所观察到的事件之间的关系。例如，在你喝茶和吃饭之间，在临近河里的游艇处，该男子在河岸上被车撞倒了。我所想表述的要点是：自然在我们的经验中被我们所知时，是一种流逝事件的复合体。在该复合体的构成事件之间，我们察觉到确定数量的相互关系，这些关系可以说是它们的相对位置，而这些位置我们部分地通过空间，部分地通过时间来表述的。同样，除了这些与其他事件的纯粹相对位置之外，每个特定事件还有着自己的特征。换言之，自然是事件的一种结构，每个事件在该结构中都有自己的位置以及特别的特征和质。

现在，依据针对自然意义的这一普遍原则，来研究另外两个陈述。以第二个为例，“克莉奥帕特拉方尖碑在查林克劳斯堤岸上”。初看起来，这几乎不能被称为事件。它似乎缺少了时间成分或瞬时性。但真的吗？如果有一位天使亿万年前说出这样的话，则那时地球还不存在；两千万年前，泰晤士河不存在；八十年前，泰晤士河堤岸不存在；我小的时候，克莉奥帕特拉方尖碑不存在。现在它就在那儿，我们当中没有人认为它会永恒存在。克莉奥帕特拉方尖碑和堤岸的关系中，那些静止的、无时间的成分只不过是纯粹的假象而已，之所以有这种假象，是因为在日常交流中，没有必要强调这点。情况是这样的：事件构成了一种介质，伦敦人的日常生活就是在这种介质中流逝，在这样的事件结构中，我们知道如何识别出特定的一连串事件，这一连串的事件维持着持久性特征，即该特征就是作为克莉奥帕特拉方尖碑的场景。日复一日，我们每个小时都可以发现，在自然瞬时变化的生命过程中，有着特定的一截。在这一截上，我们可以说，“克莉奥帕特拉方尖碑是存在的”。如果是在一种足够抽象的层面上来定义克莉奥帕特拉方尖碑，就可以说它从来没有变化。但是当物理学家从电子运动的角度来看待自然生命的这一部分时，他就会说自然生命的这一部分每天都会失去一些分子，同时又获得另外一些，即便是外行人也能看到，每天它会变得更脏了，有时又会被冲洗一下。因此方尖碑是否变化，这取决于如何定义。定义的越抽象，方尖碑越持久。但是无论你的方尖碑发生变化还是保持持久，当你说它位于查林克劳斯堤岸上时，你只是想表示在事件结构中，你知道存在某个特定的持续限定事件流，满足：无论是任意某个小时，或任意某一天，或任意某一秒，该事件流中的任意一截都有这样的特征，即它是克莉奥帕特拉方尖碑的场景。

最后讨论第三个陈述，“在太阳光谱中存在一些黑线”。这是自然法则。但这又表示什么意思呢？它只是表示这一点。即如果某个事件具有这样的特征，也就是展现了特定所指环境下的太阳光谱，则该事件就具有展现该光谱中黑线的特征。

漫长讨论最终使我们得出结论，自然的具体事实就是一些事件，这些事件展现了自然事实相互关系中的特定结构和它们自身的特定特征。通过具有这样特征的事件之间的相互结构关系，来表述自然事实特征之间的关系，就是科学的目标。事件的相互结构关系既有空间的，也有时间的。如果你只将它们考虑成空间的，则省略了时间成分，如果你仅将它们考虑成时间的，则省略了空间成分。因此，当你只考虑空间，或者只考虑时间时，你就是在做抽象，即在感官经验中，你将所知的自然生命中的基本成分略去了。更主要的是，将空间和时间看成抽象有不同的途径。在某些条件下，我们采取这种途径，在某一些条件下，采用另一种途径。因此，在某一组条件下，我们用空间来表示的意思，不同于在另一组条件下用空间所表示的意思，二者并不矛盾。同样的，在一组条件下，我们用时间所表示的意思与另一组条件下，用时间所表示的意思不同。我说空间和时间都是抽象体，并不是说它们不表述自然的真实事实。我的意思是，离开了物理自然，就不存在空间事实和时间事实，即空间和时间只是表述方式，它们表述的是事件关系的特定真相。再者，在不同的条件下，关于宇宙存在不同的真相，通过对空间做出陈述，宇宙很自然地被展现出来。在这种情况下，空间在一组条件下所表示的东西不同于在另一组条件下所表示的东西。相应地，在不同的条件下，比较两种抽象时，我们就要问，“两位观察者所说的空间是同一事物吗？所说的时间是同一事物吗？”在一些特定的细致入微的观察中，存在着某种让人困惑的协调，如地球在以太中的运动，水星的近日点，太阳周围的恒星位置等，这些困惑通过参照时空的这种纯粹相对意义而得以解决，从中产生了现代万有引力理论。

把注意力转回到克莉奥帕特拉方尖碑上，关于这点我还没有讨论到。当你走在岸堤上，突然抬头说，“嘿，这儿有一块方尖碑”。换言之，你辨识出了它。你不可能识别出一个事件；因为事件一旦流逝，就不会再来。你观察到的只是具有类似特征的另一个事件，而自然生命中真实的一截与它自身的展现是不可分离的。但事件的特征是可以识别出的。众所周知，如果在查林克劳斯大街附近，我们沿着岸堤走，就会看

到一个事件，该事件具有的特征被我们识别为克莉奥帕特拉方尖碑。我把所识别的东西称为对象。对象置于那些事件中，或某个事件流中，并表述事件（流）的特征。对象存在多种类型。例如，根据上述定义，绿色是一个对象。对象置于不同事件中，而发现它们出现的规律，正是科学的宗旨。为此，我们主要考虑两种类型对象，分别称为物质对象和科学对象。一个物质对象就是一个通常的物质块，如克莉奥帕特拉方尖碑。与纯粹的颜色相比—，如方尖碑的颜色，这是一种类型更为复杂的对象。而诸如颜色、声音这类简单类型，我称为感官-对象。普通人通常注意物质对象，而艺术家则更关注感官-对象。因此，如果你与艺术家一道散步，当你说“那是克莉奥帕特拉方尖碑”，他可能发出惊叹“那颜色多漂亮呀”。你们两个表述了对同一个事件不同构成特征的辨识。在科学上，我们发现：在各种物质物理对象和科学对象的事件中，如果对各种历险都了解的话，则我们就获得了相关的信息，这些信息可以使我们预测出某些条件，当这些条件出现时，我们就能感知到特定条件下的感官-对象。例如，当我们知道：存在一堆熊熊大火（即物质的和科学的对象，它们在各种事件中，正在经历各种兴奋的历险），在其对立面有一面镜子（另一个物质对象），某个人的脸的位置及他凝视着镜子的眼睛的位置，则我们就会知道，对于镜子之后事件中的火焰，他可以感知其红色——因此，在很大程度上，感官-对象的出现以物质对象的历险为条件。分析这些历险，可以使我们意识到事件的另一特征，即作为活动域的特征，活动域决定了随后的事件，并将事件中的对象传递它们。通过万有引力，电磁力或者化学力以及引力，我们可以表述这种活动域。但是关于这些活动力的域，要准确表述其本质，就不得不在理性上承认另一类对象，这些对象在事件中不太明显。我所说的就是分子和电子。这些对象不能被独立地识别出。如果我们身处克莉奥帕特拉方尖碑附近，就不可能忽视它的存在；但是没有人能够看到单个的分子或电子，然而通过这些科学对象来表述，事件的这一特征可以向我们解释清楚。毫无疑问，分子和电子都是抽象之结果。但克莉奥帕特拉方尖碑也是如此。具体的事实是事件本身，我已经解释过，作为抽象体，并不表示实体是虚无的。它只是表示：其存在只是作为更为具体的自然成分的一个要素。所以，电子是抽象的，因为你不能将事件整体结构抹去而电子仍然存在。同样，小猫咧嘴而笑也是抽象的；正如咧嘴而笑存在于小猫的脸上一样，分子存在于事件中。太阳，地球，克莉奥帕特拉方尖碑，人

体，诸如此类的模糊对象，对于那些更为终极科学如化学或物理而言，很难藉此来表述最终法则。这类对象应该属于天文学，地理学，工程学，考古学或生物学范畴。化学和物理讨论这些对象，是因为与这些对象相近的法则会产生某些结果，这种结果具有统计学意义上的复杂性，而这些对象可以展示这种复杂性。在某种特定意义上，它们只是作为技术的应用而进入物理和化学。因为它们过于模糊。克莉奥帕特拉方尖碑自何时始，至何时终？上面的煤灰是它的构成部分吗？当它的某个分子脱落后，或者其表面与伦敦酸雾发生化学反应后，该对象还是同一个对象吗？分子是通过科学而被感知出来的，但其持久确定性与方尖碑的确定性和持久性无关，分子的持久确定性却屈服于电子的持久确定性。因此，科学在对法则进行终极形式化阐述时所追求的对象，以具有最持久确定的简单性为特征，并以此来表述终极法则。

事件从它们的时空结构中产生，当我们努力地想确定地表述事件关系时，可以通过逐渐缩小所考虑的事件的（在时间和空间上的）幅度，从而逼近简单性。例如，在一分钟之内的方尖碑事件，也就是自然生命的特定一截，对于在同一分钟内经过的游艇内的自然生命而言，有着非常复杂的时空关系。但假设我们将所考虑的时间逐渐缩小到1秒钟、1/100秒、1/1000秒等等。在我们沿着这一序列考察时，在连续考虑的事件对中，其结构关系会逐渐逼近理想的简单性，也就是我们称之为方尖碑与游船在某个瞬时上的空间关系。对我们而言，即便这些关系也过于复杂，我们将方尖碑和游船考虑成越来越小的块。最终将得到一个理想的事件，其广延性受到限制，因而在空间和事件上不再具有广延性。这样的事件就是纯粹的瞬时绵延的空间点闪现。我将这样的理想事件称为“事件粒子”。你一定不要将世界看成最终是由事件粒子构成的。那将是本末倒置。我们所知的世界是连续的展现流，我们将该展现流区分为确定的事件，这些事件相互的重叠和包含关系以及分离关系构成了时空结构。通过限制获得逼近理想事件（我称为事件粒子）的路径，从而可以表述这一结构的属性。因此，事件粒子就是抽象物，是从与更具体事件的关系中抽象而来。但这一次，你将会明白没有抽象就不可能分析具体的自然。同样，我重复一遍，科学的抽象结果是自然中真实存在的实体，如果将它们从自然中分离时，则它们就没有意义。

通过更为抽象的事件粒子之间的关系，可以充分表述事件的时空结构特征。尽管与我们直接观察的限定事件相比，事件粒子显得抽象且复

杂，但在事件的相互关系方面，它们比限定事件更为简单，这就是事件粒子的优势。因此，它们可以为我们表述所需的理想准确性，并且在阐述关系时，可以表述所需的理想简单性。相对理论预设了四维时空流形，而这些事件粒子就是这个流形的终极成分。你将会发现，每个事件粒子既是空间中的一个点，也是时间的一个瞬时。我把它称为一个瞬时点闪现。因此在这个时空流形的结构中，空间并没有最终从时间中区分开，仍然存在这种可能性，即根据观察者的不同条件，出现不同的区分模式。这种可能性就是构想宇宙的新旧方式上的根本区别。理解了这点，就是获得了理解相对论的秘诀。这一基本概念是整个理论的基础，如果你还没有掌握这点，就匆忙地得出一些花里胡哨、似非而是的论点，如“空间被发觉是弯曲的”，那是一点用都没有的。我说它是整个理论的基础时，是指我认为它应该是基础，尽管我承认，对该理论的所有解读，在多大程度上真正理解了它的意义和前提，还存在一定的疑问。

当我们的度量以理想的准确性加以表述时，这些度量就是那些能够表述时空流形属性的度量。度量存在不同类型。你可以度量长度、角度、面积、体积或时间。还存在其他类型的度量，诸如对照明亮度的度量，但是我将暂且不考虑这些度量，而只讨论那些空间和时间的度量，对这些度量我们有着特殊的兴趣。很容易看出，要想依据事件粒子与该流形中其他东西关系，在时空流形中确定该事件粒子的位置，在其固有属性的度量中，至少有四种是必要的。例如，在给定的时间上，从一个矩形域中的一个角出发，沿着一条边度量一个确定的距离，然后以适当角度，转向矩形域中，接着度量出一个与另外一对边平行的特定距离，然后垂直升到特定高度，记录时间。在你所到达的点和时间上，就有一个确定的自然瞬时点闪现的展现。换言之，你做了四次度量，决定了一个属于四维时空流形的确定事件粒子。对于一个土地测量员而言，这些度量显得非常简单，在其脑海中，不可能由此引发哲学问题。但是假设有火星人，他们在科学发明上足够先进，可以详细地观察到地球上的这种测量活动。设想他们参照火星人的自然空间来理解英国土地测量员的活动，即一个以火星为中心的空间，而火星是固定不动的。地球则相对于火星做相对运动且在自转。那么对于火星人而言，以这种方式来理解，土地测量员的活动变成了最复杂的度量。而且，根据相对论学说，在地球上的时间度量与火星上的时间度量并不完全对应。

讨论这个例子，目的是为了使你意识到：在时空流形中，当考虑度

量的可能性时，我们一定不能仅仅局限在那些细微变化中，这些变化对于地球上的人类也许非常自然。因此，我们可以做出概括性陈述：存在四个度量——每个的类型都不相同（例如，三个方向上的长度度量和一个时间度量）——可以决定一个确定的事件粒子在流形中与其他部分的关系。

设（p_1，p_2，p_3，p_4）是这个系统中的一个度量集，则在这个度量系统中，它决定的事件粒子就有四个坐标值，即p_1，p_2，p_3，p_4。假设我们把它称为度量的p-系统。则在同一个p-系统中，通过恰当改变（p_1，p_2，p_3，p_4）的值，则每个已有的、将有的、或瞬时现在的，都可以得以体现。更重要的是，根据任意一个在我们看来是非常正常的度量系统，三个坐标值是空间度量，而一个是时间度量。让我们总是用最后一个坐标值代表时间度量。则我们可以很自然地说，（p_1，p_2，p_3）决定了空间中的一个点，而事件粒子发生在这个点的时间p_4上。但是我们一定不能犯错，认为在时空流形之外，还存在空间。该流形就是全部，是用来决定空间和时间意义的全部。我们不得不通过四维流形的事件粒子来确定空间点的意义。要做到这点，只有一条路可走。注意，如果我们改变时间值，然后将这些改变后的时间值与同样的三个空间坐标值放在一起，则这样显示的事件粒子就都在同一个点上。但是考虑到除了事件粒子，不存在其他东西，这就意味着p-系统中的空间点（p_1，p_2，p_3）只是事件粒子的集合（p_1，p_2，p_3，［p_4］），其中的p_4是可变化的，而（p_1，p_2，p_3）是固定的。空间中的点不是一个简单的实体，这点让人不安；但这是从空间相对论中直接推论出的。

更重要的是，火星居民通过另一个度量系统来决定事件粒子。把他的系统称为q-系统。他的（q_1，q_2，q_3，q_4）决定了一个事件粒子，（q_1，q_2，q_3）决定一个点，而q_4决定一个时间。但是他所认为是一个点的一个事件粒子集合与地球人认为是一个点的任何类似集合完全不同。因此，火星人的q-系统与地球土地测量员的p-系统非常不同。

目前为止，谈到空间，我们一直说的是物理学中的无时间性空间，即永恒空间的概念，世界在此空间中历险。但是当我们举目环视时，所看到的空间是瞬时空间。因此如果我们的自然感知可以针对p-度量系统进行校正，在某个确定的时间p_4上，我们瞬时间看到所有的事件粒子，而且随着时间流逝，可以观察到连续出现的这类空间。把所有这样的瞬时空间串联起来，就得到了无时间性空间。瞬时空间的点是事件粒子，

而永恒空间的点是连续展现的事件粒子的串联。但是火星人将不能感知到与地球人相同的瞬时空间。该瞬时空间系统与地球人的系统相互交切。对于地球人而言，存在一个瞬时空间，也就是瞬时现在，还有很多过去空间和未来空间。但是火星人的现在空间与地球人的现在空间相互交切。因此，地球人认为是现在空间中此刻发生的事件粒子，火星人认为有些已经过去了，成为古代的历史，有一些是在将来，还有一些是在即时现在。把它分解为整齐划一的过去、现在和未来三种概念，这是一个严重悖论。依据不同度量系统，如果两个事件粒子处于同一个瞬时空间，我称为“同现”的事件粒子。有可能出现这样的情况，A和B同现，A和C同现，但B和C不同现。例如，在离我们非常遥远的、无法想象的远处，存在一些与现在的我们同现的事件，而且与维多利亚女王出世也同现。如果A和B同现，则存在某些系统，在这些系统中，A在B之前，并存在某些系统，在这些系统中，B在A之前。同时，不可能存在这样的速度，它快到可以将物质粒子从A移到B上，或从B到A上。这些不同的度量系统在时间计算上也各不相同，它们令人困惑，某种程度上，违背了我们的常识。这并不是我们思考宇宙的通常方式。我们想到的是一个必然的时间系统和一个必然的空间。根据这个新的理论，存在数目不定的、不一致的时间序列和数目不定的不同空间。任何由时间系统和空间系统构成的相互关联的对，都与我们对宇宙的描述相符合。我们发现，在给定的条件下，度量都应该构成对，从而形成我们的自然度量系统。至于不一致的时间系统的难题，可以通过这样的方式部分地解决，即区分出我所谓的自然的创造性前行（确切地说它根本就不是序列）和任意一个时间序列。习惯上，我们总是将这种创造性前行——我们体验过这种创造性前行，并且将其看成是自然向新向异的永不停步的转变过程——与单时间序列混淆。而单时间序列很自然地被我们在度量时采用。这些不同的时间序列，每个都只度量创造性前行的某个方面，而合在一起时，则表述了这种可度量的前行的所有属性。之所以我们前面没有注意到时间序列的这种不同，是因为在两个序列之间的属性差异很小。由于这种原因，任何可观察的现象都取决于任何进入观察的速度与光速之比的平方。现在，光绕地球轨道一周，花了大约50分钟；但完成同样的事，地球花了大约17,531个半小时。因此由于这一运动，所有的效应都具有1：10,0002的序冥。由此，对于任何效应而言，如果其量的幅度除以1/108，则地球人和太阳人就会忽略不计。显然只有在最精确的观察

中，才可能注意到这样的效应。不够他们确实被观察到。设想我们比较两次观察，这两次观察使用相同的设备，但从不同的恰当角度观察光速。相对于太阳，地球的速度是朝向一个方向；相对于以太，光速在所有的方向上都是相同的。因此如果认为以太静止时的空间，与地球是静止时的空间是一样的东西，则我们就应该发现：相对于地球，光速就会因其方向的不同而有所变化。

地球上的这些观察是一些著名实验的基本原则，这些实验目的是为了探测地球通过以太的运动。如你们所知，这些实验出人意料地没有产生任何结果。这点可以通过这样的事实加以解释：在某些细微的方面，我们使用的空间系统和时间系统与相对于太阳或其他天体进行运动的空间和时间不同。

所有这些关于时间和空间本质的讨论，都将一个巨大难题摆在我们的视野之上，这个难题影响着终极物理法则的形式化阐述——例如，电磁场法则和万有引力法则。以万有引力法则为例。其形式化阐述如下：两个物体互相吸引，其引力大小与它们的质量的积成正比，与它们距离的平方成反比。在这种陈述中，物体就要被假设为足够小，从而可以将其作为物质粒子来对待；而对这个小粒子，无需进一步细分。我想提醒各位注意的难题是：此法则的形式化阐述中，要预设一种确定的时间和确定的空间。两个体积需要假定处于同一瞬时位置。

但一个时间系统中的瞬时东西，在另一个时间系统中，可能不是瞬时的。因此根据我们的新观点，在这一方面，该法则的形式化没有达到表述准确意义的目标。更重要的是，类似的难题在距离问题上也存在。两个瞬时位置之间的距离，即两个事件粒子之间的距离，在不同的空间系统中是不同的。应该选择哪个空间呢？因此，如果接受相对性，则该法则也缺少精确的形式化阐述。我们的问题是寻找一种对万有引力新的诠释，从而来避免这些难题。首先，在对基本观念做形式化阐述时，我们必须避免空间和时间这样的抽象体，而只能求助于自然的最基础事实，即事件。同样，在表述事件之间的关系时，为了能得到理想的简单性，我们仅限于事件粒子。这样，物质粒子的生命就是它的历程，这一历程存在于事件粒子作为一个连续序列而串联起来的轨迹中，或者四维的时空流形中的路径。这些事件粒子是物质粒子的不同场景。我们通常表述这一事实的方式，是采用自然时空系统，并且在谈论由物质粒子构成的空间中的路径时，将物质粒子看成是存在于连续的瞬时中。

我们需要问自己，是什么自然法则使得物质粒子采用了事件粒子中的这一路径，而不是另外的。将该路径考虑成一个整体。与其他稍有差异的路径相比，它有着什么样的独有特征？我们所针对的不仅仅是万有引力法则。我们需要的是运动法则和将物理力效应进行形式化阐述之方式的观念。

为了回答我们的问题，在背景知识中要有具有引力的质量这一观念，再集中考虑路径周围的事件活动场。为此，我们与过去几百年科学思想的整体趋势保持一致。这种趋势是越来越注重将力场作为决定运动方向的直接主体，甚至到了不考虑两个非接触物体之间的直接相互影响的地步。我们需要找到一种方式，来表述围绕某个具有四维流形之确定的事件粒子E的事件活动场。在基础物理学观念中，引入我所提出的“原动能”来表述这种物理场。事件粒子*E*通过原动能成分与任意相邻的事件粒子*P*联系起来。所有将*E*与围绕E的事件粒子的聚合联系起来的原动能成分的聚合，表述了*E*周围的活动场的特征。我与爱因斯坦不同之处在于：我称为原动能的量，他仅仅看成是将要采纳的时空之特征的表述，因此止步于万有引力场的讨论，而万有引力场表述为时空流形中的曲率。至于他对时空的解读，我没有任何清晰的概念。我的公式与他的稍有不同，尽管在他的结论中已经得到验证的地方是相同的。而且使得他获得伟大发现的一些普遍性的方法，我在对万有引力律做形式化阐述时也吸收了不少，这点我几乎无需说明。

爱因斯坦表明了，如何通过十个量来表述围绕事件粒子E的原动能成分聚合的特征，这是个量我称为*J11*，*J12*（*J21*），*J22*，*J23*（*J32*）等的。注意，存在将*E*和与它相邻的*P*联系起来的四个时空度量，如果我们可以将其中的任意一个度量使用两次，从而使其成对，则存在十对这样的度量。十个*J*只依赖于*E*在四维流形中的位置，通过十个*J*和由四个将*E*和*P*相连的时空度量构成的十个对，可以表述*E*和*P*之间的原动能成分。*J*的数值将取决于所采用的度量系统，但需要针对每个特定的系统做一些调整，从而无论所采用的是什么度量系统，在*E*和*P*之间的原动能成分，都可以获得相同的值。这一事实可以这样表述：十个*J*形成了一个“张量”。当爱因斯坦的预言被宣布证实时，断言将来物理学家不得不研究张量理论，并由此会在他们之间形成恐慌，这也不算太离谱。

通过两种功能，即我所谓的势能和在*E*的“相关势能”，可以表述任

意一个事件粒子E上的十个J。在欧几里得空间中，具有吸引力的质量处于静止，当我们用欧几里得空间的术语表述时，通常所说的万有引力势能就是这种势能。在势能的定义中，将直接距离替换成多元距离，通过这种修改，可以得到相关势能的定义，它的算法也很容易地依据原势能的算法进行。因此，J的算法——如我所说的，原动能的系数——并不涉及任何全新的物理计算知识。现在转而讨论受到吸引的粒子的路径。我们将所有原动能成分都添加到整体路径中，从而获得了我所谓的“综合原动能”。与不同的相邻路径相比较，实际路径的特征是：在实际路径中，如果粒子从中摇摆而出，进入了极其靠近的其他路径中，综合原动能无所得也无所失。数学家对此的表述是：综合原动能对无穷小的置换是不变的。在运动法则的这一陈述中，我不考虑其他力的存在。因为那会使我离题太远。

为了允许引力场的存在，需要修改电磁理论。因此，爱因斯坦的研究导致了人们首次发现了引力与其他物理现象之间的关系。以我用来提出这种修正的方式，我们可以推导出爱因斯坦的基本原则，如光沿着射线运动，这是首次逼近了可应用到无穷短的波的研究。爱因斯坦的原则，因此得到了部分验证，用我自己的语言来说，光线总是沿着路径前行，而沿路径的过程中其累积原动能为零。这也包括，沿路径的每一个原动能成分都是零。

本讲结束前，我一定要表示歉意。首先，这个独创性理论的许多兴奋点，在相当大程度上被我降低了，从而使其更符合旧的物理学。我不允许将物理现象归因为空间的奇异之处。此外，出于对听众的尊重，我的演讲变得更加沉闷。各位也许喜欢更通俗的演讲，中间举一些令人兴奋的矛盾例证。但是我还知道，各位都是一些严谨的学生，来此的目的是因为真的想了解一些新的理论是如何影响各位的科学研究的。

第九章　终极物理概念

本书第二章提出的原则，是我们在构建物理概念时所应该遵循的第一原则。我们必须要避免错误的二分论。自然只不过是感官-意识的呈现物。至于是什么东西刺激心灵从而产生感官-意识？在这方面，我们并没有什么原则。我们唯一的任务是在一个系统中，展示所观察到的所有东西的特征和外在关系。只要与物理概念的形式化阐述相关，我们对于自然的态度就是所谓的纯“行为主义”。

我们的自然知识就是关于活动（或流变）的经验。此前观察到的事物都是活动的实体，即“事件”。事件是自然生命中的块段。这些事件之间存在关系，在我们的知识中，这种关系可区分为空间关系和时间关系。但是时空的区分，尽管属于自然内在的，相对来说还是属于表层的东西；而无论时间和空间都只是部分地表述了事件之间的一个基本关系，这种基本关系既非空间的也非时间的。这种关系我称为“广延性”。“广延到……之上”的关系是“包含”关系，它可以用于空间意义，也可以用于时间意义，或者兼而有之。但与时空关系相比，纯粹“包含”关系是更基础的关系，无需区分为时间的和空间的。谈到广延性，两个事件之间的相互关系包括：（i）一个包含另外一个，或者（ii）一个与另外一个重叠，但并没有完全包含，或者（iii）完全分离。但是以此为基础来定义空间和时间成分要格外小心，以避免那些依据未定义的关系和属性而形成的成规。

把我们经验中的两种分成考虑进去，就可以避免这类谬误，这两类成分是（i）我们观察中的“现在”，和（ii）我们的“感知事件”。

观察中的“现在”就是我所说的一个“绵延”。在我们对自然的直接观察中，绵延就是所理解的自然整体。因此，它有着事件的自然，但是具有特殊完整性，这种完整性将这类绵延作为自然的内在事件类型而被标示出来。绵延不是瞬时的。在特定的时间界限内，它是自然的全部。与其他事件形成对照，一个绵延可谓是无限的，而其他事件则是有限的。在对绵延的知识中，我们区分（i）所包含的特定事件，这些事件因其特殊个体性而特别地被区分出来，（ii）其他所包含的事件，这些事件因其与所区分的事件和整个绵延的关系，而必然为人所知。直接观察的部分总是具有相关性之质（与广延性相关）；即无论观察什么，总存在一

个界限，这点使得绵延作为一个整体而被指派意义。我这样说的意思是，每个事件都被认为与它所没有包括的其他事件存在联系。每个事件都被认为具有排他性，这表明排他性和包含性一样，都是一种肯定性关系。当然，自然中不存在单纯的否定性关系，排他性也不仅仅是包含性的否定，尽管这两种关系是相反的。两种关系都只与事件有关，排他性能够通过包含性进行逻辑定义。

也许，对于那些非透明物质对象的内部事件，我们对其几何特征的知识，最明显地体现了意义指派。例如，我们知道一个非透明球体有一个中心。这一知识与物质没有关系；球体可以是实心均匀的台球或者是空心草地网球。外部已经被区分的事件，其一般特征已经使我们了解到，在球体内部存在一些事件，同时还使我们了解到它们的几何结构。因此，这类知识在本质上是意义的产物。

在对“自然知识原则”所做的批评中，有一些表明很难将绵延理解成自然的真实层级。我认为，造成这种犹豫不决的原因，是错误的二分论原则已经深深地扎根到现代哲学思想中，人们甚至都难意识它的影响。在我们的观察中，自然展现在一个直接的现在中，这个直接现在是同步的，但不是瞬时的，因此当一个整体作为一个内部存在联系的系统而被直接感知或被赋予意义，该整体就是作为一个物理事实的自然中的一个层级。除非我们承认以心理添加成分形式出现的二分论，否则就可以直接得到这一结论，但在这里，我们拒绝这一结论。

“感知事件”是这样的事件，它被包含在观察中的现在，现在被我们区分出来，以某种特别的方式，作为感知的基点。大致上说，该事件就是我们存在于现在绵延中的身体生命。医学心理学中的感知理论就是基于意义指派的。一个被感知的对象，其远处场景为我们所知，是因为我们身体状态，即我们的感知事件，而被指派意义的。事实上，感知需要两种感官-意识：对感知事件的意义指派的感官-意识，同时还有对特定对象以及由此而被指派意义的事件之间的特定关系（场景）的感官-意识。正是由于感知事件能指派意义，因此才作为自然的整体得以保存。所谓的感知事件是感知的基点，就是这个意思。只有与感知结合，才能衍生出光线的路径。我们所感知的只是对象，它们与一些事件存在联系，身体状态受光线刺激，从而对这些事件指派意义。这些被指派意义的事件（正如镜子后面镜像的例子）也许与光线的路径没有什么关系。在动物的身体状态中，有些意义指派通常对它们的生活非常重要，在进

化过程中，躲过淘汰而幸存下来的感官-意识都集中到这些意义指派上。由事件构成的整个世界都是被指派了意义，但是也有一些事件，需要被忽视并消失。

感知事件总是存在于此，且此刻正处于的相关的现在绵延中。也许可以说，它在那个绵延中有着绝对的地位。因此，一个确定的绵延与一个确定的感知事件相关，据此，我们意识到一个限定事件与多个绵延之间的特定关系，这种关系，我称为“共存性”。静止的概念正是从共存性概念中派生而来的，从没有共存性的绵延内部的包含性中，可以派生出运动的概念。事实上，运动是被观察的事件和被观察的绵延之间的一种关系（具有不同的特征），而共存性是最简单的特征或者说是运动的下属类。总而言之，任何对自然的观察，其普遍性特征都基本包括一个绵延和一个感知事件，而感知事件与绵延之间有共存关系。

我们对不同事件的特别特征的知识，取决于我们的比较能力。我把这一要素在知识中的应用称为“辨识”，而将对可比较特征的感官-意识——这种意识是必要的——称为“感官-辨识”。辨识和抽象本质上相互包含。二者都向知识展示一个实体，该实体低于具体事实，只是具体事实中的一个真实的要素。最具体的、能够区分开的事实是事件。如果没有辨识，就不可能抽象，而没有抽象就不可能辨识。感知涉及到对事实的理解，对事实特征要素的辨识。

被辨识的事物就是我所谓的“对象”。从该词的一般意义上看，广延关系本身就是一种对象。在实际中，我将该词的使用范围限制在这样的对象上，即在某种意义上，这类对象在某个事件中有场景；换言之，在短语“它又在彼处出现”中，我将“彼处”一词看成是指某个特殊的事件，该事件是对象的场景。即便如此，也存在不同类型的对象，有些陈述对这类对象合适，而对另一类对象则不合适。在对物理法则做系统化阐述时，我们所关注的对象是物理对象，如物质块，分子和电子。这些类型的对象与不属于它的场景流中的事件之间存在一些关系。在这个场景流中，场景的事实修正了所有其他事实的特定特征。事实上，就其完整性而言，对象可以看成是对所有事件特征所进行的相关修正的特别集合，并且具有这样的属性，即所有属于该对象场景流的事件，都因为这些修正而获得某种特定的焦点属性。这种因场景流中存在对象，而对事件特征进行调整，调整的完整聚合就是我所谓的基于对象的“物理场”。但是对象并不能真正与自己的物理场分离。事实上，对象只不过是一种对物

理场所做的系统化调整的集合而已。焦点事件流可以说是置于对象之中的，对象对这种焦点事件流的常规限制是出于某种目的而做出的便利之计，但却掩盖了自然的终极事实。从这一角度看，非接触作用和传递作用的对立并没有意义。本章所阐述的学说，不过是用另一种方式表述对象与事件的多重关系问题，该问题一直悬而未决。

平行绵延所构成的任意一个族，可以形成一个完整的时间系统。两个绵延是平行的，如果（i）一个包括另一个，或者（ii）相互重叠，从而共同包含了另一个绵延，或者（iii）二者完全分离。例外的情况是，两个绵延重叠，从而共同包含有穷数量事件的集合，但却不共同包含一个完整的绵延。依据原有的正统概念，时间系统基本上是独立无二的，而辨识无穷数量的平行绵延族的事实，就是区分自然的概念。后面将简单说明与爱因斯坦的自然概念的分歧。

在一个给定的时间系统中，瞬时空间就是由多个理想的（非真实存在的）绵延构成，这些绵延的时间厚度为零。相互关联的这些绵延形成了各种依据逼近路径而排列的序列，时间厚度就是由这些序列所表现出来的。每个这类瞬时空间都代表着一个瞬时间的理想化自然，同时也是一个时刻。因此，每个时间系统也就拥有专属于它的时刻聚合。在一个给定的时间系统中，每个事件粒子都位于一个且只有一个时刻中。一个事件粒子具有三个特征：（i）其外在特征，即在各种事件中，作为确定的收敛路径的特征；（ii）内在特征，该特征是指其毗邻区域的自然的特别之质，即它所具有的物理场特征；（iii）其位置。

一个事件粒子的位置是从时刻聚合中得到的，这些时刻是指它位于其中的时刻，且任意两个都不是来自同一个族。我们将重点放在这样的时刻中，在我们直接经验中，这些时刻与短的绵延比较相似，我们所表示的位置也是指这些时刻中的位置。但是事件粒子在时刻M中获得自己的位置时刻，完全是因为其他时刻的聚合，如M'，M''等，该事件粒子也位于这些时刻之中。将M区分为一个事件粒子的几何体（瞬时的点），就是表述：通过M与其他不同的时间系统相互交叉而对M做的区分。以此方式，就产生了平面和直线和事件粒子本身。同样，在同一个与M交叉的时间系统中，因为时刻的平行，而产生了平面和直线的平行。同样，因为这些交叉时刻的时间顺序，产生了平行平面的顺序和直线上的事件粒子顺序。这里不做解释。只需要提到整个几何学的物理解释的来源就够了。

同一个时间系统中，不同的短时空间的相互关系可以通过共存关系获得。显然，运动在某个瞬时空间中是没有意义的。在同一个时间系统中，一个瞬时空间中的位置，与其他瞬时空间中的不同位置进行比较，这就是运动所表述的意义。共存性使得这种比较产生最简单的结果，即静止。

运动和静止都是直接观察到的事实。时间系统是观察的基础，而运动和静止都取决于时间系统，在这个意义上，它们是相对的。在给定的时间系统中，一连串的事件粒子，如果它们的相继占据意味着静止，则形成了该时间系统之无时间性空间中的无时间性的点。通过这种方式，时间系统就拥有了自己独有的永久性无时间性空间，而每个这类空间都由只属于该时间系统的无时间性的点构成。对静止所做的不同假设涉及到通过截然不同的空间和时间（点和时刻在这些时空中有着不同的意义）来表述物理学事实，忽视这样的事实，就会导致相对性悖论。

顺序的来源现在已经表示清楚了，而且一致性的来源也找到了。它取决于运动。从共存性中产生了垂直性；将垂直性与任意两个时间系统之间的关系的相互对称性结合起来，可以完整定义时空的共存性。

由此而得到的公式是电磁相对论的公式，或者换成现在的术语，称为狭义相对论。但还存在一些至关重要的差异：这些公式中所出现的临界速度c和与光相关的东西或者物理场（不同于事件的广延结构）的其他事实现在都没有关系了。它只是简单地标示出这样的事实：一致性的确定包含了在同一个宇宙系统中的不同时间和不同空间，因此如果选取两个任意单位，一个用来表示所有的空间，一个表示所有的时间，它们之间的比率就是速度，而速度是自然的一个基本属性，该属性表述了时间和空间确实是相容的。

通过物质对象（电子等）可以表述自然的物理属性。事件属于物质对象的整体所构成的场，这一事实产生了事件的物理特征。从另一个角度看，我们可以说，这些对象只不过是表述事件的物理特征之相互关系的方式而已。

自然的时空度量源自于（i）事件之间的广延关系；（ii）从任何一个不同的时间系统中得到自然的层级特征；（iii）在有限事件与时间系统的关系中所展示的静止和运动。所有这些度量来源都不依赖有限事件的物理特征，这些特征是通过那些置于其中的对象而展示出来的。这些度量来源作为意义被完整地指派给整体物理特征不为人知的事件。这

样，时空度量就不依赖于客观的物理特征。本质上，从正在进行区分的直接场之特定部分的意义指派中，派生一个完整绵延。更重要的是，我们对这一完整绵延的知识之特征，将知识构造成一个均匀的整体，而且就其广延性而言，与还没有被观察到的远处事件特征无关。也就是说，存在自然的一个确定整体，与现在同步，而无论其远处事件的特征是什么样的。这点强化了前面的结论。这一结论断言：不同时间系统的短时空间，本质上是均匀的，而且由此可以得到无时间性空间的均匀性，在这些空间中，每一个空间对应一个时间系统。

对所观察到的自然之普遍性特征的上述分析，解释了不同的基本观察事实：（α）它揭示了一种质的差别，这种质是广延到时间和空间的质。（β）所观察到的事实，包括几何或时间位置，几何和时间顺序，以及几何直线和平面，这些都因这种分析而得到意义。（γ）这种分析选择了一个确定的一致性系统，该系统同时包含了时间和空间，因此解释了对事实上所获得的度量进行的协调。（δ）这种分析解释了（与相对论一致）所观察到的旋转现象，例如傅柯摆，地球赤道的突起，气旋和反气旋旋转的固定感觉，以及陀螺罗盘。这种分析是通过承认自然有确定的层级而做到这点的，这些层级正是被我们的自然知识之特征所揭示的。这种分析对运动的解释比在（δ）中所表述的更为基础；因为它揭示了运动本身的意义。对于一个被广延的对象而言，所观察到的运动是一种关系，也就是它所处的场景与自然的不同层级之间的关系，自然的层级是通过时间系统（对于观察而言，它是基础）来表述的。运动表述了对象和自然其他部分之间的真实关系。用来表述的时间系统不同，则这种关系之量的表述也会发生变化。

除了使得光与其他物理现象如声音一致以外，这种理论并没有赋予光以特别的特征。没有根据可以表明需要做那样的区分。有些对象只能通过视觉才能认识，一些对象则只能通过声音，而有些对象，无论光还是声音都不能观察到，只有通过触觉或味觉而无其他途经。光的速度会随着它的介质而变化，声音也同样如此。光在特定条件下，会沿着弯曲的路径移动，而声音也如此。但是，光和声音都是事件的物理特征中所出现的波的振动。而且（如前所述，p.188）对于感知而言，光的实际路线并不比声音的实际路线更重要。以光为基础来构建整个自然哲学是一种无根据的假设。迈克尔逊-摩利实验以及类似的实验表明，在我们非精确性观察的极限内，光速接近于临界速度“c”，该速度表明了空间和时

间单位之间的关系。对光的这种假设可以用于解释这些实验以及引力场对光线的影响，而这些假设本身可以作为一种近似值而从电磁场的方程式中推导出来。这就完全放弃了这种想法，即有必要认为光具有特别的基本特征，从而与其他物理现象区分开来。

将会看到，如果没有观察到自然所固有的同步性之事实，则通过广延后的对象来度量广延后的自然将没有意义，而且这也不仅仅是思想的游戏。否则，就具有广延性的测量杆AB而言，表示它的一次呈现的概念也就毫无意义。用B'表示五分钟之后的B这一端，则为什么不是AB'？度量预设了自然可能是同步的，而观察到的对象在彼时呈现，也在此时呈现。换言之，对广延后的自然之度量要求自然具有某种固有的特征，从而提供了事件呈现的规则。更重要的是，一致性不能用测量杆的持久性来定义。没有对自我一致性的直接判断，持久性本身无意义，否则，一根皮筋如何区别于一根硬的测量杆？二者之中，每个都是保持着自我识别特征的对象。为什么一个有可能成为测量杆，而另一个不可能？一致性的意义存在于对象的自我识别特征之外。换言之，度量预设了可度量性，而可度量理论就是一致性理论。

更重要的是，承认自然的层级，与自然法则的系统化阐述相关。这些法则将表述为不同的方程式，则在任何度量的普遍性系统中所表述的这些方程式，并不要参照其他特定的度量系统，这点已经被规定了。这种要求纯粹是人为的。因为一个度量系统度量的是自然固有的东西；否则它就与自然全然无关。而且在被某个特定度量系统度量的东西，和其法则正在被系统化阐述的现象之间，也许存在某种特殊的关系。例如，在某个特定时间系统中，静止物质对象所产生的引力场，在对其进行系统化阐述中，也许可以表明参照了该时间系统中的空间量和时间量。当然，该场可以在任何度量系统中得以表述，但是特定的参照关系作为简单的物理解释仍然存在。